The Evening Bulletin
Focus
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Rose DeWolf

Revolting Against Rebels

THE ADVERTISEMENT starts out boldly:

"America . . . Don't be Deceived by Bicentennial Propaganda. RE-UNITE WITH ENGLAND."

Reunite with England? That's what it says.

The ad, which appears on the back page of the current Pennsylvania Gazette, the alumni magazine of the University of Pennsylvania, calls the American Revolution a "grievous mistake."

A lot of problems could have been avoided, the ad claims, "if only those radical and hot-headed men had been patient enough to work within the system."

(Sound familiar?)

"The real heroes of that period," the ad says, "were the Loyalists . . . the Tories." And they were badly treated by the Revolutionaries. Their property was confiscated, they were driven into exile, thrown into prisons without trial and even murdered. "Do we hear any of this from our Bicentennial Commissions? No," charges the ad. "There is a nefarious Bicentennial COVERUP."

The ad concludes that it isn't too late, 200 years later, to undo this "mistake." We should, it says, apologize to Mother England, promise not to rebel anymore and ask to be taken back.

There couldn't be "unconditional amnesty" for all American leaders, of course, the ad cautions, but perhaps rather than prison, the Queen would see fit to demand only "alternative service." . . . say with the Bengal Lancers.

The ad is signed: "The Committee for Reunion with England."

REACTION TO THE COMMITTEE'S idea has been mixed. Some take it seriously . . . most don't. A BBC announcer snipped: "We don't want you back."

Well, is the idea serious?

Not very.

The "Committee" was dreamed up by John Ambrose, a 1973 Penn grad from Richmond, Va. He heard that the Gazette was putting out a special Bicentennial issue and sent in his ad with a demand for "equal time" for Tories.

The Gazette obligingly printed it free of charge.

It seems that Ambrose and a friend were watching one of those "Bicentennial Minutes" on CBS-TV and it told of an incident in which three Revolutionaries "playfully" threw three Tories into a river. The "Minute" neglected to mention that two of the three Tories not-so-playfully drowned.

This struck Ambrose as the kind of mindless editing of history that our Bicentennial observance could well do without.

IT SEEMS WE either conveniently forget that all the heroes of our history were once considered hotheads (if Patrick Henry were alive today, the FBI would investigate him and the CIA would open his mail) or we manage to turn every hothead in our history into a hero.

(The right to drown somebody who disagrees with your point of view is not what the Revolution was all about.)

It seems we like rebels best when they are safely part of our past, and we don't necessarily recognize the "Tory" point of view when it is a part of our present. John Ambrose's gentle little nudge pushes it to our attention.

'Sometimes, God Would Just as Soon You Laugh a Little'

By DORIS B. WILEY
Of The Bulletin Staff

IT WAS A DAY late in October 1960 when city officials, civic leaders and the public gathered in the cold at the corner of 16th st. and J.F. Kennedy blvd., to dedicate the new Philadelphia Convention and Visitors Bureau.

After the speeches, the VIPs made their way to the Benjamin Franklin Hotel for a luncheon in honor of the occasion.

The Rev. Ernest A. Harding, rector of historic Christ Church, was asked to give the dedicatory prayer.

A man of compassion and understanding, Dr. Harding looked out at the hungry, half-frozen group, bowed his head and intoned: "Thank God. Let's eat. Amen."

The luncheon guests broke out in applause.

Word spread. Soon Dr. Harding became the most sought-after clergyman in the testimonial banquet, dedication-ceremony, luncheon circuit. A man for all occasions, guaranteed not to lull his listeners to sleep before they eat.

"I don't believe in long harangues with God. He understands in a few words," Dr. Harding said the other day, recalling his debut.

He had been chosen for the Visitors Bureau dedication, he said, because the mayor at that time, Richardson Dilworth, was a parishioner at Christ Church.

He dismisses the idea that it is the sparkle of his invocations and prayers that has led to "bookings" at a rate of three or four a week.

"It's not Harding they're after," he said, "They want the rector of Christ Church."

He says he "can't tell you how I prepare them," but when he gets a request, he briefs himself on the nature of the occasion and the group and plans his remarks accordingly. "It doesn't take as long now. It comes a little easier."

And although there are thousands of Philadelphians who will tell you how much they enjoy Dr. Harding's breezy delivery, he says he doesn't keep copies of his talks and can't recall examples of his speaking.

But he likes doing it and believes that if only one person gets anything from it, "it's worthwhile." He's not even put off when some people "don't listen. . . the same as with sermons."

The 67-year-old rector will mark his 20th year at Christ Church next October. Boston-born and educated, he still has his clipped New England manner of speaking.

"When I was first asked to come to Philadelphia," he said, "I told the delegation which came to see me that I couldn't care less." Any regrets? "Never, I love the place," he said.

But in the summer he deserts the city for Ogunquit, Me. "I deserve two months off," he said. "I work seven days a week from 6.30 A.M. to God knows when. . . it might be 7 P.M., it might be midnight."

In Maine he spends his time "walking, fishing, swimming, sleeping and eating."

But from September through June he conducts regular services at the "oldest continuous parish church" in the country—now 280 years old.

Bulletin Staff Photo by Jack Tinney

The Rev. Ernest A. Harding: "I work to God knows when . . ."

Further Adventures of Jimmy the Greek

Visible Profit From Invisible Hughes

This is the fourth in a series of articles excerpted from the colorful and revealing new book, "Jimmy the Greek," about the world of gambling. Here Jimmy describes his work as full-time public-relations adviser for Howard Hughes during Hughes' intriguing years in Las Vegas.

By JIMMY (the Greek) SNYDER

IN FEBRUARY, 1970, at a time when the famine was upon the boxing game, I received a call from a promoter named Harold Conrad. "I'm here in Vegas," he said, "with Bob Arum. We'd like to see you."

Arum was an attorney for Muhammad Ali, at that moment unlicensed to box and still appealing his conviction as a draft resister. A fight between Ali and Joe Frazier, Ali's successor as the world heavyweight champion, was worth millions, but no state would take it.

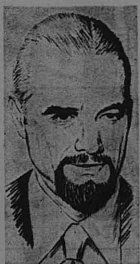
Conrad got right to the point. "Can you help us here?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm sure the governor is opposed to it, but I know him well enough so that I can sit and talk to him."

"If you get it on," Conrad said, "You're in for three percent."

Such a deal is not unusual in boxing (or in Las Vegas), but this one represented a substantial amount — $30,000 out of every million.

I arranged a meeting at which Conrad and Arum would make their pitch to the governor of Nevada, Paul Laxalt, and the members of the state boxing commission. If I was honest with him, told him the whole story, I figured he at least would listen.



Howard Hughes today?
No photos, just imagination.

"Governor, this is a big score for me," I told him, emphasizing my three percent. "Please consider it."

He said that he would, but he didn't commit himself either way. The next morning, I was in the lobby of the El Morocco Hotel, five minutes before the meeting was to start. From behind the registration desk, the switchboard operator paged me for a phone call.

"Jimmy," said the voice on the phone, "Mr. Hughes doesn't want this fight."

"Mr. Hughes" was Howard Robards Hughes Jr. I didn't say a word. I replaced the phone, gently, and walked over to Conrad and Arum. "I just found out," I told them, "that you don't have a chance."

They understood. That was the end of whatever chance Las Vegas had for the fight and whatever shot I had at my three percent. (If an Ali-Frazier fight in Vegas would have grossed the $20 million it grossed in New York a year later, I could say that Howard Hughes cost me $600,000.)

Not that I had much choice. At the time I worked as a public-relations consultant for the Hughes Nevada Operations.

Before you ask — no, I never met Howard Hughes and, no, I never talked with him. My orders came from Bob Maheu, a bulky, balding ex-FBI agent, who headed Hughes's Nevada holdings. He was the second most powerful man in the state. Bob Maheu had never met Hughes either, though he had worked for him since 1953. Bob spoke often to Hughes in Hughes' penthouse hideaway on the top floor of the Desert Inn, but he was even reticent about that.

The wealth of Howard Hughes, so freely used, gave Las Vegas a new image and a new vitality; you could sense it everywhere, after he began to buy up the state in 1966.

Gambling and tourist income increased more than 25 percent a year, twice the rate before he came. Suddenly, more people *trusted* Las Vegas. The place was damned near respectable. As a public-relations man, privy to the conversation of his inner circle of executives, I learned quickly about his likes and dislikes. For one thing, he didn't like hookers.

"Chase those girls," were Bob Maheu's orders to the hotel people. "Mr. Hughes wants them out."

The prospect of meeting a lady of the night at the bar, or in the cocktail lounge, is what made some of the Vegas hotels. Clean is nice, but

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Cash Unlimited Paid

IN 1947, HUGHES was nearly killed test-piloting one of his own planes. He crashed it in the street in Beverly Hills, avoiding any homes.

His face was burned and cut and he had broken more bones than the doctors could count. He grew a moustache to cover some of the scars and he began to retreat from people.

I knew this story from a pretty good source — Cans Jones, my old Steubenville pal whose younger brother John was the doctor who put him back together. Jonesy's money helped put John and another brother through medical school. He won the money gambling.

The day Hughes was released, after months of surgery and treatment, he handed Dr. Jones an envelope with a check in it. The doctor put it in his desk without looking at it.

The next day he handed the envelope to his secretary and said, "Here, you better deposit this." He still hadn't looked at it.

A moment later the secretary walked into his office. She looked puzzled. "Dr. Jones," she said. "There's no amount written in. It's just a blank check signed by a Mr. Hughes."

How much would you have written down? Dr. Jones filled in an amount of $100,000 and donated it to charity.

Adm. Coleman Gets a 13-Gun Salute on Retirement

. . . In Focus
Joseph X. Dever

ANCHORS AWEIGH: The Navy band played Old Lang Syne, the 105's made smoke rings as they boomed the 13-gun salute, and Rear Adm. **Joe Coleman** in his tropical white uniform read the orders ending his 33 years of service: "Proceed to the home of your selection." "I guess for the first time since I've been in Philadelphia, I'm not feeling very comfortable today," said the usually hail-fellow Alabaman as he wished their new commandant of the 4th Naval District, Rear Adm. **Wycliffe D. Toole, Jr.** that apt sailor's blessings — "fair winds and following seas." But after all the prospect of a boat beside the house in Jacksonville, Fla., and tennis courts abuilding, don't exactly stir the blood of the much-decorated World War II aviator who rose to command the carrier Ranger. Not at age 52 anyway. Joe Coleman must have had reflections of

Assistant Secretary of the Navy (for manpower and reserve affairs) extolled him as the man who "sparked" the Navy and Marine Bicentennial program (beginning Friday), the largest of its kind in the country. It's a celebration the admiral won't be around to see. There is one great consolation though. His wife, **Marge**, he said, "agreed to extend my contract for another 30 years."

beautiful **Ann McGlinn,** daughter of the **Frank C.P. McGlinns** of Haverford (he's the senior Fidelity veep and GOP angel) has left her job at the White House to work for AID in Portugal. . . Things are Tough All Over Dept: Playboy's **Hugh Hefner** took a $75,000 salary cut . . (From $305,000 to $228,750) Wonder if that includes the lettuce allowance for the bunnies. . . Nothing official yet, but wasn't Strawbridge & Clothier veep **James Gassaway** surveying sites around Newark, Del., the other day for a possible S&C outpost? . . . **Jackie O** is finally making a film debut. And as a heavy called Moose. Ex-heavyweight **Jack O'Halloran**, that is, who was the original Jackie O. He's making his movie bow in **Bob Mitchum's** "Farewell, My Lovely."

MARGINALIA: Roger G. Hall, just appointed chairman of the reorganiz-

Admiral Coleman—30 year renewal

to be the manager of the Philadelphia Orchestra . . .The group that bought Hurok from General Electric is called American Management Corp . . .While **Mayor Rizzo** is reviewing tonight's Festival of Fountains in the stand by the Art Museum, short-term mayoral hopeful **Jack Kelly** will be in his own reviewing stand — the penthouse atop the Plaza overlooking Logan Circle where the local talent may upstage Miss Liberty Belle (**Lauryn Watts**) . . . Cosmopolitan

from **Adelaide Bry's** new book, "The Sexually Aggressive Woman," which tells gals how to invite guys up to see their etchings. Adelaide, incidentally, is a psychological consultant alive and well and living in Bala-Cynwyd (which one British friend of ours pronounces "Sin-wid")

ONCE OVER LIGHTLY: Scores of Philadelphians in Londontown for the "Young America" exhibition opening tomorrow at the U. S. Embassy under the aegis of U. S. Ambassador **Eliot Richardson.** Anyone not know that 48 masterpieces by the likes of Peale, Stuart, Sully, Eakins, Homer and that modern old master **Andrew Wyeth** are on loan from the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts? PAFA director **Dick Boyle, Barbara Greenfield** and the **Dan** and **Jenny Dietrich** among the reverse pilgrims.

Eliot Richardson: 'Young America'

first look at Europe. After stops in Glasgow and Bristol, the show comes back to the Whitney Museum in New York (December to mid-February of next year) and finally the renovated Academy itself in April, 1976. . . "They tell me I ain't free . . . but it don't worry me," goes that inane **Keith Carradine** song from "Nashville." With world democracy doing worse than the stock market these dog days, that ditty is something to think about this Fourth of July.