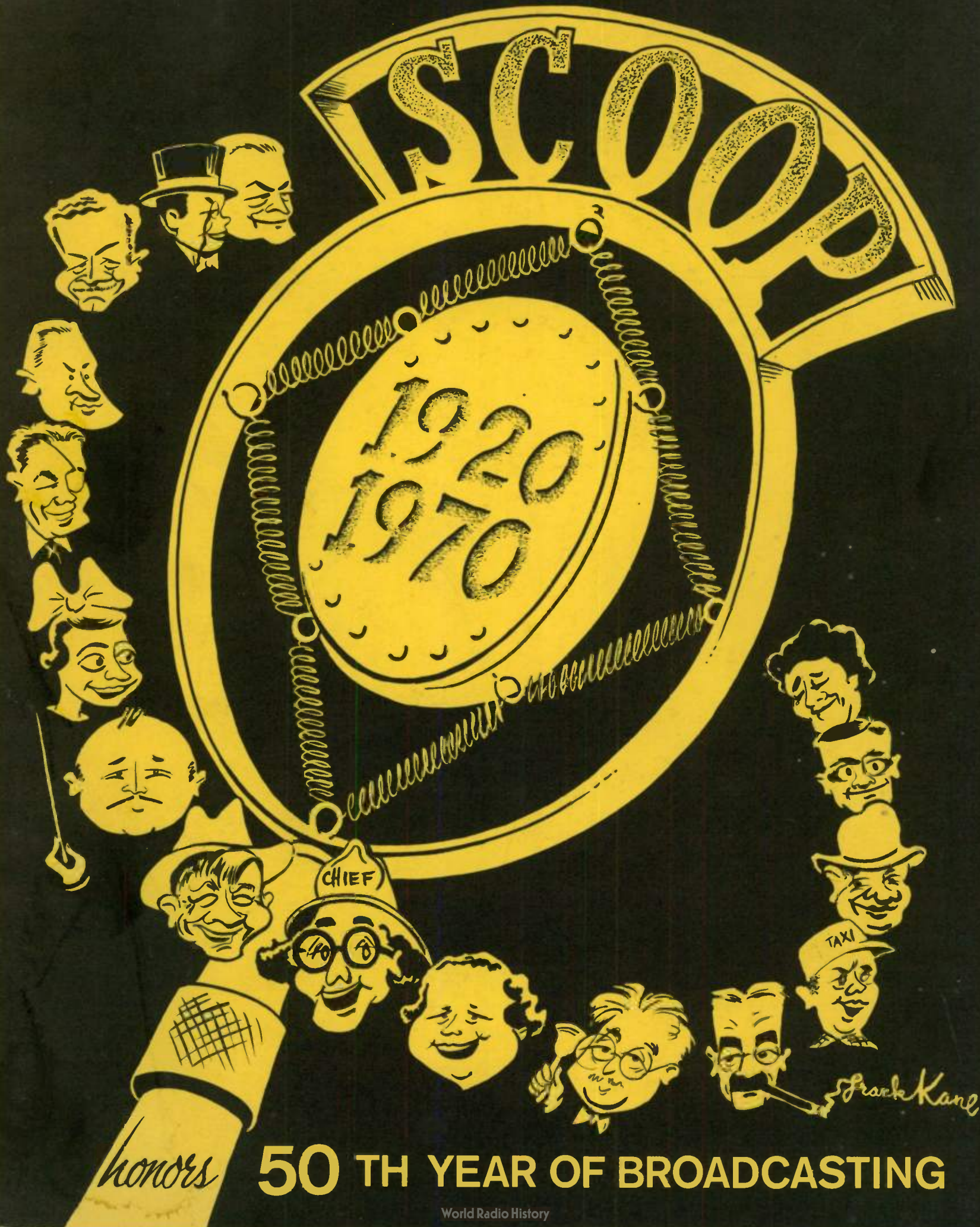


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San Francisco Examiner



The editorial staff for this 1970 Scoop line up in front of Ed McKelly's Tombstone. They are, from left, Jack Lauck, editor; Mark Rodman, business manager; Frank Kane, art director; Herb Williams, cartoonist; Grant Robbins, advertising director; and Ken Arnold, official photographer. We had to cut Rodman off at the knees so his head wouldn't be in the clouds, so we parked him, artistically, on a table.

by JACK LAUCK

IN this 1970 SCOOP, dedicated to the 50th anniversary of radio, you will find several stories about the original radio stations, as well as several claims of being "first."

Our own KCBS claims the very first broadcast back in 1909, founded by Charles D. Herrold. It later became KQW (1921) and finally, KCBS in 1949. They just might be the one, according to our research. KDKA, back in Pittsburgh, has a legitimate claim to being the first, regularly scheduled radio station, under Federal license. That was in 1920, just 50 years ago, and the reason we are celebrating the

Golden Anniversary of radio. It goes back to the issuing of broadcasting licenses by the Government. But then, even KDKA was on the air for some years prior to setting up regularly scheduled broadcasts.

Congress enacted the Radio Act of 1912, which required licenses and call letters from "voice transmitters." Prior to that, KDKA and KCBS had been successfully broadcasting on an amateur basis.

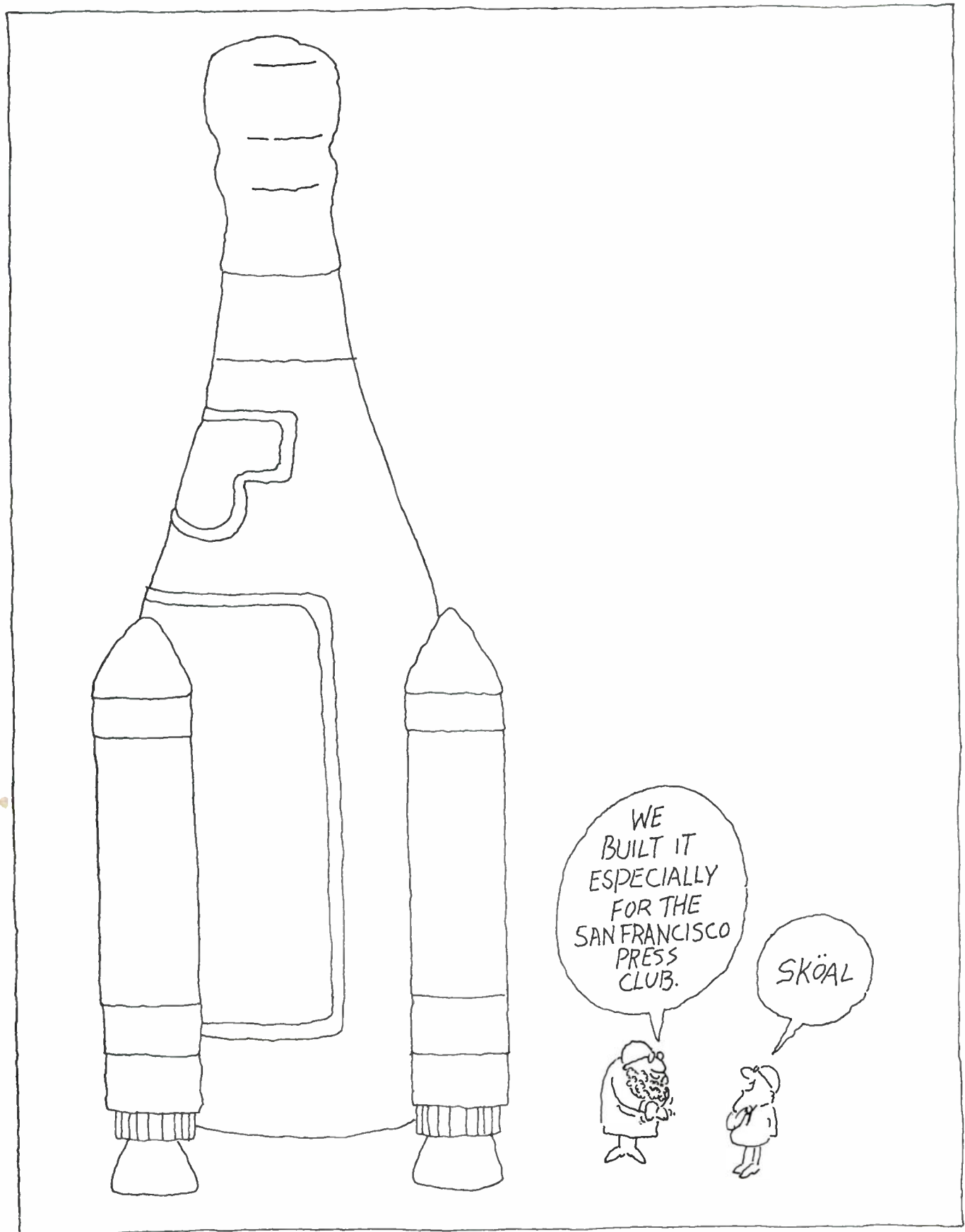
But enough of that, you'll find the above facts in several stories in this issue. In this column we are only concerned with some of our local stations,

even though many are of recent origin.

Frank Cope was probably one of the world's first radio "talk" personalities, as we know them today. His voice emanated from KJBS, which was located on Pine Street. Cope is now retired and lives in San Francisco's Sunset District.

One of our bouncing members, drawing social security and who comes on as strong as the old Mile-Rock-Lighthouse, is Frank Funge. When he was the *Examiner's* Ivan Paul, he had a talk show on KJBS from 1942 to 1952.

turn to page 105



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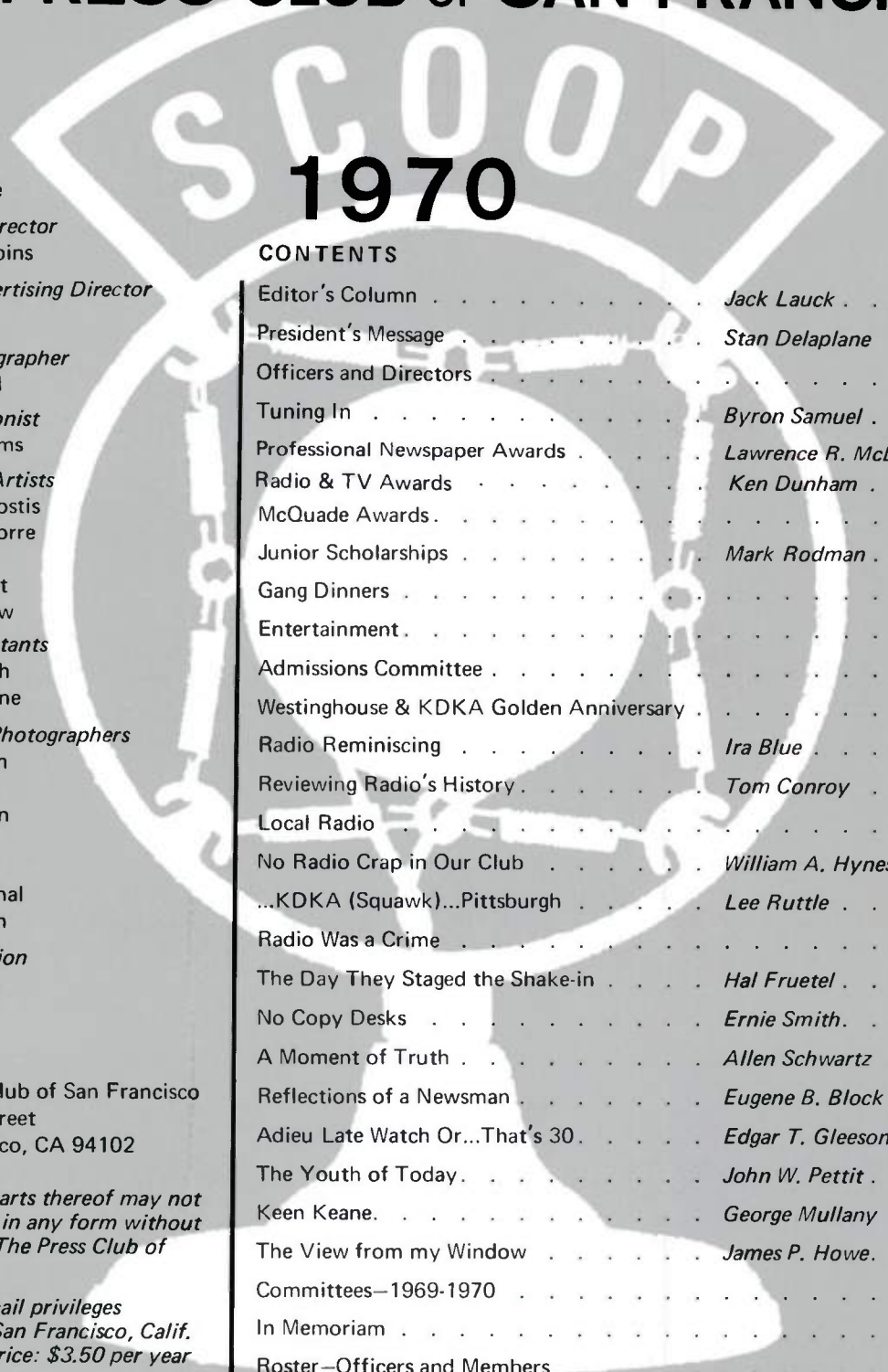
United Technology Center

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SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF

THE PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO



1970

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December 14, 1970

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President's Report...

AFTER throwing away a half dozen leads, it occurs to me the President doesn't HAVE a message.

Once I came in from an assignment—one of those soaking wet, miserable days when they send you out to interview a man who thinks HE has a message.

I told the city editor: "John, there just isn't any story."

The city editor said: "Well, keep it down to two takes. We've got a big weather story coming."

So to press.

If memory serves—and the service has been terrible lately—this is The Press Club's 82nd year. It is my 34th year as a member.

We are both solvent. We need a paint job. And maintenance costs more each year.

Keep an eye on the bluebird: The major press clubs are scrambling to keep ahead of the Sheriff. Your Press Club is rich.

We would not have been so rich if a thrifty board had let me spend some



Stan Delaplane
President



Dick Alexander
1st Vice President



Fran McCarty
2nd Vice President



Earl Baker
Treasurer



Harry Ross
Acting Treasurer



Larry Dum
Secretary



Josh Eppinger

money. I offered a couple of sound ideas. But the gunners shot me down. Like Joe Hill — “I died before their eyes.” But remember Joe Hill: “The part that did not die,” said Joe, ‘went on to organize.’”

I have one more year. The clay pigeon is still flying.

Item: A bunch of young TV people wanted us to consider the Chicago Press Club plan. Members in low age and income bracket pay the standard dues. But they can eat and drink it up.

If they go over, they pay that

amount. If they go under, they still pay full dues. (Encourages the young member to come in. Use up that money.)

The Board turned this down. I intend to bring it up again.

Item: The Gang Dinner Committee groaned for a period. But now it’s rolling splendidly. So is the Entertainment Committee. These are the moneymakers. (The money I wanted to spend.)

I have a few ideas for the year in my foxy pocket. But not for THIS message. That’s for next year.

STAN DELAPLANE



Graham Kislisbury



Ray Leavitt



Larry McDonnell



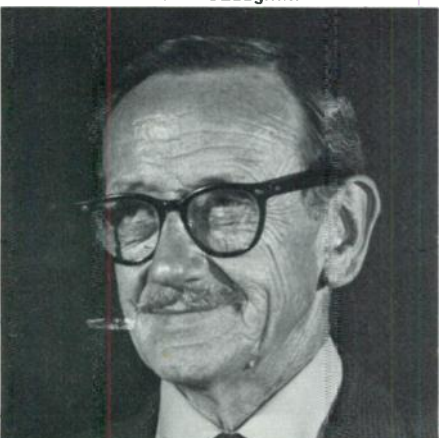
Don McLaughlin



Ed McLaughlin



Robert Meyers



Charles Raudebaugh



George Shimmon

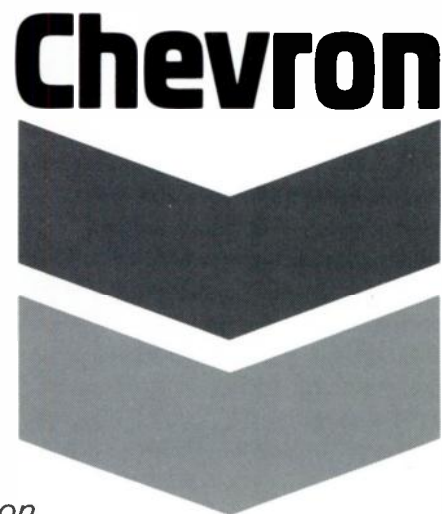


Paul Speegle

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Tuning In

By BYRON SAMUEL

THE media of yesteryear had more than its share of reportorial giants and local radio was, of course, no exception. The Huntley-Brinkleys and Walter Cronkites of that long gone era drew just as faithful audiences to the Atwater Kents, Scottys, Emersons and Philcos as do these paragons of modern day reporting. The fact being that the reporting styles of the unseen newscaster of "old radio" were a trade mark unforgotten in the dust of yesteryear.

San Francisco, then the western hub of the growing broadcasting industry, had more than its share of excellent newscasters whose audiences were legion. A case in point would be the veteran Sam Hayes, who held a virtual monopoly on the 10:00 p.m. news slot on NBC for better than two decades. The Richfield Reporter was a household regular as was Darrell Donnell, the "Voice of the San Francisco Examiner," whose rapid-fire delivery spelled the day's events on the old Don Lee Networks' KFRC and, of course, the *Examiner* owned KYA. Who can forget the dulcet tones of John B. Hughes whose editorializing pioneered the style so prevalent in today's coverage of the news on television.

Coverage of sports was a key of radio yesteryear and its reporting was in the hands of many capable journeymen who painted verbal pictures for the rabid fan who couldn't make it to



Were you there in 1932 when Anson Weeks and his Orchestra were the hit of the Mark Hopkins Peacock Court? KFRC was! (see microphone top left of photo). It was a time of big bands and live radio music, and KFRC set the standards for the radio variety show with The Blue Monday Jamboree, Happy-Go-Lucky Hour, Chiffon Jazz and many others.

"Old Rec" or the Brickyard in Emeryville. Dean among sportscasters, of course, was the venerable Ernie Smith, whose "Hey-Hey and Cheerio" more than overcame an occasional lapse in accuracy but then this was the day of the "Carbon Mike" and the one-man team. Reporting the game, doing the commercial, keeping the scorebook, and often engineering, was part of the job. Ernie also did many years of sports shows for "Pebble Beach Ties" on KYA as well as being a cornerstone for Associated Oil's football remotes. Of the latter we must pay tribute to the talent which brought us the grid-iron conquests of St. Marys and Slip Madigan, Santa Clara, USF (St. Ignatius College), Cal and the mighty "Red Machine" of Pop Warner "down on the farm."

Outstanding men miked the games such as Don Thompson, Lee Giroux, Mel Venter and a host of others who made weekends brighter for the fans around the Bay Area. But what of the stations and times of radio in the City by the Golden Gate. Many call letters and locations of studios, once so much a part of the mystic era of local radio's heyday, have passed into limbo.

How many buffs of the medium remember KTAB, KFVB, KRE, KPO, KQW and Frank Cope's early morning shows on KJBS? KLX became KNEW

and KROW is now KABL. Names and faces change but memories persist. Try a few on for size and see just how old you are . . . Hale Bros. and the *Chronicle* owned KPO and local talent abounded daily on their air waves. Remember Captain Dobbsie and the Shell Ship of Happiness? — Uncle Benny Walker and the "Women's Magazine of the Air"? — The "Associated Spotlight Review" with Meredith Wilson as musical director? KFRC was perhaps the top rated station and from the studios at 1000 Van Ness, Al Pearce and his gang started on the path to fame. Monday nights drew huge audiences to the "Blue Monday Jamboree" and a fellow by the name of Bill Wright gave musical cues to a baton wielder named Cy Trobbe who gave the downbeat for a couple of young singers Tommy Harris and Joaquin Garay. Bob Bence emceed the hilarious Hodge Podge Lodge just after the aforementioned Feminine Fancies Show.

Band remotes from the various local ballrooms were a rage of the era and nightly one could hear Anson Weeks from the Peacock Court of Hotel Mark Hopkins, Griff Williams-Jimmy Walsh and their orchestra played "Mamas Gone Goodbye" for the dancers at Tait's at the Beach — Ted Fio Rito, with vocalists Muzzy Marcellino and

turn to page 124

Professional Newspaper Awards 1970



First place winner, *Mud on the Bay*, by Adele Renee Malott,
Hillsborough Boutique.

By LAWRENCE R. McDONNELL

Small city papers carried off the lion's share of honors in the club's 19th renewal of its Professional Newspaper Awards Program.

This year's competition was also marked by the highest list of entries ever and a successful awards dinner at which Pulitzer Prize winner Peter Arnett delivered a perceptive report on the Vietnam war. Arnett spent eight years covering the conflict for Associated Press and is now a National Reporter for that wire service.

Eight Bay Area newspapermen and women won prizes totaling \$2,000 while another 12 contestants won certificates for second prize and honorable mention.

Winners of the coveted first places and \$250 were: Lloyd Boles, Jeff Morgan and Gene Ayres, of the *Oakland Tribune*; William C. Shillstone and Kenneth J. Rowe, *Redwood City Tribune*; William Saliday, *Hayward Daily Review*; William A. Drake, *Pacifica Tribune* and Adele Renee Malott, *Hillsborough Boutique*.

Cam Watson and Paul Cane were co-chairmen of the large group of judges who weighed 230 entries in arriving at their hard-to-reach verdicts.

Winners in the six classifications were:

Best daily story involving the writer's initiative: Winner, Lloyd Boles, *Oakland Tribune*; second, Herbert G. Lawson, *Wall Street Journal*; honorable mention, Frederick W. Gardner, *Berkeley Daily Gazette*.

Best daily city-side news story: Winner (a tie), Jeff Morgan and Gene Ayers, *Oakland Tribune*; second, Robert Edward Kroll, *Berkeley Daily Gazette*; honorable mention, Ernest Lenn, *San Francisco Examiner*.

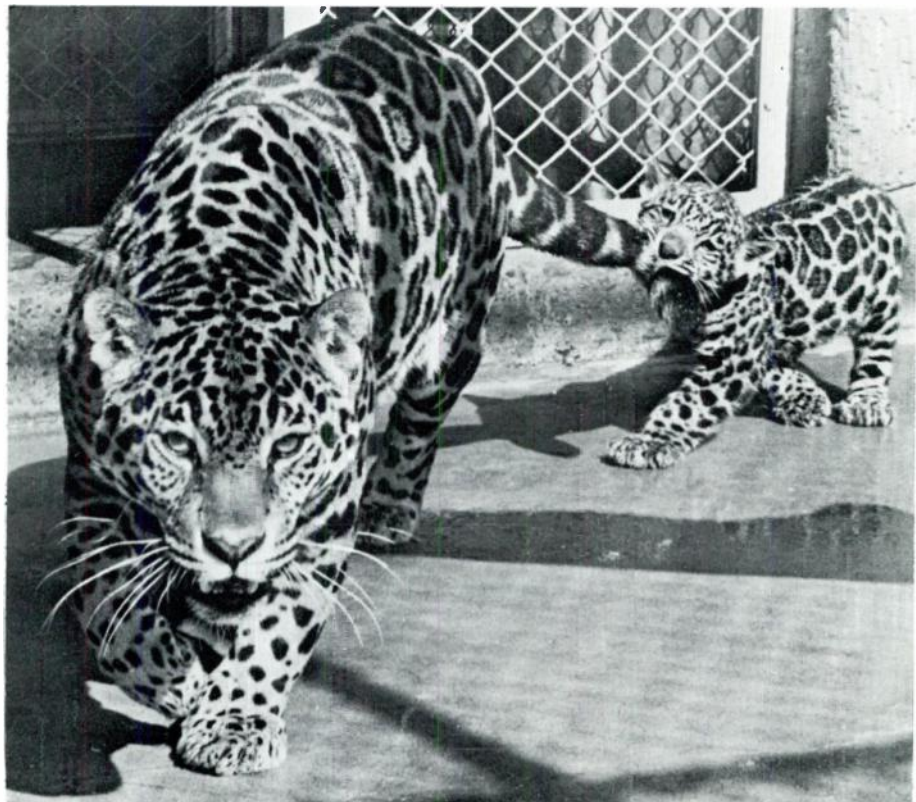
Best daily city-side feature story: Winner, William C. Shillstone and Kenneth J. Rowe, *Redwood City Tribune*; second, Normile A. Hannon, *Oakland Tribune*; honorable mention, Robert Patterson, *San Francisco Examiner* and Dorothy Aiton, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

turn to page 113



Second place, *The Challenger*, by Kenn Yimm, *Palo Alto Times*.

Honorable mention, *Mother's Little Helper*, by Walter J. Lynott, *San Francisco Examiner*.



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Winners line up at the Radio-TV Awards night. From left, they are Peter Cleaveland (KGO Radio), Neil Derrough, general manager KCBS, accepting for George McManus and Jim Steck; Bill Rice (KGO-TV), Jack Wagner (KCBS), accepting for Don Klein and George McManus;

Bob Safford (KFRC), Jeff Skov (KSFO), Willie Lee (KTVU), Jim Crum (KPIX), Ed Arnow (KPIX), Mike Lee (KPIX), James Allin Jones (KNBR) and Barry Tompkins (KPIX).

Radio-TV Awards

TAKE a full house, a record number of entries, top notch entertainment, a testimonial to a great guy, a witty M.C. and a distinguished panel of judges and you have some of the elements that made the Club's 1970 Radio-TV Awards such a big success this year.

The main dining room was wall-to-wall people the evening of October 9, when many members of the Bay Area's news broadcast fraternity showed up both to receive honors themselves and to honor their colleagues in the business for their best efforts of the year.

Nineteen professional broadcast journalists from the leading television and radio stations around San Francisco Bay were awarded first and second place prizes for their best efforts in news reporting, feature reporting, sports, documentaries, and newsfilm work. First place winners received certificates and 100 dollar checks, while handsome Black Cat trophies went to the runners-up.

It wasn't all hard work for the Radio-TV Awards committee, as some of them demonstrate here. From left: Art Wakelee (KNBR), Ken Erickson (Western Airlines), Roger Orr (PT&T), Warren Cereghino (KTVU), Vic Burton (KRON), Ken Dunham (PT&T), chairman, Jack Wagner (KCBS) and Gil Haar (KNEW).

The winners in the various categories were as follows:

Television News Reporting — first place to Mike Lee, KPIX, on "Berkeley's Establishment Versus Underground Press"; second place to Bill Rice, KGO-TV, on the "Alioto-Look Trial."

Television Feature Reporting — first place to Mike Lee, KPIX, for "Ten Cents a Dance"; second place to Ed Arnow, KPIX, for "The Trash Smasher."

By KEN DUNHAM

Television General or Feature Newsfilm — first place to Willie Kee, KTVU, for "The Seventh Step"; second place to Dale McGill, KPIX, for "Ten Cents a Dance."

Television Sports — first place shared by Barry Tompkins and Ron McCormick, KPIX, for their report on "The Hawkers"; second place to Ralph Sandino, Jr., KPIX, for "Trout Opening."

turn to page 118





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United States Steel



Winners in the 1969 Ed McQuade Awards, sponsored by the Association of Catholic Newsmen, line up with Mayor Joe Alioto and Archbishop Joseph McGucken. From left, William Moore (Chronicle), Michael Bruck (Advocate, Contra Costa College), Jean Perat (Presentation High), Alioto, Dick Alexander (Examiner), Archbishop McGucken, Susan Gale (Spartan Daily, San Jose State) and Ernest Cox (Oakland Tribune), first place winner.



Archbishop Joseph McGucken, heading a list of newspaper luminaries and civic dignitaries, breaks up his audience with a good joke during the annual McQuade Awards.

who?

you

what?

a wild time

where?

*Harrah's
Reno and
Lake Tahoe*

when?

like now!

why?

*to get out
of the rut*





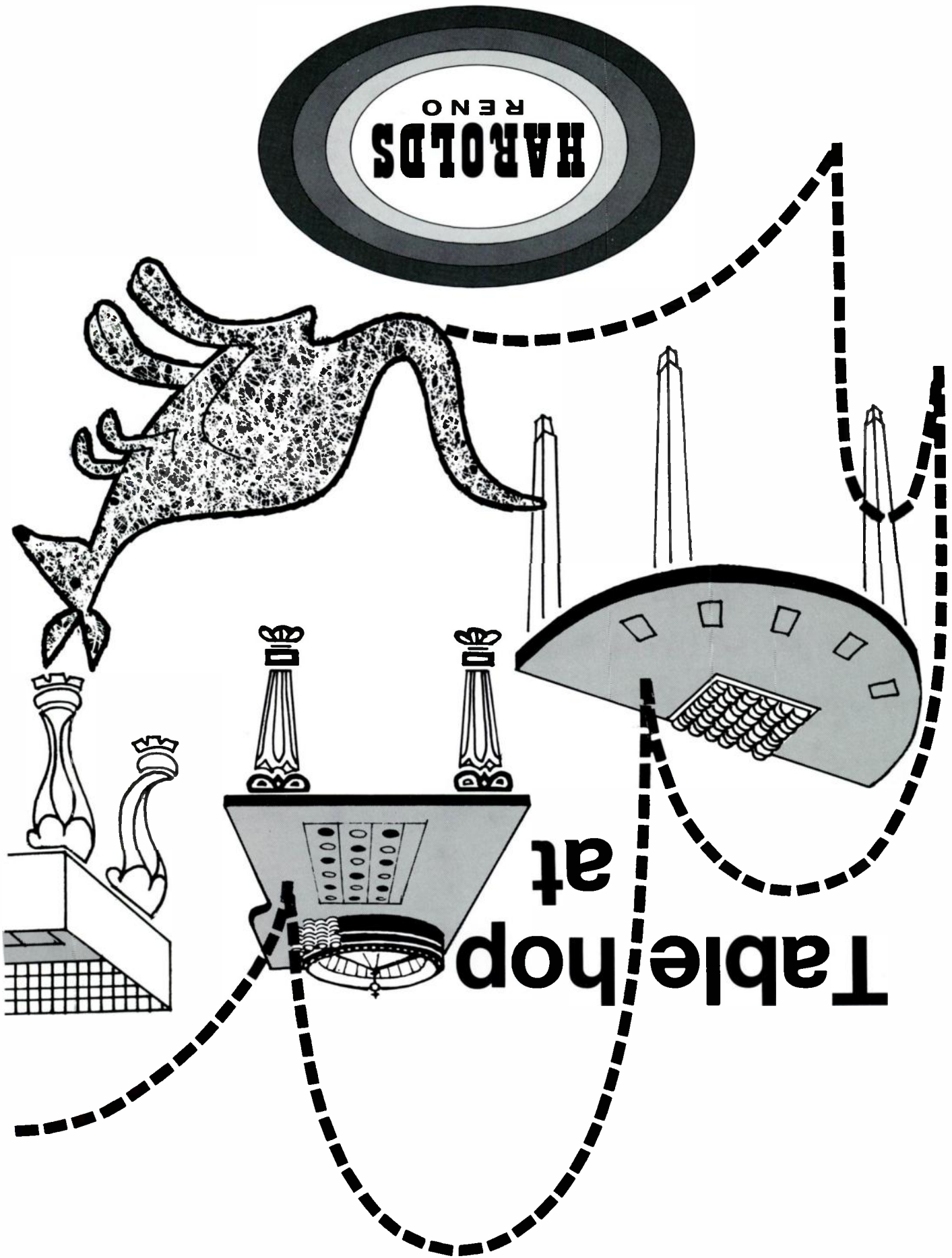
Dick Alexander, flanked by Joe Alioto and Archbishop McGucken, shows off his "first honorable mention" award in the annual McQuade Awards.



First place winner in the McQuade Awards, Ernest Cox, gets a beaming approval from his boss, Joe Knowland, editor and publisher of the Oakland Tribune. At left is Archbishop Joseph McGucken.



Peter Arnett of A.P. (right) chats with J. Hart Clinton, editor and publisher of the San Mateo Times.



Junior Scholarships

By Mark Rodman



A happy group of top winners in the annual Jr. Scholarship awards line up with their certificates and plaques. From left, Joe Gutilla (Clovis), Chairman Mark Rodman, Margie Gray, 1968 Marvine Scholarship winner and luncheon speaker, Ray Morrison (El Camino,

Sacramento), Howard McGee (Sequoia, Redwood City), Cynthia Freeland (Woodside), Howard Smith (Poly, S.F.), Lee Patterson, S.F. Examiner and member of the women's panel, and Chris Rosene (Sir Francis Drake, San Anselmo).



Dick Alexander and Pat Dum parried questions and answers with an alert, intense group of high school writers and editors during the seminars preceding the luncheon.



Howard McGee of Sequoia High School in Redwood City receives his certificate from Club Secretary Larry Dum.

JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS

FOUR-HUNDRED-and-twenty-four high school journalists from almost 100 northern California high schools crammed into the club's main dining room on Saturday, May 9 to see who was to take home top money in our annual competition for teen-age writers and editors.

Oakland *Tribune* Sports Editor George Ross and his staff judged the sports entries which were awarded by Scoop Editor Jack Lauck. Ray Morrison, Sports Editor of the *El Caminian*, published by El Camino High School in Sacramento, won first prize money of \$250 for his reporting of a football game between El Camino's Eagles and the Matadors from Miraloma High School. Joe Gutilla of Clovis High School took second prize and \$150 and Mike LaPlante of Woodland High School picked up third money of \$100.

Gale Cook, *Examiner* city editor, and Ed Montgomery, *Examiner* ace reporter, selected a news story written by Clarke Scott Holland of Santa Rosa High School for the first place \$250 award. The story reported a case of alleged police brutality among minorities in Sonoma and Santa Rosa. Second place and \$150 went to Cheri Leonardini of Lodi and \$100 third to Chris Rosene of Sir Francis Drake High School in San Anselmo.



It is nearing lunch time for the Jr. Scholarship Gang but these students remained glued to their chairs in the second-floor lounge listening attentively to speakers Dick Alexander and Pat Dum.



Joe Gutilla of Clovis High School displays his award of second place for a sports story. Those at head table are, from left, Pat Dum, Mark Rodman, Margie Gray, Marvin Scholarship winner of 1968; Jack Lauck, Larry Dum and Lee Patterson.



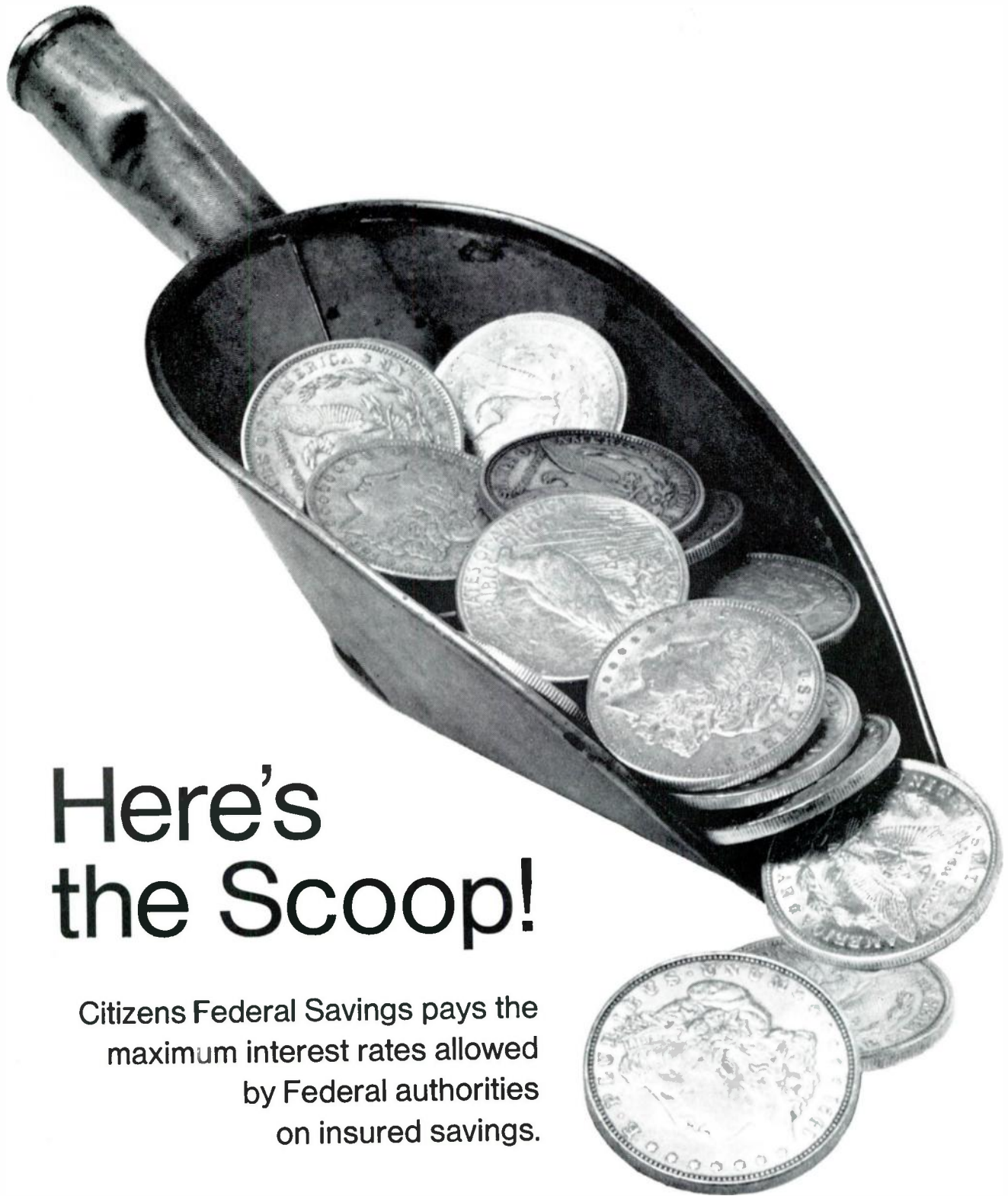
Club Secretary Frances Kampfen gets a surprise award at the Jr. Scholarship Gang Luncheon. She receives the coveted Tombstone for her work for these luncheons over the many years. Frances donates hours of paper work and preparations for the Scholarships.

Examiner reporters Jerry Belcher and George McEvoy, both of whom were 1969 Professional Newspaper Award winners, picked Sequoia High School's Howard McGee for first prize money in the Feature classification. His story "White Lightning" was a thoughtful, revealing analysis of the double moral standard for the "under 21's" and "over 21's." The story earned \$250 for McGee. Second place went to Cynthia Freeland of Woodside High School and \$100 third place to Howard Smith of Polytechnic High School, San Francisco.

A surprise guest speaker for the occasion was 1968 Marvine Scholarship winner, Margie Gray, now attending University of California at Berkeley. While her beauty may have charmed a most attentive male audience, her remarks on college life and her views on the future of journalism were both timely and interesting. The Marvine Scholarship award amounts to a \$1,500 grant for four years. Press Clubber Max Friedman administers the fund.

The Examiner's Walt Lynott (right) receives his "honorable mention" certificate from Larry McDonnell (left), Professional Newspaper Awards committee chairman, as Club 1st Vice President Dick Alexander looks on.





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These two fellows took over the helm on the Gang Dinner ship in mid stream. That was in June. They are Rod McGavran (left) and Dean Jennings. The cats, of course, are both Tombstones—black and white.



GANG DINNERS



On hand to honor Shirley Temple Black are Ed Montgomery, who preceded McGavran as Gang Dinner chairman, President Stan Delaplaine and Leone Baxter.

This trio seems relaxed and having an enjoyable time at the Gang Dinner guest table on the 2nd-floor lounge. They are June Lauck, Helen and Gale Cook. Gale was host for a Gang Dinner at time photo was made.





Chronicle City Editor Abe Mellinkoff (right) presents Earl (Squire) Behrens with his old typewriter, beautifully gilded for the occasion. In background is Gang Dinner co-Chairman Dean Jennings.



As Club 1st Vice President Dick Alexander looks on, Mayor Joe Alioto (right) presents the treasured Tombstone to Earl Behrens (left).



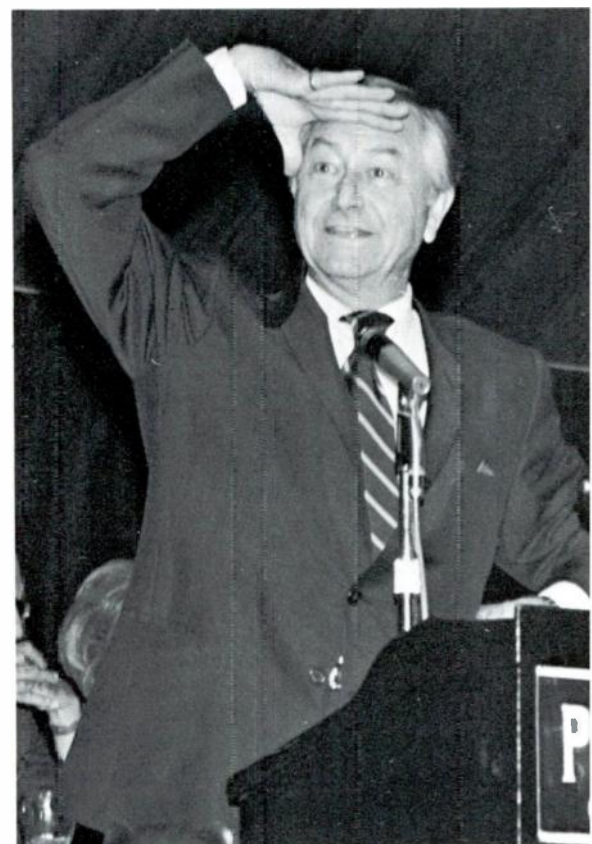
Judge Fran McCarty and Mrs. McCarty are greeted by Gang Dinner guest of honor, Earl (Squire) Behrens in the 7th-floor Press Box. The veteran Chronicle "dean of political writers," brought out the cream of the Bay Area political names to pay him homage.



Squire Behrens enjoys a big laugh at the remarks of former Mayor George Christopher at dinner honoring Squire.



The Robert Youngs beam their approval as artist Frank Kane presents this sketch of Mrs. Young to her during the dinner. Frank is art director of this issue of Scoop.



"Thar she blows!" seems to be indicated here as Robert Young does a bit of clowning at the Club podium as he headlined a Gang Dinner.

Someone must've just told a goody, but who? At any rate, even those at the head table are breaking up over a good joke and their fun is reflected by the audience and Frank Kane, just under the podium.





Mayor Joseph Alioto is in fine fettle and full of good humor at Gang Dinner in his honor in January.



The Chronicle and Examiner get together in this peaceful scene with Mayor Joe Alioto in the 7th floor Press Box. From left, President Stan Delaplane, Chronicle columnist; Mayor Joe, Sid Kossen, Examiner political writer, and Ed Montgomery, Examiner crime reporter. Sid was host for the evening.



"Greetings Gates!" seems to be the theme as Mayor Joe Alioto smiles for the camera while accepting the hand of Lou Lurie at the annual Rib Roast. Looking on is Supervisor Dorothy von Beroldingen.

This audience at the Earl (Squire) Behrens Gang Dinner appears to be thoroughly enjoying remarks from Mayor Joseph Alioto (at mike).





This smiling group posed for Ken Arnold on Chinese Night, a Gang Dinner, not Chinese New Year. This was June 26, and the lady in center is Miss Aw Sally Sian, featured speaker of the evening. George Jue (left) was host. Miss Sian, from Hong Kong, is president of International Publishers Association. Left to right: George Jue, Tu Hung, Jeff Grigsby of UPI, Miss Sian, Paul Speegle, who emceed the show, Calvin Chan, president of Chinese Press Club, and Dick Alexander.



Tom Payton is decked out in his best Chinese as he sings the Cat Song, with Dr. Walt Cuthbertson at piano, in February when we celebrated Chinese New Year. Judging from audience reaction, Tom's impersonation went over big.

See what fun you can have by attending functions at the Press Club? There's no question mark about the fun this Gang is having.





During the Chinese New Year celebration, Charlie Leong, well-known Chinatown newsman and public relations executive, intrigues the Gang with his version of the Cat story.



Charlie Leong appears to be a bit glassy-eyed during his rendition of the Cat Story. Maybe it was a little sad—then again maybe Charlie had too much Tombstone inside as well as out.

Getting into the act during the celebration of Chinese New Year at the Club are Hong Bun and Jimmy Moy with the help of host-for-the-evening Bob Nicholas. Bob is the one at the mike.





The fun, frolic and intent of the annual Rib Roast is shown here by the cast as they whoop up their own type of political "campaign" on stage during the show.

Doing a fun imitation at the Rib Roast are Jane Dillon (left) as Dorothy von Beroldingen and Emily Freedman as Dianne Feinstein. The girls proved to be capable performers (real hams) and helped to make the show a big hit.



These HAMS on stage are ribbing the politicians in the audience as the Press Club brought back the popular Rib Roast this year.

Tom Barbour (left) and Peter Finnegan did a bang-up job ribbing the political luminaries present in this skit presented the night of the big Rib Roast.





Caricaturist Frank (Pancho) Willmarth (right) gets into the act with his drawing for Gang Dinner guest L.A. Mayor Sam Yorty.

Mayor Sam Yorty and his wife, Betts, pose with past-President Ed Montgomery at the Gang Dinner honoring the mayor from Smogland. Ed, at the time, was Gang Dinner chairman.



Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty came to town early this year and does a bit of clowning with "Uncle" Lou Lurie, who seems to be seated in an excellent position. Balancing on Uncle Lou's knees are models Melinda Ledbetter and Gina Meyerson.



President Stan Delaplane has an informal chat with Jess Unruh at Gang Dinner early in the California campaign for governor. Stan is wearing a special button that read "Head Start Jess." But that doesn't declare his politics.

One of the early Gang Dinners of 1970 honored Jess Unruh, hard campaigning State Assemblyman. Here Jess seems to be lost in meditation as Mrs. Unruh looks on from left. Next to her is Earl Behrens.





Police Chief Al Nelder gets his coveted Tombstone award from 1st Veep Dick Alexander. The chief, San Francisco-born and career police officer, is a member of the Club. At the Gang Dinner honoring him, he outlined plans to combat crime in San Francisco.



This Ken Arnold special is not titled "Line Up," it just merely looks that way as Ed Montgomery, Chief Al Nelder and Charles Raudebaugh "line up" on the 7th floor Press Box prior to Gang Dinner honoring the Chief.



Ken Arnold dramatically portrays the head table with Philippines Foreign Affairs Secretary Carlos Romulo at the microphone during a Club breakfast celebrating the 25th anniversary of the founding of the United Nations.



Navy Cdr. Lloyd Bucher receives his Black Cat and a handshake from President Stan Delaplane. Looking on at head table are, from left, Pat Alexander, Mrs. Bucher and Chairman Rod McGavran.



Dutch Consul General Jan A. van Houten, at mike, explains the Dutch custom as Dutch St. Nick pays the assembled guests a surprise visit. At left is Mrs. van Houten. Center is H.E. Henk van den Broek and right is Ed Montgomery.



Gang Dinner Chairman Rod McGavran gets a handshake and a gift from good ol' Dutch St. Nick during the Dutch Night Gang Dinner.



This happy gang are enjoying a post Gang Dinner get-together on the second floor. Left to right: Morrie White, Charles Pesak, Dorothy, Joe Feldman, Gentry Moore, Phil Davies, June Moore, Gloria Posner and Jerry Posner.

CBS War Correspondent Richard Threlkeld shows off the Black Cat he just received from Dick Alexander after addressing a Gang Dinner.



Richard Threlkeld, CBS news reporter, addresses the Gang and gives an inside report on the Vietnam war. Dick has been referred to as "the war correspondent's war correspondent."



The "Vagabond Lover" Rudy Vallee has the audience eating out of his hand the night he entertained. At the piano is Roy Palmer. Rudy proved that he still has it as he charmed this Press Club audience.



San Francisco Supervisor Dianne Feinstein poses with her celebrated surgeon husband, Dr. Feinstein, the evening she appeared behind Tombstone at a Gang Dinner in her honor. She proved to be interesting as well as attractive.



Gang Dinner Host George Learned (right) holds a copy of book by guest William B. Turner, who in turn holds his replica of Tombstone, a memento presented to Gang Dinner speakers. The book: "Hoover's FBI, The Men and the Myth." Turner was a former FBI agent.



At a Gang Dinner late in 1969, guest of honor, Dr. Philip Lee, is shown with the late Charles Shreve, then Admissions Committee chairman, and his close friend, Larry Murphy.



We assure you that when Gale Cook was president, he was not a two-headed monster, nor did he have a dual personality. However, he did serve his two terms with energy of two people. Here we find him (center) on Japan Night in late 1969 giving Black Cats to Seiichi Shima (left) and Walter E. Hoadley.



At the mike, telling the story of America's Bourbon, is Admiral William J. Marshall (USN-ret), president of the Bourbon Institute. At head table are Al Durante, June and Jack Lauck (left) and Pat and Dick Alexander (right).



Admissions

Another group at the 1969 Gourmet Dinner toasting your good health are, from left, the inimitable Joe Allen, Leone Baxter, Tom Cahill, Max Sherman and Warren Hanson.

Ron Born and Don Galbraith beam their pleasure after being elevated to chairman and vice chairman, in that order, to guide the future destiny of the Admissions and Membership Committee.





Committee

No doubt these two are discussing politics. They are Judge Gerald Levin and Ted Skoll, in that order.



The Admissions/Membership Committee boasts of nine judges as members. In this shot, Ken Arnold managed to corner six of them at one time. Left to right: Judge Gerald Levin, Judge Alfonso Zirpoli, Judge Robert Merrill, Leone Baxter, Judge Fran McCarty, Supervisor Peter Tamaras, Judge Lee Lazarus, Judge Donald Constine and Committee Chairman Ron Born.



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This smiling trio, stalwart part of the Admissions and Membership Committee, show their pleasure during the fun of the annual committee dinner. They are Perc Oreck, Hank James and Nate Cohn. This was at the 1969 dinner.

A threesome get-together at the 1969 Admissions Committee dinner are Judge Fran McCarty, S.J. Saroyan and Ed Durkin.



A bunch of the boys were whooping it up and this bunch is gathered at the annual Admissions Committee dinner. From left, they are Boston Rice Hunt, Victor Cowley, Dr. Thomas Wu, David (Scotty) Morris, Joe Shelver (rear), George Gazarian, Joe Allen, Armond DeMartini, Ivor (Scotty) Morris (rear), Bob McKnight, Dr. Herb Schneider and Max Sherman.

Two happy members of the Admissions and Membership committee enjoying the annual bash are Don McLaughlin of the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. and Sergeant Bob Kane of the San Francisco Police Department.



Westinghouse & KDKA Golden Anniversary

NOVEMBER 2, 1920, was a rainy night in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. But scores of people stood in the streets watching and waiting for the Harding-Cox election figures which were posted on boards through the city.

At the same time, in a shack on the roof of a factory building, L. H. Rosenberg began speaking into a box-like instrument called a microphone: "Will anyone hearing this broadcast communicate with us . . ."

It was the first regularly scheduled radio broadcast in the world. Rosenberg started reading the Presidential election returns for the benefit of a few hundred crystal set owners in the Pittsburgh area — and a new era in history was begun.

This year, as broadcasting celebrates its 50th Anniversary, that inaugural broadcast is well remembered by Westinghouse, for it was their station, KDKA, the nation's first which created that historic event. And within a few months of that early date, Westinghouse continued its pioneering broadcast efforts by obtaining licenses and operating three of the first four broadcasting stations in the United States:

KDKA, WBZ (then Springfield, Massachusetts) and WJZ (then Newark, New Jersey). A few weeks after WBZ and WJZ were licensed, Westinghouse obtained a broadcast license for still another station, KYW, then in Chicago.

Fifty years ago it was mostly a dream. Today, broadcasting is such an important part of our way of life it is hard to imagine life without it.

KDKA's creation was largely due to the enthusiasm of Westinghouse's assistant chief engineer, Dr. Frank Conrad, for his new hobby, amateur radio. Conrad had become interested in radio in 1912 when he built a small receiver to hear time signals from the Naval Observatory in Arlington, Virginia so he could settle a \$5 bet on the accuracy of his \$12 watch. (It is not recorded whether he won or lost.) Intrigued by his new hobby, he then constructed a transmitter behind his home in Wilksburg, Pennsylvania. First official record of Dr. Conrad's station, 8XK, which was to become KDKA, appeared in the August 1, 1916, Radio Service Bulletin issued by the Department of Commerce, the original radio licensing agency.



Radio messages in those days were chiefly discussions of the kind of equipment being used and the results obtained. Bored by this monotonous routine, Dr. Conrad, on October 17, 1919, placed his microphone before a phonograph and substituted music for talk.

The music saved Dr. Conrad's voice, but more — it delighted and amazed "hams" all over the area. His mail became a deluge of requests that records be played at special times — often so that the letter writer might convince some skeptic that music really could be transmitted through space.

Specific requests were played as long as this could be arranged, but so heavy was the demand that within a few days, Dr. Conrad was forced to announce that instead of complying with each individual request, he would "broadcast records for two hours each Wednesday and Saturday evening."

These broadcasts soon exhausted Dr. Conrad's supply of records. The Hamilton Music Store in Wilksburg offered a continuing supply of records if he would announce that the records could be purchased at their store. Dr. Conrad agreed, and thus gave the world its first radio advertiser—who promptly found that records played on the air sold better than others.

This two-a-week program schedule was continued with live vocal and instrumental talent added from time to time and with Dr. Conrad's two sons acting as radio original masters of ceremonies.

After Dr. Conrad's station 8XK was licensed as KDKA in 1920 and began regular daily programming, its broadcasts were filled with breakthroughs and innovations. In addition to the election, KDKA broadcast Warren

This early shot shows Frank Mullen conducting his pioneer farm program from a studio in East Liberty, Pennsylvania.





Harding's inaugural address, the first major league baseball game, the first play-by-play football game, the first boxing match, first tennis matches (Davis Cup), the first farm market reports, even the first homemaking hints and recipes. Radio's first news room was established September 20, 1921, when KDKA installed regular remote pickup facilities at the old Pittsburgh *Post* newspaper. It also broadcast the first radio address by William Jennings Bryan, "The Great Commoner," at the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church, and presented Lowell Thomas in his radio debut, discussing "Man's First Flight Around the World."

After KDKA's success, Westinghouse began to consider stations at their plants in other cities. In the spring of 1921, plans were ready for stations at the Newark Works and the Springfield Works. The Newark station, WJZ, was licensed by the Department of Commerce, September 30. Meanwhile WBZ, the Springfield station, licensed September 15, went on the air four days later with a remote pickup from the Eastern States Exposition at West Springfield.

Thus WBZ, the fourth station licensed by the Department of Commerce, became the second broadcasting station to offer a regularly scheduled program service. KDKA, WBZ and, a few weeks later, Newark's WJZ constituted broadcasting's first group of stations actively

William Jennings Bryan speaks from the pulpit of the Point Breeze Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh on March 12, 1922. This was in the early days of KDKA broadcasting of current events and news.

broadcasting under one ownership — Westinghouse. (RCA owned and operated the other of the first four: WDY, Aldene, New Jersey.) Four months later KYW went on the air in Chicago.

Public interest features started playing a major part from the start in programming on the Westinghouse stations. One of the more popular was the WBZ Radio Nature League which was initiated by the famous children's author, Thornton W. Burgess, on June 7, 1925. Anyone who pledged to preserve American wildlife could gain membership in the League. Within a few months 15,000 people had joined. The half-hour program, which ran for over five years, recruited over 50,000 members and resulted in 2,000,000 acres of land being pledged as bird sanctuaries.

Although WJZ was on the Department of Commerce list of official stations in June, 1921, it did not go on the air until October, when it became the first radio station in the New York City area.

Located at the Westinghouse meter factory in Newark, the fledgling operation was enthusiastically put on the air before it really had a proper base of operations. Charles B. Popenoe, the engineer in charge, recalled, "It was decided to establish a studio and half of the ladies' rest room was set aside for the purpose, making a space some 30 feet long by 15 feet wide."

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Radio Reminiscing

By IRA BLUE

IT seems like it was just a few years ago that the News Director at NBC in San Francisco told one of the men on his staff that "he wasn't making it." "Go to Los Angeles," the News Director said, "and you might catch on with a smaller staff." The chastised young man went to Los Angeles, got a job, and managed to do fairly well—although he is not doing anything right now. His name is Chet Huntley, and so far as is known the smart News Director from San Francisco is drawing Social Security somewhere.

Then, of course, there was the young man whose quiz show ran out of sponsors, and with every dime he had in the world he managed to get from San Francisco to New York and after kicking and scratching got a little job and met another ambitious young man. They had a thing for quiz shows, those two, and Mark Goodson and Bill Todman managed to make a few million dollars.

Then there was the young man who came back from the war and got an announcer's job. Later they let him go

because an old employee came back. Fortunately, I needed a commercial announcer on my Football Scoreboard so I gave him the job and he then picked up an acting job as a character named Pat Novak. Today he is a radio and television legend and still a nice unassuming guy named Jack Webb.

In the beginning there was a great sports announcer named Jack Keough when NBC, or KPO, was at Hale Bros. Then along came Ernie Smith—colorful, inaccurate, but always exciting. Those were the early 30's when a man named Carleton E. Morse wrote a series called *One Man's Family*, which for some length of time appeared as though it would never get a sponsor. And a young man who sang well, told a story well, and who should have been much more famous; up at Don Lee on Van Ness Avenue. I am thinking of Tommy Harris and the Blue Monday Jamboree with Cal and Al Pearce, and Haywire Mac. San Francisco was big time in the 30's—Charlie Marshall and his Boys, who included a harmonica wizard named Johnnie O'Brien; Uncle

Here's a nostalgic scene for old San Franciscans—*One Man's Family*. Remember this Carlton E. Morse classic San Francisco origination? It started in 1932, and Morse wrote the drama throughout its 28 years on NBC radio. Left to right here are Father Barbour (J. Anthony Smythe), Teddy (Winifred Wolfe), Cliff (Barton Yarborough), Mother Barbour (Minetta Ellen) and Jack (Page Gilman).



Benny Walker, a very, very much beloved character; the Barbour Family, among whom was an ingenue named Barbara Jo Allen. They changed her name to Vera Vague and she was an instant sensation on the Carefree Carnival. The musical director of this show was a young man named Meredith Wilson, and the announcer was Ned Tollinger and then later, Larry Keating.

I knew all of these people and worked with them and a whole lot more. The number one commercial property was Frank Cope on KJBS. And when I did the early morning show on KGO, my counterpart on KPO was a fellow they called the Bard of the Byways—Will Aubrey. I did a lot of sports, and so did another very good man, Hal Wolff. And there was Herb Kramer doing the Oaks Games, and later on Dean Maddox, whom they called Buddah. And then the Old Walnut Farmer, Jack MacDonald; the superlative Bud Foster; and when TV came around in 1949, Bill Laws and I shared the Oakland games on KGO

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Reviewing Radio's History

By TOM CONROY

ALTHOUGH the title *A Pictorial History Of Radio* (By Irving Settel, Grossett & Dunlap) seems specific enough, a book bearing that one might be any number of things. This one is a "Twilight Zone" return to a glorious age that reached heights not yet experienced by the "Boob Tube."

Perhaps, this might be the generation gap but reading this book was a return to a lost childhood . . . cold wintry Chicago nights and those old radio voices, Fred Allen, Don Ameche, Jack Armstrong, the Shadow and Sam Spade, Jack Benny, Baby Snooks and Mr. Keane "Tracer of Lost Persons."

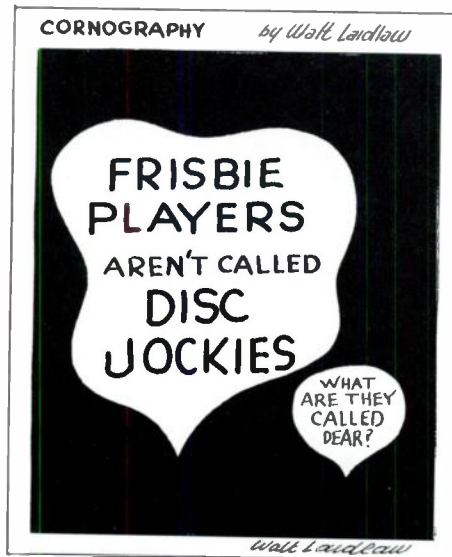
It is not really fair to compare radio to television, for the former was strictly for the listening ear, and in this respect radio possessed unique qualities. Jack Benny's Maxwell, the famed Fibber McGee's closet, with its avalanche of pots, pans, vacuum cleaner parts. Or that creaking door on Inner Sanctum. On camera you would lose something. Many of radio's characters came alive via radio and yet collapsed completely on the TV screen.

The Shadow clouding men's minds right in their own living room was the result of the listener's imagination, as was the case with most radio characters.

If you were a child past the age of eleven, you could get parental permission to listen to *I Love A Mystery* or Arch Obler's *Lights Out*. You probably experienced nightmares or imagined footsteps outside your door as the radio ear played tricks.

Radio demanded that you be able to pretend. You could hear the Lone Ranger riding off into the darkness with his mighty "Hi-Ho Silver," but your imagination painted a mental picture of the masked stranger. I never hear the William Tell overture, but I think of the Lone Ranger, just as the Flight of the Bumble Bee is the Green Hornet and his houseboy Kato hitting the streets in his souped-up roadster.

Memories . . . memories . . . "Curtain Time! Curtain going up!" and you know the First Night is on the aisle . . . Cecil B. DeMille introducing the weekly epic on Lux Radio Theatre.



Radio gave birth to the original era of the Private Eye. The present generation of TV Gumshoes is only a pale shadow of the first idea. Howard Duff was great as Sam Spade on radio. What did TV do to him? Portrayed him as Adam to his wife Ida Lupino's Eve. Just another TV stereotyped husband. In short, a clown.

In fact, very little of radio's successful shows made adaptation to television. Strangely, on radio through the use of your imagination the characters were alive; on the TV screen they became puppets.

By its nature, radio has to enlist the imagination of its audience and perhaps this is why the great radio shows of years ago often remain fresher in the memory than last Sunday's television programs. The countless pictures and captions in this book flick on the switch of memory and all the old voices and sounds play back . . . the mellow tones of "Your obedient servant, Orson Wells" . . . the screams of Frankie Sinatra's bobbysoxers . . . the soaring soprano of Jessica Dragonette . . . the Shadow's knowing laugh

. . . Edward R. Murrow's "This . . . is . . . London."

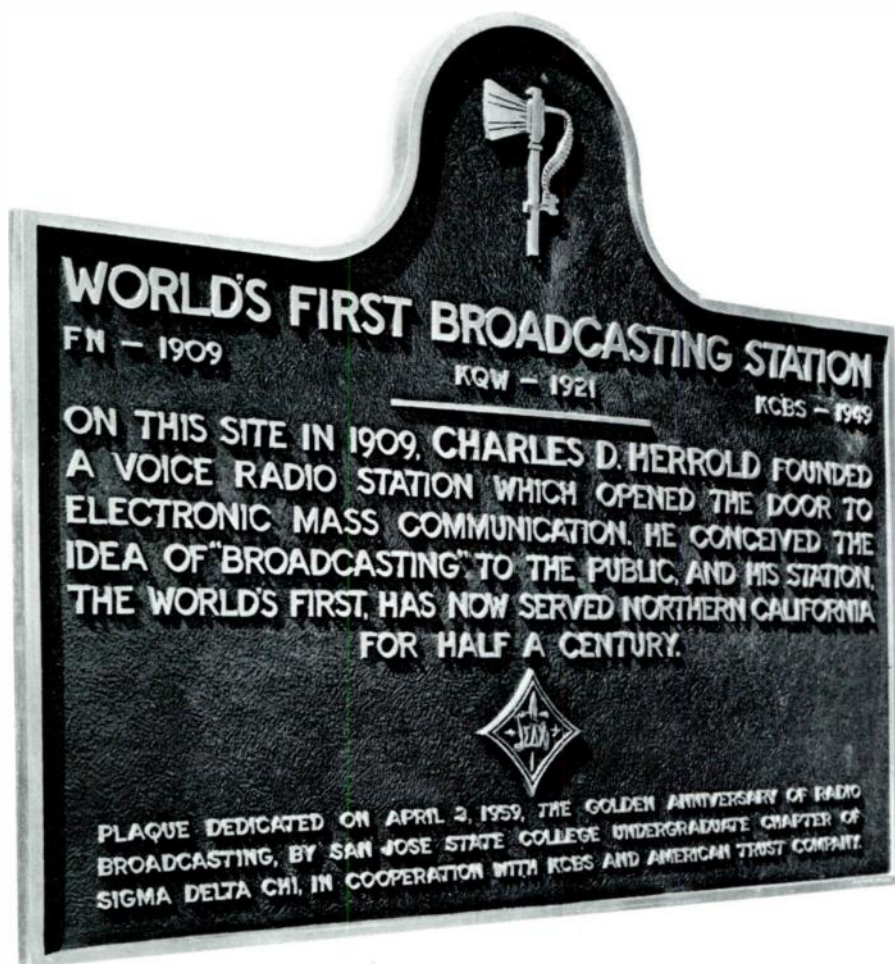
Those who lived through the depression, World War II, will find this book evoking the whole flavor of a wonderful but vanishing era. Those too young to remember radio's golden age might not understand what Fred Allen meant when he said: "We were too big! For TV we had to shrink into that little tube!" □

Didn't know television went back this far, did you? Actually one of the first telecasts was 'way back in 1918. This one shows Dr. Vladimir K. Zworykin, Russian-born scientist, demonstrating new cathode ray television system developed in 1929. Dr. Zworykin's experimentation laid groundwork for all-electronic television.



Local Radio

By STATION WRITERS



KCBS Newsradio 74, the 50,000-watt CBS-owned station in San Francisco is the direct descendant of a small 15-watt spark transmitter developed by Charles David Herrold, principal of the Herrold College of Engineering and Wireless, which broadcast successfully for the first time in January, 1909.

Broadcast, by definition, means "to cast in all directions," and that, in contrast to point-to-point wireless communication, is what Professor Herrold pioneered in 1909 to give KCBS its historical claim of being the world's first broadcasting station.

It became a "commercial" outlet on January 15, 1926, when the Sperry Flour Company bought a 15-minute cooking program five days a week, although small local merchants had used the station before this date.

The station's first broadcasts were more than three years before Congress enacted the Radio Act of 1912, which

required licenses and call letters from "voice transmitters." Until this time, Herrold's operators simply announced, "This is San Jose Calling," gave a vocational school identification and went into their news and music. Operating the station continuously was a logical way for him to obtain publicity for his wireless school among an audience most likely to enroll—the teenage amateurs. Early equipment used included water-cooled microphones.

In 1921, after licenses were finally issued under the classification of broadcasting, Herrold's station became KQW. The call letters were changed to KCBS in 1949.

Herrold's 15-watt transmitter was boosted to 500 watts of power in 1925 and sold to the First Baptist Church in San Jose. Fred J. Hart operated the station and a year later purchased it. Power was increased to 1,000 watts in 1934 when Hart sold the station to Ralph Brunton and C. L. McCarthy.

In a year, power was once more stepped up—this time to 5,000 watts.

CBS took over in 1949 with Arthur Hull Hayes, who was then the first general manager and later became the president of CBS Radio. Power was boosted to its present 50,000 watts in 1951.

The transmitter was originally atop the First Baptist Church in San Jose. It was moved to Alviso, in the outskirts of San Jose at the foot of San Francisco Bay, during Hart's ownership. The transmitter is presently located in Novato, Marin County, with studios and executive offices in the Sheraton-Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

The KCBS files are filled with documents which authenticate the pioneering accomplishments of Professor Charles D. Herrold. They include a transcript of a talk by another "father of radio," the late inventor Dr. Lee DeForrest. He was on the scene; and in addressing a banquet of the Veteran Wireless Operators Association in 1940, he said:

"... my earliest broadcasting began here on the Pacific Coast . . . Pioneer station KQW at San Jose maintained regular transmissions . . . that station, KQW, can rightfully claim to be the oldest broadcasting station in the entire world. . . ."

In 1959, Professor Gordon B. Greb of San Jose State College wrote an extensively researched and documented article for the *Journal of Broadcasting* which unequivocally established the claim of KCBS as the nation's original station. In the article Greb said:



Dave McElhatton, anchorman for KCBS newsradio, is shown in action.

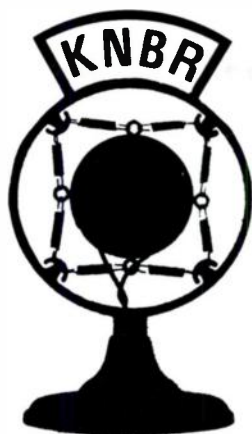
“KDKA, as well as WHA, Madison, Wisconsin, and WWJ, Detroit, first of some kind or other, and Michigan, have all claimed to be and KDKA acquired the first federal first stations. Each has a claim to a KDKA’s claim is that it was the first station to be licensed under the federal regulations in 1920. The regulations required the licensing of stations by the federal government, license issued by the Department of Commerce. That is its claim to fame. But, as to which station actually was the first to go on the air and broadcast, it was Herrold’s station in San Jose (now KCBS, San Francisco), which was on the air so early there were no regulations to govern it. In other words, the Wright Brothers flew their plane first. They flew their plane before there was any Federal Aviation Agency and before there was any requirement to license pilots or license airliners, so that some airline might claim that it was the first to be licensed to fly. But this did not deny the Wright Brothers the honor of having flown the first plane.”

In addition, the then U.S. Senator, Thomas Kuchel, on March 20, 1959, entered into The Congressional Record a treatise supporting KCBS’s claim as the nation’s first.

Today, KCBS Newsradio 74 continues to be an innovator. In commemorating KCBS’ 60 years, Mr. Neil E. Derrough, Vice President, CBS Radio Division/General Manager, KCBS Newsradio, said:

“KCBS, as the voice of the Columbia Broadcasting System in the Bay Area, for many years has been one of the dominant stations in the CBS Radio Network. We were the first talk station going back to the early 60’s, and our present format of all-news makes us the first major station in the area to utilize this newest of radio formats.”

“In the years to come, we hope to continue to lead in the area of innovating news and different concepts for radio. We at KCBS today are proud to carry on the long-standing reputation of the world’s first radio station.” □



KPO was started on a shoestring. It was a small station but with high ideals. No programs were permitted except they were high class, and we were quite sure they would not offend the sensibilities of a mother with children in a home. Commercials were not allowed. . . .”

That was the word from Reuben Hale founding father of the station later called KNBC and now known as KNBR, NBC-owned station in San Francisco.

It was in 1921 that an ex-Navy man, Joe Martineau, talked the Hale Brothers into letting him put up an experimental 50-watt transmitter above their store at Fifth and Market — at a cost of \$2400. KPO took to the air on April 17, 1922, one of the first 15 stations in the United States.

KPO was on the air only an hour a day at the beginning, devoting itself to concerts by local singers and pianists with occasional performances by national stars. Opera’s Reinald Werrenrath was brought here from New York for a single concert with his fee of

\$2500 paid by Southern Pacific.

The wireless wonder advanced quickly and KPO was first in many fields — the first station to broadcast opera direct from the stage (the Civic Auditorium), the first to broadcast a football game direct from the field (from UC Berkeley), and the first to transmit a program from a ship at sea (the Shell Ship of Joy, en route to Hawaii).

KPO also gave a generous assist to the birth of television — as the first radio station to send a picture by air, a photo of Andy Gump, sent and received through the air in 1925.

In the 1920’s and 1930’s Xavier Cugat, Vera Vague, Meredith Willson, Art Linkletter, Harold Peary (the Great Gildersleeve), Kay Kyser and Benay Venuta were among the stars-in-the-making who got their early broadcast experience on KPO.

The KPO studios at 111 Sutter were the home of the Pacific Coast production center for the National Broadcasting Company and a talented staff of musicians, actors, and writers provided many favorites for the network in the 1930’s. One of the most enduring was “One Man’s Family,” created by Carleton E. Morse — and for many years all America enjoyed nightly visits with Father Barbour and his Sea Cliff clan from the KPO studios.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* joined the Hale Brothers in KPO ownership in the mid-20’s and NBC bought the station in 1932. Call letters were changed from KPO to KNBC in 1947 and to KNBR in 1962.

KNBR — San Francisco’s only 50,000-watt, clear-channel, non-directional station — now broadcasts to all of northern California, the western states and Canada from KNBR-designed studios on the seventh floor of the Fox Plaza, where it moved in 1967 after 25 years at Taylor and O’Farrell.

KNBR currently entertains and informs with music from the standard pops, news and Weekend Monitor from NBC radio, and feature briefs offering facts, fun and community service. KNBR’s morning man, Frank Dill heads the air staff of personalities inviting listeners to “Have a Happy Day” 24 hours a day every day of the year. On top of it all is KNBR General Manager Heber Smith, 20-year veteran of radio in San Francisco.





IT was in mid-September when a sky-jacker tried to take a plane from San Francisco International Airport and head towards North Korea. A Brink's guard, who happened to be on the plane, shot the man and prevented the flight.

Perhaps nothing better can describe the workings of KSFO's award winning news department as what happened when the first report came in. The day had started in a routine manner with Rick Wagstaff calling his various beats, one of which was the San Mateo Sheriff's Office. They informed him of the drama that had only moments earlier started taking place and Wagstaff immediately reported the situation to News Editor Jeff Skov, running the desk. Skov promptly dispatched newsman Bill Heyward to the airport and alerted KSFO's helicopter to fly in the vicinity to help monitor emergency radio frequencies. He kept in constant contact with the FBI, Airport Security, the regional FAA, and even the FAA in Washington, D.C.

As the story developed, Dave Henderson, another KSFO newsman, was sent to the airport for added coverage. A call was put out to an off duty news assistant, Rick Laubscher, to help handle phone calls.

Today's radio news departments are a far cry from that time when one lonely man sat in a studio reading a wire service report. The airport attempted skyjacking illustrates the coverage that is needed and constantly used by major stations such as KSFO, whose news department has received countless awards from the Press Club throughout the years.

"Radio often gets the story first to the public," News Director Chet Cas-

selman recently said, "and because of that we must have quick and accurate communications." KSFO, as an example, has mobile units, a helicopter, a fixed-wing plane, and phones in many newsmen's autos. The UPI wire and audio services and constant phone calls keep the staff alerted to news developments.

"Another source is our listeners," Casselman adds. "We've topped most other media on several occasions such as a couple of years ago when that Pan Am plane lost a wing and an engine just out of San Francisco International. A listener driving on the Bayshore spotted the plane in obvious trouble, pulled over to a pay phone and called us. That was the first word anybody had."

Most listeners easily identify with many of the news personalities. They have been heard on KSFO for years and often get into casual conversation with the station's personalities. And while listeners may have never met Bill Heyward, they know he has a daughter Claudia Jane, whom he often speaks about; that Aaron Edwards is an avid fisherman or that the Jeff Skovs recently had a baby.

Through Casselman, Skov, and Mike Powell, who received the Catholic Newsmen's Radio Award at a Press Club ceremony, the news on KSFO has taken on ever new and added dimensions. The station recently started flexible 8 a.m. and noon news reports where they go into more background on stories for far more comprehensive reports. The news on the half-hour has developed into more of a discussion between the on-air personality and the newsman, keeping the news on a somewhat informal basis. It also permits the station to go virtually all news when the occasion demands, as in the case of the San Francisco city workers' strike this year when nearly all city services shut down for a time, really tying up the Bay Area's central core. As a matter of fact, KSFO has gone all news a couple of times lately for complete coverage of elections involving the whole Bay Area.

The Mike Powell 5:30 Report is a daily quarter-hour news and commentary program, something very unusual for an independent radio station. It features Mike occasionally injecting his own comments into the news but more

often the comments and voices of other persons with some dimensions to add to the daily news parade.

The news has many added interests such as commute reports by auto and air at key times in the mornings and evenings, covering every major road and highway in the Bay Area. Freddie Meyer's weather reports have, in themselves, become somewhat of a San Francisco "tradition," and are heard often and throughout the day, providing an added perspective to the official weather reports on the news.

"When a major story breaks," Casselman said, "such as the Marin court house shooting or the city workers' strike, the team of KSFO news experts really goes into action." An "off-beat" example: a special news service offered during the draft lotteries when KSFO News set up a service to keep listeners informed of the dates. Over 5,000 calls were received from all over Northern California until nearly 2 a.m.



Former Club 1st Vice President Jack Carney is shown on his job as one of the Bay Area's most talked about radio personalities. Jack has added newscasting to his talents in radio.

Jack Carney, the Club's first Vice President in 1968, gives KSFO listeners an added bit of news. Often he gets involved, during his own program, with happenings around the country. When the Detroit riots happened, Carney had an eyewitness report on the air for over an hour and a half; the day Stan Musial retired from baseball, before he announced it to the wire services, Carney called him at his home and got a major "scoop" on the air; he contacted the man who captured the Boston Strangler after the Strangler's escape and, through working with "JACKIE," has found homes for over 500 children in the past five years.

"You can't just play music on the air

nowadays," Carney said, "people want to be informed." He informed his public in a major, but unexpected manner, when he took a press flight to Peru a few years back. That was when one of the worst earthquakes ever to hit that country happened and Carney somehow found a phone and began 36 hours of news reports, the only ones in English to be heard from that stricken country.

KSFO News was saddened, as were most radio listeners earlier this year, with the passing of Wally King. Of all the newsmen in Northern California, King was perhaps the most beloved. He combined a sharp news sense with a magnificent personality. King had been with KSFO for more than 25 years and, away from the news, his Saturday morning program of old 78 records had long proven one of the most popular on the West Coast.

As everywhere, news continues to be made on the station. To a commuter heading home, a far off report of a possible Middle East conflict may be of interest, but a report of a highway crash on the road ahead is necessary and immediate.



Some of entertainment's greats got their start on KFRC—Haywire Mac McClintock, Bea Bederet, Don Wilson, Morey Amsterdam, Ralph Edwards, Mark Goodson, Meredith Wilson, Art Linkletter and Merv Griffin to name a few.

A leader in radio even back in 1924 when it was first licensed, KFRC could be heard up and down the Atlantic seaboard, in Alaska, the Hawaiian Islands and even New Zealand. All this with only 50 watts. Now 50,000 watts, KFRC reaches an even greater audience with the best in contemporary music, compelling public affairs programs and one of the finest news services in Northern California. □

No Radio Crap in Our Club

By WILLIAM A. HYNES

BEFORE the next month is over, we will bomb the mainland of Japan," General Hap Arnold said behind the black cat at the old Press Club at 445 Powell Street. The audience said, "We couldn't hear you, General, what did you say?"

"My father intends to run for a fourth term," said his eldest son, James Roosevelt. Once again the crowd said they couldn't hear him.

Gang dinners were started in the late Thirties by Bill Lieser and Dinty Doyle. It was like Bill and Dinty said—"just the gang." At that time the Press Club chef was unexcelled as a preparer of fish dishes. It all started with a few fellows sitting around a single table to enjoy the *1Friday night fish menu and asking important people who were in the area to show up and speak to them off the record.

The gatherings evolved into larger meetings and what had been the billiard room of the old club became Lieser Hall. At Powell Street, some 30 to 40 people would gather to hear someone off the record under the magnificent direction of *2Ted Huggins, the club's first gang dinner chairman.

The popularity of the idea grew to where audiences of as many as 200 or more people began to show and it was obvious that the tiny room couldn't accommodate and the gang dinners were moved into the big dining room. When they were in there, very few guests who were not trained public speakers could have their voice carried to many persons attending without amplification.

However, the diehards, who didn't believe the radio was here to stay, would not permit one of those silly microphones in the room. But, as the off-the-record program got more important, the old dining room at the Press Club began to be filled to capacity. There would be the undertone of conversation and other muffled noises regardless of what the speaker was saying because his voice was not amplified.

In this *3 50th year of radio it is so important to remember that the news media of those days of the late Thirties did not recognize that the electronic media was a coming thing.

At the old Press Club on Powell Street its board of directors failed to appropriate money for a public address system. They were not going to let one of those old "radio microphones" enter our dining room and did not recognize the era of amplification.

In fact, Tom Bellew, Doc Mundell and president Jack Robinson said, "We don't want that radio crap in our club."

Hynes was in Chicago as a principal radio personality on several of the dramatic programs in the Thirties at the time of the forming of the American Federation of Radio Artists. He was a board member of the original organization.

At that time there were some 7,000 actors from tent shows, etc. converging on Chicago in the winter wishing to take the opportunity in radio.

The auditions were miserable, but, as a result of these auditions, a few people were able to get work. This created AFRA as it was known then and AFTRA as it is known today with the "T" for television.—EDITOR.

The opening quotations are from only two rather famous Gang Dinners of the mid-Forties wherein speakers

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*1 The original meetings were luncheons and didn't blossom into Gang Dinners, as we know them today until several years later.

*2 Ted Huggins may have been the chairman when the luncheons were moved to dinners, but research shows that the first Gang luncheon chairman was James Stewart, who was followed by George McCadden, with Ted Huggins actually third in line.

*3 The 50th year of radio, as marked by this edition of *Scoop*, is marked by the first regularly scheduled radio broadcasts under Federal license. The first broadcasts actually go back to 1909. Editor.

'... KDKA (Squawk) .. Pittsburgh'

By LEE RUTTLE

WHEN I was eleven years old I was a genius. I had the only wireless set in the neighborhood that worked. Trouble was, I didn't have any earphones. Johnny Ennis, the toughest kid in town, owned *one* earphone, but no galena, no cat's whiskers, no condenser, no coil, no aerial. And he was too dumb to build a set even if he had all that stuff.

Nobody was ever able to make any kind of a deal with Johnny unless he agreed to fight him—which some of the kids did, and lost. Eleven-year-old logic deduced one earphone was useless to its owner without all the other paraphernalia. What good was my twenty-foot, five strand antenna hooked up to that junk in my bedroom if I couldn't *hear* something? But I was kind of a skinny kid with mushy biceps. Maybe that was from eating all those Quaker Oats to get the empty round boxes out of which I fashioned tuning coils.

A little research into my collection of catalogs revealed that one earphone could be had for two dollars. But I could buy a pair of dumbbells for *one* dollar—the exact amount in my piggy bank, plus a few pennies. I sent away for the dumbbells, and the package arrived in a few weeks, complete with instructions on how to become a hero and beat up the town bully.

My mother couldn't figure out why I got up early every morning without being called several times. Morning workouts with the dumbbells—plus 20 to 30 minutes at bedtime spent in muscle building. Each day I checked my biceps for improvement. They seemed to get a wee bit harder, maybe not enough that anyone could really notice—but I began to develop a hell of a lot of self confidence bordering on belligerence.

Up to that time I had always crossed the street on my way to school whenever Johnny Ennis appeared on one

side. But now, with this great surge of bravado brought on by the dumbbells, *and* the insatiable desire to hook up an earphone to my contraption, I decided to face The Moment of Truth. On that fateful morning I stayed on the same side of the street where Johnny swaggered. He balanced a stick on his shoulder and dared me to knock it off. I did. The end of the stick flew up and stung his ear. He glared at me, startled and angry. For a moment I couldn't decide whether to run like hell or stand my ground. I stood. He clobbered me, bloodying my nose with one blow. I tasted blood and swung wildly—both fists flailing the air until one connected with his left eye. He shook his head and backed away. That was all I needed. A few more wild swings and one of my fists landed on his right eye. He raised both hands to protect himself, and started to run. I chased him for half a block, raining blows on his back, his sides, his head. I was beating the piss out of Johnny Ennis, the toughest kid in town! Finally, I was winded and he was begging me to stop. I wiped off most of the blood on my face against my sleeve and continued on to school. Johnny did not show up in class that day.

Late that afternoon, at home, I was tinkering with my radio when the doorbell rang. There stood Johnny peering at me through slits of beautifully bruised and swollen eyes. He had his earphone in his hand.

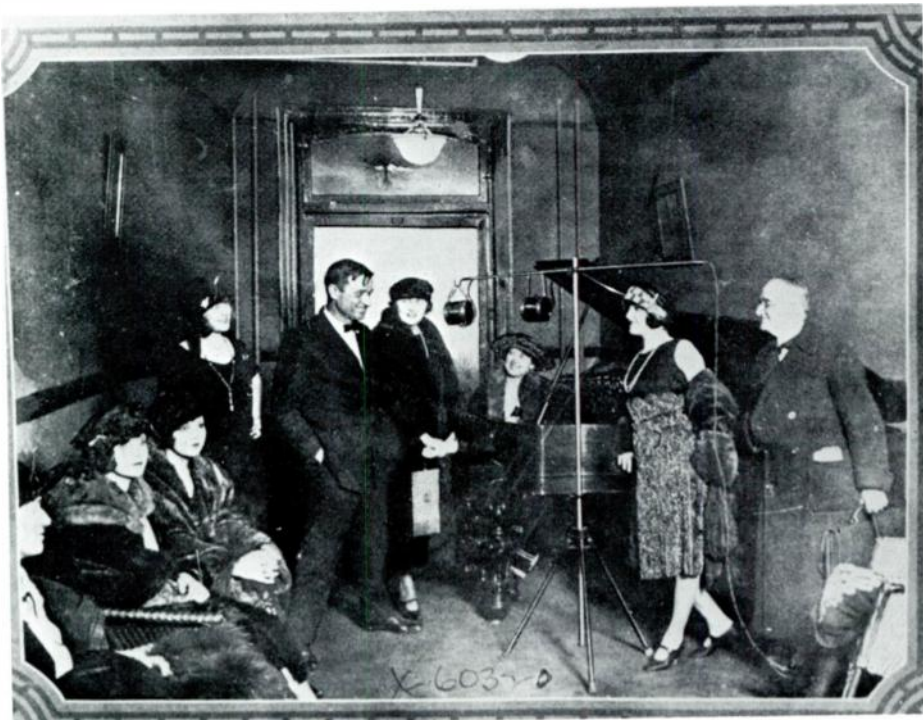
"I betcha a nickle that junk you got won't work with my earphone," he said.

"Betcha it will!"

"Betcha it won't!"

Then, both of us, "Well let's try it!"

He followed me into my bedroom and stood at a respectful distance, watching me while I worked. I was Marconi, De Forest, Baird. I carefully attached the bare ends of the wires



Radio and press worked closely from the very beginning as seen in this shot in the Pittsburgh Post Studio of KDKA showing Will Rogers and a Follies cast in a special broadcast.

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Radio Was A Crime

(Reprint from The San Francisco Chronicle, April 26, 1942)

LESS than a generation ago, a man named Lee DeForest stood charged with a crime. His crime: Inventing the audion of radio. Modus operandi of his crime: Using the mails to defraud by getting investors to put money into his invention . . .

Lee DeForest, the prosecution has asked that you be sentenced to a Federal penitentiary for making statements in the newspapers and over your signature . . . that it would be possible . . . to transmit the human voice across the Atlantic . . . but you have been acquitted . . . I admonish you Lee DeForest, to give up all pretense of being an inventor and get a common job . . . and stick to it!

But radio was on the march. Five years before, DeForest had broadcast phonograph records from Paris' Eiffel Tower . . . heard 500 miles away. . . . And in 1916, a 25-year-old Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company employee wrote a letter to his boss: "I have a plan . . . to bring music . . . lectures . . . recitals . . . events of national importance into the home . . . by means of a radio receiver music box which can be placed on the table in the living room . . . and receive programs from a central transmitting station . . ."

That was David Sarnoff, today's best-known name in radio . . . By the next year, the U.S. was in World War I . . . communications tied up. . . . But in 1920 in Pittsburgh, a Dr. Frank Conrad began broadcasting from his garage.

"This is your friend Frank Conrad, signing off for the last time from his garage transmitting station. . . . Tomorrow Harry P. Davis and I will open our new station, KDKA, Pittsburgh. . . . Sales of radio which began in a Pittsburgh department store have become so phenomenal that we believe there is a future in broadcasting . . ."

That same year, 1920, the Harding-Cox presidential election was broadcast to a Nation of crystal sets . . . the first major public event to be broadcast via radio. . . . Like wildfire it spread . . .

and in 1923 . . .

"Jess Willard has Luis Angel Firpo in a corner. . . . Now Firpo comes out slugging . . . he swings, misses and — Oh, Firpo just caught Willard with a terrific right . . ."

That was the first boxing match broadcast . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, from the White House we bring you our newly re-elected President of the United States, Calvin Coolidge, and the vice president, General Charles G. Dawes. . . . This broadcast is reaching the largest radio audience in history . . . 24 stations are connected . . .

In five short years, radio had become a part of American life. In the year Rudolph Valentino was at his peak, when Dempsey lost his title to Tunney, when Queen Marie visited America and Al Capone was the czar of Cicero . . . in 1926, on the morning of November 16, NBC put on the Big Broadcast . . .

Well . . . uh . . . ha, ha . . . all I

know, as I tol' Queen Marie and Cal Coolidge, was what I read in th' newspapers. . . . And now, from Independence, Kan., where NBC has brought you Will Rogers, we take you to Chicago for Mary Garden . . .

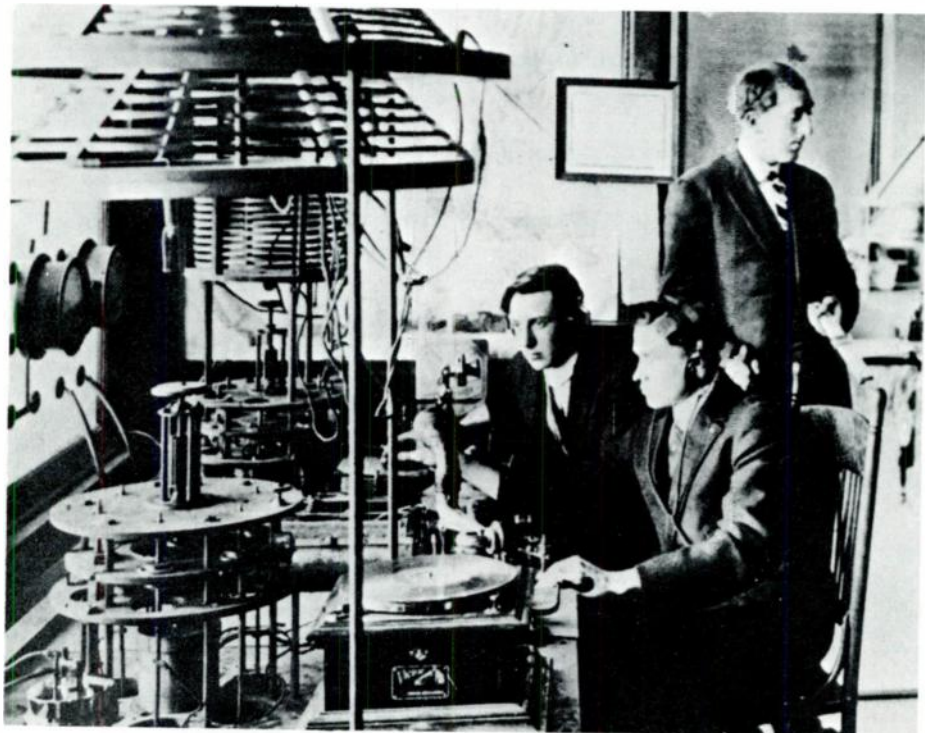
NBC's Big Broadcast . . . bringing to the Nation the biggest free show on earth. . . . Radio became entertainment, information molder of public opinion. . .

Also in 1927 radio broadcast grand opera . . . "Faust" which up to then had been a pleasure for but a few. . . . And silent Cal Coolidge delivered a stirring address on Washington's birthday, coast to coast, over a network of 40 stations . . .

Hello, United States of America . . . this is coming to you from Antarctica . . . This is Admiral Richard Byrd speaking . . . I have just flown over the South Pole. . . .

But you must believe me . . . when

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Dr. Charles D. Herrold (standing), has been credited as founder of America's first broadcasting station. It later became KCBS. The two men seated are probably the world's first announcers, or disc jockeys.

The Day They Staged The Shake-in

By HAL FRUETEL

It is perhaps unfair to blame it all on Dianne Feinstein. But the fact nevertheless remains that the trouble began during the first days of her term as the City's mayor.

Elated over Mrs. Feinstein's victory—and possibly emboldened by memories of how several years earlier they had so easily forced officialdom to capitulate and grant them the right to stand on the cable car steps—the ladies of San Francisco took to the streets chanting “Woman Power! Woman Power!” Displaying a militancy never seen in the City before, they integrated those two male luncheon sanctuaries the Pied Piper and the Squire Room. And even forced Edward's Bottom of Nob Hill bar to remove the “men only” sign. Next thing they picketed Standard Oil and succeeded in having all the male executive secretaries fired. Then seven wives of Olympic Club members, along with a few ladies who enjoyed less formal relationships with the gentlemen, stormed that bastion's steam room and won the right to use the facility whenever they wished.

The City's men meanwhile, aware that their society was crumbling, huddled together and uncomfortably wondered what dubious right the women would demand next. I don't think there was a man in the City who was prepared for what finally did occur on that infamous day still known locally as Shaky Thursday.

It happened in the second floor bar of the Press Club, where 25 or so of us were enjoying our pre-luncheon martinis. We scarcely looked up when the two women marched in and sat down at one of the tables. The ladies had, after all, toppled the old “no women in the second floor bar before 5 P.M.” rule several days earlier.

All heads turned, however, when Hong the waiter returned from taking their order. His eyes were wide and his hands shook as he clenched the bar for support. “They want the dice cups!” he gasped.



Murmurs of outrage swept through the room and one man was even heard to cry out, as he smote his head in a manner Biblical, “Will they stop at *nothing*?” We all turned to glare at the women, who defiantly returned our stares. It was the club president himself, a minor *Chronicle* editor named Mergenthaler who had been so long on the staff that he occasionally spoke in typographical errors, who took command of the situation. He motioned a small group of us into a corner. “Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties,” he intoned, “and so bare ourselves that if this club should last for a thousand years, men will still say: ‘This was their finest hour.’”

Knowing history would remark our every action, we strode manfully to the ladies' table. The president smiled pleasantly. “I'm sorry,” he said softly, “but club rules prohibit the shaking of dice by women.”

“Discrimination!” one of the women, a blonde, snapped.

“There are other places in town where you may play,” Mergenthaler said reasonably. “May I suggest Day's? They don't mind.”

“We want to play here,” the other woman, a brunette, said firmly. “We

intend to stage a shake-in, and we will not leave until you relent.”

Mergenthaler tried another tack. “Dice is a man's game,” he said. “Women don't understand the rules.”

“We understand them,” the blonde said. “We've been practicing at home.”

Mergenthaler's eyes sparkled. “Ahhh,” he said. “Well then.” And we all wondered what craftiness he was devising. “I'll make a bargain with you. I'll take you ladies on for three games, and I'll even let you select the game. If you win two out of three, we'll change the house rules and permit you to shake dice here whenever you want.” He paused. “But if I win two out of three, you must promise never to challenge club policy again. Agreed?”

The blonde shook Mergenthaler's hand firmly. “A deal,” she said. She motioned with her head. “The cups, Hong,” she said. The rest of us clustered about the table and smiled broadly. Oh, to think that women might believe they knew anything about dice! Their conceit would at last be their undoing. The blonde grasped a dice cup and raised it high above her

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No Copy Desks

By ERNIE SMITH

IN the mid-20's I carried my own amplifier to remote broadcasts. Arriving in the press box at the Recreational Ball Park at 15th and Valencia Streets, my chore was to set up the booth, by removing the carbon microphone from the amplifier box, plugging in to KYA, connecting the P.G.&E. power, turning on the mike, and going to Charlie Graham's office to call the station. The engineer, Fred Eilers would ask if I had my stop watch, and indicate by his second "woof," the precise time. When the elapsed time on the stop watch indicated that it was 1:45 P.M. I would make my salutation, with a quiet prayer that I was on the air.

The days of spotters, statisticians, producers, and directors were far in the future.

I was the third San Francisco baseball announcer. Claire Morrision was the first, but after two days, baseball fans protested that he didn't know the difference between a shortstop and a water polo ball, and KGO hired one of the greatest of sportcasters in Jack Keough. Jack was the unfortunate victim of a blackout gag presented in the 1926 Low jinks at Bohemian Grove, in which a Childrens' Hour announcer was made to say,

"I guess that will hold the little s . . . o . . . b . . . for tonight."

The gag was pinned on Keough. But

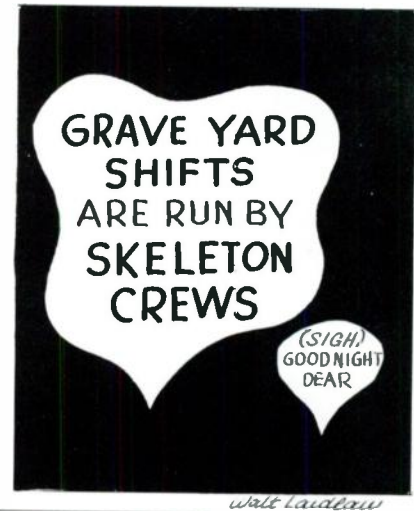
his second misfortune was to fail to show up in 1928 for a Shrine-East West broadcast, because New Year's Day was too soon after New Year's Eve. Don Thompson, who was to have been his spotter, was impressed into service, by a frantic oil advertising executive, Hal Deal—and gave a great performance. Don's long career is, I hear, in its 42nd year as a producer for NBC in Hollywood.

Facilities for reportorial broadcasting was naturally primitive. The Stanford booth was scarcely large enough for my spotter Mel Venter and me. I broadcast the first basketball game on the Pacific Coast from a make-shift aerie perched in the rafters of Kezar Pavilion, when Stanford and California

announcer. There were no tapes for replay, so the man broadcasting was in the position of a photographer who could never see a print of his picture.

Working in a new and mysterious medium, the reportorial announcer had to make a package of narrative, description, technical accuracy and emotion. How well he balanced these ele-

CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Laidlaw*



CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Laidlaw*



played their first off-campus series as a dedication of that pavilion. Once I broadcast a Stanford-California game from a telephone booth on top of the Memorial Stadium press box.

Equipment was also makeshift at times. In 1929 I was assigned to announce the opening of the Fox Theatre in San Francisco. The parade of Hollywood stars — Gary Cooper, Lupe Velez, and many others answered my questions into a microphone mounted on a broomstick.

If facilities and equipment were old-fashioned by today's yardstick, so were the challenges made to the an-

ments determined the length of his job. Occasionally he gambled on a bit of humor. Once to my chagrin, when searching for an apt simile to describe a great punt return by California's safety man, Joe Verducci, I blurted—

"He's as hard to catch as a flea under a girdle."

Associated Oil, the sponsor, curtly warned me to lay off girdles.

In 1929, I think it was, sports editor Jack James, of the *Examiner*, negotiated with Benny Ford, the fight promoter, for broadcasts of boxing events at Dreamland. The stipulation was that every fight would be a great battle. On my second show, a bout between two middleweights, whose names have faded into the mists of memory, I was sorely put because neither man was eager to fight. But recalling my instructions from James, I had a gory first round, a fast second, and a wild third round—until, the referee Toby Irwin walked to the center of the ring, raised both hands above his head—and declared — "No fight — because neither protagonist would fight."

Handling the December 1930 broadcast of the Notre Dame-Southern

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A Moment of Truth

By ALLEN SCHWARTZ



LIKE so many of my contemporaries, for years I have been seduced by limpid ladies in the various media, intimidated by athletes on television commercials, and sweet talked by my forensic druggist. The end result is a bulging medicine cabinet of single and double edged razors, some curved, some angled, some both, green blades, brown blades, blades of mystical metal compositions, plus an endless variety of soaps in tubes, jars, sticks, bowls, and cans, scented or otherwise, and lotions, astringents, and powders that defy description. It hardly bears mentioning that I have collected an assortment of dry shavers powered by batteries, the sun, electricity, and wind-up springs with single and double heads that float, bounce, self-adjust, and follow the contours of the face. Only two items are worth repeating—the two *peseta* shaves in Spain, and the time I shaved myself with tepid champagne. For the money expended all I really have to show is a collection of nicks and scars hardly worthy of Heidelberg tradition.

Recently I was stymied by the forthcoming claims of the makers of super

blades of infinite thinness produced by swordsmiths to ancient houses of royalty. Super blades for untold numbers of super shaves were nearly my undoing until I took a stand. In the fervent hope of retaining my subliminal sanity, I decided to take one step forward by taking one giant step backward. I visited an exclusive cutlery shop where an aged clerk asked my wishes. With more than a bit of anxiety I said, “I am interested in a straight razor.”

Nodding to me, he placed a small square of black velvet on the counter, and before I could change my mind he arrayed in front of me a series of the most beautiful — but deadly looking straight razors I had ever seen. In a methodical chant he proclaimed each gem—the maker’s history and country, the virtues of the steel, medals garnered at international expositions, the model number, and the size of the blade. Not once did he mention price. Completely mesmerized, I selected a black handled beauty with a five inch cutting edge, the model 50 of a famous maker in Solingen, Germany. The clerk considered my choice excellent. But before I could exit, I discovered my buying had only begun. Shunting aside the velvet cloth with its menacing display, he produced from beneath the counter a group of imported and domestic strops. My eventual choice was a domestic model, 21 inches long, one side Belgian shell leather, and the other of heavy blue linen. Showing me how to strop the razor, I had hopes of getting out of the store without buying anything else. No such luck. Putting aside my purchases, he deftly displayed a series of imported badger shaving brushes from two inches to 12 inches, some mounted in sterling or ivory, and others in plastics. Trying to steer a middle course, I selected an English model, number 15, five inches high, and set in ivory. Begging off that I really did have the proper soap, the clerk accepted my check and bid me good day.

I hardly slept that night in anticipa-

tion of the forthcoming adventure. The next morning I arose 15 minutes earlier than usual. After showering, I lathered my face, stropped the weapon, and glared at myself in the mirror. With trembling hand and wildly pumping heart, I visualized the afternoon headline — SUBURBANITE KILLED BY OWN HAND. And further down in the story would be the bloody details with a final sentence whereas the police could find no real motive for suicide.

Trying to remember how my barber handled the razor, I proceeded. First I tried a series of back hand strokes on the left side of my face while seeking the proper angle for the blade. Then I attempted a series of fore hands on the right side. A few attempts down the center of my upper lip was nearly my undoing. Blood was drawn freely, but I refused to quit. After some 15 minutes of stabbing the stubborn bull but never quite managing to kill, I decided to try again the next morning. Finishing up with my safety razor, and applying copious amounts of styptic powder and tissue, and another shower—I was bathed in sweat—I went off to work with a sense of new found elation.

During that first week I developed a motely repertoire of fore and back hand gestures that eventually permitted me to abandon my safety razor. In the course of relearning to shave I came to understand why so many of the old timers grew chin whiskers.

Now, each morning with a *Pasadoble* as background music, and the bath teeming with the aroma of mellow leather, I gingerly strop the delicate instrument from Solingen. Shaving for me has taken on a romantic air, and also become the challenge. My moment of truth in front of the mirror with the annihilative blade poised might well be compared to matching W. C. Fields against the Three Musketeers, for I refuse to wear my glasses during combat.

En Garde!

□

Reflections of a Newsmen

By EUGENE B. BLOCK

TWO recent obituaries (at this writing) have brought back fond memories. One involves the death of Juanita Miller, daughter of the late Joaquin Miller, poet of the Sierra.

Juanita, as erratic as she was unattractive, often made the news. She was involved in various short-lived romances. When word of her impending marriage finally came, it was a front page story.

The wedding, I recall, was a midnight affair in an exotic setting at the Oakland home of the Millers, The Heights. I was then holding down the city desk of the old *Evening Call*. Of course, we must have a picture of the bride and groom in our home edition and there was competition—the *Bulletin* and the *News*.

With our crack cameraman, Joe Marron, I made precise arrangements, timed to make “the home.” Joe was to take a certain ferryboat, a waiting car would take him from the mole to the Miller home. We allowed ten minutes to snap the couple, the necessary time to catch a returning ferry, and car from the ferry to the office. There was a cushion of some twelve minutes to spare. There must be no slip-up.

To my chagrin Joe phoned me from the Miller home, advising that the bride’s mother asserted that immediate picture taking was out of the question; he must wait an hour and a half. And I knew that Joe was not easily thwarted. “Let me talk to Mrs. Miller,” I demanded. “Any waiting is out of the question.”

Mrs. Miller was adamant. Persuasion was to no avail. “Why don’t you be reasonable?” I finally said in exasperation. “There’s no reason why that picture can’t be shot now.”

“Yes, there is,” came Mrs. Miller’s voice.

“What is it?” I shot back.

“They’re mating now,” Mrs. Miller informed me.

We didn’t make the home edition.

* * *

The other obituary told of the passing of our dear friend and fellow Late Watcher, Arthur Cahill, who had risen from a *Morning Call* news illustrator to a portrait painter of international fame.

Arthur often told me this story and he loved to tell it. In a day before photo engraving had come into general use, he had been assigned to get aboard the police launch and sketch a notorious prisoner who was being taken to San Quentin by Chief of Police Lees.

There had been a fued of long duration between Cahill and Lees. The Chief adamantly refused to permit his prisoner to be sketched and all efforts to budge him were futile.

But Arthur Cahill was not one to be trifled with. From a hidden corner of the boat deck he put together a sketch of Chief Lees fast asleep in a chair with half of a quart bottle protruding from his back trousers pocket.

The *Call* gave the sketch front page position.

* * *

And then there’s the often-told story of “Bornie” Bornemuller, The *Chronicle’s* unfailing cameraman who’d stop at nothing to get the picture he wanted.

On this day we waterfront men were aboard a steamer, standing in a tight knot around the King of Belgium, coming to San Francisco for his first visit.

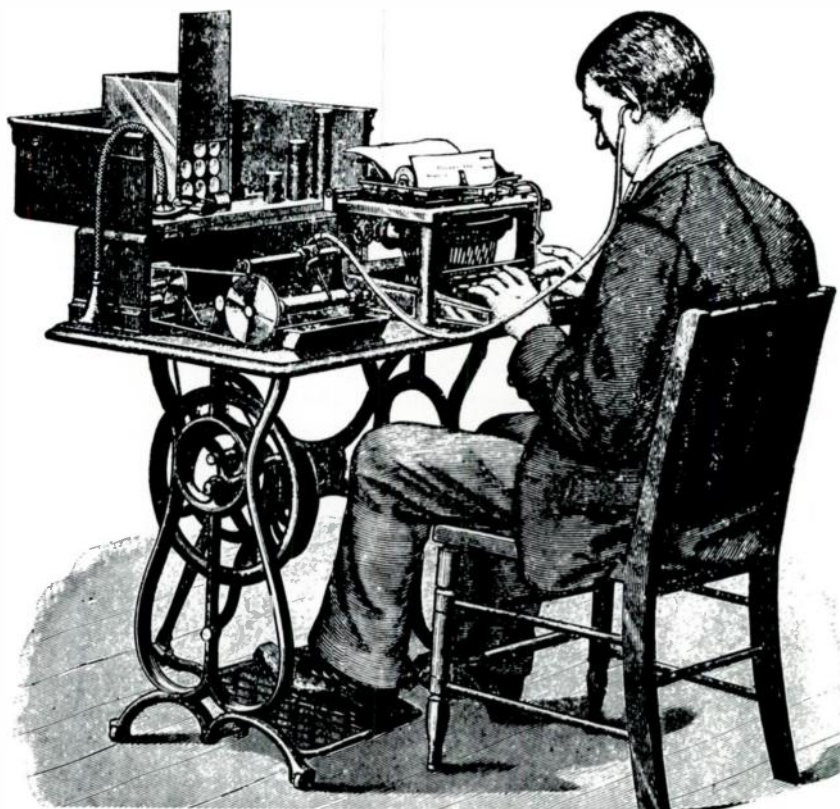
From outside the group, “Bornie” was trying his best to get a shot. It was a difficult situation. Suddenly our interview was interrupted by his loud and angry shout:

“Hey, King, get over in the sun, will ya. I can’t get a picture from here.”

My Front Page type city editor on the old *Evening Post*, Tim Healy, was angry as heck. In fact, he wanted to fire me. A police report that morning had carried the brief mention of burglars breaking into a Market Street restaurant, ignoring the well-stocked cash register, and merely leaving a table covered with apple peels.

I wrote a very short item—less than a stick. My competitor, the very able Frank Sheridan of the *Bulletin*, had used his imagination. He wrote a beautiful story, as well as he could, about the hungry burglars who, overlooking the till, had selected the choicest filet mignon from the ice box,

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'Adieu Late Watch'

Or...That's 30

By EDGAR T. GLEESON

SOME things are better when interred, without tears . . . It could be the sentiment is preserved more perfectly.

This might have been in the minds of the trustees when they voted to cancel the dinner and reunion of the Late Watch at the San Francisco Press Club for 1970. Whether there will ever be another gathering is more than a moot question.

So the organization of guys and gals from the newspaper ranks of the bay area bowed out with slightly more aplomb than it had bowed in thirty-one years ago. If any of its founders survived they would have had the satisfaction of knowing it had lasted until a new decade. Their successors were likewise consoled with the thought there was still \$2300 in the Late Watch Fund (\$2,000 of which represented a bequest from the late Mrs. Edmund Coblentz) to aid young journalists in further studies.

The fund, as proposed by Treasurer Eugene B. Block and his fellow trustees, will continue as a special award, possibly in conjunction with the Press Club's annual Professional Journalism Scholarships.

The Late Watch must have functioned as one of the most unique institutions in the city's history. Its most unique feature was that its launching didn't occur until 33 years after the event it was intended to commemorate—the San Francisco disaster of 1906.

Its progenitors had withdrawn from the newspaper profession and were embarked upon entirely different careers.

William A. (Doc) Mundell had given up the practice of dentistry to take up police reporting and had later successfully carried on as manager of the William A. Burns' detective agency and then his own investigative body.

Monroe Goldstein had left a Chronicle berth to engage in public relations work in the theatrical field.

There were side tours into the investment and other business fields. Goldstein was a resident of Sherman Oaks, in Southern California upon the occasion of a visit by "Doc" Mundell. Over some ceremonial Scotches they fell upon a discussion of former colleagues. They wondered what had become of So-and-so? And whatever happened to the former society editor of the *Examiner*?

They reached a determination to find out. An inquiry would be coupled with a proposal for an annual dinner. The response was immediate and enthusiastic. The Press Club made its facilities available and the organization got away to a fast and colorful start.

Al C. Joy, who had toiled as dramatic critic and sports writer, but who had taken over new responsibilities with the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, is credited with conferring the name, Late Watch, upon the club.

There were to be no dues; only a formal meeting once a year and that one at the Press Club on the Saturday night nearest the date of April 18. It hadn't been the intention of the founders to celebrate the anniversary of the disaster as much as to uphold the traditions of the newspaper fraternity.

And over the years the Late Watch dinners have been presided over by a number of one-time members of the newspaper ranks, who had distinguished themselves in the business, banking and other worlds.

Mundell and Goldstein presided at the early functions and after Mundell's passing, Goldstein had served as a co-chairman with Gene Block. The late Robert Willson had taken the helm one year, as had Justin Mahoney, Pat Frayne, Paul Sinsheimer, Al Bartlett, Rene Casenave and Ray Leavitt.

J. Frank Beaman was to have master-minded this year's affair, but the time for mailing out tickets was approaching when an official meeting of the Board members was called.

By unanimous vote the trustees present, Ray Leavitt, Beaman, Pat Frayne, Philip Sinnott and Eugene Block decided that even "Good things must end sometime," as treasurer Block rendered a financial report to President Beaman.

The latter was forced to the conclusion that the Late Watch had had it, since there had been a loss of aid in the annual endeavor, as well as a number of members who were of valuable assistance—in the thirty-one years without a replacement.

Memories could go back to when United States Senator Samuel M. Shorridge, Irvin M. Cobb, Al Joy and Edward F. O'Day had been among those at the initiation. There has been interesting narrations at other dinners by John Francis Neylan, Edgar Waite, Mrs. Fremont Older, Kathleen Norris, Leland Cutler, Jimmy Hopper, Ben Allen, Grant Wallace, James Howe, Judge Sylvester J. McAtee, Edmund Coblentz, Anita Day Hubbard and the recently deceased "Foghorn" Murphy.

Former newspapermen of the theatrical world—one-time artist Leo Carrillo, who, like Bill Wright had gone through all the chairs, stage, screen and radio, shared the spotlight with Arthur H. Cahill, who turned from the drawing board to become a well known portrait artist, and Haig Patigian, who forsook newspaper work to engage in sculpture.

There was a night when Kathleen Norris, Marie Davidson and Mrs. Beaman (Louise Landis) took over roles in a condensed version of "The Women," and when Richard Prosser attended to witness a revival of the playlet "When Caesar Ran a Newspaper," which had been a Press Club and Orpheum success, with parts taken by Waldemar Young, Bill Jacobs, Prosser and Carolyn Singer.

Guests were indebted to the Castle Films, and the courtesy of Walter Rivers for the showing of "Before" and

“After” disaster films.

There had been the floral decorations from Mrs. Prentiss Cobb Hale’s garden; the Hawaiian leis and exotic island blooms flown in by Wiley Allan. Kenneth McKim made it all the way from Rio de Janeiro for one dinner and Eugene Castle, straight from a last interview with Benito Mussolini, had travelled all the way from Rome. Ed Peterson, with experiences on the European war front to relate, and Jack McDonald from the Pacific theater, had addressed their fellow members.

Special thanks were due the Press Club for the many courtesies extended. There had been eight flourishing newspapers in the bay area when the Late Watch was born. That number has dwindled. New successors have come to take over the desks of George Cameron, Joseph Knowland, as publishing members.

Much of the responsibility of the dinner arrangements, the programming and such had been borne by Pat Frayne, Gene Block, James Rieden, Ray Leavitt, Rene Cazenave, Phil Sinnott and other hard corp committee members—but they had been carried out successfully—well beyond the expectations of the founders. □

Stanley Bush Remembered

I can remember our every day greeting — he always answered my query the same way with “I’m not feeling too goodly.” He knew, as well as I, that he was nearing the end of the trail. He never complained to any of us—nor bored any of his fellow members with his tale.

His softness and excellent qualities were what he had to bequeath and I was happy his life touched mine. But sad that it was all too brief. He went out, I’m sure, as he wanted to—without a qualm and unafraid. And, in his last moments on earth, he even thanked George Bray for his aid (George attempted to make Mr. Bush comfortable as he lay dying).

Stanley Bush truly exemplified the explicit meaning of that wonderful word—Gentleman!

Harry Weil



Whit Henry’s proteges pay homage to the late Club favorite on Barbershop Quartet Night. They are the Chord Reporters and were founded by Whit. The evening was in dedication to Whit.



Hit of the show on Barbershop Quartet Night were the Villians, shown here in action. These real pros were selected by the SPEBSQA to represent that grand organization.



The crowd came early and stayed late the night the Barrister's Club gave their big show. They had more fun on the second floor after the big treat in the main dining room.

Pretty Pat Dum (left) sits as Miss Vickie and husband, Tiny Tim, paid a surprise visit to the Club. A sudden crowd of fans appeared out of nowhere.





Pat Yankee, with Earthquake McGoon's Gang under direction of Turk Murphy, really belted out the songs on Radio-TV Awards night.



Big hit with Press Clubbers at Barbershop Quartet Night, was this foursome. They billed themselves as Blue Plate Special. They were something special at that.



The Ann Healey Dancers proved to be great Step Dancers as they give us this fast-moving Irish jig on Irish Night last March.



We can't name all these people, because there are too many in this scene, but we can compliment them all for their fine performance in the Barrister's Club show, which we hope will be an annual affair.

June Montague gives Pancho Willmarth a buss of appreciation for his caricaturing as Jack Lauck looks on. This took place at the 1969 Scoop Night.



Ingrid and June Montague, flanked by their pianist and Dick Alexander, receive an ovation from Scoop Night Gang (1969). Looking pleased about the whole thing (center) is Charlie Huy, then Entertainment Committee chairman.





Magician Bobby Clark intrigues this Press Club Gang with his bird-in-hand routine.



Bourbon Night found Tom Payton taking over as the Cat Song man.



Here's that wonderful Georgette Twain, "Queen of the Banjo," entertaining the Gang the night we paid tribute to Whit Henry. That was Barbershop Quartet Night.



Stuart Hamblen and wife, Suzy, made a delightful pair of entertainers when they appeared on our stage last March.



Harriette Cartasso, who gives so generously of her time entertaining on the 2nd floor lounge after Gang Dinners and other entertainment functions, beams happily from her piano.

Evelyn Zurfluh makes a pretty picture as she does a lively Gypsy dance during the Tivoli Night entertainment. Husband Ray can always be depended upon to delight us with his organ on these special evenings.

Using his own electronic music, Stuart Hamblen proved to be an entertaining guest of honor on our stage earlier this year.





It was Vivian Duncan's Night and she did the most with it, regaling her audience with humor and song. Vivian has since become active on the Entertainment Committee.



The Powell Twins, old-time vaudevillians, delighted the crowd on Tivoli Night. You had to see them to appreciate their special black-light costume act.

A crowd quickly gathered on the second-floor lounge when Tiny Tim (lower left) and his bride, Miss Vickie, entertained unexpectedly.





Turk Murphy and his Gang from Earthquake McGoon's, along with their songbird, Pat Yankee, were the entertainment hit at the Radio-TV Awards show in October.

It's our own Tom Katz under John Holmgren's leadership (sax). Others are Dr. Walt Cuthbertson (piano), Peter Allen (bass) and Ben Randall. Regulars missing are Jack Minger (trumpet) and Bob Mielke (trombone). That's Frank (Pancho) Willmarth in lower left corner.



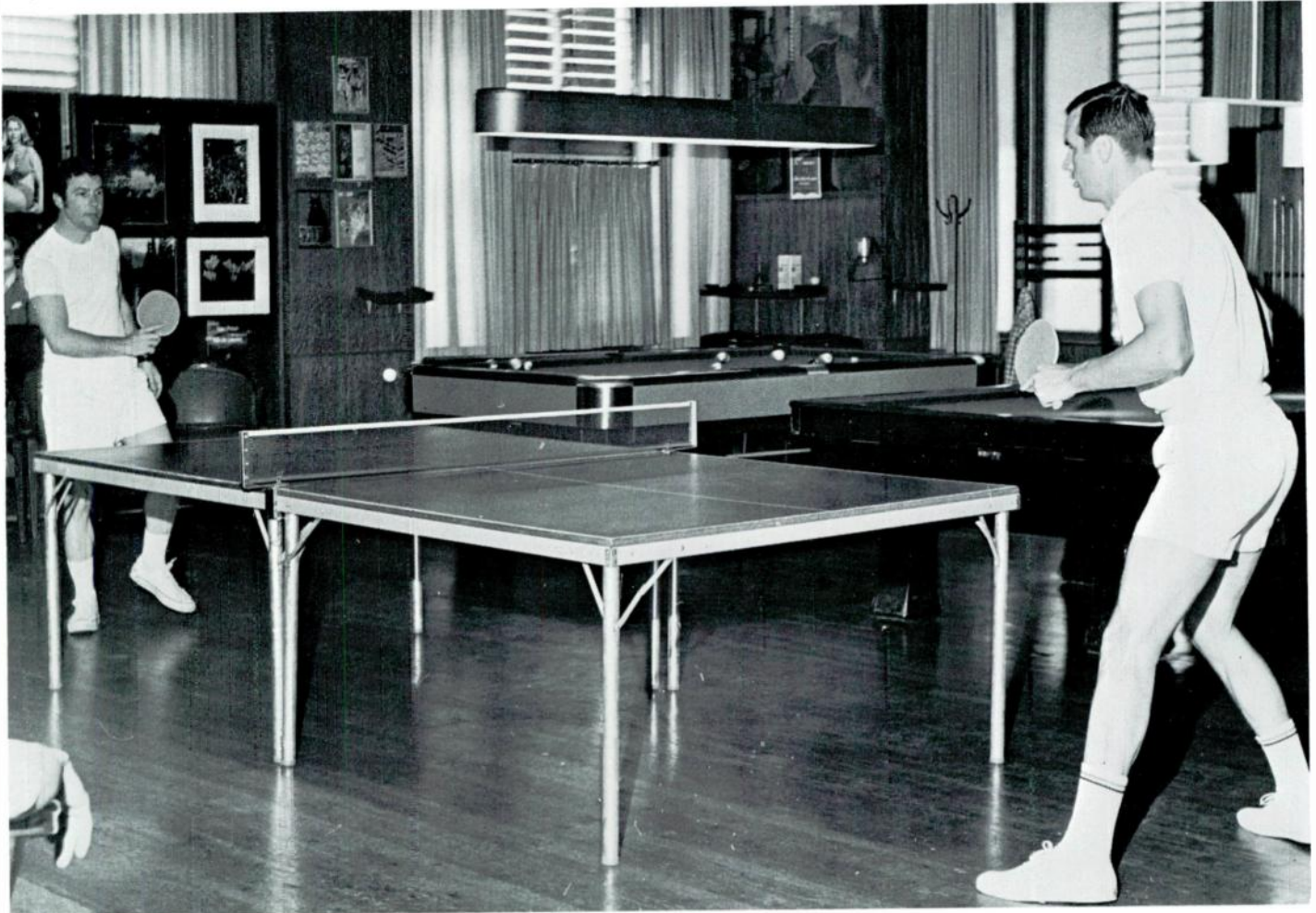
Showing her charm and talent at Tivoli Night is Alma Bouterious. She has been in show business since 1902.



Entertaining this bunch of residents at their annual Christmas party are Johnny Fiore and Charley White. Johnny and Charley were aboard through the efforts of Charlie Huy. Do residents come in bunches?



Sure now, the stage is a bit cluttered with a bunch of Micks as Molly and Terry McGovern (plaque of appreciation in hand) look on as Sacramento's Charles Jordan presents a special trophy to the Club from the Wig & Pen Club in London. At right is Dick Alexander. This was Irish Night and Terry was emcee.



Getting in the final slaps at each other in the table tennis playoffs are Bart Richardson (left) and Terry Cranage. Bart came up the winner to cop the top table tennis championship. Bart came out a winner four out of the last five years. Terry, an Australian consulate member, is now in Geneva.



Lud Neumann, co-chairman of the table tennis tournament, congratulates the finalists: Bart Richardson, the winner, and Terry Cranage, runner-up.





The 1970 Hydro Committee lines up for their official photo (there are just as many more missing). Seated, from left, Ed Durkin, Jim Lattie, Chairman John Simon and Jack McDermott. Standing: the late Stanley Bush, Adolph Eichenbaum, Sandy Meltzer, George Martinez, Jake Shemano, Bud Scott, Gene Coppich, Bob Swan, Norman Indahl, Joe Peradotto and Mark Rodman.



The Hydro Spin N Swim fans line up for lots of good cold beer and sandwiches—just the thing to have before jumping in the pool. As usual Bob Thomas supplied the beer.



At the annual Spin N Swim party in Hydro, Chairman John Simon (left) receives congratulations from Perc Oreck on a fine turn out of swimmers in the competition.







At the 1969 Day At The Races drawing, Dick Alexander gets the able assistance of exotic dancer Suzanne Fontaine. Suzanne is at the Chi Chi and was very cooperative. The Chi Chi girls like us Press Clubbers (we Press Clubbers?).



Member Tom Vano got this bit of action when Herman Mueller staged a publicity gag for Brooks Cameras. Girl (Marika Jung) is demonstrating a Japanese soaking tub and photographers are Seymour Snaer (center, Examiner) and Duke Downey (right, Chronicle).



Seeing as how some of the old duffers in the library lounge are always stealing the center gatefold in Playboy Magazine, 'counta the pretty girl therein, we bring a special treat for one and all in our own Scoop center gatefold spread. That's the doll you have just been ogling.

If you managed to get to this page, her name is Joni Love, and she is a featured dancer in the variety revue at Club Chi Chi on Broadway.

All stars have a stand-in, but with Joni Love, whom you have just admired, we needed a lie-in. So your editor was drafted for the job, seeing as how he was the only experienced lie-in we had on hand. He once was a lie-in for Tempest Storm when she posed for pictures in, of all places, the Girl in the Fishbowl at Bimbo's 365 Club.





Here are some members of the cast of the Barristers Club show cutting a few capers on the second floor lounge after the show. They are Ellen Mahoney, Jeff Wong and Mary Ellen Sharak.

Nice work, if you can get it—and apparently Morris Bobrow has got it—or her. The her in question is Mary Ellen Sharak, and the occasion was a preliminary to that great show the Barristers Club put on last June.





The Giants Al Gallagher is surrounded during Baseball Night by Don Galbraith (left), Admissions Committee vice chairman, and Howard Nance, member of our championship bridge team and the the Finance Committee.



Baseball night found these luminaries lined up in the 7th Floor Press Box. From left: Tom Kane, Bill Thompson, Jack Hanley, Bob Stevens, Art Rosenbaum, Bob Heise, Jim McGee, unidentified, Howard Freeman, Clyde King, Dick Alexander, Judge Fran McCarty, Andy Gallagher, Jerry Donovan, Garry Schumacher and Merv Goodman.

A couple of baseball fans pose at the Baseball Night for Ken Arnold. They are Superior Court Judges Fran McCarty (left) and Lee Lazarus.



Baseball Night finds these sports lining up—from left: Jerry Donovan, Bob Stevens, Al Gallagher, Pat Frayne, Dick Alexander and Bob Heise.



Joe Allen (left) is never lost for a word as he meets with Lou Lurie and Mayor Joe Alioto at the Club during a Gang Dinner meeting.



Money isn't everything says Gene Kay as he feathers a handful of the stuff after coming out King Pin in the 1970 Gin Rummy Tournament. Gene, second from left, won over Walter Goldman (right) in the final round to take the crown. At left is Gin Rummy Chairman Carl Rumold. Looking on is Ivor Morris.



Gin Rummy champion for 1970 Gene Kay (left) is congratulated by his opponent, Walter Goldman, after the final match.

Gin Rummy tournament fans lean forward tensely as Walter Goldman (shirtsleeves) tosses down the card that broke the camel's back. Gene Kay picked it up to end the final play and win the 1970 Gin Tournament. At left is Gin Chairman Carl Rumold.





Here's the ol' Pea-Picker himself, Tennessee Ernie Ford, regaling the Gang at Golf Night. There were almost as many characters at that double head table as there were in the audience.

Three principals at the Golf Night late in October of 1969 are, from left, Judge Fran McCarty, Chairman Nels Cullenward and Art Rosenbaum.





Excited youngsters line up to receive presents from Santa Claus (the late Elliott Lewis) at the annual Children's Christmas Party.

The show must go on but where's the show, seems to be the mood of these little 'uns as they wait in the main dining room for the Christmas Party to get underway.





Dancing under a heavy cloud of balloons, Press Club merry-makers get an early start for their New Year's Eve celebration in between 1969 and 1970.



Dancing and fun is the order of the evening at the big annual New Year's Eve party.

Mary and Donald Sinclair make a handsome couple, indeed, as they attend the New Year's party garbed in kilt and family plaids. Don is a Scot and Mary is a native of Ireland. You might say this is a battle of the maxi and midi. What's under the midi, Don?

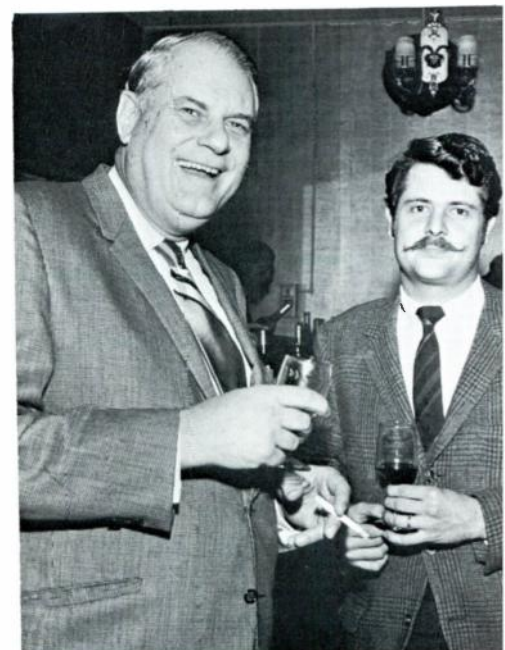


Here's that Donn Shannon again, sans beard, with Addee Attell Piers. This was wine tasting night, as you can see.



Last year's wine tasting finds Paul Speegle with his arm around the beautiful wine queen, Susan Shwampe. He looks like the proverbial cat.

The House Committee lines up for their official photo. Seated, from left: Jack McDermott, Ed Durkin, Chairman Bob Nicholas and Harvey Wing.



This was wine tasting night last December and shows that wine can make a fellow happy. That's Bob Nicholas (left) with Jeff Morgan, speaker of the evening.



This was a special wine tasting night at the end of last year. The tasting is over, but these PCers are enjoying a speaker knowledgeable in the ways of growing grapes and producing good wines. The most attentive ones are now wearing deep burgundy ankles.

A very pleasant sight, indeed, is Mrs. Rita Campos, shown with Bob Nicholas and her husband, Art Campos. Scene was the Golden Gate Fields Club outing earlier this year.

Here's our old favorite, John Zunino, on his "belly pincher." This was taken during Tivoli Night.





Our busy photographer Ken Arnold sights in on Frank (Pancho) Willmarth as he caricatures Artie Samish and Nate Cohn at a special Gang Dinner.

When Lt. Col. Bob Kerr (right) got back from Vietnam, he and his wife, Toni, next to him, were hosted at the Club by Joan and Tim Guiney (left). Center is old friend, Ron Wagoner. On his right is Carolyn Jones. All three girls are sisters.



This was part of the upstairs audience on Scoop night last year, December 8. They all seem to be pretty busy reading the magazine, which means we really have a literate Gang.





Here's one of our charming and cute new newswomen members (no, she didn't picket with the Women's Lib). She is Bunny Gillispie and is shown at the Club with Husband, Ken. Bunny started as a copygirl on The News and is now a columnist and special writer with North Peninsula Newspapers.

The night a few of the boys wanted to celebrate the outgoing of the Call Bulletin (when it merged with the News) this foursome (former Call Bulletinites) got together with the lovely lass at left. She's Rosella Brady, and the unholy four are Stan Thies, Walt Roessing, Gene Gilligan and Lynne Ulm (standing). Rosella was merely an innocent bystander (bysitter?).



Singing troubadour Charlie White serenades Ernie Hanni, Frank Kane, Marie Hanni and Miriam Kane. This was the night when the Hydro boys put on one of their big shows.



Having a coffee klatch during a little recess are Irene Roberson, Anneliese Gardner, Bill Jackson and Jimmy Moy. Doing the pouring honors is June Lauck, as Jimmy supervises over her shoulder.

How many can you name? These are some of your employees who put up with your complaints, grouchiness and wishes. They represent only half of the entire staff, but they're a great gang and true-blue.



Roberta's sidekick on the early shift in the front office is none other than that red-haired wonderful, Mae Chamberlain. Mae is bound to brighten any good member's day with her ready wit.



Here's our own sweetheart of the front office, Roberta Boysen, caught in a good humor by the editor's roving lens. As if she isn't in a good humor 99 per cent of the time.



Remember when John used to hold forth in the downstairs cocktail lounge? His full name is John Etchevers, and that is Lew with him. Lew's full name is Shuck How Lew. And the guy who got cut out of the picture when this was made was Huntley Bennett, ad manager for Newsweek. Originally, Hunt was the customer.



Hong Bun gets congratulated for his 25th anniversary as a Press Club employee, from George Jue (Lamps of China) and David Lu (right). Lu covered the United Nations' founding here 25 years ago.

Remember our Aussie friend, Don Hay? This is a treasured shot Ken got before Don took off for his native Australia. We look forward to Don's return. That's Bill Davis at left.



This is one of our pert, li'l front desk gals, Margot Evans, doing an imitation of the old Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers days. We agree, she's pert 'n pretty.



Our genial bartender George Bray turns attentive to the wishes of a customer at the corner of the second-floor bar. The cloud, center, seems to come from the musing and cigar of attorney Al Deasy at right.





When George Gazarian wants a private bridge party, this one was in the Mirror Room, he just rounds up a private harem and there you are. The girls are Doris Kirgan, Marian Bernardo and Lillian Johnson.



When Los Angeles Press Club President Maury Green (center) visited us during the year, he was given the red-carpet treatment by Carl Fleschler (left) and Ira Blue. Be sure to read Ira's Radio Reminiscing in this issue.



This shot was made when Chief Tom Cahill was still chief and shortly after he became a newlywed. He is shown with his bride during a visit to the Club. Tom is still a staunch member of the Admissions Committee.



Enjoying a "going away" party for Neill and Doris Toohy are Neill (left) and Doris (right) at the Club. Tossers of the party are Jack and Ann McDermott (center).



Dick Litfin (right), UPI Pacific Wheel, gets together with a minority of his children at the Press Club to celebrate the birth of twins Tom and Regina (2nd and 3rd). At left is another son, Tom, and next to Dick is another daughter, Mercedes.



Four well-known Press Clubbers line up for Ken. From left, they are Nick Alaga, Niven Busch, Elmer Griffin and Bob Nicholas.



Here's a great Gang, got together to honor Pete Lee, former city editor of the old SF News. Pete's the fellow in dark suit with his hand on Ron Wagoner, whom all Press Clubbers know, kneeling in center. Ron, in turn has his hand on the shoulder of Eddie Murphy, indestructible photographer from the old News, and now doing same on the Examiner.

Members of the Northern California Masonic Press Club, who headquarter at 555 Post, enjoy a special dinner-party meeting in the 7th-floor Press Box. Event was installation of new officers. Neill Toohy, now living in Salem with his Doris, was retiring president. New president is Leonard Hooper of Sacramento.



Hosting a group of the girls at a cocktail party in our lower lounge is Tia Calhoun (third from right). Guests (as well as wives of other Clubbers), are, from left, Lorraine Emil, Donna Brandborg, Pat Bitter, Tia, Elsbeth Angus and Isabel Freuder.



Joe Rosenthal shows the ol' news style as he crouches low for an angle. Ken Arnold caught Joe on this one when they were covering a story together.

Mel Shinn (right) of the Honolulu Press Club enjoys three hosts as he visits our Club. From left, J. Frank Beaman, Charlie Huy and Nate Cohn.





John Pettit (right) is shown in a chummy pose with the Al Grafs during a Club function.



The crew of this KSFO News unit proved that they were early birds on this news scene. They're locked in solid by later arriving emergency equipment.

This excellent panorama is actually several photos by Joe Rosenthal grouped together. Scene is our main dining room when the first live telecast of a press conference with an international figure, emanated from the Press Club. It took place January, 1959, and the speaker at the podium is Anastas Mikoyan, deputy Premier of Russia. Front rows of seats are occupied by the working press.





"I can't wait for the day when I'll have the obituary column all to myself."



"What a great day for baseball! Blue skies, bright sunshine, fresh air, and not a cloud in the sky."



When Melissa Foster came to town to visit Dad, Dick Foster (right), she was hosted to an evening at the Club. Friends in center are Al Katz, the Women's Lib favorite, and George Gazarian.



They all think they're expert Boss players and judging from some of the expressions, someone has to be out on the limb. Ed Collins (left) seems to have it made even though Jack Lauck (2nd from right) thumbs him to "come up." Bartender Bill Jackson seems to be putting his oar in as Frank Funge (2nd from left) couldn't care less. Tim Guiney (next) seems to be pondering the strategy as he listens to Stefan Gjerstad. We don't remember who won, but it looks like the three guys in the center are the guests.

Having a grand time at a Gang Dinner are Ed and Helene Montgomery and Col. James Walker. When the colonel isn't traveling, you can bank on his attendance at our Gang Dinners.



Lindsay Arthur turns the chairmanship of the Permanent Advisory Panel (Past Presidents) over to Jack Lauck. Left to right are Joe Rosenthal, Ed Montgomery, Lauck, Arthur and Ray Leavitt.



We don't know what Ken Arnold did, but apparently he isn't getting a lecture from Judge Fran McCarty (left). Else why would the judge be shaking his hand?



"Remind me to thank your mother for an unforgettable taste thrill—a truly warm Martini."



"I think we're lost. We haven't seen an empty beer can for the last half hour."

At a special party hosted by Mr. and Mrs. Lee Ruttle, we find this Gang of Press Clubbers lined up. From left, Cathy Furniss, Mrs. Ruttle, Lee, June Lauck, Tim and Joan Guiney.



Enjoying Chinese New Year celebration at the Club are, from left: Arvid Erickson, Chingwah Lee, Bill Young, Ed Durkin, Carolyn Winburn and Esther Henry.



No picketing from the Women's Lib here as Marge Booker came off with 1st place in the S.F. Bay Area Publicity Club's awards. Second was Don Blum (right) and third, Tom Conroy (left).



This shot was made too late to catch the 1969 Scoop so we bring it to you now. It shows President Gale Cook turning over the president's gavel to incoming President Stan Delaplane. It was Stan's first term and the end of Gale's second term. Looking on at left is 2nd Vice President Judge Fran McCarty.



President Stan Delaplane (left) gets into a little head-to-head conference with Director Charles Raudebaugh. Both are Chronicle staffers.



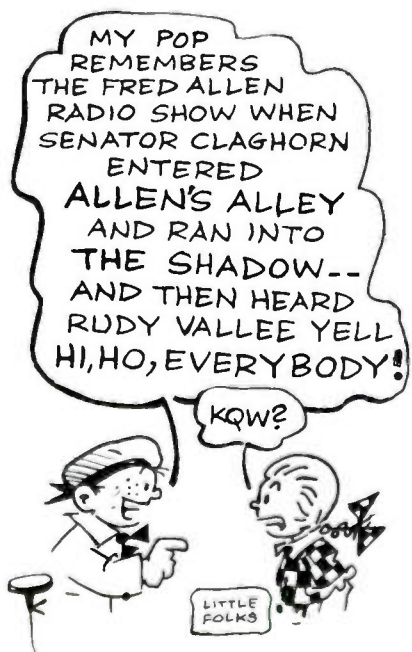
"...so that ends our 'on the spot' interview. This is 'your man on the street,' Robert Mann, saying bye for now. Now back to our main studios."



"This is really the happiest day of my life, Mom. I can't wait to call Walter and tell him the engagement's off."



Hey! C'mon now, it's my shot, where d'ya get that stuff? That appears to be what Ed Halliday (center) is giving to Gerry Ray (left), as Bob (Doc) Geiger sizes up the lay of the land on the table. After the arguments were over, it was probably Doc who cleaned the table, anyway.



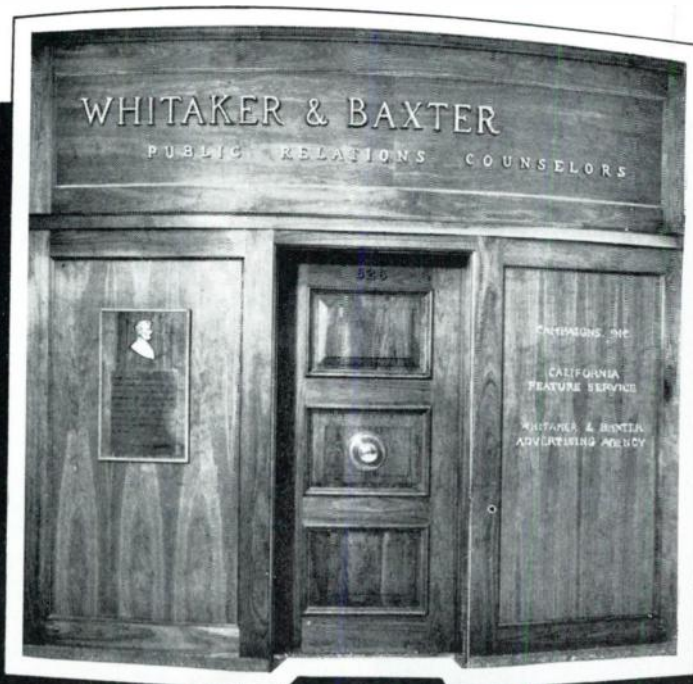
Here's a happy and handsome couple, who prove to be staunch attenders at Club functions. They are Jessie and Jack Angius.

A few of the Knights of the Round Table enjoy a session at their hang-out. From left they are: Grant Stanwood, Julius Kahn, Jr., Jack Adams, Ned Burnham and Howard Nance.



Here's a shot made back in the 1950s showing Benny Bufano when he was on the art commission. The sculpture is the head of St. Francis and Benny was showing it off to Jim Leary, who was then supervisor of S.F. equipment and supplies.

Big Jim Leary looks pretty serious in this bit as he addresses the second-floor Gang on Barber Shop Quartet Night.



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— Abraham Lincoln

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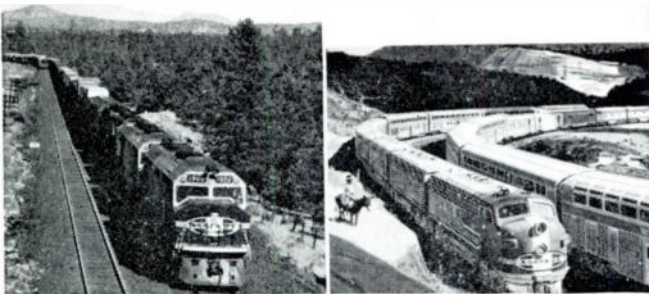
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Press Clubbers Ed Montgomery, Al Graf and J.W. (Jake) Ehrlich get together at a special luncheon honoring Al.



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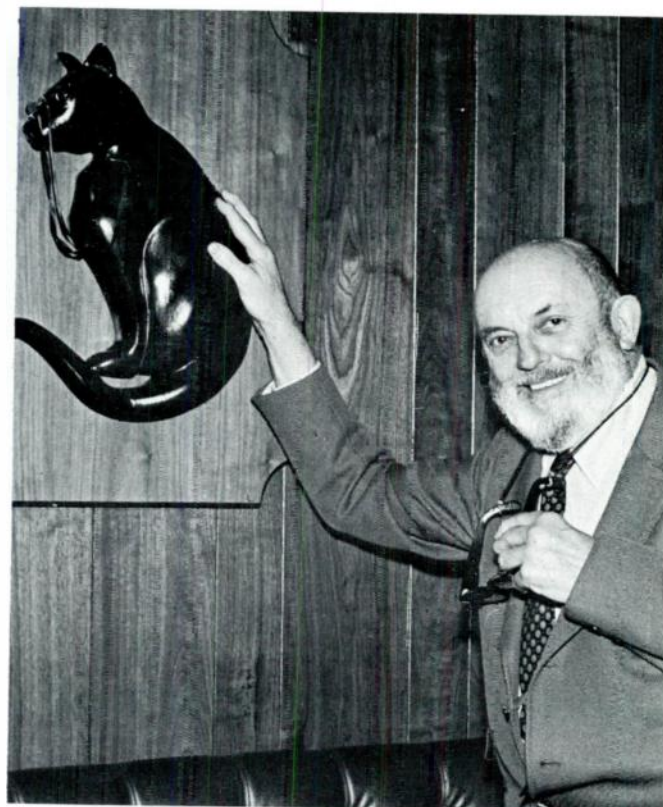
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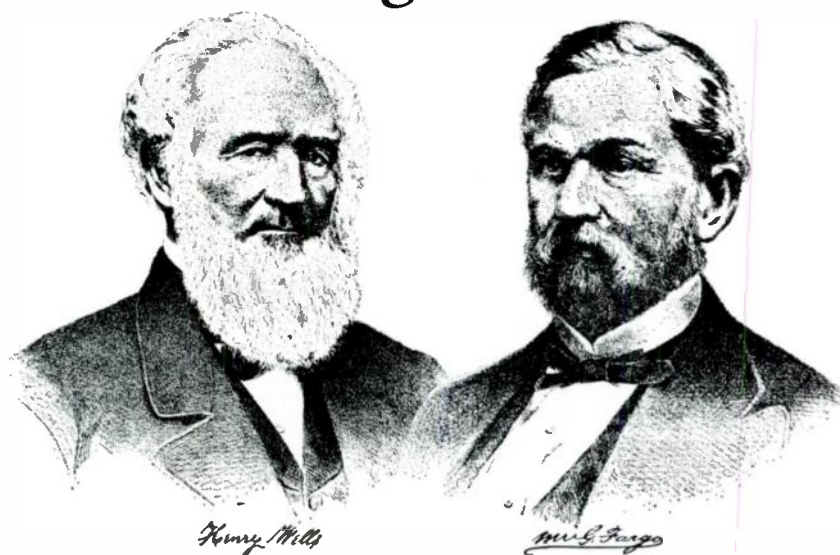


Whenever you find a pretty girl in the Club you can almost bet that her escort turns out to be Ivor (Scotty) Morris—and sure enough, there's Scotty with Frances Paizis.



Ken Arnold had the pleasure of photographing this famous photographer when he visited the Club during the year. He is Ansel Adams and he is patting Ed McKelly's Tombstone in our lower cocktail lounge. We expect to have one of Ansel's famed traveling exhibits at the Club soon.

Compliments of Wells Fargo Bank, N.A.

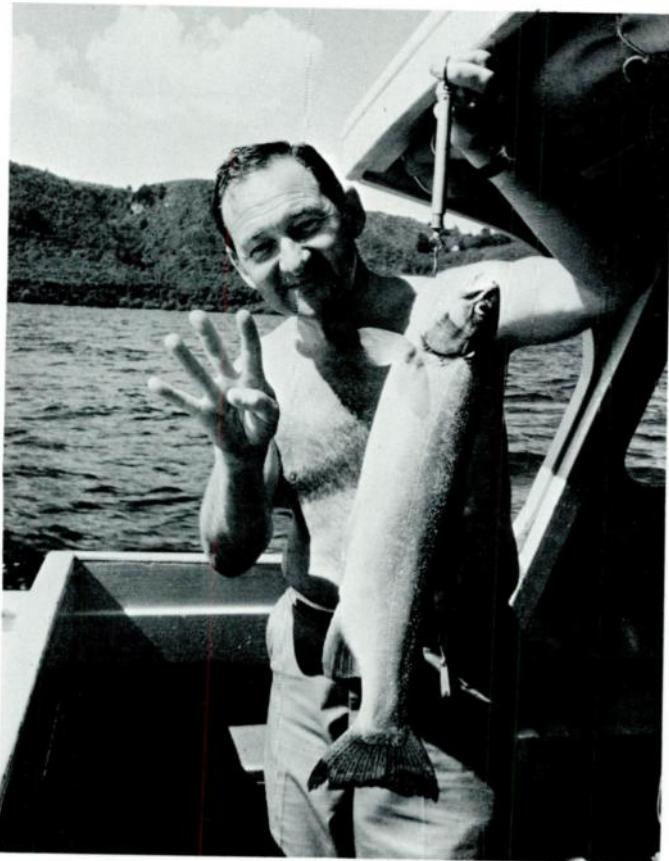


A Charter Member of the Establishment.

Enjoying a joke on Dianne Feinstein Night are, from left, George Shimmon, Charles Blyden (KPIX), Dick Alexander and Carol (Li'l Guy) Shimmon.



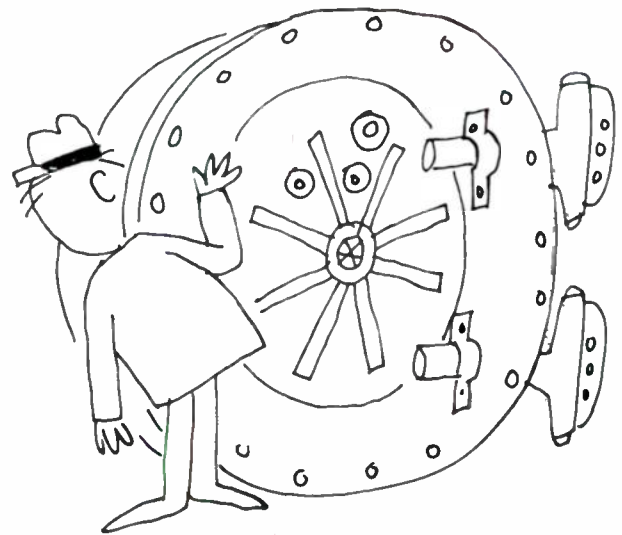
Joe Mendlin playing his soft dinner music, which has been appreciated so much by the members during the past year.



This is one that didn't get away, and Bob Skelton holds up the fingers to signify the weight. He caught it on Lake Taupo in New Zealand, and wife Judy recorded the event for Scoop. Last year we showed Bob fishing away with no luck up on the Feather River.



"And now, gang, it's time for Captain Meatball and his underwater adventures."



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When Jerry Werthimer celebrated his 78th birthday he was feted at this family party in the Club. Jerry is the young-looking one wearing a light tie, in the center.



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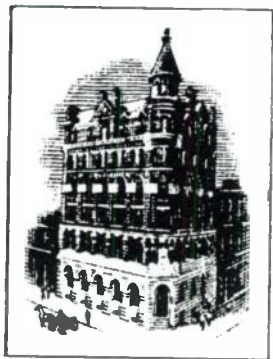


These residents are really in there with the enthusiasm as they accompany Joe Shelver on his ukelele. From left, Joe, Jerry Werthimer, Ralph Cahn and Max Jacobs.



Remember "Reg'lar Fellers" and "Little Folks"? They were drawn for years by Tack Knight (right). Shot was made when Tack found out that he and bartender Bill Jackson were both native Tennesseans.

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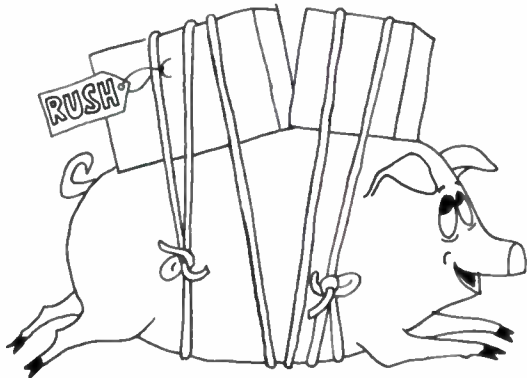
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Southern Pacific

CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Landlaw*

IF RADIO
OPPORTUNITIES
ONLY
KNOCK ONCE
GET A
DOORBELL

CAN'T YOU
SLEEP
DEAR?

Walt Landlaw

Our Bob Swan, who spent many years as a fireman and later a fire commissioner, now gives lectures on fire fighting and techniques for preventing fires. It's serious business with Bob, but here he indulges in a little levity as he checks out the safety of our Hydro department. No problem here, announced Bob, the pool is definitely fire-safe.





Posing in front of our fireplace (the Club's, that is) are, from left, Harry and Virginia Weil and Ed Durkin and Carolyn Winburn.

**The outside line
for the inside story.**

399-4913



Pacific Telephone

The Youth of Today

By JOHN W. PETTIT

THE answer to the future of our great nation is in the youth. Let us not do them the injustice of denying their intelligence and integrity in meeting the challenges as adults. Do not allow the unrest in our universities and colleges, as portrayed in the news media, beset you with fears for the future of our country. If a poll were taken, no doubt it would show that a very small percentage of our youth are involved in the present dissention.

Let us not forget that in the final analysis it is the youth of today who will have the responsibility of administering the affairs of this country, when we, who are in the chair today, are ready to resign. They are the future in whom we must place the confidence to carry on to greater heights and, with the advantages of our educational system at their command, they can be counted on not to fail to carry on what our forefathers fought so hard to attain. They laid the cornerstone on

which America is founded, growing into the mightiest nation of this universe. The youth of today will carry on the heritage of their country when we are no longer here to direct them and will be relied on to take their rightful places, continuing the things that are important to maintain. We can adopt many policies for the betterment of mankind, but how these policies are conducted will depend on them, and rightly so.

These young people can be trusted to assume their places in the governing of our cities, states and our great nation and will dispatch this responsibility with honor. Theirs will be the obligation to direct the destiny of our churches, schools, corporations, etc. Our books that depict the life we know will be judged, praised or condemned by them.

The fate of humanity will rest on their shoulders, as is true of each generation. It is wise to give them your

attention, credit them, not discredit. No greater self-sufficient, intelligent youth has this nation created than our youth of today, who is more knowledgeable at 15 than our forefathers were at the age of 25.

Let us stand back of our young people—you can be assured they will not let us down. Remember, every fine garden has its weeds,—don't destroy the garden because of them.

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



HOWARD HUGHES

ON THE RECORD
from page 1

He wasn't a Frank Cope or an Ira Blue, but he did have some big names on his show from time to time, such as Sophie Tucker, Walter Winchell, and many others. San Francisco was still a great town for visiting celebrities, even as late as the time when Frank Funge had his radio time. But to get an earlier earful, be sure to read Ira Blue and Byron Samuel in this issue.

But back to some of our local stations not covered by other stories in this book.

One of the later stations in KOFY, whose general manager is our own Frank T. Crennan. The president is H. Scott Killgore. Their listening audience is the more than 500,000 Latins in the Bay Area. They are the only station in Northern California providing continuous and consistent Spanish language programming. Their eight air personalities have a strong unifying influence among the Spanish-speaking population.

Then there's the popular KABL (not in the teenager's rating), which has been carrying "on a love affair with the San Francisco Bay Area" for some time. As one of their promotion brochures puts it: "To be honest, we should admit that not everybody listens to KABL. There is a little old lady in Sausalito who digs the Rolling Stones. But, after all, nobody's perfect." KABL's general manager is Knowles L. Hall.

KCBS, incidentally, which is discussed at length in another article within these hallowed pages, will move out of the Palace and into new quarters in the Security Pacific Bank Building at the Embarcadero Center in March of 1971. They will take up the entire 32nd floor.

Way back before WWII, Jack Wagner, now at KCBS, was working as program director and chief engineer at KHUB in Watsonville. Well, one day an RCA monitor went blewey and they had to phone RCA every half-hour for checks—costly. After laboring at repairs for hours, Jack, worrying about the cost, looked up for divine guidance and cried, "Oh, General Sarnoff!" It must've worked, for almost instantly

he discovered the trouble and got the station back to normal.

KYA is no Johnnie - come - lately. They were founded back in 1926 by the Northwest Broadcasting System.

Over the past 44 years they have been operated under many famous names. At present they are under the direction of Howard S. Kester, vice president and general manager of KYA/KOIT-FM. They play contemporary music — single records, best-selling albums, tapes, and more than

turn to page 106



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

Call Don Taggart

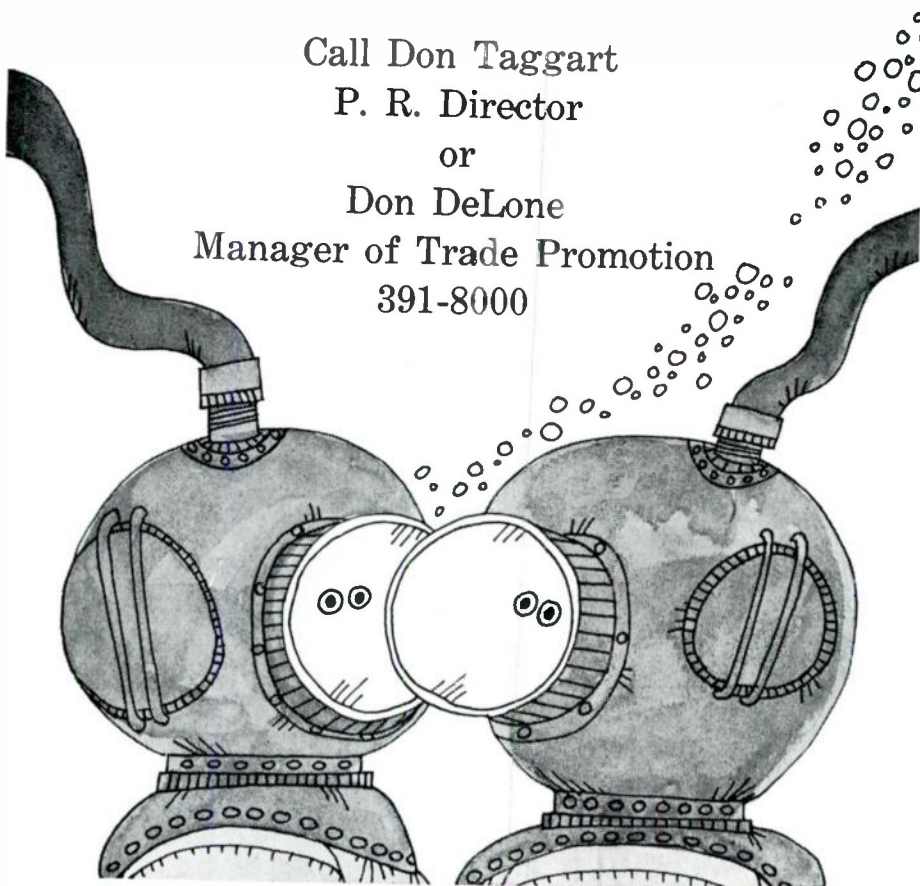
P. R. Director

or

Don DeLone

Manager of Trade Promotion

391-8000



from page 105

1,000 hits of the past are the items which the program department successfully structures each week.

KYA involves itself with the Bay Area community and their personalities, other personnel and management are always available for public appearances. They regularly speak before high school, college, industry and community audiences.

KSAY went on the air in 1957 with a middle of the road music format. In 1961 they latched on to country music since there was no immediate other Bay Area station in this capacity. Their station manager, Clair Halverson, has

been a leader in the country western field for many years. General Manager Stan Breyer makes every effort to promote country music with events such as the co-sponsorship of the sell-out Johnny Cash show at the Oakland Coliseum. The trend has been good for them.

KLX was the original call letter assignment when this station was owned by the *Oakland Tribune*. It later became KEWB and now KNEW. It was famous as the home of Hal Perry's "Lake Merritt Ducks Show" and the live broadcasts of the Oakland Oaks Pacific Coast League baseball. Since 1966 KNEW has carried Oakland Raiders football games and this year

added the San Francisco Warriors NBA basketball games to its exclusive sports coverage. They also carry hourly news supervised by News Director Gil Haar.

KFOG (stereo) is owned by Kaiser broadcasting, which operates six TV and three radio stations across the country. They are on the air in stereo 24 hours of the day. The station is located in the clock tower at Ghirardelli Square. Their current format is adult album music in 13 minute segments with only six commercial minutes per hour. The staff is headed by Peter V. Taylor, general manager.

KFM stereo, which evolved from KFRC-FM, was built from the ground up by RKO General Broadcasting under the supervision of Chief Engineer Tom Razovich. Today, with a staff of 25, KFM delivers a musical format supported with news of the local community.

KIBE/KDFC bill themselves as Northern California's Radio Concert Hall. They have been broadcasting classical music to the adult audience for the past 23 years. Performances are heard in their entirety and never interrupted by commercial announcements.

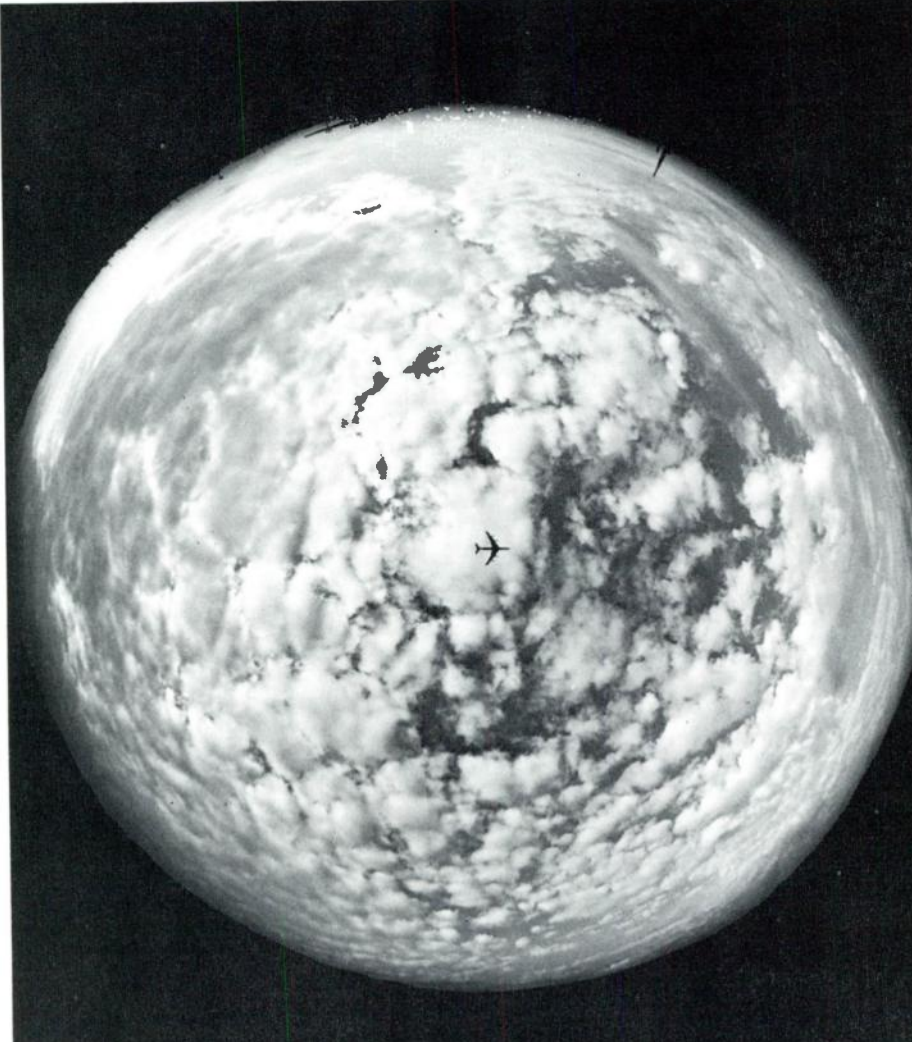
KBRG converted from classical music to ethnic music and not only that, they converted an AM foreign language audience to FM at the same time. They accomplished this impossible feat in 1966.

Three years later, KBRG was acclaimed the "nation's leading ethnic broadcasting outlet" by the U.S.I.A., and has been made the subject of a U.S.I.A. film, translated into 40 languages for showing throughout the world.

The station is under the management of Ken and Karla Carey, veterans of 30 years in the broadcast industry. They have expanded their foreign language programming to 27 languages.

KRON-FM is a stereo radio operation and has pioneered in this market with the quadrasonic four-channel sound. They began operations in the late '40s and are owned by the Chronicle Broadcasting Company, which also owns and operates KRON-TV.

This station presents show tunes, dinner music and classical arrangements for its listeners in the Bay Area.



TWA Covers The World . . .
. . . I Cover TWA.

Jerry W. Cosley
Manager-Press Relations
San Francisco
626-8800 Ext. 313



This was the start of the Happy Hour for the Gin Rummy Calcutta evening. The boys are definitely happy over the prices that prevailed.



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CHARLES SHREVE

THERE is no time limit in sharing memories which inspire. Memories of Charlie Shreve will always be worth sharing because they will always inspire those who knew him both well and casually.

Charles H. Shreve died shortly after his 63rd birthday on March 25, 1970. He was chairman of the Club's famed Admission's Committee and had served as a member of the Board of Directors. A Federal public servant for 37 years, he had achieved a national reputation for personally responding to the needs of anyone who called him.

At the time of his death, he was regional chief of the Bureau of Hearings and Appeals for the Social Security Administration. Prior to that, he was Regional Director for the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare throughout the Western States and the Pacific.

For 20 years, he was district manager of the San Francisco Social Security Office. In 1964, he became chief of SSA's San Francisco Payment Center,

one of six such offices in the Nation.

Born in New York, March 23, 1907, Charlie was brought to California by his parents when he was a child. He was educated in the public schools of Long Beach and took a degree in journalism at Stanford University. He began his Federal career as an investigator for the Department of Justice in 1933.

During the war, he served as a commissioned officer with the Coast Guard and organized and served with the Coast Guard League after his retirement from active duty. During 1948, he was national vice commander of the League.

Charlie knew months before he died that he was critically ill. But, he entered the hospital less than a month before his death. A few days before entering the hospital, he made a trip to Seattle and returned in one day in the interest of serving people. His personal antidote for physical suffering was enthusiasm for work. Professional honors accorded him included selection as "Federal Executive of the Year" by the San Francisco Federal Business Association in 1955.

In 1961, he was awarded the Social Security Administration's highest honor, the Director's Citation.

Shortly before he died, Mr. Shreve was received into the Catholic Church.

The San Francisco *Examiner* editorially summed up his philosophy of administration during his long career as a professional civil servant when it observed:

"Charlie Shreve had a concept of public service much too rare in bureaucracy. The Social Security Service is an intimate, personal thing in the lives of thousands. Shreve made efficient, sympathetic handling of this relationship the rule of his office."

Charlie is survived by his wife, Isabel, and daughter, Elizabeth, with whom he lived in the Sunset District; a son, Charles Shreve, II, an executive with Ernst and Ernst; his mother, Mrs. Florence Shreve of San Jose; a sister, Isabel Connelly of San Carlos; and four grandchildren.

Charlie Shreve's days on this Earth are over—this Earth, which too many of us find discouraging until we remember men like Charlie Shreve. □

—LARRY MURPHY

The San Francisco FORTY NINERS

of the National Football League wish
to extend their thanks to the members
of the Press Club of San Francisco
for their loyal support.





At the 1969 annual Admissions Gourmet Dinner, the late Chairman Charles Shreve (right) received this special "Certificate of Honor" from Supervisor Peter Tamaras on behalf of the City of San Francisco and the State of California.

**The SAN FRANCISCO GIANTS thank the
members of the PRESS CLUB OF SAN FRANCISCO
for their continuing interest and support.**



Keen Keane

By GEORGE MULLANY

WHEN Ted Huggins and yours truly wanted to be certain that Gus Keane, one of our most distinguished members, was not overlooked in these pages, we found that Editor Jack Lauck was away ahead of us in covering elsewhere in this SCOOP the 1970-25th anniversary meeting of the U.N. in which Gus was recognized as a leader.

Gus' service in this field dates back to formation of the World Affairs Council, in 1945 when the United Nations was organized in San Francisco, in 1955 its 10th anniversary observance here and in 1970 when the 25th Commemorative Session was in San Francisco. It was the foresight of Augustin C. Keane which gave the Press Club such prominence as a participating entity in all these civic events.

Official recognition for this service was given in a resolution adopted in 1970 by the United Nations Association of San Francisco, as follows:

TO AUGUSTIN C. KEANE

On the 25th anniversary of the founding of the United Nations in commemoration of your tireless and selfless dedication to the purposes and principles for which the United Nations was founded, the United Nations Association of San Francisco takes pride in presenting you with this certificate of gratitude.


During lunch at the club recently, Gus recounted when, in 1903, he appeared with fellow students comprising the University of California Press, before the Board of Directors of the Press Club of San Francisco. Speaking for his fellow students Gus made application for recognition of the UC

group. So impressed was the Board of Directors with Gus' presentation that, not only was the request granted, but the Board voted the privileges of the club to Augustin C. Keane. Next day a lawyer member of the Board presented Gus with a set of law books with the comment that "you should be a lawyer, young man." This prediction was fulfilled eight years later, in 1911, when Gus was admitted to practice in California.

Before this, between 1906 and 1909, Gus served as a reporter on the San Francisco *Examiner* under the late Edmond D. Coblenz, then city editor. When Gus told Cobbie he was quitting to go into the practice of law Cobbie said:

"It's perhaps just as well, Gus. You're too much of a gentleman to be a reporter."

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Gus has contributed so much to the life of the club and its members since he edited the first issue of SCOOP in 1911, that his friendship and genius has been felt and known by all.

Every member who knows Gus quickly recognizes that by his wit, bearing, and depth of knowledge he fits the description of a "gentleman and a scholar."

I remember listening to Gus as a speaker before the Society of California Pioneers, on the amazing career of one Rufus Lockwood, colorful California pioneer, a lawyer's lawyer who died in 1857. He held his audience, without a note, for over an hour, enlivening history with wit. That day I recognized the definition of a scholar.

I shall never forget Gus' help when I served as Gang Dinner Chairman, when, with Ted Huggins, we brought Eisenhower, Dean Acheson and Nehru, behind the Black Cat. In that same period Gus was the guiding hand on the club by-laws revision committee.

Gus' service to the State of California was recognized in the passage

turn to page 112



Gus Keane is shown with Carlos Romolu of the Philippines on the occasion of the 25th anniversary breakfast in the Press Club observing the founding of the United Nations in San Francisco. Gus was signaled out for individual honors in connection with the UN celebration.



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Alice and Herb Towell (right) beam happily as they play hosts to a couple of old friends and former members, Peggy and Tony Nevison (left), from dear ol' London. Tony and Peggy

lived in The City for a number of years and still haven't lost their love for it. They were here on a holiday at the time.

50th Anniversary Congratulations

KGO-TV 7 San Francisco

in 1917 of the Adult Probation law, which he engineered in the legislature with the assistance of Gus Vollmer and James Johnston, famous penologists.

In his home community, Alameda, Gus has served as a member of the Alameda City Board of Education and the Alameda Planning Commission; in San Francisco as a member of the Adult Probation Board.

Gus' success as a lawyer and a civic leader is rivaled only by his standing in the community as a father and a grandfather. All these honors he shares with his wife Mildred, a charmer and a delightful wit.

In recent years, Gus spends more time in the garden of the beautiful old Morton Street home, the library of which contains much incunabula.

In reminiscent mood recently while lunching at the Club, Gus recalled the Press Club quarters in Ellis Street, above Powell, which were destroyed in the 1906 fire. For a short time the club had headquarters in the old Withrow residence in Pine Street, near Fillmore. More centrally located clubrooms were found later in the Commercial Building at 833 Market Street. The loyalty of association to the club in those days, Gus recounted, was seen in the fact that the funeral of Attorney Billy Barnes, of Durant case fame, was held from the clubrooms, Barnes having died there suddenly.

For a time the club maintained headquarters at 445 Bush Street, in a building in which it shared an elevator with a French Restaurant which maintained upstairs dining rooms. This condition led to complications which brought on the next move.

Sentimentally, Gus regards the 449 Powell St. home of the club from 1913 to 1951 as his favorite. The clubrooms were designed for the members through the interest of Jim Polk and his famous architect cousin, Willis Polk.

In 1951, consolidation with the Union League Club brought about the move to our present quarters, our own seven-story building at 555 Post Street, the doors of which never close. □

CORNOGRAPHY *by Walt Laidlaw*



Walt Laidlaw

PRO AWARDS...
from page 9

Best daily sports story, either news or feature: Winner, William Saliday, *Hayward Daily Review*; second, Ed Leavitt, *Oakland Tribune*; honorable mention, Arthur Spander, *San Francisco Chronicle*.

Best news story in a non daily newspaper: Winner, William A. Drake, *Pacifica Tribune*; second, Paul H. Kinney, *Union City Leader*; honorable mention, Adele Renee Malott, *Hillsborough Boutique*.

Best photograph, daily or non-daily newspaper: Winner, Adele Renee Malott, *Hillsborough Boutique*; second Kenneth Yimm, *Palo Alto Times*; honorable mention, Walter J. Lynott, *San Francisco Examiner*.

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(From the May, 1946, issue of The Black Kitten—some of these men are gone and some are still on the same job—so many well-known names, we thought we'd pass this item on.—Editor)

Club Adds Fifty to Membership Roll

New Members added to Press Club's roll April 15 by the board of directors include the following:

Resident Active

Howard C. Hayden, correspondent, Western Underwriters, 544 Market St.; Robert L. Patterson, *Examiner*; Henry E. Johnson, promotion director, *News*; Harvey Stanley Rockwell, sports writer, *News*; William Wallace Hendricks, reporter, *Examiner*; Irwin B. Kaufman, radio writer and producer, American Broadcasting Co.; Henry Warner Kusserow, editor, Sports Publishing Co., 50 Post St.; Sidney Michael Tiers, make-up man, *News*;

James Edgar Murray, night city editor, *Chronicle*; Joseph Raymond Wilmot, reporter, Sports Publishing Co.; Don C. Wiley, public relations, Lee & Losh, 1220 Hearst Bldg., (reinstated); Albert L. Clark, OPA press officer, 1355 Market St.; Wallace H. Fong, Jr., photo printer, AP, 241 Chronicle Bldg.; Thornton A. Glenn, American Red Cross public relations, 600 Sutter St.; Frank W. Vail, cameraman, RKO Pathe News, 125 Hyde St.; Wallace H. Fong, Sr., photo printer, AP; Alfred James McCollum, P.G.&E. publicity department;

Frank Bland, Western Underwriter, president, (transferred to active mem-

bership); Robert Theodore Reinhart, west coast editor of *Iron Age*, 1355 Market St.; Paine Knickerbocker, Oakland *Tribune* reporter, 681 Market St.; Sanford Spillman, radio division, USN public relations, 83 McAllister St.; Charles R. Jamison, Jr., newspapers publisher's representative, 111 Sutter St.; Fred Storr, production manager, *News*; Robert Joseph McGee, publicity director, 2000 Evans Ave.;

Jerry Thomas Baulch, AP; Aaron L. Rubino, news photographer, *Chronicle*; Harold Coffin, promotion manager, *Call-Bulletin*; Fred J. Green, UP; Edward Philip Flores, editor, 1429 Mendell St.; Nate Cutler, newspaperman, *Examiner*, (reinstatement); Robert C. Taylor, public relations, 135 Stockton St.; Joseph Flores, news publisher and editor, 1429 Mendell St.; William Clifford McDowell, assistant bureau manager, Acme Newspictures; Bernard Lynn Livingstone, news editor, AP; Robert Charles Woodmansee, Jr., news editor, 1355 Market St.; Floyd Frank Walter, sports writer, *News*.

Non-Resident Active

Capt. Stewart R. Bennion, Armed Forces Radio Service, 68 Post St.; Robert Wallace Berry, USN public information, 83 McAllister St.; Capt. Patrick S. Bilks, public relations officer, 444 Market St.; Philip G. Brady, Navy News bureau, 83 McAllister St.; William S. Roberts, Jr., public relations officer, 406 Montgomery St.;

Perey Wallace Rairden, Jr., public

information, 83 McAllister St.; Henry Louis Millet, advertising manager, Palo Alto *Times*; Edgar Michael West, news desk, Oakland *Tribune*; Clifford Gessler, copy desk, Oakland *Tribune*; Vern Godkin, trade press correspondent, Santa Rosa;

Albert R. Bower, promotion director, San Jose *Mercury, Herald & News*; Lon Hinton Wilson, photographer, Oakland *Tribune*; Phil Hamilton, editor, Williams Publications, Sacramento; Robert Withers Goodell, newspaper publisher, San Luis Obispo. □

BENNY BUFANO

The fine hands which sculpt our celebrated Tombstone are no more.


Beniamino Bufano who was called "Benny" by everyone who knew him was marked a "sleepout" from his room at the club for two or three days. Though not unusual, concerned friends investigated at the studio and found him.

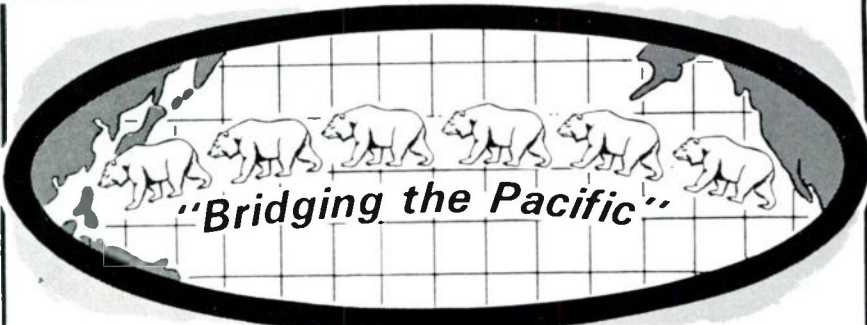


Benny had rubbed elbows with the great and near-great of this country including Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Mahatma Ghandi, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, former Soviet Premier Bulganin, President Woodrow Wilson and James Fraser, noted sculptor who designed the Indian head on the old American nickel. Benny later claimed that it was he, not Fraser, who designed the buffalo on the coin.

He spent 30 years in residence at the club and enjoyed a lifetime meal ticket at Moar's for his three striking murals adorning their walls.


"A dollar a year man without a dollar," Benny once said of himself, yet in his lifetime the works he gave away were worth huge sums.

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(This is a reprint from an April, 1970, page in the Chronicle. Jimmy willed the Club \$10,000. —Editor)

HOWE IS DEAD AT 91

By Tom Findley

THEY used to say you couldn't have a genuine war until Jimmy Howe of the Associated Press got there.

He was one of those old time world-journing reporters who covered the Sino-Japanese war from the roof garden of the Hotel Cathy in Shanghai and came home in disgust when the League of Nations investigating committee in Manchuria "started to read two tons of documents."

He covered the 1906 earthquake for the *Chronicle* and slept the first night on paving bricks still warm from the flames. He came home from Paris in a triumphant trip with Charles Lindbergh and nearly fell into the royal fish tank during a private interview with King George.

Death

Monday, the 91-year-old news veteran shot himself at his seven-acre retirement ranch, Gopher Gulch, in Wal-

nut Creek. He died early yesterday in John Muir Hospital.

Mr. Howe had suffered from cancer for the past several years. He made his own funeral arrangements with the Oak Park Hill Chapel in Walnut Creek four years ago, and according to friends, made a point of clearing up his financial affairs in recent weeks.

Services following cremation are scheduled for 1 P.M. next Tuesday at Oak Grove Cemetery in Knight's Ferry, Stanislaus county.

Survivor

His only survivor is a niece, Jean Kritzer of Amarillo, Tex.

In 1928, when he and his wife, Mia passed through San Francisco on their way to an AP assignment in Peking, Jim Howe was already enough of a celebrity to be interviewed by other pencil-pushers of the era.

Purposefully stroking up a dollar cigar and giving his colleagues what was recorded as "a sly wink," the world-touring writer was reported to have said:

"Tempora muntantur et nos matamur in illis"—Times change, and we change along with them.

It expressed most aptly the manner in which Mr. Howe lived an almost classical lifetime career in the fourth estate.

Career

The son of famed Kansas newspaperman Ed Howe—known in his time as "the sage of Potato Hill"—the younger Howe learned the business in his father's *Atchinson Globe*.

He was graduated from Harvard, although his neighbors in Walnut Creek insist to this day that Mr. Howe told them seriously that he was "kicked out of the third grade and never went back."

After his graduation, he started the *Weekly Index* in Emmet, Idaho, and ran it for 18 months before moving on to jobs at dailies in New York, Portland, Oregon, New Orleans, Honolulu and San Francisco.

He left the *Chronicle* here in 1914 to become an Associated Press front line correspondent in World War I.

Travels

In Luxembourg, he met his wife, Mia, and together the couple rambled around the world of AP assignments that took Mr. Howe from the Afghan-



"Sorry, I haven't got a match. Aren't you supposed to rub two sticks together or something?"

We Don't Always Have All the Answers

(But we'll do our best to find someone who does have)

CHUCK WILMARTH



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istan frontier wars to the private halls of Buckingham Palace and the quiet protests of Gandhi in India.

In 1935, the couple returned to their small ranch in Walnut Creek, a spot since surrounded by residential sprawl. As he had during his 35-year career as a reporter, Mr. Howe spent the next 35 years in active living.

He built his own small winery, used skills learned years before to produce a flock of Chinese "whistling" pigeons, and entertained an endless line of visitors.

Stories

Mrs. Howe died four years ago, and Mr. Howe's health began declining. He devoted much of his time in recent years to writing short stories on his experiences, but even then, he never dwelled in the past.

"I know a lot of old men who live in the past," he told a recent interviewer. "I refuse to do it. They tell these long-winded stories that I really don't think anybody gives a damn about.

"Me, I'm always making plans and developing interests that keep me busy."

As Jim Howe was fond of saying with a wink, "Tempora muntanter et nos matamur in illis." □

The View from My Window

By JAMES P. HOWE

It was a dreary continuous procession of war and woe with uncertainty at either end.

Day and night it went on for weeks. Misery crowding misery. Two drab lines of humanity wending in opposite directions.

Battle bound were the soldiers desperately endeavoring to appear brave and cheerful. In groups were the women soldiers after but a few days of hurried training. Only a suggestion of the feminine touch to the would-be uniforms was discernible. Efforts to make a display of confidence were noticeable. Elderly men and boys with words and calls of encouragement tagged along side the front-line bound women of various ages. At intervals came the wheeled rumble of horse-

drawn artillery, the barrels cold for months after the heat of the battle in areas of France. The big guns were an offering of the French in a critical situation.

In the other glamorless parade headed the opposite way was the telling toll from the front. The wounded in ambulances, wagons, carts. Those on the casualty list able to walk were forced to limp along the best they could. Came the dead, piled in wagons with a scattering of wind-blown straw intended as a respectful covering.

In gaps of the slow moving stream were groups of ill-clad, hungry Russian prisoners guarded by a handful of Polish soldiers with rifles. As reinforcements to the soldiers were elderly peasants pressed into service to meet the emergency. Some were armed with clubs and scythes, the others carried pitchforks slung over their shoulders.

Poland again was undergoing the ravages of war as it had over the centuries. Confusion everywhere. Government officials of the new republic were inexperienced, everything had been so sudden.

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CLIFT HOTEL • SAN FRANCISCO

Over it all hung the spectre of hunger. In outlying villages all the young men and girls had gone to war and the old and the feeble and the babies were gradually being taken away by starvation.

Poland's respite from the yokes of the czars and the clutches of the Kaiser had been short-lived.

Still fresh in Polish minds was 1916 when the goose-stepping German infantry marched in with modern artillery and aeroplanes. The Russian grasp of a hundred years on the ancient kingdom of Poland was broken. For the Poles, one frying pan to another. Under the Czar even their own language had been outlawed.

Poland's one flicker of hope was the energetic optimistic world renowned pianist Ignace Jar Paderewski, figuratively clinging to the back of President Wilson in Paris, and concurrently sitting on the shoulders of Prime Minister Lloyd George and Premier Clemenceau. Came the Treaty of Versailles. Paderewski's dream had been realized. He became the premier.

Far to the east the independence of Poland came to Moscow with a whiz bang, like a bombshell. The sharpened swords of the Bolshevik were soon in action for revenge. Trotsky's hammer and sickle were in the swing. Objective Warsaw.

Poland's freedom cheers were transformed overnight to calls to arms and battle cries.

Glances from my Bristol hotel window overlooking Warsaw's main street

day after day provided news dispatches for the Associated Press. It seemed the head office in New York was blood-thirsty for more and more descriptive material of the newest war. Thousands of words had I sent.

One drizzling day with this endless procession passing, my eyes fell on a staggering animal, once a horse, a skinny meagerly dressed boy of six or seven was leading. The harnessed four hoofs were tugging at four rickety wheels, a length of flat boards serving as a wagon bed. The wagon load consisted of a few seven foot elongated planks on their sides, two feet up and two feet across. The box apparently had been tacked together over night.

Trudging behind was a small thin woman with faltering steps. Strands of ripping hair dangled beneath a rain soaked scarf. In determination, she held onto the vehicle for support.

Her right hand held what seemed to be more like a rag doll than the apparent three year old girl that it really was. Crying and near exhaustion, the child was taken with difficulty into the mother's arms, at intervals of relief.

Over the woman's narrow shoulders was draped a long well worn winter overcoat. It was wet and cumbersome and she attempted with her left hand to gather the folds of the garment as she would a long skirt to prevent tripping.

I watched the passing of this living drama in the rough for five or six minutes and it was gone. For forty-eight

years that picture has been with me. Where were the mourners: the relatives, friends, neighbors?

That frail figure of a woman clinging so cherishingly to the very last to that enormous thread-bare overcoat—the remnant—of the husband and father in the box! □

TV COMEDIAN'S TRAGIC PLAINT

By JOHN MILTON HAGEN

A gripe have I at one tripe columnist,
Who's dreary, dull and daft—the
solemnist!

He dreams he teems with wit and
mirth,

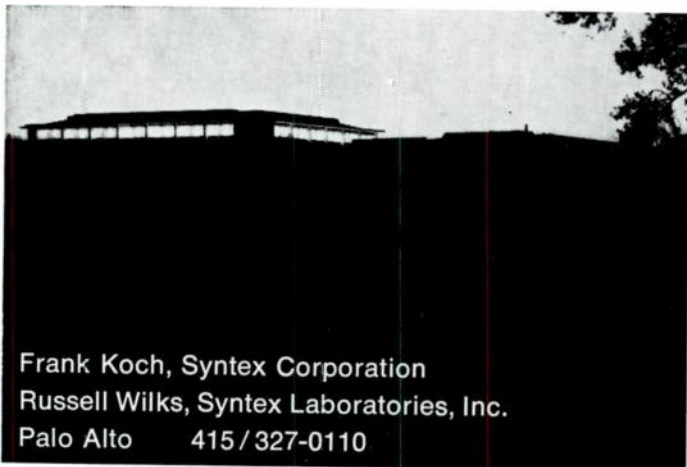
When he's but stuffed, unlaundered
shirt!

He craves his paper's top ace spot—
This scissor-man with fat paste pot.
In words of Groucho (or was it
Socrates?)

"Spare me from mealy-mouthed
mediocrities!"

L'envoi

On second thought, I am constrained
Now to admit he's brilliantly brained,
And I regret all that I've said!
(Today he gave me a column spread.)



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RADIO & TV AWARDS from page 11

Television Documentaries — first place award to Ira Eisenberg, KRON-TV, for “Pesticides . . . the Chemistry of Overkill”; second place to Jim Crum, KPIX, for “Whose Museum?”

Television Mini-documentaries — first place to Myra Scott, KRON-TV, for “Altamont Rock Festival”; second place to Kevin McCullough, KRON-TV, for “Rockford, Illinois and San Francisco’s New School Superintendent.”

Radio News Reporting — first place to Jeff Skov, KSFO, for “Mrs. Pike Interview”; second place to Peter Cleaveland, KGO, for “Park Police Station Bombing.”

Radio Features — first place to George McManus, KCBS, for “Man and His Religion”; second place to James Allin Jones, KNBR, for “San Francisco History Vignettes.”

Radio Documentaries — first place to Robert Safford, KFRC, for “Focus 1970”; second place to George McManus, KCBS, for “Soledad State Prison.”

Radio Sports — first place to Jim Steck, KCBS, for “Off-beat Sports Championships”; second place to Don Klein, KCBS, for “Willie Mays 3000th Hit.”

This year’s contest was judged by an outstanding panel of news directors selected from leading radio and television stations elsewhere in the nation. Awards committee member Ken Erickson, of Western Airlines, made the travel arrangements to bring the six-man panel to San Francisco in mid-September. Judging of the TV entries was accomplished at KTVU’s studios in Oakland, thanks to the cooperation and help from the station’s general manager, Roger Rice, and News Director Warren Cereghino, who served on the awards committee.

The six judges, Joe Saitta, of KIRO-TV, Seattle; Pat O’Reilly, of KNXT,

The six news directors who came to The City to judge the 1970 Radio-TV news competition were greeted upon their arrival at a reception at the Fishermen’s Wharf Holiday Inn. Standing: Lou Giletter (KVI, Seattle), Pat O’Reilly (KNXT, L.A.) and Chet Martin (KFI, L.A.). Seated: Awards Chairman Ken Dunham, Bess Bly (Holiday Inns), Joe Saitta (KIRO, Seattle), Jim Bennett (KLZ, Denver) and Joe Bartelme (WCCO, Minneapolis).

Los Angeles; Jim Bennett, of KLZ Radio and TV in Denver; Joe Bartelme, of WCCO-TV in Minneapolis; Chet Martin of KFI Radio in Los Angeles and Lou Gillette, of KVI Radio, Seattle, commented favorably on the high calibre of the entries. Their job was not an easy one, and they conscientiously put in many long hours of viewing and listening to the 100 video and audio tapes before making their final decisions.

The outcome of their deliberations was not made known until the awards actually were given out at the banquet on October 9. With but few exceptions, most of the award winners were present to personally receive the honors.

The master of ceremonies for the big night was KSFO news director Chet Casselman, who was ably and attractively assisted by KRON-TV’s Valerie Dickerson. Their combination of wit and charm made the presentation ceremony a delight for all to see. (Casselmann, incidentally, was just recently elected the 1971 national president of the Radio-Television News Directors Association at the RTNDA’s convention in Denver. It’s the first time that a San Francisco newsman has headed the national RTNDA.)

Preceding the awards ceremony, those attending the Radio-TV night were treated to a top notch show by Turk Murphy and his great jazz band from Earthquake McGoon’s, with the vocal highlights by songstar Pat Yankee.

After the show, Club First Vice President Dick Alexander presented Murphy with a special certificate of recognition and commended the band for their benefit performance, with the

extra proceeds going to the Club’s scholarship fund.

High point of the evening, preceding the awards, was a special presentation to San Francisco’s retiring Fire Chief William “Bill” Murray, in tribute to him for his many years service to the city and to the news media. A special Black Cat engraved trophy was presented to the chief by First Vice President Alexander, in behalf of the Club’s board and membership. The presentation came as a complete surprise to the chief, and those close to the podium could see that he was visibly moved by the gesture.

As he accepted the trophy, the chief looked out over the audience and commented, “I wasn’t expecting this at all. I think this is great, and I’m very honored to have the privilege of working with all of you for these many years . . . you’re all great, just great.” The capacity audience rose to its feet for the second time, filling the room with applause.

Following the presentation of the awards, the banquet was adjourned to the second floor bar, where several hours of good fellowship and spirits ensued.

We wish to pay special tribute to the hard working committee this year, who were: Vic Burton, KRON-TV; Chet Casselman, KSFO; Warren Cereghino, KTV; Ken Erickson, Western Airlines; Gil Haar, KNEW; Charlie Huy, Herb Michelson, KGO-TV; Ron Mires, KPIX; Roger Orr, Pacific Telephone; George Ruge, KGO Radio; Bob Safford, KFRC; Jack Wagner, KCBS, and Art Wakelee, KNBR.

“They were a good bunch to work with, but what do we do for an encore?”



RADIO HISTORY
from page 49

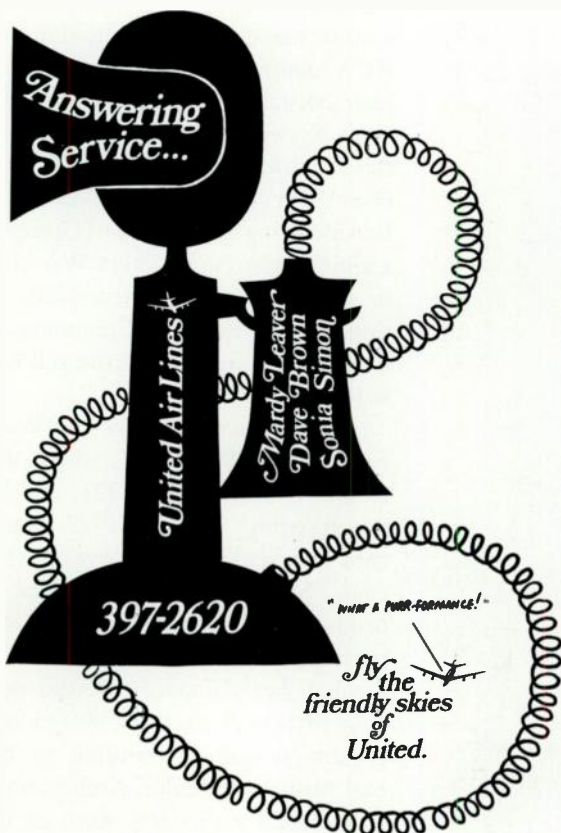
I tell you . . . that I have found it impossible . . . to carry the heavy burden . . . of responsibility . . . and to discharge my duties as King . . . as I would wish to do . . . without the help . . . and support . . . of the woman I love . . .

The world's great love story of the age. Edward VIII, abdicates the British throne for "the woman I love." . . . Radio had become of age. No more crystal sets, no more earphones, no more static. . . Today, electric plug-in, battery electric portables, magic eye, magic ear, magic touch, magic tone . . . radio magic. . . Then on a certain Sunday afternoon . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, we are sorry to interrupt this program . . . word has just been received, that on the very eve of negotiations for peace, the Japanese have struck. Hundreds of Jap planes appeared shortly after sunrise over Honolulu and bombed Pearl Harbor... America is at war . . . for the first time in the Nation's history we have been attacked. . . And now, we cancel this program, with permission of the sponsor, to bring you further developments of the war.



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If you remember these boys, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare, you're really part of this issue of *Scoop*. They are the Happiness Boys, who entertained with jokes and songs on a 1923 broadcast.

KDKA WESTINGHOUSE . . .
from page 41

They hoped that Manhattan would supply a steady flow of top talent to brighten WJZ's programming, but Newark wasn't as accessible as it is today and the absence of funds to pay even token artist fees made the trip to Newark even less interesting. Popenoe wrote, "Early in February 1922, it was decided to install a broadcasting studio in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Two twisted pairs of Western Union wires were installed between the hotel and the Newark station and from that date on, little of our broadcasting was done in Newark."

Everything was not necessarily smooth after that, however, as the following story would indicate (from *This Thing Called Broadcasting*):

"Of small dimensions, the WJZ studio became unbearably warm in the summer days of 1922, so much so that its window facing on a fire escape was kept open. No elaborate air-conditioning system, providing ample cooled air strained free of any possible external sounds, was available in those days,

such as we now have in studios . . .

"It was a particularly warm evening and a soprano was doing her utmost before the microphone. Suddenly, without warning there was the most uncanny howling and screeching and spitting. We turned hurriedly to the window where two fat tom cats were competing with science and art. An instant later, the cats dashed into the studio and completed their duet before the microphone. They stole the show. The soprano's efforts were momentarily upset. Pandemonium reigned. And finally, the calm announcer in a business-like manner announced the next piece without a word of explanation.

"Sixteen telephone calls were received within the next 15 minutes. Five hundred letters flowed in during the next day or two. Newspapers pestered for information regarding the unearthly noises that had emanated from WJZ. All of which was explained at length to the interested public—and two tom cats scored a permanent place in broadcasting history."

After a short period of broadcasting from Aldene, N.J. on WDY, the Radio Corporation of America decided to close their station and join forces with Westinghouse in the operation of WJZ. The following year, Westinghouse severed its association with the station, and RCA continued as sole owner. WJZ later became a key station in the NBC Blue Network—which was to become the American Broadcasting Company. Over 30 years later, when Westinghouse Broadcasting Company (Group W) acquired television station WAAM-TV in Baltimore, they successfully petitioned the Federal Communications Commission for the historic call letters, WJZ.

Another early link in the Westinghouse chain was KYW, which was licensed in November, 1921, and began broadcasting in early 1922 from the roof of a skyscraper in downtown Chicago. Station officials persuaded glamorous opera star Mary Garden to take part in the opening festivities, and through her influence received permission to broadcast the Chicago opera's regular season. According to broadcast historian Gleason Archer, no more than 1,300 radio sets were in use in Chicago prior to the announcement that KYW would be carrying the opera. By



"What the hell did you expect a Flying Tiger to look like?"

the end of the season there were 20,000 sets in Chicago alone and radio dealers in the entire region were frantically trying to supply the demand for home sets.

As Archer wrote in *The History of Radio to 1926*, "When the opera season closed, KYW was ready to substitute a twelve hour broadcasting service of the most comprehensive type yet offered by any radio station in America. . . . So great became the popularity of this enterprising station that during the summer of 1922 new radio towers were erected . . . in order to ensure greater radio service." (Later, through the years, KYW was moved to Philadelphia, then Cleveland, then back to Philadelphia.

The other Group W radio and television stations have also been brushed with history. WOWO, acquired by Westinghouse in 1936, was started in March, 1925 in Fort Wayne, Indiana by the Main Auto Supply Company. The firm reportedly started the station in order to sell radios.

KFWB, Los Angeles, acquired by Group W in 1967 and programmed as an all-news station in March, 1968, was put on the air in 1925 by Warner Brothers, with the original studios on the Warner Brothers lot in Hollywood.

When the "talking pictures" began, radio sometimes played havoc with the movie sound. According to one story, when John Barrymore discovered that he had to re-take so many love scenes because he was competing with radio commercials (which came through the recording channels on the sound stages as background on his sound track), he had the radio station removed from the lot.

WINS, New York which became a part of the Westinghouse group in 1962, was inaugurated in October, 1924 under the call letters WGBS (Gimbels Brothers Station). Its opening night featured such celebrities as Eddie Cantor, George Jessel, Fannie Hurst, George Gershwin and stars from the "Vanities of 1924." In the early 1930's, WINS was owned by Hearst, with the call letters representing International News Service. Those call letters have remained through subsequent ownerships and program formats.

Group W's KYW-TV traces its origin to the earliest television station in America. As W3Ke, Philco founded the station and began televising in 1932. In 1941, the first year the FCC granted television licenses, the station became WPTZ-TV. Group W bought

it from Philco in 1953.

Broadcasting and Westinghouse have come a long way together in the last 50 years. As H. P. Davis, a Westinghouse Vice President and one of the founding fathers of radio, wrote about broadcasting in January, 1922:

"And where will it end? What are the limitations? Who dares to predict? Relays will permit one station to pass its messages on to another, and we may easily expect to hear in an outlying farm in Maine some great artist singing into a microphone many thousand miles away. A receiving set in every home; in every hotel room; in every school room; in every hospital room. Why not?"

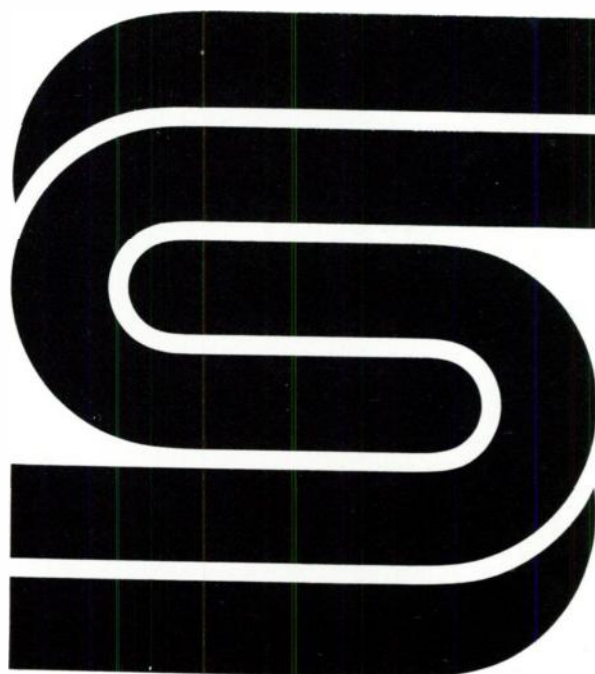
Indeed, why not? History has supplied the answer.



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ALL NEWS · ALL DAY



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RADIO REMINISCING

from page 42

which had broken away and was the ABC Network.

To tell the story of radio in San Francisco, one would need at least a short novel because until the late 1930's there were three radio cities of importance — New York, of course, was first; Chicago was the center of the soap-opera industry; and San Francisco was the cradle of talent and the originator of shows, not only like *One Man's Family*, but *Death Valley Days*, *Hawthorne House*, *Harbor Lights*, *I Love a Mystery*, the *Demi-Tasse Revue*, and scores of other very important radio shows. Los Angeles took over the mantle of "Number One" in the West in the late 1930's when their motion picture stars gave them a tremendous advantage. But San Francisco remained a big time operation until the end of World War II. I remember the first TV shows very well—they were primitive, crude, not in the sense that anything evil was ever said or done, but in the crudeness of a new medium. The charade shows with Ruby Hunter, the lovely hostess Doris Carr, the adult delightfulness of Marjorie Trumbull and Marjorie King, the cookery of Edith Green, and we must never forget the First Lady of San Francisco Radio for all time, Ann Holden.

Literally out of nowhere came the charming, unpredictable, unreadable Don Sherwood who found TV not nearly as much to his liking as he did radio. As I look back 35 years, I know it is impossible to name all of those with whom I worked and many names would be unfamiliar to those who read this. Products of San Francisco radio like Eddy King, George Fenneman, Archie Presby, Frank Barton, Burton Bennett, Sam Dixon, Dave Drummond, Mark Jordan, Ken Ackerman, Carol Hansen, Herb Ellis, and, oh for goodness sake, going way back how well do I remember Hugh Barrett Dobbs; Dobbsie and his *Shell Ship of Joy*.

Today we have Rick Weaver, Bob Fouts, Frank Dill, Jack Carney, Lon Simmons, Russ Hodges, Bill King, Hank Greenwald, and many whose names I do not know. Today I'm trying to be contemporary with Jim Dunbar, Jim Eason, Jim Moore, and John Dornon. It's been a long and beautiful journey and I hope it lasts for a long time to come. Most certainly I have forgotten scores of names, but then in 35 years of radio and TV you can meet people that you can number in the thousands. I found that many people did not last as long or as well

as others, and some, like my predecessor on my radio show, Les Crane, rose like a rocket but returned sedately almost in a manner unknown.

The Press Club has played host to many people with whom I have worked. Going all the way back to 1935 in San Diego, I remember a very ambitious young man who epitomizes what drive and unstinted effort can accomplish for you. I remember the World's Fair and working with Art Linkletter, knowing almost immediately that he was destined for great things, just as you can spot the great ones as you meet them along the way. I remember interviewing a young man who had just graduated from California and who wanted to be a band leader so badly. I think it was 1935 or 1936 and the young man's name was Ernie Hecksher.

I never had a great ambition to be famous. I liked San Francisco too well to give it up for what might await me in New York or Los Angeles. Radio and television has been very good to me and to thousands of others. It has not only been a means of communication, but the means of a very excellent way of life for myself and my family. If I had it to do all over again, I think I would do it the same way. □



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 **Boise Cascade
Recreation Communities Group**

...NO COPY DESKS
from page 51

California game for Columbia, developed a low moment in my career. I had no spotter; facilities were cramped because the Los Angeles Coliseum was being readied for the 1932 Olympics. In the second quarter, from the Irish 15 and a box right I called "Buckey O'Connor sweeping the end . . ." until I dimly heard in my earphones the voice of the man calling the play to the press box saying—"Marty Brill with the ball" . . . by now I had O'Conner going down field at the 40, and toyed for an instant with the idea of having him lateral to Brill, but went with O'Connor all 85 yards for a Notre Dame touchdown . . . then realized that such a climactic play would have full coverage, I gulped and said "I must make a correction, the ball carrier on that great run was Marty Brill—not Bucky O'Connor." At that instant the field announcer to the press box said, "Make that ball carrier O'Connor not Brill."

Among the pleasant memories of an almost-octogenarian were the broadcasts in 1929 of a Cincinnati-Brooklyn series at Ebbets Field with Ford Frick and I alternating innings. Frick, precise and statistical, and I trying to match an emotional tempo with the wild Dodger fans prompted Frick, in the *New York American*, after the first game, to write—"You'd

better listen tomorrow, because Smith has blood all over the field."

If I were to sum up, the radio people of the 20s, especially those in the reportorial field were necessarily creative. The auditory medium, entirely new, demanded instant ad libbing. An error was printed in the ear, and there was no copy desk. Grammatical construction and showmanship were at times difficult to homogenize.

And the early engineers had a field day developing new ideas, balancing crowd noise with the announcer's voice, sharpening dull cues, improvising. At one football game at which a small crowd was anticipated Engineer Pop Hudson made, a few days earlier, a record of hot dog vendors, voices exhorting players due to participate, which, with crowd noise were blended into the sportcast at the studio to make it an exciting show.

It is good to be one of those who trod the historical auditory bridge from megaphone to microphone—50 years ago! □

Montgomery Street, not because he was a radio newscaster on the then station that has since become KSFO.

Ernie Smith, the famous football announcer, also kind of suffered in the background because he was not accepted as a newscaster. However, since he was the owner of the San Francisco News Agency, a distributor of magazines, he had the privilege of being an active member.

It was most interesting that in those days the board of directors was not willing to install a public address system in the dining room because it reflected the representation of the radio medium.

Finally the club bowed to the fact that they should have amplification and a microphone was installed in the dining room. It was still awhile before the hierarchy accepted members of the radio community as active members.

With the formation of the United Nations and its rather elaborate radio corps along the close of World War II a few of those who had become established members of the radio community were accepted as active members. This was partly because some former newsmen had become World War II correspondents.

However, before the Gang Dinners moved from Powell Street to Post Street, the 30th Anniversary of Jimmy Durante's show business career was held at the club as part of a radio event.

Paul Whiteman appeared along with Barbara Whiting and others because of their appearance on radio.


The dear old fellow died awfully hard on this. Tom Bellew, Doc Mundell, Ed Hughes and others refused to come into the dining room. Ed would just sit in his chair before the fireplace and scowl that "Johnny Come Lately business" and never quite accepted the fact that the radio had been added to the newspaper as a way to inform the world.

In the radio's 50th year, it is interesting to realize it took almost 30 years for it to be accepted by the founders of media as a whole. Those members of the Fourth Estate who never quite admitted there ever would be a Fifth Estate. □

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NO RADIO CRAP . . .
from page 47

were not heard during their formal address nor during the question period because they could not project their voices. It was really kind of funny.

Austin Fenger, a radio newscaster, was the first member of the Press Club at Powell Street from an electronic media. However, he was accepted as an associate member because he also held a license as a stockbroker on

TUNING IN
from page 7

the Debutantes held forth at the Embassy Room of the St. Francis Hotel and Art Hickman pioneered the band remotes from the Rose Room of the Palace Hotel.

San Francisco radio spawned many big shows which became part of radio history. Perhaps the most outstanding example of our programming was Carleton E. Morse's "One Man's Family" which had its emergence upon the local scene in late 1931. From there the Sea Cliff home of the Barbour

family became a national institution for better than two decades.

The hardy ether pioneers were legion, and attempting to salute even a few of them is a difficult assignment, but test your memories on a few who made broadcasting history at one of our stations in an era of growth for what was then a new medium of communication. Do you remember Harrison Holloway, Bea Benederat, Bob Olson, Armand Girard, Floy Beth Hughes (Little Orphan Annie), Walter Beban, Robert Waldrop, Rush Hughes, Toby Reed, Bill McAndrews, Tony Romano, Mabel Todd, Minetta Ellen,

Bernice Berwin, Anthony Smythe, Barton Yarborough, Sam Dickenson, Dean Maddox, Mort Werner and so many more teasing names from the musty vintage years.

The Mutual - Don Lee Network, NBC's Red and Blue outlets, and Columbia's key station for Northern California KSFO (yes, KSFO) gradually lost the local organizations in the early forties as Hollywood usurped more and more of the locally originated shows. The time differences that provided us with program duplications were alleviated by better recording techniques and the era of local production all but dwindled into nothingness. Phonograph records and disc jockies replaced the production centers of radio here and with the last vestige of local big shows and Art Linkletter moving south, we slowly sank into mediocrity and a wonderful world of "show biz" fun and talent dissipated with the fog out through the Golden Gate.

Today one of the fastest growing hobbies is the collecting of old radio shows on tape. Thousands of collectors are reliving the nostalgia of yesterday by gathering the surprising number of well preserved shows readily available. The trading of two Vic and Sades for one Ma Perkins, or one Easy Aces for three Myrt and Marges is a rapidly growing pastime among we who . . . remember . . . □



This shot is dated back in 1923 and shows Lyle Tucker as the original "Big Brother," telling bedtime stories for children on KPO, now KNBR.

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...THE SHAKE-IN
from page 50

shoulder. "The first game will be One Flop Itsy-Bitsy," she said.

Mergenthaler looked blank. "One Flop Itsy-Bitsy?" he asked weakly.

She nodded. "We each get ten dice. Threes and fives have no value. Fours count three, unless you get two of them in which case you have what's called an Itsy-Bitsy, which only counts one. However, if you get three or more fours, each four counts zero and you don't have to count any three dice of your choice. The purpose is to see who gets the itsy-bitsiest score, you see. Are you ready?"

"I think so," Mergenthaler said, but he didn't sound convincing.

The blonde rolled. "Total of three," she said quickly, scooping up the dice almost instantly. Mergenthaler rolled, then pursed his lips as he tried to remember how the count worked. The blonde sighed impatiently. "Forty-one," she said, drumming her finger nails on the table. She was right.

The brunette picked up a dice cup. "Now we're going to play Whatever Lola Wants," she said.

Mergenthaler looked at the blonde. "And what do you want to play, Lola?" he asked politely.

The brunette looked disgusted. "She's not Lola. That's the name of the game. We only need eight dice for this one. Before each shake the opponent has to say 'Lola wants . . . ' and name what dice he wants to come up. Then if that dice is rolled, Lola gets it, you see. The first person to get all the dice wins, of course. Now, when you get down to three or fewer dice, you have to remember to say 'Greedy Lola wants.' If you forget to say 'greedy' the game ends by default. Oh. I forgot to mention. If you ask for sixes, three or more have to come up and in addition to getting all the sixes, you get two more dice as a bonus. But if two or less come up, you have to give *three* of your dice to the other player."

She shook the dice for a long time. "Well?" she said finally.

"I forgot," Mergenthaler said. He cleared his throat and squirmed in his chair. "Lola wants sixes," he said meekly.

By the second roll the brunette had all but two of Mergenthaler's dice. He gritted his teeth. "Go for broke," he said. "Lola wants sixes again."

The brunette leaped from her chair. "You forgot to say 'greedy!'" she whooped. "We win! We win!"

A hush fell over the room. Mergenthaler sank back in his chair. "Maybe if we had played Boss . . ." he began thoughtfully.

The two women exchanged puzzled glances. "I don't think we know that one," the blonde said, shaking her head. "But now that we'll be playing here regularly, I'm sure you'll teach us. Is Boss perhaps something like Chief in the Wigwam, where threes and sixes are wild and fives . . ."

But Mergenthaler was already walking away from the table. "Shrdlu," he said in a barely audible voice.

What happened next is history. Once women had won the right to shake dice in men's private clubs, it was inevitable that the entire male power-structure would collapse. And soon, the men of the City began to abandon wives and jobs to seek new lives in

Trenton and other remote outposts, leaving behind only the feeble to fend for themselves. The result is the City we know today: a virtual matriarchy.

There is hope, however, that things may be righted once again. Only the other day there appeared on the men's pages of the *Chronicle* a brief item which said a new underground organization called NOM (National Organization for Men) was planning a picket line around City Hall to protest inequality. The reporter was unable to reach Mrs. Feinstein for comment. Her office said she was down at the Commercial Club participating in a domino tournament. □





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*by Frank Crennan
General Manager, Station KOFY*

**THAT'S RIGHT
KOFY is the only 100%
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ALL DAY — EVERY DAY



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KDKA (SQUAWK)

from page 48

dangling from Johnny's earphone to the jack-posts of my set that had been idle these many months. Then with expert eleven-year-old hands, I adjusted the tuning rods on the coil to a position where I *thought* I'd get results. I held the earphone to my ear with one hand, while I jiggled the tiny cat's whisker against the hunk of galena—trying to find a sensitive spot.

"Hear anything?" Johnny asked impatiently.

"Shut up. I'm busy!"

Then all of a sudden I heard something! At first it was only a faint humming, then a slight crackling sound. I moved the tuning rod a fraction. I gave the old galena another little nudge. The sound increased — with added sputterings. A few more tiny adjustments—and A VOICE! "(SQUAWK) . . . THIS IS . . . (SCREEEE) . . . K-D-K-A . . . (CRACKLE-POP . . . SCREE) . . . PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA . . . (SQUAWK) BRINGING YOU AN ORGAN CONCERT. . . ."

"Hey, it works! Listen!" I yelled at Johnny.

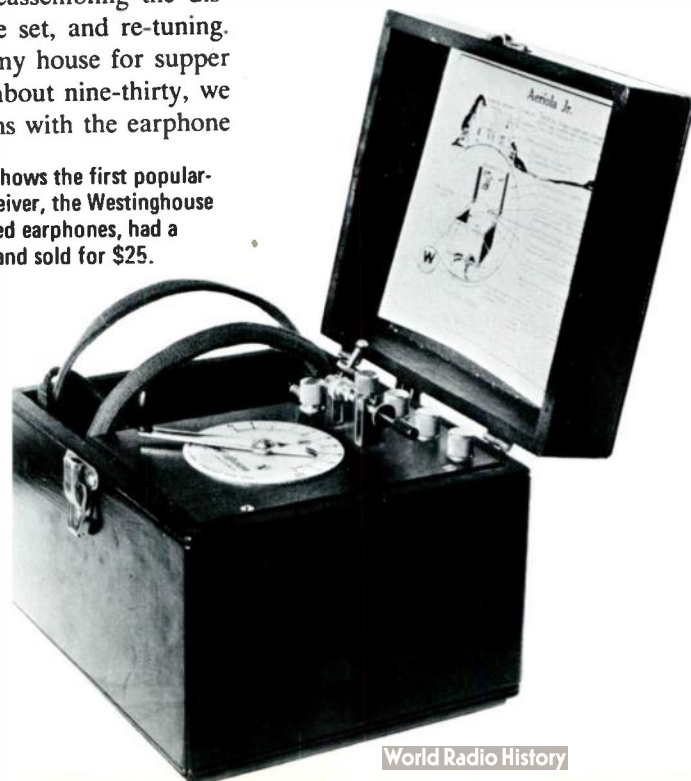
"How can I? You got the earphone," Johnny said.

I handed the earphone to Johnny, and in his excitement he yanked it out of my hand and the whole blasted set almost landed on the floor.

"Now you done it, you dummy!" I cried.

We spent the rest of the afternoon and the evening reassembling the disturbed parts of the set, and re-tuning. Johnny stayed at my house for supper that night. Once, about nine-thirty, we heard—taking turns with the earphone

This historical photo shows the first popular-priced home radio receiver, the Westinghouse Aeriola, Jr. It employed earphones, had a range of 12-15 miles, and sold for \$25.



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—snatches of organ music and garbled bits of a lecture on Birds of the Galapagos Islands—and a lot of static.

As far as I was concerned, The Age of Radio began that day. □

REFLECTIONS...

from page 53

opened a can of mushrooms, and had themselves a feast such as only bon vivants would enjoy.

Healy refused to accept my explanation. "You ought to be fired on the spot," he yelled through the telephone. "One more chance for a stupid little runt like you—and you don't deserve that."

The next day was mine. An angry restaurateur and his lawyer called on the city editor of the *Bulletin*, threatening suit. He was the proprietor of the only vegetarian restaurant in town.

* * *

Bill McGheegan, great reporter that he was and later to become managing editor of The New York *Herald-Trib-*

une, was on a beat of his own. He was assigned to cover the Mafia of San Francisco. Yes, there was an active Mafia then in our town. It was shortly after the assassination of that courageous New York detective and Nemesis of the Mafia in America, Joseph Petrosini, shot down in Sicily.

Somehow Bill had learned that on Saturday night the San Francisco Mafia would be meting somewhere in North Beach. Tracking it down, he traced the gangsters to a restaurant. A banquet was found in full blast.

Finding a few familiar faces, he asked if he might wait out the wining and dining and then ask a few questions.

To his delight he was invited to join the banqueters and enjoy himself. Knowing no Italian, he could only watch as one after another rose from the table, raised his glass, and with a rousing speech offered a toast to someone or some thing.

Not until the party was over in the wee hours did Bill learn its purpose. His hosts were toasting the assassination of Detective Petrosini. □

CORNOGRAPHY by Walt Lavillaw

THE
45-33-78
SECRETARY
HAS REALLY
MADE IT
BIG

(SIGH)
OH-DEAR

Walt Lavillaw

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Every year, in January, we go to Eternal Home in Colma to visit and pay tribute to our old Club Bard, Will Aubrey. There was a bit of a rain during this ceremony and Ray Leavitt, remembering the days when he handled a camera, took Ken Arnold's machine to capture this scene. From left, Ken Arnold, Jack Lauck, Eleanor Barron, Jo Hynes, Larry Murphy (behind Jo), Julia Schneider, Bill Young and Mrs. Young (partially visible) behind Vince Silk (wearing hat), Terry Frates, former Club secretary, and Bill Hynes. Vince officiated at the ceremony.

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 Moose, Edward W.
 Morgan, James C.
 Morgaa, Joe W.
 Morison, Paul B.
 Morris, Henry R.
 Morrissy, John F.
 Moskowitz, Ronald D.
 Moss, Allan
 Mozley, Don S.
 Mueller, Herman
 Muldoan, James E.
 Muller, Eddie
 Mulligan, Patrick
 Murphy, George E., Jr.
 Murphy, Larry

ACTIVE MEMBERS

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Murphy, William B.
Murphy, William J.
Murray, William F.
Myers, Robert
Neeson, John V.
Newhall, Scott
Nicholson, Charles W.
Nixon, Stuart
Noble, Gerald S.
Nolan, Richard J.
Norman, Winston
O'Brien, Patrick J.
O'Brien, Wilson
O'Connor, Charles L.
O'Connor, Edward J.
O'Dea, M. Albert
O'Herron, Roscoe L.
Ohman, C. David, Jr.
Olsson, Hugh T. A.
Oppenheim, Ramsey S.
Orphan, C. Dennis
Orr, Roger A.
Osborn, Richard C.
O'Sullivan, Dermot A.
Ottman, Robert G.
Page, LeRoy W.
Palmer, Alfred T.
Paltridge, Blair A.
Papozian, Harry
Papulias, Angelos
Pasini, Roy
Pates, Gordon
Paul, Joseph
Pedersen, Bernard E.
Perry, C. Thomas
Pesak, Milo
Petersen, Louis A.

Posner, Jerry
Post, Rollin K.
Powers, Francis J.
Powers, Maurice F.
Queirolo, Richard W.
Quen, Paul H.
Quinn, Very Rev. Francis A.
Quint, James H.
Radke, Walter E.
Raessler, Arno A.
Ranney, Myron N. (Mike)
Rasmussen, Stuart R.
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Reed, Carlyle
Regal, Charles E.
Reicker, Frederick A.
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Reynolds, Gregg M.
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Rhein, Pierre S.
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Robertson, Gene
Robertson, James A.
Robertson, William M.
Robinson, Joseph A.
Robinson, Laird
Roessing, Walter Lee
Rohner, Alvin T.
Rosenbaum, Arthur
Rosenberg, Richard M.
Roth, Arthur L.

Smith, Frank L.
Smith, James P.
Smith, John M.
Smith, Malcolm N.
Smith, Wells B.
Snyder, Louis F.
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Sprunger, Ellis H.
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Steele, Don
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Strelhoff, Alexander N.
Stribolt, Sven
Suarez, Enrique
Sweet, Gil
Swanson, Walter Gaines
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Taylor, Roy W.
Teilmann, Michael R.
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Thurber, Charles R.
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Torland, Tor
Tory, Alan P.
Toth, Allen A.
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Turner, Wallace
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Tyler, Melvin B.
Ulrich, Robert L.
Ulm, Lynne C., Jr.

Vail, Frank W.
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von Rastatt, Baron Josef
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Gross, Mendes M.
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Koss, Paul
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Sheridan, Philip
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Stern, Ralph J. A.
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Curtis, Harry W.
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Davis, Alphin C.
Davis, Clarence
Davis, George T.
Davis, Henry

Davis, James R., Jr.
Davis, Sidney
Davis, Walter M.
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de Vries, Paul
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Ehrlich, J. W.
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Faverman, Alexander W.
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Ferrea, Joseph F.
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Frank, Richard L.
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Freedman, Murray H.
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Freeman, David A.
Freud, Milton
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Geddes, Donald B., Jr.
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Gehm, Louis S.
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Gilbert, Dr. Gerold
Gilbert, Wesley J.
Gilstein, H. Alain
Gjerstad, Stefan L.
Gladstein, Richard
Glass, Gerard J.
Glassel, George
Gold, S. A.
Goldberg, Daniel T.
Goldberg, Maurice
Golden, David H.
Goldman, Walter
Gordon, Morris D., D.D.S.
Gospe, Dr. Sidney
Gottfried, Charles

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 Greenberg, Bernard
 Greenberg, Burton M.
 Greenberg, Stuart N.
 Greendorfer, Bernard
 Greer, W. Larry
 Gregory, John M.
 Grenfell, Robert W.
 Gressani, Conte P.
 Grialou, Rene C.
 Griffin, Gerald J.
 Grim, LeRue James
 Groezinger, Theodore
 Gross, Boice
 Grubb, George J.
 Grummer, Ted N.
 Grunbaum, Milton
 Gudeli, Earl I.
 Gueble, Albert F.
 Gump, Richard B.
 Gurich, John E.
 Gutterman, Robert
 Hackler, Richard W.
 Hagopian, Baxter D.
 Hall, E. Peter
 Halliday, Edwin J.
 Hamberger, Maurice T.
 Hamel-Green, Michael
 Hamilton, Dr. James A.
 Hamilton, James T.
 Hamlin, Irving B.
 Hammer, Julius
 Handlery, Paul R.
 Hannaford, Duke O.
 Hanson, Duane M.
 Hardeman, Charles S.
 Harding, Stuart O.
 Harding, Edward F.
 Harrington, Robert W.
 Hart, Benjamin
 Harvey, James W.
 Haskin, Ernest
 Haughey, L. Eugene, Jr.
 Haun, Michael L.
 Hayashi, Donald T., M.D.
 Hazan, Sol J., M.D.
 Henning, J. Earl
 Henning, John F., Jr.
 Henwood, Lloyd C.
 Hersh, LeRoy
 Herth, Daniel E.
 Hervey, Teddy O.
 Hester, Ivy D., Jr.
 Hexberg, Caspar R.
 Hill, Edward R.
 Hillman, Albert J.
 Hipshman, Alvin
 Ho, Harry A.
 Hoefler, Otto
 Hoffman, Earl
 Hoffman, Harvey W.
 Hofstadter, Walter
 Holden, Angus S.
 Holmes, Joseph F.
 Honig, Morris D.
 Honig, Sidney
 Hopkins, John J., M.D.
 Hornstein, George
 Hoyt, John C.
 Hsi, Irving Y.
 Hsieh, Thomas K. S.
 Huffcut, W. Harwood
 Hunt, Boston Rice
 Hyman, Harry H.
 Igoe, James J.
 Irving, Andrew K.
 Jackson, Edward N.
 Jackson, Herbert G.
 Jackson, John L.
 Jacobs, Dr. Albert M.
 Jacobs, Robert M.
 Jacobs, Samuel I.
 Jacobson, Aaron M.
 Jacobson, Elmar "Ed"
 Jacobson, Lawrence S.
 James, Henry M.
 Jensen, James B.
 Jochner, Robert M.
 Johnson, Guy E.
 Johnson, Robert B.
 Jones, Edward L.
 Jones, Geoffrey R.
 Jordan, James Wells
 Joseph, James K.
 Jouanjus, Andre
 Judson, Clarence H.
 Juras, Joseph J.
 Kahn, Albert H.
 Kahn, Julius, Jr.
 Kahn, Richard A.
 Kane, Eneas J.
 Karasky, J. Craig
 Karesh, Hon. Joseph
 Karp, Alfred
 Katz, Albert
 Kay, Edward R.
 Kay, Gene
 Keefer, Louis B.
 Keller, Bruce M.
 Keller, Harold G.
 Keller, Harold A., Jr.
 Kernfeld, Irving
 Kilpatrick, William H.
 Kimbell, Raymond S.
 King, Robert W.
 Kiriakis, William
 Kluger, Sidney
 Kling, Harold W.
 Klinger, Harold F.
 Knowles, Barton H.
 Knuchell, Robert B., D.D.S.
 Koenigsberg, David K.
 Konigsberg, Sidney S.
 Koppich, Eugene
 Koppich, Martin
 Kosakura, Morris
 Koss, Irving I.
 Kraemer, Ulrich
 Kramer, Harold
 Kramer, Murray
 Krasow, William
 Kripp, Orin A.
 Kroft, Harry
 Kroner, Donald L.
 Kuschner, Leonard A.
 Lagler, Louis E.
 Lahanian, William A.
 Lange, Frederick C.
 Lansdowne, Kenneth R.
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 Law, Robert E.
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 Leavitt, Stephen, M.D.
 Lebedeff, George B.
 Lefcourt, Joseph H.
 Lefort, Warren G.
 Legacki, Norman J.
 Lehmann, Gary
 Lent, Harold L.
 Lerer, Ben Kenneth
 Lerner, Jack
 Levin, Dr. Edward A.
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 Levine, Robert M.
 Levy, Leonard J.
 Lewin, Louis
 Lewis, Churchill E.
 Lewis, Gilbert S., M.D.
 Liang, James C. M.
 Lichtenstein, Cyril
 Lindgren, Arvid
 Lipian, Maurice
 Lippitt, S. Grant, Jr.
 Lipson, Michael, D.D.S.
 Littman, Jack B.
 Livingston, Lawrence
 Lo, Lorenzo
 Loeb, Sidney
 Logan, Brendan A.
 Loughran, Frank
 Luce, Raymond F.
 Ludlam, Al E.
 Lundy, Charles A.
 Lunn, Jack H.
 Lussier, Dr. Norman A.
 Lynch, Thomas C.
 MacDonald, Joshua S.
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 Maloney, Edward B.
 Mana, Hon. Lawrence S.
 Mann, Walter J.
 Marcus, Victor L.
 Margolis, Max H.
 Marks, Jerome
 Marquez, Hilario G.
 Martinez, George C.
 Mathews, Bryant
 Mathews, Richard N.
 Matthews, G. Kendrick
 McCarthy, Richard V.
 McCarthy, Thomas W.
 McCormick, James W.
 McCune, Donald Bryan
 McCune, Gilbert L.
 McGuire, E. James
 McKnight, Robert
 McKown, John D.
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 McPartland, Percy D.
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 Merrill, Judge Robert W.
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 Mierson, Augustus
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 Morris, Roy H., M.D.
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 Murdock, Stanley L.
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 Myers, The Rt. Rev. C. Kilmer
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 Neilan, Elmer J.
 Nemes, Vincent C.
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 Newberg, Waldo L., M.D.
 Newberger, Ernst
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 Oakes, Thomas E. (Ben)
 O'Brien, Thomas J.
 O'Connor, David F.
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 O'Neill, James
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 Oreck, Percy E.
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 Roberts, Robert B.
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 Rosenberg, Alan
 Rosenberg, Phillip
 Rosenthal, Philip B.
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 Samuel, Byron J.
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 Santos, Theodore N.
 Saroyan, S. M.
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 Scatena, Leo E.
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 Schneider, Sam A.
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 Schubert, Gage A.
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 Shannon, Clive G.
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 Sherman, Max
 Shimano, Jacob
 Shimmoff, Robert
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 Shortall, Richard C.
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 Silverhart, Carl
 Simon, John E.
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 Sinclair, Donald J. H.
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 Steinberg, William
 Stern, Irwin
 Stevens, John G.
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 Stone, Harold R.
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 Sugarman, Harold, M.D.
 Sugarman, Irving C.
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 Wong, Jack P.
 Woodfield, William H.
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 Woodson, Abe
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 Brounstein, Louis
 Brown, Arthur, Jr.
 *Buckingham, Lt. Cmdr. G. L.
 Bunney, Leland R., Jr.
 Carter, Thomas W.
 Choos, George P. V.
 Chu, Daniel S.
 Cohn, Nathan
 Cokeley, John H.
 Constine, Judge Donald B.
 Davis, Albert
 Dean, John M.
 De Nunzio, Arthur M.
 DeRyan, Gerald J.
 DeRyan, James E.
 Felder, Alfred P.
 Figone, John P., Jr.
 Flood, James
 Frey, Dr. Russell G.
 Gee, Hugh
 George, Ralph W.
 Graves, Jefferson J.
 Guggenheim, Richard F.
 Harvey, Gaylon B.
 Hellman, I. W.
 Herrscher, Edmond
 Hohwiesner, F. M.
 Jacoby, Jack A.
 Jones, W. J.
 Jue, George K.
 Kahn, Bernard
 Kauffman, E. P.
 *Legallet, Paul
 Lenhart, Holman O.
 Lenox, Lionel T.
 Levin, Hon. Gerald S.
 Liapes, Lewis D.
 Lorber, H. M.
 Lurie, Louis R.
 Malsbary, E. L., Jr.
 McCadden, George
 Middlebrook, Wren
 Miller, George S.
 *Moore, J. Max
 Moore, Philip
 Morris, Irving, Jr.
 Morris, Monroe L.
 Morrison, Harry W.
 Nowell, John C.
 Odell, Robert S.
 Olshen, Dr. A. C.
 Price, William A., M.D.
 Renstrom, Conrad W., Jr.
 Richman, James R.
 *Rittigstein, Jack M.
 Roos, Alfred G., D.S.C.
 Russell, Donald J.
 Samish, Arthur H.
 Schnacke, Hon. Robert H.
 Schuster, Karl F.
 *Sixtus, Edward F.
 Sullivan, Mark R.
 Sussman, Richard S.
 Tillman, Fred A.
 Tobin, J. O.
 Turner, Ed
 Walkup, Ward Gale
 Wallace, C. Wally
 Walters, Arnold E.
 Weiman, Ted
 Wu, Dr. Thomas Wai Sun
 Zelinsky, Frederick G.
 Zellerbach, Harold L.
 * Voting members

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Ames, Maj.-Gen. Evans O., USMC
 Bates, Charles W.
 Berlin, Irving
 Black, Mrs. Shirley Temple
 Bush, Prof. Chilton R.
 Cahill, Hon. Thomas J.
 Carpenter, Cdr. M. Scott
 Cartasso, Harriette M.

Channing, Carol
 Chiang Kai-shek, Madame
 Coward, Noel
 Diller, Phyllis
 DiMaggio, Joe
 Duncan, Vivian
 Evans, Maurice
 Ford, Tennessee Ernie
 Griffith, Gardner

Hansen, Tom H.
 Hayes, Helen
 Jacobs, Helen
 Koufax, Sandy
 Lunt, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred
 Lynum, Curtis O.
 Marble, Alice
 Martin, Mary

Mays, Willie
 McCurry, Harold J.
 Morgan, Harry J.
 Musial, Stan
 Nelder, Alfred J.
 Pettit, John W.
 Rieden, James J.
 Rogers, Ginger

Romulo, General Carlos P.
 Schulz, Charles
 Shimmom, George
 Stengel, Charles D. "Casey"
 Stokes, Donald (M.B.E.)
 Wallace, Ina Claire
 Warren, Earl
 White, George H.

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Adams, Leon D.
 Aeschliman, John H.
 Albin, Milton
 Allard, Jack M.
 Allman, Paul R.
 Anker, John L.
 Anthony, Eugene
 Arteseros, L. J.
 Bardesono, John S.
 Bates, Bernard
 Baxter, William W.
 Berk, William F.
 Bettencourt, William J.
 Birnbaum, Richard I.
 Bloom, Monroe A.
 Blumenson, George T.
 Bodi, Alexander S.
 Brand, Wayne R.
 Brickman, Morris
 Brown, Warren J., Jr.
 Brown, Wishard A.
 Cameron, Frank T.
 Carman, E. Day
 Cartwright, Calhoun
 Cashel, John J., Jr.
 Chamberlain, Donald L.
 Chambers, Jesse E.
 Clark, Jack C.
 Clinton, J. Hart
 Clinton, John Hart, Jr.
 Cohn, Robert H. (Bobby)
 Conroy, Thomas P.
 Cox, George W.
 Craemer, J. "Jack"

Crawford, James S.
 Criscione, Joseph V.
 Crutchfield, Reynolds III
 Cyr, William A.
 Dean, Kenneth O.
 Demora, Harre W.
 Dipman, Alfred C., Jr.
 Distefano, Robert J.
 Dobson, DeWitte S.
 Dorinson, Abe H.
 Dorius, Allan R.
 Drake, William A.
 Dray, Jerome H.
 Drossel, Eugene R.
 Durfee, Robert A., Jr.
 Elwing, Arthur C.
 Emenegger, Keith E.
 Eshleman, John M.
 Falk, Samuel
 Fisher, Leland S.
 Fogel, Richard H.
 Forden, Lesley N.
 Forrest, Michael A.
 Foster, Robert D.
 Frederick, Walter S.
 Freeman, Philip R.
 French, Gerald L.
 Fried, Ad
 Garretson, Fred V. H.
 Glunk, Cyril J.
 Goebel, Russell R.
 Good, Loren D.
 Grant, Kenneth J., Jr.
 Grover, Malcolm P.

Haar, Gil
 Hamilton, James C.
 Hampton, John L.
 Hansen, Bernhard A.
 Harger, Jackson V.
 Hayakawa, Samuel I.
 Hexner, William H.
 Hoyt, William R.
 Hurley, Gerard T.
 Hurmuses, Paul
 Jennings, Dean M.
 Johnson, Paul C.
 Johnson, Robert Balch
 Judd, Howard S.
 Kahmann, Cecil P.
 Kane, A. Jack
 Kayfetz, Paul
 Keldgard, Robert E.
 Kelly, William J.
 Kisingbury, Fred
 Kueppel, Arnold C.
 Kummer, Ralph W.
 LaPierre, Frank D.
 Lane, Fred
 Laney, Howard S.
 Lattie, James E.
 Leshner, Dean S.
 Lindsey, Albert B.
 Lynn, Patrick K.
 Majersik, Clifford A.
 Marcus, Irving H.
 McBreen, Richard J.
 McIntyre, Phillip A.
 McMillan, Maxwell R.

McNamara, Stephen
 Miller, John A.
 Mills, Edward M.
 Misselwitz, Henry F.
 Mosher, Clinton L.
 Mossawir, Fred
 Mutchler, Thomas H.
 Myles, Frank O.
 Nelson, Harry M.
 Nelson, J. Peter
 Neubert, Robert W.
 Newhouse, David M.
 Newman, George A.
 Noble, John
 Nowels, Richard W.
 Oga, Wilson R.
 Ormsbee, Phillip O.
 Owens, Owen M.
 Peeke, Col. C. E. B.
 Pengra, Wm. R.
 Peterson, David G.
 Pettitt, George
 Pettler, Alfred M.
 Piazzi, Frank
 Pickerell, Albert G.
 Pond, Calvin P.
 Pottorff, George B.
 Price, Lee B.
 Reed, LCDR Walter D.
 Rhody, Ronald E.
 Riley, Franklin S., Jr.
 Riznik, Joseph Q.
 Roberts, William F.
 Robertson, Knowles

Rogers, Jack M.
 Rosten, Frank
 Russell, James S.
 Schafer, Charles Louis
 Schlotthauer, Harold A.
 Sears, William R.
 Seter, Forrest M.
 Sherr, Herbert
 Slatkin, William L.
 Smith, Alfred F.
 Spangler, Ray
 Still, Stephen A.
 Strebeigh, Robert M.
 Sullivan, F. Kenneth
 Taylor, Robert W.
 Thompson, George E. S.
 Thorborn, Donaldson B.
 Taibin, Gilbert
 Turner, William W.
 Vandere, Vincent E.
 Verburg, Leonard H.
 von Morpurgo, Henry
 Weber, Harold D.
 Weese, Jack
 Wells, Elmer N.
 Wernick, Robert
 West, Drew F.
 Wilkes, Daniel M.
 Wilson, Lon H.
 Wood, Morrison
 Wyatt, Fred D.
 Yaffie, Norwin S.
 Young, Chandler P.
 Ziener, Robert J.

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Adler, Herbert
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 Arthur, F. K., Jr.
 Baker, Lloyd V., Jr.
 Barkdull, Walter Lee
 Bartholomew, Frank
 Bazell, Sherman
 Beatty, Robert O.
 Bernstein, Cal
 Berrey, Henry F.
 Bey, Everett E.
 Bingham, Joseph W.
 Bishop, Eugene C.
 Blum, Robert J.
 Bodenhamer, Paul C.
 Bowerman, Dan
 Bramwell, Alfred W.
 Brannick, Edward T.
 Bright, Harry L.
 Brill, Wilmer G.
 Briscoe, W. S.
 Brown, Kenneth D.
 Brown, Paul R.
 Budde, Albert F.
 Burns, Frank A.
 Busch, Niven
 Buzzini, Bertram G.
 Cahn, John P.
 Cant, Gilbert
 Capbern, A. Martial
 Carlson, Floyd W.
 Carter, David C.
 Cassidy, Bert W.
 Cislini, Francis H.
 Conn, Kenneth S.
 Coplan, Ben L.
 Cothran, William N.
 Crane, Thomas
 Cross, Carol W.
 Dahms, E. William
 Dante, Mike
 Dawley, George
 De Bakcsy, Alex

Dowell, Emory B.
 Dynes, Charles E.
 Eagan, Terrence M.
 Eberlein, Frederick W.
 Ehrman, Kenneth
 Eisenberg, Bernard I.
 Engles, David A.
 Epstein, Julius
 Estler, William C.
 Fallon, Rev. James E.
 Ferguson, James H.
 Finks, Harry
 Forrester, Rev. Donal F., C.S.P.
 Gann, Ernest K.
 Genns, Whitney T.
 Gerber, Robert F.
 Gobon, Ronald D.
 Goodman, Charles
 Gould, James R.
 Graves, William A.
 Griffin, Allen
 Griffiths, George W.
 Griffiths, Whitfield
 Gross, Fred
 Hache, Harry
 Hadley, Gordon George
 Haine, Robert E.
 Halvarson, Carl M.
 Hamilton, Ray V.
 Hardie, Robert C.
 Harris, Buck
 Harrison, Lytle, Jr.
 Haskin, Elmer G., Jr.
 Hass, Ewing
 Haze, Jonathan
 Henry, Harland M.
 Hester, William C.
 Hibbard, Robert
 Hill, Robert K.
 Hollands, Rockwell
 Holsinger, Max F.
 Horrall, John Day

Houghteling, Joseph C.
 Hughes, D. H.
 Johnson, Ben, III
 Juppe, Robert J.
 Kane, George R.
 Kannegieter, Jaap (Dutch)
 Keller, Mark G.
 Kendall, Talbot
 Kennedy, Col. Donald R.
 Kimball, Leonard
 Kirby, David B.
 Koch, Frank
 Kouns, John A.
 Kuhlmann, Michael W.
 Lane, C. Howard
 Larrick, Richard W.
 Leake, Paul R.
 Leichter, Jackson
 Long, E. A.
 Lopez, Ignacio P.
 Lynch, Robert M.
 MacMullen, Col. Douglas B.
 Martin, Ben D.
 Martin, Jerry C.
 Matthews, Samuel H.
 Matthews, Thomas F.
 McClatchy, William E.
 McClung, Emmons
 McFarland, Jack
 McNealy, Dean B.
 Meisling, Vaughn
 Mejia, Rafael
 Mercer, Samuel N.
 Miller, Alan O.
 Miller, A. Robert
 Miller, Jay K.
 Miller, Stephen L.
 Mohler, Charles A.
 Mood, Fulmer
 Moyer, Donald
 Newell, Paul
 Newport, Col. Richard B.

Nietfeld, William D.
 O'Hara, George W.
 Olmsted, Duncan H.
 Orr, Frank
 Paskman, Dailey
 Patengale, Martin H.
 Pelissero, Godwin
 Person, Evert B.
 Peterson, Anton F.
 Peterson, Claude E.
 Possony, Dr. Stefan T.
 Preble, Jim
 Queale, C. William
 Ranson, Alexander G.
 Reynolds, Donald W.
 Richert, Walter S.
 Ridder, Joseph B.
 Rieger, Henry
 Riffel, Jan B.
 Riley, Wyman
 Ripa, Louis J.
 Roensch, Adolfo G.
 Ross, Thomas E.
 Russell, Alfred
 Rutkowski, Ronal R.
 Sage, Sanford M.
 Samuels, Sheldon W.
 Sawyer, Frederick G., Dr.
 Scheffel, John F.
 Scipps, Chas. Edward
 Scipps, Edward W., II
 Scipps, John P.
 Sears, Gordon M.
 Segerstrom, Donald I.
 Segerstrom, William F.
 Seidner, Arnold
 Sestanovich, Stephen N.
 Shackleton, Lt. John R.
 Shaftner, William V.
 Shanks, William R.
 Shields, Ted
 Silverman, Milton

Sipe, Dale
 Smith, Clark
 Soberanes, William C.
 Spolar, Walter
 Stanley, Allen L.
 Stern, Daniel K.
 Stone, Angus
 Stone, Don J.
 Strass, Hal R.
 Sullivan, Frank C.
 Swanston, David C.
 Taylor, A. Curtis
 Taylor, Frank J.
 Thorburn, James W.
 Toohy, Neill M.
 Turner, Clarence E.
 Upton, William B.
 Van Teslaar, John D.
 Wade, Lawrence L.
 Waite, Alden C.
 Wallace, J. Newton
 Walsh, James R.
 Warner, Walter A.
 Warren, Wallie
 Waters, Dr. Earl G.
 Weaver, Frank M.
 Weber, George H.
 Weigle, Clifford
 Wells, John C.
 Wentworth, Chapman
 Wilks, H. Russell, Jr.
 Wilks, John L.
 Williams, L. J. "Bucky"
 Williamson, Jack
 Willow, Thomas F.
 Wilson, Thomas C.
 Wise, Christopher N.
 Wood, Dallas
 Woon, Basil D.
 Wurm, Ross
 Youngberg, Arthur C.
 Zigmond, Jerry

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Abel, Martin S., M.D.
 Allen, Lt. Cdr. Harry B., Jr.
 Allen, Lloyd L.
 Allen, Richard
 Alper, Harrison C.
 Ansell, B. W.
 Arner, Cdr. Radford K.
 Arnold, Nat S.
 Aronson, Gilbert S.
 Ashworth, Roy L.
 Axelson, Soren
 Baarts, Raymond E.
 Ball, Kenneth R.
 Ballard, Berton E.
 Bartlett, Thomas E.
 Bate, Holland K.

Beasley, R. Adm. Charles B.
 Bender, Ralph J.
 Bennett, Joel I.
 Bennett, Rev. Richard M.
 Bergeron, Victor J. "Joe"
 Bernstein, Maxwell R., M.D.
 Best, Erwin S.
 Billings, Donald W.
 Bitter, Paul
 Bjorseth, Bernard P.
 Blanckenburg, G. B.
 Blum, Judge Frank B.
 Blumenfeld, Jerome
 Bodine, E. Spencer
 Boghosian, Hovagem O.
 Bowerman, Herbert

Bowler, James L.
 Boyd, Edward R. L.
 Brez, Harold M.
 Brooke, John H.
 Bruce, Robert W.
 Burden, Donald W.
 Burman, Barry N.
 Burns, Alfred
 Burnson, Martin Q.
 Caldecott, Judge Thomas W.
 Campton, Joseph E., Jr.
 Carlson, James V.
 Carson, Martin
 Casey, Donald R.
 Cherry, Donald
 Christie, James V.

Churchill, Edward
 Clark, John D., Jr.
 Collier, Donald H.
 Cook, Rufus O.
 Corder, Bruce B.
 Corder, Walter O.
 Cotchett, Joseph W.
 Creedon, Daniel J.
 Crocker, Herbert A.
 Danielson, Phillip A.
 Danielsson, Jan O.
 Danyali, Mardo
 D'Etorre, Waldo, Jr.
 Deedy, Daniel F.
 Deignan, John E.
 Delfs, Richard C., M.D.

Demling, John M., Jr.
 DeRusha, B. Kent
 Doble, Leonard J. Jr.
 Duffy, Clinton T.
 Dunnington, Garland H.
 Edwards, John F.
 Eliot, William L.
 Elston, Martin P., M.D.
 Erb, Nathan J.
 Erickson, Arvid A.
 Fehr, Walter
 Figel, Emil
 Flanagan, Lance
 Fleming, Donald R.
 Fogelstrom, Wayne
 Forbes, Richard J.

SUBURBAN ASSOCIATE MEMBERS

Fox, C. Warren
Fox, Charles P.
Fox, Clyde M.
Frates, Dr. Robert C.
Freitas, Henry E.
Frenzel, Harold
Friberg, C. Eliot
Gates, Gary P.
Gellman, John A.
Giles, Raymond B.
Gillett, Darwin D.
Gilmore, Ronald A.
Ginsburg, Edward W.
Gittelsohn, Jay
Glass, Warren V., Jr.
Goldman, Arthur M.
Goldstein, Alvin H.
Gordon, Jerome (Jerry)
Grosberg, Benjamin
Hansen, Harold A.
Hatfield, Donald M.
Hayward, Owen H.
Heard, Niel L.
Heifetz, Harry
Heller, Abraham
Herwart, Frank J.
Herz, Henry H.
Heter, James
Hildebrand, Clifton
Hoffhine, William I.
Holdsworth, Lionel R.
Holsinger, Frank W.
Holquist, Frank X.
Horwitz, Morry

Hovorka, Paul A.
Howard, Jack
Hughes, Charles L.
Hurwitt, Gene
Johannessen, Dr. Geo. A.
Kahn, Julius III
Kaplan, Kenneth
Karski, Abraham C.
Kehlmann, Milton M.
Kelso, Malcolm G.
King, K. Van Ness
Kissig, Vern Robert
Knight, Fred W.
Knowles, Curtis S.
Kolasa, Walter Z.
Kolasa, Walter Z., Jr.
Kowalski, John
Kupfrian, Ken G.
Lambert, William M.
Langelier, Robert A.
Langtry, Richard T.
Leach, E. Rene
Lemage, Roy C.
Levin, Sydney
Lilienthal, Theodore M.
Lincoln, Luther H.
Livingston, Ralph H.
Long, Jack Y.
Lous, Erik
Lynn, David
Maas, David E.
MacKay, Donald C.
Madden, Robert H.
Magy, Dr. David B.

Maienschein, Joseph E.
Mantor, Paul
Marcune, Benjamin F.
Marks, Clifford W.
Marks, Sam R.
Mastrangelo, Tally P.
Mayer, Herbert J.
Mayer, Lawrence A.
Mayer, Sylvan Wm.
Mazza, Maria A.
McDevitt, William H.
McRory, Orville B., D.V.M.
McWhirr, Paul J.
Meyer, Marco C.
Middleton, Don A.
Miller, Sherwin U., M.D.
Minney, Thomas S.
Mintz, Herman W.
Morgan, Elmo R.
Morris, George H., Jr.
Morrison, Edward L.
Morrisey, Park M.
Morrow, Christopher S.
Mulford, Hon. Don
Munich, William
Myers, Wesley H.
Nemerov, Bernard N.
Newton, Frank P.
O'Rand, Mike C.
Pacelli, Louis J.
Palmedo, Bernard T.
Peake, William K.
Periman, Robert M., M.D.
Podesta, Ralph E., D.D.S.

Pratt, Herbert G.
Prins, Chas.
Prouty, Amiel F.
Purdy, Dan H.
Rader, William E.
Rattner, Dr. Lewis J.
Ray, Gerald H.
Rea, Malcolm A.
Rich, Neville J.
Richardson, R. Ray
Rinaldi, Hugo R.
Romeis, Rev. David H.
Rose, Robert C.
Rosehill, David G.
Royce, Ken F.
Ryan, Mark J., D.D.S.
Sanders, Carl
Sandmire, James Earl
Santrizos, Constantine (Dino) J.
Savale, William F.
Schapiro, A.
Schiedermayer, Philip L.
Schlesinger, Dr. Norton J.
Schmitt, Charles C.
Schneider, David N.
Schrager, Donald M.
Scruggs, Thomas M.
Sears, Col. Herbert E.
Seeger, William R.
Shapero, Samuel M.
Sherman, Jerome T.
Shields, James P.
Shults, Albert J.

Silverman, Daniel
Skinner, Douglas C.
Smith, Millard
Spath, Ronald
Staggs, Coy J.
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Stark, M. J.
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Stevens, Don
Stirton, Robert I.
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Sumner, Fred
Taggart, John A.
Thanos, George J.
Thorne, Daniel J.
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Tracy, Harry W.
Turner, William N.
Vines, Sanford
Wais, Marshall I.
Waldorf, Lynn O.
Walker, John A.
Wasserman, Albert, D.D.S.
Weaver, Raymond W., Jr.
Webber, Milton A.
Weil, Harry H.
Whalen, Robert T.
Williams, William W.
Wise, L. Hunter
Witt, Major Harley A.
Woltzen, Lloyd J.
Worth, William H.
Wratney, Anton C.
Yost, Otis P.

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Allardyce, Fred A.
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Amesbury, William H., Jr.
Anderson, L. Harold
Anderson, T. G.
Andrasko, Leslie M.
Arias, Santiago
Ashton, Marshall
Ashton, William J.
Bachtold, Harold E.
Baldwin, Donald H.
Barker, Dr. Michael Anthony
Beichley, F. W.
Benjamin, Harry, M.D.
Berliner, Harold A., Jr.
Bomar, Samuel W.
Bond, D. Clifford
Bradley, James A.
Bradley, John B.
Brandwein, Jack H.
Brannon, Richard H.
Brawn, Henry A.
Bretz, Andrew
Breuer, Arthur R.
Brown, Frank A.
Brown, Walton E.
Bruce, Jack W.
Burge, Cdr. John L.
Burke, Edwin
Cahill, Richard G.
Campos, Arthur R.
Caro, Lou M.
Carter, Rex D.
Casaday, James B.
Chase, Ronald W.
Chidlaw, Lester S.
Churchville, Col. Louis J.
Clark, Robert M.
Clifford, William H. (Bill)
Cohen, Hal
Cole, R. Meredith
Collier, Chester C.
Colpien, Raymond C.
Conkey, M. Cameron
Coogan, James T.
Cook, Clyde S.
Correa, Anthony
Couch, Marcus D.
Crist, Frank Lee, Sr.
Crowley, Samuel S., Jr.
Culbert, John D.

Deal, William H.
De Haven, Dr. Kenneth L.
DePew, Arthur J. K.
Devine, Donald E.
Doherty, Maurice A.
Draper, Dr. Fred H.
Dritz, Ernest H.
Dusterberry, Frank T.
Ericson, Stig I.
Evans, Edward L.
Ewing, Sam
Falk, Dixie A.
Farris, Jack H.
Farris, J. Kelly
Featherstone, Paul E.
Ferrogiario, William F.
Field, Fred Morgan
Finley, Gerard M.
Forbes, Stephen
Foster, Frank R., D.P.M.
Freeman, Edwin A.
Freeman, Irving M.
Friedberg, Jeffreys
Friml, Rudolph
Gabriel, Alan C.
Gallen, Ross I.
Gardner, Dr. Alfred
Gerner, Egon
Gerson, Maurice
Getz, Alvin H.
Gilbert, Richard G.
Gilchrist, Barth
Gill, David H.
Gill, Jonathan R.
Gillespie, John
Glass, Gerald T.
Goodman, Jesse J.
Grant, Harold L. II
Greenberg, Sam U.
Grubschmidt, Dr. Harry A.
Haddon, Wm. F.
Hagen, David W.
Hagopian, Andrew, D.D.S.
Hansen, Kenneth R.
Hansen, Robert C.
Harakas, James
Harberson, Cecil R.
Harrah, William F.
Harvey, Matthew J.
Harzfeld, Arthur J.
Hay, Donald H.
Hayden, Douglas

Herman, Daniel
Hewitt, Philip J.
Hobson, Joseph S.
Holmes, Leonard F.
Horvitz, Wayne L.
Hunt, Dr. Ronald L.
Hunt, Tony
Jacobs, Joseph J.
Jackson, George R.
Jackson, Wilbur D.
James, William C., Jr.
Jenkinson, Ellis R.
Joelson, Sten M.
Johnsen, Richard, Jr.
Johnson, Kenneth A.
Johnson, Robert F.
Jones, Harold B.
Jopling, Lt. Col. Daniel W.
Jordan, Charles C.
Jorgensen, Richard
Jurgens, H. Peter
Kahn, Paul M.
Kay, Harold
Keller, Nathan B.
Kennedy, Vincent D.
Kenny, Robert W.
Kimball, Harry M.
King, Frank
Kite, Donald H.
Koda, Edward K.
Kreis, Milton F.
Kring, Charles U.
Kumler, Clifford F., Jr.
Leach, William H.
Leavitt, Loren D.
Levin, Gerald S.
Levinger, Leland L.
Levinson, Michael J.
Levy, Dr. Reuben
Lewis, Blakely M.
Linsky, Prof. Benjamin
Lipsie, Lee
Love, C. Robert
Love, Carl F.
Lowe, H. S.
Lowen, Claude L.
Ludwig, James B., M.D.
MacCuish, Allan V.
Madeley, H. Randall, M.D.
Main, William F.
Malak, Andrej
Maschal, Burnett

Maylard, Col. Jack B.
McCarthy, W. Barry
McClary, Robert G.
McDermott, Judge James C.
McKown, John D. II
McMillan, Miles T.
Meyer, George
Miklas, John A.
Milburn, John H.
Miller, David C.
Mondavi, Robert G.
Morgan, Philip R., Jr.
Moss, Sam
Mullane, Lt. Col. Frank J.
Mullin, Sam E.
Nathanson, Norman J.
Noonan, Roney A.
O'Brien, Kerry W.
Obermiller, H. Bruce
O'Connell, Capt. Richard H.
O'Neill, James A.
Parratt, Rogers P.
Parson, Glenn R.
Pasternak, Stanley T.
Pearce, Malcolm B.
Pease, Paul H.
Pedersen, Harry O.
Perkins, Thomas C.
Petrini, James
Pettigrew, Stewart
Pezzaglia, J. Romildo
Platz, Roy E.
Porath, Frank R.
Porte, Harry W.
Power, Edwin I., Jr.
Power, Robert H.
Powers, Jack E., DPM
Prescott, Raymond A.
Pruett, John R.
Radelfinger, Frank T.
Radovich, Rafael
Randall, Benjamin M.
Rodriguez, Fernando J.
Rosen, Burt
Raybould, D. A.
Redmond, Jack A.
Redmond, Very Rev. Paul J.
Redmond, William
Reynolds, Harold G., Jr.
Rubinstein, Sam
Saussothe, William V.
Scheibner, Hugo

Scholefield, Wilfred H.
Schanfeld, Max P.
Seagrave, Col. David C.
Shapiro, Everett H.
Shepard, Bud
Shinn, Melvin
Shostak, Lawrence H.
Shostak, Max R.
Shryock, J. W.
Smith, Martin G.
Smith, Richard C.
Smith, Samuel B.
Snepp, Donald F.
Speaker, Robert J., M.D.
Spadden, Percy M.
Spurlock, Carl H., Sr.
Stahle, Jack W.
Stebbins, Stanley G.
Steward, Newton L.
Stock, Merrell F.
Sugars, Arthur R.
Susman, Ralph M.
Swedlund, Dean L.
Tadlock, Max R.
Taneyhill, Henry C.
Telford, Donald H.
Tempel, George
Thorsen, Harold J.
Tiedemann, John H.
Tinsley, Clarence M., M.D.
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We know what you're thinking.

Get rid of it.

Make it degradable.

But think about it.

There is just so much raw material in the world.

After it's exhausted there is no more. Period.

Therefore, the degradable can would mean that its component metals would be gone forever from the finite resources of the earth.

So what is the long term answer?

Simple. Solid wastes like cans, bottles and paper must be recycled. And

returned to the manufacturer for reprocessing and reuse.

And Americans (who consume more than half the world's raw materials) must act now to facilitate this recycling.

This means community involvement. And individual involvement.

You can start by insisting that local governments organize their disposal systems to separate cans from bottles and bottles from paper. Separate all of it from organic waste. And deliver these valuable resources to the manufacturers.

Such a procedure should not cost the taxpayer more for waste disposal. On the contrary, the money paid by the manufacturers for reusable material should

lower the cost of waste disposal.

By the way, Americans spend \$4.5 billion dollars annually in this area.

An incredible figure when measured against how easy it would be to get some of that money back.

The fact is, right now, American Can and others in the packaging industry are paying for reclaimed cans. Citizens groups in the San Francisco Bay Area are turning in tons of cans for reclamation.

If local governments will prohibit the indiscriminate disposal of solid wastes, we'll do the rest.

None of us can afford to do less.



**This is one of our national resources.
We can't afford to waste it.**



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past 50 years,
broadcasting
has helped make
the world smaller.**

**In the next 50 years
we'll try to make
it better.**

On November 2, 1920, in a makeshift shack in East Pittsburgh, six men sat up all night reporting the Presidential election returns on KPIX's sister station KDKA, the first licensed broadcasting station in America.

And broadcasting was born.

Since then it's grown at an astonishing rate. And, at an equally astonishing rate, the world has shrunk.

Countries halfway around the globe are now no further away than your nearest radio or TV set. You've had ringside seats at Olympic games, inaugurations and

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But broadcasting brings you more than athletes and astronauts. We bring you war and poverty, rats and junkies.

We show you how it feels to be old and alone. Or how it feels to be a kid sharing your bed with four other kids.

We show you all this because we believe it is broadcasting's responsibility to make people care, for only when they care do they act.

Fifty years ago on KDKA, broadcasting started making the

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