



## Smithsonian Institution

*Smithsonian National Air and Space Museum Archives*

### Fred Wiseman Scrapbook

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[[newspaper clipping]]  
Page 2 \* SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE THIS WORLD

West Coast

[[underlined]] SAN FRANCISCO [[/underlined]]  
Voice of the People

The shrine of democracy, in most cases, was a damp, drafty garage. Sometimes it was bare, save for the voting booths and a little table used by the election officials. Sometimes it was packed to the ceiling with pieces of discarded furniture and old automobile parts and broken toys and last year's magazines. Sometimes its walls were decorated with ancient license plates or ancient calendars or dog-eared liquor ads (at least one place was decked out in gay Halloween bunting). But, always, it was cold.

The day had begun under heavy black clouds which by noon had dumped their burden over San Francisco. A few election workers, objects of pity to some thoughtful voter, sipped hot coffee and toasted their limbs before little heaters. But most considered themselves lucky if they had a piece of cardboard between their feet and the icy garage floor.

Not that they had much time to brood over it. From the moment the polls opened (7 a. m.), and despite the sad weather, San Francisco's electorate flocked to their precinct voting places. They came in greater numbers — 282,414 in all — than for any previous municipal election in San Francisco's history, although the percentage (75.63) was slightly under 1943's. They stood in lines that often snaked out the door, and more than one — after signing the register — found that he couldn't wait for his turn behind the green curtain.

In North Beach, a few blocks from Fisherman's Wharf, an Italian mother cast her ballot after parking a chunky market [[?]] sunset district, hard by Golden Gate Park, an elderly Irishman took 15 minutes to vote, then emerged from the booth with the proud announcement: "Well, I sure did a good job." Retiring Mayor Roger Lapham was the first to show up at his clay street polling place. Later, he escorted Randolph Churchill, son of Britain's wartime Prime Minister, on a tour of the city.

[[image - portrait photograph of man]]  
[[caption]] MAYOR-ELECT ROBINSON  
Behind the green curtain—democracy  
See SAN FRANCISCO [[/caption]]

There was little trouble outside of the usual "hey-the-machine's-stuck - what'll-I-Do-now" type. Three election inspectors came on duty drunk and were promptly replaced. Three other men, in different sections of the city, were arrested on charges of electioneering within 100 feet of the polls. And a happy drunk, waving a half-empty wine bottle from a soap box and arresting pedestrian traffic on Fifteenth street with his oratory, had to be shooed off by police.

When it was all over, San Francisco's 1300 voting machines told the semi-official story (it would not be official for several weeks).



Mayor: Plump, 52-year-old Superior Judge Elmer E. Robinson romped to victory with a count of 116,937 votes as against 101,408 for Congressman Franck R. Havenner, the labor candidate. Chester R. MacPhee, now serving his second term on the Board of Supervisors, came in a poor third with 60,508. And Frank A. Barbaria, Socialist Workers party man, got a token 1654.

Supervisors: Four incumbents – J. Joseph Sullivan, Edward T. Mancuso, Dewey Mead and John J. Sullivan – held onto their seats by comfortable margins, while the two remaining spots went to Chris J. Christensen and 31-year-old Don Fazackerley (who will be youngest member on the new Board of Supervisors).

District Attorney: Incumbent Edmund G. Brown swept up the largest total of any candidate in the election (171,960) to whip his only opponent, George V. Curtis. Murphy also incumbent [[?]] C. thumping majority over candidates John J. Lockhart, M. L. Britt and Harry L. Ryberg.

Judges: Joseph M. Golden, Milton D. Sapiro and John J. McMahon were unopposed for the judgeships of Municipal Courts 1, 2 and 3 respectively. But in the hot race for Department No. 4, it was Edward F. O'Day who broke the tape, followed by Bradford Bosley, John T. McCarthy and Joseph I. McNamara – in that order.

Assemblyman: The only contest which remained in doubt last week was the one to fill the State Assembly seat from the 21st District formerly held by Superior Judge Albert C. Wollenberg. With more than 2000 absentee ballots yet to be counted, the score stood: 9712 for Arthur H. Connolly Jr., 9099 for Jack L. Blaine and 6294 for Irving Rosenblatt Jr.

Open-handed

San Franciscans were in a generous mood when they voted on city propositions last week. They voted yes on 23 of the 26.

By voting yes on Propositions 1 through 7, they gave the new Mayor \$87,050,000 to improve streets and transportation, develop recreational facilities, enlarge the water supply and provide downtown parking.

They gave the city administration the right to combine various jobs, create others (such as a deputy fire chief), make Civil Service rating and wage adjustments (including raises for firemen and policemen). In all, the voters said yes to 13 of the 15 propositions relating to city administration and employees. They turned down retirement pay for Municipal Court employees who recent got the State Legislature to set their salaries above city scale, and a plan to combine the Recreation and Parks Departments.

They gave sightseers a break by voting to keep the cable cars, enlarge the board of the M. H. de Young Museum and give the California Academy of Science charge [[?]]

And the voters gave themselves a present by turning down a proposition which would have upped the minimum parking fine from \$2 to \$5.

CALIFORNIA

Down Under

Horace Greeley never meant Americans to go that far. Last week 111 pioneers, counting wives and children, went west from San Francisco's Embarcadero. As they pulled out into the Bay a chorus from the Assembly of God Church on Ellis street, serenading two missionaries outward bound on the same boat, changed "Onward Christian Soldiers."

The 111 passengers who stretched Greeley's advice beyond the continental shelf broke all the old pioneer rules. They rode a Matson ship instead of Conestoga wagons, they toted passports instead of Colts and fretted about baby diapers instead of their scalps. And they were Americans leaving God's country for Australia's wide-open arms and opportunities – they hoped.

Half-Fare and a Job. They also had jobs waiting, housing guaranteed and nearly half of their \$375 fare paid. Australians, who feel lonely and a little frightened on their 3,000,000 isolated square miles, had the red carpet out. An Australian official explained:

"We want 20,000,000 people, and we'd like most of them to be your chaps. Americans saved our bacon in the war. We know Americans and we like them. Also, we have a labor shortage. We could furnish 200,000 jobs tomorrow if we could but get the men to Australia."

Australia's Immigration Minister Arthur Calwell, is hustling to get them. But he must hustle with discrimination; Australia wants whites only, preferably Anglo-Saxon. He has accepted some 10,000 European refugees but refused a project to import 200,000 German frauleins. And he has dickered futilely ever since the war for surplus Britons.

[[image - photograph of man, woman and two children]]  
[[caption]] AUSTRALIAN-BOUND AMERICAN FAMILY  
The frozen custard franchise was tied up  
See CALIFORNIA [[/caption]]

Last May Minister Calwell, whose grandfather came to Australia from the U. S., set out to lure immigrants from the immigrant's traditional star-spangled, gold-paved Shangri-la, the U.S.A. His program had proved, so far, [[?]]

[[?]] immigrants had come to Australia but 44,014 Australians had left.

The U.S.A. looked like a promising prospect for new talent. During the war a poll among GIs stationed in Australia turned up 25,000 willing to stay there and 2500 Americans actually have. Moreover, some of the 10,000 Australian war brides were certain to feel homesick.

Hopefully Hustler Calwell called for "a million American GIs. Several thousands have either queried us about coming to Australia or have already completed the arrangements." However, considerably fewer

have actually set sail under the Calwell plan.

The count so far: 20 men, 12 war brides and 13 children last month, and the 111 last week. Minister Calwell, whom Australians admiringly describe as "a real live chappie," sent off last month's group with a rousing speech on the Embarcadero, then considerably flew to Australia [[?]] landed.

So Long Uncle. Australian officials in San Francisco blamed the short roster on the shipping shortage, but report: "At least 3000 applications have come in. Veterans are writing in or even driving in from all over to ask about it. We even got a letter from an American soldier in Heidelberg.

"A man who called up from Los Angeles said he had been referred to us by our Minister Calwell. Well, Mr. Calwell's in Australia and we thought he was pulling our leg until we found out that he had actually telephone Mr. Calwell in Canberra.

#### Tumult and Shouting

Last week these intellects shed this light on world affairs:

"The world is getting so small we cannot live by ourselves any longer."  
SENATOR ELMER THOMAS (D., Okla.)

"Too great a flood of American aid to Europe can defeat its own purpose."  
SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT (R. Ohio)

"Putting the emphasis on waste less befogs the public. The pill we must take is to eat less."  
ALF M. LANDON

"The ultimate aim of the Soviet Union is to conquer the earth."  
WILLIAM C. BULLITT

"The Russians are great and fine and brave people who don't want to be jockeyed into war by their misguided rulers."  
CLARE BOOTH LUCE

"Crooners have no sense of music and instead of their soothing the savage breast they make it more savage still."  
THE REVEREND F. C. BAKER, British clergyman

"Communism has lost the driver's seat in Western Europe."  
SENATOR HARRY P. CAIN (R., Wash.)

"I'm a constructive politician."  
JOHN E. RANKIN

"The world suffers from dollarium Trumans."

LA TRIBUNE DE GENEVE, Switzerland

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