Publisher John H: Johnson, who works out of one of the Chicago area's most lavish executive offices, has plenty of elbow room.

Daily News photo by M. Leon Lopez

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Executive 'suiteners'

Novel touches abound in Chicago's executive suites. The rising young executive might want to make a few notes on the following:

• The who-said-rolltop-desks-are-out department: When he's done for the day, president Gerald S. Gidwitz of Continental Materials presses a button and a panel seals off his desk — and his unfinished business.

 The get-me-Chairman-Mao department: J. Theodore Wolfson had a hotline telephone system (yes, all phones are red) at Business Bailders International. It puts him in direct contact with seven of his executives and is designed so nobody can cut in or eavesdrop. The neat-trick department: When the sun gets in his eyes or he wants to talk privately, George V. Carracio, regional managing partner of Arthur Young & Co., touches a button at his desk on the 35th floor of the IBM Building. No, it doesn't summon his secretary. It closes the door or the window curtains automatically.

• The neat-desk department: J. W. Van Gorkom, president of Trans Union Corp., keeps his telephone hidden in the lower-left-hand drawer.

• The take-a-break department: Alvin Eicoff, president of A. Eicoff & Co., an ad agency, has a soft-drink dispenser in his office.

Plush suite for publisher

First of three articles

By Thomas Witom

The executive suite is where a company's Mr. Big hangs his hat. And there's no mistaking it for the mailroom or the typing pool.

The chief's special preserve doubles as a glamorous showplace — the top of the corporate ladder in all its glory — and an inner sanctum where the boss can work in **private**.

Chicago abounds in tasteful, imaginative executive suites. Johnson Publishing Co., at 820 S. Michigan, houses probably the most lavish.

EBONY PUBLISHER JOHN H. JOHNSON has plenty of elbow room: the entire 11th floor is his private domain.

A bright, spacious reception room complete with fresh flowers and African and black American art greets the visitor. Little touches — like a typewriter trimmed in red alligator, matching the trim on a settee, and a heavily lacquered, tortoise-shelled table — are clues to an elephantine decorating budget.

Johnson's elaborate, interconnecting formal office, informal conference room and private dining room seem like part of an extravagant movie set.

The three rooms open to a patio overlooking Lake Michigan. The office has a silver-leaf telephone and picturephone, bookcases, a well-stocked bar and refrigerator and a television set. And suede-covered walls. That informal conference room, the one with leather padding on its walls, features a walnut-travertine marble-block table and a master light and door-control panel.

The 11th floor has its own heating, cooling and humidifying system.

JOHNSON ALSO HAS HIS OWN private barber shop-exercise room done in red goat-hair "carpeting" that covers all four walls as well as the floor. The room also is equipped with a built-in TV set, barber's chair and body-conditioning paraphernalia.

When he must stay at night at the office, Johnson doesn't sacrifice his comfort. He has a private bedroom with suana. A modern kitchen of bright yellow and two smaller meeting rooms complete the picture.

Johnson's own appraisal of the luxurious surroundings? "It's functional."

NEXT: The swank offices of a bank chairman and a restaurant-chain president.