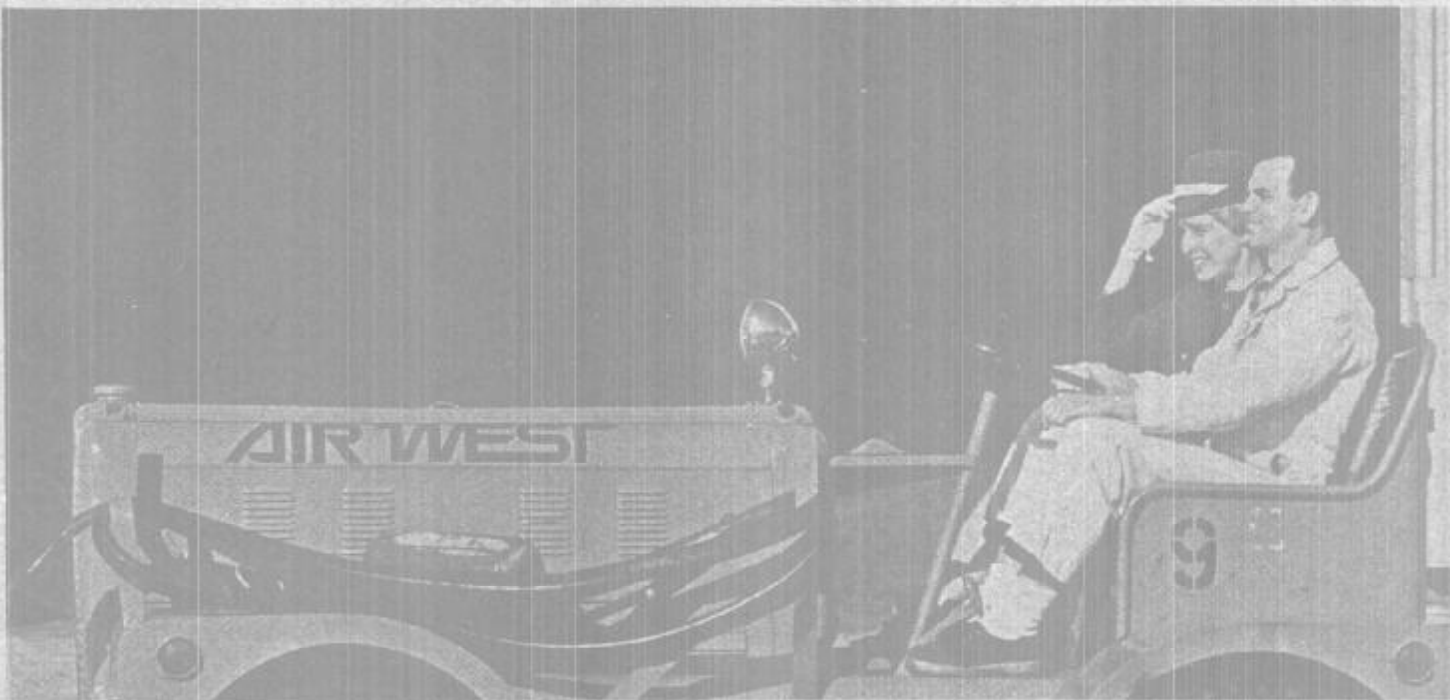


AIR WEST



NEW LINE, NEW NINE

Air West is changing its line-up. The fleet that serves more cities in the West than any other has gained a new jet, a new insignia and a new color scheme.

To make room, it is sending to the sidelines one of the veterans who is too small and too slow to help the team anymore.

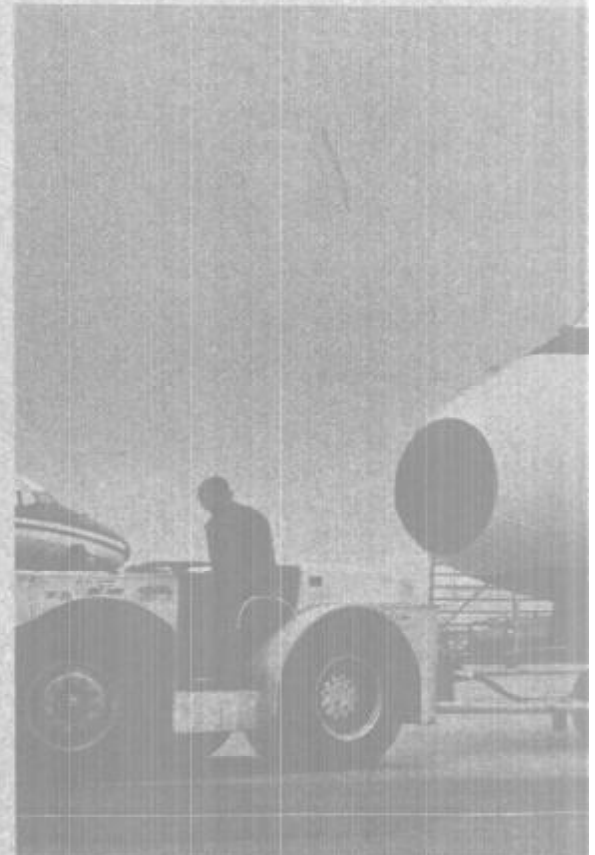
The brightly hued newcomer is a big version of the seventy-five passenger DC-9 fanjet which Air West helped introduce to short-haul routes in 1966. The Series 30 planes will accommodate ninety-seven passengers in first class comfort.

Not just one plane—sixteen of them in all, five this summer, forming the vanguard of a seventy-million dollar investment in fine air travel for the people in Air West's International market.

As a companion event—really more like a military requiem—the valiant DC-3 will disappear forever from Air West schedules after June 30.

The next day the new generation will carry the mail as Air West begins operation under its first fully integrated flight schedule following the merger April 17 of Bonanza, Pacific and West Coast airlines.

The first Douglas jet to bear the name Air West was towed from

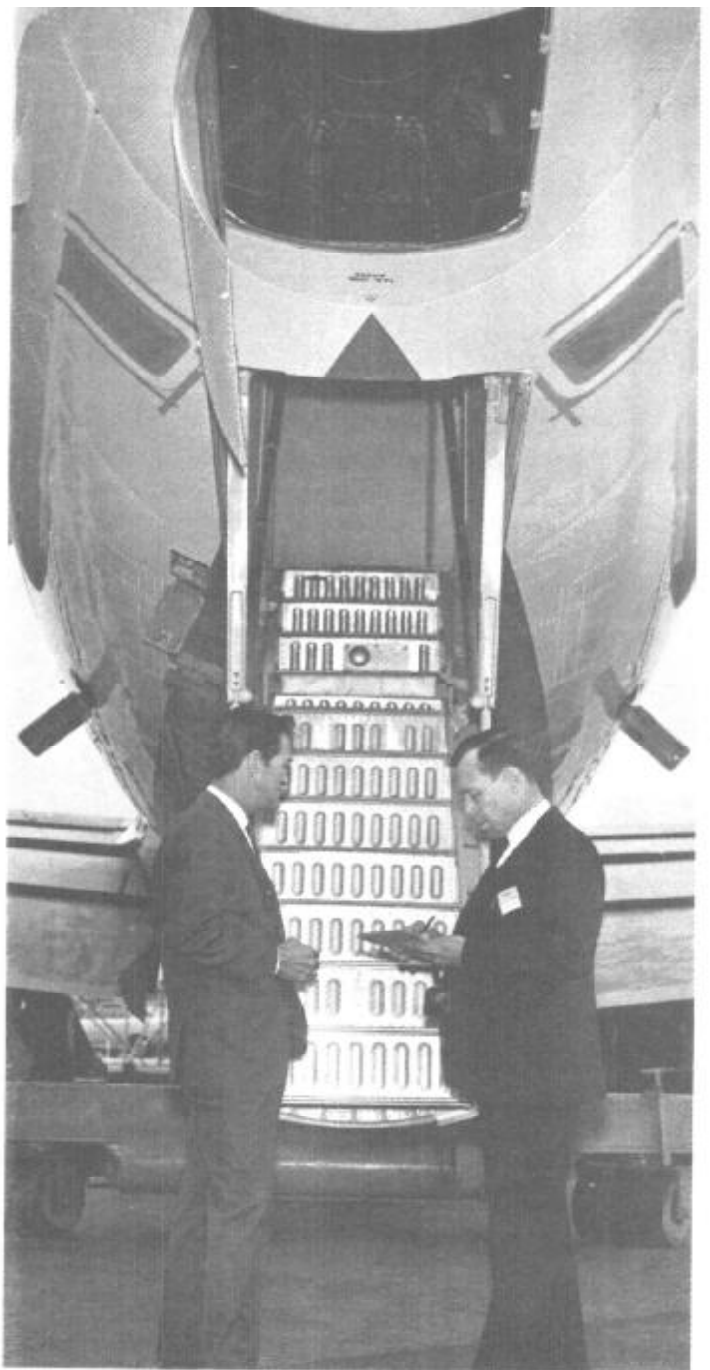


Outside the assembly hangar, the big Series

Long Beach, Calif., assembly line May 1, 1968. The Series 30 plane, 119 ft. long, was Douglas' 318th DC-9 since the first was rolled out in January, 1964



30 fanjet was lowered onto its landing gear, then towed to a testing area. Cylinder attached near front is ballast used to balance the plane during assembly



Area across from McDonnell-Douglas offices is packed with jets undergoing functional tests prior to flight

Larry Decker (left) is Air West vice president of marketing. Bud Crick is Oregon Journal aviation editor.

MINILINER PAINT-IN



Nancy Clodius presides at MiniLiner unmasking



This Suribachi-like minuet around a MiniLiner was performed by Mel Mason and Dean Jensen, upper, and Jack Murray, Air West maintenance.



It wasn't that the MiniLiners were that new, because they have been taking their turn on regular passenger schedules for more than a year, now. But the insignia was new, the colors were new. The airline was, too. So, Air West held a paint-in.

Converting a twin-engine Piper Navajo from West Coast to Air West colors is not quite as formidable as a Boeing 727 paint job, but it is a good day's work, nevertheless. The first Boeing trijet was repainted on a Monday through Friday basis; the thirty-three F-27 propjets were programmed for Friday until Sunday treatments.

For the MiniLiner paint-in at Seattle, Air West hostess Nancy Clodius was added to the decorating committee. However, the crew assigned to do the sanding, masking and spraying was independently artistic as these photographs by Hugh Stratford prove.

In all, forty-eight planes will undergo conversion. Each will have a pair of colors from the eight chosen to represent the natural spectrum found in Air West country—fiesta pink and festival orange; fern green and alpine blue; dune ochre and canyon red; Pacific blue and gold ochre.

Dean Jensen outlines Air West with masking tape, then



Jack Murray applies color overcoat. When tape is removed, the new name emerges

After the paint-in, crew chief Don Clary helped Nancy with the cleanup chores



Tail markings combine two colors with new Air West logocript

Ocean Shores, Washington, is a six-mile stretch of rustic peninsula reposing alongside the Pacific, some one hundred thirty miles from Seattle.

Up until now, Ocean Shores has established no reputation as a famous sports center. That is, when you speak of Le Mans and Wimbledon and Augusta and Indianapolis, you aren't likely to drop the name of Ocean Shores.

We have the community's assurance, however, that indifference to its existence will change to passionate interest this summer with the staging of the international mixed double clam digging championship, to be known as the Clam Prix.

The sea bordering Ocean Shores holds as one of its treasures the razor clam, which local residents insist is the noblest clam of them all.

'This is not like a quiet, sedentary butter clam,' says Mr. Bob Ward, the promotion director of Ocean Shores. 'This clam moves and it fights back. This is an athlete.'

'And how does the athlete taste?' he was asked.

'Look,' he said, 'you have heard of pismo clams and littlenecks and cherrystones? All famous in their own sphere. But when you match them for taste against the razor clam, it's like eating cabbage as opposed to top sirloin.'

Instantly, of course, this gets you an argument in New England, where they ask:

'If razor clams are so good, why aren't they shipped in live, like Maine lobsters?'

It can also be pointed out where a half-dozen cherrystones in a restaurant, say in Los Angeles, cost you \$2.50. That's provided they have flown tourist. If they come first class, it is more.

'You can be a sucker and pay for a label,' says Mr. Ward, 'but if you're looking for a quality clam and one that makes chowder, you can't beat the razor.'

Ward has come to Ocean Shores from the crop dusting business, into which he introduced the multi-engine aircraft. For years, farmers in Washington had been having their crops dusted by single-engine bi-planes.

Offering them four-engine service which every farmer's apples deserved, he put together a package that was pretty hard to resist.

In the Clam Prix, a lady digger will join with her male partner in a momentous tournament to be conducted as follows:

The teams will take their marks at a starting line two hundred yards from the ocean. When the gun is fired, they will race to the sea, and, armed with shovels known in the game as 'clam guns,' start digging until they bag their limit of eighteen. Winners will be determined by elapsed time from line to line, plus the weight of the clams.

'How can a dull event like this attract people?' Ward was asked.

'It won't be dull,' he answered, 'it will be spectacular. Two hundred fifty dolls digging clams in bathing suits, their posteriors pointed toward the blue Pacific sky. It will be a girl-watcher's paradise.'

Ocean Shores is so high on the Clam Prix that it is trying to sell it to ABC's Wide World of Sports. The attitude is that if Wide World will do snake hunts in Oklahoma, barrel-jumping at Grossinger's and grouse hunting in Scotland, it can hardly afford to pass a first-class clam dig.

The importance of the razor clams to the way of life at Ocean Shores is rather staggering. First, they provide savory food. Then their necks are removed and used as bait to catch the fine ocean perch inhabiting those waters.

Once the perch is brought to gaff, its head is placed in a crab pot to lure the Dungeness crab, a creature unbelievably flavorful.

Finally, the juice of the clam can be warmed and blended with vodka in a stimulating cocktail called a Russian trawler. Two or three of these drinks and one is ready for the net.

We inquired of promoter Ward, 'What will you do if Wide World of Sports rejects the Clam Prix?'

'In that case,' he responded, 'I will try to sell them crop dusting with four-engine equipment. It would make a great segment.'

(Los Angeles Herald Examiner)

by Melvin Durslag

THE CLAM PRIX



Miss Ocean Shores and crew

THE BALD EAGLE

by Rolla J. Crick

I never think of Leverett G. Richards, the Ernie Pyle of the airways, without remembering him as a shivering hunk of humanity with a broken jaw in a Christchurch, New Zealand, cinema.

We were in New Zealand on a special Air Force assignment during the early part of Operation Deep Freeze, the U.S. assault against the ice-locked secrets of Antarctica. Lev had set out to prove automobiles are unsafe modes of transportation.

He succeeded, partly because he forgot that in New Zealand they drive on the left, and he ended up after the accident with broken jaw and four broken ribs.

The night he got out of the hospital, and while his jaw was still wired together, we elected to see a show. It was an unheated theater and he began to shiver and then his teeth chattered despite the wires holding his jaw.

The pain was excruciating, but there was nothing either of us could do so long as his teeth wanted to chatter.

Finally, we left the theater in search of a hot cup of tea for him, and a straw through which he could sip the beverage.

Lev Richards is aviation editor of the Portland Oregonian and quite probably is the flyingest aviation editor in the business. He holds every pilot rating except an air transport rating and a glider rating.

And he'll have the glider rating soon, for he has already tried his hand at soaring.

According to the Aviation Writers Association, to which he belongs, he probably has logged more flying hours in more different kinds of airplanes than any other newspaperman.

It all began while he was the rhubarb editor on the old Clark County Sun in Vancouver, Washington. He became fascinated with the world of wings watching

the open cockpit lads at Pearson Field in Vancouver, the granddaddy airfield of them all in the Portland-Vancouver area.

Then his ambition was further fired when he was invited by the Army Air Corps to cover its first big maneuver in the Northwest designed to repel an enemy air attack.

He soloed in a Bird biplane in 1938 and went on to seek a commercial license and get involved with military flying.

Pearl Harbor came before he was quite ready, though. He tried to join the Canadian Air Force and then volunteered for civilian pilot training in 1942 without pay while his wife, Virginia, worked at his correspondent job for the Oregonian to keep beans in the pot.

Somewhere about this time, Lev also learned to operate a camera and he discovered that if he pointed it over the side of the plane and tripped the shutter he got what Oregonian editors came to consider 'amazing aerial photos.'

In July, 1942, he became a military flight instructor and the following February he was commissioned a first lieutenant service pilot in the Air Training Command. Later his rating was changed to bomber pilot and he was preparing to go to the Pacific in a B29 when the Japanese heard he was coming and surrendered.

He joined the reserves and became associated with the old 403d Troop Carrier Wing at Portland to continue his military flying.

And for the Oregonian, he began piling up flying time covering everything from forest fires to shipwrecks to manhunts.

Lev never writes just one story on a subject. He turns out several and his writings show up in magazines all over the country as well as in the newspaper

Lev Richards, gourmet



for which he works.

Reporters hate him (they say, not really meaning it) because he is always working. He never stops.

He's always going like a turpentine cayuse: at full gallop. He was frightened at an early age—or must have been—by an elevator, for he usually takes the stairs in the building, two steps at a time.

He says he does it to keep from becoming an old man, but the rest of us grow old thinking about it.

He is a skier, a fencer, a gourmet. He also has been an elephant's midwife.

Zoos around the country had had no success trying to mate elephants since the 1800s, but then, thanks to a bull named Thonglaw, baby elephants began to arrive at the Portland Zoo one after another and Lev was right there to cover the story and assist at the births, as necessary.

In assignments that have taken him all over the world, he has been mistaken for a penguin egg, bitten by a duck and kicked trying to milk a reindeer.

Lev, Lt. Col. Leverett Richards recently retired from the Air Force Reserve the day before his sixtieth birthday on St. Valentine's Day. Behind him are more than ten thousand hours as a pilot in more than forty different kinds of airplanes including the C47, C54, C119, C124, B27, B29 and a dozen Air Force training aircraft, plus virtually every make of civilian plane now in the sky.

But being retired from the military won't stop his flying. He'll go on to space craft, if they'll let him.

He could be classified as a hawk on the Vietnam War and he's proud of it. He went to Vietnam in 1967 as a correspondent and flew on a bombing mission with the Air Force and in spotter planes, went on patrol with the Navy and toured remote Army outposts.

Among his hats at the Oregonian is that of military editor.

Lev is virtually bald, thus his nickname, The Bald Eagle, and he has an infectious sense of humor. Because of his humor and his versatility, he has performed a number of way-out assignments for his newspaper.

He also is a sought-after speaker who can deliver a message with meat to chew and wittiness for dessert.

His wife is a rhododendron, to quote Lev. That's

because a new species of hybrid rhododendron with an apricot and pink bloom was named the Virginia Richards for her.

Ask her proud husband about it and he'll tell you, 'I married a rhododendron. Who else can say that?'

He logged more than five-hundred hours as a pilot in the arctic, most of it during a tour of duty with the Air Force in the Korean crisis. He took air drop training at the U.S. Army Infantry School at Fort Benning, Georgia, and participated in Exercise Sage Brush, a maneuver to test the role of airpower in nuclear warfare.

He flew fifteen missions over the Greenland ice cap to drop supplies and construction equipment and discovered a new ice island. As a working newsman, he was one of fifteen reporters to visit the Distant Early Warning radar line across the top of the U.S. and Canada.

He has flown over both poles. On one of his twenty flights over the South Pole, he dropped some cookies to me at a time I was marooned there because our aircraft had lost an engine upon landing.

It was a nice gesture on his part, particularly since

I had his camera which I had borrowed just before flying to the pole, and that kept him from taking pictures for the twenty-one days it took to get our party out.

That makes him one of the most accommodating competitors in the field, since we work on different newspapers.

Lev has received many journalistic honors in his long newspapering career. On his retirement from the Air Force Reserve, he was presented a Sixth Air Force Reserve Region Certificate of Recognition for his contributions to the Air Force.

On the front of his desk in the Oregonian is a sign with the familiar phrase, 'Sleep well, your National Guard is awake.'

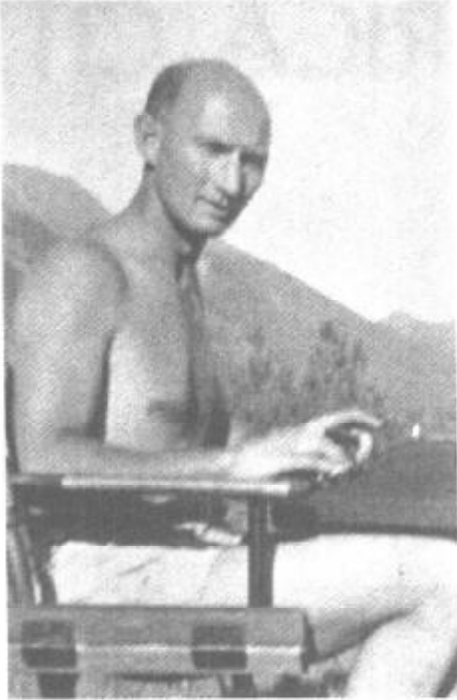
Paraphrased, it means Lev's bosses, whether civilian or military, slept well because he was awake.

He has an ambition—to be the world's oldest pilot.

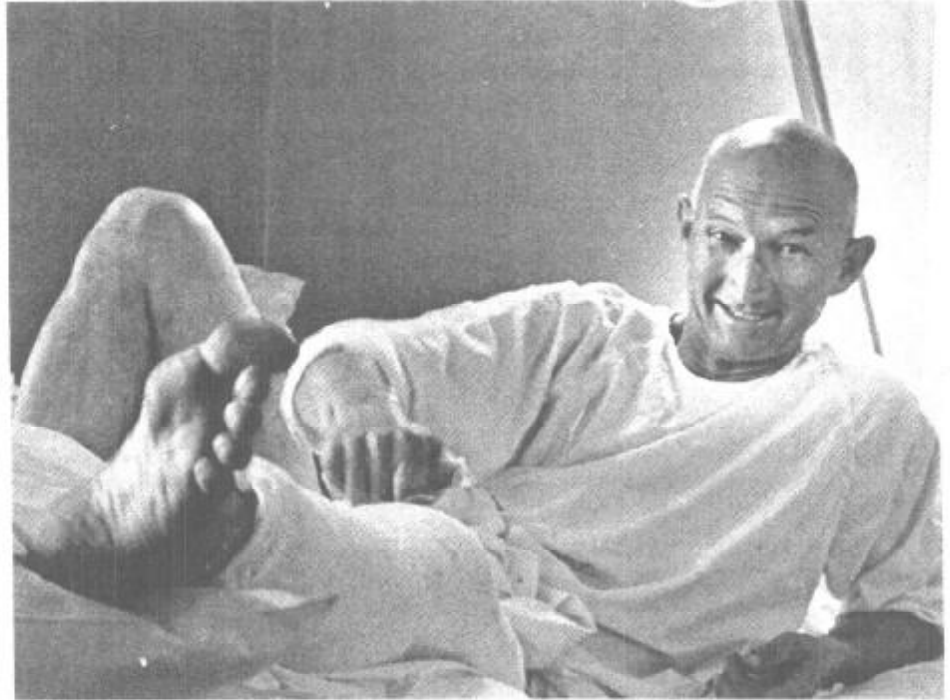
And he says, 'There are old flyers and bold flyers, but there are no bold old flyers.'

I expect to disagree, if he ever becomes old, for he'll never stop being bold.

Lev Richards, typist.



Skier



Explorer



Daredevil



Journalist

FRESNO: ALL-AMERICA CITY

by James Bort Jr.

C'mon, brag a little, urges a billboard on Fresno's busy Blackstone Avenue.

The sign recognizes Fresno's selection as one of eleven All-America Cities for 1968—a thrice-sought honor which was conferred on this burgeoning central California metropolis by the National Municipal League and *Look* magazine. It is an honor which, paradoxically, recognizes Fresno both as a city of problems and a city of promise.

The problems are those of most major American cities in the mid-Twentieth Century, the long list of metropolitan ills that go under the general heading of the

'urban crisis.' The promise lies in the effective coalition of city officialdom and the citizenry to face up to the challenges without flinching.

Many of the problems are rooted deep in West Fresno, the city's 'ghetto' where 95 per cent of the community's Negro population of around twenty thousand lives, where annual incomes often fall below the poverty level, where education and jobs are sorely needed and where nearly half the housing units are so far below minimum standards of health and safety that they are considered beyond rehabilitation.

Much of the promise lies in the sincerity with which the city is reacting to these problems. City government, guided by the sober, responsible leadership of Mayor Floyd H. Hyde and aided by federal urban renewal and war-on poverty funds, has embarked on a many-faceted program of slum clearance, social planning, job development, youth programs, human relations activities and economic development to help bring West Fresno back into the mainstream of community life.

During Hyde's administration this concerted effort to break into the poverty cycle has emerged as the city's top priority and the zeal with which he has approached the



Mayor Floyd H. Hyde



task has earned him the respect—and more importantly, the active assistance—of dozens of community groups and hundreds of individuals.

It has been this emphasis on human problems and the participation of private citizens that constitutes what the All-America City Award sponsors called a program of 'purposeful action' to improve the quality of life in the community.

Actually, Fresno's metamorphosis into an All-America City began in the 1950s when a new post-World War II leadership started to shake off the city's image as a prosperous but sleepy farm town in California's fertile San Joaquin Valley.

Veteran city hall watchers point to the administration of former Mayor Gordon (Slinger) Dunn as the turning point in Fresno's postwar evolution. It was Dunn, once a star discus thrower at Stanford University, who provided much of the leadership in a campaign to replace a worn out city commission form of government with the modern council-manager charter which was embraced by the voters in 1957 (Fresno was the last city of any size in California to adopt the plan). And it was Dunn who responded to the demands of business and civic leaders to establish a Redevelopment Agency as the vehicle for an ambitious

modernization program which since has been recognized throughout the country—and the world—as a model of urban renewal.

Under Dunn's and succeeding administrations, Fresnoans have watched their city grow in typical California fashion. Since 1950, when the population was 91,669, Fresno has ballooned to 162,500 citizens. Those who live in the unincorporated fringe areas of the city boost the total metropolitan area population to nearly 300,000. By 1985, when Fresno celebrates its hundredth birthday, the planners estimate the metro population will hit 555,000 in an area covering one hundred sixteen square miles.

Perhaps the most spectacular evidence of the city's new image is its downtown mall system—a six-block long 'superblock' from which all vehicular traffic eventually will be banished and in which the pedestrian shopper will be king. Adorned with landscaping, fountains and an impressive collection of statuary, the mall system is Fresno's answer to the physical decay which once infested the city's heart and which was eroding its economic foundations.

A new ten million dollar Convention Center with a modern auditorium, sports arena and exhibit hall is attracting conventions in record numbers and provides a home for the Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra, the city's Opera Association, road companies and other entertainment attractions.

In the city's northeast quadrant, the Fresno Air Terminal is a dominant feature. Opened in 1962, the size of the air terminal produced skepticism among many but the tremendous growth of commercial aviation since then has more than justified the foresight of its planners.

While governmental bodies were busy preparing for the future, the chamber of commerce has been pushing an aggressive campaign to attract industry to Fresno—and with considerable success. Among the latest to join the area's industrial community are PPG Industries, the American Safety Equipment Corporation and the R. T. French Co. Since 1960, new industry and expansions of existing plants have meant four thousand five hundred new jobs.

In the commercial sector, stores, offices, banks open new outlets with regularity. In all, nine major banks oper-

ate nearly fifty branches in the city. Bank debits, regarded by most economists as a reliable indicator of a city's financial base, set new records with startling frequency. The hotel-motel-restaurant industry has recognized Fresno's emergence as a major convention city. Del Webb's Towne House, rising twenty stories high on Tulare Street near the County Courthouse, was the first building of skyscraper proportions to be built in Fresno since the 1930s. Homebuilding, too, is a booming, thriving industry.

But these things—new buildings, new homes, new businesses, new industry—are just the outward manifestation of what Fresno's All-America City Award is all about, its people. The National Municipal League and Look did not select Fresno primarily because of its physical growth, nor for the accomplishments of government.

In seeking the award this year, the Junior League got right to the heart of things—the people and their efforts to help each other. The application listed seven projects, none terribly impressive in terms of money, but each indicative of the concern which the community is showing in meeting the needs of its young people and its Negro and Mexican-American minorities, many of whom live in conditions of dire poverty.

It is this new concentration on 'people problems' that burns as the beacon for Fresno's future progress.

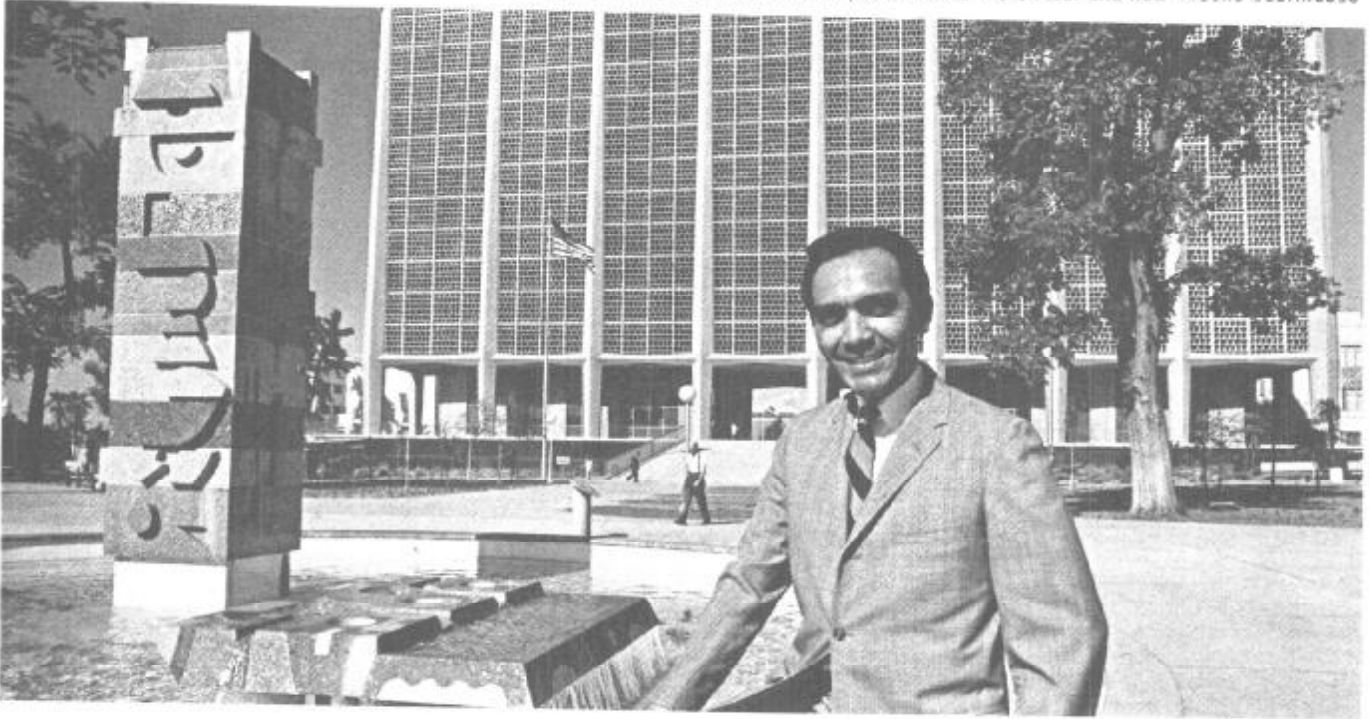
'This is the basis on which Fresno was selected and this is the basis, I think, on which a city is going to mature and grow and be a desirable place to live and raise a family,' Mayor Hyde comments.

'I am personally pleased that the test of a great city is becoming how many people you have who are willing to give of themselves to benefit the community—not the number of miles of new freeway you've built, or new sewer systems or malls or buildings. We have shown that mere physical improvement of a community accomplishes nothing in and of itself. I'm full of hope for the future. If any community has shown the signs that it can solve its urban problems and become a peaceful community, then it is Fresno. I recognize that there are many hurdles but if we face them together, we'll make it.

'People involvement,' sums up the mayor, 'is the key.'

Fresno's people have become involved.

Phillip V. Sanchez, Fresno County administrative officer and new Fresno courthouse



The Fresno Mall, with G.J. Woodward (left) and A.L. Rodder, members of the Fresno Mall Art Commission

Family group on the Fresno Mall



Jim Zamensky, Air West's
Sales and Service manager, Fresno



Wilmer Garrett, Fresno city
director of transportation

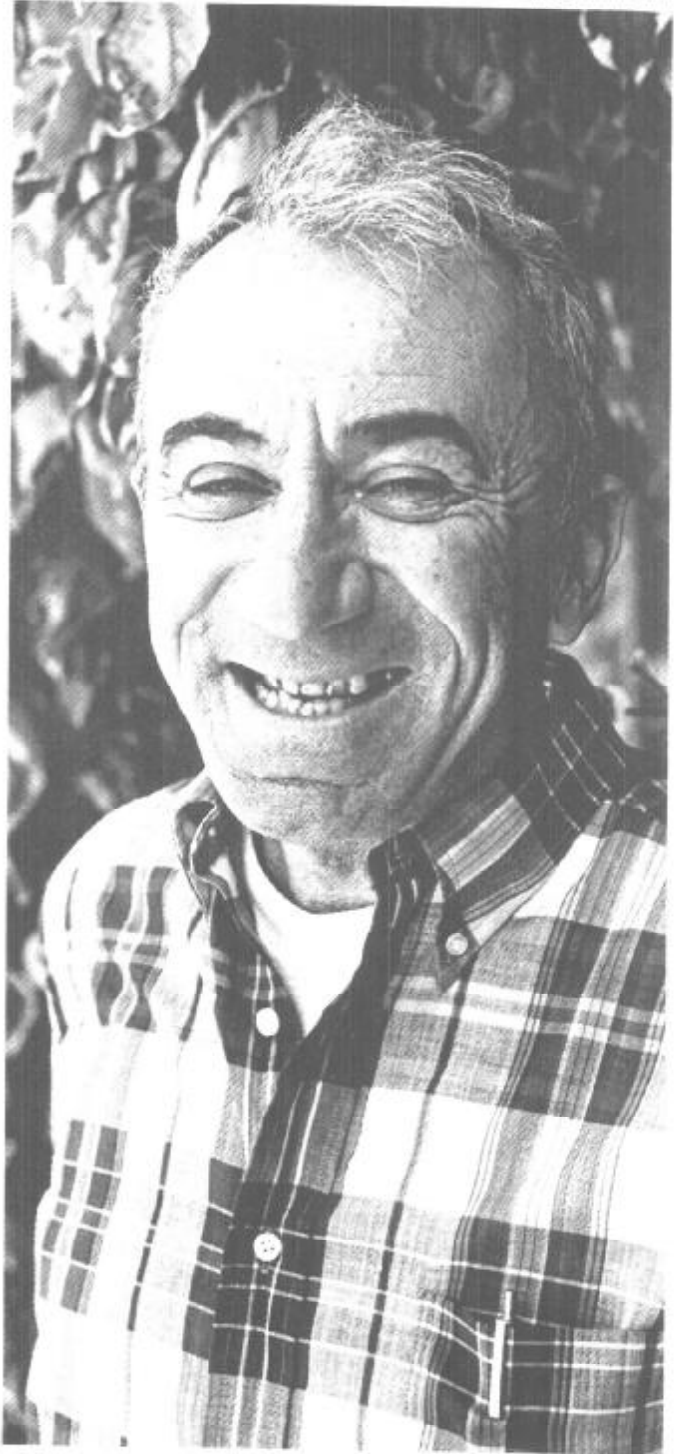


Lloyd S. Weber, executive vice president, Fresno Chamber of Commerce

Midland Savings and Loan Association



Dick Markarian, agriculturist



Allen F. Mather, president,
Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California

A MAN OF THE SOIL

by James Bort Jr.

Every now and then Dick Markarian has a yen to get into a chemistry lab, with its retorts and Bunsen burners, and run an experiment.

But then he heads for a cotton field and talks to his plants. The old urge that almost led him to a career in chemistry passes in the glow that comes of the knowledge that in his thirty-eight years in agriculture he has built a family farming operation that is regarded as one of the best in Fresno County.

And when you consider that Fresno County for the past twenty years has led all other counties in the United States in the value of its crops (around \$475 million gross last year), Markarian has reason for his pride.

'I'm happy I went into farming,' Markarian can say now, even though it meant the end of his ambitions to become a chemist which he had to give up after two years at Fresno State College in the depths of the depression.

'I love to see things grow. I like to go out every day and talk to those plants.'

A few years back, Markarian tried raising cattle on some of the eight hundred eighty acres of farmland he owns, but he gave that up after about five years because his green thumb didn't work any magic with livestock and besides, 'the cattle didn't say anything to me.'

Markarian runs what is known in central California agriculture as a diversified farming operation. His permanent crops include grapes (two raisin varieties and two wine varieties) and seventeen acres of walnuts. This year, he also planted two hundred fifty acres of cotton, one

hundred forty acres of sugar beets, sixty acres of black-eyed peas, one hundred sixty acres of barley and eighty acres of corn.

He markets about half his annual production through cooperatives, which have reached their highest level of development in California. He is a member of several and serves as a director of some of them. He also is a director of the influential California Farm Bureau Federation, serves on both federal and state raisin advisory boards, and is a member of a cotton variety testing committee whose recommendations last year led to the introduction of a new seed called SJ-1 to replace the famous Acala 4-40 under the state's one-variety cotton law.

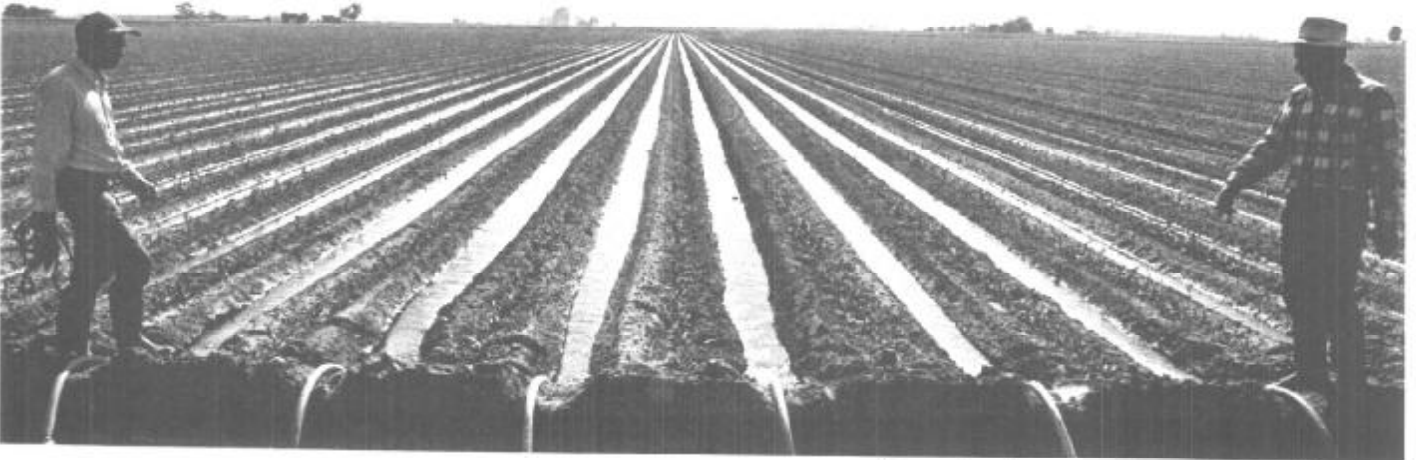
He considers these part and parcel of the wide range of activities for which the Fresno County and City Chamber of Commerce coined a word—agribusiness—a few years ago.

The variety of Markarian's operations is not simply a matter of whim. For a man having an operation like his, small indeed in comparison with the huge corporate farming enterprises which run into thousands of acres elsewhere in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, diversification offers the best chance to make a good profit.

Diversity really is the name of the game in this richest agricultural basin in the world.

In 1966, the last year for which complete figures are available, Fresno County had 7,293 farms. They averaged a little better than three hundred acres apiece and they were producing more than two hundred different crops. Cotton and grapes are the leading income producers, but the list runs from almonds to zucchini and in-

The horizon lies across fertile fields for Dick Markarian



Sun, soil and water are the touchstones of his trade



Down From the Sierras comes the water that makes the San Joaquin Valley so productive

cludes, along with the usual list of fruit and vegetable crops, such things as figs, citrus, soy beans and sunflowers. Half the world's raisin production comes from the San Joaquin Valley and all this country's raisins are produced within a seventy-five-mile radius of Fresno's downtown business district.

The combined agricultural wealth of Fresno and seven neighboring counties gives the valley a gross income of right around two billion dollars a year, about half of the total farm income of the entire state—and California has ranked as the top income producer in the nation for 20 years. Put another way, the Council of California Growers a couple of years ago figured out that the gross farm income of the eight-county area was exceeded only by three other states: Iowa, Texas and Illinois.

There are good reasons for this bounty. Markarian ticks them off: ideal growing weather, good soil and water from the snowfields of the lofty Sierra Nevada, the mighty mountain range that naturalist John Muir called the 'range of light' and which now is sometimes referred to as the 'range of life.'

'Those are the things that make California agriculture,' says Markarian. 'And, without any doubt, the most ingenious farmers in the world are here in California.'

In Dick Markarian's case, you can add a self-acquired agricultural education which he has been adding to since he went into farming on rented acreage in 1935. His old love of chemistry, supplemented by hours of reading, has given him the knowledge of insecticides, herbicides and fertilizers which he considers essential to success in California's competitive agricultural industry.

'Actually, I think farming requires knowledge in more fields than almost any other job,' he says. 'If you don't have it, somebody's going to take you—and in a family-size operation like mine, it has to come from you.'

'But when things go right,' he adds, 'it's a real pleasure to be a farmer.'

Sudie Douglas went to the circus last summer. She enjoyed it, too, because there were eight hundred kids in the audience that day who wouldn't have been able to go to the circus if it had not been for the efforts of Mrs. Douglas and some two hundred fifty other Fresno women.

Mrs. Douglas, a Negro, and the other women were participating in a project called 'Operation Big Top,' inspired by Desa Belyea, the women's editor of the Fresno

Bee, to enrich the lives of underprivileged youngsters, most of whom live in the West Fresno neighborhood in which Mrs. Douglas also lives.

It was one of seven programs singled out by the Junior League of Fresno in its successful application for an All-America City Award.

Operation Big Top and Sudie Douglas both are typical of the atmosphere of volunteerism and the kind of local people-to-people programs which brought the blue-



and-white All-America City Flag to Fresno this year.

A native of Arkansas, Sudie came to Fresno twenty-four years ago after working during World War II in the shipyards of the San Francisco Bay area and San Diego. Almost from the moment she arrived in Fresno, she has been helping youngsters to a better life. Over the years she has opened her home to some thirty-five foster children. Six, ranging from eight to twenty years old, live with her now, together with her husband, William and their own teen-age son. She has helped her foster children through school, seen them grow up, get married and establish their own homes.

Her desire to help youngsters has found many outlets.

With Mrs. Gwen Hansen (Fresno's Volunteer of the Year for 1968), Sudie helped set up a Community Sewing Workshop in West Fresno to give young Negro girls training in designing and making their own clothes; she founded and operates a program called Stay in School which helps girls find part-time jobs so they can continue their education; she is active in Drop-Outs Anonymous and CHORE (Citizens Helping Others Receive Education), both of which helped earn the All-America City Award.

She is always ready to give a youngster a helping hand and a few words of advice. Obviously, it is a full life. But it is one which Sudie loves because she likes young people, and feels their future and her country's future are one and the same. Beyond that:

'Well, I'll tell you. Years ago I was hired out at seven years old and I saw white ladies doing so much that we Negroes couldn't participate in. All my life since then, I've tried to share what I have with others. The satisfaction I get is that I've lived long enough to help others do some of the things I wanted to do when I was young.'

In Fresno, says Sudie, people are beginning to communicate across the color barrier.

'White and black are beginning to realize they've been afraid of each other. Now they can sit down and talk to one another. This is the one thing that will save us. We women have begun to open the doors to each other's Fresno. This is going to be a wide open city. It's beautiful. If we work together we can move mountains. This is my philosophy and I have found it works beautifully.'

Mrs. Douglas' concern for youth is echoed in nearly all the programs which brought Fresno its All-America City rating this year.

Drop-Outs Anonymous, originated by a local radio station, provides twenty-four hour-a-day counseling service to encourage youngsters to stay in school. When Drop-Outs found that more than 30 per cent of the students leaving school were doing so for economic reasons, the same radio station initiated Chore to provide job application pointers and to help find employment. In its first six months, Chore found jobs for nearly two hundred youngsters.

STOP (Students Taking Opportunity for Progress) was the idea of a group of local businessmen and was prompted by the community-wide concern that followed a series of minor disturbances in West Fresno last summer. Set up as a pilot project, it involved having students pick, pack, deliver and retail fruits and vegetables at their own produce stand. In the process, the students learned many of the elements of running their own business.

The Downtown Association of Fresno, a businessman's group, was responsible for a West Fresno Self-Help Project which was designed to help provide summer jobs for vacationing students. Fifty youths were employed and they painted twenty West Fresno homes using paint and other materials donated to the project.

Most controversial of the projects for which Fresno received the award was Damhara, a youth center emphasizing the creative arts and aimed at encouraging a dialogue between adults and 'hippie-oriented' young people. Damhara brought an outraged response from some law officers and many of the community's adults and eventually succumbed to the protests and was closed despite its backing by the Fresno Area Council of Churches, Mayor Floyd H. Hyde and others. But in its brief and stormy life, it did point up the need for youth centers and several others now are in operation or being planned.

Of the seven award-winning projects, only one did not have a youth orientation. That was a fund-raising drive which collected some \$130,000 to pay for furnishings, carpets, draperies and other enrichment items for the Convention Center Theatre. It, too, demonstrated the willingness of Fresnoans to work together to accomplish community goals.

— James Bort

THE GRADUATES

photographed by Hugh N. Stratford

The April merger of Air West created corps of hostesses which will number 285 by the end of June, then the line's first fully consolidated training class will graduate.

Earlier classes have been trained separately, then brought together for graduation exercises at cities on the Air West system. The biggest of these was held at Fresno here the City and County Chamber of Commerce joined Air West in signaling the start of thirty-one careers in the care and comfort of air travelers.

It was more than just a graduation. From the time at Jack Oliver, president of the chamber, welcomed the young women at the airport until they had completed an

exhilarating tour of Roma Winery, the Air West hostesses were kept busy looking over Fresno while Fresno looked over them.

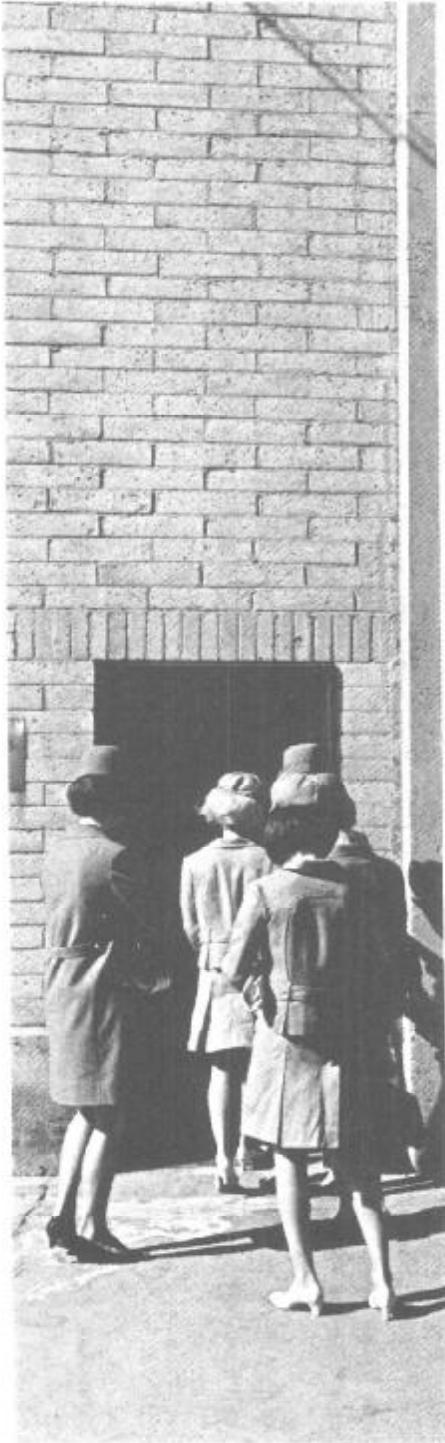
They walked the Fresno mall, shopped, toured: nineteen hostesses in Pacific pink; ten in West Coast blue; two in Bonanza orange.

At midday, while the City-County Chamber of Commerce looked on, Mayor Floyd Hyde pinned the first graduate. There was especially warm applause as George Galvin, assistant to the president of Air West, presented his daughter Anne with her wings. Later the hostesses flew back to San Francisco for a graduation banquet, then dispersed to their new life aloft.



Jack Oliver, Fresno Chamber of Commerce president, greeted the Air West hostess graduates, led by Fresno's Renee Tatum (lower)

Knock twice, and ask for Col. Burton



The girls begin their tour of Roma Winery

The art of putting corks in bottles is explained



Col. Albert H. Burton, Roma general manager, exhibits Roma's fine rosé wines to Linda Morrison, Air West hostess



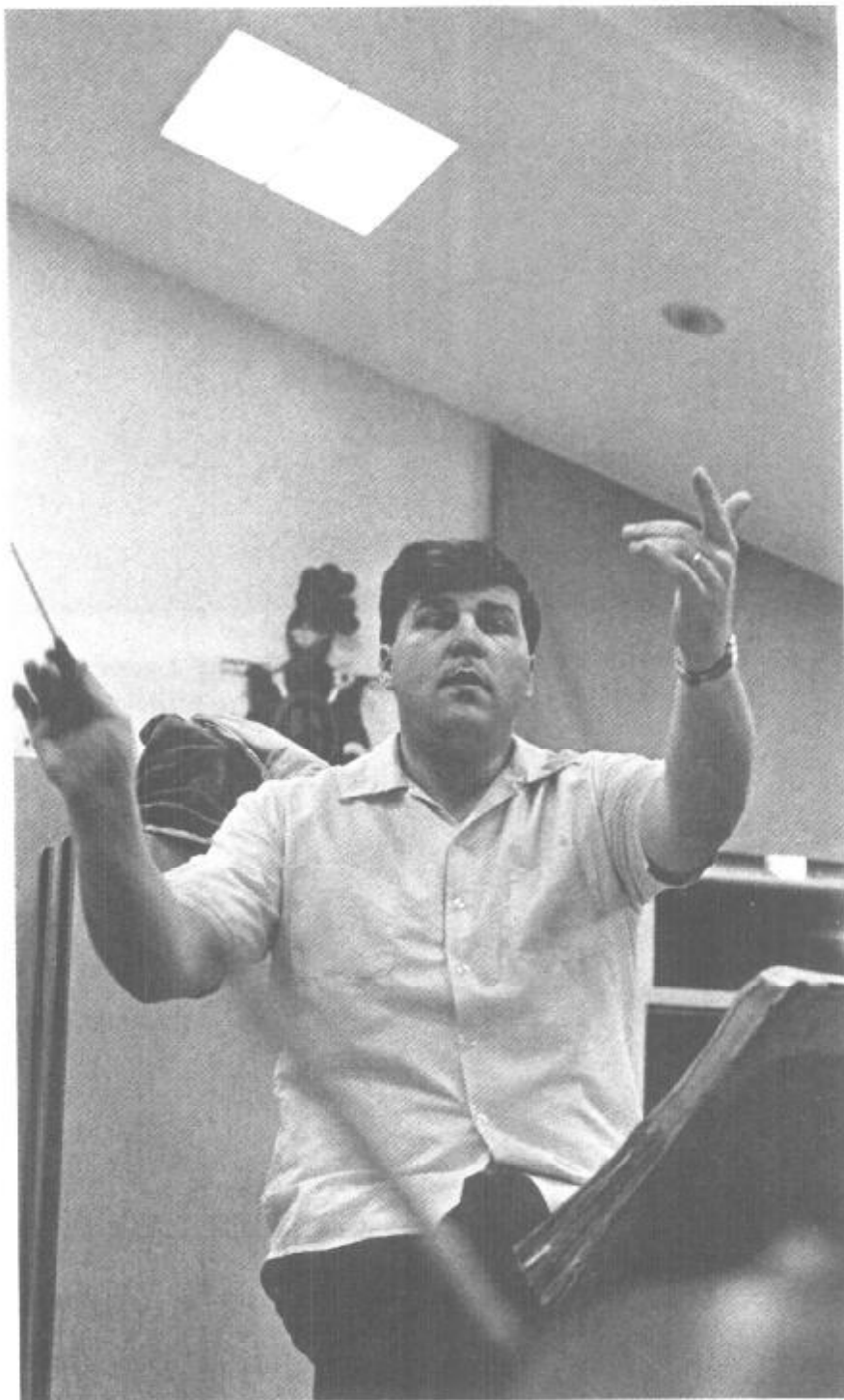
Long live Air West!

Linda and Tom Bailey, Air West Fresno district sales manager, drink a toast

THE FRESNO PHILHARMONIC

Tom Griswold, the intent young maestro in the adjoining photographs, and members of the Fresno Philharmonic Orchestra represent a cornerstone of that community's cultural life. Their success at the box office reflects the group's high artistic standards, and Fresno's accep-

tion of worthwhile cultural pursuits. Like Griswold, the key players are professionals, most of them with teaching backgrounds. Others are housewives, businessmen and secretaries. None earns his living from the orchestra but all are sustained by a common love for fine music.



Hugh N. Stratford photos



AIR WEST

FORTY EIGHTH ISSUE June 1968

The Fresno Profile

In the Fresno articles, 43 year old Jim Bort has written about favorite subjects that have been part of his beat for the past 15 years as a news-writer for the Fresno Bee. A specialist in local government and politics, this transplanted New Yorker regards 1958 as the turning point in Fresno's civic life. In that year the citizens turned to the city manager form of government for leadership.

"It brought professionalism, and better government has resulted," he says. "We have had a succession of city councils of high caliber, and the quality of civil service is exceptional." What he didn't bother to add was, Fresno is an All-America City because it deserves to be.

Photography

By Hugh N. Stratford: the Fresno profile, The Graduates; MiniLiner Paint-in; Cover
The Bald Eagle photos courtesy The Portland Oregonian library
Clam Prix courtesy Robert Nevin Ward, Ocean Shores News Bureau
DC-9 photos by G.P. (Chris) Bogiagis, Douglas Aircraft Division

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Editorial

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Cover: There is romance in a career with Air West

