

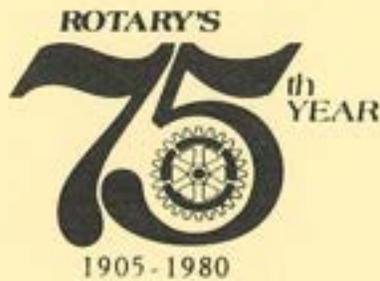
A HISTORY  
OF THE  
LA JOLLA ROTARY CLUB



February 23, 1980

A HISTORY OF THE  
LA JOLLA ROTARY CLUB  
ON THE OCCASION OF  
ROTARY INTERNATIONAL'S  
SEVENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

by  
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La Jolla, California 92037  
23 February 1980

**TO MY FRIENDS, THE ROTARIANS**

## PREFACE

On 23 February 1980 Rotary International celebrated its 75th anniversary. All clubs were asked to respond to the occasion. La Jolla Rotary decided to respond with a history.

La Jolla Rotary has published two previous histories: in 1952 and in 1962. These marked the five-year and 15-year points for our club. Both histories were done by Paul Spillane who deserves much credit. If it were not for him, much of the material would already be lost.

In approaching the present history, I decided to make it a story of people rather than events. Events are mentioned, but only tangentially. Some readers might be critical. Most of us have had pet projects. But projects are no longer terribly interesting years later. To my way of thinking, people come first.

When the time for writing approached, it came as a mild shock to me that I did not know my subjects well enough. People I thought I knew were nebulous, obscure, indistinct. How to make them come to life? By talking to them, of course. So I set up a series of interviews with our past presidents and with a few others who deserved mention. I met them over coffee, mostly at Harry's. All of them were cooperative, and all of them I hereby thank.

These interviews form the basis of the present history. They make it abundantly clear that our past presidents are worth knowing. Coming from many different parts of the country and from many different backgrounds, they have one thing in common: the spirit of enterprise. Highly individualistic, they bring together a world of wisdom. It was my good fortune to open a treasure chest.

This history of La Jolla Rotary is so arranged that it can be added to as the years go by. Although I will not be here for the next edition, I am happy in the knowledge that our future historians have a base to build on.

CLIFFORD L. GRAVES

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Frank Botsford, founder of La Jolla

### HOW IT BEGAN

In the spring of 1947 La Jolla was a sleeping beauty. It had one traffic light, two drugstores, and three service stations. It also had a dramatic coastline, a gold-plated climate and an exceptional citizenry. These attributes had put their stamp on the community from the beginning.

The beginning came in 1886 when an enterprising real estate investor by the name of Frank Botsford bought the land for \$1.25 an acre. If that seems ridiculous, the circumstances were not. In 1886 California had been in the Union barely 40 years. Older people vividly remembered the war when the Mexicans crushed the Army of the West while Commodore Stockton gave a victory ball in San Diego.

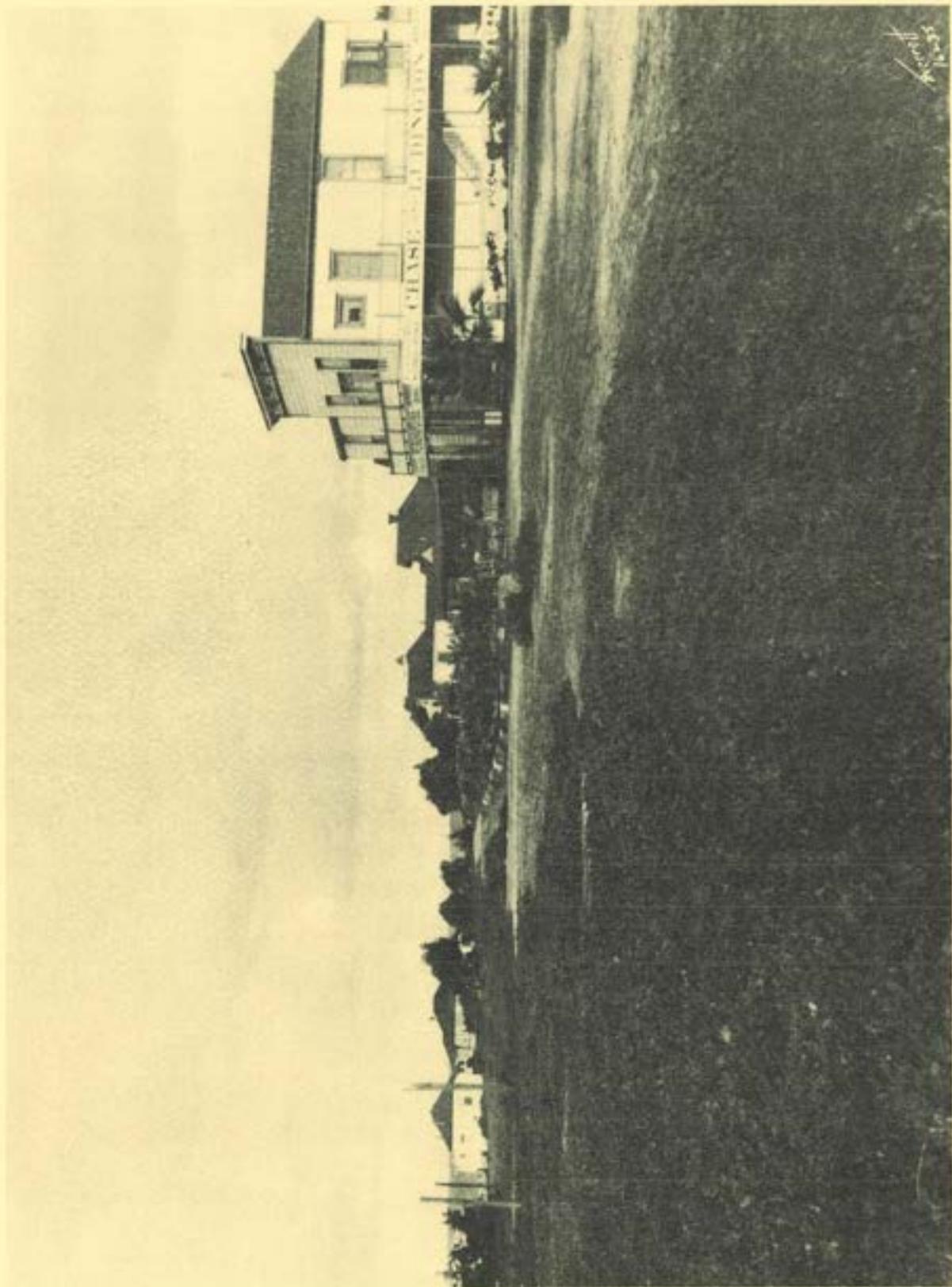
In the 40 years since California passed into American hands, San Diego had largely been bypassed. Basically, it remained an outpost. When Frank Botsford bought La Jolla, he bought a barren slope on Mount Soledad, unknown, untouched, unloved. Even the name was a bafflement. How to pronounce it? Much later Harriet Condict supplied the clue.

### LA JOLLA HOYS

Joyful spot beside the sea  
Jow thy lovers dote on thee  
Jappy junting ground for all  
Those who jeed old ocean's call.

Jere the brides of many Junes  
Spend enchanted joneymoons  
On the beach a holly throng  
Bathe and swim the whole day long.

Jop and hump in costumes gay  
Jush! In costumes did you say?  
While the thirsty artist soul  
Finds to quaff a brimming bowl.



Hade and Hasper---jewels bright  
Jover in the sunset bright  
When on the jorizon's brim  
Sinks the sun---what joy for jim?

Ah, La Jolla! can there be  
Jappier jours than spent with thee?

After Botsford's bold move, a few houses and even a hotel went up but nothing much happened until 1894 when the railroad arrived. Now it took only an hour to go from San Diego to La Jolla. Soon after the railroad came the first post office, the first market, the first school, the first tourists---notably Tante Heinrich whose real name was Anna Held. She started an artists' colony on Prospect Street and brought an ambiance of Old World charm and culture. Even more significant was the arrival in 1896 of Ellen Browning Scripps, already 60, who built her house on Prospect Street where the art museum now stands. A woman of means and intelligence, she gave money for every scientific and community project that made La Jolla: the Biological Institution (now the Institution of Oceanography), the Woman's Club, the recreation center, the hospital, the clinic, the library, the children's pool, the Bishop's school, Torrey Pines Park. If God shaped La Jolla, Ellen Browning Scripps endowed it.

We see then at the turn of the century a small community, favored with extraordinary natural beauty and an uncommon civic spirit. Gradually the modern conveniences arrived: the telephone in 1899, piped water in 1902, gas in 1909, electricity in 1911. The first car appeared in 1902, and the first bus in 1917. Street paving started in 1919. The first theater went up in 1913, and the first hospital in 1916. By 1920 La Jolla as a town had arrived. But it was still on the periphery.

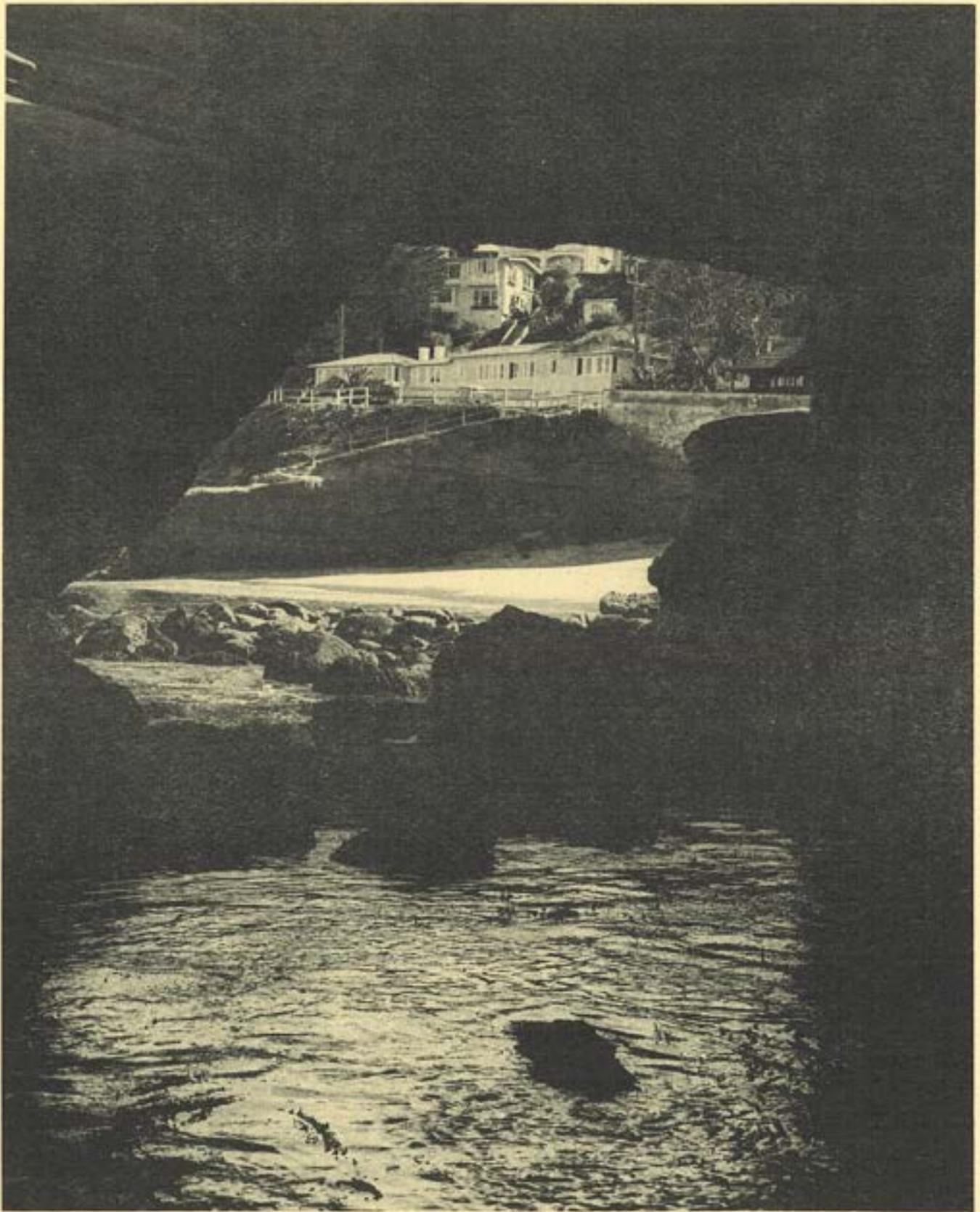
Then came two wars and their aftermath. In 1947 President Truman proclaimed the Fair Deal. Controls went off. Inflation came on. Prices shot up. Shortages crept in. A New York man

jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge because he could not get meat for his restaurant. Truman hired Marshall and fired Byrnes. Labor unions fought the right-to-work law. Secretary Ickes resigned when Truman called him a liar. In the Senate, Robert Taft was generally credited as the best mind---until he made it up. Among the new Congressmen was Richard Nixon, 33.

Elsewhere the world went topsy-turvy. Europe struggled to its feet with American money. India gained its independence. France lost Madagascar. Italy lost Fiume. Roumania lost Bessarabia. Jews and Arabs were fighting over Palestine. Britain activated its first atomic bomb. Truman announced that the U.S. would help any nation threatened with Communism. The Russian bear growled. The U.S. settled uneasily into its new role of policeman.

None of this touched La Jolla, except tangentially. Plenty of parking space on Girard. Driving south, you saw an occasional house until you came to Bird Rock where the anti-aircraft battery was still waiting to fire its first shot in anger. At night, the only sign of life on this stretch was the Jamar restaurant. To the north, the road led past the Taj Mahal and up the hill where you could get gas for 25 cents a gallon and a cup of coffee for five cents. The university was 20 years away.

The La Jolla Light carried only good news. The Marine Room advertised family dinners for \$1.50. A three-bedroom house on the Boulevard went for \$11,500. La Jollan Jerry Crary was vice-mayor of San Diego. Bill van Schaick bemoaned the plans for a trailer park at Camp Callan. Trailerites would not be comfortable with La Jollans, he said, and La Jollans would not be comfortable with trailerites. Captain and Mrs. Walter Rockey entertained at their house on Belvedere. A bus ride to San Francisco was \$6.67, and to New York \$45.25. Lydia Pinkham had good news for girls who get nervous every month. The air was clean, the beach was smooth, the streets were quiet. La Jolla was a paradise.



Dramatic coastline

But how to start a Rotary Club? For that, it was necessary to get permission from the San Diego Club which held sway over all the lands north of the Sweetwater and south of the San Luis Rey. Various attempts before and during the war had led to naught because the San Diego Club was not about to lose members to an upstart. The Rotarians in San Diego acted somewhat like the prospective father-in-law who was approached by his daughter's suitor.

"Sir, I would like to marry your daughter," the young man said, "but first I would like to know if there is any insanity in your family."

The old man took a good look at his questioner and answered emphatically.

"No, son. And there isn't going to be any either."

Besides, there was the matter of recruitment. Before a Rotary club can get under way, it must have at least 20 members, all from different occupations. It must have well-defined boundaries and visible identity. La Jolla in 1947 had 16,000 people but a lot of them were newly-wed or nearly-dead. With any new club, initial mortality is always a risk.

Finally, three men in the San Diego Club got the ball rolling. These were Gordon Gray, Fred Annabel and George Ash. Gordon Gray was a respected lawyer who had actually been in on the start of the San Diego Club way back. Fred Annabel was a railroad president who was Rotary district governor in 1941. George Ash was an automobile dealer who was district governor in 1945. These three men had three potent allies in La Jolla, men with Rotary in their background: Otto Bradshaw, Frank Kamp and H. O. Miller. With these three pulling and the three in San Diego pushing, the infant was delivered in an atmosphere of high hope and tender loving care. The 20 charter members of La Jolla Rotary are hereby cited for dedication and enterprise above and beyond the call of duty.

The three founders of La Jolla Rotary



Gordon Gray



George Ash



Fred Annabel

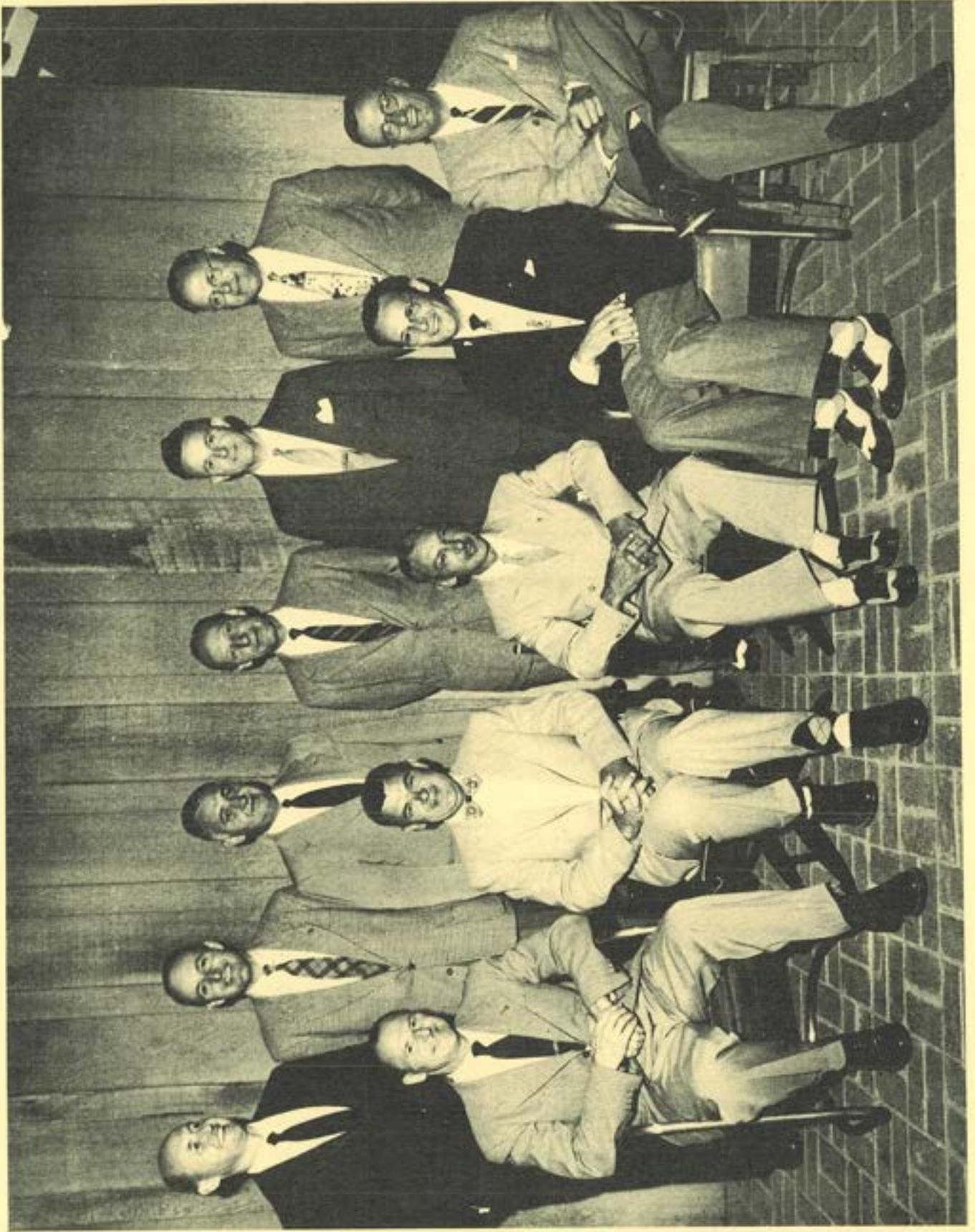


Club assembly in August 1948. Seated left to right: Otto Bradshaw, Dick Irwin, Buz Armacost, Paul Spillane, Bob Brantley. Standing left to right: Frank Kamp, Bill Bettles, Wally McKay, George Ash, Clarence Gurr (district governor), Ken Glazebrook (president), Howard Rowe.

Gordon Gray - - - - - general law practice  
 Otto Bradshaw, vice-president - past service  
 Kenneth Glazebrook - - - - - real estate  
 Emery Armacost - - - - - nursery retailing  
 Luther Barber - - - - - deep-freeze lockers  
 Fred Cole - - - - - transfer and storage  
 Richard Irwin - - - - - hotels  
 Frank Kamp - - - - - past service  
 Karl Kenyon - - - - - banking  
 Wallie McKay - - - - - variety stores  
 Horace Miller - - - - - past service  
 Frank Morgan - - - - - dry goods, retailing  
 Kenneth Rearwin - - - - - security brokerage  
 Paul Spillane - - - - - jewelry  
 Fred Winship - - - - - land development  
 Tom Shepherd - - - - - architect  
 Edward Clarkson - - - - - insurance  
 William Gibbud - - - - - hardware  
 Edward Scott - - - - - ladies apparel  
 William Bettles - - - - - home furnishings

The next step was the chartering ceremony. It took place in great solemnity and jubilation in the ballroom of the San Diego Hotel on 27 April 1947. Rotary clubs in the district sent representatives or telegrams with congratulations. Here is the list.

<u>Club</u>	<u>Year of birth</u>
San Diego	- 1911
Oceanside	- 1924
Escondido	- 1924
La Mesa	- 1925
Chula Vista	- 1926
Coronado	- 1926
El Cajon	- 1926
Vista	- 1936
Encinitas	- 1939
Carlsbad	- 1939
Fallbrook	- 1946
San Clemente	- 1946

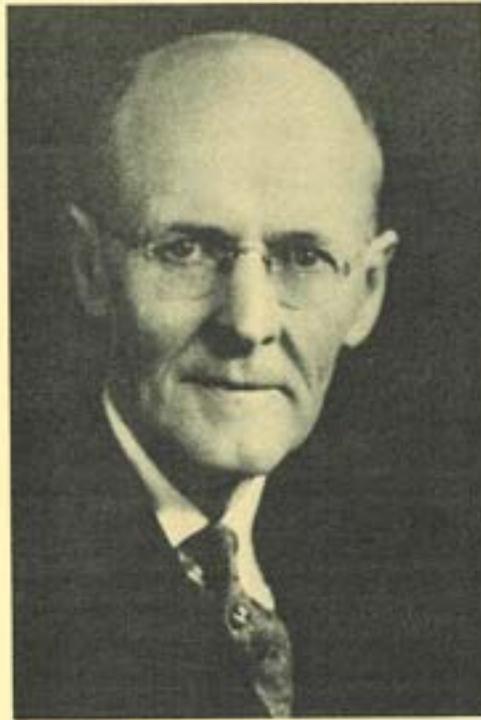


The club in 1954 Seated left to right: Max Schmidt, Walter Dewhurst, Bob Brantley, Fred Knight, Bud Barber

As it happened, another club had whittled away a chunk of San Diego territory. This was the Old Mission Club, carved from Mission Hills and now based mainly on Mission Valley. So the two clubs joined in a double baptism. The speaker was Bruce Watt, president of the Stationer's Corporation and a member of the San Diego Club. In his speech, Bruce admonished the new Rotarians to put service first. Service to the club, service to the community, service to the world at large.

It appears then that La Jolla Rotary in the spring of 1980 is a vigorous young man of 33. The presidents:

Gordon Gray	- 1947
Otto Bradshaw	- 1948
Kenneth Glazebrook	- 1949
Kenneth Rearwin	- 1950
Emery Armacost	- 1951
Paul Spillane	- 1952
Howard Rowe	- 1953
Hugh Waldman	- 1954
Bob Brantley	- 1955
Walter Dewhurst	- 1956
Bob Hand	- 1957
Fred Knight	- 1958
Gene Schniepp	- 1959
Bob Boughton	- 1960
Cameron McDonald	- 1961
Charles Tischoff	- 1962
Athos Sada	- 1963
Marion Karrh	- 1964
Karl ZoBell	- 1965
Charles Robison	- 1966
Bob Herrick	- 1967
Tom Watson	- 1968
Everett Stunz	- 1969
Bob Stader	- 1970
Ray Howard	- 1971
Paul Bremner	- 1972
Clifford Graves	- 1973
Percy Allen	- 1974
Virgil Watters	- 1975
Bill Beamer	- 1976
James Moir	- 1977
Don Fox	- 1978
Roy Madsen	- 1979
Garet Clark	- 1980



Paul Harris



Rotary International office in Evanston, Illinois

### PAUL HARRIS AND HIS TIMES

Rotary was the idea of Paul Harris. It was born in 1905 and has grown ever since. Why is it that Rotary caught on while similar organizations in the past did not? The answer lies partly in Paul Harris and partly in his times.

Paul Harris was born in 1869, a year he shared with Mahatma Gandhi, Neville Chamberlain and Frank Lloyd Wright. Paul's father had a small store in Racine, Wisconsin but things did not go a bit well and the family was having great difficulty raising five boys. In desperation, the parents sent two-year-old Paul to live with his grandparents in Wallingford, Vermont, a hamlet eight miles south of Rutland.

For Paul, this confusing event was the best thing that could have happened. In Wallingford he found the love of his grandparents, the peace of a sheltered home, and the beauty of the great outdoors. As a boy, he wandered through the woods, did a lot of reading, and learned to judge people by what they did, not by what they said. Though conscious of his parents' absence, he did not let it interfere. Just the opposite. In Wallingford, he was known for his pranks and capers.

But he also had a serious side. By the time he graduated from high school at 16, he was ready for wider horizons. At the suggestion of his grandmother, he enrolled at the University of Vermont in Burlington. Here he stayed two years and would have stayed longer but for an unfortunate incident. A freshman was unmercifully hazed, and Paul got the blame. A board was convened, and Paul was expelled. It is ironic that more than 40 years later, the University of Vermont conferred an honorary degree on its wayward son.

A bright student, Paul enrolled at Princeton. Again, he won praise for his reach of thought, and again his progress was inter-

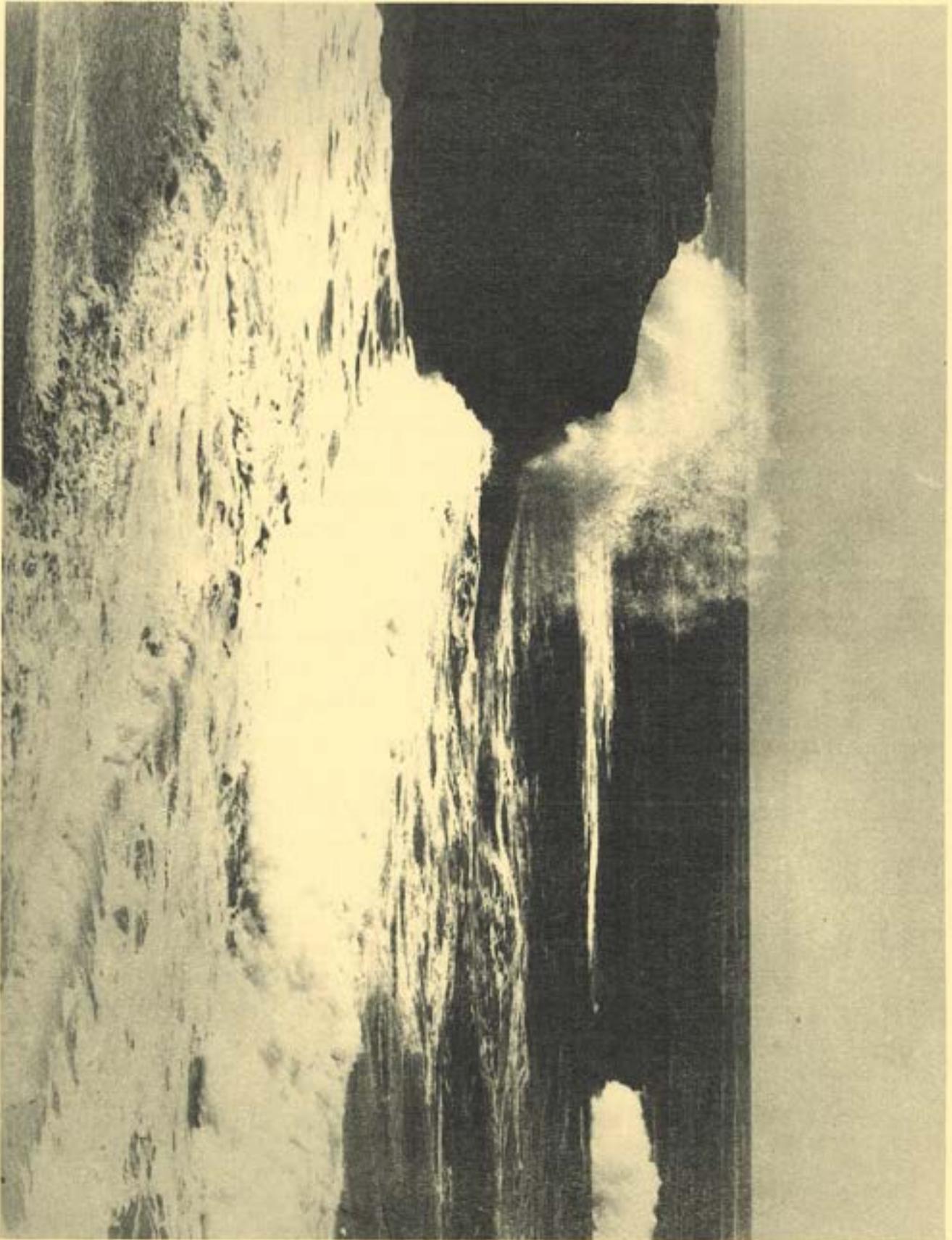
rupted by an unfortunate event. His grandfather died. In his deep concern for his grandmother, Paul gave up his final year at Princeton to return to Wallingford where he worked for a year in the office of the Sheldon Marble Company. Although his duties were pedestrian in the extreme, they did not prevent him from acquiring a working knowledge of the trade, a knowledge that served him in good stead in the years to come. He read voraciously and pondered endlessly.

It was his grandmother who decided that Paul must become a lawyer. The family had relatives in Iowa, and that is where Paul went next. Now 20, he spent a year reading law with a group of attorneys in Des Moines. The next year he entered law school at the University of Iowa in Iowa City. Here the atmosphere was quite different from Princeton. At Iowa, the students were older and more realistic. Many of them were teachers who had returned to school. Paul in later life often said that he learned more from his fellow-students than from his books. Always the philosopher, he developed his own way of looking at life.

At 22, he had his degree. But his grandmother was not there to congratulate him, having died the year before. She, who had guided and encouraged Paul through the difficult years, did not see him at that significant moment. It was one of his great disappointments.

Like so many young men with high ideals, he did not feel ready to settle down. He had to think, mature, find himself. At the graduation exercises, the commencement speaker said that every young man out of college should spend five years traveling, observing, thinking, and "making a fool of himself." That was exactly Paul's cup of tea. He still had a few hundred dollars to his name. Flushed with the prospect, he left Iowa and headed for the Northwest where he spent the summer fishing and hunting. But even in the wilds, he always carried a book with him. He said that books were his anchor.

La Jolla's greatest asset: the sea



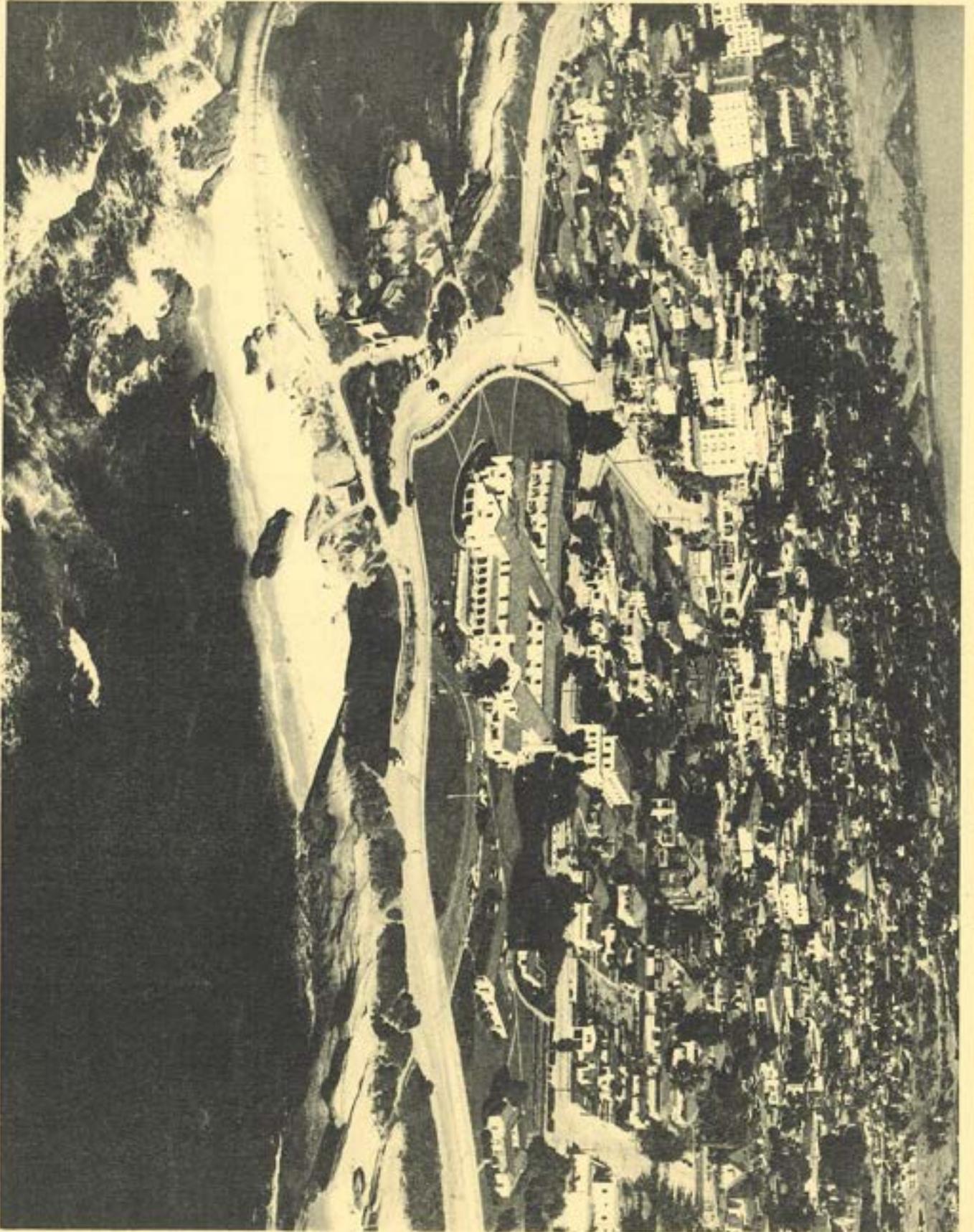
### Getting Ready For Life

But money ran out, and Paul had to find work. This was the beginning of his apprenticeship for life, a five-year period during which he roamed the highways and byways of America and Europe.

In San Francisco, he got a job as a reporter on the Chronicle. With a friend, he gathered oranges in the Vaca valley, hiked 300 miles through Yosemite, and packed raisins in Fresno. In Los Angeles he found a job teaching, and in Denver acting. He wrote for the Rocky Mountain News and herded cattle near Platteville. Another jump, and he was night clerk in the St. James Hotel in Jacksonville, Florida.

Still restless, he became salesman for a marble and granite firm in Jacksonville. Partly because of his knowledge of the basics and partly because of his personality, he became fast friends with the owner of the firm, George Clark. This friendship lasted many years, much to the benefit of both men. The great event of 1893 was the inauguration of Grover Cleveland. Paul wrote it up for the Washington Star. Now to Louisville for another stint with a marble and granite house. From Louisville to Philadelphia where he saw an ad for a deckhand on a cattle boat to England. Exactly what the commencement speaker had ordered. The boat was filthy, the food inedible, and the crew bawdy if not perverted. On arrival in Liverpool, Paul was immediately transferred to another cattle boat for the return trip. This boat was even filthier, if possible. Undaunted, he took a job in a corn-canning factory in Baltimore for \$1.50 a day. Paul knew poverty and hunger. These were unforgettable experiences.

Still searching, he went to New Orleans and got a job in a warehouse for oranges. A hurricane blew in, flooding the parish. After three days of torrential rains, people were drowning. Paul formed a rescue crew. Wading through chest-deep water in the howling storm, the men formed a human chain and salvaged what they could. Hundreds of lives were lost. Paul had another lesson in human suffering.



La Jolla in 1947, the year the club was formed

Of his further travels, let us say only that he managed the grand tour of Europe as a roving ambassador for the marble and granite house in Jacksonville and that he got back to Chicago almost five years after he left. He had spent his savings but he had gained insight, judgment and wisdom. The commencement speaker would have been proud of him.

It was now 1896, and Paul was 27. Another nine years were to go by before Rotary was born. What were the conditions in America that spawned the idea?

#### At The Turn Of The Century

The decade from 1896 to 1905 saw America emerge as a world power. After the bloodletting of the Civil War and after the unbecoming campaign in Cuba (what we need now is a good war, said Teddy Roosevelt in 1895), the U.S. woke up to find that it produced one-third of the world's coal, one-third of the world's steel, one-third of the world's iron. It had a larger population than any European country except Russia, and it exported more goods than the United Kingdom. By taking over Cuba, Puerto Rico and the Philippines, it had become a colonial power. Gold began to accumulate. Economic changes of this magnitude inevitably strain the social structure.

The decade brought not only great industrial expansion but also tremendous technical advances. In 1896 alone, five significant events took place. The first movie was shown in New York. Marconi invented the wireless. Röntgen discovered x-rays. Langley built a steam-driven airplane with a 14-foot wing span (it almost flew). In Chicago, a four-wheeled buggy with a two-cylinder engine and a tiller won a 52-mile race on a cold Thanksgiving Day with a speed of just over five miles an hour. Man traveled farther, saw better and heard more than he ever had before. But did he also feel better? Unfortunately no.

Supposedly, there were no poor in America. But social conditions were disgraceful. The average work week was 59 hours, the average pay less than ten dollars a week. In textile mills, new hands got 75 cents for a ten-hour day. Factories worked overtime when business was good and shut down when it was bad. Nobody paid attention to the unemployed. Wages in garment factories varied from eight cents an hour for pressers to 25 cents for cutters. A learner earned three or four dollars a week, an old hand 14. Sweatshops rarely paid their workers more than 1200 dollars a year. Coal miners were at the mercy of "the company." They were paid by the ton, but it weighed 3360 pounds. A miner earned 400 dollars a year. In anthracite mines, children picked slate for 50 cents a day.

Mill work, garment sewing and coal mining were only three among hundreds of occupations that paid starvation wages. A man with a family lived at the ragged edge of poverty all his life. In 1904 Robert Hunter estimated that at least ten million of America's 76 million were so poor that they could not obtain "those necessities that permit them to maintain physical efficiency." Incredible as this figure is, the economist John Ryan proved two years later that 60 per cent of adult workers earned too little to maintain a family. As many as 50 million Americans were desperately poor. While the industrial age had made a few hundred families fabulously wealthy, it had reduced millions of others to a state in which they lacked "a sanitary dwelling and sufficient food and clothing to keep the body in working order." Even slaves did better in the days before 1865.

A handful of citizens---the very rich---wielded immense power. The rank and file wielded none. When the government needed an emergency loan in 1895, President Cleveland turned to J. Pierpont Morgan who obliged with 65 million. Of course, he expected favors in return. In the South, James Buchanan Duke controlled the tobacco industry. "I ain't going to be a preacher," he said. "I am going into business and make a pile." Before he was 35, he

had. Henry Rogers of Standard Oil, already 60 at the turn of the century, perfected the ruthless practices that he had grown up in. Because it was the best customer, Standard Oil had bargained with the railroads for a secret schedule. The difference between the secret rate and the standard rate came back to the company in under-the-counter rebates. Competitors paid the full charge. For a time, Standard Oil even got rebates on money paid by its competitors. Rebating had spread to other industries and had become so complex that there existed a sliding scale. A Wisconsin manufacturer was highly pleased with his 50-cents rebate until he discovered that his competitor was getting 65 cents.

America was a dog-eat-dog country. There was no Social Security, no unemployment insurance, not even accident insurance let alone health insurance for the industrial worker. If a man got hurt, too bad. In his travels, Paul Harris had seen the ravages. Too honest to enter politics and too sensible to flail about, he merely stored the information. That this information became an important factor in his later resolve to start Rotary, there can be no doubt. Man is a product of his times. Paul had lived through the cattle boat, the Louisiana flood, the tobacco fields. They all spelled human misery. America might be the home of the brave but it was also the haunt of the wretched.

It was during this same decade that the press began to ask questions. In 1903 Ida Tarbell wrote an article in McClure's proving that Standard Oil had crushed competition by extortion. The magazine Everybody exposed the meat-packing industry. McClure's came back and proved that life insurance companies accumulated huge surpluses. Collier's and The Ladies Home Journal denounced the patent medicine industry. Cosmopolitan showed clearly that U.S. Senators could be bought. Malfesance, dereliction, bad faith. Every thinking man rebelled.

### The Idea Is Born

Meanwhile, Paul Harris was struggling to get started in Chicago. A small fish in a big pond, he did what other young lawyers did: make contacts, attend court, study controversial cases. But as for clients---none. The teeming city had no time for him. Frustrated, Paul asked young colleagues how they managed. Some had patrons, some had pipelines, some had a nest egg, and some had troubles remarkably like his own. He knew that all young professional men go through a crucible, and he had prepared himself for the inevitable lean period. In fact, he was an expert in that field. But to be totally ignored when he had something to offer, that was hard.

Today, a young man can console himself. He can join a club, take up tennis, look at TV, go for a drive, find companionship. But all this was much more difficult 80 years ago. There were no clubs, no tennis courts, no TV, no cars. Idealistic young people were on their own. For Paul, the worst thing was the loneliness. People everywhere but not a familiar face. After a frugal meal in a modest restaurant, he would go home to an empty apartment without music, without warmth, without animation. "Men must have the companionship of those of their kind," he wrote later.

But he kept his eyes open. One day he visited a friend in the suburbs. After dinner, the two men went for a stroll. Paul's companion knew everybody. He addressed people by their first name. He tipped his hat. He made jokes. This was the kind of atmosphere Paul had enjoyed so much in Wallingford. Why couldn't the same thing exist in the city? Why couldn't people greet each other? Why couldn't people smile instead of scowl? Loneliness breeds doubt, suspicion, skepticism. Negative emotions. Long before Will Rogers said it, Paul thought it. Let's be friendly. Let's get to know each other. Let's reach out. He was beginning to formulate his thoughts.

It took a while for things to jell. Paul was not a man given to impulsive starts. But once an idea entered his mind, he did not let go. And the idea was simple enough. Bring people together. He weighed, he figured, he fancied. Then he spoke to some friends, three of whom responded: Silvester Schiele, a coal dealer; Gus Loehr, a mining engineer; and Hiram Shorey, a tailor. They met in Gus Loehr's office on 23 February 1905. Rotary was born.

The basic principles were laid down at those first few meetings.

1. A fellowship of sincere and enlightened men from every walk of life
2. Only one representative from each occupation
3. No racial, religious or political prejudice
4. Service to the community
5. Cultivation of international goodwill

The rest is history, briefly summarized on the following page. Paul Harris died in 1947 at the age of 78. Admired by his staff, honored by universities, recognized by foreign governments, he left a rich legacy. The legacy of Rotary.



The caves

SIGNIFICANT DATES

- 1905 - Paul Harris starts Rotary in Chicago
- 1906 - First emblem, a wagon wheel
- 1907 - First community service  
(rest rooms for city hall)
- 1908 - San Francisco starts club #2
- 1909 - Oakland starts club #3
- 1910 - National Association of Rotary Clubs  
magazine published
- 1911 - First club overseas: Ireland
- 1915 - Rotary code of ethics
- 1917 - Endowment fund established  
(forerunner of Rotary Foundation)
- 1918 - First club in South America
- 1919 - First club in the Orient
- 1920 - First club in continental Europe
- 1922 - Name changed to Rotary International
- 1925 - Zurich secretariat established
- 1930 - Past-service membership established
- 1933 - Four-way test adopted
- 1947 - Paul Harris dies at 79
- 1947 - Rotary Foundation awards first fellowships
- 1949 - Rotary returns to Japan and Germany
- 1951 - Four avenues of service recognized  
club                    vocational  
community            international
- 1954 - Rotary moves into new building in Evanston, Ill.
- 1961 - Attendance at Tokyo convention 23,000, biggest ever
- 1968 - Rotaract - service club for young adults
- 1979 - Number of clubs: over 18,000  
Number of Rotarians: over 800,000



La Valencia Hotel, home of La Jolla Rotary



La Jolla Rotary was lucky to have as its first president a man who was universally respected and admired: GORDON GRAY.

Gordon was born in 1877 on a farm near Niles, Michigan. An outstanding student, he went to Harvard Law School where he graduated in 1900. His graduation present was a tour of Europe. This tour made a great impression. He returned, imbued with the Victorian ideals.

Gordon practiced law in Chicago and joined Rotary in the early years. He came to San Diego in 1910 and got the San Diego club off the ground in 1911. Two years later he was president. In 1915 he became a director of the international association, and in 1927 he organized the law firm of Gray, Cary, Ames and Driscoll. In 1947, although he was then already 70, he gave the push that started our club. Still as busy as ever with the legal firm he had founded, he now undertook the demanding job of getting the new club on its feet. Here is what Karl ZoBell says about Gordon:

"When I came to work for the firm in 1958, Gordon was in his 80s. We were the only two in our small branch office in La Jolla, and I got to know him well. Thoughtful, considerate, courtly and urbane, he was scrupulous about the integrity of our work and the reputation of the firm. If there is one word to describe Gordon, it is the word gentleman.

"In the presence of clients, even longtime and valued clients, Gordon was unfailingly charitable with us, younger men. He always said that we were more observant, better educated, more precise. This is probably as close as he ever came to saying something that was not true.

"Until he was almost 90, Gordon came to the office nearly every day. I often found him there late at night and on weekends, reading, studying, writing. On none of these occasions did I ever see him without a coat and tie. He always had a kind word to say, and he never lost his temper. A true Victorian, he had a strong loyalty to the firm he had created and to all of us younger men who were trying to emulate him.

"Gordon died in 1967 at the age of 90. He represented something that has almost disappeared: noblesse oblige. Even today, he exerts his influence. One of his enduring monuments is the La Jolla Rotary Club."



If a Rotarian is a sincere and enlightened person with a yen for work and a love of his fellow man, OTTO BRADSHAW was a true Rotarian.

When Otto graduated from high school in Omaha, he had already served an apprenticeship as a repairman in a watch and clock store. Thus prepared, he went to Belle Fourche in the Black Hills where he soon had his own store. But Belle Fourche was too small for Otto. He wanted to learn about lenses. For this he had to go to optometry school in Chicago, a great financial sacrifice for a young man just getting started.

With the diploma in his pocket, he roamed South Dakota and Nebraska until the bug bit him again. This time to Los Angeles. Rather than take up the confining life of an optometrist, Otto decided to become a salesman for an optical company. He did so well that he was asked to become a partner. Fortune smiled.

In 1920, another twist. He bought a rundown farm near El Centro and set about rehabilitating it. Without previous training, he started raising grapes, melons, grapefruit. Before long the farm was paying off. Henceforth, Otto was constantly improving his crops and expanding his holdings.

In the valley, Otto Bradshaw became an influence. At one time and another, he was secretary of the Grape Growers, board member of the Fruit Growers, director of the Farm Bureau, board member of the Bank of America. A Freemason, he put the drive for crippled children's hospitals on its feet. He fought the Communist movement and headed the anti-Communist Associated Farmers. In 1925 he joined the El Centro Rotary Club, and in 1929 he was its president. Whenever something asked to be done, Otto did it.

He came to La Jolla in 1934 and joined our club when it was formed. Under his presidency, membership nearly doubled (from 20 to 36). Committees went to work. Contact with other clubs began. Young as it was, La Jolla Rotary was the first club in the district to register full participation in the Rotary International Foundation which was then beginning to function as a memorial to Paul Harris.

The club contributed to the Red Cross, sponsored a Boy Scout camp, supported the La Jolla Planning Council, helped the club in Palm Springs, organized an orchid show in La Jolla, joined with the Soroptimists in promoting a high school essay contest, and held a ladies night. Not bad.



KENNETH GLAZEBROOK, third president, came to La Jolla during the war. His first job was estimator for Consolidated Vultee, now part of General Dynamics.

A native of Syracuse, he had a hand in many things before he came here: health foods, life insurance, real estate, the contracting business.

After the war he formed the Glazebrook Nelson Real Estate Company which remained in business for many years.

Under his presidency the club established a fund for underprivileged children at Scripps Hospital, gave money for the Boy Scout home in Balboa Park, and contributed to the camperdown fund at La Jolla elementary school.

The club bulletin (Surfbeat) started under the editorship of Richard Irwin. Signs appeared at the entrance to La Jolla, announcing the presence of a Rotary club. The treasury was beefed up through a system of fines for lateness, unexcused absence, unseemly publicity, ditto advertising, and miscellaneous transgressions. The club published a roster, even adopted an official Rotary tie.

Some of these accomplishments have become invisible with the passage of time. The Surfbeat was one of the more permanent attainments.

The fledgling was beginning to fly.



When KENNETH REARWIN was 10, the family started from Salinas, Kansas for Yellowstone in a new Cadillac. Halfway, the transmission burned out. Working only with the tools at hand, Ken's father extracted the burnt-out part, repaired it, and put things back together. This feat so impressed young Ken that he began to take engines apart himself.

No less impressed with the marvels of the automobile, Ken's father decided to sell his lumber yard in Salinas and become an airplane manufacturer. His first product, the Ken-Royce (after Ken and his brother) had a 45 horsepower engine and sold for \$1495. The air speed indicator was extra.

Those were the days of the entrepreneur. New models appeared with the same regularity as new-model automobiles. From the Ken-Royce came the Sportster. This little plane was so well constructed that three of them were still flying 40 years later. Meanwhile Kenneth graduated cum laude from Northwestern University with a degree in business and finance.

The war brought changes. The Rearwin Aircraft and Engines Company switched to tools for machine gun bullets. Ken busied himself devising an instrument trainer for pilots. This work brought him to the attention of the navy which sent him to San Diego. When the war was over, Ken had only one thought: to live in San Diego for the rest of his life.

Obviously, pilot training had a low priority in 1945. Falling back on his college years, he decided to become a stock broker. But there were no openings in La Jolla. He then persuaded Merrill Lynch to make him their La Jolla representative anyway, and in 1949 his work paid off. Merrill Lynch opened an office here. Ken headed it until 1958 when he was tapped for San Francisco. Even though this was top spot on the West Coast, it eventually palled compared with La Jolla. After seven years, Ken was back. Today he is financial consultant for half a dozen of our cultural organizations.

Under Ken, La Jolla Rotary continued to grow. The major project was furniture for a room in the new wing of the hospital. At a cost of nearly \$1000, this was a respectable effort. Club membership grew from 35 to 51. The committees began to function. Visiting Rotarians showed up in increasing numbers.

Kenneth combined vigorous leadership with a winning personality. Under him, La Jolla Rotary became a lusty three-year-old.



Gallant, courageous, lovable, sweet  
Terrific, courteous, generous, neat  
Gentle, considerate, constant, kind  
Charitable, forgiving, witty, refined  
Cordial, appreciative, honest, reliable  
Handsome, understanding, suave, pliable  
Dedicated, creative, intelligent, warm  
Fascinating, affectionate as well as charm  
Wholesome, compassionate, civil, gracious  
Industrious, dynamic, firm, sagacious  
Admirable, faithful, virtuous, clean  
Talented, affable, radiant, keen  
Thus we say goodbye to Buz  
The nicest guy that ever wuz.

These words, written by Homer Torrey to describe another Rotarian, could be used also to describe our late departed BUZ ARMACOST.

Buz was born in Oakland and went to school in San Francisco. Finished with high school, he entered premed at the University of California in Berkeley. Everything was rolling smoothly until the depression struck. In the absence of coin, Buz went to work in the credit department of Butler Brothers.

Depression merged into war, and Buz found himself administrative assistant in civilian personnel at the San Francisco Port of Embarkation. For better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, in sickness and in health, Buz remained with the port until the end of the war.

When VJ Day came, Buz had to decide on a career. After giving the matter much thought, he bought a nursery in La Jolla. He loved the work because it put him in touch with God's most peaceful creatures: plants.

Buz was a charter member of our club. During his year as president, the club awarded its first scholarship. The VISA program (Visiting International Students Association) became a highly visible and rewarding enterprise.

In 1969 Buz developed the first symptoms of the disease that was to take his life: pulmonary fibrosis. He noticed that he was short of breath and tired easily. He sold the nursery and retired to northern California where he bought a 100-acre parcel of woodland on the Trinity River near Weaver-ville. In vain. In 1978 Buz came back to La Jolla, and in 1979 he died. We mourn a sterling character.



Handicapped by poor health in his youth, PAUL SPILLANE nevertheless made good in three disparate careers: the theater, jewelry and travel. Only a man with an artistic temperament could manage such a thing.

He was born in Watertown, Massachusetts. From the time he was a baby, he had repeated upper respiratory infections. So precarious became his condition that his doctor ordered him to bed every winter for fear that the patient would become a pulmonary cripple (today, at 80, Paul is in robust health). Until he was 17, Paul got his schooling from private tutors.

During these years he spent many hours reading and listening to music. Intellectually and artistically, he far surpassed the boys of his generation. In the practicalities of every-day living, he was behind. To let him catch up, his father sent him to La Jolla. He stayed at the Colonial Inn and amused himself by driving a second-hand Reo. Handsome, smart and personable, young Paul nevertheless led a monastic existence. He was under instructions to restore himself not only physically but spiritually.

But all good things come to an end, and Paul returned to Boston. His first job was with the Hollis Street Theater. After several stints with the Schubert Theaters and the Boston Opera, he became subscription manager of the Boston Symphony. Here he met all the great artists of his time. But his old ailments began to reassert themselves. Plagued with chronic bronchitis, Paul brought his family to La Jolla in 1946. As a medical measure, the move was a complete success.

Without a symphony or a professional theater, La Jolla was an artistic void for Paul. The nearest thing he could find was a jewelry store. He took all the courses available and had just become a certified gemologist when the jewelry store was forced to close its doors. Undaunted, Paul opened the La Jolla Travel Bureau and built it into the ninth largest.

Under Paul, La Jolla Rotary did many things: helped a music student at Idyllwild, sponsored a Japanese student at Scripps, supported the Crusade for Freedom, bought clothing for needy school children, held joint parties with Old Mission and Tijuana, contributed to the Brownies, helped with the polio drive, and gave two scholarships. Paul also lived up to his pledge that the club should have some money in the till. Best of all, Paul wrote the fifth-anniversary book, and later the 15-year book. No man did more for La Jolla Rotary.



HOWARD ROWE's family came to La Jolla in 1923, the golden decade. Some people might question whether the 20s were the golden decade. In actuality, they were. It was during this decade that all the modern conveniences were at hand, but without the encroachments that are now assaulting us. A drive from downtown La Jolla to downtown San Diego was a pleasant 25 minutes. Today, the same trip takes 30 decidedly unpleasant minutes.

Born in the Midwest, raised in La Jolla, groomed at Dartmouth, Howard had barely made himself at home in his father's insurance office in La Jolla when war clouds gathered. He enlisted.

Starting as a buck private, he rose through the ranks until he got as far as he could at Camp Roberts. Commissioned, he continued his climb in the Air Service Command in San Francisco. Again he came to the end of the line. Was he going to fight the war in a cramped, noisy, dirty office? No sir! He applied for overseas.

"What kind of climate do you prefer?" said the clerk.

"Cool and dry."

So Howard went to New Guinea where it was hot and wet.

New Guinea was in the midst of a fierce struggle between the Japs and the Americans. Starting with the principal Japanese base at Lae, the doughboys and flyboys gradually evicted the enemy in a series of leapfrog maneuvers that left the Japs groggy. When Howard arrived, he set up shop at Finchhafen, which was fine except for the mosquitoes in residence and the Japs across the bay at Sag Sag. These Japs were eventually bypassed and died of neglect, something that the mosquitoes never did. When Howard reluctantly left for the Philippines, he got a send-off as the best damn personnel officer in all of Finchhafen.

After New Guinea, Howard came to the conclusion that La Jolla had undeniable attractions. Discharged with the temporary rank of lieutenant colonel and the permanent rank of buck private, he came back here and quickly became the best damn insurance man on Prospect Street.

Howard joined the club soon after it was formed, and he became president in 1953. Unmoved by headwinds or cross currents, he sailed the ship with firm and steady hand. La Jolla Rotary was making headway.



HUGH WALDMAN, our eighth president, grew up with cars. In Fresno on his 12th birthday, his father gave him a motorcycle and told him he could not ride it until he had taken it apart and put it back together three times. Young Hugh had his motorcycle on the road within a month.

Hugh eventually became the owner of a car agency in La Jolla. A born wheeler-dealer, he presided over the club with the same savvy he used on the motorcycle.

When his year was up, the club had grown in stature, in size, and in recognition.

Hugh came to a tragic end. Out for a Sunday drive with his wife, he was broadsided at the intersection of Pomerado Road and Poway Road by a driver who ran the stop sign. Four people died in the accident, including Hugh and his wife.

Tragedy had stalked the Waldman family before. Hugh's father also died in an accident.

Ironically, the automobile which brought the Waldman family fame and fortune also brought it death and destruction.



La Jolla in the early 50s



Rotary plants a tree in commemoration of RI 50th anniversary. Left to right: Fred Knight, Walter Dewhurst, Bob Brantley



Today BOB BRANTLEY is our elder statesman. In 1954, he was our younger statesman. If anything, the years have sharpened his good judgment and clear thinking.

Bob was born in tiny Cambria in southern Illinois where his father was a doctor. His first view of California came at age six when his father's health required a rest. The family came to California and spent a year in the Napa valley. Then back to Illinois. Then back to Napa. Then to the University of California at Berkeley. Then back to Illinois. Finally, a degree in business administration from the University of Illinois.

His next trip to California was by courtesy of Uncle Sam. He went to March Field near Riverside as a flying cadet. This tour at an end, he returned once more to Illinois to start work in a bank and to marry Charlotte Ableman.

War clouds were gathering. The aircraft business picked up. Bob brought his family of three to San Diego and went to work as paymaster for Consolidated. Next was Pearl Harbor. With his reserve commission, Bob was one of the first to be called. To San Francisco he went to become paymaster at the Port of Embarkation. From there to the Los Angeles Port of Embarkation. Then Japan. Finally, a return to La Jolla where he bought the Shell station and later added another in Bird Rock. He lives in the home on Bellevue that he built in 1952.

Bob ran the club with wisdom and finesse. It was during his year as president that Rotary International celebrated its 50th anniversary. Herbert Taylor, RI president, suggested the four-way test as a Rotary credo. It was adopted, and Bob distributed the plaques to many local offices.

Is it the truth?  
Is it fair to all concerned?  
Will it build goodwill and better friends?  
Is it beneficial to all concerned?

The club planted a tree, beat the drum, and reached across the border. Bob took his duties seriously. He distributed the golden jubilee book and the Rotarian magazine. The only levity he allowed himself was a year later at Walter Dewhurst's demolition party. The advertised pictorial review of Dewhurst show places in La Jolla turned out to be a hilarious display of Tijuana outhouses. Who but Bob Brantley would serve 20 years as Rotary information chairman?



WALTER DEWHURST is a contractor who is noted particularly for his work with unstable houses. Depending on where it sits, a house in La Jolla can do funny things. It can sink or shrink, seap or leak, heave or cleave. The cause is underground water.

A brand-new house began to crack as soon as the toilets were flushed. The cause was a septic tank 60 feet below. Another house split when a storm drain plugged. It was put back together with cable salvaged from the Coronado Bridge. Most houses settle after they are built, but Walter was called in about a house that rose four inches. He knocked it back by sandbagging the roof.

Another time he had to sink pilings 45 feet on a steep slope. Simple, except that the holes had to be dug by hand.

Walter arrived in La Jolla in 1929 when his father opened an office as a contractor. After a stint in Seattle and some other wanderings, young Walter came back here in 1949. One of his first jobs was the conversion of the Granada Theater at Wall and Girard. It is now the Walker Scott store. The owner of the building was Gordon Gray. Of course, Walter became a Rotarian. It is worth recording that Walter, in spite of multitudinous commitments, has 30 years of perfect attendance.

Having built hundreds of houses in La Jolla, Walter has lived in a few himself. But he is restless. When it is time to clean the draperies, it is time to move. Of all his houses, the one on Spindrift (two doors up from the Beach and Tennis Club) is the most dramatic. This house cost \$100 per square foot to build---20 years ago.

Walter has seen La Jolla change from a sleepy hollow to a simmering kettle. He always looked on himself as a conservationist until the Coastal Commission came along. This commission has enormously complicated the construction business. If these people would only concern themselves with what they were set up to do and that is protecting the beach, everything would be fine, says Walter. You can hardly blow your nose any more.

In his year as president, Walter hauled out his heavy equipment to make a baseball diamond at the high school, gratis. His most harrowing moment came when he set up the district conference at the White Sands. One week before the conference date, the White Sands was sold and bottled up. In a flash, he moved the conference to the Del Mar fair grounds.



BOB HAND arrived in La Jolla after many wanderings. Born into an army family, he spent his early years shuttling from Fort Leavenworth to Corregidor, to Schofield Barracks, to Alcatraz (then an army post) and Fort Huachuca.

In 1917 his father was killed leading the 179th Regiment of the 45th Division in the Argonne. Young Bob went to Northwestern and graduated in 1930. He became a life insurance salesman, married, and settled in Louisville. When the war broke, Bob asked for assignment to the same regiment his father had commanded in the Argonne.

After basic training and officers training school, Bob was ready for assignment. It was now September 1943, and the 45th Division was in Sicily, training for the landings at Salerno. Bob got there just in time to take over command of Company K, 179th Regiment. His wish had been fulfilled.

Salerno was a meat grinder. Instead of rapidly advancing inland, the Americans dug in. The Germans were quick to take advantage. They counterattacked and drove a wedge between the British and the Americans. The 45th Division was supposed to plug the breach, but it was immediately brought under fire by the Hermann Göring Division. Between the German spearhead and the water stood only Company K and some guns of the 189th Field Artillery. Heavily outgunned, Company K was badly mauled. In the landings, Bob had noticed a cache of bazookas. His men retrieved the weapons and knocked out 15 of the 20 German tanks. The beachhead was saved. Bob was decorated for this courageous action.

Scarcely less hairy was the action at Anzio four months later. Here, the 45th went in to contain a savage counterattack on the Albano-Anzio Road. Outnumbered three to one by the Berlin-Spandau regiment, Bob's regiment was cut to pieces. All seemed lost when an American artillery spotter in an L-4 happened on the scene. Although wounded, Bob was able to radio the spotter who got the word to a battery of howitzers nearby. The Germans cracked and withdrew. Bob was decorated again--- this time with the Purple Heart. His wounds proved superficial, and Bob made a third landing, this one on the French Riviera.

After the war, Bob moved to Santa Ana and then to La Jolla. As president of our club, he got Pop Warner football started and paid for the uniforms out of his own pocket. Always beaming, he personified good cheer. Bob died of a heart attack a few years later.



FRED KNIGHT can lay claim to two distinctions:

- (1) He was a Rotarian at the age of 21
- (2) He was nicknamed Mr. Rotarian because he knew all the rules by heart

Fred was born in Phillipsburg, New Jersey and had his elementary schooling at Blair Academy in the wilds of northeastern New Jersey. Well-drilled, he then transferred to a Quaker school in Buck County, Pennsylvania. From there, he entered Lehigh University in Bethlehem.

Fred used to compose songs while driving to school. He would sing the melody at the wheel and write it down when he got home. The songs were very singable but they were never published because Fred lacked the connections. If he had had a background in music, he would have wound up on tin pan alley.

Instead of tin pan alley, it was the Ford agency in Phillipsburg. Here he did very well, and he might be there yet if his youngest son had not had asthma. The disease began to undercut the boy's health, and Fred realized that he would have to look for a milder climate. The choice was not difficult. La Jolla it was. Presto---the asthma vanished.

In La Jolla, Fred went into advertising specialties, something he could carry on from his home. He joined our club in 1948. Since he had joined the Phillipsburg club years before, he quickly became the man to be consulted on matters of protocol.

Fred became Surfbeat editor soon after this publication first appeared. Although English was never his long suit in college, his Surfbeats were always letter-perfect. Nobody ever caught him in a spelling mistake or an error in syntax. Fred was editor for six years, and that is a long time to be shouldered with a job like that. Only Russ Fielder served longer.

During his year as president, Fred suggested that the club buy speed-reading equipment for La Jolla High. Apparently, the school principal was a very slow reader because action was delayed over and over. Finally, Fred gave up. Two years later the school got the equipment from the district.

Fred's advice to our club: get more young members.



As owner of Cole's Moving and Storage Company, GENE SCHNIEPP has discovered that La Jollans are among the most moving people in the world. They move on the average of once every five years, and he has one customer who has moved 21 times in 17 years. For that person, it was a matter of a step up with every move. Starting with a modest cottage, she now lives in a big house on the hill.

Every move is an emotional strain. What to take and what to discard. A piano, yes. But what about an old dresser and a stack of books? Moving is expensive: from \$2000 to \$5000 from east to west. Decisions, decisions.

Gene trains his crews carefully because they deal with people in distress. A moving-van driver is not a truck driver. He has to have sympathy, rapport, understanding besides knowing how to wrap that oriental vase. The customer who moved 21 times always asks for the same crew. She says she loves those men. Movers work hard, physically and emotionally. A moving-van driver gets \$8.45 an hour. Fringe benefits push this figure up to \$13.00. He earns it.

About a third of Gene's time goes into grappling with government regulations. Between the Public Utilities Commission and the Interstate Commerce Commission, he has to be an acrobat. When you add the military, you are like a squirrel in a cage. That is why Gene will not move military families. The pay is poor, and the red tape is appalling.

Another chunk of time goes into wage and benefit negotiations. Unions constantly want to do away with two critical matters that can make or break a firm: incentive pay and individual accountability. Without these, a worker is nothing but an automaton.

If his men have to be good psychologists, Gene himself has to be a certified psychologist. Counseling his clients is an important part of Gene's work. As for counseling the younger generation, he can do that too. Be a diesel mechanic, he says. Pay and prestige are fantastic.

Gene has a great affection for the club, and he has worked hard. For many years, he was in charge of the scholarship program. Most of the time he served not only as administrator but also as a member of the selection committee. To meet so many of our bright young people was a rare privilege, he says.



BOB BOUGHTON found in Rotary an outlet for his many talents, particularly his talent for the funny story.

The son of a Rotarian-doctor, he was born in Erie, Pennsylvania. Boughton père was a great storyteller, and Boughton fils soon emulated him. This fascination with the spoken word led Bob to major in literature and the humanities when he got to college. In later years he loved to dazzle a Rotarian audience with a Latin incantation or a Shakespeare quotation. "There is a destiny that shapes our ends, rough-hewn though they may be," followed by the famous chuckle.

For his medical education Bob went to the University of Western Ontario in London, and for his postgraduate education (in urology) to Rochester, New York. Just as he finished the Korean war broke out. Bob was sent to Japan. Here he found himself in an idyllic environment. Work alternated with play in just the right proportion. He went hiking, skiing, bicycling. He read and he traveled. When his tour of duty was up, he gathered his family and came to La Jolla.

True to the plan of his youth, he wanted to join Rotary. But there was no vacancy. He waited until there was. Elevated to the presidency in 1959, Bob gave much thought to his job. In its desire to serve, he said, Rotary should

find a community need  
provide start-up money  
give initial guidance  
withdraw gracefully  
let others carry on

In casting about for a project, Bob talked to another La Jolla Rotarian, Clifford Graves. Clifford was president of the San Diego chapter of the American Youth Hostels organization whose aim is to help young people discover the world through travel under their own steam, usually by bicycle. Young hostellers need hostels, inexpensive overnight accommodations. There was no hostel in San Diego or anywhere near it, and the acquisition cost was way beyond anything La Jolla Rotary could do. But Bob and Cliff came up with something just as good that was within reach: a bus fitted out to carry the hostellers, their bicycles and camping equipment. In other words, a hostel on wheels.

Rotary bought the bus second-hand for \$3000. The hostellers revamped it. When they were finished, they had a vehicle that could carry 25 people and 25 bicycles plus their camping equipment. It was a resounding success.



The rolling youth hostel

Soon after the rolling youth hostel was outfitted by the local hostellers, the vehicle went on a 7000-mile coast-to-coast demonstration trip with a full load of 25 boys and girls, their bicycles, and their camping equipment. The driver was 22-year-old Steve Sampson, who had been in the club since the age of 15.

Wherever the conditions were suitable, the bus stopped and the hostellers cycled. They spent several days in Zion and Bryce, five days between Durango and Denver, three days in northern Michigan, three days in central Ohio, and three weeks in New England.

Because the idea was new, the group attracted wide attention everywhere. Several hostel groups in other parts of the country copied the idea. Many newspaper articles appeared. As publicity and as an inexpensive vacation, the tour was a resounding success.

On its return to San Diego, the bus was used extensively on shorter trips in California and neighboring states. In 1962 it traveled to the Canadian Rockies with a group of 20 La Jolla girls under the leadership of Mrs. Robert Boughton. All told, the bus accumulated 100,000 miles in the first ten years.



La Jolla lost a public-spirited citizen, and La Jolla Rotary lost a stalwart member when CAMERON McDONALD moved away. All efforts to reach him have failed. As a result, we have only the sketchiest information about him.

Cameron was born in Phoenix and went to school there. By training an electric engineer, he came to San Diego in 1941 to go to work for Convair. In 1946 he quit Convair and set himself up as an electrical contractor in La Jolla. He was president of our club in 1961.

Cameron was very active in the VISA program. During a VISA weekend in Balboa Park for students from our district, he not only planned the activities but also provided hospitality for many of the visitors. The event was attended by hundreds of foreign students from San Diego and Riverside.

Of all our presidents, Cameron was undoubtedly the most handsome. With his boyish good looks, contagious smile, and great shock of wavy hair, he could charm an audience before he even opened his mouth.

Cameron took his family to Pico Rivera in 1966, but we have been unable to reach him there.



For CHARLIE TISCHOFF the moment of truth came off the coast of Honshu in 1945.

He was on a bombing mission to the main Japanese island as pilot of a B-24. Just as he reached the coast, he spotted a convoy of 14 Japanese coastwise steamers. He went into his dive, only to be told by his co-pilot that a swarm of Japanese Zeros were directly overhead. Confronted with the choice of tackling the convoy or tackling the Zeros, Charlie decided to do both. With one eye on the ships and the other on the fighters, he made three passes.

The Japanese used tracer bullets, mainly to scare their opponents. Suddenly Charlie became aware of a stream of tracers from directly ahead. Instinctively he ducked behind a post in the windshield. He survived but his co-pilot was killed. With the Zeros on the run, he then finished off the Japanese vessels one by one. This hair-raising encounter was witnessed by the crew of another B-24 not far away. Charlie got the Distinguished Flying Cross for extraordinary heroism.

The war over, Charlie took up where he left off: college. Not far from graduation, he encountered his second moment of divine intervention. Trying unsuccessfully to keep dry in a downpour at a bus stop in Boston, he was splattered from head to foot by a bus that plowed through the inundated street without stopping. With the mud still on his face, Charlie made a vow. Goodbye Boston. Soon he was on his way to San Diego, home of the 18,000 B-24s that fought in the war.

San Diego was kind to Charlie, just as it is kind to any young man with the right background and the proper motivation. He entered real estate in La Jolla. Always a lover of the sea, he bought a sailboat and spent hours fixing it and sailing it. Charlie had an intuitive knowledge of sailing and won many races. Upgrading his skill and his equipment, he eventually was the proud owner of a 46-foot racing sloop. But as he became more and more savvy in the sport, he began to realize that finesse was gradually being replaced by superior equipment. Often as not, the winner of a race was not the best sailor but the man with the most expensive boat. That is when Charlie sold his dream boat and started crewing.

As Rotary president, Charlie conducted himself with the same vim and vigor that were his trade-mark. Known for his booming voice and brisk manner, he made one of our liveliest presidents. Charlie died of a heart attack two days after this interview. We who knew him salute him.



PINO SADA was the club jester, his only competition being Bob Boughton. But where Bob would make his voice trail off, Pino's would explode at the punch line. Building suspense through face as much as voice, Pino would have made a good actor. Actually, he was deputy chief of police for San Diego.

Before his police days, Pino worked at Consolidated, and before Consolidated he was a baseball player. Going back even further, he was a puny kid (hence Pino which means small) running around in Logan Heights where he was born into a poor Italian family.

Pino went into police work because it seemed to offer security. At Consolidated he had seen the harm of insecurity, particularly in the older workers (this was in pre-war days). But security is illusory. As a rookie, Pino was sent to investigate a disturbance in a house in southeast San Diego. When he got there, he discovered that the house was a duplex. Expecting the worst, he went in. The house was empty. Later he discovered that they had given him the wrong number. At the right number, next to the wrong number, a guy was waiting for him with a shotgun.

Pino became a La Jolla Rotarian when he was captain of the northern division. His office was on Herschel where the fire station used to be. This station was abandoned 15 years ago at the urging of the police department. Everything would run so much better with the station outside La Jolla, they said. So now the station is outside but they want it back inside. The more it changes, the more it stays the same.

After his retirement 14 years ago, Pino found a hobby much more dangerous than police work: cooking. Starting from scratch in the family kitchen, he gradually perfected his skill until today he can cook for as many as 500 people. He cooks by the book and hasn't lost a customer yet---not even to a printing mistake.

Another hobby is travel. Ten years ago he decided to find the village in Italy where his people came from. Aided by the Italian consul in San Diego, he did. Pino and his wife have now made several trips to Abigliano near Turin in northern Italy. Always a glutton for knowledge, Pino can again talk, read and write in Italian, something he thought he had forgotten.

Rotary did more for me than I did for Rotary, says Pino.



Everything MARION KARRH achieved in life, and it is considerable, goes back to a mother so devoted that she would drive Marion to school in an open horse-drawn cart, shelter while Marion was in class, and take him home in the cart through heat and cold, rain and snow, fog and murk---a two-hour journey each way. This unbelievable performance took place in the northeastern corner of the great state of Texas in the year of our Lord 1915.

If life in Texas was rough, it was even rougher in San Simon, Arizona where the family went to take over an abandoned homestead in the harsh and wind-swept country of the Chiricahuas. So desolate was this country that even the garrison at Fort Bowie had fled. However, since the family was down to \$17.50, they stayed. Father built a one-room log cabin and took off for work in the mines. Marion continued his education at Douglas high school, 50 miles down the road.

When he graduated with honors in math and black marks in English, Marion got a job in the Douglas copper smelter. Working next to the blast furnace, he had to straddle an open conduit with molten copper and plug the stream at the precise moment with a special kind of clay. To survive the searing heat which often set his pants on fire, he would have to jump in a barrel of water that was kept on hand for this very purpose. The pay was 40 cents an hour. No wonder Marion said yes when he was offered a job as substitute mail carrier.

Mail carrying was more to his taste. But how to get a regular job? For that he had to take the Civil Service exam. His mother told him to not even try. You'll only make a fool of yourself, she said. But her early sacrifices to get Marion to school paid off. When he took the exam, he passed with the highest marks in a group of 75.

His first job as a mail carrier was in Phoenix. Here he walked his beat in 100-degree heat with a 50-pound mailbag over his shoulder. Marion is a small man. Even in his prime, he never weighed more than 120 pounds. Slings the bags on the streetcar which was his only means of transportation eventually ruined his back. He looked around and discovered that in the town of Mart, Texas, mail carriers used cars. To Mart he moved. Now the hazard became black mud. One day he became stuck in mud up to the floorboards. That was enough. He landed a job in Ventura and later became our postmaster in La Jolla.

Retired today, Marion continues as a loyal member of the club.



KARL ZOBELL is probably better known for his work on the Town Council and with La Jollans, Inc. than for his year as Rotary president.

As a Town Council trustee, he holds the record for length of service: 18 years. As former president of La Jollans, Inc., he was the architect of our community plan. Today he is one of the most effective champions of the plan. Universally respected for his unflagging devotion and his extensive knowledge of the legal technicalities, he would undoubtedly be called Mr. La Jolla if we had such a title.

Karl is the son of Claude ZoBell, professor at Scripps Institution of Oceanography. An outstanding student at La Jolla High, he had the pick of colleges when he graduated. He chose Columbia at the other end of the country. Here, he came face to face with a very different world. On the edge of Harlem, it was a world of pushy crowds, noisy subways, grimy buildings, littered streets. But also eminent scholars. As for his fellow students, they all aimed to be eminent scholars. Fiercely competitive, they posed a formidable challenge.

After college, Karl faced military duty. Preferring constructive work to destructive, he chose the Coast Guard. Luck was with him. He served his entire four years at the San Francisco base. The Coast Guard kept several cutters for search and rescue work. Karl eventually got to command one of these vessels and participated in a number of missions. Karl still corrects a speaker who confuses a boat with a ship. If it is less than 100 feet, it's a boat.

After Coast Guard came Stanford Law School where he graduated fourth in a class of 130. After four years at college, four in the Coast Guard, and three in law school, Karl could hardly wait to get back to La Jolla. Today he is a senior partner in the law firm of Gray, Cary, Ames and Frye. His specialty is estate planning and land use.

Karl was president of our club in 1965. He makes the observation that Rotary has changed in character over the years. In the beginning, Paul Harris intended it as a vehicle for young men to help each other in business. Gradually, it has changed into a club for established men who enjoy the contacts socially. Instead of the underdog, a Rotarian is the overlord. An elitist club was far from Paul Harris' mind.



How to bounce back from a financial debacle is a bit of wisdom to be gleaned from CHUCK ROBISON, our president in 1966.

With a degree in sociology and psychology from the University of Minnesota in 1956, Chuck started his climb up the ladder in the usual fashion until he became executive director of Junior Achievement in Fort Wayne, Indiana. Here he came across an opportunity: spray plastics for swimming pools. In the construction of a pool, plastic material can be sprayed directly on wood panels without the need for a cement lining first. Big savings.

After he had convinced himself that the new process worked, Chuck liquidated all his holdings to set himself up in business in San Diego. But there was a snag. California soil does not behave like Indiana soil. It rides, glides and slides. The beautiful plastic surface blisters. End of dream.

Chuck faced a difficult readjustment period during which he functioned as executive director of the La Jolla Town Council and, incidentally, as president of our club. At the end of three years, he took on another challenge. A friend was struggling to keep a 250-unit retirement complex from going under. Chuck quit his job in La Jolla to become manager of Grossmont Gardens. For a while it was nip and tuck, but eventually Chuck won out. Today, he is semi-retired.

With all the hard work he put into the gardens complex, Chuck found time to go to law school and earn a Juris Doctor degree from the University of San Diego. But he never took the bar exam. He didn't have to. He'd rather do his water colors or restore an antique car. When he needs a lawyer, he hires one.

In La Mesa where he lives, Chuck has been president of the Chamber of Commerce, chairman of the United Crusade, and president of the Architectural Planning Board.

As club president, Chuck worked even harder. He was responsible for the show-the-flag campaign. The club joined the Stamp Out Crime drive, supported the Northwest Y, and sponsored an Explorer post. Junior Achievement blossomed under Chuck who called on Tom Watson for help. The junior achievers made a mint from a cover from the La Jolla blue book.

Never admit defeat, says Chuck Robison.



Sandwiched in between Charles Robison and Tom Watson, BOB HERRICK came to the presidency through hard work, good looks, unfailing courtesy, deep understanding, tireless industry, boundless spirit, open-handed generosity, personal magnetism, utter dedication and the circumstance that nobody else wanted the job that year.

He started life without pretense in Niles, Michigan where his father had a mushroom business. Mushrooms were then just coming in. A mushroom is a plant that is grown, somewhat artificially, in a cinder-block building with a temperature between 60 and 64 and a humidity of 90 per cent. With luck and skill, a grower can raise many crops a year. But mushrooms are not indigenous to the American diet. People have to be educated. This was done with great success by Bob and his crew. By the time he was 25, the firm was selling five million dollars worth of mushrooms every year.

But first we should say that Bob's education at Dartmouth was interrupted by the war. At boot camp, he passed the general classification test with the highest score ever recorded. Impressed, his boss sent him to Hawaii for the accelerated course in assault boats. Mixed in with all sorts of boots of lower intellectual attainment, Bob had to learn how to start the engine, grab the rudder, and steer the boat to its destination on a Japanese beach. Fortunately, Japan had surrendered by the time Bob got there, and all his learning went down the drain.

With his high GCT rating, Bob was next sent to Kodiak. Here his duties consisted of brewing coffee. After several months in the chow hole, he was discovered by a frantic disbursing officer who was eight months behind in his disbursements. From utter boredom to high finance. Every day, half a million dollars passed through Bob's hands. This money would circulate on the base and then come back to the disbursing office in deplorable condition. The bills were so dirty that Bob had to wash his hands eight times a day.

After the navy, it was back to Dartmouth. Here Bob parlayed 17 months of military service into three years of veterans money for college. He then returned to Niles, only to find that mushrooms can be grown 20 per cent cheaper in Taiwan than in America. So Bob brought his family to La Jolla where he became a food broker. One day, Bob was on a flight to San Francisco. Next to him sat Gordon Gray. The rest is obvious. Bob remembers Gordon Gray as a courtly gentleman, reserved, yet friendly. "Only the best are chosen for Rotary," said Gordon.



The club honored district governor D. W. Hendrickson in July 1967.

Seated left to right: Walter Hepner, Elmer Olson, Bob Herrick, Bob Sheeran, Tom Shuttleworth, Fred Knight, Bob Clarke,

Paul Penitz, Ludi Graf, Gene Schneipp

Standing left to right: Ed Hummel, George Ash, Dick Livett, Solon Palmer, Everett Stunz, Tom Watson, Jim Smathers,

Bill Herickson, Paul Bremner, Babe Pulli, Lawrence Grove, Bob Brantley, Ray Howard, Buz Armacost, Ben Hogan,

Roy Drew, Russ Fiedler and Bob Stader



TOM WATSON is probably the only Rotarian to have started two clubs and headed three. In addition, he was district governor in 1971. How does a man find the time? It is a story that goes back to Cleveland in the 30s.

Cleveland in the 30s was no place for softies. Euclid Avenue was a mixture of decaying mansions, cheap restaurants, and hotshot diners where cube steak was 75 cents and apple pie 10. Downtown, the biggest movie house had just been converted to a night club. The Cuyahoga River slowly conveyed its filth to Lake Erie. Lots of people lived on a hundred dollars a month.

But even in the depths of the depression, there were people with a taste for the finer things. Tom saw the possibilities. Trained in his father's grocery store, he began to peddle fancy foods. Caviar, mushrooms, escargots, pate de foie gras, stuff like that. In his first year of business, he grossed \$1500. After payments on the truck, he had less than \$500 left.

He could never have survived if he had not had a brilliant idea. If small grocery stores could sell fancy foods, why couldn't the chain stores? Using all his persuasive powers, he got the grudging cooperation of a few. Others had tried and failed. Tom succeeded by selling service as well as merchandise. Not content merely to make a sale, he continually inspected the shelves for everything that was outdated, untidy, shopworn or simply unappetizing. If the merchandise did not sell, he replaced it with something else. If the store wanted to lower the price, he made good the difference himself. If the pay was slow, he waited. This kind of service paid off. In 1961, when he sold, his firm grossed four million.

Too young to retire and too old for a complete refitting, Tom came to La Jolla and looked around for something else. The something else turned out to be the Travelodge on Silverado. The fact that the Travelodge was not for sale did not bother Tom. He simply increased his offer until it was accepted. The Travelodge did so well that Tom built another, this one on the boulevard. To make a success of two widely divergent businesses is only for the clear of head and quick of wit.

Tom started the Rotary club in Bedford, Ohio in 1937 and was its president in 1945. He started the Rotary club in Maple Heights, Ohio in 1948 and was its president in 1949. He joined La Jolla Rotary in 1961 and became president in 1968. Three years later he was district governor. No man has given more.



The way EVERETT STUNZ got into the sleep business was completely unintentional. He was working in a freight office in Oklahoma City when in walks a man who wanted to know about rates. Everett gave him the answers. The customer made a few notes. Then, out of a clear sky:

"Say---can you type?"

"Of course I can type."

"OK. How would you like to work for me. I have a mattress factory in Houston."

As it turned out, the mattress manufacturer did not need a typist at all. He needed a bookkeeper. But that was the least of Everett's concerns.

With Everett in charge, mattresses began to come off the assembly line in an avalanche. After five years, he figured that he deserved a share in the profits. His boss refused. The upshot was that Everett started his own business, the Alamo Mattress Company in San Antonio.

In San Antonio, Everett branched out. From mattresses to sheets, carpets, draperies, furniture. All for the bedroom, of course. His fame spread, and the Teich Gettinger department store in Dallas made him an offer he could not refuse. In the Dallas store Everett laid out a display of bedrooms that brought in customers from all over the country: hotels, hospitals, schools, motels, institutions of all kinds. Not content with mere displays, Everett started designing furniture. In 1960 he was ready to retire.

La Jolla beckoned. It had everything except the electric bed which was meanwhile beginning to attract attention. Everett made a survey and found that while La Jollans would go to Beverly Hills for hard-to-find items, the people from La Mesa, El Cajon and Chula Vista would go to La Jolla. This was in the days before Mission Valley. So he opened a store featuring the electric bed. It caught on quickly.

The latest thing is a gas-operated spring hinge. Compressed gas does the work. No larger than a bicycle pump, the apparatus is simplicity itself. Yet, to get the necessary parts, Everett had to go to Switzerland. He is just about ready to launch the gadget on the market.

During his presidency, Everett pushed the Rotary International Foundation. He also put great stress on the four-way test. Rotary was work, he says, the kind that leaves you refreshed instead of drained.



"Look at it this way," says BOB STADER, a veterinarian. "When I operated on a cow in Minnesota, I got maybe fifty dollars. When I operate on a poodle in La Jolla, I get two hundred and fifty dollars. So who wants to operate on a cow in Minnesota?"

Tearing himself away from Minnesota was not easy. He got the idea from a classmate who was practicing in Pacific Beach. But there was the California licensing examination. Traditionally, two-thirds of the applicants flunk. But Bob prevailed through superior intelligence. In 1961 he was in La Jolla.

The difference was like night and day. In Minnesota, he would be called out at all hours to look at Dolly who had swallowed a nail and was having stomach cramps trying to get rid of it. One snowy night, he received an urgent call from a farmer ten miles out. Even with his four-wheel drive delivering full power, Bob could not get through. He walked the last hundred yards. "I am so glad to see you, doc," said the farmer. "Dolly is much better. But as long as you are here, would you mind taking me into town? I'll never make it in Lizzy."

In La Jolla, the hazard came from a different direction. Poodles are notoriously nervous. They can die just from the anesthesia. When that happens, the owner is very apt to sue for the mental anguish and the moral turpitude. After several experiences, Bob began to lose some of his enthusiasm. In Minnesota, the farmers were at least grateful, even if they did not always pay. Bob sold his practice to Al Nagy, also a Rotarian.

Bob has more time now for his hobby, which is golf. It is a game with many angles. Most golfers will make a number of bets as they wind their way around the course. When that happens, they have a difficult time keeping track of the bets. Bob has devised a score card that makes it easy. The card is color coded and gives the betting score from hole to hole. If it catches on, it will be a money maker.

Golf is on the way up, just like all other sports. In Japan the game is so popular that the greens fee averages a hundred dollars. If a man will spend a hundred dollars for a round of golf, he will spend a couple of dollars for a score card.

After his year as president, Bob had a letdown. Where does a past president fit in? It is something to ponder.



For RAY HOWARD, the lucky line to Lucky Line came in 1962. That is when he bought the ailing firm in Bird Rock. Today it is a thriving firm in Kearny Mesa.

Lucky Line could be anything from amulets to zithers. Actually, it is key tags. Made of plastic, the tags come in various forms, often with an advertising message. Ray sells the tags to hotels, auto dealers, car rental agencies, anybody who handles keys. The challenge is to come up with clever and workable new designs. These are stamped out in the plant.

Ray was born in Berkeley and went to school at the University of California there. His sport was swimming, and it still is. He had the style and stamina for competition, but (he says) his hands and feet were too small. Champion swimmers have big hands and feet.

After graduation, Ray became a salesman of industrial products, but he kept his eyes open. Finally, the Lucky Line grabbed him. It has paid off. With half a dozen employees and a half a million gross, Ray has a thriving business.

Ray was president of our club in 1971. He enjoyed particularly the chance to meet a cross section of the La Jolla business community.

Several years ago, Lucky Line outgrew the quarters in Bird Rock. Ray moved it to Kearny Mesa. That is why he resigned from the club. "I miss it," he says.



If it were not for Rotary, PAUL BREMNER would probably be somewhere else today.

When Paul was nine, he was playing on the sidewalk in front of his house in Twickenham, England. Suddenly he heard a strange buzz in the sky. It sounded like a horrendous bottle fly. He looked up and saw a careening projectile hurtling toward him. Terrified, he threw himself to the ground. A moment later the area was wracked by an explosion across the street, and Paul was showered with debris. The V-1 had struck. Shaken but unhurt, he picked himself up.

Paul completed his education with a two-year hitch in the army. Now he discovered that he had a commanding presence and considerable aplomb. He almost accepted a captain's commission but turned it down when he realized the foot-loose existence. Instead, he became a salesman for Rolls Royce. One day in the company garage he picked up a jack. The foreman had a hemorrhage. "Don't never pick up nothing around here. Against union rules."

Disgusted, Paul quit not only the company but the country. Rhodesia was a logical choice. In Salisbury, things came his way. As a salesman, he was tops. Successful beyond expectation. He nevertheless began to have grave doubts about the future of the white man in Africa. It was at this point that he met a group of visiting Rotarians from our district. One man in particular impressed him: Harold Nelson of La Mesa. Putting two and two together, Paul came to San Diego.

Within a week of his arrival, he was at work for the Ford agency in La Mesa. Learning of an opening in La Jolla, he grabbed it. But he was never really comfortable in this work. The sales methods differed too much from what he was used to. Adrift once more, he became plant manager with Coast Packing on the recommendation of Harold Nelson. Coast Packing makes shipping cartons. Here, Paul was in a more congenial environment. When he got his feet on the ground, he bought into King Containers and now heads its San Diego plant.

Under Paul's presidency in 1972, our club

- formed Interact in La Jolla High School
- formed Interact in the Bishop's School
- installed a drinking fountain at the library
- donated playground equipment for S.O.F.A.
- formed a woman's auxiliary, the Rotaryanns
- received the governor's trophy for best club



It took CLIFFORD GRAVES 25 years to travel from his home in the Netherlands to La Jolla. Only the stubborn Dutch would persist that long.

As a boy, Clifford lived with his family in a Dutch village where his father had gone on his retirement from the Dutch army (the family name was Grevinck, but Clifford changed it to Graves). Life in a Dutch village is not exciting. But it became more exciting when a distant relative paid a visit and described La Jolla, which he had seen. In Clifford's eyes, La Jolla was a fairy land. Can I go to La Jolla, he asked his father. Wait till you have finished high school, was the answer.

To soften the disappointment, Father pinned a print of the Girl of the Golden West on the living room wall. Clifford fell in love with her. The years dragged on. He graduated from high school. How about La Jolla? Father hedged. We don't know anybody in La Jolla, he said. But I have a sister in New York. Clifford sailed for the far-away land and entered Columbia as a premedical student.

Meanwhile, Father had decided to move the whole family to La Jolla. En route, he stopped to see friends in Michigan. Why go to California, said the friends. It is too far. We have everything right here in Michigan. Father took the advice. He bought a house in Ann Arbor, and Clifford went to medical school there. Once more, La Jolla was on the back burner.

Finally, he had his M.D. In those days, young doctors asked the professor for advice. La Jolla? Never heard of it, said the professor. Stay here on my surgical service, and go to La Jolla when you are fully qualified. Another eight years. Now for La Jolla. But no, there was a war on. At last, peace. Because he had already waited 25 years to see La Jolla, Clifford decided to do the last 100 miles on his bicycle. He started from Los Angeles in high anticipation.

At Torrey Pines Beach, a flat. Damnation. Nothing to fix it with. The only way to get to La Jolla was to walk. Hot, tired, hungry, thirsty, Clifford walked in the gathering darkness from Torrey Pines beach to La Jolla junction, which in those days had a truck stop. Before his eyes danced visions of the Girl of the Golden West. Would he find her? He pushed the door open. Behind the counter stood a tired waitress with sleazy hair and dirty teeth. "What do you want?" she said.

"Just give me a cup of coffee."



PERCY ALLEN was a man who devoted his life to young people. A football player of renown in his youth, he decided at an early age to become a teacher.

Born in San Diego, Percy graduated from State College in 1929. It was during his days at State that he was named to the Little All-America football team.

After State came the University of California where he got his master's degree in education. He then spent a year at Teachers College in New York and returned to San Diego in 1931 to become a teacher and coach at Roosevelt Junior High.

Recognized for his ability, he rapidly went up the line. From 1954 till 1956 he was principal at La Jolla High. From there he went to other schools in the district. In 1969 he retired.

In 1977 Percy received the Breitbard Athletic Award. Earlier, his fame as a football player had earned him a spot in the Hall of Champions in Balboa Park.

Percy continued coaching as a volunteer after his retirement. He always said that sports do more than the classroom to mold a young person.

As a Rotarian, Percy gave a great deal of time to the Little League. If it had not been for him, there would have been no Rotary-sponsored Little League team.

Percy served as president of our club in 1973-74. Steady rather than flamboyant, he set his goals and reached them.

Percy died of a heart attack in 1979. We will remember him as a sterling character, soft-voiced but strong-willed.



Percy Allen and his Pony League in 1973



Still in his prime, VIRGIL WATTERS has already had four professions: teacher, campus analyst, property developer and fitness promoter. All of which points to his adventurous spirit.

His family came to San Diego from Montana when he was four. A good student, he made it to Occidental College and a degree in psychology. Today he wishes that it had been in business. At any rate, he got a job teaching at the Ocean Beach elementary school. All went well until he was confronted with a disturbed ten-year-old. Then he realized that children, no matter how well counseled, learn at home. Frustrated, he quit.

Virgil next became a campus analyst. His job was to make a realistic assessment of the space requirements in the new buildings that were then going up on the campus in La Jolla. Space was allocated strictly according to a formula: so many feet for a full professor, so many feet for an associate professor, and on down the line. The only trouble was that the sum of the parts was larger than the whole. Virgil acted as a sort of claims adjuster.

From this job, it was no great jump to property development. This work appealed to him because it got away from the adversary relationship that exists in sales. He worked on apartment complexes, office buildings, shopping centers. It seemed that he had found his niche.

One day, he installed a trampoline in his yard and started working out. Suddenly he discovered the missing ingredient: physical fitness. After a session on the trampoline, he felt better, looked better, functioned better. The trampoline became part of his daily routine. Without it, he suffered the blahs. If a trampoline was the key to euphoria, why not help others discover it? As a sideline, he opened a fitness store on Convoy Street. It did so well that he decided to devote full time. Out with property development. In with physical fitness.

Virgil had a busy year as president. Under his leadership, the club gave a \$1000 scholarship to a high school student, loaned \$1500 to a needy college student, supported baseball, underwrote the Y Vikings, hosted foreign students, helped the Boy Scouts, backed the American Field Service, put on a student music festival at Mandeville Hall under Ray Conniff, etc. etc. But the real prize, according to Virgil, was "the wonderful people of Rotary."



A Rotary club is like a keyboard: each member operates on his own wave length. A well-tempered clavier demands an expert tuner. BILL BEAMER was the expert tuner.

As a boy in Whittier, Bill was interested in literature and journalism. He might become a writer, he thought. To get his bearings, he went to Stanford. Stanford has an overseas campus in Tours, France. Bill spent one semester there, immersing himself in history. The kings, the queens, the constables, the captain-at-arms, they fascinated him. At Chambord he found that Francis I in 1527 ordered the course of the river changed so that it would reflect the castle in all its magnificence. But these kings were no softies. Francis I was in the habit of killing wild boars with only his sword. In the hunt of the stag, he could make his horse jump 15 feet.

After college came the navy. As a navigator on the Providence, Bill saw Saigon when it was still possible to sail up the Red River and show the colors. A year later, he coordinated the fire from the ship's 12-inch guns on targets in the friendly nation. It was a dramatic and painful turn-about.

After this experience, Bill decided that books are better than bullets, and he entered law school. At the University of California, he watched the student revolt of the 60s with increasing dismay. This was not what he had been fighting for, and he finished his studies with the utmost dispatch. Such was his standing at graduation that he received an offer to join the law firm of Gray, Cary, Ames and Frye in San Diego. Today he is a specialist in probate and estate planning. His work on the land-use committee of the Town Council earned him the presidency of that organization in 1979-80.

Under president Bill, the club gave generously to various and sundry good causes: the Boy Scouts, the local White House Conference, a United Nations Conference in Washington, Boys State in Sacramento, the Northwest Y, the La Jolla ambulance, the Harambee House, the Y Vikings, the Bobby Sox, the Mustang and Pony leagues, music for La Jolla schools, a Nigerian student, text books for an Italian medical student, Project 1000, scholarships, a Paul Harris fellowship for George Ash, and a donation to the Wild Animal Park.

The thing Bill appreciates most about Rotary is the contact with his fellow Rotarians. A second dividend is the weekly speaker who is always impressive. Rotary is a maturing experience.



JIM MOIR would still be in Lima, Ohio if it were not for a friend, a Lima doctor, who was doing very well in California real estate.

"I am moving to La Jolla," said the doctor on a particularly gloomy day in Lima. "The market is fabulous out there. Why don't you come too?"

"La Jolla? Where is that?"

"I am going next week. Come along."

The following week, Jim and his doctor-friend took a few days off to look around in La Jolla where the doctor had already bought a fancy house. Jim was impressed. He resigned from International Business Machines and moved here. As for the doctor, he went bankrupt in California real estate and is now back doctoring.

For Jim, the move meant a search for a new job. His background was in office machines. But La Jolla already had plenty of office machines. What it did not have was the new Mifax billing system. Jim bought in and took over the local operation. He did so well that his son has joined him in the business.

A Rotarian since Dayton, Ohio in 1960, Jim became our president in 1977. Through his efforts, our three charter members then still living (Armacost, Irwin and Kamp) became Paul Harris fellows. Another Paul Harris fellowship went to Bob Brantley for his years of devoted service.

Thoroughly sold on free enterprise, Jim brought in an impressive group of speakers on the subject. Tied in was a high school essay contest on free enterprise with a \$1500 prize list. Other projects: a \$1500 tree planting and landscaping program at La Jolla High, two Bergman Porter scholarships for \$1000 each to high school students, grants to Youth for Christ, Bobby Sox, Rotary County Council, Boy Scouts, Pop Warner football, La Jolla Town Council, Northwest Y, the Bishop's School, Y Vikings, La Jolla Youth Inc., Boys State, a youth leadership conference, a Vietnamese family, neighborhood awareness, Hands Across The Border, etc. etc.

Only once did Jim lose his cool while president. With Richard Irwin at his side, Jim wielded the gavel so vigorously that it hit a glass of water. The water spilled, and Dick Irwin got wet. In his own hotel yet.



When DON FOX was growing up, his idol was Montgomery Clift, just as George Raft was the idol of an earlier generation. No surprise then that Don enrolled in the drama department of the University of Washington. Halfway through, he got his chance. Alfred Lunt called from New York to say that they could use him there.

The big city was kind to Don. He got a small part in a big play. Alas, just as he was getting his feet on the ground, war broke out. Don volunteered. Before he knew it, he was flying fighter-bombers over the Pacific.

His first assignment was a photographic mission over Kwajalein. To get good photographs, Don came in very low. Too low for his own good. The Japs were waiting. When the films were developed, they showed FLAK so thick, it looked like a snow storm. Don lived through it. His brother didn't. Hit by enemy fire, he was swallowed by the implacable Pacific.

Don's photos proved crucial. The navy always thought that you could sink an island like you sink a ship. The photos made it painfully clear that an entrenched enemy cannot be dislodged by naval gunfire alone. Duplicates of the Japanese works were hurriedly built in Hawaii. After an experimental bombardment, the navy added rockets and armor-piercing shells to its pre-invasion barrage. Kwajalein fell without the frightful slaughter at Tarawa. Don's photographs saved thousands of lives.

The war over, Don decided that his handsome face and suave manners made him a natural for the State Department, only to discover that a handsome face is not enough. You have to have a foggy noggin too. Aghast, he quit.

Back in New York, he realized that a stage career was now beyond him. He went to work for Saks Fifth Avenue. Came Korea. Don was recalled to teach the new flyboys. "You can become an old pilot or a bold pilot," Don said to his charges, "but not both." That done, Don went back to Saks, then Buffum's, Liberty House, and other large department stores. In 1971, he was going to be transferred, but La Jolla looked awfully good. He bought the Eva Jon shop. With his wife, he has made it into a good thing.

Under Don, the club gave \$8000 worth of used clothing to Project Concern, \$3000 for scholarships, \$1500 for the Tijuana La Mesa Clinic, \$1000 to the victims of the Baja flood. An impressive list. Rotary is my link to sanity, says Don.



"To translate, publish, distribute and encourage the use of the Holy Scriptures without note or comment and without thought of profit." That is the motto of the Bible Society which RIM MADSEN has served for many years.

Rim was born in Los Angeles. His first job was in industrial relations with the Helms bakery. Endowed with a mellow voice and a religious nature, he then became radio announcer on The Layman's Hour for the National Council of Churches. In 1955 he was appointed associate secretary for church relations in the Bible Society, and a year later executive secretary, a position he held for many years.

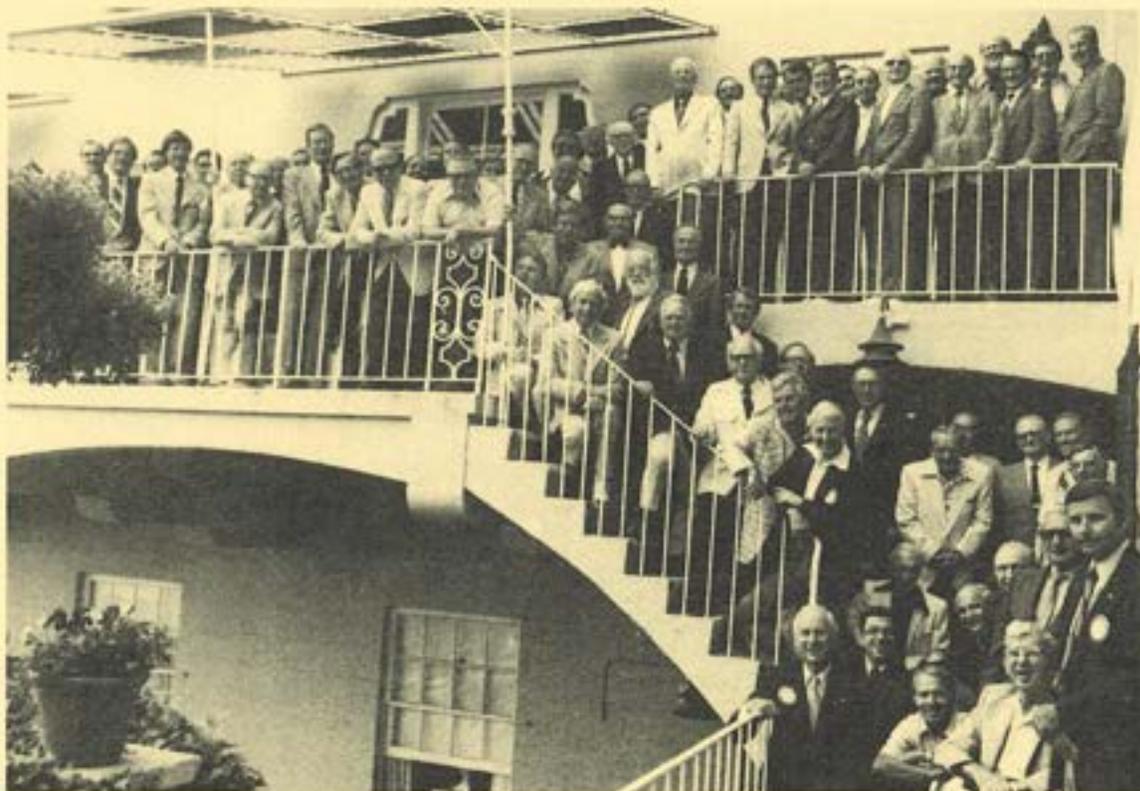
His biggest challenge came in 1956 when he was asked to oversee the construction of a new national headquarters for the Baptist Church in Valley Forge, Pennsylvania. In consultation with the architect, Rim decided that the building should be round so that nobody could complain of being pushed in a corner. The building was finished in 1962 at a cost of 8.5 million dollars. It stands as a monument to Rim's good judgment.

In 1957 Rim became a Rotarian. On a trip around the world in 1971, he visited many Rotary clubs in the Orient. Here he found that the people are desperately poor but not necessarily unhappy. At that time you could buy a good meal for a dollar. When Rim visited the Rotary club in Paris, his lunch cost him \$23. Besides paying all this money, he found the living conditions harsh and unpalatable. Western civilization has enriched the mind but impoverished the spirit.

In Tokyo at the international convention, he saw an example. Walking from one subway station to another through an underground passage, he noticed an elderly Japanese man in a happy coat sweeping up trash. Assuming correctly that the man was a Rotarian who was trying to make his city look its best, Rim started a conversation. It turned out that the trash collector was a prominent Tokyo jeweler.

In his year as president, Rim raised more money than had ever been collected before: nearly \$8000. Of this, \$3000 went to the 3-H program. In recognition, our club got the international service award.

Rim feels that Rotary has made him a better, wiser, happier man.



The club honored district governor Howard Weaver in August 1978

One of the welcome things about La Jolla Rotary is that it meets in La Valencia. A landmark, La Valencia creates an aura of Spanish-Moorish elegance.

The hotel went up in 1926, the work of two San Diego businessmen: MacArthur Groton and Roy Wiltsie. It started as an apartment hotel but changed into a regular hotel in 1928. At the same time, the Spanish tower was added.

The hotel fell on hard times during the depression. Bankrupt, it was taken over in 1934 by a corporation, managed by Benjamin Batch. It was Batch who brought Richard Irwin in as manager. The hotel has had many famous guests and even turned down a few.

It happened to Truman Capote when he walked into the dining room without a tie. Vince Clark, the maitre d', was polite but firm. He had his instructions. He even offered Mr. Capote a tie which was kept on hand for just such emergencies. Nix, said Capote and walked out.



Enter now GARET CLARK, a handsome young man with a look of concern. Gareth is an Ivy Leaguer, western edition. His grandfather opened the art department at Stanford, and his father was head of Kelco in San Diego. With such credentials, Gareth could make a splash anywhere. Actually, he is very low key.

Gareth is a banker, or at least he works in a bank. His job is estate planning with Crocker. As an Ivy Leaguer, he takes his civic responsibilities seriously. He is or has been on the board of such organizations as the Country Day School, the Soccer League, the San Diego Trust Officers Association, the San Diego Estate Planning Commission, etc. In this respect he takes after his father who headed numerous civic activities and was president of the San Diego Rotary Club.

Last June Gareth traveled to Rome to attend the international Rotary convention. The meeting was a logistic disaster but a human-relations success. Transportation broke down. Public address systems broke down. Air conditioning broke down. Because of poor public transportation, it took from one to two hours to go from the hotel to the convention hall. In the stifling atmosphere, nobody really cared about the speeches, the deliberations, the resolutions. What mattered was the opportunity to speak to Rotarians from many countries. Rotary exerts its influence not by virtue of its creed but by the nature of its membership. A Rotarian is a respected member of the community. This is so particularly overseas.

Gareth is a jogger who has run in four of our local marathons. While no champ, he puts up a very creditable time of 3:25. He jogs 85 to 90 miles a week and thinks nothing of jogging from La Jolla to Del Mar and back. This he finds easier on the road than on the beach. The beach has too much pitch. To protect his anatomy from the pounding, he has invested in orthotic inserts. These inserts are made individually from plaster casts and x-ray films of the foot. They take the pain out of strain.

If the secret of leadership is to make people follow you because they want to follow you, Gareth is a fine leader. He listens more than he talks, and he thinks more than he shows. Neither rigid nor loose, neither old nor young, neither timid nor bold, he is the epitome of good taste. It is during Gareth's term that we celebrate Rotary's 75th anniversary. He is young enough to see the 100th roll around.

WE HONOR ALSO

Richard IRWIN, one of our two remaining charter members still in the club

Frank KAMP, the other remaining charter member still in the club

Horace MILLER who in 1960 at the age of 80 stipulated that on the death of his only son, the estate (worth \$99,244.30 in 1976) goes to the Rotary International Foundation

Per NYSTROM whose apartment on the Riviera is a haven for hundreds of traveling Rotarians

Ray TUCKER, our Rotarian with the longest unbroken membership: 51 years.



H. O. Miller



RICHARD IRWIN has three ties with La Jolla Rotary: he is a charter member, he is an honorary member, and he is our host.

La Valencia and Richard Irwin are an ideal pair. In 1928, when the hotel was built, Dick was a freshman at Cornell, studying architecture. But architects have to know a lot of math, and math was not Richard's long suit. Frustrated, he cast about for something else. At that time, Cornell was the only university with a hotel school. Richard enrolled even though it cost him an extra year. Eventually, he sallied forth as one of a handful of academically trained hotelmen in the country.

His first job was steward at Van Curler's Hotel in Schenectady. Almost immediately he was confronted with a challenge. Prohibition died an ignominious death. Suddenly the hotel needed a bartender. But bartenders had disappeared. The manager sent up a distress signal. "You have a university degree," he said to Richard. "Now find me a bartender." In his perplexity, Richard remembered having met a recently arrived Englishman with impeccable credentials as a bartender. On the day prohibition ended, the Van Curler Hotel had a functioning bar. The manager was in seventh heaven. Richard's stock went up.

With the highest recommendations from the Van Curler, Richard went to Cleveland, Rochester, Toledo, each time a rung up the ladder. Just as he stepped into the coveted job of vice-president of a 12-hotel corporation, the war wiped everything out. Back to square one, Richard fought the battle of the Wildwood, New Jersey Supply Depot where life vacillated continuously from indescribable chaos to an equally indescribable void. Meanwhile, the vice-presidency of the hotel corporation went to somebody else.

After the war, Richard became assistant to the president of the Book Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, a job that enabled him to get better acquainted with the banker who owned La Valencia. "We are saving you for La Valencia," the banker had been saying for years. Richard decided that if he was worth saving, he was worth serving. In 1946 he came to La Jolla.

Except for a few years when the club met in the Country Club, La Valencia has been home to La Jolla Rotary. In the beginning, the lunches were held in the Galeria. For at least 25 years, they take place in what is now called the Veranda. With its inspiring view of the ocean, the Veranda contributes not a little to the stimulating atmosphere of La Jolla Rotary.



FRANK KAMP is one of two remaining charter members still active in the club, Dick Irwin being the other. Frank has 48 years of Rotary. Only Ray Tucker has more. Hats off to the old campaigners.

Frank is one of those rare people who have their own business before they are 21. While still in high school in Cincinnati, he heard that a New York tile-laying company with a new process was looking for help on a job in the courthouse. He not only got the job but took it over when the New York crew left. Operating from his home and using the street-car for transportation, he plugged away. By the time he was 21, he had his own warehouse. By the time he was 28, he had his own showroom. Fortune smiled.

The Frank Kamp Flooring Company grew steadily. He branched out into linoleum, cork, terrazo, carpets, acoustical material, the new paints. The federal building, which had been the original customer, was his best advertisement. Other large firms signed up: the Keith theaters, the telephone company, city hall. Now a prominent citizen, he took on many civic responsibilities.

Pressure built up. In 1944 he was president of the Cincinnati Club, similar to our Cuyamaca Club, with 2200 members. All his help had been called up for military service. Facing a crowd of hundreds at a big Christmas party, he felt a pain in his arm just as he finished. His doctor told him that he was having a heart attack and to sell his business or he would surely die. Frank asked how long he could expect to live under the most favorable circumstances. Not more than a year. Frank sold his business and moved to La Jolla. Today, 35 years later, he plays 18 holes of golf without pain or strain, pulling his own cart.

Frank had been a Rotarian in Cincinnati. In fact, the year of his retirement, he was serving on seven committees. Since there was no Rotary club in La Jolla when he arrived here, he joined the San Diego Club. Every week, he would drive downtown for the meeting. No wonder he jumped in the boat when Gordon Gray told him of plans to start a club in La Jolla. Together with Fred Annabel and George Ash, these men started rowing. The launching was not far off.

It was Frank who arranged the first joint evening with the Tijuana Club, and it was John Alessio, president of the Tijuana Club, who dubbed Frank Pancho. The name has stuck. Although he has slowed down considerably of late, Frank is still a man of many strengths.



At 82, RAY TUCKER is the man we honor as the most senior Rotarian. He joined the Pittsburgh club in 1919 and our club in 1975.

As a boy in Hartford, Connecticut, Ray knew hard times. Such were the ravages of the depression that Ray had to drop out of school because his father could not afford to keep him there. Today, a promising lad in the same predicament would have at least three counselors digging up money.

Ray went to work for the Travelers as an office boy for six dollars a week. One day the office manager needed a bit of statistical information that lay buried in the files. Only Ray could remember it. Ray promptly became company statistician.

Shortly afterward the war came along, and Ray became a pilot. In getting his commission, he crammed one year of college work into three months. Just as he was getting ready to go overseas, the war was over. Back in Hartford, Ray now learned that he was overqualified for his job. "But we have an opening for a salesman in Pittsburgh," said his boss. Goodbye Hartford.

Within five years of his arrival in Pittsburgh, Ray had his own company. It was one of the ironies of the situation that Ray, who never finished high school, now had the pick of college grads to work for him. Many of these college grads were so lazy or inept that they didn't last a month. Meanwhile, Ray plunged into civic work. Among the many honors that came his way was the presidency of the Pittsburgh Rotary Club, of the Pittsburgh Association of Insurance Agents, and of the Borough Council. But his biggest prize was the Beaver Award of the Boy Scouts. With keen memories of his own struggles as a boy, Ray made a tremendous contribution to the Eagle Scout program.

In business Ray found that he who serves best profits most. When an old client with a new policy dropped dead before the new policy was in effect, Ray lived up to the spirit of the contract if not the letter. When the Pittsburgh and West Virginia Railroad found itself dangerously under-insured, Ray corrected the deficiencies without increasing the premium. When the Great Depression struck, Ray carried clients who were in desperate straights. At this point he made an interesting discovery. New clients came not because of advertising but because of word of mouth.

Ray's hobby is reading about the Pilgrims "with a dictionary at one side and an encyclopedia on the other." A self-made man, he is a product of diligent and exacting labor.



By the time he was 23, PER NYSTROM was already known in European sport circles as the king of the daredevil motorcyclists. A Swede, he was racing for the British Norton Motorcycle Company which engaged him to set a new speed record on a motorcycle with sidecar.

As a veteran, Per knew that the best way to beat the old record was on perfectly clear ice. Not only the lowered friction but also the higher oxygen concentration favored the man willing to take the risk. After much experimentation with tires, engines and clothing, Per journeyed in the dead of winter to Lake Storsjon near the Arctic Circle.

Per's job was to beat 100 miles an hour on two runs: one with the wind and the other against it. On his first run, he clocked 117 miles an hour. Now came the second run against the wind. Just as he was nearing the end, a violent gust tore the sidecar from its moorings and sent Per flying. He made a somersault, landed on his back, slid a quarter of a mile and came to rest against the last stake. At the hospital, it was discovered that his leg was nearly severed above the ankle. Only skilful surgery and three years of after-care saved it.

Unable to continue on motorcycles, Per took over his father's gas and oil business in Trollhattan in southern Sweden. Always on the alert, he introduced the new oil-burners into his district. In 1957 the Volvo people asked him to race the 444 Volvo sedan at Camp Callan near La Jolla. The course was a killer, and the competition came from all over. Per came in first, beating a Porsche Spyder by 9 seconds over the 100-mile course. His average was 79,356 miles an hour.

This first contact with La Jolla opened his eyes. Nothing would do but a move to La Jolla, but it was not until 1974 that he made it. Having been a Rotarian in Trollhattan, he joined our club at the first opportunity. Per has visited more Rotary clubs in more countries than you'd believe. Actually over 100 countries. Of all these clubs, the most extraordinary was Tangier. Its 40 members represent 12 nationalities and seven religions. Outside, these people are constantly at each other's throats. In the club, they get along famously.

In 1962 Per built a swank apartment house on the Riviera. To express his debt to Rotary, Per set the top floor of the building aside for Rotarians from his two clubs: Trollhattan and La Jolla. Beautifully furnished, this apartment which normally fetches \$500 a week goes to Rotarians for expenses only or about \$60 a week. Just remember, there is a waiting list.

## SERVICE PROJECTS

Service projects started in 1947 with contributions to the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts. Since then, the program has grown year by year. Rim Madsen, president in 1979, raised over \$8000.

Some of the projects are mentioned on the presidents' pages. Others lie buried under the sands of time. Not a few of the presidents are vague about what they did. A complete record of service projects does not exist. Asking indulgence for this fact, Bob Brantley presents this list from memory:

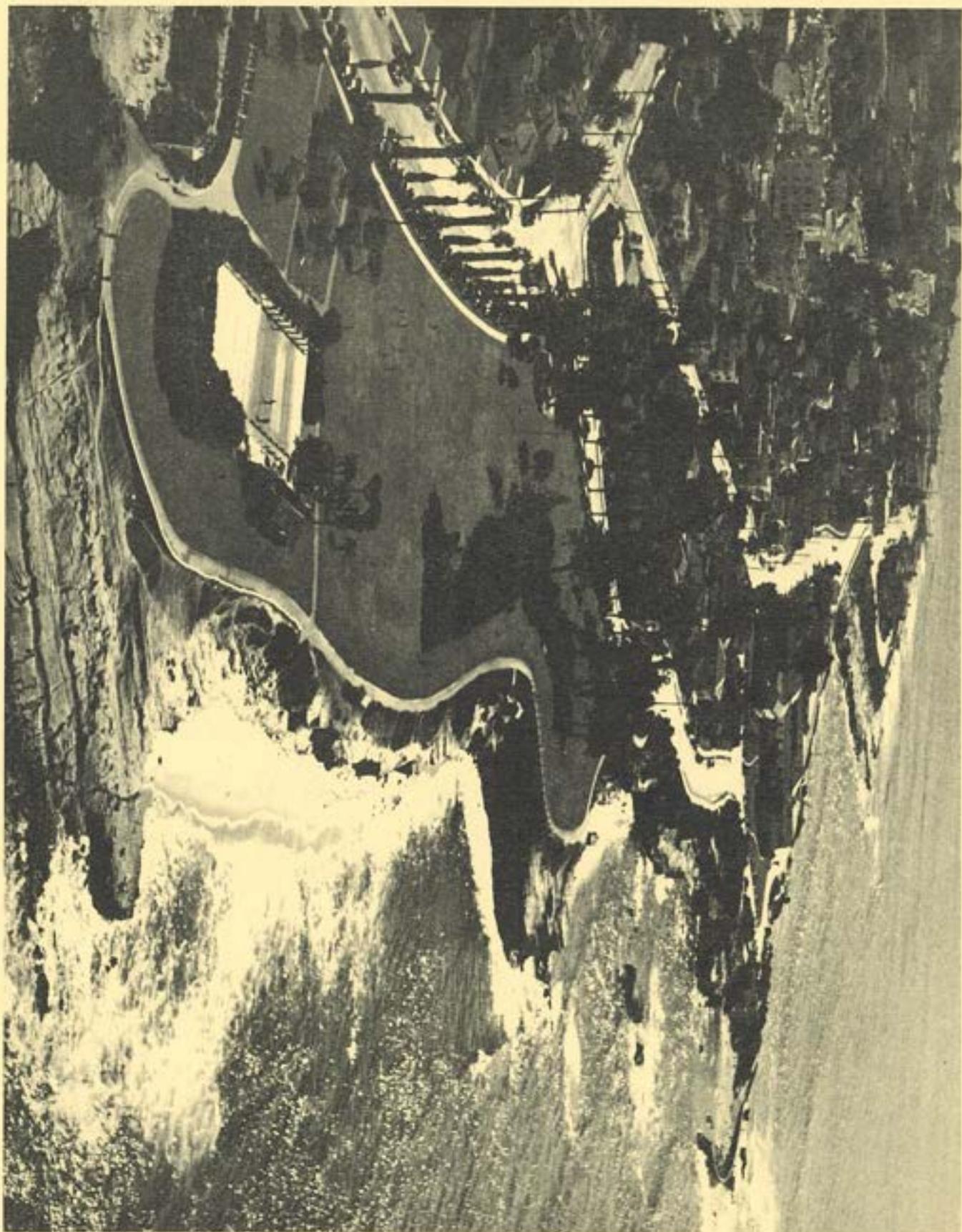
American Field Service	La Jolla Town Council
American Legion	North County Rotary
Boy Scouts of America	Northwest Y
Community Center (1)	Pop Warner football
Drinking fountain	Project Concern
Foreign students (2)	Rolling Youth Hostel
Deaf students	Scholarships (3)
Interact at La Jolla High	Scripps Hospital (4)
Interact at Bishop's	Shuffleboard Club
Junior Achievement	S.O.F.A.
Little League	Stamp Out Crime
La Jolla Civic Orchestra	Tijuana La Mesa Hospital
La Jolla Lions White Cane	Tutors for slow learners
	Y Vikings

- 
- (1) Furnished one room
  - (2) Foreign students have been helped in many ways. Besides grants, loans and hospitality, the club helped a Finnish student with the immigration of his family, a process so complicated that it required the services of Bob Wilson in Washington
  - (3) Scholarships have been awarded every year. The club has two funds: its own and the Bergman-Porter. Together, they yield at least \$3000 a year.
  - (4) Furnished one room
- 

La Jolla Rotary is proud to have  
furnished four district governors

Fred Annabel  
George Ash

Walter Hepner  
Tom Watson



## PAUL HARRIS FELLOWS

In 1917 Arch Klumph who was then president of the International Association of Rotary Clubs suggested a Rotary endowment for "some great educational service to mankind." The suggestion was applauded but pigeonholed.

In 1938 the idea was revived. This time the war intervened.

In 1947 Paul Harris died. This event rekindled Arch Klumph's suggestion of 1917. To commemorate Paul Harris, Rotary would award grants to promising young people for study abroad.

The first award went to a Polish psychologist who wanted to study the psychological rehabilitation of children in the war-ravaged countries. Eighteen other grants were made that first year.

In 1978, the last year for which figures are available, the Rotary International Foundation made 740 education grants and 520 group-study grants. The budget that year was more than 10 million dollars.

To stimulate interest, Rotary created Paul Harris fellows.

A Paul Harris fellow is a person who has contributed a thousand dollars to the Rotary International Foundation.

A Paul Harris sustaining fellow is a person who has contributed at least a hundred dollars to the fund and who has committed himself to further payments until the thousand dollars is reached.

The list that follows is as accurate as we were able to make it on 24 January 1980. Walter Deming is the man who put us over the top. For this, he received the spark plug award.

PAUL HARRIS FELLOWS AND SUSTAINING FELLOWS

Non-Active or Deceased

Paul Harris Fellows

Mrs. Percy ALLEN  
George ASH  
Charles COOPER  
Walter HEPNER  
Horace MILLER  
King QUON

Paul Harris Sustaining Fellows

Percy ALLEN  
Buz ARMACOST  
Glen BISH  
Nelson NEE  
Wyn WARWICK  
Virgil WATTERS

Active Club Members and Wives

Paul Harris Fellows

Bob BRANTLEY  
Walter DEMING  
Walther FELDMAN  
Russ FIELDER  
Ludi GRAF  
Mrs. Ludi GRAF  
Clifford GREGG  
Knute HANSEN

Joe HIBBEN  
Johnny JOHNSON  
Harold KITCHEN  
Art LINDQUIST  
Rim MADSEN  
Gil MARTIN  
Per NYSTROM  
Mrs. Per NYSTROM

Howard ROWE  
Max SCHMIDT  
Gene SCHNIEPP  
Everett STUNZ  
Jim TRIOLO  
Ray TUCKER  
Tom WATSON  
Mrs. Tom WATSON

Paul Harris Sustaining Fellows

Tom ALWERUD  
Bill BEAMER  
Austen BROWN  
John BROWN  
Garet CLARK  
Bob CLEARY  
Tom CREAMER  
Pat CROWELL  
Walter DEWHURST  
Roy DREW  
Don FOX  
John FRAGER  
Ian GARDNER-SMITH  
Karl DIDRICKSON  
Andy GILLIGAN

David GOODELL  
Orville GRAVES  
Tom GREEK  
George HALL  
Tom HANSEN  
Charles HOLMAN  
Quinn HORNADAY  
Richard IRWIN  
Robert JACKSON  
Frank KAMP  
Ben LAVEY  
Mike LAYON  
Mrs. Art LINDQUIST  
Jim MOIR  
Solon PALMER

Jack PRIOR  
Jim ROSS  
Fred SCOTT Jr  
Worth SMITH  
John THIELE  
Alan TOFFLER  
Rick TULLIS  
John TURNER  
John TYLER  
Berk WALTERS  
Bob WARWICK  
Joe WHYLIE  
Sam WILHITE  
Bob WOLTERSTORFF

### THE ROTARYANNS

In 1972 Paul and Kathleen Bremner decided to organize a club made up of wives of La Jolla Rotarians. The object was "to promote friendship and fellowship among the wives of the Rotarians and thereby to strengthen Rotary through family involvement.

With Kathleen as its first president, the club received its charter at a dinner party on 9 February 1973. Here is the list of presidents:

1972 - Kathleen Bremner  
1973 - Betty Armacost  
1974 - Harriett Watters  
1975 - Virginia Moser  
1976 - Barbara Fox  
1977 - Gerry Young  
1978 - Jeanne Layon  
1979 - Mary Moore Tucker

The club meets five or six times a year, usually for lunch. Speakers come sometimes from the club itself, sometimes from outside. Once or twice a year, the club goes on a field tour: a museum, an art gallery, an antique shop, the Gaslamp District or similar.

The Rotaryanns have also contributed significantly to a number of charitable projects.

Operation 1000 (Christmas for the poor)  
Nuestra Casa, a Tijuana orphanage  
La Jolla High School Auditorium  
La Jolla Civic Center (community theater)  
Toys for poor children at Christmas

With a membership of 44, the club is a living testimonial to Paul and Kathleen Bremner.

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### THE SURFBEAT

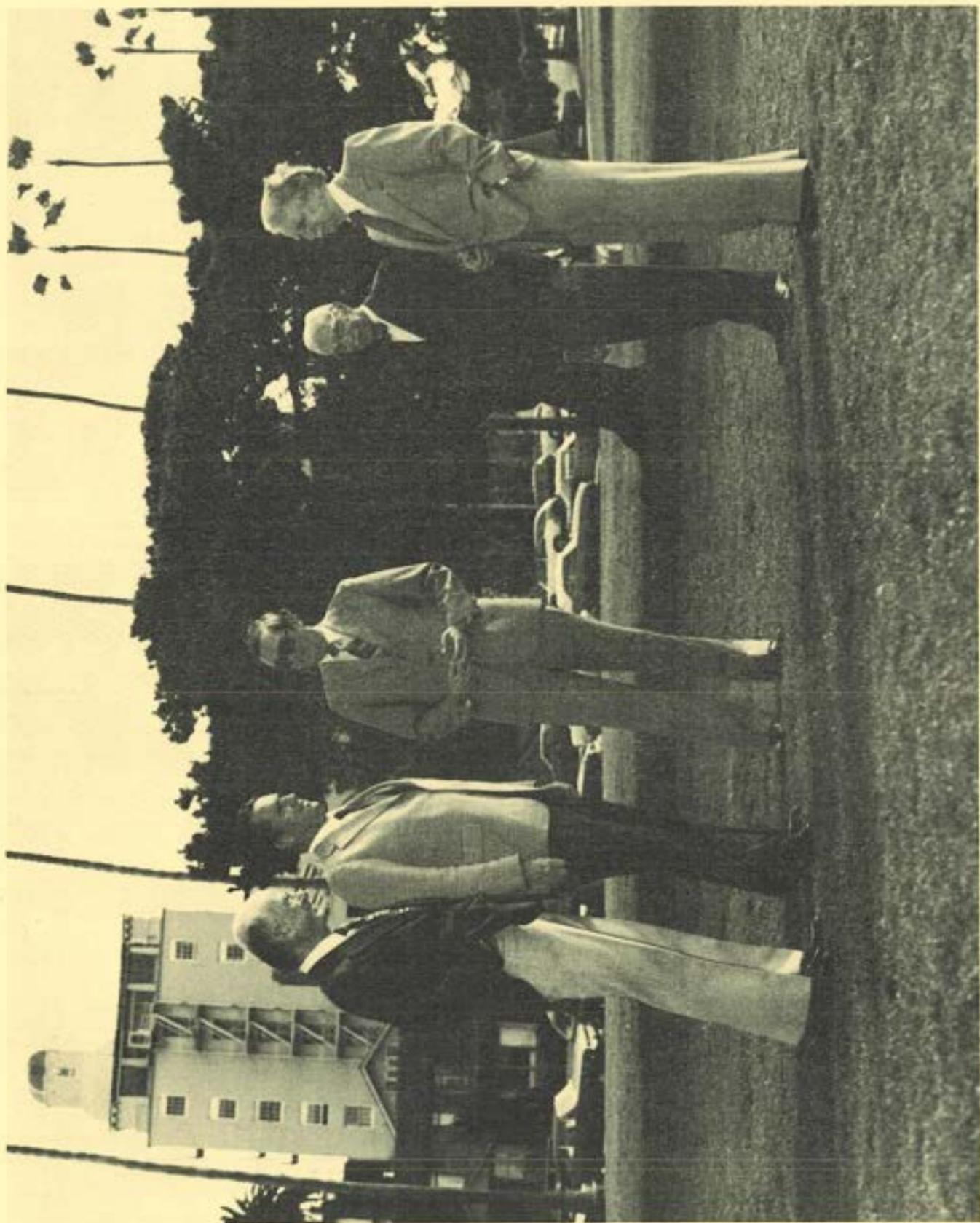
The Surfbeat first appeared under Richard Irwin in 1950. It has had two long-term editors:

Fred Knight - 1950-56  
Russ Fielder - 1960-73

Here is a page from the Surfbeat of 25 October 1956

#### An Evening With the Tijuana Rotarians

- 8:30 pm - Arrived at Club Campestre after cocktails at Buz Armacost's. Main dining room filled. Sat down in overflow room. Much smoke.
- 9:00 pm - Overflow room full. More guests. Muffled music from main arena. Ordered Scotch on the rocks. Fifty cents.
- 9:30 pm - Many late arrivals. At least 500 people here. Overflow crowd fights for space in bar.
- 9:35 pm - Getting hungry. Shrimp cocktail. Man opposite in big argument with waiter. More arrivals.
- 9:55 pm - Salad. Buz warned us not to eat it, but we ate anyway. Also some dry bread. Man opposite still arguing with waiter. He doesn't have a ticket. Waiter refuses to serve our table.
- 10:10 pm - Program starts but PA system goes out. Everybody straining. Ate some more dry bread.
- 10:15 pm - Man opposite still arguing with waiter. Head-waiter arrives. Also photographers, security men, reporters. Swarms of them.
- 10:20 pm - Too much smoke. Tried to open window and ripped sill. PA system still out. Caught glimpse of speaker. More dry bread.
- 10:45 pm - Argument finally settled. Dinner arrives. One miniscule piece of steak with teaspoonful of green beans. Cold. Ate some more dry bread.
- 11:15 pm - Went to parking lot. Car boxed in. Nobody in sight. Sat down in car and went to sleep.
- 11:45 pm - Owner of blocking car appears. Seems to be out of it. Starts car without saying a word.
- 11:55 pm - Coffee and hamburgers at Oscar's. Delicious.
- 12:45 am - Home and to bed.



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Page 10 - Pacific Camera Store

Page 12 - Rotary International

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Page 17 - Idem

Page 24 - La Valencia Hotel

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Page 34 - Unknown

Page 41 - Clifford Graves

Page 49 - O. D. Smith

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