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Wink's early lead in National Flavor Poll (despite split voting by weight-watchers who prefer new Diet Wink) is credited by many to its "fresh fruit flavor."

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LIFE

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May 5, 1967
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Volume 62, Number 18

EDITORS' NOTE

Governor Romney Ran Him Ragged

Michigan's Governor George Romney, who is the subject of an article in this issue, is 59 and full of vigor. Brock Brower, who wrote the article, is 35 and considers himself in good physical shape. But he nearly exhausted himself trying to solve the puzzle of this man. Some of his interviews were literally conducted on the sprint (the governor runs two miles at daybreak). Others were done on the wing, as the two flew to Seattle, Anchorage, Salt Lake City, Pocatello and Idaho Falls, and the rest took place at Romney's home in Bloomfield Hills and at Lansing. "It's the offshoot people you have to interview," he says. One of his best talks was with the janitor of a Mormon stake building which Romney had helped finance.

BROCK BROWER

Another was with a Negro Mormon taxi driver. Brower rode around with him for several hours and came away surprised by Romney's "incredible personal impact" on people. All in all, it took Brower four months. "I never met a man," he says, "for whom I had more respect in his day-to-day discipline and moral confrontation with the world."

Brower is a free-lance writer who has done articles for us before—on Norman Mailer and Senator William Fulbright. Last summer he moved to Hanover, N.H. "to get away from urban tension" and to finish a novel he had been working on for five years. It is called *Debris* (Atheneum) and will appear in September. Commenting on his double life as journalist and fiction writer, he observes, "One clears your head for the other. Now that I've finished the Romney piece, I've exhausted my concern for the active, going world for a while, and I'm ready to settle down for a one-act play."

After a childhood spent in Westfield, N.J., Brower was graduated from Dartmouth in 1953. He went to Harvard Law School for a year ("It gave me a respect for conciseness and choice of words"), and then spent two years as a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford where he took a first in English language and literature. He spent two years in the Army writing manuals for guerrilla warfare, became editor of the University of North Carolina Press and started selling more and more nonfiction stories to magazines. The only nonliterary interlude in his civilian career was a nine-month job with a toy company. "I was broke," he says, "and besides, it was interesting. They were working on a new educational approach for toys, and I wrote their manuals and instructional material. It was fascinating to see how you could get a kid interested in, say, a globe—and watch him turn it in the sunshine and learn how nighttime comes."

Brower and his wife Ann (he met her in Paris during his Rhodes Scholar years) have a son and three daughters, aged 5, 3 and 2, whom he plans to teach to ski. He taught his son, Montgomery, 8, last winter, and the boy broke a leg—"Just a small fracture," Brower says. He tried to interest Governor Romney in the sport while he was working on the story, but Romney dismissed the suggestion. He said it was too easy a way to keep fit.

George P. Hunt

GEORGE P. HUNT,
Managing Editor

The Risk of Knowing Space

In the 10 years of the space age, American astronauts and Soviet cosmonauts have dared the fate of Icarus—flying ever higher toward the sun, pushing back the boundaries of man's knowledge with every orbit of the earth.

With the death last week of Vladimir Komarov, four men have now taken that dare and lost. There is no point in identifying them as from "our side" or "their side." They were simply brave men who knew well the risks of their calling—and judged the risks worth taking for a chance to know the unknown.

The bonds of a shared experience beyond the boundaries drawn on earth were apparent in the spontaneous message of condolence cabled by the 47 American astronauts. They know one another to be, in one sense, competitors for glory, but the sacrifices of the four men would be both hollow and tragic if they resulted merely from a rivalry for national prestige.

Of course, the Soviets wanted a space "spectacular" for the 50th anniversary of their regime. But their motives are not so different from our own. In 1961 we set the goal of putting a man on the moon by 1970. And now we rush to meet a self-imposed deadline. Competition is a spur to the expansion of knowledge, so long as it does not lead to the wrong kind of pressure on the men and on the program.

James Webb, administrator of NASA, has been widely quoted and applauded for suggesting that cooperation by the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. in space flights might have saved the four lives. But he provides no evidence to prove his case.

The technical mishaps that caused the deaths of Komarov and of the American astronauts were products of two different systems—each chosen by their own scientists in preference to alternatives. Sharing knowledge of differing systems probably would not have solved these problems. When two technologies are approximately equal in development but based in two widely divergent scientific establishments, there seems no magic in cooperation between the two. And at this point it is an idle exercise to talk of any real exchange of space technology with the Soviets. The Russians, secretive by nature, will never part with knowledge that has potential military applications. And it is doubtful that we would either.

The cooperation that can be valuable is the sort embodied in the treaty on the peaceful uses of outer space, agreed to by the U.S.S.R. and ratified 88–0 by the U.S. Senate on the day before Komarov's funeral. If men in space can live together in peace, that fact, in the end, may be far more important than how they got there—or when.

Broken Promise to Juveniles

It is possible for an American citizen to be tried secretly and convicted of a crime without ever hearing the charges against him; with no chance to face his accusers or to have a lawyer represent him; and with no right to a jury trial when the sentence may mean years behind bars. All this can happen if the accused happens to be, legally, a juvenile.

At the turn of the century adults, with the best of intentions, took away some substantial civil rights from youth. In exchange, they wrote into a series of state laws the premise that juveniles in trouble or abandoned become the wards of the court. And in return for that surrender of rights, the courts, and the state welfare agencies, would take responsibility for treating, rehabilitating or simply caring for the juvenile.

In some states and cities the bargain has worked out well. But there are important exceptions, according to Chief Judge David Bazelon of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia. He says, "We look around us and see the promise broken at every turn. It is full of cant and hypocrisy."

The worry about juvenile justice is part of the increased concern about juvenile crime (youths of 15 to 17 have the highest arrest rate of any age bracket). The increase is greatest in the slums, but even the wealthiest suburbs have more and more delinquency problems.

What happens to those who get into trouble? Often, the juvenile judge has no place to turn for the treatment that he should be guaranteeing to the youth in his charge. Deserted children and others who require psychiatric help are lumped in with hard-core delinquents. There never seems to be enough money for the facilities or the people to help them. Worst off of all are those jurisdictions that simply have no place to treat juveniles. Youths are either released to their parents or the judge "waives" his guardianship and passes the youth along to an adult court. Last year some 600,000 youths appeared before juvenile courts. And 100,000 of them are now doing time in adult prisons —a good way to guarantee that many of them will be in and out of jails for the rest of their lives.

Judge Bazelon and the growing number of critics of the juvenile court system may soon get a prestigious ally. Last year the Supreme Court ruled on an appeal stemming from a juvenile court case—the first time in the 68-year history of juvenile courts that the Supreme Court has agreed to look into and to review their actions.

Justice Fortas, speaking for the majority of the Court, found that "While there can be no doubt of the original laudable purpose of juvenile courts, studies and critiques in recent years raise serious questions as to whether actual performance measures well enough against theoretical purpose to make tolerable the immunity of the process from the reach of constitutional guarantees applicable to adults. . . . There is evidence, in fact, that there may be grounds for concern that the child receives the worst of both worlds: that he gets neither the protections accorded to adults nor the solicitous care and regenerative treatment postulated for children."

The Supreme Court is expected soon to rule on the case of Gerald Gault, an Arizona boy serving six years of detention for allegedly making lewd phone calls (a crime for which the maximum adult sentence is two months). He was found guilty after a series of maneuvers that violated every definition of "due process." Answering the state's plea that the boy, then 15, had not been convicted of a crime but detained for delinquency, Justice Fortas commented, "You can call it a crime or a not-crime, or you can call it a horse. He's still deprived of his liberty."

If the Supreme Court rules in favor of the Gault boy, juvenile court justices will be on notice that they must uphold their end of the bargain that is implicit in juvenile law. And the justices will also have to insist that their states provide proper facilities for their charges.

Too many youths in difficulty are convinced that the adult world wants only to "get" them—or, at best, to hide their problems and consider them solved. Injustices in the name of justice create in their victims a lasting grudge against society. A re-examination of juvenile justice won't solve all problems of delinquency, but it is an essential place to start.

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Behind the Scenes at Snow's Powerama

VARIETY OF MEN
by C. P. SNOW (Charles Scribner's Sons) $5.95

C. P. Snow is one of the largest, slowest targets on the English cultural scene—or, as he would put it, the two-cultural scene. Looking a little like a clean-shaven Colonel Blimp, he has carried peace messages back and forth between the trenches of the sciences and the arts in vain, earning for his trouble the usual reward of the man in the middle—cross fire in no man's land.

The scientists accuse him of being an administrator. The administrators accuse him of being a literary man. The literary men accuse him of almost everything else.

It is temptingly easy to call him the greatest living 19th Century novelist. The man is just not with it! Style, subtlety, a cultivated nose for evil—you name the standard virtues of the 20th Century novel. Snow has not got them. Worse, he has the bad taste to say that those who have are out of step, not he.

Now—as if he were not sufficiently besieged—he is almost sure to draw new fire from the historians and biographers. For in *Variety of Men* he has blithely taken on nine of the most complex figures of the 20th Century, encapsulating in some 40 pages each the likes of Albert Einstein, Winston Churchill and Robert Frost.

With genial innocence he invites the reader to Snow's Great Men Club. Like a good clubman he even grades his great men as pleasant company. The Cambridge mathematician G. H. Hardy gets highest marks, followed by Frost and Lloyd George.

The order is not surprising. There is a distinct impression in these pages that Snow's spiritual home-of-homes, Cambridge University in the 1930s, is THE focal point of the 20th Century. Cantabrigians like Hardy and the pioneering nuclear physicist Ernest Rutherford sit for reverential portraits.

When he leaves Cambridge, Snow's tone becomes less predictable. Certain passages on H. G. Wells, perhaps inevitably, carry the heady sound of inspirational literature, as if Snow were formulating the secrets of successful men. Soft spots in the chapter on Stalin—of all people—read like "The Most Unforgettable Character I've Ever Met."

Actually, Stalin is the only one of the nine Snow did not meet, which merely brings up another problem. Why did he go out of his way to include him? And what a strange choice to end the book!

Here, as always, Snow's posture is one of maximum vulnerability. He remains a sniper's delight. But before his critics slam home those shots that simply cannot miss, they ought to make certain they are not target-practicing on the wrong man. For inside the official Snow there is, as usual, a subversive Snow signaling wildly to get out.

While Snow-official is reminding us that this is take-a-hero-to-lunch week, Snow-subversive is making shrewd, tough appraisals behind those blandly owlish horn-rims. He sees right through folksy Frost. He finds even Einstein a trifle artful in his unconventionality, like "a nonconformer from a Central European cafe." Dag Hammarskjöld's calculated role of saint in politics distresses as well as fascinates him; he points out with polite, unfashionable firmness that the meditations as recorded are not especially original. Worst of all, he can barely conceal a rascal's taste for Lloyd George.

A divided man himself—like seven of his nine subjects, he was self-made—Snow is as uncontrollably curious as he is instinctively compassionate about the seams down the center of every man. He is forever cautioning himself not to play psychologist and forever doing it anyway—by compulsive questions that nudge essay after essay in a common direction.

What initiates an extraordinary man's creativity? What stops it? Why is extreme loneliness so often part of the package?

Underneath all the solemn prattle about power that Snow's critics—and sometimes he himself—have assumed to be his master theme, these personal questions keep gnawing away. They are—the fact is, they always have been—Snow's real concern. He has neither the space nor the major vision to answer them here. But their unsatisfied, rebellious presence is what makes the book well worth reading—rather like the agonized fragments of poetry on pedestals, defying and redeeming the portentous marble statues above.

Mr. Maddocks is book editor of The Christian Science Monitor.

by Melvin Maddocks

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*See package directions.

A Fine New Mills Family Picnic

THE FAMILY WAY

On entering the theater to see *The Family Way*—another film from England's grim North Country—you surely can be forgiven for cringing at the thought of one more shot of a crude and honest workingman crudely and honestly dousing his overcooked meatpie with HP sauce and talking with his mouth full at his oil-cloth-covered kitchen table. Yet by the time you leave this latest product of an overworked genre, I think you will concede that, in the right hands, it still works. The capacity that this polluted Lancashire atmosphere to sustain intelligent life on the screen is amazing.

The Family Way is a middle-ground sort of North Country film—not so flashy stylistically as *This Sporting Life* or *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, not so satirical as *Billy Liar* nor so corrosive as *Room at the Top*, or *A Kind of Loving*, which it is quite like in theme. "Comedy-drama" is a wishy-washy term for a strong film, but it most closely describes *Family Way* nonetheless. In manner this film is more like the people who are in it than any of the movies I've just named—bluntly honest, lustily alive, narrow in outlook but gentle and sympathetic when the need arises.

The story is unelaborate. A young projectionist at the local movie house (Hywel Bennett) marries a local lass (Hayley Mills). The honeymoon, which they were counting on to supply the aloneness their courtship lacked, is canceled when the travel agent who was arranging it absconds with their funds. They are forced to make their first marital adjustments in the cramped quarters the groom has always shared with his family. In the best of circumstances, which these assuredly are not, he has never gotten on with his domineering and difficult father (John Mills).

The result, of course, is sexual disaster and shame for the boy. He is excessively sensitive, especially to the thinness of the wall separating the bridal chamber from the parental one. And his bride is excessively inexperienced, foredooming all her innocent efforts to salvage the situation. Before long, the lad is observed sneaking into the local marriage counselor's office and their problem becomes public property.

That comedy—sweet, unsniggering comedy—is drawn from this situation is a tribute to the firm, sure hands of Producer-Directors John and Roy Boulting and to Bill Naughton, who adapted the film from his play. Their trick, which is no trick at all until you try it, is always to let the characters play it straight, always to let their situations run true. Nothing is forced to do double duty as a self-conscious symbol or a comment on the times. The actors are required only to be, not to mean. And so they get angry, baffled, sentimental, awkward, stupid and wise in constantly changing patterns. The laughter they generate, though very much the purpose of the exercise, seems easy and almost inadvertent.

There is not a weak spot in the cast. Hayley Mills is now grown up enough to play a modest skin scene. But more important, she is grown up enough to play a young woman facing her first set of adult problems with charm and wit, never faltering into clichéd virginal cuteness. As her husband, Hywel Bennett is just boyishly beautiful and indecisive enough to make you wonder about him, just possibly strong enough to make it to manhood if everybody will give him the chance.

As for John Mills, this marvelous actor, so often relegated to the lower reaches of the all-star cast listing, deserves a paragraph to himself. His range through dozens of pictures has been truly astonishing; here he is at his very best, playing a man who actually wills himself to vulgarity rather than admit to any unmanly softness. It's a lovely piece of work, and the soul of the picture is in the contrast between his and his son's respective solutions to the masculine identity problem.

We have had a great many plays and novels and movies about the gap between generations, but few are as carefully honest as *The Family Way* in handling it. We have read and seen much about rebellious youth, but little that has dealt with the problems of the kids who are forced to stick with the world they never made and to try to find a viable way of life within it. The square choice is, after all, the one most people make—but it makes for soap operas unless skillfully handled. It takes intelligence to find genuine drama within the common lot, and real sensitivity to make of it something as consistently touching and funny as *The Family Way*.

by Richard Schickel

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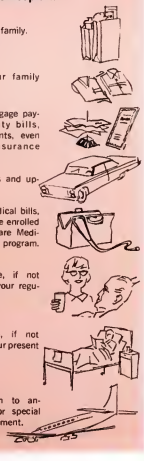

WHAT IF YOU should wake up to find yourself flat on your back in a hospital, facing a stay of weeks—even months? Check the ways you could use extra spendable cash (see panel at left). Think what $2,000, $5,000 or $8,000—on top of your hospital insurance—could mean to you, regardless of your age or family circumstances:

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LIFE *RESTAURANT REVIEW*

Paella in a Priceless Setting

THE SPANISH PAVILION

Painting, an appeal to the eye, and music, an appeal to the ear, are time-honored creative arts demanding critical attention by the public and by experts. It has always seemed to me that the culinary art, an appeal to the palate, is as deserving of such attention.

It was in just such a critical frame of mind that I paid two visits to a new arena of the gustatory art, the Spanish Pavilion, newly opened in New York. It is a rather special arena. Visitors to the World's Fair may remember it as the only outstanding restaurant there, but one that was usually impossible to get into.

Any respectable artistic creation should have a clear and coherent aim, and the Spanish Pavilion is no exception: its aim is to bring *alta cocina*, the Iberian equivalent of France's *haute cuisine*, to America. It is, further, the aim of Señor Alberto Heras, who owns the place and who, along with many of his staff, was present at the Fair, to convince Americans that there is more to Spanish food than *paella*. Not that Señor Heras denies that he serves more *paella* than anything else—one does not, after all, go to a discothèque to hear Viennese waltzes—"but," he says, "we should know how to do it. We served 415,000 *paellas* at the Fair, and *this* one is authentic."

The *paella*, however, is a national dish and certainly the right place to begin judging a Spanish restaurant. The Pavilion's is Valencian-style. It contains chicken, pork, shrimp, mussels, clams, lobster, peas, *pimiento* and saffron rice. It does not, mercifully, contain the customary hot, greasy Spanish sausages—*chorizos*. It scintillates much as I should imagine a sunny day in Valencia would, but it is by no means the most interesting dish on the menu, which is, for such a discriminating *casa* of *alta cocina*, surprisingly large and varied.

Start with the soup—*Sopa de Castilla la Vieja*—a rich beef consommé made with ground almonds, then garnished with more almonds, slivered, and thin slices of bread. Charles V commissioned the almond soup because, it is said, he was so tired of the garlic soup that was already a standby in the 1500s.

For the main impact of this dinner you cannot do better than the roast pheasant, one of two game dishes offered. It is given its final touches at the table sautéed in Grand Marnier, paté and truffles. With it you can order a special succulent giant white asparagus from Aranjuez, drenched in butter. The other game dish is partridge, braised in wine and seasonings—including a touch of chocolate.

For dessert, the Pavilion chefs are proud of their custards, which are pleasant enough. But if you decide that dessert would be anticlimactic, you will not be missing anything very significant.

You will have missed plenty, however, if you absentmindedly drank what you might at a steak house or a French restaurant. Instead, order *sangría*, a Spanish wine punch. It is made at the table in a stoneware jug, with as good a bottle of red wine as you want to buy, a little Cointreau, a little cognac, a couple of lemon and orange slices, a dash of sugar and an alarmingly small bottle of club soda.

The Spanish Pavilion is all à la carte, and about as expensive—$10 to $12 per person without drinks—as any top-price place in town. But any gustatory production, if it is worth more than its salt, is a total one, and you will be getting more for your money than just good food. A fine meal almost always tastes better in a good setting, and this restaurant, done by Duarte Pinto Coelho, a talented Spanish decorator, is remarkably beautiful. The chairs are tapestried, the chandeliers come from a cathedral. On one wall hangs an impressive oil of Philip IV, while a huge 16th Century tapestry covers another. And the recipe research bespeaks the same care that went into creating the atmosphere—the 300-year-old partridge dish dates from Philip IV, and the roast pheasant was invented in a Benedictine monastery.

Señor Heras had one attraction at the Fair that is not yet installed. This was an expert—one of six in all Spain—who knew how to wield a *venencia*, a scoop with a 29-inch handle used for sampling sherry from the cask. He would fan out 16 slender glasses in the fingers of one hand and, dipping the *venencia* into a cask, swing it through the air to send a tot of sherry with sure-shot accuracy into each glass. It was a virtuoso performance, and Señor Heras is in fact training a man to do it at the new place. But it's not really necessary. The entire evening's production, culinarily speaking, is virtuosity enough.

by Eleanor Graves
LIFE *Modern Living Editor*

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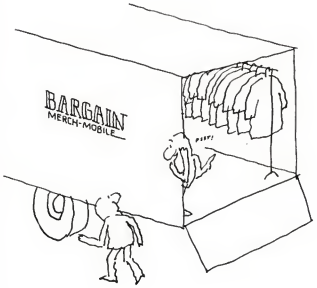

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Elegant Game of Who's Who on the Hill

WASHINGTON, D.C.
by GORE VIDAL
(Little, Brown & Co.) $6.95

He who can does; he who cannot writes about it. So it has been with Gore Vidal and politics since boyhood, when he read *The Congressional Record* to his blind grandfather, Senator Thomas Gore of Oklahoma. Politics has been a precious ingredient in Vidal's life. His businessman father was with the Commerce Department in Washington for a while. Sharing a stepfather with Jackie Kennedy, Vidal dabbled in the New Frontier briefly as a White House adviser, but when he tried to win public office, specifically an upstate New York congressional seat, he was a catastrophe.

Vidal has done us, and quite possibly the people in the 29th Congressional District too, a great favor by confining his politics since then to writing about it. He is very good. The political essays in his 1962 collection *Rocking the Boat* still make amazingly fine sense. His play about a presidential candidate, *The Best Man*, was both a critical and commercial success. In the past few months he has become the ruthless chronicler of the Kennedy cartel.

Now Vidal has written a big novel — *Washington, D.C.*— about that one-industry town in the years 1937-1952. With this book he joins and enhances the small group of authors, most of them ex-reporters, who have written about the unique human power structure that the U.S. government has grown into.

There is, to begin with, Senator James Burden Day, whose hopes for the Presidency are thwarted by a world war which assures Roosevelt's re-election. Years later, when the single transgression of his political career is revealed—selling his influence to raise money for his presidential race—Day drowns himself in the Potomac. His young administrative assistant, a cruel but effective operator named Clay Overbury, replaces him in the Senate and is launched toward the White House by newspaper publisher Blaise Delacroix Sanford. Sanford's daughter marries Clay and is quickly and painfully destroyed. Sanford's son dedicates himself in revenge to a liberal magazine bent on cutting down Dad and his jugular-minded political protégé.

Moving in and out of this rather turgid plot are indigenous Washington specimens—the rich Jewish hostess who would be a social queen, a slick lobbyist whose constituency is only himself, and a high-ranking soldier who wants to defeat Communism by starting with the eradication of the Bill of Rights. The lives of all these unattractive people are shaped by World War II and the Cold War, and shaken by such immediate, homey crises as adultery, incest, intimations of homosexuality and patricide.

The book, like the events of that era, moves with reckless speed. Too fast, really, for a reader to get terribly involved with the characters. But they are fascinating for a wholly utilitarian reason. Do they, one is bound to wonder, have real-life counterparts? Clay Overbury is rescued from the obscurity of Congress by a spectacularly expensive public relations campaign that exploits his youth, prolie and wartime heroism. It wasn't a PT-boat adventure, but guess who anyway. How much of Jacqueline Bouvier can be found in lovely, willful Enid Sanford? Which columnist leaps to mind at Vidal's description of his fictional critic, Harold Griffiths: "For Harold, Armageddon was always imminent and the United States never ready to do battle for the Lord"? It is furthermore tempting to suspect that the author may have borrowed on his own fine old grandfather for a genuinely sympathetic portrait of his flawed, gallant Senator Day.

On page after page tantalizingly familiar figures appear. You hear the echo and make your choice. When the book becomes a best-seller, which it assuredly will, a new category will have to be created for it, somewhere between document and fiction, for it seems to me to be less of a novel than an intelligent and irreverent commentary on American political life. Elegant writing abounds—and abrasive aphorisms like "attention through slander," and "there is nothing more difficult for the modern politician with his eye on the White House than to seem to be busy without actually doing anything for which he might later be held accountable." One wonders why the editor of some morning newspaper doesn't realize how stimulating it would be for us to have Gore Vidal two or three times a week at the breakfast table.

by **Richard B. Stolley**
Chief, LIFE Washington Bureau

Time For Graduation

Yes, and Time for Graduates. If you have been wondering about a very special gift for that very special graduate—we think you'll be interested in the next few pages. They'll give you a preview look at the newest, most beautiful graduation watches available. A few important tips, too, on how to select the "just right" Swiss watch for that special gift. Take a look . . .

six steps to selecting a watch with an expert eye

(one) — CASE

vital to the protection of the watch movement. Many strong, wear-resistant metals — gold, silver, stainless — are available in a variety of finishes. Selection should be based on the use to which the watch will be put. Remember; the better the case the longer it will look good.

(two) — DIAL

can do much to enhance the quality appearance of a watch. Consider the finish, the color and the surface design of the dial. Another indication of quality is the way in which the hour markers appear: stamped, engraved, embossed or individually applied.

(three) — STYLE

the individuality of the maker is reflected in both styling and appearance. Things to look for in satisfying your own taste are design of rim, and pieces, shape and cut of crystal, hands. Styles from which to choose, in quality Swiss watches, are virtually unlimited.

(four) — FEATURES

add to the interest, value and character of a watch. Among these available are calendar, alarm, chronographs of various kinds, self-winding and electronic watches as illustrated in column at left, (top to bottom). Waterproofing and shockproofing are features of many models but are only worthwhile when they protect a quality movement.

(five) — METALS

each part of the watch movement does a different, important job. To perform properly, each must be crafted from the right, top-quality metal. In a fine Swiss watch these metals and alloys are chosen for their toughness, strength, hardness, even their ability to withstand temperature change.

(six) — and the most important step:
A SWISS JEWELED-LEVER MOVEMENT

JEWELED MOVEMENTS

guard the hard-working parts of every quality watch movement against wear and friction by eliminating the damage caused by metal to metal contact in poor quality watches. Quality Swiss watches have a minimum of 17 jewels, in the right places, to give them long life, accuracy and trouble free performance.

Swiss skill and perfection in watchmaking spans four centuries. The craftsmanship, the precision, the years of research and development by the Swiss have all advanced the manufacture of quality watches beyond an art, to a science. This care and attention are your assurance that the Swiss watch you select will have at its heart a quality movement; that it will have been tested and re-tested for accuracy; that it will have been designed and assembled to provide a lifetime of the right time. Make certain that the watch you give has been crafted in the finest tradition in time — that it is a Quality Swiss Watch.

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It tells you what to do until the mover comes.

What to pack, what to sell, what to do with your pet schnauzer.

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Come up to the Kool taste.
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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TWIGGY

Sirs:

Send that leggy ironing board back to Britain ("Twiggy," April 14). We would much rather have their oil slick.

GUS NAGEL

Grand Junction, Colo.

Sirs:

Oh come now! It must be with tongue in cheek that you say Twiggy's legs are expressive. I've seen more expression on a cow's legs, and the cow at least had the dignity to stand like a lady. Many of my friends are bringing out their sewing machines because most of these fashions from England are too ugly to even consider wearing.

MARY STAUDINGER

Minneapolis, Minn.

Sirs:

History shows that you can measure a nation's strength by the principles of its females. Britain and France, once great, are now noted for nothing much but unkempt hair styles and short skirts.

J. F. COPPEDGE

Northridge, Calif.

Sirs:

I guess I was born too soon. When I was Twiggy's age I had her measurements, and the biggest concern then was that I should see a doctor.

MRS. VIOLET NARDUCY

Oak Lawn, Ill.

HARDNOSED HIGHWAYMEN

Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial "Hardnosed Highwaymen Ride Again" (April 14). The location of city freeways should certainly harmonize with the overall city plan, and it is only common sense that the agency concerned with total urban development should be given this responsibility.

JAN P. RICHEY

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

Your succinct editorial, while timely and satisfying to those citizens who care most about the future of our decaying cities, tends to place all the blame for urban expressway dereliction on the Bureau of Public Roads and various state highway departments.

Public apathy, a local Dream Team of Business Babbitts and easily influenced politicians, with the local press generally playing left field, contribute to the wildly "catch-as-catch-can" scramble for the federal dollar.

MARK P. LOWREY

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

The dreadful city surgery brought about by the ill-considered incursions of highways is due, I submit, to a failure of imagination on the part of engineers and urban planners. Right now, highway design exhibits an imperious disregard of the human being. That is because all of us insist on genuflecting before our gasoline chariots as if they were the very durlings of civilization.

EDMUND BURKE FELDMAN

Athens, Ga.

Sirs:

Ultimately, private autos will be barred from downtown streets, and our cities will prosper. We must stop treating our cars as a national Linus blanket and start thinking of them as the means of transportation they are.

WILLIAM R. WRIGHT

Cranford, N.J.

THE BIG AWAKENING

Sirs:

As an Ecuadorian citizen I congratulate Richard Goodwin for his acute perception in analyzing the social and economic problems in Latin America ("Our Stake in a Big Awakening," April 14). He has depicted well the U.S. image as it appears to the Latin American people. If too little is done now, action in the future will be worthless.

MILTON NÚÑEZ

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

I take issue with Mr. Goodwin's treatment of Argentina and its dictator, General Ongania. The take-over last June was almost certainly the best of several poor alternatives for Argentina's future. The choice was between a slack democracy that all but bankrupted Argentina and Ongania's centrally directed austerity program.

JOHN F. MILLAR

Newport, R.I.

Sirs:

Richard Goodwin did not, as you say in the Editors' Note (April 14), "coin the famous phrase, 'The Great Society.' " The phrase was first used by the English political scientist Graham Wallas as the title of a book, *The Great Society*, published in 1914.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Williamstown, Mass.

Sirs:

Before the inauguration of President Kennedy, a group of businessmen active in international trade got together at Harvard with a group of professors. On Dec. 19, 1960 they discussed the need for a new program in Latin America. I, as chairman of the meeting, and a few others tried out a few names with Professor Federico Gil, director of the University of North Carolina's Institute of Latin American Studies. "Alliance for Progress" came out of the discussion because of its good Spanish-language equivalent.

The President-elect read the document that was prepared at the meeting, took the suggestions for a program, as well as some actual passages, and incorporated these into his Inaugural Address. This is how *Alianza para el Progreso* was born and named.

J. WILNER SUNDELSON

Ann Arbor, Mich.

▶ Says Richard Goodwin: "John Kennedy announced the Alliance for Progress and used the phrase in a speech in Tampa, Florida in October, 1960, two months before the meeting at Harvard."—ED.

PERCY-ROCKEFELLER

Sirs:

Your cover of the young Rockefellers ("The Wedding," April 14) is a tour de force—photographically, financially, romantically—and it's not premature to predict that this handsome pair will, in about 20 years, be walking through the White House door.

CHARLES DICKINSON

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

The picture of Gail Percy looks like an early oil painting. The expression and coloring would have warmed the hearts of the Dutch masters. All the wedding pictures were beautiful, but this one must be a special delight to the family.

MARY LEE LEE

Evergreen, Colo.

Sirs:

Rhododendron is the state flower of West Virginia. It is possible that in using them in her wedding, Sharon Percy Rockefeller was employing a subtle gesture of acceptance of the state which is to become her new home.

ANTHONY LAMBERT

Parsons, W. Va.

▶ Also in the bride's bouquet were white violets and roses, the state flowers of Illinois and New York. —ED.

Sirs:

Thanks for making it possible for a small-towner to enjoy a wedding of this caliber.

MRS. ROY WARREN

Helena, Ark.

TORREY CANYON

Sirs:

That was a fine article on the loss of the *Torrey Canyon* ("The Oily Flotsam That Fouled Fair England," April 14). Anyone who knows the seas and coastline of southwestern England, and most sailors do, has heard of the Seven Stones reef and the local saying:

A ship that goes by Seven Stones
Sends its bones to Davy Jones.

The safest way to the Severn Channel and the Welsh coast is around the Scilly Isles and not between them and the coast.

SILVIA WRIGHT

Redondo Beach, Calif.

ONE-TRACK SKIERS

Sirs:

My sincerest congratulations to Jim Wintners ("One-Track Skiers," April 14). His encouragement and teaching, coupled with the mystique of skiing, can free so many who lie in the depression and shock of losing a limb. I can think of no better way to rekindle the inner smile of a man than in the thrill and beauty of a cold crisp mountain trail and the daring achievement of its descent on skis. I hope this article will be seen in all our military convalescent hospitals so that more and more similarly afflicted boys can be returned to the youth and self-esteem that they may have left here in Vietnam.

PETER BOGDAN
Captain (USAF)

Phan Rang, Vietnam

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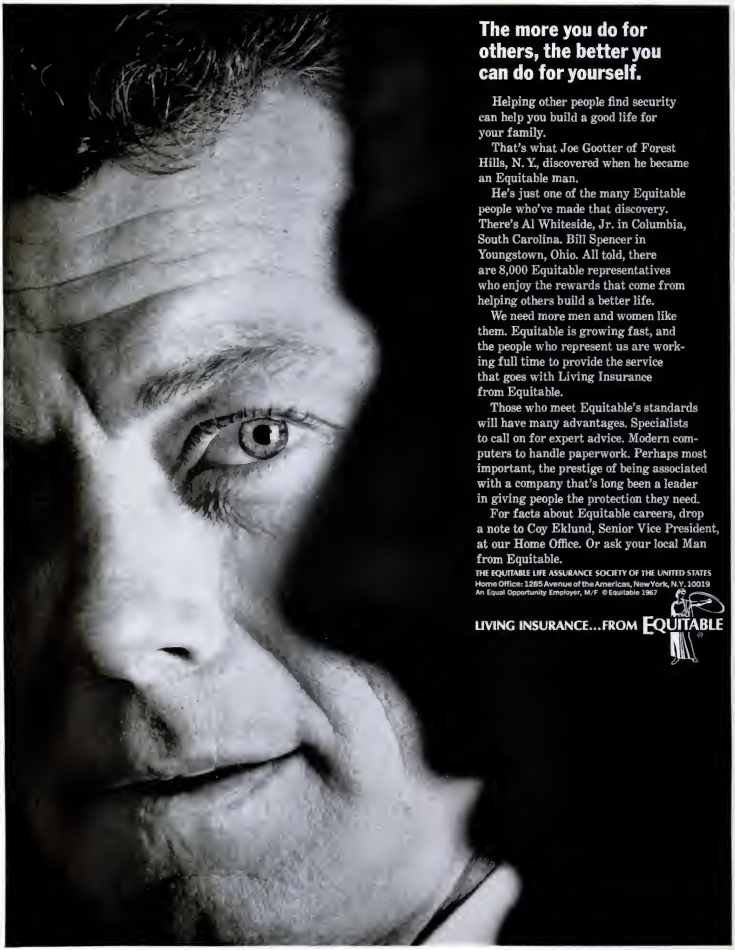

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"I write Anthony with the pen, Emile with the 'Glideriter,' Geoffrey with the pencil, and Rolfe with the ballpoint. I don't know which one I like the best."

"They're all handsome. (And it's lots more fun with a foursome.) Each gives me a different way to say beautiful things: With the pen I get sentimental. With the ballpoint and pencil I get down-to-earth. And with the 'Glideriter' I write and write—just for the fun of it. (Maybe I do like Emile best. He gave me the Stylist Foursome.)"

Shown: The Stylist 404P Foursome $16.85. Pen $5.00. Ballpoint $3.95. Pencil $3.95. Glideriter™ $3.95. Other Stylist models from $1.98 to $12.50. ©1967, W. A. Sheaffer Pen Company, Fort Madison, Iowa.

The Sheaffer Stylist™ Foursome

THE FEMININE EYE / **Shana Alexander**

Homogenizing the Eskimo

For someone who lives in southern California as I do, the North Pole is about as far away from home as you can get. Last week I almost got there. Actually, it was Baffin Island in the Canadian Arctic. The objective of my companions, three Canadians and four Americans, all somehow professionally involved in the art world, was to visit the native carvers of the tiny Eskimo settlements that rim the cliffs of Baffin Land and the north shores of Hudson Bay. These people turn out some of the finest primitive art being made in the world today, as well as the usual lot of souvenir book ends.

I have been hooked on Eskimos for 20 years, and I have read a good deal off and on about their language and customs. But the thing that has always intrigued me most is the notion, shared by many anthropologists, though certainly not all, that surviving for thousands of years in the most hostile environment on earth may have produced a people who embody whatever is finest and most human in mankind. A romantic notion, to be sure, but not necessarily an incorrect one.

The first thing that strikes you as you go waddling in your triple-layered clothing into an Eskimo community is the blinding whiteness. Against it, the compact, furred people are like figures in a Bruegel scene. All activity is tightly focused on the plane or the tiny settlement. The treeless whiteness all around is unspeakably vast and empty. One distant bird moving against the sky becomes a major event. Such a place must enormously sharpen the hunter's, and the artist's, eye.

Eskimos are cheerful fatalists, a people of serenity, self-confidence and an unflagging good humor. A Canadian friend of mine was once making an arduous journey by dogsled when suddenly the team's valuable lead dog fell over dead. My friend hastened to commiserate with the Eskimo owner of the team, only to find the man roaring with laughter.

"What's so funny?" he asked.

"I was just thinking of the happiness of that second dog!" the Eskimo replied.

My own biggest laugh came on the hideous —20° night we slept in an igloo (or rather, a snowhouse; "igloo" means house in Eskimo). The thing took two men two hours to build for us, sawing giant snow blocks out of the frozen ground, and then putting them together spiral-fashion, like a giant snail shell. To those who would like to have a real sense of the Arctic night, I can report that the aurora borealis looked white to me (not pink and yellow as on the ice-cored in wrappers) and the mysterious frozen land is absolutely soundless except for the muffled sniff-sniff of runny noses, including the Eskimos'. When at last a tiny doorway was cut, we seven *kaloonas* (the Eskimo word for white man) wriggled inside and crawled into our sleeping bags on the skin-covered snow floor, fully dressed, and fully miserable. Outside, an Eskimo sealed the doorway with a final snow block, and we were entombed. A voice yelled, "Hey! Look up!" and framed in the small smoke hole in the roof was the grinning face of Munamee, a young man who had helped build our prison of snow. Then Munamee stuck his movie camera down into the hole and took our picture.

Like nearly all Eskimos today, Munamee lives in a small, oil-heated prefab. For several years one Cape Dorset man did live in a plastic-foam snowhouse left behind by a movie company. It was exceptionally warm and dry, and in it he seemed to be enjoying the best of both worlds, until the day the thing burned up. What killed him was not the fire but the poisonous fumes.

The movie camera and the plastic igloo symbolize the very rapid change that is being forced upon the Southern Baffin people. They are still the most primitive and "unspoiled" native people on the continent of North America, and that fact alone makes them worth, to me, a long and uncomfortable voyage. But their society is also perforce the fastest-changing: the Eskimos are moving from a neolithic to a 20th Century way of life in less than one generation. Acculturation is always difficult. One culture can never successfully absorb another. What makes the struggle in the Arctic especially interesting is the particular role played by the art. The carving helps to maintain a disintegrating culture, while at the same time it provides the earned income, not a dole, which is absolutely necessary if this 3,000-year-old society of really prodigious survivors—the Eskimos—is to make it into the next century.

An Eskimo is an Eskimo because he speaks his language and has his own culture around him. Without these things, despite the satisfaction of his material needs, the Eskimo is homogenized; another culture is dead. But through his art, in the words of the Canadian art critic George Swinton, "he tells how funny, good, strong, rich, dangerous, courageous it is to be an Eskimo." And by doing what only he can do, he creates what white men desire and reward.

Gradually my own muddled feelings about acculturation resolved themselves into a dilemma symbolized by a pair of heavy leather-and-sheepskin pants. When our trip ended, I wanted to give them to someone who had been especially kind. One candidate was young, handsome Munamee, the movie-camera man. The other was 70-year-old Pitseolak, who still wears the old sinew-sewn, caribou-skin clothing, and more than half of whose life was spent in the precarious times when old people and infants often had to be left on the ice to die. Both men are more prosperous now than they have ever been before in their lives. So the matter of the pants resolved into making a choice between the young man and the old man: in the changing Eskimo world, which man had more to lose? The night before I went home, I gave the pants to old Pitseolak.

I spent the next night in the basement of the Toronto airport in a wonderful invention called a "roomette," a jiffy sleep niche for exhausted jet-age travelers which contains nothing but bed, TV set and telephone, all plastic. A striking print of a seal standing up on his back flippers was the sole acknowledgement in my tiny windowless cell that man has any esthetic sensibility whatsoever. It had been made in 1960 in Cape Dorset, and it hung directly over my bed. I crawled into bed and was almost instantly asleep, cradled, it seemed to me, in one era and at the same time watched over by another. "Maybe," I remember thinking as I drifted off, "maybe I should have given those pants to Munamee after all. . . ."

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LIFE
Vol. 62, No. 18 May 5, 1967

GREEK COUP SEEN FROM A WINDOW

The "mother of arts and eloquence," as John Milton described Athens 300 years ago, was in terrible trouble last week. "The eye of Greece," home of the Acropolis (background, *right*) and of democracy itself, was the victim of the first military coup Western Europe had experienced in a generation. Farrell Grehan took these pictures of the first tense hours, some of them from his hotel window, and wrote the accompanying commentary.

It was swift and tidy. Resistance was mainly verbal—the outraged cries of politicians as they were taken to jail in the night. Soldiers occupied major communication points, arrested thousands, indefinitely suspended civil liberties and announced that the army had taken power in the name of King Constantine II.

In the background lay a festering feud between former Premier George Papandreou, a fiery left-winger, and conservative elements in the army. Elections had been scheduled for May 28. The army feared that Papandreou would win and that a Communist take-over would follow—so the army moved. But whether the king, secluded in his country palace, actually approved of this assault on constitutionalism was highly doubtful.

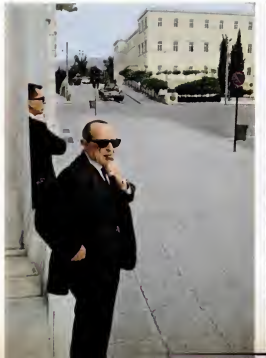
Photographed by
FARRELL GREHAN

Far below the ruined Acropolis, tanks guard the intersection of two Athens boulevards (left) shortly after the army take-over. Above, tourist peers at a tank from a hotel lounge.

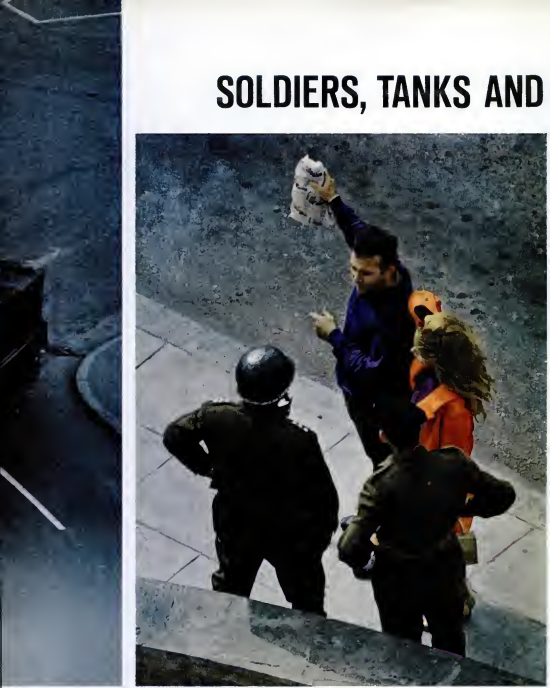
I awoke in the Athens Hilton at 7 [Photographer Grehan writes], in time to hear part of a radio report warning U.S. personnel and their families to stay out of Athens. I called for coffee. No answer. Called the operator. No answer. Finally the assistant manager told me there was an army coup. My wife and I went out on the balcony and saw a toylike machine gun 10 stories below and two soldiers on the roof. We were told not to leave the hotel. There were no newspapers. But later there was one lovely Greek touch. The bellboys came out with lunch for the soldiers, who munched away on sandwiches and pop."

Armored car clanks down street (above) as flower shop continues to do business. Below, man gazes (left) at nearly empty plaza, and soldiers haggle with food vender.

There were only a few people in the streets. I headed for Constitution Square. A soldier turned me back, but I zigzagged and met a couple who spoke English and directed me. I saw two youths sitting on a garden wall; they turned out to be Britishers living in a converted truck. In Constitution Square, some French girls were talking to policemen. At the Grande Bretagne Hotel I saw dowagers playing Scrabble. I rode the elevator to the roof and was astonished to see elderly women taking pictures. Then I remembered the curfew order—'Anyone in the streets after 6:30 will be shot down without further notice'—and headed back to my hotel."



SOLDIERS, TANKS AND BUSINESS AS USUAL



Brightly dressed couple is stopped on Athens street by soldiers (above), but tourists in hotel (below) carry on with Scrabble

Having covered the first days of the coup, LIFE*'s Michael Mok flew to Rome to file this uncensored story.*

At precisely 2 a.m. on April 21 commandos began hammering on doors all over Athens. Those that failed to open promptly, including that of Premier Panayotis Kanellopoulos, were kicked in.

The premier was advised he was being taken into protective custody. Kanellopoulos retorted that he needed no protection. In no mood to palaver, the commandos dragged him outside and chucked him in the back of a waiting truck.

Athenians awoke to find automatic weapons poking out from under orange trees in the downtown plazas. Tanks idled outside public buildings, the balconies of which had sprouted machine guns and rocket launchers. Phone lines were dead. Fearing food shortages, people queued up outside stores.

That morning, King Constantine confronted his top military leaders. "Each one of you," he is reported to have said, "has taken an oath to serve Greece, as I have. Will those who stick by their oaths be kind enough to stand up." With that, Constantine jumped to his feet. According to this story, all the generals rose. But a colonel, submachine gun under his arm, stepped forward and said, "Your Majesty, things have gone too far for us to take an easy way out." The 26-year-old king, not wishing to provoke a bloodbath, withdrew to his palace.

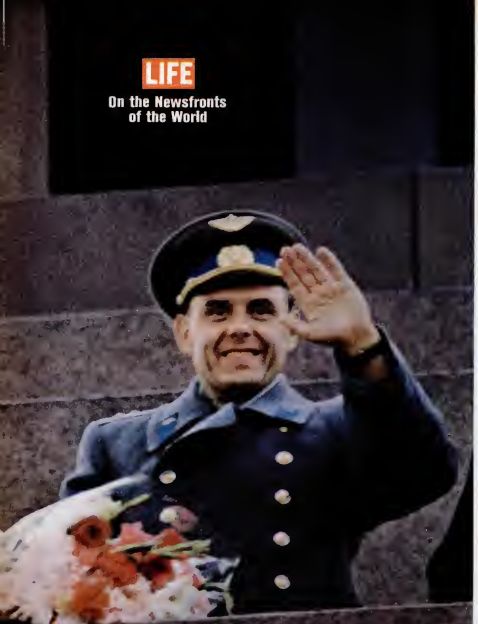
There was a striking contrast in the reactions of foreign visitors and Greeks themselves. Some tourists lifted their children onto half-tracks to snap their pictures. But old women, their heads covered in rusty black, averted their eyes as they hurried past the unwelcome machines of war.

Over the weekend the 6:30 p.m. curfew was eased to 1 a.m. and irregular gunfire was heard. One outbreak lasted for more than 15 minutes early Sunday morning. Guests in the grand hotels fronting on Consitution Square saw an ambulance race by, its siren mute. Then they saw a patrol seize a tall man wearing a brown suit. In a circle of lamplight, the man momentarily worked himself free of the soldiers and spat defiantly on the sidewalk. Then he was dragged off.

CONTINUED 29

The weather was bright and sunny. My wife and I, along with most of the other tourists, spent a lot of time by the hotel pool. I kept looking for the camaraderie of the 1965 New York blackout, but I did not see any of that spirit at poolside. It was a typical vacation atmosphere—except for a young Greek soldier who looked down at us from a rooftop, with a rifle at his side. Nobody seemed to know who or what he was supposed to be guarding. After a while he succumbed to the general ennui and lay down—but he kept his shoulders hunched. Other soldiers were stretched out on a patch of lawn in front of the hotel. The next morning, I awoke to a terrible single blast at 6 o'clock and started up, prepared for the absolute worst. But my wife reassured me —"It was only a thunderclap."

Solitary soldier stands guard on Athens Hilton rooftop as tourists make the best of things beside swimming pool. At right, troops take midday siesta break on hotel lawn.



Cosmonaut Komarov: he gave his life in space

On April 23 Soviet Russia flung aloft its biggest and fastest manned spaceship, piloted by Vladimir Komarov (shown above being feted following his first mission in 1964). Called back, the capsule re-entered successfully but its chute failed and Komarov crashed to his death. The world joined in salute of the space hero—all 47 of the U.S. astronauts sent a saddened message. Colonel Komarov received a state funeral and was buried in the Kremlin wall.

Just before it hit—

Head on toward Oak Lawn, a suburb of Chicago, whirled the black funnel, its deadly rotor scouring a path 200 yards wide. Photographer Ron Bacon saw the coming storm from his car, stopped and made this exposure. Moments later the

twister over Oak Lawn

tornado tore into the town at the height of the pre-supper rush, leaving it a wasteland of twisted rubble. Twisters also slashed through Belvidere, Ill. and other Midwest towns, killing a total of 54 and injuring more than 1,000.

TO HONOR 'DER ALTE'

The convocation in Cologne included the great men of the free nations—the nations to whom Konrad Adenauer had been, for so long, a symbol of Western unity. These men had differences among themselves, but they put them aside to pay homage to the man who had made it respectable again to be a German. For two feuding heads of state, Lyndon Johnson and Charles de Gaulle, the funeral of *Der Alte* provided the first direct confrontation since they met at another funeral—Kennedy's in Washington, 41 months ago. Their meeting was necessarily brief (several ceremonial handshakes and one private 10-minute conference), but the circumstances served to remind the two presidents of the things their nations have in common.

Adenauer would have liked the presence of Johnson and De Gaulle on German soil, along with the chiefs of every free European government and some 1,000 VIP mourners in all (the Soviet Union sent a "special representative"). His successors in the West German government are consulted and listened to in the council of nations. That this is so is a tribute to the old Chancellor—an even greater tribute than the one his grieving countrymen gave Adenauer when they escorted him across his beloved Rhine for the last time.

THE CHIEFS. At the state funeral of their ally and friend, Presidents de Gaulle and Johnson come face to face for the first time since De Gaulle came to Kennedy's funeral in 1963. Between them is West German President Heinrich Lübke, who joined them in a symbolic three-way handshake. After the funeral, De Gaulle and Johnson conferred separately with Adenauer's successor, Chancellor Kurt Georg Kiesinger (*far right*).

THE FUNERAL. This was postwar Germany's first full-dress state occasion and—though Adenauer had never been a military man—it had the look of a Wagnerian salute to a fallen warrior. Helmeted guards carried the casket, draped in the flag of the Federal Republic and followed by Adenauer's children and grandchildren, down the garden path (*above*) from his hillside villa at Rhondorf. Then a phalanx of motorcycle police escorted it by ferry across the Rhine (*top row, left*). After the Requiem Mass in Cologne's 700-year-old cathedral (*center picture*), troopers carried a collection of memorial wreaths (*right*) down the steps lined with a guard of honor. Afterward the casket, mounted on a weapons carrier (*above, far right*), rolled through the cobbled streets to the river.

FINAL CROSSING. Sent off by a salute of 91 guns—one for each year of his life—Adenauer's casket rides the fantail of a West German navy torpedo boat for its 22-mile trip up the Rhine to Rhöndorf. His family preferred that the gravesite not take on the appearance of an elaborate national shrine, so Adenauer was buried privately in the family plot, beside the great river he loved.

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Beef 'n Vegetable Noodle Soup. Heat Campbell's Old Fashioned Vegetable Soup plus Campbell's Noodles & Ground Beef Soup with 1½ cans water. Great!

Green Pea Bisque. Campbell's Cream of Celery Soup plus Campbell's Green Pea Soup. Stir until smooth. Gradually blend in 1 can of milk, 1 can of water.

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Chuckwagon Chowder. It's Campbell's Vegetable Soup plus Campbell's Bean with Bacon Soup. Heat them together with 1½ cans of water. Powerful good!

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THE INDIVIDUAL
PART III

The Frustrating

The modern U.S. business corporation, with its enormous diversity and unlimited horizons, should be an ideal place for a man to find satisfaction and fulfillment. Yet the very size and complexity of its undertakings often frustrate and diminish even a dedicated employe. This week's instalment of LIFE's series on the individual in today's society examines a dramatic search for personal achievement within the white collar world of the International Business Machines Corp. Although IBM goes to painstaking lengths to assure that its employes retain a sense of individual worth, the company's very size (200,000 employes) and its domination of the computer market make it a symbol of the faceless technological age.

John Dammeyer, 36, a middle management executive, is known as a systems manager. His specialty is figuring out new things for computers to do, designing new machine systems and developing advanced programs for production lines and other areas. He recently ran head on into the problems of bigness when he tried to introduce an experimental operations control system to IBM's nine computer-manufacturing plants. Intense and sometimes tormented, Dammeyer is fond of citing company president T. V. Learson's description of a good executive: a man with a sense of urgency, a demand for excellence, and a healthy discontent with the way things are—all of which qualities Dammeyer has. He keeps framed in his office a dictum from company chairman Thomas J. Watson Jr., which ends, "Each of us must be alert to the dangers . . . of playing it safe, and act courageously on what he believes right." On another wall he charts the rise and fall of his corporate rivals. Both items were to stand him in good stead during his year-long struggle to introduce a highly sophisticated system to his company.

Cradling a "work station terminal," a key device in his production control system, John Dammeyer explains its merits at a staff conference. Above, lighting to get his new plan accepted, he faces a skeptical delegation from IBM's plants—each of whom had his own stake in modifying the plan, taking it over or subverting it.

Warfare of Business

Photographed by HOWARD SOCHUREK

John Dammeyer has a passion for efficiency—"God, how I hate waste"—and his dream is to hasten the day when "people can get whatever information they want in whatever form they want, delivered wherever they may be." When IBM started building a 4,000-employe computer-manufacturing plant in Boulder, Colo. (*left*), he and a team from the Advanced Systems Development Division were told to design two experimental systems for it. Dammeyer's ambition was to advance computer control from an accounting tool to the actual management of production lines. The first phase of his plan would use new information-gathering devices and computer analysis to allow minute-by-minute inventory and production control. A second phase would permit precise long-term planning by "supplying the ingredients for management to make crucial decisions." Both systems were supposed to fit IBM's nine computer-manufacturing plants. As Dammeyer sweated to resolve every defect, to goad and encourage his staff, he had to look ahead to the internal political realities—making the first phase of the control system so attractive that management would let him complete it.

Seven months to make a dream plan a reality

When Dammeyer first arrived at Boulder (above, left) to begin seven months of inspection trips and planning sessions, he found the plant already in production, even though its exterior was not yet finished. At left he inspects computer tape frame waiting to receive the intricate subassemblies whose construction his control system must monitor. Then with an aide, Maury Kalnitz (left, above), and other project members he threshes out ways of applying his systems.

A worker inserts a plastic card into Dammeyer's work station terminal to record his job progress. At left, portraits of a worker's children inside a toolbox provide a reminder of the noncomputerized world.

A corporate dilemma:

Seated on a conveyor at IBM's Rochester plant, John is briefed on its "dock to stock" system by receiving department manager Merton Umess. He was visibly less impressed with the fabrication shop reporting system described by Ralph Whittemore (lower picture) because its complexities require "a lot of fat fingers" rather than the simple work station terminal John had in mind for Boulder.

'This business of joint effort is brutal'

The first warning of trouble ahead came when Dammeyer arrived in Chicago for a major meeting with representatives of the Systems Manufacturing Division, made up of the plants which produce IBM computers. Since they were in effect his own corporate customers, an important part of Dammeyer's task was to make sure his long term master plan for production control would mesh with their existing systems. But a friend (left) warned him that S.M.D. was going to attempt to torpedo his direction of the Boulder project on the grounds that his plan competed with existing systems. Dammeyer had already put in two months on a killing round of meetings, conferences and inspection trips to help him in planning his operations control system at Boulder. A key visit was to one of the company's most efficient plants, in Rochester, Minn., whose warehouse handles some four billion computer parts so efficiently that inventory-taking has been virtually eliminated. "A really sophisticated warehouse system—very impressive," Dammeyer said, deciding to propose its inclusion in the Boulder plant.

The five-day series of conferences in Chicago had been called to review all the plans, problems and progress of IBM's nine manufacturing plants—but Dammeyer was well aware that his project would get close scrutiny. Before he left, another colleague had observed, "It's damned difficult to get people tuned in to the huge possibilities in this field. The magnificent irony of many American companies is that they become instantly institutionalized and therefore can't keep up with the possibilities of their own technology." Dammeyer agreed, echoing the classic complaint of all creative people who try to work within the confines of big organizations: "This business of joint effort is brutal." But he also realized that he couldn't simply impose his system on the other plants. He had to persuade them, and adapt and modify his ideas to their requirements. "Jesus," Dammeyer mused, "if only you could put your psychic energy on the real problems, what a lot you could produce."

'Do you suppose we stay in corporations

As the Systems Manufacturing representatives sat down to review their problems and objectives, S.M.D.'s president, Clarence E. Frizzell, warned them against interplant jealousy: "The biggest problem we face here today is the old N.I.H. factor—Not Invented Here. Personal desires have no place here, and we'll be damned intolerant of them. A workable master plan must be devised by the plants, not be crammed down your throat by headquarters."

A representative of each plant then was given three hours to present its plans and requirements, with John Dammeyer's group scheduled to go on last. His strategy was to explain his experimental project in full detail, hoping to demonstrate that his operations control system was far enough along for the others to benefit from it. But when it came to the next step—ways to coordinate ideas into a master plan—Dammeyer's "competing project" came under heavy attack (*above*). He shot back, "This was not supposed to be done. Twice we've been asked to master plan, and twice we've been excluded. This is the third time. Somebody's going to have to get arbitrary." His attacker left the room to tele-

At the Chicago meeting, Dammeyer decided the best way to advance his project was to enlist interest and cooperation from IBM's two key plants at Poughkeepsie and Endicott, N.Y. Between conferences Dammeyer huddled with Jim Cooper (lower left), a manager at Endicott, who offered to cooperate in developing long-range plans, and who later took on the assignment of meshing Boulder's operations control system with over-all manufacturing planning. Next, he held a hurried conference in the hall (upper left) with his aide Maury Kalnitz and his right-hand man Tony Winchell, changing the wording of the charts so as not to antagonize his corporate customers. "We're outsiders going in," Kalnitz worried, "and that's bad news. It makes us easier targets for their pot shots." The confrontation came on the fourth day, when S.M.D.'s Joseph Isole made a direct attempt (left) to exclude Dammeyer's team in favor of his own division's approach. Dammeyer turned away in disgust, and although he later managed to win his point, realized that the second phase of his project was eroding. He took his problems to Sheldon Euler (below), IBM director of manufacturing, whose own version of the IBM motto, THINK, is a replica of Rodin's The Thinker. *After wryly asking John, "What can I offer you besides sympathy?" he offered a bit of tactical executive advice: "Your pitch to S.M.D. shouldn't be that your boys are going to put this together, but rather to tell S.M.D., 'Here are the parts that should meld.' "*

just to play games?'

phone his boss, returned sheepishly a few minutes later to concede he could get no backing. The Chicago meetings broke up with phase one of Dammeyer's pilot plan intact: he could install his system in Boulder. But its wider use would have to be discussed further at S.M.D.'s headquarters. His opponent shortly thereafter moved to a different job. "Do you suppose," Dammeyer wondered, "guys like us stay in large corporations just to be able to play games?" But his intuition for corporate infighting told him that planners within Systems Manufacturing were winning.

Exhausted by the Chicago meetings and a frantic week of catching up on deskwork, John hurried on to more conferences—this time in Europe. The trip gave him a chance to check up on a pair of steel mills in Spain and Sweden whose production was controlled by a less sophisticated version of his Boulder system, and to confer with executives at the IBM Nordic labs on a similar control system they were devising. It was also an opportunity to step away from the

A brief respite and

The transatlantic flight (above) was John's only chance to rest up for a round of inspection trips such as the tour through a steel mill at Holors, Sweden. But in the gentle atmosphere of Spain, he found the time to joke with a group of children outside Segovia, and to contemplate a statue in the tranquil gardens of King Philip V's castle.

pressures of his job, an opportunity he has rarely given himself. Depression-reared, Dammeyer put himself through Rutgers University by selling sandwiches to students door to door and working as a hod carrier. He married while still in college, and just before the first of his three children was born had to shift from pre-med to education. (His first flowchart was to plot the characters in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.) After graduation he went to work for an insurance company, where an instinct for systems analysis led him into computers just as the field was beginning to grow. Ever since he has moved from one planning task to the next. But until this trip he had never seen one of his own designs in operation. Seeing how well it was working, and learning about encouraging programs under way in IBM's World Trade Division, his spirits began to revive. "Why fight it?" he said. "Well, what else is there than to get something done and done right?"

a chance to see his plans in action

A battle with 'a truly decent man'

Back in Boulder, Dammeyer was enveloped in frustration once more. His staff continued to work on both the operations control system for the new plant and on the long-term intraplant plan, but meanwhile the joint planning group was holding him up by borrowing his personnel and redefining areas of responsibility. At a monthly liaison meeting (above), a man from Systems Manufacturing argued

that his division's conflicting objectives were going to interfere with Dammeyer's. Dammeyer answered that while they were still defining the problem, he was well on the way to a solution—but if they kept changing their requirements the job would never get done. When the conversation turned to a specific item which the other man thought had been dropped from the plan, Dammeyer finally had all he could take. He blurted out: "Either you have a lousy memory, or you're stupid." He demanded—and got—a written agreement that the item was still under A.S.D.'s responsibility—and afterwards agonized about treating "a truly decent man" so roughly. The argument was over, but Dammeyer's control of long-range objectives continued to slip away. He decided to make one last try.

Ultimatum, defeat—then a chance

Dammeyer wrote an ultimatum. Too many competing people with competing ideas and requirements, he argued, were undermining his basic plan. He cleared his statement with his boss and sent it on to the rival planners from S.M.D. They agreed to cooperate on a simplified way to implement the short-range system for Boulder. But the heart of the matter, the long-range plans for the other plants, was subjected to a new round of negotiations in the upper echelons of IBM. Finally, on Dammeyer's 10th anniversary with IBM, a decision was reached: S.M.D. would take over all long-range planning, using many of his concepts but excluding his team from further direction. Y. P. Dawkins, vice president for data processing systems, tried to soften the blow by telling him, "You haven't lost anything. Don't feel you bombed out because you didn't get the whole piece of cake. You guys made S.M.D. step up to their responsibility and that's a lot. Go put your energies toward getting something else off the ground." Although he had several other projects in various stages of development, Dammeyer was deeply discouraged and seriously considered leaving IBM to become a systems consultant. "There are three kinds of people in business," he said. "One doesn't do anything; a second creates and gives; a third takes and uses. I've spent 10 years trying to create and give. That kind of rejection really gets to a guy." Then, at the last moment, came a phone call from corporate headquarters. They were very interested in another plan from Dammeyer's division. Thereupon John outlined a design program for an entirely new information handling system. The brass met once more and gave him the go-ahead: a new staff, new funding—and a handsome raise. As John Dammeyer stuffed the confirming letter from the president in his coat pocket, he was ready to try again.

At one point it appeared to Dammeyer that all he had to show for 10 years' work was a framed Outstanding Contribution Award and a hard hat from his steel plant project. But a new assignment (right) soon changed his outlook—and his prospects.

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THE EMPLOYE

CONTINUED

"Something must be worrying you. What is it?"

"Do you think it is possible that if wages go up much higher than productivity, the company can go broke?"

"Are you kidding? They're so loaded that they're sending their excess profits to Washington to keep Eisenhower in the black so that Nixon will get elected."

This distortion of the facts is indicative of a basic problem in our industrial society. Once the worker withdraws from society and self, he becomes alienated from both his fellow man and himself. Under these conditions deep relationships may be too taxing and potentially threatening to his self-esteem. The worker looks for surface relationships in which responsibility and commitment are not required.

These problems of today affect white collar workers as well as blue, and the signs are that they will grow worse tomorrow as advancing technology and a rise in leisure time threaten to leave employes less involved in their work, often without other interests to help them compensate. With the physical needs of most employes long since assured, the worker seeks to fulfill his next higher order of needs, for security and stability. When these become relatively assured, the worker turns toward his highest needs, creativity and self-fulfillment. Precisely because the U.S. has gone farthest in helping employes fulfill their physical and security needs, it becomes all the more urgent that the industrial structure be adapted to satisfy their higher needs. Ironically the problem is just as urgent at the executive and managerial level as it is on the production line.

Since the executive world tends to be full of challenging, complex work, and since many executives are highly motivated and deeply involved people, we might assume that they would have few problems of self-fulfillment, and that they would recognize and deal efficiently with the subtleties of personnel relationships. This is not the case. The executive world also contains human separateness, alienation and frustration. The basic difference lies in their cause: the major provocation is the way executives deal with each other. Here, to put it flatly, executives as a group show relatively low competence. Furthermore, ministers, professors, architects, doctors, even diplomats, suffer as much as businessmen—and often more.

The reason is not a lack of desire—executives rank the skill of dealing with other people very highly. Many of them simply are not aware of the gap between their desires and their behavior. A recent Yale study of 165 top executives in 10 blue-chip firms found that most of these executives created situations in which few subordinates dared experiment with new ideas and feelings; few bosses helped subordinates to be more open and take risks; and few behaved in such a way that trust—a real, two-way relationship—could be developed. Yet 95% of the executives surveyed earnestly expressed and sincerely believed all the hallowed managerial credos: an organization is only as strong as its top people; responsibility, risk-taking and trust are crucial factors in building a top management team.

This attitude also was reflected in an international study covering

Executives don't know how to deal with one another

5,000 executives in 14 different countries. Most of them said they believed people should be treated with respect and dignity and given as much responsibility as possible. Yet, in a later part of the questionnaire, the same executives reported that people could not be trusted, that they resisted growth, and that they should be controlled and directed. Thus, although in their hearts they were willing, their actual behavior and deeper assumptions betrayed a mistrust of people.

Why this significant contradiction? To begin understanding it—and the organization executive—we should examine the considerations he applies to working relationships—values which "cause" him to behave in certain ways:

▶ Get *the job done:* "We are here to manufacture our product as efficiently as possible," the executive says. "If you have anything that can influence efficiency by influencing human relationships, fine."

▶ *Be rational and logical, and communicate clearly.* "Effectiveness decreases as behavior becomes more emotional and personal."

▶ *Organize people under carefully defined direction, authority and control.* "Govern them by appropriate rewards and penalties that emphasize rational behavior and achievement of the objective."

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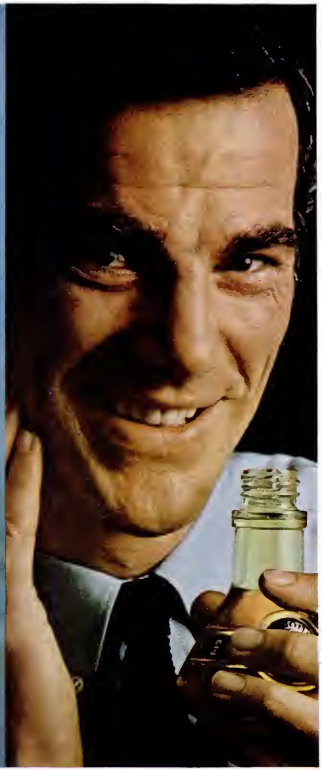

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THE EMPLOYE
CONTINUED

But what are the consequences of this kind of no-nonsense approach?

In their working environment, executives give almost no information to each other about their impact on one another. Their personal difficulties are suppressed or disguised and brought up as rational, technical, intellectual problems. As a result, executives rarely deal realistically with the feelings that underlie their actions. They have difficulty owning up to or taking responsibility for their ideas, feelings and values—or permitting subordinates to do so. ("I think Bill would be hurt if I leveled with him" is said by a man who himself would be uncomfortable in leveling with Bill.) Defensiveness increases ("What do you mean, I'm defensive?"). Experimentation and risk-taking decrease ("Don't rock the boat, don't make waves").

These attitudes, in turn, lead to conformity, especially when the superior's wishes and biases are involved. No one tells the boss about the conformity he is creating, because to do so would be to focus upon a "personal" issue which would violate "rational" values. So the boss is kept ignorant of the true facts. I know of one executive who prides himself on liking the "wild ducks" in his organization. But when he leaves the room, his subordinates sometimes mumble, "Yes, all flying in the same direction."

The end result is mistrust among executives. By mistrust I do not mean a questioning of honesty, for executives tend to have a high sense of integrity. By mistrust I mean the unwillingness to take the risk of entrusting one's self-esteem to others. These factors take their toll in effective decision-making. Diplomatic maneuvering is frequent. People are very careful to feel out each other's positions in advance. As one executive put it, "In decision-making warfare you send your scouts out to find out all you can about the enemy, including the points he expects to make, the attacks he expects to level and, if possible, the areas in which he is willing to give."

All this maneuvering takes time, effort, saps the energy of the more committed men who want to get on with achieving the goal and slowly weakens the top team's cohesiveness. But the most important danger is to the executives themselves. All the defensive maneuvering creates a grayfisnnel equivalent to the laborer's sense of worthlessness, a condition which has become grist for any number of angry books, plays and movies. Executive politicking and competition, effective followership (never go beyond the point that the boss can tolerate), management by crisis, fear and detail become dominant patterns which control executives to the point where the organization becomes defensive, caught up in its own compulsive management style which it cannot change.

The solutions to these problems are not easy to find. It is difficult to get administratora to experiment with new theories that may change the bone and flesh of their organizations.

Happily, some forward-looking firms have begun to experiment with changes in the traditional assembly-line system. Their basic idea has been to find ways to put complexity and challenge back into the jobs. The Polaroid Corporation, for instance, has taken workers with less than a high school education and tried to educate them up to a level that equals a college-trained engineer'a. Clerical employes have been permitted to work part-time in the research laboratories as technicians. In both casea the men have responded enthusiastically and performance has been above average.

No one tells the boss about the conformity he is creating

Harwood Manufacturing, a Virginia firm which makes wearing apparel, has experimented with giving the employes more responsibility and authority to question work procadures, to influence production decisions and job designa. In one experiment, the company tackled the lagging production of a particular product by bringing the production workers in on discussions of the problem rather than turning it over automatically to the staff engineers. Several different approaches, in which differing degrees of responsibility were shared between production people and engineers, were tried. What worked best was turning the problem completely over to the employes, with the engineers acting as consultants rather than, as some workers put it, "management hatchet men." Changes in this direction have led to marked increasea in quality and productivity at Harwood, as well as a reduction in employe turnover from 18% to 6% a year and

CONTINUED

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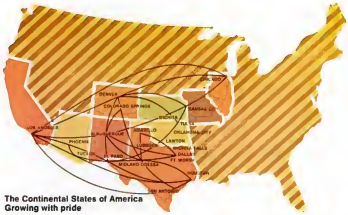

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THE EMPLOYE

CONTINUED

a lowering of absenteeism from 17% to 4% a year.

Five years ago tha Sun Oil Company, in redesigning an inefficient high-cost refinery in Ontario, made a move which is even more daring in its implications. To prevent the refinery from being closed, it was laid out anew so that a single crew working as a unit could control the entire operation. All men, except the accountants and lab technicians, formed a single operating taam, with each man trained to do everybody else's work.

How did they overcome the rigid division of labor and craft levels? First, the new personnel were carefully selected for intelligance and commitment. Second, all were placed on a salary payroll with no hourly workers. Third, excellence was clearly rewarded. Fourth, no lines were drawn batwaan supervisor and worker—each employe had under his control about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of equipment. Today the refinery is not only financially solvent, it has been running with no personnel difficulties, and employes report high enthusiasm for enlarged and more challenging work.

One menufacturer has gone so far as to chriaten itself after its new approach to production. Non-Linear Systems, which makes electronic equipment, has abandoned assembly lines in order to allow one person to assemble, say, an entire voltmeter from start to finish. It may take up to thraa weeks, after which the employe personally testa the product. If the customer has eny difficulty with it, the meter is returned for corraction to tha employe who assembled it. The results include a 50% reduction in man-hours devoted to building the instrument. At a deaper laval, the employe's sense of responsibility and commitmant haa become very high.

Another new approach with exciting possibilities is for organizations to be "optimally undermanned." For example, in one study several branch banks were observed from the tima they started up. Since they were new, of course, no one could tell how busy they would be. Consequently, they were at first staffed conservatively. Soon business pickad up. Howavar, since no one was certain that this was a permanent upswing, management delayed the addition of new employes. Initially morale went down, but productivity and quality of service (as measured by the bank) increased. Then morale went up egain, and cohesiveness and employe cooperetion increased. No one had to tell an employa that he was important. He could see that if he did not do more than his job the whole branch would be in trouble.

In the main office (from which they all hed been racruited) a savings teller had never helped a commercial teller. In the branch banks, however, each teller knew that every other was equally hardprassed and could use help whenever possible. But in ordar to help, the savings teller had to learn another, more complex job. The savings tellers did just that. Thus their work became more challenging and involving. Although each used to leave the main office as soon as his job was finished, none of the tellers in the new branches chose to leave until everyone was ready to go home.

Of course, if this technique is misused, optimal undermanning can come dangarously close to

There are ways to make everyone feel involved —and important

the old speed-up where workers are taken advantage of—the surest way to embittar an employe end endanger an organization. Employes should be given significant control over the new technique and shere the savings with them.

There are theorists who believe that lack of human involvement, especially at tha lower working levels, is not a condition created by the system. People in lower economic and social classes, so this argument runs, start out apathetic, fatalistic and noninvolved in their work and that is why these faults are found in organizations. Actually the blame lies on both the organization and the workers —they interact. Making chenges in the organization is the more effective way of improving the situation. Case studies of employes who have had their responsibility enlarged avan though their social class has not baan altered is one proof of this. There is, as another specific example, the commitment, hard work and involvement that utility workers display in a disaster. Put largely on their own and given much added reponsibility, these employes become highly productive end committed. Productivity and commitment wana only es tha disaster ends and normal bureaucratic routine is restored.

It must be made clear that humen productivity is not neces-

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Vendor Air Systems

Streator
Winkler Heating

Tinley Park
Baumgartner's Refrig.

Waukegan
Automatic Furnace

Winnetka
Murray Htg. & Air Cond. Co.

Yorkville
Schneider Refrig.

INDIANA

Auburn
Shugart Refrigeration

Bainbridge
Henka L.P. Gas

Bedford
McIntyre Bros., Inc.

Beech Grove
K-B Electric

Bloomington
Bower & Sons Plumbing & Heat

Brazil
Brazil Heating & Air Cond.

Columbus
Loesch Heating & Air Cond.

Crawfordsville
Ciltzens Coal & Supply Co.

Daleville
Shumaker Electrical Co.

Danville
Danville Plumbing & Heating

Edinburg
Larsen Refrig. Service

Fort Wayne
Paul R. Hosler Inc.

Frankfort
J. W. Ridgway Co.

Gary
Elbel & Son, Inc.
Freeman's Htg. & Air Cond. Co.
Great Lakes Cooling & Heating

Hammond
AAFCO Heating
Byara Sheet Metal

Huntington
Bob's Refrigeration

Indianapolis
Curry Bros. Refrig. Co.
Frost Air Company
Paul R. Hosler, Inc.
Frank E. Irish Co.
Kirkhoff Heating Service
Chas. Koehring & Son
Metropolitan Oil Corp.
Meyer-Soultz, Inc.
Joe Ogle Heating
George Stone

Jasonville
Evans Heating & Air Cond.

Kokomo
Andrew Wolfe Co.

Ladoga
McClellen Heating & Air Cond.

Linton
Wright Bros.

Logansport
J-Wey Inc.

Marion
City Air Cond. Refrig.

Martinsville
Schneider Lumber Co.

Monticello
Burns Refrigeration Service

Muncie
Coovert Heating & Air Cond.

Noblesville
Griffin Refrig. & Elec. Co.

Paoli
Starr Sheet Metal

Peru
Mills Refrigeration

Seymour
Perdieck Sales & Service

South Bend
Miller-Wheelar Inc.

Terre Haute
Supreme Heating Co. Inc.

Vincennes
Vincennes Home Imprvt. Co.

Wabash
Quality Electric

Warsaw
Comfortemp, Inc.

Washington
F. F. Osmon Company

West Lafayette
Speakera

IOWA

Adel
Lenhart Plumbing & Heating

Algona
P. R. Irone Company

Altoona
Achelson Sheet Metal

Arnolds Park
Barnes Plbg. & Htg. Co.

Decorah
Heugen Plbg. Htg. & Refrig.

Des Moines
Adel-Des Moines Htg. & Cooling
Clark-Peterson Co., Inc.

Emmetsburg
Whitemore Plbg. & Htg. Co.

Grundy Center
Keppie Refrigeration

Jefferson
Rhoades Plbg. & Htg.

Marshalltown
Marshalltown Sheet Metal

Menlo
O'Brien Plumbing and Heating

Newton
Goodwin Plumbing & Heating

Ottumwa
Howell Refrigeration

Pella
Globe Plumbing & Heating Co.

Peterson
Nesh Plumbing & Heating Co.

Rock Rapids
Air Conditioning Heating

Royal
Smoot Plbg. & Htg. Co.

Sioux City
Climate Control Corp.

Spencer
Fred Kellum

Spirit Lake
Groth Plbg. & Heating Co.
Stammer Plbg. & Htg. Co.

Storm Lake
Comfort Htg. & Cooling Co.

Webster City
Anderson Service

KENTUCKY

Benton
Dotson Refrigeration
Miller Plumbing & Heating Co.

Covington
Futurama Heating & A/C

Glasgow
South Central York

Hebron
Willis Refrigeration

Hopkinsville
Thomas Refrigeration Co.

Lexington
York Lexington

Louisville
Brown Htg. & A/C Co.
Carver Heating Co.
W. H. Edwards Co.
Kenny Oakes

Marion
T & W Electric Company

Mayfield
Kidd's Refrigeration Company

Murray
Freed Cothem Company

Paducah
Central Htg. & Air Cond. Co.
Herry Herrin, Incorporated.

Russellville
McLemore Refrigeration Co.

LOUISIANA

Albany
Palmer Electric & Plumbing

Alexandria
P. C. Berlin

Bastrop
McMullan Service Co.

Baton Rouge
Baton Rouge York
Better Heating & Air Cond.
Gulf South Air Conditioning
Louisiana Air Conditioning
Abbott Thibodeaux Htg. & A/C

Bernice
Harkins Plumbing Company

Bossier City
Crowe Air Cond. & Electric

Delhi
Delhi Sheetmetal Works

Donaldsonville
Fox Refrigeration Service
Ray's Electric

Franklinton
Parkera Electric Service

Gonzales
Babin Electric

Gramercy
Jim Parker

Gretna
Roussel Equipment
L. C. Schnell Refrigeration

Hammond
S. W. Sales & Service

Hessmer
Southern Electric

Houma
LeBlanc Engineers

Jena
Wilder Sheetmetal

Lake Charles
Lyle Guth Company

Lake Providence
John O. Nelson Oil Co.

Mansfield
J. W. Odom

Many
DeKeyser Electric

Mer Rouge
C. E. Laing

Mereaux
Megginson Air Conditioning

Metairie
Indoor Air Company
Thermal Products

Minden
Shaw Plumbing & Heating

Natchitoches
Tom Baker's

New Iberia
Don's Cooling & Heating

New Orleans
Airfrigeration, Inc.
Carrollton Refrigeration
Central Air, Inc.
Crown Refrigeration
Dependable Refrigeration
General Heating & Air Cond.
Glynn & Payton
Gulf York, Inc.
P. L. Hilbert Company
Howells Refrig. & Air Cond.
Edward Marquez Co.
Robert Refrigeration
Weathermasters, Inc.

New Roads
Tullos Refrigeration

Oakdale
Fred Lee Jr.

Oak Grove
Sander's Refrigeration

Opelousas
St. Landry Supply

Plain Dealing
W. F. McInnis

Reserve
Hobe's Refrigeration

Shreveport
Lancaster Refrig. Service
Wright Aire Inc.

Slidell
McKinnie Refrigeration

Vidalia
Melton's Refrigeration Co.

Ville Platte
City Refrigeration

Vivian
Lowe's Refrigeration

West Monroe
Miller's Air Conditioning

Winnsboro
Stewart's Refrigeration

Zachary
Mercury Mechanical Contractors

MISSISSIPPI

Columbus
Dill & Norrie

Corinth
Bell Gas Company, Inc.

Greenville
Roselle's

Greenwood
Pittman Htg. & Air Cond. Co.

Grenada
Miller Air Conditioning Co.

Gulfport
Simon Refrigeration

Houston
McKnight's Refrigeration Co.

Jackson
Deep South Climate Control
McCraw-Sallie Air Cond., Inc.
Palmer Air Cond. & Htg. Co.

Laurel
Hicks Air Cond. & Htg. Service

Louisville
J. V. Kemp

Magee
Sanford Refrigeration

McComb
Sanders Comfort Air

Natchez
McGehee Refrigeration

Ocean Springs
G. P. Cruthirds

Pascagoula
Martin Htg. & Air Cond. Co.
P. & M. Air Cond. Co.

Sardis
Logan's Refrigeration Service

Starkville
Warren G. Klehm Engr. Corp.

Vicksburg
Jordan Refrigeration Co.

Waynesboro
Welford's Refrig. & Air Cond. Co.

MISSOURI

Brookfield
Purdy Electric Company

Kansas City
City Heating & Air Cond.
Linden Heating & Air Cond.
Mechanical Piping Company
Modern Air Company, Inc.

Lilbourn
Simpson Refrigeration Service

Rolla
Doty Refrigeration

St. Louis
B & B Service Engineers

Springfield
Ozark York, Inc.

TENNESSEE

Ardmore
Brown Sheet Metal

Bristol
Climate Control Co.

Chattanooga
Dunbey Sheet Metal
Rehring Service Co.
Southern Blow Pipe & Roofing Co.

Clarksville
Jones Refrigeration Co.

Columbia
Sanders Plbg. & Elec. Co.
Charles Taylor Equip. Co.

Cookeville
Jackson & Carlvile

Elizabethton
Refrigeration Service Co.

Fayetteville
Fayetteville Sheet Metal

Gallatin
Graves Elec. Co.

Hails
Morris Silwy's Refrig. Service

Humboldt
H. & R. Plbg. & Electric Co.

Jackson
Ada's Air Cond. & Htg. Co.

Johnson City
Commercial Refrigeration Co.

Morristown
Chandler Air Cond. Co.

Lafayette
Smith Plbg. & Htg. Co.

Madison
Kimbro Elec. Co.

McKenzie
Moors Tire Service

Memphis
Control Refrig. & Htg. Co., Inc.
Controlled Air Incorporated
Flinn Engineering Company
Fraser Furn. & Air Cond. Co.
J. C. Hartsfield Company
Memphis Air Cond. & Htg. Co., Inc.

Milan
Gay Jackson Plumbing Company

Murfreesboro
Hoover Refrig. Co.

Nashville
Advanced Equipment Co.
Bean Sales & Service
Foster Engineering Co.

Paris
Carter Sales & Service

Ripley
Ammons Brothers

Rogersville
Mallory Refrigeration Service

Savannah
Wolfe Sales Company

Selmer
Selmer Service & Appliance Co.

Shelbyville
Semmons L.P. Gas Co.

Somerville
Tribbe Plbg. & Electrical Co.

South Fulton
Bill Cashion

Trenton
Tilghman Electric Company

Tullahoma
Davie Heating & Air Cond. Co.

Waverly
Humphrey County Utility Dist.

YORK
air conditioning and refrigeration

BORG WARNER

THE EMPLOYE

CONTINUED

sarily correlated with pleasure and happiness. Indeed, the American penchant for emphasizing happiness and pleasure overlooks the enormous part played by tension and discontent in achieving self-realization. Actually, the "unhappiness" resulting from the attempt to achieve challenging goals is central to healthy, high-quality living, to productivity and to achieving the flexibility needed for organizational improvement. Not only is it unnecessary and unhealthy to create organizations that are primarily "tensionless," but it is also unrealistic.

At the management level, a new seminar system has been successful in getting executives to cooperate with each other to meet objectives. Perhaps a vignette from one such seminar can help convey the thrust and power of such learning experiences.

The president and nine vice presidents of a very large industrial organization (more than 30,000 employes and $750 million in gross sales) went into retreat for a week to discuss their problems. At the outset, after defining the objectives of this educational experience, the seminar leader said, in effect, "O.K., let's go." There was a very loud silence and someone said, "What do you want us to do?"

(Silence.)

"Where's the agenda?"

(Silence.)

"Look here, what's going on? Aren't you going to lead this?"

(Silence.)

"I didn't come up here to feel my stomach move. What's up?"

(Silence.)

"Fellows, if he doesn't speak in five minutes, I'm getting out of here."

"Gentlemen," said the treasurer, "we've paid for the day, so let's remain at least till five."

"You know, there's something funny going on here."

"What's funny about it?"

"Well, up until a few minutes ago we trusted this man enough that all of us were willing to leave the company for a week. Now we dislike him. Why? He hasn't done anything."

"That's right. And it's his job to do something. He's the leader and he ought to lead."

"But I'm learning something already about how we react under these conditions. I honestly feel uncomfortable and somewhat fearful. Does anybody else?"

"That's interesting that you mention fear, because I think that we run the company by fear."

The president turned slightly red and became annoyed: "I don't think that we run this company by fear and I don't think you should have said that."

A loud silence followed. The vice president thought for a moment, took a breath, looked the president straight in the eye and said, "I still think we run this company by fear and I agree with you. I should not have said it."

The group laughed and the tension was broken.

"I'm sorry," the president said. "I wanted all you fellows with me here so that we can try to develop a higher sense of openness and trust. The first one that really levels with us, I let him have it. I'm sorry—but it isn't easy to hear about management by fear. . . ."

"And it's not easy to tell you."

"Why not? Haven't I told you that my door is open?"

And the group plunged into the issue of how they judge the openness of a person—by the way he speaks or by the way he behaves?

When the first man spoke up, the boss let him have it

The group explored their views about each other thoroughly—the way each individual tended unintentionally to inhibit the other (the vice presidents learned that they inhibited each other as much as the president did, but for years had felt it was his fault); their levels of aspiration, their goals in their company life and in their total life; their ways of getting around each other, ranging from not being honest with one another to creating organizational fires which had to be put out by someone else; their skill at polarizing issues when deep disagreements occurred so that the decisions could be bucked right up to the president, who would have to take the responsibility and the blame; their techniques in the game of one-upmanship, etc.

The result was highly satisfying. Once these top executives returned home, they found that they could reduce the number of meetings, the time spent at meetings, the defensive politicking, the wind-milling at the lower levels. In time, they also found that they could truly delegate more responsibility, get more valid information up from the ranks, and make the decisions more freely.

At first there was considerable difficulty when the executives tried to apply their new-found

CONTINUED

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THE EMPLOYE
CONTINUED

freedom to their relationships with subordinates. When the latter discovered that they were no longer simply being told what to do but instead were being encouraged to take risks and responsibility for decisions, the initial reaction was, "It's a trick, it will wear off." As time passed, however, and it became clear that the superiors were serious, an interesting thing happened. About half of the subordinates developed enthusiasm for the challenge, while the reactions of the other half ranged from continued disbelief to feeling threatened. One employe asked his boss in desperation, "What's happened to you? Have you lost your nerve? I used to come in and you always told me exactly what to do. Now all I get is the feeling that you want me to make the decisions!"

In another company the manufacturing superintendent tried a far more radical experiment in delegating authority to his general foremen. He told them that their total salary budget (which, let us say, was $100,000) plus next year's allotment for increases (about $4,000) was theirs to divide up as they wished. The only constraint that he put upon them was that the final decision must have unanimous support. The men agreed and left to decide how they would share these funds. After nearly 30 hours of deliberation, the foremen asked the superintendent to take back the money and allocate it in the manner that they had previously criticized. They had discovered they did not trust each other enough to handle it themselves. It took them about five years of working together to establish better relationships among themselves before they were ready to try again.

This time they developed a salary plan where each man received a certain basic wage, but beyond that some men received much more money than others, even though they were doing the same kind of work. When the personnel department complained that this was against good wage practice, the men responded that they performed similar jobs only on paper. In effect, they were much more willing to pay for excellence than was the personnel department.

How far can this kind of involvement be carried down the line? Can the lowest employe echelons be involved? Theoretically, the answer is yes. But in practice, there are many factors that complicate the situation. For example, the lower one looks down the organization chart, the more technology controls human behavior and attitudes. People's lives on the assembly line can be affected more by changes in technology than by getting them to talk more openly with each other. The present technology doesn't even permit them much time to talk, much less spend time to explore their lives, where they are going, their level of exploration, or the degree of their trust and openness.

However, some changes are possible. One company, whose two divisions were suffering from comparable cost problems, decided to tighten up. One division was headed by a man who believed in solving the problem by making people more responsible for costs as well as rewarding them for better performance. He refused, at the risk of his job, to permit the industrial engineers to enter his division. He succeeded in cutting costs and his production remained at least as high as, and frequently went higher than, the division which was reorganized. More important, the employes' morale and feelings of responsibility in his division remained high because they were internally generated.

Trust, openness, risk-taking must all be more than generalities

At a far more basic level, four gasoline station attendants with third-grade education vastly increased their efficiency and effectiveness after some guidance which helped them to understand their own roles and feelings. For example, they explored their attitude about being gas attendants ("not for me, or my kids") and their touchiness about customers who dealt with them as lower-class people (eventually they admitted that they felt they were lower class). They reduced their defensiveness about being gas station attendants, and their attitude toward customers was more confident and more open. Indeed, they became so responsible for the health of their station that they asked the main office not to spend any money sending them hints on how to run it; they were developing their own manual and would come to the main office for help only when they needed it. In six weeks sales increased nearly 25%, primarily because customers found it so satisfactory to deal with these men.

The road is not an easy one. Not all jobs can be altered. Not all organizations can permit meaningful changes in their technology. More important—and significantly more worrisome—is that we may reach the point where people will become fearful of too much responsibility. One sure sign of this possibility is that such improvements are often seen by workers as idealistic dreams, which itself implies that they are unattainable.

One day I was met at a plant gate by a shop steward who, shaking several of my articles in my face, demanded to know if I really believed in the authentic relationships, risk-taking and responsibility about which I was writing. I replied, "Of course I do." He then changed his tone to one of a plea: "Please, Professor, go back to Yale. Don't bother us with this stuff. We have a nice situation here. The management doesn't push too hard. The unions don't expect too much. Don't you come here and upset the applecart with trust, responsibility and risk-taking."

But if I have become convinced of anything in my work with people, it is that idealistic dreams are excellent goals to have in front of us. A new social science is developing that is relevant to modern life, and can help make values such as trust, openness, risk-taking and self-responsibility more than glowing generalities. But authentic relationships cannot be cheaply constructed, plugged in—and then discarded because their use created risk. What we must create is a basic change in the bone and fabric, the guts and heart of our whole mode of life. Our experience leads us to respect the difficulties—but it also leads us to be optimistic about the potential.

NEXT WEEK, PART IV

Society's Structure Is Out of Date

How we can deal with the paradoxes of complexity

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How come $1 plugs in a $100,000 car? Because there are no better spark plugs. Not at any price. That's why Ford puts Autolite spark plugs in every car they make.

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Autolite

Ford

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All you do is take your Lucky Number (bottom facing page) to your Lawn Boy dealer. If it matches one of the Winning Numbers on display, you're a Lawn Boy Sweepstakes winner!

While you're at your dealer's, check out the new Quick and Quiet Lawn Boy for 1967—the mower with finger-tip starting, grass-catcher attachment, cutting height control and handle adjustment. Lawn Boy runs quiet, too, with an extra large muffler hidden underneath. Find out if you're a winner ... and see the new '67 Lawn Boy at your dealer's today!

2nd prizes 100 Self-Propelled 21-inch Lawn Boys.... This big 21-inch mower moves out under its own power.

3rd prizes 200 Grass Catcher 21-inch Lawn Boys swoops up clippings as you go

4th prizes 200 Deluxe 21-inch Lawn Boys quick, quiet 2-speed mowers, perfect for any size lawn

5th prizes 440 Deluxe 19-inch Lawn Boys A Lawn Boy mower that's tailor made for city lots

6th prizes 500 Edger-Trimmer edges walks, trims under fences, other hard-to-get at places.

SWEEPSTAKES RULES 1. Compare your Lucky Number with the list of winning numbers posted at your Lawn Boy dealer. (See Dealer Listings on opposite page.) If you're a winner, the dealer will help you claim your prize.

2. Winning numbers have been selected by computer, under the supervision of the D. J. Blair Corporation, an independent professional organization whose decisions are final with regard to all matters concerning this offer. Sweepstakes closes midnight, June 15, 1967. All winning claims must be postmarked by that date and must be received by July 1, 1967.

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Sweepstakes

ILLINOIS

Abingdon, Jim's Gamble Store
Addison, Highway Sales
Aledo, Aledo Farm Store
Alexis, McKnight Hardware
Alton, Clift White Small Engines
Antioch, Antioch Lumber Company
Antioch, Loon Lake Service
Argo (Summit), Jelovec Hardware
Arlington Heights, Bowen Hardware
Arlington Heights, United Rent-Alls
Astoria, Butler "66" Service
Aurora, Roby's Mower Service
Aurora, Carl Sorn's Marine
Avon, A. Sundberg

Barrington, C & C Services
Barrington, Lawn & Garden Spot
Bartonville, Bartonville Hardware
Batavia, Judd's Automotive
Belvidere, Stenerson Machine Service
Bensenville, R. Laho & Son
Benson, Heineke Electric
Berwyn, Fremer, Inc.
Berwyn, Jack's Rent-All, Inc.
Berwyn, Power City Distributors
Berwyn, Sloup Hardware
Biggsville, Burkett Hardware
Biggsville, Pearsoe Electric
Blandinsville, Thompson Hardware
Bloomington, J. Stern Furniture
Blue Island, Island Motors
Brimfield, Jim's Repair Shop
Buffalo Prairie, Reeson's General Store
Bushnell, Western Auto Store

Calumet City, Mika Hardware
Calumet City, Rewer's Lawnmower Sales & Service
Calumet City, H. G. Tease & Son
Calumet Park, Rakowski Company, Inc.
Canton, McLuckies Store
Carlock, Hoffman Hardware
Catlin, A. Jones & Son
Chadwick, Hendel Implement Store
Champaign, Champaign Country Seed
Champaign, Frey Tire Company
Charleston, Lenman Hardware
Chatsworth, Denewitz Brothers
Chebanse, Rey's Chebanse Service
Cherry, McCook Plumbing & Heating
Chicago, A.A.A. Lawnmower
Chicago, A.B.C. Tool Rental
Chicago, Acorn Tire & Supply
Chicago, Advance Hardware, Inc.
Chicago, Andrew's Lawnmower Service
Chicago, Arenoff Hardware
Chicago, Chicago Hardware & Appliance
Chicago, Chicago Lawn Mower Service
Chicago, Division Paint & Hardware
Chicago, D & R Hardware
Chicago, E & G Marine
Chicago, Freek's Bike & Mower Shop
Chicago, Handy Andy Fix It Shop
Chicago (Alsip), Idea Lawnmower Sales & Service
Chicago, Irving Park Garden Center
Chicago, Kline's Keen Edge Service Co.
Chicago, Kopec Hardware
Chicago, Liberty Lawnmower & Snow Equipment Sales
Chicago, Lindon's Small Appliance, Inc.
Chicago, Lupa Hardware
Chicago, Medey Marine Sales & Service
Chicago, Menzel Hardware
Chicago, Mt. Greenwood Hardware
Chicago, Power Mower Company
Chicago (Riverdale), Quendt's Ace Hdwe.
Chicago, Republic Lumber Market
Chicago, Root Brothers Mfg. & Supply
Chicago, Roseland Outboard Motors
Chicago, Single Source Small Engine
Chicago, Southmoor Hardware
Chicago, H. Turek & Sons
Chicago, United States Supply
Chicago, West Lawn Key & Mower
Chicago & Surrounding Suburbs, Wieboldt Stores, Inc.
Chillicothe, Greyboy
Chrisman, Bill's Mower & Engine
Cicero, Boker Hardware
Cicero, W. T. Chojnacki & Son
Cicero, Manor Hardware
Cissna Park, Kellerhal Electric
Clarendon Hills, Clarendon Hills Ace Hardware
Clifton, Leader Hardware
Clinton, Paul's Sales & Service
Congerville, Country Boy Hardware
Cramer, Tuttle's General Store
Crestwood, M & M Mower Service
Creve Coeur, Ehrett's Hardware
Crystal Lake, Myer's Engine & Mower Serv.
Crystal Lake, H. Rudet
Cuba, Downs Gamble Store

Danville, Berry's Farm & Home Store
Danville, Bill Trent Lumber Company
Danville, Frey Tire Store
Danville, Holycross Marine
Danville, Meis Brothers, Inc.
Danville, Van's Mower Shop
Deerfield, Chuck's Fix It Shop
Deerfield, Village Hardware
De Kalb, Ben Gordon Hardware
Des Plaines, Des Plaines Lawn & Power Equipment
Des Plaines, Oakton Lawn & Garden Equipment
Dixon, Western Auto Assoc. Store
Dolton, Quendt's Ace Hardware
Downers Grove, Ace Hardware #1 t
Downers Grove, Ace Hardware #500

ILLINOIS continued

Downers Grove, Vysa Lawn Equipment
Dundee, Lakes Supply Company
Dunlap, Sturm Appliance & Service

Earlville, Diamond M Mower Service
East Chicago, A. P. Davis & Company
East Dubuque, B & W Hardware
East Moline, F & F Rental
East Moline, Western Auto Store
Edelstein, Doubet Coertney
Elgin, Helm & Pearsall
Elgin, Miller's Lawn & Garden Equipment
Elizabeth, Jack Schwirtz Chevrolet
Elk Grove Village, J. F. Gerlisch & Son
Elmhurst, Acorn Service
Elmhurst, York-Grand Hardware
Elmwood, McCartney's Garage
El Paso, Heller's Store
Erie, Buebee Garden Center
Eureka, Wesson Small Engine Service
Evanston, Evanston Boat & Motor Sales
Evanston, Latek Rent-All Company, Inc.
Evanston, Lemoi Hardware
Evanston, Noren Cycle & Mower Shop
Evergreen Park, Evergreen Park Hdwe.

Farmington, Allee Gamble Store
Flanagan, Rients Brothers Garage
Forest City, Gtt Equipment Company
Fox Lake, Gallagher V & S Hardware
Fox River Grove, Cody's Lawnmower Serv.
Franklin Park, Aggressive Hardware
Franklin Park, Bob's Garden Center
Freeport, Joe Rosenstiel, Inc.
Fulton, Fulton Paint & Paper

Galena, Millhouse Brothers Company
Galesburg, Black Hardware
Galesburg, Christy Coal Company
Galesburg, Grebills Rentall
Galesburg, Gison Radiator Service
Galesburg, Ralston Hanna
Galva, Gamble Store
Geneseo, A. B. Supply House
Genoa, Gustafson Auto Parts
Georgetown, Latoz Hardware
Gibson City, Coast to Coast Store
Gladstone, Cisna Lumber & Hardware
Glen Ellyn, Patch Brothers
Glen Ellyn, Schuham Hardware
Glen Ellyn, Severson Service
Glenview, Jake's Standard Service
Glenview, Rueen Hardware
Glenview, Weiss Ace Hardware
Glenview, West Garden & Hardware
Good Hope, Magnuson's Small Engine
Grayslake, Cliff Gehrke Repairs
Grayslake, Hopton Hardware
Gridley, Gridley Hardware
Gurnee, The Boat Show

Half Day, Herrick's V & S Hardware
Hampshire, W. C. Voigt Mower Sales & Serv.
Hanna City, Lou's Small Engine Service
Hanover Park, Hanover Ace Hardware
Harvey, Page Avenue Bike Company
Harvey, M. A. Pajor & Son Hardware
Harvey, Paramount Cycle & Mower
Hazelcrest, Paterson Landscaping
Hebron, Hebron Hardware
Hebron, W. E. Troxell
Herscher, Hendrix Town & Country
Highland Park, M.S.S., Inc.
Hinsdale, Morris Florists
Hinsdale, Soukup's Hardware Store
Hinsdale, White's Lawnmower, Inc.
Homewood, Kline's Keen Edge Service Co.
Homewood, Zeek's Ace Hardware
Hoopeston, Nelson Hardware

Itasca, Lake Park Garden Center

Joliet, Sunbeam Cycle

Kankakee, Cook & Cardosi Marathon
Kankakee, Schoth Brothers Phillips "66" Service
Kansas, Rardin & Cook
Keithsburg, Griffith Home Supply
Kewanee, Black & Fletcher Hardware
Kewanee, Cowley's Sales & Service
Kirkwood, Central Feed & Produce
Knoxville, Carlson Services, Inc.

Lacon, Bailey Hardware
La Grange, Central States Implement Co.
La Harpe, Little Brothers
Lake Bluff, Lake Bluff Hardware
Lake Forest, Everett Garage
Lake Forest, O'Neill's Hardware
Lake Forest, Wells & Copithorne
Lake Villa, Effinger Hardware
Lake Zurich, Chris Distributors
Lake Zurich, Lake Zurich Hardware
Lake Zurich, Snetsinger's Mower & Garden Center
La Moille, Steckel's Home & Farm Supply
Lansing, Gardiner Hardware
LaSalle, D & H Supply
Leaf River, Kretsinger's Garage
Lena, Nobel Electric & Hardware
Lewistown, Kelley Western Auto Store
Libertyville, Parklin Service Station
Lincolnwood, Mittman Ace Hardware
Lincolnwood, Van Zeelt's, Inc.
Lisle, Lisle Mower Service
Lockport, Stone's Lawn Equipment
London Mills, London Mills Farmers Co-op
Lovington, Williams Tractor Service
Lowpoint, Lynn Bente, Inc.
Lynn Center, Lynn Center Implement Co.
Lyons, Keen Edge Company

McHenry, Fleming Equipment
Mackinaw, J. H. Neffziger Lumber Co.
Macomb, Macomb V & S Hardware
Maquon, Perli Implement

ILLINOIS continued

Marengo, Eickstedt Mower
Mattoon, DeBuhr's Seed & Feed
Mattoon, Lindsey's Repair Shop
Maywood, Behcall Hardware, Inc.
Maywood, Berco Seed & Floral Company
Media, Lants 66 Service
Melrose Park, Amling's Flowerland
Melrose Park, Gravely of Chicago
Melrose Park, Lehzia Hardware
Melrose Park, Seegers Hardware
Metamora, Deboll Supply
Midlothian, "R" Hardware
Milan, B & B Hardware
Minier, Greff Implement
Minonk, Ford Electric
Moline, A-1 Rental
Moline, R. W. Anderson Company
Moline, Coulter Equipment
Moline, Lyphout Hardware
Monica, Monica Elevator
Monmouth, Elmer A. Johnson
Monmouth, Patton's Seed & Hardware
Monmouth, Torley Hardware Company
Morris, Johnson Boats & Motors
Morton, Grimm Oil Company
Morton Grove, Ace Rental
Morton Grove, Tuffy's Cycle Shop
Mt. Carroll, Bundy Welding
Mt. Prospect, Charles B. Grey Sales & Serv.
Mt. Prospect, Kersting's Garden Center
Mundelein, Pope's Lawn & Garden Center
Mundelein, Thatcher's Hardware

Naperville, Soukup Hardware
New Windsor, Christy Hardware
Niles, Norbert's
Normal, Gibson Sporting Goods
Norridge, Universal Lawn & Garden Equipment
Northbrook, Ferrero Garden Center
Northbrook, Olson Gardens
North Chicago, Mohawk Lawn Mower & Bicycle
Northfield, Bess Hardware
Northlake, A-1 Sales & Service
North Riverside, North Riverside Landscaping & Garden Shop

Oak Lawn, J. Butkus
Oak Lawn, Golden Gate Nursery
Oak Park, Dressel Hardware
Oak Park, Oak Park Rental Center
Onarga, Bradshaw Standard Service
Oregon, Oregon Home—Auto
Orland Park, Orland Hardware
Ottawa, Midwest Landscape Company

Palatine, Gravely Equipment Company
Palatine, G & E Hansen's Hardware, Inc.
Palatine, V & G Mower Sales & Service
Paris, Arrow Auto Store
Park Forest, Strickler's Hardware
Park Ridge, Marty's Mower Service
Paxton, Coast to Coast Store
Paxton, Frey Tire Company
Pekin, Cohen Furniture Company
Peoria, Cohen Furniture Company
Peotone, Redigh Machine Shop
Pontiac, Stolter-Evans Implement Co.
Port Byron, Service Hardware
Posen, Gluc's Hardware
Princeville, W. A. Smith Hardware

Raritan, Raritan Mill & Supply
Richmond, Tri-Service Hardware
Riverdale, Powered Products Company
River Forest, Dressel Hardware
Roanoke, Midwest Appliance & Electric
Rochelle, Moore's V & S Hardware
Rockford, Auburn Street Hardware
Rockford, B & N Hardware & Farm Supply
Rockford, Bob's Hardware
Rockford, Central Park Hardware
Rockford, Charles Street Hardware
Rockford, Mitchell Radio & TV
Rockford, Rockton Avenue Hardware
Rockford, Ed Thorne's Hardware
Rockford, Charles V. Weise Company
Rock Island, Avenue Rental
Rock Island, Lohse Lawn & Garden
Rock Island, Pate's Garage
Rock Island, Piatt's Garden Center
Rock Island, Teske Seed & Feed
Roscoe, Bermore's Hardware & Variety
Roselle Bloomingdale, Wernimont's V & S Hardware
Roseville, Frazee Repair Shop
Round Lake Heights, Avon Hardware

St. Anne, Martin Motors
St. Charles, Freyer Lawn & Garden
St. Joseph, Sumner Hardware
Savanna, Gamble Store
Scales Mound, Stadel Hardware
Schapville, Schapville Garage
Sheldon, Sheldon Implement Company
Sidney, Erb's Store
Skokie, Al's Cycle Shop
Skokie, Andy's Best Hardware

ILLINOIS continued

Skokie, Johnson Equipment
South Chicago Heights, Uline Lawn Equipment Company
South Elgin, South Elgin Lawnmower Serv.
South Holland, Suburban Garden Center
Sterling, Rock River Sport Shop
Streator, Streator Auto Electric
Stronghurst, Stronghurst Implement
Sycamore, Corey & Hoffman

Tabia Grove, J & N Repair Shop
Tinley Park, Bettenhausen Hardware Co.
Tinley Park, Rich Mower Service
Toulon, Lehman Farm Supply
Toluca, Litchfield Brothers Hardware
Tonica, Tonica Greenhouse
Tremont, B & F Plumbing
Trivoli, Fliginger Equipment Company
Troy Grove, Graper Sales & Service
Tuscola, Harry's Saw Shop

Urbana, Glen Poor's TV

Verna, L. H. Brown Company
Villa Park, Du Page Service Company
Viola, Harrison Hardware

Warren, Reynolds Mower Shop
Warrenville, Krest Power Equipment Co.
Washburn, Fitschen Brothers Hardware
Washington, Bob's Hardware
Washington, Melrose Hardware
Watseka, Gaenon's Store
Waukegan, Ace Hardware #1
Waukegan, Kelly Hardware
Waukegan, Morstedt Marine, Inc.
Waukegan, Progressive Equipment Co.
Waukegan, Schumacher Mower & Cycle
Waukegan, Tenth Street Hardware
West Chicago, Weigand's Welding & Lawn Equipment
Western Springs, Village Hardware
Westville, Latoz Hardware
Wheaton, Schmitz Lawn & Garden
Williamsfield, Weaver's Hatchery & Hdwe.
Wilmette, Hoffman & Glicken Hardware
Wilmette, Kivland Mower Service
Wilmette, Millen Hardware
Wilmette, L. J. Thelman Co. (The Chalet)
Winnebago, George McGee & Son Lumber
Woodstock, Jim's Lawn & Garden
Woodstock, Laing True Value Hardware
Woodworth, Woodworth Electric
Worth, A-B Sales & Service
Wyoming, Glen Gamble Store

Zion, The Leader Department Store
Zion, Milter Equipment

INDIANA

Argos, Holland Hardware
Atwood, South Side Repair

Bourbon, Bourbon Auto Parts
Bremen, Bolt's Store

Cedar Lake, Kieler's Sports
Chesterton, Olson Bike Shop
Claypool, Kirkwood Garage
Crown Point, Gruel Brothers
Culver, Snyder Motor Sales

Dyer, The Kielman Company

East Gary, Watlins Hardware, Inc.
Elkhart, Kluth Garden Center
Elkhart, Vern's Lawn & Garden
Elkhart, Zimmerman Service, Inc.
Etna Green, Ulmer Equipment

Gary, Aetna Hardware
Gary, Brown's Feed & Garden Supply
Gary, Carl's Lawn Equipment
Gary, Doyne's Home & Marine Supply
Gary, Lud's Motor Sales
Goshen, Beer's Home Outfitters
Goshen, Elco Wheel Horse Sales & Service
Goshen, Schrock Small Engines
Griffith, Terpstra's Feed & Hardware

Hamlet, Jones Sales & Service
Hammond, Artim Equipment Company
Hammond, Brewer's Small Engine Service
Hammond, Conkey Hardware
Hammond, Lindy's Hardware
Hammond, P. H. Mueller & Son
Hammond, Sterns-Woodmar Hardware
Hebron, Hebron Hardware
Highland, Calumet Rental
Highland, Highland Lawnmower Sales & Service
Hobart, Hobart Hardware

Kingsbury, Milner Auto Service
Knox, Bass Lake Boats & Motors
Knox, Cox Brothers Super Service

Lapaz, Bowman's Tire Service
La Porte, Beer's Home Outfitters
La Porte, Strieter's Sales & Service
Leesburg, Patona Bay Boat Service

Michigan City, Beer's Home Outfitters
Michigan City, Gulliver's Sweep & Sew
Michigan City, Lloyd's Garden Shop

INDIANA continued

Michigan City, Salter's Sales & Service
Middlebury, Vern's & Hoover, Inc.
Mishawaka, Carburetor & Ignition
Mishawaka, Paul Smith Company
Mishawaka, South Bend Hardware
Munster, Sol's Lawnmower Shop

Napoleon, Behimer Hardware
Nappanee, Schmucker Community Store
Nappanee, Wise's Furniture
New Carlisle, Cortier Service

Osceola, Cooper's Lawnmower Sales & Service

Plymouth, Buchtel & Sons
Plymouth, Price Nurseries
Plymouth, Zehner Mower Service
Portage, Robbins' Lawn & Garden Center

Shipshewana, Yoder Service
South Bend, Beer's Home Outfitters
South Bend, Berany Hardware
South Bend, Benko & Son
South Bend, Chandler Sales & Service
South Bend, Fisher's Hardware
South Bend, Harvey's Pro Hardware
South Bend, Radio Furniture Mart
South Bend, Robertson Department Store
South Bend, South Bend Hardware
South Bend, Stan & Ted's Lawnmower Sales & Service
South Bend, Schrader's Furniture Store
South Bend, Wilhelm Home Equipment
Syracuse, Nicolai Machine Shop

Topeka, Schlabach & Son
Topeka, Village Hardware

Valparaiso, Ketterman's Sales & Service
Valparaiso, Valpo Small Motors

Wanatah, Moore's Texaco Service
Warsaw, Engine Service

IOWA

Bettendorf, K & K Hardware
Bettendorf, Van Sant's Market
Burlington, Dehner Seed & Supply
Burlington, Ewinger Appliance
Burlington, Frick Motors
Burlington, Goodyear Service Store
Burlington, Nichols Corporation
Burlington, Schuler Trading Post
Burlington, Zink Sales & Service

Cascade, Bill's Texaco Station
Clinton, Nelson's Electric
Colesburg, Sheffer's General Merchandise

Davenport, East Locust Hardware
Davenport, Hildy's Hardware
Davenport, Home Hardware
Davenport, Harry Jacobs Hdwe. & Appl.
Davenport, Northwest Davenport Hdwe.
Davenport, Scott County Seed Company
Davenport, Shawver Company
Davenport, Sherry Hardware
Denmark, S & H Hardware
DeWitt, Clinton County Consumer Co-op
Donnellson, Heaton's Shop
Donnellson, Mt. Hamill Elevator
Dubuque, Central Hardware
Dubuque, Ellwanger's Western Auto
Dubuque, Fleck's Marineland
Dubuque, McGovern's Hardware
Dubuque, Owl Furniture
Dubuque, Power Lawn & Garden Equip.
Dubuque, Schilling Hardware
Durango, Avalon Garage
Dyersville, Gamble's Store

Edgewood, Stone Hardware & Pump
Eldridge, Eckermann Implement
Elkader, Walke Hardware

Fairfield, Switzer Fix-It Shop
Farley, J. P. Scherrman Implement
Fort Madison, Chain Saw Supply
Fort Madison, Engeman Hardware

Garnavillo, Garnavillo Hardware
Guttenberg, Schroeder Hardware

Hillsboro, Swartout Sales & Service
Holy Cross, Bill's General Repair
Houghton, Kruse Implement Company

Keokuk, Independent Lumber Company
Keokuk, Thompson Keen Kutter

LeClaire, Ewoldt's Appliance & TV
Lyons (Clinton), Becker Seed Company

McCausland, Ploog Appliance
Manchester, Hawkers Sport Shop
Maquoketa, Western Auto Store
Mediapolis, Ibbottson Mower Service
Mediapolis, Kline Hardware
Mt. Union, Hazen Farm Supply
Mt. Union, Lauer Implement Company
Mt. Pleasant, Raeister's
Muscatine, Coyner Marine
Muscatine, Denny's Service
Muscatine, McCracken Welding
Muscatine, Western Auto Assoc. Store

New London, Keen Kutter Hardware
New Vienna, Gebhard Service
North Clinton, Rod Fitch's Sport Center

Oakville, Carlson Service

St. Paul, Menke Service
Strawberry Point, Fredrick Hardware

Volga, Moore & Follon

Wapello, Western Auto Store
Wayland, Troyer Repair Shop
West Point, Freitag's Inc.
Wever, Wayne & Joe's 66 Service
Wheatland, Bob's Motor Clinic
Wilton Junction, Quality Hardware
Winfield, Gott Hardware

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Svetlana Here to find 'self-expression'

Smiling warmly, the daughter of Joseph Stalin was photographed at her Swiss retreat shortly before flying to the U.S. "to seek the self-expression denied me for so long."

'Before the marriage, it should be love'

Departing Switzerland, Svetlana thanked the Swiss for their cordiality.

Her English is not complete," an acquaintance had confided. "She lacks idiom." Nevertheless, making her first formal public appearance in the U.S. last week, Svetlana Alliluyeva addressed a throng of newsmen in New York with lucidity and forthrightness—in English and without notes.

She had not "defected" at all in the cloak-and-dagger sense. She was not out to save her neck and by no means had come to hate her homeland. She had left Russia with regret. She said, in a televised statement to America: "My studies of history and the social sciences and economics, and Marxism itself, made me, well, a little bit critical of many things which I could see in our country. . . . In the last 10 years, perhaps, everybody in our country, especially younger people—we became more critical. Perhaps we were more free to think and to discuss and to judge things."

Beyond all this, the daughter of Stalin had become religious. Earlier, in a written statement, she had said that "when I became a grownup person I found that it was impossible to exist without God in one's heart." Now she revealed she had taken steps to formalize her religious sentiments. "Five years ago," she said, "I was formally baptized in Moscow, in the Russian Orthodox Church." She is also interested in Catholicism and Christian Science.

Historians had hoped that Svetlana might be persuaded to write a book. It turns out she wrote the book three years ago —"for the drawer," with no immediate intent to publish. It tells of the last 10 years of her father's life, when she was closer than anyone else to this powerful figure. It also tells of the years before, when she was "the little Princess of the Kremlin." Excerpts from her book will be published by the New York *Times* and LIFE early in October. Soon after the whole book will be published by Harper & Row.

Svetlana left Russia in December to take the ashes of her late husband, an Indian, to the Ganges. She asked India for asylum. Unwilling to offend Soviet officialdom, India said no. Svetlana then turned to the U.S. The American government was concerned no less than India with Soviet reaction and flew her off to Rome. A stay in Switzerland was arranged, but the Swiss made her visa contingent on her remaining out of sight and silent.

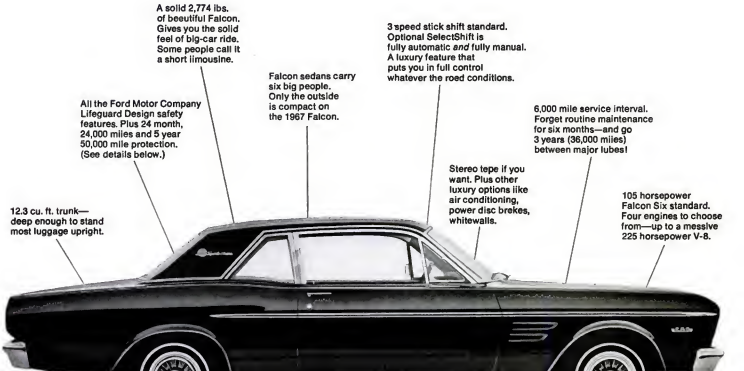
At this point Svetlana let it be known that she intended to publish her memoirs, deliberately violating the terms of her Swiss visa. Washington then granted her entry to the U.S.

Now she is here, and she can stay as long as she likes. How long will that be? "Well," Svetlana told the press conference, drawing a sympathetic laugh, "I think that before the marriage, it should be love. If this country will love me, the marriage will be settled. But I cannot say now."

Arriving in New York, she told reporters, "I'm very happy to be here."

What's the matter with getting more than economy in an economy car?

Look at this.



Ford Motor Company's 3-point warranty plan: 1. 5-year or 50,000-mile warranty on car power train, steering, and suspension. 2. 2-year or 24,000-mile warranty on the entire car. 3. Only one dealer certification per year regardless of how many miles you drive.

Ford Motor Company New Vehicle Warranty Basic Facts: Ford Motor Company warrents to owners that their selling Ford dealer (or if owner is traveling or has moved, any Ford dealer), using genuine new Ford or Ford authorized reconditioned parts, will repair or replace, free of charge including related labor, the following parts in Ford-built vehicles which are found, in normal use and within the following time and mileage limits (whichever comes first), to be defective in either workmanship or materials: (A) Any part of any vehicle with 24 months or 24,000 miles, and (B) Power train parts in any car or light truck, and suspension or steering parts in any car (except Broncos), within 5 years or 50,000 miles.

Power train parts include: Engine block, head and internal parts, water pump, intake manifold, transmission cases and internal parts, torque converter, driveshafts, universal joints, differentials, end driving axles and their wheel bearings. Suspension and steering parts include all parts of the front and rear suspension systems, steering gear and linkage, power steering pump, road wheels and front wheel bearings and seals. Related items such as ignition, electrical, cooling, fuel and brake systems, engine or transmission controls or linkages, steering column and wheel, clutch assembly, shock absorbers or load leveling system are excluded. The owner is required to obtain certain maintenance services* and, every 12 months, a written certification from Ford or Lincoln-Mercury dealer that he has presented evidence that such services have been performed.

The warranty does not apply to tires or tubes (adjustments are provided by tire companies), or to normal maintenance services or normal replacement of service parts such as filters, spark plugs, ignition points, wiper blades or brake or clutch linings, or to normal deterioration of soft trim, appearance items, hoses, belts or molded rubber or rubber-like items.

The warranty applies to vehicles normally operated in the U.S.A. and Canada.

*Every 6 months or 6,000 miles: Change oil and oil filter; clean air cleaner, air filter and oil filter cap; check axle lube and transmission oil levels. Every 12 months or 12,000 miles: Replace air filter on closed crankcase ventilation systems; clean emission system and carburetor spacer; replace emission control valve and thermactor air filter. Every 24 months or 24,000 miles: Change engine coolant and check radiator hoses. Every 36 months or 36,000 miles: Replace air filter on open crankcase ventilation systems; adjust automatic transmission bands; lubricate steering linkage and ball joints; clean and repack front wheel bearings.

In 1948 people invested $ 275,787,000 in mutual funds
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In 1951 people invested $ 674,610,000 in mutual funds
In 1952 people invested $ 782,902,000 in mutual funds
In 1953 people invested $ 672,005,000 in mutual funds
In 1954 people invested $ 862,817,000 in mutual funds
In 1955 people invested $1,207,458,000 in mutual funds
In 1956 people invested $1,346,738,000 in mutual funds
In 1957 people invested $1,390,557,000 in mutual funds
In 1958 people invested $1,619,768,000 in mutual funds
In 1959 people invested $2,279,982,000 in mutual funds
In 1960 people invested $2,097,246,000 in mutual funds
In 1961 people invested $2,950,860,000 in mutual funds
In 1962 people invested $2,699,049,000 in mutual funds
In 1963 people invested $2,459,105,000 in mutual funds
In 1964 people invested $3,402,978,000 in mutual funds
In 1965 people invested $4,358,144,000 in mutual funds
In 1966 people invested $4,671,842,000 in mutual funds

SOURCE: INVESTMENT COMPANY INSTITUTE

Photographed by BILL EPPRIDGE

Text by THOMAS THOMPSON

mia

There are these positive statements you can make about Mia Farrow: she is 22; she weighs 99 pounds; she is 5 feet 5½ inches tall; she has less hair than Ringo Starr; she is annoyed that people in London mistake her for Twiggy; she is married to Frank Sinatra.

Beyond such unarguable specifics lies her shapeless world—a place of surmise so fascinatingly complex and maddeningly naive that Sinatra could fathom it only by marrying into it. And ever since the surprising match was made the public has been stuck on the nagging question, "What is Mia Farrow really like?"

Well, for openers, she's pretty funny. She gives her measurements as 20-20-20. When the script for *A Dandy in Aspic*, her first starring role in movies, called for her to play a nude scene, she expressed discomfort, not out of prudery but because she thought the audience would be so disappointed. "It's rather like an elephant's graveyard," she said of her figure. When something in her pocket protruded bothersomely the other day while she was away from the set in London, she reached in to remove the offending object, only to withdraw her hand sheepishly. "It's my hip bone," she said.

Seeing her up close, men tend to want to put their arms around her, not in an embrace, but fatherlike, because she seems so hopelessly fragile. The veins show blue through the translucent skin, and the eyes are twice as big as they should be. Surely there are those lurking nearby who plan to crush her—and only you can fend them off? She is a cuddler—like a small forsaken animal that snuggles its way into your lap. Once there, she

CONTINUED

mia CONTINUED

may fiddle with your earlobe—as she did with her costar, Laurence Harvey, recently. "You know, we're very alike," she purred to him. "We smoke the same kind of cigarets, prefer white wine, like Bogart, and loathe each other to the same degree."

This element of surprise—claws in the midst of soft fur—was frequently manifested during the first several days of shooting *Aspic*, which started in late February. Mia believed that her part, that of a contemporary young society girl dabbling in photography who unknowingly gets involved with double-agent Harvey, seemed about as chewy as cotton candy. She discussed the role with Director Anthony Mann and Writer Derek Marlowe.

"How are you going to play this girl?" asked Marlowe, referring to Mia's normally crisp and attractive voice which had, after only a week in London, become if not Mayfair at least West End. "Transatlantic deb, I guess," said Mia.

When she reported to the set, Mia demanded to know why Caroline, the role she was to play, would get mixed up with a mysterious spy. What was the motivation? Both Mann and Marlowe offered involved explanations of how they saw and interpreted Caroline. Mia listened quietly and then observed: "I once thought I'd like to have 40 babies by 40 of the most super men in the world. I never really wanted to get married to any of them."

The remark settled in after a ripe pause. Marlowe said, "That's her, that's Caroline!" Mann agreed. The part was strengthened considerably.

In those first days on location Mia found herself being treated not as a leading actress but as the wife of one of the most powerful men in show business. There was little of the usual camaraderie between cast and star. "God, I'm nervous," she said. "If I fall on my rear end in this picture, it'll be the thud heard in every producer's office around the world." But Mia overcame her anxieties, with considerable bolstering from Harvey, an old friend of her husband's—and her performance soon became nearly flawless. Mia proved to this company that she is an ingenue with as large a range of acting skills as anyone in the movie business. The crew quickly warmed up to her and stopped acting as if Frank's spies were hiding in corners and taking down names.

On a lark in London, Mia "borrows" a construction lantern (above), looks at off beat antiques to find a gift for Frank (below). Word had leaked that she was buying him a British taxi; she settled for a $2,240 gazebo.

That Mia Farrow survived at all and grew up to become a first-rate actress at 22 must be a tribute to stubborn Irish-English parents. Her father was writer-director John Farrow, a man of great looks, charm, and ability to make outgo exceed income. Her mother, of course, is Actress Maureen O'Sullivan. Mia was born in Hollywood, the third of seven children.

For the first dozen years she lived quietly in Hollywood, soaking up the Irish superstitions of her family—always put on the right shoe first, never hand anybody the salt because, they say, "Help you to salt, help you to sorrow"—and being unimpressed with

the celebrated people who came to their home. However, she does remember the appearance one evening of a beautiful, dark-haired woman because the woman made an effort to talk to Mia as an equal. "She didn't pat me on the head and ask about my dress and my dolls. She spoke to me as a grown-up, about my ambitions, my desires." The beautiful woman was Ava Gardner, second wife of the man Mia would one day marry.

Mia's life as an adolescent in Hollywood was badly disrupted by two major events: her father moved the family to Spain to work on a movie; she was at a convent school in England when her beloved older brother, Michael Damien, then 19, was killed in California in the crash of a private plane.

"It quite simply destroyed the family," recalls Mia. "He had been the person closest to me, my confidant, my idol. We all worshiped him, and if I ever have a son, I will name him Michael Damien. When my brother died, the rest of us just sort of fell into our own plots of soil and grew."

Mia refused to go to the funeral and chose to stay in England—because, by her early teens, she had decided to become a nun.

"In my world—and it was a very shaky world at best—I figured it was about the best thing I could do. The time had come when I realized the shortness, the *tininess* of life, and I said to myself, 'Where can you, one 98-pound creature, fit in?' If you're going to be on earth six weeks or six months or 60 years, you try to find something bigger than yourself. I decided that a nun would be a groovy thing to be."

But her reputation in the convent school soon developed along the lines of girl-most-likely-to-go-to-hell.

"I won the gym medal for being able to leapfrog over three girls, and if I got suspended once, I got suspended 20 times. Study hall was so dull that I smuggled an alarm clock in and set it off and it rang bejeesus for 20 minutes before the nuns could stop it.

"My really big racket was conducting guided tours behind the sacred door and into the cloistered part where the sisters lived. I would charge doughnuts and tuppence, and I'd point out items of interest—like my big novelty, the crown of thorns on the Mother Superior's bed. One day I was taking three real duds around—dregs of the barrel—and I was showing them the crown of thorns when I heard the clanking of rosary beads coming down the hall. I yanked my customers behind the curtains and we stood there trembling with our toes pointed sideways so they couldn't stick out and betray us. There was silence for a minute, and I thought we were safe, when suddenly the curtains were whisked away and I was face to face with Mother Superior. They put me in solitary confinement."

When Mia was almost 16, her mother wrote and begged her to return to California. Mia agreed. Back home and enrolled at Marymount, a Catholic school for girls in Los Angeles, she quickly abandoned her desire for the cloistered life. "The nuns in California turned me off," she says. "My report cards used to have scribbled

CONTINUED

Offstage in London, odds, ends and style

At the Sinatras' Grosvenor Square residence in London (other addresses: Paris, Palm Springs, Los Angeles, New York, Miami and Las Vegas), Mia preens in Gardin original before gala première of Taming of the Shrew.

on them, 'Mia asks disturbing questions about religion.' They seemed to me more interested in raising money than in answering my questions."

At the time Mia was also asking herself a disturbing question: why don't boys pay any attention to me? She can remember a teen-age dance in the Beverly Hills Hotel when she and another girl were the classic wallflowers, watching everybody in the room but themselves dancing. "Then a boy walked toward us," Mia recalls. "I brightened up but he reached out and took the other girl onto the dance floor. I was the only one left. I supposed it was because I had on socks and had no chest. The next day I went out and bought hose and falsies."

It was not surprising that the child of Hollywood who had had such poor luck finding herself turned to the trade which would allow her to be somebody else. "I discovered that only in drama class could I manipulate people, amuse them, even make them *notice* me through this marvelous game of pretending, where I didn't have to be me." As a student at Marymount, Mia entered a competition involving 70 schools and won the gold medal for her readings from *Our Town* and *I Am a Camera*. Mia completed her formal education in 1962 by attending the Cygnet House, a posh finishing school for girls outside London, and then came to New York to be with her mother, who was appearing on Broadway in *Never Too Late*. In New York she fell under the influence of what might at first seem an unlikely friend. They met while sharing an upbound elevator at the St. Regis Hotel in New York. He had on a black, strangely cut suit, a cape, a flowing, lacquered mustache and he carried a gold-tipped cane.

"Do you like elevators?" he said, bowing.

"I love them," said Mia, bowing back. It was true. She was and is fascinated by mechanical things.

"Then we will go down," said the man, as they reached the top floor.

"We rode up and down together six times," remembers Mia, "discussing the merits of various elevators we liked. And on the way we discovered that we were both supposed to be going to the same party in the hotel. We finally went

Between scenes of A Dandy in Aspic, *Mia wrestles with costar Laurence Harvey (left). Above, she mocks Harvey for his long hair and the length of time he spends with make-up, when all she does is dab her own eyes. At right, she tells Director Anthony Mann, "I don't want to be me on screen." But, says Mann, "she's marvelous—my main problem is not to change her an inch."*

An impish actress who'd rather play somebody else

in, marched to the food table, seized a bunch of canapes, and left."

Thereafter Mia and Salvador Dali became the closest of friends, meeting almost every afternoon at the King Cole Bar of the St. Regis for drinks. Dali created outrageous drinks for her, including a potion of crushed rose petals, and he presented her with a necklace made from 12 real butterflies. He became nothing less than a second father to her. Mia's real father had recently died of a heart attack in California, and again she could not bring herself to go home for the funeral. (A few years later, Mia did visit the Los Angeles cemetery where her father and older brother were buried. She described a scene that could have been written by Evelyn Waugh: "When I got close to the burial plot they suddenly turned on the lawn sprinklers. I started to run, trying to avoid getting wet and trying to find my father's and brother's graves. When I located them I stood there for about five seconds, the sprinklers drenching me, and then ran away.")

Dali's wedding gift when Mia married Sinatra was an owl, some parts of a frog, and a strange rock which he said was a piece of the moon. "I believe him," says Mia. "If he says so, it is true. Dali brought me out. He taught me the world is what you make of it: Who says it has to be four walls, three windows and a rug on the floor? That's called convention—good for the masses and for the order of things—but I don't want it written on my tombstone."

It was during her early friendship with Dali that Mia landed the ingenue part in an off-Broadway revival of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. She put on an English accent, mastered during her convent days in London, and did it so well that an agent, who knew that Fox Studios was searching for a young girl to be the troubled heroine of *Peyton Place*, called her. "You're great, kid," he said, "but can you do an American accent?"

Mia giggled and answered in native Californian, convincing the agent that he was dealing with a very gifted actress indeed.

For almost two years Mia labored in Hollywood on the soap opera—suffering, weeping, ranging over enough emotions to exhaust a less dedicated actress. "I played Allison Mackenzie well because I knew her; I knew every inch of her," says Mia. "I *was* Allison Mackenzie."

It was on the Fox lot in the fall of 1964 that Frank Sinatra and Mia met. She was 19, he was 49 and was working at Fox on *Von Ryan's Express*. As far as anyone can remember, there was no clap of thunder, no walls cracked, no trumpets sounded. There was little talk, even, except what actors usually talk about: how's the picture going?

"I've often wondered what he saw in me," says Mia. "All I can remember is that I suddenly started being careful about what I said to him."

They began to date quietly, mainly in Palm Springs because it is probably the only place in the world where Frank Sinatra is just the fellow in the big house down the street—the one with the guest cottages with pillows inside that have embroidered on them, "You're leaving on Sunday, aren't you?" He took Mia to Ruby's, a restaurant in the Springs with clientele so celebrated that nobody would bother to gawk. He took her on the famous boat cruise off Cape Cod that was more nightmare than vacation, with newsmen lined up along America's Eastern seaboard as if they were watching for enemy submarines.

Friends began to analyze the unlikely romance, and the opinions ranged from the explanation that it was Mia's search for a father image to another that it was Frank's need for yet another daughter. One friend close to both Mia and Frank offered this observation: "When Frank met Mia, he had decided that it was time for him to enter middle age. He switched tailors. He started wearing double-breasted bankers' clothes. He stopped running with the Pack. He took up with the old-time Hollywood establishment and began partying with Rosalind Russell and Claudette Colbert and Merle Oberon and their husbands. It seemed all his women friends were past 50 and all the men past 60. He pulled Mia into this group and forced her on them, and neither she nor they liked each other. How can you expect a girl of 19 or 20 to sit around and play backgammon, which is what they did all day on that Cape Cod cruise? Mia finally convinced Frank that his life wasn't over."

During this process, she discovered that everything she did was suddenly of world interest. When she decided one day to chop her hair to less than an inch long, columnists made involved speculations, Salvador Dali called it "mythical suicide," comedians did routines on the new Mia look—and the studio was thrown into panic.

"Everybody in Hollywood said it was because I wasn't invited to Frank's 50th birthday party, given by his esteemed first wife," said Mia. "That wasn't it at all. I just got tired of fooling with it."

Frank liked it, and Mia didn't care about anyone else. Last July, when the Hollywood colony had begun to assume that the love affair—if there had ever been one—was over, Mia and Frank were married in Las Vegas. "You surprised everybody," said one well-wisher. "It wasn't a surprise to us," replied Mia.

"You pay for it," Mia has since said of the marriage. "You have to put six-foot fences around your houses and a guard outside your door. And you can feel the old ladies staring holes into you. Hell, I know my posture's bad and my fingernails are bitten down to the quick. I know what they're whispering about.

CONTINUED

The Sinatras are affectionate hosts at a party they gave for friends in Las Vegas. During the Aspic filming, she spoke to Frank two or three times a day by transatlantic telephone and traveled back twice to the U.S. to visit him.

mia CONTINUED

"Frank has taught me how to handle myself in a crowd. When they start mobbing you, just walk straight ahead. Don't stop to give autographs, don't look right or left." She began hearing the crude jokes of nightclub comedians and once, when she told Frank she wanted to go hear a favorite comic of hers in Las Vegas, a friend had to tell her that she would be embarrassed if she did. She discovered that she was getting hundreds of hate letters. "I never knew there were so many real haters in the world," she says. "I got sick over it, but then I met Elizabeth Taylor and we started comparing what people had written to us. I started quoting some of mine, and she started quoting some of hers, and she advised me never to open them. She doesn't anymore. Neither do I."

But there are the good hours when only she and Frank are together. "When the two of us are in the house," she told a friend, "the house is full." (She was not referring to the large menagerie which they keep in their Los Angeles home, including seven turtles, two cats, two birds and six dogs with names like Charley, Ringo, Big Black Sam and Liza, "a Pekingese that Liz Taylor gave us that is retarded and keeps running into the wall.") They like to go to bed at 10 and watch the late show and the late late show and the late late late show. Mia calls Frank "Charlie Brown" because "when he furrows his brow he looks just like Charlie Brown in *Peanuts*." She bakes him cakes—"things that I like to eat." He works the crossword puzzles in ink—so sure is he of his decisions—and she agonizes over the color of drapes she has chosen, now that they plan to decorate the place in the style of her favorite English tavern. They talk frequently of Vietnam. Frank was originally a dove but has toughened somewhat after correspondence with Hubert Humphrey. Mia remains dovish, yet

On Swiss estate of her friend Yul Brynner, Mia romps with his five-year-old daughter, Victoria (right), and later stares pensively into Lake Geneva (below). "Life is not logical," she says. "I'm the living proof."

'Life is not logical,' she says. 'I'm the

willing to listen to Frank's arguments.

And there are the evenings when Mia functions as the proud wife, sitting at the Sands or the Fontainebleau and hearing the room crackle and come to life when Frank walks out. "He rocks a room," says Mia with her eyes glistening. "Nothing I could ever do in films would make me as proud as I am of him then. He gets away with the squarest lines, and he worries about his lyrics, but he's an artist. He's groovy, he's kinky and—above all—he's gentle. Nancy is writing a book about her father, and she's calling it *A Very Gentle Man*. That's him."

living proof"

The Universal and International Exhibition of 1967 April 28-October 27, Montreal, Canada

Canadian Pavilions including the Ontario Pavilion, the Quebec Pavilion, the Atlantic Provinces Pavilion (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland), and the Western Provinces Pavilion (Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia).

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National Pavilions including pavilions from Canada, Netherlands, Belgium, Switzerland, Austria, Iceland, Iran, Greece, Jamaica, Monaco, Yugoslavia, Israel, Ceylon, Australia, Venezuela, India, Mexico, Ethiopia, Tunisia, Morocco, Burma, Kenya, Uganda, Madagascar, the Federal Republic of Germany, and 45 other nations.

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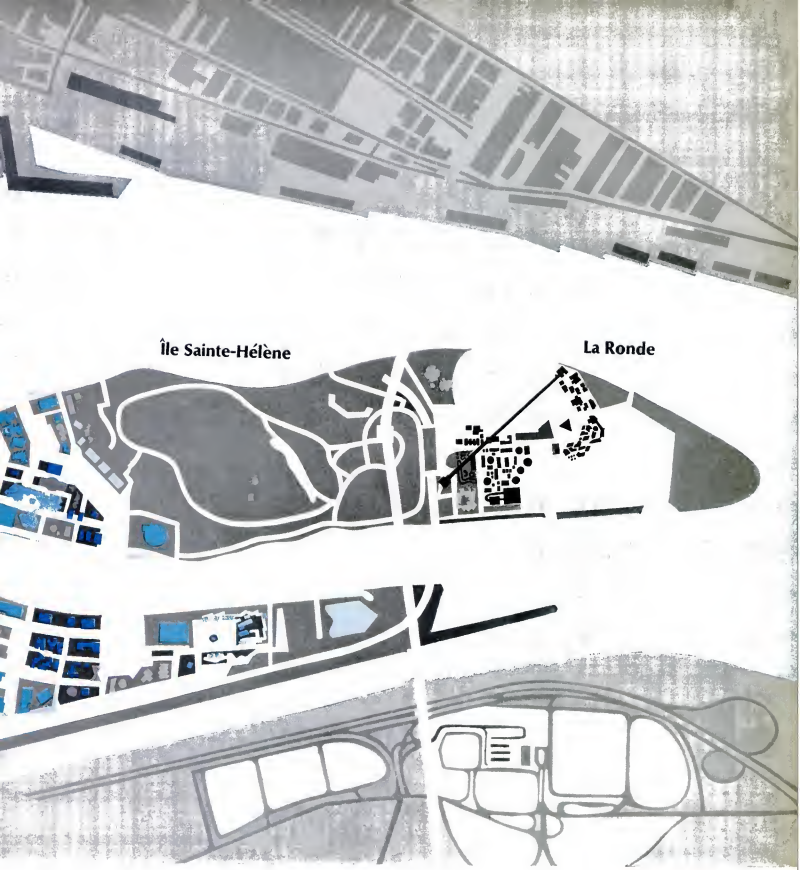

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People are asking what—or whether—George Romney thinks about major issues. A revealing study of the man and his views

Whether he is stump-speaking, wind-sprinting or visiting Vietnam (*opposite*), Romney's energy is vast.

Puzzling Front Runner

by **BROCK BROWER**

Partly it's his busy schedule—already getting tight right up to, and possibly including, the Republican nomination in 1968—but it's also a certain rigidity in the man himself. At least, during long months of trailing after Governor George Romney, in search just of the present man, not necessarily the next President, the only way I ever found to catch him anything like alone with his thoughts was to move up hard on his outside shoulder at around 6 o'clock one winter morning and stay with him for two chilly miles as he ran his lonely constitutional over the icy windings of the country club out back of his Bloomfield Hills, Mich. home.

In that freezing dark before the Detroit dawn, settled most comfortably into his own exertions, he seemed, ironically, to relax for once—to let up a little. Not that anything very earth-shaking got said. He sets a mean pace, that man—four wind sprints over ice-caked macadam, and it would've been six, he threatened, if we'd been able to break through the snow on the buried links—so there wasn't much breath left for chitchat. But what did get said was at least minus that grandiloquent waffling that so often confounds what he utters, not only at a press conference on Vietnam, but across the table during what should be easy banter about the simplest human concerns. In fact, nobody can sound more like the public George Romney than the real George Romney let loose to ramble, inevitably away from the point and toward some distant moral precept. So it was actually a relief to be finally at his elbow in circumstances that didn't allow him his expansive and intimi-

CONTINUED

He sees little virtue in exercising merely for fun

ROMNEY CONTINUED

dating platform manner, circumstances that kept him down to the terseness of any man pulling for wind at 13° Fahrenheit.

"I only do this when I can't play golf," he said, puffing a little, but not much, and pointing to the whitened fairways. As soon as the ground began to thaw, he explained, he would be out there at this hour of the morning, playing four balls at once. It is a relentless recreation he calls "compact golf," in which the number of holes he plays is adjusted to the rising of the sun. In not too many more weeks, he calculated, "I can do six holes with four balls in an hour. Then when it starts getting light earlier, I can do nine holes with four balls in an hour and 15 minutes."

Somewhat awed by all this, I still put in my bid for the more seasonable sport—at least at that moment—of skiing. But Romney doesn't see much virtue in the kind of exercise that people do just for weekend fun: "Skiing is a way to keep in lazy shape. I'm a great believer in the regularity of this. Look." He is always telling you to look. "Look. Your health is what an engine is to a motor car. You may have a good chassis, but if you don't have a good engine . . ."

And with that, he roared away on another wind-sprint, almost as if to show me his fast winter start. I'd have to admit that, at age 59, his engine—never having been clogged with drink, cigaret smoke, or even coffee or tea—showed considerable power. He accelerated quickly to a hard, chopping run and only the shortness of his pace kept him within reach, though his real get-up-and-go, I soon discovered—when he supposedly slowed down again between wind sprints—is in his incredibly fast walk.

Paul Bunyan-like tales are often told of that walk. Last Labor Day, for instance, he ambled out at 6:30 a.m. to set a record (at least in the gubernatorial class) across the five-mile span of the Big Mac Bridge between the Upper and Lower Peninsulas, and still got down to Detroit in time to march in the Labor Day parade, shaming the wilting U.A.W. officials with his fresh and vigorous stride.

As for the chassis, it's handsome, rugged, without any fancy styling, yet a model that any savvy design department wouldn't hesitate to call The President. The only extra trim at all is a kind of white sidewalling along his temples, the rest of his hair remaining quite black. It gives him a swept-back look in profile, almost crested, as if he were gradually maturing into the American eagle.

But he had another reason, besides engine maintenance, for being out that early on this cold-weather run. He wanted to get a look at the morning paper. On the last leg down to the corner store, he slowed up a little, probably for my sake, and half-confessed, "I guess I was born in a hurry." He even offered some excuse for all those who still lay abed somewhere near a heat duct. "Some of us are larks," he neatly divided up mankind, "and some of us are owls." He just didn't see why George Romney should wait around for a delivery boy to plop the Detroit *Free Press* on his doorstep, especially since he was eager to find out what kind of press he'd gotten on a speech the night before about Michigan's need for tax reform.

And he had reason to be eager. Tax reform is the one state issue that gives him real ease for political anxiety as a possible national candidate. During his first two terms, rising automobile sales produced enough sudden new tax revenue to gain him fortuitous credit for rescuing the shaky Michigan budget from Democratic chaos, but since then he has begun to learn fiscal rue. With the Michigan economy once again uncertain, the legislature continues to balk at tax reform. Over the years, he has tried several different approaches—public admonishment in 1962 when the legislature was old-guard Republican, offers of compromise in 1964 when it was Democratic, and now a call on political indebtedness, since the restored Republican majority is there on his coattails. Nothing has so far worked. The impasse threatens his reputation as a sound administrator, and hence his presidential chances. For what if it should turn out, after all, that he can't do for Michigan what he once did for the Rambler?

By now we had reached the corner store, where the morning papers lay in two big bundles by a side door. Nothing was open, and nobody was up. So the governor of Michigan leaned down, undid the string and yanked the top paper off the pile. I didn't see him leave any slime, but he already had himself covered there. "If they find one missing, they bill me." After all, who else would be out and stirring?

He was not on the front page. L.B.J. was.

"Stupid," he snapped.

I thought that was kind of partisan, but when he repeated it, vehemently—"Stupid!"—I realized that something else entirely was bothering him. It was the lead story—"L.B.J. Orders New Policy on CIA Links to Colleges"—and even in the gray light, I couldn't mistake his sudden, fundamental, almost buoyant outrage. He fairly bristled, especially around the eyebrows, with righteous anger.

"They're undermining all the faith anybody has in us!" he fumed. "Making us look like nothing but a bunch of spies, just like the Communists!"

That was all—quick, simplistic, startling, then over—and about the only immediate outcome seemed to be a slightly harder push on the final wind sprint home. But that brief outburst of "intensity," as his staff calls it—as even *he* calls it—left an impression that all his later bumbling efforts to qualify his stand on this same issue could never quite erase.

In 1962 TV debate, Romney lashed out at U.A.W.'s Guy Nunn (right), a harsh critic of management. Most Republicans avoided battling Nunn, but Romney demanded his "righteous right" to "clear up these distortions."

Soon enough, of course, he was saying publicly that he didn't necessarily approve of every thing the National Student Association had done. Nor did he necessarily hold the CIA principally responsible for "victimizing" the students, though undoubtedly the students had been "victimized." He certainly felt the whole affair "smacked of secret government," but the fault lay in "a failure of leadership," and none of this would have had to happen "if our private institutions had been allowed to play their proper role." All his early morning reaction—of sentiment, if not of idea—began to disappear behind spumes of misty rhetoric. "George sees everything," a Michigan professor once said, "through a beautiful fog," and publicly, George talks through one, too.

In fact, as I later watched the right-minded shock he had expressed that morning slowly erode into another big golfed public position, it struck me that this is what makes George Romney so often seem his own worst backer. For all his energy, for all his idealism—even for all his loquacity—he still manages to turn self-expression into a positive ordeal. What makes this all the more ironic is that the impact of the man is widely considered to be his forthrightness, the direct and irresistible force of his personality upon such immovable objects as the automobile industry's Big Three or the labor vote in Detroit. That is why, just as one example, his lovely and astute wife, the former Lenore Lafount, says she married him.

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CONTINUED

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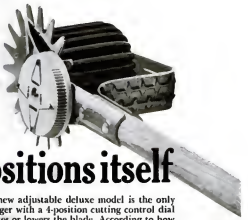

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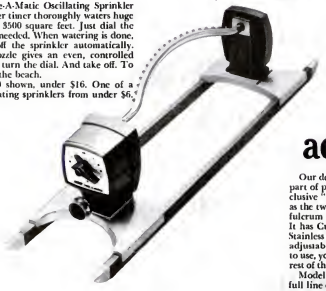

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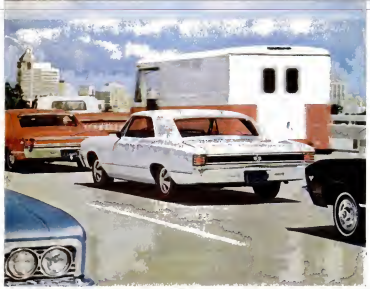

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'People won't believe it, but I was shy'

Since high school, when he courted her with cake and slippers full of candy, says Lenore Romney, George has continually surprised her with gifts. "He loves to give you everything you think you're going to get, then say, 'Just a minute.' At that point she gets the *real* present—say, a brand-new car.

ROMNEY CONTINUED

ieal campaign he has undertaken since. "Nothing is more important than falling in love with the right girl, and doing it early," he's prone to say. As usual, he entered as something of an underdog—Lenore's family was a large social cut above his own straitened circumstances—and he had to get a friend to ask her for their first date. "People won't believe it now," the governor admits, "but I was really a shy person."

Soon enough, however, he'd set a siege to her that he seems never to have lifted. "I don't think it was me," she claims, thinking back over their early courtship. "I think he would have done it with anybody he decided to conecntrate on." Back in 1929, he even passed up a brief try at college, the University of Utah, in order to pursue Lenore—first to Washington, D.C., where she'd just finished up George Washington University, then to New York City, where she went to study acting, and then to Hollywood, where he finally talked her out of an impending starlet's contract and into marrying him.

"My mother insisted that I go out with somebody else," Lenore remembers—and sometimes she did, while George paced the edge of the dance floor "like a police dog," and once even physically carried her off it when he decided she'd danced long enough with that other fella—"but I never met anybody who had that forceful personality."

It is undeniably there, operating almost physically upon all those who work around him. Nobody on his staff, for instance—a group of somewhat naive young men in their 30s, a number of them out of various Michigan political science departments—seems to have been told to go get in decent shape. But, as his administrative assistant, Albert A. Applegate, says, "He pushes himself so hard, he doesn't have to push you. You push yourself." Applegate has given up smoking, and other staff men have started running early in the morning, or using the noon hour for a quick swim. Partly it's defensive, the only way to keep up with the governor's early morning momentum. "If you've stayed in the sack until 10 minutes before coming to the office," says Dr. Walter D. DeVries, Romney's house intellectual, "*forget* about it!"

But then there is another young man named Richard Headlee, an organizer for Romney Associates, who frankly says he became a convert to Romney's Mormon religion "mainly because he outran me." Apparently Headlee started with Romney down a long corridor in Detroit's huge auditorium, Cobo Hall, one afternoon, still feeling 25 years the governor's junior, and ended up in near geriatric collapse. With the governor, of course, still going strong: "There was this Polish band there. He grabbed my wife, Mary, and started polka-ing with her. Then he shook hands with all the kids. And then he went out and delivered a speech. I was still sitting there, panting. I figured I had to do something." Headlee was visited by two Mormon missionaries who offered to pray for him in his efforts to quit smoking. He did quit, and eventually joined the church, still flabbergasted by his exemplar's stamina. "This is something that Nixon and Johnson have never reckoned with," he warns.

It would be unfair, however, to picture Romney's forcefulness as merely strenuous Christianizing. Howard Hallas, a long-time public relations man for American Motors, and not a man likely to be out doing road work at dawn, sees the governor as a kind of Henry Ford plus Wendell Willkie. "He was the first businessman I'd ever met who made me feel I had to go home and get all my college ideals out of the trunk in the attic where I'd left them long ago," he says. But it was the administrative acuity accompanying the idealism that impressed him most about Romney. This combination, Hallas believes, is what really brought a foundering automobile company back into aggressive competition with the giants from 1958 to 1962. Hallas shakes his head over the doubts that are sometimes leveled at Romney's capacities for larger leadership: "The trouble is that the press doesn't believe he's for real. Whether he's right or wrong, he's for real."

But when it comes time to ask Romney himself just how he's for real, the difficulties start. The right words elude him, and in their place come platitudes, pieties, and talk about "fundamental basic relationships" that simply frustrate inquiry. He seems to know he has a problem. "I don't consider myself a particularly eloquent individual. I'm really only effective when I'm talking about something I really believe in." He prefers "rather plain terms," and will desert his written text whenever he feels he isn't "getting into things deeply enough." He believes people listen to him "not because of the words I'm using, but because I have something to say."

All this makes it hard to pin down the exact shape of his beliefs. Some of his pet ideas—"a tithe of time," which is his Mormon way of asking Youth to Serve; "consumerism," a theory that the American economy is really controlled by the buyer, not the capitalist; "a second chance for the states," which is his hope for a viable and creative federalism—are politically courageous but, at least the way he puts them, terribly vague, even cranky. He hates to be positioned anywhere specifically in the left-to-right political spectrum. "I was doing okay," he once said, truculently, "until somebody started calling me a 'liberal-moderate.'" He denies any and all such labels. If he is with the liberals on civil rights and against political extremism, he is with the conservatives on sound fiscal policy and against centralized federal controls. And typically, his speech at Hartford, Conn. on Vietnam left him neither a hawk nor a dove. It was a patriotic announcement, backing the present U.S. military commitment, that still left him what he calls "my options"—a political mobility which he zealously protects.

But, for all this fuzziness, there is still no doubt where at least the seat of his belief lies. Of all the speeches I heard him deliver this past winter, none was more clearly felt, more "what I really believe," than a talk he gave one Sunday morning in Anchorage, Alaska—and the occasion is important—to a conference of his fellow Mormons in their "stake building." He was speaking within church ritual, as Brother Romney giving testimony to his faith in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, and he fairly shook the pews with his clear evangelical fervor.

"To whatever extent I've understood the Mormon religion," says Edward L. Cushman, a director of American Motors and an Episcopalian, pointing to a row of books he's read on the Latter-day Saints, "I've understood George better. Everything starts with that, and ends with that."

Romney has the deepest faith in what must be one of the world's most fundamentalist religions. There is a saying that it is very hard to be a Mormon, or, as a Mormon prefers to call himself, a Saint. And, indeed, anyone looking into the beliefs of the church, however cursorily, cannot help but wonder at the immense salvational task the Saints have assumed, at the demands their faith makes of them, and consequently, at the individual burden that George Romney, has taken up.

Essentially, the Saints believe they have been directed by God to bring what they call "the Restored Gospel" to a world that has fallen into total corruption, even in its other leading Christian religions. The particular Christianity that the Saints preach stems from a separate and nonscriptural appearance they believe Christ made upon the American continent after the Ascension.

At that time, they say, Christ preached His Gospel to a people descended from one of the Lost Tribes of Israel that supposedly crossed the ocean to this land in 600 B.C. The only record of this ministry, and much else of later theological importance, was contained in tablets of gold left in a cave in Hill Cumorah near Palmyra, N.Y. In the early 1800s, the Angel Moroni appeared to a youth named Joseph Smith and directed him to the secreted

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book. Smith later took these golden pages from the cave to his home and translated them into the Book of Mormon. It is this text—plus the Bible, "as far as it is translated correctly," and two other revelatory redactions from the Prophet Joseph Smith called *The Pearl of Great Price* and the *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*—that the Saints accept, in the most literal sense, as the Word of God. This is "the Restored Gospel" they believe they must promulgate to a fallen mankind, thereby establishing a religion that includes, among other doctrines, belief in direct revelation through the incumbent head of their church, their "Prophet, Seer, and Revelator."

What these beliefs require, in practical terms, is that a Saint contribute 10% of his gross income to the church as a tithe on his labor, and give a sizable amount of his time to the communal life of his religion. He must also follow the Word of Wisdom from the *Book of Doctrine and Covenants*, a code of physical purity that forbids the taking of alcohol, tobacco, tea and coffee. It is expected, though not required, that young men will do two years of missionary work, usually abroad. Even if he does not go on a mission, however, a Saint is obliged to take up his minimal religious responsibilities by entering first the Aaronic Priesthood, then the Melchizedek Priesthood, which, through its "quorums" of Elders, Seventies and High Priests, provides the vast lay ministry that guides and expands the visible church. It is these "priesthoods" that are specifically denied the Negro, who is, according to several passages in *The Pearl of Great Price*, banned because he's descended from Cain, and therefore bears God's curse.

So it is hard to be a Mormon, but George Romney, as he has in so many other things, has succeeded. Back in 1926, when he was 19, he paid for his own two-year mission to Scotland and England by working as a lather, earning $700—or $630 after tithing. The missionary experience resolved, then steeled his faith.

"When you're a young man, you don't come to grips with basic issues. I tended to take things for granted religiously," he recalls. "But when I had the sole responsibility of telling others what I believed, I figured I'd better make certain exactly what I did believe." He spoke triumphantly at Hyde Park and before the lions of Trafalgar Square, often using his own innovations in publicity to attract large crowds. He returned to the U.S. a different man, according to Lenore: "Before he went, he was a real thin kid. He always used to hang his head when he went to the rostrum. He wasn't sure about his basic beliefs. But he came back 20 pounds heavier and, of course, he'd decided he was going to reform the world. He'd had the opportunity to defend something, to meet the counterpropaganda head on. And he'd enjoyed it. He told me the more the hecklers came, the better he spoke." This is much the way he still reacts to the press, suddenly flaring out as if he were back on the street corner, determined to handle any baiting from the hostile crowd.

On his February 1967 speaking tour Romney visits with the head of the Mormon Church, 93-year-old David O. McKay, and Mrs. McKay in Salt Lake City.

Missionary travel reinforced his faith

Since his missionary days, Romney has become a High Priest in the Melchizedek Priesthood, and served as president of his Detroit "stake," a church region that corresponds to a diocese. He still returns home from Lansing to Bloomfield Hills every Sunday for Sacrament Meeting, and the fact that "he accepts the authority of the church, even though he's governor," says Edwin B. Jones, the present stake president, "has done as much as anything to endear him to us all." Jones says flatly, "I consider him one of the greatest missionaries the church has ever had," and comes close to ascribing some-what awesome powers to the man: "Miraculous things happen to him. We believe that we have the right to place our hands upon the heads of those who are sick, and anoint them with oil. One boy in particular, who had polio, made a very startling recovery after George participated in the blessing."

The governor has also made it quite clear that he fasts and prays before he makes any major decision, a practice that caused one labor leader to suggest that Romney "thinks he has a direct pipeline to God."

"The same pipeline is available to all," Romney answers back. "It's a procedure any human being can follow. I emphasize that. You simply seek such guidance as you can get from a source greater than yourself." However, at least from the overt way he attacks any problem, it seems clear that any praying only comes after a lot of studying.

"Search out everything you can possibly find about a problem" is his first rule, he says. "If it's of any real consequence, avoid making a decision until you've talked to several people who have a particular reason to know the field." Two days before his Hartford, Conn. speech on Vietnam, for example, he was still talking to people like U Thant. Any later turning to "a greater wisdom than man's" seems to be for personal certitude. He's already had all the advice he can stand. As Stake President Jones says, "George prays as if everything depended upon Our Lord, but he acts as if everything depended upon himself."

Moreover, if he didn't fast and pray, he would be going against his whole upbringing. Lenore says, "If you're raised the way I was, you just can't remember a night you didn't kneel with your family." The same is possibly even truer of the governor because, for so much of his early life, the church was really all he knew.

He was born in 1907 at Colonia Dublan, Chihuahua, Mexico, a Mormon settlement that had been founded by those polygamists who, in the face of the threatened federal prosecution, chose to leave the U.S. in order to keep their multitudinous families together—among them Romney's grandparents. George's father, Gaskell, was monogamously married to his mother, Anna, and had a large construction business within the colony. But when George was only five, the family was driven out of Mexico with others of the Saints by followers of Pancho Villa. Romney sometimes refers to himself as one of the "first displaced persons," and after the escape from Mexico the family did wander, somewhat like refugees, throughout the West

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His father suffered four bankruptcies

ROMNEY CONTINUED

to various Mormon communities.

His father suffered four different bankruptcies, and Romney has memories of poverty on a potato farm in Idaho. It didn't grieve him much when the family moved to Salt Lake City.

That city, of course, is where Brigham Young brought the Saints overland from Nauvoo, Ill. after the assassination of Prophet Smith, and it is here that Romney's own background appears so clearly a part of the long, stern history of the Gathering, as it is called. During a short visit there last February, the governor took me for a predawn walk around the Temple Square district to the spots where he'd gone to school, courted Lenore and found at last something like roots. Right across from the Temple used to be Latter-day Saints High School: "When I was in my senior year, a friend nominated me for student body president, and Lenore was running for vice president. She'd always been a class officer, and I hadn't. But I won, and she lost. I finally asked somebody why, and he said, 'We figured if you were elected, and she were, she'd end up running the class.'"

We walked around past the football field, an excavation now —"I tried to be an athlete. Wow, I tried. I went out for football when I only weighed 105 pounds" —then to the monument raised to the sea gull, a savior of the Saints' crops on one occasion, according to Mormon history.

"The sea gulls came and ate the crickets and then disgorged into the lake, and returned again and again," Romney said. "When I grew up here, I knew people who'd seen them."

We entered Temple Square and suddenly he turned and began counting something off on his fingers—theologies: "There are only three basic Christian positions. Catholic, which is authority from Jesus Christ. Then there are the various Protestants who broke from the Catholics. And then there's the restored authority, which is the Latter-day Saints. The Book of Mormon, all it is further proof of Christ's divinity. There's all this effort to make Him into just a man, but the Book of Mormon shows He actually appeared on this continent."

Down a winding path we came to a statue out of Mormon history, the straining figure of a Saint pulling a handcart, with all his earthly belongings, across the barren mid-continent to the promised land. "That's how my maternal grandmother came here," he said, with pride. "She was only 13, and she walked behind her father's cart all the way."

Then he turned and pointed up to a slender golden sentinel atop one of the Temple spires, the Angel Moroni with his long trumpet raised to the mountains, like a belled sunray. He began to tell me about Moroni, and suddenly I realized I was listening to the three-time governor of Michigan explain to me why angels don't have wings:

"We don't believe angels have wings. God created man in His image, and Jesus said, 'The Father is in Me.' So why would God create something more than man, something more than Himself?" Moroni is a "resurrected being," not a creature of flight.

In that early matinal light, it made a delightful kind of sense, and more than that, I began to see why Romney is capable sometimes of making statements that are almost cases of overbelief. All candidates, for instance, at one time or another express some measure of faith in the Constitution of the United States, but Romney refers to that document as "divinely inspired." He means it literally, following a Mormon teaching that the U.S. has been singled out by God for a special providence. He never discusses this very directly, but First Counselor Hugh B. Brown told me: "We believe that God is in charge of this world, and that this is a choice land, and so this document must have His divine blessing. No man has within himself the wisdom to set forth such inspired truths without divine guidance."

This providential faith in America's greatness crops up time and again as the one reverberating certainty in Romney's often hazy political pronouncements. It is also easy to see it as the source of his instantaneous anger the morning he picked up the paper; nothing could have run more counter to that faith than what had been disclosed about CIA operations. And it is right in this area, not in any matter of prayer or fasting, that his religious fundamentalism touches day-to-day American democracy. It is hard

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Devoutly bound, politically free

ROMNEY CONTINUED

to say that the two come in conflict, however, for the governor sees his religion and his country as representing a sort of single mythic heritage.

Romney simply has that unique ability of a Saint to see this land as both free and divine, and he does not bother to trim his vision to suit any elaborate worry over the separation of church and state. He told an Anchorage audience, for instance, that he was proud to say that it was a Michigan congressman who proposed that the phrase "under God" be inserted into the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag. He says he wants "a clear-cut separation between church and state," that he agrees, for example, with the Supreme Court decision against "state-prepared prayer. But I've never seen any harm in some general expression of devotion, as long as it was spontaneous. It's the foundation of American life. I think that the religious principles that helped shape our nation should properly be taught, as part of our history."

"Look," he launches forth more generally. "You wipe out the concept of a universe founded by our Creator, and then there's no yardstick. Then there's just individual opinion. Khrushchev did a very clever thing when he was here at the National Press Club. He began, 'Comrades!' Then he stopped and said, 'No, excuse me, you don't call each other 'Comrade' here in the United States, do you? Gentlemen!' So the whole world got the idea that we didn't believe in comradeship. But our relationship is not that of gentlemen. It isn't the Communists' cold concept of comradeship either. It's brothers and sisters, isn't it? We have a common creed. And if you once move away from that basic creed—that 'rock,' as Lincoln called the Declaration of Independence—the minute you move away from that, you're into the quicksands of just man's opinion."

This is a politics of zeal that goes well beyond the usual workings of government—certainly of state government—but, still and all, what's important to remember is that it represents a devout mind, not in any way a captive mind. George Romney may consider himself the servant of God, but he is not the instrument of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. There can be no question of his ever yielding up his own prerogatives on any issue upon which the church's General Authorities take a political stand. The Saints believe, above all, in free agency; and Romney is emphatically, even stubbornly, a free agent, determining his own course. He has made abundantly clear his political disagreement with such ultra-conservatives as Apostle Ezra Taft Benson and his son, Reed Benson, a John Birch Society representative. And on the racial issue, while he must accept his church's theological position on the Negro, he has probably done more than any other Republican in the area of civil rights, and over a longer period of time.

"If my church prevented me in any way from dedicating myself to the elimination of social injustice and discrimination, I would not belong to it—but that is not the case," he answered a Negro minister's doubts at a meeting of the Salt Lake Ministerial Association, a Protestant group. He believes he should be judged by his actions, "not on someone's idea of what the precepts of my religion are." And he can point to the Negro vote in Michigan, which has increased from 11% to 35% in his favor during his three gubernatorial campaigns, as proof that he is being so judged.

Also, it is clear that Romney would wish his church's position on the Negro's right to the priesthood to change, if that were theologically possible: "A lot of people don't understand this. If my church were a church where you could get the bishops together and discuss this, then maybe I could do something about it, undertake to politic in some manner. But my church just isn't that kind of a church." It would require a revelation through the present Prophet, David O. McKay, to open the priesthood to the few Negro Mormons who presently exist, and First Counselor Brown warns, "I think it would be detrimental to him for the church to come out with a revelation right now. It would have a reverse effect"—i.e., that of appearing to revise God's word to assist a possible candidacy.

And finally, though his early life may have been spent within the tightly knit Mormon community, his middle years were

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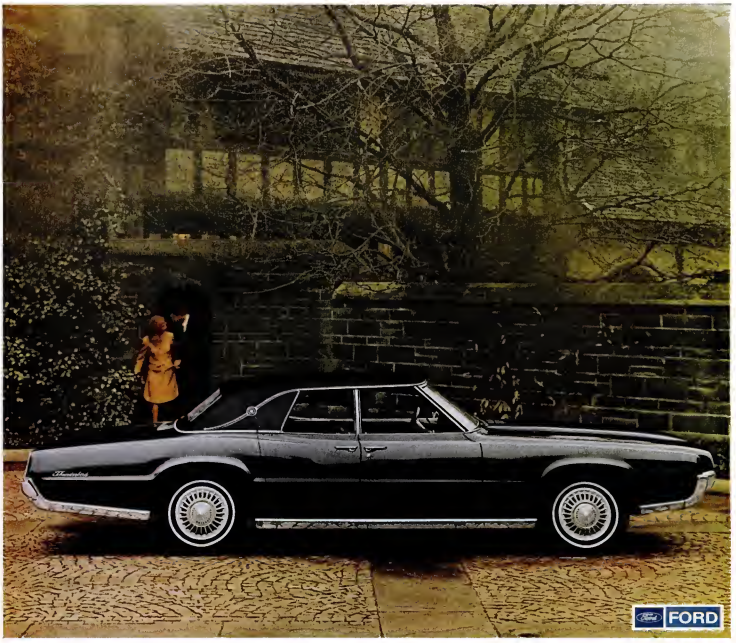

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(But from her garden, not a florist.)

The groom wore a white flower in his hatband.

(Instead of his buttonhole.)

150 guests came in ruffled, brocaded and tulle-y yellows, pinks, blues. And black suits.

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(Instead of ducking rice.)

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(Our frug, lindy, waltz.)

Then the happy pair went on their honeymoon. They stepped inside their little Jamaican house.

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'I can't let you talk to them. George. You'll snow them'

CONTINUED

lived as a widely traveled, hard-knocks member of that nobody's-rose-patch, the American business community. If he is initially the product of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, he is ultimately just as much the product of American Motors, which introduced not only the Rambler but Romney himself to the national public.

"In 1954," Cushman asks rhetorically, "who'd ever heard of George Romney?" He'd held several lesser posts in industry, but not until George Mason, president of Nash-Kelvinator, hired him in 1948 did he lay a hand on any real executive power. Six years later, when Mason died after creating American Motors out of a merger with Hudson, Romney became the largely unheralded new president of a largely unheralded new automobile company that had already chalked up a first-year loss of $11 million. That he brought American Motors back in five years to a profit of $60 million was conceded, even in the tough-minded automobile industry, to be both a minor miracle and pretty damn good for a first try.

With really very little tooling behind him to build much of a line of cars, Romney went on a mission to convert the American public to "the compact"—a vehicle that could be operated economically, that wouldn't change style radically every year, and would therefore always have a high resale value, and that limited American Motors could produce. The forces of evil were manifest in the "gas-guzzling dinosaurs"—Romney's own phrase. The forces of good were single-unit construction, dual safety brakes, etc., and then a profit-sharing contract with the U.A.W. While instituting these innovations, Romney also managed to bring back a defunct Nash model as the Rambler American in 1959, an automotive resurrection, he's proud to say, "that had never been done before."

He did, admittedly, personalize the company to a large extent, even speaking out as president in full-page ads. "It got to be such a thing that Romney was bigger than the company," says an automotive official. Still, when he left in 1963 for the governorship, there were current assets of over $116 million in the company's treasury.

As for the debacle that occurred at American Motors after his departure—a straight downward performance, since 1963, with a loss of over $12 million last year —all Romney will say is, "If I had remained, I would have followed a different product program than the present one." By that he probably means he would have continued along much the same way he was going. The irony is that many automobile people, apparently inside American Motors as well as out, were not altogether comfortable with Romney's kind of success. His triumph had come at the expense of industrial fellow-feeling in Detroit.

"He did become a bit of a pariah," a close acquaintance recalls. "I sensed he was being excommunicated from the halls of industry." So, once he was gone, American Motors, unhappy in its snubbed prosperity, reverted to Detroit's complete-line-of-cars syndrome and sank toward lower sales as rapidly as it did into conformity. Romney could only look on in shocked silence, since he was completely disaffiliated from the company by his new public career.

That career, meanwhile, proceeded ahead with his usual record of startling successes. He moved onward and upward through ever-increasing gubernatorial majorities—51.4% of the total vote in 1962, 56.3% in 1964, 61.4% in 1966—to solid presidential hopefulness. In fact, some polls show him as the victor over every possible candidate, including President Johnson and Robert F. Kennedy. But despite his sanguine prospects, there lurks a distinct possibility that the Republican party will react to it, and him, exactly the same way American Motors did.

Indeed, there are some curious parallels between his business career and his political career. In the late '50s he entered public life, once again as something of an evangel, through his nonpartisan Citizens for Michigan. He was on another mission, this time to gain for the faltering state government, broke and deadlocked between a recalcitrant Republican legislature and six-time Democratic Governor G. Mennen Williams, a chance to become a modern political instrumentality—that "second chance" he often holds out for other states in his speeches on creative federalism. He worked hard to bring about a constitutional convention in 1960, and he then fought diligently and successfully to see that the new constitution included a permanent civil rights commission. In fact, out of Con Con, as the convention was called, came the political base for his first campaign for governor in 1962.

And as a candidate, again he innovated. He went directly after the labor vote, going so far as to barge in on rallies and demand to be heard. It was almost like being on the street corner again, arguing with hecklers. Gus Scholle, head of Michigan's AFL-CIO, finally reached a point where he reportedly said of his own men, "I can't let you talk to them, George. You'll snow them."

And when he won, Romney once again sought to perform good works. "He got far more special-interest labor legislation," if you want to call it that, passed than Williams ever did," says Administrative Assistant Applegate, referring to the minimum-wage bill and the construction-safety law, both enacted during Romney's first term. He pushed Michigan forward, if only a little way, in education, hospitals and welfare, taking advantage of every federal program of aid to the states that he could. Beyond all this, he appointed more Negroes to high and visible state office than any previous governor. The state, though still in a fiscal muddle, at least bears the strong impress of his reforming tendencies.

Yet already, while still maintaining a peak of national popularity he hardly believes himself, and after having carried Republican Senator Robert Griffin and seven Republican congressional candidates with him in the 1966 Michigan elections, there are signs that grander Republican politicians—and not reactionaries, but moderates—find him a little uncomfortable to be with. His independence irritates them. He doesn't share their fellow feeling for the Grand Old Party. He is no more really a party man than he was ever really a Detroiter.

Major party leaders have been out to Lansing to lecture him sternly for acting "like a provincial" in his campaign so far, and some have finally thrown up their hands at what they can only see as his sanctimoniousness in dealing with issues and people. Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller, for one, is both hovering near him and hounding him from afar, for Rockefeller has already had enough experience with the man to know his intransigence. An incident between these two at the 1964 Republican convention tells a lot about Romney's effect on his fellow party members.

Romney refused to join Rockefeller in framing a mutual resolution on civil rights. Not that he disagreed. It was simply that he didn't want to be in anybody else's entourage, much as he never likes to be a signatory to somebody else's blanket resolve. He had his own civil rights resolution. As he walked up to the rostrum to offer it with the full brimstone of his liberal ire, he passed Rockefeller, who said to him, "George, you really are a damn loner, aren't you?"

That's about the size of it. Underneath all that moral rearmament, all that gregariousness, all that thunderclap energy, there is a confirmed loner. The only one

CONTINUED

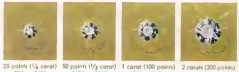
On a fact-seeking visit to Vietnam with other governors in November, 1965, Romney (foreground) and Governor Clifford Hansen of Wyoming talk to troops in Phan Thiet province.

Love turns a girl's heart towards a future flowering with promise. Her engagement diamond, lucid with certainty that this love is like no other, will tell of hopes fulfilled in parenthood, maturity and sharing... ***a diamond is forever***

The Future's Promise — painted for the De Beers Collection by George Petak

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

HOW TO BUY A DIAMOND Your ring-stone may be modest in size, but it should be chosen with care. A trusted jeweler is your best adviser. Ask about color, clarity and cutting—these determine quality, contribute to beauty and value. Choose a fine stone and you'll always be proud of it. Diamond sizes are measured in points and carats—100 points to the carat. (Exact weights shown are seldom found.) For your guidance, price ranges, at right, are based on quotations by jewelers throughout the country in Jan., 1967. Prices vary widely according to qualities offered.



25 points (¼ carat) $85 to $400

50 points (½ carat) $175 to $800

1 carat (100 points) $500 to $2350

2 carats (200 points) $1200 to $6000

A loner who is really close to only one person, Lenore

who is really close to him, in any important way, is Lenore, and together they are really his political team. She often speaks from the same platform with him, and he always says she is a hard act to follow—and she is. There she stands, petite, the mother of four grown children, gracefully revealing a few sudden right words, her eyes shining with a light like dew on blue steel. With perfect timbre, she lists off several moral imperatives: "People say to me, 'We don't have to do these things,' and I say to them, 'What about the "have-to" right here?' " And her hand just touches her heart, the way nobody ever gets it right in the movies. Then her husband rises to speak the patriarchal truth about the Great Society, calling it "the Great Facade," warning against it as though it were some cheap carnival come to town to bilk all the good citizens. Then they both depart, bearing certainties that would eboke a leviathan.

This simply isn't customary politics. In fact, none of Romney's qualities—his religiosity, his early rising, his loner's independence, his strong desire to confront the opposition, his innovating temperament and, ultimately, this familial piety that he and Lenore share—none of them are what Republicans are used to embracing in their candidates. Still, the irony is that he is the one man among them who has most successfully overcome their own incompatibility with the national electorate.

"The Name of the Game is Winning" reads the motto on his most recent campaign literature, and Romney has learned his skills at it in the adversity of a normally Democratic state with a huge labor vote. He has brought forth voter support from barren election districts much the way the Saints brought forth sustenance out of the Western desert. And he has done it with the hard work and persistence that is creedal in the Saints' life style, resorting to methods as simple, and yet as impressive and startling, as that Mormon handcart—anything that would humanly get him there. As his executive assistant, DeVries, says, he is "an experimenter," and he himself loves to quote the motto carved in concrete over the American Motors Building: "I've Thought of a Better Way." His staff is kept loosely organized so no formal channels will constrict or impede the flow of possible better ideas. "I avoid any committee structure, any filtered operation," he says. "I try to keep the situation open, so that ideas reach me." Any number have, and out of these he has formed novel campaign tactics that reaffirm a sense of community during his electioneering, that put him right in touch with an electorate which seems to be just plain tired of feeling alienated. He has found a better way, if not to enlighten the critical mind, at least to reach the uncomfortable common heart.

In 1966, for example, Romney made use of what were called "Home Headquarters." "They gave us a lot of satisfaction," he says. "They had the virtue of store fronts, but you didn't need to staff them with volunteers." Very simply, what happened was that 156 different families in the Detroit area opened up their homes as local headquarters for the Romney campaign. Literature was spread around the dining-room table. One member of the family, usually the mother, stayed by the telephone to receive local questions and to call into central headquarters for answers. And finally a party was held at each of the Home Headquarters with the governor inevitably appearing to sip juice, meet the folks, check in with the kitchen help, and generally elevate the lady of the house about a dozen social notches in her neighbors' estimation.

I checked back over one day's route through these Home Headquarters, and although I did not gain any greater insight into the confused pattern of his thinking, I certainly saw everywhere the ravages of that forceful personality. If there is any question as to why Romney almost carried Detroit and made inroads into other normally Democratic areas, or as to just what it is that makes Romney—despite his sanctimoniousness or his fuzziness or his stubbornness—probably the most devastating campaigner the Republicans have in their ranks, here are three reactions:

Mrs. Theodore S. Greene, a Negro, who had 60 people at her party: "I was really shocked that it wasn't hard to sell him to Negroes. I just don't think people question him much any more. You can just look around him and see he has some very outstanding Negroes in some very high jobs. Yes, I had some arguments with Negroes about the Mormon Bible, but it's in *all* the Bibles. I told them, 'You mustn't be very familiar with our own Bible.' "

Mrs. Charlotte Smith, a former Polish refugee who entertained some 200: "I'm trying to explain to foreign-born people not to be ashamed to be a Republican. They come to this country and automatically become Democrats, then stick to it blindly. But the foreign-born feel Romney is a self-made man. The common people, they admire him for what he did at American Motors. Now that American Motors is in trouble again, they feel even more that he is the man who knows how to do it."

And Jerry Kohn, a Jew who had a hundred people drop by his house: "It wasn't just a gimmick with me. I'm sincerely devoted to the career of George Romney. He has class written all over him, and the fact that he took on the giants and whipped them. He's only approaching his potential. I'll tell you, we're just little people, but we have a tremendous capacity for work if they want us.

"He radiates. He is the most *electable* man"—and Mr. Kohn paused for a slight frown, one I have seen on many a face—"if he can only get his thoughts together."

Mrs. Romney often accompanies the governor on his speaking tours. Here, she and Romney ruh noses at the February, 1967 Miners and Trappers Ball in Anchorage, Alaska.

If you don't stop at a TraveLodge because you don't know what you're getting into,

this is what you're getting into.

If you pass us up because we don't look fancy enough on the outside, you haven't seen what we look like on the inside.

So here's a free look at a typical TraveLodge room.

It has everything you need for a good night's rest.

And if a good night's rest is all you want from a motel, why pay extra for fancy extras?

We don't have most of those things that jack up a motel bill.

No golf course. No plush bar. No nifty network of neon out front. (Just our big Sleepy Bear.)

What we do have are clean, comfortable rooms. With Beautyrest mattress. TV. Air conditioning. Coffee, if you want it. The things you expect of a good motel. (The only big extra we do go in for is a swimming pool.)

For a rundown on the 350 TraveLodges in the U.S. and Canada, write to TraveLodge, P.O. Box 308, El Cajon, California 92022.

You'll see how low our rates are.

We're still a motel that behaves like a motel.

Look at it that way next time you're on the road and we'll look a lot better to you.

Adult Spy Goes to High School

Nowadays, "Don't trust anybody over 30" is a kids' axiom, and small wonder, considering what this giggling chick in the glasses put over on them. She's Lyn Tornabene, a childless New York housewife and a swift 36, here re-enacting for LIFE a wildly implausible escapade she carried off among teenagers as a spy from the adult camp. Three years ago she enrolled as a junior in a high school west of the Rockies—she won't say exactly where—to find out whether today's teenagers are any different from their parents when *they* were the same age. The result is a book, *I Passed as a Teenager* (Simon and Schuster), to be published May 30. Her findings: they aren't.

She kept her face tight and 'thought young'

Lyn Tornabene's masquerade went on for some months, and nobody tumbled to the awful truth. But it wasn't easy. Her original idea was to disappear into the crowd, continuously thinking young and keeping her face tight and wearing glasses to minimize the crow's-feet at her eyes.

"My greatest problem was my voice," she says. "I found an older person's voice projects far more than a youngster's. I hardly spoke at all." She also had to avoid displaying leadership, spending too much, mentioning sophisticated foods, taking cabs. "One day one girl said, 'Gee you look old!' I felt sick to my stomach. Then she said, 'You look at least 19!' Everybody says kids today are different—caring about nothing and surprised by nothing. I couldn't accept such an image." She found that the girls in her class had basically the same interests she had had when she was their age: dating, clothes, hair. Their dreams were the same: getting a glamorous job, being discovered by a talent scout, marrying a dreamboat. Girls do spend more time primping, she found, mainly because they have access to more beauty aids. By the time she left school, the kids were beginning to look hard at her. But no grownup ever did. "That's the No. 1 truth about teenagers," says Lyn. "They're running the economy, controlling the airwaves, taking over the highways. But nobody ever looks them in the eye."

Moving at left and below with pupils in a New Jersey school, Lyn wears crow's-feet-hiding specs she used in her adventure.

If you're about to put a deposit on a smaller car, read this ad quick.

For just a little more money a month you can be driving a brand-new Chrysler.

We're not talking about a junior edition. There is no such thing as a small Chrysler. We only build them "big."

To be more specific, four full-size Newport models are now priced just a few dollars a month more than the most popular smaller cars, comparably equipped.

And our comparison includes automatic transmission, power steering, power brakes, a 383 cubic inch V-8 (one of the largest standard V-8s around), radio, heater, and the biggest brakes in the medium-price field.

Make the move that makes the difference. Move up to Chrysler.

Aren't you glad we caught you in time?

Illustrated above, the Newport 2-Door Hardtop in Mediterranean Blue with Light Blue vinyl top.
Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays.
Major League Baseball in color, Saturdays. Both on NBC-TV.

CHRYSLER

CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Up front at one of nature's greatest spectacles

SEASIDE FORTRESS

Stained and striated to resemble the granite outcroppings of the surrounding cliffs and monoliths standing offshore, the concrete slabs of the Farrar house in Carmel Highlands confront the Pacific like a fortress.

No coast on earth has more surge and drama than that of the highlands between Monterey and Big Sur in central California, where the pine-topped cliffs come down to the thrashing sea. Mr. and Mrs. Philip Farrar, who were living in flat, hot, dusty Fresno, fell in love with this coast when they used to come up and play golf at Pebble Beach, and three years ago they determined to build a house that would stand on the very edge of peril, face to face with the sea. They bought an eroded granite knoll with a swale covered by hardy succulents and lupine, lashed by the spray from west and north. There they had a local architect, Mark Mills, who was trained by Frank Lloyd Wright, design a home called Far-A-Way, with sides worthy of a blockhouse on Rommel's Atlantic Wall, a roof like the keel of an overturned whaleboat, and an over-all feeling of being in the front seat at one of the world's great spectacles. Past the great spindrift-pattered windows day by day goes the procession of tankers on the horizon, jets hurtling overhead, sea otters cavorting on their rocky feeding grounds, gulls in the wind, and the ever-changing theatries of the Pacific.

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All the living that is done in Far-A-Way is compactly concentrated into one rectangular 30 x 50-foot split-level area, divided by semi-partitions into three rooms. In the bedroom (*below*) one awakens to see the rising tide swirling kelp around the off-shore rocks. Stepped down from the bedroom is a studio (*right*) which enjoys year-round northern light. Beyond it is the living room (*above*), with its compact kitchen squeezed in at the left, and a massive fireplace in the opposite corner. The arching roof overhangs the long, low window at the western end and helps shield the house from the prevailing westerly gales and the glare of the setting sun.


DRAWING

The Gordons'
air conditioning is
as quiet as this.

The Tildens'
air conditioning sometimes
sounds like this.

How come?
Gas makes the big difference.

The Gordons have gas air conditioning. Of course it's incomparably quieter than those bulky, clunky window units the Tildens have, but there's nothing else mousey about it. Gas air conditioning has very few moving parts. That means virtually no breakdowns, no repair bills. (After all, you can't wear out a flame.) The dependable, economical true-blue flame of gas gives you nothing but cool, clean, worry-free comfort. Keeps on saving you money—summer after summer. Just as gas heat saves you money winter after winter.

Consider our combination heating-cooling units. Or, if you've already got gas heat, look into our add-on cooling units. Chances are you're halfway there. Now's the time. (May is Gas Air-Conditioning Month.)

Small and Solid on a Savage Site

Far-A-Way lies on the savage coast celebrated in the poems of Robinson Jeffers, the "boundaries of granite and spray," the headlands strewn with "boulders blunted like an old bear's teeth." Jeffers himself, living in his wild bardic seclusion, built by hand a kindergarten-Gothic tower a few miles to the north, and spent his last years fashioning invective against the civilization that was building a road on his cliffsides and ruining the primitive life of hawks, wild boars and poets.

Mark Mills, Far-A-Way's architect, also lives a secluded life in Carmel, but in the greener side facing the valley. He is a lone worker in the Jeffers tradition, with no office or office workers, an unashamed romantic. The son of a mining engineer in an Arizona copper town, he had ground his way unwillingly through engineering school and was temporarily shoveling slag around the mines when he sent off a telegram to Frank Lloyd Wright and got one back asking him to come join his colony. He did so at once, and off and on for four years lived in a tent in the desert laboring with the master. When he came to Carmel, his first job was supervising additions to a Wright house, a ship-shaped, ship-sized jewel on the rocky beach.

When Mills came to study the Farrars' site, he realized that this was going to be unlike any house he had ever built before. Since the aim was to build on the most spectacular setting possible, the tyranny of the site was bound to be oppressive to the artist.

The lot was a small one to begin with, though by no means cheap (one-half acre, $85,000, quite standard in this part of the country). Part of it was occupied by a frame building which the owners wished to preserve as a guesthouse. They also insisted that they had to be able to drive an automobile right up to the door of their new home, a not unreasonable demand when you are grandparents building on a cliff swept periodically by storms with winds of 100 knots and more.

So the house had to be built small and built solid. It looks perilously close to the sea, but jutting rocks on the beach break up the big waves, and the Farrar furniture has never been carried out of the living room to sea the way Kim Novak's was from her house round the next headland.

The property is in an earthquake area, and so the most careful tests were made to ensure a stable structure. The steel-reinforced concrete walls rest on hard-packed earth or on Celotex cushions above the solid rock. The house does not leak, it does not vibrate in tempests, and if, says Mills, it is ever pulled out to sea,

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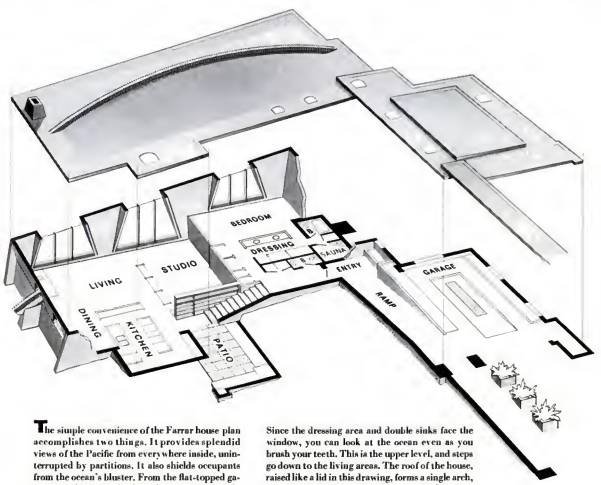

The simple convenience of the Farrar house plan accomplishes two things. It provides splendid views of the Pacific from everywhere inside, uninterrupted by partitions. It also shields occupants from the ocean's bluster. From the flat-topped garage at right a ramp leads to the entry. Just inside is a guest lavatory and a door to the bedroom. Since the dressing area and double sinks face the window, you can look at the ocean even as you brush your teeth. This is the upper level, and steps go down to the living areas. The roof of the house, raised like a lid in this drawing, forms a single arch, its center beam curving down and out, through a small window at the left, to rest on a concrete pier.

Angled walls and schools of whales

FAR-A-WAY
CONTINUED

the only thing it will do is sink.

The approach from the road establishes an almost avowedly military motif, as if Mills were taking to himself the epigram hurled at the great Richardson describing one of his massive Romanesque houses in Chicago: it "reases to be defensible except, indeed, in a military sense." The driveway leads down from the road past the guesthouse, whose wooden walls are now camouflaged by a concrete canopy. A concrete turnaround and garage lead to the main house with its rough 9½-inch-thick walls. "If there is another war," says Betty Farrar cheerfully, "I suppose we can just knock out the windows and stick some big guns in."

Once he had built his pillbox, Mills bent all his efforts to softening its rigidities. The concrete walls were sloped at an angle of 11°, repeating the angle of many of the great monoliths lying out in the ocean and on the beach. The slopes and the odd angles (there is not a plumb line in the place; the windows are trapezoids, and so are the doors) add variety and provide more space than a rectangular box would have done; and if you feel like leaning against a wall, 11° turns out to be a reposeful angle.

To liven up the dead surface of the concrete, Mills had the outer surfaces ribbed, to set up a pattern of light and shade, and then had the ribs bush-hammered to roughen the texture and reveal rock fragments buried in the aggregate. The inside surfaces were sandblasted for the same effect.

Counteracting the angularity of the concrete walls is the great arch of the roof. A 26-inch-thick beam of laminated Douglas fir sweeps over the whole living space from the eastern to the western end. This beam is connected to the walls by a ceiling composed of about a thousand 2x3s, which produce an op-art pattern overhead.

The arch is copper-sheathed to protect it from the spray and sticks up over the gravel-coated roof like a dorsal fin. It overhangs the walls and is held in place by a roller bearing at one end and a pin hinge at the other, giving it flexibility enough to adjust to any gale.

Putting up this complex of curves and angles was a trying job for the construction men, who kept complaining of feeling seasick. Even now, when the sea is seething and the fog rolling and the wind whistling through the pleated copper sheathing overhead, it is easy to get the impression that you are in an ocean liner riding out a storm.

Everything is ship-shape at Far-A-Way, however, and with the bright lights on and the radiant heat rising from the concrete squares of the floor, it is hard to imagine anything more intimate and cozy. "There's no waste space here—it's like a Pullman bathroom," says Mrs. Farrar as she darts among the low partitions which conceal wine cellar, broom closet, shoe closet, washing machine and other necessities. The Farrars are now divorced and Mrs. Farrar lives alone in the house.

It is an easy house to clean and to keep warm. It is an easy house to entertain in, if you are entertaining people you know and don't mind that they can see into your bedroom from the fireplace.

But entertaining, or, indeed, living in the ordinary sense, seems like an afterthought when you are actually in this house. It is theater more than home, a proscenium arch opening onto the perpetual drama of the Pacific. Cormorants dive, schools of killer whales circle the headland. Lights along the coast mark the progress of the hippies down to their new centers of pilgrimage at Big Sur. The clouds tower and dissolve. The ocean is always and insistently at hand. "This is the staring unsleeping Eye of the earth," says Jeffers; and Far-A-Way stares right back.

ROBERT WERNICK


What kind
of man uses
Vaseline Hair Tonic?
He watches an unknown dealer auction off a Renoir for $85,000.
He studies the painting…
then the dealer.
What's he doing?
He's tearing up her check.
"That painting's a fraud…
and so is this dealer."
How did he know?
Renoir 20
The painting was dated 1920.
Renoir died in 1919.
The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.
VASELINE
HAIR
TONIC
Holds hair a man's way.

MISCELLANY / # THE SEAL OF DISAPPROVAL

I've been coming to this restaurant, Heinz, for several months now, and I think you know that I'm not one of your complainers. The atmosphere is congenial, the prices are right. But I'm afraid I do have one minor gripe. Every day, Heinz, I give you my order. And every day, no matter what I order, you bring me one raw fish. I'm sure you mean well, and I realize that I'm an elephant seal (could I forget an ugly fact like that?), and we elephant seals are usually strong for fish. But I just don't care for raw fish. Can't you fix up a garnish of slivered almonds? Or maybe a bowl of strawberries? And if you really want to be a good fellow, you might bring me a glass of white wine too.

These are The Sure Ones.

This is their social security number.

It's the number they count on for unvarying quality in any kind of drink. And it never lets them down. They pour it, mix it, chill it, shake it, stir it, and it's always the same. Quality.

They serve it at birthdays, weddings, reunions, anniversaries, cocktail parties, housewarmings, and it's always the same. Quality.

And that's why they're called The Sure Ones. They never have to worry about their whiskey.

Seagram's 7 Crown—The Sure One

Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey. 86 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

For the taste you never get tired of.

Coca-Cola is always refreshing... that's why things go better with Coke after Coke after Coke.