



LIFE

A BITTER FEUD

Two great surgeons at war
over the human heart

Dr. Denton
Cooley

Dr. Michael
DeBakey



APRIL 10 • 1970 • 50¢



The \$29.95 Colorpack II: introducing a new feature. “You can get one now.”

This Polaroid Land camera came out last Spring. By Christmas we'd made millions of them and some stores were still turning people away.

This Spring we're ready. Same price. Same features. No line to stand in. Color pictures in a minute. \$29.95:

Electric eye and electronic shutter for automatic exposures. Brilliant 3-element lens. Built-in flash for 4-shot flashcubes. (And our new feature for 1970: you can get one.)



The "fat time of day:" that's any time you overeat. Sugar's instant energy can slip you past.

"I think of sugar as extra willpower."



The "fat time of day" is when you're really hungry and ready to eat, and eat, and eat.

The message is coming from your turned-up appetat*.

You can turn it down shortly before mealtime by snacking on something sweet.

The sugar in a soft drink, a couple of cookies, or a candy bar turns into energy in minutes.

By cutting your appetite and increasing your energy, sugar helps slip you past the "fat time of day" the sweetest way possible.

Sugar... only 18 calories per teaspoon, and it's all energy.

*"A neural center in the hypothalamus believed to regulate appetite."—
Webster's Third New International Dictionary.



Never enough time?
Handy new recipe booklet,
"Desserts by the Clock,"
fits baking time to
your time. Send 10¢ for
postage and handling.

Sugar Information

Dept. A, P.O. Box 2664, Grand Central Station, New York, N.Y. 10017



*What can one man do, my friend
What can one man do
To fight pollution in the air
That's closing in from everywhere?*

There is one thing you can do, my friend.

You can share in the new sense of urgency in our country as Americans everywhere tackle the pollution problem. And that's good. One company or one man cannot do everything. But we can all do something.

In 25 states of the East and South our AMOCO[®] Super-Premium gasoline has no lead in it. No lead. To pollute the air. Or your engine. And all our gasolines everywhere are made with a new engine cleansing ingredient called AMOTONE.* It cleans where dirt hurts most. These things mean a clean engine. And a clean engine burns cleaner. So the air is a little cleaner.

Meanwhile we're trying just as hard as we know how to solve the basic problem. For instance, at all our facilities we're working to fix whatever pollution problems we find.

We're working with car manufacturers, too. Some day soon they expect to produce cars that won't pollute the air. Such cars will require a lead free gasoline. And we're ready whenever they are. That's the real answer to the problem. Cars that don't foul the air. And gasolines that don't either.

Some day all gasolines will probably be lead free. But right now there is only one. Lead-Free AMOCO Super-Premium.



- INVESTIGATIVE REPORT** 30
Louisiana's Unshaken Mobster Boss
 The governor promised a cleanup, but Mafia chieftain Carlos Marcello still runs things his way in a state where he has plenty of friends in high places. By David Chandler and Life's investigative reporting team

- What Do You Do with \$900,000,000?** 38
 Alaska's oil bonanza gives it a problem that every state should have, by Dale Wittner

- A Victory for Beauty** 48
 With some human help, the mighty trumpeter swan soars back from the edge of extinction. Photographed by Vernon Merritt III

- The Good Witch of the West** 59
 Los Angeles' official sorceress casts only kindly spells

- The Doctors' Bitter Feud** 62B
 Two great heart surgeons work almost side by side in Houston—but not on speaking terms. The Texas Tornado vs. Dr. Wonderful, by Thomas Thompson

- Weird Water Toys** 78
 Amsterdam offers inflatable bags, pillows and snakes that you can walk on—or in

- DEPARTMENTS**
THE PRESIDENCY Making points with civility. By Hugh Sides 4

- GALLERY** Ray K. Metzker's photocomposition 8
REVIEWS 12-18

- Richard Schickel writes about dirty language in the movies
 Robert Marasco's *Child's Play*, reviewed by Tom Prideaux

- LETTERS TO THE EDITORS** 26A
COLUMN Ten long minutes in Punchbowl. 28B
 By Joan Didion

- SPECIAL REPORT** The Navy versus Culebra. 47
 By Greg Waller

- PARTING SHOTS** The distinguished gentlemen from yesterday 81

© 1970 TIME INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. REPRODUCTION IN WHOLE OR PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED

COVER: RALPH MORSE 3; VERNON MERRITT III 4; cartoon by LUIE 6, 9; security PHOTOGRAPHERS GALLERY: photo by RAY K. METZKER 32; drawings by JOHN MARTINEZ 38; MARTHA SWOPE 38B; ROBERT GOYAN 39; BOB MATTHEW 39; BOB L. FISHBEIN SHAY 39; L. L. PELHAM from RAPID-GUN LUMETTE 34; ARTHUR SHAY 35-35 P. 1, 36, 37; ARTHUR SHAY and L. L. 38 through 42; BOB PETERSON 42; LYNN PELHAM from RAPID-GUN LUMETTE 35; MICHAEL ROUGIER 46; 63; MICHAEL ROUGIER, HEINZ KLUETHEER, MEL FINKELSTEIN for the N.Y. DAILY NEWS-MICHAEL BAUGIER 62B through 74; RALPH MORSE 76, 77; H. PETER BOLSONIACO; H. PETER BOLSONIACO 78, 79; PETER BOESMA 82; U. P. 82-83; etc. 84; etc. U. P. 84; SERVICE PHOTOGRAPHERS 85; U. P. 87; BOB BLACK for the CHICAGO SUN-TIMES; WILLIAM L. LAFORE for the SAN PAPER; BALTIMORE; JIM GOVINGTON-A. P. (2); JOHN BENNETT for the WACO NEWS TRIBUNE; BOB CARTER by LUIE

April 10, 1970 Volume 68, Number 13
 LIFE is published weekly except two issues yearly combine two issues in one by Time Inc., 341 R. Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Illinois 60611, principal office: Rockefeller Center, New York, N. Y. 10020. James H. Stoen, President; Richard S. Welles, Treasurer; John F. Wiley, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized by postmaster and by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Canada and at payment of postage in each U. S. subscription 12.00 a year and Canadian subscription 12.00 a year.

A welcome victory for the cause of beauty

Good news about almost anything is rather a rarity these days. Good news about our environment is scarcely heard at all.

For more than a decade LIFE has been recording the destruction of wilderness and wildlife. It has been a dismal tale of despoiled lands, polluted rivers, spreading smog and endangered species. In the past year this has become a nationwide cause, a matter of concern to more and more citizens. Bad news about our environment is now plentiful, and the feeling grows that no week will pass without the threat of some new ecological disaster. Most depressing of all, many people feel that little can be done about it.

It is therefore a special pleasure to present the story beginning on page 48, Photographer Vernon Merritt's "A Victory for Beauty." His pictures of the magnificent trumpeter swan are a triumph of photography, but even more, they are a triumph of conservation. The species was once reduced to a total of 69 birds, and it seemed inevitable that these last few would vanish altogether. But almost 60 years of careful protection have brought the trumpeters back in such numbers (more than 5,000 today) that they are no longer considered an endangered species.

The swans survived because a number of people in government agencies and conservation groups believed that something *could* be done. There were also some private citizens, the members of the Edwards family in British Columbia, who made a special personal contribution, described by Dolly Connelly on page 56. The contribution had nothing to do with money—the Edwardses never had any to speak of—but it is one that all admirers of wildlife can respect and perhaps envy.

I have never seen a trumpeter swan in the wild, or heard the strange call that is responsible for its name. Most LIFE readers will probably never have that opportunity, either, since the birds live in wilderness territory and are still not a common sight even today. But the great white wingspread is there in Merritt's pictures, a startling flash of beauty across the sky to say that something can, indeed, be done.

Ralph Graves
 RALPH GRAVES
 Managing Editor



TRUMPETER SWANS



Making points with civility

At about this stage in a modern Presidency, thanks to the relentless TV eye and the inexhaustible supply of newsprint, the American people begin to get a real sense of the man in the White House.

It is a kind of subliminal appraisal, depending only in part on the big, visible moments of presidential crisis and ceremony. It is also the sum of all the unconnected, gossipy backstairs whispers and rumors about the man that always find their way into public knowledge.

How this affects a President's ability to lead is debatable, but since electronics have introduced him into most living rooms from breakfast to bed, the little things now count more than they used to in earlier Presidencies. A body of opinion holds that long before Lyndon Johnson lost the American people over the Vietnam war, he had made himself a thoroughly unlikeable person to a vast number of citizens, and it then became very easy for them to turn against him on questions of policy. L.B.J.'s legendary meanness, crudeness and avarice were so open and so utterly compelling in the White House setting that his moments of kindness, decency and even bursts of humility either went unnoticed or were dismissed as theatrics.

Richard Nixon has taken this unfortunate page from the old manual and rewritten it. He has rewritten it so thoroughly, indeed, that some people wish there were a faint whiff of

rogueishness somewhere, a juicy story of vented outrage that would give the President a more human dimension. The fact is that the atmosphere around the Oval Office is one of unrelieved thoughtfulness and gentility. Calculated or not, the effect of the new style in the vast temperate zones of American opinion has been immense. Critics who thrive on personality fissures are utterly frustrated.

When he went to Florida for Easter, Nixon took his barber, Steve Martini, along on Air Force One so that Martini could visit his sick mother. As he walked out the White House door, Nixon called to his aide John Ehrlichman, who has been under intense pressure, "Use my place at Camp David."

There is not a single provable story (or even an unprovable one) about Nixon blowing up at a Cabinet officer, staff member, guest or reporter. Once he was heard to say about the draft, "My God, why don't we do something about it?" But that is the strongest outburst on record.

When irritated, Nixon tends to become excessively polite, a tactic the obtuse often miss-read. One agency head who had been overselling his programs suddenly heard the President saying, "I understand completely. . . . I'm glad you brought that up. . . . Won't you have a cup of coffee?" The man thought he had won the day, but those closer to Nixon knew that he had lost it.

The President swept up Frankie Blair, a White House kitchen helper, and took him bowling. He has stopped off in the lower reaches to commend Chef Henry Haller and Maître d' John Ficklin for an unusually fine dinner. Before Christmas he went around the White House personally delivering boxes of candy to the telephone operators and mail handlers, some of whom had never had personal contact with a President in all their years of service there.

Ceremonial flubs especially annoy Nixon, yet the most he will say to aides after a gaffe is, "Let's do it differently next time." He believes that the men around him are all of the highest quality, that they do not make mistakes deliberately, and that when they do they recognize them and feel worse than he does. To dismember them is unnecessary.

As he flew to the Vatican last year, he rounded up all the Catholics on board and took them with him to meet the Pope. The other day he walked down the hall, passed an office door by a few steps, whirled and came back to shake the hand of Warrant Officer Elmer Juanich, who was about to be sent overseas.

When Nixon summons a Cabinet officer, he often asks if it is convenient for the man to see him just then. An astounding number of

times the fellow says it isn't, and the President sets a new hour. More than one visitor in the offices of the big three—Kissinger, Ehrlichman and Haldeman—has been startled to hear one of them pick up the phone and say, "I'm in a meeting right now, Mr. President. I'll be down just as soon as I finish." The total response Lyndon Johnson demanded is hard for this city to forget. Thus, a mini-legend was started when Ehrlichman, on his way to see the President, stopped the White House elevator for a messenger and his cart of documents, allowed the courier to go to his floor and disembark, then strode off to answer the presidential summons.

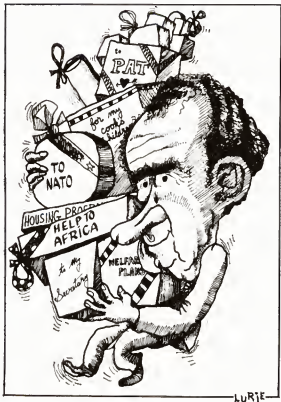
When he learned that it was the birthday of one of Henry Kissinger's daughters and that the aide was flying to Boston to see her, Nixon called Kissinger in, presented him with a presidential seal made into a pin encrusted with pearls, and had it gift wrapped. It was Nixon who decided to forgo TV athletics one Saturday and run up to Philadelphia to honor Conductor Eugene Ormandy on his 70th birthday. On another Saturday, he insisted on taking Senator William Fulbright, not exactly a philosophical bedfellow, when he attended the Texas-Arkansas football game last fall.

If his appointments run longer than expected and someone is waiting, Nixon will interrupt his first engagement so that he can greet his next visitor, and then come back to number one. He makes certain that the Vice President is never left outside his door for more than a few minutes.

Nixon had surprise ceremonies for two aides who became generals, personally pinning on the stars. When a White House secretary married a man from communications, he called them in for a picture with the President.

When Nixon delivers a speech on which Bill Safire has worked and the talk goes well, Safire expects and receives two calls—the first from the President, the second from Safire's mother. A few weeks ago when Nixon had to draft a letter to the ruffled French president, Georges Pompidou, a short notice went through the interoffice system to one Arthur Downey, until then an anonymous body assigned to the National Security Council staff. It said, "The President was particularly pleased with your expert drafting of the letter to President Pompidou. . . . He asked me to convey his thanks and personal compliments."

All these instances are simply small examples of courtesy and good manners. None of them is specifically intimate in character and they could as easily have been lifted from a textbook on executive thoughtfulness. But together they surely mean that Nixon's personal shortcomings will probably never make corrosive chatter at dinner tables and cocktail parties around the country. L.B.J. may have helped to destroy himself with petty maliciousness, but if backstairs talk means anything at all, Nixon will not.





Sure it's expensive, but look what you don't get.

A ball pen that's bulky. That's what you don't get with the Parker International Classic Ball Pen. Because we slimmed that sterling silver case down till it's downright skinny. To make it fit nimbly in your hand.

You don't get a stingy ink supply, either. You get ink that lasts and lasts—as much as five times longer

than ordinary ballpoints.

You don't get handwriting that gets lost in the crowd. Because the Parker ball tip is made so precisely, you can choose from four different sizes—for just the stroke you like. Extra-fine. Fine. Medium. Or Broad.

And you don't get a temperamental pen. The International Classic writes smoothly from

the start. And puts its crisp line down with less than four ounces of pressure. We guarantee that this pen will write flawlessly for a lifetime, with just normal refill replacement. Otherwise, we'll repair it or replace it—free.

Twelve dollars is a lot to pay for a ball pen.

But consider what you don't get.

The sterling silver International Classic Ball Pen. A memorable gift for personal or business friends. With matching Cartridge Pencil, \$24.

Other Parker pens from the \$1.98 Jotter Ball Pen to the \$150 Presidential Fountain Pen.

PARKER
INTERNATIONAL CLASSIC BALL PEN



*Clairol
invents Kindness®
Heat-Activated Conditioner
for the
droop-proof
curl.*



It's the first conditioner—a kind of mist—made to work with the heat of electric hairsetters. Kindness Conditioner gives your hair body and your curls bounce. It's protein enriched to give your hair a natural shine that you don't have to hide under sticky spray. And best of all, Kindness makes your set last hours longer than ever before.

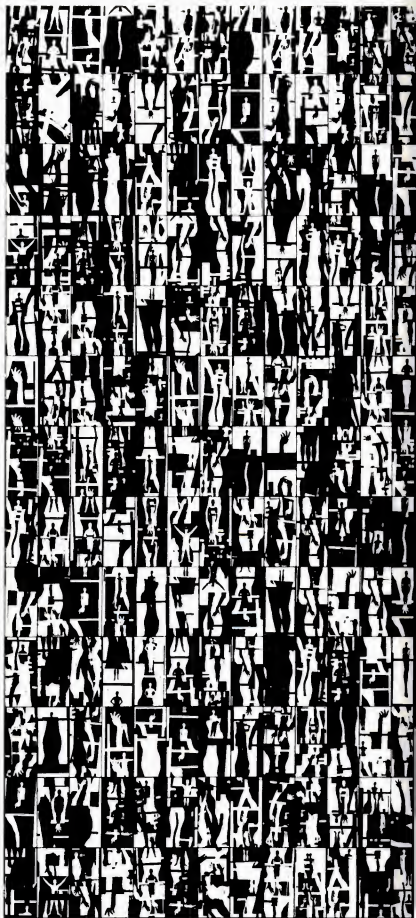
Just spray it on. And set your hair with any electric hairsetter. (We recommend Kindness® Instant Hairsetters because Clairol's exclusive rollers hold heat better than the others.) And in 5 little minutes, you'll have droop-proofed your curls. Even helps protect against rain. And wind. And humidity. And just plain living.

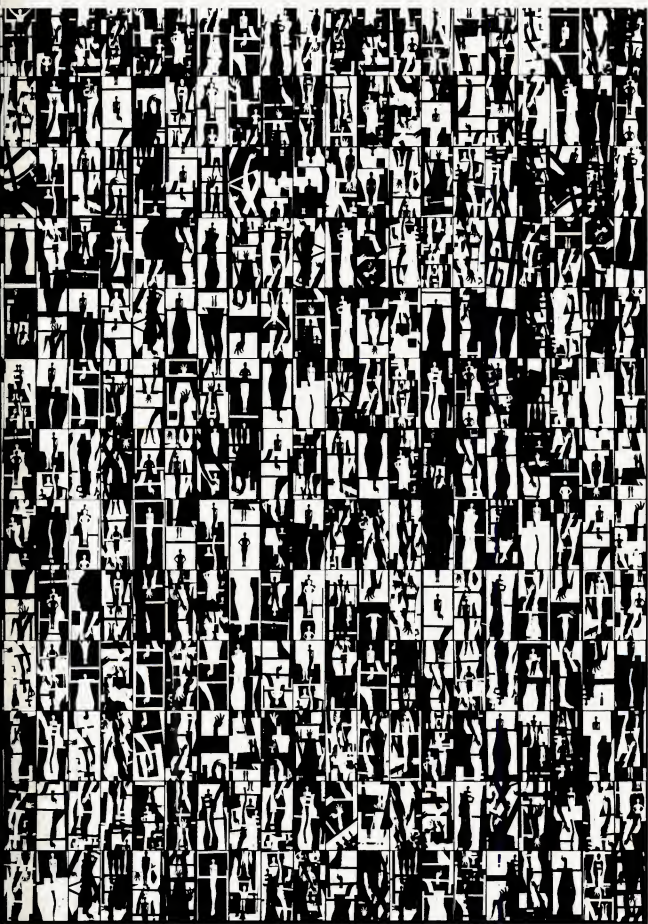
So look for Kindness Heat-Activated Conditioner by Clairol. The company that knows all about women's hair. And keeps on improving it.

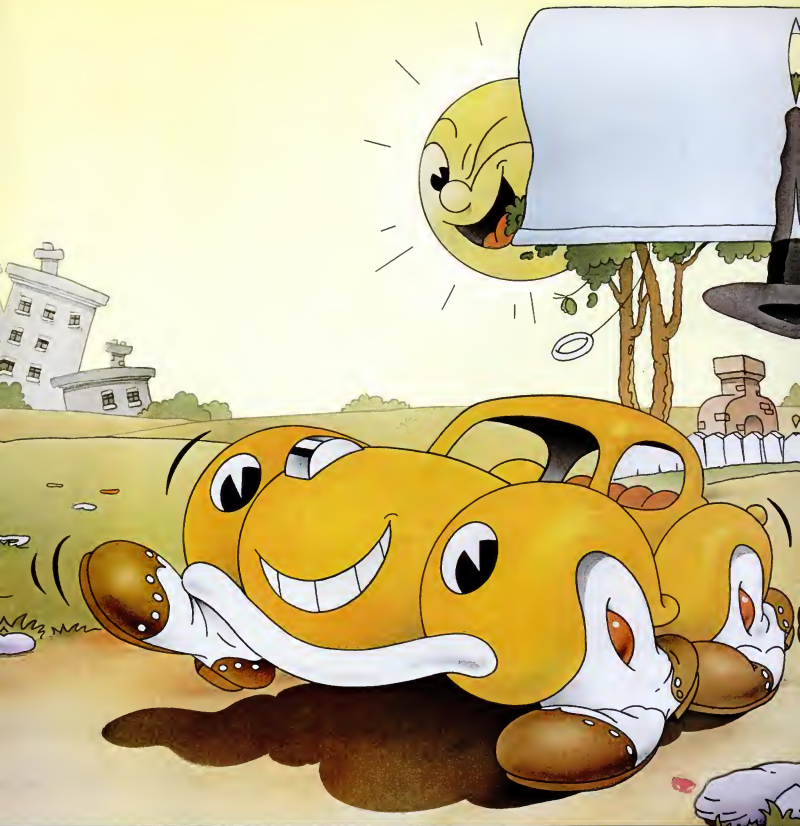


GALLERY

Photographer Ray K. Metzker made the composition at right by pasting together 442 picture units like the one enlarged above. In each unit male and female forms were superimposed in an endless variety of positive and negative images, and the resulting original measures 36x30 inches. The picture took Metzker almost four months to make and illustrates what he calls an "extended viewing experience." He feels a single image is too much the photographer's own selection, and "the exciting thing here is that the viewer is able to probe for pictures within the picture."







Give the house a new coat. New shade tree.
New shoes for the car. Primp up the garden.
A new topper for the terrace.
New shaver for the lawn.



Dress things up
for Spring with
Master Charge®



Accepted
all over town
all over America

Use your Master Charge card at home or
when you travel. Look for the Master Charge
sign or the Interbank symbol.

Now playing: the four-letter word

OBSCENITY IN FILMS

Henry David Aiken, the philosopher, has recently decried the "ghoulish gentility" now afflicting certain circles in our society. He observes that this gentility, especially as it is applied to foul-mouthed youth, "is a creature, not of the cultivated mind, but of an established power so brittle that it cannot abide, let alone comprehend" certain four-, eight- and 12-letter "affronts to its dignity." He may exaggerate slightly, but there is no doubt in my mind that the use of verbal obscenity—and the reaction against it—understandably intensifies in times of great national stress.



More important, the furor over this subject strikes me, as it does Dr. Aiken, as absurd. We really have more important subjects to discuss.

Indeed, most of the words the kids shout at the cops (and vice versa) are in common use in some of the nicest homes I know—my own included. I have, in fact, been a habitual swearer for as long as I can remember and somewhere in late adolescence my mother, a gentlewoman if there ever was one, despaired of her attempts to reform my language and publicly consoler herself with the thought that my best efforts didn't hold a candle to those of my great-grandfather Montgomery—apparently a legend in his own time around Evansville, Wis.

I mention all this to suggest that bad-mouthing has a long, honorable history in this country and that its roots are sunk as deeply into the soil of Middle America (both the region and the class) as anywhere else. I mention it also because, despite all the swooning spells in high places, the most important trend in movies right now is a determined assault on the (bad) language barrier. I regard it as a development far more important than the longer-term, much-discussed movement toward greater nudity and more detailed and realistic depictions of the sex act. The latter has, in any case, gone about as far as it can go. Dirty talk, on the other hand, is a new thing and may well have some distance to go before it is as common as bare breasts and bums are today.

Let me make it clear that I have no general objection to nakedness and fornication on the screen, although occasionally I have specific ones, based on the esthetics applicable to a given film. On the other hand, it must be admitted that the sight of an actor or actress naked is rarely, if ever, essential to our understanding of the character he or she is playing. Quite the opposite. Generally, nudity has the effect of lifting us at least momentarily out of the fictional frame and into the delightful but rarely relevant realm of comparative anatomy.

Similarly, the precise style in which a couple couples usually sheds less light on their psychologies and their conflicts, not to mention the other issues a movie happens to be taking up, than film makers fondly believe. Even in these liberated days, a sheet is usually pulled over the lovers, hiding from our view those kinks and quirks and tastes that might tell us something more about them—thank God.

Language, however, is a different matter. It is our primary mode of expressing ourselves as individuals. Indeed, to risk a cliché, language is culture. To place arbitrary inhibitions on speech is to deny the artist full access to the basic tool of his trade. Movies may be primarily a visual medium, but they do talk—and attempt to reveal character, tell stories, point morals. And totally free speech is essential to these enterprises. That film should continue to lag behind the stage and the novel in this respect is reprehensible. That several recent movies give evidence of narrowing the gap between film and the other fictional media is a cause for at least one cheer—more would have been in order had the movies, as a whole, proved better.

Pauline Kael, that fine critic, concluded her review of *M*A*S*H*, that fine movie, by saluting "its contribution to the art of talking dirty." The salute was well earned because, in addition to the film's other virtues, it represents the first time in our movie history that soldiers and doctors spoke as surely they must under the pressure of war. The flow of their obscenity was easy, unforced, natural and drew us into the mad, masculine world they inhabited. Involved in the larger obscenity of war, their language was both a defense and a release, and, often, a form of insight.

I wish I could report that the other examples of the cinematic free speech movement were as successful as *M*A*S*H*, but all of them are, at the least, interesting films.

The slightest of them is *Tropic of Cancer*. Joseph Strick's trivializing adaptation of Henry Miller's famous contraband novel. Strick uses large chunks of Miller's prose as voice-over narration, stream-of-consciousness commentary on the action onscreen. Miller had a wonderful gift for turning commonly used Anglo-Saxon nouns and verbs into an earthy poetry whose principal subject was his own youthful and obsessive interest in women and the things a man might do with them. It was good, rich, alive writing and it remains the best thing about the movie, which turns out to be a rather jolly little item, more in the mood of a French bedroom farce than anything else. I liked the casual, cheerful way Strick handled female nudity. There is plenty of what my colleague Jane Howard has memorably named "frontalia," but it is no big deal.

The trouble is that *Tropic of Cancer* was, and may remain, rather a big deal in our literary history. In the novelized reminiscence of his years as a wind-and-out scrounger in Paris, Miller evoked a milieu (the early '30s) that Strick ignores by modernizing it, thereby falsifying Miller. The book also parodied the romantic image of the starving artist with a ferocity lacking in the movie. There was, beyond the jokes and sex, a blackness, a despair that it was the function of the jokes and the sex to keep at bay, but never quite drawn out. In this pretty film an important essence is lost, and it is ironic that the spoken Miller prose keeps reminding us of what we are missing.

Something like the same thing occurs in *The Boys in the Band*. I am told by those who saw the play that Mark Crowley has been extremely faithful in adapting his work to the screen. Too bad—for it is not really much good, except in one respect. It captures nicely the peculiar patois of the urban homosexual, which has more subtlety, perhaps a wider range of reference, than the language of most semi-submerged groups. And homosexuals are nothing if

not self-aware and therefore prone to quite conscious self-parody. It is, indeed, one of their most engaging qualities and I don't know of any contemporary work that better captures the ring of their voices than *The Boys in the Band*. In other purely stylistic matters like dress and decor, Director William Friedkin matches Crowley's verbal expertise.

Where the piece falls down is in its dramaticity. Michael, the host of a birthday party, who is a secret hater of his homosexual state, becomes self-pityingly drunk and insists that his guests play a game in which they must call up people they have secretly loved and confess their love. By the third call, the repetitiveness of the device had rendered it ineffective. Moreover, Michael is neither written so strongly by Crowley nor played so effectively by Kenneth Nelson that we ever really believe him capable of forcing the others to indulge in this form of self-torture.

In the end, I felt as if I had been on a sightseeing tour of Greenwich Village, asked to look at the exotics and prove my liberal-mindedness by recognizing them as fellow human beings, with problems not so very different from those of heterosexuals, after all. Well, sure. But I think most of us know that already, and I think the film degrades both us and the troubled lives which it asks us to examine. One leaves it exhausted, as one does all rubberneck excursions, but neither emotionally elevated nor intellectually enlightened.

Which, I must say, is pretty much the way I felt *A Married Couple*. This is an interesting exercise, in that Canadian documentarian Allan King moved his crew and cameras into the home of a couple that is, in fact, married, and then wired up the joint so cameras and mikes could pick them up anywhere, anytime. And surely they got some good stuff—their squabbles about separate bedrooms, the need for a new harpsichord, fairly sharing the car and so on—are just as true as true can be. This is the way a modern young couple fights. And, indeed, their pleasures are also recognizable. Watching it, I couldn't help but wish that more of our fictional film makers would write true, gritty dialogue like that which Mr. and Mrs. Billy Edwards invent on the spot. Intriguing as the film is, however, one never really feels that it is, as a whole, truly true. One cannot help but think there is something essentially unnatural about their self-exposure—so much so that in the end one cannot believe there is much analogy between their experi-



es and our own. Either they are subtly falsifying for the sake of the camera or they are so entirely unfunctioned as to be freaks—nothing at all like the rest of us, that truly silent majority who winces when someone tries to take a snapshot and would never let a gang of documentary moviemakers into the house. Again, however, it is on the simplest verbal level that the movie, with its frank naturalism, grabs us. Indeed, as in all the films I've been discussing, it is the words that compel our attention, sustain our interest—and, of course, give us hope for the future. For if the screen is going to be as free with them as it already is with the nude body, then it is possible that it will shortly be in a position to tell as well as it already shows.

by Richard Schickel

There's only one way to lose weight. Stop eating.

You can exercise every morning... wear yourself out wearing weight belts. Or roll that little wheel around the floor until your rug is shot. But an average girl has to exercise about 12 hours to burn off a single pound.

So if you're going to lose weight, you have to stop eating.

Who can stand the hassle?

How many times have you tried eggs or celery or raw carrots? Or measuring out a few ounces of this and that for each and every meal?

About the only other choice has been the mix-with-milk powders. Which never tasted very good. And no diet food ever works better than it tastes. Which is exactly why we invented a new one.

Introducing Shape:

Our new meal-substitute is also a mix-with-milk powder. But it's different than the other diet powders were.

Shape is made with wholesome ingredients and natural sweeteners, so it has a few important calories more than the others ever did. They're important be-

cause they make our Chocolate and Vanilla and Strawberry flavors taste good enough that you can stay with them long enough to lose.

New stay-fresh container.

New Shape comes ten meals to a can. In a resealable coffee-type cannister. With a little measuring scoop inside to help keep you honest.

Two scoops mixed with milk make a good-tasting drink, rich with the vitamins and minerals and protein needed for health.

You can substitute Shape for one or two meals a day. Or, if you're really serious about losing, four Shape meals a day for a while, and no other food.

No, it's still not a milkshake.

But if we made it taste any better, you'd start sneaking it now and then, and you'd get fat on it.

Try it. We think we've made Shape taste good enough that it can help you stop eating.



Stop eating.



robber fly attacking a grasshopper

BRING DRAMA LIKE THIS INTO YOUR CLASSROOM

Each day miniature struggles for survival like this unfold with all the drama of any human experience. Yet students are often unaware of the lessons of the captivating and informative insect world, because it is not readily observable . . . under ordinary circumstances.

LIFE Filmstrips are hardly ordinary circumstances. In fact our new six-part series entitled INSECTS combines in one extraordinary achievement the work of expert naturalists with LIFE photographic techniques.

INSECTS is the definitive work of its kind. This filmstrip series will give your students a comprehensive overview of the world of insects—what makes insects different from other animals, the violence of insects, their reproduction and growth, insect architecture, the complex social organization of insects, and the insect's role in the balance of nature.

In short these new LIFE Filmstrips examine in a visually dramatic fashion virtually all aspects of the world of insects.

And INSECTS is just a part of LIFE Education's extensive and varied filmstrip library. Filmstrips cover topics ranging from THE EPIC OF MAN AND THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS TO

DARWIN'S WORLD OF NATURE and a NEW PORTRAIT OF OUR PLANET.

In addition, three new filmstrips have been added to THE ANIMAL KINGDOM series—a remarkable study of the elephant and his shrinking world and two filmstrips on bees and their living habits.

All LIFE Filmstrips are in full color and can be used on any filmstrip projector or slide projector with a filmstrip attachment. And filmstrips in the INSECTS series average more than 70 frames each.

Besides being the best in the field, LIFE Filmstrips are also the least expensive—as little as \$5 each or about 10¢ a frame.

All of which amounts to an educational bargain you can't afford to ignore.

To get these LIFE Filmstrips for your classes fill out and mail this order form today.

CHECK THE FILMSTRIPS YOU DESIRE AND MAIL THIS COUPON TO

LIFE EDUCATION PROGRAM
BOX 834
RADIO CITY STATION, N.Y., N.Y. 10019

Your name _____ School _____

Address _____ Subject _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____ 835

INSECTS

- ___ #315 What Insects Are
- ___ #316 Senses & Defenses
- ___ #317 Reproduction & Growth
- ___ #318 Homemaking
- ___ #319 Caste & Society
- ___ #320 Ecology

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

- ___ #311 Birds
- ___ #312 Lions
- ___ #313 Sharks
- ___ #314 Snakes
- ___ #321 Beara: What They Are
- ___ #322 Beara: How They Live
- ___ #323 Elephants

Price Schedule 1-3—\$7 each 4-10—\$6 each 11 or more—\$5 each
(\$1 more per strip for Canada)

- Payment enclosed Bill me later Send me the LIFE Education catalog

Please add 75¢ for shipping and handling.



There's an easier way to get her favorite color



It's called Custom-Color—John Deere's way of remembering your wife at tractor-buying time.

Let her choose from: Sunset orange. Patio red. Spruce blue. April yellow. Or John Deere green.

Her favorite color is available on 8-, 10-, 12-, and 14-h.p. Weekend Freedom Machines. (You choose the horsepower!) Any model will keep grass from growing into your weekends and serve you faithfully for years.

Your John Deere dealer is listed in the Yellow Pages. See him soon.

And take your wife along.

**Weekend
Freedom
Machine**



For folder, write John Deere, Dept. LG, Moline, Ill. 61265

Get rid of the gray gradually, the way you got it. Who'll know?



©1969 CLAIROL, INC.

Gray matters. That's no secret. But getting rid of it can be. Because with Clairrol's Great Day®, you can let youth creep up on you a little at a time, so people won't notice. They'll know you look better, but they probably won't know why.

More men use it than you'd suspect. They could even be your close friends. After all, how could you tell? Especially if they started using Great Day as soon as a little gray appeared.

All you do is shampoo Great Day into your hair every 2 weeks, and leave it for 10 minutes. Then rinse it out. And part of the gray is gone.

And with Great Day, you don't have to go all the way to dark. You can leave some of the gray. But if you're still not satisfied when you look a little younger, keep using it and look a lot younger.

Great Day was created just for men by Clairrol, who knows all there is to know about coloring hair. It contains no peroxide at all, so it doesn't harm your hair at all. In fact, in addition to being a colorant it's really a conditioning shampoo, and leaves your hair looking fuller than before.

It gets inside the hair itself; not like other products that just build up on the surface. So it doesn't come off on pillows or collars. And it doesn't change your original hair color. All it changes is the gray.

So get rid of the gray gradually with Great Day. And all you'll want to keep under your hat is the secret.



LIFE THEATER REVIEW

School spirit in need of exorcising

CHILD'S PLAY

We've never had so many kids getting hurt around here. Hell, if it were just good old vandalism, protest; but they're going at one another. Deliberately, whenever they can, they try to hurt one another. . . ."

And to justify Father Griffin's alarm over his students in a Catholic boarding school, one lad is soon carried screaming into the faculty room with his eye nearly gouged out, and another boy, his torso bloody from whipping, is hung on a cross in the chapel. From the outset of *Child's Play*, it is gruesomely clear that the school is in the grip of fiendish forces.

Tracking down and defining these forces provide the substance of a well-written drama by Robert Marasco, which owes its success, I think, as much to the absence of any other half-way decent serious play on Broadway as to its own merits. It is a good play, but hardly the blockbuster that some drama-starved critics have been moved to call it.

Also in its favor, Producer David Merrick has hired a mixture of old and young talent to give it the Broadway expertise so often scorned in more rarefied circles, but essential to an offbeat melodrama like this.

The veteran stage designer Jo Mielzner has helped the play incalculably by a multileveled block of scenery that represents the lay faculty room of the Catholic school, with Gothic arches soaring into darkness, carved balustrades, corridors and stairways. Built to stand the stomping of young feet and provide the teachers with a homey refuge complete with snack-filled icebox, Mielzner's set emits an aroma of sanctity and clutter, frankness and sneakers.

The play is impressively directed by young Joseph Hardy, most of whose prior stage work has been off-Broadway. From the start, Hardy keeps the students, bent on violence and self-mutilation, gliding over the set like midnight commandos, victims of an unknown evil which they must drive out, and serving somewhat as the Greek chorus did in *Oedipus Rex*. That the playwright had the Sophoclean tragedy in mind is proved by the *Oedipus* line he affixed to his script: "Phoebus, our Lord, plainly orders us to drive out a defiling thing, which he says has been harbored in this land."

While Director Hardy creates a mood of amorphous suspense, he also draws steel-sharp portraits from an expert troupe of male actors. Each may be the defiling thing. Is it Pat Hingle, as the beloved English teacher



Ken Howard and an unruly student

who defended his boys for 30 years? Is it Fritz Weaver, as the strict, old-maidish Latin prof? Or is it Ken Howard, as a faculty newcomer who supervises the gym? The defiler, it turns out, is the secret hate that festers in one man's heart and mystically infects the student community.

When finally unmasked, the carrier of contagion in *Child's Play* is the kind of man whom Coleridge once described as a creature of "motifless malignity." He has no reason to be so wicked. He just is. Such a specimen, it occurs to me, is peculiarly refreshing to audiences nowadays because most modern villains are all too minutely analyzed. The scoundrels that we once dismissed with hisses, we now examine with "Tsk, tsk." As Saul Bellow reminds us in *Mr. Sammler's Planet*, "Intellectual man had become an explaining creature." In the process, we have explained much of the fascination out of evil, and even cut down great Lucifer to a stock case of paranoia.

But despite this loss, despite the deglamorizing of sin, in all serious conduct we are surely far better off examining the causes of evil and probing for explanations. Villains without motives, of course, can still excite us in Shakespeare, on Broadway or in fairy tales. When Saint George slays the dragon, who wants to hear the beast explain with his dying puffs of fire, "It wasn't really my fault. I am maladjusted. My mother ran off with a sea monster."

Because I believe in frequent vacations from explanations, I wanted to accept the presence of pure evil in *Child's Play*. It is useful for the author's parable about the power of hate and makes for damned good theater. The only trouble is that the play is rooted both in parable and in realism. The parable rings true. But I finally couldn't quite believe that those same students who were drinking Cokes from the icebox were slashing themselves and each other because one man had hate in his heart.

by Tom Prideaux
LIFE Theater Editor

ROVING SURPRISE!

Wherein KLM directs the wandering traveler to a Cheese Express, a fish hunt, a herring celebration and a Pilgrim festival—all an hour's meander from Surprising Amsterdam.



Learn the special significance of his colored hat when you visit this unique cheese town near Surprising Amsterdam.

Every Friday, in July and August, the famous Cheese Express chugs out of Amsterdam. Its destination: a jumbled old town called Alkmaar and its colorful, busy, booming outdoor cheese market.

Aboard the train "cheese ladies" will whet your appetite for the treat to come with nibble-size free samples of Edam and Gouda. When you arrive you'll almost instantly find yourself weaving and ducking past scurrying cheese porters. You'll scoot around these *barrows*. And come upon rows of cheese a block long! But don't wear yourself out. You'll need strength for the fish hunt.

The Rotterdam fish hunt. In Rotterdam, you can go *fish hunting*. Instead of a fishing boat, you'll board a 200-ton fish *pursuit ship* where you'll spend the day hauling in the North Sea's tasty game. The ship supplies all necessary

"hunting gear." You'll also enjoy the services of a well-stocked bar where you can toast your triumph after being photographed with your catch.

Herring and Pilgrims. Each October 3, the town of Leiden celebrates a 16th-century siege and famine that ended with the arrival of ships carrying bread and herring. There's dancing—and free herring—to be enjoyed in the cobble streets. This year, Leiden celebrates another festival of special interest. To honor the 350th anniversary of the Pilgrim Fathers' journey from Holland to Plymouth Rock there will be parades, pageants and tours of the homes and churches where the Pilgrim Fathers lived, worked and prayed.

Fast Surprise. Amsterdam's central location enables you to get to the next major city on your itinerary with amazing speed. London and Paris are less than an hour away by air. Rome is just

over two hours. A good reason to start your trip in Surprising Amsterdam. Call your travel agent or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines.

Surprising offer.

The Surprising Dutch
G.P.O. Box No. 2315, New York, N.Y. 10001

Please send free brochures on Holland. And for 25¢ each, mailing costs, send booklets checked.

Surprising Amsterdam On Foot in Amsterdam
 Fun Lover's Guide Happy Holland

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

TRAVEL AGENT _____ C-1



Introducing Kangaroo Shorts.

They're new. From Munsingwear. They have the exclusive horizontal fly. They have the patented male pouch. They have the exclusive Lycra® legband. They're 100% cotton. And they're \$4.00 for a package of 3. Kangaroo Shorts. Are you ready for that kind of comfort in underwear?

munsingwear 
MUNSHINGWEAR, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017



LIFE BOOK REVIEW

A satirist pulls a Swift one

A NEW VOYAGE TO THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYNHNHMS by LEMUEL GULLIVER

edited by
MATTHEW HODGART, Esq.
(G. P. Putnam's Sons) \$2.95

I met Matthew Hodgart 12 years ago in Cambridge (the real Cambridge, on the Cam, in Cambridgeshire, not the Massachusetts imitation; I had not expected imitations to be creeping into this narrative so quickly). He performed some kind of academic function there about which I wish I weren't so vague because I need facts to hang onto. We took sherry in his rooms and talked of this and that—I forget. But hang onto that. I really met Matthew Hodgart. It's Fact One. I need it.

Fact Two, a book, published 1726: *Travels into Several Remote Parts of the World*, by Lemuel Gulliver, ex-medic, ex-captain, a levelheaded fellow clearly, though he barely escaped his last adventure with his life. It took him among very wise creatures indeed, the Chicago Seven have claimed no higher virtue, and they talked to him of Truth which is True because any fool or even horse can see it, so that there is only one side to any question (that's not the way he put it, I'm condensing).

He was a good pupil, but they finally sent him away for fear he might prove treacherous. He rather too much resembled certain filthy two-legged beings they called Yahoos, and he certainly didn't resemble the wise creatures at all. The wise creatures looked more like horses, and were called Houyhnhnms, which you pronounce by whinnying.

Alas, Fact Two soon starts to blur, because the word got about that there had never been any Lemuel Gulliver. (I repeat that I know there's a Matthew Hodgart.) The word was that a clergyman named Swift had written the book of *Travels*, the same Swift who it supposed to have written a proposal for eating children, and who spent the last three years of his life *non compos*.

It seems unlikely that a clergyman would have told such lies, but they say he was satirizing Rationalism, Intellectual Pride and Human Folly. The book is even published with Swift's name on the title page, and whole theories of Satire get based on it.

Which is demoralizing, but wait, here's Fact Three. Here's Matthew Hodgart, Esq., M.A., the man I took sherry with, doing his Academic Thing, which is editing. He has edited a manuscript he says he found in Dublin two years ago: *A New Voy-*



Swift as a minister in Oxford

age to the Country of the Houyhnhnms, being a lost Fifth Part of Mr. Gulliver's narrative. He did the transcribing and editing at Cornell, where he spent the spring of 1969, which may explain why some of his footnotes record how the manuscript kept reminding him of student revolts.

For example, the horses, whose coherence has diminished since Gulliver last saw them, keep affirming that the Yahoos have unsuspected talents which it's not for middle age to knock. Their "White Pills of Earth and Dung-smeared Slates" are explained to be "Works of Art," and when an obscenity gets scribbled "the admiring On-lookers cried out 'Wild! Wild!', which was their most favoured Word of Commendation."

Another example: the Yahoos storm the wise horses' stables, and barricade the doors, and issue Demands. By the time they are finally evicted by the Bulls, everything left loose in the place has been smashed. "They had also deposited their Excrements in extrem amounts all over the Hay and Floors." Even without a footnote you'd think of Berkeley.

But surely such parallels (they are innumerable) must be sheer coincidence, since Gulliver, let alone Swift, has been dead over 200 years?

But aha, says a skeptical voice somewhere in my head, and this is what's bothering me, Swift and Gulliver may be long dead, but what about your man Hodgart?

You follow? If it's conceivable, and it must be, since millions have conceived it, that Jonathan Swift faked the narrative of Gulliver, then it's conceivable too that Matthew Hodgart faked what he tells us is a long-lost addendum to the narrative of Swift. It's conceivable that during his time at Cornell he was so revolted by the Yahoo antics there that he couldn't help denouncing the shambles higher education had come to. But being a polite visitor, he did it obliquely.

It's conceivable, and if it is so, then we don't have a new Gulliver manuscript after all; a great loss—he's my favorite author. More important, I've taken sherry with a counterfeiter of documents. I'd like to think not. Not in Cambridge.

The publishers do nothing for my peace of mind. They classify the book Fiction. You can check for yourself. The publication date was April 1.

by Hugh Kenner

Mr. Kenner is an English professor at the U. of Calif. at Santa Barbara.

Have you got what it takes to spend The New Money?

Being one of the most famous cartoonists in the world didn't hurt Al Capp when he applied for the American Express Card—The New Money.

Doing well won't do you any harm either. To qualify for The New Money, you must earn a minimum of \$7500 a year, although your chances will improve immeasurably if you make more.

But even if you *do* make enough of the old money, ask yourself if you can use The New Money before you apply. Not every man can.

Do you travel on business? 97% of American Express Card members do. The average member spends \$2500 a year on travel. Do you fly? A third of our members make 25 air trips a year. Do you have an expense account for business lunches?

If you're our kind of man, we'd like to hear from you. Mail the Money Card application. Or write for one: American Express Card, Box 668, New York, N.Y. 10003.



American Express Card Member
040 072 493 6 4004X
Creator of "Li'l Abner"

The New Money offers you an enormous choice of restaurants in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut and around the world. Look for the American Express shield. ☞ It's your guide to good eating.

NEW YORK

Les Champs, 25 E. 40th Street.
Gallagher's, 33, 133 W. 33rd Street.
Whyte's Restaurant, 145 Fulton Street.
President, 370 Lexington Avenue.
Keens English Chophouse, 72 W. 36th Street.
Laurent, 111 E. 56th Street.
L'Orangerie, 59th & Madison.
La Maguette, 892 3rd Avenue.
Mario's Villa D'Este, 58 East 56th Street.
Pierres Restaurant, 52 E. 53rd Street.
Christ Cella, 160 E. 46th Street.
L'Etolle, 1 E. 59th Street.
La Fonda del Sol, 123 50th Street.
Spindletop Restaurant, 254 W. 47th Street.
Top of the Sixes, 666 5th Avenue.
Orsini, 43 W. 56th Street.
Regency Hotel, 540 Park Avenue.
Gingerman Restaurant, 51 W. 64th Street.
The Hilton Inn, Tarrytown.

NEW JERSEY

Cambridge Inn, Garden State Plaza, Paramus.
Cevinos Brick House Inn, 179 Godwin Avenue, Wyckoff.
Llewellyn Farms Junction, Route 10 & Route 202, Morris Plains.
Pal's Cabin, Prospect & Eagle Rock, W. Orange.
CONNECTICUT
Showboat Inn, 500 Steamboat Rd., Greenwich.
The Clam Box, Boston Post Rd., Cos Cob.



YOU FIND THEM IN ALL THE WORST PLACES.

Volvos are built to stand up under the toughest driving conditions imaginable.

So Volvos turn up in some pretty rough spots.

In Malaysia, they get 96 inches of rain a year. To keep from getting bogged down, the police are equipped with Volvos.

In Lappland, on the Arctic Circle, Volvos outsell everything but reindeer.

And here in America, where driving is no bed of roses, Volvos are proving nearly indestructible. 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years are still on the road.

That's not a guarantee. But it is a reassuring fact.

After all, before you can be seen in the best places, your car must first survive the trip.





**Marriott is like
having to cancel your vacation at Coney Island
because the boss wants you to represent the firm
at the Cannes Film Festival.**

Marriott is like running off and overlooking something. Like overlooking Acapulco Bay from the new 442 room Porosio/Marriott. Central Park from Marriott's posh Essex House. The Arizona oasis surrounding Marriott's chic Camelback Inn. Or a great family dinner at the Fairfield Inn, at the Saddle Brook Marriott.

Marriott is like a vacation to far away places, a weekend escape in town...or a honeymoon that could be a bit of both (by spending your wedding night at the Saddle Brook Marriott before flying off to other Marriotts). Marriott is like 1001 wonderful things. Marriott is like living.



Marriott Hotels in Acapulco, Atlanta, Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Houston, New York (Essex House), Philadelphia, Saddle Brook, N.J., Scottsdale, Ariz. (Camelback Inn), Washington, D.C., New Orleans (71), Denver (72), Los Angeles (72). Marriott Inns now open . . . San Francisco, Minneapolis, Louisville. More coming. Nationwide.

Marriott

MOTOR HOTEL, Garden State Parkway at Interstate 80, Saddle Brook, N.J.

For information on special weekend package plans, for business or pleasure, call (201) 843-9550. For reservations, call free from anywhere (800) 228-9290.

Ready when you are, sunshine!

Countdown. 10-9-8... Be there when it happens... 7-6-5...
The '70 Chrysler outboards and boats are... 4-3-2-1... here.
Blast-off.

Chrysler Makes It Happen, Captain!

So go with the choicest way to launch the "swingin'
season": '70 Chrysler Outboards. Swinger 3.6 to big
Hi-Performance 120 hp., even a Racing 135 hp.
All hp.'s OBC certified.

An armada of '70 Chrysler Boats, from runabouts to coho
fishers to cruisers, 12 to 24 footers. All BIA certified.

Why waste a sun ray, a salt spray, a single day? It's
happening now at your Chrysler Crew Dealer's. Find him fast.
For the name of your nearest dealer, call 800-243-6000, free.
(In Connecticut, 800-942-0655.)

He's the guy to put you in the advance party.

MARINE PRODUCTS



CHRYSLER
CORPORATION



Great vanishing act under knits!

The Vanishing Bra...Maidenform's soft, smooth Tricot-Confection.* With a whisper of Fiberfill. Stretches where you do... back, sides, straps. Fashion-right pastels. \$4

The Vanishing Half-Slip That Won't Slip Up (Guaranteed)...In Maidenform's permanently

cling-free** Taff-Smooth.* Slim and sleek.

Wear-Dated® by Monsanto. ** \$4

When I dream, I dream

maidenform

*All Nylon Tricot. Backs: Nylon, Lycra, Spandex. Excludes of Discretion. **This garment will be replaced or your money refunded if it fails to give one full year's normal wear. Return it with tag and receive also to Monsanto.††In atmosphere with a relative humidity of 40% or higher. ‡Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. ©1979, by Maidenform, Inc., makers of bras, girdles, T-shirts.

1.
10-inch-longer useable loadspace.

2.
Independent front suspension and
3½-inch-longer wheelbase
for better ride and handling.

3.
345 pounds more payload.
Up to 3930 pounds on
Tradesman 300.

4.
Hidden cargo step.
Cargo doors easier to open.
Won't stick or collect
ice or snow.

5.
Power steering,
optional.

Model shown is 127" wheelbase Tradesman 300.



17.
26-gallon gas tank.

16.
Front seat does not block
the cargo door entrance.

INTRODUCING THE ALL-NEW 1971

DODGE ST

The big, new Tradesman Van that outdoes the better

18.
Bumper jack
can be used with full load
on Tradesman 100 and 200.

22. 23.
Wind tunnel body shape
and 60" radius windows
reduce wind sway effect.
Doors adjustable three ways
for better sealing.

19.
Engine can be removed quickly
and easily through front of truck.

20. 21.
Two-stage door checks
stop doors from
accidentally closing on you.
Posi-latch doors
won't spring open.

24.
Extra rust protection
for underside and rocker panels.



See the Robert Goulet Show, ABC-TV, Tuesday, April 7. (Check your local TV listing for time.)

6.
Power brakes,
optional.

7.
7-inch-larger hood opening.
Easier battery,
dipstick, and radiator
servicing.

8.
Engine cover
is 4 inches lower, 10 inches shorter.
Makes it easy for driver to reach cargo area.

9.
Integral
air conditioning,
optional.

10.
Car-style
instrument panel.
All controls within easy reach.



11 12
Full-width sun visors.
Larger windshield
wiper pattern.

13.
High-level air intake
keeps incoming air
cooler and cleaner.

14.
Bigger standard engines.
198 Six, 318 V8.

15.
Independent suspension
and standard track
allow inexpensive front wheel
alignment on passenger car equipment.

LONG BOX

Idea people 31 ways.



25.
Automatic transmission,
optional with all Tradesman models.

26 27.
Two-inch-wider seats
with square corners for
better leg support.
Full-foam padding
means softer ride, more comfort.

28.
Wider doors and door steps
and less wheelhouse intrusion
make for easier ins and outs.

29 30 31.
Fiber-glass engine cover
reduces interior heat and noise.
Ashtray on engine cover.
Easy to reach.
Heater located in
engine compartment
for more leg- and footroom.

Dodge Trucks



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Hedley Donovan
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD Andrew Henckell
PRESIDENT James R. Shepley
CHAIRMAN, EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE James A. Linn
SENIOR STAFF EDITOR Daniel Seligman

VICE CHAIRMAN Roy E. Larsen

EDITOR Thomas Griffith
MANAGING EDITOR Ralph Graves

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS
 Roy Rowan Philip Kunhardt Robert Arjeman Loudon Wainwright
 Irwin Glazer Art Director

Charles Elliott, John Thorne COPY EDITORS
 Richard Pollard DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
 David Maness ADMINISTRATION
 A. B. C. Whipple EDITOR, INTERNATIONAL EDITIONS
 Marian A. MacPhail CHIEF OF RESEARCH

SENIOR EDITORS
 George Farmer, James Fixx, Steve Goldman,
 Mary Leatherbee, Scott Leavin, Don Moser, Milton Orshaker,
 Russell Sackter, David Scherman, Dorothy Seiberling, Richard Stolley,

STAFF WRITERS
 Jordan Bonfante, Barry Farrell, Jane Howard, Donald Jackson, Edward Kern,
 William McWhirter, Richard Meryman, Thomas Thompson.

PHOTOGRAPHIC STAFF

Carlo Bavagnoli, Larry Butrows, Ralph Crane,
 Walter Darran, John Dominis, Alfred Eisenstaedt, Bill Eppridge,
 Fritz Goro, Farrell Grubbs, Arthur Hays Sulzberger, Mark Kaufman,
 Dmitri Kessel, Nina Lech, John Looney, Leonard McCombe, Vernon Merritt III,
 Ralph Morse, Carl Mydans, Lennart Nilsson, John Olson,
 Gordon Parks, Bill Ray, Co. RENNERTS, Arthur Rickerby, Michael Rouger,
 George Silk, Grey Villet, Stan Wayman.

PHOTOGRAPHIC DEPARTMENT

Margaret Sargenti (Deputy), Barbara Baker, Barbara Brewster, Anne Drayton,
 Claudia Grassi, Ruth Lester, Karen Mullarkey, Carol Young,
 Laboratory: Herbert Orth.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Ronald Bailey, Wilbur Bragby, Robert Brigham, Michael Durham,
 Tom Flaherty, Patricia Hunt, Tom Hymowitz, Frank Kappeler, William Lambert,
 Stephen Mahoney, Michael Mosk, Gerald Moore, Henry Moscov, John Neary,
 Berry Stainback, Denny Walsh, Greg Walter.

ASSISTANT EDITORS

Sam Angeloff, Joan Barthel, Ann Bayer, Helen Blagden, David Bourdon,
 Kay Brigham, William Bruns, Josephine Burke, Mathilde Canocha, Betty Dunn,
 Frances Glendon, Muriel Hall, Stephen Heckler, Adrian Hope, Colin Leisner,
 Joann McQuiston, Alicia Moore, Maggie Paley, Marion Steinmann,
 Jessica Stuart, Richard Woodley.

REPORTERS

Rosemary Alexander, Mary Elizabeth Allison, Adrienne Anderson, Audrey Bell,
 Laura Bell, Eva Besody, Virginia Burke, Sean Callahan, Charles Childs,
 Marilyn Daley, Martha Fay, Judy Gurwitz, Richard Hall,
 Jill Hirshy, Anne Hollister, Janet Mason, Irene Neves, Janice Pley,
 John Suckley, Jean Struthers, Marian Taylor, Cornelia Tubbs,
 Felix von Mouschazker, Lucy Youlgraf, Eise Washington,
 Marie-Claude Wrenn, Sylvia Wright, Margaret Zug.

COPY READERS

Helen Deueli (Chief), Dorothy Hison, Elizabeth Frapollo, Barbara Fuller,
 Marguerite Hyslop, Joan Minors, Joyce O'Bracken, John Sackett,
 Sydney Stackpole, Joseph Wigglesworth.

LAYOUT

David Stech, Robert Cline (Associate Art Directors),
 John Martinez (Assistant Art Director),
 John Vogler (Color Director), William Shogren,
 John Geitt, Albert Ketchum,

Morris Kamm, Louis Valentino, Bernard Weber, Susan Yamnacki,
 John Hammond, David Young (Production Coordinators),
 Lincoln Abraham, Ernest Loftblad,

Earle Kern (Art Director, International Editions),
 Richard Valenti (Assistant Art Director).

REGIONAL BUREAUX

Lacy Lane Kelly (New York Desk)
 WASHINGTON: Jack Newcombe, Reginald Bragoutier Jr., Margery Byers,
 David Sheridan; LOS ANGELES: John Frock, Judy Fayard, John Frock,
 Richard Woodbury; CHICAGO: John Polkman, Joan Downs,
 Dale Wheeler; PARIS: Rudolph Chetminski; ROBIN ESPINOZA, Nadine Liber,
 Peter Young; LONDON: Dorothy Jackson
 BOMBAY: Gerda Endler; HONG KONG: Hal Wingo, John Saar.

TIME-LIFE NEWS SERVICE

John J. Galt (Chief)
 R. Donald Jackson, Robert Parker (Deputies);
 Senior Correspondent: John Steege.

WASHINGTON: Hugh Soley (Chicago), Champ Clark;
 LOS ANGELES: Donald Neff; NEW YORK: Frank McCulloch;

ATLANTA: Joseph Kane; BOSTON: William H. Weston; HOUSTON: Leo Janos;
 DETROIT: Fred Vandewerick; SAN FRANCISCO: Jesse Birnbaum;

OTTAWA: Richard Duncan; TORONTO: Peter Simms; CALGARY: Ed Ogile;
 UNITED NATIONS: Frederick A. Larson;

PARIS: William Rademskers; BONN: Benjamin W. Cline; ROM: James Bell;
 COMMON MARKET: Frederick A. Larson; BRISTOL: Stephen G. Saxon;

MOSCOW: Jerrold Scherzer; FAR EAST: Louis Kraef; EAST AFRICA: John Blushoff;
 WEST AFRICA: James Wilde; BEIRUT: Gavin Scott; MIDDLETOWN: Leo Griggs;
 NEW DELHI: Dan Guggin; NEW YORK: Peter Young; Bombay: Jackson;

BANJKOK: Hugh Greenway; TOKYO: Edwin Reingold; SYDNEY: Ernest Shirley;
 CANADA: America: David Luce;

EDITORIAL SERVICES

Paul Welch (Director), Frederick Berthel, Robert Boyd Jr., Peter Draz,
 Margaret Fischer, George Karas, Doris O'Neill,
 EDITORIAL BUSINESS MANAGER Richard M. Emerson
 SYDNEY: Gordon de Margarin.

PUBLISHER Garry Valk
GENERAL MANAGER John A. Waters
ASSISTANT PUBLISHER Stevens DeLoque

CIRCULATION DIRECTOR William J. Coffey
PROMOTION DIRECTOR Charles Rubens II

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER Lee Heffner
ADV. SALES DIRECTOR



Mother Of 5 Active Children

Tells How She Relieves Her Nervous Tension Headaches

Mrs. Richard Polansky, an attractive young wife and mother who lives in California, has five children, ages 6, 5, 4, 3 and 2. She says, "Needless to say nervous headaches are a common occurrence at our house. One day my neighbor gave me 2 Anacin Tablets. It's one of the most effective products I ever used. I was amazed at the fast relief Anacin gave me."

This is not surprising because Anacin® is a spe-

cial fortified formula that has 100% more of the one powerful pain reliever doctors recommend most for headaches - 100% more than any other leading extra-strength tablet.

Anacin turns off headache pain in minutes so relaxes it nervous tension and releases painful pressure on nerves. You feel great again and the soothing effect lasts for hours. Next time take powerful, fast-acting Anacin Tablets.

You are invited to audition **FREE** for 10 days
THE OPULENT ERA

...first volume in an extraordinary cultural
program combining great music, art and text: **THE STORY OF GREAT MUSIC.**

The Editors of Time-Life Records, in cooperation with the producers of Angel Records, invite you to enjoy a profound musical experience: *The Opuilent Era*, introductory volume in an exceptional series, *The Story of Great Music*. Outstanding works of seven musical giants are presented to you on four 12" LP stereo records, as you take this brilliant sound, word and picture journey through the late 19th century.

LA BELLE EPOQUE

Winston Churchill, who spent the first quarter century of his life in that period, once remarked that "the old world in its sunset was fair to see." We can see it still, in faded photographs. There is the serene and poised grace of aristocratic ladies in their gowns of taffeta and tulle. With their husbands they stroll through international exhibitions of science and industry; drive in elegant coaches through the Bois in Paris or around the Ringstrasse in Vienna; relax on a perfectly bartered lawn at an English country home; take the waters at Baden-Baden; glitter in the boxes at the opera. Add to that the audible evidence of music. Music composed between 1850 and 1900 includes works that have long held a place among the most familiar and popular compositions in the repertoires of orchestras and opera houses. Wagner gave a totally new dimension to opera by creating the "music drama"; Tchaikovsky's ballets and symphonies pour out seemingly inexhaustible melodies; the mighty sonneries of a symphony by Brahms express emotions mastered and carefully directed.

THE EQUIVALENT OF TWO FULL-LENGTH CONCERTS

From Wagner, Brahms and Tchaikovsky to Johann Strauss, Offenbach, Bruckner and Saint-Saëns, *The Opuilent Era* comes brilliantly alive in the interpretations of such organizations as The Philharmonia Orchestra, The Sadler's Wells Orchestra and The Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra...artists like Birgit Nilsson, Hans Hotter and Michael Rabin...conductors like Otto Klemperer, Carlo Maria Giulini and Herbert von Karajan. Your understanding and enjoyment of the music is enriched by the sumptuous, yet lively, 60-page companion book, profusely illustrated with the work of Degas, Renoir, Manet and other masters. And accompanying this first volume is a useful Listener's Guide to the music, plus a 5,000-word introduction to the series and a brilliant essay on "The Art—and Pleasure—of



Listening" by the distinguished critic and scholar, Jacques Barzun.

NO COST, NO OBLIGATION

We will send you *The Opuilent Era* on approval. For 10 days, enjoy the four LP stereo records and the book as your own. Then, if you decide not to keep them, simply return them without cost or obligation. If you choose to make them a permanent part of your home's cultural library, we will bill you for just \$12.95* plus a small charge for shipping and handling. At the same time, we will confirm your reservation for future volumes in *The Story of Great Music*. The records and books will arrive at approximately two-month intervals on the same 10-day free audition basis. You may buy as many or as few as you wish. There are no mem-

bership dues and you may withdraw at any time.

A REWARDING CULTURAL ADVENTURE

As succeeding volumes in *The Story of Great Music* arrive, new vistas of deep and lasting enjoyment will open to you and your family. Your children will awaken to a rich cultural heritage. Your home will come alive to the sounds of genius through the centuries. Volumes to come: *The Baroque Era*...with such musical giants as Handel, Bach, Purcell, Vivaldi, Couperin. *The Romantic Era*...Berlioz, Liszt, Mendelssohn. *The Age of Elegance*...from "Papa" Haydn to Mozart. *The Age of Revolution*...from Beethoven to Rossini. *The Twentieth Century*...Stravinsky, Bartok, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Schoenberg, Gershwin. Begin this rewarding adventure today by mailing the attached reply card. If the card is missing, simply write to: OPULENT, Time-Life Records, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611. We'll do the rest.

TIME  LIFE
RECORDS

*In Canada, \$2.00 additional.

of exec budget s-select Know all of inside ince with Q
 MGR heavy 7, rine know- and stired, Juding
 FEE PAID
 L JCTS/EXEC
 DIRECT ETS KEY SR
 A TOP NATL MEDIA FIELD
 IST.
 good copy ests, expd, in start \$125, 5 exp experience
 NG
 ILLER ng-service for get involved.
 FFIC—JR ncy looking for p in traffic. Sal X385
 JCN for quality acy TIM
 AINEE Agency needs hecking dept. & your ability.
 \$110 f/psd some biz exp. come/phone
 /TRAINEE young person sor. \$90-\$100

We're looking for a girl who wants to be the best stewardess in the world.

You have to speak English and French fluently. Love flying. And most important of all, you have to know how to please people. All kinds of people: tired businessmen, talkative children, worried grandmothers, even artists and celebrities. If you're single, between 20 and 25 years of age, 62 to 68 inches in height and less than 135 pounds, then maybe you're the girl we're looking for. One more thing. Being attractive isn't enough.

Call 874-4361, or write Air Canada, Employment Office, 37th floor, Place Ville Marie 1, Montreal 113, Québec.



AIRLINE \$571/MO+TRAVEL
 TRAINEES
 LOOKING FOR A CAREER?

career -
 have some exper-
 ence in customer billing and like to
 work with figures.
 CALL US AT ONCE!!
 ward
 Call for
 Natl displ
 career in
 chemical o
 ing challe
 ARTIST/Pr
 Graphics w
 ion-ized
 color rende
 Weddays 5-5
 AR
 in needlepo
 fine detail
 66 St. 628-99
 ARTIS
 Furniture
 ART
 To prepare fas
 CAPITAL BOB
 ARTIST-M
 with some eta
 CAL
 ASST BC
 Divers duties
 Exact benefit
 Expd=35 hc
 H.S. grad
 AS
 for a growin
 & editing
 ASSI
 Bright beg
 assist w/ r
 fied dutie
 ASST BAF
 some &
 Benefit
 ASS
 exp'd; par
 retiel swi-
 m-stown
 ASE
 If you nee
 specializ
 poss.

We want the people who work for us to feel the same way we do.

Finding them hasn't been easy.

It's not that we can't find qualified people. We can.

But we don't just look for "qualified" people; we look for people who do what they do because they enjoy doing it.

That's why it takes more than just good looks and a personality to become an Air Canada stewardess. Any girl can smile and say nice things; we want our girls to do a little more than that.

For instance, if you happen to be a tired businessman, we want her to care enough

to ask if you'd like a cup of coffee. Before you ask her.

It may be just a little thing, but little things mean a lot to a tired traveller away from home.

We look for the same desire in all our people; the desire to do a little more than they have to. And most of the time we find it.

One of our ground technicians, for example, devised a new way to increase aircraft wheel traction on the runway. And he did it during his spare time.

Then there's our pilots. They fly because they love to fly.

And they go back to school every three months because they want to be the best pilots in the world.

All together, the 17,000 people who work for us help make Air Canada the seventh largest airline in the world.

We happen to think they also make us one of the best airlines in the world.

And when you fly with us, we think you'll feel the same way.

AIR CANADA  **We want to be the best airline in the world.**



If your Caesar Salad doesn't taste as good as this one looks

you're just not putting our hearts into it.

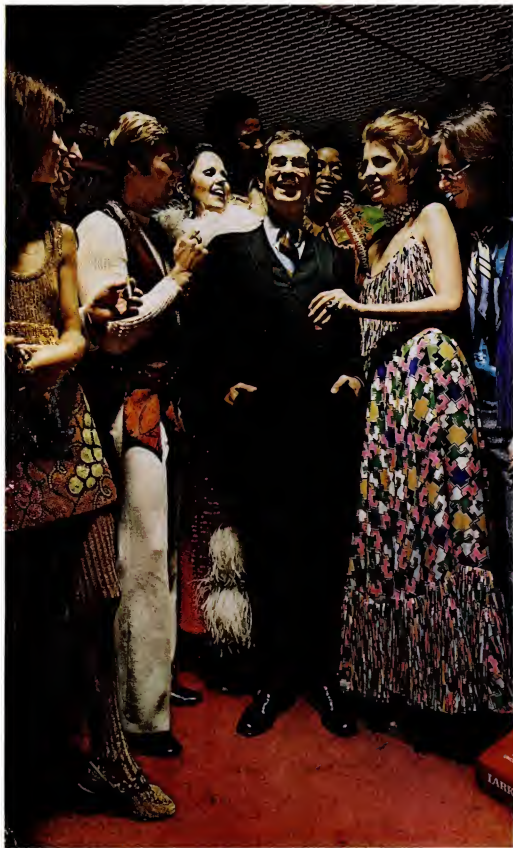
Cara Mia Caesar Salad

- 2 jars (6 oz. each) Cara Mia Marinated Artichoke Hearts
- 1/3 cup olive oil
- 3 tablespoons lemon juice
- 1 raw egg yolk
- 1/2 teaspoon each Dijon mustard and garlic salt
- 1/2 cup grated Parmesan cheese
- 2 heads Romaine lettuce
- 1 cup hot toasted sour dough bread croutons
- 8 rolled anchovy filets with capers

Drain marinade from artichokes into a small bowl. Add oil, lemon juice, egg yolk, mustard, garlic salt, 1/4 cup of the cheese and beat with a whisk (or blender) until blended. Tear greens into bite-size pieces to make 2 quarts and marinate in a salad bowl. Pour over dressing and mix until coated. Spoon over artichoke hearts and sprinkle with croutons and remaining cheese. Garnish with anchovy filets. Serves 8.



You'll stand out in a crowd
when you tell someone you like
about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter.



They'll look at you in a whole new light when you tell them about Lark's Gas-Trap filter. It not only reduces "tar" and nicotine but certain harsh gases in cigarette smoke, as well.

In fact, the Nationwide Consumer Testing Institute reported Lark's Gas-Trap filter best for gas reduction among all of the ordinary filter brands tested.

So, tell as many people as you can about Lark's unique gas reduction and Lark's uniquely smooth and easy taste.

They may do something nice for you.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HEROIN ADDICTION

Sirs: There were tears in my eyes when I read "A Father Tells How Drugs Invaded His Family" (March 20). I suppose it was because we are trying to raise four children in these hectic times. I would imagine that every parent who reads this account will wonder, "Will we be next?"

Mrs. CHARLES J. REYNOLDS
Maumee, Ohio

Sirs: It seems incredible that this unfortunate father could write so precisely and honestly about the basic and contributing causes of what became a most tragic problem—yet fail to comprehend them himself. He could gain insight from the talents of his pen if he would but study his own words with an open mind. A competent minister could be most helpful. Even now.

JOE BURTON

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs: The distraught father's article was a remarkably distilled description of what is present and what is lacking in today's mixed-up drug users.

Present were the trappings of crowd psychology: group protest meetings, strange clothes, long hair, guitar—none objectionable in themselves, but used to identify as part of the group and shut out the world. People in a crowd often feel crowded and have desperate need for something to take them out. A natural result is grass, acid, and worse. Absent was any mention of the search for individual strength, love of freedom and liberty, and above all any mention of God.

JULIA BRECK

El Paso, Texas

Sirs: In his agony, the writer asks "Why, Why, Why?" He attempts to be analytical, but perhaps he is too close to the problem to be objective. The key may be revealed in his statement, "He sang war protest songs and we went to the Pentagon demonstration together." There may be an inability, born of native idealism on the part of both father and son, to face unpleasant reality. Drugs were the son's way out.

STUART GRAVES

Media, Pa.

Sirs: When are we all going to realize that this plague is going to touch all of us sometime? Why aren't we doing more to combat it?

LESLIE GINGERY

Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

POLICE RECRUITING

Sirs: As a former member of a police civil service board, I am aware of how difficult it is to secure applicants from among college-educated young people ("Why Don't You Guys Become Cops?" March 20). Sgt. David Durk is to be commended on his willingness to appeal to students on the basis of their idealism. I hope he is successful. The

best way to improve the image of policemen is to get better policemen!

REV. LAWRENCE R. BERGSTRESSER
Denver, Pa.

Sirs: Excellent! It is high time the press is giving the "good cops" a break.

BYRON B. BUZZEE
Denison, Texas

ART

Sirs: In your most interesting "Millennium of Modern Art" (March 20) you describe Brancusi's *Princess X* as a "nearly female." Yet it was removed from the 1920 *Salon des Independents* "in the interest of decency" as a phallic representation—which it is, despite his intention and your interpretation. Brancusi was so wounded by the salon's action that he never again participated in group exhibitions.

WILLIAM L. WHITE
New Hartford, N.Y.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Sirs: Under such eye-catching blurbs as "Catholic Church in Trouble," "The Pope's Unruly Flock," and "Paul, Poor Fellow, Has No Friends," LIFE discusses Roman Catholicism (March 20). Of course, the mere presence of Mr. John Cogley as discussion leader assures that the readers will be titillated with gossip from anonymous sources; that the Pope "knows . . . he is a failure," that he is "weezy," and (*motu proprio*) that he is "an incurable intellectual." Mr. Cogley deplores the fact that Pope Paul is "unbelievable" on birth control and clerical celibacy, calmly declares that "the old dictum, *Roma locuta est, causa finita est*, no longer applies," and gaily predicts that "Paul, with a sigh of relief, will step down when he reaches his 75th birthday in September 1972."

The manifest gravamen of Mr. Cogley's tirade is: "To Hell with the Pope! Surely, in the grave crisis confronting Judeo-Christian civilization, the editors of LIFE could have presented a less meretricious and better-informed Catholic than Mr. Cogley."

REV. DAVID F. REA
Cathedral Preparatory Seminary
New York, N.Y.

Sirs: So "Paul, poor fellow, has no friends." Absurd! We named our sixth son in his honor.

CHRISTINA BENNETT
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs: The Roman Church will continue to be "torn between dogma and dissent" until the Vatican brings its practices and teachings out of the realm of superstition and myth and into the 20th Century. Changes have been more superficial than real. The Church continues to treat its communicants as though they were the same ignorant, uneducated and unsophisticated types that it capitalized on for so many centuries.

LAWRENCE C. ROUSH
Wilson, N.C.

Sirs: Your humanistic portrayal of the Pope—you are not dealing here with Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon or Dwight Eisenhower—is off. Here is a different figure, the Vicar of Christ who can't be confronted. The enemies of Christ said, "If you will come down from the Cross we will believe you." He didn't. Nor will the Pope. So stop knocking your head against the Rock lest it be fractured.

REV. PAULINUS CODY, O.F.M.
Boston, Mass.

Sirs: What is so noteworthy about Diane Knapp, formerly Sister Ann Rafael ("A Nunt's Search for Freedom Drives Her from the Convent")? Girls have been leaving convents for various reasons over many centuries. Aren't you aware that most Roman Catholic religious orders for women have an adjustment period of at least five years before conferring final vows? During those five years a girl may leave quite freely if she so desires—some are even advised to do so. As a matter of fact, some religious communities never take final vows—the nuns simply renew certain promises each year and are free to leave if and when they decide to nullify or reject them.

HELEN A. O'DONNELL
Philadelphia, Pa.

Sirs: In the 1500s, Sir Thomas More was the critic of the Church. He saw clearly its weakness, the need of reform, but when the chips were down, he opted for that Church even to the point of giving up his life. Thomas More recognized the Church for what it is, human, frail and too often made credulous by the limitations of its leaders. Yet he knew the Church to be something more than human and in his wisdom he remained within its framework.

SYLVIA ROUSSEVE
Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs: I am sorry to find such a display of shallow thinking in a member of my own generation. Diane Knapp may find her Christian life-span extended a religious order, but she has no right to imply that a full, free Christian life cannot be had within one. Perhaps she would do well to reexamine the meaning of the word "freedom."

SISTER CONSTANCE JEAN
Riverside, Calif.

WIGS

Sirs: Those men who are buying short-hair wigs to hide their long hair during business hours ("The Kindest Uncut of All," March 20) are making the same mistake that women have always made—slavishly following fashion. Perhaps there is a mustache or beard or long hairdo to enhance any head . . . but where are they? Most of what I see is scruffy, untidy and completely lacking in sex appeal. Please, please, take it off!

MIL RIESE
Villa Park, Ill.

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs: Your "Parting Shots" about Australian bathing beauties (March 20) said, "O, Cypress Gardens, have all your blondes on water skis all tumbled?" Of course they haven't. We send this picture [below] to show that they are still riding high.

RICHARD D. POPE
Chairman of the Board
Florida Cypress Gardens, Inc.
Cypress Gardens, Fla.



FOAM HOUSE

Sirs: Ah-h! As a child, I daydreamed about my "secret" place where I could live in cozy comfort and security—a cave that no one knew about.

I opened the pages of your March 13 issue to the "cave" of my dreams, a sprayed burlap and foam castle-of-air ("A House Made of Spray"). I am supernally envious of the Littlejohns.

ELLA V. NEFF
Lakin, Kansas

Sirs: James and Letabeth Littlejohn's home has about the same appeal to me as the prospect of taking up residence in several of the chambers of Carlsbad Caverns.

MARY ANN ARNETT
La Canada, Calif.

Sirs: James Littlejohn's house of polystyrene foam is terrific but you mentioned no price. I am interested in using the same method. What will it cost me?

KATHERINE CANADA
Nashville, Ind.

► The Littlejohn's house cost \$78,000, but it was a prototype, the first of its kind. Later models will cost about \$15 a square foot.

Sirs: Conservationists should welcome the advent of the foam house. Perhaps future generations may yet enjoy our forests free from the monstrous and polluting of today's "progressive" lumber industry.

LET KING
Portland, Ore.

MOVING? PLEASE NOTIFY US 4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

CUT YOUR OLD ADDRESS LABEL FROM MAGAZINE COVER AND ATTACH OVER THIS AREA

Fill in your new address below and mail to:
LIFE Subscription Service,
541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611

Name _____
New Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip Code _____

1. TO WRITE ABOUT YOUR SUBSCRIPTION: Change of address, billing, adjustment, complaint, renewal—address: LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE, 541 North Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611, Charles A. Adams, Vice Pres. Attach present address label in space at right. This will help us identify you quickly and accurately.

2. TO ORDER A NEW SUBSCRIPTION: Check box and use form at right for your address. Mail to LIFE SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE at the address given above. Subscription rate: U.S., 1 year \$10.00, in Canada, 1 year \$12.00.

3. TO WRITE ABOUT EDITORIAL OR ADVERTISING CONTENTS: Address: LIFE, Time & Life Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

This is the new wide Firestone "500"

When you discuss tires with Mario Andretti his voice takes on a very serious tone; after years of top competition racing in every kind of car you can imagine he's developed a feel about tires that comes close to being an obsession.

Firestone asked Mario Andretti to test drive a family car with the new, wide Firestone "500." On the test track is where the engineering and design and materials in a tire come to life.

Full 4-ply nylon strength.

The new wide "500" is basically a bigger, stronger version with high style double white stripes. Mario liked the fact that it's designed on the basic principles of a racing tire: a full four-ply nylon construction for tremendous strength and the ability to run "cool" for longer tire life. (Heat, as you know, is one of the great enemies of tire mileage.)

The nylon cord in the new "500" is woven in the tire at a 60 degree angle—this higher angle helps reduce road stress and squirm. Even the average driver should notice the surer handling and precise cornering. Andretti, of course, noticed it immediately—with great satisfaction. This type of tire construction plus the wider 7-rib tread greatly reduces road sway.



This new wide Firestone "500" will stop 30% quicker than our former "500" on wet pavement.

Ideal for wagons, too.

A station wagon owner, or a man who uses a trailer behind his car for a boat or mobile home, would instantly appreciate the added stability. The "500" will help reduce road fatigue as well as make him a more "confident" driver.

7 ribs wide.

You might not notice (but Andretti did) that the new "500" has a very "flat" tread. The new geometry is another factor for surer handling and a better ride, since this design puts more tread on the road than ordinary tires. You'll notice the difference on wet, rainy roads—the more drainage, the more "sure-footedness."

Remember that the new "500" is 7 ribs wide—not just 5. Mario feels that this tire will stop a good 30 percent quicker on wet pavement than even our old "500." And that means 30 percent quicker for Mario's wife, too. (Our tests proved Mario was right.)



Read why Mario Andretti took two sets home.



Raised double white stripes.

As long as we were so greatly improving the "500" our designers felt it should look as good as it performs: notice the sleek raised white double stripes and the distinctive white "500" (People will notice them and ask you how you like them.)

Firestone believes that this new "500" is one of the finest passenger tires ever made—and will, like our former "500", earn a reputation for itself as one of the most reliable high performance tires in the world.

A new cool running, low stretch nylon makes the "500" incredibly tough for longer mileage on any surface.



Take a good look at the new, good looking, wide "500" at your Firestone dealer or store. (You'll be surprised at the price.)

Firestone

The mileage specialist.



Mario Andretti says, "Here are four good reasons everybody can understand why I took two sets of the new "500" for my family cars."

Ten long minutes in Punchbowl

To look down upon Honolulu from the high rain forest that divides windward Oahu from the leeward city is to see, in the crater of an extinct volcano named Puowaina, a place so still and private that once seen it is forever in the mind. There are banyan trees in the crater, and rain trees, and 19,500 graves. Yellow primavera blazes on the hills above. Whole slopes seem clouded in mauve jacaranda. This is the place commonly called Punchbowl, the National Memorial Cemetery of the Pacific, and 13,000 of the dead in its crater were killed in World War II. Some of the rest died in Korea. For almost a decade now, in the outer sections just inside the rim of the crater, they have been digging graves for Americans killed in Vietnam, not many, a fraction of the total, one, two, three a week, most of them Island boys but some of them carried here by families who live thousands of miles across the Pacific, a gesture that touches by its very difficulty. Because the Vietnam dead are shipped first to Travis A.F.B. in California and then to the next of kin, those Mainland families burying their sons or husbands in Honolulu must bring the bodies back over the Pacific one last time. The superintendent of Punchbowl, Martin T. Corley, refers to such burials as his "ship-in Vietnams."

"A father or an uncle calls me from the Mainland and he says they're bringing their boy here, I don't ask why," Mr. Corley said when I talked to him not long ago. We were sitting in his office in the crater and on the wall hung the Bronze Star and Silver Star citations he had received in Europe in 1944, Martin T. Corley, a man in an aloha shirt who had somehow gone from South Ozone Park in Queens to the Battle of the Bulge to a course in cemetery management at Fort Sam Houston and final-

ly, 20-some years later, to an office in an extinct volcano in the Pacific from which he can watch the quick and the dead in still another war.

I watched him leafing through a stack of what he called transmittals, death forms from Vietnam. There in Martin T. Corley's office, Vietnam seemed considerably less chimerical than it has seemed on the Mainland these past several months, less last year's war, less successfully consigned to that limbo of benign neglect in which the mention of continuing casualties is made to seem a little counterproductive, a little *démodé*. There in the crater it seemed less easy to believe that weekly killed-in-action figures under 100 might by some sleight of hand add up to zero, a nonexistent war. There in sight of automatic gravediggers what the figures added up to, for the first 12 weeks of 1970, was 1,078 dead. Mr. Corley gets a transmittal on each of them. He holds those transmittal forms for 15 or 20 days before throwing them away, just in case a family wants to bring its dead to Punchbowl. "See, we had a family bring a boy in from Oregon a few days ago," he said. "We've got a California coming in now. We figure they've got their reasons. We pick the plot, open the grave. These ship-in families, we don't see them until the hearse comes through the gate."

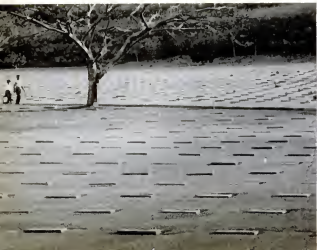
On a warm windy afternoon a few days later I stood with Mr. Corley on the soft grass up in section K of the crater and waited for one such family to come through the gate. They had flown out from the Mainland with the body the night before, six of them, the mother and father and a sister and her husband and a couple of other relatives, and they would bury their boy in the afternoon sun and fly back a few hours later. We waited, and we watched, and then, on the road below, the six Air Force pallbearers snapped to attention. The bugler jumped up from beneath a banyan tree and took his place behind the honor guard. We could see the hearse then, winding up and around the circular road to section K, the hearse and two cars, their headlights dim in the tropical sun. "Two of us from the office come to all the Vietnams," Mr. Corley said suddenly. "I mean in case the family breaks down or something."

All I can tell you about the next 10 minutes is that they seemed a very long time. We watched the coffin being car-

ried to the grave and we watched the pallbearers lift the flag, trying to hold it taut in the warm trade wind. The wind was blowing hard, toppling the vases of gladioli set by the grave, obliterating some of the chaplain's words. "If God is for us then who can be against us," the chaplain said, a red-headed young major in sunbans, and then I did not hear any more for a while. I was standing behind the six canvas chairs where the family sat, standing there with Mr. Corley and an Air Force survival assistance officer, and I was looking beyond the chaplain to a scattering of graves so fresh they had no headstones, just plastic markers stuck in the ground. "We tenderly commit this body to the ground," the chaplain said then. The honor guard raised their rifles. Three shots cracked out. The bugler played taps. The pallbearers folded the flag until only the blue field and a few stars showed, and one of them stepped forward to present the flag to the father. For the first time the father looked away from the coffin, looked away from the pallbearers and out across the expanse of graves. A slight man with his face trembling and his eyes wet, he stood facing Mr. Corley and me, and for a moment we looked directly at each other, but he was seeing not me, not Mr. Corley, not anyone.

It was not quite 3 o'clock. The father, transferring the flag from hand to hand as if it burned, said a few halting words to the pallbearers. I walked away from the grave then, down to my car, and waited for Mr. Corley to talk to the father. He wanted to tell the father that if he and his wife wanted to come back before the plane left, the grave would be covered by 4 o'clock. "Sometimes it makes them feel better to see it," Mr. Corley said when he caught up with me. "Sometimes they get on the plane and worry, you know, it didn't get covered." His voice trailed off. "We cover within 30 minutes," he said finally. "Fill, cover, get the marker on. That's one thing I remember from my training." We stood there a moment in the warm wind, then said goodby. One of the pallbearers flashed a peace signal from the back of an Air Force bus. The bugler walked past, whistling *Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head*. Just after 4 o'clock the father and mother came back and looked for a long while at the covered grave, then took the night flight back to the Mainland. Their son was one of 101 Americans killed that week in Vietnam.

The National Memorial Cemetery, called Punchbowl, in Hawaii



Flameless electric heat is pure comfort...



...so fresh, so
clean, so right for
your family

The electricity that lights your home is the cleanest form of energy known. It's absolutely flameless, absolutely without combustion. So it follows that flameless electric heat is the cleanest, purest home comfort you can buy.

It delivers a special carefree comfort. Odorless. Quiet. A fresh new sensation of warmth from floor to ceiling.

If you're building, buying or modernizing, get all the unique benefits of flameless electric heat for your family. Combine it with electric air conditioning, and you get pure comfort all year long—whether you live in a house, apartment or mobile home.

Learn what a genuine bargain flameless electric heat is, how little it costs for the unsurpassed comfort and convenience it delivers.

More than four million families enjoy flameless electric heat today. Join them. Call the heating specialist at your electric utility company.



Live carefree... **Live Better Electrically**

Edison Electric Institute, 750 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

...where everything's electric,
including the heat.



49 TUCKER



49 PACKARD



49 DE SOTO



49 STUDEBAKER



49 VOLKSWAGEN



49 HUDSON

Where are they now?

Return with us now to those wondrous days of yesteryear.

It's 1949 and automobiles are getting longer, lower and wilder.

Massive bumpers are a big hit. Fins are in. And everyone's promising to "keep in style

with the times."

But then, times changed.

Massive bumpers and fins went out. So did every car shown above, except the VW.

You see, back in '49, when all those other guys were worrying about how to

improve the way their cars looked, we were worrying about how to improve the way ours worked.



And you know what? 2,200 improvements later, we still worry about the same thing.

'Light the flame,
bright the fire,
red is the color
of desire'



Three generations of witches, Louise, her mother and her grandmother, stand in a tangle of gnarled vines in the gardener's nightmare that surrounds her hilltop cottage. She lives in an older section of Los Angeles with her painter husband, Mentor, and their three children.

Despite the sortilegious lighting, this is not a traditional witches' brew but a turtle soup being tested for her cookbook. It is sniffed with succubine solemnity by Louise and the 7-year-old twins, Jessica and Gregory. "Herbs were first used to produce fumes which blew your mind," says the Julia Child of sorcery.



Louise Huebner casts only kindly spells



The Good Witch of the West

People who don't believe in witches usually come out about even: they miss out on good spells as well as bad, boon as well as bane. But not believing in Louise Huebner is a no-win policy, for she does nothing but good, as befits the official witch of Los Angeles. "There is no such thing as black magic and white magic, evil spirits and good spirits," she says. "There is only energy." Louise Huebner is the most successful of her family's long line of witches, who go back six generations to Yugoslavia. She writes a syndicated column, lectures on witchcraft and casts spells for colleges, women's clubs and groups of elderly people. She pops up on TV all over the country, sometimes together with her pet rat, Melissa, to plug her recent book, *Power Through Witchcraft* (Nash, Los Angeles, \$5.95), and her forthcoming one, *The Witches' Cook Book*. She has roles in three films, an LP titled *Seduction Through Witchcraft*, and her own TV series. Her spells tend to be colossal. At the ceremony at which she was made L.A.'s official witch, she cast a spell ("for increased sexual vitality") over everybody in the Hollywood Bowl and immediately extended it to all of Los Angeles County. And when the county supervisor objected to her using her official title on her book, she rescinded his spell unilaterally.

New low tar cigarette from Philip Morris Research



TWO MODERN FILTER TECHNIQUES

1. Activated Charcoal
highly adsorbent of
selected gases to smooth
out flavor

2. Fresh-Air System:
acetate fibers reduce tar
while fresh air
injection surrounds
and freshens flavor

Regular and Menthol.

MULTIFILTER

Consider this fact: New Multifilter is lower in tar at 14 mgs.* than 95% of all cigarettes sold in the U.S.
FTC findings: highest yielding cigarette delivers 32 mgs. tar—the lowest delivers 4 mgs. tar.

*Independent
testing service.

Hertz introduces the world's second 747.



It doesn't fly. It merely saves you money on vacations, weekends, and holidays.

This is the year of the Boeing 747 jet. We're going to make it the year of the Hertz 747 rate as well.

We intend to revolutionize vacation travel on the ground the way the new jets are doing it in the air.

Now you can rent one of our intermediate or standard Fords or a similar sedan at many of our 1275 offices in the United States and Canada for \$7.47 a day and 10¢ a mile for a seven-day week, for a weekend, or over a two-day holiday. Insurance is included, gas isn't.

This new 747 rate is an excellent deal if

you're driving less than 500 miles. If you're driving further, we have a rate that's even better: the \$99 Unlimited Mileage Plan.

This rate lets you rent an intermediate or standard sedan for any seven consecutive days for \$99. Insurance is included, gas isn't. You can drive as far as you like at no extra charge provided you return it to the city where you rented it.

As the 747 rate and the \$99 Unlimited Mileage Plan are available at many but not all Hertz locations in the United States and Canada, it's wise to check with us in advance.

Outside the United States and Canada we have arranged similar special vacation deals.

No matter which vacation rate you choose, you always get the maps, and touring guides, and Survival Manuals, and all the other Hertz services that make the difference between renting a car and a company and just renting a car.

For more information about these and other special Hertz rates, call your travel agent or us.



You don't just rent a car. You rent a company.

The wilderness family that helped save the swans

The founder of the family responsible for saving the flock of trumpeter swans photographed on the preceding pages came into the British Columbian wilderness nearly 60 years ago. Ralph Edwards, then 21, wanted to create a homestead "on a lake, with mountains all around." Seventy miles from the tiny settlement of Bella Coola, deep in the virgin forest of a mountain valley, he found his lake and named it "Lonesome." There were many wolves nearby, the gentler animals and birds of absolute wilderness and, that first winter, 35 trumpeter swans. Edwards was four days from the nearest human company, but in time he found and married a young girl from the closest settlement. In this fastness the Edwardses raised two sons, Stanley and Johnny, and a daughter Trudy. They educated them far beyond high school level from their own collection of books and government correspondence courses, and from Ralph Edwards' native frontier ingenuity.

The Edwardses and their children were fascinated by the magnificent trumpeter swans who wintered on Lonesome Lake and, though unaware of their rarity, maintained a wary watch over the birds. In severe winters when the swans' scant open waters froze, Ralph Edwards struggled to keep feeding areas chopped open, and even spared a little of his chicken feed in an attempt to tide them over.

In 1925, grizzly bear hunter John P. Holman ventured into the remote valley and there heard the story of this virtually unknown wintering area of trumpeter swans. Holman excitedly informed the Canadian Wildlife Service, and Edwards was appointed honorary bird warden of the valley at a small annual salary. Thus Edwards, who had helped the birds survive, was in turn enabled—by the birds—to maintain his family's independent way of life.

As they grew up, each member of the family in turn took over the feeding task—first Ralph, then Stanley, Johnny and finally Trudy. The swans became tame beyond belief, circling over the farm at 11 sharp each morning, and calling out until someone emerged from the feed shed with a 45-pound grain sack.

Today, the rest of the family is no longer at Lonesome Lake, and the chore of feeding the swans is shared by Trudy, her husband Jack Turner and their daughter Susan. 11. The feeding area is two and a half miles from their home, a long hike by icy forest trail, frozen lake surface and rock slide. Aside from the family, possibly not more than a dozen people ever have seen the birds. Canadian game laws protect them from hunters, and their remoteness has prevented tourists from

seeing them. Jack and Trudy worry that the government may someday cut back their warden's fee for economy reasons. Cost of daily feeding is about \$14, and "though we would donate the labor," Jack says, "we would have no way of paying for the wheat or the cost of trucking it from Bella Coola to our trailhead." There is also the possibility of someday having to choose between the future of Susan and the swans. "We may have to go out, to give her a chance at another way of life," broods Jack, who doubts that the swans would survive on their own.

Turner, bearded and dour, a Newfoundlander by family background, is a loner. Before his marriage he worked in remote areas of western Canada as a timber cruiser, a surveyor of logging roads and pipelines, then fished a one-man gill-netter off the British Columbia coast. His courtship gift to Trudy was a power chain saw for speeding the clearing of the 160-acre homestead near her parents' farm. The Turners raise almost all their food during the short, intense northern growing season. Trudy keeps house without running water or any of the facilities most people consider essential. They live in a log cabin and their pioneer way of life is devoted mainly to swans and the raising and preserving of food. In the evenings they study, read and write by the light of kerosene lamp in continual self-education projects. Already Susan is far enough ahead of her correspondence school-books and fifth-grade assignments to find them boring. The world comes to the log cabin once an evening in news broadcasts on a transistor radio. Trudy's violin and a battery-operated record player bring music.

The year's most demanding enterprise for the three Turners is the pack-in of wheat and their own annual supplies, a 50-day project that begins in the first week of September. They bring in the five horses from the summer range, shoe them,

and strap on new rawhide pack saddles. Trudy and Susan bake enough bread for at least two weeks and ready all supplies and equipment for the big trek. In her baby years Susan rode an ingenious weather-hooded popoose seat on her mother's back. She is an old hand now, packing her share of wheat, loading horses, making camp and cutting brush on the trail. Even the dog Skye carries a pack of his own food.

After a four-day trek, the Turners camp at Tse-dakuku Creek to await the arrival of truckloads of grain and supplies. The annual shipment consists of eight to nine tons of wheat for the swans, provided by the Canadian Wildlife Service, and two to three thousand pounds of the Turners' own supplies, everything they can't grow or make or do without. The Turners transport the load on packhorses and power rafts in stages, making several round trips on each stage of the journey. Though the distance from their homestead to the roadhead is only 25 miles, the Turners hike 470 miles and raft 85 miles all told. Susan is nonchalant about such hazards as grizzly bears on the trail. "We've seen hundreds of them. Packing in the grain one fall, we came across 17 grizzlies. If they go their way, I go mine. If they come for me, I climb a tree."

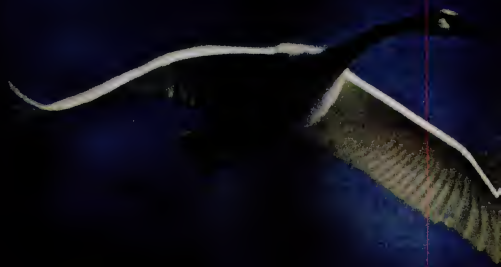
The Turners cherish all living things, killing or trapping only those which they must to maintain themselves, or which threaten their own lives. Trudy even carefully removes insect larvae from piles of water carried in from the river and returns them unharmed. In 1953, however, when Canada wanted to present a gift to both the then Princess Elizabeth and the British people, Trudy reluctantly trapped five cygnets at the feeding area. She tamed them, but they were shipped by plane to Britain. One of the two females died, but the other four took readily to England's climate and have produced young. Even after all these years, Trudy still feels guilty at having betrayed the swans' absolute trust in her.

BY DOLLY CONNELLY

Putting his frontier skills to use, Jack Turner is a barber for his wife Trudy (left) and daughter Susan, who like carefree short bos.





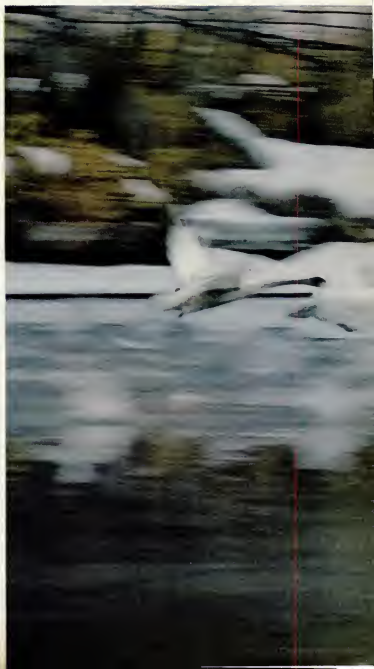




Return of the Trumpeter

*They drift through rippling waters, haughty and languorous
until a single hoot of alarm drives them
splashing and struggling across the surface,
their necks arched with strain. They sweep into the wind
and their flight quills clatter as the great wings unfurl
and settle into a slow, undulating beat.*







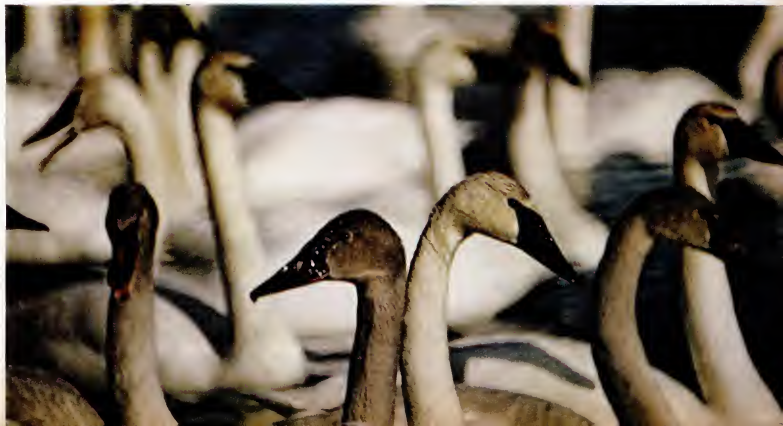
Return of the Trumpeter

*Photographed by
VERNON MERRITT III*

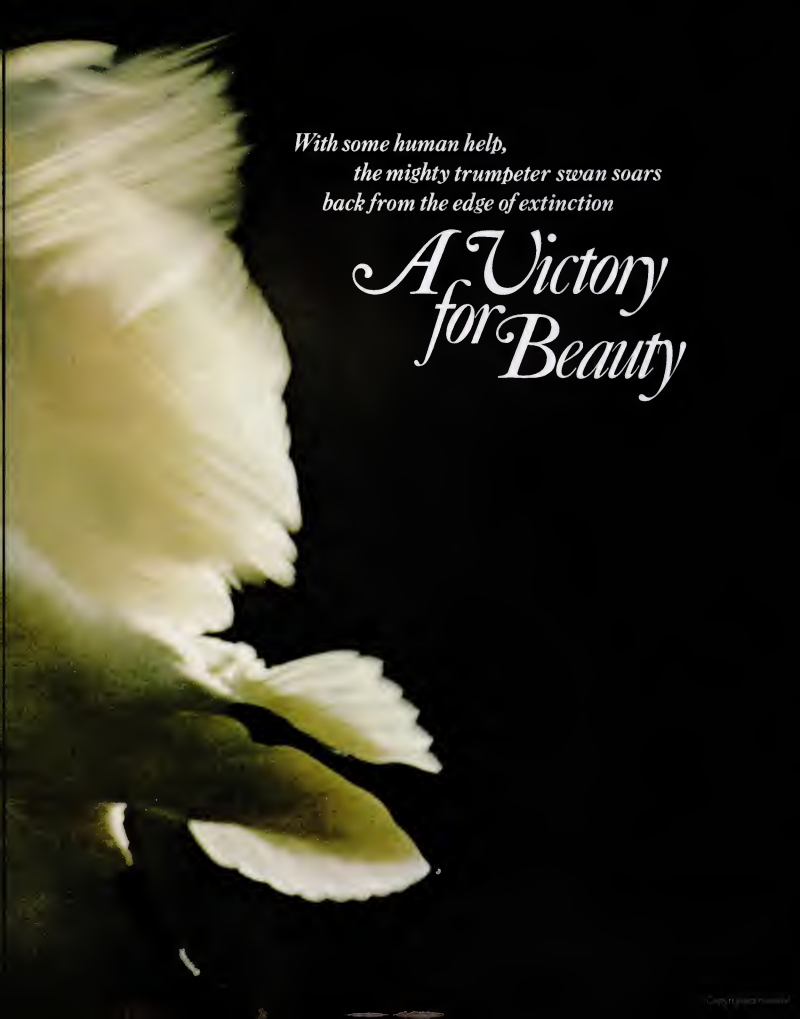
There was a time when the piercing cries of trumpeter swans echoed across lakes and woodlands from Alaska to the Gulf coast. But that was before men with a taste for feather beds and quill pens, and swansdown powder puffs and comforters, came upon the scene. Within the space of a hundred years the great trumpeter, whose wings may spread eight feet, became almost extinct. By 1932, there were only 69 left in the United States. In 1935 the government established the first trumpeter sanctuary and their numbers slowly began to increase. By 1968, there were 5,000 in the U.S., including Alaska, and the species was declared out of danger. For once, in a time when nature nearly always loses, beauty has scored a victory.

Not all the work was done by government agencies. One huge Alaskan flock owes its survival to a remarkable pioneering family (see page 56), who live in British Columbia where the swans winter. This flock, which is shown on these pages, has increased in number from 35 to 418 in the past 58 years.

An extra loop in the windpipe gives trumpeters a high-pitched, bugling call, and their name. To see and hear them in the wilderness is overwhelming, an experience of shattering noise and beguiling grace. In courtship the couples approach and touch breasts, and trumpet joyfully as their necks entwine in an embrace. This celebration of life seems all the more exquisite for the fact that death once came so close to their kind.







*With some human help,
the mighty trumpeter swan soars
back from the edge of extinction*

*A Victory
for Beauty*



by GREG WALTER

CULEBRA

Imagine a tiny island set deep in the Caribbean: poinsettias, flamboyants and Christmas candles moving gently in an afternoon wind, blowing in across a sheltered bay as the people of Culebra enjoy the last moments before the church bells toll the end of the day's siesta.

Add to this idyllic picture a few new sounds: the crunch of 500-pound bombs exploding less than a mile and a half from the neat, tiny shacks where children play in dusty front yards. Compound that with the whine of jets, echoing machine-gun fire, screaming rockets and the triple-throated boom of naval shells as they tear away at a hillside above a lovely lagoon once crowded with flamingos.

This has been the life on Culebra, an island some 20 miles east of Puerto Rico. For almost 30 years a large part of Culebra has been used as a U.S. Navy bombing and gunnery range. This was all right with Culebrans during World War II, and all right with them afterwards, when the "attacks" slackened off. But three years ago the Navy began to step up its pounding of Culebra until it reached an awful crescendo early this year. At that point the Culebrans began quietly to fight back. Sensing finally that it had a potentially embarrassing problem on its hands, the Navy has cut the bombings sharply in the past few weeks. But it is probably too late. The Culebrans now want the Navy out altogether.

At least one Pentagon official has admitted out loud that the Navy "hasn't been doing a very good job of public relations" on Culebra. At the same time, however, the Navy has made it clear that it is not going to be told what it can or cannot do by a group it has studiously regarded as non-people for all these years.

The crux of the problem is that Culebra is one corner of a triangulated zone that the Navy calls the Atlantic Fleet Weapons Range. The much larger island of Vieques (considerably less affected by the attacks) and the huge \$245 million naval complex at Roosevelt Roads on the eastern tip of Puerto Rico are its other two corners. Culebra, says the Navy, is ideal for target practice because of its nearness to the control center at "Rosey" Roads, and because it lies in deep water where even the largest warships can navigate safely.

The Navy is on Culebra because of Executive Order 8684, signed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt in 1941, which established the Culebra Island Naval Defense Sea Area. Roosevelt's order allowed the Navy to expropriate more than 2,000 of the island's 7,000 acres to cover the "footprint" or danger zone on the range. Homesteads on the north side of the island were literally torn down and targets erected. Culebra's 45-year-old Mayor Ramón José Feliciano recalls: "They came and told us we had 48 hours to get out. They cut down my house, the place where I was born—it is the second 'tank' you see over there on the hillside."

The order also set up a restricted zone three miles wide around the island through which only U.S. shipping can pass freely. Private planes and ships must call "Big Mary," the Navy's designation for the range control officer, for special



A Culebra fisherman and a live Navy shell

The Navy vs. Culebra

permission to approach or leave the island. To all intents and purposes, the 700 islanders are prisoners on their own land.

Not just American ships fire on the island. The U.S. has extended punching bag privileges to 20 allied nations. Although no one has been killed during actual shelling, recent near misses have become more and more disturbing to Culebrans. Not long ago the Navy inadvertently threw a shell into the fresh-water supply of the island's one remaining town, Dewey. A bombing exercise one night last month became so intense and unbearable that islanders left their houses and huddled together in the streets, praying. "The Americans," said one small child, "are killing us."

Culebrans are American citizens and proud of it. They have fought in all the country's wars and currently boast 12 veterans of Vietnam, but it has become a bad time on the island for mainland Americans.

The Americans are responsible for the dead fish that pile up on beaches to the east of the island. The Americans have fire-bombed the cays which, ironically, once were declared bird sanctuaries by Theodore Roosevelt. Today they are barren of the swarming birds which used to arrive each year to breed.

And it is the Americans who are depicted in childish mimeographed drawings and dialogue that show up today in the streets of Dewey. The Americans, they say, want Culebrans to leave the island "to become tomato pickers" in the north.

Nobody starves on Culebra and Culebrans feel that they're doing well enough economically. The island's few remaining fishermen manage a liv-

ing gathering lobsters in waters theoretically forbidden to them. Almost all of the fishermen have had close calls from shells dropping nearby, and some of them bitterly believe that Navy pilots deliberately fire near them to frighten them away. What little cattle farming is left is done on grazing land owned by the Navy, and cattle must be driven out on two-hour notice from "Rosey" Roads.

Something far less tangible than too much bombing finally goaded the Culebrans to direct action. It is a matter of arrogance. With all the detachment of a 19th Century colonial power, the Navy and the rest of the U.S. often seem to Culebrans to act as if there were no people at all on the island. Congressmen enjoying winter junkets to Roosevelt Roads seldom visit Culebra. Conversely, the Navy has refused to turn over two acres of unused land so that the people can build a hospital for which they already have the money. Similarly, it has refused to cede land for a ball park. And it staunchly defends its ownership of one half the island's burial grounds.

Up to now, Culebrans have maintained a certain equanimity. Those who need new homes simply squat on Navy land. A sandlot ball field has been carved from Navy property anyhow, and the dead are buried in Navy soil. The hospital problem remains unsolved.

First opposition to the Navy's see-nothing policy came about two years ago when citizens passed the hat and sent Mayor Feliciano and the island's school principal, John K. Vincent, to Washington. Naively, Culebrans believed that someone would listen and do something about the problems. All Feliciano and Vincent got, they say, were promises which have not been fulfilled.

Although an appeals court recently threw out their efforts to have the 1941 order vacated, Culebrans say they will take the matter to the Supreme Court. A joint committee of the Puerto Rican senate has petitioned President Nixon to order a reexamination of the Navy's policies on Culebra.

Meanwhile, the activist elements, helped out by sympathizers from Puerto Rico, have begun to make themselves felt. Sail-ins, swim-ins and sleep-ins—all conducted within the range area—have drawn attention to Culebra's problems. There have been bitter charges that two former governors of Puerto Rico, Luis Muñoz Marín and Roberto Sanchez Vilella, once bargained with Pentagon officials to sell Culebra to the Navy. Both men have denied the charge.

For its part, the Navy still seems confused as to why the natives are restless. Tenth Naval District Commandant Admiral A. R. Matter "adamantly refuses to discuss the matter," in the words of his public affairs officer in San Juan. In Washington, Joseph A. Grimes Jr., special civilian assistant to Secretary of the Navy John H. Chafee, takes a more circumspect view: "Things," he says, "have gotten slightly out of hand. I think we'll have to sit down and talk the problems over."

* LESS TAR THAN OTHER 100's.
LESS THAN MOST KINGS—
YET BETTER TASTE!



SILVA THIN
THE ONE THAT'S IN

*ACCORDING TO THE LATEST U.S. GOVERNMENT FIGURES.

**while we provide better service
for our products.**



Productive and regular employment is the first step in the conquest of sub-standard living. Westinghouse has made a start in this area by building its new electric vehicle plant in a disadvantaged community and staffing it with local residents.

At other Westinghouse locations, we are offering job training for the unskilled as another step towards increasing productive employment for the disadvantaged people of our country.

At the same time, the Westinghouse Sure Service program provides reliable, nationwide service for all our major appliances.

Westinghouse is also active in pollution control, urban redevelopment, water treatment, nuclear power, transportation, health services and home security.

These are a few of the many ways Westinghouse serves you in your community and your home.

You can be sure...if it's Westinghouse.

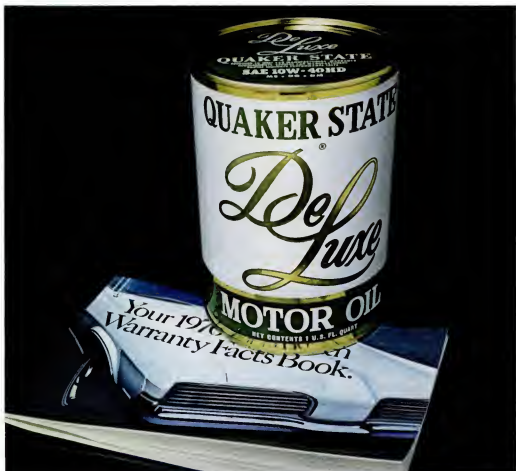


Westinghouse... we serve people

**We're providing productive employment
for the disadvantaged**



The warranty guarantee.



Every new-car maker urges you to use a high-quality motor oil to keep your warranty in effect.

If you use Quaker State, you have the peace of mind of knowing your motor oil does not just meet every car maker's warranty requirements. It exceeds them. Quaker State Motor Oils are your warranty guarantee.

Quaker State is refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil. And fortified to protect against rust, sludge and engine deposits.

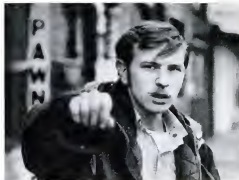
Read about motor oil in your warranty book. Then buy some peace of mind: Quaker State.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.





At a tiny and impoverished Eskimo place called Oscarville, a boy smiles out at his own unchanged world.



Hoping for a job and bonus wages, Bob Koneski drove to Alaska from Pennsylvania. Like thousands of others he was disappointed. Now he lives at the Anchorage Salvation Army.

Teachers are a strong lobby, seeking higher salaries and improvements in schools. Senator Robert Blodgett (center) hears educators at a tea with the Juneau Education Association.



No shortage of ideas on how to spend it

The promise of the oil is everywhere. In Anchorage schools, math problems are no longer posed only in terms of pecks of wheat and speeds of trains and Johnny's apples, but are also figured in barrels of oil and rates of flow. In Fairbanks the airport resembles a military depot—except that the vital cargo is drilling mud, not artillery shells. Second Avenue, at the opposite end of town, is now a neon promise of notorious pleasure to attract free-spending oil workers on leave from North Slope camps. And at the Capitol in Juneau perfectly tailored New York bankers wait patiently for their turn with Alaska's legislators.

Yet so far few Alaskans have benefited from the boom. At the isolated town of Bethel, where Eskimos live by fishing and government dole, a loaf of bread costs 71 cents. In scores of tiny villages natives live like Arctic bracers with a death rate twice that of urban whites. In the cities the pride of watching a new oil company headquarters rise is tempered by higher prices, increased crime and strained state facilities. Unemployment has been swollen by thousands of workers from other states who come seeking bonus wages.

To take the edge off some of their disappointments Alaskans constantly count up their future wealth. They estimate the annual flow

of oil in barrels, multiply the barrels by the wellhead price and multiply that by the state's 16½% share of the take. They scratch the figures on their paper napkins and in newspaper margins—and the answers come as high as a comforting \$500 million a year someday. But there is still the tantalizing question: how should the first \$900 million be used?

Republican Governor Keith Miller takes a cautious approach: "The toughest problem that we are going to face in the next few years," he says, "is to make certain the benefits of whatever revenues we receive accrue to all parts of the state and to all the people—and to future generations of Alaskans as well." He would leave \$400 million in the state's general fund and invest \$500 million with the hope that interest on the invested portion would both make the fund grow and help run the state.

Mike Gravel, the state's Democratic junior senator, breezed into Juneau recently with quite different advice. He called on a joint session of the legislature to adopt a 10-year program to make Alaska a model society. "Alaska is the richest state in the United States," he said. "It is not the only state with problems, but it is the only state with the money in the bank to solve those problems. . . . Our job as the elected leaders of the people of Alaska

is to develop the programs necessary to help solve their problems as rapidly as possible." He wants to start spending the money immediately on such needs as health, education, transportation and communications.

In the spend-or-save debate, Gravel and Miller are by no means the extremes. Some say all the money should be banked and only part of the interest used. Others have suggested that the state immediately write out checks for \$3,000 and give one to each resident as his share of the fossil fuel bonanza. Every Alaskan has an idea for the money. Early homesteaders want state roads to and from their isolation. Teachers want more money and better schools. Someone even wants to build a bridge across the Bering Strait to Russia, and another would set up the state Capitol on a ship so it could move around.

"Dear Sir," wrote sixth-grader Karen Krushensky to State Senate President Brad Phillips. "I would like to suggest some way to use the oil lease money. Use some to protect our forests and wildlife better. With all the forest fires that started last summer, lots of animals must have died and lots of beautiful scenery burned. Before you know it, the animals might even be getting extinct."

—DALE WITNER



Scars of the past, fears for the future

Twice the size of Texas, with a population smaller than El Paso, Alaska is at once the biggest and the smallest of the states. Now, by one measure, it is also the richest of the 50—with more than \$3,000 in the coffer for each of its 294,000 residents. The interest on the state's bank balance alone has allowed Governor Keith Miller to propose both a tax cut and an \$88 million increase in state spending. But while optimists hail 1970 as the brink of Camelot, when limitless money will solve every problem, there are pessimists who see the new wealth as the harbinger of an age when the simple, frontier qualities of Alaskan life will be challenged from every side and the state's environment will be spoiled forever.

The history of Alaska is a chronicle of plunder, of booms and busts—and of what should be lessons to the present generation. Two hundred years ago Russian trappers killed and carried away, leaving little but their diseases and religion. The United States purchase of the territory for \$7.2 million in 1867 started an era of exploitation that still dominates the state. In their turn Alaska's treasures—gold, timber, copper and fish-rich waters—were sacked by intrepid men from the Lower 48 who stayed only as long as pickings were easy. Behind them they left not only depleted resources but scars that still pock Alaska's pristine beauty.



Only a mile from the Capitol the ramshackle remains of an old Gold Creek mine (above) blight an entire mountain and warn of dangers the state faces again. At Fairbanks, Japanese pipe is stockpiled, ready for an 800-mile line that some insist could ruin delicate Arctic ecology.



A pleasant suburban look replaced rutted roads and one-room cabins after Tyonek Indians won the right to \$12 million from early oil leases on their land. Among benefits to the little village is the high-roofed gymnasium, built with the oil money, beside a modern government school.



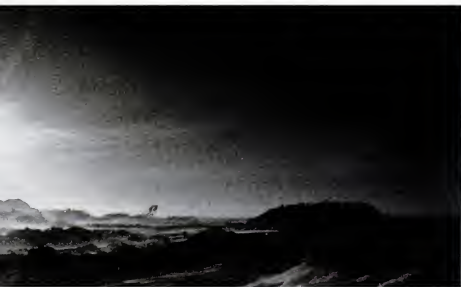
Representative Irwin L. Metcalf favors a pension plan giving most Alaskans over 65 \$250 a month.



Ex-policeman Emmett Botelho told legislators that high costs have become a "trap" for Alaskans.



Refinery spokesman R. M. Thornton wants tax incentives for new industry to be extended.



the sun hangs just above the horizon, a drilling rig cores night and day toward the oil pool.



Finance Chairman Bill Ray is skeptical of proposals to invest the windfall in the stock market.



From his seat on the dais, Senate President Brad Phillips mediates an oil debate during recess.



EVERYONE SHOULD HAVE
ALASKA'S PROBLEM

What do you do with \$900,000,000?



Governor Keith H. Miller, facing election, would invest most of the \$900 million and cut taxes.



At the edge of Alaska's frozen Arctic coast, where winter temperatures drop to 60° below zero and

Dark-bright and infinitely cold, Alaska's far North Slope is now interrupted by the first substantial traces of man. Drilling rigs punctuate the pastel glow of Arctic spring, and frostbitten men with Texas twangs race to sink their taps to pools of oil which may double or even triple the nation's reserves. For Alaska, a virtual pauper since territorial days, dependent on Washington for every sort of help, the implications are overwhelming. To stake their claims, oil companies already have paid \$900 million to the state, nearly six times its current budget, and billions more are certain when oil begins to flow from the still capped wells. In Juneau, nearly a thousand miles from the drill sites, Alaska's leaders debate with each other and their constituents in what must be the happiest dilemma in the history of any state: what to do with the \$900 million windfall. The oil rush, in the meantime, is delivering problems to Alaska that money alone cannot solve.



Alaskans who would benefit strain to hear the debate on spending \$120 million for pension plan.





A deal that drains both swamp and taxpayers

For sheer legal profit, nothing in Carlos Marcello's career matches the scheme by which he is now transforming Churchill Farms (right), a swampy 6,000-acre tract he owns just outside New Orleans, into choice dry-land real estate at taxpayers' expense. While the imperious Mafia boss vacationed at a Gulf Coast motel (left), a million-dollar pumping station built with public money (below) began the job of draining his land, which until now had been good for casual fishing for mullet and catfish, and little else.

CONTINUED

Marcello predicted that a million-dollar pumping station would be installed and maintained at public expense. He also predicted that the land value of Churchill Farms would be further increased by highway construction. He based the latter forecast upon official assurances that a superhighway, the Dixie Freeway, would be routed through the Marcello swamp. The pumping station has been built and the freeway has been so routed.

On Jefferson Parish tax rolls, Marcello's 6,000 acres are listed as being worth only \$22,000. His school taxes for the property are \$594 a year and the total of *all* tax payments by Churchill Farms—for hospitals, schools, roads, drainage and sanitation—is \$2,030 a year. Even accepting the value of Churchill Farms at the \$1 million he paid for it 11 years ago, Marcello should be paying close to five times that much in taxes at the going rate in the area.

One final touch: the private white-shell-gravel road and bridge that now lead into Marcello's hunting lodge are maintained at parish expense. A parish road grader is parked much of the time within the Marcello compound.

In contrast to Marcello's good fortune is the beggary condition of the entire school system of Jefferson Parish. It faces imminent shutdown unless the state legislature authorizes borrowing against next year's tax revenues. The deficit incurred during 1968 and 1969, primarily because of unequal tax assessments in the parish, is \$3.5 million—or a little more than

taxpayers already have paid for improvements on Marcello's swamp.

In Governor McKeithen's behalf, it can be argued that Louisiana historically is not a state that encourages reform. In all the U.S. it was the only area to attain statehood with no previous experience in self-government. It was probably no coincidence that it was in Louisiana, 95 years ago, that a group of Sicilian Mafiosi founded the first Mafia family in the western hemisphere—the same family that flourishes today under Marcello's stewardship.

It must also be said in McKeithen's behalf that LIFE found no evidence of personal involvement by the governor in any of Marcello's affairs. But there was no equivocation by Governor McKeithen when he voted to rid the state of Marcello's influence two and a half years ago. He made the pledge, launched the investigations, got himself reelected and that was about it.

On the reception room floor in the governor's mansion in Baton Rouge is a rug splendidly adorned with state emblems, scrolls and mottoes. The only imperfection in the rug is a blurring at each of the corners, where the word CONFIDENCE is emblazoned on a bordure. The rug, it turns out, was locally designed but made in Hong Kong. When the rug was delivered from the Orient, CONFIDENCE was spelled exactly backward. It was weeks before anyone noticed. The irony can hardly be lost on the people of Louisiana.



revenue file marked 'hold action'

of last summer, Louisiana had not prosecuted a single case of income tax evasion since 1942. For that matter, Batson himself had not even filed a return since 1965, nor had he declared at least \$28,000 he collected in private fees beyond his state salary. When LIFE investigators called this to the attention of Ashton Mouton, head of the revenue department, Mouton said he would take no action. "I'm no Simon Legree," he said. "There's lots of people who don't file, but we don't prosecute because it just puts them out of business."

Batson has since been promoted to chief counsel of the department. His predecessor, John Levy, used to keep Carlos Marcello's tax files in a drawer marked "Hold Action." The file has now been moved to another location, but here are a few items that were gleaned from its contents:



Until he was deported, Sam Carollo (photographed above in a 1938 narcotics investigation) was Mafia boss of Louisiana. Now back in the U.S. illegally, he lives with his daughter (left) who discourages intruders.

brought the matter of Carollo's illegal reentry before a federal grand jury which summoned Carlos Marcello, among others, to testify. The grand jury indicted Silver Sam, who by then had recovered sufficiently to be moved from the hospital to his daughter's home.

Gallinghouse has ordered an investigation into the Immigration Service's apparent laxity in the Carollo case. The investigation will also include another case in which immigration officials have been curiously inactive. Carlos Marcello himself was deported in 1961. A month later he slipped back into the country and has been living here ever since, unchallenged but actually an illegal resident.

► Carlos Marcello and his brother Anthony owe the state \$39,763 in personal taxes for the year ending 1962. There is no compilation at all of their taxes since that date.

► State Tax Collector Mouton allowed Marcello's brother Joe and another Marcello business partner, Roy Occhipinti, to file back returns on the Desta Mortgage company, but did not require them to pay the taxes. Occhipinti is further delinquent in his personal 1963 income taxes and has not filed returns for 1965, '66 or '67.

► In 1965 a state investigator recommended prosecution of Attorney Mike Maroun, operator of Marcello's Town and Country motel in Shreveport. Instead, the file was closed on Jan. 23, 1967, "per instruction of Mr. Mouton."

► Joe Marcello, who runs the family's fashionable and highly profitable Elmwood Plantation restaurant outside New Orleans, has not filed a personal state return in eight years. (Last January, Mouton called off a proposed investigation into tax irregularities and delinquencies at the restaurant.)

► A large confidential file of income tax claims against Marcello's friend Marshall Brown, the Democratic committeeman, was set aside in 1967 and marked "Special Handling."

► There was similar inaction on other assessments against Marcello family enterprises, including the CBM Corporation, LaRue 90, Garnet Land, Sapphire Land, Stevie Corporation and a dozen more. A comment in file Number 74338 illustrates the disillusionment of one investigator: "I have my doubts this claim will be paid. Of course these doubts are based on numerous other claims that I have had experience as belonging to Carlos Marcello, his associates or affiliated corporations."

In January 1969, Division Director Millard Byrd set machinery in motion to collect all back taxes owed by the Marcellos since 1960. Chief Counsel Levy set the files aside, and Byrd was prematurely retired two months later.

LAST year, the state of Louisiana made severe budget cuts in key state agencies, drastically affecting social services. School budgets were reduced; the average monthly welfare payment for a family of four shrank from \$108 to \$85, and New Orleans' Charity Hospital, one of the largest hospitals in the country, is turning away patients because the funds are not available to hire enough nurses and technicians. Governor McKeithen blamed the cuts on the legislature's refusal to raise taxes, and the legislature in turn blamed them on the administration's inefficiencies. Such arguments ring particularly hollow in view of the revenue department's failure to collect its legal due.

But the failure to pay taxes is by no means the outer limit of Carlos Marcello's efrontery—or of the state's kowtowing. That distinc-

tion goes to the Churchill Farms caper, in which Marcello succeeded in forming his own taxing district in order to convert a large swamp he owns into solid, highly valuable urban real estate. To this end the taxpayers of Louisiana will spend upward of \$5 million, enabling Marcello to turn a profit of at least \$5 million. The cost to Marcello, in drainage tax, is \$264 a year.

Here is how it has worked:

In 1959, Marcello purchased a 6,000-acre tract called Churchill Farms, which is situated in Jefferson Parish, just a few miles to the southwest of New Orleans, for a figure in the neighborhood of \$1 million. It was an unprepossessing place, consisting chiefly of a hunting lodge and several outbuildings, a caretaker's house and a watery bird preserve. Diked and drained, according to experienced real estate appraisers, it would be worth easily \$60 million. But such drainage is costly and Marcello is not a man to throw his own money around. Instead, he set about to establish his own taxing entity. He convinced Jefferson Parish and state authorities that they should create a drainage district. This in effect made parish and state taxpayers pay for a share of the cost of drainage, but without getting any of the direct benefits.

One of former Governor Davis' last official acts was the signing in 1964 of a contract authorizing the state and a regional flood control agency, the Lafourche Levee Board, to share \$1 million in construction costs for a levee designed to guard the low-lying perimeter of Churchill Farms—no other land, just Churchill Farms. In addition, the contract called for a \$500,000 payment—half of Marcello's original purchase cost—to Churchill Farms as "compensation" for use of the gangster's land to build the levee. Governor McKeithen authorized the issuance of the \$500,000 check late in 1967, complaining that he was legally bound by his predecessor's commitment, even though "that land drainage doesn't benefit anybody but Carlos Marcello."

The levee was completed in 1968, and drainage was begun with the installation of huge pumps, which so far have cost the taxpayers nearly \$1.5 million.

Still another \$2 million in anticipated costs, to be financed by the sale of drainage district bonds, has been allocated to the Churchill Farms project.

Better still—for Marcello—when drainage is completed, there are plans to crisscross the property with paved streets and state highways which will further enhance its value.

This flow of public dollars into Churchill Farms didn't just happen. In a 1968 federal tax hearing, Marcello and his representatives boasted how he had personally negotiated the land drainage contracts with the levee board and the Davis administration, and how he had caused the creation of the drainage district to impose taxes and pay for draining his swamp.

CONTINUED

CONTINUED

man L. A. Holland; Highway Department Director Gary; Senator Long; District Attorney Pitcher; U.S. District Judge Gordon West (Senator Long's former law partner); and Baton Rouge Sheriff Bryan Clemmons.

A high-ranking Louisiana state police officer speedily arranged for Saia and Caracci to be bonded out of jail in Houston, and their case was eventually dismissed on grounds that an improper search warrant had been used. But the arrests and the seizure of the betting and phone record so alarmed Marcello that he abruptly shut down his statewide gambling operations. They were not reopened until late October, when, after exchanges between emissaries from New Orleans and Las Vegas, new codes and a new phone network were established.

The case of Tickle Saia personifies the non-balance of Louisiana politicians toward associations with organized crime. If they see any impropriety in Saia's joint connections to, say, Russell Long and Carlos Marcello, they tend

to shrug it off as an acceptable expediency.

Two generations of the Long family have co-existed with the Mafia in Louisiana. In 1934 Russell Long's father, the late Huey Long, invited New York Mob Boss Frank Costello to come into Louisiana and organize gambling for a percentage of the take. (Costello later testified it was "the most profitable investment" he ever made.) As Carlos Marcello grew to power in the Mafia, he was in frequent contact with a parade of other leading political figures, notably Russell's uncle, Earl Long. In 1951 an internal staff report of the Kefauver crime committee identified Marcello as a heavy contributor to Russell Long's own political campaigns.

One area in which Marcello's influence is particularly effective is the state revenue department. In this office, charged with collecting all state taxes, the Mob boss seems able to control the hiring and placement of agents and

Excerpts from a

can manipulate state auditing procedures almost at will. High-level revenue officials have admitted to LIFE that the surest solution for a Louisiana businessman seeking a tax settlement is to approach the department through Carlos Marcello.

As a result, the state is losing millions of dollars—authoritative estimator put the figure at more than \$100 million a year—through fixes in the revenue department and by the atmosphere of administrative decay that such corruption fosters.

An example of plain laxity was the nullification last year of a long-standing tax claim for \$32 million against a large national corporation that operates in Louisiana. The claim was allowed to expire on the desk of Emmett Batson, the department attorney then in charge of prosecuting state income tax evasions. As

Two problems for Marcello: a federal charge and the naming of a successor

Though Carlos Marcello operates unimpeded by Louisiana authorities, he is being increasingly harassed from two other directions: the U.S. government and the Mafia itself. As a result, Marcello faces an impending prison term and possibly even deportation. His troubles began in 1966 when the Justice Department launched a series of raids on gambling warehouses in Louisiana, Mississippi and Oklahoma that were under Marcello's protection. His rivals in the

Mob's national leadership—particularly Santo Trafficante, the boss of Tampa—cited the raids as evidence that Marcello was losing his grip and should be replaced.

In September 1966 Marcello was summoned to defend himself at a secret Mafia trial, the "Little Apalachin" meeting at La Scala Restaurant in Queens, N.Y. Police raided that meeting and arrested, among others, Marcello, Trafficante and the presiding "judge," Cosa Nostra Commissioner Carlo Gambino. But Marcello had won his "case" before the raid took place. After his release by the New York police, he returned to New Orleans exuberant with victory. At the airport he greeted a contingent of reporters and some FBI agents with the pronouncement: "I am the boss here." To punctuate his words, Marcello swung a roundhouse right at the chin of FBI Agent Patrick J. Collins—and landed right back in trouble.

Convicted of punching the agent, Marcello drew a two-year federal prison term. He is still free on appeal, but his pending absence gives Trafficante the chance to renew his agitation to replace Marcello. This has brought to a head the question of succession.

Rival heirs to the Louisiana Mafia empire, Joe Marcello and Anthony Carollo left the 1966 "Little Apalachin" meeting wearing handcuffs.



Marcello himself had inherited the Louisiana fiefdom from Silverstro Carollo, a vicious superboss of the Huey Long era and after, widely known as Silver Sam. Carollo was deported to Sicily in 1951, but in his heyday he was powerful enough to have once ordered Al Capone, arriving in New Orleans on a business visit from Chicago, to clear out of town on the same train that had brought him.

Now Carollo's son Anthony, a New Orleans Mafioso money-lender and restaurateur, wants to succeed Marcello as family boss, and has Trafficante's backing. Marcello wants his own younger brother, Joe, to take over from him if that finally becomes necessary.

Last summer, Anthony Carollo and his sister, Mrs. Sarah Misacura, took off suddenly to visit their father in Sicily. Silver Sam, now 74 and seriously ailing, agreed to return to the U.S. to mediate the dispute over succession. In October he showed up in Windsor, Ontario, just across the heavily trafficked border from Detroit, and shortly after the first of the year slipped back into New Orleans. His presence went undetected until February when a TV newsmen, Bill Elder, found him in the maximum care unit of a New Orleans hospital, suffering from a heart attack.

Once he learned of it, the newly appointed U.S. Attorney for New Orleans, Gerald Gallinghouse,



in high places



When a state legislator wants a free holiday in Las Vegas he calls upon Leon Gary, who arranges it through a Marcello contact at the Sands Casino. Gary is director of the state highway department.



State investigators traced Marcello phone calls to the Capitol office of C. H. ("Sammy") Downs, number two man in the McKeithen administration. The governor called off the investigation.

evidence of organized crime in Orleans Parish." But meanwhile enforcement agencies outside the state had arrested three of the nation's leading layoff bookmakers—Sam DiPiazza, Eugene Nolan and Frank Timpony—for operating right in Garrison's jurisdiction. Garrison chose to ignore evidence given at the DiPiazza and Nolan trials that they were handling hundreds of millions of dollars in layoff bets from New Orleans. Both men were convicted; Timpony's trial is pending.

From 1965 through 1969, Garrison obtained just two convictions and five guilty pleas in police cases brought against Marcello's gangsters. He elected *not* to prosecute 84 such cases, including 22 gambling charges, one for attempted murder, three for kidnapping and one for manslaughter. Garrison even managed to hush up the fact that last June a Marcello bagman, Vic Carona, died after suffering a heart attack during a political meeting held in Garrison's own home.

In Marcello's home territory of Jefferson Parish, which abuts New Orleans, District Attorney Frank Langridge, whose office is habitually deferential to Carlos Marcello, joined the chorus by ordering a perfunctory investigation and then declaring his district clean. Langridge and Marcello continue to share the services of an old Mob enforcer named Joseph ("Zip") Chimento, who is on the D.A.'s staff as an investigator—and works for Marcello as a collector for Mob vending machines.

In addition to Sammy Downs, LFE has found a number of other officials with Marcello connections, notably:

- ▶ Tom Ashy, a bookie from Lafayette, was and is a state racing commissioner.
- ▶ Marshall Brown, who acknowledges his friendship with Marcello and frequently makes business calls from Marcello's private phone, was and is the Democratic national committeeman for Louisiana. Brown is also McKeithen's patronage chief for New Orleans and a member of the state board of education.
- ▶ Leon Gary, the McKeithen-appointed director of the state highway commission, is the man to see whenever a state legislator wants to line up free accommodations in Las Vegas. He arranges the hospitality through Marcello's personal "man" in Vegas, Mario Marino.
- ▶ Former Governor Jimmie Davis, who often helped Marcello during his two previous terms in office, is considered a strong bet to win back the governorship in 1972 when McKeithen will be unable to run again under Louisiana law.

Last September, police broke up what they described as a syndicate gambling operation at the Royal Coach Inn in Houston, Texas. Among the persons arrested were two Louisianians. One was a Marcello mobster named Frank Caracci. The other was a wealthy Baton Rouge electrical contractor and prominent political and sports figure named Frank ("Tiekie") Saia. Saia, a close friend of both Governor McKeithen and U.S. Senator Russell Long, is a member of the state licensing board for contractors and was until recently, under Long's patronage, a regional adviser for



Police raid on a Houston gambling casino turned up Baton Rouge businessman Frank Saia and records of phone calls to a dozen Louisiana officials.

the Federal Small Business Administration. In 1968, he was named Louisiana's "outstanding small businessman." (The SBA has been particularly helpful to Marcello enterprises. In 1968 and 1969, it approved \$835,000 in loans to Marcello-connected businesses.)

At the time of the Houston raid, police found a sizable number of bet slips and records on Saia himself. Phone records obtained by police for the days prior to the raid showed a striking split in traffic between calls to professional gambling and Cosa Nostra figures from coast to coast and calls to political and sports figures known to be personal friends of Tiekie Saia. Among the latter were calls to: former Governor Davis; National Committeeman Brown; Victor Bussie, Louisiana AFL-CIO president; State School Superintendent Bill Dodd; State Racing Commission Chair-

CONTINUED

For Marcello there is never a shortage of helpful men



During the two terms of Jimmie Davis as governor (1944-48 and 1960-64) Mob-backed gambling and vice flourished and expanded in Louisiana. Davis is preparing to run again in 1972.



As head of Louisiana's state revenue department, Ashton Mouton has consistently squelched investigations into the nonpayment of state taxes by Marcello, his relatives and business associates.



Revenue department attorney Emmett Batson failed to prosecute anybody for income tax evasion and didn't file a return himself from 1965 to 1968. Last year he was promoted to chief counsel.

CONTINUED

gianians who are lined up to do him favors, and to receive his favors in return. Many of these people occupy influential positions in state and local government.

Governor McKeithen at first delegated the investigation of Mob influence in his administration to a commission headed by Attorney Camille Gravel. But no sooner had Gravel fo-

cused his attentions on Marcello's good friend, C. H. ("Sammy") Downs, the most powerful man in the McKeithen administration, than the probe was halted and Gravel resigned in disgust to return to private practice. At the time of the original LIFE articles Downs was temporarily on loan to the presidential campaign staff of George Wallace, but he kept a suite of offices in the capitol and maintained his contacts with Marcello. (McKeithen later acknowledged this, while insisting that Downs was "the only Mafia link I know of in my administration.") Yet when Downs returned from the Wallace campaign, McKeithen not only took him back but named him as his executive counsel. Last August the governor appointed Downs director of the heavily budgeted state public works department.

Following the resignation of Commission Chairman Gravel, the burden of the investigation fell to District Attorney Sargent Pitcher, whose East Baton Rouge jurisdiction included the capitol and most of the state offices. Pitcher's office conducted an eight-month search before concluding that there was no evidence of a link "between rackets figure Carlos Marcello and the state capitol."

Meanwhile the state ethics commission, working under the guidance of W. W. McDougall from Governor McKeithen's office, looked into LIFE's disclosures concerning the relationship between Marcello and a state police captain named Roland Coppola. The commission ruled that Coppola's solicitation of Marcello for \$42,000 in loans and the fact that organized gambling flourished in his parish

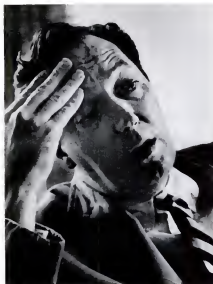
were not incriminating. Coppola was suspended for 30 days, however, for "accepting gratuities." Among the gratuities, though not specified in the commission's finding, were oil well royalties which have netted Coppola more than \$30,000. Captain Coppola is still active in a headquarters job with the state police.

McKeithen also issued special executive funds to Attorney General Jack Gremillion for the purpose of investigating organized crime. Gremillion came up empty-handed. Indeed he had troubles enough defending his own involvement with a savings and loan company. The company, Louisiana Loan & Thrift, had been organized in 1966 by Gremillion and other attorneys. Over a period of 21 months, L.L.&T. took some \$2.6 million deposited by small investors and turned it over in the form of loans to politicians and Marcello-connected companies.

In 1968 the company went into federal receivership and auditors found that Gremillion, who had written several legal opinions which successfully removed L.L.&T. from federal supervision, had received \$10,000 in legal fees from the firm and another \$200,000 in loans.

Gremillion, still attorney general, has been indicted by a federal grand jury for his part in L.L.&T.'s activities. The depositors, meanwhile, are still waiting to get their money back.

In New Orleans, District Attorney Jim Garrison directed a succession of grand jury inquiries, each of which wound up in solemn agreement with Garrison that there was "no



After promising to resign if organized crime were shown to exist in his city, New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison conducted grand jury hearings, which found none. He was reelected in 1969.

INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

Louisiana still jumps for Mobster Marcello

The 'Little Man'
is bigger than ever

This article was prepared by Special Correspondent David Chandler and by LIFE's investigative reporting team.

In 1967, when LIFE began a series of stories dealing with the grip of organized crime on the United States, we cited as a classic example how one powerful Mob chieftain, Carlos Marcello, controlled the state of Louisiana. He did so, we reported, with little interference from local public officials or police, and indeed often with their help.

Today the actions of the Mob in Louisiana are more flagrant than ever. Marcello, now 60, not only continues to dominate the state but grows vastly richer each year at public expense. The key state officials he is known to have dealt with are still in office—some have even been promoted. Not only has Marcello managed to avoid paying state taxes on his widespread operations, he has also found an ingenious way to use public funds to turn his \$1 million investment in a Louisiana swamp into a real estate bonanza worth \$60 million.

Marcello does have troubles—with the federal government and with envious fellow chieftains within the Cosa Nostra (page 34). But in Louisiana the five-foot one-inch Marcello, known as the Little Man, is more than ever the unchallenged giant of organized crime, and of the state itself.

People who cross the Little Man still get killed. In 1967, for example, Harry Bennett, a Marcello syndicate gambler, was gunned down 13 hours after he was seen approaching a federal prosecutor with an offer to testify against the boss. Last fall Donald ("Jimmie") James, who had been Bennett's partner in a Gulf Coast gambling casino, also ran afoul of Marcello. James's sin was to swindle a Marcello gang member out of \$10,000. When he learned of it, Marcello found James and got the money back. In January, James was found shot to death in almost the exact spot where Bennett had been killed two years earlier.

Such terror tactics help sustain Marcello's reign. But the real obstacle to any honest attempt to dislodge him is the scores of LOU-

CONTINUED

In September 1967, after three LIFE articles described Mob domination of politics and commerce in Louisiana, Governor John McKeithen led a delegation of prominent Louisianians to New York to confer with LIFE's editors and writers. Returning home, he went on TV and told his audience what he had said to LIFE:

"Gentlemen, I want to first apologize to you for having said that you smeared our state. I want to say that you haven't smeared us nearly as badly as you could have. As a matter of fact, you've been awfully kind to me and Louisiana

in not having said anything more than you have. You've given us evidence here that we can go back to Louisiana with and clean up our state and we think put some people in the penitentiary. We can't wait to get back to Louisiana and start to do it."

McKeithen urged LIFE: "I want you all to come back and see us when we're looking better." He then ordered a series of investigations which lasted approximately through the gubernatorial campaign of 1968, in which he was re-elected. Here, 2½ years later, is LIFE's report on Louisiana today.



GOVERNOR MCKEITHEN

Louisiana's Mafia Boss Carlos Marcello regally leaves a 1968 grand jury hearing



It's all you need.

BankAmericard® is a laundry credit card. A gasoline credit card. A department store credit card. A hotel credit card. A hardware store credit card. A rent-a-car credit card.

The list goes on and on. Because your BankAmericard is good for almost every kind of business and service you can name. It's good in your home town. In almost every state. And it's also good in many foreign



countries. Whether you're a housewife who would like to write just one check a month, or a businessman who needs a record of his expenses, BankAmericard is the only credit card you really need. It costs you nothing to get one. Just pick up an application at any BankAmericard bank. Of course, you'll still find a few places that hold out for nickels and dimes. But we're working on it.

Almost.

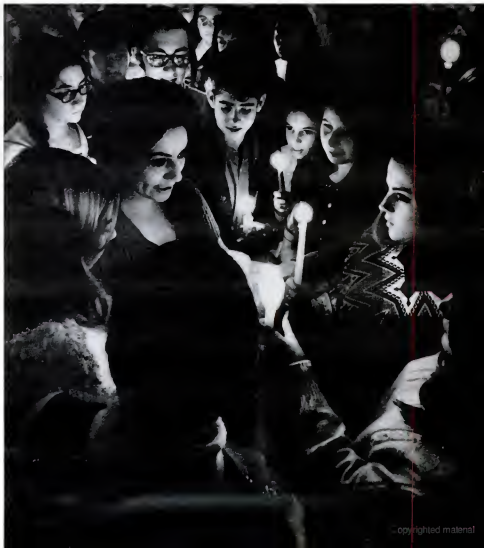


© 1988 BankAmericard International, Inc. BankAmericard is a registered trademark of BankAmericard International, Inc.



Carrying her book-plugging tour to Wall Street, Louise is mobbed by a lunchtime crowd. She got Wall Streeters to chant three times, "Light the flame, bright the fire, red is the color of desire."

Hollywood high school pupils, holding lighted candles, hear Louise chant her sexual-vitality incantation. Students like her, and the University of Washington has given her an honorary degree.





Everyone's your friend when they're But the moment you have

Isn't it funny how as soon as money changes hands, attitudes generally change too.

No, actually it's not so funny, is it? Especially if you're on the receiving end.

Well, we at Whirlpool have our own attitude about this kind of business. We think it's bad business. We think the customer is still the customer after the sale. And should be treated as such.

That's why we're constantly implementing new policies and practices to give our customers the best possible service and protection after the sale.

Take our Warranty Letter, for example. It's written in plain, everyday, easy-to-understand language, with no fine print whatsoever. So you know exactly what you are and what you're not entitled to.

We've also set up a special phone number you can



looking to sell you something. a problem with it...

call if you ever have trouble with any of our appliances—or if you just want some advice about something. (800-253-1301; or, if you live in Michigan, 800-632-2243.) You can call this number, free, and a Whirlpool service consultant will try to solve your problem over the phone.

If he can't, he'll give you the name and address of the Whirlpool franchised Tech-Care Center nearest your home. Which means your appliance will be fixed by some-

one specifically trained and authorized by Whirlpool.

These are just a few of the many things we at Whirlpool are doing to protect our customers. To see that they get a fair shake. And, most important, to make sure they remain our customers.

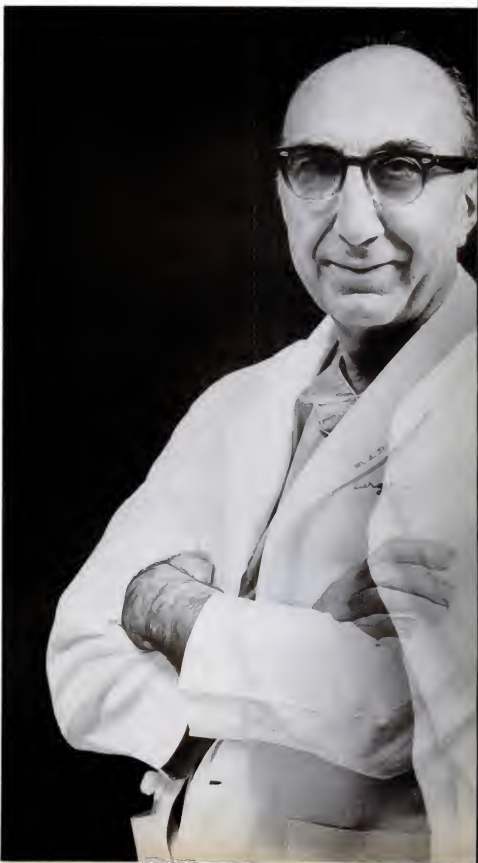

Whirlpool
CORPORATION

Washers, dryers, refrigerators, dishwashers, air conditioners
and other home appliances.

Houston's two master heart surgeons are locked in a feud

THE TEXAS TORNADO

by THOMAS THOMPSON



Dr. Michael DeBakey, at left, and Dr. Denton Cooley (shown in a montage photograph) once worked together; now they operate in adjacent hospitals and never speak to each other.

vs. DR. WONDERFUL



When the two surgeons first came together in Houston almost two decades ago as maestro and protégé, their common enemy was disease of the heart, that inviolate three-quarter-pound pump which defied repair because to stop it to fix it was to kill it. Now the two are in rival Houston hospitals, separated only by a struggling patch of St. Augustine grass and linked by a subterranean tunnel; now, largely because of their work, the heart is routinely stopped, cut into, patched, detoured, shocked, transplanted; and now, these two master heart surgeons who have risked more frontier operations, raised more millions on the halos of their reputations, given back more life and aroused more peers' hackles than Medicare, now, Dr. Michael E. DeBakey, 61, and Dr. Denton A. Cooley, 49, have a new enemy: each other.

There is ample precedence in the world of science for feuds among its giants—the younger Jung and the older Freud flailed away at each other for years, Teller disputed Oppenheimer, Sabin disagreed with Salk—but there has probably never been a schism so spectacular as the one now widening in Houston. DeBakey vs. Cooley has polarized the medical community in Houston, divided the big-money men who help support the two surgeons' projects, and concerned the doctors who refer to them the trickiest cases of heart disease, still the No. 1 killer of man.

DeBakey clearly has the superior position in Houston, as president of the Baylor College of Medicine, as chairman of its famous Department of Surgery, as the most dominant figure in the Methodist Hospital, and—most impressively—as physician-in-chief of the Fondren-Brown Cardiovascular Research and Training Center, a \$20 million marvel which brings to fruition his 10-year dream of "science and surgery under one roof." The centerpiece of the center is eight futuristic, electronic operating theaters built in a circle around a central controlling room where computers will be able to monitor anesthetized patients and squawk warnings of plunging heart pressure or abnormal heart rhythms.

A football field's distance away—across the area known in the Texas Medical Center as the Demilitarized Zone—Cooley must presently content himself with the cramped facilities of St. Luke's Episcopal Hospital and its adjoining Texas Children's Hospital. But there is a Fontainebleau in his future too. Recently topped off was a 28-story addition to St. Luke's which will house Cooley's own Texas Heart Institute. Already known in Houston as the Cooley Tower, the addition will, upon completion, hold up to 300 heart-patient beds and lavish operating rooms.

The last attempt at peacemaking was in December when Cooley telephoned DeBakey's office across the DMZ and spoke to his secretary.

CONTINUED

What you need is peace of mind when you buy a used car.



Get 2 years of it from your Ford Dealer with his new A-1 Used Car Guarantee...



FORD DEALER USED CAR GUARANTEE

FIRST-MONTH GUARANTEE—Under this guarantee the Dealer, for a period of 30 days from the date of purchase or until the vehicle has been driven 1,000 miles from above "Seawall-to-Mileage," whichever event first shall occur, will give Purchaser a \$50 percent discount from Dealer's regular retail price for parts and labor on any repairs Dealer makes that are necessary to keep the vehicle in serviceable condition. Several repairs to tires and tubes, gears, radio, and, of course, any repairs occasioned by accident or theft.

TWO-YEAR GUARANTEE—Under this guarantee the Dealer, for a period of two years from the expiration of the First-Month Guarantee, will give Purchaser a 15 percent discount from Dealer's regular retail price for parts and labor on any repairs that Dealer makes that are necessary to keep this vehicle in serviceable condition, except, of course, those occasioned by accident or theft.

This guarantee is expressly in LIEU OF all other guarantees, warranties or maintenance promises or implied, including ALL IMPLIED WARRANTY OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS, and of all other obligations or liabilities on the part of the Dealer with respect to this vehicle, any part thereof or the same treated. This guarantee must be presented with the vehicle described herein for any and all adjustments and is not transferable or assignable.

When you choose an A-1 Used Car, you've made a great choice. Because you get a lot more from your Ford Dealer. Like your own Used Car Owner's Manual . . . an exclusive Home Study Safety Course . . . an A-1 Owner's Identification Card . . . and a parchment certificate spelling out the new Ford Dealer A-1 Used Car Guarantee. It all adds up to proof that your Ford Dealer is proud of his A-1 sign . . . it's only at Ford Dealers . . . and buy with confidence.



For a Used Car You Can Count On... See Your Ford Dealer

FORD DEALER A-1 USED CARS AND TRUCKS



On his daily visit to more than 80 patients scattered over three hospitals, DeBakey flies down some steps, trailed by his retinue of young assisting doctors.

CONTINUED

"I told her I wanted to talk to Mike and at least declare a truce so that we could discuss the future of our respective institutions," Cooley said. "Even the Vietnamese declare a Christmas truce."

But DeBakey never called back.

"I can't understand why the old man lets this Cooley thing get him down," observes a Houston doctor who has remained fairly neutral in the feud. "Mike DeBakey has had every honor a doctor can get. He has operated on royalty, he has whispered in the ear of a U.S. President, he has more decorations and medals than some South American general, he has built an empire to rival the brothers Mayo, he's been on the cover of TIME, he has taken his scalpel and cut where no man would dare cut before he did—nobody would touch an aneurysm until Mike did one; for that alone he's secure in the medical history books—so why in God's name would he be so bent on getting Denton Cooley?"

As a recent visitor to both camps, I was struck by three things: 1) how fortunate is the heart patient who can get in here for treatment, 2) how the blazing competition between the two men has stretched their surgical and research feats to the benefit of all, including those who, like me, fantasize arteries clogging up with each buttering of the toast, and 3) how either doctor manages to get through his day, much less find time to grump about the other.

DeBakey, particularly, is a metronome set at its fastest speed, a man who bursts down the halls of his hospital with little waves of power circling about him, hence his nickname the Texas Tornado. He is a slight, tensile surgeon who takes superb care of his patients but who seems to have forgotten himself in the meantime. "When was the last time you had an EKG?" I asked. "I can't remember ever having one," DeBakey answered. His face is pale because he spends 20 hours a day inside the hospital, his stomach is apparently made of exotic meat because he continually crams it with peanuts,

CONTINUED



AND NOW GAS AIR CONDITIONING

You mean now? In April?

We do. Here's why: You may find gas whole-house air conditioning costs less to buy out of season. You'll get the job done faster, too. The installation people aren't as busy now as they will be next summer.

And the money you save by buying now is only the beginning. You'll find gas saves on operating

costs and repairs. Lasts and lasts because there are fewer things to go wrong or wear out. Just a clean, quiet, steady flame. And you have a cool, happy family in the bargain.

Check into it with your gas company or heating and cooling contractor. AMERICAN GAS ASSOCIATION, INC.

Gas gives you a better deal.

Cut your grass with a little class!



7 WAYS TO CONVINCE
YOUR WIFE YOU SHOULD
BUY A TORO TRACTOR
TO KEEP YOUR RANCHO
LOOKING GRANDE.

1. Cuts mowing time almost in half.

With a TORO Tractor, you really mow when you mow! Instead of walking, you ride along . . . get the job done faster. (Less lawn time . . . more wife time.)

2. Gives you TORO's famous "even cut." On a TORO rider, the free-floating cutter housing follows ground contours perfectly. Gives your lawn that beautiful manicured look. (She'll like that.)

3. Starts and steers easy as a car.

Jump into your bucket seat. Turn the key. Charge! You're off and mowing. Steering a TORO is easy, too . . . just like a car. So you can let Mama have a turn at the wheel once in a while.

4. New Trimmer attachment.

A classy TORO exclusive. Lets you trim around shrubs, trees, sidewalks, gardens—right from your bucket seat. Never again will you and your wife have to snip-snip on your hands and knees.

5. It's a Snow Plow, too. Bully!

With a pin-on blade or thrower, your TORO Tractor tackles the toughest snow jobs.

6. Haul with it, have a ball with it.

Attach a cart, and you can haul dirt, shrubs, lawn tools—even the kids. Riding beats walking any time!

7. A great buy for the money.

Prices from \$419.95.* Models from 5 h.p. to 12. Drop by your TORO dealer (wife in hand) and have yourself a look. You might just end up heading back to your ranch with a shiny, new red bull.

For the name of your nearest TORO dealer, call FREE—800-631-4299 (in New Jersey call 201-488-1234)—or see the Yellow Pages.

811 Lyndale Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn. 55420
*Exclusive trade name of Toro Mfg. Corp.
*MS's suggested retail price

Take the bull by the horns.

TORO

DeBakey takes a patient's death as a personal defeat

CONTINUED

Cokes, candy snatched from bedside tables, spicy food. "Mike is a man who puts Tabasco sauce on everything he eats—and everything he says," one friend commented. The DeBakey temper is as celebrated as the DeBakey hands. He has flung mistakenly proffered surgical tools at sloppily performing aides. He once rapped a now prominent Houston surgeon on the noggin because the man was standing in the light. He has ordered countless residents and interns out of his operating rooms. "Look what you're doing to this patient!" he cries on occasion, or even, "Get the hell out of here!" An official of the Baylor Medical School once seriously suggested that the curriculum be changed so that no medical students could "get near Mike" until their senior year for fear the crusty surgeon might frighten them out of medicine.

DeBakey is a perfectionist who rarely has the time for tact. Not long ago he instructed a resident to sew up the patient's chest while he attended to other work on the femoral artery of the leg. When the resident was almost done, DeBakey glanced over, frowned behind his mask and thick glasses, then brusquely took his scalpel, cut out all of the stitches and replaced them himself. Such tactics have predictably earned him a long line of detractors.

DeBakey is the first to acknowledge that he is often a cranky bear in his operating room, but his defense seems a good one. "I'm only thinking about the patient," he says, and since the majority of his hospital's work is re-dos, repairing jobs botched elsewhere, he is intensely conscious of the fact that he is usually competing against death.

"Whenever we lose someone on the operating table," says a member of the DeBakey team, "and this is so rare nowadays, the old man is devastated. He cancels the surgical schedule for the rest of the day, goes to his office and locks the door. It's as if it was some sort of personal defeat."

On a recent morning, in his white Maserati, which was a gift from an Italian patient, DeBakey roared down Sunset Boulevard; one young intern has said he would prefer risking DeBakey's wrath in the operating room rather than have to ride beside him the one mile to the hospital annex on evening patient rounds. DeBakey parked the sports car in the basement of the hospital and bounded upstairs, leaping steps three at a time rather than wait for an elevator. He was in surgery by 7:30 and he labored there until midafternoon. But at the same time he was *all over* his hospital, going from one operating room to another when the patient's chest was opened and the field exposed for him, pausing here to replace two defective heart valves with artificial ones which he developed, stopping there to sew in a Dacron patch on the aorta of a woman patient who had developed a second aneurysm 14 years after DeBakey had repaired her first one. "Didn't Einstein die from one of these things?" I asked. "Yes," said DeBakey. "Curious thing, though; he had one which ruptured but which could have been operated on. They called me here long distance and asked what I thought about operating, and I said, 'By all means,' but Einstein refused. And he died. He didn't have to."

CONTINUED

Good things come in little oak barrels.

What makes a brandy smooth? Mostly, it's the wood the brandy is aged in.

That's why the best barrels are small ones which allow close contact between wood and liquor.

Almadén Brandy is aged in little oak barrels.

The result is a drink that goes down so smooth, you hardly know you're swallowing.

If this sounds like your kind of brandy, we'd appreciate the try.

Almadén. Little oak barrel brandy.



ALMADÉN BRANDIES, PAICINES, CALIF., BRANDY 50 PROOF



Scrubbing in for his fifth open heart operation before lunch, Cooley pauses to joke with residents. He finished at 6, was called back at 2 a.m. for emergency surgery.

CONTINUED

All day DeBakey slips in and out of his office by a side door which used to confound his secretary, who long ago gave up trying to stay abreast of his whereabouts. He strides down halls in his white English surgical boots (other Houston surgeons wear crepe-soled shoes) to the laboratories, setting out on his grand patient rounds with the nurses and younger doctors dancing nervously ahead and behind as they try to anticipate his needs. He will visit 80 patients in less than an hour—less than a minute for most—and later work in his office until past midnight on his medical papers (more than 750 already published). He is a restless, churning, driven man who, when Denton Cooley is brought up, says, almost sadly, "What Dr. Cooley did was not only unethical, it was immoral. It was betrayal."

Denton Cooley, if he walked into any theatrical casting office, would get the good-guy part. He could play the Gary Cooper roles. He is six feet four, slim, blue-eyed, with blond hair turning gray. He is the sort of soft-spoken bantering surgeon whom scrub nurses fight to serve, and they did just that, before St. Luke's diplomatically initiated a rotation system.

On a recent day, Cooley was presiding in his operating rooms, surrounded by 15 residents and fellows from as many foreign countries, many of whom paid their own way to spend a year hovering at his elbow. He runs an informal surgery; western music or jazz purrs from a cassette on a shelf, the walls have gags and quotations pasted up: "Yesterday is gone, tomorrow may never come, now is the ap-

pointed time"; "Ideas won't keep. Something must be done about them."

Earlier he had passed around a letter from a man who wanted a testicle transplant and had asked his staff if there were any donors. Now, in surgery, his hands moved inside the patient's exposed heart so quickly and surely that the visiting surgeons turned to each other with incredulous looks. A nurse was talking about a speed-reading course she is taking which enables her to scan a page in a few seconds. "Yes," said Cooley, as he sewed in a plastic mitral valve, "but you spend half an hour on the dirty paragraph." He began to whistle "I wanna go back to my little grass shack in Kealahakua, Hawaii." He finished the valve replacement in about 25 minutes and went across the hall to perform a new technique of correcting tetralogy of Fallot and the insertion of a monoclass pulmonary valve on a 21-year-old. "This is the first time this operation has ever been done this way," whispered a nurse. "Anywhere."

Another nurse told me, "Be sure and write down that we call him Dr. Wonderful." Cooley replied, "Be sure and write down that I make them call me Dr. Wonderful."

Afterwards, he was proud to take me on a quick tour of the Texas Heart Institute, rising above St. Luke's. He pointed out where the operating theaters would be, where the arteriograms would be taken, where the laboratories would be, although Cooley has never been known for his interest in research.

"Our institution, built from private funds, is going to flourish because we're building it with har-

CONTINUED

GM's lowest-priced car.

Buick's Opel, equipped with all these standard features. □ Economical 63 horsepower engine that gets up to 30 miles a gallon on regular gas. □ Floor mounted four-speed stick shift (synchronized in all forward gears). □ Room for five people. □ Choice of seven colors. □ Durable all-vinyl interior. □ Foam-padded front bucket seats with head restraints. □ Adjustable seat backs. □ Seat belts for all passenger positions. □ Shoulder belts for driver and right-front passenger. □ GM energy-absorbing steering column. □ GM anti-theft steering column lock. □ Inside hood release. □ Windshield washers and dual-speed wipers. □ Big 11.4 cubic feet of trunk space. □ 12-volt electrical system. □ Heater and defroster. □ Rattle-resistant unitized body construction. □ Rear coil springs. □ Full-flow oil filter. □ Lubed-for-life chassis. □ Exhaust emission control system. □ Sold and serviced by more dealers than any other imported car.



\$1955^{00*}

*Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price for Opel 2-Door Sedan includes Federal excise tax and suggested dealer new-car preparation charge. Destination charges, optional equipment and accessories, title and local taxes additional.

Buick's Opel 2-Door Sedan.



9.00 P.A. on NBC
11:00 P.M. on PBS
**FIRST
TUESDAY**
Tonight 8-9 p.m. by
Tony Danza

Would you let her freeze in the winter?!

Of course you wouldn't.

So why let her swelter in the summer?

After all, air conditioning is as natural for warm weather as heat is for cold weather.

And now York makes a whole-house air conditioning system that's unlike any other. To begin with, we've done away with that big monster of a unit outside your

house. The York Champion II unit is so small, your neighbors probably won't even see it. (It's only 18 inches high.) And it's so quiet, they probably won't hear it either.

For more facts on the industry's most advanced air conditioner, the York Champion II, just send us the coupon.

Together, we'll put an end to the long hot summer.

York Information Center

P.O. Box 8646 • Phila., Pa. 19101

- Have York Dealer phone and arrange for free air conditioning estimate.
 Send me more information and name of nearby York Authorized Dealer

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

Telephone Number _____

Rev. 43

YORK

DIVISION OF YORK-HEAT CORPORATION

YORK

HEAT

York. The air conditioning people.

We heat/cool: Homes. Buildings. Ships. Cars. Everything. We make plant refrigeration systems. Ice makers. In Canada, York Canada, Ltd.

#1
BESTSELLER
 300,000 copies
 now in print
 —and more coming



Dr. David Reuben
 the new apostle of sanity
 in sex who is breaking all
 records with . . .



LIFE says: "The no-nonsense humor and absence of euphemism will make this a can't-put-it-down reading and learning adventure."

N. Y. TIMES says: "The book's basic idea—sex is good, natural and pleasurable—seems to be right on target."

At all bookstores • \$6.95

McKAY

'I suppose I posed
 a threat to him,' says Cooley

CONTINUED

mony . . ." he said, and he glanced over to the other side to complete his unspoken parallel.

"How did it happen between you and Dr. DeBakey?" I asked.

After a long, introspective moment, Cooley answered:

"It started, I suppose, as a friendly rivalry."

In 1951, Denton Cooley came home to Houston. He was a local boy who had gone off to the University of Texas—where he had his chest branded with the insignia of the top campus service club, the Cowboys—and then to Baltimore and London where he studied, respectively, with Dr. Blalock and Lord Brock, both famous heart surgeons. He returned to Houston as a surgeon and associate professor at Baylor to work with DeBakey, who was already becoming known for his pioneering work in vascular surgery.

It was at the outset both a match and a mismatch. While the two surgeons were mutually daring, hugely talented and titanicly ambitious, they were from opposite ends of society. Cooley's roots were in Houston's upper class; DeBakey had been born to a Lebanese immigrant druggist and his wife in Lake Charles, La., a part of the American South not particularly famed for its cordiality to Lebanese immigrant children, particularly one who was small, slim, possessed of a prominent nose, bushy eyebrows and a foreign look. "Mike got beat up on his way to school and on his way home," recalls a friend. "Now those old boys are still in the swamp and he's operating on the Duke of Windsor."

Cooley was a conservative in a town whose medical community was overwhelmingly so; DeBakey was a near liberal and did not consider federal money the least bit tainted if it could be used to build hospitals and laboratories. Cooley relished his private life, his wife and his five daughters, his weekends in the country. DeBakey had abandoned most everything not connected with his total commitment to medicine. When one of his four sons was to be married in Lima, Peru, DeBakey felt he could not spare the time from his patients. His staff, behind his back, lined up a series of lectures and guest operations for Peruvian doctors, and DeBakey went. "Mike DeBakey," says a friend, "has always had trouble understanding that not everybody likes to spend 20 hours a day inside a hospital."

When the heart-lung bypass machine was invented in 1955, making it possible to stop the heart, Cooley immediately became interested in open heart surgery. DeBakey had 20 years earlier designed a roller which made the machine feasible, and now word began coming out of Houston that besides Mike DeBakey there was this young fellow with great technical skill and amazing hands; in medical school Cooley had practiced tying surgical knots inside a penny matchbox. The two coexisted at Methodist Hospital and Baylor during the 1950s, but it was an open secret that the older man felt the younger man was crowding him. "Looking back," says Cooley now, "I suppose I posed a threat to him."

At a gathering of Baylor students during this pe-



**Refinish marred or
 gouged furniture
 like new.**

Fill in wood gouges, nicks and scratches like professional carpenters do with GENUINE PLASTIC WOOD Cellulose Fiber Filler. Handles like putty, hardens like wood. Plane it, sandpaper it, varnish it, paint it for true, professional finish. GENUINE PLASTIC WOOD comes in walnut, oak, mahogany or natural color. At hardware stores and supermarkets.



**Make stuck
 shower doors
 slide the
 push-button way.**

When shower doors get stuck, spray with 3-IN-ONE PENETRATING OIL in the aerosol can—and doors slide at the touch of a fingertip. 3-IN-ONE PENETRATING OIL is the remarkable oil-spray that penetrates deep to help loosen rust . . . and lubricates, so shower doors slide easy. Get 3-IN-ONE PENETRATING OIL at all hardware stores.

3-IN-ONE
 PENETRATING OIL



Sewer clogged? Drains slow? Call your local Roto-Rooter Company for prompt service. The Roto-Rooter man has Roto-Rooter's any sewer or drain—kitchen, bath, basement or laundry. Leaves 'em like new. No mess. No fuss. Call the company millions depend upon today. Roto-Rooter. There's only one. Where you'll find your listed in the phone book.



CONTINUED



Heineken tastes tremendous

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. IN BOTTLES, ON DRAFT AND DARK BEER.

Is your advertising drowning in greasepaint?

Making television commercials is fun. You get to watch people running through meadows, and go hear swinging rock groups do your sound track, and throw around phrases like "four-frame cuts" and "rotoscope" and "reverse iris wipe," and if you're really lucky, you even get to go *on location* in the sun!

Making print ads can sometimes be dull. You have to sit, and stare at a typewriter because the words don't sound right. You move the logo around until the client likes where it is, and then make it bigger. And you have to argue more because people

who don't know from reverse iris wipes always have opinions about words and pictures.

Dick Coffey, Promotion Director of TIME, recently fired off a memo to his agency which asked: "How come when we review a TV commercial there are always 15 people in the screening room, and when we're trying to close an ad, it's just me and the poor damn print production guy?"

But the Dick Coffeys can't be excused, either. Square old clients, with cuffs on their pants and laces in their shoes, get that greasepaint in their veins, too. They go to the locations. They bask in the sun. They dig the scene.

All this leads us to just one question. Granted that TV is a potent advertising medium. But might not the lure of show biz

be clouding solid, basic advertising judgment?

Print advertising isn't necessarily fun. But print advertising works. Ask General Electric. Ask Sears. Ask Esso. Ask Clairol. Then ask your agency to do a print campaign. No, Don't ask it. Order it. And give them hell if it isn't good.

And when it's good, run it.

Instigated and paid for by TIME · LIFE · FORTUNE · SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to stimulate business. Created and signed by Young & Rubicam, Inc., because we're afraid it's true.



If it's worth a second glance, it should be in magazines.



"See you in a little while, dear," says DeBakey as he reassures an elderly coronary disease patient waiting to be rolled into the operating room.

CONTINUED

riod, a skit was put on which featured two students playing DeBakey and Cooley out on a boat trip. A wave swamped the boat and the two surgeons were tossed overboard. "Cooley" began to go under, yelling for "DeBakey" to save him. "DeBakey" swam a considerable distance and hauled "Cooley" into the boat. "Thanks," gasped "Cooley" (the real Cooley is known as a sportsman and all-around athlete), "but please don't tell anybody I can't swim." "I won't," answered "DeBakey," "if you won't tell anybody I can't walk on water."

Cooley began building up a considerable practice of his own and he complained privately that he sometimes had difficulty getting a bed for one of his patients when DeBakey routinely had as many as 35 on his service. Moreover, Cooley felt he was financially restricted at DeBakey's side because the older man had initiated a policy, which still stands, of turning upwards of 75% of patient fees over to the medical school.

"There were a thousand little intangible things between them, but basically it was just the incompatibility of two quite enormous egos," says one veteran of the Texas Medical Center. Another hospital administrator puts it in more easily understood Texanese: "Denton just got tired of suckin' hind tit." In 1960, without any formal break, Cooley transferred his practice to neighboring St. Luke's, which was joined to Texas Children's Hospital. There he began doing his now celebrated work on pediatric heart cases, even operating on the defective hearts of newborn infants. He also was on his way to becoming one of the most prosperous physicians in America.

In the early and mid-1960s, the two surgeons rarely came into contact, largely because of their personal work loads. Cooley scheduled an incredible volume of surgery, sometimes 20 operations a day, up to 1,000 operations a year. "Denton cuts 'em up, sews 'em up and moves 'em out," said an admirer.

DeBakey continued his less numerically staggering surgical obligations, but at the same time undertook numbing responsibilities in teaching, administration, government committee work and lecturing; he has spoken and operated in every part of

CONTINUED

How to look for mortgage money and not find it.

By all means, go look for it yourself.

Not all lending institutions are in the mortgage business. And in these days of tight money, not all of those that are have money to lend.

But there is mortgage money available, if you know how to find it.

And the person who most often knows is your Realtor. He's not just anyone in real estate, but the professional who is pledged to a strict code of ethics. In your best interests. He may know of a house for sale where you can assume the existing mortgage. Or he may know a lending institution with money available. Or a private investor who's interested.

If anybody in the world can help you find mortgage money, your Realtor can.

So use him to your best advantage. That's what he's there for.

Your Realtor®
Somebody good to have working for you.



A Realtor is a professional in real estate who subscribes to a strict Code of Ethics as a member of the local and state boards and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards. You can recognize him by this seal.

Dr. Barnard's first transplant stung them both

CONTINUED

the world except Communist China and was even invited there, but the U.S. State Department refused to let him go. A good portion of his 20-hour day was spent trying to satisfy his insatiable curiosity for research, tinkering with plastics and bits of metals, fashioning Dacron grafts for aorta patches or complex little valves to replace failing human ones. He was adroit at wheedling the huge sums of money necessary to carry on such research. Over his career he has raised \$50 million. His great genius has always been beating on doors and persuading congressmen, focusing public attention on heart disease organizing programs and, as one doctor put it, "raising just holy hell that somebody gives him a million just to get him off the phone."

All through the 1960s there was talk, of course, about the possibility of heart transplants. Both surgeons recognized the technical feasibility of the operation, which is not as sophisticated as the double valve replacement DeBakey and Cooley do routinely, but they also felt the problems of rejection and of finding donor hearts would make transplantation little more than a tantalizing temptation for years to come.

DeBakey instead poured all of his energies into a research program to create a total artificial heart to replace terminally diseased human ones. In 1967, he implanted an artificial left ventricular bypass (half an artificial heart) into a Mexican woman who is still alive today. "Mike shot the works on his plastic heart," said a Houston doctor. "He felt that it would climax his career."

And along came Christiaan Barnard.

Barnard beating the Houston surgeons to the first transplant was like a chorus boy opening to rave reviews in the part of King Lear while Laurence Olivier was still rehearsing for it somewhere else. Both DeBakey and Cooley expressed their admiration to Barnard, a mutual friend and colleague, though privately they must have burned.

In 1968-69, Cooley turned it on. He did eight transplants in a row—he even put a ram's heart into a patient, unsuccessful—and he brought the world press to St. Luke's instead of Methodist. Although DeBakey cautiously began doing transplants as well, he clung to his belief that the future belonged to plastic hearts, not borrowed ones.

On the morning of April 5, 1969, DeBakey was in Washington for a meeting of the National Heart Institute, from which he had received \$2 million to fund his artificial heart program. Always a man with a hundred things occupying his mind, he did not read the morning newspaper or listen to the radio. When he walked into the meeting room, he was immediately confronted by colleagues who were hungry for information about the landmark operation that they had heard Denton Cooley had performed the evening before.

"What operation?" DeBakey said in effect.

It was only then that Mike DeBakey learned that Denton Cooley had replaced a critically ill man's heart with a temporary artificial one, the very feat DeBakey had been researching and planning for years. "Mike was so angry, and justifiably so, I

CONTINUED

How to prove there are martini men who don't know which end of their stirrer is up.

Here's a fun-game to play at your local libatorium, and at the same time stump Mr. Know-It-All of gin.

Order three martinis from the bartender. But make sure your friend doesn't see any of the labels.

Mark one martini "C" for Calvert. One "B" for his brand (that high-hatted British stuff). And one "A" for the kind that tries so hard to be terr-ibly Brrr-Itish.

Let him taste any one. In any order.

Now ask which martini he liked best....

When stripped of all psychological snobbery isn't it amazing how many martini men choose Calvert?

Calvert Gin 100% Dry



DISTILLED DRY GIN • DISTILLED FROM 100% AMERICAN GRAIN • 90 PROOF • CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

1969 THE YEAR IN REVIEW



Portnoy wasn't the only one with a complaint.

Students demonstrated against the war. The "silent majority" finally found its voice and protested the protesters. Others found fault with the flamboyant nudity of "Oh! Calcutta!" And just about everybody got angry about the pollution of our environment. At year's end, the protests were bringing about big changes. In a fascinating mix of color photography, reportage and bylined articles produced especially for this new book, the Editors of TIME-LIFE BOOKS review this year of protest—and change—in

TIME Annual 1969

Just off the press, *TIME Annual 1969* utilizes a big, colorful format (9½ x 11¾-inch page size) to provide a wide-angle look back at 1969. With more than 200 illustrations (more than a third in full color) on its 240 pages, this important volume is divided into topical and informative areas including...

The Nation.

Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Siley on Nixon's first year. The storm-tossed Supreme Court. Chappaquiddick. Epidemic of sky-jacking. Black Panthers. The Chicago Seven. The Woodstock Love-In. The marijuana debate. Spiro Agnew's criticism of newscasters.

The World.

Jess Cook, *TIME*'s Washington correspondent, on the year-long effort to end the Vietnam War. Massacre at My Lai. Russia and China at the brink of war. Arab-Israeli confrontation analyzed by Edward H. Hughes, *TIME* Middleast correspondent. The Montreal Police Strike.

People.

Carly Ponti, Jr., Sophia Loren's greatest achievement. Thor Heyerdahl and his papyrus boat, "Ra." Norman Mailer, a candidate. Comeback for Mae West. Nation mourns passing of Dwight D. Eisenhower and Everett M. Dirksen.

Environment.

The peril of DDT recognized. New threat of thermal pollution. Polluted air corroding Venice's priceless marbles. The Santa Barbara oil slick. Reprieve for two national heirlooms: the Everglades and the Mineral King Valley. Profiles of conservation leaders.

Culture.

A season of shock in the theater. Naked abandon of "Oh! Calcutta!". Movies, also sexier than ever. "I Am Curious (Yellow)" opens to big lines. The metamorphosis of the Western. On television, the Smothers Brothers smothered. Chuck Berry and Fats

Domino now popular again. B. B. King, indeed "king" of old blues; Janis Joplin, queen of new blues. Photographer Raymundo de Larraín's portfolio of fashions from the flea market. *TIME* Associate Editor Gurney Breckenfeld on inflation. The Alaska oil rush. Nader's "raiders." The food franchising boom.

Science.

Donald Neff, *TIME*'s Houston correspondent, on the implications of the moon landing. The strange pulsars of outer space. Dr. Ficard's trip beneath the Gulf Stream. The latest news of immunology. Transplants.

Sports.

The Mets. Joe Namath's tearful good-bye party. All 72° of Lew Alcindor arrives. July 500. Arts and Letters. Horse of the Year. Yale's Calvin Hill, one of pro-football's top rookies.

TIME Annual 1969 contains 240 pages, includes 200 illustrations, 80 in full color, measures 9½" x 11¾".

Is Kivar bound for handsome, durable appearance.

costs \$6.95 plus shipping and handling.

TIME Annual 1969...

yours for 10 days of free reading as a guest of TIME-LIFE BOOKS



TO: TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 0196
Time & Life Building
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Yes, please send me a copy of *TIME Annual 1969*. I understand that I may read and examine this new book for 10 days without obligation to keep it. If I decide to keep it, I will remit \$6.95 plus shipping and handling. You may then confirm my reservation to receive future annuals with the same 10-day free examination. You will notify me in advance of publication so I may reconfirm delivery instructions of future annuals.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

TIME Annual 1969...a valuable reference tool for students and teachers.

Since it contains a comprehensive month-by-month chronology of events and an index, students of current events will find its unique perspective valuable in providing accurate, lively information about what happened in 1969. Other readers will find its blend of color, reportage and opinion especially provocative and informative. To take advantage of the free 10-day trial, simply mail in the coupon.




Install today, swim tomorrow in an above-ground pool made of Alcoa aluminum.

Aluminum above-grounds install quickly because aluminum is light and easy to handle. They're weather resistant because aluminum is. Tough and durable because aluminum is tough and durable (no cracking, patching, caulking or repainting). And they look so good because aluminum looks so good.

For the complete story, send for Alcoa's free, factual *Aluminum Swimming Pool Guide*.

Alcoa doesn't make swimming pools, but we can help you choose the type of pool best suited to your needs.

Send the coupon for your free booklet. 

Change for the better with Alcoa® Aluminum

Aluminum Company of America
1700-D Alcoa Building
Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219

Please send me a free copy of *Aluminum Swimming Pool Guide*.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

 **ALCOA**

Parts of the heart were stuffed into a briefcase

CONTINUED

thought we were going to have to resuscitate him," one of the doctors there said later. He grew even angrier when he discovered that Cooley's artificial heart had been secretly developed with DeBakey's own research.

The ensuing investigations—a national one, since federal money was involved to develop the heart, and a local one, since Cooley's ethics were in question—turned up a world of complex facts, shifting loyalties, old wounds and ambitions. DeBakey had employed as his chief researcher on the artificial heart program an Argentine-born surgeon named Dr. Domingo Liotta who, it turned out, had grown increasingly frustrated and disenchanted—not with the potential of the heart, but over DeBakey's cautiousness and extraordinary schedule which made it difficult for Liotta to get his ear very often.

In December of 1968, when Cooley had quietly and privately offered him a job on his staff, Liotta had accepted—working for a time as researcher to both Cooley and DeBakey, though DeBakey never knew it. Liotta testified to a Baylor investigating committee that he began a new research program under Cooley, but it was obvious that he brought with him, in his head at least, the knowledge he had obtained during the DeBakey years on a salary from the National Heart Institute. Liotta also said that he stuffed parts of the DeBakey artificial heart into his briefcase and took them to St. Luke's. He and Cooley said they worked together for four months, with Cooley paying for the program out of his own funds, before the operation was attempted.

The upshot of the investigations was that Liotta was fired from Baylor (he now works happily for Cooley both as a surgeon and on developing a new artificial heart) and Cooley was censured because he had ignored a rule in force at the medical center he was affiliated with. He had used the apparatus without getting permission from the Baylor Committee on Research Involving Human Beings, a group of senior doctors who can be called into emergency session in 30 minutes to rule on whether something like the artificial heart can be employed, even as the patient is lying on the table. "It wouldn't have done any good to call them," said Cooley later. "DeBakey runs the committee and they would have automatically turned me down."

The Houston medical world was split. Some considered Cooley's audaciousness indefensible. "Cooley really tore his pants with that one," said one surgeon. "Before it happened, he could do no wrong. He was so good that if he wanted to sew the tail of an ox on a fellow and have the fellow walk down Main Street, then people would have said, 'If Denton did it, it must be great.' But now, I'm afraid, we'd laugh."

Another passed it off as a severe case of inflamed ambition in the Year of the Transplant. "At least Denton didn't dance with Gina Lollobrigida in Rome."

I brought the incident up with Dr. Cooley during one of our interviews.

CONTINUED

From Westclox.

Colorful clocks that add a lot to a wall. Without taking much from a wallet. \$8.98 to \$9.98.

If you've got a red, white, blue, harvest, avocado or woodtone wall, we've got an electric clock to match it. As a matter of fact, it's hard to imagine any color scheme where the Countryside, Quincy or Spindle wall clocks wouldn't be right at home. In any room of the house. And if you prefer cordless clocks, battery-operated models of the Countryside and Spindle are available at slightly higher prices. In the same slightly wild colors. Some of the more than 200 versatile, and surprisingly inexpensive clocks by Westclox. A Division of General Time.



SEE YOUR DEALER'S SUGGESTED PRICE.



Cooley listens to the congenitally damaged heart of a 6-year-old boy while an anesthetist prepares the child for surgery. Cooley has done more pediatric heart cases—"so many I've lost count"—than anyone.

CONTINUED

"Did you use Dr. DeBakey's heart?"

"Well," he answered slowly, not seeming to duck the question but searching for the way to answer it, "I guess, in effect, I took it. I didn't believe they were working on it. The staff had deteriorated. I knew Dr. Liotta was frustrated. I told him it would be a marvelous chance to develop one at our institute. I told him I would bear all the expenses personally. We proceeded with it, we did animal experimentation with increasing success, we felt we could keep a man alive for two days. When the time came, I used it. I just

couldn't let another man die on the operating room table."

"Would you use it again?"

"Of course." This time the answer came instantly. "I would have used it two weeks ago if I had had one. DeBakey confiscated our only other one—he has a passkey and he just walked into Liotta's office—and I'd like to have it back if only because it's got a thousand dollars' worth of valves in it that I paid for personally. I had a man with a healthy body die on me because his heart was diseased. I'll tell you one thing—by the

end of this decade we won't be letting people die on our tables. Some patients will live for a year with an artificial heart inside them."

A few days later, DeBakey found time to show me around his laboratories. This is what he is rightfully most proud of—how he has brought together all the different medical disciplines under one roof for a massive attack against cardiovascular disease. Over here a redheaded biochemist named Arnold Schwartz was studying cells from heart tissue under an electron microscope, trying to find the answer to a basic, still unanswered question: just what causes heart attacks? He feels he has the "hottest lead yet," but can't at this point disclose it. Over there was a handsome, boyish and brilliant surgeon named Dr. Edward Diethrich who works with DeBakey on the heart transplant program (they have two recipients alive and well after 18 months). They have also devised a portable heart preservation chamber to keep the heart and lungs pumping when those organs are removed from a donor; already they have kept them alive for 36 hours, even flown them from Houston to San Antonio, and the goal is to have a bank of hearts beating away in chambers, waiting to be sped anywhere in the world where a recipient is in need. The aura of DeBakey—and Houston—has lured specialists in everything from virology to neurology for work at the Cardiovascular Center. The magnitude of the research going on here is most impressive—there are at least a dozen operations more hopeful than the transplant—but at the same time I cannot help but wonder that if some incredible breakthrough occurs, as one surely will, whether the other side will find out about it through doctors' lounge gossip, or if they will have to wait and read about it in the medical journals? The flow of information is not exactly encouraged between Sparta and Athens.

After touring the laboratories, DeBakey hurried over to nearby Baylor where work on the artificial heart continues, under a new man. A calf's heart and lungs had been obtained from the Houston slaughterhouse and were waiting in a plastic tray not unlike the kind housewives use to store things in the refrigerator. DeBakey removed the heart, set it aside, and sewed in two Dacron tubes which would connect up to the plastic "pump," as an artificial heart is un sentimentally called around here. He had recently designed these connecting tubes and he was showing the researchers and engineers how he wanted them attached.

"When will you use this in human beings?" I asked.

"We're several years away. It must be tested and proven with animal experimentation. Our goal, you see, is to extend life. What Dr. Cooley did was to extend death."

Recently the two were in the same restaurant in San Francisco for a medical meeting. Each occupied his own end of the room, each was surrounded by admirers, and everybody was hoping the tension might shatter into some sort of *rap-prochement*. But it did not happen. It could not have happened unless one of the delegates had suffered cardiac arrest absolutely equidistant between Michael DeBakey and Denton Cooley. ■



At \$3123, it's a lot more car than it has to be.

Monte Carlo by Chevrolet.

First off, let's explain what we mean by \$3123. That's the manufacturer's suggested retail price including Federal excise tax and suggested dealer new car preparation charge. Destination charges, state and local taxes and optional equipment are additional.

Now, let's explain the other part of our statement.

Monte Carlo is in a field by itself. In fact, it's priced only slightly higher than many models of our Chevelle.

And since it's all alone in its field, Monte Carlo could have skipped here and there.

As you can see, that didn't happen. Monte Carlo is beautifully styled. And the inside has the look and feel of far more expensive cars.

In addition, there are other nice things that aren't immediately seen. Like headlights of a new high-intensity design. The power disc brakes. The 350-cubic-inch standard V8 engine.

Monte Carlo doesn't have to be as much car as it is. But, that's the way we do things around here.

Putting you first, keeps us first.





On Amsterdam's Lake Sloterples, two passersby try out the Water Walk. With a following wind (above) passengers can relax and

drift along at speeds up to 15 mph. Or they can struggle to their feet (right) and actually walk, with the bag rotating beneath them.

With this bag of air you can walk on water

Inflate and Float

At worst most water sportsmen can count on a good sound plank or maybe a water ski between them and perdition. As a passenger in the contraption shown here, your footing is considerably less substantial, but there are compensations. Zipped up inside the Water Walk, which is in fact nothing more than a people-sized plastic bag, you can literally walk on the water, or turn somersaults, or play leapfrog, or (most likely) fall down—and all without sinking. According to the European artists Jeffrey Shaw and Theo Botschulver, who invented it, the Water Walk contains enough air to last six

hours and is perfectly safe, so long as you stay away from waterfalls. They originally devised it as one of a series of pneumatic "happenings" that involved depositing outrageously large inflated objects in public places, thereby stertling the citizens of (so far) five European cities. Their creations, which also include flaccid "brick buildings" and 180-foot snakes (see next page), are in the realm of both art and sociology, they say. Their next project may enter the realm of history. Botschulver wants to build an all-weather Water Walk bag and become the first man to hike across the English Channel.



Pillows in the fountain,
a soft 'brick wall'
and a snake full of people



When the artists inflated their plastic "brick building" (above) in an Amsterdam playground, the

kids reacted predictably. They clambered all over it, bounced on it and ran into it headlong.

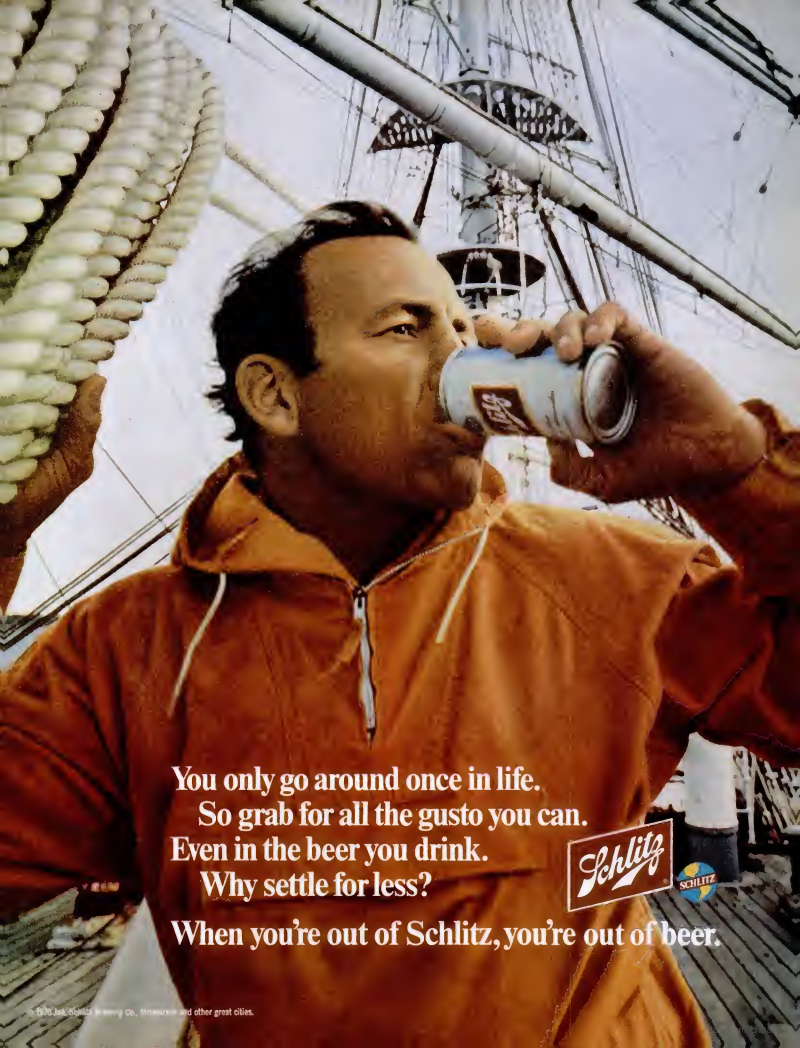


Shaw and Botschuiwer put this huge pillow into the fountain of an Amsterdam square, and within minutes youngsters were using it as a boat (above). Later, in the

same square, they built a six-foot-wide snake, big enough to walk in and containing surprises like the hidden air jet that sends a young girl's hair flying (far right).







You only go around once in life.
So grab for all the gusto you can.
Even in the beer you drink.
Why settle for less?



When you're out of Schlitz, you're out of beer.

PARTING SHOTS



The distinguished gentlemen from yesterday

The age of Aquarius and youth may be upon us, but the news hasn't reached Congress yet. There, as in decades past, the key to power is not youthful vigor, nor ideas, but seniority. Seniority is power, and few men know that better than John McCormack, 78, the Speaker of the

House. McCormack has represented Massachusetts since 1928, and has wielded the Speaker's gavel for the past eight years. Although younger members have tried to ease him out, House custom guarantees him his position for as long as he wants it. The last assault on his ten-

ure was brushed away by vote of 192 to 23. Still, there is a growing sentiment in both the House and Senate that the seniority system needs reform. The average committee chairman is 67 years old. And 15 of them, among the most important, were born in the last century.

Seniority put gavels in their hands

The 15 committee chairmen pictured here are the essence of congressional seniority. All have seen their 70th birthdays. Most have at least 20 years in Congress, and Emanuel Celler has 47. Those who would reform the system do not object so much to the chairmen's age—some have served with great distinction. But too often the system puts the power to block important legislation and appointments in the hands of men from uncontested districts, from Southern states, from agricultural backwaters and from ethnic pockets not really representative of the real

struggles that are going on. The rule on congressional seniority is unwritten, but it is practiced with such rigid faithfulness that it might as well be engraved on the marble walls of the Capitol. Essentially, it means that a freshman legislator will take his place at the back of a committee's seniority "line" and advance only when someone ahead of him retires, dies or is defeated. The wait can take as many as 30 years, but once the others are out of the way, the patient fellow automatically takes the committee's chair if his party controls that particular house of the Congress that

year. Each party has its own seniority list—although the Democrats, who have controlled both houses continuously since 1955, have enjoyed a 15-year monopoly on the chairmanships.

The reformers, almost all whip-snappers under age 50, have asked for changes in the system, and a subcommittee has been named to look for alternatives. But few hold much hope for change. It seems unlikely that most members of Congress, now standing patiently somewhere in the middle of the seniority "line," will give up their chance to inherit these fellows' jobs someday.



SEN. CLINTON ANDERSON, 74
Democrat, New Mexico, 21 years
Chairman, Aeronautical and Space Sciences



SEN. ALLEN ELLENDER, 79
Democrat, Louisiana, 33 years
Chairman, Agriculture and Forestry



SEN. B. EVERETT JORDAN, 73
Democrat, North Carolina, 11 years
Chairman, Rules and Administration;
Joint Committee on the Library of Congress



SEN. JOHN McCLELLAN, 74
Democrat, Arkansas, 27 years
Chairman, Government Operations



SEN. RICHARD RUSSELL, 72
Democrat, Georgia, 37 years
Chairman, Appropriations Committee



SEN. JOHN SPARKMAN, 70
Democrat, Alabama, 23 years
Chairman, Banking and Currency;
Joint Committee on Defense Production



REP. WAYNE ASPINALL, 74
Democrat, Colorado, 21 years
Chairman, Interior and Insular Affairs



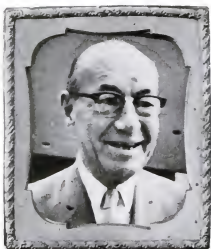
REP. EMANUEL CELLER, 81
Democrat, New York, 47 years
Chairman, Judiciary Committee



REP. WILLIAM COLMER, 80
Democrat, Mississippi, 37 years
Chairman, Rules Committee



REP. WILLIAM DAWSON, 83
Democrat, Illinois, 27 years
Chairman, Government Operations



REP. SAMUEL FRIEDEL, 71
Democrat, Maryland, 17 years
Chairman, House Administration;
Joint Committee on Printing



REP. JOHN McMILLAN, 71
Democrat, South Carolina, 31 years
Chairman, District of Columbia



REP. GEORGE MILLER, 79
Democrat, California, 25 years
Chairman, Science and Astronautics



REP. WRIGHT PATMAN, 76
Democrat, Texas, 41 years
Chairman, Banking and Currency;
Joint Economic Committee



REP. W. R. POAGE, 70
Democrat, Texas, 33 years
Chairman, Agriculture Committee



'They can't hear us'

A woman in a white turtleneck and scarf leans over a man in a white suit who is sitting on the floor of an airplane cabin. She is holding a pack of Viceroy cigarettes. The cabin has red seats and overhead luggage bins.

Here,
these never
run out of taste.

**Don't settle for some of the taste some of the time.
Viceroy gives you all the taste all the time.**



Real life calls for real taste.
For the taste of your life - Coca-Cola.
Trade mark



**It's the real thing.
Coke.**