'JAKE'

and line scores in the paper. That tradition of thorough youth cover-age has continued under a success-ion of Times Tribune sports edi-tors, some of them Jacoubowsky

hirelings, including the current one, Kevin Doyle.

ne, Kevin Doyle. Jacoubowsky also gave Tribune eaders thorough and inside cover-ige of the 49ers. He adopted the eam when it moved its headquar-ers to Redwood City in 1957 and became the most trusted football ritler among 49er management and players.

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

"Probably the highest tribute I in give him," Clark said, "is this: 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 col-

umns if they really wanted to

"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

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

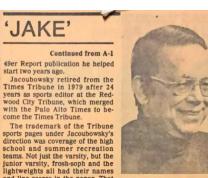
'Jake' dies. ex-Tribune sports editor

Times Tribune staff

Edwin T. Jacoubowsky, sports editor for the Redwood City Trib-ine for 24 years, died this morning it Kaiser Foundation Hospital in Redwood City after a six-year ill-ess with leukemia. He was 57.

A memorial service will be heduled by the family.

Jacoubowsky, 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



Ed Jacoubowsky .. well-known sports flaure

favorite sport. He was active in ar-ranging top-level regional track meets in the 1960s. Jacoubowsky'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.

Jacoubowsky became sports edi-tor 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 mem-ber 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 career.

"... Not only was his relationship with me good, but he had that same relationship with the players. Dur-ing my years I never heard an ill word spoken about him." Jacoubowsky 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, Fia.; a brother, Bob, of As much as he enjoyed covering e 49ers, track was Jacoubowsky's

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

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difference.

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