

April 1967
Philadelphia

—an aggressive woman with whom, friends say, Karafin is a milquetoast—flashy clothes and fancy furs. He began vacationing in Europe and Puerto Rico. He even began dabbling in the stock market.

He had, of course, sold his modest twin home in Oxford Circle—for \$1000 less than he had paid for it a decade before—and put up \$19,000 cash towards a huge two-story house on a large lot in the far Northeast.

A real estate expert estimates the value of the house conservatively at \$45,000. Karafin had builder Solomon Bronstein construct the house for him for \$30,000. (Bronstein was one of the witnesses called in the Special Grand Jury's probe of zoning abuses in 1963.) In addition, Karafin added a host of special features to the house, including a custom-built staircase, expensive lighting fixtures, air conditioning, and an enclosed rear patio and fireplace. Then he packed more than \$20,000 worth of fancy new furniture in his newly-acquired castle and surrounded it with a nursery of expensive shrubbery and a \$3000 fence.

In 1964, shortly after he purchased his new home, Karafin also bought, for cash, two new cars from Wilkie Buick on North Broad Street—though at the time he was the only one in his family who knew how to drive. On one car went the license tag HK 156; on the other, 156 HK. (Harry Karafin's new house was at 156 Stratford Road.) He kept both cars for two years, and last December, bought two new Buicks, one an expensive Riviera model, and paid cash for them also.

All this despite the fact that in the last few years Harry Karafin's salary at the *Inquirer* has averaged less than \$11,000 annually. Before that, it was lower.

How did he do it? He did it by prostituting the power of the press. He pimped away his legitimate rights and privileges as a reporter and pocketed the returns. He used subtle threat and coercion on those who could least afford the kind of notoriety he might give them if he were an ethical reporter. He provided public relations and other types of "services" at inflated fees because he knew that only he could give them what no other public relations counsel could give them: Alleviation from fear of exposure in the press, from fear of sensational, slanted articles. (He couldn't do it alone, of course, but that's another story.)

And yet — and this is what was particularly infuriating to those in the business who had an inkling of his activities — Harry J. Karafin went around calling himself a reporter.

He was a mouthy guy. ■ ■

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COVER LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

It is my grievous duty to inform you that I have proved a failure. For the task I agreed to take on, that of writing a biographical article on John Cartin Alexis McKinney has proved an impossibility.

But I find myself caught in the clutches of unforgivable guilt at the prospect of leaving you with nothing but blank pages where this feature article would have gone.

I have therefore aimed my goals in another direction.

The result, sir, is a Happening of film clips and sound tracks, infra-green lights, cowboy boots, yellowed newspaper clippings and empty containers of iced tea and beer, of Irish music and operatic recitative.

I remain, fecklessly,
MAURY LEVY
Assistant Producer
Jack McKinney's Night Talk

BELCH.

The crowd roared. Down on the field, Norm Snead had completed a 40-yard bomb. Up in the visitor's broadcast booth, a startled engineer frantically twisted the dials before him. A sonic boom?

BORP.

Down below the moiling rabble of pro football fanatics the butterfing-ered end had dropped one. Up in the broadcasting booth, the engineer stared in amazement at the remnants of what was once a volume meter. A victory cannon?

GREPZ.

The home team scored. The home crowd roared. The visiting broadcast- ing team, ears punctured by an inef- fable explosion, peered in unison into the adjoining press box.

JACK HERO

There it was.

Guzzling its 37th cup of malty car- bonation. Capped with a beat-up red baseball hat. Covered with the re- mains of last year's sweatshirt, a soiled baseball jacket, a pair of cor- duroys.

It was alive. It spoke. An en- charmed frog who never made it as a prince?

As the fog of gaseous emissions slowly lifted, it was obvious. It was real. It was bigger than life. It was Himself. Jack McKinney.

THIS IS THE WAY it comes off the blotter: Jack McKinney. Age 37. Height five feet, 11 inches. Profes- sion: Radio personality (whatever that is). Pursuer after lost causes. Ex-

sportswriter. Rear guard guerilla in the Irish Republican Irregulars. Mu- sic critic. The brother you never had. The strange noise at the far end of the bar.

But that's rushing the story.

JACK MCKINNEY was born at the age of seven on 3rd Street in Olney in North Philadelphia, just a short gallop away from the Saturday cow- boy matinees at the Fern Rock Thea- ter. By the time he was eight, he had five o'clock shadow and spent all his waking hours playing tackle football and skiing without skis down the un- plowed slopes of Fisher Park and fall- ing out of the highest trees he could find. But Jack McKinney, for all the lost teeth and broken bones, never felt the pain. He wasn't brought up to be a crier.

Jack McKinney, by the skin of his shins, is a second generation Irish- American rebel. His paternal grand- father, who came here from county Tyrone, was a self-educated man. He knew more about American History when he got off the boat than did most American historians.

His father, George, was an early orphan and was raised, for the most part, in St. Joseph's House for Home- less Boys. He came out of the or- phanage at the height of World War I to fight with the U.S. Cavalry. His expertise in the saddle landed him a post-war job as a Philadelphia mount- ed policeman. But not for long.

Soon after his marriage, George McKinney got together with a couple friends and built a factory. And the McKinneys, feet firmly cemented in the building business, had three chil- dren. All boys.



communications

The oldest, Geroge Jr., soon became an out-and-out American and grew up to wear the Red and Blue of the University of Pennsylvania and wandered off to become a chemical engineer in Virginia.

The youngest, Joe-Joe, *summa cum laude* from St. Joe, Naval officer, and Guggenheim fellow at Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration, became financial advisor to a Texas electronics millionaire. The millionaire became a billionaire and Joe-Joe became a millionaire in the process.

But the middle child, one John Carlin Alexis McKinney, (born on December 21st, 1929) was from a different mold. He didn't graduate from any college and he didn't hook up with any millionaires. Nevertheless, it was Jack McKinney who was the apple of his father's eye. It was Jack McKinney who was bundled up on all those freezing Sundays and taken out to see the guys in the faded blue jerseys with the holes in the elbows and the beat-up cardboard helmets knock heads for a couple hours.

And as he grew up, he practiced the cuts and the blocks and the patterns until he could run them with his eyes closed.

Jack McKinney grew up fast. And the faster he grew up, the quicker he spread out.

At the age of 12, with about 20 years experience under the belt of his crummy corduroys, Jack McKinney wrote a poem about the Time of the Trouble in Eire that he sent away to a magazine of adventure called *Boy's Life*. And *Boy's Life*, which was one of the great camp adventure journals of all time, published the poem by Jack McKinney, thereby immortalizing itself as one of the greatest Irish Republican front publications.

McKinney can't trace the roots of his involvement in the movement. It was something inborn. It was something to fight for. And, above all else, he was a fighter.

But fighters don't have to be tone deaf. For some unexplainable motivation, the kid would spend all of his non-scrapping, non-football-playing hours at a house down the street, a house where an Italian neighbor would play music for him and would sit agog, fascinated by the melodic overtones of a world beyond reality.

The neighbor was an RCA Victor studio musician who had played for all the greats. And his stories and his music kept 12-year-old Jack McKinney in a trance.

He spent so much time in that house down the street that he knew it

all. He knew the singers, the songs, the words. From those old operatic RCA Red Seals he picked up a fluency in Italian that was later to put to shame those who had it in the blood. He also learned to play at several instruments, but none with technique. Technique requires drudgery. And he had little time for that.

For the kid was still hooked on sports. He was the anchor of the line at St. Joe's Prep, and a freestyle swimmer and diver and track and field man.

And he carried his athletic prowess with him to, of all places, Valley Forge Military Academy, where his reputation as an unbeatable gym fighter turned him into a rather promising amateur boxer.

And when his spit-shining and floor-waxing days at Valley Forge were over, Jack McKinney, in a moment of sheer madness, decided to take a shot at college.

He enrolled at LaSalle. That's as far as it went. He never made it through the first term because he never went



to class. And he didn't go to classes because he had better things to do. Things like picketing Sir Basil Brook when he came here trying to recruit American industry for the "puppet" government of Northern Ireland.

And as things over the Old Sod got more heated, McKinney's revolutionary blood began to boil.

"That's why I quit college," he alleges. "Most of my relatives were living in Tyrone and Donegal. I got involved with the Irish-American Minutemen. I also got married."

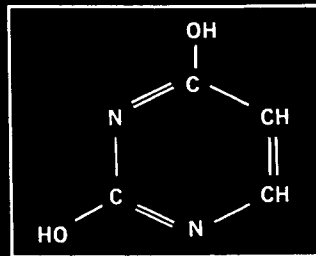
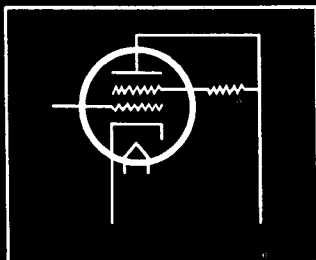
The girl that he married was no ordinary girl. At 17 she was a professional singer. She was a girl who was later to make it big with a network band and sing with Vaughn Monroe and his Russian Army Chorus, a tiny little blonde named Doris Kavanaugh.

At the age of 20, Jack McKinney made his first official deposit in the great sperm bank of life and pretty soon there was one on the way.

And over the years, he kept up with the two revolutions—the political one in Ireland and the sexual one in America.

The result of the former was the sudden termination of his formal education, and his being bounced from all other places of pagan respectability.

The results of the latter are five lit-



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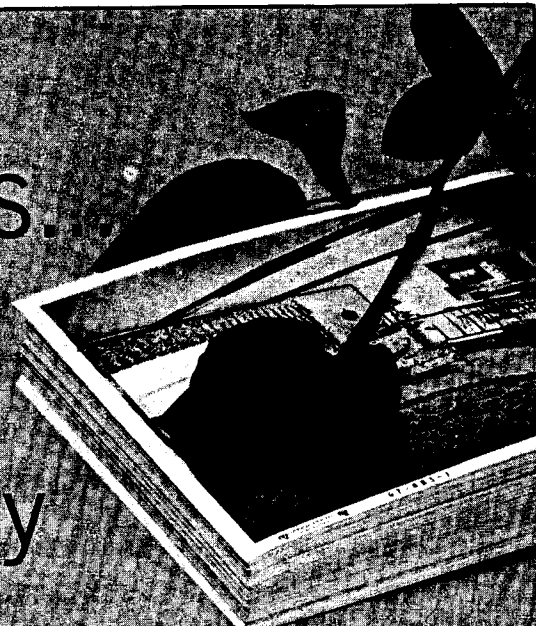
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the elves named Brian, Sean, Maura, Kevin and Brendan.

But as the wheel of Jack McKinney's fortune turned faster and faster, the kid got more and more involved. His ways of the world had grown.

Already under his belt was a steady stint of writing for the *Irish Echo*, a dope sheet of the Irish-American active underground.

He also had turned to such prominent positions as night watchman and IBM-machine operator and bouncer at a local, previously reputable, bank.

But the kid was getting restless. He wanted to be a writer and work on a real newspaper. He settled for the next best thing.

At last, after all the years of dreaming, the kid got his shot at the big time in 1950—a job with the then penny-dreadful Philadelphia *Daily News*. A nightmare come true.

INTERVIEW WITH THE EDITOR

The 20-year-old corduroy kid, slowly mounted the stairs to the city room for his interview with the editor.

As he walked, the kid got the real feeling of the business. The feeling of the uncovered treads underfoot and the sight of the paint peeling off the walls and the smell of stale urine in the stairwells. Yes, it was the big time.

And the editor took one look at the corduroy kid, chewed twice on his fat cigar, tugged at his visor and made the kid opera critic.

Holy cantata!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

—My God, but what does a job like this pay?

—Pay, kid?

—Pay.

—Kid, the money comes from them. The people you write about. How do ya think all these other guys make their bread?

A MAN OF HIGH MORALS

Shakedown. The kid was to have no part of that. The kid was going to make it on his own. The kid was going to tell them like it was. Come hell or no money.

THE SLAUGHTER OF SACRED COWS

And the kid called them like he saw them. And the kid wrote them like he saw them. And when Callas stank, Callas stank.

And when the kid found that most of the music critics were on the payroll of the Orchestra, he blew the whistle.

And when the kid thought that Ormandy was over-rated and over-

paid, he put it on paper. The kid was going to tell them like it was. Come hell or no money.

THE LOST DIATRIBES OF ISRAEL
SEARCH FOR THE GRANDEUR THAT
WAS ROME IN THE HEART OF THE
UN-HIBERNIAN METROPOLIS

The kid was a hustler. He moonlighted with *HiFidelity* magazine, the pinnacle of the trade, expecting to be Italian opera critic. They had one. So they made McKinney their Russian opera critic. And the fact that he didn't know but a few words of Russian when he took the job didn't stop him from becoming one of the best in the business. Quicker than you could say "Maria Callaski stinkski," McKinney had made it to the top.

And just not to be prejudicial, he circumcised his music byline to become Jay Kartman, music critic of a local, previously reputable Jewish weekly, *The Exponent*. Maria Callas just had no chutzpa.

But the greatest of all efforts was the formation, composition and single-handed editing by one J. Cartin McKinney of *Philadelphia Story* (R.I.P.), a short-lived little slick that featured the travel articles of Hugh R. Thayer; the editorial blurbs of A. L. Terego; and the society scribblings of self-confessed idler and bon vivant, Reginald Stover.

"I can do anything," Reggie once boasted.

So could Hugh R. Thayer, A. L. Terego. They were all J. Cartin McKinney.

Himself.

HOW A GREAT DAILY ORGAN IS
TURNED OUT

And then one grand and glorious day, as is the case in many mighty institutions, the *Daily News* gave its great music writer a sporting chance. After much arguing and persuasion in high places for a turn at the sports desk, they made the kid a writer of sports and, of course, expected from him a sufficient turnover-and-out.

So upon the day of his transfer, J. Cartin McKinney, proven writer of the high canons of music stepped into a phone booth, removed his top hat and tails and came out a sleeves-rolled Jack McKinney, ready to do battle with the wide world of sports.

AN INTREPID ADVENTURER

Mr. McKinney, boxing writer for the *Daily News* took on a most talked-about assignment. For a series of articles on reaction to danger, he climbed into a cage with a lion tamer, took a parachute jump, went scuba diving, drove in an

auto race and sparred a round with Sonny Liston. He emerged from all these adventures unscathed.

OMINOUS—FOR HIM!

Mr. McKinney, at 33, over the maximum age for novice professional boxers in Pennsylvania, went to Painesville, Ohio, for his debut in the professional ranks, and knocked out Alvin Green of Akron in the first round of a scheduled four-round bout at St. Mary's Gymnasium.

"I want McKinney back again," said the promoter, Don Elbaum. "He's a very exciting fighter to watch. Certainly. I paid him—\$40. And I'll pay him more next time."

NO RHYME, BUT REASON

"Okay, so why did I do it?" Mr. McKinney asked later in his column in the *Daily News*.

"I like to think I did it because after I sparred two or three rounds with Georgie Benton one day, Georgie shuffled over to whack me on the bottom and suggest, 'Hey, man, why don't you take a four-rounder sometime and write about what it's really like?'"

MEMORABLE BATTLES RECALLED
(As accounted by Mr. Merchant,
friend of Mr. McKinney.)

Two coaches, a scout and a reporter were downing a few between rounds of the last NFL meeting. A drunk who had heard that the reporter could handle himself stuck his chin in the man's face and said, go ahead pal, put one on me.

"Do yourself a big fat favor," said Jack McKinney, in effect. "Get lost."

The drunk persisted. Come on, hit me, right here, he said.

McKinney turned to his staff. "Should I?"

"Sure," said Bill McPeak.

"Sure," said Norm Van Brocklin.

"Sure," said Bucko Kilroy.

"Nah," said McKinney.

But the drunk was adamant. He demanded satisfaction. Just once, he pleaded, right here.

McKinney shrugged wearily. "See this right," he said at last, clenching a fist. The drunk saw it. But he didn't see the left. That's the one that quaffed him.

Ten minutes passed when McPeak tore himself away from the huddle, knelt at the punched drunk's side, felt his pulse and studied his wristwatch.

"He's alive," McPeak said, returning.

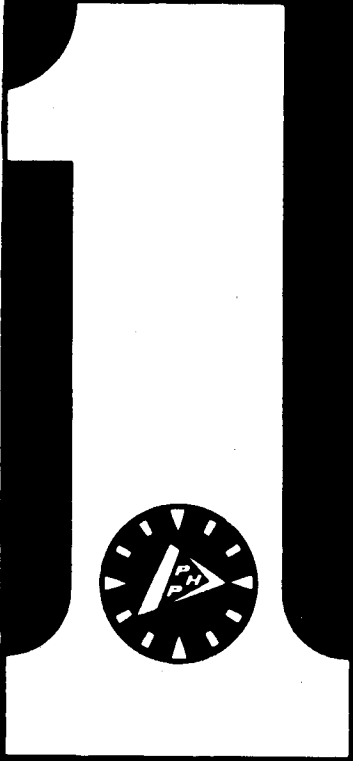
Five more minutes passed when Van Brocklin went to the body's side. He rolled back the eyelids and peered deeply into them.

"It's like looking into twin gopher holes," he said, in effect.


Kilroy, meanwhile, was beside himself, which is a neat trick too. "The punch traveled this far—six inches," he said over and over deliriously.

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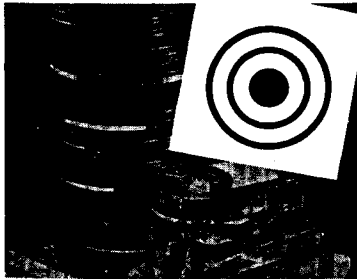
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But as a sports writer he also had another beat and that was football.

And to keep up with the sport, McKinney stayed right in the center of it—right in the center of the Tini-cum A.C. line, for a few championship seasons. (Right up until this year when he broke a small leg bone in an early game.) Jack McKinney covered his football from the huddle.

With football too, McKinney was right on top. When he reported on the Eagles, he broke two big stories: The wildcat salary strike by Sonny Jurgensen and King Hill, and the dumping of Norm Van Brocklin. The Eagles players came to appreciate the fact that if they had a story to tell, McKinney was the man to tell it to.

For McKinney wasn't just a profiler of sports figures, he was a counselor and a friend.

THE LEGEND AND THE MAN

There were two sayings in the newspaper business about Jack McKinney that tell a good deal of what there is to know about him.

One is: "He is the only man who ever worked both sides of Broad Street." He was an astonishingly good music critic, headquartered at the Academy of Music, before crossing over to Tandler's and the boxing beat.

The other saying is: "If there is a fight or an opened bottle of beer at a bar, it's 6-5 McKinney is in both of them before the night is out."

THE PARTING GLASS

And in the month of March of 1965 Jack McKinney went like the lion and the lamb that he was and decided to leave the glories of the newspaper business behind and start a nightly four-hour talk show on WCAU, and talk and listen and play records of the Irish Revolution.

"The legend of Jack McKinney is no more," he mused. "Radio has made me be on time. It ruined my whole life."

WCAU HAD A PROBLEM

Early morning listeners woke up to hear Bob Menefee trading insults with half-baked housewives, and throwing facetious invectives at the most sacred of institutions. (Menefee now holds down a different forte about 12 hours later.)

The station's other claim to fame was Ed Harvey's "Talk of Philadelphia," a talk show that was beginning to become an institution among the city's distaff.

But what the station was looking

for, and needed desperately, was something to fill the night-time void, something to stop the clobbering of the evening ratings.

The situation was so bad that only the greatest masters of trivia could remember just what it was WCAU programmed after dark.

But Mike Grant, program director for WCAU could well see the rising of the moon.

Talk radio was on its way up. Audiences were discovering Joe Pyne and rediscovering Long John, and in Philadelphia, the growing circle gathered nightly to chomp away and hear WPEN's Red Benson.

But 'CAU had other problems, and minor as they were, one of them helped solve the big one. They needed a morning sports man. The "in" thing was to grab somebody from a local paper, who though undoubtedly unskilled in radio, knew where the Charlie was in sports.

So they found Jack McKinney, who was then setting the sports scene for WPEN.

But in the midst of investigating McKinney, somebody remembered that he occasionally hosted the late night interview show on WPEN. And after months of tryouts with some of the biggest—and some of the smallest—names in the business, they pulled Jack McKinney out of the green and made him, almost voice-unheard, their late night talk man.

One fateful night in May of 1965 something came on at 10 p.m. and said, "Good evening . . . this is Jack McKinney and this is the beginning of four hours of Night Talk here on WCAU."

All over the city people frantically adjusted their radios. And when that didn't work they banged them a few times and some finally just gave up and switched to another station.

But the few who hung around soon realized that there was nothing wrong with their radios. That strange noise was Jack McKinney's voice.

And the die-hards went into work the next day and tried to explain what they had heard. It was a put on. Somebody had swallowed some gravel and gone on the air as a joke. It was really Andy Devine with a sore throat.

But listeners soon got to realize that somebody really sounded like that. And they got used to Jack McKinney's voice like the people who live in Marcus Hook get used to the smell. And they started listening to what McKinney had to say and they realized that as talk on radio goes it was profound.

And word of Jack McKinney

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spread. And what started out as a gathering of listeners turned into a following, a near-cult.

The man was beginning to become a legend.

Jack McKinney. Talk show moderator. Sports commentator. Ex-opera critic. Ex-sports writer. Ex-professional fighter. Ex-professional football player. Ex-Irish rebel. Family man. Playboy. Genius. Swinger. Hippie. Bum. God.

Jack McKinney, who sparred with Sonny Liston and came out unblemished. Jack McKinney, who went into a cage with Clyde Beatty's lions and came out unclawed. Jack McKinney, who drove a midget racer at deathly speeds and came out unshaken. Jack McKinney who dove from a high tower into 18 inches of water and came out unharmed.

Jack McKinney, the husky, bull-necked, balding Black Irishman, has no right looking like he does and being in show business. He has no right sounding like he does and being anywhere.

He's the imperfect combination of an Irish rebel who speaks fluent Italian and wears a cowboy hat. At once he is the fourth Clancy brother, the best imitator of Mario Lanza this side of South Philly, and Tom Mix in search of his horse.

"The horse," he says, "is in the voice."

McKinney rides herd over the show. He's the whole thing. In the first two years, he's had five different producers but the show keeps rolling. McKinney makes it roll.

If would be romantic to think that the early days of Night Talk were rough and that McKinney took a beating until he found himself, but they weren't. Because Jack McKinney went into radio with a nice reputation as a writer and he had more contacts than he could cram into his already overstuffed little black book.

If one night's scheduled guest got lost at the last minute all McKinney had to do was open that magic little book and make a call or two and another one was set up.

Although McKinney had his share of big names, there was nothing so special in the way of guests that you couldn't find by twisting the dial over to the New York stations.

But one thing you just couldn't find anywhere else on the dial was Jack McKinney. In a radio age when the thing to do was to antagonize your guests and insult your callers and put on controversy for the sake of controversy, McKinney was different.

His show was easy-going, low-key

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McKinney never set himself up as an omniscient moderator. He was the guy next door. Better yet, the guy next to you at the bar. He was plain old Jack.

If McKinney and his manner make the show, his totally incredible store of knowledge make McKinney.

Listeners are fascinated. Guests are overwhelmed. Everyone is impressed. So how does he do it?

Well there is no real way of tracing a typical day in Jack McKinney's life because there are no typical days in Jack McKinney's life. As a matter of fact, there are just no days. It's all one big circle. And a circle doesn't have any starting point so you've got to pick one.

At 2 a.m. when the show is over McKinney gets all his junk together and trudges, with his faithful Jewish houseboy, to his upstairs office, all the while re-hashing the show or singing a Clancy Brothers' song. And he puts on his coat and gathers up a half-a-dozen newspapers and a handful of magazines and maybe a couple of books and trudges back down the stairs to the station parking lot.

And when he finally pulls his unassuming black sedan out of the parking lot onto Monument Road and waits for the light at City Avenue, you can tell what kind of mood he's in just by watching the direction of his turn signal.

If it blinks left, he's going into town to his favorite after-hours spot to down a few with the boys for an hour or two.

If it blinks right it means he's going home to snuggle up with a good book



PRODUCER GALLO
Growing gray in the service.



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A turned-around day.

or two or three and a half-a-dozen newspapers (the Gotham ones first — Post, W.J.T., etc, and last and least, the Philly papers) and a handful of magazines and read and read and read, sometimes until early afternoon when he finally dozes off from pure exhaustion until an hour or two later his producer calls him to talk about the events of the day, a day almost finished for most people, but one just starting for Jack McKinney.

And for a couple of hours they bend each other's ear with show ideas and possible guests and inevitable problems. And all the while McKinney keeps reading, searching for the great show idea that may be buried on page 48 of some obscure periodical.

And when they've finished talking and Jack goes back to his reading or goes down to play around with the kids, his producer, a 25-year-old former-secretary named Lynda Gallo, a brunette who is quickly turning old and gray, follows up the leads and makes the phone calls and books the shows.

Her working day often overlaps that of the assistant producer (author!, author!), a 21-year-old full-time college senior who comes in around 7 p.m. and leaves about 2 a.m. and gets up for school at about 7 a.m.

THERE IS a nightly ritual. As one or two members of the two-member staff sit waiting, in walks Himself. And he takes off his beat-up old hat and coat, revealing a navy or black or maroon short-sleeve shirt (they're all he owns), and a pair of beat-up corduroys and sometimes a pair of buck cowboy boots.

If Jack McKinney ever comes in

wearing a jacket and tie, you can be sure one of two things has happened. Either someone just died or he's had dinner with a new sponsor. Same thing.

And after he finishes exchanging pleasantries or unpleasantries, (if the first words out of his mouth are, "I'm not a well man," you know it's going to be a bad night), McKinney gets down to his own rituals.

First he'll go to the mail folder to find out what they're saying at the grass roots. The mail usually ranges from letters from professional men or authors or other members of the intelligentsia commending him or filling him in on a point of information, to hand scrawled fan mail from 15-year-old kids and 80-year-old grandmothers.

After going through the mail, he settles down to skim the day's papers. And if something hot is happening, he'll follow it up. When Fergy was back on Lillian Reis' back, McKinney called her before the show to find out just what the story was. And if something was happening in New York, a quick call to Peter Hamill, God rest his N.Y. Post column, would get the lowdown.

And with McKinney's news nose, many a Night Talk program has started off with a follow-up call on one of the day's big stories.

The calls range from the serious to the off-beat. From hard news to human interest.

There was the call to the kid whose plane suddenly conked-out over the river in New York. His passenger couldn't swim so he had to look for a dry landing place. It was no time to be choosy. He picked the first thing in sight—the George Washington Bridge. And McKinney's listeners were treated to the whole breath-taking story as told by the breathless pilot himself.

There was the call to a diver who fought it out with a shark and almost came out of it in one piece.

And the one to the radio station owner in Mississippi who had to shut down because of harassment by the Klan.

And if there's still time left before the show, McKinney will practice playing his recorder, all the while getting psyched-up for the night's show or re-hashing last night's show or playing a Clancy Brothers' song or two or three or four.

Number one on this year's hit parade is one called "Galway Races." And the favorite verse in there goes:

"And there was half a million people there of all de-

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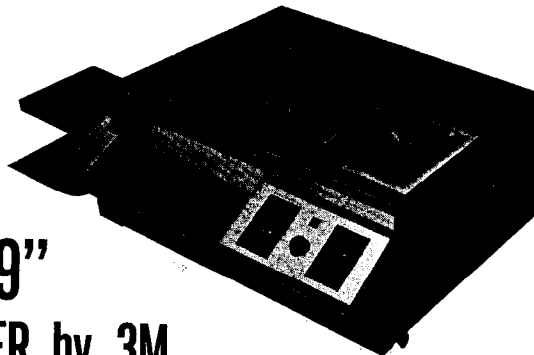
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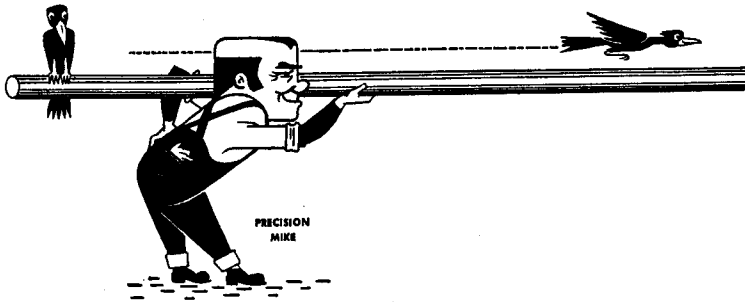
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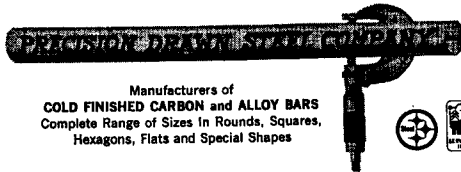
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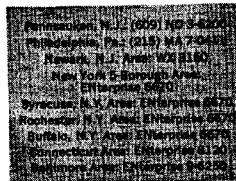


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nominations, The Catholics, the Protestants, the Jews and Presbyterians."

That pretty well sums up McKinney's audience. It, like his image, is a happy mixture.

This comes out mostly on a once or twice a week thing called "Free style," where the whole show is nothing but McKinney on the telephone with his audience.

"Jack, do you think the purge of intellectuals in Mainland China is any measure of the seriousness of the civil war there?"

"Hey Jack, you think maybe the Eagles'd have a shot next year if they got rid of that there bum Kuharich?"

"Jack, do you think that the releasing of the still frames of the Zapruder films will shed any new light on the Warren Commission case?"

And McKinney just sits back wearing his authentic cowboy hat that he wears every Freestyle and he squeezes lemon after lemon into an already overflowing cup of iced tea and answers the questions or comments one by one, all the while disclaiming any definitive expertise in the area.

McKinney just won't do a Freestyle without his cowboy hat. He got it at the first Liston-Patterson fight and he doesn't just wear it for sentimental reasons or to keep his head warm. There's a whole philosophy behind it.

He feels there is a great tendency for phone-in show moderators to sit back high and mighty and play god. There is a great tendency in the business to leap before you look, to try to make half-thought-out opinions sound definitive, to try to talk with expertise in relatively recondite areas. There is a great tendency for a phone-in show moderator to take himself too seriously.

McKinney won't do that. He can't. It's the hat.

Directly in front of him, between the studio and the control room, is a double pane of glass. In it, McKinney can see his reflection. He sits there and spits out lemon seeds and looks at himself in the glass. And when he sees his reflection staring back at him, McKinney just can't take himself too seriously. He can't play god. God doesn't wear a cowboy hat.

In its time slot Night Talk is a runaway number one in the city and, as the old line goes, it's doing pretty well in the country too since WCAU is a clear channel station with a signal stronger than Captain Marvel.

Catch this snatch from the "Look Who's Talkin'" column by Ruth Hagedorn in the Gadsden, Alabama

Times. Yep, Gadsden, Alabama.

Jack McKinney is now disturbing my sleep program . . . I energize so much during the day that I need sleep . . . but most of the programs are so provocative, so full of good comment on the present-day scene, so filled with authorities who know their stuff . . . And Jack himself is terrific—an intelligent, up-to-the-minute reader of books and magazines and newspapers, that I can't turn off.

"I don't know how far our signal really does go," he said one night. Within minutes, a tanker captain was on the line telling about how he started listening to the show aboard ship in Marcus Hook, and the signal stayed with him half way around the world.

"You started fading out when we reached Gibraltar," he complained.

And when some nice old lady from Atlantic City called to criticize the critics of the Warren Report and just happened to mention one of the Report's premiere critics, Harold Weisberg, Weisberg hopped on the



SMARGISSO

GIRONDI



KATZ

LITZ

Joseph N. Smargisso was named art director by Marketing & Advertising Associates; he was art director with Raymond Rosen. . . . Robert A. Girondi was named assistant manager of Wyeth's advertising section; he had been a medical writer with the drug firm. . . . Benjamin Katz, former president of Hill Associates, a Jenkintown ad agency, became executive chairman following its merger with Litz Associates; Sylvan Litz becomes general manager of the combined firm.

Let's everybody drink to Jim Sebastian.

He saved the heads on those beers.



The bartender noticed the warmish beer when he was grabbing a quick snack. He called SHERWOOD 7-1800. Twenty minutes later Dirco's Jim Sebastian arrived and quickly repaired the equip-

ment. A little later the gang from the bowling alley up the street began to arrive.

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phone from his Maryland farm, and for the better part of an hour, the two engaged in a rather heatedly fruitful discussion.

But even if Harold Weisberg hadn't called, McKinney would have done well on his own, because among his many other scoops, he opened his microphones up to both critics and apologists of the Commission long before it came in vogue. He has logged more hours of debate and discussion of the topic than anyone else in the country.

And, by now, both he and his regular listeners are as knowledgeable as any laymen in the country on the subject.

In fact, in Weisberg's "Whitewash II," McKinney and his audience are complimented at some length for their "rare responsibility and response."

Jack McKinney is always in command whether the subject at hand is the Warren Commission, or China, or a championship fight, or his favorite Italian restaurant.

And Jack McKinney, the Irish rebel who, by the way, was the only one in the place at the Patterson-Chuvalo fight in Canada to sit down when they played "God Save the Queen," is not afraid to say what he thinks.

For example, he called "idiotic and asinine" an editorial in the *Inquirer* calling for the dismissal of the entire Philadelphia Orchestra if they did not respond promptly to contract offers. "What do they suggest be done?" McKinney asked. "Fire the greatest group of musicians in the United States and replace them with the Ferko String Band and expect no one to notice the difference?"

And when a Msgr. Devlin from

Camden participated in a discussion on abortion and later went back and complained in an article in the *Catholic Star Herald* that he wasn't given a fair shake because the discussion didn't go to the phones, McKinney replied to that paper:

"Msgr. Devlin made it impossible with his filibustering tactics. He obfuscated the real issues in question and, in my opinion, proved himself unbelievably inept. He embarrassed me as a Catholic."

Yes, gentle Jack McKinney is not afraid to state his mind. And he takes pride in his forthrightness.

But McKinney takes pride in other things too—strange things.

At Fonzo's restaurant his picture hangs over a basket of after-dinner mints. In the ZuZu Club, a world unto itself, Night Talk is piped into the men's room.

No matter how you measure it, there is no doubt about it. Jack McKinney made it fast. But as rapidly as it has come, success won't spoil Jack McKinney. He will continue playing football. He will continue jumping out of airplanes. He will continue to be Himself.

Jack McKinney will become a broadcasting legend. For as long as he wants to, he'll be number one.

And then, one day, he'll decide to give it all up. He will give a determined tug to his cowboy hat, and mount his gallant steed, and ride off into the sunrise.

He will head his horse for the Atlantic Ocean and ride the waves to the mouth of the Shannon. He will go clopping past Limerick, gathering an army. He will storm County Tyrone and drive the Orangemen into the sea.

After that he might write an opera.

