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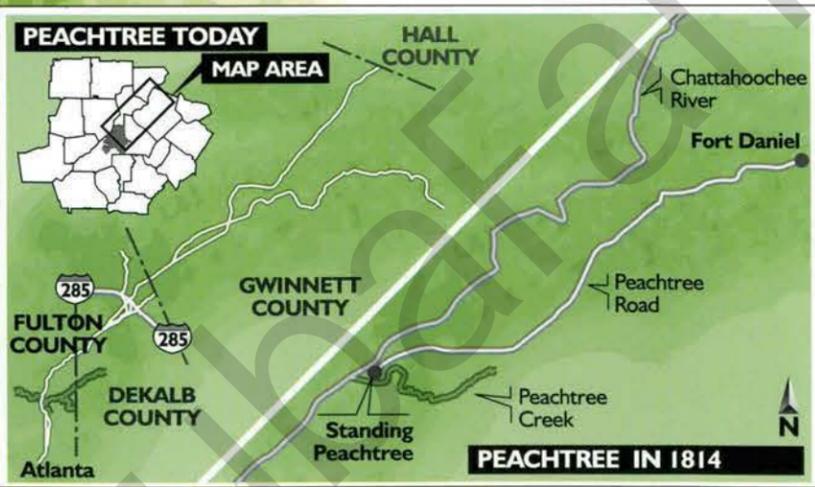
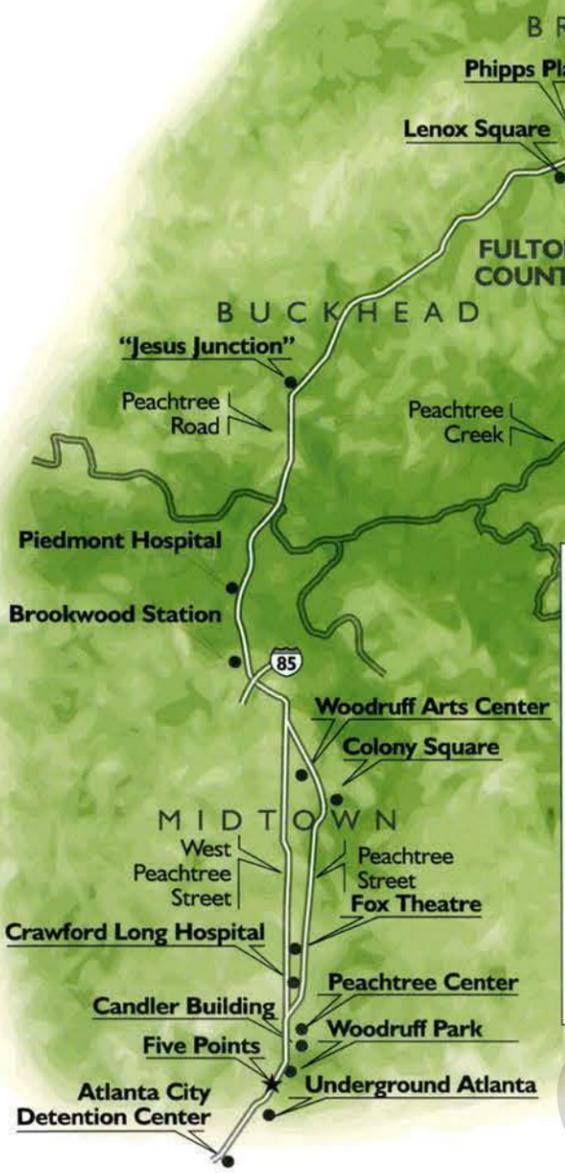
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THE SPINE OF THE CITY



Peachtree starts on a ridge downtown that divides waters flowing toward the Atlantic Ocean from waters flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. The street curves and dips a dozen miles from the Atlanta city jail to the Chamblee city limits, where it splinters into several roads. The main branch, Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, runs another 25 miles to the Hall County line. As metropolitan Atlanta has grown, the Peachtree name has been transplanted far beyond the original corridor. The 20-county area now has 100 Peachtrees, including Peachtree streets in Cartersville, Carrollton, Lithia Springs, Newnan, Norcross, Porterdale and Villa Rica.



AARON STECKELBERG / Staff

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PEACHTREE

By Jim Auchmutey



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Jim Auchmutey, 44, has been a reporter and editor for The Atlanta Journal-Constitution since 1980. An Atlanta native, he was born a block off Peachtree Street at Saint Joseph's Hospital and had his first summer job as an usher at the Erlanger Theater on Peachtree. Neither building is still standing.

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Constitution

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TO READ MORE

PART ONE:

■ "Atlanta and Environs: A Chronicle of Its People and Events." Vols. 1 and 2 by Franklin M. Garrett (Lewis Historical Publishing, 1954). Vol. 3 by Harold H. Martin (University of Georgia Press, 1987). The definitive compendium of Atlanta history, drawn mostly from newspaper accounts.

■ "Metropolitan Frontiers: A Short History of Atlanta" by Darlene R. Roth and Andy Ambrose. (Longstreet Press, 1996). A readable and balanced introduction to the city's past.

PART TWO:

■ "Going Against the Wind" by Herman "Skip" Mason Jr. (Longstreet Press, 1992). An illustrated history of black Atlanta.

■ "Living Atlanta: An Oral History of the City, 1914-1948" by Clifford M. Kuhn, Harlon E. Joye and E. Bernard West (University of Georgia Press, 1990). Revealing recollections from ordinary people.

■ "Where Peachtree Meets Sweet Auburn" by Gary M. Pomerantz (Scribner, 1996). Beautifully interwoven biographies of two families — one black and one white — that produced Atlanta mayors.

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■ "Atlanta Rising: The Invention of an International City" by Frederick Allen (Longstreet Press, 1996). A narrative history of the half-century that saw a provincial capital become an Olympic city.

■ "The Temple Bombing" by Melissa Fay Greene

(Addison-Wesley, 1996). An account of the 1958 hate crime that shook Atlanta.

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■ "AIA Guide to the Architecture of Atlanta." Text by Isabelle Gournay, edited by Gerald W. Sams. (University of Georgia Press, 1993). An illustrated tour of the city's built environment.

■ "A Man in Full" by Tom Wolfe (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1998). An Atlanta developer gets the "Bonfire" treatment.

PART FIVE:

■ "Peachtree Street, U.S.A." by Celestine Sibley (Doubleday, 1963; reissued by Peachtree Publishers). The late columnist's love letter to her adopted city.

■ "Southern Daughter: The Life of Margaret Mitchell" by Darden Asbury Pyron (HarperPerennial, 1992). The author of "Gone With the Wind" lived on Peachtree most of her life.

PART SIX:

■ "Buckhead: A Place for All Time" by Susan Kessler Barnard (R. Bemis Publishing, 1996). A history of Atlanta's silk-stocking district.

■ "Emblems of Conduct" by Donald Windham (Scribner, 1963). An evocative memoir of growing up in a Victorian house on Peachtree.

■ "Peachtree Road" by Anne Rivers Siddons (Harper & Row, 1988). The popular novel about a Buckhead family and the changing city.

A 1916 postcard shows Peachtree looking north from Five Points.

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it was stripped bare. The homeless had been watching, and they took the peaches as soon as they were ripe.

— **John Foltz, 42, Decatur**

The Atlanta Jewish Community Center was the focus of my life for years. Every Sunday after breakfast, I'd go over there and hang out because I knew something would be happening. There were basketball courts, a pool, a theater, classrooms, a big kitchen. It was a great place for parents to ship off the kids for some wholesome fun.

A couple of years ago, the B'nai B'rith youth organization had a big reunion and sock hop at the center. It was the last function before they tore it down [for an apartment and shopping complex]. It was the right thing to do, but I felt real sad about it. There's been such a huge drift in geography; there are two Jewish community centers in Atlanta now, and they're both outside the Perimeter.

— **Jennifer Hartz, 31, Brookhaven**

In the late '30s, my father opened a florist on Peachtree Road in Buckhead, Flowerland. Everyone said, "You're going to starve to death, there's nothing up there." Now it's practically downtown. My husband and I ran the shop until 1991. A developer has the property now. It's all boarded up and pitiful-looking; I wish they'd just go ahead and tear it down.

— **Betty Medford, 68, Alpharetta**

When I was very young [early 1920s], we lived in an old mansion that had been converted into a rooming house. It took up a whole block in Midtown, where First Baptist Church was later. Everybody heated with soft coal back then, and it cast a thick black smoke over the city. I remember climbing those trees — some of the same ones that are there now — and coming down covered in soot. One time it snowed. We were burning so much coal, the snow was turning black by noon.

— **Jerre Atchinson, 82, Tucker**

The night the U.S. women gymnastics team won the gold medal, I was standing outside Planet Hollywood at the corner of Peachtree and International. As far as you could see, there was a sea of people, all colors and nationalities, adults and children, everyone cheering and dancing and trading pins right there in the middle of the street. You could just see the faces lighted up, the moon in everyone's eyes. I've always thought of Atlanta as my best friend. My family moved here when I was 3, and the city and I grew up together. I've never been prouder of being an Atlantan than I was that night.

— **Eva Goss, 48, Vinings**

My husband, Walker, and I honeymooned at the Winecoff Hotel on Oct. 21, 1945. I opened the window and put my white wedding orchid on the sill. It rained that night, and the screens were so black from soot, the

water turned my orchid black.

A year later, my brother Frank was staying at the Winecoff when it caught fire. He was with the Hi-Y convention of young people from across the state. He got out, but most of his friends didn't.

— **Jean Pim Kinsman, 75, Garden Hills**

We were driving downtown — it must have been '42 or so — and we got to near where Piedmont Hospital is now. There was a gorgeous old frame house on that hill then. And out front there were convicts in striped uniforms down in the gutter trying to scoop up something with tin cups. The sheriffs had raided the place and broken up some moonshine stills, and that stuff was just running down the driveway into Peachtree. I guess the convicts had been out there doing some roadwork, but they weren't doing it when we passed by. They were out of control.

— **Ridley Nichol, 73, Brookhaven**

When "Gone With the Wind" premiered in 1939, I was a cadet at the Georgia Military Academy in College Park. We were honor escorts outside the Georgian Terrace when the stars arrived. I'll never forget the way the crowd gasped when Clark Gable got out of his convertible.

Ten years later, I was leaving a wedding rehearsal dinner at Mammy's Shanty restaurant. We got up to the Peachtree Arts Theater and saw a lady lying in the street. The ambulance hadn't gotten there yet. I don't guess I knew it was Margaret Mitchell until the next day.

— **Robert Young, 76, Atlanta**

When I was a teenager, my friends and I would ride the bus downtown and walk up Peachtree to see the dollar movies at the Baronet and Coronet theaters. There were a bunch of nudie bars lighted up real bright on Peachtree then. My mama always told us to keep on walking past them, don't even turn our heads. We were coming back from the movies one night and saw some of the ladies hanging out from those places, and we started singing that Donna Summer song "Bad Girls." And the girls were standing there kind of dancing to it. We didn't tell Mama.

— **Lareshia Watkins, 34, Stone Mountain**

I was working in the Peachtree 25th Building one beautiful day 10 years ago when the power went out. Then an alarm went off. There was a fire on the sixth floor. I was on the ninth. I work for the Forest Service, and I know something about fires. When we went out into the stairwell, it was full of smoke and everyone wanted to turn back. I made sure we kept going until we got to the bottom. Five people died that day. When I went back



to my desk after the fire, I could write my name in the soot.

— **Ray Johnston, 56, Lawrenceville**

I'll never forget the first time I marched in the Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade. I play flute for the Atlanta Freedom Marching Band. It was the first time we had played together, and we were the first thing in the parade. We were scared to death that we were going to make fools of ourselves. But when we got to Peachtree and 10th and heard that wall of people screaming . . . It still sends chills up my spine.

— **Nina Gooch, 37, Decatur**

We used to go see Santa Claus arrive at Lenox Square every year on the day after Thanksgiving. Back then, you didn't wear jeans to see Santa. I wore my Sunday best — a velvet dress — so I'd look good in the picture. He'd come in by helicopter and land in the parking lot, and we'd wait in a long line. Lenox was open-air then. You could freeze to death waiting for Santa.

— **Sharon Posey, 37, Norcross**

My wife and I got married at the Randolph-Lucas House in Buckhead. We were looking all over the city for a nondenominational place — I'm Jewish and my wife is Episcopalian — and we fell in love with that place the minute we walked in. I'm glad they moved the house instead of tearing it down for condos. The night before they moved it, we sneaked by and took eight or 12 bricks from the wall they were tearing down to put in our flower garden.

— **Andrew Lewis, 30, Midtown**

I performed on Peachtree throughout my childhood. I was a dancer and baton twirler. I took lessons on the second floor of the Cable Piano Co. across from Macy's. When I was 3, I started out performing at the Fox Theatre in between cartoons on Saturday mornings. Then I was in the kiddie reviews they had at the Loew's Grand. Later on, when I was a drum majorette at West Fulton High, we paraded down Peachtree at Easter and Christmas. I always caught the baton.

— **Ruth Cheshire Hinson, 65, Douglasville**

I grew up in a small town in Alabama. To me, Peachtree Street might as well have been Broadway. My family would come to visit and I'd go to all the theaters: the Loew's, the Roxy, the Capri. We'd stay in the Henry Grady or the Regency, which was the first place I had a chilled salad plate. I thought, This is what sophisticated living is about. I'd disappear for hours, and my parents would say, "Where have you been?" I was walking up and down Peachtree.

I've driven part of that stretch recently. I wouldn't any more walk it now than the man in the moon.

— **Gary Spratling, 49, Stockbridge**

PEACHTREE

THE ROAD THAT SHAPED ATLANTA

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER

THE INDIAN PATH THAT BECAME THE HEART OF A SOUTHERN CITY



File

Main street: At the end of World War II, Peachtree was the heart of a metropolitan area pushing 600,000 people — less than a sixth its current population. The street-car age was ending and the freeway era was just around the corner. This view looks south from Ellis Street; note the Coke sign and theater marquee.



George Washington Collier

Shortly before the turn of the last century, a reporter pedaled his bicycle up Peachtree Street and veered onto a rutted drive winding deep into woods that would soon be cleared for Ansley Park. The way was so crooked and the trees so thick that he feared he was lost. Then the forest opened and he saw it: a house on a hill — the old Collier place.

George Washington Collier was Atlanta's oldest living settler and, by virtue of his land holdings, one of its wealthiest men. At 84, the gray-bearded character everyone called "Wash" had been dwelling on this homestead since the 1820s, long before Atlanta was founded. He joined his visitor on the porch and told him about how he used to hunt deer along Peachtree and deliver mail out of a frontier village called Standing Peachtree. Collier could tell the young man had never heard of the place.

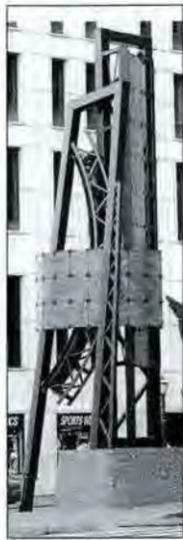
"You don't know where Peachtree Street got its name, do you?"

"Peachtree Creek, I should say," the reporter replied.

"But where did Peachtree Creek get its name? Maybe you'd like to know that."

Collier laughed, his blue eyes gleaming through spectacles. "This," he said, "is the way it was. . ."

As a young man, Collier was appointed one of the first postmasters and built a post office and general store at Peachtree and Decatur streets, an intersection that would be known many years later as Five Points.



FROM THE WELL

The sculpture in the middle of Five Points (above) isn't just a metal assemblage; it's a glimpse of the past. The piece, "Atlanta From the Ashes" by George Beasley, refers to an artesian well tower that stood in the middle of the intersection during the late 1800s. The actual well (pictured at right) was capped when the water was discovered, even back then, to be polluted.

Construction crews lay streetcar tracks in the intersection at Five Points during the 1890s.

THE ROAD THAT SHAPED ATLANTA

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■ ■ ■
Peachtree is more than the name of Atlanta's main street. It is a slice of the city's present and a path through its past. As the century and the millennium draw to a close, Peachtree's story is, as Collier knew, at the heart of Atlanta's story.

The thoroughfare that is almost synonymous with the city travels a vast territory of experience from the buckskinned traders of the 1790s to the Buckhead shoppers of the 1990s. Peachtree is an Indian trail that became a road that became a hundred roads throughout the area. The name predates the city itself by at least half a century.

Around these parts, only the red clay is older.

Today's Peachtree begins in the southern end of downtown and rides a ridge north before dog-leg-

ging east and bursting into a confusion of Peachsomething roads near the Perimeter. The trunk of the thing — street to road to industrial boulevard — stretches 37 miles from the Free At Last bail bonding company across from the Atlanta City Jail to the Buford Barbecue stand at the Gwinnett-Hall county line. Along the way, there are two hospitals, two universities, one airport, 12 subway stations, 13 auto dealerships, 25 hotels, 62 banks, 97 apartment complexes, seven of the South's 10 tallest buildings, a small army of lawyers, an everchanging multitude of shops and restaurants — and one pet mortuary.

With all its chain stores and parking lots, Peachtree can look as blandly prosperous as the principal business boulevard of any Sun Belt boomtown. But there's more depth and texture than you might think.

Look closely: There are ghosts

out there.

You can imagine them downtown in the vacant windows of the Wincoff, where 119 people perished in the nation's worst hotel fire. You can feel them in the rough siding of the Goodwin House, DeKalb County's oldest dwelling, hidden in a host of magnolias near the Brookhaven MARTA station. You can hear them every Sunday morning when First Methodist rings the call to worship, sounding the same bell that warned Atlantans of approaching Union troops. You can see them in the Great War memorial at Pershing Point, where the names of the dead are etched in eternal segregation: Infantry, Marines, Negroes. . .

This is the street where Coca-Cola first fizzed and Atlanta's first black millionaire opened shop and the South's first radio and TV stations and Internet service provider plugged in.

This is where Henry Grady and Margaret Mitchell lived and wrote and died. Where the Ku Klux Klan was reborn in a hotel suite and Jim Crow was vanquished at a dozen lunch counters. Where generations listened to the symphony, admired paintings at the High, took in movies at the Fox — or perhaps ogled topless dancers at the Cheetah.

This is where multitudes turned out to cheer Jefferson Davis and Franklin D. Roosevelt, Bobby Jones and the Braves, the peg-legged veterans of Peachtree Creek and the sinewy marathoners of the Centennial Olympic Games. Where the century will end with the dropping of the Big Peach at Underground, where it began with a masked ball at the Capital City Club, one young lady arriving in a silken guise she described as "the Twentieth Century Lady."

It all happened on Peachtree — a name Atlantans have been cloning since hoop skirts were fashionable.

Peaches, peaches everywhere

Visitors to Atlanta like to joke that every other street is called Peachtree. Believe it or not, there was once a brief campaign to erase the name entirely.

One of the fanciest buildings in
Ms 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.



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PEACHTREE: READERS REMEMBER

In his novel "The Last of the Southern Girls," the late Willie Morris described how country folk would flock to the city on weekends to ride the glass elevators in the latest atrium hotel.

As if it were just country folk. Let me tell you about this suburban kid's adventures in vertigo.

When I was 12, the Hyatt Regency opened on Peachtree. Out in Decatur, my family couldn't wait to brave the elevators everyone was talking about. So we drove downtown one Sunday and stood in line to board a glass bubble and zoom to the top of the 22-floor atrium. It was almost as much fun as the new Dahlonega Mine Train at Six Flags.

When I was 20, the Peachtree Plaza opened. My girlfriend and I cut classes at Georgia State University so we could sip overpriced cocktails in the revolving lounge 70 stories atop the hotel. As I recall, she left her pocketbook on the outer ledge somewhere around Stone Mountain. It was near Kennesaw by the time we found it.

When I started work on this series of articles, the two of us — long since married — went back to the Peachtree Plaza, to the Sun Dial restaurant on top. We laughed as the elevator burst through the lobby roof and the theme from "2001: A Space Odyssey" filled the cabin. How '70s; we wondered if the maitre d' would be wearing an Elvis jumpsuit. But my smirk faded as the capsule climbed skyward and I found myself edging away from the glass walls.

"Is this place taller than it used to be?" I muttered, a little dizzily.

It had been years since we had visited the place. As we settled in with our drinks — a peach daiquiri for her, a Cloudbuster for me — we were astonished at how much the panorama had changed. Last time we were at the Sun Dial, there was no skyline to speak of in Midtown or Buckhead, much less the Galleria or Perimeter Center. The very lights seemed to stretch so much farther into the Georgia night.

At least one thing hadn't changed. Several times over the evening, we noticed that servers still had to hunt for runaway purses.

We lifted our glasses and toasted tradition.

— Jim Auchmuty

I was raised on Peachtree during the '30s, in a two-story stucco house next to Crawford Long Hospital. There was a big L-shaped porch across the front with a swing on one end. My brother and I would sit out there and count the cars and name the makes. You see, we didn't have TV then.

— Mrs. J.R. Standley, 77,
St. Simons Island

When I was a freshman at Shorter College, we'd load into our cars and drive from Rome to Atlanta to hit the dance clubs in Midtown. I was 18 and had a fake ID that said I was 6 feet tall, 200 pounds. I was 5-9, 130. So I was very nervous about getting in.

I remember going to a fraternity ball at Colony Square one night. After it was over, we went back to the car and I changed from my blue suit into all-black — everyone wore black. And we went to this club on Peachtree, Weekends, and danced until 7 in the morning. We were afraid they'd throw us out if we ordered a drink at the bar, so we'd go back out to the car to drink MD 20/20 or Boone's

Farm. Later that morning, we'd be back at the college cafeteria, smelling like an ashtray, hair plastered to our heads from sweat.

I can't remember exactly where those clubs were. I think they're building the Federal Reserve bank there now.

— Matt Montgomery, 31, East Atlanta

One Sunday morning I drove to the Sears parking lot at the corner of West Paces Ferry and Peachtree to watch the removal of the giant Coca-Cola sign from the top of the triangular building in the fork of Roswell Road and Peachtree. Having come of age in Buckhead during the



'60s, I had fond memories of crossing Roswell Road from Jim Salle's record store and catching glimpses of myself in the cobalt mirrored facade of the Russell Stover candy store on my way to the Wender & Roberts drugstore's soda fountain. But I was especially fond of that Coca-Cola sign. It was a neon masterpiece.



Betty and Bo Cochran were captured by one of the street photographers who used to prowl Peachtree during the 1940s.

Special

"This Love of Ours"

We didn't know this movie title was behind us when the photographer snapped our photo. We didn't know we were getting married, either. We were just strolling downtown, doing some window-shopping at Davison's, probably stopping by the S&W Cafeteria for some lunch. We've been married 52 years now.

— Elizabeth Cochran, 72, Stockbridge

Sinuous lines radiated from the center and lighted up in clockwise waves, around and around, mesmerizing.

The building was going to be razed and the triangle paved into a bland city park. I had written letters; I wanted the park designers to keep the sign, mounted on a base covered with salvaged cobalt mirror.

So I was leaning up against the hood of my car, watching a crane lift the sign off its supports, and without warning I burst into sobbing tears. A hand reached out and offered me a fine linen handkerchief. I glanced at the dapper gentleman who held it out to me, and over his shoulder I saw his limousine. It was Robert Woodruff. He said, "It was a beautiful thing, wasn't it?"

— Sally Cook, 51, Chamblee

To my knowledge, the only living peach tree in downtown Atlanta isn't on Peachtree. It's at the corner of Courtland and Ellis, in front of the Sheraton hotel. I used to work at that hotel and took care of the tree for a while. One day it was loaded with fruit. The next day



'HUNK OF JUNK'

The Castle, at Peachtree and 15th streets, is one of the most unusual houses in Atlanta. The granite fortress was built in 1910 for an owner who liked to play with toy soldiers on the porch. The fighting really started in the '80s when Mayor Andrew Young dismissed the endangered landmark as a "hunk of junk." The developers of the adjacent Promenade offices renovated the house for use as a business club.

side of Peachtree Road — the estate of banker John K. Ottley — into the South's largest shopping center, Lenox Square. After Alexander died in 1967, at the age of 93, his property followed suit as his heirs sold the Peachtree frontage for development of the Phipps Plaza mall.

The house, which was not part of the sale, survived another two decades. For a time, Judith Alexander and some friends lived there in an impromptu artist colony. Then the family leased it to a group that for years taught transcendental meditation courses where Henry Alexander had studied Hebrew.

TM left in 1989, as a developer contracted to buy the property for a condo project. He wanted to retain the home and opened it to the public as that year's Atlanta Symphony Decorators' Show House. Twenty-five thousand people paid to tour the old mansion. As it turned out, that was its last hurrah.

The developer's financing fell through, and another, Pope and Land Enterprises, stepped in with big plans. Today, the grounds of the Alexander estate are the site of a 234-unit luxury apartment com-

plex called the Estates at Phipps and a 140-unit, 25-story condo tower just beginning construction. Half of the acreage has yet to be developed.

As for the mansion, Cecil Alexander proposed using it as a clubhouse — but to no avail. It was demolished in 1991 to make way for Phipps Boulevard behind the mall.

Judith Alexander made a point of not being there. "It was all very painful for me," she says. "That house was so beautifully made. I wish I were living in it now."

Back to the future

There's another Alexander house on Peachtree, and it's even larger than the mansion at Phipps. Actually, it's not so much house as Bauhaus.

In 1949, the developer Ben Massell hired Cecil Alexander and Rocky Rothschild to design an eight-story office building at Peachtree and 7th streets in Midtown. Job 4901 was their first major commission. Alexander saw it as a chance to try out some of the modern architecture he had learned at Yale University, where the Bauhaus style of German

design held sway. He and Rothschild devised a boxy building of pale yellow brick with one distinctive touch of industrial chic: push-out factory windows shaded by long metal ledges that made the south wall look like it had horizontal stripes.

The construction replaced a couple of houses that had been divided into apartments — vestiges of the street's first residential era. Now, after housing a warren of government agencies for almost half a century, the block has gone residential again.

The offices have become the Peachtree Lofts, one of several condominium conversions in a once-funky neighborhood that has attracted enough new inhabitants to support a Starbucks franchise. Three-quarters of the 210 units have sold, mostly to singles, empty-nesters and young professional couples.

There's a revealing touch in the model. Amid the black concrete floors and exposed steel beam ceilings, half of a double-hung window is suspended by wires. It's as if Atlantans still needed a witty mobile to remind them what this spare, wide-open space is supposed to be: home.



OLD FLAME

In January 1879, William T. Sherman visited Atlanta for the first time since he left it in ashes during the Civil War. After checking in at the Kimball House, he gave an interview to *The Constitution* in which he protested that his soldiers had never burned any dwellings in Atlanta, only storehouses. "According to this," the newspaper dryly observed, "the city was composed mainly of store-houses. . ."

Atlanta 100 years ago was the Grand Opera House at Peachtree and Pryor, later famous as the site of the "Gone With the Wind" premiere. Not long after the hall opened in 1893, residents along Pryor proposed that their street and Peachtree be rechristened Grand Avenue. It may have been the only time in Atlanta history that anyone suggested getting rid of a Peachtree. The name has spread like crabgrass ever since.

Exactly 100 streets in metro Atlanta now contain the word "Peachtree" in their names. They appear in 15 counties — Fulton and Gwinnett accounting for more than half — in a bewildering permutation of avenues and boulevards, circles and courts, walks and drives.

There are so many Peachtrees, in fact, that some local governments discourage creating new ones. Gwinnett County, with at least 25 Peachtrees, now allows no more than two streets to share the same proper name, and in no case can a new name sound like an existing one. It's a matter of public safety; no one wants an ambulance taking the wrong Peachtree.

"You'd have to be very creative to come up with another Peachtree in Gwinnett," says Don Jascomb, director of the county's development division, which approves new street names.

Yet Peachtree happens. A few years ago, another one popped up in downtown Atlanta when the architect-developer John Portman built twin office towers on Ivy Street (named for Hardy Ivy, the first settler in what became the central city). A large law firm was thinking about leasing space, but the managing partner had some problems with the Ivy Street address.

"I don't want to be in some Ivory tower," he told Portman. "I want to be on Peachtree."

Which is why the city, at Portman's request, redesignated the street Peachtree Center Avenue.

Of course, Portman was just following the city's lead. In the mid-'70s, Atlanta renamed seven blocks of Whitehall Street below Five Points, hoping that the timeworn shopping district would attract redevelopment if it were called Peachtree.

As both of them knew, Peachtree

is more than a place; it's a brand name, a logo that evokes Atlanta as surely as Broadway says New York or Sunset Boulevard says Los Angeles. The metro phone book carries more than 500 listings that begin with Peachtree, and you can bet that marketing has as much to do with it as geography.

Take Peachtree City. Fayette County was miles from the nearest Peachtree when Joel Cowan started working on a new planned community in the late 1950s. He and his partners considered calling the place Prosperity but decided they needed something with more recognition.

"I wanted anyone anywhere in the nation to know instantly that we were in Georgia, near Atlanta," Cowan says.

Naturally, he thought of Peachtree.

Atlanta's first highway crew

The story of Peachtree does not begin on Peachtree. It begins on the Chattahoochee, where the first white traders and soldiers in the late 1700s found a sizable Indian village near the mouth of a creek.

"They called it some Indian name," Collier told the reporter as they lounged on his porch that fine spring afternoon in 1897. He couldn't remember the word, but historians believe it was *pakanahuili*, a name Creek Indians gave to sev-

eral settlements in Georgia and Alabama. It means Standing Peachtree and appeared in correspondence as early as 1782.

Why did the newcomers translate this Indian name when so many others, like Chattahoochee, passed directly into common usage?

"It's hard to pronounce. The L in *luili* is a voiceless surd L; we don't have it in English," says Lawrence Meier, who studied Standing Peachtree as an archaeologist for the city of Atlanta. The site has long since been replaced with the R.M. Clayton sewage treatment plant.

Standing Peachtree remained an Indian trading post until the War of 1812, when most Creeks sided with the British against the Americans. To keep the natives in line, Georgia hastily erected a string of forts on the edge of Creek territory, including one at Standing Peachtree. In 1814, the state hired three livestock raisers who knew the country to open a road between Fort Peachtree and another outpost 30 miles away near the site of the recently opened Mall of Georgia. The men set out with sons and slaves and followed an old Indian trail along the present route of Peachtree Road to Buckhead, then turned west toward the Chattahoochee.

For weeks, the party cut timber and dragged stumps. It was hazardous work. With Creeks on the

IT HAPPENED ON PEACHTREE

1833: Hardy Ivy is the first permanent settler in what is now downtown Atlanta, building a cabin on a land lot bordering the trail that becomes Peachtree.

1851: Dr. Crawford Long lives in a house across from today's Woodruff Park. Sixty years later, a hospital named for him opens a dozen blocks up the street.

1869: Banker John H. James builds an elaborate three-story home where the Westin Peachtree Plaza Hotel now stands. The state buys it for use as the Governor's Mansion for the next 50 years.

1881: Henry Grady moves into a spacious Victorian across from today's Crawford Long Hospital. Lawyer and future president Woodrow Wilson rooms a few doors away.

1900: Two treasures appear

on Peachtree. Distiller Rufus M. Rose builds a town house in Midtown — now the home of the Atlanta Preservation Center. Three years later, furniture magnate Amos Rhodes moves into a mock castle soon to face Ansley Park — now the home of the Georgia Trust for Historic Preservation.

1906: Developer Edward Ansley subdivides the old George Washington Collier estate in Midtown and begins building Ansley Park.

1913: The graceful convex facade of the Ponce de Leon Apartments appears in Midtown — the city's finest residential building for years.

1926: Margaret Mitchell moves into "the Dump," an apartment house at Peachtree and 10th, and begins writing "Gone With the Wind."

1933: Banker John K. Ottley

is kidnapped from the front yard of his Buckhead estate (now the site of Lenox Square).

1937: Across the road, where Phipps Plaza stands, lawyer Henry Alexander builds one of the largest homes on Peachtree.

1951: The Darlington Apartments, the first residential high-rise north of Midtown, opens on Peachtree Road.

1957: One of Buckhead's grandest estates, Deerland Park, becomes the new site of Piedmont Hospital.

1962: Peachtree Towers, the first downtown apartment tower, rises where the Peachtrees split.

1977: In a sign of the times, Ivan Allen Sr.'s Tudor home on Peachtree Road is demolished to make way for 18 condominiums.

1982: Johnsontown, a black enclave of modest homes next to Lenox Square, is bulldozed for MARTA construction. Priced condos and offices occupy the land today.

1987: The tallest residential tower yet, 40-floor Park Place Condominiums, rises in Buckhead. Elton John later buys and combines several units.

1988: Anne Rivers Siddons describes the changing face of the street in her novel "Peachtree Road": ". . . the fine old houses of my youth stood empty or were coming down, falling to prissy, ridiculous, and hugely expensive, ersatz Federal 'townhomes' or thrusting glass condominium towers; to thirty- and forty-story office towers and hotels and great 'mixed-use' developments, with all three butting up to one another out of the abused red earth."

1990: Scores of homeless occupy the vacant Imperial Hotel downtown to protest city housing policies.

1996: For the second time, a fire almost destroys the Mitchell House. Rebuilt, it opens as a museum.

1998: The Randolph-Lucas House, one of the last survivors of Peachtree's residential past, is moved to make way for 10 stories of luxury condos.

1999: People are moving back to Peachtree on both ends. Loft conversions sweep downtown and Midtown, as vintage structures like the William-Oliver Building and Kessler's department store become residences. Meanwhile, at the far end of Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, traditional home construction makes Suwanee the fastest-growing area of the decade in metro Atlanta.



1865: Civil War destruction remains in this view of Peachtree, looking north from today's Underground Atlanta.

Atlanta History Center



COLLIER TO COUSINS

In 1892, Wash Collier opened the Aragon Hotel (above) at Peachtree and Ellis. Considered the most elegant hotel of the time, its time was short. In 1930, the hotel was razed for the Collier Building, best remembered for the second-floor Frances Virginia Tea Room. Cousins Properties hopes to build an office tower atop the Peachtree Center MARTA station entrance at the site today.

THE ROAD THAT SHAPED ATLANTA

warpath, two of the road builders spent most of their time on look-out. One night near the end of the job, one of them, 37-year-old Isham Williams, pulled a little prank. He left camp saying he was going out to do reconnaissance, but instead he doubled back and let loose with a blood-chilling Indian war whoop. Scared the bejesus out of the others.

When the men were finished, Atlanta's first highway crew had turned a path into a rough wagon road that was known, from the beginning, as Peachtree. The Creeks ceded the territory to the state in 1821, and settlers started moving in. One of the first was Meredith Collier, a farmer who paid \$150 for one land lot — 202½ acres — north of 14th Street. It was a wilderness, recalled one of his 15 children, Wash, a boy of 9 when the family moved from a farm in Gwinnett. "There was nothing but land lots and trails and corn patches. There was no business; the people had no money. . . . The farmers just made their corn and ate it for bread. That was all."

The landscape began changing after 1837, when Georgia chartered a railroad to open up the northwestern part of the state. Engineers determined that the southern terminus should be at the junction of two ridges seven miles southeast of the Chattahoochee. Atlanta was born. As a young man, Collier was appointed one of the first postmasters and built a post office and general store at Peachtree and Decatur streets, an

intersection that would be known many years later as Five Points. By 1861, it was the center of a thriving town of 8,000, facing another store, a tavern and an auction house that advertised itself as "the most extensive Negro depot in the Confederacy."

Soon they would all lie in ashes.

When shells fell on Peachtree

Every Fourth of July, thousands of runners in the Peachtree Road Race chug their way up Heartbreak Hill, the long incline that crests at Piedmont Hospital. On a sweltering afternoon in July 1864, the heartbreak was all too real. Here, at a spot marked by a cool white monument that resembles a tomb, the Civil War finally came to Atlanta.

Peachtree Creek was where the Confederates made their last-ditch stand to drive General William T. Sherman from the outskirts of the city. The Rebels gathered in the woods north of town — many of them on land belonging to Collier and his brothers — and charged down Heartbreak Hill into a ravine where Union troops were starting to cross the stream. The blue coats drove them back. Wounded soldiers straggled back into the city, through Collier's woods, and collapsed on yards and porches with blood foaming from their mouths.

On the evening after the battle, the weary Confederate army staged an all-night march down Peachtree and then east of town.



Atlanta History Center

Solomon Luckie, among the first civilians killed in the 1864 bombardment.

They mounted another futile assault — the Battle of Atlanta — and then withdrew into their fortifications. The siege began.

For most of August, Union artillery rained shells into the city. One of the main batteries was situated along Peachtree, below 10th Street, giving gunners a straight shot at the steeples and chimneys they used as range-finders. Twenty-two civilians died in the barrage. One of the first, a free black barber named Solomon Luckie, was struck by a ricocheting shell as he stood at a street corner near his shop. The same shell blew a hole in a gas lamp post — the one still on display on Old Alabama Street in Underground Atlanta.

The Confederates abandoned the city in September, and the Union conquerors moved in. Carrie Berry, a 10-year-old girl who lived with her family on Peachtree, complained to her diary: "We could not sleep because we were afraid the soldiers might set fire to our house. They behaved very badly."

Four days after that entry, Sherman forced almost 1,600 civilians to leave Atlanta. When they were allowed to return in December, two-thirds of the city had been burned.

As the city rebuilt and flourished in the decades after the war, a strand of ornate mansions pushed northward into Midtown along the

this frantic anthill of traffic and condos and commerce — was once an arcadian retreat from the city.

Henry Alexander's cream-colored, slate-topped brick Colonial stood atop a knoll behind a row of columns at the crest of a sloping lawn. The 15,000-square-foot house had 33 rooms and 13 baths, a profusion of Johns that amused visitors who knew the Alexanders had only four children.

"We had a lot of relatives stay with us," explains the youngest, Judith Alexander, a well-known art dealer. "I had to share a bathroom with my sister, so I suppose we could have used another one."

Her father was a remarkable man: lawyer, judge, legislator, naturalist, Hebrew scholar, president of the Atlanta Historical Society. Years before Judith was born, he helped defend Leo Frank in the infamous murder case that inflamed anti-semitic passions in Georgia. When John M. Slaton commuted the

death sentence, Alexander hurried to the governor's home on Peachtree Road and stood with him against the mob that marched out to Buckhead with vigilante justice on its mind.

Alexander was a maverick in every way. He so vigorously opposed the city of Atlanta's efforts to annex Buckhead that Mayor William B. Hartsfield was said to have posted a photo of him over his private toilet at City Hall. Alexander was a Republican before that became popular on the Northside. During the 1956 presidential election, he put a billboard on Peachtree Road that said, "RE-ELECT IKE AND DICK." One night some spray-painting vandals changed the "L" to "R" and made Ike's name possessive, and the sign said . . . well, you get the idea. The master of the house was so furious he posted a servant out front to guard the billboard with a gun.

COMING HOME



Kenneth Thomas Ponce de Leon Apartments

"We'd stay up till 2 a.m. talking politics in his study," says his nephew Cecil. "We didn't agree on anything — I'm kind of a liberal Democrat — but he was always fun to talk with."

Henry Alexander cherished his estate. In retirement, he walked the woods almost every day, a slender, erect man with distinguished silver hair. Where there are now parking garages, he watched birds, collected arrowheads, went horse-back riding.

"He named the trees," Judith Alexander remembers. "He held dedication ceremonies, and we all had to be there. I think he named one for Governor Slaton."

Alexander could see that big development was coming to Buckhead. After World War II, he approached the state about buying his house to use as the Governor's Mansion. The state declined. In 1959, he watched as bulldozers turned the property on the other

"Large apartment buildings were so noteworthy that when playwright Alfred Uhry was growing up in Druid Hills during the early '50s, he thought there was something vaguely risqué about them."

160 YEARS AT COVETED ADDRESS

It's easy to miss the oldest house on Peachtree.

The Goodwin House sits concealed behind a stand of magnolias across from a strip shopping center in Brookhaven. When the original part of the structure was built during the 1830s, Peachtree was a rugged wagon road not far removed from its days as an Indian trail. Today the home is almost overwhelmed by Atlanta traffic: six lanes of cars out front, railroad tracks and a MARTA line out back, the occasional drone of a plane approaching DeKalb-Peachtree Airport overhead.

"People say, 'Why did you put a house between a fast food restaurant and a U-Haul lot?'" says Albert Martin, a great-great-grandson of the man who built the place. "They can't imagine what it was like before there was all this development."

Martin can imagine. At 72, the retired electrical engineer serves as family historian and chief custodian of the small, shady cemetery that screens the building from the road. The plot holds the remains of his ancestors Solomon and Harris Goodwin, a father and son who

migrated here from South Carolina to farm. Their one-room log cabin remains the core of the house at 3931 Peachtree Road.

Over the years, rooms have been added, a porch built on, the logs covered with siding. But you can still see square nailheads in the wood and gouge marks on the mantel where Union soldiers tried to dismantle it for kindling.

Seven generations of family have lived or worked in the house. Martin spent part of his childhood here, using a privy and pumping well water before there was plumbing. Later he ran a bookstore out of the house. No one lives here anymore; the family keeps it for gatherings and rents out space for offices.

The Goodwin House is the last remnant of hundreds of acres the family once owned between Lenox Square and the Brookhaven Country Club. It was obvious, even in the 1800s, that change was coming. After the Civil War, a railroad wanted to build a line across the property, and the Goodwins swapped the right-of-way for flagging privileges. Trains were supposed to stop and pick up anyone

who flagged them down.

"We haven't tried that in a while," Martin says. In the early 1960s, all but 1¼ acres was sold for development and the structure was moved 500 feet from its original location atop a knoll.

There's a chain motel there now. Martin was watching the day a grading crew started leveling the site and the back end of a dump truck got snared in an abandoned well. It was as if the old house was demanding a final tribute. He couldn't help but think to himself, "Good."

The Goodwin House has been preserved thanks to Albert Martin (below) and family, descendants of the pioneers who built the 1830s frame dwelling.



BITA HONARVAR / Staff



Country to city: Parts of Old Peachtree Road in Gwinnett County are downright rural.

BITA HONARVAR / Staff



WHAT'S IN A NUMBER?

When Ivan Allen Jr. was mayor during the 1960s, he got tickled at his father's little exercise in numerology. The elder Allen, a businessman and civic leader, had long lived at 2600 Peachtree Road. He liked the address so much that he got the phone company to give him a 2600 number and the state to give him a 2600 license tag. "Nothing pleased him as much late in life," his son says, "as having those nice, round numbers that were easy to remember."

COMING HOME

the rough-and-tumble rail town from genteel Charleston. After some false starts, including time in debtors prison up North, he set down roots in Atlanta, and the family found prosperity in the hardware business.

Aaron wanted to build a home commensurate with his success and had his eyes on a lot where Peachtree Center is today. "He took his wife and two kids out for a look," Alexander says. "They got about as far as the Candler Building, and she said, no, that was too far out."

But Aaron prevailed and built a narrow two-story frame house facing Peachtree from behind a white picket fence. It proved a good move. In the years after the Civil War, the street became Atlanta's premier residential address, as bankers and businessmen constructed rambling Victorian tributes to their status. Where else would Margaret Mitchell have located Rhett and Scarlett's mansion but Peachtree?

In real life, the most impressive home on the street during the 1800s was the Governor's Mansion, a jumble of bay windows and mansard roofs that looks to modern eyes like a county courthouse, if not something out of the Addams Family.

The liveliest home may have belonged to Henry W. Grady, the ambitious young editor of *The Atlanta Constitution* and promoter of the New South. In 1881, he moved his family into a gray six-bedroom home with jigsaw trim across from the present site of Crawford Long Hospital. Grady loved to entertain and host legislators at fiddling competitions in his parlor. He had a study downstairs equipped with one of Atlanta's first telephones (a two-digit phone number!) and a guest room upstairs with a mural of "Uncle Remus" characters, in honor of his newspaper colleague Joel Chandler Harris. It was here, after Grady caught pneumonia during an 1889 speaking engagement in Boston, that the 39-year-old came home to die in his own bed.

Grady's neighborhood started going commercial after the turn of the century, as auto showrooms and garages replaced the grand old houses. His was torn down in



File



Atlanta History Center

In the 1930s, Henry Alexander (left) built a mansion on the Buckhead estate that became Phipps Plaza.

across Peachtree."

She wouldn't have dared try that a few years later. The semi-rural pastoral that had been Buckhead was transformed after World War I, as automobiles allowed Atlantans to move north of the city limits, which ran out at the intersection with Palisades (where Peachtree Street becomes Peachtree Road). The Allens, the Havertys and the Spaldings were among the many prominent families who moved to Peachtree Road during the 1920s and '30s.

The Alexanders joined the land rush, too. Around the turn of the century, the family purchased 100 acres of woodland on the far side of Buckhead. In the middle of the Great Depression, Henry Aaron Alexander — Cecil's Uncle Harry — started construction on one of the largest mansions ever built on Peachtree.

Buckhead's Republican tree-hugger

Between Phipps Plaza and the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where the tendrils of Peachtree, Lenox Road and the Buckhead Loop entangle, there's a marker that most motorists are too harried to notice. It declares the junction of asphalt and overpass to be Henry Aaron Alexander Square. It's the only indication that this plot of land —

1929. Among the storefronts that occupy the block today is Gladys and Ron's Chicken & Waffles, a restaurant co-owned by the Atlanta-born singer Gladys Knight. New South, indeed.

As downtown and then Midtown changed, the well-to-do migrated northward into Ansley Park and Brookwood. Some had summer homes in the forested hills around Buckhead, an unincorporated area dotted with small farms and dairies.

Sara Jordan, a descendant of Buckhead founder Henry Irby, was born in 1906 and remembers visiting her grandparents' home on Peachtree Road as a girl. It was two lanes, semi-paved, no streetcars. "I loved going out there," she says. "Grandpa had big barbecues. He ran a sawmill and kept pigs and chickens and cows. He and my grandmother would go out riding in a surrey with the fringe on top, and they'd let me ride their horse

THE ROAD THAT SHAPED ATLANTA

once marched. But the procession of turrets and gables stopped abruptly at 14th Street, where Collier's preserve formed a sylvan roadblock to development. People made offers, but the crusty pioneer wasn't selling.

Atlantans thought him an odd duck. Collier had amassed 650 acres along Peachtree between downtown and Buckhead. He owned two of the choicest blocks on the street: the store at Five Points, which he had rebuilt after it was destroyed in the war, and the Aragon Hotel, one of the finest hostelrys in the city. Yet for all his property and wealth — he was worth a million dollars, people whispered — Collier lived frugally in the same weatherbeaten house he had lived in as a boy.

In April 1897, *The Atlanta Constitution* sent a reporter and illustrator out to take his measure.

What Wash Collier saw

The Collier place is thought to be Atlanta's oldest surviving house, but it does not seem very rustic these days. The majestic woods that once enveloped it have been replaced by the low-slung, carpeted homes of Sherwood Forest, a subdivision that was developed after Collier's granddaughter moved out during the 1940s. The residence doesn't even have a Peachtree address anymore, as it did when there was nothing between the door and the road but farm and forest. You wonder what the old man would think of his address today: Lady Marion Lane.

The two-story, white frame house has been handsomely remodeled and sits atop a hill under a canopy of vestigial hardwoods, bracketed by stalwart chimneys of rough brick and smooth river stone. The owner for the last 40 years, Jimmy Bentley, is a former state insurance commissioner with a fine appreciation for the spirits of those who have come before. According to family tradition, children wave goodbye to Wash on the porch as they're leaving.

If there's one place where Collier's spirit seems almost palpable, it's the smokehouse out back. Now a toolshed, its wooden siding still bears the saw marks of his 19th-century handiwork. Bentley



opens the door and points to a row of rusty hooks hanging from grease-stained rafters. "Can't you just smell the ham?" he says.

You inhale deeply and imagine the musty tang of curing hams. You close your eyes and hear the scurry of yapping dogs as two visitors come pedaling up the rutted path from Peachtree. The men from the newspaper. They want to see Mr. Collier. He's out in the fields planting potatoes, enjoying the first sunny weather in days. He'll be along directly.

Collier ambles up after a while, the dirt still on his hands. He's slight, bent with age, but with the ruddy cheeks of a man who has spent most of his life outdoors. He wears a wide-brimmed hat and simple farmer's clothes. He speaks haltingly, almost nervously. Now, looking back on his life and times, he offhandedly brings up a matter that has mystified Atlantans almost from the beginning: Was there really a peach tree at the root of all these Peachtrees?

One view is that Peachtree was literally named for a fruit tree. Another is that the word is a corruption of "pitch" tree, as in the pitch, or resin, that seeps from a pine. Some say a pine would be more likely because peach trees aren't native to this section of Georgia. But if it were a pine instead of a peach, Atlanta's most famous place name would be nothing more than a romantic mistake, the first unknowing step on a long



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

The Collier house in Sherwood Forest has been remodeled extensively. But the porch where Wash visited with a reporter and illustrator in 1897 (left) is still there.

road of civic hyperbole and sloganeering.

None of this is a mystery to Wash Collier, the last living Atlantan who actually saw the tree. He remembers it well from the days when he carried the mail twice a week from Decatur to Allatoona, passing the village of Standing Peachtree, walking the route with heavy mail pouches slung over his shoulders. Here's what he says:

"There was a great big mound of earth heaped up there — big as this house, maybe bigger — and right on top of it grew a big peach tree. It bore fruit and was a useful and beautiful tree. . . . I've passed it many and many a time going on my mails. There's nothing remaining of it now."

Nothing, that is, but an honest name still spreading seedlings across a metropolitan area that a man could hardly have imagined as he sat on a porch in the woods a century ago.

1782: First written reference to Standing Peachtree, the Creek Indian village that was the root of all our Peachtrees.

1814: Peachtree Road is built to connect a fort near Hog Mountain with one at Standing Peachtree.

1821: Creeks cede the site of Atlanta to Georgia; the family of George Washington Collier soon builds a home in the woods north of the future city.

1837: Atlanta founded as a railroad junction named Terminus. The first trains don't arrive for five years.

1838: Henry Irby builds a store and tavern on Peachtree Road and calls the settlement Irbyville. After someone shoots a buck and puts the trophy head on a pole, everyone calls the area Buck's Head.

1848: First municipal election held in a store at Peachtree and Marietta streets, not yet known as Five Points.



1861: Thousands cheer Jefferson Davis as his train stops in Atlanta on his way to take the oath as Confederate president.

1864: Thousands die at Peachtree Creek, the first battle for Atlanta. By year's end, much of the town has been laid to waste.

1870: The city passes a law prohibiting the tossing of slop on streets.

1875: Pipes are laid underneath Peachtree, Atlanta's first waterworks.

1886: Coca-Cola is first served in Jacobs Pharmacy at Five Points. Asa G. Candler & Co., which buys the rights, advertises itself as the sole proprietor of a new soda with "the tonic properties of the wonderful coca plant."

1895: The Cotton States Exposition kicks off with a military parade out Peachtree to Piedmont Park.



1903: Wash Collier dies, his estate is subdivided for Ansley Park and other developments.

1906: Atlanta's worst race riot breaks out at Five Points, two dozen die.

1915: A mob descends on Gov. John M. Slaton's Peachtree Road estate to protest his decision to commute Leo Frank's death sentence in the murder of Mary Phagan.

1915: Two hundred women march down Peachtree in the city's first suffrage parade, drawing smiles and jeers from mostly male onlookers.

1917: Camp Gordon, a World War I cantonment, opens at the future site of DeKalb-Peachtree Airport.

1930: Bobby Jones is welcomed home with a parade after he wins golf's Grand Slam.

1939: "Gone With the Wind" premieres at the Loew's Grand Theatre. "Rhett Butler at Five Points!" shouts the Constitution headline about the parade of the stars down Peachtree.

1945: 100,000 celebrate the end of World War II along Peachtree's theater district, where the mar-quees of the Paramount, Roxy, Capitol and Loew's Grand light up again.



1946: 119 die as the "fire-proof" Wincoff Hotel at Peachtree and Ellis burns — still the deadliest hotel fire in U.S. history.

1949: Margaret Mitchell is struck by a car on Peachtree in Midtown and dies five days later.

1952: Atlanta annexes Buckhead, the last major expansion in its city limits.

1959: Atlanta celebrates "M Day," as the metro pop-

ulation hits 1 million. The Chamber of Commerce designates a recent arrival from Cincinnati as "Mr. Million" and showers him with gifts.

1959: Peachtree City is incorporated in Fayette County, and the Peachtree name starts spreading on the southside.

1961: Mayor William B. Hartsfield celebrates the uneventful token desegregation of the city's public schools by hosting a cocktail party for reporters at the Biltmore Hotel on West Peachtree. One of the reporters is black, thus desegregating the hotel, too.

1967: John Portman's Regency Hyatt House gives the Atlanta skyline a new trademark — the revolving Polaris Lounge, which looks like a blue flying saucer.

1970: First running of the Peachtree Road Race.

1971: Metro Atlanta hits 1.5 million. Mayor Sam Massell marks the occasion

in a ceremony at the Darlington Apartments population sign. He then walks across Peachtree to present a bottle of champagne to the parents of the latest baby.

1979: Patricia Barry, a secretary in former Gov. Carl Sanders' law firm, is shot to death on Peachtree during her lunch break by a deranged vet who then turns the gun on himself. The killings feed the city's growing fear of crime.

1980: A police task force assigned with solving the killings of more than a dozen young black men — the "missing and murdered children" — gets to work in an office on West Peachtree.

1981: After half a century, the Coke sign — the swirling neon heart of downtown — is toppled to make way for a plaza at the new Georgia-Pacific headquarters.



1986: "Light Up Atlanta" draws thousands downtown for a street festival built around the illumination of skyscrapers. The annual event is marred by several muggings and a shooting, and the city cancels it.

1988: Peaches on Peachtree — what a concept! The city plants some peach trees along the street before the Democratic National Convention. They don't survive.

1991: Metro Atlanta hits 3 million; no festivities this time.

1991: Three-quarters of a million people mob the Atlanta Braves at a parade after their first World Series appearance. It's thought to be the largest crowd ever downtown.

1996: Olympic marathoners run down Peachtree.

1999: A motorist strikes a deer on Peachtree Road in Buckhead, an area better known for a different sort of wildlife.

Well, we're moving on up

The rear-window neighbors are old enough to remember when Peachtree was renowned as a street of homes. Driving past all the malls and offices and fast-food joints out there today, you might not think that's the case anymore. But it is. It's the homes that have changed.

For much of this century, Peachtree was lined with single-family residences that had grand staircases and sweeping porches and detached garages. Now the homes are high-rise, more apt to have elevators and balconies and parking decks with valets. Goodbye, Tara firma: The horizontal is going vertical.

While there have long been residential towers in Atlanta — Midtown's elegant Reid House turned 75 this year — what's happening today is unprecedented in scale. From the Muse's building at Five Points to the old Peachtree Manor in Midtown, vintage buildings are being converted into loft units. Here and there, dense warrens of town homes are replacing commercial strips or landmarks like the Atlanta Jewish Community Center. In Buckhead, close to a dozen condo high-rises are planned or under way on land where blue-blood clans once inhabited spacious Tudors and Georgians.

As a result, more people live on Peachtree today than ever did during its heyday as a boulevard of mansions. The latest city directory, reflecting only the leading edge of residential construction, lists 6,100 households along Peachtree from downtown to Chamblee. The 1939 directory shows one-fourth that number.

Something about all this piling on top of one another cuts against the grain of local custom. Atlantans traditionally have lived in houses. Large apartment buildings were so noteworthy that when playwright Alfred Uhry was growing up in Druid Hills during the early '50s, he thought there was something vaguely risqué about them. He and his buddies used to wink when they passed the new Darlington Apartments on Peachtree Road. "We thought there were hookers up there," he says.

Now his mother lives in the same condo skyscraper as Rothschild, a

few floors away from the fingernail polish-red lobby of Elton John's penthouse.

Only 22 of the homes Uhry might have seen on Peachtree as a boy remain standing. Not one is still used as a single-family residence. A few have retained their patina as museums or quarters for preservation societies. Most have become small businesses or been diced into apartments. A couple sit vacant, gloomily awaiting the wrecking ball.

One of the most distinguished survivors almost met that fate last year.

The Randolph-Lucas House was built in 1924 for a descendant of Thomas Jefferson, but it's best known as the brick manse that Anne Rivers Siddons used as the setting for her novel "Peachtree Road." The last resident died during the late '80s, and the property was sold to a developer who wanted to demolish the house and erect 62 condos costing as much as \$2 million. After much protest and negotiation, he agreed to move the structure to the side of the lot and renovate it as a clubhouse for the 10-story edifice that has since risen behind it. In the meantime, the house is being used as a sales center for the project that almost destroyed it.

"I'm glad we saved it — not that I had a choice," says the developer, Blaine Kelley, with the tight smile of someone who spent hundreds of thousands of dollars doing something he hadn't planned on. He gestures toward a huge scale model

of the new building. "But when people see these cupolas and cast-iron balustrades, they're going to forget about this old house."

Picket fences on Peachtree

Cecil Alexander won't forget. The 81-year-old architect lobbied to preserve the Randolph-Lucas House, and not just because he lives on the next street. He takes Atlanta history personally. After all, his family has been living and working on Peachtree for more than 150 years.

"We have always believed in two financial principles," Alexander begins in his ambling drawl. "Buy Coca-Cola stock and buy property on Peachtree."

He chuckles, a web of crinkles spreading from the corners of his eyes. In 50 years of practice, the garrulous architect has helped design at least a dozen buildings along the street, from the First National Bank tower at Five Points to the BellSouth behemoth behind the Fox Theatre. His dining room chandelier is a glittering souvenir of another job on Peachtree; it came from the Erlanger, a Midtown vaudeville theater his firm remodeled for Cinerama motion pictures. It was razed for parking, as was his most familiar work: Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium.

The Alexanders are one of Atlanta's pioneer Jewish families. They trace their history here to 1847, when Cecil's great-grandfather, Aaron Alexander, moved to

Low-rise: Peachtree was a street of homes at the turn of the century. The view looks north toward the present area of Peachtree Center. The tall house at left center is the Governor's Mansion.



PEACHTREE

COMING HOME

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER

Old and new: 2500 Peachtree, a luxury condo tower, rises behind the Randolph-Lucas House, a Buckhead landmark that had to be moved for the new construction. **Below,** Cecil Alexander visits the Peachtree Lofts, a Midtown housing redevelopment that he designed as an office building in 1949.



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

GRAND MANSIONS EDGED ASIDE FOR VERTICAL LIVING

Peachtree, in a yellow Cape Cod house that almost disappears into the green bosom of Buckhead.

Almost.

"Rocky can see everything that goes on down here," Alexander says with a laugh as he looks out his dining room window at the great bony finger that points out of the ivy and dogwoods behind his home. The Monster, he calls the condos. "I couldn't live in a place like that. I'd feel like I was in a filing cabinet."

Up in the filing cabinet, Rothschild squints down from the 14th drawer and wonders if maybe his former partner isn't exaggerating a bit. "I don't know if you can really see Cecil's place." He moves closer to the glass. "Well, I suppose that is his patio through that dead tree."

Cecil Alexander and Rocky Rothschild shared an architecture office for more than 35 years. Now they're sharing

something else: opposite ends of a view.

Rothschild lives above the trees in the Park Place Condominiums, a 40-floor shaft of glass and concrete that looms over the Peachtree ridge like a booster rocket on a launch pad. Alexander lives down the hill, a block off



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

PEACHTREE

BLACK AND WHITE AND BEYOND

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER

A SLAVE RISES TO MAKE HIS FORTUNE ON A 'WHITE' STREET

There were many mansions on Peachtree Street in the early 1900s, but there was only one palace. It belonged to a former slave.

Alonzo Herndon learned to cut hair as a young freedman, snipping his way to prosperity as Atlanta's most popular barber. In 1902, he opened a shop at 66 Peachtree St. that became so plush it was described in guidebooks as a "tonsorial palace." In the narrow, sooty streets of turn-of-the-century downtown, Herndon's was perhaps the only establishment that could truthfully be called world-class.

"It was a spectacular thing," remembers George Goodwin, 82, a public relations executive who got his



Herndon Home

Alonzo Herndon, once a barber, was a wealthy insurance magnate by the time this portrait was taken in 1920.

hair trimmed there as a boy. "There were 25 chairs, with marble floors and chandeliers and endless mirrors down both sides. The Herndon barbers were some of the few black professionals you saw downtown back then."

Herndon's catered exclusively to whites, and they loved the place. But that affection didn't count for much on a hot Saturday evening in September 1906 when Atlanta's deadliest race

riot erupted. White mobs, enraged by exaggerated reports of black men raping white women, rampaged through the streets attacking Negroes indiscriminately. One of their first victims was a shoeshine man at Herndon's. The rabble chased him up Peachtree and beat him into the pavement near the latest symbol of civic pride, the recently opened Candler Building.

The bloodletting was just beginning.



File

At your service: Herndon and barbers pose in the Peachtree shop after it was remodeled in 1913.

'That segregation foolishness'

For much of its history, Peachtree was regarded as the province of white people. It's hard to envision today, when African-Americans shop and dine along the thoroughfare like anyone else — from slack-jeaned teenagers hanging out at Lenox Square to sleek-suited buppies nibbling Puffy Shrimp at Justin's, the chic new Buckhead restaurant opened by hip-hop star Sean "Puffy" Combs. But there was a time when such scenes would have been unimaginable. Before the civil rights era, virtually the only faces of color on Peachtree were domestics, laborers, barbers.

Peachtree's pale complexion was so pronounced that Ellis Arnall, Georgia's governor during the mid-1940s, once used it to make a point about segregation. Driving an out-of-town reporter down the

street, Arnall asked him if he saw any Negroes. Just one: the doorman at the Henry Grady Hotel. Then they drove down Decatur Street and saw sidewalks thronged with blacks. See, the governor concluded, people prefer to stay with their own kind on their own streets.

That same year, a black teenager from New Orleans visited Atlanta for the first time and came away with a less benign impression. Eugene Talmadge had won a gubernatorial primary, and his supporters were whooping and hollering in front of the Henry Grady Hotel. "Klansmen were riding up and down the street in open cars, firing rifles into the air, celebrating a victory for segregation," recalls Andrew Young, who wasn't too enchanted with the city he would later serve as mayor.

White Atlantans of a certain age feel a powerful nostalgia for the Peachtree of their youth, with its

tea rooms and shop windows and flashing theater marquees. Black Atlantans of that age remember having to sit in the buzzard's roost.

"My mother wouldn't let me go to any of those theaters," says Harriet Chisholm, 76, a third-generation Atlantan. "We were an educated family and didn't believe in that segregation foolishness. She let me go to the Fox just once."

For more than a century, code and custom kept the Harriett Chisholms of Atlanta from dining, lodging or residing on Atlanta's main street. However, a few black pioneers did manage to conduct businesses there. In the years after the Civil War, a dozen or so tailors, shoemakers and barbers served a white clientele on Peachtree. In 1882, a newcomer from the Georgia countryside joined them.

From slavery to success

Alonzo Herndon never forgot where he came from. That much is clear at the white-columned mansion he built many years later near the Atlanta University campus. He commissioned a series of murals enshrining his up-from-slavery saga on the living room walls. One of them shows a boy standing with his mother in front of a log cabin. There's no father in sight, for good reason.

Born in 1858 on a farm near Social Circle, 40 miles east of Atlanta, Herndon was the son of a slave and her master. He gave his offspring light skin — everyone said Alonzo could have passed for white — and little else.

"His father never acknowledged paternity. After the Civil War, he threw them off the farm," says Carole Merritt, director of the Herndon Home museum, who is writing a book about the family.

The Herndons clawed out a living as sharecroppers, Alonzo never attending school for more than five weeks a year. He wanted more out of life. When he was 20, he left

How many died? Initial reports said 16, then 12; historians now say the toll was even higher.



IT HAPPENED ON PEACHTREE

1846: Atlanta's first newspaper, the Luminary, starts publishing on Whitehall (Peachtree) Street.

1859: The city's first legitimate theater, the Atheneum, opens at Five Points.

1866: What is that thing? The Gate City Club, winners of Atlanta's first baseball exhibition, display their trophy — a gilded baseball — in a pharmacy window at Five Points.

1879: Telephones come to Atlanta. One of the first phones is installed at Henry Grady's Peachtree Street home.

1895: Susan B. Anthony lectures at the new De Give Opera House (later the Loew's Grand).

1906: The Peachtree Theatorium, Atlanta's first nickelodeon, shows motion pictures at the Piedmont Hotel. Within a year, 20 storefront theaters are lighting up the streets.

1910: City Council passes an ordinance requiring women to remove their hats in theaters after 6 p.m. "It is impossible to see the pictures through the opaque hay racks worn by some of the ladies," complains one councilman.

1910: Atlanta plucks a cultural plum, as Enrico Caruso and the Metropolitan Opera come to town for the first of many years of springtime performances.



1916: Oglethorpe University reopens on Peachtree Road.

1920: The Atlanta Georgian newspaper has a gossip column bylined "Polly Peachtree." The Journal counters with "Dolly Decatur."

1926: Hattie High, the widow of a department

store founder, donates her Peachtree Street mansion to the Atlanta Art Association, which names its new home the High Museum.

1927: Blues in Buckhead: "Barbecue Bob" Hicks plays for tips at Tidwell's Drive-in on Peachtree.



1929: The Yaarab Shrine Temple builds the Fox Theatre in Midtown.

1932: Now showing at the Paramount: "Down to Earth," starring Will Rogers, who "takes the Depression (of all things) for a subject and makes it the biggest laugh you've ever had in any theater!"

1935: Margaret Mitchell reluctantly surrenders the manuscript for "Gone With the Wind" to a book editor at the Georgian Terrace Hotel.

1936: Tea rooms are the rage. The Frances Virginia, the Vanity Fair, the Daffodil and the Green Tree all serve the white-glove set on Peachtree.

1938: A stage production of Erskine Caldwell's controversial "Tobacco Road" is shut down by court order at the Erlanger Theater.

1940: Also at the Erlanger, WSB radio broadcasts a live country music show called "Crossroads Follies Barn Dance."

1946: Zip-a-dee-doo-dah! Disney's "Song of the South" is given its world premiere at the Fox.

1956: Now appearing at the Paramount: Elvis Presley.

1959: Now appearing at the Domino Lounge in the Imperial Hotel:

Brother Dave Gardner.

1961: Restaurants with a view come into vogue. First it's the Top of the Mart, atop the new Merchandise Mart. A year later, it's the Top O' Peachtree, atop the new, taller Bank of Georgia tower.

1965: New song in a Wits End Players revue — "They're Tearing Up Peachtree Again."

1967: Robert Shaw begins 21 years as the acclaimed conductor of the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra.



1968: The Strip, the South's largest hippie community, draws longhairs and ogling traffic to the Midtown neighborhood around Peachtree and 10th.

1968: The Memorial Arts Center opens, a tribute to 106 Atlanta arts patrons killed in a 1962 plane crash near Paris.

1969: Now showing at the 10th Street Art: "I Am Curious Yellow."

1969: Underground Atlanta, Take I: The city beneath the streets comes alive with saloons and shops.



1970: First Gay and Lesbian Pride Parade in Midtown.

1973: Two blocks of commercial buildings near Five Points are cleared for Central City Park — later renamed for Robert W. Woodruff, its benefactor.

1974: Now appearing at Alex Cooley's Electric Ballroom: Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band.

1974: Southern Bell proposes tearing down the Fox for a skyscraper. The company changes its mind after a protest that sparks the local preservation movement.



1977: The city cracks down on "The Triangle," a notorious adult entertainment district that had sprung up where the Peachtrees split downtown.

1979: Disco fever! The Limelight hits Buckhead. Backstreet and other gay discos are making a splash in Midtown.

1980: The new Atlanta-Fulton County library opens downtown on the site of the 1902 Carnegie Library.

1983: The new home of the High Museum of Art debuts to praise. Tom Wolfe files a

dissent, calling it "that insecticide refinery."

1985: Guenter Seeger becomes chef at the Ritz-Carlton Buckhead and makes it Atlanta's first restaurant to win five stars from the Mobil guide.

1989: Underground Atlanta, Take 2: A city-backed festival marketplace opens on the site of the failed nightlife district.

1990: Kenny Leon is named artistic director of the Alliance Theatre, becoming one of the first African-Americans to head a major resident theater. His first production: "Miss Evers' Boys," about the Tuskegee syphilis experiment.



1991: Harry Callahan, widely considered America's greatest photographer, exhibits his images of Peachtree Street at a gallery on Peachtree.



1996: Thousands mob the Olympic torch as it's carried through a spray of champagne and beer in the Buckhead bar district.

1999: Playwright Alfred Uhry starts work on a TV show pilot about his native Atlanta called — what else? — "peachtree.com."



OL' PEACH EYES

In 1950, Frank Sinatra recorded a novelty tune called "Peachtree Street," in which he crooned: "Strolling along Peachtree Street with my baby on my arm. I've got the sweetest peach in Georgia, and she just came off the farm." It wasn't one of the singer's very good years.

Chip Simone has been documenting life — and nightlife — along Peachtree for years. Here, he shoots Shawna Brooks at Backstreet in Midtown.



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

THE CULTURAL PICTURE

the theater, restored the edifice and turned it into a top-grossing entertainment venue.

Patten worried about the rock concert crowds at first. "We were scared they were going to cause damage. But they didn't. They were like, 'Oh, no, we would never violate this place.'"

Well, there was one complication from hosting Deadheads and the like.

Patten's watchdog, a German shepherd with the Shakespearean name of Yorick, liked to wait out concerts in a sub-basement room where air-filtering turbines turned. This being the '70s, the system could never quite expunge the marijuana smoke.

Alas, poor Yorick; some nights, Patten found him flat-out stoned.

Out of the ashes

While the Fox was being resuscitated in the late '70s, the other landmark theater on Peachtree was languishing.

The Loew's Grand opened in 1893 as the De Give Opera House, the most ornate performance hall in town. Laurent De Give, the

Belgian impresario who built the place, lived upstairs in an apartment and would stand at his balcony and tip his hat to the ladies as they arrived for plays, recitals and lectures. The Loew's theater chain later remodeled the interior as the art deco movie palace where a nervous David O. Selznick showed the world what he had made of Margaret Mitchell's book.

Those were distant memories by 1977, the year the theater closed after a long twilight of B movies and declining attendance. The owner, who wanted to demolish the building for new development, gave the city time to find a purchaser who might save the structure. The reprieve was about to run out when a fire of suspicious origin broke out on Jan. 30, 1978.

It was an eerie scene when Patten visited a few days later. Water from fire hoses had formed icicles that hung like daggers. The charred walls of the office building in front of the theater looked ready to collapse. But the auditorium itself was relatively unscathed.

Patten found his way into the projection booth and, shining a flashlight, examined the equip-

ment. It was unharmed. He paid \$7,000 for the projectors and sound system, and got a demolition crew to bash a hole in a wall so he could load the heavy gear on a crane that would soon be swinging a wrecking ball to clear the site for the new Georgia-Pacific headquarters tower.

The equipment was put to good use. To this day, the Fox employs the same 35mm and 70mm Century projectors that once lit up the Loew's. And that's not all.

"Let me show you something," Patten says, bounding up the stairs of the second dress circle, a big key chain jangling on his belt. He's barely winded as he stops at the back row and points out the decorative end plates on the seats. The green-and-gold art deco design isn't like the other end plates at the Fox; these came from the Loew's.

Not one in a thousand people sitting under the twinkling stars of the Fox probably notices the unmatched seats. But Patten feels better just knowing that they're there.

"I didn't want to change the design," he says. "I wanted a little piece of that theater to live on."

PHOTOGRAPHER TELLS THE STORY OF A STREET ONE FACE AT A TIME

"Are those real?"

Chip Simone is eyeing an astonishing set of B-52's on a "lady" at Backstreet, the Midtown dance club known for drag queens and other exotic urban fauna. When you've been photographing life on Peachtree Street as long as Simone has, this sort of question tumbles from your mouth as naturally as

"Say cheese." And you don't even flinch when the lady invites you to have a squeeze and see for yourself.

Simone (pronounced si-MO-nee) is a self-described street photographer. At 54, trim and white-bearded, he has been documenting Atlanta since he came here in 1972, fresh from the Rhode Island School of Design and the tutelage of the great photographer Harry Callahan.

Like Callahan, who later moved to Atlanta and took numerous pictures along Peachtree, Simone found himself drawn to the street. He makes portraits of the people who live, play and work along the thoroughfare — black-and-white images he hopes to gather in a book. (His last volume, "On Common Ground," was about Piedmont Park.)

Simone has walked every foot of Peachtree from below Five Points to the Chamblee city limits. He used to cruise it in his green '67

Cutlass convertible. He's photographed skateboarders in Midtown, churchgoers in Buckhead, store clerks in Lenox Square, wine-sipping yuppies at the Hard Rock Cafe, a prisoner in solitary at the city jail, a woman giving birth at Crawford Long Hospital.

Many of the portraits are about nightlife. Much to his wife's amusement, Simone has found the gender-bending club scene in Midtown to be a fertile source of Peachtree noir. One of his funniest photos shows three men standing at a urinal in Backstreet, only one of them dressed like a man.

Clearly, Simone loves the faces of Peachtree. But the street itself came as something of a disappointment. He finds much of the cityscape along Peachtree to be sterile, unattractive and downright threatening to pedestrians. The reality falls short of the famous name.

"Peachtree," he says, "is a smile with a lot of teeth missing."

BLACK AND WHITE AND BEYOND

home one night with \$11 in his pocket and started walking. "I knew my mother would never consent to my leaving the farm, so I took my little hand trunk on my shoulder and stole silently away in the darkness of night," he later wrote.

Herndon eventually landed in Jonesboro, hiring himself out as a barber's apprentice. He gravitated to Atlanta and soon staked his own striped poles at a succession of barber shops around Five Points, culminating in the big one on Peachtree.

Herndon's offered the total valet experience. Not only could you get a shave and a haircut, you could have your clothes pressed, your shoes buffed and your grime washed away at baths and showers in the basement. The proprietor, his name etched in gold letters over the doors, cut a dapper figure with his white smock, his neat black mustache and his slick hair, straightened and parted off-center. He was appreciated for his polite and personable demeanor. His regulars, including many of Atlanta's most powerful men, called him Lon.

One can only imagine the small talk he overheard. The most emo-

tional issue of the day was race relations — or, more precisely, how to put the former slaves back in their place. It was the dawn of segregation, and Southern lawmakers were obsessed with disfranchising black voters and partitioning the races in all aspects of public life.

Black Atlantans tried to resist. They boycotted the streetcars when the city segregated them. They objected when the Carnegie Library opened downtown in 1902 and barred Negroes; Atlanta University professor W.E.B. Du Bois led the protest delegation.

Herndon, whose livelihood depended on those lathered white faces, couldn't afford to join such public acts of rebellion. But he did get involved in his own way.

He knew Du Bois through his wife, Adrienne Herndon, an elocution teacher at AU. It was probably because of her that Herndon traveled to Canada to attend the founding meeting of Du Bois' Niagara Movement, the radical civil rights group that evolved into the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

At the same time, Herndon planted his flag in the camp of Du Bois' rival, Booker T. Washington. He was a charter member of

Washington's National Negro Business League. The wizard of Tuskegee, another former slave made good, was more his style.

"Herndon was a conservative Negro businessman, not a politician," Merritt says.

Such distinctions were utterly irrelevant when a mob ruled Peachtree one Indian summer evening long ago.

Death on a Saturday night

The race riot of 1906 remains the worst outbreak of violence, besides war, in this city's history. Although the official inquiry reported 12 dead, historians believe there were at least twice that many, all but one of them black. Authorities



Atlanta History Center

The Atlanta race riot of 1906 made international news as this lurid French magazine cover shows.

'IMPERIAL PALACE' BUILT ON HATE BECOMES CHURCH SITE

Not long after Alonzo Herndon gilded his tonsorial palace, an entrepreneur of a different sort appeared on Peachtree.

William Joseph Simmons was an alcoholic minister who had been suspended by the Methodist Church and was supporting himself by peddling memberships in the Woodmen of the World fraternal organization. Tall and red-headed, the Alabama native was hard to ignore as he strolled the street in a frock coat spangled with pins from various lodges. In 1915, a sensational new movie started him thinking about reviving one of the South's most notorious fraternal groups, the Ku Klux Klan.

D.W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" was sweeping the country, glorifying the original Klan of Reconstruction days. The silent epic would soon be coming to Atlanta. With a marketing tie-in like that, Simmons figured he could sell Klan memberships a lot faster than he could Woodmen of the World.

On Thanksgiving Day 1915, he summoned three dozen men to the Piedmont Hotel (where the Equitable Building is now) for a meeting intended to resurrect "the ancient glories" by scaling Stone Mountain that very night to light a 16-foot cross.

Some of the boys were less than enthusiastic, as Wyn Craig Wade tells the story in his book "The Fiery Cross."

"I can't climb Stone Mountain in the daytime," one of them protested. "Can't you revive the ancient glories in the flatlands?"

Simmons insisted. He had a bus waiting outside, and about half of them boarded it for an evening of hate flambé. A week later, when Griffith's film opened, some of them donned bedsheets and galloped down Peachtree on horseback, firing guns in front of the crowd outside the theater.

In the years to come, the Klan attracted millions of members and was so flush with cash that it purchased a nice Buckhead home to use as its "Imperial Palace." But the organization dwindled during the late '20s, and the house at Peachtree and East Wesley roads was eventually sold to an insurance company that turned around and sold it again. The buyer: the Roman Catholic Church, an avowed enemy of the Klan.

When the Cathedral of Christ the King was consecrated in 1939, the bishop invited Atlanta's imperial wizard to the ceremony. Afterward, touring his old office in the rectory, the Klansman told Ralph McGill of the Constitution that he was very impressed with the service. He didn't mention the fabulous robes.



The Klan ran this ad in The Atlanta Constitution to tie in with the 1915 premiere of "The Birth of a Nation."



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

Today's Peachtree: Tanya Burrow-Bowers (above) runs a clothing boutique, TriBeCa, in the old Herndon space.

missed the corpses that were shipped out of town for burial or taken away like hastily packed luggage by fleeing families.

Atlanta that summer was a fast-growing city of 115,000 that was being whipped into a racial frenzy. The front pages of the four daily newspapers were dominated by a race-baiting gubernatorial campaign and ceaseless stories about "black fiends" insulting and assaulting white women.

During the third week of September, the papers reported 18 such incidents, some of them as minor as a white woman accusing a black man of brushing her on the sidewalk. On Saturday, the downtown streets were crowded with shoppers and saloon-goers and country folk come to town. That afternoon, newsboys took to the sidewalks hawking extra editions with huge headlines about fresh outrages:

"TWO ASSAULTS!"
"BOLD NEGRO KISSES WHITE GIRL'S HAND!"

"Are white men going to stand for this?" a soapbox orator demanded at Five Points.

A few white men started taunting blacks, chasing them, kicking them. By 10 p.m., the violence had escalated, and an estimated 10,000 rioters roamed the streets. They stabbed a man in front of the

Piedmont Hotel. Tossed another off the Forsyth Street viaduct. Dragged riders off streetcars and beat them to death.

Anyone with a dark complexion was in danger. A Greek merchant narrowly escaped harm because of his olive skin. A group of actors who had been performing a minstrel show at the Grand Theater started to walk back to their hotel in black-face. Seeing the mayhem, they ducked back into their dressing room and scrubbed off the burnt cork.

The dozen or so Negro barber shops around Five Points were obvious targets. Thugs attacked one on Marietta Street, chucking a brick in a barber's face. They trashed another shop on Decatur and then the one around the corner in the Kimball House Hotel.

What happened at Herndon's that night is unclear. One paper reported that rioters smashed his windows. Another said that a black man ran into the shop, trailed by a pack of predators who shot him down on the white tile. In either case, Merritt speculates that Herndon would have closed early and sent his employees home.

Walter White, later a national officer with the NAACP, left a chilling eyewitness account of what befell one of those men in his 1948 memoirs, "A Man Called White.

The teenaged White was riding with his father as he delivered mail. They turned onto Peachtree and heard a roar coming toward them:

"We saw a lame Negro boot-black from Herndon's barber shop pathetically trying to outrun a mob of whites. Less than a hundred yards from us the chase ended. We saw clubs and fists descending to the accompaniment of savage shouting and cursing. Suddenly a voice cried, 'There goes another nigger!' Its work done, the mob went after new prey. The body with the withered foot lay dead in a pool of blood on the street."

Police turned water hoses on the crowds late in the evening, but the savagery didn't abate until rain began to fall after midnight. A few more people died over the next three days in sporadic skirmishing that broke out in black neighborhoods outside the central city.

That Tuesday, a committee of white leaders summoned Herndon and other prominent blacks for a summit meeting. The whites were appalled and faulted the redneck element for killing innocent people and sully Atlanta's reputation. They promised to collect money for the victims' families.

A few thousand dollars were raised. But a more telling indication of the official response was the police blotter. Only 16 white rioters were charged with crimes; five times as many blacks were arrested for fighting back. Within a year, Georgians voted in prohibition and the city closed the saloons that many whites blamed for making black men so insolent.

"The riot is a closed incident," Mayor James Woodward declared. "Everyone ought to forget it and seek to return to normal conditions."

Herndon tried to do just that. On Monday, the shop opened for business as usual but took in only \$4.75, barely a tenth of the typical daily receipts.

In the meantime, Mrs. Herndon made her feelings about the riot clear when she took their young son to Philadelphia and didn't return to Atlanta for months.

No haircut for Hosea

Like black communities nation-



too raw, the region too poor, to have produced many collectors. The closest thing to an art museum that had ever existed here was the Fine Arts Building at the Cotton States Exposition. At fair's end, the paintings dispersed and the exhibit hall soon disappeared. In 1903, eight years after the expo, a group of nine society women tried to recapture the momentum by forming the art association to sponsor classes, lectures and traveling exhibitions. Their long-term goal: a museum.

Mrs. Joseph Madison High was not one of the women. Though interested in art — she liked to sketch and was a modest collector — she was raising three daughters and had other demands on her time. She became even busier in 1906 when her husband, founder of the J.M. High Co., one of Atlanta's largest department stores, died and left her a widow at 44.

Mrs. High oversaw the business for the next 15 years. After she sold it during the '20s, she turned her full attention to civic affairs, giving paintings to Oglethorpe University and funding the statues of two noted Georgians — Crawford W. Long and Alexander Stephens — in the U.S. Capitol.

Even so, it caught Atlanta by surprise when the newspapers disclosed, on Mother's Day 1926, that Mrs. High was giving her Peachtree Street mansion to the art association for use as a museum. The 18-room Tudor with the concrete lions out front was one of the largest homes on Peachtree. The association had only two dozen paintings to hang in all those rooms, but it was a start.

When the High Museum opened that fall, one of the members of the reception committee was Mrs. Robert W. Woodruff, wife of the new Coca-Cola president whose philanthropy would have a decisive effect on the institution in the coming decades.

The High house continued as the main gallery space well into the 1950s. It was torn down in 1963 to make way for the arts center that now bears Woodruff's name. Few patrons of the museum or the Alliance Theatre or the Atlanta Symphony Orchestra would be ignorant of his multimillion-dollar contributions to the arts in this city. Despite the familiar name, the

memory of Mrs. High's pioneering contribution inevitably pales by comparison.

"Most people probably think the name means 'high,' as in advanced or elevated," says Rawson Foreman, a former chairman of the museum board. "I don't think it's generally known that it was named for a woman."

But there she is, her picture hung in a place of honor on the second floor of the 1983 museum that succeeded the 1968 facility that replaced the 1955 building that replaced the 1926 house. In the portrait, commissioned soon after her gift, Harriet Harwell Wilson High is a plump, richly appointed matron wearing a sweet expression of contentment.

Her friends called her Hattie.

The Phantom of the Fox

There are more than 60 theaters with 600 screens in metro Atlanta, from the Tinseltown 17 in Fayetteville to the Mall of Georgia 20 in Buford. There's stadium seating and digital sound and Imax projection that'll make Milk Duds dance in your stomach. But as far as Joe Patten is concerned, there is nothing in all the comforts and technology of modern theaters that measures up to one chord on the Mighty Moller organ at the Fabulous Fox.

Patten is sitting in his living room, inside the theater that is the love of his life. Since 1981, he has inhabited a 3,000-square-foot apartment that sprawls over a five-level maze of chambers and passageways above the stage door. He was spending so much time restoring the edifice that the theater's board of directors invited him to make his home there. It can get spooky. In the middle of the conversation, a sudden swell of organ music comes from out of nowhere. Is the Phantom of the Opera on

the loose?

"Oh, that's just the screen-saver on my computer," he laughs.

At 72, the wiry, white-haired Patten is a kit bag of local theater lore. A Florida native, he moved to Atlanta in 1953 and haunted the theaters along Peachtree as much for the ambience as the films. He saw "House of Wax" at the Paramount ("mirrors, marble columns — lovely"), "Shane" at the Roxy ("a dramatic vertical space"), "The Sound of Music" at the Erlanger ("what a huge balcony"). None of them wowed him like the Fox.

Patten got the chance to show his affection in 1963 when he volunteered to recondition the theater's awesome pipe organ. He hung around as a jack-of-all-trades attending to any and all maintenance needs.

It was a distressing time to be at the Fox. During the late '60s and early '70s, audiences diminished as the neighborhood decayed and competing theaters spread throughout the suburbs. The Fox went from showing first-run family movies — Disney usually opened there — to exploitation films like "The Klansman," a piece of cinematic dung starring Richard Burton, O.J. Simpson and Lola Falana.

"You could tell the end was near," Patten says. "People were trying to cart off the furnishings. One time, I caught them loading some Egyptian throne chairs in the back of a pickup. I took the sofas and chairs and tables down to the basement and locked them up."

The rest of the story is a celebrated chapter in this city's cultural life. When Southern Bell proposed razing the theater for a skyscraper in 1974, Atlantans rallied to "Save the Fox," and the utility wisely decided to build on the other side of the block. Atlanta Landmarks, the nonprofit group that took over

Sunday movies! It was front-page news (left) when the Alcazar and other Atlanta theaters opened after church in 1913.



Harriet Harwell Wilson High

It caught Atlanta by surprise when the newspapers disclosed that Mrs. High was giving her Peachtree Street mansion to the art association for use as a museum.

Joe Patten (right) helped restore the Fox Theatre and now lives in an apartment there. When the nearby Loew's Grand burned in 1978, he salvaged something special from the ruins.



EVERYONE LOVED ERNIE

In the era before Celestine Sibley, the most beloved Atlanta newspaper columnist was probably Ernest Rogers, who wrote an about-town feature in the Journal for decades. Stricken by polio at an early age, he was a familiar figure on crutches who always waved to acquaintances — which seemed to include half the people on Peachtree. His editor dubbed him “the mayor of Peachtree Street.”

In 1895, Atlanta staged the Cotton States and International Exposition, an overgrown regional fair that served as a coming-out party for a city just beginning to feel its oats. Among the halls of progress and midway amusements were two attractions that were new to these parts: a major art exhibition and a showing of motion pictures.

The movies flopped. The art was a hit. Both would soon be permanent features of Atlanta's cultural landscape — but not in the sequence the fair would seem to have predicted.

Anyone here speak Italian?

Atlanta's first movie house was a shed in Piedmont Park that advertised “Living Pictures: Thirty Pretty Girls in Them.” The makeshift theater, part of the midway at the Cotton States expo, shut down within a month, in part because fairgoers were afraid they might be pickpocketed when the lights went down. Film historians regard this inauspicious engagement as the world's first commercial showing of motion pictures.

The movies returned to Atlanta periodically over the next few years, as legitimate theaters slipped the occasional newsreel or short feature between stage acts. But it wasn't until 1907 that the novelty became a full-fledged phenomenon. That was the year nickelodeons almost took over Peachtree.

Modeled after the Nickelodeon Theater, a wildly successful storefront cinema in Pittsburgh, nickelodeons swept the nation. In Atlanta, the Peachtree Theatorium was followed by the Electric, the Dreamland, the Wonderland — more than 20 in a year, many of them jostling for attention along Peachtree near Five Points.

Not everyone enjoyed the new theaters. In those days before air conditioning, there was no escaping their annoying noise. Robert F. Sheddon, an insurance man in the Flatiron Building, complained to the City Council that it was impossible to work with pianos and gramophones clattering away at Dreamland across the street. Why, Peachtree and Whitehall were becoming carnival midways!

He probably wasn't exaggerat-



BITA HONARVAR/ Staff

ing, says Randy Gue, an Emory University doctoral student who researched nickelodeons for an article in the Atlanta History Center journal. “They had big, gaudy posters and barkers out front and music blaring into the street,” he says. “On the other hand, it must have been a lot of fun — especially when you compare it to the ghost town that's down there at night now.”

Atlanta was too small to support so many nickelodeons, and most of them didn't last a year. A better class of theater moved in: larger, more ventilated, with balconies and pipe organs. The 400-seat Alcazar — admission 10 cents instead of a nickel — showed the way when it opened in 1909 on the site of Woodruff Park.

The manager, a former city councilman named William Oldknow, was an interesting character. By the time the movies caught his eye, the British immigrant had run a pool hall, raced automobiles and sold Buicks for a living. His grandson, also William Oldknow, still works in the business as a theater executive in California. Among his properties is Atlanta's last drive-in, the Starlight. Oldknow has heard a lot of stories about his grandfather. One of his favorites is about the time he unintentionally screened what may have been the city's first foreign film.

“It was hard to find movies back then, so they grabbed whatever they could,” Oldknow says. “My

grandfather got one with Italian subtitles. Only he couldn't read Italian. He had to find a priest to translate.”

The resourceful exhibitor stood in front of the Alcazar audience and read the translated subtitles through a megaphone. Maybe it was the first talkie, too.

Theaters grew ever more spacious and elaborate as the silent era flickered on. By the 1920s, downtown movie fans could choose from the Georgia, the Capitol, the Cameo, the Rialto, the Erlanger, the Paramount, the Loew's Grand. In 1929, the grandest of them all, the 4,600-seat Fox Theatre, put an exclamation point on a decade that made marquee lights as much a part of Peachtree as shops and office buildings.

“Peachtree Street,” boasted the Chamber of Commerce's magazine, the City Builder, “is surely becoming the South's Broadway.”

The woman behind the name

Movies weren't the only images being projected on Atlanta screens. The Montgomery Theater on Peachtree used to display slides of great paintings between films, courtesy of the Atlanta Art Association. The association would have preferred showing real paintings at a real museum, but that seemed, at the time, an unattainable dream.

Atlanta was not known as a cul-

retreat into itself at the turn of the century. The riot only accelerated the process. Black enterprise on Peachtree dwindled as it flourished on Auburn Avenue, which was fast becoming the city's most famous side street. Some called it the Negro Peachtree.

Herndon straddled the perpendicular worlds of black and white Atlanta as he always had. In 1913, he invested thousands of dollars remodeling his barber shop, inspired by the sumptuously decorated tonsorial parlors he had made a point of inspecting during trips abroad. He was especially proud of his new 16-foot mahogany and leaded glass doors, which were modeled after ones he had admired in Paris.

Meanwhile, on Auburn Avenue, Herndon was building his fortune by selling insurance to blacks. He had founded the Atlanta Life Insurance Co. the year before the riot, and it grew to become the nation's second-largest black insurance firm. In 1927, he located its headquarters in a converted YMCA on Auburn, where his employees wore suits, not smocks.

Herndon died that same year, at age 69, and was succeeded at Atlanta Life by his only child. Norris Herndon continued his father's support of black educational causes and, discreetly, civil rights organizations. The younger Herndon quietly put up money to bail out scores of students when the sit-in movement swept downtown Atlanta during the early '60s, at long last altering the complexion of Peachtree. The lunch counter at H.L. Green's, the mezzanine cafe at Davison's, the orchestra level seats at the Fox — one by one, protesters pried them open to black Atlantans.

One of the last segregated businesses hit by a sit-in was, curiously, Herndon's. After his death, the family gave the shop to some of the employees. They ran it for decades under the name Herndon's Barbers, eventually relocating a block away to Broad Street. Civil rights or not, they still did white men's hair and only white men's hair.

Hosea Williams, Martin Luther King Jr.'s pugnacious lieutenant, took note of this puzzlement when he returned to Atlanta from the Selma voting rights campaign in 1965. “We wanted to start a move-

ment here, and Herndon's was the ideal place to take on,” he says. “Dr. King knew about it.”

On the Saturday after Thanksgiving, Williams and a dozen of his shock troops marched into Herndon's and demanded haircuts and shoeshines. The response could have come from Bull Connor: “Hell, no, this is a white place.”

With that, the protesters occupied all of the chairs in the hopes of getting arrested and attracting media attention. Instead, the shop closed early. Williams went off to other battles, and the Herndon barbers slipped off the hook. They never touched a whisker on his mutton chops.

Six years later, the historic shop shut its doors for good — a Negro anachronism in a world gone Afro.

New era, old ambition

Tanya Burrow-Bowers had never heard of Alonzo Herndon when she went driving up Peachtree a few months before the 1996 Olympics and noticed an interesting old building across from Woodruff Park. It reminded her of the storefronts back home in Manhattan: three stories of red brick, with tall, arched windows and a dark cornice running along the top like a heavy eyebrow. When she called the leasing agent, he told her about the property's past — the happy part. It struck a chord.

Like Herndon, the New Yorker has family roots in humble Georgia soil. Her father picked cotton on a farm near Sylvester, moving north as a young man and starting a family in Harlem. Now his daughter was returning South with her husband to open a clothing boutique. They signed a 10-year lease and christened the store TriBeCa. Unlike Herndon's, this venture has a mixed clientele — perhaps two-thirds black and one-third white.

“I'm proud to be in the same place where he started,” the 30-ish entrepreneur says, looking elegant in a long flowered dress, as she straightens silk blouses along a wall once lined by brass cuspidors. “They say he was Atlanta's first black millionaire.”

Who knows? Maybe fortune will come full circle and she'll be the next one. She smiles and savors the vibe.

1864: Solomon Luckie, a free black barber, is killed by a Union shell while standing at Alabama and Whitehall (Peachtree) streets.

1890: The city directory lists at least 10 “colored” businesses on Peachtree, including tailor William Finch, barber Alfred Nash and second-hand clothes dealer Mattie Penamome.



1902: Atlanta University professor **W.E.B. Du Bois** leads a protest against the new Carnegie Library, which doesn't allow blacks to check out books.

1902: **Alonzo Herndon** opens his barber shop on Peachtree.

1906: The Atlanta Race Riot breaks out; black-owned barber shops like Herndon's are a conspicuous target of white violence.

1915: The Ku Klux Klan is reorganized at the Piedmont Hotel. The organization later buys a house on Peachtree Road in Buckhead for use as its Imperial Palace.

1940: Four months after the famous premiere at the segregated Loew's Grand Theater, “Gone With the Wind” has its “Negro premiere” at the Bailey's Royal Theater on Auburn Avenue.

1946: In his memoirs, **Gov. Ellis Arnall** recounts the time he tried to explain to an out-of-town reporter why he didn't see many black people on Peachtree.

1960: The sit-in movement hits downtown restaurants.

Martin Luther King Jr. is arrested at Rich's Magnolia Room; Davison's closes its lunch counter rather than confront student demonstrators.



1962: King and civil rights supporter Harry Belafonte are refused service at the restaurant in the new Atlanta Cabana Hotel.

1965: **Hosea Williams** leads a sit-in at Herndon's barber shop.



1976: **Maynard Jackson**, Atlanta's first black mayor, moves into bachelor quarters at the Peachtree North Apartments during his divorce.



1986: Thousands turn out for a parade celebrating the first federal holiday marking King's birth. The symbolic route passes down Peachtree, then takes a left onto Auburn Avenue.

1994: **Freaknik** draws a crush of black college students to town; traffic on Peachtree has never been worse — or more entertaining.



1999: **Buppies** in Buckhead; Justin's, a posh restaurant co-owned by hip-hopper **Sean “Puffy” Combs**, opens on Peachtree Road.



PEACHTREE

PREACHER STREET

12

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

FAITHS CONVERGE TO FACE TRIALS OF OUTSIDE WORLD

Second Ponce de Leon Baptist Church (right) and the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Philip are bathed in light as Peachtree Road turns north in Buckhead. This stretch also includes the Roman Catholic Cathedral of Christ the King.



NUN BETTER

Sister Valentina Sheridan did something no other woman has done at a major pulpit on Peachtree: Head the church. She served as parish administrator (the non-ordained equivalent of pastor) at Sacred Heart Catholic Church from 1990 to 1993. Now marking her 50th year as a Sister of Mercy, "Sister Val" is director of pastoral care at Saint Joseph's Hospital on Peachtree-Dunwoody Road.

Rick O'Neal has never belonged to one of the churches whose stately sanctuaries watch over Peachtree Street like stone-faced elders, but he knows them well — perhaps better than some of their members.

"I've slept in there," he says, peering into a garden alcove at First Presbyterian in Midtown. "I've slept outside of St. Luke's and the Redeemer and I don't know where else. I did the whole homeless routine."

It's Sunday morning, and the day's first joggers are chugging by the red sandstone edifice next to the High Museum. As the early worshippers arrive in their gray suits and prim dresses, a couple of hundred ragged men are shuffling out of the fellowship hall, many of them carrying their possessions in plastic grocery bags. O'Neal, a powerfully built man of 42, used to be one of them. Now he returns to set a sober example for the others as a volunteer at the church's weekly homeless breakfast.

The ministry started 16 years ago when word spread on the street that the Presbyterians were offering a continental breakfast before the 9 a.m. service. The results were predictable.

"They came in and cleaned us out of food," says Mary Jo Dellinger, the church's director of community ministries. "No one else was doing homeless meals on Sunday. It sort of dropped in our laps."

The city's problems have a way of doing that at main street churches

PEACHTREE

THE CULTURAL PICTURE

21

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER

ART GETS A STAGE FROM THE HIGH TO THE LOEW'S

On a cold, windy afternoon in January 1978, hundreds of people stood silently on Peachtree Street and watched as flames devoured one of Atlanta's most famous landmarks, the Loew's Grand Theater.

Up the street at another landmark, the Fox, Joe Patten was heartsick. Like movie-lovers everywhere, he carried a mental snapshot of the Loew's as it appeared in 1939, brilliantly search-lit and decked out in white columns for the premiere of "Gone With the Wind." Now, hearing the sad news, he was in a unique position to salvage something from the disaster.

As technical director of the Fox, Patten was overseeing the renovation of a grand old theater that was once as endangered as the



File

Loew's had been. What he did in the smoke-blackened ruins was to perform something like a movie palace heart transplant.

■ ■ ■

This is a story about art — low and high — and how it came to take up residence on Peachtree. More particularly, it's about pictures — still and moving — and how Atlantans raised two temples to showcase them a dozen blocks apart in Midtown.

The Fox Theatre and the High Museum of Art would seem to be mismatched bookends on the shelf of Atlanta culture. The High, a

gleaming white object of art in itself, exhibits paintings and sculpture in a rarefied atmosphere that makes people want to lower their voices. The Fox, a Moorish fantasy sired by Shriners, plays host to Broadway road shows, popular concerts and summertime movies with sing-alongs. People applaud and cheer when they visit. The institutions would not seem to have much in common, other than occupying two of the city's most distinctive and beloved buildings.

Actually, they do have one thing in common. They both sprang — at least indirectly — from the same event.

The big premiere: Clark Gable rides down Peachtree before the 1939 opening of "Gone With the Wind" at the Loew's Grand. The theater is long gone, but one of its vital organs is still beating a few blocks down the street.



Harold Hudgins and family have been tearing down buildings on Peachtree for decades, announcing themselves with the banner: "Hudgins Was Here."

BOULEVARD OF BUSINESS

The way of all bricks

If there's any person who has had more impact on Peachtree Street than Portman, it is Harold Hudgins, the patriarch of Atlanta's oldest demolition firm, Hudgins & Co. He estimates that his family has torn down more than 50,000 buildings since the 1920s. He's had a hand in most of them. At 73, he is the grim reaper of Atlanta's built environment.

"In this business, you can't afford to have feelings about buildings," Hudgins says, as he trudges out of his office into the salvage yard, across the tracks on the far side of the Georgia Tech campus. Beyond the barbed wire, the Midtown skyline looks like so many toys that anyone in work boots could kick over. Inside, the compound is

stacked with disembodied building materials: bricks, columns, pedestal sinks — lost shards of Atlanta's past. The granite block next to the driveway is the cornerstone from Wash Collier's Aragon Hotel, a souvenir from one of the company's first jobs in 1930. The pile of bricks by the fence came from one of the latest assignments: the Beer Mug. The glazed terra cotta along the back of the yard . . .

"Oh, what was the name of that place?" Hudgins says, whipping out a cell phone to call an employee. "Hey, what was that building that took off a piece of your thumb? Whitehead Building. Thank you."

Hudgins and his men have demolished dozens of structures along Peachtree, from the old storefronts that predated Woodruff

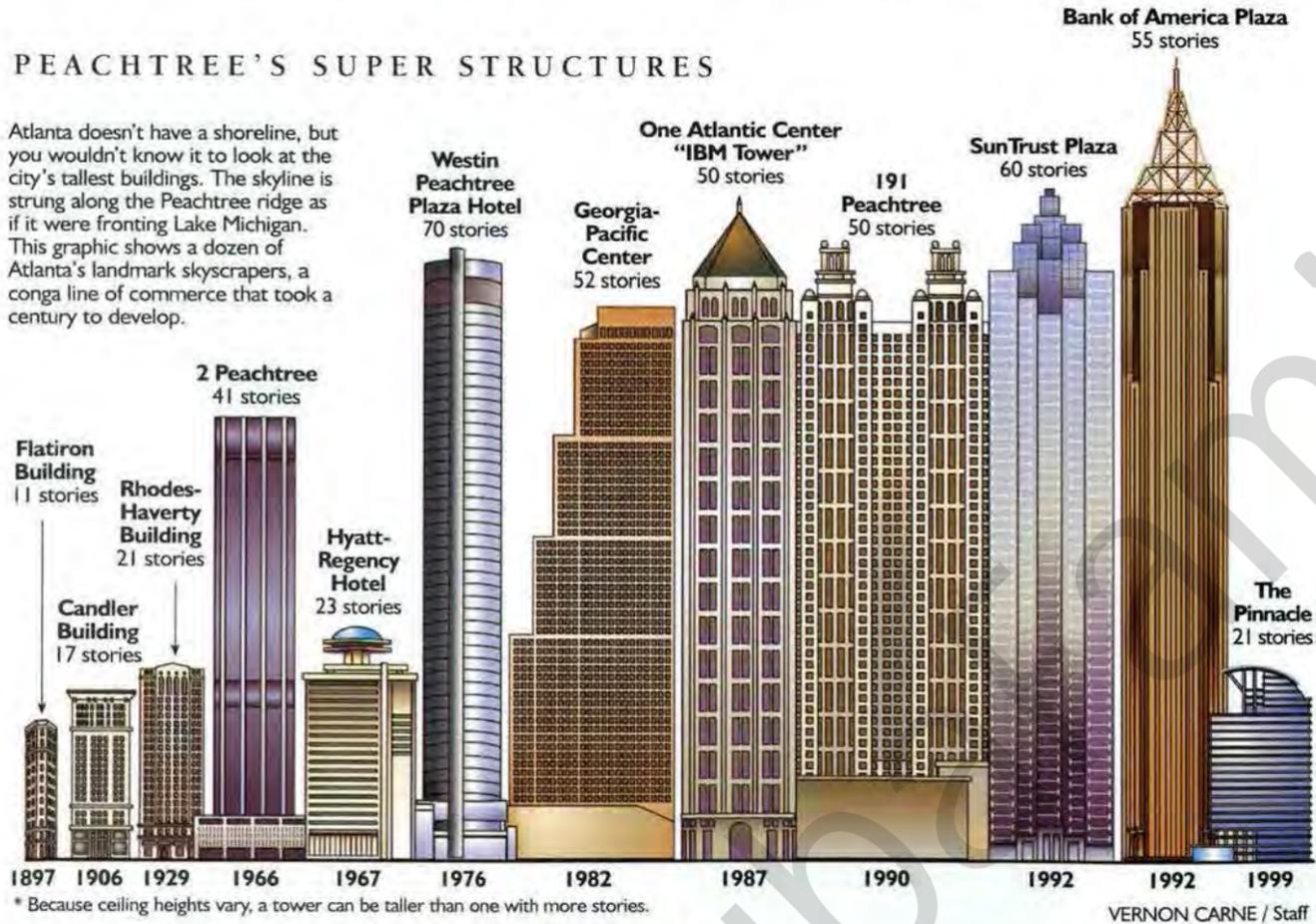
Park to the homes that once studied Peachtree Road in Buckhead. To Hudgins, it's all part of the natural order of things in Atlanta, like plowing under last season's stalks to make way for next year's corn.

They tore down many of the buildings in the Saturday Evening Post cover. Gutted Ben Massell's Robert Fulton Hotel. Demolished the place that replaced The House That Jack Built. Wrecked the charred remains of the Loew's Grand office building, where Portman had his first office during the '50s.

Portman — has Hudgins ever demolished one of his buildings? The bespectacled man behind the wrecking ball removes his ballcap and scratches his head. Nah. Can't remember one. But there's time. This is Atlanta.

PEACHTREE'S SUPER STRUCTURES

Atlanta doesn't have a shoreline, but you wouldn't know it to look at the city's tallest buildings. The skyline is strung along the Peachtree ridge as if it were fronting Lake Michigan. This graphic shows a dozen of Atlanta's landmark skyscrapers, a conga line of commerce that took a century to develop.



* Because ceiling heights vary, a tower can be taller than one with more stories.

Flatiron Building: Atlanta's oldest surviving high-rise predates New York's famous Flatiron by four years.
Candler Building: Asa Candler's monument to Coca-Cola success.
Rhodes-Haverty Building: An art-deco blast from the Roaring Twenties.
2 Peachtree: '60s modernism at Five Points: Here comes old flat-top.
Hyatt Regency Hotel: John Portman's break-

out atrium, crowned with a revolving restaurant.
Westin Peachtree Plaza Hotel: Portman's glass silo has been called the Big Tootsie Roll.
Georgia-Pacific Center: One of the most unusual shapes downtown: One side is a cliff, the other descends like a salmon-colored staircase.
One Atlantic Center: Post-modern comes to town.

191 Peachtree: Are those the twin temples of commerce on top? No, they're just an elegant way to hide the air conditioning intakes.
SunTrust Plaza: It comes to life at night, when beams of light burst from the dark glass on top.
Bank of America Plaza: The spire — inspired by the Empire State Building — makes this Atlanta's loftiest building.
The Pinnacle: The ski-jump canopy seems to leap into the 21st century.

VERNON CARNE / Staff

PREACHER STREET

Sanctuaries without sanctuary

Atlanta's first church building, a small weatherboard structure shared by several denominations, opened at Peachtree and Pryor streets in 1847. Ever since then, the oldest houses of worship and grandest sanctuaries have tended to congregate along Peachtree and its principal offshoots. There are 30 of them now — 29 churches and one synagogue — from the twin spires of Sacred Heart Catholic Church downtown to the sprawling suburban campus of First Baptist of Atlanta at North Peachtree and the Perimeter. They claim 67,000 members all together — more members than the city of Augusta has people.

Once as colorless as an Easter lily, the Peachtree congregations have come to reflect Atlanta's growing variety. You can still find the familiar traditions, of course: a Hebrew kaddish in Midtown, a Baptist altar call in Dunwoody, a full-robed Episcopal processional in Buckhead. But other voices have joined the chorus: an African Bible study class in Doraville, a Mexican Pentecostal group in Chamblee, a mostly gay and lesbian choir in Midtown.

Whatever their creed, whatever their language, the Peachtree fellowships have learned from experience that there is no sanctuary from the outside world. Homelessness, urban blight, war, racial strife, the traumas of immigration — whatever has affected Atlanta has found its way onto the front pew. It only looks serene behind all those Gothic doors and stained-glass windows.

The first great tribulation was war. Some church structures were destroyed in the battle for Atlanta. Others were damaged; according to one reporter, Wesley Chapel, the forerunner of Atlanta First Methodist, looked "more like a hog pen than a house of God" when Union cannons were finished with it.

But Atlantans couldn't blame the bluecoats for trashing their church bells. In a reverse of the biblical injunction to beat swords into plowshares, the city's church bells were melted down for Confederate ammunition. First Methodist claims the only survivor, still rung



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

by hand in a turreted bell tower made of Stone Mountain granite.

The second great tribulation came a century later during the civil rights movement. As the Rev. Martin Luther King Jr. assumed leadership of the crusade, the white congregations back home on Peachtree were agonizing over the prospect of such revolutionary change.

In 1957, as the state was threatening to close public schools rather than desegregate them, 80 Atlanta clergymen issued a "Ministers' Manifesto" that stopped short of endorsing civil rights but did urge compliance with the law.

"The words may seem mild today, but they were radical for the time," says the Rev. Dow Kirkpatrick, one of the authors. "You can't imagine how crazy people were acting in Georgia back then."

One house of worship felt the ugly passions firsthand. The year after the Manifesto, a bomb blew out one side of the Temple, the graceful domed home of the city's oldest Jewish congregation. Rabbi Jacob Rothschild had been advocating civil rights. No one was ever convicted in what remains one of Atlanta's most notorious hate crimes.

Kirkpatrick, then the pastor of St. Mark United Methodist Church in Midtown, was preaching about civil rights, too, and some of his members were fed up with it. After one sermon, he remembers, a man in the third pew stood up and launched an impromptu rebuttal. When a second dissenter stood, and then a third, the quick-thinking minister signaled for the clos-

ing hymn and called it a day.

Only later did he learn that members of his church had been turning away black worshippers before they could enter the vestibule. One of them was an ordained minister from Nigeria.

They were doing the same thing across the street at First Baptist. Only there, one of the worshippers refused to leave and was arrested for disturbing the peace.

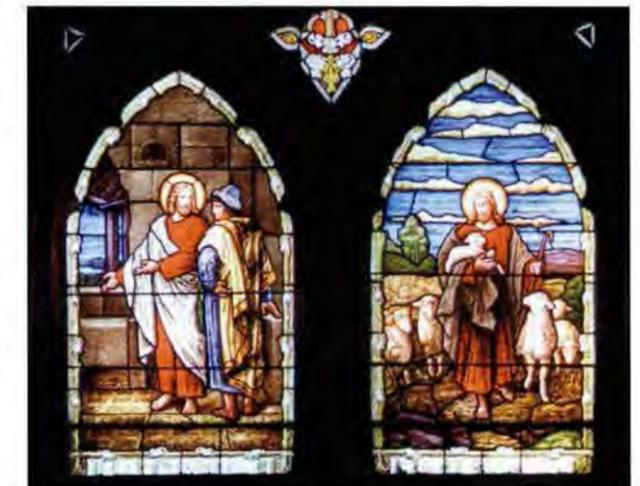
First Baptist and St. Mark faced each other for six decades at Peachtree and Fifth, but they have taken very different paths of late.

St. Mark, its membership dwindling, has revived itself by embracing its gay and lesbian neighbors in Midtown. Now it has AIDS programs, a "rainbow" Sunday school class and, by all accounts, a kickin' choir.

First Baptist, its membership growing because of a nationally syndicated television ministry, decided to follow its flock to the

Outreach: Tim Cummins (far right) of the Chamblee-Doraville Ministry Center leads a prayer meeting for cabbies at the Doraville MARTA station.

These windows at First Methodist honor journalist Henry W. Grady and his wife, Julia, former members.



BITA HONARVAR / Staff



File

suburbs. The church sold its Midtown property in 1993 and relocated in a former Avon warehouse in Dunwoody, an office park setting where they run shuttles and golf carts to the far-flung parking lots. The sanctuary has the ambience of a hotel conference hall; instead of pews and stained glass, there are cushioned card table chairs and two jumbo video screens broadcasting images from five TV cameras. A new 7,500-seat sanctuary is on the drawing boards. Meanwhile, the old sanctuary crumbled under the wrecking ball this year.

Every church makes its peace with its surroundings or moves. The 11 congregations that have

Wesley Chapel (above) was damaged in the Civil War, but its bell survived and still rings at First Methodist (below).



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

remained along the Peachtrees in Midtown have had to deal with a full platter of urban problems. They've responded with clinics, shelters, clothes closets, addiction programs, soup kitchens. What makes First Presbyterian's homeless breakfast unusual is the Sunday morning time. It means that members come face to face with ministry — whether they want to or not.

Unto the least of these

The men straggle in before dawn and squat on curbstones along the alley next to the fellowship hall. One of them, a former autoworker who lost everything because he'll smoke anything, looks into a lighted church window with bloodshot eyes and chuckles. "Yes, I can smell the money here."

He has a good sniffer. First Presbyterian is a classic establishment church, from the Tiffany stained glass in the sanctuary to the names on the brass plaques at the end of the pews. The membership draws heavily from Old Atlanta and has included mayors (Ivan Allen Jr.) and moguls (Coca-Cola's Robert W. Woodruff).

When the homeless breakfasts started in 1983, some of the congregation didn't relish the possibility of confronting a crowd of scruffy street people. "They wanted to know why we had to do it on Sunday," remembers Dellinger, the community ministries director and a member since 1964. "They were all for it if we didn't do it on Sunday."

She's standing inside the church kitchen this Sunday morning as a cadre of volunteers stirs grits, mixes juice and toasts bread. Out in the fellowship hall, 50 teenagers from Southwest DeKalb High School are getting last-minute orientation on how to act around the hungry men waiting in the alley. "You are not to throw your noses in the air just because some of these men smell," the group leader tells them.

At 6:30, the doors open and the guests stream in single-file and take their seats. One of them starts playing the grand piano in the corner, and the teenagers start bringing plates of ham, eggs and grits, a few of them circulating around the tables like USO hostesses. Except

for some breakneck mouth-stuffing, the scene looks as civilized as the formal wedding held in this hall the night before.

By 8:30, meal done, most of the homeless melt away into the streets. Only one stays for the 9 o'clock service. Roger Dennis, a 29-year-old refugee from Liberia, looks conspicuous with dreadlocks, flannel shirt and backpack swollen with belongings. Yet no one stares as he walks from the sanctuary to his Sunday school class. A few people acknowledge him. "Good morning, Roger."

It brings to mind the scene last winter when a street person hung around for worship and found himself sharing a hymnal with a Northside matron wrapped in fur. Whether it was religion or breeding, she politely ignored his grooming deficiencies and complimented him on his fine singing voice.

A foretaste of heaven in Doraville

While the inner-city churches have evolved, some congregations farther out Peachtree have been forced to remake themselves completely. Perhaps no churches in metro Atlanta have confronted more change in recent years than the ones along New Peachtree Road in Chamblee and Doraville.

Twenty-five years ago, the DeKalb County cities were predominantly white, middle-class bedroom communities. They have long since become beachheads for Atlanta's burgeoning Latino and Asian population — the kind of places where you think nothing of seeing a woman in a Vietnamese conical hat pushing a shopping cart into the Don Juan Apartments.

The churches have been caught in the crosscurrent. Faced with a declining, aging membership, Chamblee First Baptist moved to Gwinnett six years ago and rechristened itself Johns Creek Baptist. A Spanish-language Pentecostal congregation took over part of the old building. Up the road, the Doraville Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church plans to relocate farther out in Peachtree Corners. The Salvation Army is buying the property for a new

1961, the Atlanta Merchandise Mart opened. The newspapers hailed the striped cube for everything from its size — "the South's largest commercial building" — to its piped-in Muzak.

Looking back, Portman sees another reason to praise it. "Everything I've done downtown started with that building. Without the visitors it drew, I never would have built the Regency."

Nor, perhaps, would he have conceived Peachtree Center. The year the Mart was finished, Portman traveled to South America to attend the opening of Brasilia, the capital city built from scratch according to the precepts of modern architecture. He found it sterile and lifeless. But it started him thinking about city planning and how he could have a larger impact on Atlanta — and, not coincidentally, protect his investment in the Mart. "I couldn't let just anything happen to that street," he says.



And that's why he started assembling the property that accreted, building by building, block by block, into Peachtree Center.

Portman has had his well-publicized setbacks, of course. When the real estate recession of the early '90s struck, he found himself perilously overextended — \$2 billion in debt — and lost control of most of his downtown holdings, including Peachtree Center. He spent much of the decade haggling with lenders instead of building.

Only recently has Portman

begun to develop again in Atlanta. With a new financial partner, SunTrust Banks, he is completing a 650,000-square-foot office complex atop a parking garage and hopes to add a 25- to 30-floor tower next door. Both are downtown on Peachtree Center Avenue — thanks to Portman, the street formerly known as Ivy.

"I still have plans for this city," he says. "The only thing I don't have is the youth to make them all happen."

IT HAPPENED ON PEACHTREE

1865: Jasper Newton Smith starts manufacturing bricks to rebuild Atlanta after the Civil War.

1867: Morris Rich establishes the dry goods store that will become Rich's on Whitehall (now Peachtree) Street.

1886: Coca-Cola syrup is first served with carbonated water in Jacob's Pharmacy at Five Points.

1897: The Flatiron Building, Atlanta's oldest surviving "skyscraper" (11 stories), opens downtown.

1901: The Peachtree/Whitehall viaduct is finished, bridging the railroad gulch that has snarled traffic since the birth of Atlanta.

1906: Coke boss Asa G. Candler erects the 17-floor Candler Building, the tallest in town for 23 years.

1911: The Georgian Terrace Hotel opens in Midtown.

1917: The Peachtree Arcade, Atlanta's first covered shopping center, debuts at Five Points.

1924: The Henry Grady

Hotel replaces the Governor's Mansion at Peachtree and Cain (International), and soon becomes the smoke-filled rumpus room for state legislators.

1927: New business on the street: Davison-Paxon (now Macy's) opens its downtown store.

1929: The 21-story, art deco Rhodes-Haverty Building surpasses the Candler Building as the city's tallest. Because of the Depression, it is the last major construction project for more than a decade.

1931: Ben Massell, who developed scores of buildings with his brothers during the '20s, goes bankrupt. He re-emerges after the war as Atlanta's most important builder.

1947: The last streetcar rolls on Peachtree, as commuters take to their autos. Some of the streetcars are sold to Pusan, South Korea, where Atlantans serving in the Korean War a few years later recognize them.

1947: Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, an extension of

Peachtree Road, snags its biggest prize, the General Motors assembly plant in Doraville.

1951: Fulton County grand jury investigates the growing problem of traffic on Peachtree Road.

1955: WSB-TV moves into a new facility near Pershing Point, "White Columns on Peachtree."

1959: Lenox Square opens on the site of a Buckhead estate.

1961: John Portman and Ben Massell finish the Merchandise Mart, the first piece of Peachtree Center.

1964: The 41-story First National Bank tower, the new tallest building in town, rises at Five Points on the site of the Peachtree Arcade.

1967: Portman's Regency Hyatt House opens, its atrium influencing hotel design worldwide.

1969: Herman J. Russell is a subcontractor on the con-



struction of Colony Square and the Equitable Building — the first major joint ventures for Atlanta's most successful African-American builder.

1970: Ted Turner buys TV station WJRJ. The somewhat rundown studio, on West Peachtree Street in Midtown, has to be sprayed for fleas weekly.

1972: The Henry Grady Hotel is imploded to make way for Portman's 70-story Peachtree Plaza.

1975: Buckhead's first office skyscraper, the glass-walled Tower Place, is completed.

1979: Buildings along Peachtree rumble as MARTA blasts through granite deep below the street for construction of the north rail line. When the Peachtree Center station opens, it boasts escalators so long that signs have to be posted warning of vertigo.

1981: Peachtree Corners, a sprawling district of office parks outside the Perimeter in Gwinnett County, starts to attract tenants.

1984: The Atlanta Financial

Center begins in Buckhead, signaling the northward migration of brokerages from downtown.

1987: One Atlantic Center (the IBM Tower) breaks the flat-topped mold of Atlanta's skyline with a Gothic spire designed by Philip Johnson and John Burgee.

1992: Another out-of-town architect, Kevin Roche, creates another dramatic spire for developer Tom Cousins' NationsBank Plaza. Now called Bank of America Plaza, it is the Southeast's tallest building.

1992: Portman's One Peachtree Center tops out at 60 floors. Deep in debt, he loses control of much of his Peachtree Center complex as the tower is completed.

1997: MindSpring opens on West Peachtree; the Internet company is consolidating in a new headquarters on Peachtree.

1999: Post Properties, which started out as a builder of suburban apartments, considers redeveloping the Winecoff Hotel as downtown housing.

The Peachtree Arcade, forerunner of Lenox Square and all other Atlanta malls, was a three-level covered shopping center that stood at Five Points from 1917 to 1964. It was razed for a bank tower.

King of the boxes

If Smith was Atlanta's most peculiar builder, Benjamin J. Massell was easily its most prolific. When the developer died in 1962, civic leader Ivan Allen Sr. praised him as "the creator of Atlanta's skyline." Since then, Massell's memory, like that skyline, has been eclipsed.

Just a baby when his family emigrated from Lithuania in the 1880s, Massell grew up to found a real estate firm with his brothers, Levi and Sam. They built hundreds of buildings intown during the teens and '20s — offices, warehouses, retail strips, garden apartments. The best-known was the Robert Fulton Hotel in the Fairlie-Poplar district, at 15 floors, the tallest hotel in Atlanta when it opened in 1924. There's a parking garage on the site today.

During the Depression, the Massell firm went bankrupt as building virtually stopped in Atlanta. Two of the brothers left for other jobs; Ben stayed on. When business picked up after the war, he was involved in almost every important real estate deal in Atlanta and became the city's single largest property holder. He was especially active in Midtown, where he replaced the aging mansions along Peachtree with many of the mid-rise office buildings that still line the street. There aren't many architectural gems among them; Massell built utilitarian boxes that he could rent for reasonable prices.

"He didn't believe in adding a lot of amenities," says his nephew, former Atlanta Mayor Sam Massell. "People weren't demanding them back then. If you had parking and air conditioning, everyone thought they'd died and gone to heaven. You never heard anyone say, 'Ben, that's an ugly building.' Even though a lot of them were."

Perhaps his experience as an immigrant who scraped bottom during hard times made him timid about taking chances. After the war, Massell wanted to build offices and nothing else. No one had erected a major hotel in Atlanta since the Robert Fulton, Henry Grady and Biltmore all opened in 1924, but the city's busiest developer didn't seem interested.

"People always asked him why he didn't build a first-class modern hotel for Atlanta," Sam Massell says. "And he'd tell them that Atlanta didn't have enough first-class visitors for a first-class hotel."

In the late '50s, a young architect set about trying to change that.

Mr. P goes to town

John Portman is standing over a scale model of downtown Atlanta that fills half a room in the bottom floor of his tallest office cathedral, SunTrust Plaza. At least 20 of the building facsimiles sprang from his drawing board: the blocky trade marts, the honeycombed rectangles of Peachtree Center, the hoop-skirted silhouette of the Marriott Marquis, the frankly phallic shaft of the Peachtree Plaza.

"People still kid me about that one," the 74-year-old architect says in a soft Georgia accent. He breaks into a smile, and the twin peaks atop his amazing cantilevered coif seem to rise a little higher.

Few builders have ever had the opportunity to shape a city as Portman has Atlanta. In the past 40 years, he has utterly transformed a dozen blocks on or near Peachtree, repositioning downtown's center of gravity to the north. He knows the turf intimately.

"I've been on this hill all my life," he says of the Peachtree ridge.

Portman grew up in a house near the site of the Civic Center and had his first job selling magazines in downtown office lobbies during the Depression. Later, as assistant manager of the Roxy Theater, a movie palace that stood next to Macy's, he'd buy chewing gum in bulk and dispatch his friends to sell it at marked-up prices. "We'd split the profits," he says. "It was my first joint venture."

Portman showed the same entrepreneurial zest after he emerged from Georgia Tech with an architecture degree in 1950. Glimpsing the future, he converted a downtown garage where he had parked cars as a teenager into a trade mart for furniture manufacturers. The enterprise proved so successful that in 1959 he proposed an expanded version, a 23-story Merchandise Mart to be built on Peachtree in partnership with Ben Massell, who

had the deepest real estate pockets in town.

As it turned out, another developer was floating the same concept.

May the best mart win

Robert Holder Sr. was a commercial real estate broker who settled in Atlanta after losing his shirt in the Florida land boom of the 1920s. He specialized in industrial development — swinging deals to locate factories. His pet project was Peachtree Industrial Boulevard, a road that did not exist until he and DeKalb County Commissioner Scott Candler dreamed it up during the 1940s.

Robert Holder Jr., a noted developer himself, remembers driving out to see the area with his father. "It was all scrub pine and farmland. We went out Peachtree to Chamblee, which wasn't exactly a metropolis. More woods, then a gas station — that's Doraville — and then more woods. He said this was all going to be industry. And I thought, good godamighty, this man either has vision or he's nuts."

Vision, definitely vision. Starting after the war, when Holder helped bring the General Motors assembly plant to Doraville, more than 100 factories and warehouses located along Atlanta's newest Peachtree. Soon Holder was ready for another challenge. He wanted to build an 11-story trade mart and coliseum along I-85 in Gwinnett County. The state endorsed the plan, and the governor attended a groundbreaking ceremony in 1959.

That was as far as it went.

Atlanta wasn't big enough for two mega-marts. Portman and Holder played tug-of-war for months, the city's bankers backing the downtown project and the state backing the suburban plan. "It was an ugly fight," Portman recalls. At one point, he sued Holder to stop him from confusing the public by calling his project the Southeastern Merchandise Mart.

In the end, Holder lost. Shortly after the groundbreaking, he was diagnosed with cancer. Without his involvement, financing dried up and the property became a gullied wasteland. He never lived to see the suburban satellite cities he had anticipated.

A month after Holder died in

international ministry.

A couple of years ago, several area churches pooled resources to start the Chamblee-Doraville Ministry Center, an ecumenical outreach program that operates out of the Doraville Baptist Church recreation hall. It offers language classes, health clinics, a food pantry and space for five ethnic congregations to meet.

Sometimes they worship together — Cambodians, Indonesians, Hondurans, Liberians, Cubans — in a thickly accented English service that the Rev. Sam Bandela, the center's director, calls "a foretaste of heaven."

But for sheer joyful noise, there's nothing on New Peachtree Road that compares with the Tuesday night prayer meetings for cab drivers at the Doraville MARTA station.

A little before 7, Tim Cummins, the center's outreach director,

arrives with a bagful of cookies and soft drinks that he lays out under a lamp post in the kiss-ride lot. A dozen or so cab drivers gather around and help themselves as they wait for fares, their taxis lined up along the curb.

"This is an unusual congregation," says Cummins, a 41-year-old Kenya native, looking unpreacherly in black jeans and purple hooded jacket. "They're constantly leaving in the middle of a hymn."

When Cummins first approached the drivers, some were suspicious. After all, many of them aren't even Christian. "I'm Muslim," says Mustapha Toure, in the French accent of the Ivory Coast. "But we like to pray with Brother Tim. When I lost my mom, he came and prayed with me."

After refreshments and small talk, Cummins hands out song sheets and tambourines and the group begins to sing old-time

hymns like "I'll Fly Away." They form a circle and dance round and round, shouting the lyrics like a bad karaoke party. Commuters smile and clap as they leave the transit station. Later, the drivers will read Bible verses together and pray for one another's safety — no small concern when two of them have been robbed in their cabs, and a day-side driver was shot and killed last month.

Off-key voices in an asphalt parking lot: It's a long way from the practiced choirs and pipe organs of Buckhead and Midtown. But it's a church just the same.

"I'm driving 16 hours a day. I can't get to church. So they bring the church to me," says Theo Santiago, the heavysset Ghanan everyone defers to as "the Mayor" of the taxi bullpen. He laughs and gives his tambourine a vigorous shake. "This is the best church in Atlanta."



Kenneth Thomas
First Baptist Church
circa 1912

From the founding of Atlanta's first church near Five Points in 1847, the oldest houses of worship and grandest sanctuaries have tended to congregate along Peachtree.

IT HAPPENED ON PEACHTREE

1848: The Methodists become the first denomination in Atlanta to build their own church, Wesley Chapel, a modest frame structure just below the present site of the Candler Building. By year's end, the Baptists, Catholics and Episcopalians have new facilities, too.

1864: Revivals sweep Atlanta as Union troops advance on the city. Reports the Daily Intelligencer: "At Wesley Chapel, the revival progresses with unabated zeal and interest, and accounts from various parts of the army state that our soldiers are enlisting in great numbers under the banner of the Most High."

1872: First Methodist builds a new church whose 180-foot steeple is the tallest structure in town.

1903: First Baptist sells its property in the Fairlie-Poplar district and moves to Peachtree.

1909: North Avenue Presbyterian starts a grade school that eventually merges with another Presbyterian school, Washington Seminary, to become Westminster.

1915: From the pulpit of St. Luke's Episcopal, the Rev. Cary B. Wilmer makes front-page news by condemning the lynching of Leo Frank for the murder of a factory girl: "That is the pity and shame of it all — this defense of the mob — the attempt to baptize assassination and lawlessness with a religious sanction. . . . It is difficult to conceive of blasphemy going further."

1920: The Hebrew Benevolent Congregation moves from the southside to the Temple, a neoclassical synagogue on Peachtree.

1929: First Baptist moves north again, swapping its downtown property for \$325,000 and a block at Peachtree and Fifth in Midtown.

1932: "Jesus Junction" begins in Buckhead. Second Ponce de Leon Baptist locates at Peachtree and East Wesley, the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Philip moves from downtown the next year, and the Catholic Cathedral of Christ the King opens at decade's end.

1946: A Bible found in a burned-out room at the

Winecoff Hotel is turned to the verse that begins, "Let not your heart be troubled; Ye believe in God, believe also in me."

1956: In a sermon titled "Is Racial Integration the Answer?" the Rev. Roy O. McClain of First Baptist says: "[Integration] sounds like good religion on the surface, but works in reverse. The idea of taking from those who have made gains, whether economically, socially or educationally, and giving to those who haven't is no more than communism."

1958: A bomb explodes at the Temple, where Rabbi Jacob Rothschild had spoken out for civil rights. "This despicable act of desecration has turned up the flame of faith and kindled the fires of determination and dedication," he says in a sermon afterward. "It has reached the hearts of men everywhere and roused the conscience of a whole community. . . .



Together with an aroused humanity we shall rear from the rubble of devastation a city and a land in which all men are truly brothers — and none shall make them afraid."

1961: The Rev. Robert W. Burns has married 3,000 couples at Peachtree Christian. He tells Reader's Digest why he allows only an inexpensive arrangement of white flowers at the altar: "This is a democratic church, and the poorest girl in Atlanta can have the same decorations at her wedding as the daughter of a wealthy man. A wedding is a sacra-

ment, not a show."

1968: The Cathedral of St. Philip holds a citywide service of mourning for the slain Martin Luther King Jr.

1974: St. Luke's Episcopal begins its meals for the homeless.

1982: First Baptist pastor Charles Stanley announces plans for a 10,000-seat sanctuary behind the old one in Midtown

1993: First Baptist changes its mind and heads north again, to a former warehouse on North Peachtree Road in Dunwoody. It sells the Midtown property for \$43.5 million.

1994: The Chamblee-Doraville Ministry Center is formed to serve the area's growing international population.

1999: Peachtree Road Methodist hosts a memorial service for victims of the Buckhead shootings. "Together, brothers and sisters across faith lines, we're smart enough to find a way of curbing violence in our society," says the Rev. Donald Harp.



LOOK UP IN THE SKY

It is exactly 14.8 miles from the southern terminus of Peachtree Street to the point where its main offshoot — Peachtree Industrial Boulevard — passes under the Perimeter. In that entire stretch, only one bridge crosses the street: the precarious skywalk that connects the Merchandise Mart and Peachtree Center 23 floors above the pavement downtown.

PEACHTREE

BOULEVARD OF BUSINESS

BY JIM AUCHMUTEY ■ STAFF WRITER

BRICK UPON BRICK, VISIONARIES BUILD THE CITY'S SKYLINE

Norman Rockwell did not paint the scene of Peachtree Street that appeared on the cover of the Saturday Evening Post in 1960. It just seems like he should have.

The cover, part of a series depicting great American streets, captures Peachtree in its fleeting days of urban adolescence. It shows a low-rise stretch of masonry office buildings and awning-shaded storefronts facing four lanes of tail-finned autos and trackless trolleys. No skyscrapers, no skywalks. Instead of a revolving restaurant, there's a rusty water tower atop a roof. All in all, it looks more like the main drag of Macon than Atlanta.

"We forget what a small town this used to be," says John Portman, the architect-developer most responsible for transforming the quaint streetscape of the magazine into a concrete canyon befitting Atlanta's high-rise ambitions. He's sitting at a window table in the Capital City Club, the same vantage point the magazine took 39 years ago. Perhaps two of the



BITA HONARVAR / Staff

buildings in the illustration remain standing. Across the street, taxicabs are idling in front of the Hyatt Regency, the groundbreaking hotel with the eye-popping lobby that established Portman's reputation and symbolized the booming '60s in Atlanta.

"There was a service station over there," he says, a smile playing over his face, as if he were remembering his first date. "Our little town really came unzipped, didn't it?"

John Portman (above) has designed and developed some 20 buildings within a few square blocks of downtown Atlanta. His 1961 Merchandise Mart made the Hyatt Regency and others possible.



The Merchandise Mart



The Hyatt Regency

BOULEVARD OF BUSINESS

Pardon our dust

Atlanta, more than most cities, exalts its builders. General Sherman's bonfire explains part of it; any town that was as thoroughly deconstructed as this one was in 1864 is bound to respect the people who rebuilt it.

But there are other reasons why developers loom so large in local tradition. "There weren't any Mellons or Rockefellers here, none of the industrial titans you find in other cities," says Dana White, an Emory University historian, who has gone as far as to suggest that builders are to Atlanta what samurai warriors were to imperial Japan: swashbuckling heroes.

Widespread concerns about pell-mell growth have obviously cut that stature down a notch or two. Many Atlantans have come to associate developers with sprawl, traffic and pollution at least as much as the latest signature tower or splendid shopping mall. Yet developers remain in the forefront of Georgia's belated discovery of "smart growth." Who heads the governor's new regional transportation authority but a longtime developer, Joel Cowan, the man behind Phipps Plaza and Peachtree City?

Tom Wolfe was so taken with the cult of the Sun Belt builder that he used it as the scaffolding for his latest novel, "A Man in Full." Listen to him describe the vertical geometry of modern Atlanta — some of it fictional, most of it real — as wrought by Charlie Croker and cronies:

"By now the towers of Midtown were streaming past on either side of Peachtree, which was *the* place to have a tower. In fact, if it wasn't within a block or so of Peachtree, it wasn't worth having. . . . Each one outdid the one before . . . a 38-story ziggurat of rose-colored glass called Promenade Two . . . then a mid-rise building split in two called Promenade One . . . then the 52-story PlannersBanc Tower, a glass skyscraper that appeared bigger at the top than the bottom . . . One Atlantic Center . . . Phoenix Center . . . the GLG Grande . . . the Mayfair . . . Colony Square, the 1100 Peachtree Building, the Campanile, the MossCo Tower, First Union Plaza . . ."

downtown!

Atlanta has produced a continuum of Charlie Crokers — visionaries, mercenaries and eccentrics who have made their mark with hotels, subdivisions, shopping centers and office complexes. Men like Richard Peters, a railroad engineer who rode the first train into town and stayed to build the city's first subdivision. Or Hannibal Kimball, a carpetbagger who came south and constructed Victorian Atlanta's greatest hotel, the Kimball House. Or, in our time, men like Herman J. Russell, a child of the slums who grew up to become Atlanta's most successful African-American builder. Or Tom Cousins, a shy homebuilder who envisioned sports arenas and convention centers in the black hole of railroad tracks west of downtown.

In a city whose motto could be "Pardon Our Dust," they are, to paraphrase Carl Sandburg, Atlanta's stackers of bricks.

The man on the mausoleum

The oddest of the lot may have been Jasper Newton Smith — "Uncle Jack," as he insisted. Perhaps you've seen him. If you've ever passed Oakland Cemetery, he's the stone gent sitting in the chair atop a tomb near the western gate. They say he wanted his sculpted likeness to face downtown so he could keep an eye on his office building. A vigilant landlord, even in the hereafter.



File

Set in stone: Jasper Newton Smith sits atop his tomb in Oakland Cemetery. He would be pleased to know that the inscribed tablets from The House That Jack Built are still displayed on Peachtree.

Smith gravitated to Atlanta after the Civil War and, seeing the destruction, decided that these people were going to need some bricks. He bought 14 acres cheap in Midtown and started manufacturing them from the red Georgia clay. He invested his profits in real estate and grew very wealthy.

Donald Windham, a novelist who happens to be Smith's great-grandson, spent his early childhood in a big Victorian house on Peachtree, near where the brickyard had been. He remembers an imposing full-length portrait of the old man that hung in the front hallway — sack coat, striped morning trousers, watch chain, tall silk hat. In his memoir, "Emblems of Conduct," Windham recounts what his mother said when he asked her exactly what his forebear had accomplished to become a local celebrity. "He built The House That Jack Built," she said impressively.

This was not the house in the nursery rhyme but a three-story commercial structure erected in 1889 on Peachtree. It was famous in its time because Smith, a religious man, decorated it with his homespun philosophy, as if he were a precursor of the Rev. Howard Finster. One inscribed stone block proclaimed: "J.N. Smith's Building: Commenced 100 years after George Washington's inauguration as First President — Paul says: Owe No Man — Let Posterity Heed His Advice."

Smith had another admonition for posterity. Late in life, he leased the building for 99 years and stipulated in the contract that his inscriptions should be incorporated into any construction on the site. So it was done. A few years after Smith died in 1918, The House That Jack Built was rebuilt, and the inscriptions were carefully placed above the cornice of the new structure.

That building was demolished for MARTA construction during the 1970s. Today, outside the southwest entrance of the Peachtree Center station, two inscribed tablets are displayed behind iron railings with no further explanation. It probably would not displease Smith if the occasional commuter wonders whether the vast transit station is, as one of the tablets suggests, "The House That Jack Built."



LOCATION, LOCATION

Talk about a capital gain. In 1854, the block at the northwest corner of Peachtree and Luckie streets sold for \$3,860. In 1901, when the land was cleared for the Piedmont Hotel (above), it fetched \$125,000. The once-grand hotel was demolished in the late 1960s for the Equitable Building, a 35-story office tower that was assessed for taxes in 1999 at \$43 million. Net increase: 1,114,000 percent.

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19TH HOLE *continued*

should think that his program is more ben-
eficial than dangerous.

However, I would take issue with one
statement attributed to Dr. Novich, not be-
cause I feel it demonstrates any prejudice
on his part, but because I am sure that it is
inaccurate. He says: "I don't want no un-
derprivileged kids. Enough's being done for
them. I only want overprivileged kids. They
got a right to be aggressive just like anyone
else." It cannot be gainsaid that underpriv-
ileged children more frequently encounter
environmental stimuli of the sort that are
likely to develop aggressive attitudes. But
the fallacy lies in assuming that the aggres-
siveness that an underprivileged child quick-
ly acquires is by any means as constructive
an element as that which can be developed
in middle- and upper-class children. This, I
should think, applies with particular force
in the case of a black child; his aggression
is *against* his environment and the socio-
economic forces that significantly restrict his
future opportunities. A racist and class-con-
scious society discourages serious ambition
in such a child, and his aggressiveness in-
exorably takes the form of frustration and
hostility.

STU GARBUTT

Chicago

Sirs:

I was pleasantly surprised when reading
Bil Gilbert's article to discover that his hero,
Dr. Max Novich, was my hero during our
sojourn at Central High in Newark, N. J.
back in the late '20s. We had to walk home
from school every afternoon and I always
tried to be in his company, for his aggres-
siveness was noticeable then and the school
dropouts (yes, we had them then also) would
not bother us as we walked through those
tough neighborhoods. I am glad to see that
he has made it.

STANLEY ZOLTO JR.

Ramsey, N. J.

VITAL POINT

Sirs:

Senator Everett Dirksen (PEOPLE, Feb.
17) tries to justify the Congressmen and
their increased salaries by comparing them
with the income of pro football players. Nat-
urally, he conveniently overlooks one vital
point. The football player's salary doesn't
cost the taxpayer a single penny, unless he
wishes to contribute. However, the taxpayers
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come up with the money to pay politicians'
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

LOW BLOW

Sirs:
A quote attributed to Al Davis of the Oakland Raiders in the SCORECARD section of your Feb. 24 issue had a distasteful implication; namely, that if a team cannot win the title it should do what Buffalo did—finish last and get the first draft pick.

If the quote is accurate, Davis does a disservice to the sport he's part of. I need only remind him of the Bills' second-to-last game of last season. Playing with Flanker Eddie Rutkowski at quarterback due to a series of injuries, the Bills had Davis nibbling his fingers in anxiety right to the final gun, as Oakland won by only three points, 13-10.

The Bills that day, and every other time they took the field, extended themselves trying to win. Of course, that's to be expected of every team. Davis' implication therefore is a low blow.

RALPH C. WILSON JR.
President
Buffalo Bills Football Club

Buffalo

• Al Davis says, "I did not say it jokingly nor did I mean to imply directly or indirectly that any team would purposely finish last. The quote was merely an observation on the entire draft system."—ED.

THREESOME

Sirs:
Although I have often disagreed with Dan Jenkins' view of the golf world, I felt that his selection of Bob Lunn, Bob Murphy and Bob Dickson as golf's next big three was well considered (*A New Generation of Heroes*, Feb. 17). Many sportswriters ignore the considerable role played by such dubious virtues as maturity, self-control and positive thinking in the success of present-day greats like Casper, Nicklaus, Palmer and Player. I found especially interesting and significant Jenkins' omission of two of the youngest, longest-hitting and perhaps most technically competent of the present crop of young golfers, Marty Fleckman and Bobby Cole.

DAVID W. CUSHMAN
East Brunswick, N.J.

SKIING MADE EASY

Sirs:
Congratulations to SI and Bob Ottum for the five-page report on Professor Kruckenhauer and his "wide-stance" style of ski instruction (*An Infallible Revelation by the Pope of Skiing*, Feb. 24). Recognition of the simple truths about skiing should end the "magnificent mystique" nurtured by ski

instructors since skis got edges and style supplanted sport. As Professor K. has belatedly proved, skiing is really no harder to learn than riding a bike. Kids do it all the time, and not a few grownups as well.

Unfortunately, Ottum passes off one-half of Professor K.'s simple system—use of short skis for beginners—with exactly six lines. Actually, short skis are as important to learning to ski easily and quickly as is wide-track. Short-ee Ski Inventor Cliff Taylor ended my 20 years of hacking my way through a dozen techniques by putting me on five-footers at Portillo, Chile seven seasons back. As an Instant Skier, I shortly schussed Professor K.'s beloved Valluga run at St. Anton, something I could never have done on long skis. Howard Head caught some of our early-day short-ski fever and came out with his own metal version. At long last, Taylor's 10 years of preaching the Graduated Length Method is being officially recognized.

Short skis are not only safe but fast, easy, cheap and easy to fit and transport. Furthermore, they are fun. Isn't that really what skiing should be?

ELMAR BAXTER
President
Ski Writers Association
of Southern California

West Covina, Calif.

THE COMMISSIONER

Sirs:
I have been an avid baseball fan and a frustrated baseball player for all of my years, and have long contended that what the major leagues need at the helm is a fan rather than a strictly professional man. I can readily see from Mr. Leggett's article (*The Big Leagues Select a Fan*, Feb. 17) that baseball has now acquired the kind of leadership it must have in order to retain its rightful position as our national pastime.

ROBERT B. SMITHWICK
Englewood, Colo.

Sirs:
I guess those baseball owners muffed it again. There is no doubt that Bowie Kuhn knows more about baseball than General Eckert did, but that isn't saying much. If the owners want someone who really knows baseball, why not Stan Musial, Ted Williams or Campy Campanella? Why not Jackie Robinson? If they want someone who can change and modernize baseball, why not Leo Durocher? Bill Veeck? Eddie Stanky? All seven of these men would fit the job better than Vince Lombardi, Mike Burke, Chub Feeney or even Bowie Kuhn!

JONATHAN EDELMAN
New Rochelle, N. Y.

CLEAN WATER

Sirs:
Your SCORECARD item entitled "Troubled Oil on Waters" (Feb. 24) may lead some of SI's readers mistakenly to believe that the detergents used to disperse oil in both the *Torrey Canyon* and Santa Barbara disasters and the familiar household detergents are one and the same. Far from it! The chemicals employed to dissolve or disperse oil are special formulations of emulsifiers that are entirely different in makeup from the brand-name detergents.

Incidentally, Dr. J. E. Smith, author of the definitive work on the *Torrey Canyon* incident and director of Britain's Plymouth Marine Laboratory, carefully distinguished between the oil dispersant type of "detergent" and household products in his presentation before the recent annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held in Dallas. As Dr. Smith stated in his book, the harmful ecological effects came from the solvent portion of the dispersants, not from the special surface-active agents in the formulations.

We hope that you will bring this to the attention of your readers. Our industry voluntarily converted to biodegradable ("soft") detergents in mid-1964, and we continue to work in behalf of the preservation of clean water throughout this nation.

ROBERT C. SINGER
The Soap and Detergent Association
New York City

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Sirs:
As a former resident of Sewanee, I was delighted to read your recent article *Down with the Heathen* (Feb. 24). Although the majority of SI's readers have probably never heard of the University of the South, it is truly a fascinating place.

My congratulations for your consistent efforts to highlight sports on the local, personal and human level, as well as the national and professional scene.

MRS. JAMES R. HILL
Louisville

CASE FOR AGGRESSION

Sirs:
I read with interest the article on Max Novich, the self-styled boxing coach for over-privileged boys (*Pretend He's Your Sister*, Feb. 17). I am convinced that there is a need for the sort of training that Dr. Novich is providing in an attempt to help the sheltered sons of wealthy suburbanites develop a sense of self-assuredness and vitality. While I am not sure that Dr. Novich and I would agree substantially on the particular importance of aggressive traits, I

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Credits on page 79

Next week

THE WILD SEASON is winding up. The brawling and rioting behind them, 15 teams go after Lew Alcindor and UCLA. A preview of the NCAA tourney by Joe Jares.

DERBY-BOUND COLTS now in Florida get their first crack at a mile and an eighth in Hialeah's Flamingo, a race that should reveal which are genuine candidates as classic horses.

AMIABLE GATE-CRASHERS at almost every top U.S. sports event are two lackadaisically drifting silver blimps. Coles Phinizy tells how and why they float from contest to contest.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

John Underwood's story about Adidas and Puma, which begins on page 14, divulges the huge sums paid by these rival German firms to Olympic athletes to wear their track shoes. It is the result of an extraordinarily painstaking investigation into how a sport was corrupted by maladministration. I think you will be interested in Underwood's terse jottings that describe the way he and Reporter Anita Verschoth opened the doors in Mexico, the U.S. and Germany:

Interest first aroused in Mexico City. Athletes were talking, mostly in whispers. Then wife of one of Puma reps gave me detailed account of cocktail party Puma threw during which two Americans asked for \$12,000 apiece for switching to Puma. Figure seemed bit high, probably was, but she said it with considerable feeling, some indignation. Then I had long dinner chat with top athlete, 99% off the record. He outlined, more or less, the entire payoff system, not just with shoemakers but in amateur athletics in general.

Talked with other athletes, amazed how open they were. But nobody saying anything for publication yet. Called Anita in Los Angeles, thinking we'd need all ammunition we could get to confront Dasslers [owners of the two firms]. Anita didn't get just ammunition, she got arsenal. She found athletes almost eager to confess.

Wired ahead to let Puma-Adidas people know we were coming. Got chilly reply from Puma but agreed to meet us. Adidas more specific: would not see us at all unless we agreed article would deal exclusively with Adidas, and asked \$25,000 as forfeit money if we violated agreement. Agreed to no such thing, of course, and went to Germany anyway.

Called Horst Dassler of Adidas to tell him we were there, going to talk to Puma, wanted to talk to Adidas. Told him no way for us to agree to ground rules of wire. Told him we were not out to crucify anybody but to present situation as exists, hopefully to lead to solutions beneficial to all concerned. Horst agreed to meet with us, but held out little hope of seeing Adolf Dassler, his father, Adidas patriarch. Said would meet us at his plant outside Strasbourg, France. Told him we wanted to see original Adidas factory first. He said he would set up.

Met with Armin Dassler and another

Puma exec at Puma. Big old building. When saw Adidas plants later, could easily tell contrast in success. At Puma, floors creaked. Armin said his father Rudolf was away at spa vacationing, probably, wouldn't see us anyway. Armin helpful, courteous, revealing to a point. Also nervous. Talked around payoffs. Agreed to second meeting.

Went to Adidas factory, could not raise anybody. Called Horst again. Went to factory next a.m. Nobody there. Adolf's big house on snow-crushed hill in back, behind factory. Went up and rang on chance. Maid said they were expecting us, ushered us in. Warmest reception of trip. Adolf's son-in-law Alfred Bente came, began to talk generalities. Told him (through Anita, who handled translations throughout) would be shame if came all this way and did not see Adolf. Asked if we might say hello. Adolf appeared almost immediately, as if behind curtain waiting for cue. Wife Käthe came. Daughters came. Other sons-in-law came. Before long, all engaged in amiable, round-table discussion. Bente showed us factory. Everything streamlined, no creaking floors.

Eventually, Puma's Rudolf returned from vacation. We called to see if we could meet. His terms were we were not to ask certain things. Met anyway. Lawyer sat right there, taking notes. Spurred awhile. Told Rudolf wasting my time and his if we could not get into specifics.

Flew from Nürnberg to Frankfurt. Drove to Strasbourg. Left Strasbourg for Landersheim in big snowstorm. Slipped and slid down series of narrow roads. Horst has better grasp on situation than anybody. Like athletes, seemed eager to get things off his chest. His admissions not entirely altruistic, obviously, but reflect general feeling of desired reform. Certainly a far cry from first wire demanding indemnity. Probably knew we had goods from American contacts. Have to think when story comes out there will be long sigh of at-last-it's-over relief from both brothers, and from more than a few athletes. Am now keenly aware of people's shoes. Them stripes do stand out.

Garry Valk

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BASKETBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

TOURNAMENTS

By Saturday night, nine conference champions had qualified for berths in the NCAA 25-team field: Davidson (25-2), Miami of Ohio (14-10), Princeton (19-6), Purdue (18-4), Santa Clara (24-1), St. Joseph's (17-10), Texas A&M (17-6), Weber State (24-2) and UCLA (24-0), which will go after an unprecedented third straight title. Six other conference titles were yet to be decided, but 10 independents were selected: Colorado State (15-6), Dayton (20-6), Duquesne (19-3), Marquette (21-4), New Mexico State (23-3), Notre Dame (20-5), Trinity of Texas (19-4), Seattle (19-7), St. John's (22-4) and Villanova (21-4). The NIT, with 16 places to fill, had chosen Boston College (20-3), Rutgers (19-3), Southern Illinois (16-7), Temple (18-8) and West Texas State (18-7).

- WEST**
1. UCLA (24-0)
 2. SANTA CLARA (24-1)
 3. WEBER STATE (24-2)

A new electric sign at New Mexico repeatedly flashed WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE NIT, but the Lobos will not be going anywhere now. They squandered a 44-32 halftime lead against Brigham Young, committed 33 turnovers and lost in overtime 77-71. Wyoming—which first beat Utah 84-62, then downed BYU 79-69 to force a playoff with the Cougars for the Western AC title—may at least reach New York.

On-again off-again California gave UCLA its biggest scare of the season before losing in overtime 84-77. Cal was ahead by 12 points with 14:09 to go, but by 8:45 had dissipated its lead. Steve Patterson opened the overtime with a three-point play for UCLA, which went on to pick up its 40th straight win. What had kept the Golden Bears in contention was the fine play of Bob Presley, Jackie Ridgle and Charlie Johnson. Presley limited Lew Alcindor to 17 points, while Ridgle drove through for 28 points and Johnson hit from long range for 25.

Weber State (page 58) finished on top of the Big Sky, Santa Clara took the West Coast AC title and Texas A&M won the Southeast Conference championship. Dennis Awtry had 54 points as the Broncos beat Pepperdine 62-52 and Loyola 89-66. The Aggies, who had six one-point wins in the SWC, won easily this time, beating Arkansas 79-66 and SMU 119-98.

Texas-El Paso upset Seattle 88-82 and Colorado State 78-58. State also lost to West Texas State 74-66.

- EAST**
1. LA SALLE (23-1)
 2. DUQUESNE (19-3)
 3. ST. JOHN'S (22-4)

"I just grabbed it and threw it up and it went in" was John Connolly's amazed recollection of the events that led to his basket with one second left in overtime and St. Joseph's triumph over Temple 68-67 for the Middle Atlantic championship. Princeton was also a one-point winner—60-59 over Columbia—as it used its height advantage and 27 points by Jeff Petrie to take the Ivy title for the seventh time in 10 years.

Austin Carr of Notre Dame, who had 32 points in an 89-72 win over Valparaiso, had 26 more as the Irish beat St. John's in overtime 71-67. Villanova beat Xavier 79-75, with Howard Porter putting in 24 points, and Seton Hall 73-56, as Johnny Jones got 24. Bill Smith of Syracuse outscored Calvin Murphy of Niagara 33-32, but the Purple Eagles prevailed 103-92. Murphy then had 39 in a 99-75 win over Fairfield. Bob Lanier set a St. Bonaventure record with 51 points, making good on 20 of 29 shots as the Bonnies beat Seton Hall 97-79. He then had what he termed "a lousy night" as he made 14 of 22 tries and scored 33 points in a 91-64 win over Canisius.

Boston College broke its record for consecutive wins, making it 15 in a row with a 110-80 victory over Boston University and an 80-74 win over Holy Cross. Rutgers extended its best streak ever to 14 with three close calls: 81-79 over Connecticut, 62-61 over Fordham and 59-57 over Penn State. Bob Graecen of Rutgers got the last of his 31 points against Fordham on a game-winning jumper with three seconds left. Army, which has the best defensive record in the country, took care of Navy 51-35. La Salle ended its season by routing West Chester 91-73.

- SOUTH**
1. DAVIDSON (25-2)
 2. NORTH CAROLINA (22-3)
 3. KENTUCKY (20-4)

Davidson (page 28) won the Southern Conference tournament, but Kentucky, North Carolina and South Carolina all were upset. Vanderbilt surprised Kentucky 101-99 with a three-guard offense that forced the Wildcats into 16 first-half turnovers. The three guards—Tom Hagan, Rudy Thacker and Ralph Mayes—scored 61 points and Perry Wallace set a school record by sinking nine straight field-goal attempts. Steve

Vandenburg had 31 points as Duke stunned North Carolina 87-81. And South Carolina blew its chance to tie the Tar Heels for the Atlantic Coast lead when it lost to North Carolina State 67-64. Tennessee was upset by Auburn 71-60, but beat LSU 87-63 as its Chinese defense held Pete Maravich to his lowest output of the season—20 points. Maravich then got 49 against Mississippi, but even they were not enough. The Tigers lost 78-76.

- MIDWEST**
1. PURDUE (18-4)
 2. DRAKE (21-4)
 3. NOTRE DAME (20-5)

The infighting was as furious in the Big Eight as anywhere. Kansas moved into first place by beating Oklahoma 83-58, while Colorado was knocked off by seventh-place Nebraska 79-65. If the Jayhawks could beat the Buffaloes they would win the conference title. The Jayhawks could not. Both teams used zones as they attempted to contain the other's high scorer—Cliff Meely of Colorado and Dave Robisch of Kansas. Meely won the duel 27-6, the Buffaloes the game, 75-67, and the two teams were tied for the lead. In the process Meely broke the Big Eight scoring record for sophomores, pushing his total to 330 points, 25 more than Wilt Chamberlain had. Kansas State dropped out of contention, losing to Missouri 66-62 and Nebraska 88-71. The Missouri win came on a unique bit of freelancing by Don Tomlinson and Pete Helmbock. Tied up by his opponents with nine seconds to go and the score 62-62, Tomlinson flipped a backward pass through a tangle of legs. Helmbock somehow grabbed the ball, went up in the air and sank a reverse layup with four seconds remaining.

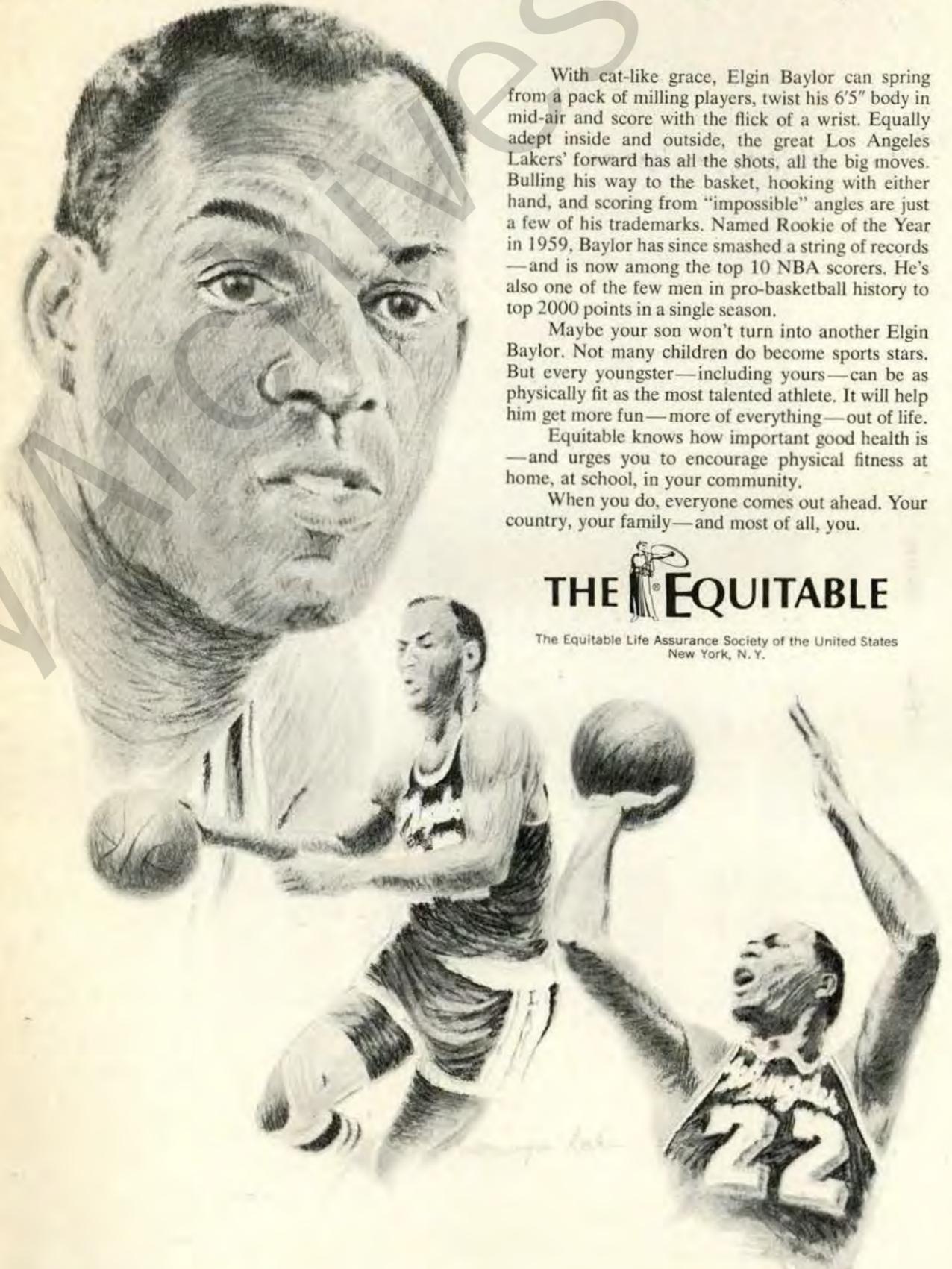
The Missouri Valley race was also deadlocked, Drake tying Louisville for the lead as it trounced the Cardinals 101-67.

Rick Mount of Purdue was on target with his jump shots, getting 31 points in a 74-72 win over Michigan State and 43 in a 97-85 win over Iowa. Those victories—plus two losses by Ohio State—gave the Boilermakers the Big Ten title.

Miami of Ohio clinched first place in the Mid-American, scoring its last dozen points from the foul line as it held off Toledo 70-65. Murray State beat Western Kentucky 89-79 to gain at least a tie for the Ohio Valley championship. Only Morehead State, an 84-64 winner over Tennessee Tech, can catch the Thoroughbreds.

There was 4:32 left and host Dayton led Morehead State 75-63 when officials called a halt to the game. The contest had endured despite 42 fouls and flare-ups between players, but when a fan hit a referee that was it. Marquette defeated Tulane 85-72 and Creighton 79-76. Spencer Haywood's 45 points and 25 rebounds helped Detroit beat Canisius 107-88. **END**

Will your boy sink the ball like Elgin Baylor?



With cat-like grace, Elgin Baylor can spring from a pack of milling players, twist his 6'5" body in mid-air and score with the flick of a wrist. Equally adept inside and outside, the great Los Angeles Lakers' forward has all the shots, all the big moves. Bulling his way to the basket, hooking with either hand, and scoring from "impossible" angles are just a few of his trademarks. Named Rookie of the Year in 1959, Baylor has since smashed a string of records—and is now among the top 10 NBA scorers. He's also one of the few men in pro-basketball history to top 2000 points in a single season.

Maybe your son won't turn into another Elgin Baylor. Not many children do become sports stars. But every youngster—including yours—can be as physically fit as the most talented athlete. It will help him get more fun—more of everything—out of life.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—NBA: MILWAUKEE (23-46) stayed in the Eastern cellar but set a record for expansion clubs by winning its sixth straight, over—of all teams—the division-leading Bullets. In win No. 5, over San Diego, Greg Smith (whose parents had driven 1,000 miles to see him play) got nine points, blocked three shots and grabbed five rebounds in the fourth period. DETROIT (27-43) won one and dropped two (and has now won only four of its last 16), while CINCINNATI (34-36) lost five. BOSTON (41-28) lost three of five, and NEW YORK (47-24) got hot again with three straight victories. In the Knicks' 92-88 win over the Celtics, Walt Frazier and Dick Barnett alone outscored Boston in the fourth quarter. PHILADELPHIA (47-22), with four wins and a loss, is now merely a game ahead of the Knicks and 3½ behind BALTIMORE (50-18), which won three (and nine of its last 11) and lost one, as Westley Unseld bid to become the league's MVP as well as its Rookie of the Year. In the Western Division, Phoenix (15-56) closed in on Alcindor, losing four out of five. SEATTLE (26-45) split four and CHICAGO (28-41) won two of three. SAN DIEGO (29-40) stayed only a game ahead of the Bulls, losing three of four, and SAN FRANCISCO (34-37) split four. Only two teams in the West are over .500—ATLANTA (42-29), which won one of three, and LOS ANGELES (46-24), which won three of four.

ABA: MIAMI (33-27) and OAKLAND (47-12) stayed on top in their divisions. MINNESOTA (32-27) won two, KENTUCKY (30-28) won two, lost one and INDIANA (33-32) won two, including a 113-104 victory over the Nets in which the Pacers' Roger Brown scored nine of his 41 points in the final 3½ minutes. NEW YORK (16-43) lost its other three games likewise, one after Maurice McHartley, whom the Nets had traded to Miami, hit a three-point basket with 11 seconds left to send the game into overtime. Back in the West, DENVER (35-26) won only one against three losses, but held second. NEW ORLEANS (32-30) won two and lost one. DALLAS (28-31) split four, LOS ANGELES (25-35) had but one win in three games and HOUSTON (19-39) brought up the rear with a four-game split.

BOWLING—DICK RITGER of Hartford, Wis., won the \$45,000 Greater Buffalo Open 190 to 174 over Steve Wallace. Said Ritger, "You don't win too many games, let alone tournaments, with a 190 score."

COURT TENNIS—PETE BOSTWICK JR., a New York stockbroker who is also a prominent golfer and a hockey player, won his fifth straight National Amateur championship in Boston, defeating Robert MacDonald, also of New York, 6-3, 6-1, 6-1.

FIGURE SKATING—U.S. Champion TIM WOOD of Bloomfield Hills, Mich., and GABRIELE SEYFERT of East Germany, both 20, won the men's and women's titles, respectively, at the world championships at Colorado Springs, Colo. (page 24).

GOLF—TOM SHAW, 26, from Golf, Ill., won the \$150,000 Doral Open at Miami with a 276, 12 strokes under par and one under Tommy Aaron, who failed once more, in his 10th year on the tour, to win his first tournament. Shaw, who led or was tied for the lead throughout and who joined the tour in 1963, scored his first victory.

HOCKEY—NHL: It was a big week for big scores: 9-0, 7-2, 9-1, 9-0, 8-5. And it was a big week for scorers, as Phil Esposito, off suspension, broke the league record with 99 points, two more than the previous mark held jointly by Bobby Hull and Stan Mikita of the Black Hawks. Bobby Orr also returned to action and scored twice in the Bruins' 8-5 win over the Rangers, and Mike Walton, who had been suspended for going AWOL, showed up in Toronto and scored the Maple Leafs' sole goal to tie the Flyers. MONTREAL (39-16-8), leading the East for the second week in a row, was in on the high scoring, too. The Canadiens got five goals in the first period of a 7-3 victory over Detroit. BOSTON (36-13-12) broke a four-game losing streak to stay in second and was on both ends of 9-0 scores, losing to the Rangers and beating the Seals. DETROIT (31-24-9) barely held third with its 4-2 victory over the North Stars, and NEW YORK (32-24-6) remained only three points ahead of fifth-place TORONTO (27-21-13), which lost to the North Stars 7-2, but still pushed CHICAGO (29-28-6) back to sixth place. In the West, ST. LOUIS (33-19-12) lost two for the Blue's worst week since December, but stayed in first by 21 points over OAK-

LAND (24-30-9), which stayed in Oakland (page 62). LOS ANGELES (21-33-8) split two and tied two, PHILADELPHIA (13-33-17) lost one and tied two and MINNESOTA (16-36-10) had a win, two losses and a tie. But the biggest news of all was out of PITTSBURGH (14-38-10). The Penguins got through the week without a loss for the first time since November 30, stretching their nonlosing streak to three, as they upset the Black Hawks and tied the Maple Leafs.

HORSE RACING—The several boycotts by male jockeys against their female counterparts became understandable when MRS. TUESDEE TESTA of Bayside, N.Y., mother of an infant daughter, rode Buz On (\$9.20) to a neck victory in a six-furlong claiming race at Santa Anita, and DIANE CRUMP survived two foul claims to win a 1¼-mile race by half a length at Florida Downs, near Tampa, on Bridle n' Bit (\$6.80).

PRINCESSNESIAN (58), ridden by Donald Pierce, won the \$100,000 1¼-mile Santa Margarita Handicap at Santa Anita when favored Dark Mirage, out for her 11th consecutive victory, injured her right front sesamoid bone and dropped out.

MOTOR SPORTS—JACKIE STEWART of Scotland, in a Matra-Ford, led all the way in the South African Grand Prix, winning the opening event of the 1969 Formula 1 series with an average speed of 110.62 mph. Graham Hill (page 40) was second.

SKIING—World Cup competition came to the U.S. and the great drifts of Squaw Valley, Calif., with BILLY KIDD of Stowe, Vt. and BERNI RAUTER of Austria winning the slalom events and REINHARD TRITSCHER of Austria and FLORENCE STEURER of France the giant slalom (page 24).

SQUASH RACQUETS—ANIL NAYAR, a Harvard senior from Bombay, defeated Sam Howe of Philadelphia 13-15, 15-11, 15-5, 14-15, 15-13 to take the national championship in Rochester, N.Y. HENRI SALAUN of Boston defeated Vic Seixas 15-10, 15-7, 15-10 for the veterans title.

TRACK AND FIELD—In the 81st National AAU Indoor Championships at Philadelphia, GEORGE YOUNG won his 17th straight indoor race with a world record 13:09.8 for the three-mile, 2.8 seconds faster than Ron Clarke's mark set at Oakland in January. WILLIE DAVENPORT also lengthened his winning streak, to 15, taking the 60-yard high hurdles, and MADELINE MANNING of Tennessee State bettered her own American record in the 880 with a 2:07.9 clocking. In the Midwest, RAY ARRINGTON led WISCONSIN to its third straight Big Ten championship, with conference records of 1:49.9 and 4:02.2 in the half and the mile, over the exceedingly fast, 6¼-lap Tartan track at the University of Illinois. KANSAS, competing without injured Jim Ryan, won its fourth straight Big Eight championship at Kansas City. At the Moscow Palace of Sports, NIKOLAI DUDKIN, 21, improved the world indoor record for the triple jump by 3½", with a leap of 55' 3¼".

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: ELROY (Crazy Legs) HIRSCH, 45, as athletic director at the University of Wisconsin. An All-America as a sophomore at Wisconsin, Hirsch then went to Michigan, where he was the first to win four letters in one season. He was an All-Pro receiver with the Los Angeles Rams, for whom he played from 1949 to 1957. In 1960 he was named general manager of the Rams and most recently was assistant to club President Dan Reeves.

RETIRED: MICKEY MANTLE, 37, after 18 years in the majors, all with the Yankees and many injury-ridden. Said Mantle: "I can't play anymore. For the last three years I didn't hit the ball when I needed to, I couldn't steal second when I needed to, I couldn't go from first to third or score from second when I wanted to." Mantle, an MVP three times, hit 536 home runs—he is surpassed by Babe Ruth (714) and Willie Mays (587)—and had a .298 lifetime batting average. The Yankees will retire his number (7), an honor previously accorded Ruth (3), Lou Gehrig (4) and Joe DiMaggio (5).

DIED: EUGENE (Bubbles) HARGRAVE, 76, former catcher with the Cubs, Reds and Yankees; in Cincinnati. Hargrave led the National League in hitting in 1926 with a .353 average.

DIED: EDWARD C. MILLER, 88, last remaining member of the original Buffalo Germans, in Buffalo. The Germans, one of four teams in the basketball Hall of Fame, won the 1904 Olympic title in St. Louis and once had a 111-game winning streak.

CREDITS

14, 15—Phillip Leonian; 16—Gerry Cranham; 17—Alexander Czechtz; 18-20—Gerry Cranham; 21—Sheedy & Long, Fred Kaplan-Block Star; 22—Gerry Cranham; 25—Sheedy & Long; 26—Neil Leifer; 28-33—Arthur Shay; 40—David Moore-Block Star; 45—Indianapolis Motor Speedway; 52—B. D. Cole; 58—Carl Iwasaki; 62—Fred Kaplan-Block Star; 70—James N. Keen—Courier-Journal & Louisville Times.

FACES IN THE CROWD



TONY GUIZZOTTI, a ninth grader at Maryvale High in Checktowaga, N.Y., wrestles in the 95-pound class on the high school varsity. He has won 13 bouts (all on pins), lost one and tied one—the referee mistakenly stopped the match as Tony was about to win.



JOE BOWERS, 6' 2" senior forward at Sebring (Ohio) High School, finished season play with 44 consecutive free throws over an 11-game span. His mark falls only nine free throws short of the collegiate record, set in 1966 by Bob Gleason of Montclair (N.J.) State.



JENNIFER MARTIN is the student manager of the boys' varsity swimming team at Wagener High School in St. Matthews, Ky. "I thought a girl might inspire the boys to show up on time," said Coach Frank Brooks. So far attendance at 6 a.m. practice is perfect.



PATRICK MARRIOTT, 10, of Pomona, Calif., took up golf last summer and averages 34 on a par 3 course, with a best of 28 and a 130-yard hole in one. Pat considers gymnastics his sport, though, and was third in the trampoline and fifth overall in his only two meets.



A. RUSSELL THOMPSON, 65, of Garden City, N.Y., who graduated from Hamilton College in 1925 and scored the first goal on the Hamilton rink 47 years ago, got a goal and an assist as the varsity beat the alumni 11-10. Thompson had been captain of his team.



DEBBIE BRILL, 16, of Haney, British Columbia, high-jumped 5' 9½"—backward—to set a Canadian women's record at an indoor meet in Vancouver. With her version of the Fosbury Flop, which she calls the Brill Bend, Debbie has now jumped higher than any girl her age.

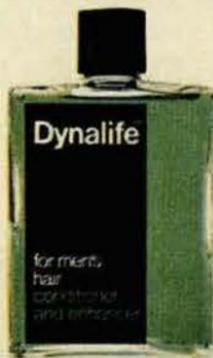
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GYPSY *continued*

one brutalized his body, nor did he ever receive much punishment in the ring. What is unfortunate is that he recognized too late the pathology of his career; the internecine struggles, the emotions, the dumbness and indifference that slicked his quiet fall back to The Street.

"I was just startin' to learn about myself, about them," says Gypsy, standing outside as the gym door is locked. He begins walking up the block and someone hollers from a car, "Hey, Joe! When you fightin'?" "It'll be on the posters," Gypsy shouts back. "Look for them posters." Then he says, "It use to be when they hollered it was Gypsy Joe, but now it's just plain Joe Harris. Sometimes I wake up and it's all like a dream. Hey, I say, Gypsy you only lost one out of 25 fights. Then I go shoot some pool, play some cards and I end up maybe in the bar. There's nothin' else to do because the best part of my life is gone. Later on I go home and I go to sleep. I hold my fists to my eyes, hopin' that when I wake up the blindness will be gone and everything will be Gypsy again. It's all like a dream, I tell ya. I still don't understand how it happened."

He is walking briskly now, toward the neon flashing at the end of the block. It is quiet and dark and cold. He does not talk anymore. In the silence a story comes to mind that seems to sum up Gypsy Joe and boxing itself:

"Please help me," begged the spider, approaching a frog on the bank of a swelling stream. "I must get across."

"What!" said the frog, laughing. "Do you think I'm a fool? If I did that, you would surely bite me and I would just as surely die."

"What could I gain?" replied the spider, now desperate. "I too would die. I would drown, don't you see?"

The reasoning impressed the frog and he consented to take the spider across on his back. Then, in the middle of the stream, the frog suddenly looked back, his face masked with terror. "But how could you?" he screamed. "You promised. . ."

"I know, my friend," said the spider mournfully. "I am sorry. It is just my nature."

END

SCORECARD

MICKEY

And now Mickey is gone. The sadness of this inevitability is more apparent when you remember what he was—not the limping, sporadic shadow of the last few years but the superhero of super-heroes to an entire generation of small boys. Some of them lived in Tenafly, N.J. and, while the following, reprinted from *The Echo*, school paper of Tenafly High School, is as impudently funny as most good high school humor, it also reflects the rather extraordinary hold that Mantle had on a very large segment of American youth:

Once upon a time there was a Mickey Mantle fan club at Tenafly High School. It all began as a classroom lesson in parliamentary procedure. The names have been omitted to protect the guilty, but the official minutes of the meeting remain to tell the tale. They read in part as follows:

"We, the members of this class, in order to form a perfect fan club, honor Mickey, insure a .300 season, root for a better team defense, promote the Yankees' general welfare and secure the blessings of victory to ourselves and the other fans, do ordain and establish this constitution for the Mickey Mantle fan club." Mickey Mantle was made honorary president, and the club passed a resolution that "he shall forever reign supreme."

Next, the club members rose and recited their pledge of allegiance. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the greatest in America, and to the Yankees for whom he plays, one team, under Skipper Houk, unbeatable, with homers and victories for all."

As soon as everyone sat down, the president entertained a motion that the club anthem be sung at the beginning of each meeting by all "true" members. One student suggested that the word "insane" be substituted for the word "true," but he was reminded that if he didn't like it he could always join the Russian club. The motion was passed unanimous-

ly and the assemblage rose to sing, "My Mickey 'tis of thee, sweet team of victory, of thee I sing. Field where Bambino played, where Gehrig history made, where Mickey for years has played, the King of Smack."

In time, the fan club, too, was smacked, but it shall not be forgotten. One memory shall live on, that of the club banner (a picture of Mantle in red, white and blue pinstripes) fluttering in the breeze, and the inscription above the blackboard, E PLURIBUS MICKEY.

And that's it from Tenafly. So long, Mantle. Hey, how good is this kid, Bill Robinson?

RUN, PHIL, RUN

Philip C. Wallwork, safety director of the Automobile Legal Association, has directed the following stern admonition to joggers:

"Motorists have enough to contend with on snow-covered streets littered with cars without worrying about hitting members of the muscle fraternity.

"With sidewalk plowing a thing of the past, joggers should be forced off the streets until spring. A tuned-up muscle is of little use in a cast."

DON'T YOU DARE DUNK

A high school basketball game played recently in Columbus, Ohio began with a free throw. During pregame practice a couple of East High players violated the "no dunking" rule by stuffing the ball through the basket. The referee saw them and, because the rule is against dunking at any time, called a technical foul. It was enforced as soon as the buzzer sounded to start the game. A Whetstone High player stepped to the line, shot, missed and the game went on.

Coach Bob Hart of East High said he was not surprised that the call had been made and he made no protest about it. "I've told our kids repeatedly about the rule," Hart said. "I don't suppose they'll need to be reminded again."

Hart's support of the referee is com-

mendable (and big news in itself, since most basketball coaches jump on officials if they so much as say, "Nice day, isn't it?"), but we wonder about the extent of the rule. If a referee is walking down a street and sees a couple of varsity players stuffing the ball during a two-on-two game in a playground, does he make note of it and the following Thursday night call a technical against Weequahic High?

LIFT THAT DESK

Sixty percent of the people in a doctor's office are there because they are underexercised. So claims Bob Spackman, trainer at Southern Illinois University, who as a countermeasure has written a book about exercises that anyone can do at almost any time.

For instance, says Spackman, when you are on the phone, squeeze it as though it were an empty tube of toothpaste. When you are waiting for a traf-



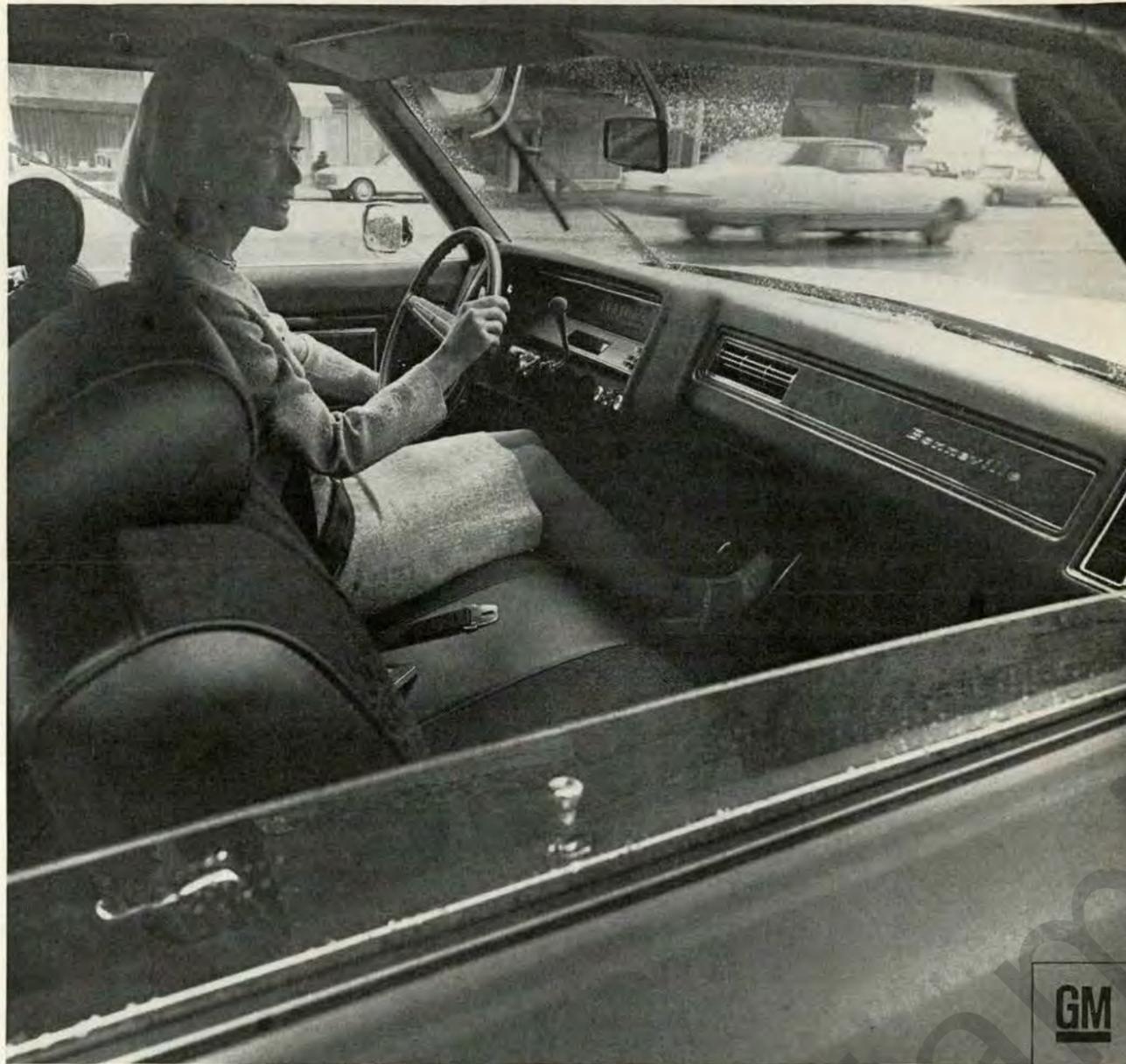
fic light to change, try to collapse the steering wheel by pressing it in from both sides. Or try to push yourself into the back seat by jamming your feet against the floorboard (you might set the hand brake first, before you try this one). At work, try pulling your desk together by grabbing it at the sides. Or try lifting it with your feet.

Spackman's favorite exercise is the simplest. He sucks in his stomach, holds it in for six seconds and then relaxes. "Repeat it three times," he says. "It will keep your stomach muscles firm. You can throw away your girdle."

Spackman, whose book, *Exercise in*

continued

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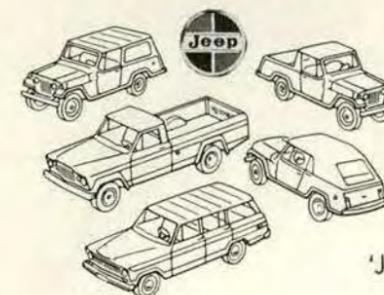


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the Office, was published last November, was once the trainer for the old St. Louis Browns and has long stressed both isometric and isotonic exercises. "Exercise will not keep you from growing old," he admits, "but it will prolong your active years."

It didn't help the St. Louis Browns, we're sorry to say, but it may help you.

WATERS OF FEAR

Despite warnings (SCORECARD, Jan. 27), scuba divers continue to die in Florida's water-filled caves. Late in February two young servicemen explored the infamous Blue Springs Boil, a cavern off the St. John's River, and became the 11th and 12th divers to die in that one cave in one year. Both were experienced open-water scuba divers and both had plenty of air left in their tanks, yet they apparently succumbed to "cavern fever," the panic that can strike a man unused to cavern diving when he loses his bearings and cannot find a quick way out and up to the surface.

There had been talk of putting up fences to keep divers out, but the vast number of caves makes such a project unfeasible. Still, can't fences be erected at particularly dangerous places, like Blue Springs Boil?

CONGLOMERATE DOWNS

Despite their decline on the market, conglomerates are still moving in everywhere, and sport is not being overlooked. Gulf & Western Industries recently worked out a merger with Chicago Thoroughbred Enterprises (which runs two racetracks in Chicago), and now National Industries has moved to acquire Churchill Downs, offering \$30 a share in a stock purchase bid. The conglomerate must buy all shares tendered to it by the stockholders if at least 50% of the shares are tendered (if less than 50% of the shares are tendered, National has its choice of buying or rejecting them). Thus, if all 383,292 shares are tendered, National—a Louisville-based corporation with holdings in retail stores, manufacturing, transportation and oil—will have to pay out \$11.5 million.

About 12% of the stock is held by the 11 men comprising Churchill Downs's board of directors, who last week were understandably uneasy about National's move. Y. Peyton Wells, who owns 3,034 shares, would not give his own reaction to the offer but said he

thought the board would try to take a united stand, one way or the other. Louisville Hotel Owner J. Graham Brown, a director for 32 years and the largest stockholder (26,817 shares, worth \$804,000 at National's \$30 bid), said he would not be for any deal that would take the Kentucky Derby away from Louisville, though no mention of moving the Derby had been made (a National spokesman said the proposed acquisition "would continue control of the Derby within the Kentucky community").

Another board member, A. B. (Bull) Hancock, who owns 2,110½ shares, said he did not want the Derby to become a strictly commercial enterprise. "If necessary," he said optimistically, "we'll form a new group and buy it ourselves. We've run it all right so far—maybe not so good for the stockholders but in the best interest of the Derby. I'm not willing to sell to the first outfit that comes along. We don't want to become part of a conglomerate."

Maybe not, but unless a second group comes up with a higher bid, the question of whether or not National Industries gets the track is in the hands of the stockholders.

POLITICAL GAMBLE

Governor Raymond Shafer of Pennsylvania has had to propose a state income tax. Needless to say, he hasn't found too many supporters, though he may have come up with one in Penn State Football Coach Joe Paterno, a gambling type who will never placekick a conversion for a tie if his team has a chance to run the ball in for a win. Shafer proposed a 3% tax but, as he likes to tell it: "I asked Joe whether we ought to have a 1% tax or a 2% tax, and he said, 'Go for two! Go for two!'"

STEAM CAR ROUND THE BEND

Bill Lear's plan to enter a steam car in the Indianapolis 500 (SI, Feb. 3) has been stalled, though not abandoned. The overwhelming snows in Nevada have halted construction on the test track Lear is building, and it cannot now be finished in time for adequate testing before this year's 500. Buzz Nanny, corporate vice-president, says, "We will go ahead and build the racing car and run it and show it, but we won't race at Indy this year. As for next year, we'll take a look and see."

There have been rumors that the Lear

people were having trouble with the steam engine, but Nanny says they have been getting fine results. (Along with the racer, they have been working on a steam car for the California highway patrol and have been "under pressure from the bus and car people to produce something along that line.")

As for reports that boilers have blown up, Nanny explains, "We are testing several types and we run them to destruction to find what their parameters are—though none has actually blown up. Everything is fine. We simply decided that with the setback in weather we were spreading ourselves thin, and it's not efficient."

O.O.O

When Kansas City lost the Athletics to Oakland after the 1967 baseball season, its citizens found some solace in the realization that they would no longer be bedeviled by Charles O. Finley, the Athletics' exuberant proprietor. But now they have discovered that Charlie O. is still the legal owner of the scoreboard in Municipal Stadium, where the new Kansas City Royals will play until their own modern stadium is ready, presumably in 1971. Finley indicated that he wanted to be paid \$50,000 for his scoreboard or else—according to rumors—he would dismantle it and give it away to a school or college. ("And he's just tough enough to do it," said a Kansas City official.)

The city hates the thought of paying \$50,000 of the taxpayers' money to the man it loves to hate, but a new board would cost \$200,000 and could not be installed in time for the season. Reluctantly, the city council took steps to appropriate the required amount.

Replying to criticism that there had been too much delay in settling the scoreboard matter, City Councilman Sal Capra said, ruefully, "You've never dealt with a man like Charlie Finley."

THEY SAID IT

• Horatio Luro, successful Thoroughbred trainer, on why he will not train his wife's horses: "When you train a horse for a lady, sometimes it loses. So you make excuses. You can call the lady by phone and explain. When you hang up, the conversation ends. For your wife you can go home to make the excuses. Maybe the conversation never ends." **END**

Too bad old batteries don't go bald before they die

Batteries give up the ghost quietly. No death struggle. No going out with a bang. They just sit there and don't do anything.

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The DieHard. Sold only at Sears. \$29.95 with trade-in. In Canada, at Simpsons-Sears at slightly higher prices.

Sears
ALLSTATE

Homicide or busthead, heroin or heist—which way will Gypsy fall? “You have no choice,” says the friend. “It chooses you. It just happens. Quickly. Then one day you wake up and you’re doin’ 15 to 20 somewhere, or they’re tryin’ to break you at Lexington or you find yourself prayin’ for one lousy little beer to hang what’s left of you on. The way will be even tougher for Gypsy because he’s been somebody else.”

Calamity, one often felt, trailed Gypsy like other men’s shadows. Nothing catastrophic ever happened to him, but there was always the feeling that he was so destructible, so fragile. The feeling persists and intensifies. Yet, contrarily, Gypsy is not a violent man, or even antisocial. It is just that what he called his “defense, the protection” was so potentially dangerous, when you remember the sinister click of his switchblade, the bayonet or the .45 being placed resolutely on the table in a bar. “Man, it’s bad out there,” he would say. It is especially bad for a man with a busted ego.

When Gypsy first surfaced it was easy to transform him into a symbol of the times. His kaleidoscopic, improvising style was interpreted by that suffocating phrase, “Doing his thing.” His nonchalance, his resistance to training, were viewed as his expression of cool dissent; he was, they said, boxing’s “flower child.” The trouble was that the tag never belonged on him, nor was it wanted. Even his attitude toward black militancy or separatism was one of supreme disinterest. He was simply Gypsy, picaresque and primitive. There were a couple of reasons why he fought, but there was really only one drive. Sociological terms like “upward mobility” had no meaning for Gypsy. He sought only the approbation of The Street. “His world,” says Pollack, “has no status or stratification. He is a hero in that one area of society and that’s enough. Gypsy lives in a real world without fantasy.” He did not want to change, says Durham. “He was happy on The Street. While he was fightin’.”

Gypsy’s long slide back began with his own attitude. He never seemed to like fighting, but he knew he needed it. The ring was his only way of creating, of expressing himself; the “science” of the sport bored him. His critics often dismissed his work, which seemed to remind them of a piece of J.C. Penney jewelry. But if you had no stylistic prejudices or distaste for the man personally, he could be awfully striking and effective. At times he came at you like the spinning color wheel in a discothèque, but more often he was artful and highly original with his bold, blaring strokes. The creation was what counted, and all else—except The Street—meant nothing. The money? “Hell, money!” says Durham. “He’d get, say, a cut of 8,000 and he’d be lookin’ to borrow 300 five days later. Then you could get him to train.” Nothing better reflects Gypsy’s attitude toward boxing than his training habits, which were none.

Gypsy was gifted, but no fighter can escape the tedious

rigors of the gym, no fighter can eat sloppily, train desultorily and continually end up on the day of a fight running and skipping rope and hammering the bags for six or seven rounds. True, there was Harry Greb (who also fought with one eye), Max Baer and others who worked the nights, but traditionalists say—and they are usually right—that the demands of the ring must be met with loneliness, asceticism and celibacy, until the point is reached where all of the emotions of deprivation rush out in one sweet, furious release. “I didn’t have to train all that much,” says Gypsy. “Nobody could ever hit me that much, and I sure weren’t tired in a ring in my life.” Yes, agrees Durham, “He was amazin’.”

Why, with so much at stake, did he neglect training? Was he just irresponsible or was it because he feared the savage Philadelphia gyms for what might happen to his eye in them? Both, surely, may have been reasons, and it was only a matter of time before his behavior drove a wedge between him and his managers. Durham, though resenting Reddish’s indolence, had done his best. He offered Gypsy \$5 for every time he would come to the gym.

continued



At the camp of Joe Frazier, whom he manages, Yank Durham tells why he cannot accept Gypsy’s story.

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NO GOODY

In the tiny Bavarian mill town of Herzogenaurach, down the road and a turn of a century or two from Nürnberg, live two brothers who make track shoes and pay amateur athletes as much as \$10,000 to wear them. The sons of a poor but vigorous laundress—she washed, they delivered—Adolf and Rudolf Dassler first made house slippers, then changed over to soccer boots and track shoes and in time became the leading *Sportschuhfabrikanten* in the world. As brothers, however, they grew to be strangers one to another.

When you have said that Adolf and Rudolf Dassler are alike in that they were both outstanding athletes, you have run out of similarities. Adolf is quick-witted but rather shy, more gratified by the entries he makes in the idea book he keeps on his nightstand than by the figures in the company ledger. He loves the shoes he fashions. He is a man with a great sense of the past, who wears knickerbockers and walks his dog for hours at a time. Rudolf, on the other hand, is a cigar-smoking, boisterous backslapper, brimming with *Gemütlich-*

keit and business sense. He brags a lot. He carries pictures of the big fish he has caught.

The exact causes of family feuds are often difficult to arrive at. Certainly, that of the Dassler brothers is no exception. Their mutual antagonism resulted in cash payoffs during the last Olympics totaling an estimated \$100,000, in addition to approximately \$350,000 worth of equipment given away in the Olympic year.

Among Adidas employees the scuttlebutt is that before World War II, when the brothers were still partners, Rudolf

said quietly, 'I'm blind in my right eye too. I'm just like you, Mr. Pollack. Since the age I was 11.'

No one will ever be certain when Gypsy lost the sight in his eye; pick through the gelatinous structure of boxing, and you emerge, hopefully, with only an approximation of the truth, an educated evaluation or merely suspicion. But there is no question that the commission knew there was at least impairment in Gypsy's eye, beginning with his very first examination. If it did not know, then it did not perform even the perfunctory task of looking at its own medical reports.

If, indeed, the commission did inspect the routine findings after each examination, why was Gypsy never told of his condition or warned that in view of it he must train conscientiously—for his own protection—if he wished to continue fighting? History has dolorously proved that commissions are ineffectual, but one forever hopes they will learn to fulfill their principal function, which is to protect the public and the health of the fighters—not the orchestrating of back-room subterfuge, not the wearing of bland smiles or the mouthing of endless inanities.

Philadelphia indulged Gypsy Joe. Truant in training, cavalier about prefight procedures, he frolicked and capered from the beginning without the slightest supervision. The reason appears obvious. Gypsy Joe, the leader of the town's fight renaissance in a way Joe Frazier could never be, meant prosperity for boxing in Philadelphia. Gypsy insists the commission knew he was blind but allowed him to fight so long as it served someone's purpose. "It was fixed to let me fight," he says, "and then it was unfixed by somebody." The records, although they do not indicate blindness, do not do much to allay his suspicions:

Feb. 8, 1965—Right eye is 20/40. [It is noted that Harris wears glasses.] Right eye is to be checked with glasses and if not corrected then he must have ophthalmic evaluation. [Signed] Ayella, M.D.

Feb. 22, 1965—Right eye still to be checked for glasses.

March 29, 1965—Vision in the right eye is now 20/50. Ayella: Have advised correction of difference in vision, manager to be advised.

Aug. 18, 1965—Subject has been examined at Wills Eye Hospital and told he is okay. However, we want this in writing. His manager has been so instructed.

Gypsy never returned to Wills Eye Hospital but instead went to Dr. Milton J. Freiwald, an eye specialist, on Oct. 8, 1966. Dr. Freiwald found that Gypsy's vision had deteriorated in a year and a half from 20/40 to 20/300, which, if it does not signify legal blindness in the right eye, surely indicates the eye was useless in the ring. "The injury," reported Dr. Freiwald, "was sustained at the age of 11 years, when he was struck with a brick to the right ocular structure. Blurred vision resulted to the right eye." Dr. Freiwald wrote a letter to the commission for Gypsy saying that, although he was suffering an impairment, he could continue boxing provided he was carefully watched

and supervised. The commission did neither, and two years and 11 fights later Gypsy's career came to an end.

On Oct. 10, 1968, while preparing to meet Manny Gonzalez, Gypsy reported for a prefight physical. The night before, Yank Durham had received a strange phone call. "Don't show up for the exam tomorrow," the anonymous caller told him. "There's not going to be any fight." Durham did not attend the examination. Gypsy arrived, his right eye inflamed. While training, he said, he had been continually thumbed by a sparring partner with whom he had long been at odds. "It seemed like a little conjunctivitis," says Wildman. "A little pinkeye. There didn't seem anything to worry about." Gypsy was sent immediately to Dr. Harold Scheie, another specialist. Dr. Scheie found him to be blind in the right eye. In a letter to the commission, Dr. Scheie said that Gypsy's "vision is limited to light perception . . . due to a practically complete cataract." He added that "the lens [is] nearly completely opaque . . . [which] suggests a long-standing ocular pathology. . . ." The commission read Dr. Scheie's report and barred Gypsy from boxing. Why didn't Dr. Freiwald recommend that? Did he, after weighing all the evidence (he saw Gypsy fight many times), decide to let Gypsy go on fighting for nonmedical reasons? Did he consider the social and psychological aspects of the case and decide that fighting was Gypsy's only hold on life?

Besides the medical questions—who would profit from taking away Gypsy's license? The managers? The breed's money morality would seem to put them in the clear. The promoters? Maybe. Most promoters need no profit motive to make a "move," just a grudge or sufficient pique over not having the exclusive rights to a talent. And commissions have always been pliable enough for a promoter to bend.

Whether it was intentionally vague, indifferent or, like its colleagues elsewhere, just dumb, the Pennsylvania commission cannot elude criticism. It used Gypsy but gave him nothing. Wildman had said, "We never heard anything about his blindness—total, semi, partial or anything." Then what was Dr. Freiwald's report of a 20/300 condition? Was it just a recommendation that Gypsy required glasses? The commission, it seems clear, was never interested in Gypsy's physical welfare. Now it is heavy with sensitivity and generous with sympathy. "I can't let him fight," says Wildman sadly. "I just can't. I know it's . . . it's like sending him slowly to the gas chamber."

This is a beautiful example of missionary morality—save the natives from the crazing rum and let them die of malnutrition; protect Gypsy from future injury but commit him to The Street. The Street has the same geography, the same precipices everywhere, and you have to know its desperate horrors before you can decide whether it is better for Gypsy to be "out there"—or be a one-eyed fighter. "I'd rather have a cat fightin' with one eye than be a two-eyed junkie or a killer," says a friend of Gypsy's.

continued



could have tempered his passions or checked his long slide toward a leftover life—so far from the one that promised so much just a short time ago. Frolicsome and singular whether he was in a ring or chalking a cue, Gypsy's rise was one of bonfire brilliance. At 22, embraced by those faddists who pursue the public mood, he was a major force in boxing, a box-office power and the sudden salvation of the sport in Philadelphia. At 24 Gypsy is just another name in boxing's long litany of failure, his own victim and a broken pawn in a callous gambit shrouded in mystery—a mystery daily mirrored by the face in the gym window on Columbia Avenue.

The gym, run by the police, is where Gypsy began fighting, where one night he was found banging wildly at the door, an ice cream melting in his hand and a pack of hunters not far behind. He stood there now, 12 years since it all began, looking out of the window, the glass misted by a fine rain. Outside, the faces floated by, faces of men wearing hats tipped for Saturday night love, of old women with hair set for Sunday morning church. He turned his eyes from the window and his head to the side. In the yellow light the profile—shaved head, corpselike expression, slack jaw and bent nose—was a haunting sculpture. He pointed to his right eye. It was like a dead agate.

"It's been like this for a long time," he said. "I've been blind in my right eye ever since Halloween of 1957 when some kid hit me in the eye with a brick. It was like this when I went for the prefight exams. The color was bad. I never had any trouble passin' physicals. If

you memorize the third and fourth lines of the chart, you're all right. All the time I was fightin' I wasn't afraid of the ring or the bad eye or the good one or anything. Just afraid that someone, somehow would say somethin' about the blind eye and they'd pick up my license. It happened. In one second I was dead." The words—if true—are a powerful indictment of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

The commission contests Gypsy's statement. "If you watch a doctor giving an eye test," says Commissioner Frank Wildman, "you know it's too tough to fake. Sure, I suppose it can be done, but how does one know what line is going to be called? We'd never heard anything about his blindness—total, semi, partial or anything—until after his license was suspended." The relationship between Wildman and Gypsy was often strained but it was not vengeful or vicious. "I've never been associated with a nicer kid," says Wildman, "but he was always a headache. Gypsy lives in another world. It's hard to uncover the truth with him." Wildman's view gets some corroboration from Yank Durham, who co-managed Gypsy along with Reddish, and Al Massey, a lightweight who lingered in Gypsy's shadow.

"No way," says Durham, "for him to be blind and still be so slick in avoidin' punches." Massey is less succinct. "Any man with a bright sense," he says, "knows he could not get away from punches the way Gypsy did if he were blind in one eye. The only time he got hit was when he wanted to get hit." Why would he say it if it were not true? "Well now," says Massey slyly, "if he say he was blind in one eye and not gettin' hit and doin' his stuff and lookin' pretty, the people begin to think, 'Damn! What if that cat had two eyes?'"

An incident on a mink farm in Pennsylvania not long ago adds credibility to Gypsy's claim. It happened in July of 1967 while he was visiting a close friend and benefactor named Bernard Pollack, a boxing dilettante, psychologist and wealthy mink rancher and furrier. Pollack, like Gypsy, has a shaved head and no sight in his right eye either; he lost the sight while sparring with one of his fighters. The fear of losing the vision in his remaining eye oppresses him constantly. He wears a dark-smoked lens over his bad eye and looks anxiously at the light with his good one. His head cocked toward the light, he says, "It was like this. Gypsy was up at my training camp one week, and it was 6:30 and we had just finished dinner and were walking around the countryside. For some reason we were discussing relative vision and how important it is. Gypsy offered that his vision was superb, and then he stopped suddenly and pointed to a tree a little less than 100 yards away and said, 'There's a caterpillar crawlin' on that limb out there.' I told him he was crazy, but he insisted and took us directly to the tree, the branch and the caterpillar. It was a fantastic display of animal acuity. Then, after a long moment, he

TWO-SHOES

The leading sports shoemakers in the world are the German firms of Adidas and Puma, owned by two hostile brothers, Adolf and Rudolf Dassler. Their feud resulted in cash payoffs of some \$100,000 to athletes at the Olympics by JOHN UNDERWOOD

persuaded Adolf that they should both file military enlistment forms. However, only Adolf's went into the mail. A cleaning woman found Rudolf's unposted. Ironically, it turned out that it was Rudolf who eventually was called up for the duration. Adolf was summoned home to their factory to make barrels for antitank guns instead of shoes. After the war Rudolf was imprisoned by the Americans for 12 months. He had been a member of the Nazi party. But so had Adolf. Rudolf believed Adolf could have hastened his release; Adolf

insisted that he did all he could, risking imprisonment himself.

The rift widened. According to one account, there was a flagrant attempt to alienate Adolf from his wife Käthe. Lesser grievances became issues. Rudolf's oldest son Armin was accused of spitting on Aunt Käthe. He was sitting on a balcony of the house the families shared, his legs dangling through the rails. "I was watching my spit," he recalls, "a little Galileo, watching it go down from the balcony, and my aunt passed below. It was a big affair. I had

spit on my aunt." One Christmas, Armin was invited downstairs for presents; the next Christmas he was not.

"As people," says Adolf Dassler today, "we are not compatible. It is the same as in marriage. It is better to separate early than when it is too late." For the past 20 years the brothers have made their shoes independently, operating separate fiefs in the medieval town, Adolf and his family under the company name "Adidas," a contraction of his own, Rudolf and his family under the name "Puma," after the fast cat. A

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continued



Behind Willie Reddish, his onetime co-manager, is the Police Athletic League gym where Gypsy Joe got his start.



signpost at a junction on the road into Herzogenaurach indicates the opposite-ness of their paths: the blue Adidas sign points one way, the green Puma sign points the other. The Adidas sign is on top.

Since 1949, Adolf and Rudolf have not exchanged a single word, except on legal matters. They sue each other regularly.

Rudolf Dassler celebrated his 70th birthday last April. He is two years his brother's senior. There was a big party. All day long, according to his son Armin, the old man waited for a card or a call from Adolf. (It must be said in passing that Armin may be a bit of a sentimentalist.) Two days later Rudolf received a restraining order on an advertising claim Puma was making. The suit had been filed by Adidas on Rudolf's birthday. Adolf did not think this so unkind a cut or, for that matter, unusual. On his 50th birthday, he recalled, he, too, had received a restraining order. He said his whole family had been sued at one time or another and that soon

he expected his grandchildren to begin having the pleasure.

The estrangement of the brothers' houses is absolute, the acrimony unremitting. As a result, their shoemaking is unsurpassed. Being best of enemies, they have forced one another to become millionaires—or, at least, Adolf is a millionaire because he makes better shoes and many more of them, being artful rather than slick. His brother's greater success does not sit well with Rudolf. Adolf, speaking of the days of *Gebrüder Dassler*, was quoted by a London journalist as saying, "If there had been a hole left in Rudolf every time I had to poke him and say, 'Heh, that was my invention,' he would look today like a piece of Gruyère." Rudolf read it and sued. Too busy to go to court, Adolf claimed he was misquoted.

The suits are volleyed back and forth to keep each side from getting too reckless with its advertising (they comb each other's catalogs, looking for words like "best" and "fastest") or from being too obvious with its piracy. Otherwise,

Adidas and Puma follow the normal guidelines of cutthroat business practice, assailing one another with technology and invention—Adidas made 132 changes in its *Wunderschuh* from one Olympiad to the next—slashing, gouging, kicking and heeling one another with merchandising.

The companies grew rapidly. Ideas be-got ideas. When Adolf offered a "Vulcanized Nylon Sole Without a Leather Middle Layer," Rudolf countered with a "Living Nylon Shoe With Air Conditioning." Their factories multiplied—Adidas' to 16 (seven in Germany, eight in France, one in Austria, in addition to sales companies and franchises in six other countries), producing 22,000 pairs of shoes a day. Adidas had to rent two computers to keep up with the paper work, and design \$100,000 machines that could sole 30 shoes at a time. An Adidas engineer said that if business got any better a factory would be needed to produce athletes to fill the shoes. However, at the moment Adidas has plenty of the former: more than 275 world track and field records have been made in its shoes. Those shod by Adidas in other sports range from Oscar Robertson to Rod Laver to Muhammad Ali to nearly all the members of the UCLA football team, not to mention special guest star O. J. Simpson.

Puma's rise was more modest, having suffered an early setback when Rudolf antagonized the trainer of the German national soccer team and lost the account to Adidas. Puma now has six factories, but its production figures are kept secret to conceal how far below Adidas' they are. (Adidas obligingly estimates Puma's production at 5,000 pairs a day. It aggravates Käthe Dassler that "Rudolf likes to give people the impression he is as big as we are.") The Portuguese soccer star, Eusebio, was photographed kissing a Puma shoe; Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams is a Puma representative; American runners Lee Evans and John Carlos set unofficial world records in the controversial Puma "brush" shoe, which has 68 tiny hand-inserted spikes for running on synthetic tracks. "My idea," says Rudolf.

Both Adidas and Puma claim to export to 100 countries and, wherever they invade, local competition has withered. Their shoes—kangaroo skin! *reverse kangaroo skin!*—are lighter, more flexible, better-constructed and better-look-



Rudolf Dassler of Puma began paying off in 1960, with stipends to Sprinter Armin Hary.



Pennsylvania Commissioner Frank Wildman (below) ruled that Gypsy Joe Harris' defective right eye barred him from boxing. Wildman was just one player in a deadly game involving a man's health and livelihood that finally drove Gypsy back to the despair of *The Street* by MARK KRAM

BLIND MAN'S BUFF

Even in that other time, then a soft summer afternoon, it seemed to be winter, the tableau so much like the gray etching of a tenement in a snowfall. Now, two years later, a Saturday afternoon, winter, dark falling on the soiled sunlight—nothing had changed. Not even the visual fragments: the eyes of the pawnbroker squinting at an old pinstripe suit; the black half-painted poolroom windows where raised cue tips wiggle and droop just above the paint line; and, finally, Willie Reddish, his porpoise body heaving and snoozing in the gym's big ripped chair, to the lullaby of a light bag.

Now it was an untroubled, dreamless sleep, but it never used to be. For a long time Willie used to sleep with one eye on the gym door, a hand on his wallet and a line like "I ain't got no money" poised on his lips. The eye waited for a boy who rarely came. The hand was there not because Willie feared robbery, but because whenever the boy was in the vicinity Willie and his money were soon parted. The line was always ready for the women who would rouse him, squeaking, "He said for you to give me some money. You got money!" These problems are gone now. Willie does not manage Gypsy Joe Harris anymore. Nobody manages Gypsy anymore.

Nobody, it seems, could ever have managed Gypsy,

continued



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIO MARCILLA

ing and not unreasonably priced. Labor is cheap in Germany. Even American manufacturers throw up their hands. MacGregor tried to survive by acting as a jobber for Adidas, then got out of the sports shoe market entirely. Converse is concerned with the inroads Adidas is making in basketball. Wilson and Riddell were pressed to match the Germans' football shoes (Adidas alone has six different models). When Valsport, an Italian soccer boot firm, began making headway in Britain, Adidas showered the country with free boots—one of its favorite ploys—and Valsport never had a prayer.

However good it is for business, the acid drip-drip of the Dassler vendetta has created a malignancy in the *corpo* of amateur sport—one that wasn't particularly *sano* to begin with. It might not be entirely fair, but it is certainly apropos to cite an early Rudolf quote: "We know that compared to Adidas we are second. To make us first, we've got to produce better shoes, new ideas and explore other areas." Puma found it could cut into Adidas' 9-to-1 advantage by paying soccer players to switch shoes. There was nothing particularly unethical about it because the soccer players were professionals. But in 1960 Puma paid Armin Hary of West Germany, the Olympic champion and world-record holder in the 100-meter dash, to step out of Adidas and into Puma. Though track shoes represent only 10% to 15% of both companies' production, each considers it essential to its advertising that it shoe the world's fastest feet. The Adidas markings—three parallel slashes down the side of the shoe at the arch—are easily identifiable (*see cover*), even in head-on photographs or in the blur of a race.

Before Hary's deal with Puma, Adidas had been able to satisfy its amateur stars with free shoes—30,000 pairs in one Olympic year—and lots of individual attention. Adi Dassler enjoys tinkering with special foot problems and catering to the whims of exceptional athletes. Uwe Seeler, the Hamburg soccer star, had an aching Achilles' tendon that Adi soothed with a unique padded shoe; for Martin Lauer, the hurdler, he made the revolutionary "interval" shoe, so that Lauer might train with an injured ankle. More recently Adi has fashioned exceptionally narrow shoes for Ralph Boston; for Charlie Greene, who digs variety, he made green, gold and black shoes; and

he built a special pair for Tracy Smith, who has a size-9½ left foot and a size-10 right foot. Adidas' individual attention has also included gifts of tape recorders.

Prior to the Rome Olympics, Puma, whose identifying mark is a single sweeping stripe along the side of the shoe, approached Hary, offering him money and a cut of the profits from the sales of a special Armin Hary model. Hary then asked Adidas whether it would match Puma's offer. Adidas declined. Hary was later suspended when a Frankfurt meet promoter refused to pay his asking price and Hary, in turn, wouldn't run. He was never officially challenged on the shoe payoff because the German track and field federation didn't want to make him give back his gold medal.

More payoffs followed. *Der Spiegel* accused Puma of giving Decathlonier Manfred Bock excessive expenses (Bock was going to be a Puma representative: "It is the dream of every athlete," explained Rudolf Dassler). Miler Jürgen May and Distance Runner Jürgen Haase

were revealed to have accepted Puma money. Adidas, which had been able to claim that more than 80% of the world's best runners ran in "die Weltmarke mit den 3 Riemen," now felt compelled to retaliate, payoff for payoff where necessary, to keep the thumb on Puma's jugular. It was not a very big expenditure for a time.

But, having opened this can of worms, the Dasslers were unable to close it. They discovered that amateur athletes, conditioned to deceit by outdated amateur rules and comatose amateur ruling bodies like the AAU, were no more loth to be compromised than a child is reluctant to open a candy wrapper. The word got around. Payoffs proliferated. The *Sportschuhmacher* were caught in a demeaning and increasingly expensive practice. The athletes began to play one firm against the other. By the time they moved their operations to Mexico for the 1968 Olympic Games, Adidas and Puma were in the position—as a grateful athlete put it—of a pair of super ice cream vendors. When the wagons came

continued



Adolf Dassler of Adidas entered payoff battle late but shoed 85% of Olympic medalists.

around, it was as if a bell had rung, and the boys lined up.

One American opportunist shopped from wagon to wagon, back and forth, until he wound up with \$10,000, making him the highest-paid amateur at the Games. Another, on an educated guess, switched from Adidas to Puma just before he won his gold medal and afterward went around to the hotel where the Puma people were staying to see what his reward might be. "Puma," he said, relating his experience to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, "was very pleased." The reward was the \$6,000 he needed to close the deal on a flashy new automobile. In return he promised to wear Puma for the rest of his amateur life. "Why shouldn't I?" he said. "I never got anything. Why should I sit around like a hermit when everybody is making money out of these people? If I can give them publicity, they ought to pay me for it."

Payoffs ranged down from there. Curiously, some athletes maintained a sense of proportion, as if they knew how much they were worth or how much their consciences would stand. Here, in his words, is the rationale of one:

"I had worn Adidas for three or four years. Then, when we were at South Lake Tahoe [the training site for the U.S. Olympic track team], Art Simburg [an American representative for Puma] took me out to dinner and said he wanted me to wear Puma shoes. He did not offer any money but said he would help me in any way he could, if it were reasonable. I knew Puma had been helping athletes, giving monthly payments—\$100, \$200—but all I wanted was to take my wife to Mexico with me. I asked for her expenses. Agreed.

"Then I got to thinking. Why not ask Adidas for help? I went to Dick Bank [a Beverly Hills real-estate developer and track authority who was then the Adidas representative]. Bank said he would have to ask. He didn't want to do it. But he got word back that Adidas would also reimburse me for my wife's travel. We were talking about \$500. I'd get the money in Mexico City.

"When I got to Mexico City, I decided I wanted to take my wife to Acapulco after the Games. Now we were talking about \$1,000. I knew athletes who got more but I didn't want to be greedy. I just wanted a good time. Puma said they would go the whole route. Adidas would not.

"My arrangement with Puma was only for the Games. I feel performance is 99% man and 1% shoe, and the quality of the shoes is pretty much the same, but I wanted the freedom to select the shoe I liked best. I am sure I will talk with them both again. If they want me to wear their shoes next year, more payments will be needed.

"After the competition I went with a friend to the hotel to get our bread. We were in there talking to Art Simburg and we met Armin Dassler and Karl Wallach of Puma, and all the while other teammates of mine kept coming and going. I didn't feel bad at all about the money I took. I should have done it long ago."

Not all those who submitted were quite so tickled to death with themselves. The night of the U.S. Olympic Trials, a veteran runner sat in the cocktail lounge

of his Los Angeles hotel, brooding over a second drink. When he got up, he said, "Well, I've made up my mind. I'm going to sell my soul." A short while later he returned, sat down heavily and ordered another drink. "I've done it," he said. "I've agreed to run in Puma shoes [he eventually switched back to Adidas when his price was met]. On my salary it's the only way I have to get [my wife] to the Games. They've agreed to pay her way. I feel awful."

The battle of the shoe manufacturers in Mexico City—now as much a part of Olympic obloquy as Paavo Nurmi's lavish expense account and the terrible case of Arrachion the Greek, a wrestler, who was declared a winner just as he was being strangled to death—was conducted at the front by the sons of *Gebrüder Dassler*: Horst of Adidas and Armin of Puma.

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HOCKEY *continued*

—the latter the senior men's figure skating champion of the Kootenays region of British Columbia—have 43 goals between them, and Ferguson is a strong contender for Rookie of the Year honors. Gary Jarrett has 20 goals, six of them the important first goal of a game.

During the player draft last June, Selke and Glover plucked Carol Vadnais from Montreal's juicy chain, and today Vadnais would be the top young defenseman on any NHL club except Boston. Defenseman Bert Marshall, one of those former Red Wings on the team, is blossoming even while combating injuries. And Doug Roberts, one of the two Americans in the NHL, has benefited from a switch from right wing to defense.

"We figured we'd know by Christmas if we had a hockey player in Roberts," Glover says. "We found out a long time before that." The turning point came, all agree, in a game in St. Louis. Roberts had been playing an improving defense alongside Marshall, who that night suddenly succumbed to the Hong Kong flu. All at once Roberts found himself on the ice with Francois Lacombe, a talented 21-year-old but no Bobby Orr.

"I knew I had to learn faster," says Roberts. "When Freddie put me out there with Frank he might as well have sewed an A [for assistant captain] on my sweater." Roberts is no Orr, either, but since St. Louis he has played as if he deserves his A.

The Seals have been shakiest where they expected to be strongest—in goal. Regulars Gary Smith and Charlie Hodge have been inconsistent, but help has arrived in the rangy, quick-witted person of 21-year-old Chris Worthy. It will take only a little seasoning for Worthy to become an exceptional goalie. He has been at his best against the East, winning three games and tying one. Even in two heavy defeats he kept his head.

Happy over Worthy, mad about Glover and walking with his head up, Bill Torrey left the club's offices last Saturday morning for The Elegant Farmer Restaurant in Jack London Square, where the NHL was to make the official announcement of Trans-National's takeover. "I'll be glad when this year is over," he said, tapping his briefcase. "This ownership thing has been dragging on so long we haven't been able to do a lot of things we've wanted to do. I've been carrying Freddie's new contract around for two weeks now."

END

Horst Dassler is built on the lines of his father—a small, wiry man with great energy who, although only 32, plays a leading role in Adidas' success story. Horst is conversant in four languages, each one adaptable to the disarming, window-to-the-soul way he blinks both eyes when making a point. When he was 20, he went to Melbourne for the Olympics and talked a large percentage of the medal winners into Adidas shoes. And he did it without payoffs. When discussing the evolution of the scandal with *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, and admitting his part in it (but adamantly refusing to name any of the athletes involved), Horst also spoke of happier days when technology was what counted.

"I remember when we decided to make four-spike shoes," Horst said. "My father and I went into the woods where we had a cinder track, a very hard track.

We ran as fast as we could and then we looked at the holes the spikes had made. With one shoe, the six-spike, we made one big hole. With the other there were four distinct little holes. The four-spike shoe was more efficient."

His father is crazy about track, Horst said. He keeps a private museum of his special shoes—a pair made for Jesse Owens, another for Bob Hayes, shoes of style and lightness—and he enjoys taking them out to show their fine points. "He likes all the technical things about it, which he does not find in soccer," said Horst. "He is not interested in commercial things. He does not know about figures. He does not understand that he has created something that people get money to wear. Now it is no more use to discuss technical things with athletes. Now it is only of use to discuss money."

Armin Dassler supplies to Puma the youthful drive and enterprise that Horst does to Adidas—which is to say, he does not take vacations. Armin oversees the rich American market (neither Adolf nor Rudolf speaks more than perfunctory English). Armin is stout and square-headed, with coarse black hair; his eyes are ringed with tired lines that make him look older than his 39 years. When he was a boy, his father wanted him to run laps and do pull-ups in the hope that he might become a track star. Armin preferred swimming and skiing. He is a gentle man who aims to please. In 1962 he tried breaking away from his father's domination by establishing an independent company in Austria ("I wanted to open the mail for myself," he said) but he returned in two years, merging his factory with his father's.

As a result, Armin does not have Horst's independence or self-assurance. He continually alludes to his father's brilliance ("Just say it was father's idea. . . .") "I think father would agree to that. . . ." Where Rudolf blusters, Armin sighs; where Rudolf attacks, Armin defends. When *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* sought an audience with Rudolf at the Puma plant in Herzogenaurach, the old man shouted over the phone: "What do you want from us? Do you want to finish us in America?" He nevertheless agreed to a meeting and received his visitors cheerfully and with slaps on the back, but he laid down strict rules for the discussion and had a lawyer take notes. The meeting was very brief.

Armin comes on more agreeably, being a self-effacing man. He tends to breathe deeply before answering and he is coy in a way the Germans call "Bauernschläue"—a peasant's shrewdness. Rudolf wouldn't talk of payoffs, only to slip in one revealing thought: "Honestly, who [these days] can afford to achieve good performances by training daily without remuneration?" Armin denied participating in payoffs, except to admit a case or two of authorizing plane fare to Mexico City for an athlete's wife.

But, oh, the competition, sighed Armin. "It kills the nerves. It is nice to have success, nice to grow, but sometimes you come to the point where you ask, 'What for?'" He said it makes him sad. He said he had made attempts to reconcile differences through Horst, that they had met on the street in Mel-

continued

PUMA. Examples of Rudolf Dassler's single-stripe Puma shoes include: (1), (3), (4), (9), (12), (13) and (15) spiked track shoes; (2), (5) and (16) soccer shoes; (6) controversial "brush" shoe; (7), (14) and (17) training or warmup shoes; (8) football shoe; (10) handball or all-indoor shoe; (11) experimental spiked track shoe; (18) experimental ladies' polka-dotted track shoe; (19) and (21) experimental ladies' evening track shoes made of lamé and a multicolored material which feels like fish skin; (20) gold soccer shoe worn by Portuguese star Eusebio in world championship.





Adolf's son Horst, of Adidas, freely admitted his role in the payoffs. Rudolf's son Armin, of Puma, was less than forthright on payoff matters.

TWO-SHOES *continued*

bourne and again in a men's room and at a sports show. "I said to him, 'Why can't we sit down and have a beer? Nothing special. Just sit down and be friendly as cousins.'" But the meetings, said Armin, were turned around and interpreted as a Puma attempt to "get something" out of Adidas. "And after Mexico City," he said, "I doubt we will ever get together."

At the beginning Puma almost did not make it to the front in Mexico City. Three years previously Adidas had obtained exclusive sales rights in the Olympic Village by granting a Mexican shoe company, Canada, a franchise to manufacture Adidas shoes. Too late, Puma protested to the Mexican government that such exclusivity was discriminatory and not in the best democratic tradition of the Games. There is, of course, no such tradition. The commercial aspects of the Olympics have always been blatant; the host country is out to make a buck, period, and Mexico had made it in the shoe department with Adidas. Canada eventually sold 10,000 pairs of shoes at the Village, and Adidas was given an import license to get an allotment of its German-made shoes into the country duty-free.

When it was clear that Puma was not going to get such preferential treatment, Armin tried to ship 3,000 pairs of shoes into Mexico in a way that looked suspiciously like an attempt to use Adidas' license to beat the stiff Mexican duty (\$30,000). A preceding telegram from

Air France to Puma's Mexican contact identified the incoming shipment as urgent Adidas traffic. Armin Dassler said it was Air France's error and that, although he had the boxes marked "AD, Mexico" (AD is the customary code prefix for Adidas shipments), it was that way only coincidentally, because he did not think it practical to write out his whole name on each box. "They are my initials," he said. "I am sorry, I can't help it. 'Armin Dassler. A. D.' My middle name is also A—for Adolf." After his uncle.

It could be that Puma was innocent of the subterfuge, or it could be that Armin was just exercising a little *Bauernschläue*, but the Mexicans moved in and arrested Puma agent Simburg with, they said, a large bag of Puma shoes. Armin said Puma athletes were crying for the shoes and he thinks Adidas put the finger on Simburg. "There are thousands of visitors in the Olympic Village," he says. "Why do they go to Art Simburg and say, 'Mr. Simburg, where is your passport?'" Simburg was informally charged with doing business on a tourist's visa and held at a detention center—not a jail, as originally reported—outside town for five days. He was released and talked freely of his experience before Puma told him to clam up. "I think," said Lee Evans, "Art's lips were sealed." Finally, some duty was paid, and 360 of the 3,000 pairs were let in.

That skirmish over with, the shoemak-

ers settled down with their ice cream wagons. Where before they had been furtive (a British athlete once was paid in French francs drawn from a German account in Hungary), they were now so wide open they appeared ludicrous, as if exposure were a public office to be campaigned for. Or, possibly, events had convinced them they were beyond discipline. The athletes were no less flagrant. One, an American, is rumored to have tried to cash a Puma check for 80,000 pesos (\$6,400) at the Village bank and caused a furor. Mexican banks do not keep large sums lying around, being skittish about bank robbery.

An inferiority complex, as defined at the Village, was an athlete who did not get offered something under the table. Payments of \$500 and \$1,000 were not uncommon, but some athletes were willing to jeopardize their amateur standing for a song—pledging to one shoe or the other for as little as \$50.

After the notorious Black Power demonstration by Tommie Smith and John Carlos, who each carried a Puma shoe to the victory stand, word got around that an investigation was brewing at last. Smith denied there was any significance in the shoe. He said that he and Carlos just wanted to go up there in their black socks and didn't want to leave the shoes lying around for somebody to steal. Nonetheless, the demonstration was eagerly interpreted as a skill for Puma. Coupled with other payoff rumors, it was enough to stir U.S. and Olympic of-

HOCKEY *continued*

themselves up by pushing the little guys around. Well let me tell you, there's no better equalizer out there than a hockey stick. With a stick in your hands you're just as big as the next guy. There's not much a stick session won't settle—and I don't mean taking somebody's head off with it."

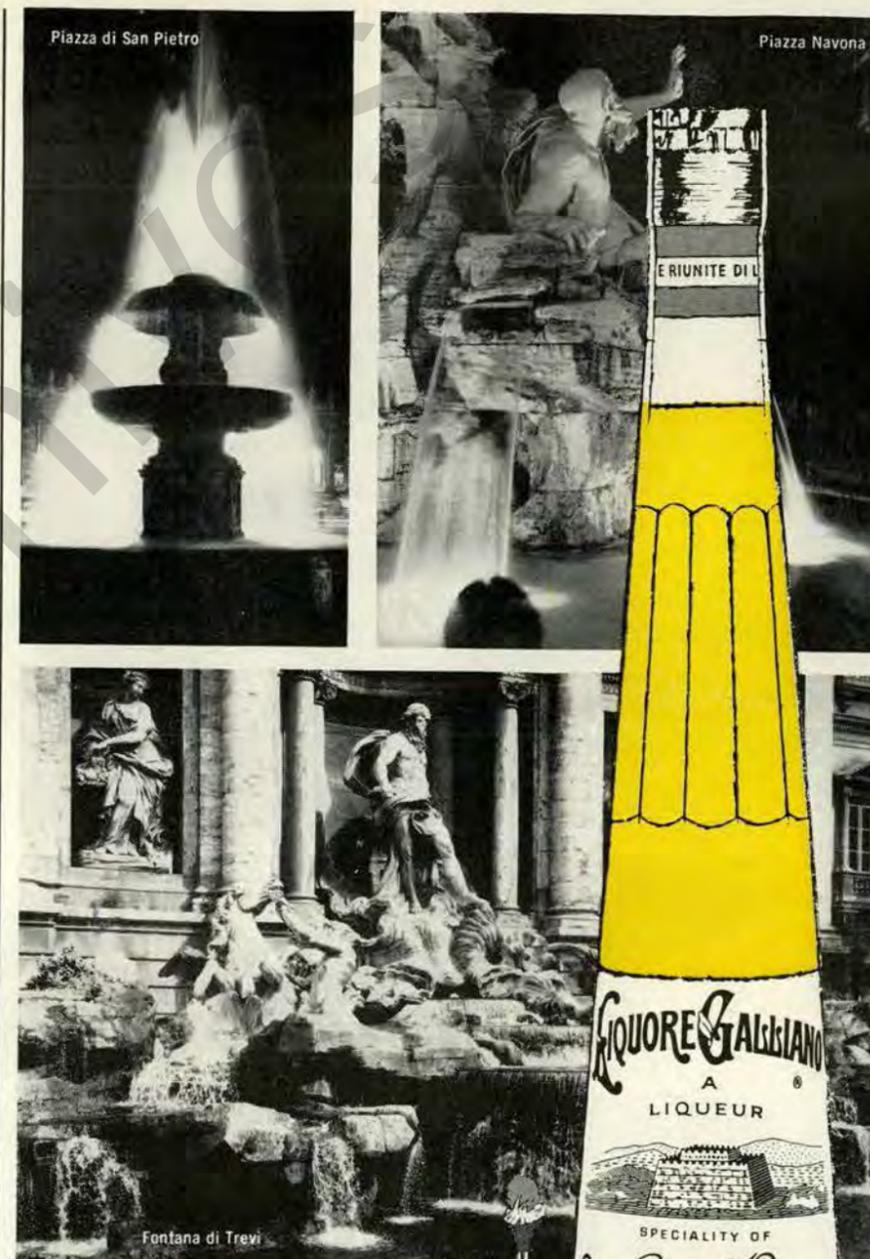
"When Freddie was at Cleveland I think I almost hated him," says Torrey, once in the front office of the old Pittsburgh AHL franchise. "You had to admire him, though, because he was such a competitor. Cleveland seemed to get off to a bad start every year—until Freddie sorted things out. By Christmas we'd be 20 points up and pulling away, but in March you'd look up and there would be Freddie parked at your doorstep, itching for the playoffs to start."

"I couldn't offer Freddie a lot of money," says Selke, "because I didn't have it to offer. All I could give him was a one-year contract and a helluva challenge."

Early this season there were times when Glover came close to putting on a uniform again. But, realizing that sooner or later he had to make it behind the bench, he was content merely to take a full shift in full gear in practice. During games he bashed his hand black and blue and his wristwatch silly against the dasher. "Sometimes," he says, "those officials make me so mad I want to take a bite out of a stick, but I'm getting better."

The scrappy, hard-skating game the Seals now play is more a reflection of what Glover used to be than what he is now. He handles the players in a relatively calm, controlled manner and still manages to light their fire. Because they are so young (the average age is 26.8, second lowest in the NHL), the Seals come up with a clinker now and then. They have been beaten 7-0 and 9-0 by St. Louis and Boston and 8-4 by Montreal. But they have a marvelous ability to bounce back. Center Ted Hampson, one of the half-dozen former Red Wings on the team, is the captain and leading scorer (23 goals, 38 assists). Second to St. Louis' Red Berenson in the West scoring race, Hampson is a digger and a hustler reminiscent of Toronto's Norm Ullman, and the job of lifting the club when it is down inevitably falls to him. Billy Hicke, a former Canadian and Ranger, is enjoying his finest year under Glover with 20 goals and 33 assists. Two rookies, Norm Ferguson and Mike Laughton

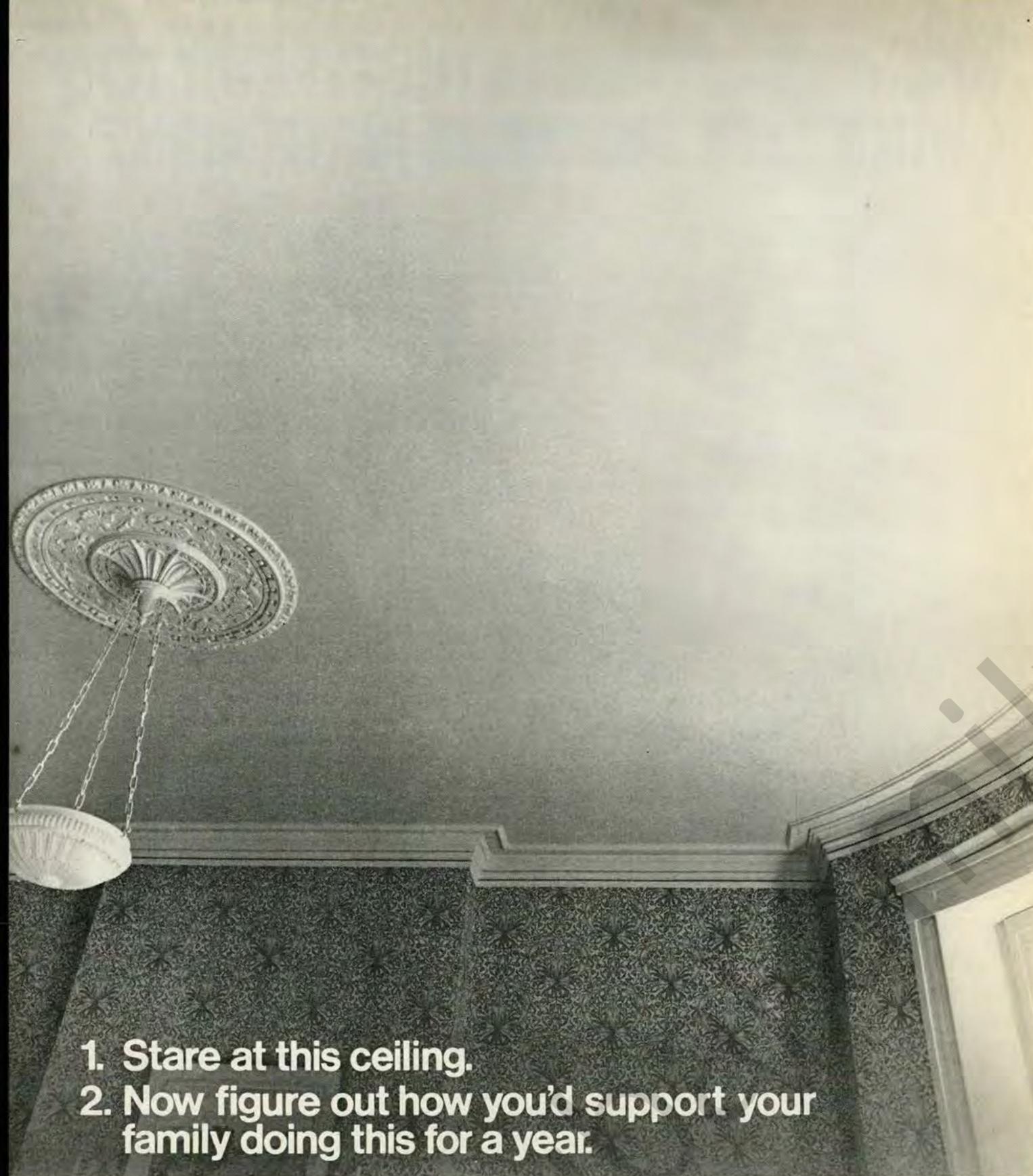
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officials into talk of action. One of two Australians who accepted \$1,000 stayed in his room all day, scared stiff that he would be caught with the money. An American who took \$500 from Adidas got cold feet and announced he had found—surprise, surprise—\$500 in his shoes.

The "investigation" began with trumpets—dark hints of life suspensions and medal forfeiture—and ended with a pitiful toot of a plea from officials for "information" on the payoffs. Nothing happened. The bargaining continued and, when it was all over, about 200 athletes were paid. If medals were indeed demanded of every athlete who got something, the United States would have been stripped almost clean. Dick Bank agreed. He said there were no more than five U.S. medal winners in track and field who did *not* get some money.

As it turned out, the most discouraging note of all—and the reason the shoe companies had acted with such apparent impunity—was that American officials knew what was going on all along. They had been told, long before, by Adidas and asked to head it off. They did not. Or, more accurately, could not.

When the Games were over, Horst went to Avery Brundage, the president of the International Olympic Committee, and dropped the mess in his lap. By this time it was clear to Horst that even

Adidas could not continue on so charitable a course. It had wound up shoeing an alltime high of 85% of the Olympic medal winners, all right, but this feat had cost the company a small fortune. With that and all the other giveaways—running shoes, sweat suits, bags, training shoes—Adidas was operating at a loss in track and field. It was inconceivable, Horst said, that Adidas would be willing to pay 85% of the athletes forever.

At the Adidas lodge in Landersheim, 30 minutes outside of Strasbourg, Horst Dassler sat at lunch recently and retraced the steps that led to the confrontation with Brundage. The lodge, set against the rolling, wooded Rhine countryside, is manifest evidence of Adidas' success: 20 rooms, each with bath; beamed ceilings; fireplaces; two huge bear rugs, a brown and a white; expensive rustic furniture and tapestries; and a staff of five, catering to the whims of visiting soccer and basketball teams and track stars. Behind the nearby factory is a small track and a field where Horst and his staff play soccer.

Horst saw to the needs of his guests, poured the tart white table wine and got down to business. He said payments had indeed begun with Hary at the time of the Rome Olympics but did not become a problem until Tokyo in 1964,

when "we could see people, very important medal prospects, who used to wear Adidas, in brand-new Puma shoes. When I talked to them, they admitted that money had been promised, and they said, 'If you pay the same, we would stay with Adidas. But we could not afford to turn down so much money.'"

Expensive Sony tape recorders were among the Adidas gifts in Tokyo, but there were "a few cases where we had to pay [cash], especially when we knew that someone was certain to win a gold medal and had been approached by the other company. The payments stopped after the Olympics. No more problems. We had more or less all top American athletes in our shoes.

"Then [last year] it started again with phone calls from Dick Bank. He said, 'Something is going on. Some athletes have switched to Puma. What can we do about it?' I said, 'Nothing. If you start with one, you will have 50 whom you could not turn down.' I said, 'We will wait and see. We can still do something at the last minute in Mexico.'

"When I was at Mt. SAC [Mt. San Antonio, Calif.] for the relays, I could not believe my eyes. Fifty percent of the athletes were wearing Puma shoes. Dick Bank was shocked. He did not want to participate in these money dealings, but I knew I had to do something.

continued

Ex-Adidas representative Dick Bank doled out shoes, but was appalled. Puma representative Art Simburg was arrested in the Olympic Village.



I could not believe so much money was being spent. I met with the athletes to discuss things. I realized 80% of the American team would have been in Puma shoes had we not done something. It would not have cost them very much, as long as we did not pay. Some athletes ran for \$50 in Puma shoes.

"Before we started to make any real deals with the athletes, we informed the AAU about what was going on and we also told the different American coaches who were responsible for Mexico. This was done in Sacramento at the AAU championships, where we were represented by our Canadian collaborator, Ray Schiele. He phoned me, and I told him to ask them to stop it. The AAU people were very aware of the situation. They said they could not do anything. Later, the AAU blamed the shoe manufacturers. Ollan Cassell [the AAU's director of track and field] said, 'You should not throw stones from a glass house.' He was talking about what Adidas had done in Tokyo."

Horst immediately took charge of the payoffs. Dick Bank, he felt, was not the man to handle it. Bank had alienated many of the athletes; they complained that he played favorites, that he doled out shoes as rewards for satisfying his opinion of how they should perform. Jim Ryun got so many free shoes he passed them around to his University of Kansas teammates, but lesser lights were kept guessing or made to feel obligated. "I felt guilty the moment I laced on my first pair," said one. Black athletes, especially, found Bank haughty and blamed him for their disenchantment with Adidas. "Dick Bank," says Armin Dassler of Puma, "was our best man in America." But whatever else he was, Bank was—and is—a wholehearted believer in the amateur ideal. He was appalled by the payoffs. (In Mexico City, just before he resigned his Adidas job, Bank said, "The IAAF knows all about it. They have to know. They won't do anything. They're gutless. What's going on here is disgusting.")

Horst Dassler, appreciating Bank's feelings, chose to use "certain coaches" to approach athletes at the conclusion of the AAU meet in Sacramento. "I made them sign for their payments," he said. The "contracts," obviously, were not legally binding, but in a pinch they might provide a lever. Mainly, said

Horst, they were for tax purposes. Ironically, they worked against him.

"One group of American athletes stayed for a week here in Landersheim before the Olympic Trials," Horst said. "Two athletes among them were famous Puma wearers. While they stayed here, they started to complain that they did not have any money. I was in Russia and could not be contacted. One of my associates said, 'If you sign a paper, you get \$500.' They got the money, signed the paper and then received a copy of the paper they had signed. I would not have given them the copy. They took it straight to Puma."



Signpost indicates firms' divergent ways.

"After I heard about this, I told those athletes in South Lake Tahoe, 'I want the money back, and we will destroy the original.' I said, 'You have taken advantage.' One of the athletes' wives screamed at me. But they gave the money back, and the paper was destroyed. Puma tried to put pressure on us. They spread the news that Adidas tried to buy athletes and that they had proof of it. In Mexico City, Armin showed these copies to *BILD-Zeitung* [the West German daily], saying we made contracts and gave money, and still the athletes did not like to wear our shoes."

"When the Games were over, I went to see Mr. Brundage in Mexico City,"

he went on. "I had met him several times. I respect him very highly. I think he has done a lot for sport. You can attack his amateur ideas, but do you know the solution? I felt guilty toward him. I told him I had misused his confidence. I explained that I was afraid he would hear about it from other sources. I said, 'Athletes have been paid.' I said I could understand what certain athletes have done, because they are very poor. I did not tell him any names. I just excused myself and said, 'Things happened that should not have happened, but we would have lost nearly the whole American team, and instead of 85% of the medal winners we would have had 30%.' He said he had heard things."

"I asked him what to do. He told me about the AAU's proposal of an all-white or a neutral shoe [one that could not be recognized from afar or on television]. I told him things would not change, because all factories still would like to claim that such a percentage of medals were won in their shoes, whether you can see it or not. Black, white or red, it would not solve anything."

"My proposal, and Brundage seems to appreciate this idea—he has asked me to see AAU members about it—is that each individual federation in each country should buy all equipment before each important amateur meet and that each federation should try to get the best possible equipment for every athlete, even if it is obliged to buy different brands of shoes for different events. This doesn't mean the federation has to pay for the shoes. I am sure each manufacturer would deliver the shoes free to the federation. In this case the individual dealings between athletes and manufacturers are eliminated. It could work out to our disadvantage. They could choose an American brand. But it would end the payoffs."

On his way back to Germany, Horst stopped in New York and went over everything again with Ollan Cassell, including his proposed solution. (Horst cannot imagine a knowledgeable, impartial judge or committee choosing a shoe inferior to Adidas.) In November the International Amateur Athletic Federation reportedly wrote a letter to its 16 council members, asking them to vote on the all-white shoe for important competitions. Rudolf Dassler, slick as ever, sent a letter to Avery Brundage agree-

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The Seals were frightful, physically and fiscally, until a minor-leaguer named Fred Glover came to coach and lit some big-league fires

Freddie's in, gloom's out

The teams of the American Hockey League worked over Freddie Glover's face pretty thoroughly. The V scar across his nose, which was smashed many times, has a little Providence in it, some Hershey and some Buffalo. The jagged tissue above the right eyebrow comes from hasty patchwork in Rochester and Springfield. His teeth are off the dentist's shelf. But don't feel sorry for Freddie Glover; he asked for every stitch he got. For 15 years with the Cleveland Barons, Glover played as if he were a 170-pound Gordie Howe. Besides, it is difficult to cry for someone who is going to be Coach of the Year in the National Hockey League this season.

After 20 years in the minors Glover has brought his fire to the big league at last—to the Oakland Seals, the team that needed it most—and the result has been the most remarkable turnabout since Emile Francis kicked life into the New York Rangers four years ago. With a month remaining in the regular season, Glover has the Seals solidly in second place behind uncatchable St. Louis in the West Division, and is terrorizing the established East, whose proud teams

have been beaten or tied by the Seals no fewer than 16 times.

Oakland has more victories over the East—13—than any other West team. The Seals have already taken their season series from Montreal (3-2-1) and Chicago (4-1 with one game to go), and they can still tie Detroit and Toronto, with whom they are 2-3 with one game remaining. The Seals are catching on with the fans, too. Oakland has averaged better than 7,000 a game since Feb. 1 and drew more than 10,000 for a 5-2 victory over Chicago the last time the Black Hawks were in town.

Even the ownership and geographical dilemmas of the Seals seem to be solvable in these optimistic days. Last year the whole operation out at 66th Avenue and Nimitz Freeway resembled something out of beautiful downtown Burbank. The team had 52 owners and one "leader," Barry van Gerbig. As the Seals staggered to last place in the West, van Gerbig did much of his leading from a Florida golf course, and the club took a financial bath. Before the season was over the Seals had borrowed \$680,000 from a Canadian brewery and rumors

CHEERFUL Seals dressing room reflects recent calm of Glover (right, with Frank Selke Jr.).

of town-switching à la Charlie Finley and his baseball A's were flying like slap shots.

Meanwhile, the players became resentful of Coach Bert Olmstead, who demanded more from them than they could possibly deliver. When the Seals finished with only 15 wins in 74 games the owners fired Olmstead and made the club's president, Frank Selke Jr., general manager. Selke is a pro whose father long managed the Montreal Canadiens. Selke, in turn, hired Glover as coach.

And just last week the Seals took an important step toward financial dignity. They were purchased by Trans-National Communications, Inc., a New York-based group of which ex-Yankee Whitey Ford and ex-Giants Pat Summerall and Dick Lynch are members. Trans-National took 80% of the stock and the Knox brothers of Buffalo the other 20%. (The Buffalonians, who had supplied money for the Seals' operating expenses the last two months, still basically want a club for their city when the next expansion comes.) The purchase price: better than \$4.5 million. Bill Creasy, former producer of CBS' Game of the Week, becomes president and will represent the Seals on the NHL's board of governors. Said Ellis E. Erdman, Trans-National's chairman: "We have no plans for moving the club, because we have entertained no thoughts of attendance failing in Oakland."

"We feel our family is now complete from top to bottom," said Seals Executive Vice-President Bill Torrey. "We've had the bottom—Selke, Glover, the players—since the start of the season. This gives us the top."

Well, if any coach has bottom it's Glover. "Montreal was so impressed by Freddie's work as player-coach at Cleveland," says Selke, "that it even considered him as a replacement for Toe Blake when he retired." In Cleveland Glover set AHL records for goals (520), assists (831) and penalties (he steamed in the penalty box for a total of 2,402 minutes). Glover raised African violets at home and All-America hell on the ice. "The little guy always gets pushed around," he says. "Some guys build

continued

ing to supply such a shoe for future Olympics, providing all manufacturers agreed to do the same and agreed *not* to use Olympic results in advertising or for commercial gain. Apparently, Rudolf, too, had come to realize the folly of the payoff system. (Ten percent of the medal winners was a poor return on the Puma dollar.) Now it is believed that the IAAF will approve the all-white shoe this month.

In reviewing the personal and corporate agony of two feuding families and the lengths to which their vendetta has taken them, it would be perfectly reasonable for the reformer to conclude that they have suborned athletes on such a grand scale that, being safe from legal action, they deserve at least to have the tongues of all their shoes cut out. Obviously, this isn't the answer.

Neither is it proper to conclude that the athletes were ready for corruption, which they were—have been, still are. The names of athletes who admitted their sins have been withheld here, because incriminating only some of those who have taken payoffs would be unfair, except possibly to people who enjoy public hangings.

Nor is it enough to say that shortsighted, ineffectual ruling bodies are more involved with self-perpetuation than service, which they seem to be, and that officials are not tuned to the athletes and their needs, which they are not.

What must be admitted is that the amateur athlete is an anachronism. An amateur today is the balding accountant who runs laps at the Y and finishes 168th in the Boston Marathon. Nobody would pay to see him run. The gold medal winner who is whisked around the world gratifying fans in Cologne, Goteborg and Madison Square Garden is quite another breed. The mistake that has been made is to pretend to ignore, even to condemn this difference.

In Africa the amateur athlete who is good enough is usually a police inspector or an army lieutenant who spends 90% of his time training. In Pakistan many of the members of the Olympic field-hockey team work for Pakistan International Airlines. In Communist-bloc countries there are no "professional"

sports, and the "amateurs" are subsidized by the state. German athletes get help from an Olympic association, the French from their government. The crack Japanese women's volleyball team works together in a textile plant near Osaka and practices volleyball every day after work.

Athletes visiting America chuckle at the imposture of the athletic scholarship, not because it is immoral but because it pretends to be something it is not. Question: What is the difference between an athlete performing for a \$13,000 scholarship (including food, books, room, laundry money and please sign right here, son) and Jim Thorpe playing baseball for \$60 a month prior to the 1912 Olympics?

Mike Agostini, formerly an outstanding runner for Villanova, once wrote in this magazine (justifying his "take-home pay as an amateur sprinter") that the amateur ideal begins to fade the moment the first paying spectator takes his seat in the stands. Excluding the fan, the athlete is, ideally, the only unpaid party in a stadium of promoters, ticket takers, hot-dog vendors, sportswriters and TV crews. Networks pay enormous sums to televise amateur sporting events (\$6.5 million for the Olympic Games). CBS recently signed a contract to televise 10 outdoor track meets in 1969, guaranteeing the AAU a minimum of \$440,000.

The athlete sees himself as being cheated and he cheats. He accepts what Rudolf Dassler calls that "necessary remuneration." Customarily, he approaches (or is approached by) the meet promoters, who were on the payoff scene long before the brothers Dassler made their bow, and are still the steadiest source of income. Wes Santee used to say that the only athletes who aren't paid are the ones who aren't good enough. "Almost every meet, here and abroad, is dirty, if you want to call it that," says an American athlete who makes the circuit whenever he can. To this an international star adds: "I get paid at about 70% of the meets in the U.S., indoors and outdoors. I don't ask for anything but if I'm offered, I accept. If it's \$100, I take it. If it's \$500, I take it. But I don't ask." The best payoffs have always been in Scandinavia (\$2,000 tops).

Another way an athlete can make money is through the widely flaunted prize system. One runner returned a type-

writer, a tape recorder and a couple of TV sets before finally accepting a silver service. He was getting married.

One of the athlete's legitimate rewards is the junket, but even here he often feels cheated. When Tommie Smith and decathlon champion Bill Toomey were asked to a meet in Australia, the AAU told them they could not go without a chaperon. However, the Australian sponsor could not afford a third air fare. Toomey, who was 27 years old at the time, had to stay home. The AAU chaperon was in his 70s. When he got on the plane in Los Angeles, he turned to Smith and inquired, "What event do you run, son?"

History shows, however, that sniping at officials of amateur sport has no lasting value. Officials last longer. (Brundage is 81; Dan Ferris, president emeritus of the AAU, is 79.) It would be far better to sympathize with their dilemma. They are ineffectual because they are in an imperfect position that forces them to traffic in duplicity—talking on the one hand of the absolutes of amateurism and on the other of the absolute necessity of lucrative TV contracts and multimillion-dollar Olympic events that attract 8,000 athletes and are so expensive to put together that it will not be long before only the U.S. will be able to afford them.

What is needed is a relatively simple—if soul-wrenching—decision: to redefine, once and for all, what we mean by "amateur." To bring the word up to date.

"It is time," says Toomey, "for athletes to take money and be open and honest or to not take it. The hypocrisy is what's killing us, not the money." There are many avenues to travel. The legitimate raising of expenses. A greater tolerance for prize giving. The right of an athlete to capitalize on his name. Everybody else does—promoters, fund raisers, officials—why shouldn't he? It belongs to him. Perhaps professional-amateur distinctions should be eliminated altogether, or the competitors could designate themselves as either pros or amateurs and compete together, as in golf.

In any case, the "sickening whispering" that dismayed that fine old hammer thrower Hal Connolly and made him vow never to wear a track shoe he didn't buy or make himself is over. The *Sportschuhfabrikanten* have, in a sense, come clean. What next? Whatever, the shoe is now on the other foot. **END**

PROMISES PROMISES—AND MORE

American girls threatened foreign champions on ice and on slopes, but our boys did even better—Billy Kidd won the slalom event at Squaw Valley, Tim Wood the world figure-skating title at Colorado Springs by **BOB OTTUM**

As startling as this is going to sound, there were two gangs of kids last week who made news without destroying a campus, kicking a cop or lighting up a stick of pot. Strange kids. What they did do was stand off an invasion of the best European athletes in a couple of tough sports. One of them was Billy Kidd (*opposite*), an economics major out of Vermont, who laced up a badly wrenched left ankle and won a World Cup slalom race after everybody had written him off. Another was Tim Wood, 20, a prelaw student, who laced up and won the world figure skating title with a performance that rendered adherents of that sport speechless.

And as if that were not enough, there were all the girls in the gangs, this great gaggle of tender youngsters who did not win much of anything—but who would not quit.

All these things happened in a sort of winter carnival out West. The World Figure Skating Championships were fought out against the gold and brocade backdrop of the old Broadmoor hotel in Colorado Springs, and the World Cup ski circuit crossed the Atlantic after 2½ months of European competitions and moved into Squaw Valley, Calif., which has been so buried by Sierra storms that it is now the world's biggest snowbank. Both events carry an Olympic prestige in this off year and, for both, the rest of the world had sent its toughest competitors to give us our lumps.

In skating, the main job was to find new champions to replace American Peggy Fleming and Wolfgang Schwartz of Austria, both of whom had turned professional after winning the Olympics. In skiing, the push is still on to find out who can come closest to Austria's Karl Schranz, who has the men's World Cup locked up, or to overtake Austria's Gertrud Gabl, who is leading the girls after 14 races.

In Colorado Springs, the foreign legion was headed by Gaby Seyfert, 20, from a town called Karl-Marx-Stadt in East Germany. Gaby was so mad when she lost to Peggy Fleming at the Olympics that she went right home and lost 35 pounds. She has also been practicing her skating, and now, slim and stunning, her honey-blond hair piled up in non-Communist curls, she was ready. That was clear right from the first interview.

Reporter: "Do you think you could beat Peggy if she were still competing this year?"

Gaby: "Peggy who?"

The two other girls who might have had a chance at the title were out of it. European runner-up Hana Maskova, a lovely Czech, had withdrawn with a wrenched back, and Karen Magnussen, a Canadian, had leg injuries. Who among skating's junior-miss set could muster the assurance to challenge Gaby? Well, there were two U.S. teen-agers who wanted a run at her.

"I'm going to put a bunch of tough stuff into my program—I like to show the judges some real content," said Janet Lynn. And, "This world competition really psychs me up. Boy, I'm ready," said Julie Holmes.

Funny thing, but they hardly seemed like the girls for the job. Janet is 15 years old, was the youngest girl on the U.S. team at Grenoble and looks as though she may be majoring in gamine. She comes on about waist-high, wearing a fluffy little blonde haircut and big eyes, but still not ready to have what is politely called a figure. And Julie Holmes, at 17, serves up green eyes, dark hair and dimples, with a fragile look that will one day blow men's minds. Fragile they may look, but beneath all this both are made of pure steel.

Janet emerged from recent competition as both U.S. and North American champion. Julie was just .05 of a point

off the pace to win second in the U.S. meet. Both of them skate routines full of the sort of high-flying, spinning, twisting things that scare nonskaters to death. Last Thursday night it was up to them to take on Gaby.

Figure skating is split up the competitive middle. First the skaters must run through a series of compulsory maneuvers to show that they know an inside edge from their left ear. The arduous and exacting school figures count for half their score. Then there is a swinging ender, in which competitors risk everything on a series of grand jumps and leaps. Gaby, wearing a costume the color of a lime Popsicle, glided into the finale, with a strong edge on the Americans.

Then, halfway through her free-skating routine, coming off the No. 4 turn and down the straightaway—pow!—Gaby was suddenly bouncing on her backside, looking a lot more startled than she had at any time since she had come to town, as though her title might actually be at stake. She got up, turned on a sort of stunned, automatic smile and finished fast. Julie and Janet, smiling sweetly, came on, in fourth and fifth spots in the schools, and did their own thing. And well. Except that Janet popped out of her double lutz, which is not as sexy as it sounds. She had come off the ice in what was to be two turns, high in the air, and made only one. Julie, the only girl in world competition who can do a little meanie called a double inside axel—a leap so difficult that most girls will not try it—finished to a standing ovation. Then everyone waited for the scores.

Seyfert won, naturally—what is a little pratfall among us international judges.

continued

Kidd overcame a wrenched ankle and a Sierra blizzard to beat the best of the European skiers in the World Cup slalom at Squaw Valley.



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bound with a single hand surrounding the ball—just as if it were a coconut being picked off, or put back on, the tree. He averaged 20 points a game during the season and 13 rebounds.

Owing to inexperience, he makes noticeable mistakes, but observers are impressed with his ability to learn and correct deficiencies. In his first game Sojourner was badly undressed by Simmie Hill of West Texas State as Weber looked bad and lost. During the return match at Ogden, Sojourner outplayed Hill and the Wildcats won 92-76. Despite a mid-season bombing at Seattle, in which Sojourner played only 18 minutes because of fouls and 6' 7" Larry Bergh not at all because of injury, Weber State has earned respect.

Gus Chatmon, a reckless customer on the boards, gives Sojourner and Bergh ample help underneath. But Thigpen, as shooter, and Harlan, as passer and defender, are mainly responsible for Weber's fine record. Both Michigan na-

tives were recruited out of junior college and, while it took Thigpen all of last year to adjust to team play, Harlan's arrival this season has occasioned a genuine unselfishness throughout the team. Smoothly and with little effort, the mustachioed guards work together with a speed and quickness that is matched by few combinations anywhere.

Lack of notoriety even in its homeland took much of the glimmer from Weber State's season, despite the fact it probably was better than any of its three neighbors from up and down the Wasatch Mountain Range—Utah, Brigham Young or Utah State, the latter boasting a nationally acclaimed hero in Marv Roberts.

As usual, the young upstart cannot buy a game with the other schools. Moreover, the *Salt Lake Tribune's* recent proposal for an eight-team tournament in the new 15,000-seat Salt Palace, involving the four Utah schools and four visitors, was discouraged by the other three

—because of Weber. Weber officials claim area coaches purposely neglect them on votes for All-America teams and discriminate against them when considering candidates for the weekly ratings. "They will never give us a ballot on those polls," says Johnson. "They know what it would mean for us to be ranked."

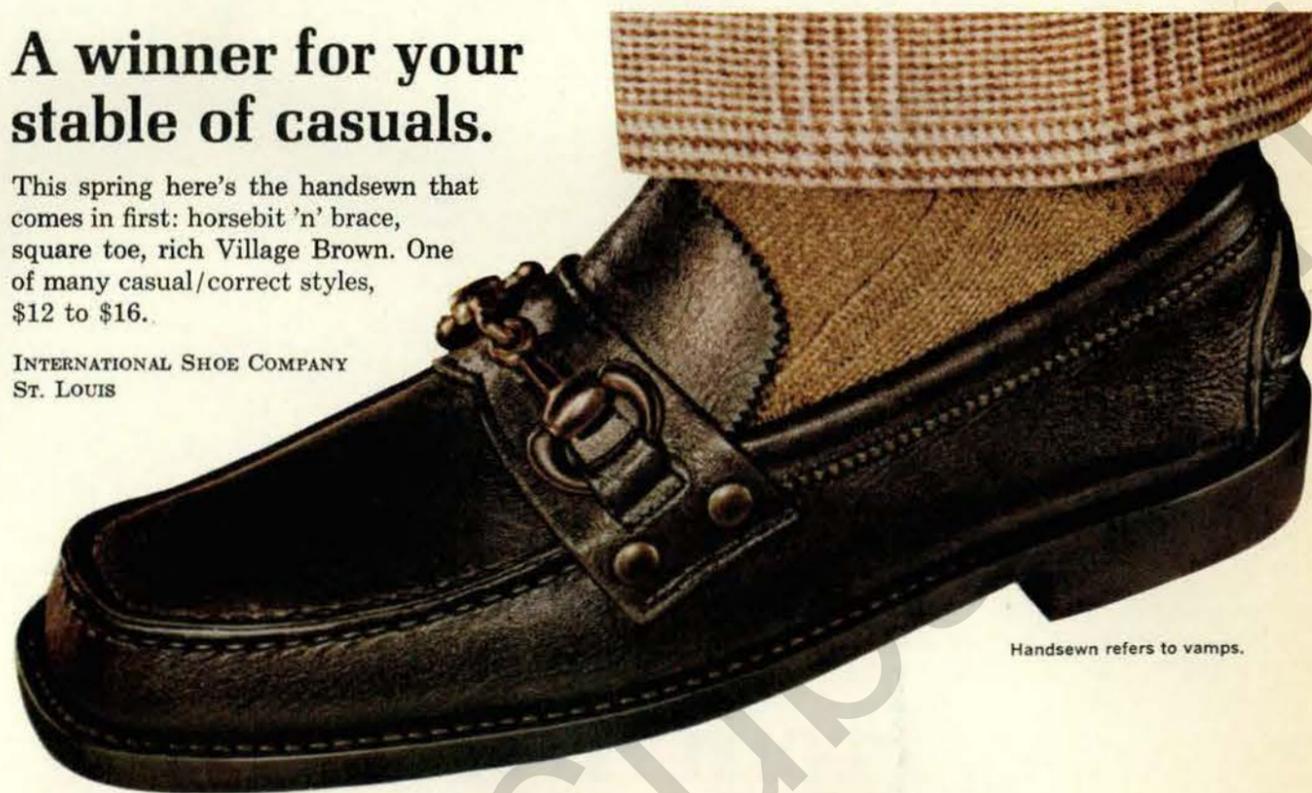
So Weber State can only go on winning, appearing in the "other receiving votes" column of the wire service polls and enduring as the one school in the history of the Big Sky to reach the NCAA playoffs.

"It's tough when the big boys won't play you," New Mexico State Coach Lou Henson says often, alluding to his own difficulty in obtaining a representative schedule. But bigness is a matter of degree, and the crafty Henson has put himself in a compromising position. Not even his team wants to schedule the dangerous Wildcats of Weaver, uh Weber, State. **END**

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The long "e" has the last laugh

Weber State may look a scream on paper but it is deadly on court

You aren't going to believe this, America, it is being said around Promontory Point, but one of the best little backcourts on campus is hiding out there in the white-on-white mountains of Utah, just waiting to shoot, hustle and quick you to death.

Go on. Go ahead and laugh. But the backcourt belongs to Weber State. Right.



SOJOURNER WORKS OUT IN THE POOL

Weber—long "e"—State. And Weber State has a center, too, who is a sophomore and already a hot pro prospect. Except he is actually a swimmer, a 6' 8" swimmer. His name is Willie Sojourner, and the names of those guards are Sessions Harlan and Justus Thigpen. The combination of names strikes some people as almost too funny to bear. It is really—for those people. While they have been preoccupied with falling down laughing, Weber State has been hard at the task of beating the tails off its opposition. With twin victories over Montana last weekend, Weber finished out the regular season with a 12-game winning streak. The Wildcats are undefeated in all 14 of their league contests in the Big Sky Conference and going into the NCAA regionals are 24-2.

To all but professional football scouts and a few Abominable Snowmen, the Big Sky is a figment of A. B. Guthrie's imagination. In fact, it is a shiny-new, thriving little league of six schools tucked up in the northwest corner of the map. The schools, for various reasons, had been forced out of other mergers and were left begging for an identity. Idaho, for instance, was an abandoned child of the old Pacific Coast Conference, which divided and formed the Pacific Eight partly to eliminate the Moscow school. The Skyline Conference members plotted to break away from Montana because of its "dogsled run" to Missoula. Idaho State and Montana State outgrew the Rocky Mountain Conference, and Gonzaga—well Gonzaga gets a lot of money from Bing Crosby, who went there, and that is enough to know.

Weber State, founded by the Mormon Church in 1889 as Weber Stake Academy, expanded to a junior college in 1922 and to a four-year college just seven years ago. Now under state control, it sits, 10,000 students strong, on a scenic table of Great Salt Lake Valley just outside downtown Ogden. The days are gone when Weber's basketball team traveled in a funeral limousine. Yet recognition remains hard to come by.

Weber State alumni have control over some souls (David O. McKay, class of 1892, is president of the Mormon Church) and a lot of money (David Kennedy, '28, is Secretary of the Treasury), while the former basketball coach, Dick Motta, who won three Big Sky titles, is now coaching the Chicago Bulls of the

NBA. Still, nobody knows Weber's name or, worse, is able to pronounce it.

Legend has it that a pioneer scout, name of Weaver, dedicated a nearby river to himself. Later, Jim Bridger, who found the Great Salt Lake but apparently could not find a "v," listed the river as "Weaber." In time, the name stuck and the "a" was dropped. Now, each mortal new to the experience pronounces the name "Webber."

"Everyplace we go, my first job is to tell the P.A. man it's a long 'e,'" says Don Spainhower, the radio voice of the Wildcats. Sometimes, the mistake recreates the past. On a marquee in Spokane a few years ago, the message read, TONIGHT WEAVER COLLEGE.

"My assistant, Gene Visscher, called up a high school boy recently and really had trouble," says new Coach Phil Johnson. "The kid thought Visscher was Fisher. He thought Weber was Webber. He couldn't even pronounce Ogden." "That's all right," says Visscher. "Before I came here, I thought the place was in Wisconsin."

Properly, Weber State's best team has emerged in a year that is being celebrated by the local citizenry as the centennial of the joining of the nation by rail. On May 10, 1869 the Central Pacific and Union Pacific came together at Promontory Summit, just 35 miles from Ogden, when Leland Stanford sledgehammered the golden spike. The Weber State team, 100 years later, uses a sledgehammer attack, too, but the Wildcats hit; it is said that Mr. Stanford missed three times before handing over the assignment to an underling.

The big hitter with Weber is Sojourner, a 20-year-old from Philadelphia who started basketball very late in high school and only after his coach succeeded in whisking him away from poolside and his first sport, competitive swimming. Sojourner won several medals in backstroke and butterfly competition during his high school years and still frequents the water for lifesaving courses and workouts in the off season. He also dabbles in track and field with minimal practice and last spring won the Big Sky high jump at 6' 10½". "It was something to do," he says.

On the court Sojourner moves with a gentle lope, slumping and bent over, until aroused. Then he will suddenly move to the basket and either shoot or re-

continued

PROMISES continued

es?—and got the gold medal. Austria's Beatrix Schuba was next; a Hungarian, Zsuzsa Almassy, was third. But there, in fourth and fifth spots, close enough to be considered real world threats at last, were Julie and Janet.

They did what all girls do: Janet cried just a little, then blew her nose, ate a cough drop and put on a brave smile for everyone. Julie shrugged gracefully inside her hot-pink costume and said, "I'm going to a party tonight. I'm going to change into my jeans and T shirt and be real ugly for a while."

The next night Tim Wood shook the Europeans down to their outside edges, winning the gold medal with a series of jumps, spins, flying, twisting things that looked like he might have made them up in midair, and landed with three perfect scores, which judges do not ordinarily award. "Now, then," he said, sitting down and kicking off his skates. "What am I going to do now that I'm the new world champion? Well, first thing I'm going to do is go skiing, that's what. If I break a leg now it won't matter."

But if it did not matter too much to winner Wood, it mattered a great deal across the Rockies in Squaw Valley. There, another crew of young men and another stand of eager young girls were fighting off the Europeans on another sort of stage.

Of all the times for this to happen, this was the year of the big snow at Squaw Valley. National Park Superintendent Dick Johnson pointed out the area has 375.6 inches so far this season, and when the ski circus came straggling in behind the plows there were 123 inches of snow on the valley floor, more than 500 inches on top of the surrounding peaks and drifts more than 25 feet high on all sides. The chance of holding a World Cup downhill race was suddenly out of the question. People trying to stamp out the course kept dropping right out of sight. Chief course-setter and FIS technical delegate Willy Schaeffler finally pulled everyone back into the lodge, which was a sort of two-story basement somewhere under the snow, and decided they would try a giant slalom instead. The special slaloms, he said, would go on as scheduled.

Gaby Seyfert (upper left) skated to victory, but two U.S. teen-agers, Janet Lynn (far left) and Julie Holmes, are heiresses to her crown.

And, as more snow piled on, hiding the slalom course from the spectators and making it a mystery run for the racers, the competition began. There is every reason to believe that if slalom contests were made up of one run, American girls would be the darlings of the ski world. As it is, however, it takes two runs down a twisty, treacherous slope to make an event, and terrible things always happen to our girls. After the first run down—"You couldn't even see the first gate from the start," said blonde Penny McCoy—the U.S. had five girls right there in the first 10. Then came the second run. Tall, blonde Penny Northrop, 17, who had been in second place after the first run, raced right into a hole up to her kneecaps in the soft snow. Little Barbara Cochran, 18, who had been third the first time down, missed a gate in the storm. So did Kiki Cutter, 19, a tiny waif with a deceptively delicate look. So did 17-year-old Patty Boydston, and finally, when the event was all over, a 17-year-old Washingtonian, Judy Nagel, had salvaged third place. But Austria's Berni Rauter had won it all. "Snow didn't bother me at all," she said. Other girls can grow to hate someone like that.

Just dandy. Since this has been so obviously Austria's big year in ski racing, it was now left up to the U.S. boys to do something. After all, it was *our* mountain this time.

Enter Billy Kidd. Intense, shaggy-haired Kidd had to be the unlikeliest candidate for a hero's role. In spite of the fact that he is the country's foremost racer when whole, he has suffered a series of injuries that began back in the pre-Grenoble days when he was beating Jean-Claude Killy when nobody else was beating Killy. This season Kidd wrenched the trick ankle so badly, popping muscles and tendons and all sorts of things, that he had to limp off the team after the Hahnenkamm at Kitzbühel and come home for treatment. "I told the doctor I wanted to rejoin the team at Squaw," Kidd said. "And the doctor told me there was no way."

Still, there he was last Friday, with the U.S. ski world's most important ankle wrapped up, ready to race again. Starting 15th in the first run of the slalom, he slashed his way down into third spot, behind Frenchman Alain Penz and teammate Spider Sabich. "I don't know how he did it with all those holes on

the course," said Canadian Peter Duncan. For the second run everybody assembled somewhere up in the storm again. And Kidd, this time starting first, came swooshing through the gates, just as though he had two good legs. "I had to stand up and go slowly," he said. Some slowly. His combined time put him in first place and saved the day.

The big tumbling act came Saturday. Schaeffler had set a giant-slalom course for the girls that had the customary series of gates snaking routinely down the hill, but then, at the bottom—surprise—a gate that looked off in another direction.

Little Kiki Cutter fell, bounced higher than the lodge and limped down. "You hurt?" Kidd asked her. She was holding a piece of snow to one cheek. "Oh, I just broke my jaw," she said with a shrug that meant she wasn't hurt at all.

Wyoming's Karen Korfanta fell. "I came to the gate and first thing I knew I was on my head," she explained. Everybody fell—six, seven, who knows how many in all. But not Marilyn Cochran, who got through the gate safely, pulled up at the finish line and panted, "How did I do?" She had finished second behind Florence Steurer of France, that's how.

In the windup, the next closest American was Julie Wolcott, 17, in ninth place. And in World Cup points, in spite of the fact that Cochran is ahead in the season's giant-slalom runs, it was still Austria's Gabl leading with an overall 131. The closest American girl is Cutter—but eighth place is a long way back.

Then the men closed out the day, with Reinhard Tritscher—Austria again—winning the giant slalom. Karl Schranz was fourth, not that it mattered to his World Cup future; Sabich was fifth and Kidd sixth.

All told, it had been a wild winter weekend, boys and girls together taking on Europe's best. We had come out of it with a couple of dramatic victories, some near misses, a lot of bumps and bruises and some promise for the future. The kids aren't worried. Well, not the little girls, anyway. Julie and Janet are certain to improve in skating. So, it would seem, are the skiers. Kiki Cutter, with that devastating smile, knows. "The American team is the strongest girl team right now," she said. "Oh, we fall down a lot and have some bad luck. But we really are the best." **END**



JERRY KROLL, A SOLID PLAYER DAVIDSON CAN RELY ON WHEN MIKE MALOY (15) IS ROUGHED OUT, GRABS A REBOUND AGAINST VMI

NOBODY WAITS ON THIS LEFTY

Nobody would dare. With a minimum of scholarships and a maximum of tough talk, ex-door-to-door salesman Lefty Driesell has again put his scholarly Davidson Wildcats into the NCAA playoffs **by MYRON COPE**

For Charles (Lefty) Driesell and his Davidson Wildcats the obligation to play in last week's eight-team Southern Conference championship tournament made about as much sense as Billy Conn's calamitous 1942 kitchen brawl with his father-in-law. Having nothing to gain by a victory over the old man, the world light-heavyweight champ nevertheless let fly a haymaker. He broke his hand on pop's hard skull, thereby bringing about a four-year postponement of a million-dollar title fight with Joe Louis. Bound by conference rules to risk a similar fate, fifth-ranked Davidson traveled 20 miles down the road to Charlotte, N.C. to take on weakling members of the conference family, knowing that failure to lick them would mean the loss of a shot at the national championship.

Davidson was 22-2 in regular-season play, 9-0 in conference competition. Obscure East Carolina, with the next-best

record in the field, was 15-10 and 9-2. Davidson would have to win three games in as many nights to take the tournament—or, in other words, to qualify for the NCAA playoffs. And, as Lefty Driesell well knew, basketball teams are even more prone than fighters to experience bad nights. (Indeed, against a so-so Iowa club this season, his boys had missed their first 15 shots and were beaten.) But try to convince his players? Hard-pressed for pep-talk material in the moments before the tournament opener with VMI (5-17), Driesell fetched only smirks when he declared with a straight face: "Look at it this way. This game is the first of an eight-game tournament for the national championship."

For Driesell, a 6' 5" agonizer who is losing his hair at 36, a defeat at this point conceivably could have brought an ignominious end to his magical Davidson career. Maryland was trying to steal him with a fat contract. "Rumors,

just rumors," he insisted. But if he had it in mind to say yes to Maryland, then he was about to lay down his own remarkable creation—a basketball dynasty (ranked among the nation's top 10 in four of the last six years) fashioned from bona fide scholars. Elegant Davidson College admits no athletic tramps. Yet Driesell has turned out aggressive, hard-running outfits that explode their way to the hoop and on defense play as diligently as deputies escorting dangerous felons. Going to his scrubs as early as the first half, Driesell watched his latest class blast VMI out of the conference tournament 99-75.

Richmond was the Wildcats' opponent the following night and opted to counter Davidson's hurly-burly style with Greenfield Jimmy Smith tactics, Greenfield Jimmy having been not only the father of Billy Conn's wife, but a sweet counterpuncher who put Billy in dark glasses after the kitchen caper. Although



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A customer who is disappointed at the counter will be bitter for five minutes.

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Now, needless to say, our ultimate objective is to not disappoint anybody anywhere. And in the people have orders to do everything humanly possible to see that

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But we thought it might give you a warm and secure feeling to know that given the choice, we'd rather give you the benefit of the lesser of the two disappointments.

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Top speed and a tender mouth

Handling Majestic Prince was a bit tricky for Bill Hartack, but the big chestnut won easily and became an even stronger Derby favorite

Santa Anita had sunshine and a lady jockey last Thursday, both novelties. The sunshine encouraged a few Californians to attend the races, and Tuesday Testa, who was riding in the seventh race, drew a few more. But the real attraction was a reddish-colored colt named Majestic Prince (SI, Feb. 17). Californians are happy about Majestic Prince these days because he is undefeated, because he is trained by Johnny Longden and because they think he's going to win the Kentucky Derby. They find it very convenient to overlook the fact that their newest hero is not a Californian at all but a chestnut colt bred in Kentucky by a Kentuckian and owned by a Canadian industrialist. So they came out to watch him run in the one-mile San Jacinto Stakes, and he won, the way a 2-to-5 favorite should.

Before the race there was some doubt about Majestic Prince's ability to carry his brilliant speed over a mile against colts who would do their very best to run with him. "When he proves he can go around two turns, then we'll know more about how good he is," said one horseman. Bill Shoemaker, who watched the San Jacinto from a clubhouse box, said, "There's a lot of speed here. Unless Majestic Prince is a standout they might kill him off and set it up for a come-from-behind colt like Makor."

No chance last week. Jockey Bill Hartack actually broke Majestic Prince out of the gate in first place, but quickly eased him back off the early pace set by Mr. Joe F. and Jim's Gold C. Rounding the clubhouse turn for the first time in his racing life, he endured dirt being thrown up at him, and didn't seem to mind it. Jim's Gold C. retired from the contest on the backstretch, and from there on it was strictly between Mr. Joe F. and Majestic Prince. Hartack collared the leader midway around the far turn, and by the time the pair of them straightened out in the stretch he had a one-length lead and the race was over. Be-

fore the eighth pole Hartack hit his horse a couple of times "to get him to roll and make sure he got a good race into him." He sailed home four lengths in front and eased up at that.

When it was all over Trainer Johnny Longden had a lengthy discussion with Hartack and then revealed that, considering Majestic Prince's recent difficulties, he was tickled to death over the performance. What difficulties? "Well, after his last race on February 6," said Longden, "he had a slight fever and couldn't get to the track for three days. Then we discovered that his unusually tender mouth was caused by some caps on his teeth that were supposed to have been shed naturally by now but somehow had not been."

Longden laughed when he was asked if this was Majestic Prince's best race. "Oh, no," he replied confidently, "he'll run better when Bill can handle him better. Right now, with this tender mouth, it's a tricky business of give-and-take between horse and rider. It was his best race so far, but we've got a lot bigger things in mind."

The first "bigger thing" is the March 29 Santa Anita Derby, in which Majestic Prince probably will have to face the three California-based colts who figure to give him trouble. They are Inverness Drive, Right Cross and Tell. "Charlie Whittingham is doing everything right with Tell," said Shoemaker's agent Harry Silbert, "and he's not hurrying him in any way. Next, he'll get a nice mile and a 16th into him [Whittingham did that just two days later], and then probably put him right into the Derby. Then we'll see how good this bunch is."

The best of the bunch now—and maybe equal to anything at Hialeah—is Longden's chestnut son of Raise A Native and Gay Hostess, for whom Frank McMahon paid \$250,000. He's won back \$55,400 so far, and he hasn't run for real money yet. **END**

not quite that belligerent, Richmond shoved and elbowed energetically enough to hold Mike Maloy, Davidson's skinny, 6' 7" All-America, to six rebounds. But Davidson is nothing if not balanced and deep, so husky Doug Cook pulled down 15, versatile Jerry Kroll grabbed nine and, before going to the bench for their deserved rest, the Wildcat regulars laid the foundation for a 97-83 victory.

In the Saturday-night final East Carolina—also advancing according to form—would make the last effort to deprive the Southern Conference of its only suitable representative to the NCAA playoffs. Coach Tom Quinn, a roosterish, gum-chewing man wearing mod blue that, on him, looks like Prohibition gangster attire, brought his team out in a zone, which Davidson immediately shot to pieces from inside and out with a five-man barrage. In little more than five minutes the Wildcats led 21-11. "Get in there and throw your damn shoulders," Quinn yelled at his men. He might better have suggested grenades. The high point of the game—the final score was 102-76—came when Rocky Crosswhite, a pebble-muscled 6' 9" senior who affects a spit curl and is approximately Driesell's No. 10 man, brought a thunderous roar from the crowd by sinking a free throw for Davidson's 100th point. It was fitting, Davidson's intellectual climate being what it is, that Rocky do the honors. He is a campus literary lion whose essays in *The Davidsonian* frequently slice patches of flesh off the hide of none other than Lefty Driesell.

Following the final buzzer, the Wildcat Club, a group of Davidson alumni, hinted that it wished Driesell to stay at Davidson by presenting him with a Thunderbird. He grinned for just an instant, then went to the pressroom, where he announced, "I think we're gonna win the national championship, but I can't do it with my mouth."

Nine years ago when Davidson hired Driesell from a field of two candidates, college officials had absolutely no intention of going after championships. In the season immediately preceding Driesell's 1960 arrival, Davidson had lost to Erskine, Catawba and Pfeiffer. Such defeats were not of themselves particularly distressing to the college, athletics being held lightly in the total scheme of things, but a measure of mild concern grew out of the fact that the misnamed Wildcats had not enjoyed a winning sea-

son in 11 years. In fact, they had been whipped six consecutive times by—good Lord!—the McCrary Eagles. It would be nice to start winning a few games, though not so many as to become coarse.

Driesell looked like the right man for the job—competent but undistinguished. The son of a Norfolk, Va. jeweler, he had played basketball at Duke, averaging only 5.1 points as a senior and, at the time Davidson interviewed him, was 27 and coaching at Newport News High. There he had run up a string of 57 straight victories, a record that ought to have put Davidson officials on their toes but instead was dismissed as flash-in-the-pan high school stuff.

Driesell accepted a salary of \$6,000, which, though \$200 higher than his high school pay, represented a slash in earnings. At Newport News he had made \$2,000 extra a year peddling encyclopedias door to door. Davidson President D. Grier Martin, now retired, told him he could give out 11 scholarships—at least nine fewer than collegiate powers generally allot—over a four-year period and tendered him the customary advice that the college would ask nothing more than "a representative team." Driesell nodded. He did not bother to tell President Martin the source of his coaching philosophy, namely, one Julie Conn—no relation to Billy, but a man of similar temperament.

"Behind at the half one time," says Driesell, "Julie went into the dressing room steaming. He punched a locker and busted up his hand somethin' terrible. It was just dripping blood. Then he went from one player to another and shook that bloody fist under each guy's nose and said, 'Look what you did to me.' I learned everything I know from Julie."

Yes, closer inspection would have revealed that Lefty Driesell did not blend perfectly into the Davidson environment. Steeped in good breeding and Presbyterian morality, Davidson lies in the red-clay country north of Charlotte, the campus accommodating an orderly assortment of red-brick buildings fronted by white Georgian columns. The administration, an alumnus named Don Bryant recalls, used to forbid students to engage in Sunday sports until, at last, tennis was declared permissible, provided one did not keep score. The Davidson student body, to this day limited to 1,000 or so males, is expected to get on



THE NEW DRIESSELL REINS HIMSELF IN

with the business of becoming doctors, lawyers, ministers, successful merchants or scholars. Davidson ranks eighth among the nation's liberal-arts colleges in Rhodes scholarships won. Intellectuals, then, were what Driesell gazed upon when he called his first squad together.

Scowling, he straightaway told the players, "I understand you guys care more about your fraternity teams than this varsity. That is gonna stop." He harangued them for a solid two hours, during which he declared, "I have never lost an opener, and I don't intend to start now. So, first of all, we will beat Wake Forest." Titters ran across the room. Yet by the time Driesell finished grinding his fraternity boys through preseason training, they realized they had better beat Wake Forest. So they did, playing heads-up, letter-perfect ball from sheer fright. That season they won nine games and lost 14, while Driesell whipped the faculty into a mood roughly approximating that of Adolf Eichmann's jury.

Professors, administrators and alumni blanched when an incensed Driesell launched himself off the bench, hiked his left knee to his chin and then brought his foot to the floor with a crash that threatened to take him directly to the boiler room. "It was terrible public re-

continued

lations," says ex-President Martin, a tall, courtly man, himself once a Davidson basketball player. "It really became a major issue. I asked Lefty to have a chat with me."

The chat failed, so additional chatting followed. "This led to some improvement but not enough," says Dr. Martin, who had his hands full holding Davidson brass at bay.

"In Lefty's second season, I believe it was, I finally decided I'd have to put this whole picture on the line and convince him that unless he could stop these things he would not be our coach."

Driesell got the message. He did not exactly become the embodiment of Davidson manners, but at courtside he restrained himself just enough to quiet the professors lest they discover the subversive steps he was taking behind the scenes to make Davidson a winner. For example, the night his winless charges lost the sixth straight game of the 1961-62 season he sent them to bed without a meal. The hunger drive being what it is, they immediately rang up a victory over Mississippi College in the consolation game of something called the Oglethorpe Invitational. Driesell rewarded them with a steak dinner and promised them a steak for every succeeding victory. They reeled off 10 more wins, and Driesell was going broke.

The trouble was that from the be-

ginning he had been trying to build a basketball program on a puny recruiting budget of \$500 and had found defeats a handy excuse for feeding the team pimento-cheese sandwiches and depositing the bulk of the squad's meal money into his recruiting coffers. "When we beat Richmond for our 11th straight," says one of Lefty's early players, now an attorney, "it was a real upset. After the game he said, 'Y'know, boys, I didn't expect you to win this one. Will you settle for fish tonight?'"

Strapped though he was, Driesell very early had begun to turn up in far-flung towns around the nation, wherever prospects existed. His wife, Joyce, seldom saw him. Usually he drove an old Chevy station wagon owned by the college. He parked overnight in filling stations, sleeping on a mat in the back of the wagon, a pistol for protection within reach. At dawn he would shave in the rest room, then express his gratitude for the filling station's hospitality by purchasing a dollar's worth of gas.

Among the Davidson official family, Admissions Director H. Edmunds White was one of the few to befriend Driesell in those days, though at times he wondered why. His duties required him to attend national conferences and visit high schools in distant regions. "There were numerous occasions," White says, "when Lefty would ask me where I was

going next. I would say, 'Well, I'm flying to Chicago for a College Boards meeting.'" Next thing White knew, he would be driving to Chicago, Driesell's lanky frame seated alongside him. "I have eaten dinner at hot-dog stands and stayed in motels, terrible places," White recalls, pain written across his face, "because Lefty would say, 'That's all the money I got.'"

Driesell knew he would succeed because, for one thing, he stood ready to work harder than his rivals. "I learned selling encyclopedias that if you make enough calls," he says, "someone will just take one outta your hand." Secondly, he knew he had a valuable package to offer—a top-caliber education at Davidson. He learned to use Davidson's stiff, unrelenting academic requirements to attract brainy athletes and destroy the losing tradition that many on the faculty had grown to prize as a barometer of institutional integrity.

To get his program rolling, Driesell calculated he needed a player with genuine All-America potential. Fred Hetzel—now with the Cincinnati Royals but then a Washington, D.C. schoolboy—was the boy he zeroed in on. Driesell promised Hetzel that his funny little Wildcats one day soon would be booking their home games into the 11,666-seat Charlotte Coliseum, an arena capable of accommodating all of Davidson's living alumni with some 2,000 seats to spare. Hetzel was not convinced of that, but he was persuaded to sign his surrender on a letter of intent. Driesell immediately announced to the Hetzel family, "O.K., let's go to the best place in Washington y'all know." The bill came to \$52. After Driesell dredged up all the cash he had, the proprietor—because he knew the Hetzels—consented to accept Driesell's check for the balance. "That night," he says, "I slept in a Gulf station on the Shirley highway outside of Washington."

In Hetzel's sophomore year (and Driesell's third at the college) the Wildcats won 20 games, a development sufficiently alarming to spur Davidson intellectuals to action. Accordingly, early the following season a fraction of faculty and student leaders called a 10 p.m. meeting in the college union to consider termination of subsidized athletics. The team itself was in Columbus, Ohio to play a powerful Ohio State team that had won 50 straight games at home.

continued



PLAYERS RON STELZER (LEFT) AND FOX DeMOISEY (RIGHT) ENJOY LAUGH WITH MALOY

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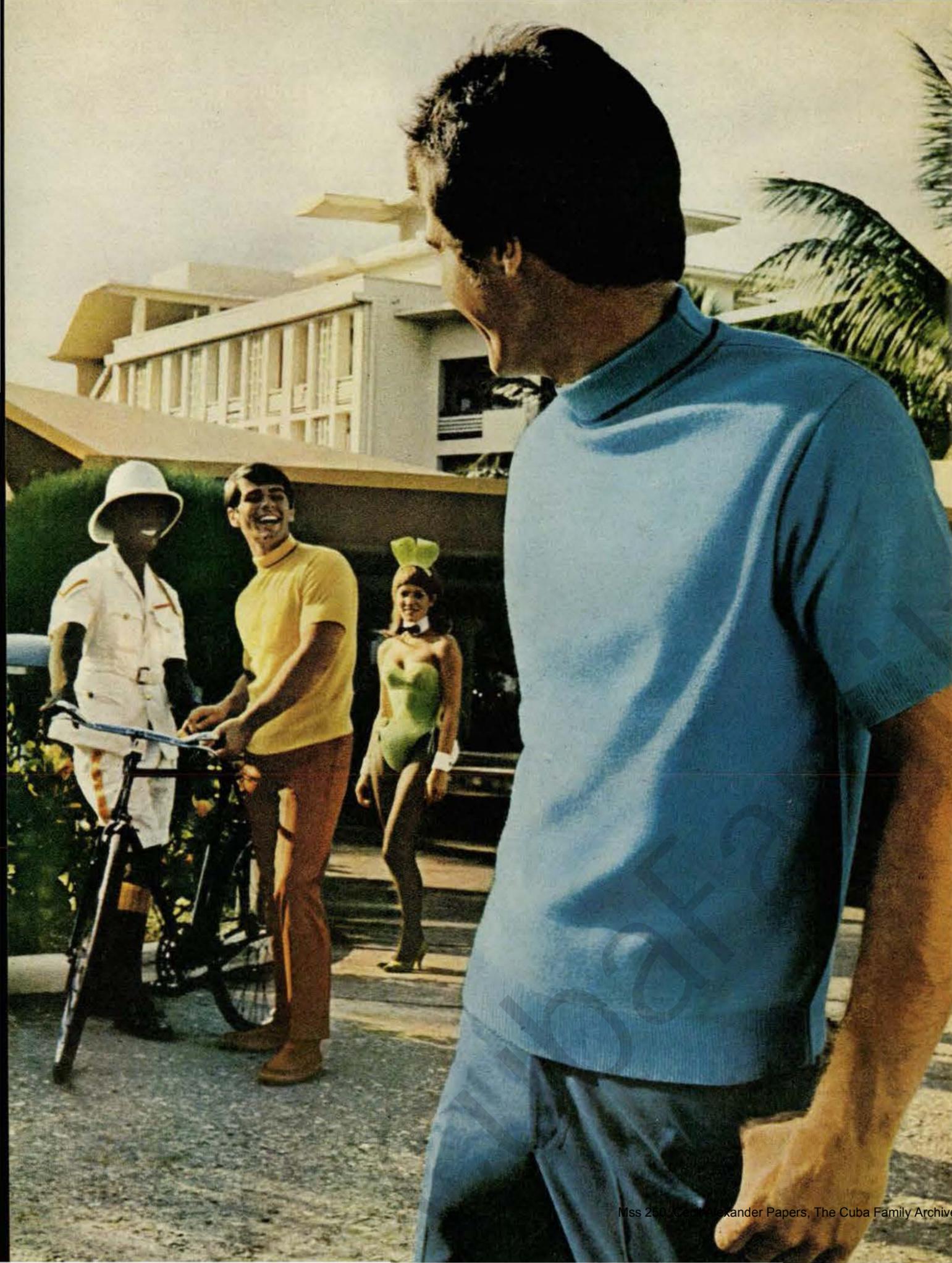


Photographed at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel



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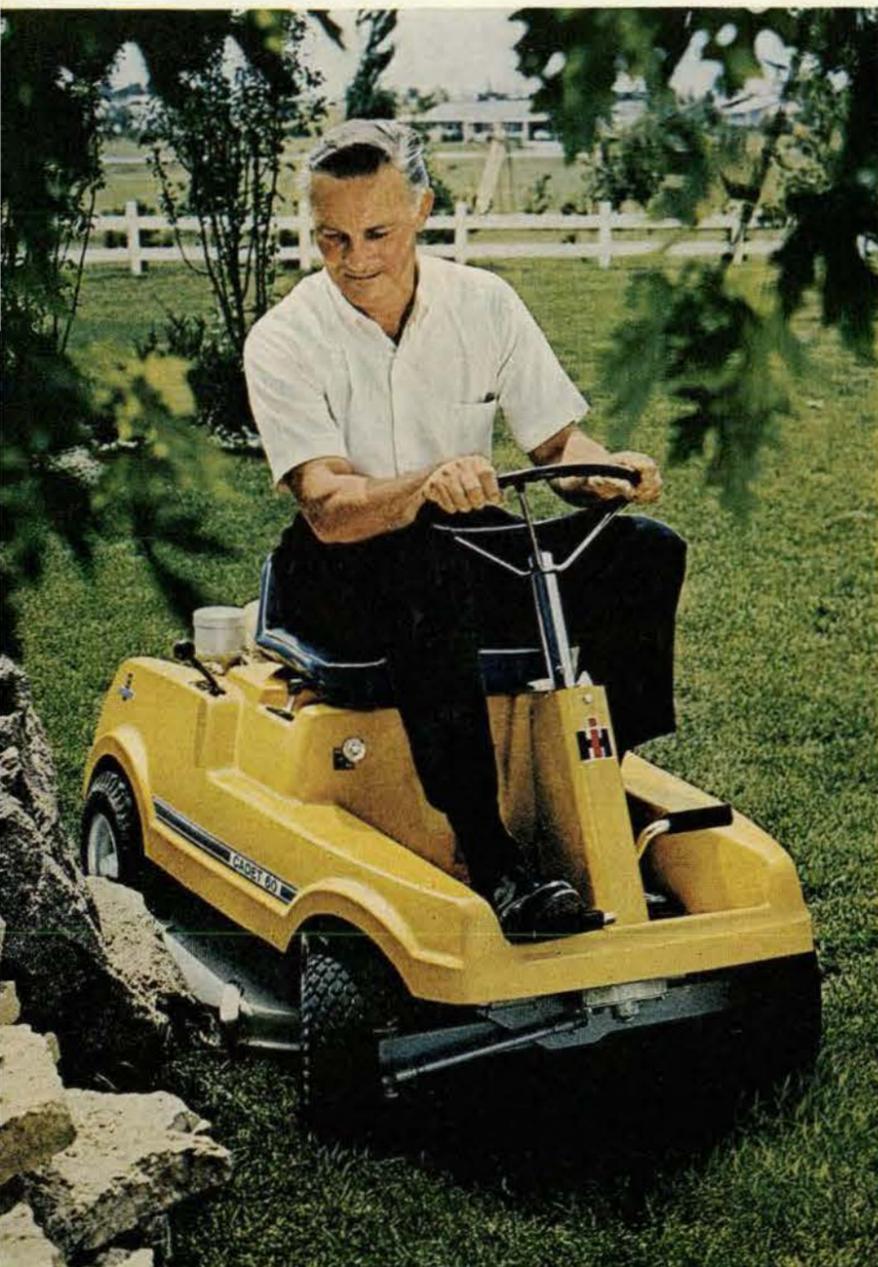
Of course, then you'll also be obliged to serve it when friends drop over. Especially those friends whose Chivas you've been enjoying for so long.

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Over the long haul, you'll see how smart you were to buy tough. The Cadet 60 will work harder, at more jobs, for years longer than most others.

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Instant forward-reverse makes blade work a snap. No shifting!

Husky channel steel frame shrugs off the twists and strains of big loads, rough ground.

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You are closer to your dream of luxury and excitement than ever before. The great new Chrysler can make that dream come true.

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Fact is, a Chrysler Newport, equipped with automatic transmission, power steering, radio and whitewall tires, is actually priced just a few dollars more per month than

the most popular smaller car. A car that's comparably equipped. Do you know an easier way to make your dream come true?

Chrysler. With the most loyal owner body in its class. The great new Chrysler. Moving a third of all new Chrysler owners up from the popular smaller car field. Owners who have made Chrysler their possible dream. Don't you think it's time you made it yours?



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Your next car: The great new Chrysler.

CHRYSLER





The Warroad High hockey team of Warroad, Minn. made it to the finals of the state high school tournament this year. The team lost in overtime, but it had been the school's best season and Warroad welcomed the boys home with a special celebration—Mayor Dick Roberts had decreed that in advance. His own part in the festivities was somewhat confused, however. Roberts is not only the mayor but the Warroad High hockey coach, and was thus in the position of having to welcome home and congratulate himself.

Members of an intramural basketball team at George Washington University in Washington call themselves The Fulbrights and regularly charge onto the court in red and white jerseys bearing a dove on the front, and on the back the phrase coined by Senator J. William Fulbright, "Arrogance of Power." The symbol and legend are apt for a team that is dovish indeed, or anyway far too short on power to be tempted to arrogance—at week's end The Fulbrights' record stood at 1-13, the single victory representing a forfeited game. Last week, moved by curiosity, or perhaps pity, Senator Fulbright himself dropped by to watch a game. He stayed for

about 12 minutes and the team, inspired, surged ahead of Phi Sigma Delta 19-18. Then Fulbright had to leave. His name-sakes lost 52-38.

In Utah cutter racing is a very big, if somewhat misnamed, sport (a cutter is a one- or two-horse sleigh, but cutter racers race two-horse wheeled chariots right out of *Ben Hur*), and Gene Fullmer is crazy about it. Long a breeder of quarter horses, he started hitching them up to chariots and has done well enough to make it to the national championships in Pocatello, Idaho three years running. Not this year, sadly enough. Fullmer was in the lead in a race not long ago when one of his team, a mare, suddenly slowed down and he was overtaken. She made it across the finish line, however, and only then did Gene discover that she had broken a leg. "Can you imagine the courage it took to finish that race?" Fullmer said, almost in tears. "She was running on guts alone. I know how she felt. Remember in 1961 I broke my elbow in the 13th round against Florentino Fernandez. I finished the 14th and 15th and I won the fight, but can you imagine me trying to finish that fight with a broken leg?" Fortunately for the mare—and

empathic owner Fullmer—the break was not so bad that she had to be destroyed.

It was such stuff as dreams are made on—up to a point. As Bob Seagren tells it, "I met Jane Fonda and I'm still floating. She told me she lived in Malibu. I told her I do my running up there sometimes. She gave me her address and told me to drop in when I'm in the neighborhood. And then she asked was I the jumper who went over backward."

Dutch-born Artist Willem de Kooning was, and at 64 still is, a bicyclist. He pedals vigorously back and forth between his Easthampton, N.Y. house and studio, takes to the machine when in the grip of violent passions or the need to pick up the Sunday *New York Times* and employs cycling in conversation as virtually his only sporting figure of speech. In a recent discussion of action painting he observed, "Just because planes go fast now doesn't mean that artists paint fast. As a matter of fact, I just came out of a jet plane and they don't go very fast when you're sitting in them. There was almost silence, almost no movement—like on a bicycle, you seem to go faster than sitting in a jet." Asked about this

enthusiasm on the part of the otherwise unathletic de Kooning, critic Harold Rosenberg says helpfully, "A very nice Dutchwoman has just explained it to me. She tells me that all Dutch people tend to ride bicycles with emotional intensity."

Andy Warhol and Sonny Liston will be the first of a series of odd couples (others include Whitey Ford and Salvador Dali, Satchel Paige and Dean Martin Jr.) to appear in the new Braniff TV spots, with Sonny sitting in total silence while Andy expatiates upon the beauty of the soup can. Warhol said after the filming of this 30-second epic, "Sonny was just terrific. I don't see how he can be so big. But he doesn't talk, so I had to do the dialogue and he just used his eyes, and then they said my voice was too low so they dubbed my dialogue, so now he doesn't talk and I don't talk." The boys talked off camera, though, and got right down to the nitty gritty. "Sonny told me where he gets his shirts. In Las Vegas, and he has them monographed," Warhol says, and it is reported that when he confided to Sonny that he had never seen a fight, Liston replied comfortingly, "That's O.K. I've never painted a picture."



LEFTY continued

Across the Davidson campus, radios were tuned to a broadcast of the game. Minutes before 10, the Wildcats achieved the unthinkable—victory by a walloping margin of 22 points. The meeting at the college union was canceled.

That third team won 22 and lost four. Newspapers down the road in Charlotte reluctantly conceded that they would have to live with Driesell who, as his own publicist, had established himself as the area pest. "He used to harass the newspapers," said Charlotte *Observer* Columnist Mel Derrick, as he sat in a motel room with Driesell not long ago. "He'd call up and yell about getting a two-column headline instead of a three-column headline."

"I still do," Driesell snapped. "He phoned us only this week, complaining about our choice of verbs," Derrick went on. "He was burned up because one of our headlines said, NORTH CAROLINA BLISTERS N.C. STATE, and another said, DAVIDSON STRUGGLES BY ST. JOE'S."

From their 22 victories in 1963-64, the Wildcats went on in subsequent seasons to win 24, 22, 15 ("I tried to be a nice guy that year," Driesell explains), then 24, and thus far in the current campaign 25.

Davidson's schedule became big time, but not in every instance was this effected with Carolinian gentility. For example, in 1964, after Davidson had lost

to Duke in Durham for the third straight time, Driesell burst from the dressing room to tell a startled group of sports-writers, "If he"—meaning Duke Coach Vic Bubas—"doesn't come to my place next year, he's yellow."

Two days afterward he issued a public apology to Bubas. "Yeah, under pressure from the college president," Derrick reminds Driesell.

"No," he wails, "may God strike me dead. Ain't nobody pressurin' me." In truth President Martin had become delighted with Davidson's basketball growth and, Driesell confides with a wink, privately had presented him with an honorary Davidson degree commending him for calling Bubas yellow. Last month Bubas at last brought his Duke team to play Davidson in the Charlotte Coliseum, delivering to the Wildcats their 21st victim of the season.

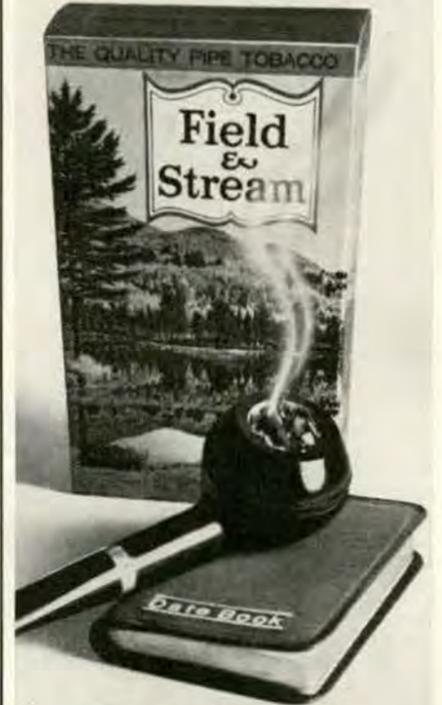
In recent years Driesell's wealth has multiplied, thanks to public appearances, a television show and a lucrative summer basketball camp that he operates on campus. But there remain pockets of strong resistance to his program. Witness the fact that his meager allotment of scholarships has risen but little, from 11 to 14.6. Since Dr. Martin's retirement last summer, the college has had a new president, Dr. Samuel Reid Spencer, who shows up for basketball games but has refused to indicate the extent of his enthusiasm. So it follows that, as the Wildcats prepare to meet Villanova in the NCAA Eastern Regionals at Raleigh Saturday, Driesell may be using the attractive offer from Maryland to wedge more scholarships out of the Davidson administration and to learn where President Spencer stands.

Whatever the future holds for Lefty, his works are in the record to marvel at. From the ashes of defeat at the hands of Pfeiffer, he has taken Davidson to 174 victories and only 64 defeats. Correct Davidson men may wince when they recall that as late as last summer Driesell played ritzy Greenbrier golf course of Sulphur Springs in his bare feet, because his shoes pinched. Driesell's players, far more erudite than he, sometimes snicker at his grammar and his misuse of words. But they had better believe him when Lefty Driesell points both index fingers at them like six-guns and growls, "I may be dumb, but I am not stupid."



PRESIDENT SPENCER CHATS WITH LEFTY

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GOLDEN DAYS THAT SUSTAIN THE DREAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

The old bullpen coach sits on a metal chair in the sun, chewing his tobacco and hollering at some young pitcher, "Hone, Babe, real good day to work." It is the most ancient of baseball's spring cries of encouragement and it comes from a man who is thinking earnestly of the day's end and a can of beer to cut the dust stuck in his throat. The thirst of the aging fielder (right), battling nature and rusty hinges for a long fly ball, is for one more major league season. For him and for the spirited rookies and the rusting citizens with memories, the first weeks of spring training are the treasured days. As seen by Artist Michael Ramus, their world is essentially young. With the harsh reality of the exhibition schedule still mindless eons away, all things seem possible.

occur too often. Usually there is plenty of time to adjust. At Le Mans the strategy is simply to drive the car at a speed you think, from having driven it in practice, that it can maintain reliably. Then after 12 hours, when the dawn comes up, you assess your position. By that time many of the cars you were worried about have packed up. Maybe you have as well. If you haven't, you carry on for another few hours and then make a second assessment. Le Mans can be pretty grueling. It is primarily a team race. You have to sink your own feelings—your desire to drive the car much faster—into the team effort. Always when I have driven at Le Mans I've thought at some point during the race, "What in bloody hell am I doing here?" This is true especially in the early hours of the morning when you are a bit bleary-eyed and it is cold and miserable and probably raining. Mist appears and disappears and never in the same place on the track and always right at eye level so you can't see. Corblimey! You're feeling 'orrible. But come 4 o'clock, when the race ends, you get a tremendous feeling of satisfaction. If you've finished, that is. Suddenly you're bloody glad you've done the race. It's always the same, that feeling.

Essentially this is true of all the races. Most of us are in the sport because we enjoy it immensely; it gives us pleasure. These rewards are greater than the money you earn. I never race for money. I don't literally sit on the starting line and count the pounds, shillings, pence or watch the old till strike up as I go round the track each time. I don't race like that. The money is just a very nice byproduct. I consider myself fortunate to get paid for doing something I consider to be a hobby. I reckon that's an achievement.

I must say that being a racing driver has not prevented me from having a family. I think it is important to lead a normal life, and having a family is a very normal thing to do. My wife Bette has the usual apprehensions, but she comes with me to a lot of races on the Continent and never badgers me to stop driving. I certainly wouldn't want her to, because I would just have to ignore her and that would be a source of friction.

No doubt about it, Bette is a steady influence, and so are our children, Brigitte, Damon and Samantha. Note

that I said steadying, not slowing. I don't say to myself, "I miss my children," as I go into a fast corner—and so perhaps not go into it as quickly as a bachelor might. Oh, no, it doesn't work that way.

Even my most serious accident turned out to work to my benefit, in terms of being able to conquer myself. It happened two days before the German Grand Prix at the Nürburgring in 1962. It was because of the accident I had in practice that I consider that race just about my most important accomplishment. The Nürburgring is 14½ miles around and very hilly and twisting. In Friday's practice I was driving quite fast when my car ran over a television camera that had fallen off a car carrying a cameraman who was taking pictures of the track. The camera was out in the middle of the track but obscured from view by a hedge bordering a corner. I ran right over it and punctured my oil tank. The oil ran out over my rear wheels, and I started aquaplaning just as if I'd been in the middle of a large puddle of water. At 120 mph my car spun off the track and into a ditch by the side of the road. Fortunately I went in front end first. I just hung on for grim death, hoping the car wouldn't turn over, while it burrowed along the ditch like a giant mole, stripping off a couple of wheels while it went. It plowed along for about 100 yards, and the car was a complete and hopeless mess. My legs felt like bars of milk and I was a bit bruised but other than that uninjured, except perhaps psychologically.

I entered the race on Sunday in another car. The race itself was no piece of cake either. It was pouring rain and the start was delayed because earth from the surrounding hills had washed down onto the track. I got the lead shortly after the start but was under terrific pressure the whole day from John Surtees and Dan Gurney. I don't suppose more than five seconds separated us at any time during the 2½ hours that we drove. But I won. I had climbed back into a car right after a very nasty accident. I had beaten two excellent drivers who pressed me hard all the way, and I had beaten them on a tough track under tough driving conditions. What could have been a heavy setback to my career turned out instead to be about my finest effort. And that night I slept quite well, thank you.

END



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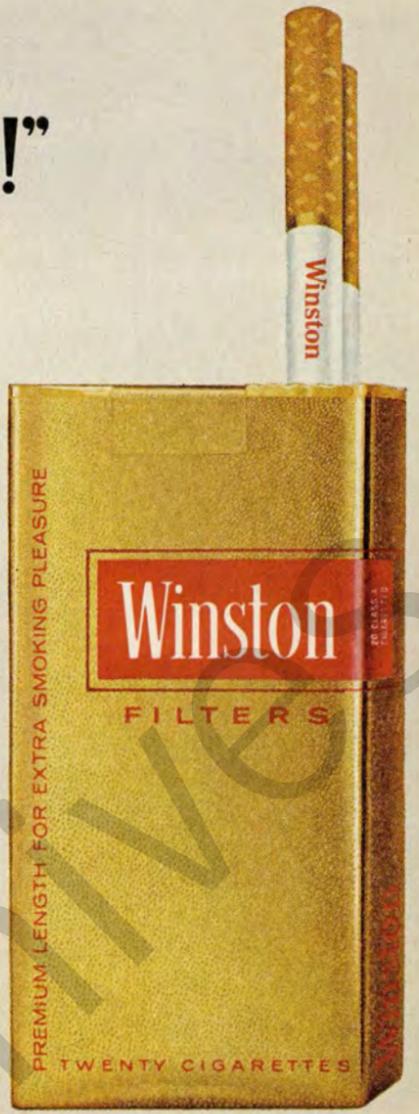
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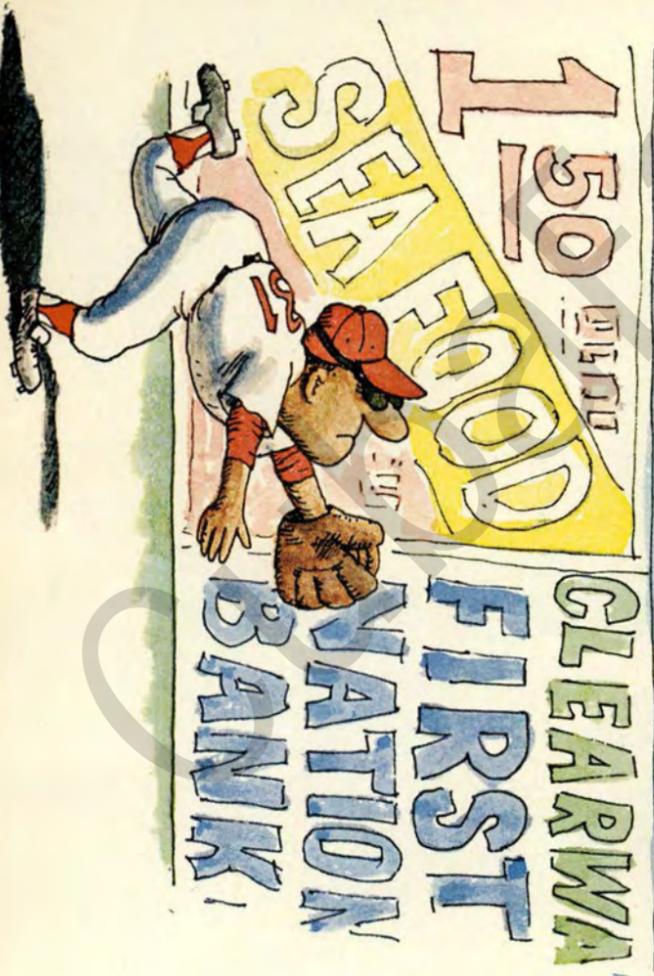
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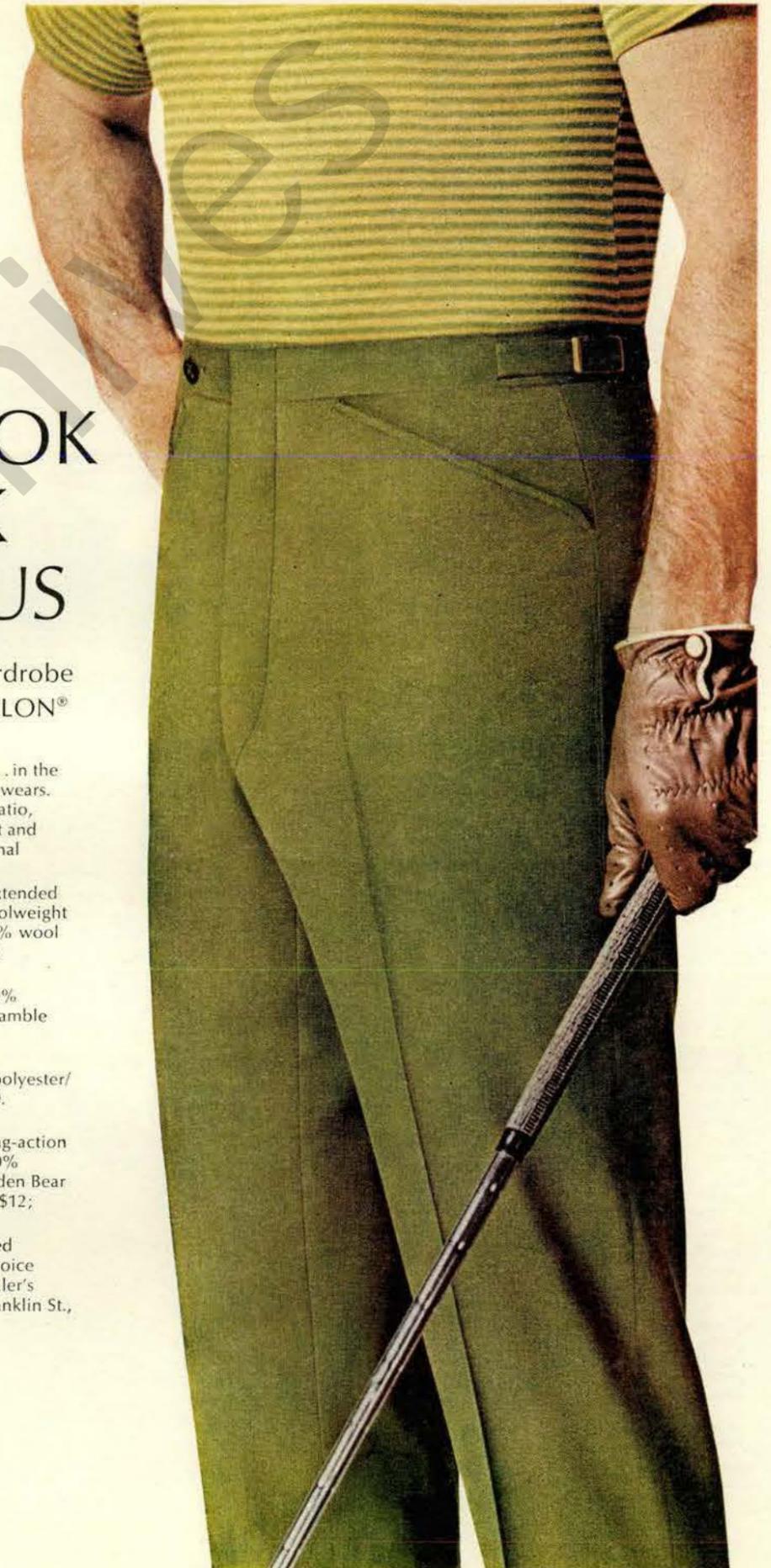
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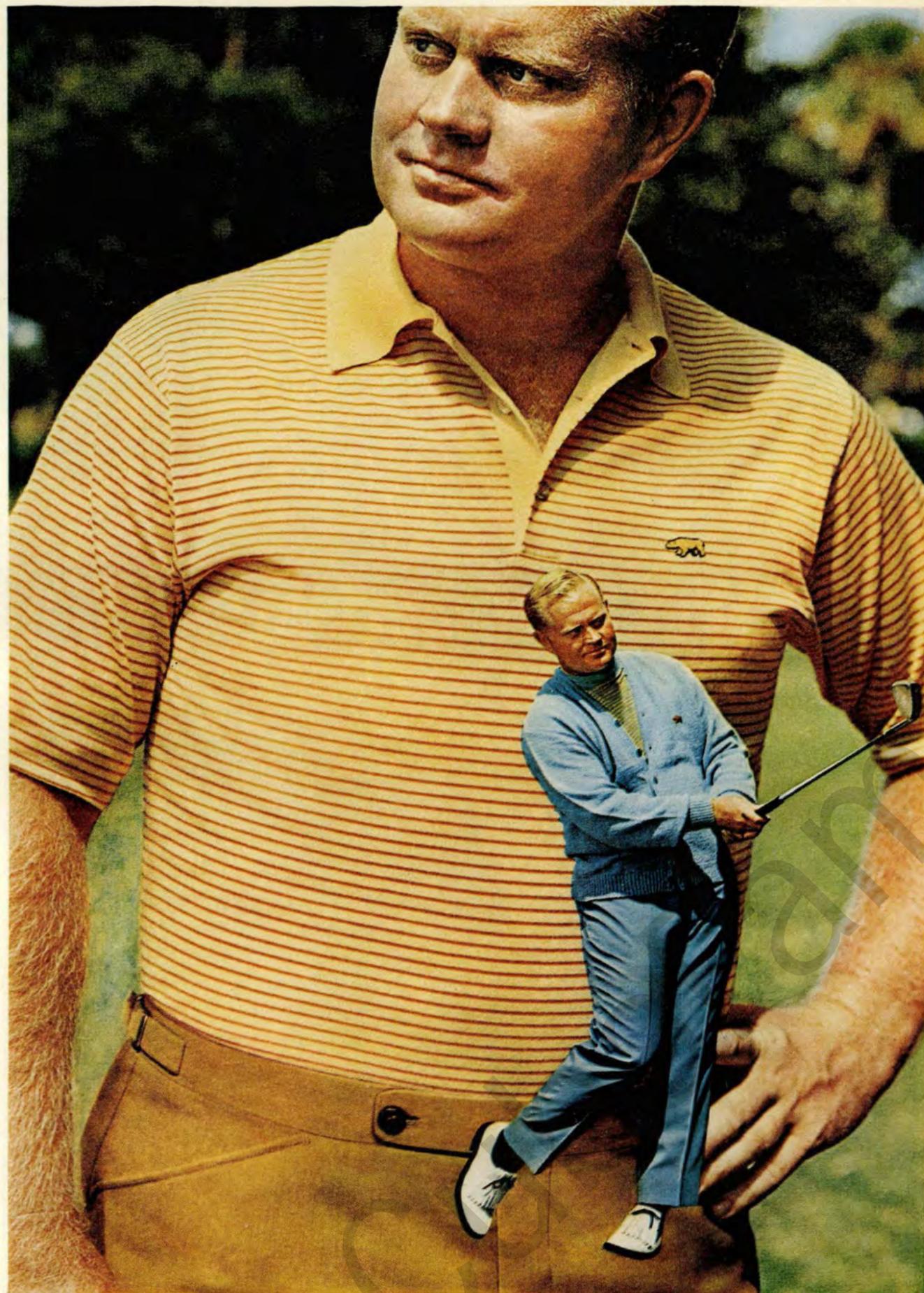
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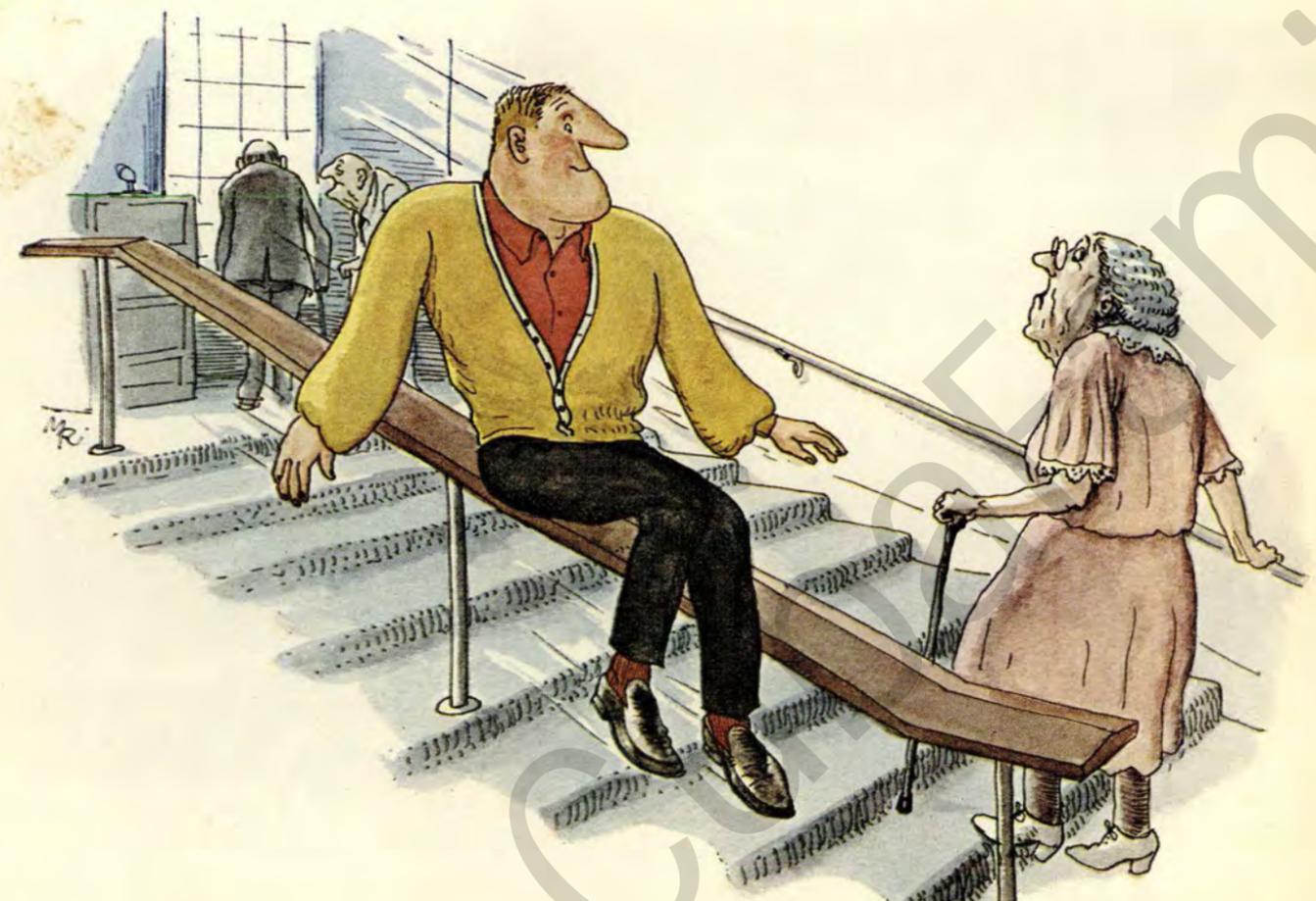
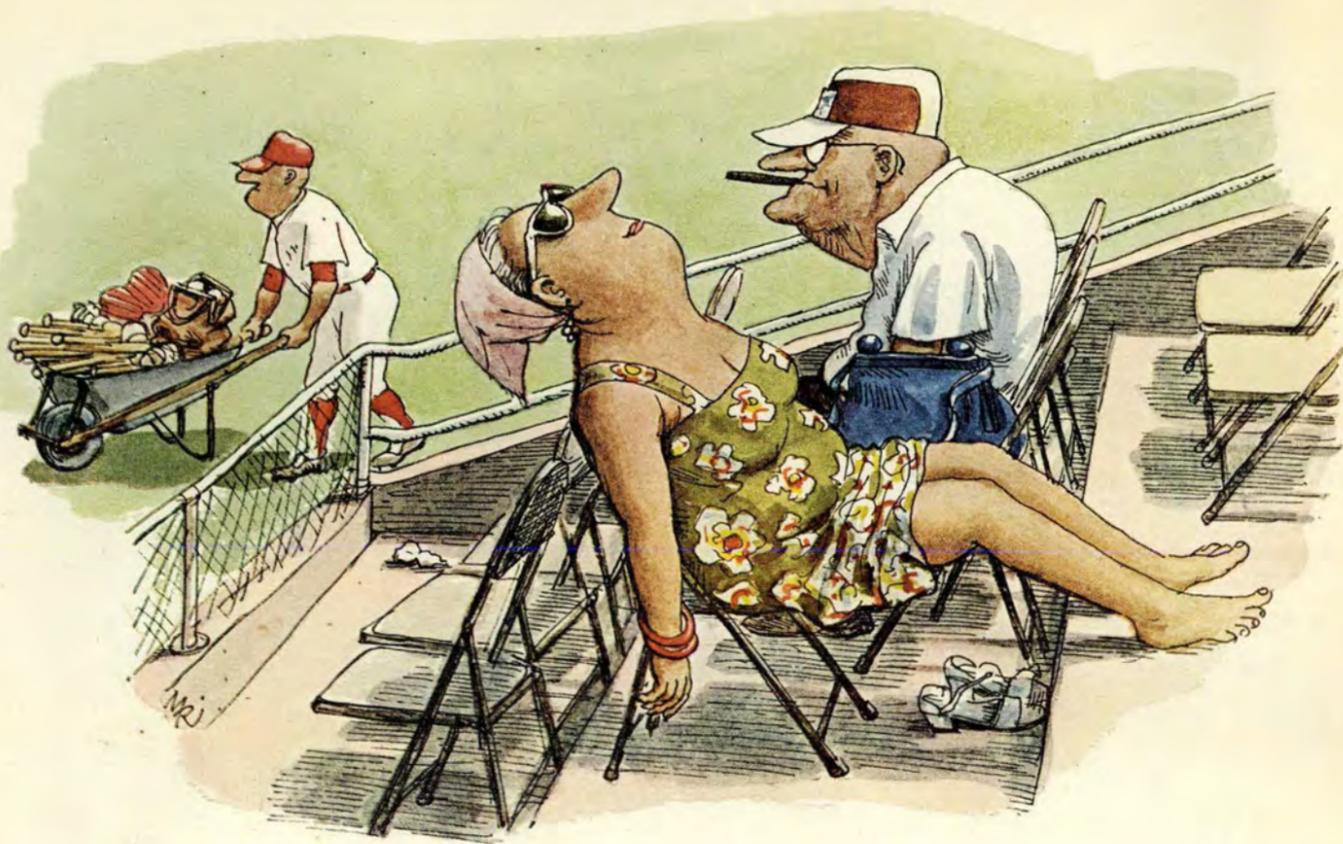
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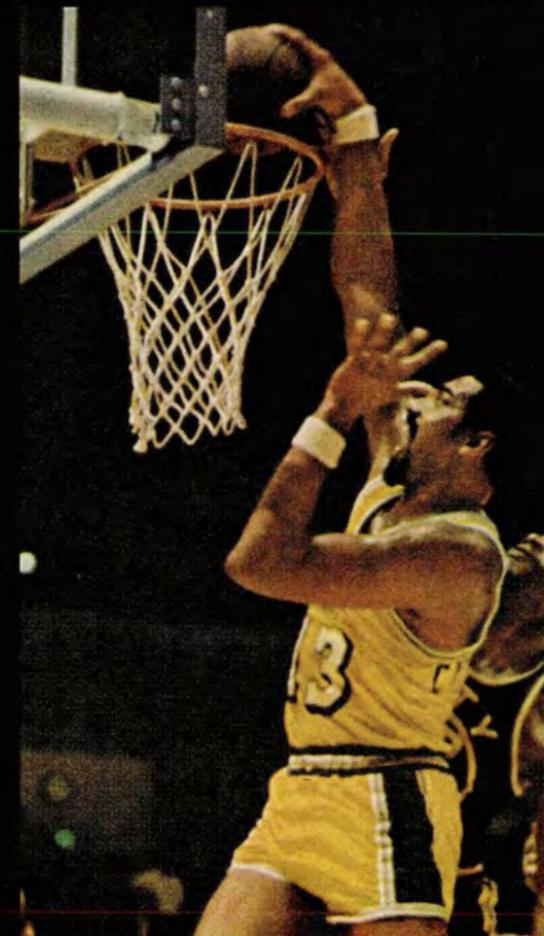




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looks. I race at Indianapolis each year, compete in 16 Grand Prix Formula I races, drive in about 16 Formula II races and the endurance races like Sebring or Le Mans, plus seven races in the Tasman series. I still couldn't say in which one the risk was the greatest.

At Indianapolis, for instance, you are very safe in the race if you are on your own. In other words, the chances of surviving an accident in which only your car is involved are quite high. The real danger at Indianapolis is getting involved in another driver's accident or of another driver getting involved in yours.

Last year at Indianapolis I had a suspension part break on the 111th lap. The left rear wheel just became detached from the part that was supposed to be holding it on. Well, of course I lost control of the car. I was doing 150 mph through No. 2 turn at the time, and the car swung around and clobbered the wall. I skidded backward along the wall for some distance, eventually came to a stop and was able to climb out.

The wall there is no danger at all, it is a big help. The corners are so big and sweeping that when you go out of control the chances are you will hit the wall a glancing blow and just slide harmlessly along it as I did. (You certainly don't want to hit a wall head-on, as that poor fellow did at Daytona the other day.) The car is a wreck, but at least you can usually walk away from it. If I'd finished up in the middle of the track, on the other hand, it is quite probable that someone would have come plowing into me. It is the secondary impact that is the great danger at Indianapolis—the impact that comes when someone spins out and is hit by the car behind him. The speeds are so high that when something goes wrong immediately ahead there is nowhere to go. It is difficult to take avoiding action at Indianapolis speeds. We do the straightaways at 200, even the corners at 150. There are 33 cars on a track only 2½ miles around—at least early in the race—and so there are always cars up ahead of you. Being in the lead is fine, but it doesn't put you in the clear. You get out in front of the other 32 cars and there is the tail end of the line again, just in front of you. It is a constant business of passing and being passed and the chances of getting involved if someone else goes wrong are very high.

In Grand Prix racing the chances of

getting involved in someone else's accident are very low. The circuits are much longer, generally, than at Indianapolis, and there are fewer cars in each race. Only a certain number of cars per mile of circuit are allowed on the starting grid. At a place like Spa in the Ardennes, for instance, there will be only 20 cars racing over a circuit 8.76 miles long. We go pretty fast, an average lap speed of 150 mph, but the cars come past the starting line only once every 3½ minutes instead of once every 55 or 60 seconds as at Indianapolis. On the typical Grand Prix circuit, with so few cars on such a long lap, things get nicely strung out. You don't get around to lapping other cars too often no matter how good you are. With only 20 cars in the race you also have a very high standard of driver, higher than in any other form of motor racing. It is less likely that things will go wrong. The drivers act more predictably. The chances of getting tangled up with somebody else are greatly reduced.

What you never want to do in Grand Prix racing is leave the track. Very often these circuits, or portions of these circuits, are simply public roads. There are very few nice, cozy retaining walls, as at Indianapolis. For most of each lap you are going very, very fast, and you don't want to leave the track anywhere. You don't want anything going wrong with the car, like having the brakes lock or losing a wheel. You don't want to make a mistake, because when you leave the track you'll go bouncing into trees or into a house or down a gully. This is the terribly sad and tragic thing that happened to Jimmy Clark in a Formula II race at Hockenheim in Germany last year. Jimmy Clark was the greatest race driver in the world, but something happened and he was off the track before he even had a chance to get control of the car.

He went off the track and crashed into a grove of trees. If there had been a retaining wall he probably would have just skidded along it, wrecking his car but surviving the crash.

Jimmy's death was the worst blow I've ever received; it hit me harder than anything else ever has. Race drivers, whatever might be said, are not switched in to that sort of thing, like, say, a soldier fighting in Vietnam. My first feeling was absolute numbness. Maybe this is nature's way of helping you absorb the

shock. It didn't really sink in at first that we weren't going to see Jimmy anymore. Everyone talked about him as if he were still around. It just gradually got through, but until then you did not really know what to feel, if you understand what I mean. Eventually it does get through, and suddenly the whole thing is terribly, terribly sad.

You wouldn't want to drive off the track as Jimmy did in an endurance race or a Formula II or III race either, but that is not the specific risk. These races have their own special hazards. In Formula II and Formula III what you have to contend with are less-skillful, less-experienced drivers. Possibly some of these drivers, especially when they have a chance to beat an established star, will take chances they would not ordinarily take. They will push the car beyond their ability to handle it. Their actions are also less predictable, and the result is an increased chance of making contact with another car, a very nasty thing to have happen. It takes only a slight nudge to throw you completely out of balance. When it happens the car can spin around like a top or do any number of things.

The long endurance races, such as Daytona, Sebring and Le Mans, present an added risk. This special danger is caused by the fact that there are so many different classifications and thus cars capable of a wide variety of speeds. This means quite often that you must overtake at 180 mph a car doing only 120. It is a bit risky. At Le Mans, where there are 55 cars with two drivers each, you are also going to have a wide variety of driving skills. Obviously there are not 110 first-rate drivers, more like 20. So you have many drivers who don't really know too well what they're doing. But in these races we are not driving at ten-tenths effort as we do in the shorter events. It is more like seven-tenths. We are well within ourselves. The whole idea, really, is just to get the car to finish. You get into a nice driving rhythm and stay in it. In Formula I racing we get into a rhythm as well, but there you don't want to get stuck into it too firmly. In some cases a driver finds that when another car shoots by and he has to speed up a little it takes a few laps to make the change. I suppose at Le Mans someone could get locked into a rhythm and not be able to snap out of it quickly when something happens on the track ahead, but this doesn't

continued

THE BEST TIMES NEED NO REASON



To some the early days mean only the sun and rooms that rent for \$38 a day, double occupancy; to others they represent the chance to soak up something more profound that will be recalled during the cool nights of September when the pennant drives catch fire and a man can sit in his easy chair and recall how the kid who is now a force in the race had looked so good to him in early March in Phoenix or Clearwater or West Palm Beach. Honest men, however, realize that a great problem of the early days is that nearly everyone looks good and that all the watchers are eventually deceived. Not many years ago *The Baltimore Sun* gave its readers an eight-column example on its sports pages of how boundless the initial enthusiasms can be. TRIANDOS HITS FOUR OFF IRON MIKE headlined the *Sun*. Iron Mike is the pitching machine.

Without paying a dime, however, a person can walk into any of the camps before the exhibition games begin and sit for two or three hours just watching the individual skills of the ballplayers. After a few visits the close observer can see some players ruining their chances of making the team by leaning their shoulder blades against the outfield fence

and taking a few too many trips to the water cooler.

But the man who truly cares about his baseball will merely watch all the time-honored idiosyncrasies and never seek explanations. "We do things the way we do them," Coach Tony Cuccinello, who has been going to spring training for more than 40 years, once said, "because that is the way we do them."

Oh, NASA or IBM—or, perhaps, the National Labor Relations Board—could change a lot of things about spring training, technologically speaking, and make them better, but they would not really be. The catching equipment comes onto the field in a wheelbarrow, the batting-practice balls are placed beside the pitching mound in a plastic laundry basket or a supermarket shopping cart and the shrewd coach loops miles of rubber bands around his fungo bat to put more spin on grounders. The chewing tobacco and bubble gum sit side by side on a small table in the clubhouse, not as representations of a generation gap, for Willie Mays chews bubble gum and Tommy Helms "chaws." They are there because they always seemed to have been there.

Losers of the year before try every

form of new device while the winners stand pat. The pitchers will not be able to bunt any better in the early days than they do when the pressure is on them in August, and all a manager can do is make them try all over again.

Aaron and Oliva, Yastrzemski and Clemente will produce a different sound of bat meeting ball than the bad hitters, a kind of "pop" that experienced ears will hear. The roar of Leo Durocher will be louder during this time than at any other as he teaches the youngsters *his way*. The boy-man who dares defy him will be, in the Lip's loud words, *long gone*. This spring there will be four new teams: the Seattle Pilots, Montreal Expos, San Diego Padres and Kansas City Royals and, in frustration, one manager may address his aspirants with the same words Casey Stengel once used on his young Mets. "Gentlemen, this is a baseball!" To which, Choo-Choo Coleman, because this was baseball and tradition had to be respected, replied with the hoary, "Hey, Skip, aren't you rushing us a little?" Ask anyone who has been around the camps and he will tell you the early days are the best.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

The gaffer is a contented man. It does not cost him a cent to watch the famous athletes while his wife soaks in the warm sun. But the senior lady is not so sure that she is content with the frisky fellow in her lobby.



The world auto-racing champion writes of danger and death—and the fulfillment which gives him

SERENITY ON THE EDGE OF DISASTER

by **GRAHAM HILL**
with **GWILYM S. BROWN**

I can't remember the last time I missed a good night's sleep, and I haven't had a bad dream since I was a boy of 7—over 30 years ago. This may seem a strange statement for someone in the supposedly hazardous sport of motor racing to make, but the fact is that our sport, which undeniably has its element of risk, simply isn't the fantastically dangerous thing that most people make it out to be. Besides, I probably have a built-in safety valve, a safety valve in reverse, if you like, that keeps me from lying awake nights worrying about the day to come. I think just about everyone does. We are constantly being hit over the head with reports on the fatalities on the road and the fatalities in the air, so you could easily believe that just getting through the day was a pretty risky adventure. But you can't go through life thinking that you're going to cop it at any moment. If you did you'd never get out of bed in the morning—and then the roof probably would cave in. It's easy enough to believe when you leave the house at the beginning of the day that you might never make it back.

But it is human nature not to believe

such a thing, and nobody does. This thinking applies to the people in some pretty risky professions: astronauts, fighter pilots, test pilots, steeplejacks, football players, racing drivers. We all know our jobs, what our function is, and, usually with very good reason, we put a great deal of faith in the people who provide us with the equipment we use. We expect that things are going to turn out well, and they usually do. Despite the popular impression, we do not live with fear.

In my own case, the reason is that I get such enormous enjoyment out of motor racing. I get pleasure out of driving sports cars and saloon cars, but what is really the top of the tree as far as I'm concerned is the single-seat Formula 1 racing car. Here is a finely balanced machine. It is a powerful machine, of course, and it requires extremely sensitive control. It is the control of this machine, and the control over yourself that is required to control the machine, that creates the tremendous appeal that the sport has for us. We are executing a very fine balancing act on the edge of disaster, if you like, and it is an absorbing struggle that leaves very little room for worry-

ing about the various dangers involved.

To help you understand what I'm trying to get at, let me explain about the most difficult part of our job, taking a car at high speed through a corner. At 180 mph, say, I'm approaching a corner that I'm going to have to take at 120. Somehow I have to lose 60 mph. I have to find a point where I can brake without unbalancing the car too much or losing too much speed—and thus precious seconds—to my opponents. I barely touch the brakes. I mustn't allow the wheels to lock. I must keep the car in balance, a balance that will vary, depending on how much fuel I have in the car and how flat or how dry the surface of the track is. By the time I have finished braking I have also probably dropped down one gear.

I go through the corner on the finest, fastest line I can find while balancing the car against the centrifugal force that is trying to throw the car to the outside of the track. I am balancing the car on the four little patches of rubber that are my contact with the track, and I am trying to employ the maximum amount of grip these four patches of rubber can provide. If I make a small mistake I can

continued

GRAHAM HILL continued

make a correction, but a major mistake, like taking the corner too fast or locking the brakes, will almost certainly cause the car to spin or to fly off the track. Of course, I don't want to go too slowly either.

This is the balancing act I spoke of, controlling this superb, powerful machine in such a way that it goes through the corner on the fastest line at near the fastest possible speed. When it is done right the result is a great feeling of accomplishment. You have thrown down a challenge that the other drivers must now try to beat.

This competitive feeling is something that all drivers must have, and it is another element that keeps our minds off the dangers of racing, such as they are. You must be thoroughly competitive to enjoy motor racing. If you don't want to win you will be asking yourself, "What am I doing here?" You must want to beat the clock, the circuit and the other drivers. You must do your utmost to win, to drive yourself and your car near the limit all the time. So not only do you get the benefit of all that lovely feeling of control and the pleasure of driving a car, but if you are lucky enough and good enough you also get the satisfaction of beating your opponents. You may even get some pleasure out of the acclaim that comes afterward. It all helps to drive out any fears you might be harboring.

Actually there is little reason to harbor very many fears. You must keep in mind that, though we are traveling at terrifically fast speeds, we are tuned in to those speeds and can handle them. This is similar to a cricket player who starts out a new season thinking that the ball is coming at him like a streak of lightning. Once he has played himself in, the ball no longer seems to be coming very fast. Suddenly it looks quite large and may even seem to be floating. Zap. Hit for six. The same sensation occurs in motor racing. I don't mean to be rude or sound superior, but if the ordinary citizen was driving a car into a bend at 100 mph he would undoubtedly think that the corner was coming at him at a terrific, terrifying rate of speed. A race driver will approach the same corner at 150 mph and think of the approach as a pretty slow, tame one. His reactions are tuned in to that speed. He is tuned in so thoroughly, in fact, that he can adjust quickly even when some-

thing goes wrong. He can quickly make the necessary corrections. It's all part of the fine balancing act I keep talking about. Any driver who has been traveling along a motor expressway at 70 mph and then turns off onto a country lane knows the feeling. When he drops down to 30 mph the rate of speed seems so slow that he figures he could get out and walk faster.

Simply going at terrific speeds is not what frightens us. In fact the only thing that really does scare us, outside of the unexpected—like sudden car breakdowns or sudden accidents on the track ahead that can't be foreseen—is wet weather. Wet weather is the real bogey in a race driver's life. We get pretty fearful about what can happen when the rain is pouring down and the race circuit is covered with puddles that you don't know about until you're in them. When a car traveling at high speed hits a puddle of water it is likely to start doing what we call aquaplaning. This is a horrible situation. The tires lose their grip on the track, the car begins to skid and spin and car and driver are completely out of control. No amount of driving skill is going to save you. It is like being up on a pair of water skis. Helpless or not, you work like the devil to regain control of the car, and it isn't until afterward that you find out how scared you were. You come out of it feeling pretty weak. It is one of the few times when everything inside you is saying, "Stop, this is ridiculous."

But controlling fear is all part of the challenge of racing, part of its enjoyment even. Somehow or other you must control the feeling of fear and not stiffen up. That would just make matters worse. If you were out there just flogging around on your own no doubt you'd start slowing down, but of course there are other racers driving against you. Maybe you slow down, but it isn't long before you start thinking that the others aren't slowing, that they are going around a lot faster than you. So quite quickly you stop thinking about being afraid and start thinking about how to win.

Wet weather is something that can happen anywhere but, for the most part, each type of race has its own built-in hazards and its own built-in safety factors. They are all different. It is impossible to weigh one against the other so far as the danger is concerned, except to say that, in general, no race is as risky as it

continued



BACKWARD into the Indianapolis wall ("a big help") goes Hill after losing wheel in 1968.



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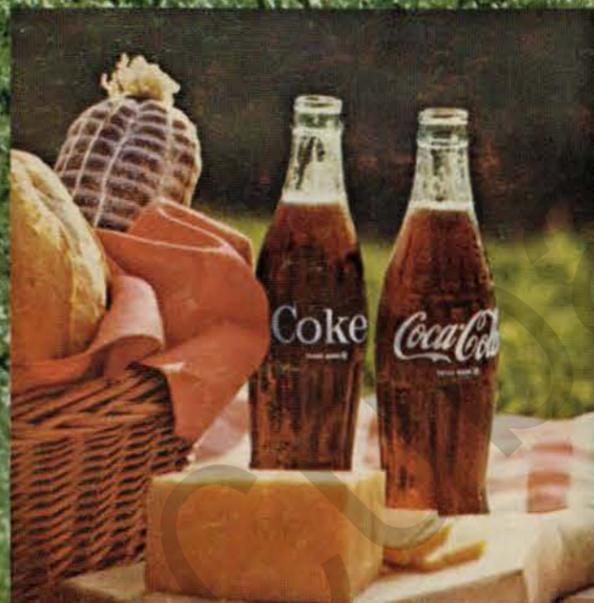


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ATLANTA

April 1969

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JEROME BROWN

OUR NEXT MAYOR.
THE CITY IS AT STAKE

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THEATRE

AMT Revisited.

□ With the passing of AMT in the Cultural Center, the wailing voices were heard again in the land lambasting Atlanta for its philistinism and lack of support for the arts. Nobody bewails public apathy toward the arts more than I; but nobody is any sicker of this unending canticle about how lax this city is in attending worthy events either.

It is a fact that only a tiny percentage of any town's population will give a hoot about theatre at all; and an even smaller group will bother to attend. So: anybody who decides to open a theatre, if he knows anything at all, knows that large crowds will be the near-miraculous exception.

The reasons for AMT's demise have been chronicled capably elsewhere, so we can for purposes here simply observe that Atlanta has a pretty good track record as its support of the arts goes.

Then, too, it is a perhaps painful, but nonetheless pertinent, fact that some shows don't deserve audiences anyway; or that they are shows that simply do not have an appeal broad enough even to attract the willing theatregoer. (Compulsive theatre-goers are, of course, another breed altogether. But their numbers are so small as to be nearly insignificant.)

The three most successful shows in Atlanta theatre have been *King Arthur*, *MacBird*, and *Red White and Maddox*. The basis of their appeal was that essentially they were all freak shows. *Arthur*, with its elaborate stage effects, campy acting, and eighteenth century music, is such an anachronism that its novelty was largely responsible for its success.

MacBird, in all its sophomoric "daring," and *Maddox*, offensive more for its ineptitude than for any pertinence or even entertaining character assassination, were both obviously aimed for a wide audience who could be lured in hopes of seeing something wicked or an indictment of a public figure.

But the formula won't always work, as the unhappily small crowds for June Havoc's psychodrama, *Marathon 33*, proved. AMT really had rotten luck with its play selection, especially those presented in the large theatre. *The Hostage*, hardly a play to attract mass audiences, was also scheduled at the worst time of year for any theatre, the holiday season, when there are a hundred things people would rather do than attend a theatre.

And those who did attend were subjected to a presentation that had precious few good spots. It seemed to last until sometime tomorrow; there was a near total absence of ensemble playing or ensemble feeling; and every defect of a very flawed, if vastly entertaining play, was revealed. The occasional good moments, provided by Michael Ebert, Elaine Kerr, and Bernard Kates, only made the rest of the players and their playing look even worse, and the whole thing looked as if

director Michael Howard had spent very little time with it.

Marathon 33, too, had its bright spots: Carol Morell, for instance; Lee Allen, on or off his roller skates; Elaine Kerr doing a shimmy to end them all; Sandra Seacat and David Gold as two of the most unpleasant people ever to dance the Sweetheart Waltz. But then there was the rest: June Havoc, so brassy and bubbly and sweet: in short, so unpleasant; the backward glances into her childhood, about which most audiences, I would think, couldn't care less; and the strained, all-stops-out "period" feeling it labored to generate.

The RepStudio Theatre also had its problems. *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground* is one of those plays that compels you while it goes on, and disappoints you when it's over. The most laughable spectacle of three people spilling their guts to each other in a slam-bang finale can leave an awful taste in an audience's mouth. Clive Barnes called *Slow Dance* "a very good play of a very bad sort," and the description is apt. It was well played. William Hansen, a man who has acted a long time and learned things all along the way, was brilliant. Hannibal Penny, had he been restrained by direction, would have been better; but, as things were, he was still good; and Carol Morell gave us a dowdy of pitiable plainness.

In White America probably isn't a play at all. It is more like a documentary film done live. It is also that most aggravating of plays: one whose intentions are so good that you almost can't not like it. But, finally, its dated material, its ham-fisted approach, and, in the case of the studio, its lamentably shoddy production, all add up to a minus.

But RepStudio did wind things up well. Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* was the best thing ART did all its short season. Inventively directed by Bernard Kates, it offered its performers that amazingly playable dialogue that Pinter can turn out. While *The Homecoming*, like so much of Pinter's work, begins to look and sound like variations on no particular theme, it still is riveting. It is especially so when excellently played, as it was by Michael Ebert, Claudette Nevins (especially nice, after her grievous miscasting in *The Hostage*), Harry Ellerbe, Peter Thompson (also a *Hostage* casualty), and Lee Wallace.

In sum, then, Atlanta Repertory Theatre produced a lot of stuff for its short life; but most of it, finally, was not really very good. Add to that administrative problems, the difficulties of trying to run four organizations at once and, as always, money troubles, and perhaps you will grant the original point of all this: that Atlanta, like every other city, does not do all we would like it to for the arts. But there are faults elsewhere, as well.

—Don Smith

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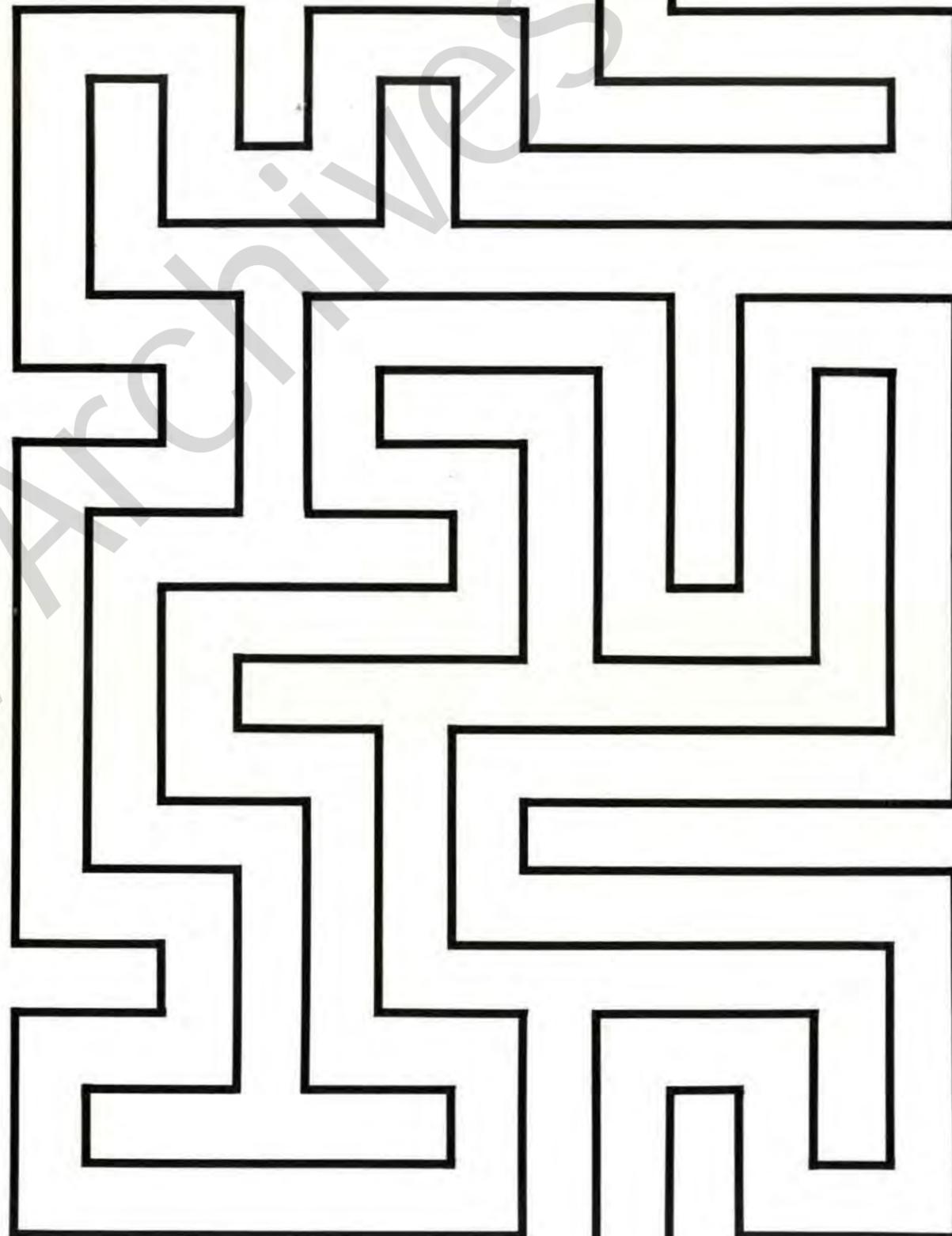
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be one of the Met's finest current ones. Alain Lombard conducts. Saturday, May 10, Matinee: *La Boheme* (Giacomo Puccini). "Foul in subject, and fulminant but futile in its music" is how one eminent New York critic greeted *Boheme's* first performance at the Met the day after Christmas in 1900. He further cited it as an example of "the stage of degradation to which dramatic music has been reduced." So much for critics; *Boheme* ranks second in number of times given at the Met (*Aida* is first). It has everything a well-fed audience could ask for: starving Bohemians, the Latin Quarter of Paris, a garret romance, a poet who burns his manuscripts to keep warm, a consumptive heroine, a bittersweet musical score by Puccini. Some of the Met's great luminaries have trod the boards in this vehicle for Atlantans—Lucrezia Bori, Licia Albanese, Renata Tebaldi, Giovanni Martinelli, Beniamino Gigli, Jussi Bjoerling, to cite a few. Soprano Lucine Amara, an Atlanta favorite, and Tenor Gianni Raimondi are principal lovers, with Mario Sereni, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gene Boucher also frolicking around until the last tragic moment. The production dates from 1952 (originally staged by Hollywood's Joseph Mankiewicz). The conductor is Fausto Cleva.

Saturday, May 10, Evening: *Il Trovatore* (Giuseppe Verdi). This is an old standby for audiences everywhere, and Atlanta is no exception. The "Anvil Chorus." *Tacea lo notte*. The Miserere. The final duet, *Ai nostri monti*. Gypsy hag kidnaps infant son of nobleman for revenge, then throws her own baby in the fire by mistake, so raises nobleman's son as her own, all the while using our hero as a tool to consummate her crazed plans for vengeance. Hero and his own brother (unbeknownst as such to either) become political and romantic rivals, with the heroine Leonora caught in the middle. Heroine poisons herself and hero is executed—by his own brother. It's only been a hit for 116 years. The cast for Atlanta is topflight: Soprano Radmila Bakocevic as Leonora, Tenor James McCracken as Manrico, Cornell MacNeil as the Count di Luna, and Irene Dalis as Azucena. Conductor Carlo Franci makes his Atlanta debut. —Bill Pope



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THE CANDIDATES?

ON THE COVER of this magazine are eight men who are likely to participate in the mayor's race and one man who is as likely to participate as anybody else. They are Vice-Mayor Sam Massell, Charles Weltner, Rodney Cook, Leroy Johnson, Milton Ferris, Maynard Jackson, Cecil Alexander, Everett Millican, and, on the far left, professional model Ed Rudolph. Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jackson will probably run for vice-mayor. Mr. Rudolph has not yet organized his campaign. His chances seem as good as anyone else's or your own.

It is an exceptionally decent group. There is not a neanderthal, a fool, or a crook among them. We have our preferences, but among the politicians in this picture there is not one whose qualifications for office could not be soberly and seriously argued. Unless the situation changes radically, it would seem certain that Ivan Allen's successor will be a credit to the city.

The race will be very different from that of 1961. It will be more dignified, for it does not seem likely that there will be any serious extremist candidate. It seems also likely that there will be no giant and herein there is a distinct danger for the next phase of our history. One of the most respected commentators on the city that we know confessed recently that the prospect of the race left him singularly unexcited. This, we believe, is as worrying as the presence of the most unprincipled candidate imaginable.

It is worrying for two reasons. The machinery of Atlanta's government, in which legislative and executive powers are not well separated, forces the mayor to govern largely by force of personality and style. The city's great mayors have traditionally accomplished this. We believe that some of the present candidates have the capacity for such leadership, but the task will be infinitely harder if the race ends in a photo-finish.

The next mayor must command solid loyalty and a near consensus, for he will have to guide the city through a period more hazardous, even, than the last eight years. Atlanta has achieved great merits through flexible and humane attitudes. Attitudes are reasonably cheap. The next phase is harder. Our monumental problems, which the city at least clearly realizes, of housing, transport, and opportunity, are matters of bulldozers and hard cash. If we are not to waste our energies, we must have a great mayor and we must believe in him.

The race is vital and it must have a winner. It will be a disaster if personal loyalties, lack of interest, or indecision so scatter support among the contenders that no candidate has a solid base. It would be inconceivably worse if the lack of any clear leader among the responsible candidates left the prize to someone as yet unknown, irresponsible, and extreme.

The Editors

the cast of this characteristically French opera, but that's the way it goes these days. The conductor, Alain Lombard, brings the requisite Gallic authority to conducting chores.

Wednesday, May 7: *Rigoletto* (Giuseppe Verdi). Anyone who cannot whistle or hum *La donna e mobile*, *Caro nome* and the Quartet from the last act has no business at the opera; indeed, according to Bernard Shaw, it is questionable whether he should be allowed to live at all. *Rigoletto* is a veritable string of operatic Hit Parade numbers, one after the other, and the plot is surefire melodrama. "Never mind what the critics say," Verdi once advised a general manager. "Keep your eye on the boxoffice receipts. They tell all." Verdi invariably had success on both counts. Baritone Leonard Warren was Atlanta's favorite *Rigoletto*; his worthy successor is Cornell MacNeil, who once replaced the ailing Warren in the same role several years ago here. Anna Moffo is the hapless Gilda and Gianni Raimondi is the dashing Duke of Mantua. Fausto Cleva conducts. The settings are vintage 1951 and could stand a dab of paint here and there, but who cares?

Thursday, May 8: *Adriana Lecouvreur* (Francesco Cilea). Some operas richly deserve the neglect which they have fallen into, and this one seems to be a good example. It had the honor of opening the Met's season in 1907, and had one more performance that season. Not even the voice and presence of Enrico Caruso or the dark good looks of Soprano Lina Cavalieri could rescue this uninspired turkey. It was revived in a splendid new production fifty-five years later as a vehicle for the considerable talents of Renata Tebaldi and matinee idol Tenor Franco Corelli, both of whom will grace the stage in Atlanta. Nell Rankin and Anselmo Colzani will try to help pull the story together. The music is forgettable, but Tebaldi and Corelli look (and sound) splendid together, and the production values are high. Fausto Cleva is the conductor.

Friday, May 9: *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (Gioacchino Rossini). In contrast to all the gloomy, bittersweet doings of the week, this perennial comedy sheds not one single tear along the way. Rudolph Bing called on actor Cyril Ritchard to stage the proceedings. The cast is one of the best of the Atlanta season—Sherrill Milnes as Figaro, Roberta Peters as Rosina, Luigi Alva as Count Almaviva, Cesare Siepi as Don Basilio, and the eminent basso buffo Fernando Corena as Dr. Bartolo. This production is considered to



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OPERA

Some old favorites and an old turkey.

□ "Do I remember Atlanta? I should say I do. The way they used to wine and dine us, we could hardly get up the next day to sing," laughed the regal lady. "They" referred to Atlanta society before World War I, and "us" was the Metropolitan Opera Company which made its first trek to Atlanta in 1910.

Speaking over the telephone from her New York apartment was Mrs. Clarence H. Mackay, widow of the man who had been president of Postal Telegraph and member of the board of directors of the Metropolitan. In 1914 Atlanta knew her professionally as Anna Case, a soprano who sang on the Met roster during the so-called Golden Era.

Anna Case sang the important role of Sophie, the unworshipful bride-to-be, in Strauss' *Der Rosenkavalier* when the Met brought that operatic milestone to Atlanta for the first time during its 1914 spring season here. She had appeared in New York the previous December in the first American performance of the same work, which was just two years old at the time. "I had to learn the role by rote because I didn't know any German," she recalled. "I had to study everyone's part so I'd know when to look toward one of the others, when to nod, and so on. They sent me the score, which is terribly difficult, in August 1913, and I had to have it ready for rehearsal by October."

Although she abandoned the operatic stage years ago, the soprano maintains a box at the Metropolitan on Monday nights. She saw the first performance of the Met's new production of *Der Rosenkavalier* in February, the same production scheduled for Atlanta's 1969 opening night May 5.

Mrs. Mackay was the first American to sing at the Met without previous European experience. "I didn't know a single complete role when I was signed up in 1909; the general manager, Andreas Dippel, and the soprano, Johanna Gadschi, heard me at a concert in Philadelphia and he wrote me a letter asking me to come for an audition at the Metropolitan. I went out on the dark, vast stage and sang an aria from *Romeo et Juliet* and the song *Caro mio ben*. Someone called out: 'sing *Caro mio ben* again,' and I thought, 'my God, I've done it wrong,' but I sang again. Then Dippel told me to come round the following Tuesday. I did, and we went to the old Knickerbocker Hotel. He knocked on the door and a maid answered it. At the window stood one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen, in a big black picture hat. She sat down at the piano and played the introduction to Juliet's aria and I sang it again. Dippel gave me a contract. Lillian Russell had once asked me to be her protégée, but my voice teacher had told me to hold out for opera and I'm glad I followed her advice."

Anna Case's last two operatic appear-

ances at the Met were in 1917 as Micaela in *Carmen*, once with Enrico Caruso and, later in the season, with Giovanni Martinelli. Both tenors were big favorites in Atlanta, to say the least; Caruso died almost forty-eight years ago, and Martinelli died just last February. Fourteen years later, Anna Case became Mrs. Clarence Mackay.

"I remember the dogwood trees in Atlanta," said Mrs. Mackay. "But then, I guess everybody does. The last time I was there was in 1915, when I sang Olympia in *The Tales of Hoffman*. If you can find anybody who remembers that, tell them I said hello."

Waiting in the wings is the 1969 season of the Met, and here is what to expect:

Monday, May 5: *Der Rosenkavalier* (Richard Strauss). The Met's brand-new production unveiled in New York last February was hailed by New York critic Irving Kolodin as "the most spacious and theatrically satisfying *Rosenkavalier* design the Met has had since it started giving Strauss' comic masterpiece in 1913." A sumptuous *Rosenkavalier* is something to see, because it is set in the baroque Vienna of Maria Theresa. What started out as a simple comedy in Strauss' mind evolved into a somewhat long and complicated affair, one of the few operas whose main characters are real three-dimensional human beings. It is all very beautiful, but don't expect to leave much before midnight, as it does go on and on—and in German, too. In the past, *Rosenkavalier* has been under such eminent conductors as Fritz Busch, Karl Boehm, and Erich Leinsdorf. This time, Atlanta gets Franz Allers, who used to conduct *My Fair Lady* on Broadway. The cast is outstanding: Régine Crespin as the Marschallin, Rosalind Elias as Octavian, Otto Edelmann as Baron Ochs, and Judith Raskin as Sophie. The part of Octavian is a complicated assignment: a female singer impersonating a male character who, in the course of the opera, is called upon to impersonate a female.

Tuesday, May 6: *Faust* (Charles Gounod). Everyone gets his money's worth in this 1965 production staged by Jean-Louis Barrault of the Comedie Francaise and financed by Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The opera is given virtually uncut, thereby adding several episodes (including a long ballet sequence) seldom heard or seen. That is good news because audiences can't get enough of this old warhorse, which opened the Met back in 1883. It also opened the company's final season in the old house in 1965. Atlanta has seen its share of splendid *Fausts*, perhaps none more memorable than the one in 1924 when Russian basso Feodor Chaliapin sang Méphistophélès. This year, the title role is sung by Barry Morell, Gabriella Tucci is Marguerite, Bonaldo Giaiotti is the Devil himself. Not a Frenchman in



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MOVIES

Oedipus Next?

□ The problem with musicals used to be that no one was willing to expand the form, and, in those days, the differences between a good musical and a supposedly bad one were not so great, as each produced, to a considerable degree, the same sense of pleasure. From John Murray Anderson's *Greenwich Village Follies* to the premiere of *Oklahoma!* in 1943, excursions into the densities of plot and character were rare indeed, and the term "musical comedy" came to imply dramatic fare of such mean proportion and of so little artistry that few serious theatre people gave it any but their slightest attention.

However, when the musical at last found a sense of direction in the fifties, the form fairly exploded with sudden energy and vitality, giving us in one sustained period of some eighteen years perhaps the most exciting theatrical evolution the western world has seen, and creating a body of work which may well outlast much of the so-called "serious" theatre in our libraries. *West Side Story*, for instance, is a far stronger and more intelligent drama than *Death of A Salesman*, and *Man of La Mancha* is a greater accomplishment than *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*.

Americans have always reserved a special love for the musical, and its growing artistry and sociological reach have done little to deter them, a fact which seems to indicate that, in art, reality and the imagination come out eventually to be the same thing. Musicals have a way of giving us something that was not quite there before, and it is in this very *something* that their reality consists. No matter how far-fetched a musical becomes, it will invariably achieve a kind of maddening organic unity almost in spite of itself, as if God, not man, had given it life. What mere play or book can stand up to the challenge? When *Carousel* was born, *Liliom* died forever.

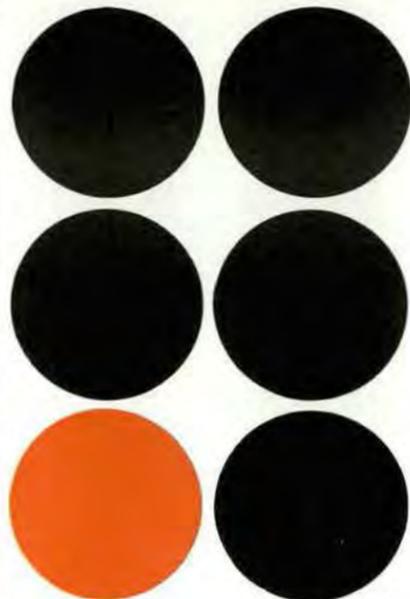
Still, despite the prevailing notion amongst our stage producers that any vehicle may be transformed into an inspired musical, I rather suspect that *Oliver Twist* will not be one of them. At least not this time. *Oliver!*, the Lionel Bart "adaptation" of the novel, fails on several counts, the first and probably most serious one being that it was attempted by an Englishman, not an American. Bart has learned everything he knows about the form from viewing things like *Pal Joey* and *The Sound of Music*, and in the process of building his own drama he manages to neglect just about every advance the art has accomplished since *On Your Toes*. Carol Reed's film of *Oliver!*, now showing at the Tara, is a thing of enormous visual beauty, and it demonstrates considerable energy and excellence in its parts, but the whole amounts to something less than a good evening with the novel itself. For one thing, Reed's basic intuition has been to render Dickens' world rather completely, a notion we wholly admire, for the journey

is an exciting one, and the psychology of the characters comes into sharp focus against their London milieu. But whereas Reed is something of a naturalist in his treatment, Bart remains a fantastik, and his vision might better have been accomplished by a Gene Kelly or a Walt Disney, men better suited to his vision of the world. Bart is a sentimentalist, but he lacks the candor and analytical reach that Dickens possessed in abundance, and the musical fails to convince because it concentrates upon character to the virtual exclusion of plot and meaning. What was needed, somehow, was a more intense and perhaps less "ambitious" drama, one that had a few genuine scares in it too, and some real sense of the grubby underside of London. But Bart opted for the fairy tale, the formulae, the tried and true, regarding dramatic interest as mere mechanical necessity.

The acting in *Oliver!* is, for the most part, superb, especially among the children; but Oliver Reed, as Bill Sikes, savors his lines perhaps too much, and Ron Moody, as Fagan, is so deliciously unreal that he creates his own little play, all to himself. Jack Wild, however, as the Artful Dodger, gives one of the finest child performances it has been my pleasure to view. Watching the incredibly accomplished and cocksure Mr. Wild, one keeps wishing that some of his ability had rubbed off on Mark Lester, who plays Oliver with a quality of such staggering innocence that it becomes almost inspired. As for the music, too many times Mr. Bart's recitative falls back upon the kind of Gilbert-and-Sullivan routines that the form is infamous for historically, and, when this happens, conflict disappears, as if by magic, and the story halts altogether as Mr. Bart tries to sort out his dramaturgy and decide which attack to cope with next.

Sooner or later, somebody like Mr. Bart is going to attempt a musical of Gorki's *Lower Depths*, and I shudder at the prospect. He will do so primarily because he knows it can't be done, a factor of considerable importance nowadays, because so many of our recent successes have been in the area of the impossible and the "serious." *Oliver!* is a victory of a kind for Mr. Bart, but it does precious little for Mr. Dickens, and even less for our conscience. For if we are to believe Mr. Bart's fable, we have no need for child welfare laws or any other social legislation. In *Oliver!* the rich get rich, and the poor get poorer, and we are all the worse for it, especially in the theatre. Mark my words, people, if Mr. Bart can succeed, somebody next year will take note of it and compose a book and lyrics for *Oedipus Rex*. Dig that. A love aria for Jocasta. —Jim Lineberger

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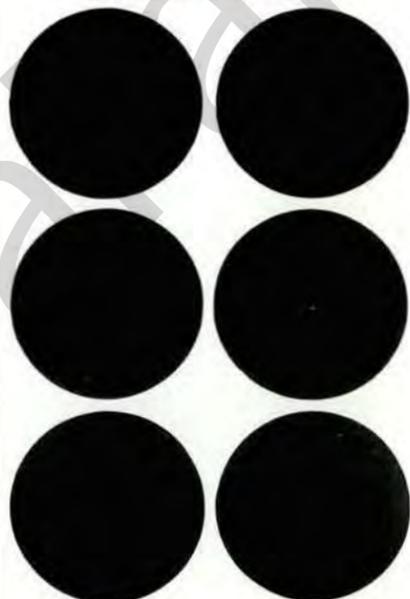


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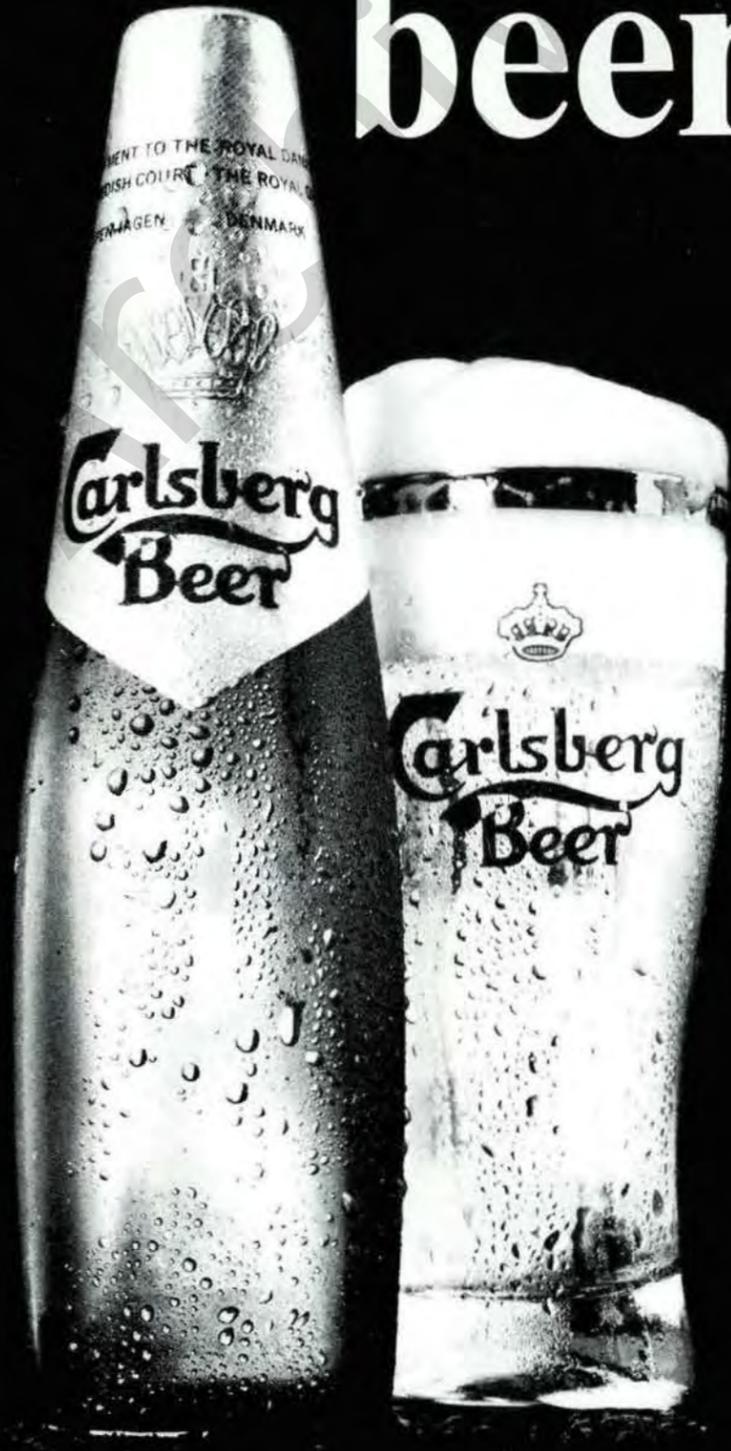
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S & W Gallery—1544 Piedmont Road, N.E., 874-1708. Monday-Saturday, 11:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. Large print collection.
Showcase Gallery of Original Art—3029 Peachtree Road, N.E., 261-2897. Weekdays, 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sunday, 1-6 p.m. Original oils, lithographs, sketches, watercolors, posters, etchings, acrylics, engraving, and woodcuts.

Sports

BASEBALL, major league—The Braves come home from West Palm Beach this month to launch their third season in Atlanta. Manager Luman Harris' club officially gets off on the night of April 7 against the San Francisco Giants and aging, but still brilliant, Willie Mays. The Giants stay over for games on April 8 and 9 with Cincinnati following on April 11, 12, and 13. Hank Aaron & Co. then go on the road for two weeks before concluding the month in Atlanta Stadium. Houston is here April 28 and 29 with the new San Diego Padres in town on April 30. Braves home games begin at 8 p.m., with day games at 1:35 p.m. on Sundays and 1:15 p.m. on Saturdays. The stadium seats slightly over 50,000 in baseball season with portable football bleachers removed. The club maintains a downtown ticket office in The Commerce Building, corner of Marietta and Broad, and tickets can also be bought at the park, 9 a.m. through 6 p.m. daily. For further information, phone the club at 522-7630.

GOLF, pro and amateur—The world's first-ranking golf tournament, The Masters, is held annually during the second week in April. This year's event is scheduled April 10 through 13 at Augusta, 125 miles to the southeast. If you do not already have tickets, forget it. The Masters is a sell-out annually shortly after the New Year. This year, however, for the first time, all the action will be shown on television in Georgia. The old "blackout" was lifted in response to a tremendous public demand.

TENNIS, amateur—The Atlanta Invitational Tennis Championships, a meet that annually attracts Davis Cup-calibre competitors, is scheduled May 1 thru May 4. Play will be at the Betsy Grant Tennis Center, located ten minutes from downtown on Northside Drive. A small admission charge is customary for the late rounds. Frank Froehling, Chuck McKinley, Ron Holmberg, Cliff Richey, Gardner Mulloy are former champions.

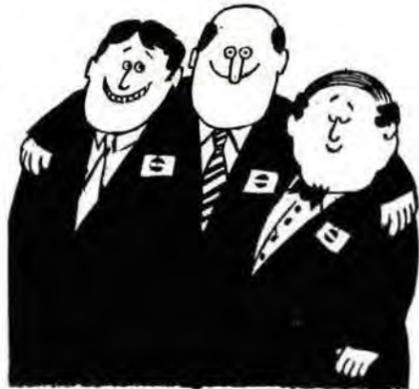
GOLF, ladies pro—The Lady Carling Classic, a success on the LPGA tour in its inaugural try a year ago, is slated April 18-19-20 at the Canogate Golf Club in suburban Palmetto. All of the big-name lady stars—Micky Wright, Kathy Whitworth, Marlene Bauer Hage, etc.—will be here to shoot for the crown won in 1968 by Carol Mann. The lanky Miss Mann, a onetime Atlantan herself, is sure to return. Her winning score a year ago (200) was an all-time low for a 54-hole LPGA event. Canogate is reached via I-85 West. Signs will direct tourney-goers from the Palmetto exit.

COLLEGE, spring sports—Georgia Tech here plays a heavy schedule of tennis, golf, track, and baseball all during the April-May period. On the small college level, Oglethorpe and Georgia State also field teams in most sports. Check newspapers for upcoming matches.

Conventions

Aircraft Electronics Association—April 29-May 2, Regency Hyatt House.
American College of Sports Medicine—April 30-May 3, Regency Hyatt House.
American Council of Christian Churches—April 22-25, Henry Grady Hotel.
American Pulpwood Association—April 22-24, American Motor Hotel.
American Telephone & Telegraph Annual Stockholders Meeting—April 16, Atlanta Civic Center.
Antique Show—April 6-12, Municipal Auditorium.
Association for Supervision & Curriculum Development—April 16-19, Regency Hyatt House.
Atlanta Gifts & Decorative Accessories Market—

April 6-8, Atlanta Merchandise Mart.
Atlanta Toy Show—April 11-15, Atlanta Merchandise Mart.
Atlantic Cotton Association—April 23-26, Dinkler Plaza Hotel.
Automotive Service Industry Association, Auto Trim Wholesalers Section—April 12-16, Riviera Motor Hotel.
Beta Sigma Phi Sorority, State Convention—April 11-13, American Motor Hotel.
Citizens Conference on State Legislatures—April 10-12, Marriott Motor Hotel.
Combined Insurance Company—April 3-5, Regency Hyatt House.
Coca-Cola Bottlers—April 13-14, Regency Hyatt House.
Future Business Leaders of America—April 25-26, Dinkler Plaza Hotel.
Georgia P. E. O.—April 16-17, Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel.
Georgia Association of Real Estate Boards—April 14-17, American Motor Hotel.



Georgia Bankers Association—April 8-11, Marriott Motor Hotel.
Georgia Electric Membership Corporation—April 16-18, American Motor Hotel.
Georgia State Bowling Association—April 19-20, 26-27, Mark Inn, Airport.
Georgia State League for Nursing—April 16-18, Regency Hyatt House.
Georgia Teachers & Education Association—April 9-11, Atlanta Civic Center.
Girls Clubs of America, Inc.—April 13-16, Regency Hyatt House.
Liberty Homes of Georgia—April 20-24, American Motor Hotel.
National Association of Women Deans & Counselors—April 9-15, Regency Hyatt House.
National Board of Boiler and Pressure Vessel Inspectors—April 19-25, Regency Hyatt House.
National Bridal Service—April 21-24, Atlanta Cabana.
National Office Products Association—April 17-20, Marriott Motor Hotel and the Atlanta Civic Center.
National Park Service, Southeastern Superintendents Conference—April 25-27, American Motor Hotel.
North American Convention of Christian Medical Society & Third Assembly of House of Delegates—April 30-May 3, Marriott Motor Hotel.
Printing Industries of America—April 23-27, Marriott Motor Hotel.
Society of Actuaries—April 30-May 2, Regency Hyatt House.
Society of Automotive Engineers—April 28-May 1, Atlanta Cabana.
Southeastern Mobile Housing Show—April 23-27, Regency Hyatt House and Farmers Market.
Southeastern Shippers Advisory Board—April 23-24, Dinkler Plaza Hotel.
Southeastern Shoe Travelers—April 13-16, Sheraton-Biltmore Hotel.
Southern Exposition for Hotels, Motels, Restaurants—April 28-May 1, Atlanta Civic Center.
Southern Gas Association—April 27-30, Marriott Motor Hotel and Regency Hyatt House.
Southern Home Sewing Exposition—April 20-22, Atlanta Merchandise Mart.
Southern Regional Education Board—April 9-11, Atlanta Cabana.
State YMCA Youth Assembly—April 17-19, Dinkler Plaza Hotel.
Toastmasters—April 25-27, American Motor Hotel.
United Community Funds of America—April 20-24, Marriott Motor Hotel.



ATLANTA MAGAZINE

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Happy Birthday To Us

Opie L. Shelton



FATHERING A MAGAZINE is not entirely unlike fathering a child. With both you watch as they grow, lend a helping hand when needed, share their joy and sorrow.

With the publication of this issue, ATLANTA is nine years old. It was unique in its field, since at the time of its birth there wasn't a really good magazine being published in the nation by a Chamber of Commerce. Today, there are many, although one critic blasts them for trying to be carbon copies of ATLANTA.

Recently we had a professional survey firm make a three-month study of the readership of this magazine. We wanted to know more about you, our readers, your likes and dislikes.

If you are the typical reader you are a married male, age forty-four, a top executive of an Atlanta firm, and earn \$23,913 a year.

Football is your favorite sport, with auto racing at the bottom of the list.

As to the content of ATLANTA, you want to see more articles on urban problems, travel, history, science, and politics. You want less about auto racing, fiction, and dance.

Of the regular departments each month, you prefer those dealing with business. Then, in order, come town talk, personalities, politics, sports, and restaurants. You least prefer art, books, and movies.

Chances are four-to-one that you read your copy at home and that you spend up to two hours reading it. You average reading

half of the total magazine. The odds that your wife reads the magazine are also four-to-one. In fact, there are 6.4 other adults who read your copy of ATLANTA.

It is encouraging to know that there is a 93.83 per cent chance that you read the ads and consider them outstanding.

Chances of your reading other magazines regularly vary: LIFE (36.1 per cent), TIME (27.8 per cent), U. S. NEWS (22.2 per cent), READER'S DIGEST (19.8 per cent), WALL STREET JOURNAL (18 per cent), LOOK (17.5 per cent), BUSINESS WEEK (16.3 per cent), FORTUNE (13.3 per cent), NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC (11.5 per cent), PLAYBOY (8 per cent), NEW YORKER

(6.5 per cent), FORBES (5.02 per cent), and NATION'S BUSINESS (3.55 per cent).

Bless your heart, there is a 92 per cent chance that you think ATLANTA is either outstanding or good. What's more, there is a 95 per cent chance that you will renew your subscription next year.

So, there you are, Mr. Average Reader. What you have told us makes us even more determined to merit your continued support.

Again, just as it costs money to raise a child, ATLANTA has not been an inexpensive investment. It wasn't conceived in the first place to make money. We have used the best of everything to make ATLANTA worthy of the name it bears. It still isn't as good as we would like it to be, but we are all working on that.

"I just might sue every company director reading this magazine."



I'm not a madman.
This is not a joke.

If you are a director of a major company, I've got you where I want you. At my mercy. All I have to do is own a few shares of stock in your corporation and I can sue you and every other director and officer in the company. What can I sue you for?
What can't I sue you for!

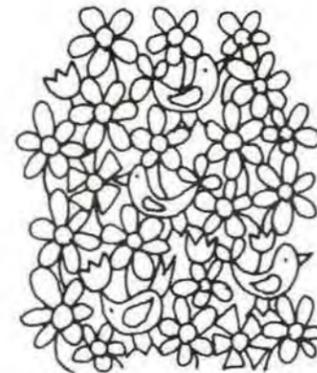
I can sue you for sending me a dividend payment that I think is unwarranted.

I can sue you because I think your salary is too high, or for conflict of interest or for missing a few directors' meetings. I can blame and sue you because of a misstatement in your company's financial report—or should I say our company. I can't begin to list all the reasons I can sue you for. And here's the saddest part. I'm not alone. There are 24 million other people out here just like me. There are 24 million stockholders in the United States and that's 24 million potential stockholder suits. And even if you should win a stockholder suit—you lose. When you take into consideration lawyers' costs, wasted time, etc. At this point, you must be feeling kind of helpless. You're not.

There is a company that can help you. American Home Assurance Company. They didn't invent stockholder suits, but they have come up with some interesting solutions to them. They feature a type of insurance that every company director or officer in the United States should consider. Directors and Officers Liability Insurance. They have a booklet which tells all about Directors and Officers Liability Insurance for those companies that qualify. You can get it by writing to American Home Assurance Company, Suite 610, 1819 Peachtree Rd., N.E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309. Send for it and talk it over with your insurance agent or broker. He and American Home Assurance Company are good friends to have when you have 24 million potential enemies.

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American Home specially designs coverages to meet the insurance needs of American business—including Difference in Conditions, Umbrellas, Large Property Covers, Excess and Deductible Fire, High Limit and Group Accident, Payroll Deduction Plans, Salary Continuance, and many others.



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Fine Arts Gallery—1139 Spring Street, N.W., 876-5610. Tuesday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m.
Gallerie Illien, 123 Fourteenth Street, 874-7268. Open daily, 1-6 p.m. Graphics by Robert Malone and Minna Citron and paintings and sculpture by Will Hipps. Through April.
Gavant Gallery—4008 Peachtree Road, N.E., Brookhaven, 233-3938. Daily, 10:30 a.m.-6 p.m. Thursday, 7:30-10 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m. Features etchings, lithographs, block prints by old and modern masters.



Georgia Institute of Technology—School of Architecture, 225 North Avenue, N.E., 874-4211. Monday-Thursday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; 7-9 p.m.; Friday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m.-Noon.
Georgia State College Gallery—33 Gilmer Street, 577-2400. Monday-Friday, 8 a.m.-8 p.m.
Heart of Atlanta Motel Gallery—255 Courtland Avenue, N.E., 688-1682. Open daily, 9 a.m.-10 p.m. Extensive collection of European paintings largely representational in nature.
Heath's Gallery—62 Ponce de Leon Avenue, N.E., 876-1468. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.
Herren's Gallery—84 Luckie Street, N.W., 524-4709. Monday-Thursday, 11 a.m.-4 p.m.; Friday, 11 a.m.-9:30 p.m.; Saturday, 6-10 p.m. Group showings of representative artists around Georgia selected from various Georgia galleries.
High Museum of Art—1280 Peachtree Street, N.E., 876-8232. Tuesday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Monday, 5-10 p.m.; Sunday, 12-5 p.m.
Ray Ketcham Gallery—3232 Roswell Road, N.W., 237-0770. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Individually selected restored, reframed, and documented paintings from 1690 to Neo-Impressionism of 1920's.
Manor House Galleries—2205 Peachtree Road, N.E., 355-7377. Monday-Saturday, 9 a.m.-6 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m. and by appointment. Large selection of paintings by local artists.



Mini Gallery—Ansley Mall Shopping Center, Mini-Cinema lobby. Displays original works by local artists.
National Bank of Georgia—1430 W. Peachtree Street, N.W., 523-1461. Monday-Friday, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.
Palinurus—27 Fifteenth Street, N.E., Open daily, 11 a.m.-8 p.m.; closed Monday.
Picture House, Inc.—1109 W. Peachtree Street, N.E., 875-9341. Monday-Friday, 9 a.m.-6 p.m.; Saturday, 9 a.m.-4 p.m.; closed Sunday.
Poorman's Gallery—1104 Peachtree Street, N.E., 892-1271. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-9 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m.
Rich's Third Floor, Downtown Store for Homes, 522-4636. Tuesday-Wednesday, Thursday, Sat-



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CALENDAR

Where to go and what to do in Atlanta.

• "Despairing of telling you what to do./ Finding this space an elegant place./ Knowing you like to read/ Or else would not bother: we offer/ Lines about April, that diamond that bull that fey/ Month, and with them the uncertain glory of an April day." *Marsuria Ranfilder, At Random.*

"April is the cruellest month, breeding/ Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing/ Memory and desire, stirring/ Dull roots with spring rain." *T. S. Elliot, The Waste Land, Part I.*

"Tis a month before the month of May./ And the spring comes slowly up this way." *Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Christabel, Part I.*

"The sun was warm but the wind was chill./ You know how it is with an April day:/ When the sun is out and the wind is still./ You're one month on in the middle of May./ But if you so much as dare to speak,/ A cloud comes over the sunlit arch./ A wind comes off a frozen peak./ And you're two months back in the middle of March." *Robert Frost, Two Tramps in Mudtime.*

"It is not enough that yearly, down this hill, April/ Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers." *Edna St. Vincent Millay, Spring.*

Local Theatre

Academy Theatre—Victims of Duty—Eugene Ionesco. A farce, or pseudodrama. Fine example of Theater of the Absurd. About the duties imposed on people by convention. Two characters, a man and a wife, do several rather interesting things during the course of the play, including (1) take an actual journey through the sub-conscious, (2) take part in a murder, and (3) expound Ionesco's theory that every play, indeed life itself, is a detective story. The subject often is sex, or the metaphors are,



anyway. Cast includes Page Lee as Madeline, Chris Curran as Choubert, and Tony Sciabona as the detective. 8:30 p.m., Thursday-Saturdays. Reservations. 233-9481. 3213 Roswell Road, N.E. March 20-April 26.

Alliance Resident Theatre—two plays: **The Little Foxes**, drama by Lillian Hellman, and **Twelfth Night**, comedy by William Shakespeare. Tuesdays-Fridays, 8:30 p.m., Saturdays, 6 p.m. and 9:30 p.m. Reservations. 892-2258. The Alliance Theatre, Atlanta Memorial Arts Center, 1280 Peachtree Street, N.E. **The Little Foxes** will run through April 19; **Twelfth Night** runs from April 23 to May 10.

Morehouse-Spelman Players—The Threepenny Opera—by Bertolt Brecht. Music by Kurt Weill. Robert Donnelly directs. Cast headed by Clayton Corbin. Monday-Friday, 8 p.m. Fine Arts Theatre, Spelman College. May 5-10.

Talley-ho Dinner Theatre—Poor Richard, a comedy by Jann Kerr. An English writer-poet who sounds suspiciously like Ireland's Brendan Be-

han, comes to this country to talk to his publisher and to dedicate a hospital in memory of his late wife. The publisher hires a secretary for him, and the girl promptly announces her intention of becoming the new wife. 7 p.m. dinner, 8:40 p.m. play. Every night except Mondays. Reservations. 252-3820. 6521 Roswell Road, N.E. Through end of April.

Dance

The Southern Ballet—opening in the Civic Center, on April 19 and 20. Saturday's program: **Snow White and Rose Red**, a Brothers Grimm fairy tale ballet; **Pas de Deux: Moderne**—danced by Kathy Birmingham and Zac Ward of the Fort Worth and Dallas Civic Ballets; Act 2 of **Coppelia** by Delibes, about what goes on in a toymaker's shop; and **Les Sylphides** by Michael Fokine, music by Chopin. Sunday's program: **The Unicorn, the Gorgon and the Manticore**, by Gian-Carlo Menotti, a madrigal fable, for dancers, singers, and musicians, accompanied by the Fletcher Wolfe Chorale and twenty-five musicians; a puppet ballet; **Classic Pas de Deux**, danced by Patricia Klehovic and Kenneth Johnson from the Hugh Page Ballet-Opera Company of Chicago. Atlanta Civic Center, 395 Piedmont Avenue, 3 p.m. April 19 and 20.

Miscellaneous

Stone Mountain: April 7-13, Dogwood Festival activities at Stone Mountain. The Ante-Bellum Plantation will feature a quilting bee, open-hearth cooking, and the making of country bonnets and aprons. The Game Ranch will feature a bear show twice daily, 11 a.m. and 4 p.m. Scenic Railroad steam trains will operate with a dramatic narration of "The Great Locomotive Chase." The twenty-five-passenger stern wheeler, Stone Mountain Belle, will feature three one hour trips daily around dogwood-encircled Stone Mountain Lake. Dogwood Trails will be especially marked for horseback riders. Carillonneur Herbie Koch will play concerts at 12 noon and 4 p.m. Monday through Saturday, and 1 p.m., 3 p.m., 5 p.m. on Sunday. April 12, 13, Old-time Movies at Stone Mountain: 11:00 a.m., 1 p.m., 3 p.m. "Charlie Chaplin," "Laurel and Hardy," and the first "Glidden Tour" picture. Also, April 12, 13, First Annual Dogwood Sailing Regatta, 10 a.m.-3 p.m. Colleges from the Southeast will be participating in a two-day sailing regatta at Stone Mountain Lake. April 19, fourteenth Mountain Woman's Club Horse Show. Held at the Field Events area near the stables. Participants from throughout the Southeast will be competing in thirty-two classes—seven of which are championship classes.

Poetry Readings—a series of poetry readings by Southern poets. April 13, 20, 27, at 8:30 p.m. Gallerie Illien, 123 Fourteenth Street, N.E.

1969 Egleston Tour of Homes—Saturday, April 12, 1969, 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday, April 13, 2 p.m.-6 p.m. Tour of unusual and architecturally representative or outstanding homes in the Atlanta area. Proceeds from the tours benefit the Henrietta Egleston Hospital for Children near Emory University. Tickets and tour information obtainable at Yohannon's Lenox Square, Stern's Gifts, West Paces Ferry Road at Northside Parkway, or from the following phone numbers: 233-7382 and 233-3329. Tickets are also obtainable at each of the houses on the days of the tour. Visitors should go directly to the houses on days of the tour. Houses are: (1) Mrs. Lon Grove, 10 Vernon Road, N.W. Early American, fine gardens, a "withdrawing room." (2) Mr. and Mrs. John W. Wilcox, Jr., 248 West Andrews Drive, N.W. French Tudor home. (3) Mr. and Mrs. Rodney

Cook, 3495 Valley Road, N.W. Colonial period "raised cottage." (4) Mr. and Mrs. Alton F. Irby, Jr., 850 West Conway Rd., N.W. French country house. (5) Mr. and Mrs. George E. Chase, 967 Buckingham Circle, N.W. Outstanding features include beamed ceiling dining room, trophy room, rare oriental rug. (6) Mr. and Mrs. David Saul, 1001 West Paces Ferry Rd., N.W. Unusual compromises of contemporary and traditional design, fine paintings and graphics. (7) Dr. and Mrs. William D. Stone, 3946 Paces Ferry Rd., N.W. Elements of house from all over the world. (8) Mrs. James H. Crawford, 1865 River Forest Rd., N.W. Architectural personification of the Old South. (9) Mr. T. Gordon Little, 21 Montclair Drive, N.W. English Regency architecture and design. (10) Mr. and Mrs. James L. Bentley, 1649 Lady Marion Lane, N.E. Oldest house in Atlanta on original site, built in 1823 by Meredith Collier.

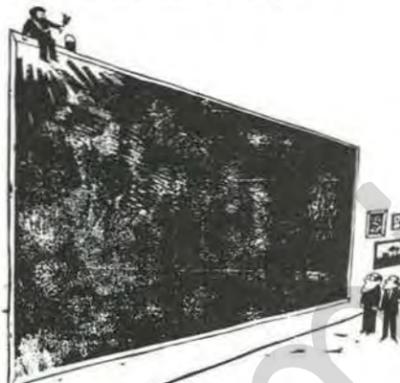
Galleries

Academy Theatre—3213 Roswell Road, N.E., 233-9481. Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Exhibition of paintings from the Illien Gallery.

Alexander Stinson Art Gallery—North Decatur Road at Emory Village, 373-8517. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-10 p.m.

Agnes Scott College—Dana Fine Arts Building, Decatur, 373-2571.

Allison Art Acres Gallery and School of Art—3940 N. Peachtree Road, Chamblee, 457-3080. Tuesday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m.; Tuesday, Thursday, 7-9 p.m.



Artists Associates, Inc.—1105 Peachtree Street, N.E., 874-5228. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m.

Atlanta Artists Club Gallery—2947 N. Druid Hills Road, N.E. (Toco Hills Mall), 633-3608. Tuesday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Sunday, 2-6 p.m. Closed Monday. Workshops conducted by Atlanta artists. Area artists invited to become members.

Atlanta Jewish Community Center—1745 Peachtree Street, N.E., 875-7881. Monday-Thursday, 9 a.m.-11 p.m.; Friday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m.; Sunday, 9 a.m.-11 p.m.; Saturday, 7 p.m.-11 p.m.

Atlanta University Center Gallery—233 Chestnut Street, S.W., 523-6431. Tuesday-Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, 2-5 p.m. Collection of contemporary art and selections from the Negro American art collection which is one of the most comprehensive and significant in the country.

Briarcliff's La Petite—1230 W. Paces Ferry Road, N.W., 261-5883. Monday-Saturday, opens 9:30 a.m.

Briarcliff's La Petite—Regency Hyatt House, 265 Peachtree Street, N.E., 577-1234. Open daily, 10 a.m.-2 p.m.; 5-9 p.m.

Briggs Gallery—798 Peachtree Street, N.E., 874-6219. Monday-Friday, 10 a.m.-4 p.m.; Saturday, 10 a.m.-1 p.m. or by appointment. Exhibiting European artists.

Brown's Studio Gallery—3120 Roswell Road, N.W., 233-1800. Monday-Friday, 9:30 a.m.-4:30 p.m.; Wednesday and Thursday, 6:30-9:30 p.m. Continuous art classes.

Canvas Corner, Broadview Plaza, 2581 Piedmont Road, 233-0468. Monday-Saturday, 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Sunday, 12-6 p.m.



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TOWN TALK

Notes on the Underground and other topics.

□ Last year, for one brief day, Underground Atlanta reigned as Queen during the 1968 Dogwood Festival. This year, as sure as the streets are laced with flowers, as sure as the buses left Peachtree at Baker to show the dogwoods—fifty miles of them—to the world, as sure as Spring, Underground Atlanta opened again. It bloomed between the eighth and the twelfth of April as an integral part of the Dogwood Festival. And it hinted of a remembrance, and of things to come.

From Five Points, the pinks and greens of the banners and the sounds of a calliope led the interested to the corner of Central and Alabama Avenues, one block south of the building bearing the name "Jake Wilensky." There, under the street, under the concrete overpass, under the trucks and buses and cars, lie the beginnings of Atlanta, now, as for over forty years, underground.

As an introduction to history, visitors found gaslights sprouting from the concrete, duplicating those extant in this part of Atlanta in the late 1800's. Between the eighth and the twelfth, the visitor also found fresh flowers and fruit, antiques and old paintings, books and balloons at a flea market set up by some ten or fifteen different organizations. People paid a dime, donned a smock, and painted-in in an old alley. Businessmen lightly lunched to the music of the Huff & Puffs barbershop quartet or to brass bands. One day there

was rock music, another day, banjos. Some of the banjos were from Ruby Red's Warehouse, whose band was there everyday at noon.

Not long ago, JoAnne Kennedy, the pretty, blonde executive director of the Dogwood Festival, told us that once again Western Union arranged for people to send messages via old Morse Code, from one room to another, as part of the festivities. And Atlanta Newspapers, Inc. too, she said, enhanced the aura of antiquity with sales of reprints of its centennial papers.

Among the flight of February predictions: there is great joy in Mudville as the Dogwood goes underground.

But what is actually going on down there now? Underground Atlanta, Inc. ("the Company") plans to restore the authentic historical city built up around the terminus of the railroad, the Atlanta destroyed by fire during the Civil War and rebuilt during the eighteen sixties, seventies, eighties, and nineties. This part of the city was covered in the nineteen twenties by the Central Avenue-Pryor Street-Whitehall Street-Alabama Street Viaducts. The result is that businesses whose main floors were at street level were forced to convert these main floors to basements. Underground Atlanta, Inc., as a real estate and development company, is restoring all the original main floor store fronts, providing heating and air-condition-

ing, and is converting the area into a unique shopping district, like Old Town in Chicago, parts of the French Quarter in New Orleans, and Larimer Square in Denver. Plans are now to divide the buildings into a number of areas or shops. Cobblestone streets and winding stairs, catwalks, and small, lighted malls will add variety, say Underground Atlanta, Inc.'s Jack Paterson and Dave Cowles. Not only do they plan to restore the split levels—street floor and basement—but they also plan to utilize the different elevations—some six or eight—that existed within these levels. Says Paterson, "We actually want to make it so quaint and intriguing that people will get lost down here." It will be, of course, for pedestrians only.

The two men, whose office at 36 Alabama Street, S.W. has been leasing since January 1, indicated that, as of late February, two known Atlanta establishments, Ruby Red's Warehouse and the Wit's End Players, have confirmed that they will open in the underground, probably in late May. (Wit's End will be renamed "Gone with the Wits.") Twenty-five other establishments have only to announce confirmation. An Italian and seafood restaurant, Salvatore's Grotto, will also open near the last of May. The Grotto, to be run by Salvatore of Peachtree at Ponce de Leon, has a particularly appropriate name as it will be located in one of the cool, lovely old sub-basements below Alabama Street.

Others opening will be an astrological shop ("Sign of —"), an old-time candy shop, shops for wood and cheese, leather and gifts. One may dine at gourmet restaurants of several varieties, or hie to an ice-cream parlor or a soup bowl. At The Apothecary, folk singers will entertain; it will also feature a mini-apothecary. One place whose name intrigued us, The Hearth and the Pendulum, will be a potion shop, harkening to the old Humbug Square, as one section of underground Atlanta notorious for its medicine men was called long ago. A candle shop will be called "The Wick and Tallow," and a Christmas shop "Twas the Night Before."

Possibly one hundred to one hundred twenty-five places of business will be established over the next two and a half years. Individual interiors range from two hundred square feet to eight thousand square feet, depending on the type of operation.

Jack Paterson, who took us down to his Underground, told us that the Dogwood Festival's activities are the area's only April antics. Post-Festival visitors, he stressed, should not expect to see a frenzy of businesses. Rather, they will see, as we did during that February visit, workmen excavating old basements and old brick walls just sandblasted clean. If they have the vision of Jack Paterson, they, too, will see in the gaslights and shadows images of a once and future Atlanta.

FRAEBEL UNTER GLASS

□ The juxtaposition was nearly perfect—and a little ominous. We wanted to appraise the glass flower-sculptures of Hans G. Fräebel, a young German glassblower transplanted almost four years ago to Atlanta, and were told when we called that he had just gone out to buy a plastic plant

"Let us go through certain half-deserted streets . . ."



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On the table in front of us was a penciled map of sorts, which the publicity man explained was a route to some secret ramp at the airport, from whence Tiny Tim was scheduled to depart within the hour. The publicity man fretted, but Tiny was obviously in no hurry, for he spoke with the little girl for perhaps five minutes, surprising everyone at the end with an intimate and stunning rendition of "Tiptoe Through The Tulips."

We were struck by his generosity, and told him so. But he waved our praise aside. "I'm just a speck of dust on this great earth of ours," he said. "But if I can help someone, I do my best. I try to follow the teachings of our Lord."

"The kids really dig Tiny's message," said the man from Warners. "They mobbed him at the station this afternoon."

"Yesss," said Tiny Tim, "but I love them because they're trying so hard to express themselves. The children today are very mixed up in their attitudes. They don't know what they want, poor dears. When I talk with them, I try to explain that the only true happiness comes from Jesus Christ. He is the only truth. Christ is the answer."

He took a New Testament from his jacket, and flipped to Corinthians with a practiced hand, stabbing his ukelele finger at the verse he needed. "There," he said, "all the guidance we need is in this book. See what it says? 'Thou shalt not fornicate.' That means no fornication until the marriage vows. We must keep our bodies as sacred temples to the Lord."

"I'm going to pack," said the manager. The publicity man nodded sadly, staring at his watch.

"You gotta hear that record," said the man from Warners, "we'll get that record, it's just we're temporarily out of them until the damned truck gets here you understand. This city is incredible. Everything you do, it's an hour off."

"No calls from that woman," Tiny Tim warned as the manager started out. "I must have protection."

"Tiny," said the manager, "have I ever let you down? I'm telling you, it's covered." "Give her to me," said the publicity man. "I'll take her."

"You didn't say that last night," said the manager. He waved goodbye tiredly, and went off to his room.

"The back-up on 'Great Balls of Fire' is pretty much like the Jerry Lee Lewis thing," said the man from Warners, "but Tiny does all these groovy new sounds to go with it. Out of sight, man."

"I love Mr. Lewis," said Tiny Tim. "He is a great artist and I respect him. But I love all music, really. I have been singing since the age of five, and there is no music that I don't admire."

Did he plan a rock album for his fans? "Nooooo," said Tiny Tim, "I think the songs I do should help people. I want to spread love. When I sing the old tunes, the past comes alive and reaches into the present. I can feel the spirits of the past hovering around me, speaking to me. I can hear their voices, and they belong to me."

"Do you believe then that art is a form of reincarnation?"

"I believe in the Bible," said Tiny Tim. "If it's in the Bible, I believe it." □



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round and pick off what they want," Summerville said, trying to talk and listen to the bidding at the same time. "Stripping the car would take too much time. I just bid on 'em and take home the winners. Every car stands on its own."

As for himself, Summerville drives a store-bought pickup and his wife a new Volkswagen. Tinkering with cars bores him, and he doesn't think many of the bodies around the Robinson lot are worth resuscitating. "These things are too risky," he said, slapping his newly-won Edsel. "But other folks seem to like 'em. Some kids can't resist buying a car for \$10 and spending the rest of their days trying to make it run."

Most of the patrons move amongst the cars, innured to their histories, coldly appraising value, but occasionally a customer at the sale will reveal a proprietary interest. One beefy, thick-necked gentleman, who described himself as a used-car dealer from Central Georgia, could be seen ransacking the insides of a 1966 Cadillac he had once owned. Nearby a black-haired, pretty young lady, with a short skirt and a nervous brown poodle, waited impatiently in a parked cab. The gentleman sadly told how his car had been wrecked in an accident the night before—and the lady's emerald, he said, had been jolted loose from its setting. A photographer asked the gentleman to pose with smashed Cadillac, girl friend, and poodle, but he declined.

TINY TIM

"I have nothing against meat," Tiny Tim said. "After all, our Lord himself occasionally ate fish."

Like most celebrities on tour—he was here to promote his recording "Great Balls of Fire"—he didn't attach much importance to our questions, and we were just as happy, for we bungled things pretty badly, awed as much by his serene calm as by the stupendous power of his nonsequiturs.

"Two of my favorite foods," he continued, "are bananas and oranges. That is because they come from the earth, and partaking of them brings us closer to the earth herself. Observe the apes, how they gambol about and are happy. I love the apes. And I love bananas, too. And oranges."

We wondered with quiet desperation if we should address him as Mr. Tim. The manager rescued us. "Tiny," he said, "there's a Miss Melanie on the phone. She's been very ill, and would like to speak with you."

Tiny Tim sat forward quickly, tugging at his collar. "If it's that woman again, I won't speak to her."

"It's all arranged," said the manager. "It's on the level. Miss Melanie is eight years old. We screened it."

"Thank goodness," said Tiny Tim and he leaned toward us as he took the phone, explaining confidentially, "There was an altercation last night. An unfortunate thing, and not at all necessary, but the young lady keeps calling me to apologize . . ." Instantly, his voice leaped into falsetto as he giggled into the phone. "Miss Melanie? How are you darling; this is Tiny Tim and I want to wish you the very best for a speedy recovery in your illness."

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for the shop. Remembering the German fondness for growing things, we suspected Herr Fräebel of a limited sensibility. We were happily mistaken.

Sandwiched between a Gulf Oil station and a vacant store at 2209 Peachtree Road, N.E., Hans Fräebel's showroom entertains the enlightened collector and affords a comprehensive view of the progress Fräebel has made in his craft. The traffic fairly roars at this point on Peachtree, and we felt a certain uneasiness as cars zoomed past a room lined with transparent fragility—glass ferns, lady-slippers, Renaissance goblets, swans in flight. Ranged in the window were groups of crystalline mushrooms, traditionally a German good-luck symbol; inside one giant mushroom a tiny figure was held captive, in detail we would applaud even in a more tractable medium than glass. A bird-of-paradise in a crystal cage perched in aloofness above Fräebel's purchase, a plastic potted magnolia.

Inside, in softly lit arched showcases was the evidence of almost two years' experimentation with what once was a hobby. Tall, slim, and nervously intense, Fräebel received us cordially and introduced us to his zealous business associate, Philip Rudisill, and a Schnauzer named Fritz von Hohenzollern. We chatted and disposed of the usual questions. Born to the trade in Jena, Fräebel and his brothers were trained at the legendary Jenaer Glaswerke; his father and one brother are still employed at the glassworks, now in Mainz-am-Rhein. At fifteen, he was apprenticed to a master, in approved tradition, and for three years learned the skills of scientific glassblowing, a profession he still follows for three days a week, shaping retorts and dizzily assemblies for universities, hospitals, and industrial research. There are, we discovered, few glassblowers around, either technical or with a creative bent. The scientific glassblowing fraternity in America numbers about a thousand members. "In Germany," Fräebel told us, "we have five to six thousand." We Americans suffer artistically, too: "You have here art glass blowers, but more the—how do you say it—carnival stuff."

Fräebel is no carny. We followed him one afternoon to his studio-laboratory in Smyrna, a small frame building identified as the home of Don Lillie Inc., Glassblowing Associates (Godo Fräebel, V.P.). Here he satisfies, in his free time, his creative genius in forming the graceful flowers which should become the cornerstone of an important collection. Sitting at a large laboratory table with a torch of natural gas and oxygen, he manipulates rods and tubes of glass, pulling, coaxing, and pinching his medium to create shapes which please his sense of design and proportion. For us, in less than two minutes, he produced a swan, an example of the work for sale in a glass shop he will open in Underground Atlanta. More difficult pieces, formed of many parts at different temperatures, are annealed in an oven spread with sand and heated to 1100° F., in order that they may have uniform strength. Two assistants blow and tug at tiny tubes and bubbles, learning them on the tabletop to test them, bouncing the craft Fräebel has practiced for fifteen years.

/ continued on page 102

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son and Stephens Home for Disabled Automobiles on 700 Gillette Avenue in Southwest Atlanta. Here, in public auction, the department seeks to dispose of the some one hundred cars that are left, wrecked or abandoned, on Atlanta's streets each week.

The auctions begin promptly at 9:00 a.m. A veteran detective from the department's auto theft squad climbs atop the dented roof of a wheelless hulk and addressing the group of twenty or thirty customers, wistful amateurs and cigar chewing professional parts dealers, delivers a brief soliloquy to protect the department against the criticism that it is merchandising defective goods.

"We sell all cars to the highest bidder—as is—We don't have no way to give you papers—Everything cash—we don't accept no checks—Some of them don't have no motors or transmissions which ain't our fault—Okay what am I bid for the one I am standing on . . . Five dollars. Five Dollars. Five Dollars. Sold."

Somehow these police auctioneers have trained themselves to talk without breathing and the entire process is conducted in a bored, gravelly monotone, while buyer and seller alike walk from car top to car top trying to avoid the winter mud that engulfs the treeless junk yard.

Most of the cars sell for five or ten dollars, but on a recent morning one lemon-colored Nash went for \$80 following a brief, heated competition between three dealers. We asked a detective in a baseball cap why the furor and he snorted: "Don't know. Guess the guy has a love for Nashes."

That suggests a frivolity to the auction that doesn't have. Everything is matter of fact unless the auctioneer gets distracted and starts telling baseball stories, which usually draws jeers of complaint from the customers. The buyers act nonchalant, as if they had no idea what gleaming crank shaft might lie under a crushed fender, but the smart ones have been out on the lot since sunup fingering the merchandise and they have trouble totally hiding their eagerness.

After about an hour of hum-drum buying, there was suddenly a rush of interest around a battered, well-dented two-tone 1957 Edsel, with an elegant chrome eagle flying from its hood. Bidders climbed from car top to car top to get a better look. The antenna was gone and the seats had been chewed up, but it was possible the old buzzard could still be made to run.

After several rapid fire raises, the car was bought for \$40 by J. J. Summerville, a crusty, thirty-eight-year-old Atlanta parts dealer, known affectionately around the yard as "the hog man" because he used to be a hog farmer before he decided to turn his one-hundred-acre ranch into a home for crippled car hulks. Summerville seemed proud of his catch. "That's an outlaw," he said, stroking the Edsel's medallion. "Ain't nobody got none of them anymore."

Summerville buys ten or twenty hulks per sale and drags them off to his own junk yard. He then tows them to a corner of the yard where they may wait a year or more before some hungry car scavenger discovers a needed organ or limb within their battered shell. "I just let folks come



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TOWN TALK *continued from page 14*

It is unlikely, however, that any novice could approximate the combination of dexterity, sensitivity for the medium, and sense of artistic proportion Fräebel has acquired since his apprenticeship. In the Peachtree Road shop are both early and late works, the former mostly heavy in execution or cute in conception. Although Fräebel can easily execute small, perfectly proportioned figures, as in "Heidi Returns to the Mountains," an early work which bows to kitsch, he is at his technical best in such bravura pieces as "Industrie" and "Ferris Wheel," assemblages of articulated wheels and rods which float and turn on invisible axes. These virtuosités approach the avant-garde, unintentionally, in their transparency and complexity of mechanical motion.

Fräebel is now occupied chiefly with a collection of flowers, inspirations for which he finds in botanical books. Shimmering, almost evanescent, his jonquils and lady-slippers have an undeniable elegance, an austerity of effect heightened by detailed, realistic execution. Nothing is wasted here, and there are no trick effects, merely extraordinary skill and talent. These blooms, less fragile than they look, will probably not remain a phenomenon exclusive to Atlanta, nor should they, since they bid fair to rival Steuben, as Fräebel gains in style and dexterity.

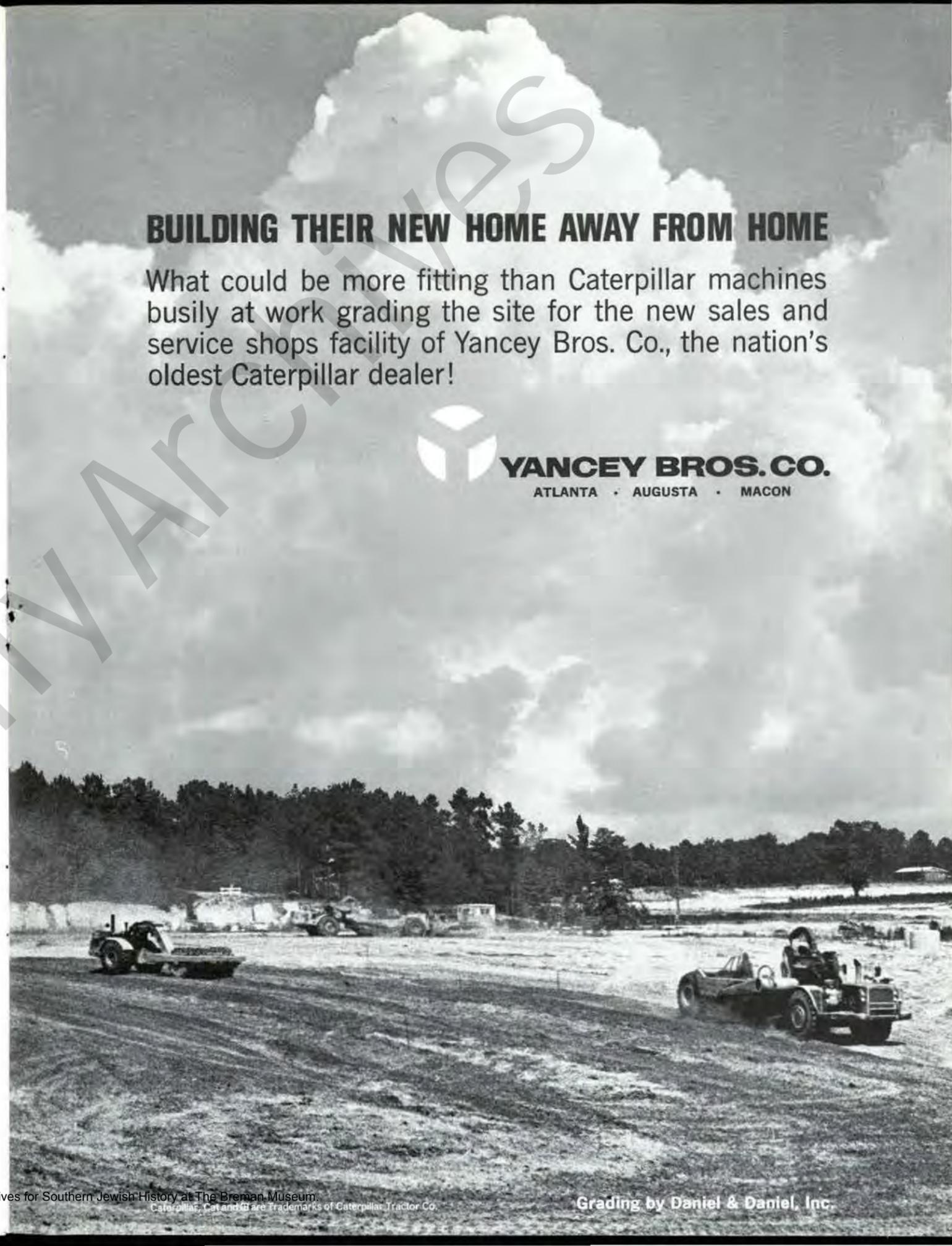
The shop opened in November after friends urged Fräebel to make copies of pieces he did for his own pleasure. Trade is flourishing, and prices are exceptionally reasonable, from seven dollars for a bud vase to \$450 for a "David and Goliath," blown glass figures in confrontation. Copies of and variations on Venetian stemware are rendered in clear crystal with occasional touches of blue cobalt glass, the only color Fräebel employs (and even that sparingly). Fräebel also handles commissions: the Atlanta Chamber Opera Society presented to one of its members a "Papageno," the bird-catcher from Mozart's *Magic Flute*. Jimmy Bentley, Georgia's Comptroller-General, who recently switched allegiance to the G.O.P., was given an elephant by his employees, as well as a donkey backing up.

Mrs. Walter Trippe presides genially over the shop between 10 a.m. and 5 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. She is charming, liberal with coffee, and will allow that automobile traffic does worry her at times. The plastic magnolia merely looks sheepish in this embarrassment of riches.

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When is an automobile really dead? Ask your neighborhood hot rodder or car doctor that question and you will suddenly discover yourself imbedded in a sticky valve. When dead: when the block busts? When the transmission falls? When corrosion has destroyed the cylinders? The debate rages on over the years, resulting in a lot of misguided tire irons and end wrenches, but little new knowledge. This much is certain: the mere arrival of an unconscious vehicle at a junk yard is no proof it has lost its living purpose.

To test this notion, one need only attend the bi-monthly car auctions conducted by the Atlanta police department at the Robin-



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A Time For Prophets



□ Thoughts on Atlanta in the 1970s, its present place as a colonial capital, and why we need prophets:

Atlanta never was a linthead, and it never was an aristocrat. It was, from the start, a commercial town not so much owner as factor, always more the trader than the industrialist, the kind of town that took the boys off the trains and put them back on with lighter bankrolls.

In the 1920s, the pattern was set. Atlanta's 150 passenger trains daily hauled in 80,000 delegates in 1924 to attend three hundred conventions and buy on the town. They came to gaze upon the new Hurt Building, said to be the eighth biggest in the country, and the \$6 million Biltmore Hotel, an adornment just completed. And many were arriving to open branch offices.

Atlanta, of course, was riding the crest of new kinds of commerce and industry in the South. The cotton-mill era, which had begun in 1880, had yielded the first widespread industrialization. Hydroelectric stations were just beginning to rise on the South's rivers, providing electricity for the cities and the factories (and soon to provide them for most of the farms). Steel, lumbering, food processing, and furniture building had become major industries in the region. Germany, which had supplied most of the country's chemicals, was in ruin; the chemical industry was beginning to spread in the South. Soon aluminum factories would come to the bauxite, as the textile mills had come to the cotton, and oil would make parts of the South rich. More important than any of this for Atlanta, though, was the general rise in the buying power of the South's consumers; this would mean not just more customers but more branch offices of national firms.

In the half-century since this genesis of modern Atlanta in the years after World War I, the South has changed from "underdeveloped" to modern industrial. But there are those who argue that it simply became a colony: more prosperous than before, but still a colony. Dr. Rupert

Vance, University of North Carolina sociologist, noted that the branch plants brought a "branch plant mentality." The South, he said, began to think that the highest achievement of industry-hunting was a branch of an Eastern corporation which would employ three hundred people in a small town. The greater blessings from the corporation, meanwhile, were being won by the places where its home offices and main laboratories were located. There the scientific and technological personnel were gathered and the decisions were made.

In the beginning, the South had been independent, and (contrary to popular belief today) it was not behind. Georgia's earlier settlers, for instance, were wise to the import of the Industrial Revolution in England; they were "industry-minded." As late as 1810, Georgia, the Carolinas, and Virginia had more industry than all of New England. But, at about that time, Eli Whitney caught up with the South.

Whitney's cotton gin, invented in 1793, ironically not only slowed Southern industrialization but reversed it. New England built the cotton mills. In the South, investors in earlier mills suddenly decided it was more profitable to put their money into plantations, to grow cotton for the Eastern mills. Many of the South's earliest industrial laborers, mostly Scotch-Irish and German, were forced out of their work and into the hills. Slavery met the labor needs of the plantations. Whites who could not own plantations sought out the cheap, hard-scrabble existence of the up-country and became the forebears of the mountaineers of Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

From 1810 until 1880, the South "opted out" of the Industrial Revolution. When it took that course, it also was taking the course of slavery, sectionalism, and reaction while the rest of the country was moving toward democracy, nationalism, and progress. There were, of course, prophets to warn against this new direction. But the cotton gin was allowed to call the signals.

There were new prophets later, and some of these were heard. The change came when, after the Civil War, a new spirit of industrial development took hold. Many of the leaders were former Confederate officers. Amid the bitterness of a few, some of the major figures of the Confederacy spoke and wrote of rejoining the Union full force; they set out to turn the South away from the old plantation system, toward a modern economy.

By 1880, the "cotton mill campaign" was on. F. W. Dawson, a handsome Englishman who had joined the Confederate navy when a ship docked at Southampton, had become editor of the *Charleston News and Courier*. From that forum, he popularized a campaign to "bring the mills to the cotton." There was a messianic zeal about it, and it spread across the South. Some of the founders of cotton mills were clergymen; some were chosen by their communities simply because they were the most respected citizens. The mills were a Christian mandate, people believed, and they would bring a better way of life for all.

Atlanta made a mighty contribution to the movement. Still a small town in an area unacquainted with such matters, it organized the Atlanta Exposition of 1881, the most successful effort of its kind. Industrialization and, especially, cotton manufacturing were emphasized. The response was overwhelming, clearly indicating the end of a once-dominant animosity toward industry. Other cities moved to emulate the Atlanta triumph. Baltimore, Raleigh, and New Orleans soon had their own expositions. But none made the same mark as Atlanta's.

So the South changed again, this time heeding prophets like F. W. Dawson and Henry W. Grady. First it had been changed by the accident of Eli Whitney's invention. Now it was thrust into the Industrial Revolution by deliberate design of its new prophets. This time was it for the better? No doubt it was. But, although many of the mills originally were the products of local capital and local decisions, they increasingly were absorbed by big corporations controlled outside the region. They often came to be obstacles to local and regional progress, satisfying the mandates of their owners but not the needs of their communities.

This became an even more pronounced pattern in the South's steel industry. Tennessee Coal and Iron Co., a subsidiary of U.S. Steel, was dominant in Birmingham because it was dominant in the ore and coal fields and was an arm of Pittsburgh. Until 1924, the steel industry had a "Pittsburgh Plus" pricing system that put independent Southern producers at severe disadvantage, further increasing the Pittsburgh dominance. Long after 1924, when the Federal Trade Commission ended the "Pittsburgh Plus" system, other factors replaced it in holding the Southern steel in-

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Smith will be left with few, if any, friends. But, as one of his old allies points out, that's not really likely to happen because Smith has an uncanny ability to land on his feet.

This correct landing ability has often been deduced as just plain luck. Some who know him best say he has a knack of forgetting politics when push comes to shove and saying what he thinks is the right thing, thereby almost invariably sounding good, winning press approval, and emerging relatively untarnished. It is a not inconsiderable ability in a politician. But, when Smith tries to be political in the sense of figuring out the minute maneuvering within the Senate, he fails miserably. He spends much of his time wondering about how to win this or that little vic-

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for the Atlanta Journal.*

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for Southeastern Newspapers Corp.*

tory. In so doing he creates smoke. That gets the Senate interested, and, soon, everyone will choose up sides and get a brush fire started. Then, George T. will try to put out the fire. Once he's done that, things usually settle down for a while. Then, he starts thinking about how to consolidate his gains, smoke rises and the Senate is off and running again.

When George T. presides over the Senate, he has no direct line to Carl Sanders (although some jokingly claim he gets tapes from Sanders every morning which self destruct) and it shows. At least three or four times a day, the Senate goes into a period of unofficial recess during which time the members stand around and chat uneasily, in small groups, while Smith reads his rule book, confers with Senate Secretary Hamp McWhorter, or seeks other advice on what to do. He doesn't know parliamentary procedure as well as he should after six years as a presiding officer, and he often pays little attention to what is really going on in the Senate. Thus when he should be making a ruling or at least following the thread of debate he is chatting with an aide or joking with a senator or two.

He is often concerned more with the appearances of things than the content. Thus he considered it one of the crowning achievements of the 1968 session when the Senate passed seventy bills in one day. He proudly proclaimed that the Senate had cleared the calendar. To his way of thinking, something tangible had been accomplished. In reality, the Senate and the state would have been far better off had many of those bills not passed.

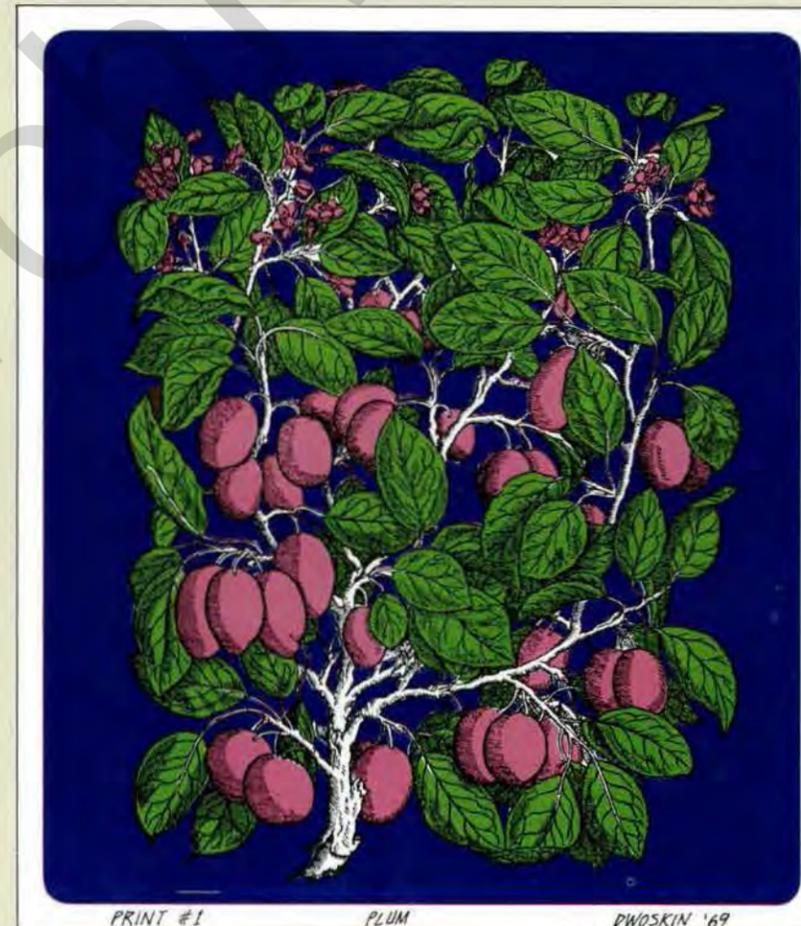
The continuing fights, the caucus absurdities, and the crossing of friends led Senator Bobby Rowan of Enigma to comment midway through the 1969 session: "In the Senate the law is, divided we stand, united we fall."

Rowan's statement is almost a truism, and the prime reason is George T. Smith. Summed up a longtime, but now wavering, friend: "George T.'s a great, honest type of guy but he's a lightweight."

—Bob Cohn and Steve Ball, Jr.

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dustry in thrall to Pittsburgh. Decisions that might have been made to the South's advantage and, especially, decisions that would have greatly expanded the steel industry in the region, were withheld for the sake of Pittsburgh. If there had been prophets about this, they were not heeded. Any kind of steel industry seemed acceptable.

There were other industrial prophets.

One was James B. Duke, of the tobacco family, who responded to the enthusiasm of an engineer named William S. Lee and began the first great electric power system in the region. What is now Duke Power Co. was organized in 1905. During the next two decades, it extended dams and plants across the Catawba-Wateree River system of the Carolinas. By 1930, George B. Tindall tells us in *The Emergence of the New South*, Duke Power was the largest operating company in the South. Industry followed the power.

Another industrial prophet of powerful impact was Dr. Charles H. Herty, a chemistry professor who became president of the American Chemical Society and who used his influence to build a chemicals industry in the South. He pioneered in the use of Georgia slash pines for making newsprint on which newspapers are printed. Between 1932, when he set up a laboratory in Savannah, and 1938, when he died, Southern paper mills multiplied rapidly and the region was on its way toward independence from Canadian mills. Consolidations soon reduced a great multiplicity of ownership, however. Big national and international companies have increased their part of this Southern industry, too.

So the pattern is clear, although Dr. Vance's term "colony" is probably too simple. Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber, the French editor who recently has been describing the impact of American investment in Europe, rejects the "colony" description. He is talking about the same kind of phenomenon that has taken place in the South. But the label is unimportant. The mixed reality is important.

We did not have to come this far to see the pattern, which may be good or bad, depending upon the viewpoint. The pattern was clear even in the Atlanta of the 1920's. It was still clearer when Jonathan Daniels, editor of the RALEIGH NEWS AND OBSERVER, described it in the mid-1930's. He called Atlanta "Overseers' Capital," a place "where the overseers of the absentee met to administer the Great Plantation between the Potomac, the Ohio, the Rio Grande, the Gulf, and the sea."

The South is now moving into a new phase, not just socially (we have had good prophets on that front, certainly) but also technologically and industrially. There was the first economic phase, from about 1750 to 1810, when the South was farm and frontier, with some beginnings of in-

dustry in thrall to Pittsburgh. Decisions that might have been made to the South's advantage and, especially, decisions that would have greatly expanded the steel industry in the region, were withheld for the sake of Pittsburgh. If there had been prophets about this, they were not heeded. Any kind of steel industry seemed acceptable.

obvious who was running the show at all times that members of the House could no longer comfort themselves with the thought that sometimes they were running things. Smith was, as one old Augusta carnival man used to say, "a real Charlie McCarthy."

Nevertheless, he was a popular speaker because he had an air of humility plus a country wit and charm about him, and when he goofed or rushed for the phone it was just good old George T. bumbling around up there. While many members had a motherly, protective feeling about him there were others, like George L. Smith, who, for years, had longed for independence from the executive branch. Every time George T. Smith picked up that phone, it must have grated on their nerves.

When Smith was elected lieutenant governor in 1966, he inherited a problem which only an astute politician and top-notch leader could have avoided. Needless to say, he didn't. A number of senators who had backed Geer realized immediately after the September primary election that with Smith as lieutenant governor the choicest committee assignments and other amenities would no longer be theirs. Now, they decided, would be the time to establish the independent Senate they had talked about for years. Several of them flew around the state in former Senator William Flowers' airplane, drummed up interest among their colleagues, and called a meeting to discuss the establishment of an independent Senate. By that, they meant a Senate which would make its own committee assignments and name its own committee chairmen, thereby effectively stripping the lieutenant governor, its presiding officer, of all real power.

Smith didn't catch onto what was happening until after a large group had met and voted to create a "committee on committees" to handle all the assignments. Smith was, through dint of much hard work by a number of people, able to defeat the move—by one vote. But the question of power has haunted the Senate ever since, surfacing at least once or twice each session, and Smith appears to be totally unable to resolve it. For the first two years, the group of senators who had supported him in the initial power struggle, men like Robert Smalley of Griffin and Lamar Plunkett of Bowdon who generally shared his political views, worked closely with him and normally gave him a slight working majority in the Senate. The lieutenant governor, who has a habit of placating his enemies, worked hard at winning over some of the other senators and, shortly before this past session, appeared to have the Senate on its way to some semblance of unity.

But then he backtracked on a rules change he himself had proposed in order to line up with the new president pro tempore, Senator Hugh Gillis of Soperton, thereby angering many of his old friends. He went through much of the 1969 session holding a working majority of the Senate in alliance with Gillis (whose politically powerful father, Highway Director Jim Gillis, is expected to back Smith for re-election). It would appear that some day that new alliance will break apart and

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POLITICS

George T. Smith, your two years are up.

□ On May 17, 1966, when George T. Smith launched an uphill campaign against then Lieutenant Governor Peter Zack Geer, he said: "If, after two years, the people still think that the only purpose of this office is to preside over the Senate and run for governor, then I would not stand in the way, nor block any action on the part of the legislature to present the matter to the people on whether or not to keep the office."

Smith has had two years and three months, and it's high time there was a vote. Look at it this way: Why should he lose face by letting the House lead the way, as it so often does? The Judiciary Committee of that body has already recommended a constitution which would have the lieutenant governor serve at the will of the governor and allow the Senate to elect its own presiding officer. Why shouldn't he take charge of the situation for a change and move to simply abolish the office?

Smith complained during the campaign that all Geer did as lieutenant governor was run for office and preside over the Senate. That is what he's doing now. He pointed to Geer's expense-paid speaking schedule as evidence that he was using the office to campaign. Now, when someone asks how he has improved the situation, one of his first responses is that he is carrying out a heavy speaking schedule to fulfill his duties to the people. He also criticized Geer for spending too much money, but he has made the office a full-time job, received a substantial pay increase, enlarged and redecorated the physical facilities, and added a few employees.

In fact, other than hosting an Office of Economic Opportunity-sponsored seminar on city problems and having a poll taken to determine how people feel about taxes and other state issues, it is hard to see how Smith has run the office any differently than Geer, who presided over the Senate with competence while the upper chamber under Smith's leadership has spent most of its time in tortuous and meaningless infighting and has become a body in which the confusion increases in inverse proportion to the size of the nit being picked.

Things have reached such a sorry state in the Senate that the House Judiciary Committee, in its proposed constitution, recommended giving senators four-year terms while keeping representatives' terms at two in any effort to add some prestige while hopefully opening the way for an end to the shin-kicking games the Senate has been playing ever since Smith took office.

If this sounds harsh, it is meant to be, simply for the reason that Smith has been too often pictured as a knight in shining armor riding his white horse in a moderate direction and providing a voice of reason in a state government headed by Lester

Maddox when, in fact, there are chinks in the suit of armor, the direction of the horse is uncertain, and, though one hears the voice, it's not always possible to tell who's speaking.

Smith is, in many ways, a nice guy. He is friendly, likeable, and, often, genuinely concerned about people. He has, at times, been comforting to have around. When Maddox goes through stretches of almost ceaselessly castigating the federal government for everything from the war in Viet Nam to the War on Poverty, it is good to have George Thornwell Smith speak up and declare that the United States government is not really a monster and that politicians might better spend their time building confidence in government rather than destroying it. It is one thing to say that Geer was more effective than Smith as a presiding officer. It is another to compare Geer's, "I'm still lieutenant governor of the white people" philosophy with Smith's middle-of-the-road outlook. In short, there is much to admire in Smith as a man and as a politician. It is Smith as a leader of men who is being discussed here and it is in this regard, with regrets for the nice guy, that exceptions must be taken to the Smith image.

Smith was obviously not a novice in politics when then Governor-elect Carl Sanders chose him to be speaker of the House in 1962. He was by then a veteran House member with very close ties to the so-called Capitol Clique. He was an officer of the highly prestigious Appropriations Committee. Sanders picked him primarily because of their friendship which stemmed from college days, but he could not have chosen a man without strong credentials for the job.

It was when Smith was placed in the crucially important job of speaker that certain things became noticeable. What was most apparent was that every time a question, no matter how minor, arose in the House, Smith reached for the telephone which connected directly to one in the governor's office. Standing on the podium at the front of the House, he would lean over, his face angled at almost forty-five degrees, his mouth close to the instrument located under the lectern. All meaningful activity in the House would cease while the members waited to see what Sanders had told him. This picture of Smith—tied tightly to the umbilical cord of the governor—may well have been one of the most important factors in the later establishment of an independent House of Representatives. Until Lester Maddox became governor, of course, all speakers were named by the governor, and, naturally, they worked very closely with the man to whom they owed their office. They consulted with the chief executive every day and, when things really got hot in the House and there was a moment of crisis, they would quickly contact the governor. But, George T. Smith made it so glaringly



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dustry; the second phase, from 1810 to 1880, when it turned away from industry to the plantation system, with all its feudal trappings; a third phase, from 1880 to about 1930, when cotton manufacturing reigned with King Cotton; and a fourth phase, from 1930 to the present, in which economic diversification and colonization have been the central themes. In the next phase (1970-??), technological and scientific change will be the dominant theme: automation, cybernetics, rapid scientific development. How will Atlanta and the area in its orbit come out of that era?

The first evidences are discouraging, if we believe the region should not move from being an industrial colony to being a technological colony. To be a dynamic center of science and technology requires a heavy concentration of scientists. So far Atlanta is missing out. It missed the scientific concentration which the space age gave to Huntsville and nuclear development gave to Oak Ridge. It lacks a school of technology with the regional scientific impact which Massachusetts Institute of Technology has had in its area; Georgia Tech has not come that far.

Scientific concentrations in California, the Midwest, and the East are gaining momentum, and that will be the tendency. Government contracts for big scientific and technological developments are going where scientific complexes already exist. The failure of Atlanta's strenuous effort three years ago to obtain the \$375 million federal proton accelerator installation, which would have produced overnight a major pool of scientific and technological talent, suggests the difficulty. It was almost fore-ordained to go to one of the several existing concentrations of such talent. Unless this cycle is broken, the "haves" will get more and the "have nots" will face a wider gap. We are well on the way toward being a technological colony.

Dr. Paul M. Gross of Duke University took a hard look at this situation some time ago and drew a pessimistic conclusion: He doubted that the region has the kind of business, political, and educational leadership which might reverse the trend. Dr. Gross, a chemist, was well-qualified to judge: He was one of the incorporators of the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies, helped plan the Research Triangle in North Carolina, and served on the board of the National Science Foundation.

Will he be right? The new pattern is not clearly set, but it is taking shape. The history of Southern economic development is full of stories of strong individuals who changed the course. They were, of course, men whose own inclinations were attuned to historical changes, who could see their situations with perspective and see ahead as well. They were doers as well as thinkers. They were prophets in times when prophets could make a difference.

—Reese Cleghorn

were so weak."

Tuck had gone to the governor's mansion after conducting a campaign that was not a fight for office, merely the electoral formality required to attain it. His successor, John S. Battle, did not fare so well. Indeed, the Byrd Organization had to muster all its might to beat back anti-organization candidate Francis Pickens Miller (and muster the support of Virginia Republicans who turned out for Battle in the Democratic primary). The 1949 primary was the first real challenge, if not crisis, to confront the old order in Virginia politics.

The next challenge was not long in coming. It manifested itself in the Young Turk revolt of 1954, which Wilkinson describes as "an attempt by young, predominantly urban state legislators to challenge the Organization's tax and spending policies in the 1954 session of the General Assembly." He gives this appraisal of the role that the Young Turks played in changing Virginia's political face:

"The Young Turks challenged the Organization not with verbal attacks but with a significant number of General Assembly votes. They fought power with power and, as a result, stymied the Organization in a way that the more extreme critics of an earlier generation had never done.

"The Turks were above all respectable; they offered many Virginians the first real alternative to orthodox Organization doctrine."

Yet that alternative was not to become an actuality for another decade. Shortly after the 1954 Assembly adjourned, the Supreme Court issued its May 17 decision outlawing the doctrine of "separate but equal" public schools for whites and Negroes. The decision produced a new dogma of Organization orthodoxy, that aberration, that great leap backward known as Massive Resistance.

In attempting to fight even token compliance with the Court's decision to end racial segregation in public education, the Byrd Organization reached a new height of intolerance. Wilkinson calls Massive Resistance "the last triumphant gesture of the old order in Virginia politics—a twilight performance where the hard-core coalition of the old Byrd Organization hoisted its last great hosannas."

Massive Resistance may well have been, indeed was, the Organization's last hurrah. But for those Virginians who cherished the ideals of decency and dignity, it was an era of the state's history about which not to cheer but to cry. Rather than a triumph, it was at best a travesty, at worst a tragedy. Furthermore, it can be argued that Byrd not only set Virginia back by his obstinate refusal to obey the law of the land but also the entire South.

For in 1955-1956, as one who was living there at the time can testify, the Deep South was looking to see how Virginia would adjust itself to a new social situation. The Old Dominion was still regarded by many Southerners as both a symbol and a spokesman for all that was best about their region.

What the Byrd Organization offered was the worst — extremism, demagoguery, blatant racism, and utter reac-

resurrect John C. Calhoun's discredited doctrine of Interposition by which a state asserted its sovereignty to resist and/or nullify the effects of federal rulings it considered unconstitutional or unbearable). The rednecks and the rabble rousers of the Deep South were quick to emulate the Organization's example. Byrd's historical reputation can hardly be enhanced by his record as the foremost architect of Massive Resistance.

In recounting how the state's generally conservative newspapers came to denounce the foolish futility of outright defiance of the law, Wilkinson, a native of Richmond, places too much emphasis on the part played by the Richmond newspapers (which were no more liberal then than they are today). By doing so, he makes one notable omission.

Nowhere does he mention that the foremost foe of Massive Resistance in the Virginia press was the Norfolk VIRGINIAN-PILOT; nowhere does he cite the Pulitzer Prize awarded the PILOT's then-editor Lenoir Chambers for his consistent editorial stand against a policy that finally led to the closing of public schools in Norfolk and elsewhere. The closing of the schools, fortunately, resulted in the closing of Massive Resistance and a return to sanity in state politics.

If Massive Resistance sounded the death knell of the old Organization, the urban boon in Virginia sealed its tomb.

"It was the greatest single irony of Virginia politics," Wilkinson notes, "that the high command of the old Byrd Organization proved political magic in a static rural environment and floundered so hopelessly in a dynamic urban one. That the Organization's mighty coped so inflexibly with megalopolis in Virginia cost them dearly. Younger members such as Mills Godwin saw the old boat sinking and wisely grabbed the lifeboats. Others went down with the ship or grabbed a fragment of the wreckage to keep afloat their own small domains. But like those on the 'invincible Titanic,' many in the Byrd Organization never saw the iceberg."

The foremost survivor of the old Organization is Godwin, the state's present governor, and Wilkinson correctly points to what kept him running so successfully even as all about him were tumbling down. Godwin is "above all a realist" and "a master practitioner of the political art."

The governor reminds one of a British politician of the seventeenth century who was nicknamed "The Trimmer" because he always knew how to trim his sails to the prevailing political winds. Godwin is widely regarded as one of the state's most progressive governors. Actually, he appears to be not so much a dedicated progressive as a pragmatist par excellence: he has done what had to be done if Virginia was to be brought into the mainstream of the twentieth century before it was over.

Admittedly, the century has a good three decades to go. But Byrd died in 1966, and his Virginia—"a creature of region, a product of Reconstruction and the Civil War"—died with him. No one can foresee what the new Virginia will be, but it is certain to be better for more Virginians than the old.

—Staige D. Blackford



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BOOKS

A Byrd in the hand is enough . . .

□ In *Harry Byrd and the Changing Face of Virginia Politics, 1945-1966* (University of Virginia Press, \$6.75), J. Harvie Wilkinson III has told it like it was about the state's Democratic Organization long headed by the late Senator Harry F. Byrd, Sr., and he has told it very well indeed.

To my knowledge, this is the first book to chronicle the decline and fall of the once omnipotent Byrd Organization: if it is not the definitive biography of the long-time patriarch of Virginia politics (and it makes no pretenses of being so), it is a first-rate account of how Byrd managed to dominate the Old Dominion's political scene for so long, and how, ultimately, his ultra-conservative political machine became as outdated as the Model T Ford, more a museum piece than a smoothly functioning machine. It could, of course, be argued that Byrd was out-of-step with the times throughout his political career, but only in his declining years did he also become out-of-step with the aspirations of a rapidly changing state.

In preparing this book, Wilkinson appears to have left few sources untapped. He shows himself to be a sound scholar with a readable style. Unlike all too many scholarly tomes published in this country today, the book is very well-written. His accomplishments as a historian seem even more remarkable when one considers his youth: he graduated *magna cum laude* from Yale in 1967; the work is an outgrowth of a prize-winning thesis he wrote at Yale.

In contrast to all too many Virginians, Wilkinson does not regard Byrd as a veritable demigod. Certainly, the squire of Berryville was courteous, often charming, and incorrupt. But he was intolerant of new ideas and a champion of conformity. If his minions were seldom naughty, they were all too frequently negligent of the state's needs and problems. Far more like Hamilton than Jefferson, Byrd believed in government of the few and by the few—and for the fewest possible new programs, particularly if they cost money. As has been said of the South, so it can be said of Byrd: he had a passion for looking backward and an abhorrence of looking forward.

Wilkinson is primarily concerned with recounting the factors and forces that began the downward trend of the Byrd Organization in the postwar years. But he opens his book with chapters devoted to how the Organization worked on a local, state, and national level. One thing stands out: the roots of the Organization were first and foremost rural, and the county courthouse was "the symbol of Byrd's political rule in the Old Dominion." Moreover, though hardly "the only stronghold of Virginia's famous machine," there can be no doubt that the Southside—that rural area running across the state from Danville to Norfolk—was its key cog. "In the Southside," Wilkinson writes, "the word

was Byrd," and nowhere was "the [Organization's] supremacy more imposing than the Southside."

Wilkinson illustrates both the rural caste of the Organization and the prominence Southside politicians enjoyed in it by making this observation: "Not a single governor or United States senator from 1946 to 1965 had a metropolitan upbringing, but four of the six governors serving from 1946 to the present came from Southside Virginia. The six had spent an average apprenticeship of twenty-three years in lower elective and appointive positions before their inaugurations as governors."

There was no room in the Byrd Organization for the nonconformist. "During the apprentice years, the Organization sternly impressed upon all aspirants the importance of basic conformity to conservative policies." You either sang like a Byrd or you did not sing at all in the state's political chorus. The Organization may have produced some men of merit, but all too many Byrd men were merely models of mediocrity.

Dedicated to government of the few and by the few, Byrd was scarcely an advocate of enlarging the electorate. In the exercise of the franchise, the motto of his Organization could well have been "small vote, sure vote, pure white vote."

In the Democratic primary of 1945, for example, only 6.2 per cent of Virginia's adult population voted for Organization gubernatorial candidate William M. Tuck, who polled 69.9 per cent of the total vote. This pathetic turnout caused political scientist V. O. Key to remark that "a smaller proportion of Virginia's potential electorate votes for governor than does that of any other state of the South."

On a national level, Byrd was a key figure in the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition which frustrated the progressives on Capitol Hill for so many years after World War II. But there was, as Wilkinson observes, a glaring inconsistency in Byrd's parsimonious philosophy:

"He attacked centralization in Washington, while his own state machine, through such devices as the circuit judge and the Compensation Board, achieved one of the most centralized state power structures in the country . . . Byrd urged leaving education in the hands of the states, arguing there was 'not a state in the Union which is unable to educate its own citizens if it is willing to assess taxes to do so.' Virginia's schools, meanwhile, were among the nation's poorest."

As World War II ended, the Byrd Organization seemed as omnipotent in Virginia as it was impervious to change. But change was soon to challenge that omnipotence. "The Tuck years were the last in which the classic Byrd Organization operated at peak effectiveness and the last in which the antiorganization elements



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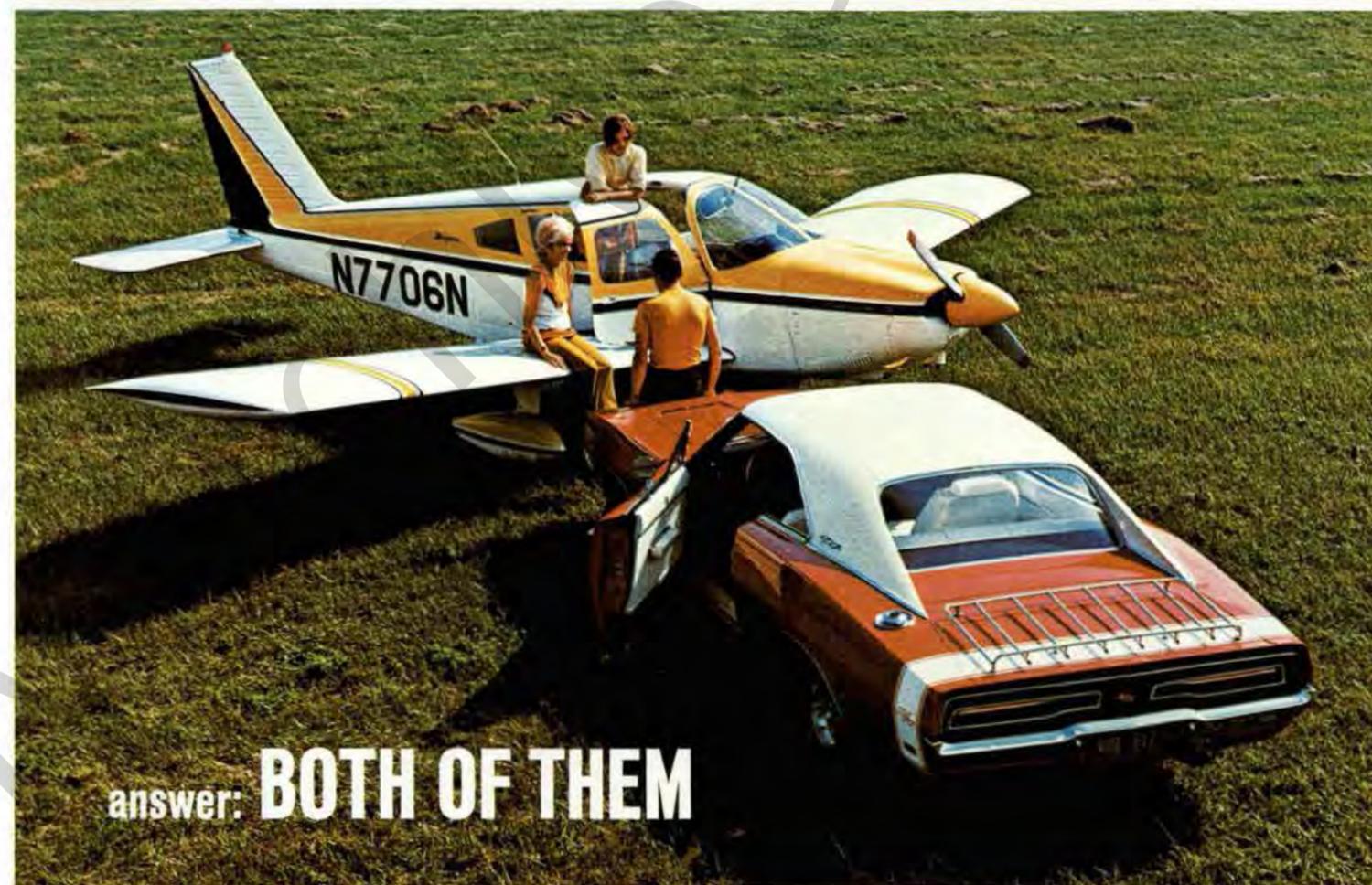
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LETTERS

Sir: Bravo! May I compliment you on both your "Theatre" articles in the October issue of ATLANTA MAGAZINE. At last some intelligent thinking is being applied to and published about the Atlanta theatrical scene which has too long been wallowing in its pretentious, tinselly, and just plain phoney self-made propaganda.

Especially dear to my wife and I were the remarks contained in the fourth and fifth paragraphs from the end of your article about Theatre Atlanta: Aftermath of a Crisis. "One could go live in Griffin, Georgia and be imported as a star from 'out of town!'"

Also your mention of the fact that Municipal Theatre proved nothing by moving the musicals indoors from Chastain Park . . . it would be interesting to know who made the remark that "Atlanta is tired of old musicals."

Having resigned from Municipal Theatre as choreographer after fourteen years, and after having been an unhappy witness to the complete "throwing out of focus" of the local picture by the Johnny-come-lately management, your words are like a soothing balm applied to unlicked wounds.

But having resigned and no longer being a part of it, it is interesting to watch intelligent Atlanta gradually become aware of what has been happening during the last five years. Please, more words of wisdom in pulling the "masques" off the falsity of the "real estate deals" and monopolies that are allowed to exist because space in the Art Palace is leased to the highest bidder. I am excited by the fact that the better Atlanta writers are finally beginning to write words of meaning.

PITTMAN CORRY

Atlanta

Sir: As a private practitioner of Oral Surgery in the free enterprise system and a staunch advocate of that system, I feel that I must protest the article, "The Plot," which was in the December issue of ATLANTA MAGAZINE. As a member of the John Birch Society and fairly knowledgeable regarding the philosophy and mechanics of the organization, I know that "The Plot," is a complete distortion of the objectives and purposes of the John Birch Society.

In a paragraph, the John Birch Society is for less government, more individual responsibility, and, with God's help, a better world. We firmly believe in the Constitution of the United States and the capitalistic, free enterprise system, and we are earnestly trying to thwart the communistic-socialistic influences within our country so as to preserve our heritage of individual freedom. And, I am certain that the Atlanta Chamber of

Commerce is in agreement with these principles and does not agree with such an attack on an organization that espouses these principles. I should hope that in all fairness you would permit an article in the ATLANTA MAGAZINE which would allow the Society to reply to the charges made in "The Plot."

ROBERT E. DAVIS, D.D.S.

Rome, Georgia

Sir: Having been one of your most loyal readers over the years and, incidentally, a former Atlantan, I have just completed Part II of Caribbean. Both Parts I and II were excellent, and, in looking them over closely, I regret that our release date precluded its inclusion in your stories of the Caribbean.

Continue your outstanding work on the ATLANTA MAGAZINE. As a friend of mine from Madison Avenue once said, "I wish we could claim credit for it."

VICTOR E. CORRIGAN

Coral Harbour Yacht Club.
Miami, Florida

Sir: I have just received and read the latest issue of ATLANTA. The article, "Wolfe's America," is one of the most beautifully done things I have ever seen. Very sensuous!

ANSLEY SPRTLIN BENNETT

Atlanta

Sir: My family's roots are deeply embedded in the Conservative philosophy. The article in the December issue of the ATLANTA MAGAZINE concerning the John Birch Society, therefore, runs against my grain.

I am very proud of Atlanta, Georgia, the South, and our nation. I am proud of the ATLANTA MAGAZINE for being such a fine example of excellent quality journalism and the leader of its type in the country.

However, in the past months, I have noticed, at first a creeping, and now a dead-run to the left with this magazine's editorial policies. Just a few issues ago, there was a glowing article on the American Civil Liberties Union which has several unAmerican citations by congressional committees. Then, a few months later, there was an article praising Martin Luther King, Jr. who belonged to over sixty Communist organizations, groups and organizations founded, pledged, and devoted to destroying everything the Chamber stands for. Now we have Julian Bond being praised from every point of view—even the fashion world. Yet, his track record is so terrible that our forefathers must be turning in their graves over the fact that the ATLANTA MAGAZINE is making such a hero out of this man.

In asking everyone I know that possibly might be the possessor of the information I seek, I have been unable to find a single unAmerican citation against

the John Birch Society. They are the largest patriotic organization in this country made up of loyal Americans and giants in industry, commerce, and business, and yet your magazine slanders the organization and its leaders with the overkill article.

It is, therefore, with a great deal of reluctance that I must make the following decision—unless the ATLANTA MAGAZINE and the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce begins to recognize true values in this country, I must withhold my support as I do not feel that the ATLANTA MAGAZINE, the voice of the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, speaks for me, Atlanta, Georgia, or the South. Therefore, I am withdrawing my Company's pledge to the "Forward Atlanta" campaign.

I feel that you will not let this situation persist. I hope that you will look into this matter and find out why the leftist elements are continually praised and the traditional values are constantly criticized and ridiculed in the pages of ATLANTA MAGAZINE.

J. R. ADAMS

Blockade Runners
Atlanta

Sir: Recently you had an interview with me concerning the John Birch Society. At that time you brought up Henry S. Commager's name with regard to the Society's projected fifteen-volume *Biographical Index of the Left*. The purpose of the volumes and the meaning of "Left" is adequately covered in the forward to Vol. 1.

In the Commager sketch, there are quoted references like "Communist front" and "under [Communist] Party domination . . ." In each case this is taken from U. S. Government files and investigations of subversive groups. If this is not clear, please feel free to give me a call.

Lastly, if this record is painful, it is obviously the fault of him who made it and not those who merely report it.

LAWRENCE McDONALD

Atlanta

Sir: Many, many thanks for the excellent Okefenokee feature in the October issue of ATLANTA MAGAZINE.

We will look forward to your next visit to Okefenokee. Water level has risen considerably during the past two weeks as a result of heavy rains.

Thanks again for your fine treatment of Okefenokee.

LISTON ELKINS

Director of Public Relations
Okefenokee Swamp Park
Waycross, Georgia

Sir: I thought you might like to know that out here in the hinterlands I'm hearing more and more talk about the magazine—and it's favorable. You guessed it. It's your "busy, busy businessmen" doing the talking, but, interestingly, their wives

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portant has a head start on the others who must discover them by trial-and-error. But, for the most part, the computer reacts in a predictable way to such decisions as increased research and development, massive advertising campaigns, varying price levels, increased sales forces, etc. The variables are inter-related just as they are in real life. An expenditure for more production must be accompanied by a commensurate increase in advertising, salesmen, or some provision for moving the increased supply, or the added production would be a glut on the company and on the market in general. An increase in the sales force or in advertising which is not accompanied by more production results in missed sales and loss of company good will with the consumers. Neither of these results will help the company.

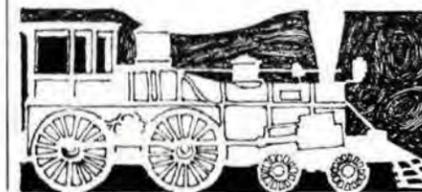
Properly managed, however, the company will show orderly (or maybe wild) growth with sales, profits, stock prices, and dividends (if voted by the company) rising with each decision. This is the kind of performance the blue-ribbon panel of judges appreciates.

Emory is proud, and rightfully so, of the students who manage the game. For five years this has been a time-consuming, free-lance project for the young graduate students, but it has been something they believed in and something which has, over the years, been well handled.

This year's game reflects the changing character of the school's graduate students. Of the ten or so students who have carried much of the management load, all but a couple are married, with service commitments behind them, and/or some work experience. Felix de Golian III, president of the Graduate Business Association and coordinator of all GBA activities is a graduate of the US Naval Academy and a veteran of four years in the armed forces. Richard M. Harris, GBA vice president and game chairman, is an Auburn graduate (1963) who spent four years in the Navy prior to re-enrolling in school. Others have worked, traveled, and served in various branches of the military. Chiles worked for seven years before coming back to Emory.

"As you can see, this group is not the typical college-kid-crowd," says Dr. M. B. (Bill) Neace, Emory professor who helped get the game started at the Atlanta school. "These guys have been around some, and their work reflects this. They have a more mature attitude. More of them know where they are going and what they want to do when they get there. Their management of the game shows this. They have really put this thing together from the first. If some company doesn't snap up these fellows, there is something wrong with the companies, not the students."

—Frank Stansberry



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EDUCATION

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□ Much has been said and written recently about youth's disenchantment with the "establishment" as represented by "big business" and the "corporate syndrome," but in Atlanta and at Emory University there is a cooperative effort between business and education which could well stand as a model for similar groups across the country.

The project undertaken by education and industry is the Fifth Annual Intercollegiate Business Game and Conference, a computerized management game which this year brought together 125 business administration students from forty schools competing against each other and Emory's computer to manufacture and sell toasters—a non-existent product used only as a tool in the game. Emory's Graduate School of Business Administration—as represented by its Graduate Business Assn.—administers the game. Twenty-three national and local companies in Atlanta each contributed \$500 and countless hours of time and talent in support of the students' efforts. The result is a close harmony between business and education toward which more schools and more businesses should strive.

"The thing we are really thrilled about is the association with these twenty-three firms," says W. Bruce Chiles, a thirty-year-old graduate student who is publicity manager for the game. "We are having as guest speakers Ben S. Gilmer (former Atlantan who is now president of American Telephone & Telegraph Co.) and Paul V. Allemang (senior vice president for the Mead Corp.). These are important men with large companies, and just having them on the program insures some of the dialogue with business that we at Emory are trying to build."

Business participation has always been a part of the Emory game, but until this year, most of the involvement was via the Atlanta chapter of Sales and Marketing Executives which was an original underwriter of the game's expenses.

When the project became too large for SME to carry alone, the students took the bull by the horns and went calling on local business leaders to raise enough money to continue the game. Such local firms as the Atlanta Newspapers, Inc., Citizens & Southern National Bank, Coca-Cola Co., Courts & Co., First National Bank of Atlanta, Lockheed-Georgia Co., Oxford Industries, Rich's, Robinson-Humphrey Co., Trust Company of Georgia, and J. M. Tull Metals Co. responded with \$500 donations, and were joined by the local offices of AT&T, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Shell Oil Co., Price Waterhouse & Co., RCA, Mead Corp., IBM, General Electric, Ernst & Ernst, Digital Equipment Corp., and Arthur Young & Co.

These same firms supplied judges for the various presentations made by the forty participating schools during the final "awards weekend" and each firm took two teams under its wing for final deci-

sions on the game, plus the meals and meetings scattered during the weekend.

"When SME told us they could not continue to underwrite the game's expenses," explains Chiles, "we said that was all right because we needed more contact with local business anyway, and the best way to get local businesses into the game was to have them invest in it. So we started last July working on businessmen in the community, trying to get them to persuade their companies to put \$500 into sponsoring donations."

Because Chiles had worked briefly for Mead prior to returning to school, he started off with the local office of the Dayton-based company, and others called on companies which they were connected with in some capacity, or in which they had an interest. The twenty-three which consented to help finance the game probably got more than they bargained for. Not only were they permitted to donate money, the companies were encouraged to attend luncheons with the students and to help judge the performance of various schools.

"What business wanted for its \$500," explains Chiles, "was a chance to expose the company to students. This was not necessarily a recruiting mission for the companies, but more of a chance to learn what the student thinks—which may or may not be reflected in future recruiting missions. Many firms made the \$500 donation to the game a "line" expense, not just a deduction from a slush fund. When they did this, we knew we had established the worth of the game to business."

Six luncheons for students and businessmen were held at Emory, attracting such men as C&S's vice president Donald J. Roe, J. W. Kercher, resident manager for Ernst & Ernst, William Peake, district manager for Information Sales and Services for GE, and Wallace Steward, branch manager for IBM.

There was no planned program during these lunches, and the conversation drifted from football to finance—depending on what came up during the meal. All the while, Bill Young, Emory's staff photographer, was discreetly photographing the businessmen and sending the prints back to the company for use in corporate newsletters and/or annual reports.

While the companies were getting a look at students, the students were also getting a look at the companies. "We learn what companies think about students and they tell us what they expect from us when we get to the job market," says Chiles. "I would say we share equally in the benefits."

The game itself is only a means to an end for those participating at all levels. To the businessman it is a way to get to know students in general and particularly students with enough initiative to work on an outside project—which the game is—and students who have enough acumen to

play the game well—which many do have.

To the student playing the game, it is an opportunity to tie up in one ball all that he has learned (or should have learned) in such areas as finance, marketing, economics, etc. The computer is programmed to make each of these traits weigh differently, and make success a function of using each individual tool most effectively. While classroom problems test students' abilities to solve specific difficulties, the game gives them a chance to use all the education at one time.

The students administering the game at Emory—about half of the eighty or so graduate business students—learn something about management, something about computers although the programs were written by Dr. Ronald L. Jensen—and a lot about working with people. They benefit directly, of course, but the greatest benefits may be those indirect amenities which they build via the game. As the game's fame spreads, so does the reputation of Emory as a business school. As holders of MBA degrees from Emory's graduate school of business, their worth goes up with the status of their school.

"We have all met people who have never heard of Emory, or who think of Emory as a theology school or a medical school," says Chiles. "From a selfish standpoint, we want to be associated with a quality school. We want to make Emory synonymous with quality and make this known to the world. This makes our degrees worth more than if Emory was simply a 'good' school."

The game itself is played by teams of undergraduates from the forty schools—from as far away as British Columbia—competing in five "industries" or divisions. Each school makes one "business decision" twice a week and feeds the "decision" to Emory's computer via teletype lines. Immediately after all "decisions" are in, the computer weighs their impact on the total market and on the company's sales and feeds the resulting information back to the schools. Each company knows its place in the total market, but nothing about other companies is revealed. Only the computer knows for sure who is leading or by how much.

Each of the "decisions" represents a fiscal quarter, and the final two quarters were played while the students were at Emory for the awards weekend. At this time, five divisional winners were selected by a panel of judges from business, education, and the GBA. From this list of five, one overall winner was chosen. The judges quiz the students about technique and motives for various decisions, trying to eliminate blind luck from the computer results. A good performance must be accompanied by equally good strategy or the panel will guess that luck was more important to the "firm" than good management, and knock down the team's score. The businessmen know that luck is important but that you can't count on it in the day-to-day management of a firm.

Still, one of the weaknesses of the computer model is that luck can play a small part in the game. Some business variables are weighed more heavily than others in the programming, and the firm which lucks upon those which are more im-



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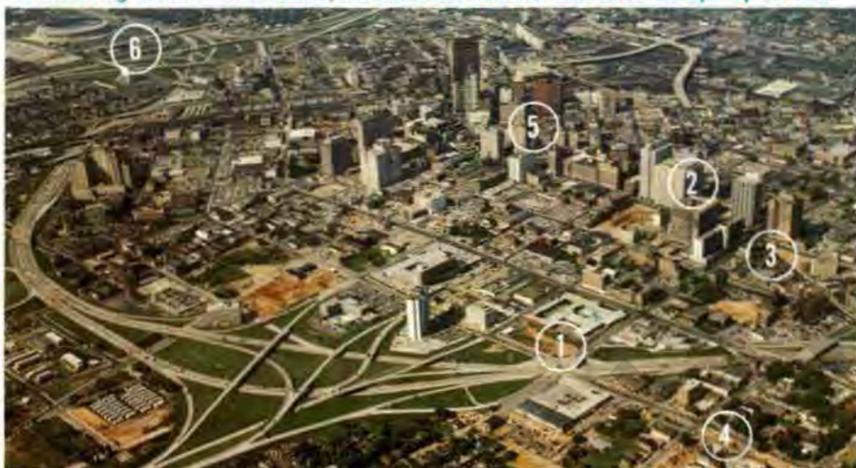


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are joining in, too. Don't look now, but I think you're becoming a status symbol.

Mrs. MITCHELL HUNT

Tifton, Georgia

Sir: I think it is appropriate to begin this letter by identifying myself with Atlanta and all movements calculated to make it an increasingly better place in which to live. I am glad to be a resident of Atlanta and proud to be considered an Atlantan. I am also proud to have graduated from Georgia Tech with a Master's degree in applied mathematics. I will, to the extent I am able, support all programs designed to make Atlanta a better community.

I am also proud to be a member of the John Birch Society and will do what I can to make it a better organization. The October BULLETIN of the John Birch Society was the subject of an article in the December issue of ATLANTA MAGAZINE. The October BULLETIN of the John Birch Society contained the admonition, "It is better to write one letter than to curse conditions." I hope this letter will help correct some conditions I deplore.

While I understand that opinions expressed by authors of articles appearing in your official monthly publication, ATLANTA, do not necessarily reflect the attitude or imply sponsorship by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce, you must accept responsibility for seeing that the magazine articles are of reasonable quality and in no way violate good business ethics. I am distressed that your official monthly publication, ATLANTA, rather consistently espouses ideas which are surely contrary to the generally recognized principles and purposes of a Chamber of Commerce.

The John Birch Society certainly is not perfect and there are, no doubt, valid criticisms that could be made; however, the article is an irrational, biased attack upon the Society with little originality. Even the insults are second-hand, i.e., "James Fritz Salley said that the Society was a 'slimy group of opportunists who preach hate, vilification, and lies to gain their odoriferous rewards . . ." Do I fit that description, or Mr. Welsh, or someone in the Society Mr. Winn knows? Surely Mr. Winn holds this opinion of someone in the Society, else why repeat such a slanderous remark?

I cannot answer all the distortions and outright lies contained in the article in a single letter — there are too many. However, I will comment on a few. The idea of an international communist conspiracy is ridiculed throughout the article, but consider this: The Communists have always maintained their movement is international as, for example, in the last paragraph of the *Communist Manifesto*, written by Karl Marx in 1848 at the behest of the Communist League.

As for the Society making "much of Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

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Walter Roberts grew up in Atlanta. He attended West Fulton High School where "I learned about 90 per cent of what I know about theatre." He attended Emory for two years, and then joined the Army. When he returned, he entered Tulane University where he majored in English literature and psychology.

Because of his close association with high school students, Roberts is very much aware of the inadequacies of our public school system. "I have become a crusader to help stamp out the public schools," he says. "The system forgets the people involved. Its premise seems to be 'Let's abide by the rules, let's fill out a few papers, but don't let's learn anything.' Teaching is an art. Teachers should excite students so that they want to learn." He has called Atlanta School Superintendent, John Letson, many times, and often late at night, with complaints ranging from a play banned from a school program to a rule forbidding youngsters who have reached the age of nineteen to attend classes at Grady. One of his drama students failed English and, because of Grady's rules, he was not allowed to return to school the next year. "This was a very bright boy," he said. "What I'd like to know is if you kick him out at Grady and he winds up on Fourteenth Street, what have you accomplished, besides quieting the class at Grady?" Letson, he said, "should hire teachers who are educated in something other than the mechanics of teaching." His outspokenness, he said, "has cost me money and it's cost me friends; you'd be amazed at how many people just want to kill you if you want to change something."

Recently, Mrs. Coretta King established a Workshop scholarship fund for underprivileged young people. She said in her statement announcing the fund, "The Workshop is a project I feel strongly about, and I want to see it made available to many more children. The scholarships provided by this fund will be open to all needy young people, regardless of color. I know there are many future artists in the Atlanta area—actors, musicians, theatrical technicians, directors, writers — whose creative talents can begin to flower if only they can study at the Workshop. . . ." —Sandra Grimes



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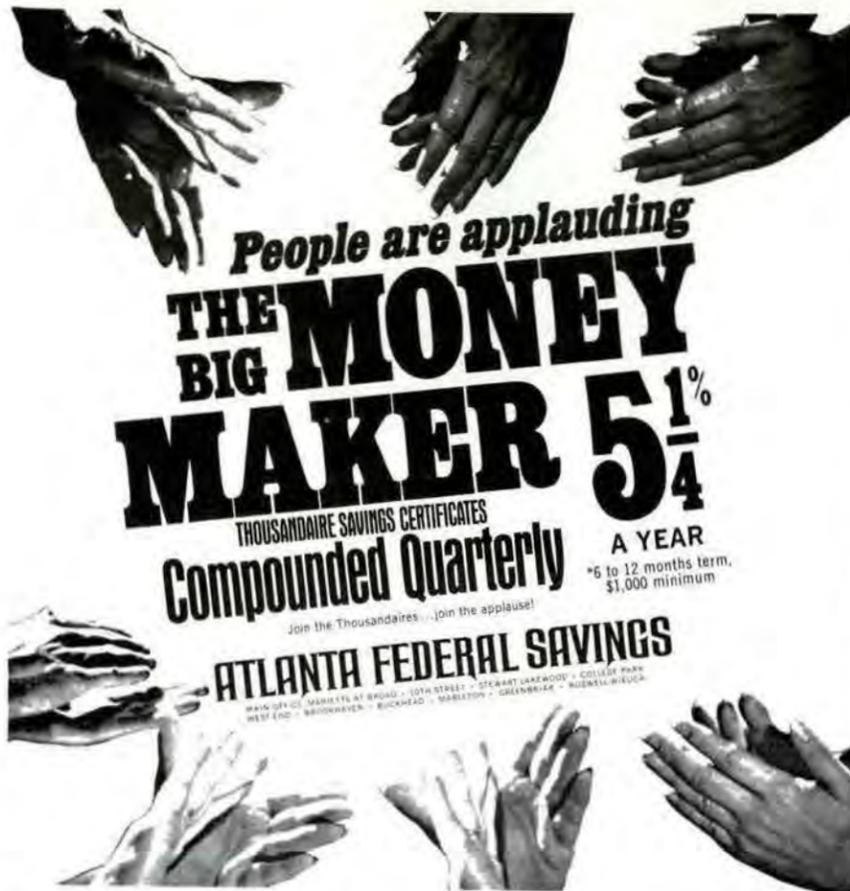
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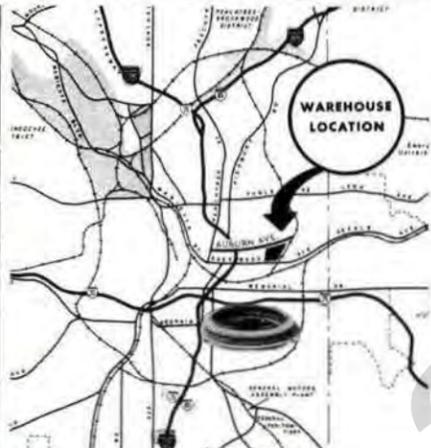


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they cheer. They have had no experience with theatre. Our Showmobile represents \$13,000 worth of equipment and, as rudimentary as some of our material is, it seems sophisticated to these audiences. Our teenage students especially loved these tours. If they weren't in the play, they crewed it. They worked because they felt it was important."

"Last year, we did *The Taming of the Shrew*," Roberts said, "and the boy we chose to play Petruchio had a very regional accent so we decided to do it with cowboys and Indians, which was much more interesting to these people, and everybody loved it, especially the kids." They also did Hans Christian Anderson's story of *The Nightingale*, which Roberts rewrote for the stage. They did this lovely play several times during the year, and "people flocked in the snow to see it."

Roberts thinks theatre has to be regional. "We are a very unsophisticated city," he said. "But Shakesperian theatre was unsophisticated, and the people went."

The Workshop has between seventy-five and eighty-five students during peak periods. Now and then, "we will get a student who doesn't want to stay," he said. "Usually, I can tell which ones will be leaving soon. Most often, it is a girl brought in by her mamma—the girl is a model, is beautifully dressed, and wants leading roles in every play. We believe our students should know about all aspects of theatre. We give them a total picture of what theatre is about. When they come, we put them in a pair of coveralls, give them a paintbrush, and tell them to go paint a set."

This fall, Roberts was nominated for a Guggenheim Fellowship. He needed several letters of recommendation and, he said, "I didn't realize there were so many people in Atlanta who were aware of my work, but people called us and asked if they could write letters." One particularly impressive letter was from Lila Kennedy. She wrote, "I have watched the Workshop become a sound and important cultural organization, centering itself around Mr. Roberts and his theories. Because of him, it has turned its attention to the difficult, almost pioneering area of production of good theatre for and by young people and children. . . Walter Roberts' work is only at its beginning, and it is a field that does not change quickly from its old and established ways. It is my opinion that his writing and dramatic theories are, very simply, ahead of their time, and will, when we have grown up to them, be the standard against which future writers will be measured." Roberts expects to know this summer if his application has been accepted.



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AMERICAN EXPRESS

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its comparatively few Jewish and Negro members," it really is more of a matter of these members making much of themselves. Some of our Negro and Jewish members are most active and effective as, for instance, the Reverend Freeman Yearling.

As for Communist involvement in the Civil Rights movement, how do you interpret the treasonous statements of one of its prominent leaders Mr. Stokely Carmichael? Keep in mind that this is not idle talk. Mr. Carmichael did his best to incite a race riot in Atlanta not long ago and very nearly succeeded. He has also made a "grand" tour of various Communist countries, including North Viet Nam where he was reported to have expressed "warm support for the struggle against the common enemy" — that is, the United States.

Finally, I assure you the John Birch Society does *not* have a contempt for the average American and for existing American institutions. Quite to the contrary, the John Birch Society wishes to preserve American institutions and has faith that the average American will join us in that effort if sufficient pains are taken to bring the truth to light.

Gentlemen, I welcome any comment on what I have to say, and if I am wrong in any respect I will gladly stand corrected.

Best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year for the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce and for our fine city of Atlanta.

GEORGE A. WYNNE

Atlanta

Sir: Surely, the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce did not request the flattering eulogy of Ralph McGill, even though it was written two weeks before his death. Nor did they ask for William Winn's blistering attack (in a previous issue) on the John Birch Society. Possibly, even worse than these two specific articles is your magazine's insistence to praise and support organizations, people, ideas, etc. that the majority of Atlantans (and metropolitan Atlantans) do not concur. (sic)

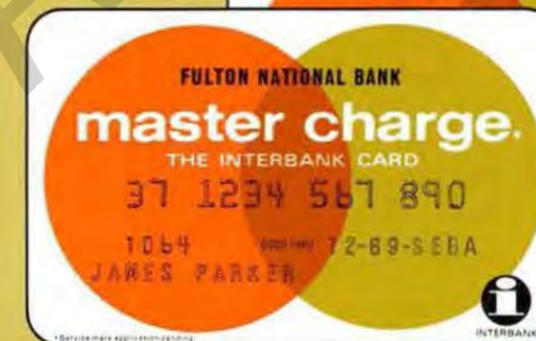
Personally, I've read all I am going to read until changes are made. Please cancel my subscription immediately and advise me when this is completed. Thanking you for the immediate attention, here is one vote for a re-evaluation by the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce of its magazine.

DR. THOMAS D. GARVIN, JR.
Austell, Georgia

Sir: It is amazing how much space was wasted in your effort to convince everyone that "a little country boy saw Paris."

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PERSONALITY

Young man on the go: Walter Roberts

□ In 1964 Walter Roberts moved his family into a drafty old house on Juniper Street. He and his wife, Betty, keep house upstairs, and downstairs, in a couple of stark, meagerly furnished rooms, they teach theatre to children.

Roberts is director of The Actors and Writers Workshop, which is a non-profit organization and Atlanta's only year-round theatre workshop devoted entirely to the young.

I first met Roberts one cold afternoon in early February when I walked in on one of his classes. The room was unheated and I kept my coat wrapped around me as I sat down carefully on a wobbly grey metal folding chair. Roberts, dressed in a ratty red sweater, stood in the center of the classroom reading from a large book of *Alfred Hitchcock's Horror Stories*. The children in this class were about ten years old, and were making their first appearance at the Workshop. The next time I saw him, he was lecturing to an advanced class of high school students, most of whom had been coming to the Workshop since its inception. There is a rapport between Roberts and all the youngsters he teaches that is nothing short of incredible, and I could not help but wish that every child in Atlanta could have an opportunity to be taught by him.

In the advanced class, he and his students were discussing *King Arthur*, a recent Municipal Theatre superproduction.

They eagerly discussed the play, their own interpretations and misinterpretations. They had all seen it. He talked to them about playwrights from Shakespeare to Arthur Miller. ("Shakespeare got caught up with his secondary characters," he lectured. "In *Julius Caesar* Brutus is probably the most unselfish and noble character you'll ever meet on the dramatic stage.") He called on a lanky seventeen year old boy dressed in blue jeans and denim jacket to read the lines of Britannia from *King Arthur*. The boy stood up and began to read: "Fairest Isle, all isles excelling, Seat of pleasures and of loves. . . ." There wasn't a giggle or a grin. The class of some twenty boys and girls listened attentively. Roberts asked for criticism of the reading, and when the class had finished, the boy insisted that he be allowed to try it again.

Roberts and his wife have some unorthodox ideas about children's theatre—they believe that theatre for children should be good theatre. "Most material for youngsters is garbage," he said. "Most people don't think children deserve intelligent entertainment. I believe every play must be worthwhile. A play has to be an exciting thing; it doesn't have to be pretty, but it has to be something worth seeing in general human terms. Theatre should take you by the hand and enchant, so that whatever you see is real. Children have as great a potential for human emotions as adults do.

"When we first opened the Workshop, we were approached by WAI-TV to do a series for children. I was given carte blanche except for the title of the show—they called it 'Bum Bum and his Buddies'—I wanted to call it 'Everything'—but we lived with the title. We did a show every Saturday morning for seventeen weeks, and used anything that was good material for youngsters. We did *Jack and the Beanstalk* which I wrote specifically for a scrawny boy with a high-pitched Gomer Pyle voice—the set was deliberately seamy—the furniture, rugs, everything looked fallen apart, and that was the way we wanted it. I had had trouble all season with the WAI woman who was directing the shows. When she saw the set, she was horrified. 'Everything always looked so nice before,' she cried. She and I were poles apart in our thinking about children's programming. Her idea of a good program was to stand eleven pretty girls in eleven pretty dresses in a nice straight line across the stage. When you talk about children's theatre in the abstract, everyone always agrees, but when you get down to specifics. . .

"Toward the end of the season, I decided to write three plays to see if I really did know anything about children's theatre," he said. "In 'The Cyanide Soup Song,' a boy kills all his family, and then admits everything to the police because he has always been told that lying is a sin. It stirred up quite a bit of controversy, and I had several phone calls from angry parents."

Each year, the Workshop does several plays and all the students participate. Those who don't have parts in the play work backstage. During the summers, they tour Atlanta's ghettos with their colorful Showmobile and perform before large audiences. Economic Opportunity Atlanta supports the tours although last year the funds received were barely adequate. The EOA neighborhood centers get the word out when the Showmobile is scheduled to appear. The people sit on grassy hills to watch the performances, and, at first, most of them don't know how they are expected to behave. "In fact, the first play we did on the showmobile, the actors were worried because they thought nobody liked the play. They didn't laugh and they didn't applaud. We discovered that most of them had never seen a play before, and they didn't know they were expected to applaud. After several performances, they began to yell and cheer, and if something was funny, they would nudge each other, or embrace and roll down the hill laughing, then run back up. Adults and children came trooping to these plays, and they loved them," Roberts said.

"Some of them lead such closed lives they very rarely get outside their own neighborhoods," Betty said. "One of my personal dreams is to have the time and money to set up a community theatre in these areas where there is no theatre. These people can't afford to buy tickets to the theatre; \$3.50 or \$4.00 would feed a family for a week. I'd like to build a community theatre and charge maybe a dime for children and a quarter for adults. . . ."

Ms. Cecile Alexander Papers, The Clara Fernald Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

Roberts: "Youngsters especially love the puppets."



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Sir: I have been following ATLANTA MAGAZINE since its conception and, as an Atlantan, I am naturally proud of the product and its growth. It's doing an excellent job telling outsiders about Atlanta and keeping the local citizens informed about developments in our city.

With the January issue, you really reached a new high in not only telling Atlantans about a very interesting part of the world, the Caribbean, but, by merely covering this area, you're telling all of the audience of ATLANTA MAGAZINE that its readers are a cosmopolitan, well-traveled group.

I have been to the Caribbean ... and have read a number of magazines. None that I have seen can even approach the job done in your January issue ...

If Atlanta is truly a vibrant, growing, cosmopolitan city, the ATLANTA MAGAZINE owes its audience more of this type coverage. Congratulations on a job well done.

WILLIAM G. BROWNING
WEAVER Incorporated

Atlanta

Sir: I wrote you last week commending your coverage of the Caribbean in the January issue of ATLANTA MAGAZINE.

I was pleased to see the part two coverage given good space in the February issue; however, the quality of the coverage in the February issue was vastly different from that in the January issue. It was obvious that your writer did her homework prior to going to the Bahamas, and it was equally as obvious that she visited only Nassau, Freeport, and two land development deals in the out Islands. I hope you will see fit, at a later date, to send Mr. O'Neill down and let him "discover" the real Bahamas.

After ninety-two trips in just nine years, I feel as if I know the Islands fairly well, but I hardly would have recognized Trinidad and Tobago as compared to Barbados in the February issue. That writer would obviously be better directed spending his time in Miami Beach, Las Vegas, San Juan, Acapulco, and other "charming" out-of-the-way places — or he could just follow the Hilton Hotel circuit.

WILLIAM G. BROWNING
WEAVER Incorporated

Atlanta

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opened up a few vistas to the outdoors to bring in more light and view."

Daniels is doing much the same with his house, only his remodeling is more extensive. "I have divided the house horizontally rather than vertically," he said. "And I am adding on some space to create two living units. One, which I intend to live in, will have the total use of the front yard with a walled garden at the front. I've rearranged the space inside to create larger rooms, opening up ceiling spaces to get higher ceilings. I added on space at the rear and a walled garden at the rear for the second unit, so that each unit is wholly independent of the other and the privacy of both is maintained."

Busby is the only one of the three architects who is married, and a growing family has forced him to move from the house that he remodeled. (The house that he left was sold to another architect.) He has bought another older house in nearby Morningside, pursuing the same goals that confronted him on Seventh Street. "In a family house," he said, "you have the wife and her needs. You want an environment that children will enjoy. I will be approaching these problems in the same way that I did in the first house."

The architects agree that in creating a pleasing living environment in the city, one must make use of a walled-off patio, a terrace or courtyard, so that a private area onto which the house opens becomes a part of the private living space.

I want to stress that the theory of this walled courtyard kind of thing is not purely a snobbish attitude towards life," Jova said. "It simply is that on a tiny lot, the only way you can take advantage of the few square feet you've got is to protect it from the noises and distractions.

Mr. Pennington is a columnist for THE ATLANTA JOURNAL.

The architects also agree that every house needs at least one area that is expansive. "Even though you're in confined quarters," Daniels said, "and this can be true of a house located anywhere, if there is a particular space within the house that is generous in scale, it will offset the effect of some of the smaller spaces. The reason that so many small tract houses are so mean, really, in their feeling, is that there is a series of many rooms, all extremely tiny rooms. I prefer a generous house with fewer rooms."

Jova/Daniels/Busby would like to see others moving to regenerate the in-town neighborhoods in Atlanta.

Daniels: "I think the significant point is that you don't have to wait for big business or a government agency to come in and tear down a vast tract of land."

Busby: There are still many in-town areas where you have this opportunity, where you can get what you want. The challenge is still there."

Jova: "The advantages of living downtown are many. You are near the theatres, the art galleries, the museum, the stadium. It's convenient to invite friends to stop by before or after an event. This is one of the pleasures . . ."

Busby: "The city is exciting, things are happening, and it's great to be a part of it."

—John Pennington

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BUSINESS

How to Build Seventeen Villages (Inoffensively).

□ When Henry Grady was predicting the resurgence of the South a hundred years ago, no one, not even the old newspaperman himself, would have believed the growth of Atlanta in the years which followed. Ten years ago, if someone had predicted a self-contained city of 5500 families would one day lie at the corner of Interstate 20 and Panola Road, no one would have scoffed aloud, because Atlantans are too polite to scoff at dreamers.

But ten years from today that very city will be thriving in the midst of luxury—swimming pools, golf courses, tennis courts, stables, parks, schools, shopping centers, and even a country club—if the master plans of Atlanta developers Crow, Pope & Carter are carried out.

Already construction has begun on the seven thousand yard, par seventy-two championship golf course, and before this month is out, ground will be broken for the first of seventeen individual apartment villages, plus a \$1 million club house and an all-inclusive information and marketing center which will become the focal point for the total marketing of what will one day be a \$100 million project.

While actually a development of Crow, Pope & Carter, in joint venture with New York banker David Rockefeller, the Panola project—dubbed Fairington—is officially a partnership between Rockefeller and five other men:

- Trammell Crow, a wealthy Texas real

estate developer who owns five thousand apartments in Texas, more than six hundred warehouses around the world, and who files tax returns for thirty-four corporations and ninety-five other partnerships. He also shares ownership in Atlanta's Peachtree Center and Merchandise Mart.

- Ewell G. Pope, Jr., partner in the Atlanta firm he founded with Frank Carter, is the idea man. He travels, finds property, and dreams up uses for it.

- Frank Carter is the partner who "stays home and runs the store." Between them, Pope and Carter have built such Atlanta landmarks as the Peachtree Palisades buildings, Greenbriar Mall, and Chatahoochee Industrial Park. They also put together the land for Great Southwest Industrial Park and Six Flags over Georgia amusement park. In concert with Crow, other projects in Atlanta include the Franciscan, Nob Hill and Riverbend apartment complexes, North Lake Perimeter Community, and Cumberland Perimeter Community.

- William W. Ranck is a younger member of the team whose duties for the next eight years will consist 100 per cent of turning 703 acres of farm land into a money-making development called Fairington. A veteran of four years with Adair Realty, Ranck will share in the profits of Fairington as managing partner.

- A. J. Land, another partner in Crow,

Fairington: Ranck calls it a "quality place to live."



Pope & Carter, holds a piece of the action in many of the firm's developments.

Ranck will actually be in charge of the day-to-day development of Fairington, but he will have an able list of assistants including: construction manager Carl Lehman; Jack Wilson, property manager, who, like Lehman, holds wide experience with apartments in Washington, D. C.; land-planning specialist Charles Franzman, an associate partner in the nationally-known firm of Harland Bartholomew & Associates; Rees Jones, designer of the golf course and the son of Robert Trent Jones, foremost designer of golf courses in the world; Fred Bainbridge, partner in the Atlanta architectural firm of Martin & Bainbridge, who designed the \$1 million golf and tennis club; Jerome Cooper of Cooper Carry & Associates, who designed the first of seventeen villages, and Pearce Chauncey, president of Club Services, Inc., who has responsibility for the total organization of club functions and activities.

Rockefeller, who guarantees the development's financial support, owns 50 per cent of the project. The other five own the other half.

If the people make the development, it is the project itself which makes the news, and Fairington is expected to make a few headlines before it becomes passe. Its size alone will generate much talk, Ranck says, and its quality and special features should make it a landmark in Atlanta housing.

Each of the seventeen villages (thirteen garden type and four condominiums) will enjoy its own individual architectural style, giving the various villages identity within the whole Fairington project. Each will carry its own name. (The first will be called "Meadowood" for example.) Each village will be isolated by "green space" and trees, giving each one a feeling of seclusion. Each will be limited to one type of tenant—single swinger, married with young children, couples whose children have left the nest, etc.

Each village will have its separate and individual swimming pool and tennis courts, although the club facilities will be open to all. The villages will each have a resident manager plus a general manager on the grounds to hear requests and complaints from tenants.

Several villages will be under construction at all times until, in 1976, a total of seventeen will either be completed or under construction. Of these, 4560 units will be apartments renting in the \$200-\$300 range while another nine hundred units will be condominiums selling from \$20,000 to \$40,000. Some single family structures may be added to take advantage of small, otherwise wasted, spaces.

In addition, thirty-two acres will be devoted to commercial enterprises such as shops and stores, another twenty-nine acres to roads, and twenty acres for two elementary schools.

Everything about Fairington has been planned to the fullest—even the name. "Fairington" was selected by Atlanta adman Richard Heiman after careful study, and Heiman can list thirteen reasons for picking it, including its being one word, easy to pronounce and spell, with a melodic sound and non-controversial meaning.



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THE CITY

Raising the crabgrass curtain.

□ A friend arranged to meet architect Henri Jova at his townhouse one afternoon shortly after five o'clock. When he arrived, the visitor boasted, "It only took me twelve minutes from downtown." "You used the wrong route," said Jova. "It only took me eight minutes."

The two gentlemen were not racing but the visitor, a suburban dweller, was astonished that anyone could drive home to a tree-lined street in afternoon rush traffic in less time than it takes for an abbreviated coffee break.

But this is only one of the advantages of "in-town living" cited by Jova and his partners in architectural wizardry, Stanley Daniels and John Busby. The three partners of the firm of Jova/Daniels/Busby have moved boldly to create a style of living in an older community in the central core of the city. In the process, they have stimulated a regeneration of the community, winning the admiration of friends who dubbed their efforts a personal urban renewal project.

In the beginning, it was a very private matter indeed because bankers looked without enthusiasm on their individual plans. Jova was the first to make the plunge; Busby was the second; Daniels' townhouse is being reconstructed from an older building.

"It takes a rather enlightened lending institution to share the same view that we hold," Jova said. "And, at first, it was dif-

ficult to find bankers who were as optimistic as we were."

"The lending institutions aren't very imaginative about putting money back into the city to regenerate living facilities," Busby said. "They'd rather invest in the suburbs. It's appalling to walk into a bank and ask for money for a neighborhood, and they say, 'That neighborhood is no good; why are you interested in it?' You're faced with putting your own funds in it, which are limited, so that gradually you build the neighborhood up. Then their attitude is entirely different. 'Oh,' they say. 'You've changed the whole area. How nice. How lovely. Now we're interested in putting more money into it.'"

Daniels said, "I think the real point is that while lending institutions are willing to risk money generating new ventures, they overlook the opportunity to regenerate older areas."

The older neighborhood that Jova/Daniels/Busby moved into is in a rectangular area between Seventh and Sixth Streets, Northeast, and bordered west and east by Durant Place and Charles Allen Drive. This places the community several blocks south of Piedmont Park and within whistling distance of the Atlanta skyline.

What the three architects have done in the area has not sent real estate prices skyward, but their projects have attracted three or four other architects and several

others in the creative professions to move in and invest talent and money to rebuild older homes.

Henri Jova was the first to see an attraction in the neighborhood and at the time—long before Jova/Daniels/Busby became involved in creating Colony Square (not far away at Peachtree and Fourteenth) and developing Underground Atlanta—he simply was looking for a place to move.

"It occurred to me that a duplex would be a logical arrangement," he said, "in that I didn't need a full house but I also wanted more than just an apartment. So I bought a ramshackle duplex and gradually fixed it up. And then John Busby moved into the neighborhood. A few others moved in and started fixing things up, and recently Stanley Daniels bought a house just around the corner and is in the throes of fixing it up."

Jova said he had not thought about attracting others into his new community when he moved in, revamped a duplex at Seventh Street and Mentelle Drive, and added on a spectacular townhouse home for his parents. "But when people started coming to my house to parties," he said, "and realizing how attractive a house in that neighborhood could be, they expressed this surprise to me, and I began to feel there was a potential. John (Busby) was talking about how appropriate the neighborhood was for a young couple; I think I'm proving that the same thing is true of an older couple. My mother and father are living there very happily, and everybody admires their quarters to such an extent that within the next year I intend to build three more very similar units and hold them out for rent."

Busby bought a small house on Seventh Street and, unable to get bank financing in the beginning, moved into a slower remodeling project. "There was no large scale revamping," he said. "It was more or less a paint, fix-up, do-it-yourself thing in a creative way. With limited funds and imagination, you can come up with an attractive townhouse."

Daniels is presently involved in creating a townhouse on Mentelle Drive. "I feel that I can make money on the situation," he said. "Or at least break even. I bought a house that I think was the ugliest in the neighborhood and yet it was fairly sturdy. I got it at a good price, and, though I'm putting a lot of money into it, I'm not putting any more into it than the bank has evaluated the worth of it." (The architects have found "an enlightened lending institution.") Daniels' house will have two apartments, one for rent, but the design is such that it can be converted easily to a single family dwelling.

The townhouse that Jova built for his parents provides a contemporary background for a collection of antique furniture. "I think it expresses the tastes of my parents, who are a retired couple, but I think it does so without a great deal of hokey, faked traditional detail," Jova said. "It is a contemporary house, but it has the dignity and style that permits their furniture to show up." The living room, twenty feet high, has a soaring, lifting quality which reflects Jova's attitude toward living space. In his duplex, he "knocked out a few walls to create larger rooms and

Jova, Daniels, and Busby of Jova/Daniels/Busby.



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Fairington began several years ago when Atlanta attorney and land speculator Roscoe Pickett put together the bulk of the acreage. Pope later bought the land for the firm and dreamed up its ultimate usage. The lay of the land suggested a golf course, Pope figures, and the demand for luxury apartments dictated the type of development. The size was the result of the proposed amenities.

"If you have enough base—enough people—you can provide the amenities which the masses demand," Pope says. "With a project the size of Fairington, you can offer something for everybody without offending any of the individual segments. We think the social segments are compatible, the same way various families are compatible at a country club. Everyone participates in the various activities at a country club, so there is no reason why singles, retirees, and families with children can't all enjoy the facilities at Fairington."

Pope also points out that, while Atlanta has grown rapidly, recreational facilities have not kept pace. "The per-capita recreational facility is down," he asserts, "while at the same time, people have more money and more leisure time. They want to spend this money and time on recreation, but there is a definite void here which must be filled by the developers. We think Fairington is filling that void."

Ranck feels his project is not aimed at the traditional (although atypical) Atlantan—the one who grew up here and who thinks Buckhead is the center of all social and recreational activity.

"We are aiming for an income level of between \$12,000 and \$20,000," he explains, "maybe a young executive who has been transferred to Atlanta and who feels he will be here only a couple of years before he is promoted back to a home office somewhere. This person is not the person who has lived all his life in Atlanta. He doesn't know he is supposed to live in Buckhead. But he knows that he wants a nice place to live, and he wants the recreational facilities which accompany a man of his position. This man probably doesn't want to buy a house, so Fairington can meet all his requirements. It's on transportation; it's close to town; and it will be a quality place to live."

Included in the special amenities which Fairington will offer the young executive or anyone living there, are such less popular facilities as exercise rooms, steam baths, whirlpool baths, squash and handball courts, and even billiard and pool rooms.

At the million-dollar club house will be teaching professionals for golf, tennis, and, maybe, swimming. Ranck figures the Olympic-sized pool and championship golf course will be used for top-level exhibitions, and the tennis courts, with their adjoining grandstands may become the site for many of the Atlanta tournaments.

"We want to encourage youth to use the club facilities," Ranck says. "Some of the recreational areas will have fields for team sports, too. We may even have some little leagues out here with teams representing separate villages. Who knows? Maybe we will have a little city here one day?"

—Frank Stansberry

vegetation came through after all. Before spreading the seeds, we plowed up the yard to rid ourselves of the ragged congeries of zoysia, crab, rye, bermuda, sprouted acorns, onions, wandering gladiolas and ivy, all inhibited by a dense layer of several years' worth of dead pin-oak leaves, that had been allowed to take over the land. So, the red clay beneath was exposed, and when it rained right after we put the seeds out, washing them all downhill toward the street—and they sprouted, therefore, only along the lower border of the yard—the yard ended up looking like an old Indian with a green beard. Also, we had neglected to flatten out the yard sufficiently after plowing it, so that when I cut what grass there was to be cut, the yard looked like an old Indian who have been shaved in haste.

And now, we live in New York, where the land belongs to absent lessors and is buried by who knows how many inches of asphalt, and underlaid not by rootsystems but by subways. Who knows for sure, in fact, that there is any more soil in Manhattan at all, outside the few large parks that aren't paved over yet. Nothing you step on in such a city is given by, or blamable on, Nature; everything can be ascribed to some contracting firm or another, and broken down into chemicals. The greenery around you is mostly glass, and everything is mechanical flux—as the old saying goes, there is no grass growing on New York. And if there were it would be such a special case that there would be signs up saying to keep off of it. (Timothy Leary, who doesn't like New York, has predicted that grass will grow one day before long in New York's streets. But that was a vision obtained through the use of LSD, which is not an organic food. If Leary had ever seen our military garden, obtained through a little manure, he would have been abashed.) But at least Manhattan's surfaces are honest, and not shaky compromises between fields and pavement, between the organic and the contrived, as suburban lawns are. New York stands pure and foursquare as a crime against nature.

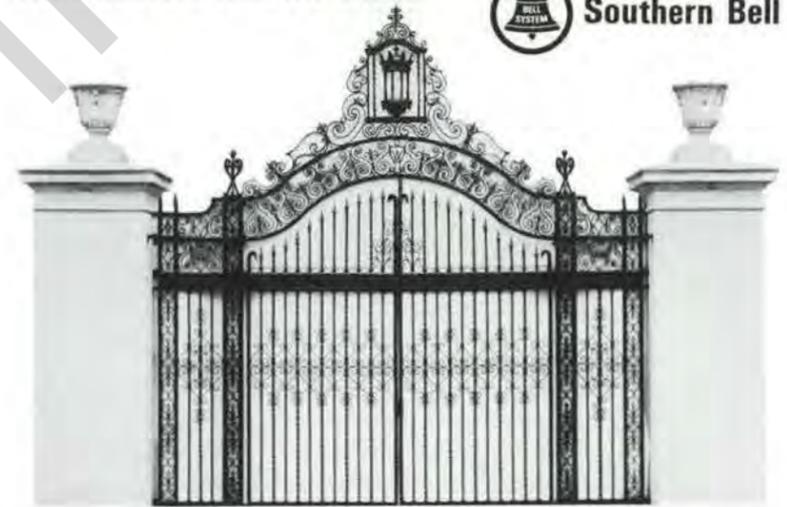
As I say, I have found that I can get along without grass and natural dirt. We proved we weren't psychologically suited to instilling propriety into plant life. And we are getting along fine so far in New York. We buy Long Island-grown vegetables on Bleecker Street, we stay in out of the air for our health, and we haven't heard a power-mower blade hit a curbing since we left Atlanta. We are proving life without humus is possible.

But I don't mean to close out our options. My wife has been talking about growing a few herbs in the window again. The first time we took our little girl to Central Park she got down spontaneously and rolled in the grass. And every time I take up our unabridged dictionary, it falls open to "Soapwort Gentian."

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GRASS *continued from page 78*

(In fact, I think the only reason we were not brought up on courtmartial charges at one time or another was that the General admired Emmy's pluck. He used to play with her with his swagger stick.) Emmy found her element in our garden. She would hide among the vines and jump out after passers-by, and she would chase who knows what things around down in there inside the greenery. She was a bushy, bright white semi-Persian, and to see her leaping, glistening, after one of the peculiarly-streaked orange butterflies, say, among the thick, bright-green leaves, or just stirring slightly beneath the overhang of a huge and all but lurid strawberry plant, was like watching a technicolor motion picture conceived and directed by the primitive painter Henri Rousseau.

We didn't resist the garden. In the first place, I didn't feel competent to decide between such plants. Who could say what value something new, like our magnificent grey-green Turk's-leg, might have? The elksbristle, the sheepswort, and the frog's-necklace left room for plenty of vegetables (some of the bugs, however, did make some of our collard greens—chemical sprays were out, too—look like antimacassars). We didn't need those vegetables anyway for subsistence, and uprooting the unexpected plants seemed too obvious, as well as the work of several good men and a headstrong boy. And, after all, every other gardening family on the post—many of whose members could be seen standing next to our plot, gazing into it, holding their modest gathered produce, and shaking their closely-cropped heads—had vegetables. Only we had a whole new life-system, a jungle. If we had been able to keep it up for a few years, there is no telling what it might have evolved into.

So we knocked down a new growth every now and then, to save some particularly nice squash from being swallowed, or just to prove that we had something of a share in the turf, or whenever something was about to grow taller than I was. But, by and large, we went about our business and watched to see what would come up. Late in the harvest season, my tour of duty ended, and we had to pass our garden on to the next family on the waiting list—the Baptist chaplain, his wife, and their brown cocker spaniel, who would freeze stiff and start to shiver whenever Emmy got around him.

It was something of an anticlimax, then, when we came back to civilian life in Atlanta and just tried to grow grass. I felt it to be something of an anticlimax, anyway, that spring, as I paced our front yard, in a quiet mockery of my sex, turning the handle of a rented portable seed-spreader, conventionally sowing Pennington Green.

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media approach." This means simply there are lots of things around for kids to do. And this goes from the simple but creative ("This was just a plain box. We painted it blue, cut out a big square, now it's a TV screen, or a stage") to more obvious input like filmstrips, tape recordings, and listening stations with earphones. Yet, in the midst of the technological world, the sense of the human imagination is expressed through two scrawny feathers lovingly pasted onto a drawing of a fat yellow chicken. And Gwen Howard, whose everyday vision comes closest to the school of the future, is the first to declare, "The hardware is incidental. Nobody knows what particular thing will catch a child's imagination. You can tell by the question level, and if it's no good—forget it!"

The hardware at Williams does not yet reach into the computer age. But when it does the children will be the operators. Machines are not sacred cows in this school. The children learn how to use typewriters, recorders, and projectors, and then they're allowed to use them.

Everywhere you look you can find children being allowed to do things which are punishable as crimes in most of our schools. Children whispering together, putting their heads down on their desks at will, standing up, sitting down. Children, like adults, work better when they can release some of the mental and

vating the self-image of girls who live in a housing project where families exist below the poverty level of \$3,000 annual income. "They're growing up. If you challenge them you'll get nowhere." But dolls worked.

"Bang Bang

Gobble Gobble

Give me some of that Walter Power"

A student-government campaign in an Upper cluster, initiated by the lead teacher, has six people competing for the presidency, five for the vice presidency, and three for secretary. The administration's reasoning: "If they would make the rules themselves and tell why they should abide by them, I'm sure we'll overcome some of the problems we have." The final vision includes two or three representatives from each cluster with a real say in how their school is run. All of which sounds very much like one of the major issues of our time: participatory democracy.

Mrs. Howard spreads her arms expansively in a small science room—it is called a special-interest room—"Here, I have a place equipped with all kinds of things where children can explore and find out." All about were model airplanes, from a small helicopter on up to a jet-age transport with a four-foot wingspan and a skull and crossbones painted on its side. Sanded to a sleek finish, painted, and with motors their young owners had made,



physical crinks that build up. And that's the point. It's not just freedom for freedom's sake. It's freedom to be something better. Children are grouped closely enough to make a test-giver break out in sweat at the thought of trying to control cheating. But Gwen Howard claims, "When there's no competing for grades, we don't talk cheating." As a schoolboy art form, cheating is going out of style.

More and more school workbooks in all subjects are designing error out, letting the child proceed inexorably toward the right answer on the theory he'll see the logic of it. Other programs let the child check his own mistakes. And finding out what's right and wrong all by yourself starts to build a value system based on honesty.

Williams has not yet been scrutinized with a battery of tests to determine whether it is doing a better job than its sister schools. But Gwen Howard's ear is always to the ground, and so far she likes the vibrations she's getting. "There are some values more important than just learning itself—whether people are happy or unhappy, human relations, attitudes. Just by looking, we get a feeling. You can just sort of tell. Things are clicking."

And they're clicking in all kinds of unorthodox ways. Teenage girls in the Upper cluster are playing with teenage dolls, making their clothes and fixing their hair. It doesn't take long before pride in their own appearance takes the cue from pride in their doll's. The lead teacher has pulled a minor coup in ele-

the planes could fly. And fly they did. "We had an air show outside. We used the parking lot as a runway. Their interest is very high. It's too high. I don't have enough materials." She didn't mean just airplane materials; she meant everything. And this is a school with such high-powered equipment as multi-base blocks, Triple A Science kits, and enough electronic aids to reading to assure just about everybody getting hooked up. But it's only a beginning, an exciting beginning.

Working with teachers assigned to her school, Gwen Howard can effect change only so far as her teachers' personalities can bend. She has a few cardinal rules between teacher and child, one of which is: "You don't scream at people you like." Beyond that, "If it's not too much at variance with my value system, I'm more prone to let it alone. I want my teachers to be academically free to make decisions and say what they want without censorship. If I expect them to free children, I have to free them from me first. I can point out a million things I would like to do something about. But it's too soon. We at Williams are trying to create a climate for learning. In another year, you'll walk in the door and feel something you didn't feel today." Leaning forward over her desk, she pokes the air with her hands, "I hear it all the time. I hear teachers say 'I've got it.' Theoretically, children in this school can get up anytime they want to and go anywhere in this school—and one of these days they will be able to. But, for the most part, they have a greater freedom than they would have anywhere else."

teacher was working with a small group using phonic cards. Each child had his own set of cards—simple cardboard with printed letters—and they were matching sounds and repeating them. Another group was watching slides and talking all the while. Others were working out math puzzles in a workbook with gaily pictured objects and symbols like the best of all rainy-day books. A large wooden table, called the Science-Math Discovery Work Center, is covered with all kinds of mathematical yardsticks to help discover time and fractions and logarithms. Behind it is a cabinet with drawers. What's in those drawers? Gwen Howard shrugs, "All kinds of things. Just things to fool with." There are magnets and scales and screws and geometric shapes. The idea is to help a child rediscover the basic physical laws that our forefathers took the fun out of by discovering first.

One can't help noticing in an Upper cluster (ages eleven to thirteen) a set of electric trains. The explanation is another one of the new commonsense. "A group of boys didn't know how to read. So, to keep them in school, and to keep them interested . . ." But it wasn't a new ready-made, ready-to-go-train. The boys have had to nail down all the worn warped track, they've painted the train, and built some inclines. At least they've been in school, and who knows what else they're learn-

ster could come for help, solace, or a simple pat on the back. The stations, a more twentieth century word than desks or corners, are loud NOW colors. The teacher's quiet comment on the miracle she has wrought in a ghetto school is, "They are responding."

A. D. Williams opened its doors in August of 1967, inheriting the bulk of its children from what is now called the "self-contained classroom." Its educational premise is non-gradedness. Gwen Howard, a large, handsome woman who fights for her beliefs with an iron fist and a twinkle in her eye, declares, "The grade system is not true. Non-gradedness is honest. It recognizes differences that are bound to occur between people. No one can say what an "A" means. It means different things to different people. Our goal is to help a child get an education which meets his needs. We've got to give more than lip service to teaching children where they are. We look up and see thirty children, thirty different scores, and say, 'Oh well, five did this, and ten did this,' and we shoehorn them together. This isn't really teaching them where they are." A teacher complains, "Book publishers have not taken off the little marks. Children can tell easily. We try not to let them become stigmatized by the fact this says three on it and they think they should be on five." But it is not easy to escape from this numbers game, and



ing while they're not looking.

While the system allows for boys who like electric trains, it also allows for those with more eclectic interests. An Upper boy wandered alone over to the phonograph. "Evidently, he's going to listen to something that he needs to listen to," whispered the principal, who must have been bursting with pride when a soft voice speaking French came out of the record player. "We don't teach formal French, but this student does everything above level. He pretty much finds out things for himself. If we're not careful he'll be an under-achiever."

In a Primary cluster the large wall clock read five minutes to ten, and, by what seemed to be instinct alone, small bodies began moving about the floor in a gay cacophony which peaked and ended in seven minutes. "Where are you going?" "We go here, he goes there, I go over there—where you are!" was the quick response from a tiny boy an arm's length away. The carpeted floor of the cluster leaves bare some swirls of tile in the room's center, where the children shuffle their feet and poke and play with the gusto of a stroll in the park.

This love of the very young for a change of scene and texture was imaginatively put to use by one Primary teacher with a group of poor readers. She called it Language Lab, which sounds a lot more advanced to the children than How to Read. Then she set up four stations: a listening station; a game station to reinforce what they had just heard; a reading corner on the same material; and, finally, a teacher station where the young-

Gwen Howard knows, "Some of the upper children would rather have grades, according to how well indoctrinated they were before." And many of the teachers would rather be back in the one-teacher-centered classroom unit. Mrs. Howard remembers, "When we first opened, they would move their furniture around so they'd be in a little cubicle."

As you wander around the school, you can get lost in the twists and turns of the architect's rendering as he provided for one large, wide-open, busy world after another. The institutional food smell follows you from cluster to cluster as the heated steel food carts are wheeled to the children. They are not made to queue up in a cafeteria. This is part of the philosophy of A. D. Williams school, and of its principal. "We try not to have anything scheduled rigidly. We try to get away from lines." The children eat at the same round tables, square tables, and multi-sided tables that they work and play at through the day, and, sponge in hand, clean up when they're through.

The youngest members of the student body, the kindergartners, are usually on the floor. A master of children's habits, Mrs. Howard points to a recessed area in the library, carpeted in bright yellow contrasting with the blue of the room, which she calls the "conversation pit." In it and along its sides several children are sprawled, talking and reading. And it sounds very sensible when Mrs. Howard says simply, "You know how kids like to lie on the floor."

Part of the new educational jargon is a phrase, "the multi-

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HIGHLIGHTS OF THE YEAR

	1968	1967
Insurance in Force	\$1,026,752,826	\$968,127,153
Net Gain from Operations	1,187,510	1,077,370
Net Investment Income	3,376,547	2,965,959
Adjusted Earnings*	2,223,726	1,439,280
Adjusted Earnings per Share* ...	1.07	.69
Assets	85,044,651	78,101,392
Gross Income	32,634,628	30,716,933
Premium Income	26,909,683	25,487,004
Capital and Surplus	7,184,423	6,744,323

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small charges, "Use your sounds—listen—say it again." On one shelf was a store of empty cartons and canned goods. A small boy, with the pride of ownership in his voice, explains, "We add 'em up, play like we're going to buy something."

Always the emphasis is on the actual, not the symbolic. New math is being fed to the children through a bag of colored blocks with the fancy name of "attribute" blocks because each block has four attributes—color, shape, size, and thickness—and each block is different in at least one way. This particular math program is coordinated through Emory, and its head tells it like this, "Just messing around, a child can get you to teach on a symbolic level. In education we teach on a symbolic level, and teachers come back into the schools and teach the same way. First, we have to build, through experience, the mental images to go with the symbols."

This is why the students plop down on the floor in their groups and put all their blue blocks in the black fence and their thin blocks in the red fence and, lo and behold, the two fences overlap with all thin blue blocks being in the middle of the intersection—say it—intersection. On your way home you might come to an intersection. It's the middle part of the street where two streets meet or cross." And some of the children who didn't understand it before will look up with a grin, "Oh, is that all!" It is to that precious moment of discovery that every teacher must attune herself.

Mrs. Christler, a teacher for fifteen years in a conventional school before she came to Williams, is the lead teacher of the Intermediate (ages nine to eleven) clusters. Her program is provided for by the federal government's Elementary and Secondary School Act, and is an addition to the ten regular classroom teachers in the two clusters. Looking back over her teaching career, she remembers, "I was always looking for a better way to do things. Here, the pressures are taken off the children. You just work where you are, do what you can do, and go on—and forget about so and so working over there." Mrs. Christler is most aware that the catalyst for each child's moment of discovery is different. "You know the pipes that you screw together? The children make imaginary things. They screw them together, and then they say 'I made a so-and-so.' I just brought an old clock to let a child take it apart and see if he can put it together again. I had a little boy who couldn't read. A 'Listen & Do' film strip was the key to keeping him in school. 'I looked at my film strip this morning,' he said, punching another boy. And now he comes to school every day."

The children, some three hundred of them, in Mrs. Christler's clusters, were tested and found to range in I.Q. from 59 to 114. There are no EMR (Educable Mentally Retarded) classes at Williams, as there are in other public schools. The cluster concept is flexible enough so that these children too can be taught in small groups with no fanfare or labeling. "The teacher just works where they are." Some brain-damaged children function best alone, without distraction, and movable furniture can be arranged to give them privacy. Privacy is available to everyone through study desks that block off a student's vision on three sides.

Mrs. Christler is open and casual, but not all the teachers can swing along with the new ways as comfortably. In one Intermediate cluster, a woman, who appeared to be an excellent teacher, had an almost reflex action to the sounds of children talking, and the "no-talking-children" and "quiet please" were jarring notes in an otherwise electric atmosphere. On a free-standing display board were what seemed to be home-made ceremonial masks of Africa. An instrument called a controlled reader was flashing story sentences on the wall beginning at the speed of thirty words a minute, trying to develop the reading skill of the TV generation by jazzing up the printed word. A

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HUDSON

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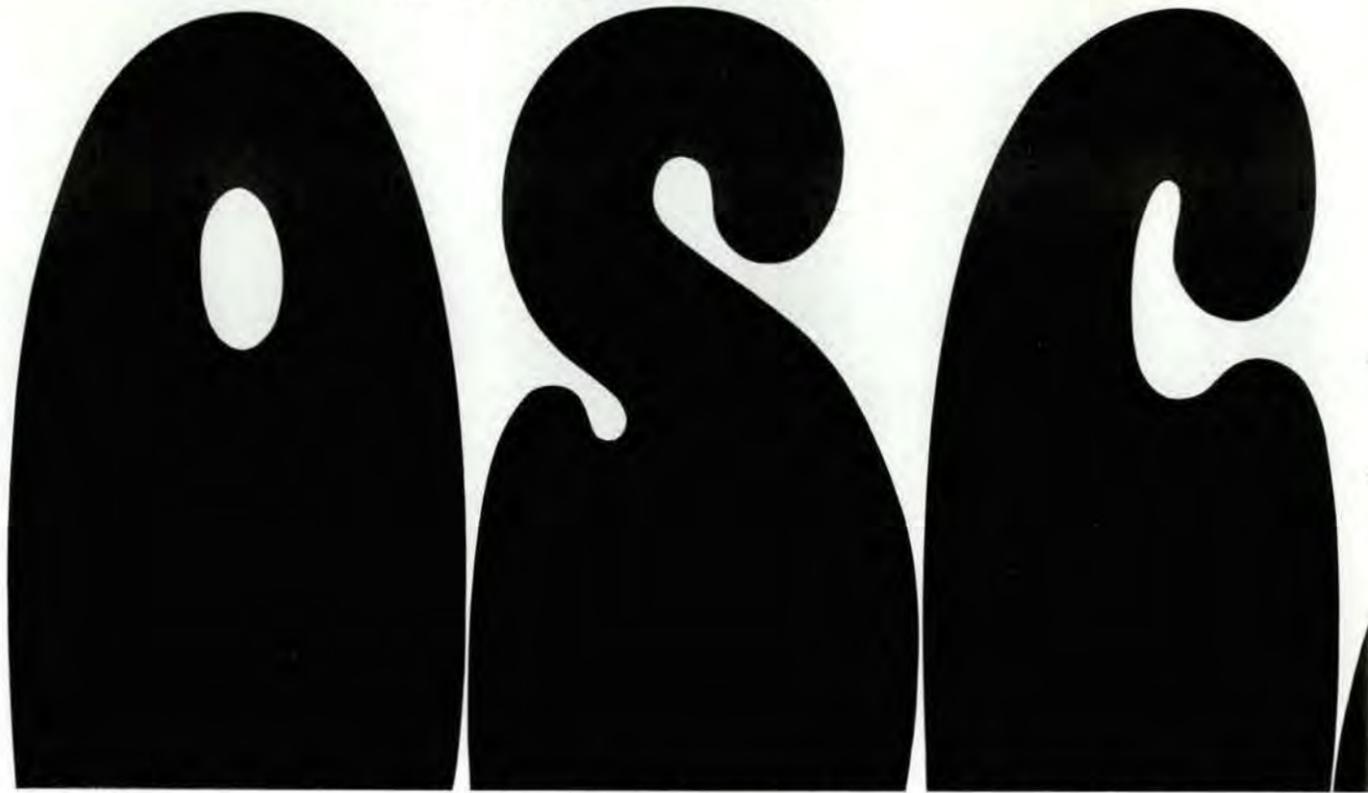
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ARTICLE BY BOB COHN AND STEVE BALL, JR.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER HUDSON



THE GRAINY LIGHT of a projector cast a pale image on the walls of a stairwell. Three small boys, faces knotted in concentration, were standing in the gathered light painstakingly tracing the outline of the image. "Plenty of people—they worship Buddha. There's two kinds of Buddha in this book—we're going to do the other one next." The boys were taking tiny textbook pictures of Buddha, illuminating and enlarging them with the projector, and copying them onto huge poster paper they had taped to the wall. It was a social studies project. It was happening in a school. And there was no teacher or guard or monitor helping, watching, or supervising.

A. D. Williams, an Atlanta public school, is a squat, brown building, void of windows, plunked down among dozens and dozens of citrus-brick buildings which make up Bowen Homes, a City of Atlanta housing project. Gwen Howard, principal, is trying to create a world of sunshine for the 1150 children of grammar-school age she and her staff minister to each week. And she is using the newest tools of the educational world.

Instead of the traditional grade structure, the children at A. D. Williams are divided into four age groups: Kindergarten (four-and five-year-olds); Primary (six-nine); Intermediate (nine-eleven); Upper (eleven-thirteen). These groups are broken up, not into small classroom combinations, but into large "clusters" of about 150 children. A cluster uses the physical space of a half-dozen classrooms, but with-

Moving The Kids

ARTICLE
BY ELEANOR CLIFT

At A. D. Williams school, cheating is out of style and learning is in.

out any interior walls to divide it. There are five teachers working as a team with the children. No teacher is a specialist. They each teach all the stuff of elementary education—reading, writing, and arithmetic, although the names now have a new tonal ring—like sound and visual discrimination, language lab, R and D (reading and development)—as the old subjects are unraveled to make room for a variety of abilities and interests. Children, too, are unraveled and placed and re-placed in small learning groups which are able to peak with their interest in one subject and challenge their boredom with another. This is the reason for non-gradedness and team-teaching, the catch-words at A. D. Williams school, and the heart of its principal's philosophy. "You've got an obligation to move them. So often children just learn what they would learn at home anyway. I want school to make a difference."

Team teaching in the cluster setup encourages feedback from the children, encourages the children to accept responsibility for what they're learning. A teacher can laugh and accept it, "Lots of our projects fall flat on their face." A team-teacher has to be flexible, willing to change when the kids need to change. In a Primary cluster, ages six to nine, participation is at its highest. A teacher says quietly, "Who wants to put 70 on the board," and the number of "me-me-s" elicited are uncountable. Another group was spelling "knee," all merrily punching their knees in the process. And, wherever you listen in, you can hear a teacher encouraging, "You boys are doing very well," and reminding her

relevance to modern-day grass-cutting machines. If we are to approach onomatopoeia in a term for power-mowing, it would have to be something on the order of "VRRRRRRMmbmbm-MfrmgshVB-BMgratllgratlling." Let us just use the word "grass-cutting.")

It may have been just laziness, as I say, but I think it was because grass-cutting seemed an act of desperation.

It wasn't really culture. You weren't reaping anything. You weren't nurturing anything. You were just trying to beat nature back in a trifling way, cramping it. Grinding verdure to globs of pulp. Keeping your little plot square. Trying to save your driveway, which was gritty, cracked, and stained with crankcase oil, from obscurity. You didn't want your grass to develop into anything. You never wanted to see what a six-inch stand of zoycia might look like, for instance. You just wanted your lawn to appear from a distance, solid, green, and neat, like Astroturf. It just had to be kept respectable, kept within bounds, made to lie down, like hair. Grass was a problem and it was never solved.

(Referring back to "lowing" and "mowing" for a minute: The truth is that grass was meant to be eaten by cattle, and all the roaring and sweating around suburban dwellings in the summer are just the consequences of disrupting the balance of nature. When it comes to keeping grass cropped, a man is not the equal of a cow, and ought not to try to be.)

We had a neighbor once, I remember, who, for at least eight months out of the year, (he will not think it too early to be thinking about grass) was always visible in his yard, wrestling with his grass. Every few weeks, he dug it all up and planted some more. Then he would spray it with something that smelled noxious but must have been intended as nourishment, which would leave his grass covered with a fine powder for a few days—during which time he would root around in it, getting very powdery himself, removing exceptionable sprigs here and there, grumbling. Then he would fall to cutting it, over and over, with an intense, high-pitched, two-cycle mower, keeping his lawn down to about the level of worn felt. Then he would find something uncalled-for cropping up in it, and he would rip it all out and start over again. He had the most scrupulously tended yard I have ever seen, and he eventually retired and gave his life to it. And the only time it wasn't brown was when it was covered with yellow leaves, snow, yard-work equipment, or some kind of fertilizing agent that wasn't brown. He spent a good deal of time, too, running dogs off, and shooting at squirrels (on the assumption that they were coming to bury nuts) with a pellet gun. I was not fitted as a boy, nor am I now, for that kind of work.

Which is not to say that I have never shown any flair for horticulture. As a matter of fact, I think my wife and I—mostly my wife, but with my complaisance and help—have a charreusse thumb. Let me explain. In the first year of our marriage, my wife brought in herbs. Neither of us was raised in a house with herbs, but she wanted them. Never again, she felt, would she have to go to the store for seasoning, except for salt and maybe pepper. (It was at about this same time that we made our own peanut butter.)

In window boxes my wife raised chervil, fennel, rosemary, parsley, dill, sage, an avocado tree (not strictly an herb, but not strictly anything else), and sweet marjoram. We gave these plants everything they could ask for, gave them their head, and they flourished, flowered, sent out runners, went to seed, multiplied, and had to be divided; and new things cropped up in between them—things we hadn't ordered and didn't welcome. What had started as a very modest truck farm on a few

sills began to look like an effort to colonize our apartment. And, at certain times of the week or phases of the moon, one of the herbs—I suspected the chervil, but my wife maintained it was the sweet marjoram—took to smelling like sweat. The only thing that kept the plants from taking over was that our cat, Angel, kept sleeping on them and eating the fennel and some of the others when she was sick. Finally, we had to throw them all out except a few bushy ones for Angel, and a few that my wife picked, strung up to dry in the storage room, ground into powders, and put into jars, where they mildewed.

Later, in the Army, we had a little garden plot issued to us by Post Engineers, one of several laid out together next to the Air Defense Command building. On this plot, we planted vegetables: corn, okra, collards, beans, beets, tomatoes, squash, carrots, peppers, lettuce—all, except, I suppose, for lettuce, edibles beloved to me from childhood. My wife, at that time, had just got the gospel of organic foods and farming. When you grew food—which, after all, was supposed to replace your own natural tissues—you eschewed chemicals. You stuck with what Adam and Eve had: organic fertilizer and earth (which are, of course, messy enough in themselves); and you fortified yourself with only natural products. We held to these tenets irregularly, but one Halloween I did have to give out wheat-germ cookies to the trick-or-treaters, and we did enrich our garden with nothing more than Vitamite-5.

That was the fertilizer recommended most specifically by my wife's organic-farming book, published in 1951. We went out to a nursery, adamantly turned down every one of the latest popular chemical or semi-chemical products, and, finally, after excusing him, at his insistence, from all responsibility, got the attendant to exhume three big, aging bags of Vitamite-5. Which was revealed, in the dusty small print which my wife made out with some effort along the seam, to be, sure enough, a compote of cow, sheep, goat, chicken, and rabbit manure. I tried to argue that there seemed something a little inorganic, or at least strained, about all those animals getting together, but my wife knew what she wanted.

So we took it home in the car, and as all those about us squirted manufactured fluids or sprinkled artificially compounded powders over their seeds and bulbs, we dumped Vitamite-5. We dumped so much of it that our plot was raised about two inches over all the others. Within an hour you could see a haze over our plot, and even hear a sort of seething, or wheezing. For the next few days no one went near the garden plots, and those who could find excuses stayed away from the Air Defense Command building. We were not reprimanded directly, but there was a note in the Post Bulletin that week that on-post personnel should avoid overuse of plant foods within two hundred feet of government buildings.

And, by the time we were able to approach our plot, it had already taken the bit in its teeth. We did grow vegetables that year, and some of enormous size, but we also grew furlip, henbane, wolfress, purseblood, and snard. There were nameless purple stalks and extensive low-lying leaves, accompanied by insects I had never seen before and have never seen since. I expected to lift something any minute and find nestled beneath it a perfectly-formed anaconda. By that time we had a different cat, Emmy, who had made a name for herself by being sighted chasing, and at least very nearly catching, at various times and places around the post, a pheasant, a rat, a rabbit, several birds and squirrels, and a collie dog. One of our neighbors claimed, also, to have seen her scooping something big up out of the adjoining bay. /continued on page 84



OSCA

ON A JUNE DAY IN 1943, Jacques Ives Cousteau waddled Charlie Chaplin-style into the clear blue sea off the French Riviera and opened a new world for mankind—a world which the state of Georgia, twenty-six years after the pioneering Frenchman tried out the first aqualung, is just beginning to explore. At Skidaway Island, eight miles southeast of Savannah, on the site of a plantation as old as the state's mother colony, Georgia's Ocean Science Center of the Atlantic (OSCA) is wading into what has been called, rather unfortunately, "the race for inner space." Inner space, in case you ain't hip, is another name for the twilight zone beneath the sea, the world which Cousteau opened with his simple but revolutionary breathing device that allowed men, for the first time, to swim unfettered in the depths.

Sophisticated scientific techniques have greatly expanded our knowledge of the sea since the early 1940's. Prior to that time, the world ocean had been shrouded in mystery, almost exempt from serious scientific inquiry except for the voyage of the British research vessel *Challenger* (1873-76), a trip which produced so much new material that scientists are still pouring over the specimens almost one hundred years later.

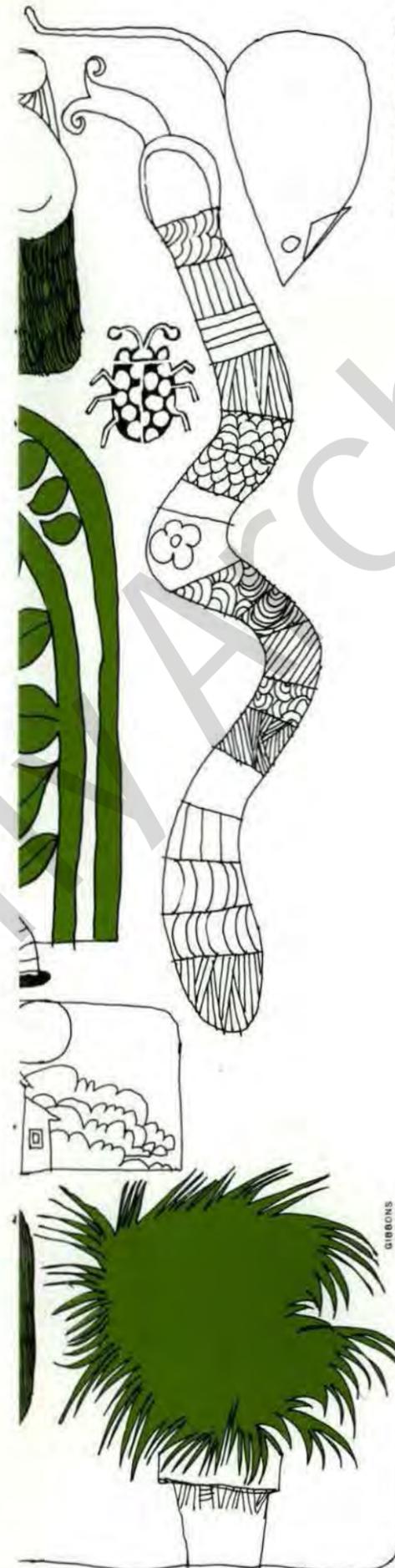
During World War II, military devices, including sonar and torpedo submarines, developed to the extent that they were easily adaptable to civilian use. In fact, the war produced a new interest in the underwater world which, coupled with the work of Cousteau, led to a boom in ocean-oriented industries. Having missed the economic impact of the Space Age, it was this boom in oceanography on which Georgians hoped to capitalize when the idea of OSCA—a graduate study and research facility which would, hopefully, attract ocean-related industry—was conceived by the Georgia Science and Technology Commission and, in particular, by its chairman, H. MacKinley Conway, Jr., a DeKalb County-based researcher.

The idea caught on quickly, and, spurred by talk of huge federal spending, Savannah and Brunswick competed to furnish the site. Savannah won, but as part of the deal Chatham County officials had to convince their constituency to vote for a \$3.7 million bond issue to finance construction of a bridge to the island. (There once was a bridge to Skidaway, but it was burned during the Civil War.) The bond campaign brought more glowing talk and left the impression that Skidaway Island might soon be in danger of sinking under the weight of the new industry which would locate there. With the bridge now under construction—the bond issue having passed nine to one—it's more likely that if the island ever sinks it will be from the

weight of the real estate development. The Chatham Urban Transportation Study estimates 25,000 persons will be living on the now primitive island by 1985. If land values zoom to an average of \$9,000 an acre in ten years as expected, these people will be settling on \$58.5 million worth of prestigious real estate owned by Union Camp Corporation (four thousand acres), the Avalon Trust (Bill Lattimore has the option on these sixteen hundred acres), and a group headed by Albert Lufburrow (four hundred acres).

While Chatham County was busy with bridge financing, the federal government announced a cutback in research and development funds, including oceanography, because of the costs of the Viet Nam War. Because of this, in part, knowledgeable people around the country began taking a second look at the field of oceanography, and came to the conclusion that while it is definitely important and worthwhile it will not produce any overnight bonanzas. Others look at the situation more harshly. "Oceanography has been distorted all out of proportion as an economic event," the *WALL STREET JOURNAL* quoted Robert Briggs as saying. Briggs, vice president of Dillingham Corp., which engages in undersea mineral prospecting as well as above ground construction and land development, said, "It's being touted as a replacement for the space program when the truth of the matter is it's a good small business, mostly supporting fishing research, oil drilling, and military application."

At approximately the same time federal funds were cut back, the question of coastal development was pointedly posed to Georgians for the first time when the Kerr-McGee Corp. of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma entered a bid to lease offshore lands for phosphate mining. Conservationists rose up en masse against what they considered a threat to marine life, and, after a lengthy controversy, the bid was refused by the state. Kerr-McGee officials felt they had been dealt with rather harshly, and a public relations man working with the firm predicted that the treatment accorded Kerr-McGee might have adverse effects on future ocean-related industrial development in Georgia. However, Laurie K. Abbott, chairman of the OSCA Commission, while conceding there was an overreaction to the phosphate bid, still believes the company itself was largely at fault because it failed to explain in detail what it planned to do. He believes the incident will not have an effect on future development. Nevertheless, the action did bring new attention to the Georgia coast and OSCA. Several bills were introduced in the Georgia General Assembly to protect the wetlands, and OSCA officials



GRASS BY ANY OTHER NAME... ARTICLE BY ROY BLOUNT

Did Whitman and Wordsworth write about marijuana? They did not. They wrote about grass.

IT MAY SEEM a little early in the year to be thinking about grass, but that is beside the point when you live without it year-round. I have recently moved from Atlanta, where grass is widely owned, to New York, where it is rare. New York is no place for a man who is afraid to get his hands dirty, or even his neck and lungs, but the dirt is never isolated or settled enough for anything to grow in it. The last grass I saw, as a matter of fact, might in all fairness have been described as chi-chi. It was in a florist's—a tiny pot bearing some two dozen blades of fescue, and advertised as "grass for your cat." And the experience of going days and days without seeing any, much less chewing or lying down on any, causes a man to bring some of his thoughts about grass together.

My first thought is that I don't mind doing without it. I want grass to survive somewhere in its natural state, whatever that may be. I don't like to think that the man in Houston who installed an Astroturf lawn is the wave of the future. But I don't need grass, personally.

Which may seem strange, considering how much of my boyhood I spent grazing. Insofar as I have ever communed with nature, it was as a boy in the grass. I have shredded clover blossoms without number, and run at least 60 per cent of their stems between my front teeth; and I could pick the smell of a snapped dandelion out of a lineup, even now. I used to lie flat and look down into our pleasingly heterogeneous lawn in Decatur and see worms, roly-polies, grasshoppers, snakes, and little green gnats all abiding beneath the surface, and I would catch or squash or (in the case of roly-polies) roll up one of these fauna when I wanted to, and could, or just observe them impartially, and I was at peace. It was probably one of the things that made me nearsighted, but I would do it all over again if I had the chance. It was while running in the grass of my yard barefooted, I recall, and holding a furious grasshopper in one hand, that I decided I always wanted to be nine. Aside from infield errors, bees, and a few stains in the knees of good pants, I associate only salutary things with established grass.

But grass in progress or in my custody—grass as something to be administered into a carpet—is a different story. I feel about grass as a character in *Portrait of a Lady* felt about money: "It is a dreadful thing to follow but a charming thing to meet." I like to come upon grass somewhere, but I don't like to have to cultivate it. And I don't think it is all my shiftlessness.

One of the things I dreaded to do as a boy was cut the grass. We had a well-ordered house and family and it seemed reasonable that I should well-order the grass, and I generally did, but I dreaded it. It may have been just laziness, of course, but I think it was because mowing . . .

(No, "mowing" is too emolliently sonorous a word, like "lowng." "Mowing" dates back to the scythe, and has no



moved to insure that the coast would be available for exploitation.

Dr. Thomas Jackson, the director of the Skidaway Institute of Oceanography (SIO), having taken careful note of the phosphate ruckus, says one of the goals of his institute will be to insure that the state can negotiate such propositions in the future from a position of knowledge. Perhaps most important, a report prepared for the State Board of Regents on the advisability of phosphate mining recommended that OSCA develop a program looking toward the multi-purpose use of the Georgia coast.

That recommendation fitted in perfectly with the plans of Abbott and Representative Charles M. Jones of Hinesville, who were busy expanding OSCA's scope beyond the planned institute to encompass marine extension centers—roughly equivalent to agriculture's experiment stations—at Skidaway, Brunswick, and St. Mary's. In its new, full-blown concept, OSCA will house the SIO, a marine resources extension center, a research park for private industry, and a light oceanographic production park. The SIO is a non-degree granting entity of the University System of Georgia serving as an oceanographic science and engineering center for a consortium of public and private universities, colleges, and institutes. As Jackson puts it, "I don't want to have a football team to fight Georgia and Georgia Tech. I want them to play on our field." Colleges will work with SIO in setting up graduate programs and will send graduate students to work with SIO researchers. Joint appointments of staff are now in the talking stage with Georgia Tech and Georgia Southern College at Statesboro, and private schools like Emory and out-of-state universities like Vanderbilt have expressed interest in working with the institute.

Oceanography itself is a composition of multi-disciplines formed by specialists—biologists, geologists, etc.—who can apply their sciences specifically to the ocean. Thus the SIO will involve itself in three broad areas of study—biological and physical sciences, including mathematics, bio-medical sciences, and engineering, with the greatest emphasis on the last. Its interests are broader and quite different from those of the University of Georgia's Marine Institute on Sapelo Island, which is largely concerned with the ecology of the marshes and food production. The marine resources center will look to both Skidaway and Sapelo for basic research results, convert this output to practical applications, and work with coastal industries and individuals to apply these new technologies to increase production. OSCA's

concept is unusual in that it envisions bringing together all of the Skidaway Island complex—the researcher, student, industrialist, and technical community—under the direction of a single state agency.

Abbott, the driving force behind OSCA, is a blond, stout Savannah attorney who was forced to give up tennis a few years ago because of a game knee. He now pursues the promotion of OSCA with the same energy he once devoted to his overhand smash. Abbott spends a great deal of his time ferrying interested visitors to the island, extolling its virtues in much the manner of a guide on a Gray Line tour, only with more charm and vigor. Driving out Skidaway Road towards the Isle of Hope, Abbott pointed out that the road was first established about 1,500 years ago by Indians who traveled to Skidaway Island for salt. (They later traveled the same path to get spirituous liquors from the small public house maintained by Thomas and Lucy Mouse, the last remaining couple of the five families originally sent to Skidaway by General James Oglethorpe. Mouse's son-in-law followed in the same pub tradition, running Tondee's Tavern where the Savannah Liberty Boys hatched their revolutionary ideas.) Abbott turned left on LaRoche Avenue while talking of the last skirmish of the Revolutionary War that was fought on Skidaway.

Huge trees lined the roadway, their giant grey beards of Spanish moss hanging near the ground and moving gently with the breeze. As one approaches the ocean, the road becomes narrower and the homes more expensive. Suddenly, there is a plain of umber marsh grass. In the last tenth of a mile to the sea, the trees project into the road, preventing the passage of two cars abreast. From the docks, Skidaway lies only about two hundred yards away, exhibiting woods and marsh as far as the eye can see.

The Modena Plantation landing on Skidaway is four miles away. Robert C. Roebing, the retiring millionaire who donated the five-hundred-acre plantation—founded in 1734, one year after Georgia was settled—plus a number of buildings on the island, also gifted the center with a \$150,000 barge, a tugboat, and a nine-passenger cruiser which the SIO employees use to commute to the island.

The first striking thing about the island is its trees—towering live oaks with broad limbs. These trees were no more than mere saplings when the first whites inhabited the island more than two hundred years ago. Anne Skidaway Smith, the first

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MADDOX, WALLACE, TOM WATSON AND THE POPULIST TRADITION

ESSAY BY CHARLES CROWE

ALTHOUGH GEORGIA'S GOVERNOR has been known to ride a bicycle backwards, sing to the public in front of the state Capitol, and relate colorful anecdotes, it seems unlikely that anyone will publish a volume on *The Wit and Wisdom of Lester Maddox* comparable to the effort of that public relations genius who recently wrote a book on President Nixon's alleged wit. In spite of the Governor's antics and remarks, many Americans fail to see much humor in the career of so militant and unyielding a segregationist. The fried chicken restaurateur first attracted the attention of the news media by sprinkling his ads with coarse jokes about white and dark meat, but he became a national celebrity as an ax handle dispenser and the "Pickrick" owner who abandoned his life's work rather than obey the Civil Rights Act of 1964. Governor Maddox contributed appreciably to the image of the ultra-racist by responding to the hundreds of thousands of famous and ordinary folk who joined Martin Luther King, Jr.'s dignified and moving funeral procession by turning the state Capitol into a fortress heavily guarded by men instructed to "shoot down" and "stack up" any marchers who attempted to enter the building.

From the beginning, Maddox's career has involved curious disparities such as the remarkable contrast between the grave importance to the nation of the black struggle for freedom and the triviality of one small businessman's determination to deny service to a few blacks in an obscure Southern restaurant. No less incredible were the international notoriety gained by an unprepossessing man of halting speech and small talents, the rise to the governorship of a high school drop-out, and the sudden leap from obscurity to fame of a man who suggested that neither he nor God was terribly surprised by his dramatic political victory. In 1967 and 1968 the parade of contradictions in Georgia continued as the President and Vice President of the most powerful nation in the world assiduously courted a provincial political amateur without charisma or an organized political following and with no more political stock in trade than a few stale shibboleths about segregation and private property.

As Governor, Maddox has been noticed most frequently by the national news media for his crusades against all forms of wickedness from integration and communism to alcohol, miniskirts, and immorality in night clubs. In the role of the prophet Jeremiah, Maddox declared "the birth of Christ" to be the

foundation stone of the "free enterprise system" so hated by the Communists, denounced "the socialistic welfare programs that are making bums out of many Americans," and exposed "the unlimited influence of the Socialist-Communist plot to destroy America" which, if not checked by the heroic efforts of men like himself, will lead to "insanity, liquidation, and death." Maddox, as prophet, was perfectly capable of seeing in his decision to manage his restaurant by the dictates of white supremacy rather than the law of the land a profound moral crisis in which he stood like a religious martyr (to a demented Adam Smith as well as a white Jesus Christ), ready to go to jail, to "give my all" to the point of laying down his life if need be for "God, America, my family, my friends, freedom, and liberty." When national events allegedly passed from bad to worse, the prophetic Governor assured his fellow fundamentalists that only a grand and pervasive Protestant religious revival could save "a country sick with the virus of wickedness . . . afflicted with a disease purposely inflicted upon the nation by the infectious germ of mad Marxists and Communists."

Although the "Pickrick" rhetoric reaches the plane of irrationality as easily as the wildest of that unrestrained Negro-baiting with which the South has so long been afflicted, Maddox is not another Theodore G. Bilbo of Mississippi slyly playing the part of showman to the "rednecks." It would seem that the Georgia governor is unavoidably "closer to the people" than Bilbo, and, in any case, he has given the most extreme of his doom and disaster speeches on Communism and integration in a spirit of grim earnestness. Maddox's apparent guilelessness does not, however, remove him from the ranks of demagoguery where he belongs by virtue of his services—intentional or unintentional—to what W. J. Cash calls "The Bargain," a traditional arrangement reserving real political gains to the prosperous and granting to the low income whites the assurances of the Bilbos and the Talmadges that possessors of white skins were blessed even in the midst of poverty and squalor.

Yet Maddox, the ultra conservative racist, is capable of making speeches in which he dispenses with the anti-Communist snake oil and displays an unexpected flexibility about integration. Although he continues from time to time to echo the rant of the John Birch Society, his rightist speeches have become more infrequent and less foolish, and, in more rational moods, he has even presented thoughtful proposals in fields such as



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INTERVIEW *continued from page 55*

are saying if you're the leader of a revolution you cannot absent your self from it. ATLANTA: Cleaver advocates violence if needed to gain Black Power. How does that strike you, Mr. Harris?

HARRIS: I think this. We (whites) probably needed some jarring, but I do believe the thing has got in position now. In other words, I don't think you're going to have to resort to violence. If you pretty well leave people to their own now, they'll solve it.

BOND: I think leaving it to their own usually means the minority group comes out on the short end of the stick. It means you're the last guy to get a job, the last guy to get a good school, the last guy to get a good house, and so on.

HARRIS: Well, Julian, I don't agree with you.

ATLANTA: Have you followed Mr. Bond's career, Mr. Harris?

HARRIS: Well, as far as the newspapers are concerned.

BOND: You know you can't believe all that, Mr. Harris.

HARRIS: Well, I think he's made two mistakes. I think that statement he made back there about the draft card burning was right unfortunate.

BOND: Well, you see, well, oh go ahead.

HARRIS: I think his statement he made the other day in his speech in Richmond was a little too far out.

BOND: Oh, I had to write a letter to the Richmond papers.

HARRIS: You did? I didn't read it. Just an editorial about the speech in a Columbia (S.C.) paper.

BOND: I made a speech in Richmond, which is really a speech I give everywhere, and the Richmond paper, they just cut up quotes so instead of saying the sky is blue they just said blue. They took everything out of context. I wrote a long letter to the editor, and they printed it. One nice thing they did, they overestimated the crowd. They said there was a crowd of two thousand and there really was 750.

ATLANTA: What were you going to say about the draft card statement?

BOND: Well, I'll tell you something I feel about that draft card burning thing is that people didn't really understand what had been said, and I think part of the fault is due to the Atlanta papers which ran these scare headlines and never printed the original statement until three days after the statement on Sunday. I thought it was a legitimate statement. What I said was, I wouldn't burn my card but I understood why people did burn theirs, and I admired their courage because I thought they did it with full knowledge of what the penalty was. And, any reasonable man can agree with that, can't he?

HARRIS: Yeah, I don't think I would object to that, as big an extremist as I am.

BOND: I wish you'd been in the legislature.

taxation and education. This more reasonable Lester Maddox can take Julian Bond by the hand to note in a friendly fashion Bond's Supreme Court victory over the legislature or to speak with seemingly genuine compassion about the inhuman treatment of a group of black prisoners. In the same vein, the Governor holds twice a month "Little People's Day" for all comers, black and white, prosperous and poor. Critics have suggested that the custom bears all the earmarks of a typical Dixie public relations stunt, but Maddox and his aides ignore the criticism and continue to see as many people as possible in an earnest effort to solve their problems. Recently, when confronted with several of these compassionate actions, one Atlanta antagonist of long standing proclaimed his old foe to be "the most progressive governor Georgia has ever had." (Since the state has hardly been governed by Al Smiths and Bob LaFollettes, and, indeed, by national standards, has never had a thoroughly progressive chief executive, the outburst of enthusiasm is nearly comprehensible.) All of this suggests an element of mystery. When exaggerated claims for Maddox have been set aside, a residue of humanitarian actions remains which cries out for explanation—how can the same man be at once "reformer" and reactionary, ultra-racist and humane politician?

It is tempting to attribute Maddox's "reform" leanings to a special empathy for the ordinary folk he knew in his youth and be done with the subject, but one must proceed very cautiously in this line of inquiry. To begin with, Maddox, who has lived nearly all his life in Atlanta, draws his strongest political support from men on all income levels in rural Georgia. Moreover, his father's working class origins and bitter experiences in the depression seem to be less important than the fact that the family was solidly blue collar with strong economic and social ambitions. Maddox's background also serves to remind us that workers in Southern cities have been so strongly conservative in comparison to similar groups in other nations and in other parts of the United States. The Maddoxes, along with many other lower and middle income counterparts, stubbornly resisted inclusion into a mass urban society and clung to the religion, mores, and social outlook which had long prevailed in the countryside and small towns.

The Christian fundamentalism they cherished was profoundly conservative with a built-in hostility toward social change and those agencies such as unions and reform movements which

threatened to bring it about. Legitimate "reform" to Maddox's family, and others like them, meant opposition to sins such as fornication and drinking. Prohibition was the highest public good because drunkenness symbolized not merely one vice but the gateway to orgiastic indulgence in all vices and to the possible loss of that rigid, fiercely protected self-control which provided status and even a measure of identity. The completely "degenerate" drunk went "haywire" or "crazy" and became a "nobody." Governor Maddox spoke for these old traditions when he explained in all seriousness that the American giant would be toppled through "the corruption of young people" by "getting them to think impure thoughts and destroying their ruggedness."

Even more important to men of Maddox's background than "purity," "ruggedness," and "prohibition" as symbols of status and identity was whiteness of skin, a "cause" allegedly embattled in modern times by Communist conspiracies against segregation. In the past as in the present the ideology of white supremacy held the loyalty of men from all classes and the conventional cliches which made racism the exclusive property of "poor whites" contained pretentiously false doctrine, but the old upper class game did include the truth that the sense of status among lower income whites often rested on color alone. Social gains or losses increase status anxieties, and it is only too easy to imagine how the emergence of a black middle class inspired fear in white families like the Maddoxes with their blue collar dreams of small business success and modest affluence. Today Maddox undoubtedly has the strongest appeal to white Georgians of low income and/or limited education who feel the pull of the old creeds of militant fundamentalism and uncompromising racism. In a very real sense, the Governor does represent a kind of response to "grass roots democracy" which easily fits together the love of segregation, the rightist rant, and even the sporadic humanitarianism.

Efforts to explain the contradictions in the Georgia governor and his followers have sometimes led to comparisons between Maddox and Alabama's George Wallace. Clearly the two men share many opinions. Both have described themselves as men of "the people" while defending segregation and using a reactionary political rhetoric; and both have passionately denounced "beatniks," "bums," "Communists," the Kennedy family, Washington "bureaucrats," "intellectuals," long haired

*A brief look
at the relationship
between "the
little people"
and three of
the South's
most revered
political
luminaries—
Lester Garfield
Maddox, George
Corley Wallace,
and Thomas E.
Watson.*



young men, hippies, "peaceniks," and "race agitators." Maddox denounces the "Atlanta fishwrappers," Wallace pours scorn on the "sissy britches" and "morons" who edit the BIRMINGHAM NEWS, and both governors praise the superior judgment of "the little people" or "the ordinary folks of Chilton County." There are, to be sure, differences of stress. Maddox's aggressive speeches more frequently denounce "Communists" and "Marxists" while Wallace's tirades lean more heavily on the abuse of intellectuals, professors, and newsmen. Unfortunately, it seems that in Alabama, professors and "liberals" lacked the ability of the average steel worker to know from the beginning that Fidel Castro was "a Commie" by "instinct" or by "just lookin' at him." The same inept intellectuals reveal their lack of manhood at the scene of an accident where "any truck driver would know what to do" while the professorial type would "stand around lookin' with his hands in his pockets and gettin' sick." Wallace, the politician who made even some white illiterates aware of the word "pseudo-intellectual," regularly connects treason, inefficiency, racial heresy, lack of masculinity with the "pointy-headed" professors who, alas, are even "ignorant and uncultured." Although professors, "liberals," and journalists who live in Georgia have reason to prefer their governor as the lesser of two evils, Maddox is also capable of making the most alarming proposals. When the governor announced his intention to create a watchdog committee of one thousand to spy on state employees and to promote a vast network of private schools to avoid integration, some Georgians were understandably alarmed. The critics failed to realize that the most alarming plans may exist in the mind of a man singularly lacking in the drive and efficiency to execute them, and that Maddox often considers his duty done with the mere announcement of grandiose intentions. According to Wallace's biographer, Marshall Frady, the Alabama governor's candid estimate of Maddox is that "he just ain't got no character."

The puzzling problem remains of explaining the gap between Maddox and Wallace as the patron saints of the "little people" and their reactionary place in the American political spectrum. The most common explanation holds that these two governors are somehow modern heirs to the old "Populist tradition" of sympathy with low income groups. Allegedly the arrogance of corporate wealth in the 1890's led to a radical alliance of black and white farmers under the leadership of Georgia's Thomas E. Watson in a Populist movement which collapsed toward the end of the decade, and left political reaction and violent racism dominant in the South. From time to time it has been said that a Huey Long or a Bilbo revived a white "Populist tradition" and reminded observers of Watson and his followers.

If many modern politicians of the South have adopted contradictory policies, Watson presented the ultimate in political paradoxes. At the time of his death in 1922 most Americans did not associate him with fighting radicalism but with the most implacable hatreds which afflicted the nation during a high era of public violence and verbal aggression against minority groups. During the administration of William Howard Taft, Watson denounced the White House as "little more than an annex of the Vatican" and invited his readers to brood over the fact that "Popish" conspirators could use the hills of Georgetown University for artillery bombardments on the city of Washington. Catholics may have remembered him most of all as the editor who issued tirades against the Pope as "Jimmie Cheesie," the "fat old Dago" who lived with "voluptuous women"; the politician who wrote "open letters" to Cardinal Gibbon expressing "my loathing for that stupid degrading faith of yours," and the Protestant pornographer who composed many vehement denun-

ciations of "foot kissers" and "bull-necked convent keepers" who placed great numbers of women "behind the bars of convent dungeons . . . at the mercy of priests."

Georgia Jews had even more reasons for bitter memories of the man who whipped up so much anti-Semitism over the Leo Frank case in 1914 and 1915. Frank, the manager of an Atlanta pencil factory, was "convicted" in a legal lynching of the murder of a fourteen-year-old factory employee named Mary Phagan. According to Watson, Frank was "the typical young libertine Jew" of large and dishonest wealth with "a ravenous appetite for forbidden fruit—a lustful eagerness enhanced by the racial novelty of a girl of the uncircumcised." The Nazi press of the thirties could have taken cues from the flood of comments by Watson on the "animal" sexuality and the "unspeakable lusts" of Frank, and on the "crumpled, frail white form," the "ravaged innocence," and the "torn garment spotted with the virginal blood of Mary Phagan."

Despite Watson's allegedly radical past, socialists also had many reasons to despise "the Sage of Hickory Hill." Watson advised Americans to tremble at the thought of socialistic "free love and collectivism" as an implacable enemy of "Caucasian civilization" which would "devour" the home, "kill all that is purest and best in Christianity," and destroy society by bringing equality to both sexes and all races." Worst of all, socialism could not "make a white woman secure from the lusts of the Negro" and would inevitably reduce all women "to the level of sexual depravity."

For all of his scorn for socialists, Jews, and Catholics, Watson reserved his most venomous attacks for Negroes. At a time when politicians commonly gained office with spectacular displays of the most rabid hatred of black people, Tom Watson surpassed them all. Even the ultra-racists liked to swap tales about their beloved "old mammies," but Watson attacked the habit of using black nurses as a cruel surrender of helpless white children to the torments and tortures of these "lustful, brutal, and besotted women" with their "root and branch" hatred of the white family. The black male fared even worse at the hands of Watson who urged the frequent use of brute force to "control" Negroes and advised the flogging of black men—if for no other reason than for "their color and their smell." As the twentieth century progressed, Watson urged more and more repression for people who were virtually without power. Even when his reckless demagoguery helped to incite race riots and "lynching bees," he turned away criticism with the retort that racial aggression was "essential to white civilization" and enduring proof that "justice yet lives among the people."

How then did a xenophobic conservative with so many venomous hatreds ever acquire a reputation for bi-racial radicalism? Part of the answer lies in the fact that Watson was a more moderate man in the 1890's, but much more important to his modern reputation is a lucid and brilliant biography written in 1938 by C. Vann Woodward. Although the closing chapters gave unsettling glimpses of Watson the bigot, the book in general presented a political hero of the Populist era who seemingly differed as much from the evil genius of the Progressive period as day departs from night. The bloodthirsty bigot of 1906 or 1915 virtually disappeared leaving the center of the stage to a Populist leader with extraordinary democratic impulses and wide human sympathies, "perhaps the first native white Southern leader to treat Negro aspirations with the seriousness that human strivings deserve." The newly resurrected Populist Watson with his insistence that "the accident of color" could "make no difference in the interests of farmers, croppers, and laborers,"

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FLIGHT FUEL *continued from page 47*

But the effect of the trunk and regional airlines on Atlanta's role in the nation and on Atlanta's own economy is scarcely potentially greater than the effect of local service airlines on Atlanta's role as regional capital. The local service airlines, air taxi fleets, and commuter airlines, all legally distinguished by their use of aircraft of under 12,500 pounds weight, are the fastest growing, and still perhaps the most chaotic, sector of the air travel industry. Across the nation there were nearly four thousand of them at the last count. Many of these are one plane operations, flying without schedules or regular service, but a few have already gelled into a new category of airline.

Two of these provide regular service from Atlanta to its immediate hinterland. Air South, formerly Nationwide Airlines and recently refinanced on an Atlanta basis, serves Albany, Augusta, Birmingham, Douglassville, Greenville, Spartanburgh, Nashville, Sumpter, Tifton, and Brunswick—St. Simons from Atlanta, while Shawnee Airlines serves Gainesville, Florida. As other Georgia towns develop the economic strength to support regular air service, but insufficient traffic to warrant landing the multi-million-dollar equipment of the major airlines, Air South plans to offer them the service of its twin-engined, fifteen-passenger, jet-prop airliners.

Bob Dick, vice president of Air South, believes that the growth of local service airlines will follow naturally in the wake of the rising technology of trunk route operation. It has been found that service of less than three flights daily on a route simply does not constitute adequate service for "the businessman who wants to fly at whatever time is convenient to him." With trunk and regional route airliners now seating ninety or more passengers, the number of towns which need air service but which can not sustain such capacity is growing. In spite of the roaring growth of the major airlines, they served twenty-four fewer cities last year than the year before. These cities are the natural targets for the small planes of the local airlines, whether serving as "commuter lines"—interconnecting Tifton with Atlanta—or as "connector lines"—connecting St. Simons with flights from across the nation. Atlanta, as a regional capital in a region of small towns, could well become one of the great commuter airline centers of the world.

It used to be a standing jest among salesmen that even if you were going to Hell you would have to change planes in Atlanta. That was only the beginning. Some indication of the extent of the air revolution is apparent when between Frankfurt, Germany and Sea Island, Georgia, there is one change of plane—at Atlanta.

Without the millions of dollars and thousands of persons poured into Atlanta annually by the city's major airlines, the hub of the Southeast would be just another flat tire. Article By JIM MONTGOMERY

FLIGHT FUEL



JOHNSTONE DC-8 COURTESY DELTA AIRLINES

LIKE IT OR NOT, Atlanta—its economy, its fun and games, its very viability—is jet propelled.

Not everyone likes it.

The screaming jetliners that annually shuttle an exploding population already larger than Metropolitan New York's into and out of the Atlanta Municipal Airport also and almost incessantly assault the auditory nerves of thousands who live and work nearby.

Every twenty-four hours upward of one thousand landings and take-offs pound the runways—one every ninety seconds on the average, nearly two a minute in peak periods.

That includes private and piston-engine craft, but three out of four are commercial, the great bulk of them jets.

Prohibit their restless comings and goings here, mused one academic economist who jets around to distant seminars and seashores, and Branch City, U. S. of A. would turn into Dry Branch.

Deprive them of near-instant access to the rest of the globe, he explained, and few, if any, of the corporate headquarters offices now nestled here could afford to remain so long as they wished to survive in the modern business jungle. An Atlanta sans jets in the jet age likely would be an Atlanta sans the chief executives and countless subordinates of Coca-Cola, Fuqua Industries, Genuine Parts, and Rollins, Inc., to mention a few—and, it goes without saying, Delta Air Lines.

As for the countless regional, divisional, zone, district, and what-have-you offices that occupy and keep expanding in the downtown skyscrapers and suburban office parks, most all would shrivel into few-man local branches at best if their star salesmen and technicians and supervisors could speed within hours to new opportunities awaiting exploitation or to old customers demanding repair parts and service. Even as headquarters executives were converging on new command posts in New York or wherever, the big regional office and sales forces would be breaking up and dispersing into the field.

And, in the absence of jet-thrust commuting time, what of the Braves, the Falcons, the Hawks, the Chiefs? Back to the minor leagues, the ranks of the semi-pros.

But there is no aggregate measure of the Atlanta jobs and dollars that depend on the airlines, indirectly as well as directly. They influence so many lives, and among those unknowingly affected may be a peanut vendor at the stadium or an apartment owner in DeKalb County.

Atlanta's booming convention business depends so heavily on commercial aviation that, once the jumbo jets arrive on the scene, it probably would be more efficient to conduct the meetings aloft if some way could be found to shuttle the delegates from plane to plane.

This assumes, of course, that delegates aren't interchangeable, a notion which remains subject to some debate.

What is beyond doubt, however, is that a substantial majority of the 330,000 homo sapiens scheduled to mill around the 550 conventions being held in Atlanta this year would have to do their milling around some other place, were it not for the big jetliners.

According to the Atlanta Convention Bureau, the 1969 gatherings will pump some \$60 million into the city's economy—an average of \$150 per delegate for an average three-day stay.

In 1968, the bureau said, 440 conventions generated aggregate delegate spending of some \$50 million.

The agency also boasts that the convention business is what permitted the addition here, during the last three years, of five thousand new hotel and motel rooms. It said the city now has fifteen thousand guest rooms, exceeding all but six other cities,

and that ten thousand of them are available for convention customers.

And just about all of them nourished by jetliners.

Even the calculations that can be made on the basis of direct cause-and-effect relationships stay blurred because they just won't stop growing long enough for the computers to catch up. Moreover, this growth, like the capacity and speed of the planes, has been accelerating almost since the jet age dawned in Atlanta on September 18, 1959.

When the new \$20 million terminal opened in 1961, it accommodated in that year approximately 3.4 million arriving and departing passengers. By 1967, that had more than tripled to 11.7 million. Now, it's in excess of thirteen and a half million—or a bit over ten times Metro Atlanta's present population of 1.3 million—and the planners say that's only the beginning.

Would you believe forty million in 1980? That's barely a decade away. But Atlanta evidently won't be able to sustain that kind of growth. At least, say the seers, the number of passengers flying into and out of the city will have risen to only seventy-three million per annum by the year 2000.

The only reason no one's laughing now is that all the planners have notoriously underestimated the growth to date.

Already, there are more than nineteen thousand employees earning more than \$150 million a year on commercial air transportation payrolls here—the majority of them, or more than twelve thousand, working for the airlines. Included are approximately seven thousand seven hundred with Delta, three thousand four hundred with Eastern, seven hundred with Southern, four hundred with United, and three hundred-plus with Piedmont, Northwest, and Trans World combined.

Now flying machines that carry up to two hundred passengers and cost up to \$9 million each, they are scheduled within the next two years to receive initial deliveries on 250- and 370-passenger models priced at \$20 million and \$40 million each.

But airport facilities already are taxed to capacity at peak hours, and efforts to double that capacity by 1972 at a cost of possibly more than \$380 million are being implemented even though practically everyone concerned concedes that the expansion probably will suffice only until about 1980.

If the planners are right, the annual number of landings and take-offs at this one airport—which approached a record 400,000 last year—will, in eleven years, hit 700,000.

Consequently, there is no little debate about pushing ahead with so costly a "temporary" expansion of the existing airport, where there will be no room for any significant further expansion. Pilots, dispatchers, and air traffic controllers contend the cause of safety would be far better served by concentrating instead on the development of an entire new major airport here on a site yet to be selected that would of necessity be miles further away from downtown.

But the city is determined to proceed with the expansion on the grounds that the present airport will continue as the primary terminal here and that the expanded facilities are needed before a new airport could be completed.

Richard Freeman, chairman of the Aldermanic Aviation Committee, commented earlier this year that Atlanta "may well need four, five, even six new airports" by the year 2000, and that preliminary plans for a second or satellite airport were ready for submission to the Federal Aviation Agency. But he criticized those who would say, "Let's just shut this (old) one down and start us another one." These people don't know what it takes to build an airport. We must have ten to twelve years lead time to build a new airport."

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row Wilson and his kind. Watson had an extremely faithful constituency willing to tolerate the leftist dabbling of a man whom they believed to be well grounded in the fundamental dogmas of a "good" white Southerner. As the peddler of political goods about which his customers were often ignorant, Watson also knew that if he wrapped his products in some Dixie cellophane his followers would give a hearing to "good old Tom." Even when he risked heresy he avoided the isolation of the village atheist because of his nearly perfect sense of racial "propriety" and "states rights" politics.

Could it be said, then, that Watson remained true to white supremacy but abandoned his planter origins and his large plantation interests to lead a radical crusade for poor whites? In many ways he did resemble men such as "Pitchfork Ben" Tillman, a wealthy upcountry planter who fought the small Charleston elite and their claim to social, economic, and political supremacy. Like Tillman, Vardaman of Mississippi, and other Southern politicians of the Populist era, Watson opposed the pretensions of a small white oligarchy who dominated Southern politics after Reconstruction. The "Sage of Hickory Hill" truly hated urban leaders and ways and wished to replace an old town and country elite with a political force which represented all of the large and middling holders of rural property. To the great majority of town whites who did not even own their nearly worthless homes and to the masses of rural white people without land or with land of very little value, he had little to say.

Fair railroad rates did not mean very much to men without crops for sale; state "treasuries" to store grain until prices rose failed to stir the hearts of poor whites; and the concept of the free coinage of silver did not arouse men who rarely saw any form of cash money. Thus, it would seem that both Watson, the radical champion of the white masses, and the entire conception of "the Populist tradition" belong as much to mythology as does the



THE IDEA was to bring together Julian Bond, the darling of the Kennedy-McCarthy left, and Roy V. Harris, Georgia's top seg, and watch the fur fly. It would be, one imagined, like an el train grinding around a steel curve, screeching and throwing sparks every inch of the way. Out of the confrontation, hopefully, could come a better understanding of two extremely divergent viewpoints. Who would have thought that the two would spend four amiable hours together, eating, drinking, and chatting—agreeing far more than they disagreed, finding harmony on points ranging from black power to slumlords, from Lester Maddox to Ralph McGill?

Bond, it may be recalled, first sprang to the attention of a large segment of Georgians when he endorsed a SNCC statement calling the United States the aggressor in Viet Nam and then, upon questioning by the Georgia House of Representatives before it denied him a seat, declared he admired the courage of draft card burners. After a court fight, he was finally seated in 1966. Last summer, he joined a "rump convention" of liberal and black Democrats in Macon and challenged the "regular," Maddox-appointed delegation to the national Democratic convention, with the backing of Senator Eugene McCarthy.

The "Bond delegation" was awarded half the Georgia seats—and votes—and the bulk of the "regular" Georgia Democrats, including all of the top politicians who went to Chicago, promptly walked out of the convention. It was generally acknowledged that the impossible-to-miss comparison of Bond and Maddox in liberal national eyes was largely responsible for the rump group's success, and it was just as generally acknowledged that the elected officials in the "regular" group felt it would be political suicide in Georgia to sit down with Bond.

The cool, engaging twenty-nine-year-old legislator was given the honor of making a seconding speech for McCarthy, and then drew even more attention when Kennedy-McCarthy delegates nominated him for vice president as a ploy to gain speaking time. Bond's sharp but calm appearance on TV won him a larger national audience than ever and he has, since then, been sought as a speaker across the country. In his talks, he advocates black power through elective control of local governments, black capitalism, and an increase in affluence, by practically any means, for the nation's poor. If he is far less militant than an Eldridge Cleaver or a Rap Brown, he is certainly far to the left of such old-line civil rights stalwarts as the NAACP's Roy Wilkins. He is seen by many as the logical successor, someday, to Dr. Martin Luther King's place in the black pantheon.

Harris, while not so vividly brought to national attention in recent years, nevertheless is known throughout the country as one of the most outspoken and hard-line segregationists going. The Augusta attorney, seventy-three, has served as president of the Citizens Councils of America and helps keep council morale up through the blistering columns of his weekly AUGUSTA COURIER, with its screaming red headlines and its standard, red-inked attention-getter on the front page, "Are You Going to Surrender to the Leftwingers?" (One headline in a recent issue read, "1954 Black Monday Edict of Chief Justice Warren Was Based on A Lie." At that it was far tamer than the text which referred to Warren as "that black toad.")

Harris is best known outside Georgia as simply a leading seg, and his career both contradicts and supports that view. As a politician who served as speaker of the House for years and who, at one time, was known as the "kingmaker," Harris helped carve out many of Georgia's segregationist policies.

Today, black students at the University of Georgia demand he be removed from the State Board of Regents and, of course, in light of his reputation, one can understand the demands. But, Harris's words have differed greatly from his deeds as a member of the board and he has almost always put the cause of higher education above his personal views.

It was the reasonable side of both men which emerged during the evening. Since "integration" in itself is the least of Bond's goals, they were able to agree that immediate amalgamation of the races is neither practical nor desirable. That part of his psyche satisfied, Harris was more than willing to talk about being "liberal" in other matters, something he prides himself on. An examination of Harris's political record does not reveal any leftist tinges—showing in fact much of the talk-for-the-little-man, act-for-the-big-man philosophy of many Southern politicians. But Harris does believe in the duty of government to help people to a greater extent than many of his contemporaries and pupils. Since Bond was called on largely to respond to those "liberal" views, he was able to match Harris's agreeable outlook. It says something about the two that each came determined to agree with the other as much as possible, to bend over backwards if necessary. Perhaps both, realizing they were, in effect, called together to produce sparks, felt impelled to ease the friction just to show that they could not always be anticipated.

The evening didn't start out that way, however. Bond called to say he would be late arriving. The message was taken and then, since Harris was standing nearby, the telephone was offered to him. "Mr. Harris, it's Julian." Harris took a half step back and his normally cheery face froze. "Ask him what he wants," he said, refusing the receiver. It seemed, at that point, that it would be a long, cold night. Harris was escorted to a private room at the Commerce Club and, with his interviewers, sat and waited for Bond for more than an hour. (Bond explained later his wife had taken one of their children to the hospital, and he had to sit with the other two.) When Bond finally called to say he would be up within minutes, Harris abruptly cut off a conversation, rose, pushed his chair back, and began walking around the room. A short, roly-poly man with a red, weathered face that belies his age by at least ten years, he circled the long conference table, taking care to examine closely each of the three pictures on the wall. He made the circuit of the room twice. The comparison was irresistible: He was an over-aged, potbellied middleweight warming up, getting his mind clear and reflexes ready for the bout. By the time Bond arrived, Harris was back in his seat, relaxed, all set.

Bond, young, slender, and pale-skinned, provided a sharp physical contrast. He is quiet, understated, carefully rational. He issued perfunctory apologies for his tardiness and quickly shook hands around. One watched curiously to see what Harris would do, but there was no hesitation, just the handshake and, "How do you do?" Both men settled back, expectantly. There was a moment's quiet.

Harris had suggested earlier that the two of them first decide whether there is a race problem and then move into a discussion of causes and solutions. He was asked to lay out the plan again for Bond's benefit. Bond countered that he was interested in a LOOK MAGAZINE piece on Harris and Cleaver and the fact that they had seemed to take several similar positions. Harris replied that he didn't really have anything in common with Cleaver, and again suggested they first decide if there is a race problem. The two were sparring lightly, each trying to get the measure of the other, both slightly nervous. But Harris is the more aggressive and Bond acceded.

They began in the way outlined by Harris.

After several hours, with midnight fast approaching, it was agreed to adjourn for dinner.

Harris had earlier offered to take two of the interviewers to dinner. Now, he extended the invitation to all. A nearby spot was suggested, but Bond wondered aloud if anyone had a Playboy Club key. He'd been there only once, he said, and could go to the other spot any time. Harris objected briefly that he wasn't much of a nightclub man, but then smilingly agreed to go to the "bunny club" if that's what everyone wanted.

It was undoubtedly one of the more unusual groups the Atlanta club had seen: Bond walking in front and Harris bringing up the rear. They settled down at a table in a side room, chatted briefly with an assistant manager and waited only a minute or so until their Bunny came to take the order. It was only fitting, the way the evening had gone, that she would be black and that Harris would, from all surface appearances, fail to notice it. It was also appropriate that after Harris ordered a filet mignon, Bond would follow with, "The same, only well done."

It was, all in all, an enjoyable evening. Before it ended, Harris, still wanting to buy for all but unable to do so because of the club arrangements, finally got his opportunity to do something. Bond ordered a pack of cigarettes, and, when he fished for change, Harris beat him to the punch, handing the Bunny a fiver. Then, sighing that it was, after all, past midnight, and he could tell he was seventy-three, Harris excused himself for breaking up the party, said goodnight, and left to walk the four long blocks to the Henry Grady Hotel.

"He's something, isn't he?" Bond asked.

HARRIS: I think we do have a problem, and I think that one of these days it's got to be worked out, the sooner the better. It's a question of which way we're going and how we're going to solve this problem, whether there will be a fusion of the races or whether we will work out some pattern by which we can live side by side and work together in a state of peace and harmony.

BOND: It seems to be likely over a period of hundreds and hundreds of thousands of years that there may be a one-race society, but I don't think it's likely to happen any time soon, in either of our lifetimes . . . I don't think there should be a prohibition against it, neither social nor legal. It ought not to be a goal to be worked for because it's probably not from either of our points of view a desirable goal. You can solve the race problem without that kind of fusion. You can solve it by

The fight today is not between segregationists and Negroes but between hypocritical whites who favor integration until it affects them, and people like me.

Therefore, it came as no surprise to me that Julian Bond and I would agree on many things, although the basic difference between us is that he believes in integration and I am a strong believer in the segregation of the races.

I did not find the experience with Bond to be dissimilar to those experiences I've had in talking with Negro college presidents, Negro college students, Negro teachers, Negro businessmen, and just ordinary Negroes. They all treat me with respect and I treat them the same way.

In his conversation, he didn't appear to be militant.

In fact, he leaned over backwards to be polite to me and I did the same for him. He did surprise me by disclaiming any militancy because his speeches have been to the contrary. He has left the impression in these speeches that the Negroes' only hope for making any progress was by the use of violent methods.

Take, for example, a few quotes from newspaper accounts of a speech he made in Richmond, Virginia recently. He said:

1. "Positions of segregation and discrimination will be adhered to until change is forced through coercion, threats, power, or violence."

2. Armed violence, he said, "was the American way of 1776."

3. "From 1965 to the present, violence has been the official policy of the government of the United States in settling disputes."

4. "Non-violence is only a joke to be played on or by black people."

The newspapers interpreted this speech by Bond as being a call to arms. However, he told me that he was misquoted. When I was speaker of the House, I gave the newspaper folks in Atlanta hell about a story they printed about me. They asked me if I was misquoted. I said, "No, that's the trouble. I made a fool of myself, and you fellas put it on Page One instead of helping me out by not printing it at all."

Why do I think segregation is the remedy?

I've always subscribed to the doctrine laid down by Abraham Lincoln when he made his speech to a committee of freed colored men at the White House in 1862.

He said: ". . . You and we are different races. We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffers very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence. In a word, we suffer on each side. If this be admitted, it affords a reason at least why we should be separated. It is better for both, therefore, to be separated."

I have no objections to black power. I think they (Negroes) are entitled to be represented in government; however, until crime among the Negro people has been curbed and some of their leaders are pointed in a different direction, black rule is dangerous. It has proven to be so in the nation's capital.

They are entitled to economic power as well as political power, and I believe that experience has proven that they have been able to develop their own banks, insurance companies, and their own businesses only where they have lived under a pattern of segregation.

Certainly they have done much better in Atlanta than they have done in New York, Chicago, or Philadelphia.

One of the great troubles now, is that we have practically lost communication. When they try to ram integration down the throats of white people, it creates a state of ill feeling. I've always said the race problem

monstrate with her and to call for Watson to come out. The candidate did not appear until local police arrived to disperse the "mob" and arrest its "leaders," and then he appeared only to apologize to white people who might have "misunderstood" his speech as an invitation to loathsome "social equality" rather than as a purely political invitation to vote the Populist ticket. Later Watson issued a statement to quiet the furor which his speech caused all over the state.

When Watson spoke to overwhelmingly white audiences he strove mightily to answer the charge that the Populists were becoming "a nigger party." He assured his listeners of his total opposition to "social equality and miscegenation" and to "pernicious" measures such as the Lodge Federal Elections Bill (a proposal to guarantee the right of blacks to vote in Federal elections). Reminding his audiences of the brave Confederate captains and their faithful black servants who protected hearth and family during the war, he insisted that the People's Party was led by the same Confederate heroes and that black voters constituted the same loyal retainers. The only real national threat to "Southern customs" came from "the old party" led by the "race mixing" President Grover Cleveland who entertained Frederick Douglass and his white wife at the White House, and proved his evil intentions as governor of New York by signing in 1884 a bill prohibiting the assignment of children to schools solely on the basis of race. When President Cleveland overrode Governor Altgeldt to break an Illinois strike with Federal troops, Watson complained with the usual arguments of reformers but he protested even more bitterly that the President had "violated states rights" and opened the door to a dangerous "centralism" which might at any time "disrupt" Southern society. Watson's conception of black and white relations during the Populist era approximated Booker T. Washington's often denounced "Atlanta Compromise" speech of 1895.

In all fairness, it should be noted that Watson as an old man played with eccentric radicalism. The man who denounced socialism so bitterly also honored Eugene Deb and defended Milwaukee's right to send a socialist to Congress in 1920; the stump politician who celebrated private property as "just" and "sacred" did not hesitate to defend the Bolsheviks in 1920 and demand the withdrawal of American troops from Russia. And surely something ought to be said about the politician who in 1920 turned the Ku Klux Klan against the American Legion and its 100 per cent Americanism.

Still, most of these positions were not taken by an authentic radical but rather by an old man consumed with hatred for all the policies he associated with Wood-



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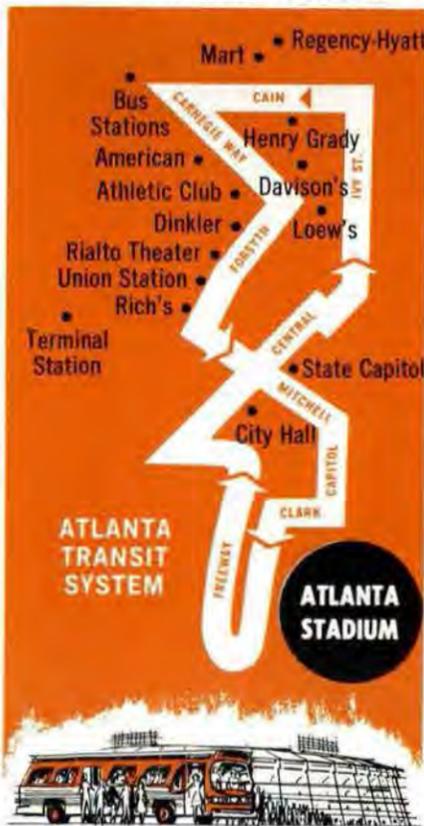
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POPULISM continued from page 44

was shown pointedly warning his black and white audiences of the ruling conspiracy to keep the races apart in order to "fleece them separately."

In effect, Woodward left the informed reader puzzled by the mystery of an admirable Populist Dr. Jekyll and demonic Mr. Hyde of the Progressive period. Insofar as Woodward provided an explanation, he told the tale of a good and brave man undone by "impersonal forces of economics and race and historical heritage" which "thwarted at every turn his courageous struggle" and "led him into the futility and degeneration of his later career." Watson, it seemed, had tried to establish a radical alliance of black and white until he was completely thwarted by the bribery, intimidation, and ballot-box stuffing of the Democrats. When he "failed," he turned against the blacks proving the truth of the adage that "a friend betrayed is the enemy most despised." One might suppose that since the white Democrats corrupted the polls and used force and fraud to gain votes, they could be trusted even less than the black dupes and victims, but neither Watson nor Woodward drew this conclusion. The corruption and violence of the white-dominated electoral process in the eighties and nineties would be difficult to exaggerate, and the Populists bought votes and stuffed ballot boxes almost as energetically as the Democrats. The Woodward-Watson explanation of Watson's "disillusionment" with Negro voting turns out to be, like the old Reconstruction stereotypes, myths which lead men away from true historical understanding.

Woodward's misinterpretations sprang in part from the mistakes which many people made in the nineteen thirties. When the most generous utterances of Watson and his followers were compared to the unrestrained Negro baiting and the barren political records of the Bilbos and the Talmadges, the Populists did appear to be militant advocates of social change. Moreover, many scholars and informed readers of the thirties assumed that the massive political orthodoxy of the white supremacist and one party South began immediately after Reconstruction, and that the Populist movement constituted the only serious challenge to this old political order. In reality Reconstruction did not end abruptly during 1876 and 1877; black people continued to vote and hold office in consequential numbers into the 1890's; and Democrats, Republicans, and various independent movements competed for black votes from Reconstruction into the nineties. (As late as 1906 McIntosh County, Georgia elected a black legislator.) When Watson and the Populists used black speakers and invited black voters to rallies and barbecues they did no more than the conservative Democrats, and when they abjured such tactics they

joined with the Democrats in constructing "the solid South" toward the end of the nineties. Populists and Democrats alike were influenced by the rising tide of white supremacy at the turn of the century, and leaders of both parties noted the growing disposition of men in the North and the West to allow Southerners to "settle" the "Negro problem" on whatever terms they liked. Georgia leaders, like many white Americans, were shaped by the onward march of Western imperialism in the world and by the acquisition of an overseas American empire after the Spanish-American war. The nation and the world seemed indifferent or even sympathetic toward the desire of white Georgians for more racial repression. Thus it was, with the acquiescences of nearly all white Georgians, that the state sank deeper and deeper into the morass of more Jim Crow laws, racial oppression, and ultra-conservative politics.

If Watson led the forces of reaction at the end of the Populist era, he did not take a greatly dissimilar position on the eve of "the age of reform." In the eighties he refused to support a bill for Negro branch colleges, voted against appropriations for black schools, and opposed the seating of one of the most popular black politicians in the state after a clearly won election victory. (Watson had been an opponent of the system of leasing to businessmen the labor of the largely black convicts of Georgia but many conservative Democrats took the same stand.) Even in the early nineties, during the zenith of his alleged bi-racial radicalism, Watson had at best followed an ambiguous path. In 1892 and 1893, like other politicians of various convictions, he did attempt to compete for black votes, but a careful examination of all his campaign speeches suggests a pattern of duplicity in which the candidate made three kinds of speeches, one for whites, one for blacks, and one which featured the perilous attempt to accommodate simultaneously both black aspirations and white supremacy.

In one speech of 1892 to a largely black audience, Watson, with a burst of emotional enthusiasm, announced his support for "political equality" and his belief that "the color line" had been "broken." A group of puzzled black listeners lingered after the speech doubting the evidence of their senses and finally deciding to resolve their doubts by approaching the candidate at his hotel. When the hotel manageress came to the front door of the hotel and found a crowd of blacks expecting to be admitted to the lobby to discuss with Watson the meaning of his speech, she flew into a rage over so gross a violation of caste etiquette and ordered the blacks away in very insulting terms. The black delegation, bewildered by the contrast between Watson's warm speech and the hotel keeper's furious conduct, began to re-

can't be settled without a mutual agreement between the races, and you can't ever get together without more dialogues like the one Bond and I had. You just can't let the hypocritical whites and militant Negroes settle it.
—Roy Harris

having an equitable division of power in this country. As power begins to be divided more equitably, then you're going to see a lessening of what you call the racial problem. I don't think it's going to happen quickly either.

HARRIS: I think you're right. I don't think it can be done quickly. Now understand this. I believe in black power. I believe in black economy. I believe Negroes are entitled to representation. In Augusta, we used to have city council elect two from each ward. Each ward elected its own members. Now you run from each ward but you run citywide.

BOND: That's the way it do here.

HARRIS: And, of course, it was done to keep Negroes out of city council.

BOND: You're the only politician who will say that.

HARRIS: How's that?

BOND: You're the only white politician who will say that.

HARRIS: Is that right?

BOND: (Former Mayor Bill) Hartsfield said it was done to keep corruption down.

HARRIS: But, of course, that's the reason. I tell you they're damn hypocrites.

BOND: That's where you're absolutely right. You need to come down and talk to the Fulton County House delegation, Mr. Harris, and get them straightened out. Why don't you write them each a letter?

HARRIS: Nooo. I've got enough troubles of my own. I'll tell you, though, when a majority of Augusta or Atlanta becomes black, they can have it and they're entitled to it.

ATLANTA: Can do it make any difference who's in the governor's office as far as Negroes are concerned?

BOND: Before I got put out of the legislature, I went with all the other Negro legislators to see Governor (Carl) Sanders. We mentioned a lot of problems to him. One thing was there were no Negroes on any draft boards in the state of Georgia except in Atlanta. He said, "I'll have to study it." A year later, I finally got in the legislature and I went to see Lester Maddox, and you know what Governor Maddox said? "Y'all fight in the Army, don't you?" He said, "You ought to be on the draft boards." He did it just like that. He didn't have to study it or anything. He did some things are right and some things are wrong. I think that's the difference between the two men. I think Carl Sanders is an equivocator, and he's the kind of man who may talk a good game but will privately complain about his son having to go to an integrated school.

HARRIS: Yep.

BOND: One thing that strikes me about Lester Maddox is that he comes from a very poor family. He knows what it means to be poor and he has a lot of sympathy, I think, for poor people. He doesn't care if the poor people are black or white, but if he thinks he can do something for poor people I think he'll try to do it. There are some things he's just more decent about than any other politician I've seen.

HARRIS: He's like me. He believes in segregation, but, from a practical standpoint, a fellow like Lester Maddox can do more for the Negro people and get by with it than Carl Sanders because Carl is so suspect.

ATLANTA: Mr. Harris, haven't you always considered Sanders a wild-eyed liberal, putting him in a category with Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey?

HARRIS: The truth of it is, you know Sanders like I do. I think they're (LBJ and HHH) both hypocrites on the subject (of race) and I think he is.

ATLANTA: Why do you think Sanders is a hypocrite?

HARRIS: I know damn well he is. I know how he feels.

ATLANTA: How do you think he feels?

HARRIS: Just like I do.

BOND: Well, you see, that's my suspicion. I don't know, but that's my suspicion.

HARRIS: I know how he used to be, and I don't think he's changed.

ATLANTA: How widespread do you think hypocrisy is among white politicians?

HARRIS: Unfortunately, our leaders amongst the white people have been hypocrites. Like last Monday morning, I went into my office and a very prominent man in Augusta called me to complain that his children had to attend an integrated school. Where's he been the last fifteen years? He's been calling me a radical and an extremist because he didn't think this thing would ever touch him. I don't know what we are—I'll let somebody else name it, but I think we've at least been honest about it. . . . I was reading in the Atlanta paper one Sunday a write-up of the racial situation in Augusta. The Reverend C. S. Hamilton (a Negro leader) was quoted as saying that the good relations in Augusta were due to eight or ten people and he named me as one of them, which shocked the hell out of me. I think they all have confidence in me and I think they know I never have mistreated any of them.

ATLANTA: What do you think of Mayor (Ivan) Allen?

HARRIS: I happened to know (former mayor) Bill Hartsfield and Mayor Allen from way back. I served in the legislature with Bill for years. I've known Mayor Allen since he was sixteen years old when he was paging over there, and I think Allen does a pretty good job as mayor. I think Bill Hartsfield did a good job. But, on this segregation question, they're damn hypocrites. They always thought just like I did and feel just like I do.

BOND: I felt that way about Hartsfield. I don't feel that way about Allen.

HARRIS: Now, he may have changed, but he used to be that way.

ATLANTA: Do you just assume that any white person who favors integration is a hypocrite?

HARRIS: No, no. Ralph McGill's a fellow that changed and I think Ralph was sincere. I don't think Ralph was a hypocrite. I knew McGill very closely. . . . He and I used to drink

A meeting with a man like Roy Harris is approached with trepidation. Will he rant and rave? Will he scream and shout? Will he attempt to gather a lynch mob from among the members of the Commerce Club where we were scheduled to meet?

In such surroundings, paneled walls, cut glass dishes on oak sideboards, humble servants, is it proper for one gentleman to call another a racist?

Is he a gentleman?

Roy Harris of Augusta, at seventy-three, is either unable or unwilling to mount a defense of his positions on race. He smiles, jokes, laughs, remembers.

Can this be the same man who said that the issue of the 1968 presidential campaign would be "Niggers." (He was right.)

Confrontation is the order of the day, so Bond and

Harris try to confront. But there is no clash of will or wit. He recalls the good old days gone by, remarks he worked once with "Negroes," and pronounces it correctly, scores liberals as hypocrites, declares that he and (former Atlanta Mayor William B.) Hartsfield believe in the same things, tells of a gubernatorial candidate who "owned two counties and bought another" in a forgotten race, lauds Atlanta as a center of black development, says Negroes in all fairness ought to "take over" his hometown, Augusta, if population figures dictate it, allows as how he "might have" seen things Bond's way in the 1966 unseating fight, and refuses, softly, not evasively, to give a straight answer to most questions.

Can this be the same man? It is. Roy Harris, ("Mr. Roy" to the others gathered — "Mr. Harris" to me; I am "Julian" to him: is that age speaking to youth, or white to black? Let it pass-) member of the Board of Regents, former speaker of the House, former campaign manager for George Wallace and Ellis Arnall, bus line owner (integrated buses) and newspaper (of sorts) pub-



lisher, Citizens Council organizer, former farmboy, he is the same.

But what a contradiction. There is no open meanness in him, no vitriol like that in those who read his sheet, none of the open quick hatred that causes children at prayer to face bombs and makes big brave men use baseball bats to keep schoolchildren from their A. B. C.'s.

His children are the beaters and bombers. One thinks he believes they are children, and treats them so. He tells them stories that are not true, promises dreams that cannot be, explains their condition by blaming others, raises egos by suggesting subjugation, supports law and order by defying laws. Treat them like children—as he has—and they react in kind, childlike; muttered anger, blind acts committed in secret, denying the truth. In these plush surroundings we talk, fifteen stories and as many miles above the streets below where the evil results abound; broken lives, hopeless futures, stunted growths, black and white.

Can he bear alone the responsibility for their condi-

tion? Not he alone, but certainly Roy Harris, acting in concert with others, must be blamed for today.

—Julian Bond

liquor and just argue. . . . 'Course, he couldn't drink much liquor."

ATLANTA: How do you feel about that, Mr. Bond?

BOND: The word "liberal" means two things. It's used in Georgia as a curse word, and when it's used in another sense I think it refers to someone like Mr. (former Governor Carl) Sanders who may say one thing and mean another. He's the bad liberal. Then, I think there is a good liberal. I think Allen—or McGill—are good liberals. McGill—I think you're right about that—said one thing and meant it.

ATLANTA: How do you react to liberals, Mr. Harris?

HARRIS: I don't like the idea of using the words "liberal" and "conservative" because I don't know what they mean. I don't know any conservatives except a few old cranks that belong to the John Birch Society but there ain't many of them. They're against everything from fluoridation of water up and down. Most of the people I know over the South—from Judge Perez to folks like me, George Wallace, and the Citizens Council in Jackson—I don't know where you could



find anybody more liberal than we are until you get down to one question and that's the segregation question.

BOND: He (Wallace) confuses me because he's liberal on a great many questions except race. He's also conservative on some questions where a great many people who feel as he does about race are very liberal. For instance, labor unions. He's been very bad for labor unions in Alabama. He's been very good for education in Alabama. They got free textbooks for the first time in Alabama under George Wallace.

ATLANTA: You've said Negro and white leaders should sit down and devise a plan by which the two races can live harmoniously, Mr. Harris. What do you suggest?

HARRIS: You can't draw an inflexible, exact-to-the-rule line that's as invariable as the law of the Medes and the Persians, see? It's a little bit more delicate. . . . I've eaten with several of them (Negroes); that's the reason I say you can't draw an exact line. But, I do think as a general rule you ought to have separate schools and separate churches.

ATLANTA: Separate restaurants?

HARRIS: No, that's a public institution.

BOND: I remember many years ago, it used to be possible, before they integrated the University of Georgia, to get the state to pay me to go to Meharry if I wanted to go to medical

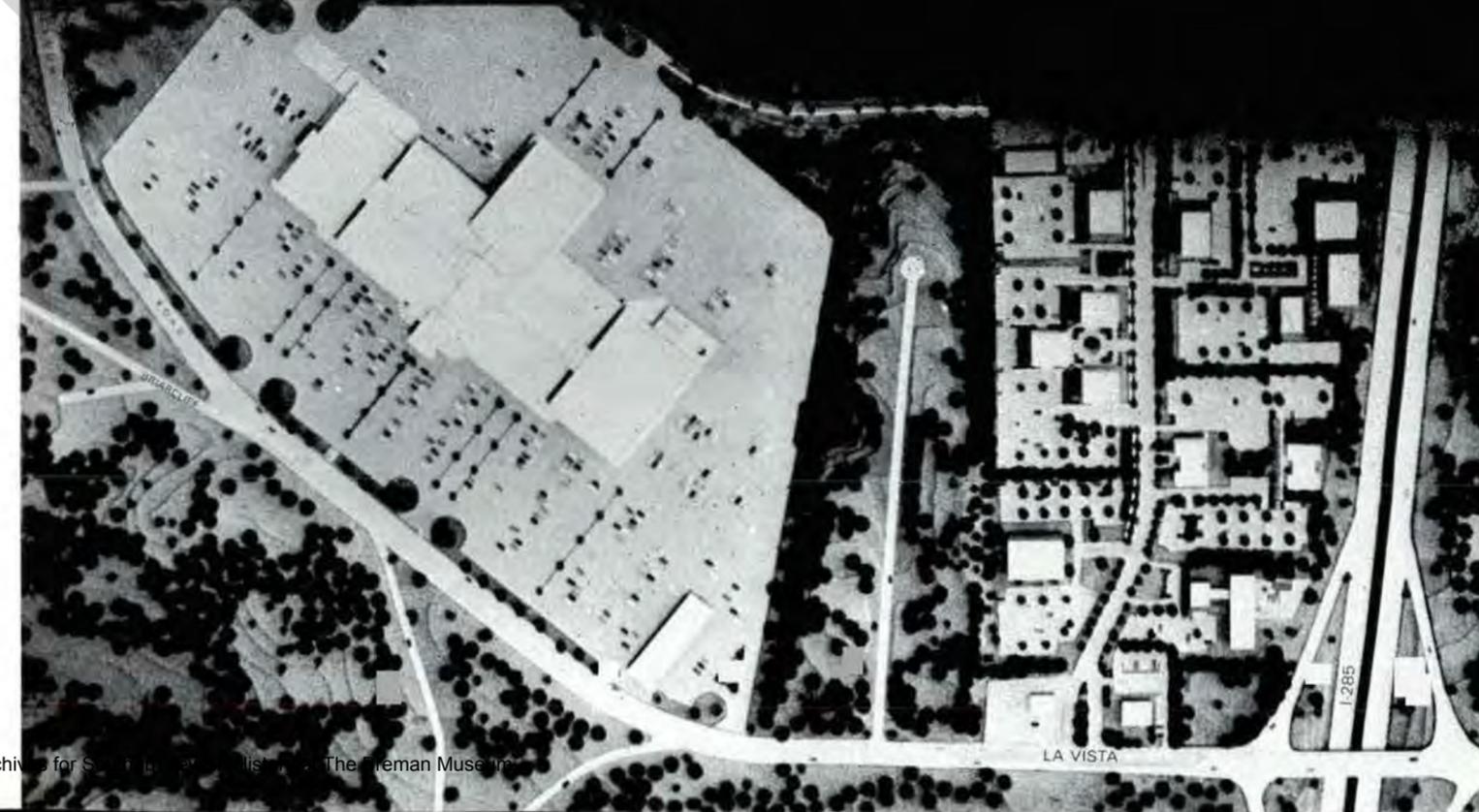
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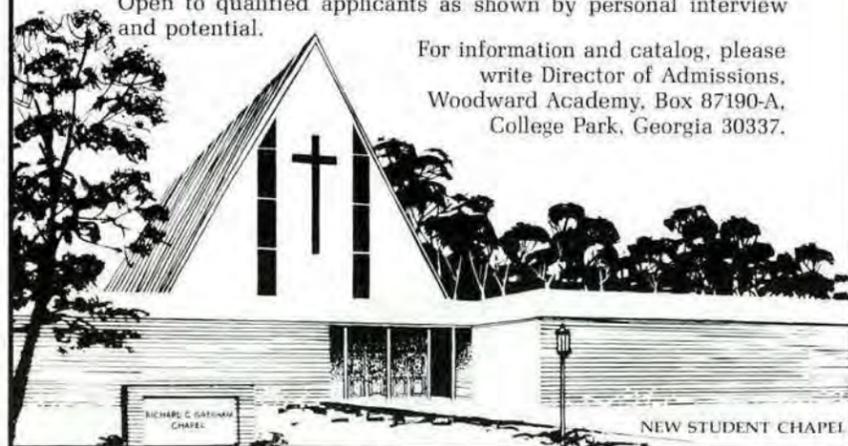
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struct a building for the marine resources center but Governor Lester Maddox trimmed the request to \$200,000 annually, which means it will take five years to complete.

Abbott, who thinks big, had initially envisioned the Skidaway Institute getting off to a faster start, but he now believes it is best that the marine extension center provide the quick growth and big money while the SIO develops more slowly as a high quality research facility. As long as they are tied closely together, he believes, it makes no difference in the total picture which gets the most funds. "Activity breeds activity," he says. "Growth comes from interaction." Abbott places great importance on Russell's position in the Senate. The senator is on record as an oceanography supporter and said specifically of OSCA, upon its establishment, that the state had taken "a great stride forward." On several occasions, Russell has said of the field in general, "The world's greatest store of untapped resources lies beneath the sea, and the im-

*Mr. Ball is a reporter
for the Atlanta Journal.*

*Mr. Cohn is a reporter
for Southeastern Newspapers Corp.*

portance of exploiting these resources for the well-being of mankind is incalculable."

Abbott has personally conferred with Russell about obtaining a \$14.6 million grant for the tri-state Coastal Plains Regional Commission. He's optimistic that the state will get its share—\$4 million for the biennium. The states hope to use jointly \$2 million of the grant to buy a two-hundred-foot research vessel. They also plan a \$600,000 technical service center, the site of which has not been selected. The commission has as its goal the upgrading of the economic level of the coastal areas of the three states—Georgia, South Carolina, and North Carolina.

It is easy for anyone engrossed in oceanography, particularly if his main interest tends toward economic development, to wind up talking in terms of hard facts and figures, cold cash and cold statistics. Men like Abbott and Henson must, for most of the time, point to these things to convince people, to get budgets passed, to get plans approved. But, on the island itself, it is more difficult to think in such pragmatic terms and it is more natural, with a salt breeze and the charm of Roebing's legacy confronting one, to link the ocean with its romantic aspects. Even the scientists, men trained to ascertain facts, are susceptible to this influence.

Tom Jackson sat one evening with his band of young scientists talking of things that might be, of developing bacteria that would select out desired minerals from the ocean, of exploding magnesium to power undersea engines, of herding fish like so many tiny head of cattle, of building underwater radiation shelters. "I can dream," said Jackson, "of submarines that fly." 🐦

school. That's really wasteful. It increases your taxes and mine, don't you think?

HARRIS: Yeah, well, of course, understand this, Julian, a lot of things we do are wasteful. But here's the thing. You could not have put it over. You could not have gotten a Negro into the Medical College in those days to save your neck. That was better than nothing. That was one of the steps in the transition that had to come and we're still sending some to Meharry.

BOND: Did you know my father used to be president at Fort Valley?

HARRIS: He was?

BOND: Up until 1945. And Eugene Talmadge, when he was governor, he used to come down once a year and they used to have a big celebration.

HARRIS: That was Ham Day, wasn't it?

BOND: A ham-and-egg supper. You remember that? They used to have guys come in from the railroad and lay ties and sing those songs. Anyway, they took a lot of pictures of Talmadge eating with Negroes. My father kept these pictures and when the appropriation came up in the legislature he sent them to Governor Talmadge. He said, "Governor Talmadge, here are the pictures." He said, "Do you want me



to send them to the JOURNAL and CONSTITUTION?" It was Herman. It must have been Herman.

HARRIS: It wasn't Gene.

BOND: It was Herman and he wrote back and said, "No, Dr. Bond, you'll get your appropriation this year." The next year, my father left and went up to Pennsylvania to another school.

ATLANTA: Getting back to solutions, Mr. Harris.

HARRIS: I don't say that Atlanta is ideal, but you've got more Negro wealth in Atlanta than in Chicago and New York put together.

BOND: That's true.

HARRIS: You've got more Negro colleges and universities in Atlanta than any other city in the world. The Negro has made greater progress in Atlanta than any place that I've known in this country.

BOND: I would agree with that, but I also would temper it by saying there's a tremendous amount of poverty existing right next to this educational...

HARRIS: I agree with you there. You know the thing we've overlooked in all the agitation over the Negro question, we've got more poor white folks in Georgia than we've got poor Negroes.

BOND: That's true all over the country.

HARRIS: I don't think you can find anywhere in the country where over the years—of course it hasn't been ideal—where you've had the relationship that you've had here in Atlanta and I think it's come nearer to being a model than anything you can find anywhere.

BOND: Atlanta has been unique. What bothers me is that other cities haven't had these advantages. They haven't had an educated class of Negroes. They haven't had the kind of Negroes that went into commerce, into banking, insurance. But, even with all those advantages, as you say, there are an awful lot of poor white people here, and there are tremendous numbers of poor Negroes here. What is to become of those people? No one, I don't think, cares much about either group—the poor whites or the poor Negroes. Those are the ones, it seems to me, who are completely cut off in this city and in most of the American cities.

HARRIS: I learned a long time ago that the average fellow is having such a hard time scratching for himself that he doesn't worry too damn much about the other fellow. This inflationary spiral is going to wreck and ruin poor folks everywhere. The cost of living has gone up so that they can't make it.



LANGE

BOND: That's right. I was just reading—this is from a Negro newspaper editor in Georgia almost one hundred years ago who said in the end the rich will be found on one side, whether they are black or white, and the poor will be found on the other, whether they are black or white. I think that's something that's likely to happen in this country, that you're going to see that kind of division.

HARRIS: There's no difference between the Negro people and the average white man. If you don't work for a big corporation or a big chain and you are out here in independent business, you've got to compete with them and you've got a helluva job.

BOND: When you were speaking earlier of the kind of progress that's been made in Atlanta, I thought you were going to say what a lot of people have said—that because there's so much black capital here that it ought to be turned toward developing other black business that would provide more jobs, sort of spreading the black money around that's been earned here. It just struck me that it would be an unusual thing for a rich black person to do because rich white people don't do it either. It's unusual for rich people to help poor people. It's usual for rich people to help themselves get richer and richer.

HARRIS: The Jewish people are the only ones I know who do help one another. That was the old type Jew.

ATLANTA: Getting back to the solutions, Mr. Harris.

HARRIS: I think we've got to acknowledge this. Instead of having a fusion of the races we ought to have two races. Then, you've got to figure out how these two races are going to work together, live together. They've (Negroes) got a lot more power now.

BOND: It's slipping away. You've got this man in Washington now. . . .

HARRIS: 'Course, I'm cussing him out because he's going the other way.

BOND: He's a bad man.

HARRIS: Between him and Hubert Humphrey I would have taken Humphrey, although I managed George Wallace's campaign in Georgia.

BOND: Why do you say that?

HARRIS: Well, of all the things I don't like about Hubert Humphrey, I do think the son of a bitch is honest. I don't mean that "son of a bitch" exactly like it sounds. A man on the other side is *always* a son of a bitch. I don't think Nixon's got any convictions.

BOND: I think you're right about that. I think if you look over the next four years, if you measure progress in terms of the numbers integrated or not, you'll see a lessening of that kind of progress.

HARRIS: This week's U.S. NEWS AND WORLD REPORT has an interview with (Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Robert) Finch and the way I interpret that is that they're not going to let up in the South.

BOND: I got it just the other way. Maybe Nixon's figured he can't get the South again.

HARRIS: He can't today.

BOND: I guess he figures he can't get it in '72 so he might as well ignore it.

HARRIS: He may. That's the way I interpret this (article). Now Finch wiggles around on the court decisions but when he gets through, if you read it, he's going to push it in the South and not in the North.

ATLANTA: Some people, like Wallace, see a race war as the final solution. How do you feel about it?

BOND: I think that's possible, but I don't think it's probable. I just don't think it will happen for a couple of reasons. First, because I think most black people realize we're on the losing end of something like that. We're out-numbered nine to one. Secondly, I don't think that the white people who want to preserve the status quo have to go to war in order to do so. All they need is a guy like Finch. I don't think Finch is going to push as hard in the South as he says he is. Apparently, (Sen. Strom) Thurmond is overseeing every move Finch makes in the South.

HARRIS: If it was left to the ghettos of New York, Chicago, and Philadelphia, you would probably have a black and white race war. But you've got a different condition when you get to Atlanta and Augusta. You've got enough wealthy and educated Negro people. They've got a vested interest, just the same as the rest of the people have. You take the week after Martin Luther King's death, you had riots in 125 cities but there wasn't one in Georgia. Negro people in Georgia, like white people, they've got roots. They've been here a long time. But, you take Harlem, you've got those people who come in there from all over the world. They've got no deep roots and they never had a decent way of making a living. It's been tough here, but the thing is it hasn't required as much money. As long as we were rural people, we

raised a lot of our food. We're living in a period of time that is a little different than it was at the turn of the century when you could open up—these boys here don't know anything about it. Julian, you know what a potato hill is?

BOND: Oh yes, it's a big hill with all the potatoes inside. These (pointing to the reporters in the room) are all big city boys.

HARRIS: All year 'round you could go to the potato hill and get a potato, or you could pull up a turnip right out of the garden. Now, when those folks get in there (a ghetto) they can't get along on a maid or cook's salary, and there isn't a potato hill. When you create a ghetto like that, you create an artificial situation that requires a helluva lots more than money and. . . .

BOND: I'm going to agree with Mr. Harris and disagree at the same time. I think there is a difference in the South, and the difference I think is this: That if you're black and you live *anyplace* in this whole region of the Southeast . . . that you can see over the past ten years of your life, no matter how old you are, who you are, what your job is, if you're black, you can see a change. If you live in Atlanta, you can say five years ago, or ten years ago rather, I couldn't eat at Rich's, except in the basement and now, today, I can, so my life has improved X points. If you live in Harlem, on the other hand, you can say to yourself, I've lived in Harlem twenty-five or thirty years. When I came here, I could eat at Woolworth's. Ten years ago, I could eat at Woolworth's, five years ago, I could eat at Woolworth's, and I ate at Woolworth's this morning, but my life is *exactly* the same now as it was. I still have the same sorry job, I still work in the garment district, say, pushing a truck. Things have not changed for me. Things are just like they were when I first came up here from South Carolina or Georgia. I think the difference is . . . the first thing here in the South . . . is hopefulness. Southern black people have a lot of hopefulness because they have *seen* some measurable change. In my opinion, it's not been very important but I think in the average guy's opinion it has been important. He can do things today he couldn't do several years ago. The second thing is Southern black people are still very close to the church, and I'm not sure exactly what role the church plays in this hopefulness, but it does play some role—that things will get better by and by and that still is very important to a lot of people. Something I want to go back to, Mr. Harris, talking about riots, and that is the real difference between the kinds of riots you see in the 1960's—in Watts, or New York, or Detroit—and the kind of riots you used to have years ago. I imagine you remember the Atlanta riot?

HARRIS: I've heard about it. I'm acquainted with it.

BOND: The difference between that riot and the others that took place during the same period and those that took place here is that those were *really* confrontations between black and white. And, in the Atlanta riot, for instance, there were over one hundred black people killed. I mean murdered. They were taken off street cars, their throats cut. They were stomped to death. They were lynched in downtown Atlanta. And nothing like that, with only isolated incidents, has ever happened in any of these current riots. What you have now is a conflict between black people and white institutions. You have black people burning down a store. You have black people burning out a loan shark. You have black people attacking the physical image of white power. But, in those riots, you had white people physically murdering, person against person. And now it's person against institutions or race against institutions. I think it's a very important difference.

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site came in a report prepared for the Little company by the Industrial Development Division of Georgia Tech's Engineering Experiment Station in Atlanta. "It is anticipated that these firms (ocean-related industries) will, for the most part, be interested in the Savannah area as a location for conducting research rather than for the manufacture of products," the report said. "Five to six small to medium size firms might be expected by 1978, assuming that OSCA has an annual budget of \$12 million by that year."

However, the Little report notes that if OSCA could land some type of ocean-related federal facility on Skidaway or in the Savannah area it would be an immense help to the SIO complex, speeding up the timetable for attracting new industry and decreasing the size of the budget required to attract industry. Little also suggests that it may be necessary for Savannah to establish another industrial park on the mainland because of the lack of rail and natural gas service to the island. The report also recommends making a strong effort to draw non-ocean-oriented industry to the complex with the idea that these unrelated firms would give Savannah in general a boost, and this in turn would make the community more attractive to ocean-oriented industries.

The Little report is, certainly, not all negative. For example, the Georgia Tech study estimates the complex will employ a minimum of sixty-five persons and possibly up to eight hundred. (Abbott is more optimistic. He predicts three thousand to six thousand people will be employed in related industries within ten years.) The same study contacted twenty-one Georgia firms and found four interested in expanding into ocean-related activities. Three of these may use the OSCA site for their new ventures, the study said. Probably the most glowing notation had to do with mineral exploration. "Limited surveys of the Blake Plateau have shown it to be rich in nodules which contain high concentrations of manganese and lesser amounts of copper, cobalt, and nickel and also nodules of medium grade phosphorite at depths of six hundred to two thousand four hundred feet," the Little report said. "These deposits are among the shallowest and are among the closest to sites of potential ore processing centers yet found... The SIO has an excellent opportunity to study the economic aspect of this problem and the development of tools and techniques for the recovery and processing of these minerals for the future."

Abbott, Henson, and other oceanography leaders look beyond even the brighter spots in the Little report to see great things in the future for Skidaway in part because of OSCA's new major unit, the marine resources extension center which has as its goal the complete marine development of the Georgia coast. That idea was hit upon partially because of the feeling by some

leaders that SIO was becoming too engineering-oriented and that OSCA's scope needed broadening to touch more people and also to make itself more attractive for federal funds. It was natural that Skidaway should tend towards a heavy emphasis on engineering because Jackson, who was chief of the mechanical sciences division at the engineering experiment station at Georgia Tech, spent a great deal of time developing underwater acoustic mine counter-measures for the Navy. His top assistant at Skidaway, Lee Knight, worked with him on the classified project.

"We were practically bypassing the development of resources for people," said one source close to the situation. "Rather than letting OSCA drift in the direction it was going, we developed the extension program to put us back in the mainstream of oceanography." Abbott emphasizes that the extension program is designed to help close the income gap for coastal Georgians, who now live in one of the most underdeveloped areas of the country. The per capita income in the coastal counties is 40 per cent less than that of the California coast. "We're trying to relate the resources to people," Abbott said. "We want to enrich the lives of hundreds of thousands. We're not just trying to create a few jobs in oceanography." Jones adds that the coast's underdevelopment is a great advantage because there is room to build and land is not expensive. Another reason the program was developed was to prevent the Coastal Plains Regional Commission from funneling all federal oceanographic money into South Carolina as originally planned because of that state's central location.

The center will have seven missions: a continuing education program; an extension service in which OSCA personnel will actually go out and work with marine interests on the coast; applied research to benefit commercial fishermen, to improve recreational aspects of the coast for all Georgians, to facilitate mineral development from the sea, and to improve marketing techniques and packaging of seafood; special studies on coastal development and resource conservation; an advisory body to help governmental agencies deal with marine research; a training center for technicians who hope to enter a marine-oriented industry; and provision of space for cooperating agencies.

The University of Georgia is handling planning of the center and the program will come under the supervision of Dr. J. W. Fanning, vice president for services at the University. It was Dr. Fanning who developed the conceptual framework for the center. "I regard this program for development of marine resources as one of the most important to be undertaken in Georgia," Dr. Fanning said. "It has a great future and it's certainly based upon a most pressing need." OSCA requested \$1 million over the next two years to con-

HARRIS: I think he's right about that. The Atlanta riot... was a very personal thing. I think he's right. They are fighting the order now.

ATLANTA: How do you account for the disillusionment of the Negro in the North?

HARRIS: You take Harlem. They never get out of Harlem. They live there all the time. Negroes in the South aren't tied in. They're tied up there. Some of those people have never been a mile or two from where they were born. The easiest way of life for them is prostitution, peddling dope, or selling numbers tickets.

BOND: If you're black and you come from Mississippi to Chicago by Greyhound bus, you get off at that bus terminal—I forget where it is—and somebody from the local Democratic party meets you at the bus. He tells you he works for Congressman Dawson. He tells you where there's an apartment to be found. He gives you a phone number. It's the phone number of the local (Democratic) precinct captain, and your whole life is laid out before you. If you're white, you have to live in a certain section of Chicago where all white people from Appalachia come to live, but the same kind of machinery doesn't meet them. A lot of them come up there, spend five years and go back. But the black people who come up there are really sucked into a kind of machinery.

HARRIS: That's right.

BOND: It just pulls them in.

HARRIS: That's right.

BOND: Chicago is the worst example. It's worse than New York. They're put on welfare. The precinct captain says "You've got three kids, your husband's not here, you're on welfare. Just remember to pull the Democratic lever at election time." And they're just pulled into machinery they cannot escape from. That's why nobody can beat Dawson... The only escape from it is the gangs. But the older people are just in it and can't get out. I've got an uncle who used to work for the city of Chicago and his job was to see what the water level was in Lake Michigan every day. He'd go down and look at a pile with the numbers on it and if it was ten feet he'd write down ten feet and he'd go turn it in and he's retired now on a pension. Why should he fight against anything?... Chicago strikes me as the most hostile city of any I've ever been in. I always get the feeling as I'm walking down the street in Chicago that anybody, white or black, at any moment is going to hit me for no reason whatsoever... I felt that same way when I moved to Atlanta... The only thing I know about the South was things I read in the Pittsburgh Courier and my mother wanted me to go to Rich's to buy a new suit so I could go to college in the fall. I wouldn't go because I thought that white people in Rich's would beat me up. That's funny now, but I believed that. I let her go instead. I let my mother go.

ATLANTA: What is the answer to the plight of these trapped people, Mr. Bond?

BOND: You have to find some mechanism to raise people's income. Whether simply by dole, which I think would be least desirable, or by guaranteed job—some kind of WPA project—I don't know. We've got to find some way to put money in people's hands. The easiest would be the dole. Just increase welfare benefits, and, say, if you make under a certain amount of money you qualify for it. This is probably the least expensive in the short run. The best thing to do is to find some way to get people jobs. Look at all the things that need to be done in a state like this—highway construction or beautification. People could be put to work at those kinds of things at government expense.

HARRIS: He's right. The easy way always is the dole. It's simpler and you just get rid of it (the problem), just kind of brush it under the rug. Now the old WPA served a good purpose back in its day, and it did a lot of good all over the state. Of course they talked about seeing them hanging on their shovels, standing up resting on the handles of the shovels. But, look what they've done with these damn poverty funds like in Chicago. I think the most flagrant example occurred with one of those gangs. They just hired them to be good. They didn't burn up any houses and they didn't riot. Now, I guess that's better than nothing but it doesn't solve anything. It would have been a lot better if they had gone in there and organized those folks into a work force. During the old depression, England had a corps similar to ours for middle-aged people. They took them and the first thing they did was give them a set of teeth. Then they fixed their hernias up. Then they started training them on something they could make a living on. When you do that you put a man into shape where he can get out and earn three meals a day.

ATLANTA: Mr. Bond, you introduced your first piece of legislation this year. What is it about?

BOND: It's a local bill just applying to the city of Atlanta. If you have a home that's declared unfit for human habitation, you don't pay rent to the landlord but for six months you pay rent to an escrow account in the bank. At the end of six months if the landlord hasn't brought it up to code standard then you can withdraw the money from the bank account...

HARRIS: Well, let me tell you something. That's one I would have joined you in.

ATLANTA: That's what?

HARRIS: That's one I would have joined you in. Among my pet peeves in life are these damn loan sharks and the next thing is these folks who take these houses out there and don't ever do a thing to them, just keep renting them year in and year out. They don't give a damn what shape they're in and that's the kind of property that won't get in an urban renewal project.

BOND: That's right.

HARRIS: Now, of course, what these damn landlords say is that they've got tenants that won't take care of them. But I'll tell you what; you know that Hornsby subdivision (Negro homes) we started in Augusta? You go down there and you don't find any nicer neighborhood or houses any better kept. They're still that way today. Who in the hell gives a damn about an old broken down shack? Who *wants* to take care of it?

BOND: Especially if you don't own it.

HARRIS: Yeah, and the other fellow is making you pay twice what it's worth.

ATLANTA: Mr. Bond, how would you differentiate yourself from Eldridge Cleaver?

BOND: I wouldn't call *him* a pig. That's the difference between the two of us.

HARRIS: You don't think that Cleaver is representing any substantial element of the Negro people, do you?

BOND: No, not a substantial number.

HARRIS: A minority that's very active.

BOND: It is very active, but I think it has to be listened to.

HARRIS: That's right.

BOND: I have a feeling that he's losing his popularity. When Malcolm X was killed, his popularity mushroomed. When Cleaver disappeared his popularity diminished. It mushroomed for awhile, and now it's diminished because people

/ continued on page 74

OSCA continued from page 41

surviving female infant in the brand new colony might have played among them. Roebing specified in the deed which gave much of his holdings to OSCA that the trees must not be tampered with, and now the road veers sharply away from each trunk to avoid damaging the roots. Once removed from the settled area, the woods become thick and animal life abounds. Visitors occasionally catch glimpses of long-toothed boars, two generations removed from domesticity, which are being trapped and sent to game preserves in Tennessee where they are billed as "wild charging boars." Unfortunately, according to Abbott, the pigs don't charge, although when pressed they do make fierce noises. There's also a roaming herd of wild asses, released years ago by Roebing, which, on occasion, get in the islanders' hair. Meandering through the woods is a stream now known as Runaway Negro Creek. It was originally Runaway Nigger Creek, but that was changed by OSCA's executive director, Dale Henson, the first time he had to send a map to Washington along with an application for federal funds to develop a state park.

Roebing himself adds an immense amount of color to the island's history. He pulled stakes from Trenton, New Jersey in the 1930's and set sail with his family in his yacht, the *Black Douglas*. The young millionaire, whose father developed the steel suspension cables that support the Brooklyn Bridge, visited Skidaway, fell in love with its primitive charm, and forthwith purchased the northern end of the island. For years, he and his family lived in the *Black Douglas*, nestled against the land. He built a gymnasium for his sons and a small dormitory-type building for them, several small cottages for the hired help, and a \$300,000 show barn for the prize Aberdeen Angus cattle he bred with love and care. In World War II, the Coast Guard claimed the *Black Douglas* for submarine patrolling duty and the Roebings were forced to move inland. (Ironically, the boat wound up as a tuna research vessel at the Scripps Institute of Oceanography and was only recently declared surplus.) They lived for a while in two of the small cabins he'd built, and later moved in with his mother when she erected a fine home on the island. Mr. and Mrs. Roebing live there today, generally shying away from visitors but cooperating fully with OSCA, even receiving visitors when Abbott or Henson mentions that it could be important to the future of the center.

On one wall of the barn, which Skidaway Institute officials think they can convert into "the finest marine lab in the country for \$280,000," there is still a group of blue ribbons, all won in 1952 by Roebing cattle. It was this show place, incidentally, in which Roebing's daughter was married, the building filled with

greenery and the iron feeders in each stall stuffed with ice and bottles of champagne. In addition to the cottages—one of which is called the Rice House for a professional cattle breeder who spent one week on the island before his wife begged him to leave—Roebing gave OSCA a power plant, which includes a diesel engine with the shiny chrome radiator from a Rolls Royce, and an elaborate fire-fighting system including hydrants, sprinkler pipes, and a rickety four-wheeled fire cart. The institute's scientists use the cottages for labs and storage and will make some use of them even after the \$400,000 institute building, constructed with funds from the



State Board of Regents, is fully occupied. The Regents made the money available after the Legislative Fiscal Affairs Committee balked at transferring \$140,000 to construct a smaller building.

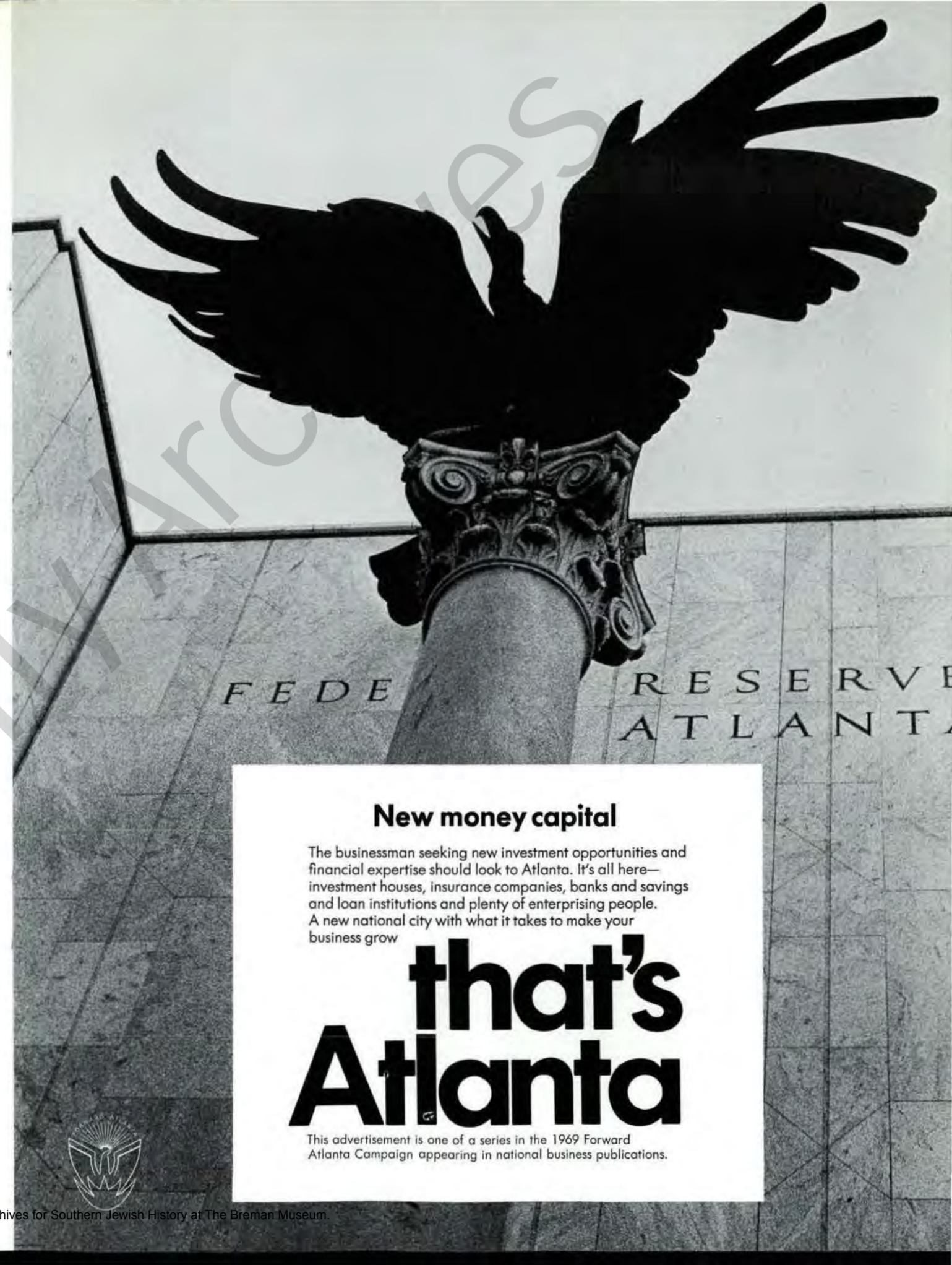
Working out of the cottages, the scientists were busy with their specialties. Dr. James W. Andrews, Jr., senior research scientist, is trying to determine how much better channel catfish will grow in running water with the idea that Georgia farmers may one day produce huge quantities of the fish in small ponds aerated by moving water. Dr. Jackson and Lee H. Knight, research engineer and assistant director for services, while finding most of their time consumed with organizational details, still manage to work on their unique swimmer

augmentation vehicle—a mini-sub which, unlike other such devices, is capable of traveling miles from a mother ship before carrying a diver deep under the sea. Dr. Herbert L. Windham, senior research scientist, is beginning a study of the effects of pollutants on the nearby estuaries. Dr. Howard H. Yen, senior research engineer, plans to live on the island while working with Andrews on the catfish study and on shrimp culture. (Georgia has a "unique pond" in which to develop shrimp, Abbott points out. The Gulf Stream thermally seals in an area from the Georgia-Florida line to Cape Hatteras which may one day lead the state to use that "pond" in the manner of the Japanese who recover 90 per cent of the shrimp they deposit in the ocean for growth.) The institute currently has requests in for \$400,000 worth of research grants, according to Dr. Jackson.

In centering on engineering and food-from-the-sea, the institute has hit on two of the major areas in which experts say oceanography must concentrate in the coming years. However, neither field is without its problems. For example, in 1966 the Woods Hole Institute, the second oldest oceanographic center in the country, built a robot that could measure currents, temperature, and other phenomena, then rise to the surface on its own. The first time it was used, it sank in several thousand feet of water off Bermuda. "It's still down there somewhere in the briny deep," reports the WALL STREET JOURNAL. And, while oceanographers are now looking to the day when an overpopulated world will have to turn to the sea for its prime source of food, it has been discovered that most Americans want to fill their stomachs in the interim with foods they can digest mentally as well as physically. One businessman recently marketed "sea steak" with great success until the Food and Drug Administration required that his product be correctly labeled "squid." He promptly went out of business.

But it is not just incidents like these which have toned down the degree of optimism with which oceanography is viewed today on a national level. The biggest factor is money. Federal research money is tight now and will tend to become even less plentiful for at least the next two years, according to a report prepared for OSCA by Arthur D. Little Inc. The report forecasts a reduced rate of growth for ocean programs of 3 to 5 per cent at the federal level in comparison to the 10 to 12 per cent growth it has been experiencing in recent years. Accelerated growth can be anticipated beginning one to two years after the Viet Nam conflict is ended, Little says. In Fiscal 1969, the federal government's total investment in marine sciences, research and applied, will be more than \$512 million.

After the first flush of enthusiasm over what some call "the Earth's last frontier,"



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the professionals now say the dream of harvesting huge amounts of food, drugs, minerals, and petroleum from the sea is nowhere near fruition. The WALL STREET JOURNAL declared in a recent article that anyone who counts on big near-term profits from exploration of the ocean is playing "wet roulette." Executive after executive of large ocean-oriented industries are quoted in national publications to the effect that conquest of the oceans lies well into the future. In addition, human physical limitations are generally underestimated, and technology is insufficient. For example, a diver tried to make a ninety-degree turn under eight hundred feet of water and while the upper part of his body turned his feet did not, causing the bones of his legs to separate at the knees. The Office of Naval Research (ONR) found during its meticulously planned Sealab II experiment in 1965 that divers were unable to perform simple tasks on the ocean floor even though they had been thoroughly practiced beforehand. "Insidious" mental effects associated with underwater activity turned up in another study for the ONR. Memory was impaired, particularly in cold water.

At the same time, however, oceanography experts say there is some basis for long-term optimism. The need to use the ocean eventually is real and the technical devices are slowly being created. Perhaps the biggest recent boost in the field came with the release of a report two years in the making by the President's Commission on Marine Science, Engineering and Resources. The commission recommended a new government agency—the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Agency (NOAA)—to coordinate the country's efforts in a number of specific areas. The commission recommended that exploration of the ocean at depths of 20,000 feet be made a national goal. The commission also called for a series of national laboratories, Continental Shelf laboratories and Continental Shelf nuclear power plants which would hopefully provide large scale power to metropolitan centers from offshore nuclear generating stations. The report recommended that this country spend \$8 billion over the next decade in the field of oceanography.

Abbott and Henson see in the report a beginning of a bright new day for oceanography in the early 1970's, and their goal has been to get Georgia in on "the ground floor" of that new era. The competition will be keen for the new dollars if and when they become available. In Fiscal 1967-68, there were 135 institutions in the United States offering study and/or research and development programs involving marine sciences and ocean engineering with a total budget of more than \$40 million. Of that sum 70 per cent was spent at four of the nation's oldest institutions—Scripps Institute of Oceanography (California), Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution (Massa-

chusetts), University of Miami, and University of Washington—leaving 131 institutions operating on \$12 million.

"The Skidaway Institute of Oceanography must develop a strong academic and technological base to participate significantly in ocean-oriented scientific and engineering programs in the face of strong competition from existing and new institutes and from dynamic, well financed corporations," the Little report warns. In fact, the Little report, for the most part, is filled with sobering thoughts about the economic possibilities of Skidaway. The report was ordered before the marine resources center concept evolved, and it therefore concentrates on the possibilities of building an ocean-related industrial complex on Skidaway without considering the enhanced possibilities of federal funds because of the expanded mission of OSCA and the state's not so secret weapon—U.S. Senate Appropriations Committee Chairman Richard B. Russell. The major point of the Little study is that for Skidaway Institute to have a reasonable chance of attracting satellite industries its total annual budget must be in the neighborhood of \$5 million. The report estimates that state funds of \$4 million should bring in another \$1 million in federal funds. The current five-year plan for SIO, however, projects a state budget of only \$450,000 by 1973-74. Of course, that says nothing of OSCA's hopes for funneling big money to the island via the marine resources center.

The Little report looks upon Skidaway as a potential industrial park and notes that the truly successful industrial developments around the country are occurred near supply centers and within twenty miles of major universities. One instrument fabrication facility, studied by Little, found it uneconomical to serve the University of Miami's oceanographic institute because its \$4.5 million research and development program and hardware requirements did not justify adjacent operations in the face of difficulty and delays in getting supplies from Atlanta. Local deficiencies in these supplies and services exert pressure on industry to locate elsewhere and this pressure, according to Little, increases as a small company grows and becomes less dependent on the institute as a customer. "There will be a strong impetus for such (ocean-oriented) companies to locate in Atlanta rather than in Savannah unless the logistic, skilled labor, and educational resources of Savannah can compete," the report says. And in regard to the last instance it recommends, "To enhance SIO's academic position and to attract technologically-based industry, complementary graduate and undergraduate programs in science and engineering should be located in the immediate area of Savannah."

The most devastating thing said about Skidaway's possibilities as an industrial

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Citation

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Glimpses of Georgia Aviation

Georgia Aviation Day - August 13-14, 1977

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT

THE STATE OF GEORGIA



Proclamation

BY THE GOVERNOR:

- WHEREAS: The availability of fast, efficient and convenient transportation has played a vital role in the elevation of the State of Georgia to its position of leadership in social and economic progress; and
- WHEREAS: Commercial and general aviation has been a significant and integral part of Georgia's transportation network by serving the citizens of this State since the infancy of the modern day aircraft; and
- WHEREAS: Aviation has made a great and direct contribution to the economic growth and prosperity within our State and has served the citizens of Georgia with fast, flexible and inexpensive transportation; and
- WHEREAS: The aircraft industry is well emplaced in the metropolitan Atlanta area with nine regularly scheduled airlines, four commuter carriers and ten freight carriers operating at Hartsfield International Airport; and
- WHEREAS: Aviation and aviation related industries, including four major manufacturers, have contributed in excess of \$1 billion to the economy of Georgia in the form of salaries, investments and profits; and
- WHEREAS: The growing fleet of aircraft in Georgia has expanded the opportunities available to Georgia's businessmen, scientists, professionals and travelers by eliminating geographical barriers; and
- WHEREAS: There are 4,546 registered aircrafts in the State of Georgia which are flown by 15,423 pilots who have been trained to observe the strictest safety standards; and
- WHEREAS: Aviation is one of the safest, swiftest and most economical modes of transportation available to Georgians; and
- WHEREAS: All citizens of the State of Georgia should be made aware of the advances of aviation and its contribution to the growth and prosperity of this State; now
- THEREFORE: I, George Busbee, Governor of the State of Georgia, do hereby proclaim the week of August 13-19, 1977, as "Georgia Aviation Week."



In Witness Whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Seal of the Executive Department to be affixed. This 12th day of, July, 1977

George Busbee
GOVERNOR

BY THE GOVERNOR
Arman J. Underwood
Secretary, Executive Department





Christian City INC.

7345 RED OAK ROAD
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30349
TELEPHONE (404) 964-7826



Out of the needs of children and the elderly and a desire to minister to these needs, Christian City and its Home for Children, Retirement Homes and Convalescent Center came into being. Sponsored by the Christian churches of the southeast and supported by these churches as well as numerous civic clubs, businesses and individuals, Christian City opened its first cottage for children in 1965 for 12 youngsters. Its Home for Children now cares for more than 100 boys and girls in its 10 cottages and through its foster homes program. Toddlers to college age youngsters are finding fulfillment of their needs here.

In 1968 Christian City began its ministry to the elderly when the first apartments for retired persons was made available to them on a life-time lease basis. More than 50 elderly or handicapped adults now make their homes in independent-living apartments at Christian City. Plans are now being completed to build 110 additional apartments for the elderly which will be made available to them on a monthly rental basis. Rental fees are based on ability of the resident to pay. Residents of the Retirement Homes apartments are provided transportation to shopping areas, to churches, to medical services and to social gatherings as needed. A secure life style in a Christian atmosphere among caring people keeps the Retirement Homes filled to capacity at all times.

In April, 1977, the plans of 15 years were brought to a happy culmination when construction on Christian City Convalescent Center began. This facility, consisting of 150 beds for intermediate nursing care and 50 beds for skilled nursing care, makes possible a vastly broadened ministry to the young and the old. Its cafeteria, hair care salon, ice cream parlor, therapy rooms, outpatient clinic, laundry, pharmacy, meals on wheels program and visiting nurses will serve not only the patients in the Center but also will reach out into the cottages for children, the apartments for the elderly and into the surrounding community to minister to the needs of all ages.

The ministries of Christian City to homeless children who need loving care, to elderly and handicapped individuals and couples who need a secure, happy environment in which to spend their last years and to the sick who need compassionate and competent nursing care are made possible by the gifts of individuals, clubs, companies, churches and groups who have a concern for the needs of others. Since Christian City is a non-profit, tax-exempt corporation, all donations to its ministries are tax deductible. It is governed by a 40-member board of trustees made up of Christian men and women who are community leaders. While caring for the physical needs of its residents, both young and old, Christian City at the same time endeavors to minister to the intellectual, emotional and spiritual needs of each individual through its comprehensive program of total care.

Located on 50 lovely acres of land in South Fulton County less than 2 miles from Interstate Highway 85 and less than 1/2 mile from State Highway 138, Christian City welcomes visitors to its campus. You are welcome at any time.

The children, the residents of the Retirement Homes, the staff, the trustees and friends of Christian City take this opportunity to thank you for your contribution to the success of the Georgia Aviation Day Air Show. Profit from the Air Show will be used to expand its ministries to the young, the old, the sick and the handicapped. Thank you for sharing with Christian City as it cares for others.

Foreword

The Aviation Industry has come a long way from the Wright Brothers first flight on Kittyhawk to the Apollo Missions to the Moon. This industry has seen such rapid growth since its beginning, and much of that growth and activity has been in the state of Georgia.

Many daring flyers from Georgia played prominent roles in the early history of aviation. Even Lucky Lindy, Charles Lindbergh, came to Atlanta as a test pilot for a plane that was manufactured at the Atlanta Municipal Airport. Today we have four companies in Georgia which manufacture airplanes: Lockheed, Grumman, Maule, and Rockwell International.

In addition, Georgia was the location for the beginning of three major commercial airlines: Delta, Eastern, and Southern. And, today, Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport is second in the world to Chicago's O'Hare in daily traffic.

In Glimpses of Georgia Aviation, an attempt has been made to capture important moments in the history of Georgia Aviation for the first time ever. Many of the facts about certain individuals, businesses, and airports have never been printed before. Therefore, we are glad for this opportunity to compile these exciting moments into one booklet for the people of Georgia. As you read through the pages, you can see for yourself that many spirited and adventuresome individuals have, over the years, been responsible for the Aviation Industry's success today. To them, we say thank you. And, we hope this booklet will serve as a constant reminder of their great feats.

Special thanks to Franklin Garrett for editorial assistance.

From Barnstorming to Hartsfield International

In 1922 the City of Atlanta leased, with an option to buy, a tract of land nine miles south of Five Points. That land is today a small part—in fact, less than 8%—of the acreage of Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport. The property, then owned by the Candler family, had for some years been the site of a two-mile race track. City officials hoped that the 287-acre Candler Speedway might in due time become a bustling airport. By 1924 *The Atlanta Journal* reported that Fulton County's Department of Public Works had completed about half of the initial grading project.

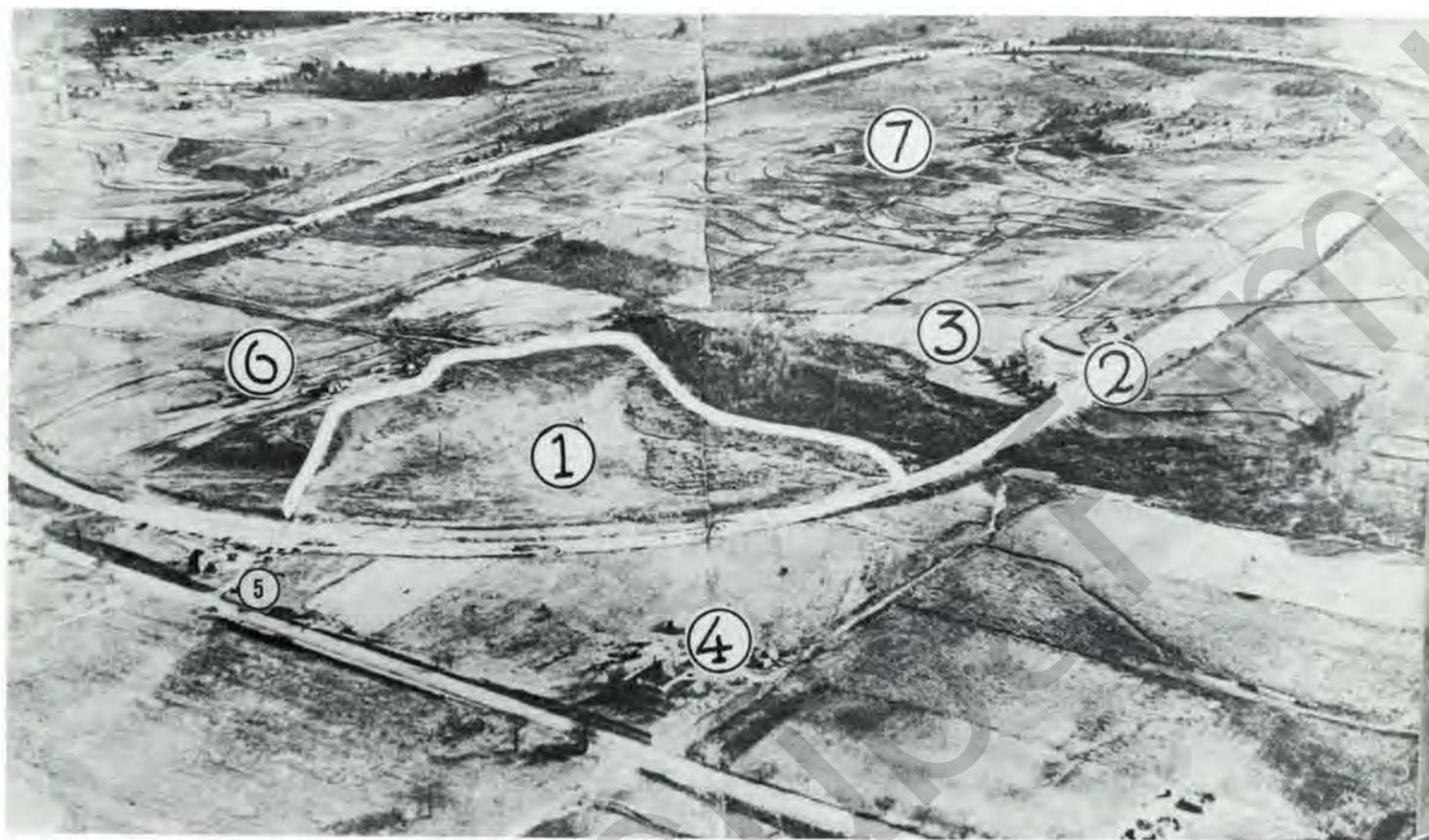
The first days of this new airfield were often rather uneventful. Some of the barnstormers who landed there when the field was little more than a "landing spot" reportedly whiled away the time eating the blackberries that grew alongside the old track.

More grading was done in 1926 to provide two landing strips, each about 1500 feet in length. The pace of activity at the field quickened in 1927, the year of Lindbergh's historic flight across the Atlantic, when planes carrying air mail began regular flights to and from Atlanta. And three men—Beeler Blevins, Doug Davis, and Harold Pitcairn—built

the first hangars on the property in that same year. Little by little, the field was beginning to look like an airport.

In 1929 the airport property was purchased from the Candler Estate for \$94,600. Construction on a terminal building was begun, and, in that same year, Jack Gray was hired as the first airport manager.

Eastern Air Transport—earlier Pitcairn Aircraft Company and subsequently Eastern Airlines—inaugurated passenger service from Atlanta to New York in December, 1930. For Eastern's twin-engine Condor, the run from Atlanta to New York took



The 1st Atlanta Airport was Candler Field, a former race track. (1) Landing Field (2) Home Stretch Speedway (3) Swampy Pasture Land (4) Ruins of old Speedway Clubhouse (5) Tenant shack at entrance of 1919 flying field and where present entrance is located (6) House of Bob Holley, caretaker (7) Remains of hospital for racers injured on track.



South Fulton On The Grow! That's the slogan under which the South Fulton Chamber of Commerce operates, and that's exactly what we mean. South Fulton is a fine place to live and in which to grow!

The South Fulton Chamber of Commerce has a record of diversified service to the community. It has taken the lead in development of a viable industrial base, pioneered the development of cooperation between industry and the educational facilities of the area, and served as a leader in community affairs from clean-up programs to chairing a Citizens Committee Against Annexation.

In addition, the South Fulton Chamber has played a major role in attracting new businesses to the area. Owens-Corning Fiberglas, Inc., Owens-Illinois Glass Products, Inc., and Ralston-Purina Pet Food Division are just a few of the new industries in our area.

The South Fulton Chamber of Commerce works daily on legislative and economic issues which affect the business community. The Chamber has lobbied for road improvements, changes in plans for road construction, and realignment of construction schedules as in the case of MARTA.

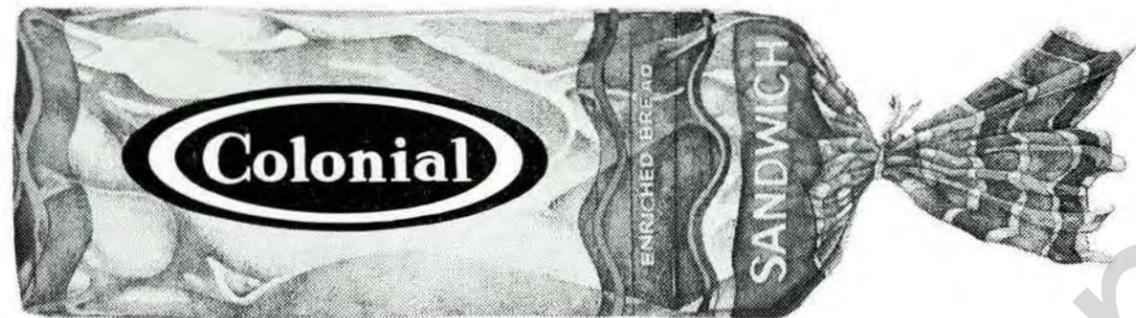
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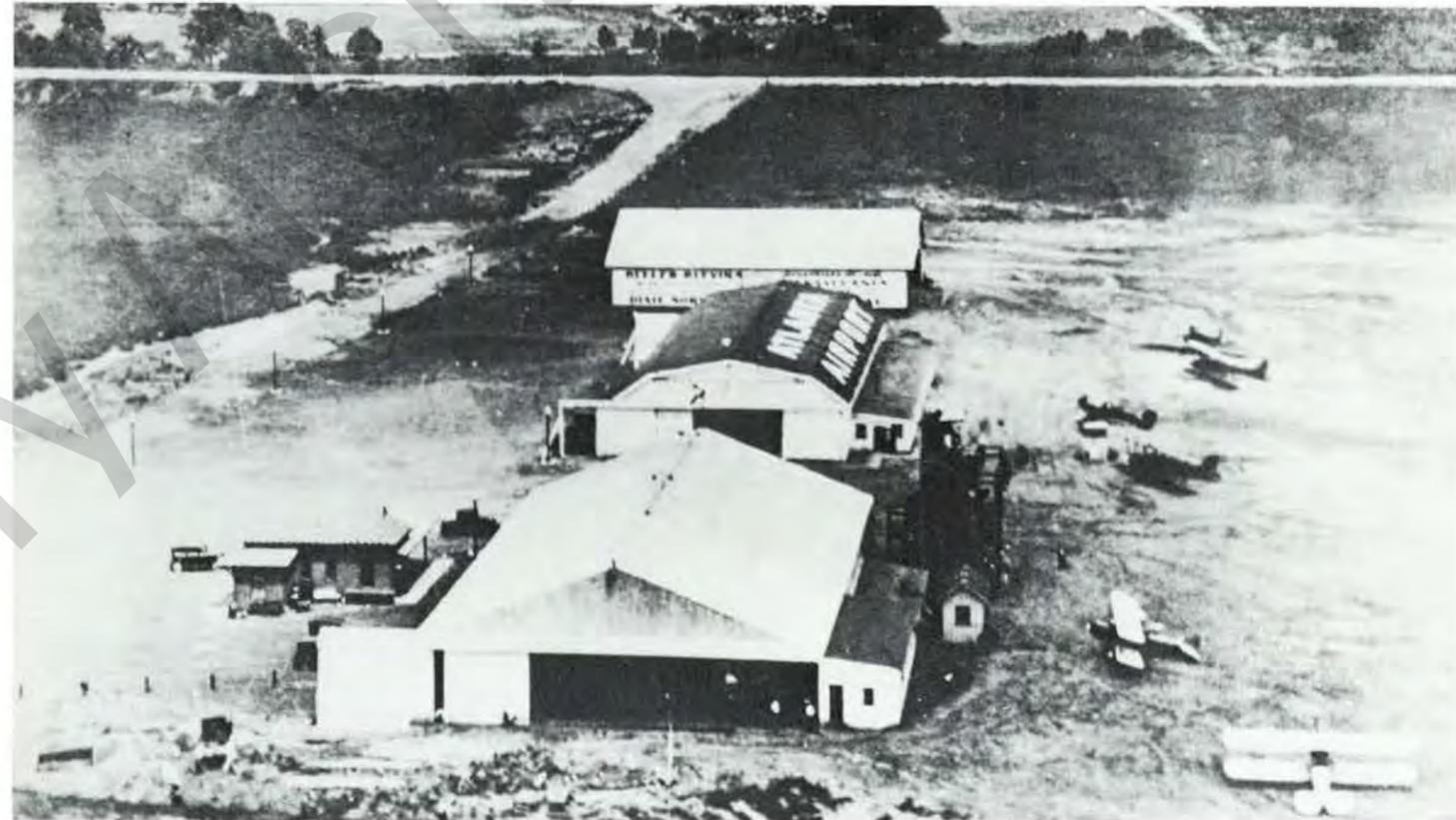
211 Moreland Avenue, NE
Atlanta, Ga 30307



Left—1926—Postmaster Large receives airmail from pilot on first airmail flight by Florida Airlines from Jacksonville, Florida to Atlanta, Georgia.

Center—The Atlanta Airport—1927

Bottom—1929—The Pitcairn and Beeler Blevins Aircraft Hangars. Ryan planes (the same that Charlie Lindbergh flew) can be seen in the foreground.





Above — The first three hangars at Candler Field, about 1929.

Right — Hangar lane of Eastern Air Lines as it was in 1933. The old Atlanta Aircraft hangar, actually used to manufacture airplanes, is next to the last hangar in the upper portion of the picture.



eight hours. There were eight stops along the way. It is little wonder that some of these planes were equipped with sleeping berths!

Delta Air Corporation, after carrying air mail to Atlanta briefly in 1930, began regular mail and passenger flights to the airport in 1934. Delta had originated in the late 1920's as a crop dusting operation based in Monroe, Louisiana.

As traffic at Atlanta Airport increased, additional land was purchased to provide space for longer runways. During the 1930's convicts and several hundred W.P.A. men were among those who worked to expand the field. A great variety of equipment was used. Wheelbarrows, mule teams and wagons, tractors, and

a Model A pickup truck were pressed into service. Workmen utilized a power shovel to scoop up three and one-half cubic feet of earth at one time. And, for a time, dirt was hauled by an engine and ten flatcars on 3,000 feet of narrow gauge railroad track. In 1935 the runways were paved for the first time.

World War II served as a catalyst to speed the expansion of the American aviation industry. Here in Georgia, the Bell Bomber Plant (now Lockheed) operated at full capacity. The Atlanta Airport saw an increase in military flights. At war's end more Americans than ever before were flying. Hundreds of military pilots moved to the civilian sector.

By the late 1940's it was obvious

that Atlanta's original terminal building was too small, and a new "temporary" passenger facility was erected. This hangar-style terminal, intended for two or three years of service, was erected for only \$180,000. From 1948 until 1961, this building was Atlanta's gate to the air.

In the year following completion of the temporary terminal, another Atlanta-based airline began operation. Southern Airways' first route linked Atlanta and Memphis, with several intermediate stops.

Atlanta's potential as a major center of American aviation was clearly demonstrated during the 1950's. With the city's first international flight in 1954 and the beginning of jet service in 1959, the need

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Aviation Firsts



THE FIRST AIRLINE STEWARDESSES

In 1930 Ellen Church persuaded Boeing Air Transport, a predecessor of United Air Lines, to hire eight trained nurses, which included her, to be the world's first airline stewardesses. Each stewardess had to be not older than 25 years old, with a weight of 115 pounds or less, and not over 5 feet 4 inches tall. The pay was \$125 per month for 100 hours of flying time.



THREE FIRSTS BY ONE MAN

Adolphe Pegoud in 1913 joined the Bleriot Company and quickly made his mark by parachuting from an old aircraft that had been condemned. He was thus the first pilot, though not the first man, to leave an aeroplane in flight. Then on September 2, 1913, Pegoud flew upside down for the first time, and on September 21 of that year in a specially strengthened Bleriot monoplane, he succeeded in "looping the loop," or flying his aircraft round in a vertical circle so that it was inverted at the top. In great demand as an exhibition pilot, Pegoud enlisted as a pilot in World War I and was killed within a year in the service of his country.



THE FIRST PASSENGER SERVICE IN U.S.A.

On January 1, 1914, Tony Jannus, a well-known cross-country flyer, took off from Tampa, Florida, on a 22-mile over-water flight to St. Petersburg, Florida, carrying one paying passenger in a Benoist flying-boat. Hardly more than a charter flight, it was nevertheless the first of a scheduled service in the United States. The line lasted only a few weeks due to being an economic failure, but it is assured of its place in the history of aviation since it was the first-ever scheduled heavier-than-air passenger operation.



THE FIRST AIR MAIL SERVICE IN THE U.S.A.

The U.S. Post Office opened the first sectors of the transcontinental air mail service in 1919, and Eddie Hubbard began an experimental mail service between Seattle and Vancouver. It was several years later before any U.S. company established sustained passenger air services.

Below—1931—Charles Lindbergh as a test pilot of one of three planes built at Atlanta Airport by Atlanta Aircraft Corporation. From left to right are Mr. Prodent, Mr. Whitehead, Mr. Lindbergh and Mr. Gray.



for expanded facilities was underscored. Mayor William B. Hartsfield was determined to see a new air terminal to meet the needs of the region and to encourage further growth. Built at a cost of \$18,000,000, a dazzling new terminal was dedicated in 1961. Ultimately, as a tribute to the late mayor, the airport complex was given the name "Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport."

Few could have anticipated the accelerated growth of Hartsfield Airport in the fifteen years following 1961. During this period the airport property has grown from 1,550 to 3,750 acres. In 1976 a new control tower, built for \$7,500,000, began operation. According to the Air

Transport Association, more than 13,600,000 people boarded airplanes at Hartsfield and 209,000 aircraft departures were tallied in 1976.

Nine scheduled airlines, ten freight carriers, and four commuter carriers presently serve Hartsfield. These companies and other private and governmental agencies directly involved in the operation of the airport provide jobs for more than 21,000 people. The total annual salaries for these employees exceed \$386,500,000. But these salaries are only a part of the airport's economic impact upon the region. Consider, for example, the multiplied millions spent for advertising, fuel, rents, taxes, and construction.

As of today, Atlanta ranks as the second busiest airport in the nation in terms of passenger enplanements. Only Chicago's O'Hare International Airport can boast more activity.

The next few years will bring dramatic changes at Hartsfield Airport. The "permanent" terminal is scheduled to be augmented in 1981 by a sprawling \$320,000,000 mid-field terminal. Domestic and international enplanements will climb significantly.

Georgia aviation has come a long way from the days of the barnstormers who picked blackberries at the Candler Speedway. And exciting days lie ahead!



The Economic Impact of Aviation in Georgia



		Total Number Employees	Total Annual Payroll
Airlines:	Delta Air Lines	11,805	\$250,304,000
	Eastern Air Lines	5,018	110,394,000
	Southern Airways	1,543	25,728,000
Federal Government:	FAA	2,557	55,000,000
Manufacturers:	Lockheed-Georgia Co. (Marietta)	8,500	150,000,000
	Grumann	1,977	24,000,000
	Rockwell International	150	1,170,000
	Maule	106	624,000
TOTAL		31,656	617,220,000



While the above figures are accurate, they by no means give the whole picture of the economic impact the aviation industry has in the state of Georgia. Our guess is that the total economic impact would be somewhere in the neighborhood of \$2 billion for 1977. And, it's worthwhile to note that Hartsfield International Airport is the largest private employer in our state.



Top — In 1940, the Atlanta Municipal Airport was still trying to collect \$9,000 of the \$11,000 pledged by Fulton County to help the city pay for this "new, modern" control tower and terminal (according to the minutes of the Fulton County Board of Commissioners, April 3, 1940).

Lower left — Grady Ridgeway, Airport Manager, Hartsfield International Airport — Mr. Ridgeway began work at Hartsfield as an airport engineer in 1954. In 1955 he was made Assistant Manager to Jack Gray, then Airport Manager. Upon Mr. Gray's retirement in 1962, Grady Ridgeway became Airport Manager.



Breaking ground for the present terminal building. Pictured from left to right are Bill Hartsfield, Jesse Draper, Jack Gray, and Mr. Spencer of C. A. A.



These pretty girls of the day were modeling and promoting products.



HILL AIRCRAFT & LEASING CORP.

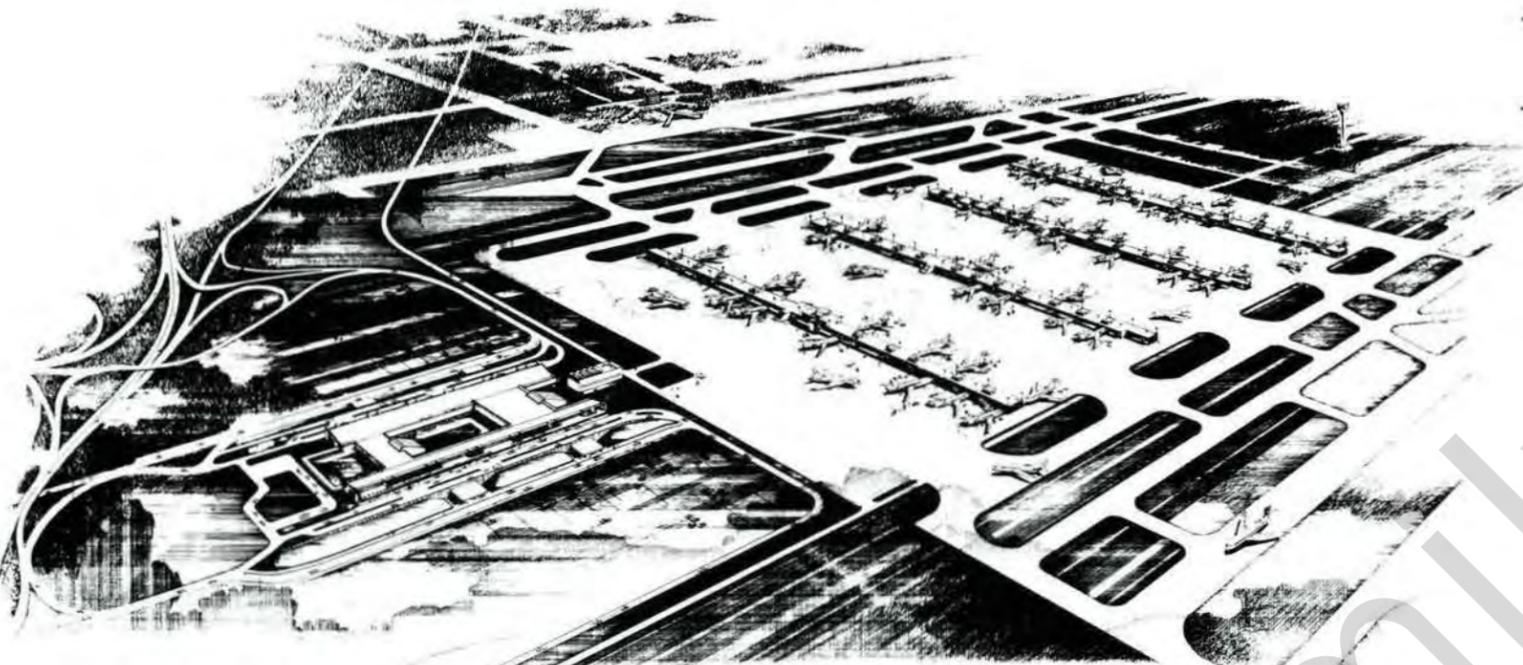
is one of four (4) general aviation operators on the Charlie Brown County Airport. The facility now operated by the Hill operation began doing business in 1950, which was the year the airport began operation.

The original organization was Southeastern Air Service, the principal owner was (the late) Millard Davis. Mr. Davis later sold part interest to Mr. M. L. Elder, and as result of that partnership, the operation was then named Davis-Elder Corporation.

Mr. Elder had purchased the manufacturing rights to the Dart Aircraft. Mr. Elder also negotiated with Bellanca Corporation for the manufacturing rights for the Bellanca Aircraft. Both the Bellanca and Dart Aircraft were to be manufactured on the then Fulton County Airport (now Charlie Brown County Airport.) After the aircraft manufacturing business failed to materialize, Davis and Elder sold the business to Mr. & Mrs. Gene Barwick (carpet manufacturers.) Mr. Barwick reorganized the business which then became Barwick-Harwell, Inc.

In 1956 the Barwick's sold the operation to the present owners. The name was then changed to Hill Aircraft & Leasing Corp. The Hill organization, commonly classed as a fixed-base operator, serves the entire aviation community with the exception of the Air Lines, buying, selling, leasing, servicing and storing airplanes.

Hartsfield International 1980



On January 11, 1977, ground-breaking ceremonies were held for the new midfield terminal now under construction at Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport at a projected cost of \$281,000,000. This modern facility is a central passenger terminal complex designed to accommodate more than 55 million passengers annually. It is expected to be operational in 1980. Approximately two miles long and more than one-half mile wide, this new facility will be comprised of two terminal buildings and four passenger concourse buildings with a total of 104 aircraft gate positions. Until 1980 this construction will provide more than 5,000 new jobs for those engaged in building the facility. With the continuing expansion of the airport facilities, airport employees will increase from the present 22,000 in 1977 to over 35,000 in 1985. The midfield terminal will be a great asset to Atlanta, its citizens and its economy both now and for years to come.



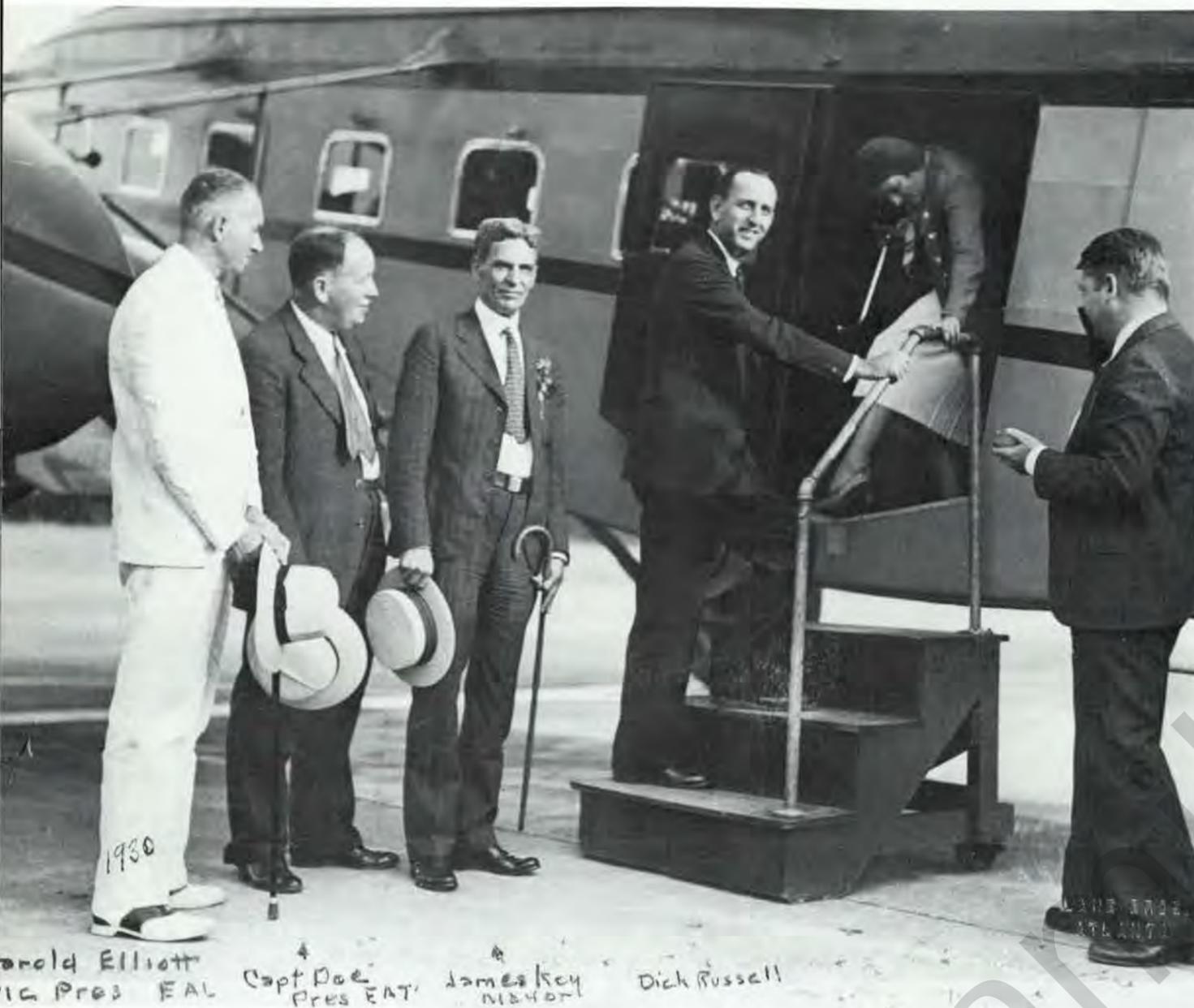
Atlanta Airport – August, 1932 – First Air Express

Aviation Firsts



THE FIRST AIR RACES

The first air race was held in Cleveland, Ohio, on Labor Day, 1929. A young Georgia flyer, Doug Davis, successfully flew his howling Mystery ship around the pylons to humiliate even the hottest military fighters. Thinking that he had cut inside a pylon on the third lap, Davis recircled it not once but twice. The crowd fell silent as Davis relapped the entire field to win the first Charles E. Thompson sponsored race and launch a decade of civilian-dominated spectacle not duplicated before or since.



1930
 Harold Elliott
 Capt. Doe
 James Key
 Dick Russell

Dick Russell boards plane in 1930 to launch a campaign trip. Pictured with him are from left to right: Harold Elliott, Vice President—Eastern Air Transport; Captain John Doe, President—Eastern Air Transport; and James Key, Mayor.

Aviation Firsts



THE FIRST MID-AIR REFUELING

Barnstormer Earl May demonstrated mid-air refueling in July, 1921, by changing aircraft with a can of gasoline strapped to his back!

The year 1927 was significant in the early development of DeKalb County and the entire Metro Atlanta area, as well as marking a special date in the progress of aviation. The same year that Captain Charles A. Lindbergh made his memorable flight across the Atlantic, the first officers of the newly-formed Decatur Building and Loan Association—later to become Decatur Federal Savings and Loan Association—were elected. The first meeting of shareholders was held the month that Lindbergh took off from Roosevelt Field on Long Island.

As aviation was becoming a vital thrust in the progress of our nation's economy and improving our way of life, the savings and loan industry was also growing into one of the country's most important businesses contributing to the good life.

DeKalb County was emerging from an agricultural economy into a semi-urban economy oriented toward the fast growing metropolis six miles west of Decatur. A group of far-sighted businessmen recognized the need for an adequate supply of funds for a solidly conceived mortgage loan program to finance the development of property and the construction and purchase of homes for the many newcomers who would want to locate in DeKalb.

These businessmen moved with determination to fill this need in order for DeKalb to fulfill its destiny and become one of the finest residential counties in the South, and formed the Decatur Building and Loan Association. One of these founders was Julius A. McCurdy, attorney for the new Association, who retired in 1975 as chairman of the board. He served as president of Decatur Federal from 1957 until 1960, when he was elected chairman.

Starting out with \$1,946.50 in February, 1927, Decatur Federal Savings and Loan Association's assets today exceed \$825 million. From a small office on the second floor of the Masonic Temple Building in Downtown Decatur, the Association has mushroomed into a lending institution serving seven counties in the Metro Atlanta area, with 23 offices in DeKalb, Fulton, Cobb, Gwinnett, Clayton, Rockdale, and Walton Counties.

During these more than fifty years of growth, Decatur Federal's management has shown concern for the environment in which its members live, providing funds for home builders and home buyers and contributing to the orderly growth of the counties which it serves.

Although proud of our past, we realize that we must work continually to maintain high standards so that, in the future, we can continue to be proud of our accomplishments. We are committed to devote our efforts not only toward the success of our Association, but also to the progress and growth of the savings and loan industry and its universal goals of helping to create new environments, pleasures, and life styles for people in all walks of life.

DECATUR FEDERAL
 SAVINGS AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

A Tribute to Jack Gray- Atlanta Airport's First Manager

Mr. Jack Gray, Atlanta's Airport Manager from 1929 until 1962, has generously offered permission to publish many of the rare photographs in his extensive collection of aviation memorabilia. Jack Gray knows flying. His experience dates back to his days of service in the aviation section of the Army Signal Corps during World War I.

These pictures tell an important part of the story of the last half-century of flying in Georgia. Here is photographic evidence of the dramatic development of one of the nation's most important airports. One can almost hear the clamor of the Sunday afternoon crowds of the 1930's waiting to see a parachute jumping exhibition. We can imagine the excitement of seeing "Lucky Lindy" in the cockpit of a new plane built in Atlanta. We can wonder how comfortable a berth in the world's first sleeper aircraft was.

These remarkable photographs are all the more valuable because Jack Gray was *there* when they were made. He can tell us about them because he remembers vividly the people and the planes that blazed the trail for aviation today.

We express our gratitude to one of Atlanta's foremost aviation pioneers, Mr. Jack Gray, for sharing these fascinating glimpses into our past.



Airport Manager Jack Gray in 1961.



Above Left - Gray in 1919 when he was stationed at Pershing Station in Paris, France.

Left - Jack Gray with his parachuting dog in 1930. Gray would take his dog up in a plane to 1,500 feet and let her parachute back to the ground.



Above - Atlanta - December, 1930 - Passengers board the Curtiss Condor. Below - Atlanta's first passengers boarded a Curtiss Condor in the morning so they could be in New York before dark.



Other Glimpses of Georgia Aviation



Standing in front of a Condor are: third from left, Captain John Doe, President of Eastern Air Transport; fourth from left, Mayor Ike Ragsdale; and on the right end, E. K. Large, Postmaster.



**Shell
Aviation**

A History of Leadership

The history of aviation is a story of challenge and leadership. From the earliest days of flight to the age of space, men have worked unceasingly to supply the aircraft, fuels and know-how to meet that challenge. A part of that history is the story of Shell Aviation.

In 1910, seven years after Orville and Wilbur Wright flew into history, a delivery of aviation gasoline was made to an airplane entered in a Boston air race. The cans were marked "Shell". That was the start of Aviation Gasoline.

In 1930, Shell hired James H. Doolittle, an Army Air Corps lieutenant, to manage its aviation department. With new fueling techniques and superior fuels, Doolittle and his associates broke record after record and won the Thompson and Harmon trophies. The magic names of Doolittle and Shell began to turn America's eyes to the heavens.

During the depression, when aviation suffered financial setbacks, Shell took a multimillion-dollar gamble and developed commercial manufacturing methods for iso-octane—the basis for 100-octane manufacture. The first commercial quantity of this fuel was delivered to the Army Air Corps in 1934. During World War II Shell provided 13% of America's war time requirements of Aviation fuel.

Shell scientists established the first full-scale laboratory in the U.S. to investigate the experimental gas turbine engine. This paid off in 1955 when Capital Airlines inaugurated the first turbo-prop service in America with the Viscount. Shell was the exclusive fuel supplier.

Shell, the largest supplier of commercial aviation gasoline since 1950, continued as the chief seller of commercial turbine fuel.

After World War II at the U.S. Air Force's request, Shell developed a gasoline additive TCP that cleared up the Air Force's spark plug problems.

When North American Aviation was searching for grease for the X-15, 24 products were investigated. Of this only five were suitable, and only AERO-SHELL Grease 5A was in commercial production—an example of Shell anticipating an aviation need. Then, after two years of research, Shell introduced AEROSHELL Oil W. As the world's first non-ash, dispersant piston-engine oil, it is by far the outstanding engine oil in one of the world's most highly competitive fields.

Shell has one of the most extensive and complete networks of turbine fuel delivery points in the country today, and one of the largest fleets of aircraft fueling vehicles.

Shell developed the petroleum industry's first turbine fuel equipment laboratory devoted exclusively to the evaluation and design of filters and related fuel-handling equipment. Even the very technique of underwing fueling is a Shell development.

These are some of the ways in which Shell has been meeting successfully more than a half century of aviation challenges.



Ben Epps stands by his flying Jenny in 1926.

Ben Epps - Georgia's Pioneer in the Sky

Ben Epps of Athens, Georgia, had much in common with Wilbur and Orville Wright. Like the Wright brothers, Mr. Epps had a bicycle shop where he built and repaired bicycles. And like the Wright brothers, he built and flew his own airplanes.

In 1904, Mr. Epps dropped out of Georgia Tech to open his bicycle shop in Athens. He was also an electrical contractor, and his small shop on Washington Street doubled as a garage where he tinkered with motorcycles and early automobiles.

Each morning he would roll out a barrel of gasoline in front of his shop to service the vehicles of his customers.

As early as 1905, Ben Epps was at work on a flying machine. In 1907, he was photographed outside his shop with the first plane he had completed. Mr. Marion N. Todd of Route 1, Winterville, Georgia, remembered seeing Mr. Epps fly his aircraft around 1908. Mr. T. W. Reed, an Athens editor and historian, wrote about Mr. Epps' first flight in his flying machine in his column, "Echoes from

Memoryland", in the *Athens Banner* in 1946. Mr. Reed was an eye witness to the event. According to Mr. Reed, the first attempt to get the machine off the ground and into the air failed, but the second attempt was successful. The plane got up about 40 or 50 feet and maintained its flight about 100 yards. Then it came down and as it hit the ground it lost both wings, but fortunately pilot Epps was not even scratched.

Mr. Epps' first flying machine bore some resemblance to the first

Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

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Whitaker Oil Company started in business in the late 1920's as a proprietorship, operated by C.B. Whitaker, Sr. In the early 1930's J.J. Dinsmore joined the company as a partner. Later Dinsmore sold his interest to C.B. Whitaker, Sr. and in 1958 the company was incorporated. C.B. Whitaker, Jr. joined the company after completing his education and became its President upon the death of his father in 1971.

During the early days the company distributed gasoline, diesel fuel, kerosene, oils, & greases in the Metro-Atlanta area. Solvents were added to our product lines in the early 30's.

The company now operates in several Southeastern States and maintains product storage in Atlanta, Ga., Columbus, Ga., Bremen, Ga. & Panama City, Fla.

We also operate tug boats & barges in one of our sister companies in order to insure adequate inventories to serve our customers.

Some of the products distributed at this time are: gasoline, diesel fuel, kerosene, mineral spirits, toluene, xylene, 100 solvent, 150 solvent, hexane, lacquer diluent, acetone, methanol, oxygenated solvents, etc.

We feel that we have the personnel, equipment and facilities to render good service and distribution in the Southeastern States.

WHITAKER OIL COMPANY

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PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

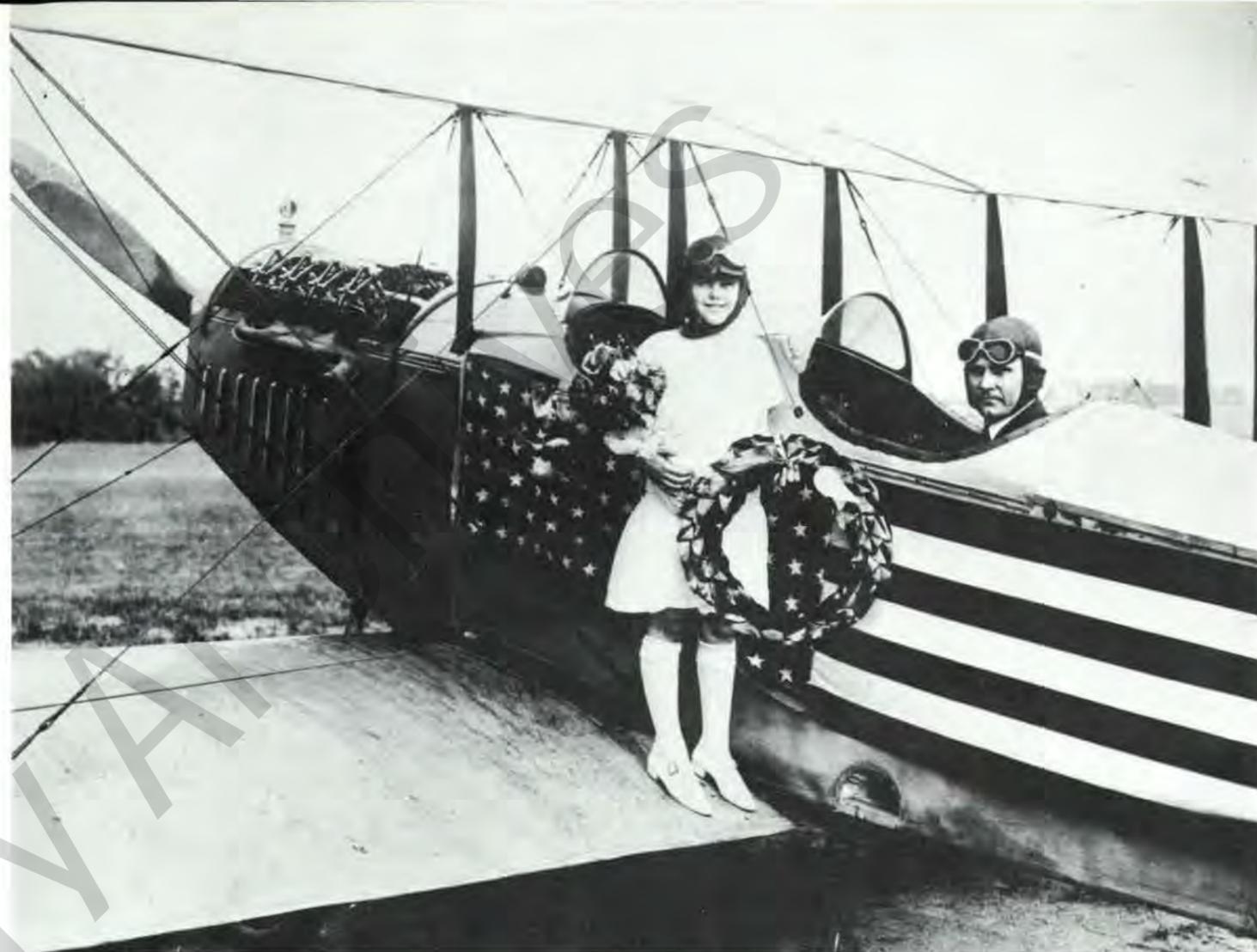
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Ben Epps pictured with oldest daughter, Evelyn, on May 30, 1924, when they dropped wreaths on World War I graves from 300 feet in the air.

Wright Flyer, primarily in that the horizontal stabilizer was in front, and it had a pusher-type propeller. However, it was a monoplane, while the Wrights flew first in a biplane. Mr. Epps had used his mother's sewing machine to fashion the first fabric for the wings of his aircraft.

One month after Orville Wright made a spectacular flight of one hour, 20 minutes and 45 seconds at the record altitude of 260 to 280 feet, Mr. Epps launched his second airship in August, 1909. It reportedly got airborne briefly, but then was demolished in a crash. Again Mr. Epps walked away from the wreckage.

In 1909-1910, another plane was begun. It was powered by an engine mounted in front and had four land-

ing wheels, a steering wheel, and one wing, but still it was reluctant to fly. It also ended as a mass of mangled fabric, wires, wood, and metal.

Undaunted, Mr. Epps built another plane which he completed in 1912. A picture of its demise in a 1912 crash shows features evolving in his planes which were employed in the successful 1925 Epps Light Monoplane, which he sold for \$1,000 to C. Gleasman of Syracuse, New York, in July, 1926.

In 1919 he and L. M. (Monte) Rolfe established the Rolfe-Epps Flying Service in Athens to offer passenger flights, flying instruction and aerial photography. During these years Mr. Epps also bought, repaired and sold other aircraft. He also de-

signed and built a controllable pitch propeller. This developed into the Epps Light Monoplane. An Athens newspaper reported on May 31, 1925, that upon completion of its fourth flight, it was considered "highly satisfactory". The plane weighed 340 pounds, had a two cylinder motorcycle engine, a speed of 60 mph and got 25 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

Mr. Epps began teaching his growing family of children to fly, and Ben, Jr., the oldest son, soloed at age 13 in 1929. He established a record which led to a White House reception for him by President Hoover in 1931. Eight of his nine children are or have been aviators. His six sons are all engaged in various phases of aviation. His youngest son, Ernest Patrick



Epps is pictured with oldest son, Ben, who soloed at age 13 in 1929, establishing a record which led to a White House reception for him.

Epps, is president of Epps Air Service and Epps Aircraft, Inc. at the DeKalb-Peachtree Airport.

Ben Epps was critically injured in a crash at Athens in 1935 and in 1937, he was fatally injured in a take-off crash at the Athens airport, which

is now named in his honor. His wife, Omie Williams Epps, was a staunch supporter of his interest and adventures in aviation. After his death, she encouraged their children to actively participate in their father's chosen field.

Aviation Firsts



THE FIRST AIRLINE

Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin in 1909 formed a company to purchase airships, test their capabilities and put them into regular service transporting passengers from city to city. An LZ. 7 named *Deutschland* was flown to Dusseldorf in June, 1910, and in the next two weeks made six flights between Dusseldorf, Frankfurt and Baden-Baden, all carrying passengers.

2

and demanding growth of aviation, FAA is presently implementing a computer-based semi-automated air traffic control system at all of the domestic en route centers at all major terminal facilities.

AIRPORTS... Traffic demands projected for the 1980's lend credence to FAA's effort to expand and modernize the nation's airport facilities. The agency was given the power to pursue this objective through the Airport and Airway Development Act of 1970 which established the Airport Development Aid Program (ADAP) and the Planning Grant Program (PGP). FAA allocates ADAP funds, on a cost-sharing basis, for airport improvement and construction. Through the PGP, FAA helps promote orderly and timely development of the nation's airport system by assisting state and local authorities in identifying present and future air transportation needs.

In addition to safety, FAA also has important responsibilities to make the airplane compatible with

the environment by controlling noise and emission characteristics. The agency considers these efforts of critical importance in ensuring the future growth and development of civil aviation in the U.S.

Another major FAA responsibility is the Civil Aviation Security Program. Efforts in this area are aimed at preventing or deterring such criminal acts as air piracy, sabotage, extortion, and other crimes that could adversely affect aviation safety.

FAA supports all its activities with extensive research and development efforts, much of which is done at the agency's National Aviation Facilities Experimental Center in Atlantic City, N.J., and at the new DOT Transportation Systems Center in Cambridge, MA. Flight safety in the Jet Age is a very demanding job, and the problems already resolved are only an introduction to the challenges that lie ahead. The Federal Aviation Administration stands ready to meet those challenges.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

FAA: Flight Safety in the Jet Age

Aviation was "born free" during a 12-second flight at Kitty Hawk in 1903; and it kept that freedom until the Air Commerce Act of 1926. That act created the Aeronautics Branch of the U.S. Department of Commerce, and the regulation of aviation was underway. The populace had been aware of the need for regulation for some time, however. In the early 1920's, the Aero Club of America started issuing licenses to airmen and aircraft on a voluntary basis. But the act made licensing mandatory. The Aeronautics Branch remained aviation's regulatory force until Congress passed the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938, creating the Civil Aeronautics Administration. It wasn't until 20 years later that the Federal Aviation Agency was established by the Federal Aviation Act of 1958. The new agency functioned as an independent regulatory agency until 1966 when the Department of Transportation was created and FAA became one of its model units — the Federal Aviation Administration.

The evolution of FAA through legislation is as complex as modern aviation itself; but basically, today, FAA is the safety regulator of aviation. Its responsibilities can best be summed up in the "5 A's" of aviation: aircraft, airmen, airways, air traffic and airports.

AIRCRAFT... FAA holds the responsibility for certification of the design, manufacture, and performance of all civil aircraft in the U.S. From initial blueprints to assembly line to Certificate of Airworthiness, every aircraft must meet FAA standards of construction and performance. Once in the air, opera-

tional safety of aircraft is insured by FAA through airline maintenance programs and general aviation repair stations certified by FAA. There are about 168,000 aircraft actively licensed in the U.S. today. About 2500 belong to the scheduled airlines with the remainder composing the vast general aviation fleet.

AIRMEN... To earn an FAA pilot's certificate, training and experience standards must be met; in addition medical, written, and flight examinations must be passed. Student, private, commercial and airline transport pilots are the four main categories. Pilots must also earn ratings to fly different types of aircraft, such as single-engine, multi-engine, helicopter, glider and balloon. All pilots are required to pass periodic medical exams and flight checks to keep their certificates valid.

AIRWAYS... The "highways in the sky" are established and maintained by the FAA. It is the agency's responsibility to provide for the safe and efficient utilization of the nation's airspace. Installation and maintenance of the various components of the system — radars, communications sites and ground navigational aids (some 7,000 in all) — are accomplished by nearly 10,000 technicians and engineers.

AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL... This is a major responsibility of FAA, and well over half of the agency's 50,000+ employees are engaged in some phase of it. These professionals staff a vast network of facilities — 25 air route traffic control centers, 400 airport control towers, and over 300 flight service stations. In order to keep pace with the rapid



Left — Doug Davis was a pioneer aviator and built one of the first hangars at the Atlanta Airport which was then called Candler Field.

Other Pioneers



The Douglas Davis Flying Service was one of the earliest companies doing business at the Atlanta airport.

Bonnie Rowe and his stunt plane were familiar at air shows all over the country in the early days of aviation. A dare devil and stunt flyer, Mr. Rowe specialized in wing walking, loops, changing planes, long parachute drops, and swinging by his teeth from a rope dangling 25-feet down from the plane.



the innovators

For 50 years, Fulton Federal has been the forerunner in the savings and loan industry. We were the first savings and loan in Georgia to receive a federal charter under which to conduct business. And, since that time, we have worked diligently to keep an edge on the competition so that we might maintain our status of being Innovators.

Realizing that change is a very good thing, the people at Fulton Federal have been quick to accept new methods of doing business in their every day work environment. Fulton Federal was the first savings and loan to establish a branch office. Likewise, we were the first to introduce data processing, the first to pay quarterly dividends on passbook savings, the first to pay dividends from day of deposit to day of withdrawal, and recently, Fulton Federal was the first to introduce an automated 24-hour Press 'n' Go Teller.

Our goal is to provide the best possible savings and loan ser-

vice for the people of Georgia. And we are proud to salute Georgia's Aviation Industry for being innovators, too. Your hard work and dedication have assured your industry a high rank as a dynamic force in the state's economy. With your goal being to provide the best possible airline service to the people going to and from Georgia, it's no wonder that today Atlanta's Hartsfield International Airport is second only to Chicago's O'Hare Airport in daily traffic. So, from one Innovator to another, we say congratulations for your outstanding accomplishments!



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Aviation Firsts



FIRST OF THE JETS

In 1905 Henri Coanda, a Romanian, built a mock-up of a rocket-propelled aircraft, and at the Paris Salon in October of 1910 he created quite a stir by exhibiting this aircraft. His model embodied what would today be termed a ducted fan. Operating within its duct, this fan drove plain air rearwards (not a fuel/air mixture) to provide propulsion and was itself driven by a 50 hp Clerget engine. The Coanda power unit was known as a turbine propeller.

*

THE FIRST AIRCRAFT CARRIER

The aircraft carrier came into existence on November 14, 1910, when Eugene Ely made a successful flight in a Curtiss biplane from a wooden platform built over the foredeck of the *Birmingham*, a U.S. cruiser, at Hampton Roads, Virginia. Ely's plane dropped after leaving the platform and skimmed the water before gaining height and then landing ashore.

On January 18, 1911 Ely landed his Curtiss biplane on a specially-erected deck on the USS *Pennsylvania*. His aircraft was dragged to a stop by sandbags attached to ropes stretched across the decks which were picked up by hooks under his landing gear.

*

THE FIRST AIR MAIL

Sir Walter Windham, an Englishman, arranged for one of his pilots, Mons Pequet, to fly the first consignment of air mail from Alahabad across the river Ganges to Aligah in India on February 20, 1911. The occasion coincided with a religious festival held at the Ganges, and it is estimated that at least one million Indians were observers of this event as well as the formal group consisting of the Governor, his wife and many members of the government staff. Sir Windham arranged this first air mail flight as a means to raise funds to build a hostel for Indian students in response to a request by a church in Alahabad. It was so successful that Windham returned to England and organized the first air mail in the United Kingdom.



Epps Air Service is one of 3 aircraft service organizations on DeKalb-Peachtree Airport. It has the largest flight training operation in Georgia, though its primary business is maintenance and servicing of based business and transient aircraft.

The Fixed Base Operator (FBO) was incorporated and established at DeKalb-Peachtree in 1963 as Atlanta Air Service by Charles King, Randy Macon and Ned Woodruff. Mr. Woodruff was president and general manager and held that position until the company was sold to the Epps in May, 1965. There were 19 employees and 50 based aircraft, and the facility consisted of the one 40,000 square foot hangar and 2 acres of ramp. In the fall of 1965 the name was changed to Epps Air Service, Inc. and the 15,000 square foot maintenance hangar was leased from DeKalb County.

In 1968 Epps bought the aircraft and associated equipment of Chamblee Aviation, an adjacent FBO owned by Dick Lampkin, and leased that area from the County to expand Epps ramp. In 1969, Epps leased more ramp from the County and built two T-hangar buildings to house 22 aircraft.

Epps currently has 86 employees, 200 based aircraft, and offers full FBO services to the general aviation market.

CHICK-FIL-A: COOKING UP SUCCESS.



TRUETT CATHY

Chick-fil-A was originated by S. Truett Cathy in 1963, in his Dwarf House Restaurant which he had operated since 1946. With the development of Chick-Fil-A, Cathy solved a longstanding problem of the extra time it took to cook chicken, as well as the problem of oftentimes serving it only partially cooked. After many months of trial and error, Chick-fil-A was perfected. A distinctive red and black Chick-fil-A logo soon followed.

With a deliciously different taste, an easily recognized name and trademark, and constant imaginative promotions, Chick-fil-A soon doubled the sales in Mr. Cathy's already booming Dwarf House.

It was so successful that in 1964, Chick-fil-A was incorporated to offer Chick-fil-A to other restaurants. Quick exposure in so many places helped Chick-fil-A gain wide-spread recognition in a short time. And, it also proved that Chick-fil-A should be the number one item on the menu rather than just one of many. Subsequently, a location was secured in Greenbriar Shopping

Center for a limited menu, immediate-service restaurant that became the pilot for other units that soon followed.

Since that time, Chick-fil-A has spread into 12 states through a chain of specialty restaurants concentrating its growth in regional shopping centers. With 67 restaurants currently, Chick-fil-A expects to have about 100 restaurants in operation by the end of 1978.

Solid business growth has been strengthened as a result of careful selection of unit operators. Chick-fil-A literally puts an individual in business. Chick-fil-A signs a lease with the shopping center, designs, builds, and equips the restaurant. Through a contractual agreement, Chick-fil-A leases its restaurants to an operator who is required to put up \$5,000 working capital. Net profits are split 50/50 with the company.

Chick-fil-A seeks an operator's talent and ability rather than his money. He is a particular individual who may or may not have had food experience; one who knows what he wants. He must be enthusiastic, personable, and one who wants rewards for his extra efforts, yet lacks the capital to start his own business and prefers not to risk his life savings.

Chick-fil-A is experiencing 100% success. It has never closed a unit and, compared to other food operations, enjoys a reputation of being number one in sales per square foot in most of the shopping centers in which it is located.

"Homemade," quality menu items sold at realistic prices contribute much to Chick-fil-A's success. Food is prepared from "scratch" daily on the premise. Combine this with "instant" service and cheerful employees...and you have a winner!

Chick-fil-A...a really different taste that originated in Atlanta is moving across the land!



801 Virginia Avenue
Hapeville, GA. 30354

Mobley's Aviation

Mobley Aviation first started as Southern Aero in 1966 at the Atlanta Airport. At that time flight instruction was our only activity. We moved to the Fulton County Airport in April, 1969.

Mobley Aviation is presently involved in flight training, charter and rental of aircraft, as well as maintenance and service of aircraft. During the years, we have trained ROTC cadets for the military college programs. In addition, we have FAA-approved courses ranging from Private Airplane and Helicopter to the airline transport rating. We also provide maintenance and service on 4 Hughes and 1 Hughey for the City of Atlanta Police Department. We have five full-time flight instructors and rent hangar space to those interested.

Jimmy Mobley is founder and president of Mobley Aviation. Over the years, Mobley Aviation has developed a reputation of being a friendly, relaxing place to do business and yet still maintains a professional and personalized mode of operation.

How an Airplane is Born

All new aircraft designed for use in U.S. commercial aviation must be designed to meet Federal Aviation Regulations and Standards. Design drawings are reviewed by engineers selected by the FAA. Structural strength analyses are made, failure analyses are run, wind tunnel tests are made, and finally, an airplane is defined—a step the FAA calls "Type Design Data".

Parts are made from these design drawings, then assembled and tested for proper functioning. The FAA performs "conformity inspections," at crucial steps in the manufacturing process, to assure that the finished airplane meets all the engineering design requirements. These inspections are often made at the plants of suppliers and subcontractors, in addition to the main assembly plant.

A test program is developed by the manufacturer and submitted to the FAA. After agreement is reached on the tests required to show the new airplane meets all FAA standards, the airplane is fitted with special instruments to record the results of the test-

ing. Flights are made to demonstrate that the airplane (its engines, systems, etc.) performs as described in the type design data, and the aircraft is accepted by the FAA. Once all the tests are successfully completed, a report is compiled describing all the results, and a "type certificate" is issued to the manufacturer. The type certificate becomes the basis for production of follow-on aircraft.

The manufacturer submits quality control data to the FAA which describes the procedure he will use to inspect the parts, installations, and tests. After review and approval by the FAA, he is issued a "production certificate" which authorizes him to manufacture airplanes in accordance with the "approved type design." These airplanes may be approved for commercial service without further showing of compliance. The FAA continues to monitor the manufacturer's operations and performs periodic inspections of his facilities and products to assure that they continue to meet all FAA requirements.

DeKalb-Peachtree: Georgia's Second Busiest Airport

The property on which DeKalb-Peachtree Airport is now located was formerly a part of the site of Camp Gordon, a World War I Army training base. After World War I, the government disposed of the Camp Gordon property at public auction, and it was purchased by T.R. Sawtell, a real estate man who began selling parcels of the property for farm land. At this time, however, a number of aviation enthusiasts in the Atlanta area banded together and formed the Atlanta Aero Club. This club recognized the fact that a portion of the old Camp Gordon property would be ideally suited for an airport. They

prevailed upon Mr. Sawtell to retain intact approximately 300 acres of fairly level land which they hoped could be developed into an airport. During the late 1920's and early 1930's the Atlanta Aero Club, mainly through the efforts of its president, Mr. Jesse Draper, sought to arouse public interest in the building of an airport on the Sawtell property.

In 1935, Charles A. Matthews, who was then the DeKalb County Commissioner, signed an option to buy the 300 acres from Mr. Sawtell in order to build a County airport. Unfortunately, Mr. Matthews died before the purchase was made. No

further steps were taken until 1939, when it became apparent that DeKalb County could obtain WPA assistance in the construction of an airport. During the next year, 1940, the County did purchase the property and construct dirt runways which were completed in early 1941. The first plane ever to land at the DeKalb County Airport touched down on a dirt runway on February 12, 1941. Paving of the runways was done a short time thereafter.

In 1940, the U.S. Navy acquired a small tract of land at the airport and in March, 1941, the field was officially commissioned as a U.S. Naval Reserve Aviation Base. Within a few months, however, as the United States' World War II defense effort began to gain momentum, it became apparent to the Navy that it would need to broaden its activities at the Naval Air Reserve training base. Thus, the Navy began negotiations with the County for acquisition of the entire airport property, having in mind ex-



Dedication of DeKalb-Peachtree Airport—transfer from U. S. Navy to DeKalb County—April 17, 1959. Left to Right: John Wesley Weekes, Attorney; U. S. Congressman James Davis; Captain Robert Stieler, USN; Claude Blount, Sr., Chairman—Board of Commissioners; Herman Lay, President—Frito-Lay; Aldine Richardson, First National Bank of Atlanta; and H. F. Manget, Jr., Airport Manager.



Right — New 5,000-ft. all weather runway under construction at DeKalb Peachtree Airport, June, 1968.

Below — Terminal area and north portion of DeKalb Peachtree Airport, June, 1969.



Courtesy of a Friend

clusive occupation by the Navy. A lease was negotiated with the County for the entire airport property (consisting of approximately 333 acres) in June, 1941 at a rental of \$18,000 per year plus maintenance of the runways, hangars, lights and other airport facilities.

By the end of 1942, the base had been enlarged to the point that it was commissioned as a full-fledged Naval Air Station. During the war years,

the Navy continued to expand its facilities and acquired from private owners, by purchase and condemnation, a considerable amount of property directly to the west of the airport, on which was erected additional permanent buildings.

Many young men, not only from Georgia but also from all over the United States, began their flying careers during the next few years while the Navy was using the airport

for pilot training. An interesting sidelight of the airport's history is the fact that several well-known persons such as Tyrone Power, Robert Montgomery and Wayne Morris received part of their flight training at the field.

Following the end of the war in 1945, there was considerable uncertainty as to whether the Navy would continue to lease the airport or give up the DeKalb County facility. Dur-

Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

Ralph Healey & Associates, Inc. is a Manufacturers' Representative for Industrial Equipment including electrical and mechanical engineering and sales. The company began in 1960 with one employee and now has fourteen employees with an office in Tampa, Florida, as well as in Atlanta, Georgia. Their sales cover the Southeastern United States.

The company also designs and manufactures solid state water pollution control systems for industrial and municipal clients.

Whatever your needs — wire-to-water pumping systems or control and instrumentation systems, please contact our Vice President-Sales, Jim Moore, at 404/351-1861.

Ralph Healey & Associates, Inc.



East ramp looking north — DeKalb Peachtree Airport, July, 1969.

ing the next few years there was much negotiating between the County and the Navy concerning the airport, and in 1950 the Navy seriously considered buying the entire airport from the County. The County offered to sell the airport to the Navy for \$2½ million. This offer was refused, however, and as the business, industrial and private aviation requirements of the County began to expand, there was an increasing need for returning control of the airport to the County. In 1957, an agreement was reached with the Navy whereby private aircraft could, under certain conditions, use the field. This was “a foot in the door”, however, due to the red tape and military conditions, only a few brave civilian pilots made use of the newly available facility.

As time went by, the Navy developed a need for facilities more suitable to its modern jet fighter aircraft and large patrol bombers. They subsequently built and moved to a permanent Naval Air Station adjoining Dobbins Air Force Base near Marietta, Georgia, in order to share the use of its longer Air

Force runways.

Control of the DeKalb County Airport was returned incrementally to the County and in 1959, the airport became totally available for civilian use.

In February, 1959, the County, under Mr. Claude Blount, DeKalb County Commission Chairman, hired H.F. Manget, Jr. as its first airport manager and William E. Jayne as the chief air traffic controller. DeKalb-Peachtree Airport had become a full-fledged department of DeKalb County government.

Under their supervision, the flight operations increased very rapidly, and the airport qualified for a federally operated air traffic control tower within the first year. It was not until 1963, however, that the Federal Aviation Administration furnished personnel and equipment to take over control of the air traffic.

During the next several years, improvements were made as rapidly as funding became available. World War II wooden barracks were torn down to make room for new hangars and aircraft tiedown aprons. In 1966,

the 25-year old Navy control tower was replaced by a new and modern facility. In 1968 a new 5,000 foot all-weather runway was completed, providing a parallel runway system. Sites were leased to private corporations whereby approximately \$2½ million was spent on leaseholder improvements such as offices, large hangars, aprons, shops and T-hangars.

By 1972, over 300 aircraft were based at DeKalb-Peachtree Airport, and this number increased to over 400 in 1975. A total of 48 corporations had established their headquarters or representatives on the field by this time.

Presently, DeKalb-Peachtree is the second busiest airport in Georgia in number of flight operations per year. In 1976, a total of 227,644 flights were recorded by the FAA based on air traffic count from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily. Out of the approximately 15,000 airports in the United States, the FAA ranks DeKalb-Peachtree as the 71st airport in the country in total flight operations.

Michigan National Bank of Detroit was formerly a State Bank, chartered in 1926. In 1936, the Bank was named Michigan Industrial Bank until it became a commercial bank with a Federal charter in 1956. At that time, it was re-named Michigan Bank, National Association, and the name continued until 1972, when a bank holding corporation was formed known as Michigan National Corporation, headed by Stanford C. Stoddard, Chairman of the Board. The bank's name was changed at that time to its present name, Michigan National Bank of Detroit, and is one of fifteen banks owned and controlled by Michigan National Corporation. Presently, the total assets of the holding corporation are \$3.7 billion, and it has 194 branches throughout the state.

Michigan National Bank of Detroit first formed an Air-finance Division in 1957, extending loans in a five state area around Michigan. Presently, the bank finances aircraft in Georgia, and the other 49 states. Total loans to date have been over \$300 million. Michigan National Bank is considered the leader and pioneer in financing aircraft nationwide.



M-4 Jetasen.

Sales of the Jetasen and more powerful versions, the Rocket and Strata Rocket, were brisk and by mid-decade it was becoming obvious that production facilities would have to be expanded or moved. Thus, the hunt for better facilities resulted in the eventual move to Moultrie in 1968. The balmy climate and plentiful labor supply were important considerations in choosing Moultrie, but the deciding factor was the availability of an ideal plant site, Spence Field.

With few exceptions other than instruments and engine, all the parts of the M-5 are produced right in the new 74,000 square-foot facilities at Spence Field, in Moultrie. Only the highest quality raw materials are used, and airworthiness is rigorously

monitored through FAA-approved quality-control procedures. The highly skilled personnel at Maule take pride in turning out a performing product.

On December 28, 1973, the FAA awarded Maule Aircraft Corporation the Type and Production Certificates for the M-5 Lunar Rocket, an improved version of the M-4.

Each completed aircraft is put through a thorough flight test to insure that a safe and complete product is delivered to the customer. For some customers there can be no returning of the aircraft to the factory for adjustments, since they buy Maule Aircraft for use in such diverse locations as New Zealand, South Africa, Brazil, Europe, and Alaska, as well as Continental U.S.

Through years of harsh use by

bush pilots and missionaries throughout the world, Maule Aircraft have proved themselves rugged and reliable. Few people realize, however, that the M-5, like the M-4 before it, also has performance unmatched by any aircraft in its price, power, and weight category.

It is the only low-priced, truly STOL (Short Take-Off and Landing) aircraft in production in the U.S. today. At full gross weight of 2300 pounds, the M-5 can take off or land over a 50-foot obstacle in 600 ft. It will climb at 1,250 feet-per-minute at full gross and cruise at 170 m.p.h. (75 percent power at optimum altitude). Yet it will land at a lazy 37 m.p.h. on almost any type of landing site. For those wanting to go to out-of-the-way places, the M-5 is available on both floats and skis.

Aviation Firsts



THE FIRST AVIATION JOURNALIST

Harry Harper was the first-ever full-time aviation journalist. He reported on the air shows including the first air show held in Britain in September of 1909. He wrote a book about his experiences with aviation called, *My Fifty Years in Flying*.

*

THE FIRST NON-STOP SOLO FLIGHT ACROSS THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

In 1927, Charles Lindbergh, a 25-year-old American pilot by profession, arrived in Paris in his plane, *Spirit of St. Louis*, after a 33½ hour, 3,610 mile flight from New York. He made the first and longest non-stop solo trans-Atlantic flight to that date. In addition to becoming an international hero, he was awarded \$25,000 as the prize for his accomplishment.

Maule Aircraft for Out-of-the-Way Places



B. D. (Belford David) Maule is one of the last of the early aviation pioneers. He designed and built his own airplane in 1930 while he was in the Army Air Corps assigned to Langley Field, Virginia. He then taught himself how to fly by correspondence course with the Aviation Institute, Washington, D.C. Soon thereafter he began designing, manufacturing, and selling aircraft products, best known of which are the

Maule full-castering steerable tail-wheel, and his famous nondestructive Fabric Tester. In 1940, with the help of his energetic wife, June, and (in time) their five children, B. D. Maule established a thriving aircraft-component company in Jackson, Michigan, located on his own airport. All the while, however, he kept experimenting with aircraft design, and in 1966 he built and flew the first successful ornithopter, or

flapping-wing aircraft.

In the mid-1950's, B. D. designed another aircraft, the M-4. The performance of this aircraft was so good that he decided to attempt to produce and sell it. Getting Federal Aviation (FAA) approval to produce aircraft for sale is a rigorous procedure, but in 1961 Maule Aircraft was awarded a Type Certificate and a Production Certificate to make and sell the Bee-Dee M-4, later called

peachtree air service inc

Peachtree Air Service, Inc., formally known as Executive Aviation, Inc., was the first fixed base operator at the DeKalb Peachtree Airport. Executive Aviation came into existence in March, 1959. The late Charles D. Munroe was Owner and President.

The name Executive Aviation, Inc. remained the same although ownership changed several times. When the present owners, Messrs. R. Walter Ashmore, III; Carl E. Sanders; and the late Jack P. Ashmore, Jr., bought Executive Aviation in June, 1972, they changed the name to Peachtree Air Service.

Peachtree Air Service serves the entire General Aviation community and deals mainly in the servicing and the storing of aircraft.

DEKALB PEACHTREE AIRPORT
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30341
(404) 457-6318/UNICOM 123.0



Charlie Brown Airport: At \$2 an Acre, Fulton County Got Quite a Bargain



Fulton County Commissioner Charlie Brown worked diligently in the beginning stages of Fulton County Airport. Thus, in 1974, the airport's name was changed to Charlie Brown County Airport.

In the first decade of this century, Fulton County acquired a 2,500 acre tract of land for approximately \$2 per acre. That property is now the site of the Charlie Brown County Airport. Here's how it all happened.

In 1940, the Fulton County Commission was discussing the need for a second airport to handle smaller aircraft. It was suggested that the Atlanta Airport would be free to concentrate on the growing needs of scheduled airlines if there was another field in the county. The

Atlanta Chamber of Commerce gave its endorsement to this idea.

Three locations for the proposed airport were considered. One site was in North Fulton near Roswell and another was between Palmetto and Fairburn. The third possibility, advocated most notably by Commissioner Charlie Brown, was near the Chattahoochee River and about ten miles west of downtown Atlanta. Ultimately the County Commission concurred with Commissioner Brown and voted to begin work on

the land that had been bought more than thirty years earlier.

The Department of Public Works began grading on the site in 1941-1942, but this project was discontinued after a few months in the interest of freeing men and equipment for more pressing projects related to the nation's involvement in World War II. More grading was done from time to time as personnel and machinery were available.

With the approval in 1946 of Fulton County's first bond issue total-

Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.



LEFT - ROCKWELL TURBO COMMANDER 690B

RIGHT - ROCKWELL SHRIKE COMMANDER 500S

Skytel Aviation, now celebrating its tenth anniversary, is a "Georgia born" company formed in 1967 by three Georgia Tech engineers working at the Lockheed-Georgia Company. In this short time, Skytel has become one of the top Rockwell distributors, and has extensive maintenance, avionics, engine, ground service and flight training facilities serving Southeastern and international general aviation aircraft.

Skytel aviation is pleased to represent the General Aviation Division of Rockwell International which contributed these firsts to the aviation industry:

- First twin-engine business aircraft
- First supercharged aircraft with high altitude capability
- First business aircraft safe enough for the President of the United States

Look for the all new Rockwell Commander 700 coming this fall.

Skytel
AVIATION, INC.

"SERVING GENERAL AVIATION TEN YEARS"

FORT LAUDERDALE EXECUTIVE AIRPORT
P.O. DRAWER 8157
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLORIDA 33310

PEACHTREE DEKALB AIRPORT
1954 AIRPORT ROAD, SUITE 104



Fulton National Bank Pioneered in Aircraft Financing in 1956

Fulton National Bank was organized December 7, 1909 with Dr. William J. Blalock of Fayetteville as President and one of the founding group. It was named for the steamboat inventor, Robert Fulton, like the county in which it is located.

It began business in the English American Building at Peachtree and Forsyth Streets. In 1912 it moved to larger offices in the Empire Building. In 1921 the bank's Main Office was moved to 18 Marietta Street where it remained until the new 25 story Fulton National Building at 55 Marietta Street was completed in 1955.

Fulton National Bank has conscientiously tried to do three things: (1) To serve our customers competently, honestly and pleasantly. (2) To call each customer by name and to take a friendly interest in his affairs. (3) To do our individual and corporate part in the community and be good citizens.

Beginning with \$300,000, the bank has steadily grown to become one of the largest banks in Atlanta and the nation. Today its assets are over \$750 million dollars.

Gordon Jones became President of the bank in 1958 and under his leadership the bank's deposits have almost quadrupled. The bank has added branches through the years so that 30 branches now cover the Atlanta area.

Fulton National pioneered in aircraft financing and was one of the first banks in the nation to establish an Aircraft Finance Department. It financed its first airplane on July 1, 1956. Today Fulton National has millions of dollars invested in aircraft financing for individuals and business firms. This department is now headed by Carrol R. Davis, Vice President, assisted by several other officers and a trained staff.

FULTON NATIONAL BANK

AIRCRAFT FINANCE DEPARTMENT
(404) 577-3500 — ATLANTA, GA.

ing \$20 million, a million dollars was made available for county airport construction. A number of residents of the Adamsville community voiced their opposition to further development, but work was soon resumed at an accelerated pace. The new field, then known as Fulton County Airport, was opened in 1950. Nearly twenty-five years later, in 1974, the name was changed to "Charlie

Brown County Airport," honoring the commissioner who had been most prominently associated with the field's development.

The airport has experienced steady growth since 1950. In terms of air traffic activity, it is now the second busiest of the general aviation airports in the Atlanta Region. Governmental agencies and private companies based at the airport currently

employ 544 persons.

Fulton County has undertaken a \$16,000,000 long-range development plan for the airport. With the completion of a proposed new terminal and longer runways, Charlie Brown County Airport will provide expanded aviation services to meet steadily growing demands.

At \$2 an acre, Fulton County got quite a bargain.



Above — Mr. W. E. "Red" Phillips was appointed Director of Aviation, Charlie Brown County Airport, in November, 1970.

Previous to this appointment, Mr. Phillips was Senior Office Engineer for the Fulton County Public Works Department and had been employed by that department since 1946.

He is a member of the Southeastern Airport Manager's Association, the American Association of Airport Executives and is Fulton County's representative to metro airport planning committees.

FULTON COUNTY

Fulton County, one of the largest counties in the State, was created by an act of the Georgia General Assembly in 1853. In 1932, Campbell and Milton Counties became part of Fulton County. It is now 71 miles long and contains 523 square miles of land. Estimated 1976 population, including the City of Atlanta, was 603,200.

The County Commission

Fulton County is governed by seven Commissioners who are elected by the citizens. The present Commissioners are: Charlie Brown, Chairman; Milton Farris; Lee J. Roach; Tom Lowe; H. D. Dodson; and Richard H. Johnston. Three of the Commissioners are elected county-wide, and four others are elected from districts. County Manager Sam Brownlee is the chief executive officer.

Awards

In the past three years, Fulton County has won a total of 11 "New County" Awards from the National Association of Counties (NACo). This is a rare achievement. In 1978, NACo will hold its national convention in Atlanta.

Taxes

Fulton County's tax millage rate reached its high point in 1947-50 at 28.0 mills. Because of increases in the tax digest and sound fiscal management, the millage rate has been constant at 14.20 mills for six consecutive years.



The metal fuselage of the 800 and 600 models can be almost completely removed to facilitate cleaning.

by the Federation Aeronautique International.

At the time Rockwell-Standard and North American Aviation merged (1967) to form North American Rockwell, the U.S. Department of Justice required the divestiture of the Jet Commander as a condition of merger. The entire Jet Commander manufacturing system was subsequently sold to Israel Aircraft Industries, Lod, Israel.

The Rockwell Thrush Commander -600 and -800 are among the world's largest, on-purpose aerial application aircraft in production. The Thrush Commander is manufactured in Albany, Georgia.

Rockwell's Bethany facility, where the twin and single engine aircraft are produced, has over 600,000 sq. feet of production space. The Division's Marketing, Product Support, Engineering and R&D groups are also located in the Oklahoma facilities. The Albany, Georgia plant, built in 1964 for the production of agricultural aircraft, has over 250,000 sq.

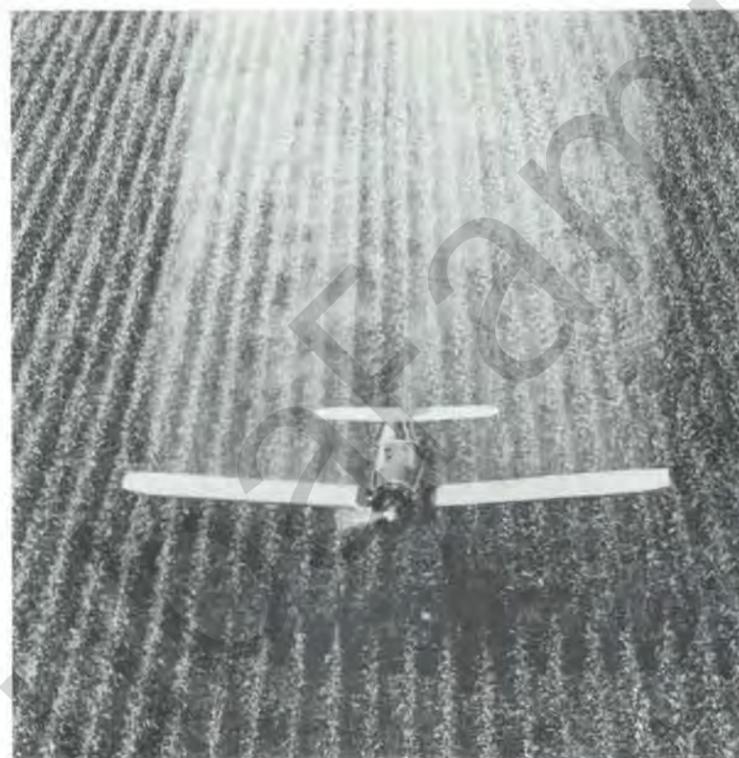
feet of production floor space.

1976 was the Silver Anniversary year of the division in Oklahoma. Twenty-five years earlier the first twin engine Commander was produced and certified by the Civil Aeronautics Administration (now, FAA). Commanders have been in continuous production in Oklahoma since that time.



Rockwell Thrush Commander 600

Toughest birds in the bush!—The Rockwell Thrush Commanders are among the largest, on-purpose, new aerial application aircraft in production in the world today.



Rockwell Thrush Commander 800

Fairburn Banking Company was organized in 1903. While the Wright Brothers were experimenting with an aeroplane at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, and the first transcontinental radio broadcast was in the experimental stage at Cape Cod, Massachusetts, there were eight far-seeing, enterprising citizens of the Fairburn Community who were in the throes of operating an infant banking organization for which they had obtained a charter on September 14th, 1891. The men whose signatures were on the application for the charter were: Messrs. W. T. Roberts, M. P. Harvey, John T. Longino, J. A. Vickery, George G. Longino, W. A. McCurry, L. S. Roan, and J. H. Longino.

By the time the first transcontinental automobile trip was completed in July of 1903, the State Bank Examiner's first report of condition of Fairburn Banking Company had been filed for record with the State Treasurer, as the Banking Department was a section of the Treasurer's office at the time.

In 1903, the Bank's total deposits were eleven thousand dollars, and the Bank had two employees. The Bank's total deposits today are fifteen million dollars, and the Bank has twenty-four employees and one branch office.

Mr. Young H. Longino, Jr., President of the Fairburn Banking Company today, has been with the Bank since October, 1939. He was elected President of the Bank in 1946, succeeding his father, the late Young H. Longino, Sr. Mr. Longino's mother, Mrs. Winner B. Longino, served as Cashier of the Bank for twenty-three years. She retired in December, 1966.

The Bank was originally located on Main Street, Fairburn, Georgia. In October, 1964, the Bank moved to their present location, 65 Washington Street, Fairburn, Georgia. In June, 1974, the Bank opened a branch office, located on Shannon Parkway, in Union City, Georgia 30291.

Belief in South Fulton County and Fairburn, as well as investment, have built the Fairburn Banking Company to a strong, well-established Bank. However, the personal touch has not been lost because the people of the community have trusted the Bank.

FAIRBURN BANKING COMPANY

TELEPHONE: 964-1551

MAIN OFFICE
65 Washington Street
Fairburn, Georgia 30213



BRANCH OFFICE
6789 Shannon Parkway
Union City, Georgia 30291



Delta Air Lines, headquartered in Atlanta, Georgia, got its start in the cotton fields of Macon, Georgia in 1924, as Huff Daland Dusters, the world's first organized crop dusting company.

Cropdusting for the Bowl Weevil in Mississippi was Delta's Beginning

In the early 1900's a marauding army, already successful in Mexico, began its invasion of the United States. The invader was the boll weevil, and the cotton crop of the South was the target. Before the weevil's onslaught could be slowed, a people's livelihood was laid waste.

In 1914 when the cotton crop's devastation reached the Mississippi Valley, the U.S. Bureau of Entomology, concerned about the threat to the area's chief cash crop, established a laboratory in Tallulah, Louisiana. From this laboratory would be launched the attack on the boll weevil. Drawn to this laboratory was the man largely responsible for the creation of what is today's Delta Air Lines — C. E. Woolman.

Young Woolman, an agricultural engineering graduate from the University of Illinois, was also an aviation buff. But in those days the airplane was little more than a novelty and the field of aviation rather uncertain, so he had settled for a more certain future with agriculture. However, the fates must have been hard at work; it would be agriculture that would bring him right back into aviation.

In their research for an effective way to combat the weevil, Woolman and his associates turned to the airplane to apply the calcium arsenate powder mixture they had developed. And from that activity was born Huff Daland Dusters, forerunner of Delta Air Lines.

The year was 1924, and the site selected as a base of operations was Macon, Georgia. Because of the small cotton crops in this part of the South, however, dusting proved uneconomical. So, the next year, Huff Daland Dusters moved its headquarters to Monroe, Louisiana. There it prospered, comprising at one time the largest privately owned fleet of aircraft in the world. In fact, dusting operations continued until 1966, and today one of those planes is permanently housed at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, having been restored by Delta employees almost 10 years ago in memory of C. E. Woolman, who guided the company from its early beginnings in 1924 until his death in 1966.

Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

Rockwell International - Where Science Gets Down To Business



Rockwell Thrush Commander 800 (L) Rockwell Thrush Commander 600 (R)

Rockwell International is a diversified International Corporation, consisting of several divisions. Some of these are Collins Radio, B-1 Bomber, Admiral Television, Space Programs, and the General Aviation Division.

The General Aviation Division of Rockwell International, Bethany, Oklahoma, designs, develops, manufactures and —through a world-wide network of franchised distributors and dealers —markets, sells and services multi- and single-engine aircraft used for business, personal and agricultural purposes.

The General Aviation Division began with the purchase of Aero Design and Engineering Co., which was established in 1946. Aero Design began with the introduction of the first light twin engine aircraft designed specifically for business purposes. To prove the aircraft's stability, safety and performance characteristics, the original

prototype (N1946) was loaded to its full gross weight. Then with the left propeller removed (stored in the baggage compartment) the plane, from a standing start, flew non-stop from Bethany to Washington, D.C. The date: May, 1951.

Three years later, partly as a result of the 1,140 mile single engine flight, the standard Commander became the first light twin engine aircraft to be declared, by the U.S. Air Force and Secret Service, to be safe enough for the transportation of the United States' Chief Executive, President Dwight D. Eisenhower. Later, President John F. Kennedy and members of his cabinet made use of several Commander aircraft assigned to the White House Transportation fleet.

In August, 1957, the Commander production facility was destroyed by fire. A new plant was constructed and new Commanders were ready for delivery within nine months

of the disaster.

The Company became a subsidiary of the Rockwell-Standard Corporation on June 1, 1958, and was renamed Aero Commander, Inc. In 1963 it became a principal division of the corporation.

The new division embarked on one of its most ambitious programs in 1961 when it announced its intention to develop and produce a twin engine, pure jet business aircraft. The Jet Commander was certified in the FAA Transport Category (4b) in November, 1964. In less than two years, close to one hundred Jet Commanders were delivered.

In June, 1966 four pilots undertook a global adventure, flying Jet Commander N1966, Serial #66, around the world. Pilots Dick Merrill, Karl Keller, Fred Austin, and Arthur Godfrey established 21 distance and speed records during the three-and-one-half day circuit. The records were certified



HANGAR ONE, INC.
P.O. Box 20718 AMF
Atlanta, Georgia 30320

48 YEARS
1929-1977

Hangar One, Inc. is proud to be a part of Georgia's aviation history. Since our beginning at the Augusta, Georgia airport in 1929 to the acquisition of our first fixed base operation at the Atlanta Airport in 1939, we have grown with Georgia's aviation industry. Our ancestral company was Southern Airways of Georgia later to become known as the Southern Airways Company. In 1972, the company changed its name to Hangar One, Incorporated, taking the name from its familiar yellow circle logo that had been in use for several years.

Some noteworthy achievements in our growth period have been the establishment of Southern Airways, Incorporated, a regional air carrier, now a totally separate corporation and the operation of six major flight training programs for the U.S. Military that trained over 25,000 pilots during the 1940-1972 years. Hangar One's current general aviation activities with headquarters in Atlanta are conducted from seven major metropolitan airports in the Southeast United States. They are Atlanta, Georgia; Birmingham, Alabama; Chattanooga, Tennessee and Fort Lauderdale, Opa Locka, Orlando and Sarasota-Bradenton, Florida.

From our humble beginning, we now provide complete general aviation services of fueling, aircraft maintenance, avionics installation and repairs, wholesale distribution of aircraft parts and accessories, aircraft storage, aircraft components overhaul, aircraft sales and charter.

Our 48 year growth has led to Hangar One, Inc. becoming the largest general aviation service organization in the Southeast and the largest Beechcraft distributor in the world.



Aviation Centers



Frank W. Hulse
 Chairman of the Board

Bill Hulse
 President



Delta Passenger service was inaugurated in 1929 with single-engine, 90-mile-per hour Travelaire aircraft. Standing with a group of employees, second from left, is C. E. Woolman, principal founder of Delta.

DALLAS TEXAS TERRELL LONGVIEW MARSHALL SHREVEPORT LA MONROE MISS VICKSBURG JACKSON TALLULAH MERIDIAN BIRMINGHAM ALA

Now you can FLY between
 [DALLAS - SHREVEPORT]
 [MONROE - JACKSON]
 ~ BIRMINGHAM ~

Daily Service - DeLuxe Cabin Planes
 SAFE ~ SWIFT ~ CLEAN ~ COMFORTABLE

INFORMATION AT TRANSPORTATION DESK

DELTA AIR SERVICE, Inc.
Selman Field—Monroe



Above — America's entry into World War II on December 7, 1941, affected Delta as it did everybody. The airline quickly joined the war effort by relinquishing aircraft to the Army Air Force and accepting various Army contracts, flying military cargo, modifying more than 1,000 aircraft for special military purposes, training Army pilots and mechanics, and overhauling engines and instruments.

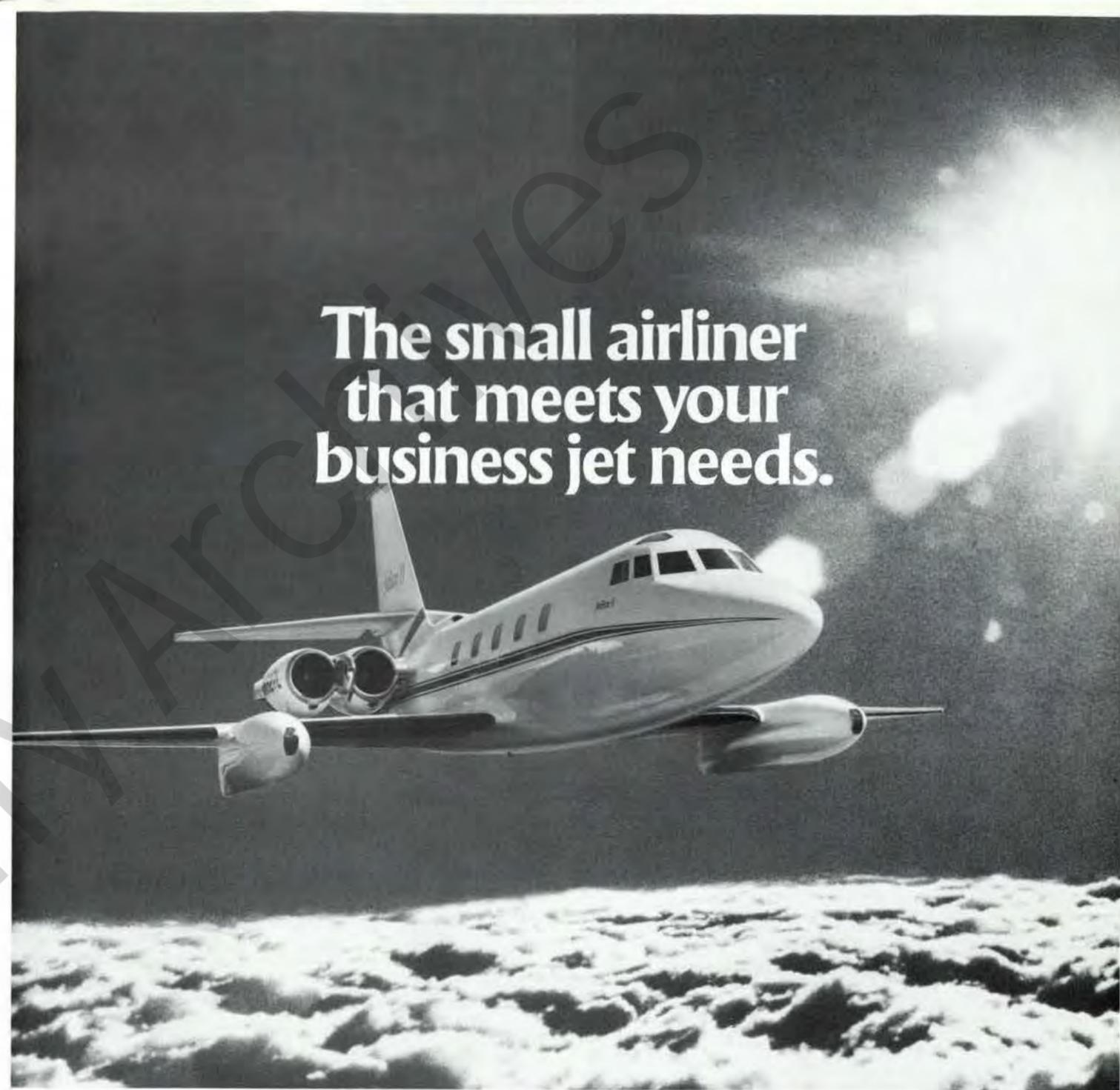
By 1929 the company, under the name of Delta Air Service, was carrying passengers across the South in six-passenger Travelaire planes which required an entire day to make the Texas-Georgia flight. The name "Delta" served as a reminder that the company's first successful crop dusting operation had been based in the Mississippi delta.

Delta first operated into Atlanta in 1930 on a temporary basis. The year 1930, however, brought bad news. News arrived that the Post Office Department had awarded the badly needed airmail contract for the Southern route to another company. But Delta's Woolman retained faith. After an interim period of expanded dusting operations, Delta's opportunity came in 1934 when the Post Office Department cancelled all airmail contracts and submitted all routes for rebid. Delta won back the route it had originally pioneered from Dallas/Ft. Worth to Birmingham and beyond Birmingham to Atlanta and Charleston, South Carolina. In July



In 1936, Delta added 10-passenger Lockheed Electras to its fleet, boasting two-way radio equipment, modern flight instruments, and manned by a captain and first officer. Ground time was reduced by having the co-pilot serve complimentary box lunches aloft. This is Jack Slaton with movie star, Linda Darnell.

Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.



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JetStar II also has ample comfort features. Over 6'1" of headroom throughout—even in the lavatory. And a full-size galley so all passengers can enjoy hot meals at once rather than in shifts.

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can cross the Atlantic. It can take you from Los Angeles to Honolulu. And around the world with all the reliability of a regular airliner.

The JetStar II . . . because four engines are more than twice as good as two . . . and a small airliner is more than just another business jet.

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Gets you where you want to grow.

Contact Bryan Moss, (404) 424-3206, Lockheed-Georgia Company, Marietta, GA 30063.

CHRONOLOGY OF LOCKHEED-GEORGIA C-140
JETSTAR

- 1956 Star of design
- Sept. 4, 1957 First flight of 2-engine prototype
- Oct. 1958 AF picks JetStar after "fly before buy" competition for USAF utility transport
- June 8, 1960 Roll out of 4-engine production JetStar
- July 2, 1960 First flight of 4-engine plane — AF orders 5 C-140 JetStar versions.
- Aug. 1961 FAA certifies JetStar
- Sept. 1961 First JetStar delivery of corporate version
- Aug. 22, 1962 Jackie Cochran sets 69 world records in JetStar flight from New Orleans to Bonn, West Germany
- Jan. 1967 New Dash 8 version JetStar first flight
- 1962 to date Heads of state of United States and (later) seven other countries use JetStar. Total of 162 sold, most going to corporations.
- 1973 Orders taken for proposed new JetStar II version
- 1974 First flight of JetStar II prototype by Garrett AiResearch, which installed its fanjet engines on JetStar for retrofit program for some JetStar Dash 8 owners, and Lockheed decision for JetStar II start-up
- Jan. 1975 JetStar II goes into production
- June, 1976 JetStar II rolls out

JetStar accumulated flight hours More than one-half million

Total Aircraft Produced/Modified
Jan 1, 1951 thru Dec. 31, 1975

Lockheed-Georgia has built 2320 new aircraft
..... modified 5092 aircraft
..... delivered 7412

CHRONOLOGY OF LOCKHEED-GEORGIA C-5
GALAXY

- June, 1964 Lockheed, Boeing, Douglas awarded CX-HLS study contracts
- Sept. 1965 Lockheed chosen by AF to produce C-5
- Aug. 1966 Production begins
- Mar. 2, 1968 C-5 rolls out
- June 30, 1968 First Flight
- Oct. 4, 1969 C-5 takes off at 798,200 pound weight
- Dec. 17, 1969 C-5 delivered to Altus AFB, Okla. for MAC crew training.
- May 7, 1970 C-5 unloads 36 pallets weighing 257,250 lbs.
- May 27, 1970 C-5 operates from bare soil at Harpers Dry Lake, Calif.
- June 6, 1970 First C-5 delivered for squadron operations at Charleston AFB, S.C.
- Apr. 1971 C-5 flies three CH-47 helicopters in one load to Southeast Asia
- Aug. 1971 C-5 sets world record with paratroop of four pallets weighing total of 160,000 lbs.
- May 18, 1973 Eighty-first, and final on contract, C-5 delivered to Air Force
- Oct./Nov. 1973 C-5s airlift 10,800 tons of supplies to Middle East in 145 missions
- 1974 Air Force considers feasibility of restarting C-5 production line to meet needs of U.S. strategic airlift. Manufacturing tooling is still in place at Lockheed-Georgia.
- 1974 C-5 air launched live Minuteman 1 missile and cradle, 87,000 pounds.
- 1975 Contract awarded for design engineering on wing modification

Accumulated flight hours for C-5 Approximately 240,000



Top — In 1941 Delta moved to Atlanta, constructing at the airport a new hangar, shop, and general office building at a cost of \$150,000.

Left — The jet age burst upon Georgia in 1959 as C. E. Woolman, president and general manager of Delta, helped Mrs. Woolman christen Delta's giant DC-8 jet transport at the Atlanta Airport.

Right — In 1951 a section of Delta's Atlanta sales office was transformed into an effective training classroom. Surrounded by slogans and posters, new traffic and sales employees listen to Reservations Manager Dave Garrett as he instructs them on how to get that "extra" Delta passenger. Garrett is now president of Delta, an excellent example of the airline's policy of promotion from within.



Nosed out by its big jet brothers, a Convair 440 retires from Delta service in 1970 with a final hug from Stewardess Diane Strickland. Representing the end of the propeller era for all-jet Delta, the airline's Convair 440's in 18 years flew the equivalent of more than 500 roundtrips to the moon.

of that year Delta put into service the 7 passenger High Wing Stinson, a plane that cruised at 100 miles per hour.

With the expanded route structure and the additional revenue from the airmail contract, Delta put into service in 1935 the 8 passenger Stinson A. And in 1936 the 10 passenger Lockheed Electra joined the Delta fleet.

In 1941 a new route award radiating from Atlanta required Delta's management to reevaluate the present and future plans of the company. This study resulted in the decision to move the general offices

and main overhaul maintenance base to Atlanta. Delta came to town with nine airplanes, including Douglas DC-2's and DC-3's that had recently been acquired. There were 400 people on the payroll, and they were spread out over 16 cities.

Today, Delta has matured into the nation's fifth largest domestic airline and has earned a reputation for highly efficient operation. Its profitability record prompted *Business Week Magazine* in May, 1977, to quote an airline analyst as saying that Delta "is currently going like gangbusters."

Delta's early growth was slow

and steady. Its management insisted that well trained personnel and the best equipment make satisfied customers. The airline's routes extended first east and west across the South and then north and south between the Midwest and Florida. The year 1953 saw a merger between Delta and Chicago & Southern, giving the company routes up and down the Mississippi Valley to Cuba, Jamaica, Puerto Rico, and to Venezuela.

In 1955 Delta's routes were expanded into the Washington-New York area, and in 1961 the airline started flying from Dallas to California.

CHRONOLOGY OF LOCKHEED-GEORGIA C-130 HERCULES

1951	Studies initiated
Nov. 1952	Production begun under USAF contract
Aug. 23, 1954	First prototype flight, Burbank, Calif.
Mar. 10, 1955	Rollout of first production C-130, Marietta, Georgia
Apr. 7, 1955	First production flight
Dec. 9, 1956	First delivery, USAF Tactical Air Command
Nov. 20, 1958	C-130B model first flight
Aug. 25, 1961	C-130E model first flight
Nov. 30, 1964	C-130H model first flight
Apr. 20/21, 1964	Model 382 (L-100) first flight-record setting 25 hours 1 minute
Feb. 16, 1965	FAA certificates 382 (L-100) Hercules
Oct. 24, 1965	First commercial Hercules delivered to Zambia
May 1, 1968	1,000th Hercules delivered
July, 1970	L-130-30 new commercial version flies
Oct. 23, 1973	First delivery to National Science Foundation of new ski model, LC-130R
1974	Hercules flying for 37 nations in 45 versions

Accumulated flight time for Hercules11,000,000 hours

Total Hercules sold: 1474
Total Hercules delivered: 1396

CHRONOLOGY OF LOCKHEED-GEORGIA C-141 STARLIFTER

March 13, 1961	Lockheed wins competition to develop, build C-141. P. & W. wins engine contract from USAF.
May, 1962	Production begins
Aug. 22, 1963	Rollout
Dec. 17, 1963	First Flight
Oct. 19, 1964	C-141 delivered to Tinker AFB, Okla. for MAC crew training
Jan. 20, 1965	FAA certificates C-141/L-200
Apr. 23, 1965	First delivery of C-141 to operational squadron, Travis AFB, Calif.
1966	On-schedule production continues although AF rate requirements increased from 7-9 a month.
Feb. 1968	284th and final C-141 delivered to Air Force
Mar. 1971	NASA acquires one C-141 (285th plane built by Lockheed as commercial demonstrator), and equips it with powerful telescope for high altitude observation work.
Early 1973	American Prisoners of War airlifted home from Vietnam in C-141s.
Oct./Nov. 1973	StarLifters transport 11,500 tons of supplies to Middle East in 421 missions.
1974	Nixon administration asks Congress to fund Dept. of Defense plane to stretch C-141 fuselage 23½ feet, add inflight refueling—which would transport one-third more Army equipment and fly longer nonstop range.
Dec. 1975	Charleston C-141 arrives at Marietta for modification to stretch configuration.

Accumulated C-141 flight hours4,573,140



CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR COUNTRY

- Our foreign sales have totaled over \$1.7 billion (42 nations have ordered the Hercules since 1957).
- For each C-130 that it sold overseas it will offset approximately 1 million barrels of oil or between 3,000-4,000 small automobiles being imported.
- Federal income taxes withheld at Lockheed via payroll deductions exceeded \$28 million in 1976.
- FICA taxes withheld exceeded \$8 million.
- Lockheed-Georgians have built for national defense: new aircraft — 394 B-47s, 1,498 C-130s, 285 C-141s, and 81 C-5s. Modified — 129 B-29s, 3,000 B-47s, 1,512 C-130s, 450 C-141s and 154 C-5s.
- Important to our country's defense and state's economy, the C-5 wing modification will extend the useful life into the 1990s; C-141 stretch/inflight refueling mod will give added airlift comparable to the addition of 90 new C-141s.
- Boost to U.S. economy: \$269,133,768 in open commitments to businesses in 45 states, over \$51 million going to the Southeastern states and over \$818,000 to minority companies in U.S. A contract to Lockheed-Georgia for aircraft spreads work to almost all states through subcontracts, and the so-called taxpayers loan to "bail out Lockheed" never existed. However, the U.S. taxpayers have made a \$25 million profit to date on guaranteeing a private bank loan to Lockheed, over half of which has already been paid back.
- 99.6 percent of Lockheed employees supported the country through the purchase of U.S. Savings Bonds in 1976.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO COUNTY AND STATE — LOCKHEED-GEORGIA FACTS

- Weekly payroll exceeds \$3 million.
During 1976 Georgia suppliers received over \$46 million in business; over \$45 million in Metro alone.
Millions of dollars in sales to local merchants have resulted from foreign visitors in Georgia, attracted by our products.
- Over 150,000 Georgians have been upgraded in technical and mechanical skills for the local job market through training received at Lockheed since 1951.
"Hire the Handicapped" program at Lockheed provides good jobs for blind and deaf persons.
Lockheed-Georgia pioneered the Plan for Progress and is an Equal Opportunity Employer. Our payroll has meant many millions of dollars for the minorities of Metro Atlanta.
Scholarships and outright grants to higher education by Lockheed and its people have benefited the universities and students in Georgia.
For every child of a Lockheed employee (grades 1-12) whose parent(s) work on federal property, there is federal money that goes to the Board of Education in that county. To Cobb County in 1976 it meant approximately \$503,037 for 3,652 students.
- Lockheedians have contributed over \$9.3 million to charitable causes since 1951 to help people.
In excess of 171,371 pints of blood have been given to the Red Cross Blood Bank by Lockheed people since 1951.
Lockheed Georgians are leaders in their communities, serving as mayors, city councilmen, state legislators, chamber of commerce and civic leaders... and many wives of employees are teachers in the public schools.
- Over \$1.7 million in property taxes were paid to the state in 1976; over \$.5 million paid in sales tax.
Georgia income taxes withheld exceeded \$5.3 million in 1976.
Fifty-four counties are represented in our work force. Employees reside in every Congressional District of the State except the First, which is on the Atlantic Coast... and until the recent cutbacks, that, too, was represented.



W. T. Beebe, Delta's Chairman of the Board & Chief Executive Officer, (right), and David C. Garrett, Jr., Delta's President, agree that Delta's success as a leading national carrier is due in large part to the enthusiastic teamwork and family spirit of its personnel. They head Delta's 8-member senior management team which has provided a consistency of leadership and philosophy over many years, with an average of over 25 years each in the airline business.

A route expansion in 1972 was the merger of Northeast Airlines' routes into the Delta system.

Delta's route system now serves 92 cities and spans a total of 32,785 miles from the East Coast to California, the Midwest to the Gulf of Mexico, and from Maine to Florida, with international routes to Canada, Bermuda, the Bahamas, Caribbean, and South America.

The only airline to introduce three jetliners to commercial aviation, Delta brought Atlanta its first jet service on September 18, 1959. Now, over 240 times a day, Delta jets leave Hartsfield Atlanta Airport

carrying passengers and cargo to all parts of the United States.

Delta's economic impact on Atlanta's metropolitan area has steadily grown to a current level of more than one-half billion dollars annually. Current employment in the Atlanta area totals almost 12,000 to staff the operation of Delta's General Offices, System Maintenance and Overhaul Facility, and the local Marketing and Operations Functions. Delta is the largest employer in the Atlanta area, with an annual payroll currently exceeding \$225,000,000.

A distinguished record of "firsts"

has marked the colorful development of Delta Air Lines from its pioneer beginnings as the world's first crop dusting company to a firm place of jet leadership in the nation's air transportation industry. The company has seen great technological advances. But Chairman of the Board and Chief Executive Officer W. T. (Tom) Beebe and President David C. Garrett, Jr. agree that Delta's success as a leading national carrier is due in large part to the enthusiastic teamwork and family spirit of its personnel. As Delta's signs say, "All airlines are alike — only people make them different."

Lockheed-Georgia Company- Airlift Center of the World



Six Flags. The land of family fun where you'll have good times like you've never had. And good times we don't think you'll ever forget.

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Then sit back and watch our seven new shows for '77 — from lions to dolphins to our famous revue in the Crystal Pistol Music Hall. Whatever the mood, our shows are full of comedy, dance, and music — barefoot bluegrass and beboppin' boogie included.

But the magic of Six Flags doesn't stop here. With rolling hills and floral treasures, your day is full of bloomin' pleasures. Six Flags. Just ten minutes from downtown Atlanta on I-20 West. Where the fun shines on over 100 rides, shows and adventures. It's all a dream . . . it's Six Flags.

SIX FLAGS

THE LAND OF SCREAMS AND DREAMS

A short history of the plant begins with the construction of the main B-1 Building. Started in March, 1942, the 76-acre building was completed a short 13 months later in April, 1943. From this date until the closing of the plant on V-J Day in 1945, the world-famed B-29's rolled out its mammoth doors.

Lockheed Aircraft Corporation of Burbank, California, builder of such famed aircraft as the Lightning, Shooting Star, Constellation, Hudson Bomber, Electra, F-104, P-2, P-3, U-2, SR-71 and the new TriStar, reopened the facility in January, 1951, at the Air Force's request to modify B-29's for the Korean conflict.

Soon afterwards, under special contract, the 100-ton Boeing-designed B-47 six-jet bomber was put into production. It was the most sophisticated bomber of its era. The first Marietta-made B-47 flew in December, 1952.

The following year, work started on the Lockheed-designed C-130 Hercules, a new kind of propjet airlifter. In April, 1955, the first production Hercules made its initial flight at Dobbins AFB, adjacent to the plant. Active service began December 9, 1956.

World-wide success of the workhorse Hercules has kept it in production for 23 years and the program is still going strong in 1977. The Hercules, in addition to serving the U.S. Government in many roles, has been sold to 42 foreign nations and 13 commercial carriers. Continually improved to keep it up-to-date, the Hercules has been produced in

40 versions. More than 1,500 have been sold.

In March, 1961, Lockheed-Georgia won the competition for the Air Force C-141 StarLifter, the world's most advanced airlift-airdrop plane. This 158-ton fanjet cargo/troop carrier first flew at Marietta December 17, 1963, the 50th anniversary of the Wright Brothers first flight. Squadron service with the Military Airlift Command began in April, 1965.

Another world first in aviation history was made in Marietta when the compact, four-engine JetStar, first business jet, was production-designed here. Its first flight was in July, 1960. This aircraft is used by heads of state in eight nations, serves more than 100 corporations and is used by the U.S. Air Force.

In September, 1965, Lockheed was chosen to build the world's largest airplane, the C-5 Galaxy. This aircraft opened a new transportation era. Deliveries to the Military Airlift Command began in 1970. The Galaxy transported outsized cargo (massive tanks, helicopters, etc.) to Southeast Asia, and later won international attention by speeding tanks and supplies to the Middle East in an airlift that helped bring about a cease-fire between Israel and Arabic nations. Today, the C-5 is flying regular scheduled missions from Travis AFB, California, and Dover AFB, Delaware, to overseas destinations, and frequently flies mercy missions and peacekeeping missions for the United Nations.

January, 1975, Lockheed began

production of the new JetStar II, intercontinental business jet with rollout in June, 1976. First flight was August 18 and delivery to the first customer was in September, 1976.

January 8, 1977, the YC-141B prototype rolled out. This is a C-141A aircraft which has been stretched 23½ feet to provide the airlift capability of 90-120 additional C-141's and provides aerial refueling for the USAF.

Lockheed-Georgia continually looks for new ideas to develop the aerospace industry.



Commercial Credit was the first financial institution to recognize the growth potential of the aircraft industry when, back in 1929, it established the Aviation Credit Company to provide aircraft financing. Unfortunately, the prospects of a booming business in air transportation, which had been stimulated by the exploits of Charles Lindbergh and other aviation pioneers, were followed by the Depression, and the Company's initial entry into the aircraft financing business had to be liquidated the next year.

Commercial Credit did not, however, lose its interest in the aircraft industry, and today it is the largest independent source of financing for general aviation. In the past decade, the Company has financed or leased more than 10,000 aircraft, worth in excess of \$1 billion.

Commercial Credit's aircraft financing center, located at DeKalb Peachtree Airport in Atlanta, offers a full range of financing and leasing services for all types of aircraft. From this convenient location, a staff of specialists provide financial services to general aviation manufacturers, distributors, dealers, and customers throughout the Southeast.

Today, nearly 50 years after it pioneered in aircraft financing, Commercial Credit is still the innovative leader, with new types of financing and leasing arrangements to keep pace with the constantly changing needs of its customers in all areas of the general aviation industry.

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Mr. Machinery is a light and heavy equipment dealer business which was begun in 1975 and is located in Powder Springs, Georgia. Richard Marks, principal owner of Mr. Machinery, was raised in the construction business and therefore knows about buying and selling all types of grading and mining equipment. He is assisted by his wife, Edna, who takes care of the paperwork.

Because of his knowledge and expertise in the field, Mr. Marks travels all over North and South America buying and selling equipment. Consequently, he is aware of the importance of the airline industry. He travels frequently. Without airplanes, it would be next to impossible for Mr. Marks to get the job done!

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Fulton Air Service, Inc.

700 FULTON INDUSTRIAL BLVD. N.W.
CHARLIE BROWN COUNTY AIRPORT
ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30336

Fulton Air Service, Inc. was founded in 1953 at Charlie Brown County Airport by Mr. Cecil Gilham. He was manager of Southeastern Air Service, Inc., the first fixed base operation on the airport.

In 1972 Fulton Air Service, Inc. was sold to L.C. (Rock) Rogers and two local businessmen. Mr. Rogers is president and general manager of the company. Fulton Air Service has been the recipient of several sales performance awards from Cessna Aircraft Company and two Federal Aviation Administration Awards.

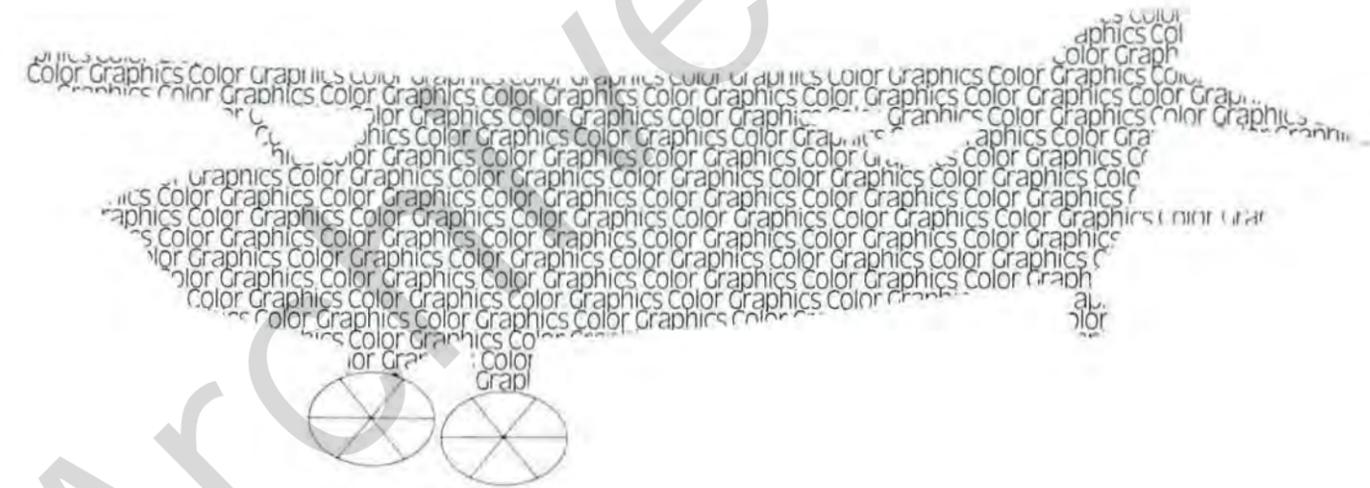
Fulton Air Service is a full-service fixed base operator. It has been a Cessna Aircraft Dealer for over twenty-five years and is the only full-line Cessna Dealer in the state of Georgia. The flight school is one of the largest schools in the state of Georgia offering all FAA-approved courses.



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Wholly Owned Subsidiaries
Type Direction insurance graphics

Right — The 1936 Douglas DC-3 was designed originally as a sleeper aircraft (80 were manufactured). It was the most significant transport airplane ever built. Over 11,000 of them were produced and over 800 are still in use in various parts of the world.



Below — 1941 — Pictured on the front row are Larry Pabst, Dr. Floyd McRae, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, and Bob Pallick. Captain Rickenbacker recuperated in an Atlanta hospital following a plane crash in 1941.



a fleet of 240 jet aircraft.

Eastern's present system of over 35,000 unduplicated route miles links 100 airports in 29 eastern, southern, midwestern and far western states, the District of Columbia, Mexico, Canada, the Caribbean, Bermuda, and the Bahamas. It extends from Montreal, Canada, to Mexico City and Acapulco, Mexico; from Miami, Florida, to Seattle, Washington; from Boston, Massachusetts, to San Antonio, Texas; and from New York

to Puerto Rico. Eastern serves 21 of the 25 largest cities of the U.S. and nine of the ten most populous metropolitan centers of North America.

The position of Atlanta as one of the most important cities Eastern serves has been enhanced in recent years. Atlanta maintenance now handles phase checks for the 240 jets in Eastern's fleet of DC-9's, Boeing 727's, and Lockheed-1011's. And, as recently as this year over 260 maintenance employees were added here to

handle intermediate maintenance on B-727's and L-1011's.

The introduction of inflight feature films in Atlanta was in early 1977. Eastern Whisperliner service to San Juan, Seattle, and Los Angeles has the only movies on board.

Today the company has approximately 33,000 employees, over 5,000 at its Atlanta hub. Now, 49 years after becoming Atlanta's first scheduled airline, Eastern operates 253 daily Atlanta departures.

Southern Airways - Atlanta's Own Airline

Southern Airways, Inc. truly is Atlanta's own airline. It began its first flight here and maintains its General Office and Maintenance Base here. Atlanta is the hub of Southern's system and more than one-half of the airline's employees live here.

Southern dates its operating history from June 10, 1949, when the airline began scheduled service between Atlanta and Memphis, TN, with intermediate stops.

Since then, Southern has grown to serve 14 states and the District of Columbia, and an international

route to the Cayman Islands in the British West Indies.

Southern has 2,600 employees, and last year transported more than three million passengers producing revenues of \$140 million.

Southern is one of only two U.S. airlines still managed by its founding president. Frank W. Hulse, now chairman of Southern's Board of Directors and chief executive officer, began his aviation career in the late 1920's. As a young boy in Augusta, GA, Hulse learned to fly by trading odd jobs around the local airport for

flying lessons. Later, he graduated from Georgia Tech, and returned to Augusta where he was employed at the airport as a fixed base operator.

In the late 1930's, Hulse established a group of flying schools and when the outbreak of World War II became imminent, he contracted with the U.S. Government to provide training for military pilots. Subsequently, the Hulse-directed school trained more than 25,000 Allied pilots.

In 1942, Hulse envisioned the formation of scheduled air service to



A group of travelers pose for the camera, in the early 1950's, before boarding a Southern Airways, Inc. DC-3.



Atlanta Mayor William B. Hartsfield, left, joined Southern President Frank W. Hulse and stewardesses to dedicate Southern's facilities in the Atlanta Airport. The year was 1961. Today, the airport is named for Mayor Hartsfield.

serve the small cities throughout the Southeastern United States. He recognized the end of the war would mean availability of many qualified pilots and surplus aircraft that could be converted to transport use. Accordingly, he began seeking government authority to operate an airline.

During the ensuing years of the 1940's, Hulse sought and attained the capital necessary to begin the airline operation with one DC-3.

Throughout the 1950's, Southern began to grow, and a network of routes expanded to many small cities across the Southeast. Flights were provided by DC-3 aircraft, many of which had been converted from military use.

In 1961, Southern acquired its first "large" aircraft, Martin-404 equipment, which it purchased from another carrier.

The Martin aircraft was a major step in Southern's history and five of these still are used to serve small points along Southern's routes. (The Martin will be phased out by year-end, in favor of modern, jet-powered Metro II's). The Martin brought to Southern's travelers air conditioning, pressurized cabins, galley equipment for inflight service, and opened a new pattern of travel between small cities in the Southeast.

In the mid 1960's Southern began evaluating jet aircraft and in 1967 received delivery of its first DC-9 jetliner. Shortly thereafter, Southern phased out its last DC-3 and currently has 27 DC-9 jetliners in service.

The majority of the route expansion came after 1967. Southern had long sought entry into the Florida peninsula including Tallahassee,

Orlando, and Miami. This route was attained, and today Southern is a major carrier between many previously served cities and these points.

Additionally, Southern received authority to serve Washington and New York and now provides the significant service between these cities and Columbus, GA, Dothan, AL, Mobile, AL, Gulfport-Biloxi, MS, and many other points on its route network.

Another major step in Southern's growth was gaining St. Louis, Chicago and Detroit authority. Today, Southern connects many of its deep-South and mid-South cities with these points and the airline provides a significant amount of service between Memphis and Chicago, Memphis and St. Louis, and Nashville and Detroit.

In late 1972, Southern an-



The "giant" Condor photographed at Candler Field.

Captain Rickenbacker became Chairman of Eastern's Board on August 7, 1953, and continued to manage the company.

Colonial Airlines, serving Bermuda and Canada, in addition to a number of upstate New York and New England cities, was merged into the Eastern system on June 1, 1956. The following year Mexico was added to the route system.

Eastern entered the jet age with prop-jet Electras early in 1959, and a year later placed its first pure jet Douglas DC-8's in service. During 1961, and in January, 1962, Boeing 720 jets were added.

On April 30, 1961, Eastern inaugurated a revolutionary new service in the heavily traveled Boston-New York-Washington markets. Named the Air-Shuttle, the service operates hourly flights on a no-reservations, guaranteed-seat basis. The Air-Shuttle, an instant success, has carried more than 41 million passengers since its inception.

On December 16, 1963, Floyd D. Hall became President and Chief Executive Officer. The company, under the direction of Mr. Hall and a new team of professional airline management people, continued the major innovations in service pioneered by Eastern.

Improved service in reservations, baggage handling, in-flight, and a new color scheme for Eastern aircraft were among the more tangible evidences of the new Eastern. While refurbishing aircraft and ground facilities, the new management also made major improvements in the airline's operations.

In late 1963, Eastern accepted its first Boeing 727, a three-engine fan jet. The first regular schedules were flown with a 727 — aptly named the Whisperjet — on February 1, 1964.

Two years later, Eastern accepted the first of a fleet of twin-engine DC-9 jets, and early the following year began flying DC8-61's and DC8-63's, the largest commercial jets in service in America at that time.

On June 30, 1969, Eastern retired its last piston-powered aircraft, the Convair 440.

The first of a fleet of 37 Lockheed-1011 Whisperliners were put into service in 1972. This outstanding wide-bodied, three-engined airliner carrying 256 passengers has many parts designed and built at Lockheed-Georgia.

The name of the Atlanta Airport was changed to Hartsfield Atlanta International Airport on July

1, 1971, when Eastern brought the city its first international non-stop service. The daily flight to Mexico City meant establishing U.S. Customs, Immigration and Agriculture offices at the airport. On July 1, 1972, Eastern also began flying from Atlanta to Jamaica.

In the Spring of 1973, the Civil Aeronautics Board approved Eastern's acquisition of Puerto Rico-based Caribair (Caribbean-Atlantic Airlines) and by December had completely merged that regional company's routes into its own system to provide improved service between U.S. mainland points and numerous new resort destinations in the West Indies.

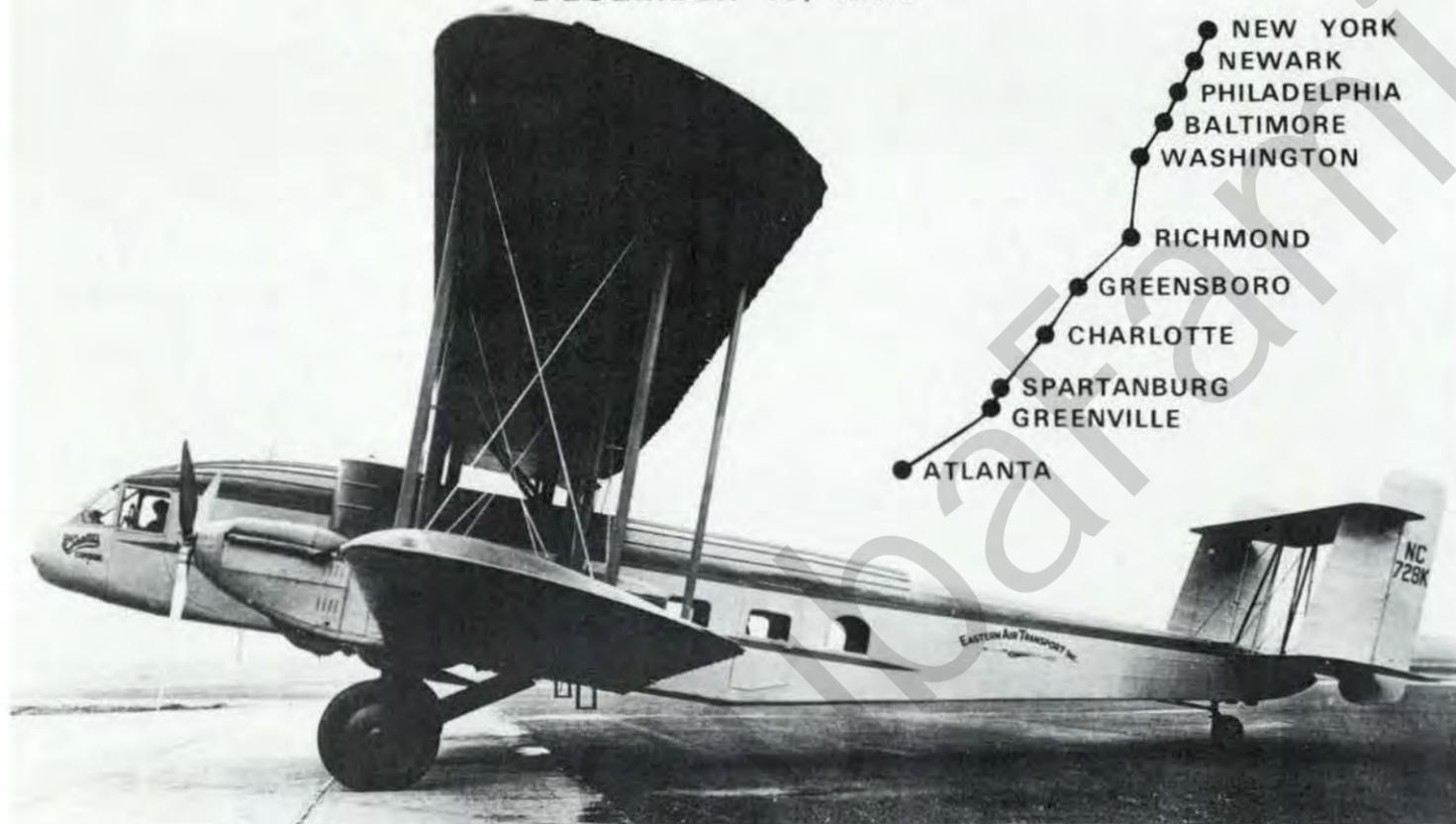
Colonel Frank Borman, a special advisor to Eastern in 1969, joined the airline full time in 1970 as a Vice President and in 1975 was elected President and Chief Executive Officer. In December, 1976, he was named to the additional position of Chairman of the Board. Two of this country's greatest aviation pioneers have headed Eastern.

As the air transportation hub of the southeast, Atlanta was the gateway for almost 5,000,000 Eastern passengers in 1976. Systemwide, the airline flew 29,300,000 passengers in the Bicentennial year while operating



Early passengers board the Curtiss Condor.

EASTERN AIR TRANSPORT
ATLANTA-NEW YORK PASSENGER SERVICE
DECEMBER 10, 1930



Eastern's first flight from Atlanta was to New York. It took 8½ hours and made 9 stops. Everyone got off in Greensboro for lunch.

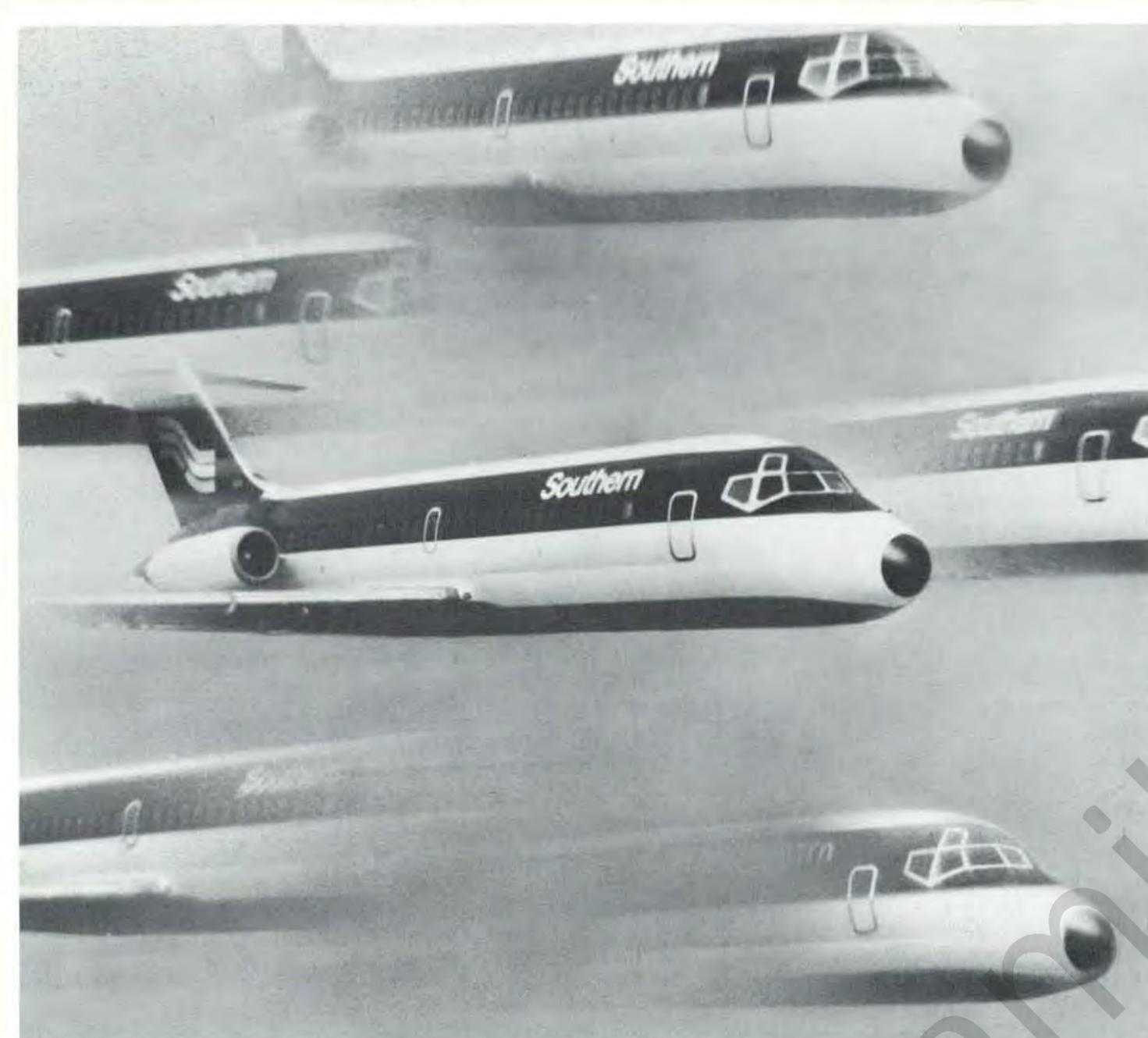


September 7, 1945 — Atlanta — Candidate for governor of Georgia, M. E. Thompson, waves from stairs of a Southern Airways chartered DC-3 at the Municipal Airport here prior to embarking on a good will trip around the state before primary election day September 8. Standing on ground are Georgia dignitaries who accompanied Thompson on trip. They are, left to right, Edward I. Bernd, editor of the Rome News-Tribune; DeWitt Roberts, Thompson's campaign manager; Pat Cutchen, official representative of Thompson; Paul Webb, Fulton County Solicitor General; Stanley Smith, mayor of Perry; Turner Rockwell, editor of the Valdosta Times; and Lawson Patten, publisher of the Lanier County Times.

nounced a major expansion program — that it would acquire 13 additional DC-9 aircraft. In March, 1973, the first of this new equipment was implemented and throughout much of 1973, Southern increased service along routes where it held authority but did not operate. Jacksonville, FL, to Memphis and St. Louis flights were added, additionally more service was put into the key Florida cities, and the airline expanded its busy operation between the Gulf Coast and St. Louis and the Gulf Coast and Chicago.

Simultaneously, employment was increased as the airline entered the largest single-year growth period of any scheduled airline.

In late 1976, Southern completed construction of a \$27 million Maintenance Base and Training Center, located at Hartsfield Atlanta



Southern's DC-9's seat either 75 or 100 passengers. The airline serves 65 cities in 14 states, the District of Columbia and the Caymen Islands, in the British West Indies.

International Airport. Among the finest and most functional airline maintenance facilities in the country, Southern now performs all aircraft and engine maintenance functions internally. Previously, support of outside vendors was resulting in higher expenses and longer maintenance schedules.

The Training Center became operational in November, 1975. Southern operates the world's most sophisticated DC-9 simulator, train-

ing its own pilots as well as pilots of other airlines.

Currently underway is a \$4 million office complex to house the reservations center and General Office. This structure is adjacent to the Maintenance Base and Training Center at the Atlanta airport.

Southern's current passenger growth continues to set records, and indications are that 1977 will be the airline's sixth consecutive year of profitability.

Underway are additional route applications, including an extensive pattern of improved service throughout Florida, and many routes to the mid-West. If the operating authority requested is granted by the Civil Aeronautics Board, Southern's growth in the next five years may be even more remarkable than in the past five.

Meanwhile, Southern is a prominent force in air travel throughout, from and to the Southeast.



Above — Summer uniforms for Eastern's lovely air hostesses serving on the famous Curtiss Condor. Instead of "Coffee, Coke or Milk?" they asked, "Gum, Coke, or Cotton?"



Left — Eastern's air hostesses for the Condor flight in their slinky winter outfits.

ated 4,518 route miles, scheduled 34 daily flights and owned 22 airplanes. It became the first major airline to make a profit without taxpayers' subsidy and was the only subsidy-free airline for many years. Eastern recorded a profit every year from 1936 through 1959. Its 1976 earnings of \$46.2 million are an all-time record.

World War II found Eastern Airlines in a position of stability which permitted it to go "all out" in assisting the war effort.

In 1946, Eastern inaugurated service between Miami and Puerto Rico. That same year Douglas DC-4's were put into service. The first Lockheed Constellation was added in 1947, and in 1951 Super Constellation and twin-engine Martin 404's joined the fleet.



Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt as she left on an Eastern Air Transport Curtiss Condor flight from Atlanta to Washington, D.C.

August 18, 1930 with a Ford trimotored airplane between New York and Richmond, with four stops. The new mode of transportation caught on so rapidly that six 18-passenger Curtiss Condors were added to the fleet. The pride of the Eastern fleet, the Condor, was powered by two 600-horsepower Wright engines and had a top speed of 120 miles per hour.

The aviation industry and Eastern underwent many changes and grew rapidly. Control of North American Aviation was taken over by General Motors. New planes made their appearance, and the route structure expanded.

However, growth was temporarily arrested in 1934, when all air mail

contracts were canceled by the Government and Army Air Force pilots were assigned to fly the mail for a short period.

When of necessity the Government turned flying the mail back to commercial air lines, new air patterns were set up. North American formed a new corporation, Eastern Air Lines, Inc. Out of the new contract negotiations, Atlanta was the hub of routes awarded Eastern to New York, New Orleans, Chicago and Jacksonville.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, who became associated with Eastern in 1933 through being vice president of North American Aviation, was named general manager of the com-

pany January 1, 1935. In 1938, with a group of associates, Captain Rickenbacker bought the company for \$3.5 million and became president and general manager.

One of the first to see the potentialities of commercial aviation and the effects it would have on the nation, Rickenbacker launched the organization on the road to leadership in the industry. He began from the outset to apply the principles of rigid cost control, hard work and efficiency, while others still regarded the industry as a glamour-packed business, not subject to economic laws governing other business enterprises.

At the end of its first decade, the company had 1,032 employees, oper-

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ITT Terryphone Corporation

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P.O. Box 4038, Harrisburg, Pa. 17111
Telephone (717) 564-4343
Telex No. 84-2358



History of ITT Terryphone

This company was built on a new idea...an idea in private communications. For countless years, business and industry were faced with two inadequate choices in the field of private communications. The first was utilization of the valuable business telephone for internal communications, and the second was the old fashioned "squawk box" type of intercom.

The Terryphone system was designed under Mr. Kent J. Terry's direction in 1949 in an attempt to meet and overcome his customers' dissatisfaction with the internal communication systems then available.

On June 30, 1954, Mr. Terry and Mr. James V. Rapagna incorporated a company known as Terry-Phone, Inc. Both men had been associated for a number of years with RCA. Mr. Terry's experience was primarily in sales; Mr. Rapagna's in manufacturing and administration. These two men became the nucleus of the team which developed Terryphone as we know it today.

The rapid growth and expansion which had come about under the leadership of Company President, Mr. James V. Rapagna, had not gone unnoticed in the business world. International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation, a world-wide organization, had expressed interest in the principal of Terryphone. At that time, management felt that an association with a giant corporation such as ITT would enable Terryphone to expand at a rate never before dreamed of. Realizing that accelerated growth would enable them to render service on a wider scale to the businessman, and that the opportunities of individuals associated with the Company would broaden, management decided to accept the offer. On October 1, 1964, Terryphone became a wholly owned subsidiary of International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation.

Early in 1970, due to phenomenal growth, ITT Headquarters directed that Terryphone prepare for expansion of its sales operations to the United Kingdom. Late in the Spring of that year, a Director of Operations for the United Kingdom was appointed, and combined Sales and Service operations, under the control of ITT Terryphone, were initiated in the U.K.

Early 1973, ITT Terryphone entered the interconnect market by combining the Terryphone into the telephone. This resulted in a tremendous new concept for the American businessman, he was now able to purchase his own telephone system.

ITT Terryphone Corporation is now the largest Key-Interconnect company in the United States.

1930—First sleeper aircraft in the world. This was an Eastern Air Transport plane.



an additional 619 mile route linking Atlanta with Miami. Thus Pitcairn found himself in possession of the "eastern airline," a total of 1411 air miles from New York to Miami via Atlanta.

On December 1, 1928, service was inaugurated from Atlanta to Miami via Jacksonville, completing

the New York-Miami air link and giving Florida its first domestic service. And so the fledgling airline began considering inauguration of passenger service. This project was interrupted by a change in management. Pitcairn preferred to concentrate his energies on aircraft manufacture and sold out to North American

Aviation, Inc., in July, 1929. Six months later, January, 1930, the name of the corporation was changed to Eastern Air Transport, Inc.

By its second anniversary, the airline served 16 cities and had routes of 1,499 miles. Mail poundage had increased 300 percent.

Passenger service was begun

Mail Service from New York to Miami is Beginning of "Eastern Airline".

Nottingham Company

1303 Boyd Avenue, NW
Chattahoochee Industrial District
Atlanta, Georgia 30318

Nottingham Company is a distributor of vegetable oil and organic chemicals. Its sales territory covers the eastern part of the United States, selling principally to chemical manufacturing firms.

The Company was founded as a proprietorship in 1949 by G. R. Nottingham and operated under the name G. R. Nottingham Company. It was incorporated in 1956 under the name of Nottingham Company, and at that time, opened a warehouse on Chattahoochee Avenue.

In 1960 a warehouse and bulk terminal facility were constructed at the present address. Since that time Nottingham has continued to expand until today it is more than three times as large as the original installation.

In 1963 G. R. Nottingham's interest was purchased by Charles A. Little, Jr. and George H. Eudy who are the principal owners at the present time.

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VEGETABLE OILS • CHEMICALS • GLYCERINE



1928 — From left to right Mayor Ragsdale; Gene Brown, one of the first pilots for Eastern Air Transport; Harold Pitcairn, the original owner of Pitcairn; and Postmaster E. K. Large.

It was only a tiny airline then, but a milestone was reached when Eastern Airlines began operations May 1, 1928, carrying only air mail. Almost half a century later, it became the largest passenger carrier in the free world.

This achievement is most notable in Atlanta, where Eastern began

that city's first continuous passenger service December 10, 1930. On that day, Doug Davis piloted the black and yellow Condor leaving Candler Field for New York at 8:45 a.m.

But the Eastern story really dates back to 1926, when the U.S. Government invited competitive bids for contracts to transport mail by air

between New York and Atlanta. Harold F. Pitcairn, a young flier who manufactured aircraft for county fair exhibits and owned a landing field near Philadelphia, filed a bid to carry mail at \$3 per pound.

In November, 1927, before the first sack of mail was flown, the Government awarded Pitcairn Aviation



1930—A typical Sunday afternoon at the Atlanta Airport as they assembled to see a parachute jump.

The idea for Nationwide Fund Raisers, Inc., grew out of the experiences Lloyd D. Bird, present chairman, had while working with the Fuller Brush Company for 23 years. Bird, who started with Fuller Brush after serving some time in the U.S. Navy, watched that company grow from retail sales of \$14 million annually to a whopping \$165 million annually during the time he was employed. He was quite instrumental in the success of the Fuller Brush Company and became very involved in the marketing strategy. Consequently, a large portion of his day was spent in talking to civic groups like the Lions, Optimists, college fraternities, etc., on marketing and selling a product. One similarity kept coming home to Bird. That was that there were many groups who were trying to raise money for various worthwhile causes, but none could find a universal product which appealed to the masses. He set out not only to come up with this product, but also to design a professional marketing program for the product. Basically, Bird knew his product must meet four requirements: 1) something that everyone used every day; 2) something of fine quality; 3) something that was fairly priced; and 4) something that was risk free, i.e. would not freeze, melt, or go stale, in other words, a non-perishable product.

One day a product came to Bird's mind that would fit these four requirements: a bottle of top quality, uniquely ground black pepper. In 1964 he purchased a 170 pound barrel of pepper, some glass bottles, caps, and pressure sensitive labels. Bird and his wife began filling these bottles with the pepper in the basement of their home. Soon their son, James, came home from college for the summer and began presenting the Gourmet Pepper Program to Kiwanis Clubs, J.C.'s, Lions, and other civic clubs. In 1971 after seven years of experimenting as a pilot operation and working out marketing programs, the Corporation of Nationwide Fund Raisers, Inc. was formed.

From the basement of Lloyd Bird's home where he packaged about 60 bottles per hour, the Company moved its "pepper packing" facilities to a small house on New Street in Decatur. Nationwide Fund Raisers made one other move before coming in 1974 to their present location in Doraville. Nationwide's product line now consists of six products including pepper, freeze-dried onions, bacon bits, seasoning, artificial butter salt, and Italian seasoning and pizza topping. The Company has grown from three part-time workers to 59 full-time workers who now make up the Nationwide team.

Nationwide's retail sales have increased sixfold from 1974's \$570,000 to retail sales exceeding \$3,500,000 in 1976. The Company's goal is to double its volume in 1977 to \$7,000,000 retail. First quarter's results were more than double that of 1976.

Serving as officers and directors since Nationwide's inception are: Lloyd D. Bird, Chairman; James R. Bird, President and Director; Milton Farris, Treasurer and Director; Cornelius Vaughan, Vice President; Leon Roberts, Secretary and Director; and Sylvan Byck, Director.

Nationwide Fund Raisers, Inc.

4301 PLEASANTDALE ROAD
 ATLANTA, GEORGIA 30340
 (404) 448-0481

THE RICHARD COMPANY, INC.

In 1921, Mr. Norman G. Olsen started selling Maytag washing machines and in 1936, formed Maytag Southeastern Company which sold to dealers in the southeast. In 1958, his son, Richard T. Olsen, formed The Richard Company, Inc., when Maytag produced their first commercial washer.

Since 1958, The Richard Company has installed over 6,000 coin-operated laundries. This outstanding achievement is due to fine products, good management, top notch employees, and the country's finest sales and service people.

The new Maytag Home Style Laundry concept is attracting customers from all walks of life. Professional people, air line pilots, bankers, army retirees, and business people own new laundries furnished by The Richard Company.

We fly our customers to laundries in three states to show them the outstanding business opportunity we offer.

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Aviation Firsts

THE FIRST AIR SHOW

In 1909 the first air show in history was held in Reims, France. France was then the home of European aviation, and it was felt that a big gathering of aircraft and pilots would make it possible for all the world's flying authorities to meet and discuss their problems and exchange ideas. All the great flyers of the day converged on the city with their simple machines as did large numbers of wealthy sportsmen and women along with crowds of the general public who went along for the thrill.

In addition to demonstration flights and elementary aerobatics, there were many races and an altitude contest. Hubert Latham, who flew his new Antoinette VII monoplane to a height of 508.5 feet, won the altitude contest. American Glenn Curtiss, flying his Golden Flyer biplane at an average speed of 47.09 mph, won the Gordon Bennett Trophy. Louis Bleriot, flying his own machine, the Bleriot, which was powered by one of the first Gnome rotary engines, reached the fastest speed of the day at 60 mph but landed on fire when a fuel pipe broke. The cream of the aeronautical world was assembled in Reims for the first air show in history to witness these daring exploits.

In July, 1911, one of the better-known British pilots, Horatio Barber, made a cross-country flight carrying a lady passenger from Shoreham to Hendon. The General Electric Company contracted with Barber to carry a carton of Osram lamps from Shoreham to Hove, a few miles away, which he did. This was the first air freight flight in history.

We started here back in 1886 when a man named Doc Pemberton invented a drink called Coca-Cola. Nobody then ever dreamed it would be the largest selling soft drink in the world.

It's easy to see why we love Georgia...

But, then, a lot of big dreams have been realized here in Georgia. Just think of our history and the achievements of people like Eli Whitney, Crawford W. Long, Martin Luther King Jr. and, the legendary golfer, Bobby Jones. Think of the many industries in Georgia that have grown up to be among the nation's largest... including everything from lumber, textiles and tobacco to peaches, peanuts and poultry.



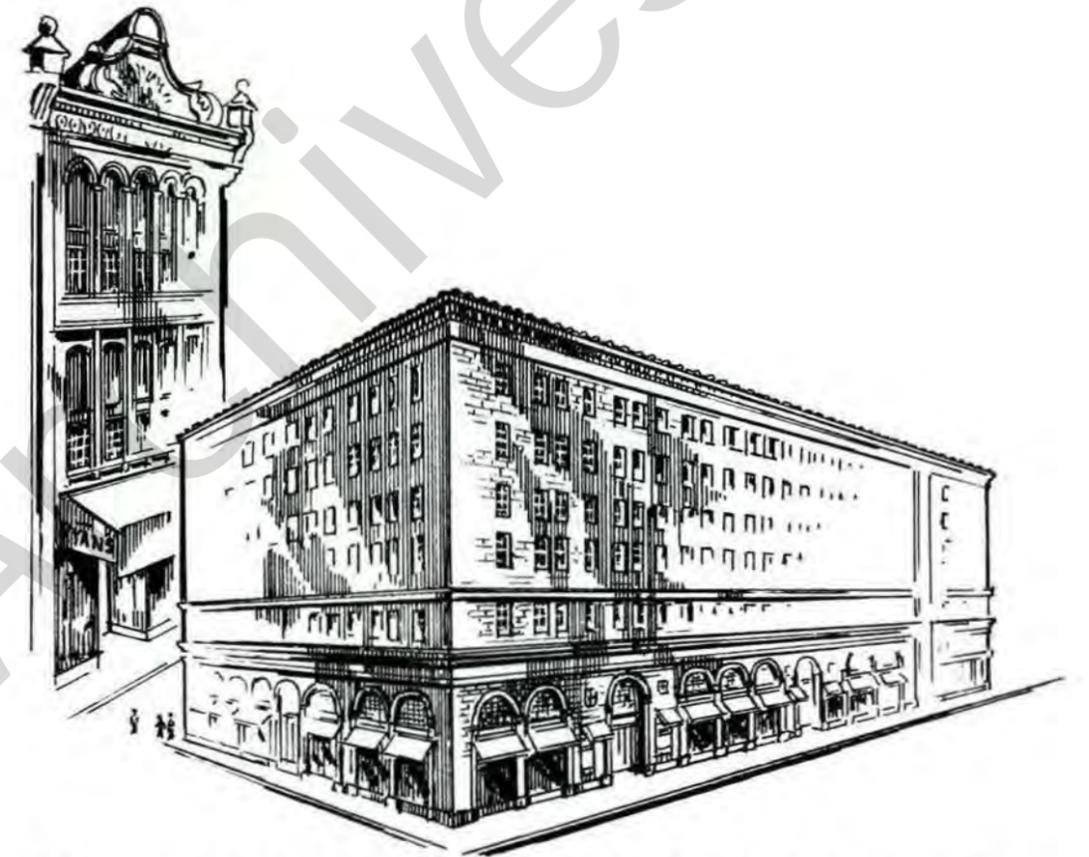
Think of how fast Georgia is growing. Already we have the third biggest convention city in the country... the second busiest airport in the world... and the tallest hotel in the world.

Think of the good life we've got here... the very livable climate the year round... the easy transportation to and from work... the recreation and amusement parks... the ocean, mountains and literally thousands of lakes and streams we have all right here in Georgia.



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"Coca-Cola" and "Coke" are registered trademarks which identify the same product of The Coca-Cola Company.



The history of Davison's

In 1890, when Atlantans watered their horses at an artesian well at Five Points, Douglas-Thomas and Company opened a small store on nearby Whitehall Street. This store was the modest beginning of Davison's.

Davison's history reflects a determined effort to meet the ever-growing needs and desires of the people of Atlanta.

In 1911 Davison's installed the first escalators in the South. However, our customers wanted no part of these "new-fangled Yankee contraptions" and the escalators were quietly sold to a firm in Texas.

The store itself continued to grow. In 1925 Davison's became affiliated with Macy's, New York, the largest store in the world. In 1927 we moved to a magnificent seven-story building at 180 Peachtree, our present Downtown Atlanta location.

We opened our first branch store in Macon, Georgia in 1944. In rapid succession came branches in Augusta, Columbia, South Carolina, Athens and Sea Island.

Our suburban branch stores began with Lenox Square in 1959 and now includes branches at Northlake, Southlake, Cumberland and Columbia Malls.

Davison's will continue to grow. We will continue to offer "new-fangled contraptions" now and then, as well as the latest designs in fashion and home furnishings. Because Davison's is still determined to meet the needs and desires of our customers.

Acknowledgements



Thank you. Packed into these two little words is the heartfelt gratitude of all associated with the Georgia Aviation Day Air Show and its related activities. It is estimated that more than 3,000 individuals shared in the work of bringing together and putting on the Air Show, as well as producing the Georgia Aviation Day Booklet.

Special thanks go to the Metro Civitan Club for sponsoring the Air Show and the barbecue, as well as to those businesses which advertised in the booklet and helped to bring together the Glimpses of Georgia Aviation.

May those of you who shared in making the Georgia Aviation Day Show a success experience a special satisfaction and happiness in knowing that those whose needs are met through the ministries of Christian City—homeless children, the elderly, the handicapped, and the sick—can enjoy a better life because of your participation in this great event.

Thank you... and God Bless You!

Arthur Godfrey - Master of Ceremonies



When the Wright brothers made their first flight at Kitty Hawk, Arthur Godfrey was barely 4 months old in New York City. At the age of two, his family moved to Hasbrouck Heights, N.J. It was there in 1910 that he observed two wonderful sights—Halley's Comet and the first airplane he had ever seen. Fed by the exploits of Tom Swift and his Flying Machine, as well as the pictures and tales of the exploits of the brave aviation pioneers in the rotogravure section of the New York Sunday papers, his fascination with flying and planes grew steadily.

In May, 1920, the 17-year old youth gave his age as 19 and enlisted in the Navy as an Apprentice Seaman with the avowed purpose of acquiring the education necessary to become a Naval aviator. Instead, he was sent to Radio School and upon graduation he was assigned to the Naval radio station in Norfolk. After a tour of duty as Radioman 2nd Class aboard a destroyer on duty in Turkish waters, Mr. Godfrey was discharged in 1924.

In 1929 his success in show business began at a radio station in Baltimore. Now earning enough money to buy some flying time at Logan Field in an OX-5 Commandaire, Mr. Godfrey finally realized his

ambition to become a pilot. Today he has logged almost 17,000 hours including an epic tour in 1949 with his friend, Eddie Rickenbacker, in his first Constellation to all the South American capitals. Mr. Godfrey was a three-stripe Commander in the Naval Reserve when he was awarded his Navy wings at Pensacola in 1950. From then until 1955 he was the oldest man ever to qualify in carriers, helicopters, blimps, fighters and bombers both in the Navy and in the Strategic Air Command under LeMay. On the advice of then Minority Leader Lyndon Johnson, Mr. Godfrey resigned his Naval commission in 1955 in order to lobby more successfully for a pay raise for all the services.

Eager to be eligible to fly military aircraft again, Mr. Godfrey accepted a commission as a bird-Colonel in the USAF Reserve (Retired) in 1960. His flight experiences have included piloting a Boeing 707, an 1123 Jet Commander, a converted old C-47 with a Gatling gun mounted in the door while in Vietnam during a month's tour of duty, an FB-111, a 747, a DC-10, the Concorde in Paris, a Navy Jet T-Bird and the French Falcon, which, according to Mr. Godfrey was one of his most exhilarating experiences in the air.

A star of radio and television for 44 years, Mr. Godfrey has also starred on Broadway in the theater and in summer circuit theater, as well as in movies. These days he "guests" on various TV shows, films TV commercials, lectures, makes personal appearances, and is now in the process of writing his autobiography.

Rated an ATR (Airline Transport Rating) with over 16,000 hours as solo and/or command pilot over the past 40-odd years, Mr. Godfrey flies any and everywhere in his own Beech Baron B-58 "NIM". He states emphatically, "When the day comes when I won't be fit to fly anymore, I'll be a very sad sack!" Mr. Godfrey has always had a special rapport with airplanes, horses, the woods, the land and the sea, but his greatest rapport is with his fellow human beings.

Georgia Aviation Day Air Show
 Charlie Brown County Airport
 August 13-14, 1977

2:00 p.m.



ANNOUNCERS: Arthur Godfrey
 Jim Mynning
 Mike Watson

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 Gene Soucy, Left Wing Position, Three-Time U.S. National Aerobatic Champion (1970, '71, '72).
 Tom Poberezny, Right Wing Position, Current U.S. National Aerobatic Champion.

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Miss 250 Cecil Alexander Papers The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.



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This year we are the official Camera, Copier, and Calculator of the International Air Tattoo 81. And Canon will be supplying photographic equipment for use by the competitors in

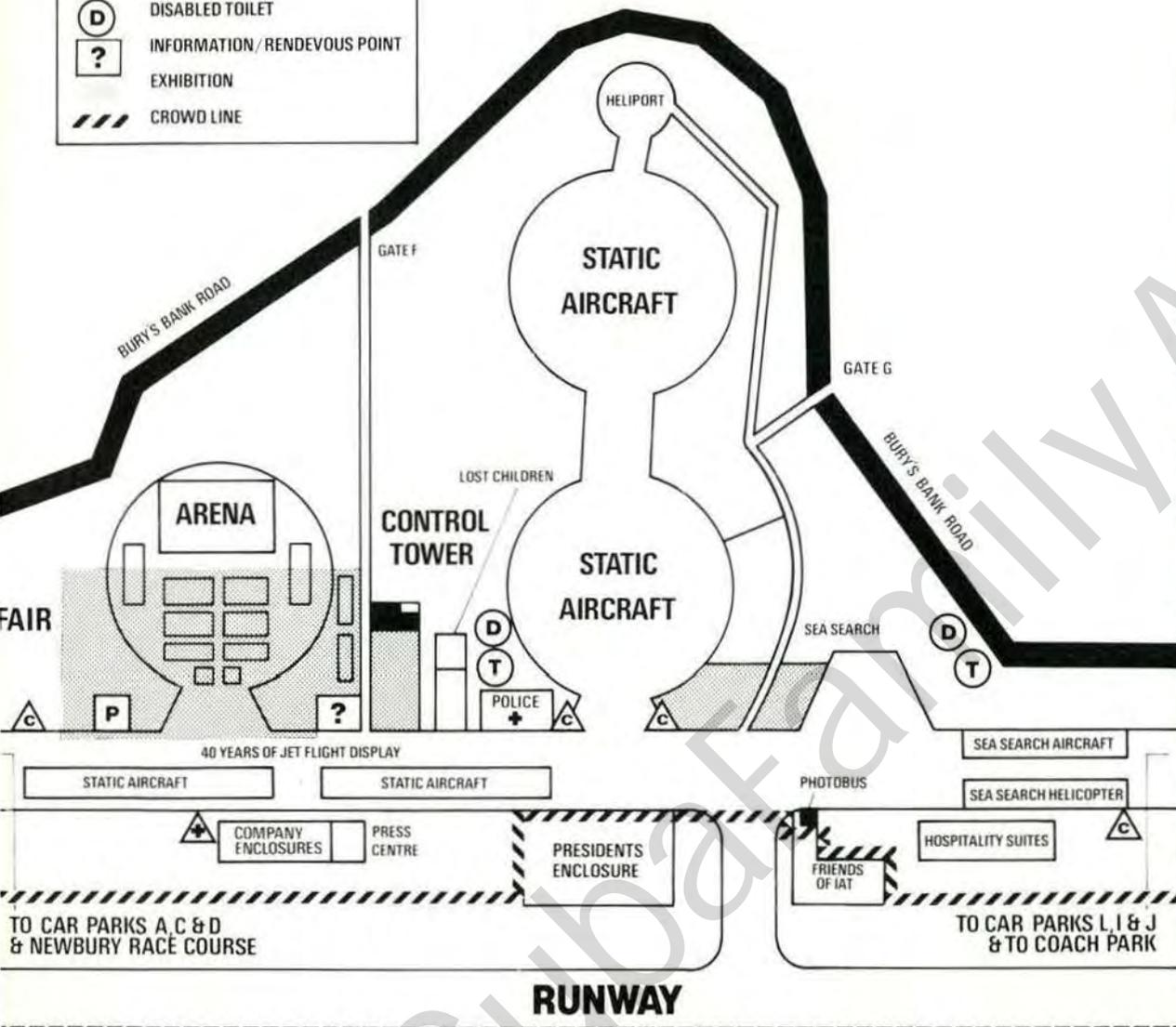
the main theme "Sea Search 81" – the first truly international maritime patrol search and rescue meet.

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Up, up and away!

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it is for the RAF Benevolent Fund.

We're proud to be associated with the Fund by supporting the International Air Tattoo '81.



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It pays to decide Nationwide

Miss 50, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum.

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Funds exceed £4,700 million. Authorised for investment by trustees. Member of the Building Societies Association.

Introduction by:

**Sir Douglas Bader, CBE, DSO*, DFC*,
President — International Air Tattoo**

I am delighted to welcome you to International Air Tattoo '81 at RAF Greenham Common and hope you will enjoy your day.

I have been specially encouraged by the tremendous response received from air arms world wide in sending aircraft to participate in the 'Sea Search' competitions and to appear in the static and flying displays. Their appearance establishes beyond doubt that International Air Tattoo is Europe's premier air show.

I hope you will be able to view the many displays which have been brought together for your benefit including the Arena performances which will take place at the rear of the Exhibition and Trade Fair. The crews will be in attendance at the static aircraft park so please take the opportunity to welcome them and talk with them.

International Air Tattoo '81 is held in aid of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund whose work is of greater importance now than ever before. Your support of this event is much appreciated and will ensure that those who have served their country are not forgotten.



Douglas Bader

Douglas Bader



"The Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund is part of the conscience of the British Nation. A Nation without a conscience is a Nation without a soul. A Nation without a soul is a Nation that cannot live."

(The Rt Hon Sir Winston Churchill, 1951)



International Air Tattoo Background 1971-1981

1981 sees the 10th anniversary of the International Air Tattoo. Started by a small group of enthusiastic volunteers, the first Air Tattoo was held at the famous Battle of Britain airfield at RAF North Weald in 1971. The event became truly international in 1972 with participation from NATO and other overseas air arms. In the following year it moved to the much larger airfield at Royal Air Force Greenham Common where it quickly became established as Europe's biggest military flying display.

International Air Tattoos were subsequently held at the Berkshire airfield in 1974, 1976, 1977 and 1979. Nearly three quarters of a million people have attended these two day events, bringing much needed income to the principal charity concerned, the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund. To date over 40 air arms from 25 countries have taken part in the Tattoos, from as far afield as Australasia, South America and Asia. In 1979 no less than 30 air arms participated in the year's biggest and most spectacular air show.

The aim of the International Air Tattoo is to present an entertaining and informative air event for a wide audience, bringing together the expertise of skilled pilots in a spirit of friendship and cooperation between the many participating nations. This has been achieved in the flying display, the 'Meet' which takes a special theme each year, and in the diverse social functions for the participants. The world's aviation press has acclaimed the Tattoo as "the finest military air spectacular" and "a unique display which has established it as an event in the best tradition of the Hendon, Farnborough and Paris Air Shows".

Royal Air Force Greenham Common is once again the venue for International Air Tattoo '81. It features a daily 8 hour flying display, a huge and varied static aircraft park and includes the world's first maritime aircraft meet 'Sea Search '81'. There will also be a commemorative display to mark 40 years of British jet powered aircraft and extensive exhibition and arena performances. This event is undoubtedly the world's major military air show of the year, providing two days of enthralling entertainment in the air and on the ground.



International Air Tattoo, Building 91, RAF Greenham Common, Newbury, Berks,
England RG15 8HL, Tel. (0635) 39000

INTERNATIONAL AIR TATTOO '81

Organising Committee

PRESIDENT
Sir Douglas Bader,
 CBE, DSO*, DFC*

CHAIRMAN
Air Marshal Sir Denis Crowley-Milling,
 KCB, CBE, DSO, DFC*, AE



DIRECTOR
 Paul Bowen

Paul was born in Bath in 1947. On leaving school he trained as an Air Traffic Control Officer and was based for several years at Boscombe Down. In 1978 he left the Civil Aviation Authority to become the first full time Director of International Air Tattoo, having been one of the founder members of the IAT team at RAF North Weald in 1971. Recently appointed as Vice President, Europe, of the International Council of Air Shows, Paul is married with one son and lives at Bramley, Hants.



DIRECTOR OF FLYING
 Tim Prince

Tim was born in Wallingford, Oxfordshire in 1949, the son of a rose grower and nurseryman. After twelve years as an Air Traffic Controller, he left the Civil Aviation Authority in 1978, to pursue a full time career organising air displays. A founder member of the International Air Tattoo team, he is now the IAT Director of Flying, and recently became the European Director of the International Council of Air Shows. Tim now lives at Wildhern in Hampshire with his wife and two sons.



DIRECTOR OF ADMINISTRATION
 Frank Windle

Frank Windle is a serving Army Officer in the Royal Engineers. He is a family man with three children, and has been involved with International Air Tattoo since 1972 as Administration Manager, becoming Director of Administration in 1976. He has helped organise air displays at Greenham Common, Goodwood and Basingbourn with the IAT team. One of the major problems he faces this year is how to accommodate and feed anything up to 4,000 staff and participants during the event.

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The United States Air Force at Greenham Common



On behalf of the United States Air Force and the 7273rd Air Base Group, it is indeed a pleasure to welcome you to RAF Greenham Common for International Air Tattoo 1981. We are proud to be a part of this event in support of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund and to support what we consider the finest and most professional Military Air Display in the world.

We wish the sponsors, organizers and participants continued success in the future.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "James E. Salminen".

JAMES E. SALMINEN, Col, USAF Commander

Greenham Common

RAF Greenham Common was a glider base during World War II in the lead up to the Normandy landings, but operational use of the airfield ceased with the end of hostilities. The United States Air Force first began to build up the base in February 1951 and on 18 June 1951 the RAF handed over operational control.

Construction was completed in 1953, providing a runway 200ft wide and 10,000ft in length with an additional 1,000ft overrun at either end. The airfield became operational in March 1954 with B-47E aircraft of the 303rd Bomber Wing, Strategic Air Command.

The base was again deactivated in June 1964 and handed back to RAF control. When US Forces withdrew from France, however, it was reallocated to the USAF in January 1967 as a storage site and subsequently selected as a NATO standby base, operated by the 7551st Combat Support Group under the control of HQ 3rd Air Force, USAF. Several Reforger exercises involved Greenham Common in their activities and in March 1976 F-111Es of the 20th TFW moved in from Upper Heyford while repairs to their home runway were completed. They remained throughout the summer and after their departure the base continued to be operated by a detachment from the 20th TFW.

In 1978 Greenham Common was once again down-graded to a US Army storage unit as an annex to RAF Welford. In the meantime a major programme had been put in hand to re-surface much of the airfield and modernise the facilities

for operational use during the 1980s. On 1 January 1979 Greenham Common was re-designated the 7273rd Air Base Group. It was announced in 1980 that the airfield will be the first UK base for US. Cruise missiles.

The USAF in Europe

A major feature of the static display of aircraft at IAT '81 is a representative selection of the many United States Air Force machines based in, or regular visitors to Europe. It is hoped to include, subject to operational requirements, the following types: A-10 Thunderbolt II, OV-10 Bronco, HH-53 Jolly Green Giant, C-5A Galaxy, C-9A Nightingale, Beech C-12A, Lockheed C-130E Hercules, C-141 Starlifter, General Dynamics F-111E, F-15A Eagle, RF-4C Phantom, F-5E Tiger II, KC-135 Tanker and VC-140 Jetstar.



OV-10 Bronco



Lockheed U-2R



C-130E Hercules



A-10 Thunderbolt II



C-5A Galaxy

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Hot-Air Ballons

There will be displays by hot-air balloons and a hot-air airship, weather and conditions permitting, each day just prior to and immediately after the main flying programme. As well as conventional balloons like *Initial Services*, *Colt* and *Famous Grouse* you will see a collection of special shapes including *British Gas*, *Champion Spark Plug* and *Planters Peanut*, the tiny strap-on *Smirnoff Cloudhopper* and the *Cameron Colt Cars* Airship.



Colt Cars Airship

Hot-air balloons comprise an envelope made of flame-resistant sheeting, a basket to carry the pilot and passengers and a burner to generate the heat. The fuel used is propane, which is carried in special lightweight cylinders in the basket. They fly using the 'hot-air rises' principle and can continue as long as the propane lasts. The amount of fuel carried depends on the weight of pilot, passengers and equipment. The fewer the passengers the longer you fly. Balloons cannot be steered but a skillful pilot can make use of wind direction changes at different altitudes.

The first balloon was constructed by the Montgolfier brothers in 1783. This was a paper balloon, 112 ft. in circumference and inflated with hot-air. It rose to 1,000 ft. but quickly slid back to earth as the hot air escaped. The first human ascent was in October 1783 by Rozier. A month later, Rozier and the Marquis d'Anlandes ascended in a Montgolfier balloon and travelled five miles across Paris at a height of 300 ft.



Planters Peanut



Champion Spark plug



British Gas

During the early years of ballooning many problems were encountered and progress was gradual. Several attempts were made to devise methods of propulsion and in 1839, John Wise invented a ripping panel device for deflating balloons on landing.



Allen & Harris



Smirnoff Cloudhopper

It was not until the 1960s that hot-air ballooning became safe enough to attract followers. With the introduction of propane gas and strong, flame-resistant sheeting, two of the biggest hazards of early ballooning were overcome. Modern day balloons were made from high tenacity nylon or an impermeable polyester fabric. The basket is willow and rattan with interwoven suspension wires and the fuel used is low cost domestic propane.



Initial Services and Smirnoff Cloudhopper

Ballooning is now a sport which has attracted great interest in Western Europe and America. Balloons cost anything between £5,000—15,000 depending on extras. As they are classified as aircraft they come under the jurisdiction of the Civil Aviation Authority (CAA) and it is therefore necessary to hold a pilot's licence to operate a balloon. In the U.K., the sport is almost totally controlled by the British Balloon and Airship Club, whose responsibilities extend to the technical, flying and safety aspects of ballooning.



Our best to the RAF.

RAF new HC Mk1's are arriving. Boeing Chinooks are now operating at Odiham and flight crews are in training to man the first squadron. This unit will ultimately deploy to West Germany in support of NATO operations.

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The Royal Air Force in action



Tornado F2

The Royal Air Force maintains the ability to defend the United Kingdom in the air, to provide ground and sea forces with aerial support and to work in harmony with our allies to preserve the peace in Europe. It is firmly committed to, and to a great degree integrated with, the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO) which is an alliance of east and west Atlantic nations dedicated to the joint defence of the Western countries.

The RAF is divided into two home based Commands, Strike and Support, while RAF Germany provides the Europe-based combat element.

Strike Command is the biggest and hardest-hitting Command that the peace-time RAF has ever known. It embraces all aspects of modern air warfare—conventional attack, nuclear strike, maritime reconnaissance, air-to-air refuelling, search and rescue, transport and close offensive support for ground forces. Strike Command is divided into a number of different Groups, each with a specialised role.



Vulcan B2



Buccaneer S2

No. 1 Group controls the strike/attack force. This comprises Vulcan delta-wing bombers, Buccaneer low-level strike/attack aircraft and Victor tankers for in-flight refuelling. Tactical reconnaissance is undertaken by Canberras, and strategic reconnaissance by Vulcans.

An unidentified aircraft approaching British airspace is intercepted by Phantom or Lightning fighter aircraft of No. 11 Group. The Phantom is equipped with a mix of Sparrow and Sidewinder air-to-air missiles and a remarkable 20-mm cannon which can fire at the rate of 100 rounds a second. Two squadrons of Lightnings, armed with Red Top missiles and cannon, remain in service. The Group also controls key radar stations and is responsible for giving early warning of enemy missile attack. Shackleton airborne early warning aircraft (due to be replaced by Nimrods) can detect aircraft flying at very low level.

The Nimrod maritime patrol and anti-submarine aircraft of No. 18 (Maritime) Group with their sophisticated equipment can detect and identify submarines cruising or resting immobile on the seabed. In wartime they would support NATO's Atlantic Fleet. In peacetime they monitor the movements of ships and submarines over a vast sea area.



Lightning F6



Nimrod AEW3

The work carried out by No. 18 Group's search and rescue helicopters is well known to the public. Frequently in the face of challenging weather conditions, they snatch holiday-makers from sinking yachts, motor boats and dinghies, lift climbers from mountain sides, rescue exhausted swimmers, lift to safety crew members of foundering vessels and rush emergency cases to hospital.



Sea King HAR3

If war in Europe were to become reality, the task of No. 38 Group would be to provide ground attack, battlefield reconnaissance and tactical/logistic support in aid of allied ground forces. This would be carried out in co-operation with RAF Germany and the air forces of other NATO countries. 38 Group employs squadrons of Harrier VTOL and Jaguar tactical fighters.



Jaguar GR1



Puma HC1

The peacetime activities of the RAF's transport force, also a part of No. 38 Group, have included famous famine relief and rescue operations around the world. One of the more spectacular "mercy missions" was to Nepal when Hercules squadrons dropped grain and other basic foodstuffs to starving villagers in the Himalayan foothills. Relief and evacuation operations have also been undertaken in West Africa, Pakistan, Bangladesh and Ethiopia. In war-time the primary task of the Group would be to undertake transport operations in support of NATO. The bulk of the fleet is made up of Hercules tactical transport aircraft supported by Wessex, Puma and the new Chinook helicopters.



VC10 C1

Royal Air Force Germany is fully committed to, and integrated with, NATO forces in Europe. It forms a large part of NATO's Second Tactical Air Force which operates in support of the Northern Army Group of which the British Army

of the Rhine constitutes an important part. Primarily equipped with Harrier, Phantom, Jaguar and Buccaneer aircraft, RAF Germany's role lies in the provision of nuclear strike, conventional offensive support, air defence and reconnaissance in aid of NATO ground forces.



Dominie T1

None of the aircraft mentioned could be flown were there not a comprehensive organisation in existence within Support Command to train all categories of aircrew—pilots, navigators, air engineers, air electronics officers and operators. Six main types are operated in the flying training role: Jet Provost, Hawk, Hunter, Jetstream, Bulldog and Dominie. Helicopter training is carried out on Gazelles and Wessex. The training of officers in ground branches, and airmen/airwomen recruit and trade training, is also undertaken by the Command.

Support Command's other main task is to support all parts of the RAF and some aspects of the other Services, with an agreed satisfactory level of operation, repair, supply and



Gazelle H13



Hunter FGA9



Hawk T1

administration. These functions can broadly be divided into telecommunications and the maintenance of equipment, aircraft engineering, supply, medical and administration.

Much of the RAF's strike power in the 1980s centres around its new force of Panavia Tornado multi-role combat aircraft. This swing-wing supersonic aircraft has been developed by Great Britain, West Germany and Italy. Capable of flying at twice the speed of sound, it carries advanced radar, navigation and attack and electronic countermeasure systems. The Tri-service Tornado Training Establishment was formed at RAF Cottesmore earlier this year and will shortly be providing the crews for the first operational squadron.

You will see many of these RAF aircraft in action here at International Air Tattoo '81.



Tornado F2

NATO – the key to defence

The existence today of a European alliance for the preservation of peace and security represents a unique accomplishment. The free countries of Europe, faced with a continuing military build up during the aftermath of World War II, recognised that the need to guarantee their freedom and security could be achieved only by combining their efforts.

Thus on 4 April 1949, in Washington, D.C., 12 nations signed the North Atlantic Treaty, forming an alliance of defence against the rising wave of military expansion in Eastern Europe.

These nations—Canada, the United States of America, Iceland, Norway, Denmark, the United Kingdom, The Netherlands, Belgium, Luxembourg, France, Portugal and Italy formed the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO) as a defensive alliance to prevent aggression, or to repel it. The treaty not only provided a military line of defence but also for joint action in the social, economic and political fields.

Three years after the alliance was formed Greece and Turkey joined and in May 1955, the signatories rose to 15 when the Federal Republic of Germany became a member. France formally withdrew in 1966 but has since maintained close links at all levels.

NATO is an intergovernmental instrument of defence. All decisions must be approved unanimously by the NATO Council representing all member nations. Military decisions are reached by the Chiefs of Staff of the countries meeting as the Military Committee.



The Committee is composed of a Chief of Staff of each member country. It is charged by the Council with the peace-time task of recommending those measures necessary for the common defence of the NATO area. The Committee provides advice to the North Atlantic Council, co-ordinates the requests and recommendations of the major NATO commanders, and provides the directions necessary to implement approved NATO plans and policy. It is to this body that the major NATO commanders are responsible.

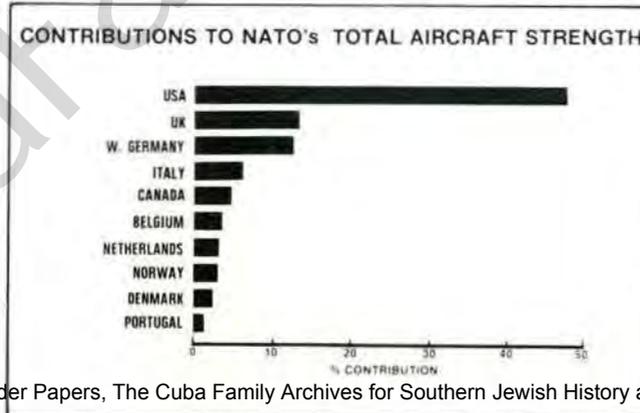
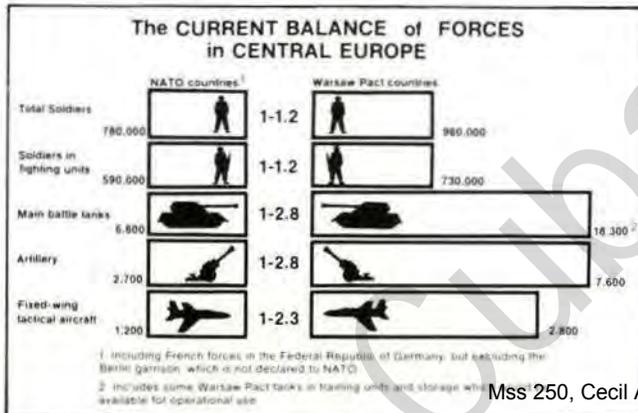
Soon after the establishment of NATO the North Atlantic Council decided to create a unified European defensive

military organisation under a centralized supreme commander and to establish an internationally manned supreme headquarters in Europe. On December 19, 1950, General Dwight D. Eisenhower was designated the first Supreme Allied Commander Europe (SACEUR). A fully international staff was selected and on April 2, 1951, Allied Command Europe (ACE) and Supreme Headquarters Allied Powers Europe (SHAPE) were established near Paris. When the French withdrew its forces from the alliance, SHAPE moved to a new site in Belgium on 31 March 1976.



F104 Starfighter—Belgium

Allied Command Europe, HQ Casteau, covers the land area extending from the North Cape in Norway to North Africa and from the Atlantic to the eastern border of Turkey, excluding the United Kingdom and Portugal. The defence of these areas falls under separate Allied commands: Allied Forces Northern Europe (AFNORTH), HQ Kolsaas, Norway.



Northrop F-5—Norway

Allied Forces Central Europe (AFCENT), HQ Brunssum, The Netherlands.

Allied Forces Southern Europe (AFSOUTH), HQ Naples, Italy.

In addition, two other commanders are directly subordinate to SACEUR. They are Commander, Allied Command Europe Mobile Forces (AMF), HQ Seckenheim, West Germany and the Commander, United Kingdom Air Defence Region (UKADR), HQ High Wycombe.

The remaining NATO strategic areas are divided between two commands and a Regional Planning Group.



Boeing B-52—United States

Allied Command Atlantic, HQ Norfolk, Virginia, extends from the North Pole to the Tropic of Cancer and from the coastal waters of North America to those of Europe and Africa, including Portugal, but not the English Channel and the British Isles. The Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic (SACLANT) is responsible for defence plans in the North Atlantic area. In wartime, his main duty would be to insure that the communication lines of the Atlantic Ocean were maintained and secure, denying an enemy use of the sea lanes.



Transall—Germany



F-15 Eagle—United States

Channel Command, HQ Northwood, London, covers the English Channel and Southern North Sea. The Commander in Chief (CINCHAN), has the primary task of controlling and protecting merchant shipping in the Channel area.

In peacetime, SACEUR commands no national forces, with the exception of certain air defence units which are continuously in the alert status. His main functions are to prepare and finalize defence plans for the area under his command, and to insure the combat efficiency of forces assigned to him in the event of war.



Saab Draken—Denmark



Atlantic—Italy

In time of war, with the concurrence of member governments, he would control all land, sea and air operations in the area. Internal defence (including Corsica, Sardinia and Sicily) and the defence of coastal waters would remain the responsibility of the national authorities, but SACEUR would have full authority to carry out such operations as he considered necessary for the defence of the area under his command.

NATO and SHAPE have, through international cooperation, strengthened the political, social, economic and military objectives of Western Europe and the whole of the Atlantic area.



Northrop NF5—Netherlands



Sea King—UK



Phantom—Germany



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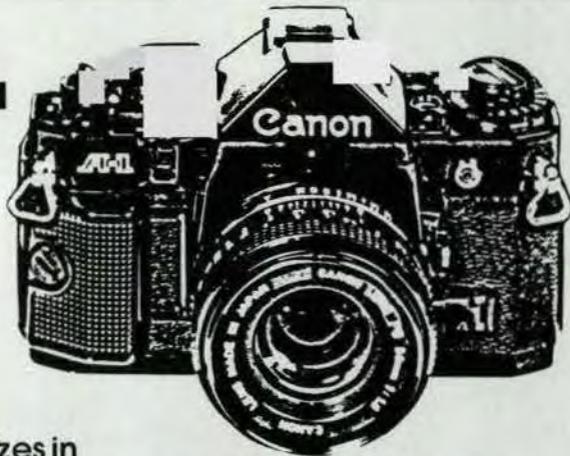
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Give some of your spare time to a worthwhile cause by becoming a part-time reservist in the Royal Auxiliary Air Force. This reserve provides personnel trained in a variety of skills and trades who are able to lend their services for periods of duty at NATO and RAF headquarters and operational stations.

A unit of the Royal Auxiliary Air Force is established at Northwood, Middlesex, and volunteers, both men and women, who live within a 50 miles radius are invited to contact the Adjutant, No. 1 Maritime Headquarters Unit, R. Aux. A.F. Valency House, Batchworth Lane, Northwood (Northwood 26161 Ext. 648) for further details.

Vacancies exist for administrative, communications and operations personnel, drivers and stewards etc., for whom training is provided. In addition to Service training, the unit enjoys visits to regular units as well as social and sporting activities. Selected qualified personnel may be considered for commissioned service. Uniform is provided together with pay and allowances appropriate to trade/branch and rank when on duty.

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or spend a day with the Red Arrows

Courtesy of Amateur Photographer

Yes, these are the prizes in Amateur Photographer's Air Tattoo photographic competition. FIAT members can win a fabulous day with the Red Arrows. And non members can win a Canon A-1 35mm camera worth around £200. You'll find details elsewhere in this programme. And, week by week in Amateur Photographer, you'll find practical advice to help make you, too, a high flyer with your camera—together with news and reviews on the latest cameras and equipment to ensure you get the very best value for money.

AIR TATTOO PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPETITION

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A DAY WITH THE RED ARROWS (FIAT members only).

amateur photographer

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Sea Search Aircrews supplied by Amateur Photographer)



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Lloyds Bank regularly supports the RAF Benevolent Fund and, this week, also sponsors the Pilots' Enclosure.

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Acknowledgments

The Chairman and Council of the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund gratefully acknowledges the help so freely given by so many individuals who have been involved in the planning and organisation of International Air Tattoo '81. They very much regret that it is not possible to list them by name in this programme. An event of this magnitude could never be undertaken without their valuable assistance and dedication. This is particularly so in the case of the staff of the IAT office at RAF Greenham Common whose efforts warrant special mention.



PHOTOBUS

Tours of the operational apron



Last bus leaves at 4.00 p.m.

If you wish to photograph the aircraft on the operational apron on the south side of the airfield, take a £1 trip on an open top bus. Boarding point is to the east of the runway crossing.

Schneider Victory Commemorated



Supermarine S5

Fifty years ago Britain won the Schneider Trophy outright when Flt.Lt. J. N. Boothman flew the Supermarine S6B unopposed around the Solent course watched by over one million spectators who lined the beaches. This important international trophy had been introduced back in 1913 by wealthy French aviation enthusiast Jacques Schneider who wanted to encourage the development of the seaplane.

Not surprisingly France won the first race in 1913 with a Deperdussin floatplane but was never to repeat the success. In the eleven contests in which results were declared the winners were:-

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1913 France—Deperdussin at 45.75 mph | 1925 USA-Curtiss R3C2 at 232.57 mph |
| 1914 Great Britain-Sopwith at 86.78 mph | 1926 Italy-Macchi M39 at 246.442 mph |
| 1920 Italy-Savoia S.19 at 107.224 mph | 1927 Great Britain-Supermarine S5 at 281.656 mph |
| 1921 Italy-Macchi VII at 117.859 mph | 1929 Great Britain-Supermarine S6 at 328.63 mph |
| 1922 Great Britain-Supermarine FB at 145.7 mph | 1931 Great Britain-Supermarine S6B at 340.08 mph |
| 1923 USA-Curtiss CR3 at 177.38 mph | |

To mark this notable achievement by the RAF's High Speed Flight, Rolls-Royce and Supermarine designer R. J. Mitchell, Leisure Sport will be flying the fine Supermarine S5 replica N220/G-BDFF during the display, weather and conditions permitting. This aircraft, powered by a 180 hp Continental engine, forms part of the Schneider Trophy Seaplanes exhibition at Thorpe Park, Chertsey which also includes replicas of the Deperdussin, Curtiss R3C2, Macchi M 39 and Supermarine S6B. The original 1931 winning Supermarine S6B S1595 and the Schneider Trophy can be seen in the Science Museum, South Kensington.



75 years of Rolls-Royce and 40 years of British Jet Power

Rolls-Royce, the name which thousands of spectators at the International Air Tattoo associate with the very latest jet engines, is 75 years old. The actual anniversary was three months ago but the historic birthday is being marked here at Greenham Common by a flying display of Rolls-Royce powered aircraft each day from 3.00 pm for an hour and a half. Taking part will be some of the oldest Rolls-Royce powered aircraft still flying as well as the most modern like the Sea Harrier and Tornado.

Seventy five years ago Rolls-Royce was formally incorporated, on March 15, 1906, with capital of £60,000. Today the company's capital totals £328 million.

power and reliability it continued in military and then civil use into the 1930's. Two of them, in 1919 powered the Vickers Vimy in which Alcock and Brown made the first non-stop transatlantic crossing.



Supermarine S.6B (RR'R') and the Schneider Trophy



Hawker Hurricane and Supermarine Spitfire (RR Merlin)



Alcock & Brown's Vickers Vimy (RR Eagle)

Rolls-Royce was formed by two men of contrasting backgrounds and temperaments. Charles Stewart Rolls a brilliant and adventurous aristocrat who sold cars to the rich and became a pioneer balloonist and aviator, and Henry Royce, the completely self taught engineer. The company they founded expanded dramatically in both world wars and the focus of attention shifted from cars to aero engines.



Avro Lancaster (RR Merlin)



DH Mosquito (RR Merlin)

Today Rolls-Royce is one of only three major aero engine companies. The others, Pratt & Whitney and General Electric, are both American and the keenest rivalry exists between the three. Rolls has perhaps become best known in recent years for the RB211 series of big engines for passenger transports. But engines for military aircraft from subsonic trainers to helicopters and Mach 2 strike aircraft, account for more than half the company's business. In 1980 the company delivered £1,258 million worth of engines, spares and services, twice as much as five years ago.

Four years after the company was founded Rolls was dead, killed in a flying accident at Bournemouth. But the firm continued and won renown for its cars. Then came its first real crisis as the first World War erupted in 1914 and orders for the luxury cars were cancelled. There was little work in wartime for a company which produced goods for the rich, but within days of that war starting, Royce was designing his own aero engine. Less than six months after beginning the design Royce's engine was running at 225 hp on a test bed at Derby. An initial order for 25 was placed by the Admiralty for the engine now called the Eagle. Steadily improved in



Fairey Firefly (RR Griffon)

Then came the famous Schneider Trophy races. An international event of supreme prestige won outright by Britain in 1931 with a Supermarine S-6B seaplane powered by a Rolls-Royce 'R' engine. The aircraft and the engine led directly to the Spitfire and the Merlin engines. The Merlin can still be seen and heard in the Lancaster, the Hurricane and the Spitfire of the RAF's Battle of Britain Memorial Flight.

The Second World War saw the Merlin ranging supreme among the aero engines of the Allied Powers. It was the engine in the Lancaster, the Mosquito and many versions of the Spitfire, and it powered the North American Mustang making that aircraft one of the most potent fighting machines fielded by the Allies.



Gloster E28/39 (Whittle W.1)



Gloster Meteor (RR Derwent)

Back in the late thirties Coventry born Frank Whittle had been beavering away at his scheme for a gas turbine engine and by 1941 he had succeeded. A small gas turbine jet flew in the Gloster E28/39 on May 25, that year—just 40 years ago. Thus 1981 is another great British aviation anniversary—that of the first flight of a practical jet aircraft powered by a jet engine. The Whittle jet was developed into the Welland and Derwent engines produced by Rolls-Royce to power the RAF's first jet fighter, the Gloster Meteor, and



Hawker Sea Hawk (RR Nene)

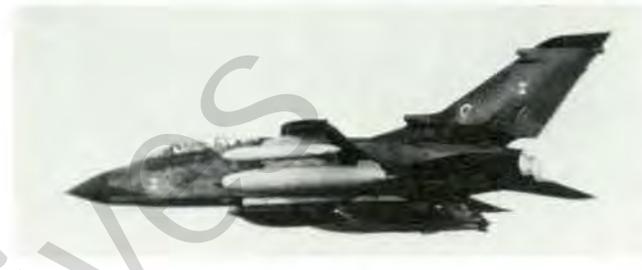
spawned the world's jet engines of today including those in Russia. Now Rolls-Royce is a company known for its family of passenger transport engines developed from the RB211 concept, for the RB199 military engine developed jointly with Germany and Italy for the Tornado, the Adour designed and developed jointly with Turbomeca of France, of which the 1,500th was produced only last month. The company has produced the Pegasus, the heart of the Harrier 'jump jet' and in service with the RAF, Royal Navy, U.S. Marine Corps, Spanish Navy and shortly the Indian Navy.



Hawker Hunter (RR Avon)



McDonnell Douglas Phantom (RR Spey)



Panavia Tornado (RB199)



BAe Hawk—Red Arrows (RR Adour)



BAe Sea Harrier (RR Pegasus)

This is a sketch of Rolls-Royce's first 75 years. Today the company with its current engines and new ones in development both in its own experimental shops and in collaboration with American, Japanese, German, French and Italian companies is set fair for a busy time as it moves towards its century of British technological achievement.

LEISURE SPORT AIR DISPLAY

AT THEIR HOME BASE

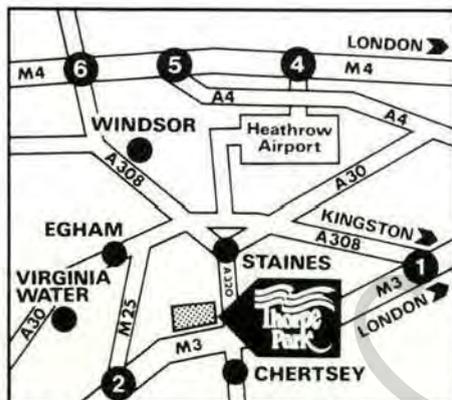
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- * Supermarine S5 and
 Schneider Trophy Exhibit

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Great War Dogfighters

World War I Display

International Air Tattoo is pleased to welcome the Leisure Sport World War I display team to Greenham Common for the first time in 1981. In the flying and static aircraft displays you will see a unique collection of First World War replica Royal Flying Corps and German Air Force aircraft which have been specially flown in from their base at Thorpe Park, Chertsey, Surrey.

It is hoped that the following types will be on display: Sopwith Camel, Albatros DVa, Fokker Dri Triplane, Fokker D.VII, Fokker D.VIII and possibly a SPAD XIII. The **Sopwith Camel** was the first British plane to carry twin Vickers guns with their breeches enclosed in a 'hump' that gave the camel its name. By 1918 it had become one of the most successful fighters of the Great War, with a total of almost 130 enemy aircraft destroyed. It was the classic dogfight machine—nothing that had flown up to that time could out-maneuvre it in close combat. The example flown today by Leisure Sport, C1701/G-AWYO was built by Slingsby



Sopwith Camel

Sailplanes and is powered by a 165hp Warner Super Scarab engine, the original Camel F.I had a 130hp Clerget. It is painted in the night-fighter colours of 44 Home Defence Squadron, based at Hainault, Essex to defend London against the Zeppelins and the Gotha bombers.

The **Albatros DVa** was a formidable German fighter, derived from the not too successful DIII and DV. It was equipped with two synchronised Spandau guns and was powered by a



Albatros Va

180hp Mercedes engine. The unique example flown today G-BFXL was built by Arthur Williams in Germany and is fitted with a 200hp Ranger engine. It is painted in the flamboyant style typical of German fighter squadrons, this particular scheme being that used by Lt Joachim Von Hippel.

Manfred Von Richthofen and the **Fokker DRI** triplane together became an aviation legend. Yet the aeroplane was not outstanding (only 300 were built) and "*The Red Baron*" was only slightly better than average as a pilot. He was, however, a superb marksman. Von Richthofen had one of the earliest of the new Fokker triplanes when it was introduced in summer 1917, and in his customary style painted scarlet. The DRI was fast, being powered by a 110hp



Fokker DR1



Fokker DVII

Oberursel engine and together with a strong, highly manoeuvrable airframe gave "*The Red Baron*" the perfect platform for his brilliant marksmanship with the two Spandau guns fitted. The Leisure Sport replica G-BEFR (425/17) was built by Viv Bellamy and is powered by a 165hp Warner Super Scarab.

Not a dogfighter but a hit-and-run destroyer, the **Fokker DVII** came too late in the war to have a full impact on Allied air superiority. There was nothing to match it—a big, steel-framed aeroplane powered by a 185hp water-cooled BMW that could climb higher and fly faster than anything else in the sky. The Leisure Sport DVIII replica G-BFPL (4253/18) was built by Arthur Williams and uses a 200hp Ranger engine. It is painted flamboyant red with the personal colours of Oberleutnant Ernst Udet who was Germany's second highest scoring fighter pilot and went on to become Inspector-General of aircraft for the Luftwaffe.



German Fleet at Thorpe Park

Arena Entertainment

Performances will take place each day at 10.30 a.m. and on Saturday at 5.0 p.m. and Sunday at 4.30 p.m., in the special arena located to the rear of the Exhibition. The colour, pageantry and skills demonstrated by the participating teams will provide entertainment for all the family. Look in on the varied programme.

SATURDAY 27 June

10.30 a.m.

Band of H.M. Royal Marines, Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, PT Display Team.

Metropolitan Police Motor Cycle Precision Team.
Central Band of the Royal Air Force.

Queens Colour Squadron, Royal Air Force.

Royal Signals White Helmets Motor Cycle Display Team.

5.0 p.m.

Band of HM Royal Marines, Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, PT Display Team.

Royal Signals White Helmets Motor Cycle Display Team.

SUNDAY 28 June

10.30 a.m.

Band of HM Royal Marines, Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, PT Display Team.

Metropolitan Police Motor Cycle Precision Team.
Central Band of the Royal Air Force.

Queens Colour Squadron, Royal Air Force.

Royal Signals, White Helmets Motor Cycle Display Team.

4.30 p.m.

Final of Sea Search 81 "Its a Knock Out" and Trophy Presentation.

Metropolitan Police Motor Cycle Precision Team.
Central Band of the Royal Air Force.

Queens Colour Squadron Royal Air Force.

Royal Signals White Helmets Motor Cycle Display Team.

Beating the Retreat. Band of HM Royal Marines.
Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

Arena Grandstand

For your added comfort, seats are available at the arena grandstand, in two sessions from 10.0 a.m. and 4.0 p.m. Why not view the arena entertainment and the flag

The Queen's Colour Squadron of the Royal Air Force



The Queen's Colour Squadron of the Royal Air Force is the custodian of the Queen's Colour for the Royal Air Force in the United Kingdom and has had this responsibility since its formation on 1 November 1960.

The Queen's Colour Squadron represents the Royal Air Force at all royal and national state occasions and mounts guards of honour for visiting royal families and heads of state. Additionally the Squadron provides continuity drill displays at the major Military Tattoos and Tournaments both at home and abroad.

The Queen's Colour Squadron, is manned by officers and airmen of the Royal Air Force Regiment who, after successfully completing a four week training course, may expect to serve with the Squadron for a period of two years. On completion of their tour all personnel return to normal operational duties within the Royal Air Force Regiment.

Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines Flag Officer Naval Air Command

The Band of the Flag Officer Naval Air Command is based at the Royal Naval Air Station at Yeovilton, Somerset. From there it undertakes a wide variety of ceremonial work of national importance in addition to fulfilling its main role of providing music to the Fleet Air Arm.

Musicians in the Royal Marines play at least two instruments and the band can also function as an orchestra and a dance band. The week's work may include a ceremonial parade for a visiting head of state, a television appearance, several "Beat Retreat" displays, a carnival, music at naval dinners.



The Band of HM Royal Marines is directed by Lt. E. P. Whealing, LRAM, ARCM, LTCL, RM and appears by kind permission of the Flag Officer Naval Air Command.

The Central Band of the Royal Air Force

The Central Band, inaugurated by Sir George Dyson, was first established in 1920, and quickly earned itself a reputation as one of the country's leading military bands. Among early milestones were the first broadcast by a military band in 1923, a performance at the wedding of the then Duke of York (later to become King George VI); the opening of Wembley Exhibition in 1925, and a tour of Canada in 1928.



Events continued in the pattern established in the 1920's until the outbreak of war in 1939, when the band accompanied the British Expeditionary Force to France. In April, 1940, the Germans broke through the Allied lines and the band was almost cut off by the rapid advance. In the war years the band undertook a vast range and number of engagements and with the addition

of the Command bands contributed to the maintenance of high service and civilian morale.

The present band is capable of fulfilling any musical engagement, from one trumpeter to a marching band of eighty and is in great demand at home and overseas for its concert band, dance band, show band and orchestral performance. Recent overseas tours have included Canada, Malta, Cyprus, Jordan and Hong Kong. The year 1980 saw the band celebrating its own sixty years, the centenary of the Royal Tournament, and the fortieth anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

The band appears by kind permission of the Air Force Board of the Defence Council.

Junior Leaders RA. PT Display Team



The Junior Leaders Regiment Royal Artillery is stationed at Bramcote near Nuneaton in Warwickshire. It is tasked with training the future Senior Non Commissioned Officers and Warrant Officers of the Royal Regiment. Young men between the ages of 16½ and 17½ come to the Regiment for one year of training prior to joining an adult unit in the United Kingdom or within the British Army of the Rhine.

The Team was formed in September last year and began training in January, approximately four times a week, to provide the high standard of team work required for this demonstration. As this is in addition to their normal military and educational training, their enthusiasm for these displays is vital. A high degree of fitness and strength, combined with courage, daring and determination are the qualities that the young G... 1980's needs.

The PT Displays Team will attend 15 displays during the Summer season, and on many of them will be adding a new finale to their performance—somersaulting over the Mini Metro. Any soldier landing on the car may well find himself serving in the Royal Artillery for 22 years until he has paid for the damage!

The Metropolitan Police Motor Cycle Precision Team

The Precision Team in its present form began in 1959 and since then it has appeared at more than 500 shows in this country and abroad.



The team of eight riders, all from the Metropolitan Police Traffic Patrol, are presented by Inspector M. Vaisey, and led by Sergeant D. Christopher. All the officers are also members of the Special Escort Group which provide ceremonial and security escorts for V.I.P. visitors to London.

The machines used by the team are B.M.W. 800 cc 80/7, similar to those used by traffic patrol on duty in London. Each rider has his own motor cycle, and is responsible for the preparation and maintenance of his machine.

The display is not one of trick riding, but is a disciplined team effort. The object of the show is to demonstrate the control a rider should be able to exercise over his machine, and the manner in which powerful motor cycles can be ridden at fast and slow speeds in a confined area.

The Metropolitan Police Motor Cycle Precision Team appointed... Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis.

The Royal Signals White Helmets

The Royal Signals White Helmets, led by Captain David Elson with sergeant Fred Alexander as team sergeant is in its fifty-fourth season this year. They specialise in providing a unique and thrilling arena performance of skill, high speed precision and spectacular feats of balance on motorcycles. Originally formed from despatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals, the team is now made up from a wide range of volunteer Royal Signals tradesmen.

All team members have undergone a tough two week and highly competitive selection course carried out at Catterick and the surrounding Yorkshire Moors. The few selected then undergo six months show training before their first public performance. The team produces a display of high speed cross over rides and split second timing, feats of balance, with as many as twenty two men on six machines and ten men on a single motorcycle and breathtaking spectaculars such as the Fire Jump and the famous Car Jump.



The team is proud to use all British equipment, ranging from the Princess 2000 HLS, the Triumph Tiger 750, with its Lucas Rita Electronic ignition and Girling Gas/Oil shock absorbers to the CCM 500 Moto Cross machine, equipped with Champion Spark Plugs, Renold Chain and Dunlop Tyres.

This year's display will be seen live by about two million spectators and will feature on television with performances at the Royal Tournament, many shows in the U.K., Belgium and Germany. In recent years the team has toured the United States, Hong Kong, Canada, Oman and most of Europe.

WARNING You are requested to ensure that children and pets are kept well clear of the arena display area. This is particularly important during performances involving motor vehicles and motor cycles.

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Or that we helped to pave the way for Concorde, Jaguar, Harrier and Tornado. Not to forget all the other civil and military aerospace and defence programmes around the world that depend on Dowty. After all when high technology can make or break you, Dowty experience makes all the difference.



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International Air Tattoo '81 Programme of Events

Subject to weather and aircraft availability
SATURDAY 27 JUNE & SUNDAY 28 JUNE

0700	CAR PARKS OPEN
0900	EXHIBITION, STATIC AIRCRAFT DISPLAY AND FAIR OPEN
0900	HOT AIR BALLOON DEMONSTRATION
1000	INTERNATIONAL FLYING DISPLAY COMMENCES
1030—1230	ARENA DISPLAY—1ST PERFORMANCE
1500—1630	75 YEARS OF ROLLS-ROYCE AERO ENGINES
1700—1840 (SAT)	ARENA DISPLAY—2ND PERFORMANCE
1630—1845 (SUN)	ARENA DISPLAY—2ND PERFORMANCE
1730	INTERNATIONAL FLYING DISPLAY FINALE
1800	HOT AIR BALLOON DEMONSTRATION
1930	GATES CLOSE

Your commentators for the day

SEAN MAFFETT and MIKE CURTIS
JENNY DEVITT and DEREK JAMES

LOST? Need to meet friends?

Use the INFORMATION CENTRE near to the Control Tower as a meeting point

Full details of the flying programme, static displays and exhibition are on the following pages.



Mss 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Breman Museum



On Sale today

Just published

“International Air Tattoo —the first 10 years”

The full story of the International Air Tattoo from North Weald 1971 to Greenham Common 1981. Concisely written—superbly illustrated. Don't miss getting your copy today or send PO/Cheque for £2.50

to: IAT, Building 91, RAF Greenham Common,
Newbury, Berks. RG15 8HL

PHOTO CONTEST FOR IAT VISITORS WITH amateur photographer

All visitors to IAT '81 are eligible to enter the special **International Air Tattoo Photographic Competition** which is being organised by Amateur Photographer magazine. Entry is free . . . and the prizes are superb.

The contest is titled '**Air Tattoo Photoview**' and the aim is to find the best photographs taken during the event. The organisers are looking for the pictures which best convey the atmosphere and excitement of IAT; entries may depict aircraft in flight or on the ground, or the many other activities which will be going on all the time.

First prize is a fabulous Canon A-1 35mm single lens reflex camera, which is one of the most advanced cameras available. It is worth around £220.

There's a special prize for Friends of International Air Tattoo. Best picture submitted by a member (remember to enclose your membership number with your entry) is a day "at home" with the Red Arrows.

Entrants may submit up to three photographs, which may be slides or colour or black and white prints. Return postage/packing must be included. Pictures must be taken during the show period and entries must be from amateurs only.

Entries should be posted to: **Air Tattoo Photoview, Amateur Photographer, Surrey House, 1 Throwley Way, Sutton, Surrey** to arrive by 31 July. Judges will include Amateur Photographer's Publisher, Martin Hodder, and IAT Director Paul Bowen.

Static Aircraft on Display

It is hoped to include the following aircraft, subject to availability, in the static displays

SEA SEARCH 81 MEET

Royal Air Force

Nimrod MR1
Vulcan B2
Sea King HAR3
Wessex HC2
Puma HC1
Hercules C3

Royal Navy

Sea King HAS2
Lynx HAS2
Wessex HU5

Army Air Corps

Lynx AH1
Gazelle AH1

Civilian

BAe Coastguarder
Colt Squirrel
PBN Defender

Argentina

KC-130E Hercules

Belgium

Sea King 48
Sud S-58

Canada

CP140 Aurora

France

Atlantic
Super Frelon

Germany

Atlantic

Italy

Atlantic

Denmark

Alouette III
Sikorsky S61A

Australia

C-130H Hercules

Norway

Sea King
Lynx

Spain

Fokker F27M

United States

HC-130N (USAF)
HC-130P (AFRes)
HC-130N (ANG)
HH-53 (USAF)
P-3C Orion (USN)
P-3C Orion (USNRes)
S-3A Viking (USN)

ROLLS-ROYCE

JET POWER

Lightning F6
Jaguar GR1
Jet Provost T3
Jet Provost T5
Meteor T7
Meteor F8
Hunter T7
Hunter FGA9
Canberra B2
Canberra PR9
Buccaneer S2
Dominie T1
Hawk T1
Phantom FGR2
Sea Harrier FRS1
Canadair T-33 (CAF)
S-35XD Draken (RDAF)

INTERNATIONAL STATIC

Royal Air Force

Jetstream T1
Chipmunk T10
Victor K2
Bulldog T1
Andover E3
Devon C2

Royal Navy

Jetstream T2

Army Air Corps

Scout AH1
Beaver AL1
Chipmunk T10
Skeeter AOP12
Auster AOP9
Sioux AH1

MoD(PE)

Harvard T2B
Basset CC1
Dakota C4
Comet
Viscount
BAC 1-11

British Aerospace

HS125-700

Canadian Armed Forces

CC132 Dash 7

French Air Force

Noratlas

French Navy

Falcon 10MER
Super Etendard
Etendard IVP
F-8E (FN) Crusader

Italian Air Force

Aeritalia G222

Royal Danish Air Force

F-104G Starfighter

Royal Jordanian Air Force

C-130H Hercules

Royal Netherlands

Air Force
F-16 Fighting Falcon
Northrop NF-5A

Royal Saudi Air Force

C-130H Hercules

Swiss Air Force

Twin Bonanza

United States Air Force

C-5A Galaxy
C-141B Starlifter
C-9A Nightingale
C-130E Hercules
F-15C Eagle
A-10A Thunderbolt II
RF-4C, F-4D, F-4E, F-4G
Phantoms
F-5E Tiger II
OV-10A Bronco
KC-135A Stratotanker
VC-140B Jetstar
T-39 Sabreliner
B-52H Stratofortress
UH-1D Iroquois
FB-111 & F-111E
Beech C-12

Air Force Reserve

AC-130A Hercules

Air National Guard

EC-130E Hercules
C-130E Hercules

West German Air Force

Alpha Jet
RF-4E Phantom

Civilian

Piper Geronimo
Morane 505
YAK 11
Miles Gemini
Super King Air
Stampe SV-4
Cessna Conquest
Partenavia P68B
Piper Cherokee
Percival Prentice
Piper Seneca
Bolkow 207



Morane 505



Falcon 10MER



RF-4C Phantom



Meteor T7

International Air Tattoo '81

Flying Programme

Item	DISPLAY	Item	DISPLAY	Item	DISPLAY
1	HOT AIR BALLOON DEMONSTRATIONS Famous Grouse, Allen & Harris, Smirnoff Vodka, British Gas, Nivea, Initial Services, Colt Airship	18	'LASCAR BLEU'—2 F-8E(FN) CRUSADER Flottille 12F, French Navy	38	DE HAVILLAND MOSQUITO British Aerospace PLC, Woodford
2	IAT EMERGENCY SERVICES—FLY/DRIVEPAST RN Wessex, RAF Sea King with RAF, RN, USAF, MOD(Army), MOD(PE), BAe, Chubb Carmichel and Perren Fire Tenders leading elements of 212 Field Hospital (Sheffield) RAMC(V) and HQ P & SS, RAF 10.00 am	19	NORTHROP NF5A 315 Squadron, Royal Netherlands Air Force, Twenthe	39	HAWKER HURRICANE, AVRO LANCASTER & SUPERMARINE SPITFIRE Battle of Britain Memorial Flight, RAF Coningsby
3 SAT	'THE SHARKS'—4 WESTLAND GAZELLE HT2 705 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Station Culdrose	20	PILATUS BRITTEN NORMAN BN-2A ISLANDER Pilatus Britten Norman Ltd, Bembridge	40	BAC LIGHTNING Lightning Training Flight, RAF Binbrook
SUN	'THE SWALLOWS'—2 SF260M EFS Goetsenhoven, Belgian Air Force	21	WESTLAND SEA KING HAR3 HQ SAR Wing, RAF Finningley	41	BAe SEA HARRIER FRS1 899 Squadron Royal Naval Air Station Yeovilton
4	MORANE 733 ALCYON Lindsey Walton Esq	22	'LA PATROUILLE DE FRANCE'—9 ALPHA JET French Air Force, Salon 12.45 pm	42	PANAVIA TORNADO ADV British Aerospace PLC, Warton
5	BAC JET PROVOST T3 Wright Jubilee Trophy Winner-Flight Lieutenant Les Hatcher, 7 FTS, RAF Church Fenton	23	DE HAVILLAND CANADA CC115 BUFFALO 424 Transport and Rescue Squadron, CFB Trenton	43	'IL FRECCE TRICOLORI'—9 FIAT G91PAN Italian Air Force, Rivotto 4.00 pm
6	DE HAVILLAND CANADA CC132 DASH 7 Canadian Armed Forces, Lahr CFB, Germany	24	GENERAL DYNAMICS F-16A FIGHTING FALCON 332 Squadron, Royal Norwegian Air Force, Rygge	44	WESTLAND LYNX AH1 HQ Army Air Corps Centre, Middle Wallop
7	CAMPBELL CRICKET Captain John Kitchen, British Airways	25 SAT	'ROYAL JORDANIAN FALCONS'—3 PITTS S2 SPECIAL Alia Airlines, Amman, Royal Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan	45	HSA NIMROD MR1 42 Squadron, RAF St Mawgan
8	BOEING N2S-5 STEARMAN Wing Commander John Allison	SUN	'MARBORO PITTS'—3 PITTS S1/S2 SPECIAL Marlboro Aerobatic Team—Philip Meeson Esq.	46	'THE VINTAGE PAIR'—GLOSTER METEOR T7 & DE HAVILLAND VAMPIRE T11 Central Flying School, RAF Leeming
9	SEPECAT JAGUAR GR1 226 OCU, RAF Lossiemouth	26	SAAB 105OE Austrian Air Force, Horschling 2.00 pm	47	'WORLD WAR 1 DISPLAY'—SPAD 7, GAMEL, FOKKER DIII, FOKKER DVII, FOKKER DVIII & ALBATROSS Leisure Sport Ltd, Thorpe Park Leisure Centre
10	LOCKHEED C130K HERCULES C1 47 Squadron RAF Lyneham	27	'THE STARFIGHTERS'—5 CF104G STARFIGHTER 441 Tactical Fighter Squadron, Canadian Armed Forces, Soellingen	48	'DUNLOP PITTS'—PITTS S1S SPECIAL Brian Lecomber Esq
11	HAWKER SEA FURY, FAIREY SWORDFISH & FAIREY FIREFLY FAA HISTORIC Aircraft Flight, Royal Naval Air Station Yeovilton	28	BAe NIMROD AEW3 British Aerospace PLC, Woodford	49 SAT	HAWKER SEA HAWK FGA6 Sea Hawk Flight, Royal Naval Air Station Culdrose
12	FAIRCHILD A-10 THUNDERBOLT II 81st TFW, USAF—RAF Bentwaters	29	HAWKER HUNTER FGA9 79 Squadron, RAF Brawdy	SUN	'THE FALCONS' Royal Air Force Parachute Display Team, RAF Brize Norton
13 SAT	'THE SWALLOWS'—2 SF260M EFS Goetsenhoven, Belgian Air Force	30	FOKKER F27M TROOPSHIP 334 Squadron, Royal Netherlands Air Force, Soesterberg	50 SAT	'THE GRASSHOPPERS'—4 ALOUETTE III Royal Netherlands Air Force Helicopter Display Team, Deelen
SUN	THE GRASSHOPPERS'—4 ALOUETTE III Royal Netherlands Air Force Helicopter Display Team, Deelen	31	2 SUPER ETENDARD/ETENDARD IVP Flotille 16F French Navy, Landivisiau	SUN	'THE SHARKS'—4 WESTLAND GAZELLE HT2 705 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Station, Culdrose
14	BAe JETSTREAM T2 750 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Station, Culdrose 11.30 am	32	WESTLAND SEA KING HAS2 706 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Station Culdrose	51	MCDONNELL DOUGLAS F-15C EAGLE 36th TFW USAF, Bitberg, Germany
15	'THE KARO AS'—4 SAAB 105OE Austrian Air Force, Zettweg	33	HAWKER SEA FURY FB11 Frank Saunders Esq	52	AVRO SHACKLETON AEW2 8 Squadron, RAF Lossiemouth
16 SAT	'THE FALCONS' Royal Air Force Parachute Display Team, RAF Brize Norton	34	NORTHROP F-5E TIGER II Royal Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan Air Force	53	MC-130E HERCULES—FULTON RECOVERY SYSTEM DEMO 7th Special Operations Squadron, USAF
SUN	HAWKER SEA HAWK FGA6 Sea Hawk Flight, Royal Naval Air Station Culdrose	35 SAT	'MARBORO PITTS'—3 PITTS S1/S2 SPECIAL Marlboro Aerobatic Team—Philip Meeson Esq.	54	'THE RED ARROWS'—9 HAWK T1 Central Flying School Detachment, RAF Kemble 5.50 pm
17	HSA VULCAN B2 50 Squadron, RAF Waddington	SUN	'ROYAL JORDANIAN FALCONS'—3 PITTS S2 SPECIAL Alia Airlines, Amman, Royal Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan	55	HOT AIR BALLOON DEMONSTRATIONS Famous Grouse, Smirnoff Vodka, British Gas, Nivea, Initial Services, Colt Airship, Allen & Harris
		36	'PATROUILLE SUISSE'—6 HAWKER HUNTER MK58 Swiss Air Force, Dubendorf 3.00 pm		
		37	SUPERMARINE S5 REPLICA Leisure Sport Ltd, Thorpe Park Leisure Centre		

International Air Tattoo '81 Souvenir Programme written and edited by Peter March and Andrew March. Advertisement manager Claire Lock. Original cover paintings by Will Hardy. Photographs by Brian Atkinson, Andrew March, Peter March, Kit Townend and from official archives. Cameras by Canon. Maps drawn by Dick Dawnay. Filmset and printed by Taylor Brothers. Ms 250, Cecil Alexander Papers, The Cuba Family Archives for Southern Jewish History at The Berman Museum.

The organisers of IAT '81 reserve the right to alter the programme according to the availability of aircraft, aircrew and the weather and to close the show if necessary.

