

JANUARY 1, 1960

PRESENTING

*Completely Planned
Completely Different*

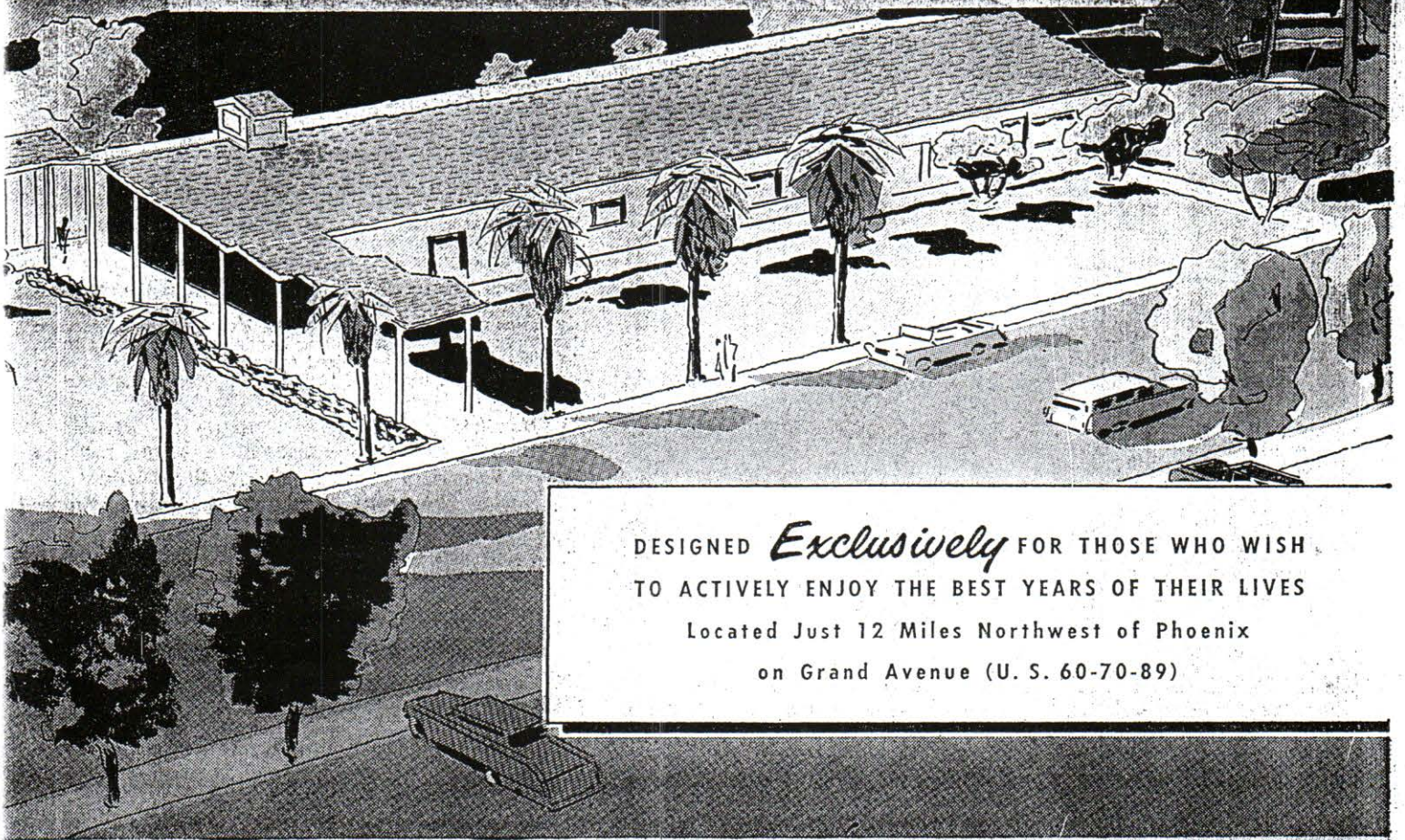
FOR AN ACTIVE

"NEW WAY OF LIFE"

DEL WEBB'S

Sun City

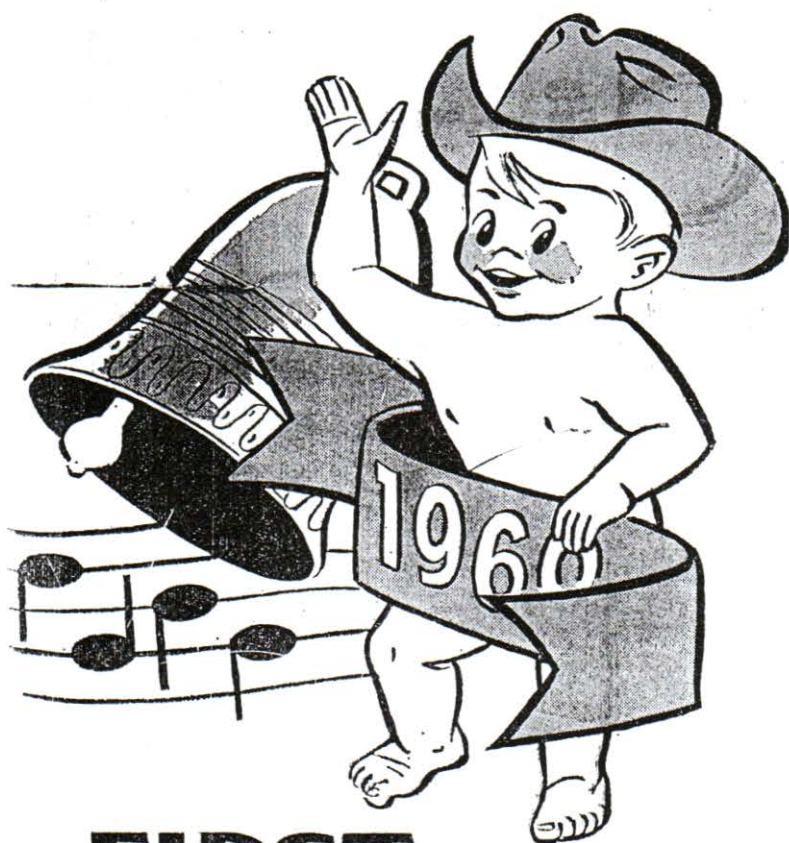
A RETIREMENT COMMUNITY



DESIGNED *Exclusively* FOR THOSE WHO WISH
TO ACTIVELY ENJOY THE BEST YEARS OF THEIR LIVES

Located Just 12 Miles Northwest of Phoenix
on Grand Avenue (U. S. 60-70-89)

Here's Wishing You A Big, Happy Prosperous 1960



**FIRST
NATIONAL
BANK OF ARIZONA**

**Arizona's Partner In Progress
Since 1877**

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

"Concrete, Steel and Lumber Can Make the Buildings, but People Make the Community. Together, We Can Realize a Way-of-Life Unprecedented in America."



Del E. Webb, President of the construction and development companies which bear his name.
(Also well known as co-owner of New York Yankees)

Master Builder Del E. Webb, invites you to fulfill your dream in this complete and completely different community . . . where his lifelong dream found its realization.

This beautiful new "town" of lovely homes and endless facilities for recreational and creative activity is based upon an entirely new perspective toward retirement living: A New, Active "Way-of-Life".

Only a builder of the magnitude of Del Webb could have so fully and perfectly created such a complete community . . . before offering the first home for sale. He is not in the business of selling promises. Everything in Sun City (with the exception of the home whose design you will choose) is complete and ready for use NOW.

Such an unprecedented achievement required more than the extensive resources of a nation-wide organization. It required tremendous faith on the part of the man who guided this force through the execution of an idea—faith not only in the idea, but in the people for whom it was intended.

Into this miniature metropolis, Del Webb has incorporated everything which years of extensive research indicated you wanted most . . . for luxurious but economical living, for endless creative and recreational activity. Here, in this "town" restricted exclusively to the residence of America's Senior Citizens, you will enjoy complete individuality, privacy, and the freedom to live exactly as you wish for the best years of your life.

Through more than 30 years of building, the construction and development firm, of which Del E. Webb is President, has grown from a humble beginning in Phoenix, when hammers and saws and willing hands were their only tools, to the huge, world-recognized organization that it is today, with the proud record of "building America from coast to coast" . . .

Hospitals Schools Hotels Motels
Industrial Plants Military Installations Office Buildings
Shopping Centers High-Quality Homes

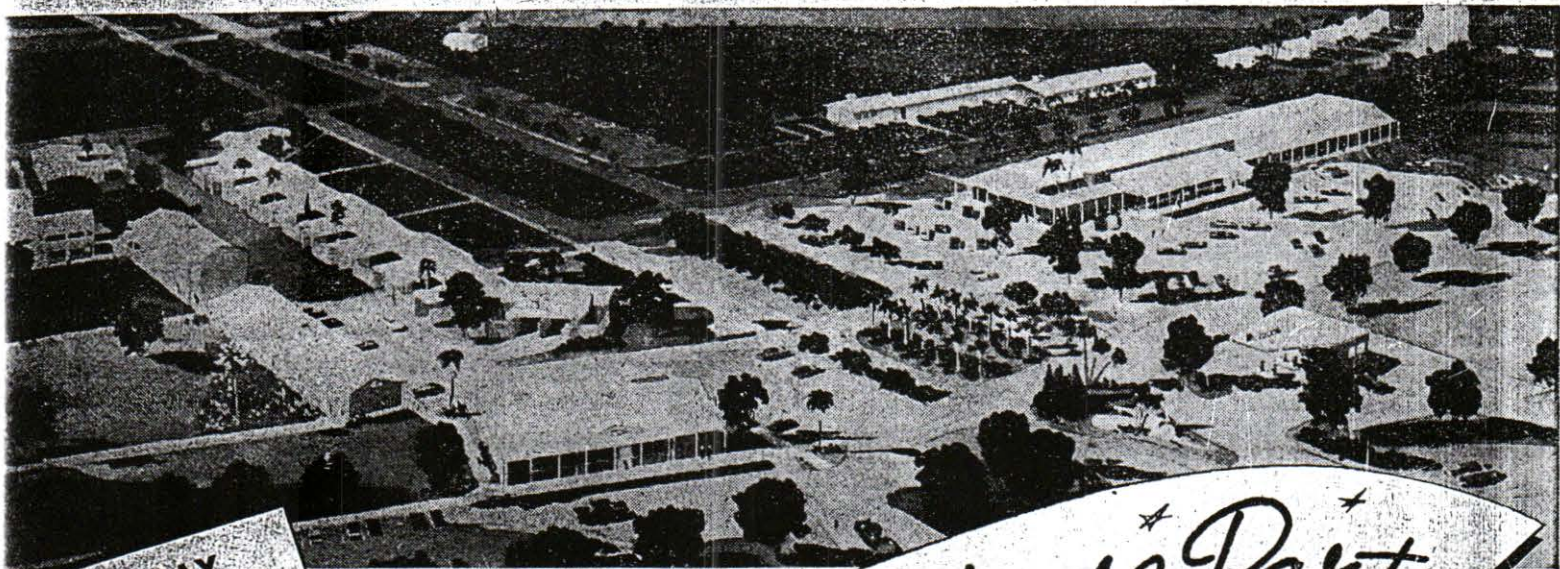
. . . AND, NOW, THIS UNIQUE NEW RETIREMENT COMMUNITY

" . . . created to be shared with those who have taken part in the years of America's greatest growth and development."



DEL E. WEBB
President

Come One—Come All—Everyone's Invited



FRIDAY
SATURDAY
SUNDAY

Championship
Golf Course

Olympic-Size
Swimming Pool

Fully-Appointed
Community Center

Archery - Croquet
Lawn Bowling

Shuffleboard
Horseshoe Courts

Creative Activity
Center

**ALL RESERVED For You
Who Are 50 Years of Age
or More**
(and partners of any age)

Gala Open House Party

An Exciting **3** Day Event
To Celebrate The Opening Of

AMERICA'S FIRST and ONLY FULLY PLANNED COMMUNITY

WITH COMPLETE and COMPLETED FACILITIES FOR

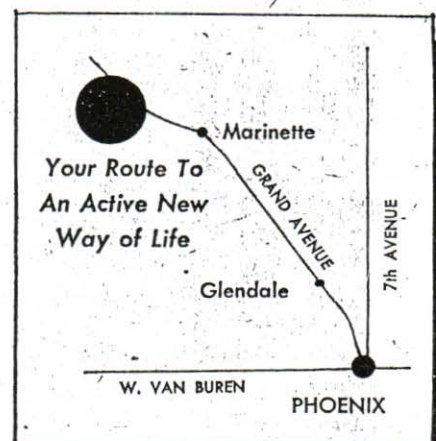
Active Retirement

Special Entertainment Each Afternoon

Music Aquacade
Ceramic Exhibit Lapidary Display
Sewing Demonstration

Model Homes and All Facilities Open 9 A.M.
to 6 P.M. Daily

JUST 12 MILES NW of PHOENIX Off GRAND AVE.



THE MARK OF DISTINCTION

YOUR ASSURANCE
of
"QUALITY, INTEGRITY
AND
DEPENDABILITY"

IN
AIR CONDITIONING
VENTILATING
HEAT PUMPS
COOLING
HEATING

GO ETTL
PRODUCT

INSTALLED
SERVICED
GUARANTEED
ENGINEERED
MANUFACTURED
by GOETTL

WE ARE PLEASED TO BE ASSOCIATED WITH

DEL E. WEBB CO.

**IN MEETING THE CHALLENGE of
ARIZONA'S EXPANDING ECONOMY**

GOETTL BROS. METAL PRODUCTS, INC., PHOENIX, ARIZ.

"IF IT'S MADE OF METAL, CALL GOETTL"



Country-Club Living

awaits you in this dream-inspired community. You'll live in a beautiful, modern home in a lovely, quiet neighborhood along the fairways of a championship golf course. Down the street a grassy park beckons your leisure with picnic grounds, archery, shuffleboard, horseshoes, croquet and lawn bowling.

Nearby, an olympic-size swimming pool of most unique design awaits your pleasure . . . And a completely appointed community club house with stage, dressing rooms, card rooms and a large kitchen offers facilities for every type of get-together.



In this really complete community the utmost in convenience is offered with a large commercial center, medical offices and the newest addition of Del Webb's HiwayHouse Motor Hotels. All part of this wonderful new "town" . . . just a step from your doorway.



A rich man's paradise? Perhaps beyond your reach? It's all yours on a silver platter for just the modest cost of your home, \$8,500 to \$13,400, including all improvements . . . and this dream of a life.

PARADISE FOUND

Activities Unlimited . . .

for hands that like to build and those with an artistic flair . . . and the ones with that "green thumb" . . . are part of this remarkable new community and its endless, happy world of activity.



In the specially-built Creative Activity Center, a superb collection of the finest tools and equipment is ready for your use . . . and adjacent to Sun City, a section of land has been provided for special garden and granary projects and pasture suitable for prize livestock.

The Activity Center has a complete wood-working shop with all kinds of fine power tools. A ceramic "studio" is outfitted with kiln and necessary working equipment. The sewing room has the newest machines, cutting boards and dress forms. One area is devoted to lapidary work where you can polish to beautiful "jewels" the rocks you find in the treasure-laden deserts and mountains all around.

The Agricultural Project is equally well equipped . . . and an expert in Arizona agriculture is ready with any advice or help you might want.



All of the facilities from the pool and park activities to the Community Center, Creative Activity and Agricultural Centers will be turned over rent-free to an organization composed exclusively of citizens of Sun City for their own operation and exclusive use. Responsibility for operation and maintenance of the golf course will be retained by the developing company.

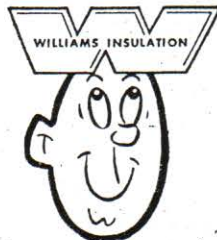
PUT WILLIAMS IN YOUR CEILINGS!



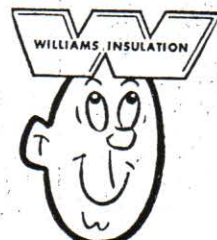
COOL IN SUMMER



WILLIAMS INSULATION
in the new
DEL E. WEBB
development meets the highest standards . . . even higher than F.H.A. requirements!

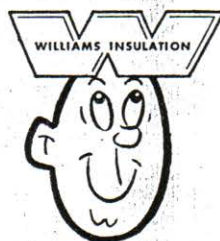


WARM IN WINTER

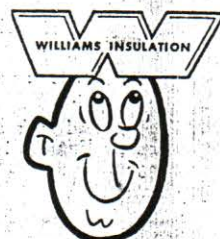


WILLIAMS INSULATION
3775 N. 36th Ave.
AP 8-5561

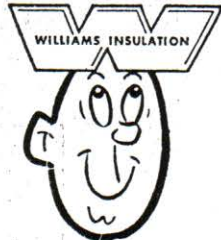
PUT WILLIAMS IN YOUR CEILINGS!



COOL IN SUMMER



you know the name
WILLIAMS
for the very finest in
INSULATION



WARM IN WINTER



WILLIAMS INSULATION
3775 N. 36th Ave.
AP 8-5561

NOW

CONCRETE BLOCK WALLS with **DOUBLE** Insulating Value!

SAVE WITH ZONOLITE:

- Double insulated walls are free from cold drafts in winter and eliminate radiated heat from the walls in the summer.
- Walls filled with Zonolite have increased resistance to fire.
- Zonolite lowers sound transmission through walls.
- Zonolite filled walls are subject to reduced cracking due to less temperature change within the wall.
- A finely ground compound that kills insects is being added to Zonolite insulation fill.
- Consult your Refrigeration Engineer for the savings on the original investment on air conditioning equipment when walls are double insulated.
- Double insulated walls pay for themselves in three years and then, from then on, they pay dividends for you.
- Double insulated walls assure a higher resale value on your home.



ZONOLITE INSULATION FILL is readily available through lumber and building material dealers, insulation contractors or block suppliers.

Ari-Zonolite Co.

processors and distributors **vermiculite**

An integral part of Quality Construction at Del Webb's Retirement Community

Easily handled and installed, Zonolite Block Fill actually cuts heat transmission in half with cores of exterior block walls filled with Ari-Zonolite Insulation.



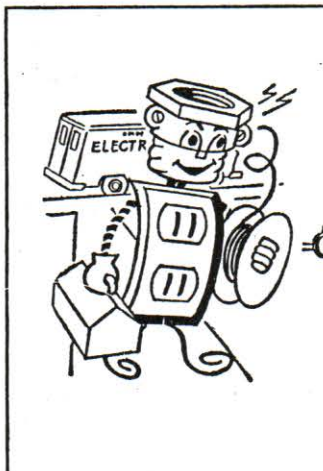
This represents a saving to you, the home owner, in heating and cooling costs. In a home with 2,500 sq. ft., this could mean a saving of about \$100.00 a year.

fill insulation — plaster aggregate — acoustical plastic
— dry-wall texture — high temperature products —
stabilized concrete aggregate — industrial insulation

1200 E. Glendale Ave.
GLENDALE, ARIZONA YE 7-1627

QUALITY and CONFIDENCE

THE FOUNDATION UPON WHICH OUR SUCCESS IS BUILT!



The Quality of Our Work Is Reflected in

DEL WEBB'S Beautiful RETIREMENT VILLAGE

In this project, and in other Del Webb projects through the years, we are indeed proud to have played a part in supplying modern superior, electrical installations. As Phoenix grows, Arthur Electric, Inc. keeps in step, contributing materials and services from a progressively up-to-date organization.



- Registered Electrical Engineer's Services Available

Offering the Background and Experience of Two Generations

The skill and know-how resulting from the applied efforts of two generations stand behind every installation by Arthur Electric, Inc. Pride in each job undertaken has been a major contributing factor in the recognition achieved by Arthur Electric for outstanding service and fine workmanship.

"Licensed Nationally Since 1924"

ARTHUR ELECTRIC, Inc.

ELECTRICAL CONSTRUCTION

5037½ North 7th Avenue

CR 7-1467

ONLY THE FINEST TALENTS

Charles and Arthur Schreiber, (right and left) two of the nation's leading architects and specialists in the field of home design, were chosen to design the buildings and homes in this new community. Residents of Phoenix, the Schreibers are nationally respected and have many times been honored for their outstanding work in the residential field.

Their particular talent for combining enjoyable livability and attractive design with economy of construction was ideally suited to the creation of homes for Sun City's luxurious living at small price.

During their 20 years of practice, over 100,000 homes have been constructed from plans prepared by them and examples of their work appear in every state of the union as well as in seven foreign countries. For a number of these years, they were engaged as architect-builders in the construction of some 5000 homes and have designed and perfected a number of new building methods and new materials now widely used in the building field.

In 1958, the Schreibers were awarded the title of Fellows in the Society of American Registered Architects. This high honor was bestowed on them for their 20 years of service toward the betterment of their profession and is comparable to an honorary doctorate degree.

They have earned first awards in countless national architectural competitions for home design including those sponsored by Architectural Forum Magazine, National Association of Home Builders, Industrial Publications and Practical Builder, American Institute of Architects, Housing Research Foundations and Sunset and Better Homes and Garden Magazines.



Marion Paul of Hollywood, member of the American Institute of Decorators, has decorated, furnished and color-designed the five model homes and the Community Center in Sun City.

Widely-recognized for her outstanding talent in the field of interior design, Miss Paul has served as style coordinator, color consultant and designer for the interiors of offices, stores, showrooms and private residences throughout the Southwest.

In her work in the community, she has worked closely with the architects and builders to attain the utmost in comfortable, beautiful surroundings particularly suited to the needs and desires of the retired homeowner.

Miss Paul has incorporated a number of new ideas in interior design inspired by the relaxed, happy way of retired living and the active, carefree way of life for which the entire community was designed.

Miss Paul's services were also engaged by the Del E. Webb Construction Co. for the interior design of Camelback Village in Phoenix and Clairmont Hills in San Diego. Her credits include Los Angeles' Canoga Plaza, Coronet Homes and Broadway Delamo Department Store.

Desmond Muirhead and Associates, the noted firm of landscape architects and community planners, whose work is known in Canada, England, Mexico and throughout the United States, is responsible for the distinctive landscaping of Sun City.

A well-known authority on trees and their value in planting design, Mr. Muirhead has used palms to provide a beautiful entrance and to unify the different buildings and sections of the community. Other trees have been chosen with an eye to providing a luxuriant foliage foil for the buildings. Many unusual plants have been used, particularly in the model homes' gardens including bamburanta, a tropical foliage plant, and yucca elephantipes, a fine yucca from Mexico.

Muirhead's firm, whose main headquarters are in Phoenix, also has offices in Canada and throughout the United States. They have designed practically everything from small gardens to cities of thirty thousand residents in their capacity as landscape architects and community planners. This includes the world-famous planned city of Ktimat, B. C., and extensive projects for Portland (Oregon) General Electric, Canadian National Railways, Alcan and Aluminum Ltd., Sears, Roebuck and Co. and Crown Zellerbach, Ltd.

Several of their landscaping designs appear in the 1959 issue of Better Homes & Gardens Garden Idea Book and have been included in Time, Fortune and the Architectural Forum. They recently were awarded recognition for their work at the Scottsdale branch of the Valley National Bank as one of the ten best designed sites in the United States for 1959.

Mr. Muirhead is the author of a number of books and articles on the subjects in his field, including the extensive article on the planting of palm trees which appeared in a recent issue of the Arizona Republic's Sun Living section.



LARRY CHUMBLEY, President

PHOENIX PLUMBING COMPANY

INC.

5037 N. 7th Ave.

Mr. Chumbley, a resident of the Valley for 43 years, is well acquainted with the exceptional growth of Phoenix; and, since 1935, has played a role in the development of this area.

There Is No Substitute for Quality
Workmanship and Materials!



WE ARE PROUD

to have had a part in the construction of Del Webb's Retirement Community . . . a project which will bring a Better Way of Life to senior citizens making Phoenix their home.

30 MEN -- 10 TRUCKS

TO SERVE YOU

"when there's a better way, Chumbley will find it"



WE INSTALL
**AMERICAN
STANDARD**
Plumbing Fixtures

PHOENIX PLUMBING COMPANY

INC.

5037 N. 7th Ave.



**"If it weren't
for Tabby
...we'd sell it!"**



"We're not using it, that's for sure! We're too busy, with swimming and club meetings and golf and all the sociable goings-on. This is retirement in friendly Arizona... and *this is the way we like it!*"

Yes, for people of retirement age, there's no better investment than a home in Arizona! You'll not only get more house for your money than you would anywhere

else in the country, you'll find that it's the key to a wonderful new way of life.

And when you're ready to buy your new home, remember to tell your real estate broker to have Arizona Title handle the escrow and title insurance. This home-owned title insurance company has been serving Arizona since 1899. You can always count on Arizona Title for quick dependable service.

SERVING ARIZONA **100%**

Arizona Title Guarantee & Trust Company

100% ARIZONA OWNED

ESCROWS — TITLE INSURANCE — TRUSTS

Head Office: 124 N. 1st Ave., Phoenix
Mesa, Casa Grande, Coolidge, Sedona, Yuma, Scottsdale,
Globe, Safford, Prescott, Flagstaff

Experts Direct Activities

Fielding Abbott, well-known among Arizona golfers, and Thomas G. Austin, widely experienced in directing all types of creative activity, have been appointed to serve the residents of Del Webb's new Sun City.

Abbott will be head pro for the new championship golf course whose fairways are laid out throughout this new community. He has served as teaching pro at Paradise Valley Country Club for three years. He also supervised the building of the course at Payson and last summer took over Northern-Aire Country Club near Sedona for its first season.

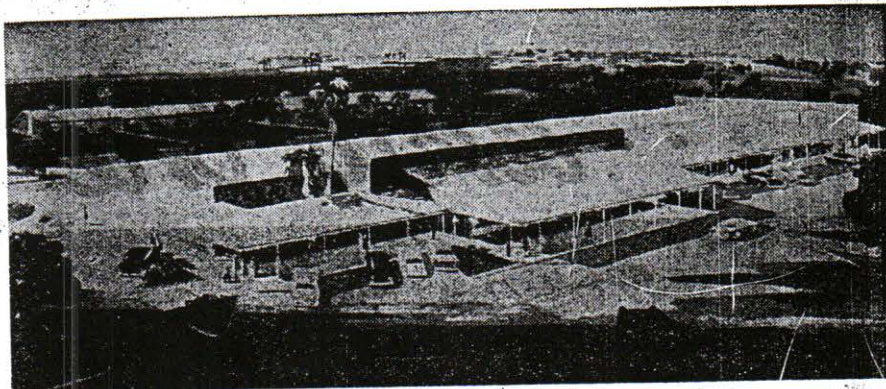
A native of Idaho, he served in professional golf roles in Montana and in Oregon before coming to Arizona.

Originally from New York State, Austin has been a resident of Arizona for 13 years. To his new position as Activities Coordinator for the community, he brings extensive experience in working with and directing many types of recreational and creative activities.

For 12 years he was actively engaged in amateur dramatics and spent considerable time as church choir soloist and in organizing and conducting meetings of various types under auspices of the New York Presbytery.

His business background includes administration of small hospitals, managing of apartments and office buildings, and public relations and tenant management programs.

...and right
in this
complete
community..



COMMERCIAL CENTER

Del Webb has omitted nothing in making this a complete community. From that magical moment when you first step into your new home here, you'll have all the "conveniences and comforts of home" ... with everything you want just a step from your doorway.

All the supplies and services for every day needs will be available in the many shops and stores of this beautifully designed, modern commercial center. (Stocks in some of the stores will not be complete for a short time due to depletion of supplies caused by the heavy Christmas buying from resources.) This is merely a temporary condition as nothing will be missing when the first homeowner steps through his front door.

This "miniature metropolis" also offers necessary community services including a fire station right on the property ... and bus service to Phoenix is available several times each day right at the community's entrance.

Safeway Stores Supermarket

T. G. & Y Variety Store

Union Oil Service Station

Drug Store

Beauty and Barber Shops

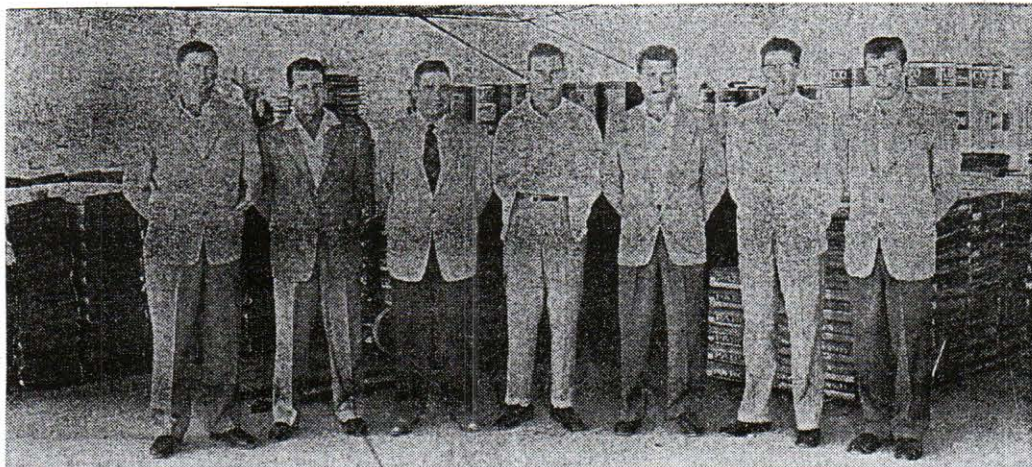
1-Hour Valet Laundry
and Dry Cleaner

... and Medical Offices

Here is SMALL TOWN FREEDOM with BIG CITY CONVENIENCE

Hays Roofing Company

WE COVER THE STATE!



Pictured left to right: Wayne Cowan, Phoenix Office Manager; J. R. Hays, General Manager; Lee Hays, Tucson Manager; Ralph Hays, Flagstaff Manager; Elmer Hays, Phoenix Superintendent; Kenneth Hays, Service Manager; Bobby Hays, Beginner.

HAYS ROOFING COMPANY

PHOENIX
747 East Henshaw AL 4-5663

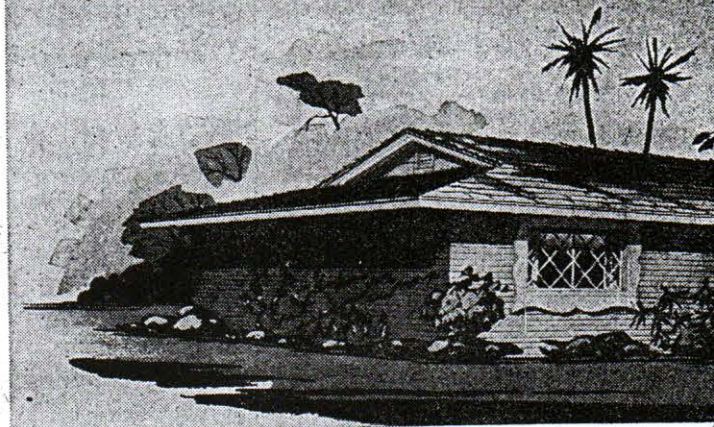
TUCSON
3702 North Swan EAst 6-1564

FLAGSTAFF
218 East Birch PRospect 4-6382

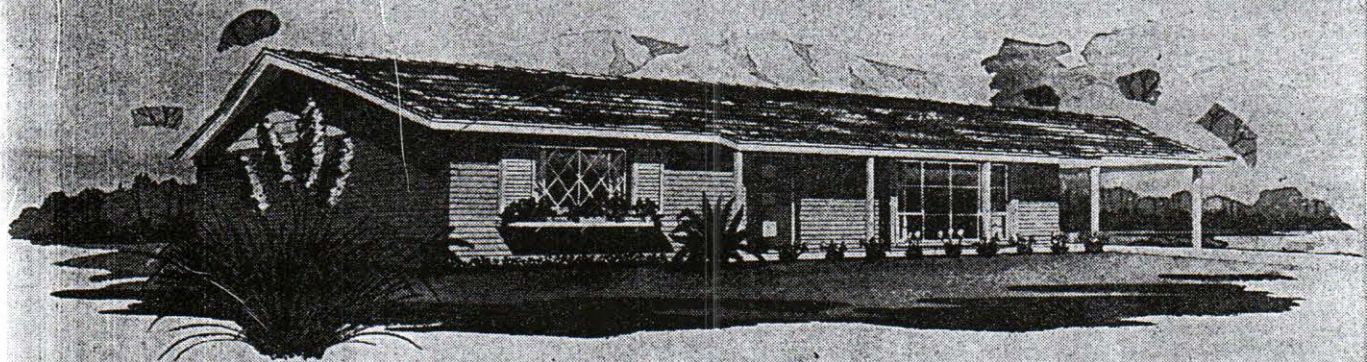
... and the Golf Course

**Luxury-Designed Homes
that are Priced with
Old-Fashioned
Modesty**

The Kentworth \$8,500.00
Plan 1-C. 2 Bedrooms and 1 Bath. Spacious rooms, compactly designed.



The Bridgeford \$9,300.00
Plan 2-A. Home with 2 Bedrooms, 1 Bath, built-in range and oven.



The Coronado \$10,500.00
Plan 4-C. 2 Bedrooms and 2 Baths, plus built-in range and oven.



The Finest Features and Construction...

Fully Insulated ★ Thermostatically-controlled Heating and Evaporative Cooler ★ Sliding Aluminum Window Frames and Huge Picture Windows ★ Ceramic Tile Kitchen Counters and Tub Splash ★ Premium Hardware and Mahogany Doors and Cabinets ★ Asphalt Tile Flooring in every Room ★ 24k Gold-Faced Chrome Shower Heads with "Dial-Your-Shower" Selector ★ Full Size Carport... Concrete Drive ★ Covered, Paved Patio or Lanai ★ Large Storage Rooms ★ Full Landscaping ★ All Utilities (natural gas, electricity, water and sewers), Paving, Curbs and Sidewalks In and Paid For.

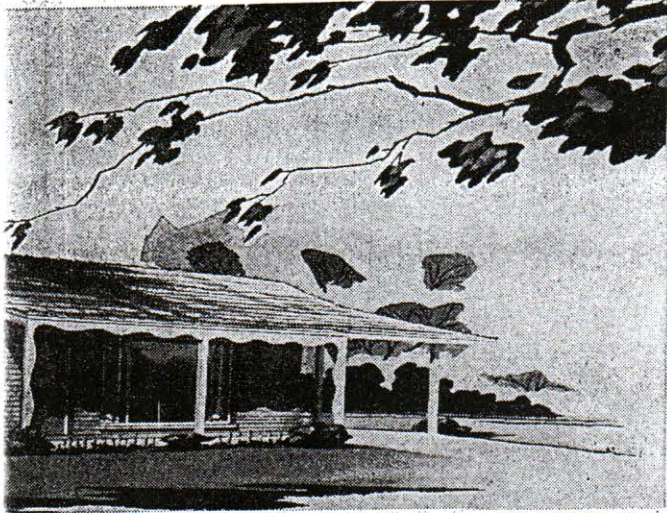
**Your Route To
An Active New
Way of Life**

Marinette

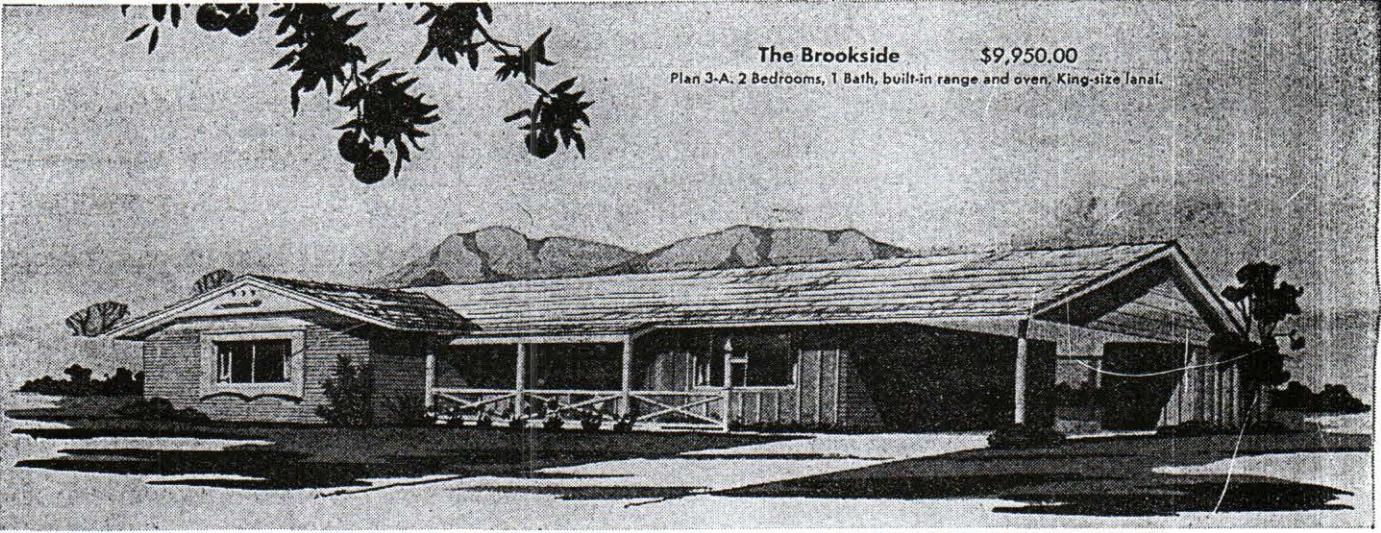
GRAND

W.

Winds All Around



Choice of 5 Unusual
Floor Plans and 15
Beautiful
Exteriors



The Brookside

\$9,950.00

Plan 3-A. 2 Bedrooms, 1 Bath, built-in range and oven. King-size lanai.



The Pickford

\$11,300.00

Plan 5-C. 3 Bedrooms and 2 Baths, plus kitchen built-ins and large lanai.



Choose Your Own Neighbors

... FROM FRIENDS AND RELATIVES "BACK HOME"

Just send their names and addresses to:
Del E. Webb Development Co.,
P. O. Box 4066, Phoenix, Arizona.

Name.....

Address.....

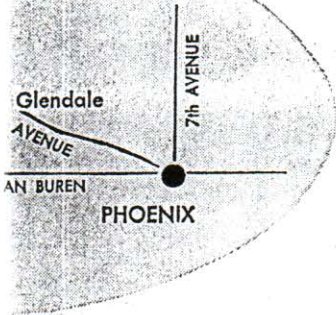
City.....State.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

We'll be happy to send them a copy of our 24-Pg. Full Color Brochure with complete details about the homes and the living in this new community.



SHARING IN QUALITY CONSTRUCTION

at Del Webb's Retirement Community

The W. R. Cluer Millwork Company is proud to have had a part in making the new Del E. Webb retirement community one of which every citizen of the Valley of the Sun can be justifiably proud. Here quality construction, Arizona's matchless climate, and complete facilities for active living combine to insure an enjoyable new way of life for America's Senior Citizens.

■ We are happy to have been associated with the Del E. Webb Construction Company for more than 19 years, supplying and installing cabinets and millwork for various projects throughout the United States. This new Arizona community is another evidence of the quality construction and foresightedness that have spelled nationwide fame and success for the Del E. Webb company.

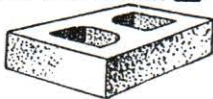


1000 N. ARCO DRIVE • PHONE AL 4-8446
P.O. BOX 992 — Phoenix, Arizona

= 1 1/4 times around the world!



SUPERLITE
BRICKS AND BLOCKS

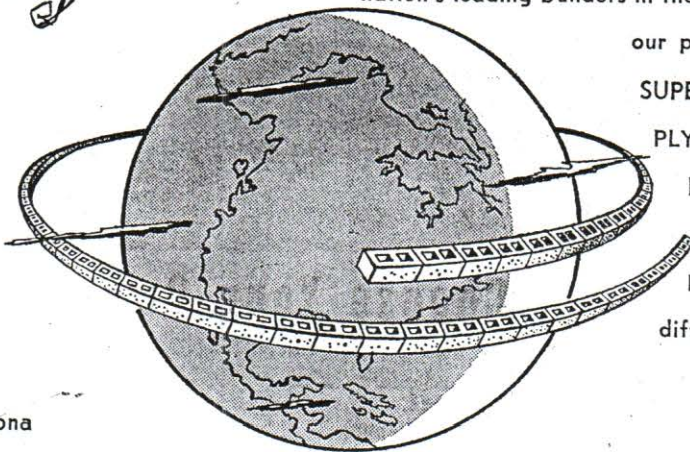


PHONE AM 5-4755

4012 N. Central — Phoenix, Arizona
842 W. Main St. — Mesa, Arizona

Dramatic evidence of the tremendous scope of development undertaken by Del E. Webb in the construction of his new retirement village is found in the purchase of SUPERLITE BLOCK recently contracted for. Enough block, if laid end to end, to extend 1 1/4 times around the earth at the equator. Evidence too, of the confidence of the nation's leading builders in the uniform good quality of

our product which has made SUPERLITE BUILDERS SUPPLY CO. the world's largest block manufacturer. Always insist on SUPERLITE BLOCK! There is a difference!



"Sun City" Top Winner!

The name which won first prize and has become the official name for this new community is Sun City as appears on the cover of this supplement.

The nation-wide contest conducted recently by the Del E. Webb Development Company to procure an appropriate name ended too close to the deadline for publication of this supplement to allow inclusion of a story on the winners and the names submitted.

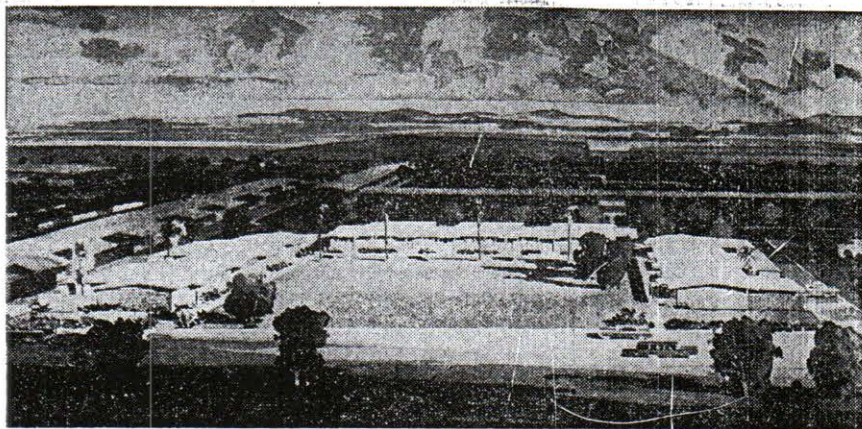
Details will be given in a story to appear in The Republic & Gazette.

This contest which appeared in November issues of the Saturday Evening Post, Life Magazine and Sunday supplement sections of the nation's leading newspapers, including the Republic & Gazette's "Arizona Days and Ways" introduced the physical features of the community, described its "Active Way-of-Life" and requested readers "of 50 Years of Age and Over" to submit appropriate names.

The contest offered three prizes. First Prize was a 2-Bedroom Home on a fairway lot at Sun City. Second Prize was a fully-improved Fairway Lot. Third Prize was a two-week, all-expense vacation at Del Webb's HiwayHouse in Phoenix.

Names of the three people who were prize winners will be mailed upon request.

...or just
"Let George
Do It"
in SUN
CITY'S



CO-OPERATIVE PLAN APARTMENTS

Each With Its Own Garden Patio

If you want the privacy of a home and the luxury of a beautiful garden patio outside your door . . . but have developed the feeling that you'd just as soon "let George do it" with lawnmower, garden hose, rake and rubbish cans . . . then these are for you. The lovely designs created for these apartments offer various floor plans in one and two bedroom sizes with spacious living rooms, convenience-plotted kitchens and gracious living all around. All this plus the active, interesting life of the fun-filled community. Your warranty deed with an insured title policy guarantees you as a purchaser of absolutely clear

title to your apartment with no blanket mortgages, liens or other encumbrances of any kind . . . you truly "own your own home" with none of the usual responsibilities for its care and maintenance. The apartments will be operated by a Board of Management selected from within the apartment owners to administer all affairs of development, engaging services of gardener, maintenance men, etc. For less than the costs in an average private home, your property taxes, insurance, water, ground maintenance, building care and common facilities maintenance will be covered by an owners-directed monthly assessment fund collection.

Just \$8,000 to \$10,000 . . . and Full use of the Community's Recreational and Creative Activity Facilities.

Some Units Available On Rental Basis

See the Models . . . And Many Designs Awaiting Your Living



PAINTING COMPANY

is proud of its role in the construction
of Del Webb's Retirement Community

YOUR ASSURANCE OF TOP QUALITY WORKMANSHIP

- 5 Generations of Kings have been in the painting business
- 245 years experience among top executives

HERE'S HOW YOU SAVE:

Job completed on **TIME**
Job right the first **TIME**
Modern equipment saves **TIME**
Personnel know-how saves **TIME**

Top materials save **TIME**—**TIME** is money—**YOUR** money!



KING PAINTING CO.

**DRYWALL
and
PAINTING**



4610 N. 7th St. • Phoenix, Arizona

P. O. BOX 7122

CR 7-7634

ANOTHER

of many jobs undertaken which
add to our reputation for
rendering top quality service

DEL WEBB'S RETIREMENT VILLAGE

PLUMBING LAYOUT WAS DESIGNED BY
WALDO PLUMBING & HEATING CO. OF ARIZONA
with American Standard plumbing fixtures used throughout

SERVING ARIZONA FOR TWELVE YEARS

with Experience Gained in 30,000 Homes Coast To Coast!

The Sign that means
a Better Buy



AMERICAN-Standard
BATHROOMS



Only the finest plumbing fixtures ...

AMERICAN STANDARD ... have gone into
the construction of Del Webb's Retirement
Community. All water piping is copper and
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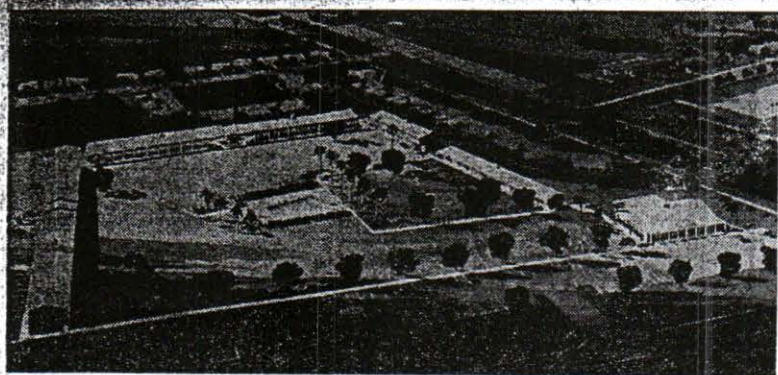
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A short chip shot and Fielding Abbott, club professional, is on the green in a practice round on the new golf course which is a part of the Del Webb retirement village northwest of Phoenix. Looking on are John Meeker, left, operations chief in construction of the town for senior citizens, and, at right, Jack McPhee, Webb project superintendent.

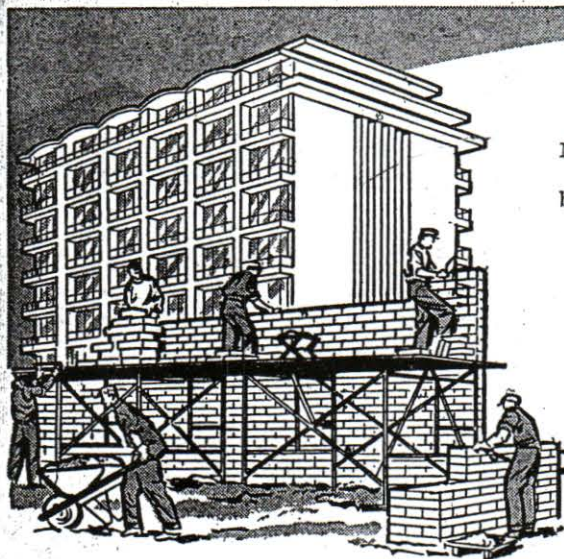
EXTENSIVE PARK PLANNED NEARBY

Maricopa County has taken the first steps to develop a 5,700-acre recreational area within a half hour's drive of the new Del Webb retirement community.

Boating, bathing on sand beaches, fine fishing and picnicking will be provided in the long-range development program surrounding Lake Carl Pleasant, located in the foothills to the north of the new "town" to soon be occupied by America's senior citizens.

Much of the land comprising the recreational area has for some years been leased by the state for grazing of livestock, and since acquiring it Maricopa County supervisors have applied to State Land Commissioner O. B. Lassen to reclassify the leases from grazing to commercial to permit its use for park purposes.

If reclassification is approved, supervisors plan to provide funds in their 1960-61 budget for initial development of the area, according to Chairman James G. Hart.



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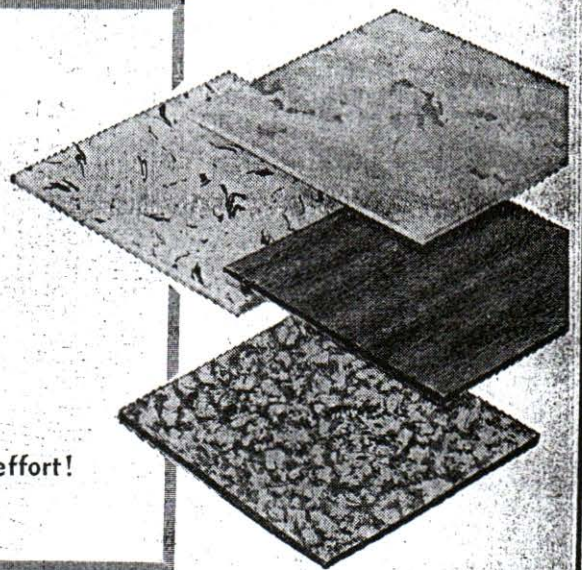


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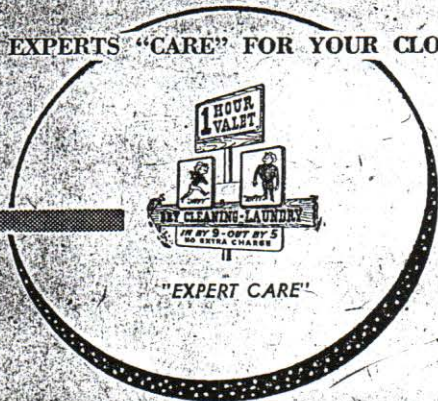
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PARKING AT OUR DOOR

The Arizona Republic and The Phoenix Gazette

Section A

OUR EXPERTS "CARE" FOR YOUR CLOTHES



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FOURTEEN CONVENIENT DRIVE-IN LOCATIONS
THROUGHOUT THE VALLEY OF THE SUN

DEL E. WEBB: AMERICAN SUCCESS STORY

A nationwide construction business headed by Del E. Webb, builder of Sun City, got its start in Phoenix more than 30 years ago, and still maintains its national headquarters offices in Phoenix.

Webb's rise to national prominence not only as a builder but in major league baseball has been something of a phenomenon. Today he is president of Del E. Webb Construction Co. and its many subsidiaries, and also is widely known as co-owner—with Dan Topping of New York—of the New York Yankees of the American League.

Webb came to Phoenix as a carpenter; went to contracting when a grocer who admired his zeal gave him the opportunity to finish construction of a store building on which progress by another contractor hadn't been satisfactory. Ability to figure jobs closely, to obtain competent men to help in expanding, and his knack of getting along with people soon began to boost the business of his firm.

When war came, Webb already was one of the largest and busiest builders in the Southwest.

During World War II, when speed was the watchword, Webb crews built in record time some of the biggest of the West's military installations, including air fields, army and navy training bases, hospitals, and prisoner of war camps.

With its headquarters remaining in Phoenix and district offices in Los Angeles and Chicago, Webb construction activities quickly spread from border to border and coast to coast. After the war the firm built hospitals for veterans, industrial plants, and warehouses in 26 states.

Some of the projects the Webb firm has been selected to build are the modern new Beverly Hilton Hotel in Beverly Hills, Calif., the massive \$30 million Union Oil Center in downtown Los Angeles, the height-limit Texaco Building on Wilshire Boulevard in Los Angeles, and the multi-million dollar forest products plant of Diamond Match Company at Red Bluff in Northern California.

In diversifying, Webb now is building not only the Sun City retirement community for senior citizens, but among many other projects is a huge concrete and steel rocket test stand rising in Southern California to test the power of future U.S. space-conquering vehicles.

For some years the Webb firm has pursued a program of building for investment, erecting and operating shopping centers, restaurants, apartments, and hotels. Today its motor hotel interests extend from San Francisco to the Middle West, and include such outstanding hostleries as the modern Del Webb's Hiway Houses in Phoenix, Tucson, San Diego, Houston, and Tulsa, and the fashionable Continental-Denver Hotel in Denver, Colo.

Typical of the diversity of the Webb firm's nationwide operations, the company in recent years built Kraft Foods Company warehouses in 26 states, erected multi-million dollar veterans hospitals from Portland in the Pacific Northwest to St. Louis and Kansas City in the Midwest, rebuilt the Kansas City baseball park into a major league stadium in record-breaking time, built a huge floor-covering manufacturing plant for Pabco Products in New Jersey, and giant guided missile plants for Howard Hughes at Tucson and in Culver City, Calif.

Probably few leaders in American business have interests more widely separated and endeavor to personally and regularly oversee them.

Though his home and construction business headquarters in Phoenix are distant from his baseball interests and many of his building projects, Mr. Webb can inspect progress one day on one of his company's West Coast jobs, and next day be in the Yankee office or on the site of an Atlantic Seaboard project, for he travels exclusively by air.

His business interests, besides construction and baseball, extend to oil, banking, mining, hotels, airlines, manufacturing and other enterprises in which he is financially interested. Yet financial success hasn't placed him beyond the reach of his co-workers, and a sense of humor has been of great help in his relations with capital and labor.

It was a privilege
to serve as
**DESIGNING
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WATER and SANITATION SYSTEMS

at Del Webb's
Retirement
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For their complete cooperation and display of efficiency, we are grateful to Sparling Engineering Co., with whose cooperation our projects were made easier. We are proud to have been associated with them and Del Webb Development Company on this project.

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Yes, it was in the late thirties when the Del Webb organization built their first Safeway Store. Pictured above (left) is one of those stores built in Douglas. This store is still in operation. Pictured above (right) is the latest Safeway in the Sun City Commercial Center. "Just down the street" is this most modern facility designed with "you" in mind.

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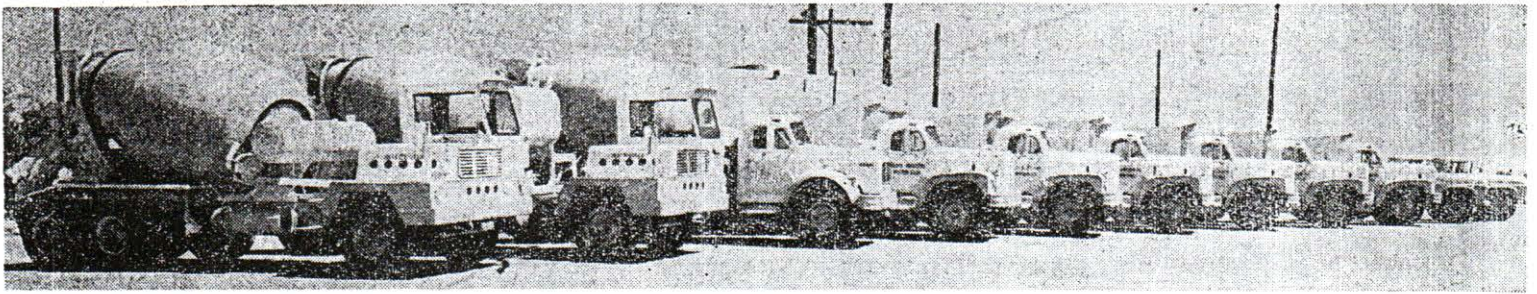
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The Arizona Republic and The Phoenix Gazette

Section A

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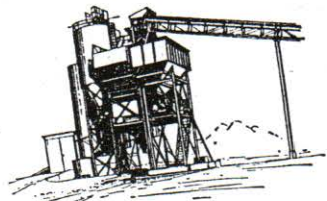
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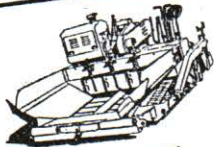





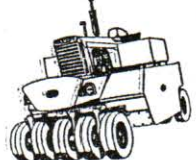
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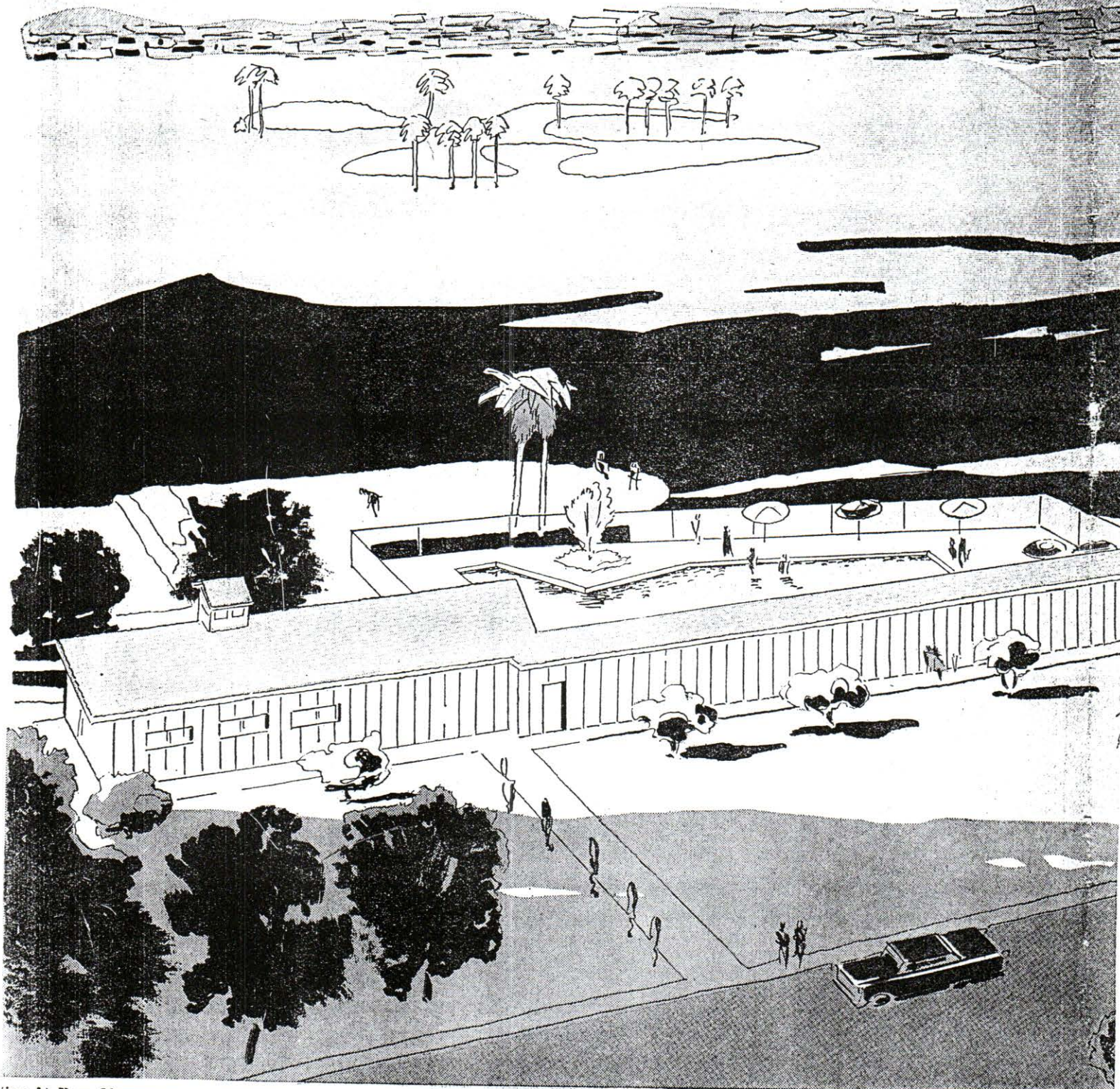
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DEL E. WEBB DEVELOPMENT CO.



An Invitation to ... THAT BLOOMING TOWN, SUN CITY



Bicycling . . . a favorite Sun City sport.

BY HAPPY SUN CITY RESIDENT MARGE POWELL

THERE'S A PLACE retirees from across the nation are buzzing about. It's a blooming town called Sun City, tucked between the mountains in the Valley of the Sun. Sun City's atmosphere, its energy, can best be described through its organizations and their activities.

Take, for instance, the Sun City Rose and Garden Club — come October 21, they'll put on one of the finest rose and flower arrangement shows in the state, while simultaneously serving as host to the Tri-State Southwest Convention of

the American Rose Society, which opens October 20. Last year this annual event attracted more than 4,000 visitors. They viewed a beautiful display of 121 arrangements in the Arts Division, and 852 individual competing rose entries, involving 1,100 blooms.

Delegates and judges will be welcomed at the nearby King's Inn Motor Hotel and entertained with banquets, luncheons and escorted tours of this remarkable seven-year old community.

Plans are being perfected to make Oc-

tober's show outstanding; many elaborate trophies await winning exhibitors. The Sun City Rose and Garden Club will conduct early fall classes in arrangements, looking toward an exciting and artistic display. The program is designed to invite all exhibit classifications, and entries are open to the public. Experts will be on hand to aid the uninitiated, and Sun City's many rose experts, experienced handlers of flowers, will maintain ideal conditions for keeping displays fresh and beautiful.

Sun City, a few miles out of Phoenix on Highway 60-70-89, is unique, a swinging retirement place in the Arizona sun.

You'll know it's no ordinary community the moment you drive south off Grand Avenue at 107th St. As you drive down the palm-lined double drive you will be impressed by the neatness of everything; the grooming is faultless. Innumerable golf carts with gay canopies and laughing occupants filter into the street from the "North" course. You follow signs directing you to the community's model homes, designed to fit the needs and desires expressed by residents and visitors on many questionnaires . . . past the "South" course, and many more golfers. A sign reads "Arizona's Most Beautiful City," and you begin to believe it.

On your right is a fine amphitheatre (seating 7,500) set in tall palms and citrus, beautifully lighted. There are many rose

Last year's Rose Show drew 4,000 visitors to Sun-City.



gardens. Be sure to bring a camera, for the meandering streets, so nicely planted, the swimming pools, sun bathers, artists with easels, cyclists and deeply engrossed home gardeners working in their incredible flower beds, will offer ample subjects for snapshots.

Here is a community of 10,000 citizens 60 years of age or over, who have formed more than 100 clubs, all active, housed in splendid facilities which are constantly being expanded. Many are learning skills and discovering talents they had never dreamed they possessed. Many are active in charitable organizations.

Tournaments are commonplace; competition is keen. One can match skills at one's own level, so varied are the groupings. Pride in the community is in evidence everywhere. Practically any resident will be glad to answer your questions, give directions, perhaps invite you in for coffee.

A third golf course with its own clubhouse (membership limited and private) has been in play for some time.

When Sun City opened its third recreation center last June the doors were swung wide with five days of fun and fanfare. There were dinners, a dance, a variety show, a concert and tours. The new complex was built to fill the needs of the Sun City clubs that are proliferating at a pace-age speed. Landscaped with desert plantings (palms, olives, citrus, mimosa, yucca and cacti,) beautifully lighted, this center surpasses anything of its kind in the Southwest.

Its enormous sunken pool has lovely cabanas. There is a completely equipped health center with therapeutic pool. The 100-capacity auditorium has a stage, dressing rooms, kitchen and projection room. Row on row of shuffleboard courts are cooled under a canopy of shade. Also, here is the Town's third lawn bowling green, and everywhere, tall palms.

On October 13 and 14, the Merchant's Association plans a two-day celebration known as Roaring Twenties Days. There will be parades of cycle riders in costume, sidewalk sales featuring items made in Sun City by Sun Citians; an antique auto show, square dancing, nickel hot dogs, and many exciting contests, the celebration ending in a costume ball featuring live music of the era. A King and Queen of Sun City will be crowned. Plans are to make it a most festive occasion.

In Sun City's more than five thousand new homes and apartments reside couples and single persons retired from all walks of life, representing every state in the union; they pool their skills and exercise in the management of their fine facilities. Pottery, craft, ceramics, photography, lapidary, and woodcraft are available. Croquet, dancing, multiple card games, and numerous other activities are engaged in according to individual inclination. Bus service provides transportation for those without cars.



Sun Citians enjoy a swim at the Town Hall pool, one of many sports and recreation facilities available to residents at total cost of \$20 per year.



Annual fall luau draw hundreds of Sun Citians to the Town Hall Patio. Entertainment is provided by residents themselves.

This is a complete city; several shopping areas (initially thirty shops, with a whole new center added last year) supply the needs of the community. You may enjoy meals at several good restaurants; many fine churches invite attendance. There is a fine extra-care facility for those not wishing to undertake housekeeping, or unable to do so. It provides a gracious, home-like atmosphere, good meals, and special care according to individual need. Plans are progressing for a fine geriatric hospital. All over the city, building projected and in

progress astounds the visitor.

You will enjoy and long remember your visit to Sun City. Whether you come to see the Rose Show, to sightsee, or just to relax in the sun, you will come away having found that being over fifty is not the over-the-hill condition some think it to be. Certainly not when one lives in this unique community, which in a few short years has been miraculously transformed from a cotton patch to a desert garden where there are no strangers, and few dull moments.

Keeping trim.



Bandleader Guy Lombardo greets fans after a Sun City concert.



Death in Sun City

by Christopher Davis

Around the shuffleboard courts in the Arizona oasis the favorite songs are "Down By The Old Mill Stream" and "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree." The sleeper, however, is "Taps"

“**W**hat about the ninety-one-year-old newsboy—did anyone tell you about him yet?” The public-relations man on the spot for Del Webb’s Sun City, Arizona, the world’s most successful retirement community, shows a moment of anxiety; I had not yet been told. The newsboy’s name was C.B. Tracy. He delivered three hundred sixty-seven copies of *The Arizona Republic* to Sun Citizens every morning, got home by six, fixed his breakfast, trundled out the golf cart, and played eighteen holes of golf, shooting between a hundred and a hundred ten. His goal was to shoot his age. “Del Webb set up a gold card enabling him to play golf free for the rest of his life,” said the P.R. man. “We were just about to make the presentation when we learned that he had passed away.”

Robert Lundberg is Director of the Golden Door Chapel and mortuary and of the Sunland Chapel, both near Sun City. The Golden Door stands a little aloof from the rest of town, and a hearse and an ambulance, the latter run as a service for local people, cool in a carport’s shade. The funeral cars are painted desert rose with white tops (white is said to work more efficiently than black with air conditioning).

As you enter Lundberg’s establishment you see his chapel on the left. An open coffin stands before a decorative wall, and the husk inside the coffin, wearing a red tie and blue suit, waits. There is an American flag nearby and two pink lights that strike the dead face (“It gives the skin a natural texture”) and fade the flag’s red. Behind the wall are stored vases and flower racks, extra equipment for Catholic services (an altar rail, a large crucifix), and a Hammond organ, which Mrs. Rayma Wilson, who is Lundberg’s secretary and part-time cosmetician, will play. Mendelssohn’s *Faith* and the hymn *I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say* are ready on the music stand. Nearby, there is electronic equipment to provide such of the bereaved as must be absent because of illness with a tape of the service to hear later in their silent house.

In the embalming room are white-enamelled tables channeled like meat platters and on a shelf a preserving mixture called Jaundextone to be used in place of ordinary embalming fluid, which turns jaundice cases green.

Lundberg’s ambulance service rescues broken hips in the Sun City homes, brings along resuscitators for heart cases, hauls the beds and commodes and wheelchairs for stay-at-homes—equipment provided free by Sun City’s Sunshine Committee, delivered and picked up without charge by Lundberg. Funerals start at \$595 complete, go to \$2,796.

Sun City was founded in 1960. It has made green three thousand of Del Webb’s twenty-eight thousand rather arid acres northwest of Phoenix. If you want to buy there you must be fifty or more. No one under eighteen may be a permanent resident. (“What a joy not to have kids running over my lawn.”) Ten thousand residents in thirty-three hundred houses and a thousand apartments make this Arizona’s twelfth-largest city. There are two golf courses and another in construction, two community centers, two shopping centers, a private bus system and newspaper, a hundred-room motel for prospects, swimming pools, unnumbered ranks of shuffleboard courts, a bowling green, a softball stadium and a nursing home. The houses go up a hundred at a time and take ninety days to finish; prices run from \$12,500 to \$23,500. Built-in shoe racks are included, air-cooling, gold-plated country-club shower heads, and many of the carports shade a golf cart. There is escape from traffic, crime, humidity, and snow, from politics and boredom—from everything, it seems, but the common end itself, and even this, in the Webb twilight haze of planned pleasure, appears either to have averted its hungry stare entirely (which unfortunately cannot be) or, as in the newsboy’s gentle case, to have smoothed its brow and learned to smile.

It is hot in Sun City.

I venture from my Del Webb motel unit on foot, a greenhorn without hat or automobile. Old men, armored in refrigerated cars, stare in surprise, and I must fetch my rented Impala and return in it to inspect a Webb shopping center. There are a Safeway supermarket, two optometrists, one equipped with the latest glaucoma-detection techniques, a bank, a restaurant called Memory Lane, the Youngtown-Sun City *News-Sun* (Youngtown is the contiguous Senior Citizen’s community that shares some Webb

facilities), the Homeowners Association H.Q.; there is one of the many chatty bulletin boards that crop up everywhere in Sun City: "Dr. Melchoir Dikkers will talk on heart-disease prevention. . . . Don't Forget, Listen to the John Birch Society Report every Monday, 6:15 p.m. on KBUZ." The Rex-all nearby makes a prominent display of economy-size bottles of cod-liver oil, Geritol, Vigran, Beef, Iron and Wine tonic, "Sun City Formula 101" (vitamins plus B12 and minerals compounded especially for Sun Citizens).

Farther along the desert floor of the Salt River Valley are the shanty-section towns of El Mirage and Surprise, and between them, under a highway bridge, the river Agua Fria, which means "cold water" and which in May becomes a stone-dry gully. A whooping *Ranchera* blares on the car radio. Then *A Groovy Kind of Love*. Ornamental orange and grapefruit trees line Sun City's wide boulevards: saguaro cactus, the paloverde tree with its mottled green bark, Texas sage, mulberry, palm, mimosa; the emerald golf links, and lakes and pools and fine houses and winding, perfectly kept streets, Crosby Circle, Palmer and Hogan Drives, Hope Circle. I flip a switch and decrease the temperature in my sealed car. Jerry Lewis' son says, "While the bluebirds sing their magic song, we will love the summer long." I pass a real-estate office: Arnold O. Doom—"There's no Home like the One you Own."

The P.R. man arranges an interview with some Sun Citizens in the house of Louis Furst, 9935 El Dorado Drive, Sun City. He is a former insurance superintendent of claims from Yonkers, New York. We sip coffee and eat cookies from Betty's Bakery (no one diets in Sun City). There are other couples, each with a notably different background—one had a ministry in New England; another was once Rudy Vallee's drummer. El Dorado Drive here appears to be a medium-price district; the street is tidy, the desert gardens and Leisure Lawns (tarpaper covered with crushed rock stained green or tan) immaculate. All of these people are in their fifties or early sixties or manage to look it. They have come out for health reasons or seeking a pleasant way to

stretch already reasonably high retirement incomes. They perform charitable good works in their neighborhood: "We save coffee cans of cooking grease for the poor Mexicans." Another nod in the direction of El Mirage. "You should see those Mexicans come rushing up for it—for their tacos and tortillas."

"Where I come from," Furst says, "when you retire you're alone. Here everyone's retired and you have company. A friend of mine stayed in New York to be near his kids and he's going crazy. He walks around the block. It's not such a big thing to be near your kids with airplanes today. Another thing: there's no pretense here. Everyone's plain. You know we have twenty millionaires living right in Sun City? But you hardly know who they are. They act just like you and me." This leads to a pause and some exchanged glances; someone swings an imaginary golf club. There is one gripe, it turns out, "something the Del Webb people didn't consult with us on and just railroaded through."

They describe Webb's third eighteen-hole golf course, which is in the process of construction. It will be private (the other two are not) and it is to be sold to a country club: initial membership fee, \$1,000; ultimate membership, 350. "We object to cliques," say Furst and his friends. "It engenders class consciousness, and there hasn't been any, and that's just been wonderful."

"Incidentally," says the ex-drummer, reverting to cheerful subjects, "we're working on getting some good entertainment out here soon—Guy Lombardo, Lawrence Welk. That outdoor amphitheatre Webb's building. . . ."

I have lunch in the Aztec Room of Del Webb's new TowneHouse hotel in booming Phoenix with John Meeker, Vice-President and Director of the Community Development Division of the Webb empire (it includes Sun Cities in Florida and California, hotels, office buildings, shopping centers, and resorts and housing everywhere in the U.S.). Another division includes industrial and military construction. Meeker, tanned and fit, hundreds of miles from retirement himself, is the golf enthusiast responsible for the Sun City street names (Hogan, Hope, St. Andrews).

for him. The local *News-Sun* emphasizes stock reports ("Ticker Topics," "Babson Report") and mutual-fund ads. The average retirement income is a high \$7800, and the average savings account holds \$3250. A good deal of showy patriotism goes on. An American flag is presented gratis with each house bought, and the flag is flown upon all occasions. The general social-economic attitude is: "I've made mine. You make yours."

Of ninety-eight hundred Sun City residents, thirty-six hundred are signed-up church members: Lutheran, Episcopal, Jewish, Catholic, Methodist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Latter-Day Saints, Baptist, Christian Scientist; many more than that attend regularly. At the beautiful new United Church two parking spaces are reserved "for the handicapped." (Inside on Sunday: a hymn, a poem by Edgar Guest, a refrigerated sneeze, a prayer, a hymn, and the sermon: "'It is expedient for you that I go away,' says Jesus.") At dusk the flowers close and the skies bloom: you fall asleep in Del Webb's King's Inn (where all are at least deposed kings) to the click-plat of shuffleboard discs. Someone, between turns, discusses Medicare.

There are thirty or so morticians in the Salt River Valley, and an obit man on a Phoenix paper must call each one every day, Lundberg's Golden Door Chapel near Sun City among them. "You can figure a safe average of one every two days out there," says one of the obituary writers. "As a matter of fact, this month up to the seventeenth they only buried two people, but that's because the population's cut in half this time of year with the people traveling. In winter one every two days is a safe average. Now, the average for the whole valley, which has maybe a million people, is fifteen a day, which puts one every other day for the ten thousand pretty high. In summer it's the heat keeps 'em alive; but winter's the big time—right smack in the middle of the tourist season. Aunt Hezzie comes down from Idaho to visit; she's had some ailment or something, and boom, she's being cremated or some silly something. Of course, a high percentage are sent back home to be buried, and that often doesn't get reported."

The obit writer embarks on the tale of the ninety-one-year-old newsboy, but he has to quit because it makes him laugh. "They say his heart just stopped ticking. Well, my God, after ninety-one years?"

Wherever you walk in Sun City you are apt to step on a brass plate embedded in the concrete: "Del E. Webb Development Company." The name, the company's influence are everywhere brooding. Yet no one seems to feel patronized. No one appears to object to living on a street named after Bing Crosby or Arnold Palmer or Bob Hope. There is some rivalry between the Community Center (focus of one half of Sun City) and Town Hall (focus of the other; the place has sprawled so across the desert that one fun center and one shopping center were not enough), and there is that mild resentment about the exclusive third golf club; but beyond this Webb's complex of noiselessly functioning "facilities" appears to make nearly all its tenants as happy as they can get, improve their self-esteem, and actually increase longevity. To put it simply, Sun City is a success. Money, as it often happens, seems to answer all; yet, also as it often happens, there are exceptions to the rule of pleasure in success.

"Would you want to live here?" a Sun City merchant and house owner asks. "Hell, no!" he answers himself. "It's a graveyard. They roll up the sidewalks at nine o'clock. There's nothing to do at night. The men bitch; the wife wants to stay—that's the way it works. It's dead. No dogs, no kids. Sure you get low taxes, but in town you also get lights and garbage pickup and water and sewerage thrown in." He chews on a match with ferocity. "No! There's only old people here." He is about fifty-five. "Kids yell; okay, at least you know you're alive. A kid runs across your lawn here—it's like it was gold. A dog don't use a toilet like people, my God! Some of these guys—listen, you know: it's the twilight age?" He taps his skull. "Some of them come out here and hardly get their windows washed and they're dead. It's a good thing they don't ring the church bells when they die like where I come from; they'd wear 'em out. Sometimes I ask myself why I came. My wife's always moanin' and cry-

"You're fooling with people's lives out there. These are their last few years, and you have to do a good job. But," says Meeker definitely, "it works and they're happy."

"We're still spending money on these people six years after they've bought a house. We take care of 'em because we consider that's our best sales approach for others. They look on us as maternal parents. A few years ago we had a strictly hands-off policy, but we learned that they *want* the sense of security."

"Like we're putting in that amphitheatre now for *their* entertainment. I'm talking about first-class entertainment—Lawrence Welk. We sell them a triple-A product, and a third of our sales are for three-bedroom houses. These people are affluent, used to the better things, but even so this is so good we have a hard time convincin' 'em we're not gyppin' 'em. 'Where's the hooker?'"

Later: "Did you happen to hear about that ninety-one-year-old newsboy?" He tells the story. "He just came home from golf, took a nap in his chair, and his wife found him; his heart just stopped."

In Sun City's Sunshine Committee building (the Committee operates on contributions; Webb has been a generous patron) I am shown the equipment available free of charge to any Sun Citizen who needs it: aluminum walkers, cartons of rubber goods (sitting rings, hot-water bottles), portable commodes ("Cadillacs," we call the ones with wheels," says my guide), the whole list of standard hospital-room paraphernalia, and even a pair of prismatic glasses for those who, supine in bed, otherwise cannot watch television. I put on a pair and find I am staring at my feet, though facing the horizon. There is also a collection of walking sticks ranging from elegant malacca and bone-handled canes to clinical sticks of white and red for the blind or those with partial sight, and firm aluminum ones with four rubber-shod feet each. The Committee also supplies a large card with an "X" on it in Day Glo scarlet for Sun Citizens to put in their windows if they have no phone, cannot get out of the house, and need help. A note on the back says, "Your Neighborhood Chairman checks, or has someone check, on you

almost every day, to make sure you are all right. So Please don't go away without telling a Neighbor, for he or she will wonder what has happened to you. Aren't you glad someone is interested in You?"

Close to Sunshine Service, Inc. is Sun Valley Lodge, a nonprofit health-care facility (the quasi-military word "facility" is in much local use) organized under the auspices of the United Church of Sun City. It is a handsome modern building which has three categories: Shelter Care; Intensive Care, which means constant surveillance (from \$12 a day); and "In Living," apartment units with kitchenettes from \$225 to \$400 a month; prices include utilities, maid service, linen, food and parking. Sun City lady volunteers move about the gleaming halls briskly in sunshine-yellow apron dresses. Everyone is particularly cheerful today because there is to be a birthday party, and the huge white cake embowered in orange leaves is already on display in the center hall. Posted close by is a piece of bulletin-board philosophy: "... When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snow of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed."

Recently there was a wedding reception held in Sun Valley Lodge. One of the couple was "In Living," the other had a house in Sun City. There have been several dozen marriages in the community's six years, but lodge weddings are rare. The nursing-home patients applauded these newlyweds, sang *Let Me Call You Sweetheart*, *Down By The Old Mill Stream*, recited poems, danced, ate cake, and drank punch. A Mrs. Arcy, up in a chair by her bed, regretted that she could not dance at a recent wedding reception because her broken hip was not yet mended. ("I came home from Long Beach that day and was getting a light robe out of the closet when I fell.") Through the windows are seen, in the unrefrigerated out-of-doors, the omnipresent heat shimmer and shuffleboard arrangement. An institutional newsletter is called *Sun Valley Lodge Chit-Chat*. ("No movies or slides this Friday night. Why not get together and visit with each other?") "Sun City is a way of life, not death," I am told, not for the first time.

Barry Goldwater is popular in Sun City. The day before my arrival he addressed the Republican Club at the Community Center, and in 1964 the precinct vote was two to one

in'. I say, 'Pack up and go!' How many times I tell her? She'd rather squawk. Basketweaving, sewing circles, shuffleboard. I tell her to join. 'What the hell do you think I am?' she says. It *looks* pretty. Webb gives you value, but if you don't get in on things. . . ." He chews moodily. "I'd go back to Chicago with the boogies even. You know? . . . I once saw this old green car full of colored here in the shopping center; it had a Sun City promotion plate on the front bumper. 'You live here?' 'Oh, no.'" And here my merchant attempts a dialect: "'Ah *wuks* here!' Can you imagine what would happen if the colored moved in?"

There are five resident M.D.'s in Youngtown, four Doctors of Osteopathy, a podiatrist, two chiropractors. In Sun City there are seven M.D.'s, two dentists, a podiatrist, several optometrists. Diseases of the heart and lungs and hardening of the arteries are the primary killers. Dr. Phillip Kolnick of Youngtown's Mountain View Pioneer Hospital, which he built himself and now has turned over to a foundation, guesses the average age of residents at seventy-two and claims that the mortality rate is comparatively low. "They're rich, they've always lived well," says Kolnick, "they take care of themselves, and they're active. Of course, we do get a lot of asthma and emphysema." Kolnick's aim is to create a center of geriatric studies at Mountain View.

"The people here accept death," he says. "There isn't a lot of weeping and wailing. They make their arrangements well in advance. These are well-educated people—the cream of the crop—and they have a good attitude about themselves and their age. The divorce rate is low. We get lots of marriages; a widower doesn't last a year. They're health-conscious, but they take it easy. I'll tell you something: most of them drop dead. There are few lingering deaths, and they go with full mental faculties. A woman called. 'Doc, I can't tell if he needs you or the undertaker.' So I go over and he's dead drunk, out on the floor, that's all. Someone else: 'Doc, I think she's dead.' I said, 'Now, I saw her this morning and she was okay then.' 'Well, Doc,' he said, 'she's layin' here with blood runnin' out her mouth. I

go over and sure enough. . . . They're philosophical, and anyway their kids aren't around to make an hysterical fuss over dear old mom."

I visit a patient who was then at Mountain View: Julia Wilkins Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery is eighty-three and has lived in Youngtown for nine years and was in the hospital as the result of an automobile accident, not age or disease. "Honey, I have a crowd of friends here. Yes, we do miss the youthful faces; we miss the children. It's true." She talks on amiably. "I'll tell you: I'm a great friend of Barry Goldwater's, a personal friend. When he spoke here I went with a Sun City acquaintance, and he came clear down the steps from the stage and gave me a big hug. He's a real man—no snobbishness. There's quite a lot of that snobbery over in Sun City, but not Youngtown. There's a number of rich Jews in Sun City; maybe that's it. A friend of mine over there once had a \$24 water bill. We pay a flat \$4 a month. They have to pay and pay. . . ."

Talking again of people she knew and of her youth and of her current state, she says in her own sort of sequence, "I was pretty once."

"You are now."

"Oh, no, darlin'. Not now."

Of a neighbor recently deceased: "Just that day he was feeling so good. Cheerful. He talked about golf. He didn't use the wheelchair. They sat by the pool for a while, and then he went in to bed early, and she and I stayed up talking. Later she told me he got up again to go to the bathroom. 'Well!' she said. 'Hi!' he said. She went to bed around eleven, and she heard that funny noise, and she called, 'Are you all right?' He didn't answer, and she came next door to my apartment, and called me. 'I think William is dying. . . .' You know, retirement age. There's always someone dying. You have to expect that."

Sign the Visitors' Book inside the Golden Door. Bob Lundberg passes us into the chapel. The coffin is draped with an American flag; a blue and gold American Legion flag stands at the coffin's head. The pastor reads a rational bit from Paul's Appeal to the Hebrews. There are white gladioli and bronze chrysanthemums. The mourners wear print dresses and light suits (men are outnumbered three to one), and the room has

that familiar cold pregnancy of death in it. "We thank Thee, O Lord, for his Christian faith. . . ." A man in hearing-aid glasses nods. "Here was one truly waiting and ready for God's call. . . . Death simply will not be ignored, because it is too real. It is appointed to man to die once. . . ." The Hammond organ plays *I came to Jesus as I was, / Weary and worn and sad; / I found in Him a resting place, / And He has made me glad.* At the end two old men from the local American Legion post remove the flag from the coffin and fold it neatly, working toward each other, handling it exactly according to the manual.

Del Webb's Sunland Memorial Park is all by itself in the desert a mile northwest of town. The saguaro stands around looking angular and theatrical, and the ground cover is burned crisp and crunches underfoot if you venture out onto it; there are target-practice broken bottles and punctured cans here and there, and the burrows of desert creatures who come to the surface only at night. Sunland is an oasis with a couple of artificial lakes and rows of palms. It is handsome and handsomely kept up, no question about it. Del Webb Superintendent Ben Varnum gives me the tour. A bronze memorial double marker, inscribed, set in concrete, with tax: \$275. He indicates one with his own name, no dates, waiting. Each plaque for one or two names has a bronze vase built into it, but the vases on waiting graves are left in the ground. Afterward they are pulled up, locked into place, and kept filled with artificial flowers. There were, at that time, exactly two hundred and forty-two graves in this three-year-old facility, including "cremains," plus twenty waiting. The other Lundberg mortuary chapel is right on the grounds. "You avoid those long funeral processions, which are a traffic hazard," says Varnum, talking of the convenience of having all three functions of death in one place. "And it's real handy for survivors." He displays the chapel, winks the flesh-amber lights over the casket area, shows how they are softened and diffused. Outside near the entrance to the grounds is a flagpole with a bronze plate near the bottom: "Flag Flying in Memory of. . . ." They slide in the current name, using individual metal letters. Del E. Webb Co. takes a color Polaroid of the flag and marker and presents it to each family of survivors. Behind this is a fountain with a

statue called "Tribute"—a small bronze boy in Levis and boots; he holds his nine-gallon hat in one hand, a bouquet in the other; his head is bowed, eyes closed. It is very touching, and you do not smile.

A Memorial Day service is held in the Sun City Community Center. An invocation and a speech. The little hall is filled; there are a number of World War I American Legion and V.F.W. caps (former posts in Oregon, Tennessee, Missouri, and so on represented); many of the cap wearers stand throughout, though these are all old men. We are enjoined to support the war in Vietnam. A letter home is read. A final brief speech: "Only the dead are safe. Only the dead have seen the end of war." The Luke Air Force Base Band (Del Webb built Luke Air Force Base) plays a medley called *Over There Fantasie*; the bouncy music in the small room makes the old men straighten their backs; a foot starts to tap. Bugler Brooks, U.S.A.F., plays *Taps*. All caps off. He is no Prewitt, but you can't spoil *Taps*.

On Saturday night in Town Hall the Dutch Treat Club meets, divides into fours, and plays cards. It was formed so that the minority widowers would not stay home because they might feel obliged to offer to pay for the widows and maiden ladies. Matches have been made here. The clubroom and Town Hall itself, in its lush grounds, have the appearance of a Palm Beach country club. Willy-nilly, soft popular music with lots of saxophone is piped everywhere into the night. At the Community Center, shuffleboard is in progress as ever. "This court's a drifter," warns a lady. "Let's move." Everything in slow motion. "You're in the kitchen!" "Liner! Liner!" "Ah. My arm's off tonight." "Let's do something down there, partner. Attaboy!" "Hey, where'd that cool breeze come from?" "Who turned the blower on?" A gallused husband, very old, who carries his long shuffle stick like a lance, bends over his wife—waiting on a spectator's bench, smiling up at him, still smiling for him—and whispers something. From among the citrus trees and the mimosa all the way across the golf course comes the breeze and the creaking tune of *Always* to sweeten the last cup. ##

Cotton pickers on the pre-Sun City scene.



In January, 1960, in the midst of cottonfields, northwest of Phoenix, a new city was born. Rows of houses grew faster than the short-staple cotton they replaced.

Shopping center and recreation facilities mushroomed. Landscaping along streets and on house lots lining the eighteen-hole golf courses completed the transformation from rural to urban with almost magical swiftness. Sun City was on the map.

Since that premier showing of 1960 models for lively retirement living, two million visitors have driven out Grand Avenue to look at the infant prodigy of the Del E. Webb Corporation. More than eleven thousand have stayed — to buy apartments or houses. The continual flow of tourists has pushed the community into the spotlight shared by the Grand Canyon, the Petrified Forest National Park, and other major points of scenic interest which draw visitors from all over the world to Arizona.

When I first saw Sun City, about six years ago, I was particularly delighted by its neatness. There are no rough edges, empty lots, junk at back doors, unpaved streets. Here, it seemed to me, was a really completely planned community. The shopping center, service stations, banks, garden nursery are all either under a single roof or close by with a roomy parking lot adjoining. Delivery trucks have easy back access, and the ubiquitous trash and empty cartons are screened from view by trim brick walls. There is no place in Sun City (for I have looked) where, by turning the wrong corner or going down some particular way, you can find the neglect or shoddiness which are all too frequently and too soon a "slum" area even in new developments.

The entire residential sections, where streets wind and bend around three eighteen-hole golf courses, are as pretty as a picture. They have the unmistakable air of being tended and loved. In spring, walking or riding through the streets is an especial delight. The air is soft, orange-blossom scented. To that delicate, elusive fragrance other blossoms have been added: roses, petunias, spring-flowering bulbs, all blending into the smell of spring. Cacia blossoms, which a few weeks ago were sheathing the willowy parent bush in bright gold, have bowed out, but the Yuccas promise to step into the breach before long with magnificent white torches held high.

JOYCE ROCKWOOD MUENCH:

A long-established contributor to these pages says, "I LIVE IN SUN CITY AND I LOVE IT!"



Pyracantha look like bridal veils, draped over hedges, trellises, or espaliered on walls. Tall Ocotillos, bending in the March breeze, will soon wave flaming tips at the end of the prickly branches set with small, apple-green leaves.

As the season progresses, this parade of flowers will go right on. There is really no month without flowers in Sun City, there are just more in some months than in others. People have brought their favorites from back home to make a surprising array of bush, tree, vine, and flower on display in the gardens. Added to them are the very special plants and showy flowers for which the Sonoran Desert is world-famous. Bees coming to call on the high-set crown of creamy-white blossoms (the state's official flower) on the giant Saguaro in April, may find Peonies holding court as well. Snapdragons and Phlox, Calendula and a host of popular garden goodies fill the borders while the Hedgehog Cactus and their cousins, the Opuntias, demonstrate prize-winning tones and textures. In my own yard, big Barrel Cacti, trimmed this springtime with wind-sown African Daisies, begin to set their own crown for summer showing, spinning out the production with all the care of the perfectionist.

The gardens are only one of the sights visitors come for. They admire also the pastel-tinted houses set among them, with golf greens to provide spaciousness as well as a pleasant

Continued



resort atmosphere. Other than the street names (which make a fascinating study in themselves), the only signs along residential streets point the way to the newest set of model houses. A complete home show, displaying not just completed apartments, houses, and villas but the last word in drapes and furniture, carpet and interior colors. On his way out the visitor may pick his site, house floorplan down to color of stove, refrigerator, or sink, as well as style of exterior.



Sun City folks love a parade.

Of course, buyers are not convinced by a house, no matter how inviting, a landscaped yard, a lovely view up a golf course. Sun City's growing reputation as a congenial place to live stems from its social climate. It is a very friendly place. Everyone came here from somewhere else. Any who settled in the retirement community as far back as 1960 are looked upon as Mayflower passengers, practically natives. Almost without exception the new residents take pride in the state of their origin and are pleased to meet another "Hoosier," "Badger," "Gopher," a "Yellowhammer," or a "Bear." There are always those lucky coincidents of meeting a mutual friend, making a link with the old home town. Some Sun Citians come from outside the United States, too. They all seem friendly. Conversations start easily, whether in coffee shop, line at the market check stand, or at a concert in the outdoor bowl. Smiles seem appropriate when asking or giving directions, asking or answering questions. It is true that people seem to smile more in Sun City.

And for most of them their friendliest smiles and warmest handclaspings are extended to the man whose dream materialized in the Arizona Sun City, as well as counterpart Sun Cities in California and Florida. He's Del Webb, now 68, a native Californian who, peculiarly enough, came to Arizona as a young man to regain health from near-fatal typhoid, and stayed to build a world-wide construction and development business.

As he welcomed Sun City's first residents, Builder Webb said: "Concrete, steel and lumber can make the buildings, but people make the community." Those who have settled welcome him enthusiastically on his periodic visits and have honored him time and again as Sun City's patriarch.

Sun City offers common ground, since everyone living there is involved in the same adventure. They are not all retired, but most of them look out on the world from about the same platform, having reached the half-century mark. Nothing, however, could be further from the truth than the sometimes-quoted misconception of Sun City as a place where "old people" sit on a bench — just waiting.



Productive soil rewards Agriculture Club.

Shuffleboard or lawn bowling, played diffidently to pass some otherwise empty hours, is one thing. When real skill and enthusiasm, built through years of experience, pilot players toward local, state, or regional titles, these sometimes-belittled games are real recreation as well as stimulation, physical and social. Sun City boasts a high level of playing in these sports, as well as in golf, bridge, or what have you.

Gradually a different philosophy is growing in Sun City. Newcomers like the effects before they discover the cause. It might be explained, in terms which are deceptively simple, as a quiet declaration of independence by Senior Citizens. Now is the time to explore new fields of self-expression, do the things for which one has been too busy.

Do not expect any committee to arrange "busy work" here. Anyone who wants to do something with other people finds others to join him, whether it is bicycling every morning, oil painting, or square dancing. Presto! A club is formed. There may be no officers or dues. They may meet in one of the recreation center rooms or outdoors in a church parking lot, but they are doing it because they want to and because it is fun to do it with someone else. No strangers here!

For some there are those serious hobbies or avocations, relegated for years to second place while some less pleasant occupation provided a living. Now fruitful years spread ahead, men and women free to develop talents in art, science, literature, or who can say? A second career is possible in an atmosphere where no one finds it surprising for "grandpa" or "grandma" to take lessons, study, or even ride a bicycle.

Many are learning, for the first time, to enjoy leisure. As work hours shorten and retirement age drops, we are all going to have to learn to play — an art which even children seem, in this harried age, to have forgotten. Sun City was built for this — to provide a complete little city in a grand climate where recreation would be as close to the senior citizen as the elementary school is to the child's home in the more usual community.



Light opera by Players and Orchestra Clubs.

As Sun City continues to expand, it will probably use the pattern proving so satisfactory. Already there are three fine outdoor swimming pools, skillfully landscaped, hub of each recreation center. Craft and card rooms, auditorium, lawn bowling and shuffleboard courts merge into the golf course.

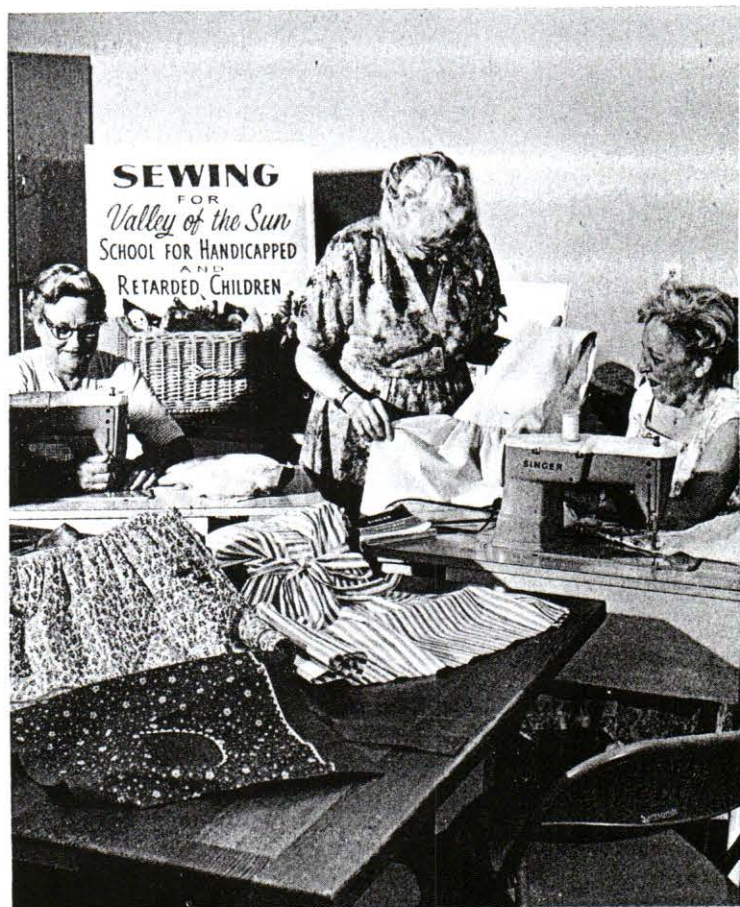
A modest annual membership in the civic association admits members to meetings, use of lapidary and other craft workshops. It is open sesame, as well, to the golf world at reduced rates, on two eighteen-hole golf courses. The third course, financed privately along with its own clubhouse, has the customary higher entrance and green fees.

On this skeleton of fine physical plant, Sun City residents — people coming from everywhere — have built a structure, invisible, but effective as its citizens come under its influence. In essence, it is a second wind, another chance to grow, learn, do, or to relax, just at the time when jobs — from executive positions down to the housewife's responsibilities in a busy household — have come to an end or been dissolved.

ARIZONA HIGHWAYS

So the people of Sun City have the choice of many things to do. At home they pretty up the yard or trim it back to essentials because of summer travel plans — maybe to see children and grandchildren back in New Jersey, Maine, or up in Washington. Housekeeping, like yard work, except for those who make it a hobby, is kept to a minimum. Everything, however, seems to be done with great enthusiasm. There are men and women who play golf every day of the year. A hole-in-one is always good for the lucky player's picture in the weekly paper. Tournament scores are featured — columns of them.

Bridge players, too, are to be found under every flowerpot. Some duffs play it morning, noon and night. There are not only clubs which concentrate on the game but other organizations which hold bridge tournaments and bridge teas, as a sideline. Really dedicated players can usually get in extra sessions with neighbors or guests.



Experts give their best — with love.

Cyclists vary from the occasional rider on a two- or three-wheeled vehicle to those who ride daily. Some have odometers as well as speedometers and one busy cyclist has put 50,000 Sun City miles on his, in five years of residence.

In a well-fenced area across the highway is the trailer compound where travel and boat trailers and campers can be stored while not in use. Members of the Travel Trailer Club keep the place looking shipshape, with a committee to assign spaces and so on. Members also go in caravans to inviting places in Arizona, down south into Mexico, or wherever the wish of the group dictates.

The Sun City Merchants' Association sponsors the "Sun City Saints," a softball team. The young women players batted and slid their way into the community's unincorporated heart during their first game on a new field, constructed by the Del Webb Company. That night the usually strong voice

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The Guy Lombardo show packed the new Sun City Bowl.

of the very competent mistress of ceremonies sounded almost overcome at the size and enthusiasm of the crowd which overflowed 1000 bleacher seats, roared at the umpire and did everything short of stealing bases to secure the team's first and subsequent victories.

A 1966 highlight for the entire town was opening of a 7,500 seat outdoor amphitheater — The Sun Bowl — with spacious grassed levels for terraced seats, a necklace of seventy-six stately palm trees, a bandshell thirty feet high and forty-eight feet wide with a stage forty feet deep for plays, concerts and dance bands. More than 6,000 Sun Citians turned out on a Sunday early this year to hear nostalgic tunes by Guy Lombardo and his band in the first of a series of Sun Bowl appearances by "name" performers.

The drama club puts on an annual play in the hall and every Monday night there is a movie, hand-picked by a volunteer committee and shown on a fine large screen. Nor can one mention every kind of entertainment or activity which Sun Citians engage in; art exhibits, bazaars, tours, and dinners. Eight charming churches have been built by the various congregations and each offers, in addition to its special kind of services, kindred activities of a charitable or social nature.

Add to these the groups coordinating the clubs: the Council of Organizations, boards of the Community Civic Association, the Town Hall, the Home Owners' Association, and it might appear there was no time left for the life of leisure. But one of the delightful sides of residing in Sun City is people's appreciation of the climate, the sunshine, and the chance to visit over a cup of coffee. Arizona provides many months of the most delectable weather, a succession of "Junes." A radio program offers a daily reminder: "Rain or shine, the weather's fine in good old Arizona," and a phrase opens a program by the now governor of the state, Jack Williams, "Another beautiful day in Arizona! Leave us all enjoy it."

Sun City, twelve miles northwest of Phoenix on U.S. 60-70-80, is located in a sunny valley where rain is infrequent, never snow, where humidity readings are among the nation's lowest, and every day is blessed with a full measure of clear, invigorating air. The broad valley is surrounded by picturesque desert mountains. Among them South Mountain, the White Tanks, the Estrellas, the Bradshaws seem to share honors at particular hours or in special seasons. They are background, often with dramatic lighting for the date and fan palm trees, with (if you pick just the right viewpoint) a pencil of church tower floodlighted against a gorgeous maroon sky.

Sun Citians do not stay put as the common conception of retirement might seem to demand. Men and women now living here have, in many cases, discovered the community in the course of travels. It is their headquarters and not the end of exploration. Twelve miles away is bustling Phoenix. With busy airport, excellent and varied restaurants, theatres, museums and art galleries, in addition to shopping centers, it marks the nearest of ever-enlarging circles, reaching for some, the outermost boundaries of the world. Satellite cities — Mesa, Tempe, Scottsdale — are packed with interest, ranging from prehistoric sites to a thriving university campus.

Andy Grant, right, president of the Men's Golf Club, presents a box of special Sun City golf balls to Bob Hope, center. Sun City founder Del Webb smiled when Hope quipped: "I hope Del can afford this. I hear he's down to his last city."



Farther away, in one direction or another, is all the color and drama of Arizona's desert, her highland, and canyon countries. Half an hour's drive away is Wickenburg, guest ranch paradise. Spring's own favorite garden lies along the Apache Trail, not many miles northeast. When, if ever, the Grand Canyon becomes "old hat" for scenery, it is still there to show off to visitors. Surely everyone should be exposed to views along the Rim of Time, and either fly over it, ride muleback, or hike from rim to river and then back up again. A little farther north along the Navajo Trail is the most spectacularly beautiful lake in the world — Powell, backed up behind Glen Canyon Dam in the red rock country.

Sun Citians do not, of course, spend all their time playing. They are still responsible citizens and have much to offer. Some of their duties are discharged in service organizations and in church activities. Other individuals may be called to exercise their proven abilities even in foreign fields. Recently Jack Williams, governor of Arizona, spoke to a Sun City audience on the state's growth. He said that he was relying for help on the pool of talents which he knew was here, gathered from all over.

Besides the chance to keep busy in a galaxy of activities, Sun City residents are drawn by the fact the town was designed for those fifty and over, with no nurseries, no public schools, children's matinees, etc. Yet the oft-applied tag of "childless community" is a misnomer.

A dozen school-age children now live in Sun City, chiefly with grandparents, because parents no longer are living. They are bussed to schools in nearby Peoria. And during summer

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SUN CITY — from page 9

months and school vacations Sun City is alive with grandchildren, swimming in the big community pools, joining in shuffleboard and lawn bowling games. But many a grandparent heaves a sigh of relief when school bells ring for the youngsters.

The Sun City builders have had to contend, too, with the experts on gerontology whose voices of doom warned from the beginning that old folks hate to be cut off from the cross section of ages that make up regular communities; in other words, barring children as residents would be their downfall. But Arizona's Sun City has continued to grow and — because schools were not needed — has a tax rate about half that of other communities in the Phoenix metropolitan area.

Does the average Sun City resident find it depressing being surrounded by older people? "We think that's a joke," grins Mrs. Hazel Meyer, wife of Clarence (Buck) Meyer, a retiree from Prudential Insurance's Chicago office. "Sun City isn't a town of tottering invalids. Whenever we swim or play golf with friends here, it's just as lively as being with our two daughters and sons-in-law. I love my children. I love having them visit with us with their children. But they have their own lives and interests just as we have ours."

Sun City founder Del E. Webb, who believes the identical Sun Cities he has developed in Arizona, California and Florida give him the greatest satisfaction in his forty years of building experience, has this to say about the philosophy that led to creation of the communities:

"The 'way of life' we promise emphasizes independence for men and women who have reached an entirely new social strata after their places in normal community life have been taken over by younger people.

"In the average community there certainly is no way of controlling the age bracket of our neighbors or the number of their children. This we can control in Sun City, thus avoiding the problem of mixing conflicting living patterns and, in many cases, forcing social contacts that constitute an invasion of privacy, with resulting inconveniences for senior citizens."

"Sun Cities are composed mainly of single-family residences designed to meet the particular needs and desires of a particular society. The wish to come and go at will is in no way impaired, but the problem of mixing conflicting living patterns of youngsters is eliminated."

Although first homes designed by the Del E. Webb Corporation were not occupied at Sun City until April, 1960, by the end of that year 1,618 homes and apartments had been sold. Seven years later the town's population exceeded 10,000. Now it is nearly 11,000. The top five states in contributing new residents never have varied. In order, they are Arizona, California, Illinois, Colorado and Minnesota.

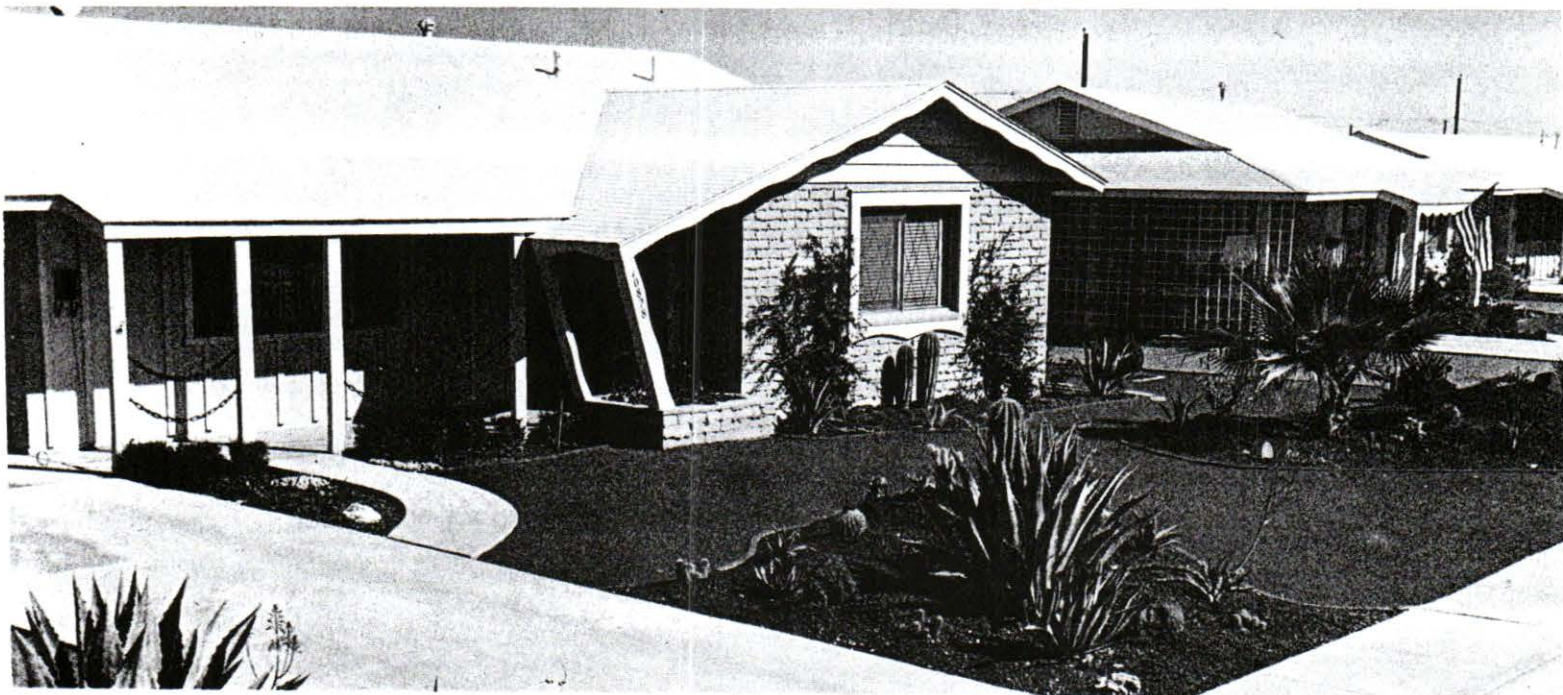
Choice of homes ranges from one-bedroom apartment convenience to the elegant luxury of a three-bedroom residence. Built of concrete block in varying pastel shades, without basements, Sun City's six types of homes (eighteen elevations) range in price from \$14,490 to \$26,290. Nine different style apartments range from \$12,990 to \$26,290. Statistics reveal the most popular home is a two-bedroom, two-bath model. Further information on homes can be obtained by writing to Community Development Division of the Del E. Webb Corporation, P. O. Box 7588, Phoenix, Arizona 85011.

Conventional financing is offered, as well as discounts for cash purchases prior to start of construction or while the new home is rising. Of sales to date, approximately sixty-five percent of the purchasers pay cash.

Buyers own their home and lot outright; are at liberty to sell any time they wish. Included in the cost of every home and apartment is heating and cooling equipment, electric kitchen stove, oven and garbage disposal, landscaping and paved street, walks, curbs and driveways.

Owners of cooperative apartments have no yard work, sharing the cost of upkeep, landscaping, etc. A new residential feature offered the first time this year is one-acre estates, with horse privileges, in a section of the community known as Rancho Estates. This is a boon for horse lovers.

Residents new to the desert enjoy native plants for landscaping





The Riviera-size swimming pool is an integral part of Sun City life

In population, Sun City ranks in the top twelve Arizona cities and towns, and each year it shows the greatest percentage population increase of any Arizona community.

Sun City is completely self-sufficient.

For the visitor, a 100-room Del Webb's Kings Inn motor hotel at Sun City's entrance serves overnight guests, offering double rooms at \$10 per night from mid-April to mid-December, and during the winter tourist season at \$12. The Inn's seventy-eight modern apartments, fully equipped to linens and silverware for housekeeping, are reserved for vacation visitors who wish to look over Sun City with a view to locating there. Apartments are available in winter months at \$75 per week per couple, from April to September at \$50 weekly summer rates.

Because a Webb survey early in Sun City's life indicated its people often like to "eat out," a 250-seat restaurant-coffee shop-cocktail lounge at Kings Inn is one of two cafes now serving residents and visitors alike, with a third in the planning stages.

For the residents, a modern medical center is staffed by eleven physicians and dentists. A retirement housing health care center, Sun Valley Lodge, sponsored by the United Church of Sun City, includes 120 housing units, central dining rooms, infirmary, lounge area and administration offices and individual lounges for entertaining small groups.

This year final financing is under way for a 1,000-bed, \$3 million Sun City Hospital for which a citizens committee and architect already are named. And James B. Boswell II, who farmed the land from which Sun City has grown, as did his father and grandfather before him, is making a \$1,200,000 grant from the Boswell Foundation to assist in this construction.

Sun City has three branch banks, a stock exchange office, a savings and loan firm, two thriving weekly newspapers, an office building, and an industrial park with a van and storage company and a Chrysler automotive test facility.

The town's second shopping center was opened in 1965 and today forty-five community businesses, from supermarket and drug store to haberdashery and hearing aids, lawyer to landscaper, offer a tremendous variety of goods and services. Even a theatre and bowling alley appear in Sun City's future.

Included in this year's flurry of building activity was a half-million dollar recreation center, the third built by the Webb Corporation and presented without cost to the community. Dedicated June 29, it will be maintained and administered by a resident Town Hall group.

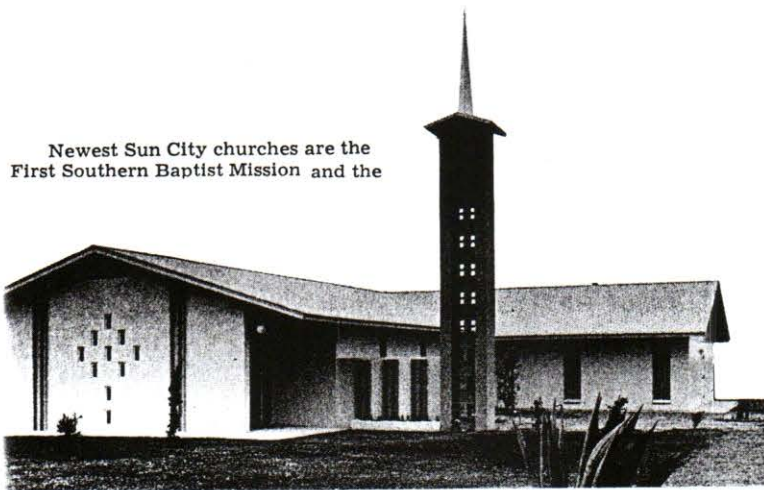
The spanking new center has an auditorium seating 1,100 with mammoth stage for meetings, movies and plays; stage dressing rooms, card rooms, kitchen facilities, an 80-by-100-foot swimming pool, exercise gymnasium, an inside heated therapeutic pool, a botanical garden, shuffleboard and lawn bowling courts, offices and cabanas and dressing rooms.

In the first week after it was opened, 600 Sun Citians enjoyed a chicken dinner there one night, another 600 dined on fish the next night, a dance and variety show attracted hundreds another evening, and the free showing of the movie "Oklahoma!" packed the center another night. *continued on p*

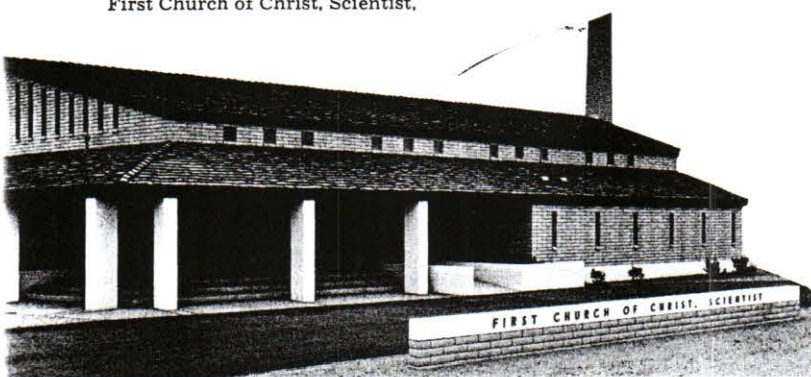
SUN CITY from page 33



rendering depicts a Sun City hospital in advanced planning and less than a year from groundbreaking.

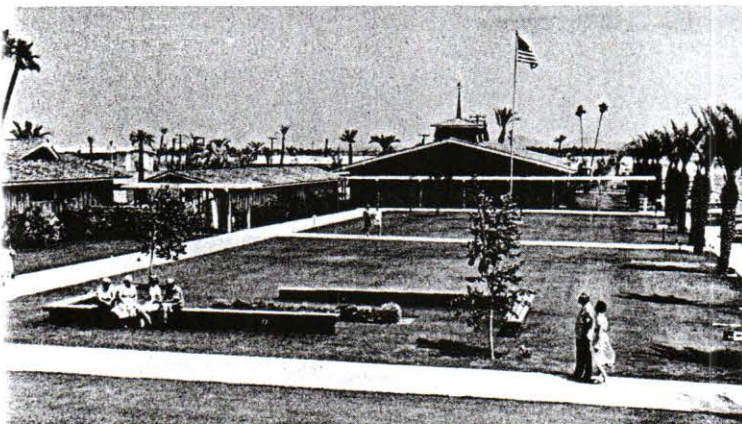


Newest Sun City churches are the First Southern Baptist Mission and the



First Church of Christ, Scientist.

Centers of Sun City activity are the three Town Hall hobby-recreation-meeting facilities.



By spring of this year eight church groups had built houses of worship, beautiful if not pretentious in design and appearance. Other congregations use community center facilities for services.

The agricultural center, for those with a "green thumb," with land and water provided by the Webb Corporation, produces a twelve-month outpouring for gardeners of vegetables, fruits and flowers.

All this activity is organized spontaneously by residents themselves without artificial stimulation of the cruise-director type. Nobody has to participate. Yet Sun City residents have made such good use of facilities, are so friendly and compatible, in spite of the fact they come from every state in the union and from five foreign countries, that more than one hundred clubs and organizations have sprung into active being.

For the privilege of using these recreation facilities, each resident pays \$20 per year toward their upkeep. This does not include golf, which on two of the three eighteen-hole Sun City courses (the third is a private country club) costs \$180 per year per person or \$290 per couple for everyday play, or \$140 per person, \$235 per couple, for five-day-a-week play. Or the occasional golfer may pay regular greens fees for each day he chooses to play.

Living can be relatively inexpensive, though not necessarily cheap, in Sun City. Best estimates are the average couple can get by on about \$400 to \$450 a month, including such essentials as house payment, food, motor car expense, recreation, clothing, taxes and insurance.

Problems of guiding the town's daily affairs long ago were shouldered by several elected citizen groups. One such group oversees operation of each recreation center. Another group represents all citizens in governing daily town operation. Elections for these bodies produce more candidates than offices.

The same civic-mindedness is evidenced in such other ways as a Sun City resident serving a third term in the Arizona legislature, four Sun Citians serving on their district school board, a club which has donated more than \$10,000 in cash and many wearable garments to handicapped and needy children in impoverished areas, a Sun Citian serving on the Maricopa County Planning and Zoning Commission, and the entire community exceeding its United Fund goal by eighty-two percent.

Underlying it all is the oldsters' feeling that Sun City is a town that is their own to shape and enjoy. They have no fear of being shouldered aside by younger men. And they find that they are competing with no one, while sharing age and past achievement makes for relaxed companionships.

Certainly the climate is delightful, the valley beautiful, the little city a joy to behold. A wonderful group of people has gathered here to live. In this spotlight of attention, Sun City may well succeed in achieving a new level of community life, transmuting the "lonely years" into the "friendly years" and making Sun City one of the brightest spots in Arizona. It is fun to do it with someone else.



"What would you have done?"



Bridge is one of the most popular activities at Sun City.

It is said that more than 30 million Americans play bridge, and a great many of them, including an enthusiastic group at Sun City, enjoy the game of duplicate. Master points or fractional master points are awarded to the winners, as they are in American Contract Bridge League (ACBL) matches all over the country. The game we observed, which was run by Charles Nearman, was well organized, and the players, for their part, displayed very little bad temper throughout the afternoon! I was told that occasionally, very occasionally, in a private rubber-bridge game at Sun City tempers do flare when partner's ace is trumped, but the self-control of all whom we saw was superb.

While Marc was taking photographs, I stepped over to one of the tables in time to watch Life Master Mrs. Charles Nearman earn a top score on the hand shown. South (Mrs. Nearman), having 19 high-card points, was not strong enough for an opening two-bid and too strong for an opening bid of one no-trump (15-18 points). She therefore bid her five-card major suit. North, holding a four-card spade suit and seven points, bid one spade. South then jumped to two no-trump, showing a hand of 19 to 21 points with neither singletons nor voids. Knowing that a combined strength of 26 points generally is enough for game in no-trump, and having no-trump distribution himself, North raised to three.

West opened the club three, won by declarer with the queen of clubs. Reading the club three as the fourth best from a four-card suit (since the two was in dummy), South promptly led the club king, won by West with the club ace. West now led the diamond two, taken by East with the ace. East returned the diamond six, and South regained the lead with the diamond king. The club nine having fallen from the East hand on the

NORTH			
♠ K Q 10 4			
♥ J 8 7			
♦ 5 4			
♣ J 8 6 2			
WEST		EAST	
♠ 9 8 6 5		♠ 7 3 2	
♥ 6		♥ K Q 5 4	
♦ 10 9 7 2		♦ A J 8 6	
♣ A 10 4 3		♣ 9 7	
SOUTH (D)			
♠ A J			
♥ A 10 9 3 2			
♦ K Q 3			
♣ K Q 5			
Both sides were vulnerable.			
The bidding:			
South	West	North	East
1 H	Pass	1 S	Pass
2 NT	Pass	3 NT	Pass
Pass	Pass		
West led the club three.			

second lead of clubs, South was quite certain she had a marked finesse against the ten of clubs; however, she rightly decided to defer this play until later when she would have a better count of all hands, and at this time she played the spade ace and then the spade jack, which she overtook with dummy's king. She then played the queen and ten of spades from dummy, all other hands discarding losers.

This was the position at that point, South having lost only two tricks.→

South now led the seven of hearts from dummy, and East, who was caught napping, played the five, South winning the trick with the nine.

She then played the ace of hearts and the queen of diamonds, throwing the last heart from dummy. Now at last she led the five of clubs, and when West played the four, she confidently inserted the eight from dummy and won the trick. She took the last trick in dummy with the jack of clubs, taking 11 tricks in all for a "top on the board!"

Among the residents at the duplicate game that afternoon were Colonel and Mrs. Robert M. Stegmaier, who before moving to Sun City had lived in Maryland. They have traveled all over the world and for a time were stationed in Peru where they were friendly with members of the Grace organization.

As at duplicate clubs everywhere, there was a great deal of discussion following the game, and each player encouraged those of us participating in the post mortem to agree that he had played beautifully and, no doubt, would have won the game had his partner just bid or played slightly better that day!

<p>NORTH ♠ J 8 7 ♥ J 8 ♦ J 8</p>		
WEST		EAST
♠ 6		♠ K Q 5
♥ 10 9		♥ J 8
♦ 10 4		♦ J 8
		♣
SOUTH		
♠ A 10 9		
♥ Q		
♦ 5		
♣		

of cooperative apartments range from \$13,890 to \$27,490. It is estimated that it costs a couple \$400 to \$450 per month, including house payments, to live at Sun City. The recreation fee is just \$20 annually. Three-fourths of the people do their own housekeeping; some have a maid once a week, or a gardener every once in a while to trim the bushes.

We were guests at a private home the morning of our departure. Esther and Leverett Nichols invited the Frisselles, the Fursts, the Rogerses, Zelma Capron, the Faders, the Bernheims, Jerry and me for fruitcake and coffee. There was much enthusiastic conversation about Sun City, a celebration of Zelma's birthday, and a delightful tour of house and patio. We admired the orange tree and the cocktail (grapefruit and orange) tree and were particularly impressed by the dwarf peach tree. Leverett plucked a juicy peach, and before we left he gave it to Evelyne.

Consider this: In your city, could grandmother go to market in casual wear on a tricycle without attracting jeers or frowns? Could grandfather freely wheel down Main Street in a golf cart, and in doing so, still maintain the sense of personal dignity that so strongly



Mrs. Marjorie Christman, born in Pakistan, came to Sun City from the Middle West. All 50 states and many foreign countries are represented in Sun City's growing population.



Esther and Leverett Nichols (left) invited us to an impromptu early-morning birthday party for Zelma Capron (right). We left with the "dwarf" peach.

characterized all the Sun Citizens I met? Are they both staying in good physical condition and using their creative talents for community good as well as for personal fulfillment? That's the natural way of life at Sun City.

There are no children in residence, but the people I met certainly love their children and grandchildren and enjoy being with them on mid-year vacations and during the summer, when the mood at Sun City pools can be riotous. Most of the year, though, Sun Citizens are in the company of their peers. Rather than watching the middle and younger generations from the sidelines, they are fashioning life to their own energies, abilities and tastes and savoring every moment. They are deeply involved in a way of life that has no *pro forma* restraints. It brings out the best in all of them.

At the motel as we were loading our rented car for the trip to the airport, Marc, Evelyne and I were talking all at one time in a torrent of enthusiastic comments about our experiences in this remarkable community. There followed a pause. Then, all smiles and holding up the Nichols' gift with a grand gesture, Evelyne said, "Let's have a farewell peach!" It seemed appropriate to us, and the peach was delicious.

an organized jaunt. Many, who otherwise would lack confidence for cycling, ride three-wheelers. The lead man carries a red flag (*see photo*), which he waves at crossings to give cyclists the right-of-way! Rounded curbs on all Sun City streets make it easy to go from road to sidewalk.

Going on to Town Hall, we found about 100 women doing calisthenics. The exercises looked quite strenuous to me, and I felt for a time that the ladies were overdoing it just so that we could get good photographs; however, they all protested that, no, they always did this much at their weekly sessions. Ten of them agreed to meet Evelyne at sunset to pose for silhouettes. The original high point of ground selected for the photograph did not prove suitable because telephone wires were marring the view of the sunset, and Evelyne and her entourage therefore moved over to the amphitheater grounds. Just at sunset—the photograph had been perfectly set up with plenty of time to spare—the automatic sprinklers suddenly deluged the lawns and our ladies! An appeal to the superintendent to turn off the sprinklers was to no avail: automatic sprinklers resist all appeals. The ladies nevertheless insisted on continuing, and Evelyne quickly completed the session with success (*see front cover*). May we now publicly thank our vivacious and undaunted models!

Everywhere—at the Ceramics Club, the Lapidary Shop, the Handbell Ringers' recital, the duplicate bridge game—we found the facilities to be spacious and well-equipped and the atmosphere charged with vitality. Members of the Dutch Treat Club for single people had a charming air of *jeunesse dorée*. Married



G. E. Jenks, retired utilities executive from Wyoming, talked with us about golf, gardening and poker.

couples seemed to be deeply in love with each other as well as with life itself. (If all this seems unrealistically idyllic, Sun City invites you to see for yourselves! Vacation accommodations for two cost just \$50 a week in summer and \$75 a week the rest of the year.)

The homes are in six styles (the Chateau and Ranchero were my favorites) and range in price from \$15,590 to \$27,490. Eighteen different styles



The Sun City Square Dancers performed to "Up to Your Ears in Love." These couples convinced me they still are up to their ears in love.



The Sun City Rhythm Ramblers practice once a week and play at social functions.



Senior citizens can enjoy their own lives without inhibition. In most other cities, they would be idle watchers—not doers—while their grandchildren rode the tricycles.

following morning at about 7:45 we drove over to one of the Sun City golf courses (there are three), where many enthusiasts were on the putting green and driving range opposite the clubhouse, and others were already far out on the course. All the people we spoke with were friendly and outgoing with us and with each other and obviously having a marvelous time. One of the ladies told us that after golf she would do her marketing and have a swim before lunch. She would then take an afternoon nap, have a cocktail before a leisurely dinner and play bridge in the evening. "That's not a bad way to start a week," I was thinking when someone quickly put in: "That's her schedule today, but she is not telling you that tomorrow she'll be working at a hospital."

There are more than 100 civic, social and service organizations at Sun City. The Sunshine Committee helps with the sick, driving them to medical appoint-

ments, for example. . . . Another club has collected more than \$20,000 in cash and much clothing for handicapped children. . . . All of the eight churches sponsor charitable activities. . . . The most recent United Fund goal was exceeded by 82% The city's affairs are run by elected unpaid residents.

One resident is serving his third term as a member of the Arizona legislature, and Arizona Governor Jack Williams has said that he relies on Sun City's pool of experienced talent to help him in the development of the state.

Adding all that to the fact that about 20 per cent of the residents have jobs in Sun City, Phoenix or other neighboring areas makes it clear that not all is "fun and games," but, whatever the activity, the sheer physical enjoyment of life in this community is impressive.

After golf (their golf, not ours) we came upon a group of Bicycle Club members about to head out on

W. R. Grace & Co. supplies ZONOLITE® insulating and soil conditioning products to Sun City from its Arizona plant. (See back cover.)

the photographic equipment shoulder-slung. Dick Kemp of the Del E. Webb Corporation met us at the baggage check-out and drove us the 12 miles northwest of Phoenix to Sun City in a try for a before-dark survey of the community. Along the way, we talked about Del Webb, a former owner of the New York Yankees, who has been in the construction business since the 1920's.

In 1959, after an extensive study of the needs of retired people, Mr. Webb moved forward with plans for Sun City, Arizona. (About 3,000 acres are now occupied, and construction is under way on another 6,000 acres.) Despite the fact that he had been advised by gerontologists that retired people would not be interested in adapting to any community that did not comprise a cross-section of ages, Mr. Webb believed otherwise:

"The way of life we promise senior citizens emphasizes independence for men and women who have reached an entirely new social stratum after their places in formal community life have been taken over by others on their retirement. In the average community there certainly is no way of controlling the age bracket of our neighbors or the number of their chil-



Hundreds of Sun Citizens enjoy lawn bowling.



Isabel McIlwain is momentarily distracted by the fine work of Renée Seminora, who says, "I've never worked so hard anywhere!"



Charming Florence O'Brien is anxious to stop posing and get back to work on the owl "so that the eyes will dry evenly."



It is nearly 6:00 P.M. at Sun City and still a perfect hour for swimming or relaxing at poolside.

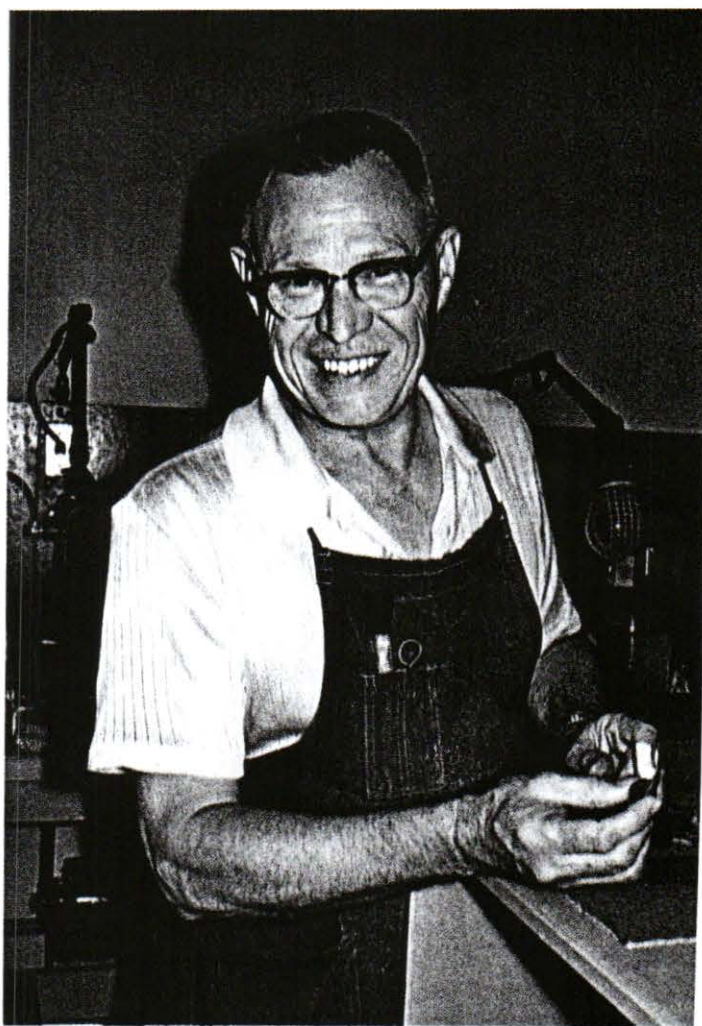


Wigs are fashionable at Sun City, as elsewhere. Here Charlene Anglin assists Angele Bowers at Heddy's House of Wigs.

dren. This we can control, to avoid the problem of mixing conflicting living patterns and, in many cases, forcing social contacts that actually constitute for our senior citizens an invasion of privacy. We believe senior citizens in our community will retain their independence and individuality through interests and activities of their own choosing. To promote common interest and insure their privacy, this community will be restricted to the people for whom it was exclusively designed—the active retirees.”

Active retirees, he said, and active they are! As we drove into Sun City at twilight in the direction of the 7,500-seat outdoor amphitheater, we saw action on a shuffleboard court and action at a swimming pool. Scores of residents were driving on the broad avenues beneath cactus and palm in cars, on bicycles and in golf carts. They too were on their way to the amphitheater, to see movies provided without charge by the Del Webb organization. The dress was attractive and casual; many people were wearing Bermuda shorts and lightweight tops. At the amphitheater, Dick introduced us to Jerry Svendsen, the Sun City public relations man who was to be our guide for the balance of our stay. Jerry has wonderful rapport with Sun Citizens and escaped unscathed even though he had to announce a change in the program of films scheduled for that evening.

We checked in at King's Inn, Sun City's guest motel, just in time for a late dinner, and made plans. The

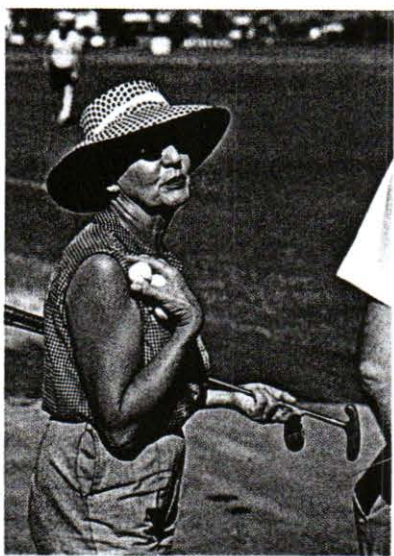


“No,” Clarence Nelson laughed, “the Lapidary Shop machines do not have sharp cutting edges; I injured my finger at home this morning with the blunt end of a screwdriver!”

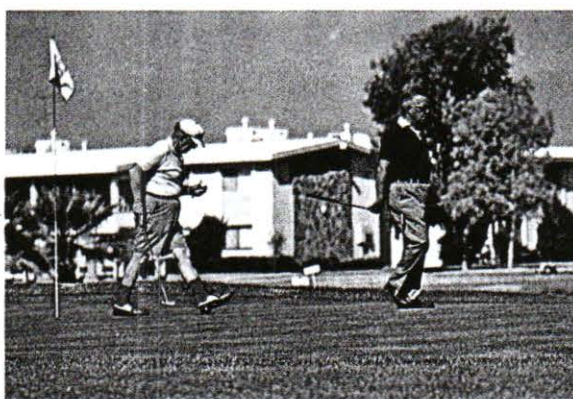


It is about 7:30 A.M. in Sun City, Arizona, and the day's events are already well under way for the Fursts and their neighbors on El Dorado Drive.

OVER FIFTY AND



Golfer Vicki Bardahl is one of many community-minded citizens.



Some homes border on the all-green fairways.

by JOHN A. MURRAY

Life on earth being a one-time thing, should there ever come a day when *anyone* feels he must or should retreat from an active, fulfilling kind of existence? Specifically, should the *senior citizen* of our society, who has spent decades coping successfully with the variable exigencies of life, ever be asked aloud or by implication to surrender expression of those freedoms of spirit which make life so well worth the living? If asked those questions, we would all surely reply with a resounding "NO!"

Ipso facto, no one should half-live any precious moment of life, yet nearly everywhere in the United States our theory is at variance with our practice and older people endure stringent curbs on the joy of living. These curbs are either self-imposed or inflicted by

well-meaning relatives and friends. Exuberance in later years is called "dangerous" or "undignified" or just plain "not fittin'." To keep in line those over 50 who would dare to be free spirited, we even resort to hurling barbs: "For heaven's sake, mother, you're not as young as you once were, you know"—or—"People will say you're in your second childhood."

One place where life can be, and is, beautiful for senior citizens is Sun City, Arizona, a retirement-resort community where more than 11,500 dignified men and women over 50 are as wide awake as they've ever been and loving the life they live.

* * * * *

On landing in Phoenix, Marc, Evelyne and I stepped off the plane into very warm but dry weather, with all

loving the life they live

Photographs by Marc and Evelyne Bernheim

Helen Shreve keeps fit enough to fly!





ON THE COVER: The ladies at Sun City don't always exercise at twilight, but they went at it with great enthusiasm on this occasion. (See story, page 2.)

New residents of Sun City who choose one of the model homes know in advance exactly what their beautifully landscaped street will look like when they move in.

THE GRACE LOG

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LUCKY OL' SUNDOWNERS

In Sun City, Arizona, they do not grow old as we who are here grow old. Young people can't live there, the hospital has no maternity ward and nobody laughs at a real tryer. PETER BLACK paid a visit

ONE of the irritating things about growing old is that numerous pleasant physical activities, such as sunbathing, wearing bright clothes and sexual collisions, are deemed unsuitable, even for the vigorous. It is felt that the old cut unseemly figures at such pastimes. But this is only when the young are around, doing the same things and showing up the old by looking beautiful.

There is something to be said for being able to take off your clothes on the beach without being obliged to make painful comparisons between yourself and the brown-skinned, flat-stomached young insolently kicking beach balls about with their hard bare feet.

Thinking less crudely along these lines, the ingenious hotel tycoon Del Webb created the first retirement resort town in the world out of 9,000 acres of cotton land 12 miles outside Phoenix, Arizona. The road to Sun City

runs flat and straight across the plain a thousand feet high, the only break in the skyline the peaks of the White Tank mountains. Then you see ahead what looks like a shining white fence, stretching apparently without end to left and right. As you get closer you see that it is a concrete wall. Behind it, visible as the points of shallow roofs all the same height, are the dwelling places of the inhabitants, oddly remindful of the points of the teepees they displaced.

From a helicopter one would look down on a vast expanse of streets and houses forming concentric circles, crescents, whorls, as regular as thumbprints, interspersed by big splashes of green (golf courses) and little ones of turquoise (pools). Cars move along the streets, overtaking what look like covered wagons without horses. At ground level the streets run between bungalows of varying size and grandeur, and the covered wagons become golf buggies, luxurious toy versions of the hard necessity of less than a century ago.

These things make up a lot of the traffic. One of them could contain a posse of the volunteer sheriff force—on routine patrol, unarmed but uniformed, reporting to the county sheriff's office any unusual sight such as a loose dog, a gorilla on a bicycle, a children's nurse wheeling a pram, an alien from space, or a group of young people. Any of those would be equally improbable in this place. They would not fit Del Webb's central idea, that retired folk who wished to enjoy themselves actively would be more contented, especially as they grew older, if competitive and potentially irritating age groups were kept away from them. Hence the rules against the young.

One spouse in each couple must be at least 50. Residents undertake not to have children of school age living at home. These two regulations are enough to produce the uniformity of age.

I asked my guide, tanned and bustling Mildred Toldrin: 'Suppose a 50-year-old man brought a 20-year-old wife here?' 'He wouldn't. She'd feel too much out of it.' 'What if she came anyway, and had a baby?' 'She'd think twice about that too, because they'd have to leave. If she wanted a family, she wouldn't want to live in Sun City. It isn't a suitable place for children to live in. They should be with their own age groups, it's not good for them to be always with older people. We've had five births in 18 years, all to visitors passing through.'

As a clincher, she added that there were no schools in the city and no maternity wards in the Walter O. Boswell Memorial Hospital. (The Boswell family owned the land.)

Mrs Toldrin was an old hand, a resident since 1960, widowed five years ago and energetically involved in promoting the place. She drove me round in one of those comfortable American cars (not especially big, either) that, what with their vast horsepower, automatic gearboxes, powered steering and brakes, leave the driver so little to do that the cars really do seem to be in charge of themselves, like milkmen's horses. It took us to the Bell Recreation Centre, where you begin to see the point of Sun City. Ten buildings covered 27 acres. Inside them, well-matured men and women were at play on 19 pool tables, 16 lanes of ten-pin bowling, eight shuffleboards; or exchanging books (40,000 on the shelves) in the library; or up to their armpits in the therapeutic pool; or painting still life, carving wood, firing pottery, turning metal, weaving rugs and baskets, fashioning silver ornaments and sculptures. Outside, the sun beat down on the sun court, with its huge swimming pool, tennis courts and bowling greens. Everywhere we went folks saluted Mrs Toldrin. 'Hi, Mildred.' 'Hi, Thelma. Thelma, this is Mr Black from England.'

'Hi, Peter. What do you think of Sun City?' 'It certainly beats sitting in a promenade shelter in Hove,' I thought wistfully, and said aloud, 'I think it's terrific.'

In a corner as you enter the centre there is a memorial garden

honouring Del Webb, 'the man who built an empire on the principles of the American free enterprise system,' said Mrs Toldrin, quoting the official booklet. Part of the memorial is the replica of the Liberty Bell, made out of 7,000 pounds of scrap collected by the Citizens, as they call themselves, in 1976. Mrs Toldrin tapped it with a fingernail and the huge bell softly hummed. 'We, the people of Sun City, Arizona, in 1976, the bicentenary anniversary of the birth of our nation, dedicate this bell to the future. May we, with the wisdom of those who wrote our constitution, with the faith of those who pressed westward in covered wagons, with those who gave their lives for our freedom, be vigilant that we may preserve our heritage. May our Liberty Bell ring out for freedom in all time to come.'

Mrs Toldrin read the dedication while I copied it into my notebook; pleased that I should want to. Sun City is suspicious of journalists, especially British ones. They are still 'burned,' as they put it, by a BBC documentary. They felt that, by selection and editing, it managed to present the place as a funhole for rich and selfish old Americans.

Del Webb's instinct foresaw when it prompted him to keep them out, it is natural to young sparks that the determination of the old to enjoy themselves seems absurd and pathetic. But even older Europeans find it hard to accept Sun City whole. The gulf between American and European attitudes to retirement is too wide. For a start, we have to get it into our heads that Americans expect to enjoy their retirement, and are enthusiastically optimistic (we should say credulous) about the chances of doing so. On the whole, their cheerfulness is well-founded. In America it is not just possible but probable that brains and hard work will make a man successful enough to retire at 50. In Britain

A loner would have a bad time, but a loner wouldn't think of going there

this isn't even a dream. Most men slog on to 65, by which time there's not much get-up-and-go left. What is more, Americans keep at least 50 per cent of their earnings. And, compared to Britain, prices are cheap even in the Phoenix area, now the fourth most expensive place in America for retired folks to live.

The Del Webb company's 1980 list of houses for purchase starts at the equivalent of about £25,000, for which you would get a two-bedroomed house with double carport, living-room, patio, utility room, bathroom, heating and air-conditioning, an electric kitchen on an 8,600 sq. ft. plot. For £50,000, Del Webb's dearest, you would get two or three of everything, including bathrooms. The American magazine *Living* analysed last year the annual cost of living for a couple, once they had bought their house. It made wistful reading for the British. Food £1,500; transport £450; clothing £200; personal things £150; medical care £400; other items £450. Total £3,150. Then there are volunteer groups set up by the folks of Sun City to take care of the immobile and sick; and £19 a year per household gets membership use of all the recreation centre facilities I have described. Nor do I forget that the cost of drink, which does us old folks so much more good than other tranquillising drugs, is half what it is in Britain.

When phase one of the even larger Sun City West is complete, some 80,000 elderly people will have chosen this way of life. Similar developments exist, are being built or planned right across the winter sunshine belt of the US, all of them confidently predicted to earn high profits for their developers. We must assume that either many comfortably off Americans over 50 go barmy, or that these cities offer something older people need and enjoy.

If it seemed sad and bizarre to me at first, and I think these must be part of the first impressions of every visiting European, as though they were being conducted round a kind of Forest Lawn cemetery for the living, it was because the realism of the policy of separation contradicts so bluntly the sentimental picture of ideal old age most of us carry about.

In this the old live as part of the family unit, respected for their wisdom and experience, fussed and petted by their grandchildren in whom they see reminders of their own golden time, their presence among the family emphasising how life is a continuing procession.

But of course this is all rot, belonging to TV serials like 'The Waltons'. In the real world the old folks who live with their children's families get on everybody's nerves because they keep falling about, stepping on their teeth and glasses, handing out opinions nobody wants to hear; there is argument about which TV channel to watch, who gets the newspaper first, why don't they go for a walk, and must the children play that infernal gramophone. The only way to avoid this fate is to be rich enough to live in a huge house where there is one lavatory for every two residents. Even then the old will irritate the young.

'We enjoy having them as visitors,' said Mrs Toldrin. 'My grandchildren come to see me four times a year. I'm delighted when they come, and I'm delighted when they go. Anyway, there's nothing to stop me going to stay with them if I want to. They don't lock us in here, you know.'

Every grandparent in Sun City had worked towards this acceptance. It needs time, particularly for those—and they form a high proportion—who came to the City for health reasons. A good-looking young grandmother I met in the painting class mimed tears when I asked about her family 'outside.' 'Oh, I miss my grandchildren all the time. But we had to take this decision. My husband is legally blind. Outside he'd have no sort of life. Here he can manage a golf cart, so he has his freedom. And everyone is so kind and there's so much going on here. What's so nice is you can try anything, nobody laughs at anybody.'

There must be a lot to be said for a community where people are sympathetic because they face the same problems of coping with the separations and ailments of age and have a good many interests and challenges in common. It must be a bit like living on campus, except that a then uncertain future has been accomplished. And nobody laughs at anybody. It is one of the pleasant American virtues to

It certainly beats sitting in a promenade shelter in Hove

admire anyone who has a go. I watched it admirably on show when I drove out to watch the pro-am day of the Sun City Classic for women professionals at the Hillcrest golf club. To compete as an amateur you didn't have to be a good golfer. You needed to be invited as a celebrity or to pay £140. I watched one of the latter sort, Ed, in pith helmet, bermuda shorts, sunglasses and cigar, square up to a long putt at the ninth. Other Eds and their wives, both sexes dazzling in their clothes of many colours, gave Ed serious attention and stayed silent as he putted, gripped by the eternal mystery: 'Would it drop? It dropped, to a great ejaculation—OH!!!—of delight.'

On the next tee Ed's swing, as of a man trying to kill a snake, would have made a cat laugh. Not these kind people. They watched the golden girl pro clout her ball with lazy grace some 250 yards. Ed wound up, let go, and to his intense surprise connected well enough to send the ball 180 yards. 'Hey, that's good for an amateur!' exclaimed a man next to me, free alike of sarcasm or envy. None of that sniffy, 'I suppose he thinks he's someone special.'

When I saw some photographs of the Sun City Pom Poms, a team of cheer leaders in shorts and singlets whose ages averaged 70, it struck me that these old ladies courted laughter by taking on activities so much associated with slender, long-legged youth, but they don't get it. They are admired for their pluck and spirit. (They probably do it jolly well, too.)

There's always something going on for those that want it. 'No time to be bored here,' said Mrs Toldrin. I wondered how she would cope with a misfit, whose pleasure lay in sowing discord and worry. 'I should assume he or she was a very unhappy person and I should go to work on them.'

'How?'

'I should get them interested in something.'

'But suppose spreading doubt and ill-feeling was what interested them?'

'I would show them all the better things. They'd soon snap out of it.'

A loner would have a bad time, but a loner wouldn't consider going there. Some over-50s who go to look the place over recoil from the tightly structured life. (The metal-working shop, filled with burly old fellows in blue overalls, reminded me so much of a prison movie that I had to concentrate on asking: 'How long have you been here?' and not: 'How long are you in for?')

There is no corner shop or local bar. A keen gardener who wants to raise vegetables rents a plot in the agricultural section. It is slightly against the social ethos of the place to have a private swimming pool. Deed restrictions bar putting up tacky outbuildings. The objective is to keep out untidiness and the unexpected, to combat at all times those lurking enemies of age, boredom and solitude.

In one sense, Sun Cityans are realists who have accepted that it is nature's plan for the old to get out of the way. Charles Kingsley wrote a bleak poem about it.

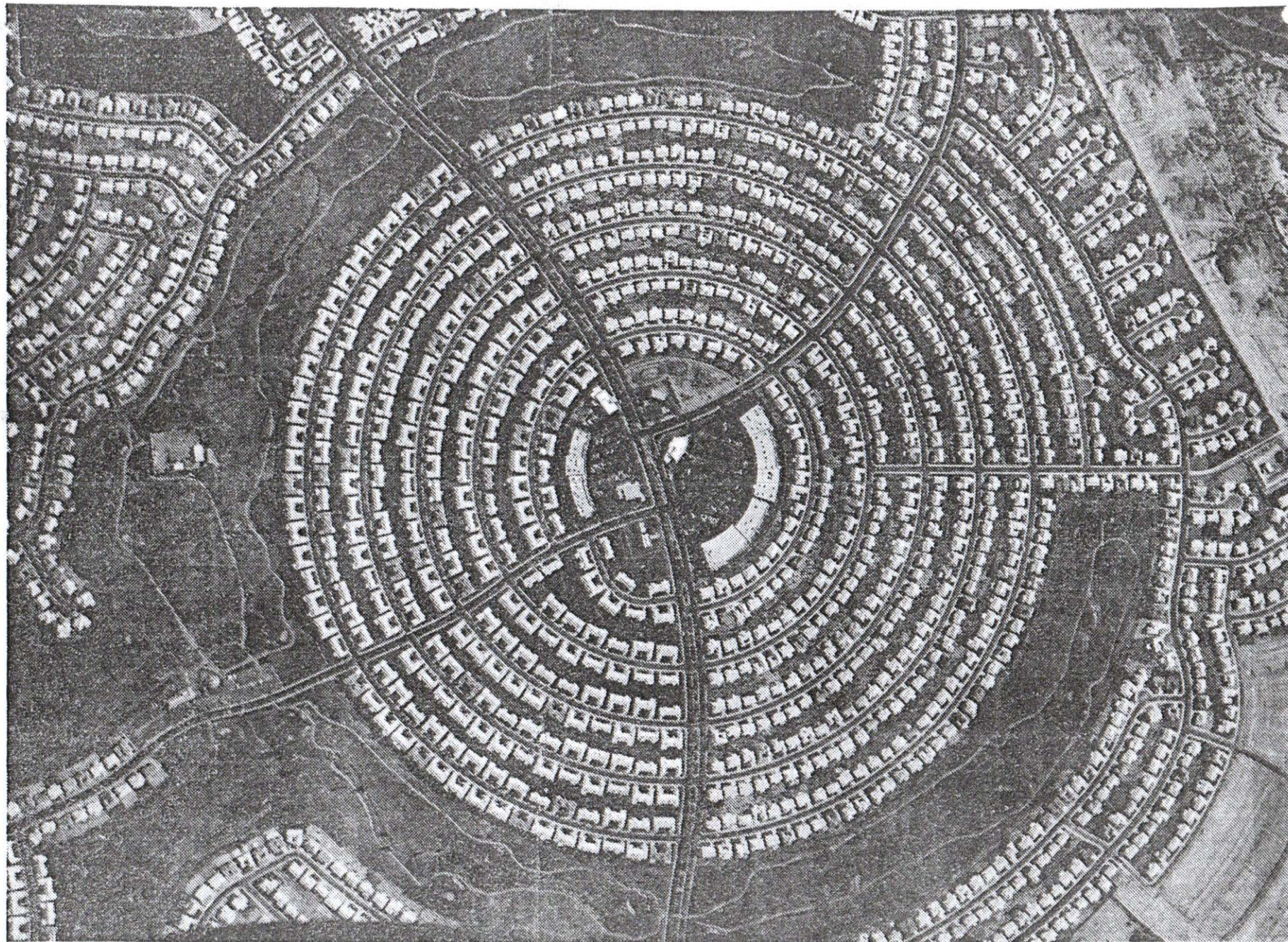
When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,

Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find some face there
You knew when all was young.

Sun City is as comfortable an adaptation of this advice as could be devised by American civilisation, whose town planning, architecture, attitude to life, has been created by wheels. (Without gasoline the city would be a disaster area within 72 hours.)

And, after all, they are free to come and go. Nowhere in the US is farther away than a few hours in a plane or a few days in a car. If they feel the urge to integrate with a full society, a weekend in Phoenix is easily fixed.

(continued)



GEORG GERSTER

A bird's eye view through the clear desert air of planned gerontocracy in action : ' One would look down on a vast expanse of streets and houses forming concentric circles, crescents, whorls, as regular as thumbprints.'

Yet, as Americans joke about New York, Sun City is a great place to visit but I'd sure hate to live there. I would pine for the small community based on the village, where most of the things you need are within walking distance. I rather welcome the unexpected. It is not necessarily unpleasant; when it is, it shakes me up and does me good; without unpleasantness there can be no relief; a lot of happiness depends on remembered unhappiness. I do not particularly like children until they have proved themselves friendly, but I would miss seeing them in the distance. I would miss inconsolably the pleasure of looking at young women, having reached the age at which they seem several times prettier and more appealing than they were when I was in contention.

To me the cheerfulness seemed to have a touch of the formal, as of a set social code. It was pleasant to be among, but I knew that as a European I could not live happily with a code that did not include plenty of disapproval and grumbling, sardonic humour and malicious if harmless jokes.

KATHARINE WHITEHORN is
away.

the Town

that's changed retired living to

ACTIVE LIVING

is **NEW** again-

TODAY

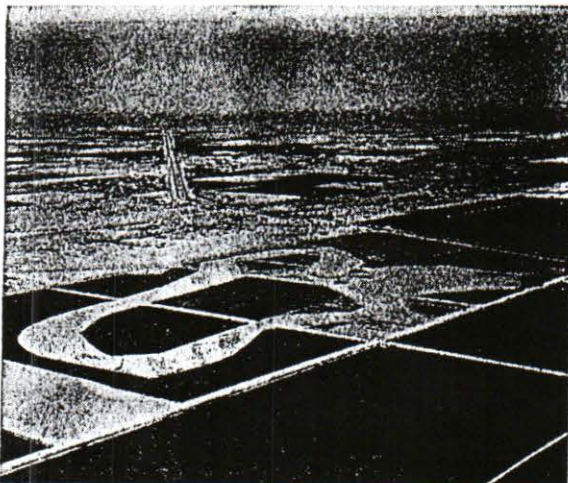
Phoenix, Sunday, Jan. 29, 1961

The Arizona Republic 1-G

NOVEMBER 1, 1959

The Beginning

Only the outline for a New Way-of-Life had been sketched on the acres of meadowland northwest of Phoenix when this picture was taken just 15 months ago. Its name had not yet been determined, its buildings were still on the drawing board . . . but it was the beginning of the realization of the dreams of thousands of America's Senior Citizens.



FULL COURSE DIMENSIONS \$1.05 TO \$1.25

JANUARY 1, 1960

The Opening

One of the most important days in the lives of thousands of Senior Americans was that first day of 1960 when Sun City was first opened and introduced an entirely new concept of retired living. Unprecedented in the nation, Sun City was ready with an endless array of facilities for recreation and creative activity, completed in every detail and reflecting all the desires of the nation's retired and semi-retired citizens expressed during many years of pre-planning research.



JANUARY 1, 1961

A Proven Success

Just one year after its opening, Sun City had become the most talked about town in America. It had changed the nation's viewpoint on retirement. It had proved that retirement can be the best years of your life, filled with interesting, satisfying, happy activity. And it had become the chosen home of more than 3000 senior citizens from all over the nation who wanted to live in the town that makes every day a joyous holiday . . . the town that's made everyone wish they were 50.



And Today . . . another chapter is being written . . .

TODAY... JANUARY 29, 1961

DEL E. WEBB OPENS A

Complete NEW **Sun City**

DOUBLING the size of America's
Most Famous Retirement Community

DUPLICATING All the Facilities
for its ACTIVE Way-of-Life

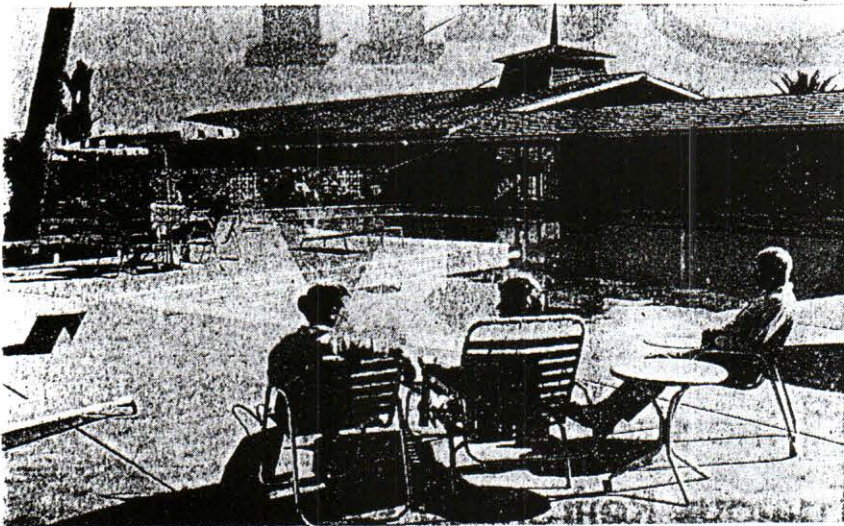
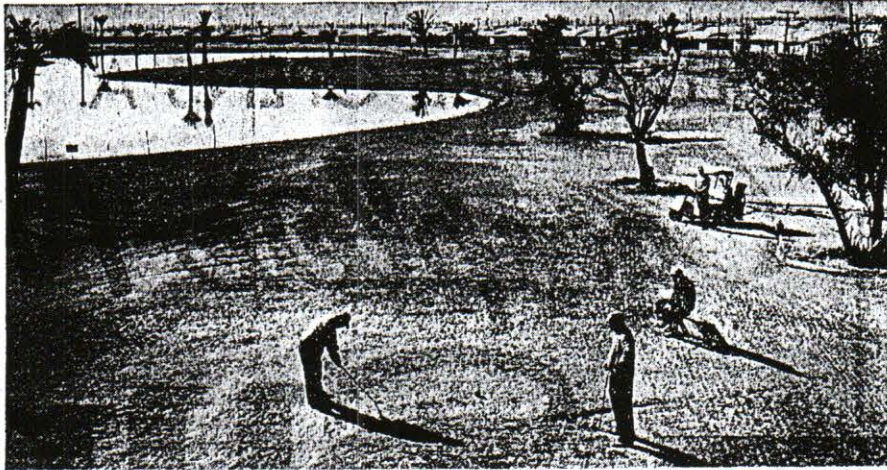
*and still RESERVED EXCLUSIVELY
for AMERICA'S SENIOR CITIZENS
(who have reached 50 years of age, and partners of any adult age)*

COME and SEE the NEWEST MIRACLE in the MEADOWS ►►
Just 12 Miles NW of Phoenix out Grand Ave.

For the ACTIVE WAY-OF-LIFE...of

A BRAND NEW GOLF COURSE

Under construction now are nine new holes of the course whose fairways will be winding about among the lovely new neighborhoods. Immediately adjacent to Sun City's present Championship 18-hole Course, pictured here, this new facility will assure plenty of playing room for all the golfers in Sun City... where their favorite sport is always waiting just outside their doors.

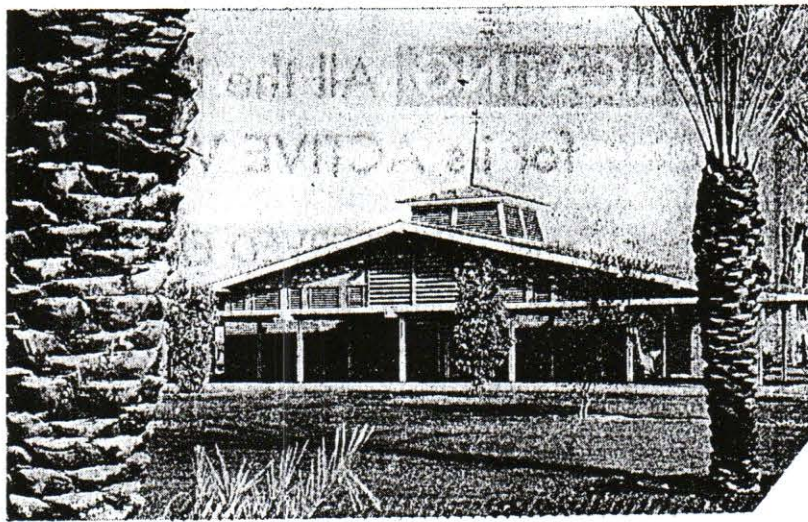


A BRAND NEW SWIMMING POOL

Brimful and awaiting the pleasure of the new residents is the beautiful new Sun City swimming pool. Riviera-size, this luxurious new facility is specially designed to be as pleasurable for the adept swimmer as it is safe for the most timid. The new pool also has its own terrace, cabana and bathhouse with men's and women's dressing rooms.

A BRAND NEW TOWN HALL

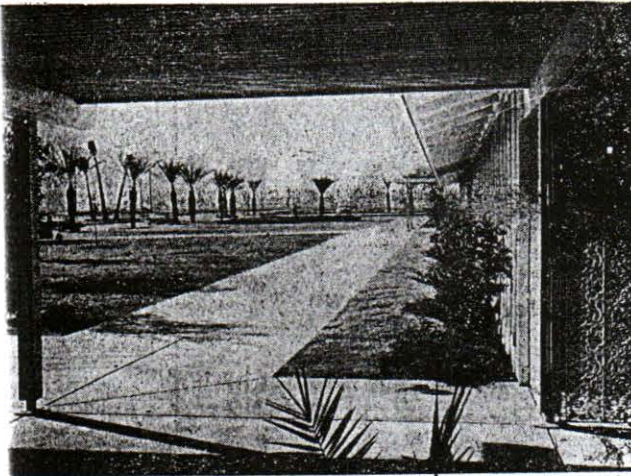
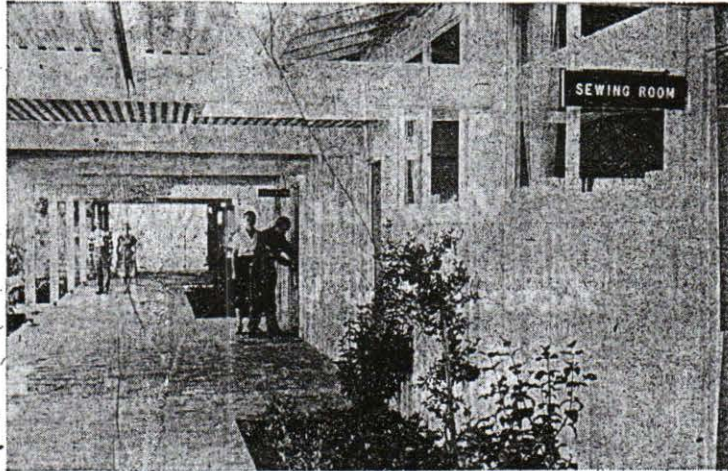
Complete and ready for the new residents' first meeting, first dance or first pot luck supper is the beautifully-designed large Town Hall in the new Sun City. Completely furnished and equipped, it offers an 800-capacity auditorium and main lounge with full-size stage which is complete with dressing rooms. In addition to this, there are men's and women's club rooms and an all-electric kitchen, fully equipped even to electric dishwasher, garbage disposer and refrigerator. The Town Hall also has its own attractively landscaped patio with outdoor stage. Adding to the enjoyment of this facility is the hi-fi and stereo record-playing equipment with complete public address system. Adjacent to the Town Hall is the new Village Green, a tree-shaded, grassy area with picnic tables and conversation benches... and the site of the "Town Bulletin Board".



MORE and MORE SENIOR CITIZENS

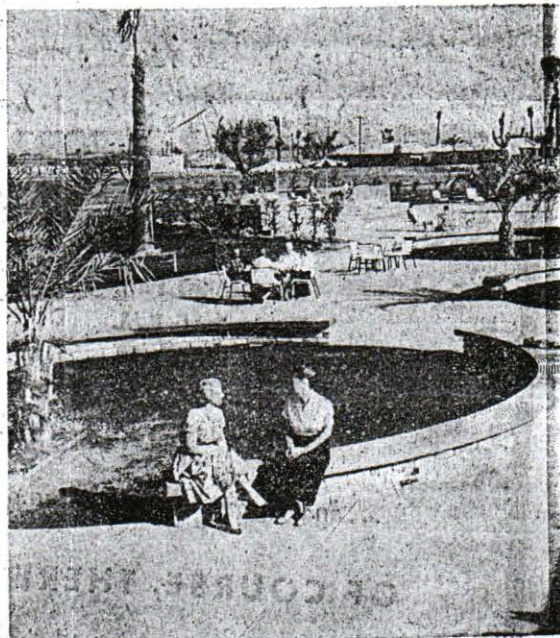
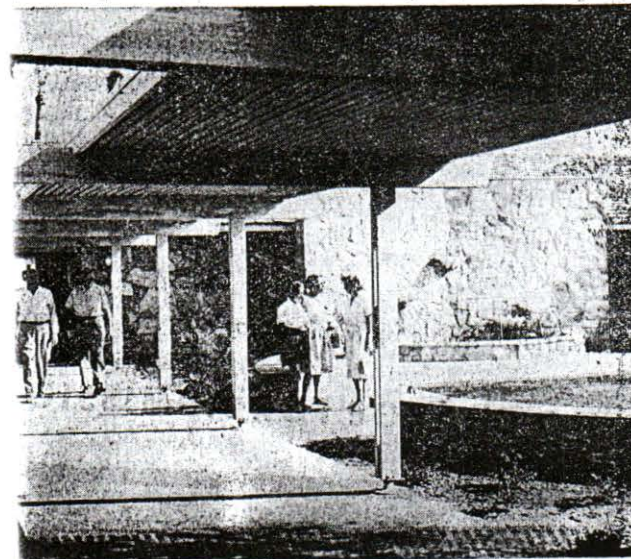
A BRAND NEW ARTS & CRAFTS CENTER

Eight separate rooms, each fully-equipped for a particular creative activity make up this new building which also boasts its own patio centered by a charming water-fall fountain. One room is devoted to wood-working and offers the finest power equipment and tools for residents' use; another with kiln, potter's wheel and a full array of tools is devoted to ceramics and mosaic work; others, respectively, are designed and equipped for lapidary work, jewelry making, leatherwork, painting, photography and sewing and knitting. Demonstrations of the various arts and crafts will be conducted all day today.



A BRAND NEW RECREATIONAL AREA

The extensive research which preceded the building of the first Sun City revealed that shuffleboard, horseshoes, croquet, archery and lawn bowling were at the top of the list of favorite hand sports. Their popularity among the present residents has proved the accuracy of these findings. Thus, for the new residents a new lawn bowling green and large shuffleboard courts have been included in the recreational facilities, along with provisions for croquet, horseshoes and archery.



6000 E. 10TH AVE. 760 1000

Come see it all TODAY—

The Town That Changed a Nation's

Viewpoint on Retirement Extends Its

Active New Way-of-Life to Thousands

More of America's Senior Citizens

**...and have a wonderful time
AT THE**

SPECIAL OPENING-DAY PARTY

Starting at 2:00 P.M. in the New Sun City Town Hall

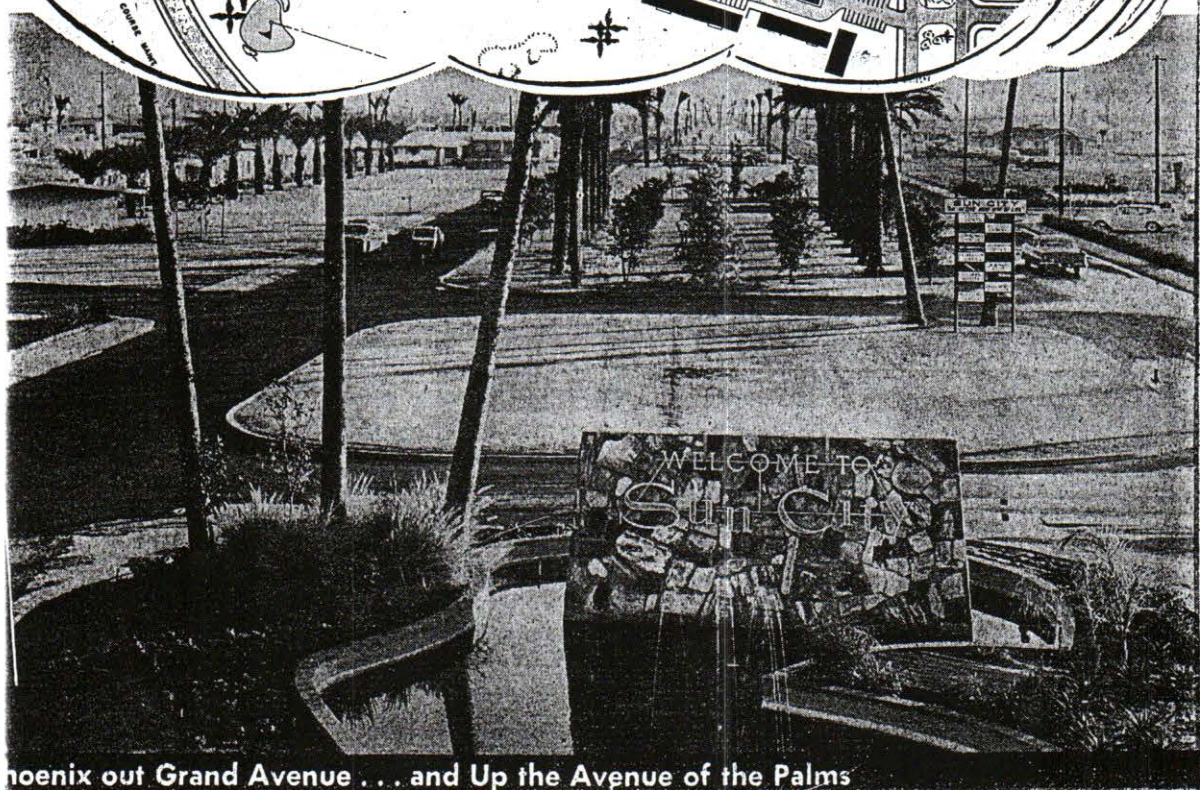
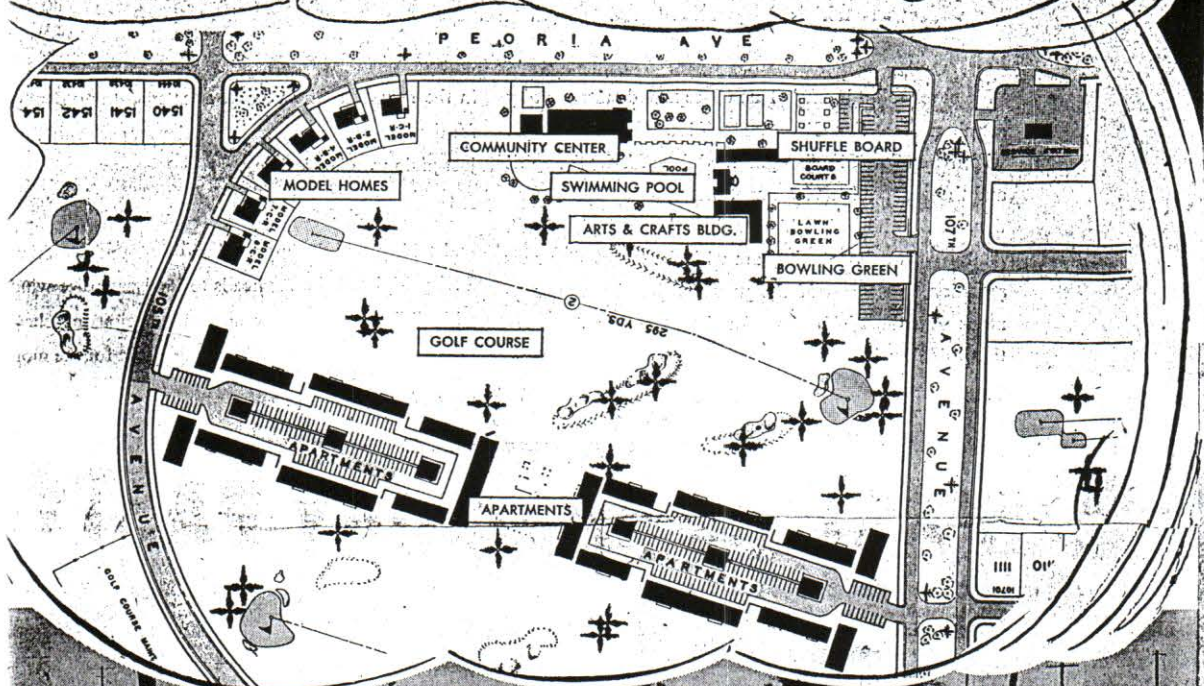
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| 2:00 - 2:30 P.M. | DIXIELAND MUSIC and all your favorites by request
Louis Henderson and His Orchestra |
| 2:30 - 2:45 P.M. | DIANE & LEE
Popular Song and Comedy Team |
| 2:45 - 3:00 P.M. | MAGICIAN, Alan Van |
| 3:00 - 3:15 P.M. | DESERT KNIGHTS
Award-Winning Barbershop Quartet |
| 3:15 - 3:30 P.M. | ACCORDIONIST, Mel Neimier |
| 3:30 - 3:45 P.M. | DIANE & LEE |
| 3:45 - 4:00 P.M. | DESERT KNIGHTS |
| 4:00 - 4:15 P.M. | HENDERSON ORCHESTRA |
| 4:15 - 4:30 P.M. | FINALE & COMMUNITY SING |

...and Throughout the Afternoon ... Mariachi Music by Maria Sofos and Her Chachos

OF COURSE, THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR ADMISSION

DRIVE OUT TODAY . . . The New Sun City is just 12 Miles North

THE NEW DEL WEBB'S Sun City



Phoenix out Grand Avenue . . . and Up the Avenue of the Palms

Along the NEW Sun City's Avenue of Models

SIX BRAND NEW

"We never sell a home." This oft-repeated statement by members of the Sun City sales staff is so true. The people who live in Sun City 'bought' the Way-of-Life, the spirit and the unprecedented concept that is Sun City... then they chose a home in which to live while enjoying it all. And what fine homes they are with the top-quality construction and excellent design which has been synonymous with the Webb name for the more than 30 years that this firm has been building America from coast to coast.

in the new Sun City incorporates everything demanded for the utmost in comfort, convenience, easy care... and just plain wonderful living.

From steel-reinforced foundations, full insulated walls and ceilings and the imported marble-topped vanities and 24K goldplated shower heads to landscape-size windows with sliding aluminum frames and spacious porches and patios... you never saw "so much house for the money!"

Today, take a tour of the beautifully furnished new models... and see for yourself.

Each of the six, new, distinctively different home designs

Six Floor Plans

• Eighteen Exteriors •

Priced from just \$9,150



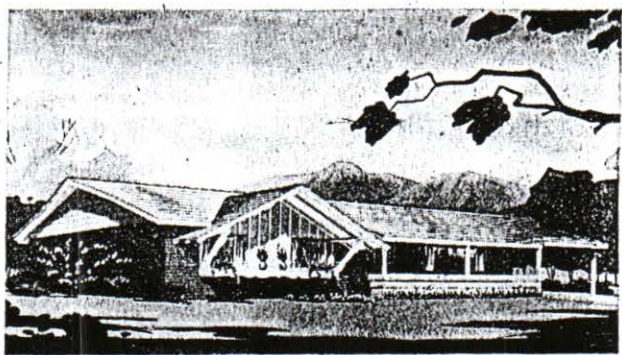
The KENTWORTH



The SIERRA

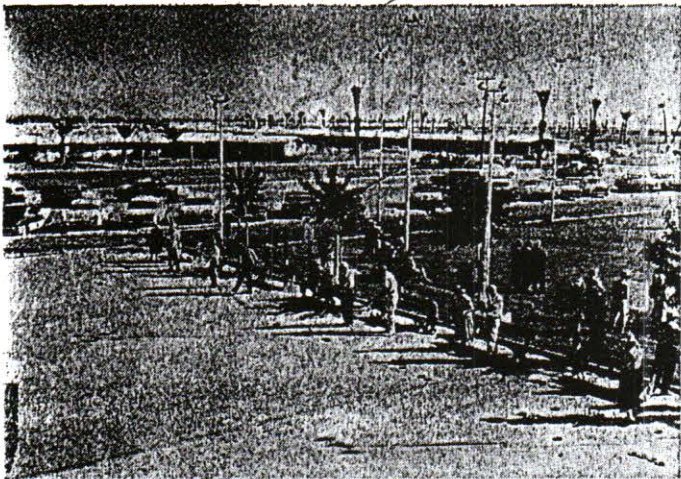


The MONTECELLO



The NOTTINGHAM

IT'S SO NICE TO GET UP EVERY MORNING



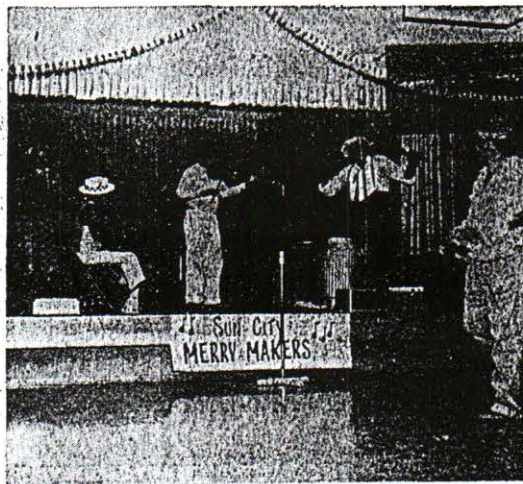
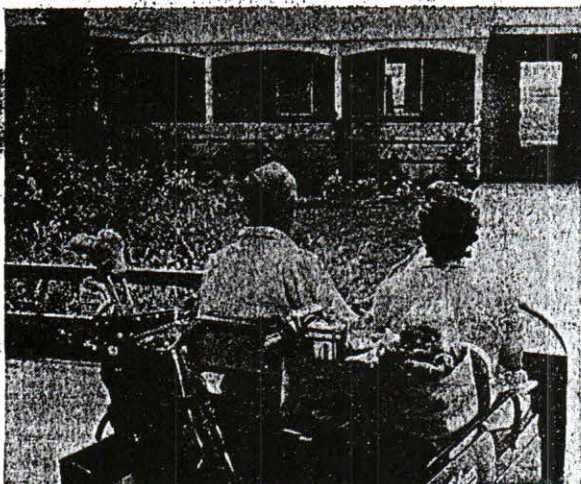
... because there's so much happy, interesting, active living to be done and so many happy ways to do it when your address is Sun City, Arizona.

Every facility for the enjoyment of your favorite activity is just outside your door or right around the corner.

Your best friends are the folks next door... friendly, warm-hearted contemporaries who share your memories, your interests and your dreams and have a special talent for the art of living.

And within a short drive in any direction are the pine-clad mountains, the game-filled forests, the beautiful desert, the modern cities and fascinating old towns, and the ever-challenging streams and lakes of adventure-full Arizona, like Lake Pleasant just 18 miles away.

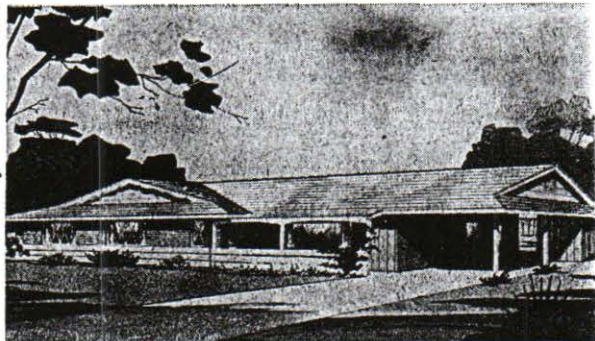
Little wonder that the days all have bright and shining dawns for the residents of Sun City, bright and shining promise of happy, satisfying, full-time living each day and for all the wonderful years ahead,



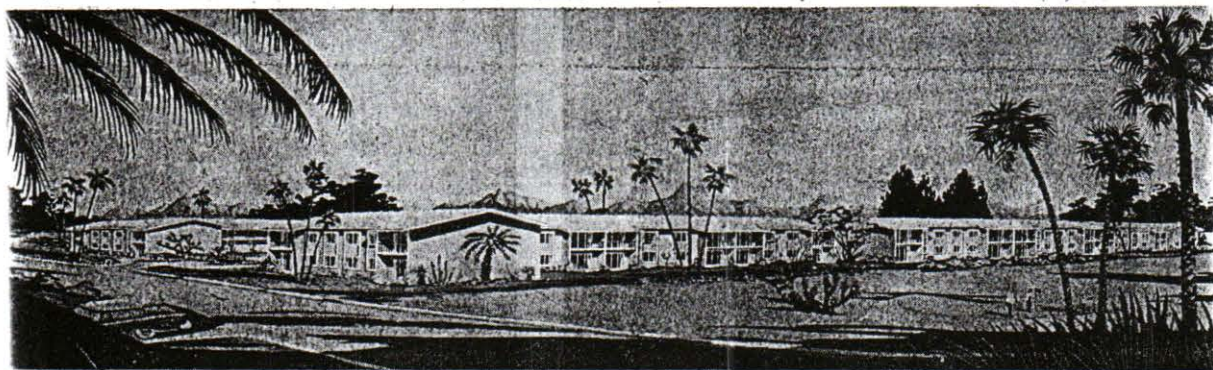
HOME DESIGNS



The SHERWOOD



The NORFOLK



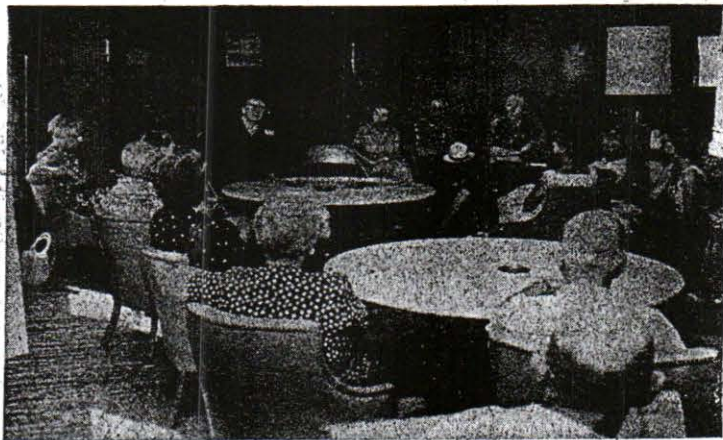
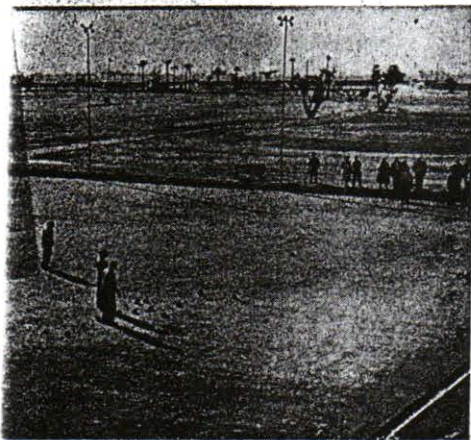
and the fairways also wind about the
new SUN CITY'S
BEAUTIFUL
COOPERATIVE
APARTMENTS

Now under construction are these two-story designs, served by self-operating elevators and offering one and two bedroom apartments each with an individual lanai overlooking the golf course whose fairways are outside every door.

All apartments will have refrigerated air conditioning with gas forced-air heating and duct system all individually controlled, spacious closets and cabinets and imported marble topping vanities and dressing tables beneath huge plate glass mirrors. The convenience-plotted kitchens will be complete with garbage disposer, and the deluxe new Frigidaire Flair electric range and oven. An enclosed laundry area is adjacent to each kitchen and all apartment owners will have large exterior storage facilities.

A large recreational area for the exclusive use of apartment residents will offer shuffleboard, putter pool, horseshoes and croquet.

And one of the most-enjoyable "built-ins": the complete freedom from responsibility for home or garden care... even an extended absence will pose no more of a problem than turning the key in your door.



 Built by **DEL E. WEBB DEVELOPMENT CO.**
A SUBSIDIARY OF
DEL E. WEBB CORPORATION 

ALL LOTS
ACROSS STREET ARE 1450' LESS
CORNER OF MODEL



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April 4, 1964

THE

Price 25 cents

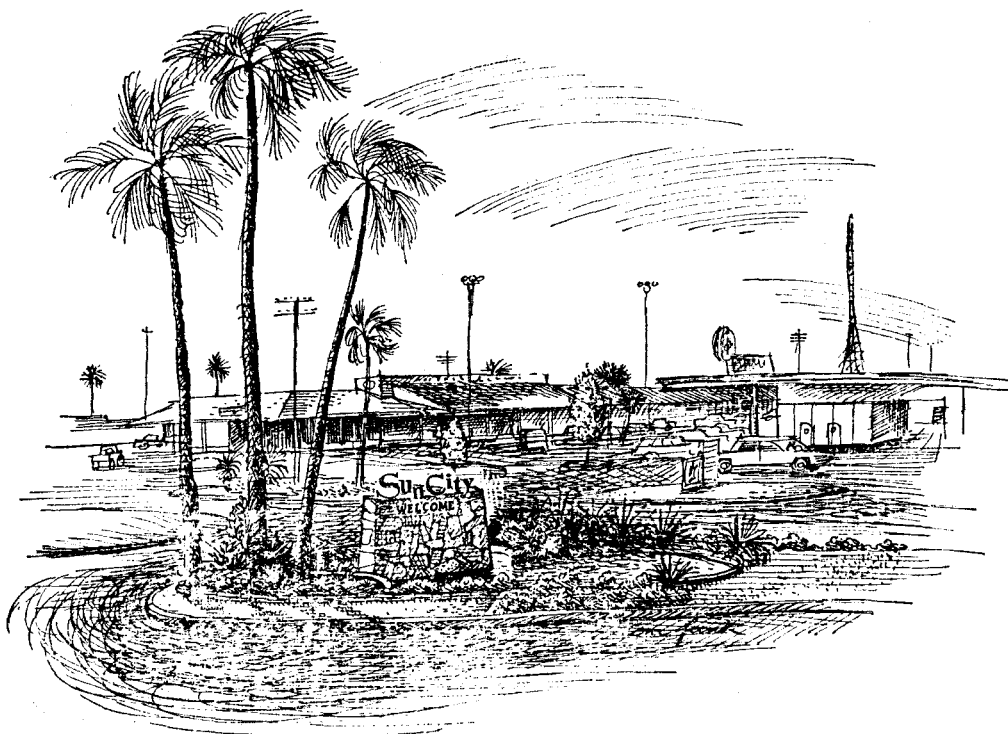
NEW YORKER



A REPORTER AT LARGE

WAKE UP AND LIVE

ON the second day of a ten-day visit I recently made to Sun City, Arizona—a town that was created four years ago specifically for retired people and now contains about seventy-five hundred of them—I turned on the morning television news from Phoenix, twelve miles away, and learned that a retired pump mechanic, apparently deranged, had gratuitously wounded a Phoenix policeman with pellets from a shotgun and held six more policemen at bay in his front yard for twenty minutes. According to the newscast, when the former mechanic was finally talked out of his house by a police captain, he offered a simple explanation for his unusual behavior. “You can’t be retired and live,” he said, and was thereupon carried off to the Phoenix city jail. During the rest of my stay in Sun City, I often thought of his assessment of the retirement situation. For one thing, it struck me as a pithy, if unusually harsh, summary of what many old people must come to believe as a result of living in a society that has managed to extend their life span but not their working years. Experts on the subject—and there are plenty of them, for councils, commissions, committees, and subcommittees on aging appear to have grown at about the same rate as the percentage of old people in the population—are accustomed to discussing it in more elaborate terms than the mechanic did, and they are, of course, professionally opposed to hopelessness, yet some of his pessimism often seems to be reflected in their reports on the problem of psychological letdown after retirement, or on the hardships of trying to meet constantly increasing costs with a fixed income, or on the housing difficulties created by rapidly changing neighborhoods and the disappearance of what sociologists call “the three-generation family unit.” In Sun City, I quickly discovered, the attitude toward retirement is somewhat different; there the mechanic’s views would not be categorized as mere pessimism but as heresy. The Del E. Webb Development Corporation, the gigantic Phoenix construction company that built and presides



over Sun City, proclaims in its advertisements not only that you can be retired and live but that you can be retired and live in a “paradise town.” In fact, retirement—or, at least, age—is a prerequisite for admission to this paradise, and those admitted are looked upon not as people who must accommodate themselves to the problems of old age but as people who are “Lucky Enough to be 50 or More.” The philosophy behind Sun City is perhaps best expressed by a radio advertising jingle, “Wake Up and Live in Sun City.” It goes:

Wake up and live in Sun City
For an Active New Way of Life.
Wake up and live in Sun City.
Mr. Senior Citizen and wife.
Don't let retirement get you down.
Be happy in Sun City; it's a paradise town.
Wake up and live in Sun City,
Mr. Senior Citizen, the rest of your life,
Mr. Senior Citizen and wife.

A few years ago, the notion that about seventy-five hundred people might heed such a call would have brought a field-wide shudder from geriatricians and gerontologists. These specialists were almost unanimously opposed to communities restricted to old people, on the ground that the old needed to remain part of the fabric of normal society and could only depress each other by living in a group. A number of the specialists still feel that way, but lately—in part

owing to the apparent success of Sun City, which occasionally describes itself as “the town that changed America’s viewpoint on retirement,” and other such communities—some have come to believe that many old people are better off where they can find a good many other old people with similar interests and where they do not feel shunted aside in favor of the young. Among old people themselves, the idea of retirement communities has become so popular that, according to the National Council on the Aging, the country now has about two hundred and fifty communities built for—if not in all cases restricted to—old people.

Sun City, which has served as a model for some of these communities, was itself modelled on others, and if it has changed a nation’s ideas on retirement, it did not invent what gerontologists call “chronological segregation.” In this respect, it was frankly inspired by Youngtown, a small development for elderly people (put up by a rival Phoenix construction company) that was formerly isolated in the cotton fields northwest of Phoenix but now has the burgeoning Sun City right across the highway. Sun City’s claim to influence is based on its phenomenal growth and on its having devised an “Active New Way of Life.” Billboards on the highway from Phoenix proclaim that “Del Webb’s Sun City” is “where Active Retirement originat-

ed." It takes a visitor only a few hours to realize that the Sun City formula for happiness—or "pure happiness," as the man who speaks between renditions of the advertising jingle puts it—is, roughly, that happiness equals activity plus friendliness. For my part, even though I had been in Sun City for only a day when I heard the Phoenix newscast, I had the feeling that any resident I might ask about the pump mechanic's misfortunes would be likely to say that the mechanic *could* be retired and live, and in a "paradise town." And, furthermore, that if he spent enough of his time playing shuffleboard, golf, canasta, and bridge, going to club meetings with other retired people, and being generally friendly, he would be much too busy and much too happy to have any thoughts of peppering policemen with buckshot.

THE thirty-minute drive from Phoenix to Sun City begins with a dreary line of motels, most of them built before motels were called motor inns, and some of them before cabins and tourist courts were called motels. A few miles past Glendale, a suburb of Phoenix, the motels begin to give way to fields of alfalfa and cotton, and the fields are almost uninterrupted after Peoria, a drab farming town that calls itself, for reasons nowhere in evidence, the Rose Center of the World. Then, two or three miles up the highway, the visitor gets his first view of Sun City across the cotton fields—a view of palm trees tilting up unexpectedly in all directions. Palm trees also dominate the main entrance to the town from the highway; three of them, together with some shrubbery, a pond, and a section of low stone wall holding a sign, "SUN CITY. Welcome," form a sort of miniature oasis at the roadside.

One's first impression of Sun City is that it looks like any other attractive real-estate development. There are two palm-lined boulevards, palm trees along the crisscrossing golf-course fairways that are visible from almost everywhere, and pastel one-story ranch houses and winding streets, sufficiently varied to avoid total monotony; moreover, it is an often cited point of pride at the Del E. Webb company that even before the first house was built Sun City had a large shopping center, a motel, a medical building, a golf course, and a Community Center, and that these facilities had to be expanded almost immediately. But what struck me most forcibly about this entire well-planned, well-kept complex on the afternoon I arrived was that it was deserted. No one

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Please open a savings account in my name, as checked. Enclosed for deposit is \$_____

☐ Individual Account

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Name _____

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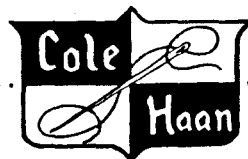
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could be seen enjoying an Active New Way of Life or any other kind. Not a soul walked along the sidewalks; no one was at work in any of the yards; the shuffleboard courts and lawn-bowling green in front of the Community Center's Arts & Crafts Building were unoccupied; the streets were silent. The town might have been evacuated—not for an emergency, since everything seemed in perfect order and remarkably clean, but for some well-rehearsed air-raid drill. It was ninety-three degrees in Sun City, and it occurred to me that if nobody had a compelling reason to stir—such as going to work or chasing children—there was no reason to expect anybody to be out in the sun in the middle of the day. In fact, I reflected, since the residents of Sun City were free from the social restrictions of their home towns as well as the professional restrictions of earning a living, there was no reason to expect them to retain any of the customs of normal society that did not please them. They could do almost anything they wanted to do.

It rather surprised me that what they wanted to do did not include constant labor on their lawns. Without ever being particularly aware of it, I had always associated retirement with yard work—puttering around in the garden and mowing the lawn being the two images clearest in my mind. There were no citizens tending their lawns that first afternoon, and, what was even more surprising, there were many lawns that required no tending, since they consisted of colored gravel instead of grass. Some were of green gravel—a dark green that clashed weirdly with the grass lawns next to them. Others were of gray, green, red, brown, or white gravel. Still others were of combinations of colors, each kept neatly in its place by a stubby border of stones. Some of the gravel lawns were decorated with desert plants, and many, like many of the grass lawns, had signs bearing the names of the residents, sometimes including license plates from their home states. Gravel lawns—usually called rock lawns in Sun City, though one company that makes them calls them Leisure Lawns—seemed to be in the majority in the town. I did see a man working on a rock lawn later that week. He was brushing his lawn with a stiff push broom, apparently to get some stray red gravel back from the driveway into its proper section.

THE first evening I was in Sun City—it was a Monday—I phoned Louis Inwood, the president of the Sun City Homeowners Association,



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stay at

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people just
bring their
tennis
racquets!



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"Take this, Susan," he whispered, as their paths crossed on the stairs, "but please don't read it now." Blushing furiously, she thrust the note into the pocket of her Cos Cob smock-shift, a festive patchwork of imported, bleeding madras, each patch individually seamed. Jr. Petite sizes 3-13. About \$15 at fine stores everywhere.

COS COB

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and he suggested that we meet at Town Hall, where a large crowd of residents would be on hand for the Monday-night movies. Town Hall, Inwood explained, is not actually a town hall but a recreational facility, a second and more elaborate version of the Community Center. A part of it has been used by the Del E. Webb company as a sales office, with model houses adjoining it, and on my way to meet Inwood I found that after a sign just past the oasis announces Sun City's Active New Way of Life, a series of signs along the meridian strip of the main street leads visitors toward Town Hall much as signs on a Western highway will lead travellers toward some such roadside attraction as a snake farm that happens to be next to a gas station, or a frontier museum that happens to be behind a restaurant. "Just Two Minutes to a New Way of Life. Straight Ahead," the first one says. "Every Day's a Holiday in Sun City. Straight Ahead," says the one five or six blocks down the boulevard.

Most of Town Hall looks like a nicely designed, rambling country club, with open patios and a large outdoor swimming pool, but the central block rather resembles a red brick church, even to a tower with an electrically controlled carillon. On my way to the auditorium, in the main building, I passed a room in which half a dozen men were laboriously practicing a rhythmic line dance—all of them turning slowly with one hand on the hip and the other in the air. From an announcement on a bulletin board outside the auditorium, I learned that in another room the Rock Hounds were meeting "to organize field trips throughout Arizona to secure rock specimens." A number of informally dressed people—most of the men were wearing sports shirts and the Western leather string ties known as bolo ties—were filing into the auditorium, where folding chairs had been set up, and where two residents wearing blue-and-gold silk shirts with "Town Hall Movies" embroidered on the back were preparing to handle the lights and the projector.

Inwood, a portly, somewhat bald man of sixty-seven, who was wearing khaki pants, a polo shirt, and a bolo tie, met me near the door to the auditorium and suggested that the lounge chairs next to the swimming pool would be a good place to chat. Once we had settled ourselves there, he told me that the Community Center and Town Hall were roughly similar in program, and that both required a small

Barefoot Bliss

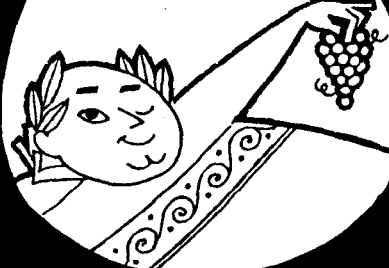


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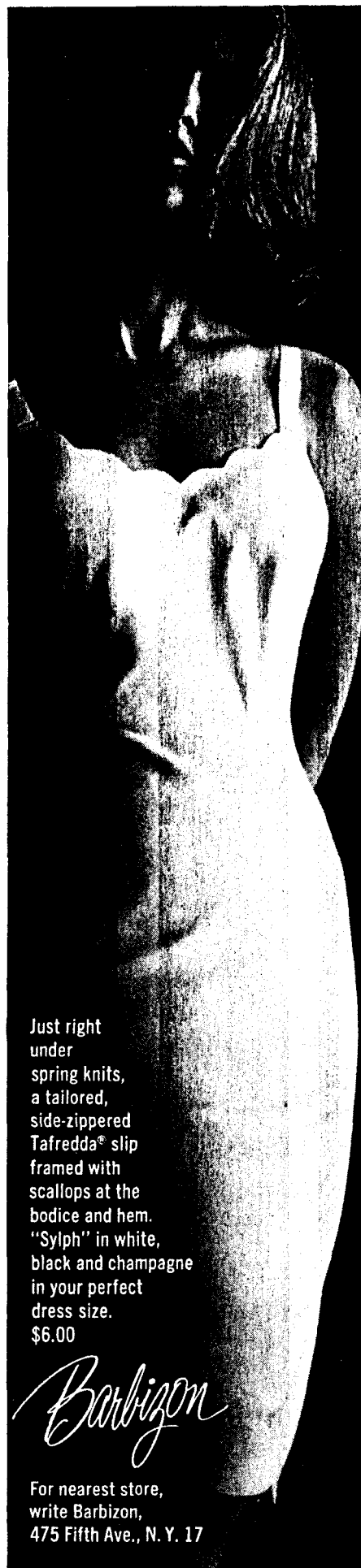
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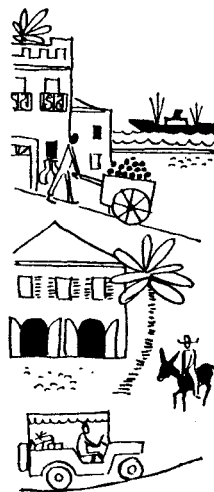
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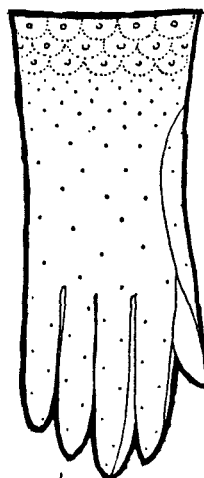
annual fee for membership. The Community Center served those living in Sun City's first fifteen hundred houses and apartments, he explained, and it had been turned over to the members by the Webb company as soon as there were enough of them to support it with their dues. Town Hall's membership, along with many of its functions, was restricted to residents of the next thirty-five hundred units, of which twenty-eight hundred had been completed; it would also be turned over to the members when it reached its full complement. "They decided to have these arts-and-crafts facilities for—well, let's call it therapy, because it is, in a sense," Inwood said. "There's a darkroom for the camera nuts. People make all sorts of fantastic things in ceramic—mostly ladies interested in ceramics. People who have never painted before learn to paint, and we have an art exhibition two or three times a year. Some people sell their ceramics and their paintings, and some people turn them out for themselves or just for the hell of it. We have a lapidary room, and people make amazing things in that. This bolo tie clasp is a product of the lapidary room. I'm one of the worst at that sort of thing, but I bet you've never seen a turquoise polished like this one. There's a woodworking shop and a place for silverwork. There's swimming. There are better than thirty tables of mixed bridge every Thursday night and contract or duplicate on Tuesday night. Monday night is movie night, Friday is dancing lessons, and Saturday is ballroom dancing."

I was about to ask Inwood why the men I had seen were practicing rhythmic dancing when he added, "The Swim Club is rehearsing now for the *luau* it sponsors every year," and I gathered that this was the answer. "We're as active as the devil," he went on. "Most of us are so damn busy we have to put priorities on our time. For instance, my wife and I love to travel, and in 1962, when I was head of Town Hall, we organized this club." Inwood reached for his wallet and showed me a membership card for an organization called Nobles Exploradores del Ayuntamiento. "That means 'Noble Explorers of Town Hall,'" he explained. "We call it NEDA. We take a one-day trip every month, and one trip a month that lasts more than one day. We're going to the Grand Canyon Wednesday. We also take some quite long trips. We had a waiting list for a trip we organized that left just before New Year's. It featured the Rose Bowl parade, Disneyland, and



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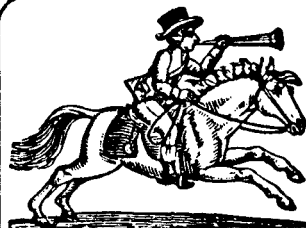
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New Year's Eve with Lawrence Welk. We took only thirty-eight people, because we could only get that many tickets to Welk. Different people do different things. They say there are more than ninety clubs here. We have a very enthusiastic group of golfers; some people play six or seven times a week. Twenty to twenty-five people come to Town Hall six days a week and play poker. Ninety-five per cent of the people here are as happy as larks and five per cent are miserably unhappy—but they'd be miserably unhappy anywhere. The thing that makes it a success is that when people come out here the bulk of them feel, Well, since we've all broken with our past, we're in the same boat. Everybody is seeking friends. It's the friendliest place you've ever seen. And it's very informal. I spent my life in full dress—I was Director of Aviation and Deputy Director of Commerce for the City of Philadelphia—and I haven't had a real tie on since I hit Sun City. Now, these movies are more or less a social event. We have an eight-by-twenty-four-foot Cinemascope screen and a first-rate projector, and we have the picture on three reels, which means that the audience has to take two breaks. During the first one, we pass a pot and people contribute whatever they want to the movie fund, and during the second one they go out and smoke and talk. We thought about getting another projector—there's plenty of money in the movie fund—but the people didn't want it. They didn't want to give up their breaks."

The Homeowners Association, Inwood told me, was an organization of all Sun City residents, dedicated to "preserving the way of life we like here," and its relations with the Webb company were varied. "Webb is a businessman making an honest profit," Inwood said. "I'm not agin Webb. If it helps him and it also helps us, that's fine. For instance, the group medical plan we worked on together—it helps Webb sell houses, and it's a good thing for us, too. On some things we've fought him, like on some trouble we've had over the sewer and water rates. Our only real worry is inflation. Everybody out here is on a fixed income, large or small. That's why we're so fussy about rates." The Association's current project, Inwood continued, was preparing a batch of petitions, which it would begin to circulate within a week or two, and which, Inwood hoped, would result in

the incorporation of Sun City, perhaps in the 1964 elections.

INWOOD, like other Sun City residents, often seemed to attach human characteristics to the Del E. Webb Development Corporation, since he ordinarily used the name of the company and the name of its founder interchangeably. Del E. Webb himself—who, at fourteen years past Sun City home-purchasing age, continues to run the company as chairman of the board—nourishes this anthropomorphism by a tendency to put his name on his property and to include in most advertisements his name, his picture, and the information that he is half owner of the New York Yankees. Although Webb occasionally visits Sun City, the man the residents usually mean when they say "Del Webb" is Thomas Breen, the senior vice-president who created the Webb retirement communities. Long before Sun City was built, Breen began administering a number of tests to retired people—or "retirees," as Webb executives tend to call them—and, as a result, the company was able to say in an early advertisement that Sun City "offers everything which Del E. Webb's extensive research revealed you want most." It was this research—plus the steady growth of Youngtown, which seemed to be thriving despite a conspicuous lack of either merchandising or special facilities—that



induced Breen to restrict the purchase of houses to persons over fifty. (A spouse of any age is permitted, but no children of school age.)

Breen is now carrying on further research in Sun City itself, which provides a convenient concentration of precisely the type of people

who are likely to buy houses there or in one of the three other retirement communities that the Webb company has since built: Sun City, Florida; Sun City, California; and Kern City, California. The company has conducted marketing surveys of buyers and interested customers, and in August of 1961, a little more than a year after the first residents moved into Arizona's Sun City, it conducted an elaborate opinion survey of two hundred Sun City families. Today the company's marketing department requires salesmen—they are called "retirement counsellors" in Sun City—to turn in a Standard Sales Report on each buyer, listing background information, which is transferred to computer cards. With all this, the members of the

Webb marketing department know a good deal about the people who live in Sun City—and, by extension, about people who might be induced to live there. They know, for example, that, except for people from Arizona and California, many of whom had already retired to those states from other places, the largest number of Sun City residents come from the Midwest—Illinois is third in number of buyers, and there are heavy concentrations from Ohio, Iowa, and Minnesota—and that the foreign-born are difficult to lure to Sun City no matter where they live, apparently because they still maintain the custom of having old people remain with their families. By processing information collected from the Standard Sales Reports, Webb's computer has revealed that about a third of Sun City's homeowners earned more than twelve thousand dollars a year before their retirement and another third earned between eight and twelve thousand, that sixty-two per cent of the purchasers pay cash for their houses, that there are 2.1 people per household in Sun City, that most buyers prefer two-bedroom houses and about twenty per cent prefer coöperative apartments, and that the average age of male homeowners is sixty-seven. The marketing and opinion surveys indicated that sixty-three per cent of the people in Sun City travel to Phoenix less than five times a month, that either thirty-two per cent or fifty-six per cent (depending on which of the two surveys is accurate) first heard of Sun City from friends, that thirty-four per cent moved to Sun City partly for reasons of health, that seventy-five per cent rather like the Sun City jingle and seventeen per cent find it, in the consensus of the interviewers, "silly, stupid, and juvenile," and that the citizens' main complaint about the Sun City motel, Del Webb's Kings Inn, is that the menu in the restaurant becomes monotonous after a while. Of the two hundred families visited in the opinion survey, a hundred and eleven subscribed to the *Reader's Digest*, and so many of them mentioned Lawrence Welk when they were asked about their musical preferences that the interviewers advised the Webb company to investigate the possibility of hiring Welk for promotion work. (Nothing came of this.) The interviewers also suggested that since seventy-five per cent of the residents like the Sun City jingle, the company might record it on one side of a record, leaving the other side for a Christmas message, and sell it to Sun City residents to send to their friends—thereby achieving a good piece of promotion and perhaps a profit as well. (The company put



14 FEET



8 FEET



4 FEET

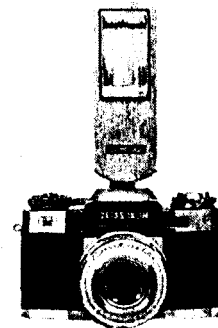
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A Zeiss Ikon exclusive. Just set the guide number on your new Contaflex Super B. Then simply focus and shoot with bulb or electronic flash. Correct lens opening is set automatically . . . long shot, close-up or in between. No more arithmetic, no guesswork!

In daylight, the built-in meter takes over. Offers automatic exposure and optional manual override. There's a compensator for dull weather or backlight. Look into the bright viewfinder: Command Panel with red and green warning signals shows speed and aperture at a glance.

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*The Castle
Harbour*
BERMUDA



JOHN C. FISCHBECK, II PRESIDENT & GENERAL MANAGER

that suggestion into practice, with considerable success.)

To find out about the broader uses of market research, I drove into Phoenix and visited Jim Detrick, the Del Webb advertising manager, at the company's main office, in the Del E. Webb Building—a gold-and-white structure with Muzak that follows a visitor from the elevator into the halls, and even into the offices of minor executives, where it is interrupted only by occasional broadcast announcements. Detrick, like most of the Webb executives I eventually met, is an energetic man who appears to be several years below the Sun City minimum age, and, like all the Webb executives I eventually met, he was wearing a short-sleeved shirt and a four-in-hand tie. He said that Sun City advertising had begun with a campaign on the general subject of Active Retirement and that after the growth of competition it had become more specific. Picking up an album devoted to an advertising campaign of the latter phase, Detrick turned to an ad showing a group of older people at a back-yard barbecue. "Notice there's a woman in the picture who's unescorted," he said. "A widow might pick that out and see that there's a widow there. Widows aren't a big part of the market, but they're a part of it. We use Sun City people as models in these ads. They love it, but it's hard to pin them down, they're so busy." Next, Detrick turned to an advertisement that was headed "It's All Yours Now, Rover, Old Boy," and said, "This one here—a guy turning over his rocking chair to his dog while he goes off to play golf—is part of a running theme, that Sun City is not a place where retirees just sit around in rocking chairs. This one—a man staying in a swimming pool while the other people try to get him to play golf—represents another sub-theme that we've had for a long time. He's saying, 'To Heck with It'—to show that in Sun City you do what you want when you want to do it." Because research has provided such an accurate profile of the potential buyer, Detrick told me, Sun City has lately concentrated on direct mail in its national advertising, using a series of three mailings. "First is what I call the sizzle—the Way of Life," he said. "Then comes the steak—the Personal Planning Portfolio, which tells about prices, taxes, and so on. Then the plot map, to pick out a lot. We've always sold a Way of Life. The homes are secondary."

According to Webb executives, Sun City, Arizona, has maintained a steady annual sale of between seven and eight hundred houses—priced originally from

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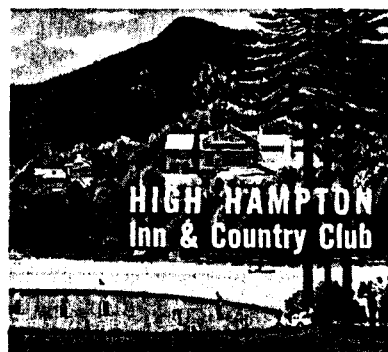
This little sweater combines new custom-comfort with classic looks. A smooth stretch knit of Orlon acrylic and Lycra spandex. It "gives in" to playing, washes and drip-dries easily. Neatly piped and pearl-buttoned, it comes in snowy white or sky blue; M. (3-5) or L. (6-7) sizes. Children's Shop. Mail and phone orders filled and shipped.



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WHEN YOU WEAR

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\$8,500 to \$11,300 and in the latest brochure from \$10,450 to \$15,950—and so far they see no sign of the eventual end of building, which ordinarily occurs when the normal resale market overtakes the need for new houses. The town occupies only nine hundred and seventy of twenty thousand acres that Webb has under a purchase agreement in the vicinity, and although the rest will probably include developments of other types, there is no policy limiting the size of Sun City. In the specialized trade of merchandising a Way of Life, the company has to treat the Sun City residents as part of its sales pitch; as Inwood told me, anything that makes the Way of Life more attractive to the residents is likely to make it more attractive to potential customers—and, besides, the residents can attract a good many customers themselves if the Way of Life inclines them to. Thus, Sun City seems to be a new version of the company town—a town in which a single company has a financial interest in keeping the residents happy in order to attract more residents. And for this reason the company's encouragement to the people living in Sun City to form whatever type of society pleases them is likely to continue even after Sun City is incorporated and can no longer properly be called Del Webb's Sun City on signs and in advertisements. Although, as one resident remarked to me, "People who thought Del Webb would be a Great White Father giving them anything they wanted were disappointed," the company is happy to help grant the carefully researched desires of the residents whenever this is economically feasible. While I was in Sun City, for instance, an offer to subsidize a bus line making a circuit through the town to the shopping center was made to the Homeowners Association by the Webb marketing department, which is aware that a lack of internal transportation is often noticed by potential buyers. (The investment would have other advantages, too; shopping-center merchants have leases that give Webb a percentage of their gross.) The company connection extends to a small but significant number of individual residents. Several of the older retirement counsellors live in Sun City, and some Sun City women work part time for the company as sales-office "hostesses," who, according to one of them, "don't sell houses, or anything, but are just paid to be nice and tell people how happy we are." Some of the most intensive Sun City advertising seems to be directed toward the people who already live there, and satisfied residents are occasionally asked by a re-



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tirement counsellor to write to prospects who happen to come from their home town.

In this atmosphere, it seemed almost natural to find that the color postcards furnished to guests by Del Webb's Kings Inn have a message already typed out and signed by somebody named George—which, if I haven't underrated the Webb research department, must be the name that occurs most often among male Americans staying at Del Webb's Kings Inn while they wait to move into their houses or while they are visiting their parents. "Hi," the message on one of them begins, on the back of a picture of a back-yard barbecue. "Had a real interesting experience a couple of weeks ago. Went back to see my new grandson. . . . My son and daughter-in-law live in a little town back East. . . . I used to live there myself. Less than a year since I'd been there . . . and I don't see how I stood it. Neighborhood's absolutely vacant all day except for busy housewives and kids . . . and for the first time in a year I got that tolerant 'ha ha' when I spoke of the 'old days.' Sure was nice to get back home where people share your memories and are really interested in what you think of things." The signature, neat and legible, ends the message side of the card; the guest is left to fill out the address side completely at his own discretion.

To keep George and other Sun Citizens at this near-ecstatic pitch, the Del E. Webb Corporation has an activities director and a public-relations man stationed in Sun City, and both seem to divide their time about equally between trying to make the residents happy and telling them how happy they are—or, occasionally, how friendly they are. The activities director is Tom Austin, an awesomely friendly man with a gray crew cut, a ruddy complexion, and a New York accent—a man whose age and appearance, it occurred to me when I met him, would probably necessitate his showing a driver's license or a draft card if he wanted to buy a house in Sun City. (As it happens, both he and the public-relations man live in Phoenix and commute to Sun City.) Austin's office is in a small administration building that the company maintains across the street from the Town Hall sales office. When I met him there, during one of my first days in Sun City, he told me that his job ranged from organizing clubs to buying electric rolls for the Town Hall carillon—a task he performed imaginatively, I gathered, since he later told me that he'd had a special roll made of "Wake Up and Live in Sun



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the rock
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carpet
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City," so that it could be inserted three or four times a week among the old favorites. Austin said that his interest in a Sun Citian begins the minute the sales office reports the purchase of a house. While the purchasers are settling their affairs at home and waiting for their new house to be built, Jerry Svendsen, the Webb public-relations man stationed in Sun City, sends them a weekly newsletter, occasionally called the "friendship letter." A typical one opens:

GOOD MORNING—Look what just blew in—A heap o' clouds. We'll start off with the chuckle that appeared in the Phoenix Newspaper, "Many Americans feel that living within their income is a fate worse than debt." A LOT OF DIRECT QUOTING IN THIS LETTER 'cause I like what you have to say and the way that you say it. So, here we go—FRANK AND TRUDY SHANAHAN—Word comes from 220 N. County Line in Hinsdale, Ill., "Have finally sold our house here and will be moving to Sun City on Sept. 4th. We are literally 'champing at the bit' to occupy our doll house at 10242 Desert Hills Dr." Frank, I see you're retiring from Quaker Oats Company. Are you acquainted with Warren Smith, another former Quaker Oats staff member, who is already settled here? He and wife, Nancy, moved to 11001 Abbot Ave. from Rockford, Ill. That's all the questions, so now we'll talk about you, Frank. He plays chess, is a fisherman, swims, and plays shuffleboard. Trudy likes all the above and says to add sewing, knitting, and ceramics to the list.

When the new resident finally arrives to move in, his Town Hall activity card is issued to him at Austin's office. "We like to know what their hobbies are, and when my secretary gives them the card, she asks them and then makes out a little thumbnail sketch," Austin told me. "We make sure that the various clubs know about the new people, and that the new people get a list of all the clubs. Town Hall has a public-relations committee, and we supply its members with the names, and they go out and call on these people. This was not instigated by me; it was thought of by the people themselves. We send the new arrivals some things from here—these telephone stickers with emergency numbers, for instance. Then, once a month, for one of the regular Saturday-night dances at Town Hall, we send a personal invitation to everyone who has moved in during the last month, and we also send them a badge for them to put their name on. For that night, we furnish the refreshments. At the dance, they're called up on the floor and introduced by the state they came from. It's called Hi Neighbor Night at Town Hall."



Austin paused, and then said, "How do you measure success?"

I said I supposed that a construction company might measure it in units sold per month.

"But do you measure in dollars and cents?" Austin asked. "We're not philanthropists—sure, we're a business concern—but we've become involved. We're involved in human lives, trying to help people achieve happiness, help them fulfill dreams. It's a responsibility. And the people *are* happy here. Go out and ask them. This is the friendliest community in the world. If you walk by a house—a perfect stranger—the people will invite you in for a cup of coffee. The coffeepot, I always say, reigns supreme in Sun City. People like each other; they're friendly. The fear of loneliness generates this desire for friendliness. We all need this; this is food. But you know what's great about this place? The little things—what I call the niceties of life. There's no living up to the Joneses; there's just a natural desire to help, without any need to make impressions. When somebody is usually up at eight watering his rosebush, if he's not there one morning the whole neighborhood is knocking on the door."

Of his own role in Sun City, Austin said, "At the beginning, as people started coming in, we got them together at potluck dinners. Then I helped to organize clubs—getting the officers and that kind of thing. You'd be surprised how fast they began to function themselves and became self-sustaining.

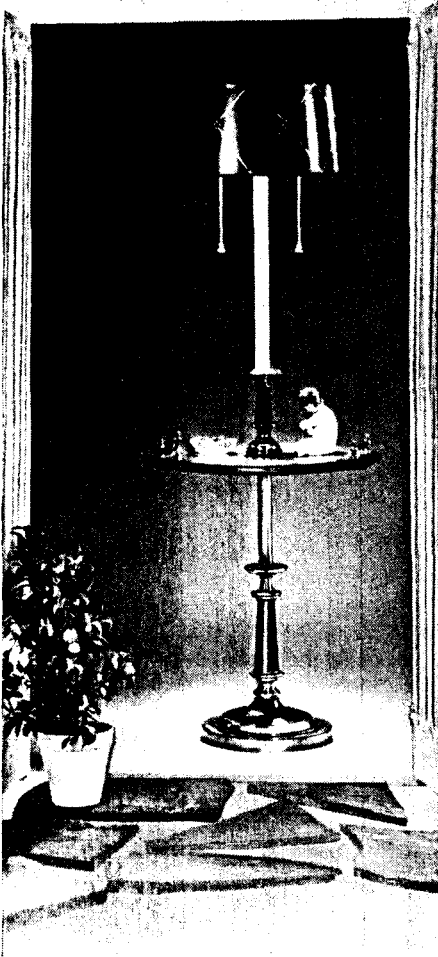
The Community Center, of course, has already been given to the people, and they run it themselves, and Town Hall will be turned over in the very near future. The people are self-governing—a hundred per cent. But we maintain a relationship, and we cultivate the relationship. Jerry and I are more or less the liaison men between the people and the corporation. We're sort of like father-confessors. The people come in here with their problems and the door is always open. It might be only a leaky faucet—anything. We always listen, and we always treat it as a real problem. It might seem silly—it might seem infantile. But to the individual it's a real problem. We try not to judge the requests in dollars and cents but in terms of 'Will this make you happy?' We always remember that we're involved in the lives of people. And the people are happy here, and keep busy. Day after day, people tell me, 'Tom, the days aren't long enough. Next year, I'm

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going to retire.' Women come in here—women are more emotional than men—and say, 'How can I write to Mr. Webb and thank him for putting this town here?' Imagine! They're talking about a guy who sold them a house."

A proud, paternal tone had crept into Austin's voice when he mentioned Sun City's self-government and again when he spoke of his role as father-confessor, and I heard the same tone often as the week went on, when he boasted of how the residents "made everything themselves" for the arts-and-crafts festival or when he spoke fondly of the Pedal Pushers, the cycling club. "It's really something to see them coming down the road, forty or fifty of them," he told me. "And early in the morning you can see them practicing around the parking lot of the church with their little training wheels. It's really something." Austin's standard speech to visitors, which I heard him deliver one day to some members of the North Carolina Chamber of Commerce, begins, "You know, about five years ago a man had a dream. And the dream became an idea and the idea became a reality, and that reality is Sun City. . . . Today it has about seven and a half thousand people, over ninety clubs, and it is *one hundred per cent* self-governed by the residents. They have made Sun City a fun city—and they are a proud people." Any place that has ninety clubs, two arts-and-crafts centers, two swimming pools, a riding stable, an activities director, and almost no residents engaged in what is ordinarily thought of as work is bound to invite comparison with similarly endowed places that bear long hyphenated Indian names, and the comparison was never more vivid in my mind than when Austin was sounding like a friendly, benign camp director.

Austin's fellow father-confessor, Jerry Svendsen, looks more like a camp director's favorite son—or, for that matter, anybody's favorite son. Svendsen, who is at least as friendly as Austin, is twenty-nine, but he appears to be about twenty-one—an active, chatty, boyish young man with horn-rimmed glasses and reddish hair in a short, collegiate haircut. On my first visit to Svendsen's office, he told me that it was a shame I had missed Western Days—an annual celebration sponsored by the merchants' association of the shopping center, which had been held a week or so before my arrival—and he showed me some pictures he had taken in the course of it. One was of about fifty elderly women in shorts doing calisthenics in the shopping-center parking lot;

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another showed a parade, with a golf cart decorated to look like a covered wagon at the head of it, and, following the golf cart, like infantry following a tank, fifteen or twenty Sun Citians, presumably the Pedal Pushers, on bicycles. Svendsen said that, in addition to writing the newsletter every week, he prepares a monthly four-page community magazine called the *Sun Dial*, which is sent to all residents. As a rule, Svendsen devotes each issue of the *Sun Dial* to a single subject, and he showed me back issues that covered a previous Western Days, the various unusual objects that Sun Citians have in their yards (a stone well, a duplex birdhouse, an address sign made out of a snow shovel, a waterfall, a Northern Pacific railroad light, an aged plow), and Sun City's third-birthday celebration, an event that included the emergence of Mr. and Mrs. George C. Bayne, of Seattle—the first out-of-state residents of Sun City—from a papier-mâché birthday cake. Svendsen, I soon discovered, is easily the most popular person in Sun City. "Don't say a word against Jerry around here or you'll have a fight on your hands," Austin warned the visitors from North Carolina as he introduced Svendsen, and it is true that whenever Svendsen's name came up during my visit one of the ladies present was apt to say, "Oh, Jerry's our boy! We just love Jerry!"

I had an opportunity to see the general feeling for Svendsen on the Sunday I was in Sun City, when I accompanied him to the nine-thirty service at the United Church of Sun City. United Church, which is the largest of the town's churches, has twelve hundred and fifty members, and—a fact that is mentioned by statistic-minded Sun Citians more often than any other except the number of clubs in town—it embraces forty-six denominations, including, according to its minister, "a number of Missouri Synod Lutherans, some Catholics, and one Jewish family." (Sun City also has Catholic, Lutheran, and Jewish congregations.) I went to United Church mainly to see a welcoming ceremony that is held during an outdoor coffee hour between the first and second services. I had been told that new members, identified by black plastic name badges (these are provided for the occasion by the Valley National Bank), gather on a huge map of the United States that is painted on the patio, standing within the boundaries of their home states. They are then joined by the old members from their states and are welcomed to Sun City. Svendsen had come in from Phoenix because he wanted to take some

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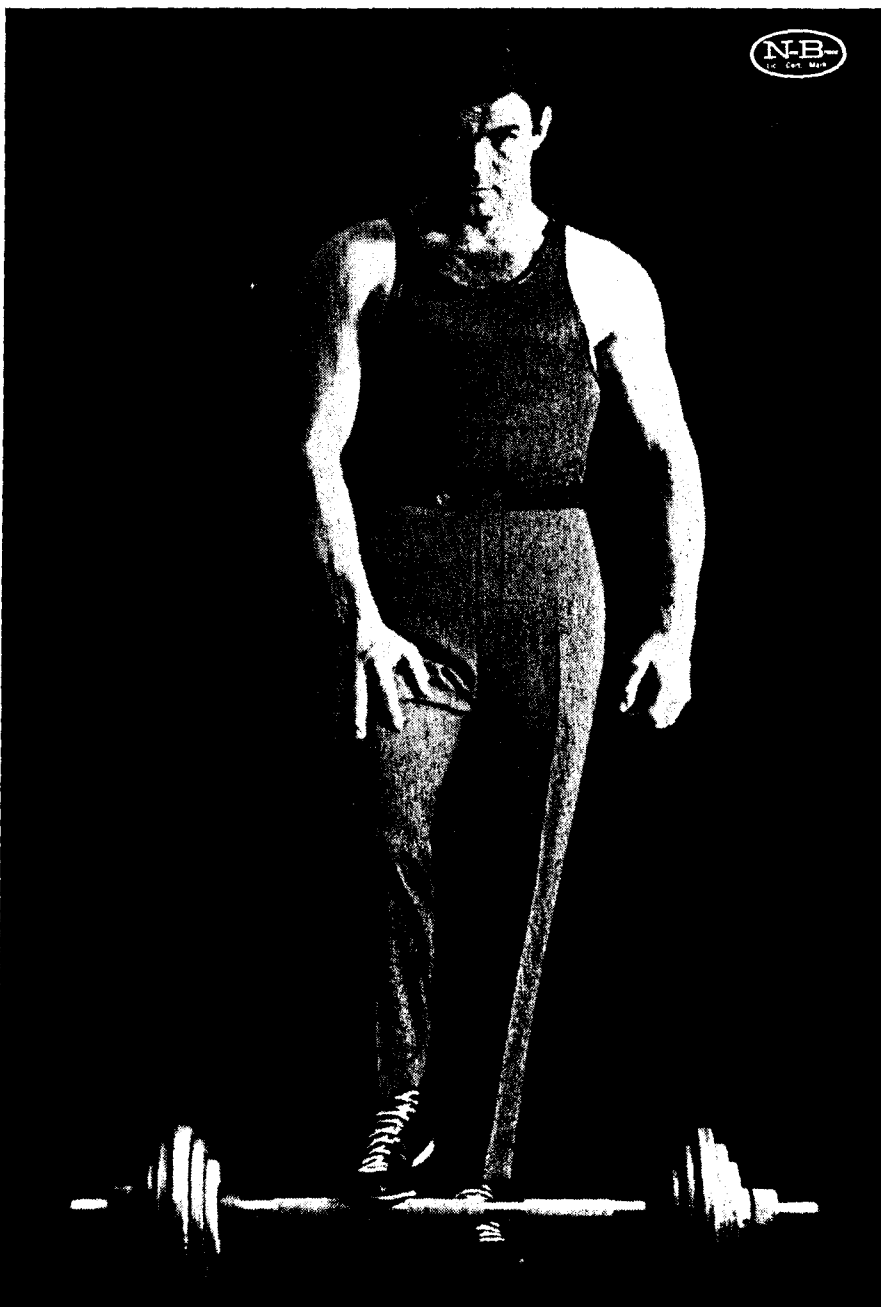
pictures, and for that reason I missed the traditional ceremony. The Reverend Walter W. Witt, minister of United Church, decided to have the map outlined by all the members instead—old and new members standing together on the national borders—because he believed that this arrangement would make the map show up better from the roof, where Svendsen was precariously balanced with a Speed Graphic camera. When the picture-taking was over, a dozen ladies gathered around the ladder to tell Svendsen how worried they had been about his being on the roof, and I saw him stopped by half a dozen more as he made his way across the patio to return the ladder.

Svendsen had told me that he was very active in the Phoenix Little Theatre, and later that afternoon it occurred to me to ask him what roles he had played.

"Well, you'll probably laugh," he said. "I've played Laertes in 'Hamlet' and Bruce in 'Come Back, Little Sheba.' Oh, yeah, and the Young Man in 'The American Dream.'"

HAVING assumed that the figure of ninety clubs, so often mentioned in news items about Sun City, was a reporter's exaggeration, I was surprised to learn that it is quite official. During the third-birthday celebration, a permanent sign was erected in Town Hall's Greek Theatre Patio—which also serves as the patio for the sales office—reading, "Del Webb's Sun City, Arizona. Where Active Retirement Originated. Population January 1, 1960: 0. Population January 1, 1963: 7,000. Total Clubs and Organizations: 90. Total States Represented: 50. Motel. Shopping Center. Medical Building. 2 Golf Courses." However, after a careful study of the club list, I could account for only seventy-seven clubs, some of them defunct. I mentioned this to Austin one day, and he seemed startled. He counted his way through the club list two or three times, then explained that some clubs were not listed, because an official club had to get its recognition from either Town Hall or the Community Center, both of which had minimum-membership requirements; that new clubs had been started since the list was published; and that defunct clubs were often reborn in the late fall, when many residents returned from summer trips. All in all, Austin said, the figure of ninety was probably low. After a few days, I came to agree with him. There are at least ninety clubs in Sun City.

Practically no activity is accom-



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plished without a club. People in Sun City do not merely play shuffleboard; they have a shuffleboard club—in fact, according to the club list, Town Hall has one shuffleboard club (the Town Hall Shuffleboard Club) and the Community Center has two (the Shuffleboard Club and the Women's Shuffleboard Club). Some clubs, such as the Men's Club, cut across Town Hall-Community Center lines, and some, such as the Lions and the American Legion, include members from Youngtown as well, but there are three bridge clubs at Town Hall (duplicate, evening, and ladies' afternoon) and three more at the Community Center (afternoon, evening, and men's). My conversion to Austin's estimate began when I took to reading the two weekly papers that serve Sun City, the Sun City-Youngtown *News-Sun* and the Sun City *Sun Citizen*. The issues on the stands during the first few days of my visit reported on meetings of the Wurlitzer Organ Club, the Order of the Eastern Star Past Matrons Club, the Travel Trailer Club, the Women of the Shepherd of the Desert Lutheran Church, the Rock Hounds, the Kiwanians, and the Lions; on elections by the Rotary Club and the Zeta Chapter of Phi Sigma Alpha; and on the Western Days activities of the Amateur Radio Club, the Democratic Club, and the Republican Club. The papers also announced entries for the Friends of the Library Bridge Marathon, plans for the Swim Club Luau, the results of the Bowling League Tournament, and an appeal for cyclists from the Pedal Pushers. And accounts were carried of trips made by the Camera Club, NEDA, and the Singles Club—which, I presently learned, is composed exclusively of women and is subdivided into six more clubs, for canasta, bridge, shuffleboard, book reviews, coffee and chat, and knitting.

Most clubs levy nominal dues, the money often being used to keep up equipment, and any surplus going toward the financing of coffee hours. Although anybody who is a paid-up member of either recreation center can use its facilities at any time—as long as he follows the rules established by the clubs concerned with the facilities he is using—Sun Citians stick extremely close to the schedules set by the clubs. The Town Hall bowling green is ordinarily deserted, but on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at one-forty-five it is filled to capacity with members of the Lawn Bowling Club. There are occasional unscheduled games of shuffleboard, but most shuffleboarding takes place when shuffleboard is listed on the

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calendar. People in Sun City seem either to participate in an activity in sufficient numbers to organize a club for it or not to participate in it at all; facilities that the Webb company has provided for croquet, horseshoes, and archery remain almost completely unused. Both the Town Hall and the Community Center calendars are choked with club activities, and one of the few community hassles I heard about occurred when the Variety Club, which proposed to present live revues at the Community Center on Saturday night from time to time, was accused of space-stealing by the Community Center's Saturday Night Dance Club.

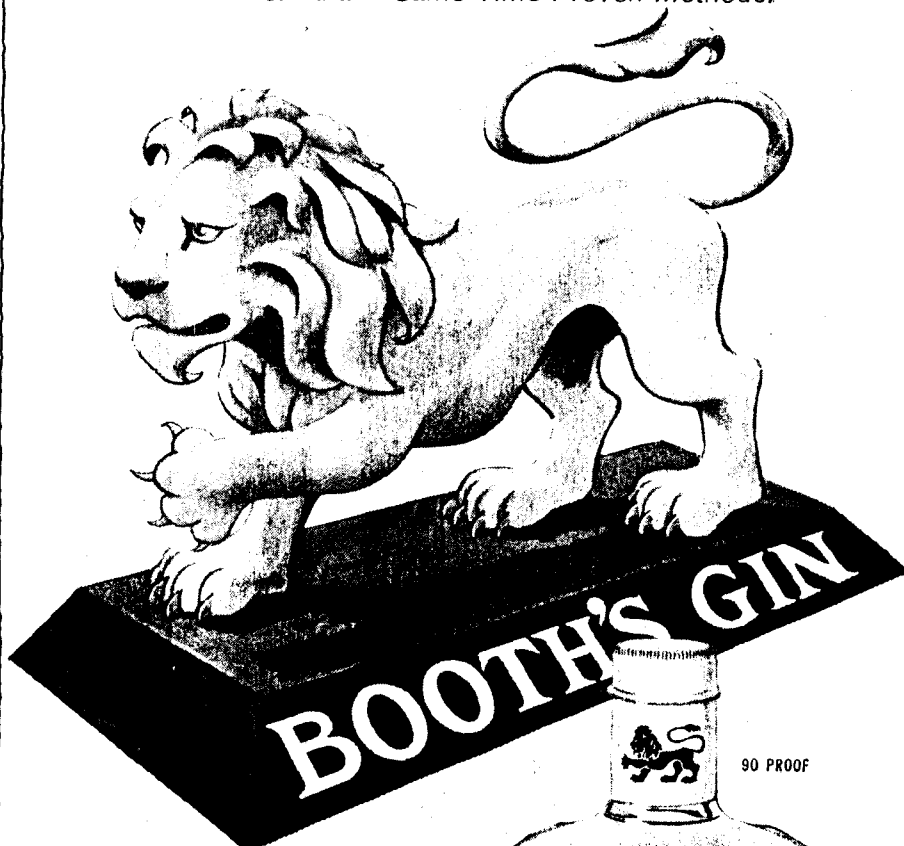
Despite the large crowds I saw not only at the Town Hall movies but at the Community Center bingo night and the women's rhythm and calisthenics clubs—and despite the absolutely phrenetic activity of many Sun Citians—I soon gathered that not all residents lead an Active New Way of Life. The Community Center has been in financial difficulties off and on ever since it was given to the people, simply because only about eleven hundred and thirty of the fifteen hundred units it serves choose to maintain their annual dues of thirty-six dollars. Having learned a lesson from the Community Center's troubles, Webb has required every buyer in the Town Hall district to sign a separate agreement in which he promises to pay dues to Town Hall. Already, however, enough of the buyers have reneged to prompt the Town Hall board, looking forward to the time when it will have to worry about making up the deficit, to suggest to Breen that the company sue those who refuse to pay—a suggestion he rejected. The two Sun City golf courses, which are run as public courses, with reduced rates for residents, do a good business, but most of it, according to their manager, comes from the one in ten residents who plays on a yearly rate. Many Sun Citians obviously *are* so busy that Jim Detrick has difficulty tracking them down for an advertising picture, but others seem to take little interest in the organized activities, describing them as "make-work" or "tiddlywinks," and instead tend to their own hobbies or their lawns. Some obviously do nothing—behaving no differently from the way they would behave in a town that did not have an Active New Way of Life, but, on the whole, satisfied with what they consider decent weather and a pretty good bargain in housing.

Although the Del Webb company constantly stresses the fact that in Sun City there is no pressure on anybody to

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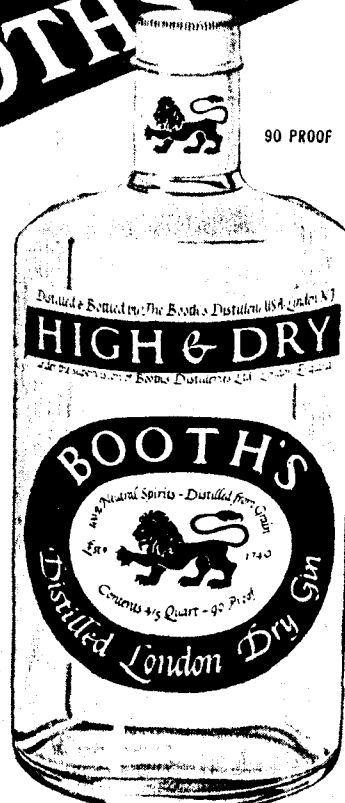
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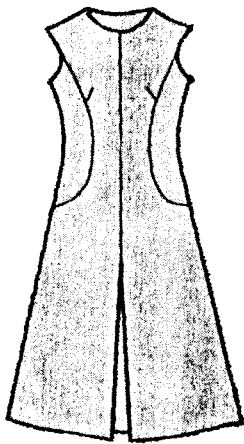


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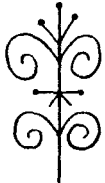
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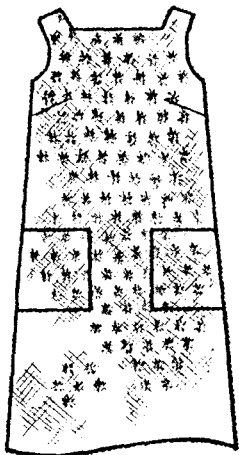
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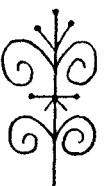
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do anything, its representatives and its advertisements seem to exaggerate slightly the activities that do go on—perhaps because the broad range of activities available may be more appealing to a prospective customer than it is to someone who has had it available for several months. Austin always seemed pained at my reports that on an afternoon stroll through Town Hall I found, say, no one in the lapidary room, no one in the art room, only three or four ladies in the sewing room, one table of poker in the men's clubroom, and just two men in the woodworking shop—one of them, apparently among the few residents who pay no attention to advertising, carefully putting the finishing touches on a rocking chair. Austin seemed so severely pained, in fact, that I soon changed my ways and brought back reports of having observed, say, four or five citizens digging away with genuine delight in the cooperative garden—which is situated next to the palm-tree nursery at the edge of town and is known as the Sun City Agricultural Center—or thirty couples spinning around merrily at the Wednesday dance of the Paws and Taws Square-Dance Club.

IN talking to the presidents of the Democratic and Republican Clubs, I was reminded again of how suddenly Sun City sprang from the cotton fields, for when I asked how the town had voted in the last Presidential election I was told that there were practically no voters in Sun City in November of 1960. Although registration continues to change too quickly to be a dependable guide to Sun City political views, it is generally agreed that there is a Republican—and conservative—dominance of about three to one. I mentioned this to Svendsen one day, and he said, "Yes, the people here are pretty conservative, and they're also extremely patriotic. You ought to see this place on the Fourth of July or Memorial Day. There's a flag on just about every house. Of course, that may be partly because everybody who moves in gets a free flag from the Key Inspector."

"Free flag?" I asked. "Key Inspector?"

The Key Inspector, Svendsen explained, does not inspect keys but meets each new homeowner to let him into his house—with a key, hence the title—and accompany him on an inspection of the

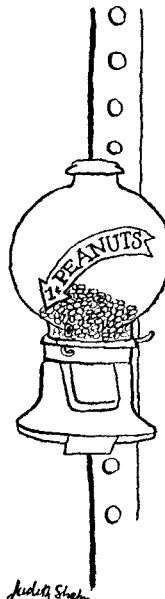
premises. I arranged to accompany the Key Inspector on one of his inspections, and when I met him the next morning, in front of the administration building, he turned out to be a rotund, voluble man in his early fifties named Les Parry, who was dressed in a sports shirt, Western-cut khaki pants, a tooled-leather belt with his initials on the buckle, and cowboy boots. He was carrying a folder that showed our appointment to be at the house of Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Schroeder, of Pearl River, New York, and he handed me a copy of a letter that had been sent to the Schroeders notifying them that "O Day (Occupancy Day) is nearing" and that they should therefore arrange an appointment with the Key Inspector. "I was the first Key Inspector in the world, as far as I know," Parry said on the way over.

I told him I knew of no others.

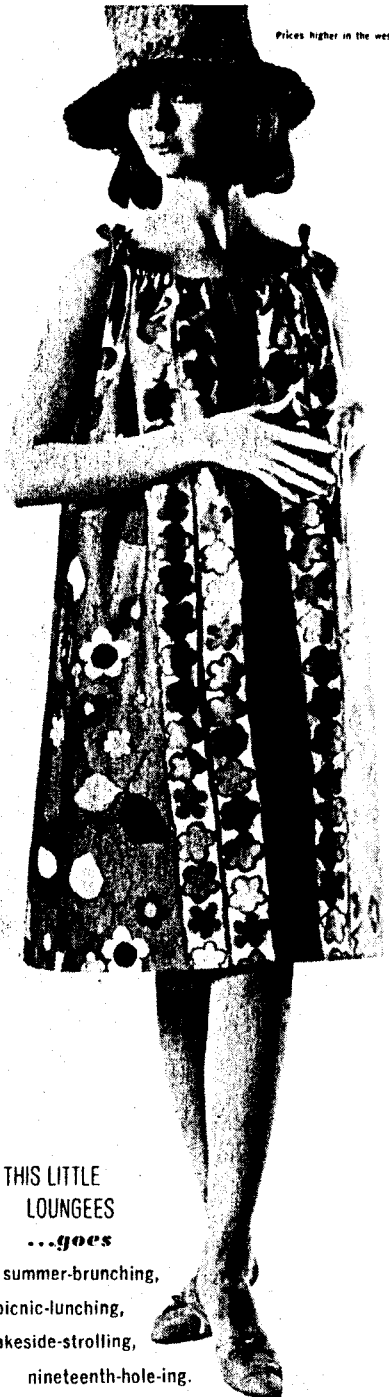
"Of course, I've trained others, at the other Sun Cities," he observed, and went on, "You know, I'm a retired mechanical engineer myself, but I love this job. I love to help people. You wait and see. A lot of times these people are grouchy when they get to a new house, wondering if maybe they shouldn't have moved after all. But when I get through, they know what a bargain they have, and they're happy. I love to make people happy."

Sun City has houses of thirty-six different models. The first brochure listed the Meadowgrove, the Montaire, the Kentworth, the Bridgeford, the Montecello, the Monterey, the Brookside, the Cambridge, the Coronado, the Westwood, the Yorktown, the Sierra, the Hawthorn, the Pickford, and the Brentwood; the latest brochure, reflecting some design changes, lists what appear to be essentially the same houses, now

called the Ranchero, the Sussex, the Cumberland, the Hathaway, the Jefferson, the Dover, the Windsor, the Mountjoy, the Arcadian, the Churchill, the Dorchester, the Trianon, the Melanie, the Virginian, the Rutledge, the Geneva, the Maxwell, and the Heatherbrae. The distinctions among them could easily escape the layman's eye, but, according to Parry's folder, the Schroeders' house was a Dorchester. As we pulled up in front of it, both Dr. and Mrs. Schroeder looked as hostile as Parry had suggested that they might be. They were walking around the dirt



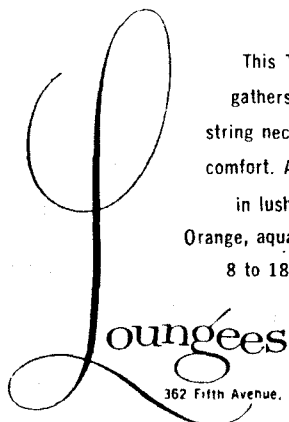
Judith Shahn



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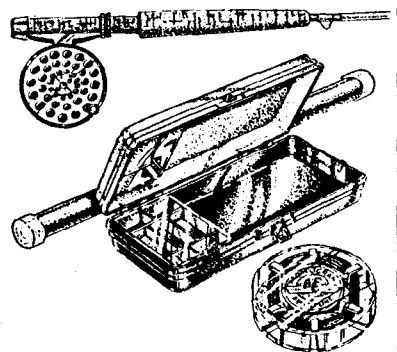
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yard, leaning over to peer in at a front window occasionally, and looking, all in all, like people who were wondering why they couldn't just let themselves into their own house. Parry hopped out of his sports car, introduced himself cheerfully, and immediately started his tour. He began right at the door, with a quick but impressive demonstration of the plastic door seal that keeps out the dust, and then he moved on to the large hall closets, running his hand along the woodwork, testing the lights—all the while maintaining a smooth flow of conversation. It soon became apparent that Parry had that gift of combining explanation and demonstration which is ordinarily found only in those who sell kitchen appliances at state fairs. While he was talking—"Oh, here's a beauty, Mrs. Schroeder, here's something you're going to love," or "Here, I'll put one hundred pounds of pressure on this soap holder, Doctor; notice I'm letting the water run to test the drain"—he moved around expertly, flipping the complicated controls of the shower like a veteran airlines pilot, popping window screens in and out to show how light they were and how easily they handled, and, after a polite warning to Mrs. Schroeder, smashing his hand against the Plexiglas shower door to prove that it could not break. By the time we reached the kitchen, the Schroeders seemed to be feeling almost at home.

Although some builders of retirement communities have gone so far in the direction of special features for old people as to offer medicine cabinets labelled "His" and "Hers," the Webb company has always underplayed that aspect of its houses. "The light switches are down to wheelchair level, and the lavatories are high—too high for a family with kids—and the electrical outlets are higher than usual, sure," Breen had told me. "But we don't merchandise it; we feel that would be a poor treatment of this market, a little bit offensive." Parry managed to demonstrate these features without seeming to. He jumped up and down on the seat in the shower as if every shower had a seat, he pointed out the raised electrical outlets with a casual wave, and, after demonstrating from inside the bathroom how to lock the door by pressing the button in the knob, he showed from the outside how to open a locked bathroom door with an icpick or a nail—"in case somebody locks himself in by mistake." We were in the kitchen before I realized that nobody could lock himself in the bathroom by mistake—all he would have to do is turn the doorknob—and that what Parry was really saying was

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"in case somebody has a heart attack in the bathroom by mistake."

"Yes, sir, this is some place," Parry said as we stood in the driveway with the Schroeders, who seemed in a convivial mood after an hour of the Key Inspector's chatter. "This is Tom Breen's baby, you know. He's a young man, just thirty-nine, and he used to be a movie actor. In fact, he was the first person to kiss Elizabeth Taylor in the movies." Parry paused, then added, "But not the last."

"I was going to say that," Mrs. Schroeder said, looking a bit disappointed for the first time since Parry had demonstrated how to set the automatic electric oven.

The Key Inspector turned to the wood facing on the garage and promised to report some splintered boards, so they would be fixed right away. Then we returned to the living room—which, like the rest of the house, was bare of furniture, since the Schroeders were still living at the Kings Inn—where Parry asked Dr. Schroeder to sign two or three papers, handed him a slip that was good for sixty-five dollars' worth of credit at Norman's Nursery, and said, "Now, if you'll just wait one moment, I'll go out and put up your bracket." The Schroeders looked puzzled.

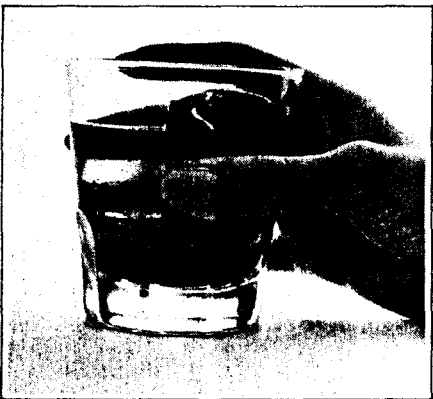
Parry returned within two or three minutes, carrying a long box, and said, "The flag bracket is up on the post right next to the garage. And here is your three-by-five-foot, fifty-star American flag, with a six-foot jointed flagpole. The Women's Club was wondering why more flags weren't out on patriotic occasions. Del Webb heard about it, and now he gives a new flag with every new house. That's the kind of man he is."

ALTHOUGH Parry told the Schroeders several times that he was not allowed to recommend merchants—except Norman's Nursery, which has a landscaping contract with the Del Webb company—the logical place for Sun City residents to trade is the Sun City Shopping Center, situated across the street from Del Webb's Kings Inn and including the normal range of retail businesses, from a supermarket to a restaurant called Memory Lane. The merchandise differs little from what is to be found in the shopping center of any real-estate development, although the pharmacy does seem particularly well stocked and the variety store has an unusually large selection of hobby books, twenty-two crossword-puzzle magazines, a large number of model-



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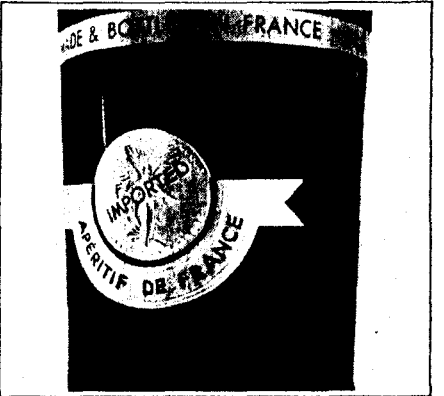
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shining beach. Your own ocean front cottage with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a regal manner overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. The one thing about Gurney's Inn is that they make everyone feel like a king. Modified American Plan: May 1st through the end of October - Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan...brochure and tariff schedule on request write Dept. NY2

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car kits, and eight types of paint-by-number sets. I happened to make my first visit to the supermarket on Wednesday, which is Double Gold Bond Stamp Day—a bargain that is apparently meant to counter the competition from Security Stamps at the Youngtown supermarket, and that, according to the manager, accounts for a sixty-per-cent increase in business on Wednesdays. Sure enough, there was a large crowd, composed mostly of couples doing what appeared to be the week's shopping together. A few of them paused near the door to read advertisements posted on a bulletin board—mostly of houses for sale, plus such items as a golf cart, an oversized bicycle, and two tropical-fish tanks. Above each checkout counter was a sign that read, "Free—One Half-Gallon of Lucerne Ice Cream If Checker Fails to Call Price and Special." The checkers, all young women, all wearing tags with their first names printed on them, and all militantly friendly, greeted each customer cheerfully, and carefully called out the price of each item as they rang it up on the cash register, the result being a strange chorus of numbers chanted up and down the front of the store. I noticed that on the top of each cash-register drawer, where the checker could see it as she deposited money, there was a sign that said, "We Smile and Speak to Every Customer." One of the chief complaints recorded in the opinion survey of Sun City had been rudeness on the part of the supermarket employees.

After a return visit to the shopping center on Saturday, I was able to report to Austin that I had seen the largest crowd of Sun Citians since my arrival. About three hundred of them gathered in the shopping-center parking lot at eleven o'clock that morning to witness the drawing for the Sun City Merchants Sweepstakes, which awards a fifty-dollar book of script—"good for any service, including your doctor and dentist bills, in Sun City"—to each of three citizens whose names are drawn from among slips submitted at the shopping center during the week and who are present for the drawing. Just before the drawing, I passed another milestone. After five days in Sun City, I saw a child. He was a boy of about three, sitting in a grocery cart in the supermarket, and he said "Hi!" as I passed.

CHILDREN do visit Sun City, but, I was told, the average visit is rather short. The viewpoint of just about every Sun Citian I spoke with about

Shall we Danskin?

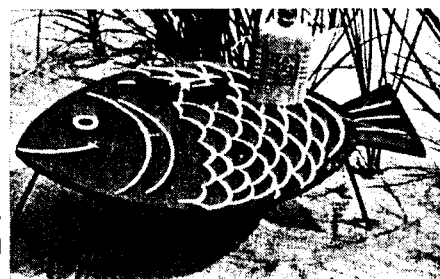


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children seemed to be composed of quotations from the Del E. Webb market research—statements like “I raised my kids, but I don’t feel like raising anybody else’s” and “When you’re my age, you lose some of your patience with children; I’m happy to see my grandchildren, but after a couple of days I’m happy to see them leave.” Although there are naturally no schools in Sun City, the residents pay a small school tax in the Peoria School District, and late in 1962 they were surprised to hear themselves called “selfish old people” by Peoria and Phoenix community leaders, owing to their having voted as a bloc to defeat a school bond issue that many of them thought was extravagant. Sun City leaders claim that most Sun Citians are quite willing to help support nearby public schools—pointing out that when a reduced bond issue was offered it passed overwhelmingly in Sun City—but that they are unanimously opposed to having resident children, who might run through their flower beds or (even more of a threat) scatter the gravel of their rock lawns. I was told that the young manager of an air-conditioning company, with his wife and three children, had moved to Sun City—buying a house second-hand—to be available for service calls, and had been forced to leave by the public uproar that followed the first stop of the Peoria School District bus in front of his door.

Some people in Sun City mentioned the fact that there are many children in town during the summer, but nobody spoke of that season with nostalgia. One summer, several residents told me, the swimming pools had just about been taken over by young people home from college and grandchildren making summer visits. The Community Center quickly made a rule barring children under sixteen from the pool except between twelve and two in the afternoon. Town Hall permits children in the pool between eleven and two but considers anybody under twenty-five in that category; the rest of the time, it posts monitors from the Swim Club to make certain all bathers are of age. Noon is not a pleasant time of day in Arizona during the summer, and, in view of this restriction, the lack of facilities for young people, and the general atmosphere, it seemed to me that children might be just as happy to leave Sun City in a day or two as their grandparents were to see them go.

After my confrontation with the little boy in the supermarket, I became more aware of the absence of children

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in Sun City—even stealing an occasional glance at the shallow end of the pool as I walked through the Town Hall patios, or waiting for an approaching bicycle, which always turned out to be operated by a Pedal Pusher well above house-purchasing age. I also became more aware of the quiet of the Sun City streets. Perhaps because of the lack of children—and the lack of their followers, such as ice-cream trucks and dogs without leashes—the streets of Sun City, even when they were not totally deserted, as they had been on the day of my arrival, had an absence of sound that was not merely the quiet of a residential district but almost total silence. As I drove through the winding streets—many of them named for golf courses or players, such as Pebble Beach Drive, St. Andrews Drive, Oakmont Drive, Palmer Drive, Snead Circle, Crosby Drive, and Hope Drive—my reflections often centered on just how much noise would be made in Sun City by shooting buckshot pellets at a policeman. Disturbing in Phoenix, it would be almost deafening in Sun City. Even if holding six policemen at bay would not necessarily cause more gunfire—though being held at bay on a rock lawn during a hot afternoon would tempt the trigger finger of the most patient policeman—merely the shouting involved in such an operation would account for more noise than I heard on Sun City's streets in ten days.

It also occurred to me that the shooting of a policeman would indicate a degree of hostility almost unheard of in a town that vigorously avoids irritation, differences of opinion, and, in fact, differences of all kinds—a town in which the largest church embraces forty-six denominations. The normal way for clubs to elect officers in Sun City is by unanimously accepting the recommendations of a nominating committee, and bitter ideological disputes between Democrats and Republicans are, I was assured by both, rare. "The Republicans did get all excited about Katanga one time," a resident told me. "And they passed a resolution by a hundred per cent that we should not aid the U.N. in Katanga and that the U.N. should get out. The next week, the Democrats passed a resolution that we *should* help the U.N. operation in Katanga and that the U.N. should stay. That was a hundred per cent, too. Everything is unanimous here." Most Sun City residents stressed the fact that the disagreements that have cropped up have been unimportant, and said they were proud that the Sun City vote on local issues has tended to be a bloc vote in one direction or the other.

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It is also a matter of pride in Sun City that its citizens are all on an equal footing. This begins with a certain architectural egalitarianism (for how many people, after all, can tell a Hathaway from a Heatherbrae or a Jefferson from a Montecello?) and is abetted by the absence of identification by profession. Many Sun Citians told me that the past rarely comes up in conversation, and though one, a woman, told me that it comes up constantly, she added that the speaker is usually far enough from home to be sure that his assessment of his accomplishments will stand as the final version. The third-most-quoted statistic in Sun City is that several millionaires live there among their fellows and "nobody knows the difference." Sun City abounds with stories of retired generals playing golf with retired sergeants, of retired industrialists happily sharing potluck with retired factory workers. Among the residents I met were former city employees, military officers, shopkeepers, salesmen, telephone-company employees, pharmacists, and railroad men, and they all said they lived in peace and harmony with retired board chairmen and retired factory hands.

One of the advertisements in the series Detrick had shown me depicted a couple on a two-seater bicycle, under the headline "The Joneses' New 'Status Symbol'"—a representation, says the copy, of the absence of more serious status symbols in Sun City. Actually, of course, there are more varieties of automobiles than of bicycles in Sun City, and there are other status symbols, too. Lots abutting on one of the golf courses are priced higher than the other lots—twelve hundred and fifty dollars higher when Sun City opened and twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars higher according to the latest brochure—so anybody who has one obviously has enough money to spend a good sum for the luxury of a pleasant back-yard view. More important, some people can afford to travel in the summer, when Sun City is too sunny for most tastes, and some who cannot occasionally have a few slighting words to say about people who "use Sun City as a winter resort." There is a lingering social distinction between members of the Community Center and members of Town Hall, since Town Hall not only is more luxurious than the Community Center but also does not reciprocate the Community Center policy of keeping its events open to members of both. Moreover, since the Town Hall district, being more recent, has somewhat more expensive houses than those in the Community



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Center district, many people believe the former to have somewhat wealthier residents. The Webb company, however, claims that its studies do not bear this out. In any event, Sun City does not have the differences of wealth and position found in a normal community, and the residents do tend to disregard those differences that exist. The Community Center and Town Hall facilities are themselves of egalitarian bent, being essentially country clubs open to anybody who is able to buy a house in the neighborhood, and if there has ever been an instance of a shuffleboard player's being kept out of a shuffleboard club or a Kansan's being rejected by the Kansas Club, it is unrecorded.

People in Sun City seem to do most of their entertaining at home. Neither the Community Center nor Town Hall has a bar—a decision of the people, which, according to Austin, reflected "the fear that one guy will get potted and upset the whole damn applecart"—and I rarely saw a large crowd in the only public bar in town, this being in Del Webb's Kings Inn, where the bartender's favorite joke is to remark to an elderly male customer, "Yeah, yeah, I know—you got in here on your wife's age." Weekends are observed as strictly as they are in any community where most people have to work between Monday and Friday; the activity calendars of Town Hall and the Community Center suddenly become blank on Saturday and Sunday except for the Saturday-night dances.

I attended the dance in Town Hall one Saturday night, and was greeted at the door of the auditorium by Mrs. Randy Waites, a pert, friendly, gray-haired lady I had seen giving mambo lessons in the same room the evening before. Mrs. Waites, who wore a red ribbon that said "Hostess" on it and a red rose pinned over that, explained that she and her husband ran both the dancing class and the Saturday-night dance for Town Hall. Mr. Waites was standing near a phonograph in front of the auditorium stage, holding a microphone in one hand and snapping the fingers of the other in time with waltz music coming over the loudspeaker. About thirty couples were already on the floor, and a dozen more were sitting in the back of the room, watching them. "Oh, my, don't you look nice in your red!" Mrs. Waites said to an elderly lady who had just come through the door. "Why, hello! How are you tonight?" she continued, turning to the lady's husband. Many of the people arrived wearing the black plastic name badges available at the United Church. On the way to the



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dance floor, each of the men, most of whom were dressed in suits, dropped a dollar bill into a glass jar standing on a card table near the entrance.

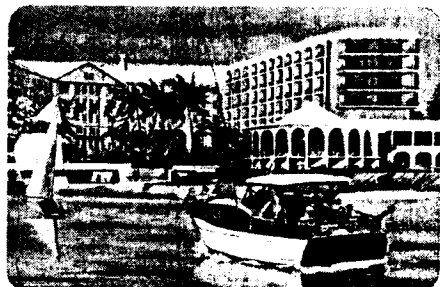
"Come on and join the fun—it's mambo time," Mr. Waites said into the microphone as the waltz ended and he changed the record. "This is the only senior-citizen place in the world that does Latin dancing." The music started, and most of the couples remained on the floor. "Let's do it correctly, now," Waites said. "ONE-two-three, ONE-two-three. . . . Get that hand on the hip, hand on the hip. . . . It's mambo time." Waites kept up the music steadily—switching from a fox trot to "a little black boogie by Jimmy Dean" and then to something called the Suzy mixer, a round dance—and the crowd on the floor gradually grew to forty or fifty couples.

During the evening, I was joined by Landon Atkins, a relatively youthful-looking man from St. Louis, who introduced himself as the new president of the Dance Club. "I've never seen a group that dances as well as this one," Atkins said proudly. "Go to any country club and you wouldn't see dancing like this—all these people dancing properly. Did you notice on the cha-cha how many people remained on the floor? You wouldn't see that in New York or San Francisco. Two-thirds of the people are on the floor for the mambo. We have quite a mambo class here, and we'll be doing the bossa nova soon."

As Atkins talked, he waved a hand proudly at the crowded dance floor, where a fast fox trot was in progress. Waites was snapping his fingers and saying, "I'd like to see a little firmer handclasp, a little firmer handclasp. That's it. Click-click-slow, click-click-slow. . . . How about a cha-cha? We haven't had a cha-cha in a long time."

Atkins described a Roarin' Twenties dance that had been held by the Dance Club a few weeks before and had drawn more than three hundred people, most of them in costume, and he told me that Hi Neighbor Night had been attended by as many as sixty-two newcomers. Suddenly, as Atkins was telling me about the club's holiday dances, the music coming over the loudspeaker was interrupted by a blast from a police whistle. Atkins didn't seem to notice it. Waites, having called a mixer dance, was using the whistle to signal that it was time to change partners, and Atkins calmly went on talking about Sun City. "Y'know, a lot of wisecracks are made about Sun City," he said. "A guy was saying the other day, 'I retired and I didn't have anything to do and

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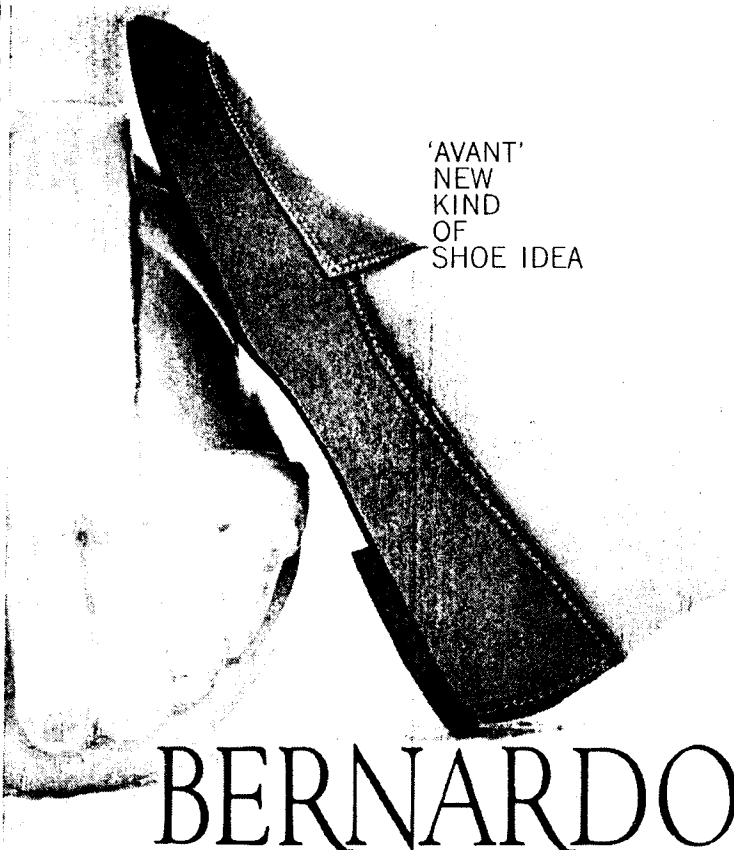
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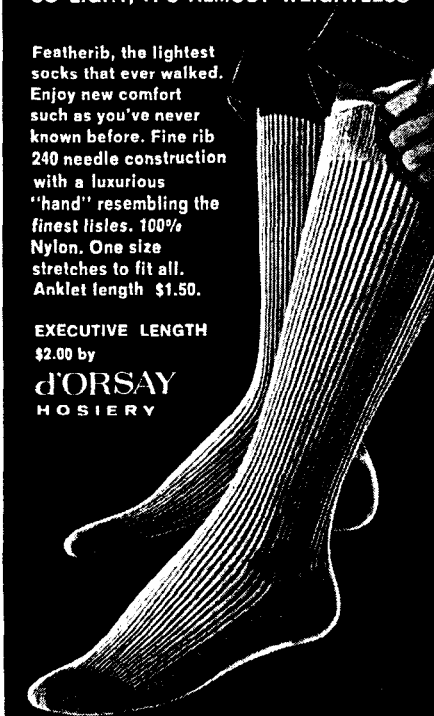
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nobody to help me do it, and it was pretty boring. Then I came to Sun City. Now I don't have anything to do, but I have over seven thousand people to help me do it. We really *are* busy, though. When we were setting up clubs here at Town Hall, I had a meeting at least once a day for twenty-six straight days."

A short business meeting was to be held after the dance, Atkins said, and presently he excused himself so that he could give the announcement to Waites, who was saying, "How many of you here remember the 'Jingle Bell Rock'?" I turned to talk with a man whose name badge proclaimed him to be Joe Browe, and who promptly proclaimed himself to be president of the Town Hall Swim Club.

"Nowhere else in the country can people our age put on a dance like this," Browe said. "This is a very active place. You're really so busy you have to schedule things. Why, this Town Hall is so busy that a while back the Men's Club put on a bingo night for the Sunshine Committee—the committee that helps out people who are sick, and all—and it was so successful that they wanted us to put on another one, and, do you know, there wasn't a free night to be had."

"Why didn't you cancel Tuesday-night bridge?" I asked.

Browe looked puzzled. He explained that each club was particular about using the Town Hall facilities during whatever period they had been reserved for.

A short intermission for punch and cookies followed the "Jingle Bell Rock"—which Mr. Waites had led the dancers through several times—and not long after that Mr. Waites was saying, "Get the girl you bring for our good-night theme song."

After the last dance, a card table and four chairs were set up on the dance floor for the Dance Club officers, and fifty or sixty people stayed for the business meeting. The secretary read the minutes of the club's last meeting and of the last meeting of the club's board of directors. Old business consisted of a short discussion of the record-player microphone, which was apparently fragile, and the reading of a letter from the former president of the club to Tom Austin, thanking him for his cooperation during the past year. When the meeting turned to new business, the outgoing president suggested that the club make a ten-dollar donation to a Town Hall decoration fund. At Atkins' suggestion, the amount was raised to fifteen dollars.

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The motion passed unanimously. In ten or fifteen minutes, all the business had been settled and Atkins was able to adjourn the meeting.

It was ten-thirty, and I decided to see how much of the Saturday-night dance crowd was finishing off the evening at the bar of Del Webb's Kings Inn. When I arrived, I discovered that the bar had closed half an hour before.

WHEN I left the Town Hall dance, briefly, to look in on the Community Center dance, I noticed that the people appeared older, as a group, than those at Town Hall. Since so many Sun City residents moved in more or less at once—and at about the same age—the average age of the whole population is increasing, and the community is gradually facing more problems of the less active aged. The United Church has already raised a considerable sum from residents to build a nursing home, and during my visit the Webb company, which seems very much aware of the problem, completed negotiations with a group of doctors who are planning to build a private hospital in Sun City to supplement the hospitals now available in Glendale and Phoenix.

There are two resident doctors practicing in the Sun City medical building, and six specialists who maintain offices in Phoenix visit the community one or two days a week. I asked one of the general practitioners, Dr. Robert Stump, a man in his sixties who had moved out to Sun City from Phoenix, how his current practice differed from his practice there.

"Well, here it's sixty-five per cent cardiovascular," said the Doctor, who, like most of the male patients in his waiting room, was wearing a sports shirt and a bolo tie. "When you get a house call, you grab your hat and get out there before they're dead. I almost couldn't get used to the number of deaths here. I sign more death certificates in a week than I would in a month in Phoenix. I almost didn't stick it out; it got kind of depressing—so many people coming here and you knew they didn't have more than a few months to live. I'm more used to it now. There's not really much hypochondria. People stay active, and the weather's good. The problem is when a couple comes and then one of them dies; that's why the nursing home is needed. A lot of men used to come out here and kill themselves off right away mowing the lawn. Now there are a lot of rock lawns. They're expensive, but I guess they're a good thing."

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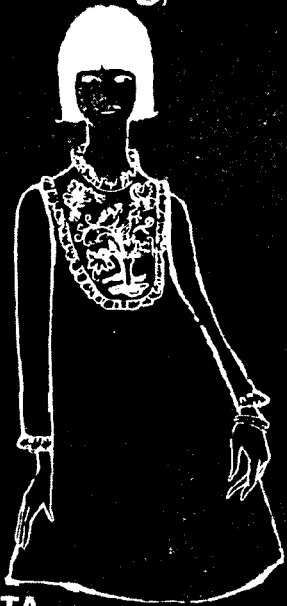
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to those residents who have some reason to keep track of the population, most of the women who have become widows in Sun City have remained there. Some people believe that this accounts for a rather curious fact about Sun City—the fact that there is so much interest in acquiring driver's licenses that the county has been sending an inspector to give tests at Town Hall twice a week. "In our age bracket, a lot of women never learned how to drive, so a lot of widows are left high and dry with a Cadillac car and nobody to drive it," Louis Inwood told me when he was explaining the need for a bus system. Some widows find husbands in Sun City; according to the estimate of the Reverend Walter Witt, there have been about thirty marriages since the town started.

During my ten days in Sun City, I was constantly reminded of the presence of sickness and death. Officers of the Democratic Club blamed a slowdown of the club's activities on the illness of a particularly active and valuable member; a man in the Sun City Agricultural Center who couldn't remember the name of a lady whose vegetable garden he admired identified her to a friend by referring to the crippling illness of her husband; several of the Pedal Pushers I talked with mentioned their heart condition as a reason for the daily exercise of a bicycle ride; a man in the office of the Community Center who was explaining the fluctuation in its membership reminded me, "We average five deaths a week here, you know;" a Sun City hostess explained the town's activity with a statement I had heard several times since I arrived—"We know we're at the end of the line, and we're going to have fun while we're here." The Catholic priest has planned his confessional to accommodate a wheelchair, and Witt has trained his ushers to move a stricken person from the church with the most speed and the least disturbance by carrying him out on the chair he is sitting in. The churches always keep oxygen on the premises.

Although such precautions are accomplished with discretion, there is practically no way to carry on a conversation that concerns Sun City residents without mentioning somebody's illness or somebody's death. The connection between illness and death is emphasized by the fact that the ambulance service in Sun City is run by Lundberg's Mortuary, which also operates Lundberg's Golden Door Chapel ("Where Service Is Measured by the Golden Rule"), in Youngtown. The subject of death seems to be avoided only through an avoidance

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of the word itself. "Nobody dies in Sun City," I was told by one of the few ladies I met who found some humor in the town's customs. "People just pass away."

Although Del E. Webb executives are fond of mentioning an actuarial study of Sun City that showed its residents to have a life expectancy three years longer than other Americans in their age group, the company has faced the fact of its customers' mortality. Next to a dirt road across the highway from the main entrance to Sun City, a small sign—much smaller than one announcing that Lake Pleasant is twenty miles down the same road—points toward Sunland Memorial Park, a cemetery that, according to Breen, was established by Del Webb as a service, because many residents became so attached to Sun City that they said they would rather be buried there than in their home towns. Now that the service has been provided, Webb has two salesmen calling on Sun Citians to sell them plots. I drove over to Sunland Memorial Park one morning. The dirt road cuts straight through a vast cotton field for a mile and a half, and arrives, suddenly, at a carefully manicured cemetery, with the latest memorial-park designs in statuary, palm groves, flower beds, fountains, mausoleums, and, in place of tombstones, metal plates with flower vases set into them. While I was there, I met the Webb executive in charge of Sunland, a man named Dick Dotson, who told me that all this had been carved out of the surrounding cotton fields only four months earlier. When I complimented him on having achieved such abundant flowers and well-kept lawns in so short a time, he said, "Yes, it's a lovely place. We want to provide every service, and this is not just a cemetery but the finest—up to Del E. Webb standards."

I asked Dotson about competition from Eternal Valley Memorial Park, a new cemetery a mile and a half down the highway from Sun City, which seemed to be doing a good deal of advertising.

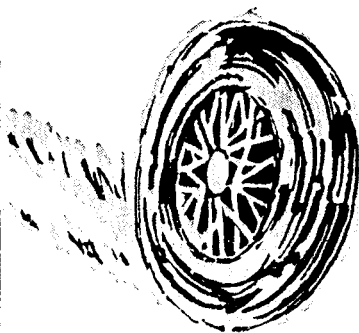
"They started three months before we did," Dotson said. "We were a hundred dollars cheaper at the start, but then they lowered their prices to fifty dollars cheaper than ours. They haven't been much competition, though. The people here are loyal to Webb."

About the only aspect of Sunland that was not up to Webb standards was the dirt road, but I was later told that the company had been doing its best to get that paved, offering to share the expense with the county. Meanwhile, a Webb

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SUN CITIANS take pride in the fact that they themselves are coping with many of the problems stemming from the high proportion of residents of advanced age. The principal philanthropic project in Sun City—in fact, about the only philanthropic project on a significant scale—is the Sunshine Committee, which is composed of three hundred volunteers, mostly women, and is headed by a nominally retired but apparently indefatigable Methodist minister named E. Duane Thistlethwaite. Soon after my arrival in Sun City, I called on Thistlethwaite, who lives in a cooperative apartment not far from Del Webb's Kings Inn. There were two cards on the door, one reading, "E. Duane Thistlethwaite, Retired Methodist Minister," and the other, "Duane and Fern." Thistlethwaite, a tall, angular, agile man of seventy-two, met me at the door and motioned me to a comfortable-looking overstuffed chair with antimacassars on the arms. The Thistlethwaites, like other Sun City residents whose homes I visited, had retained some old-fashioned furniture, which at first seemed incongruous against the pale painted cinder-block walls of a Sun City living room.

"The Sunshine Committee is an organization that I expect is different from any you've ever heard of," Thistlethwaite said. "It was first set up to help people who couldn't pay their dues to the Community Center, so they could belong. But they didn't want that; they preferred to make their own money, if they could get jobs, so we looked around and saw to it that they got jobs from others. For instance, one lady's husband had hardening of the arteries and she needed somebody to take him out and wheel him, so one man did that. I don't handle that part of the committee's work any more. We divided it up last spring, and now I just take care of the sickroom equipment and visiting and that sort of thing. I'm still pretty busy. I visited four hospitals yesterday to see people; I knew about half of them before I went."

We were interrupted by the doorbell, and a man came in who wanted to trade a pair of crutches for a cane. Thistlethwaite picked out a cane for him, had him sign a card, and saw him to the door.

"This happens all the time," he continued when he had rejoined me in the living room. "We have six or eight canes, ten walkers, fifteen or twenty

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Thistlethwaite showed me a sample of a card that is given to each new resident, to enable him to summon the aid of the Sunshine Committee. It was a piece of white cardboard about the size of a windowpane, and pasted on one side was a large "X" made with the bright-orange tape that some people use on their automobile bumpers to catch the beam of headlights. On the other side was a series of instructions, beginning, "This is your emergency card. Put it in the window if you need help." After listing the numbers to call for an ambulance, a resuscitator, and the Fire Department, the instructions concluded, "It is advisable for someone in your neighborhood to have a key to your home and know whom to call if something should happen to you. Your neighborhood Chairman checks, or has someone check, on you most every day, to make sure you are seen. So please don't go away without telling a neighbor, for they will wonder what happened to you."

I asked Thistlethwaite if the cards were used often.

"Oh, they have been," he said. "Some people here don't have phones—especially widows. Phones are expensive here. You'd be surprised how neighbors take care of each other. We had a funny thing happen at Western Days. A lot of the activities had booths, and we had one with hospital beds and wheelchairs and things, and we handed out these cards. One lady walked off carrying hers with the 'X' out, and two



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or three people came up to her and asked her if she needed anything."

Thistlethwaite smiled, and went on, "We also take flowers to the homes of those who die. We don't give flowers to the dead; ours are for the living. Also, each district chairman has a car pool to help people who have to go to the hospital and don't have a car. And we sometimes lend money to people—widows whose money is tied up, say. We never charge for anything; we get donations from individuals and clubs. We *have* had some trouble organizing in new sections when people first moved in. Del Webb's idea is that they're going to come out and have a good time. But people aren't satisfied just to have a good time. For three to six months, we can't seem to get organized in a new section. Then people realize that they have to do something to help others. If you can't do something for somebody else, you're not going to be too happy. I think we're made that way."

I WAS surprised to discover how many people in Sun City *were* satisfied just to have a good time. Outside of the Sunshine Committee—which is, after all, for the residents themselves and is frankly viewed by many of those who contribute to it as a form of self-protection—little time seems to be spent on good works. The churches have charitable activities of one kind or another, but they involve only a small proportion of the members, and total church membership in Sun City, despite the impressive statistics of United Church, accounts for less than a third of the population. The best-known project for helping people outside Sun City is run by the Stitch and Knit Club, Town Hall's sewing group, which outfits Peoria schoolchildren in what is called the Dress a Living Doll Program. In general, the residents of Sun City seem to spend not more but less time on charitable projects than the residents of towns in which most people have regular jobs. About a mile past Sun City there is a wretched, impoverished village called El Mirage. Populated by Mexican farm laborers, many of whom cannot speak English and cannot afford the barest minimum in sanitation or other amenities, El Mirage is all slum. There is a clinic there, and a few Sun Citians work in it, and a few others work in the village teaching English. But from everything that has been written about the need of retired people to do constructive work one might have predicted that seventy-five hundred retired people living one mile from an iso-

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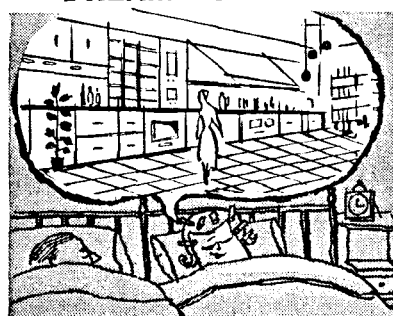
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lated slum would set records for wholesale rehabilitation. When I mentioned this to Tom Austin, he told me about the Dress a Living Doll Program and the Sunshine Committee, and added, "People say, 'They have plenty of time for charity work, because they're retired.' Well, here they haven't. They're spread pretty thin."

The lack of interest in projects that are normally considered constructive seems to extend to anything intellectually strenuous. Among the goings on in Sun City there are no lectures or adult-education courses—not even a Spanish course, which might be considered utilitarian rather than intellectual, since the Mexican border is only two or three hours away by car. I was told that the Women's Club had once sponsored a concert by Thomas L. Thomas, who now lives in Arizona, and that the Sun City Players had produced the opera "Martha" the previous year, but I gathered that it was rare for any of the clubs to organize cultural events. A Del E. Webb employee told me that the company had once brought a Spanish dancer to Sun City but that she performed before fifteen or twenty people. A more characteristic attraction for Webb to provide was the National Seniors Open Golf Tournament, which is open only to golfers over the age of fifty; it was sponsored last year by Del Webb on the Sun City courses. The shopping center has no bookstore or record store, although paperback books are available and there is a Sun City Library, situated in the Town Hall. But the library is open only from ten in the morning until noon, plus another two hours on Friday evening. Stocked with books provided by the county library system and those donated by the residents, the library is particularly well endowed with mysteries, but otherwise has a balanced selection. At the time of my visit, it had issued library cards to less than one out of ten residents.

HAPPINESS is discussed constantly in Sun City. A remarkable number of people, blessed with the Sun City gift for statistics, seem to have settled on ninety-five per cent as the proportion of residents who have found the "pure happiness" promised in the advertising jingle. The percentage of simple customer satisfaction with goods received is also considered high. There are, of course, complaints about the company. Many Sun Citians believed that Webb would maintain the water-and-sewage system, and they become angry whenever they talk of how it was sold to a concern that immediately raised the

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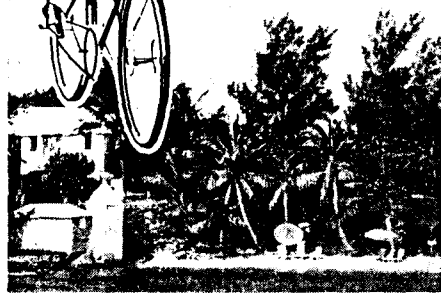
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rates. Some Community Center members believe that the exclusivity of Town Hall is maintained as an inducement to prospective purchasers to buy a new Webb house in the Town Hall district rather than a resale in the Community Center district, and many Community Center members also believe that the Webb company should have agreed to enlarge the Center when the facilities proved to be too small. Some people claim that Webb advertising did not make it clear there would be a school tax in Sun City, and that it showed non-existent internal transportation to the shopping center provided by a large touring cart pulled by a jeep and called the Shoplifter. ("Just try to imagine the insurance on that thing!" said a company official in the course of explaining to me why the Shoplifter had been turned into a leaves-and-rubbish collector.) Every resident I talked with said that the company's estimate of three hundred dollars per month as a minimum for Sun City living expenses became realistic only if it did not include house payments, and some argued that whatever had transformed, for example, a Coronado into an outwardly identical Arcadian could hardly have been worth an extra eleven hundred and fifty dollars, increased labor costs or no increased labor costs. Some golfers in Sun City complain about a recent increase in greens fees, and some softball enthusiasts speak less than enthusiastically of the Sun City Senior Citizens' Softball Field—a patch of dirt and a backstop, near the shopping center. Still, considering the scope of the Webb company's activities in Sun City, the complaints are not extensive, and most residents seem to feel that, particularly in respect to the quality of their houses, the company has dealt fairly with them.

Whether or not they are happy living the Sun City Active New Way of Life—the company's No. 1 product—is a more complicated question. One early resident who found that he was not was E. A. Britton, of Eugene, Oregon, who won a Name This Arizona Retirement Community contest in 1959 by suggesting the name Sun City and was presented with a free house there by the Del E. Webb Corporation. Britton and his wife lived for six months in the city he had named, and then went back to Oregon. He explained not long ago in a letter to the *Phoenix Gazette* that although he and his wife appreciated the friendliness of the Del E. Webb Corporation and the other residents, they could not stand the lack of old friends, the presence of only old people, and the heat. "We still have

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warm spots in our hearts for Sun City, the Del E. Webb Corporation, and our friends in Sun City," concluded Britton, who apparently acquired some of the town's spirit during his short stay there. "We now have a comfortable home in a nice neighborhood with people of all age groups around us. So far, we are enjoying both health and happiness, as well as seeing our friends often."

The number of Sun Citians who would like to follow Britton's example is not known. To a visitor, there seem to be an extraordinary number of "For Sale" signs in front of houses, but, according to Breen, the annual turnover in Sun City is between four and five per cent of the total product—less than that in one of Webb's regular real-estate developments. The normal guides to real-estate success—such as the number of houses for sale and the actual percentage of turnover—are, of course, not easily applied to Sun City, since the town has certain special factors, including a higher-than-average death rate, the sale of several hundred new houses every year in the same community, and the absence of such ordinary reasons for moving as company transfers or growing families. Most residents intended their move to Sun City to be their last one, and since in many cases it was made against the advice of their children and their friends, they may have psychological as well as financial reasons for standing by the decision.

Whether because of this situation or because of the constant barrage of boosterism coming from the Del E. Webb office or because Del Webb really *has* created a "paradise town," most Sun City residents appear almost belligerently happy. "Why shouldn't we be happy?" one resident demanded before I had a chance to ask him if he was. "This is the closest thing there is to Utopia." As I was leaving a gathering of the Pedal Pushers one day—I had accompanied them on their early-morning pedal around town—a small, gray-haired lady came up to me and said, "You know, we really *are* happy here." It was the fourth assurance of happiness—or busyness, which in Sun City is considered almost a synonym for happiness—that I had received in an hour with the Pedal Pushers.

"They were unhappy where they came from and they're unhappy here," I was told that evening by Edward B. Gamble, a retired Navy commander, born in Arizona, who has a house in Sun City but spends a good deal of his time travelling. "They stay because they're stuck," he went on. "They've sold ev-

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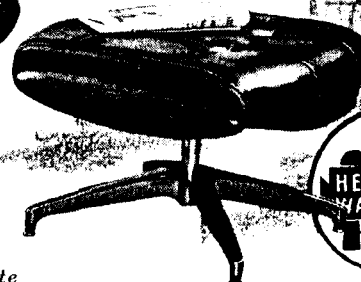
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everything back there and they're stuck—they have no choice. Oh, some people are happy here. But, look, have you ever been in some of those pretty towns in someplace like Maryland—a lovely little town, with trees and nice lawns and a nice little hotel? And if you go to the graveyard the names are the same as on the stores, and everybody in the town knows everybody else? Well, some of these people leave places like that—come here because of the sunshine, or something—and they just don't find the same thing in Sun City. So they have coffee here and clubs there and cookouts and potlucks. They have to pretend, but it's just pretending."

An overwhelming percentage of Sun City's residents would disagree vigorously—but in a friendly way, of course—with this interpretation of their activities. Even those who do not believe that Every Day's a Holiday in Sun City any more than it is anywhere else are likely to defend the town as preferable to the alternative they themselves were faced with, which was rarely an idyllic town in Maryland and was less likely to be remembered for a nice little hotel than for snowstorms, loneliness, and boredom. I asked Louis Inwood one day about the gerontologists' theory that old people should stay in their own community to give it the benefit of their wisdom and experience, and he had a persuasive answer. "As a theory, it's fine," he said. "But in practice nobody is going to do any listening to them. Look, I was the only civil servant ever named Delaware Valley Man of the Year; when I left my job in Philadelphia, I got a unanimous vote of thanks from the city council. And despite that kind of record, I couldn't get a job if I tried. I'm an outcast because I'm sixty-seven years old. I think the whole damn bunch of us are outcasts, who have found a way of living without impinging on anybody or bothering anybody."

The most articulate resident observer of Sun City I met was Robert Janz, a retired Foreign Service officer who had been the editor of the Sun City *Sun Citizen* for a time; during his editorship the paper had been mildly critical of the Del E. Webb Corporation on occasion and had not been sold at the newsstand of Del Webb's Kings Inn. "I think the people have brainwashed themselves," he told me when I visited him and Mrs. Janz one afternoon. "They run around and never have time to realize what kind of world they live in. They talk themselves into this happy-happy attitude. It's not exactly pretense; they talk themselves into it and they keep themselves so busy that they don't think.



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They ought to be very unhappy—and if they ever stopped to analyze themselves they probably would be—because their lives are silly and useless. There's no reason for being useless when you're sixty; there's no reason for giving yourself over completely to pleasure."

Janz had moved to Arizona because of the climate, and to Sun City because he believed that it offered a good bargain in housing. Critical though he was of the town's conformity and Philistinism, he had no objection to the idea of retirement communities; in fact, he was considering moving to one sponsored by a university foundation, where he thought he would find more compatible neighbors and less company involvement. "I don't dislike Sun City," he said. "I think it's a fine thing for a large number of people. At home, they have their former co-workers and their friends, but their friends die off and their company doesn't want to see them. They have nothing to do. Here they have a lot of people in the same boat, and they can make friends. Of course, you should really have enough inner resources so that you wouldn't come to a new place to make friends. But if you want to talk about the weather and your ailments—and a lot of people do—there are plenty of opportunities for gabbing to be found here."

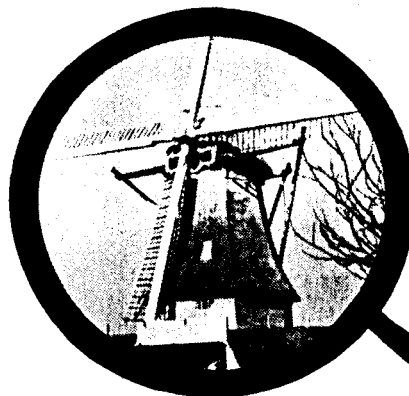
"The people are extremely nice," Mrs. Janz interposed. "And for many of them it's fine. My grandfather had nothing to do but sit on the courthouse lawn with six or eight other old people. The people here feel they've earned their liberty, and a lot of them are determined to enjoy it if it kills them. But some of it is so silly, and so sad. I simply can't watch something like the exercise class; I just feel sorry for them all. And to be happy-happy shouldn't be the only goal in life."

"It's funny," Janz said. "A neighbor of ours dropped in yesterday, and he was saying how terrible the place was—all the conformity and the silliness. Then he said that when it came right down to it, he'd rather live here than anyplace else. 'We have three things here,' he said. 'Peace and quiet, a sidewalk to walk on, and level ground to ride a bicycle on.' That's what he wants, and they have it here."

ACCORDING to Thomas Breen—an energetic, informal man, who was not, in fact, the first person to kiss Elizabeth Taylor in the movies but who did play in films when both he and Elizabeth Taylor were teen-agers—ninety-five per cent of the people living in Sun City are happy because Sun City



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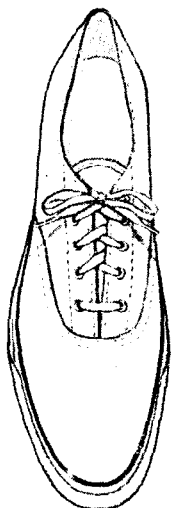
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is precisely what solid market research, as opposed to academic theorizing, showed that they wanted. "One thing we found out with this is that almost everything ever written on the subject was a lot of baloney," he told me. "For instance, one of the psychiatrists writing in a series I read on aging said old people didn't like namby-pamby terms like 'senior citizens.' That's just not true. If it's true, why do they name their clubs the Senior Citizens' Variety Club and things like that? Also, the psychiatrists have always preached that old people get a vicarious thrill from the young and that they want to live around the young. Well, I can show you seventy-five hundred people who don't want to live around the young. Maybe a guy who is sixty-five and has to retire doesn't get much of a charge out of hearing about the triumphs of the bright young men. And that's not all. Something like a hundred thousand people visit Sun City every year, and just about all of them—even the ones not planning to buy a house—say they like the idea of not having kids around. It's easy for anybody to say now that Sun City is a matter of the developer's taking the line of least resistance. On the other hand, when we started this there wasn't one builder I talked to who didn't say I was out of my goddam mind."

The lack of cultural activities in Sun City, Breen told me, merely demonstrates what happens when pressure to keep up a cultural front is removed. Using the Phoenix Symphony as an example, he said that the vast majority of the Phoenix residents who attended its concerts were there for business or social reasons, and that the number of genuine music lovers among them represented no larger proportion of the Phoenix population than the Sun Citizens in the audience did of Sun City's population. "There's a professor from the University of Arizona who wants to study these people in Sun City," Breen told me. "He said it must be so interesting to see all the cultural activity going on among people who are retired and have all that time. I told him to take a look. I'll be interested to see if he takes part in all those cultural activities when he retires, or just says he's sick of the whole business and takes up golf."

Breen seems to believe that almost everything people do publicly they do for effect. There are no Negroes in Sun City—a fact that had been brought up by almost every resident I spoke with—and when I asked him why this was, his explanation was that "if there's nothing to crusade against, these people are not likely to crusade." At all four

NASSAU



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Webb communities, Breen assured me, salesmen are instructed to show absolutely no discrimination and to assure Negro customers that they can buy any house—although “when it comes to a sale, the sales manager handles it, and he explains to the people what they’re getting into, because, let’s face it, a Negro would be miserable in Sun City.” I asked Breen if there were Negroes in any of the Webb retirement communities, and he said that when a Negro woman did buy a house in Sun City, California, “we told the people near her they could transfer lots, although, as it happened, the people on one side said it made no difference to them. But actually we were just one step short of a revolution out there. People get older and set in their ways and they don’t like to change. They were thinking about what would happen if she should want to have a swimming party and invited all her colored friends from Los Angeles out there a couple of nights; it would amount to having the swimming pool taken over by colored people a couple of times a week. But she has never moved into the house, and we’ve never had a serious Negro customer at Sun City, Arizona. I think if people don’t have anything to crusade against, they’re not going to crusade, and when people get older, they don’t want to put up with what it would take to crusade.”

Since the residents of Sun City didn’t seem to want to put up with anything else, either—children, disagreement, responsibility, intellectual challenge—I asked Breen if he had considered the possibility that he had created a community dedicated to self-indulgence on an unprecedented scale, a place in which the distinction in value among various kinds of activities had all but disappeared.

“Well, there is a feeling that as long as they keep active they’ll be all right, and they’re not too selective, sometimes, about how they keep active,” he said. “They believe that if they keep active—keep that ever-loving blood circulating, keep those organs functioning—they’ll keep alive. And they’re probably right. The study *does* show they actually live longer. You have to remember that retired people are in a unique position: they can do what they want. When you’re forty-five and vice-president of the P.-T.A. and somebody asks you to be head of the United Fund, you damn well do it. But you talk to these people about the United Fund and they tell you to get out of town. A lot of people want to know, ‘How the hell do these people retire and just indulge

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themselves, do nothing constructive?" I won't argue what is constructive and what isn't. Some guy might go to the woodworking shop and make something beautiful, and to him it would be constructive. But we don't push that; the guy doesn't feel he has to justify himself. I think they've been doing what you call constructive things all their lives, and they're just fed up. They don't want any more of it. Everything I read beforehand—and for five years I read everything I could find on this subject—led me to believe that a basic need of old people was to do something productive, something they could feel was useful and needed. Well, that's just not true. You know why? I think it's because we do those things that society tells us to for societal reasons, not out of the feeling that we really want to. What's productive is what's productive by society's standards. And the way of living of the Sun Citizens raises questions about the validity of those standards. The people in Sun City may think that the way they can contribute most to society is by living their lives independently and not being a burden on their children or anybody else. And they may be right."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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—Time.

Gesundheit!

THE SUMMING UP

[From a press digest of New Zealand news]

Rotorua would be re-established as a highclass spa resort and Queenstown's tourist attractions developed when the Haast Pass road was finished. One American tourist on an average tour of 16 days was worth about £190 to New Zealand, the equivalent of 190 cases of apples, 95 fat lambs or about 3½ bales of wool, all of which took much longer than 16 days to come to market.

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