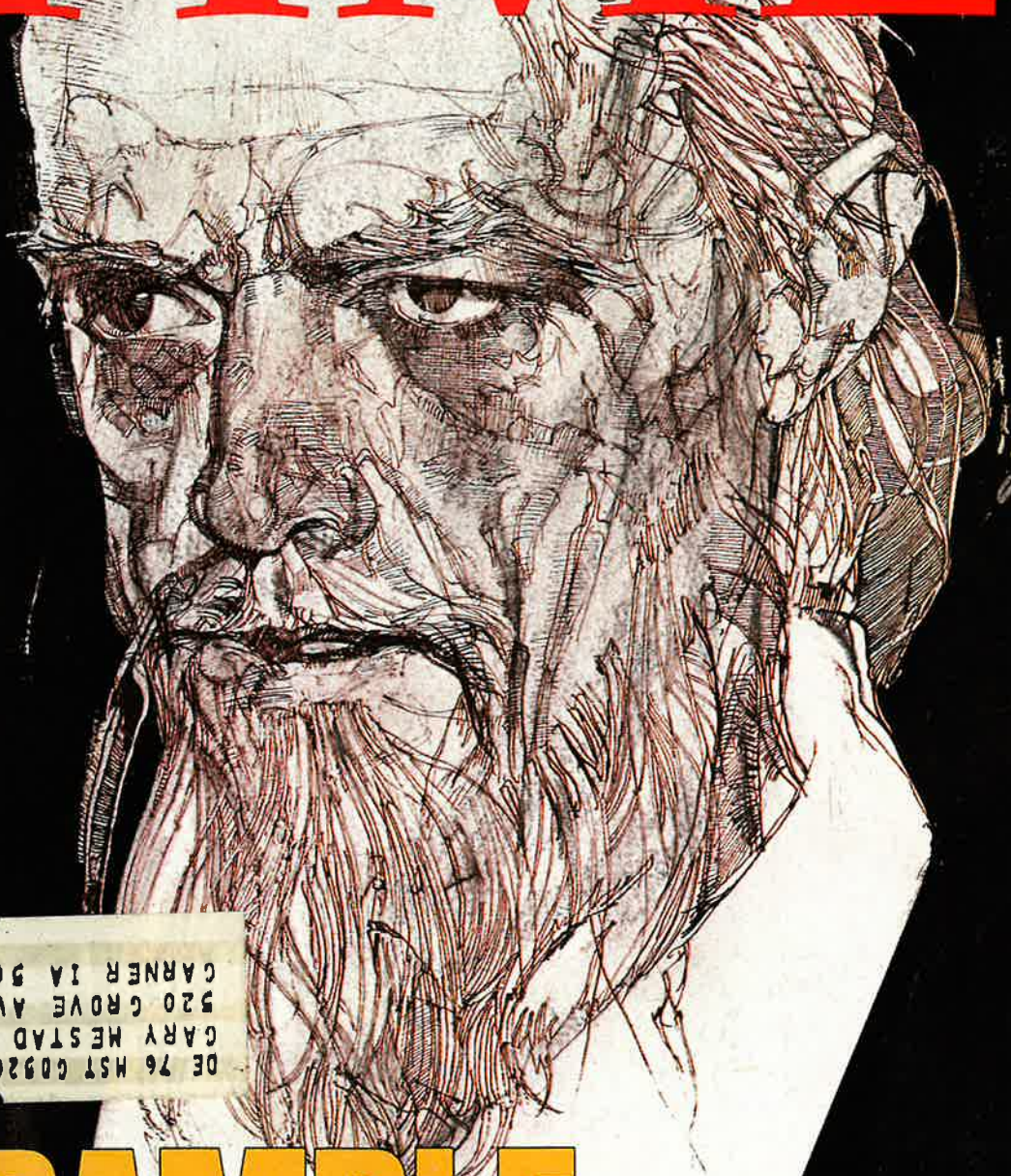


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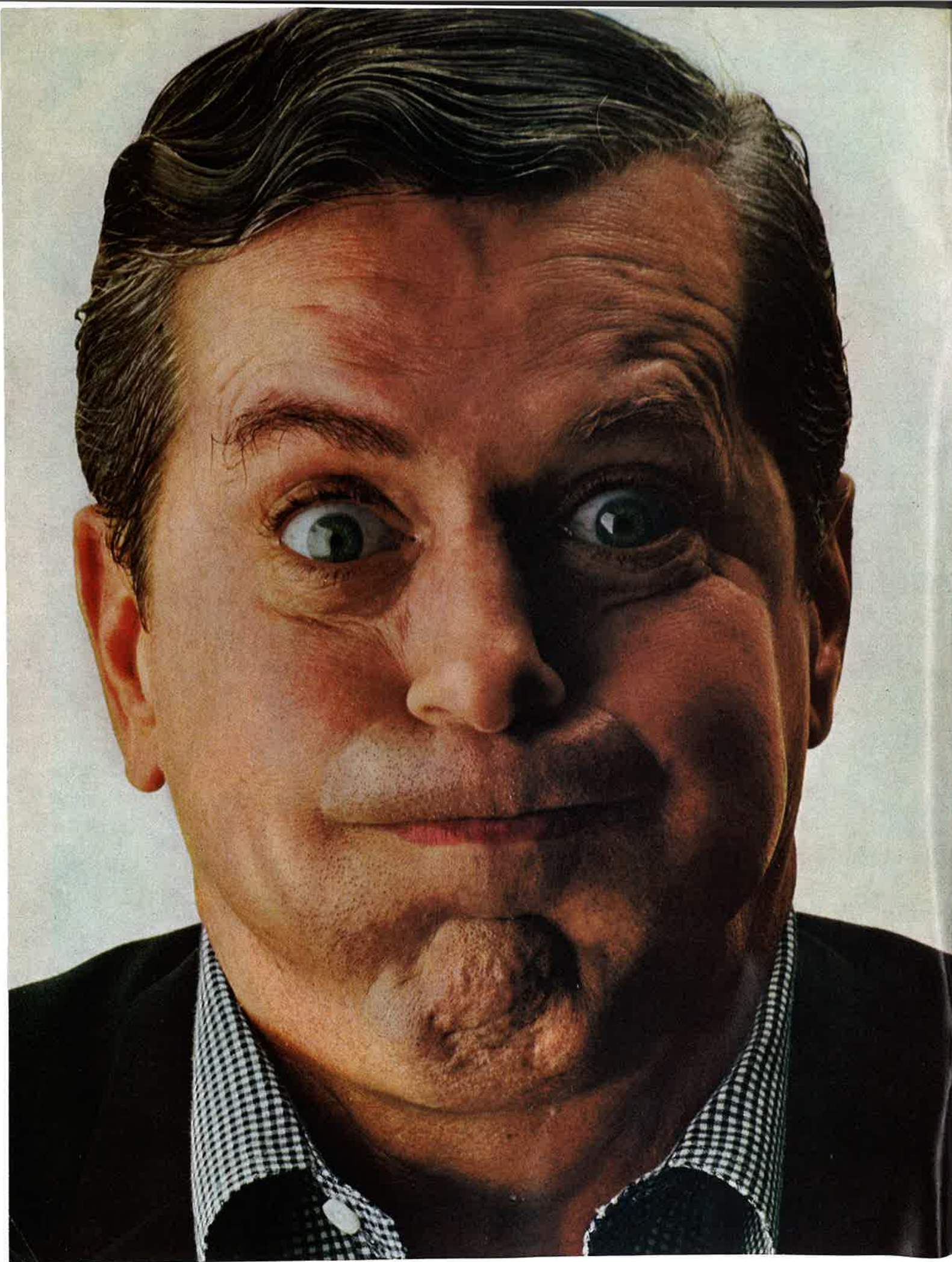
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SCRAMBLE FOR THE BILLIONS



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The Oxygen Walker is only one of the things we're doing with oxygen. We supply more of it than anyone else in the country. For steelmaking, hospitals, wastewater treatment and the chemical industry.

But, in a way, the Walker is the most important use of our oxygen. Because to the people who use it, it is the breath of life.



**Today, something we do
will touch your life.**

A LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

This past December I began a dialogue with the White House on the Postal Service. Parts of that dialogue were reported in these columns, and since then a flood of editorials and news stories, congressional debate and public discussion, changes in the U.S. Postal Service—actual or threatened—have made the post office a fiercely hot subject.

Since the Publisher's Letter was opened to the subject before, I believe this seems the appropriate place and moment for a brief report on what has happened.

Very possibly we are seeing the beginning of some consensus on how to maintain the Postal Service. At least I am struck by the fact that knowledgeable people who may have dissimilar points of view on other matters have lately expressed remarkably similar ideas about the postal dilemma.

Senator Barry Goldwater (R., Ariz.), in an unusually wide-ranging article scheduled for the May issue of the *Notre Dame Journal of Legislation*, raises the question of how "a political conservative who ordinarily is skeptical of more public spending" can support postal appropriations that the White House opposes. The Senator answers with six detailed reasons, the final one being that "free speech, and all that means to the general public and our way of life, is truly involved." Noting "the historic role of the public mails as promoting public enlightenment and the security of a free people," Senator Goldwater concludes that "this end is deserving of the support of all who support freedom."

James Rademacher, the president of the Letter Carriers union, agrees with Senator Goldwater—on that. In a recent letter to the White House, Mr. Rademacher also argued for the appropriations or the public service subsidies that are necessary to maintain postal service. "It seems to be a modern fallacy," he observed, "that says the post office should pay its own way... Does the Department of Commerce?"

In his letter to the White House, Mr. Rademacher expressed his fear that without a substantial postal subsidy, "the postal establishment is going down the drain." That echoes the concern of the chairman of the House Postal Service Subcommittee, James Hanley (D., N.Y.), who in a recent insertion in the *Congressional Record* said that those who continue to be against public service subsidies "will either purposefully or inadvertently lead the Postal Service to ruin."

Congressman Hanley summed up his experience of a decade in dealing with the postal problem: "It is wishful thinking to believe that we can continue the kind of service we have enjoyed and which has been remarkably beneficial to the country without providing substantial funds from the general treasury. To be sure we must ferret out waste, and we cannot tolerate slipshod management. But money will still be needed over and above that generated by postal rates."

Last month in the Senate, the chairman of the Post Office and Civil Service Committee, Gale McGee (D., Wyo.), bluntly condemned resistance to increased "subsidies to the

Postal Service, which desperately needs those subsidies." Earlier the Senator had warned his colleagues that without those subsidies the Postal Service would be "fragmented and struggling for survival."

Some enthusiasts have suggested private industry as a Moses to lead us out of the postal wilderness. This suggestion also produces a striking identity of opinion about the modern Moses' chances.

Goldwater: "Should postage costs continue to increase, private delivery systems may become feasible in certain parts of metropolitan areas, but will remain doubtful for use in rural areas, small towns or many apartment houses."

Rademacher: "Those who advocate turning over the postal operation to private enterprise... are particularly misled, because they simply do not understand the mission of our Postal Service, or postal economics."

Hanley: "First the Administration starves the Postal Service of the funds necessary to do its job, then it disingenuously suggests that private enterprise be allowed to step in. I admire private enterprise, have worked in it or with it all my life, and realize that it can do a good job of delivering the mail for some of the people. But not all of the people, and that is what the Postal Service is all about."

McGee: "Allowing private companies to compete with the Postal Service in the delivery of first-class mail would signal the end of the Postal Service as a national institution, for the private firms would take over the profitable delivery areas, leaving delivery to remote and rural areas to the Postal Service."

These four knowledgeable gentlemen are quoted at some length because I suspect their recent statements are not just straws in the wind. They probably indicate which way the wind is blowing. There are, of course, countering breezes, and I do not mean to suggest any lack of opposition to their viewpoint (on postal matters any position taken by anyone is immediately opposed by someone). It is rather certain, in fact, that even these four experts would disagree on parts of any proposed overall solution to the postal problem.

It seems worth noting, however, that all four agree on certain fundamentals: (1) the necessity of public service appropriations to maintain the post office, (2) the danger of chopping up the Postal Service and giving pieces of it to private enterprise, (3) the immediacy of the threat to the existence of the post office, and (4) the importance of the Postal Service as the underpinning which helps bind our diverse nation together.

Andrew Heisbell

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It seems that the people who make shoes keep forgetting that the people who buy them use them for walking. Some shoes aren't even the shape of feet.

That's why the Earth* brand shoe was conceived and invented. To be the most comfortable, functional, efficient vehicle ever designed for human feet.

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To design new shoes, most shoe designers look



The EARTH® shoe comes in styles for men and women, from open sandals to high boots. From \$23.50 to \$49.50.

at old shoes. Or fashion magazines. Or copy each other. And, even though feet don't change shape, shoes do.

Anne Kalsø didn't do this. Instead, she studied how you walk. Because that's where the question of how to design a perfect shoe is answered.

And from this study, the Earth brand shoe was born. A shoe designed to fit your foot and work as your partner. By guiding you through a gait called 'pure walking'.

A smooth rolling motion designed to move you along effortlessly, easily

and comfortably.

This pure walking starts with your downward thrust, which is actually greater than your body weight. The Earth shoe cushions this shock, gathers momentum from its lowered heel, glides you along and springs you off the big toe and into the next step.

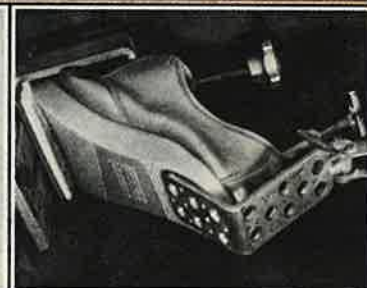
This is the path of power Anne Kalsø learned from the human form in motion.

Putting the Earth® shoe to the test.

And after the Earth® shoe was designed to take the ultimate step, we made sure it would take thousands and millions of those steps.



The Earth® Shoe is shaped like your foot is shaped.



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Shoes that look like, but don't work like Earth brand shoes.

After millions of people came to love the Earth brand shoe, many shoe companies began to copy it.

But, here's the funny part of our story. They all copied how we look, not how we work. Because, as we said before, people keep forgetting that shoes are for walking.



*EARTH is the registered trademark of Kalsø Systemet, Inc. for its negative heel shoes and other products.
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Anne Kalsø.
Inventor of the EARTH negative heel shoe.

You can only buy the Earth® shoe at Earth Shoe Stores. For store near you, call toll free 800-327-8912. In Florida, 800-432-5024. Or write for mail-order brochure, Earth Shoe, Dept. MO, 251 Park Ave. South, N.Y., N.Y. 10010.

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FORUM

Never Forget

To the Editors:

I was worrying about how I would remember the fever of Watergate. I was afraid I would forget, and it is something we should never forget. Perhaps *All the President's Men* [March 29] should be rerun at regular intervals as a constant reminder to keep our guard up against its ever happening again.

Karen Leffler
Harrisburg, Pa.

I nearly fainted with ecstasy when I saw the cover. It's about time that



TIME had male sex symbols in place of voluptuous women.

Margaret Grant
College Station, Texas

TIME, TIME, TIME—don't you understand yet? We are glad Nixon is gone. But we are achingly bored with your chest-thumping self-righteousness.

Thomas Smith
Missoula, Mont.

Your article on *All the President's Men* affords a renewed view of the mentality of Mr. Nixon. The dangerous moods that he portrayed in his last days as President show Americans how thankful we should be for people like Woodward, Bernstein and Bradley. As bad as the press might appear at times, its vigilance is a blessing.

Gilbert Marcus
Chicago

Those egomaniacs, Woodward and Bernstein, reap millions from a tragedy their newspaper helped create.

(Mrs.) Doris H. Taylor
Butler, Pa.

Your article omitted a unique item. Redford, Hoffman and Warner Bros. have made the film available for open-

TALL 120s

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extra puffs.
Costs no more
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How your Independent Insurance Agent can help take the sting out of rising rates.



Rates for insurance have to go up. For many reasons.

Costs of everything insurance pays for are increasing. Repair costs are skyrocketing. So are medical care costs. Jury awards are bigger. Damage suits are on the rise. Insurance companies have had underwriting losses exceeding \$7 billion in the past two years.

As a result, premiums must be increased.

But just because premium rates are going up doesn't mean that *your* insurance costs have to go up proportionately. Chances are they won't if you talk with an independent insurance agent.

He can't turn the clock back on inflation. But he can show you ways to reduce the impact of rising rates.

For example, your independent

insurance agent can explain how increasing deductibles on your car insurance and on your home insurance can cut your premiums. And he'll point out other steps you can take to keep your insurance costs in line, and your coverages up-to-date.

Of course an independent insurance agent does a lot more than stretch your insurance dollars for you. He is an independent businessman who is free to pick and choose the company or companies that can provide the best coverage for you. He works for *you*, not an insurance company.

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ing-night benefits to foster such organizations throughout the country as the Citizen Action Fund, the Environmental Defense Fund, Scientists for Public Information and the Fund for Investigative Journalism.

These groups practice the message of the film: that citizens and the press in a democracy must hold their government accountable.

Joan Claybrook
Washington, D.C.

I am angry and horrified that Robert Redford would stoop to make a name and money for himself from a movie, and not consider the misfortunes of the few who have paid dearly because of the mistakes of others.

How do you think the Hunt family feels about *All the President's Men* while my father is rotting in jail? Howard Hunt's ordeal has been a painful one. He has suffered and lost everything. It's a pity that Mr. Redford did not have the foresight to see that this film will also be at the emotional expense of my father's family and other families as well.

Lisa Tiffany Hunt Kyle
Hurley, Wis.

I thought these men were hard-nosed investigative reporters, not gossip columnists.

Judith Schwager
Hoffman Estates, Ill.

Overeducated

You concluded your informative article on jobs [March 29] by charging that the increasing number of highly educated people aggravates the job situation making it more difficult for non-college people to obtain employment. One hears the strange term overeducated.

Surely citizens in a democratic society cannot be overeducated any more than participants in a vigorous athletic event can be too healthy.

George Huber, Director of Counseling
Santa Fe Community College
Gainesville, Fla.

"College for a few and trades for the many" should be our motto. We have too many useless college graduates to feed now. A smart fellow with a good trade is never pictured holding rejection slips and mooching food stamps and unemployment checks from his uneducated fellow taxpayers.

William Bemis Seach
Quincy, Mass.

The question is not whether we can afford to have liberal arts graduates but whether we can afford not to have them.

Peter Adler
New York City

My husband is a Yale *cum laude* meat cutter, and he loves it. He was previously rejected for a similar job in Con-

necticut and was labeled overeducated.

Unbutton your button-downs, you Ph.D.s who want jobs, and try some manual labor. You may love it.

Alice R. Brown
Manchester, Vt.

I could not help noticing that your article did not include any sob stories from engineering graduates. Engineering graduates at Georgia Tech are having no trouble finding jobs.

You can tell those who majored in liberal arts and now have no jobs that after playing for four years, they would benefit greatly from hard work.

Stephen W. Fox
Atlanta

P.O.W. Patty

It is plain that neither Judge Carter nor anyone on the Patricia Hearst jury [March 29] was ever a prisoner of war.

George F. Schmalzried
Conneautville, Pa.

I was a Japanese prisoner of war, caught on Bataan during the defense of the Philippines. I feel that for the most part collaboration stems from a desire to attain reward from the captors rather than from fear of punishment. I do not believe that people can be "brain-washed" against their will.

Generally our conduct as prisoners was governed by our own free will. Evidently the jury felt that Miss Hearst did the same.

Daniel N. Weitzner
Leominster, Mass.

I can't go along with the verdict. Our instinct to survive is so strong that we can conceive of killing another human, even eating human flesh, but not becoming a rebel, robbing a bank and shooting at a store as means to survival.

Tessie Clements
Bardtown, Ky.

Is it too naive to assume that rather than being a case of "Where the Defense Went Wrong", as your title indicates, the outcome of the Hearst trial demonstrates simply that Patty was guilty?

Barbara Sullivan
Newport, R.I.

The defense went wrong when the Hearsts fired San Francisco Lawyer Terrence Hallinan and imported Bailey from Boston. He underestimated the San Francisco level of sophistication when he adopted the line about the poor little blonde and the big bad black in the deep dark closet.

Catherine Sang
Menlo Park, Calif.

As an alternate on the Hearst jury, I wish to go on record as one who totally disagrees with the verdict of my colleagues. I heard all the evidence and

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Here on our grass research farms in Marysville, Ohio, we've grown thousands of kinds of bluegrass and thrown out almost all of them.

This is patented bluegrass and we have the patent. You get a better lawn or we pay for the seed.

We spent 11 years testing Victa Kentucky Bluegrass before we took out patents on it. It took us that long to be sure it always came up the same color, a rich dark green. And grew at the same rate. And fought off any number of diseases. And just plain wanted to grow. (Some bluegrass will simply quit on you.)

We do not sell straight Victa. We start with Victa and build mixtures around it, matching the grasses for color and growth rate. Mixtures are hardier and are made for any use—new lawn,

Special seed mixtures are available in the Washington, D.C. area.



This is Victa as isolated in our greenhouse. We sell this seed in four mixtures.

over-seeding, growing in shady spots, places where kids play, and so on.

There are no coarse crop grasses at all. Once these barnyard grasses get into your lawn, you have to dig them out. We clean our seed before we sell it. And we sell it with a very simple guarantee. "If for any reason you are not satisfied with results after using this product, you are entitled to your money back. Simply send us evidence of purchase and we will mail you a refund check promptly."

Selling seed was how Orlando Scott started this company 100 years ago. We cleaned it then, too.



FORUM

firmly believe there was more than a reasonable doubt that the defendant participated in the crime willingly.

Mary Nieman
Pleasant Hill, Calif.

Carol, Gerald and Henry

Displaying the charms of Model Carol Gustafson on the cover [March 22] of a magazine that has in the past presented such noble visages as Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger is ... is ... delightful!

(The Rev.) Frank L. Faust
Metairie, La.

It is apparent that modern fashion decrees that breasts are in—when they are out.

Tobias M. Feder
Lauderhill, Fla.

From Little Acorns

In "Aiming at the Stars" [March 29] you recounted the billions upon billions of dollars spent by NASA on the space program based on Dr. Goddard's experiments but you neglected to mention that he did all of his work on \$25,000 which was annually contributed by the Guggenheim Foundation.

George F. Platts
Ormond Beach, Fla.

Swinish Idea

Wouldn't it be simpler and more edible to vaccinate all the hogs for swine influenza [April 5] instead of the entire American population?

Frank Haile
Knoxville, Tenn.

Sic Semper Daley

Mayor Richard Daley of Chicago must be doing something right [March 29] if he continues to receive the support of the voters and the scorn of the liberal media.

Matthew T. Baker
Elmsford, N.Y.

Cubans in Guyana

Your article "Castro's Globetrotting Gurkhas" [Feb. 23] made reference to reports about the presence of Cuban troops in Guyana. I wish, with full authority of my government, to deny unequivocally that there have ever been or are now any Cuban troops whatever in Guyana.

Laurence E. Mann
Ambassador of the Republic of Guyana
Washington, D.C.

TIME stands behind its report. Cuban military personnel are still in Guyana.

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TIME, APRIL 19, 1976

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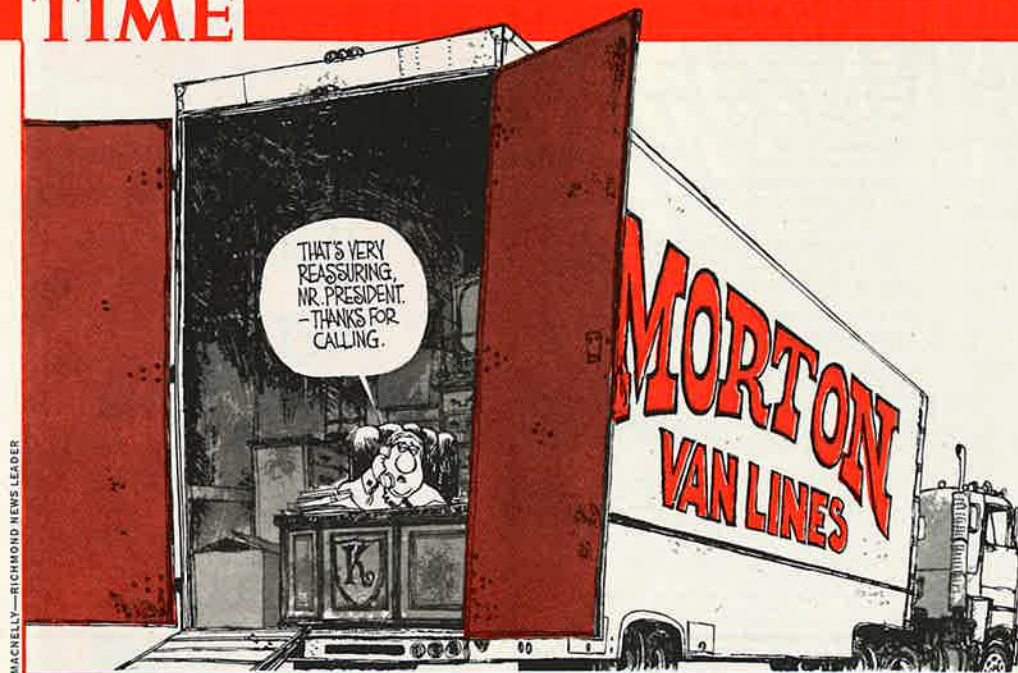
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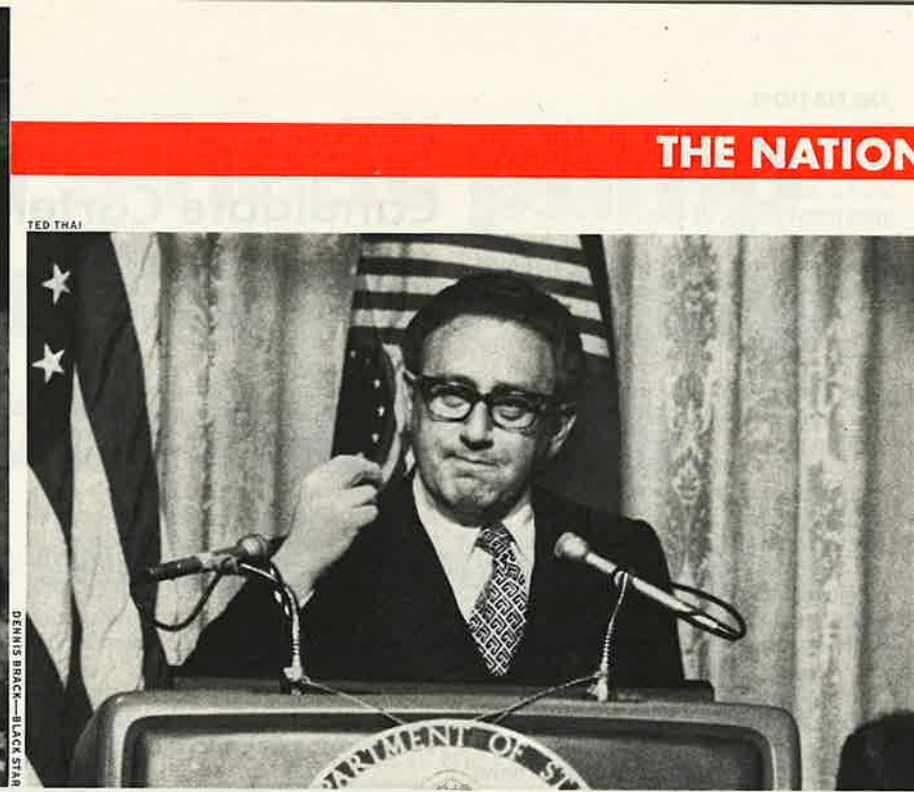
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PRESIDENT FORD SPEAKING



AT THE ALAMO IN SAN ANTONIO



HENRY KISSINGER ADDRESSING FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION IN NEW YORK CITY

REPUBLICANS

The Kissinger Issue: Whose Alamo?

In the words of one White House aide, Henry Kissinger is "the only red-hot issue" in the race for the Republican presidential nomination. Unfortunately for the Secretary of State, the man he is making uncomfortably warm at times is none other than President Gerald Ford. For months, right-wing Republicans have been rallying behind Ronald Reagan, whose most effective campaign ploy has been to argue that the Secretary is cozying up unnecessarily to the Soviets. Washington last week was electric with rumors that Ford was thinking seriously of dumping Kissinger. With a key primary coming up on May 1 in Texas—where the G.O.P. right is especially strong—it looked for a while last week as though the Secretary was being stalked by the President's political hit men.

The first to take a shot at Kissinger was Melvin Laird, one of the chief cooks in Ford's kitchen Cabinet, who predicted to newsmen that "we will have a new Secretary of State in the next Ford Administration." Four days later, Rogers Morton, Ford's campaign chairman, told a delegation of California Republicans that after seven years as the nation's top diplomat, Kissinger "has enough scars to worry about. I'm sure Mr. Kissinger is getting toward the end of a long political career."

President Ford moved swiftly to pledge his continued faith in the beleaguered Secretary. After receiving a phone call from campaign headquarters, Morton backtracked and declared that Kissinger was "an asset, not a liability" in the President's effort to win the nomination. Speaking in Wisconsin, Ford declared: "I

would like Secretary Kissinger to be Secretary as long as I am President, and I can't expand on that." The morning after his primary victory in Wisconsin, the President went out of his way to share the psychological spoils with Kissinger. Said he: "I thought that the results certainly fully justified my faith in Henry Kissinger. That was an issue in Wisconsin because my opponent made it an issue." Rabbit-chopping the air for emphasis, Ford then added: "I think he is one of the greatest Secretaries of State in the history of the U.S."

Demagogic Slogans. In part, Kissinger's troubles stem from the complex nature of détente policy, with its subtle double aim of both relaxing tensions and yet remaining tough with Moscow. Legitimate questions can be raised about the manner in which he has executed the policy, but there is little serious basic disagreement with its aims. Yet attacks on it have deteriorated to demagogic slogans. Other Kissinger troubles grow from his habit of making off-the-record remarks that seem to conflict with his public statements—remarks that almost invariably get distorted when leaked. A case in point is his speech to an assembly of U.S. ambassadors in London last December. There he argued that American efforts to foster "stability" in Europe meant keeping Communists out of power in Western Europe while accepting Soviet hegemony over the Eastern bloc.

Last week the New York Times printed a summary of Kissinger's speech to the ambassadors that proved the Secretary is at least as concerned as Reagan is

about keeping Communists out of Western governments. If there were a "major Communist participation in Western governments," said Kissinger, it would be "inconceivable that the U.S. could maintain ground forces in Europe." In the event that the Communists actually won control of some Western European governments, he warned, NATO would not be able to survive and the U.S. "would be alone and isolated in a world in which we had no relations by values to other countries."

Kissinger's fears about Western Europe's future gave Ford no trouble and Reagan little ammunition. But the Republican challenger had an easy target in what has now been dubbed "the Sonnenfeldt doctrine"—named for State Department Counselor Helmut Sonnenfeldt, Kissinger's top expert on East-West relations and arms control. Sonnenfeldt enunciated his ideas at the same gathering of ambassadors that Kissinger addressed (TIME, April 12). In essence, Sonnenfeldt's thesis was that the U.S. should not encourage a violent political uprising in the satellites because it could only lead to Soviet intervention—and to the danger of an incident that might set off World War III. What was more, even if the U.S. wanted to help a rebellion, it could not easily intervene in that part of the world. Example: the Hungarian revolt in 1956. There was a further and more subtle danger as well: if the Communist nations in the East evolved into pluralistic, liberalized societies, the nations of Western Europe might be less wary of Red candidates in their own elections.

Last week the hassle over Sonnenfeldt's ideas continued as the Times also printed a summary of his remarks. He was quoted as saying that U.S. policy in Eastern Europe should "strive for an evolution that makes the relationship between the Eastern Europeans and the Soviet Union an organic one." The use of the word organic seemed to imply that he was advocating that the Soviet Union and its satellites should form one whole—a position calculated to infuriate not only G.O.P. conservatives but also ethnic groups with roots in Eastern Europe.

At a press conference, Sonnenfeldt conceded that the word organic was poorly chosen. What he really meant was a relationship in which the Soviet Union tolerated autonomy and a sense of national identity in the countries of Eastern Europe. Sonnenfeldt said that the U.S. should encourage the gradual development of such a relationship by easing restrictions on trade with the Soviets, encouraging Moscow to devote more attention to the needs of the consumer and fostering a general relaxation of tensions in the Communist bloc.

Some Notetaker. When Sonnenfeldt's statements first leaked to the press, Kissinger tried to explain away the views attributed to his aide by saying that the cable was written by "some notetaker who summarized what he thought Sonnenfeldt meant." Last week White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen suggested that the whole "misunderstanding" over the remarks might have stemmed in part from the distortions of the notetaker "who did violence" to what Kissinger's man had said.

In fact, the notetaker was no inexperienced secretary but Warren Zimmermann, special assistant to Arthur Hartman, Kissinger's deputy for European affairs. Moreover, both Kissinger and

Sonnenfeldt initiated their approval of the summary before it was cabled to U.S. embassies round the world. At his press conference, Sonnenfeldt conceded that the summary was accurate. The Secretary's attempt to lay the blame on an underling stirred more bitterness in the State Department, where officials resent his tendency to blame his problems on his subordinates.

Things could get worse for Kissinger in the weeks ahead. Reagan is making the Secretary and his policy of détente one of the main themes of his campaign in the crucial Texas primary. Ford admits, "We have some troubles there." Campaigning last week in the state, Ford volunteered no praise of Kissinger, but came to his defense when asked about him. ("Dr. Kissinger has been an excellent Secretary of State.") The President chose to stand and fight at the Alamo in San Antonio, where he countered Reagan's charge that the U.S. is now No. 2 militarily. The Alamo's defenders were eventually overwhelmed, he noted, by a Mexican army "of superior size and strength. In global terms, America must never give away such an advantage to any potential enemy—and we never will."

One White House aide says that if the President loses Texas, "there'll be blood and guts all the way to Kansas City" (where the G.O.P. will hold its nominating convention, starting on Aug. 16). Kissinger fears that he will be blamed if Reagan does win and that Ford will come under increasing pressure to ask for his resignation. Indeed, two Kissinger loyalists in the Administration are afraid that the President may suggest that the Secretary depart before the primary on May 1. According to their paranoid scenario, Ford would then try to sew up the state by quickly giving the post of Secretary of State to the political pride of Texas:

John Connally, the Democrat-turned-Republican, who was Governor from 1963 to 1969 and served John F. Kennedy as Secretary of the Navy, and Richard Nixon as Secretary of the Treasury. Connally recently displayed his interest in foreign affairs by chairing a blue-ribbon Washington panel on "The Political Stability of Italy in the European-Mediterranean Context."

Asset to Ford. Kissinger's supporters in the Administration believe that the campaign against the Secretary is mistaken and conducted by "amateurs." Despite undeniable hostility toward him in the South and elsewhere, he remains popular with the public at large. A Louis Harris poll last month showed that 58% of those surveyed approved of the way he was handling his job. Furthermore, Harris doubts that Reagan could defeat Ford by appealing to fears about détente. Many G.O.P. state chairmen believe that Kissinger is still more of an asset than a liability to Ford. Forcing him to resign before the election would simply be publicly caving in to Reagan and would severely damage current U.S. foreign policy; for all his reduced reputation, Kissinger is still better able to cope with America's foreign problems than any successor who could be moved in quickly.

There is no question that the President's effusive praise for Kissinger is sincerely meant. Privately, Ford has assured him that he wants him to stay on—for at least the rest of his term. Says a top presidential aide: "The President is absolutely adamant. He is not retreating one inch in his support of Kissinger. As far as he is concerned, there is no footsy going on."

At the same time, the President has begun to disengage himself unobtrusively from the Secretary, at least as far as the future is concerned. Referring to Ford's previous claims that he wanted Kissinger to

remain in his Cabinet for four more years, a White House aide says: "You won't hear the President make that statement again, at least not while Reagan is still breathing down our necks." Even Kissinger fans have long assumed that he would not necessarily be kept on for a second term, and while such talk does turn him into something of a lame duck in negotiations, his departure in an orderly transition to a new Administration would be quite different from dumping him now.

Even in the best of times, Kissinger is hypersensitive to what he considers unfair criticism. His concern about distortions of his policy are compounded by the problem that his old diplomatic magic has not been working too well of late. The U.S. seems, for example, to have lost some of its prestige as the primary peace broker in the Middle East.

The prospect of gaining a SALT II arms agreement with the Russians is growing dimmer—although Kissinger was able to announce some good news last week, revealing that the Soviets had accepted in principle an accord providing for on-site inspection of peaceful nuclear explosions. But the hard bargaining to work out the final agreement remains to be done. (Asked if he was going anywhere to sign the accord, Kissinger quipped, "The desire to get me out of town is overwhelming.")

Confused and Tarnished. According to TIME Diplomatic Editor Jerrold L. Schecter, "Kissinger senses his own cycle has hit bottom; yet he feels that his plight is a reflection of the national mood of self-criticism and self-searching that has grown out of Viet Nam and Watergate. He refuses to face the reality that he too is a part of that history and that his own role remains confused and tarnished. He believes he is fighting to prevent the nation from consuming itself in bitterness and self-recrimination."

"Kissinger remains perpetually sensitive to the problems of his effectiveness. Privately, he has said he will resign if he becomes so much of an issue during the campaign that he cannot function. He stays on because he feels that he is the man holding American foreign policy together, especially in the Middle East."

This week Kissinger will leave to spend seven days in Palm Springs, Calif., with his wife Nancy. During his brief vacation, he will undoubtedly try to think through his future in the Ford Administration. His troubles do not seem to have affected his wry sense of humor or his capacity for enlightened self-pity. After delivering an address in New York City on the law of the sea, the Secretary was asked to comment about the political upheaval in China (see THE WORLD). "I must say I have some sympathy with what [ousted Deputy Premier] Teng Hsiao-p'ing has been going through," he replied. "I'm at the wall-poster stage myself."

THE CAMPAIGN

Candidate Carter: 'I Apologize'

Slamming a fist against his desk, Atlanta Mayor Maynard Jackson last week postponed plans to endorse Jimmy Carter and angrily exclaimed: "Is there no white politician I can trust?" Jesse Jackson, director of Chicago's Operation PUSH, called Carter's views "a throwback to Hitlerian racism." Mayor Richard Hatcher of Gary, Ind., declared: "We've created a Frankenstein's monster with a Southern drawl, a more cultured version of the old Confederate at the schoolhouse door." Added Civil Rights Activist Bayard Rustin of New York: "He is only giving ammunition to those who would divide America. [He has] a big smile with no heart."

What outraged the black leaders was Carter's ill-considered remarks last week about neighborhood integration.

grams "to inject black families into a white neighborhood just to create some sort of integration." Said he: "I have nothing against a community that is made up of people who are Polish, or who are Czechoslovakians, or who are French Canadians or who are blacks trying to maintain the ethnic purity of their neighborhoods. This is a natural inclination."

Fleeing Whites. Thus Carter is against federal policies that would require the building of public and other federally subsidized housing on sites deliberately chosen to desegregate neighborhoods. With different language and emphasis, both Morris Udall and Henry Jackson have expressed reservations about too vigorous a policy of placing low-rent housing in high or middle in-



CARTER & STUDENT LEADERS AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S COLLEGE IN RALEIGH, N.C. After a near-faultless campaign, the candidate stumbled badly.

One of his phrases, "ethnic purity," particularly offended many blacks and whites. The episode had overnight become the *cause célèbre* of the campaign and sent the Carter camp reeling. Was this one of those fatal slips that can destroy a candidate? For the first time in what had been a near faultless campaign to reach the White House, the candidate had stumbled badly. He had confidently fielded highly complex issues, from abortion to defense spending, yet he ignited a brushfire over race—just as white liberals were beginning to swing behind him and his broad support among blacks was being widely noted (TIME, April 5).

The furor began when Carter was asked in Indianapolis to explain his recent statement that there was "nothing wrong with ethnic purity being maintained" in neighborhoods. Carter replied that he wholeheartedly supports open-housing laws that make it a crime to refuse to sell or rent a house or apartment on the grounds of race, color or creed. But he opposes Government pro-

come neighborhoods. Many black leaders have voiced similar misgivings. Says Eugene Callander, former president of the New York Urban Coalition: "Government should not break up a neighborhood on a numerical basis. As soon as the Government does, the white folks flee."

Still, reporters thought Carter's views needed to be clarified. Carter was asked how he felt about federal pressure for low-income housing in the suburbs. That decision should be left to local governments, he said, adding that he supported local requirements that new suburban housing be "compatible with the quality of homes already there."

As the reporters persisted with their questions, Carter's face reddened with anger, and he began to sweat. Instead of softening his language, he spoke of housing policies in terms of "black intrusion," of "alien groups" and of "a diametrically opposite kind of family." Some blacks began to suspect that Carter was showing signs of being a closet racist, even though his record in private

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THE NATION

and public life has demonstrated that he is not. Other critics suggested that he was using the offending words to try to win the support of white ethnics.

Carter's rivals for the presidential nomination promptly seized on his gaffe. Udall accused Carter of practicing "the politics of racial division." Jackson called Carter's language "amazing" and said that the Georgian "will be explaining that for the rest of the campaign." Protests poured in from black groups, including the Urban League and the congressional Black Caucus.

Despite the pleas of his staff, Carter refused to retreat at first—thus giving a rare public demonstration of his obstinacy under pressure. Asked why he, a man who is generally precise and subtle in his use of language, persisted in using words that offended so many people, Carter became snappish. "You know what 'alien' means," he said, "and it doesn't have the negative connotation you are trying to put on it." Reported TIME Correspondent Stanley Cloud, who has observed Carter closely for several months: "When he is angry, he can be very, very stubborn—very much the south Georgia turtle."

Contrite Retreat. Finally, Carter bowed to the pressure and backed down. At a press conference in Philadelphia, he contritely retreated from his language—but not his stand on public housing. Said he: "I was careless in the words I used, and I apologize for it. It was a very serious mistake." He took a further step toward working his way out of trouble with black voters. He announced that he no longer regards the Humphrey-Hawkins full-employment bill as too costly because it has been significantly amended, and now supports it. The measure would require the Government to reduce adult unemployment to less than 3%—a plan that is strongly endorsed by most black leaders.

Still, that maneuver may not restore Carter to the good graces of many blacks

and white liberals. Reported TIME Political Correspondent Robert Ajemian: "A lot of people have been waiting for him to stumble over his own piety. His statement showed a certain insularity in his thinking—a narrow outlook rather than a broad one. If the mistake had come earlier, before his primary victories, it could have been ruinous. Many people are already likening it, despite significant differences, to Edmund Muskie's crying in 1972, or George Romney's 'brainwashing' in 1968." As it is, Carter was badly damaged, and his road to recovery may be long and painful.

A Bitter Three Weeks Ahead

For Hubert Humphrey, who has been looking and sounding more like a candidate every day, it was just like the good old times. Before him, in the grand ballroom of Pittsburgh's Hilton Hotel, nearly 2,000 delegates to the annual Pennsylvania AFL-CIO convention exuberantly chanted: "We want Humphrey! We want Humphrey!" Four times during his speech he brought the crowd to its feet to cheer and applaud. The din even briefly drowned out his spirited attack on both the Ford Administration and on Democratic presidential candidates who have tried to make Washington an election issue. Said he: "The issue is not Washington, not Big Government, but the people in the Government. When we put a new man in the White House, there is going to be the biggest exodus across the Potomac since Moses led his people across the Red Sea."

Last week his chances of becoming his party's nominee for the White House improved markedly. For one thing Jimmy Carter, Henry Jackson and Morris Udall bloodied each other in the New York and Wisconsin primaries. In New York, Jackson won almost as many delegates as the other two combined, but fell far short of the "landslide" he had predicted, while Carter barely managed to squeak by Udall in Wisconsin. The real winner was Humphrey, who hopes that a deadlock will force the Democratic convention to turn to him in July.

Build Support. At the same time, Pennsylvania's labor leaders decided to help Humphrey by doing what they can to defeat Carter in the state's April 27 primary, which is the next big contest. They agreed to turn out as many of their 1.5 million members as possible to work among the state's 2.8 million registered Democrats to build support for Jackson's and Udall's delegates, even though this means abandoning a few union members who are running as Carter delegates. In this way, Humphrey's backers hope to keep the Democratic race a three-man battle by stalling Carter. Pre-



JACKSON AT THE CIRCUS IN NEW YORK
The real winner was Humphrey.

dicts Democratic Chairman Robert Strauss: "It's going to be a bitter three weeks."

After the New York and Wisconsin count, the candidacies of Humphrey's rivals shaped up this way:

CARTER. Before the uproar over the "ethnic purity" gaffe, it could be said that his momentum was slowed, but he was far from stopped. As Mark Siegel, executive director of the Democratic National Committee, observed: "Carter had a rough week." In New York, he had hoped to do far better than his poor fourth place with 35 delegates, behind Jackson with 104, Udall with 70 and a block of 65 uncommitted delegates. In Wisconsin, Carter had hoped to win by a big enough margin to knock Udall out of the race. Instead, in a contest so close that NBC and ABC at first projected Udall as the winner (see THE PRESS), Carter got 37% of the vote, Udall 36%, George Wallace 13% and Jackson 7%.

Carter also suffered setbacks in caucus states. In Virginia, where Democrats were in the early stages of delegate selection, they gave him 30% of their votes, and 60% for uncommitted delegate slates. In Oklahoma, where the selection process was completed, he wound up with twelve delegates, but 18 delegates went uncommitted and seven went to Native Son Fred Harris, who dropped out last week as a candidate in the primaries.

Still, Carter has won far more caucuses (eight), primaries (six) and delegates (247) than any other candidate. Further, his campaign was picking up speed in Pennsylvania. The state's liberals are mostly supporting Udall, but Carter has the endorsement of several important politicians, among them



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TIME, APRIL 19, 1976

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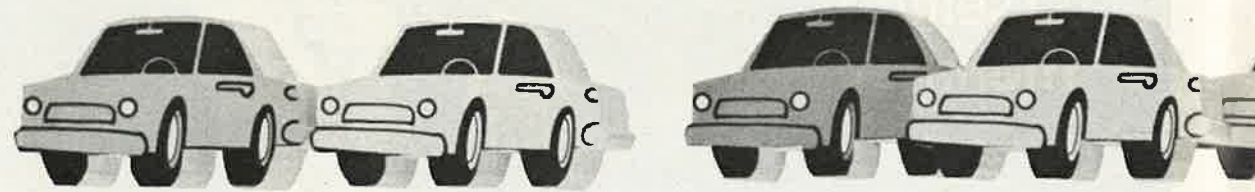


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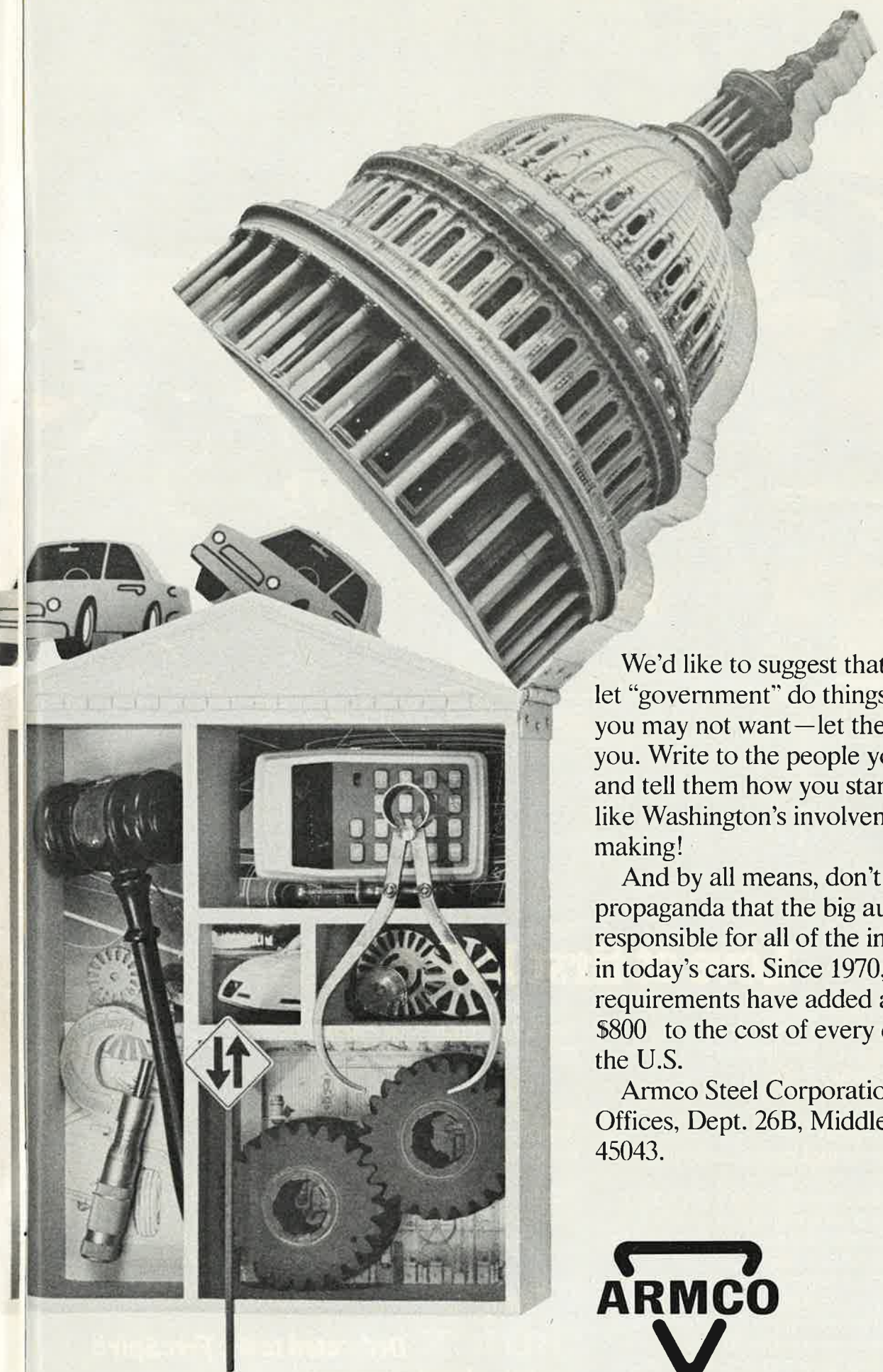


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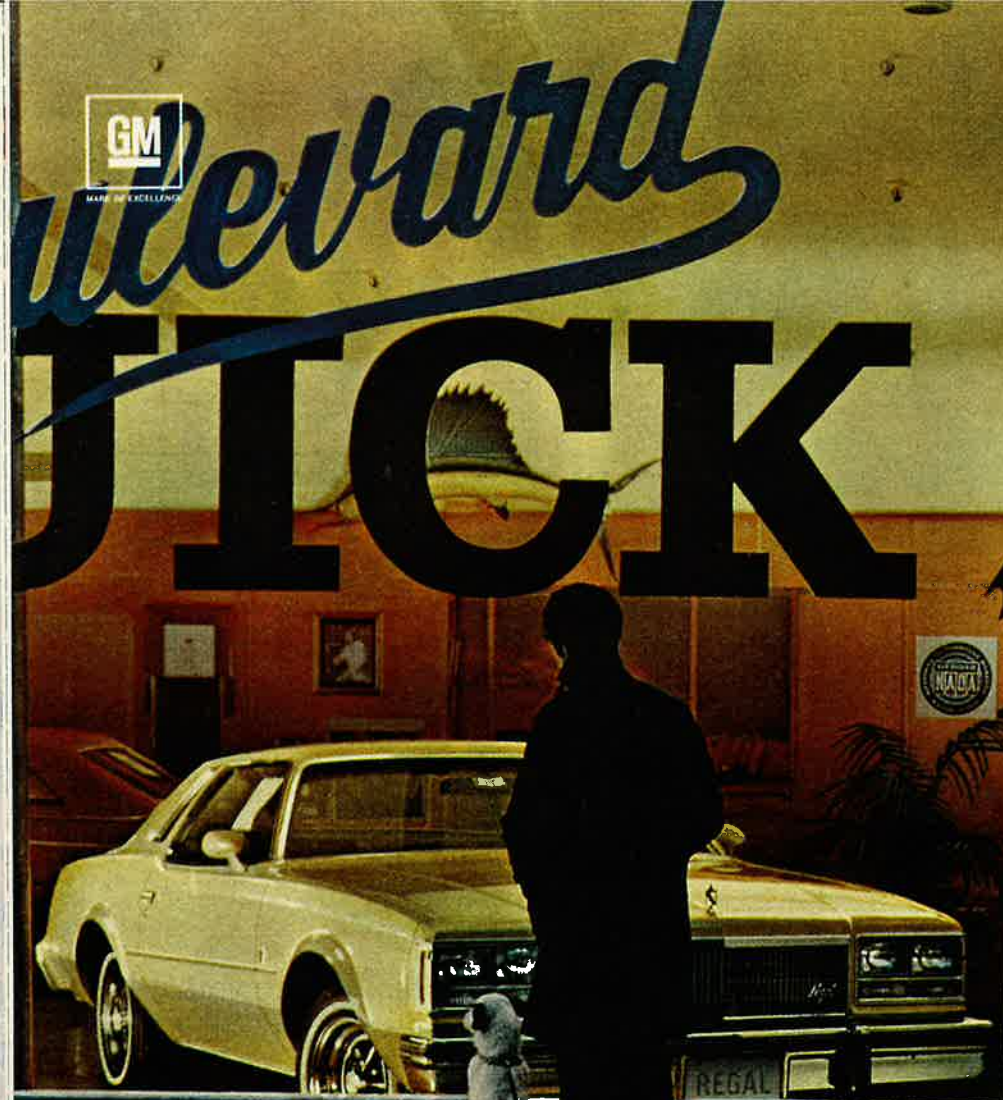


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THE NATION

Pittsburgh Mayor Pete Flaherty. Yet none of these calculations take into account the unpredictable effects of Carter's new difficulties with blacks and liberals over his remarks on housing. His problems delighted his opponents. Chorled Washington Political Correspondent Ted Van Dyk, a Humphrey supporter: "The dominoes are not falling over."

JACKSON. By overstating his chances, Jackson greatly reduced the impact of his victory in New York and missed the big lift that he had sought. Jackson tried a rueful quip: "We got our landslide, but we just missed our majority." He had the best organization in the state and expended \$650,000 and 20 days of personal campaigning—more than the investment in money and time of the other candidates combined. Nonetheless, he failed to expand his support much beyond his solid core of Jewish and blue-collar voters in the New York City area. He lost most of the black districts, the suburbs and upstate New York to Udall and Carter. More than ever, Jackson knows that he must do well in Pennsylvania. He has budgeted \$350,000 for the state, about \$100,000 more than either of his opponents.

UDALL. To stay in the race as a serious contender, he needed to win in Wisconsin. The narrow loss was only partly offset by his unexpectedly strong showing in New York, where he did well among affluent liberals, well-educated young people and nonorganization Democrats. Thus, barring a miracle, Udall's role in the campaign is now that of a spoiler, offering liberals an alternative to Carter and siphoning off some of his potential support.

Delegate Box Score (As of April 9)			
Republicans (Needed to nominate: 1130)			
Firm	Leaning to*	TOTAL	
Ford	257	264	521
Reagan	83	76	159
Uncommitted	2	9	11
Democrats (Needed to nominate: 1505)			
Carter	247	71	318
Jackson	182	44	226
Udall	119	19	138
Wallace	104	1	105
Humphrey	4	88	92
Others	31	2	33
Favorite Sons	86	6	92
Uncommitted	76	114	190

*Includes some uncommitted but clearly leaning delegates, and projected delegate totals from caucus states that have not yet completed the selection process.
TIME Chart/The Chartmakers, Inc.



EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF ECONOMIC POLICY BOARD MEETING IN WHITE HOUSE

THE PRESIDENCY/HUGH SIDLEY

On the Inside, Feeling the Pulse

They pass out Jerry Ford's political buttons and biographies over at the L Street campaign headquarters. But the real campaign committee meets every morning in the White House's Roosevelt Room, and it is officially called the Economic Policy Board executive committee.

One of Ford's strongest election assets is an economy that is gathering strength. Without it, he would be politically moribund. The question now is whether the recovery is enough to blot out Watergate and make the Russians and Henry Kissinger seem less of an irritant to the nation's peace of mind.

The 15 or 20 men who gather beneath the portrait of Teddy Roosevelt on a rampant steed do not come in red, white and blue plastic boaters or snapping galluses that say, THERE IS A FORD IN YOUR FUTURE. They deny direct relationship with the crass election business. But they are everything to Ford's future.

Bearing charts, they pad quietly down the halls in dark suits, queue up at the big coffee urn near the door and settle in around the long table by 8:30 a.m. "All right, gentlemen, let's start," shouts Treasury Secretary William Simon, the chairman, who still has a whiff of the Wall Street buccaneer about him. For the next 15 or 30 minutes they take the economic pulse all the way from the condition of the winter-wheat crop (better than expected) to the state of mind of Teamster Top Dog Frank Fitzsimmons (angry over NBC's scathing profile of him). Then, at least once a week, their findings, their moods, their urgings, are conveyed to the President.

Labor, State, Commerce are there. Alan Greenspan, the chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, is on hand, fingertips together, eyes on the ceiling. So is Jim Lynn, head of the Office of Management and Budget. Ford's special agent at these sessions is his economic assistant, L. William Seidman, fresh from his morning 1½-mile jog in Dumbarton Oaks Park. Other Cabinet officers and bureaucrats move in and out according to subject.

The mark of this group is found in Ford's approach to New York City, the recent Soviet grain deals, proposed deregulation for trucking and aviation, the presidential vetoes of spending bills, and almost every economic move he has made.

Last week the participants peered down the long, tough road in labor-contract negotiations. Willie Usery, Secretary of Labor, who had just mediated the Teamster settlement, puffed on his big white meerschaum pipe and ticked some of them off: rubber workers, electrical-appliance workers, meat packers, construction workers. It would be a delicate and difficult time in some ways, he warned, but not impossible to weather safely if free bargaining were given every encouragement.

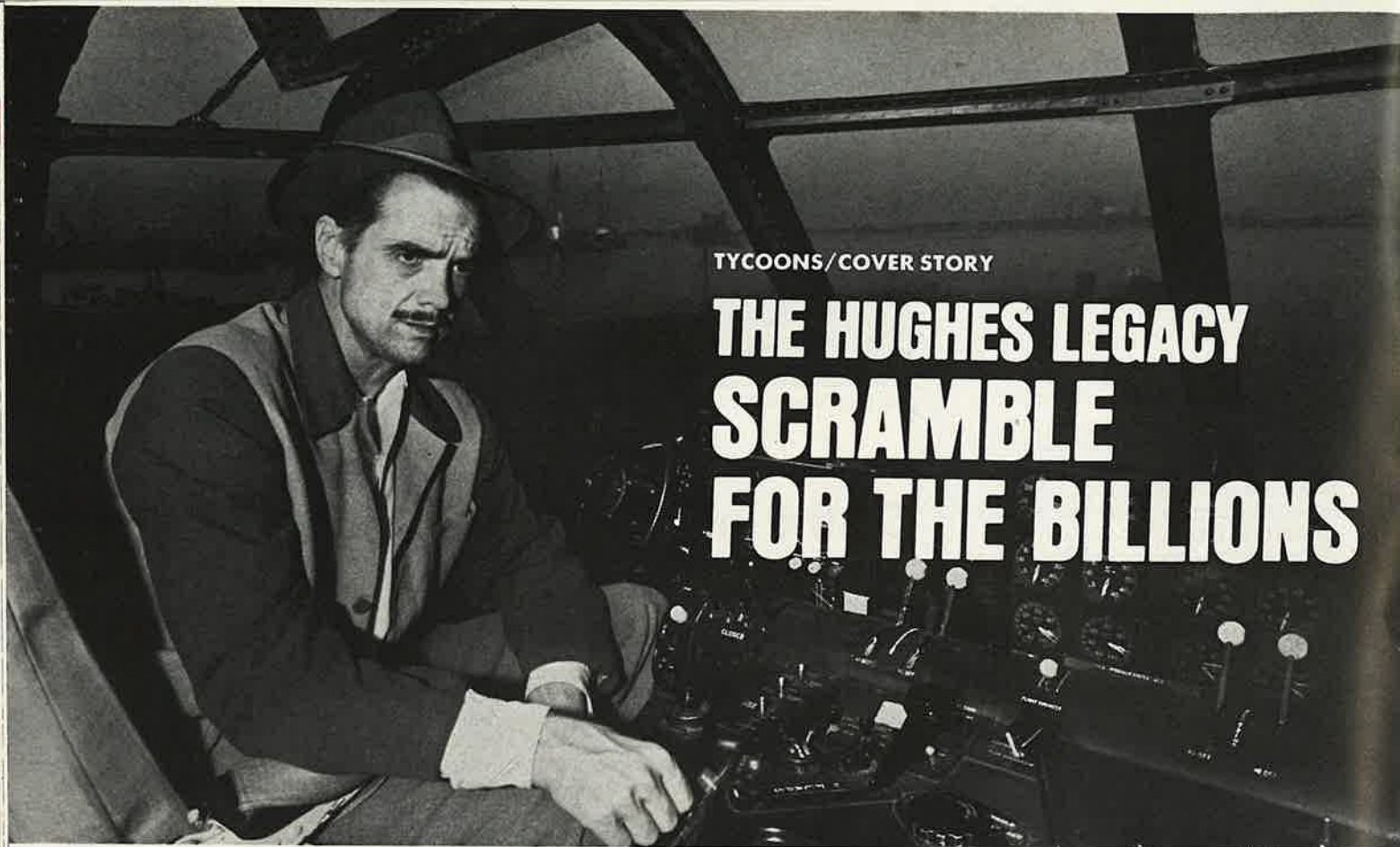
The committee pondered the problem of reading the unemployment statistics and dismantling the "myth," as Jim Lynn called it, that the same people are unemployed month after month. Most unemployment is short-range—people moving in and out of jobs. This "churning," said Greenspan, is unbelievably high, and one of the serious consequences of not knowing the fluid nature of unemployment is that Government programs are sometimes aimed at people who find jobs before the Government can act. Seidman asked for better guidance "so we can take the money we are spending on unemployment and spend it better."

As 9 a.m. approached, Simon hurried off to the Hill to testify before Congress; Seidman summed up the requests for action and then ordered adjournment. Aides grabbed their briefcases and fled. It had been only a fragment of time, but maybe the most important piece of the presidential mosaic of that day.

Perhaps the best testimony that this new committee system works occurred one day last month. Simon and the economy had been the focus of the most virulent attacks on Ford's leadership. When Simon returned from a trip to the Middle East, he discovered a change. Henry Kissinger and foreign policy had become the main targets. It was not long until Kissinger called Treasury and joked: "Simon, you s.o.b., you're behind these attacks on me."

TYCOONS/COVER STORY

THE HUGHES LEGACY SCRAMBLE FOR THE BILLIONS



HOWARD HUGHES AT CONTROLS OF HIS SPRUCE GOOSE FLYING BOAT IN LOS ANGELES HARBOR (1947)

EVERMAN & GRANT

Perched atop the service elevator in Acapulco's pyramidal Princess Hotel, Repairman Lidio Sandoval was performing a routine maintenance check one morning last week, when suddenly the car began to rise. To his surprise, it ascended all the way to the forbidden 20th-floor penthouse, which elevators could reach only if summoned by a special key. Peering unseen through an open panel in the ceiling, he watched in fascination as a drama unfolded in the car below. Anxious aides and a doctor wheeled in a stretcher bearing an old, apparently unconscious man covered only by a yellow sheet. A tube dangling from one of his arms connected him, presumably, to a dialysis machine.

When the elevator reached ground level, the attendants brusquely shooed away curious hotel workers and loaded the man into an ambulance that sped to the airport. There the patient was placed in a waiting Gates Learjet ambulance plane from Miami. Before landing in Acapulco earlier that day, it had fetched from the Bahamas a vacationing Utah physician, Wilbur Thain, who was one of the patient's three private doctors. Pilot Roger Sutton was alarmed by the ailing passenger's condition. "He looked very emaciated, a pasty color," he recalls. "When they put him on the plane, he moved his lips, but I could not hear anything."

As the Learjet streaked toward Houston, Sutton inquired about the patient's condition.

"He is very close to dying," replied the doctor.

After the plane touched down at Houston Intercontinental Airport, Thain told the pilot, "There is no hurry. He's gone."

At 70, the legendary, invisible, mysterious, outrageous Howard Robard Hughes was dead. No American had ever intrigued and confounded his fellow citizens as did the once handsome and dashing Hughes. Squeezing several implausible careers into one lifetime, he was the fabled billionaire who squired and sometimes seduced the world's most beautiful women, the provocative moviemaker, the daring pilot, the unchallenged and capricious captain of an industrial empire and a huge airline, the innovative weaponmaker on whom the nation's defense rested in part. Yet despite his wealth and onetime glamour, he had turned into a recluse whose obsession for privacy only intensified the curiosity about him. For the past ten years his isolation had been so complete that only his death gave proof he had still been alive.

Even in death Hughes created more mysteries. Childless and twice divorced, he left no immediate family. He had often stated that he intended to bequeath his fortune to the Howard Hughes Medical Institute, a Miami-headquartered organization that in the past decade has dispensed \$8.8 million in research grants. In that way he would have avoided all federal estate taxes. But by week's end no one had produced his will. There is growing suspicion that the eccentric Hughes may have died before executing a legally binding document. If so, his fortune, estimated at a total of \$2.3 billion, will be reduced by the largest inheritance tax in history—\$1 billion or more.

Even if a clear and authentic last testament by Hughes is found, a gigantic scramble for the remaining money seems certain to break out anyway. That fight, which could have incalculable consequences, would pit Hughes' long estranged, patrician Houston relatives against a triumvirate of insiders at Hughes' Summa Corp., the umbrella company formed in 1972 to oversee his vast holdings (see box).

The uncertainty of the situation raises serious questions about the fate of Hughes' empire. In Nevada, his aviation companies and seven hotels and casinos—including the Sands, the Desert Inn and the Castaways—are the second largest employer (more than 6,000 people) after the Federal Government. His aviation and defense companies even now affect the national interest; for example, Hughes Aircraft, which is the U.S.'s ninth biggest defense contractor, produces the Phoenix air-to-air missile, the Hellfire air-to-surface missile and radar.

While the fate of Hughes' legacy was in doubt, the world could only once again try to probe the mysteries of his life—and death. There was even dispute over the cause of death. An autopsy in Houston, the home town that Hughes had not visited in 21 years, ascribed it to kidney poisoning. But a Summa Corp. spokesman insisted that Hughes had suffered a massive stroke two days earlier, forcing the emergency trip to Houston.

After the autopsy, the body was claimed by Hughes' relatives, including his only surviving aunt, Mrs. Frederick Lummis Sr., 85, and eight cousins. At an eight-minute Episcopal ceremony attended only by them and their families—about 20 people in all—Hughes was laid in a grave beside his mother and father in Houston's Glenwood Cemetery. "We brought nothing

into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out," said the priest. "Remember thy servant Howard."

Hughes had lived for so long in utter isolation that many people questioned whether the body was actually his. The Internal Revenue Service, which had been on the verge of declaring him legally dead in order to claim the huge estate tax, took fingerprints from the corpse to check against genuine Hughes prints on file with the FBI in Washington. It was Hughes, all right.

Self-Imposed Imprisonment

No one could be blamed for doubting. He had not been seen in public since 1958, and the most recent photo dates from 1952. Dr. Jack Titus, the chief pathologist at Methodist Hospital, performed the autopsy. He found Hughes to be a skeleton of a man, weighing only 90-odd lbs., with wispy gray hair down to his shoulders and a sparse beard.*

His secret life was surrounded by speculation, much of it wildly spurious. The only eyewitness account came in 1971, when Howard Eckersley, one of Hughes' principal nurse-aides, was compelled to testify in a Nevada suit. According to Eckersley, Hughes had locked himself into a self-made prison. Whether atop the Desert Inn in Las Vegas (where he lived from 1966 to 1970) or the Inn on the Park in London (1972-73) or the Princess in Acapulco (since February), Hughes' pattern of existence was much the same. He was completely sheltered from outsiders by five nurse-aides, four of whom are Mormons. Hughes had picked them because their abstemious religion rendered them, in his eyes, less susceptible to the weaknesses of human nature that he knew so well. The penthouses were isolated from the rest of the hotel by locked elevator and surveillance devices, sometimes including TV monitors. Security guards patrolled the halls to ward off intruders.

Usually Hughes lived in one room, its windows sealed by black curtains and masking tape. Only when watching television was he aware of the time; long ago he had imperiously chosen to ignore the ordinary routine of days and nights. He spent most of his time sitting in a straight-backed hard chair, most often clad only in pajamas. He was constantly attended by two male aides who acted as secretaries and nurses. When he lived at the Desert Inn, he was separated from the aides by a glass partition to ward off germs. If he wanted to give instructions, he would summon an aide to a door to pick up notes, or he would hold up the notes to a glass. Sample: "Please watch me closely and do not let me go to sleep at all."

Hughes would work and read for days on end. Then he would fall into an almost comatose state in which he would sleep for several days. His eating habits were equally bizarre. He existed largely on unvaried diets consisting mainly of such sweets as fudge and cakes. At one time he developed an obsession for cakes that were perfectly square. "We had a ruler in the kitchen to measure them with," recalls the former chef at the Bayshore Inn in Vancouver, where Hughes stayed in 1972. At other times he would fast for days. Usually he drank bottled Poland water from Maine.

*For TIME's cover portrait, Artist Barron Storey worked from old photos of Hughes and eyewitness descriptions provided last week by the two pilots of the ambulance plane and the Houston customs inspector who admitted the body to the U.S.

His abnormal life-style led to a deterioration of his health, which already had been weakened by earlier accidents and overwork. After the first 18 months of seclusion in the Desert Inn, Hughes had wasted to less than 100 lbs. He developed chronic anemia in 1968; one of the Western world's two or three richest men suffered from malnutrition.

What drove him into hiding? In one of his rare meetings with outsiders, at Managua, Nicaragua, in 1971, he offered an explanation to former U.S. Ambassador to Nicaragua Shelton Turner and Strongman Anastasio Somoza. "I was working on inventions, but calls and visitors kept interrupting me," he said. "I told my aides to cut down on appointments and calls. It was very gradual, but finally I realized I was not seen seeing anyone." Laughing, Hughes added, "I probably carried it too far."

Some of Hughes' phobias, however, had roots in real causes. For example, his celebrated fear of germs: a 1946 air crash injured his lungs, rendering him susceptible to bronchial infection. As for his shyness, he was embarrassed both by his increasing deafness and the injuries that had marred his looks. Three air crashes had mangled his nose and cheeks. While flying over Siberia on a globe-circling flight in 1938, Hughes had had to breathe oxygen for many hours through an aluminum tube; that froze his jaw, causing a bone disease that slowly eroded his profile. Still, he remained a reasonably handsome man, but unfortunately he failed to think so.

Above all, Hughes' withdrawal stemmed from a deep fear that others would gain power over him. It was an ironic inversion of his own ruthless desire to impose his will on others. In an exchange of messages with a Merrill Lynch executive in 1960, Hughes boasted that for most of his life he had never done anything that he did not want to. Though he attracted many talented people into his service, he demanded a total obedience that ultimately repulsed nearly all of them. Similarly, he was driven to possess his women, was wildly jealous to retain them for himself alone although he had moved on to other interests (see box).

Even in isolation, Hughes devised methods that made him highly effective as a wheeler and dealer. His deteriorating health was, of course, a handicap, but at times when he felt strong, his mind was sharp and clear. Until as late as 1972, he retained the overall control of his empire by poring over his companies' performance reports, peppering aides with memos and reading a wide selection of the nation's press. He orchestrated the activities of his aides down to the last



HUGHES' BODY LEAVING HOUSTON HOSPITAL AFTER AUTOPSY; HUGHES' AUNT, MRS. FREDERICK LUMMIS (SECOND FROM LEFT), AT FUNERAL





AT AGE 21

ON THE OUTLAW MOVIE SET (1943)

AS A PILOT IN 1937

IN NEW YORK PARADE (1938)

detail and closely supervised their business transactions.

When negotiating business deals himself, Hughes, who had the reputation of being the world's greatest procrastinator and nitpicker, continued to be an exasperating haggler. Always trying to squeeze out a better deal, he refused to be moved by deadlines or ultimatums imposed by the other side. A favorite Hughes rebuttal: "I will not negotiate with a gun at my head!"

"Those who dealt with him were almost always driven to absolute fits of frustration," wrote TIME Associate Editor David B. Tinnin in his book, *Just About Everybody vs. Howard Hughes* (1973). Continued Tinnin, who interviewed scores of people who had dealt with him: "One banker who did business for many years with him maintains that Hughes operates according to four principles. One: Never make a decision. Let someone else make it and then if it turns out to be the wrong one, you can disclaim it, and if it is the right one, you can abide by it. Two: Always postpone any deadline—for a week, a day, or even half an hour. Who knows, the situation may change in your favor if only you have the patience to wait. Three: Divide and conquer—both your foes and friends. Play off everyone against each

other so that you have more avenues of action open to you. Four: Every man has his price. The only problem, therefore, is finding out what the price is."

By remote control, Hughes became a politically powerful ghost. His representatives handed out as much as \$250,000 a year to politicians. After moving from Los Angeles to Las Vegas in 1966, he contributed heavily to the campaign fund of Republican Governor Paul Laxalt, whom Hughes for a time considered pushing for the presidency. Then he became a backer of Vice President Hubert Humphrey, contributing \$50,000 to his 1968 presidential campaign.

The CIA Partner

In Las Vegas, Hughes found the ideal money machine from which he drew funds for political contributions. It was the Silver Slipper casino, a gaudy gambling house located opposite Hughes' Desert Inn hideaway, which he leased for \$4.5 million. From the Silver Slipper till, Hughes in 1970 withdrew at least \$1 million for his personal projects. The money was in small-denom-

ination, old bills, which could not be traced by tax authorities. Thus he could contribute to his favored candidates more than the \$3,000 tax-free limit that prevailed until 1972. As the Watergate investigations later disclosed, Hughes in 1970 sent President Nixon \$100,000 in hundred-dollar bills, which were given to Charles ("Bebe") Rebozo in two installments in manila envelopes. There has been speculation that the purpose of the Watergate break-in and bugging was to discover how much the Democratic National Committee knew of that secret gift, but federal investigators have been unable to establish the credence of that suspicion.

By no means all the success of Hughes' enterprises stemmed from his special relationship to Washington. Hughes Aircraft, for example, has top-flight managers and an excellent reputation. Even so, a recent Government study shows that although the company produces superior weapons, it also charges very high prices and makes big markups on equipment that it buys from outside suppliers and resells to the Pentagon.

During the past ten years Hughes Aircraft, which relies almost exclusively on Government work, has won nearly \$6 bil-

lion in Government contracts, most of them on bids for weapons and electronic devices that were not open to competitors. There was also about 6 billion dollars more in secret contracts with the CIA over this period. "The huge contracts made Hughes Aircraft a captive company of the CIA," asserts one former Pentagon official. "Their interests are completely merged."

Howard Hughes was eager to have a link to the CIA, since he believed it would help him fend off other U.S. agencies prying into his taxes and business manipulations. The now defunct Robert R. Mullen & Co., which represented Hughes in Washington, also served as a CIA front and provided cover for agents in Europe and Asia. Mullen's president, Robert Bennett, is now a Summa executive.

When the CIA conceived the plan to raise a sunken Soviet submarine from the Pacific seabed, the agency turned to Hughes for cover. Summa organized the construction of the *Glomar Explorer*, under the guise of an oceanic mining and exploration ship. Its real mission remains the subject of suspicion. Despite Government denials, there is speculation that the ship may have been performing different duties—like implanting a weapons sys-



WITH JEAN HARLOW (1934)



GINGER ROGERS (1932)



AVA GARDNER (1946)



JEAN PETERS (1947)

The Women in the Legend

Women were second only to planes in Hughes' affections and, until the last years of his life, he changed them as frequently. He took an engineer's interest in their anatomy, handled them with dexterity but not much warmth. The affair could come to a smooth ending or a crash landing. However Hughes made his exit, his women—out of either gratitude or fear—rarely said a word about him. They were all part of the legend, and part of the reason that America was fascinated with him.

Hughes married twice. In 1925, at 19, he wed Ella Rice, a comely home-town girl from a prominent Houston family. They were divorced four years later. In 1957, he married Actress Jean Peters, who also had homespun qualities. She gave up her film career and joined Hughes in seclusion until they parted after 15 years; she got a settlement of \$50,000 annually for life.

A third marriage of eight years, beginning about 1949, is claimed by Actress Terry Moore. She says that Hughes contrived to meet her after seeing her in a film. "He couldn't take his eyes off me," she recalls. "It was terrifying. He was an old man of 43. He needed a shave. His collar was frayed. His mustache was scraggly. I was afraid of what the kids at Glendale High would say if they saw me out with an old man like this."

But go out with him she did. "That was the beginning of our long love affair. He raised me. I was a baby." He was jealous of all her leading men, she says, except Mickey Rooney, and ordered her out of films. But she forgave his defects because of his assets. "He had *Last Supper* eyes. I would look in his eyes and cry." He taught her to fly, and she liked to tease him by putting

the plane into a spin. They were married, says Terry, in 1949 on Hughes' yacht *The Hilda*, off San Diego. Later, she contends, Hughes reportedly destroyed the record of the wedding in the ship's log.

More publicized were Hughes' relationships in the 1930s and '40s with well-known stars: Katharine Hepburn, Ginger Rogers, Lana Turner, Ava Gardner, Olivia de Havilland, Ida Lupino. Rogers, who claimed he proposed to her, dumped him when she caught him cheating with another woman. Gardner beamed him with a bronze statue at her home after he cuffed her around for seeing another man.

Liaisons did not necessarily mean love affairs. Before he became publicity-shy, Hughes knew how much mileage he could get from being seen with the right woman. Says Bill Feeder, who was director of RKO public relations when Hughes owned the studio: "Sex and showmanship were the same thing to him. The romance stories were a lot of baloney." Hughes spent plenty of time in public with his star Jean Harlow—but no time in private, according to people who knew them both. He was put off by the blonde bombshell's four-letter-word vocabulary. He explained earthily why he plucked Jane Russell from obscurity to star her in *The Outlaw*. But he did no more than stare. He was content to design a complicated brassiere to enhance her charms.

Hughes, in fact, was not particularly at ease with women. He was a dull conversationalist and did not enjoy being convivial. He used the little-boy approach. "I'm an orphan," he informed dates. "I went away to school when I was twelve, and I never really knew my mother after that." Women with an instinct for mothering responded. Often, Hughes was too tongue-tied to ask for a first date. He employed surrogates—to put it

politely—to do the job for him. From the 1930s to the 1950s, he established a girl-producing machine of breathtaking efficiency.

First, Hughes combed magazines and newspapers for intriguing faces and bosoms. When somebody struck his fancy, he ordered up a biographical sketch. Then he dispatched his personal photographer to wherever the girl might be—Argentina, Europe, Kansas. The photographer took six shots: three of the girl sitting down, three standing up. Hughes had the photos blown up and examined them at leisure in his office. If she still met his standards, he sent an underling to lure her to Hollywood with a movie contract. In time, he had collected a sizable group of starlets who were doing very little on film to earn their \$500 a week.

In the 1950s, minority shareholders at RKO felt that this practice of Hughes, among others, was damaging the company, and they sued. As a consequence, Hughes got out of RKO.

If Hughes was especially smitten, he set the girl up in a suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel

or at a leased home in Bel Air. She was virtually his prisoner, watched constantly by a maid or chauffeur. She was on 24-hour-a-day call, but Hughes seldom called. His idea of lavish attention was to give her 20 minutes every other week. Even then, while she was undressing, he might become engrossed in *Popular Mechanics* and forget about lovemaking. To entice a French ballerina to Hollywood, he paid the living expenses for her entourage of 20 people for a year. "The funny thing is that right after she arrived," says his old friend Irving ("Swift") Lazar, the Hollywood literary agent, "Hughes got busy and never even looked at her the entire year."

As little as Hughes touched or talked to his Hollywood harem, he did not allow any woman to leave her gilded cage without his consent. If one showed signs of restlessness, he increased the number of guards observing her—or even invited her parents to move in with her to relieve the boredom. As Lazar notes: "Hughes liked dames under his thumb, not independent."



TERRY MOORE (LEFT) IN 1950 & JANE RUSSELL IN 1943



tem on the ocean floor. Last week the Government sought to dispel those suspicions by allowing newsmen to visit the huge barge that accompanied the *Glomar Explorer* on the mission. The craft looked harmless, but it was not large enough to accommodate a retrieved Soviet submarine, as the CIA at first asserted.

In any event, some U.S. intelligence experts will miss Hughes. On learning of his death, James J. Angleton, the former CIA chief of counterintelligence, became misty-eyed. Said he: "Howard Hughes! Where his country's interests were concerned, no man knew his target better. We were fortunate to have him."

Hughes was fortunate too. Under both the Johnson and Nixon Administrations, he received kid-glove treatment. Not until 1971 did the IRS subject the Hughes holdings to an overall audit; the results of that audit have been kept secret. The Hughes Medical Institute has continued to enjoy tax-exempt status though its small volume of contributions does not meet IRS regulations for tax exemption. When Hughes in 1970 was faced with an antitrust complaint for attempting to buy another hotel in Las Vegas, former Attorney General John Mitchell personally intervened on his behalf.

The opening chapters of Hughes' life read like a rather special American Dream Texas version. He had just about everything—money, talent, ambition. As a boy, he

short supply, he constructed his plane from lumber; hence its nickname, the *Spruce Goose*. Working in a mammoth hangar, which still stands at a Hughes plant in Culver City, Calif., Hughes built the huge eight-engine flying boat, which was as big as today's Boeing 747.

By the time the *Spruce Goose* was finished, World War II had long been won. But a Senate subcommittee began investigating whether Hughes through his p.r. man had won rich Government contracts for the *Goose* and long-range reconnaissance aircraft by lavishly entertaining military officers, including Colonel Elliott Roosevelt, the late President's son. Facing down his congressional critics, Hughes vowed to leave the U.S. if the huge plane failed to fly. On Nov. 2, 1947, he flew it—but only for slightly more than a mile off Long Beach, Calif., at an altitude of no higher than 70 ft. The plane was just too unwieldy and dangerous. Today it sits in a specially constructed hangar in Long Beach.

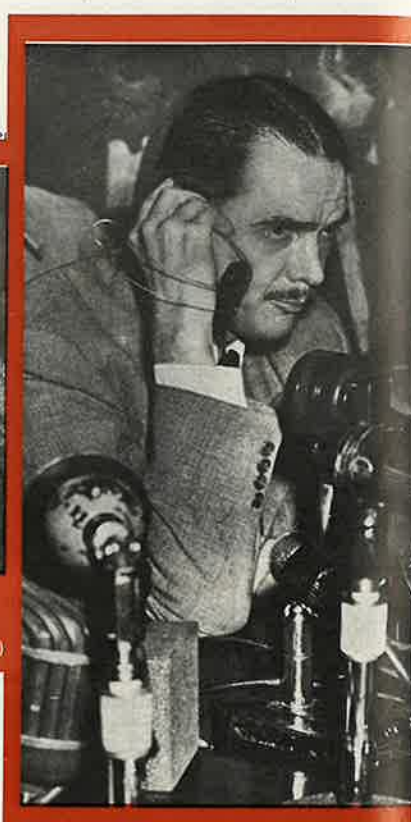
After the war, Hughes foresaw the importance of wedding electronics to weaponry, and bright young scientists flocked to the Hughes Aircraft Co. because he created a questing atmosphere and provided them with the wherewithal to experiment. The company rapidly expanded, but in the '50s Hughes offended his best scientists by second-guessing them. After many quit,



GETTING AVIATION AWARD FROM F.D.R. (1937)



VISITING WASHINGTON, D.C., IN 1947



AT SENATE SUBCOMMITTEE HEARING (1947)

showed a remarkable innate talent for tinkering; he built one of the first licensed "ham" stations in Texas, using an old doorbell and an auto-ignition system. His father, known as "Big Howard," had developed the first oil-drill bit that could bore through rock, thus opening vast untapped fields to exploration. "Little Howard" was only 18 when his father died, but he persuaded a Texas court to declare him to be of age. He bought out his relatives and took over the Hughes Tool Co. as sole owner.

Becoming restless, Howard soon headed for Hollywood, where he used the earnings from Toolco, as the company became known, to teach himself the art of film making. He was such a fast learner that within two years he won an Oscar for a silent comedy and went on to produce *Hell's Angels*, an epic of World War I aerial combat. For the leading lady, he discovered Jean Harlow, whose wondrously sculpted shape, platinum hair, plus a certain charming vulgarity, gave her a unique place in the American libido.

Meanwhile, Hughes, who learned to fly as a teen-ager, built his own highly advanced H-1 racer in which he set a world speed record of 352 m.p.h. in 1935. Three years later, Hughes, who was already predicting the era of ocean-spanning aircraft, flew round the world in 91 hr. 14 min., breaking the old record by four days.

When German submarines sank Allied shipping at an appalling rate during World War II, Hughes advocated the building of a gigantic airplane that could fly troops and cargo to the battle zones far above the reach of U-boats. Since metal was in

the Air Force threatened to cancel its defense contracts unless Hughes ceased interfering. Partly to reassure the Air Force, as well as to save taxes, he gave the company's stock to the Hughes Medical Institute in 1954, but he still prided himself on its achievements.

He had even sharper ups and downs at Trans World Airlines. With huge infusions of cash, he built it from a small southwestern carrier into a globe girdler. It was also his fief. He chose planes, tinkered with design improvements and harassed TWA's presidents with interminable post-midnight calls. On transcontinental flights, four to six seats were always blocked off for him even though he almost never used them. After Hughes' failure to raise the money for TWA's jet fleet, he lost control of the airline, and the new management hit him with an antitrust suit. Hughes won it in the U.S. Supreme Court. By that time, however, he had sold his huge bloc of TWA at a moment when the market was very high. He got \$546 million, but he regretted losing TWA. "It's not mine any more," Hughes would say. "I can't run my hands over it any more."

In much the same way he gained—and lost—Hollywood's RKO. Buying it in 1948, he soon became the only individual to own a major U.S. film studio. He would summon associates to midnight meetings in obscure hotels and sometimes hole up for weeks in a studio screening room, subsisting on cookies and

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THE FOX BY AUDI

Detroit still can't catch up with the Fox by Audi. Because Detroit still can't give you all these features in one car.

Like front-engine, front-wheel drive, for surefooted traction, or fuel injection, for easier starts in cold weather.

Acceleration from 0 to 50 in 8.0 seconds. A rich, spacious interior with lots of leg and headroom for five foxy folks.

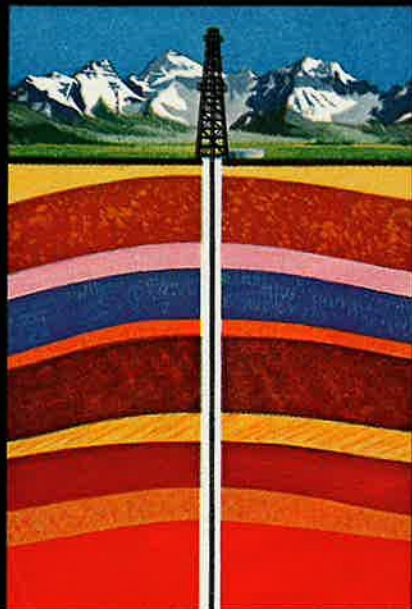
Sophisticated safety features, like dual diagonal brakes, so if one brake circuit fails, another takes over. Or negative steering roll radius, to help bring the car to a controlled stop in case of a front tire blowout.

And a remarkably small appetite for gas: The EPA estimates 37 mpg on the highway, and 24 mpg in the city

(standard shift). Your actual mpg may vary with how and where you drive, your car's condition and optional equipment.

Someday, Detroit may find a way to combine economy, performance and luxury in one car. And if they do, they'll have one of the most impressive cars in the world—the '76 Fox by Audi.

There is no alternative to getting more natural gas.



No other energy can fill the gap.

Natural gas plays an enormous part in running our country. It provides half the energy for America's industry. No other energy even comes close. You may be startled to hear gas provides our nation with 3 times more energy than electricity does.

Right now there's a critical gas shortage.

The answer is finding more gas. Other energies can't be made available in large enough quantities to fill the gap. For instance,

the electric industry is hard pressed to raise the 17 billion dollars needed each year to meet its own normal growth requirements. Suppose it also had to replace the energy now used by 40 million gas customers—that would require another 300 billion dollars, or close to it. Clearly this is impossible. It's imperative to get more gas.

There is a huge resource of natural gas in this country.

It's under the ocean. Under the Arctic ice and snow. Locked in the rocks of the Rockies.

The gas is there. Getting it can't wait any longer.

The gas industry is ready to invest billions of dollars to develop new supplies. But much of the work waits on the tough energy decisions America must make. And soon. We need your understanding and support to solve the critical gas shortage, and your help in saving gas.



milk while watching nonstop reruns of old flicks. The studio had few postwar hits; its executives revolted; and in disgust Hughes sold RKO in 1954 for a small profit to the General Tire and Rubber Co.

The Looming Conflict

Because Hughes' life was so shrouded by secrecy, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to assess his achievements. Beyond doubt, he possessed a visionary gift for applying the scientific breakthroughs of today to create the new products of tomorrow. With his encouragement, his companies developed the laser, communications satellites and a dizzying array of esoteric weaponry. As one senior Pentagon intelligence officer puts it, "He was some-

thing of a genius in understanding far-out concepts of electro-optical systems, infra-red sensors and other sophisticated gear from undersea to outer space."

Judged solely on the balance sheet, Hughes performed brilliantly. Starting with a company worth only \$750,000 in 1924, he increased the assets astronomically. Yet many businessmen who have observed Hughes closely contend that his companies succeeded only when he left them alone. There is much to be said for that argument. Since he had little interest in drilling technology, he left Toolco alone; because it had an excellent product, it produced a gusher of profits. By contrast, Hughes meddled so much in RKO and TWA that he ultimately failed there.

In Las Vegas the Hughes casinos and hotels are poorly managed compared with other Strip establishments. Furthermore,

The Kingdom and Its Power

To many of his hired managers, the supremely powerful man whom they never saw was "The Shareholder." As such, Howard Hughes controlled everything through Summa Corp., headquartered in Las Vegas, and the Howard Hughes Medical Institute in Miami. Occasionally, the corpulent assets of the two organizations bump into each other, revealing the complex relationships. The institute, of which Hughes was sole trustee, owns all of Hughes Aircraft Co., the huge defense contractor (more than \$1.4 billion worth last year). Hughes Aircraft, in turn, owns half of Theta Cable, a cable TV system in Los Angeles. The other half is owned by Teleprompter Corp., a non-Hughes company, and about 5% of Teleprompter's stock is owned by Summa.

Of the two major Hughes entities, Summa is the most varied. Housed in a heavily guarded building near the Las Vegas strip, it owns most of the Hughes properties and has an estimated \$200 million in cash and negotiable securities.

Of Summa's four operating divisions, the most glittering is the recreational group. It supervises the hotels and casinos in Las Vegas, Reno and the Bahamas. Summa's communications group supervises KLAS-TV and the Hughes Television Network Inc., which connects stations across the country for special programs. (Coming up: a two-hour Bicentennial extravaganza.)

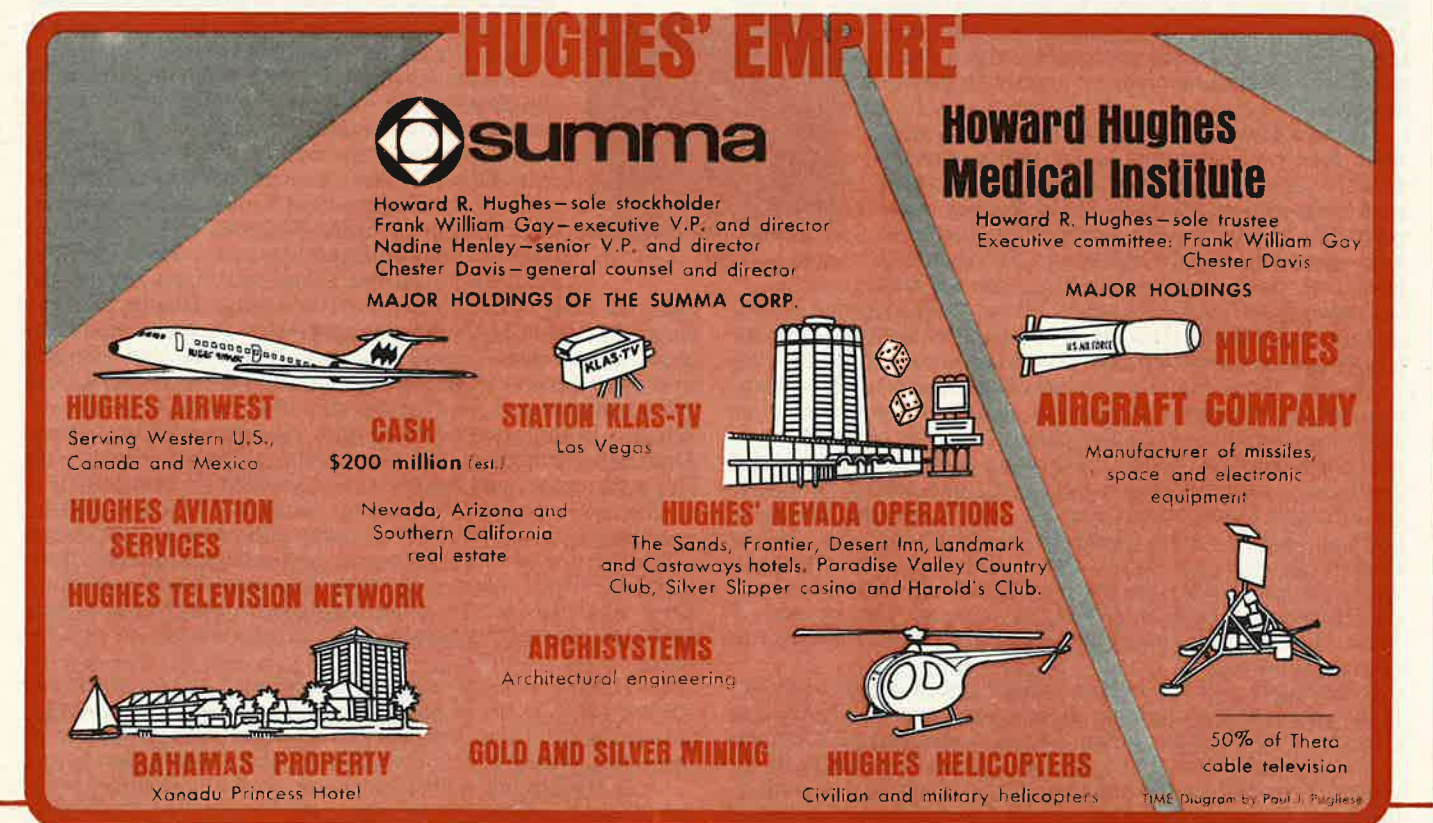
The transportation group owns Hughes Helicopters Div., the

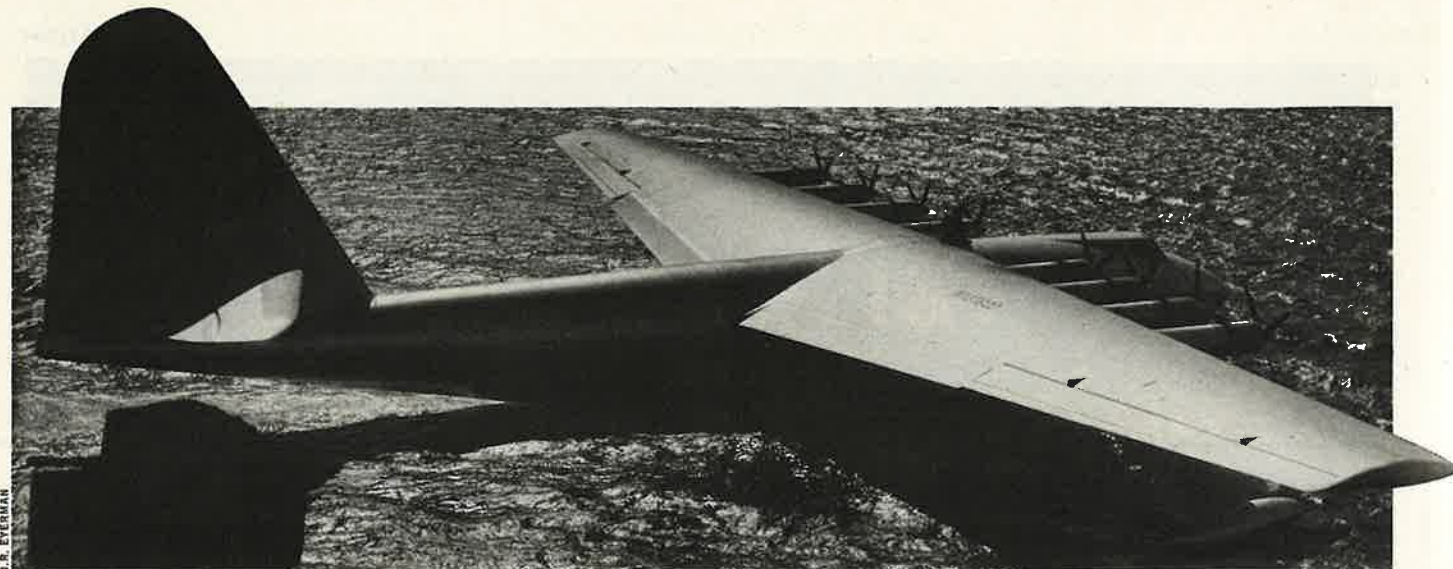
big manufacturer of military choppers. It controls Hughes Airwest, the regional airline, through still another outfit, the Hughes Air Corp. The group runs Hughes Aviation Services Div., which services and repairs planes and provides terminal facilities for charter aircraft at Las Vegas' McCarran International Airport.

A fourth group is concerned chiefly with land management. It controls about 1,200 mines in Nevada and runs the Husite operation that owns about 30,000 acres of undeveloped desert near Las Vegas. Hughes bought most of the land during the Korean War as a possible site for relocation of defense plants. Total investment in the Nevada mining operations has been about \$18 million, and return is described as inadequate. There is also an architectural engineering firm called Archisystems.

The Howard Hughes Medical Institute, funded entirely by dividends from Hughes Aircraft, disburses about \$1 million annually to medical experts. The institute, whose work is highly regarded, has a staff of more than 100 scientists and technicians working for it in its quarters near the University of Miami School of Medicine.

Unlike private foundations, the institute does not give grants. Instead, it employs "medical investigators" in various places, paying them out of income received from Hughes Aircraft. The Government has been in a running battle with the institute over its status as a tax-free trust because it is so closely tied to Hughes Aircraft and gives out relatively little of its wealth. So far, all of the challenges to the institute's tax-free status have failed.





SPRUCE GOOSE, 200-TON, EIGHT-ENGINE FLYING BOAT DESIGNED AND BUILT BY HOWARD HUGHES, RESTS IN LOS ANGELES HARBOR (1947)

Hughes failed to build in Nevada the new light industrial plants that he had promised, or to develop the strategically located plots of land that he bought up in Las Vegas.

At precisely 4 p.m. last Wednesday, gamblers in the Hughes-owned casinos in Las Vegas were startled to hear over the P.A. system: "We ask that you pause for one minute of silence in reverence and remembrance of our good friend and a great American, Howard Robard Hughes."

For 60 seconds, pit bosses held the dice at the crap tables; dealers shoed the cards at the 21 games; croupiers stopped the roulette wheels; and the casinos fell silent as players restively eyed their watches and women stared vacantly into their paper cups full of quarters in front of the slots. Sentiment not being a major commodity in Vegas, one man in the Desert Inn muttered when it was over, "Okay, he had his minute. Let's deal 'em."

The lack of empathy was fairly widespread. In Hughes plants, the flag flew at half mast, but there were no sighs of mourning. In his latter years, Hughes had become the epitome of the 20th century tragedy, a man so preoccupied with gadgets and power that he severed the bond with his fellow men.

Quite a few of his fellow men, however, were more than ever interested in his riches, and the scramble was beginning for the money—or at least part of the action. Producer David Wolper trumpeted that he would make a film about Hughes titled—guess what?—*The Billionaire*. It will hardly be factual, since he intends to base it on the fake "autobiography" of Hughes that Writer Clifford Irving foisted on LIFE and McGraw-Hill before he was jailed for fraud. Hughes' former chef, Garry Reich, said that he was ready to sell the recipe for the fudge that Howard savored. Meanwhile, the Mexican authorities seemed piqued that Hughes had got away without leaving anything valuable behind. Two days after his death, Mexican detectives raided his Jasmine suite in the Acapulco penthouse and seized three aides, who had stayed behind to pack furniture and shred files. At week's end the Mexicans charged Hughes Aide Clarence Waldron, 41, with forging Hughes' signature on a Mexican tourist card. The other two were released. Under intense questioning, the aides disclosed that Hughes had been bedridden for years and was too weak to write. He had been unconscious for three days before he was flown to Houston.

The battle over the billions almost certainly will be fought by two groups that could hardly be more opposed. On the one side are Hughes' rather distant Houston relatives, all members of the city's old, tight-knit aristocracy. They live mostly in the genteel River Oaks area, belong to the best clubs (the Assembly, the Tejas Club), are members of the Christ Church Cathedral



FRANK WILLIAM GAY



CHESTER C. DAVIS



NADINE HENLEY

(Episcopal) and try—with unusual success—to keep out of the news.

The matriarch is the aged Mrs. Frederick Lummis, a Wellesley graduate (1911) who is the widow of a physician. Her son, William Rice Lummis, is a member of the prestigious Houston law firm of Andrews, Kurth, Campbell & Jones, which has handled the Hughes family's private matters for half a century. There are three other Lummis children, all with at least potential claims to Hughes' estate: Frederick Rice Lummis Jr., a physician; Annette Neff, wife of a Houston banker; and Allene Russell, a Boston suburbanite. Another aunt has died, but three of her children could be claimants. They are: Mrs. Sara Lindsey, a past president of the Houston Junior League; Mrs. Janet Davis, wife of the president of a die-casting company; and James Houstoun, an insurance man. Another cousin is Houston Accountant Howard Gano, who is the son of the brother of Hughes' mother. Most of them had not seen Hughes since he returned in triumph from his world flight in 1938. Says Sara Lindsey: "All the kids in the family rode in the parade in 1938. We haven't seen or heard from him since."

On the other side are three self-made and middle-class people who represent the anti-Houston faction within the Hughes empire, which finally prevailed in the long battle for Howard's ear. The last of the old-guard Texans were purged when he sold off the Hughes Tool Co. for \$150 million in 1972. The three: Frank William Gay, 55, Summa's highest-ranking officer, began as a clerk in the early 1950s in Hughes' communications center, be-

came the chief of the nurse-aides surrounding Hughes and was picked by him to be the holding company's executive vice president. The general counsel is Chester Davis, 65, the irrepresible Wall Street lawyer who ultimately won the twelve-year TWA antitrust suit for Hughes; he and Gay had long been rivals, but in the past two years have patched up their quarrels. The third member of the triumvirate is Nadine Henley, 69, Hughes' longtime and fiercely loyal administrative assistant.

The lines along which the legal battles will be fought will depend largely on whether one or more wills come to light. Much will hinge, too, on what evidence each side can produce about Hughes' state of mind at the time he executed any will. Since Hughes hated to sign his name, the signature may be questioned. Still, legal developments seem likely to take one of four possible routes:

► If there is not a valid will bequeathing the money to the medical institute, the Hughes estate will be subject to massive federal death taxes that will more than halve it (and will narrow the federal budget deficit a bit; after all, every little billion helps).

► If Hughes left a final testament bequeathing his estate to the medical institute, as he often said he intended, the money

could be spared the ravages of the death tax. Gay and Co. would support this will, since it most likely would put them in control of the medical institute, which, in turn, would then be the sole owner of Summa. In that case, Summa would continue to function along its present lines but would pay its profits to the institute. The Hughes family could—and probably would—fight. Their lawyers would argue that Hughes was not of sound mind when he executed the will and that he had been under the control of the persons who benefited from the will. And the Government might also fight in the courts to remove the institute's tax-exempt status.

► If Hughes left more than one will, the situation would be even more complicated. There would be a long court examination over the different documents to try to determine which one was the most recent and whether it had been drawn

and properly witnessed while Hughes was in his right mind.

► If Hughes left a single will dividing his estate between his relatives and the institute—and perhaps some others, including possibly the Mormon church—the various sides would be likely to fight anyhow. Each probably would go to court to assert its claim to the entire inheritance.

In life, Howard Hughes was able to conceal most of his foibles and fancies from public view. But if the case goes to court, the various claimant sides will be forced to reveal as much as they can about his state of mind and his way of life in order to prove the validity of their own claims to his fabulous wealth. It seems quite likely that the looming litigation will peel back the layers of mystery. They still cloak Hughes in much the same manner as the yellow sheet that shrouded his emaciated corpse on his last flight home.

From the Penthouse Papers

Bob—
There is one man who can
accomplish our objective thru
Johnson—and that man is Dr. [unclear]
Why don't we get word to him
on a basis of secrecy that is
really, really, reliable that we will
give him immediately full
unlimited support for his
campaign to enter the White House
if he will just take this one on
for us?
Let me know,
H.

HUGHES MEMO TO ROBERT MAHEU (1968)

Something like the Wizard of Oz, who spoke to the world in a disembodied voice from behind a huge paper head, Howard Hughes for the last ten years of his life communicated with his business staff chiefly by memos. He wrote down his instructions in pen on yellow legal pads, and the memos were delivered by his loyal Mormon retainers. His handwriting, though unstylish, was clear; but when he was nervous or overwrought he splattered his memos with word and sentence changes. Most of the missives went to Robert Maheu, his trusted top aide until the two men broke in late 1970. Maheu read the memos and handed them back to the messenger for return to Hughes.

On Thanksgiving Eve 1970, in the midst of the power struggle that pitted his Mormon palace guard against Maheu, Hughes abruptly decamped from Las Vegas and moved to the Bahamas, leaving behind some of his private files. Soon after, while his servants in Nevada were in a state of confusion over his sudden departure, someone entered Hughes' 9th-floor penthouse in the Desert Inn and removed sheaves of his personal memos. Most of them ended up in the hands of Hank Greenspun, editor and publisher of the Las Vegas *Sun*. He published some of them and showed others to a few journalists writing about Hughes. Most of the memos remain secreted by Greenspun.

In a number of the memos, Hughes mentions Vice President Hubert Humphrey, whom he refers to as "Humphries," "the V.P.," or "H.H.H." Hughes seemed to think that he could enlist Humphrey's aid in his own crusade to halt a huge nuclear test explosion that was planned in Nevada in 1968 by the Atomic Energy Commission (see cut above left). He had some environmental worries, but his real fear was that the blast would scare off tourists. His efforts failed; the test went off on schedule. Excerpts from Hughes' memos to Maheu from 1966 to 1970:

I know this is a hot
potato, and I am not asking
you to form a new chapter of
the K.K.K. Just ~~try~~ to do
what you can without too
many people getting upset about
it. I don't want to become
known as a negro-hater or any
thing like that. But I am
not running for election and
therefore we don't have to carry
favor with the NAACP either!

SIMILAR MEMO WRITTEN IN LAS VEGAS

► On race relations: "I know there is tremendous pressure upon the [Las Vegas] Strip owners to adopt a more liberal attitude toward integration, open housing and employment of more negroes ... I can summarize my attitude about employing more negroes very simply—I think it is a wonderful idea for somebody else, somewhere else. I know this is not a very praiseworthy point of view, but I feel the negroes have already made enough progress to last the next 100 years and there is such a thing as overdoing it ... I lived right in the middle of one race riot in which negroes committed atrocities equal to any in Viet Nam."

► On threatening the Atomic Energy Commission: "I think that the AEC must be made to realize that I am dedicated to the minimum request made of them [to delay the explosion]. That if they do not grant it, I will ally myself completely with the all-out anti-bomb faction throughout the entire U.S. That this group had only been waiting for a strong leader and I am ready to dedicate the rest of my life and every cent I possess in a complete no quarter fight to outlaw all nuclear testing of every kind and everywhere ..."

► On getting a lower price from Mobster Moe Dalitz, when trying to buy his Stardust Hotel: "You may be surprised how many times a man like Moe will make concessions for a friend. I mean, for example, that I believe Moe would go further as a gesture of personal friendship to you than he ever would as the result of negotiating pressure brought by me. You see, if I try to bargain Moe into a deal, his pride asserts itself and he says 'Never!' Whereas as a favor and gesture of personal friendship to you ... Moe might easily do for you what he would not do for me. Anyhow, please try, Howard."

► On constructing a mansion: "Bob, please go ahead and buy the two lots in the name of H.T. [Hughes Tool] Co., and please proceed to build likewise at the company's expense. I think we might get the building job done more economically if the architect and the builder think it is for you at your expense. Many thanks. Howard."



THE JOHNSONS & L.B.J.'s MOTHER (1941)



PRESIDENT JOHNSON & SENATORIAL CANDIDATE ROBERT KENNEDY (1964)

HISTORICAL NOTES

L.B.J.: Naked to His Enemies

More than anything, Lyndon Baines Johnson wanted to be loved—by his family, his friends, his staff, the nation, everybody. He liked to envision himself as a benevolent dictator of the world, supplying every living soul with housing, clothing, a job and eternal peace. Fate could not have been more cruel, then, in denying him the love he craved, in making him so hated during the latter part of his presidency that he dared not venture outside the White House. In his bewilderment and despair, he ruefully asked: "How is it possible that people could be so ungrateful to me after I have given them so much?"

Doris Kearns, 33, associate professor of government at Harvard, describes that last bitter period of L.B.J.'s presidency in *Lyndon Johnson and the American Dream*, a biography to be published by Harper & Row in June. It is a sad, dispiriting account of ebbing power and influence, of vast ego and appetites deflated, of a world collapsed.

Psychic Distance. Johnson first met Kearns at a party for White House Fellows in the spring of 1967. A Ph.D. candidate at Harvard, she had been selected for the program even though she had written a magazine article entitled "How to Remove L.B.J. in 1968." When it was Kearns' turn to dance with the President, he boasted that Harvard men "can't dance like I'm dancing now." She obviously waltzed her way into his affections, because after working for several months in the Labor Department, Johnson had her transferred to the White House. As he prepared to leave office, he asked her to come to Texas to help with his memoirs. She replied that she wanted to continue working with the poor in Cambridge, Mass. Never mind, said L.B.J.; he would find her bigger and better poor in Texas. She finally succumbed and spent much of the next four years at the Texas ranch.

Johnson doubtless expected love at

least from his biographer, but in this, too, he was to be disappointed. He told Kearns that she reminded him of his mother, and so he unburdened himself of dreams, ambitions and regrets that he had confided, apparently, to no one else. He hoped that she would salvage his reputation at Harvard, citadel of real and imagined enemies. But Kearns was too well trained on alien terrain and kept her psychic distance from her overwhelming subject. Imbued with some of the 1960s suspicions of practical politics, she is fair to L.B.J. but unfailingly cool. To her, Johnson is a monstrous amalgam of political good and evil, worthy of meticulous dissection. Her scalpel is cutting, and the wounds inflicted will not be easily healed by later biographers. In her book, Johnson is naked to his enemies as he never was when alive.

The book provides no confirmation of rumors that author and subject were lovers. Kearns insists that the relationship was strictly literary. She was bemused but scarcely impressed by the gifts he lavished on her. She received no less than a dozen electric toothbrushes, a gift L.B.J. favored for friends, "for then I know that from now until the end of their days, they will think of me the first thing in the morning and the last at night."

Bolstering her narrative with a rather cumbersome psychohistory, Kearns tries to explain Johnson's massive drive to power. She makes much of the fact that his father, a small farmer and real estate trader, insisted on displays of manliness from him, while his mother emphasized gentility. Lavish with her love at times, his mother withheld it when he displeased her. Out of these inner conflicts, Kearns traces the development of a tormented, driven politician. But Johnson may also have been shaped as much by Texas and national political traditions. His political education began amid rural poverty and the

BIOGRAPHER DORIS KEARNS
Fair but unfailingly cool.

Depression; he was schooled in governmental activism by the New Deal. As he scaled the political ladder in the years following World War II, Americans expected increasing benefits from Government, and L.B.J. was happy to provide them. He subscribed to what could be called a politics of plenty: more of everything for everybody. He was the ideal President for the insatiable 1960s.

Formidable Seduction. Johnson's brains were inferior to very few—his genes and his drives were second to none. He lacked only a sense of proportion and restraint. Early in life, he demonstrated a formidable gift of persuasion. He had an uncanny knack for attaching himself to men of power—in school, in the New Deal bureaucracy, in Congress, in the Senate. He was miffed that his talent was dismissed as "arm-twisting"; he considered it soul-catching of a very high order. Intellectuals, he complained to Kearns, "never take time to think about what goes on in these one-to-one sessions because they have never been involved in persuading anyone to do anything. They're just like a pack of nuns who've convinced themselves that sex is dirty and ugly and low-down because they can never have it. They see it as rape instead of seduction and they miss the elaborate preparation

The heroes of your childhood haven't vanished. They've become grandfathers.



This is dedicated to everyone who, growing up in the 1950's, lived, ate, slept and dreamt baseball.

Life was simpler then. Between the baseball cards and the hours spent watching the local heroes on TV, you managed to organize your life very neatly. Everything fell in either of two categories: (1) baseball and (2) everything else. And there was no reason to believe things would ever change.

Incredible as it seems, that was almost two decades ago.

And over the years, something strange happened: the future arrived.

You can't postpone the future. If all that time can slip by so fast, imagine how quickly the next

several years will pass.

That's why we'd like to urge you to get ready for them.

And that's where Metropolitan Life can help.

We don't just insure your life. We help insure your future.

You're probably hoping to send your children to college. We can provide insurance that can help make it possible.

Or maybe you'd like to build the vacation home you've always promised yourself. Your Metropolitan insurance can help.

Or maybe, instead of retiring, you'll decide to start a second career or your own business. We help make that possible, too.

In fact, two out of every three dollars we pay out in benefits go to

living policyholders—to help pay for their future.

He who hesitates pays higher premiums.

At Metropolitan Life, we insure over forty million people. We've been helping people prepare for the future for 107 years. But while much has changed over that time, one fact about personal life insurance is always the same:

The sooner you begin, the less it costs every year.

See your Metropolitan representative. Soon.

Because the future gets closer every minute.

Metropolitan
Where the future is now

"Not all unleaded Your car, old or new, might

by Bob Awe, Gasoline Product Manager, Shell Oil Company

A Shell fuel expert tells why the right gasoline for your car might just happen to be unleaded. And offers help on fighting engine knock in '75s and '76s.

First, I'll tell you how a thing like lead got into gasoline in the first place. Then I'll talk about some engine problems that the right gasoline can solve. After that, I'll tell you why some new cars are being "detuned."

At the end, I'll give you some information about our own Shell Super Regular Unleaded.

How lead got there in the first place

The first gasolines didn't have lead. They worked just fine in



Before the Twenties, all gasolines were unleaded. Then came higher compression engines and with them, engine knock.

Octane Facts and Myths. Test yourself.

The more octane, the better.

Myth. An octane rating any higher than your car needs does no good.

There is more than one kind of octane rating.

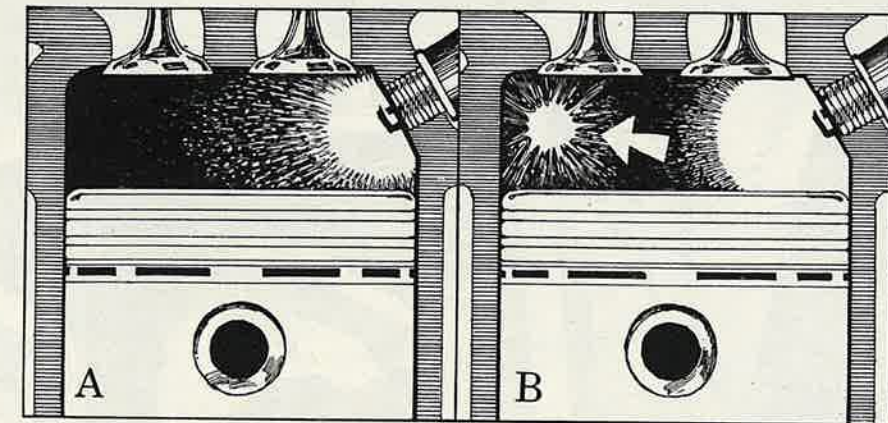
Fact. For example, the octane rating used most in owner's manuals comes from the Research octane test.

The Motor octane test gives a lower rating. The number you often

see on gasoline pumps is, in accordance with a government rule, an average of the two. It's usually three to five numbers below the Research octane rating.

Run-on can be an octane problem.

Fact. If your car keeps chugging on after you turn off the key, a gasoline with a higher Research octane rating will help.



In normal operation (A) the fuel-air mixture inside a cylinder burns smoothly, starting at the spark plug. When an engine knocks (B) some of the mixture explodes all at once.

the low compression engines of the early 1900's.

Later, the higher compression engines ran into "knock." When an engine knocks, some of its fuel-air mixture explodes all at once instead of burning smoothly. You can hear this as a pinging, rattling noise.

In 1921 it was discovered that adding certain lead compounds to the gasoline could prevent knock, and this discovery paved the way for higher efficiency engines.

Since octane numbers measure the ability of gasoline to resist knock, you could say that

lead increases a gasoline's octane rating.

But today, most new cars are required by law to use unleaded gasoline. In these gasolines, high-octane hydrocarbons are usually substituted for the lead.

Unleaded in your pre-'75 car

Pre-1975 cars don't have to use unleaded. So why should you even consider it? Because one of the unleaded just might turn out to be the right gasoline for your car. By right, I mean the one that gives you the best balance between price and performance.

Here are two performance problems that might be cured by a change of gasoline — perhaps to one of the unleaded.

1. Run-on — you turn off the key but the engine keeps chugging on.

2. Stallout — the engine dies one or more times until it finally warms up.

Of course these problems can sometimes have mechanical solutions, too. But if your car is in tune it's smart to try to solve them by switching gasoline first.

gasolines are alike. show you the difference."

And when you shop around for the right gasoline, don't leave out the unleaded.

If you do end up using an unleaded, you get a nice little bonus. Your spark plugs and muffler will last longer.

Tip: If your owner's manual does not say your engine is designed for unleaded — and if you drive at sustained high speeds — a tankful of leaded fuel every 4th or 5th fill-up will protect exhaust valves against excessive wear.

Two ways to fight knock in the unleaded cars

The law says that unleaded gasoline must have a "Research octane number" of at least 91. (Somewhat less for high altitudes.) Most unleaded gasoline is only slightly above this minimum.

But a lot of new cars are knocking with these fuels. And we expect more of them to start knocking as they get older — at least one in three of them, in fact.

"Detuning" the car — that is, having the ignition timing re-

tarded — is one way to fight the knock. And this remedy is sometimes used.

But detuning has some bad side effects. It might hurt performance. And, all other factors being equal, detuning can hurt your gas mileage. (See chart.)

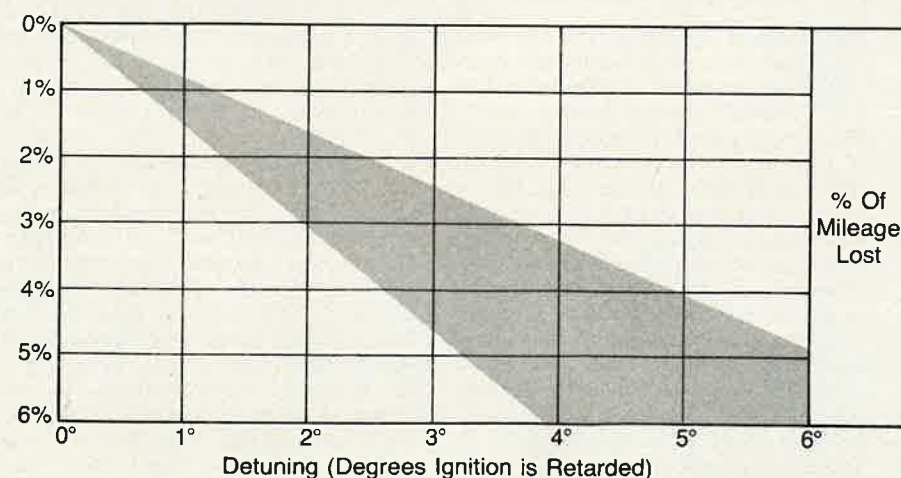
For example, if your car's ignition had to be retarded by four degrees to get rid of knock,



We estimate that at least one out of three new cars will eventually develop knock using the average unleaded gasoline.

you could expect a mileage loss of about four percent. That would cost you money — as much as if you paid about 2¢ more per gallon at today's prices.

And detuning may be against the law. Check before you have it done.



Mileage decreases by about one percent for every degree the timing is retarded from the proper setting, up to six degrees.

The right gasoline might be the answer

There are differences in the octane ratings of unleaded gasolines, just as there are with leaded gasolines. So if your car knocks on the average unleaded, try switching to an unleaded with higher octane.

Unleaded users

If your car acts like it needs a tune-up, try Shell Super Regular Unleaded first.

Engine knock, stallout, and run-on are problems generally thought to be caused only by poor engine tune. But they can also be caused by the gasoline you're using.

Maybe all your car needs is Shell Super Regular Unleaded.

It's blended to fight stallout. And its higher octane rating (94 to 95 Research octane instead of about 92 for the average unleaded) can reduce knock and run-on in many cars.

Why spend money for a tune-up if all you need is the right gasoline? Try a tankful of Shell Super Regular Unleaded first. Available at most Shell service stations.

Any questions? Write me.

Send your questions about unleaded gasoline to me. Bob Awe, Gasoline Product Manager, Shell Oil Company, P.O. Box 60609, Civic Center Station, Houston, Texas 77208.

If you like, ask for our free booklet of gasoline-saving tips, "Confessions of A Mileage Champion."



before the act is finally done."

Johnson practiced this seduction on everyone. He told Kearns: "You learn that Stewart Alsop cares a lot about appearing to be an intellectual and a historian, so whenever you talk to him, play down the gold cufflinks which you play up with TIME magazine, and to him, emphasize your relationship with F.D.R. and your roots in Texas. You learn that Mary McGrory likes dominant personalities and Doris Fleenon cares only about issues, so with McGrory, you come on strong and with Fleenon you make yourself sound like some impractical red-hot liberal."

Finest Hour. With her occasional bias of the 1960s, Kearns tends to belittle L.B.J.'s politics of consensus. But she understands that consensus was needed after John Kennedy's assassination and that Johnson provided it in what was his finest hour. Reaching the presidency on that grim November day was no joy to Johnson, as he explained: "For millions of Americans, I was still illegitimate, a naked man with no presidential covering, a pretender to the throne. And then there was Texas, my home, the home of both the murder and the murder of the murderer. And then there were the bigots and the dividers and the Eastern intellectuals who were waiting to knock me down before I could even begin to stand up. The whole thing was almost unbearable." But Johnson presided over the transition with such compassion and acumen that for a few months at least, he came close to achieving his lifelong ambition of getting everybody to love him.

His relations with the Kennedy family and their supporters remained ambivalent; they were too much identified with the enemy intellectuals. On the one hand, he was more than generous to Kennedy appointees; he kept many of them on and gave them a major role in Government. But he felt the need to humiliate others. For Johnson, love too often meant submission; and once a man submitted, Johnson despised him. Crudity was a favorite weapon. With great glee, L.B.J. described a "delicate Kennedyite" whom he dragged into the bathroom to continue a conversation. He "found it utterly impossible to look at me while I sat on the toilet." L.B.J. badgered him to come closer so that they could talk. "Then began the most ludicrous scene I had ever witnessed. Instead of simply turning around and walking over to me, he kept his face away from me and walked backward, one rickety step at a time. It certainly made me wonder how that man had made it so far in the world." Johnson was obsessed with Robert Kennedy, whom he considered as skilled and ruthless as himself in acquiring and exercising

power. L.B.J. resisted all the Kennedy supporters who importuned him to put Bobby on the ticket in 1964. He felt that if Kennedy were his Vice President, he could not be his own man and could never prove his electability.

Johnson hoped that his Great Society would win him lasting fame and appreciation. In the most discerning part of her book, Kearns describes how the Great Society failed because of Johnson's lack of follow-through. All his energies were devoted to getting his programs passed by Congress; when that was done, he lost interest or his attention was diverted by the growing agony of Viet Nam. Johnson, writes Kearns, was surprisingly unaware of the implications of his Great Society. He simply assumed



LBJ'S FAREWELL APPEARANCE BEFORE CONGRESS
Ebbing power and appetites deflated.

that it would appeal to rich and poor, black and white alike. It came as a shock when the programs sharpened rivalry and hostility among various ethnic groups who were battling for their share of the pie. Johnson seemed similarly oblivious to the most innovative feature of the Great Society program: the community action groups established as part of the antipoverty program. He had no intention, he told Kearns, of putting his programs in the hands of amateurs, who often wasted money and warred against elected officials. He assumed that the programs would be run by some ideal administrator, like Chicago Mayor Richard Daley. In the case of the Great Society, Johnson was a father who did not know his own child.

The riots in Watts, coming the same

week in 1965 that Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act, were the beginning of his disillusionment. At first, he refused to take calls from generals urging him to send in the National Guard. "We needed decisions from him," said White House Aide Joseph Califano. "But he simply wouldn't respond." Events had confounded him. "How is it possible after all we've accomplished?" he kept asking. "How could it be? Is the world topsy-turvy?"

Tall Tale. Riots at home were followed by the growing Viet Nam War instead of the eternal peace Johnson had envisioned. As the attacks on him mounted, according to Kearns, he gradually drifted from reality. Not always scrupulous about separating fact from fiction, he began to treat politics as a tall tale with villains lurking everywhere. "Two or three intellectuals started it all," he explained. "They produced all the doubt, they and the columnists in the Washington Post, the New York Times, Newsweek and LIFE." Then Bobby Kennedy joined the conspiracy, then Martin Luther King, then the Communists who "control the three networks and the 40 major outlets of communication." "And isn't it funny that you could always find Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin's car in front of Reston's house the night before [New York Times Columnist James] Reston delivered a blast on Viet Nam?" Kearns says that L.B.J. might have been putting her on a bit, but his words carried conviction. "This continual concentration on conspiracy," she writes, "squandered a large amount of energy."

In the last weeks of his presidency, Johnson was consumed with his failure. "Hating the days, Johnson hated the nights even more," writes Kearns. He had recurring nightmares of paralysis; he dreamed that while he lay in bed immobilized, his staff divided up his power. In his youth, he had dreamed that he was driving a herd of cattle out of a swamp; now he fantasized that he was mired in the swamp unable to save himself. Finally, he would get out of bed and prowled the White House corridors with a flashlight until he reached the portrait of Woodrow Wilson, who was paralyzed by a stroke during his presidency. The picture was strangely soothing to Johnson, who seemed reassured by the fact that Wilson was dead and he, Johnson, was still alive. "He could not rid himself of the suspicion that a mean God had set out to torture him in the cruelest manner possible," writes Kearns. "His suffering no longer consisted of his usual melancholy; it was an acute, throbbing pain, and he craved relief. More than anything, he wanted peace and quiet. An end to the pain."

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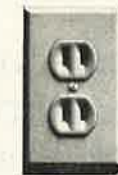
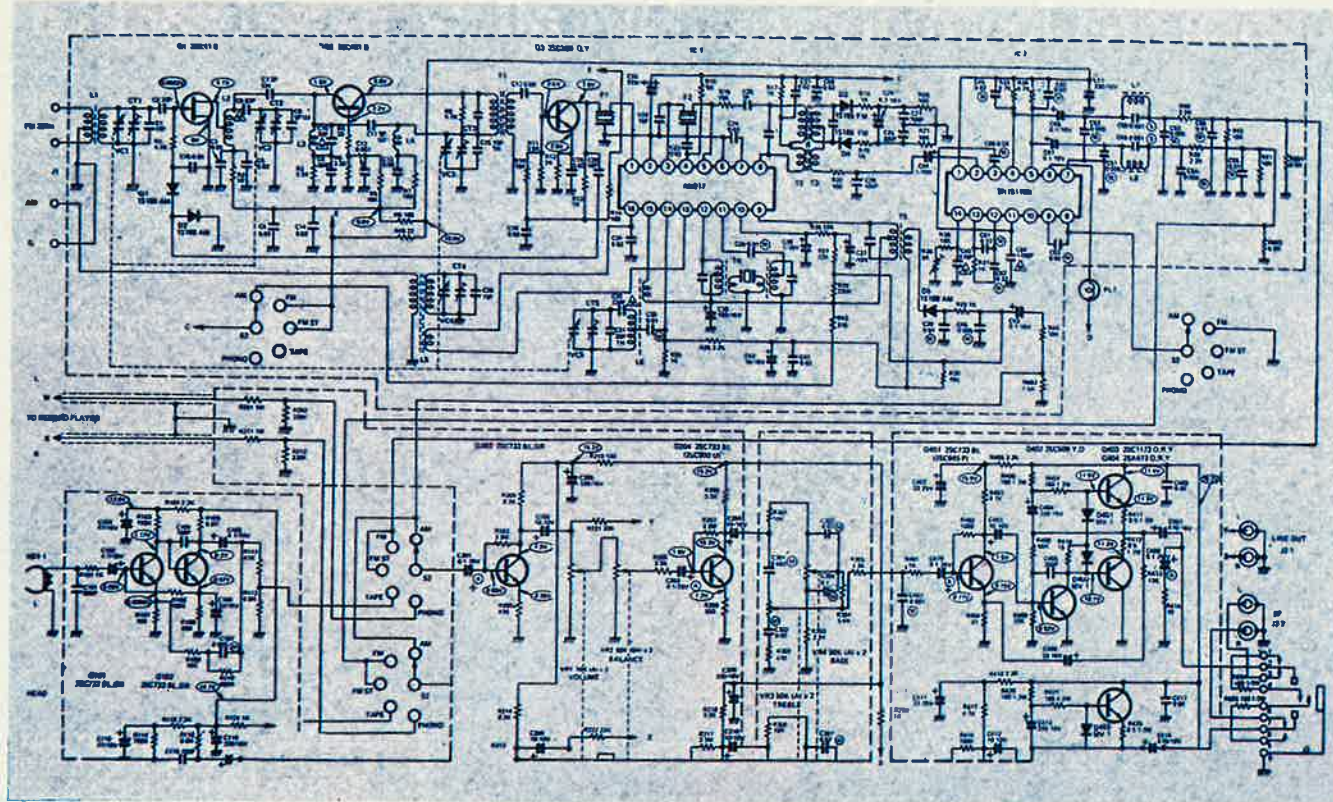
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SO YOUR HUSBAND IS

Off on another business trip.

Alone.

"See you next Tuesday," he says.

"Have a good flight," you reply.

Sound familiar?

How long has that simple dialogue been going on?



When's the last time the two of you got away? *Really* got away.

Was it a year ago? Five years ago? Or was it as far away as marriage day, plus one?

If your partner is a seasoned traveler, his days away from home aren't a bed of roses. A hotel room at 6 p.m. isn't exactly Times

Square on New Year's Eve. And a lonely order of quiche Lorraine, even

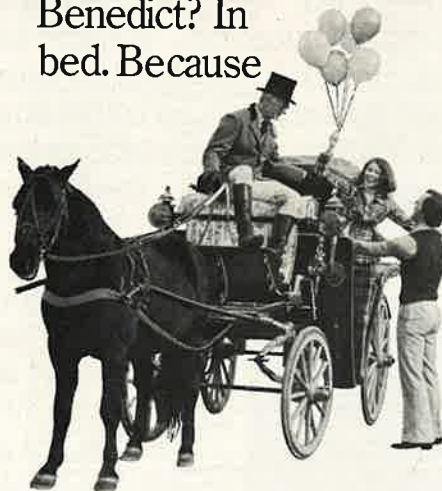
There's a whole world out there waiting for the two of you. On a Boeing jetliner. Food you



in the most elegant place in town, will never supplant companionship.

When was the last time you explored a new city while he took care of business?

Or the two of you slept in 'til 11? Had eggs Benedict? In bed. Because



you closed up the town the night before.

MAN
WAS NOT MEANT
TO FLY ALONE.
WOMAN
WAS NOT MEANT
TO STAY
AT HOME.

don't have to fix. The thrill of a new city, new people, new restaurants, new entertainment and a whole new kind

of companionship.

The time to go is now.

Many airlines have special rates this year. There are also night, excursion, thrift and other discount fares.

Man was not meant to fly alone and woman was not meant to stay at home.

And to get you off the ground, we'd like to make

GOING TO LEAVE YOU.

a few suggestions for the year 1976:

1. It doesn't have to be a sudden fling. The two of you can plan exactly when you can get away. If

plan his meetings Wednesday through Friday, the two of you can stay over for the weekend. Or take a mini-vacation into Monday and Tuesday

do it! Don't wait around. Wives have been



Iron the colorful message onto a T-shirt and share it with everybody you run into on your vacation. Make it your announcement that you're

together. For after all, Boeing has been getting people together for more than 60 years. For business and for pleasure.

BOEING
Getting people together.



MAN WAS NOT MEANT TO FLY ALONE.
WOMAN WAS NOT MEANT TO STAY AT HOME.

Time

Complete instructions on how to use the iron-on decal are on the opposite side.

BOEING
Getting people together.

SO YOUR HUSBAND IS

GOING TO LEAVE YOU.

Off on another business trip. Alone. "See you next Tuesday," he says.

"Have a good flight," you reply.

Sound familiar? How long has this simple dialogue been going on?



When's the time the two of you will be away? Really?

Was it a five-year anniversary? Five years ago, it was your wedding day, and you were both young and in love.

If your husband is a seasoned traveler, he's probably been away from home for days at a time. And you're not a bed.

A hotel room at 6 p.m. isn't exactly Times Square.

Square on New Year's Eve. And a lonely order of quiche Lorraine, even.

There's a whole world out there waiting for the two of you. On a Boeing jetliner. Food you



HOW TO IRON ON THE BOEING DECAL:

1. Tear out decal along perforation. Retain black background, do not trim off. It will not transfer.
2. Use permanent press white T-shirt of 100% polyester, or no less than 65% polyester and 35% cotton. (100% cotton materials will not hold color after repeated washings.)
3. Slip T-shirt over ironing board. Smooth out wrinkles.
4. Place a sheet of 8½ x 11 plain notebook or bond typing paper under fabric to prevent image from transferring to ironing board. Do not use porous papers such as tissue or paper towels as they will allow the ink to leak through.
5. Place Boeing iron-on decal, illustration side down, on the area of the fabric you wish to decorate. Pin the material and pattern to the ironing board to prevent it from slipping as you iron.
6. Set iron to "cotton" and allow it to heat up. Use dry iron, not steam. When iron is hot, iron with a slow, continuous motion, using firm, even pressure. If fabric is 100% polyester,

iron for about 20 seconds. If fabric is 65% polyester, iron for 45 seconds. Be sure you iron over the entire design area. Keep iron in motion—do not allow it to rest on the fabric. The transferred pattern will be somewhat brighter in color than the paper decal.

Allow fabric to cool for a minute before removing pattern.

Laundering

Wash and dry with other permanent press clothes. Do not use chlorine bleach. After first washing, colors will fade slightly, but will not wash out if application instructions were carefully followed. CAUTION: While this iron-on has been designed and tested to provide good results when applied in accordance with the above instructions, Boeing cannot be held responsible for damages to garments and other materials or quality of reproduction.

Note: Do not try to transfer this image to cotton, wool, linen, nylon or any material that is not at least 65% polyester. You may permanently damage the cloth.

you closed up the town the night before.

ground, we'd like to make

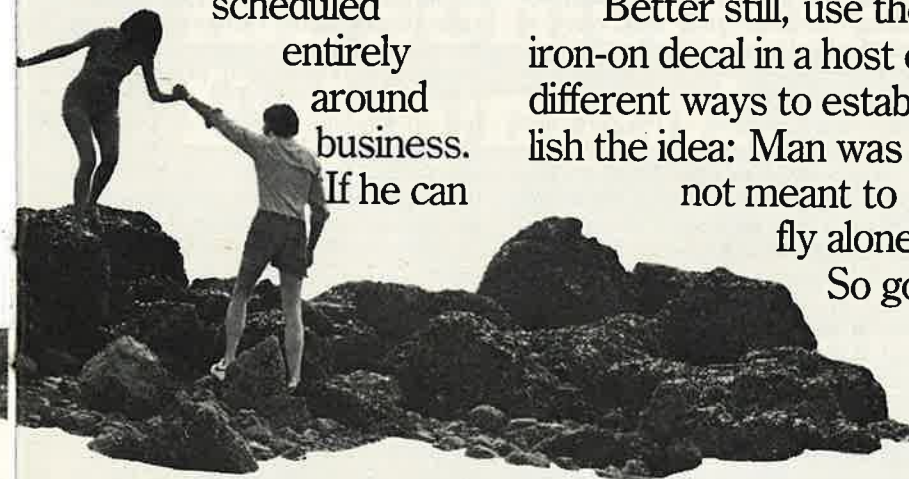
a few suggestions for the year 1976:

1. It doesn't have to be a sudden fling. The two of you can plan exactly when you can get away. If you go before June



and after September, you'll have a better choice of plane reservations and accommodations.

2. It doesn't have to be scheduled entirely around business. If he can



plan his meetings Wednesday through Friday, the two of you can stay over for the weekend. Or take a mini-vacation into Monday and Tuesday.

3. It doesn't have to be a single-city trip. Arrange a stopover flight on the way back. Your travel agent or airline can help you here.



Share this idea with your partner in travel. Clip the reminder in this advertisement

as a not-so-gentle hint. Better still, use the iron-on decal in a host of different ways to establish the idea: Man was not meant to fly alone. So go

do it! Don't wait around. Wives have been



known to grow ten years younger on trips with their husbands. And vice versa.

There's a Boeing jetliner waiting to take you anywhere in the world.



Woman: unground thyself.

BOEING
Getting people together.



NEW PREMIER HUA KUO-FENG. DEMONSTRATORS AT PEKING'S T'IENT'AN MEN SQUARE CARRYING PORTRAIT OF CHAIRMAN MAO



THE WORLD

CHINA

Protest, Purge, Promotion

Arriving at dawn in Peking's vast T'ien An Men Square, the protesters began placing wreaths in honor of the late Premier Chou En-lai at the Monument to the Martyrs of the Revolution. By 10 in the morning nearly 100,000 people had massed on the huge cobblestoned square, in front of the Gate of Heavenly Peace. Suddenly, a scuffle broke out between demonstrators and militiamen guarding the monument; a student from Tsinghua University was badly bloodied. Some in the crowd tried to storm the Great Hall of the People on the northwest corner of the square; rallies were held on the steps and demands were made to file petitions with the party leadership. Later several cars were overturned and burned, and a fire engine rushing to the scene was wrecked, while policemen were assaulted, and several dozen were injured.

Around 5 p.m. the protesters broke into an army barracks bordering the square and set it afire. Black smoke could be seen drifting over the opulent tiled roofs of the adjacent Forbidden City and into the drizzly gray sky of North China. Early in the evening Peking's mayor Wu Teh addressed the churning mob through powerful loudspeakers, ordering them to disperse. Thousands of militiamen and soldiers marched into the square to restore order. In all, more than 1,000 people were arrested, and throughout the night 1,000 militiamen stood guard with fixed bayonets at the Martyrs' Monument to prevent another outbreak of violence.

That unprecedented day of protest was only the beginning of a momentous week in the history of the People's Republic of China. The country's Politburo, apparently meeting in Chairman Mao Tse-tung's private quarters in the Forbidden City, made several crucial changes in the country's leadership. First, the Peking leadership brought to an abrupt climax the intense ideological campaign against the notorious "capitalist roader" Teng Hsiao-p'ing (TIME Cover, Jan. 19), the wily little bureaucrat who only three months ago was considered Chou En-lai's sure successor as Premier. Because of the "counterrevolutionary incident that took place at T'ien An Men Square," the Politburo announced, Teng was being stripped of all his posts—Vice Premier of the government, Vice Chairman of the party and Chief of Staff of the army.

Mao's Wishes. The Politburo also said that in accordance with the wishes of Mao, it was naming a new permanent Premier: Hua Kuo-feng, 56, the relatively unknown Minister of Public Security whose appointment as Acting Premier ten weeks ago marked the first stage of the assault on Teng. Hua's confirmation as Premier had been predicted for some time by Sinologists. But few expected he would also gain a second and in some ways more significant post. Hua was also given a newly created title—First Vice Chairman of the Communist Party (there are now only two other Vice Chairmen). That clearly designat-



OUSTED VICE PREMIER TENG HSIAO-P'ING
Better 'comrade' than 'mister.'

ed him as the leading candidate to succeed Mao Tse-tung eventually as Chairman of China's Communist Party.

No one could have anticipated the events that accidentally triggered Hua's appointment. Most extraordinary was the apparently spontaneous nature of the demonstrations that preceded the Politburo's decisions. The massive unruly crowds that gathered at T'ien An Men Square last Monday were celebrating Ch'ing Ming (meaning, pure and bright), China's traditional springtime festival for honoring the dead. For several days before the protest, tens of thousands of wreaths dedicated to Chou had been placed near the massive Martyrs' Monument in the middle of the square. Inexplicably, the wreaths were removed, apparently by militiamen, on the night preceding the protest. The crowd that arrived to honor Chou the next morning was obviously outraged by this gratuitous insult to the memory of the revered late Premier.

According to the handful of foreigners who were present, the protest soon



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Enjoyment.

I get a lot of it from Salem Longs. A lot of good taste. A lot of fresh menthol. I owe it to myself to get all the enjoyment I can get.

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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.



When Polaroid introduced the SX-70 Land camera, it was nothing less than a revolution in photography. Gone was the peeling, the mess, and most of the work of taking instant pictures. Less than two seconds after shooting, a hard, dry color print emerged from the camera, to develop in minutes before your eyes.

Now Polaroid announces Pronto! a new little camera for

SX-70 pictures. A phenomenal sixteen ounces, Pronto! is light enough to sling around your neck and carry anywhere.

Naturally, at \$66* you're not going to get the deluxe SX-70 folding model with through-the-lens viewing. Pronto! doesn't even look like an SX-70, although it has a sleek, handsome look of its own. But it acts like an SX-70, delivering big prints that come to life while you watch.

And Pronto! incorporates the sophisticated electronics that makes this new kind of picture-taking so simple and fascinating.

Set the distance, frame the picture, press the button. A 12,000 rpm motor propels the picture into your hand.

In daylight, an electric eye automatically reads the light and sets the aperture and electronic shutter speed for you. When you shoot flash pictures,

if you miscalculate the distance a bit, the electronic shutter automatically corrects your error, so you won't overexpose.

Pronto! uses the same 10-shot film pack as the SX-70 cameras. It gives you the same big 3½" x 3½" prints. A picture counter tells you how many shots you have left.

You have to admit, taking pictures was never like this. At \$66, give in to the urge.



You set the distance, like this. The 3-element focusing lens gives you beautiful color and detail from 3 feet to infinity.



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Polaroid



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THE WORLD

expanded into a general expression of rage against the radical drift of Chinese politics since Chou's death. One eulogy pinned to a memorial wreath pointedly praised Mao's late second wife Yang K'ai-hui—an unmistakable slight to the Chairman's current (and fourth) wife, Radical Leader Chiang Ch'ing, who is Teng's implacable enemy. Even more astonishing, a poem circulated at the protest read: "Gone for good is Ch'in Shih Huang feudal society." Ch'in Shih Huang was the emperor who first unified China (3rd century B.C.) and with whom Mao has often identified because Mao, like him, created a new, more advanced era in Chinese history.

These subversive expressions of dissent hint at widespread frustrations among China's masses, which must trouble Peking's leadership. It seems clear that the leadership was apparently worried over further unrest and thus interpreted the demonstrations as a last-ditch effort by Teng and his supporters to counter the simmering, inconclusive ideological campaign against him.

Still a Comrade. The former Vice Premier had lived in a kind of political purgatory since he delivered the eulogy at Chou's funeral last January. Many analysts had wondered whether he might have been able to muster enough support in the military and party bureaucracy to stage another comeback (he had been rehabilitated by Chou in 1973 after having been purged "forever" during the Cultural Revolution of 1966-69). That prospect now seems impossible, even though Teng was allowed to retain his party membership ("if he behaves," according to the Politburo announcement). The residual honor was probably intended to mollify his remaining supporters. Explains Tufts University Sinologist Donald Klein: "That way, he can still be called 'comrade,' rather than just 'mister'—no small matter in China."

WORKERS AND SOLDIERS AT PEKING RALLY SUPPORTING THE POLITBURO AND CHAIRMAN MAO



SECURITY MEN AT MARTYRS' MONUMENT IN PEKING THE DAY BEFORE THE PRO-CHOU RIOTS
Powerful evidence of deep-seated resentments and dissatisfactions.

The elevation of Hua to his two new posts seemed to be an attempt by the party leadership to do something about its most explosive problem—ensuring an untroubled succession to the reign of the increasingly frail 82-year-old "Helmsman." Some arrangement for succession after Mao has long been desperately needed if China is to avoid a naked power struggle when he dies.

Hua's promotion and Teng's dismissal from office were both celebrated last Thursday in a giant, well-organized rally in T'ien An Men Square. Some 100,000 people waved banners, sang revolutionary songs and beat cymbals, gongs and drums as they hailed new Premier and Vice Chairman Hua.

The officially sanctioned rallies continued through the week; they seemed to be attempts by the leadership to prove

there was broad, multifunctional approval of Hua's promotion. In Peking, Foreign Minister Ch'iao Kuan-hua led 700 members of his bureaucracy in a parade of support for the new Premier. Meanwhile, throughout the country huge army delegations, as well as smaller air force and navy groups, marched in support of Teng's sacking—an important sign considering Teng's reputedly close connections with the military brass. In Shanghai, some 200,000 workers attended a mass rally led by Vice Premier Chang Ch'un-ch'iao. Wall posters in the city—a center of radical strength—demanded the death penalty for Chou's discredited successor. HANG THE CULT-PRIT TENG they read.

Some of the rejoicing might have been genuine; on the other hand the party is well known for its ability to stage "spontaneous" expressions of mass support for its policies. Foreigners in Peking reported the citizenry seemed somewhat confused by the welter of events. Aside from the pro-Hua celebrants, who arrived in the capital by truck and chartered bus—and the thousands of troops encamped inside the Forbidden City to guard against another protest—most people carefully skirted the area near the Gate of Heavenly Peace.

Forever Tainted. Did the dismissal of Teng mean China's radicals had suddenly gained the upper hand? The tentative answer of most China specialists was no. Teng's dismissal was obviously a victory for the so-called Shanghai Mafia of leftists, led by Chiang Ch'ing. But there were strong indications that the promotion of Hua left Peking's moderates still holding the balance of power.

For one thing, in becoming First Vice Chairman, Hua leapfrogged over Politburo Member Wang Hung-wen, 40, a Shanghai radical and Chiang Ch'ing

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protégé who since Chou's death had officially been No. 2 in the party, after Mao. At the same time, the change in leadership coincided with the sudden public reappearance of Vice Premier Li Hsien-nien, a moderate who was closely linked to both Chou and Teng. Hua, moreover, is viewed as a compromise candidate—a cautious, prudent centrist acceptable to all of Peking's contending groups. He might well have been favored by certain key moderates who believed the blunt, undiplomatic Teng, forever tainted by his Cultural Revolution disgrace, was too provocative a figure to head any consensus government.

As always, it was impossible for Western observers of the murky politics of Mao's Middle Kingdom to predict with any assurance that the succession problem had been solved for

good. The fact that Hua has no strong factional ties, for example, could also mean he has no firm power base and thus could easily be pushed aside in a struggle after Mao's death. Hua, moreover, is well aware that being touted as the Chairman's heir apparent is a decidedly mixed blessing. All his predecessors ended as victims of purges as soon as Mao decided they were departing from, rather than perpetuating his ideological line (see box). Says one senior Washington analyst: "The struggle is hardly over. The position of the army remains a question mark. It is still a very fluid situation."

Meteoric Rise. Chou's successor has had a relatively meteoric rise. He is a native of Shansi province in northern China, where he joined the Communist Party. Hua went to Hunan prov-

ince as a minor party official about the time the Communists came to power in 1949. In the early 1950s, after gaining a reputation as an expert in agriculture, he was made party secretary in Mao's home county of Hsiang-t'an. Hua achieved brief nationwide notice by writing an article for *Study* magazine, the party's theoretical journal, on the changing class structure in that region. By 1958 he had become vice governor of populous (50 million) Hunan province. He emerged unscathed from the Cultural Revolution and in 1970 became the head of the province's revolutionary committee—a position roughly equivalent to Governor.

Hua did not achieve true national prominence until 1971—the year in which Defense Minister Lin Piao tried to overthrow Mao. Hua reportedly led

Mao's Heirs: Four Who Failed

Being No. 2 to Mao Tse-tung is a high-risk occupation. Except for the consummately skilled Chou En-lai, no Chinese official has ever survived in the role of Mao's putative or designated heir. Since 1949, four other men besides Teng Hsiao-p'ing have had this dubious honor. All were compatriots of Mao in China's revolutionary struggle; all ended up on the Great Helmsman's pile of political corpses. The four who failed:

KAO KANG. A native of Shensi province, Kao played a key role in the guerrilla struggles waged by the Communists in North China during the mid-1930s. In 1945 Kao was sent to Manchuria, where he quickly became party boss of the entire northeast region. On the national level, he was chairman of the State Planning Commission as well as Deputy Chief of State. Conflict with Mao developed in the early '50s when Kao was accused of trying to establish an "independent kingdom" in Manchuria. The main charge against Kao was that he tried to set up an "antiparty alliance" to usurp the power of the top officials just below Mao, including Chou En-lai. Purged from office in 1954 and imprisoned, Kao—according to party statements—committed suicide.

P'ENG TEH-HUAI. Like Mao, P'eng was a native of Hsiang-t'an county in Hunan province. His relationship with the Party Chairman went back to 1928, when both men were guerrilla commanders. P'eng ran into trouble with Mao during the Great Leap Forward of 1958-59. He criticized Mao's proposal to industrialize China overnight for its defiance of economic realities. "Putting politics in command," he warned, "is no substitute for economic principles." P'eng attacked the Chairman at the Lushan Plenum of the party in 1959. Mao warned that if the party and the army abandoned him, he would resort to guerrilla war to regain his power. The party sided with Mao. P'eng was purged as Minister of Defense—and has not been heard from since 1960.

LIU SHAO-CH'U. The principal victim of the Cultural Revolution, Liu, prior to his humiliation, had one of the most distinguished revolutionary

careers in the history of Chinese Communism. Another native of Hunan, like Mao, he began his party career as a labor organizer, spending years doing clandestine work in areas under the control of Chiang Kai-shek. Liu became Chairman of the People's Republic (and also officially Mao's designated heir) in 1959, when the failures of the Great Leap Forward forced Mao to step down as Chief of State. Liu was the author of *How to Be a Good Communist*, which until the mid-1960s was considered the authoritative guide to Marxism-Leninism as practiced in China. When Mao launched the Cultural Revolution, however, Liu tried to keep it within narrow limits to prevent the destruction of the party apparatus. With the help of his Defense Minister, Lin Piao, Mao outmaneuvered Liu and purged him in 1966—along with a large group of his close associates, including Teng Hsiao-p'ing. Rumors of his death in 1973 have been neither confirmed nor denied.

LIN PIAO. Like Liu Shao-ch'U, he was officially designated Mao's heir apparent, but these days, Lin Piao shares with Liu the distinction of being the chief villain of practically every poster campaign in China. Born in 1907 in Hupei province, Lin Piao spent virtually his entire career in the Red Army after he helped to form it in 1927, and he succeeded P'eng as Defense Minister in 1959. He was the chief proponent of Mao's "cult of personality" during the Cultural Revolution, as editor of the "Little Red Book" of selected quotations by the Chairman. When the Cultural Revolution threatened to get out of hand, Mao called upon Lin, as head of the army, to restore order. In 1971 Lin, according to the official explanation, plotted to assassinate Mao and seize power for himself; when his plot failed, he tried to flee to the Soviet Union but died when his plane crashed over Mongolia. Whether or not that account is true, Lin unquestionably died because his hunger for power threatened Mao. Once praised as the Chairman's "closest comrade in arms," he is today routinely reviled as one of the most malicious "traitors, renegades and scabs" in China's history.



LIN PIAO



LIU SHAO-CH'U



P'ENG TEH-HUAI



KAO KANG

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(Smirnoff, creme de banana, milk.)

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To make a Jungle Jim: pour 1 oz. Smirnoff, 1 oz. creme de banana and 1 oz. milk into a short glass with ice. Stir.

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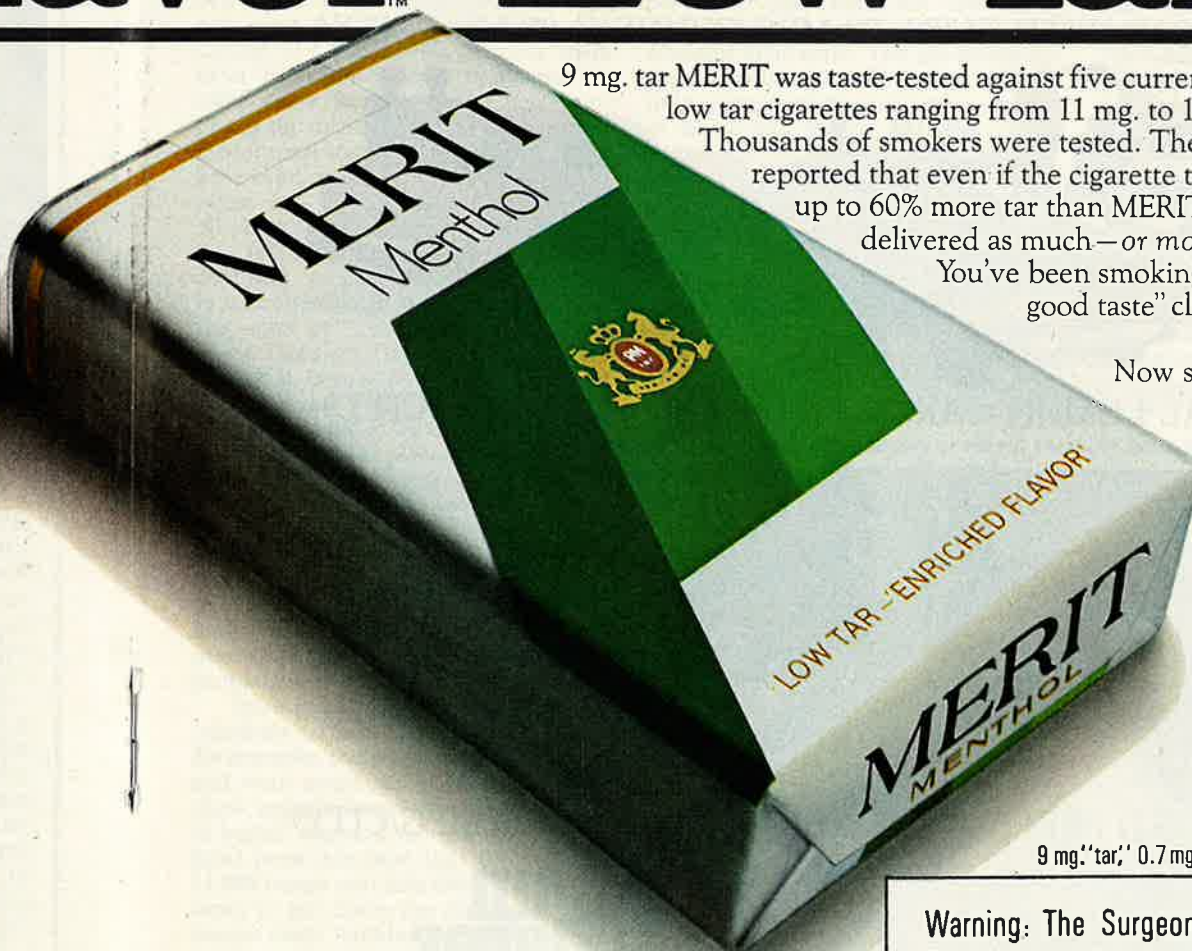
MERIT. Only 9 mg. of tar. Lower in tar than 98% of all cigarettes sold.

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The kind of flavor normally found only in higher tar cigarettes.

Taste tests proved it.

If you smoke, you'll be interested.



9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar cigarettes ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar.

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a purge of pro-Lin Piao elements in Hunan. Possibly as a reward for his services to the Chairman, he was called to Peking to run the secretariat of the State Council, handling, in particular, China's agricultural affairs. In 1973 he was elevated to the 22-member Politburo; early last year he became one of the country's twelve Vice Premiers and head of the Ministry of Public Security, China's extensive but little-known police and militia apparatus.

A stout six footer, Hua has a thoughtful and serious bearing. The few diplomats who have met him are impressed with his grasp of the issues and his skill in handling complex situations. Although he has had little experience in foreign affairs, Hua, while Acting Premier, was designated to conduct discussions with former President Richard Nixon in Peking last February. During those talks he was careful and cautious, often referring to briefing papers to explain the Chinese position. He confirmed the basic foreign policy guidelines set down by Chou En-lai: China's desire to normalize relations with the U.S., its willingness to be patient on the Taiwan issue and its continuing hostility toward the Soviet Union.

Hua has plenty of domestic problems to solve. One, certainly, is the danger of a recurrence of the T'ien An Men protests. That could easily happen if the radicals, who control China's press, continue to attack the reputation of Chou En-lai. Already there have been derogatory statements in some party journals that Chou's emphasis on turning China into a totally modernized state was revisionist. There have been recent reports of fighting between pro- and anti-Chou factions in Nanking and Canton.

On a deeper level, Hua will have to deal with burning resentments and dissatisfactions in China that go far beyond the issue of Chou's reputation. Says Merle Goldman, professor of Chinese history at Boston University: "There is an underlying feeling in China that the values represented by Cultural Revolution-type policies are resented by the population." Last week's violence showed that many ordinary Chinese are irritated by Mao's radical style, particularly the perpetual, bullying disruptions in daily life caused by the Chairman's periodic ideological campaigns.

Occasionally, these dissatisfactions surface. Last spring, for example, there were strikes and work stoppages in Hangchow, apparently over the issue of higher wages. Even the official press admitted that the 11,000 troops sent into the factories to put down the disturbances dealt "ruthlessly" with the troublemakers. There are also enduring resentments over

the role and privileges of party officials in China. Eighteen months ago, a 100-yr. wall poster in Canton attacked the abuses of a system run by powerful party cadres. While it reaffirmed the validity of Marxism-Leninism for China, the wall poster also pilloried "a force of civil officials who share vested interests" and the "fascist autocracy" that had sprung from the cadres' privileges.

The most serious problem remains the debilitating dispute between radicals and moderates in the Peking leadership. In part, the conflict is genuinely ideological and involves such issues as educational policy, technology and the need for political indoctrination. But increasingly it has become a naked struggle for power. China has a severe generation gap. Most of the leading moderates, such as Li Hsien-nien and Defense Minister Yeh Chien-ying, are venerable party bureaucrats. The radicals, by and large, are young cadres who made personal power gains during the Cultural Revolution—gains that are now threatened by the rehabilitation of Chou's old guard. Says one U.S. analyst: "There were a lot of young people with lousy educations who were promoted despite their lack of ability. These so-called helicopter promotions—those who rose straight upward fast—are trying to stay at high altitude."

Impressive Gains. The continuing power struggle does not necessarily mean China is hovering on the brink of major civil strife. The governing bureaucracy functions effectively. The military appears to be stable and—so far, at least—has shown no signs of rebelling against party authority. Impressive gains have been made in industry and agriculture. One crucial but little-noted factor making for stability is that top-level quarrels in Peking sometimes do not have very much effect in the vast impassive interior of the country. The debate over revisionism in education, for example, has for months captured the headlines of the national press, yet only about half the provinces have



WANG HUNG-WEN WITH CHIANG CH'ING
A struggle for control of China.

taken part in it and then usually with meetings and discussions in a few universities and institutes. Although not always the case, at times the masses can subtly ignore the issues that shake the leadership.

Sinologists agree on the obvious: the real test for China will not come until after the disappearance of the major symbol of authority, Chairman Mao. The Great Helmsman's death, especially in the absence of a figure like Chou En-lai, who was supremely skilled in the art of political balance and compromise, could easily remove the constraints that now keep the factions under control. Indeed, some analysts believe last week's violence would not have happened had Chou still been alive. That view may exaggerate the late Premier's indispensable skills. But there is no doubt that the critical question facing China today is whether or not Hua Kuo-feng can develop into the Chou-like leader needed for the transition ahead.

HUA KUO-FENG TOASTING RICHARD NIXON AT PEKING BANQUET EARLIER THIS YEAR



A Year of Pointless Death

A cease-fire in Lebanon sometimes seems like wide-open civil war anywhere else. During the first half of the latest ten-day truce (the 24th in five months), more than 300 people were killed in fighting between the rival Maronite Christians and an alliance of Moslems, leftists and Palestinian fedayeen. That brought the death total to more than 13,000 as Lebanon this week marks the first anniversary of the outbreak of the civil war.

One hazard of the sectarian strife in Lebanon is that it could accidentally trigger a broader Middle East war. Damascus already has an estimated 2,000 to 3,000 troops in Lebanon—many of them disguised as commandos of the Palestinian Saiqa movement based in Syria—who were dispatched to enforce peace. Syrian President Hafez Assad may have to send still more troops to force the Moslem side into full peace. Assad, however, is reluctant to do so for fear that Israel might respond by occupying southern Lebanon, where many Palestinian strongholds are located.

Discredited Leader. To forestall any such confrontation, U.S. Special Envoy L. Dean Brown (TIME, April 12) continued his talks with leaders of the Christian and Moslem factions. France also dispatched retired Diplomat Georges Gorse to see what influence Paris could exert.

The basic issue of the discussions was how to arrange the quick election of a successor to President Suleiman Franjeh, the conservative, discredited Maronite leader from the northern town of Zgharta. The predominantly Moslem leftist coalition called the National Movement, led by Kamal Jumblatt, has

vowed to fight on until Franjeh is ousted. At week's end the 98 members of the Lebanese Parliament—meeting for the first time in more than a month—approved a constitutional amendment providing for immediate elections.

If the measure is signed by Franjeh—there is no guarantee that the stubborn old mountain man will do so—the way will be clear for the legislature to pick a new head of state. Because Parliament's official chamber had been sacked during the fighting and is still not secure, the deputies met in a villa, near the Beirut race track, that was supposed to be on neutral ground. The site turned out to be the scene of some of the week's bloodiest clashes.

Damascus has become so embroiled in the tangled conflict that some Middle East observers cynically predict that Lebanon could become "Syria's Viet Nam." The Syrians support the Moslems' basic goal: political reforms that would change an outdated sectarian system in which the Christians have an unjustifiably large share of power. But Syria also wants to prevent a *de facto* partitioning of the country, which could happen if the Moslems carry on their offensive. A weak Maronite state, Syrians fear, might need foreign support—possibly Israeli—and might become a base for anti-Arab activity. The Syrians have infuriated the Moslem coalition by trying to cut off supplies to the National Movement and by seeming to prop up the failing Christian forces.

To prevent Jumblatt's troops from rearming for another round, Syria has clamped tight controls on all roads into Lebanon. Saiqa forces under Syrian control set up roadblocks around Beirut airport, and the Syrian navy patrolled the

coastline. To make sure that the Christians were not getting fresh supplies of weapons and ammunition, the National Movement set up its own blockade around the town of Jounieh and the east Beirut sector of Ashrafieh, the major Christian stronghold in the capital. When the first Saiqa convoys attempted to bring food and gasoline to the surrounded areas, Jumblatt's forces turned them back in blazing gun battles.

Despite the hardships of the civil war, reported TIME Correspondent Wilton Wynn, no one in Beirut was starving. Meat and vegetables were in short supply in some places, and bread was rationed, but fruit was readily available. Hospitals were worried about running out of medical supplies, and security had completely broken down. Pedestrians were routinely held up by marauding bands of gunmen, who looted deserted banks, shops and apartment buildings without fear of police interference.

Surprisingly, some things still worked most of the time, including water, telephones and electricity. Occasionally, there were touches of the old insouciance that once made Beirut that most habitable of Arab cities. After a gunman robbed all a restaurant's customers, the proprietress restored calm and gustatory enthusiasm by announcing that every meal was on the house.

Like the Syrians, the Israelis were worried about what might happen next in Lebanon, but they also had special problems of their own. The Jerusalem government was dismayed by the cordial welcome Pope Paul VI gave visiting Egyptian President Anwar Sadat, which was in sharp contrast to the cool reception suffered by former Premier Golda Meir when she met the Pontiff in 1973. The Pope did not help matters from the Israeli point of view by publicly insisting once more that any just Middle East settlement "must include an equitable solution to the problem of the Palestinian people."

President Ford also irritated Jerusalem by informing Israel's congressional supporters that he will veto any effort to add \$550 million to the \$2.2 billion in U.S. aid that Israel will receive this year. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger promised Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin during his January visit to Washington that the Administration would not object if Congress granted the money; Rabin took that as a Kissinger signal that Israel could lobby for the funds on Capitol Hill.

Since then, however, the Administration has reversed itself for reasons of "financial discipline." The move embarrassed Rabin and angered Israelis. They were further annoyed by reports that an "American source"—later identified as blunt-spoken U.S. Ambassador Malcolm Toon—had accused the Jerusalem government of "dirty pool" for going to Congress behind Ford's back in quest of the additional aid.

THE WORLD

POPE PAUL GREETING EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT AT THE VATICAN



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A natural resources policy, based on present and future needs in providing the highest possible standard of living for America, is an urgent national priority.

Despite warnings of oncoming shortages of some raw materials, we still lack any semblance of a policy. Yet, at the same time, we are using up our mineral, energy and land resources at an accelerating rate.

With expanding global populations straining supplies of many vital materials, we are already nearing the bottoms of some barrels

here and abroad.

Unless we act, the long range economic consequences can be severe.

A resources policy must include four major points...

A realistic approach to the environment. The true meaning of the word has been distorted as this emotion-charged controversy rages on. Pick up a dictionary. Mine defines "environment" as "the aggregate of social and cultural conditions that influence the life of an individual or community."

"Aggregate" means *all* factors affecting our lives. We must not focus on just a piece of the problem, the nation's ecological well-being, while ignoring its economic health.

Just one example: Environmentalists plead for "preservation" of forestlands by keeping man out of the woods, ignoring the other needs such as wildlife management, hunting and fishing, grazing as well as timber harvesting. Unless forests are properly managed, they fall prey to fire, disease and stagnation. The productivity of nature can be increased by scientifically breeding superior trees which grow faster than nature can grow them.

"Man has frequently

improved upon nature," wrote Rene Jules Dubos, the famed bacteriologist. Conservationists can ponder this. So can lawmakers before they make rules that fail to consider the totality of the problem.

A free flow of trade with other nations. Open trade channels insure continuing supplies of vital materials for America. Barriers drive up costs and invite international economic confrontations.

Prompt action to make our forestlands more productive. Four million individuals own 59 percent of our commercial timberlands. We could double our national wood production if private owners practiced scientific forestry the way companies do! The Government must recognize its responsibility to encourage and educate these owners to boost the productivity of their forests, which would benefit all Americans.

Increased Government co-operation. America must go all-out to find new supply sources. Government should supplement efforts of private

wise use of our natural resources."

industry in this search by providing funds for research, exploration and development, and through other incentives.

America's riches in natural resources made America great. A wise resources policy will help keep us great.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

U.S. Steel and Natural Resources

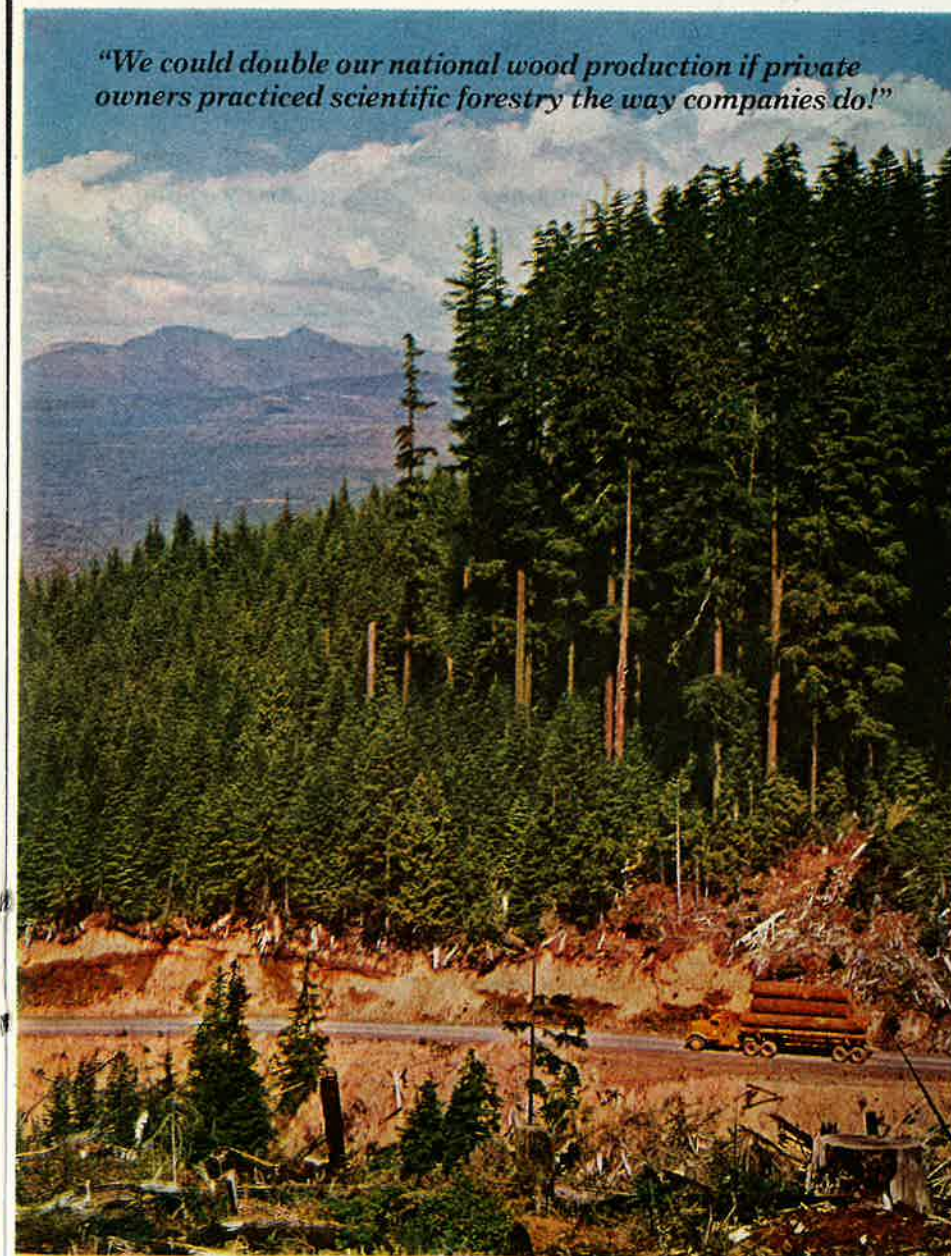
Steel is basic to our way of life and ready access to natural resources, including energy, is basic to the steel industry. U.S. Steel believes

the nation's unexplored resource areas, most of which now are closed to prospectors, must be reopened.

We must free legitimate environmental goals from the maze of conflicting legislative objectives and government administrative procedures which limit growth and even inhibit improved productivity. We believe our growing dependence on foreign natural resources must be reduced.

There is a need for a restatement of national policy to encourage the private enterprise development of our natural resources in balance with environmental benefits in a total sense. The nation's economy can only support our people as they can produce and earn a living. They must not be denied the natural resources essential to their support.

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Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

Charcoal is used today for masks that are required equipment in many industries.

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Charcoal is used to mellow the taste of the finest bourbons.

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Activated charcoal does something for cigarette smoke, too.

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But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why
us Tareyton smokers
would rather fight
than switch."



Tareyton is America's best-selling charcoal filter cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
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King Size: 21 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine;
100 mm: 20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

BRITAIN

Enter Un-Sunny Jim

The sense of relief was all but visible last week in the packed confines of Westminster Palace's Committee Room 14 when George Strauss, 74, an elder statesman of Britain's Labor Party, rose to address the assembled Labor M.P.s. By 176 votes to 137, Strauss announced, Foreign Secretary James Callaghan, 64, had, as expected, emerged as the third-ballot victor over Employment Secretary Michael Foot, 62, the voluble leftist ideologue. Thus ended the race for leadership of the party and occupancy of No. 10 Downing Street that had begun three weeks before when Harold Wilson resigned. After 13 years of tutelage by Wilson, master of the cautious choice, most of the voting Labor M.P.s had opted for a few more years of pragmatic caution under Callaghan rather than the financial strains for battered Britain of a more pronounced leftward turn under Foot.

"Sunny Jim" Callaghan's first moves belied both his nickname and his avuncular reputation. Even before making the traditional visit to Queen Elizabeth at Buckingham Palace for the "kissing of hands,"* the new Prime Minister sternly warned factions on both Labor's left and right wings that he intended to maintain party unity at all costs. Said he: "I want no cliques. None of you holds the Ark of the Covenant." But then, in a conciliatory gesture to Foot, who had done surprisingly well in the leadership contest, Callaghan named the Employment Secretary as party leader in the House of Commons, a position second only to his own.

Rising Star. There were surprises in Callaghan's other Cabinet shifts. As Foreign Secretary, the P.M. chose Environment Secretary Anthony Crosland, 57, an aloof, cerebral party theoretician with credentials in economics rather than foreign affairs. The favorite had been Home Secretary Roy Jenkins, but Callaghan's heart is more in the relationship with Washington than with the EEC, whereas the eloquent, sophisticated Jenkins is an ardent pro-Marketeer. Expectations are that Callaghan may nominate Jenkins for presidency of the European Commission when it is Britain's turn to head it next January.

Crosland's old portfolio went to one of Labor's rising stars, Peter Shore, 51, an economics expert who had previously served as Secretary of State for Trade. Also promoted was Labor's ranking woman M.P.: Shirley Williams, 45, who is Secretary for Prices and Consumer Protection, got the additional post of Paymaster General, which in effect makes her first deputy to Chancellor of the Exchequer Denis Healey.

*The custom of actually kissing the Sovereign's hand is defunct. The term remains in the formal description of the first meeting between Queen and Prime Minister.

Within 48 hours of taking office, Callaghan seemed to be heading into a domestic political storm. The cause was the latest budgetary attempt by Healey to stabilize the listing British economy. Healey and Callaghan both believe that the new government's highest priority must be, as the fledgling Prime Minister declared in a nationwide television address, "the vital job of bringing down the rate of inflation." The rate, which in the year ending last June was as high as 26%, has dropped over the six months



PRIME MINISTER JAMES CALLAGHAN
No Ark of the Covenant, please.

ending Feb. 29 to the less ruinous annual rate of 13.3%. This has largely resulted from the Wilson government's imposition last July of a limit on wage hikes of £6 (then worth \$13.20, or about 10% of the average wage).

Callaghan and Healey must have the support of the country's powerful trade union leaders to get a new agreement to limit wages. Thus the Chancellor in his budget speech proposed \$2.4 billion in tax cuts for all citizens—on one rather startling condition. The cuts would be effective only if the unions agreed by June to accept a new 3% (\$3.68) limit in wage increases. Conservative Leader Margaret Thatcher im-

mediately denounced the proposal as "taxation without representation." Although usually sympathetic to Healey's proposals, the London *Times* skeptically observed that "for the first time the budget has become a matter of negotiation between the government and an outside body representative of only one section of the country." Equally skeptical were the union leaders, even though Healey added that he was "not seeking to dictate a particular figure" and was understood to allow for bargaining room somewhere between 3% and 5%.

To make matters worse for Callaghan, his government last week lost its overall majority in the House of Commons. Labor's voting strength was reduced to 314, v. 316 for the other parties, by the sudden death of one M.P. and the resignation from the party of John Stonehouse, the financial operator whose much publicized disappearance and reappearance (TIME, Jan. 6, 1975) were followed by criminal charges of fraud. While the government can still count on opposition disunity and support from two additional independent M.P.s, the loss of the two seats means tougher sledding for Callaghan whenever he wants to put through vital but controversial legislation. The world money market reflected all the gloom: the British pound at week's end sank to its lowest level ever—\$1.84.

ITALY

The Gun or Slow Poison

It was Rome's worst week of political agitation in a year. Bands of leftist youths went on a two-hour rampage to protest the death of a radical youth during an earlier demonstration. Striking metalworkers, demanding higher pay, locked arms in Rome's Piazza Navona and with rhythmic solidarity chanted, "Governo Moro, te ne devi andà-da" ("Governo Mo-ro, you've got to go-go"). Premier Aldo Moro's shaky Christian Democratic minority government was then more directly threatened by the 20,000 Italian feminists who poured through Rome demanding that the country's tough anti-abortion laws be rescinded. The abortion issue suddenly heated up into Moro's most pressing political crisis—and as it grew, it even threatened to bring the Communist Party directly into government decision-making for the first time.

The feminists were protesting a law (TIME, Jan. 5) dating back to Fascist days that makes abortion a criminal act, even though an estimated 1 million Italian women now undergo such operations annually. Pressed not only by feminists but by Communists and socialists as well, moderates within the Christian Democratic Party sought to "de-penalize" the law. Unless they did, pro-abortion groups had the 500,000 signatures necessary to force a national referendum

on the issue. Still reeling from the impact of a successful divorce referendum in 1974 that divided and nearly shattered his party, Moro hoped to avoid a comparable trauma with a compromise bill softening the present law.

But when the legislation was brought before the Chamber of Deputies, right-wing Christian Democrats, at the urging of the Vatican, tacked on a crippling amendment that would still allow legal abortion only in cases of rape or for medical reasons. The conservatives' amendment passed by a margin of 298 to 286; the pivotal votes came from Italy's small and despised neo-Fascist party. Outraged socialists protested this "black vote," and there was even scuffling in the chamber. "This means there is nothing left to be done with the Christian Democrats," groaned Socialist Deputy Loris Fortuna, leader of his party's pro-abortion forces.

Mini-Compromise. Moro's government has remained in power in recent weeks only with informal socialist support. After the socialists threatened to withdraw that support last week, the government was near collapse. If it falls, the probable result can be an early national election. In such a vote, the Communists, based on their strong showing in recent regional elections, might gain enough seats to demand a formal share in government—Italy's long-anticipated "historic compromise."

But with the economy in such dire shape that the lira has dropped 28% since Jan. 21, the Communists were not altogether certain that at this point they wanted such a role. Party Leader Enrico Berlinguer last week offered an alternative: a "political accord" in which the Christian Democrats would govern but socialists and Communists would participate in decisions on abortion and other major issues. The proposal sounded very much like a "mini" historic compromise. The Christian Democrats at week's end sought instead to force a better accord in parliament. The situation left Moro—and the country—with a grim political choice. Said one political observer darkly: "It's either the gun or slow poison."

THAILAND

A Victim of Bad Reviews

Thai Politician-Publisher Kukrit Pramoj 13 years ago took a respite from statecraft and journalism for a brief fling at the movies. In the film version of *The Ugly American*, Kukrit got surprisingly good reviews for his portrayal of the democratic Prime Minister of a mythical Southeast Asia nation called Sarkhan. The movie Prime Minister was besieged and almost overthrown by Communists, largely because of a meddling U.S. ambassador (played by Marlon Brando).

Last week, as Thailand held parliamentary elections, life exceeded reel politics. Kukrit, 65, Thailand's Prime Minister for the past year, was upset in a bid for re-election. A major reason for his loss was that once again he had run afoul of Americans. This time the issue was the U.S. military presence in Thailand. To improve relations with Thailand's two Communist neighbors—Laos and Cambodia—and reduce protests from Thai leftists, Kukrit last month ordered the U.S. to close its bases and trim personnel from the present 3,500 (down from 49,500 at the height of the Viet Nam War) to 270 military advisers. Alarmed by the Communist threat, many Thai voters as well as the country's powerful military bosses apparently disagreed with the Prime Minister's neutralistic approach.

Kukrit, who heads the right-of-center Social Action Party, lost to his older brother—and political enemy—Seni Pramoj, 70, leader of the conservative Democrat Party. The Democrats swept all 28 National Assembly seats in Bangkok—including Kukrit's—and won 114 nationwide. Three military-backed parties agreed to join the Democrats in forming a Cabinet, which means that Seni will control at least 206 of the 279 seats in Parliament.

The urbane, silver-haired Seni has been Prime Minister twice before—briefly. He appeared as surprised as anyone by Kukrit's unexpected defeat. "The people felt my brother's government just wasn't firm enough," he told TIME Cor-

respondent William McWhirter last week, "but to be fair, they did the best they could." Kukrit had trouble governing the country almost from the time he took office in March 1975 as successor to Seni, whose government had lasted only eight days before losing a vote of confidence. Kukrit's Social Action coalition included 17 parties, a bloc obviously too diverse to be effective. While its factions bickered, rice prices doubled, the economy sagged, housing shortages increased, and the army threatened a coup.

Kukrit called a new election in hopes that he could form a more workable coalition. The witty and energetic Prime Minister was an odds-on favorite to win again; he is widely respected as Thailand's most skillful politician.

Alarming Tales. Kukrit, however, was overwhelmed by public concern over law, order and security. Terrorism is on the rise, and there were 34 political murders during the two-month election campaign. More important, Communist insurgents are operating in border provinces, where refugees fleeing Cambodia (see following story) tell alarming tales of Communist brutality.

Seni Pramoj announced last week that he intends to "review" the American position in Thailand. But that will not solve all his problems. Students and labor unionists who overthrew an entrenched military regime in 1973 and later backed Kukrit may stage new protests unless the government takes steps to solve the country's economic problems. If the army intervenes to put down demonstrations, more trouble will follow. Many Thais fear that the aristocratic Seni, an Oxford-educated lawyer who dabbles in poetry, music and sculpture, is too passive and ethereal to cope with the country's troubles.

Thus there are fears that sooner or later the army may move to seize power. "There is nothing to prevent them if they have a mind to do so," Seni told McWhirter last week. "They, after all, have the guns." Seni knows this all too well—he was Prime Minister for a scant four months in 1946 before being ousted by a military coup.

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

SENI AFTER VICTORY



KUKRIT READING THE RETURNS



WITH MARLON BRANDO (RIGHT) IN "THE UGLY AMERICAN"



UNIVERSAL PICTURES

THE WORLD

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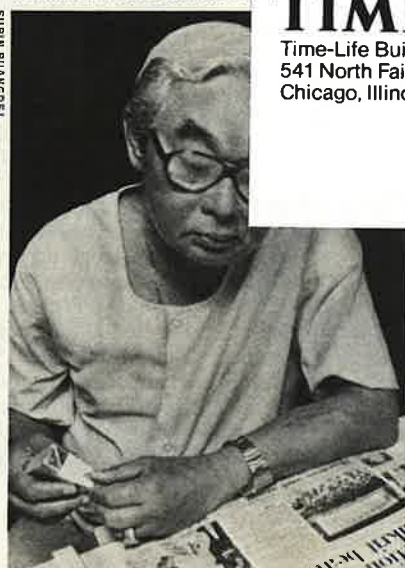
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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER



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CAMBODIA

The Khmer Rouge: Rampant Terror

"When they no longer need me, they will spit me out like a cherry pit," Prince Norodom Sihanouk once said about Cambodia's new Khmer Rouge rulers. Last week the prince's pithy prediction came true. In a radio broadcast, Vice Premier Khieu Samphan, the iron-fisted guerrilla who has ruled the country since the Communist takeover a year ago, announced that Sihanouk had resigned as chief of state, even though he had been reconfirmed in that post by the National Assembly on March 20. Samphan said that the prince, heir to a long line of Khmer royalty and virtually a demigod to Cambodians during his 30-year reign, would receive a pension of \$8,000 a year, and that a statue would be erected in his honor—presumably to placate those Cambodians with lingering loyalties toward the former monarch.

Whether or not the resignation was voluntary—and there were widespread doubts that it was—Sihanouk seemed to accept his fate. Shortly after Samphan's broadcast, the prince declared: "I request the representatives of the people to allow me to retire, while remaining to the end of my life an ardent supporter of the Khmer revolution, the democratic people and the government." There were subsequent but unverified reports that Sihanouk had left the country for China.

Frequently Wept. Forced into exile in Peking by the U.S.-backed Lon Nol regime that ousted him in 1970, Sihanouk had backed the Communist Khmer rebels. But since their capture of Phnom-Penh, the prince has reportedly been unhappy about the new regime's ruthless campaign of intimidation and reprisals against everyone with any connection to Cambodia's past. On a world tour last year, friends say, Sihanouk frequently wept over the course of events.

There is now little doubt that the Cambodian government is one of the most brutal, backward and xenophobic regimes in the world. Cambodians themselves refer to the Khmer Rouge simply as "the Organization." Refugees who have managed to flee to Thailand—often after days and weeks of walking through thick forests and jungles along the border—describe the revolution as a chilling form of mindless terror. In sharp contrast to Laos and Viet Nam, where party cadres have subtly tried to win popular support for social change, there are no revolutionary songs, slogans, poetry, party newspapers or "re-education" centers to explain the purpose and ideology of the revolution. Instead, refugees told TIME Correspondents William McWhirter and David Aikman there has been a grim, silent round of purges, mass evacuations, forced labor and willful assassinations

that have swept up the innocent along with the guilty.

Since the Communist victory last year, an estimated 500,000 to 600,000 people—one-tenth of Cambodia's population—have died from political reprisals, disease or starvation. After the Khmer Rouge takeover, the authorities ordered a shocking forced march of 25,000 patients from their Phnom-Penh hospital beds to work in the countryside. This set the pattern. The populations of every city have been evacuated—young, old, sick, well—and forced, at rifle point, to work in the rice fields. All shops, schools and hospitals have been closed. Phnom-Penh has shrunk from a war-swollen population of 2.5 million to an empty and lifeless shell of 45,000.

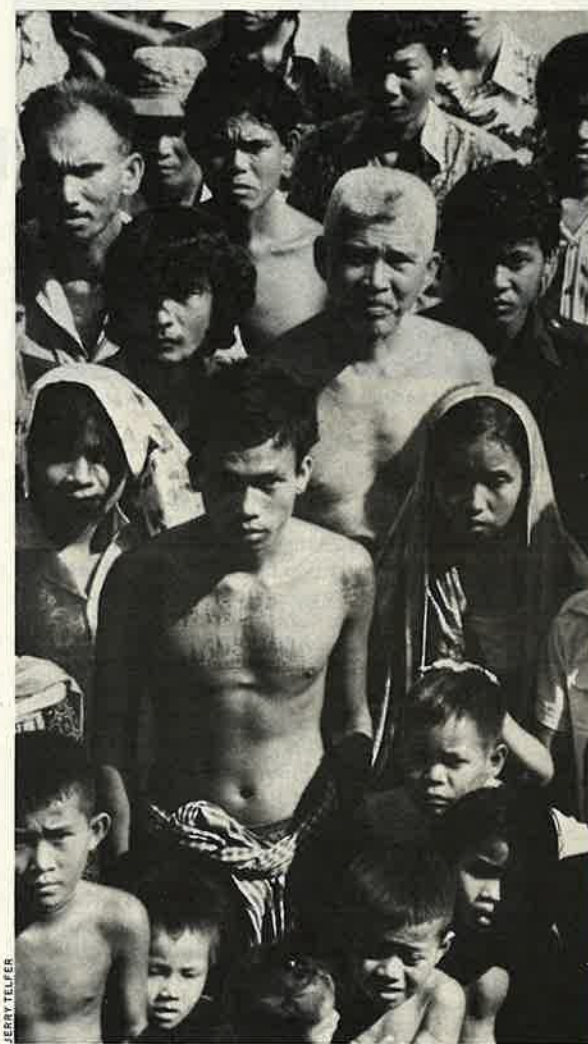
Buried Alive. Cambodia's new rulers have systematically killed former civil servants and soldiers in the Lon Nol army. In a typical incident in the provincial capital of Battambang last year, hundreds of former officers were assembled in a school building on the pretext that they were to greet Prince Sihanouk. There, they were bound hand and foot, loaded onto trucks, and machine-gunned on the outskirts of the city. In recent months the pogrom has been extended to include anyone with an education, such as schoolteachers and students. Whole families—and sometimes entire villages—have been massacred.

To escape the bloodbath, at least 20,000 Cambodians have fled across the border into Thailand. They tell tales of people being clubbed to death "to save ammunition." Others have been bound together and buried alive by bulldozers, or suffocated by having plastic bags tied over their heads. Says one former military policeman who escaped to Thailand: "If some worker made a mistake or criticized a project, he was taken away and we never saw him again. They were sometimes flogged to death, other times shot at night. The bodies were left unburied." Perhaps the most terrifying aspect of the Khmer Rouge regime is that, as one refugee describes it, "we never knew their intentions. They didn't know how to read or write. All they had learned was revolutionary philosophy. Between Cambodians we once thought we could talk and understand each other well. It was just a dream."

The savagery of the Cambodian revolution, in contrast to neighboring Laos and Viet Nam, caught political analysts by surprise. They note, however, that there has always been an element of brutality beneath the placid Khmer personality; for that reason the French army in Indochina preferred Cambodian troops to Laotian or Vietnamese soldiers. Another explanation of the brutality is that the Khmer Rouge feared they could not control Cambodia's swollen cities



OUSTED PRINCE NORODOM SIHANOUK



CAMBODIAN REFUGEES IN THAILAND
Escaping from a bloodbath.

or its educated and political elite.

After a visit to Phnom-Penh last month, Swedish Ambassador to Peking Kaj Bjork—the only Western diplomat permitted inside Cambodia—characterized its revolution as more radical than China's. "The new leaders," he said "speak neither of socialism nor of Communism but of new collectivist ideas. They are taking pains to wipe out everything that reminds them of the old society." A Cambodian specialist was more blunt: "There have always been retributions, but I can only call this genocide." Adds a refugee: "In Cambodia today, death is preferable to life."



RAQUEL IN RIO WITH BOY FRIEND PAULO

Flying Down to Rio is more than an old movie to Singer-Actress **Raquel Welch**, 33. It's becoming a habit. During her nightclub tour of South America in February, Raquel showed up at Rio's carnival on the elbow of **Paulo Pilla**, 32, a former public relations man. Recently she ventured south again to spend eight days with Paulo in Búzios, a few more in Petrópolis, followed by a final fling on the Copacabana. Raquel, said observers, appeared to be *apaixonada*. In rough Portuguese, that means bonkers about Pilla. The twosome evaded publicity until their last day together, when photographers spotted them at Rio's airport, bidding farewell before Raquel's trip home.

That leggy lady is Actress **Charlotte Rampling**, 30, former darling of the love-and-leather set. "I was labeled 'decadent' because of *The Night Porter*, but that's not my personality at all," stressed Rampling last week, recalling her 1974 movie role as the willing captive of an ex-Nazi. Actually, says Charlotte, she is a homebody whose heart belongs to her husband, Writer Bryan Southcombe, 38, and Son Barnaby, 3. From the looks of it, her present image is Hollywood wholesome in every respect. In Charlotte's latest TV movie—titled *Sherlock Holmes in New York*—she portrays the sleuth's mysterious lady friend. Off-screen, Rampling is negotiating to adopt a young French orphan. "I'll want to spend more time with my

HOMEBOY CHARLOTTE RAMPLING



BROOKE & TAYLOR HUSTLE



KISSINGER & MINNELLI ON THE WAY

children, especially as they need me more," says Mom. "My ideal now is to make about one film a year."

Mix one swinging Senator, a couple of dancin'-fool actresses, a Russian-born ballet star, and what have you got? A floor show—if the principals are Massachusetts Republican **Edward Brooke**, **Elizabeth Taylor**, **Liza Minnelli** and **Mikhail Baryshnikov**, who went into action last week at the Iranian Embassy in Washington, D.C. The occasion: a raucous, boozy party by Ambassador **Ardeshtir Zahedi** in honor of the American



PEOPLE

Ballet Theater. Zahedi's groupies included Ballerinas **Alicia Alonso** and **Natalia Makarova**, Minnesota Senator **Hubert Humphrey** and Secretary of State **Henry Kissinger**. But it was Taylor with her emerald-and-diamond baubles that caught the lights. It hardly mattered that pre-party rumors had erroneously linked Liz and Kissinger as dates for the evening. Sniffed Taylor imperially: "The important thing is that I came. Right?"

One measure of a person's importance is the distance between the radiator and his statue in Madame Tussaud's wax museum. Last week **Lord Snowdon**, returning to London for the first time since the announcement of his separation from **Princess Margaret**, discovered another yardstick. His Tussaud statue has not been melted. But it has been carted up to a storeroom above the exhibition hall. Tony will have some company in exile. Among his companions in the closet: former President **Richard Nixon**, who was removed from view after his resignation in 1974.

After half a century in politics—capped by a five-year run as Prime Minister of Israel—what could be left for **Golda Meir**? Broadway, of course. At a meeting with agents of the New York Theater Guild in Tel Aviv last week, Golda, 77, signed over dramatic rights to her life story based on her 1975 autobiography, *My Life*. A nonmusical version of the book will hit the boards some time in 1977, said Guild President Philip Langner. Four Israeli actresses are already under consideration for the starring role, but Langner insists that the casting call will be strictly catholic. Said he: "You don't have to be Jewish to be Golda."

IBM Reports

Things are changing in the office

For nearly a century after the introduction of the typewriter in 1873 there was little change in the way paperwork was produced and processed.

In the last few years, however, dramatic innovations in technology have begun to transform traditional office methods and procedures.

These changes were spurred by the need to cope with staggering increases in the volume of paperwork—the result of a broad and continuing shift in the U.S. economy toward the service sector, with its heavy demand for written communication—and by sharply rising costs.

According to recent studies, the cost of a business letter has jumped from \$2.44 to \$3.79 in the past ten years. And overall office expenditures have become a growing portion of the cost of doing business.

Clearly, the basic answer lies in increasing office productivity.

One of the first major steps in this direction was the development by IBM in 1964 of an automatic text-editing typewriter that could store typed copy electronically and replay it, error-free, at extremely high speeds.

Enthusiastic acceptance of this remarkable machine, capable of multiplying several-fold the number of letters and documents a secretary could produce in a day, quickly opened the way to further change.

Today, IBM and other companies are providing an ever-widening range of office machines and systems that handle more work, more efficiently. The correcting typewriter introduced by IBM in 1973 and the high-speed copier/duplicators introduced in March of this year are good examples.

Other technological developments, such as electronic communication from one typewriter to another, promise even more important benefits—and IBM's commitment to advanced product research continues unabated.

New emphasis is also being placed on improving work flow. Conventional office organization is being modified to make better use of available people resources—with impressive results.

Many experts believe that this combination of advancing technology and improved work planning known as word processing will ultimately do for the office what data processing has already done in other areas.

In actual practice, word processing has demonstrated its ability to provide clear-cut productivity gains and solid cost savings.

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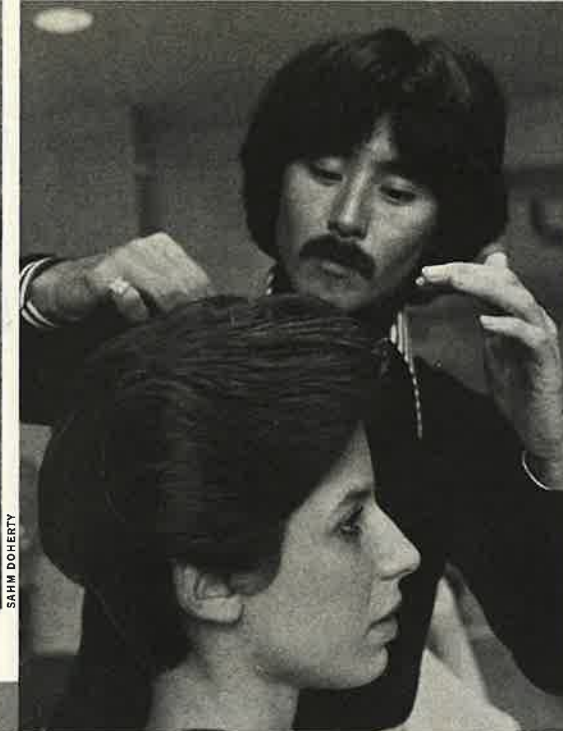


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DANCER THARP AND (CENTER) SUGA AT WORK



HAMILL WEARING WEDGE

MODERN LIVING

The Dorothy Do

When Olympic Skater Dorothy Hamill leaped and spun to her gold medal on the ice at Innsbruck, many female television viewers were as fascinated by her head as by her legs. What captivated the women was Hamill's perky hairdo, which flowed gracefully with every jump and then miraculously fell back into place. Ever since, hairdressers across the nation have been besieged with requests for the "Hamill Look" or the "Dorothy Do."

Uncluttered Coif. The authentic Hamill is a short cut with a thick thatch of bangs that flops over the brow, meets the cheekbones and brushes the top of the ears. In the back, the hair is shaped into a sharp, neat triangle. If it looks at all familiar, hairdressers say, it is because the basic style has been around for several years. It was not until Hamill's Olympian efforts, however, that the wedge gained the edge as one of the headiest coiffures in town.

Hamill's hair is styled by Suga, a Japanese hairdresser who works at Manhattan's Bergdorf Goodman and favors the cut because it bares the neck. "Japanese women are always covered up by the kimono, so that only the neck shows," he explains. "The Japanese think the neck is very sexy." Adds Stylist Eric Lintermans, owner of Lintermans in Beverly Hills: "It lifts the face. The cut by the cheekbones can subtract years from a woman's face." Also, he notes, it can be styled in minutes with a blow dryer: "I think women are tired of having to fuss with their hair—of brushing and spraying and curling." To Fashion Designer Rudi Gernreich, the wedge is simply part of the new concept in dressing. Says he: "American women are beginning to be clean again, getting rid of the clutter." Some of the converts to the uncluttered coif: Dancer and Cho-

reographer Twyla Tharp. Actresses Carol Burnett and Mackenzie Phillips, and Sheila Weidenfeld, Betty Ford's press secretary.

There are many variations on the new wedge. Stylists at the Paul McGregor shops in New York and Los Angeles have shaped the back of the cut into three inverted pyramids. The Jon Peters salon in Beverly Hills has added to the cry with hue. Says Owner Allen Edwards: "For fun, we like to apply iridescent color to the bottom of the wedge—aura colors like purple, reds and blues."

More and more women are taking the wedge pledge. Says Jan Richards, a housewife from Beverly Hills: "It's been my salvation. When a woman nears 50, she can't keep the long hair. This way, my hair looks neat, but I don't look like a schoolgirl." Mimi Meltzer, a housewife from Winnetka, Ill., won instant attention—from women and men—with her wedge. "Even the parking lot attendant tested the style after I had it cut," she says. "He asked me to shake my head to see how my hair looked afterwards."

Cows with a Kick

During Prohibition, indiscriminate tipplers discovered that whisky could be downed with impunity in public places if it were concealed in a glass of milk. A few learned to like it that way and kept the habit after repeal, continuing to order an occasional brandy alexander (cream, brandy and *crème de cacao*) or a sombrero (milk and Kahlua). But now drinkers are turning in larger numbers to the milky way. Liquor-store shelves are displaying a growing variety of dairy-based, premixed cocktails combining booze and moos.

The new drinks taste something like a milkshake with a kick. Only 30 proof, they are aimed primarily at drinkers

who dislike the taste of alcohol but enjoy its effects. To further camouflage the liquor taste, generous doses of chocolate, banana, strawberry and other flavorings are added. Federal Distillers in Cambridge, Mass., the first liquor company to go into bovine beverages, has a special Ice Box line that includes such cool, hot sellers as premixed Chocolate Sombreros (*crème de cacao* with a dairy base), and a Chocolate Chaser (*crème de cacao* and eggnog). Glenmore Distilleries in Louisville calls its creamy spirits Snowshakes. Chicago's Consolidated Distilled Products is milking the new fad by marketing Aberdeen Cows, which come in unusual flavors such as coconut and walnut. Prices range from about \$2.50 to \$4 a fifth.

Sweet Appeal. Among leaders of the herd are Malcolm Hereford's Cows, produced by Heublein, Inc., which began test-marketing the product last spring. More than 500,000 cases have been sold so far, and liquor stores report that the Cows are a live stock indeed. Heublein's ads show Cow bottles grazing in a green pasture and describe how Malcolm Hereford, a fictitious bull breeder, invented the drink. Concludes Hereford: "A Cow-on-the-rocks is not a bum steer."

Cow sales on Continental Airlines took off as soon as the Cows were added to its beverage list, and the airline is now selling special \$1 "cow chips"—ersatz gold tokens, embellished with a cow, good for three drinks. Continental's thirstiest "Cowboys" seem to be women—and college students of both sexes. Explains Stewardess Becky Schnehl: "Maybe it's a carryover from their milkshake days. The sweetness appeals, and so does the fact that they usually can't taste the alcohol in it." Elaine Drakos, a teacher from Huntington, Long Island, has found another virtue in Cows. Says she: "They're great on cereal."

AIRLINES

Hurtling into More Storms

Like a ghost from the past, an ancient blue-and-silver Swallow biplane last week zipped down the runway and into a dawn sky over Pasco, Wash. About two hours and 244 miles later the tiny two-seater landed at Boise, Idaho, to a cheering crowd. The journey was a rerun of the nation's first airmail flight by an outfit (Varney Air Lines) that later became part of United Airlines, and its purpose was to mark a half-century of commercial aviation in the U.S. The milestone, however, comes at a less than auspicious time for most major carriers. Buffeted by a recession-induced fall-off in air travel, exploding fuel costs and damaging uncertainties about Government regulation, the industry has been bucking one of the stormiest business climates in its history.

Small Profit. Last year the nation's 11 major scheduled lines had a collective loss of \$110 million v. a profit of \$321 million in 1974. Only five carriers managed to make a profit in 1975: Northwest, Delta, Braniff, Western and National. The nation's largest line, United, which on top of everything else was grounded for 16 days in December by a mechanics' strike, registered a loss of \$7.7 million for 1975—and has already dropped another \$35 million in the first two months of this year.

Most airline chiefs now agree that the improving economy is brightening airline prospects. Traffic in the first three months was roughly 15% above its 1975 level and the industry, lifted by the performance of its strongest lines, has hopes of making an overall profit this year—perhaps as much as \$200 million. Even the most troubled carriers—American, Eastern, TWA, Pan American and United—are not expected to show catastrophic losses, and some could even produce a small profit.

But to get well, the carriers want Civil Aeronautics Board permission to boost their fares even higher, arguing plausibly that operating costs are still rising faster than revenues. The major lines, which complain that Government has dragged its feet on granting fare hikes, have recently won a 3% across-the-board increase, and last week all but Delta were back in Washington seeking a further 2% rise. More rate-boost requests are almost certain. Eastern Chief Frank Borman figures that fares will have to go up at least another 6% this

year "to get us back toward a reasonable 12% return on investment." The lines also expect to fatten revenues by paring back on their bewildering plethora of discount fares this year; in 1975 35% of all scheduled airline passengers in the U.S. traveled on discount tickets.

The carriers are also striving to cut costs. Eastern has frozen employees' wages, and United laid off 350 workers in March; Pan Am has cut operating costs by \$30 million by dropping some of its least profitable flights. On all the carriers, first class is taking a back seat as more vacationers and businessmen settle for coach. To accommodate the trend and squeeze out more revenue, the airlines are pursuing a strategy that will scarcely be cheered by their customers: they are removing about 6,500 first-class seats—some 30% of the total—and replacing them with 12,000 coach seats, all crammed closer together than before. The passenger cabin crunch is resulting in an increase in seats that is the equivalent of adding 40 stretched Boeing 727s to the airlines' fleets.

While the carriers can count on a relatively healthy 1976, the longer-term prospects are less promising. The darkest cloud is a plan—backed by the Administration as part of its declared war on the regulatory power of Big Government—to loosen federal control of the industry (TIME, Oct. 20).

The Administration plan, now under consideration by the Senate Commerce Subcommittee on Aviation, proposes to sharpen competition by opening all domestic routes to all U.S. carriers, large and small, and permitting them to charge whatever they wish, within certain limits. At present the CAB determines which lines fly over what routes and how much they can charge.

Sweat Blood. In surprising Senate testimony last week CAB Chairman John Robson, reversing the usual stand of regulatory agency chiefs, advocated that CAB authority over airlines be reduced. According to one CAB source, Robson had to "sweat blood" to get other board members to agree on that position. He acknowledged that his agency's tight regulation of the industry had probably forced up ticket prices unnecessarily. Major airlines counter that the plan would cause debilitating dogfights on the most desirable routes, weaken the industry generally and ultimately lead to the collapse of all but the strongest lines and a massive disruption of service.

Whether or not the plan eventually becomes law, it faces a long legislative struggle. Meantime, the uncertain reg-

ulatory outlook and the industry's depressed revenues are preventing the carriers from borrowing the money they need to buy newer, cheaper-to-run aircraft. United, unable to get financing, was forced to cancel an order for a fleet of new Boeing 727 jets. To keep its present equipment going, the line now faces higher maintenance costs and lower productivity, which cut into its revenues.

Beyond these woes, the airlines confront yet another gnawing worry. Says Citibank Vice President Frederick W. Bradley Jr.: "Over the next few years we do not see sufficient traffic growth to support anticipated further increases in fuel, wage costs and other costs. The long-term outlook at this point is bleak." In short, there is a growing question about whether the U.S. market is big enough to support all its major carriers. If it is not, the weaker lines may well have to be weeded out, through merger or failure, to allow the healthy, resourceful carriers to survive and prosper.



PRICES

Food Calms Down

No part of the inflationary wave that swept through the U.S. over the past three years hit consumers harder than spiraling prices at the supermarket. From 1972 to the end of last year, the cost of food jumped 42%, reflecting the price-boosting pressures of the big Soviet grain sales, drought, destructively heavy rains and lively speculation on commodity exchanges. Now the price wave seems to be subsiding. During the past six months, food prices rose by only 1.1%, and Agriculture Department economists forecast an increase of no more than 3% for the rest of 1976, compared with 8.5% last year.

Market-shelf prices actually fell from January to February; the decline was only 1.5%, but it was the biggest monthly slide in the grocery component of the consumer price index since the early 1950s. The sharpest drop occurred in the area where housewives had been hit hardest: the meat case. Beef prices plunged 6% as cattlemen, reacting to dwindling demand, trimmed the sizes of their herds and pumped beef onto the market. Beef prices may well rebound



more cheaply than at any time since the fall of 1974.

No one seems to be suffering seriously from the calm in food costs. Farmers may be getting less for what they produced than in 1972 and 1973, but they are still doing well. Says Agriculture Department Economist Dawson Ahalt: "What they have lost in prices they are making up in volume." Moreover, profit margins for processors, wholesalers and retailers remain healthy.

What could upset the relatively pleasing picture? A weather disaster affecting this year's corn, wheat or soybean crops could do it, but the impact would not be noticeable on market shelves until 1977. Although many farmers from Iowa to Texas are worried about a drought, and there has been some damage to the winter wheat crop, grain prices have so far been only slightly affected. The outlook is for continued calm, with the main beneficiaries—in this election year—being the millions of middle- and lower-income families that spend more of their available cash on food than wealthier Americans.

VENEZUELA

Terror and Takeover

Just why they singled out William F. Niehous, general manager of Owens-Illinois' Venezuelan operation, is unclear. But on the evening of Feb. 27, seven armed guerrillas broke into the American glass-company executive's home in an affluent suburb of Caracas. While his wife and a maid watched helplessly, Niehous, 44, was injected with a soporific and carried into the night. At first it was expected that the ultra-leftist terrorists, like the majority of their counterparts in Uruguay and Argentina, would simply demand that a huge ransom be paid by the company's big (1975 sales: \$2.2 billion) Ohio-based U.S. parent. Instead, the Niehous case brought a new dimension to the political kidnappings that have been plaguing businessmen, particularly in Latin America. Indeed, it led last week to a startlingly abrupt—and arbitrary—government takeover of Owens-Illinois' three glass-making factories in Venezuela.

The terrorists identified themselves as part of a little-known leftist movement named the Argimiro Gabaldon Revolutionary Command. Instead of asking for a cash ransom, they demanded that Owens-Illinois 1) pay each of its 1,600 Venezuelan employees \$116 as compensation for its "exploitation"; 2) distribute 18,000 packages of food to needy families; and 3) buy space in Venezuelan and foreign newspapers for a lengthy manifesto, written by the extremists, denouncing the company and the Caracas government. Otherwise, they implied, Niehous would be killed.

In complying with the third point, the company ran into trouble. The dif-

FROM TOP: PLANNING A TRIP; FLYING PARTLY FULL; FUELING A PLANE; LOADING LUGGAGE; VACUUMING AFTER FLIGHT; INSTALLING IN-FLIGHT MOVIE

The following is a translation of a statement from a group describing themselves as the Revolutionary Command, Argimiro Gabaldon Operation/which was received by Owens-Illinois, Inc., following the kidnapping in Venezuela on February 27, 1976, of William F. Niehous, general manager/of Venezuelan operations for O-L. Publication of the statement in this newspaper was demanded as a condition of the release of Mr. Niehous.

TO THE PEOPLE OF VENEZUELA

communal costs, low cost of the raw materials and transport — in other words, Colombian glass would take away the monopoly that the (company) now holds in Venezuela. WHAT IS OWENS-ILLINOIS? community which their particular company enjoys. The OWENS-ILLINOIS company outlined strategy intending to direct the architectural project. The housing plan. political sectors of AD and COPEY have a swarm of connections with and ramifications in the public power and constitute the true decision-making factors; from this, the denunciations of the aforementioned cases important ways to transfer the State earnings to the vaults of the internal and international bourgeoisie. There exists, furthermore, in a legalized form another means for the massive transfer of capital from the state to Article 5 of roles does negotiate

PART OF ADVERTISEMENT PLACED IN SEVERAL PROMINENT NEWSPAPERS BY OWENS-ILLINOIS AT TERRORISTS' DEMAND

difficulty was a longstanding policy—apparently set by Venezuela's tough President Carlos Andrés ("Cap") Pérez—of not allowing guerrilla propaganda of any kind to appear in the local press. No Venezuelan newspaper would print the manifesto; even so, Owens-Illinois decided to ignore official warnings and run the manifesto in three renowned foreign dailies—the New York Times, the Times of London and Paris' Le Monde.

No matter where it appeared, the NIEHOUS AS CAPTIVE AND BEFORE



producing subsidiaries of Exxon, Royal Dutch/Shell, as well as other foreign firms—key ingredients in Cap Pérez's plan to make his country an economic powerhouse. Nor were the full implications of the Owens-Illinois case clear. Some Venezuelan businessmen complained that the expropriation was a "terrible overreaction" and worried that it might frighten off foreign investors. U.S. State Department officials, while expressing "concern" about the case, felt that Owens-Illinois had simply "gambled and lost" in a calculated risk that the Pérez government would go easy on it. Company executives convened in Caracas to try to get the government to reconsider. As for William Niehous, at week's end he remained a captive—if indeed he was still alive.

MIDDLE EAST

The Rise of Athens

As an oasis of tranquillity in the turbulent Middle East, Beirut for years waxed rich, chic and sleek—the region's undisputed center of international business. Lebanon's bloody civil war has changed all that. Once-bustling streets in the capital are choked with rubble. Hotels are gutted, eleven banks have been looted and even during the frequent "truces"—24 so far—the killing continues. Beirut, mourns one American businessman, is like "Dodge City with no Wyatt Earp in sight: 3 million people and 8.5 million submachine guns. When you have that many arms, how can you keep a cease-fire? How can you do business?" Virtually every multinational corporation has closed its regional offices in Beirut, packed its records and fled.

Surprisingly, the largest number have resettled in a city that is neither Moslem nor even in the Middle East—Athens. Some 70 major U.S. companies have moved their regional headquarters there from Beirut, among them National Cash Register, Caterpillar, Boeing, Control Data, Exxon, Goodyear, Union Carbide, Chase Manhattan Bank and Morgan Guaranty Trust.

Why Athens, which is 1,500 miles from Tehran and 1,800 miles from Riyadh? The competition was weak, for one thing. Cairo does not have enough suitable offices, homes and hotel rooms to accommodate a big foreign business community, and its communications system barely operates. Jordan's capital, Amman, has better facilities but lacks

the essential cosmopolitan ambience.

Athens, on the other hand, has everything. "The *bouzouki* music, the food," says an Arab. "You might almost say the Greeks are Arabs wearing pants." Even Athens' shops and hotels can compare with Beirut's. Airline, telephone and telex service is excellent, and there is still a sufficient amount of modern office space. True, prices are high; the rent for much desired villas with swimming pools in suburban Kifissia has doubled recently, to about \$1,000 a month. Even so, points out one recent corporate settler, Edwin P. Hoffman, senior vice president of Citibank, "Athens has the schools and housing that we require. It's a pleasant city."

The Caramanlis government wants to make Greece the bridge between Europe and the Middle East. It thus has not given full diplomatic recognition to Israel and enjoys friendly relations with all the Arab countries. The result, says Americo Silvera, vice president of recently relocated Carrier International Corp.: "An African or Arab can come to Athens and feel at ease here." As an added inducement, the Greeks extend generous tax breaks to foreign corporations that have headquarters in Greece but do not do business there.

Still, Athens' physical distance poses problems. Some companies plan to maintain their presence in the Middle East by regularly sending executives on prolonged trips through the area. Others will eventually open small branch offices in Amman, Cairo or other cities.

The Lebanese maintain that Beirut will have a renaissance. Munir Abu Fadil, a leading Lebanese businessman-politician, predicts: "Once we get a political settlement, within a month we will be rebuilding and within six months we will be booming." Perhaps so, but many U.S. corporations seem permanently impressed by Athens' charm. Citibank's Hoffman says that the bank plans to set up a big "symbolic" office somewhere in the Middle East before long. But, he adds, "the major portion of our operation will remain in Athens."

CORPORATIONS

Rapture of the Deep

When at age 17 he ventured west from Mount Vernon, N.Y., to seek his fortune, R. Lad Handelman learned quickly that there was more money in diving than in tending a diver's airline, as he had been doing. Says he: "I figured I was on the wrong end of the hose." He became a diver and spent a decade

"Mining is destroying that mountain."



Two opposite views. Each expressing a basic human need. Which should have priority?

Surely a mountain is a treasure, a sanctuary of trees: Douglas fir, aspen, pine. Snow capped in winter. Home for wildlife, game. A place for hikers, for recreation, solitude. Mining can change all that. And those who defend the mountain appeal to instincts deep in every heart.

Others perceive the mountain's wealth another way: as minerals basic to energy, communications, shelter and transportation requirements, harvesting food. According to the U.S. Dept. of Interior, each year 40,000 pounds of raw minerals are used for each person in the country. Reductions in our mineral supplies would alter our lives drastically.

What to do? To mine or not?

Realistically, we must have minerals. And we can mine them only where we find them. At the same time we cannot ignore the importance of environmental considerations. We must keep the impact within tolerable limits. This may rule out some mining in certain areas until more acceptable technology is developed. In other cases we must be willing to accept the costs of environmental safeguards in the products we buy.

We need to consider both sides in sensible land use decisions balancing economic, social and environmental needs. Decisions that seek greater U.S. mineral self-sufficiency by opening all our lands to responsible mineral exploration.

Caterpillar depends on many minerals to manufacture its machines—machines which in turn are used to mine and transport minerals and reclaim land. We believe that with mature, responsible planning, America can have its minerals and its mountains.

There are no simple solutions. Only intelligent choices.



Caterpillar, Cat and C are Trademarks of Caterpillar Tractor Co.

"We need the minerals the mountain holds!"



Based on Road & Track magazine's consideration of hundreds of 1975 automobiles:

The Rabbit is the best car in the world for under \$3500.*

*Suggested 1976 retail price \$3,499 East Coast P.O.E. (4-dr. model higher). Transportation, local taxes, and dealer delivery charges additional.

*Based on Agabian Associates test results. © Volkswagen of America.

It wasn't Toyota.
It wasn't Datsun.
It wasn't Vega.
It wasn't Pinto.
It wasn't Honda.
It wasn't Fiat.

We set our standards high.
So did the car experts of Road & Track.

In naming the 10 best cars in the world, they began with a subject dear to our hearts.

And we quote: "We considered value for money carefully. With what has happened to prices the last three years this is more critical than ever in America; no longer can so many of us buy on a whim and trade every two or three years."

The annual Detroit model-change madness is dying a well-deserved death.

The Volkswagen Rabbit was picked to be the best car in the world for under \$3500

for the *right* reasons.

**39 mpg
highway,
25 mpg city.**

These are EPA estimates of what the Rabbit achieved in the 1976 EPA tests.

The tests were performed with standard transmission. The mileage you get can vary, depending on how and where you drive, optional equipment and the condition

of your car.

No other car combines this kind of economy with the incredible power that moves a Rabbit.

Beats Datsun outside.

You're propelled from 0 to 50 in only 8.2 seconds.

At that range, a Datsun B-210 is 60% slower than a VW Rabbit.[†]

If you've ever pulled out into a passing lane and then seemed to hang there as the seconds ticked away, you know the importance of this kind of pick-up.

Beats Cadillac inside.

Looks are deceiving.

As Road & Track put it: "Its space for passengers and luggage is remarkable."

87% of the space in the Rabbit is devoted to functional room.

Open the large Hatchback, put the rear seat down, and you have more luggage space than in the trunk of a Cadillac Fleetwood.

There's as much glass area as you would find in a Lincoln

Continental Mark IV and as much leg and head room as you would find in some mid-size cars.

All that, and it still parks like a Volkswagen.

"First-class handling."

Road & Track said it.

So did our customers.

70% of the people who bought Rabbits said it was the test-drive that finally convinced them.

Front-wheel drive gives you better tracking, especially on wet roads.

Rack-and-pinion steering gives you better handling.

If one brake circuit fails, a second circuit takes over.

If one front tire blows, negative steering roll radius brings you to a sure, straight stop.

Safety package?

The whole car is a safety package, down to the padded key that fits into the ignition.

VW Reliability.

Reliability, dependability — words often used loosely in advertising, were key to the Road & Track selection.

Today, over 1100 Volkswagen dealers are committed to making sure your Rabbit lives a long, happy, carefree life.

And they back this commitment with one of the most advanced car coverage plans in the automotive industry: The VW Owner's Security Blanket.

Our Winner.

212 automobiles were considered.

10 won.

We at Volkswagen are proud to take our place next to the Mercedes-Benz 450 SE/SEL, the Porsche 911 Carrera, and the other fine cars chosen "The Best."

In this fast-moving, discountable, "move 'em off the lot and worry about service later" world, it's nice to know that something as seemingly remote as craftsmanship can still be appreciated.



The Rabbit



Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine;
Menthol: 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

"Max, I can take you anywhere."

**Max. The maximum
120mm cigarette.**

Take Max out. Take Max home.
Take Max everywhere.

Long, lean, delicious Max—
with that dynamite
all-white look.

Great tobaccos. Terrific taste.
Same price as 100's, too.



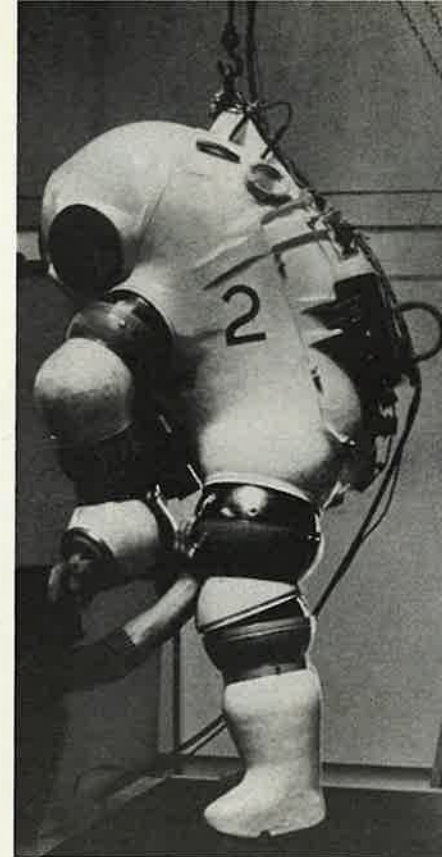
© Lorillard 1976

combing the seabed off California for abalone. Today, at 39, Handelman is again topside: this time as president of Oceaneering International, Inc., a Houston-based company that in 6½ years has become the largest publicly owned firm in an arcane but fast-growing specialty known as underseas services.

Rat Hat. Oceaneering now has 951 employees, including 500 divers, working in 25 countries, mainly for the booming offshore oil and gas industry. The company's skills, which earned it \$7 million in 1975 on total revenues of \$52 million, include surveying drilling sites, building submarine pipelines, and maintaining platforms and subsurface well-heads—all hazardous chores in a hostile environment that is unforgiving of mistakes. Handelman and Oceaneering's co-founder and chairman, Mike Hughes, 37, met in 1964 when both were running tiny diving companies. The young entrepreneurs joined forces with a third small company, Canadian Diving Services, and formed Oceaneering. Later they expanded their reach by absorbing a fourth company, with operations in Europe, the Middle East and Africa.

Oceaneering has grown largely because of technological innovations that enable its divers to descend as far as 1,000 ft.—a depth that was rarely attempted a few years ago. It has developed, among other items, a complex fiber glass "rat hat" that warms the helium-oxygen mixture that divers must breathe at the very cold depths below 200 ft. to avoid the disabling nitrogen narcosis commonly known as "rapture of the deep." The \$2,500 hat has been successfully tested at 1,600 ft.; Oceaneering refuses to sell it to anyone—even the U.S. Navy, which has chastised the firm as "unpatriotic."

The company has also developed techniques to decrease costly "bounce" dives—twelve hours of on-deck decompression for every half-hour on the ocean floor. Descending in a pressurized div-



DEEP-DIVING SUIT
Hazardous chores in a hostile environment



HUGHES AND HANDELMAN WITH BELL
that is unforgiving of mistakes.

ing bell, an Oceaneering diver can work underwater shifts of four hours or more with only four days off out of every 15 for decompression. Another innovation: an experimental suit that encases a diver in normal atmospheric pressure at great depths, thus eliminating the need for decompression altogether.

The suits, pumps, lighting gear and other support equipment needed to put one diver on the bottom today can cost more than \$500,000—one factor that gives a firm of Oceaneering's size a competitive edge. Another expensive item is the diver himself. Oceaneering trains its own divers at a school in Wilmington, Calif. Students, most in their early twenties, learn the physics and physi-

ology of diving, later advance to underwater welding, rigging, salvage, photography, even television. The divers are paid handsomely: salaries range mostly from \$17,000 to \$35,000 a year, and a few divers in Alaska earn more than Handelman's salary of \$53,500.

Handelman has made the future he sought; with Oceaneering stock trading at about \$10 over the counter, his 346,479 shares are worth \$3.5 million. At present, it seems that the only way his business can go is up. Today, about 20% of the world's oil and gas comes from beneath the ocean floor. By 1985, according to some economists, undersea wells will account for 45% of the supply of those fuels.



Copy Cut

As many cost-minded managers are acutely aware, the ubiquitous office copier is just as handy for duplicating Aunt Tillie's strudel recipe as for running off copies of business mail. Now Manitou Systems Inc. of Bensenville, Ill., is offering a way of preventing office workers, as President Paul Leopold puts it, from "thinking of the copier in the same way they think of the water fountain." The company has developed a device, easily attached to any copier, that switches the machine on only when the user inserts a plastic identification card issued by his employer. The apparatus is hooked up to a computer that "reads" the cards and keeps a running tab on who has been using each copier—and for how many copies.

Manitou claims customers who have tried out the system, which costs about \$60 per installation plus a \$60 monthly rental fee, have been able to cut copying costs by as much as 50%. The University of San Francisco found some professors were duplicating whole books instead of buying them. Some employers, among them Levi Strauss, use the system primarily to monitor department-by-department copying costs, but Leopold sees it mainly as a money saver. Says he: "Companies don't leave the petty-cash box sitting in the lobby, but each time the copier is used, it takes another nickel off the bottom line." Then again, bosses eager to save those nickels may have to reflect that many employees would accept controls on copiers about as eagerly as they would meters on the water fountain.



AIDE HELPS TEACHER (BACKGROUND) IN REFORM-PLAN CLASS IN LOS ANGELES

EDUCATION

Easy as E.C.E.

"Don't tinker. Come up with a totally new look at early education and give us a whole new way of running schools and teaching in the primary grades." So ordered California Superintendent of Public Instruction Wilson Riles when he assumed his post in 1971. The State Department of Education, along with a task force of educators and parents, delved into the innovations and experiments of the past decade, accepting some, rejecting others, and finally developed a reform plan that Riles adopted. Dubbed the Early Childhood Education (E.C.E.) program, the project, now in its third year of operation, is used to teach 400,000 children (in kindergarten through third grade) in nearly a third of the state's elementary schools and costs the state \$63 million a year to operate.

Hiring Mothers. Schools that elect to participate in E.C.E. receive an extra \$170 per student to create their own programs geared to each child's "learning profile." If a third-grader is reading on a first-grade level—all too common a circumstance today—the teacher is expected to help that child on his own level. Students ahead of their peers are provided more advanced lessons. To achieve such individual instruction, more instructors were needed. Since it was too expensive to hire enough trained teachers to do the job, Riles set out to use parents in the classroom.

Currently, 181,000 parents are involved in some way in the program. Besides helping to teach, they make up the

majority of each E.C.E. school's advisory committee, which shapes the overall program. Parent participation in ghetto schools has traditionally been a problem across the country and remains one in California, but the problem has been partially solved by using E.C.E. money to hire mothers as teaching aides. They earn \$2,320 a school year for a 3-hr. day. For more help in the classroom, older children from nearby high schools have been recruited.

A typical E.C.E. class, a descendant of the British "open-school" concept, replaces a front-and-center teacher and rows of students' desks with scattered work areas, each devoted to a different subject. Lessons in reading, math and, say, art may thus take place simultaneously. Teachers have found the new setup difficult at times, but after adjusting to it and the presence of aides, many have found it a good change. Says one: "I've never worked so hard, but the children are more interested in learning and the classrooms are much more pleasant."

According to some early evaluations of the program, the children may be learning more too. At Russell Elementary School, for instance, 100 of the 150 kindergarten students are reading, whereas before E.C.E. virtually none could read. At the Warner Elementary School in the well-to-do Westwood section of Los Angeles, Stephen Heller, 8, attests to the program's apparent success: "We have more help and can learn faster." Riles says that E.C.E. "has unleashed a creativity and sense of involvement that we could not have anticipat-

ed." Not all Californians are impressed with E.C.E. Some parents are disturbed that children on different grade levels are grouped together. Says Marilyn Herman, mother of three: "There is so much going on in these classrooms that even with more individual help some kids are being shortchanged on basics."

California Legislative Analyst Alan Post claims that the state's evaluation of the program is "mushy," not separating the results of E.C.E. from other programs. Says Post: "We know that some [teachers] are complaining that the E.C.E. is making a shambles out of the classroom. Our position toward expanding E.C.E. is that prudent fiscal measures be exercised until the program has clearly proved its effectiveness."

Even so, tightfisted Governor Jerry Brown has proposed a \$35 million expansion of the program. Moreover, the State Board of Education has requested a \$454 million appropriation to introduce the same type of program into secondary schools beginning in 1977. As Stanford Education Professor Michael Kirst says, "The general climate of opinion about E.C.E. is positive." Indeed, according to John Pincus, a Rand Corp. analyst and professed skeptic on educational reform, the California effort has the potential of becoming "the broadest reform in public education since the introduction of the comprehensive high school 75 years ago."

Smarter Seniors

For more than a decade educators and parents alike have been lamenting the steadily declining scores of high-school seniors on the Scholastic Aptitude Tests. Now, a University of Michigan psychologist forecasts a reversal in the scores—and without any tightening up of teaching methods or reduction in TV watching, factors that he plays down as reasons for the decline. The reversal, Robert Zajonc says, may come about simply as a result of demographic changes. Zajonc notes, as other researchers have also observed, that the circumstances of being the first-born and of being a member of a small family both lead to greater intellectual performance. Since in 1963 U.S. families began to get smaller, he hypothesizes that by the early 1980s 18-year-olds taking the SATs will score higher.

Zajonc warns that birth order in itself must not be overemphasized, since a large age gap between children within a family will offset the advantage the first-born normally has. Further, he does not discount genetic and other influences on intelligence, or claim that his theory predicts any given person's intelligence. He deals with averages, not individuals. Still, he says, "all our hypothetical data seem to fit." He also notes that higher scores on Iowa and New York performance tests by children who will turn 18 in the early '80s suggest that his hypothesis is correct.

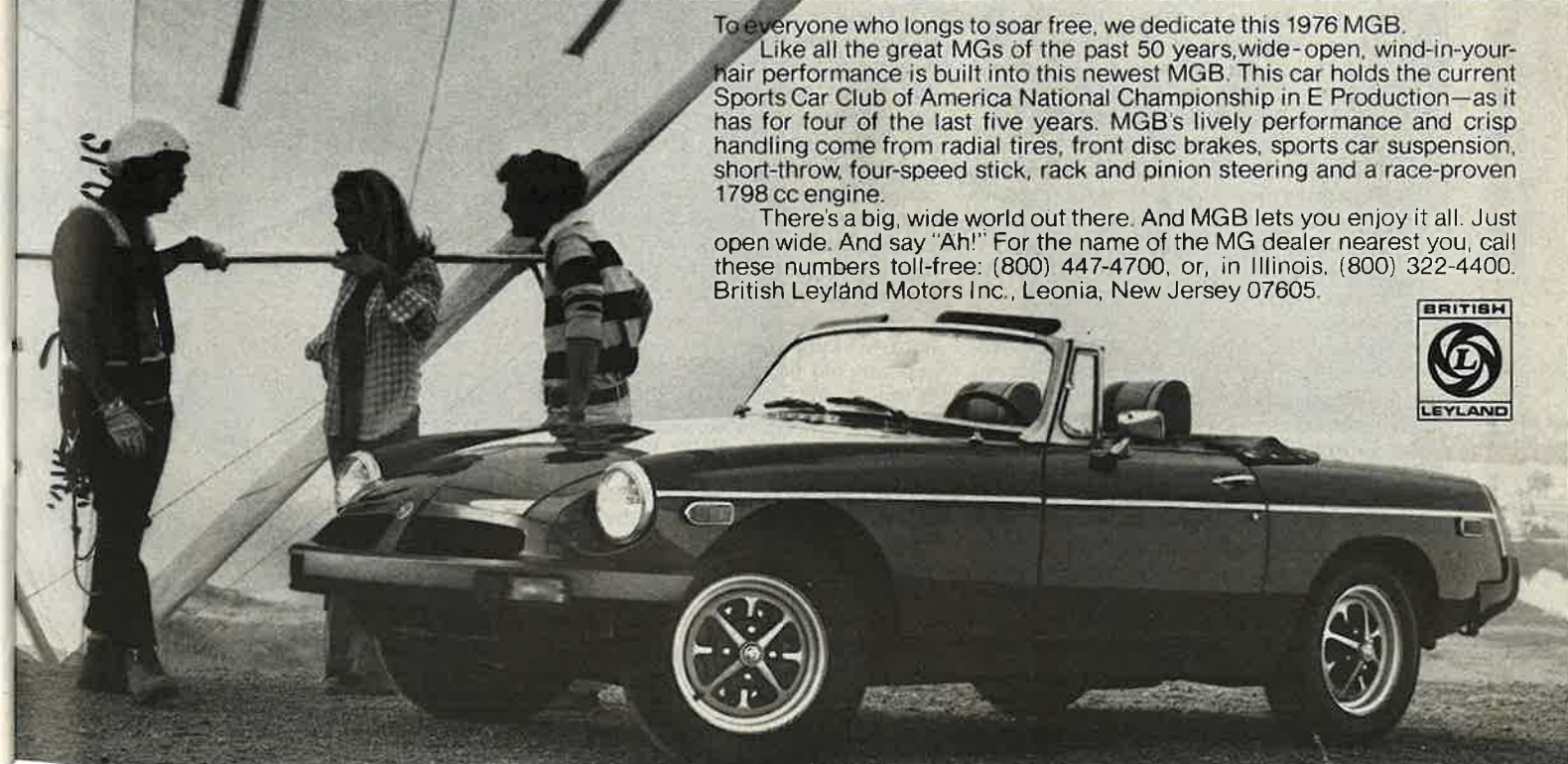


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RICHARD BRIERS & CHERYL KENNEDY IN A SCENE FROM *ABSENT FRIENDS*

THE THEATER

Curtains Up in London

In a rare instance of British overstatement, one Londoner remarked recently, "The only thing that really works in England is the theater." Quite apart from an ingrained cultural tradition and abundant talent, the English theater works because people care.

To begin with, audiences care. In attending the classics, any number of playgoers arrive with the text in hand or purchase it at the theater. Playwrights, actors and the government care. The result is variety and vitality. In the West End, London's equivalent of Broadway, 28 shows are currently running, compared with 19 on Broadway. Not all are dramatically superior works. They contain wheezy old crowd pleasers like Dame Agatha Christie's *The Mouse Trap*, now in its 24th year, and such flimsy sex farces as *Let's Get Laid* and *No Sex Please, We're British*. Yet a fundamental difference between London and New York City is that the English are basically committed to the play; Broadway is always fervidly panting for the next hit musical to sustain its hectic life. British actors take TV and movie money only to get back on stage.

Since geographical distances are nominal, Britain gains from cross-fertilization between the bustling regional theaters and the London scene. Trevor Griffiths' *Comedians* originated at the Nottingham Playhouse. All of Alan Ayckbourn's recent plays, including *Absent Friends*, were initially presented at the Library Theater in Scarborough (Yorkshire), where Ayckbourn is director of productions. The underlying significance of the two leading repertory companies, the National Theater (TIME, March 15) and the Royal Shakespeare Company, is not simply that they exist and command ample subsidies but that

they represent touchstones by which all members of the English theatrical community can gauge their own quality. A look at three current plays that distinctively measure up:

OTHERWISE ENGAGED by SIMON GRAY

The hero of this laceratingly literate play suffers from cardiac arrest, not physically but emotionally. Simon (Michael Gambon), an affluent publisher, is an impervious monster of urbane civility. If his heart goes out to anything, it is to the punctilious use of English. On the particular day that the drama transpires, he wishes to listen to his new recording of *Parsifal* in monastic solitude. It is not to be.

The door of his fashionably appointed den proves to be revolving. Through it stream people whose untidy problems and messy personalities make Simon seem almost a genteel charmer, though his witty ripostes are fashioned from barbed wire. His upstairs lodger, a sociology student, enters to cadge money and denounce Wagner as a fascist. Simon's elder brother, an academic mole, mewls and pules about the disadvantages of not having an Oxford degree.

A drunken critic friend rails against hard-working Australians who will accept any old pay and have reduced him to writing for the *Radio Times*. A young woman (Jacqueline Pearce) with a manuscript in tow strips to the waist, brazenly daring Simon to ravish and, of course, publish her. Finally, his parched-for-love wife announces that she is pregnant, possibly by a man whom Simon despises. The subtlest alteration in Michael Gambon's marvelously controlled performance suggests that *Parsifal* will never sound the same again. No moat of detachment can guard the vulnerable castle of the heart.

ABSENT FRIENDS by ALAN AYCKBOURN

British critics sometimes express surprise that Ayckbourn's provincial comedies (*Absurd Person Singular*, *The Norman Conquests*) find appreciative audiences in the U.S. Perhaps suburbia is not a locale but a compendium of transferable manners and mores.

Certainly anyone can respond to recycled banalities masquerading as conversation, an edgy concern with appearances, the nose sniff of gossip and the binocular gaze at just who is where on the money-and-status escalator. Ayckbourn has honed this knowledge to hairbreadth comic precision.

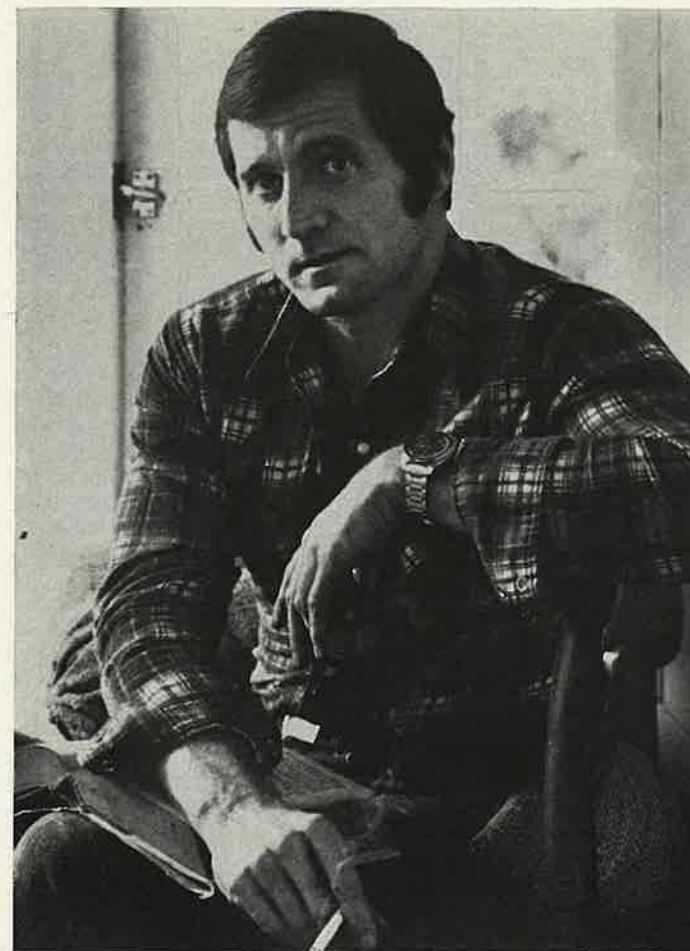
His latest play incorporates a certain Chekhovian poignance into the humorous social observation: A tea party is being thrown for Colin (Richard Briers) out of sympathy. His fiancée of 14 months has just drowned. Colin's pal Diana (Pat Heywood) gets the group together, feeling that Colin's "friends" ought to cheer him up, even though none of them has seen him for three years. The tea is a witches' brew. When Colin arrives, it is clear that he is inconsolable, in the sense that grief is incomprehensible to him.

He starts by passing around for mutual approbation photos of his dead fiancée. As a catalytic agent full of "power of positive thinking" jargon, he soon reduces everyone either to tears or hysterics. Unwittingly, he unmasks torpedoed marriages, a joyless adulteress (Cheryl Kennedy), blasted careers, lace-

PEARCE & GAMBON IN *OTHERWISE ENGAGED*



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MENTHOL: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, FILTER: 14 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report SEPT. '75.

THE THEATER

curtain carnage. When Colin, played with demonic dexterity by Richard Brers, finally leaves, one of the survivors utters a suburban epitaph: "Nice to sit with your friends now and again. Nice."

COMEDIANS
by TREVOR GRIFFITHS

Tragedy unites, comedy divides. Even ideas about what constitutes comedy are cloudily divisive. "I didn't think that was funny" or "Why did you think that was so funny?" are the common stuff of daily conversation.

Playgoers are almost forced to ponder the nature of humor by *Comedians*. It is a hilarious-abrasive, funny-unfunny analysis-cum-demonstration of why we laugh at all. Six Manchester men with dead-end jobs aspire to be entertainers in workingmen's clubs, with a possible whack at the London big time. Each act is one leg of a tripod—final warm-up, audition, post-mortem.

The teacher is an old pro, Eddie Waters (Jimmy Jewel), whose last laugh seems to have long been buried in the creases of his face. As his pupils sprint apprehensively through their routines—ethnic, absurd one liners, godawful—Eddie offers his philosophy of comedy: "A real comedian *dares* to see what his listeners shy away from, fear to express. A joke releases the tension, but a true joke has to do more than release tension, it has to *liberate* the will and the desire, it has to *change the situation*."

But the audition judge Bert Challenon (Ralph Nossek) holds an opposite view: "Don't try to be deep. Keep it simple. Any good comedian can lead an audience by the nose. But only in the direction they're going. And that direction is, quite simply, escape." The two who follow Challenon's advice win. The boy (Kenneth Cranham) who goes into a brilliantly pantomimed rage against two cardboard effigies of the middle class loses. What he epitomizes is about as funny as death, the price a British Lenny Bruce might have to pay for acceptance.

T.E. Kalem

CRANHAM WITH EFFIGY IN *COMEDIANS*



MARGAUX EMOTING IN *LIPSTICK*

Marinade

LIPSTICK

Directed by LAMONT JOHNSON

Screenplay by DAVID RAYFIEL

Lipstick is less a movie than a marinade that the film makers obviously hope will tenderize and make palatable a tough and distinctly untasty subject. The trouble is that all the cunning they put into their saucery is of a low and painfully obvious sort.

They would have us believe that they have a serious cautionary interest in rape, its causes and consequences, but whenever there is a choice between the sober and the merely slick they opt for the easy and popular thing. To play the victim they have chosen that chic curiosity, Margaux Hemingway. With her flat voice and her tuned-out manner there is no hope of her playing anything like a typical American woman—or victim. She can only be what she is, a high-fashion model, a glamorous exotic. But that's all right. Her work gives her a logical reason to display herself, clothed and half-clothed in an erotic manner. It even supplies a certain twisted logic for the inevitable attack on her. She is, after all, a professional sex object. Why should she not attract—perhaps even seem to invite—the sadistic attention of a rapist?

As played by Chris Sarandon (the transvestite of *Dog Day Afternoon*), the rapist does not fit the profile of the typical sex offender, a street punk making his way up from petty theft to murder. No, he is Margaux's kid sister's music teacher, soliciting her influence to gain a hearing for his electronic compositions. Nor is his attack a brutish lunge out of the dark. The rape is strictly high



SISTER MARIEL CO-STARRING

CINEMA

fashion—a handsome bedroom setting, the victim tied prettily with silk scarves while he sodomizes her, the whole business staged and photographed with stylish prurience.

Once the case gets to court, of course, a clever defense attorney turns Margaux's profession against her, forcing her to admit that she sometimes has used impure thoughts to get herself into the mood for a sexy photograph. The jury decides at once that this modern Jezebel led this nice-looking lad on. Poor Anne Bancroft, as the prosecutor, rails angrily, but he gets off and a week later has at the kid sister—played by Margaux's real-life sibling Mariel, 14, who appears to have a modest natural gift for acting.

Cheap Shots. This induces a bit of temporary Charles Bronsonism. Margaux grabs a rifle she just happens to have with her and guns down the assailant. This turns out to be the cheapest shot in a cheap-shot enterprise. There she is, Papa's granddaughter, a rifle tucked coolly, familiarly against her shoulder, blasting away expertly, thereby calling up the memories of machismo associated in the popular mind with the Hemingway name.

It is too clever by half, and glibness is the one approach that it is totally disastrous to take toward this subject. The film manages to treat the act of rape as if it were just another kind of S-M turn-on. One wearily concludes that like the psychopath Margaux dispatches, the pack of moral morons responsible for *Lipstick* probably could not stop themselves.

Richard Schickel

Stalled Express

BREAKHEART PASS

Directed by TOM GRIES

Screenplay by ALISTAIR MACLEAN

Breakheart Pass has the trappings of a classic western: a fine old steam train carrying a detachment of soldiers makes its way through picturesque but hostile country. Everyone aboard is fearful of Indian attack, yet bravely determined to relieve an isolated garrison whose force has been decimated by dis-

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BRONSON IN *BREAKHEART*
Hostile country.

ease. From these elements one might well fashion an outdoor drama of stark simplicity, a clean-lined action picture of the sort no one seems to make any more. The trouble is that Writer MacLean, adapting his own novel, is at heart a puzzlemaker, not a picturemaker. So all that nice scenery whizzes wastefully by outside the windows, while he concentrates his attention on the fancy private car that has been hooked on the train. It contains a lot of characters whose chief function is to be mysteriously bumped off at metronomic intervals, leading to the natural conclusion that one of the dwindling number of survivors must be a murderer. Among them are the Governor of the unnamed state they are traversing, his lady, a lawman and his prisoner Charles Bronson.

Bunch of Bores. Everyone accuses Bronson of doing the evil, and since he maintains that enigmatic silence which has become his trademark, one cannot help tending to agree. He looks as if he would like to kill somebody, very possibly MacLean or Director Gries—the former for penning him up with this bunch of bores, the latter for never finding some visually interesting way to cut through the excessively intricate plot. After a lot of witless blather, it turns out that Bronson was only pretending to be a baddie—big surprise!—that he is really a federal agent in disguise. Naturally it also turns out that just about everyone left alive in that plush car when the Indians finally get around to attacking is in on a scheme to grab some mineral wealth they are not entitled to. A dose of mineral water is what this congested movie needs, however—especially if the film makers had used it to wash down a therapeutic amount of amphetamine.

Richard Schickel

TIME, APRIL 19, 1976

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By CELIA WALLACE

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However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on lists*

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SCIENCE

The Palmdale Bulge

Located some 35 miles north of downtown Los Angeles at the edge of the Mojave Desert, Palmdale (pop. 13,500), Calif., is a sleepy town where the loudest sounds are usually the whistling of desert winds and the popping noise of exhausts as teen-age dragsters race their cars. But Palmdale has been lifted, quite literally, out of obscurity. Scientists have recently discovered that it is in the center of a 120-mile-long, kidney-shaped area of land that rose as much as ten inches in the early 1960s. The phenomenon has earned the desert town a dubious notoriety. The Palmdale bulge, as the uplift is called, could be an early warning signal of a major—and potentially disastrous—earthquake.

Recent studies have shown that the ground rose noticeably before the 1971 San Fernando quake that killed 58 people in California's last major trembler. Before a 1964 quake that destroyed much of Niigata, Japan, the ground lifted two inches, and the Chinese discovered an elevation of the land in Liaoning province before the Manchurian earthquake of February 1975.

The location of the Palmdale bulge has added to scientists' concern. The swelling lies along a stretch of the 600-mile San Andreas Fault, a deep fracture that runs from below the Mexican border to about 100 miles north of San Francisco, where it meets the Pacific Ocean. The fault is actually the boundary of two tectonic plates, huge sections of the earth's outer layer that are sliding in opposite directions. A western sliver of California, on the Pacific plate, is moving northwest. The remainder of the state is being carried by the North American plate toward the southeast.

Sticking Plates. As the two plates grind past each other, friction causes them to stick together briefly at some places. Then, driven by powerful and little-understood forces deep within the earth, they tear apart to resume their journeys, causing minor to moderate tremors. But in the Palmdale region, they have apparently been firmly locked for more than a century, while adjoining parts of the plate have slid as much as 30 ft. Some day, seismologists warn, the stalled sections are going to have to catch up with the main bodies of the plates. Strains are inexorably building up in the crustal rock. When—as it must—the rock finally fractures, the plates will jolt ahead, causing a major earthquake. In fact, the last significant plate movement in the Palmdale vicinity occurred in 1857, when a huge earthquake jolted the then sparsely populated area.

What scientists fear is that the Palmdale bulge could be caused by dilatancy, a phenomenon that takes place in rocks before they break under stress. Tiny

cracks open in the rock, increasing its volume; this could account for the uplift of land. Dilatancy has already been linked to such quake precursors as unexpected variations in velocities of seismic waves through the earth and changes in local magnetic fields as well as in electrical conductivity of rocks; all have been used to make successful forecasts in the emerging science of earthquake prediction (TIME cover, Sept. 1).

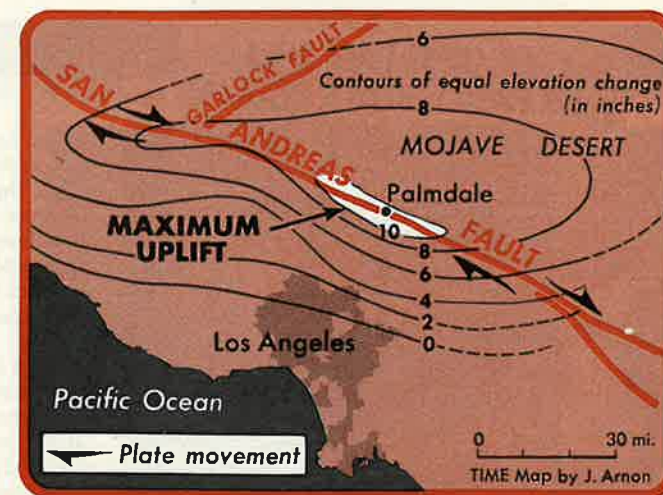
The Chinese, for example, managed to predict the Manchurian quake with such extraordinary precision that the big jolt came only a few hours after their warning. As a result, says MIT Geologist Frank Press, more than a million people were evacuated from their vulnerable homes and tens of thousands of lives were saved.

Tilt Meters. Geologist Robert Castle, who with colleagues at the U.S. Geological Survey discovered the Palmdale bulge while examining old geodetic records, is keeping an open mind on the subject. The swelling could be caused by dangerous strains and dilatancy, he says, or might be merely a "false pregnancy," resulting from other, less menacing geological quirks. He points out that there have been instances of land rising—including an earlier uplift south of Palmdale at the turn of the century—without subsequent earthquakes.

To find out just what is occurring around Palmdale, scientists are now installing additional tilt meters, seismom-

eters, magnetometers and other instruments in the little-monitored bulge area. These efforts have so far been badly handicapped by a lack of funds, but President Gerald Ford, after a plea from USGS scientists, has authorized an additional \$2.6 million for earthquake research in fiscal 1977—\$2 million of it specifically for studying the bulge.

Most Californians are displaying characteristic indifference to a possible quake. Indeed, Los Angeles is continuing land acquisition in the Palmdale area for a new jetport. But a few officials are openly worried. Last week the California Seismic Safety Commission, urging Los Angeles to prepare for the worst, warned that a major earthquake of 8 on the Richter scale could kill 12,000 people, injure or leave homeless thousands more and cost \$12 billion in property damage. Said Roger Pulley, a state earthquake preparedness official: "There is no sense of alarm, but we are treating the Palmdale bulge as a threat."



NASA's Rescue Ball

The smiling astronaut is holding aloft not some extraterrestrial beach ball but NASA's new passenger "rescue ball." Now under construction for the space shuttle, which is scheduled to make its first orbital flight in 1979, the ball would be available for transferring passengers to rescue craft in case the shuttle is marooned in space. Because they will not be equipped with the expensive space suits that are now being considered for the shuttle, passengers could zip themselves into the cheaper, airtight ball. As they crouch in fetal position, the ball, made of layers of synthetic fabrics, will be inflated with pure oxygen to its full 34-in. diameter. The passenger may find it a tight fit, but he (or she) will be able to look out on the world through a small peephole as the ball is towed by an astronaut in the weightlessness of space to the other ship or conveyed by a clothesline-like transfer system similar to that used by vessels at sea.





CARTER WITH MILWAUKEE SENTINEL

The Winner Is . . . Is . . .

The morning after, the early edition of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* was selling secondhand for \$20 a copy, the Chicago *Tribune* was preparing an editorial reminding readers of its own DEWEY DEFEATS TRUMAN gaffe, two television networks were sharing their humiliation with an audience of millions, and Jimmy Carter had snatched a memorable psychological victory in the Wisconsin Democratic primary. All this because in their race to be first, ABC and NBC had declared Congressman Morris Udall an upset winner instead of what he was about to be, a game loser.

It began at 8:27 p.m. CST, just 27 minutes after the Wisconsin polls closed last Tuesday night. ABC's Harry Reasoner interrupted *The Rookies* to say that Udall was headed for a surprising victory over Governor Carter. For a while, NBC held off. Then, at 9:22 p.m., John Chancellor announced Udall would be the winner by "a modest margin." That left CBS the lone TV network holdout. CBS steadfastly refused to concede anything except that the race was "extremely close" until 1:30 a.m., when it became clear that Carter had eked out a victory and Walter Cronkite could crow, "Some other networks predicted that Udall would win [and] we did not predict that here."

By then the damage was done. Following the two networks, half a dozen

major newspapers, including the Washington *Post*, the Baltimore *Sun*, the New York *Daily News* and the *Sentinel*, went to press with early editions whose bold headlines proclaimed Udall the winner. Bolstered by optimistic projections from some of his staff, Udall gave a short victory speech ("How sweet it is!") to a throng of jubilant supporters—and headed off to bed.

Heavy Switch. Watching the early bad news up in his room at the Pfister Hotel in Milwaukee, Carter turned to Barry Jagoda, a former CBS producer who coordinates coverage of the Carter campaign with the networks. "How often are they wrong?" he asked. "Seldom," Jagoda replied. "Well, I'm satisfied," said Carter. "I never like to finish second. But I think we've done well here." Half an hour later, at 10:30, he went down to the ballroom, addressed his disappointed backers and offered his "tentative congratulations" to Udall.

What went wrong at NBC and ABC? NBC Consultant Richard Scammon put the blame on "a heavier switch than we'd anticipated in rural areas." ABC's Walter Pfister shrugged it off as "a fluke, an anomaly." All three networks base their projections on a model-precinct system. When the results of those precincts are analyzed, they are supposed to give an accurate projection for a state. But ABC and NBC, in their haste to post a winner, took a gamble when the race was too close to call. At the time ABC projected Udall, the News Election Service (see following story), which supplies the networks with precinct tallies, had counted only 2% of the vote.

NBC was no better off, but for a different reason. It has had computer trouble since the New Hampshire race, and was using a manual analysis of results. Man did no better than machine, though NBC is convinced it would have seen the closeness of the race had its computer been operational. CBS was saved by nothing more complicated than proper caution and a set of sample precincts that more accurately weighed the rural vote.

By the Numbers

In a large green-carpeted hall jammed with college students, flashing phones and clacking key-punch machines, Columbia University Student John Perrotta took the first call from Wisconsin at precisely 9:07 p.m. Perrotta pulled out a coded sheet of paper and quickly penciled in the totals: 133 votes for Gerald Ford; 83 for Ronald Reagan. He noted the call had come from Milwaukee's Fifth Congressional District and handed the sheet to a dun-garee-clad coed, who took it to a bank of key-punch operators.

Within three minutes the vote total

was punched, scanned, electronically sent to a computer bank, fed into its system and moved by high-speed teletype to the nation's wire services and television networks. By the time Perrotta's phone blinked again, hundreds of other students, technicians and supervisors at two locations in New York City were gathering, sorting and sending out the Wisconsin and New York State votes to their customers.

The little-known agency responsible for this flow of information is a press cooperative called News Election Service. Normally, NES plays a muted second fiddle to television's dramatic (last week erroneously dramatic) election-night projections, since what it provides is nothing but actual votes. The cooperative was born in the '60s out of television's pressure for late-night vote counts that, network executives felt, the wire services were not collecting fast enough. In 1964 the networks badly botched primary coverage. In a tight Goldwater-Rockefeller race in California, network forecasters, relying on competitively reported returns from the state's 31,000 polling places, ringingly declared both Goldwater and Rockefeller the winner—depending on which channel one was watching.

Haunting Presence. As a result, the three networks and two wire services gave up competitive vote counting and formed NES as a nonprofit cooperative under the direction of Associated Press Newsman J. Richard Eimers. By the fall of 1964 Eimers had organized a network of thousands of poll "reporters," plus an election-night headquarters staff of hundreds of students and technicians. Today he still directs the system, haunting each election-night performance with his demanding presence.

To bring in the New York primary vote last week, NES had an army of 350 temporary headquarters workers and 75 police telephone operators (by law, only police can tally New York City vote counts directly from the polls), plus



57 county reporters who phoned in the upstate election results. More than half the ballots were tabulated by 11 p.m., and by midnight 77% of the vote was in. "It's a first-class operation," says CBS's Warren Mitofsky, who heads that network's national-election unit. "NES was probably the only organization in New York State that really knew what was on the ballot."

For this service the subscribers pay a lot—more than \$3 million in combined costs this year. "It's expensive," admits U.P.I.'s assistant managing editor, William R. Barrett, "but there really isn't an alternative." Official results take weeks to tabulate. The News Election Service is the most sophisticated system yet for bringing unofficial—but correct—vote totals to an eager public.

Changes at the Times

As a paragon of journalistic *gravitas*, no newspaper can match the Sunday New York *Times*, all 4½ lbs., 450 pages and 500,000 words—give or take a few thousands—of it. Indeed, the city's sanitation department once estimated it cost New York \$6 million annually just to dispose of the Sunday *Times* poundage. For years the edition has provided a Sabbath's activity for the city's sedentary and a rich lode of guilt for those who know they should read all the news fit to print on any Sunday, but don't quite succeed. Within the New York Times Co., it was a proudly independent kingdom, with a management and staff separate from that of the daily *Times*.

Thus it was with some *gravitas* of his own that Sunday Editor Max Frankel last week summoned his top associates to lunch and proposed a toast: "To the Sunday department." It was a farewell salute; he informed them that the Sunday operation, after more than 50 years of autonomy, was being combined immediately with the daily paper under Managing Editor A.M. ("Abe") Rosenthal, 54. Frankel, 46, one of the

Times's most incisive news analysts and aggressive executives, would move on to take over, beginning next year, the editorial and op-ed pages.

Times staffers, whose assiduity in reporting on in-house power shifts can rival that which they display on their own beats, lost no time proposing Kremlinological explanations. The first instant replay went: "Max lost, Abe won." Relations between the two had known points of strain since Frankel moved up from Washington bureau chief three years ago to command the Sunday edition. It was said that Frankel would sometimes commission pieces for his Sunday paper after learning daily staffers were already working on the same subject. In turn, *Times* managing editors have itched for years to seize the Sunday department's talent and curb its independence. But in fact the merger had been proposed a year ago by Frankel himself.

"Max felt he had taken the Sunday department about as far as he could without the resources of the news department," says one daily editor. One of Frankel's own editors agreed that the two sides of the paper were isolated to the detriment of both, that a separate Sunday department "had all the usefulness of rumble seats."

Unnecessary Work. The major factor in Publisher Arthur ("Punch") Sulzberger's break with tradition was simple editorial efficiency, and once the move was made, little defense was heard of the old duality. A year ago Sulzberger had warned the staff that the *Times* had "too many people doing unnecessary work." Circulation has stagnated, and though the paper contributed 66% of the parent company's revenues last year, it accounted for only 36% of its \$12,754,000 earnings. The *Times* has had a freeze on hiring for two years and a hold-down for several more. Lively talent that could make the Sunday paper more of a pleasure and less of a duty to its 1.5 million buyers is in short supply.

A prizewinning foreign correspondent, Rosenthal had one of the few distinctive writing styles on the paper. When he became metropolitan editor in 1963, he fought hard and successfully "to get New York back into the New York *Times*," as an admiring staffer puts it. A Rosenthal protégé, Metropolitan News Editor Arthur Gelb, 42, who is a sensitive man with stories but occasionally an abrasive executive, has been named an assistant managing editor.

The Sunday editors admit that some sections will benefit from the infusion of the daily's talent. One *Times*man says the Sunday book reviews are "written

The New York Times



TOP: ROSENTHAL & OAKES; BOTTOM: GELB & FRANKEL

too much for assistant professors of English at Rutgers." As for the uncharacteristically concise Week in Review section, an editor says: "We've elevated the condensation of the week's news to a skill, but not yet to an art."

The combined operation's first innovation is a Friday supplement due the end of this month, tentatively titled Weekend, in which the cultural news staff and critics will produce a guide to events in the New York area. The hope is twofold: to offer more for the active younger readers the *Times* needs, and to provide an attractive new stage for local advertisers.

Lighter Touch. Frankel will take over the editorial page from John B. Oakes, 63, who is Sulzberger's cousin. Oakes, who will continue to write for the paper and advise his publisher cousin, has been running the editorial page for 15 years. He cut out the noncommittal "background" editorials of an earlier era and moved the page to a sternly liberal line on most social and economic issues, with special fervor for environmental and civil rights questions. Critics found the page excessively earnest and predictable; all credited it with courage and unshakable integrity. Philip Geyelin, who as editorial-page editor at the Washington *Post* is the *Times*'s chief competitor as national newspaper opinion molder, expects the page to have "more humor and a lighter touch under Max." Meanwhile, Frankel will be accorded the luxury of traveling for the next eight months, during which he can ruminate on a question that he puts with un-*Timesian* humility: "I keep asking myself, 'Who elected me to tell the American people what to think?'"

Teddy's Tiny World

Teddy DeVita, 13, seems like a normal teen-ager. Darkly handsome with brown hair and twinkling eyes, he sings folk songs, plays the guitar, performs card tricks and is fascinated by the Old West. But Teddy is no ordinary youngster. His world consists largely of a small (8½ ft. by 10 ft.), near-sterile chamber at the National Cancer Institute (NCI) in Bethesda, Md., where he has lived in isolation for the past 3½ years.

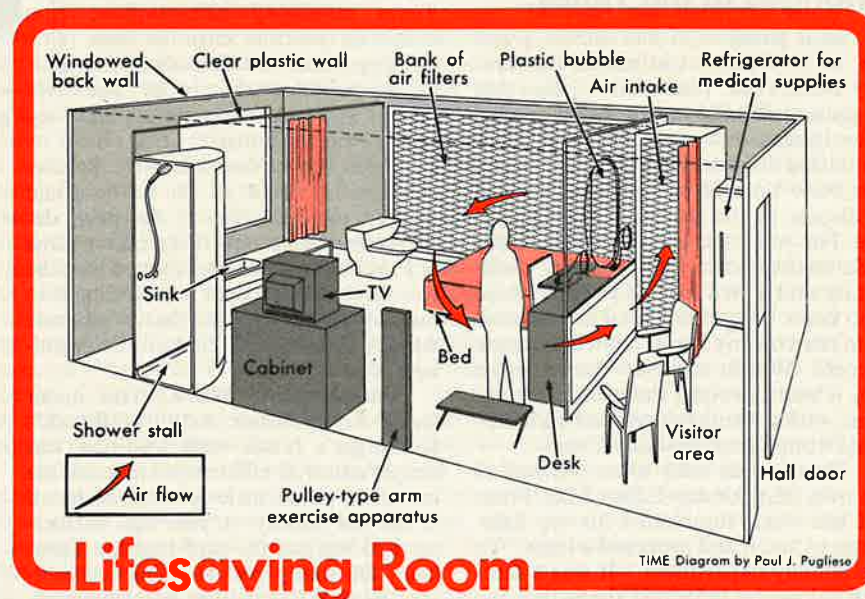
The youngster is the victim of severe aplastic anemia, a rare, puzzling disease in which the bone marrow loses

itors—including his parents and a teacher who comes to help him with schoolwork every afternoon—through the open doorway or a transparent plastic barrier; this wall has two sleeve-and-glove arrangements that allow people to reach into the room and play checkers or cards with Teddy without contaminating him. Books, magazines and games—sterilized by steam or gases—are passed into the room through the doorway. Food, too, must be specially prepared. Even Teddy's favorite fare, pizza, is so thoroughly baked that it is practically unrecognizable.

Aplastic anemia strikes about 1,000 people in the U.S. each year and kills 50% to 80% of them within a matter of months. Doctors do not know the ailment's causes; genetic factors, radiation, viruses and such chemicals as benzines

because white cells ordinarily live only a short time and because the patient quickly develops toxic reactions). Teddy, it was hoped, would be protected from infection by the superclean room until his bone marrow revived. Judging from earlier cases, the doctors optimistically expected the case to be resolved in a matter of months, a year at the outside. The theory, says the NCI's pediatric branch chief, Dr. Arthur Levine, was: "Teddy would either recover or die."

Teddy has done neither. Every sign of possible recovery has been quickly followed by a setback. To make matters worse, the chances of a successful bone-marrow transplant, a technique employed sometimes in aplastic anemia and occasionally in leukemia cases, faded when the likeliest donor, Teddy's sister Elizabeth, 9, turned out to



have all been implicated. But whenever anyone survives, it is usually because his bone marrow suddenly—and mysteriously—begins working again. Teddy, who is the son of a prominent cancer specialist, Dr. Vincent DeVita Jr., director of the division of cancer treatment at NCI, has shown little improvement. His marrow remains almost as inactive today as it was on Sept. 15, 1972, when he first entered his cubicle.

Doctors' Strategy. Though aplastic anemia is not a form of cancer, doctors at NCI were particularly interested in Teddy's case for what it might teach them about treating patients with leukemia and other types of cancer who develop aplastic anemia because of their anticancer therapy. The strategy of Teddy's doctors was to give him transfusions of red blood cells and platelets to keep him alive, plus hormones and other drugs to stimulate bone-marrow activity (it is impractical to inject patients regularly with normal white cells both

have a distinctly different marrow type. At times Teddy's spirits sag. He was especially distressed by anonymous allegations that he had been selected for the costly treatment (about \$300 a day) because of his father's position. (These allegations were investigated and dismissed by a medical board of the National Institutes of Health, which operates the Bethesda center.) But most of the time Teddy is remarkably chipper. He likes to read mysteries, watches television, has a citizens' band radio and scans the distant skyline of Washington with binoculars from his sealed 13th-floor window. Says Psychiatrist Stephen Hersh: "He's an emotionally healthy and well-adjusted person."

One of Teddy's greatest boons is a battery-powered, astronaut-type pressure suit with its own portable air-filtration system. Donning it, he is able to venture outdoors for several hours at a time. Though embarrassed at first by the suit's Buck Rogers look, Sci-Fi Buff



TEDDY IN DOORWAY OF CUBICLE
Even the pizza is unrecognizable.

its ability to produce three essential components of blood: the white cells that fight infection, the red cells that transport oxygen to the tissues, and platelets for clotting. Only by confining Teddy to the superclean room and giving him repeated transfusions have doctors managed to keep him alive.

Teddy's living quarters—one of eight "laminar air flow rooms" set up by the NCI for infection-prone patients—is kept free of potentially harmful viruses and bacteria by a system that forces clean air into the room through filters and out through an open doorway; germs cannot make their way past the outward-flowing air. Only people dressed in specially designed sterile outfits are allowed into the room.

The young patient talks to his vis-

Chief Justice in Mufti

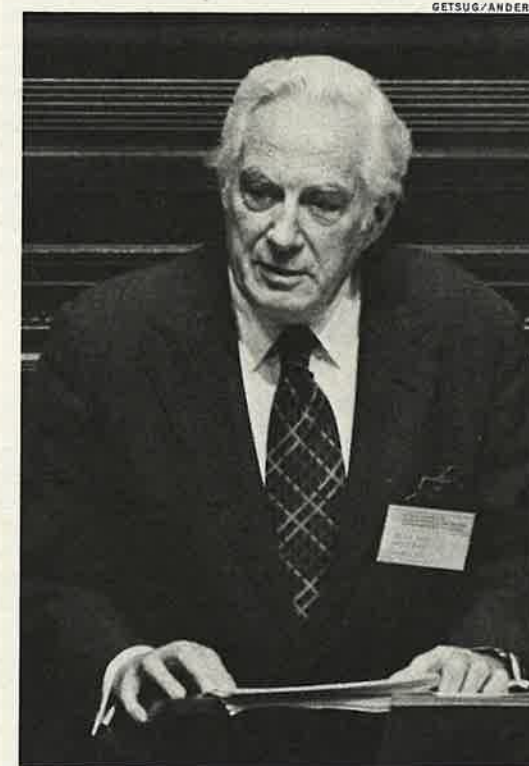
The Chief Justice of the U.S. seemed to be breaking with some established judicial customs last week. In response to reporters' questions in St. Paul, Warren Burger said he currently saw "no change" in search-and-seizure regulations or the so-called Miranda confession protections for those arrested; such observations were unusual because decisions in both areas are now pending before the Supreme Court. Responding to complaints that the court has been cutting down on the kinds of suits that can be filed, the Chief Justice cited re-

almost to the point of mediaphobia, while on the other hand he has energetically lectured and lobbied for legal reforms that he believes are needed. In the process, Burger has become the most active Chief Justice off the bench since William Howard Taft shamelessly hustled the White House and Congress in the 1920s for everything from judicial innovations to court nominees.

The St. Paul conference, for example, was largely a Burger project. The Chief Justice tirelessly appears in mufti at an array of events, from judicial conferences to American Bar Association meetings. He travels extensively (a non-

smoker, he once started a losing firefight by asking Amtrak to ban cigars on the Metroliner), sometimes going abroad, most recently as the guest of the Japanese government. "I've made the discovery that ours is not the only workable system," he has observed wryly. He has covered most of Europe, though he found that in Spain and Portugal "they don't like strangers poking around in their courts." In England he even sat on cases—without rendering decisions.

Rhetorical Jog. The example of the British barrister system, which allows only a qualified group of lawyers to appear in court, underlies Burger's campaign to require special training and certification of trial lawyers in the U.S. The Chief Justice has also been fighting for prison reform and to increase salaries of federal judges. (Critics claim he has even urged a resigning jurist or two to exaggerate his financial plight.) He has also done his rhetorical best to jog congressional



BURGER SPEAKING OUT AT THE ST. PAUL CONFERENCE
Taking time for off-the-bench activism.

cently expanded prisoners' rights and the general increase in cases reaching the court, a statement that was something of a departure from the normal judicial stance of avoiding public debate with critics. Indeed the whole press conference was a departure—the first on-the-record session with the national press that the interview-shy Burger has held since he became Chief in 1969.

Shameless Taft. Burger had only agreed to the question-and-answer gathering to help publicize last week's monumentally titled National Conference on the Causes of Popular Dissatisfaction with the Administration of Justice—a meeting of 275 legal leaders to explore deficiencies in the system of justice. The irony in the decision to give his first press conference is that Burger, on the one hand, tends to carry his sense of dignity

creation of additional federal judgeships.

To help current overworked judges, Burger has mounted his most successful leadership effort. Four different organizations inspired or revived by the Chief Justice* have helped bring such reforms as the installation of professional administrators in the larger federal courts and the practice of having each judge take a case from start to finish instead of having one judge handle, say, all arraignments or all pretrial hearings. Burger also lets it be known that he personally looks at each judge's newly required monthly report on the number of cases disposed of. Partly as a result of such changes, there has been a 34% increase since 1968 in the

*The Federal Judicial Center, the National Center for State Courts, the Administrative Office of the U.S. Courts, the Institute for Court Management.

Teddy attended a recent Star Trek convention in Washington and was delighted when people mistook him for an imaginatively attired "Trekkie."

Despite lack of significant progress so far, his doctors say Teddy may recover. Insists Boston's Dr. David Nathan, an expert on aplastic anemia and a consultant in Teddy's case: "We're simply going to keep on with this job." Teddy remains cautiously optimistic; he has repeatedly said that he would walk out of confinement to virtually certain death if he thought there was no hope. There is nothing to stop him but a curtain of air—and his will to survive.

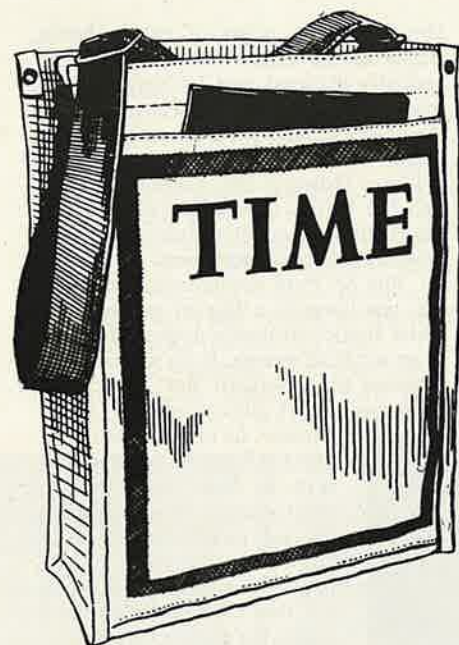
Doctors' Counterattack

Fed up with the rising number of medical malpractice suits filed against them, doctors in Illinois have begun to launch legal counterattacks. With advice from their state medical society, which has set up a \$500,000 malpractice war chest, four Illinois physicians have filed suits of their own against patients and their lawyers who are suing them.

One of the cases involves Dr. Eugene R. Balthazar, the founder of a highly regarded free clinic in Aurora, Ill. (TIME, Jan. 26), who was accused of malpractice by a woman treated for a facial malignancy. Though the patient's suit was tossed out of court, Balthazar and a colleague felt that they had been needlessly harassed. Charging "reckless disregard for the truth" and malicious prosecution, they are seeking only nominal damages of \$2 from the woman but \$20,600 from her two lawyers. Another Illinois doctor has taken a different stance: he has charged a patient's lawyer with barratry (frivolously stirring up litigation). If convicted, the lawyer could face disbarment proceedings.

Indeed, the Illinois State Medical Society feels that overeager attorneys are often the instigators of malpractice suits. At times, says Joel Edelman, the society's counsel, lawyers bring suit against doctors without even consulting with the patient, simply listing all medical personnel remotely connected with the case. In a suit involving four Chicago-area hospitals, 116 people were named as defendants, half of them nurses.

Doctors elsewhere in the U.S. are fighting back. The journal *Medical Economics* reports that one oral surgeon in the East was awarded \$4,500 in damages, plus costs, from a patient who had claimed malpractice. At a preliminary hearing in Fort Pierce, Fla., a judge recently set a Florida precedent by letting stand an orthopedic surgeon's charge of "malicious prosecution" in his separate \$1.5 million countersuits against two former patients and their lawyers. Though the cases have yet to be tried, the doctor's attorney, Ellis Rubin, thinks that they have already had a chastening effect in the area. "Suddenly," he says, "lawyers are very cautious about accepting malpractice cases."



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THE LAW

number of dispositions per judge.

The child of sturdy Minnesotans who both lived into their nineties, Burger, 68, is remarkably healthy despite his pace. His secretary reports that he averages 77 hours a week on the job, nearly a fourth of that in nonjudicial duties. He oversees the minutest details of high bench housekeeping, right down to final approval of every flower planted on court grounds. Academic observers continue to fault the quality of Burger's opinions, and though he carries his share of the writing, he once admitted to a Court aide, "I have to take some of the easier ones because I'm so busy."

Edward Devitt, chief judge of the Minnesota federal district court, points out that Burger's activity "provides enormous support to us on the bench. He's constantly working to get us the tools we need to get the job done." Burger explains that he has thrown himself into his wide range of projects because "if I don't do them, they won't get done. It's not that I have special qualifications or skills, but that I'm in a position to do something. For 15 years the activism around here was judicial. Now it's time for activism in looking over the entire system, for thinking through the whole administration of justice."

Briefs

► Though numerous hirsute plaintiffs have gone to the U.S. Supreme Court, the Justices had steadfastly refused to get enmeshed in long-hair disputes. But last week the court finally faced the matter and trimmed some individual rights—at least for policemen. Suffolk County police on Long Island had objected to regulations that banned beards, flared sideburns and hair that went over the collar. Thurgood Marshall and William Brennan agreed with the officers that the 14th Amendment's "liberty" guarantee protected them since "an individual's personal appearance may reflect, sustain and nourish his personality." But William Rehnquist, writing for a six-Justice majority, said drily that where the state's standard is not "so irrational that it may be branded arbitrary," the individual's rights must bend "to the overall need for discipline, *esprit de corps* and uniformity." The nation's police could reasonably have expected a more tolerant view from Rehnquist: his own sideburns and locks would not pass the Suffolk County standards.

► In another decision last week the Supreme Court wrote finis to the legal aftermath of the My Lai massacre by refusing to review the case of former Army Lieut. William Calley Jr. Calley's 1971 court-martial conviction for the murder of 22 Vietnamese civilians in 1968 had been thrown out by a federal district judge, then reinstated by a federal appeals court, whose decision now stands. Of 25 Army officers and enlisted men charged with My Lai-related offenses, only Calley was convicted (two generals

were censured). His original life sentence was reduced by Army authorities to ten years; he was freed pending appeal after serving nearly a third of that term, and the Army has said it would parole him if his appeal failed.

► Abraham and Mary Todd Lincoln had four children, only one of whom, Robert, had any children. In turn, only one of those three children, Jessie, had a child, and that sole offspring, Robert Todd Lincoln Beckwith, has only one child, Timothy, now seven, who is therefore Abe Lincoln's only direct descendant. Or is he? The elder Beckwith is at present in court denying he is the boy's father. In England such a hassle might well involve a title. In the U.S. the issue is a divorce—and perhaps



REHNQUIST'S DRY LOOK
Trimming others' locks.

a trust fund worth more than \$1 million. Beckwith, 71, and his 27-year-old estranged wife Annemarie Hoffman Beckwith have been fighting over a divorce for three years, each alleging adultery.

Now the District of Columbia's Court of Appeals has ruled that the boy, who lives in West Berlin with his mother, must undergo a blood test to help check Beckwith's claim of non-fatherhood—which would prove her adultery. As it happens, the trust fund, which was established by Lincoln's daughter-in-law (Beckwith's grandmother), could eventually go to the boy even if he is not Beckwith's. The reason is that in any subsequent case directly concerned with Timothy's legitimacy, the law would still be heavily weighted toward finding that when a woman gives birth, her husband is the child's father. Thus even if little Beckwith could no longer claim to be a Lincoln, he still might get the million dollars to soothe his disappointment.

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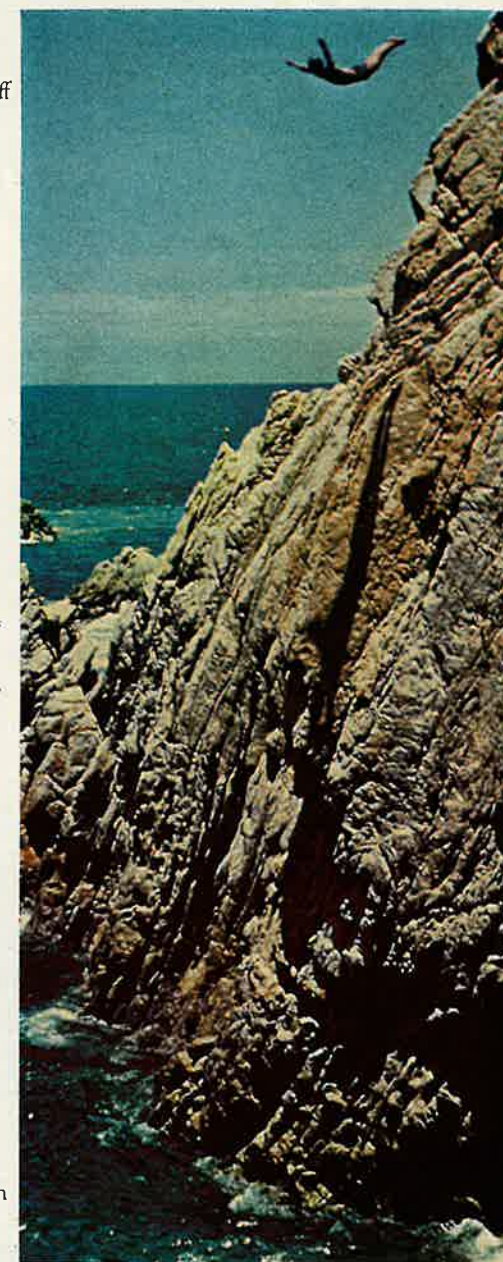
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A way to save hours in blood transfusions when there aren't even seconds to waste.

A massive accident. An emergency ward scrambles as ambulances begin to roll in. Dozens of people have been seriously injured.

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Before stored blood can be transfused, it should be filtered.

And until recently, this filtering process was a potential for a lethal bottleneck. Caused by as seemingly simple a thing as the casing for the filter element.

The casings were made of stainless steel. Sturdy, unbreakable, but far too expensive to throw away after use, so they had to be cleaned, sterilized and re-used. And sterilization meant several hours of boiling, or long exposure to cobalt radiation.

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New casings cut delays.

The solution was found in filter casings made of K-resin, a clear, virtually unbreakable plastic that provided the same vital qualities of durability and asepsis as stainless steel casings, but eliminated delays.

Because of their relatively low cost, casings made of K-resin plastic could be packaged sterile, used once and thrown away. So the time lost was reduced to just the time it took to discard a used



Disposable filter casings, made possible through the use of a strong clear plastic, save precious time.

casing and filter and unpackage fresh, sterile replacements.

The new casings have even helped hospitals save money, by spending more efficiently.

The valuable time of hospital employees is no longer taken up in the time-consuming handling of the stainless steel casings.

A need creates a solution.

Today, casings made of K-resin plastic are used in hospitals all over the country.

And the crucial hours once spent on the sterilization of casings have now become scant minutes.

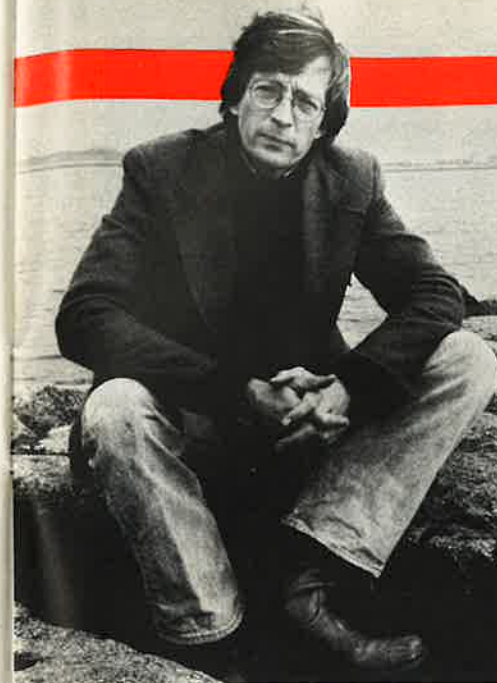
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AUTHOR C.D.B. BRYAN

Prairie Protest

FRIENDLY FIRE

by C.D.B. Bryan

338 pages. Putnam. \$10.95.

During the predawn hours of Feb. 18, 1970, on a jungle hilltop near the village of Chu Lai, South Viet Nam, an outgoing shell from a U.S. Army howitzer accidentally struck a treetop and exploded above the men of Charlie Company, 1st Battalion, Americal Division. Six were injured, two were killed. One of them was Michael Mullen, 25, the fifth generation of his family to farm the same fertile Iowa acreage. Michael was pierced by a small crescent of steel that tore a hole in his heart. He was sleeping and died instantly.

The men were victims of what the Army called "friendly fire." Back in La Porte, Iowa, Peg and Gene Mullen, Michael's parents, found the term painfully offensive. Moreover, the Army had listed their son as a "nonbattle" casualty, a category that, the Mullens were to learn, was used rather loosely to keep down the weekly figure of war dead.

Truly Sorry. C.D.B. Bryan's *Friendly Fire* follows the Mullens' travail step by step. A Connecticut-based novelist (*The Great Dethrifle*, P.S. Wilkinson) and stepson of the late John O'Hara, Bryan spent weeks interviewing the Mullens. He conducted his own investigation to corroborate the official version of how Michael was killed. Muffling his own indignation, he tells how the bureaucracy added insult to loss. An anguished war-protest letter from Peg Mullen to Richard Nixon brought back a note from a White House clerk assuring her the President was "truly sorry" that her son had died. Attached to the note were copies of Nixon's "Vietnamization" speeches. Another letter

BOOKS



MICHAEL MULLEN, 1944-1970

DES MOINES REGISTER



PEG MULLEN

from the Adjutant General's office informed the Mullens that the "nonbattle" casualty had been posthumously awarded the Bronze Star and the Good Conduct Medal. Then Form 1174 arrived from Army Finance. It was a voucher that the Mullens were asked to sign in order to receive the pay due Michael at the time of his death. They refused to sign without a full accounting. When it came, there was a deduction for advance-leave time that their son was no longer in a position to make up.

The Mullens were unlikely protesters. Although Catholics and Democrats in a predominantly Protestant and Republican region, they shared the natural conservatism common to most farmers. The Mullens had reared their four children to obey the authority of man and God, and they were not self-conscious about admitting they belonged to the Silent Majority. Michael, the eldest, had been an outstanding 4-H Club member and even tried to persuade his parents to vote for Barry Goldwater in 1964. When his draft notice came, he was a graduate biochemistry student who planned to take over the family farm.

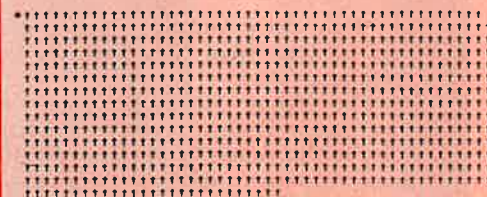
But Michael's death radicalized his parents—particularly his mother—because their basic conservative values had been shattered. As Peg Mullen became

A SILENT message to fathers and mothers of Iowa.

We have been dying for nine long, miserable years in Vietnam in an undeclared war... how many more lives do you wish to sacrifice because of your

SILENCE?

Sgt. Michael E. Mullen - killed by friendly fire



In memory of Vietnam War Dead whom our son joined on February 17, 1970... and to those awaiting the acceptable sacrifice in 1970...

*These 714 crosses represent the 714 Iowans who have died in Vietnam.

MULLENS' AD IN DES MOINES REGISTER

Antigone in the Middle West.

convinced that her son's life was wasted by an accident in a war that itself was a mistake, the line between her grief and fury vanished. She grew obsessed with extracting from the Government every obligation due her. She fought for and won the right to have Michael's body specially escorted home from Viet Nam. When an Army liaison officer told her that it would take 15 more days, Peg replied: "You can tell that sonuvabitch in the Pentagon that I'll wait 15 years."

Tapped Phone. Two weeks later, Peg became the La Porte pariah when she told the American Legion there would be no military rites at the funeral. Although her husband shared her bitterness, he was too busy to share in all of her protest activities. She traveled to Washington to participate in antiwar demonstrations and confront Senators and Congressmen. She corresponded with other parents whose sons had been killed in Viet Nam. The Mullens also used Michael's Government insurance money to publish a full-page ad in the *Des Moines Register*. It consisted of 714 crosses representing Iowa's Viet Nam War dead. One of the results was that the family's phone was tapped. Once, when Daughter Mary Mullen called her mother, she heard an unfamiliar voice say, "Shut that thing off."

Friendly Fire is not another self-righteous lamentation about the U.S.'s tragic blunderings in Southeast Asia; rather, it is as close to elemental tragedy as any nonfiction account to come out of the war. Bryan conveys Peg Mullen's grief and rage with such purity and tact that at times she seems like a Middle Western Antigone, challenging the authority of the state in the name of what individuals hold most sacred. This might be too high-blown a comparison for the farmer's wife to accept. But she would probably agree with Sophocles' ancient heroine that "it is the dead, not the living, who make the longest demands."

R. Z. Sheppard

The True Black Hand

THE WIND WILL NOT SUBSIDE: YEARS IN REVOLUTIONARY CHINA, 1964-1969
by DAVID MILTON and NANCY DALL MILTON
397 pages. Pantheon. \$15.

"I am alone with the masses, waiting," confided Mao Tse-tung to André Malraux in 1965.

The "Great Helmsman" did not wait long. Within months he had launched the century's most idiosyncratic social upheaval: the Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution. It was originally an ideological pursuit of a "handful of people in authority taking the capitalist road"—stigmatizing those who would create a bureaucratic class of privilege as in the U.S.S.R. Later, the revolt degenerated into a witch hunt for the "Black Hands": i.e., anyone who opposed the movement. After three years of near anarchy, Mao himself was ready to call off the chase. "The Black Hand is nobody else but me," he told a group of Red Guards. That tragic admission provides the climax of *The Wind Will Not Subside*, an absorbing, provocative narrative of China's Cultural Revolution.

Authors David and Nancy Dall Milton were English teachers at Peking's First Foreign Languages Institute until the Revolution. The couple describe themselves as "Pierres at Borodino," who, like the character in Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, survey the battleground less as participants than as observers. Their experience provides intimate details of the often mysterious doings of the cultural movement.

Here are the diplomatic wives who abruptly favor baggy proletarian garb. Here are commonplace people who refuse to take medicine when they are sick; as the Miltons explain, "denial of the flesh" was the sole means of self-sacrifice demanded by Maoism. When the upheaval spreads fear among "rightists," many join ultraleftist factions in frantic overcompensation.

Little Generals. Intended as a rite of purification, the Cultural Revolution soon becomes a naked power struggle. The issues that concern Mao are lost in sectarian hostilities. Student extremists—the so-called "little generals"—organize combat teams that go at each other in factories and institutes. They skirmish with catapults, battering rams and sometimes submachine guns, until a despairing Mao asks, "Who could have foreseen this kind of fighting?" and prepares to let the army restore order. Even then, as the authors indicate, irony is not played out. Parvenu ultraleftists are branded "counterrevolutionary," and the rightists are restored to power.

The story of the Black Hands is as complex as it is gripping. Yet the Miltons tell it without losing their way in the labyrinth of raw material. *The Wind Will Not Subside* contains occasional patches of grandiloquent prose echoing the stilted polemics of



ANTI-SOVIET GRAFFITI IN CANTON, 1967
"Denial of the flesh."

Peking. But the book keeps an appreciative eye out for ambiguity, as when the Great Helmsman personally calls a halt to the Red Guards' activity. In the students' fiery intransigence Mao must have seen embers of his own youth. Yet he also recognized the melancholy lesson of his Revolution: fighting for power is far more exhilarating than wielding it.

Richard Bernstein

Saraswati's Blessings

AHMED AND THE OLD LADY
by JON GODDEN
203 pages. Knopf. \$7.95.

THE PEACOCK SPRING
by RUMER GODDEN
274 pages. Viking. \$8.95.

In the pantheon of Hindu gods, Saraswati is the goddess of pen, ink and books. She must have given the young Godden sisters a double blessing. Half a century later, the ex-colonials are still writing with fecundity and style—often about their childhood in India. Jon, 70, has just produced her tenth novel; Rumer, 69, her 15th. Rumer has also written poetry, stories and children's books. In addition, the Goddens have collaborated on two volumes: *Shiva's Pigeons* (1972) and the highly acclaimed *Two Under the Indian Sun* (1966), a memoir of the years spent among the textures and atmospheres of India past. "If we children grew up with a sense of space in us," they recall, "it was from that sky."

That sky still frames their work and personae. In Jon's *Ahmed and the Old Lady*, 80-year-old Leah Harding is traveling in the mountains of Kashmir in 1943. As the headstrong woman explores higher and higher—above the last town, above the encampments of the nomadic Gujar tribe, above the tree line—the air becomes cleaner and thinner and her life more elemental. The solitude and longed-for "power of seeing, really seeing" pull her onward. Leah's

servant, Ahmed, shares her drive, but he is eager only to leave behind a life of error. Despite their backgrounds the unlikely pair draw closer until the purity of the landscape erodes their differences.

In *The Peacock Spring*, Rumer again evidences the profound understanding of children that she showed in *The River* and *An Episode of Sparrows*. Two adolescent English girls, Una and Halcyon, are called out to Delhi by their envoy father—only to discover that they are chaperones to his Eurasian fiancée. At first the book evokes the formal, secluded India of the diplomats: banks of flowers, servants, gardeners, even a boy to beat dew from the lawn. It is a world of riding, parties and ease. Then Una and Ravi, a young Indian poet, fall in love—and the India of poverty, distances, dust, stench, desperate class divisions, overcrowding, sacred rivers, rises from the mist.

Rumer and Jon were wrenched away from India and sent to school in England before they were ready to part from the reality and the symbols of a happy childhood. Probably this separation affected Rumer more seriously; it is she who seems obsessed with the torments of young people hovering on the steps of maturity. It is she who arrests the mind with a metaphor for the land of contrasts, the country whose preening beauty cannot mask the terror that persists in life as in fictive reconstructions: "Do you know why the peacock gives those terrible screams?" she asks. "He has looked down and suddenly seen his feet. He had been so busy admiring his train that he had forgotten he had them."

Angela Wigan

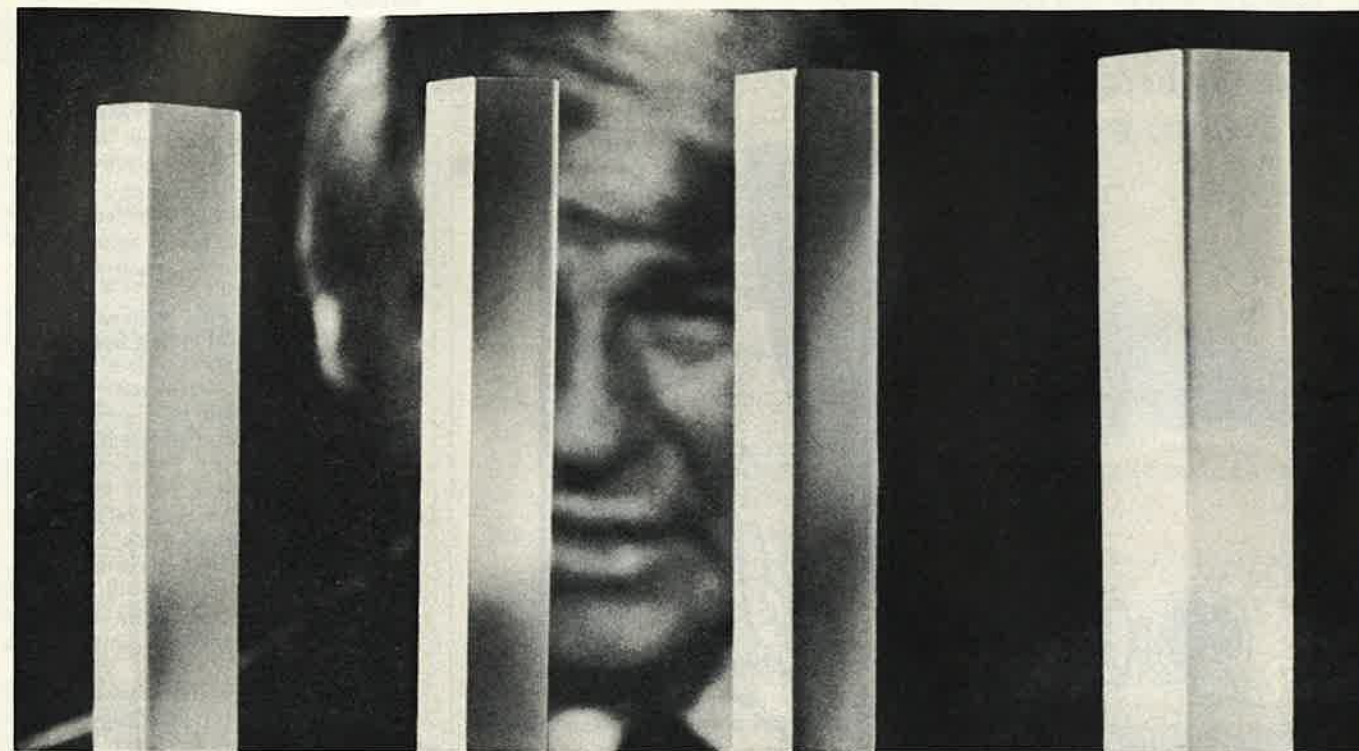
A Terrible Beauty

MARILYN THE WILD
by JEROME CHARYN
246 pages. Arbor House. \$8.95.

In *Marilyn the Wild*, Jerome Charyn's ninth novel, father questing becomes a bizarre and moving search-and-destroy mission. Isaac Sidel, the flintiest, least corrupt, most overbearing cop in New York, is a self-appointed patriarch of the Lower East Side. For 20 years he has kept his microcosm free of outside influence. But too many people now find it hard to breathe when he is around.

Isaac's family slowly pries loose his grip on its life. His wife deserts him. His barked order no longer controls his anarchic daughter Marilyn, a Sarah Lawrence spitfire who consumes and casts off husbands. He can no longer reach his gently demented mother, who brings Arabs home to bed down in her rag shop. Isaac's brother Leo is an alimony evader who would rather stay in jail playing pinochle with his wardens than return to the streets. The cop's only solace resides in the bear hugs of Ida Stutz, the devoted fiancée who spoons him full of honey on cold nights.

Nor is the house of Isaac merely out



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BOOKS

of control; it is also under attack. The Lollipop Gang, a trio of teen-age terrorists, preys on Isaac's women, roughing up Ida and stalking Marilyn. A Lower East Side liberation front, the Lollipops wage a perverse holy war on Isaac's sway. The policeman's determination to keep his fief in order and the Lollipops' efforts to tear it apart are the core of this brilliantly conceived, tortuously crafted novel.

Marilyn the Wild is flawed by its own rampaging vitality. A Charyn character cannot simply put on a coat: Esther Rose's "fist burrowed into her sleeve like the skull of a groundhog." Too many adversaries shrill in the same vituperative key. Even lovers snarl their sweet nothings, as if they were pouring poison into each other's ears. Yet the author endows his most grotesque characters with a certain beauty. His kinkiest people—an albino Negro pyromaniac, a senile, one-eyed dishwasher—are the imaginings of a major talent.

This volume is the second part of a crime-and-punishment trilogy that began with *Blue Eyes* (1974) and will be completed with the publication next fall of *The Education of Patrick Silver*, in which Isaac rides again. The prolific Charyn, 38, an associate professor of English at the City University of New York, also has two other works in progress, including the history of an imaginary European kingdom called Whalebone. A resourceful scavenger of story ideas, Charyn says the inspiration for the Isaac trilogy came from nightmares of his brother, a homicide detective in the New York police department. Whalebone was provoked by a reading of Emperor Maximilian's brief maladroitness in mid-19th century Mexico.

Le Anne Schreiber

Best Sellers

FICTION

- 1—1876, Vidal (4 last week)
- 2—Trinity, Uris (2)
- 3—Curtain, Christie (1)
- 4—The Choirboys, Wambaugh (3)
- 5—Saving the Queen, Buckley (5)
- 6—The Gemini Contenders, Ludlum (8)
- 7—The Boys from Brazil, Levin (7)
- 8—Ragtime, Doctorow (6)
- 9—The R Document, Wallace (9)
- 10—Kinflicks, Alther

NONFICTION

- 1—Doris Day, Hotchner (1)
- 2—The Russians, Smith (3)
- 3—World of Our Fathers, Howe (4)
- 4—Spandau, Speer (2)
- 5—The Adams Chronicles, Shepherd (7)
- 6—The People's Almanac, Wallechinsky & Wallace (8)
- 7—Winning Through Intimidation, Ringer (6)
- 8—The Relaxation Response, Benson with Klipper (5)
- 9—A Book, Arnaz
- 10—My Search for Patty Hearst, Weed

MILESTONES

Died. Howard Robard Hughes, 70, enigmatic, reclusive billionaire; of kidney failure; while en route from Acapulco to a Houston hospital (see THE NATION).

Died. Mary Margaret McBride, 76, homespun radio talk-show hostess whose loyal fans once filled Yankee Stadium in tribute; after a long illness; in West Shokan, N.Y. On network radio for nearly 20 years, she started her guests talking comfortably "by telling a story about them that's funny or sweet." A Missouri-born Baptist, she refused to advertise either alcohol or tobacco but kept a number of food sponsors very happy (and her weight at 180 lbs. or so) by sampling their products on the air and talking lyrically about them.

Died. Meyer Davis, 83, millionaire maestro of a music empire that has included as many as 80 bands and more than 1,000 musicians; in Manhattan. Davis started his own small band when he was rejected as a violinist for his high school orchestra. In 1914, he dropped out of law school to become a full-time bandleader. Seven years later he played at the inaugural party of President Warren Harding and was on his way to becoming a favorite society and college bandleader. So popular was the Davis sound that his bands were booked years in advance and have already contracted to play at balls in the 1980s.

Died. Wilder G. Penfield, 85, pioneering neurosurgeon and cartographer of the cerebral cortex; of cancer; in Montreal. While treating an epileptic, Penfield probed her brain electrically, setting off recollections of the birth of her child. Subsequently, he mapped the control centers of various kinds of memories and bodily functions and developed surgical techniques that cured many cases of epilepsy. The Montreal Neurological Institute, which he founded with a Rockefeller Foundation grant in 1934, became a mecca for doctors and patients from around the world.

Died. Ben Iden Payne, 94, venerable Shakespearean actor, director and drama instructor; in Austin, Texas. Born in England, Payne managed Dublin's Abbey Players before becoming general director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theater at Stratford on Avon. In the U.S., he taught for nearly 20 years in the famed drama department at the Carnegie Institute of Technology and later created a Stratford of the Southwest at the University of Texas in Austin. On Broadway he directed such stars as Maude Adams, the Barrymores and Helen Hayes, who credited him with being the director "who taught me the most."

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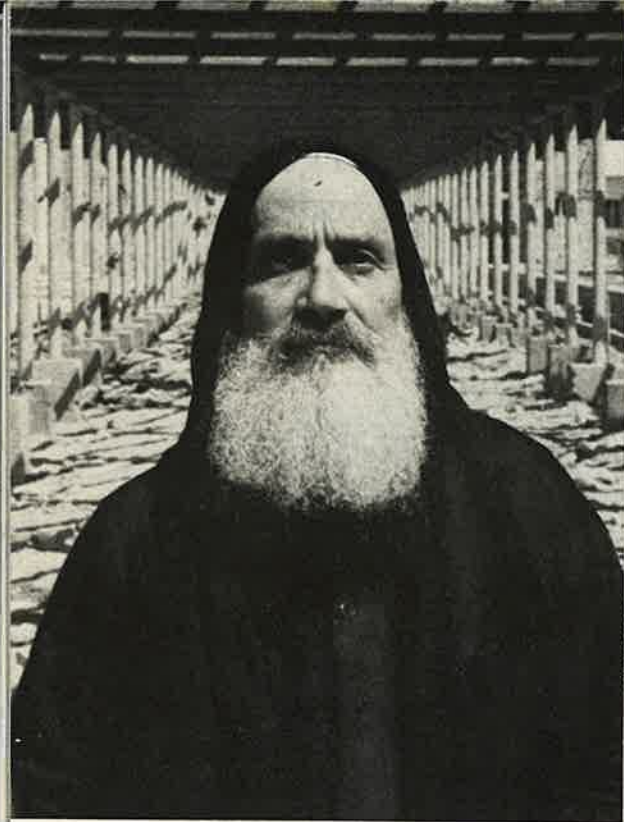
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JOHN D. RIDDLE



MATTA EL MESKIN (LEFT) IN FRONT OF NEW CELLS; MONKS OF ST. MAKARIOS AT PRAYER

RELIGION

The Desert Revival

I went to the monastery with a great fear. I wondered how I could fill this heart of mine in the desert, alone, because I am a man fond of human social contact. I enjoyed the company of women, of my sisters and family. I love music and used to attend concerts in Alexandria almost every week. How could my heart be filled in lonely isolation? But God kept his promise to me. When I retreated to the desert, God gave me mountains of celestial sympathy. Instead of symphony concerts, I heard celestial music.

—Matthew the Poor

The words could almost have been written by some early Christian hermit, forsaking the pleasures of the city for the austere spiritual life of the desert. Instead, they are the thoughts of a 20th century monk, Matta el Meskin (Matthew the Poor), who is at the forefront of a remarkable renaissance of monasticism in the Coptic Church of Egypt.

The Copts, who number at least 10% of Egypt's population, are akin to Eastern Orthodox Christians in liturgy and doctrine. As in other Eastern churches, monks play an important role, since only they can become bishops. While the number of monks in Western religious communities has declined by the hundreds during the past decade, the nine ancient Coptic monasteries of Egypt, almost deserted a few years ago, are now filled to overflowing. Though Egypt is identified with Islam, no place could be more appropriate for a monastic renaissance. It was in Egypt that monasticism first flowered, nurtured by the formidable example of the great 4th century anchorite, St. Anthony of the Desert. At

the height of the movement, before the 7th century Arab invasions, Egypt boasted some 50,000 monks.

The current monastic revival—part of a general spiritual resurgence among Copts—has generated a broad enthusiasm among lay people. Coptic university students spend holidays in retreats at the monasteries. Some organize themselves into "families" attached to specific monasteries that they periodically join for prayer and work. Even after they leave the university, some young professionals choose the monastic life. The 50 monks of the monastery of St. Makarios, for example, include six physicians, five pharmacists and twelve engineers.

Slave of Christ. Much of the initial inspiration for the revival seems to have come from a mysterious ascetic who appeared in the Nile Valley in 1935, spent 30 years in a remote sandstone cave and vanished on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem in 1965. A wiry, wispy-bearded man known only as Abdel Messieh (Slave of Christ) the Ethiopian, he had a deep influence on two men who later became Patriarchs of Alexandria—Popes of the Coptic Church.

One was Mina el Muttawahad (Mina the Hermit), who spent years in the desert, then ruled the church until 1971 as Pope Kyrillos VI. He reformed the monasteries through renewed austerity and discipline. The second was Kyrillos' successor, Antonius as Suriani, who currently heads the church as Pope Shenouda III. Before becoming a monk, Pope Shenouda was once a lay teacher in the Coptic Sunday school movement, another church development that inspired renewed interest in monasticism. Even now Pope Shenouda retires each week to a mud-stuccoed hut in the des-

ert for a day or more of meditation and prayer.

Abdel Messieh's greatest influence may have been on Matta el Meskin, a charismatic figure revered as a living saint by Copts (TIME, Dec. 29). Like the archetypal anchorite St. Anthony, Matta heeded Jesus' call to "go, sell what you possess and give to the poor . . . and come, follow me." Besides his cherished friends and family, Matta gave up his businesses (two prosperous pharmacies), two houses and two cars when he retreated to the desert 28 years ago. Later, called back from the wilderness to serve as a patriarchal vicar in Alexandria, he gathered a following, and in 1956 left for the desert again, with twelve disciples. A scholar who has written some 40 books on theology and church affairs, Matta is now engaged in a more practical task—rebuilding and expanding the monastery of St. Makarios.

Coptic monasticism today is a mix of the hermit's solitude with a communal life, the blend depending on the individual. Combining prayer and study with farm and household chores, the monks sometimes take on ambitious tasks like the pilot land reclamation project in the desert southwest of Cairo.

Next week, marking their Easter-tide by the Julian calendar, the Coptic Christians of Egypt will observe Holy Week. Easter is the Copts' most solemn religious feast, and the devout prepare for it with a rigorous, entirely meatless 40-day fast. The monks follow an even more austere, 55-day regimen, and the monastery gates are closed to visitors for the entire period. As for Matta el Meskin, he has been spending Lent alone, out in the desert, back in the cave where God first "filled his heart."

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