

# Dr. Hot Body

# Fact or Fiction

My life in the ATL

An Autobiography  
Dr. H. (Hot) Body

# Chapter 1. The Beginning of the End

Much to the relief of the reader of this book, it is not just about me but merely a collection of events I have experienced and others that I've just heard about. As most of these great characters are dying or in an assisted living facility, their stories need to be in print so as not to be forgotten.

The renowned football legend from South Carolina Alex Hawkins has four great books to his credit, one of which is "*That's My Story and I'm Sticking to It*". Another great book is "*Along Came Brain Damage*" which has some of the Peachtree Towne stories in it. Ron Hudspeth, the sports columnist and editor of his own monthly newsletter, is also a great author with two books, "*Southern Nights and City Lights*" and the other bestseller, "*Loving, Laughing Dying and Crying on Peachtree*". I asked his advice on writing this book and his words of wisdom were "don't let the facts fuck up a good story." Also, my good friend Mimi Bean has one book to her credit and is working on another. If they can write a book, why can't I? As Ted Turner mentioned, "Hell, anyone can write a book. The trick is to get people to read it."

I am not in it for the money. As a matter of fact, any money that might be made will be donated to the Fred Crittenden Home for unwed fathers, which is affiliated with the Florence Crittenden Home for unwed and wayward girls.

You may find some of the stories unbelievable. But as Bob Noxious said many years ago, my life and these stories are so unbelievable, they must be true.

I suppose the one person that is responsible for my descent into the world of bars would be Larry Boddie. I met Larry Boddie through a hometown next door neighbor named Charles Culpepper. He told Boddie that I was looking for a roommate. Little did I know that this innocent meeting would affect my life. We became roommates, along with two other guys, and moved into Emory Gardens, an apartment complex near Emory University.

One of the roommates, Larry Allgood, was studying to be a medical doctor. As for me, I was very well placed for grooming within the American Oil Company corporation. It did not seem to bother me at the time that I was working eight hours a day behind a desk and doing what millions of Americans do every day. I was also deeply in love with Gail, and thanks to

my mother, I was driving a new Chevrolet Impala convertible. Everything was right with the world; however, my life was about to change.

As I found out shortly after moving in with Boddie, he had a mild drinking problem. If my memory serves me correctly, he was getting to the point of drinking a good fifth a day. According to Boddie, he only drank when he smoked. But Boddie was smoking three packs of unfiltered Camels a day.

Spending eight hours behind a desk and listening to some old fat troll belittle me was beginning to get on my nerves. Here I was working my ass off and Boddie with no job is having a blast. I was away most of the day; therefore, Boddie went in search of some drinking buddies.

Boddie has never met anyone whom he did not like and, as far as I know, has never had any enemies. He soon discovered a fellow Kappa Sig fraternity brother who had returned from Viet Nam. Don Watkins was an F4 fighter pilot based on a carrier along with soon to be astronauts Pete Conrad and Gordon Cooper.

When Watkins returned, he had to spend some time in the Naval Reserve at Dobbins Air Force Base in Marietta. Watkins met a fellow pilot by the name of Jim White. Jim was a Navy navigator and flew training missions every weekend to accumulate hours or, as I believe, just to waste taxpayer's money. Boddie now had his three musketeers.

Jim would fly to Bermuda and load the plane with the delightful, imported wine called Matus. Boddie was now in heaven. He had two Navy pilots who had access to the Officers' Club and PX as well as could fly to other countries to get even more booze.

It was bad enough working every day to come home and see the apartment full of drunks having a great time. It was beginning to affect me. Even more insulting, as I left for work early in the morning, they would be coming in from an all-nighter. They would insult me, throw beer cans at me, and generally curse the working class.

My life was beginning to unravel. I'm not sure why we moved from Emory Gardens. Perhaps we were kicked out, made late rent payments, or we had complaints from neighbors, police, or anyone else within earshot. Boddie and I moved into a no-name, out-of-the-way, hole-in-the-ground apartment complex on Briarcliff Road.

One day, Boddie came home and pulled out brochures of a new apartment complex called Peachtree Towne. They wanted an astronomical \$400 a

month for the unit but Boddie said “no problem.” We could get two other guys and the four of us could easily make the rent. Following Boddie’s lead and economic sense, I moved to Peachtree Towne off Peachtree Road near Peachtree Battle. Some 40 years later, they are still telling stories about Peachtree Towne apartments.



## Chapter 2. Peachtree Towne

Only many years after moving to Peachtree Towne did I learn that a good friend, Curtis Hicks, had made \$1 million on buying Peachtree Towne from the developer merely by shoveling papers across a desk for five minutes. Curtis was a wheeler dealer who got his start from his mother's most lucrative beer and wine store. This store did more business than any other beer and wine store in the Southeast. It was located on the Fulton County line bordering DeKalb County and Dekalb was a dry county. Customers would drive to the Hicks beer store from several counties around. When I went to see Curtis, I noticed a beer truck located outside the store. Curtis informed me that the beer truck stays there almost all the time because they sell so much beer. They have to keep trucks rotating to keep the thirsty customers coming back. Years later, Curtis, knowing the markup in beer, bought a distributorship called Better Brands. About this same time, Burt Reynolds was filming "Smoky and the Bandit" based on the story line that Burt (Smoky) would be paid a huge sum of cash to smuggle Coors beer from Texas to Georgia. Coors beer, brewed in Boulder Colorado, did not sell east of the Mississippi. Airline employees would bring it back from out west and sell it at a good profit. During this fad, I saw Curtis at the Town Club on Peachtree and he mentioned he just returned from Denver. I asked him if he went skiing but he replied he met with Adolph Coors and he was going to get the rights to Coors for the Southeast. Without a doubt, he made another million on that deal. However, before he bought Better Brands, his brother Glenn went on to develop an apartment complex in Dekalb and with the profits from that project went on to several other apartment complexes. One of which was Peachtree Towne. As mentioned, Curtis was a wheeler dealer, but to make \$1 million in a few minutes was beyond my comprehension.

The lucky or unlucky buyer of Peachtree Towne was Don J. Davis, the ultimate wheeler dealer. Let me digress for a moment and mentioned that Don Davis eventually moved to Houston and met a man who had not inherited oil, but instead, only natural gas. This gentleman's grandfather had approached the oil drilling companies as they were burning off the natural gas only to get to the oil underneath. The grandfather mentioned to all oil companies that he would buy this natural gas burn off for let's say, a penny per cubic foot. I have no idea what a cubic foot of gas now sells for.

Let's assume it is \$10 for a cubic foot. The bottom line is that the gentleman's grandson and Don Davis went into business. He was looking for someone to manage his assets. It was like letting the fox in the chicken coop. The last time I saw Don Davis or as we called him Double D was in his Houston office. He had wall to wall alpaca rugs, carpeted walls, and a \$60,000 desk. He was managing the gas money correctly. Double D was the only man I've known to make millions and lose millions three times over. But, I understand that at his recent demise, he was on top again. If you have to go, it's best to go rich. Let me return to Peachtree Towne, where there are even more Double D stories to be told.

## Chapter 3. Residents of Peachtree Towne

Until Peachtree Towne was built, most apartment complexes were built for retirees, married people or just you're every day working families. Peachtree Towne under the guidance of Double D was catered to, built for, and designed for young people. The Atlanta Falcon football team was in its first year and almost all of the players were living in Peachtree Towne. In apartment A-5, Tommy Nobis, the all American linebacker for many years, was living with Don Tolbert, who is the brother of Diron Talbert of the Washington Redskins. Also living in A-5 was Lou Kirouac. I once asked Lou, merely passing in the street, what he was up to and he responded, "Oh! I don't know, I guess about 260." Ed Cook, Frank Marchelewski, Carl Rubke, and Rich Koeper, all of the Atlanta Falcons, lived in apartment C-8,. An even greater football legend living in P.T. was Bill Mathis. Later on, I will devote a chapter to Bill as there are good stories of this former football great. Bills' roommate was Billy "Goat Man" Bowers. He got that name because according to legend he would eat anything. Unfortunally Goat Man passed away several months ago after taking two or more Viagra. One legend dies rich, another in bed, having sex. So far so good.

There were many wealthy gentlemen that occupied a single apartment, unlike the four of us crammed into a two-bedroom apartment. In D-7 Penny Nunnally of Nunnally candy fortune was living with Josephine Haverty of the Haverty furniture stores, along with Martha Woodall, the heir of the Stuckey chain of roadside shops. A frequent visitor and general overnight guest was Ansel Gaines of the Gaines dog food fortune. Of course next to us we had four good-looking women, Jackie Lineberger, Kat Jackson, both of which were from South Carolina. Linda Horton, from Atlanta and Judy Mc Innes, whose brother was Hugh McInnis from Mississippi, and playing for the Atlanta Falcons .Across the street, there was Kay Mills, who worked as a secretary for the Atlanta Falcons; Sue Ann, who we called short ribs, and Willetta Murchison and next door to those three was Barbara Walt and her two roommates. Barbara Walts' father was Gen. Walt, the commandant of the entire Marine Corps. Doris Orr lived next to them. And as she confided in me, years later, she had an affair with old man Marriott of the Marriott hotel chain. It must have been true as she introduced me to his driver which was the first Australian I had met. Linda Fredrickson, the sister of Tucker Fredrickson lived several apartments away, and occasionally we would see

Tucker party with us. I will never forget on national T.V. the announcer shouted "Tucker Fredrickson has the ball; Tucker Fredrickson is running to the goal line, their goes Fucker Tedrickson for a touchdown."

I had met a good looking blonde in Panama City beach that summer who knew my attorney, Whiplash Willie or Paul Koehler being his real name. I dated her for some time but finally introduced her to a friend of Watkins . His name is Bill Beech, the nephew of the Beechcraft Airplane Company and Bill fell in love with Barbara, married her and had two beautiful daughters, both of which I tried to date later in life. Bill divorced Barbara but rebounded nicely by marrying Susan and is now living in Tiburon overlooking the San Francisco Bay with a summer house in Napa Valley. Some of the residents worked and early in the morning you could see various men and women going back to their respective apartments to change clothes and go to work. Fran Calloway was next door to us and was a Delta stew or as they call them now, a flight attendant. Back then, if any Delta employee had a drinking problem, instead of firing them or putting them on relief they would send them to rehab and Delta would pay for it. I do know of one Delta stew that went to rehab three times, but I'm not sure if Fran went to rehab or not, if not, then she should have. On the other side of us was Al Parker. His father owned Beck and Greg hardware company. A few doors down was Man Mountain, Gene Cronin, the director of player personnel for the Falcons. Across the street , George McWhorter, who owned the Dempster dumpster franchise and a garbage pickup business. George lived by himself, quite wealthy, and to us was middle-aged. When in fact, he was probably 35. George would have parties, continuously. I think just to have people around him. One night while I was drinking his free booze, he introduced me to a man named Dempster from Knoxville, Tennessee. Dempster owned a steel mill in Knoxville, but his sales were very slow. And somehow he came up with the idea of making metal boxes that would contain garbage. In fact, he thought he could put or sell one of these metal boxes behind each store for the stores garbage. He enlisted the aid of two friends called Will and Gill. They had the exclusive rights to sell a product called Dempster dumpster. I need not say, in present day terminology how much money they made. George was quite wealthy by picking up the Dempster dumpsters garbage. George had a fleet of trucks and I believe was the only Dumpster pickup person in the Atlanta area. More about this in my chapter of work. As far as our apartment E4,would go; RB,we called him that because he has red hair, ie; the red baron, ie; RB, the Navy supply officer would go to work each morning as well as my roommate, Jim Herring, who was in the Navy also. That only left Boddie,

the Falcons and numerous people living off of trust funds. I would go to work, but with remorse to the fact that I was beginning to find more and more people that did not work and were having such a good time. Some of these parties would start on Thursday, preparing for the weekend and go until Tuesday. So, there was many a day at work I was hung over and would smell like a street bum.

It didn't take American Oil Co. to wake up and smell the roses or me. I believed they phrased it by saying I could serve humanity better with another company. Now I could devote more time to my newspaper "The Towne Crier".

Double D as most developers back then had a private plane. Hardy Kilgore, who built apartments next to Riverbend had a reconverted DC-3 that only had four seats but had cushions, rugs, bean bags and a huge bar at the rear. Double D had several investors and somehow managed to use a Lear jet. One afternoon, he asked me if I wanted to fly to Sea Island as he was taking W.C. the maintenance worker to clear off a beachfront property. What the Hell; I could take off from my busy schedule as editor. W.C. was a black man with the whitest teeth and eyes I had ever seen. As we taxied the Lear, W.C. eyes got bigger. Double D. leaned forward to the pilot and whispered "Let the big dog bite". The pilot went straight up but you couldn't hear W.C. scream because Double D and I were laughing so hard.

For some strange reason Double D had a crush or semi in love with Fran Calloway. Since Fran was a Delta stew she could fly free anytime to anywhere. So one night, R.B. Fran, Judy, Kat and myself were consuming whatever we could drink and Fran suggested we have breakfast at Brennens' restaurant in New Orleans. Double D jumped at the chance to go somewhere in the Lear, so off we went. At one of the many parties in the Town I met a photographer who was taking pictures of a part time model living in the Town and he asked me if I wanted to be fixed up. That is like asking a dying man in the desert if he wants a drink of water. I was having trouble getting a date because most of the time I was either drinking or looking for the next party and most southern women have marriage on their mind as soon as they can put on a dress. Trying to act as a southern gentleman, we had several dates and I discovered she worked for Coke Cola as a travel agent. She had an office in the executive tower of Coke and would book trips for upper management all over the world in Coke's private jet fleet. She knew I loved to travel and was not tied down to an eight to five job like she was. One day she calls and asks if I'm doing anything. Of course I'm busy working on my newspaper but have time for

her. I could be with her that weekend but for now she had Coke's private jet that had to go to Miami empty and would I like to ride down or as us professional air travelers say, riding deadhead. Since it would not cost anything, I could take the time. Walking to the plane, I noticed there were no markings and asked the pilot why no flag or insignia. He replied because they go into unfriendly countries its best not to reveal they are from the United States. Double D's Lear jet was only a four seater and this baby had at least twelve seats with a hostess and a huge bar in the back. I didn't know when I was going to be kicked off, so I grabbed anything that was nailed down. Ashtrays, matches, lighter and even a pack of cards which I have to this day. The plane and all articles were marked and called Winship. Many years later I learned, this was the middle name of Bob Woodruff, the founder of Coke and not just a cute name of a plane. The crew knew I didn't belong but were very tolerant and their job was to ferry VIP's all over the world. As I descended the plane's steps after we landed in Miami I bumped into Henry Kissinger and said," Excuse me Hank." For just a moment, he forgot the Viet Nam war, politics, President Richard Nixon and tried to figure out who in the Hell was this person calling him by his first name. I was beginning to travel by private jet everywhere and enjoyed it until I realized I had to get back to Hotlanta on my own. My one way trip back via Delta maxed out the only credit card I had but I thought and still do, that when a pleasurable moment comes along take advantage of it and worry about paying for it later, even if it is a few dollars a month.

My philosophy must have made an impression as more and more out of workers wanted to join our group trips. Even though I was busy with my newspaper I decided to form the "Workers Anonymous Club". There were many members. If you felt like working, we would have someone come over and drink with you until the urge to work went away.

## Chapter 4. Peachtree Towne Trips

While sitting around drinking, flirting and trying to decide what to do. Fran came up with the idea of going to Miami. Double D. would do anything to please Fran. So he jumped up and said “Hot Body Fire up the lear”. I responded to double D, by saying that it was too many people to seat in a six or eight passenger Lear jet. He looked at me and said “ Well! Call Delta”. As we left for the airport he told Judy McInnis to take care of the finances. Judy generally remained sober and could function to take care of these minor details. I don't think anyone had time to pack, but I did notice that RB was taking his toothbrush in his shirt pocket. He was well-prepared. Once on board the Delta jet to Miami; we continued to drink our carry on booze. After an hour into the flight the Delta captain came back and informed us that unless we would be quiet and remain in our seats he was going to land the plane in Tampa and force us off .Double D merely poured another drink from his bottle and the captain immediately grabbed the bottle and said there could be no carryon liquor and there would be \$1000 fine for bringing your own booze onboard. Double D. turned around to Judy, snapped his fingers, Judy handed him her purse, whereby he proceeded to pull out two thousand dollars. He told the pilot to keep \$1000, and hand his bottle back and keep the other thousand for our return trip.

That night, we all attended the floorshow at the Fountainblu to see a comedian called Jackie Mason. When confronted by at least a dozen drunks Jackie became defensive. The audience appreciated us more than him. He looked out and told the audience, especially us, that he was a famous comedian and would be on the Ed Sullivan show. Sunday night. Of course, that did not mean crap to us. As he departed the stage, he turned around and gave the audience the finger, whereby one of our guys in the group, dropped his pants and said “ Here Jackie, This is for you.” We found out later that Jackie Mason did appear on the Ed Sullivan show, but was so bad and had the same audience reaction he gave the Ed Sullivan audience, and the nation the finger. Don't have any idea what happened to the famous comedian.

During this time of infamous history, there were no discos, few bars but plenty of folk music halls or houses. One of more famous was on West Peachtree and we would go listen to Clarence Clearwater Revival, Leonard Skyward, and my favorite Jimmy Buffet. The most people any entertainer

had were maybe fifty as the venue generally was in a house and they would talk to you or go home with you as most of them had no place to sleep.

Another trip, several of the Peachtree town residents went to was a pig jig or barbecue on some property east of town that Double D. owned. There were at least 200 people attending the barbecue, sack races, donkey ride and ultimately pin the tail on the real donkey. We had been drinking so much and having such a good time someone forgot to roast the pig. George McWhorter or as I called him Buddha; had passed out in my car. I found the pig and put him in the back seat with Buddha. I don't remember driving back to Peachtree town, but I do remember looking over to my right and either Buddha was snoring or the pig. Finally, the pig got in the front seat, and as we drove through downtown Atlanta with the top down on my Impala convertible there I was with Buddha in the backseat and a pig in the front seat. Somehow I managed to put Buddha in his apartment and the pig in the enclosed swimming pool. Those that did not go to the barbecue were in for a shock that Sunday morning as they went for their usual Sunday swim.

Occasionally but rarely we would give out of booze by Sunday and at that time you could not buy a drink or any alcohol unless it was a private club, such as the Navy Px, Elks club or where we preferred to go was to the Royal Peacock on Auburn ave. It was the meeting place of the NAACP and a lot of civil right groups planning a march somewhere yet was a private club and could sell drinks or liquor at the store next door. When it comes to drinking, there is no prejudice or racism and back then it was not violent therefore we fit right in and listened to Ray Charles, B.B. King, and any famous visiting black musician. However the only time we fit in or were allowed was on Sunday afternoon which was perfect because at that time the musicians were just waking up after playing all night or some jazz artist sitting in to jam before he took off to another gig.

During this time, I dated Brenda Cheek who did not work mainly since her father was an apartment developer and worth many millions. Nothing was too good for his baby girl. She could keep up with my activities and drinking since she had nothing to do either. One weekend she asked me to go with her and her sister and her husband to her father's cabin in Hound's Ear North Carolina. She said she had to get groceries and the passengers and I could go several hours earlier. Upon arriving, I noticed how exclusive the area was. Augier Bush of Budweiser fame was next door along with several corporate presidents none of which I can remember. As soon as I got in the door I went to the liquor cabinet and poured a stiff one but before I could lay back and relax, the phone rang. I answered and it was Mr. Cheek who

promptly wanted to know who I was. I said I was his daughters date but he stated he did not know anything of this and asked again who was I. My answer was simply, "I am a thief in your mountain house and I am stealing everything you have and there is not a damn thing you can do about it. So go fuck yourself." Fortunately Brenda arrived a few minutes before the local sheriff.

A week later I received a certified letter from Mr. Cheek's attorney informing me I owed money for the use of the cabin and the utilities therein. Brenda said he was just playing with me and to show how mighty he was. I sent back to his home address the amount of twelve dollars, all in pennies, and the box was so big he had to go to the post office to receive this certified package. Two could play this game. He then sent another letter from his attorney informing me I had underpaid. This time I got my oldest friend, Paul Koehler a.k.a. Whiplash Willie a.k.a. Alquain J. Calhoun to write a letter claiming a million dollars in damages due to harassment lawsuit to the attorney and to that old asshole. After my last shot, there was a truce and old man Cheek invited me to the family Thanksgiving feast. I said I would come if I could drink all of his booze until I could not stand up. He said to come on and if I married his daughter he would give me a million dollars. Knowing that trickster, I would marry her and then he would say he was just teasing or some other bullshit which would prevent me from collecting. However, after his death he did give each of his children a million but by this time Brenda had gained enough weight that it would take more than a million.

Since I am such a magnanimous person I decided to take Brenda Cheek or as I was calling her by then, "Whale Tail" to dinner with my close friend Mannie and his wife Doloris. As we entered the Buckhead Diner, the maître d said it would be a thirty minute wait which would not do as I was not going to be with whale tail any longer than I had to. I looked the maitre d in the eye and stated "I'm Dr. Body and if I have any calls have them forwarded to my table or come get me as I'm on call at Piedmont Hospital." The dumb shit started bowing and apologizing and begged my forgiveness which was not forthcoming. He would put our drinks on the house in a way to apologize even further. I thought to myself, I've got to use this Dr. Body bullshit more often, as I think I've stumbled onto something. Our table was the best in the restaurant and I could look out at the line of people waiting to get in. Half way through the fantastic gourmet food, the maître d came running up to me yelling "Dr. Body! There is a woman passed out in the line outside, come quick." Holy Shit, I thought, now what am I going to do.

Fortunially, with my ability to stay on my feet and bull shit in dire circumstances such as what was occurring, I exclaimed "Put her in a supine position and raise her feet but I cannot administer aid as I would be subject to a law suit." I think everyone at the table was amazed as I was on my professional answer. The maître d knew not to cross me and I must have known what I was doing so he backed off. I could only nod my approval through the window as he and some kitchen staff elevated some poor woman's legs. I did learn my lesson, and have not used the Dr. Body routine again for fear of having to administer mouth to mouth or pump on some one's chest not knowing what the hell I was doing.

However many years later I tried the same thing in the land of bullshit. My close friend Mort and our respective dates were staying in Carmel California when we decided to go to a rather exclusive restaurant at Big Sur, which was only a few miles away. This time the typical bleach blonde bubblehead big buxom hostess said it would be a 30 minute wait and if I would give her my name she would call when the table was ready. I told her she could put Mort's name on the list but if I gave my real name, the press, T.V. cameras and helicopters would swarm her establishment. Apparently this is a common occurrence in the land of fruit and nuts. She immediately got us the best table and the most isolated so I would not be disturbed by my many fans. She was either afraid of not smart enough to ask who I was or my claim to fame therefore we had a memorable meal with the restaurant staff and many onlookers trying to figure out, who the hell is he.

As I was using Double D's office working on stories for the weekly newsletter The Towne Crier, he came in all excited. Asked me if I wanted to fly to Savannah in the Lear and look at a new plane called a Gulfstream. Double D had conned the owner out of a free meal if he would look at the new plane. How in the hell are you going to afford that, as it cost several million dollars. He had a plan. He would get several people to go in with him. In other words, each person would rent or pay his share of flying time. They would lease the Gulfstream from either a bank or from Gulfstream. Remember this was in the sixties, when Warren Buffet was only a millionaire and leasing a private jet was unheard of. Double D was ahead of his time. So we were off to see the wizard, Allen Paulson the president of Gulfstream, as the company was located in Savannah Georgia . It was a five hour drive but if we had a jet it would be only an hour so I kept encouraging Double D to get this new status symbol. Allen Paulson was fascinated with my name of Hot Body and how did I get it and do I live up to the bar name. So forth and so forth. He must have been bored as he took

us on a tour of the plant and proudly showed a custom Gulfstream designed for an Arabian prince with plenty of oil money. The bathroom had gold inlaid fixtures and a crystal chandelier. The bedroom in the plane was bigger than my bedroom in Peachtree Towne . After a couple of hours Allen said let's go for a drink and a meal on him. Double D and I had in common anything free. Allen or as I called him "Sky King" could certainly match us drink for drink. So we three merry men had one hell of a free dinner in Savannah and into the morning with me calling Allen Paulson, a multimillionaire "Sky King and he loudly calling me "Hot Body." Double D had a good plan but back then no one wanted a time share jet.

Since most of the Falcons lived in Peachtree Towne It was only appropriate that I form a club called the Falcon 100 Club. This was the first booster club for the Falcons. Double D thought it was a great idea and got his lawyers to form a corporation. I believe so no one would be liable except the corporation which of course had no money. Not working was taking a lot of my time. As editor of the Towne Crier, President of Workers Anonymous and now in charge of the Falcon 100 club. My first duty was to organize a trip.



## Chapter 5. Jamaica and the Palm Bay Club

Now that I was flush with cash, thanks to the boys from Baltimore, it was now time for a well deserved vacation. After all, I was president of the Falcon 100 club and editor, publisher, writer of the famous "Towne Crier" resident newspaper and always obtaining new applicants for the Workers Anonymous club. I had always fancied myself as a James Bond type with a southern accent. I even thought about putting a 55 gallon drum of oil in the trunk of the car and attaching a lever by which I could pull and spray oil over the highway in case I was pursued by police or other double naught spies. I took my inspiration from Jethro of the Beverly Hillbillies TV program.

Fran, the Delta stew living next door, gave me the name of the Delta agent in Montego Bay Jamaica. That's where most of the James Bond films were being made, so it only seemed natural for me to go where James Bond was. I didn't have a hotel reservation and back then there were very few hotels in Montego Bay so I caught a cab and went to a hotel the cabdriver recommended. Upon checking in, the desk clerk gave me a spray can, for insects and escorted me to a tree house type of room that was suspended in the trees. I spent one night there, fighting off insects, bugs, and God knows what else flying around. The next day I went to an English lady's house where she rented me a room in the back. It was a nice house overlooking the entrance to Montego Bay and she served breakfast of pineapple, papaya and banana. Each morning after breakfast I walked to Cook's Bay, which was a beach area most of the tourist went to. For lunch, I went to a small restaurant overlooking Cook's Bay and Sybil Burton the wife of Richard Burton, was there with two young muscular, Jamaican boys in their 20s. She was either divorced or separated from Richard as he was in Puerto Vallarta Mexico filming "The Night of the Iguana" with Elizabeth Taylor at his side. I thought it was ironic that the movie Richard was filming was about a woman playing with two young Mexican boys, while in reality Richard Burton's ex-wife was in fact, playing with two Jamaican boys.

Lance Thelwell, the Delta agent, joined me for lunch and he seemed to be quite a celebrity more so than Sybil. I think because he had made a record and was holding a steady job with a good income, unlike most of the Jamaicans. Lance took me to several clubs and areas that most tourists do not see. I did manage to get Lance to take me where they filmed "Dr. No,"

which was at Dunn's River Falls and also where they filmed "Thunder Ball." It was great seeing where Sean Connery as James Bond actually walked and outsmarted the bad guys. While having breakfast one morning, I noticed a very large yacht pulling into Montego Bay. Lance picked me up and said he had permission to go aboard and would I like to accompany him. I had never seen a yacht before and welcome the opportunity to find out who was on board. By the time, Lance and I got to the yacht Frank Sinatra and Sammy Davis Jr. had gone ashore but we did meet Joey Bishop and Peter Lawford. That night, Lance and I went to one of only two nightclubs in Montego Bay, to party with the rat pack. But even with Lances' connections we could only get into the club but not near the rat pack but I could tell they had consumed huge quantities of Jamaican spirits.

No trip to Jamaica is complete until you go to Ocho Rios and the Playboy club. Since Lance could not spend the night away, I rented a car, checked into the Playboy club and anticipated an evening surrounded by beautiful playboy bunnies just as James Bond would. My suite would be worthy of James Bond as it had an elevated king size bed and looked onto the ocean. The room was so huge it even had a piano and a sunken hot tub in the middle of the living room. I was all set for a hot tub of Playboy bunnies. At cocktail hour I went to the beach bar, ready to pursue the ever elusive, vertical smile. Looking around I noticed the entire club was deserted except for me and perhaps six other tourist. To this day I have no idea why the Playboy Club did not succeed except for the fact that no families would go there. Only couples and swinging bachelors such as myself.

Upon returning to Atlanta it was time to get to work on the famous "Towne Crier" but George McWhorter/Buddha had a meeting in Miami with someone to discuss garbage. He did not want to rent a car so would I drive his Lincoln Continental convertible to Miami and pick him up at the airport. I suppose I could do Buddha a favor and take more vacation days to drive the car to Miami. Buddha decided to meet the garbage mogul at the Miami Playboy club, which is located on 79th St. and since I had already met Dempster from Knoxville, I was eager to meet another garbage mogul. George introduced me to Wayne Huizenga, who now owns Waste Management Company, the largest collection company in the world. Wayne also owns the Miami Dolphins football team and numerous other interests but at this point in time he was just another garbage mogul. While they were discussing garbage I called Double D and rubbed it in that I was in Miami while he was freezing his ass off and I was pinching the Miami Playboy bunnies. He said he was on his way and to make reservations for

tomorrow at the club for lunch for a party of eight. Buddha had more business to conduct so I picked up Double D and we proceeded to go to the Palm Bay club, which is on the corner of 79th St., and Biscayne Blvd . This was the most exclusive club in Miami and super private. It just so happened that Connie and Carling Dinkler from Atlanta owned the Palm Bay club .Carling also owned the Dinkler Plaza Hotel, which his father gave him before he committed suicide . He also owned the Carling Black Label beer company which was brewed near the Atlanta airport bordering interstate 85 south. It is now a Coca-Cola mixing facility. While in college I worked as a booking agent for Monk Arnold and would book bands for the colleges around the Southeast. I got this job thru my neighbor Dean Hudson, who wrote and played "Moon over Miami" One of the bands was Doug Clark and the Hot Nuts and the other band was Hank Ballard and the Midnighters. I met Connie Dinkler as she was talking to Hank Ballard several years previously. So when Double D and I drove in to the exclusive Palm Bay club, I said hello to Connie and she responded with a wave while Double D's jaw dropped.

Double D longed for Fran, who was in school in Statesboro, after finally leaving Delta or Delta leaving her. He called Fran and asked her if she and a few friends would like to come to Miami so Double D sent the Lear to pick up Fran and a couple of other girls. Before the day was over we had taken over the exclusive Palm Bay club and since they did not accept cash we just signed anyone's name that came to mind. The group had now grown to approximately 12 or 15 people and at night we all went to the Playboy club. The next day was spent poolside drinking, and getting ready for the night .Double D knew Tony Sweet from Atlanta, so we all decided to go to Tony's restaurant on 79th St. causeway. We were so loud and obnoxious Tony put all of us outside on a floating pier or boat, I forget which but it certainly was away from all of his nice wealthy restaurant patrons. The next night, all of us descended on the Hawaiian Village where Tom Jones was playing. We applauded and yelled our appreciation for Tom Jones and he was so grateful that he joined our table for a couple of drinks between shows. After another day of poolside drinking Fran wanted to go somewhere nice and dress up. We went to the nicest and most expensive restaurant in Miami Beach called the Forge. Double D tried to get Fran to go somewhere else but Fran insisted and Double D could never appear cheap in front of Fran. After Fran ordered a \$300 bottle of wine Double D asked the waiter to hide the dinner and wine list. For some unexplained reason all of us were put in another room. The next day, Connie informed us not to go out that night as the Miami Beach police were waiting on the 79th St., Causeway to pick up

the load of drunks from Atlanta that had been terrorizing the area. Buddha was on his way to the Galt Ocean mile in Fort Lauderdale, so we asked him if we could tag along and I would drive his car to Lauderdale. That night we had to hire a couple of limos to drive up Highway 1, to Fort Lauderdale and as we proceeded we emptied all the booze in the limos and had to stop at a local bar. This was a bar that everyone has seen in every movie and almost in every neighborhood; this is the bar on every corner. Generally with one or two pool tables and a dart board with the local drunks, near do wells, unemployed and with people nowhere else to go. I will never forget the expression on their faces as a Lincoln convertible and three limos pull up in front of the bar and we all pour out and Fran and the girls asked the bartender for a zombie, pink squirrel, Grand Marnier and other exotic drinks, which the bartender had never heard of. While most of the males just drank rotgut bourbon, scotch or cheap beer. We were not in the bar more than a minute and their shocked look still is in my memory as 15 people descended on them. One minute later, we left, all in a limo parade. We proceeded to the most famous restaurant in Lauderdale, which was the Mai Kai. The restaurant manager had to set up a separate room for this many people and would we wait in the bar until the room was ready. I can handle myself fairly well when it comes to the basic vodka and scotch, but Buddha had bought me a exotic Polynesian drink consisting of several different kinds of premium rum with Hawaiian lei's on top in a huge 20 inch bowl. It only took one of these for me not to feel anything. I was harshly reprimanded at the Playboy club for pinching the bunnies. But here, I went a step further and bit the waitress on the ass . This was not the first time that a woman had swung around and tried to claw me. Fortunately, I have had years of experience in ducking an irate female as she attempts to scratch my eyes out. The bartender and manager escorted the waitress away from me but would not say anything to us since we had already run up a \$400 drink tab and were ordering \$50 lei's. Somehow I wound up with a dozen around my neck and feeling no pain whatsoever. Without doubt, I think I can say that I was probably the loudest and most obnoxious person in the entire restaurant and I looked behind me and saw two huge ex football players looming over me. I ask Buddha if they were the waiters as I needed another drink. Buddha said they were not waiters, but security guards. I asked Buddha why were they behind me as I posed no threat to anyone as I could barely move. Before Buddha passed out on a bed of noodles, he managed to say that the security guards were protecting me from all of the patrons in the restaurant, who wanted to beat my ass. After a very short meal, we all climbed back into the limos and the Lincoln

Continental convertible to go to the Galt Ocean mile, where Buddha had a huge four bedroom suite. Once inside, I seem to have passed out on the sofa and Fran and Double D began their usual loud coarse yelling and arguing. Sometime during the night there was a loud knock on the door, and someone telling us to be quiet. The loud knocking woke me up even though Fran and Double D were yelling at the top of their lungs. I guess I had gotten used to them and their noise. I opened the door and there was Johnny Carson as he had the suite below us. I found out later that his son was going to the University of Miami and Johnny Carson had the suite on the Galt Ocean Mile to get away from the fans and general confusion of Miami Beach. I invited Johnny Carson in for a drink, which he promptly refused and continued to yell for us to be quiet. At which time Fran and Double D hearing Johnny Carson's name came out of their room or the boxing ring and started talking to Johnny Carson. This woke everyone up, so I can imagine what Johnny Carson thought as the living dead, approached him. He immediately turned around muttering to himself about redneck drunks. The next day, those that were able to walk, went to the pool and our cabana and low and behold, there was Johnny Carson in the cabana next to us. Before I could say hello or apologize, I only saw his back as he leaped across pool furniture to make a fast exit. Just by accident that night we went to a restaurant/bar called the Old Dutch Mill Inn on Commercial Blvd. in Fort Lauderdale. After an uneventful meal we went downstairs to a private bar and there was Johnny Carson and Ed McMahon. Johnny must have been sober as he made a fast exit, where as Ed befriended us even though he was barely audible .little did I know that three years in the future I would be living in Fort Lauderdale but unfortunately, never to see Johnny Carson, nor visit the Galt Ocean mile again. The next night we went to a restaurant called "The Down Under" and since I had not paid for anything up to that point I told Buddha and Double D I would buy dessert, thinking that dessert would only be perhaps three or four bucks per person. Someone ordered a flaming Grand Marnier by which the waiter comes to the table peels an orange with Grand Marnier dripping down the sides and lights a match. It begins to flame and the only thought I had was how much money was being burned. After looking at the bill I came to the conclusion that the dessert cost more than the meal. Since that time in the late 60s I've never made a noble gesture like that again. It was time to go back to Hotlanta as we had done enough damage on the Florida Gold Coast. After all I had not seen Ashford in several days and wanted to catch up on the local gossip to put in the Towne Crier newspaper.



## Chapter 6. Potash and NOLA

Potash is the name I gave Ashford Smith; since his first name was Ashford and he smoked pot. As a kid, he snuck into his sister's bedroom while she was sleeping and put a record on the record player he had hidden under the bed. The record was of a crow calling in matting season. Ash put the record on a very slow speed and the sound was a low moaning scary scream. The sound startled his sister so much she ran out of the bedroom screaming and crying, while Ashford was under the bed laughing. This gives you an idea of things to come in his life.

Another episode in Ashford's demented childhood was on one Saturday afternoon at the movie matinee. He went to the Fox Theatre and went to the balcony carrying a thermos jug of hot Campbell vegetable soup. About midway in the movie Ashford leaned over the balcony railing and loud enough for everyone in the movie theater to hear "oh. I'm sick I'm sick. I'm really sick". At which time after the entire audience heard Ashford yelling that he was sick. He poured the thermos jug of vegetable soup over the railing.

His teachers tried to calm Ashford and make him an ideal student by giving him a homework assignment of composing a poem. He was not yet in high school and the below poem is what he came up with.

### "No Okra Mother"

No okra Mother, so gently with a spoon

It fowls my taste and smell

Give it to my sister, uncle or brother

But please, No Okra Mother

At one time, Ashford had a little money due to his selling some property of his families. Upon receiving the money he took off for Cuba, where he spent all of it on gambling, women and booze. When he returned to Atlanta, he was broke and remained so the rest of his life.

There was a recent movie starring Leonardo D. Caprio and titled "Catch me if you can" which was about an impostor that led several lives. And as a matter of fact, the impostor in real life actually lived in Riverbend apartments in Atlanta during the 60s. Ashford certainly preceded the impostor portrayed in the movie by many years. The real impostor in the movie portrayed a doctor in Atlanta and so did Ashford. Ashford was performing surgery in the emergency room of a charity hospital called Grady and would have continued except one of the patients said that Ashford scarred his face and was going to sue the doctor, meaning Ashford, and the hospital. It began to unravel for Ashford when they found out that he had been operating for many months. But as the trial neared, the chief of surgery at Grady Hospital spoke in Ashford's behalf and that Ashford did as good of a surgical stitching as any doctor in the hospital and better than most. Since Ashford knew, a lot of people; judges, lawyers, and even doctors spoke in his behalf and finally, the judge decided to let him go, provided he would never set foot in a hospital again nor practice as a doctor anywhere.

I did not know Ashford was married, because I cannot comprehend anyone married to him. But the story goes that he met a beautiful girl named Annette and she was pursued by all the wealthy Buckhead Gentlemen. Ashford was not wealthy, but he did know a lot of wealthy people. For example, he knew Rankin Smith and Rankin was the president of Life of Georgia insurance company and subsequently the president of the Atlanta falcon football team. While courting Annette he asked her if she would like to go with him to Hilton Head Island for the weekend in his private jet. Of course she was eager to go with anyone that had a jet, even though she did not know it was Rankin Smith's. Upon arriving in Hilton head, Ashford took Annette to his private yacht, of course that was not his either. Annette could not resist Ashford's charm and persistence, and eventually married Ashford, much to the shock of Buckhead society. On their wedding night after flying to Hilton Head Island and staying in a friend's oceanfront home, Ashford sat on the foot of the bed laughing hysterically. Annette was concerned and asked why he was laughing. At which time Ashford, looked her in the eye and said "I am a complete fraud. Nothing I have is mine." He told Annette where the yacht and the jet and the house came from. In today's materialistic society, most women would have the marriage annulled and sue for fraud. However Annette was in love and they remained married for 25 years and had two beautiful children. They probably would still be married, except Ashford hit the bottle and the family finally had to commit him to Brawners' sanitarium. While there he became a

part-time or semi-psychiatrist and would hold court in the atrium listening to everyone's problems and convincing the patients that he was a psychiatrist. After recovery, he became a part-time ambulance driver for Brawner Sanitarium but gave up being a psychiatrist. He did reveal to me, being in an ambulance was a racket and supported himself by stealing items such as watches, billfolds and rings off the injured or dying. After hearing that, I've never worn a watch or ring since then.

When I met Ashford, he was playing piano at the Chalet bar, and as Steve Fuller told me, prior to him playing piano he was parking cars for the chalet and working in the liquor store next door during the day. As I approached Ashford to listen to his piano playing, there were many women surrounding him. After some length of time the songs became quite familiar and repetitive. As I found out later, Ashford knew only six songs and if a request came in he would just mutter "I will get to it eventually. But I have other songs to play for now." Of course he would never play any requested song, because he only knew six songs.

While working in the liquor store during the day he obtained a female mannequin, dressed it and set it on the men's commode in the bathroom in the liquor store. When anyone wanted to use the facilities they would open the door, and much to their surprise see a woman sitting on the commode. Immediately they would say "pardon me, ma'am" and shut the door, while Ashford was still laughing. After much pleading and begging he became the maître d' of the chalet restaurant and bar. One eventful night the owners of the chalet, Steve Fuller and Aggie Whittaker were trying to impress a wealthy Buckhead couple to invest money in their restaurant. So they decided to have a private meal and discuss business, while Ashford served. Ashford came to the table in an ill formed loose, somewhat wrinkled and dirty tuxedo. It was at least two sizes too large, but nevertheless, a tux. He indicated that he would start the night festivities preparing tableside a Caesar salad. Ashford put all the ingredients in a large bowl, adding cheese lettuce dressing and etc., but could not find a spoon to serve the Caesar salad on the individual plates. So being resourceful, he just stuck his hand into the bowl and served the Caesar salad to each person, unfortunately some of the dressing still sticking to his tux sleeve.

On one occasion, I happened to be in the kitchen when Ashford came in and told me that a woman was bitching and moaning about the slow service and an inadequate menu as well as a very poor wine selection. Ashford looked at me and said "I'm going to fix that old bitch" whereby he returned to the table and informed the woman that he had recently returned from the

Le Cordon Bleu in Paris France where he would cook a special dish that everyone in Paris was raving about. The woman stopped moaning and started looking forward to Ashford's special dish. Ashford proceeded to butter a large piece of Texas toast, and then poured a can of Alpo dog food on the toast, adding a garnish of parsley. He then put this delectable Cordon Bleu French original on a very expensive plate whereby the woman remarked repeatedly how great his creation was.

Another avocation for Potash was during football season he would accompany the Ga. Tech football team to away games. Ashford told everyone and was confirmed by the coaching staff that he was the key man for the Ga. Tech football team. After research, which I conducted, Potash was indeed the key man as he held the hotel room keys for the team and would pass them out upon arrival.

Pot-Ash lived a one bedroom apt. in Brookwood and came up to me at the Chalet laughing that a creditor of his came pounding on the door of his one bedroom rat's nest looking for payment. Ash crawled through the bathroom window and went to the front of his apt where the creditor was still pounding on the door and Ash asked his creditor if he could help him. The creditor, not knowing what Ash looked like asked if he knew Ashford Smith. Ash looked the creditor and said Ashford died several weeks ago and would he quit pounding on the deceased door as he was trying to take a nap. A very effective way to get rid of creditors.

Another favorite past time for Ash was to get on the phone. I've mentioned how he would call Flock's Bar and talk to whatever drunk that answered the phone but his favorite was to call people who lived below Interstate 20 or should I say the up and coming afro-Americans. Ash would look in the phone book for Roosevelt, Rufus, Willie, or Rastus until he came upon his stooge. After said party answered, he introduced himself as a telephone repairman up on a pole only a couple of blocks away. Ash would inform the person that the phone had too much line or slack in it and as a repairman would ask the person answering to pull on the line until the telephone line was tight. You could hear the person answering Ash by "Yaz Suh." A few seconds would go by and Ash would say that you are not pulling hard enough to take up the slack whereby the person would say "Yaz Suh." Pull harder Ash would say. After doing this until Ash got bored he would ask the person to pull one last time and then as a frustrated telephone repairman Ash would say, "Yank it hard this time." At that point, all you could hear was a buzzing sound.

In the olden days, from which I speak, to receive a telegram was generally bad news therefore Ash would send a telegram to friends & particular to business people he knew with the simple wording. "Please disregard previous telegram." I know I received one and proceeded to call my mother and close friends to find out what the hell was wrong or what was in the previous telegram.

On one occasion, Ashford invited me to his beach house on Hilton Head Island. I doubt it was his house, but it gave me a chance to take a well deserved vacation. We went during the Heritage Golf Tournament, held each spring, after the Masters in Augusta. Ashford wanted to wear T-shirts and pretend that we were crew members on a yacht but I was able to persuade him to wear normal golf shirts, and we would talk as crew members. We would go into the various shops in Harbor Town and speak Greek, Italian Spanish or just make up words and the classy clerks would just smile. The tournament was over in the afternoon, and as Ashford and I strolled through Harbor Town, I looked up, and there was Arnold Palmer coming toward us at which time Ashford looked up and said "Hello Arnie" and the creator of golf as we know it today looked over and said "Well hello Ashford. Fancy meeting you here." I will expand on this story, when my chapter of golf comes up later.

In summation Potash was a doctor, pianist, psychiatrists, golfer, valet, liquor store clerk, maître d' and a friend of mine. However his friendship cost me my wonderful James Bond Impala convertible. I was having transmission problems and Ashford said that he would take my car to a dealer named Jack Frost and Jack would take a look at it and determine what was wrong and perhaps fix it. Jack informed me that the transmission was shot and the best thing I could do was to sell it now rather than try to fix it. Years later I learned there was nothing wrong with the car, and Jack gave Ashford a finder's fee while I sold the car, far less than what it was worth. I should have known better than to trust Ashford, particularly with all the scams, schemes and adventures he was into.

## BREAKING UP IS HARD TO DO

R.B. (the Red Baron) said he was moving to another apartment in the complex so he would not have to fall asleep each night watching Boddie with a lighted cigarette drift off to oblivion or listening to the swirl of ice

cubes in his nightcap drink. We were also seeing less and less of Boddie since he had found a Delta stewardess three apartment complexes away and was spending quite a bit of time with her. Even a blind hog finds an acorn once in a while. Believe it or not, Boddie eventually married Marlene and moved into a house south of Atlanta. Several years later his house was featured in the movie "Fried Green Tomatoes."

Jim Herring was getting married in New Orleans and asks RB and me to attend. I had been to New Orleans many times before and followed a Cajun girl to the LSU and Alabama football game one Saturday night in Baton Rouge. The LSU fans, most of who was Cajun had come out of the swamp around noon for a night game. By mid-afternoon they began to fight among themselves as they had fought with everyone else all day. I was lucky to be with a Cajun girl who said she would knife anyone that touched me. That was some comfort but didn't know what I would do if she got mad at me. There is no other football game in the world like Saturday night in Baton Rouge and a stadium full of drunken Cajuns. LSU mascot was a Bengal tiger they kept in a cage next to the visiting locker room and as the opposing team came out on the field someone would hold a microphone near the cage as they poked the tiger with an electric cattle probe. The noise of the tiger roaring along with sixty thousand Cajun drunks was a bit imitating. Of course now with PETA and other animal rights groups that is no longer the practice but sorely missed. Never the less, at Jim's wedding there was plenty of booze at the reception and of course I over indulged. To this day, RB loves to tell the story of waking me up and asking if I wanted to bet on the Falcon football game. The Falcons were on the 1 yard line with four downs to go to score and of course, that seemed like a very good bet. I knew the Falcons were bad, but they could not be that bad. After losing the five dollars RB opened the drapes, saying that it was one o'clock in the afternoon, and the game had been played that night. I must have been really hung over to bet on a replay.

French quarter. Don't remember her name, so I'll just call her sweetheart. Since I had a pocket full of money, I decided to go and splurge on Bourbon Street. There is not much that I can remember except that several bars would not let me in, even though I had a fistful of money. I do remember one security guard, saying that it did not make any difference how much money I had, as a person in my condition could not get into any bar on Bourbon Street. That is pretty bad when you have a fistful of money and cannot get into a bar on Bourbon Street. I noticed two policemen following us. So I asked my sweetheart to turn around and ask them if they would

escort us into a bar. She replied "The police in New Orleans are not here to help you or get you in a bar but to take you down an alley and beat the shit, out of you and take your money and leave you as a penniless drunk you are fast becoming.". The last thing I remember that night was the bright lights and noise and huge amount of people on Bourbon Street however the next words I heard spoken were "Daddy. Can I keep him, I won't hurt him." A deep, man's voice replied "No Raylene. You remember what you did with the last one you brought home." Well the good news is, I found out her name, but the bad news is, where in the hell am I and how did I get here, wherever here is. One minute, I am surrounded by bands drunks, people and booze and the next thing I hear is a rooster crowing, cows mooing and some man trying to decide what to do with me. As you may guess, I have awakened in a lot of strange places after heavily drinking the night before, but this was a new one. At breakfast, I was told that my sweetheart, bridesmaid from the wedding was Raylene and I was at her daddy's farm somewhere in the swamps of Louisiana. I ask them if they had a phone and could I get a helicopter in the backyard but they looked at me rather strangely and said they would take me to the local bus station, where I could ride into New Orleans. On the long bus ride at night, I began to think I needed to get a job, settle down and try to save what little life I had left.



## Chapter 7. Fort Liquerdale

Arriving in Atlanta after my adventure in New Orleans and the surrounding countryside, I thought it was time to do what most normal people do and that is to get a job. My first and easiest contact was Buddha or George McWhorter, who owned the garbage business. I thought perhaps selling dumpsters or doing something in the office, but George had a different idea. He wanted to test me and see if I would adapt. So one morning, George came over to the apartment at four o'clock in the morning and woke me up and said it was time to go to work. Once I got to the garbage office surrounded by dump trucks, garbage, rats and darkness, I made a mad dash for the office, where I thought I would begin work. George said, "No! Turn around and get in the cab of this garbage truck as you'll go with the driver and collect garbage." It was bad enough waking up in the dark, but riding in a smelly garbage truck was pushing me to the limit. At one time, the truck began to lift a dumpster over the cab of the truck, and liquid garbage started raining down on me through a hole in the roof of the cab. That was it with me in the garbage business. I started interviewing with various companies, all to no avail. An insurance agent living in Peachtree Towne said he would vouch for me at his office if I wanted to become an insurance agent. For two weeks, I took extensive testing and background checks in becoming a door to door insurance salesman. It seemed to me ridiculous, but finally I went on an oral interview, and the insurance executive, asked me why I wanted to get into the insurance business with his company. I guess he wanted me to say something like making a career, helping others, being productive or, what he wanted to hear. Being quite honest, I looked up and said, frankly. "I like your T.V. commercials." I guess that was the end of that interview, as I never heard from them again.

Finally, I was hired which was good news, but the bad news was having to move to Miami. It was just as well, R.B. had moved out, Jim had married, and Boddie had moved in with Marlene. Fortunately, I had met George Johnson at many parties, and several months previously he had moved to Fort Lauderdale Florida. I called George or his nickname Tuffy and asked him where he was staying and could he recommend any place for me. Tuffy said he was buying a house, and a roommate would help him make the mortgage payments. I made sure my new employer would give me a company car in Atlanta so that I could drive to Miami since I had no car, and it would look awkward trying to hitchhike to a new job in Miami. Tuffy had

purchased a nice modest three-bedroom house with a swimming pool on a canal and with the warm weather, leaving Atlanta and Peachtree town did not seem so bad after all. On Commercial Avenue in Fort Lauderdale for at least a mile there were at least six bars and running parallel on Oakland Park Blvd there were an equal amount. On commercial you could stop at Pete & Lenny's, which was a disco or go next door to the Banana Boat and suck up \$1.25 drink's. Another half block away was the Cave, which was a dark piano bar that all the divorcees would gather and now the term, cougars would apply. But my favorite establishment was at the corner of commercial and intercoastal waterway called Stan's. It was a piano bar or a combo playing on the intercoastal waterway, where the boats would pull up and each owner of a boat trying to outdo the next one. It was a classy clean meeting place where the rich mingled with the likes of me. In Atlanta, the girls that I knew would save their money all year long, and go to Panama city Beach, Florida and get a cheap motel room, and share with at least six girls. At Stan's, I was meeting women that left the north in December and return in April and owned their own condo, and unlike the Atlanta women they live by themselves but were always looking for a partner. Just two blocks away on Oakland Park Blvd. there was Christopher's, One Up was the name of the bar and the restaurant was called Down Under and with these types of women and all those bars I felt that I had arrived in Valhalla. About a mile or two south there was Sunrise Blvd., and there was a club called the International. It was a private club, but being a local I knew some of the bartenders, which let me go in and pay them for the drinks since the members would just sign their tab. While there I met Jackie Gleason, Joe Namath, George Steinbrenner, Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra. I tried to mention to Frank about seeing the rat pack in Jamaica on his yacht but couldn't get past his bodyguards. All the big name out of town celebrities would go there because very few people knew of it which was the good news but few women went since it was private which was the bad news.

This was the time that drugs started coming into Miami and many people had plenty of money. I remember well, seeing Eastern Airline baggage handlers driving Ferraris and Lamborghinis each car costing over \$100,000. One of the clubs at the corner of Oakland Park Blvd and Federal Hwy was so crowded even I had to stand in line. A Ferrari speeds in the parking lot and a guy with a polyester suit with gold chains dripping from his neck throws his keys to the valet while he pushes his way past the velvet rope. What an asshole I thought. But the bar gods were kind that night as the Ferrari keys he threw was not to a valet but to some beach drunk that promptly drove off, neither to be seen again. You could go to any of the

clubs that I mention and see someone at a table packed with women and booze flowing, while I stood in the corner trying to make my \$2.50 drink last as long as it could. They had to spend the cash because they could not declare it as income for the I.R.S. On one occasion, I stopped off at the Diplomat Hotel in N. Miami Beach for an after work cocktail where Jimmy Hoffa was presiding for the annual Teamsters meeting. I was at the bar minding my own business and trying to get laid when two big burly men asked me who was I and did I know who Jimmy Hoffa was. The bar cleared out except for me and I would never leave a drink no matter what or who interrupted me. In a few minutes several men sat at the bar with some short guy in the middle whom I suspected was Jimmy Hoffa. After a while, when all the security saw I was no threat, Hoffa leaned over to me and asked if I would like to have a chartered boat to go fishing. Since I didn't know him and don't like to fish I refused but he said he had every fishing charter boat in the area hired to take anyone fishing if they wanted. He further explained the boats were running all the time with the crew on standby. I quickly figured each boat was \$500 per hr. plus \$100 per crewman just to sit and idle. That was impressive. Just like the drug lords, the union officials had to spend cash as fast and as much as possible so they would not have to declare it to the IRS.

Women would look for the bulge in men's pants, No! Not that kind of bulge but a money bulge. There would be a roll of money six inches wide stuffed into their pants pocket and to me that was an impressive bulge.

During spring break, along with several thousand fun loving kids I went to the Elbow Room. It was just like in the movie "Where the boys are", elbow to elbow with Bikini clad college beauties and with me at the bar wiping the drool from my mouth. During this time I met the Hansen twin's from Atlanta. They were young, beautiful southern and rich. Their father owned an insurance brokerage firm in Atlanta so we had a lot in common, since I had interviewed for an insurance position. They asked me to join them at the Jockey Club in Miami, because a fellow Atlantian owned the Jockey Club and were good friends of the Hansen twins. I joined them, but ask, why not the Palm Bay club, which was owned by Carling Dinkler, from Atlanta. They replied that the Palm Bay club had deteriorated quite a bit since last year when a group of drunks from Atlanta almost destroyed it, and it had not been the same since. I just kept my mouth shut.

After working in Miami one day, Tuffy joined me for a drink in Coconut Grove. After several hours I asked Tuffy, if he would like to ride with me back to Lauderdale since he was drunk and we would pick his car up the

next day. He said that he could make it so I left without him. But after two hours at the house in Lauderdale I began to worry. As I was about to call the cops for a missing person when Tuffy walked in and said that he had made a wrong turn and went 60 miles in the Everglades. He began to realize he was on the wrong road when there were no lights, no traffic, and no buildings.

Another time I was grooving in the grove, when a girl asks me to go with her to see the Doors in concert at the Grove Auditorium. That was the night, Jim Morrison of the Doors, dropped his pants and exposed himself. But what the media did not mention was that he then began to play with himself on stage in front of 6000 dope heads. That is when the Miami police arrested him.

The Sebring sport car race track was only an hour away from Ft. Lauderdale and a girl I had dated in Hotlanta was the model for Armor all, the liquid car cleaner. She was going to be in Sebring and would I like to come up for the race and watch from the pit. Sure I said but would rather watch you, as she was the best looking girl I had ever seen and she had to be to represent a company nationally. Amor all was a new company with a new product and all the executives as well as me gathered in a mobile home. The president said in a few months they were going to issue stock and would I be interested but at the time I was just hanging on to what I had and living with a roommate who could kick me out at any time. Another great money making opportunity passes me by. In a few years all within that trailer had become millionaires and she had moved to California to do the national advertising and model for T.V. commercials. During my work years, I was in L.A. and called her to meet me for a drink. She said she missed me and would pick me up at LAX airport. As I waited by the curb, I saw the best looking girl anywhere, L.A., Hollywood or even Hotlanta pull up in a Rolls Royce convertible with everyone within eyesight glare at me with envy. She said I had treated her well in Hotlanta and now it was my turn. We pulled into the Beverly Hills Hotel where she had a booth reserved and I had never seen so many people attend to our every need. For just a millisecond, I knew what it felt like to be rich. Don't remember seeing any movie stars but she laughed when I said it was so nice of the old fat man in the corner to bring his granddaughter to the Polo Lounge. Other than having sex with her, was there anything else I wanted and I replied I would like to have dinner at Chasen's. Regrettably she could not guarantee a booth or admittance since Chasen's was the most popular spot and reservations were made weeks in advance. I had done my homework

before I came to Tinsletown and instructed the waiter to give me a table phone as I called Chasen's and asked to speak to Maude Chasen. The most beautiful woman in the Polo Lounge and Atlanta and one of the top three in Hollywood had her mouth open when I said, "Let's go, as Maud Chasen has us a table and will join us for dinner."

How could a red neck from Georgia get Maud Chasen to join us when few movie stars and even fewer Hollywood business executives could not even get a table. As we drove over in a Rolls Royce convertible under a starlight sky with warm California breezes my only regret in life then and now was not being part of the Hollywood scene. The wheels of Hollywood are greased with bullshit and I would have been a master.

I don't think anyone in Hollywood or if so, only a handful knew Maude was from Americus Georgia, thirty miles from Cordele and 5 miles from Plains Georgia. When she was in her twenties, the lure of bright lights, big city of Hollywood appealed to almost all young girls no matter where they were from but Maude did something about it. She met an equally young boy by the name of Dave Chasen who was serving sandwiches to actors while they were making movies. The producers encouraged him because the movie set would not have to close for lunch but keep working with a sandwich in your mouth. Maude, as any southern girl, knew how to cook so she suggested they open a restaurant and serve what she had grown up with; barbeque. It was a huge success partially because Californians and Yankees had never had BBQ. They named it Chasen's Southern Pit. After a few months, Chasen started making his famous chili in huge pots in the back yard.

When I called Chasen's from the Polo Lounge, I mentioned to the person answering I was from south Georgia as Maude was and ask her if she knew Jimmy Carter as Jimmy told me, if I was in Hollywood be sure to say hello to Maude for him. When she met us at the door, she exclaimed, "How is my fellow south Georgia native." And this comment bewildered my movie star date even more. Maude was extremely polite and nice as all southern women but we were interrupted by George Burns, Walter Matthau, Dean Martin, Ward Bond, Don Rickels, John Huston and many producers who thought I was the agent or husband of one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. George Burns joined us for a few minutes to promote his new movie called "The Sunshine Boys." And believed this movie would make his comeback as he had been out of the limelight for several years. He asked

me what I thought of a script he had been reading about God in the shape of himself would visit earth and try to convince people there was a God. He must have been out of the limelight for a very long time if he was asking me but I guess he thought I was somebody to sit with Maude and one of the most beautiful women in Hollywood. The next year his picture titled "Oh God" premiered and the rest is history.

I stayed with her for several days but begin to find out my bullshit was only a small fraction that could be thrown in that town. Anyway it was time for me to return to Liquerdale and try to make a living the honest way and to see what trouble Tuffy had gotten into.

Tuffy and I went to a beach bar, where we flipped a coin to determine which one would call and hopefully take to bed a girl at the bar. Tuffy started dating her continuously, and made the biggest mistake any young male can make. He moved her into the house and proposed to her. After several weeks, with the three of us living together it was apparent some one was going to have to leave and being a noble person that I am I decided to tell Tuffy I was moving out. Looking for an apartment in Fort Lauderdale was very depressing because I could not afford much and the apartments were not as near nice as the house with the pool. I didn't know what I was going to do, and it seemed my good life was about to end. Fortunately I was fired, which benefited both of us and gave me an excellent excuse to return to Hotlanta.

## Chapter 8. Uncle Sam Called and I Answered

**B**efore continuing I would like to clarify a question I'm sure that has come to mind. How did I escape military service, particularly when the draft of all eligible man was in effect for the Viet Nam war? Believe me; if there was a way to avoid the service I would have done so, but unfortunately, all men had to serve during the 60s. After the supply of young single men was depleted they turned to young single men in college, at which time there was a tremendous outbreak of marriage. When that cannon fodder had expired, the draft turned to young married men with no children and you can imagine the pregnant woman walking around at this point. The military draft finally stopped at young married men with one child. I had prior military experience by attending Georgia Military Academy, and with the help of my platoon leader, Gene Talmadge, who was the United States senators son, I was able to get into the Army reserve. I called the Sen.'s office trying to get into the Air Force or Navy, but all were full and not taking any applicants no matter what kind of pull.

Thanks to my mother I was able to attend Georgia Military Academy which was too late for my education but was a good foundation for discipline. Not only did I meet the senators' son but also the Hollywood actress Susan Hayward & her two sons, Tim & Gregg Barker. Tim was on the swimming team and Gregg was on the gym team and I was on both teams but not any good on either. When Susan Hayward married a Georgia businessman and moved to Carrollton Ga. they invited me to their home for a weekend. Years later I learned Les had moved to Ft. Lauderdale but never saw him after high school.

While attending Georgia Military Academy there were two classmates, which changed the course of the United States. I've met many celebrities, millionaires and one or two billionaires, but never one that changed the destiny of a nation. That is a bold statement but let me clarify. Rusty Calley was my classmate, even though he did not graduate, and I think he changed the world opinion of America in war. Citizens of the US and the world had always thought that America stood for what's right, democracy, and doing the noble thing. Calley showed the world that we were capable of murdering innocent children just as good as the oppressors or enemy we were trying to defeat. America was just as bad as any other country, we just

had a better public relations department and the military was able to control the media.

Rusty changed the mental attitude toward America, but my other classmate almost financially destroyed America. I'm speaking of Phil Gramm. In my opinion, he was the architect of the financial crisis of 2008 and pushed the nation almost to the brink of financial chaos. Rather than expand on what he did, what his philosophy is and how he accomplished this, it may be better to look up his name and let his history speak for itself. I am almost proud in a macabre sort of way that I knew both Rusty Calley and Phil Gramm and how often can anyone say in this world that they knew not one but two people that changed history.

While in the Army reserves, I was living at Peachtree town, and it was a monumental hardship for me one weekend of the month to serve my country. I believe each time I was hung over, and smelled of booze. On one occasion, I found the women's restroom and sleep most of the day on a cot until a woman officer found me and reported me but she did not get my name so I was in the clear again. Another time, I sleep on the top of lecture tables behind a movie screen and was fast asleep until an officer held class. When he raised the movie screen there I was on the table, asleep. Of course by that time, all the noise had awakened me and with no explanation I just left the room. In the reserves you met the officers and fellow enlisted men in bars and at other social events throughout town. My Sgt. did not like me calling him mole man because he looked like a mole or my commanding officer, mumbles, because that's what he did. One weekend I overslept and was awoken by the military police knocking on my apartment door. I climbed out the back window, got in the car and hauled ass to the Army reserve headquarters on Ponce de Leon Avenue ran, upstairs and casually walked up to "Mumbles" the commanding officer and said "Is there anything else you want me to do outside" with a startled look on his face. He asked me where in the hell have I been and I said, "Mumbles, I've been working outside all morning. Why! Have you been looking for me" He said I was going to Nam because of being A.W.O.L. I replied, "If I go then the entire company including you will go, because the Army is not going to send just one man." Also he couldn't prove otherwise and just shook his head as he walked off.

In the Army reserve you have to serve two weeks of active duty at a training facility nearby, which could be Fort Stewart, Fort Gordon, Camp Shelby or

any facility that would take us. However my idea of roughing it is being at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel without a concierge. So two weeks in the woods did not appeal to me. Our first night at Fort Stewart, I managed to get in the officers club and was having a great time drinking and partying with guys I knew at the bars in Atlanta. If I could have stayed in the officers club I might have stayed for the two weeks but Mumbles, being a hard ass and jealous kicked me out. After three days in a tent, sleeping on a cot, I called this friend of mine in Savannah, who had a plane and asked him if he was flying to Atlanta anytime soon and could I hitch a ride. He said he would be glad to take me if I would fix him up with a promiscuous female. Did not see any problem there. I returned the next week just as they were disassembling the company to go back to Atlanta. Mumbles as well as everyone else wanted to know where I had been. And I said, I had been at the motor pool or helping other officers, but I was certainly at the camp for the entire two weeks. Since no one could prove I wasn't there they let it slide.

I was still in the Army reserve when I moved to Fort Lauderdale, and the Florida unit had to spend two weeks at Camp Shelby in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. I told my commanding officer that I was a traveling salesman and would be in the area during that time so I would meet them rather than travel in a jeep convoy from Fort Lauderdale Florida to Hattiesburg Mississippi. Besides it would give me access to a car and freedom. Since I had such good success in Georgia, leaving the two-week camp out I thought I could try the same slight of hand at Camp Shelby. Since I had my car and no one knew me as I kept a very low profile I decided to go to New Orleans, which was only an hour drive away. Again, my idea was to leave perhaps on a Tuesday and return the following week on a Wednesday or Thursday, as everyone prepared to leave. It worked before and I was better known in Atlanta than this unit, so why not. I was enjoying the nightlife in New Orleans, which I will expand on later but as my luck would have it, of all things, hurricane Camille, appeared. I knew if New Orleans was cut off then I had no idea of a way to get back to Camp Shelby and would be declared A. W. O. L. On my way back to Camp Shelby in my new company car, I stopped at a bar near the Mississippi border, and the bartender loaded my car with as much booze as I could take or pay for. I asked him what he was going to do when the hurricane hit. He opened the door behind the bar and there was a boat suspended from the roof. As he said, what should he worry about, he had a boat and bar full of booze. I was driving when the hurricane hit with the rain and wind coming at you horizontally and was lucky to get to the barracks before it really got bad. Hurricane Camille wiped out all structures along the Mississippi beach and

inland for half a mile. Camp Shelby had at least eight battalions of men as well as an engineering battalion with cranes and bulldozers and everything to help the local people in the aftermath. But being the government as it is, the US Army would not activate us because we were a federal entity and the state had to spend two days getting the National Guard together to go help people 60 miles away. My illustrious military career was coming to an end much as my job and my house in Fort Lauderdale. As previously mentioned, back to Hotlanta.

## Chapter 9. Politics

Since I have touched on politics, mentioning Phil Gramm and Gene Talmadge I may as well continue with the subject of politics.

While attending Georgia State College, the state capital was only a block away, and I would go visit Sen. Rooney Bowen from Dooly County. He had been in the Senate for a number of years and was well entrenched because he had never introduced a bill nor done anything that would bring him notoriety. He introduced me to the lieutenant governor, Garland Byrd, and Garland was so impressed he hired me as an assistant doorkeeper. When I appeared the next day to begin my new position someone told me to go home or back-to-school and only come Friday to pick up my check. I was beginning to like politics.

On one occasion the Legislature had a joint session to honor Ray Charles and make his song “Georgia on my mind” the state song. I was introduced to Ray Charles, who was very nice and smiled all the time. At the other end of the political honorees was Billy Graham. While riding in the elevator with Rev. Graham he began talking about television and its impact on religion. He leaned over to whisper something in my ear, and I thought to myself here is a man sitting on the right side of God and he is about to tell me the password to heaven. The Right Revered Billy Graham, merely said “Don, if you are on television, be sure to wear a blue shirt as the camera picks that up quite well.” “Thank you, Rev. Graham. I will remember that.” I thought to myself, if and when I ever get on television.

Most of the Legislature and Garland Byrd was campaigning for Carl Sanders to be governor. I passed out brochures, organized car caravans and tried to get the drunks in Peachtree Towne sober long enough to vote. My fondest memory during this time was when I called Lollie, the girl I was dating at the time, and told her I busy campaigning but could she do a favor for me at which time I put R.B. on the phone disguising his voice as Carl Sanders. R.B./gubernatorial candidate asked Lollie if she would pluck a truck load of chickens for the campaign since we were having a big barbeque and needed the chickens by Friday. R.B./Carl Sanders said he would pay her back after he was elected by promising her a cushy well paying desk job within the Governor’s Office. When I went to her apartment she had every pot, every neighbor’s pot and on the phone calling everyone

she knew to get more pots to cook those chickens in. Rather than spoil the joke at this point, I mentioned to her that Carl Sanders only wanted her to pluck the feathers and I would deliver the chickens to the place to be barbecued. As she began to return all the pots, I thought it best to confess to the joke by phone and remain in hiding for several days. After he won perhaps I may be able to get a nice soft job in the governor's office. I had met Carl Sanders on a number of occasions, while campaigning, but trying to see him as governor was like trying to see the pope. My first lesson in politics should be etched in stone as it is as true today as the beginning of time. Politicians will use you but especially when they need your vote. The lieutenant governor suggested that I set my sights a little lower and help someone else get elected such as Sam Caldwell, who was running for labor commissioner. I did not know anything about the labor department, but Sam was a hard drinking woman chasing political junkie and I felt this would be perfect. I went door to door in Peachtree town handing out flyers for Sam and in every bar that I went to. At least Sam would get the young and the drunk vote. Sam knew most of the legislators and he knew Jim Gillis the Georgia Department of Highways Commissioner. Jim Gillis, hired high school and college students for the summer to help pay for school and of course, their fathers were obligated to Jim. Also, many South Georgia farmers had a beautiful two-lane paved road directly to their farm thanks to the highway department, and Jim Gillis. Sam also had most of the radio stations and newspapers owing him a favor as well as large corporations needing labor. Sam had the employee's vote of all major corporations throughout the state. Needless to say, Sam Caldwell became commissioner of labor. Soon thereafter, I was employed, and fortunately, my mother was hired for the Labor Department so she could partake of state retirement and health benefits. After several months behind a desk, I asked Sam if I could be promoted but Sam was busy working on his second term, and most positions in government outside of the governor and lieutenant governor's office are virtually permanent. For example, Tommy Erwin has been state agricultural chairman for 40 years, and if the head of a department is satisfied where he is he can keep that position, almost a lifetime. How Sam maintains control and his longevity was through intimidation like most politicians. By being friends of editors of newspapers, if there was any dissention, then the editor would write an article befriending Sam and lambasting the dissenter. If a lawsuit was brought against Sam or the editor, the election was over before it got to court. Sam was also friends with all of labor unions and controlled the Labor Department employees. If anyone in the Labor Department said anything

derogatory then Sam would have them transferred. All state employees worked under a merit system, and you could not fire them without extreme justification, but you could transfer them for any reason. I was in Sam's office when he was going over a list of dissenters to be transferred to Rising Fawn Ga. and the only way to get to that one light town is through Chattanooga Tenn. Being friends with the other commissioners of insurance, agriculture, revenue. Etc. etc. no one in state government would dissent on Sam, for fear of being transferred. Sam also had the majority of judges, in his hip pocket, and subsequently most of the lawyers. If any lawyer made trouble against Sam, the judge would be rather harsh on that particular lawyer. Sam had many so-called hunting lodges throughout the state, where judges and political cronies could go and hunt or relax. These retreats, reminded me of a New York City disco or brothel called Plato's retreat, where women and booze were free.

While visiting my mother, she said that a representative of Jimmy Carter had called her and Jimmy had invited her to his barbecue in Plains Georgia and asked me if I wanted to go. She said Jimmy had invited a band and I could listen to the band if I did not want to talk to Jimmy. When we arrived, I looked onstage, and there was Willie Nelson singing so I asked my mother to ask President Carter if he would introduce me to Willie. In my experience of politics, Willie Nelson was much more honest than any politician I had met or would ever meet. Willie shared my opinion of politicians, but he did say he liked Pres. Carter's philosophy and the work that he was doing. That was worth the trip to Plains to see Willie.

My aunt in Vienna knew Jody Powell, Carter's press secretary and my other aunt in Albany knew Hamilton Jordon, Carters chief of staff. Almost everyone within fifty miles of Plains either went to the inauguration or knew someone that did. It was a great time as I knew both the President of the United States and the Governor of Georgia and should have benefited in some capacity, but did not. Almost all stories have been related in books concerning the four year term but one funny antidote was the time Jimmy had a barbeque on the White House lawn. Tables eighty feet long were set up with entertainment being provided by country bands and of course Willie. I wanted to sit near Willie or Jody but could not find either so I asked one of those guys in suits with an ear plug if he had seen Jody. With much difficulty and time I finally reached the roof and there was Willie, Jody and some dozen more people all smoking a joint. I guess better there than inside. Of course all of these activities in the book were pre 9/11 and no way could they ever happen again hence more the reason to put this in print.

While Jimmy was campaigning for president, he got a great influx of cash from the Butcher brothers of Knoxville, Tenn. who owned several banks and loan institutions. After Jimmy was President, Knoxville held a world's fair with the financial backing of the U.S. government. Hum, go figure. Also Mayor Morrill from New Orleans told Jimmy he could count on the black vote in and around New Orleans as well as getting the endorsement from Jessie Jackson. After Jimmy was President, New Orleans had a world's fair much like Knoxville a few years earlier. Hum, go figure.

Sen. Talmadge was elected after Walter F. George retired from the US Senate. Sen. George was the moving force during world war two in getting military bases in Georgia, and he lived next door to my aunt, Mrs. Frances Coley. So talking to Sen. Talmadge, I had not only his son, but also his predecessor in common. Many politicians went to my aunt for advice, and her support. She was the patriarch of our family. She raised a young man named George Busbee, along with her son, Sonny my cousin. George became a bright young attorney in Albany, Georgia, and with the guidance of Judge Guest ran as representative of that county. After becoming established in the Legislature he then was voted the majority whip of the House and had quite a bit of influence not only in the Legislature, but throughout the state. Because of this influence, he decided to run for governor and since he was part of the family, I chipped in and did everything I possibly could, to help him be elected. George like Sam Caldwell had all the legislators, judges, and state commissioners voting for him, so it was no surprise he become elected. At the same time, I was helping George I was also working for the labor department. Once again, I approached Sam for a promotion, but it was becoming more and more difficult to see him and I knew my time with Sam and the Labor Department was nearing an end. Therefore I devoted almost all my time to helping George Busbee become elected hoping that George would get me a state job. Once elected, George had the last great inaugural ball and I invited many of my Peachtree town friends R.B. Boddie and others with the band being led by none other than Dean Hudson, my boss when I was booking college bands. George Busbee, who was raised by my aunt, and my cousin who married George's sister was now Gov. and Jimmy Carter, who was a friend of my mother's when both were in the peanut business, was now president. You would think that I could get a job from one of those two. My cousin, Sonny Coley would have a large political barbecue and all of the politicians would attend. On one occasion, George, Senator Talmadge and the Agriculture Secretary flew in by helicopter. I was in the kitchen when the White House called wanting to speak to George so I ran outside and could

not help myself when I approached a security guard and started yelling in his ear to get George. He asked, "Why are you yelling?" and I said "Well, I saw the hearing aid in your ear so I thought I would yell so you could hear me." I thought it was funny then, and I think it's funny now.

When it was time for me to cash in on my political devotion and work for George, I approached him for a job in the commerce department trying to get movies to be filmed in Georgia. As I was talking, George just starred off in space & ignored me completely. George helped Yvonne Redding, the daughter of the Sheriff of Floyd County. George also promoted Tom Perdue to be part of his staff since Tom married the daughter of George's law partner. George helped Donna Beard, get her Chinese imports and business established and numerous other females but being a male and obviously expendable I got squat from George. I think I have made it clear that politicians will use you and then cast you aside when you cannot be of any benefit. George's chief of staff, and main contributor was Fred Taylor, who had a very lucrative trucking business in Albany. When George was a legislator and subsequently governor he helped Fred's son, Mark to run for political office. Mark became a representative and then campaigned as lieutenant governor. George Busbee was the first two-term governor and when he left office as Zell Miller became governor with Mark as lieutenant governor. I campaigned feverishly for Mark, as lieutenant governor, and then for his run for governor. Mark was a born politician but at least he would speak to me, I suppose because he was always running for political office. The election for governor was so close that Mark and the republican opponent, Sonny Purdue, would have to be decided by the legislators. Mark was not worried since the Legislature was made up primarily of Democrats. But a new dawn was breaking in Georgia politics, and the vote was going to be very close. Georgia was growing and new populations of voters were coming from all over the U.S. with no political ties to the cronies of the past. The Olympics of 96 introduced the world to Georgia and the influxes of people have not stopped. A few of the Democratic legislators saw the hand writing on the wall and switched parties to be a Republican and continue their political career. Two then three democratic legislators switched and ultimately came down to one vote for Sonny Purdue to be elected as the first Republican governor since Reconstruction of 1864. The one Georgia Democrat that swayed the election by the legislators was none other than Rooney Bowen. Senator Bowen, my friend, who had never introduced a bill to my knowledge, and certainly had never voted on anything controversial,

was the pivotal person in electing a Republican governor and Mark Taylor's demise. It was only a matter of time before 100 years of politics by the good old boys was marching out the door. I miss the good old days of the smoke-filled rooms, back door politics, hospitality suites, private parties and the lobbyist hotel suites with cheap women and expensive booze but most of all, Liz Getz political consultants/escort service. Without a doubt I could ramble on about the political escapades that I was part of but it's time to go back to the purpose of this book. And that is to tell the stories of the social life of Dr. H. Body.

## Chapter 10. The Valley

Arriving in Hotlanta, I noticed not much had changed. There were still plenty of parties and Steve Fuller moved his operation from the Chalet to Harrison's. RB had moved to Peachtree Valley, and since Peachtree town partying days were over I moved into the valley. I was next to the pool and improvised a telephone cord to go more than 30 feet, so that if anyone called me for a job interview I could be by the pool and answer it. Obviously, this was before cell phones, or even cordless telephones. Living by the pool had its drawbacks because around 11 in the morning the noise would wake me up. I painted my bedroom in day glow black and enclosed the window with 6 inches of installation so you never knew what time it was. If I wanted to see who was next to me, I would turn on the black light for the day glow posters on the wall to add a dim eerie blue glow. We did not venture far from the valley, because one block north was the Tree on Peachtree bar, two blocks north was Vick's restaurant which was owned by my old Ga. Military School commander and was a must stop for any sport celebrities in town. Across the street was Harrison's and two blocks south was the infamous bar called Clarence Foster's. I was such a regular at Clarence Foster's the owner, Bill Swearingen, would just throw me the keys and asked me to lock up. I was dating a girl name Lollie at that time, and caught her at Foster's flirting with Joe Torre, who was the baseball manager of the Braves. Another time she tried to sit in the lap of Gary Player but I prevented that by buying her a drink. Alex Hawkins famous hammock was hung in the front of Fosters but you will have to read Alex Hawkins book, "That's My Story and I'm Sticking To It" to understand the hammock story. Ashford was still living in his one bedroom rat's nest on 26th St. not far from the valley so he would come over quite often, just as he had done at Peachtree Town. One week night, Lollie, Ashford and I were bored so Ashford decided to call the old redneck manager and mess with his mind, what little there was. Ashford disguised his voice as a little old woman and called Johnny the manager saying. "I'm from Toledo Ohio, visiting my daughter in apartment A -3 and there is a party going on next door that is loud, obtrusive, and I think I see naked men on the balcony. I have never encountered such debauchery and perversion in all my life. We do not conduct ourselves like this in Toledo, Ohio. So please, come quick, and I think I see the naked men with some goats." I could hear Johnny exclaimed "goats." Lollie, Ashford, and I went to the sliding glass door in

time to see Johnny, his wife “the first lady,” and their collie dog “lassie” trying to hurry up the hill to get to apartment A-3 and see where the naked men and goats were.

Another time, Ashford, I and a number of other valley near to wells were home in the afternoon when Ashford decided to call Harrison's and speak to Linda Horton. If you remember Linda Horton was my next door neighbor, at Peachtree Town and was a very good cook, she was now the manager of Harrison's. This time, Ashford disguised his voice as an Irishman with a very thick brogue and as Linda answered the phone, Ashford said, “Ah my sweet Colleen is this Harrison's?” By which Linda Horton replied, “Yes. How can I help you?” Ashford, in his thick Irish brogue said that he and 40 of his friends were working at the steel mill in Brunswick Georgia and he wanted to bring everyone to Harrison's for St. Patty's Day. He asked Linda, if she could serve corned beef and cabbage for his friends. Ashford hung up the phone and proceeded to have an afternoon cocktail and after a couple of hours we walked into Harrison's with the worst smell you could possibly imagine. I asked Linda, what was the smell, and she replied that she was cooking cabbage and something that smelled as bad as the cabbage. Ashford, and I could not take it and we had to run out the door laughing and crying hysterically.

Some of the stories concerning Harrison's are in a number of books. One of which is by Hudspeth, and the other by Alex Hawkins, but I am sure that the story of the cabbage is not in either one. Harrison's was always packed, much like the chalet. But now, because Atlanta was growing so fast, companies were transferring quite a number of Yankee transplants who had never seen anything like the bars and the beautiful southern women. It was very common to see a married man in Harrison's and three months later he was single. One story has it that a man was standing at the bar when his wife and three children came in during cocktail hour. She went up to her husband, who at the time was talking to a very beautiful blonde and she pushed herself between the two and said. “Sorry to interrupt you honey but, I thought I would bring the children to the bar so that you could see what they looked like.” Another time, Steve Fuller came in, early one morning to take inventory and get the bar ready to open and found a man asleep on the commode. When Steve woke him, he just got up, walked to the door and asks what happen to everybody. Steve also was the first person in Atlanta and perhaps the U.S. to have a television at the bar. It was during the Nixon resignation and everybody wanted to see Nixon resign. Steve said, why not leave the TV so we can watch the Braves

baseball thus the first television sports bar was formed. Ted Turner owned the Braves and a small television station called TSB channel 17. There was no syndicated TV series but merely reruns of Gillian's Island and Beverly Hillbillies and the Braves baseball. At night, Channel 17 would rebroadcast the game played that afternoon since there was nothing else Ted could broadcast. R.B. (Red Baron) was watching the Braves one afternoon and would take a drink on each strike out. The Braves were so bad R.B. had passed out by the 8th inning. R.B. awoke around two in the morning and since it was a rebroadcast he continued watching the 8th inning, not having missed any of the game.

During one cocktail hour I looked over to see a rather plain guy with a buster brown haircut that was surrounded by beautiful women. I introduced myself, trying to determine his attraction, and he replied he was a sports writer for the Atlanta newspaper and his name was Ron Hudspeth.

Ron became friends with Lewis Grizzard, who was writing social columns for the newspaper so Ron decided to write columns about the bars of Hotlanta. Ron also wrote two books mentioned before. After a few months of this Ron started his own newspaper called "The Hudspeth Report" which reported on the bar and social scene of Hotlanta. Ron did in depth reporting but after twenty years of going to bars for his research he finally retired to Costa Rica. He claimed he was not burned out but the social scene had changed of which this writer could not agree more. We both believe the Olympics of 1996 caused the bar social life and its attitude to change, or the influx of non-southerners or the D.U.I. laws or woman's lib or the economy or the color of the sky. Whatever! You can't go back.

Never the less we would go to parties or have a party for any reason and R.B. came up with a winner. R.B., Cuz Chas, Mannie, Oz, Bear, organized, decorated, and promoted Super Eve. It was the same as New Years with the hats, balloons, noise makers and decorations but held the night before the Super Bowl. It started in various apartments but became so large had to be moved to bars or restaurants. I could generally find a bar about ready to file bankruptcy that would welcome 600 people and not care what would happen to the interior. At one time, we had 1200 people at Journey's End apartment club house. When Atlanta held the Super Bowl, I organized Super Eve in Buckhead where several visiting pro football players were in attendance. Terry Bradshaw was surrounded by beautiful women and my date, Wild, Wonderfull Wanda was under the arm of Warren Moon. Had no idea Marcus Allen was so short but a nice guy. Several celebrities attended and supposedly Popeye of "The French Connection" was introduced to me

by Mike Grey. All the visitors were in shock when we produced the hats and balloons at the stroke of midnight to welcome in Super Day.

Since Super Eve was such a success R.B. decided to have a July 4th Super Pig Jig cookout but would limit the invitees. So R. B. invited his high school friend ,Giant from D.C., Brown Baron from New York, Jay from Motown, Bear from Memphis, Boy Chris from Motown, not to be confused with Chris from Orlando, and her roommate we named Orlanda which was Linda from Orlando . Also Shawn Shehan McGill who was the P.R. manager for the Pope of the Vatican but would cuss that would make any sailor blush. Most of the time he ran around the Valley without any clothes but few noticed since we were all drinking or in the process of taking our own clothes off. The usual residents consisting of Kent Laughter,a major in the Marines, Cliff Thomas, a captain in the Marines, Chiquita Banana from Puerto Rica, Maggie from England.

Cliff & Kent had served in Nam & was certified crazy which fit right in with our group. During that time a popular saying with the hippies was "Keep the faith baby." Kent dated a girl named Faith but got her knocked up and for many months we in the valley would yell out. "Keep the baby Faith". Their Colonel, in the Marines, was a guy called Sheppard & was the group commander of the Atlanta police motorcycle division & would come over to the Valley for the well known parties. During one of the Falcon football games I had a little to much to drink & with some help made it outside after the game but could not find my car much less drive. Sheppard was directing traffic & saw what condition I was in & asked one of his patrolmen to drive my car, with me passed out in the back, while Sheppard & three other police motorcycle officers gave me a police escort to the valley. I awoke that night & the party with Sheppard & his men was still in full swing along with Cliff & Kent & R.B.

Next door was an apartment complex called Peachtree Park, which had parties but was pale in comparison? However, one Saturday they had a pool party which all of us attended & I met Bo Diddley, John Lee Hooker & Chuck Barry. Why they were there I have no idea but it was a hell of a party.

With all these parties, I needed a vacation. Paul Koehler (Whiplash Willie), Alguanin J. Calhoun world renowned attorney & part time ambulance chaser) who I've known longer than anyone suggested we go to Gatlinburg Tenn. for a weekend of skiing. When someone says go I'm already packed.

While at the ski lodge we charmed two blondes in staying with us for the weekend and later discovered my date was the daughter of the sheriff of Knoxville. I'm not sure if the sheriff had any influence at the Gatlinburg ski lodge but the entire second floor was a gambling casino with slots & tables which are all gone now.

I must have appealed to her either sexually or by being funny, because she invited me to Knoxville to be with her and to meet her parents. Her father was nice, probably buttering up his future son in law, and introduced me to the Butcher brothers which owned a bank and would later invest in Jimmy Carters bid for president. Hopefully I will elaborate on that in my politics chapter. To show off his future son in law he took me to a chamber of commerce luncheon as I told Dempster stories to Jake Butcher. Then the mayor asked everyone to calm down as on the agenda was a serious subject matter. The local whorehouse located on Main Street was advertising and one of Knoxville prominent citizens asked what was wrong with that. Nothing said the mayor but in bright flashing neon was the remark."Our customers come first". On that remark I should return to Valley stories.

Southern women have a different mentality than any other women on the planet. Most women, in particular European and Californian will cut out the courtship and bullshit and go to bed with you directly, of course if they like you enough but southern women want to be courted, taken out to eat, and even bought presents for. I could write another book on this ongoing subject as they haven't changed even with the influx of Yankee women and their attitudes. The bright lights of the big city of Hotlanta was a lure to all southern women and they would tell their family they were going to stay at the Church's home for single women. The southern matrons of their innocent daughters would grant permission since the church had a place for them to stay and were sure the church would look after their pure virgin daughters. However, the church's home for single women was operated by Mr. Church and no affiliation with any church and Mr. Church could care less what the girls did or what we did to them. If any horny youngster, such as me, needed servicing, we would call the home and ask who wanted to go to a party but could not promise when they would return. It was like one stop shopping or a drive thru and it was great for all concern except the southern matrons shielding their young virgin daughters. On one weekend I called and a girl named Anna decided to join me which I dated for awhile and later called her Anna Body the lover of Hot Body.

Another resident of the infamous Valley was my girlfriend, Lottsa. Her name was Diane Klass but I called her Lottsa Class or just Lottsa and loved her dearly since she lent me her car when she flew for Eastern which gave me the opportunity to meet and date other girls. At our annual pig jig, where Chaz cooked a pig, Don Watkins, a.k.a. "Sky King", invited a fellow hiker and plane buff named Pat Conroy who was living at the Darlington apartments while working on his first novel. All I found out from Pat was the book was going to be about his life as a child of a Marine pilot which is why he and Watkins had something in common as Watkins was a Navy pilot. Watkins was in Nam and his flight mates were Alan Sheppard, Scott Carpenter and Deke Slayton all who became astronauts. Watkins was asked to join astronaut training but declined as he had enough of Nam and the Navy by this time.

Lollie invited her then current boyfriend Leighton, who was the carpet king of Dalton and owned several carpet mills but was nicknamed Possum. After forty years I will now reveal how he got that name. Leighton looked like the country singer George Jones who was nicknamed Possom however Leighton moved as slow as a possum & no one could understand what he was saying which I believe our possum was more original. Because of limited bar-b-que we tried to keep the party small but at least 80 people dropped by. The pig ears were awarded later that night to the drunkest but still standing partygoer. On several occasions R.B. would like to get on the phone and call history making people in the news but which would be forgotten in a matter of hours. He called the wife of the pace car driver who wrecked while pacing the cars at the Indianapolis 500 one Memorial night. Also called Sidney Australia zoo to ask how high could a kangaroo jump. On many occasion we would call the person in the commercials on T.V. and ask them if they really used the product. Since then; the advertisers will not put the person's full name, only the first name and the city. They took the fun and the surprise out of us calling at 2 in the morning. We both got on the phone to ask Curt Dowdy what the buckeyes on the players helmets were for during the Rose Bowl but the announcer said Curt was on national T.V. broadcasting the game and could not take the call but would call us back. Forty years later, I'm still waiting for Curt to call me back but I've since found the answer.

R.B. & his date,"The Fantastic Doretta" were walking from the Tree on Peachtree to the Valley when R.B. saw a black & white cab. Since both were to drunk to walk any further they got in. When the driver returned, R.B.

tapped him on the shoulder & asked to take them to the Valley & screw the cost since it was only a block away.

The black & white cab was in reality a cop car & the driver, of course, was a cop. These were the good old days & the cop obliged & escorted them to the door.

Red Baron introduced me to Brown Baron and then proceeded to call the White Baron in Baltimore. The White Baron was a black, who was suing the V.A. Hospital for turning his skin white. R.B. told him we could make millions if we could find out how a black man could turn his skin white and years later M. Jackson spent thousands of dollars trying to do the same thing. After the White Baron refused to divulge his secret, we started calling the telephone operator in various cities to determine the last person who was listed in that city. We all know the first is something like Adam or Aaron but have you ever wondered who was the last person listed. After many a late night, after consuming many bottles of Evan Williams Bourbon, many long distance phone calls to operators in major cities, we had a winner. ZZZid in Miami.

Let me interject a small story of Brown Baron since his name came up & I don't forget. Brown Baron's real name was John Kissik & graduated from Whorton School of Business & the Stanford Business School, so he was no dumb ass. While living in New York on 74th st. & I in the Valley he said anytime I was in New York to look him up. People should learn not to invite me as I will take up their invitation because I'm seldom invited. Never the less I went to his apartment & bribed the doorman to let me wait for John. Much later, when he saw me, his jaw dropped & said the words I have often heard "What are you doing here." In defense I said "Where have you been as I've been waiting for several hours." He had been to the N.Y. Mountains and had given a ride to a down & out musician by the name of Bob Zimmerman as Bob had a gig to play at some resort but had no transportation. When Bob Zimmerman who changed his name to Bob Dylan left the car, he gave John Kissik his name & number and said if he would never forget his gratitude and if he ever made it big, John was always welcome. Many years later, I asked John if he had heard from Bob Dylan and he said no but he had tried to call Bob one time but his call has never been returned.

After Brown Baron left New York, he became the business manager of Sahara Casino and friends of Pia Zadora who asked John to manage her career. John said no, which in hind sight, was a smart move because he

was going to work in the stock market in L.A. Years later, I was in L.A. with the model of Amourall, which is another story and invited Brown Baron to Chasen's for dinner. Not only was he doing well working for Mick Milken but later starting dating the model that was my date. When the SEC sent Milken and many of his co-workers to jail John Kissick a.k.a. Brown Baron was the only one that didn't get caught and the article in Time magazine said John Kissick (Brown Baron) net worth was 80 million dollars. Of course none of the old gang has heard a word from him but R.B. did attend his wedding at Pacific Palisades and that ladies & gentleman was the last anyone has seen of the infamous Brown Baron.

Another complex, called Riverbend, was beginning as the Valley started to decline, thanks to the management of Johnny. I will attempt to relate a few of the stories about Riverbend not told in the Atlanta magazine of November 2009 however that article did cover most activities. It did not go into detail about the River Raft Race held in the spring for several years attended by over a half a million young people. Participates would launch their craft; inter tubes, rafts, sailboats, bass fishing boats or whatever one could piece together. I remember seeing six good looking girls dropping their bikinis as they passed Riverbend and another time, six guys naked using long poles to guide along. Someone mentioned they were using 12 poles to speed them along. The race was supposed to end several miles downriver but most people stopped at Riverbend because they had been drinking since early morning and Geryl had three beer trucks waiting on those still standing. In all those people, there was no crime and I never heard of or saw a fight. Everyone was having a good time and trying to have sex or drinking or a little bit of both. Double D did not participate but held court on the back porch of a condo overlooking all the festivities. He had lost another million and moved from Peachtree Towne to co rule Riverbend with Geryl. He had opened a bar behind Harrison's where he had a model train bring your drink. The train would run the length of the bar with drinks mounted on the trains' flatbeds. He would have Saturday afternoon parties selling beer for 10 cents a cup and I asked him how he could make any money selling for that price. He replied "I make it up on volume." At one of the parties Double D rode a white horse into the apartment when Geryl threaten to bring his pet lion to the party. Geryl was

the manager and had pool parties known throughout the country and Time magazine wrote an article as well as the before mentioned Atlanta magazine so I won't elaborate .However neither magazines nor T.V. mentioned the movie Geryl made in the clubhouse gym . He had several female residents do a porno movie with him and upon completion had a premier at a local movie theater. If Alex Hawkins, Joe Namath, and Burt Reynolds could make movies in Atlanta so could Geryl. The largest house boat on Lake Lanier was Geryls and once you boarded you had to remove all clothes. If you were a boater and had brought your family to Holiday Marina you had to make sure your family had their eyes shut as Geryl motored by. Many people complained to Beecham, the owner of the marina but did no good since he was generally on the boat with Geryl. I asked Geryl how he could afford the largest and most expensive houseboat on the lake. In his drunken stupor and with a slurred voice said it was a gift from First Atlanta Bank. Somehow the bank had financed the boat but Geryl had never made a payment nor was he going to. The bank would repo it at the end of the summer at which time Geryl was going to be through using it. Many years later Geryl had a new bank finance a house with a swimming pool on West Paces Ferry road, the richest section of town, and continue to have parties with the same theme. Once inside you had to take off your clothes. I was in the kitchen fixing a drink when the limo driver, who picked all of us up at the bottom of the drive, told her to take off her clothes or he would take her back to her car. That was the last time anyone had seen her. Needing an infusion of cash, Geryl had the bright idea of setting fire to the house and getting the insurance. Everything went according to plan except Geryl had forgotten the Atlanta Fire Department, remember this was in the 70's when Atlanta could function as a city, responded in double quick time and put out Geryls house fire before any major damage occurred. For Geryl, this was a bad thing as now Geryl had a partially burned house with no money nor enough insurance to repair it. He moved on and let the bank take this also .This was during the time Geryl owned a very successful night club and money was free flowing but he said he would live above the club so as not having to walk so far. Another reason would be that Geryl would spot a girl, drunk or otherwise and take her upstairs. I don't know for a fact but I would venture to say that Geryl had sex in some form with over 300 to 500 women.

Another party which is talked about very discreetly was Bill Dominico's bachelor get together at a gym and racquetball court facility owned by Norm. There were several seats tiered, viewing the four courts but instead

of watching racquetball, we watched and participated with women on the hard court floors. I think that was the best bachelor party I went to.

I needed to get back to reality as what little money I earned in Ft. Liquerdale was fast disappearing. Since Ashford had swindled me out of the James Bond Chevy Impala convertible I had to go on job interviews by borrowing either Lotts's or Mannie's car. Times were beginning to get tough. Watkins (sky king) had married but continued living in the valley, Kent & Cliff had found some unlucky girl to marry each of them but the real dose of reality hit when R.B. got married. What girl in her right mind would marry R.B.? The answer came when she told me she was from South Carolina as girls will go to any lengths just to get out of that state much like Alabama. I was attending law school with aspirations of becoming another Paul Koehler a.k.a. Whiplash Willie, Alquankin J. Calhoun and many names that can't be repeated even though he is a lawyer. While taking the bar exam, Johnny, the maintenance man & manager took it upon himself to kick me out of the Valley and removed all my furniture and put it in the parking lot. At first glance, I wanted to beat the living shit out of that dumb redneck but thought I would let the law work its magic. Called Koehler who filed an injunction and forced Johnny to move my possessions back into my apartment since he had unlawfully removed them. All the gang, plus many onlookers, got into a file or gauntlet that Johnny had to pass through to put my furniture back. I was at the door making sure that dumbass was humiliated, worked his ass off and laughed at. At least fifty people went inside and drank while I made Johnny arrange the furniture but I knew it was time to move as this war was just beginning to heat up and I would never have any peace while Johnny was there.

Most of the action was north of the city around Riverbend and a new complex was opening owned and designed by Penthouse magazine called Journey's End. The clubhouse made Riverbends look like an outhouse as it had an indoor swimming grotto that lead to the outside pool. In the back was a 500 seat auditorium where Vegas acts were to perform and to show movies. Maybe we could get Geryl's porno movie for the premier. Of course a weight room, pool tables & a huge bar where I held court. The indoor pool flowed to the outside pool where it meandered flowing throughout the complex. There were tropical plants everywhere and looked like a penthouse mansion. An Eastern stew I had dated by the name of Cherise Lay had an apartment there and after getting her drunk, thought I would spend the weekend with her and check out this new complex. The next morning after I jumped out of her bed I noticed my feet never touched the

floor as she had clothes, shoes and just crap covering the entire floor. One night was enough but several years later, saw her at St. Simons Island and asked her if we could resume. At least I found out, Journeys End was the place to be. I was home once again. But before I could move into Journeys End I had to be able to pay rent. My old buddy, Boddie, who I contend; kept me from becoming a great lawyer, President of the U.S. or appointed to the Court of St. James were it not for him, was about to give me a job.

Put it this way; Boddie was working for a company called Biotronics selling medical instrumentation but when his boss came to Atlanta to work with Boddie; he had dipped into the sauce and certainly was not presentable either to his boss or to anyone wanting to buy. Boddie called me and said he thought he was going to be fired and for me to contact his boss and arrange an interview. I think I got the job because I told them I was no Boddie and anyone would be an improvement.

## Chapter 11. Work – Work – Work

Thanks to Boddie's failure, I was now employed by Biotronics selling a glaucoma detection machine throughout the SE. with a car & unlimited expense account. And the first thing they wanted was to send me to California for a national sales meeting to meet the other sales personnel. Biotronics also wanted to impress their new sales people by having us stay at a plush resort on Lake Shasta. I wanted to make a good impression, so at breakfast the waitress wanted to know what we wanted, I asked her for the wine list. All the other near-to-wells- down & out salespeople looked at me kind of funny but could tell I knew what I was doing and this was not my first time in a fancy restaurant so they joined in also.

The hot spot in town was Timber Lanes, the bowling alley and if any women were going out this is where they would be. I asked the sales manager who lived there, to give us a ride into town. After an hour of me hitting on everything that wore a skirt, the other sales guys just looked on in awe, the sales manager asked me to gather everyone and get in the car as the locals were going to beat my ass. For not being one of them and from out of town but most of all, the girls were beginning to warm up to my bullshit. Years later I attended the Atlanta Golf Classic and followed Rod Curl, the PGA golfer as he attempted to make the cut to play in the tournament. Since he was from Redding Calif, I yelled out "Rod! When are you going back to Timber Lanes." Rod looked at me in shock as how would anyone in Atlanta Georgia know about the bowling alley in Redding Calif.

As we toured the company I feel in love with a good looking secretary and invited her to the resort for happy hour and dinner. She said she was married and my answer was "When was the last time your husband took you out where you could have anything your heart desired." God! What a line. It worked ,as she joined me while the other sales bums again looked on in awe. Since this was on the company; money and my pleasure had no limit. I told my roommate, Bert from New York, not to disturb me while I was entertaining. Since she was a company employee, she was afraid of getting caught and wanted to continue at her house . While she was driving her car, I proceeded to caress & massage every spot I knew so by the time we got to the house she raped me on the living room floor. What she did no Georgia girl had ever done and I was ready to move to California but maybe not Redding. We were both exhausted and didn't hear the footsteps

of her husband who leaned over me and asked me a series of questions like; Who was I, What was I doing with his wife, How did I get there and was I bulletproof. I looked up at him from the living room floor and asked. "Would you mind taking me back to the Lake Shasta Resort?" Apparently my one question put him in a daze, at which time she grabbed me and out the door we went and me back to the sales meeting. Bert knew what I had done but neither he nor I were talking or bragging to any of the other down and outs.

I don't think the Lake Shasta resort had seen anything like this group of hell raisers. After two days the complete wine cellar was empty, the company tab was rising and then the sales manager from Redding decided to buzz the resort in his plane. On Saturday, after the fly by, Biotronics chartered a boat as a sort of a farewell party. The company management and we, the salesmen, were invited for a cruise. Part of management was my true love; the president's secretary and her husband were on board. This could be an awkward situation. Bert told my regional manager the story and both agreed for me to stay below deck in a cabin and not come out, no matter what. Being new to this job, I did what I was told but as luck would have it, my true love, the presidents secretary looked through the porthole and asked what was I doing below deck. I told her it would be best for me not to be around her husband since the night before he had caught us naked on the floor. However I was very lonely and missed her very much and thought about her all the time since last night. I guess she felt sorry for me or was horny or perhaps I gave her something her husband didn't. Before you could say adultery, she was in the cabin down below or blow me down, there she blows, ill wind blows, well you get the picture. But so did her husband, who happened by the porthole and was obvious to anyone what was going on. It took four of the biggest guys on board to restrain him while I got her topside at the other end of the boat. The captain either took a bribe or knew what was happening as he got all the horsepower in all the engines to get back to shore as soon as possible. I think it goes without saying that was our last national sales meeting.

Apparently the glaucoma machine was a good product as a larger company called Cavitron purchased the company and I don't think it was for the sales force they wanted. As in all business, even a larger fish called Cooper purchased Cavitron and took us along. I was not making much money but as I told the sales manager I was making about a hundred dollars an hour. You do the math. Cooper said they would issue stock to each employee according to length of service on a four to one basis.

Cooper would give you four shares for each one you were entitled to purchase. Most of sales people not only didn't understand what Cooper was doing but several said they didn't want any part of this new huge corporation. I asked those that didn't want to participate, if they would assigned their rights over to me so I could purchase more than what I was entitled to. I bought as much as I could afford and Cooper said they would give me an in house loan if I wanted more. They even bought the Cavitron president a new house and gave in house loans to many executives but I was the only salesman buying as much as I could. It seemed as a no brainer to me. Cooper was giving me money to buy one share and they would give me four shares. Within a year Cooper stock had tripled and split twice.

Cooper hired Bob Christianson to run the Biotronics division and Bob's first duty was to call on each salesman and see for his self if the salesman met Cooper's expectations. I knew I was in trouble, because no one in management had ever seen me outside of the fiasco in Redding and most had refrain from calling me. Bob had worked for many medical companies before and knew how to sell and to manage so I was not looking forward to this meeting. Arriving late one afternoon, he said we would talk business over dinner. I took him to Atlanta's most expensive restaurant thinking the bill would keep him from asking too many questions. Afterward, I said let's go to Harrison's for a night cap or after dinner drink knowing all my friends would be there and I would not have to talk to him. Bob surprised me and bought several rounds of drinks for my friends as well as many for us. We closed Harrison's sometime around two in the morning plus I had to drive him back to his hotel and then drive home 20 miles drunk. As tipsy Bob got out of the car he said "Let's get an early start and I will see you at 7 A.M. so you can introduce me to your customers." Holy Crap. I felt like shit and had no customers. My job was on the line so I was in the lobby at 7 but as Bob approached he said he had several phone calls to make and we would get together late afternoon. Many years later he confided that he was hung over and the night before was a test just as meeting him at 7 in the morning was another test.

Because this is a chapter of my work experience I will continue but I've many Bob Christianson or as I now call him "Bobnoxious" stories and have devoted a chapter on his exploits.

One of his bright ideas was to purchase a huge Winnebago mobile home to display our instruments as we traveled around the country calling on doctors. When it became my turn to travel around the southeast I merely

used it to go around to the various bars with 20 or thirty of my friends packed in. Everyone liked the idea of not having to look for a place to park or worry about a DUI. On one occasion I took the Winnebago to the Atlanta Steeplechase with 30 of my friends behind a curtain as the entrance guard ask me for two tickets since he could not see everyone I had packed in. This is the steeplechase that Manny, wearing shorts and tennis shoes broke in line to a lunch buffet and talked to then Governor Jimmy Carter about Georgia Tech, where Manny graduated from. Of course Manny had been drinking but the future President of the United States was very cordial until the Georgia State Troopers intervened. At least the guards let Manny take his plate of food with him.

I had to turn over the Winnebago to the Texas sales rep and what better place than New Orleans and what better time than at Mardi Gras. I parked the huge mobile home two blocks from Bourbon street at a gas station on Rampart and soon had another load of people ,none of which I knew but the girls were impressed with the van as I proceeded to prepare them for bed. They were complaining about the cold ,as New Orleans can be bone chilling cold in February and I tried to keep each one warm as best as I knew how. There were too many of them and too little of me so I decided to start the furnace with the help of a couple of guys. The furnace blew up and singed all of our hair but thank God for the shut off valve to the propane tanks. The gas station attendant came running out screaming , with several cops following him. He said we were on top of four huge gas tanks and if the van blew up then the tanks would go and half of the French Quarter would go ,along with several thousand people. That scared the shit out of me. God knows to take care of drunks and fools but that night I had pushed the envelope with God. The fire department said all was secure and only after their assurance was I allowed to stay the night but leave at dawns early light. I was happy to get rid of that oversized whale and fly home, after a couple of nights in Nola.

Cooper was like any big corporation. They didn't know their employees and could care less about them. A medical convention in Kansas City brought out all the executives, as Cooper had a huge booth and Biotronics had a 4x4 foot booth tucked away out of sight. I had never been exposed to the business world and what I saw I didn't like. The big boss was the whale or shark with all the little fishes hanging on. I've never seen so much ass kissing in all my life. Bert B. from New York and I became good friends because neither could tolerate ass kissing and our boss was one of the worst. I think Mike did it so they would not dissolve Biotronics because the

big boys did not even recognize us or the company or care what Mike did. What the hell with company politics; Bert and I were on an expense account so we went out and tried to outdo ourselves in ,of all places, Kansas City. Returning to the Alameda Plaza around midnight and completely drunk we overheard the desk clerk telling this elderly man there was no rooms available, due to the convention, and doubted there was a room anywhere nearby. I went to the desk clerk and said he was full of shit, there had to be a room somewhere and why didn't he give this old man his room and he work all night at the desk. The desk clerk responded "Why not give this gentleman your room if you think so much of him." That is what I did. However Bert was my roommate and had to suffer my generosity and lack of sleeping quarters. So Bert and I grabbed our belongings and a blanket and slept in the banquet room. Didn't make much difference as I passed out soon thereafter.

The next morning Bert and I were recovering in back of the booth when a large contingent of suits and brown noses from Cooper appeared. All of a sudden, the suits parted like the red sea and from the center of the executives came the little old man we had given our room to. He shook my hand and then Bert's and said if there was anything he could do for us , call him in New York on his private line. As he turned away and was consumed by the suits, some executive from Cooper wanted to know who we were ,what division we worked in and who our boss was. Didn't make any difference, two days later I was back in Atlanta and by that time the executives had forgotten what had happened and who the hell I was. Only a few years later, when Alcon bought Cooper and decided to eliminate my job did I call my good friend ,the president of Cooper, and appeal to him to do something to keep my job. He remembered the episode at the hotel and said he would do something if he could but he was about to be fired also.

In retrospect, it was a good ten years with a lot of memories and friendships that I cherish today mainly with Bert and Bobnoxious.

Knowing the ax was going to fall I started asking anyone in the optical business if they knew of any openings. One of my friends was Mike Williams, who I had attended his wedding, if he could be of assistance. Mike's aunt, Marquerite Williams, owned Maybelline Cosmetics and lived in Thomasville Ga. so Mike didn't have to worry like I did. One Saturday morning Mike called and asked me to attend a meeting with him. It was a new company and they would be selling shares or stock in this new company and perhaps I could invest or see who was there and ask them for a job. Being a typical Saturday morning I was hung over and one of the last

things I wanted to do was to attend a sales meeting. Mike stopped by for a beer later that day and said he sat next to the president of Eastern Airlines, Frank Borman as they both bought shares in Home Depot, the name of the new company.

I'm beginning to believe when my ship comes in, I will be at the airport.

Another sales meeting, this time with Cooper, was to be in Newport Beach Calif. When I arrived at the Orange county airport, now John Wayne airport, there was only one counter and you walked from the plane to one baggage claim area. That gives you an idea how long that's been. When I checked in to the hotel across from the airport, I thought I was in heaven as the Orange county Jaycettes, wives of Jaycee members, were having their convention without their husbands and only a few men among hundreds of horny California women were at the hotel. Bert was married and his high morals would not let him wander, conversely, I was single and had low morals if any at all. After checking in, I went to the bar, where else, and before I could finish my drink, had a good looking blonde California woman rubbing my leg asking to go to my room. This went on for three days and nights, so my mind was not on company business and felt like crap, due to the late hours and drinking but felt pretty good from the waist down.

While at company headquarters, fell in love with another secretary and you would think the last episode in Redding cured me from dipping my pen in company ink but she was the most beautiful redhead I had ever seen. Most redheads in the south are not very attractive and some look as a direct result of inbreeding. This California redhead not only looked good but liked southern men or as I found out later any man. The problem with us getting together was the fact she was the president of Coopers' secretary and mistress. That did not bother me but she said he was seeing her every night and there was no way she could get away and meet me at the hotel. I was heartbroken but managed to survive by being with the Orange County Jaycettes at the hotel but kept her in mind for future activities.

In approx. 6 months we had another meeting in Irvine which would give me the opportunity to see my redhead again. Her name was Laurel but her status had not changed. She was still the mistress of the company president. It was several years later, she moved to Salt Lake City and called me to come stay with her for a week. Since it was ski season I was able to drop her off at work and use her car to go to the slopes for the day. What a well deserved vacation, skiing during the day and unbridled sex at night. The next summer I invited her to Atlanta and travel to Panama City

beach. I've been to beaches all over the world and anyone who has been to P.C. beach will attest that it is the most beautiful beach in the world. Even Bobnoxious said the same thing when I talked him into a visit. While in Salt Lake I was on my best behavior because I was in her element but once she arrived at P.C. I was in my element and acted accordingly. Hell! I already had sex with her and even for a couple of nights on the beach so I was ready to move on to other conquest or to drinking or a combination. After two days and nights she said I was one of three most obnoxious men she had ever dated. On the third night she stated, in front of everyone, I was indeed the most repulsive and obnoxious man she had ever met, much less dated. Everyone applauded and asked her why it took her three days to find that out. I don't remember how she got to the airport but I've digressed long enough, let me continue with the company meeting in Newport Beach Calif which were several years before.

I believe, without a doubt, companies have meetings to determine when the next meeting is going to be or it could be that its makes them look busy and important. As before, it didn't make any difference to me as I was at the same hotel on an expense account but there were no Jaycettes or very many women except for the hookers in the bar or Orange County divorcees. This time I was fortunate to meet the Navy Blue Angels. They were going to perform at El Toro base which was only a few miles from the hotel. I introduced myself and told the commander I was from Marietta Georgia. He asked me to sit down and he would buy me a drink since he could not and that I was from Marietta. He stated all the pilots in the Navy wanted to land at NAS Marietta. I asked if it was the length of the airfield, the altitude or the nice navy personnel. They all laughed and said that east to west landing approach passed overhead a strip club swimming pool where the strippers had no clothes on and the strippers would shake their boobs at the pilots. They were a great group of guys but didn't drink nor talk to women as it would give the wrong impression therefore I didn't stay around them very much but one of the pilots, Chip Perrault, gave me his card to admit me to the base if I wanted to see the show from the grandstand with the V.I.P.s. If you have read my chapter on my illustrious military career, then you can guess I didn't want to get close to any military brass. A few years later, Don (Sky King) Watkins wanted to see the Blue Angels at Dobbins Air Force base in Marietta, Georgia. I went with Don and his wife Elaine but was stopped at the gate by a Navy guard who told us we would have to take a bus into the viewing area. Don stated he was in Nam, a carrier navy pilot, a movie made about him as a navy carrier pilot and was accepted for astronaut training. The M.P. listened but would not budge.

Just as Watkins started to leave, I reached in my wallet and got Chip Perrault business card which the Blue Angel had given me in California. When the Navy M.P. saw my card he snapped to attention and asked me if I would like an escort to the viewing stand. I declined as I thought I had pushed my luck far enough and besides Don was pissed that his drunken bar friend and single whore hound had a card from the Blue Angels that would admit me, of all people, on to the base.

With new company management, quotas were being established and pressure was put on all salesmen to prove to the big boys Biotronics was a small company worth saving. A competitor introduced a new product that was better in every way therefore I knew it was only a matter of time before I was fired or Biotronics folded. Mike McDonough was the national sales manager and thought a visit to me would boost my meager sales. I could not pull the all night drinkathon as I did with Bobnoxious since Mike did not drink and was a devout Catholic as well as being happily married to Fran. In the apartment complex, was a good looking buxom blonde Catholic girl by the name of Loretta. She may have been Catholic but she was the opposite of devout as she drank almost all the time and I as well as a few others had sex with her on many occasions. When Mike came in for a sales visit, I mentioned we should go out the first night and talk which was the furthest thing I wanted to do. Mike did not mind when I asked Loretta to go with us but what Mike did not know is I told Loretta that Mike was very wealthy and was paying all expenses for several women because he was a devout Catholic and would not leave his wife. You could see Loretta eyes dilate and a little froth ooze out from the mouth. My trap was set. Using the company car I picked up Loretta, then Mike and throughout the night Loretta was all over him. After the meal, a few drinks and one or two dances Mike was sweating and shaking. I encouraged Mike to go with Loretta as I would not tell but thought to myself I would only hold this over his head to ensure my job security and whatever else I could think of. At one point, I felt sorry for Mike as she did every sensual touching you could imagine and I don't know how he stopped himself. I was about to leap across the table and have her, no matter the consequences. However Mike was a true Catholic and to this day I'm sure Mike never had an affair. Therefore my job was in jeopardy. Mike placed me on probation for six months but I think the annual sales meeting in Chicago did me in. Cliff, the Marine Major who had lived in the Valley along with Kent laughter, had moved to Chicago after exceeding his sales quota for the year. The first rule of sales; never to exceed your sales quota at least not more than 10%. Cliff had done the unpardonable and exceeded by 200% and his reward

was to be transferred to Chicago. Whatever raise he was promised was now worthless, considered the high cost of living outside of the south. My mistake or downfall was to call Cliff while I was in Chicago. Claudia, Cliff's wife, drove him to a bus which carried him to a train station which carried him to the elevated train to downtown Chicago. How is that for living in Chicago and commuting. Maybe he drank on the train but after a few drinks he was knee walking drunk and obnoxious as any retired Marine can be. Another mistake in a long series of mistakes that night was to introduce Cliff to the upper management of Cooper in a poker game. After losing every hand but continuing to drink, Cliff threw the poker table out of the hotel window and threaten to beat everyone's ass. That is when my bosses threw both of us out and told me to meet them in the morning for a conference which I knew what that meant. I went to my room but had lost Cliff on purpose or so I thought. An hour later Cliff brings a hooker to my room and tries to bargain with her as my roommate and I look on. She wants to be with anyone but an ex drunk marine and offered a cut rate price if would just get her out of there. Cliff would not let her go as he was in love and had paid so we had to watch while he vainly tried to perform. Cliff was so proud of his new found love he proceeded to knock on all the doors ,most of which were inhabited by the company management. Thirty years have passed and my last picture of Cliff was being lead out of the hotel by security with a hooker, his new love ,by his side.

The next morning at the convention booth, Mike pulled me aside and stated it was all over and to turn in the company car when I got back to Atlanta. I pleaded with Mike that my sales were bad but so was everyone else due to the competitor's better product. I promised not to drink the night before a convention ever again and other promises which I thought would keep my job. Mike said the ordering of wine at breakfast at our first sales meeting was forgiven, the time he pulled the irate husband off the boat and saved my ass was understandable, trying to get him to commit infidelity and blackmail him was the sign of a desperate salesman, screwing the president of the company's mistress was certainly excusable, and bringing Cliff to the poker game where he threaten to beat all the company executive ass was not my fault but Mike could not forgive me in allowing Cliff to bring a hooker in the same room where our virgin farm boy salesman from Kansas, Mike Anderson ,had to watch and be offended. Years later at a convention, while I was looking for a job ,I saw Mike Anderson and related the story. Mike would have come to my defense as he enjoyed the show and wish he could have participated but of course now it did not make any

difference as I was out pounding the pavement looking for another cushy job like I had at Biotronics which would never come to pass.



## Chapter 12. Bob Noxious

**B**ob Christianson is one of two people who have influenced my life. Listening to him gave me an insight on how business economics works. One of my favorite quotes was “Dr. Body, if you were in a bread line, you would be asking for French toast.” Another, which applies to life as well as business, you have to be in the right place at the right time. Workers who move up, don’t stay with the same company and become stagnant. Companies look at the bottom line and really don’t care if you stay or not only what is good for them. Today’s economy bears that out. America’s work force for generations believed if you went to work and put in a honest day of work you would be rewarded with job security and your children could share in the American dream. In the movie “Wall Street” Geiko said it best. Companies run on greed. I have mentioned John Kissick, a.k.a. Brown Baron who worked for Michael Milken who started it all, by issuing penny stocks and buying companies on margin of future profits. Jack Walsh of General Electric would buy a profitable company just to make the balance sheet or bottom line look good due to the infusion of cash into a sinking G.E. He developed off shore or foreign manufacturing where the workforce is so much cheaper than the American worker. No need to go any further than the current unemployment and the imbalance of trade to see where greed and the American executives took the American worker.

Bob had worked in the medical field for several years and saw an opportunity when he interviewed to become president of Biotronics. When he came to see me, I was sure to tell him that no one else interviewed for a company on the way down and being president was only one minor step above me but with more responsibilities. The remainder of the time, he started looking among other medical companies and after two years was able to move on to Burton Lighting Company which was run by a rich Swede and who never came to the states.

Bob looked forward to coming to see me on so called company business so we could drink and chase women. It also gave him a chance to get out of the office and away from his wife. Bob, like most Californians believe the world centers around Calif. New clothes, ideas, money, education or everything originates in Calif and there is no money anywhere else in the U.S. like Calif. One of my trips to Bob, in the lobby of the Universal Sheraton, I made sure all within hearing that Ted Turner from Atlanta,

owned three major film studios and Coca Cola owned another thus making Southerners owning and running Hollywood. Of course that did not last long but the point was that the South had money but didn't like to flaunt it.

For what ever reason, I decided to see Bob after a trip to Vegas provided I could stay at his house, having spent all my money in Vegas, but that is another story. After arriving at his house in Northridge I made a dash for the pool. It felt like 105 degrees but Bob said it was always hotter in the valley to which I replied, "Then why in the hell do you live in the valley?" His wife was going to avoid me or us at all cost but his daughters were not so fortunate. Californians like to say it is a dry heat, not like the south where it is so humid and I have to say when it's hot it's hot no matter where you are but in California it's also very dry which made me constantly thirsty. I made the best of the situation by drinking Vodka in the pool, flirting with his ten year old twin daughters and insisting to Bob that we should go to an air condition bar. Bob was too cheap to turn on the a/c except at night as he said it would cost a thousand a month in a utility bill. I kept babbling about wanting to go to Hollywood and see a movie star which Bob finally relented just to get me away from his wife and daughters. After having many drinks in many bars looking for stars we found a large crowd with plenty of women and a movie star on little Santa Monica Blvd . While Bob was picking up two women, I went over to James McArthur. I slurred out the words, "Book um Dan o." As he moved backwards, I moved forward, shouting, "Your mother is queen of the American stage and played Peter Pan on Broadway for many years." He hesitated, at my theater knowledge. Just long enough for me to keep advancing and spill my drink on him which I claim was his fault for stopping short. I remember to this day what a famous movie/TV star said to me. "I will buy you a drink if you will go away." Ah. Life in Hollywood is good. With my free drink I went to the table to listen to Bob charm these two women but when he said he lived in the Valley they got up and said they do not talk to men from the Valley. After hearing that, I knew from henceforth any time I was in Hollywood never to say I was from the Valley but had a house in Bell Aire or some other bull shit place. When I awoke the next afternoon in Bob's basement he said it was time for me to leave and would drive me to the airport. Being a southern gentleman, I knew I had to leave a gift for the wife of my host but Bob didn't give me a chance to shop and I was pissed off for having to leave. While in Vegas I bought two sexually explicit male & female chocolate dolls, so I put them in a sexual position on her pillow. What I didn't count on was the daughters found the physical correct chocolate dolls and were playing with them when she arrived home from work. Bob was divorced within three months.

Presently she has three acres on the ocean in Santa Barbara and worth many millions and every time Bob goes to see her and the daughters I tell him she would be no where if it were not for me. While married to Bob she was working for Steven Cannell, a TV producer but after the divorce she went to work for Disney for whatever reason. Disney could not afford to pay her total contract salary and would give her shares of Disney stock instead. After several years and several hundred thousand shares later, Michael Eisner took over Disney and turned the studio and the shares on an upward climb which, I think is still climbing to this day. As I see it she got rid of Bob and became rich thanks to me. At least that is the way I see it.

As mentioned, Bob was not going to stay on a sinking ship, Biotronics, and went to work for Burton Lighting co. for a good salary and open expense account, which is where I fit in. I was interviewing for any kind of a job so Bob would fly me out to interview for a job with his company. After several visits and drunken nights, the company accountant wanted to know why Bob was still interviewing me to which Bob replied, "We need to be through."

On one occasion, we were in Newport Beach going to all the bars including the exclusive Newport Beach Yacht Club where the guard asks me who was I guest of and I quickly replied."Joseph Wambaugh". Bob looked at me and asked how I knew the rich and famous writer. As I ordered a refill, I told Bob I didn't know Joseph Wambaugh but had just finished reading his book "The Choirboys" and only by coincidence was he living there. Since there were few women under fifty we left and went to Lido Island where a Delta stewardess was living with four other girls to pay for a house on one of the most expensive places to live in California. Bob drove for an hour on a 10 acre island and the only way I could convince him we were on a island going in circles was to leave his briefcase on the curb and we would see it again in a few minutes. Riding with Bob was always an experience.

Bobnoxious was at a medical convention in San Francisco and I went to see him and distribute my resume. After a hard day of walking the aisle, looking for a job, I persuaded Bob to join me for a drink. We went to Colitoes by Union Square and sat at the bar but I noticed Bob was drinking heavily but he said it was just a rough day having to solicit distributors for his lighting company. By the time I finished a drink Bobnoxious was cussing out the bartender and anyone else within ear shout about how stuck up the residents of San Francisco were. People from Los Angeles were the chosen ones and were better looking and had more fun than the pseudo intellectuals' of this fishing village. The more I tried to convince where we

were, the louder he got. Not only was the bartender becoming pissed but the well dressed San Francisco natives at one of the best restaurants were also becoming pissed. I was gradually moving my bar stool away but finally went to the bathroom just to get away from the obnoxious drunk. When I returned, I looked but could not see Bobnoxious at the bar and the bartender was at the other end of the bar to get away from Bob much as I had done. When I sat at the bar stool, something tugged at my pants and as I looked down there was Bobnoxious on the floor between the two bar stools. I prompt him up and put his head on the bar as I eased out the door and decided to see Bobnoxious somewhere else in the future.

Bobnoxious couldn't get laid in a women's prison with a fistful of pardons. I had made it a life quest to go to all of the Harry's bars in the world. The original was in Venice Italy but one closer to home was in L.A. and flew out to see Bobnoxious and put another notch in my pursuit of Harry's bars. We parked in the basement of the Century City Hotel, to avoid paying the valet and went to Harry's bar where I started talking to a blonde and a brunette both which were very beautiful and loved my southern accent. I think they said they lived in Encino and would my friend and I like to join them at their house for a drink and whatever came to mind. To this day, I love California women because they are direct and you don't have to court them like southern women. Most southern women like to taken out to a restaurant several times before you even get a good night kiss and they have to know you ,whatever that means, before they will consider any kind of a relationship much less having sex. Whereas non-southern women will tell you they want you and that is it. No bull-shit.

In any case, two women wanted us to go home with them but as they begin to tell Bob how to get to their house he started to argue with them. Telling the girls they were going in a wrong direction and he should know as he has lived in L.A. all his life. I tried to calm Bob and let the girls tell us anything they wanted just as long as we could be with them but the more they or I talked the louder and more obnoxious he became hence the now famous name of Bobnoxious. Not only was I not getting laid but in his drunken argumentative state we got lost in the parking garage. Never a dull moment.

While at a convention with Bobnoxious in Dallas I managed to get us dates arranged by a friend of mine living in Dallas called "Killer." Since we did not know our way around Dallas, the girls met us at a very fancy restaurant on Greenville ave. While waiting on a table Bobnoxious ordered a round of drinks but before we could start talking he began to bitch because the drink

prices were so high. As I was calming him down he motioned for me to step away from the bar and the girls and to look at his date sitting on the bar stool. I have to admit she was full figured, well bodied, and healthy as you could not see the bar stool for her fat ass. Mine was ready to order another ten dollar drink when I ushered everyone into the dining room. As we looked at the prices, I mentioned I had to go to the bathroom and as I proceeded out the door without anyone seeing me I felt a tap on my shoulder and Bobnoxious was walking beside me. I would have loved to stick him with one gold digger and one fat ass along with the bill but I had underestimated his thinking like me. We got in the car laughing as we left the girls at the table.

During this time I was dating a girl name Sam which was the other influence in my life. Bob had taught me about business and Sam taught me about carefree sex and a casual attitude about life in general. Most men are jealous or possessive and Sam taught me to overcome that by having sex with other men or introducing me to one of her girlfriends. Having sex with one of her girlfriends was great and sometimes Sam would watch but the only problem was, Sam would take the girl also and then make me watch. This would be perfect for Bob but Sam wanted Bob to date a friend of hers and we would leave the two of them alone. His next trip to Hotlanta, the four of us went to a very expensive restaurant on Bob's tab. While Bob was trying to impress Angie with his suave California ways Sam and I were playing drop the hanky. She would drop her hanky or napkin and I would stick my head under the table on the pretext of getting the napkin but rather stick my head between her legs. There was a full bottle of scotch on the table I stole from the waiter and got a mouthful to spray between Sam's legs. "Why are you spitting scotch on my crotch?" She ask and I answered, "I want a drink with my desert." Bob was so engrossed with Angie he didn't notice what was going on but did sit up and take notice when I dropped my napkin and Sam put her face in my crotch. She put the table cloth over her head and unzipped my pants. Trying to remain calm, I continued to talk to Bob as my hands grabbed the edges of the table and my speech was in deep breaths. I was able to yell out, "Get the check, we have to leave." Sam had tunnel vision or when she started something she would accomplish the task no matter the obstacle, so Sam preceded her task of pleasuring me as I attempted the drive home. I believe one of her many pleasures was to make me squirm or try to embarrass me or put me in an awkward situation. I guess her philosophy would be, "If it feels good, then do it." In any case, all were happy and the only thing that suffered was Bob's expense account. Because of Sam's casual attitude about sex, which was highly unusual for a

southern woman, I began to fall in love with her. I thought a trip to Vegas would be the ideal love nest. There should be a book written about that trip but one incidence stands out. I was playing Baccarat at the Tropicana and had given her money to gamble with. I was on a hot streak and the trip was about to be paid for with my winnings when she returned and said she was bored. When Sam was bored she wanted to do something sexual and right then, not a minute later. She sat next to me and started playing with my dick and was about to go down on me in front of everyone at the table before I could take her to a stairwell. An elevator was too crowded and we could not get to a room fast enough so the stairwell was close and convenient even though a bit uncomfortable. On the redeye from Vegas back to Hotlanta, I joined the mile high club. I did not ask Sam if she was a member as I don't think I wanted to know. As I drove home after one hell of a weekend in Vegas, Sam got another urge and begged me to pull over. "Damn Sam" I answered, "It was only a few hours ago in the air we had sex." "Precisely!" She answered, "a few hours ago." I quickly made an exit onto Stewart ave. and tried to find a secluded spot very fast. I was in luck, saw a large empty parking lot behind some warehouse loading dock and we proceeded to go at it like horny drunken monkeys. Just as we were finishing up a time stopping experience, I looked up from the back seat to see on the loading dock about twenty men with their mouths and eyes wide open. Nothing interrupted Sam and I mean nothing, so she took her time while the men glared and then as if nothing happened we casually left.

Years later, I was dating a knock down, drop dead ,beautiful Italian Delta flight attendant called K.C. Her real name was Kasey Canopoli and had transferred from Miami to Atlanta. After I sent Bobnoxious a picture, he said he was on the next flight and the three of us would go out on his expense account. He could drool all over her as far as I was concerned as long as I had an open bar tab. Driving Bobnoxious to the Marriott from Buckhead was a comedy as he was trying to get her to show her 38 c breast. Once in the hotel room, I pretended to pass out on the other bed while Bob tried to get K.C. to undress . She had no reservation about showing Bob any and everything or having sex with him but wanted to be quiet so as not to wake me. Each time Bob made a move or tried to convince K.C. to do something, I would let out a groan or mutter sleepily, "I love you K.C." or "K.C., I trust you, will you marry me." Bob thinking I was passed out and babbling, K.C. thinking I was dreaming about her, interrupted their love making as I was trying to smother a laugh with the pillow.

To make amends to Bob, the next night I got him a date that kept him for two days and nights at her house. On the way to the airport he could not have been more appreciative but as I told him, everyone wanted to have sex with the girl he had been with but wanted to wait a few weeks to see if you had contracted any disease before they would try her.

Another time we were in Miami, or Coconut Grove at the Mayflower hotel when I noticed at the bar Gene Barry whom I had met at Sardi's in New York, E.G. Marshall and Victor Jory. None of these names mean anything to anyone less than 60 yrs of age. I Went to Victor Jory much as I had done to James McArthur in L.A. and said. "Sir, you played the part of the carpetbagger in Gone With The Wind in 1939." Any true southerner knows that movie and all its characters by heart. All three were at the Coconut Grove Playhouse and invited Bob and I backstage but first I had to buy them a drink, on Bob's expense account. Neither Bob nor I wanted to see a play but rather try to pick up the good looking young girl at the bar. My method of picking up girls to have my way with them was to get them drunk which I preceded to do with this beauty. Of course the fallacy with this method, I generally wound up getting drunk and not caring or not performing none of which made any difference as long as I was having a good time. It didn't surprise me when she said she would come to our room but did surprise me after entering ,when she asked for \$500. I told her she didn't have to pay me that much and I would do her for \$200. Bob pulled on my coat and said we had to pay her whereby I exclaimed that I had never paid for sex as least as much as I could remember. Bob sat on the edge of the bed while I negotiated with a hooker which was beginning to diminish all the love I had for this girl. I had been mad at Bobnoxious before but this time I was livid as he leered at the two of us as I tried to get my monies worth. From that night on my phrase to Bobnoxious is "No Leering"

These stories could go on but all are the same. Get drunk on Bob's expense account, find women and buy them drinks but generally wind up getting the two of us obnoxiously drunk and going home alone.

Bob flew me out for another interview with his company and to drink and chase women while there . What Bob did not count on was the owner of his company; the Swede was going to pay a surprise visit while I was there. Bob had not doctored the books nor had a place for me to hide since I was the only non-Mexican in the company. As he got the correct books out, he had his secretary drive me to the 49th air squadron restaurant and bar. She gave the bartender the company credit card and told the bartender to give me anything I wanted for three hours . The Suede, Mr. Kruills and his

mistress wanted Bob to take them to the airport but Bob knew better than to leave me with his credit card so I went along for the ride. Kruills and I rode in the back while his mistress tried to put the make on Bob while he was driving. He asked me who was I and what was I doing and I replied I was looking for employment and wanted to make his company my career. I have a gift of being able to talk to millionaires or as I call it, the Bill Clinton speech. The ability to tell anyone what they want to hear, no matter how outlandish. Several weeks later Bob calls, laughing his ass off. Kruills had written his North American National Sales Manager which was three levels above Bob and Kruills had requested they hire me. As with all corporations, the request had worked its way down to Bob whereby Bob said I was too qualified for a position at Burton. He had really pissed me off. Bobnoxious knew I needed a job, any job and this would have been perfect. He was looking after his own ass instead of helping the only friend he had.

I let our relationship chill for a few years after that episode and when I finally went to L.A. to see him he was in love with the “Dog Lady of the Valley” That is what I called her since she loved animals and helped stray dogs in the valley as well as not liking me. She thought I was a bad influence on her precious and Bob knew I had too many stories on him. As we drove to Santa Anita racetrack I would hum along my A.B.C.s or as I hummed A.B.K.C. “God, What a dumb redneck. He doesn’t even know his ABCs.” Bob pleaded with Julie to leave me alone. Julie wanted to go to the paddock as her boss had a horse in the race and she was hoping to get a glimpse of her boss perhaps for a future brownnose. Out walked, Cigar, the fastest horse of all time, the winner of every major American race and the Dubai race, the richest in the world. The crowd gasped and moved closer with Julie leading the pack. As Bob stood and wondered where we would have our next drink; lo and behold out walked the owner of Cigar and the owner of Gulfstream Aircraft, Allen Paulson. “Sky King” I yelled. Only Double D and I had ever called him that and you have to go back to the days of Peachtree Towne to remember the story. Pushing Julie aside, I yelled again “Sky King” and Allen yelled back “Dr. Body.” Not only was the crowd, Bob and Julie in shock but so was I. Madeline, Allen’s wife came over and said to meet them later at the owner’s box. I could see Julie trying to ease forward to tell Allen or Madeline she worked for Gulfstream in Long Beach and she was a valuable employee or whatever brown nose bull shit which would get her a raise. I felt Julie put her arm around me trying to show Allen and Madeline she was a very good friend of Dr. Body. With Julie trying to become my second skin and certainly within hearing I leaned over and told Madeline we could not attend as Julie had a beauty appointment

later that day and I was riding with them but I would call Allen the next time I was in Savannah. The look in Julie's eye went from envy to disappointment to complete rage. That is when Julie and I became enemies and the last time I would be welcome at their house or should I say Bob's house which she had just moved in. If Bobnoxious didn't know, he now knew I get even. I will be your friend and try to be a friend of your friends but when they or you piss me off, then watch out for my vengeance. I have never been one to forgive and forget.



## Chapter 13. The ACC

**N**O! Not the Atlantic Coast Conference but the Atlanta Country Club.

Jim Clay had a Ford car dealership and was quite wealthy even by New York standards and founded the ACC. Remember Goat Man; his uncle was Jim Clay, hence the reason I was invited to some of Jim's parties. Two outstanding features of Jim, beside his wealth, were the famous celebrities he knew and his quest for alcohol. His wife & friends tried to hide the booze but Jim was always one step ahead. One of his neighbors saw Jim sucking on the garden hose one afternoon and discovered Jim had hidden booze in the hose and was taking a mid-afternoon cocktail. Jim had hidden many bottles in the attic and one night just as his wife, at the other end of the house, was preparing for bed Jim decided to have a nightcap. He could not remember where he had hidden the bottles so he proceeded to cover the entire length of the attic. Just as he took a big drink, after discovering one of the bottles, he fell through the ceiling and into his wife's bathroom. His wife started screaming but Jim just looked up from the floor and stated "Good God, I have not seen you naked in twenty years."

While I was with Goat Man & Jim during one of his parties, Jim grabbed the phone and said, "We need someone who can sing & liven up this party." as he proceeded to call Frank Sinatra. The weird thing was that Frank talked to Jim for about twenty minutes. Jim started the Atlanta Golf Classic and the Wednesday Pro-Am was a huge success for members and charity as Jim would have Hollywood turn out for the event, even though most never saw the course. They would all go to Jim's house on the eighteen fairway and make fun of those playing. Dean Martin and I became friends and would swap stories about Chasen's restaurant in Hollywood and about the time I was in Jamaica & saw the rat pack descend on Montego Bay. I also mentioned my visit at the International Club in Ft. Lauderdale and meeting Jackie Gleason, Joe Namath and Johnny Carson. Dean forgot I was Dr. H. Body and not some hayseed from the backwoods of Georgia. There were a number of stories we swapped but the one thing that stood out about Dean Martin was his jet black dyed hair. Someone put a golf cap on Dean and when he put it down on the table the inside was black and looked like shoe polish.

Jim asked me to take Evil Knievel in a cart around the course during the pro-am so the fans & members could see him. As Evil jumped into the cart, he had a huge garbage bag with him and thought maybe Jim had asked him to take out the garbage. As we went to each hole Evil would reach into his bag and pull out handfuls of dollar bills which he threw into the crowd. Now that is how you can draw a crowd.

Don Watkins a.k.a. Sky King had saved his Navy & Nam money and was able to purchase a house in the country club estates which gave me an excellent place to pass out. However he was becoming domesticated by being married and trying to have a baby. The only thing lacking in his master plan was a white picket fence. An older couple which had gone through the baby making and now was ready to party was Helan & Dick Irwin. They had a beautiful 8 bedroom home with three acres near the club and entertained all the time. During the annual PGA golf tournament, the members & players would have a dinner & dance and on many occasion when the band quite playing, Helan would invite all to her house for the party to continue. Many a time I slept on her oversize sofa. During one of these parties I was fortunate to have a date that had been with me all day during the tournament & later in the club house and now at Helen's house. Needless to say she was plastered & drunk as a goat; why else would she be with me all those hours. In appreciation, I took her swimming au natural and with dexterity I never knew I had, was able have sex while holding onto the pool step ladder. The next morning, while watching the tournament on #16 Helan approached me and said I owed her \$100 for having to call the pool maintenance boy who had to skim the pool.

Dick was always looking for a deal as a developer and had his nose stuck up Curtis Hick's ass most of the time waiting on Curtis to finance him on some deal. While in the club house, drinking with Dick, Curtis & many members, one of ACC finest said I led a charmed life as I had just had sex with one of the waitresses of the club in Watkins hot tub and most of the married members were jealous because they could not have her. I replied "Tough shit, that is what you get for being married." They all looked at me wanting to kill me for what I did and they could not do. Whereby Curtis said that no one would kill me; because if you are in prison and a fellow prisoner ask what horrible crime did you commit, to wind up in prison and you say "Well, I killed Hot Body." How embarrassing & belittling that would be for any self-respecting criminal. Most of all, what jury would convict anyone for killing Hot Body. Curtis loved telling that story.

I got even with Curtis by having sex with his wife. Sort of; let me explain. I met Lynn at Flamingo Joe's, and she was drunk but able to dance, flirt and coherent enough to invite me to her house which was only a few blocks away. Lynn was a beautiful blonde with a figure to match so I could only assume she was drunk if she was asking me to go home with her. Not only that night but many more nights we spent together until Curtis spotted us at the Atlanta Country Club. Curtis could not understand how someone that beautiful could be with someone like me and he proceeded to flirt with her and take her out. Curtis was the richest person at ACC and able to sweep someone off their feet was easy much less taking someone from me. I think Lynn was his fourth wife but she was always nice to me and invited me to go with the two of them on many occasion, much to Curtis chagrin. I suspected Lynn thought I would tell Curtis about us but a gentleman never tells. One night, after several months of marriage, Lynn took me aside at Flamingo Joe's and asked me not to tell Curtis anything and she apologized for being drunk that night and not knowing what she was doing. If you think about it, that is some kind of insult. She was so drunk she didn't know what she was doing. I looked into those beautiful blue eyes and told her she didn't have a thing to worry about as her secret was between us. What the Hell! I have been insulted far worse than that and besides got a piece of ass out of the situation plus I had something to hold over her head as well could piss off Curtis anytime I wanted. Of course, under the threat of not wanting to live another day.

A hanger-on or leach as I called him was Ed Joyner who was always asking Curtis or Dick to finance him on some venture. He somewhat professed to be some sort of golf pro hence the reason Curtis would put up with him. One of his ventures was to open a dinner theater downtown in the merchandise mart which he did but was only open for three months. He had scammed money out of people and took off for the Caribbean not to be heard from again. Years later Ted Dame, Joe Davis and I went to the island of Antigua and a side trip to the island of Barbuda. While at a beachside restaurant I asked the owner if he had heard of Bob Joyner as I thought he was at one of the islands nearby. The owner appeared shocked and disappeared, only to return a few minutes later with the island police. They informed us that Joyner came to the island with pocketfuls of money and proceeded to bring in guns and hired thugs to overthrow the legitimate government. They were looking for him as well as Interpol and anyone associated with him would be interrogated. Ted and Joe said that was the last trip they would go with me on. Some months later the law caught Joyner and his story was so bizarre 60 minutes television show did a thirty

minute piece on this impersonator, con artist , flim flam man and person I had known.

During the 60's & 70's the PGA tour players were a lot of fun and joked and talked to the crowd, not like today where most are robots. During one tourney, I asked Tom Weischoff over drinks in the clubhouse if he would like to go to a party at Riverbend apartments that night. He said he was leading the tourney and he would rest for Sunday but after several more drinks and mentioning Riverbend parties which generally had 7-1 odds of woman he was becoming interested. I was at the party with R.B. when we spotted Tom Weischoff in the crowd but no one knew who he was. I introduced several sleazy, drunk girls I knew to Tom as I knew I didn't have a chance with them. Mainly because they knew me and would not spend any money on them. He must have had a great time because the next day, Sunday, Tom was leading by six strokes on Saturday and by mid-afternoon on Sunday he was back by four strokes.

Atlanta's night life and its southern belles can be very alluring. Ask any married Yankee who was transferred and subsequently divorced within a year or less.

Rankin Smith was a member of ACC but rarely left the club house but his V.P. Frank Wall would not only match Rankin drinking but would accompany me as far as the eighteenth hole. Frank had married Jean Tye, whom I had dated several years previously and for Frank was indeed a great catch. Doris Orr also attended but never left the clubhouse both because Bill Marriott was friends of several members and she was dating Bill and could care less about golf.

One of A.C.C. members, whom I will call B.B. had a house overlooking the 8th green and would have Golf Classic parties during the tournament. Most of the players would stop by and Davis Love only lived a few houses away so he would honor us with his presence. No matter what time of the year all the locals went to the most popular bar in the area called Flamingo Joe's. It had what every bar should have. Good drinks, fairly decent food, a huge dance floor and a DJ playing oldie records that everyone remembered in high school which for most of the attendees, was many years ago. One particular night BB asked me to drive him home but I had to refuse as I could barely find the car much less drive around the maze of roads of the Atlanta Country Club. During a very brief fleeing moment BB had a touch of brilliance or sobriety. BB went inside got another drink and called Domino's pizza next door. When the delivery boy was ready to deliver the pizza to

BB's house, BB got in the delivery boy's car and was taken home along with the pizza he had ordered. Cheaper than a cab and he had something to eat when he arrived home.

Another member was Clyde Hanson who is the brother of the two blonde beauties who took me to the Jockey Club in Miami when I lived in Ft. Lauderdale. Clyde had married several times but his current wife is Sabrina & somehow they were invited to Melody and Don Johnson house in Aspen during one of their ski trips. Don and Clyde as well as Sabrina and Melody got along great together but when Melody asked everyone to pose for a picture, Maury Povich and his wife Connie Chung squeezed their way into the group and posed. Maury leaned over to Sabrina and said "When I pose with people for a picture I normally get paid by the people I'm standing next to." Sabrina looked squarely in Maury's eye and said loud enough for all to hear. "Well! Get the fuck out of the picture."

This was a great time for me since all the gold digging women of ATL wanted to go to the golf classic to meet the rich club members & PGA tour golfers and I had club house badges. John Daly was the poster golfer of a girls dream as he along with many golfers had met their wives at a tour event. One of my dates was very good looking but she kept trying to be introduced to anyone with more than a hundred dollars in their savings account. After being with her for two days, drinking and walking the course along with unbridled sex she was ready to call it quits. The next week I called, in anticipation of us rekindling the romance, and in order to see her again I said she had left her umbrella in my car and I would come over to deliver it. Without a moment's hesitation, she replied "Keep the umbrella."

I would always get a clubhouse badge for my mother who looked forward to coming to town for the tournament even if she had to be with me. She not only was a typical southern gentile woman but also a great golfer and had won several trophies. I planted her on the front porch of the clubhouse with several drinks while I pursued any women that were on the course including the players' wives. I started talking and trying to pick up this beautiful woman on the 17th fairway when Bobby Nichols started to tee up his ball. She grabbed my hand and asks for me to be quite for a moment so she could see this tee shot. The golf ball came down the fairway at a hundred miles an hour and missed my nose by inches. She looked at my startled face and said "I guess my husband, Bobby Nichols, misunderstood when I grabbed your hand." Now at a tournament I observe if a good looking woman follows a player for several holes then it's best to leave her along.

Stay near the clubhouse and try to pick up the drunk girls at the end of the day.

I was so happy to see one of the girls I had dated named Faye that I took her to the clubhouse, forgetting my mother was on the porch. Faye had the shortest small tight hip hugging shorts on you could imagine showing off her beautiful coconut cracking thighs elevated by spiked heels and carrying a glass of champagne. By that outfit, you knew she had not seen the golf course or have been anywhere there was grass. Seeing me approaching the clubhouse, my mother had no choice but to say hello to the lovelies and asked where they had met her son. I'm sure she thought some whorehouse or worse. Being a gracious southern woman she did not say anything but mothers have a way to make you ashamed without doing anything, I guess that is what makes them mothers.

A couple of years later I made up for the indiscretion by introducing her to Arnold Palmer. As mentioned, in those days, the PGA golfers were cordial and friendly and would take the time to talk to you as well as go into the clubhouse for a drink. The men's locker room was next to the bar so I causally walked in and saw Arnold Palmer changing. I mentioned the time Ashford Smith and I saw him at Harbor Town in Hilton Head after the Heritage golf tournament. Arnie asked me how Ashford was doing but I had to ask how did he know Ashford since Ash was a well know drunk and near do well. Arnie said Ash was best friends of one of his classmates at Wake Forest and met Ash many years ago. I asked Arnie if he had no plans would he graciously join me for a drink. Much to my amazement, he said yes. I mentioned I had my mother with me but I also had my girlfriend Lollie taking care of my mother while I roamed the course looking for more women. My mother had followed Arnold Palmer for several holes and while in the bar she asked Lollie if any of the players were in the bar most of all Arnie. She told Lollie she thought Arnie was a God. About that time I walked out of the locker room with Arnold Palmer and Lollie looked at my mother and said "Well here comes your son with God." Arnie joined us in our booth but before my mother could talk to him and Lollie could flirt with him, the gold diggers, penny millionaire members and every waitress was at our booth. My mother did invite Arnie to go quail hunting on the farm in South Georgia and then Arnie started talking about his favorite quail hunting dog named Judge. Arnold Palmer is the most gracious, courteous, friendly, kind gentleman I think I have ever met either on the golf course or off.

The next year Arnie was in contention to win the Atlanta Golf Classic an as he approached the 18th green he needed to make a 20 foot putt. Miss

Atlanta was in the crowd with her gown and crown and yelled as Arnie approached the putt. "Make this putt and you can have me." The crowd roared and as he proceeded to make the 20 foot putt the crowd went wild, cheering and clapping and wondering what Arnie would do with Miss Atlanta. Arnold Palmer just walked into the scourers tent as a gentleman would. However as the crowd went home and I went to the clubhouse bar, there was Arnie with Miss Atlanta. Since I had met Arnold Palmer the previous year I asked him if I could join him. Here was the King of golf and a celebrity known throughout the world and me asking if I could join him was a good indication of big balls or in my case not caring who they were as the only thing they could say was no. But Arnie seemed grateful I had asked and only later I found out he was trying to pawn off Miss Atlanta to me. During our conversation I found out Arnie was an accomplished pilot and could fly a 747, the world's largest aircraft. He had also set some kind of land speed record in a private jet and been around the world in his own private jet. Miss Atlanta asks Arnie if she could go flying and perhaps join the mile high club. With that comment, I knew she and perhaps I had gone too far, so Arnie left and now the only time I can get near him is at his golf tournament called the Bayhill Invitational in Orlando.

There is a member of the ACC named Jim Choate and his wife Barbara was in charge of all the ladies who volunteered at the Atlanta Golf Classic. Jim had joined me in the clubhouse, more likely to droll over my date, and in walks Hal Irwin. I asked Hale to join us and since Hale and Jim looked alike, I would introduce Jim to autograph seekers as Hale and if they approached Hale I would say Hale was Jim and they should talk to Jim who was portraying Hale. It appears a bit confusing now but at the time with several drinks under my belt, it made good sense.

Another gracious player was Gary Player. I will never forget one afternoon I asked him for an autograph for my date but had forgotten my pen. Gary turned around and walked back to the clubhouse to get a pen and said that I should keep the pen in case I wanted any other player autographs. During that time one of my bar buddies was Norm King who became Gary's caddie and went around the world with Gary Player. I met Gary again on the opening of "The World Golf Hall of Fame as he was playing with Arnie & Jack. After the round, I mentioned to Gary that I had talked with Norm King a few days ago and Gary wanted to know what new adventures Norm had gotten into. A book could be written about Norm as he is one of Atlanta's' great characters.

I mentioned Liz Getz in the politics chapter as she and her girls were the escorts of many a Politician when the Ga. legislature was in session. Almost all the members of A.C.C. knew Liz and were glad to sponsor her annual golf tournament she called "The Great Motherfucker Open." Since the members knew Liz it was a far gone conclusion the golf tournament could not be held at the A.C.C. and thus was held at a public course in Buckhead. Two of the girls drove the golf carts full of booze naked but all the girls were naked. The naked girls would hold the pin as you putted and your fellow partners would do everything to distract you, which was real easy. You would get a drink for just hitting the ball and if you made a putt over six feet you got a blowjob from the girl holding the flag pin. The course was closed except A.C. C. members and those willing to donate a hundred bucks to a worthy cause. Everything went well for two years but on the third some flat shoed fat Yankee housewife saw a naked girl on the green and reported it to the police but since we had the deputy chief playing with us only a warning was issued. By the third year, word had spread and men from elementary school to retirees were hugging the fence trying to get a look. Deciding the club could get in trouble, the tournament was cancelled.

I believed I mentioned that I would have parties after the golf tournament and several players would attend along with many of my bar buddies, gold diggers and other near do wells . Curtis Hicks introduced me to Betty Lee Hadden who lived two houses down from the club and was getting a divorce. She had two weeks to get out of the house and mentioned to me to have the party at her house. Bring as many people as I could in order to destroy the house just to piss off her ex. Her next door neighbor was Gary Dixon of the famous Dixon Tom -e-toes and loved to party. I've got to interject Gary Dixon stories somewhere in this book as he was a classic.

Curtis was a mutual friend but also Niki Fain who had several acres of property near the club and was almost as wealthy as Curtis. Betty Lee asked Curtis to supply the booze and asked Niki to pay for a band and for me to supply the people. All I had to do was mention free booze or free anything and the bar flies would appear. That was the best Atlanta Golf Classic party and among the top five including the Super Eve parties which I had for 35 years. The all day and night party exceeded anyone's expectations and certainly pleased Betty Lee and pissed off her ex.

Several weeks later Curtis and his third or current wife Ann, took Betty Lee and I to Ft. Lauderdale or more precise, Harbour Island. Since I had lived in Ft. Lauderdale I took all to several bars, discos and restaurants that I had visited several years previously and Curtis took me around the very private

island off the 17th st causeway bridge. One of his neighbors was Evil Kneival and over a few cocktails listened to his many tails while I mentioned to him about the time at the Atlanta Golf Classic and him throwing money around. Curtis was beginning to appreciate my bull shit and I think beginning to warm up to me or as much as he was capable of. Betty Lee would match me drink for drink and with Curtis picking up the tab we were generally incoherent but having a great time.

Betty Lee enjoyed someone who could travel and most importantly to keep up with her in drinking therefore she invited me to the Kentucky Derby. She was from Louisville and introduced me to her childhood friends, one of which we stayed at her house during Derby week. For those that don't know, Louisville parties all week and the Derby race is only one of many that day and is just a fraction of what goes on. They have horse races at Keenanland in Lexington the week prior and races at Churchill Downs all week before the Derby race which is kind of anti-climactic. Of all the parties, and there are plenty, the Crème de Crème is the party given by Preston & Anita Madden. I think Preston is the wealthiest person in Kentucky because John Y. Brown who was married to Phyllis George, past Ms. America and owned Brown Distilleries along with Kentucky Fried Chicken and other ventures would always say sir to Preston. I learned Preston got his money in coal mining and a matching income of government subsidies plus having the city of Prestonburg named after him. He would let Anita spend as much money as she wanted on the party of the year which normally was around half a million dollars. I went to several parties through the years but the two most expensive was the Egyptian where she was carried in by 6 big black men wearing loin clothes. Some guest wore black tie but most were dressed in the Egyptian theme. There were several Hollywood celebrities but I made haste to talk to Howard Cosell and ask him about the time Rankin Smith threw his toupee into the football stands at the Falcon game. Howard denied it and then wanted to know who had invited me at about the same time Anita grabbed me and ask me to dance. That was the last I heard of Howard. The next day Betty Lee and her friends invited me to Millionaires Row or box seats at the Derby where I met the two invited Hollywood celebrities Esther Williams, the swimming medal holder and movie actress and not to be forgotten, Burl Ives, the actor as Big Daddy in the movie "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" starring Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor.

The next year's theme was a circus and I dressed as a clown and Betty Lee was a bearded lady, both of which were very appropriate. I particularly liked

the women dressed as trapeze artist with their tight outfits and showing their spa developed legs. All the parties were at their plantation and on this occasion a huge tent had been erected just like a circus with tigers, lions, and other animals some in cages and others just walking about. Anita made her grand entrance on an elephant. Since all food and booze were free, I really took advantage and subsequently got lost and missed my ride back to Louisville. Being able to adapt is my forte, so I slept on Anita's living room sofa and awoke to breakfast being served in the adjoining room. I sat next to and talked to a struggling actor who was mooching off his aunt, Rosemary Clooney. His father knew the past governor of Kentucky, Happy Chandler and I knew Jimmy Orr, the football great that played for the Colts in the Super Bowl against Joe Namath who also knew Happy Chandler. In a previous chapter I mentioned that Orr was the one that had played poker with Double D and John Hunt and Johnny Unitas into the wee hours of the morning of the Super Bowl. He was also the one waving his hands in the end zone to Unitas to have the ball thrown to him and win the Super Bowl and also the one that had won me a lot of money betting against the Colts. In any case, this young handsome actor was very personable and said if I was ever in L.A. to call him and he would show me the discos. The next year, when I was ready to go I learned he had gotten a part in a T.V. drama called E.R. and said we could perhaps meet at the Derby or at Anita's party. Needless to say I have not heard from George Clooney.

Many years later I was in Lake Como and stopped by his house but his maid said he was not at home or so I was led to believe. I related to the maid that I was a friend of Anita Madden as well as George and for him to call me in the town of Bellagio. I guess it's good that I did not wait by the phone. Probably the maid lost the note.

Trying to continue stories of golf, let me relate one last one or until I can think of another. In the chapter of politics I had mentioned Mark Taylor and one of the few politicians who would take the time to speak to me or at least when he needed my vote. Mark had organized a campaign golf tournament and at the last minute called me to fill out a foursome. I was playing with the big boys who had contributed at least five hundred a head to Mark's campaign and if it did not cost me anything, I would play with anybody. I was introduced to a stock broker, a construction millionaire and as I approached the cart to be introduced to my playing partner, I noticed his bag was engraved with the name of Tommy Barnes. He played in 15 U.S. Amateur championships beginning in 1936, shot 72 against Ben Hogan's 75 in an open tournament, played in the 1950 Masters, inducted into the Ga.

Sports Hall of Fame in 1989 and shot a 62 to beat Bobby Jones course record set at East Lake Country Club. Was a member of the 1948 East Lake foursome who played in the last round Bob Jones ever played. Now this golf great was going to be my partner in a game dictated by rules. I go out of my way to break any kind of rules so this was going to be fun or miserable, depending on how this golf great would treat me.

It was probably my most pleasurable golf experience ever. Tommy Barnes was like me, forget the rules and just have a good time. If your ball is in a bad lie, then move it a couple of inches so you can hit the ball rather than suffer. Talk and get to know your playing partner along with telling golf stories and which I always do, ask for advice. It was a pleasurable four hours which I will never forget as Tommy Barnes gave me advise and told his memorable golf stories. I'm not sure if Tommy was one of the founding figures of the Augusta National Golf club better known as the Masters but I do know Charlie Yates was. Charlie was amateur state champion and friends of Bobby Jones and has a course next to East Lake named after him. Tommy related that he was on the porch in a rocking chair of the clubhouse of the Augusta National next to Clifford Roberts, the founder, one hot summer day when Charlie Yates walked onto the porch getting ready to tee off. Because of the heat Charlie had shorts on which Clifford frowned upon and Clifford asked Charlie what he was going to do that day. Charlie Yates replied, "Thought I would play a few rounds today." Clifford Roberts, with a rather stern look replied "Where."

As mentioned, meeting and playing with Tommy Barnes was the most pleasurable golf experience I have ever had past and present. He, like Arnold Palmer, defined the gentlemen's game of golf. They and many golfers of that era would speak with the fans, socialize with them on their level, and always conduct themselves as gentlemen on and off the course. None had 25 million yachts, private jets, psychologists, sports nutritionist, agents, corporate endorsements to the degree it is today and a staff of a dozen or an entourage.

Money was not a motivator but rather the game and the fellowship. Club members were your friends and would help you financially or socially, not today where club members look at you and ask themselves, how much money does he have, does he have as much money as I do or what kind of a deal can I get this fellow club member in on to enrich me. But I digress.

At one of the Atlanta Golf Classic golf tournaments, I met Pat Summerall in the club and mentioned that I knew Bill Mathis. Pat said that he had met Bill

when he was roommates with Joe Namath and still get together at Tommy McDowell's huge Christmas party in New York along with Frank Gifford . I had done my research on Pat and knew he lived on his ranch outside of Lake City Florida which is in the middle of nowhere. He seemed surprised I knew this but I told him I was surprised he lived there. Pat said anyone dealing with sport celebrities, movie stars, New Yorkers and other bull shit artist needed a peaceful place. Besides, he was only 60 miles from Jacksonville airport and could commute anywhere. Pat then took me into one of the huge T.V. camera trucks and we both watched the cameramen adjust angles and color by looking up girl's dresses or spotting a beautiful southern belle picking her nose as the camera's magnified from half a mile away. Now the public knows what goes on in those massive trucks and be careful not to pick your nose or spread your legs as you never know who is watching.



## Chapter 14. Whiskey and Whores

Actually this chapter is about the best bars & whorehouses I've been to and not necessarily in that order. It has taken many a sleepless night to come up with a ranking order as, you can imagine, they were all number one.

The American Bar Association ranks Tao in New York as # 1 & Tao in Las Vegas as #2 with Old Ebbitts Grill in Washington D.C. as number #3. I've been to all but that is not my ranking. What other city but New Orleans could have not only the best bar but the best whorehouse.

Tipitina's in the Garden District on Tchoupitoulas I would rank #1 only because I was so drunk and had such a great time, I remember it after 30 years. Ask John Goodman, who was on the Rosanne Barr T.V. show or Nickolas Cage, the actor as both frequent the bar any time they are in town. A sixty foot bar packed with drunken Cajuns and a Zydeco band playing as loud as possible. Cajuns have to be the happiest people anywhere as generally they are drunk and having a good time with never meeting a stranger. My first visit the Cajuns were buying me drinks and introducing me to their daughters to dance with but absolutely nothing else. If any sex was to come about they would keep it among themselves. Aside for that drawback, they would dance and drink until they passed out but would only let the band take hourly breaks and not leave until sometime in the wee hours of daylight. Whoever owned Tipitina's thought they could double their success by opening another Tipitina's in the French Quarter on Decatur Street. When I stopped by, due to convenience more than anything else, Judge Harry Connick Sr. was playing with his band but attendance was poor because the tourist had not a clue who he was or what kind of bar it was. They would go around the corner to the House of Blues and listen to some crap called New Orleans jazz only because they had heard about the House of Blues on T.V. Therefore Tips is #1, not the décor, not the famous who attend, not the price of drinks, not the amount of women but rather the amount of fun that can be had by anyone.

Before I go on to the next bar, while I'm in Nola, let me relate the #1 whore house. It was the eastern or almost the end of Bourbon Street across the street from the Bourbon Orleans hotel where I stayed every time I had a chance to go to the original sin city. Lucky Pierre's entrance had two

massive French doors with beautiful cut glass and in itself was a work of art. To the left of the entrance was the waiting room or bar with the walls done in red velvet and the bar stools and piano red also. Sometimes an older woman, presumably the madam, would ask for your drink order as well as what kind of pleasure you wanted that evening. You did not have to get a girl and many gentlemen would just drink and enjoy some of the best jazz and piano music in Nola. However young and beautiful girls would walk through the bar for your selection and if the urge presented itself you would accompany her through a red curtain in the back of the bar into a huge New Orleans/French courtyard. In the center of the courtyard was a beautiful two story water fountain and on the side of the courtyard was another bar with tables where the girls sometime sat. The courtyard was surrounded by a two story hotel or rooms with some of the girls standing by the railing so you could get a good look. None of the girls, either at the bar or on the railing had any clothes on and all were young and beautiful. Price for services was never mentioned but as a gentleman you gave what she thought was correct and if there was some hesitation or disturbance there was four of the biggest black men I have ever seen ;then and now. Lying in bed with a beautiful woman who would do anything for you, listening to New Orleans jazz in the background, smelling flowers in the courtyard and having a drink could not get better than this. Thus with no reservation Lucky Pierre's has to be the best whorehouse I've been to or probably will ever go to.

The best bar/whorehouse combo has to be in San Jose Costa Rica. The Blue Marlin bar in the Hotel Del Rey where it's three deep with women just to get to the bar. People who have not gone to Costa Rica think the women look like Mexican's or Mayan's from Cancun whereas in fact the Tico women are some of the most beautiful women in the world. I can only compare them with some of the Latin women I've seen in South Beach Miami. Tico's are not by any means, look like Mexican's and when I started visiting C.R. at Ron Hudspeth insistence they loved and tried to immolate Americans. They are like the Cajuns of Louisiana; love to have fun and dance but the Tico's don't drink and I guess two out of three is not bad. After several trips to Costa Rica curiosity got the best of me and I asked the bartender where all the older women of San Jose were as I had seen nothing but good looking young women. The bartender leaned over and with a smile said "Senior, when the women get old they go to the mountains and weave baskets." What a great country. Upon returning to ATL, I attended the Scarlett party hosted by Donna Beard with attendance by Hotlanta's beautiful Scarletts.I started asking all the women why they were

not in the mountains weaving baskets since they would all qualify .That went over like a fart in a diver's helmet but I still like to relate the story

As mentioned, when I started visiting C.R. the girls only knew enough English to say hundred dollar. You could talk about what you wanted but they would only reply hundred dollar. I knew enough Spanish to barter or to say I would pay five thousand colonies and the girl would do anything for five thousand colonies which actually, at the exchange rate equal thirty U.S. dollars. I did that for years until the wealthy married gringos from the U.S. would not hesitate to give a hundred or even more in most cases. In any case, at the Blue Marlin bar you would take your girl for the evening to a desk next to an elevator in the bar. There a security guard for the hotel would check her health permit and hold it until she returned after her performance. She and you would take this private elevator near the bar to your room and when she returned to the desk the security guard would call your room and ask if everything was o.k. She could not solicit without her health permit therefore you didn't have to worry about getting a disease, being rolled or her not pleasing you. What a great system.

Across the street from the Hotel Del Rey and next to a park, the second best whorehouse was located. It is a huge house, once owned by a Los Angeles police captain. That should tell you something about the graft in L.A. There were bars everywhere and in the huge living room was a dance floor with a band playing salsa music. The girls were dressed according to your fantasy; one would wear a cheerleader's costume, another as a nurse, one or two as school teachers and some as biker babes. There were no rooms at the Key Largo bar so you would have to take them to your hotel room or get a hand job at the bar. One time, while getting a drink at the bar, I bumped a girl's head which was below the bar and in between a guy's legs. This fantasy was during the nineties and only Ron Hudspeth and his friends knew of the beauty of Costa Rica and Ron would encourage groups of single guys to come on down. The Tico's loved American men and the twenty year old beautiful girls loved older American men because they would tip well and most were on social security which meant they had a steady supply of monthly money. You could walk into any bar in San Jose and be immediately surrounded by beautiful girls that just wanted to hear an American accent. If you bought one a drink, she would be with you for the rest of the night. One of these bars was within walking distance of the University of Costa Rica located in one of San Jose's beautiful suburbs. After dancing, drinking and drooling I noticed an older guy in an Armani suit behind the bar and asked him to fix me a drink. I was then able to ask him

what was he doing behind the bar and he commented he own the place and the drink was on the house. Immediately, I knew I had found a new friend. As the evening wore on and the drinks were endless, I found out he was from Dallas and had sold his home alarm system to G.E. for several million. Only a small fraction had gone into the bar/disco. In the wee hours of the morning, he asked me to join him and six of the most beautiful women I had seen and go to Key Largo. Since that was my second home and across the street from my hotel how could I refuse. Upon arriving, the ten piece salsa band was in the process of packing their instruments and my new millionaire friend said he would double their pay for the entire night if only they would play for another hour. I guess when you are that rich, you can do most anything. So here I am. A blonde, blue eyed, drunk redneck from Atlanta dancing the Macarena to a ten piece salsa band with beautiful woman everywhere and their only requirement for the night was to make me happy. All that has changed now, thanks to the influx of the dreaded Californians among other ugly Americans who always seem to fuck up a good thing.

Also in the same city with the best whorehouse was probably the worst bar in Costa Rica and the worst bar I had been in. The ceiling was made of egg cartons and the toilet was in a patio with a trough running alongside the building which was held together with duct tape. The few times I've had the misfortune to be inside I have never seen more than one person at the bar however the beautiful Tico girls would bump and grind on the empty bar. On one occasion, the bartender handed me a ticket which I inquired, what the ticket was for. "Ah, Senior, if you win you get a blowjob by the lovely seniorities." Since no one was in the bar, I thought my chances of winning something for the first time in my life was pretty good.

The largest whorehouse I went to was on the island of Curacao. During World War II the Navy was stationed there guarding the largest oil storage facility in the Western Hemisphere and outside of town was a group of tin huts, each about 3 thousand square feet in area. Then they were supply depots for the entire Navy in the Caribbean, now they have been converted to whore houses. Talk about turning swords into plowshares, now every country should do this. Each hut had its own specialty, woman, little girls, gays, fat women, S&M; whatever. However as I approached the gate entrance, my cabdriver cautioned me not to go in. He said it was dangerous for the locals much less a tourist and he nor anyone he knew had been inside. With that warning, from a local I went back to the Hilton. Almost 99% of the time, a man's sex urges are not his to control but governed by his

dick, as any man will attest, however you have to draw a line in getting laid or getting killed.

The whorehouse with the most beautiful view is or was in Acapulco. Not the most beautiful women by any means but the motel type structure sits on top of a hill overlooking the beach and the town. It has a courtyard with chairs facing west for the sunset as a Mexican Mariachi band plays and the girls bring you drinks from the patio bar. Of course the girls are naked and will do anything you desire. Lucky Pierre's in New Orleans was good but getting a BJ with the band in the background, drink in hand and viewing the sunset is about as good as it gets. Bill Marriott should take a hint

One would think Amsterdam with its liberal attitude would have great whorehouse but I was not impressed. The so called Red Light District with women in windows was a disappointment as the women were middle aged and as they say rode hard and put up wet. I did go to a bar called Moulin Rouge in the district and paid 30 Euro to watch a couple fuck on stage. I thought if I can't do it, then pay someone to fuck so I would not forget. I sat next to several women in hopes they would get horny but when I saw them taking notes, I left. I asked the cabdriver to take me to the best whorehouse in Amsterdam which was only a few blocks from where I was staying. A rather large attendant with top hat, cane and tux greeted me and escorted me to the desk where the girl asked me what type I was looking for. She escorted me into a room very similar to the room of Luck Pierre's which was done in red velvet with a small bar against the wall. The escort then brought me a bottle of Van Gogh vodka and said I could take it with me to the room if I wanted. Little did I know the bottle was \$300 and the girl was \$500. I could not escape so I was screwed twice that night.

The same situation occurred in Barcelona at a bar/ whorehouse. The girl at the bar said it would be easier for me just to put it on a credit card. I can imagine my credit card would be on the black market before I opened the door so I paid for the one drink and left. Horny but richer and wiser.

Another bar/whorehouse was in Beverly Hills on Santa Monica Blvd called the Rangoon Racket Club. How could a whorehouse be in Beverly Hills you ask? Not like the ones I've previously mentioned but Heidi Flass did hold court there and Charlie Sheen was her best customer. I have to repeat what Charlie said when a reporter asked him why he liked prostitutes and was the sex good enough for the price he paid. Charlie Sheen said, "I don't pay prostitutes for the sex, I pay them to leave."

One of the most unusual bars was in Montreal. It was a small bar with seats in the shape of breast and the stool in the shape of a penis. It looked as if the penis was penetrating the breast. The ashtrays were in the shape of a vagina and candles were everywhere in the shape of a penis. A plaster wall mural was above the bar and if you gave the bartender a good tip he would press a button and the figures of men and women in various sexual positions would move into their desired positions. My date lived in Montreal and said she never knew any place existed like this but I told her since I was a world renowned bar fly I could always find the unusual. She was also the girl I met in Ft.Lauderdale and said rather sarcastically when I met her that if I was ever in Montreal to call her but leave her alone while she was in Ft. Lauderdale. I took the hint and phone number which she had given me very reluctantly and much to her shock called her in three months from the Hotel Bonaventure in Montreal. As I told her while viewing the naked revolving mural "I've had two dates with you, my first and last."

I would have to write another book on the bars, whores and stories of Vegas but just a quick insert. I'm at the Mandalay Bay downstairs bar waiting on Chuck Watkins and Michael Jordon to go out to eat when this young guy in a cowboy hat sits next to me. He recognizes my southern accent and proceeds to ask me if I was going to see his opening show that night. I explain to him who I was waiting on and tried to calm his nerves by relating some bull shit stories I've lived through. He bought me a drink and I said I would pay him back when he became famous. A couple of days later when I checked out I saw his name was Kenny Chesney. Didn't think anything about it until years later at Woody's bar on the island of St. John's in the Virgin Islands I ran into him but could not get close to him because now he was super famous. I continued to go to Woody's every December for many years hoping to run into him and this year learned he sold his house on St. John's but the bartender said not to worry as Kenny owned three more houses on the island and still loved to come to Woody's but now relaxed in a lawn chair out back of the bar. I'm still trying to buy him the drink but not looking too hard.

Probably the most beautiful bar is at the Cliffs, now called the Four Seasons hotel in San Francisco with the bar called the Red Room. It is a huge bar, maybe the biggest bar I've seen with the wall paneling made out of redwood. Behind the bar is a mirror from ceiling to floor which had to be thirty feet high and 40 feet wide with spaces to hold the liquor bottles. On the walls are portraits unlike anything you have ever seen as the faces in the paintings move. After a few minutes of staring, a wink will occur or a

head movement or a smile. It's one of the most luxurious & unusual bars I've ever seen and well worth the trip.

Another great bar/pick up place is in San Francisco at the Owl Tree, one block from Union square. The Owl Tree is one of the top ten bars because the locals know about it and you can see barflies, old woman and drunks, gentlemen in their Tux after attending the theater around the corner. Bobby, the owner, since passed away collected stuffed owls, ceramic owls, plates with owls painted on, anything to do with owls. There were hundreds of owls in a small 400 sq foot bar until some drunk fell into the glass case and Bobby had to put a few hundred behind the bar. The good news is that I met a girl who looked exactly like Britney Spears as a teenager and she talked to me at length until I could not hand over \$500. Bad news is she is a hooker and I use present tense. Worst news, I could not find an ATM machine and she would not take credit cards. I asked her what kind of men she had been around to have a spare five hundred dollars in their pocket. She named a dozen men some who were CEO's of major corporations, lawyers and judges in San Francisco and threw in a Sheik or two. I thought I was being gracious in mentioning that I would fly her to Hawaii on Hawaiian Air but she said she had access to a G-4 Gulfstream jet and why should she have to share a plane much less be with a man that didn't have five hundred dollars in his pocket. She did give me her phone number, which I have to this day and said to call her but I'm still trying to get five hundred dollars. Damn! What a life a good looking woman must live.

The most unusual bar I discovered in Salt Lake City when I dated the secretary of my boss which I mentioned in my chapter of work. Many years ago you could not buy a drink but would have to buy miniatures and carry them in and the waitress would sell you water or soda. Laurel said she was taking me to the largest and loudest bar in Utah but when we arrived, I only saw a deli where they were making sandwiches but on the wall was a huge assortment of miniatures. That was weird enough until the man behind the counter pressed a button and the meat freezer slid back revealing the entrance to the largest nightclub I had ever seen. She said the police and the politicians knew about it but out of respect of the Mormons everyone would keep it a secret. Now days it's legal to pour drinks but what an unusual bar.

Chance Evans, owner and bon viont of Nuevo Laredo Mexican restaurant originated his first bar after the famous Cadillac bar in Nuevo Laredo Mexico. It had a long forty foot bar but beneath the bar stools was a trough running the entire length of the bar where one could pull it out and relieve

himself. Talk about the world's most convenient facility. You could stay at the bar all day and drink and never have to go pee. I think Chance still has a wall mural of the three owners with their backs to the camera standing up beside the bar stools and peeing.

Another unusual bar/whorehouse and strip club was on Cobb Parkway in Marietta Georgia. It was at the beginning of a landing strip for Dobbins Air Force Base and on the weekend the reservist would practice their take off and landings. Within a few weeks pilots from California were flying in as well as pilots from all over the U. S., serving their country proudly. As they approached the landing strip, they had to fly over the club and the strippers were by the pool all naked. A few would show their tits and others would bend over and show their ass as the pilots tried to land. Personally I think this would be good training in diversion tactics.

One short lived bar was owned by John Travolta and operated by Don Travolta, John's brother. Most of the gold diggers were hard of hearing, drunk or only understood Travolta, maybe John, Don who cares it was a Travolta and he had to have money they thought to themselves .To keep a bar running, you only have to have a huge quantity and quality of women and then the men who spend money will follow. It's as old as the Bible and should be set in stone. Travolta bar was in the Radisson Hotel at Howell Mill road and did not last long but I was able to meet Tim Conway and since I was the only one that recognized him he was appreciative. He was in town making a movie and mentioned I could be in it as an extra but when he said I had to be there by six in the morning I knew then Hollywood would have to wait on me or get different working hours. I did a sales pitch of Hotlanta to him but he kept repeating that he was a happily married man with four children. I have the utmost admiration for Tim Conway in that as a Hollywood actor surrounded by all the temptation of Hollywood and then go on the road away from your wife took some kind of fortitude. Hell! I can't go to the post office without looking what's behind the counter.

Hotlanta had its share of unusual bars. The Limelight was built in a shopping center in Buckhead and as you descended the steps was a huge theater size room. The dance floor was equally huge but was made of see through Plexiglas and beneath the glass was a pool of swimming sharks. It was such a distraction, few people could get into dancing and once Pita or some animal organization heard about it they removed the sharks and had a dance floor with pulsating colored lights . The owner, Peter Conlon had made enough money to build the same type disco in New York and the Limelight morphed into Rupert's Disco. What I liked about Rupert's disco

more than the other disco's was the eighteen piece orchestra that played disco music. I would look up from the dance floor and see these beautiful women playing the violin and thought, here is a graduate from Julliard in New York with thoughts of playing for a world renown orchestra such as the London Symphony or New York Philharmonic but instead playing in a disco full of drunks trying to look up her dress or at least I was.

While Rupert's was in full swing, on the north of town was Élan's. Few people know it was a chain of disc's named Élan's. One was in Denver and another in Houston with plans of expanding. Doug McKendrick was the accountant for the one in Hotlanta and with careful manipulation was able to purchase the club. Or as I call it "The Dunwoody Soup Kitchen." After work Dunwoody women would stop for free mediocre snack food and stuff their purses full to eat later.

At the height of the disco era, Élan's was the place. Ted was there for the soup kitchen on Monday night, then Wednesday night girls had reduced drink prices but not by much, and then of course Friday and Saturday night there was a line to get in. I think Doug and I were the only ones that knew of the connecting passageway between the restaurant next door which Doug also owned and the kitchen of Élan's. No one saw me waiting in a line. Ted always liked to throw his money around and buy drinks for anyone that would talk to him therefore I always stayed close to Ted. On many occasion I had to tell the bartender the girl putting her drinks on Ted's tab was not with Ted. He also liked limos and one night decided to rent one because as he stated, "We were really going to get fucked up." Per his custom we went to Élans and I really dipped into it. Two girls from Texas bought my act and wanted to go with us where they would perform anything sexual to us we wanted. Ted agreed and as we proceeded to the limo, I realized I had broken the cardinal rule of bars and whore hopping. Never, Never ask a girl at the bar sitting down to go with you until she gets up and you can see her ass. Ted asked me how many bar stools were they sitting on as they waddled to the exit. We tried to walk fast so no one would think we were with these two behemoths and Ted swears to this day that the stretch limo tilted to one side as we got in. I was too drunk to argue when Ted told the driver to take him home and take the girls and me back to my place. Since they could easily bench press their weight, it was no problem for them to get me up the stairs and onto my sofa. I thought they were being very nice when each asked me if they could fix me a drink. Did not know until two days later that my drink was laced with a horse tranquilizer. My car was gone as well as my wallet. The good news is that they stole an expired

credit card, which the first American Express Platinum card was ever issued, thanks to J. Robinson of American Express who owned Robinson and Humphrey stock brokerage company in Atlanta. But that's another story.

Ted had called several times to see how the night had gone but after two days became worried and decided to check on me. I called the police when I was able to put together a few coherent sentences and after a couple of hours, had found my car at the Marriott. I went to Élans when I was able to warn Doug about what had happened. He stated he knew of a ring of girls from Texas that was hitting all the clubs in the Atlanta area but of all the girls involved I had picked the two biggest and ugliest .

My favorite bar in the States was Otto's, named after the dog the owner, George Rohrig had. George and his partner Nick Ellis owned Peachtree Café which was always crowded, not because of the food but because of all the good looking women that met at the bar. It was such a pick up place George got tired of having to deal with the crowds while trying to serve food therefore he went across the street and opened Otto's. I was at the height of my popularity as I was having a party about once a month generally at a bar or restaurant just before they filed for bankruptcy. I would print invitations and hand them out every time I went somewhere and in turn other barflies would hand them out therefore I would get a couple of hundred people to attend my party. I generally worked with the owner and would get free drinks and sometimes for those that helped pass out invitations.

The bar manager of Journey's End knew he was about to be fired therefore he was more than willing to have my annual Super Eve party. Drink prices were reduced and a lavish spread of appetizers were available, even several carving tables. One of the best parties I threw and the next week went to the owner to receive my accolades. Instead of thanks the owner wanted to know if I knew where the bar manager was, as all the money received Sat. night was unaccounted.

Jim Killeen was a bar manager and would open a bar and several months later approach me and say it was time for me to have another party at his place. That meant the bar was barely surviving and bankruptcy was around the corner but Jim could make one last profit on one of my parties. This arrangement went on for several years until Jim had run out of bars to manage or someone was catching on.

Thus George of Otto's like the idea of me having parties at his place and when he started charging admission I would get in free. I had my own private parking space next door. When the sports celebrities were in town for the Super Bowl, George got me a table next to Terry Bradshaw. George introduced me to Elton John who calls Hotlanta his second home and was going to introduce me to Julia Roberts until Ted shouted from the next booth, "Hot's! Look at that girl's honker (nose); it's as big as my dick." For a couple of years, it was the place to be and to be seen. Anyone in town for a football game, convention, concert performers, greats and near greats would go to Otto's mainly because that is where the women were. Ted is the poster child of new rich and didn't mind buying a drink for a girl at the other end of the bar with no chance of meeting her. His favorite saying is "If money is a problem, then there is no problem." Most of the time the girls would put drinks on Ted's bar tab without him knowing and I would have to tell the bartender that Ted didn't buy her a drink. I didn't mind Ted being taken advantage of but if anyone was going to do it then it better be me. Since I normally stood next to Ted, the girls thought I would buy them a drink also. My answer then as it is today. If I buy you a drink or any investment then I expect a rate of return or as the stock brokers call it R.O.I. Return on Investment. Most of this went over the girls head as the average intelligence of the girls was in double digits so I put it in a language they understood. A drink for a date. Thus I earned the reputation for being one of the cheapest men in town. However, I am able to travel the world and am very prosperous whereas most of them are in a trailer park waiting on Mr. Right to come to their rescue.

My favorite story of Otto's which is told to this day by barflies everywhere is when I was in Otto's at the bar when a very good looking girl stood next to me and kept shaking her empty glass. I seldom, if ever, bought a girl a drink but she was so good looking I could not resist. I broke my vow and bought her an expensive drink and after a macro-minute she looked at me and said she had to go to the bathroom. I knew she was leaving me but without a pause I looked into those beautiful eyes and said, "Sure, you can leave but the drink stays here."



## Chapter 15. Characters

This chapter will be on closing thoughts and items I may have left out. Certainly to put in some of the characters I've met living and past.

I had mentioned Niki Fain in the ACC golf chapter as he lived within walking distance of the clubhouse but did not play golf. He did attend every golf classic with his entourage of beautiful women most of whom wanted to meet rich PGA players or rich ACC members. It was always a show as they would dress in everything from leopard skin shorts to high spiked heels. During or after the golf classic, either BB or I would have a party or Niki would jump at the chance. I met his father at one of the parties and discussed the Kentucky Derby, Keenanland racetrack in Lexington and the horses he had owned and raced. Mr. Fain and of course Niki owned Fain's produce which distributed tomatoes from Florida. Can you imagine how many tomatoes go into salads, grocery stores, chain stores and most of all restaurants? No wonder Niki had women around him all the time.

I've known Niki for over thirty years and have seen him in every bar I've been in but I will give him credit for work as on many occasion he would leave a party or bar at its peak to go to the farmers market to greet the tomato trucks at daybreak. Being bored one afternoon, I decided to pay Niki a visit at the farmers market. He had been at work since 4 in the morning and the trucks were being unloaded, moved around and general chaos when I approached him and starting yelling for him to stop as I had something important to ask him. The entire operation came to a halt as Niki asked me who had died, who was in jail or who needed money. I looked into his bloodshot eyes and said "Niki! You think the worst of me. All I want are a couple of tomatoes for a salad I'm making for my date tonight." As I made my request, I made sure I was near my car and could hear him cussing as I drove off.

I gave Niki a wide berth for a few years until he came up with a brilliant plan for St. Patty's Day. He owned several trucks and decorated a flat bed truck with green ribbon and asked his friends to ride through Buckhead on the truck to celebrate St. Patty's Day. In Hotlanta, people will come out for any reason to party and so Niki had several women bar flies, Hookers, his bookies and anyone else that could make onto the flatbed. Gary Dixon of Dixon Tom-e-toes had his pet bulldog dressed in green but what I've never

seen before or since was Gary or some drunk had painted the bulldog's balls green. Who had the courage or how drunk was the person to do that is another unanswered question I present to the reader. Niki started the Buckhead St. Patty's Day parade with the next year the ATL. Fire Dept. and then the next several high school bands until as Niki said, it just got to big and he dropped out. At its peak, the parade would last for an hour and had bands, military units, Fire Dept. trucks, marching kazoo band and everything that makes a parade along with the regular drunks that would march in the parade. Niki was proud.

Niki's best friend is Chance Evans who owns the best Mexican food restaurant in Atlanta and has a photo of three friends of his peeing at the Cadillac bar in Nuevo Laredo Mexico. The bar was past tense due to the drug wars in Mexico, the best bar in all of southwest U.S. You could get a meal, shoeshine, blowjob and a beer less than ten bucks. The bar was twenty feet long like most bars but this bar had a trough between it and the bar stools where you did not have to leave your stool but merely piss in the trough beneath your feet. Their picture was of them standing up peeing but with their backs to the camera. Anyone that knew what they were doing, knew what bar it was and anyone that knew what bar it was then knew what they were doing.

Nike asked Chance to go with him throughout Mexico, since Chance spoke Spanish and Chance went since Niki had the money. Niki rented a caboose on a train bound for Mexico City from El Paso with stops along the way and the first stop was Nuevo Laredo. The rented caboose had sleeping quarters but no provisions and so at the Cadillac bar they loaded the caboose with six cases of tequila, several cases of beer and food but most important of all several Mexican bar girls ,for the lack of a better word. To this day neither will admit it or tell what happened or that it even happened but mention the trip and a smile comes on the face of each.

Another legend I cannot forget is B.S. He started selling hot dogs in Piedmont Park until he had saved enough to own a bar called Clarence Fosters. I mentioned in the valley chapter all of us would go to Foster's to drink and flirt but I would generally stay the latest therefore BS would just throw me the keys and ask me to lock up. Joe Torrie was the Braves baseball manager and since the Braves were really bad with no hope of having a winning season, Joe would bring the visiting team to Fosters. R.B. excelled in his sports knowledge, since sex was not a factor in his life and on many occasion would attempt to advise Joe Torrie on the mechanics of baseball. Any sports celebrity that was in town would stop by and one night

I heard R.B. shouting in a drunken slur, "Big O, Big O." A former great NBA basketball star that tried to avoid R.B. and certainly did not want to talk to me. Another night, Joe Thiseman walked in and since R.B. was from Chevy Chase MD. and a former Redskin he was in heaven. Poor Joe. Almost every night you could count on the Baltimore Colt great, Alex Hawkins to make an appearance that we like to call Captain Who. Read his book to learn how Alex got that name.

After Foster's ,B. S. went on to open a disco near Riverbend and make tons of money catering to young college graduates trying to get laid. He then invested his profit into an upscale restaurant called the ABBY which was a closed Presbyterian church. What else could a church be used for. That was a touch of brilliance and a profitable one.

During the 96 Olympics, B.S. transformed the Abby restaurant/church into a disco and I was the only Atlanta friend/native to attend. I learned the Macarena dance in Costa Rica and was joined by young people from Finland, Germany, France, you name it, everyone had a great time while B.S. pored drinks from the pulpit. Most Atlantians stayed away from town, the restaurants and bars because of the crowds but I thrive in crowds, particularly if it's women that don't know me and speak broken English. The Olympic events were sold out years in advance but the bars did a hell of business and I was one of the few that indulged to the fullest.

For B.S. 50th birthday party, all of his friends, which numbered over three hundred gathered across the street from the Abby at the Mansion another restaurant B.S. owned. It was the most elaborate birthday party I had ever seen, even outdoing Anita Madden's in Louisville. The rotunda of the Mansion was dark except for the hundreds of candles outlining the steps leading to a massive elevated casket. In the casket was B.S. who wore an outfit similar to Dracula's with a long cape and a top hat as the guest wore all black. The free booze and free food went on for an hour as B.S. greeted the guest from his casket and partook of the booze as much as possible. At 9:00 o'clock the band stopped and the guest filed out to stand in line forming an aisle to the Abby across the street. Each guest had a candle as the pallbearers lifted the casket with B.S. inside and proceeded across the street with the band playing a funeral march. The guest took seats in the pews holding a candle in one hand and a drink in the other as B.S. in his casket was displayed on the podium. The band played "When the Saints Come Marching In" as the guest sung along and someone had altered the words to "What a friend we have in B.S." The night developed into a roast as some of his business partners came up to the podium and berated B.S.

on how he had lost them money. Normally in every business there will be a few of disgruntled partners but this went on for at least an hour. I never knew how many business ventures B.S. was into nor did anyone suspect how much money he had lost.

One of B.S closet friends was Bill Dunaway who later became mayor of Marietta and loved to play pranks on B.S. The coming out party of the year was the annual spring ritual of the Steeplechase held on a farm north of Hotlanta. B.S. would hire a limo and on one occasion I had the misfortune to join B.S. and Bill. Prior to the great journey, B.S. would stock provisions from his restaurant, Clarence Fosters, and fill the trunk with wine. While B.S. was preparing, Bill and I used hypothermic needles to top off the wine bottles with 100 proof grain alcohol making sure these were the ones B.S. would drink. During the one hour drive Bill and I drank our wine while B.S. indulged in his spiked wine. After arriving and for the next four hours, B.S. was passed out. We would get drunk girls to take their tops off and press their boobs into B.S. face as we took pictures. It was rare to see a girl sober but common to see them with a hat on, so I took a huge derby hat and put it on B.S. while I painted his fingernails a bright red. B.S. told his wife it was all my fault those girls were in his face just as had done on many occasion when he would come home drunk at 2 in the morning. His excuse was "Hot Body kept me out" or Hot Body drove the car through the garage into the kitchen or the girl you saw me with was Hot Body's cousin. For many years B.S. wife would not speak to me.

During this time, George Busbee was governor and Bill Dunaway was a close friend of his and both let me on to the ultimate prank. B.S. had struggled, saved and generally worked his ass off to finally arrive to the Hotlanta social scene. His crowning achievement was to purchase a house across from the governor's mansion. Now that he had arrived B.S and his beautiful southern wife decided to have a formal dinner party. During the elegant meal, two Georgia State Patrol officers in full uniform knocked on the door. B.S. had a grim thought his shaded past had caught up to him and of all times just as he had it made. The officers addressed the dinner guest that living across the street from the governor's mansion there had to be a security check of the people that owned the house. B.S. stood fearing once again his past had caught up to him. The officers needed to ask a series of questions and any hesitation or wrong answer would be subject to investigation. B.S. agreed but questioned why they needed to do the quiz now instead of tomorrow whereby the patrolmen said either here and now or downtown at the station. They proceeded to ask his name, his

occupation, his wife's name and where she was from, how many restaurants did he own and how much money he made. Little beads of sweat began to form on B.S. forehead and the guest edged closer with each personal question. How long have you been married, do you sleep together or have separate beds and the final and most important question, how many times a week do you two have sex together ,not separately as we know all about your playing around B.S. The guest were mortified, B.S. wife face was red with embarrassment and B.S. was coughing and sputtering trying to think of the correct answer when in walks the governor and Bill Dunaway laughing their ass off. George and Bill and the troopers had tears in their eyes from laughing so hard.

B.S. confided in me late one night that he was going to spend more time in Aspen as either Atlanta or his wife was going to kill him. Your wealthy Aspen visitors would own a house or condo and sometimes rent them but B.S. was not wealthy by those standards or conventional. B.S. bought a railroad caboose and lived in that at the edge of town. Anyone going to Aspen from Hotlanta would look B.S. up and B.S. went out of his way to show them a good time. On one occasion he took a good looking blonde southern belle from Dalton to Little Nell's bar on the slopes where she just happened to bump into Donald Trump. That is another story.

B.S. brought a friend of his from Aspen and asked me to introduce him to some of the town's characters. His name was Tom Kershaw and he was short and not very good looking so any girl introduction was out. While I was doing my best to introduce Tom, it was not easy until B.S. said that Tom owned a bar in Boston called the Bull and Finch. That did not mean anything until B.S. said that is where the T.V. sitcom "Cheers" was filmed and Tom had mementoes of the closing night and autographs from all the Cheers cast. This guy was a multimillionaire from selling t-shirts and other crap at his bar with the logo of cheers on everything. Then it was no problem introducing him or having the notorious Hotlanta goldiggers go out of their way to talk to him.

B.S. now lives most of the time in Aspen, in order to save his marriage and to escape the temptations of Hotlanta. There are many more stories of B.S. but in honoring the code of the scoundrel and mutual respect they must be unspoken, for now at least.

Around that time, late 60s and early 70s I met a disk jockey by the name of "Skinny Bobby Harper." Did not know Skinny that well as he was with Ron Hudspeth and Norm Cates most of the time along with the Riverbend

crowd. What I did find out later was the T.V. program WKRP in Cincinnati was based on Skinny Bobby Harper life as a desk jockey portrayed as Johnny Fever on TV. Bobby Harper would not admit this but one night he had dipped into the sauce and admitted he was Johnny Fever and Ron Hudspeth confirmed. The best confirmation came when Ron introduced me to Hugh Wilson the writer of the program which Hugh said that he regretted the network cut most of the raunchy material in order to present it to the public. For a few moments, Hugh told me some of the stories about my friend "Skinny Bobby Harper a.k.a. Johnny Fever." Hugh could not stay at the party as he was on the way to Hollywood to write and produce the first of the "Police Academy" movies.

The most well known, likeable, vagarious woman has to be Donna Beard. Most friends of hers could not understand why we were friends and would challenge my knowledge of her. I merely replied that I knew her when she was thin and no one could remember that far back. She also made a small fortune importing Chinese and Japanese art with the help of the then governor, George Busbee. I asked her how was she able to profit from her relationship with George as I had campaigned for him and was distant related but got squat. With a smile she replied, "George knew me when I was thin.". She formed a group of girls, generally blonde and searching desperately for a rich man called the Scarlett O'Hara's. The society of Atlanta was appalled that Donna went on several T.V. programs promoting her Scarlett's because it appeared, even to me, her group was a gold digging, pretentious, materialistic blonde bimbo batch. However, in order to have a good turnout at a party or bar or wherever, invite woman and the men with checkbooks would follow. Donna was a pro at promoting.

She would have enormous black tie parties in the ballrooms of various hotels with at least 800 people were in attendance. She knew woman liked to dress up and men would do anything, no matter the cost, to see the blondes boobs uplifted. I assume she made money as there was a cover charge plus cash bar. At the black tie held at the Hyatt she introduced me to the father of Ferguson, his daughter that was married to the son of the Queen of England and heir to the throne. However this was years ago and quite a bit of change has occurred since then. She also had these elegant parties at mansions and many thought they were the home of some Scarlett member. Partially true. Deborah Harris is a real estate agent and would have these mansions listed or one of the Scarlett's would be renting the mansion. In any case, many thought they had hit the big time. However, at one of these mansion parties, and I don't know how Donna pulled it off, but

she had Prince Phillip of Monaco posing for a picture with me in the middle. He was on the Olympic Committee in selecting the site of the 96 Olympics which Atlanta was in the running and deciding which city would get the Olympics. If sex and good looking women was a criteria, then Atlanta was a shoe in. I wanted to get a copy of the picture but my good friend, Ted Dame had stood in the back, all 6'4 feet of him and held up two fingers, as all eight year olds would do, behind the Prince head appearing the Prince had horns. You could put Ted in a black tie but you could not take him anywhere.

Donna would also invite for thanksgiving all the unloved, unwanted, homeless men she knew and her Scarlett's would bring the food as the men brought the booze. Some thought Donna liked me because of sex or just pity. I think it was mostly pity but it was nice to be in the inner circle surrounded by beautiful women. Someone asked Donna why I did not date the Scarlett's and she replied that they knew me to well and I replied that I knew the Scarlett's to well. It was a standoff that prevailed for many years.

I've mentioned Hotlanta changed after the Olympics and the bars, parties, and people changed. Some got married and others moved on. Last I heard, Donna Beard had found a rich Midwestern man, married and moved to Naples Florida. The Scarlett's got old and married anyone they could or moved out of town as I don't see them, not one, anymore. Ted married and stays at home. As I write this Prince Phillip just got married. It must have been something in the water at that party.

Without a doubt, Atlanta's greatest character was Johnny Esposito of Johnny's Hideaway. The bar/dance club ranks in the top five of my favorite bars and has been opened longer than any club in Hotlanta. The bartenders have been there at least twenty years and the D.J. at least that long. Good drinks, good service and most of all good music from the 40's to the 80's. No rap here. Johnny was there every night making sure everyone had a good time. Jack Loersch from Costa Rica came into town, down on his luck and as he entered, Johnny grabbed his hand inserting a wad of cash into Jack's hand. Before Jack could thank him or give the money back Johnny had disappeared into the crowd. There are at least a hundred of these stories.

I was the first person to meet Johnny and that was in Cocoa Beach Florida during the 60's. I may have mentioned that I persuaded my Grandmother to take a trip with me to the Bahamas, as long as she paid for it. My uncles and aunts were furious that she would go and spend some of their

inheritance money on me. She went to bed around eight o'clock, as old people do, and I was off in search of pus. At nine o'clock I had to park a block away to get into the "Satellite Bar" which was owned by Johnny and once inside I knew why. If you saw the movie "The Right Stuff", which was about the early space program and the astronauts, in the movie was a sequence of them being in a bar surrounded by beautiful women. That is a fact that I can testify to. Cocoa Beach was a small town in the middle of nowhere with a population of about 30 thousand, until the space program made a home there. Every girl wanted to be in Cocoa with the hopes of meeting an astronaut, to gain fame and fortune but more importantly, to get out of the one horse town. As a matter of fact, when I met Johnny that night he said he was thinking of moving to Atlanta as it would be more opportunities for a bar person such as himself.

The astronauts had it made. Every woman within a hundred miles just wanted to be seen with an astronaut. Someone had given them yellow convertibles to drive around town. Either a dealer, GM, or local donors but you can bet it was not the space program. I learned later that Holiday Inn had given each astronaut a motel franchise and John Glenn and his partners owned the Holiday Inn at Hwy 436 in Altamonte Springs, Florida. There was a lot of money to be made during those times, but I was too young and too broke to know what was going on.

I hesitate to only devote a few paragraphs to Ron Hudspeth, for without a doubt, his exploits could fill a book. Two books. Both of which he wrote and I mentioned at the beginning of my book. I consider myself lucky in that I was one of a very few that knew him when he came to Hotlanta and I saw him leave. In 95 he began warning bar people that Hotlanta was going to change if the Olympics came to town and in 96 Ron started going to Costa Rica, at least once a month. Ron asked me to come down and view paradise. I had been to Mexico, every island in the Caribbean and to Rio de Janeiro once but never heard of Costa Rica. In my opinion, Ron did more to promote Costa Rica than any Chamber of Commerce, State Dept. or the Board of Tourism of C.R. Ron built a huge house with four bedrooms & baths and a swimming pool where it was expected not to wear a suit. The view is one of the top ten views I've seen throughout my limited travels as it overlooks a beautiful bay and at the other side is the Four Seasons where Brad Pitt & Angelina stay. Ron would invite friends down, twenty at a time, to see the country and party. This was in 97 and the property values as well as the cost of living was about a third of the U.S. Beer was a buck or two for U.S. beer, a meal with lobster was five bucks and a house on the beach

went for fifty thousand. I should have invested then and just flip the property but I kept looking for me a place to live much as Ron was doing. C.R. has almost every type of climate but snow or cold. It has a cool rainy grey for the Swiss or those in Europe that come from that type of climate. It obviously has jungle and humidity off the chart. It has desert or very dry conditions with no rain from Dec. 20th to April 20th and in the summer much like any sub tropical climate will rain in the afternoon but by night clear. However in September and October will rain every day all day.

Ron talked enough bar people to come down that Delta started flying into San Jose, the capital as prior to Delta one had to fly American to Miami and connect to Costa Rica. The Delta terminal was in a tin hut alongside a runway but soon moved into a terminal because so many people from the Southeast were coming to C.R. Hotlanta bar scene shifted to Costa Rica, thanks to Ron and Delta. That was not good enough for Ron as he lived on the coast which was several hours drive time and too costly to fly once a month. So Ron approached the manager of the Four Seasons and a very wealthy land owner from Decatur Georgia that Ron had met several times and they in turn approached the government .Their proposal to Delta was that if Delta would fly into Liberia, which was only a twenty minute drive for Ron, they would pay Delta for any empty seats for the first six months. To my knowledge, no one had to pay.

That was one hell of an accomplishment for Ron but I think his greatest was to assemble the great characters of Hotlanta together for their annual party in August each year which is still going on.

There are restaurant owners, developers, ex sport greats, ex mayors current sport announcers, bar greats, near do wells, con artist, some who have been in prison and some that should go. All know Ron and the common bond of loving Hotlanta, its bars and its women.

Ron was so inducing, my friend Mimi Bean moved to Costa Rica and opened a bar in San Jose. As mentioned, she wrote a book on how to cook for a man and subsequently catch him. The most interesting story of Mimi was when she met Willie Nelson. She was driving to school one morning and saw an old broken down school bus that had been converted to a hippie bus along the side of the road near Piedmont Hospital. Apparently the bus could not make it up the hill and was just to the side of the street but out enough to block some of the morning traffic. No one cared or bothered to stop until Mimi pulled behind the bus and asked the hippies if she could take them to the nearest station for assistance. The one with the

longest hair got in and thank Mimi for helping them as they were on the way to play a concert in Midtown. He pulled out a piece of paper and told Mimi she could come backstage anytime they were in town and hang out with the band. Mimi loves people whether they be rich or poor, Americans or Tico's from Costa Rica and what she did was as natural as having a beer with Ted Turner. When she got to school she showed the card to her friends which said "Mimi you are always welcome to join us." signed "Willie Nelson."

In closing, my friend Peter Dames, who is Ted Turner's best friend, gave me my closing line. I attended a Jane Fonda charity function at the Ga. aquarium and mentioned to Ted this would be a great place for his 70th birthday party. He took my advice and for several months I approached everyone I knew that knew Ted in order for me to get a sought after invitation. I met Peter during the Players Championship Golf tournament in Ponde Vedra in May following Ted's birthday in Nov and asked him if he went. He said all of Ted's friends were there. I told Peter I tried to get an invitation through everyone I knew but to no avail. Peter looked at me and with his usual grumpy self, exclaimed.

"I said it was Ted's friends and you may know some of Ted's friends which I'm not sure of but I can rest assured they don't know you."

With those parting words, I close my book on Believe it or Not.

## About the Author

