

# Mostly about People

By Wally Traling



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I see by the local journals that the city fathers have turned down the bell people.

It figures.  
Down through the ages, the non-bell people have belied the bell people—squished them out of the limelight with the Vegetarians and National Greenback party.

I know non-bell people personally whose jewels turn splotchy magenta whenever they hear a "ding." This is, mind you, even before the "dong" has knelled.

Freud would, I think, have a comment or two about these non-bell people.

Bell people, for all the noise they make, are gentle souls, who let the clappers soothe their id.

They are basically happy.

But being gentle souls in a world of violent bell bullies, they often go underground—or in the case of the Art League variety, up in the air, to practice their tintinnabulation.

Among the bell people I've known, the greatest was Theresa Johnson.

She had 736 bells in her home. She knew I was pro bell and wouldn't tip off the city council, and she gave me a private showing, or ringing, as we bell people say.

Her bells covered the walls and hung from shelves and dangled from hooks.

Their range was dazzling—from "tinkle," "bong," "clunk," "ding," to a terrifying "BOOOOOIIHNNNNGGGGGG!!!"

"I love noise," yelled Mrs. Johnson, who was 78 when I knew her, and gaily crashed a mallet into a giant ranch dinner bell.

We vibrated.  
"Look at this one—made of ruby glass—18 century."

It made a restive tinkle. She brought out other glass bells, delicate and nice.

Then, "BOOOOONG!" we were off again. "This is a genuine street-car bell from Portland," she said, smacking it again.

"I see bells bother you," she said sympathetically.

"No, no," I said politely, grabbing my chair seat.

"Well, then—TRRRRRAAA-AAAAANNNNGGGG" — "TRRR-RAAAAANNNNGGGG" — this is my giant elephant bell from India," she screeched above the din.

Mrs. Johnson collected bells for 15 years and had sufficient prestige among the bell people to run for president of the United States.

"Here, lookit this one—came from the Isle of Capri.

A sailor gave me this—well we'd better not talk about—Oh, here's one, "CRRRAAAANNNNGGGG"—a sacred cow bell from India."

It caught me off guard again and I vibrated.

"Bells keep me young, you know."

We went on to some of the milder items—perfume bottles that tinkled, turkey neck bells, dangling prayer bells from India, wandering monk bells, and camel caravan bells which sang out with pleasant pastoral tones.

"Here's a favorite of mine," she said lifting a large gong down from its hook. I was ready.

"BOOOOOOONNNNNGGGGGG-GGGG."

It's from Egypt. See on the front there's the god of magic, the god of poetry, and—well I don't know what kind of a god that one is — I'd sure like to know."

I couldn't help her because my eyes wouldn't focus.

"Every bell collector likes noise makers," she smiled, holding a wooden mallet in her tiny wrinkled hand and looking around for more bells.

I winced.

There were ship bells, but these were screwed to the wall. She brought down instead a couple of thimble-bells. They were cute-like.

I remember trying to interest her in showing me her dainty Christmas bells, but she poo-pooed them as fit for sissies and city councilmen.

From the corner of my eye I saw her face brighten up with a new discovery, and I arose and thanked her and said it was time I—"CLANGALANGA-LANGALANGALANG!"

"I almost forgot to show you this lumberjack chow triangle," she yelled.

I said, "Well, that's certainly—CLANGALANGALANGALANGA GALANGALAN!!!"



**Malio J. Stagnaro, President**  
By Estrella Stagnaro  
Center of Municipal Wharf  
Santa Cruz Beach

**WHAT A MOST MAGNIFICENT LANDING PERFORMED MANUALLY BY ASTRONAUT GORDIN COOPER — AFTER A DAY AND A HALF IN SPACE!**

**COME ON, FLY WITH THEM ACROSS THE SKIES OF YES-TERYEAR** — all of which opened the orbits to the world of space and what lies beyond! — Robert L. Scott Jr. (Brigadier General USAF, Ret.).

**WORLD-WIDE CALIBER!** — "Twenty Smiling Eagles," the book written by Walt Bohrer of Santa Cruz County and his sister Ann of Portland, with forward by Robert Scott Jr., Brig. Gen., USAF (RET.) Author of "God Is My Co-Pilot."

**AIR! LAND! SEA!** "Twenty Smiling Eagles" soar on and on to greater heights! Byrd! Chamberlain! Doolittle! Foss! Godfrey! Goebel! Hawks! Jensen! Jones! Lee! LeVier! Macready! Mantz! Mattern! Rankin! Rickenbacker! Scott! Turner! Waterman!

**THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE** has not only included "Twenty Smiling Eagles" in all of its latest book program catalogues sent to post-exchanges all over the world, but has included the book in a special listing of only twenty books highly recommended by the Air Force book program. In addition, the Air Force has sent revues on "Twenty Smiling Eagles" for four hundred and fifty (450) Air Force Base Newspapers, world-wide, and all this in face of the fact that only five of the twenty fliers featured in the book are Air Force men.

**AUTOGRAPH PARTIES** are being held in various cities as often as Walt and Ann Bohrer's time allows. Walt Bohrer still works full time for Salinas Radio Station, KDON. One of the latest was at Brock's Big Dept. Store in Bakersfield. Three of the Fliers in the book attended the autograph session — Robert Fowler, 1st to fly an airplane coast-to-coast from West to East in 1911 and Mrs. (Lenore) Fowler, America's First Land Glider Pilot; Martin Jensen, second place winner of the famous 1927 Dole Air Race To Honolulu from Oakland, and Claude Wilson, a pioneer aviator (and first manager of the Salinas and Capitola Airports) featured in the book's preface. Of course, Mrs. Walt Bohrer (Lindy) was also present to keep all her "High Fliers" in line — no easy task! (Lindy is secretary to State Sen-