



# Count Finds an Ally, In Anti-Ugly Crusade!

By Count Marco

I've discovered a man with almost the same amount of courage I have. In fact when I made several important suggestions about you his face lit up with the zeal of the true reformer. "I think I'll do it!" he said. Fred Hayman has a mission (just as I have), and that is to bring elegance back to this country.

Mr. Hayman has just become general manager of the grande dame of American hotels, the Ambassador in Los Angeles. He plans to give a star's comeback to this famous landmark, whose Cocoanut Grove once entertained not only the crowned heads of Europe but also the royalty of Hollywood.

Fred visited me for lunch in the Ambassador's royal suite, and we discussed ways and means of bringing glamor back to the lost women of Los Angeles.

The first and most important

step is of course to ban slacks, Capris and other unreasonable attire in any public room including the lobby. This Fred Hayman promises to do.

As I pointed out to him, "You cannot maintain dignity and elegance as long as you permit one sloppy, lazy female to cross your lobby or enter a public eating place or cocktail room in those Hollywood horrors."

How I respected the maitre d' in the Grand Hotel in Rome who refused with beautiful gestures of contempt the sloppy American tourist female who dared to think she could enter the dining room in stretch pants. I hope more hotel managers will follow suit and clean up their grounds.

We discussed club women, banquets and conventions. Apparently Mr. Hayman has been close to the women's groups

planning social or community functions, because he snared some of the most elite social events for his hotel.

For those of you who are planning for your club or organization anything from a simple reception or grand ball to a large convention, he is preparing a "how to" booklet.

Undoubtedly he will aim it at his own hotel, but the basic information can easily be adapted to any group anywhere. The booklet will tell you whom to contact in a hotel, what to order, how to order, how to plan ahead, how much it will cost, what to do about decorations, planning publicity and other pertinent information never before compiled in so complete a form.

If you wish a copy of this booklet, write to me in care of THE HERALD, being sure to include the word "Ambassador" on the envelope. I'll see to it that he sends you your own copy. See how I look after your interests?

(Distributed by Chronicle Features)

## THE FEARLESS SPECTATOR

# A Trifling Matter of Salary

By CHARLES McCABE, ESQ.

To his friends, Charles Stoneham (Chub) Feeney is charm itself: Polished to a fine glitter by Dartmouth, a demon with the dice box, a gentleman, a scholar.

But to some of his charges on the San Francisco Giants, Chub is thought to have the morals of a Medici and to use the methods of the Mafia.

For Chub, you see, is in charge of handing out raises when contract-renewal time comes; and this is a job in which it is hard to be loved.

★ ★ ★

The beefs are already coming in, if you've been following the sports pages faithfully:

"CEPEDA DENIES AGREEMENT."

"MCCOVEY, GIANTS 'FAR APART'."

You may expect to see many thrilling headlines like that before the first ball is thrown out for the '64 season. Like "Orlando nearer . . ." "McCovey farther away . . ."

Of course when two colorless catchers like Tom Haller and Del Crandall sign, as they did recently, this news is lost down with the agate type somewhere.

For, as us newshawks say, bad news is good news.

and good news is no news. Who wants to know, for instance, that the beautiful Miss Soandso survived the entire day yesterday without being raped?

What we like is a little old controversy, and you may be sure that the Giants and Mr. Feeney will produce it for us, if only because the fans demand it. They wouldn't recognize spring without two or three healthy contract Brannigans.

The sort of anxiety that can be produced by Mr. Feeney's methods was illustrated by our peerless slugger, Mr. Willie McCovey.

★ ★ ★

Mr. McCovey almost became home run champ, or something, last year, and might well have achieved that pinnacle of achievement if his kindly manager, Mr. Al Dark, had not kept him out of the late-season game in which he could well have done it. Whatever Mr. Dark's reasons were for scrubbing Willie from the line-up that day, he probably saved the Giant management \$10,000 in salary this year.

Mr. McCovey thinks well of himself, and has good reason to. But it turned out that, so far, he has placed far too liberal a view on the generosity of his owners.

★ ★ ★

(It is important to remember, in discussing baseball negotiations, that the owners literally OWN the players, while your boss and mine merely hire us.)

Said Willie ruefully recently: "When you walk around all winter with a figure in your mind, then the club comes up with something quite a bit less, there's some talking to do."

The man who shattered Willie's dreams of glory was, of course, the tight-fisted Mr. Feeney. Willie said, "He named a figure and it sure wasn't near the one I had in mind, but I don't think we will have much trouble working it out."

I don't know how much trouble Willie will have, but I will give you a small wager right now that the final figure will be a good deal more like what Mr. Feeney has in mind than the one Willie walked about with in his mind all winter.

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By Fred Harman



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By PETE HOFFMAN



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There is a lot more to newspaper route management than most boys and their parents realize.

If you would like to know more about it—make an appointment for yourself and your son to come in for a conference.

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