



Jun Fujita

A mystery photographer of Chicago newspapering gets a deserved unveiling

By Jack Schnedler

If you've heard of Jun Fujita, count yourself a rarity among recipients of this newsletter. You may be the only one. That's true even though Fujita was a Chicago newspaper photographer of considerable renown in the Front Page era. Look him up on the Internet, and you'll be led to believe that he worked for The Daily News.

Quick to the scene, he shot gruesome pictures of the mobsters mowed down in the St. Valentine's Day Massacre in 1929. Fourteen years earlier, he produced indelibly moving images of the S.S. Eastland excursion-ship sinking, which took 844 lives. An especially heart-rending one is reprinted below. He photographed figures as famous as Albert Einstein, Frank Lloyd Wright, William Butler Yeats, Clarence Darrow and Carl Sandburg. And as infamous as Al Capone.

In fact, Fujita pretty clearly never was employed by The Daily News, despite his name being linked online with the newspaper we cherish.



Jun Fujita



Jun Fujita's photo of an anguished fireman carrying a dead child from the overturned S.S. Eastland in the Chicago River, 1915.

But he was a pioneering Japanese-American in daily journalism at a time when racial minorities were virtually unheard of in mainstream U.S. newsrooms. A photo reproduced on Page 4 shows him, second from left in the front row, posing with 11 other photographers.

He also was a silent-movie actor and an author of well-regarded poetry in the Japanese *tanka* genre. He seems to have known an array of notables in Chicago's cultural renaissance of the 1920s. In his distinctive outsider way, he was a man about town.

Fujita's newspaper was the Chicago Evening Post, where he worked from 1914 until it was acquired and closed by The Daily News in 1932, during the depths of the Great Depression. Other photographers, reflecting the heedless racial attitudes then afoot, are said to have called him "Tojo."

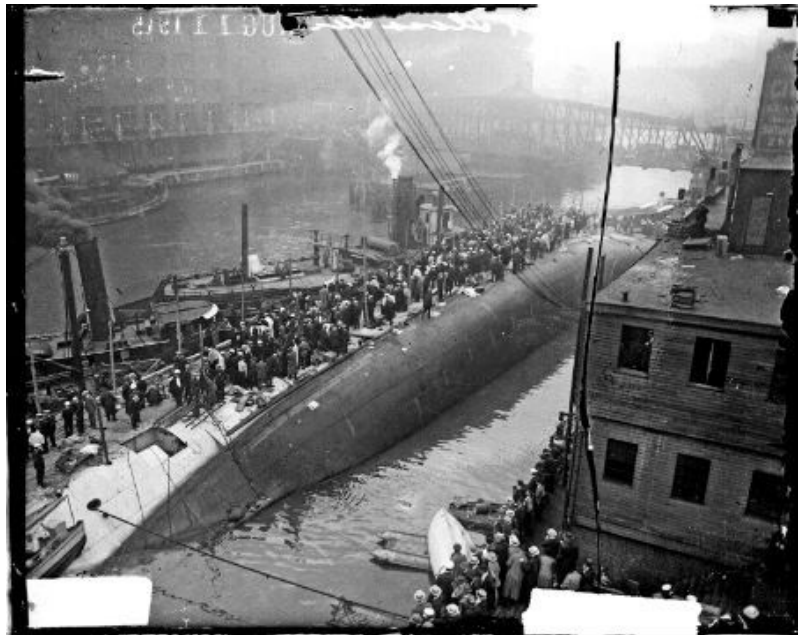
In the way that history can easily turn slippery, the more so online, an electronic search brings up repeated references connecting him to The Daily News.

The likeliest reason for that linkage is that The Daily News acquired The Evening Post's photo library as part of the purchase. The digital references to the CDN should remind researchers of the Internet's pitfalls when it comes to accuracy. False details can easily mutate from site to site.

Even if never employed by The Daily News, Fujita was imbedded in the era's frenzied newsroom culture, which saw a half-dozen or more Chicago papers competing tooth and nail for scoops. That was true for pictures as much or more so than for stories.

Almost certainly he knew George Peebles, a stalwart of The Daily News photo staff for nearly a half-century. Henry Herr Gill, a latter-day Daily News star lensman, remembers that Peebles was honored for his photos of the St. Valentine's Day killings.

Neither Henry Kisor nor I, co-editors of this newsletter, had ever heard of Fujita. Then one day this fall, while browsing a Web site devoted to the Eastland disaster, Henry came across his name. Further online prowling turned up the supposed Daily News provenance.



Fujita's photograph of the overturned hull of the Eastland.



The St. Valentine's Day massacre, 1929, by Jun Fujita.

The help of Rich Cahan led us to Graham Harrison Lee, a great-nephew of Fujita, who died of cancer in 1963 in Chicago. (Cahan is co-author with Mark Jacob — both Sun-Times alumni — of the beguiling 2007 book *Chicago Under Glass: Early Photographs From The Chicago Daily News*, with a foreword by Rick Kogan.)

Lee, who is completing a book about his great uncle, has helped flesh out the story, which began in 1888 with Fujita's birth in Hiroshima prefecture.

As Lee reports, Fujita left Japan at age 18 for reasons unclear and emigrated to Vancouver, British Columbia. Three years later, he moved to Chicago. Despite his limited English, he graduated from Wendell Phillips Academy High School.



Al Capone, 1929, by Jun Fujita

With the notion of becoming an actor, he joined Essanay Studios, an early silent-film company. According to Lee, he had a lead role in a two-reel thriller titled “Otherwise Bill Harrison.” Then Chicago’s budding film industry moved west to Hollywood.

That led to Fujita seeking work as a photographer and being hired by the *Evening Post* in 1914. On July 24, 1915, he was one of the first cameramen at the dockside sinking of the Eastland.

Lee writes that “he shot pictures left and right, capturing the chaos and pandemonium that ensued. Perhaps without thought for his own safety, he climbed onto the overturned vessel and was confronted by a fireman exiting the hull, a look of sheer horror on his face, cradling a dead child tenderly in his arms.”

That photograph “appeared on the front page of the Chicago Evening Post and was reprinted in newspapers nationwide. It is still frequently used because it so encapsulates the horrifying events of that day.”

When race riots broke out in Chicago in the summer of 1919, Fujita took what Lee calls “a haunting series of photographs” depicting “white

men stoning a young black man to death in back of the stockyards.”

In 1921, the first of Fujita’s short tanka poems (similar to haiku) was published in Harriet Monroe’s *Poetry* magazine, a beacon of the Chicago Renaissance. His only book, *Tanka: Poems in Exile*, was printed in 1923.

With the zeal of a loving relative, Lee asserts that his great-uncle “did not just capture newsworthy images of the famous and infamous; because of his photographic skills, he was sought out to take their pictures. Even Al Capone A-listed Fujita.”

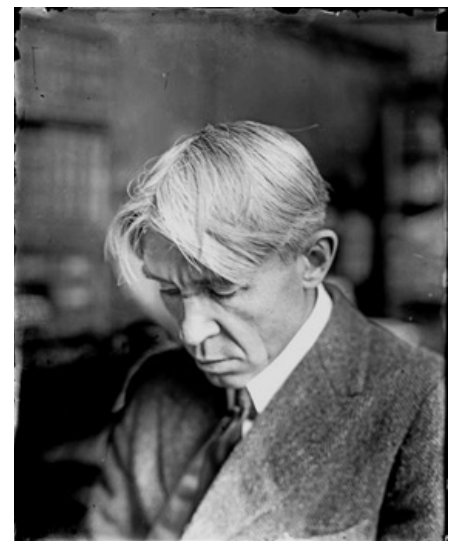
According to Lee, Capone invited Fujita to his Thanksgiving charity dinners. The photographer “declined the invitations as well as a job offer when Capone needed knife skills that Fujita had from his samurai training” as a youth in Japan.

After the *Evening Post* was closed, it seems that Fujita opened his own studio concentrating on commercial photography.

He eventually married longtime companion Florence Carr. They built a cabin in the north woods of Minnesota, while continuing to live in Chicago. In 1953, Congress granted Fujita honorary U.S. citizenship.

After his death, Carr donated 93 of his negatives and a separate album of his Eastland photographs to what is now the Chicago History Museum, which also houses a vast collection of Chicago Daily News photos taken from 1901 to 1978.

His obituary, written by his widow, described him succinctly, in a fashion that would have suited his short poems: “Photographer

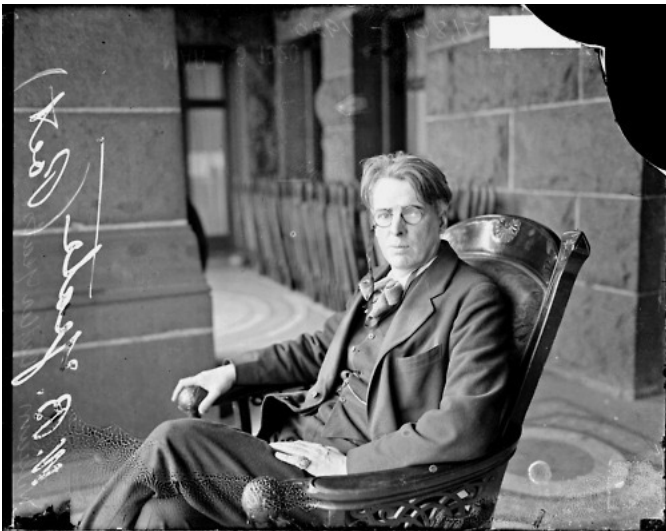


Carl Sandburg in the 1930s, by Jun Fujita.

extraordinary, naturalist, poet, musician and practitioner and connoisseur of the cultural arts.”

Although it evidently never came to pass, he surely would have fit with ease into The Daily News cast of characters in the Front Page era.

If you know anything about Jun Fujita, please let Henry Kisor or Jack Schnedler know. We'll pass along the information to his great-nephew.



Above: A Jun Fujita photo of William Butler Yeats, 1920.



Jun Fujita, second from left, bottom row, in a group shot of Chicago photographers in the 1920s or 1930s.

Right: Fujita's photo of child killers Nathan Leopold and Richard Loeb with their attorney, Clarence Darrow, in 1924.



Obituaries

Leo Newcombe, 93, former vice president and general manager of the Chicago Sun-Times and Daily News, died Dec. 10 in Lincolnshire, Ill.

He was born Sept. 24, 1921, in a small farmhouse in Faribault, Minn., to Jane and Sumner Newcombe. His mother taught in a one-room schoolhouse and recognized that her son was a whiz in math. She saved money to send Leo to college, a good thing because he hated doing farm chores and couldn't wait to shake the cow manure off his shoes and see what the big city had to offer.

In 1938, at age 16, Leo headed to the University of Minnesota and graduated with a Bachelor of Business Administration degree in 1942. He immediately joined the Navy and attended the new Navy Supply School at Harvard, later serving as a lieutenant commander aboard the transport ship *USS U. S. Grant* (AP-29) in the Pacific.

After the war, Leo earned an MBA at the University of Michigan in 1947. That year he started work as an accountant at Arthur Andersen in Chicago, earning his CPA in 1949, and moved to Field Enterprises in 1952. He started as controller in the corporate division and worked his way up the ranks to senior vice president of Field Enterprises. In 1979, Leo semi-retired and became a part-time professor of accounting at DePaul University. He retired from DePaul in 1991.

During his time in the Navy, Leo was stationed in Seattle, where he fell in love with Ann Lombard, daughter of a Navy physician. They were married in Pittsburgh May 1, 1948. Leo and Ann had eight children and moved to Winnetka, Ill., in 1952. In 2007 they moved into Westminster Place in Evanston. Leo and Ann were devout Catholics who loved to walk, dance, play bridge, and travel (which usually included walking, dancing, playing bridge, and going to Mass).

Ann was diagnosed with Alzheimer's disease in 2005 and died in 2011. In addition to his wife, Leo was preceded in death by his sister Marian, brother Howard, brother Francis, sister Jane and son Douglas.

Survivors include his sister Lila; son Leo Raymond Jr., daughter-in-law Sally, and granddaughter Melissa; son Richard, daughter-in-law Carole, grandson Jack, granddaughter Sara, great-grandson Scott and great granddaughter Lillian; son Robert, daughter-in-law Debbie, and granddaughter Laura; daughter-in-law Carolyn, granddaughter Courtney, grandson Peter, and granddaughters Julie and Katherine; son Jerome, his daughter-in-law Kirsti, grandson Eric, granddaughter Annie, and great-granddaughter Elizabeth; daughter Mary Ann, son-in-law Chuck Veldman, granddaughters Jessica and Patricia, and grandson Andrew; son John, daughter-in-law Frances, and grandson Jonah; daughter Margaret Mary, son-in-law Daniel Sugrue, grandson Kevin, granddaughter Vivian, and grandson Sean; and too many nieces and nephews to list (but loved just the same).

Visitation will be Friday, January 2, 4 p.m. to 8:30 p.m. at Donnellan Funeral Services, 10045 Skokie Blvd., Skokie, Ill. Funeral mass will be at 10 a.m. Saturday, January 3, at SS. Faith Hope & Charity Church, 191 Linden St., Winnetka, Ill. Interment will be at Calvary Cemetery, 301 Chicago Ave., Evanston, Ill.



Daily News Trivia Quiz

By Eric Lund

1. What part did a Chicago Park District building east of Lake Shore Drive at Fullerton play in Daily News history?

2. *A Treasury of Great Reporting*, Snyder and Morris (1962), includes how many stories by Daily News writers?

3. *A Century of Chicago's Best Sports Reporting*, Ron Rapoport (2013), includes how many?

4. Speaking of sports, what Daily News sports reporter wrote books about the Chicago Blackhawks, Chicago Bears and Chicago Cubs?

5. Who was Keith Preston?

6. Who was Lloyd Lewis?

7. What two Daily News reporters are identified with Fidel Castro and the Cuban revolution?

8. What staffers encountered police brutality during the 1968 Democratic convention?

9. **Who was the only Daily News reporter to qualify as an heiress (right)?**

10. Who forgot his ready-to-mail Christmas cards in the trunk of his car, didn't remember them until after New Year's, and saved them to mail the following Christmas?



Trivia Quiz Answers

1. It and an earlier building housed the Chicago Daily News Sanitarium from 1887 to the mid-1930s. The clean-air refuge served as many as 400 tenement children a day during the summer. An article with 28 photographs about it appeared in the Spring 2000 issue of Chicago History magazine.

2. Eight: Ray Stannard Baker (in the News' sister paper the Record), Ben Hecht, A.T. Steele, Leland Stowe, Helen Kirkpatrick, Robert J. Casey, George Weller and Keyes Beech.

3. Twenty-two: Mike Downey, David Israel and John Schulian, three each; John P. Carmichael, Philip Hersh, Ron Rapoport, Mike Royko and Ray Sons, two each; John Kuenster, Dave Nightingale and Taylor Bell, one each. Most of the stories appeared in other newspapers (the Sun-Times and Tribune) after the Daily News folded.

4. George Vass, author of *The Chicago Black Hawks Story* (1970), *Inside Hockey* (with Stan Mikita, 1971), *George Halas and the Chicago Bears* (1971), *The Game I'll Never Forget* (columns he wrote for Baseball Digest magazine; 1995), *The Chicago Cubs Encyclopedia* (with Jerome Holzman, 1997) and *Baseball Chicago Style: A Tale of Two Teams and One City* (2007). At the Daily News, he was known for his interest in Roman history, which culminated with the publication in 2005 of *Tiberius, Reluctant Caesar*.

5. Preston, born in 1884, was a University of Chicago Ph.D. who taught classics and philosophy at three universities, Indiana, Princeton and Northwestern. In 1922 he left academe and joined the Daily News as a columnist and literary editor. He published four volumes of poetry before his death in 1926 at age 42.

6. Lewis joined the Daily News as drama critic in 1930 after 12 years as publicist for the Balaban & Katz movie chain. The drama critic went on to become successively sports editor, managing editor and popular columnist. A voracious student of the Civil War, he wrote highly regarded biographies of Generals Sherman and Grant. He also co-wrote *Chicago: A History of Its Reputation* (1929, with Henry Justin Smith), and a Broadway play, *Jayhawkers* (1935, with Sinclair Lewis). (From the *Encyclopedia of Chicago*)

7. Bob Gruenberg covered the revolution; GeeGee Geyer covered Castro's Cuba and wrote a biography, *Guerilla Prince* (Little, Brown; 1991).

8. John Linstead was brutally beaten and taken to the emergency ward, and Henry Gill was bloodied. They, Larry Green and Henry De Zutter were all gassed.

9. **Abra Rockefeller Prentice** (right, in a recent photo), who wrote the Jon and Abra gossip column with her husband, Jon Anderson.

10. Ed Gilbreth, remembered for his ability to drink numerous martinis as well as his superb editing skills.



Trivia mailbag

Larry Green adds another Rush St. restaurant, the Corona, to the watering hole lists in the last quiz and this story about Al Capp: "Al Capp was a friend of my uncle in L.A. For one of my uncle's birthdays, I think the 50th, Capp brought a do-it-yourself chicken soup kit—a big kettle, an ax and a live chicken. Family still talks about it."

Phil Blake also remembered the Corona and the open-around-the-clock Little Corporal on Wacker near State. The Corona had a lower-level lunch counter serving the same food as the fancy street-level restaurant, but at much lower prices.

'Hello, sweetheart, get me rewrite'

In the 21st century, rewriterman ranks with iceman and milkman among antique occupations.

Not so in 1976 when The Daily News celebrated its 100th birthday with a centennial special edition that included Panorama magazine's oral history of the paper. Several dozen former and current staff members contributed their recollections, some of which turned elegiac once The Daily News was put to death two years later. John Justin Smith, the newspaper's travel editor in 1976, focused on rewritersmen (and the few rewriterwomen) in his essay.

After The Daily News went down, J.J. worked as travel editor of The Sun-Times until retirement in 1983. He and his wife Margaret had nine children and 20 grandchildren. He died in 1989. Here's his essay:

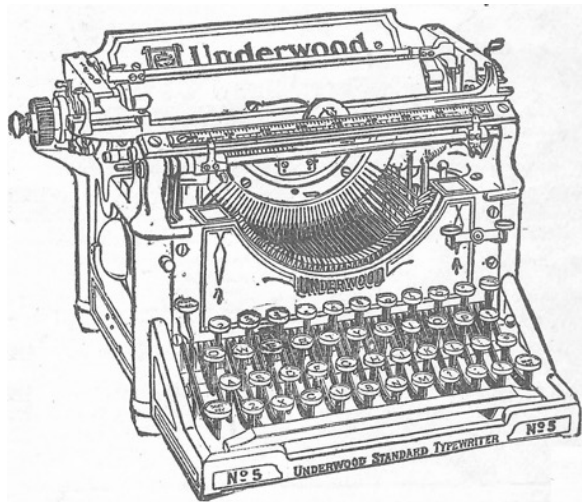
'Starting Monday, you're on rewrite'

By John Justin Smith

One afternoon in 1946, maybe 1947, city editor Clem Lane said: "You're doing all right, son. Starting Monday, you're on the rewrite desk."

The thrill couldn't have been bigger if a Rockefeller had said, "Here, take all my money," or the Pope had said, "Hey, kid, you're going to heaven."

Being a Daily News rewriterman (whoops! rewriteperson) was then—and still is—one of the great honors in journalism. It means you've mastered the craft of writing the news.



It means you know Chicago, its people and its institutions.

It means you are able to write hard and fast for eight hours straight, much longer if needed.

It means you get to go home weary of mind and body but pleased to know you've taken part in the chore of telling the world about life and death, saints and shysters, civic heroes and civic bums.

Those words—"Starting Monday, you're on the rewrite desk"—are the greatest honor paid to me during a Daily News career that began in 1937.

Sports editor Ray Sons, once a rewriterman, agrees. "Nothing can compare with that honor," he says. "You're in such fast company."

Fast company is right. It's very easy to remember who else was on rewrite when you got there — Bob Faherty, now retired and living the life of a country gentleman in France; Al Prowitt and Jerry Thorp, now both dead.

The tendency is to say that these three were about the best. But since then, there have been about 50 others who were on rewrite, helping to keep the heart of The Daily News pumping.

Today's rewrite people are probably as good as any and are certainly much respected by their fellow workers. They are Phil O'Connor, Henry Hanson, Charles Nicodemus and Larry Finley.

The thing about rewrite is that it is important to The Daily News. On an afternoon paper, a lot of news breaks during the hours the editions are rolling. Thus the rewriterman must be able to work at top speed, taking notes from a reporter on the scene—sometimes half a dozen or more reporters on a big story—and write an accurate, clear, crisp story in minutes.

Some rewritersmen are specialists, too.

Bill Mooney was always the staff record head. He could remember dates, places addresses, titles, anything. All these years later, he can tell you to the penny how much money state auditor Orville T. Hodge stole.

Another fine specialist was Emery Hutchinson, who knew as much about the weather as the Weather Bureau did—and wrote in language as sparkling as snowflakes.

City Editor Lane especially appreciated good rewriters. He had been one himself and his specialty was sticking hoodlums with nicknames that bothered them. Paul (The Waiter) Ricca, Jake (Greasy Thumb) Guzik, Paul (Needle Nose) Labriola, that sort of thing.

Among others who early made the job so important were Sydney J. Harris, Jack Mabley, Bob Yoder, Gene Morgan and Harry Beardsley, to name but a few.

If Clem Lane loved rewrite people, he also leaned on them very hard. “Shake a leg,” he often said. “You’re not writing for a weekly magazine.” Or simply, “Get moving!” He was not above calling a rewriter a “lardhead.”

Quiet Walter Smith took all the Lane abrasiveness he could stand, quit and went to work for the Detroit News, saying, “I want to see if everybody thinks I’m a lardhead.” Not everyone did, of course, including Clem Lane, who often used the phrase as a term of endearment.

Lane’s lustiness could be matched only by that of the late Jerry Moran, who on rewrite loudly bawled out a politician who would refuse to answer questions on the phone. Lane slipped Moran a note and all it said was: “Do not be as irascible as I am.”

Rewrite people have a way of moving on to bigger—but probably not tougher—jobs. Bob Schultz is now our city editor. Bob Rose became city editor and columnist and then went on to head our West Coast bureau.

Jim McCartney became city editor and went to Washington, where he now labors for the Knight-Ridder newspapers. Bill Newman, once a poet of a rewrite man, now edits Panorama. Carl Guldager is an executive for Marshall Field & Co. Austin Boyle is a banker, for heaven’s sake.

Ray Coffey has roamed Earth and now heads our London bureau. Bob Herguth writes his People column when he doesn’t have a broken leg. Ellen Warren is a foreign correspondent. Ed Gilbreth is now the political editor.

The late Dean Gysel became a fine television critic, and Joe Haas, now also dead, was book editor. Ed Baumann was city editor of Chicago Today and now is a rewriter for the Tribune.

Jon Hahn is labor editor and Ed Eulenberg is one of the hardest-working all-around men in the outfit. Howard Ziff is a college professor. George Harmon is first assistant city editor. Frank Brennan and Les Hausner are assistant city editors. Art Gorlick is assistant national and foreign editor, and Ron Chizever went into television and is now a writer for Channel 5 news. Harry Schaudt is chief copy editor.

The list isn’t endless. Tick off the names of Lois Thrasher, Mert Perry, Ward Caille, Genter Dahl, Don Zochert, Betty Flynn, Jack Lind, Dick Stout, Dave Reed, Ed Snyder and Red Leiter, and we’ve named maybe all The Daily News rewrite people of the last 30 years.

City Editor Schultz made this point about rewrite: “In a pinch, a lot of people have worked the job, filling in when needed.” He named just a few—Lois Wille, Mike Royko, Diane Monk, Jack Schnedler, Karen Hasman and Art Snider.

But the others did rewrite on a full-time basis, grinding out words at high speed, often skipping lunch, perspiring and frequently working long hours.

And they did it for maybe 15 bucks a week extra and all that honor.



Notes from our alums

From time to time, we'll reprint recent stories and essays written by our alumni and published in various newspapers and magazines. The following, with a Barcelona dateline, appeared in the Los Angeles Times' travel pages last month:

From Martha Groves: We were enjoying a stroll along this northern Spanish city's festive Rambla when our tour guide stopped in front of a vendor displaying an array of small painted figurines.

"We have an unusual custom here in Barcelona," she said. "Every Christmas, we put a pooper in the creche."

Unfortunately, in Barcelona there are people who seek to exploit the presence of tourists for profit.

The "pooper" is the *caganer*, a Catalan folk-art personage dating back centuries. *Caganers* vary in size, but a traditional figure is a male, perhaps 2 inches tall, sporting a red cap. He is squatting, pants down, balanced over a spiraled brown cone of excrement. Even as excitement swirls over Jesus' birth, the pooper—made of clay, plastic, wood or ceramic—is giving back to the earth the nourishment that it provided.

The custom has spawned a robust market for souvenir poopers of all sorts: SpongeBob, Yoda, Vladimir Putin, Queen Elizabeth and President Obama.

If you look closely, you can spot a baby pooper in "The Farm," a 1922 painting by Barcelona native son Joan Miro.

So perhaps it was fitting that my travel companion and I were just about to enter the Fundacio Joan Miro, the modern art museum on Montjuïc, the hill overlooking the harbor, when we were set upon by a pair of Barcelonian bird-poop bandits.

It was our last day in this city of architectural modernism, bodacious outdoor art and Catalanian pride. We had seen the Sagrada Familia, the otherworldly, unfinished masterpiece of a church designed by Antoni Gaudi.



A display of Catalan *caganer* in the window of a shop in Barcelona. (Photo by Martha Groves.)

We had dined on spicy *patatas bravas* and imbibed the local Estrella Damm lager.

But we had much more on our sightseeing platter. We ventured by subway to the domed National Palace with its cascading fountains and were wandering through the Laribal Gardens, a series of shady terraces linked by narrow paths and stairways.

Suddenly, a man and a woman who had been walking behind us began excitedly conveying the message—whether in English or Spanish or a blend of both, I can’t recall—that a bird had dropped a gooey bomb on us.

Sure enough, we were spattered head to toe with a greenish slime. Luckily for us, the duo were equipped with moist towelettes and water, and they good-naturedly set about wiping us down.

The woman pointed to my hair. She doused a towelette with water from a plastic bottle and handed it to Jim Clarke, my companion, urging him to scrub the nasty stuff off my scalp.

Her buddy swiped at the droppings on the case of Jim’s big-screen Samsung cellphone, which had been snapped to his belt. The seeming Good Samaritan then slid the phone into one of Jim’s pockets.

When witnesses say, “It all happened so fast,” I really get that. These thoughts were whizzing through my brain:

- * Everybody warned us about pickpockets.
- * That must be one giant bird.
- * These people are being waaaay too helpful.
- * Jim, let’s move!

Meanwhile, to my flimsy credit, I was clutching my shoulder bag tightly to my side. It contained everything dear to me at the moment: euros, dollars, passport, camera, iPad, credit cards.

After a few minutes, our helpmates waved “adios” and went on their way. We headed on to the museum entrance. That’s when Jim patted his shorts pocket and said: “Where’s my phone?” I riffled through my bag and was relieved to find my belongings intact. What was not such a relief was the foul odor emanating from our clothing. That bird poop was fake—approximately the consistency of hot-dog mustard—but it stank to high heaven.

We split up and chased after the culprits, unsuccessfully, for a good 45 minutes.

Our next stop was a police station across from an old bullfighting arena turned upscale shopping mall. There we encountered a Swedish couple who had been victims of the same scam hours earlier. During their cleanup confusion, the pickpockets had removed hundreds of euros from the man’s wallet — and then put the wallet back into his pocket! The woman had lost money and the gold chain around her neck.

A police officer took our statements and showed us mug shots. No luck. He informed us, and a quick Internet search confirmed, that the bird-poop scam is one of many methods—perhaps the most dismally appropriate in this land of scatological tradition—that pickpockets use to fleece distracted tourists in Barcelona.

In an email interview, a spokesman for Barcelona’s Guardia Urbana said police devote significant resources to fighting pickpockets.

“Unfortunately,” he said, “in Barcelona there are people who seek to exploit the presence of tourists for profit.”

Like the *caganer*, we got caught with our pants down in Barcelona. Rest assured, bird poopers: It won’t happen again.

martha.groves@latimes.com

Bob Signer reports that son Michael and wife Emily now have twin boys, William and Jacobi, born on Sept. 29. (Michael is also the son of Daily News reporter Marjorie Brahms.)

Daughter Mira gave birth to a daughter in June, giving Bob and Marj five grandkids in all.

(Bob types his notes on an electric typewriter. And he sent a check recently to the newsletter fund.)

John Cullicott, son of news editor George Cullicott, discovered the following clip from 1968 in his late father's files and sent it along. Thanks, John. (John, a classmate of Henry Kisor in the Medill School of Journalism MSJ program in 1962-1964, retired as managing editor of the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post News Service.)

CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, Saturday, July 6, 1968

Voice from the Grandstand

By John Justin Smith
Dear John:

Glad to see the Voice From the Grandstand back where it belongs. I have some very special affection for this column because I once played on the Voice From the Grandstand softball team. Remember that?—Gene DeLarco, Chicago

Dear Gene:

Who could forget that glorious team of 1940? Our team trounced every team in the Chicago Editorial League, including one called The Barber Shop. That was four years after this column began in The Daily News.

Anyhow, we thought you might like to see how handsome and hairy you were in 1940. So we reprint the team photo below.

Many of the other team members are still with us, including you, Norman Weisbaum (now editorial auditor), Joe Marino (now a photographer), Frank DeSanti (now communications director), George Cullicott (now news editor) and Joe Rein (now executive sports editor).

You might ask where Rein was when the picture was taken. The answer: He refused to pose. His son Skip, now a Kansas City ad executive and then a 2-year-old, had given dear old Daddy a black eye.



Voice From the Grandstand softball team of 1940 . . . winners all. Front row, left to right—Earl Schaeffer, the late Howard Diehl, Larry Herman, Norman Weisbaum,

Ray Stead and George Quarnstrom. Top row—Gene DeLarco, Frank De Santi, Joe Marino, Mike Cardamore, the late Bill Boyer and George Cullicott.

The CDN Newsletter was created, edited and published by Margaret Whitesides from shortly after the closing of The Daily News in March 1978 until her death in August 2002. Bob and Marge Herguth kept the flag flying for the next 11 years until passing the gonfalon to Jack Schnedler and Henry Kisor.

Ho, ho, ho! If you're old-fashioned enough to still be sending out a holiday newsletter—either printed on paper or sent as an email—recapping your past year, Henry and Jack would be happy to get a copy for reprinting, by either email or snail mail, for the February issue of the CDN Newsletter. We already have newsletters from Joe Geshwiler, Gary Settle, Jack Schnedler and Henry Kisor, and we're hoping for more. Send it to hkisor@gmail.com or to Jack Schnedler, 1421 N. University Ave., Apt. N-218, Little Rock AR 72207.