

Bingo! Eagles win NFL's opener, 22-17

In TV Week: New Bingo game cards. In Sports: Pisarcik leads the Eagles past the 49ers, but the Phils fall to second place.

The Philadelphia Inquirer

Vol. 309, No. 66

©1983, Philadelphia Newspapers Inc.

Sunday, September 4, 1983

ONE DOLLAR

Sifting through the myriad puzzles of Flight 007

Why did the Korean airliner stray over Soviet territory? And why would a Soviet jet shoot it down? There are far more questions than answers. The Inquirer's Washington bureau has attempted to sort through the clues. This is what it found.

By Frank Greve
Inquirer Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON — Korean Air Lines pilot Chung Byung In apparently never knew what hit him. He had never even known that KAL Flight 007 was off course at all, let alone 310 miles off course.

Flying blind, too, in a way, were the Soviet interceptor pilots who sent Chung and 268 passengers and crew to their deaths in the Sea of Japan. They certainly took their orders from the ground, and, according to Pentagon intelligence special-

ists examining the incident, those orders came from Air Defense Command headquarters in Moscow.

Chung, 45, KAL's senior 747 pilot, a former Korean Air Force colonel described by Korean-American friends as bold and "strong-willed," appears to have made a position-logging error as simple as dialing a wrong number.

But why was it not caught? And what made Moscow decide that 269 commercial airline passengers and crew members should be shot for

trespassing? Those, like many others, are questions that might never be answered.

Profound concerns about protecting Western intelligence capabilities already appear to be provoking some official disinformation, particularly about what American officials knew about the tragedy, and when they knew it.

Nonetheless, some explanations can be offered. Others can be easily dismissed — like the implication, left by the Soviets' statement Friday, that tracer bullets, fired as an interna-

tionally accepted form of final warning, may have felled the Boeing 747 jumbo jet accidentally.

Among the more helpful clues that emerge in scores of interviews with officials and other sources in the U.S. and South Korean intelligence communities, the U.S. government and the private aviation industry, are these:

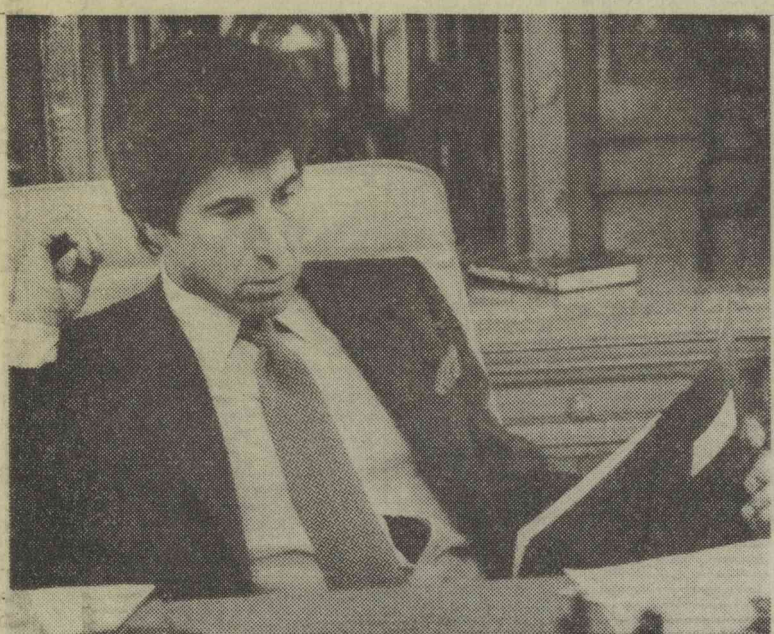
• Although White House and State Department officials say the United States uses no commercial aircraft for spying, top intelligence officials

believe that the Soviet Union and its allies do.

• Korean Air Lines, the official airline of a hostile neighbor and one whose pilots mostly have military backgrounds, long has been a target of acute Soviet suspicion, intelligence officials say.

• At 3:23 a.m. Korean time, three minutes before the first Soviet missile hit, KAL pilot Chung reported his position as longitude 147 east, latitude 41 north. No 747-sized blips showed at that position on Japanese (See QUESTIONS on 12-A)

Soviets: Plane Wreckage Found



Stephen Wynn, the Golden Nugget's flamboyant Wunderkind

He played the game with skill — and now he owns the house

By Fen Montaigne
Inquirer Staff Writer

In 1952, when wild burros roamed the desert just a few hundred yards from the Las Vegas Strip and a mobster seemed to be behind every gambling hall, a big-time bingo operator from the East Coast blew into town to run the bingo parlor at the Silver Slipper casino.

Michael Wynn was a savvy promoter, a big-hearted man and a compulsive gambler who would bet \$100 on just about anything — sports, cards, craps. When he came to Las Vegas in 1952, he brought his oldest son, Steve. It was a visit the boy would never forget.

Stephen Alan Wynn, who was 10 at the time, recalls riding horses across the brown, scrubby desert and seeing bleached cattle skulls on the side of the trails. He remembers the cowboy characters in Western dress. And he remembers the gambling halls and the men who ran them.

"There was a magic in this place," recalls Wynn. "It was like stepping back into the frontier. Casino owners were king. They owned the town. They were glamorous; they had beautiful women and lots of money."

Wynn remembers a little something about his father, too.

"He used to go to bed with me and then sneak out at night and shoot the dice at the Flamingo and the Sands."

Michael Wynn soon squandered his profits from the bingo parlor at the craps tables, and within a few weeks he and his son were headed back East.

In later life, the mixed images from the Las Vegas trip swirled in Wynn's head — the glamour of the old-time casino operators mingled with the vision of his father once again wrecking himself in a gambling establishment. It created a certain bittersweet feeling in the young

Jitters and jackpots

Another in an occasional series on 5 years of gambling in Atlantic City.

man — and a certain resolve.

"When you see a person crumble and lose his self-confidence, it's a very, very horrible experience," says Wynn. "But one thing my father's gambling did was that it showed me at a very early age that if you wanted to make money in a casino, the answer was to own one."

The boy grew up and did just that. Today, Wynn not only owns the profitable Golden Nugget Hotel-Casino in Las Vegas. Five years after the arrival of casino gambling in Atlantic City, Wynn's Golden Nugget Casino/Hotel has become what many consider to be the premier gambling hall in that resort. Wynn, in the opinion of many Wall Street analysts, has become the most creative and dynamic casino executive in the United States.

His rise to prominence has coincided with the emergence of Atlantic City as the nation's hottest casino market. Few people, in fact, have capitalized so well on the west-to-east shift in gambling. And as the nation's rapidly growing casino industry has become increasingly dominated by bland corporate managers, Wynn has maintained the dash, flamboyance and flair for self-promotion that characterized the pioneers of the casino business in Las Vegas.

"He's the true American dream," says Daniel Lee, a casino analyst with Drexel Burnham Lambert in New York. "Wynn is almost every ambitious man's idol. He combines (See WYNN on 22-A)



Philadelphia Inquirer / MYRNA LUDWIG

MORE THAN 300 people rallied at Independence Mall yesterday to denounce the Soviet government over the downing of South Korean Air Lines Flight 007. Kyung Hwa Park of Montgomery County, whose husband, Han

Tae Park, was a passenger on the flight, broke down in tears, while the Rev. Carl McIntire, a fundamentalist preacher, displayed a photograph of another passenger, U.S. Rep. Larry P. McDonald. Story on Page 15-A.

Israeli pullback begins in Shouf

From Inquirer Wire Services

Israel began its withdrawal from Lebanon's Shouf Mountains yesterday, and as its troops began streaming out of the area, the Lebanese government angrily accused Tel Aviv of a double-cross that could plunge the region into sectarian warfare.

As the Israeli troops moved out, state-run Beirut Radio reported clashes around the town of Aley on the edge of the Shouf and artillery attacks on three nearby Christian villages.

The shelling quickly spread across other areas, including the road crowded with Israeli forces moving to new positions in south Lebanon.

Lebanon has objected to Israel's plan to move its forces south to more defensible positions, saying that such a withdrawal could lead to the partitioning of the country.

Beirut Radio reported that artillery duels erupted yesterday afternoon between Christian and Druse forces in the mountain villages as (See PULLBACK on 24-A)



FOR THE YOUNGSTERS, a Momma T-shirt transfer awaits in today's Comics Section.

Weather & Index

MOSTLY SUNNY today and tomorrow, with highs both days near 90. Fair tonight, with lows 65 to 70. Full weather report, Page 19-E.

CHAMPION OR VILLAIN? Meet the Teamsters' John Morris, the toughest, meanest union boss in town. The Inquirer Magazine.

SECTIONS	FEATURES
News	A,B,C,F Action Line 5-H
Business	D Bridge 12-R
Sports	E Crossword 15-R
Review/Opinion	G Editorials 6-G
Family/Fashion	H Horoscope 2-H
Entertainment	I Ann Landers 2-H
Food	K Obituaries 6-F
Travel	L Puzzles 19-E
Real Estate	P CLASSIFIED
Books/Leisure	R Index 1-M
Inquirer magazine	Autos 28-E
TV Week	Help Wanted 1-M
Comic Section	Schools 5-G

3 to share record \$18.1 million in Pa. Lotto

By Andrew Maykuth
Inquirer Staff Writer

Three Pennsylvania Lotto players picked all six of the winning numbers drawn Friday night and will receive an equal share of what lottery officials billed as "the world's largest lottery jackpot" — \$18,162,911.

Each of the three jackpot winners won \$6,054,300, which will be paid in 21 equal installments of \$288,300 each, Lynn R. Nelson, lottery executive director, said yesterday.

One of those who said he was a winner was a Southwest Philadel-

phia man who bought his Lotto ticket at a Philadelphia hot dog stand on Friday.

Officials said sales of the \$1 tickets shattered all previous records as players stood in long lines to stake a claim on a jackpot that had swollen to record size because no player had picked all six numbers in the previous four consecutive drawings.

In the three days since the previous drawing on Tuesday, \$12 million in tickets had been sold. Friday, nearly \$5.5 million in tickets were

sold, setting a single-day sales record.

Officials had guaranteed a jackpot of at least \$9 million. The frenzied pitch of sales pushed the prize pool to double the size of the commission's conservative estimates.

The largest previous lottery jackpot was set in New Jersey when four winners of that state's lottery game split \$11.1 million in prize money in December. The biggest single lottery winner on record in United States is Nicholas Jorich, of Harrisburg, who

won \$8.8 million in a Lotto drawing in July.

A Philadelphia man, Robert Kinsella, 23, said Friday night he was one of the three players who chose the winning combination of 07-18-20-28-31-39. Kinsella is a part-time mail room employee of Philadelphia Newspapers Inc., which publishes The Inquirer and the Daily News.

After the 7 p.m. drawing Friday, a friend took the stunned Kinsella from the PNI building across Callowhill Street to the West Bar, where he (See LOTTERY on 20-A)

Reagan demands apology

From Inquirer Wire Services

The Soviet Union admitted yesterday that the aircraft that entered its airspace last week was a South Korean airliner and that wreckage from a plane crash had been found in Soviet waters.

But Moscow still did not publicly connect the wreckage with the Korean airliner or respond directly to worldwide allegations that a Soviet fighter jet shot down the airliner Thursday after it strayed over Soviet-held Sakhalin Island.

President Reagan said the Soviets owe the world an explanation for downing the aircraft — Korean Air Lines Flight 007, which was carrying 269 people — and an apology for "this murder of innocent civilians."

A lengthy commentary yesterday by the Soviet news agency Tass dropped all reference to the "unidentified plane" that it previously said had violated Soviet airspace.

Tass had previously said that Soviet fighters tracked the mystery craft and fired warning shots along its path, after which the plane flew on toward the Sea of Japan. The United States has said an SU-15 fighter blew the KAL jumbo jet out of the air with a heat-seeking missile, presumably killing all aboard.

The Tass commentary continued what has become the Kremlin's theme since the Boeing 747 disappeared over the Sea of Japan on a flight from New York to Seoul: The plane was on a spy mission and President Reagan is using the tragedy to mount "a worldwide rabid anti-Soviet campaign."

"Washington is feverishly covering up traces of the provocation staged against the Soviet Union with the utilization of the South Korean plane, which has flown out of the United States and intruded into the Soviet Union's airspace," the agency said.

In a style frequently employed by (See JETLINER on 13-A)

The Soviets, some diplomats say, will do anything to avoid admitting a mistake. Review & Opinion, Page 1-G.

Brink's jury acquits 6 on key charges

From Inquirer Wire Services

NEW YORK — In a surprise jury decision, six radicals were acquitted yesterday of charges that they played a direct role in a \$1.6 million Brink's armored-car robbery in which two police officers and a guard were killed.

But two of the defendants, Sekou Odinga, a former Black Panther, and Sylvia Baraldini, a member of the May 19 Communist group, were convicted under a federal racketeering law of participating in the 1979 escape of Black Liberation Army leader Joanne Chesimard from a New Jersey prison.

Ms. Chesimard, convicted of killing a New Jersey state trooper, remains a fugitive, presumably in a foreign country.

Odinga also was convicted of participating in a \$529,000 armored-car holdup in Inwood, Long Island.

Two defendants, Cecil Ferguson and Edward Joseph, members of the Republic of New Afrika, were found guilty of being accessories after the fact in that they had helped some of the Brink's robbers hide out. The remaining two defendants were acquitted of all charges.

Judge Kevin Duffy, who presided at the 21-week trial in U.S. District Court in Manhattan, appeared (See VERDICT on 8-A)

With relentless drive and a flair for showmanship . . .

WYNN, from 1-A
the showmanship of P.T. Barnum and the wisdom of Solomon."

Wynn also has the unyielding drive — many would say the ruthlessness — of America's capitalist barons of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. In fact, Wynn sees himself as part of that entrepreneurial tradition and is an unabashed free-enterprise booster. He once visited Moscow and had to leave within a day because he became almost physically ill from what he calls "the most depressing place on planet Earth."

Wynn is a handsome, charming, silver-tongued and highly polished 41-year-old *Wunderkind*. He dresses in expensive, well-tailored suits. He is a sleek 6-footer with perfectly styled black hair that is swept straight back. He has large brown eyes and a winning smile that reveals pearly white teeth. Some of his friends call him "the kid with the teeth, hair and eyes." He and Frank Sinatra appear together in a Golden Nugget television commercial that has made Wynn himself something of a celebrity.

He personally is worth about \$100 million, earns a \$625,000 annual salary and lives, in many ways, like royalty. He criss-crosses the country in a private DC-9, drives a \$65,000 Ferrari, recently gave his wife a Rolls Royce for their 20th wedding anniversary, socializes with singers and celebrities, lives in a splendid home in Las Vegas and has a ski lodge in Sun Valley, Idaho. Wynn casually talks about how he and Sinatra go out for pizza, or how Willie Nelson, another friend, once wrote a ditty about Wynn after traveling on the executive's private jet.

"God didn't promise me a livin'," the song begins, "but a Lear and a limo will dooooo."

Wynn, then, seems to have everything. Yet there is one problem that plagues him, a problem that this consummate man of action can do little about. Wynn is slowly losing his vision, a victim of retinitis pigmentosa. Some people believe the disease — relatively rare and incurable — has made an already ambitious man even more driven.

And driven he is. His wife, Elaine, says he is "consumed." Bucky Howard, his former casino manager, says Wynn is on a "mission."

Whatever one calls it, Wynn's relentless run to the top seems spurred, in large measure, by his father. Michael Wynn was both a model for what Wynn should become and a model of what he should avoid becoming at all costs. His father was a gifted businessman, yet he also was a pathological gambler who died \$30,000 in debt and haunted by his gaming escapades. Steve Wynn vowed that his life would have a different ending.

Now, Wynn sits atop a corporation whose value, under his stewardship, has increased from \$40 million in 1973 to about \$650 million today. His Atlantic City casino, with almost four times the revenues of the Las Vegas casino, is Wynn's main asset. Though only two-thirds the size of the larger gambling halls in Atlantic City, the Golden Nugget often has the highest monthly revenues and profits. Wynn's bright, gaudy casino — and his bold promotional and marketing moves — have lured gamblers to the Golden Nugget like moths to a flame.

Soon, he will break ground on a second casino-hotel in Atlantic City.

"I want as my epitaph: 'Steve Wynn and the Golden Nugget: Runnin' scared . . . straight ahead,'" says Wynn, whose accent is more West Coast than East Coast, and who often chops the g off the end of a word. "Not scared enough to pull up, but plenty concerned enough to know that we're in a very, very intense proposition. . . . It's like drivin' a Ferrari. It's very, very intricate. It's a high-performance piece of business. A Ferrari is wonderful to drive, but if you take your hand off the wheel, you hit the wall going 160. It has NO glide. You don't see anybody here cruisin', do you? I think we're the hungriest group on the block."

Most mornings, the first thing Wynn does is sit up in bed, grab a note pad and call his two casinos to see how much money they won the day before. He does the same thing before he goes to bed. In between, he pursues new business with an almost maniacal zeal and speaks gleefully of how he will "frappe" the competition.

The pressure is on those who work for him, too. When he hired some of his top executives, he promised he would make them millionaires. He has done that, but at a cost.

He is known, on the one hand, for paying his employees higher wages than his competitors and for giving them generous bonuses, stock gifts and other perquisites. Yet he is also known for treating some of his staff, particularly supervisors, in a "brutal" manner, according to several industry sources. They say he can be friendly and gracious one moment, in a black rage the next.

One high-ranking executive from another Atlantic City casino — a person who otherwise professes great respect for Wynn — says he has seen the casino president publicly dress down employees on several occasions. Once, the executive says, he saw Wynn scream at an employee and fire him as other workers looked on.

"I think his genius is so huge that he almost can't control himself," says the executive, who asked not to be identified. "He can't tolerate the least bit of stupidity."

Wynn acknowledges that he has been too rough on some employees and says he is trying to become more of a teacher than a disciplinarian.

Those who know Wynn well agree that he can be short-tempered, impatient, vain and anything but humble. Even his wife, who generally speaks in glowing terms about his accomplishments and unbounded energy, agrees that Wynn is high-strung and

pushy. "Steve is a brute forcer," says Elaine Wynn, 41. "He takes everything on his shoulders and barges down the hall. He can be spoiled and petulant. If you don't stop what you're doing and drop everything and do what he wants, he can get testy. He's very emotionally demanding. The only time he's not demanding is when he's asleep."

She recounts how her husband will go on "creative tears" for months, absorbed in himself and the business. After learning of the large profits made by Playboy's casino in London, Wynn leapt into action. "He was determined to get a place there if it killed him and me and everybody else," says Mrs. Wynn, who is pretty, blue-eyed and blond. "He went off the deep end."

Wynn bought the Park Lane casino in London for \$5.7 million but has been unable to receive a British gaming license. As is customary, British authorities have not told him why they are withholding a license, but Wynn believes it is because he is a foreigner.

Wynn abhors corporate bureaucracies, endless memo-writing and long-winded conferences. He is abrupt when talking business on the phone, spitting out "yeps" and "nopes" and asking questions in staccato bursts. Sitting in Wynn's Las Vegas headquarters, it is not uncommon to hear him holler out of his office for one of his vice presidents, oblivious to what the executive might be doing.

Once, while standing in front of the Golden Nugget in Atlantic City, Wynn saw a rented truck clogging traffic at the main casino entrance. He shouted at the parking attendants to get the vehicle out of there, and in a matter of seconds the parking staff was moving swiftly, and fearfully, into action.

In July, while checking on the construction of new offices at the Atlantic City casino, Wynn came across a worker lounging and playing a radio at full blast.

"What kind of country club is this!" Wynn shouted at the worker. "Turn that off! Let me see the foreman."

When he testified before the New Jersey Casino Control Commission in 1981, Wynn said the gambling industry was basically a numbers business, and casinos should win a certain percentage of every dollar wagered. If the casino's revenues fall below what they should be, some of his executives begin making excuses, Wynn testified. "I don't listen to them," he said. "I don't care about their stories. I dump them. That's it."

"I stroke my people a lot," Wynn said in a recent interview, clenching his favorite cigar — a Dunhill Monte Cristo No. 1 — between his teeth. "But it's also established that I can bite. I think that's a necessary part of any boss. I'm not a pincushion, and I don't turn the other cheek."

Wynn is as zealous at play as he is at work. He is an avid skier and has gone through periods when he was a fanatical steer-roper, dirt-bike rider and marathoner.

Now he has taken up windsurfing. Not long ago, he went to Hawaii and so enjoyed the windsurfing that he wanted to purchase a \$760,000 condominium there. He told his wife that he might even buy a casino in Australia so he would have an excuse to stop in Hawaii and windsurf. She talked him out of the condominium and the casino.

His wife tells another, similar story. Wynn always has been fascinated by dolphins. This summer, while visiting a health spa in California, the couple went to Sea World in San Diego and saw the dolphins. Soon after the Wynns returned to Las Vegas, Mrs. Wynn looked out a window and saw her husband pacing around the back yard. He was measuring to see where he would put his dolphin pool. He insists that one day he will build the tank.

So Wynn never stops running. And because of his relentless energy, few, if any, casino corporations so strongly bear the imprint of one man. Other gambling executives may have to let decisions percolate up and down the chain of command of huge corporations such as Ramada Inns, Holiday Inns and Hilton Hotels. Wynn — president, chairman of the board and undisputed czar of his 5,200-employee company — can decide in a matter of minutes whether to proceed with a new program.

"He is the corporation," says Bucky Howard, who is vice president of casino operations at the Tropicana Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, a subsidiary of Ramada Inns.

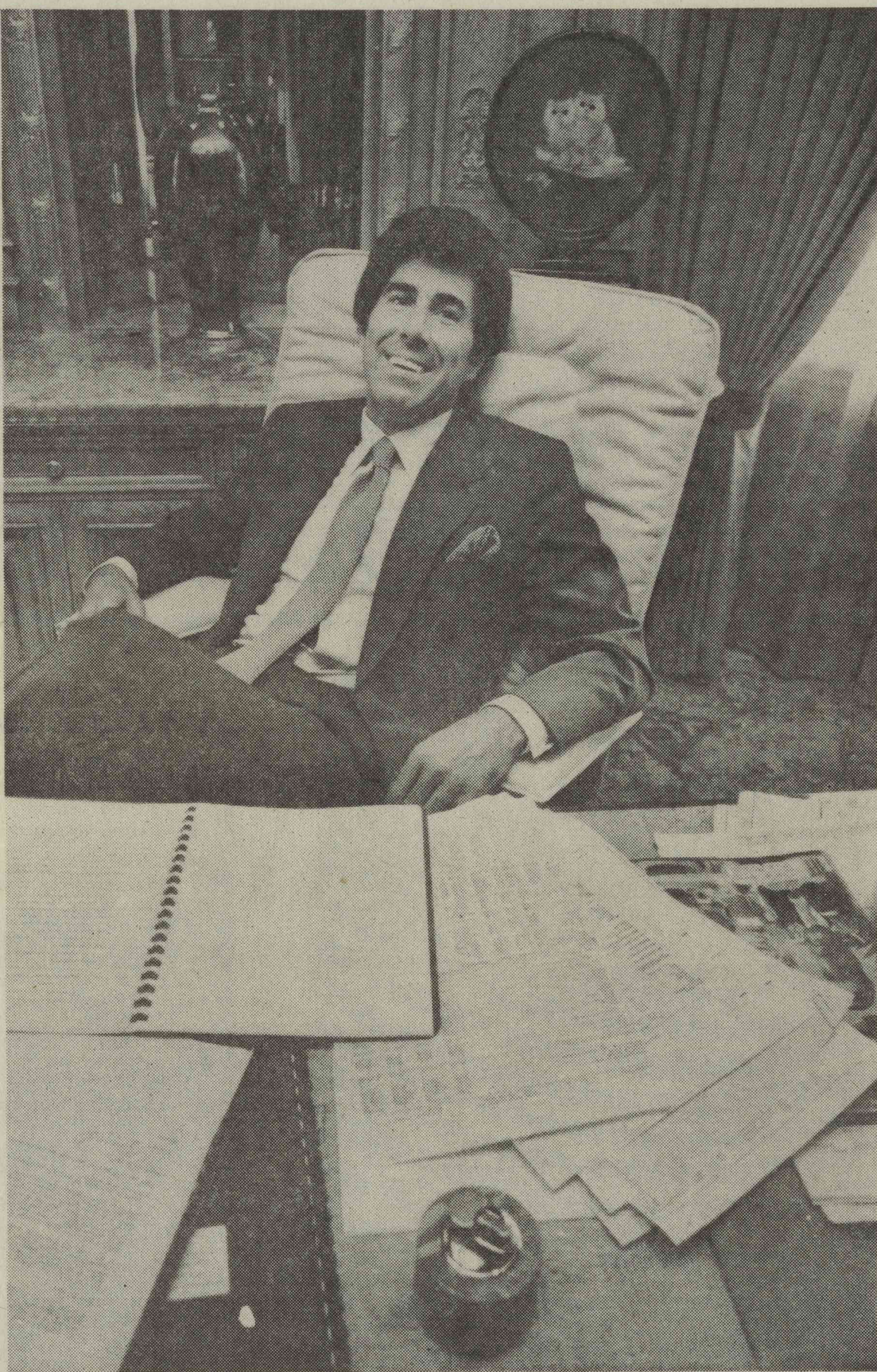
In this way, and in his wide-open style, Wynn resembles the old-time casino operators whom he admired when he visited Las Vegas as a boy. Yet he is very much a smooth, no-nonsense, modern executive. It is a rare combination.

His life story is equally unusual: a Horatio Alger tale in which the young hero leaves the family bingo business for Las Vegas, becomes friends with one of the most powerful men in Nevada, pulls off a lucrative land deal with Howard Hughes, stages a takeover of a venerable casino and rockets to the top.

It is above all a gambling story, for, as Wynn says, "Since the day I took my first breath I have been a kid who has never had a meal, a dollar for tuition or a piece of clothing on my back that didn't come from gambling."

Wynn's office, located on the 18th floor of his Las Vegas casino-hotel, is a lavishly decorated room that contains a hand-woven, gray-and-maroon carpet from Thailand; a black lacquer-and-brass Louis XVI desk made for Wynn in France; a multi-colored marble table for Wynn in Pisa, Italy; custom-made sofas decorated in burgundy-colored French fabric and a black Italian marble bathroom with a phone by the toilet.

The office also contains a bust of John Wayne; a letter signed by Walt Disney; Wynn's idol; a picture of



Stephen Wynn in his office; if you wanted to make money in a casino, the answer was to own one



Beneath a Victorian mural, gamblers play the slot machines

singer Kenny Rogers and his wife, two of Wynn's good friends, and a photograph of Mrs. Wynn and the couple's two daughters, Kevin, 17, and Gillian, 14. On the office's grey-suede walls are photographs of two men. One is Wynn's father. The other is E. Parry Thomas, chairman of the Valley Bank of Nevada. They, more than any other people, have shaped Wynn's life.

Life with Michael Wynn — a nervous, high-strung man who ran bingo halls from Boston to Baltimore — was a roller-coaster ride. Zelma Wynn and her two sons, Steve and Kenny, were flush with money one day, scraping for dollars the next.

Wynn attended the Manlius Military Academy near Syracuse, N.Y., and entered the University of Pennsylvania in 1959, where he studied English literature. During his sophomore year in college he met Elaine Pascal, a former Miss Miami Beach whose father, also a compulsive gam-

bler, played pinochle with Michael Wynn. Steve and Elaine's first date was a gambling excursion to a jai alai game in Florida.

During his senior year at Penn, Steve Wynn flew from Philadelphia to Washington almost every Sunday to help run his father's bingo parlor at Wayson's Corner, a rural crossroads in Anne Arundel County, Md., near Washington. His father died of heart failure in March 1963, and three months later Wynn graduated and began running the bingo game.

Wynn stayed at Wayson's for several years, calling the numbers and showing a knack for promotional ideas that he later would refine in the casino industry. Yet even though his annual income from the 1,100-seat bingo parlor reached \$100,000, Wynn clearly had grander ideas.

"If you were going to be in the gambling business, you might as well be big," Wynn says. "And that meant Las Vegas."

He moved his family to Nevada in 1967, and his initial experience there was a bitter one — he invested and worked in a casino, the Vegas Frontier, that had hidden Mafia ownership. Wynn, who federal investigators said was unaware of the Mafia tie, lost his job. But as has so often been the case, he landed on his feet. For it was through his involvement in the Vegas Frontier that Wynn met the man who, more than any other, changed his adult life — E. Parry Thomas.

"If Howard Hughes was the glamorous figure in Las Vegas in the late '60s, Parry Thomas was the power figure," Wynn recalled.

At a time when most bankers and investors wouldn't lend money to the casino industry, Thomas made loans to numerous casino-hotels and provided them with a host of banking services. In the process, he became enormously wealthy. When he met Wynn, Thomas was Howard Hughes' principal banker in Nevada and was representing Hughes in his purchase of the Vegas Frontier.

"I could see his brightness and quickness and ability as a young man," Thomas says. "The friendship grew into a very strong friendship. It might even be described as a father-son relationship."

Looking at Wynn's career, the importance of his relationship with Thomas — which many in Las Vegas think Wynn carefully cultivated — cannot be overestimated. At virtually every important turn in Wynn's rise to the top, Thomas was there to help with large loans and good advice.

With Thomas' assistance, Wynn became president of a Las Vegas liquor distributorship. Then, in 1971 and 1972, Wynn — again with Thomas' aid — pulled off a real estate transaction that propelled him into the public eye in Las Vegas and led to his takeover of the Golden Nugget.

Wynn wanted to buy a lot next to Caesars Palace Casino-Hotel on the Strip. He knew he could either build a small casino or sell the land at a huge profit to Caesars, which would not want a competitor a few yards from its door. The lot was owned by Howard Hughes, who had not sold any of his Las Vegas property for years. But Thomas persuaded the Hughes organization to sell the lot to Wynn, a transaction that made headlines in Nevada.

Wynn turned around and sold the lot to Caesars for a \$700,000 profit. Money in hand, he heeded yet another bit of Parry Thomas' advice and bought more than 100,000 shares of stock in the Golden Nugget. The casino, though it had a good name and fine location, had no hotel rooms and was poorly managed. Its stock also was undervalued.

By June 1973, Wynn owned enough stock to be elected to the Golden Nugget's board of directors and to be named executive vice president of the casino. Wynn said he soon discovered that the casino was in "pathetic shape" and that numerous employees were stealing money from the corporation. The young executive believed he had to gain control

of the board of directors to turn the casino around. And so, at age 31, he made a power play that showed he could be sufficiently tough when the need arose.

Wynn visited Golden Nugget president Buck Blaine and said he had documented cases of stealing and gross inefficiency at the casino. Wynn then told the 63-year-old casino president that he would sue for mismanagement unless Blaine relinquished control of the company.

"I said," Wynn recalls, "We can do it easy or we can do it hard. What do you say? Bucky, sitting in that office of his, just caved in. . . . It was my situation as a businessman to rough up Bucky Blaine. I was real glad when he said he wanted to work something out."

Wynn eased Blaine out with a \$30,000-a-year consulting fee and took control of the company in August 1973. Within a year, pretax profits at the casino rose from \$1.1 million to \$4.2 million. After constructing a 579-room hotel tower in 1977 and making other improvements to the casino-hotel, pretax profits soon reached \$12 million.

Wynn was on his way, though his cockiness, quick temper and lightning-like dismissal of some employees made him unpopular in certain quarters of Las Vegas. He was certainly not looked upon as the shining light of the casino industry. Wynn was to achieve that stature in Atlantic City, where he rode the crest of the East Coast gambling wave to fame and fortune.

In June 1978, several weeks after Resorts International Hotel-Casino opened in Atlantic City, Steve Wynn visited the East Coast gaming town. One look at the hordes of gamblers in Resorts convinced him that he had to get in on the action.

"I had never seen anything like it," Wynn says. "It made Caesars Palace on New Year's Eve look like it was closed for lunch."

At the suggestion of a friend — Resorts president Jack Davis — Wynn visited the owner of the Strand Motel on the Boardwalk. He walked in wearing shorts, sandals and a Willie Nelson T-shirt. Wynn walked out 25 minutes later having agreed to pay \$8.5 million in cash for the motel.

Wynn razed the Strand and built the 506-room Golden Nugget at a cost of \$160 million. It opened in December 1980 and was profitable immediately.

Much of the Nugget's success was due to its look. While most of Atlantic City's eight other casinos were built or remodeled in what Wynn's architect, Joel Bergman, called "pseudo neo-modern nothing," the Golden Nugget had a distinctive style. Bergman, Wynn and his interior designer, Henry Conversano, turned the Golden Nugget into a shiny, overdone piece of Victoriana: huge murals depicting turn-of-the-century Atlantic City beach scenes; vaulted, mirrored ceilings; mirrored walls; crystal chandeliers; stained glass; marble columns and gold-colored slot machines.

The result was a casino that sparked.

"You can have nobody in there and it looks as if there is movement all over," says Tony Hoffman, a casino analyst with Kralin & Co. in New York.

The reason the Golden Nugget looks like it does is that Wynn wanted to create a fantasy world — an adult Disneyland — for his customers.

"We perceived back in 1978 that the East Coast experience is basically a gray one," says Wynn, who obviously enjoys listening to the words rolling off his tongue. "And if Atlantic City was ever gonna be excitin' and successful it was going to be because it offered the people in this part of the world a chance to break their ordinary course of disciplined daily life and get a big dose of color and excitement and distraction."

"So we said everything in our building is going to be bright and twinkling, maybe too much so. The Golden Nugget's gonna be the last place in the world you would fall asleep. People come into this building and they get what they're looking for — a shot in the arm, a zap. It's like bein' on speed. The spectacle of the casinos — the sound of the stickmen, the Big Six wheel, the roulette wheel, all the noises, that incessant roar, that low-level hum of the slot machine arms. People love that. And when they've had enough of it, they turn around and walk out."

Wynn did not receive a New Jersey casino license until October 1981, and was not allowed to participate in the management of the Atlantic City gambling hall for the first 10 months of its operation. During that time, Robert Maxey, Wynn's top aide in Las Vegas, ran the Atlantic City casino.

At Wynn's licensing hearings in September 1981, the state Division of Gaming Enforcement presented sworn statements from two women — one an admitted prostitute and the other a former Golden Nugget employee — saying that they had seen Wynn either use or accept cocaine. The prostitute's credibility was damaged when Wynn presented statements from a half-dozen people saying that he was in Sun Valley at the time the prostitute accused him of being in Las Vegas snorting cocaine.

Ultimately, the Casino Control Commission voted unanimously to issue him a license.

In the spring of 1982, after Maxey resigned in a management shake-up, Wynn re-established firm control over the Golden Nugget and began making a number of moves that pulled the casino out of the middle of the pack and propelled it to the top. In an effort to improve service and reward employees for the Nugget's fast-growing revenues, Wynn bestowed a number of gifts on his "kids," as he calls his workers. He bought cars for 377 casino su-

(Continued on next page)

... Stephen Wynn capitalizes on a childhood lesson

Continued from preceding page
 supervisors. He gave each employee a week's bonus at Christmas. Most recently, he gave 20 shares of Golden Nugget stock — \$300 worth — to every employee. No other Atlantic City casino has given such gifts to its workers.

Wynn also began a program to bring in high-rolling gamblers. He hired Sinatra away from Resorts and signed him to a \$10 million, three-year contract to sing and make commercials for the Golden Nugget. He paid about \$13 million for a Boeing 727, two helicopters and 15 limousines to transport wealthy gamblers to his casinos. He spent \$4.5 million to build six lavish suites for high rollers on the 22d floor of the casino-hotel.

These moves have paid off. In the first six months of 1983, the Golden Nugget in Atlantic City had \$123 million in gambling revenues, \$4 million more than Resorts, its closest competitor. The Golden Nugget and Resorts consistently vie for first place — this despite the fact that Resorts' 60,000 square-foot casino is a third larger than Wynn's. Golden Nugget stock has been one of the fastest growing in the nation, tripling in value in the last year.

"We're getting eaten alive by Steve Wynn," says one casino executive, who asked not to be identified. "A lot of people in this town look on him with a mixture of awe and fear. You admire him because he's so aggressive, but you also realize in your own self-interested way that he's out to destroy you. The things you admire about him are the things that scare you to death."

Because of the success of his casino on the Boardwalk, Wynn soon will break ground on a second Atlantic City casino-hotel, this one in the marina area. He flatly predicts that the \$260 million building will be the "greatest hotel in the world" and calls it "the most delicious and adorable project conceived with love you could ever imagine."

In Las Vegas, Wynn has begun a \$52 million program to build 10 floors of expensive suites and make other improvements to his casino. He is leading a move by the traditionally low-rolling downtown casinos to compete with the fancier casinos on the Strip.

Wall Street analysts say that one of the main reasons for Wynn's success is his affection for gamblers. "A lot of other people in this business look at gamblers with disdain," says Daniel Lee of Drexel Burnham Lambert. "Steve understands the mentality of gambling."

Wynn frequently walks around the casino floor and mingles with his customers. He gambles himself and recently played in the World Series of Poker at Binion's Horseshoe Casino in Las Vegas. But does he, in light of his father's gambling, feel guilty about making a fortune in a business that caused his family so much grief?

"We're selling entertainment," Wynn recently said at a conference on compulsive gambling. "I resent it when I'm painted as a predator."

Wynn is standing on the ballroom stage at the Tropicana Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City, greeting a string of admirers. He has just finished speaking to the Committee of Labor to Improve Atlantic County, which has named him its man of the year. Slowly the ballroom and the stage empty.

Wynn walks to the side of the stage. The area is dimly lit, and he bumps into a metal bar. A union leader takes Wynn's arm and leads him down the steps on the right side of the stage. The union man guides him to a well-lit hallway, where Wynn thanks him and walks away, seemingly unaware that people are nodding and waving to him as he passes.

Wynn said he was 29 when he noticed he was losing his sight. The retinitis pigmentosa, which destroys the eye's light-receiving cells, has caused his vision to diminish by a percent or two every year. Now, in dim light, Wynn sees only vague shapes and shadows. In normal light, his peripheral vision is restricted, though he says he can clearly see people and objects that are not too far afield.

Unless a cure is found for the disease, he eventually will be legally blind. Wynn, a board member of the National Retinitis Pigmentosa Foundation, has given more than \$1 million for research on the ailment.

Wynn says he doubts that the disease has made him more driven, and that he does not brood over something he cannot control.

"The guy's got so much," says one Golden Nugget executive. "He's got pretty much everything but his eyes."

It is July in Las Vegas, and around noon the temperature is 104 degrees, heading to 112. Steve Wynn comes to the door of his tan, one-story, stucco-and-wood home. He is wearing a white cotton, floor-length robe, given to him by a wealthy Saudi friend. Wynn, his face deeply tanned, glances out to his driveway and the street, where eight workers' trucks are parked. An army of carpenters, electricians and laborers is building Wynn a new bathroom, remodeling the den, pruning his lawn and shrubs and cleaning the swimming pool.

He leads a visitor into his house, exquisitely decorated in contemporary California style — marble floors, sleek furniture, modern art on the walls.

"We're addin' on a new bathroom for me," says Wynn. "I always wanted my own dressing area. I'm goin' to have a steam shower."

The living room and dining room seem to be all windows that look out on his four-acre property — a well-groomed lawn, manzanita trees, willows and desert flowers. A horse stable and riding track are tucked into the back of the compound.

Wynn munches on watermelon, cantaloupe and jicama, a Mexican vegetable. He is on a health-food diet and strictly follows the "Pritikin program." He props his feet on a stool, lights a Dunhill and looks out on his sun-drenched back yard.

"I don't know when a man is secure enough in his role, in his lifestyle, to begin to revel in it, to show off, and start to become what people expect him to be," says Wynn. "The point is that when a person is doing what he likes very much he has a certain exuberance and comfort that you don't see otherwise. And I love this. I love this business, this place. But it's gotten to be very heavy now, it's gotten to be such a big deal."

Elaine Wynn — dressed in jogging shorts and a T-Shirt with "Maui" printed on it — worries, too, that things have become such a big deal. The television commercials have made Wynn a near-celebrity, their bi-coastal existence is hectic and draining and her husband is being pulled in dozens of different ways by his increasingly demanding schedule.

Recently, in Atlantic City, Mrs. Wynn wanted to stroll on the Boardwalk with her husband and daughters. The family took its walk, and with them were a bodyguard, Wynn's secretary and the stares and comments of people who recognized the casino president from his television commercials.

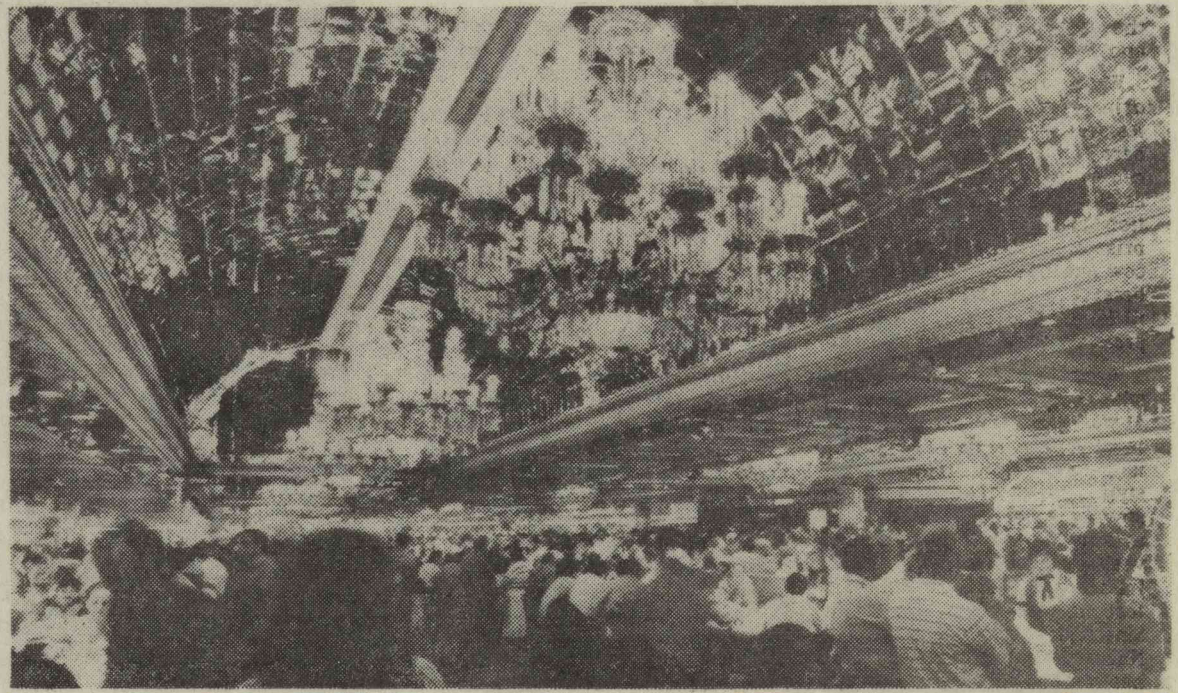
"It was not a family stroll," says Mrs. Wynn. "It was a parade."

Wynn worries, but not too much. In the immediate future there is the construction of his new casino-hotel, and after that, who knows.

"When I was a child," Wynn continues, "I formed this totally ridiculous, juvenile, adolescent image of Las Vegas and what it would be like to be a casino owner. I grew up, and 30 years later when the boyhood dream became a reality, I was faced with the comparison of my childhood fantasy and the reality as an adult."

He puffs on his cigar and gazes into the yard.

"You know, I was right. It's the greatest. It's still more fun than anything else."



In decor, Wynn wanted the Golden Nugget Casino/Hotel to be an adult Disneyland

59.90 SPECIAL PURCHASE CAREER SUITS

Designer looks at a working-girl price

Suits that work, at a price you can afford! Six wonderfully designed two-piece suits from MJ Sport. Cut and shaped to look like the more expensive suits. But not cost like them! Basic button-fronts, updated "waiter" jackets, double-breasted and double-collared blazers. Men's wear checks, plaids, stripes solids in teal, berry and grey. Crisp-looking and comfortable in a year-round fabric blend of poly/rayon. The best wardrobe basics this fall! Misses' 8-18. 59.90. (398)

Strawbridge & Clothier

Charge 3 ways using your handy Strawbridge & Clothier charge, Visa or MasterCard.

To shop by phone from anywhere, call our 24-hour toll free number 1-800-824-2424

ALL STORES OPEN SUNDAY 12-5 (EXCEPT ARDMORE) ALL STORES OPEN MONDAY, LABOR DAY, 11-6