



OLGA HOROWITZ
DR PATRICK LEWIS, chairman of the Johannesburg City Council's Management Committee, retires from his job and the City Hall today. As his

chief monument he leaves Soweto. After 15 years as a councillor, including the chairmanship of the Non-European Affairs Committee, a magnificent Mayorality and two years of managing South Africa's biggest city, Pat Lewis is still young for retirement — 61 last December. His smile is as ready, his laugh as infectious, his enthusiasms as vital, his energy as enviable as when he first entered the Council chamber in 1957.

Pat Lewis at 61: 'Today is the beginning of my life'

MR JOHANNESBURG BOWS OUT



His civic career is summed up in a sentence he spoke in his Mayoral year: "I am very jealous of Johannesburg..." It is because of this jealousy that he has achieved great things for the city in which he was born and schooled, which

he has enjoyed and loved all his life. It is because of this jealousy for the reputation and prestige of Johannesburg that, in his management of the city, he has insisted on the highest possible standards. A political being, he

nevertheless utterly believes that nothing is gained by political chicanery that cannot be better achieved by wise thinking, co-operation and understanding. "In every human situation, for one reason or another,

there are warring elements," he said in this interview. "I hope I have succeeded in building bridges between people. People must care about people. We must have faith that, in the long run, good will prevail over evil. We have to realise that we are in a changing world, and be with it.

"In one area, especially, we have to think positively. We can no longer think of the "Native problem." South Africa's wealth is not only minerals. We must consider our wealth in terms of the people of this land — all the people.

family, his children and grandchildren and his many private interests, instead of the city, as the fulcrum of his life. It was an anguished decision, this business of getting fresh priorities. His wife, Doris, to whom he pays highest tribute as a comrade and partner, left the decision to him. All she wanted was his happiness and health.

Pat Lewis's biggest legacy to Johannesburg is undoubtedly modern Soweto and what happiness and content have been achieved in this vast sprawl of African townships.

What, I asked, would endure by his single most splendid memory of these 15 years? "The unbelievable day on which I was told that the University of the Witwatersrand wanted to confer on me an honorary Doctorate of Laws."

Great words for a great occasion. Great words to live up to. But Pat Lewis can relax now. He has earned it and has many other roles which he will now be able to enjoy — the farmer in shorts striding across his beautiful acres of pine forest, cultivating his wild flower garden in the eastern Transvaal.

"To change our total environment for the better we have to think, and plan, and work now, and with absolute honesty of purpose. We need to build. We dare not destroy..."

For months Pat Lewis weighed up the pros and cons. Working on the sound principle that "Today is the beginning of the rest of my life" he decided, at 61, to begin it in a new way, this time with his

the citation for the conferment of the degree says "... his predecessors will not hesitate to signalise his assumption of the chairmanship of the City Council's Non-European



MARK MCCORMACK

Kate talks to

MILLIONAIRE MARK

Consultant to the stars

THE door to 1801 swung open. "Hi!" A big blond man with a quick smile. I mutter something nervously about it being nice of him to see me. . . . I know he's very busy but Jackie said I should see him and. . . . "I'm glad Jackie said that. It's good to see you."

He really means it too. "You have to be pretty blasé not to be flattered when someone wants to talk about you." He sits me on the sofa and asks if I often work on Saturdays, am I South African, how long have I been here. I say excuse me but I'm the one who's supposed to be asking the questions around here, and he says he knows that but it's more interesting this way round.

His eyes are direct, appreciative. Quite a ladykiller, Mark Hume McCormack. And I'm actually in his hotel bedroom. And, he's a millionaire.

This is the Mark McCormack, president of the huge International Management Incorporation, lawyer, golfer, and consultant to the stars. And Gary too.

He wears a copper bracelet on his right wrist. "Someone gave it to me, a faddy phony thing. I tell people I'd feel terrible without it, but in fact I was fine before I got it."

Before he got this far he started out as a Cleveland, Ohio, lawyer out of Yale Law School, but things moved too slowly in law for him.

What he wanted was to be a golf champ, but "I knew I wasn't going to be an Arnold Palmer." In fact he is a scratch golfer, and has played in the US Open and four US Amateurs. This is where the golfers come in. About 12 years ago Palmer came to him. Others followed him. Being sportsmen they need looking after.

The big one, of course, was Arnold Palmer, and Mark McCormack looking after his business interests could not go wrong. The association was not purely business — "Arnie's my best friend. I've even written a book about him, and d'you know he hasn't even read that book?"

Our Gary was also one of the early ones. It was very pally. It was only the start.

Golf is probably only 20 percent of his business now — Palmer, Player, Jacklin, Oosterhuis, Henning, Hayes, Cole, Sally Little "nice girl — doing very well" These are just some of the names.

Other names? Would you believe Dennis the Menace? He's one. Then there's Jackie Stewart, Francois Cevert, Rod Laver, Roger Taylor, Margaret Court, John Alexander ("Rod

Blacks? Quite a number actually — Lee Elder, Frank Robinson ("he's gonna be the first Black American baseball manager"), and many other US sportsmen. And cricketers? Shame, they don't really figure — "can't do much for them." But he did have Boycott once, because "a guy called Richie Benaud who works for us said Boycott would be the best in the world." That didn't work out, but he thinks he could make a few thousand for Barry Richards in South Africa ("and somebody Pollock").

He's thinking of establishing an office here in Johannesburg — after all he's thriving elsewhere: three offices in London, two in Los Angeles, one in Tokyo, New York, Christchurch New Zealand, head office in Cleveland, with Paris and Melbourne coming up.

And what exactly does he do for all these clients? "We do everything for them. Financial management, taxes, merchandising like commercials, interviews, television programs, negotiating contracts. We try to get as much out of their relatively short career spans as we can. Most of our clients are at the top right now — but what are they going to do when they're 35 or 45? We reckon on a golfer lasting about 20 years, tennis players 10, a racing driver 15, and a skier maybe only five."

It was at this stage that The Briefcase came out. Full of papers and gemcips. Like a conjurer pulling out hankies he produces his showpieces.

Out comes a brochure of Jean-Claude Killy clothes. "He's just taught me to ski. Great guy — going into films. We want him to retire while he's at the top."

Out comes a cutting on Charlotte Rampling's *menage a trois*. "She's a very down to earth girl, Charley." Out comes an enthusiastic review of his Golf Annual in a magazine called "Golf in Australia." "I own the magazine." With a grin.

Out come colour pictures of his two sons, of a long-haired blonde American diver Anne Peterson, the dust jacket of his book on Arnie. There's a pull of a double-page ad featuring Shrimpton and Arnie in sunglasses. "Jean's the most natural person I know — and the only one who's birthday is on the same day as mine, November 6."

And out of the briefcase comes a very flattering character analysis of a Scorpio, presumably presented by a McCormack fan.

What does he do for Jackie Stewart? "Of course Jackie's in demand all the time for television, he's just been the subject of a Playboy interview, we negotiate his contracts — there are Jackie Stewart sunglasses, Jackie Stewart bathing trunks, that kinda thing. And he's going to do a movie too — Alastair McLean's written a script for him."

Book

And talking of scripts, Mark's big work at the moment is a giant book on the history of golf. "Right now it's called an *Untitled History and Commentary on Men's Professional Golf*. Maybe it'll stay that way."

The book should be out by Christmas 1973, "and they think they'll do 1,000 leather-bound copies. I thought that was kinda exciting." I said it sounded kinda exciting to handle both WCT (TV and merchandising rights) and be tied up with Wimbledon (TV rights and official film) but apparently the rift does not distress International Management. And does Lamar Hunt want to take over world tennis? The answer was a



bellow of laughter — "You could say that. No, it's a bit strong. Let's say he sure wants to have a say in what goes on."

One might say something like that about Mark McCormack. He does not want to take over the world, but he sure wants to have a say in its stars' profits. This means your forearm must know what your putter is doing, it means keeping an eye on the whole show.

This calls for sound method, and a relish for statistics that with Mark amounts almost to a fetish. I mean, he has this black book in The Briefcase. I don't know if it's got a million telephone numbers in the back, but it can sure tell me how many hours sleep he has had in the last eight years — 2,658 in 1964, 2,575 in 1969, "that was the depth," 2,634 in 1971 — "on the way back up."

He keeps a check on the amount of time he spends at home — "people keep complaining," 43 percent at home in 1969, only 38 percent in 1971 — "had a lotta trouble over that." In there are also his golfing statistics over the years, his weight, "and others which are unprintable."

As for his health: "Sure I jog," he says. Then delves into the briefcase again. Out comes a photostat copy from an American medical journal elaborating on the fact that sex is just as beneficial to keeping fit as jogging or doing boring exercises. (Let him tell that to Theo Gardener.) And here I was in the man's bedroom!

"Ahem," I said, picking up my pen, "and what about politics? Would you ever touch a politician?" "Well I helped Agnew sell a golf article he wrote." Yes but handling a politician? "No, I couldn't stand that." Not even a Kennedy?

"Well, I'd take on Jackie if she ever wanted to go commercial." And if Jackie ever did, McCormack must be the guy she'd turn to.

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