

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



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Write: The Peace Corps,
Washington, D.C. 20525.



TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 2

BOB HOPE PRESENTS THE CHRYSLER THEATER (NBC, 9-10 p.m.)* Murder is the plot, money and marriage are the motives in "Nightmare," with Julie Harris and Farley Granger.

Thursday, August 3

SUMMER FOCUS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). "Nurses: Crisis in Medicine" studies the alarming shortage of nurses, the changing nature of health-care services, and the day-to-day problems that specialized nurses face. Among others visited by Narrator Eddie Albert: Dr. Philip R. Lee, Assistant Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

Friday, August 4

WILD, WILD WEST (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Agnes Moorehead plays Emma Valentine, a socialite who seems to be involved in murdering some of the West's wealthiest men. Repeat of the show that won her a 1967 Emmy Award.

CBS FRIDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Henry Fonda, Walter Matthau and Frank Overton are the pivotal characters in *Fail Safe* (1964), that point-of-no-return thriller. Repeat.

COLLEGE ALL-STAR FOOTBALL GAME (ABC, 9:30 p.m. to conclusion). Heisman Trophy Winner Steve Spurrier leads the College All-Stars against pro football's Green Bay Packers in the 34th annual game. Live from Soldier Field in Chicago.

Saturday, August 5

ABC'S WIDE WORLD OF SPORTS (ABC, 5-7 p.m.). Now that Cassius Clay is no longer recognized as heavyweight champion of the world, the rest of the boys are slugging it out in an "elimination tournament" to find a new champ. On this card: Leotis Martin (ninth-ranked) v. Jimmy Ellis (ranked eighth), and Ernie Terrell (fourth-ranked) v. Thad Spencer (fifth-ranked). Live from Houston's Astrodome.

Sunday, August 6

CAMERA THREE (CBS, 11-11:30 a.m.). "The Seven Aspects of Shaw," Part 1. Actress-Director-Producer Margaret Webster examines the many facets of G.B.S., reading excerpts from his *Man and Superman*, *Candida*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Pygmalion*. Repeat.

SOCCER GAME OF THE WEEK (CBS, 3:30-5:30 p.m.). Toronto plays Oakland at Oakland, Calif.

THE 21ST CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.). Will there ever be a city free from air pollution, slums and traffic jams? Walter Cronkite looks into the possibilities in "Cities of the Future." Repeat.

THE DOCUMENTARIES OF TED YATES (NBC, 6:30-7:30 p.m.). A tribute to Ted Yates, NBC's outstanding TV reporter who was fatally wounded while covering the recent Arab-Israeli war. Chet Huntley narrates the films, showing Yates at work in Santo Domingo and the Congo.

THE ABC SUNDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11:15 p.m.). Jane Fonda, Tony Franciosa and Jim Hutton in Hollywood's version of Broadway's *Period of Adjustment* (1962), a rare Tennessee Williams comedy

* All times E.D.T.

about newlyweds in the first difficult months of adjustment. Repeat.

Tuesday, August 8

TUESDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-10:54 p.m.). Another Hollywood adaptation, this time Gore Vidal's Broadway hit, *Visit to a Small Planet* (1960), featuring Jerry Lewis as a curious spaceman who spins in from the stratosphere and tries to become an earthling. Repeat.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "The Disordered Mind." Two studies of psychological disturbances in children: a boy who rejects school and a girl who flirts with danger.

THEATER

The summertime fare at country playhouses always includes a sprinkling of new works, some by established authors testing ideas for Broadway, but most of them by relatively unknown writers, who otherwise might not see their efforts on stage. Either way, it makes for adventure-some theatergoing.

SPIDER'S WEB, a chiller by Agatha Christie, with Joan Fontaine, will be luring audiences to the Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass., from Aug. 7 through Aug. 12. From there, it goes to the Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa., Aug. 14 through Aug. 19, and the Candlewood Theater, New Fairfield, Conn., Aug. 21-26.

PASTERNAK HIGHWAY, a love story set in contemporary Russia, by Alex Parnis, will be at the Playhouse, Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 21 through Aug. 26.

DOES A TIGER WEAR A NECKTIE?, a drama by Don Petersen set in a school for juvenile drug addicts, is the last entry of the Berkshire Theater Festival, Stockbridge, Mass., Aug. 22-Sept. 2.

ALL THE BETTER TO KILL YOU WITH, a New England mystery by Fred Carmichael, will be testing at the Playhouse, Dorset, Vt., Aug. 24-27.

A WALK ON THE WATER, about a group of ineffectual Irish revolutionaries, by Playwright Hugh Leonard, will have its American debut at the Playhouse, Boothbay, Me., Aug. 22-26, after a successful run in Dublin.

DOUBLE IMAGE, adapted from a short story by Roy Vickers, ran in Paris for 4½ years as *Gog and Magog*, and then played in London. Scheduled for Broadway in December, the comedy about look-alikes opens one-week engagements at the Playhouse in Kennebunkport, Me., July 31, the Playhouse in Ivoryton, Conn., Aug. 7, and the Mineola Theater, Mineola, N.Y., Aug. 15. Jean-Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan head the cast.

THE SEVEN DEADLY ARTS, a comedy about a latent swinger by Harold Kennedy and Robert Koesis, will be at the Playhouse on the Mall, Paramus, N.J., Aug. 1-13, the Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn., Aug. 14-19, and the Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass., Aug. 21-26. Cesar Romero plays the lead.

PEG, a musical version of *Peg o' My Heart* starring Eartha Kitt, will be tuning up at the Music Fair, Westbury, N.Y., Aug. 1-13.

THE PENTHOUSE PERSPECTIVE features Betsy von Furstenberg and Carlton Carpenter as a young couple who meet in Greenwich Village in a two-character com-

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edy by Myron Levy: at the Red Barn Theater, Northport, N.Y., Aug. 1-27.

A SINGULAR MAN, by Novelist J. P. Donleavy (*The Ginger Man*), starring E. G. Marshall as a detached, uncommunicative businessman, opens at the Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn., Sept. 4.

HENRY, SWEET HENRY, a musical based on *The World of Henry Orient*, starts a four-week trial run at the Fisher Theater in Detroit, on Aug. 21, before going to Philadelphia from Sept. 19 to Oct. 7, and then to Broadway. Don Ameche and Carol Bruce have the starring roles.

ELEANORA DUZE, a study of the renowned actress by Italian Playwright Mario Fratti, will be playing at the Asolo Theater Festival at Sarasota, Fla., until Sept. 9.

DUMAS AND SON! is a romantic musical based on the book by Jerome Chodorov and a score adapted from Saint-Saëns' *Camille*. Constance Towers, Hermione Gingold and Edward Everett Horton are among the cast. At the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion, Los Angeles, Aug. 1-Sept. 16; the Curran Theater, San Francisco, Sept. 19-Nov. 6.

CINEMA

DIVORCE AMERICAN STYLE. Dick Van Dyke and Debbie Reynolds are brave enough to appear unattractive and unsympathetic as well as funny in this slick, cynical film about a marital split.

FOR A FEW DOLLARS MORE. Those who like their westerns Italian style—full of narrowed eyes and curled lips—will appreciate this sequel to *A Fistful of Dollars*, with Expatriate American Actor Clint Eastwood repeating his comically cool impersonation of a bounty hunter.

EL DORADO. John Wayne and Robert Mitchum both get shot in this old-style oater—but it just gives them a chance to prove that two old pros are better on one good leg apiece than most of the younger stars are on two.

THE FAMILY WAY. John Mills is superb as a loutmouthed father whose newlywed son (Hywel Bennett) and daughter-in-law (Hayley Mills) are unable to consummate their marriage.

THE DIRTY DOZEN. A World War II major (Lee Marvin) is ordered to transform twelve criminals and psychopaths from the camp stockade into a fighting unit fit for a suicide mission behind enemy lines. The denouement is loud and bloody.

TO SIR, WITH LOVE. This film about a British Guianian (Sidney Poitier), who takes a teaching job at a London slum school, attempts to blend realism with idealism—an unstable mixture saved only by Poitier's catalyzing warmth.

A GUIDE FOR THE MARRIED MAN. A sprightly scenario, the taut direction of Gene Kelly, and the uncommon acting talent of Walter Matthau turn this into one of the best sex comedies of the season.

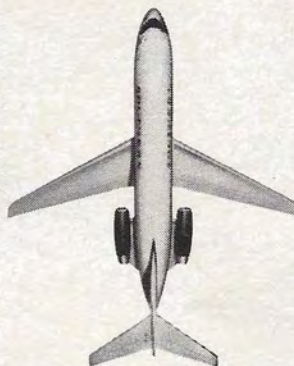
BAREFOOT IN THE PARK. Jane Fonda and Robert Redford do well by Neil Simon's Broadway comedy about newlyweds settling down in a six-flight walk-up.

BOOKS

Best Reading

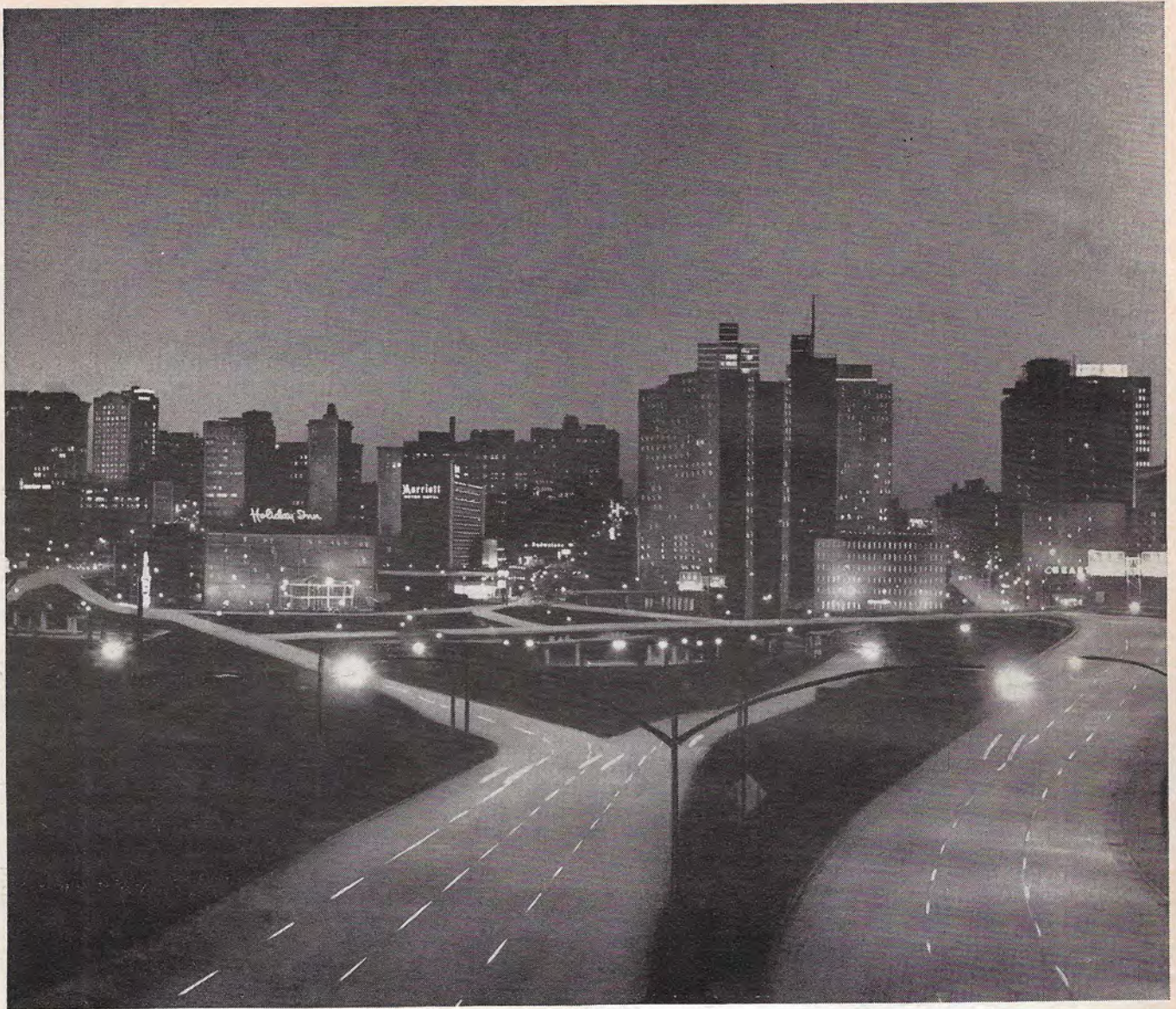
NABOKOV: HIS LIFE IN ART, by Andrew Field. The 29-year-old American critic thinks that Nabokov would be more easily understood if U.S. readers knew his Russian work as well as his English. So

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he analyzes all of Nabokov and makes a persuasive case that he is the best novelist now writing.

TO MOVE A NATION, by Roger Hilsman. Candid memoir, controversial history and complex political theory are unevenly combined in this Kennedy policy reprise, by a provocative and polemical member of the State Department under J.F.K.

OUR CROWD, by Stephen Birmingham. New York's great Jewish families—the Warburgs, Guggenheims, Strauses, Lehmans, Goldmans, Loeb—once maintained a social structure as exclusive in its way as Mrs. Astor's. Author Birmingham renders an affectionate portrait of what he calls Manhattan's "other Society."

STORIES AND TEXTS FOR NOTHING, by Samuel Beckett. Beckett's characters measure out their lives in toothpicks instead of spoons, but there is considerable galows humor in their remorseless decline.

SIGNS AND WONDERS, by Françoise Mallet-Joris. Against a backdrop of Gaullist France near the end of the Algerian war, a writer plods his slow march to lunacy. In her sixth novel, Author Mallet-Joris again demonstrates her ability to create worlds that readers accept instantly.

SELECTED LETTERS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Constantine FitzGibbon. This careful selection shows that the great Welsh poet was incapable of writing badly—and just as incapable of living well.

A PRELUDE: LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE, by Edmund Wilson. Turning to autobiography after 51 years as critic, journalist, essayist, poet, playwright and novelist, Wilson draws entries from a journal begun in 1914. The result is a rich account juxtaposing his growth as a writer with the breakdown of his snug pre-war world.

SNOW WHITE, by Donald Barthelme. Translating the old story into contemporary idiom, Barthelme goes wild with words. His amusingly refurbished novel of the absurd is as episodic and pointless as a kaleidoscope, yet just as strangely affecting.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (1 last week)
2. *The Eighth Day*, Wilder (2)
3. *The Plot*, Wallace (3)
4. *Washington, D.C.*, Vidal (5)
5. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (6)
7. *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*, Crichton (7)
8. *The King of the Castle*, Holt (9)
9. *Tales of Manhattan*, Auchincloss (8)
10. *Fathers, Gold* (10)

NONFICTION

1. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (4)
2. *Everything But Money*, Levenson (2)
3. *The Autobiography of Bertrand Russell* (1)
4. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (7)
5. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (8)
6. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (6)
7. *Edgar Cayce: The Sleeping Prophet*, Stearn
8. *The Death of a President*, Manchester (3)
9. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham
10. *Games People Play*, Berne (9)



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LETTERS

Cry the City

Sir: Thank you for an intelligent, fair and incisive story on Newark [July 21].

The problems of my city are many and complex, but the city administration under Mayor Addonizio has made a real effort to correct them and to improve the living conditions of all the people of Newark. As a fire officer who was in the streets during the riot, I believe I can speak for the great majority of men in the Fire Department. We are all most anxious to put the past to rest and to begin to rebuild, both spiritually and physically, our fine city.

EDWARD M. WALL
Battalion Chief

Fire Department
Newark

Sir: Your biased story makes the poor white store owners who overcharge and gyp ghetto residents, the police, Mayor Addonizio and Governor Hughes appear pious and perfect examples of the "good guys" who cannot understand why this "terrible act of criminal insurrection" has taken place. The Negroes served as perfect examples of the "bad guys" who don't know how to behave and should contentedly nibble on the crumbs provided by the "highly successful" poverty program and other community-action programs—many of which have not even been started. No one group is all good or all bad. My suggestion to Americans appalled by the riots: become a little more appalled with the conditions, physical and emotional, that the ghetto dweller lives under and work consistently to erase and prevent the conditions that make for ghettos and the riots that grow out of them.

CHERYL I. FOSTER

Newark

Sir: You can blame riots on anything you want to, you and the rest of the good citizens. There is one reason for them, and you know what it is: the black man is tired of being pushed around, and he has decided to push back hard. This isn't news to anyone, though everyone refused to admit it, but what we are doing in these riots isn't any worse than what the white man has done to us and is still doing to us. The white man just does it in a different way.

E. SLOANE

Brooklyn

Sir: It is time for decent Americans of dark skin to disavow black racists, black assassins and black criminals, just as de-

cent Americans of light skin have disavowed white racists, white assassins and white criminals.

Anyone, including my fellow liberals, who now attempts to justify riots, sniping, looting and other viciously criminal acts must henceforth bear a part of the responsibility for such mindless, sickening and self-defeating violence.

Meanwhile, let's have a moratorium on all publicity about the actions and pronouncements of officials of the "Non-Students Violent Committee" and other racist demagogues and terrorists.

P. W. FERRIS

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Come Seven . . .

Sir: About your Essay on gambling [July 21]: There's two types of gamblers: a yokel compulsive gambler that thinks he can beat the house gambling devices layouts. Then, you have a professional gambler that makes a living from gambling in a systematic way. A pro gambler before he lays his money down, he studies the percentage against his chances of winning, especially at the crap table.

For instance, take a pair of dice, there's six numbers on each dice: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Take the two dice and place number 2 from one cube and number 5 from the other face to face, you'll have showing sevens all around the dice. In other words, there's six ways to make 7 with two dice—but the average player never cares to know the difference. On a pair of dice there's six ways to make 7 in one roll, five ways to make 6, five ways to make 8, four ways to make 5, four ways to make 9, and two ways to make 4, two ways to make 10.

A yokel dice gambler, not knowing the difference in the percentage he's bucking, will bet even money on any of the above said numbers—and that is why Reno and Las Vegas send a cab for them. While on the other hand, a pro gambler will ask for the right odds according to the number he chooses to play. A pro gambler will never play the field numbers on the crap table layout: 2, 3, 4, 9, 10, 11, 12. Out of the field are the following numbers: 6, 8, 5, 7, this is for the house. Just think, only four numbers for the house—and seven for the players. The four numbers for the house has 20 ways to show up, while the seven numbers for the players only 16, how you going to beat it? And that goes for every table in the house.

JOSEPH PIANTANIDA

San Francisco

Goldwyn Rule

Sir: The court's ruling in the Marsha Goldwyn case [July 14] is another horrible example of traditional and vital public order being sacrificed for newly discovered individual "rights." Society must protect itself from cheaters of all types and ages; school officials have the duty to expose them in their arena. By forcing a somewhat overzealous principal to defend his conduct before a lay political board, the *Goldwyn* rule has further weakened the teacher-student relationship as well as glorified the increasingly common philosophy of "anything goes as long as you don't get caught, and if you do, scream 'due process'!" If the courts keep limiting the discretion of key public officials, the latter will give up in disgust, and the nation will degenerate into all individual rights but no public and/or private duties.

SANFORD KILLIP
Attorney

Oakland, Calif.

Sir: Students, be wise: don't waste time studying to pass your exams the honest way. Live! Enjoy! Cheat whenever or wherever you can. The law is on your side. If you're caught with the goods, so much the better. You'll be sure to have your proud, smiling picture published in *TIME*.

LOUISE LARSON

Wyckoff, N.J.

Something to Ponder

Sir: The Thoreau Society of America, cooler than the hippies, is taking the Thoreau stamp brouhaha [July 21] in stride. Recently, representatives of the society visited Sleepy Hollow Cemetery at Concord, where the Walden Ponderer is buried. No sign of protest was discovered at his grave.

A consensus of the society favors the face of any great American—but especially this Concorde—to complement the famous shot "heard round the world."

REGINALD L. COOK

President of the Thoreau Society
Dana Professor of American Literature
Middlebury College
Middlebury, Vt.

Sir: I personally wouldn't give a damn if the Post Office put out a stamp with a picture of Mary Poppins on it. I do think, however, that the Postmaster General might get a chuckle out of this quotation from *Walden*:

"For my part, I could easily do without the Post Office. I think that there are very few important communications made through it. To speak critically, I never received more than one or two letters in my life that were worth the postage."

ELLEN KATE BILGORE

Manhattan

Good Grief!

Sir: I would like to introduce a punctuation mark [July 21] called the "Charlie Brown." This is to be used after an exclamation of poignant despair, such as "I can't get anybody to believe in me." "My kite won't fly," or, simply "Rats." While composed of the selfsame elements now used in the normal exclamation point, it inverts the upper element to make maximal visual effect on a reader of its resultant teardrop shape: !

But I'll bet nobody ever wants to use my new symbol!

JACK SHARKEY

Northbrook, Ill.

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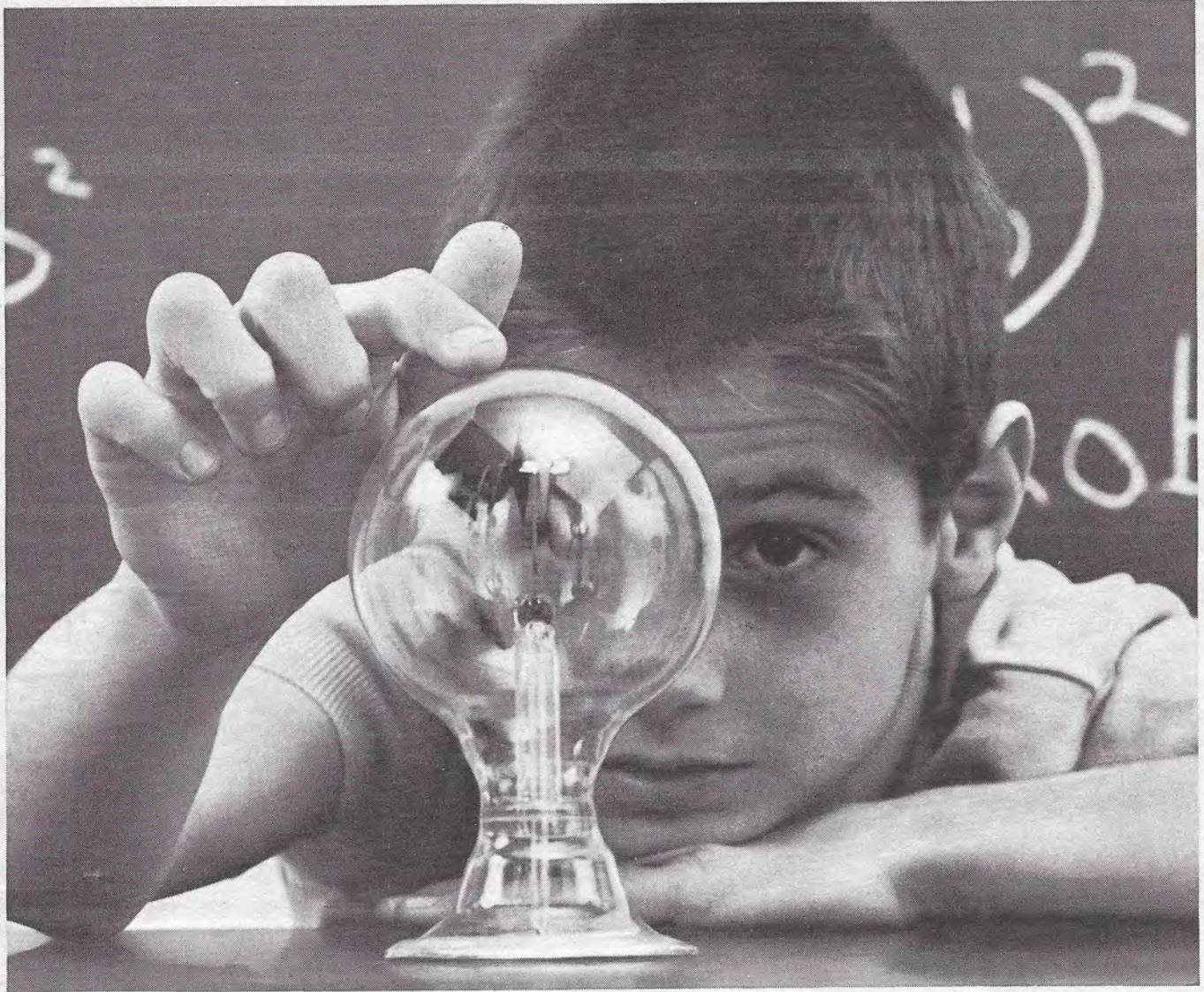
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A letter from
the
PUBLISHER

James R. Shepley

AT 9 a.m. on Sunday the tele-
phone rang in the home of De-
troit Correspondent Joseph Kane.
The call was from Ed Bailey, a Ne-
gro photographer who has excellent
contacts in the city's Negro com-
munity. Bailey sounded shaken. "It's
here, baby," he said.

Kane was about to take his fami-
ly on a lakeside vacation and thought
he might have to postpone his de-
parture an hour or so, but no more,
"because riots just don't happen
here." He went down to Twelfth
Street to take a look. When he saw
the smoke on the horizon and heard
the first eyewitness accounts of the
early violence, Kane gave up all
thought of the beach; he knew that
he was in a war.

He tried walking two blocks to-
ward the focal point of the riot, but
"the eyes of the residents on their
front porches seemed to radiate ha-
tred. It was like walking through a
corridor of statues with the kind of
eyes that follow you wherever you
go. Later I grew more confident and
strolled the area with impunity—
more or less. I made about seven
trips among the rioters, perhaps to
reassure myself that all this was real-
ly happening."

Reports Photographer Bailey:
"One problem was that the mobs
weren't exactly anxious to have their
pictures taken showing them loot-
ing. They didn't want the cops to
look at the press later and say, 'Oh,
there's that guy.' I would say things
like, 'Beautiful baby, beautiful . . .
Man, where is the next action?' And
usually I'd get by." But Kane and
Bailey had a few close calls under
sniper fire. At one point Bailey was
hit in the back by a brick and his
camera was taken away by an angry
mob. Reinforcements appeared: Loye
Miller and Dean Fischer came from



PHOTOGRAPHER BAILEY IN DETROIT

TIME's Chicago bureau and Wally
Terry from Washington. Said Terry,
who was recently in Viet Nam: "I
felt in more danger in Detroit than
I ever was over there." Adds Miller:
"Maybe the worst hazards facing
newsmen were not so much Negro
threats or sniper bullets but the pan-
icky reactions of National Guards-
men and police."

Also in Detroit was Artist Robert
Templeton, who happened to have
gone there to do some children's por-
traits. He drove into the action in
his station wagon and, using the
steering wheel as an easel, started
sketching, with TIME's cover in mind.
He recalls: "Whenever I would get
out of the car, they would throw
bricks at me. I was such a target
with that sketchbook! The brick or
stone would hit that pastel and it
would fly all over. I had gone through
all of the TIME photos of Watts
when I did the cover on Mayor
Yorty of Los Angeles. Yet I wasn't
prepared for the real thing. Detroit
reminded me of Germany after
World War II. Still, scared as you
are, you know you're alive. It's excit-
ing. On Tuesday I was back sketch-
ing children. Such a sharp contrast
. . . It was hard."

INDEX

Cover Story . . . 13 Color . . . 14; 35; 47 Essay . . . 32

Art	34	Medicine	45	Religion	46
Books	82	Milestones	70	Science	62
Cinema	73	Music	64	Show Business	56
Education	58	Nation	12	Sport	40
Law	68	People	31	U.S. Business	74
Letters	6	Press	72	World	22
Listings	2			World Business	79

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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THE NATION

THE PEOPLE

"A Time of Violence & Tragedy"

"We have endured a week such as no nation should live through: a time of violence and tragedy." So said the President of the U.S. last week, as flames flickered above two score American communities. From Albany, N.Y., and Albion, Mich., to Waterbury, Conn., and Waukegan, Ill., the nation's black

uine equality. Should that be the outcome, America's cities would truly be beleaguered.

Even before the rioting began, an economy-minded Congress, contending with Viet Nam war costs, huge tax loads and Great Society programs, was rejecting or drastically trimming practically every new proposal aimed at upgrading urban life. Now, determined not to reward violence, it may well

redient. All the civil rights bills, the Supreme Court decisions and the Great Society programs of recent years led many a Negro to expect that equality and prosperity were just around the next corner. "It hasn't happened," said Michigan's Governor George Romney, "and a lot of people are frustrated and bitter about it." "Nothing is so unstable," said William V. Shannon in the New York Times, "as a bad situation that is beginning to improve." Outside agitation may play a role after riots get under way—but rarely has much to do with starting them in the first place.

As many sociologists see it, the Negro (along with most Puerto Ricans, Mexican-Americans and Appalachian whites) is part of a "subculture of poverty," and his riots are mainly economic in origin. But a U.C.L.A. study of the 1965 Watts riots found that it was not just the poorest Negroes who were riot-prone. "A significant number of Negroes, successful or unsuccessful, are emotionally prepared for violence as a strategy or solution to end the problem of segregation, exploitation and subordination," said the report. For those who are "better off," it added, resentment may be vented by joining a riot.

To the rest of the world, the televised glimpses of unsheathed bayonets, rumbling tanks and fire-gutted blocks in the heart of Detroit made it look as if the U.S. were on the edge of anarchy. "The outbreak has become something more than a race riot," said the Stockholm newspaper Aftonbladet. "It threatens to become a revolution of the entire underclass of America."

Only a very small minority of Negroes are in active rebellion against "Whitey," and only a small minority loot, but many more—well into the millions—look on with tolerance and even admiration.

In Los Angeles, a black bartender confessed, "Older Negroes have a hell of a time with this new generation." But in the next breath he sympathized with the youthful militants. "Don't get me wrong," he said. "It's what the white man deserves for sitting on his ass for 200 years. If he had taught these kids how to read and given them a job, then they wouldn't be a problem."

Wrongs & Disabilities. It is to the Los Angeles bartender and others in this ambivalent and genuinely torn sector of Negro opinion that Negro lead-



MUSEUM OF MODERN ART

"THE WELDERS" BY BEN SHAHN (1944)

Dreams of equality just around the next corner.

ghettos shuddered in paroxysms of rock-throwing, fire-bombing and looting.

With more than 45 dead in rioting across the nation last week, thousands injured, and upwards of \$1 billion in cash and property losses, Americans groped for words to fit the failure. New York's Senator Robert F. Kennedy called it "the greatest domestic crisis since the War between the States." More likely, the Great Depression of the 1930s still holds that dubious distinction. But the riots came distressingly close. They plunged the nation into its greatest racial crisis since Reconstruction, threatened to bring the civil rights movement to a dead standstill and raised new barriers of fear and hostility between blacks and whites that might not come down for years.

Frightened and resentful after a summer of hoodlumism and hatred, the nation's white majority might react by turning away from the Negro and deferring—or discarding—the dream of gen-

give top priority to law-and-order measures aimed at curbing riots and turn sharply unsympathetic toward new social legislation. But both kinds are essential, of course.

When? Though nobody has been able to figure out precisely what events will ignite one ghetto and leave another unscathed, nobody doubts that other cities will feel the heat. As one Washington policeman put it after completing arrangements to move his family out of the capital for a weekend—just in case trouble erupts—the question is no longer "Will it?" but "When?"

The profound question is still "Why?" Poverty, of course, is part of the answer. A survey released by the National Industrial Conference Board last week, for example, disclosed that fully one-fourth of U.S. families now earn at least \$10,000 a year—a reminder to the Negro, whose median family income is \$4,000, of the distance he still has to travel. Impatience is another in-

ers, at the local as well as national levels, must address themselves. Last week, four of the nation's best known Negro leaders* spoke up. "Killing, arson, looting are criminal acts, and should be dealt with as such," they said. Noting that most damage inflicted by Negro rioters is at the expense of other Negroes, they added: "There is no injustice which justifies the present destruction of the Negro community and its people. This does not mean that we should submit tamely to joblessness, inadequate housing, poor schooling, humiliation and attack. It does require a redoubling of efforts to end these wrongs and disabilities."

The wrongs and disabilities have, in fact, been significantly reduced, certainly not ended. "We've come a long, long way," preaches Martin Luther King, "we've got a long, long way to go." The limited progress has come in many kinds of ways: long-ago philan-

CITIES

The Fire This Time

(See Cover)

At midnight, Hubert G. Locke, a Negro who is administrative assistant to the police commissioner, left his desk at headquarters and climbed to the roof for a look at Detroit. When he saw it, he wept. Beneath him, whole sections of the nation's fifth largest city lay in charred, smoking ruins. From Grand River Avenue to Gratiot Avenue six miles to the east, tongues of flame licked at the night sky, illuminating the angular skeletons of gutted homes, shops, supermarkets. Looters and arsonists danced in the eerie shadows, stripping a store clean, then setting it to the torch. Mourned Mayor Jerome Cavanagh: "It looks like Berlin in 1945."

In the violent summer of 1967, Detroit became the scene of the bloodiest uprising in half a century and the costli-

Blind Pig. Typically enough, Detroit's upheaval started with a routine police action. Seven weeks ago, in the Virginia Park section of the West Side, a "blind pig" (afterhours club) opened for business on Twelfth Street, styling itself the "United Community League for Civic Action." Along with the afterhours booze that it offered to minors, the "League" served up black-power harangues and curses against Whitey's exploitation. It was at the blind pig, on a sleazy strip of pawnshops and bars, rats and pimps, junkies and gamblers, that the agony began.

Through an informant, police were kept advised of the League's activities. At 1:45 a.m. Sunday, the informant, a wino and ex-convict, passed the word (and was paid 50¢ for it): "It's getting ready to blow." Two hours later, 10th Precinct Sergeant Arthur Howison led a raid on the League, arresting 73 Negro customers and the bartender. In the next hour, while squad cars and a paddy wagon ferried the arrested to the police station, a crowd gathered, taunting the fuzz and "jiving" with friends who had been picked up. "Just as we were pulling away," Howison said, "a bottle smashed a squad-car window." Then it began.

Rocks and bottles flew. Looting, at first dared by only a few, became a mob delirium as big crowds now gathered, ranging through the West Side, then spilling across Woodward Avenue into the East Side. Arsonists lobbed Molotov cocktails at newly pillaged stores. Fires started in the shops, spread swiftly to homes and apartments. Snipers took up posts in windows and on rooftops. For four days and into the fifth, mobs stole, burned and killed as a force of some 15,000 city and state police, National Guardsmen and federal troops fought to smother the fire. The city was almost completely paralyzed.

It Can't Happen Here. For the last couple of years, city officials had been saying proudly: "That sort of thing can't happen here." It had seemed a reasonable enough prediction.

Fully 40% of the city's Negro family heads own their own homes. No city has waged a more massive and comprehensive war on poverty. Under Mayor Jerry Cavanagh, an imaginative liberal with a knack for landing Government grants, the city has grabbed off \$42 million in federal funds for its poverty programs, budgeted \$30 million for them this year alone. Because many of the city's 520,000 Negroes (out of a population of 1,600,000) are unequipped to qualify for other than manual labor, some \$10 million will go toward special training and placement programs for the unskilled and the illiterate. A \$4,000,000 medical program furnishes family-planning advice, outpatient clinics and the like. To cool any potential riot fever, the city had allotted an additional \$3,000,000 for this summer's Head Start and recreation



CARRYING WOUNDED G.I. IN VIET NAM

Frustration and rage over the still lingering injustices.

thropies of Northern white idealists who financed many of the Negro colleges; the verve, bounce and guts of Negro athletes and entertainers; the quieter achievements of Negro professional and business people; the great national economic surges that have pulled millions of Negroes into Northern industrial employment; and in the past 13 years, since *Brown v. Board of Education of Topeka*, a whole train of new laws and judicial decisions.

Of course it is not enough. The hope of Detroit, if there can be hope in such a landscape, is that lessons may have been learned, and new resolves taken.

* Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., the Urban League's Whitney Young Jr., N.A.A.C.P. Executive Director Roy Wilkins and New York's aging A. Philip Randolph, 78, who helped organize the 1963 "March on Washington."

est in terms of property damage in U.S. history. At week's end, there were 41 known dead, 347 injured, 3,800 arrested. Some 5,000 people were homeless (the vast majority Negro), while 1,300 buildings had been reduced to mounds of ashes and bricks and 2,700 businesses sacked. Damage estimates reached \$500 million. The grim accounting surpassed that of the Watts riot in Los Angeles where 34 died two years ago and property losses ran to \$40 million. More noteworthy, the riot surpassed those that had preceded it in the summers of 1964 and 1965 and 1966 in a more fundamental way. For here was the most sensational expression of an ugly mood of nihilism and anarchy that has ever gripped a small but significant segment of America's Negro minority.

programs. So well did the city seem to be handling its problems that Congress of Racial Equality Director Floyd McKissick excluded Detroit last winter when he drew up a list of twelve cities where racial trouble was likely to flare.

Anywhere. McKissick's list has proved to be woefully incomplete. So far this summer, some 70 cities—40 in the past week alone—have been hit. In the summer of 1967, "it" can happen anywhere, and sometimes seems to be happening everywhere. Detroit's outbreak was followed by a spate of eruptions in neighboring Michigan cities—Grand Rapids, Kalamazoo, Flint, Muskegon, West Michigan City and Pontiac, where a state assemblyman, protecting the local grocery that he had owned for years, shot a 17-year-old Negro looter to death. White and Negro vandals burned and looted in Louisville. Philadelphia's Mayor James Tate declared a state of limited emergency as rock-throwing Negro teen-agers pelted police prowl cars. A dozen youths looted a downtown Miami pawnshop and ran off with 20 rifles, leaving other merchandise untouched. Some 200 Negroes in Poughkeepsie, N.Y., smashed downtown store windows. In Arizona, 1,500 National Guard members were alerted when sniper fire and rock throwing broke out in Phoenix.

In New York's East Harlem, Puerto Ricans broke windows, looted and sniped from rooftops for three nights after a policeman fatally shot a man who had pulled a knife on him. At one point, the youths who led the rioting drew a chalk line across Third Avenue and tauntingly wrote: "Puerto Rican territory. Don't cross, flatfoot."

Ironically, New York—like Detroit—has launched a major summer enter-

tainment program designed to cool the ghettos by keeping the kids off the streets. "We have done everything in this city to make sure we have a stable summer," said Mayor John Lindsay. But after one of those "stabilizing" events, a Central Park rock-'n'-roll concert featuring Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, a boisterous band of some 150 Negroes wandered down toward midtown Manhattan, heaved trash baskets through the windows of three Fifth Avenue clothing stores and helped themselves. The looters' favorite was a \$56 Austrian alpaca sweater, which is a status symbol in Harlem. Among the 23 whom police were able to catch: four Harlem summer antipoverty workers who earn up to \$90 a week from the city.

Black & White. All of these were tame enough alongside Detroit. The violence there last week was not a race riot in the pattern of the day-long 1943 battle between Negroes and whites that left 34 known dead. Last week poor whites in one section along Grand River Avenue joined teams of young Negroes in some integrated looting. When the rioters began stoning and sniping at firemen trying to fight the flames, many Negro residents armed themselves with rifles and deployed to protect the firemen. "They say they need protection," said one such Negro, "and we're damned well going to give it to them." Negro looters screamed at a well-dressed Negro psychiatrist: "We're going to get you rich niggers next."

Detroit has no single massive ghetto. Its Negroes, lower, middle and upper income, are scattered all over the city, close to or mixed in with white residents. But unemployment is high among Negroes (6% to 8% v. the over-

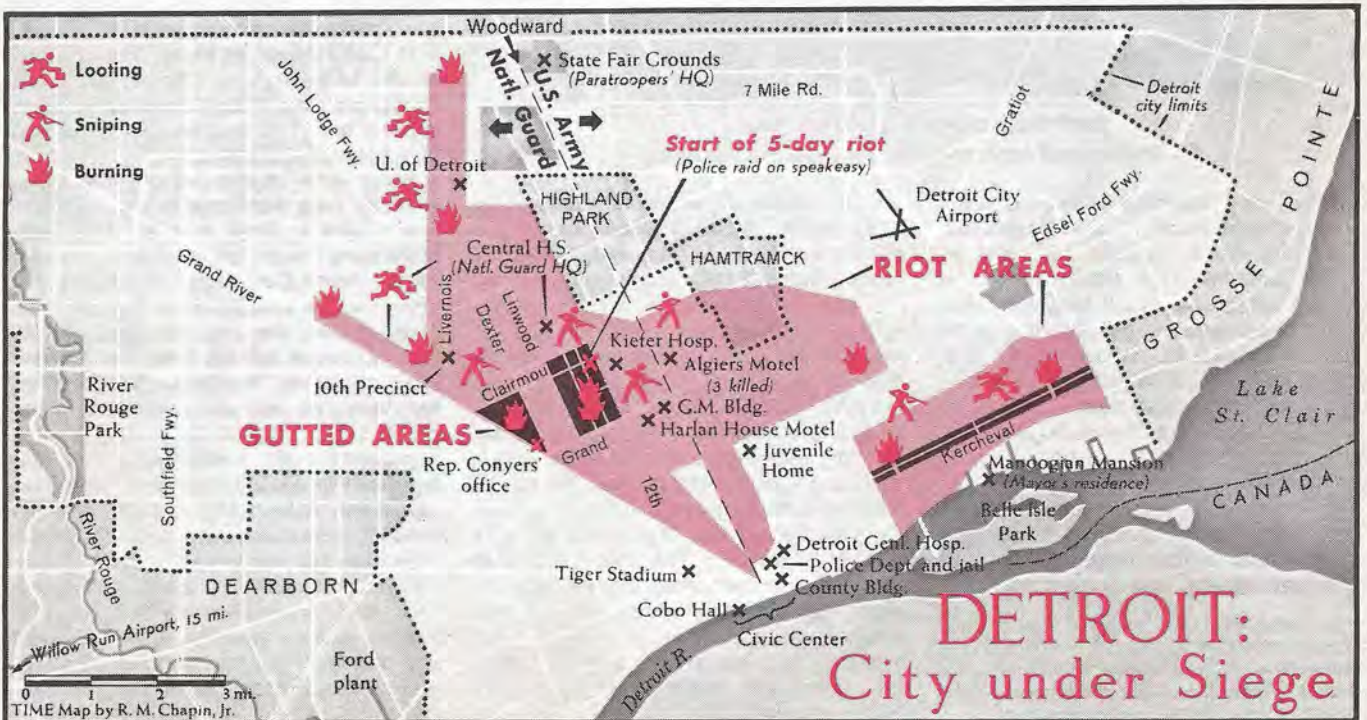
all national level of 4%) and housing is often abominable. It is particularly ramshackle, crowded and expensive around the scabrous environs of Twelfth Street, once part of a prosperous Jewish section.

"They Won't Shoot." When the trouble began outside Twelfth Street's blind pig, the 10th precinct at that early hour could muster only 45 men. Detroit police regard the dawn hours of Sunday, when the action is heaviest in many slums, as a "light period." The precinct captain rushed containing squads to seal off the neighborhood for 16 square blocks. Police Commissioner Ray Girardin decided, because of his previous success with the method, to instruct his men to avoid using their guns against the looters. That may have been a mistake.

As police gave ground, the number of looters grew. "They won't shoot," an eleven-year-old Negro boy said coolly, as a pack of looters fled at the approach of a busload of police. "The mayor said they aren't supposed to."

At 6:30 a.m., the first fire was in a shoe store. When fire engines screamed to the scene, rocks flew. One fireman, caught squarely in the jaw, was knocked from a truck to the gutter. More and more rioters were drawn to the streets by the sound of the sirens and a sense of summer excitement.

"The noise of destruction adds to its satisfaction," Elias Canetti notes in *Crowds and Power*. "The banging of windows and smashing of glass are the robust sounds of fresh life, the cries of something newborn." In Detroit, they proved to be—with the rattling of gunfire—the sounds of death. Throughout the Detroit riot there was—as in Newark—a spectacularly perverse mood of



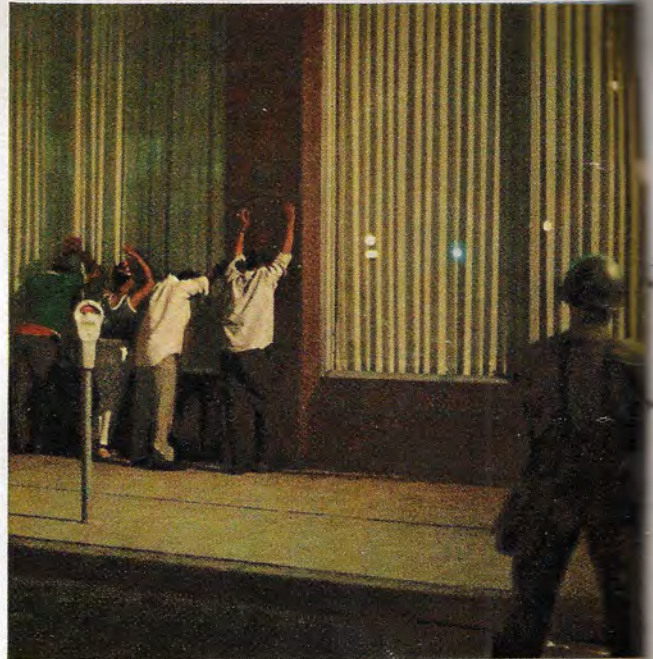
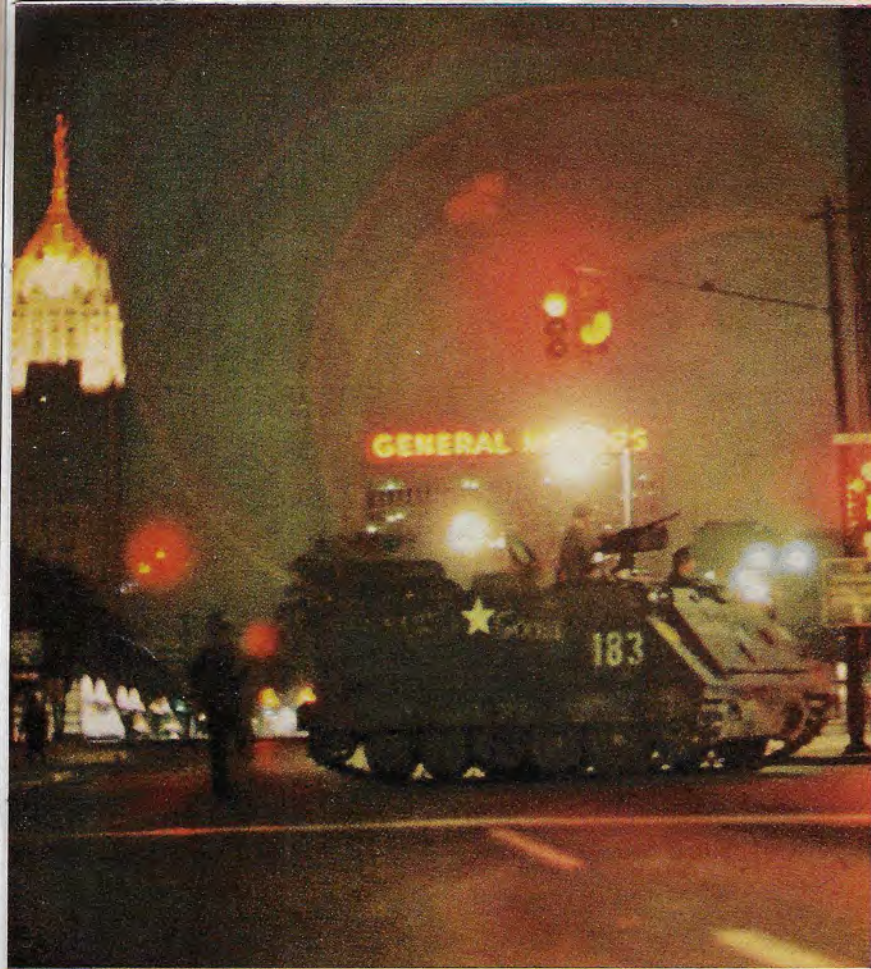


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. EDWARD BAILEY

Six hours after riot's start, Detroit city police deploy across Twelfth Street as buildings burn to the south. Despite rifles, they were still under orders not to shoot, could only watch for looters or snipers.

With situation out of control, National Guardsmen move into city and down rubble-strewn Twelfth Street. Woman and boy toting loot (in foreground) are unawed.





To help re-establish order, a 9 p.m. curfew was strictly enforced. These four Negroes were caught driving through the downtown area at 2 a.m.

Armed personnel carrier manned by National Guard stands night watch near General Motors Building. Lighted tower is Fisher Building.

"It looked like a city that had been bombed," said Michigan's Governor George Romney after a helicopter flight of inspection. This burned-out area along Philadelphia Avenue, a

residential section of relatively prosperous Negro homes, was destroyed when flames set by looters in nearby Twelfth Street stores spread out of control.



gaiety and light-hearted abandon in the mob—a "carnival spirit," as a shocked Mayor Cavanagh called it, echoing the words used by New Jersey's Governor Richard Hughes after he toured stricken Newark three weeks ago.

"Sold Brother." Looters skipped gingerly over broken glass to rake in wrist watches and clothing from shop windows. One group of hoods energetically dismantled a whole front porch and lobbed the bricks at police. Two small boys struggled down Twelfth Street with a load of milk cartons and a watermelon. Another staggered from a supermarket under the weight of a side of beef. One prosperous Negro used his Cadillac convertible to haul off a brand-new deep freeze.

Some of the looters were taking a methodical revenge upon the area's white merchants, whose comparatively high prices, often escalated to offset losses by theft and the cost of extra-high insurance premiums, irk the residents of slum neighborhoods. Most of the stores pillaged and destroyed were groceries, supermarkets and furniture stores; of Detroit's 630 liquor stores, 250 were looted. Many drunks careened down Twelfth Street consuming their swag. Negro merchants scrawled "Soul Brother"—and in one case, "Sold Brother"—on their windows to warn the mobs off. But many of their stores were ravaged nonetheless.

Into Next Year. The mobs cared nothing for "Negro leadership" either. When the riot was only a few hours old, John Conyers, one of Detroit's two Negro Congressmen, drove up Twelfth Street with Hubert Locke and Deputy School Superintendent Arthur Johnson. "Stay cool, we're with you!" Conyers shouted to the crowd. "Uncle Tom!" they shouted back. Someone heaved a bottle and the leaders beat a prompt retreat, not wanting to become "handkerchief heads" in the bandaged sense of the epithet. "You try to talk to these people," said Conyers unhappily, "and they'll knock you into the middle of next year."

Riots and looting spread through the afternoon over a 10.8-sq.-mi. area of the West Side almost as far north as the Northland Shopping Center. An entire mile of Twelfth Street was a corridor of flame; firemen answering the alarms were pelted with bricks, and at one point they abandoned their hoses in the streets and fled, only to be ordered back to the fire by Cavanagh.

Some 5,000 thieves and arsonists were ravaging the West Side. Williams Drug Store was a charred shell by dusk. More than one grocery collapsed as though made of Lincoln Logs. A paint shop erupted and took the next-door apartment house with it. In many skeletal structures the sole sign of life was a wailing burglar alarm. Lou's Men's Wear expired in a ball of flame. Meantime, a mob of 3,000 took up the march on the East Side several miles



BROWN HARANGUING CROWD IN CAMBRIDGE, MD.
That cop they stomped. Good. He's dead.

away. The Weather Bureau's tornado watch offered brief hope of rain to damp the fires, but it never came.

Spreading Fires. Rushing to Detroit at midday Sunday, Michigan's Governor George Romney called in 370 state troopers to beef up the defenses, then by late afternoon ordered 7,000 National Guardsmen mobilized.

Through the night the contagion spread. The small cities of Highland Park and Hamtramck, whose boundaries are encircled by Detroit, were under siege by looters. A four-mile section of Woodward Avenue was plundered. Twenty blocks of Grand River Avenue were in flames. Helicopters with floodlights chattered over the rooftops while police on board with machine guns squinted for the muzzle fire of snipers, who began shooting sporadically during the night.

Before dawn, Romney, Cavanagh and Negro Congressman Charles Diggs began their day-long quest for the intervention of federal troops (see following story). Detroit's jails were jammed far past capacity, and police converted part of their cavernous garage at headquarters into a noisome, overflowing detention center.

Recorder's Court began marathon sessions to arraign hundreds of prisoners herded in from the riot areas. In twelve hours, Judge Robert J. Colombo heard more than 600 not-guilty pleas. To keep the arrested off the streets until the city stopped smoking, bonds were set at \$25,000 for suspected looters, \$200,000 for suspected snipers. Said the harassed judge to one defendant: "You're nothing but a lousy, thieving looter. It's too bad they didn't shoot you."

Empty Streets. As Detroit's convulsion continued into the week, homes and shops covering a total area of 14

square miles were gutted by fire. While U.S. Army paratroopers skillfully quieted their assigned trouble area on the East Side, National Guardsmen, jittery and untrained in riot control, exacerbated the trouble where it all started, on Twelfth Street (see box). Suspecting the presence of snipers in the Algiers Motel, Guardsmen laid down a brutal barrage of automatic-weapons fire. When they burst into a motel room, they found three dead Negro teen-age boys—and no weapon. The Guardsmen did have cause to be nervous about snipers. Helen Hall, a Connecticut woman staying at the Harlan House Motel just two blocks from Detroit's famed Fisher Building, on the fringe of the riots, walked to a hallway window Tuesday night to see what the shooting was about. She died with a sniper's bullet in her heart.

By Tuesday morning, Detroit was shrouded in acrid smoke. The Edsel Ford and John C. Lodge freeways were nearly deserted. Tens of thousands of office and factory workers stayed home. Downtown streets that are normally jammed were almost empty. Looters smashed the windows of a Saks Fifth Avenue branch near the General Motors office building, made off with furs and dresses. With many grocery stores wrecked and plundered throughout the city, food became scarce. Some profiteering merchants were charging as much as \$1 for bread.

Well of Nihilism. George Romney had a terse evaluation of the chaos: "There were some civil rights overtones, but primarily this is a case of lawlessness and hoodlumism. Disobedience to the law cannot and will not be tolerated."

Some Negroes, to be sure, were among the most insistent in demanding

that the police start shooting looters. But the eruption, if not a "civil rights" riot, was certainly a Negro riot. It was fed by a deep well of nihilism that many Negroes have begun to tap. They have despaired finally—some this summer, others much earlier—of hope in white America. Last week at Newark's black-power conference, which met as that city was patching up its own wounds, Conference Chairman Nathan Wright put it succinctly: "The Negro has lived with the slave mentality too long. It was always 'Jesus will lead me and the white man will feed me.' Black power is the only basis for unity now among Negroes."

The new aggressiveness of black power is particularly attractive to the young. The 900 conference delegates in Newark, most of them in their 20s, whooped their approval of resolutions that called for, among other things: an investigation of the possible separation of the U.S. into distinct black and white countries (which curiously suggests the South African divisions of *apartheid*); a boycott of all sports by Negro athletes; and a protest against birth-control clinics on the grounds that they represent a white conspiracy to eradicate the black race.

"No Conspiracy." Disturbed by this angry mood, some Congressmen suggested that Negro militants with king-

size chips on their shoulders might be directly responsible for the rash of riots. Detroit Police Commissioner Girardin, however, said he could find "no evidence of conspiracy involved in the riots." The Justice Department minimized the theory that U.S. racial uprisings are fomented and organized by Communists, black nationalists or other "outside agitators." Still, there is no doubt that once a riot is touched off, Black Panthers, RAMs (for Revolutionary Action Movement), and other firebrands are active in fanning the flames.

Arriving in Havana last week to be lionized by Fidel Castro, Stokely Carmichael, coiner of the black-power slo-

RIOT CONTROL: Hold The Street & Seize "The High Ground"

FOR long hours last week, Detroit's police hung back from the Twelfth Street riot area. Apparently, one resident quipped, they were hoping that "if they left, the crowd would leave too." But if there is one point that has been proved repeatedly over four summers of ghetto riots, it is that when the police abandon the street, the crowd takes it over, and the crowd can swiftly become a mob. It happened in Watts, in Boston's Roxbury district, in Newark and in blood and fire in Detroit.

Some civil rights leaders would agree, as does Chicago's Chester Robinson, director of the West Side Organization, that the appearance of police only makes mobs more belligerent than ever. But it is clear that their absence eventually causes even more violence.

Says Harvard Urbanologist James Q. Wilson, who is conducting a comprehensive study of the nation's police: "There is no evidence that anything but an immediate and large show of force will stop a riot." In Detroit, said the Michigan Chronicle, the city's biggest Negro newspaper, "a firm hand would have chased those people away. You can be firm without shooting." Nor is it true, as Chester Robinson insists, that "in the initial stages of a disturbance we [i.e., Negro leaders] can handle the people ourselves." Says Wilson: "Negro leaders have tried to stop riots in the early stages and got shot."

When Detroit's police finally were ordered to quell the rioters and to use their weapons when necessary, their initial restraint gave way to near abandon. As in Newark, where overexcited police and state troopers engaged in a brief shoot-out with one another by mistake, fire discipline was lethally lax.

On the Spot. That was also true of the National Guardsmen. The crack of a sniper's bullet—and sometimes simply the bang of a firecracker or the pop of a light bulb—brought forth fantastic fusillades from police and National Guard rifles, shotguns, machine guns

and pistols. Four-year-old Tonia Blanding was shot dead in an apartment when lawmen saw her uncle strike a match to light a cigarette, mistook the flare for a sniper's muzzle flash, and poured bullets through the window.

By any measure, the Guard's performance was appalling. National Guard armored personnel carriers rumbled through the streets blasting out street lights with .50-cal. machine guns and spraying down suspect buildings. Seeing a Negro man walk by, one Guardsman, rifle at the ready, ordered: "You get out of here, boy. Faster, boy. You run out of here." The man had no choice but to accept the humiliation and jog off. A couple and their three friends were ordered to lie on the ground, and then were threatened by more than a dozen Guardsmen armed with automatic weapons. Lieut. General John L. Throckmorton, the Army paratroop commander who took control of the Guardsmen when they were federalized, was asked what he thought of them. "Look," he pleaded, "don't put me on a spot like that."

Governor Romney was even more to the point. "We knew we couldn't depend on the National Guard," he admitted. "That's why we asked for the Army." The paratroopers, some 40% of them Viet Nam veterans and more than one-fourth of them Negroes, displayed stern fire discipline and did an excellent job. "Our policy is to use an absolute minimum of force," explained a paratroop colonel. "I'd rather miss 100 snipers than hit a single innocent person."

The Guardsmen, of course, were not wholly to blame. Most are young, inexperienced "weekend warriors," incapable of handling what some officials are now calling "urban guerrilla warfare." Riot-control training barely exists; even military policemen in the Guard receive only one day of it. In New Jersey, where the Guardsmen's rough behavior brought a barrage of protests from Negroes, National Guard

Major General James F. Cantwell conceded that the time had come for special training. "It is apparent," he wrote in a letter to the Secretary of the Army, "that there is a need for an immediate re-examination of the currently prescribed training, tactics and techniques." At week's end, President Johnson had ordered the Guard to do just that.

Without Violence. Such training is essential, not only for Guardsmen but police officers too, who in most cases are ill-prepared to handle the riots that threaten practically every U.S. city. Some departments simply decline the responsibility. "There's a big difference between an angry crowd," says Houston's Police Chief Herman Short, "and anarchy, fire bombing, sacking of buildings, looting and sniping. No police department is equipped to conduct military operations in the street."

With the proper training and planning, however, some police departments have shown that they can be an effective force against all but the biggest riots—especially in the early stages. New York's 690-man Tactical Patrol Force, created in 1959 to deal with Negro and Puerto Rican youth gangs, and later converted to riot control, is perhaps the best unit of its kind in the country. The elite T.P.F. members are all volunteers and average a vigorous 26 years in age; many of them have served in the Marines and paratroopers. Though most are experts at judo or karate, they are drilled to work in teams.

Without a Blow. Last week, during the riot in Spanish Harlem, the T.P.F. formed a 36-man wedge and, night sticks held low, advanced silently on scores of rioters gathered on Third Avenue. Without striking a blow, they broke through the mob's ranks and stopped a cold. Then the T.P.F.s split into small teams, scattering the mob down side streets. Other T.P.F.s took the "high ground," the rooftops, in search of snipers. "When we have the rooftops and can see all windows on both sides of

gan, left no doubt that this was true. Declared Carmichael: "In Newark, we applied the war tactics of the guerrillas. We are preparing groups of urban guerrillas for our defense in the cities. The price of these rebellions is a high price that one must pay. This fight is not going to be a simple street meeting. It is going to be a fight to the death."

"Bad Man." Cambridge, Md., got a sample of those war tactics last week when H. "Rap" Brown (né Hubert Geroid Brown), 23, Carmichael's successor as head of the inappropriately named Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee, turned up at a Negro rally. When

Carmichael introduced Brown to reporters in Atlanta last May as the new S.N.C.C. chairman, he chuckled: "You'll be happy to have me back when you hear from him. He's a bad man."

He certainly sounded bad enough. Mounting a car hood in Cambridge, the scene of prolonged racial demonstrations three years ago, Brown delivered an incendiary 50-minute harangue to a crowd of some 300 Negroes. Recalling the death of a white policeman during Plainfield, N.J., riots last month, Brown bellowed: "Look what the brothers did in Plainfield. They stomped a cop to death. Good. He's dead. They stomped him to death. They threw a shopping basket on his head and took his pistol and shot him and then cut him."

Rap, who earned his nickname because, so the story goes, his oratory inspired listeners to shout "Rap it to 'em, baby!" was just getting warmed up. "Detroit exploded, Newark exploded, Harlem exploded!" he cried. "It is time for Cambridge to explode, baby." Continued Brown: "Black folks built America. If America don't come around, we're going to burn America down, brother. We're going to burn it if we don't get our share of it."

An hour later, shooting broke out. Brown received a superficial wound in the forehead when Cambridge police opened fire on a Negro crowd near Race Street. Brown disappeared, and in the early morning, two blocks of Pine Street in the Negro neighborhood caught fire, apparently by arson. The white volunteer fire company failed to respond to the fire until it had practically burned out, leveling a school, a church, a motel and a tavern. When sobbing Negro women begged Police Chief Brice Kinnamon to send the firemen in, he snapped: "You people ought to have done something before this. You stood by and let a bunch of goddam hoodlums come in here."

In the ruins of his motel, Hansell Greene, 58, stood sobbing. "I'm broke, I'm beat, and my own people did it," he said. "It's all gone because of a bunch of hoodlums. I spent a lifetime building this up, and now it's all gone." Across the street, his brother's grocery also lay in smoking ruins.

Like Cherry Pie. The next day Brown was arrested in Alexandria, Va., on a fugitive warrant, charged by Maryland with inciting to riot and arson. That rap could get Rap up to 20 years in jail. Released on \$10,000 bond, Brown compulsively continued to shoot off his mouth. Damning Lyndon Johnson for sending "honky* cracker federal troops into Negro communities to kill black people," Brown called the President "a wild mad dog, an outlaw from Texas." He told Washington audiences: "Violence is necessary. It is as American as

* Honky, or honkie, is a black-power word for any white man, derived from the derogatory "Hunkie"—Hungarian.

the street," says the force's commander, Assistant Chief Inspector Charles E. McCarthy, "then we can decide what we want to do next." In three nights of rioting, New York's cops fired only 50 to 75 rounds, in return had 150 to 200 directed at them. One reason for such economy is that Police Commissioner Howard Leary requires a report on every bullet used by one of his men.

Even without the resources of New York's 27,952-man police force, there remains much that smaller forces can do. Philadelphia has a quick-reaction force of patrolmen on duty during the critical hours from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. With on-call buses, the department can pour 500 men—plus four-man anti-sniper teams—into any trouble area in minutes. Within half an hour, 2,000 men can be dispatched, many with bullet-proof vests and shotguns. Because of coordinated planning, 500 state patrolmen are on call to move into the city on two hours' notice, and 4,000 National Guardsmen within five hours. According to one police official, Commissioner Frank Rizzo feels that "what happened in Detroit happened because the police didn't move in quickly enough. He's not going to let that happen here."

City Garrisons. Urbanologist Wilson notes that most European countries have special national riot-control police to cope with such violent disorders as Detroit's—most notably France's *Compagnies Republicanes de Securité*, which usually lurk a block or two from the scene of the anticipated action, and move in if the local *flics*, who are pretty rough customers themselves, with their 6-ft. batons and leaded capes, prove unable to manage. Wilson suggests that the U.S. may soon find that it needs similar professional forces—possibly organized by the states, but more probably a federal force deployed in various urban areas—able to move swiftly and break up riots with minimal violence. "Americans have never liked to garrison troops in the central city," warned Wilson, "but we may have to reassess this position."



ROMNEY & MAYOR CAVANAGH
Stabilizers that don't stabilize.

cherry pie. If you give me a gun and tell me to shoot my enemy, I might just shoot Lady Bird." Echoing Brown, Harlem's defrocked Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, still in Bimini after seven months, did little to help cool off things by announcing in the midst of Detroit's troubles that such riots were "a necessary phase of the black revolution—necessary!"

They may also prove cruelly damaging to the hopes of many Negroes. Says Urbanologist Daniel Patrick Moynihan: "At a time when there is more evidence than ever about the need for integration, rioters are undermining the grounds for integration and letting all the whites say, 'Those monkeys, those savages, all Negroes are rioters. To hell with them.' This does nothing for the guy who works at the post office and is slowly getting ready to move out. He gets destroyed while the pimps and whores go on." Georgia's Governor Lester Maddox promptly made Moynihan sound prophetic. Said Maddox of the Newark and Detroit riots: "You can't say 'please' to a bunch of savages, rapists and murderers."

Back to Normal. In Detroit, despite continuing sniper fire, the rampage began subsiding about the time that the depleted stores ran out of items to loot. On the fifth day, Commissioner Girardin's patrol car was picking its way through downtown traffic, which finally began returning to its normal state—impossible. Suddenly the police dispatcher's voice crackled over the radio and Girardin instinctively tensed. "Watch out for stolen car," the dispatcher advised. Girardin's well-wrinkled face was wreathed in a smile. "We are just

about back to normal," he said. "All we need now is a report of a domestic quarrel."

But Detroit will be some time recovering. Downtown, in the City-County Building, more than 500 members of Detroit's white and black establishment, including Henry Ford II and United Auto Workers President Walter Reuther, responded to an invitation by Romney and Cavanagh to a latter-day reconstruction meeting. True to its motto, *Resurget Cineribus*, Detroit was determined to rise from the ashes as swiftly as possible. As Reuther emphasized, there would have to be some social rebuilding along with the physical. Said he: "Most Americans are increasingly affluent, but we have left some Americans behind. Those Americans do not feel a part of society, and therefore don't behave like responsible people. Only when they get their fair share of America will they respond in terms of responsibility."

Reuther said that up to 600,000 members of the U.A.W. would be available in their spare time to help repair the ravages. General Motors offered its "skills, facilities and resources" to help rebuild the city. To be sure, some would just as soon see it remain in ruins. "We'll burn this place down again," said one rioter. "We'll burn down this whole stinking town." With money and muscle, Detroit is now staking its future on the proposition that most of its people—black as well as white—would much rather build than burn.



NEGRO CHILD IN RUINS OF TWELFTH STREET HOME
Among those left behind.

POLITICS

After Detroit

From the outset, the race crisis cracked with electoral electricity. The Detroit riot brought the first confrontation between Lyndon Johnson and Michigan's Governor George Romney, who, despite some slippage in recent months, is still a formidable possibility for the next Republican presidential nomination. Both men were sensitive to the big—and unpredictable—implications for 1968 in everything they did.

Aware that the combined efforts of the Detroit police and Michigan's National Guard would probably not be enough to contain Detroit's rioters, Romney telephoned Attorney General Ramsey Clark at 3:30 a.m. Monday to let him know that he might have to ask for reinforcements in the form of federal troops. The President, who had been alerted before midnight by Clark that things might fall apart, dispatched Cyrus Vance, the recently retired Deputy Defense Secretary and a longtime friend, to size up the situation in Detroit.

By 10 a.m., Romney and Detroit's Mayor Jerome Cavanagh were convinced that they would need Army aid: a wire went off to the White House saying that there was "reasonable doubt" that the situation could be contained. The President turned to Defense Secretary Robert McNamara and, at 11:02 a.m., ordered up the paratroops—but sent them only as far as Selfridge Air Force Base outside Detroit, not into the riot area itself.

"We Gotta Move, Man." Simultaneously, the Republican Coordinating Committee rushed into the act. Twenty-six members of the 36-man policymaking panel had been at work on a riot paper, drafted by two-time G.O.P. Presidential Candidate Thomas E. Dewey, Florida Representative William Cramer (author of the House-passed anti-riot bill) and Colorado Governor John Love. Accusing Lyndon Johnson of a good share of responsibility for the state of anarchy that prevailed in the nation's riot-torn cities, it also hinted that a conspiracy was behind the disorder.

Meanwhile, Detroit deteriorated. Romney, anxious to move the waiting paratroopers into the city, told Cy Vance: "We gotta move, man, we gotta move." Finally, at midnight, the President went on national television to explain the state of emergency and the ordering of troops into Detroit. He also made no fewer than seven references to Romney's inability to control his own state.

"Touch of Red?" In Congress, Senators and Representatives of both parties began demanding separate investigations into the lawlessness of the slums. Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen wondered if there were not "a touch of red" in the riot scene. Said New Hampshire's Republican Repre-

sentative Louis Wyman: "Congress should take away federal benefits from any person convicted in any court of rioting."

More concerned with the causes and deeper meanings of the riots, Massachusetts Negro Senator Edward Brooke proposed an in-depth study. Illinois Senator Charles Percy pushed his bill to give more low-income families a chance at private home ownership. New York's Robert Kennedy once again called for involvement of the private sector in slum rehabilitation. Ten Senate Republicans, whose House colleagues had helped to virtually scuttle L.B.J.'s rent-supplements and model-cities program, called for their enactment.

"Mad Dogs." As for the riots' effects on the elections of 1968, it might seem at first glance that all Governors and mayors would be hurt by major violence in their own territories. So many officeholders have had trouble, however, that the effects may be canceled out. Alabama's third-party candidate George Wallace may win further support from people who think that the Johnson Administration has been coddling Negroes. California's Republican Governor Ronald Reagan, who had been shifting slowly from a conservative position toward the center of his party's spectrum, probably solidified his standing on the right by denouncing the rioters as "mad dogs," but it is doubtful that he increased his appeal to moderates in the process.

In what was perhaps the most striking congressional statement of the week, Kentucky Republican Senator Thruston Morton lashed out at the G.O.P. Coordinating Committee as well as President Johnson, and urged them to forget political advantage while the cities burned. "For the love of heaven," said Morton, "let's get this out of the political arena and into the national arena, where it belongs."

It could be, of course, that good politics and good policy will actually coincide. The voters might think very highly of officials who come up with fresh approaches to the race crisis.

Large Questions. The President made a dramatic move in a prime-time television address to the nation at midweek. Again he deplored the breakdown of law and order, warning rioters that "explanations may be offered, but nothing can excuse what they have done. The violence must be stopped: quickly, finally, and permanently." But he also pleaded for "an attack—mounted at every level—upon the conditions that breed despair and violence." There is no other way, he said, to achieve a "decent and orderly society."

To lead the attack, President Johnson created a high-powered eleven-member presidential commission, with Illinois' Democratic Governor Otto Kerner as chairman and New York's Republican Mayor John Lindsay as vice chairman. The whole membership was equally carefully balanced, econom-



FIRST MEETING OF PRESIDENT'S COMMITTEE TO INVESTIGATE URBAN RIOTING*
To define what sort of future awaits the U.S.

ically, geographically and politically. Addressing the group at week's end around the black-topped Cabinet table in the White House, the President emphasized that he wanted advice on "short-term measures that can prevent riots, better measures to contain riots once they begin, and long-term measures that will make them only a sordid page in our history." Above all, he continued, "this matter is far, far too important for politics. It goes to the heart of our society in a time of swift change and great stress."

And Governor Kerner asked "why one American assaults another American, why violence is inflicted on people of our cities, why the march to an ideal America has been interrupted by bloodshed and destruction." Trying to answer these questions, he said, would be his "saddest mission." Not to try, as Chairman Kerner and his commission of course knew, would be still sadder.

THE CONGRESS

Where Charity Begins

Faced with the possibility of a \$25 billion federal deficit for the current fiscal year, Congress is in a cutting mood. The House has already axed the rent subsidy and rat-control programs, and last week the Senate Foreign Relations Committee lopped a whopping \$736 million off the Administration's \$3.4 billion foreign-aid request. But Congress also knows where charity begins. When a \$276 million congressional housekeeping bill came to a vote recently, members booted down proposals for a 5% reduction. And in a deficit-be-damned mood last week, the House passed, 375 to 26, a \$4.6 billion public-works appropriations bill, \$2 billion of which is pork.

There was little debate on the larg-

est public-works bill since 1963, and less opposition. Small wonder. Every state will get a piece of the action—a dam, a federal office building, a harbor-improvement project or some other goody that a Congressman can mention to his constituents. "Somebody ought to oppose the pork barrel," cried New York Republican Theodore Kupferman. Aside from Kupferman, whose Manhattan silk-stocking district got nothing, few did.

Ohio Democrat Michael Kirwan, floor manager for the measure, declared that "every dollar in this bill represents an investment in America, and the benefits come back to us a hundredfold." Members who ordinarily bang the economy drum loudly, including Arizona Republican John Rhodes (whose state benefits from a Western power-development project that gets \$21,600,000 this year) and Mississippi Democrat Jamie Whitten (who could claim \$4,000,000 for his state), extolled Kirwan. "I have come to love him," said Whitten, "and to appreciate his great contributions to our nation."

The bill is not pure pork. Nearly \$2.5 billion goes for Atomic Energy Commission construction and operations, another \$294 million to control water pollution. There's the rub. Because the bill goes to the White House as a single package, the President, lacking an item veto, must reject the entire bill or accept it all. And no Congressman doubts that Lyndon Johnson will have to forget his deficit, gulp hard and swallow the bill whole—including such frills as the Delaware River-Tocks Island reservoir and recreational program at the New Jersey-New York-Pennsylvania border, which was originally supposed to cost \$90.4 million but has since grown to a tidy little \$198 million affair.

THE STATES

In Bad Shape

To cope with the problems of Pennsylvania, the nation's third most populous state, the legislature has logged a grand total of 48 working days over the past six months. On the rare occasions when the legislators do convene, they get so little staff research assistance that decisions must often be based on inadequate information. Moreover, there are just too many lawmakers—253 in all. Not surprisingly, Republican Governor Raymond P. Shafer complains of "a state structure that has become alien to the needs of its citizens."

Yet for all of Pennsylvania's deficiencies, the fact is that most state governments are no better suited to deal with the complexities of modern U.S. life (among the exceptions are the most populous states, California and New York), and a number are much worse off. Though the plight of the nation's cities is more dramatic this summer, the states constitute a grave weakness in the U.S. system.

Taking a hard look at the longstanding problem, the influential Committee for Economic Development, a private, nonpartisan organization of 200 businessmen and educators, calls for a

* Seated, from left: Roy Wilkins, Illinois Governor Otto Kerner, chairman; Johnson, New York Mayor John Lindsay, vice chairman; Labor Leader I. W. Abel. Standing: Industrialist Charles Thornton, California Representative James Corman, Ohio Representative William McCulloch, Oklahoma Senator Fred Harris, Vice President Humphrey, Kentucky Commerce Commissioner Katherine Graham Peden, Atlanta Police Chief Herbert Jenkins, Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke, Presidential Aide Cyrus Vance, Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

"sweeping renovation" of the states' obsolescent machinery. "The 50 legislatures are beset by crucial issues," says the committee in an 85-page study of American states, "but few are organized, equipped, qualified, or even empowered to perform their policy functions with distinction." Unless they shape up, it adds, the states will be unable to counter "any tendency toward monolithic centralization of power in the national government."

"Creative Statism." The states are, of course, chronically hard up for money. For the 17 that have no personal income taxes and the 28 with income taxes of 2% or less, an obvious solution is at hand. But what of the states that are already levying heavy income and sales taxes? New York, for one, is trying to flesh out its \$4.3 billion in annual revenues with a state lottery, but ticket sales in the first month totaled less than one-fourth of the anticipated \$30 million take. The California legislature last week approved Governor Ronald Reagan's request for a record \$1 billion in new taxes, but only after a bitter political struggle.

Money aside, the state governments suffer from serious structural deficiencies. To make them capable of functioning effectively with national and local governments—a process described by Washington as "creative federalism" and by some Governors as "creative statism"—the C.E.D. recommends that:

► State constitutions should be shorn of "limitations that prevent constructive legislative and executive action" and of the hundreds of absurdly inconsequential statutes that now encumber many of them. North Carolina's constitution, for example, prohibits male and female prisoners from sharing the same jail cell. Alabama's and South Carolina's provide for the disenfranchisement of wife beaters. New York's has a provision stipulating the width of ski trails.

► State legislatures should never have more than 100 members (tiny New Hampshire has 424, or one for every 1,500 inhabitants); they should receive salaries of at least \$15,000 a year in the smaller states, more in the larger ones. In 18 states, legislators are paid less than \$2,000 annually; in another 17, less than \$5,000. Legislators should serve for four years (two-year terms are often the rule) and should meet annually (instead of biennially, as in 29 states), thus affording more time for enacting bills and for research.

► All Governors should have four-year terms and freedom to seek re-election as often as they like. At present, eleven Governors are elected to two-year terms. Eleven others cannot succeed themselves—a restriction that can make them lame ducks the morning after their inauguration. Governors' salaries should be at least \$30,000 a year; the Governor of Arkansas now makes \$10,000 (not that the incumbent, Winthrop Rockefeller, needs more), and 17 other chief executives get \$20,000 or less. The Governor and Lieutenant Governor should

be from the same party and should be the state's only elective executive officials, says the C.E.D.

Offices in Corridors. Georgia's Democratic Governor Lester Maddox airily dismisses most of the C.E.D. recommendations, instead attributes the states' troubles to a yen by Washington "to take them over." But many Governors have long been pushing the sort of reforms proposed by the C.E.D. Says Vermont's Philip Hoff, a Democrat serving his third two-year term: "The states have forced the growth of centralized Federal Government because they have failed to meet their responsibilities."

Some states are groping toward solutions. New York and Rhode Island are holding constitutional conventions this summer, and as many as 16 other states may soon revamp outdated charters. California is trying to attract better legislators with better pay (annual salaries

RUSSELL C. HAMILTON



PENNSYLVANIA'S SHAFER

High time to renovate the machinery.

were raised from \$6,000 to \$16,000 last year), research staffs and offices of their own. In Illinois, where lawmakers use corridors as offices, a new \$18 million legislative office building will soon be built. But improvements come slowly. State governments are more often characterized by "stagnation and inertia," says the C.E.D. report, than by drive and initiative. Unless they are "renovated in far-reaching ways," it concludes, "their policy and functional roles will wither away."

ARMED FORCES

Fire on the *Forrestal*

Twice in the same day, the clang of fire bells sounded over the Gulf of Tonkin, and the cry of "Fire! Fire! Fire!" issued from the loudspeaker of the U.S.S. *Forrestal*, the Navy's third largest aircraft carrier (after the *Enterprise* and *America*). Each time the blaze was doused in minutes, but an uneasy calm

settled over the 76,000-ton ship. Only the day before, the *Forrestal* had arrived off the North Vietnamese coast for her first combat duty, and her 4,500-man crew grimly recalled that a fire had killed 44 men aboard the carrier *Oriskany* in the same waters last October. "Two fires in one day," said a pilot. "We'd better watch that stuff."

Less than 48 hours later, as Navy Phantom and Skyhawk jets lined up for morning bombing missions against the North, the *Forrestal's* fire bells sounded again, and the pilot's worst fears were realized. A fuel tank fell from the wing of an A-4 Skyhawk and ruptured, spilling gas onto a sizzling steam catapult. Fanned by 35-mile-an-hour gusts, fireballs leaped to other fully loaded planes, trapping the pilots inside. As bombs and rockets exploded on the 1,000-ft.-long flight deck, the flames spread to the hangar deck far below. Engulfed by flames and smoke, crewmen and pilots tossed rubber rafts overboard, then plunged 90 feet into the waters below.

Racing across the flight deck, asbestos-coated fire crews sprayed everything in sight with foam and wrestled burning planes and 1,000-lb. bombs overboard. The destroyers *Rupertus* and *Tucker* steamed alongside with hoses trained upward. When the flames subsided, helicopters carried injured men off to nearby ships; one was the *Oriskany*, restored to Viet Nam service only two weeks earlier.

Her hull battered and charred, the *Forrestal* limped toward the Philippines with belowdecks fires still raging. The toll: at least 70 known dead, 89 missing. At least 26 planes were destroyed and another 28 damaged, with a loss of more than \$60 million in aircraft alone.

PUERTO RICO

Something for Everyone

Despite its long association with the U.S., Puerto Rico still spices its politics with Latin bravado. Thus, after last week's plebiscite to settle the chili-hot arguments over the island's political status, everybody involved claimed victory.

Those who boycotted the plebiscite on the ground that it was stacked in favor of continuing Puerto Rico's commonwealth ties and therefore got no votes at all, claimed victory because 34.2% of the island's 1,067,526 registered voters stayed away from the polls. Independence received a minuscule 4,205 votes (.6%), but its advocates felt they had won a victory of sorts because the voters had turned down statehood. Those fighting to make Puerto Rico the 51st state considered their strong showing of 273,315 votes (38.9%) a moral victory. The actual victors, of course, were those who supported commonwealth status and emerged with a clear majority of 425,081 votes (60.5%). "This settles it," declared commonwealth's chief proponent, former

Governor Luis Muñoz Marín, 69. "The people have been liberated from this debate about political status. It has ceased to be a subject for discussion."

The fact is that statehood has made strong gains in recent years, particularly among Puerto Rico's growing urban middle class. In the island's capital, San Juan, commonwealth edged out statehood by only 3,300 votes, and in Ponce, statehood won a majority. If the longing for statehood continues to grow, another plebiscite is certain to be called eventually. Said Millionaire Industrialist Luis A. Ferre, 63, leader of the statehooders: "Puerto Rico will be a state within eight to ten years."

MISSISSIPPI

A New Note or Two

With only a week to go in the campaign for Mississippi's Democratic gubernatorial nomination, most of the seven candidates are working over the usual villains—the Supreme Court, the Federal Government generally, New York City, "uppity niggers," etc. But some new notes have also been heard.

Daddy-Bird & Bobby-Sox. Consider former Governor Ross Barnett, 69, an archsegregationist who wants his job back. He urges listeners to read Theodore Bilbo's *Separation or Mongrelization of the Races—Take Your Choice*, insists that "the South has been right all along," and twits Congressman John Bell Williams, a formidable rival, for playing footsie in Washington with "Daddy-Bird Johnson and Bobby-Sox Kennedy." But he also acknowledges that "the law must be obeyed, and advances made in the state's economy and educational program."

Williams, 48, a stubborn segregationist who was stripped of his House seniority when he bolted the Democratic Party to support Barry Goldwater in 1964, is campaigning as—of all things—a middle-of-the-roader, and tries to avoid the old racial clichés.

Running ahead of everybody else, according to local polls, is State Treasurer William Winter, 44, who by Ole Miss standards is practically a radical. Winter started off his campaign with the hope that it would be devoted to "bread-and-butter issues, not the old emotional ones—not racial issues."

That, clearly, was too much to hope. Under fire as a "weak-kneed, wishy-washy liberal," as Barnett put it, Winter felt obliged to declare: "As a fifth-generation Mississippian whose grandfather rode with General Forrest, I was born a segregationist and raised a segregationist. I have always defended this position. I defend it now." Nonetheless, he has also managed to steer the debate toward Mississippi's myriad shortcomings—which include the nation's lowest per capita income (\$1,751 v. a national average of \$2,940).

A graduate of Ole Miss's law school, Winter won all five elections he entered in the past 20 years, served three terms in the state legislature and one

as tax commissioner. His excellent record as state treasurer won him the respect of banking and industrial leaders. Moreover, his grass-roots organization is the strongest in the state.

Among the other six candidates, either Barnett or Williams is expected to go up against Winter in an Aug. 29 run-off between the top two vote getters. Governor Paul Johnson, prevented by the state constitution from succeeding himself, finds himself instead in the odd position of campaigning for the lieutenant-governorship, a job he held under Barnett. Among Johnson's five opponents: Byron De La Beckwith, under indictment for the 1963 murder of Civil Rights Leader Medgar Evers.

No Help. The big unknown is the Negro vote. Negro registration has surged from 30,000 to 194,000 since

ARKANSAS

Orval's Pad

At \$1.25 a head, it is one of the best tourist treats in the Ozarks. Visitors get to poke around the house, an imposing structure of native stone, redwood and glass that extends 214 ft. along a precipice overlooking Huntsville, Ark. With any kind of luck, they may see the lord of the manor himself, who will, in the fashion of a hard-pressed British peer, show off the ten rooms, five baths and four fireplaces that make up his new pad, and take them for a stroll down Farkleberry Trail. For no extra charge, visitors also get a whiff of a fragrant political issue in the making.

The homeowner happens to be former Governor Orval Faubus, who served six two-year terms before step-

DAN MILLER



FAUBUS IN NEW HOME NEAR HUNTSVILLE
It pays to be frugal.

1963, and 120 Negroes are running for office—making it likely that Mississippi soon will have its first black sheriffs and legislators since Reconstruction. White registration, however, rose by 140,000 during the same period, to 600,000.

Further offsetting the Negroes' new voting strength is their reluctance to support any candidates for Governor. An exception is former Mississippian James Meredith. Two weeks ago, he took out a newspaper ad in Jackson to endorse Barnett, possibly on the theory that the former governor, who tried to keep Meredith out of the University of Mississippi in 1962, would help the Negro most by repressing him most and thereby rousing the most sympathy for him. As far as the candidates are concerned, that kind of endorsement is about as helpful as a testimonial from Nasser would be to a candidate for Israel's Parliament.

ping down, voluntarily, in 1966. The boy from Greasy Creek—the ruins of his log cabin birthplace are just 15 miles from his present home—came into office in 1955, owning one weekly newspaper. By being "frugal" with his \$10,000-a-year gubernatorial salary, as he puts it, he managed to acquire four more weeklies, and some real estate in Huntsville, as well as the big house on the hill (which drew 1,100 paying guests during the first weekend it was open, for a \$1,375 gross).

"That," says Republican State Executive Secretary Truman Altenbaumer, "is what I call a real slick trick." The Republicans claim that the house cost at least \$250,000, plus \$60,000 to furnish, keep wondering aloud where the money came from. "Let 'em wonder," says Faubus, who insists that it cost only \$100,000 and carries a \$75,000 mortgage. "When the time is ripe, I'll explode all their myths."



PEARSON IN OTTAWA
icy but clear enough.

CANADA

The Spoiler

Charles de Gaulle may be stubborn, outrageous and unrealistic in his ambitions for France, but his policies usually contain a degree of rationality. His opposition to British entry into Europe, however motivated it may be by anti-Anglo-Saxon prejudice, makes a certain amount of sense because British entry would surely bring problems and perhaps dangers to the Common Market. His recent diplomatic support of the Arabs against Israel, however inconsistent with past French policy, makes a Machiavellian kind of sense because De Gaulle wants to increase French influence among Arab nations disillusioned with Russia and disgusted with the U.S. But it is difficult to see any rational basis for De Gaulle's crude intrusion into the delicate domestic affairs of Canada. When the old man shouted a rabble-rousing French separatist slogan at a Quebec crowd last week, he was merely being a troublemaker—and a clumsy one at that.

True, France has some practical interests in Quebec. At a time when De Gaulle is lavishing abuse on Britain, the U.S. and other "colonialist" powers, he himself has been diligently trying to set up something akin to a colony in Quebec. In the past seven years, French investment in Quebec has doubled to more than \$100 million, and De Gaulle's government organizes regular exchange programs for students, teachers and technicians. But economic interests were far overshadowed by De Gaulle's desire to extol a vague kind of French international glory.

From the beginning of his planned visit, De Gaulle made it clear that he was coming to see Quebec, more than the nation celebrating its centennial year. Rather than travel first to the fed-

eral capital of Ottawa, De Gaulle landed at the French possession of St. Pierre, 15 miles off Newfoundland, and sailed by cruiser up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec City—refusing to fly the Canadian flag as protocol dictates.

A Double Edge. In his first speeches, De Gaulle started off cautiously, but he kept talking about French Canadians as a people that must "take its destiny in its own hands." He led crowds in singing the *Marseillaise* and did not seem displeased when hecklers booed the Canadian national anthem. At Montreal's city hall, he responded before a large, excited audience: "I find myself in an atmosphere the same as that of the liberation of Paris." A few moments later, he shouted "*Vive le Québec libre*," the notorious cry of Quebec separatists.

Some suggested that De Gaulle was turning senile (see *MEDICINE*) and that he had been merely carried away by the high emotion of the occasion. Not so. He deliberately built up to his climax and pronounced the offending words with careful emphasis and an actor's precision. Watching the scene on TV, Canadian Prime Minister Lester Pearson could hardly believe his ears, called for tapes of the speech.

Thousands of angry letters and telephone calls poured into government offices—many from French Canadians. After all, as the last provincial elections showed, less than 10% of Quebec's population actually support the separatists. "General de Gaulle's tour of Quebec," fumed the *Montreal Gazette*, "has been like that of a man in a world of fantasy. He has not only dimmed his own reputation; he has raised new doubts throughout the world about his aims and methods." Montre-

BEATON—THE TELEGRAM, TORONTO



CANADIAN CARTOONIST VIEW OF DE GAULLE
In a world of fantasy.



BURTON BERINSKY

DE GAULLE IN MONTREAL
Shocking but not surprising.

al's Mayor Jean Drapeau offered his own polite rebuke. "We are attached to this immense country," he said. "Our future lies with this country."

English Canadians were boiling. Pearson's government has only recently begun to ease the strains between English and French Canada and work out a new, delicate balance by giving the French Canadians a greater voice in Ottawa and in their own provincial affairs. After a four-hour Cabinet meeting, Pearson issued a statement acidly reminding De Gaulle that Canadians are not in need of liberation since they are free (at least as free as the French, he might have added). "Certain statements by the President," the Pearson statement continued, "tend to encourage the small minority of our population whose aim is to destroy Canada. As such, they are unacceptable to the Canadian people and its government."

Grandly Aloof. Many Canadians demanded stronger words, but the language was tough enough. Through his aides, De Gaulle announced that the Canadian statement was itself "unacceptable," canceled his trip to Ottawa and flew back to Paris.

There, most newspapers were just as hard on him as the Canadian press and public had been. "The bad manners of General de Gaulle may shock," said the usually pro-Gaullist *Paris Presse-L'Intransigeant*. "They should not surprise." De Gaulle remained grandly aloof. "There is no De Gaulle problem," said a presidential spokesman, "but a Canadian problem." The government claimed that the Canadian visit was a total success since it focused world attention on a Canadian problem too long submerged and glossed over. "I could not have done otherwise," De Gaulle confided to an aide after his return. "I would have failed in my historical role."

CHINA

The Edge of Chaos

It was an extraordinary admission, or warning, or touch of hysteria. "If things are not properly handled," said the Peking People's Daily last week, "a capitalist restoration is a possibility at any time."

In a rich burst of zoological invective, the paper declared that "the counter-revolutionary revisionists who have been dragged out are fierce dogs in water, are wounded tigers, are poisonous snakes not yet frozen by the cold." As if that were not enough, it cautioned that the opponents of Mao Tse-tung "are not dead tigers but living tigers ready to bite and eat people." Despite the Chinese love of hyperbole, Sinologists around the world last week agreed that the significance of such language can hardly be exaggerated: the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, in trouble for months, is descending further and further into political and social chaos.

The signs of failure and frustration abound. The Maoists have yet to oust President Liu Shao-chi, whom they accuse of taking "the capitalist road" of moderation, nor do they seem to be able to reduce his influence—or at least they find it necessary to keep attacking it. They have yet to restore order to China's economy, yet to persuade the majority of Red Guard youths to go back to school (see EDUCATION), yet to rein in the factional infighting that has troubled their ranks. Lawlessness and violence flare each week from Manchuria in the north to the Vietnamese border in the south. The summer harvesting has been badly, perhaps grievously, hindered. Widespread transportation breakdowns are reported, the result of clashes between workers and Red Guards. And, backed by the local populace, a regional military commander in the strategic Yangtze River city of Wuhan openly defied Peking and abducted two of its top officials.

Boisterous Invasions. As in much of the rest of China, the trouble in Wuhan stemmed from the resentment of the Wuhanese at the boisterous invasions of Red Guards from Peking, who sweep in and try to take over everything from the city government to factory management in the name of Mao. By wall-poster accounting, no fewer than 350 people have been killed and 1,500 seriously wounded in clashes in Wuhan since last April. A formidable foe heads the resistance against the Maoist intruders: General Chen Tsai-tao, commander of the Wuhan Military Region and a distinguished career soldier of the People's Liberation Army. In suppressing the Red Guards, he was supported not only by his own garrison but by much of Wuhan's population of skilled workers, who are gathered into an informal defensive grouping called the "Million Heroes."

The Maoists could hardly afford to leave Wuhan in the hands of their enemies. The fifth largest city in China, Wuhan (pop. 2,800,000) is really three cities—Hankow, Wuchang and Han-yang—and is the Chicago of China—the transportation hub of the vast country. Its great double-decked vehicular and railroad bridge is the only span across the 3,100-mile length of the Yangtze between Nanking near the coast and Chungking in the western mountains. It is also one of Communist China's key industrial centers, pouring a quarter of the country's steel and producing such important products as machine tools and paper, cement pipe and canned goods.

Liberate Wuhan! Two weeks ago, Mao took direct action to try to bring Wuhan into line. He dispatched Hsieh Fu-chih, Deputy Premier and China's top cop, along with Wang Li, the par-

the rebels to surrender or be wiped out by the Chinese army. Amid this show of force, Premier Chou En-lai, Peking's most experienced mediator, quietly went to work behind the scenes to negotiate with General Chen for the release of the two prisoners. He succeeded, and last week the freed emissaries returned to Peking and a hero's welcome at the airport by Maoist officials including Chou and Mrs. Mao and tens of thousands of cheering Pekingese.

Bombs or Bombast? Three days later, wall posters proclaimed that loyal army paratroopers had been dropped near Wuhan and that gunboats had moved up the Yangtze, readying an attack on the rebel city unless it surrenders. Peking recently forbade foreigners to read and report on wall posters, a ban that is scarcely enforceable. Chinese radio communications monitored in Tokyo indicated a spread-



CHINESE NAVAL CREW AT MAO-THINK PEP RALLY
Confronted by fierce dogs, wounded tigers and a million heroes.

ty's propaganda chief, to see General Chen. The confrontation at Chen's military headquarters was hardly under way when the Million Heroes, arriving in hundreds of trucks and backed by Chen's soldiers, surrounded the building. In the ensuing confusion, Wang Li and Hsieh Fu-chih were seized by the mob and carried away. Back in Peking, wall posters blossomed overnight with the news that the two Maoists had been "kidnaped, encircled, insulted and beaten up."

Peking's response to the "abduction" of its envoys was immediate. Peking garrison troops loyal to Mao made a rare march through the streets of the capital, brandishing placards demanding RESCUE COMRADES HSIEH FU-CHIH AND WANG LI!, STRANGLE CHEN TSAI-TAO TO DEATH! and LIBERATE WUHAN! Radio Peking broadcast an ultimatum ordering

ing breakdown in transportation. Passenger service in the Yangtze between Shanghai and Wuhan has been discontinued, and China's only electrified rail line, connecting Shensi and Szechwan provinces, was reported out of order.

With riots and work stoppages reported from Canton to Shantung, Peking published an order banning peasants from going into cities to "participate in the struggle." Read the proclamation: "At a certain period in recent days, the handful of Party people in authority taking the capitalist road instigated peasants to join in armed struggles in cities, forcing factories, mines, party and government organs and schools to cease functioning." It was, if not civil war, civil disorder on a vast scale—and the greatest crisis Mao has yet confronted in his visionary attempt to reshape China in his own austere image.

SOUTH VIET NAM

Still No. 1

South Viet Nam's presidential election campaign formally opens this week, and most of the eleven candidates are taking to the air with prerecorded campaign speeches. At week's end the candidates will collect at Quang Tri, less than 20 miles from the Demilitarized Zone, to begin a series of public meetings that will end in Saigon Sept. 1, two days before the voting. There will be an amount of togetherness unheard of in most political campaigns. The South Vietnamese have planned the campaign so that all candidates will have the opportunity to speak on the same day in each of 23 towns, and the candidates will be ferried from place to place in a fleet of airplanes provided by the government. Saigon has also al-

villagers. Since Ky suddenly and unexpectedly stepped aside in favor of Thieu as the military candidate (TIME, July 7), he has carefully stayed in Thieu's shadow, even walking a pace or two behind him at public gatherings. He is trying to project the image of a generous man bested by his colleague in an inner struggle for power and accepting it gracefully. But so far, Ky remains very much "No. 1" in Saigon.

Ky himself tries to make sure that this is understood by insiders. Within hours of his decision to run second to Thieu, he assured Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker that he, not Thieu, would continue to wield most of the power. Privately he warned skeptical newsmen that "those who have written that I sustained a stunning defeat will very soon be proved completely wrong." By last week things seemed to be working out

NICHOLAS TURNER



KY & THIEU ON CAMPAIGN FLIGHT
Deceptive image from the shadow.

lotted each candidate \$50,000 from a special election fund to help cover expenses (though hardly enough to conduct a national campaign), has allotted each candidate an equal number of posters and will also give each campaigner equal time on radio and TV to address the country.

Of the eleven, only three are rated as having a real chance of winning: Chief of State Nguyen Van Thieu, whose vice-presidential running mate is Premier Nguyen Cao Ky; former Premier Tran Van Huong; National Assembly Speaker Phan Khac Suu. The Thieu-Ky ticket is still strongly favored because both men are well known, and they have army backing. Tran Van Huong is considered the leading civilian candidate. A Southerner with a large following in the Mekong Delta, Huong as Premier won considerable sympathy for his efforts to stabilize the government before the military replaced him in 1965. Says he: "The people have confidence in me."

A Fair Exchange. Ky and Thieu have already begun campaigning with a number of "nonpolitical" public appearances, mixing visits to the troops with barely disguised politicking with

as Ky had said. An inner group of generals (including Thieu) formed a military affairs committee, which from now on is to be the armed forces' decision-making body on both military and political questions. The committee's undisputed leader, the man who calls the meetings and runs the show, will be Ky. The prospect, then, is that even if Thieu is elected President, Ky will in fact be in charge. It is an arrangement Thieu seems willing to accept as a fair exchange for the honor of the presidency—for the time being, at least.

Building Up the ARVN

Though the battle headlines—and of late the casualty figures—emphasize the role of U.S. fighting men in Viet Nam, the largest body of troops on either side of the war is still the Army of the Republic of South Viet Nam, some 608,000 soldiers strong. For a small country (pop. 16 million), this is a remarkably large force; it is as if the U.S. (pop. 199 million) had 8,000,000 men in uniform (instead of 3,000,000 in all services). More than 30% of the men aged 16 to 45 in South Viet Nam are in uniform, and that percentage will soon rise even higher. Last week,

as part of the overall buildup of Allied forces agreed upon in Washington last month, Premier Nguyen Cao Ky announced that an extra 69,000 men will be added to the army, known to Americans in Viet Nam as ARVN (rhymes with Marvin).

Phantom Troops. The increase comes at a time when the South Vietnamese army is in transition, gradually shifting half its units from search-and-destroy operations—some quite desultory—to providing security for villagers and government pacification teams. Some 17,000 of the new soldiers, gathered by conscription, will go into the Popular Forces—the 171,000 militiamen who now defend the villages and hamlets. Another 33,000 will join the 142,000-man Regional Forces, which are roughly similar in structure to the U.S. National Guard. About 30,000 are destined for duty in the 285,000-man regular army, most of them as replacements for 20,000 "phantom troops" that Saigon discovered did not in fact exist, after the U.S. installed a data-processing system for the ARVN and gave each infantryman a serial number.

The regular army is now spread through the country's four corps areas in ten infantry divisions, an armored division, an airborne division and 20 elite, red-bereted ranger battalions. Though more and more units are being assigned as shields for pacification efforts, government troops are still out hunting the enemy. In the Delta, the war is still largely a South Vietnamese one, with three ARVN divisions working alongside one U.S. division. In the scrub jungles around Saigon, South Vietnamese units participate in every major U.S. search-and-destroy mission; several thousand ARVN men joined in Operation Junction City last February. Even in the war along the DMZ, South Vietnamese ~~rangers~~ ^{troops} went in with the U.S. Marines in the invasion of the zone's southern half in May and accounted for over 300 enemy dead.

As Good as Koreans? South Viet Nam's units vary tremendously in esprit and fighting ability. Some 115,000 soldiers deserted last year—almost one in five. This year a tough new law has cut the rate in half, but the problem of morale persists. Some harsh critics would write off up to three-quarters of the overall South Vietnamese forces as effective military units. And the critics are by no means all West Pointers. "I wonder if we will ever be as good as the Koreans," Armed Forces Chief of Staff General Cao Van Vien recently said to a friend. Of the ARVN's notoriously bad 25th division in the Delta, Vien says: "It is the worst division in the army—and perhaps in any army."

One of the things that irritate U.S. officers is that too often one ARVN unit will not come to the aid of another when the going gets tough. One night last May, a lone squad of Viet Cong—a dozen men—staged an attack on the headquarters of a 25th division bat-

talion, killing 31 ARVN soldiers and three U.S. advisers. The battalion's three rifle companies were dug in a scant 300 yards away—and stayed there listening to the shooting while their comrades died.

Few ARVN units are willing to move at night—they fear ambush—and they often recess the war for the weekend while officers whip off to Saigon to see their families or make the bar-hostess rounds. Patrols sometimes play transistor radios on search-and-destroy missions to warn the enemy away. More than one ARVN unit has radioed back to its headquarters that it has taken some key objective when actually it is holed up in a safe spot miles away. And the South Vietnamese are notoriously disrespectful of private property, frequently taking chickens, pigs and other peasant possessions as booty.

Understandable Reasons. Shocking to the professional U.S. adviser as such performances may be, there are some understandable reasons for them. The Vietnamese have been fighting for 20 years, in successive generations of young men, and the whole military fabric is frayed by the invisible cumulative fatigue of what seems like endless war. The long years of combat have taken their toll in officers, often the best; so, too, have the coups and intrigues of Saigon politics over the years.

The leadership gap is in fact the ARVN's greatest difficulty. Where able officers still lead, South Vietnamese units fight well. But able officers are all too few, and the rest are often chosen for their social position or their political ties—and often, too, become preoccupied with the graft that has long been part of an officer's perks in Asia.

Along with spotty leadership, the soldier in the ranks suffers from other liabilities. He is fighting an ethnic brother, and sometimes a brother in fact. Unlike the U.S. soldier in Viet Nam, who knows he will not have to fight a day longer than one year, draftees in the ARVN ranks face a three-year tour in combat. Also unlike U.S. units, Saigon ranger, airborne and marine units often spend 60 to 90 days at a stretch out in the field. In the ARVN, a division commands only two artillery battalions v. the four available to an American division. U.S. air and artillery do back up the Vietnamese forces, of course, but Americans naturally support their own forces first, and there can be long delays before help comes for a beleaguered government force.

Building Piggens. Well aware of the South Vietnamese army's inadequacies, the Vietnamese joint general staff is at work on plans to reorganize its forces "from top to bottom," as Ky puts it. One proposal would disband the four corps commands and the ten divisions, with their tempting opportunities for warlord graft and corruption, and create more flexible units that would specialize in pacification efforts, counter-guerrilla action, and search-and-destroy missions. With U.S. help, General Vien

has launched several new training programs designed to help soldiers learn everything from setting guerrilla-style ambushes to assisting villagers in building piggens.

South Viet Nam's version of West Point, the National Military Academy at Dalat, has added two years to its curriculum—plus the innovation that officer candidates can be flunked if they fail to measure up. Next year South Viet Nam will begin its version of a war college for mid-career officers. So high is the enthusiasm for it that the general in charge of central ARVN training wants to be in the first batch of students. Americans in Viet Nam like to recall that only a little more than a decade ago there was an army with much the same set of problems

10.6% over the same period last year; this was the highest six-month advance since 1959. The gain in light industry was an even more impressive 12%, including extraordinary advances of 19% in plastics, 24% in refrigerators and 16% in electronic instruments.

Most Subsidized. Western economists suggest several reasons for the upswing, but the major one seems to be more rational planning. Alexander Erlich of Columbia's Russian Institute attributes the figures to a "stop-go" cyclical pattern in the Soviet economy. Under Nikita Khrushchev, the government created massive bottlenecks by funneling vast resources into a few industries, such as chemicals, and neglecting others. The output quotas for many factories were unrealistically high, and suppliers were



VIETNAMESE RANGERS SEARCHING DELTA PADDIES
A fabric frayed by endless fatigue.

now plaguing South Viet Nam: the Koreans, today as feared by the Viet Cong as any soldiers fighting in Viet Nam. Though the South Vietnamese army has a long way to go to measure up to its potential, U.S. advisers take heart from its new efforts.

RUSSIA

A Stop-Go Economy Goes

By channeling vast funds into industry and armaments and by forcing austerity on the consumer, Russia through much of the postwar period maintained a very high rate of economic growth. Then, in 1965, the regime was embarrassed to have to admit—after many official denials—that the growth rate had been falling since 1959 because of the sheer weight of bureaucratic controls and constraints. Getting the rate back up again has been one of the chief tasks of the government of Aleksei Kosygin and Party Chairman Leonid Brezhnev—and the latest Russian economic figures show that they have succeeded.

Industrial output in the Soviet Union during 1967's first six months went up

unable to meet the new demand for material. As a result, the whole economic mechanism slowed down. Now, says Erlich, the Kosygin-Brezhnev team has set more realistic goals and reduced the traffic jam in the flow of supplies.

Industrial production also got an indirect but important boost from Russian agriculture. Last year's bumper crops provided larger supplies of raw materials for the producers of textiles, shoes, vodka, beer and other goods. Since Russia has had to import hardly any food this year, more money has been available to buy new machinery abroad. Last year the government embarked on a plan that will nearly double the size of investment in agriculture. In fact, Russia now has the world's most heavily subsidized farmers.

Inflated Figures? The sweeping economic reform under which "profit" rather than total output is the measure of a plant's production has also begun to make a contribution to Russia's economic growth. To encourage managers to worry more about production costs and the quality of the goods they produce, the government has been gradually introducing over the past three years an

elaborate system of bonuses for both managers and workers. Already about 3,600 of the country's 44,000 factories, accounting for almost 30% of production, have been put on the new plan. The profits of the first 700 plants operating under it rose by 24% last year, compared with an increase for all factories of only 8%. Kosygin has announced that all Soviet factories will be on the new plan by the end of 1968.

U.S. Government analysts point out that the Soviet growth figures may be slightly inflated in order to create a festive atmosphere for the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Furthermore, the Russians often include in their output figures the value of the semi-finished goods imported and only finished in Soviet factories. The Washington economists also point out that

huge military establishment (v. 10% for the U.S., which has, however, a gross output twice as large). But at the same time, the long-neglected Russian consumer is coming in for a larger slice of the new and bigger economic pie. A Russian who has the money no longer has to wait for weeks to buy a TV set or a simple household convenience such as a refrigerator. In anticipation of 50th-anniversary celebrations planned for this fall, shops in the major cities are filled with colorful merchandise of fair to high quality. The regime is even doing something for those millions of Russians who have never known the luxury of dry cleaning: the government has grandly announced that the number of dry-cleaning plants across the country will be increased fivefold.

in Nairobi, "it is no light matter to send a man to certain death with a stroke of the pen." Calling for a "fair trial" for Tshombe, the Tanzania Standard warned the Congo that its actions could "further tarnish Africa's image. It could provide a precedent to hang like a sword of Damocles over other African leaders who openly support what, in effect, amounts to a blood lust." The U.S. has interceded with Congo President Joseph Mobutu to spare Tshombe's life, not only for humanitarian reasons but for fear that his execution might spark resentment, and perhaps even a new Congo revolt that could undermine Mobutu's regime. Such enlightened African leaders as the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouët-Boigny and Léopold Senghor of Senegal are known to oppose any execution as crude blood revenge. And the spectacle of Tshombe's wife, Ruth, and one of her sons, Jean, 23, vainly pleading with the United Nations for a "world habeas corpus" to save her husband did arouse a measure of international sympathy.

All of this may not move Algerian President Houari Boumediene, who must give ultimate approval if Tshombe is to be extradited, but there were other factors that may have caused him to delay his decision. In exchange for Tshombe, Boumediene hopes to get Mobutu's support for Arab policies in the U.N. and perhaps also to loosen the Congo's close ties with Israel. His intelligence men may also want to get as much information as they can out of Tshombe, including the details of Lumumba's death, which some say Mobutu also had a hand in.

No Relenting. At the extradition hearings two weeks ago, Tshombe described himself bitterly as "a victim of my popularity," vaguely blamed the CIA for having a hand in his plight, and vowed: "I will go back to the Congo because I am a man." He may not have much choice. If Boumediene acts on the Algerian supreme court's recommendation that Tshombe be extradited, Tshombe will probably be returned to the Congo secretly and put to death quickly. Mobutu shows no signs of relenting, said last week that "the furor created over the Tshombe affair constitutes meddling in our internal affairs." Still, Tshombe may at least escape the fate of the four political enemies Mobutu executed last year: he declared a public holiday and hanged them before throngs in the square at Kinshasa.

CUBA

Split-Level Subversion

Red and black flags flapped from every lamppost, and gigantic portraits of Fidel Castro, Guerrilla Expert Che Guevara and "Carlos" Marx glowered from windows and walls of office buildings. Banners were strung here and there with the slogan: IF YOU WANT TO BE A REVOLUTIONARY, START A REVOLUTION. One of the proudest achieve-



MRS. TSHOMBE WITH SONS LEON (LEFT) & JEAN
Uncomfortable hangs the sword.



TSHOMBE IN ALGERIA

CONGO

A Certain Apprehension

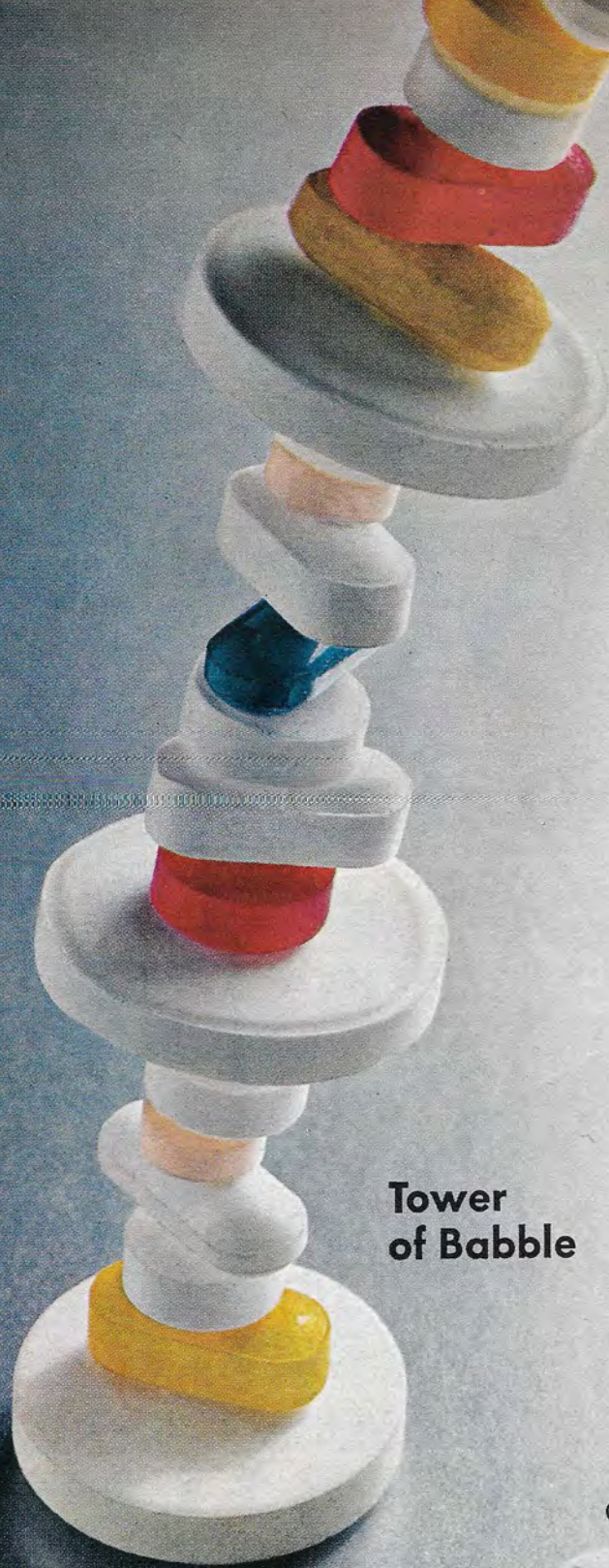
Moise Tshombe was never very popular with his fellow Africans. He used white mercenaries to defend Katanga's secession from the Congo a few years ago. He showed little leniency to his enemies while in power, is widely believed to have been responsible for the death of Leftist Patrice Lumumba in 1961. He took care to line his pockets while in office and was living nicely in Madrid when the Congo sentenced him to death *in absentia* for treason earlier this year. Yet last week, as Tshombe remained imprisoned in Algeria, in imminent danger of being shipped back to the Congo, some Africans were feeling apprehension about the damage his execution might do to the international repute, already shaky, of their nations. And politicians in the volatile African states glimpsed what might be, to say the least, an uncomfortable precedent.

Fear of Resentment. "As odious as his name may be to millions of Africans," said the East African Standard

to boost the statistics this year the Kremlin is concentrating on completing plants already started—and getting them into production—rather than on new factories to redound to the economy's benefit later.

Persistent Deformities. Despite its gains, the Soviet economy is still plagued by some persistent deformities, chief among them an artificial price structure that is almost impervious to shifts in consumer taste. But the man who suggested many of Kosygin's economic reforms, Kharkhov University Economics Professor Evsei Liberman (TIME cover, Feb. 12, 1965), has proposed some therapy for Russian prices. In a recent article, he called for the creation of a "three-tier" structure under which the state would fix prices for raw materials and fuel, set upper and lower limits for certain other standardized products (such as component parts and sheet metal), but allow market forces to set consumer prices.

The Russians still invest large amounts in heavy industry, devote an estimated 20% of their gross output to a



Tower of Babble

Confused by claims? by shapes and sizes?
by strange sounding ingredients?

When you need fast relief
from headache pain,
don't forget this fact:
Bayer® is 100% aspirin.
And aspirin is the
strongest pain reliever
you can buy.

No wonder Bayer works wonders.



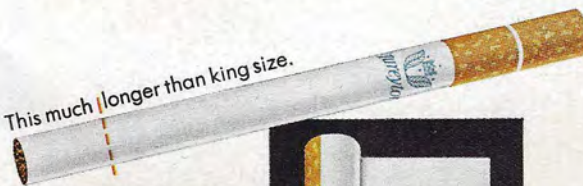
"And now us Tareyton smokers have even more to fight for!"

"Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!"



NEW TAREYTON 100's

This much longer than king size.



100-millimeter Tareytions!
With the same fine tobacco. And the charcoal tip, for even more of the taste worth fighting for.

Popular price



© The American Tobacco Company

ments of Castro's revolution—Havana's Coppelia Ice Cream Parlor—was dishing out more flavors (54), as it likes to boast, than even Howard Johnson does. In the crowded dining rooms of Havana's five "luxury" hotels, three waiters orbited eagerly around each table, smiling broadly, rushing about with plates piled with steaming food and refilling water glasses after a single sip had been taken.

Fidel Castro laid it on thick last week for 700 delegates and observers and 73 foreign newsmen invited to Havana for this week's "Conference on Latin American Solidarity"—fancy Castroite jargon for Latin American subversion. The conference is a split-level affair. One level is a big, propaganda-splashed meeting filled with speeches and mutual, comradely *abrazos*, and attended by Communists, leftists and other Castro friends, including the U.S.'s Stokely Carmichael and Folk Singer Barbara Dane. On the other level, the nuts-and-bolts business of subversion is being discussed by rank-and-file guerrillas, agitators and other Communists who are dedicated to Castro's "wars of liberation."

By Plane & Fishing Fleet. To cover their identities, many delegates traveled on phony passports, readily available in most major Latin American cities. Delegates who flew to Mexico City and caught one of the twice-weekly Cubana Airlines flights to Havana had to submit to laborious immigration and secret-police screenings by Mexican authorities. Some, like Carmichael, flew to Prague or Moscow and then to Havana. Others worked their way to the Yucatan, and were whisked by special undercover "fishing fleets" across the 125-mile Yucatan Channel to Cuba. A Venezuelan guerrilla leader named Amerigo Martin even went so far as to travel to Colombia and sign aboard a boat bound for Spain, where he evidently planned to fly to Eastern Europe and then to Cuba; en route, however, his boat docked in Venezuela, and police—tipped off—picked him up along with his aide.

The main purpose of the conference is to discuss ways and means of creating "new Viet Nams" throughout Latin America. There are some difficulties. From Mexico on south, the Communist Party has always broken down into splinter groups, but divisions have recently sharpened more than ever. Russia is pushing trade and cultural exchange on one side, while on the other Castro is stressing violent revolution. Venezuela's Moscow-lining Communist Party broke completely with Cuba four months ago, protesting Castro's stepped-up aggression. Last week the Organization of American States accused Castro of sending four armed Cuban regulars to the coast of Venezuela last May, the first overt and deliberate military invasion of one Latin American country by another since the Gran Chaco border war between Bolivia and Paraguay more than 30 years ago.

Key elements of Colombia's Communist Party have also split with Castro, and their lack of support for Castroite guerrillas operating in the Colombian Andes has helped narrow their operation from five areas in 1961 down to two. Castro's only notable success has come in Chile, where far-leftists have won control of President Eduardo Frei's Christian Democratic Party and installed Castro-worshipping Extremist Salvador Allende as president of the Senate. Last month Frei's government even permitted Castro's solidarity organization to open a branch in Santiago, the first in Latin America outside Cuba.

Mystery Guest. Castro is in no danger of losing his Russian ally right now despite disagreements, but he made it clear on the eve of the conference that the Russians have tried to rein him in. On the 14th anniversary of his unsuccessful attack on Moncada barracks in Santiago de Cuba, which opened his revolution, Castro told his audience that Cubans must count less on Russian protection: "In the face of an invasion here, we must get used to the idea that we are going to fight alone." To whip delegates into the proper anti-U.S. mood, Castro paraded Black-Power's Carmichael before the crowd as "one of the most distinguished leaders for civil rights in the United States." The U.S., Carmichael obliged, "is going to fall. I only hope I live to see the day."

To further enliven this week's proceedings Castro's government promised a speech by an unnamed "leader of the revolution." Speculation immediately spread that the speaker just might be Che Guevara, Castro's onetime No. 2 man, who mysteriously dropped from sight 27 months ago. According to Castro, Che has been organizing guerrilla wars in Latin America. If that is true—many believe that Che is dead—Che would make quite a delegate to Castro's conference, perhaps eclipsing *El Máximo* himself.

HUBERT LE CAMPION



PAPADOPOULOS

GREECE

The First 100 Days

Some fear is necessary these days to keep the people from doing silly things. This is good for the people. When they are afraid, they behave themselves.

—Brig. Gen. Stylianos Pattakos

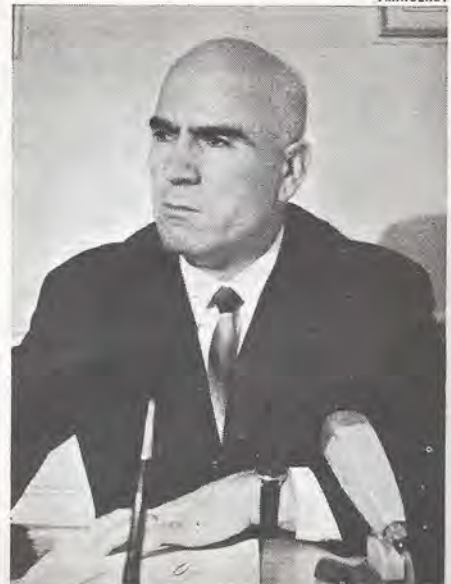
Minister of the Interior

The Greeks are behaving themselves all right, but what Greek can be happy if he never does silly things? After its first 100 days in power, the junta that took over Greece in a lightning coup has restored order to a country that was torn by political strife. It has done so at the expense of much of Greece's exuberant, explosive spirit. The image of a *surtaki*-dancing, *ouzo*-glass-smashing people is being replaced by that of a docile folk whose chief concern seems to be getting to church on time and keeping the young girls out of miniskirts. Not since Calvin put the fear of God into Geneva has any regime so devoted itself to reforming the moral character of its citizenry.

Down with Who's Who. Special military courts-martial have been set up all over the country to punish Greeks who offend against king, church or junta. In Athens a worker was sentenced to one year in prison for "behaving like a Teddy boy," a tradesman to six months for "disobedience to authorities." Mikis Theodorakis, the noted leftist musician who composed the score for the film *Zorba the Greek*, last week was sentenced *in absentia* to 5½ months in prison for offending the honor of the royal family. An estimated 150 to 200 Greeks are already behind bars on such charges, and more are arrested each week.

The junta also seeks to reform Greece by issuing an almost endless list of dos and don'ts. A few outlandish decrees, such as the ban on beards, were prudently withdrawn, but others have stuck. The junta has blacklisted the works of nearly 300 Greek and scores of foreign

TRANSEAST



PATTAKOS

Calvin would have approved.

authors, some Red, but others simply liberal, such as Senator J. William Fulbright. They have stripped Actress Melina Mercouri and some 400 other Greeks abroad of their citizenship, because they have "lost their Greek soul and conscience." They have banned *Who's Who in Greece*; it devotes too many pages to former Greek politicians.

Summer is "the Season" in Greece, but this year it is dull. Tourism, Greece's main source of foreign exchange, is off by 50%. A decree forbidding five or more persons to assemble without prior police permission has all but killed Athens' social life. Many of the artists and troupes that were scheduled to perform at Greek festivals—including the Kiev Ballet and the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra—have stayed away. Some of Athens' theater audiences are peppered with relatives of army officers who get free tickets to keep the attendance up. Even so, the censors are vigilant. In a play in Athens, an actor drew unexpected applause when he recited, "I shall complain to my Deputy in Parliament." Censors snipped out the line before the next performance. In another play, a woman whose husband had left her joyfully cried: "Now I am free!" The audience cheered. The line was quickly changed to "Now I am carefree."

Recession Fears. Under Strongman Colonel George Papadopoulos, 48, the junta has made other changes in Greece. It has brought order, though of a far too repressive brand, to a country whose politics had grown dangerously faction-ridden and inflammatory. It has reduced the cost of living by cutting bus fares, scaling down some artificially high crop subsidies, and lowering the price of bread by 2½ cents per loaf. Greece's military rulers have made the trains, the mail, and the bureaucrats arrive on time. On the foreign front, they have begun promising negotiations with Turkey to end the long-standing dispute over Cyprus. Colonel Nicholas Mararezos, 47, the Minister of Coordination, who is the least conspicuous of the ruling triumvirate (Pattakos is the other member), has signed up nearly a dozen foreign companies, including Union Carbide, Litton and France's Pechiney-Saint-Gobain, to build new plants or expand their activities in Greece. Still, the country is drifting into a recession, partly because of an almost complete standstill in the once buoyant construction industry, and the junta may be faced by fall with a full-scale economic crisis.

Royal Pressure. Almost to a man, Greece's civilian politicians feel that organized resistance to the junta would only lead to repression and violence. They feel that the wisest course is to remain quiet and give young King Constantine a chance to work on the junta. The King at first opposed the coup, then decided to go along with the junta officers in hopes that he could influence them. The King has called for

national elections some time soon after a commission of jurists finishes a new Greek constitution in early December. After the elections, he hopes that the junta will graciously step aside and allow Greece to become once more a functioning parliamentary monarchy.

The soldiers feel that their mission cannot be completed quite so quickly. Says Lieut. General Gregorios Spandidakis, 57, the Defense Minister: "The situation the old politicians left the country in was so bad that it will take a long time before we get Greece on the right path again." Pattakos is more explicit. "We are under no obligation to hold elections," he says. "We feel we restored normal conditions after the April 21st revolution. Why should we return to abnormal conditions?"

The King is touring the country to build up his prestige so that he can exert more leverage. The junta-controlled Greek press carefully plays down the King's travels. In some towns the King finds that the microphone is suddenly missing when he wants to make a speech; in others he is greeted by mayoral speeches sent ahead from Athens that unctuously praise his support of the junta. In the past, King Constantine has referred to any Greek cabinet as "my government," but he now calls the junta simply "the government."

EGYPT

Cruel & Difficult Struggle

Top Egyptian Singer Um Kalthoum, who barely two months ago was inciting the Arabs with breathy ballads about Israel's coming defeat, has a new job. She is directing a campaign to collect gold, jewelry and stashed-away cash to help Egypt's battered economy. If her daily pleadings have not convinced the Egyptians of the costliness of their rout

AL AHRAM



KALTHOUM TURNING IN GOLD
Take the British, for example.

by Israel, Gamal Abdel Nasser has. Last week he promised his people "a real, cruel and difficult struggle ahead." And "economic struggle," he told the fellahin, "means economic sacrifice. We must eliminate all privileges."

Shortly thereafter, Nasser's socialist regime produced a new emergency budget that showed he was not kidding. It imposed higher taxes on the middle and upper classes, raised workers' compulsory monthly savings by 50%, reduced overtime pay, cut the sugar ration by a third, and curtailed practically all major industrial programs. Only military expenditures were increased, by \$140 million to an estimated \$1 billion, exclusive of some of the hidden barter arrangements with the Soviet bloc. Nasser also increased the price of beer (by 5¢ a bottle), cigarettes (5¢ a pack), long-distance bus and railroad fares and admission to movies.

Nasser's propaganda machine is preparing the Egyptians for even worse to come. The radio, TV and press are stressing as an example of national sacrifice the hardships of the British during World War II, when each person got only one egg a week. Egyptians are now eating macaroni instead of rice, which is being exported to earn cash. The cotton crop is again badly infested by leaf worm, but because there is not enough money to buy insecticide, youngsters have been sent into the fields to pick the worm off the plants by hand. The tourist tide has dried, the guides at the pyramids and Sphinx sit playing tric-trac (a variation of backgammon) with each other. Egypt is losing \$5,000,000 a week in revenues from the closing of the Suez Canal, where, along with more than a dozen other ships, a German freighter sits helpless with 5,000,000 eggs that are ready to spoil. And on the other side of the canal, the Israelis are sitting on the Sinai wells that produced half of Egypt's oil supply.

With his hard-currency debt (not counting arrears to the Soviet bloc) now approaching \$1.5 billion and his foreign-exchange reserves down to \$100 million, Nasser is going to have a tough time dodging bankruptcy. To make up for lost trade with the West, he is negotiating new trade and loan agreements with his Arab fellow socialists, the Communists, and sympathetic non-aligned nations like India. Last week Poland gave him a \$20 million loan for industrial development, and East Germany announced \$100 million more credits. But the strain will continue as long as Nasser insists upon keeping Egypt on a war footing against Israel and pursuing his expensive war in Yemen. Last week both Britain and the U.S. accused the Egyptians of bombing Yemeni royalists with poison gas. The two nations indicated that they would support international action by the Red Cross and the United Nations to stop such practices.

PEOPLE

His red, blue and orange Rolls-Royce earned the London Daily Express' admiration as "a cross between a psychedelic nightmare and an autumn garden on wheels." But it was a pretty square set of wheels compared to John Lennon's latest vehicle—an 1874 carriage, fundamentally yellow with wild flowers rampant, which was triumphantly drawn up to Lennon's mansion in Weybridge, Surrey, by two white horses in front with two more trotting at the rear. The new Beatlemobile, which cost Lennon about \$10,000 to buy and have refurbished, "is really a toy for four-year-old Julian," said John, who is vacationing *en famille* in Greece with the

CENTRAL PRESS—PICTORIAL PARADE



McCartney & Julian Lennon
Babes in toyland.

Ringo Starrs and Paul McCartney. "But I expect my wife and I will play with it as well."

Pert as a field lily, Bobby and Ethel Kennedy's eldest daughter Kathleen went forth to meet the photographers on the occasion of her 16th birthday, wearing a size 8, art-nouveau print shift. Right beside her stood another of the Kennedy birthday girls, wearing an identical, size 8 print shift, with a pair of white-mesh mod stockings thrown in for kicks. "You can say I'm 72," joked Rose Kennedy, "but please don't mention that it came from me." So the Boston Globe printed that she was 72 and didn't say it came from her. What more gracious present could it give her on her 77th birthday?

Off with his family for a weekend in the West Virginia mountains, Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, 55, paused along the Cacapon River, fell into conversation with Douglas Dolan, a postmaster who owns property there. Suddenly a shout went up that two of Dolan's nieces, Deborah, 12, and Nan-

cy, 21, were being swept downstream by the rain-swollen current. The Secretary stripped to his shorts, plunged into the river, overtook the girls and held them steady in the swirling water until a motorboat could get to them. "I was about to go under for the last time," said Debbie, "and Nancy was as bad off as I was." As he was drying off, Wirtz said simply that he had "repaid a favor." Fourteen years earlier, he explained, his own son Philip, then three, had been rescued from just such a predicament in Lake Erie by a fast-moving doctor named Jonas Salk.

"I have turned my palace into a prison," cock-a-doodled Surrealist Painter Salvador Dali, 63. "I am not allowing myself any kind of distraction. Look at my television set: I have turned it upside down and put a distorting filter in front of it." Could he be working at something? *Sí, sí*, nothing less than a vast canvas 15 yards square, "a study of tuna fishing" that will be ready for exhibition in the fall. And when he is not painting, he continued, he keeps busy photographing God. "God invented man and man invented the metric system," Dali explained. "So to get an image of God, all I need is to photograph a perfect man and a precise meter."

Ever since it was announced that the elegant old dowager was retiring, her friends have wondered how she would spend her sunset years. *Playboy* Publisher Hugh Hefner considered asking her to join his bunny empire, and New York's Mayor Lindsay definitely hoped to have her for his Board of Education. S.S. Queen Mary, 33, ended up going to the city of Long Beach, Calif., which will transform her into a hotel and maritime museum. Long Beach's bid of \$3.4 million was about \$1,000,000 better than any other, said Cunard Lines Chairman Sir Basil Smallpiece, and "insures that her character will be preserved." Rejected suitors may now transfer their pitch to Mary's younger sister Elizabeth, 27, who will be looking for a quiet home next year.

After all these years, he passes some sort of milestone every time he walks into the office, but last week was something special. Half a century had passed since John Edgar Hoover first reported for work at the Justice Department as a \$1,200-a-year clerk. Now 72, and the only chief the FBI has ever had, Hoover marked the anniversary in characteristic fashion—working at his desk from 9 a.m. till past 6 p.m., and breaking only for a quiet lunch at the White House with L.B.J. and Attorney General Ramsey Clark.

"Their marriage was like forget it, but the divorce is a poem," crooned Syndicated Society Columnist Suzy in



Charlotte & Elena Ford
Poem of a divorce.

her latest bulletin from the Mediterranean, where ex-Spouses Charlotte Ford, 26, and Stavros Niarchos, 58, with 14-month-old Baby Elena, sailed aboard Stav's 190-ft. schooner *Creole*. Since divorce ended their 15-month marriage in March, the jet set's odd couple has toured Europe and Africa together, may be pushing their luck on the *Creole*—where their zigzag alliance got going in the first place.

Author, editor, amateur athlete and semi-pro bachelor, George Plimpton, 40, can whistle up a date with just about any girl including Jacqueline Kennedy. But for this occasion he needed the one perfect woman to witness his return, in a charity softball game, to Yankee Stadium, scene of the personal annihilation he described in *Out of My League*. So George wooed and won Poetess and Baseball Maniac Marianne Moore, 79, who looked on indulgently as Pitcher Plimpton retired three inept opponents. Once George's tomfoolery was out of the way, though, Diamondologist Moore settled purposefully into the press box, with George at her side, to cheer through 18 innings of the regular Yankees-Twins night game, finally permitted Plimpton to escort her home at 1:30 a.m.

JILL KREMENTZ



Moore & Plimpton at ball game
Wooed and won.

A FRESH LOOK AT FLYING SAUCERS

IN an all-night restaurant in Corning, Calif., two police officers sat chatting over coffee near dawn on July 4. Suddenly the proprietor noticed a strange glow over a nearby freeway. Rushing outside, the men saw a large, metallic, cigar-shaped object between 300 feet and 500 feet in the air. "It had a huge, white light on the top," says Officer Jim Overton. "Down at the bottom it had a smaller, not so bright light. Around the center of this object was a band, either paint or a different kind of metal. It suddenly began to move with the most terrific burst of speed I've ever seen."

When the mysterious object disappeared a few minutes later, the shaken men returned to the restaurant, where they drew rough sketches of what they had seen. "I was kind of skeptical about these flying saucers being real, but you couldn't convince me otherwise now," says Overton. "I know what I saw."

Officer Overton is not alone in his conviction. More than 5,000,000 Americans, according to a recent Gallup poll, are certain that they have seen flying saucers or other UFOs (unidentified flying objects). Furthermore, Gallup reports, 46% of American adults believe that UFOs are something real. Scores of flying-saucer clubs are operating across the nation. They include small groups of semireligious eccentrics who worship saucer men and claim to have met them. They also include retired Marine Major Donald Keyhoe's serious and influential National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena (NICAP), the source of some of the best-documented UFO sightings.

In recent months, a significant change has occurred: the subject has moved out of the realm of science fiction and crackpot claims. Discussions of UFOs have begun to appear in the pages of such respected journals as *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* and *Science*. A few responsible scientists now put their reputations on the line by suggesting that saucers may be vehicles from outer space. The vast majority of their colleagues still scoff at this notion, but even some of the skeptics concede that serious investigation is needed.

Beyond Buffoonery

During the U.S. saucer era, which began when Pilot Kenneth Arnold reported seeing nine disk-like objects erratically moving through the air near Mount Rainier in 1947, an Air Force unit called Project Blue Book has logged and evaluated more than 11,000 sightings. In most cases, the investigators eventually identified the UFOs as aircraft, balloons, satellites, flocks of birds, light reflected off clouds or shiny surfaces, atmospheric phenomena, meteors, stars, planets and the aurora borealis. Only 6% of saucer reports are listed by Blue Book as "unidentified" or unexplained. But Blue Book staffers have often announced arbitrary—and incorrect—solutions to saucer mysteries. Sightings have been attributed to the Orion constellation when it was actually below the horizon and invisible, to advertising blimps or refueling military aircraft when none were in the vicinity. This reinforces the belief of saucer buffs that the Air Force has been guilty of not only negligence but even deliberate suppression of UFO information.

Physicist Edward Condon, a highly respected former director of the National Bureau of Standards, agreed last October to head an Air Force-financed scientific team at the University of Colorado that will attempt to evaluate some of Project Blue Book's most intriguing unidentified cases. At the same time, Astronomer J. Allen Hynek, director of Northwestern University's Dearborn Observatory and the Air Force's longtime consultant on UFOs, wrote a significant letter to *Science*. (Had he spoken out earlier, Hynek says, "I would have been regarded as a nut.") In the letter, he took his fellow scientists to task for dismissing UFOs with "buffoonery and caustic banter" and rejecting

the possibility that saucers are extraterrestrial. "As long as there are 'unidentifieds,'" he wrote, "the question must obviously remain open."

Meanwhile, James E. McDonald, a University of Arizona atmospheric physicist, studied the records of Project Blue Book, interviewed witnesses around the U.S. and in Australia. His conclusion places him farther out on the saucer's edge than any other U.S. scientist. "I think that UFOs are the No. 1 problem of world science," he says. "I'm afraid that the evidence points to no other acceptable hypothesis than the extraterrestrial. The amount of evidence is overwhelmingly real." Both Hynek and McDonald cite the example of earlier scientists who for years had little patience with recurring stories about stones that fell from the sky. Yet, in 1802, when churchmen, politicians and peasants witnessed an unusually heavy shower of fragments at L'Aigle, France, the French Academy of Sciences finally had to conclude that stones—actually meteorites—do indeed fall from the sky.

Other scientists who have reviewed UFO cases still agree with Astronomer Gerard Kuiper, a colleague of McDonald's at the University of Arizona, who insists that until better evidence is presented, the entire subject is "fanciful." Astronomer Carl Sagan of Harvard and the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory says that "at the present time, there is no evidence that unambiguously connects the various flying-saucer sightings with extraterrestrial activity."

Substitute for God

Saucers are not a new phenomenon. French Astronomer Jacques Vallee has found evidence of hundreds of ancient sightings. Livy described the Roman equivalent of a UFO wave in 218 B.C. Several drawings show tubes and spheres seen over Nürnberg in 1561. Saucer advocates even read UFO sightings into Shakespeare's *King Henry VI* ("Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three suns") and into the Bible, where Ezekiel describes a strange craft coming from the sky and landing close to the Chebar River in Chaldea. During World War II, Allied pilots had numerous encounters with "foo-fighters," mysterious luminous globs that flew alongside their airplanes. In 1946, there were thousands of sightings in Sweden of what were first thought to be secret Russian missiles. In recent years, UFO waves have occurred in France, Britain, Brazil, Spain, Italy, North Africa and Australia, and occasional UFOs have been seen over most other nations.

One persuasive theory about saucers is that they are real only in the mind and that they correspond to a deep human need. Contemporary saucer sightings, wrote Carl Gustav Jung in a book published before his death in 1961, are an outgrowth of the troubled international situation and gradual erosion among Christians of belief in a God who can intervene to save man from his own folly. Hoping for some redeeming, supernatural event, said Jung, man may have turned to a God image: the UFO. The substitution, Jung suggested, is not difficult to understand. "God in his omniscience, omnipotence, and omnipresence is a totality symbol par excellence, something round, complete and perfect."

Similarly, Boston Psychiatrist Benjamin Simon believes that the UFOs have something for everybody. For the cosmic pessimists, saucers may represent some malignant force about to take over the world. To the ill, UFOs can represent the miracles they have been waiting for. For many, belief in the saucers provides an "oceanic or cosmic feeling of immersion in the total universe, a sort of nirvana."

These conclusions are partly based on Simon's work with Barney and Betty Hill, a Portsmouth, N.H., couple whose "abduction" by saucer men during an auto trip was described in the fast-selling book, *The Interrupted Journey* by

John Fuller. On their trip, Simon says, the Hills became increasingly concerned about the reception they might receive at restaurants and gas stations along their route: Betty is white, Barney a Negro. Their tension and fear reached a peak when they saw a glowing UFO from the highway. The sighting, Simon theorizes, served as a "day stimulus" for subsequent nightmares and wish-fulfillment fantasies. Betty, who is childless, described an obviously Freudian encounter with a humanoid who examined her and inserted a six-inch needle into her navel, explaining that it was a pregnancy test. Barney, who generally considers the Irish to be hostile toward Negroes, remembers being treated with respect by a humanoid who looked Irish.

The desire to believe in the existence of UFOs has made millions of Americans susceptible to UFO hoaxes: photographs contrived by darkroom manipulation or by simply tossing saucers, phonograph records or hubcaps in front of cameras. Many people accepted as evidence a photograph of a weird little creature that had supposedly emerged from his saucer and died. A few recognized it for what it was: a shaved monkey.

In addition to the known natural phenomena mentioned by the Air Force to explain sightings, scientists suggest that there are probably still unknown or unverified atmospheric effects that could account for most of the unidentified apparitions. Astronomer Donald Menzel, former director of the Harvard College Observatory, believes that atmospheric refractions sometimes both magnify and bend the light from bright stars, causing them to resemble large and erratically moving disks. Electrical Engineer Philip Klass, an editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, speculates that many UFOs may be a form of ball lightning generated by an electric corona that sometimes occurs on high-tension power lines, near which saucers are often sighted.

Yet even these theories do not wholly explain all UFO sightings. At Colorado, Physicist Condon and his staff have investigated new reports, sifted through past Blue Book and NICAP files, and begun a computer-aided analysis of 2,000 sightings. For the moment, Condon has narrowed the study down to three sightings supported by ample photographic or eyewitness evidence. The first was made in daylight at McMinnville, Ore., on May 11, 1950 by Paul Trent, a farmer who spotted and photographed a saucer 20 ft. to 30 ft. in diameter hovering over his field. Trent's saucer, which resembled a garbage-can cover, is similar to one photographed over France in 1954. Negatives of his pictures, which are among the clearest UFO shots ever obtained, will be analyzed electronically for authenticity. Condon's second case involves several sightings in the vicinity of Levelland, Texas, on the night of Nov. 2, 1957, when glowing elliptical objects 200 ft. long hovered over highways, terrifying several motorists and causing their cars' ignition and lights to fail. A third apparently inexplicable case occurred off Trindade Isle, Brazil, during daylight on Jan. 16, 1958, when scientific personnel aboard a Brazilian navy ship spotted a Saturn-shaped UFO and photographed it four times.

In the Galactic Boondocks

If one accepts the reality of vehicles from outer space, one must assume the existence in the universe of a race more intelligent than man—certainly not difficult to believe. (In fact, it is much harder to think that in all the universe man is the only advanced being.) Next, one would have to assume that these intelligent creatures are interested in Earth, and some scientists find this assumption particularly unlikely. "If saucers have been coming here regularly," reasons Astronomer Sagan, "this attaches some peculiar significance to our planet. Let's remember that the earth is in the galactic boondocks. I really doubt that the city slickers of the universe are all that interested in us." Earth is merely a minor planet orbiting around one of the 100 billion stars in the Milky Way galaxy, which in turn is only an average member of a universe that may itself contain 100 billion galaxies. In his book, *Intelligent Life in the Universe*, written with Russian Astrophysicist I. S. Shklovsky, Sagan estimates that in the Milky Way alone there may be as

many as a million planets inhabited by advanced civilizations.

Yet distances between stars are so vast—the Milky Way is 100,000 light-years in diameter—that these civilizations are probably separated from one another by anywhere from 300 to 1,000 light-years, Sagan estimates (a light-year is the equivalent of 6 trillion miles). This deflates the argument of UFOlogists that saucers have begun observing the earth because of man's recent technological strides. High-powered, high-frequency radio-wave transmissions, presumably the only clear evidence of terrestrial civilization that could penetrate the atmosphere and be detected at great distances, began only two decades ago. Thus the first of these signals, which move at the speed of light, has by now traveled only 20 light-years away from the earth, passing only the relatively few stars that are near neighbors of the sun.

Toward the 30th Century

In the event that a civilization exists on some planet orbiting a nearby star, and has been able to detect transmissions from Earth, it is unlikely that any of its saucers have yet arrived to investigate. Even the nearest star, Proxima Centauri, is 4.3 light-years away. And because presumably no spaceship—or any matter—can travel at or beyond the velocity of light, which is the universal speed limit according to the Einstein theory of relativity, it would take considerably longer than 4.3 light-years to reach the earth from its nearest stellar neighbor. At the 17,500 m.p.h. that astronauts travel, it would take nearly 170,000 years.

What of the possibility that an advanced culture may somehow have learned to circumvent the Einstein limit, and thus be able to send craft to distant stars at incredible speeds? Says one physicist: "My God, could our whole science just be a fiction completely unrelated to what the UFOs might have? All this earthly science—*F* equals *ma* and all the rest that I so much believe in—could it really be something else?" Many laymen, baffled by the scientists anyway, might find the overthrow of all their lore quite entertaining. But most scientists insist that their laws are universal; even the motion of distant stars and the nuclear reactions within them appear to obey the laws of terrestrial science.

To saucer advocates who suggest that extraterrestrial beings accidentally discovered the earth's civilization during random exploration of the universe, Sagan has an answer: "If each of a million advanced technical civilizations in our galaxy launched at random an interstellar spacecraft each year, our solar system would, on the average, be visited only once every 100,000 years."

For vehicles guided by supposedly intelligent beings, the UFOs have exhibited remarkably ineffective and capricious behavior. Instead of concentrating around obvious examples of intelligent life on earth, such as large cities, they have been seen most often above deserts, farms and backwater towns. Their only reported communication has consisted of trite exchanges ("Don't be afraid") with relatively simple citizens or outright fanatics. But saucer buffs point out that man has studied the behavior of bees and learned their social order and "language" without even attempting to communicate directly with them.

The most telling argument against the reality of UFOs is that no proven physical evidence or hardware has ever been found to support the saucers' existence. And although astronomers photograph the sky incessantly, no UFO has ever left an image on their photographic plates.

Despite the lack of such evidence, many scientists favor the continuation of UFO investigations in the hope that they will lead to new discoveries about man's environment, while clearing up the uncertainty about saucers. But even after the most rigorous examination by contemporary science, it will be difficult to prove beyond doubt that there are no extraterrestrial saucers. Says Astronomer Hynek: "There is a tendency in the 20th century to forget that there will be a 21st century science, and indeed a 30th century science, from which vantage points our knowledge of the universe may appear quite different. We suffer, perhaps, from temporal provincialism, a form of arrogance that has always irritated posterity."

PAINTING

Reunion in Vienna

In few quarters of the civilized globe do the wheels of bureaucracy grind so exceedingly slow as they do in the former realm of the Habsburgs. Thus it came as no surprise to Austrians that when the state-run Kunsthistorisches Museum recently opened a "new gallery," in a suite in Vienna's old Imperial palace, it turned out to be filled with 120 paintings by 19th century French and German artists. The collection had been taken down shortly after the *Anschluss* of 1938, and not been on display since. Any other country would have hustled



FRIEDRICH'S "VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW"

Out of the salt mines and into the palace at last.

them onto museum walls—if only to lure a few tourists—but the Austrian government allowed them to molder in a disused salt mine for 28 years.

What did amaze the critics was the caliber of the work. "Fabulous!" raved the critic for the prestigious *Neue Zürcher*. "A collection of many practically unknown masterpieces." Particularly admired were two Van Goghs, a *Landscape of Auvers* painted just three weeks before his death in 1890 and an 1886 self-portrait. A voluptuous Renoir, *After the Bath*, painted in 1876, is the twin to one in Moscow's Pushkin Museum. Also on view are outstanding paintings by Cézanne, Delacroix, Millet, Manet, Monet, Degas and Corot. But, for many critics, the most exciting works were four oils and two sepia sketches of the view through his window by the German Romantic, Caspar David Friedrich, who died in 1840. Their misty vistas and eerily precise draftsmanship emphasize the mystic tie that binds Goethian romanticism to 20th century gothic surrealism.

GRAPHICS

Hewers of Woodcuts and

Drawers of Watercolors

From the woodcuts of Dürer to the etchings of Goya and the lithographs of Lautrec, graphics have displayed a cutting edge in art; but for most serious artists, major statements are expected to be made in oils. Recently, however, graphics have assumed a new dignity in the artistic hierarchy as a pioneering medium. The major precedent was set by U.S. pop artists, who demonstrated that art directly inspired by commercial techniques could be—well, if not beautiful—at least socially sig-



RENOIR'S "AFTER THE BATH"

nificant. Today, more and more artists around the world use lithographs, engravings, aquatints or silk screen as a means of developing new ideas.

Bridging the Curtain. A showcase for some of the most sophisticated two-dimensional art now being created is Yugoslavia's summer-long International Graphics Exposition. Ever since this year's show (the seventh) opened in Ljubljana, the Slovenian capital has attracted avant-garde collectors, curators, dealers, artists and critics. More than 1,100 works by 201 contributors from 43 countries are on display—and the average print in the exhibition costs \$50. Hardly a one is traditionally representational, except for the proletarian peasant block prints of the Russians. Instead, the cool walls of Ljubljana's stuccoed Moderna Galerija are hung with an extraordinary mélange of esoteric wit, gaudy pop sensuality, op geometry, surreal fantasy and cloudy abstractions.

Americans (16 artists), Japanese and British have weighed in with the most

varied national selections, but the Czechs, the Poles, and above all the Yugoslavs, demonstrate that behind the Curtain originality is no longer a crime. Zoran Krzislak, 45, a cheerful peasant's son who won his job as Slovenian arts commissioner on the basis of his wartime prowess in captured German tanks, feels that Ljubljana's expositions, which he has been organizing since 1955, have helped make graphics "a real bridge" between the artist, his private coterie and the public at large.

Wax Arm & Ruler. "The trend to be frankly controversial," says Krzislak, "is manifested far too harshly in the big canvases painted nowadays. But a peculiar kind of alienation takes place when colors are affixed to a copperplate, or what have you, and the work becomes still more depersonalized when a sheet of glass is placed over it. A print possesses a screen of anonymity that relieves it of some of the inner torment, of the rawness of the protest."

A liking for the cool quality of prints was reflected in the judges' awards. Although the exhibition abounds in brilliant colors, the jury awarded its top prizes to the predominantly monochromatic works of the U.S.'s Jasper Johns, 37, and Spain's Antoni Tàpies, 44. Tàpies' composition *No. 39* shows a somberly dramatic doorway opening onto a mottled moonscape marked by tiny red crosses ("It signifies my whole life," explains Tàpies). Johns's *Pinion* is a prime illustration of Krzislak's "alienation," since it literally depersonalizes one of Johns's zanier collages, which includes a wax arm and a ruler, by reproducing a ghostly, photographic image of it in watery red, yellow and pale blue, together with the grey smears of foot, hand and knee prints. **Explained one juror:** "Johns's subtlety in converting and sublimating pop elements exemplifies the harmonious reticence which is graphic art at its best today."

SCULPTURE

Delightful Surprises

The first impression of Montreal Expo-goers is one of gigantic exhibition structures, lofty space domes and minirails. But as visitors are discovering in increasing numbers as the summer wears on, the 1,000-acre site is also studied with dozens of delightful surprises in the form of 20th century sculpture, ranging from Aristide Maillol's 1908 *Desire* to a 1967 blue, geometric *Dyad* by Saskatchewan's Robert Murray. And while most of the Expo sculpture executed in the 1960s would not raise an eyebrow at Venice or in a far-out Manhattan gallery, it is provoking plenty of conversation in Montreal, where many fairgoers are receiving their initiation into the nuances of contemporary art (*see color pages opposite*).

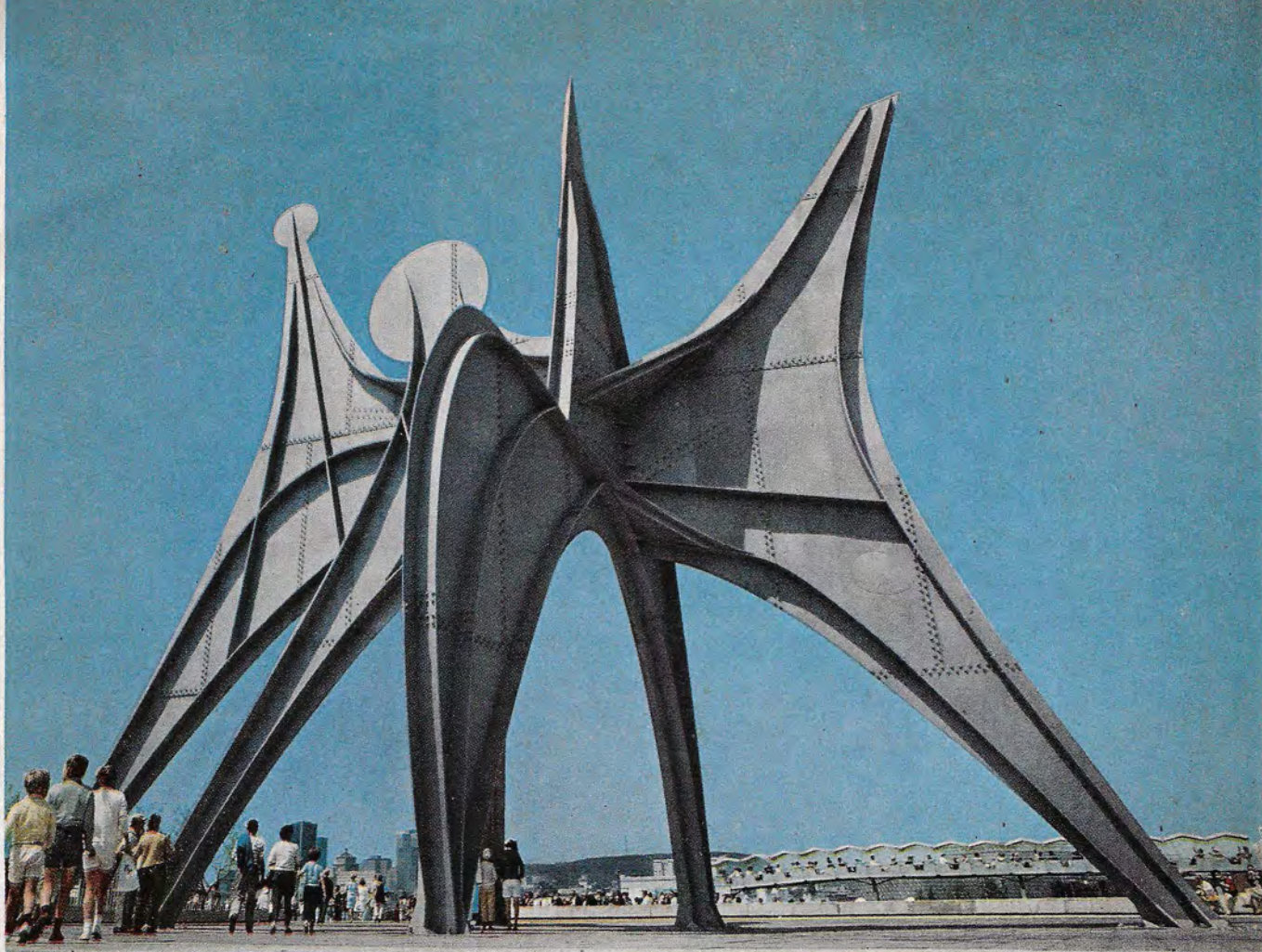
The sculpture at Expo is mostly contemporary, explains Arts Adviser J. Jacques Besner, because "every exposition provides a chance for the world to take inventory of man's progress. Back



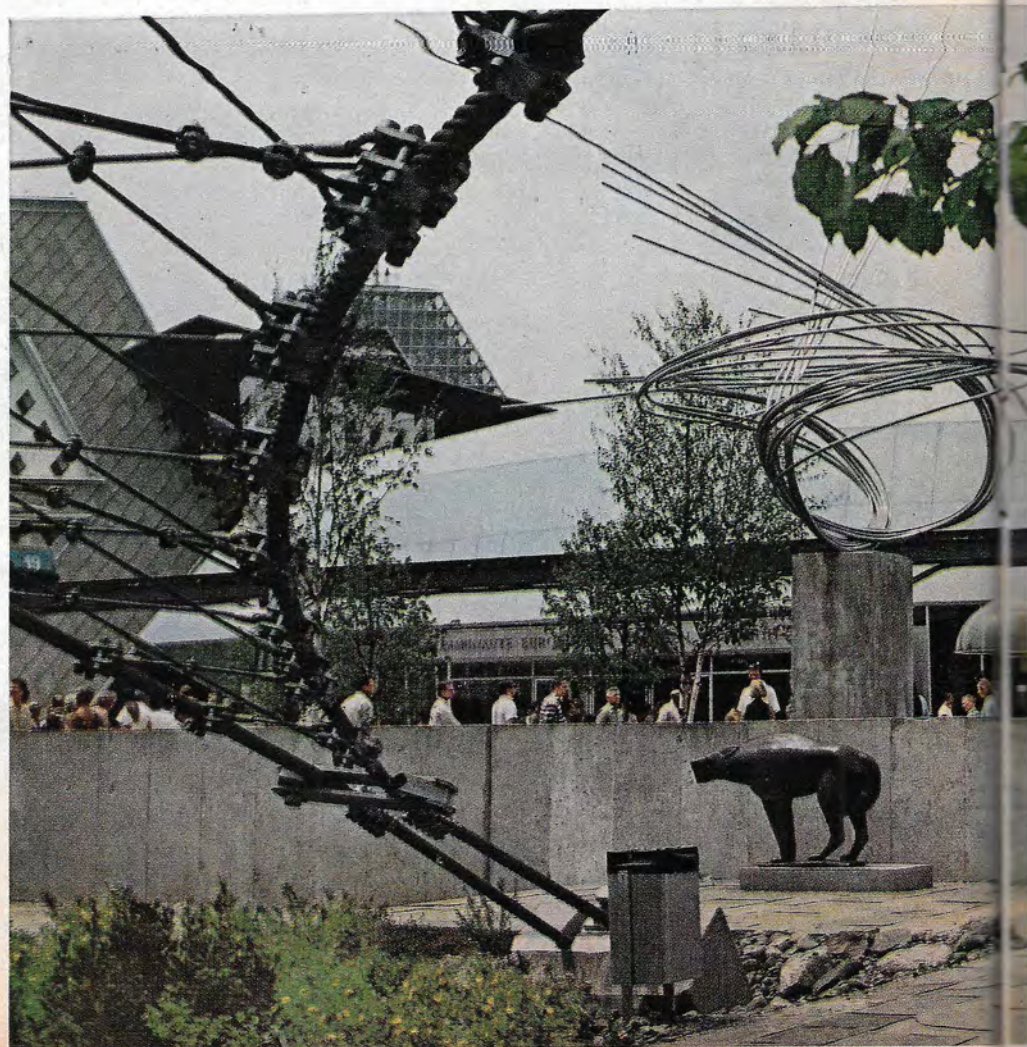
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY J. ALEX LANGLEY

SCULPTURE AT EXPO 67

Image builders from six continents have ornamented Montreal's mammoth fairground with a rich mix of eye-boggling monument and boffo entertainment. Children find imposing "Crossbow," done by Switzerland's Bernhard Luginbühl for the land of William Tell, ideal as an instant Matterhorn.



U.S.'s Alexander Calder designed tallest sculpture at the fair, soaring, 67-ft.-high stainless-steel "Man," commissioned by International Nickel Co. for its plaza on Île. Ste. Hélène.



Walled-off West German courtyard shows Philipp Harth's crouched "Wolf," Gustav Seitz's slumped-over "Beaten Catcher," Toni Stadler's "Nereids." Whorl by Norbert Kricke (center) stands on the outer mall.



International Sculpture Garden has 55 pieces from 17 lands. Russia contributed Ivan Chadre's "Stones Are the Arms of the Proletariat."



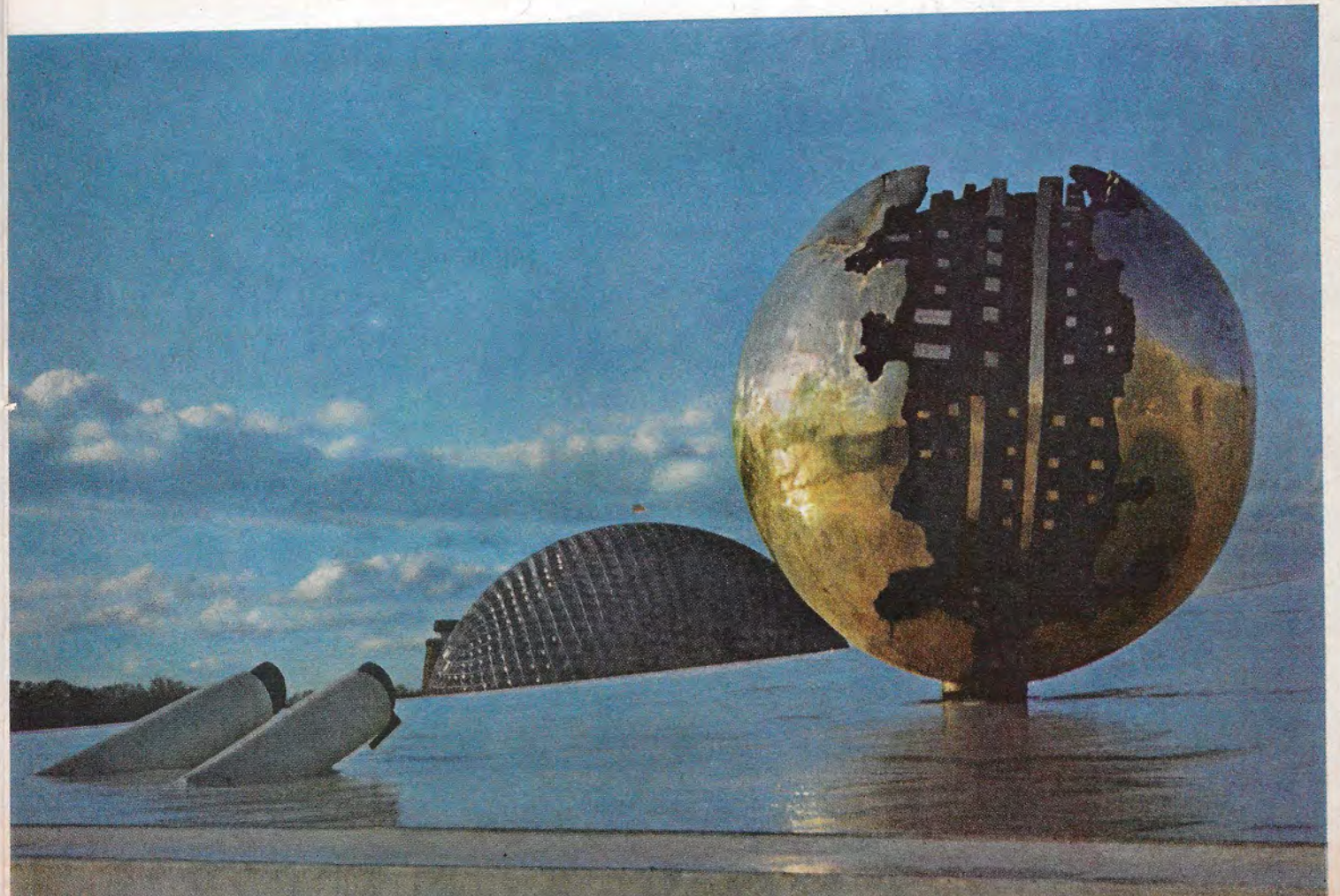
Mario Armengol's 21-ft.-high aluminum wraiths dominate hall in British pavilion dedicated to Britain's role in the world. Figures extend hands in gestures of friendship and fellowship.





Rooftops are for spoofs, sparkle and spectaculars. Whimsical ceramics (above) brighten the upper garden of Czech pavilion. French summit offers wine, soda pop, sandwiches and Niki de Saint-Phalle's fantasy poppets playfully battling Jean Tinguely's machines (left). From its lofty Italian perch, the "Sphere" by Arnaldo Pomodoro (below) echoes Buckminster Fuller's pavilion across the river.

PAUL GÉLINAS



in 1900, Paris showed Rodin and all those boys, so we felt that in 1967, we owed it to contemporary artists to show what they could do." Canada's Expo corporation commissioned 40 Canadian sculptors to design \$1,000,000 worth of sculpture to fill the central promenades and the Canadian and theme pavilions; Canadian industry kicked in with another \$1,500,000 worth of commissions for more than 15 sculptors. All are Canadians except for the U.S.'s Alexander Calder, whose gigantic \$200,000 stainless steel *Man* on the International Nickel Co. plaza greets Expo visitors as they get off the métro at the Place des Nations.

Tauf Crossbow. The Calder is not an unmitigated success, partly because it was necessary to blunt its knifelike edges with heavy reinforcements to enable it to withstand the brisk winds that blow off the St. Lawrence. It suffers, like most Expo sculpture, from comparison with the bizarre silhouettes of the pavilions. Nonetheless, most fairgoers like Calder's *Man*. Murmured one miniskirted coed, gazing up at it last week: "I like the strength and the way it springs up. It has power, like a human being. Flowers spring up, but not in the same way."

Virtually all of the 62 participating nations have matched the Canadians by ornamenting their own pavilions, the malls in front of them, and often their rooftops with works by native sculptors. Some, like the West Germans, have built entire miniature sculpture gardens, which invite the visitor in to linger. Others have focused attention on one major piece, like Switzerland's Bernhard Luginbühl's tautly drawn *Crossbow*, which, while popular with children, elicits nervous twitches from some adults. Said a Binghamton, N.Y., lady: "Everybody's scared of it. They're afraid it's going to move."

Furor & Fantasy. The ten slender, melancholy men and women who tower above display drums in the British pavilion draw awed reactions such as "magnificent." The gay ceramic figures created by Pravoslav and Jindriska Rada for the roof garden of the Czech pavilion are favored companions for souvenir snapshots. The liveliest furor has been stirred up by the "Fantasy Garden" atop the French pavilion, which features Niki de Saint-Phalle's bouncy papier-mâchélike manikins engaged in combat with the machines of Jean Tinguely. "Fiendish!" sniff elderly English matrons. "Great, wild, erotic!" says a Montreal college-student Expo guide.

But for all the fun with fantasy, Expo crowds are also showing a healthy liking for good old-fashioned realism. At the International Sculpture Garden on the Ile Ste. Hélène, which includes 55 works from 17 countries, four out of five fairgoers applaud Ivan Chadre's *Stones Are the Arms of the Proletariat*. "I can relate to it," says one Ontario housewife pushing her two-year-old in a go-cart.

Rockwell Report

by A. C. Daugherty

President

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Les Miserables immortalized the sewers of Paris but from the professional's viewpoint, the sewers of Mexico City are a greater marvel. Six centuries ago, the Tenocha-Aztecs completed the city's first waste discharge system. Though vastly improved since, the basic Aztec principle of periodic maintenance is still followed in Mexico City today and is a lesson for modern planners. The Aztecs cleaned their drainage lines by dragging wicker baskets through them: today, Mexico City keeps its system in top operating condition by regular sludge removal with steel buckets, pulled between manholes by gasoline-powered bucket machines from Rockwell's Flexible Pipe Tool Division. These manholes are 1000 meters apart, another point of interest to American engineers since manholes are a costly element in sewer construction. The powerful mechanical cleaning equipment available from Rockwell makes the wider spacing practical.

* * *

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BASEBALL

League of the Absurd

The sensible way to contemplate the state of affairs in the American League last week was in what yoga enthusiasts call the *Sirsasana* position—standing on one's head. With the season two-thirds over, the Baltimore Orioles, last year's first-place team, were in eighth place, and the Chicago White Sox, last year's fourth-place team, were in first. Add to that the fact that the three toughest clubs in the league at the moment were 1) the Washington Senators, 2) the California Angels, and 3) the Boston Red Sox, all of which were patsies last year, and the plot for the 1967 pennant race was purely theater of the absurd.

The Washington Senators have spent the last 20 summers vacationing in the second division, and there is no apparent reason for them to travel abroad this year. Their team batting average, for example, is a horrendous .223. But last week the Senators beat the Kansas City Athletics 6-4, for their 14th victory in their last 19 games. The California Angels are hardly less startling. They do have a first-rate pitcher in Jim McGlothlin, but only two men in the lineup are batting over .250. Even so, until they lost two out of three to the Red Sox last week, the Angels had dropped only one series to another team in more than a month.

The Red Sox? Boston has not won a pennant since 1946, when Ted Williams hit .342, six other players batted over .300, and Pitchers Tex Hughson, Dave Ferriss and Mickey Harris combined to win 62 games. Last year the Red Sox ranked last in the American League in pitching and fielding, and second sloppiest in stranding base runners and grounding into double plays. The

only thing that saved them from the cellar was the New York Yankees—by the slim margin of half a game.

Early to Bed. What a difference a year makes. And a new manager. Last week, with crew-cut, 38-year-old Dick Williams at the helm, the Red Sox led the American League in hits (828), runs (438), home runs (101) and RBIs (402). Four Boston hitters ranked among the top dozen in the league: Leftfielder Carl Yastrzemski was batting .327 with 25 homers and 72 RBIs; Rightfielder Tony Conigliaro had 19 homers and a .305 average; First Baseman George Scott was hitting .290 and Shortstop Rico Petrocelli was at .280. On the mound, the Sox had Righthander Jim Lonborg, whose 14-4 record makes him the winningest pitcher in all of baseball. Last week, with 14 victories in 17 games, Boston was in second place, only a game behind the Chicago White Sox.

A former utility infielder-outfielder who spent two successful years managing the Toronto Leafs in the strong Class AAA International League, Williams (no kin to Ted) wasted little time letting the Sox know who was boss when he reported for work this spring. "My job is to get togetherness on this ball club," he announced. "If these guys don't hustle, they're in trouble." Williams fined Slugger Conigliaro \$1,000 for missing a bed check. He benched Third Baseman Joe Foy for being overweight, First Baseman Scott for striking out too often. By last week he seemed satisfied that his Sox had caught the proper spirit. "This," he said, "is as loosey-goosey as any team I've ever seen." Relief Pitcher Dan Osinski supplied the translation: "When we come into a game now, we know we're going to win. The only question is by how much."

JAMES F. COYNE



WILLIAMS WITH HITTERS SCOTT, YASTRZEMSKI, CONIGLIARO & PETROCELLI
Altogether in the *Sirsasana*.



SWIMMER MEYER RELAXING
A certain disrespect for her elders.

INTERNATIONAL GAMES

Naiad's Triumph

The quality of competition at the quadrennial Pan-American games rarely requires U.S. athletes to do anything more exhausting than show up—except when it comes to baseball. To Latin Americans, baseball is a passion, not just a pastime, as the U.S. team learned last week at Winnipeg when it lost its very first game 4-3, and to Cuba at that. But by week's end the embarrassment was eased by the brilliant performances of U.S. swimmers—not so much because they won practically everything in sight (nine of eleven events), but because they demolished three world records in the process.

The binge began when California's 17-year-old Mark Spitz, who already held the world marks for the men's 100-meter butterfly and 400-meter freestyle, added the 200-meter butterfly to his collection with a 2-min. 6.4-sec. clocking that pared .2 sec. off the record set in 1964 by Australia's Kevin Berry. Then, swimming the first leg of the men's 400-meter freestyle relay, Michigan's Ken Walsh, 22, was timed in 52.6 sec. for 100 meters, bettering the old mark by .3 sec.

Impressive as they were, those performances were nothing compared with the one turned in by Debbie Meyer, a tiny, blonde, 14-year-old naiad from Sacramento, Calif. Daughter of a plant manager, Debbie startled experts last month when she broke two world records (for the 800-meter and 1,500-meter freestyle) in one race at Santa Clara, Calif. At Winnipeg last week, Debbie was matched in the women's 400-meter freestyle against the reigning world record holder, Pamela Kruse, 17, of Pompano Beach, Fla. She obviously has no respect for her elders. Leaving the aging Pamela struggling vainly in her wake, Debbie splashed to a daylight victory in 4 min. 32.6 sec., beating the Floridian's world mark by a fantastic 3.8 sec.



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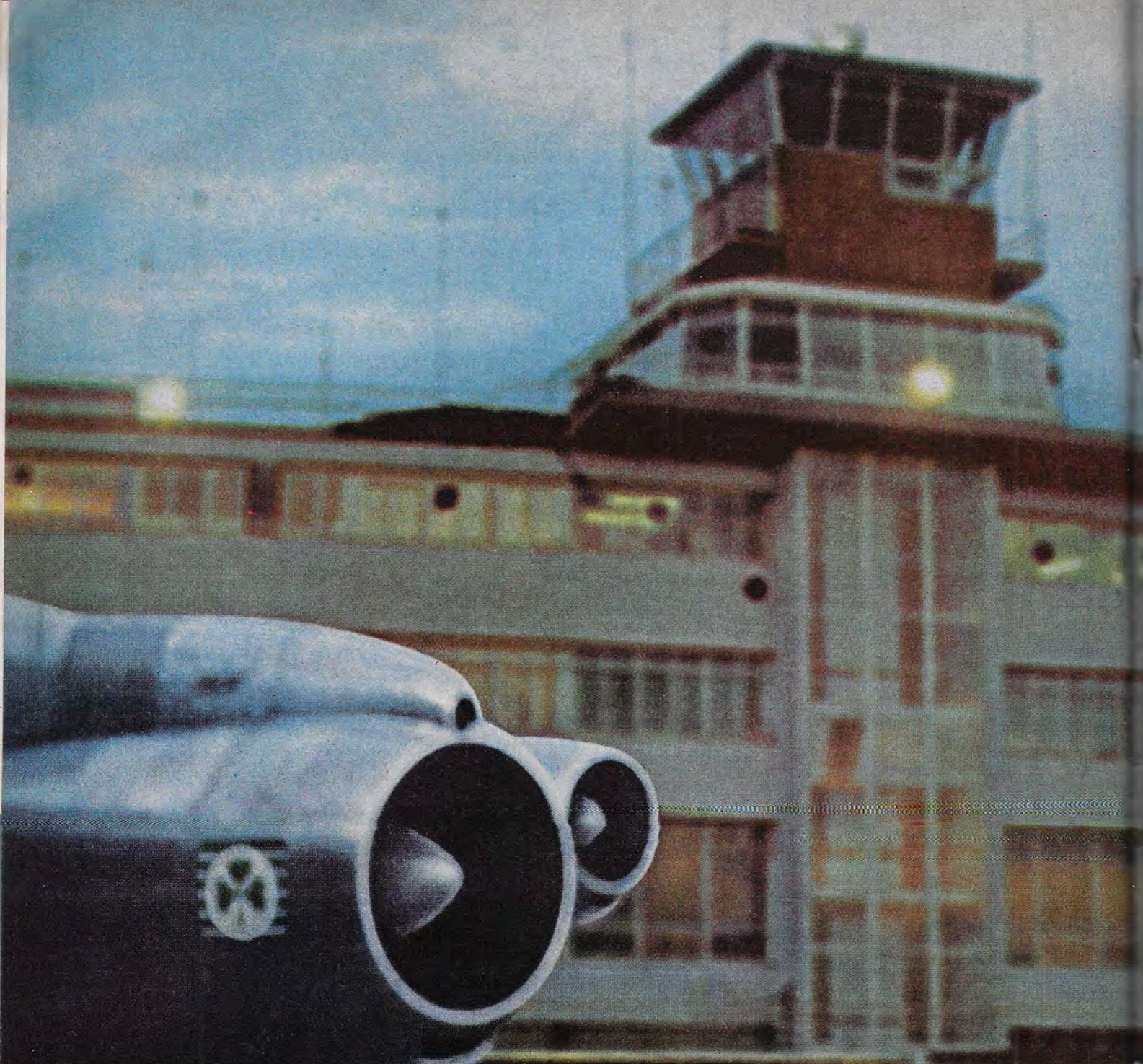
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DENTISTRY

Tougher Teeth Coming

After gazing into many a U.S. mouth, the American Dental Association estimates that the country is afflicted with one billion unfilled cavities, five per head. It adds that 26 million Americans have lost all their teeth, while 80% of those over the age of 15 have some form of periodontal disease attacking the tissues that support the teeth. Worse, dental problems are proliferating faster than dentists can treat them.

Obviously, the American mouth is a disaster area. Dentists are quick to blame public indifference, and with some reason. If Americans used toothbrushes and gum stimulators properly, dental diseases could be sharply reduced. But as Tufts University's Dr. Irving Glickman told the Fourth Annual Workshop on Preventive Dentistry in Washington last week: "The public is apathetic, but our apathy makes the public's look small." Adds Harvard Orthodontist Herbert Wells: "Except for the introduction of high-speed drills, nothing much has happened to dental technology since the '30s."

Into the Labs. Last week's workshop demonstrated that professional apathy has begun to wane. In the universities and in the National Institute of Dental Research, most of the focus is on periodontal disease, which actually claims three times as many teeth as do cavities when people are past 35. To date, the main preventive treatment has been regular cleaning to remove the bacteria-containing film and tartar. Within two years, several commercial firms may be marketing new anti-periodontal-disease products in the form of tooth-pastes and mouthwashes.

Also on the way are new methods to prevent tooth decay. Rochester Dentists Eriberto Cueto and Michael Buonocore recently cut decay by 86% among 269 young patients by applying a thin plastic coating twice yearly to tooth surfaces. In upstate New York, an NIDR researcher cut decay by 80% among 500 children who wore mouthpieces treated with sodium fluoride for six minutes of each school day for two years. By contrast, mass fluoridation of water reduces decay by about 65%. Using a self-administered prophylactic paste, Annapolis midshipmen were able to cut their incidence of cavities by 93%. The NIDR is also supporting a study in a Colombian village where fluorides are being added to common table salt. All these methods could be used in areas where water fluoridation is impossible.

Barnacles & Baboons. Dental researchers have not ignored improvements in treatment. In another NIDR study, Dr. Nathan Cardarelli has been analyzing barnacle cementum with the idea that a similar synthetic substance might provide an almost indestructible tooth filling. Dr. Robert Hoffman of

the Waldemar Medical Research Foundation has demonstrated for the first time that a metal can be welded firmly to dental enamel by ultrasonic vibrations. He hopes to use that method to replace missing teeth and damaged tissues. Working toward the possibility of a "tooth bank," the NIDR's Dr. Paul Baer has already nurtured teeth in the yolks of incubating eggs. No one has found a way to transplant teeth from one person to another, but it soon may not be necessary. In 1965, a group of Brown University scientists were able to implant plastic teeth in baboons; the teeth are still firmly rooted, despite constant gnawing on cage bars.

To ease dentists' backaches and patients' distress, researchers are also overhauling the traditional dentist's office. Here and there, the standard straight-back chair is being replaced by a sculptured chaise longue that enables two people simultaneously to perform "four-handed" dentistry in and around the mouth. To eliminate glare, Tufts dentists are also experimenting with pencil lights mounted on the ends of instruments. To illuminate the mouth, another light is attached to a flexible cable plugged into special eyeglasses that are worn by the patient. As Harvard's Dr. Wells sums up: "The technological revolution is finally coming to dentistry."

GERONTOLOGY

Charles le Vieux

After Charles de Gaulle's outbursts in Canada last week, it was the diagnosis of one European diplomat that "you might as well speak to a wall. The man is getting old—he is nearly 77." And Montreal wags suggested that France's new rallying cry might be *Liberté, Egalité, Sénilité*.

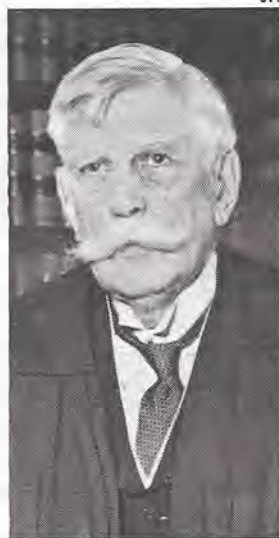
Senility is a vague term that stands for all the physical and mental infirmities that accompany old age, but in popular usage it is applied to failing mental processes. Although gerontologists have remarkably little insight as to how and why aging occurs, the physical effects are clear—the bones grow brittle, muscles weaken, some tissues become infiltrated with fat, and blood vessels harden (arteriosclerosis).

None of this necessarily affects the mental processes until, sooner or later, the blood supply to the brain is impaired. Then old people often become dogmatic, illogical and subject to mental depressions, particularly when they fancy themselves rejected. The memory weakens. They become sloppy, inattentive to details they once cared about. They grow insensitive to the feelings of others and oversensitive to their own. Earlier neuroses become more acute. It can also happen that previously bel-

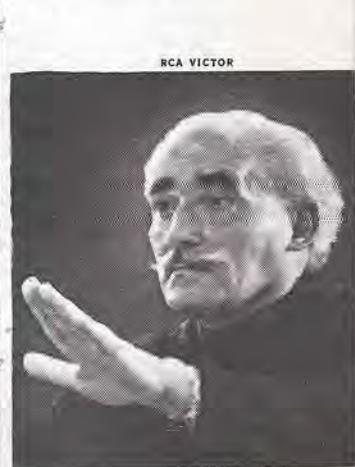
ligerent, overly aggressive characters become pathetically sweet and placid. At times, the senile become completely cut off from reality.

From Memory. Yet aging follows a different time schedule for each individual, and an ancient body frequently supports a vigorous mind. Konrad Adenauer remained a power in Germany until his death at 91. Toscanini was conducting from memory when he retired at 87. Mr. Justice Holmes stayed sharp until he retired at 91. But some of Holmes's younger brethren did not do so well; lifetime tenure has often incrustated the work of the Supreme Court, even though full-pay retirement at 70 has been available to the Justices since 1869. In the 1920s, the failing Justice Joseph McKenna once wrote an opinion stating the exact opposite of what all nine Justices, himself included, had voted to say.

But Charles de Gaulle? The Elysée Palace is not exactly garrulous about



HOLMES AT 89



TOSCANINI AT 87

On a different time schedule for everyone.

De Gaulle's physical health. It is known that he had a prostate operation in 1964, and he has been treated for cataracts in both eyes, which are still extremely sensitive. There are unconfirmed reports that his prostate trouble flared up again a few weeks ago, and that he has circulatory trouble in one leg. Yet, considering that De Gaulle will be 77 on Nov. 22, he is in remarkably good physical shape.

As for mental soundness, many French physicians who have observed the general closely, though never as his doctor, remark on the absence of any signs that his mind is aging. There are no mental lapses. His memory for past and recent events remains as striking as ever. His meticulously prepared speeches are delivered from memory without notes. His grasp of detail remains cogent, his bearing impeccable. One of the general's own doctors recently remarked that De Gaulle had "passed his second menopause," and should last without difficulty until the end of his presidential term in 1972.

THE HOLY LAND

City of War & Worship

Ten measures of beauty came into the world: Jerusalem took nine and the rest of the world one. There are ten measures of suffering in the world—nine in Jerusalem and one in the rest of the world. There are ten measures of wisdom in the world—nine in Jerusalem and one in the rest of the world.

—The Babylonian Talmud

For Christians, Jews and Moslems alike, Jerusalem is infinitely more than just an embattled city in the Palestine desert. To Jews, it is, according to *Deuteronomy*, "the place where Yahweh chose to dwell." For Christian churches, Jerusalem marks the mysterious intersection of eternity and time, the spot where God's crucified son died and then was resurrected. In Moslem legend, it was in Jerusalem that Mohammed, borne from Mecca by a winged mare, ascended to heaven from the site of Judaism's Temple to receive his supreme illumination from God. Although Palestine contains numerous landmarks renowned in religious history (see color pages)—such as Bethlehem, Nazareth, the Dead Sea and the Jordan River—Jerusalem is unquestionably the holiest of holy places. With reverence, medieval cartographers called Jerusalem

"the navel of the world" and placed it at the center of their maps.

Since the Arab-Israeli war in June, Jerusalem has once again been a matter for cartographic concern—not to mention diplomatic debates and tourist-promotion schemes. Joyful that the shrines of the Old City are in Jewish hands for the first time in nearly 2,000 years, Jews from all over the world are signing up for pilgrimages. Plane and boat reservations for trips from France to Israel are sold out for two months in advance. "Israel," says TWA sales manager in Chicago, John J. Sweeney, "is a hot destination." Wary about the possibility of renewed hostilities, gentiles have been more hesitant, although travel agents report increasing interest in future tours. One Israeli tourist agent in the U.S. tries to calm gun-shy travelers with the thought that "I would rather send people to Jerusalem than Detroit."

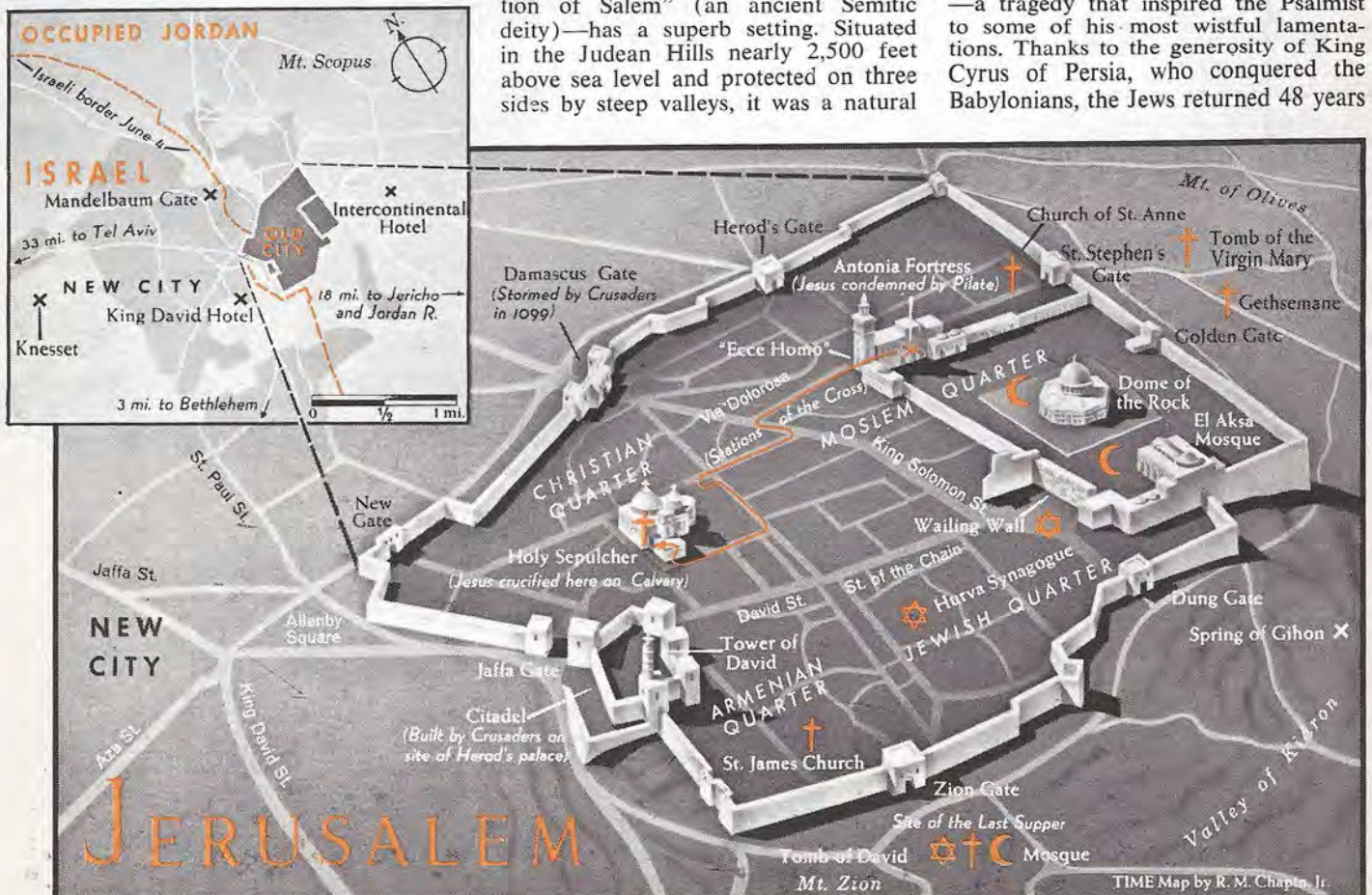
Sanctity & Savagery. Historically, Detroit has been more peaceful. Though Jerusalem is a symbol of an all-powerful God whose promise is universal brotherhood and eternal peace, the city has inspired as much savagery as sanctity. No city in history has been fought over so often—it has suffered more than 20 sieges—or destroyed so often. No spot on earth has been won and lost by so many nations.

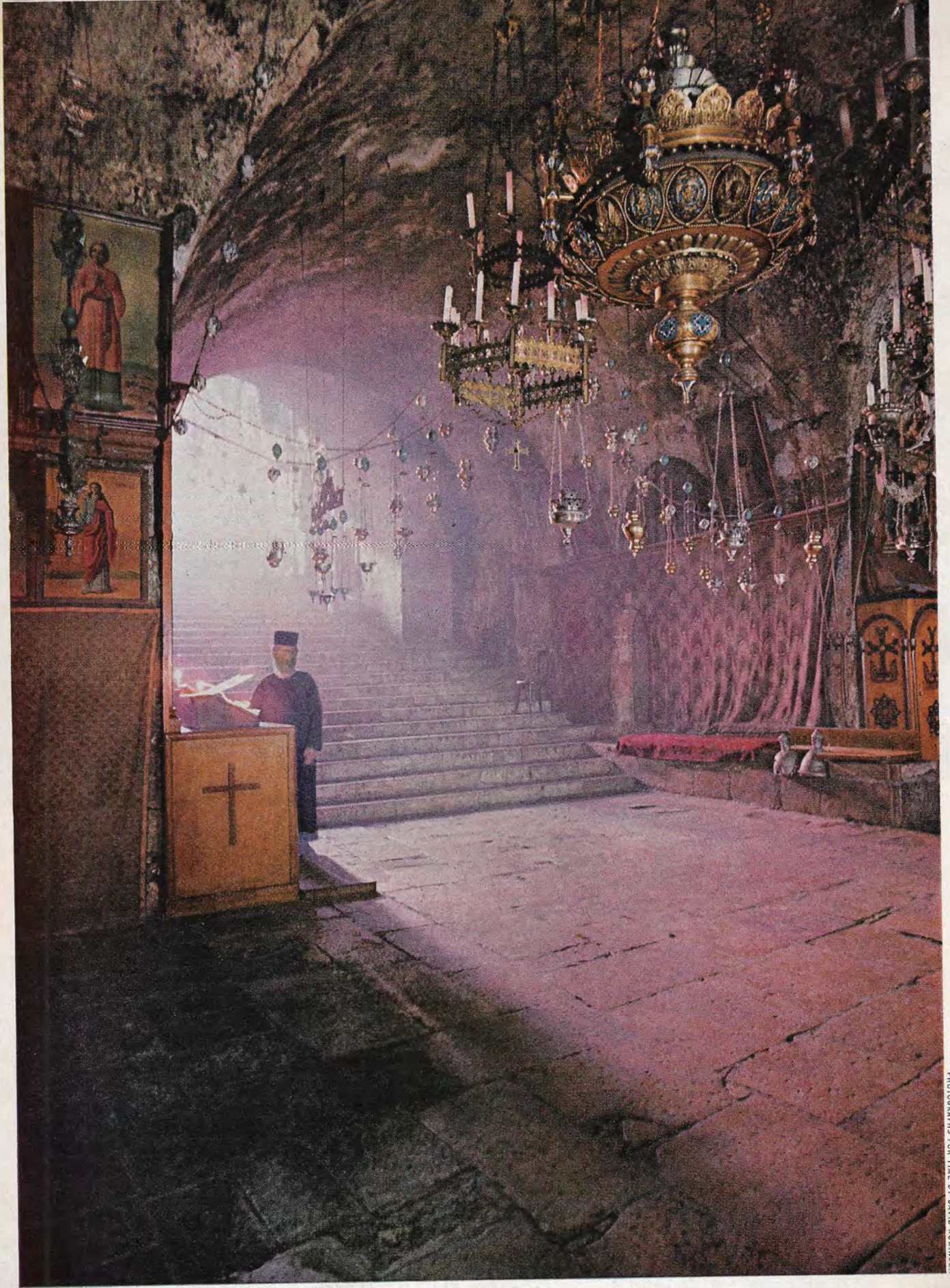
Jerusalem—the name means "foundation of Salem" (an ancient Semitic deity)—has a superb setting. Situated in the Judean Hills nearly 2,500 feet above sea level and protected on three sides by steep valleys, it was a natural

site for a fortress adjacent to trade routes between the Mediterranean and cities to the east. There was a plentiful water supply from a spring that still flows out of the Kidron valley, just below the southeast edge of the present city. Archaeological evidence suggests that Jerusalem was settled around 3000 B.C. by Bronze Age Canaanite tribesmen. According to *Genesis 14*, when Abraham entered Palestine after his victories in Syria, he was greeted near the city by Melchizedek, king and high priest of Salem. It was on a rock atop Jerusalem's Mount Moriah that Abraham, according to tradition, prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac to the Lord.

Home for the Ark. Jerusalem's religious importance actually begins with David. When the twelve tribes of Israel sought to consolidate their conquest of the Promised Land around 1000 B.C., David decided to capture the citadel from the Jebusites, a tribal ally of the Philistines. He did so after a prolonged siege, and made it his capital. There he brought the ark of the covenant, a gold-lined chest that Moses had built to contain the tablets of the law. David's son Solomon, who reigned from circa 970 to 930 B.C., built a magnificent Temple to contain the ark and serve as God's earthly home.

Sacred as it was to Judaism, Jerusalem also attracted pagan conquerors. In 586 B.C., the city and its Temple were destroyed by the Babylonian King Nebuchadnezzar, who marched most of its inhabitants off to captivity—a tragedy that inspired the Psalmist to some of his most wistful lamentations. Thanks to the generosity of King Cyrus of Persia, who conquered the Babylonians, the Jews returned 48 years



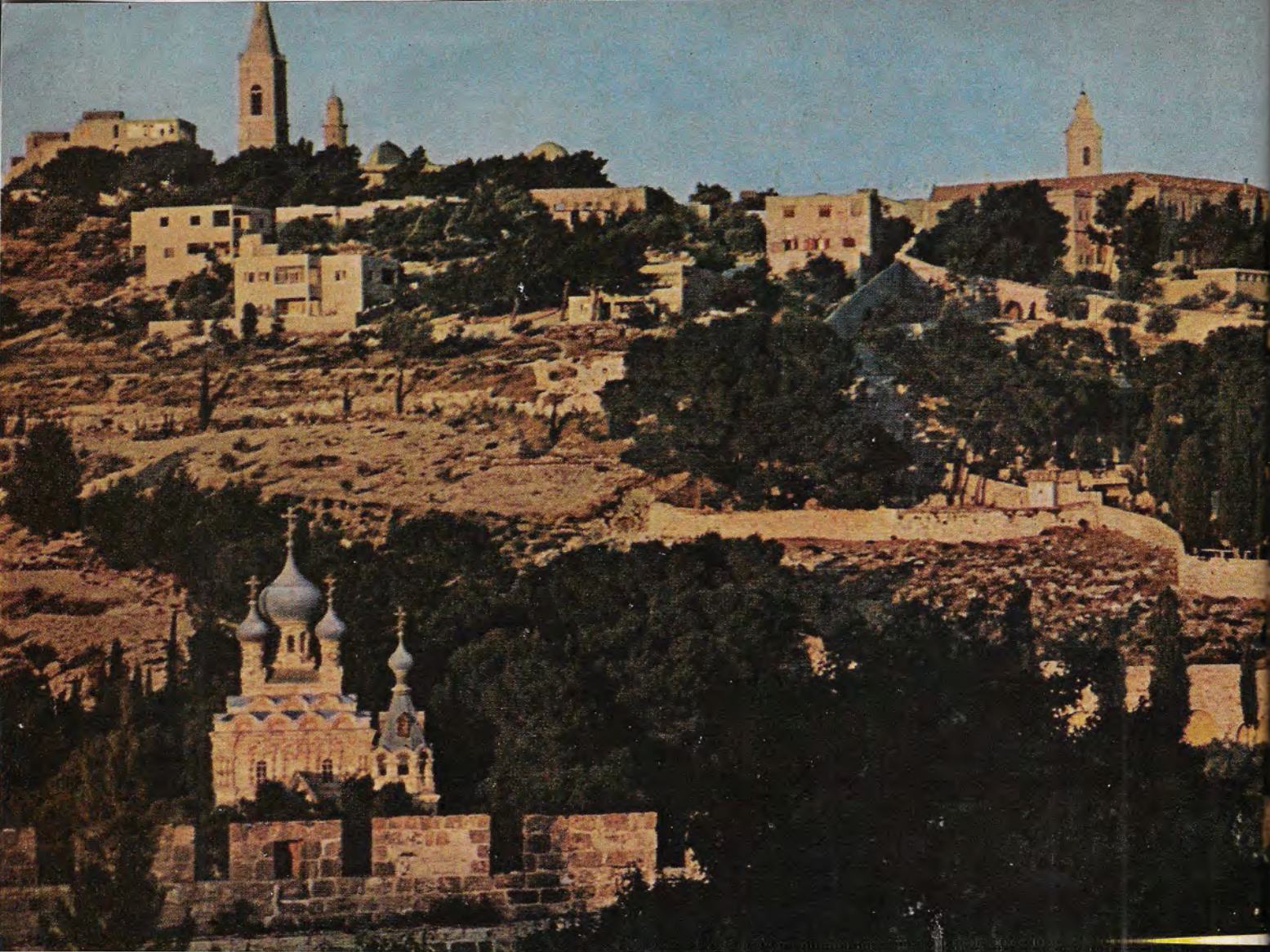


PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY DAVID RUBINGER

Holy Places in Dispute

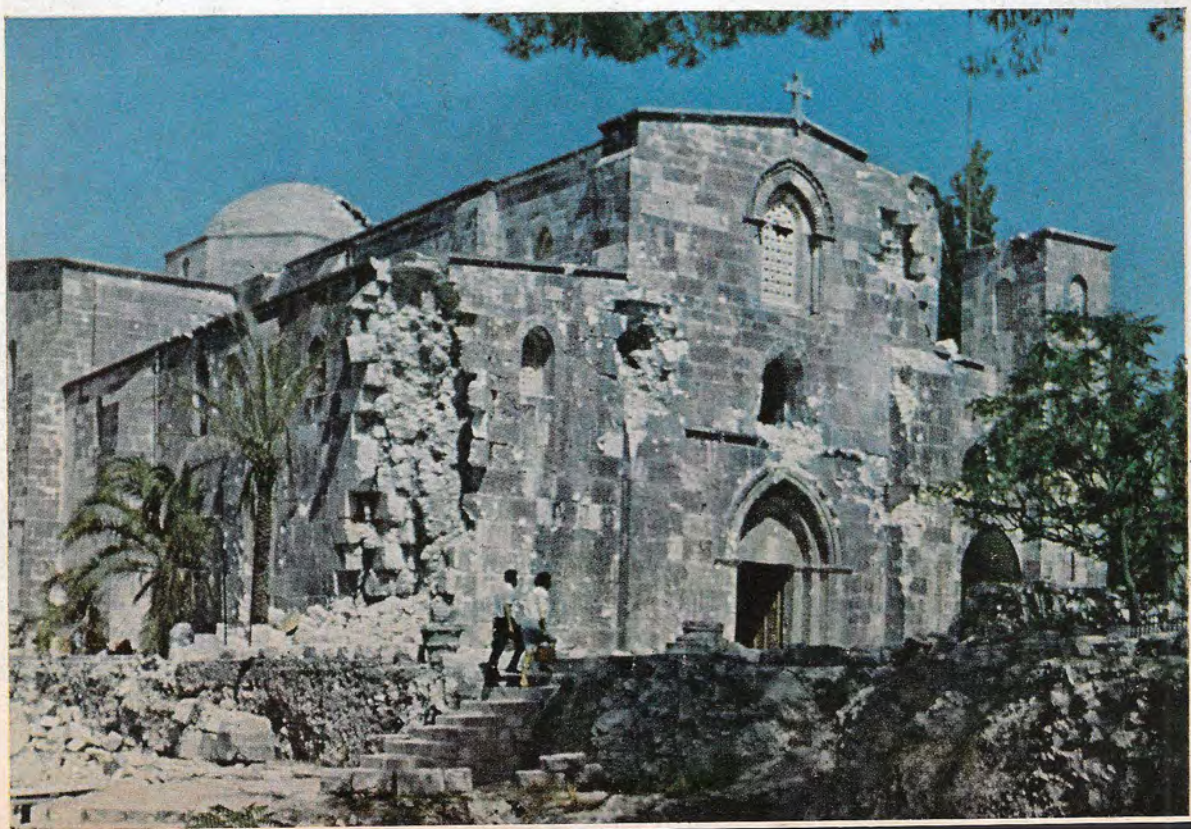
The Tomb of the Virgin, where the Virgin's body was briefly laid to rest before the Assumption, is in

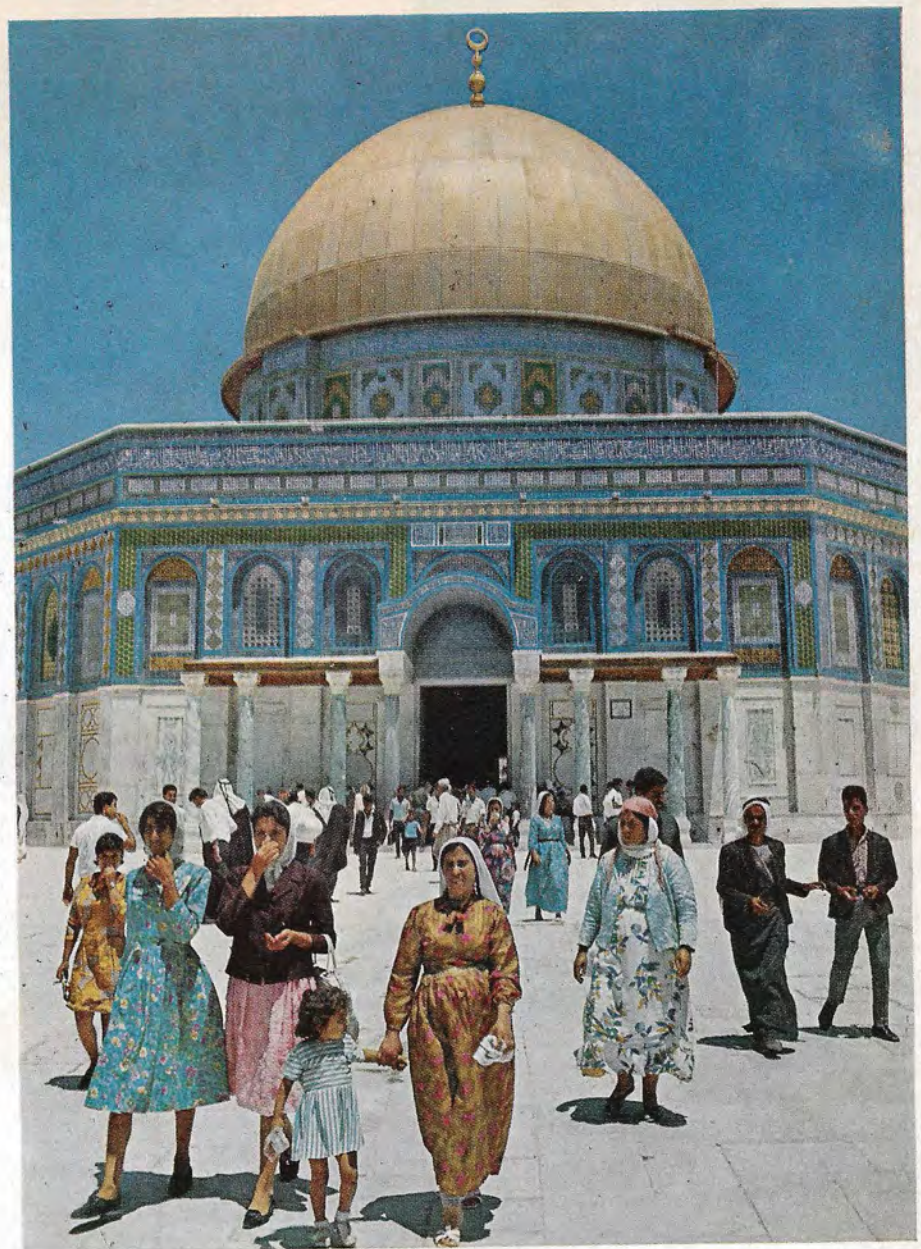
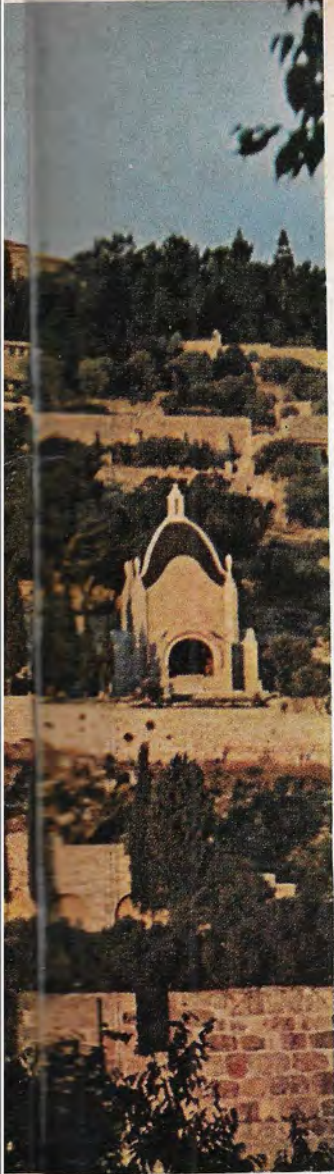
this grotto at the foot of the Mount of Olives. Steps and church above date back to 12th century.



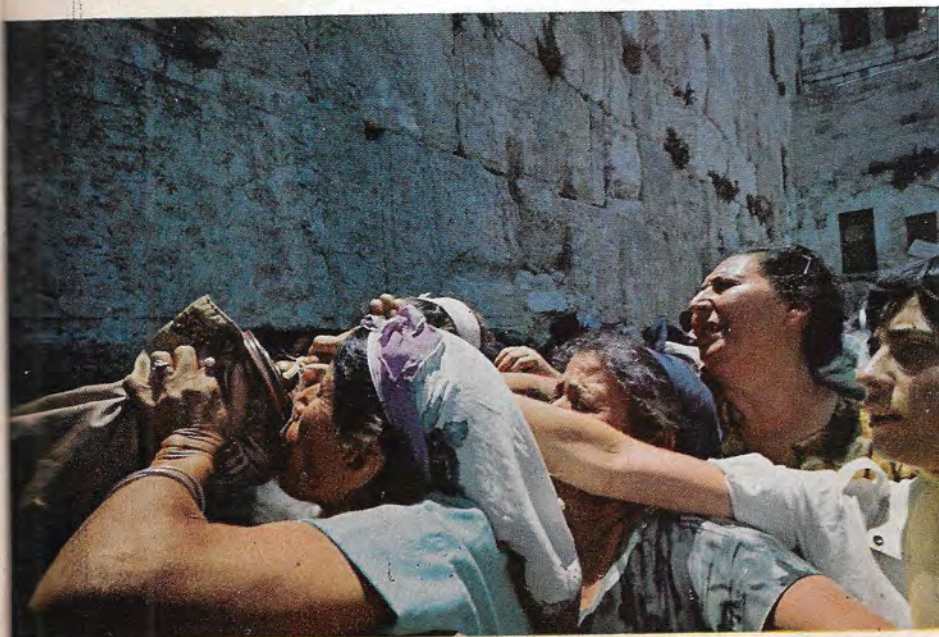
Topped by Tower of Ascension, Mount of Olives rises across from Old City. At right, Dominus Fleuit, where Jesus wept over city's future destruction; at left, Russian Church and Gethsemane.

St. Anne's Church, site of the house of the Virgin's parents, was one of the few shrines damaged in the war, being near St. Stephen's Gate where the Israelis broke into the Old City.





The Dome of the Rock, where Mohammed left the imprint of his foot as he sprang to heaven, is, with Mecca and Medina, one of Islam's holiest places. Traditional site of the Temple, it is also sacred to Jews.



At the Wailing Wall, only remnant of the Second Temple and as such Judaism's most sacred shrine, women jostle to touch Torah, placed here for prayer by Israeli army.

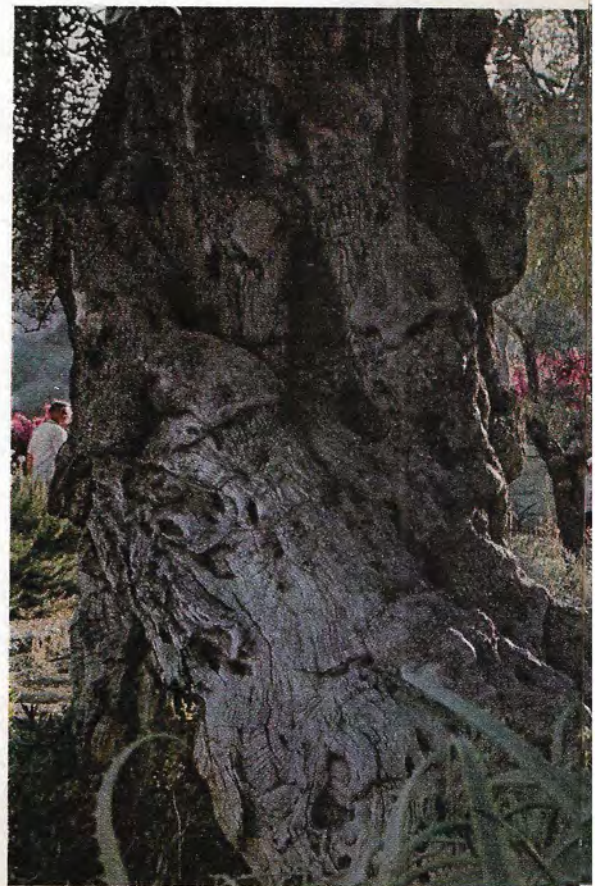


At Grotto of Nativity in Bethlehem, an Israeli soldier is sightseeing. Israelis have been scrupulous in guarding other religions' shrines.

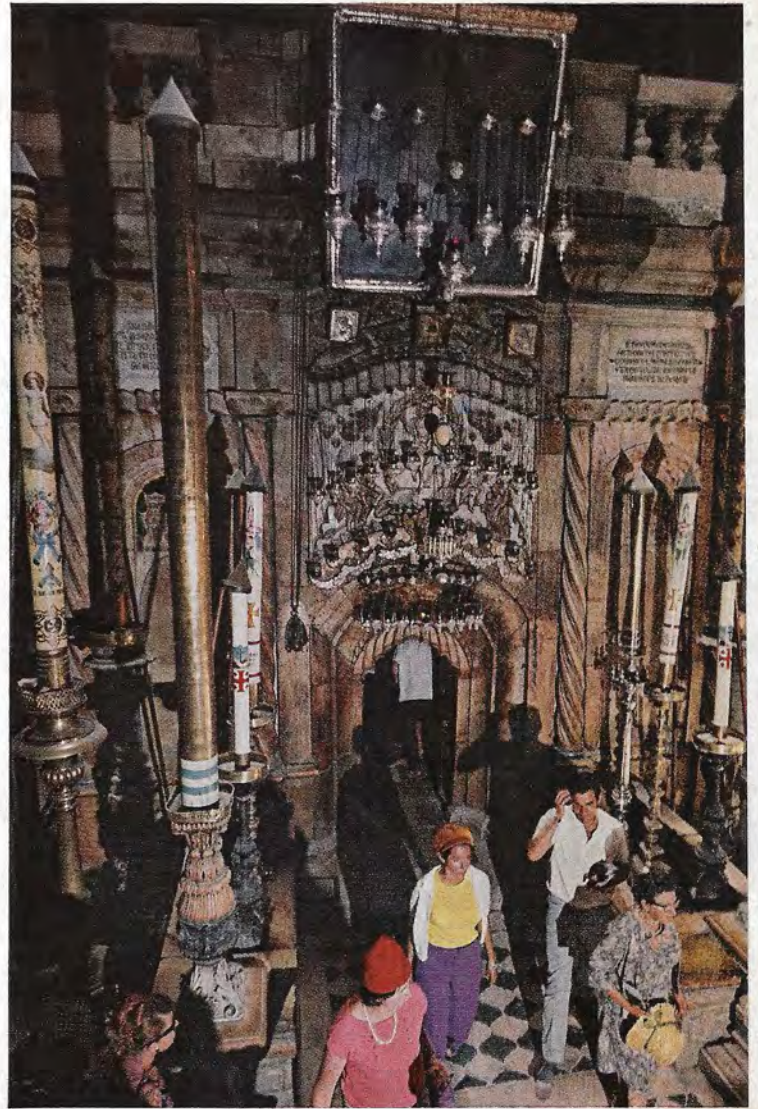
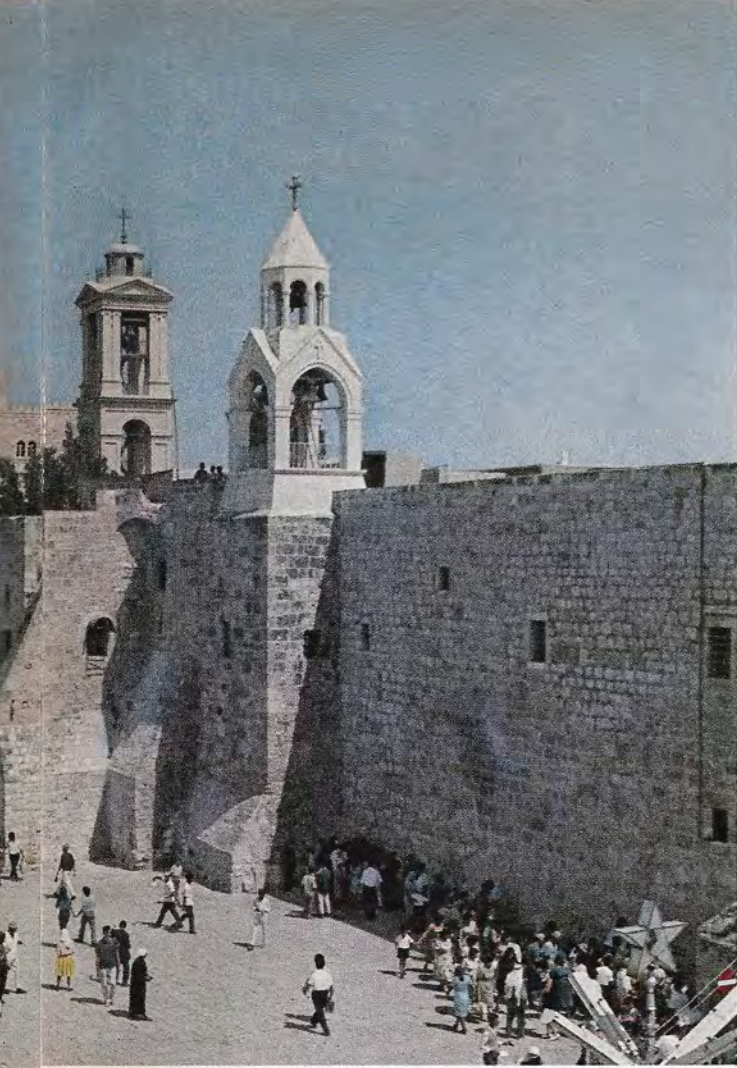


In Via Dolorosa, monks kneel before station of the Cross, where

noble lady Veronica defiantly wiped Jesus' bloodstained face.



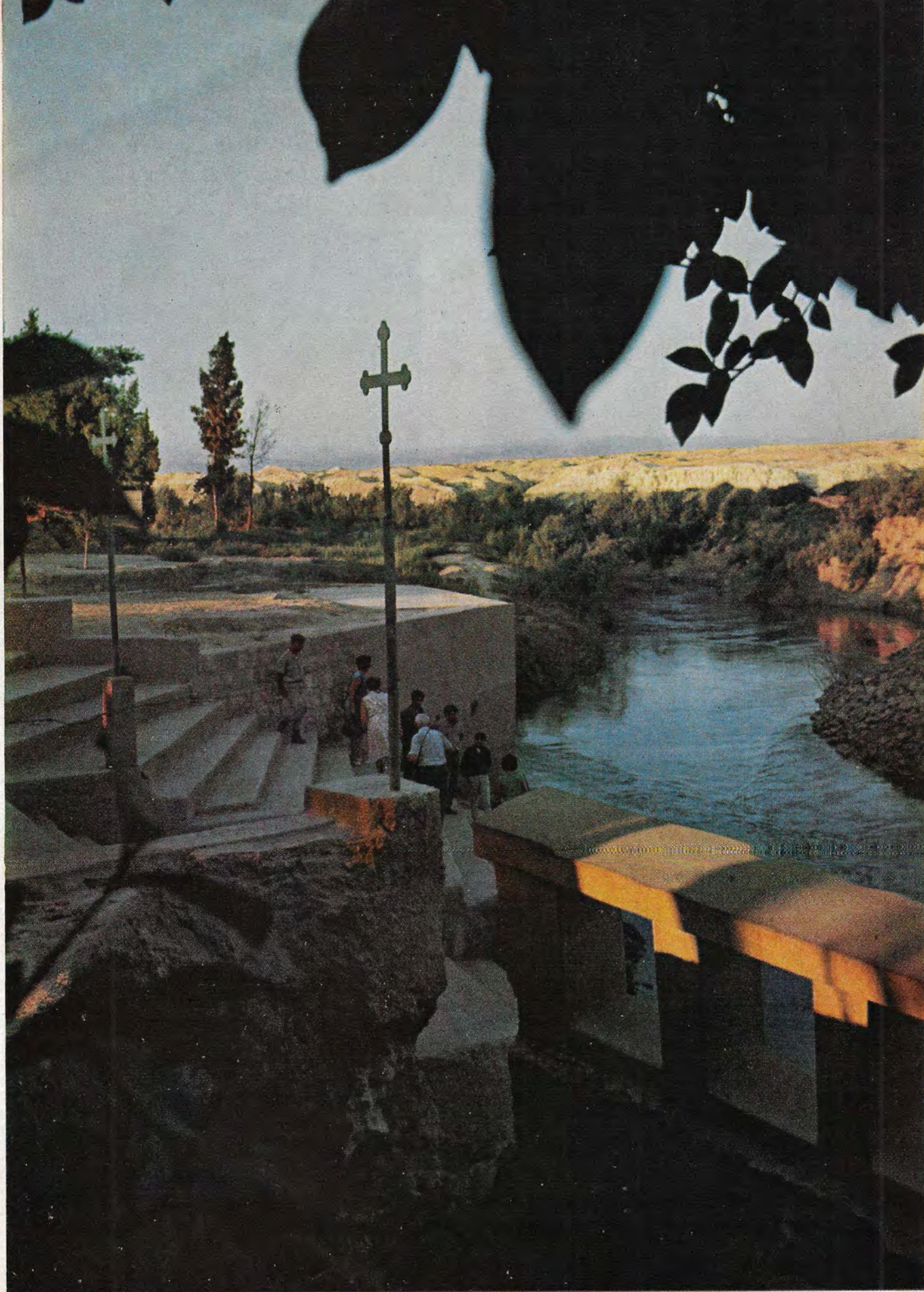
Israeli flag floats over pilgrims streaming toward the low door of Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity (at left). Only war damage was from a fire bomb that scorched a hole in the roof.



The Tomb of Jesus, under the central dome of Jerusalem's Church of the Holy Sepulcher, perhaps the holiest place in Christendom—and the subject of centuries-long dispute between denominations. The narrow central doorway leads to a small chamber where the Tomb itself is located. Here Pope Paul VI celebrated a special Mass on his visit in 1964.



In Gethsemane, near the spot where Jesus prayed the night before his betrayal, the monks of the Basilica of the Agony have preserved eight olive trees that are at least 1,300 years old and may even date back to Jesus' time.



At the spot where Jesus came "from Galilee, to Jordan unto John, to be baptized of him," Israeli now confronts Arab across the placid river. Balustrade was damaged in recent floods.

later to rebuild the Temple. In the next centuries, though, Jerusalem was conquered time and again by Greeks, Egyptians and finally the Romans, who adopted Herod as their vassal King. Although hated by Orthodox Jews as a Hellenistic idolater, Herod expanded the Temple and adorned it with marble and gold. It was still standing, one of the wonders of the ancient world, when the Roman procurator Pilate condemned Jesus to death as an insurrectionist and ordered him crucified on Calvary Hill.

Roman Camp. Before he entered Jerusalem for the Last Supper, according to *Luke*, Jesus predicted the city's destruction, declaring that its enemies would "not leave one stone upon another in you." In A.D. 70, after a four-year Jewish revolt, Roman legions smashed through the walls, burned the city, and killed or exiled most of its inhabitants. Enough of them remained, however, to organize another insurrection in A.D. 132 under the messianic fanatic Bar Kochba; the legions once again leveled the city, rebuilt it in the form of a Roman camp called Aelia Capitolina. It was not until after A.D. 313, in fact, that Jerusalem won back its old name, when the Emperor Constantine and his Christian mother, Helena, began to build new churches at the shrines marking the major events in Christ's Passion and death.

Christian domination over the Holy City ended three centuries later, in A.D. 638, the troops of the Byzantine Emperor surrendered after an onslaught to the Moslem cavalry of the Caliph Omar. In memory of Mohammed's heavenly visit, the victorious Moslems built the Dome of the Rock over the site of the Old Temple. More often than not, they tolerantly allowed Christians and Jews free access to the shrines of the city. In 1095, however, inspired by rumors of Islamic persecution of pilgrims, Pope Urban II proclaimed a holy crusade to reconquer Jerusalem for Christ. Four years later, mail-clad knights led by Godfrey of Bouillon took the city by storm and slaughtered every Moslem they could find—afterward repairing for prayer at the shrine of the Holy Sepulcher.

The Latin kingdom founded by the Crusaders lasted scarcely a century. Recaptured by the Saracen King Saladin in 1187, Jerusalem remained in Moslem hands, except for a brief 15-year Christian reconquest, until World War I. The long sleep under Islam brought little peace, however, as Moslems battled for Jerusalem among themselves. The Saracens were soon overthrown by their Egyptian slave guards, the Mamelukes. The Mamelukes were in turn driven out by the Ottoman Turks, who captured the Holy City in 1517 and ruled it for 400 years. Though Christians were allowed to return to the city, a dispute between Greek Orthodox and Roman Catholic clergy over control of the Christian shrines caused the Crimean War (1853-56), pitting Russia, which

supported the Greeks, against Britain, France and Turkey.

The Treaty of Paris, which ended the Crimean War, reaffirmed that control of the major shrines should be divided among Christian sects—an arrangement that was adopted by the British when they captured Jerusalem from the Turks in 1917, and was maintained throughout Britain's 31-year occupation. The trouble-ridden British mandate lasted until the creation of Israel in 1948. One year later, ending the Arab-Israeli war, the U.N. ordered Jerusalem's division. Jordan won the less populous but more venerable Old City, containing most of the shrines.

Pious Legend. For all the veneration that Jerusalem's holy places command, the sacredness of many of them is based



DAVID RUBINGER

MAYOR KOLLEK

Breathing with two lungs again.

more on pious legend than historical proof. The stations of the Cross along the Via Dolorosa—marking Christ's path to His crucifixion—begin near the site of the Temple in accordance with medieval tradition. Most Biblical scholars, nonetheless, now believe that Jesus' death march began on the other side of the Old City, near the Jaffa Gate. Many of the churches marking the shrines, moreover, have been rebuilt so often that they have tenuous claims to antiquity. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher has been destroyed twice and renovated no fewer than seven times, most recently in 1949.

Hardly contributing to the spirit of sanctity is the constant churchly bickering over many of the shrines. Six denominations—Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Armenian, Syrian, Coptic and Abyssinian—have rights to the Holy Sepulcher; for years the basilica has been near collapse because the churches cannot agree on how to make the necessary repairs. The interior of Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity, co-owned by Orthodox, Catholics and Armenians, is a tasteless clutter of rival altars, lamps, candelabra, icons and stat-

ues. In addition, many of the shrines are ringed by bazaars and barkers, hawking everything from plastic crosses to soft drinks.

God in a Cause. Some contemporary theologians are inclined to question whether the term holy can be applied to the sites. Properly speaking, they say, "holy" is a word that applies to God alone, and only by analogy can it be extended to man-made objects. "Any suggestion that God is in a shrine or in some carving is idolatry," says Dean F. Thomas Trotter of California's School of Theology at Claremont. "What is holy is the presence of God, which is everywhere brought into focus by an act of love." In this way of thinking, God's presence is to be discovered not only in a formal act of worship in a "sacred" place such as a church, but may also become apparent in purely secular events and experiences—an encounter with another person, a selfless surrender to a cause.

On the other hand, both Christianity and Judaism have deep roots in history: the story of the Jewish people is the record of God's covenant with a chosen race; Christianity bases its claims on the proclamations of a specific human figure. For that reason, churchmen argue that the shrines have value as reminders that holy events occurred in time and space. Because of their association with "the manifestation of God's divine being," says Roman Catholic Theologian Joerg Splett of Germany, ancient shrines can properly be revered as symbols of "where God's holiness touches man's soul." Adds Anglican Theologian Henry Chadwick of Oxford: "A place is not in itself holy, but by its association through history."

Revelatory Moments. Some religious thinkers believe that they discern a trend toward renewed veneration of objects as symbols of sacred value. Chicago's Lutheran Theologian Martin Marty suggests that the trend is exemplified, to some extent, by the hippies' reverence for flowers. Marty suggests that the Holy Land shrines may come to seem even more precious than ever—as symbols of spiritual meaning and of the decisive "revelatory moments" that changed the course of man's history.

Since capturing and annexing the Old City, Israel has gone out of its way to preserve the sanctity of the Christian, Jewish and Moslem shrines alike. The Knesset has passed laws reaffirming the existing custodial agreements on the shrines and decreeing stiff prison terms for anyone caught desecrating sacred sites. The government has even posted guards at them.

This month, Israeli authorities started bulldozing abandoned Arab shacks clustered around the walls of the Old City; they plan to replace the hovels with a park. In addition, the Arab portion of Jerusalem is rapidly being incorporated into the Israeli New City, under the direction of Mayor Teddy Kollek, 56. Unified water, telephone and bus services have been restored in Je-

Jerusalem, and the majority of Arab civil servants from the Old City have been given jobs in Kollek's municipal government. Thanks partly to the incorporation of suburban areas to the north and south, the city's population now stands at 280,000—against an estimated 70,000 at the time of Christ.

Not Negotiable. Although Arabs and Jews have mingled freely in Jerusalem since unification, most of the city's Arab leaders have refused to join Kollek's administration. Last week five Jordanians were arrested for handing out leaflets warning Arabs about the consequences of cooperating with the conqueror. The Arab nations officially insist that Jerusalem be returned to its pre-blitz, partitioned state. Despite the sacredness of the Dome of the Rock to

THE PAPACY

Symbolic Voyage

"In accordance with the style that is now ours," said Pope Paul VI last month, after announcing that he would make a visit to Turkey, "the journey will be extremely rapid." Rapid it was: less than 38 hours. It was also, in many ways, much less spectacular than his earlier journeys to India, the Holy Land, the U.S. and Portugal's Fatima. In Istanbul last week, the Pope had a warm and fraternal encounter with Orthodox Patriarch Athenagoras of Constantinople—but there was none of the drama of their first meeting three years ago on Jerusalem's Mount of Olives. Though cordially received by predominantly Moslem Turkey, the Pope drew

Speaking in French, Paul expressed the hope that the two churches—which have been kept separate for more than 900 years primarily by the question of papal sovereignty—might soon be one. He also made clear that in any reunion, the Eastern church would maintain its own traditions, liturgies and theology. "The discovery that in diversity and fidelity we are one can only come from the spirit of love," he said. Answered Athenagoras, in Greek: "Let us build the body of Christ by reuniting that which is divided and reassembling again what is dispersed."

Turkey's President Cevdet Sunay and Prime Minister Süleyman Demirel had scheduled a heavy round of events for the Pope. Paul met for 70 minutes—about as long as he had spent with Athenagoras—with Sunay. The Pope also took a quick ride over the Bosphorus aboard Sunay's presidential yacht and visited Hagia Sophia (Holy Wisdom), which was, until Sultan Mohammed the Conqueror proclaimed it a mosque in 1453, one of Christendom's largest churches. "It's beautiful," murmured the Pontiff, who startled his hosts by kneeling for a moment of silent prayer in what is now a state museum—and by law out of bounds for worship by any faith.

Dusty Road. Paul next morning flew off to Izmir, 51 miles from the ruins of Ephesus—one of the cities in which his namesake the Apostle preached the Gospel outside Palestine. Despite the ~~wilting 100° heat, the Pope scrambled~~ up a dusty road to study the ruins of the Church of the Virgin Mary, where the Council of Ephesus in A.D. 431 proclaimed her divine motherhood. He also stopped to pray at a shrine marking the house where the Virgin is said to have lived before her death. "How do we know that Mary lived here?" he asked. "Tradition proves it to be so," responded a brown-robed Capuchin who serves as caretaker. "People in the area have said so for centuries."*

After a final stop at the Church of St. John in Izmir, where most of the worshippers were families of U.S. servicemen stationed there with NATO forces, Paul flew back to a vacation at his summer home in Castel Gandolfo outside Rome. The chief beneficiary of his trip was probably Athenagoras. The fact that the Pope chose to visit him unquestionably helped bolster his prestige within Orthodoxy, in recent years, Athenagoras' position as spokesman for the church has been severely challenged, notably by the Patriarchate of Moscow and Chrysostomos, the retired Archbishop of Athens. And despite their distaste for the Patriarch, it was unlikely that the Turks would do anything to harass him further, at least for the time being. Athenagoras has buoyantly announced his intention of visiting Rome next month.

* In fact, there are scholars who lean toward the rival tradition that she died in Jerusalem.



POPE PAUL & ATHENAGORAS (CENTER) IN ISTANBUL
To build the body of Christ.

Islam, their reasons may be as much emotional and fiscal as religious: last year Jordan's tourist income amounted to more than \$35 million—most of it coming from Christians visiting the Old City. Israel's position is equally tough. "Jerusalem is not negotiable," says an aide to Premier Levi Eshkol. At most, the Israelis might agree to internationalization of non-Jewish shrines in the Old City—a solution favored by many Christian leaders.

Whatever Jerusalem's future, residents of both the Old City and the New seem to feel that it is a healthier place without the barbed wire and no-man's-lands that divided it. Even some Arabs grudgingly agree with Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban's contention that "the city can breathe with two lungs again." But until a permanent diplomatic solution is reached—and that will not be soon—it seems unlikely that the world has yet heard an answer to Isaiah's anguished prayer: "Speak tenderly to Jerusalem, and cry to her that her warfare is ended."

crowds modest by comparison with the millions who cheered him in Bombay and New York.

The meeting with Athenagoras, primate of Orthodoxy, was clearly the main purpose of the Pope's visit. In large measure, the diffident reception accorded Paul reflected Turkish dislike for Athenagoras, the titular spiritual leader of Cyprus' Archbishop Makarios, whom the Turks despise. In retaliation against Greek Cypriot "atrocities," the Turks have expelled many of the country's Orthodox believers, even hinted that Athenagoras, although a Turkish citizen, might some day be forced into exile.

Axios! Axios! The meeting between Pope and Patriarch took place at the Orthodox Cathedral of St. George, a ramshackle Byzantine-style church down by Istanbul's lumberyards. After joint prayers, the two exchanged gifts—a gold-embroidered stole for Paul, an ikon for the Patriarch—while the congregation, following the Orthodox tradition, shouted "Axios! Axios!" (worthy, worthy).



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BILL RAY—LIFE

KELLY & MATTHAU

The moving part of the moving picture.

OLD FACES

Sextuple Threat

Fondling a martini, flaked out on the sofa in his Beverly Hills home, bald, bespectacled Gene Kelly could pass as the aging big star lapsing into the big fadeout. But not so. One flourish from that invisible 100-piece orchestra that always seems to follow him around, and he would undoubtedly slap on his hairpiece and straw hat, pirouette over the coffee table, go tippity-tap-tapping along the poolside, buck and wing it across the volleyball court, and end up with a ten-minute improvisation on the monkey bars.

At 54, Kelly is going like sixty. It has been 25 years since he first whirled across the screen with Judy Garland in *For Me and My Gal*, and now he is Hollywood's busiest (and only) sextuple threat—dancer, actor, singer, choreographer, producer, director. "I wear so many hats," he says, "that sometimes I forget where I've been and where I'm going." These days he prefers the checkered cap that goes with the director's chair. He has just completed *A Guide for the Married Man*, a kind of lab course in advanced adultery starring Robert Morse and Walter Matthau, and it is one of the niftiest comedies to come out of Hollywood in years.

Crack the Whip. Deftly alternating fast and slow motion, blackouts, flashbacks and stop action (mostly eye-popping closeups of female posteriors and anteriors), Kelly in effect has choreographed the film along the lines of a fast-paced modern dance. He enlivened one terpsy-turvy scene, for example, by having Art Carney prance after

his mistress like an oversexed peacock.

It is the moving part of moving pictures that interests Kelly, and to keep the action hopping on the set, he will often shout out the desired rhythms like a ballet master: "One-two-and-three-and-four!" His own movement is jitterbug. He will bound off his chair to correct a camera angle, touch up the scenery, or show an actress how to swivel her hips. "Actors like to be told how to act, not shown," says Matthau, "but with Kelly, his great body movements reveal what he wants."

What he usually wants is another re-take, and he is just stubborn enough to keep at it for hours. Says Frank Sinatra, whom Kelly directed in *On the Town*: "The guy just never heard of exhaustion." But he has heard about charm, and he can crack the whip without stinging the ego. When he teamed up with Jackie Gleason to film *Gigot* in 1961, the trade waited expectantly for the Great One to unload his celebrated wrath on the demanding director. Instead, Kelly had Gleason puffing up and down a flight of stairs like a trained St. Bernard and Jackie begrudgingly tacked a reminder on his dressing-room door: GENE KELLY IS RIGHT.

A lot of people seem to agree. In the past half a dozen years, switching hats like a bargain-basement shopper, he created a jazzy ballet for the Paris Opera, directed, produced or starred in six movies. On TV, he waltzed with Julie Andrews ("He made me feel as if I really could dance"), mugged with Danny Kaye, hosted the *Hollywood Palace*, narrated documentaries on silent movies and baseball, and starred in four one-hour specials and his own series, *Going My Way*. This year he was awarded an Emmy for the best children's program, *Jack and the Beanstalk*, in which he danced with animated characters, a technique he helped pioneer in *Anchors Aweigh* in 1945. Between times, he emceed the 1965 Arts Festival at the White House and toured West Africa as a cultural ambassador for the State Department.

Feeding Grimaces. Kelly deplors the common U.S. image of the dancer as a mincing she-man. When he first began dancing in nightclubs in the Pittsburgh area, ringside drunks would snigger "Hello, honey." One night he slugged one of the loudmouths and hot-footed it to Manhattan. He prepped as a Broadway chorus boy, "feeding grimaces to Mary Martin" in 1937, three years later won the lead in *Pal Joey* and a one-way ticket to Hollywood.

He arrived at the time when the leggy, cotton-candy spectacles of Choreographer Busby Berkeley were giving way to the cool sophistication epitomized by Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers. But Kelly discovered that he couldn't dance in white tie and tails. "I needed more room. I had to roll up my sleeves." Thus he developed a ste-

reotype of the cinema dancer that endured for more than a decade: an ordinary chap in sports shirt, ballooning slacks and white socks (to draw attention to his feet). His style was virile, breezy, and charged with a lusty bravura, whether he was splashing through a Technicolor rainstorm, kicking up his heels beneath the Eiffel Tower, or skittering across Manhattan stoops in his Navy whites. Though his singing voice sounded like someone gargling pebbles, he projected an easy grace and wit that made him the most sought-after song-and-dance man in Hollywood.

Today, Kelly is committed to directing *The American Male*, an irreverent look at the species by European women, and *Tom Swift*, a satirical treatment of derring-do in the early 1900s. Last week he began flexing his joints for a dancing stint on the Jackie Gleason Show. No bar-bell and wheat-germ addict, he simply runs around the block every morning, gradually increasing the laps until he feels the urge to go soft-shoeing all over the neighborhood.

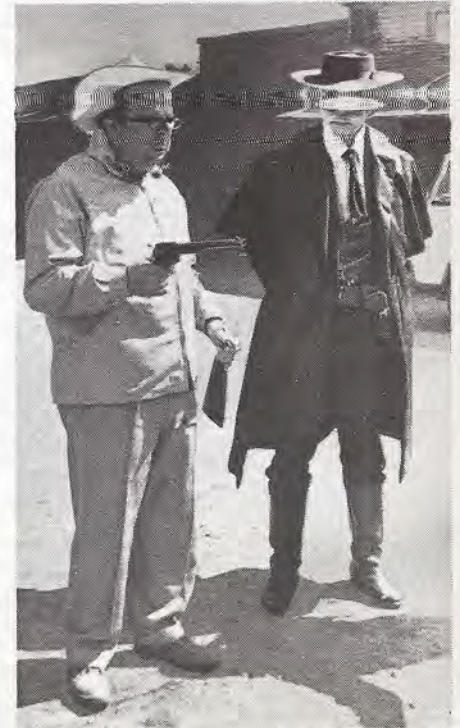
MOVIES ABROAD

Hi-ho, Denaro!

Be mean, mean, mean. Don't punch cattle, punch a few women instead. Never waste a punch when a knee in the groin will do. Eliminate the love interest; it gets in the way of the violence. Surly, cold-blooded, money grubbing antiheroes are the best, especially if they grunt a lot. And, most important for the successful western, it should be filmed in Spain by an Italian company with a cast of American stars and Italian and Spanish gypsy extras.

Such is the surefire formula of Italian Director Sergio Leone, 38, whose

ROMA'S PRESS FOTO



LEONE & VAN CLEEF

Not altogether like a Hawaiian pizza.

"macaroni westerns" are the fastest draw in theaters from Youngstown to Yokohama. A veteran of spear-and-sandal epics, he converted to shoot-'em-ups three years ago. To lend a scent of sagebrush to his first western, Leone changed his name to Bob Robertson and imported Clint Eastwood, a lanky, raw-boned drover on TV's *Rawhide*. Eastwood's image was too clean-cut for an antihero, so Leone added the necessary smudges—slouch hat, black cheroo, stubble beard and a ratty-looking serape. For the villain's role, he hired veteran horse-opera heavy Lee Van Cleef, and the shooting commenced.

Ringo Cycle. Leone called the flick *A Fistful of Dollars*. Basketfuls of *denaro* would have been more like it. The film outgrossed *Mary Poppins* and *My Fair Lady* in Italy, will net an estimated \$10 million on its \$250,000 investment in worldwide distribution. The success raised Actor Eastwood's fees; he got \$15,000 for *Fistful*, now commands \$500,000 a picture. It also encouraged Leone. Pouring on the tomato sauce, he followed last year with *A Few Dollars More*, which has become the second biggest money maker in Italian film history (No. 1: Dino De Laurentiis' *War and Peace*).

To Italy's film makers, the lesson was clear: Hi-ho, *denaro*, awaaaay! Suddenly every actor in Italy was sitting short in the saddle and mowing down the bad guys with twelve shots from his six-shooter. Since Leone began the whole shebang-bang, Italian directors have cranked out 180 eastern westerns. Some of them, such as *For a Thousand Dollars a Day* and *For Still More Dollars*, are blatant copies. Most are long on gore but short on lore. One popular horse opera is set in Minnesota, a notorious badland just across the border from Mexico.

Prohibition Next. Leone would never be guilty of such a discrepancy. A cowboy buff since childhood, he has read 35 books on the subject, once spent a month researching the Old West in the Library of Congress. When he asked Eli Wallach to star in his latest Italian western, the actor cracked: "That must be something like a Hawaiian pizza." Wallach learned different when he arrived in Spain to shoot *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly* and found that Leone had meticulously reproduced settings and costumes from copies of old U.S. newspapers and photo albums. "He has a fantastic sense of composition and color," says Wallach. "He uses textures like a great painter."

If those textures seem to be mostly bloody red, Leone claims that it is only because "I am showing the Old West as it really was. Cinema takes violence from life, not the other way around. Americans treat westerns with too much rhetoric." The same is true, he believes, with the U.S. view of the Prohibition era. So he plans to treat U.S. audiences to his own bloodshot view of the good old gangster days. But before he hangs up his spurs, he wants to make

one last, big, \$7,000,000 epic called *Once Upon a Time, There Was America* (titles were never his strong point), which he says "won't leave any more to be said about the West." It will be filmed, curiously enough, in Arizona.

Tom Jones Meets Goldfinger

Since Tennyson first immortalized their suicidal attack, *The Charge of the Light Brigade* has been the inspiration for four blood-and-thunder films. Now Director Tony Richardson is trotting out a fifth version. Unable to shoot at Balaclava, actual site of the 1854 battle in the Crimea (it is now a Russian missile base), he set up his cameras in a

defense only to be confronted by a Russian officer (Harvey), whom he had known in London before the war. Looking disdainfully at the Cossacks, he sniffed that "it is impossible for a gentleman to fight among common soldiers." And back he trotted through the valley, trampling on the body of his aide, Captain Nolan (Hemmings).

For the battle scenes, Richardson enlisted 600 horses, 727 cavalrymen and 3,000 infantrymen, compliments of the Turkish Chief of Staff. Trouble was, most of the horses were aged mounts purchased from the U.S. Army when it disbanded its cavalry. When it came time to film the 1½-mile charge, many



RICHARDSON & HIS "LIGHT BRIGADE"
Broad smiles for the black epic.

suitably barren valley in Turkey, 30 miles from Ankara. There, for the past two months, he has led his all-star cast—David Hemmings, Vanessa Redgrave, Trevor Howard, Lawrence Harvey and John Gielgud—through mishap and mayhem. With one of the largest budgets (\$5.5 million) ever expended on a British film, *Charge* promises to be a charge to end all charges.

Described by the producer as "a cross between *Tom Jones* and *Goldfinger*," the new picture is a bitter, debunking black epic. It is based on Historian Cecil Woodham-Smith's book *The Reason Why*, a cold indictment of the military caste system that produced such rank incompetents as Lord Raglan (played by Gielgud), the general who gave the fateful order. At the time, he was so confused that he thought he was fighting the French. Another fact that the film exploits is the bravery—and arrogance—of Lord Cardigan (Howard), the general who led the charge. He penetrated the first lines of

of the horses could barely finish. As for the soldiers, they just kept smiling broadly—at the camera. And when they were called upon to fall in battle, they spoiled everything by rolling on the ground and laughing.

There were other problems. To begin with, Richardson's Woodfall Productions had to negotiate individual contracts amounting to \$35,800 with each of 749 villagers who owned portions of the 3,000 acres in the valley. Then, since the valley floor was marshy, the company had to hire the Turkish National Waterworks to drain it at a cost of \$40,000. And so it went, through unseasonable cold spells and rainstorms that flattened tents and scuttled beach scenes on the Black Sea. Then, two weeks ago, just when the cast thought they had survived the worst, the country was rocked by one of the most severe earthquakes in its history. The company survived, but all are anxiously waiting the day next week when the Light Brigade will withdraw to England.

SCHOOLS ABROAD

Back to the Books in China

In the final reckoning of the price paid for Mao's Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution, the damage done to China's educational system may prove the biggest—and longest-lasting—backward leap of all. Closing the schools for a year—so that 110 million students could be freed to “exchange revolutionary experiences,” “smash” revisionist leaders and “struggle violently against” teachers suspected of harboring anti-Mao views—will mean the loss of two years of education before the school system is put back in running order. But this may be the least of China's troubles. For behind the scenes, Mao's advisers are proposing to scrap the old curriculum, generally based on Western models, and substitute instead a program aimed at producing indoctrinated revolutionists first, scholars and technicians second, which may keep China's schools and universities hobbled for years to come.

At the moment, Red China's new architect of education, Chen Po-ta, encouraged by such relative moderates as Chou En-lai, is engaged in a titanic effort to get Chinese students headed back into the schoolrooms. An “urgent appeal” to primary- and secondary-school pupils to return went out last February, and similar orders were given for college and university students in March. But as of last week, only 31 of China's 840 universities and colleges had resumed classes on even a token level, and the percentage of secondary schools open was just as low. In most cases the schoolrooms to which the students returned bore little resemblance to those they had left. Teaching equipment has been carried off or damaged, walls are hung with soggy, frayed posters and slogans, windows are broken,

toilets fouled, and walls are blackened by the winter fires of the Red Guards.

Dancing the Message. Most crippling of all is the disappearance of many of the teaching staff, unwilling to return to the scenes of their humiliation. Some professors are reluctant to resume teaching because all old textbooks have been condemned and new ones are nowhere in sight. Contributing to the dearth of teachers is the slow “rehabilitation” process; thousands were specifically labeled “monsters” and “demons” by the Red Guards, and barely a hundred have since been cleared. Without supervision, classrooms are often split into feuding student factions. “No one is in charge; no one dares to be,” wrote one Shanghai student recently to a friend in Hong Kong. To fill the vacuum, army officers have been called in to give military instruction and keep a semblance of order.

But so tempestuous have the students proved in their earliest reconfinement to the classroom that the present interval is being designated a transitional period of “struggle,” preliminary to the full-scale resumption of school in the fall. For the time being, by Mao's edict, all students are expected to engage in factory work, farming and military affairs, and also consume heavy doses of the works of Mao; in those primary and secondary schools that are open, instruction is limited to one to two hours of morning classes, during which pupils read, chant, sing and dance the messages of Chairman Mao.

No More Exams. If the new educational-reform plan goes into effect, students will be urged to set up the new “revolutionary alliances” that will govern relationships in the future. Professors will no longer have titles but will be called simply “comrade.” In fact teachers are supposed not to teach but to share in learning Mao's ideas. Students will also lecture their colleagues,

including the teachers, in a new pattern of “mutual teaching and learning.”

Examinations will be abolished as bourgeois and a feudal hangover. Henceforth advancement will not necessarily be to the smart but to the “ideologically strong,” who will be allowed to jump a grade or two and graduate early. The whole educational system will be speeded up; university will be shortened by two years. Vacations will be abolished, to be replaced with periods of “busy farming.” And to keep the student's life from becoming too soft, the “food level for all university students” will be reduced.

Hippie-Type Wanderers. Prior to last summer, “our educational system was still something that had not changed its form since the Ch'ing dynasty and had traces of Soviet revisionism in it,” declared Chen Po-ta at a Peking University lecture recently. Now, in line with Mao's doctrine of putting politics in command, the humanities faculties will use Mao's work as textbooks and the class struggle will be the main subject. Mao-think will even apply to the sciences; students are now revising some of the work previously done in mathematics, physics and foreign languages to match Mao's precepts.

Until the new curriculum is put into effect and new textbooks written and printed, Red Chinese education is bound to be chaotic. Already Mao's revolution is producing its own backlash among the youth—a new hippie-type, dropout group that Shanghai newspapers are castigating as “wanderers”: “Instead of fighting on the battlefield, they wander around school campuses, parks and streets; they spend their time in swimming pools and playing chess and cards. They take an attitude of non-intervention in the struggle.” But Mao's men tend to give such wanderers short shrift. The aim of education is preparation for political action, and Maoist leaders have no intention of letting their Red Guards go soft in school. “The current Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution is only the first one,” warn Mao's spokesmen. “There will definitely be more in the future.”

UNIVERSITIES

Joint & Separate

In keeping with the educational ecumenism of the day, more and more U.S. divinity schools are abandoning their cloistered solitude for the richer dialogue available at large universities. Latest illustrations of the trend: the faculty of Woodstock College, a Jesuit seminary in Maryland, voiced the wish to affiliate with the Yale University Divinity School and move to New Haven, subject to approval by Rome; and the Colgate Rochester Divinity School, an inter-denominational institution, decided to join hands with the University of Rochester. In both cases, a student-faculty exchange would occur; in each, the smaller school would retain its separate identity.



ELEMENTARY SCHOOL IN CANTON
Better to be strong than smart.



This fine stemware of perfect martini proportions was created by John E. Miller for George Duncan & Sons, Pittsburgh, Pa., in 1870, before the martini was born.

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The classic martini:
A coincidence of American history.



Lockheed helped man reach a new high.



And will help man work at a new low.

The longest step yet taken in man's reach for other worlds—Gemini XI's 850.3 miles above the earth—was achieved with the aid of Lockheed's Agena space booster. This veteran of over 200 launchings also participated in the first space docking maneuver ever accomplished. In its role of mid-space booster and satellite, the reliable Agena serves both the U.S. Air Force and NASA. So far it has carried more experiments aloft than all other U.S. spacecraft combined.

Looking down, Lockheed's recently launched underwater research vehicle, Deep Quest, will help man fathom some of the mysteries of his own world. Able to dive 8,000 feet carrying up to 3½-ton payloads, Deep Quest can remain submerged for 48 hours, will transport cargo to eventual undersea stations and aid in ocean floor mapping. Another mission will be to help train free-swimming divers to operate at depths to 1,000 feet—far lower than now possible.

Lockheed also leads in the air world. Due for its maiden flight in 1968 is the giant C-5A Galaxy, the world's largest airlifter. Almost as long as a football field, the U.S. Air Force C-5A can fly 110 tons of cargo and is roomy enough to hold six interstate buses.

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Tomorrow, reaching down as well as up—into this world as well as out of it—Lockheed's name will continue to appear and reappear on the new and the needed yet to come.



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SPACE

Lifeboats for Astronauts

The laws of chance suggest that a manned spacecraft will sooner or later be stranded in space. Yet neither the U.S. nor the U.S.S.R. has a workable orbital-escape system (OES) for bringing stranded astronauts back to earth. Now, NASA engineers are designing a sort of space lifeboat that may give astronauts a reasonable shot at survival.

Developed by Caldwell C. Johnson, assistant chief of the Advanced Spacecraft Technology Division at Houston's Manned Spacecraft Center, the lifeboat is a rigid 400-lb. fiber glass shell lined with polyurethane foam and shaped like an old French bathtub—narrower at one end than at the other. It is 6 ft. long, 4½ ft. wide, 2½ ft. deep. Sheathed in a Johnson-designed nylon heat shield for re-entry into the earth's atmosphere, the craft is equipped with a swivel-mounted retrorocket, attitude-control jets, a transponder for ground control, a built-in oxygen supply, a parachute and a survival kit. Johnson envisions a typical Apollo spacecraft as carrying three such lifeboats in its service module or equipment section.

"Womb at the Top." To abandon a foundering spacecraft, the astronaut dons extravehicular activity (EVA) gear, seals himself in the lifeboat and vents carbon dioxide and excess oxygen from his EVA suit to power the craft's attitude-control system. Face pressed against the porthole, he aligns his lifeboat with the horizon by firing the attitude-control jets. After sighting a landmark on earth with the reticle marked on the porthole, he aims and fires the retrorocket for 100 seconds, thus braking the lifeboat to a de-orbiting speed of 16,500 m.p.h. Then the retrorocket is jettisoned.

At an altitude of 50,000 ft., a barostatically-triggered drogue parachute is released. In turn, the craft's main parachute is pulled open, and the astronaut descends, feet first, at 15 ft. per sec.—slow enough for a safe landing on either water or solid ground.

Skeptical astronauts call Johnson's OES the "Womb at the Top." Along with most NASA officials, they favor instead the "redundancy" approach of providing auxiliary systems to take over for any that fail. Moreover, as presently conceived, Johnson's lifeboat will be usable only on near-earth orbits. Even so, work on it has progressed further than on any other rescue system. Small-scale models have been repeatedly drop-tested in laboratory experiments. Computerized simulations of re-entry have uncovered potential flaws that are being corrected; Johnson's nylon heat shield has stood up well under rigorous tests at NASA's Langley Research Center. Next step: drop tests of the full-size boat in the earth's atmosphere, and then an unmanned test in space.

ELECTRONICS

X Rays in the Living Room

Most people know that they can get a severe electric shock if they recklessly poke into the back of an operating TV set, where high-voltage components are placed out of harm's way. But until recently, few were aware that the same high voltages may pose a more subtle threat: they can produce X rays that, if

improperly shielded, endanger viewers sitting unusually close to the set.

The X ray-producing potential of TV sets first came to public attention in May, when the General Electric Co. announced that it had discovered excessive X-ray emissions from some of its large-screen color TV sets. To eliminate any danger, G.E. said that it was replacing an improperly shielded voltage regulator tube in more than 100,000 color TV sets (18-, 20-, 22- and 23-in.) that were sold between Sept. 1, 1966 and May 31, 1967. But 9,000 of the G.E. sets have not yet been located. The U.S. Public Health Service has now urged anyone who owns one to disconnect it until the faulty tubes have been replaced.*

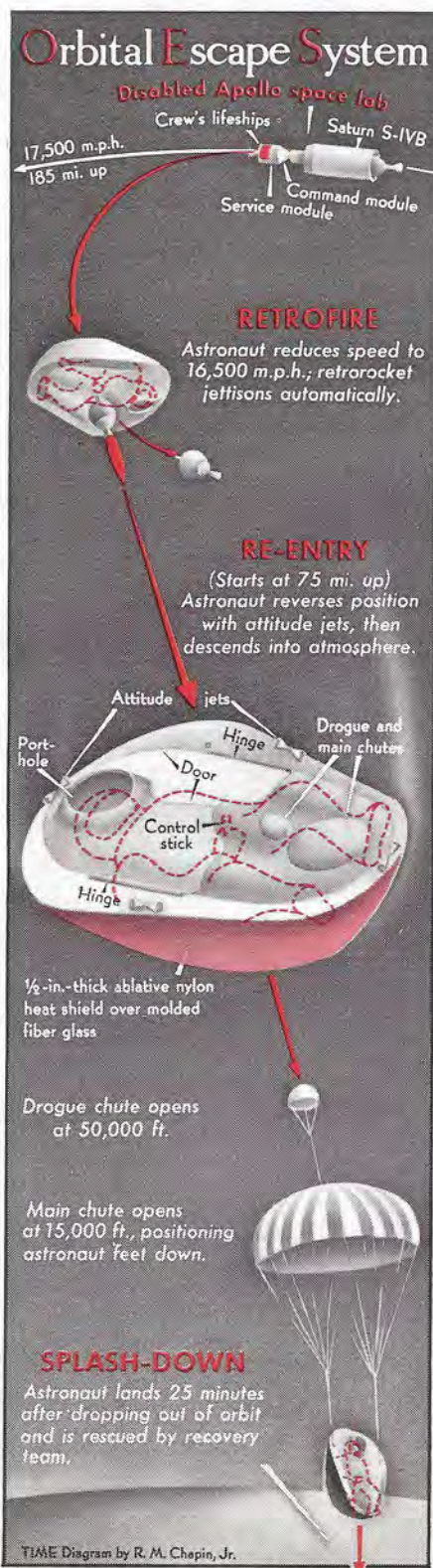
Lethal Leak. Any vacuum tube operating at several thousand volts or more produces detectable X rays. Boiling off the incandescent cathode of the tube, electrons are attracted and accelerated by the high positive voltage on the tube's anode and smash into it at great speed. Struck by the electrons, the atoms of the metallic anode vibrate violently and emit energy in the form of X rays, which can burn the skin, injure the eyes and cause genetic damage.

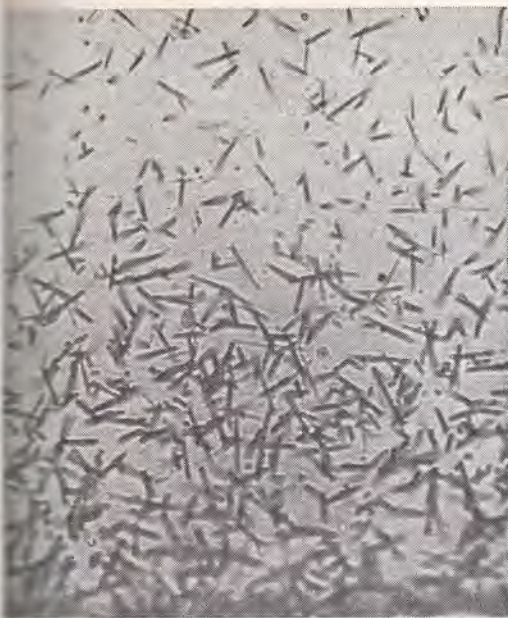
To reduce X-ray emissions of high voltage tubes to safe levels, manufacturers equip the tubes with metallic shields that absorb most of the radiation. But because of a manufacturing error, the shields inside many of the 24,500-volt G.E. tubes were misaligned. As a result, part of the X rays emitted by the anode could leak through the bottom of the tube. The radiation from the tube, according to the Public Health Service, ranged from ten to 100,000 times more than the rate considered safe.

Danger in 60 Minutes. Because the radiation was directed downward, P.H.S. officials noted that most viewers would probably not be harmed. But they worried about children sitting on the floor near TV sets placed on tables or shelves. X rays shooting through vents in the bottom of such sets could produce serious eye damage within an hour. Because the effects of X rays are cumulative, many hours of exposure at greater distances from an elevated set could also be dangerous.

G.E. has long since corrected its voltage regulator tubes by extending their internal shielding and enveloping them in leaded glass. According to a G.E. study, X rays emitted by the faulty tubes were sufficiently absorbed by other components and the cabinet to reduce the outside radiation to harmless levels. But G.E. and the Public Health Service will breathe easier when the last of the 9,000 missing sets has been located and its menacing tubes replaced.

* Says G.E.: "The color sets to be modified have a blue 'fine tune' gauge above the control knob and, on the back of the set, either a serial number beginning with OA or OD or no serial-number sticker at all. Receivers that have already been modified have a red and white label pasted on the back."





NATURAL FISSION SCARS IN ZIRCON
Acid on the wounds does the trick.

PHYSICS

Tiny Tracks to Ancient Ages

When was the earth formed? What are the ancient milestones in man's development? In recent years, scientists have tackled such mysteries by means of radioactive dating. By comparing the amount of radioactive carbon 14 in a fossil with the amount contained in a living counterpart, for example, paleontologists determine when the fossil was part of a functioning organism. Using similar methods, scientists date meaningful objects as old as 3.5 billion years.

For all its startling applications, radioactive dating is inadequate for objects that are very small or contain only tiny traces of radioactive matter. Hence the significance of two recent dating techniques developed largely by Physicist Robert M. Walker of Washington University in St. Louis.

Enlarging the Evidence. Walker's most proven technique is based on the fact that most rocks and minerals contain a small impurity of uranium, which fissions (splits), leaving tiny scars or tracks inside the substance. Until recently, this phenomenon remained unobserved. Walker found that even with an electron microscope the fossil tracks were too tiny—.001 of an inch long and only ten atoms wide—to see in significant numbers.

To solve this problem, Walker and General Electric's Dr. P. Buford Price devised a method of enlarging the tracks by etching them with acid. As a result, they can now be seen under an ordinary light microscope. By counting the tracks, the age of material containing uranium can be measured. All it takes is comparison of the tracks in a sample with the amount of its uranium content, plus a complex equation.

Last year, Walker and another colleague discovered what may prove to be an even more sensitive dating method—the measurement of alpha-particle

tracks. Uranium nuclei frequently emit an alpha particle. As the particle is expelled, the nucleus recoils. Walker reasoned that "recoil tracks would be there, so I looked for them." He discovered that observable recoil tracks occurred 4,000 times more than fission tracks. When acid etching and track counting are perfected for alpha particles, the method should provide a means of dating infinitesimally small objects and those too young to have accumulated measurable amounts of fission tracks.

Dating the Moon. Walker's methods have already produced important discoveries. By analyzing fission tracks, Russian scientists recently identified the 104th chemical element, named Khurchatorium, and U.S. research scientists spotted the phenomenon of triple fission—the splitting of a nucleus into three roughly equal parts. General Electric scientists have irradiated thin strips of plastic, etched the fission tracks with acid, and produced a material of great potential medical significance—a sensitive sieve that duplicates the filtering capacity of human membranes.

Walker and his colleagues have also turned to analyzing uranium fission and cosmic-ray tracks in meteorites. In addition to fixing the age of such extraterrestrial missiles, says Walker, "tracks in these objects are giving us very accurate information about happenings 4.6 billion years ago, including possibilities of how chemical elements and the planets were formed." To enlarge these studies, balloons are now being lofted to capture cosmic-ray tracks. And when astronauts return with lunar soil one of these days, Walker & Co. will be on hand to help date the moon.

GEOPHYSICS

Death Without Warning

With the power of a one-megaton bomb, an earthquake shocked eastern Turkey last week, killing more than 100 people and injuring about 200. The quake centered in sparsely settled Tunceli and Erzincan provinces, 80 miles west of the Varto area, scene of a violent quake that killed 2,477 people

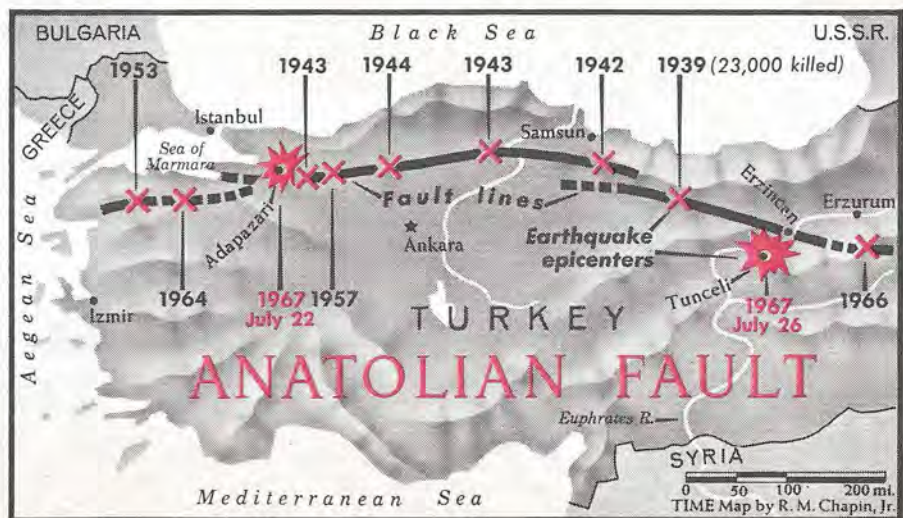
last August. It was the second earthquake to sunder Turkey within five days; on July 22 about 100 people were killed and 300 injured in a series of shocks that struck 50 towns near Adapazari. Like previous Turkish quakes (see map), the latest disasters were located along the Anatolian Fault, a particularly lethal segment of the earthquake belts that coil around the globe. Along the Anatolian Fault, some 40,000 persons have lost their lives in eleven earthquakes since 1938.

Last week's catastrophe came without warning. The outside world's first indications were jiggles recorded on Russian seismographs after the destruction had started. Could the quake have been forecast?

Some scientists believe that small foreshocks may signal an earthquake days or even months before it occurs. Others are certain that changes in surface features and sea level are visible to the naked eye hours before some earthquakes. But none of this adds up to a workable warning system: earthquakes are caused by conditions so deep within the earth that they cannot be studied with present tools and knowledge.

Long-range studies of earth disturbances are planned in the U.S., Japan and Russia. Geophysicists will place ultrasensitive instruments deep in the earth. In such studies, tiltmeters will measure shifts in the position of vast subsurface areas, and, ideally, laser devices will be able to measure microscopic expansion and contraction of bedrock, while strain seismographs monitor the kind of subsurface stress and crust slippage that occurs in fault zones.

Although such studies are highly expensive and painfully slow, scientists hope that a gradual buildup of information about the earth's crust and interior will someday enable them to create a computerized earthquake-warning system. But that day is far off. For now, says Dr. Clarence R. Allen, former director of Caltech's seismological laboratory, "these phenomena cannot be predicted—and there is no assurance that they ever will be."





MENUHIN (LEFT) & SHANKAR (CENTER)
Everything except the fiddle on the toe.

RECORDINGS

Raves for Ravi & Yehudi

In a decade of performing in the West, Indian Sitar Master Ravi Shankar, 47, has won a devoted following among musicians from Jazzman Dave Brubeck to Beatle George Harrison. But only one notable Westerner has ever performed with him: Violinist Yehudi Menuhin, 51, longtime apostle of Indian culture and faithful practitioner of yoga. The two met in India in 1952, and Menuhin persuaded Shankar to play last summer at the Bath Festival in England. In what both performers termed "an experiment," Menuhin practiced his violin for two days under Shankar's coaching so that he could sit in on a raga. Clad in a raw-silk tunic and sitting cross-legged amid a haze of incense, Menuhin might indeed have passed for a native *fiddlist*, except that he did not rest the head of his fiddle on his toe in the traditional Indian manner.

The experiment was such a success that Shankar and Menuhin decided to expand on it in a London recording studio. The result is one of the year's most fascinating—and briskly selling—classical albums; released in the U.S. on an Angel label, it has sold 15,000 copies in six weeks. Menuhin plays two ragas worked out by Shankar (the rest of the album is given over to a solo by Shankar and a performance of Enesco's *Sonata No. 3* by Menuhin and his pianist sister Hephzibah). On the first, a violin solo, Menuhin spins out a contemplative opening cadenza, progresses to some pizzicato syncopations, then, over the pitty-pat of *tabla* (drums), skips and slides through a series of jaunty embellishments on the theme. On the second, he and Shankar engage in a long, rousing call-and-response pattern and a

roller-coaster ensemble of rising and falling arpeggios, which leads, over steadily accelerating rhythms, to a climax of rhapsodic abandon.

Throughout the scored passages as well as the improvisations, Menuhin displays not only his accustomed technical brilliance but also an amazingly supple and knowing way with the complexities of the Indian musical idiom. The collaboration also makes a point that is often overlooked even by *aficionados*: for all his influence on Western jazz and pop, Shankar is an excellent classical musician.

FESTIVALS

The Phoenix of Santa Fe

In New Mexico early one morning last week, Georg Schrieber, lighting designer for the Santa Fe Opera Company, heard explosions in his sleep. "I was dreaming," he recalls, "and I remember thinking it sounded like the fireworks at the end of Hans Werner Henze's opera *The Stag King*. Then I realized that couldn't be right and I woke up." Five hundred feet from the ranch house where Schrieber was staying, the company's redwood theater was engulfed in lurid flames. At dawn, all that was left of one of America's hand-somest outdoor music facilities was a tangle of charred timbers.

Only hours before the blaze broke out, the company had marked the midpoint of this summer's season with the U.S. premiere of Paul Hindemith's first full-length opera, *Cardillac* (1926). The work reflects Hindemith's youthful expressionisms although its intricately polyphonic writing and its theme—the creator v. society—also presage such products of his maturity as the 1938 opera *Mathis der Maler*. The libretto by Ferdinand Lion is based on an E.T.A.

Hoffmann story about an 18th century Paris goldsmith who is so obsessed with his creations that he sells them reluctantly, then reclaims them by killing his customers. Hindemith set it to a craftsmanlike score that has strong choral writing and moments of trenchant emotion; much of the time it also justifies the quip that the hero is not Cardillac but counterpoint.

Rumbling Thunder. Conductor Robert Craft and Director Bodo Igesz made the most of the fact that *Cardillac* is swifter and more dramatic than Hindemith's later operas. The elements co-operated too: distant thunder rumbled over the Rio Grande Valley as a vengeful Paris mob killed Cardillac, and through the wide opening at the rear of the stage, the near-capacity audience of 1,100 could see lightning flickering above the blue Jemez Mountains. Hindemith's complex melodies were traced with clarity and polish by a well-schooled, predominantly American cast, notably Baritone John Reardon, whose demented Cardillac was powerful dramatically as well as vocally.

Cardillac was the 18th modern opera produced by Santa Fe General Director John O. Crosby, 41, since he founded the troupe ten years ago. For a while, in the glare of last week's fire, it also looked like the last. All of the company's orchestral scores and most of its costumes were burned, along with the *Cardillac* sets. But before the ashes had cooled, Crosby was calmly laying plans to rebuild his theater and making arrangements to continue the season on a reduced scale. Two days later, the company was back in business with a performance of Rossini's *Barber of Seville* in the gymnasium of a Santa Fe high school.



CROSBY
Too much from the elements.



FUMING WITH INDIGNATION, ROBERT BROWN DECIDED:

"Chimneys let your fuel dollars go up in smoke.
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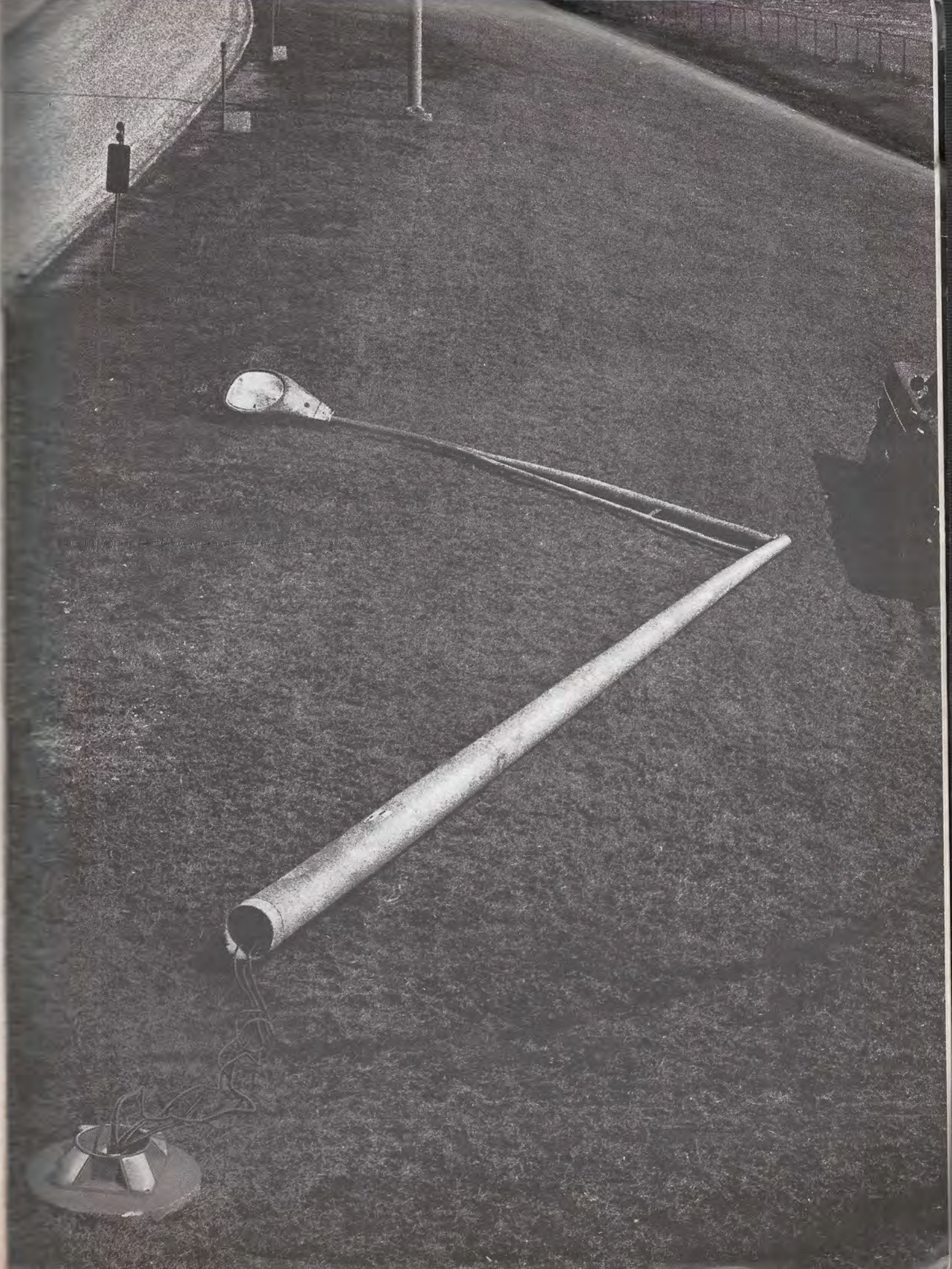
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JUDGES

Living with Gault

In casual fashion, juvenile judge got to know juvenile delinquent. Wearing sports shirts and slacks or shorts, 32 judges took long walks, played ball and sipped sodas with 33 youths from the Lookout Mountain School for Boys, a reform school in Golden, Colo. And the jurists learned a few things.

One youngster told about smoking through green peppers: he said he pushed out the core of a green pepper, inserted a cigarette and got high from the smoke's drawing across the pepper seeds. The judges learned the inmates' definition of "spot" and "non-spot" peo-

famous advocate of "companionate marriage" who died in 1943, spent four decades introducing numerous reforms, such as a Colorado law forbidding the charging of children under 16 with crime. Juvenile Judge Orman W. Ketcham, of Washington, D.C., a faculty member of the current summer college, has campaigned for years for stronger legal safeguards for children. Justine Wise Polier, for 32 years a justice in New York's family courts, has written books advocating a more compassionate approach to juvenile problems.

All the same, most of the nation's current 3,000 juvenile court judges urgently need help in adjusting to change. Despite enormous case loads (the 15-

Who Pays for Riots?

As violence flares in U.S. ghettos, legal questions smolder in the embers: If the state is obliged to maintain civil order, must it indemnify the citizen for property loss and personal injury from riots?

There is no generally accepted answer in U.S. law. Since 1883, when the Supreme Court ruled in *Louisiana ex rel. Folsom v. New Orleans* that legislatures created and therefore may withdraw or modify the right to riot relief, the question of liability has been bounced around by the states, cities and counties.

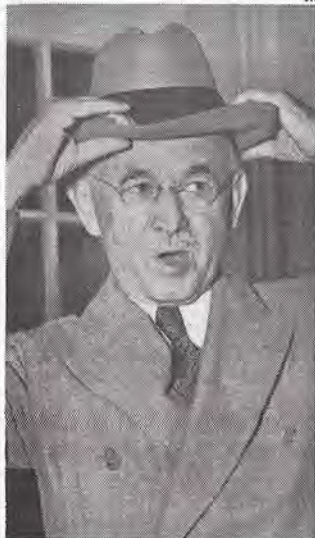
Meanwhile, insured claims for the Detroit riot losses are estimated at \$200 million, the largest yet. (Watts was \$38 million, Newark \$15 million.) Total damage could be considerably higher. Some damaged ghetto properties were considered uninsurable. Insurance generally covers only about half the actual property damage in most riots. Moreover, most policies do not cover personal riot injuries.

Sovereign Immunity. Insurance companies confronted with Detroit claims can try to sue the city, but in the absence of statutes, nothing in common law makes a city, county or state liable for riot damages unless it has somehow acted negligently. Even then, many governmental bodies are protected by sovereign immunity, a musty theory that public monies can be used only for the general public, not to compensate individuals, such as riot victims. But legal scholars contend that sovereign immunity is unjust, illogical, and riddled with exceptions. Moreover, courts have gradually eroded or discarded the doctrine in several states. Once sovereign immunity is removed as a defense, a city or county is liable much like an individual charged with negligent performance of duty.

Roughly half the states now have statutes imposing some sort of liability on municipalities for riot damages. Illinois, which has the most comprehensive law (1961), pays up to \$30,000 for property or injury, including death, even when the municipality has not been negligent. New York has a liability law, but it was suspended during World War II (for fear that wartime losses and injuries might be prohibitive), and the legislature has suspended it periodically ever since. Michigan has no liability statute whatever.

New Jersey has imposed liability since 1877 for property damage in cities with paid police forces. However, the claimant cannot collect if he was negligent in protecting his property or failed to advise police that it was in danger. To determine how the law affects victims of the Newark riot, merchants and tavernkeepers are lining up to file test cases.

Community Responsibility. Liability laws are in effect in three Pennsylvania counties: Philadelphia, Allegheny (Pitts-



LINDSEY (1939)



POLIER



KETCHAM

A path out of the legal limbo.

ple: the spots succeed through education; the non-spots take what they want and resent authority.

15-Minute Hearings. Juvenile folklore is only part of the instruction at the four-week summer college that winds up this week at the University of Colorado. Conducted by the National Council of Juvenile Court Judges, the school is designed to help the jurists learn criminal-law procedure and adjust to the Supreme Court's recent decision *In the Matter of Gault*, which gives juveniles many of the same constitutional safeguards that adults enjoy. Because of the decision and recommendations by the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice, juveniles are emerging from legal limbo. For years they were handled under a system that was supposed to treat youths almost like psychiatric patients, a theory that made procedural safeguards seem obstructionist. As it turned out, the system commonly punished acts, like using obscene language, that are rarely considered crimes when committed by adults.

For all its flaws, the juvenile-court system has developed some outstanding judges. Colorado's Ben B. Lindsey, the


to-17 age group has the highest crime rate), the juvenile judge is often low man in the judicial hierarchy. One-fifth of juvenile-court judges never attended college; about half have no undergraduate degrees. Although the system emphasizes rehabilitation, one-third of the full-time judges have no probation officers or social workers available.

One in Six. All portents indicate that the juvenile judge will face more problems in the future. By 1975, almost half the population will be 21 or under. Before his 18th birthday, one boy out of every six will be referred to a juvenile court for a delinquent act.

At the Colorado summer college, Denver Judge Ted Rubin, conceded that some of the necessary changes will cost money and irritate police as well as judges. But on the whole, he predicted, the gains will outweigh the disadvantages. "The present system, which shuns the adversary system and prefers flexible and informal deliberations, denies consistent legal protection to the child. As a result, the child does not understand himself or the system. By incorporation of constitutional safeguards into this system, individualized justice can become a reality."

Higher learning

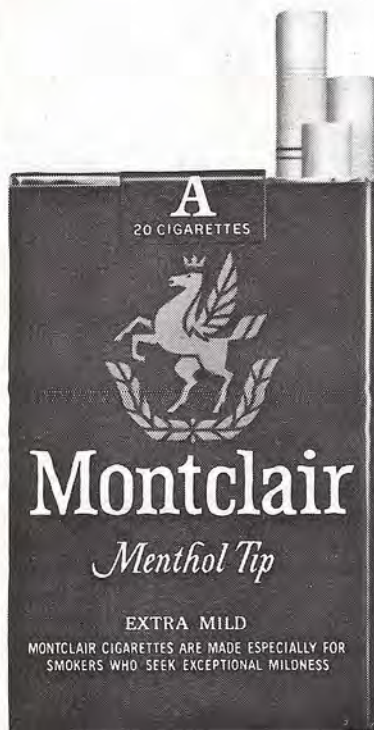
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burgh) and Northampton (Easton). After the 1964 riots, Philadelphia reimbursed insurance companies \$650,000 for riot claims, paying off at the rate of 75¢ on every dollar paid out by the companies. It still has outstanding claims of about \$250,000. California repealed its 95-year-old liability law in 1963, two years before Watts. Now Californians can collect only by suing the private individual responsible or by proving negligence by individual officers, and suing them instead of the government.

A University of Detroit law professor contends that all municipalities should be held liable for riot damage. Writing in the new *Journal of Urban Law*, Frank S. Sengstock declares that cities are derelict if they don't initiate preventive programs or if their police

don't use established professional techniques of riot control and suppression. "There is a substantial need to indemnify victims of mob disorders," he comments. "Sovereign immunity is playing its finale. Fundamental principles of common law warrant the conclusion that the injured has a right to sue a municipal corporation for damages committed by a mob when the local unit of government acts heedlessly in the face of knowledge of the potential dangers to the victim."

In effect, Sengstock argues, municipalities should serve as insurers, passing on the expense in the form of added taxes to the public at large. "Justice requires that the entire society of a metropolitan area bear the responsibility for injuries produced by riots even when government is not negligent."

MILESTONES

Married. Jean-Luc Godard, 36, director of some of the French New Wave's most imaginative films (*Breathless*), and Anne Wiazemsky, 20, star in his forthcoming *La Chinoise* and granddaughter of Nobel prizewinning Academician François Mauriac; he for the second time; in Begnins, Switzerland.

Married. Sheila MacRae, 43, nightclub comedienne and imp-faced, vixen-voiced fourth TV wife of Jackie Gleason in "The Honeymooners"; and Ronald Wayne, 36, producer of the *Fat One's* show; just 14 weeks after she divorced Singer Gordon MacRae, her husband of 25 years, and seven weeks after Wayne was divorced by his wife of ten years; in a Unity ceremony; in Manhattan.

Marriage Annulled. Arlene Dahl, 39, Hollywood's ever-flaming redhead (*Kisses for My President*) and syndicated glamour columnist; and Alexis Lichine, 53, wine exporter and vintage author (*Wines of France*), her fourth husband (the others: Lex Barker, Fernando Lamas, Christian Holmes III); on grounds of false pretenses (she said he promised, then refused, to have children); after 19 months of marriage, no sign of children; in Los Angeles.

Divorced. James A. Pike, 54, controversial Episcopal Bishop of California until he resigned his diocesan duties last year, now a fellow at Santa Barbara's Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions; by Esther Yanovsky Pike, 48; on uncontested grounds of mental cruelty (she said he stayed away from home), after 25 years of marriage, four children; in San Francisco.

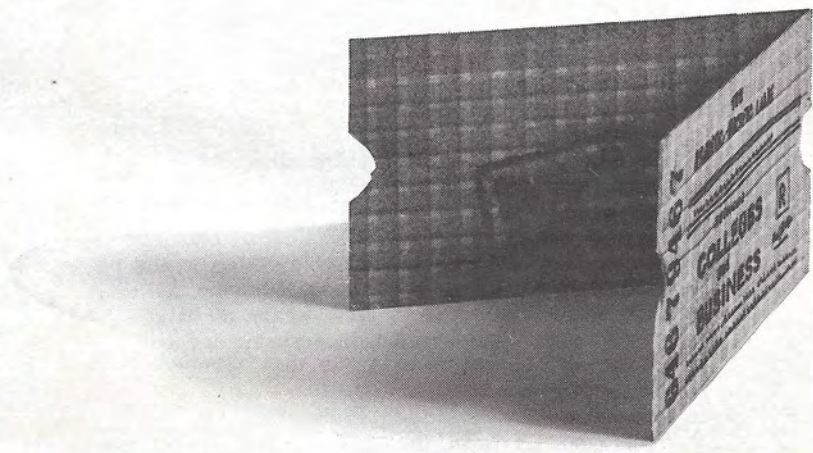
Died. Desmond FitzGerald, 57, CIA Deputy Director for Plans (meaning the agency's operational branch, with its overseas agents and paramilitary organizations), an urbane onetime Wall Street

corporation lawyer who became the CIA's Latin American chief in the shake-up following the Bay of Pigs debacle, took over the plans department last year; of a heart attack while playing tennis; in The Plains, Va.

Died. Emmanuel Ress, 59, who made a fortune out of lapel button slogans, a jovial, onetime Wall Street clerk who in 1940 started punching out, as he called it, "levity with brevity," produced 500 million buttons for cause carriers of all stripes ("Win with Willkie," "We Need Adlai Badly," along with such contemporary coinages as "Bomb Hanoi," "Make Love, Not War"), ever true to his own disk's boast: "I don't care who wins—my business is buttons"; of cancer; in Manhattan.

Died. Kent Roberts Greenfield, 74, historian of the U.S. Army in World War II, a Johns Hopkins history professor who in 1946 was chosen to compile the Army's official wartime chronicle, with a staff of 275 sifted through 17,120 tons of records, frequently popping across the hall from his Pentagon office to grill the general "who was there" (Told by one scholar that his work would have no perspective, he snapped, "Neither can you interview Caesar"), and produced 51 of 80 planned volumes before retiring in 1958; of a heart attack; in Baltimore.

Died. Joseph Léon Cardinal Cardijn, 84, "the workers' cardinal," the son of a Brussels concierge, who in 1912, to stir up religious interest in the industrial slums, started organizing cell-like groups of young adults, thereafter for five decades stumped the world marshaling 14-to-30-year-olds into the *Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne* (Young Christian Workers), a left-of-center self-help movement that today counts 2,000,000 members in 69 countries; of a heart attack; in Louvain, Belgium.



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THE PRESS

NEWSPAPERS

Stern Mormon View

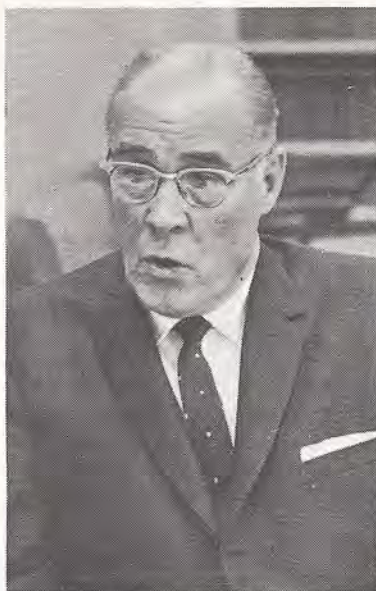
"Americans have never been so over-committed in foreign entanglements," thundered a recent editorial in the *Deseret News*. "Never have their natural resources been so extravagantly used, never has the national deficit been so great except in times of all-out war, never have taxes been higher, inflation more out of hand; never has youth faced a more uncertain future, never have there been heavier encroachments on personal liberty by an all-powerful federal government, never has crime been more ugly and broad, never the air more polluted, food, clothing more expensive—ad infinitum."

So the voice of Mormonism characterizes the American scene from Salt Lake City. Deeply concerned with U.S. morals, the *Deseret News* (circ. 90,224) finds them slipping everywhere—toward permissiveness, collectivism and individual irresponsibility.

The Church Comes First. Owned by the church, the *News* is closely supervised by the church. Three of its nine-man board of directors belong to the Council of the Twelve Apostles, the church's governing body. Most of its editorial staffers are Mormons; some are summoned from their jobs to go on missions, and they never refuse. The paper accepts no ads for alcoholic beverages, cigarettes or even coffee—unless it is part of a general grocery ad. Staffers are not allowed to smoke in news offices. "It is church property: sacred," says Managing Editor Theron Liddle.

The *News* relies almost entirely on the wire services for national and international coverage; it devotes its energies to local news and to church events. A banner headline once read: **BEWARE OF EVIL, CHURCH TOLD.** Despite its firmly conservative political views, the *News* never endorses a political candidate for local or national office. "We don't believe religion and politics mix," says Editor William Smart. George Romney, however, could present the paper with a dilemma. The first Mormon to be actively considered for the presidency, Romney also faithfully articulates the Mormon moral outlook. If he won the Republican nomination, the editors concede that they might break precedent and support him.

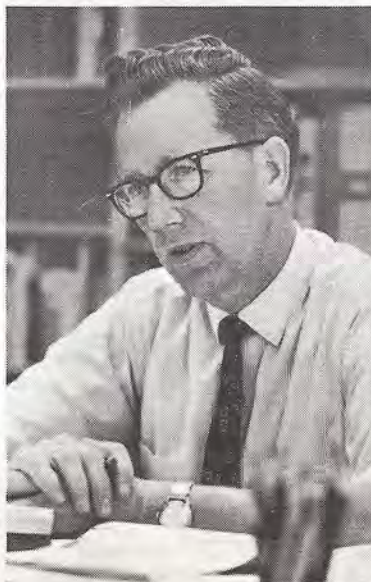
The *News* was founded in 1850, three years after Brigham Young and his followers arrived in Salt Lake Valley. According to the *Book of Mormon*, the word *deseret* means honeybee. For a while the *News* had Salt Lake City pretty much to itself. But in 1870, the *Tribune* was started to "oppose the undue exercise of priestly authority." Under the ownership of a wealthy Roman Catholic family named Kearns,



PUBLISHER HAWKES
Banners on evil.

the *Tribune* eventually surpassed the *News* because of its more comprehensive coverage; it also made light of Mormon officialdom. The church pumped considerable cash into the paper so that it could compete. In 1952 both papers grew weary of battle and combined their advertising and business departments while they remained separate editorially.

Forbidden Fruits. Today, the quarrels of the past have been set aside, and both papers enjoy healthy profits. Not only does the *Tribune* (circ. 109,738) no longer needle Mormons; it also carries a lot of Mormon news. Some people feel the papers get along a little too well. For one thing, advertisers must pay 75% of the papers' combined rate to place an ad in one paper. Beer and



EDITOR SMART
Dilemma over George.

cigarette advertisers feel that this discriminates against them, since they are not allowed to place ads in the *News*. Ironically, the *News* then benefits from the forbidden ads since it splits revenue fifty-fifty with the *Tribune*.

The *News* is not totally oblivious to a changing world. One of the reasons Publisher E. Earl Hawkes left the *Hearst* papers for the *News* in 1964 was a promise that he would not have to put out a "church house organ." Indeed, the *News* is sometimes at odds with conventional Mormon opinion. The paper got a lot of criticism when it ran a story about Interior Secretary Stewart Udall's criticism of the church position that Negroes are the descendants of Cain and hence ineligible for the priesthood. Himself a Mormon, Udall argued that Founder Joseph Smith held no such view. According to Udall, it was promulgated at a later date when the church "settled for a compromise with its own ideals."

To Utah's non-Mormons, the *News* is still unrealistically rigid. "If those fellows would just sit back, have a drink and light up a big black cigar," says a top state Democrat, "maybe they'd be closer to human." To the editors of the *News*, that sort of statement just proves their point about the low state of morals in America.

Sour Notes in St. Louis

St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* Publisher Richard Amberg is always dreaming up ways to get the jump on the rival *Post-Dispatch*. Recently, he commissioned the *Globe-Democrat March*. "The *Globe-Democrat* is a strong, militant, patriotic paper," he explained, "and I thought a march would be in character." At its premiere in a park concert performed by the *Laclede Gas Co.* band, Composer Alfonso D'Artega likened the "smooth and elegant theme" to the "editorial, society and Sunday-magazine sections of the newspaper." The paper pronounced the piece a hit: "When it was over—all too quickly, it seemed—Mr. D'Artega turned to face applause that left no doubt as to the acceptance of his creation."

Neither paper's music critic reviewed the creation, which band members called "a nice high school march." But the *Post-Dispatch* could not resist an editorial comment. The *Globe-Democrat March*, it said, "is reported to have three themes, one spirited, one elegant, and one blues—the blues expressing, no doubt, the melancholy of running second in a two-horse race." Besides, said the P-D, it had scooped the *Globe* by 76 years—Composer Louis Stockigt's *Post-Dispatch March* was first played at the St. Louis Exposition in 1891. Gushed the P-D at the time: "The members of the band overwhelmed the composer with congratulations. They pronounced his music as bright and catchy as the newspaper in whose honor it was composed."

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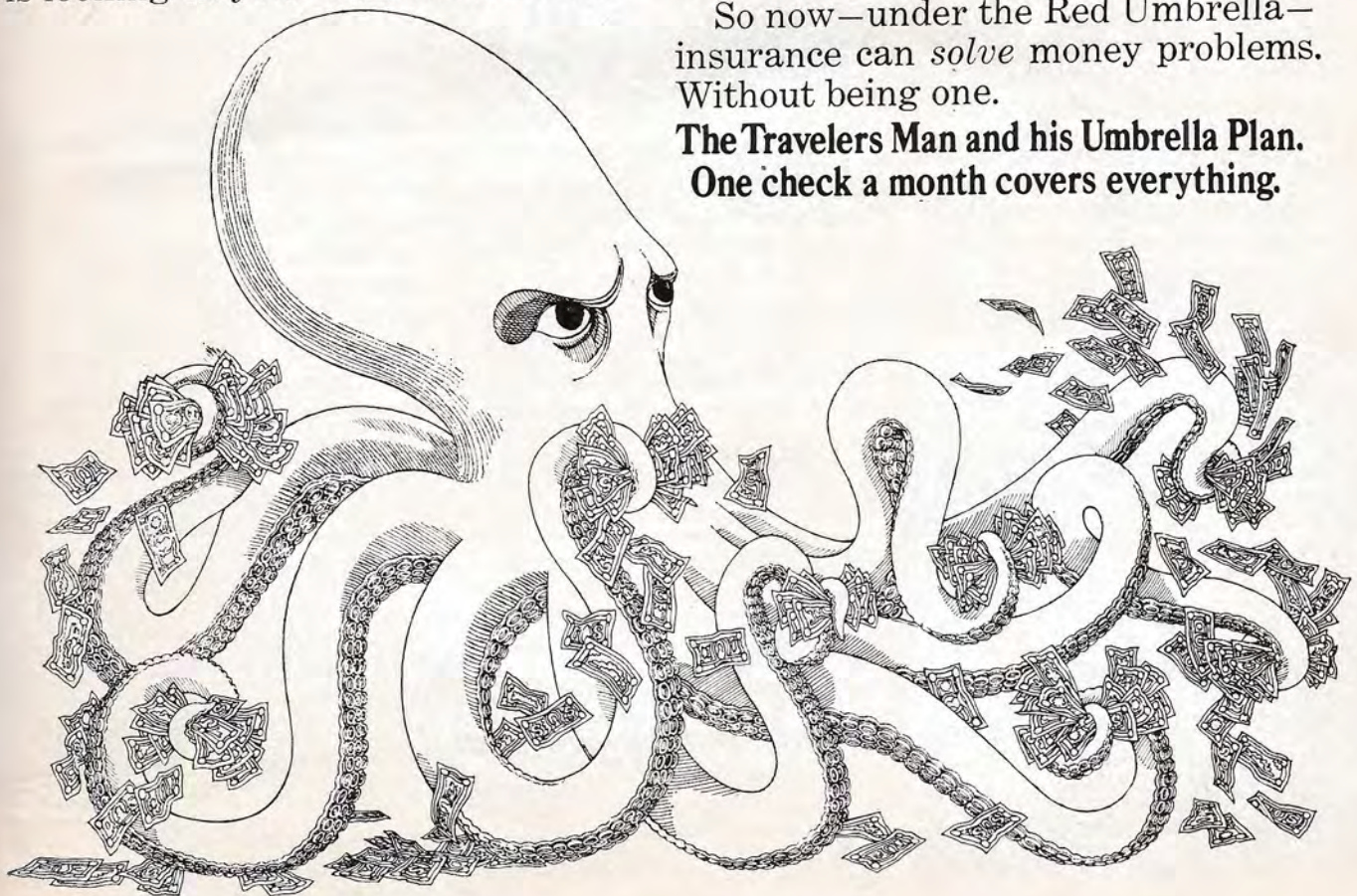
ture, he may even find that you're over-insured.)

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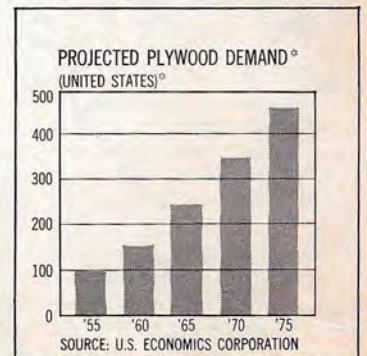
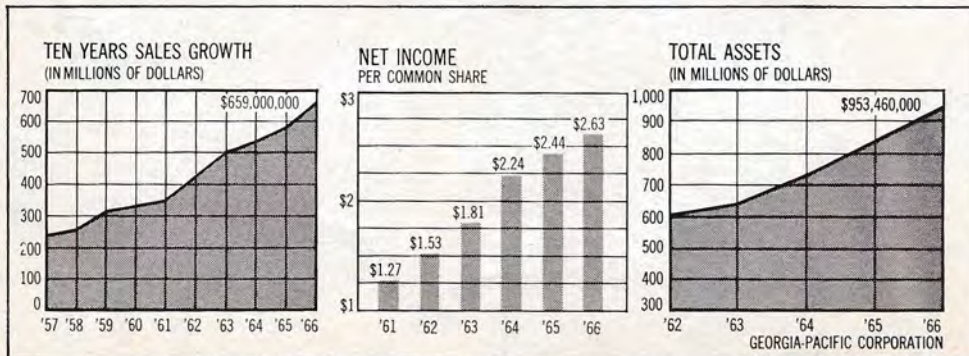
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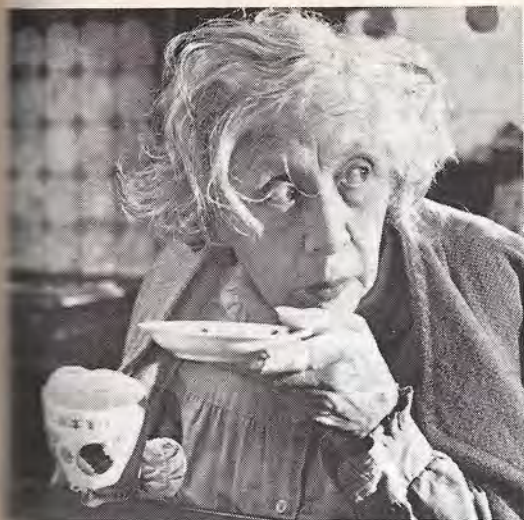
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CINEMA



EVANS IN "WHISPERERS"
Legacy of solitude.

Among the Cobwebs

The *Whisperers*. Rattling around her scruffy flat, a penurious, retired domestic (Dame Edith Evans) lives a life of utter solitude in an atmosphere where the dripping of a faucet is a dramatic event. Her only companions are "the whisperers," unheard voices who speak in her cobwebbed brain, alternately providing her with companionship and terror. In the gritty industrial town in which she lives, time settles like the soot as she goes about her monotonous routine—a visit to the library to warm her feet on a radiator pipe; a stop at the police station to record the most recent threat by her voices; an interlude at the National Assistance Board for her pitiful dole.

Raviled by her neighbors, she maintains a wintry dignity by creating the fiction that she is a noblewoman temporarily down on her luck, awaiting an inheritance from her father's estate. Eventually, however, fortune does come her way. Her son, a petty criminal whose visits are years apart, makes a call and secretes a wrapped bundle in a closet. Then he flees, into the arms of the bobbies, and the package lies mouldering in a closet until the old lady comes upon it and rips it open. The sight of the stolen loot drives her nearly mad with joy; in her mind it becomes the nonexistent legacy, testimony to her tale of vanished elegance.

Journeying out with the money in her handbag, she is soon spotted as an easy mark. A predatory woman coaxes her to her home and spikes her drink; the old lady passes out, and her purse is rifled for everything but small change after which she is unceremoniously dumped in an alley. She develops pneumonia; teams of doctors save her life but not her mind. In the shadows of the apartment, the old lady withdraws into herself to bicker with the whisperers, who have settled in to stay.

Writer-Director Bryan Forbes (*The Wrong Box*) has spared nothing—certainly not the viewer—in his pitiless case history. He spins out his catalogue

of age's miseries to somewhat excessive length. But Dame Edith, 79, gives a superb performance that soars above the script. Hobbling on thick ankles that can no longer bear their burden, querulously demanding a pair of new shoes "nicely styled but not too racy," she has created new proof that for great actresses there is still no age limit.

Labor's Lost

Luv. A miserable New York intellectual hovers on the Manhattan Bridge, preparing to take the plunge. An old college chum happens by, pulls him down and speaks of love—the panacea for all spiritual ills. "I'm more in love today than on the day I married," he swears, "but my wife won't give me a di-



MAY & LEMMON IN "LUV"
Freud in the slapstick.

voice." Solution: wife swapping, with the intellectual taking over for the husband and the husband going off to his mistress. But the cure turns out to be worse than the disease. The intellectual's misery is contagious, and six weeks later everyone is even more wretched than before. In a frenzy, the exes reunite to get the suicide back on the bridge and into the water, where he belonged in the first place.

That, more or less, was the plot of *Luv*, one of the funniest Broadway plays of recent years. Transferred to the screen, the comedy of the absurd comes close to being a tragedy of the impossible. Author Murray Schisgal's original was a cock-eyed but unerringly apt satire of people who make Freud their only poet, whose love talk is all about adjustment, alienation, angst and other pop-psychological cant. But this deft parody has given way to the adolescent vulgarisms of Scriptwriter Elliott Baker, who plots slapstick sequences in a

department store and a Japanese restaurant that would be tasteless in a Jerry Lewis movie.

Of the three principals, only Elaine May, as the wife, is well cast, but she is pitching in a game with no catchers. Peter Falk is too simian and heavy for the popinjay part of her wayward husband, and as a Jewish urban type, Jack Lemmon is frantic without being at all funny. *Luv* is too good a comedy to die this way; people who have never seen it will do better to find a road company of the play.

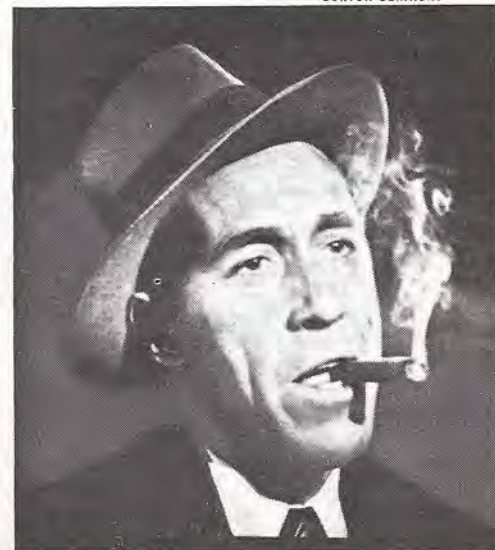
Another Shot at Scarface

The St. Valentine's Day Massacre. Al Capone has a compelling fascination for actors. Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger and Paul Muni have all had their shots at Scarface. Now it is Jason Robards' turn.

In this flat-footed travelogue of Gangland, 1929, Capone is champion of bootlegging, extortion and all other racket sports. The simple art of murder has placed him at the top alone—until George ("Bugs") Moran begins muscling in on Chicago's North Side. "I want that son of a bitch hit!" rages Al, and assigns exterminators to get rid of the Bugs in his operation. On Feb. 14, a bunch of thugs dressed as cops enter Moran's garage and gun down everyone—except Moran, who happens to be off the premises. The St. Valentine's Day Massacre arouses public indignation. Thus begins the long Chicago cleanup and Capone's downfall.

As a heavy, Robards turns out to be strictly middleweight. His lean features and nasal drawl are foreign to the squat Neapolitan hustler. Occasionally, someone in the cast does lend an air of authenticity, notably Ralph Meeker as Moran and David Canary as a flat-faced machine gunner who seems to have stepped out of a lineup onto the set. But all too often the period costumes and a fleet of chuffing phaetons, landaus and flivvers look like the only genuine articles on view.

BURTON BERINSKY



ROBARDS IN "MASSACRE"
Bugs in the operation.

EARNINGS

Down Near the Up Sign

Earnings reports are not as complete a measure of corporate activity and efficiency as most people think they are. So said the accounting firm of Price Waterhouse & Co. last week. Reporting on the tax-accounting practices of 100 major U.S. corporations over a twelve-year period, Price Waterhouse Senior Partner Herman W. Bevis found that the 100 had tucked away \$950,189,000 to cover deferred tax payments, but eventually paid out only \$20 million of that amount. Thus, indicated Bevis, the true profits of the companies cited were actually about \$930 million higher than reported.

As more second-quarter and half-year sales and earnings were reported last week, many a corporate executive might wish that stockholders would believe the figures did not really count. Though hopes were high that the chart lines would soon be moving up, the news in the latest batch of reports was largely negative. Profits had been caught between higher labor and material costs and lower consumer demand. The Wall Street Journal, surveying earnings of 528 companies, found that their after-tax profit for the second quarter was 8.1% lower than last year's. In a similar survey of 500 corporations, the New York Times tabulated a 5.28% half-year drop.

Among returns by industries:

- **STEEL.** As U.S. Steel goes, so goes the industry, and "The Corporation's" Chairman Roger Blough glumly reported last week that the quarter had gone badly. U.S. Steel showed a 44% decline in quarterly earnings and a 34% drop for the half-year, to \$84.6 million. Second-biggest Bethlehem reported a half-year profit drop of 28%, to \$66 million. Third-ranked Republic was off 26% for the half-year in earnings, and Inland, Armco, Crucible, Wheeling and Jones & Laughlin came in with similar returns.

- **AUTOS.** Steel's biggest customers were somewhat better off. General Motors, which suffered a disastrous first quarter as new-car sales slumped, managed a brighter second quarter as springtime customers appeared. Sales rose 1% in the second quarter, to \$5.6 billion, and earnings of \$522 million were only 4.4% below last year v. a first-quarter profit drop of 34%. For the half-year, profits were \$911,567,400, or 20% below last year. Chrysler's Chairman Lynn Townsend reported improved second-quarter sales of \$1.6 billion with earnings off 11%, to \$54.4 million, from the year-ago figure but better than the first quarter's performance. Ford Motor Co. (see WORLD BUSINESS) had a second-quarter income of \$146,500,000—off 32%—on sales of \$3.2 billion.

- **AEROSPACE.** At recently merged McDonnell Douglas Corp., an after-tax loss of \$41 million for Douglas wiped out a \$28 million profit for McDonnell. North American Aviation, hit by adverse readjustment of its space contracts, including the Apollo project, following the fatal fire at Cape Kennedy, reported a 59% drop in earnings for the quarter, to \$4,839,000.

- **TRANSPORTATION.** Railroads, even recently lucrative ones, showed a drop for the quarter. The Pennsylvania Railroad and the New York Central, still waiting to merge, each had lower earnings for the half-year (although the Central managed to move out of the red in the second quarter), while a drop in car-loadings affected healthier lines like the Norfolk & Western, Southern Pacific, Union Pacific, and the Atchison Topeka & Santa Fe. Airlines were mixed. United, the nation's largest, set a half-year record with revenues of \$521,474,000 and earnings of \$32,192,000, and Delta did so well that last week it announced a 3-1 stock split. But Pan American's second-quarter earnings fell 14%, to \$17,459,000.

- **OIL.** Led by giant Jersey Standard, and aided by increased sales and firmer gasoline prices, the oil industry did well. Jersey set a record with half-year profits of \$563 million. So did Texaco, whose earnings went up an impressive 8%, to \$359 million. Mobil Oil also reported a half-year record with \$184 million in profits.

Reporting on U.S. Steel last week, Roger Blough calculated that "we have passed the low point. July will be the low month." Most businessmen agree that earnings should improve slightly, but there is bound to be cost cutting and perhaps price increases to help. The Government, they maintain, could

help out too. Strong feeling is developing against the President's proposed surtax of 6% or higher on earnings, on the grounds that this is no time to take another bite where the fare has thinned.

MERGERS

Appetite for More

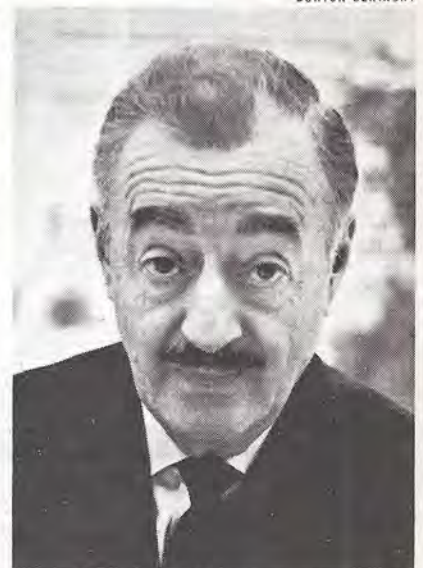
Even in this hungry age of corporate mergers, Chairman-President Harold S. Geneen of International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. is remarkable for his appetite. Since 1959, when he took charge of ITT with the intent of making it "one of the most important companies of the next decade," Geneen has swallowed up 44 smaller firms; they stretch across such diverse fields as auto rental (Avis), mutual-fund management (Hamilton), consumer finance (Aetna), book publishing (Bobbs-Merrill) and even airport parking. Though blocked so far by Justice Department antitrust litigation in his most ambitious effort—to acquire American Broadcasting Cos.—Geneen is still stalking new corporate game.

Last week, in one of the year's more unusual mergers, Geneen agreed to buy Levitt & Sons, Inc., the world's largest home builder, for \$92 million worth of ITT stock. The building company, which showed a whole industry how to change the face of postwar suburbia, would operate as an autonomous subsidiary under President William J. Levitt.

Vanishing Pygmies. The deal is a notable landmark in the gradual transformation of the tradition-bound house-building industry. Last year, amid housing's worst slump since World War II, one out of five home builders went out of business. As small firms vanish, giant combines rich enough to build on a huge scale are taking over. Big cor-



GENEEN



LEVITT

Ideal vehicle for a role in the revolution.

BURTON BERINSKY

porations such as ITT are increasingly joining forces with builders—often by merger, sometimes through joint ventures. Last year, for example, Westinghouse Electric acquired Florida's Coral Ridge Properties and is now busy building a city for 60,000 residents near Fort Lauderdale. Pennsylvania Railroad's Macco Realty Co. is developing an 87,500-acre Rancho California community near Los Angeles with Kaiser Industries and Kaiser Aluminum & Chemical Corp. American Standard Inc., the nation's biggest plumbing manufacturer, this year joined a 4,500-house venture in California's Ventura County.

Such changes already sweeping the industry must have been in Geneen's mind last week when he called Levitt & Sons "the ideal vehicle for ITT to participate in the U.S. and abroad in the revolution in housing in the next decade." Levitt fits into ITT's spreading empire (204,000 employees, 400 offices and plants in 57 countries) in other ways as well.

Through mergers, ITT has been striving to reduce its historic dependence on overseas manufacturing of telephone and electronic equipment and services for the bulk of its income. Thanks chiefly to his relentless pursuit of diversification, Geneen last year achieved his goal of balancing the company's foreign and domestic earnings. ITT's total profits reached a record \$89.9 million in 1966

as its sales rose 14%, to \$2.1 billion. Levitt's sales, as they have on the average for five years in a row, climbed by 25%, to \$94 million. And the building company, which also retails furniture and appliances, makes an obvious outlet for such ITT consumer products as radios, TV sets, refrigerators and freezers.

EMPLOYMENT

Part Time Full Blast

When a Detroit automaker adopted a new group insurance plan not long ago, the insurance company found itself facing an Everest of clerical work: individual policy certificates had to be made out for each of 330,000 employees. What to do? Why, call for the Kelly Girls, of course. They came on, 125 strong, and in 15 days polished off a job that would have kept regular staffers on overtime for weeks.

In helping U.S. firms over such peaks, Kelly Girls and their competitors have built the "temporary help" business from its slender postwar beginnings into an industry with revenues of \$500 million a year and a roster of some 1,250,000 part-time workers. The leaders got under way in the mid-1940s—Kelly Services Inc. in Detroit, Manpower Inc. in Milwaukee. Today they are both public companies, a far cry from the days when the industry really began to surge in the late 1950s, and the general expansion of U.S. business began to stretch the supply of skilled office workers.

Filling those needs, Manpower Inc.'s



KELLY GIRLS & MARINES IN MANHATTAN'S BRYANT PARK

Nothing temporary about this business.

191 company-owned offices (another 312 are run by independent franchised operators) have increased sales by 500% to \$61 million over the past decade. Much of that growth is the result of a push overseas, and the company's busiest office is in Paris, where Manpower took in \$9.1 million last year. On the other hand, Brothers William Russell Kelly, 62, and Richard Kelly, 56, who are chairman and vice chairman of Kelly Services, have kept their girls at home—and apparently for good reason. Kelly leads the field in growth, with sales up a dramatic 800% over the past ten years to \$59 million in 1966; last year's net income was just under \$2 million.

No Fringes. The part-time business is going full blast because many corporations, squeezed by shortages of office workers and rising wages, are not even trying to keep full staffs at the typewriters. When the need arises, they happily pay a premium for part-time help. In New York, for example, a temporary-help supplier might pay a typist the going rate of \$2.50 an hour, but the company she works for is billed for \$3.30—a 30% markup.

At those rates, some clients might feel piqued that the "temporaries" do not always look like the pert young things Kelly has been sending to plant gladioli and publicity in city parks under something called "the Kelly Beautification Program." The average temporary is a housewife, ex-secretary, somewhere "over 35" in age (one Seattle Kelly Girl is 81). But employers figure they come out about even with the temporaries, since permanent employees are expensive to recruit and command fringe benefits that add a third or more to basic wage rates.

Not Just Warm Bodies. Kelly loftily contends that it is not just hiring out people. Instead, it is dealing in labor "systems." Tapping a work force of

130,000 through 276 offices in the U.S., the company provides teams for programming computers, can muster 50-man cadres for overnight inventories of department stores on a few hours' notice. Tellers trained in a special Kelly program help banks in 40 cities get through Monday and Friday rush hours. And an IBM 360 computer at Kelly's Detroit headquarters keeps track of a roster of Kelly technicians, including draftsmen and engineers, chemists and commercial artists.

So earnestly has Kelly been expanding that it almost overlooked a lag in the company name. Last year it dropped "Girl" from its old name, "Kelly Girl Service Inc." It was deferring to its growing number of males, who had smarted under the tag of those "Kelly Girl Men."

AIRLINES

Hustle on the Frontier

Until five years ago, Denver-based Frontier Airlines chugged along as a small feeder line, earning minuscule profits and quite a bit of ill will with an ancient DC-3 fleet that was forever running late. Since then, Frontier has picked up speed enough to become a leader among the nation's 13 local service carriers. In 1966, it not only earned the largest profit (\$1,790,000) among the regionals but also showed the greatest increase (58%) among all U.S. scheduled airlines in revenue passenger miles—the number of paying customers multiplied by distance flown.

Cut-Rate Array. Frontier has climbed to that altitude partly by filling seats with the wildest array of discount air fares in the U.S. To the annoyance of its competitors, Frontier offers 13 kinds of cut-rate tickets, and during the first five months of this year they brought in 37% of the line's record \$10.5 million passenger revenues. There



FOUNDER KELLY (LEFT) & BROTHER

are discounts for the military, clergy, Government employees, youths, skiers, families (wives may take separate flights) and any group of ten or more. One of the most successful is Frontier's half-fare standby plan, under which any passenger who cannot be accommodated on the first flight to his destination is guaranteed a seat on the next one. Even bus companies wince as Frontier boasts that "a bus ticket and \$5" will buy a jet ride from Denver to St. Louis or Tucson or Billings, Mont.

Most airlines restrict their promotional fares to slack hours or days, but almost all of Frontier's are effective seven days a week. That even includes



FRONTIER'S DYMOND
For anybody with a bus ticket and \$5.

a bargain vacation fare, available to persons who present documents to show that they live outside Frontier's territory. For \$100, such tourists can fly with Frontier for 30 days as far and as often as they like.

All this is the handiwork of Frontier's ambitious \$80,000-a-year president, Lewis W. Dymond, 47. The crew-cut Dymond, whom strangers have often mistaken for ex-Astronaut John Glenn, took charge at Frontier in 1962 after a 24-year career at National Airlines, during which time he rose from a \$50-a-month plane washer and apprentice mechanic to vice president for operations, engineering and maintenance. At Frontier, he has got rid of most of its piston-engine planes in favor of 21 prop-jet Convair 580s and five Boeing tri-jet 727s. "We are lean and hungry," says Dymond, "but we have a 'go' attitude. That made National Airlines and it is making Frontier."

An End to Subsidy? Dymond's appetite goes well beyond Frontier's present realm. Meeting in Denver's Brown Palace Hotel, the company's stockholders last week approved the stock-swap acquisition of Fort Worth's Central Airlines, a smaller regional carrier that operates in the triangle-shaped area between Denver, Dallas and St. Louis. The combined lines would crisscross 14 Mountain, Midwest and Southwest states, serving a 7,465-mile route system, fourth longest (after United, Eastern and Delta) among U.S. domestic airlines. With the merger, Dymond expects Frontier to become the first of the regionals able to dispense with federal subsidy.

Frontier last week also pressed its Civil Aeronautics Board application to expand west to Las Vegas, Los Angeles and San Diego. If granted, the new routes would not only give Frontier more lucrative long hauls but also lift it into the ranks of the major trunk carriers. As far as Dymond is concerned, that is only a start. He may never win CAB approval, but in recent months he has peppered the board with proposals for everything from through service between Miami and San Francisco to a run south to Mexico City and Acapulco. Grandiose as all that seems, it is at least in tune with the CAB's current view that the trunk lines are thriving enough to share some of their profitable long routes with the locals.

INDUSTRY

The Way Grandpa Played It

Convinced they are rearing the Arthur Rubinsteins or Peter Duchins of tomorrow—or at least children who will grow up to enjoy making music—U.S. parents are buying a record number of pianos. In 1966, sales hit 243,800, nearly 100,000 more than a decade ago. The company that is hitting the top notes of this financial fortissimo is privately owned Aeolian* Corp., the world's largest manufacturer of pianos, which last year crafted 50,000 units and grossed nearly \$30 million.

While the Aeolian name itself is not widely recognized, its golden trade names have graced the underside of fall boards for more than a century and a half. Most familiar is the Chickering, whose owners included Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and Teddy Roosevelt. Francis Scott Key played *The Star-Spangled Banner* on a Knabe; Lyndon Johnson has a Knabe, and Bobby Kennedy a Chickering. Other Aeolian pianos, built at seven plants in the U.S. and Canada, include Mason & Hamlin; Fischer, Pianola, Weber, George Steck, Duo-Art, Cable, Hardman Peck, Winter, Kranich & Bach, Ivers & Pond and Mason & Risch.

* The Aeolian harp dates back to Greek mythology. It was a box-shaped musical instrument with stretched strings through which Aeolus, the god of wind, blew dulcet tones.

Once known as Winter & Co., the firm was founded in a Bronx, N.Y., loft in 1899. In those days, The Bronx alone had 40 piano manufacturers and suppliers. Most of them went under in the Depression. What saved Winter was the company's pre-crash takeover by Sears, Roebuck & Co., which kept the firm in business through the bad days.

Typically, Sears was interested in low-priced pianos; its grands sold for \$245 and uprights for \$150. Two brothers, William and Henry Heller, whose father was one of Winter's founders, were convinced that the real future lay in high-quality, high-priced models. They bought back the piano interest from Sears in 1941 for a mere \$180,000 and merged with Aeolian American Piano Co., long a leader in the quality field. Today prices range from a high of \$7,250 for an ebony Mason & Hamlin concert grand to a low of about \$400 for a 64-key spinet upright. After years of lagging popularity for the old player piano, the company in 1956 revived the Pianola, last year's most popular item, with 3,500 sold.

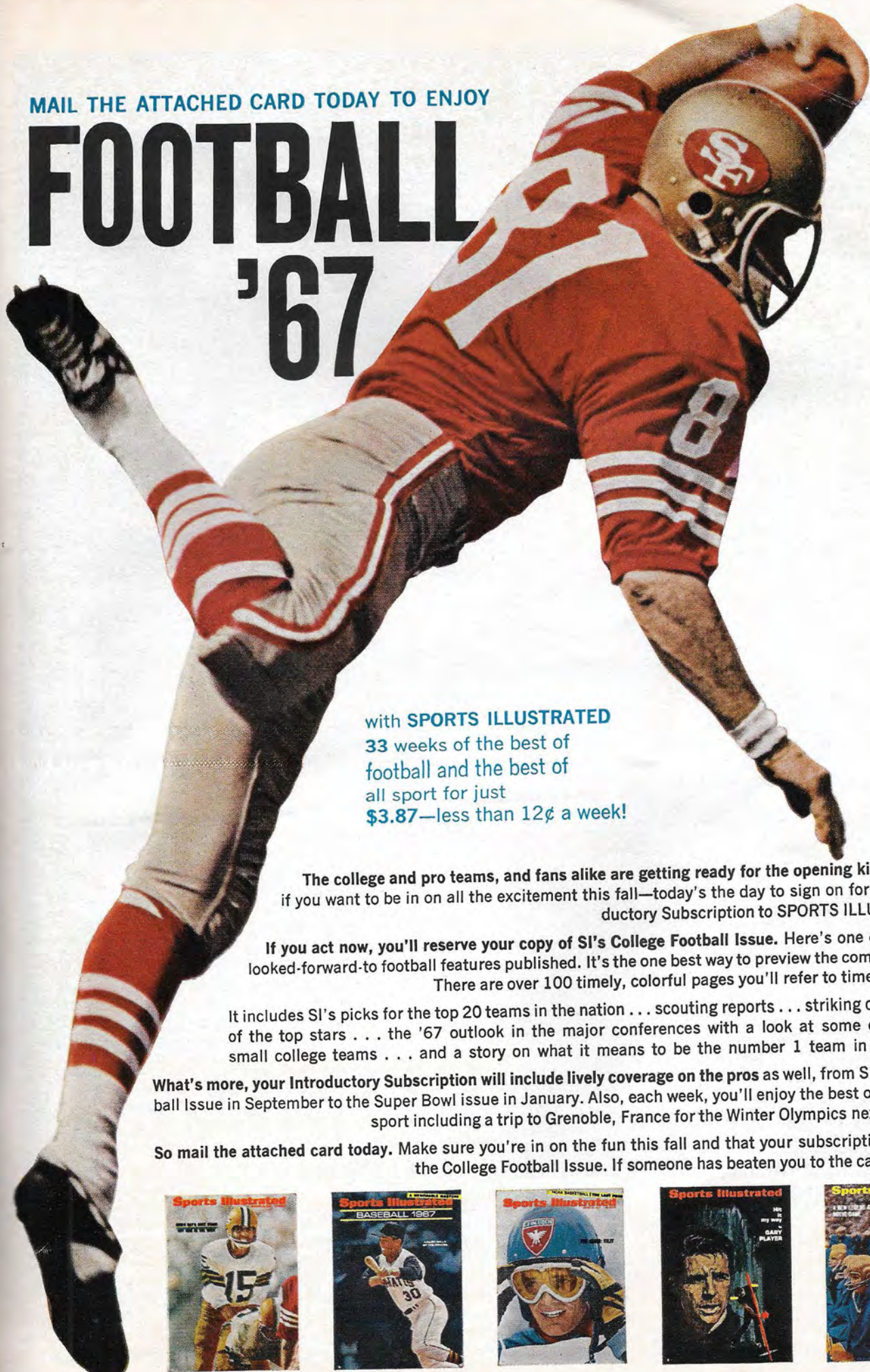
Enter the Japanese. Now there are 19 U.S. companies in the growing piano market, and it has become more competitive than ever. Some companies actually pay artists to use their pianos. Prestigious Steinway sells all the pianos it can make (3,500 a year), hence does not bother; but many manufacturers spend as much as \$50,000 for an endorsement from a big-name performer or a music center. The struggle for the mass market has stiffened with the entry of low-priced Japanese models. Even now, before the Kennedy Round tariff reductions, which will lower duties from 17% to 8%, Japanese grand pianos sell for one-fourth the price of domestic models. Their U.S. sales climbed from 6,219 in 1964 to 9,263 last year.

Anticipating growing competition, Aeolian in 1951 moved Ivers & Pond south to Memphis and built the company's largest and most modern piano plant. It was close to the supply of high-grade wood, opened untapped markets, and, for a while at least, labor costs were considerably lower. Nevertheless, even a low-priced piano takes about six weeks to manufacture, while a more expensive one can take up to six months. As President Henry R. Heller Jr.—the grandson of the company's co-founder—puts it: "We can mass-produce to a point, but when you reach the final assembly, it requires a great deal of hand work."

Other companies, such as Wurlitzer Co. and Chicago Musical Instrument Co., have diversified into a variety of musical instruments, but Aeolian has stuck to its specialty and produced some 700 kinds of pianos, more than any other company. For all its wide range, there is no compromise with tradition. As one Aeolian executive describes piano-making: "Anything different from what Grandpa built is suspect."

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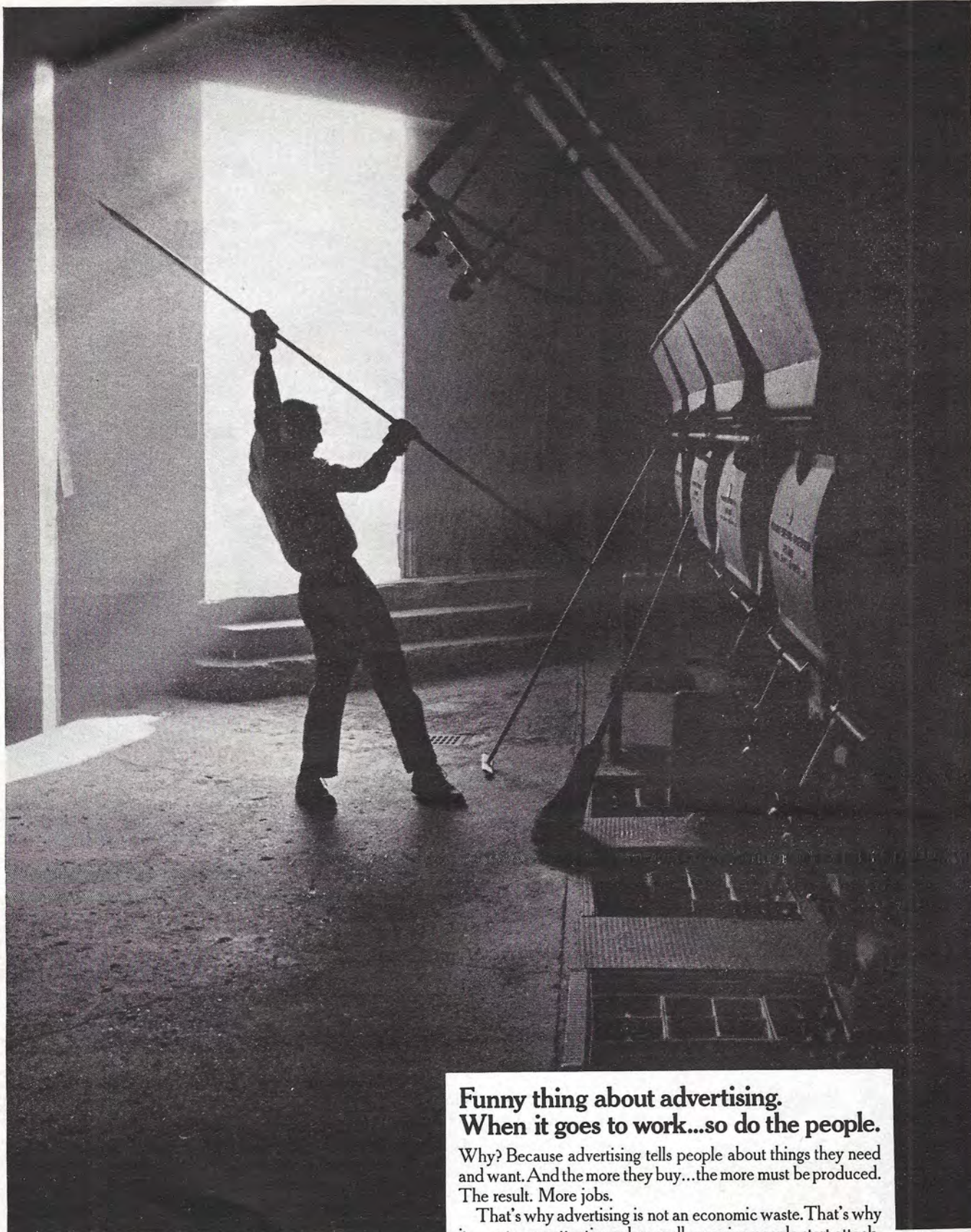
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LATIN AMERICA

Driving down to Rio

For months, Ford Motor Co. has been re-examining its operations abroad with an eye toward a bigger share of the world market. Recently it established Ford of Europe, Inc. to provide better overall control of its British and Continental subsidiaries. Last week Ford was market building again outside the U.S., this time looking south to Latin America. The company announced it is buying a majority interest in Willys-Overland do Brasil, Brazil's second largest automaker.

The German auto industry (*see following story*) is first in Brazil, with Volkswagen. A dozen other U.S. and European carmakers are also on the scene. Ford has assembled trucks in Brazil since 1919, completely built them there since 1957, but until recently has stayed out of the passenger-car field. Five months ago, Ford began building Galaxies in Brazil; by May they were selling almost as well as Willys-Overland's boxy Aero-Willys and Itamaratys. Impressed by the possibilities, Ford bid to buy out its nearest competitor and acquire not only better production plants but also a more extensive sales and service network.

Ford's thoughts coincided with those of California Industrialist Edgar F. Kaiser, who also sensed a rising demand among Brazilians for more and better cars. Kaiser, with a 38% interest in Willys, has been building autos in Brazil since 1953, but has gradually realized that despite a lucrative business—Willys built 62,809 cars in Brazil last year—he has neither the technology nor the capital to keep up with a changing market. As part of a \$40 million deal, he agreed to sell out to Ford.

Along with the Kaiser interest, Ford is buying a 14% share in Willys-Overland do Brasil held by Renault of France, whose Gordinis roll off the same assembly lines. The remaining shares are held by 45,000 Brazilian investors who now, to their delight, become partners of Henry Ford. Renault, which is Kaiser's partner in an Argentine car company called Industrias Kaiser Argentina, will acquire a controlling share of that firm. Renault will buy up a major part of Kaiser's 30% interest, as well as 14% held by two Argentine banks. Ford will also acquire Transax, S.A., an IKA subsidiary in Argentina that has been supplying parts for Willys-Overland.

The arrangement seems to satisfy everybody. Kaiser, which plans to continue building its Jeeps in 32 countries, will gain additional funds for that and its other worldwide construction and manufacturing operations. Renault will concentrate on Argentina, where Italy's Fiat has been pushing hard to replace

Industrias Kaiser Argentina as the nation's biggest automaker. Ford will have a broader base from which to operate in Latin America. Brazilians may not realize immediately that they have a Ford in their future. Ford will continue to make Aero-Willys, Itamaratys and Gordinis for the time being; it will likely replace them later with Galaxies and a brand-new, still secret, five-passenger car known only as "M."

WEST GERMANY

New Class on the Autobahn

Nothing brings a more purposeful expression to the face of a German motorist than the glimpse of another car fast overtaking from the rear. Usually, his reaction is to tramp on the accelera-

centage, expects to reach the \$250 million mark in total sales this year.

For Men. Would-be customers are willing to wait eight weeks for delivery and pay up to \$4,375 for the privilege of whizzing along no-speed-limit German autobahns at 100 m.p.h. and more. "BMW drivers drive like hell," says a company official. The drivers include Actor Peter Ustinov, Politicians Franz-Josef Strauss and Rainer Barzel, as well as the Swiss police. Above all, a widening circle of modern Germans on the go, professional men and young executives embrace it as the "Auto for Men," their symbol of class and style.

Before World War II, Bayerische Motoren Werke was famous as a maker of motorcycles and racing cars. During the war, the Munich plant produced air-



HAHNEMANN & BMW MODEL 1600
"Go" is the name of the game.

tor and do battle. But the prudent motorist respectfully pulls into the right lane when he sees a blue and white medallion on a weasel-like grille barreling down upon him. And with good reason, for it is the emblem of the sleek five-seater produced by the Bayerische Motoren Werke. The BMW can outperform and overtake almost any standard German car on the autobahn. This year it proved that it could outdo its competitors in the market place as well: amidst a general economic slowdown and dwindling car sales in Germany, peppery little BMW is forging steadily ahead.

While such giants as Volkswagen, Opel (G.M.) and Taunus (Ford) have cut back production to meet declining demand, BMW in Munich has been turning out its cars at full two-shift capacity. In the first five months of 1967, overall German car sales dropped 18%. At the same time, BMW increased its own turnover by precisely the same per-

centage, expects to reach the \$250 million mark in total sales this year. plane engines for the Junker bombers and for Hitler's jet fighter, the Messerschmitt ME 262. In 1947, after the U.S. Army stopped using BMW's shops to repair its tanks, the company started making motorcycles again, and began looking around for a car design as well. Misjudging the market, BMW decided on an eight-cylinder luxury job which cost so much to build that it lost money from the start. Simultaneously, the company started producing a loser on the other end of the scale: the one-cylinder 13-h.p. Isetta. By 1959, the firm was so deep in the red that merger or absorption seemed inevitable. Rumors spread that several big firms, including Daimler-Benz and General Electric, were making bids. This so shocked proud Bavaria that a public campaign was begun to save the flagship of local industry.

Something for Sportsmen. What really saved BMW was a management shuffle in 1961-62. The new team included

Director Paul Hahnemann, 53, in charge of production and sales, a former Opel man. Looking for a car with popular appeal, he discovered a wide space between the cheap small cars and fat sedans, decided to move into the middle-price range and catch buyers willing to pay a bit more for styling and speed. On the road since 1962, the "New Class" line of cars, so named for its appeal to the modern German, comes in four basic models. Two of these, the "1600," at \$2,162, capable of doing more than 100 m.p.h., and the luxury class "2000 CS" (\$4,375) which cruises comfortably at 116 m.p.h., account for the bulk of this year's sales.

The new management phased out the old models to concentrate on the New Class category, sold BMW's interest in an airplane-engine plant to put all resources behind the new car and motorcycles. In 1962, the company sold 43,000 cars and 4,300 motorcycles. Last year sales were 71,274 and 9,071 respectively. For Hahnemann, a stocky man who wears slacks and an open shirt to board meetings, it is all good fun. He says: "I bring a sportsman's attitude to business. Business is a game for sportsmen."

BRITAIN

Sweet Justice

Britons buy more sweets than tea. In fact, at an average 25 lbs. each per year, they are the world's most dedicated candy eaters. Hence the excitement last week after a decree handed down at London's Queen's Bench Court. There, concluding 43 days of hearings on the question of continued fixed retail prices in the candy industry, a panel of bewigged judges decided that they should be unfixed. Britain's five major

candy makers—George Bassett & Co. Ltd., Cadbury Brothers Ltd., J.S. Fry & Sons Ltd., John Mackintosh & Sons Ltd., and Rowntree & Co. Ltd.—were ordered to end resale price maintenance. Hardly was the sense of the 45-minute decision clear when supermarkets, alerted by telephone, cut candy prices by as much as 25%. As the word spread, Britons went off on binges of toffee, chocs and boiled sweets.

The orgy is expected to be brief, but the consequences of last week's decision will not be. Doctors and dentists are already complaining that cheaper candy will broaden waistlines and decay teeth. Beyond that, lower supermarket prices will probably mean an end to many of the 60,000 little neighborhood shops, which include sweets among their sundries, and last year accounted for 48% of Britain's candy sales. Most important, the candy case is the first in a series on the docket of the Restrictive Practices Court. The court is now scheduled to rule on price fixing of toys and games, footwear, cosmetics and cigarettes under the 1964 Resale Prices Act, and it probably will abolish or limit fixed prices in those and other fields too.

FRANCE

The Big Yogurt Binge

The Bible tells us that Abraham fed it to his guests. Assyrians ate it for their health and, according to Pliny, Persian women believed it to be good for their skin. In Iran, the sour, thick fermented milk is called *mast*, and one of the most popular brands is "Mickey Mast." The Greeks know it as *oxygala*, and it is *filmjolk* in Sweden. Bulgarians have always had the reputation of being the world's greatest yogurt eaters but, thanks to the energies of a Paris company called Société Danone, the French, of all people, are taking over the championship. Last year they consumed more than 1.8 billion quarter-pint pots (238 million quarts) of the stuff, and they will get down well over 2 billion potfuls in 1967.

An eccentric Russian scientist, Elie Metchnikoff, is basically responsible. Puzzled by the longevity of villagers in the backwoods of Bulgaria, he bent over his test tubes at the Pasteur Institute in Paris in the early 1900s and concluded that so many Bulgarians lived to be more than 100 because they ate lots of fermented milk. Their yogurt contained *Bacillus bulgaricus*, which, Metchnikoff decided, chased out the "wild, putrefying bacilli in our large intestine." He consumed untold gallons himself, discoursed profusely about what he believed to be its beneficial effects, and died at the age of 71, leaving behind a mere handful of French yogurt enthusiasts.

Flair for Marketing. That was before an enterprising Spaniard named Isaac Carasso began turning it out commercially during World War I. In 1929,



METCHNIKOFF

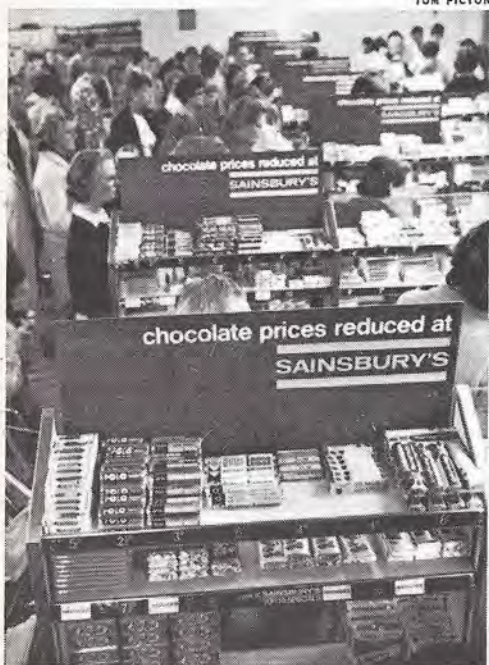
Only epicures think it's a gag.

in Paris, he opened a plant named Danone for his son Daniel, and called its product "the Dessert of Happy Digestion." Success was modest until the mid-1950s, when Danone caught the public fancy. In 1958, in the Paris suburb of Plessis-Robinson, Danone opened the world's largest yogurt factory, where 350 workers are able to turn out 1,600,000 pots (211,000 quarts) of yogurt a day, seven times as much as the largest U.S. manufacturer.

Today Danone controls 60% of the yogurt market in Paris, and 40% in all of France. Now, with 1967 sales forecast at \$56 million, up from \$9,000,000 only seven years ago, Danone has announced plans to merge with Gervais, fourth largest cheesemaker in France. The new corporation will be the largest French company engaged exclusively in the food business.

Horrified Epicures. French doctors still prescribe it as a health food: it is low in fat—a prime consideration for liver-conscious Frenchmen—and high in protein and minerals. But yogurt has long since transcended the fad-food stigma. Though epicures gag at the thought, some Paris restaurants serve it at dessert time, right alongside the Brie, Chèvre and Camembert.

Danone was the first yogurt maker to introduce flavors, now has 25 varieties ranging from coffee to cassia. The flavored varieties are a favorite with children and with busy housewives hurrying through lunch. Even recalcitrant husbands are catching on. "They used to think that eating yogurt was somehow humiliating," says a Danone executive. "Now they are eating more and more. By having plain yogurt and not the flavored kind, they maintain their dignity."

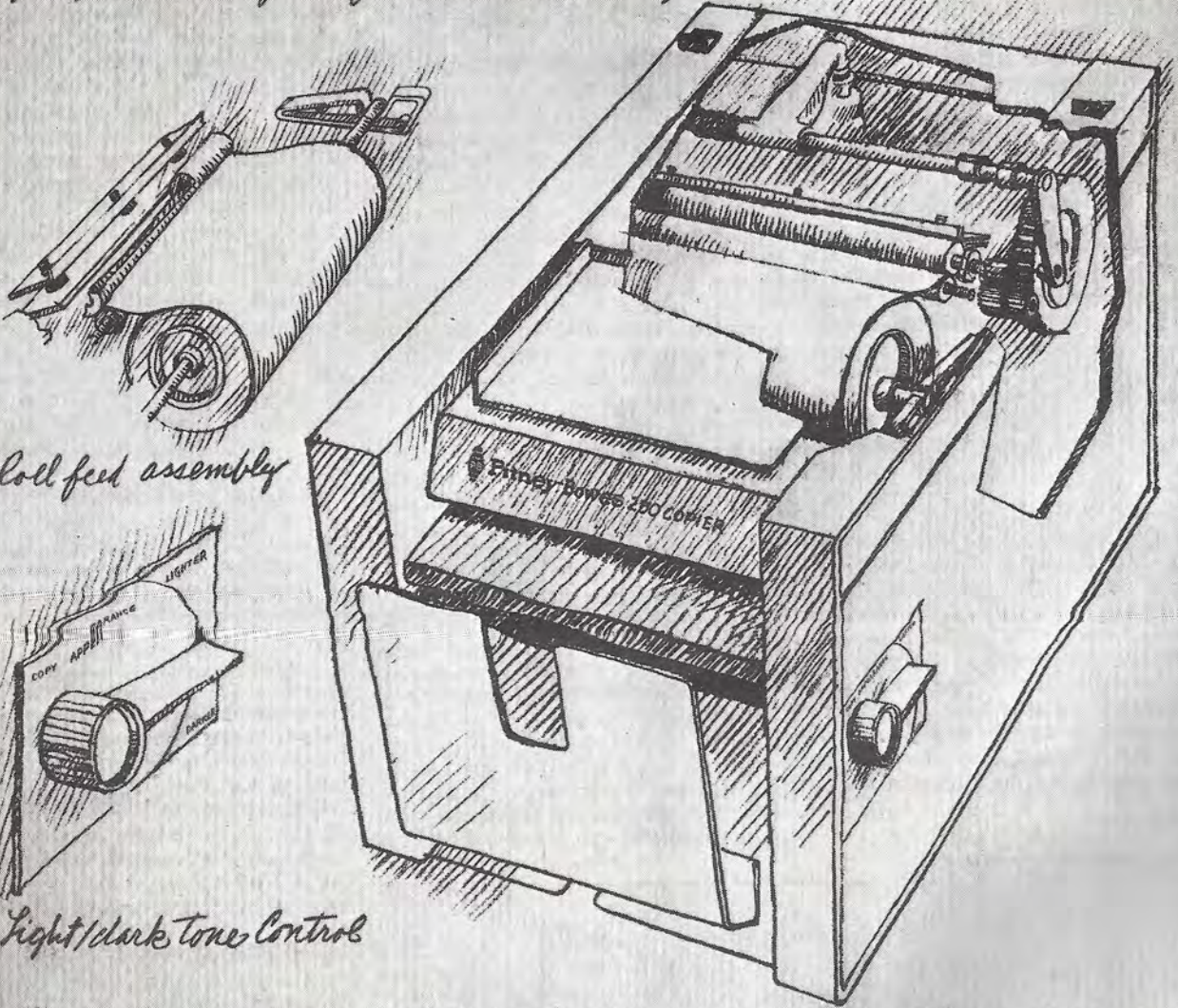


TOM PICTON

BARGAIN CANDY IN BRITISH SUPERMARKET
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The Saga of Ruffian Dick

THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON by Fawn M. Brodie. 390 pages. Norton. \$6.95.

The Victorian age can now be seen as an outburst of bourgeois baroque—extravagant in form, larger than life, gaudy, ridiculous, but above all productive and resolutely confident. No man better personified this outburst than Explorer Richard Burton,* the magnifico of satanic mien who prowled through unmapped regions like a lion, visited the forbidden cities of Mecca, Medina and Harrar, and discovered Lake Tanganyika.

He could bandy quips with poets and wits in London and chat about women and food in the local idiom with polygamous cannibal kings in the Congo. He could write with equal authority (if not always total accuracy) on swordsmanship, sex, the source of the Nile or the location of the mountains of the moon. Fine fencer and linguist, he was also a natural actor and raconteur, a competent artist and something of a poet. He truly exemplified Baudelaire's negative definition of the superior man: he was "not a specialist."

Clinical Detachment. Such a man naturally attracted many biographers—ten in all—and played dashing walk-on parts in innumerable histories and memoirs. His eleventh, Fawn M. Brodie, has shown her skill before (Reconstructionist Thaddeus Stevens, Mormon Joseph Smith). She intrepidly explores the intrepid explorer, and in Burton the mystery is darker than any continent. He is a hard chap to map. His source may lie in the Peaks of Para-

* No kin.

noia or the Pools of Narcissus. It is anybody's guess.

Biographer Brodie never loses sight of the fact that however twisted and ambiguous the motives behind Burton's achievements may have been, the achievements were considerable. She would let Burton speak for himself but for the fact that Burton did not speak for himself. The uninhibited chronicler of the world's erotica and dispassionate taxonomist of the infinite varieties of human sex life, was singularly reticent about his own.

"Discovery is mostly my mania," he wrote. His biographer answers him back: "Burton's real passion was not for geographical discovery, but for the hidden in man, for the unknowable and therefore the unthinkable. What his Victorian compatriots called unclean, bestial or Satanic, he regarded with almost clinical detachment. In this respect he belongs more properly to our own day."

Burton's father was an Irishman, an inactive lieutenant colonel in the British army, who drifted about Europe hunting boar and let his sons educate themselves. It was a break for Richard, leaving him free to form his own character. Oxford sent him down without a degree, after he misbehaved at a steeplechase, despite his erudition in Greek, Latin and three or four modern languages. His friends called him "Ruffian Dick," and admired him as a brawler, toper and wit. He shipped out to Bombay as an officer in the East India Company. Before long, he had mastered Hindustani, Sindhi and half a dozen dialects. To get to know the natives, he impersonated Moslem merchants on the North-West Frontier or prowled the bazaars as a Hindu holy man. This did not help his career. Even more damaging to his reputation as

sound senior officer material was the fact that he wrote a scrupulously detached report on male brothels in Karachi. He won the grudging admiration of generals and the envious malice of Anglo-Indian officials. Both groups were glad to see Burton go on to Zanzibar, Timbuctoo, or the devil. There is fine comedy in the way in which the Victorian Establishment tried in vain to assimilate the flamboyance and scandal of Burton and to make of his exploits an edifying story like that of the pious Livingstone.

Catnip in Tails. In London after a brisk tour of the Crimean War, Burton cut a theatrically romantic figure. Glowering in evening dress, yellow from fever, scarred on the cheek by a Somali javelin, carrying a dark nimbus of unspeakable sins learned in the evil Orient, Burton was pure catnip to the ladies in the drawing room. That he should have been catnip to Lady Burton is comedy at its highest. Isabel Arundell was pious, snobbish as only a daughter of the O.E.C. (Old English Catholic) aristocracy can be, and both romantic and puritanical.

Such women romantics can do only one of two things with such a man as Burton: aspire to reform him or pretend that he is just as he should be. Isabel Burton, in defiance of what she may well have suspected to be strong homosexual leanings in her husband, played the English game of Let's-Pretend-and-Be-Happy-Families. She did it so well for nearly 30 years that the man Burton almost disappeared under the respectable shawl she knitted for him. Of course, she reasoned, Richard did have odd friends, but that was because he was so generous. The friends were odd indeed: one was Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), owner of the finest collection of erotica in Europe; another was Poet Algernon Swinburne, who had a taste for flagellation. Through all this, in Damascus, Trieste and Santos, where Burton served as British consul, his wife clung to the female theory that all men are little boys at heart; they only like to show off. Her iron, dotting conviction was that nothing bad ever really happened, and besides, in the end, dear Richard would accept the Faith.

Lady for Burning. Two things almost defeated her—Burton's stubborn inability to see the difference between Catholicism and any other religion, and his invincible interest in the theory of sex. She dealt with both problems in masterly fashion. When he died in 1890 at 79, she arranged for him to receive the last sacrament of the Roman Church. He had been dead for two hours, but the priest took her word that he was alive. Then, "sorrowfully, reverently, and in fear and trembling," she set about burning his manuscript of *The Scented Garden*, an encyclopaedic sex manual whose translation from the Arabic had occupied Burton's last years (a partial version survived). Also into the



BURTON'S TOMB

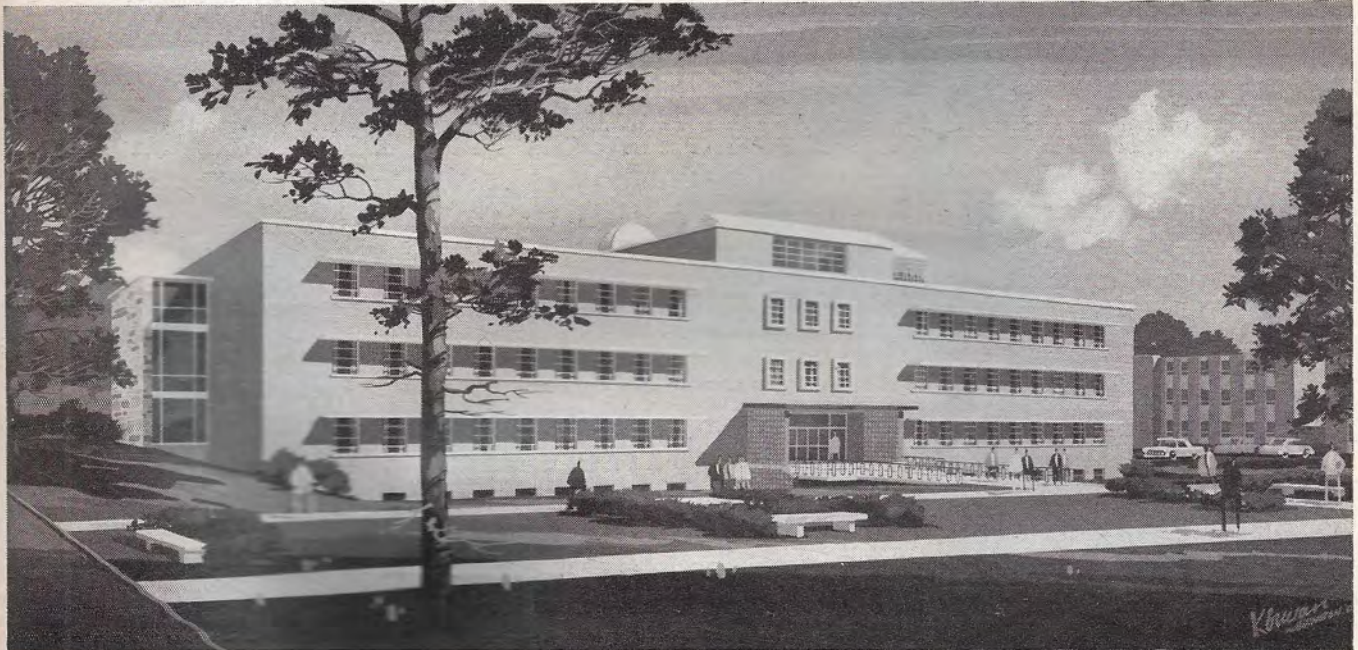


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flames went his private journal of 40 years, which he had kept under lock and key. This act left her free to clean up Ruffian Dick for the visitors and write a biography of "the most pure, the most refined and modest man that ever lived."

Lady Burton had her dead hero interred at the Catholic cemetery of Mortlake in a marble mausoleum resembling, as much as anything in marble can, a tent. She bought a cottage near by to facilitate regular visits to this marmoreal monstrosity. She hoped, like so many Victorians, to communicate with the dead. But whatever regions Sir Richard was then exploring, he failed to report back to Lady Burton at the tent. It would have served her right if he had returned just once, and burnt her biography of him.

Specialist in Melancholy

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP by Paul Bowles. 215 pages. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$4.95.

The pieces that make up Paul Bowles's first collection of stories in 17 years read like obituaries of the soul. His characters, robbed of purpose, their spirits rubbed flat, move zombielike through exquisitely desolate landscapes—Moroccan ghettos, Algerian deserts, New York subway tunnels. Displaced in the present, they have vague pasts and menacing futures: sighing despair, they search for something unnameable.

Perhaps their quest is for what they find: hostility, hallucination, more intense dislocation, the last retreat of death—Bowles doesn't say. After several novels, books of stories and essays, he is still the inscrutable artist. He fixes his characters in his own hopeless wastelands and in the reader's shocked consciousness. His warped people are beyond help because they will not help themselves. They have surrendered, and Bowles, the devil's advocate, grinds them further into defeat. He is American fiction's leading specialist in melancholy and insensate violence.

Dark Encounters. This book's title, *The Time of Friendship*, is of course ironic, masking profound misanthropy. Every tale he tells leads to a dark encounter, the collapse of friendship, the failure of understanding. In the title story, a Swiss schoolmistress in Algeria befriends a Moslem youth and tries her civilizing Christianity on him; he destroys her Christmas crêche and tricks her into helping him join the F.L.N. In *The Hours After Noon*, a genteel French lecher, visiting an archaeological camp, gestures toward a Moroccan girl and ends up behind a boulder with a wire around his neck. In *The Garden*, a wife puts a potion in her husband's food because she thinks he has been hiding treasure in the garden; when the poison fails to work, the whole town combines to finish him off with hoes and sickles.

At his best, Bowles has no peer in



PAUL BOWLES
To the end of the skid.

his sullen art, and he offers here two superb stories of despair that prove it. One, *The Frozen Fields*, shows how a father's hostility slowly corrodes the brain of a small boy. The other, *Tapia*, follows an American photographer to the end of his skid. It is a masterpiece on the psychology of the dropout, an exemplary model of existentialism in the service of fiction. Utterly bored, the photographer drifts through Latin America and slips into drunkenness at a sinister plantation bar. Unconsciously, he falls victim to conspiracy, accident, destruction. "What is freedom in the last analysis," he says to himself, "other than the state of being totally, instead of only partially, subject to the tyranny of chance?" The photographer becomes Bowles's modern anti-hero, participating in "an invisible spectacle whose painful logic he followed with the entire fiber of his being, without, however, once being given a clear vision of what agonizing destinies were at stake."

Love & Art. For his terrifying, black penetration of the heart, Paul Bowles commands cold admiration. Living in Africa, corresponding with America in a kind of code, he uses the same metaphors of loneliness and abandon that signaled his leap from music to the novel with *The Sheltering Sky* in 1949. His work is art, a minor art, mirroring a part truth—that man is alone. The other part of the truth is that man has the power to break out of his loneliness through two forces: love and art. Bowles knows the second, not the first.

Short Notices

THE RED CHINESE AIR FORCE EXERCISE, DIET, AND SEX BOOK translated by William Randolph Hirsch. 85 pages. Stein and Day. \$2.95.

William Randolph Who? If the preface to this treatise on "dietetical materialism" is to be believed, its translator is an eminent Sinologist born in Canton province, where his parents



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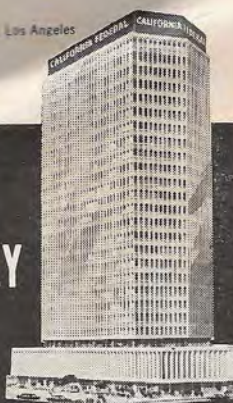
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“Worked as missionaries specializing in the opium trade” and became famous as the “junk priests.” He obtained the manuscript by parachuting into China with the help of a “Francis Gary Powers Traveling Fellowship.”

William Randolph Hirsch is really three staffers on *Monocle*, a New York humor magazine—Marvin Kitman, Victor Navasky and Richard Lingeman. Their book combines a spoof of self-help manuals on how to be thin, agile and potent with a parody of *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-tung*, which after all is also a self-help book. In the Hirsch version of Chinese ideology, eating is as much a bourgeois deviation as making love. The book advances the remarkable theory that “under Communism, sex is work. Under capitalism, work is sex.”

On the food front, the slogan is “calories do count, but people don’t.” This principle is supported by the Chinese Air Force diet—popularly known as “The Sinkiang Man’s Diet”—which was first developed in the “Mao Clinic” and was tested by the 19,007th Lighter than Air Fighter Squadron (otherwise known as the “Flying Paper Tigers”). It offers recipes for such dishes as “True Way to Marxist Contentment Soup,” and “Sweet and Rotten Pork,” all of which consist of rice, fish heads (if available) and radishes. If faithfully followed, the regimen is guaranteed to eliminate not only the dieter’s excess flab but the dieter. Meanwhile, Red soldiers are cautioned to “report all fortune-cookie messages to the Security Officer.” And so forth.

THE LOOMING SHADOW by Legson Kayira. 143 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95.

An honest citizen is unjustly accused of evildoing. An appeal for justice is mismanaged and misunderstood through several layers of bureaucracy. Henchmen of the accuser take matters into their own hands and resolve the issue by violence.

Kafka country? No, contemporary Africa, where injustice and revenge are concrete forces, not metaphors for alienated modern man. The book is set in a village hovering on the brink of civilization, and the topsy-turvy quality of its life is caught so expertly by the author that terrifying and absurd events come to seem fully logical. Studying the story are keenly observed individual portraits, among them a witch doctor frantically clinging to a waning authority and a self-important chieftain who wears European khakis under his tribal robes.

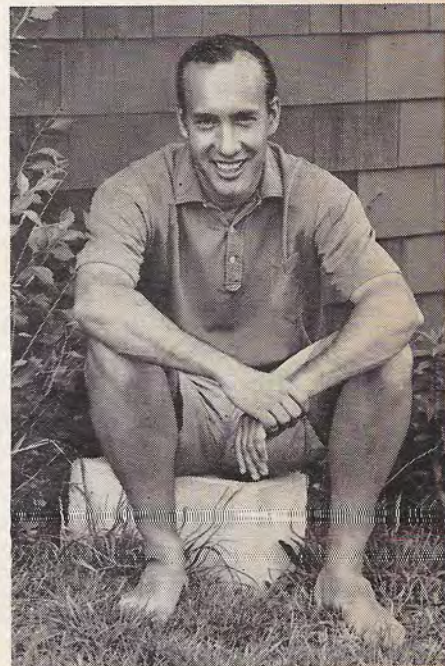
Seven years ago, when he was 22, Legson Kayira completed a 2,500-mile trek, mostly on foot, from his native Nyasa village to the U.S. consulate at Khartoum, where he asked for and received an opportunity to study in America. Since then he has moved on from Skagit Valley Junior College in Washington State, via the University of Washington, to Cambridge, England. In

his autobiography, *I Will Try* (TIME, April 30, 1965), he told with disarming simplicity how he got there. In this, his first novel, he tells no less appealingly where he began.

SOMETIMES, BUT NOT ALWAYS by James Stevenson. 170 pages. Little, Brown. \$4.95.

A fondness for the bizarre characterizes a band of young U.S. writers that includes Donald Barthelme (*Snow White*) and Jordan Crittenden (*Balloons Are Available*). They see contemporary life as ludicrous, and their novels are filled with man-made confusion. James Stevenson belongs to this category, though his fictional method is more conventional. The hero of his new book is Joe Roberts, a young gagman who flag-

DAVID GAHR



STEVENSON

Foreclosure on the family as well.

ellates his brain to produce freelance ideas and sketches for the theater and television, as well as a daily quota of 15 comic ideas that he sells to cartoonists. (Author Stevenson is himself an engaging *New Yorker* cartoonist.)

Roberts is laboring to meet the expenses of a Connecticut house filled with dogs, children and a harried wife. His sleep is ravaged by a recurring nightmare that Mr. Duell, “the man from the bank,” is foreclosing not only the house but his family as well.

In contributing to a television show called *So What Else Is New?* (SWEIN for short), Roberts becomes involved with a has-been vaudevillian, who is cruelly exploited by TV’s masters, and dies. In a glacial finish, Roberts feels somehow responsible for the death, retreats to the town dump and concludes that “we are all going to be obsolete, and thrown away, one day soon.” Author Stevenson has combined a sardonic view of showbiz with verbal cartooning that veers into wild hallucination.



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