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H. A. WINTER
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FROM YOUTHFUL, EAGER BALLPLAYER (ABOVE, AT 17), WEBB TURNED TO CARPENTERING, A TRADE HE COMBINED WITH BASEBALL UNTIL

THE WEBB OF MYSTERY

He is the very silent partner in the Yankee firm, but Del Webb has a history as colorful as any of his ballplayers. In fact, he played so hard he had to quit for good

by JOE DAVID BROWN

WHEN a man is half owner of the fabulous Yankees, hobnobs with the top people in both Washington and Hollywood, controls one of the nation's biggest construction companies, heads or sits on the board of 43 corporations, has a partnership or major interest in 31 companies, belongs to 14 clubs and has so much money that he almost never has to touch the dreary stuff, it puts one's teeth slightly on edge to call him unknown. Yet it's an abashing fact that an overwhelming number of people still have never heard of Del E. Webb or, if they have, find his name only vaguely familiar and disembodied.

Nobody is more indifferent to this phenomenon than Del Webb himself. A quiet, unassuming, impressively



HE FOUNDED HIS CONTRACTING BUSINESS. TODAY, AT 60, HE IS PROUD TO SHOW THAT HE CAN STILL STRETCH FOR THE HIGH ONES

well-preserved and well-integrated gentleman of 60 who claims Phoenix, Arizona as home and lists his occupation as contractor, Webb feels that publicity doesn't matter much either one way or the other. He prefers to duck it if he can. When his manifold interests do thrust him into the limelight, however, he tries to follow the advice given the beleaguered maidens in the old Chinese fable and submit gracefully. More times than not it works, and Webb not only finds himself relaxed but actually enjoying himself. In rapid-fire order not long ago, for instance, he was the honored guest at a reception given by the city fathers of Albuquerque, New Mexico, where he is building a 14-story office building; the co-host of the annual

Old Timers Game at Yankee Stadium in New York; and then a player and honored guest at another oldtimers' game at a ball park in Modesto, California which is named in his honor.

At least several times a month, Webb usually finds himself making a speech somewhere. He is no orator, having a monotonous and somewhat tedious delivery but, happily, this is partly offset by his sincerity. He stands 6 foot 4 inches tall, looks as lean as a range rider at 200 pounds, and when he is at his best he exudes the same sort of level-eyed, laconic western charm, somehow suggestive of sagebrush and wide-open spaces, that catapulted Gary Cooper to movie fame. "Let Del shake a man's hand once," said an associate, "and he will

go around claiming Del as a friend for the rest of his life."

Nobody can deny that Webb is a thoroughly likable man. "Del just looks like . . . well, dammit, Del looks like a man you can trust," is the way a friend put it. Observing Webb's horn-rimmed glasses and neat appearance, one columnist said he looked like the president of the Civic Betterment League. A reporter said he looked like a junior college chemistry professor. Others have described him as looking like a banker, an insurance adjuster and a veteran airline pilot. A West Coast newspaperman probably came closest to the mark when he said, "Del reminds you of someone from your home town."

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Webb is not a convivial man. He used to drink, but he quit overnight 17 years ago when he came down with an unexplained fever. Up until then he had been known to take as many as 20 hookers of bourbon a day. He has never drunk tea, coffee or carbonated beverages. He abhors tobacco smoke and usually posts a neat "No Smoking" sign in any room he occupies for long. Visitors looking for Webb's office in his Phoenix or Los Angeles headquarters are sometimes told: "Go down the hall until you see a bunch of cigarette butts outside a door—that's his office." Webb's offices in both Phoenix and Los Angeles are furnished identically right down to the carpet on the floor and the rack of souvenir World Series bats in a corner. By Webb's orders, all building plans, equipment and supplies are kept in the same place in both headquarters, an idea Webb borrowed after seeing how standardization added to the efficiency of chain grocery stores he had constructed.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

Valuable assistance in the preparation of this article was given by Rube Samuelsen, sports columnist of the Pasadena *Independent Star-News* and Arnett Duncan of the *Arizona Republic*.

Personally, Webb is not as well organized as this might indicate. Like most busy men, he creates a mild chaos when left on his own. He frequently is the despair of his two secretaries because he mislays papers and loses tickets, cancels plane reservations without letting them know and sometimes forgets to advise them of his plans. He also forgets to carry keys to his own offices and on two occasions while working late at night has been locked in and had to break his way out. But when it comes to business, Webb is almost fearsomely well organized and attentive to detail. This is fortunate, because his interests are so varied and so far-flung, his corporate structures so numerous and interlocking, that even he probably could not sit down and rattle them off. When asked how much he is worth, Webb smiles and shrugs, "I don't know. There's no way of telling." The only positive way he could tell would be to sell everything at once. In this unlikely event, Webb's

associates estimate, roughly, that he might wind up with \$30 million to \$35 million.

To keep tabs on his empire, Webb requires every corporation and company in which he has a stake, every foreman of every construction project being handled by his company to file a daily report. These reports come from the Yankees and from a toy shop, from ranches and oil wells, from farms and drilling companies, hotels and motels, restaurants, investment companies, a brewery, a box factory, shopping centers, housing developments and even a playhouse. The reports give a breakdown of sales or attendance, report progress or accidents on construction projects. They even give the temperature and general weather conditions.

Webb sifts the reports carefully. "I may go broke someday," he said recently, "but if I do I'll know why. And that's not a joke. There have been many businesses which have gone broke, and it was weeks or months before anybody realized it. But aside from that, daily reports are a good thing in three other respects. In the first place, if people think the boss is taking an interest, they will, too. In the second place, it helps the employee on the scene get a clear idea of what's going on, too. And the third good reason for a daily report is that it furnishes a permanent record; it gives the accounting department something to refer back to if necessary."

IT'S ONLY MONEY

Money, as such, no longer interests Webb. For example, after deciding to join Larry MacPhail and Dan Topping in buying the Yankees back in 1945, he telephoned his financial manager from New York, "I've decided to join the deal for the Yankees. Where can I get some money?"

"Why don't you step around to the Chase National Bank?" the financial manager said. "They're holding a million dollars' worth of bonds that belong to you."

A few years ago after finishing a round of golf with Bing Crosby and Hollywood Writer Jimmy Grant, Webb was playing gin rummy in the locker room. Grant had written a film script based on the life of Heavyweight Champion John L. Sullivan which Crosby had read and told Webb he liked. As they dressed, Grant

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and Crosby began discussing the script again and, suddenly, Crosby had an inspiration. He called out to Webb, "Hey, Delbert, let's make Jimmy's picture ourselves so it's done right."

Webb, absorbed in his gin game, appeared not to hear. "How about it, Delbert?" Crosby prodded. "Why don't you help finance it?"

Webb looked up casually. "All right. How much do you want?"

"Oh, about \$100,000," Crosby said.

Webb called the locker room attendant, asked for a blank check, made it out for \$100,000 and handed it to Crosby. Then he went back to his gin game.

The film, *The Great John L.*, produced by Bing Crosby Productions, Inc., made a substantial profit.

COFFEE SHOP MAN

Webb is usually not, however, given to ostentation. There are a couple of Cadillacs in the fleet of cars he keeps in Phoenix and Los Angeles, but Webb prefers to drive a Ford which has a company emblem on the door. At one time his company kept two private planes, but as soon as commercial airlines had established scheduled flights throughout the Southwest, he sold them. He has no particular interest in food, being primarily a steak and potatoes man, except that he does like large and gloppy ice-cream desserts. "If the dessert is good, Del thinks any meal is fine," said an associate. Although he has a half interest in Navarre's, one of the finest restaurants in Phoenix and, perhaps, the Southwest, Webb does most of his eating in the coffee shops of his two sprawling motor hotels.

Webb has no desire for possessions in the ordinary sense. Someone once remarked that it took a fortune to keep the late Mahatma Gandhi in poverty; similarly, it takes two fortunes to keep Webb unencumbered with possessions. He maintains suites in the Waldorf Towers in New York, in the Beverly Hilton in Beverly Hills and in the HiwayHouse, his luxurious 250-room motor hotel in Phoenix. Each suite is completely stocked with everything he needs: suits, haberdashery and toilet equipment. Webb seldom stays in any one place for more than a few days at a time. As he shuttles back and forth he simply

steps on a plane with nothing except a brief case or, perhaps, his golf clubs. He is probably one of the best-dressed men in the country, but his faultlessly cut suits are so conservative and he wears them so casually that most people never give them a second glance. Webb hasn't the slightest idea how many suits he owns, but when pushed for an estimate he set the figure at between 150 and 200. Neither does he have any clear idea of the number of custom-made shirts he owns. He does know how many pairs of golf shoes he owns, though, because for some reason he recently counted them: 52.

Baseball fans who know Webb only as a rich contractor and an absentee co-owner of the Yankees are sometimes amused when he says, as he often does, "There are only two things I know anything about and try to talk about—baseball and construction." Actually, the statement is true

to a considerable degree. For almost half his life—until he was 28, to be exact—baseball literally dominated everything he did. His obsession with the game was so great, in fact, that it came perilously close to making a bum of him.

Delbert Eugene Webb was born May 17, 1899 in Fresno, California, where his father, Ernest G. (Griff) Webb, was a contractor and operated a sand-and-gravel business on the side. The elder Webb was an avid baseball fan and as a young man had won local fame as half of a reversible battery with Frank Chance, later the Peerless Leader of the Chicago Cubs. With this background it isn't surprising that Webb can't recall a time when he wasn't playing baseball. By the time he was 13, a bean pole of a kid weighing 130 pounds and standing 6 feet 3 inches, he was considered one of the best first basemen around

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YANKEE OWNERS WEBB (LEFT) AND DAN TOPPING STROLL IN STADIUM

Fresno, and if he was lucky, sometimes got as much as \$2.50 a game by playing on a pick-up semipro team.

When he was 14 and in his first year at high school, his father's business went broke. Webb, the eldest of three boys, had to go to work as a carpenter's apprentice to help support the family. He continued with his ballplaying on the side, however, and at 15 was the captain, sparkplug and best all-round ballplayer on the Modesto (California) Merchants. When World War I came, Webb was a full-fledged carpenter and he went to work in the Oakland shipyards and played on the shipyard team. "I was lucky," Webb recalled recently with a grin. "I drew down \$8 a day as a carpenter. The other players didn't have a trade and they got only \$4." By now, Webb had attained his full 6 foot 4 inches, weighed 180 pounds and was known all up and down the West Coast as a pitcher with a mean fast ball.

After the war, he left the shipyards and became a drifting semipro ballplayer, working as a carpenter only for firms which had a ball team. This was the pattern of his life for years, except for a brief interlude in 1919, when he married Hazel Church, a childhood sweetheart. The marriage ended in 1953—34 years later—when Mrs. Webb established Nevada residence and divorced Webb on grounds which have never been disclosed. The Webbs have remained friends and usually have dinner together when he is in Phoenix. Said a friend: "Del probably sees Hazel more now than he did the last few years they were married."

With today's efficient scouting and extensive farm systems, a ballplayer of young Webb's ability almost certainly would end up by being signed somewhere. But 30-odd years ago he had to settle for the next best thing, and for Webb, at the time, that was good enough. He played in the Alameda winter league, the Standard Oil league, drifted in and out of outlaw leagues where he played under a phony name. For a time he was in a winter league where Ty Cobb and Harry Heilmann were players and Rogers Hornsby and George Sisler managers.

During the years he drifted from Idaho to California and back again, Webb pitched every chance he got. As a result he soon had a chronically sore arm. At times it hurt so much

that he couldn't clench his fist and for long periods at a time he even had to eat with his left hand. Webb thinks now that his arm's effectiveness was probably gone as early as 1921, but he persisted in playing ball until a fateful summer day in 1927. On that day he was scheduled to pitch in an exhibition game for the inmates of San Quentin Prison. Those were Webb's drinking days, and he awoke late and with such a hangover that he missed the boat carrying the rest of the team across to the prison. When Webb finally did make his way across the bay, a trusty, who was moping about and obviously sick, helped him find the dressing room. Webb asked for a drink of water and the prisoner brought him a pitcher and a glass. A few days later Webb was laid low with a particularly virulent case of typhoid fever. Twice he almost died and his weight dropped from 204 pounds to 99. He was in bed for 11 weeks and it was a year before he was able to work.

As near as any man can point to a single, well-defined turning-point in his life, Webb believes this was his. He was sick, broke, 28 years old, with nothing much to show for his life except a so-so record as a drifting ballplayer. "That did it," Webb said. "I guess a fellow couldn't like baseball any more than I did, but I knew I had to swear off the game forever." (16 years later, in a similar mood, he stopped drinking.)

OFF IN A MODEL A FORD

Webb's doctor advised him to move to a warm, dry climate if he could, so when he had recovered, he scraped together \$100, packed his tool kit and wife in a model A Ford and headed for Phoenix. Webb's first job was hanging doors at the Westward Ho Hotel, then under construction. He had no way of knowing it then, but years later he was to build a million-dollar annex to the hotel.

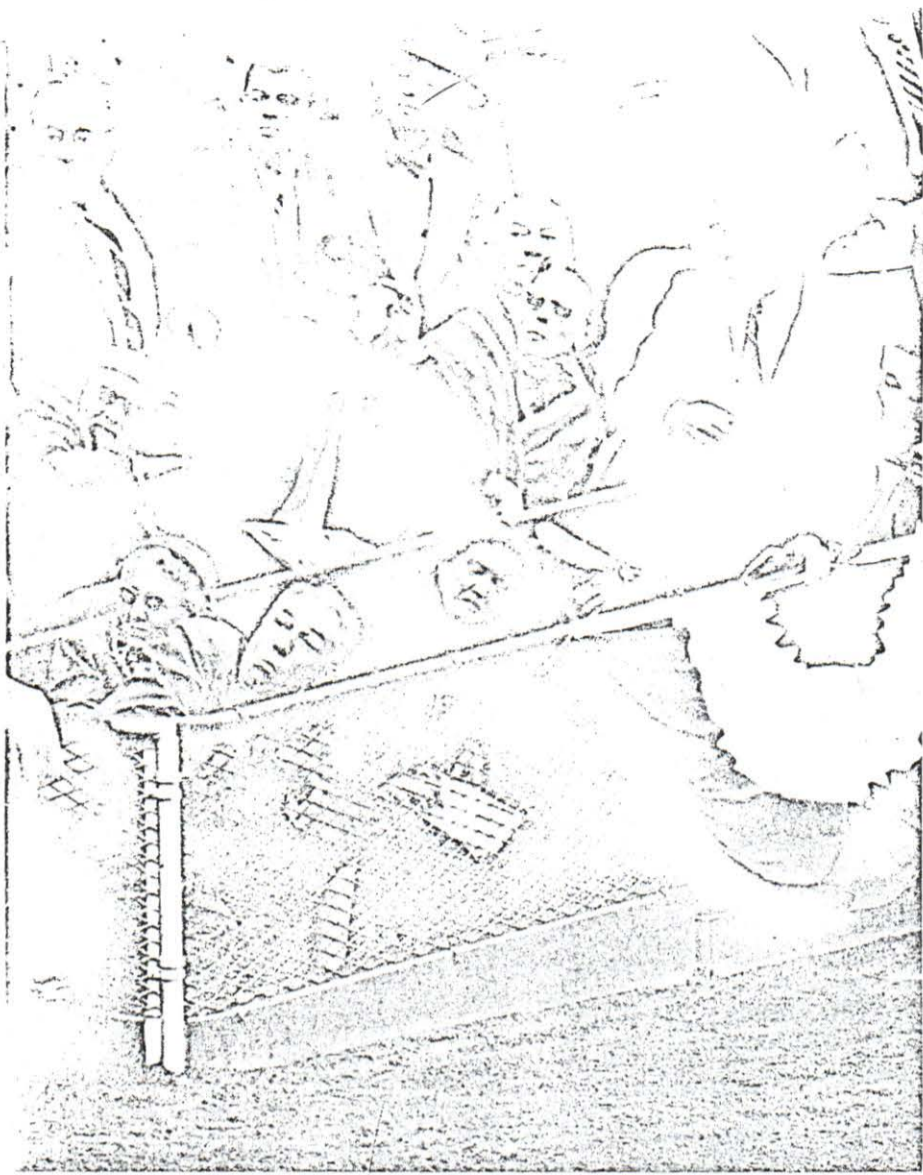
Six months after he arrived in Phoenix, Webb was a carpenter foreman working on a new store for the A. J. Bayless grocery chain. He was also unhappy and had decided to move back to California. He drew his \$70 paycheck one Friday and went home and helped his wife pack their model A. Then he went to the bank to cash his check. It was refused because of insufficient funds. This was the second biggest break of Webb's life. Chafing, he stayed in Phoenix until Monday and then took his worthless check to



MOMENT OF PANIC hit celebrities' box at Ebbets Field in 1955 series. Dodgers' Campanella pursued Don Larson's pop

the store owner and asked if he would make it good. The owner agreed on condition that Webb would take over and supervise completion of the store. The original contractor had gone broke but a warrant was out for his arrest. Webb took on the job and that was the birth of the Del E. Webb Construction Co. in July 1928.

After the store was completed, Webb contracted to build another. Then he built a small clapboard office, hung up a sign, and his wife moved in as secretary while he scouted for more business. He built garages and filling stations, chain stores and theaters. It was a desperate struggle at first, but if a contractor had to be struggling Phoenix was probably a better spot than most. It had already started its slow climb from a parched desert town of 29,000 to a thriving modern



foul right to the box, but Webb (*in fedora, just beyond Campy's arm*) was hit on the head. Beside him, Henry Crown, New York financier, and Mrs. Casey Stengel take evasive action while Ford Frick (*hatless, in first row*) shrinks away from the ball.

metropolis of 330,000. There were other contractors in Phoenix, but Webb outstripped them all. When asked the secret of his success he invariably replies, "I applied the rules of baseball to business."

REWARDING OF BOLDNESS

This has the hollow thud of a ripe platitude—except when Webb says it. For once his analogy is accepted, evidence can be dredged up to support it. There is boldness, for example. On one early bid, Webb had to list his equipment for a job building an overpass on an Arizona highway. He wrote down: one cement mixer (one-bag size), 10 wheelbarrows, 20 shovels and 10 picks. He got the job anyway.

There is showmanship. A short while after Webb started in business, Gypsy Smith, the noted evangelist,

accepted an invitation to come to Phoenix and conduct a revival meeting. There was not a building in town big enough to satisfy the seat demand: Webb came forward and asked to be allowed to build an auditorium which would be cheap and yet serviceable. He had his workmen throw up a hasty framework, and then 300 civic-minded citizens, most of whom had never built anything bigger than a chicken coop, pitched in and completed the 6,000-capacity building in seven hours. The publicity Webb received was worth more than his fee would have been if he had built a permanent structure.

There is calm in a crisis—Webb never tightens up in a clutch. Contracting is a risky business and when bidding is close and competitive it can be a sort of financial Russian roulette. In

his struggling days, Webb almost bid himself out of business a couple of times. "It's mighty tough to keep your word when you see nothing but red ink staring you in the face," Webb said, "but I just wouldn't do anything else."

Webb was a past master of the art of getting a jump on what he considered the other team, *i.e.*, other contractors. When news was passed around that a new business was coming to Phoenix, most contractors were content to wait until a representative arrived. But Webb would grab a plane and go to the company's headquarters. As a result he has built an overwhelming majority of the chain stores in Phoenix. Sears, Roebuck and Montgomery Ward have massive stores right across the street from each other. Webb built them both at the same time.

A HAPPY TEAM

Besides honing a fine edge to his natural competitive spirit, baseball taught Webb the value of having a happy team. Even his rivals admit that he has surrounded himself with one of the most loyal, closely knit and talented groups of executives in the business. Webb picked most of his key men when they were young, brought them along rapidly, paid them well—and worked them hard. R. H. Johnson, 46, a vice-president and head of the Los Angeles office, started with the company as a timekeeper 25 years ago. L. C. Jacobson, 47, was a carpenter down to his last \$10 when he applied for a job in 1938. Webb, who liked his looks, persuaded him to take a job as a timekeeper at \$25 a week rather than a carpenter at \$46, gave him a raise almost every week for a year, finally made him a vice-president, then general manager, and in 1943 gave him a quarter interest in the company and made him a partner. Webb's executives travel almost as much as he does, make up their schedules a month in advance, and twice a year get together and as far as possible hammer out a plan to pursue for the next six months.

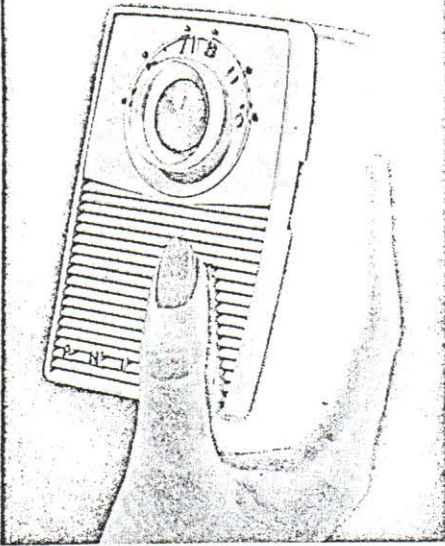
By the early '30s Webb's company was doing about \$700,000 worth of business a year. By the mid-'30s it had reached the \$3 million class and was operating in 12 states. In 1936 Webb established a Los Angeles office and announced: "Arizona isn't large enough to furnish all the business our

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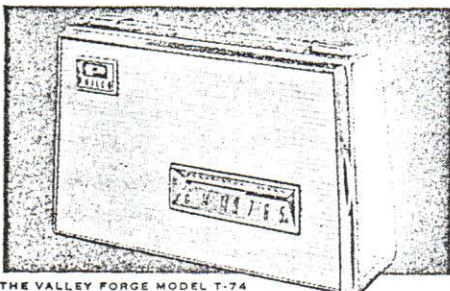
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DEL WEBB *continued*

company is equipped to handle." This rather grandiloquent statement almost turned out to be premature, because in the very next year Webb almost lost his shirt building a Los Angeles high school. Webb's executives are still touched when they recall that when things looked blackest and the pressure was heaviest, Webb's chief concern seemed to be that he could not pay them a bonus that year. He made it up to them the only way he could: took them to dinner at an expensive restaurant.

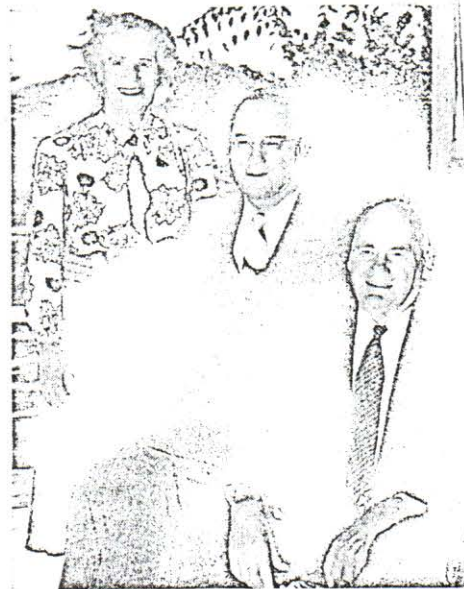
A BOUNTY OF BLESSINGS

Fortunately, a steady flow of new contracts made up for the losses on the school, and it was the expanding company's last major crisis. In the limping '30s the most bountiful blessings flowed from Washington. Webb practically commuted there at times. He met Franklin D. Roosevelt early, and an immediate rapport was established when F.D.R. learned that Webb, like himself, had been bedridden for a long period and considered that it had changed his life. Webb was a good friend of Ed Pauley, California oil millionaire and Democratic power; and later one of his closest friends was the late Robert Hannegan, Democratic national committeeman. Through Hannegan, he became a friend of Harry Truman. Webb liked Ike early and still does. At a Dodger-Yankee World Series game the President attended in 1955, he inquired for Webb and was told that he was seated in the celebrities' box across the field. As the President's limousine made its traditional circuit of the field after the game, Ike had it pause in front of Webb's box, alighted and walked over and shook his hand warmly, congratulating him on the Yankee victory.

By 1940 Webb had powerful connections and an established reputation in Washington. But all the contracts he had ever received—or could even possibly have dreamed about—seemed piddling by comparison with the ones he received when World War II began. His first major war contract was to build Fort Huachuca, one of 50 maximum-size Army posts planned for the nation, on 149 acres of Arizona desert waste. The project had to be completed in 90 days at a cost of \$3 million. Webb finished the job on time and then contracted to add ad-

ditions as they became necessary. Eventually the total cost of the camp amounted to \$22 million.

After Fort Huachuca, Webb received contracts to build air fields, Army camps, hospitals, Marine bases, radar schools and ordnance camps all over Arizona and California. All had to be built speedily and usually in isolated, sun-baked regions. The Japanese Relocation Center at Parker—spoken of locally as "the part of Arizona God forgot"—was a typical example of the kind of project which strained the company's ingenuity and endurance. Webb was instructed to



WEBB AND PARENTS are shown in their Los Angeles home. Webb Sr. died in 1954.

erect buildings within three weeks with 3,000 separate units to accommodate 10,000 Japanese internees who, in the early post-Pearl Harbor hysteria, were removed from their West Coast homes and sent into the desert. Both the wisdom and the morality of this project have since been seriously questioned, but at the time it was a job to be done, and Webb did it remarkably well. The half-mile-square site for the camp had been chosen purely for its isolation with no other consideration involved. When the company's huge construction caravan rolled up to the site at 3 o'clock one afternoon, the temperature was hovering around 120°. The area was devoid of shade and covered with a growth of mesquite six feet tall. The construction boss telephoned Webb and reported the hellish conditions and told him he couldn't even estimate how long it would take his men

to clear the area of mesquite, if they could do it at all. Webb instructed him to sit tight. Fortunately, he had a fleet of Caterpillar tractors working on another project at Blythe, California. He phoned the foreman of the Blythe project and told him to send the tractors to Parker at once. They arrived at 6 o'clock in the morning and had plowed up the mesquite by mid-afternoon. Webb then threw 5,000 workmen into the Parker project on a double-shift schedule. The job was completed in less than three weeks. Webb then signed another contract to expand the camp to accommodate another 25,000 internees within 120 days.

Webb's company did \$100 million worth of work for the Government alone during the war years and employed 25,000 men. Its wartime contracts gave it the equipment and financial stability to bid for bigger and bigger contracts after the war and raised it to a Goliath in the field.

Nothing irritates Webb quite so much as whispers that he obtained his Government contracts through some undercover political chicanery. Since he always talks as if he had just been injected with truth serum, he admits that his sole purpose in going to Washington was to try to obtain business for his company. He made many close personal friends in Washington, but he also is proud of the fact that he is a salesman for his business. "We can build as well or better than anybody else, so why shouldn't we get the business?" he asks.

Since Webb's success has aroused and disgruntled many of his oldtime competitors, one is most apt to hear the whispers in Phoenix. A typical—but nonvicious—example occurred during the 1949 sports award dinner held there. The humor at these affairs, as is well known, is usually raw or goatish anyway. For instance, Giants Owner Horace Stoneham was introduced as a man who had inherited the Giants and a cellarful of whisky from his father and had been in the cellar ever since. Then Phoenix Merchant Robert Goldwater, brother of U.S. Senator Barry Goldwater, introduced Webb as "an ignorant sonuvabitch who built a million dollars with a hammer and a nail and a case of whisky thoughtfully distributed in Washington." Webb sportingly laughed along with the gag, but he wasn't amused.

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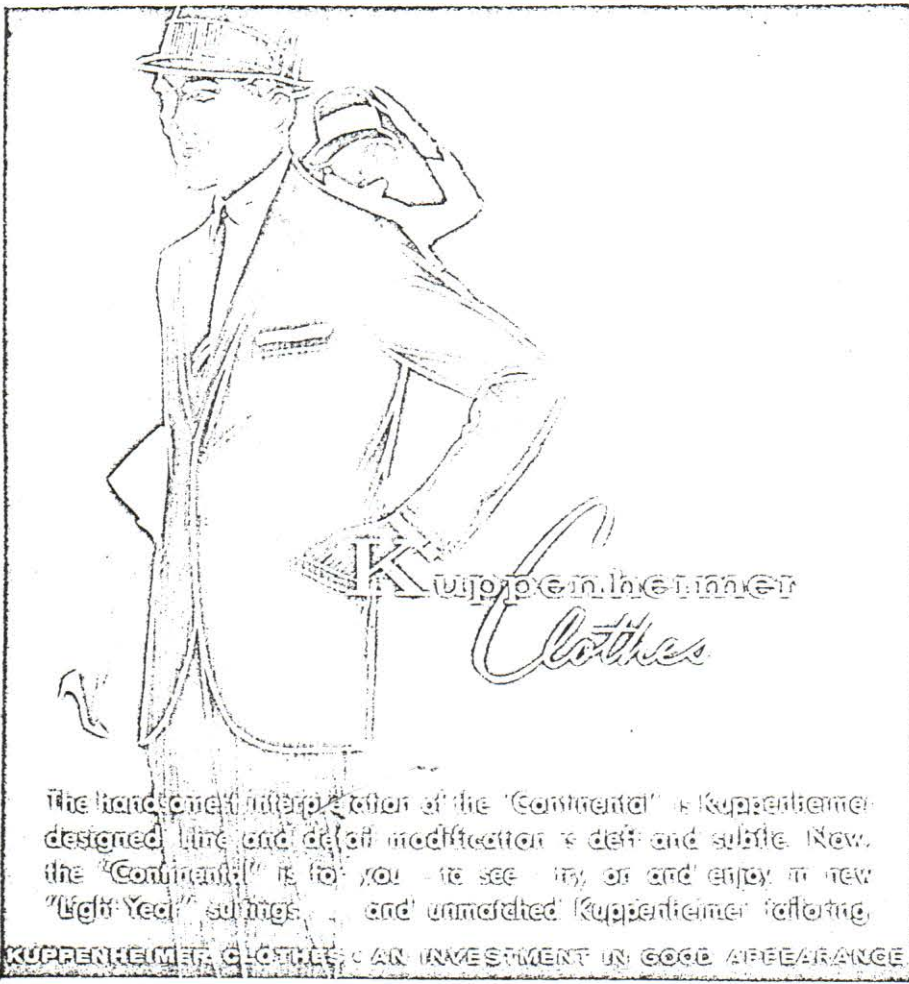


FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

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LIQUORE **GALLIANO**

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Although as far as the startled sports world was concerned he came shooting out of the blue, Webb did not buy into the Yankees on impulse. He first began to consider the idea of buying a ball club as far back as 1942 when he heard the Oakland Oaks were for sale. In the nearly 15 years which had elapsed since he swore off baseball, he had not attended more than three or four games. In fact, he was so uninterested that when Judge Kenesaw Landis, who vacationed near Phoenix, invited him to two World Series games, he saw one but ducked out of the other. He thought of adding a baseball club to his interests only as a business proposition, a hedge against inflation and, possibly, taxes. Webb told his lawyer to get a price on the Oakland club and let him know. Some time later when the lawyer called to tell him he could get the club for \$60,000, Webb was frantically pushing work on Fort Huachuca and too busy to think of anything else. He told his lawyer to forget the matter. Quite a while later, as he tells it, when visiting one of the bases he had built, Webb ran into Larry MacPhail, who was then on Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson's staff. Webb and MacPhail had met many times previously in Washington, and Webb mentioned how he had been interested in the Oakland team. MacPhail said something to the effect that if Webb was interested in acquiring a ball club he ought to buy a big one, like, for instance, the Yankees—which he had heard the Ruppert estate would have to sell because of tax problems. MacPhail said he was thinking of getting a group together to make an offer and asked Webb if he was interested. "Count me in," Webb said.

AN OFFER FROM TOPPING

Dan Topping, whom Webb had also met before, was one of the people MacPhail mentioned in the group he was getting together. Webb was building the El Toro Marine base when he encountered Topping, then a Marine captain. They discussed the Yankee deal, particularly reports that Ed Barrow had refused to discuss a sale with MacPhail. Topping said that if he had a chance he thought he could swing the deal. "If you can," Webb said, "count me in."

Shortly after this Webb told Judge

Landis he was thinking of buying the Yankees and asked him what he thought. Said Landis: "If you want to worry when you're making a putt; if you want to worry when having your dinner; if you want to worry when you're going to bed, then go ahead and buy the Yankees."

There are as many versions of how the deal was finally set up as there are participants, but the next word Webb had came one Sunday morning while he was playing golf at the Phoenix Country Club. He was on the 7th green when he was summoned to the clubhouse to take an urgent long distance call from Topping. Topping said that Barrow wanted to meet Webb and asked if he could come to New York immediately. He said he was pretty sure that Barrow would sell the club to him, Webb and MacPhail if he did. Webb left for New York as soon as he could change clothes. The next day Topping took Webb around to meet Barrow. Barrow shook Webb's hand and looked him up and down. "That's a good handshake you've got there—and I hear you're a good man. You'll do." Some details had to be worked out,



A HAT FOR CASEY is fitted by Webb on the white thatch of his favorite manager.

but the bargain was struck then and there.

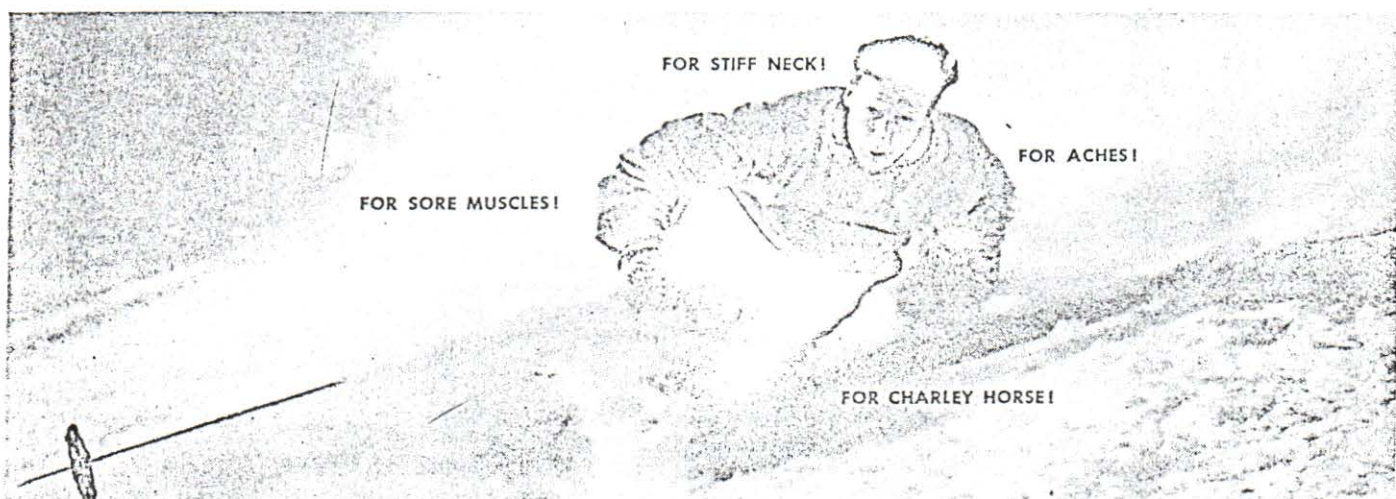
When Webb first bought into the Yankees he was adamant about its being a purely business proposition. Sometimes he still says the same thing—but now and then the skinny old semipro ballplayer pops up out of somewhere and makes him a little schizophrenic. In his sentimental mood he likes to talk about how

young fellows nowadays, even major leaguers, do things that wouldn't be tolerated one minute on the Ambrose Tailors or Modesto Merchants, like hooking a base on the outside instead of the inside, or pitchers not taking a position on the mound so they can readily pick off a player on first. And always, always, when he talks about baseball one phrase keeps popping up, "The kids all over the country," as if baseball is something held in trust for kids—which, of course, it is.

But then the level-headed millionaire takes over and baseball becomes something of a peanut business—which, of course, it is, too. A gloriously fascinating business, maybe, but still a peanut business, when compared with other things. A good hotel, for instance, costs three or four times more than the best ball club. A good tourist court costs almost as much as the Yankees. And motion pictures! A really big motion picture, says Webb, nowadays costs more than any ball club.

Webb gets annoyed because some people can't seem to understand that he doesn't have anything to do with

continued



Only approved liniment 1960 Winter Olympics

When overexertion causes sore aching muscles, a favorite remedy of sportsmen is Absorbine Jr. When rubbed on, Absorbine Jr. actually dilates peripheral blood vessel walls, speeding up local blood flow. Unlike mere painkillers, Absorbine Jr. helps you get better faster. In fact, medical experts measuring muscle strength with an electromyograph have proven that Absorbine Jr. "brings your muscles back" twice as fast as nature. So next time you need relief from aching muscles, reach for Absorbine Jr.

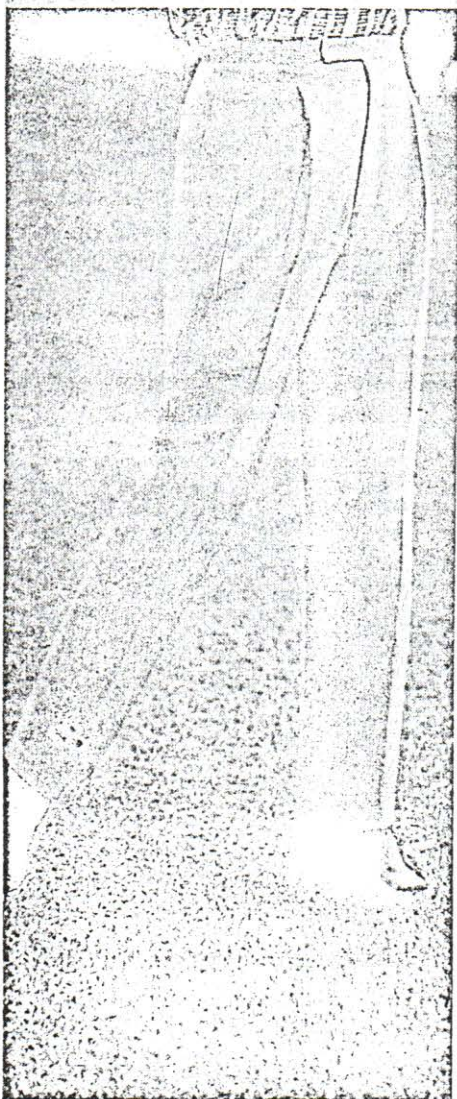
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†DU PONT



DEL WEBB *continued*

the day-to-day running of the Yankees. "Topping runs the New York club," he says. "He's the boss. My father always used to tell me not to have a partner if you can help it. But nobody could have a better partner than Topping. He's a sincere, straight man. I have a 50% interest in the Yankees, but—and I don't particularly care to see this printed everywhere—I think I went to about 12 games last year. Topping is the boss of the ball club."

Something else that nettles Webb is the suggestion that he somehow is a behind-the-scenes power in baseball, a shadowy string-puller and manipulator. Since he seldom raises his voice, he expects people to listen when he does, but when he has a fight to wage or a score to settle he comes out into the open. He cheerfully admits that he is chiefly responsible for the decision to get rid of Happy Chandler as commissioner. "If I've never done anything else for baseball," he says, "I did it when I got rid of Chandler. There's something most people don't know: I was the only baseball owner who knew Chandler. I mean I really knew him. I had known him a long time. Those other owners, Stoneham, Griffith, Briggs—they didn't know Chandler. I used to talk to him about what he was doing. I was sitting with him one day when he called a couple of players up into the stands and held court right there. I said to him, 'Chandler, what in the hell is wrong with you, holding court in the middle of a ball park? You can't make a decision out here. You made a fool out of yourself.'

"Do you remember the time that fan came up behind Durocher and hit him, and Durocher turned around and knocked him down? Well, I got a call from Chandler. 'Del, come over here,' he said. Well, I went over and he was all excited and running around and shuffling papers and he said, 'Del, I've got to throw Durocher out of baseball forever.' I said, 'What are you talking about, Chandler? Do you have the facts? Have you weighed the facts?' That's the way he was, always making a fool of himself. It took me about 48 hours to get enough votes to throw him out. It was the best thing that ever happened to baseball."

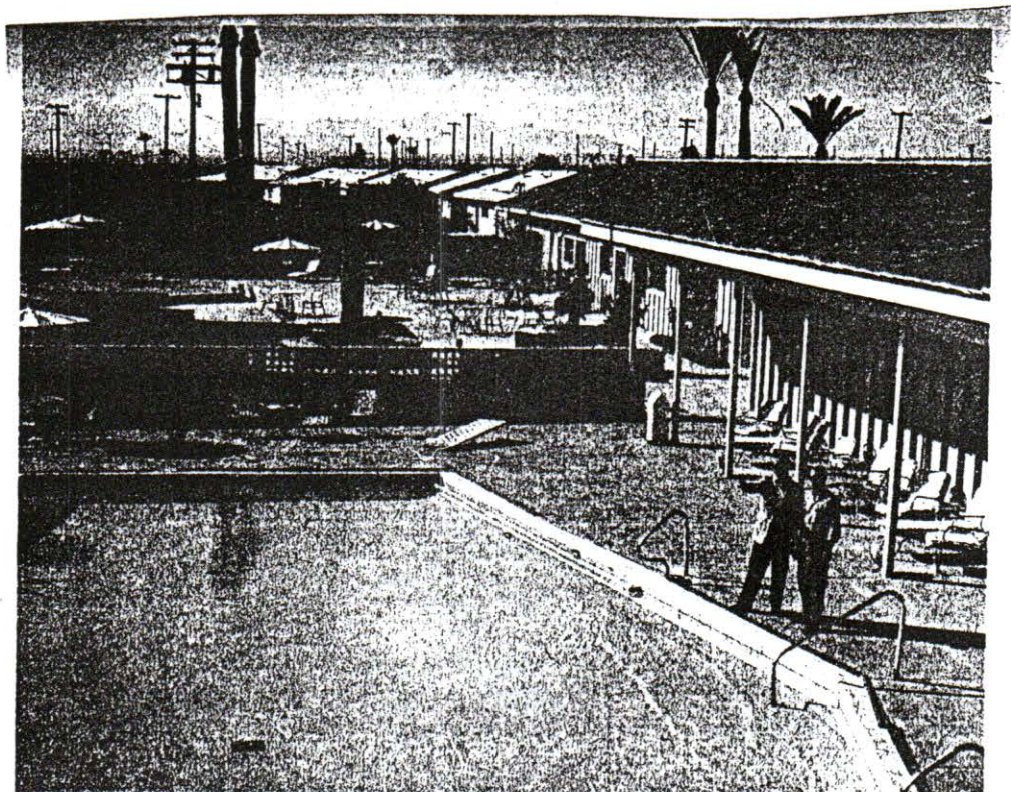
Webb is not a man who raises his voice often. The only other occasion

on which it has happened in baseball followed the Battle of the Biltmore, the historic occasion which preceded Larry MacPhail's exit from baseball. Webb was not present when MacPhail came in, allegedly under the baleful influence of drink, and socked a Branch Rickey defender in the eye, sacked sober George Weiss and almost got himself into a brawl with Dan Topping.

"I was upstairs in another part of the hotel," Webb says. "Dan came in and told me what happened and we went looking for MacPhail, but he had already gone out the back entrance. We went up to Weiss's room and he was all upset about what MacPhail had said. Well, after we had straightened him out, Dan and I called our lawyers and told them to draw up the papers to buy MacPhail out. We sent him word that we would give him \$2 million and he'd damned well better take it. We gave him until 6 o'clock that night.

"I was in a back room that afternoon when somebody came in and told me MacPhail was outside and wanted to see me. I said I didn't want to see him and to tell him that he had better sign the damned papers by 6 o'clock. Well, a few minutes later they came in and told me that MacPhail had signed but wanted to see me anyway. I went outside and MacPhail was standing there smiling and he put out his hand and said, 'Del, you've been a good partner to me.' I said, 'I don't want to shake your hand,' and told him what I thought of him and walked away."

A few dozen ill-chosen words about Del Webb were spoken recently by a kindly old banker: "Del Webb don't interfere with my work. He's not the type who comes around and harasses the ballplayers. He's very glad and appreciative of the fact when the team wins. When he comes into the dressing room he doesn't go around and bother the ballplayers. I think he's a pretty fair guy. He pretty well likes all the ballplayers. He thinks Mr. Topping does a good job; he thinks Mr. Weiss does a good job; and he thinks Mr. Stengel does a good job." Then Mr. Casey Stengel displayed a watch he had been given by Webb on July 30, 1959, when the Yankees were at their lowest ebb and people were yelling for Stengel's scalp. It was inscribed: "Everything considered, the greatest manager who ever put on a uniform." **END**



PICTURED above is the pool and recreation area at Del E. Webb's beautiful new "Sun City" community for America's senior citizens. Thomas C. Austin, activities co-ordinator for the Webb Development Company, is pointing out various features of the community to C. E. Courtney of Courtney's Outdoor Furniture, who furnished the area with lawn and pool-side furniture. Mr. Austin chose Courtney's because of their wide selection of quality outdoor furniture and large stock on hand. If you haven't seen Sun City, you should drive out and see this exclusive development for active retirement living. If you have a motel, apartment or residence to furnish with the finest in durable, attractive outdoor furniture, see the huge selection at COURTNEY'S, 3327 North 16th Street.

March 5, 1961



WINTER VISITORS BECOME Permanent Residents

WHEN THEY SEE

DEL WEBB'S

Sun City

The Nationally Famous
Community For
ACTIVE RETIREMENT

CHAMPIONSHIP GOLF COURSE • RIVIERA-SIZE SWIMMING POOL
• COMPLETE TOWN HALL WITH AUDITORIUM, CLUB ROOMS AND
PATIO • SHUFFLEBOARD, LAWN BOWLING, CROQUET, HORSE-
SHOES AND ARCHERY • FULLY-EQUIPPED ARTS & CRAFTS CENTER
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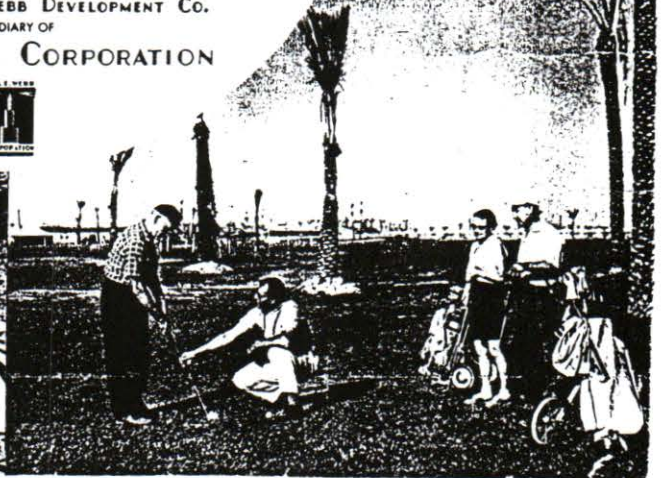
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DEL E. WEBB CORPORATION





TWO RETIREMENT CENTERS

IN THE SUN

THE SUN WAS etching shadows on the distant mountains, as Raymond Cole stepped out of his house. He always enjoyed this time of evening, when the sky melted from yellow to orange to red to blue . . . until the colors mellowed into dusk.

Now he could still see the waves of desert land leading to the mountains. But he noted with satisfaction his own carpet of green lawn, his rose bushes and other flowers. Yes, it seemed as though he was on an oasis in the middle of the desert.

Raymond Cole was not far from wrong. He and his wife are two of the 3,000 folks who live in Sun City, Arizona, on the outskirts of Phoenix. The city was built on former arid desert land that had now blossomed into lush green pasture—the perfect setting for country club living.

This was a heady experience for the Coles. They had always wanted to join a country club, but couldn't afford to do so. Back in Seattle it had been too expensive. Now, in Sun



A trek to market is no real chore for housewives of Sun City. This "shop-lifter" transports residents to and from the business center, golf course, community center and other points.

Art is just one of the many hobbies available at the activities center. Other crafts include woodworking, metal smithing, ceramics, gem cutting, leather working and sewing.



City, they were within chipping distance of the centrally located 18-hole golf course, and they could practically dive out of the back door into a Riviera-sized pool.

They liked the peace and leisurely pace of the community. It was restricted to folks over 50 who had no children of school age. A Del Webb (builder of Sun City) official had explained the governing philosophy of Sun City:

"The 'way of life' we offer emphasizes independence for men and women who have reached an entirely new social strata after their place in average community life has been taken over by others.

"Such independence means the privilege of doing what they want, when they want. Many retirees enjoy the company of younger people and children, yet in our surveys we frequently heard the comment: 'I have reared my children and don't care to rear someone else's.'

"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 con-

trol, thus avoiding the problem of mixing conflicting living patterns and, in many cases, forcing social contacts that actually constitute an invasion of privacy."

But there are other reasons for moving to Sun City. Albert Bartolain, of Lawton, Michigan, who lives in the same block as the Coles, puts it this way:

"I was tired of shoveling snow. And my wife suffered so badly from arthritis she couldn't tie an apron. In Arizona it's different."

Another neighbor, Joseph B. O'Bryant, a linotype operator and copy cutter for the St. Louis Post Dispatch before he retired about a year ago, says:

"In St. Louis a \$9,500 home is nothing—out here it's a castle. You'd have to use dynamite to get me to leave. Why, our neighbors are so friendly I'm afraid there'll be an accident some day, the way they all wave as they drive by."

So it goes. Each has a different answer for coming to Sun City. And they come from all parts of the country. A surprisingly large number come from neighboring California, and there is a large influx from Illinois, Minnesota, Ohio, Michigan, New York, Pennsylvania, Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska, as well as the Pacific Northwest states of Washington, Oregon and Montana.

The Coles' neighbors come from all walks of life. Yet each of them found a home in Sun City to fit their needs and pocketbooks. A two-bedroom and one-bath residence is available for \$9,150 and—as the most luxurious—a three bedroom, two-bath and leisure room home (for couples who frequently welcome visiting children, friends and relatives) is priced at \$14,550.

Down payments begin at \$300, closing costs at \$258 and monthly payments of \$71 will cover principal, interest, taxes and fire insurance for the least expensive home. A new type FHA financing is available to folks purchasing homes in Sun City.

Central heating and cooling are part of each home; electric stoves and ovens are built in except in the \$9,150 model. Every yard is landscaped, streets, walks, curbs and driveways are paved and the town has its own sewer system.

Once settled, the Coles became active in Sun City life. Over at the activities center they found a completely equipped woodworking shop as well as tools for leather working, metal smithing and wood carving. Mrs. Cole could learn ceramics and gem-cutting and keep up with her sewing.

"I didn't have much of a green thumb," admits Raymond, "but they showed us how to grow all kinds of flowers and even about breeding livestock.

Quite a chance for a city boy like me."

When not busy on the golf course, swimming, or at the recreation center, the Coles have a choice of 38 active clubs, including Lions, Rotary, rock-hounds, square dance, and bowling.

And, if Raymond wants, he could run for the Civic Council of Sun City. Nine men — including a Professor Emeritus at Yale, a retired banker and retired colonel have been elected to the Sun City Civic Association, which runs the daily affairs of the town. The same board directs a non-profit corporation that owns all the community and recreational facilities, except the golf course which has a fee of \$1 per year to residents.

The Coles like to go shopping at the ranch-style shopping center which features a supermarket, variety store, service station, drug store, barber shop, coin laundry, and cleaning place. Mrs. Cole was intrigued with the health food store, clothing shop, candy store and gift shops. Then there is a delicatessen, photographic store and travel agency and a large nursery selling plants and trees best suited to Arizona.

Sun City has its own bank, post office, public utilities office and weekly newspaper. There is a medical center staffed with general practitioners, dentists and a rotating clinic of specialists. In nearby Glendale is a large, modern hospital.

Here is a typical budget for the Coles for one month:

Food	\$75.00
Health, Hospitalization Insurance	10.00
Clothing	6.00
Utilities, include water, sewer, garbage collection, power and light	24.50
Recreation	6.00
Transportation	20.00
General Insurance	10.00
Miscellaneous	12.00
Charity	10.00
House Payment	80.00

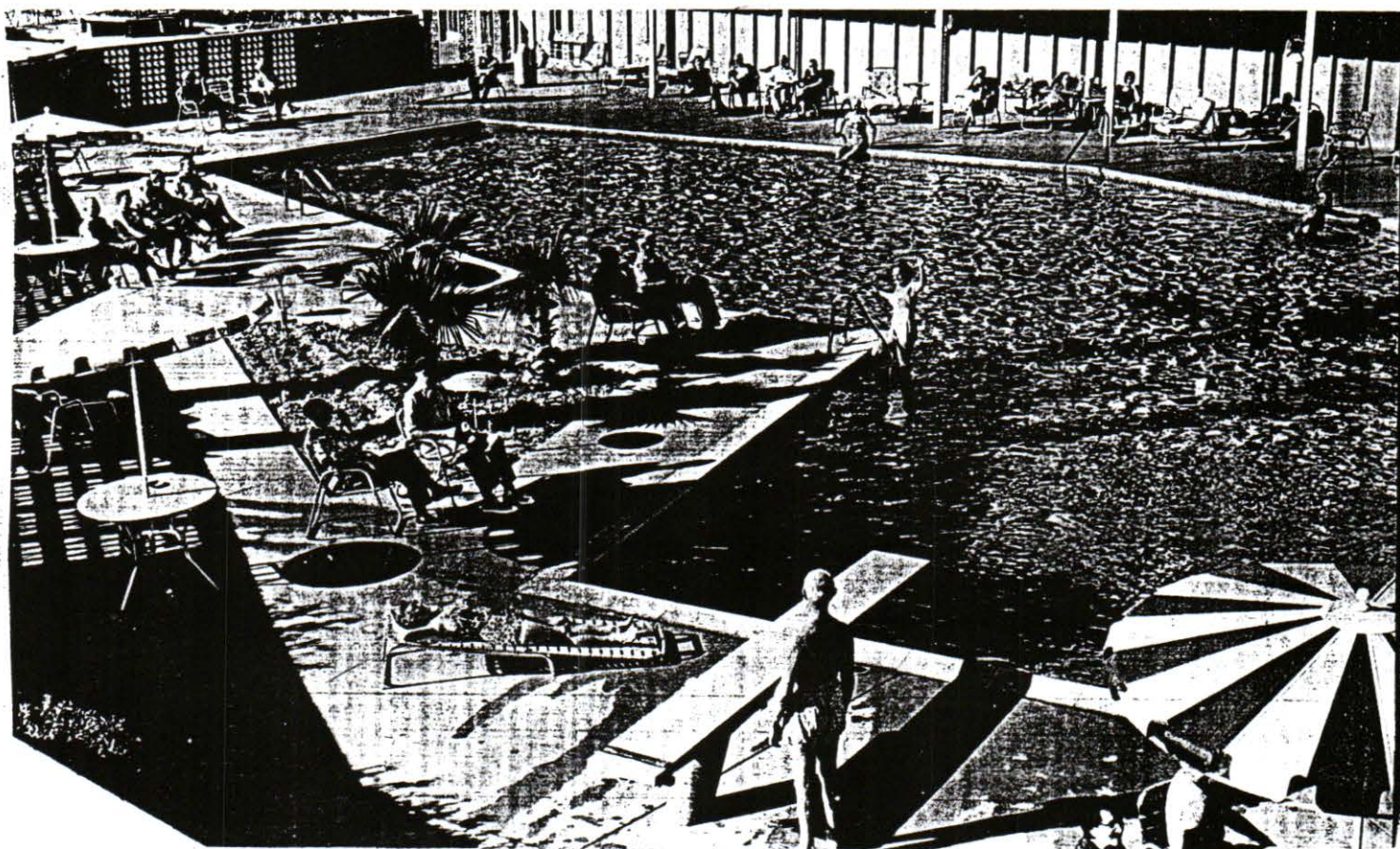
If Raymond wants to earn extra money (he's a former machinist) he could probably do so in Phoenix or nearby industrial areas (one is planned soon near Sun City). In fact, about 20% of Sun City folks have been able to find part time work nearby.

But the Coles are happy just having a good time. They have country club living at a price they can afford. No more ice, cold and grey skies for them. Raymond says: "Why, they tell me that during the past 30 years the Phoenix airport has been closed by bad weather only 4½ hours. That's why they call this place Sun City!"

(Editor's note: For further information, write to Del E. Webb Corporation, Box 4066, Phoenix 3, Arizona.)

The Riviera-size swimming pool is a popular year-around recreational feature at Sun City. Also, an 18-

hole golf course winds among the homes and a large patio is used for square dancing.



Sun City--An Experiment In Purposeful Living

LESS THAN A YEAR and a half ago Del Webb workmen struggled in unusually wet weather to complete shopping facilities and model homes at an unnamed retirement center 12 miles northwest of Phoenix. Those responsible for developing and promoting the community wondered whether they were creating a success, or something less.

Doors were opened to the public on time though, and Jan. 1-2-3, 1960, more than 100,000 visited what a short time later was named Sun City. From the first day it was evident that the "active retirement" appeal to the nation's senior citizens, 50 and older with no school-age children, was just what thousands had been waiting to hear.

Since then an estimated 1 million visitors have passed through the entrance to Sun City, and millions more all over the United States and in foreign countries have read about the newest Arizona town, and probably the most talked-about development in retirement living ever to come into being.

THAT ITS GROWTH was not guaranteed makes Sun City a success story well worth telling and reading. It could be described as a town built with the special aim of taking grandpa out of the rocking chair and putting him on the golf course.

It has succeeded remarkably well. Not only do many of the town's residents play golf daily on the 18-hole championship golf course, but hobby and recreational facilities are utilized every hour of the day.

Sun City residents have made such good use of facilities, are so friendly and compatible in spite of the fact they come from nearly every state in the union and from four foreign countries, that 40 clubs and organizations have sprung into being.

BESIDES THE chance to keep busy on the golf course, swimming pool, in a special garden-

ing and farming area, or in one of the many hobby shops, residents are drawn by the fact the town was designed solely for those 50 and over, with no nurseries, no public schools, children's matinees, so forth.

Already in the national spotlight for years as co-owner of the New York Yankees, Del Webb is gaining almost equal renown as developer of Sun City.

Although first homes were not occupied at Sun City until April, 1960, by the end of the year 1,472 single-family units and 252 co-operative apartments were completed and occupied. With 1,971 dwellings and 400 apartments planned for the second unit of Sun City, in 1961, 246 homes had been sold through the first two months of this year.

PRICE RANGE of the homes is from \$9,150 to \$14,550, and from \$8,500 to \$15,000 for the apartments. Statistics for 1960 reveal the most popular home sold in 1960 was the two-bedroom, one-bath model.

Mushrooming Sun City is located on part of 30,000 acres northwest of Phoenix. It ranks 35th in size among Arizona's 78 cities and towns. It may double in size, builders believe, and they already are talking in terms of a city of 10,000 in five years or less.

The first segment of Sun City, with homes, apartments, accompanying commercial, community and recreational facilities, represented \$17 million in land and improvements.

COMMUNITY, HOBBY and recreational facilities for the first unit, valued at \$250,000, were turned over recently to residents who have formed a Sun City Civic Association. Costs of maintaining these facilities, based on 100 per cent participation, runs to little more than \$1 per person per month. After the second unit of homes and apartments is fully occupied, plans are to turn over the new and larger community

and recreational center, valued at \$350,000, to a new civic group.

A former postal employe from Oregon says: "Children are enjoyed up to a limit, but residential districts with families having children of school age would mean more taxes for schools. We in a retired status have been through that mill, and have educated our children, and we seek a restful place free from the usual squabble over schools and their cost."

What occupations and interests are represented at Sun City? A cross section profile is revealing:

FOR EXAMPLE, there's Walter (Bud) Johnson, a former Denver police chief; W. C. Lefebvre, who retired only recently as postmaster and was at one time Phoenix police chief; Ambrose Merry, for 33 years an advertising man for the Rochester Times Union; Everett M. Humphrey of Dearborn, Mich., who for 36 years was a plumber and steam-fitter for Ford Motor Co.; Fred Mammen of Omaha, Neb., who used to write crop loss insurance for Nebraska farmers, and Albert Bartolain of Lawton, Mich., who until his retirement was one of the few artisans in the United States engaged in the artistic work of book gilding.

"I was tired of shoveling snow," says Bartolain, admitting he had to shovel through six-foot drifts on the driveway of his Michigan home so he and his wife Edna could get started to Arizona. "My wife suffered so badly from arthritis she couldn't tie an apron."

JOSEPH B. O'BRYANT, for 37 years a linotype operator and copy cutter for the St. Louis Post Dispatch: "In St. Louis a \$9,500 home is nothing . . . out here it's a castle."

It's the friendliest community in America, says Edgar Anderson, who heads the Lawn Bowling Club, and was a founding father of the Phoenix Little Theater's annual Shakespeare Festival. "The hobby shops give people the chance to use their hands with their head. That's important to people as they grow older."

John Drenth, former Northern California insurance executive with a background in city planning: "I believe Sun City has violated . . . yes, violated . . . every principle of city planning, which calls for a cross-section of all ages. That's why I moved here."

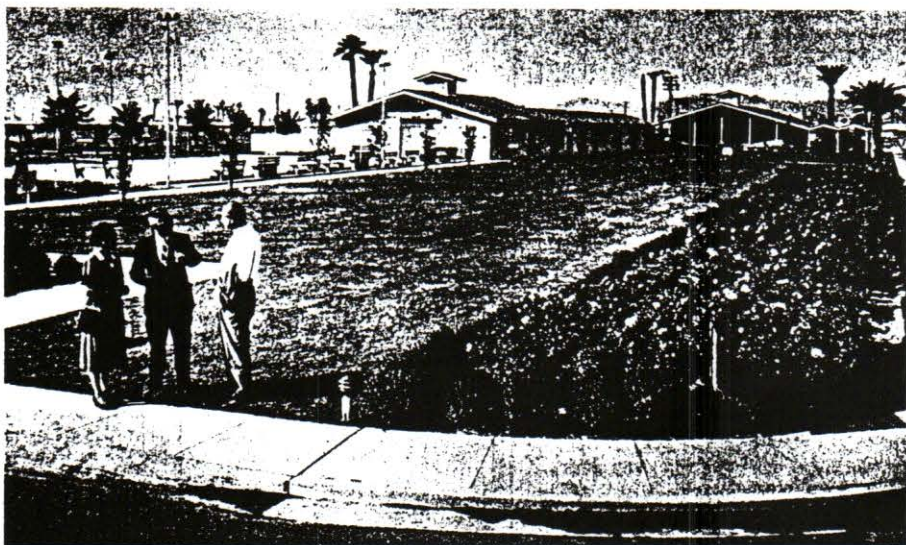
FROM AMBROSE MERRY: "It took us just six weeks to produce a beautiful green carpet of lawn in our yard, start a rose garden and a cactus garden." Adds his wife, Rene: "With the weather and warm winter climate out here, we can grow just about anything."

Fred Mammen, long-time Omaha resident: "We enjoy champagne living on a beer pocket-book, and that includes golf, swimming and square dancing."

Thomas C. Snyder, formerly of San Jose, Calif., long associated with the Schenley Industries: "We were told about Sun City when planning to return last February from Wickenburg to California. We turned around in the middle of the highway, took a look, and bought the next day."

MARTIN CONNIFF, well-known Spokane, Wash., business and civic leader, president of the Rotary Club, Community Chest, Washington State Dairy Association and the Knife and Fork Club, while he served with Arden Farms Co. 31 years:

Continued on page 54



Spaciousness is the keynote. This is a view of one of two community and recreational centers, dotted with palms, bright with green grass, roses and other blooming flowers to greet Arizona winter visitors from frigid and snow-blanketed climes.

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shines cookware**

"Mirror bright" In seconds



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Now! See your dull, discolored pots and pans
SHINE LIKE NEW—without hard rubbing.
Unlike ordinary kitchen cleansers, Kleen King
works with a gentle CHEMICAL FOAMING
ACTION... actually DISSOLVES food burns,
scorches, stains, and rinses them away!
Safe, quick, gentle to hands. ECONOMICAL,
TOO—the big can lasts and lasts! Be sure
to get Kleen King—the West's LARGEST-
SELLING copper and aluminum cleansers.

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STEEL CLEANSER is made especially
for your copper-bottom and stainless steel
cookware. A paper towel and a little Kleen
King keep them sparkling. Helps prevent
tarnish, too! Look for the tall blue can.

2 KLEEN KING ALUMINUM CLEANSER
is the special cleanser you need to keep
your aluminum cookware shining bright.
Quickly removes stains and discolorations
caused by food and water. Look for the
tall red can.



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CITY OF INDUSTRY, CALIF.



Entrance to Sun City retirement community, is off the Phoenix-Los Angeles highway (U.S. 60-70-89) and is a broad divided avenue, palm-lined and landscaped with flowers and orange trees.

Sun City . . . An Experiment In Purposeful Living

Continued from page 52

"We saw quite a few places that promised the moon. But in Sun City they made good on what others promised before we bought a home. We liked the idea of meeting people our own age with the same background and interests." A golfer, Conniff's home looks out on number three fairway.

Outlined in detail, community, recreational, hobby and commercial facilities point out the completeness of the booming Arizona town. Size of the shopping center has been doubled recently, and now includes grocery supermarket, variety store, furniture store, hardware and appliance store, service station, drug store, barber shop, coin laundry, cleaning establishment, carpet firm, health foods shop, radio and television store, men's and women's clothing store, candy store, delicatessen, photographic and gift shops, travel agency, law firm branch office, and a large nursery offering plants and trees best suited to the Arizona climate.

IN ADDITION, the city has its own bank, post office, public utilities office, weekly newspaper, and a modern medical center with full-time medical and dental services.

The new second community and recreational center—like the first—is luxuriously furnished, has kitchen facilities and equipment for club meetings, general gatherings and social functions, a stage, dressing rooms, men's club room, ladies' sewing room, television and wired music.

The huge swimming pool is enclosed, beautifully landscaped, has bathhouse and dressing facilities, pool-size table area and covered cabana area furnished with colorful patio furniture. Nearby are shuffleboard and lawn bowling courts.

THE ACTIVITIES CENTER has a completely-equipped woodworking shop, ceramic shop, sewing room, leather and wood carving, metalsmith and lapidary shops, dark room fully equipped, and jewelry shop. There will be space for sale of products made within the community, advancement beyond the hobby class if the retirees wish.

An agricultural center incorporates areas for growing prize flowers, vegetables and small crops, and city builders have announced they even will make available the necessary animals to start retirees interested in breeding prize livestock.

Central heating and cooling facilities are part of every home, electric stoves

and ovens are built in except for the \$9,150 model. Every model is landscaped, streets, walks, curbs and driveways are paved, the town has its own sewer system, and even garbage cans are placed underground to add to community attractiveness.

DIRECTOR TOM BREEN has this to say about the philosophy that led to the creation of Sun City.

"The 'way of life' we promise senior citizens 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 others on their retirement.

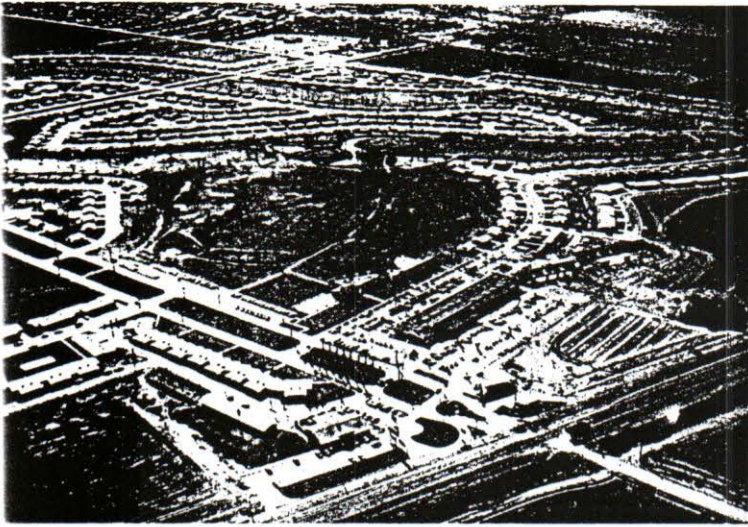
"Such independence means the privilege of doing what they want, when they want, and with whomever they want. Many retirees enjoy the company of younger people and children, yet in our surveys we frequently heard the comment: 'I have reared my own children and don't care to rear someone else's.'

"THE APPROACH TO design of our community has been governed by privacy for homeowners, economy in housing prices, and activity opportunities for residents. We believe senior citizens in our community will retain their independence and individuality through interest and activity of their own choosing."

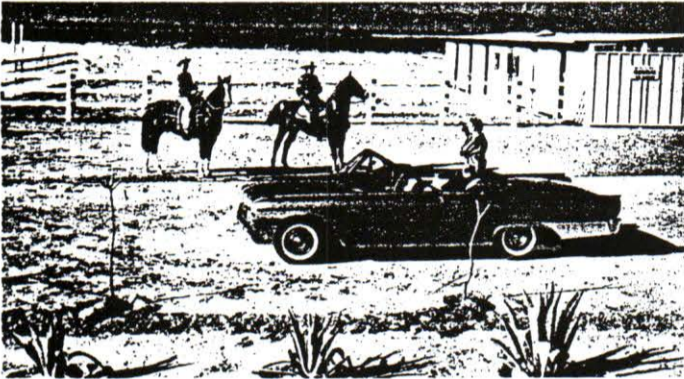
Problems of running the daily affairs of this unique town already have been shouldered by the Sun City Civic Association, composed of nine men elected by the residents. The same board directs a nonprofit corporation which took over operation recently of the community and recreational facilities, except the golf course, which is operated as a public course by the Webb Corporation. Residents play the course at discount prices.

Because Civic Association board members serve without pay, and politics are frowned upon, the governing body has been able to recruit high-caliber talent. President is Ralph Hawley, a professor emeritus from Yale University with years of experience dealing with builders as a member of the planning and zoning board in Cheshire, Conn.

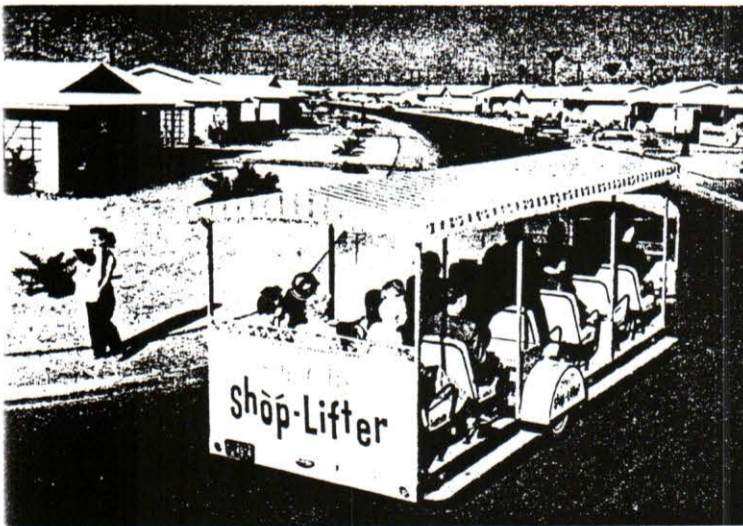
"MOST BUILDERS and developers," says Hawley, "build the house, sell it and then 'get out.' This is the first time in my experience that a developer has contributed so much to the general welfare of the community."



This shows a part of the Arizona retirement community of Sun City, near Phoenix. The year-old city already has a population of 3,000, a majority of whom are newcomers to Arizona. The business area is in center foreground, with the community and social center in the park-like area in center of photo.



A horseback canter on the nearby desert? The Arizona retirement community has its own corral, pictured above. It also offers its senior-citizen residents a galaxy of activities, from swimming to golf, ceramics to sewing and woodworking, gardening to shuffleboard and lawn bowling.



A trek to market is no real chore for the senior-citizen housewife in Sun City. This attractive "shop-lifter" tours attractive, winding streets to transport residents to and from the business center, golf course, community center and other activity points.

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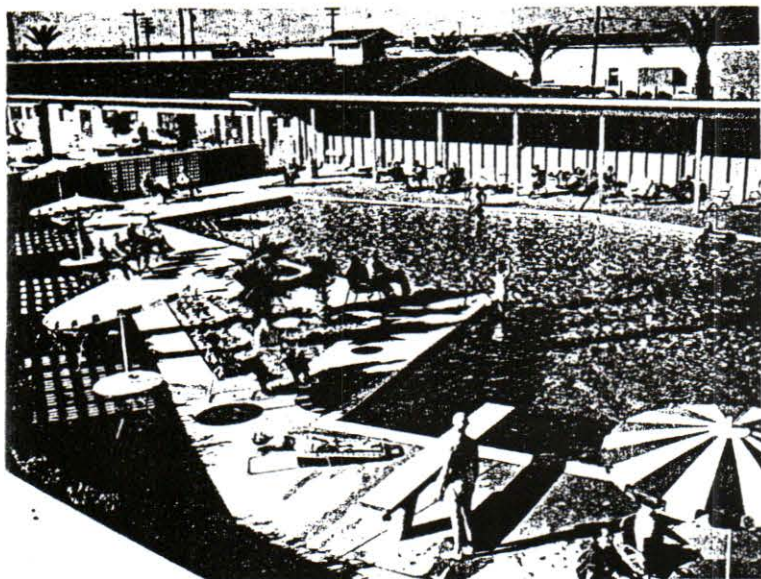
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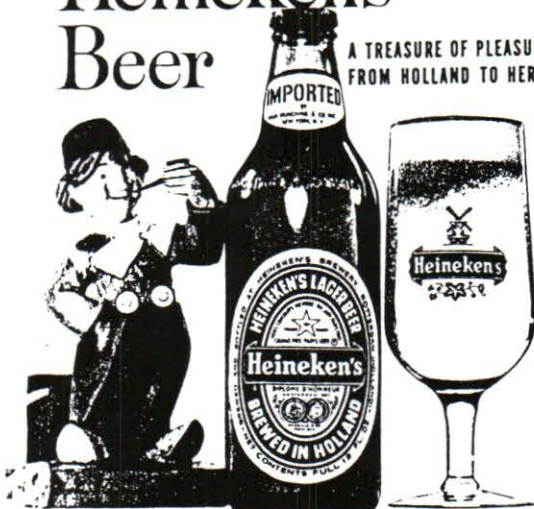
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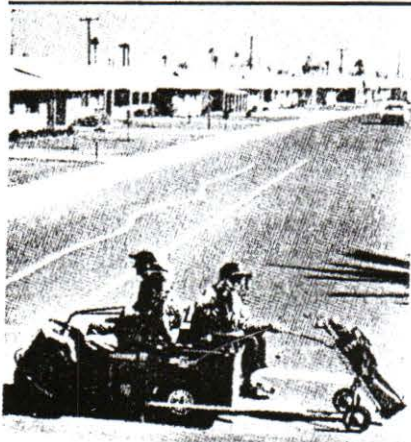
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The Story Of Del Webb's Sun City

BUSINESS



SUN CITY GOLFERS



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BATHERS AT COMMUNITY POOL

Herb McLaughlin

HOUSING

Life Begins at 50

In Sun City, Ariz., last week, the clear desert air rang with a mighty chorus of activity. Through its palm-lined streets wafted the strains of Stephen Foster melodies as the cast of the Sun City Minstrel Show rehearsed for its big night. Golfers played on a golf course that meanders through the community, and lawn bowlers practiced body English on the bowling green. The shuffleboard courts were jammed, and so was the community-center swimming pool. Ranged in some 40 different clubs, Sun City residents busily kept their hand in at everything from chess to stone cutting. And—for those who had energy left—there was square dancing in the evening.

Such frenetic activity might seem unusual in an ordinary U.S. town, but Sun City (pop. 3,000) is no ordinary community. It is the most unusual example of a new housing trend—the community built especially for retired people. Unlike most other such communities, Sun City accepts only home owners over 50, bars all children, except as visitors. Sun City residents, most of whom have already raised their own families, do not want the responsibilities that children bring to a community, although jokers claim that the real reason for the ban is that children could not keep up with the pace of the city's residents.

Recreation First. The community itself is a mere infant. In 1956, Phoenix's Del E. Webb, builder and part owner of the New York Yankees, began studying retirement communities. Despite most advice to the contrary, he decided that retired people often feel uncomfortable around younger couples because their interests are so different; furthermore, they do not want children underfoot. They prefer organized activities to keep them busy, want sports facilities to be ready when they move in.

In the summer of 1959, the Webb organization bought 30,000 acres of land about 16 miles northwest of Phoenix, invested more than \$2,500,000 in building parks, wide palm-lined streets, a shopping center, community buildings and other facilities. By Jan. 1, 1960, the organization had model homes constructed and was ready to begin selling. The modest, basically similar, concrete-block houses ranged from \$8,750 for a two-bedroom structure to \$11,600 for a three-bedroom and two-bath house. On the first weekend, purchasers bought 272 of the neat and gay pastel houses—and the flow has not stopped since. In 1960 the Webb company sold 1,472 houses and 262 apartments for about \$17.5 million—and 60% of the sales were for cash. This year the company is building a second batch of slightly larger houses that sell for from \$9,150 to \$14,550 and is planning similar developments in California and Florida.

O Pioneers. Sociologists are already knocking on Sun City's doors. A survey

of the 448 residents who applied for Federal Housing Administration loans showed that the average Sun City citizen has a net worth of \$54,658, a yearly income of \$7,878, a bank balance of \$7,160—figures that supply an income for the city more solidly than any industry could. Webb figures that a retired person needs only \$350 a month income to live in the community and pay for a home.

Despite a wide variety of backgrounds and economic circumstances, Sun City residents have shown strong egalitarian feelings and a desire to forget the past; they think of themselves as pioneers in a new, more or less classless community. No cliques have been formed along lines of former social positions. Even the similarity of their houses (actually 15 different models) is welcomed as a leveler. "We all live in the same kind of house," says Ralph Hawley, 81, professor emeritus of forestry at Yale and president of the Sun City Civic Association, "and we like it that way."

TIME CLOCK

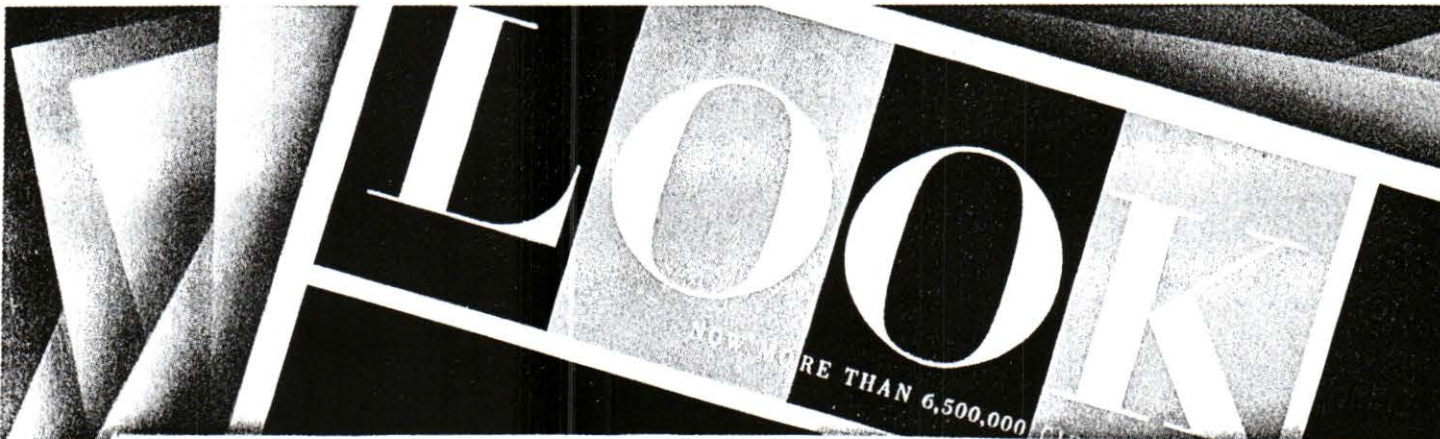
SOARING SOYBEAN FUTURES met the experts' expectations (TIME, Jan. 27), hit a five-year high of \$3.17 on July beans, the most actively traded contract on Chicago's Board of Trade. The bean jumped 90¢ in three months on reports of world shortages. After the high, prices fell because processors and exporters quit buying. But traders feel the rise is not ended.

BIGGER VOLKSWAGEN will go on sale next fall. The car, which resembles U.S. compacts, is 6 in. longer overall than the current Volkswagen, will have a larger, air-cooled, four-cylinder rear engine, come in station-wagon and two-door models. Volkswagen says it will not be sold in the U.S. Sedan price in Germany: \$1,600 v. \$1,150 for the current model.

BANK ANTITRUST ATTACK was started by Kennedy Administration, which filed three suits within six days to stop big-city bank mergers in Philadelphia, Lexington, Ky., and Milwaukee, charging bank competition in the cities would be endangered if mergers went through.

CONTROL OF TWA board was finally won by Howard Hughes's creditors, a group of bank and insurance companies that forced Hughes to let their trustees vote his TWA stock (78%) until some \$165 million in loans for new TWA jets are paid. Stockholders elected six new directors to TWA board, including Trustee Ernest R. Breech, former Ford Motor Co. chairman, who is likely to have biggest influence in running company.

In One Week To 10,000,000 Readers



ARIZONA RETIREMENT

Three years before he planned to retire, Harvey Leisy was out of a job; he found he was able to retire anyway



Luella and Harvey Leisy barbecue hamburgers for a back-yard picnic in Sun City, Ariz., a town designed especially for the needs of older people.

Old age: the new frontier

The Leisys enjoy a swim in the community pool. They take part in many activities, and Mrs. Leisy writes a column for the local weekly, News-Sun.



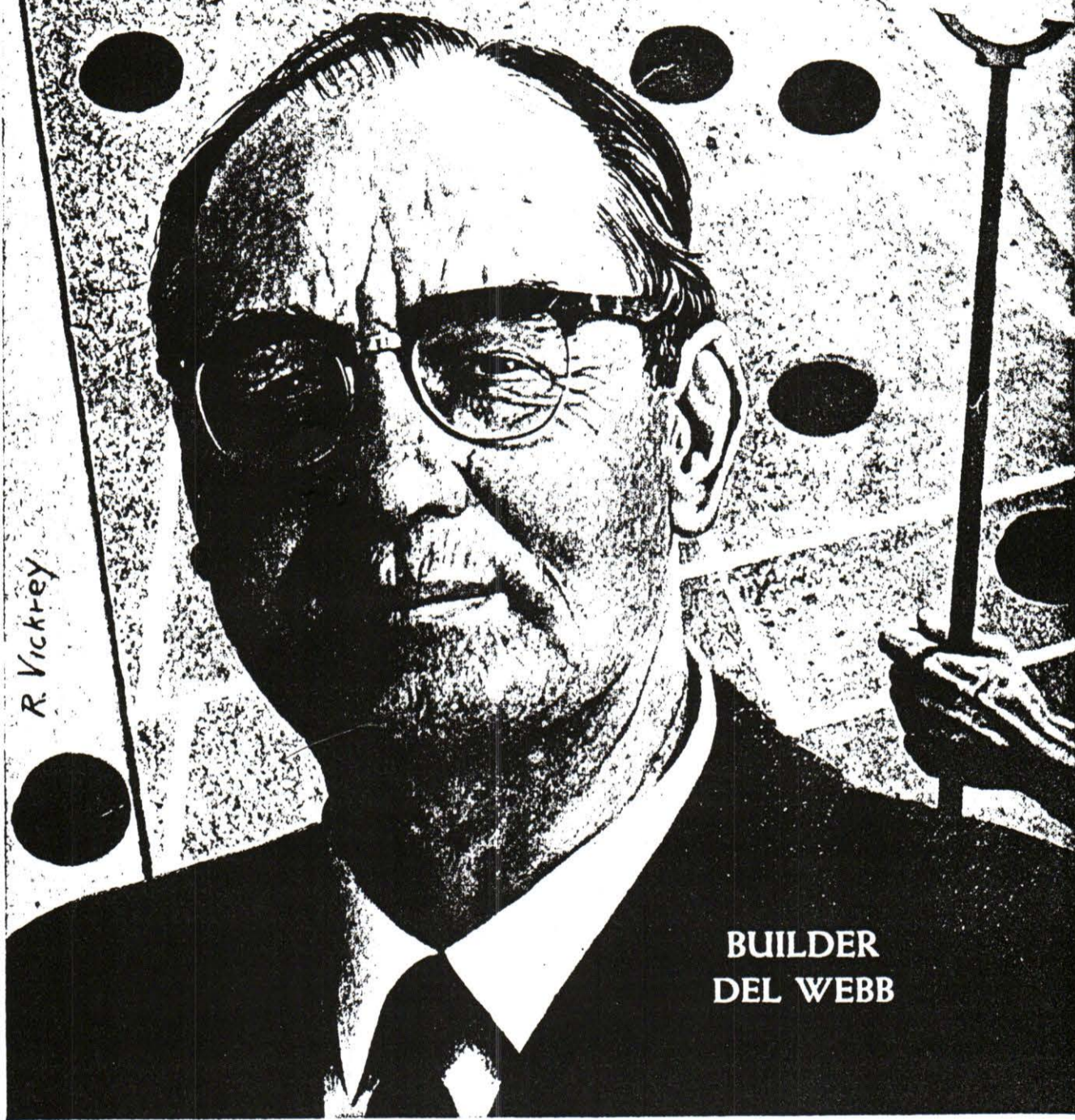
FOR MANY PEOPLE, retirement is a shore dimly seen and eagerly sought. It was so for Harvey Leisy, 68, who had planned to retire in 1957 on a pension earned after 38 years of service with the same company, as a tool and die worker and planning supervisor. Then his boat capsized. The company abandoned its plant in Portland, Ore., in 1954, and Leisy, then 61, was out of a job; his annuity was reduced. Almost in reflex, he delayed his retirement plans and found another job within a week. His wife Luella sensed that he was halfhearted about it. She asked him, "Do you really want to go on working?" He said, "No." "Then why don't we retire now?" she prompted. The shock turned into a challenge. He turned down the new job before he started. The Leisys took inventory of their assets, which included a mortgage-free house, small investments, his annuity and the Social Security benefits that would begin in 1957, when he reached 65. They decided they could retire on \$250 a month. They rented their house

and took long-planned motor trips across the country. They also searched for a place to live "where no one would grumble about arthritis or complain, 'Nobody loves me any more.'" Today, they live in a new home in Sun City, Ariz., an unusual small town near Phoenix, developed by the Del E. Webb Construction Company, where only older people can reside. Upon analysis, the Leisys reacted to a crisis with the maturity old age should bring. They did not panic, and they took a calculated risk. They never lost their appetite for life. They still savor each day in civic and church activities, in each other's company and on the golf course. They visit their six grandchildren in Oregon at least once a year, but they are firm when they say, "Our lives are here in Sun City. This is our home." Like most people content in retirement, the Leisys credit thrift throughout a lifetime as a main reason for their success. Mrs. Leisy says, "Why, I always bought my minks at Woolworth's." Whether older people have been thrifty in their earlier years or

THE REMBRANDT CITY
THE NEW YORK POLICE TO THE OLD

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



R. Vickrey

BUILDER
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DEL WEBB WITH SUN CITY OLDSTERS

Wheels for potters, easels for painters, and a place in the sun.

THE FAMILY

A Place in the Sun

(See Cover)

He was not what anybody would call an old man. His hair was grey, but it was far from white; his face was lined but not wrinkled. He looked down at his strong, freckled hands:

"I don't know what to do with myself these days," he said. "I'm supposed to be old—I was 65 last fall—but God knows I don't feel old. The company is right about the retirement age, I suppose; it has to make places for younger men. But what happens to us?"

He was sitting on the porch of his son's house in Fair Haven, N.J., watching his granddaughter perambulate her favorite doll in the summer sunshine, but he might have been anywhere in the U.S. His cry and his question are being heard more often and more urgently everywhere—in Southern drawl and Northern twang, in city and suburb, cold-water flat and executive suite.

Time & Money. The man on the porch is a member of the U.S.'s fastest-growing minority—the so-called aged. Because of modern medicine, U.S. citizens are living longer. In the first half of the 20th century, life expectancy at birth increased 17.6 years for men and 20.3 years for women. Today 17.4 million U.S. citizens are 65 or over. Between 1950 and 1960, the over-65 population increased about twice as fast as the total population. Between 1920 and 1960, the number of people 75 or more increased by 279%, and the number 85 and older increased by a phenomenal 920%. Estimates are that by the year 2000 the number of U.S. citizens past the normal retirement age of 65 will have doubled, and they will make up 10% of the population—comprising in all a body of people larger than the present population of Spain, or more than triple that of Australia.

MODERN LIVING

At 65, the man on the porch can expect 12.7 more years of life. He has money, or at least a modest income. The 17 million Americans over 65 have an aggregate annual income of \$32 billion—nearly \$9 billion from social security; \$5.3 billion from private sources such as interest, dividends, rents, etc.; \$11 billion from retainers or consultation fees, odd jobs and other employment; the rest from annuities, life insurance, public aid, company and Government pensions. And their total income will be increasing as the oldest generations (who tended by and large to depend on relations for support) die out, and as the effect of the huge expansion in company retirement plans makes itself felt. Today there are some 22 million employees covered by private pensions, and an estimated 1,000,000 are added yearly. The total sum paid out on pension plans in 1935 was only \$100 million; last year it was \$1.8 billion.

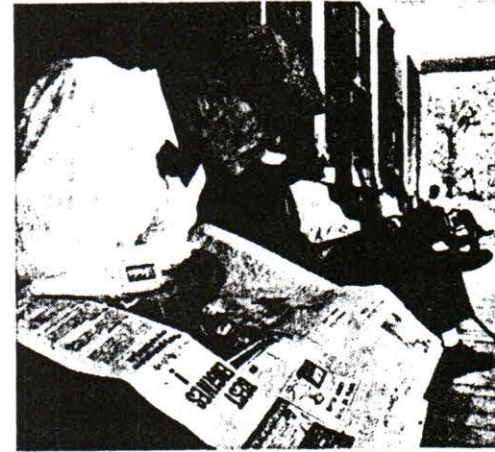
Too Old to Work. But what does the man on the porch do with his money and his time, finding himself, as Walter Reuther once put it, "too old to work and too young to die"?

The most productive society in the world is slowly realizing that it has not found the answer, or answers. The problem has crept upon the nation and caught it almost unawares—the unanticipated result of shifts that in themselves seemed to be clearly progressive. Partly, it has arisen from the policy of progressive management in industry, which has standardized 65 as a retirement age for janitors and vice presidents; partly, it is a result of the U.S.'s increasing urbanization. Back in 1900, 600 out of every 1,000 Americans lived on farms, where grandparents remained part of the family even

if it meant moving into the attic bedroom. In 1960, only 87 in 1,000 Americans still lived on farms, and there is no room for three generations in a city apartment or a suburban housing development.

In a society that tends to judge who a man is by what he does, the vigorous oldster suffers a special stress. Says Boston Gerontologist Natalie Cabot: "Nobody ever suddenly becomes Negro or Jewish, but people do suddenly become retired. They become a minority almost overnight, and it hits them hard, usually within the first three weeks." A retired man finds himself not only without a job but without an "identification tag": someone accustomed to thinking of himself as a railroad man or an insurance executive is often seriously disoriented when he finds that he is no longer anything at all.

Staying Put. Surveys show that most oldsters (90%) stay put in the town where they have always lived before retirement overtook them. But few any longer live with their children. This traditional solution is packed with hazard in



GREY VILLET—LIFE

SITTERS IN ST. LOUIS

contemporary America. The young people's sense of their right to live their own lives conflicts with the Biblical injunction to "honor thy father and thy mother." The old folks' conviction that "I don't want to be a burden" conflicts with "after all I've done for them, they owe it to me."

"The kinship relationship of the older person has changed," says Professor Emeritus Ernest Watson Burgess of the University of Chicago. "My grandfather lived on a farm. His sons would come to him for advice about farming. Daughters would ask grandmother about how to raise their children. Now the son goes to the agricultural agent for advice, and the one thing the daughter knows is—she isn't going to raise her children the way her mother raised her."

Often the oldsters take their diminished income and move into a back-street boardinghouse or walk-up flat, clinging to the places they have known, while the winters grow colder and old friends fewer. Often they feel increasingly isolated and rejected as the visits from children become rarer—seeing the doctor more and more often, penny-pinching their fixed income against the upward-creeping cost of living, and trying to keep something by against the high cost of dying.

In fact, the old in general are less afraid of dying than of contracting a long and expensive illness that would make them a disastrous burden to their families or force them into the charity wards. People who might be able to live reasonably well on a modest income do not dare to spend it, feel compelled instead to scrape and save every penny against the day that they may fall ill.

It is this fear—and its crippling effect on the spendable income of the aged—that has made medicare, in one form or another, a compelling social need and a political issue. The long-drawn battle in Congress that led to the recent defeat of

the Anderson-Javits bill was in part a dispute over how the need should be met. Some still argue that it is enough to rely largely on private insurance plans, but in a recent study the Brookings Institute concluded: "The fragmentary evidence available suggests that health insurance does not meet more than one-sixth of total medical costs of the insured or one-fourteenth of the total for all the aged."

Doing Nothing. Some 2.4% of the nation's 65-and-over oldsters have been forced to give up the fight for self-reliant existence and have entered one of the thousands of institutions for the aged that range downward from expensive private adequacy to public squalor. Whether they are in converted Manhattan brownstones or onetime country estates, mental and physical deterioration usually comes fast amid the frayed checkerboards, the flickering television sets and the cold tea. In one such home on the Eastern seaboard, a former foreman said softly to a visitor last week: "I can't think of anything useful I can do any more, and I don't want to sit around doing nothing. So I just sleep for longer spells, hoping it will end."

But one out of every ten oldsters has had enough energy and gumption—or is sufficiently rootless—to pull up stakes, sell the house, dispose of the furniture, and often strike out for a place where he can warm his thinning blood in the hot sun. Many of the less well-off have flocked to such geriatric capitals as St. Petersburg, Fla., where 28.1% of the population is 65 or over.* The more affluent might choose the expensive isolation of a palm-fringed plot in the Virgin Islands or a Pacific beach front in Southern California.

Geriatric Heresy. But for the growing army of active oldsters willing and able to cut out and start a new life, a dramatically successful solution has grown up during

the past few years: the "retirement city," restricted to people of a certain age.

Chief developer of the retirement cities is a 6-ft. 4-in., 63-year-old maelstrom of restless energy named Delbert Eugene Webb (see box). Construction is Del Webb's business—construction of anything and everything from a silo to a skyscraper—and in 1955, casting about for ways and means to expand his burgeoning Del E. Webb Corp., he bethought himself of the retirement market.

"My grandfather, Jimmy Webb, used to grouch about being old with nothing to do," he says. "My old man used to say it was only the railroad companies that did anything for the guys it retired. Well, it's pretty grim, being old with nothing to do." Webb assigned one of his lieutenants to see what could be done.

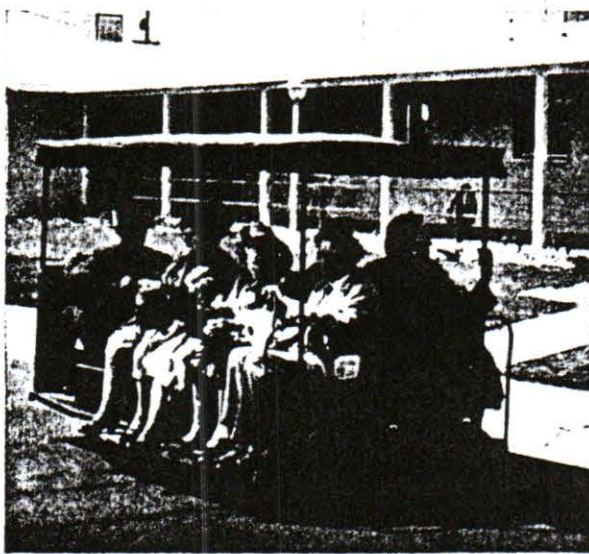
The man he picked for the job was Thomas E. Breen, a vice president of the Webb Corp. and, coincidentally, the son of famed Joseph Breen, longtime head of Hollywood's Hays Office. A former actor himself and onetime marine, Breen began by reading up on geriatrics and visiting places like St. Petersburg, which depressed him with its drab rooming houses and its thousands of elderly people "just sitting around on benches." He decided that activities should be important in any program that Webb might undertake. He was also frequently assured by gerontologists that old folks hated to be cut off from the cross section of ages that make up regular communities. But a little-publicized community that flew directly in the face of this orthodox doctrine began to interest him.

Adults Only. It was called Youngtown, and was some 16 miles northwest of Webb's home office in Phoenix, Ariz. Since 1954 it had been growing slowly on

* Other cities with a high proportion of oldsters: Miami Beach (pop. 63,145), with 28.2%; Clearwater, Fla. (pop. 34,653), with 20.7%; Santa Cruz, Calif. (pop. 25,596), with 25.1%; Lake Worth, Fla. (pop. 20,758), with 28.8%.



DANCERS IN DETROIT



RIDERS IN FRESNO'S CITIZENS VILLAGE

In Southern drawls and Northern twangs, the cry is the same.



CARDPLAYERS IN ST. PETERSBURG

the unusual principle that no one less than 60 was allowed to move in. Despite this geriatric heresy, and despite the lack of facilities for shopping or recreation, the houses at Youngtown were steadily selling. Breen decided that there might be something in the age-segregation idea, no matter what the experts said.

By 1959 Webb had a clear-cut proposal to decide on: Should he commit \$2,000,000 to building a community that would be limited to residents 50 years old or more with no school-age children, a community that would be strong on recreation and part-time employment? Basic to the proposal was the notion that all its facilities—golf course, swimming pool, shopping center, etc.—should be installed before the first house was sold ("There's no point in trying to sell futures to a guy who's 65 years old," argued Breen). Webb decided the risk was worth it, and the first of Webb's Sun Cities—30,000 acres northeast of Phoenix—began to sell houses five months later.

To Webb's astonishment, 272 were sold the first weekend. Built of concrete blocks in pleasant pastel colors, the houses were priced from \$8,750 to \$11,600 for three bedrooms, two baths. (A house on the golf course, which snakes through the community, cost \$1,450 more.) Both FHA and bank financing were offered, with monthly payments varying from \$73 to \$114. Sun City customers were not rich, but Webb found that more than half wanted to pay cash. The purchasers were usually men of solid substance—former engineers, successful salesmen, foremen, dentists, small businessmen, schoolteachers—with money in the bank, often as the result of selling the house back home.

Del Webb and his staff found that they had miscalculated on only one point: instead of wanting to work at least part-time, most Sun citizens have been happy to spend all day at play.

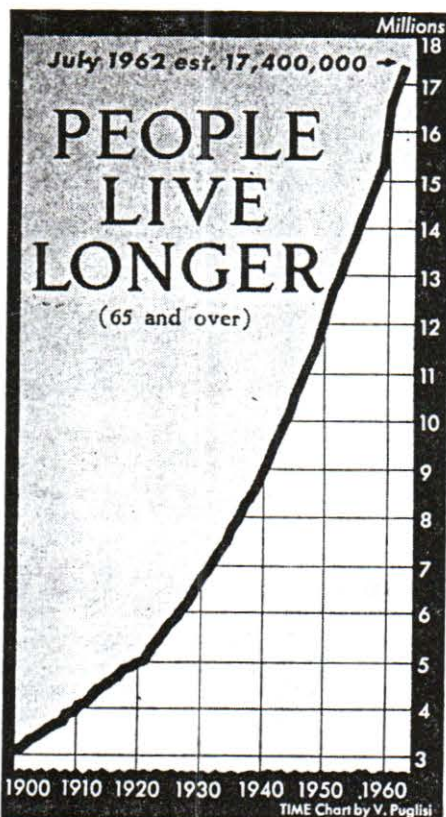
Healthy & Busy. There is plenty to play with. Like a laird of the manor, Webb has supplied his tenants with almost anything and everything they want to keep them on the go. If a sufficient number want to play *boccie*, Webb supplies an alley. There are potter's wheels for the potters, easels for the painters. In a proliferation of more than 90 clubs and organizations, Sun City oldsters bicycle and grow vegetables, take pictures, dance, do exercises, sing, sew, act, bowl, swim, and play almost every kind of game from canasta to chess.

All this activity—organized spontaneously by Sun City residents without artificial "cruise-director" stimulation—seems to make oldsters healthier as well as happier; they make fewer trips to the doctor, and the death rate is actually lower than for comparable age groups elsewhere. Hypochondriacs are at a minimum; when one of Sun City's three resident doctors gets a call, he knows he had better get there fast.

Helping the doctors is the Sunshine Committee—200 volunteers organized by

the Rev. E. Duane Thistlethwaite, 70, a retired Methodist minister—who take the sick to doctors and hospitals, lend wheelchairs, crutches, and even money to widows waiting for their social security or estate funds to start coming in. With typical Sun City initiative, the community church (an amalgam of 35 Protestant denominations) is currently raising money for a small nursing home for long-term cases.

Pioneer Spirit. "We love all the things you can do out here," says Dr. Chester L. Meade, 76, a tanned, lithe, white-haired man who gave up his dental practice in Mason City, Iowa, and moved to Sun City last November. His wife Mabel



chimed: "People say, 'But don't you miss Mason City?' Those dear friends, yes, but not Mason City. We're not lonely at all, and the people are so friendly here."

"Back there," interrupted Dr. Meade, "you can play golf only a few months of the year. The rest of the time you go to the Elks Club and play two-bit rummy."

"We love children," said his wife. "But as you get older, you don't care about having a lot of them around. The fact that you can have your own yard and flowers without worrying about children traipsing through is appealing. And then again, it's wonderful having everybody on the same level. Here they're not interested in your financial status the way they are in most communities."

"I think there's the spirit of the old original settlers out here," says Dean Babbitt, onetime president of the Sonotone Corp., who moved to Sun City from a large estate in New Hampshire to which he had already retired. "People here have

pulled up stakes and started over. Whether you're living on social security or a bunch of money, it makes no difference."

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. They find that they are competing with no one, and the camaraderie of shared age and past achievement makes for relaxed companionship.

Webb makes no claim to be motivated entirely by Christian charity. "We knew we were taking a calculated risk," he says, "but you have to do that in the contracting business. It was a gamble, but I was pretty damn sure it would work."

He is surprised and pleased, though, that it worked so well. Retirement housing has become a major element in the Del E. Webb Corp., and it has already built similar developments at Kern City, Calif. (just outside Bakersfield), and at Sun City, Fla. (17 miles southeast of Tampa). Sun City, Calif. (20 miles south of Riverside), which opened officially four weeks ago, has already sold 833 units.

Richer or Poorer. Webb's Sun Cities are only for a small minority of the aged. Those who are richer can buy into specialized old-age communities such as the Casa de Mañana in La Jolla, Calif., one of 100-odd similar projects operated by the Methodist Church. The La Jolla colony has fewer recreational facilities than Sun City, but its chief feature is guaranteed until-death medical care, including treatment in the colony's hospital. The price can be high: as much as \$27,500. For this, plus a monthly \$200 maintenance charge, a buyer receives lifetime tenancy of an ocean-view cottage, free meals in the community center, free linens, and cleaning service every two weeks.

In most other church-sponsored groups, the custom has been to demand a "founder's fee," which means the tenant has to pay a proportionate share of the building cost of the entire project. In some cases, he also has to agree to remain in the project for life, and to assign the community all personal assets in exchange for permanent care until death (many oldsters find this humiliating and restrictive of their freedom of choice).

Those who cannot afford Sun City can always go to St. Petersburg, where they can sit on pastel-colored benches in the sun and stare into space, or tell each other what they did yesterday. In St. Pete, they can have their blood pressure taken for 35¢ at a street-corner booth, or play shuffleboard on 107 courts. They can listen to free band concerts almost any day in the year, or dance most evenings for a quarter, or "Eat Like a King for \$1.60"—or less.

Lonely in the Sun. And this is important, for 85% of them are living on less than \$5,000 a year, 11% on less than \$1,000. "What you do," explained one octogenarian, "is sleep good and late in the morning. That way I eat a breakfast for lunch about 11 o'clock, and then I don't have to eat lunch at all. Sure I'm

Man on the Cover: DEL WEBB

DEL WEBB, the hulking, slope-shouldered, long-striding 63-year-old who hates to be called Delbert, could not stand the life in one of his own Sun Cities for more than a few days—or a few hours. Though he has earned some unexpected gratitude for his retirement centers, he is better known for more rough-and-tumble activities as co-owner of the New York Yankees and as one of the largest single builders in the U.S.

The Journeyman. A restless barnstormer by trade and temperament, he was born in Fresno, Calif. His mother was the daughter of a German farmer, who built one of California's first irrigation systems. His father was the son of an English evangelist, but most of Del Webb's early exposure to religion came from his father's three sisters. "Those old ladies were so religious they squeaked," he says. "I had to go to Sunday school and church, and—goddammit—I wanted to play ball. They thought baseball was trafficking with the devil, so when I finally went off to play, I had to do it now and then under an assumed name."

His father, a building contractor and amateur ballplayer, passed on to him the tools of his two trades—a carpenter's saw and a fast ball. By the time he was ten, Del knew his way around a scaffolding or an infield with equal aplomb. "I can't remember not being captain of the team," he says. "When we chose sides for a pick-up game, I was always one of the guys who did the choosing."

When he was 14, his father went bankrupt, and Del hit the road two years later. "I've been on the move ever since," he says. "It gets in your blood and you can't stop." Weekdays he was a journeyman carpenter on construction jobs; weekends he played semiprofessional ball. Webb hit nails and nailed hitters all over the West, from Calgary down to the Mexican border, developing at the same time a taste for old bourbon and young ladies. During World War I, he worked in the Oakland shipyards; when it was over, he married his childhood sweetheart, Hazel Church. The marriage broke up in 1952, and last year Webb married pretty, brunette Toni Ince, 41, buyer for the Bullock's-Wilshire department store in Los Angeles.

20 Bourbons a Day. Del Webb's baseball days ended in 1925 with a crunch of cracked ribs and torn ligaments, sliding home from second on a short single, followed by a bout of typhoid fever that brought his weight down from 204 lbs. to 99 lbs. When he was on his feet again, he landed a job with a small contractor in Phoenix. One day, when he was working on the construction of a new grocery store, his paycheck bounced, and his employer disappeared. The grocer asked young Webb to take over the job, and the Del E. Webb Construction Co. was born. Its total assets: one cement mixer, ten wheelbarrows, 20 shovels and ten picks.

By 1935, this was a \$3,000,000 business. With World War II, the Webb company moved into the big time, built most of the air stations and military installations in Arizona and Southern California. Among current projects, he is building with George A. Fuller Co. a \$62 million Minuteman missile silo complex in Montana, and with Humble Oil Co. is working on an estimated \$375-\$500 million community, covering 15,000 acres southeast of Houston, which will house the employees of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration's new center for manned spacecraft.

World War II also made another

marked change in Webb's life. He was laid up with something the Army diagnosed as flu, and a doctor was routinely taking his personal history. As Webb tells it: "When I told him I drank from ten to 20 bourbons a day, he damn near dropped his teeth.

He said I ought to cut down, but I told him I'd damn well quit. And I did. Not another drop of whisky has passed my lips since that day. All that time I spent drinking, I could now spend working."

Del Webb works even when he plays. The New York Yankees, which he bought with Dan Topping and Larry MacPhail for \$2,800,000 in 1945 (he and Topping bought out MacPhail's interest for \$2,000,000 in 1947), serve him well as a developer of new business via free passes, casual meetings in the ballpark, and just plain publicity. The golf course is another fertile source of new contracts and big deals; Webb belongs to no less than 14 golf clubs around the country, shoots in the high 70s.

No Smoking. Supervising his diversified \$75 million empire, in which he stepped up recently from president to board chairman in a move to make more room at the top,* Webb logs between 50,000 and 125,000 miles of flying a year. Last week he flew out to Los Angeles, talked to Long Beach officials about building their 1966 World's Fair, then to Santa Monica, where his company is in charge of a \$55 million redevelopment program. Then he was off to Manhattan for Old Timers' Day at Yankee Stadium. He has three fulltime hotel suites—in the Beverly Hilton (which he built), the Mountain Shadows Resort in Phoenix (which he also built), and Manhattan's Waldorf Astoria (which was built in 1930-31 when he wasn't looking). In each of them, he keeps complete wardrobes, as well as caches of clothes in half a dozen other hotels across the country. All told, he owns 150 suits, 90 pairs of shoes (plus 52 pairs of golf shoes), numberless outsize shirts (17½ neck, 37 sleeve), snarls of 58-in. ties (normal length is 52 in.) and "a helluva lot of hats."

Webb is a nut about smoking (all his desks bear metal signs saying NO SMOKING, and he means it) and about standardization. Webb offices are run according to "The Blue Book," which specifies even what kind of desk calendar pads are to be used and what kind of lettering must be on the

door. One employee who drove a tan car when Webb wanted all company cars to be black found his sedan had been removed from the parking lot and repainted while he was at work. Webb is too busy to spend much time at his retirement cities. But he did manage to spare a day last week to talk with a group of medical researchers about the establishment of a research center for gerontology at Phoenix's Sun City. "When I see what we've built," he says, "it's the most satisfying thing that's ever happened to me. An old fellow came up to me once with tears in his eyes and thanked me for building Sun City. He said he was planning to spend the happiest 40 years of his life there." The mere thought of staying put so long makes Delbert Eugene Webb profoundly uneasy.

* New president is 49-year-old LaVergne Jacobson, who signed on with Webb in 1938 as a \$25-a-week timekeeper.



BALLPLAYER WEBB (1913)

lonely. But it's better to be lonely here in all this sunshine than back in Cincinnati. The old neighborhood's gone now."

At St. Pete's Municipal Pier one recent evening, 94-year-old Bill Robinson was on the stage quavering *Let Me Call You Sweetheart* into the microphone. Three ladies were talking in the back of the room. "I can sleep up a storm," said one, "especially if it's raining." A man joined them. "Got up about noon," he said. "Went down to Williams Park and read the paper. Went home and took a nap. Ate at the Driftwood—soup, roast beef, carrots, mashed potatoes, Jell-O, coffee for \$1.25. Went to prayer meeting. Heard a lecture. Moseyed out here to see who's here."

Arnold Baker, a 75-year-old former engineer on the Maine Central Railroad.

FHA mortgage insurance program to be applied to old-age housing, under which a nonprofit organization needs only about 2% in working capital to finance an old-age housing project. In addition FHA mortgage insurance is also available for recreational facilities in old-age projects, as it is not for ordinary multiple-dwelling developments.

Utilizing one aspect or another of this federal support, a variety of new projects has begun. One is a new cooperative apartment community called Leisure World, about 25 miles south of Los Angeles, and designed eventually to provide some 6,750 units. Along with their apartments, Leisure Worldlings are supplied with free drugs, 24-hour visiting-nurse service, laboratory facilities, and a staff of ten fulltime doctors and 26 registered

and integrated in the community. The satellite units will have a centrally located core containing health services, a common dining room, and recreational center. With FHA support, the United Church figures that people with as little as \$1,800 a year income can afford to live in United Church projects. The first one is scheduled for Vermilion, a resort town some 35 miles from Cleveland, with others to follow in Ohio. Still other United Church projects are planned for Baltimore, Santa Clara, Calif., Sarasota, Fla., and Walnut, Iowa.

Village & City. One of the biggest projects set up under the newly liberalized federal financing is California's Senior Citizens Village near Fresno. Like Webb's Sun City, it is an oldsters-only community, with many recreational facilities. But unlike Sun City, it is nonprofit and consists entirely of apartments. Furthermore, medical consultation is provided as part of the package (but no hospitalization or drugs), and its pastel-colored, concrete-block buildings are designed for a lower-income-level oldster (apartments start at \$70.50). Senior Citizens began moving into the Fresno village last December, and today more than three-quarters of the 557 units are occupied. The second of what is planned as a chain of such villages is under construction—the Portals Senior Citizens Village, some 100 miles north of Los Angeles.

Father of the Senior Citizens Villages is tall, silver-haired George Henry McLain, 60, fiercely mustachioed and fiercely dedicated to the old people's cause. The Depression of the '30s gave him his lifework. "My father applied for an old-age pension, and what with all the humiliating things they made him do to get his piddling \$15 a month, I channeled my anger into the area of aiding the elderly." For the past 23 years he has been at it, and to the 60,000 members of his California League, McLain is "Mister Senior Citizen," who has judiciously wielded the voting power of his elders and their children to win concession after concession from the California legislature. His latest effort was a proposal for a \$100 million bond-financed revolving fund aimed to provide low-interest loans for old-age housing, which was resoundingly defeated by the voters in last June's primary. McLain will try something else.

McLain does not think his "villages" are in competition with Webb's "cities," which, he says, "are for the more affluent elderly who can more than afford to pay for them. Our aim is to create low-cost, quality rentals, and at the same time, like Sun City, give the old folks a good, busy life. It's got to be like a long vacation on a cruise ship—never a dull moment."

The final solution is not yet in sight. But at least planners have begun to fumble at solutions. The issue has become—and it should—an immediate concern for every U.S. citizen. After all, statistically speaking, any voter in the U.S., if he is not already, can look forward to being 65.



LARRY MULVEHILL

SUN CITY, ARIZ., FROM ALOFT

Among the pastel blocks, the spirit of original settlers.

watched the square dancing at the Senior Citizens' Center (this produces several heart attacks a year) and winked at some of the women who were acting kittenish. "You can have a lot of fun in this town if you don't just sit down and die," he said. "You got to keep on the move. I play cards a lot, take a girl out to dinner now and then."

New Help. The more lavish retirement centers will probably never be within the reach of most people who retire. But in recent years, the U.S. has slowly gotten around to helping with the housing of what the politicians like to call "our senior citizens." In 1956 Congress passed a law making public housing funds available to housing projects for the elderly. Subsequent laws and amendments authorized direct loans for private, nonprofit housing of old people—sponsored by church groups, labor unions, individuals, etc.—at extremely liberal rates (interest as low as 3½% on mortgages running as long as 50 years). There is also an

nurses—all at a cost of roughly \$100 a month after a relatively modest down payment of \$963.

Satellite Units. Leisure World is frankly aimed at the infirm: all electrical outlets are placed two feet above the floor to minimize stooping; all stairs are replaced by ramps. Designed to provide a busy life for the more active (but making provision for the hovering possibility of illness) is Olympia, whose organizers visualize it as a kind of Le Corbusier "Green City" of high-rise apartment buildings set in the green New Jersey countryside near Freehold, served by its own shopping center, medical and recreational facilities.

The United Church of Christ intends to sponsor an elaborate series of projects diametrically opposite to Webb's concept of entire cities for the elderly. The United plan is to scatter clusters of dwelling units through an existing city—some in downtown areas, some on the outskirts—to keep the oldsters near their families