

He would have been 88 today. Hard to believe I'm 6 years older than my Dad when he died.



**'Jake' dies, ex-Tribune sports editor**

Times Tribune staff

Edwin T. Jacobowsky, sports editor for the Redwood City Tribune for 24 years, died this morning at Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Redwood City after a six-year illness with leukemia. He was 57.

A memorial service will be scheduled by the family.

Jacobowsky, known as "Jake" to his many friends in Redwood City and throughout the sports world, worked until three weeks ago at his first love, writing about the San Francisco 49ers, in the

**'JAKE'**

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49er Report publication he helped start two years ago.

Jacobowsky retired from the Times Tribune in 1979 after 24 years as sports editor at the Redwood City Tribune, which merged with the Palo Alto Times to become the Times Tribune.

The trademark of the Tribune sports pages under Jacobowsky's direction was coverage of the high school and summer recreation teams. Not just the varsity, but the junior varsity, frosh-soph and the lightweights all had their names and line scores in the paper. That tradition of thorough youth coverage has continued under a succession of Times Tribune sports editors, some of them Jacobowsky hirelings, including the current one, Kevin Doyle.

Jacobowsky also gave Tribune readers thorough and inside coverage of the 49ers. He adopted the team when it moved its headquarters to Redwood City in 1957 and became the most trusted football writer among 49er management and players.

In 1977, Monte Clark, who had just been fired as 49er head coach, paid tribute to Jacobowsky in a talk at the Redwood City Kiwanis Club.

"Probably the highest tribute I can give him," Clark said, "is this: At times when other writers would call to find out what was going on, I would tell them to read Jake's columns if they really wanted to know.

"Not only is he an authority on the 49ers, he is also an asset to his community in his active support for all levels and categories of sports.

"... Not only was his relationship with me good, but he had that same relationship with the players. During my years I never heard an ill word spoken about him."

As much as he enjoyed covering the 49ers, track was Jacobowsky's

Ed Jacobowsky ... well-known sports figure.

favorite sport. He was active in arranging top-level regional track meets in the 1960s.

Jacobowsky's ready smile was a true tipoff to his personality.

"He was a fine human being whose main purpose was to be a good father and husband, and, Lord knows, he was a good sports editor — we have the plaques and trophies to prove it," said former Tribune Editor Dave Schutz.

Jacobowsky became sports editor of the Monrovia, Calif., News-Post after his graduation from San Jose State University in the early '50s. He came to the Tribune in 1955.

After his retirement in 1979, he was a real estate agent for a time before returning to sports writing with the 49er Report.

He was an active, longtime member of the Peninsula Covenant Church and did community service as a member of the Rotary Club and the Redwood City Junior Chamber of Commerce early in his career.

Jacobowsky is survived by his wife, Shirley, of Redwood City; three sons, Michael and Steve, both of Redwood City, and Tom, of Davis; a daughter, Susan Girard of Clearwater, Fla.; a brother, Bob, of Monterey; and one granddaughter.

This should have been my dad's 88th birthday. Unfortunately, the genetics on my dad's side of the family don't seem to mirror that of my mom's, or at least the women on my mom's side. My dad died way too young; it's just weird thinking I'm living through a time in my life that my dad never saw. In my mind, my dad will always be older and wiser than me. But he never got the chance, passing on May 25th, 1988, not quite getting to his 57th birthday.

He did, at least, get to spend some time with my daughter, Becky, who has born 4 months prior. It was a big thing, sneaking her into my dad's room at Kaiser Hospital here in Redwood City, shortly before he died. Might have even been the night before.

I still have days where I feel like he's around and I need to run something past him. More often are the times when you wish he was here. After 30 years, those times occur less often, but there are many triggers that bring those memories back to life. I remember very strongly a bike ride I took after hearing from his doctor that he had, if I recall correctly, about 4 months to live. I was riding through Portola Valley, descending Alpine towards Arastradero when it really hit me. This wasn't hypothetical in any way, shape or form. There was an end game in play and nothing I could do to change it. You grow up believing that success is at least partly defined by being able to change outcomes, and this was an outcome I couldn't affect.

Pre-Google, I couldn't even go wild with research; you'd hear about quack cancer cures (laetril anyone?) and clinics in Mexico that desperate people would spend both their hope and money on, because someone had written a story about miracles happening and how could you not want to believe? I remember all that. And I remember in the last month, when the doctor told us it was time to discontinue treatment, and I'm thinking how can you do that? How can you give up all hope like that? But I realized that any treatment at that point would have been because of my need to do something, as opposed to doing something that might make a

difference.

Of course, as long as I can remember my dad, he's still with me.