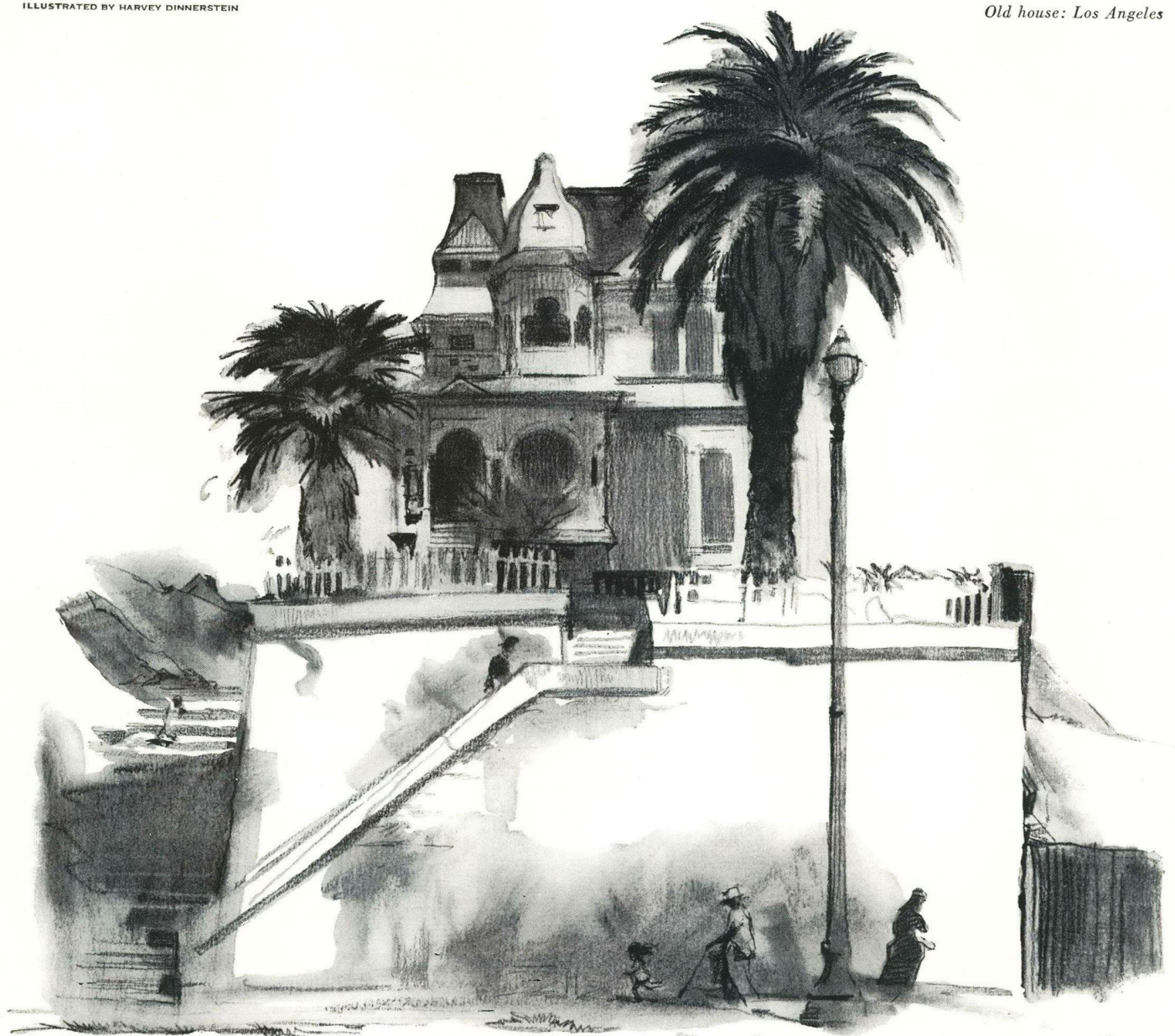


THE ADULT WEST

THE move West is one of the least-understood wonders of our modern world. Less is written of it than is written about Disneyland. Most reportage is understandably haphazard, shallow or distorted. Most interpreters attacking the contemporary West seem constrained to feed the malignant stereotype of the West set up by Eastern editors whose rare forays there are for a whiff of Hollywood saffron, or a sojourn in San Francisco, which they assume to be an oasis of amenities.

The New West's Busy Biographer: Neil Morgan is the only journalist who makes his beat the "New West." To him, what is happening today in the West is of absorbing national significance, and in tracking down the details for his widely syndicated weekly column, *Assignment West*, he covers an area of well over a million square miles in which live twenty-seven million people. Armed with a shoulder-strap tape recorder, he crisscrosses the states on his beat constantly, returning periodically to his home in La Jolla, California, where he writes a daily column for the *San Diego Evening Tribune*. A winner of the coveted Ernie Pyle Memorial Award, he is currently finishing a book on the West, *Continental Tilt*, to be published next year by Random House. Keeping up with the events and ideas in the New West is a difficult feat even for the fast-moving Morgan. "As I come to each chapter, the temptation is to set it aside until just before press time because the subject matter is in ferment and sure to undergo drastic change." Here is his up-to-the-minute report on the land and life that are causing the continental tilt to the West.





Those lacking firsthand knowledge of the West cannot be blamed for woeful misconceptions. Their source materials range from the Lewis and Clark *Journals* to *Guns, Smoke*; from *The Grapes of Wrath* to rosy, superficial picture stories, designed to please big food advertisers, about the California migrant worker of today; from tabloid reconstructions of the cultist scandals of the Southern California Thirties to breathless gossip by Hopper and Parsons of fresher intrigue; from Helen Hunt Jackson's pamphleteering against U.S. Indian policy to grave punditry in current left-wing journals about the forces of conservatism afoot in the West. The Western past has been recorded with more charm and less bias than its present. Its stagecoaches are better understood than its freeways, its U.S. marshals than its city managers, its Gold Rush than the continental tilt of mid-twentieth century.

It does not follow that the new West is easier to comprehend when you have become a part of it. It is exploding too fast in every direction. Interpreting its cities, in the words of one brilliant Westerner, Wallace Stegner, "is like trying to hold a stethoscope to the chest of an angry cat." Its subtleties and intricacies discourage scholars who prefer a tidy problem with only one answer. There is a startling absence of studies of Western mores and attitudes. Lacking a clear voice, the Westerner is easy prey for the quick-impression writer who

would buy his audience cheap through time-proven broadsides at seashore culture or freeway madness. Yet the West is a booby trap for writers. Cynthia Lindsay looked about her and turned out a readable volume, *The Natives are Restless*. It was, in the main, about the Los Angeles which New Yorkers believe they can sense during a cab ride between the Union Station and Chasen's. Much of that Los Angeles, if it existed, had disappeared before her book reached the stores. She gave detailed attention to the garish Clifton's Cafeteria near Pershing Square as a refuge of togetherness for citizens who had come from somewhere else—which includes most of the West. Days after the publication of her book, Clifton's closed for lack of enough togetherness to make the business pay. Near the site now, a thirty-five-story office building rises.

About the same time, the vast University Extension of the University of California was sent scurrying to find a qualified teacher for fourteen Los Angeles Ph.D.'s who had requested a night course in the Theory of Games. The mantle fell finally on a physicist who was spending most of his days in thought, shielded from the world by black-uniformed guards in the RAND Corporation at near-by Santa Monica. More than eighty-five thousand Californians—most of them born somewhere else—were meeting under University Extension auspices in two hundred and eleven communities to study

little basics ranging from Spoken Mandarin to Urban Development.

Can an image of Los Angeles be valid without Clifton's Cafeteria or an Iowa state picnic? Yes. These are symptoms peculiar to a wave of in-migrants submerged by subsequent waves of vastly different types. When the new Westerner seeks togetherness, it is seldom with others from the city or state of his birth, but it is with another in-migrant who shares his interest in the Theory of Games, Spoken Mandarin or Urban Potential, in the Los Angeles Dodgers or San Francisco Giants, or in the vast resources of nature which surround the Westerner. He is the least regional citizen of the United States. He has come from all the states, in deliberate search of something. If he were primarily interested in being what he had been and in living as he had lived, he would have stayed where he was.

In velocity and volume, no migration in history surpasses the continuing American movement westward. The onrush has been in waves. Between 1950 and 1960, more people moved to the states between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific than immigrated to all the United States from all the world.

Growth in the West has been about forty per cent each decade, twice the national average. Many cities of California and Arizona have grown at four to fifteen times the national average. Dr. Charles L. Hamman, Stanford Research Institute economist, says mildly: "This probably represents in absolute terms the greatest growth ever sustained by any region. There appears to be no end in sight. For the short term, this growth has a certain quality of inevitability about it in which we have come to believe, if not fully explain."

The relative absence of entrenchment in the West nurtures an atmosphere of joint striving. Almost everyone is new, and no one can afford to resent the man beside or ahead of him. There is an air of mutual discovery and sometimes, as in the nighttime circles of covered wagons, of mutual protectiveness. The mood is contagious. It seeps from family into institutions and business. It is blitheness, informality, enthusiasm, supreme confidence.

In the remote fastness of northern New Mexico, Indian women from the San Ildefonso Pueblo baby-sit with the children of atomic scientists at Los Alamos. But subdividers have moved into Los Alamos; scientists are free for the first time to escape government rental housing and to build the houses of their wives' dreams. There they are: Cape Cod beside California ranch, Territorial adobe next to Georgian, sheltered by the imperturbable Sangre de Cristo range of the Rockies. Bingo is played each Friday night at the American Legion Hall.

Change is everywhere, and those who resist it are submerging.

In the dining room of the Denver Club Building, the club manager is playing long-term musical chairs. Members disagreed violently over selling their old Victorian clubhouse to Clint Murchison, who wanted to erect an office building on the site and give the club the top floors. It was weighty evidence of change in Denver when the deal was made. Ornate mahogany dining-room chairs, stiff-backed and uncomfortable, were re-upholstered in a rust-colored fabric and moved to the new quarters. The decorator rebelled at the continued use of the chairs, and so did some of the members. Contemporary chairs, shaped more to the human form, were covered in the same fabric and substituted quietly at many places. You can tell a lot about a Denver Club man by the chair he chooses.

At Yuma, Arizona, close to the searing epicenter of the Great Southwest Desert, a civic committee is seriously exploring Yuma's potential as a seaport. The Gulf of California is about sixty air miles away, and Westerners are accustomed to moving water. (California voters have approved an unprecedented \$1,750,000,000 bond issue to pump water from the Feather River southward as far as six hundred miles. The water will be needed for the oncoming millions.)

Are these new millions in search of benevolent climate?

You cannot explain the virile growth of Seattle by saying that its new residents are seeking sunshine. Outside my window at the Washington Athletic Club there last spring, a savings-and-loan weather sign flashed almost without variation for a week: RAIN, CLOUDY; RAIN, CLOUDY. For half an hour one morning it changed to an insistent FAIR, FAIR, but during that time the sign was almost obscured by a downpour.

Denver is spilling over into five counties, but the temperature sank to seven below when I dug in there last winter to analyze the appeal of Colorado for its swelling citizenry.

Los Angeles, with increasing hesitancy, embraces more than five hundred new residents each day. If they are coming for climate,

they are doing so in the face of a barrage of news for many years which has made the word *smog* as dependable a friend of the low comedian as the word *Brooklyn*.

The incredible vitality which so quickly made a city of Phoenix dates to the early 1950's; about that time, air-conditioning units began to be as conventional a part of the local scene as television antennas. Phoenix jumped from fifty-first to twenty-ninth city in population rank between 1950 and 1960, going from 106,818 to 439,170. There are many parts of our nation where air-conditioning is not needed to combat blistering summer heat. But is there a chamber-of-commerce man in the land who cares to match censuses?

All right. Seattle is an aquatic fairyland in summer; anyone with a \$295 outboard may join the flotilla of pleasure-boating among the wooded islands of Puget Sound, and almost everyone does. Colorado has superb skiing to go with its winter chill. The winters in Phoenix revive the verve that may have lain dormant for years inside jaded Eastern cliff dwellers. And my travel timing is often quite dreadful.

But climate is exaggerated vastly as a cause of the westward migration. I have talked by now to thousands who have moved West. Climate is a motivation, often offered in explanation, but it is a superficial one. In the golden sunshine of a dazzling February day in San Francisco it is quixotic interviewing to inquire of a new native why he left Boston. He senses himself suspended between turquoise bay and azure sky. He can only regard you as an insensitive fool for asking. The world around you brims with reason enough. But that is only part of what brought him West. He will admit it in moments when God and nature have not paralyzed his sense of reasoning.

Are these new millions drawn, like the forty-miners, by the lure of easy gold?

It is not that simple, either.

Gone are the years when California nurtured Technocracy, the EPIC movement, Old Age Revolving Pensions, "Ham and Eggs," and the Townsend Plan. The Depression gave birth to more spurious mutations in California, itself an unsteady but besieged infant of a state, than in any other region. There were waves of Utopia seekers, most of them elderly, washing up on the California shores in the 1930's. Then, over much of the West, came the unhappy waves of migrant workers; their tragedy was immortalized by Steinbeck, but the sons and daughters of many of their number now are prosperous ranchers in the vast and fertile Central Valley of California, and more than a few of their grandsons and granddaughters drive sports cars between their classrooms and their fraternity and sorority houses on the campuses of Stanford, or the seven campuses of the University of California.

The aircraft boom of World War II brought new towns and cities, new industries, and new millions over the Rockies to the Pacific, from Seattle to San Diego. This was almost the tidal wave; with it came the military, for millions of acres of land lay cheap and ready to bear its burden. The cities were not so ready; the blight of the precipitous growth of those years still disfigures some of them.

The West anticipated the next wave, for there was the precedent of the westward migration that followed World War I. Millions, like myself, sensed something hopeful and exciting in our first breath of the air of the West. As fast as we could shed our uniforms after World War II, we became Westerners. The jobs we had to find were not secondary, but we knew that in such a fresh land, so serene and self-confident, we would have the chance to show what we had.

Something less impulsive and more orderly began to happen in the 1950's, as befits a young land with stirrings of maturity. This wave brought new strength in industry, science and education. It brought new millions of trained, responsible citizens. They have been acutely conscious of what the West offers, and of the shortcomings of its adolescence. They are leaders, already, in the West. They have every intention of helping to do what only mankind can do to augment nature's grandiose handiwork. They are the catalyst of the dramatic maturing process now so evident throughout the West. Their coming has been described to me in almost affectionate terms by corporation executives, by scientists and university chancellors who, with their families, have been a part of the wave. These men articulate the motivations of the westward migration in terms deeper and truer than the lures of climate and gold.

DR. SAMUEL B. GOULD has a Spanish ranch home on a piny knoll overlooking the Pacific in Hope Ranch, between Santa Barbara and the University of California campus at Goleta.



Dr. Gould came to Santa Barbara in 1959 after five years as president of Antioch College in Ohio. His reputation in education was as a fiery conservative. At Antioch he had made his name as an outspoken champion of intellectualism. His move to the West shocked his fellows.

"The picture that one has back East—I had it before I came here—of higher education in California is a kind of playboy picture: big athletic events, fraternities and sororities, the wonderful outdoor life of year-round swimming parties," he said. "In many ways there were some aspects of that at Santa Barbara. I have been changing that. We have the best freshman class scholastically in the history of the institution. This is just the beginning. We will be able here to create a climate for learning, the kind of climate that I think is going to make a tremendous difference on the West Coast.

"I came West to find out something. I was head of a very fine institution of excellent academic reputation. A lot of people thought I must be out of my mind to come here and take on the leadership of one of the lesser campuses of a great university . . . a campus that was years away from matching the distinction of Berkeley. But I wanted to find the answer to one thing that's never been discovered, as far as I know: Is it possible in an institution of great size, as is going to be the case all over our country with many of our institutions, to build quality, and personal relationships between faculty and students? Can you get quality in mass education? Everybody says it is not possible; that you must adapt yourself to so many realities and make so many compromises that you might as well settle for a kind of mass mediocrity. I don't believe it. Here the ratio of student to professor is as low—or lower—as in some of the small colleges: one to fifteen."

Dr. Gould spoke of Aldous Huxley and Christopher Isherwood, who had served as visiting professors on the campus. Both live some miles to the south on the Pacific Coast. He spoke with pride of Wilbur Jacobs, history professor at Santa Barbara, whose work on Francis

Parkman's letters recently had won the front page of *The New York Times Sunday Book Review*.

"I think California is just coming into its cultural heritage," he said, "just beginning to mature, to take the place which it should have and will have in the whole American and world structures. Something different and exciting is happening here. To a certain kind of educator, this has tremendous appeal, even though he may have great security where he is. There also is a great feeling of adventuresomeness and pioneering in coming West. The center of the United States and therefore the center of a good part of the world is going to be concentrated here in the West in the next twenty-five to thirty years. It is important, if you want to be in the main stream of things, to be where these things are going to happen.

"We have a tremendous reservoir of all kinds of things here in the West and at Santa Barbara: human talent, energies, resources. Leaders in all walks of life are falling in line and expressing their tremendous interest in helping us. Industry is seeking out combinations of climate and intellectual climate today, with a very important impact—adding a new dimension to the whole conception of business. Today's enlightened industrialist is eager to have his people as close as possible to the cultural influences that he knows will make a richer life for them. We have it in Santa Barbara, with the coming of research divisions of General Motors, Raytheon, General Electric's TEMPO, and a host of smaller companies. This means that the whole feeling of America has changed. This is happening out West, I think, more than anywhere else. This is what I have great hope for. . . .

"What lies at the heart of the westward movement is something that is a part of the American character. It's a good thing to have it out in the open again. God knows we need it. Americans have essential characteristics that many people have forgotten about. One is that we are revolutionary. The second is that we are pioneers. The two relate, of course. Americans have a feeling that you've got to go and do something somewhere else, for the sake of building something



Dodgers' new ball park: Los Angeles

else. We have a general unrest, an unwillingness to be shackled, to be put into a mold. These two spirits of Americans need to be cultivated continually, because we are in such danger of falling into a stereotype. These are the spirits that are bringing people to the West."

Los Angeles

NORTH of Dr. Gould's home, the San Rafael Mountains rise from the Pacific shore and cut east across California; to the northeast, they approach the Tehachapi range which, in the minds of Californians, separates Southern from Northern California. There still occur brief outbursts of sentiment for making two states of this vast empire which extends from the Mexican border into the redwood and fir forests of the Northwest. Its north-south medial line is 770 miles long. Its coast line is 1,200 miles.

Southern California is the center of gravity in the continental tilt. It is highly urbanized, seething with change, surging with strength. Los Angeles leaders, a responsible and mature breed these days, will outline for you their problems with traffic, air pollutants, water and urban renewal—crises of a magnitude faced by no other metropolis—and still exude confidence that the problems will be solved.

Even the skyline of Los Angeles is assuming character. Commercial buildings rose along Wilshire Boulevard in the Fifties and now they are shooting skyward downtown. Delegates to the Democratic presidential convention last summer were appalled that any ride between their hotels, the Sports Arena or a Beverly Hills restaurant seemed to be a five- or six-dollar fare. Los Angeles is the only city of size in the world which took shape after the invention of the motor-

car and, as a direct result, sprawled horizontally. The sprawl has had dire consequences, but city planners agree that some Los Angeles miseries will be minimized by the developing vertical building trend.

Los Angeles County contains more than seventy incorporated cities. Milton Breivogel, Los Angeles County regional planning director, a soft-spoken, conciliatory man who came to Los Angeles in 1941 from Wisconsin, is working now on the assumption that Los Angeles County can assimilate another four million people—raising it past the ten million mark—without destroying the present environment in which, it must be said, matters at least are getting no worse.

Since 1947, Los Angeles has hurdled Pittsburgh and Detroit to become the third-ranking U.S. manufacturing city. It intends to move Chicago out of second place about 1967. Sometime during this decade, it is assumed beyond Western doubt, California will displace New York as the most populous state.

The casual student of maps which suggest only the vast dimensions of the West may need reminding of the contrasts in population density. Of every one hundred Westerners in eleven states, fifty-eight are in California and twenty-five in metropolitan Los Angeles. The second most populous Western state, Washington, ranks twenty-third—far down among the fifty U.S. states. There are four million more Californians than the combined population of ten other states from the Rockies to the Pacific, which rank in this order: Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Nevada.

In numbers, Los Angeles is larger than the next three largest Western cities combined, and larger than any of the Western states listed above except California. The three counties of Los Angeles, Orange and San Diego have added more population in each recent year than the total 1960 population of Nevada: 281,348; yet Nevada has ranked first or second on percentage as the fastest-growing state in the nation.

Western growth has been distinctly urban. The metropolitan areas of Denver, Phoenix, and Portland represent about one-third the populations of their respective states.

The newcomers, riotously busy all the time, even when they are playing, are far closer to community affairs than a casual observer could believe. Hundreds of thousands have bought homes for the first time in the low-down-payment subdivisions that displaced the orange groves. Then they do something they never did in other towns, other regions: they study the tax rates and look about to see if their playgrounds, schools and streets are worth the money. They become a power at the polls and their increasing participation in community affairs becomes a new strength of the community. Those who are *in* are in constant danger of being *out* by sheer force of oncoming numbers. It is hectic, but it is healthy. Up and down the long state, political power ebbs and rises. It is the state of the genuinely independent voter.

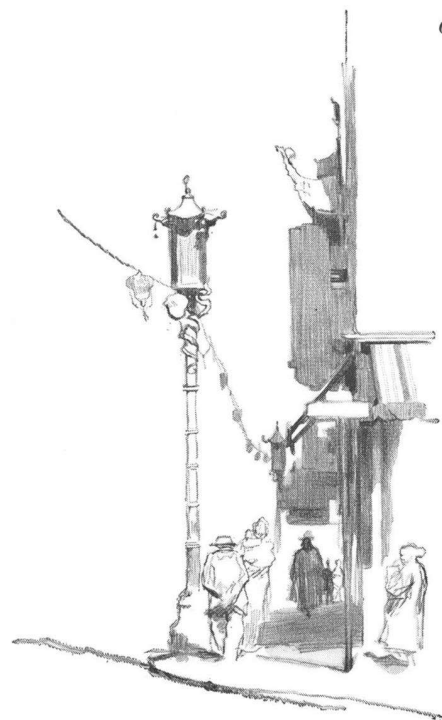
THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA OF 1990, widely heralded as a megalopolis extending two-hundred miles from the Mexican border to Santa Barbara, is visualized easily on a Sunday afternoon drive up the Pacific Highway from San Diego. It is immediately apparent that Father Junípero Serra did not have Sunday drivers in mind when he blazed the California mission trail in 1769. You press the accelerator toward the floor to keep your place in traffic. The white lettering on a black metal sign at the roadside reads EL CAMINO REAL. The sun at your left filters through the eucalyptus trees from over the Pacific, making their graceful trunks a blurring row of giant toothpicks.

In the coastal towns, blond, tanned boys and girls pick their way across El Camino Real—it's the Pacific Highway now—through four lanes of traffic, carrying surfboards, rafts and towels homeward from a day in the sun beside the surf. Statistics prove they are taller and healthier than the youth of regions less favored by nature.

In the station wagon that has been in a lane at your side for five miles, a mother who has been calming her infant with a bottle turns and swats an older boy in the back seat. Juvenile crime in California has been rising steadily. You wonder if there is too much discipline in the back seat and not enough at home.

At Leucadia the California Highway Department cut down stately old eucalyptus trees from the center island because too many drivers were ramming into them. Now, you see, drivers along El Camino Real have unlimited access to each other.

You pass the world's largest poinsettia fields. The stalks are tall and green awaiting the flood of winter scarlet. The sun sinks behind a bank of coastal fog to your left.



Chinatown: San Francisco

The coastal cliff rises sharply at your right, north of San Clemente, leaving room only for four lanes of El Camino Real, the Santa Fe Railway, and one row of ocean-front homes. A new subdivision clings to a hillside. Soon you are advised to stay right for Disneyland, but you turn left. You are in a sea of midget auto racers being trailered northward after a day of racing. Guiding each is a mightier chariot of the road, with a young man at the wheel and a young lady close at his side.

The homes sweep down the cliffs to the coves and beaches of Laguna Beach at your left. The homes on the hills almost encircle the town, and the sharp tang of salt air drifts into your car.

Then it is dark and you speed through the bright ocean of headlights and ruby sea of taillights, through odors of oil fields and dairy fields. You swing into the Santa Ana Freeway. Six lanes become eight. You roll like a marble into the slot of the freeway interchange at the center of Los Angeles, and out on the Hollywood Freeway.

The white letters loom out again: EL CAMINO REAL. It was a day's journey by horse between each mission less than two centuries ago. You have spanned four of them in three leisurely hours, driving through the core of the new Western frontier.

San Diego

At the southern terminus of El Camino Real is San Diego. It is the climate capital of the nation. In character and outlook, it ranks with Phoenix and San José, both smaller, as the Western cities most transformed by the newest wave of settlers. San Diego has changed even its mind. In becoming a metropolitan area of a million people, San Diego has accepted the missile, the atom, the laboratory, the campus and even a casual California sophistication—a commodity which World War II visitors thought foreign to its nature. Its incomparable zoo, its bays and sea and Mexico are as attractive as ever. Now, giving the lie to an old San Diego wheeze that you must pay dearly for the climate, comes a renaissance of attitude.

"For half a century," explains forty-four-year-old James S. Copley, who owns both daily newspapers, "there were opposing factions that came to be known in local jargon as 'smokestacks versus geraniums.' The issue faded with the arrival of jets, missiles and nuclear reactors. Growth had come. There seemed no time to discuss whether it was wanted. Our duty clearly was to help make the growth solid and constructive."

In the pathology of Western civics, the patient has passed the crisis when majorities begin to pile up at the polls for vital bond issues. The role of the newspapers in guiding San Diego through its adolescence has been subtle but dramatic. Copley has been quietly in the wings as the San Diego stage has made room for downtown redevelopment, major-league football, new theatres, multimillion-dollar additions to its Fine Arts Gallery, development of freeways, and the new University of California campus, situated at La Jolla.

Copley's position is unique: in addition to the San Diego dailies he owns eight dailies which surround metropolitan Los Angeles like a horseshoe. He stands astride the continental tilt—a youthful, future-minded publisher who sensed a Western trend and bore down on it.

THE LATE JOHN JAY HOPKINS, board chairman of General Dynamics, entrusted Dr. Frederic de Hoffman, an Austrian-born, Harvard-schooled theoretical physicist, with choosing the site for a nuclear research laboratory to be known as General Atomic. Many were startled that de Hoffman chose San Diego. That was in 1955. Before he toured the country to study possible sites, de Hoffman had not visited San Diego. His impressions of the West Coast were relatively vague. He had been busy at Los Alamos from 1944 to 1955; he was more accustomed to the streets of Washington, New York, Boston or Vienna than to those of Seattle, Portland, San Francisco or Los Angeles.

Last spring, I sat with de Hoffman in his office facing the foothills east of San Diego, and asked what he had learned about the West and Westerners.

"Let me first tell you why we came West," he said. His Austrian accent remains, but his use of English is facile and direct. "A revolu-

tion is rapidly coming in the United States. Very modern, advanced industries need technical people to run them. There is a better way to do things. Pure science and applied science and production are not separated, as people make them. You make better products if you base your procedure on pure science.

"If you want to do this, you must choose an atmosphere where not just development and production can go forward, but where the scientific and thinking part can flourish. This means an open atmosphere. This is possible in a Chicago or New York, but no longer half so easy there as it is to sit out here in the West and think.

"We looked over many places. We very quickly came to the West as having advantages in living conditions, having this sort of inquiring mind, and being willing to encourage new approaches. We felt these people would not look on us as a row of queer ducks being placed in pasture, but would welcome us into the community as people trying to combine intellectual and productive activity, and create something new. This was true."

"Have you any idea by now why this atmosphere exists in the West?" I asked.

"There is a surge of new life much like the frontier spirit. There is a recognition that this area lives by its wits. It is not blessed with a tin mine or gold mine on which to live. If you are to make a good life in this part of the West, you realize it will be by having intellectually bright enterprises that will constantly stay up with the future. Everywhere I go in the West, this sort of world is much more in evidence than it is in the East. There is an excitement here, an alertness. The people of San Diego voted six-to-one to deed three-hundred acres of city land to us for this laboratory. The trend went through all precincts. This has made an enormous difference in recruiting people. It told them that here was a community that understands; not just the city council, but 85 per cent of the people."

The wisdom of de Hoffmann's multimillion-dollar gamble has been proved by the most critical determinant in science today:

"One very amazing thing here," he said, "is that there has been essentially no turnover in senior personnel at General Atomic in the six years. Of the four or five people we have lost, I can think of only one who has gone back East; the others have moved up the West Coast."

General Atomic scientists and their wives are prominent in PTA affairs, in musical and artistic circles, and in helping to interpret the scientific revolution to the citizens of the area. The warmth of their welcome has made their integration almost casual.

"The whole world is the realm of this laboratory," de Hoffmann went on. "We are building nuclear reactors on five continents, and people of many nations are moving constantly in and out. If you ask any of them, the first thing you hear that distinguishes Western United States is the politeness of Westerners. It sounds trite, but it is very true. The individual is much more honored, and is much more an individual here in the West. The man you meet casually on the street will basically be friendly to you."

From the fervor with which he discussed it, I suspect that, of all Western virtues, the one dearest to de Hoffmann is the freshness and diversity of its people. It is the virtue he most fears losing.

San Francisco

THE sense of community between Southern California and Northern California is increasing, despite vast differences in outlook which are presumed to continue between the people of Los Angeles and San Francisco. With their supreme self-confidence and a few fine restaurants of their own, Southern Californians enjoy good San Francisco food without sneering. Mature enough to view soberly their own problems of growth, Los Angelenos did not scoff when San Francisco lost 32,502 of its population to the suburbs between the censuses of 1950 and 1960. Nobel Prize winners, Guggenheim fellows and other eminent humanities men and researchers seem sprinkled almost equally between the northern campuses of Berkeley and Stanford, and southern campuses like UCLA, Cal Tech, USC, Santa Barbara and La Jolla. North and South will fight over water, legislative power patterns and redistricting, but there is a gratifying

absence of kittenish quibbling over such matters as climate.

Sunset Magazine, of Menlo Park, near San Francisco, has a rare distinction: it is one of the few commercially successful regional magazines in the United States. It has become so by knowing the Westerner better than he knows himself—or more accurately, I suspect, by knowing the Western woman. A thick and prosperous monthly with three editions for areas of the Southwest, Northern California and the Northwest, it is the last Western word on flora and fences, on barbecues and vacation travel.

The editor of *Sunset* participated in 1958 in a two-day conference at Carmel, California, that was unique in the West. Its topic was, "Has the West Coast an Identifiable Culture?" In writing of it for *Saturday Review*, Wallace Stegner set down the only wide-spectrum, contemporary speculation about the West that I have found in any library or on any campus:

"The conference convinced most of us that we felt pretty much like the rest of the United States, only more so. Our language is a representative amalgam almost undistinguished by local dialectal peculiarities; ethnically we are more wildly mixed even than the eastern seaboard cities; in a prosperous country we are more prosperous than most; in a gadget-happy country, more addicted to gadgets; in a mobile country, more mobile; in a tasteless country more tasteless; in a creative country more energetically creative; in an optimistic society more optimistic; in an anxious society more anxious.

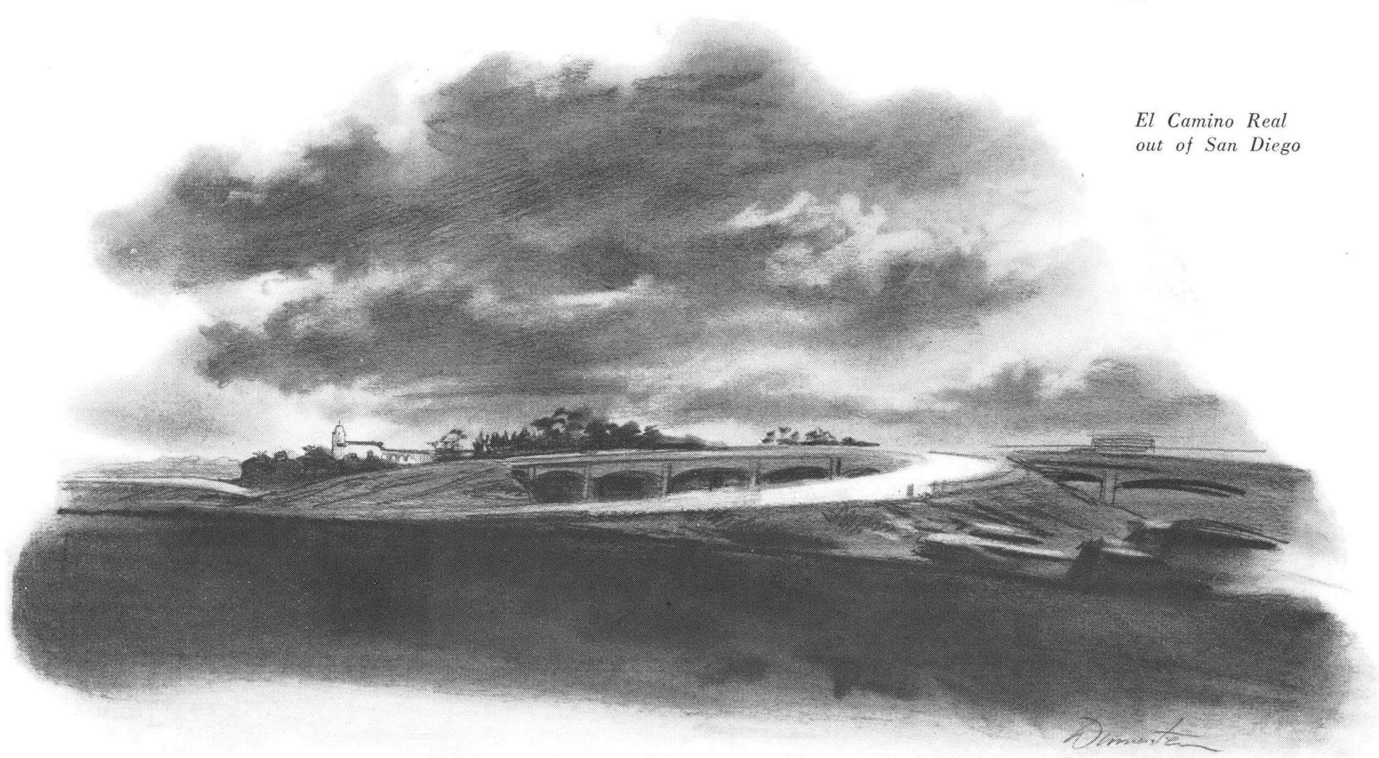
"Contribute regionally to the national culture? We are the national culture, at its most energetic end. . . ."

Educators and editors at this same conference in 1958 projected growth estimates to 1975 which so far have been borne out: Nevada, 94 per cent; Arizona, 93 per cent; California, 91 per cent; Oregon, 65 per cent and Washington, 57 per cent—against 18 to 20 per cent for the rest of the country. Colorado, New Mexico and Utah also are growing far faster than the national average. The other three states on our list—Montana, Wyoming and Idaho—are anxious to grow slowly, and there seems just now no push from the outside to force their growth. The continental tilt centers in the Southwest, but the entire West Coast shares in it.

SAN FRANCISCANS presumably will be pleased, since the theme of change is inherent, that I set their city apart from the continental tilt. So many have fought so hard to keep San Francisco the same that their effect has been felt. Expressways have come, but not without serious editorial suggestions that they be demolished. Business thrives, despite encroachments from Los Angeles. The parade of new industry has been, for many reasons, to the San José complex south of the bay. San José reflects the Western movement in almost every

Union Square: San Francisco





respect. Yesterday it was an agricultural valley with a teachers' college; today it throbs under the impact of Ford, IBM, Food Machinery and Chemical Corporation, General Electric's atomic-power equipment division, Lockheed and Westinghouse. Across the bay from San Francisco, Henry Kaiser's striking twenty-eight-story building has risen to dominate industrial Oakland as the Tribune Tower once dominated Chicago. It is the center of the world-wide Kaiser empire. Surrounded by change, San Francisco itself is moving toward rebuilding downtown areas and its water front; its feet are made heavy at the task by nostalgia. The cost of so much bypass to San Francisco may be greater than that charming city acknowledges; many of us who love it detect an inward obsession which approaches narcissism. It has not permeated the city. San Francisco is rich in artists, writers, educators and scientists—and in men like James Black, board chairman of Pacific Gas and Electric Company, who is the only Western director of U. S. Steel, a man active on the New York Chemical Bank board and with the Ford Foundation; or J. D. Zellerbach, pulp and paper magnate who through his years as ambassador to Italy stayed close in touch with San Francisco industrial life.

There is no newspaper columnist more intimate with his city—and it with he—than Herb Caen; the mutual felicity may be leading to a mutual contentment that implies its own dangers. It is quite possible, as some insist, that no one can discuss San Francisco intelligently unless he has been a part of it. If so, Walter Straley, now of Seattle and president of Pacific Telephone-Northwest, is qualified, and he is saddened:

"I'm a little tired of the San Francisco cult. I'm an old San Franciscan, and I still go there once or twice a month as part of my job. Of all the interesting things I've observed in cities as I've moved around the country, the growth of the San Francisco phobia has been one of the most interesting.

"I now get the full treatment there. The only place I can go and feel as though I am back home again is Vanessa's, and I sit up at the counter. Every place else, I have the feeling I'm being taken quite willfully and not too damn skillfully. When I get taken in New York, it's worth the money. But they feel kind of sorry for me in most places in San Francisco now because they're quite sure I'm just one of the tourists. They haven't developed the generations of skill that the waiter cult and barber cult and all the rest of the pros in New York have in giving you a show for your money."

Outside the tourist haunts, however, *joie de vivre* still reigns.

And nothing deprives San Francisco of its scenic appeal. When the P&O-Orient Lines's 42,000-ton *Oriana* came down the Pacific Coast on her maiden voyage in February, the sun broke through an overcast just as her bow turned toward the Golden Gate. I stood on the bridge with her captain, and neither sensed a need for words.

Some differences among cities of the West can be measured in

time. In ten years, San Diego may encounter many of the problems that Los Angeles copes with today; they are appearing already. Albuquerque and Tucson may be coming on behind Phoenix, and in many ways Portland is becoming like Seattle or Denver. Nothing is quite like San Francisco. Its closest satellite in terms of charm may be Santa Fe, New Mexico, and I suspect rich tradition is what they share in common.

The Pacific Northwest

IN Portland and in Seattle, there are mighty stirrings. Change is accelerating. As California becomes more crowded, these cities receive a greater share of the continental tilt. Seattle and San Diego run almost neck-and-neck as the third cities of the West. Portland is not far behind. Yet there is a greater sense of regionalism in the Northwest than in California. Here too is more feeling of roots, of moderation, almost of gentleness. In California, even rural areas throb with expectation like a waiting lover. In Oregon and Washington, country is country. Drive up Highway 395 through eastern Oregon and Washington; at one stretch you pass through high desert for sixty miles without sign of habitation.

Portland staged a centennial of statehood in 1959. The theme was "Frontiers of Tomorrow." "But it was typical of Portland attitudes," a Portlander told me, "that most people seemed to be looking back to the frontiers of yesterday. Our biggest problem is to pull Portland, dragging and screaming, into the twentieth century." The physical aspect of Portland does not entirely support his premise. There is a maze of new freeways, the modern Lloyd Shopping Center on the east side, new Sheraton and Hilton hotels. There is a new airport terminal. The electronics firm of Tektronix, Inc., has an impressive spiral of growth. Labor is taking an increased role in Portland politics. Industrial diversification is being sought as the lumber industry, long dominant, recedes. Civic planners, one eye cocked toward California, talk vaguely of a metropolitan area extending from Olympia, Washington, at the north, across the Columbia River through Portland and south to Salem and Eugene. It is a distant dream. Eugene passed the 50,000 mark for the first time in the 1960 census; Salem, the state capital, approached it. They are the second- and third-largest cities of Oregon.

Stanley Grove, the Salem Chamber-of-Commerce manager and a former Californian, says that most in-migrants to Salem are from Southern California. Among reasons for coming, they cite California

smog and congestion, and the desire to raise their children in a smaller community.

The future is firm. More timber is being grown now than is being cut. Pulp and paper production boom. The vast water-power resources of the Northwest will lure increasing industry and people.

Seattle

DOUGLASS WELCH, the Seattle humorist, recalls that George Sessions Perry excused himself from a dinner group during a research trip to Seattle. An hour later he was back.

"I took a stroll around downtown," Perry is said to have announced. "Aren't you folks just a mite short on sin?"

One burning issue in Seattle last spring was the possibility of legislative action to permit sale of liquor on Sunday. The progressive segment of the city, which helped to defeat several lawsuits designed to head off next year's Century 21 Exposition, is anxious indeed for Sunday liquor. Most good Seattle restaurants are closed on Sunday. Visitors sit and stare at each other across hotel lobbies; such an atmosphere would chill the enthusiasm of many of the millions expected in Seattle next summer. Seattle has outstanding restaurants. "The only trouble," said Victor Rosellini, a leading restaurateur and first cousin of the governor, "is that the town is full of Scandinavians. They do all their eating and love-making at home."

Seattle is a one-industry city: Boeing. Says President William Allen: "You don't move in such deep grooves here as back East. The younger people feel untrammelled. Opportunity is unlimited." His assistant, Harold Mansfield, says: "You have the feeling that maturity is just around the corner. The exposition has developed an awakening aspiration. There is new thinking in the West that is struggling to make itself felt. It isn't in polite company yet, but it eventually may prove to be more vigorous and unique than that from some of the older thought centers of the nation. We have an advantage that way in the West, because our approaches may appeal to a majority of the people since we are a little more like the majority of the people than, say, New Yorkers."

Walter Straley, president of Pacific Telephone-Northwest, senses a "gulf that separates the Northwest from California, which is accustomed to migration. Seattle has grown much faster than the rest of Washington, but it's not California-type in-migration. I would guess that that is just now beginning. The migration that still follows the sun into the Southwest will give Oregon and Washington more people in the late 1960's than anyone is now forecasting. Two things begin to look good to you after a while in metropolitan centers of California: clear air and plenty of water. The Northwest has both."

In Seattle, I looked for the Alaskan gateway. It was all pretty vague. Alaskans, piqued by high shipping rates, are trading some with Portland now. Nick Bez, one of Harry Truman's cronies, is a key man in Alaskan salmon fishing; he owns a floating cannery, two shore plants and two fishing stations in Alaska. But he spends far more time with his West Coast Airlines than with Alaskan fishing, which is in decline. Seattleites believe the Alaskan boom was overplayed at the time of statehood:

Seattleites have the easy air of people who have been around for a while. Sophistication is not an issue. Jim Owens, whose Washington Huskies beat Minnesota in the Rose Bowl, could be elected mayor if he chose. More than 30,000 Northwesterners followed their team south on the 1,200-mile trip to Pasadena.

Phoenix

WHEN Ray Wilson came to Phoenix in 1950 from Kansas City as city manager (from which post he recently retired), Phoenix was plagued by prostitution, open gambling, inadequate city services and a vacuum of planning. "I told the city council that if prostitution

and gambling were legal, I knew how to run them, because I learned how in Sicily in military government. The council decided they weren't legal, and so I ran 'em out," he said.

Just before this, fifty troubled citizens had met, formed a charter government committee, and chosen a slate of city officials, scrupulously avoiding declared candidates and opportunists. It has happened that way every two years since, and the slate has always won.

Phoenix went on a rampage of annexation in Wilson's eleven years as manager, increasing its area from 16.4 to 187.4 square miles. The population of its original city limits increased 99 per cent, of the total city, more than 300 per cent. More important, the city government gained prestige. "If you want a man now to run for office, you have a chance of going out and getting him," said Walter Binson, board chairman of the Valley National Bank, Arizona's most powerful financial institution.

When I spent a morning with Wilson early this year, just before his retirement, he chewed his pipe and meditated: "This is a young city and state. We need the vigor of young people to run our affairs. There's nobody old around here but me. Phoenix has changed. When the electronics people and the brains started coming here, the native sons began staying and developing. We used to think we had to have a native son on the city council. Now they're so outnumbered nobody gives a damn. Youth and drive will push the state ahead."

Phoenix lies flat on the floor of the Salt River Valley, surrounded by mountains. On all approaches to the city, the sleek blue Guaranty Bank Building looms highest. That is the way David H. Murdock intended it to be. At twenty stories, it is the tallest building between El Paso and Los Angeles, a distance of 790 miles. At thirty-eight, Murdock, its builder, has made a name as an indefatigable developer. At last count, he had built eighteen other handsome office buildings in Phoenix. He has done as much as any man to give Phoenix the face of a city. Two factors make his financial growth significant: He is active and respected in community affairs, a comparatively esoteric status for a young man who has been busy making money; he associates his success directly with the temper of the West.

After one year of high school at Findley, Ohio, Murdock went to work at a service station. He went from there to Detroit as a riveter. When he married a schoolteacher named Lillie LaMarca in October, 1946, he bought a used house trailer and set out for the West with his bride and mother-in-law. They stopped at Phoenix for a look, and stayed. By 1959, he was an Arizona nominee for one of the nation's ten outstanding young men.

We sat in his spacious offices high in the Guaranty Bank Building. "Back in Detroit," he said, "I kept thinking, 'I need to get out where the air is clear and clean, and relax and think, where they are looking for people who can handle something.' I don't know what I might have done in the East or Midwest. I'm sure I wouldn't have reached the point that I have here."

"When we came here in a house trailer, we looked at the country, the way people talked and acted. I wasn't looking for any guarantee, but a place where I could create the security that I crave. This is the sort of thing that brings the bulk of people West. They have the courage to set out on their own. The Southwest will become rich and strong and powerful. Anywhere you have this kind of pioneering, that becomes the spot."

That night, Murdock showed me through the new Cloud Club atop the Guaranty Bank Building where, on four sides, glass walls frame the desert. Among the dinner guests were Governor Paul Fannin; A. B. Robbs, Jr., a Phoenix mortgage banker and Murdock partner; Edward Tovrea, a young cattleman and investor; several members of Murdock's young staff; and his wife. "I was the oldest man in my company last year, when I was thirty-seven," Murdock said. "Then I had to hire a guy who was forty-two to be in charge of one of our buildings."

The Cloud Club was born much as the bank on the lower floors of the building came into being. "I wanted to get a bank to move into my new building," Murdock said, toying with a bourbon and water. "But I couldn't find a bank that wanted to move this far out from downtown. So we started a bank. More than 97 per cent of Arizona bank deposits were controlled at that time by two groups. One night, at a cocktail party, five of us pledged \$100,000 apiece. Before the party was over, we'd raised \$900,000. The capital went to \$2,750,000 by the time the bank opened. The \$6,600,000 in opening-day deposits set a national record. In ten months we passed \$21,500,000 in deposits."

"I tried to get one of the Phoenix clubs to move in and take over this floor, because it's the top of the tallest building in Arizona and it's a natural. I worked like the dickens, but their board of directors turned me down. So I went to work and founded a club. We opened with more than four hundred members who'd paid \$500 each for initiation fees. The fee is \$700 now, and we've got it made.

"Phoenix can't contain my company's growth any more. Hell, people worry about how to supply housing for this vast growth here in Phoenix; turn me loose and I could do it for all of Phoenix, but it would be against the law. I've traveled all over the country looking at cities. We're going national."

Tucson

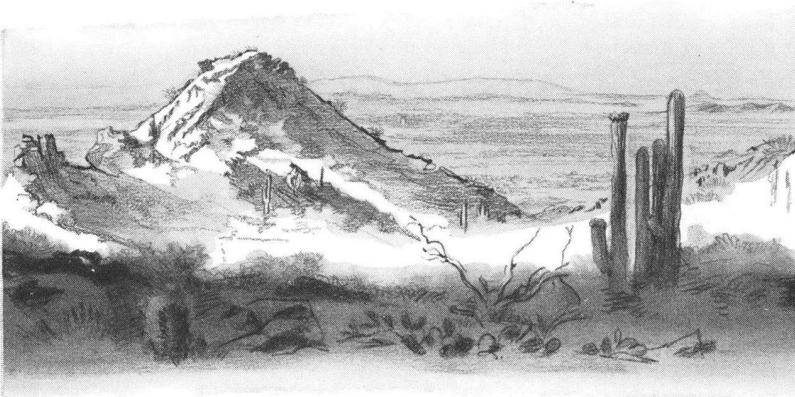
THE PHOENIX STORY is unfolding more slowly in Tucson and Albuquerque, cities with remarkable similarities. Both were founded by the Spaniards at the base of picturesque mountains. After World War I, veterans' hospitals were built at both. Both are trans-continental railroad points. Both are the seats of state universities, and have Air Force bases of similar size. Population growth has been parallel.

In Tucson, Howard Hughes, with a missile plant, is the largest employer, and his plans, as everywhere, are the subject of vast local speculation. Harold Steinfeld, a civic power and department-store owner who built a second store across the street and leased it to his primary competitor, is the epitome of the entrenched conservative who is equal to the challenge of any newcomer. Lewis Douglas, former U.S. ambassador to Great Britain, is under fire from some old-line Tucsonans because he sold his Southern Arizona Bank to Firstamerica Corporation, the nation's largest bank-holding company. The long and usually unreasoning battle between Tucson and Phoenix is ending, as these differences usually do when cities start working together on highway, air-transport and tourist development. The Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, fifteen miles west, is the most ingenious and advanced museum I have seen. There are two newspapers, separately owned, but occupying the same publishing plant. Their belligerence toward each other is confined to disagreements over spelling. The *Citizen* uses *Tucsonian*, *Arizonian* and *Saguaro*. The *Arizona Star* clings to *Tucsonan*, *Arizonan*, and *Sahuaro*.

New Mexico

New Mexico is another world. From the desert of White Sands and Alamogordo at the south, to the uranium fields of Jackpile and Grants in the west, to Albuquerque's Sandia base, on into the mountains of Los Alamos at the north, the atom and missile have been the catalyst of growth. Under their impact, Albuquerque has become a

Desert view outside Phoenix, showing saguaro cactus



gangling shoestring city, its pueblo-style homes sunny and serene outside the gates of Sandia, from where the Atomic Energy Commission's operations office oversees research and development, testing, manufacture and storage of U.S. atomic weapons anywhere. Los Alamos remains the laboratory. Sandia is the meeting place of producers, the AEC, and of the users—the military. Of U.S. uranium reserves, 65 per cent are in New Mexico. The proving grounds are in the south of the state.

The Spaniards were here first, and their descendants are referred to today by all as *natives*; the rest are called *Anglos*. There is vastly more respect for the Spanish-American culture here than, for instance, in Southern California, where it has become a part of the romantic history of the region, but less a part of contemporary life.

In New Mexico, where natives like Senator Dennis Chavez blend politics with Latin fervor, Anglos enjoy telling how a native returned to the state after an absence and inquired, one day in a barber-shop, how much was being paid for votes in the current elections.

"Don't know," said the Negro shoeshine boy. "They haven't approached us Anglos yet."

The continental tilt as felt in New Mexico is an intriguing contrast of tradition and tomorrow. It is not blended. An AEC executive told me: "My wife and I go out to card parties and meet Albuquerque people; it strikes me suddenly that very few people know what the AEC is doing here or that we're even here." From the earliest days of super-secrecy at Los Alamos, New Mexicans were trained to look the other way. Their general lack of awareness of the monster in their midst is understandable and, so far as the AEC is concerned, entirely satisfactory.

The Indian is changing as markedly as any segment of the West. The Navajos, largest of U.S. tribes, have doubled in the past quarter century to about 90,000. Uranium, gas and oil discoveries on their reservations have given Navajos a per-capita worth from royalties of \$800 to \$900. Their distinguished tribal chairman, Paul Jones, is pressing for tribal use of the money to build roads and tourist facilities on the reservation, to attract simple industry that will provide jobs, and to build such facilities as a needed sawmill. He is a phenomenon in American politics; now nearing the final year of his second four-year term, he was re-elected by the Navajos over a candidate who pledged to distribute per-capita royalties to the Navajos. His people apparently placed enough faith in Jones to pass over a man who was ready to put cash in their hands.

"I tell my people: Adopt new methods. Learn trades," he said. "The Navajos should be assimilated. There should be no reservations. We should become full-fledged American citizens."

The Navajos are moving in that direction. They and Jones have been helped immeasurably by Wade Head, an enlightened area director for the Bureau of Indian Affairs at Gallup, New Mexico. "We can't build schools fast enough now," Head said, "to take care of the Navajo children whose parents are anxious to educate them. This is a complete reversal from the days before World War II, or even a decade ago. You don't make progress in this kind of work by trying to push people. The Navajos are proud and individualistic; they are taking what they like of our culture and keeping the best of their own."

The irony of the Indians' sudden wealth is not lost on the Indians themselves. There are tribes richer than the Navajos. Near-by Apaches are so rich they hire Navajos to tend their sheep and till their corn. The nine hundred Mountain Utes in Colorado and Utah have a prospective wealth from royalties of \$350,000 each.

NORTH from Santa Fe you drive to Taos, where the ghost of D. H. Lawrence stalks. His controversial paintings are regarded as so risqué in the hotel where they are exhibited that an attendant closes the door behind you after you have paid your dollar and promises archly that you and your lady will not be disturbed. In the men's room of the Taos Inn, a wall crowded with vending machines offers a wider variety of sexual accessories than I have seen west of Bourbon Street. Taos lost population during the Fifties, but the work of Taos artists appears regularly in exhibits. Whatever their inspiration, they are at work. This is much more than can be said of the Indians of Taos Pueblo, two miles north, who occupy one of the earlier apartment houses of our continent and are anxious to be photographed for fifty cents. Their income might be greater if they would import blankets from the Navajos; they drape themselves in blankets suspiciously like those offered at the J. C. Penney store downtown.

Colorado

You climb La Veta Pass and cross the Rockies at 9,382 feet. Now the plains are to your right as you head northward; the Continental Divide soars at your left. At Colorado Springs, the grand old Broadmoor Hotel is expanding with a new lake-front wing and convention hall which its architects call the largest hyperbolic paraboloid in the world. At the Air Force Academy, the new wing-shaped chapel soars above the flat squareness of the vast complex of buildings.

One scene, closely restricted, brings you back abruptly from the sparsely inhabited fairyland of the Rockies to the whizzing, zooming world you have left, farther to the West. You walk up an asphalt path toward a four-story building of sand-colored brick. Pikes Peak is directly ahead and above. But moments later, with an Air Force major close by your side, you are trying to adjust your eyes to the darkness of a battle room. A two-story-high projection of North America, the Iconorama, dominates one wall. You are in the headquarters of the North American Air Defense Command, the headquarters which must flash the alarm before our SAC bombers or missiles are unleashed. Some sixty squadrons of interceptor aircraft all over North America are under NORAD command, standing by to roar into the air on three-minute notice and investigate unidentified aircraft detected by SAGE, the NORAD radar system. You notice that code letter and numbers on the Iconorama are clustered off Seattle and Los Angeles. Your escort explains that U.S. interceptors are airborne, flying faster than sound toward two unidentified aircraft.

Beside a leather chair is a yellow telephone labeled JCS (Joint Chiefs of Staff) ALERT NET. EMERGENCY USE ONLY. The line gets instant communication with the White House, the Canadian prime minister, the Pentagon war room, SHAPE in Europe, or SAC headquarters at Omaha. You fight yourself not to pick it up.

At the left of the Iconorama are wall panels installed for the new BMEWS (Ballistic Missile Early Warning System). The older SAGE warns of unidentified aircraft. BMEWS warns of missiles. It is a detection system of three bases with radar screens the size of football fields, designed to give the U.S. fifteen to seventeen minutes' warning of ICBM's fired from Russian territory. There are bases in Greenland, Alaska and England. Another wall panel here at Colorado Springs speaks tersely but eloquently of Anglo-American co-operation in the new English BMEWS base. It reads, UK ALARM LEVEL. It would indicate the severity of an enemy raid as monitored in the United Kingdom. Beside it is another panel labeled MINUTES TO GO. There is room for only two digits. On an opposite wall, a stark red bulb burns. You ask the major about it. He grins. "That means someone is in this room who is not cleared for classified information," he says. "When you came in, that light went on, and panels flashed off which cited U.S. readiness in terms of nuclear weapons, defensive missiles and rockets, and interceptor aircraft." He points toward another panel, labeled PREDICTED IMPACTS. It is a panel which, you hope, will never flash. As you leave, you note with satisfaction that the aircraft off Los Angeles and Seattle have been identified. North America stands again, for the moment, unchallenged.

UNTIL the end of World War II, Denver was a closely controlled and conservative city, complacent to the verge of backwardness. Then things began to happen. Quigg Newton, a lawyer born in Denver and schooled at Yale, was elected mayor at the age of thirty-six. Palmer Hoyt, a vigorous newspaper editor, came from Portland to lift the *Post* from the riotous era of Bonfils and Tammien. Soon, men like Clint Murchison and William Zeckendorf were dropping into Denver to look around. Denver wasn't sure it liked the idea of big-city promoters. Much of the vast wealth of city and state was held by a few—notably the late Claude K. Boettcher, magnate of sugar beets, cement, potash, banking and real estate. Maverick newcomers weren't likely to make deals.

But Murchison maneuvered quietly and soon he had changed Denver's skyline with the First National Bank Building, twenty-eight stories high, and the Denver Club Building. Zeckendorf built a downtown center which includes the 880-room Hilton Hotel and a 2,200-car garage, a skating rink and department store. Elwood Brooks, himself a maverick of sorts and chairman of the board of

the Central Bank and Trust Company in Denver, tells the story this way:

"Zeckendorf came in and tried to buy the old courthouse property. The old birds sat out there and chewed tobacco and told stories. Some of the property owners near by took surveys to show that Zeckendorf's hotel and his big four-basement garage would cause their walls to slant. Zeckendorf was kept in the courts for four years before he could take title to the property. He never gave up. He bought the old Daniels-Fisher department store and brought in the May Company to merge with it and occupy his space. Then he brought Hilton in for the hotel. Some of the old-timers did everything they could to beat Zeckendorf, but he wouldn't be licked."

Murchison and Zeckendorf started it, as outsiders have in so many cities around the West. Today, old and new Denverites are carrying on the development of Denver. Denver has spread into five counties; the suburban population outside the city limits is growing up to the 493,887 within the city limits. As in the rest of the West, the people are coming from everywhere, and they are staying.

Newton has moved on as president of the University of Colorado at Boulder, near-by. Hoyt is still at the *Post*.

"Unlike Los Angeles," Hoyt says with only a trace of a smile, "they can't sleep under park benches here in the winter, and so we get a little higher type of in-migrant. The outsiders have been the magnetos, the gadflies. Denver's growth is solid. There is a consciousness here that the development of the West is the next great stride in the totality of our national economic progression."

In Denver, as in most inland Western cities, many of the newcomers are from the West Coast. They may have hurdled the inland cities in their first move from the East, South or Midwest, and later retreated to Denver, Salt Lake City, Phoenix, Tucson, Albuquerque or Spokane.

Rocky Mountain States

CHANGE in the other Rocky Mountain states has been modest. Missile, nuclear and electronics installations and uranium mining have been added to the scene in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. One of Idaho's most discerning citizens told me with mixed feelings that the Idaho Department of Commerce and Development cannot point to one tangible result of its efforts to woo industry. Potato growers are happy over good prices and new processing procedures. The beet-sugar industry expects better times. Lumber is in decline here as in Oregon, and mining is almost dormant. Idaho's tycoon is Jack Simplot, whose empire embraces lumbering in the California Sierras, Idaho livestock, a sulphuric-acid plant at Pocatello and a new potato-starch plant at Heyburn. He sets a pace. He believes Idaho's future is unlimited, and that the state fails to understand its potential.

In Montana, the prospector has given way slowly to the railroader, logger, rancher and tourist. The largest town is Great Falls; its 55,246 residents in 1960 were an increase of 30 per cent from 1950. Near-by Malmstrom Air Force Base is headquarters for the

David H. Murdock, Phoenix real-estate tycoon





Chuck-a-luck dealer

first Minuteman missile base in the nation, with 156 sites in a 150-mile radius. Even this brings no boom; the 1970 projection is for a Montana population of 776,000 persons, a ten-year increase of 16.2 per cent. Mining goes on in Butte's "richest hill on earth," but the raucous past is fading. One Butte leader said: "Right up until the last year or two, national magazines have strained and scratched to perpetuate our wild past. It won't work. We've come of age."

Spokane, in a pine-rimmed Washington valley near the Idaho border, remains the hub of the Inland Empire, the natural geographic division between the Rockies and the Cascades into which fall western Montana, Idaho, and eastern Washington and Oregon.

The University of Wyoming, at Laramie, senses itself the cultural center of its state. The atomic age in the Cowboy State was ushered in with installation of an atomic reactor on the university campus. In Cheyenne, the state capital, with 44,000 population, the temper of the northern Mountain States was advanced by Cliff Bloomfield, a savings-and-loan firm president: "The word 'boom' implies, sooner or later, 'bust.' We haven't had, and aren't going to have, either one here in Cheyenne."

Salt Lake City

In Salt Lake City, you drive over the River Jordan, and almost anything may be named Zion. A big orange-lighted beehive flashes over the Mormon-owned Hotel Utah, and another over its near-by motor lodge, on the other side of Temple Square. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints founded the city, and its symbols are everywhere. In the telephone directory, listings under the church name occupy parts of three pages. They include hospitals, welfare offices for food, clothing and coal, factories, universities, gymnasiums, social centers, seminaries and missions. By contrast, about half a page of telephone-directory listings appear under UTAH, STATE OF.

The streets of the city are 132 feet wide and traffic problems are minimal. This, and much more, is attributed to the vision of Brigham Young; visitors are not inclined to demur, for the people of the city are gracious and intelligent. About 60 per cent are Mormons; they refer to themselves as "LDS." My hotel room looked out at

night, through maple trees lining the sidewalks, on the floodlight scene of the Mormon Temple. The resemblance to a Paris street scene was stunning and, in the midst of the American desert, totally unexpected.

The church has great wealth, as might be expected in a faith where the tithe is taken seriously. A building spurt is altering the outlook from Temple Square in downtown Salt Lake City. A thirty-eight-story church office building will rise soon. Under the still vigorous leadership of David O. McKay, eighty-seven, the handsome six-foot president of the church, some 1,700,000 Mormons have begun or completed work within the past two years on 894 church buildings. They are doubling their force of volunteer missionaries from six thousand to twelve thousand.

On a Thursday night, I sat with the incomparable Salt Lake City Mormon Tabernacle Choir of three hundred and seventy-five voices during their weekly rehearsal. On the next night, I had dinner in the Stardust Hotel at Las Vegas; bare-bosomed beauties were overhead and onstage in the Lido show, which well may be the world's most spectacular night-club entertainment.

Nevada is a tale of two cities. In temperament, they parallel the two major California cities. Los Angeles goes to Las Vegas; San Francisco goes to Reno. There are conservative third-generation leaders in the northern cities; the southern cities, now dominant by weight of numbers in the politics and economics of the two states, have not yet developed such complex power patterns.

THE Westerner seeking to suggest the growth of the New West long was confined to such inconclusive evidence as the arithmetic of population and economics, of manufacturing and distribution outlets, or items like Southern California's three hundred thousand pleasure boats, Los Angeles' one thousand new swimming pools each month, or the five million tourists who spend some time in Southern California each year.

Now, the Westerner can draw a more balanced portrait of growth.

It is a portrait startlingly free of overt racial or religious prejudice or of unassuaged poverty. The West, more nearly than any other region, offers freedom from prejudice and freedom from want. It also seems to offer freedom from ennui and freedom from decline. It offers more amenities of living: more time for leisure, and for work. In the new portrait of Western growth, West Coast editions of *The Wall Street Journal* (which has a larger circulation than the New York edition), and the *Christian Science Monitor* give balance to the new Budweiser brewery in Los Angeles, the Ford plant at San José, the three Motorola divisions in Phoenix, and a thousand others. An accelerated procession of scholars and scientists is on the move from East to West. The portrait now can show artists like Seattle's Callahan and Tucson's DeGrazia; photographers like Yosemite's Ansel Adams and Santa Barbara's Josef Muench; authors as diverse as Irving Stone and Joseph Wood Krutch; distinguished architects, musicians, clergy.

The portrait includes Milton Katims, leading the Seattle Symphony in the first concert ever heard at Snoqualmie, Washington, turning his baton over for Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever* to a small boy who had sat spellbound in the third row of the bleachers.

Among the diversities of the vast new West, the dominant bond is a ground swell of confident energy and creativity. The primary interest of new Westerners is in their future. Their supreme confidence is their greatest asset. The mores of many regions are being sifted, and there is a conscious striving to keep those which bode best for the future. There are pitfalls, and there are problems over which the New West has less control each day it fails to solve them. But the West is full of hope. Destiny seems at its side.

J. R. Dempsey is a blond, blue-eyed young man who was born in Alabama, but has been in charge of Convair's Atlas missile production at San Diego since it began in 1957.

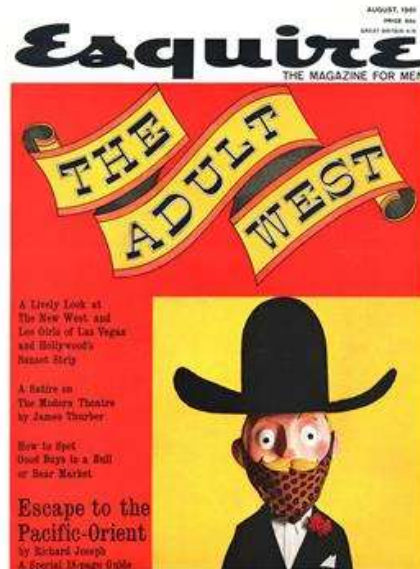
How does he live? With his wife and three children on a hillside overlooking the golf course and the Pacific in La Jolla. In airplanes, much of the time. Intensely, because he is obsessed with the somberness of the world's predicament.

He believes the climate where he lives is an asset, but that the larger assets are freedom and freshness. As a missile manufacturer, he senses that Westerners are intent on one goal, and he believes that it is the best any people can have:

"We've made a good start," he says, "toward eliminating the absurdities of life." #

THE ADULT WEST

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