LIFE

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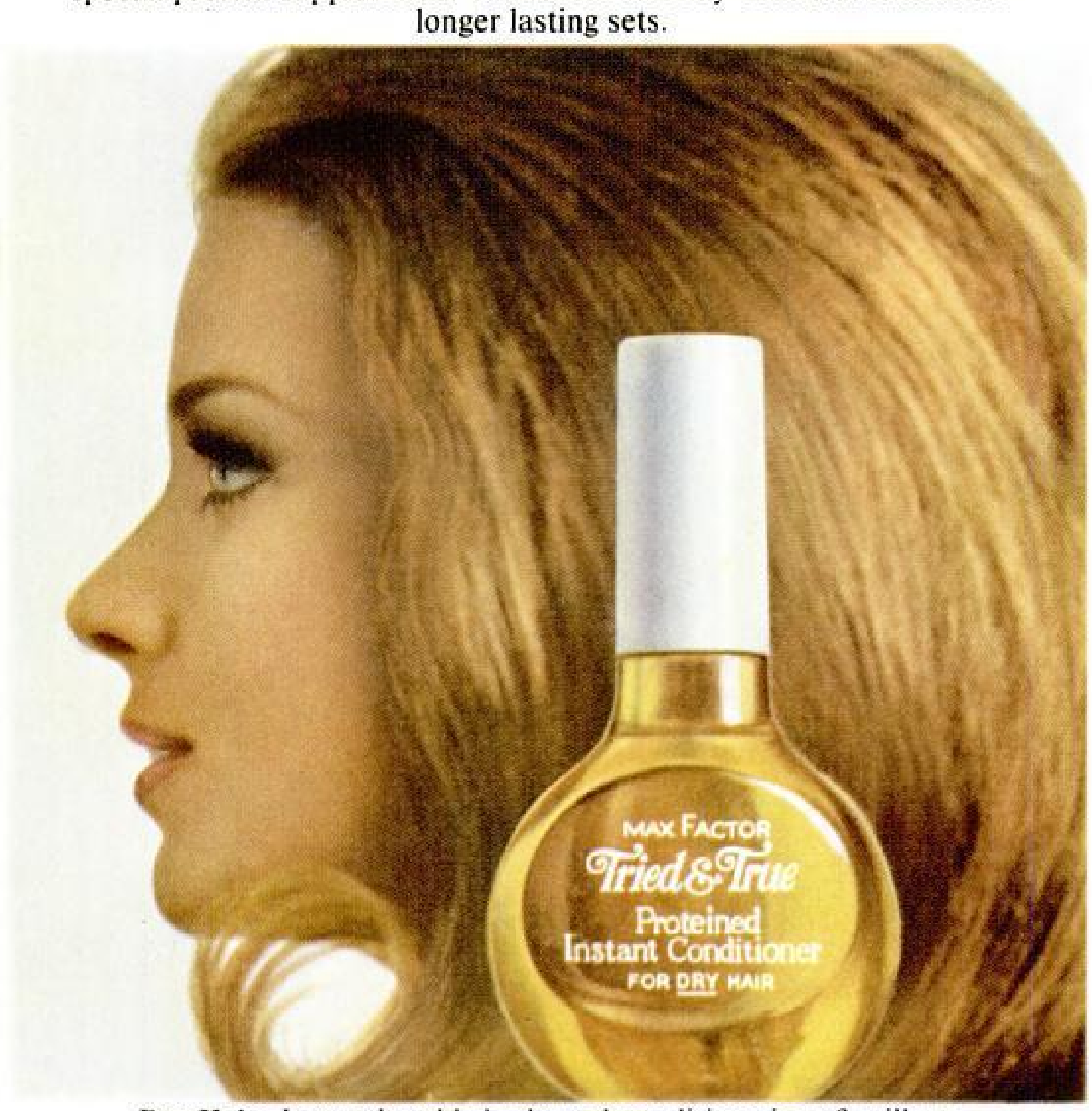

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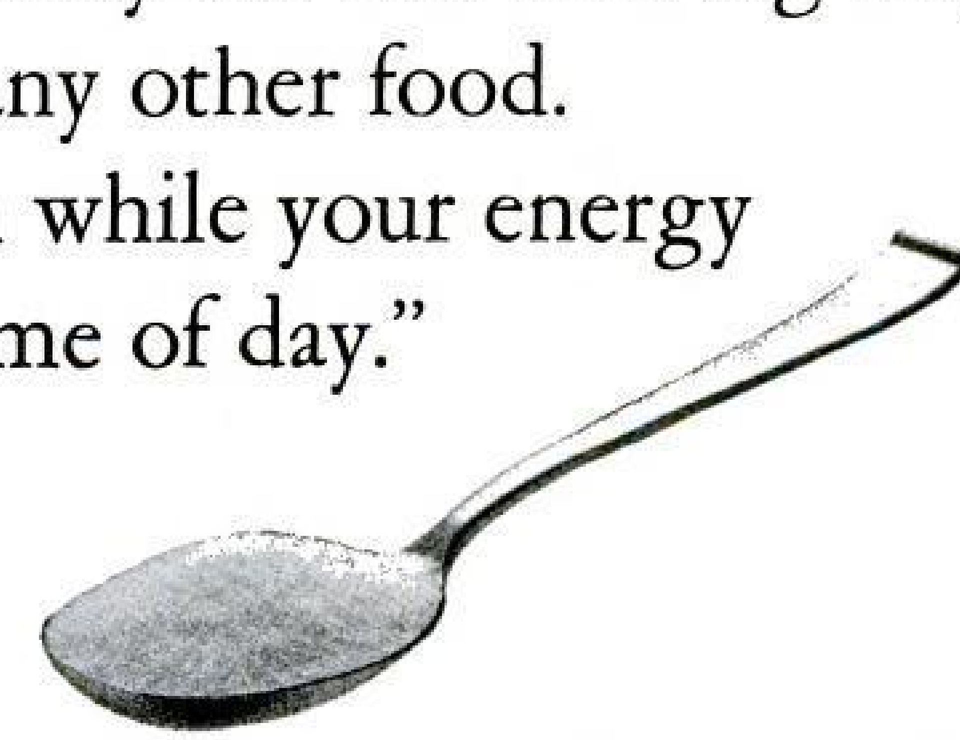

*"A neural center in the hypothalamus believed to regulate appetite."—
Webster's Third New International Dictionary.*

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American Express Travelers Cheques
The Rescue Money

Vol. 67 No. 4 **LIFE** July 25 1969

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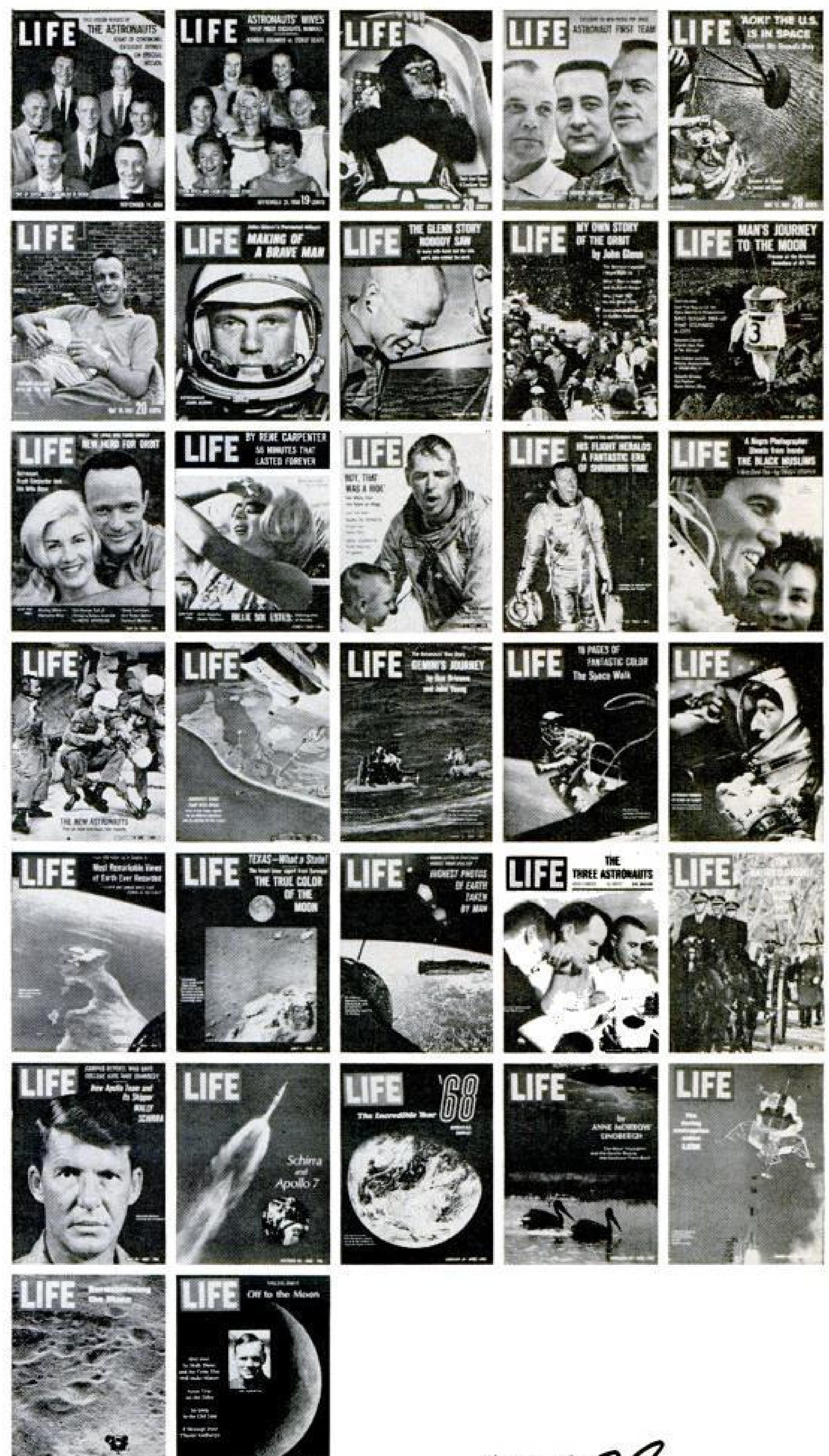
EDITORS' NOTE

Ten years that led to Apollo 11

In 1959, when the first seven Project Mercury astronauts were chosen, LIFE committed itself to be the definitive journal of moon adventure. Since then we have published 32 covers documenting the steps that led to last week's triumphant launching of Apollo 11 and its determined crew.



Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor

by Barry Farrell

The long and short of Leo and me

It used to be that I could feast in glory on nothing more than good statistics—the .388 Ted Williams hit in 1957, the 104 bases Maury Wills stole in 1962, or Orlando Cepeda's lifetime RBIs. But a few seasons back I noticed that these old measures of my vicarious baseball life were getting lost in the vastness of my boredom with the game. I was letting the numbers change and pass by, along with the teams and their players, as if they had no meaning. Soon I was suffering from acute neutrality, an unwelcome feeling that left unanswered my need to be loyal to someone who is officially winning or losing out in the open every day.

Some of these old feelings began to stir, however, a couple of weeks ago when Leo Durocher and the Chicago Cubs came to New York for a three-game series with the New York Mets, the Cubs' closest rivals in the Eastern Division of the National League. Since I live in New York, it might be expected that I was feeling a little something for the Mets. But up until this season their only charm had been based on a kind of cultural masochism which required that the team be loved precisely because it was so bad. Now that the Mets have become contenders, decency alone is enough to keep me from them. I could never root for them, not even if Allen Ginsberg were playing second base.

It was rather the Cubs, with their tough defense and raucous spirit, that touched the spark of memory. The Mets may have won the series two games to one, but my mind was made up as to which was the better ball club when Durocher, shut out in a no-hit, perfect game and four runs down in the ninth, instructed his catcher to bunt. Here was a chance to rattle a young pitcher two outs from perfection, and if the rattling was deep enough, perhaps to win it. This was the old Durocher I remembered, uncowed by niceties, and here I hoped was the old baseball, too. So when the Mets went out to Chicago last week for three more games with the Cubs, I went along with them.

I had followed Leo's career with admiration and wonder since 1947, when I was 12 and thought of him as a fellow *enfant terrible*. That was the year Leo was suspended from baseball for consorting with shady characters, which was exactly what I was trying to do in Seattle. I knew Leo best as a card in an electric baseball set, a historical figure who traced back to Babe Ruth and the Gashouse Gang. Later, when I grew more appreciative of the living Leo, Durocher himself had grown into a sounder, saner fellow and was enjoying his greatest years as the manager of the Giants. After his second great fall in 1955 when he was fired a year after he won the World Series, he became, by dint of desperate striving, an authentic Hollywood celebrity and television executive. It was then that I became convinced that Leo's savvy made him not only the best manager in baseball but also someone very close to the epicenter in America. His moxie transcends the boundaries between crime, the police, show biz, politics and sports; Chicago, where all these sectors are obscured and ambiguous, was clearly the perfect place for Leo to land.

When Leo arrived in 1966, the Cubs had not won a pennant since World War II and had finished no better than fifth for 19 straight years. After one 10th-place season Leo had the Cubs contending two years in a row. Chicago liked Leo from the outset—"That's our Leo!" the papers took to saying whenever the Lip said something indiscreet. Just last month when he took his fourth wife, Lynne Walker Goldblatt, the guest list revealed Leo's impeccable status. The best man was Leo's new brother-in-law, Dan Walker, head of the Chicago Crime Commission.

I watched the first game from the press box at Wrigley Field, sitting over on the first base side in hopes of observing Leo at work. My expectations were dashed. He didn't emerge from the dugout until the ninth inning, when he came out—not to make some incendiary protest, but simply to remove his pitcher. The Cubs, holding a one-run lead in a classic pitchers' duel, played flawlessly before a full house of shouting, hooting fans. Knowing the Cubs and their leader would be jubilant, I headed for their clubhouse.

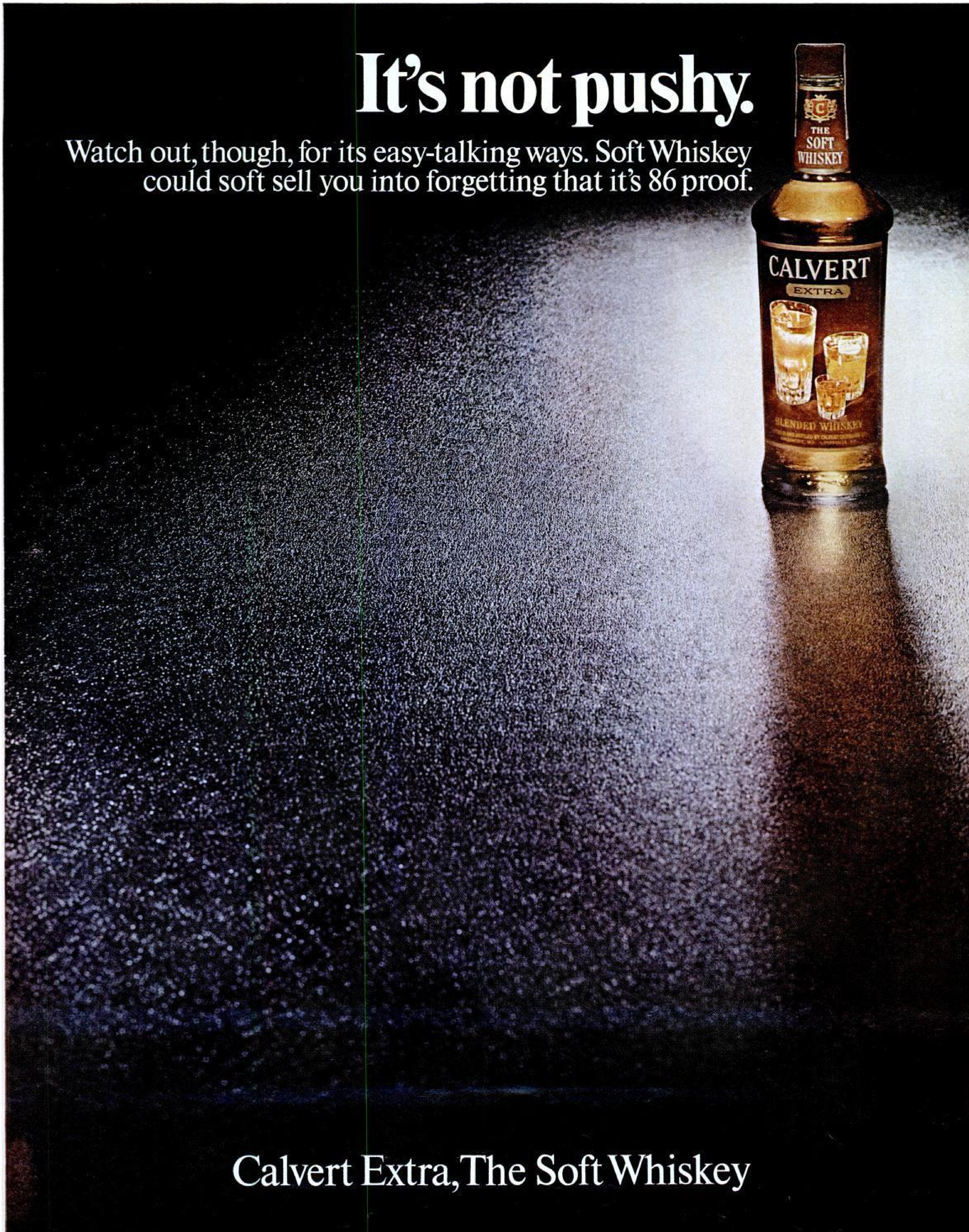
Five scribes had Leo cornered in his private executive bathroom, and they were hitting him with questions. *Why this, Leo? Why that?* I stood behind them on tiptoes and could see Leo shaving, talking pinkly through the lather, crinkling his eyes at the mirror. Having just conducted the team in a particularly good exhibition, he was game for any question.

Searching my mind for Durocher lore from which to form a question, I kept remembering how much he hates a magazine writer. He hates a magazine writer even worse than a ballplayer who doesn't want to give you 100% every day. I figured that as soon as I came out and told him who I was I would be out on my ear, with no chance to let him know what a fan I am. Leo and I have had such a good and enduring relationship—without ever having had one—that I didn't want to spoil it by introducing myself.

"I hate a liar . . ." Leo was saying to the mirror; he was shaving with the utmost care. His face appeared to be made of some different and better material than the pale wrinkled parchment of his chest. "I have a rule on this club," Leo said, "if I catch a man lying, he's had it."

I wandered around the clubhouse. Boxes of bubble gum were piled high against the wall along with an array of other things the athletes need—"Cub Power" T-shirts, tennis shoes, Cracker Jack. I studied the players' faces, but none of them looked especially like liars; in fact, nearly all their lockers displayed cans of Right Guard and Foamy, the very products you see them advertise on TV. Such is the sincerity of these young Cubs. They looked healthy and strong and were a loose, friendly bunch. "Hi," one of them said, spontaneously.

Hoping that the scribes had left Leo alone so that I could put our old friendship to the test of a meeting, I went back to his private quarters. But there was no sign of Leo, and his electric-blue linen lounging suit and his white linen shoes were missing from their place in his locker.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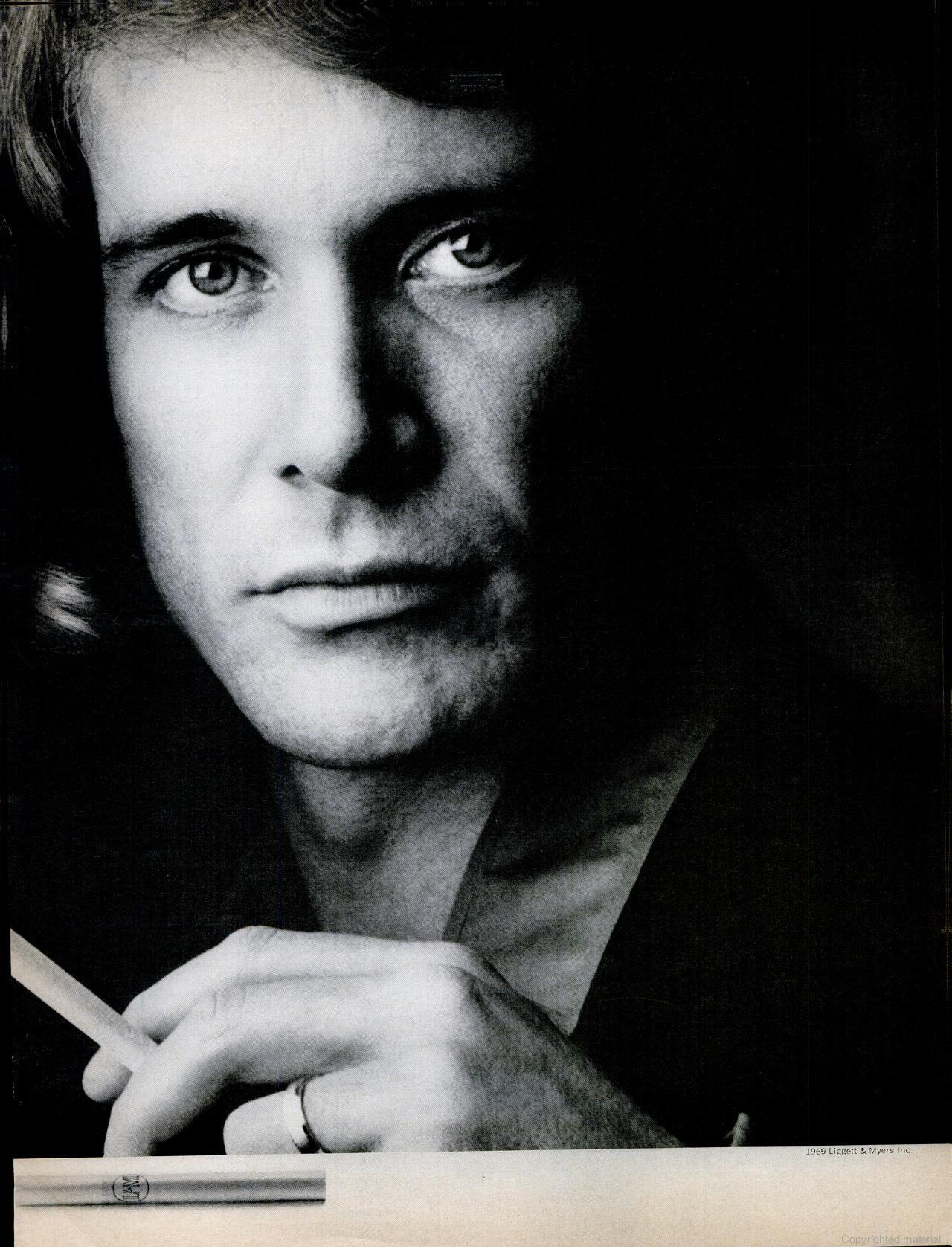
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LIFE *MOVIE REVIEW*

Mastery of the 'Dirty Western'

Peckinpah works on a western

THE WILD BUNCH

The Wild Bunch is the first masterpiece in the new tradition of "the dirty western." I doubt if it can even be tolerated, let alone appreciated, without some understanding of the new set of feelings about the frontier that it *consciously* summarizes.

The old "clean" western is, as a rule, no more firmly located in time than a dream. Indeed, it has generally been considered the dream work of the American collective unconscious, referring us endlessly to a lost Eden that we probably never inhabited, a land whose inhabitants, when they killed one another, usually did so for an understandable reason. Death in Eden was a convention rather than a stinking reality.

Not so in *The Wild Bunch*. Its simple story, of an aging, morally moronic bandit gang in fruitless search of one last major robbery, is mainly a convention to get us from the terrible massacre that follows one botched job in reel one to the even more terrible (and quite suicidal) one that concludes the film. It is only in these moments of mass death that the film is, ironically, completely alive, only in them that Director Sam Peckinpah's enormous talent seems completely committed and fully extended—so much so that I am sure that they rank among the greatest action sequences ever made. Moreover, they make a vicious, very contemporary point: when death comes in wholesale lots, when there is no way even of counting the bodies, then there is no way of feeling anything about it except a strange, sick exultation. We are here arrived at a point far beyond good guys *vs.* bad guys; we are, as the saying goes, beyond good and evil.

Well, this sort of thing—without Peckinpah's intensity of realization—has become increasingly familiar in the dirty westerns of this decade, and a lot of people, myself included, have regarded them at best as an attempt to de-myth our history, and at worst as part of the general escalation of sensationalism in popular culture. There is, however, a good deal more than that going on in *The Wild Bunch*.

The Bunch does not live in never-never land. They ride through the teens of this century, at a point when Frederick Jackson Turner and the other historians had officially closed our frontier, and the Bunch is feeling it—so much so that they attempt to ride right out of our history and into Mexico's, where they are not yet anachronisms. Such careful location of the movie's time and place strikes me as the key to its success. For while the physical closing of the frontier is now some 70 years past, the date of its psychological closing is much more recent—say about five years ago —and we are still hating it. In the mid-'60s it became generally obvious that we were finally and irrevocably an urban nation, that such a nation required a radical redefinition of its concept of community and individualism so as to eliminate, among other defects, the under class (mostly black) that had supported previous definitions. An acquaintance of mine, lately returned from Vietnam, which could readily be considered a modern attempt to externalize the "frontier" and keep it alive for another generation, tells me that, so far as he can see, there is nothing in civilian life that can support the "imaginative intensity" that ordinary soldiers bring to fighting the war there. Certainly a similar statement could have been made about pioneering. Why else has it ruled our imaginations for so long?

Perhaps these are pretty large statements to pin on a movie. Still, it seems to me that the dirty western has been groping about in our violent past, unconsciously searching for some historical correlative that would help illuminate our present sense of desperate psychological dislocation. In *The Wild Bunch*, Peckinpah has brilliantly concluded this search, helped by co-writer Walon Green, cameraman Lucien Ballard and a cast of old worthies (William Holden, Robert Ryan, *et al.*) and new one (Jaime Sanchez, Warren Oates). The promise of *Ride the High Country*, in which, as early as 1961, he rather wistfully explored similar terrain, has finally been fulfilled in what may someday emerge as one of the most important records of the mood of our times and one of the most important American films of the era.

by Richard Schickel

*POE Price: Sedan, $1950; Hardtop, $2135. White sidewall tires, accessories, options, freight and taxes extra. Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc., 2055 W. 190th St., Torrance, Calif. 90501 Imported car of the Year

Does the Fourth R Stand for Rat Race?

THE UNDERACHIEVING SCHOOL
by *JOHN HOLT*
(Pitman Publishing Corp.) $4.95

When I was 15 my closest friend and fiercest rival at a well-known and highly regarded New England prep school hanged himself in the attic of his father's house on the night before the beginning of our sophomore year. He had, we were later assured by those who sought to assuage for us the bite of conscience, his own psychological problems quite apart from those inherent in the murderous school we both attended. And possibly it is true that he may have ended his own life, or misused it in some other fashion, sooner or later, no matter what school he attended. Nonetheless, for those of us who had run the race beside him—above all for this writer, who had always run about one half a step ahead of him—that suicide was like a siren screaming in the nights of cities. We could not get it out of our heads that, of all the days, hours, moments, minutes in that long and languid summer of 1951, our classmate should have chosen for his self-extinction the evening before we returned to our academic nightmare.

A nightmare it was, one can see now beyond question. It is cold comfort to discover, as we do with each succeeding book by John Holt, that the same nightmare has been suffered with varying degrees of desperation or slow dying by the vast majority of industrious students in the better-known high schools and exclusive prep schools of this nation.

In a particularly fine essay, "The Fourth R: The Rat Race"—one of several short and effective pieces written recently by Holt and now brought together for the first time in a single volume—he tells with horrible accuracy of the sheer mass of labor involved in the academic experience for most college-oriented students:

"From the age of 12 or 13 on, they are very likely to have, after a long day at school, two, three or more hours of homework a night—with more over the weekend. The load grows heavier as children get older. Long before they reach college, many children are putting in a 70-hour week. . . . Children have not worked such long hours since the early and brutal days of the Industrial Revolution."

One of his students, he tells us, remarked to him "that she went home every night on a commuter train with businessmen, most of whom could look forward to an evening of relaxation with their families." She, on the contrary, had three hours of intellectual servitude ahead of her before she could even begin to dream of sleeping.

With such grim days and thankless evenings before slumber, it is no surprise that dreams grow troubled. Children in these schools, with not only the full knowledge but often the cruel and stupid insistence of their parents, see themselves groomed at the age of 12 or 13 not as human beings but as Thoroughbreds, prize horses; and although there are few prizes waiting at the finish line, even those few that exist go not to the beast that wins the race but to the trainers—that is to say, the parents.

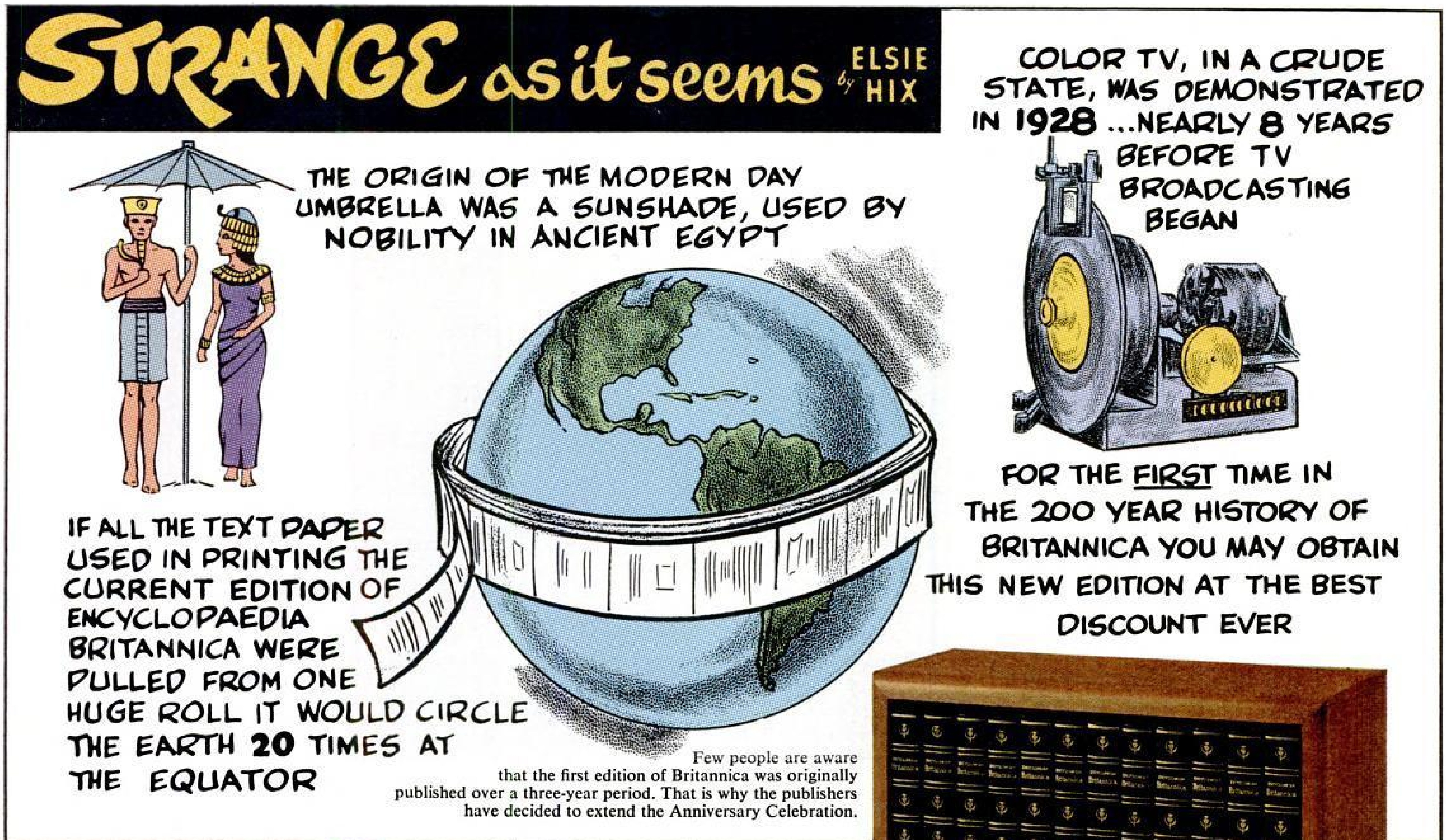
With proper outrage, Holt protests here once again the madness of such dangerous schooling—no less pernicious, if only a bit less vivid and destructive, than the calculated brutalizing that continues unabated within so many ghetto classrooms.

On either side, whether in the white suburb or in the heart of Harlem, Holt sees a blighted panorama: school structures created to produce merchandise rather than to inspire intellect, yet failing in their simple-minded purpose and turning out not even well-packaged items but dehumanized and unsalable commodities. Overreaching and underachieving, the schoolhouse of John Holt's vision maims first and torments most those whom it exists to serve and foster, and, like the memorable sow of Joyce's Ireland, ends up by ingesting its own progeny.

This book is Holt's third. His first, *How Children Fail*, created a reputation to which his second, *How Children Learn*, added substance and direction. The present work, being a collection of separate essays, does not have the battering impact of either earlier work. But it does display again with undiminished clarity a kindly intellect that is still strong, still eloquent, still compassionate, still at the high point of its power, still holding out to a nation trapped in ignorance a rational way to light the darkness.

Mr. Kozol is author of Death at an Early Age, *a study of conditions in Boston's ghetto schools.*

by Jonathan Kozol



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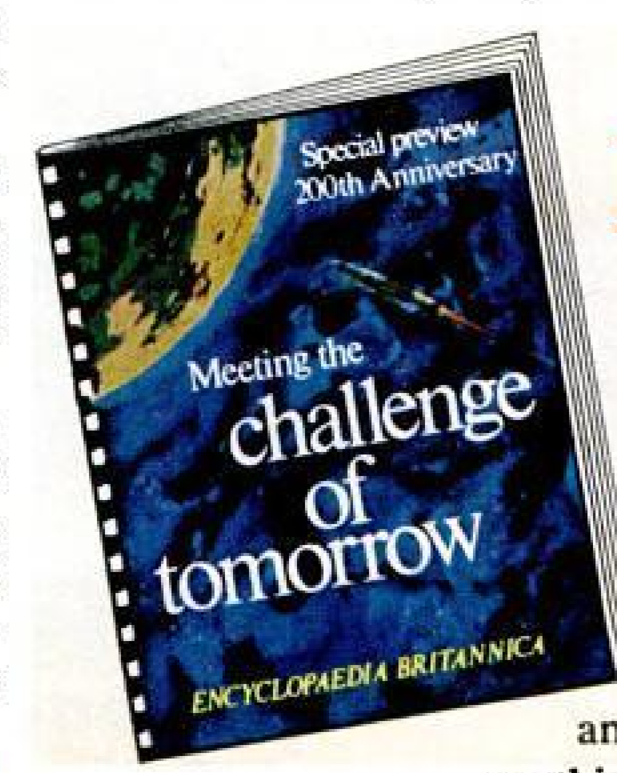

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LIFE *MUSIC REVIEW*

Detroit Retools Its Rock

THE MOTOWN COMEBACK

From the shlocky early '60s to the messianic advent of the Doors, American pop music was dominated by that great Detroit hit factory, Motown. From millions of car radios and jukeboxes rumbled the earthquake beat, shrilled the glassine strings, rasped and croaked, hollered and harmonized the voices of Diana Ross and the Supremes, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, the Four Tops, the Temptations, Stevie Wonder and Marvin Gaye—*dramatis personae* of an endless ghetto psychodrama focused on the themes of rejection, persecution, isolation and all the other dementias of "love."

Then about two years ago Motown began to run out of gas. The white market was lured away by the siren song of San Francisco; the black began to divide its attentions among the great soul triumvirate of James Brown, Aretha Franklin and Otis Redding, singers whose earthy, direct appeal made the sequin-spangled angst of Detroit seem artificial. When Detroit started to retool to meet the competition, more trouble developed: the great team of Eddie and Brian Holland and Lamont Dozier, who created the Motown formula and stamped out most of the big hits, got involved in a legal hassle with Berry Gordy Jr., Motown's proprietor, and eventually left the company.

Nobody seriously expected Detroit could ever again exert the same influence on American music; but last winter the bottom fell out of the hippies and the Mississippies, and Motown seized and held three of the top ten slots on the charts for seven consecutive weeks. Behind this spectacular comeback was the reshuffling of the Motown sound and the emergence of a new team of words-and-music men: Norman Whitfield and Barrett Strong, composers of *I Heard It through the Grapevine*, *Cloud Nine* and *Run Away Child, Running Wild.* Their new formula is the projection of R&B's traditionally harrowing material—love betrayal, drug addiction, juvenile delinquency—on a looming backdrop of hypnotically obsessive African rhythms and call-notes. *Grapevine*, a solid-gold standard written originally for Gladys Knight and the Pips as a shouting, belting, uppercutting gospel number, has been transmogrified for Marvin Gaye so that it comes out a mysterious tom-tom-colored caravan song. *Cloud Nine* is built on the contrast between the driving maniacal rhythms of "normal" city life and the ecstatic transcendence of the drug high. When the Temptations sing "I'm doin' fine on cloud nine," the image of junkie space floats off the hustling rhythmic base like an ancestral echo blown back from the jungle. Getting high and going back to the ancient tribal cool, the song suggests, are really one and the same thing.

The most ambitious of these songs is *Run Away Child*, an Emperor Jones treatment of the flight of a delinquent kid who finds himself alone at night in the city with neither money, food, friends nor a guiltless heart. The Temptations' voices enter singly, like characters in a morality play, to mock, threaten and admonish the hapless Everyteen, and Whitfield and Strong build a rock drama which is more adventurous musically and more exciting dramatically than even the highly touted effort of the Who in their recent rock opera, *Tommy.* Nor is the drama confined to the convention of words and music: when the last voice has spoken, the song passes through a musical looking glass and emerges as a prolonged ritual of anxiety. It climbs relentlessly to a series of terrifying climaxes which impose on the racing rhythm of the boy's heart the thunderous warning of the ancestral spirits to "go back home where you belong."

What these strange sounds from Detroit indicate is that Motown has once again laid its cross hairs on the heart of the urban American Negro. Once again it has divined the condition of its public with a perception that surpasses the best efforts of James Baldwin, Eldridge Cleaver, Rap Brown and all those who merely *speak* for the black man. The soul these songs have mirrored in the past was that of a man whose natural condition is anxiety. Now that anxiety has been amplified still further and counterpointed against a mysterious ancestral sound which promises salvation: the power to mount above the troubled present to a throne of pride and power beyond the white man's ken. A jagged seam runs down the black man's soul these days. Is he still a frightened and frantic gray scuffling to score in the white man's world—or is he an African prince, secure in the possession of magic arts and a wisdom too deep for words?

Mr. Goldman, a teacher at Columbia, reports frequently on popular culture.

by Albert Goldman

Bankers Trust's folly.

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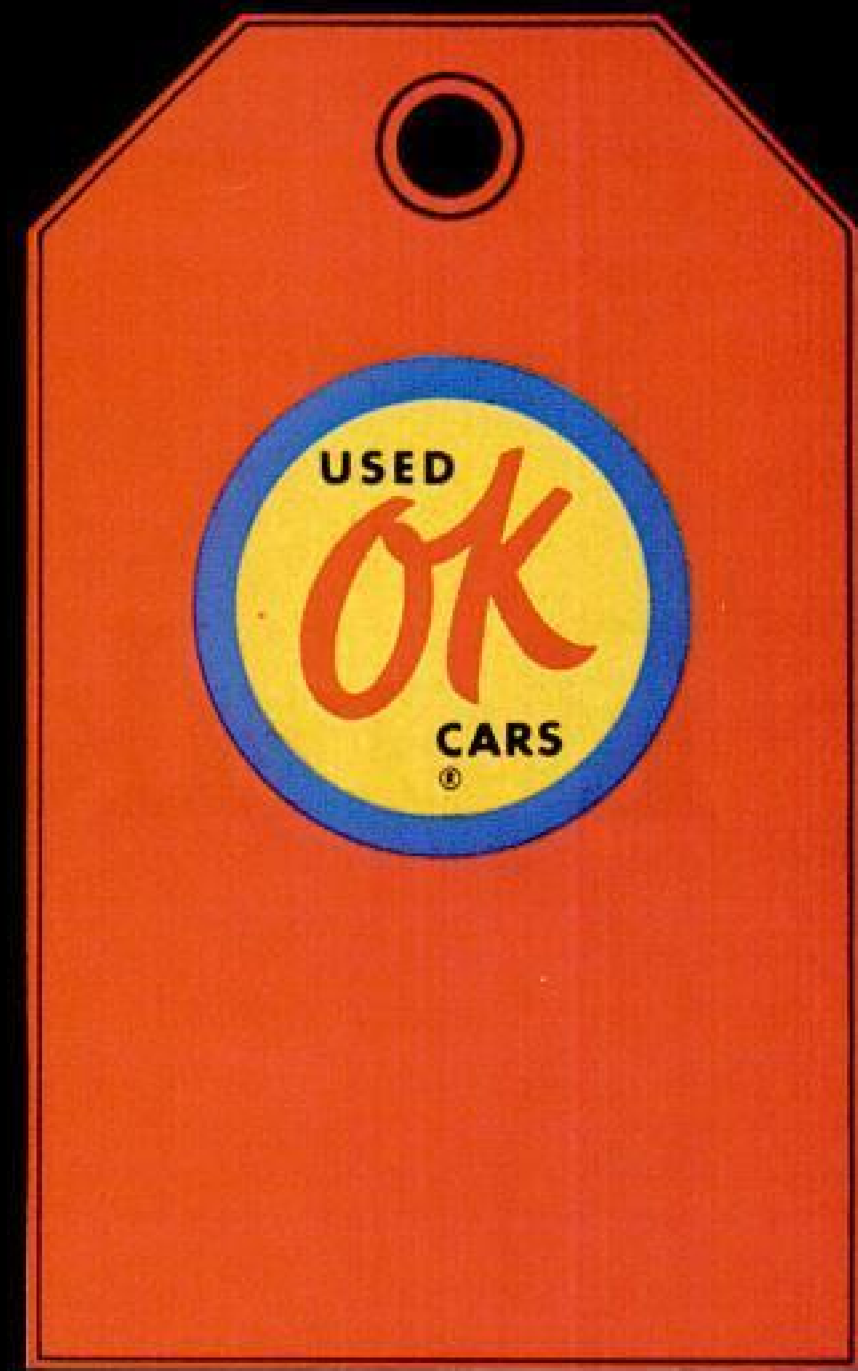

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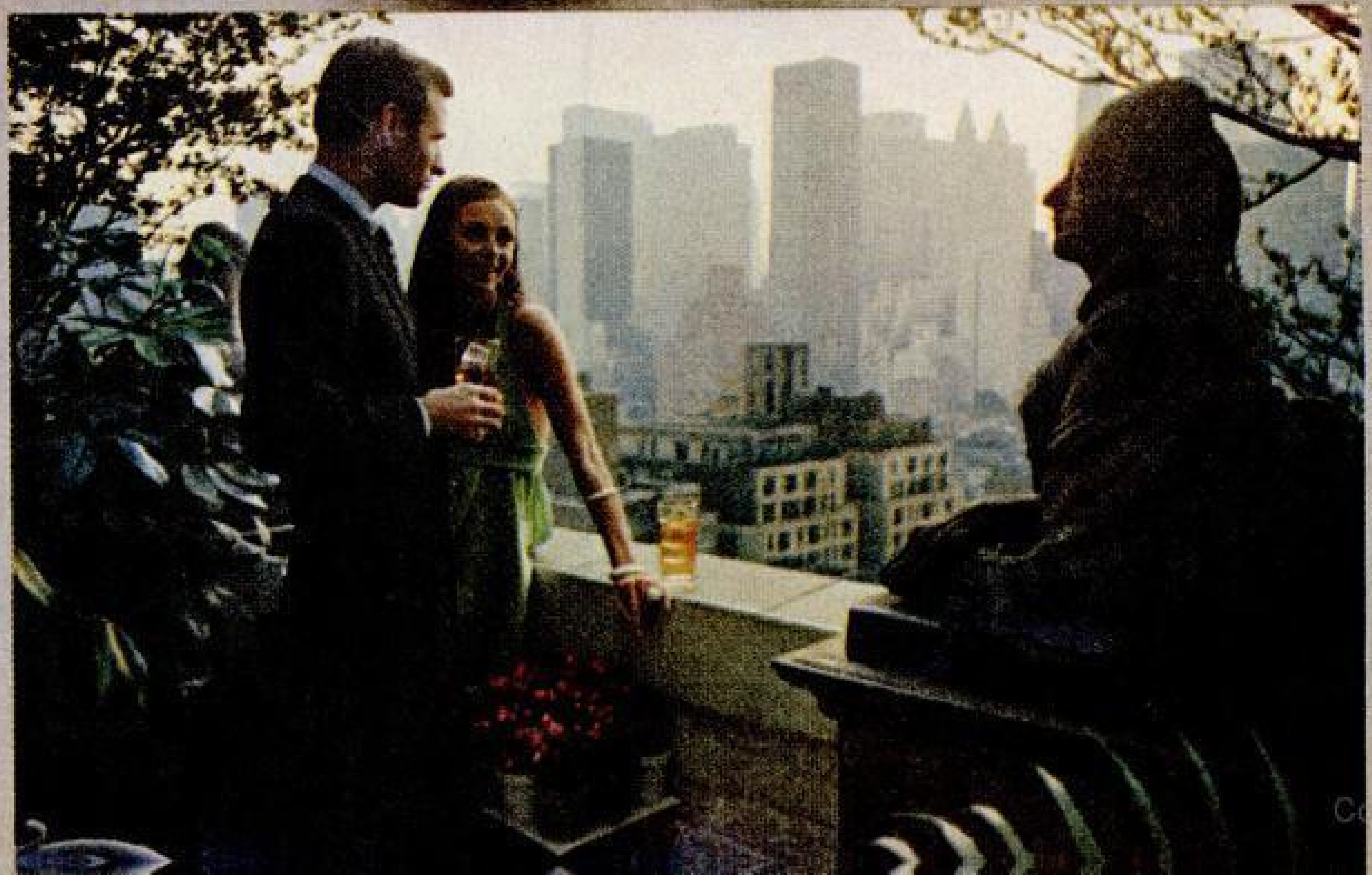
"I discovered something interesting last night. A tall, Smooth Canadian."

You know, it's really a nice change from all those fancied-upped summery drinks. So smooth. And so uncomplicated. All you really need to mix it is Seagram's V.O., a long, skinny glass and ice-cold water. Correction: all *he* really needs to mix it is etc., etc.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

BILLY IN THE GARDEN

Sirs:

Say what you may about Graham (July 4), I attended one of his meetings 20 years ago (at the height of a career in organized crime). My life was transformed by the power of the Christ Graham preaches. For 12 years I have been working in the slums to reach needy kids with the same message.

JIM VAUS
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Sirs:

Would to God there were more men of the high moral standards and dependence upon God of Billy Graham to be a friend to those in high office!

FRANCES H. JOHNSON
Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

Does Barry Farrell have some better message than the one Billy Graham preached in the Garden?

RUTH MITCHELL
Abington, Pa.

Sirs:

You make it sound as though Dr. Graham is wallowing in cash, and this is not the case. He has a board of directors that votes on what his yearly salary is to be. He is not dedicating his life to spreading the Gospel to make a million.

MADELEINE HADDEN
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Sirs:

Whether or not Mr. Barry Farrell agrees, most of the people in this country of ours do *not* feel that the Billy Grahams of this world are causing our downfall. Let's face it, most of the middle-class, middle-aged, middle-income people like Mr. Nixon. And we also like Mr. Graham.

DOLORES HERMANSON
Sylmar, Calif.

Sirs:

Don't knock the good Doctor. He's no Rasputin—just a Moses, Peter and Paul all wrapped up into one.

J. UNGER
Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Sirs:

Mr. Farrell has evidently become so jaded by the permissiveness of our day that the "simple lust" of the Times Square area no longer makes a dent in his sophisticated facade. Unfortunately the claims of Jesus Christ seem also no longer able to penetrate that barrier.

WALTER OTT
Norwood, N.J.

Sirs:

Frankly, I think Mr. Farrell is just a dirty old man who was looking for an excuse to rummy around Times Square for a night.

ROBERT S. POTTER
Newington, Conn.

Sirs:

I read Barry Farrell's article on Billy Graham with pure delight. I fume every time I think of the victims he has left in his wake.

IBBIE ELLIGET
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

Has anyone challenged Graham to digress for a moment from the sins of Times Square and to take a stand on the sins of our leaders who have started and continued the Vietnam bloodbath, this much greater crime against humanity? Have we been overlooking Graham's share of the responsibility?

JOHN BURTON
Cranford, N.J.

Sirs:

Some of the "church papers" hold similar opinions to Barry Farrell's but do not have the courage to put them into print. Many of us clergymen ditto. We Americans have a naive idea that God is interested basically in what we call "religion." We've got profits and prophets confused.

REV. HENRY H. WIESBAUER
Westboro, Maine

THE TIDES

Sirs:

Your photograph of Hopewell Rocks ("Grip on the Tides," July 4) is beautiful enough to be attributed to Nova Scotia. Nature, however, has placed them in the fair sister province of New Brunswick off Hopewell Cape.

A. H. GIBSON
Dartmouth, N.S.

Sirs:

What Rachel Carson wrote about tides you did in pictures.

PAUL M. PATTERSON
Columbia, S.C.

APOLLO 11

Sirs:

The first object with which the Apollo 11 crew will come in direct contact after splashdown is the raft. Once on board, they will don biological isolation garments, but before they do, contamination of the raft is possible from their briefly unprotected spacesuits.

Yet this same raft is to be merely scrubbed down with disinfectant, and sunk in the ocean. Is this consistent with the elaborate decontamination precautions to be taken throughout the remainder of the program?

ELIZABETH ST. LOUIS
Montreal, Que.

▶ *According to latest NASA reports, the astronauts will now don their BIGs, tossed into the spacecraft by a frogman, before they leave it for the raft.*—ED.

Sirs:

Quarantine procedures for the return of Apollo 11 (July 4) are interesting and all that, but has anybody thought about protection for the moon? Are we at all concerned about leaving little clouds of earth dust, or cracker crumbs, or cold viruses?

POLLY BOHMFALK
Dallas, Texas

▶ *Some contamination of the lunar surface and atmosphere is unavoidable in a moon landing, but all attempts have been made to keep it as low as possible.*—ED.

Sirs:

The surtax has just been extended; our state has a new income tax law. My car just had $250 worth of repairs, and the price of steak is 40¢ higher than last April. Pardon me for not giving a darn about the moon.

ELIA ESCOBAR
Belleville, Ill.

LINDBERGH

Sirs:

"A Letter from Lindbergh" (July 4) is certainly one of the most worthwhile human expressions ever printed. The feeling conveyed to me by Lindbergh's letter is much the same as I received from reading Pierre Teilhard de Chardin's *The Phenomenon of Man* and also from experiencing Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

JOHN PETER DAVID
Fond du Lac, Wis.

Sirs:

Charles Lindbergh has turned philosopher of the deepest sort, with all his varied experiences filling his advance meditations. I have read the article by Anne Morrow Lindbergh ("The Heron and the Astronaut," Feb. 28) which paralleled this by her husband. It makes me want to shout with elation that such minds and such thinking have been growing all these years. And they are not done or over with yet, by any means. They have a depth and a forwardness about them. May both continue in the direction they are going in thought. They have gone way beyond the moon!

CHARLES H. GILBERT
Pittston, Pa.

Sirs:

Thank you for printing Mr. Lindbergh's letter which, with rare intellect, pointed the way toward adventures possibly more incredible than those you asked him to write about.

JOHN S. MISNER
Seattle, Wash.

Sirs:

Charles Lindbergh's "unusual" letter is a skillful blending of three expressions of human intuition and awareness: science, art and theology. A vision such as his incites greater enthusiasm for my profession as a high school science teacher.

ANDREW KRAMER
Denver, Colo.

Sirs:

Charles Lindbergh made a further vital contribution to transoceanic flight which he did not mention in his letter to LIFE. As a result, literally thousands of B-17 and B-24 crews were able to traverse the stormy North Atlantic led by navigators fresh out of navigation school. Previously, such a crossing was thought to require veteran navigators of established airlines.

In 1943 and early 1944 the equivalent of 15 to 20 heavy bomber groups plus a number of medium B-26 groups and even some long-range fighter groups successfully crossed the Atlantic over preplanned routes of Colonel Lindbergh's charting. For us navigators it seemed as well established as a New York-Chicago run. For the enemy, a bitter disappointment.

JOSEPH S. KOFFEND
Eugene, Ore.

Sirs:

Society desperately needs more Lindberghs who will not only help in advancement of technology but, just as important, help improve social attitudes and create relevancy in our institutions; who will also bring about wise use of our natural resources—for the very survival of that life-giving planet called Earth.

BERNICE B. POPELKA
West Bend, Wis.

Sirs:

What a breath of fresh air Lindy gave us, especially in these times of physical, moral and spiritual air pollution. I was 14 when he made that world-thrilling flight in 1927. Detroit had a red-carpet welcome for him (since it was his birthplace), and as his motorcade went by, tired as he was, he was able to flash that smile for all of us. The roar and the applause that the waiting crowd let go is something I shall never forget.

EDWARD ATTARIAN
Battle Creek, Mich.

JOHNNY WINTER

Sirs:

If Mr. Goldman ("It's Hard To Fake the True Blues," July 4) is so uptight about the immortal Robert Johnson not getting his due, why doesn't he review his album instead of Winter's so that *he* might get some of that acclaim?

DAVID MICHAEL IERMINI
Watsonville, Calif.

Sirs:

Johnny is white but has the spirit of the blues, which is colorless.

JACK CATO
Houston, Tex.

FIGHT GLASS

WITH GLASS.

Uniroyal's new Glas-Belt Rain Tire™ gives you twice as much protection as most of the tires on the road today. (Up to twice as much mileage, too.)

Ironical, isn't it?

Glass, the archenemy of tires, is now the great protector.

To understand how our Glas-Belt protects you, first you have to understand what it is.

Simply, it's two fiberglass belts under the tread, running the width of the tread and all around the tire.

In addition to acting as a piece of protective armor against sharp objects, this Glas-Belt (along with the tire's polyester cord) also keeps the tread of the tire very rigid. Which makes it wear longer. Because the less a tire tread squirms, the less it wears.

Stop in at your nearest Uniroyal dealer and ask about our new Glas-Belt tire now.

You'll feel a lot safer knowing there's glass in your tires.

Because you never know when it's going to be under them.

UNIROYAL

LIFE
Vol. 67 No. 4 July 25, 1969


ARMSTRONG


COLLINS


ALDRIN

APOLLO'S GREAT LEAP FOR THE MOON

by Loudon Wainwright

Maybe the attrition of 10 years has something to do with it. Perhaps the fierce compression of so many events into such a period reduces the capacity for anticipation of still another, greater climax. Whatever the reason, I found myself waiting at Cape Kennedy for the moon launch last week with a growing sense of non-excitement. No amount of telling myself, "They're going to the moon, they'll be walking around on the surface, it could be awfully dangerous," did anything much to sharpen my appetite for the happening, and I found myself wandering around in the deadening Florida humidity in a pair of broken sunglasses, feeling less like a man who was going to observe the ear-splitting, eye-smashing beginning of the greatest trip in history than one who would prefer to be in another place, riding the waves, say, in colder waters.

It hasn't always been that way. Meeting and interviewing the seven Mercury astronauts in 1959, two years before any manned flight, I recall strong feelings of excitement and awe at the fact that these men proposed to allow themselves to be flung the incredible (at that time) distance of 100 miles above the earth. When Alan Shepard flew more than eight years ago (20 days *before* President Kennedy set the moon goal), I recall an emotion approaching prayerful panic at his lift-off. And I remember how, a few days later, the first American astronaut's voice trembled at places as he told me about that amazing 15-minute trip.

On the day of John Glenn's parade in New York, where the huge crowds enthusiastically crushed the fenders of cars in the cavalcade, I talked to Glenn while he was getting a haircut in his Waldorf-Astoria suite. The luxury of his private tonsorial attention struck me as entirely fitting for him, and I felt quite flattered when he offered to treat me to a trim.

When Scott Carpenter got lost in the Atlantic for almost 45 minutes after the reentry from his flight, I saw Rene Carpenter smiling in calm and complete disbelief as we watched Walter Cronkite, in tones that grew more sepulchral by the moment, preparing his millions of viewers for the very worst.

Surely the dreadful and stupid fire that killed Grissom, White and Chaffee had a lot to do with the end of my astronaut-thrill period. Grissom and I had talked one day very early in the Mercury program for about 45 minutes and I *thought* I was taping our conversation. Before that bright and laconic man left, I tried to play back the tape and found we'd recorded nothing. When Gus heard that, he stared hard at me for a moment, then sat down and said: "Let's do it again."

The almost monotonous success of the flights before the Grissom tragedy has evolved to near perfection with the Apollo flights since. Of course, that's a fact worth anybody's deep gratitude, but precision has a way of dehumanizing adventure, even if the destination is a piece of the moon where a man will stand. Thanks to this technology, we *know* we will see fantastic views. Anything is possible and most of it is predictable to the millisecond. Two days before this flight, Neil Armstrong was asked a question about the reasons for

CONTINUED

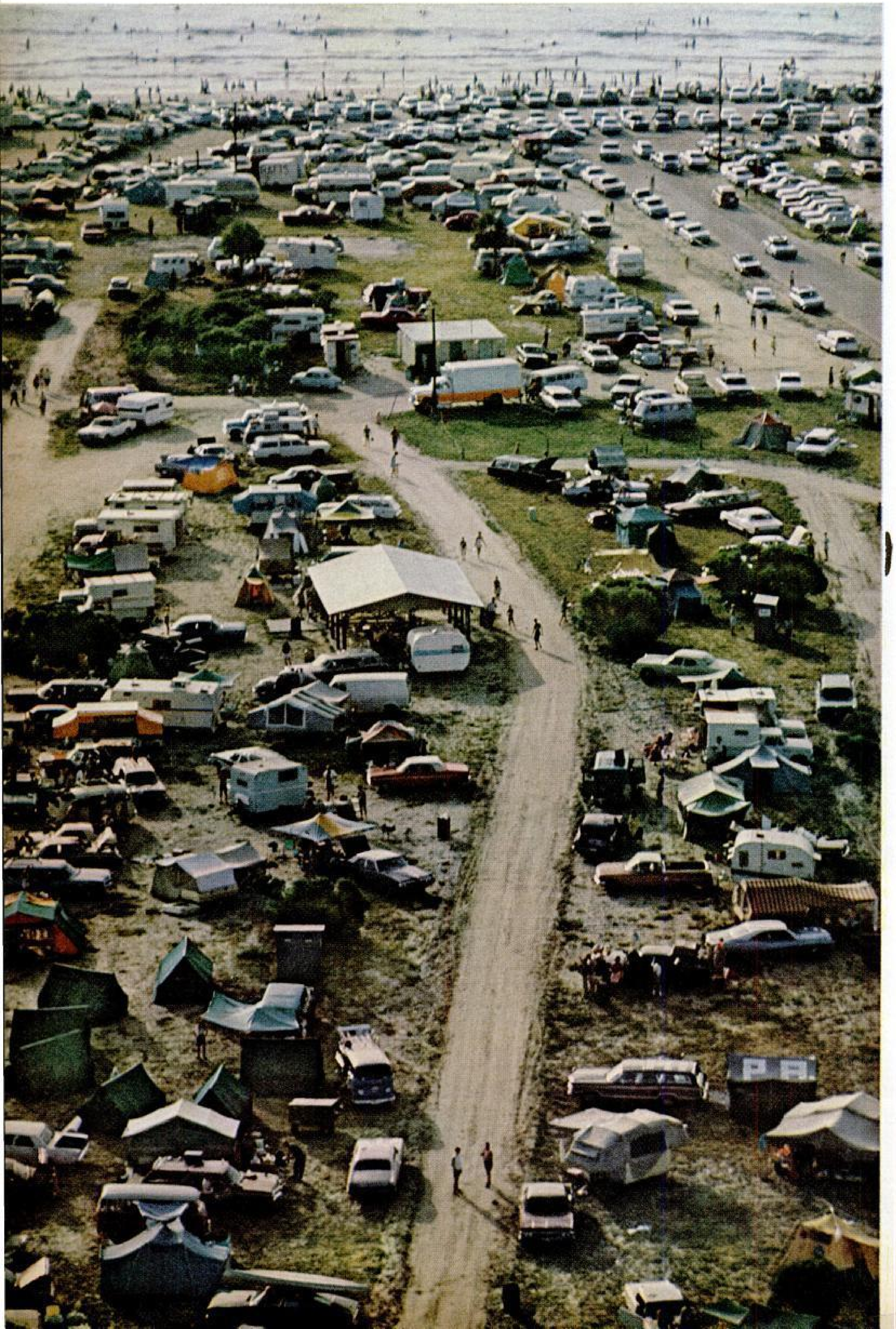
Spectators huddle through the pre-launch night as Apollo 11 waits on the pad

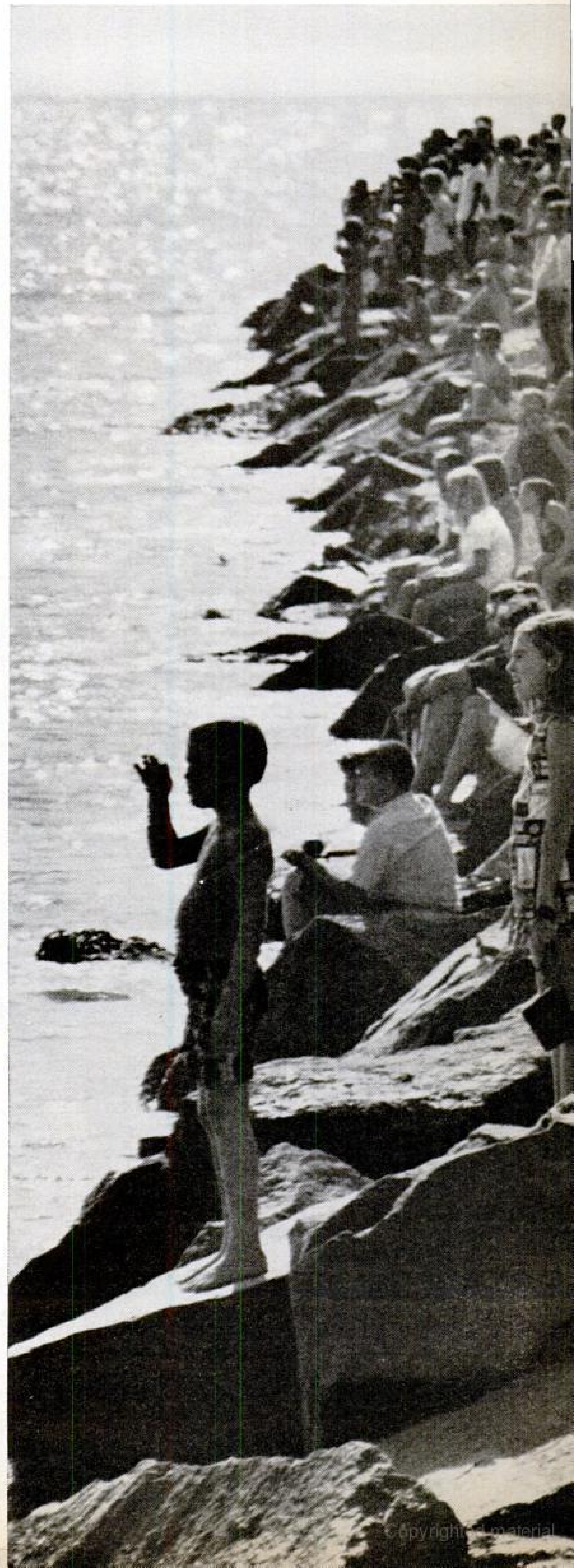
the wild gyrations experienced by the LM crew during the Apollo 10 mission. His answer: "I think we understand the nature of the difficulty that came up with the Apollo 10, even though we cannot precisely ascribe the difficulty to a certain failure. Our procedure is one where we have procedurally implemented methods of circumventing the problem and, should it occur, we have procedures that will be able to cancel the kind of problem we might get in." Now that comment surely shows that Armstrong is the right man for the job, but it also served for me as a dampener of the magic I wanted to feel about his trip.

Possibly I was trying to rekindle a little of the old magic by going fishing a couple of days before the launch with Deke Slayton, but we talked mostly about how careful one has to be not to be impaled on the wicked fin of a hooked catfish. A drink with Alan Shepard showed his contained delight in the good possibility that, after eight spaceless years, he would fly to the moon. Still, it all had the feeling of a talk that had taken place in the past.

But it changed, by God, it changed. The change began while I was listening to a speech by Wernher von Braun on the night before lift-off. At one point he said: "What we will have attained when Neil Armstrong steps down upon the moon is a completely new step in the evolution of man. For the first time, life will leave its planetary cradle, and the ultimate destiny of man will no longer be confined to these familiar continents that we have known so long."

Equipped with tents, sleeping bags and camper trailers, half a million launch-watchers thronged Cape Kennedy





The simple thought of leaving the planetary cradle stirred me suddenly—in ways that no amount of engineering brilliance, astronautical competence, and the cool confidence of the entire Apollo project ever could, and as we drove back to the motel for a quick sleep before watching the last hours of the countdown, I was moved still more. All along the shoulders of U.S. Highway 1 and packed solid to the river that ran near it were thousands of trailers, camping vans, tents, makeshift shelters of all kinds. People lolled in the grass, infants were sleeping in cradles on the hoods and tops of cars, fathers and sons were setting up telescopes, bands of the young in trunks and bikinis ran everywhere. Clearly visible through the night about 10 miles away was the Apollo 11, bathed in searchlights, a tiny stalk of light in the darkness, and this vast picnic crowd had gathered to see the booster belch out its tremendous power and hurl likenesses of themselves at the moon.

By morning there were many more—roadsides, beaches, jetties, every piece of viewing space was jammed with the watchers, and it was extraordinary indeed to drive past miles of faces staring toward 30 seconds of history. By the time the last minute of the count began, the event felt exactly right. When the first flicker of orange appeared and the clouds of smoke and steam began to billow, I heard myself urging on that slow, slow rise with all the rest, and when the fire burned almost too bright to bear and the battering sound turned all the faces foolish, it was even better than it used to be.

for a brief, live glimpse of the moon shot. Some packed a jetty, leaning forward in anticipation as the countdown neared zero

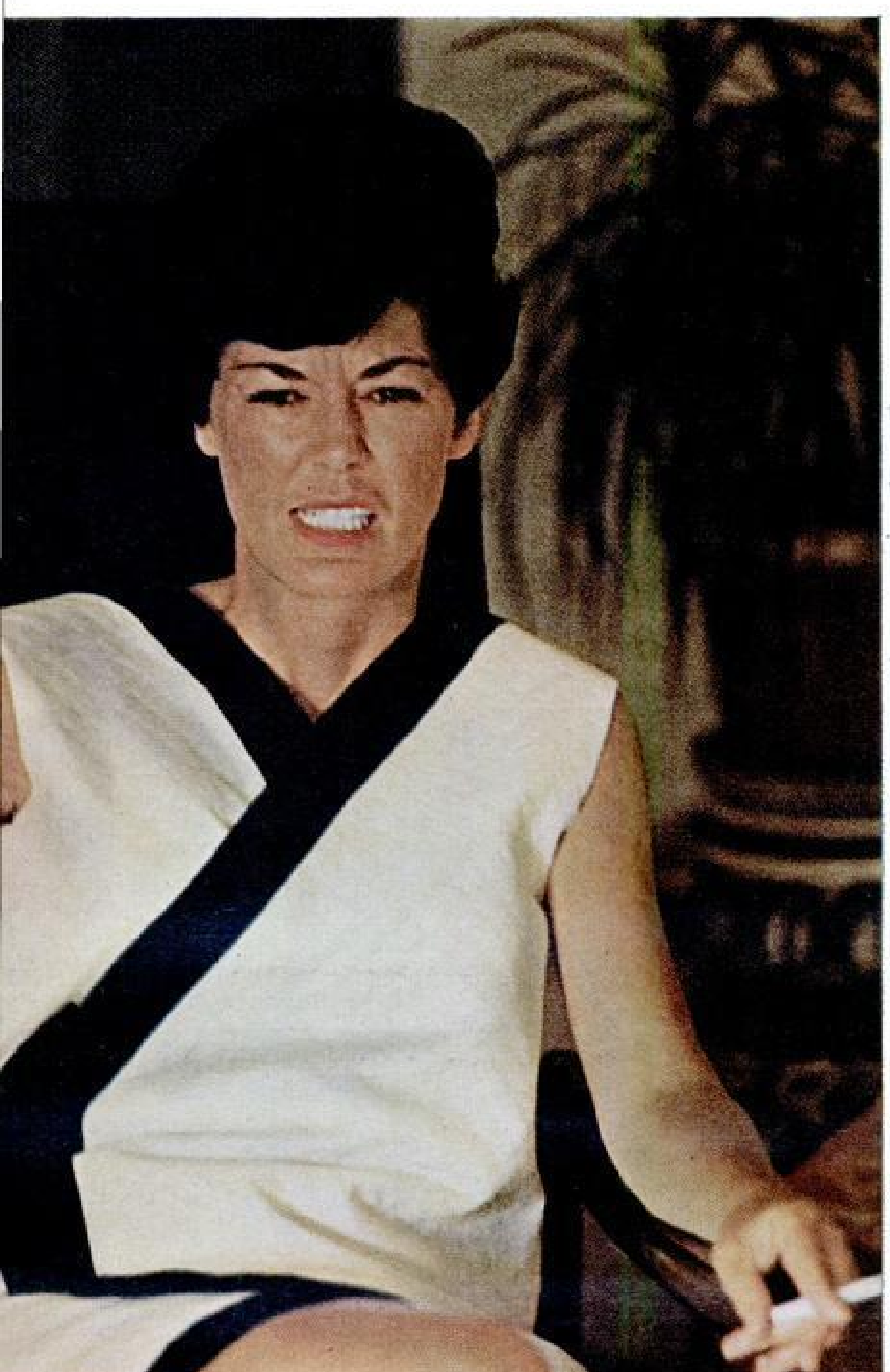
The moment: 9:32 a.m., precisely on schedule,

July 16, 1969—lift-off

Journalists—3,493 of them from the U.S. and 55 other countries—wait. The clacking sounds of a thousand motorized, long-lens cameras begin. The flurry of clicks fills the hot Florida air. The cameras, including the Hycon sweep camera that took this picture, wink frantically at the rising, flaming Apollo, and after a few seconds of recording the silent sight, each writer and photographer is suddenly stunned by the harsh, fierce, Chinese-firecracker staccato, machine-gun ricochet of that smoking rocket lifting into our sky.

The Johnsons and Apollo wives endure the launch

Up from the Pedernales for the occasion, former President Johnson and Lady Bird sat beside Vice President Agnew, who now heads the National Aeronautics and Space Council. The Johnsons applauded the first burst of flame and then, as the rocket climbed skyward, Lady Bird wept. They were especially honored guests: as Senate Majority Leader in the late '50s Johnson strongly backed the space program, then oversaw it as Vice President, and gave it direct White House guidance after 1963.

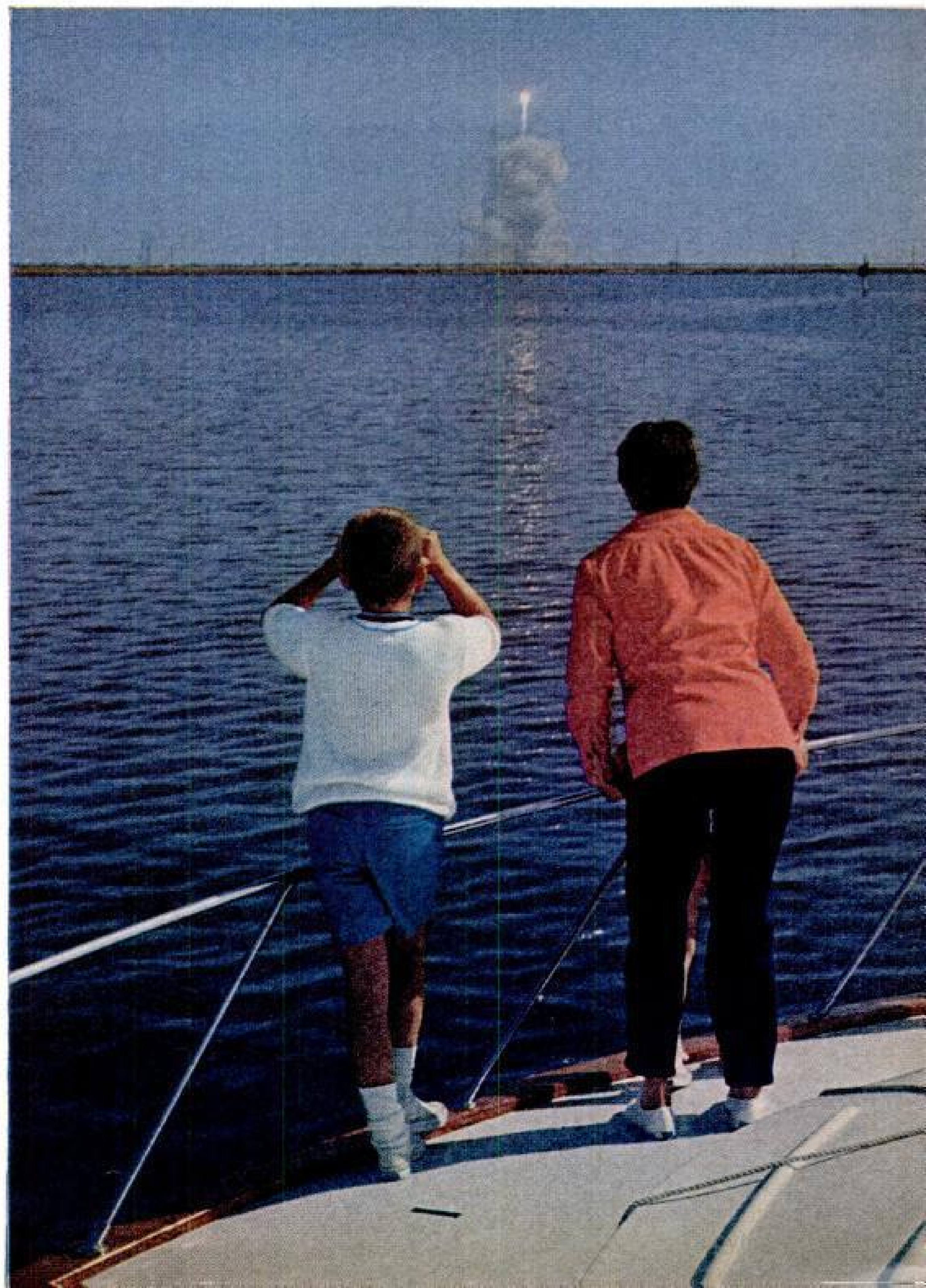


"It's sitting there forever," complained Pat Collins, whose husband Mike was to pilot the command module. Watching lift-off on her TV set, she said, "Maybe we should push . . . there it goes! It's beautiful!"

Just minutes before lift-off, Joan Aldrin said happily, watching dignitaries gather at the Cape for the launch, "This is the part I like best." Then, as the Saturn engines fired, she silently clenched her handkerchief.

At Neil Armstrong's boyhood home in Wapakoneta, Ohio, his parents, Mr. & Mrs. Stephen Armstrong, waited for his flight to begin. Watching on television, his mother and father held hands as the Cape Kennedy blast-off approached. Tears ran down his mother's cheeks as she said, "There he goes."

Neil Armstrong's parents and his wife watch him go up



Up after only three hours' sleep, Neil Armstrong's wife Jan watched the lift-off from a boat at Cape Kennedy, three miles from the launch site. With her were her sons Mark, 6, and Ricky, 12 (*at right*). As the moment of ignition neared, she told her boys, "We're going to go. We're going to go."

Jan Armstrong shields her eyes against the morning sun as the spaceship skippered by her husband, its contrail hanging in the sky, hurtles toward the moon.

Benchmarks to judge Nixon by

Everyone's doing it now—columnists, commentators, editorialists—measuring Richard Nixon's first six months. It wouldn't have been fair to judge him by his first Hundred Days, a Democratic form of reckoning: he proposed not a whirlwind of activity but a lowering of voices. He didn't even deliver a State of the Union message. In fact, his administration is so low-silhouette that it might prefer to slide along without setting up any benchmarks to be judged by. But six months seems a reasonable testing period: people are in place, on-the-job training is over. So a few judgments are in order, much as Nixon himself might set out the topics on one of his favorite yellow legal pads.

Popularity

Now at a steady Gallup level of 63. Quite good for a 43%-of-the-electorate President, even allowing for the tolerance the electorate always grants the new man on the job.

The Big Issues

There are three, two of which he has given high priority.

FOREIGN POLICY: Nixon's determination to phase out of Vietnam is now clear. His effort to negotiate with the Communists, to bring the Thieu government around, and to withdraw troops over a two-year period in any case is an intricate maneuver which has been conducted so far with considerable skill.

Less evident, but also on his mind, is his commendable resolve to reach some kind of an arms limitation agreement with the Soviet Union, and even if possible an understanding with China. This is not conventional Republican thinking (though it was Eisenhower's), and if it can be done at all, is conceivably best achieved by a Republican.

INFLATION: He has pursued a hard line and steady course, except for a few verbal wobbles by Treasury Secretary Kennedy. The trick is to avoid a recession and too much unemployment. Good marks so far.

DOMESTIC UNREST: Nixon began by wanting federal action against campus rioters, but thought better of it and got such a bill killed.

With Negroes he gives the impression he's not much involved; regards them politically as not to be won over and only hopes they won't be too troublesome while he assembles his Middle America majority. He has retreated on school desegregation and voting rights. "You will be better advised to watch what we do instead of what we say," Attorney General Mitchell told a group of blacks. An odd remark: meaning the rhetoric will be for Strom Thurmond but the behavior not too unacceptable to Negroes?

In the cities the first half of the hot summer has passed in welcome quiet. One Cabinet member credits this to existing ghetto programs "draining away the passion." It is also possible that an enigmatic Administration in Washington plus the "law and order" victories in several municipal elections had in fact had a cooling effect. But when so temperate a black leader as Roy Wilkins says that Nixon's stand on desegregation guidelines is almost enough "to make you vomit," then it does seem that trouble is building here.

Congress

The President has asked for little and got less.

Granted that Democrats do and Republicans undo (at least that's what each promises), the Nixon program has been astonishing for a minimum of requests and an ineptitude in persuasion. By this time Kennedy had 22 legislative requests adopted, and Eisenhower had 11. Of course Nixon succeeds the legislatingest President since F.D.R. and can argue that a period of digestion is wanted. But Nixon has yet to get through even his first two major requests—the surcharge extension and the ABM, which have become centers of controversy. On Capitol Hill the natives are restless.

Appointments

Good men seem hard to find. The best are Henry Kissinger as chief foreign policy adviser (exercising an unprecedented ascendancy which seems not to trouble the urbane Secretary of State Rogers) and Professors Burns and McCracken in economics.

Nixon critics thought they had found easy targets, first in Spiro Agnew then in Wally Hickel, but both have become more prudent of tongue, and the new heavy is Attorney General Mitchell, a dour, taciturn man who favors tougher law enforcement procedures and seems to be Nixon's favorite conservative counselor. The most popular appointee, Robert Finch, is working his way out from under a cloud.

On the whole the Cabinet comes across earnest, guarded, undistinguished. Either by temperament or by environmental sensitivity, they make no waves.

Style

"Better than expected" was almost a universal response to Nixon's first months. In this reaction he had the advantage of all the earlier public concentration on his defects. The partisan Nixon has been muted, the man with the instinct for the jugular is not even to be seen. Decorum and respectability have been restored to the White House, though it's a good question whether the White House is a proper place for religious services (what's wrong with a President taking his family off to church?). The new atmosphere obviously satisfies many Americans, though others find Nixon, in the idiom of the young, a plastic man.

In press conferences, as in private conversations with leaders abroad, the President impresses by the thoroughness of his preparation, a lawyer's gift for orderly exposition and the practiced control of his feelings. Perhaps the salient public discovery about Richard Nixon is how much he, in the gregarious game of politics, is what his friend Finch calls "a solitary." Even friends among his advisers seem to be valued not so much as companions but as guides who provide tidy summaries of possible courses of action. These recommendations will then in privacy be weighed by the President for feasibility, cost and advantage; political fallout will be nicely calibrated and strategies of action decided. The result appears managerial, efficient and intelligent; but some congressmen now suspect (and judge by the backdown over the Knowles appointment) that the process also betrays indecisiveness.

Nixon is gifted as a debater but is not naturally eloquent, and remains in character by preferring a serviceable plainness in his speechwriters. He has said nothing particularly memorable nor can he be taxed with arousing hopes he will not satisfy. He and his colleagues are not the sort who are engagingly anecdotal. This may not be fatal to a Presidency, and for a time may even be a relief to the public. Nixon was at first praised simply for not being as L.B.J. was, but will now be measured for what he himself is.

Goals and Leadership

Campaigning, Richard Nixon thought we needed "a time of healing, of renewal and of realistic hope." Temperatures have indeed lowered, a condition to be credited in part to him, in part to the same impulses in the body politic that made his election, but not George Wallace's, possible. And should he succeed in ending the war in Vietnam and stopping inflation at home, he will have achieved a great deal, and will be deservedly formidable as a candidate in 1972. (Nixon blames his own earlier defeat by John Kennedy not on the debates but on an economic dip in October 1960 which Ike would not act to forestall, despite Professor Burns's warnings and Nixon's urgings.)

The doubt that hangs over President Nixon's performance is the amount of vision and resolve he brings to what most troubles a disturbed American society. Nixon has said that the day of the passive President belongs to a simpler past: "he must articulate the nation's values, define its goals, and marshal its will." The great ones are judged that way; Nixon's Presidency so far lacks this quality.

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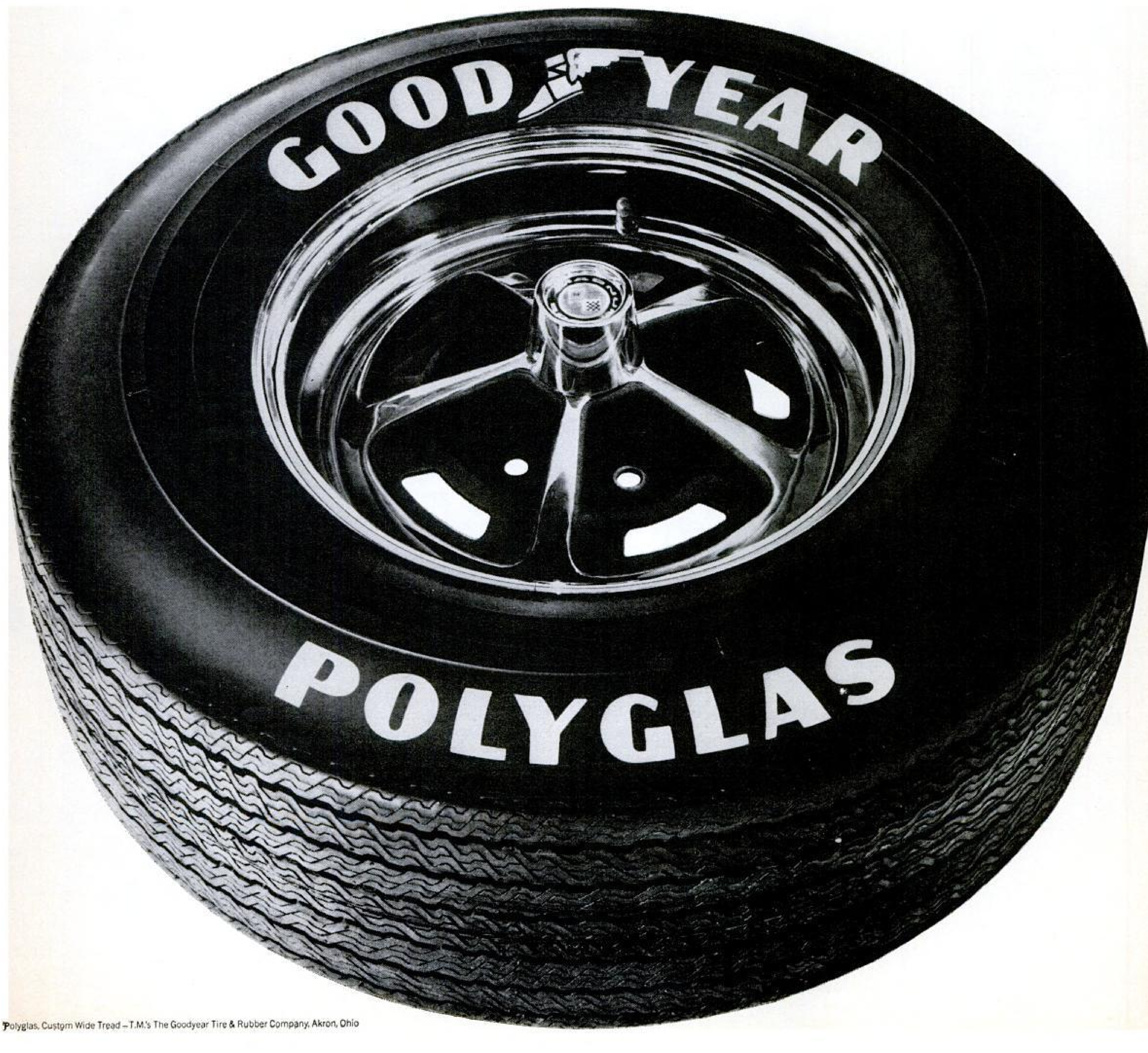
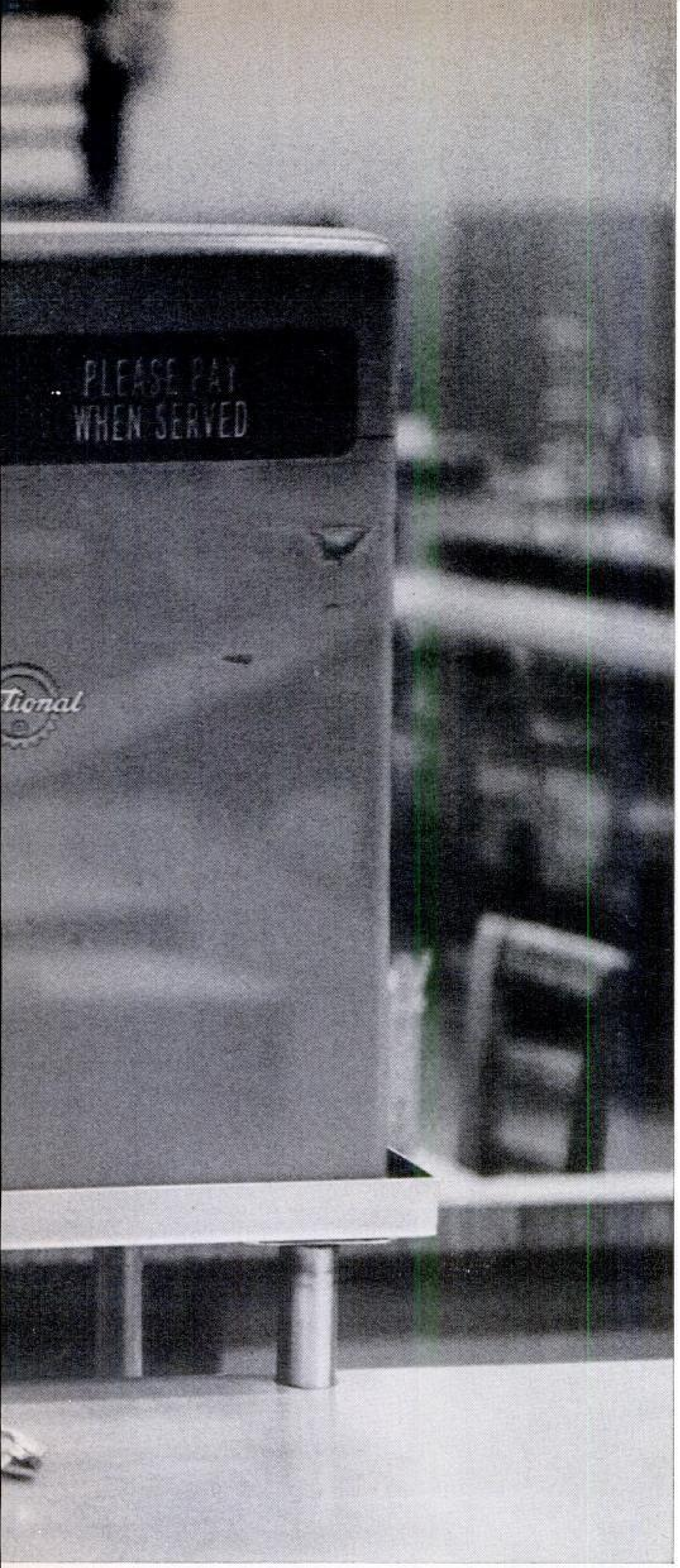
The Custom Wide Tread Polyglas tire can give up to double the mileage of the best selling regular ply Goodyear tires. That's because it's built with a polyester cord body and a fiberglass cord belt. Together, they hold the wide tread firm, so it squirms less, wears longer. And only Goodyear makes the Polyglas tire.



*Polyglas, Custom Wide Tread—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

"Two plasticburgers, a slice of mucilage
and a glass of carbon dioxide,
and make it fast, honey. I've only got
20 minutes to catch my coronary."



Americans once got up asking themselves only about the weather. Today we awake to ask who we are and what it all means. A noted humorist, as confused as the rest of us, issues his comment on our times

Don't ask me, I only live here

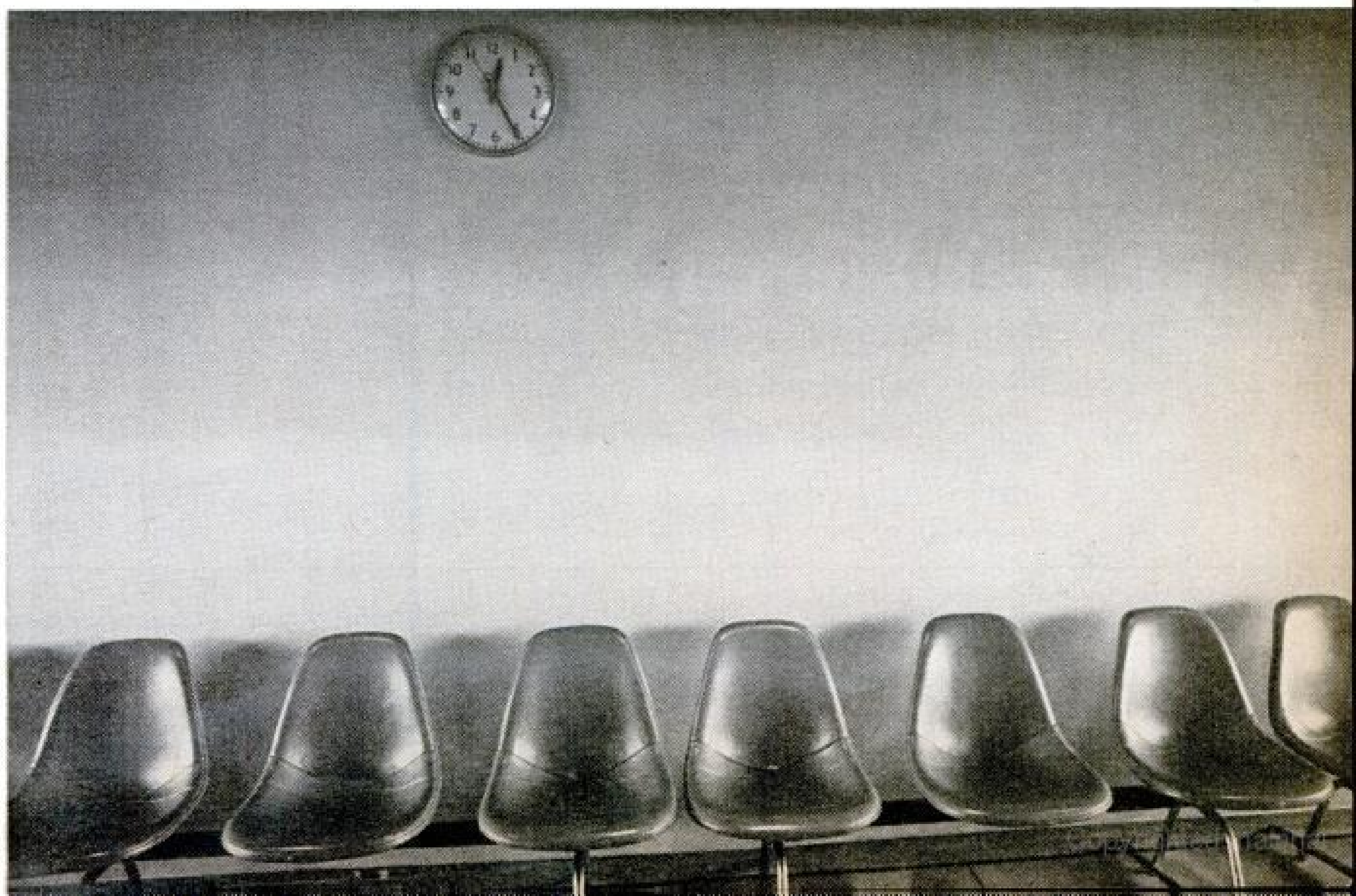
by Russell Baker

Photographed by Steve Schapiro

"Pst! The computers took over at midnight. Pass it on."

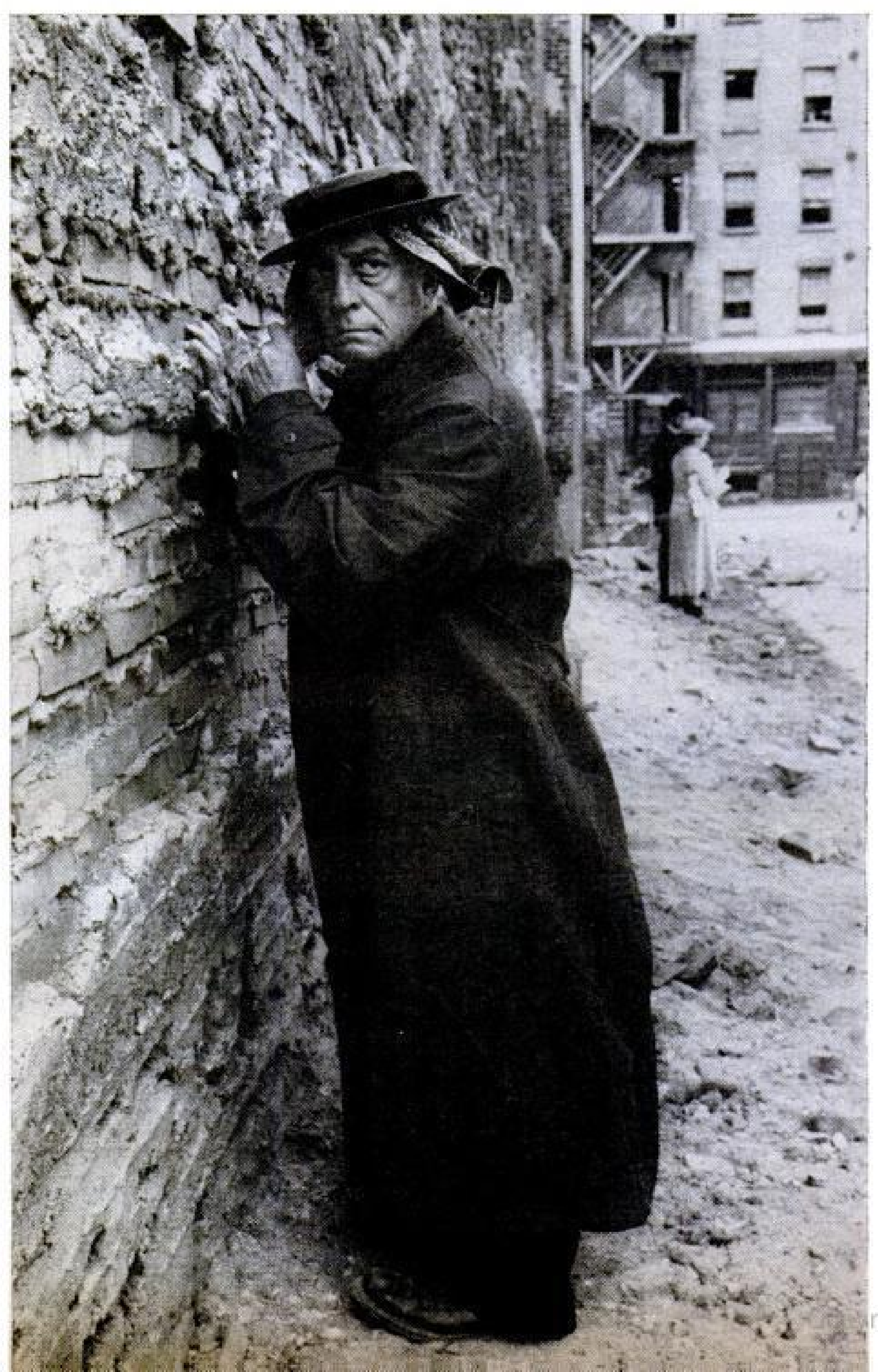
"The computers took over at midnight. Pass it on."

"The computers took over at midnight. . . ."



We over-30s are the ones who really made the revolution. What we did was create a whole new stage of man. It used to be that you had adolescence and then you finished school and went to work and became an adult. We inserted another stage—youth—by ordering everybody off to college at the end of adolescence. This gave us a whole new class—highly educated people who could afford the luxury of applying adult critical faculties to our society because they weren't going to lose jobs or neighborhood status by being unorthodox. With adolescent idealism and adult sensibilities, they were uniquely equipped not only to criticize our flaws but also to act. They've made us ask questions that we should have asked for ourselves years ago, and that's good. They're not usually very tolerant of those who dress different from them, and that could be bad.

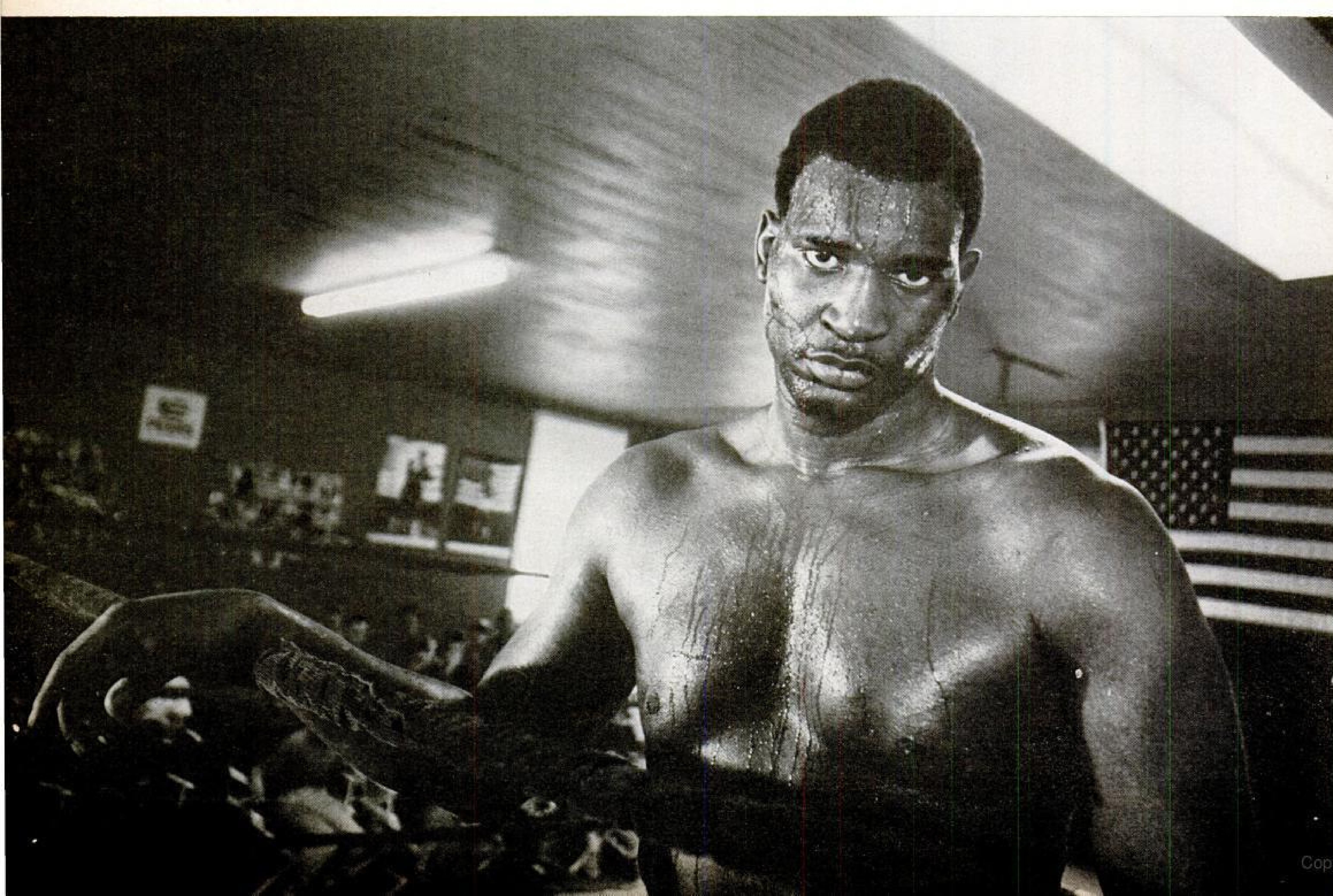
Up against the wall, Establishment pigs!



A hundred years ago Walt Whitman heard America singing. Lucky man. Nowadays he'd see America spectating. There's so much spectating going on that a lot of us never get around to living. Life is always walking up to us and saying, "Come on in, the living's fine," and what do we do? Back off and take its picture. Freeze it dead in a little box. Or have somebody else box it for us so we can stare at it in the dark. With sunglasses we wear our dark in the sunlight. They make us faceless, a good thing to be if you want to discourage life from winking at you and saying, "There's a hell of a good time out here; let's go!" A few go. They're the ones who still hear America singing.

The nudity crowd tells you, "The human body is beautiful." Don't they know that tigers and horses and weasels have been laughing at it for eons? Except for a few oddities, like Tarzan and Raquel Welch, the human body is one of the ugliest bodies around. This is because it isn't covered with hair, scales, hide or feathers. Did you ever see a snake with a potbelly? An antelope with varicose veins? A bluebird with freckles? You probably would if they took off their covering and pranced around naked.

How should one American introduce himself to another nowadays? Do you say, "Hi, there! I'm your friendly guilty white oppressor, and I don't want you to feel bad about hating me because I deserve to be hated, and if you only knew how guilty I feel . . ."? Too many of us come on like this. Guilt is the emotional fashion. It's chic, like sideburns and miniskirts, and it's dangerous, and it doesn't get us anywhere, and for all these reasons it's contemptible at this moment in history. But how do you begin if you bog down right at the start quarreling about what words you're supposed to think in? Do you say "Negroes," "Blacks," "Afros"? Should I resent being called white (actually I'm pink in summer and gray in winter)? I don't know any "Blacks" or "Grays" or "Afros" or "Pinks." I know a few people. There are all kinds of people. I'd like to start there.



"My fellow Americans, I am sure that you will agree with me when I assert—here tonight—my firm belief that there is no place in America today for those who have lost faith in the power and the dignity and the glory of the individual."

Where are we going? That's easy. We're sailing right into the history books, which is about the dullest place you can end up. The important question is, do you make the trip as gracefully as you can with what you've got?

Hello. . .PE 6-5300?. . .
When is grown-up?
Why is honor?
Who is America?
Where is God?
Which I is me?
What is—?

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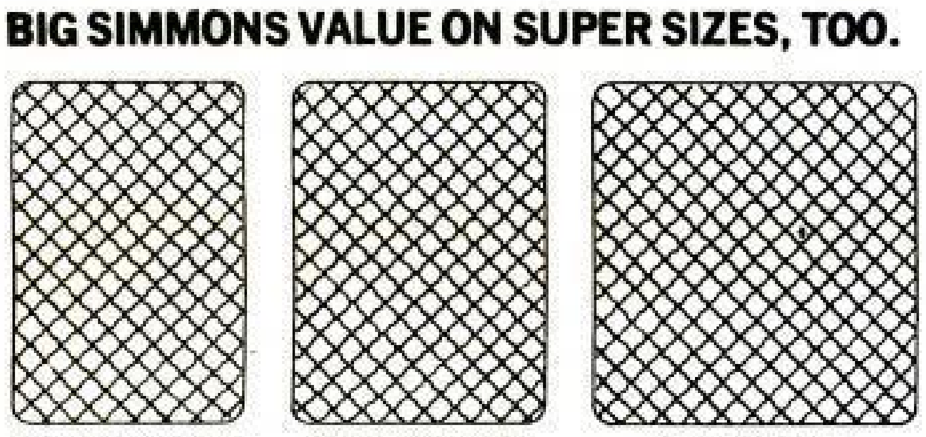

EXTRA-LONG SET | QUEEN-SIZE SET | KING-SIZE SET

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Deluxe 99th Anniversary Extra-Firm Mattress

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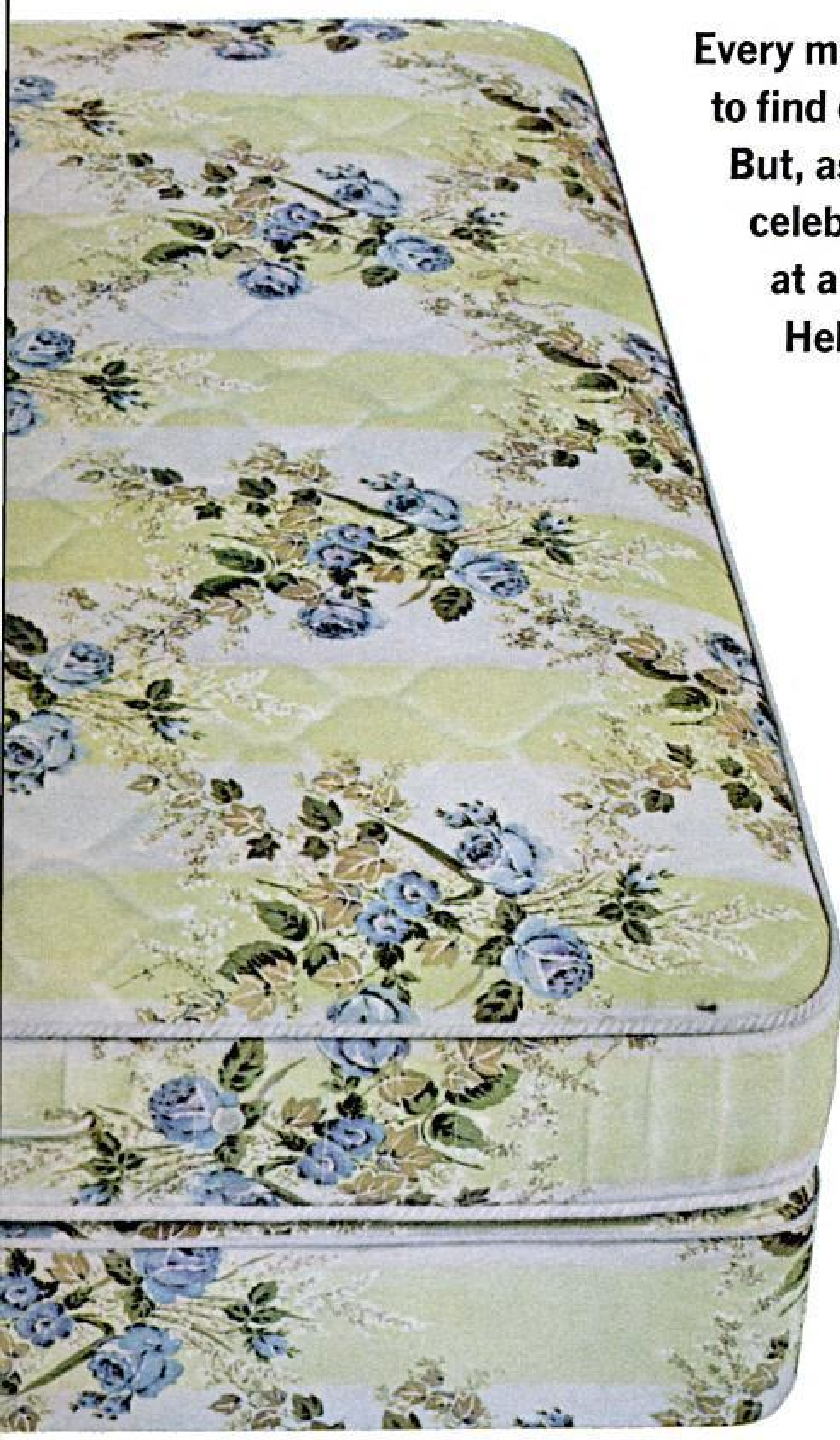
You'd expect to pay $69.95 for these Simmons features: an extra-firm innerspring unit for added support; deep, comfortable 100% felt upholstery; a rich, quilted rayon-satin cover that's Sani-Seal® protected against odor, mildew, bacteria; sturdy Sim-guard® edge to protect the mattress borders. Yet, you get all of these right now for $59.95. Matching box springs also at $59.95.

than you pay for: Anniversary present to you.



Every mattress you see here has special features you'd expect to find on mattresses selling for at least $10 more. But, as part of a nationwide Simmons 99th Anniversary celebration, you'll find them at these surprising prices at a store near you. Help yourself to these extra Simmons features today.

Simmons 99th Anniversary Firm Mattress

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A luxurious, quilted sateen cover, Sani-Seal® treated to guard against bacteria, mildew and odor; sturdy border braces for non-sag edges. You'd expect these features if you paid $59.95. But you get them now on Simmons 99th Anniversary mattress, along with Adjusto-Rest® coils that mean firm construction, and heavy Comfortex cushioning for extra support, all for only $49.95. A limited-time-only buy you can't afford to miss. Matching box springs available at $49.95.

Supreme 99th Anniversary Super-Firm Mattress

$69.95

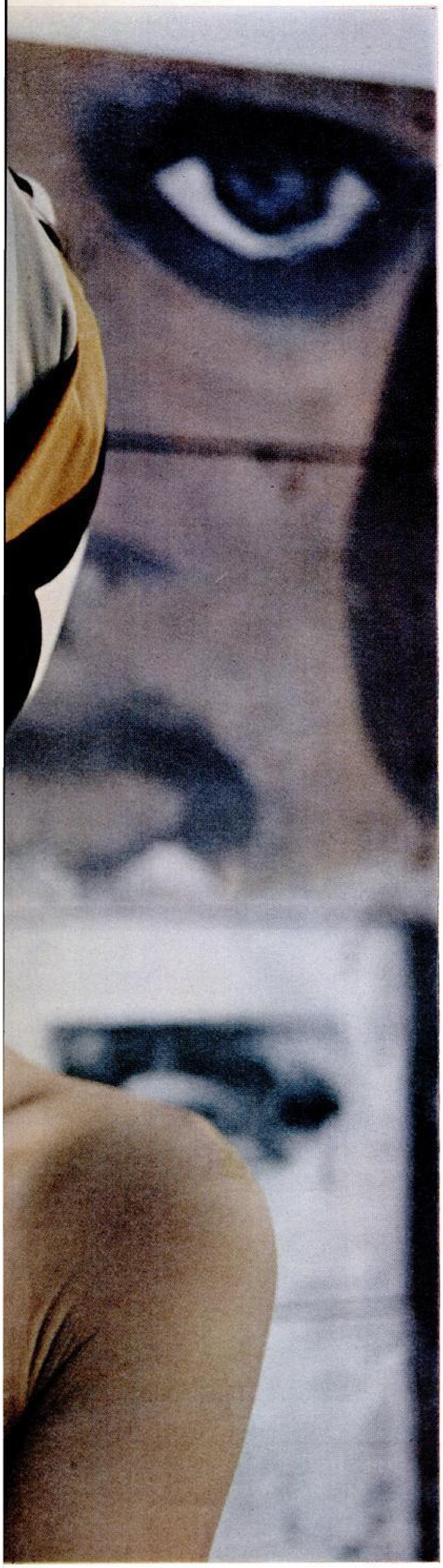
Twin or Full

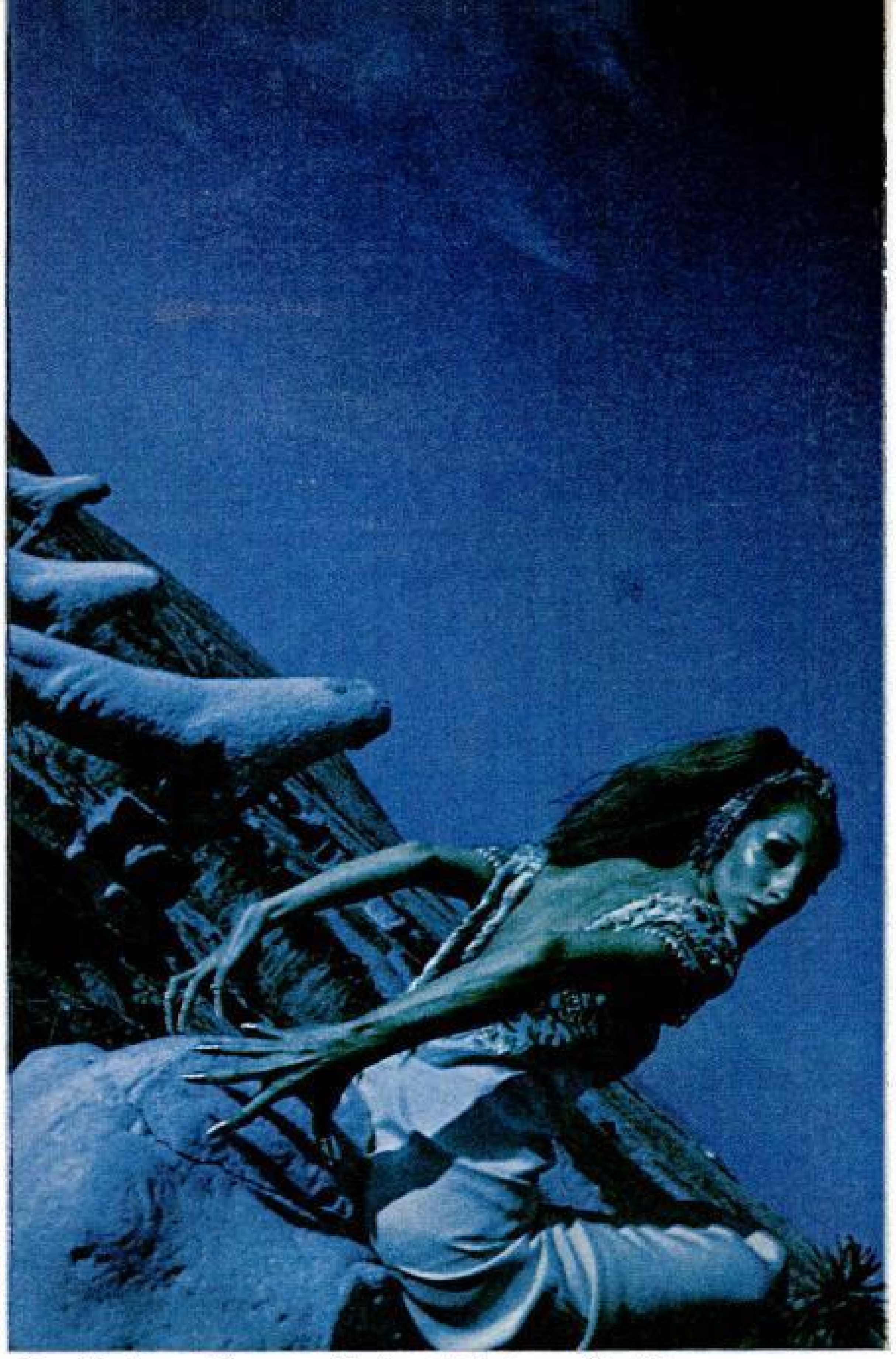
A bargain even at $79.95, it has super-firm construction and extra Comfortex pad for added support through center-third of mattress. Covered in heavy-quality damask over double layers of thick polyurethane foam for surface comfort. Sani-Seal® treated to guard against odors, bacteria and mildew. The 99th Anniversary price is $69.95. Box springs to match at $69.95.

SIMMONS

FAMOUS FOR BEAUTYREST

In a Mykonos nightcub, a "Circe face" is created for fashion's Greek look





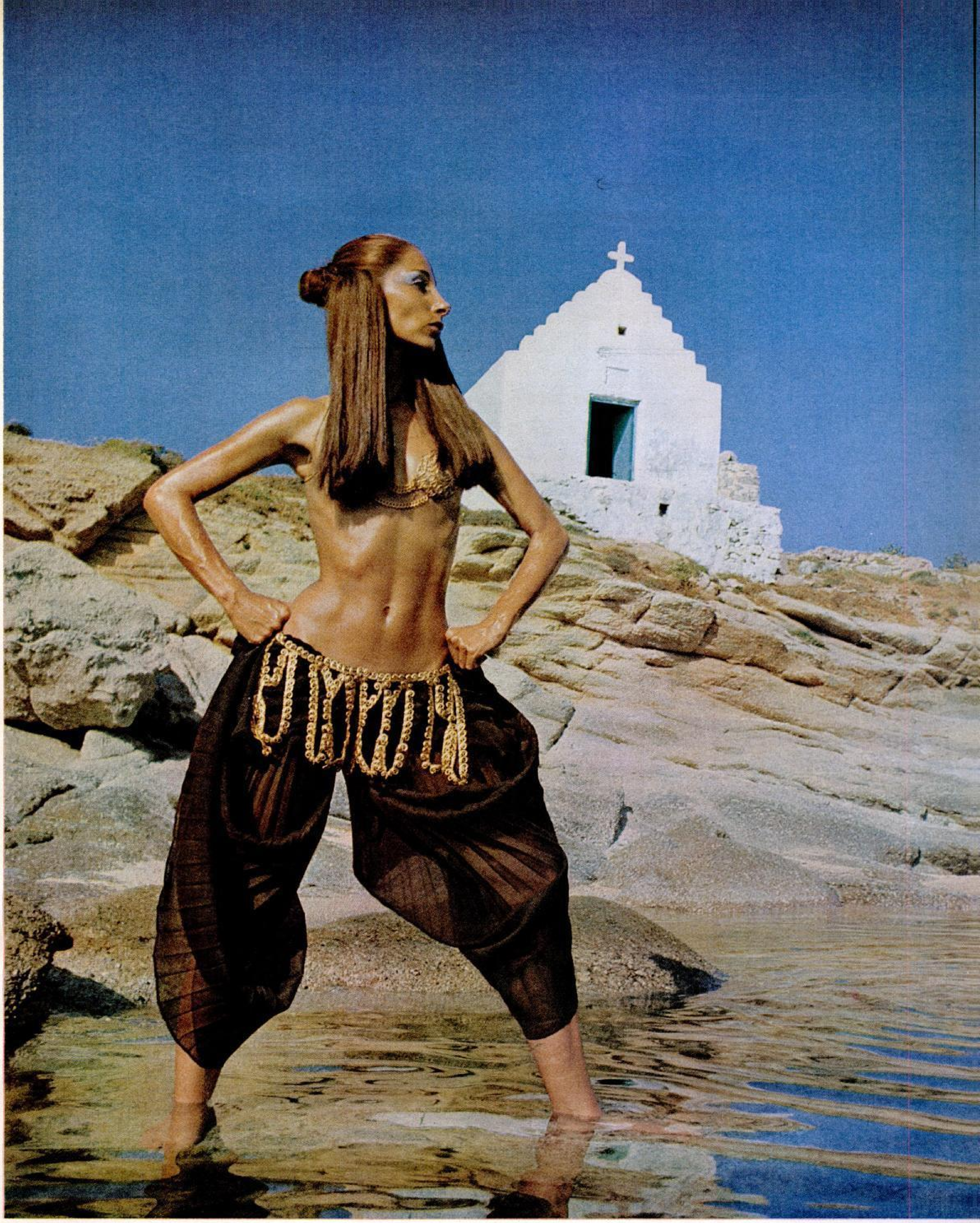
On Delos, silver nails by Zolotas of Athens

The time: Not long ago, after the decline of Aquarius and before the ascent of Aries when all the world was in Pisces. It was an especially trying period for the World of Fashion as its goddesses of Face, Body, Allure and Sportswear withdrew inside the gently perfumed, softly lit chambers of their glass palaces for an annual Week of Melancholy. For once, the Beautiful People failed to amuse them and not even headwaiters with their little offerings of chocolate mousse stirred them. In the balance of their brooding was no less than the way the world would look—about which, of course, the world cared a great deal. At week's end, the goddesses emerged in all their finery to meet secretly among themselves. What happened there may answer the following question:

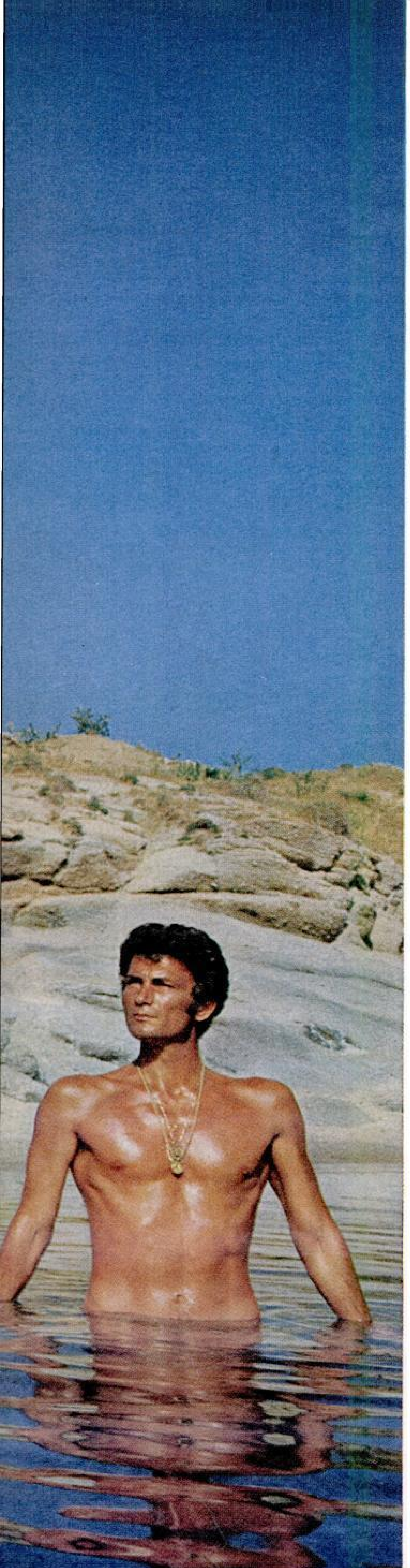
What's A Nice Girl Like This Doing in A Myth Like Greece?

Photographed by RAYMUNDO DE LARRAIN

Text by WILLIAM A. McWHIRTER



Marta rises from the sea at Mykonos in a $10,000 Zolotas belt and Kritsas harem pants while Fivos, a Greek actor and sportsman, stays put



The Palaestra, a Third Century B.C. sports arena

The goddess Allure presided, although a bit dotish with age. "Well, dears," she said, "where were we?"

"A new year," said the goddess Face. "A new look."

"Oh, me," sighed Allure, "this is my 450th season, you know. A goddess gets weary, girls. How about Mexico?"

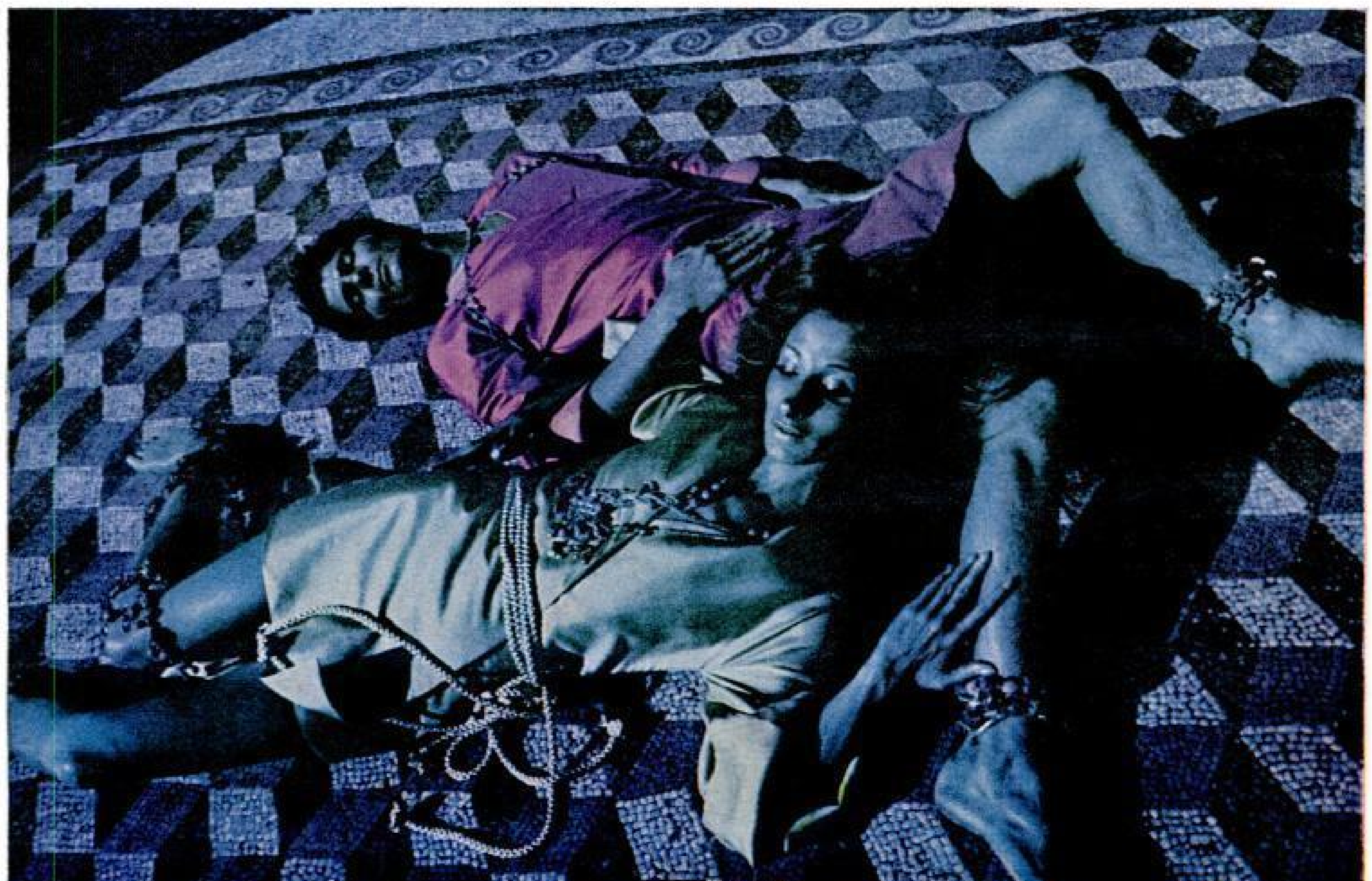
"Done it," said Sportswear. "The Baltic?"

"No," said Body. "I dropped my third or fourth mate there."

"I keep wishing," said Allure, "to just go home."

"Yes," all the goddesses chimed. "Greece!"

"Agreed!" spoke Allure. "Summon Marta, daughter of Marta, daughter of Sara. Summon Fivos, son of Dionysus, son of Spyridon. It'll be like old times!"



Marta lounges in her Tseklenis robe; Fivos, in his, stays put

Near the top of the Acropolis, at the temple of Athena Nike

"How perfect it all is," said Allure, remembering. "It makes you wonder why any of us ever left home. I feel just like 150 again! I hereby proclaim it right this minute: the Greek look is going, once more, to allow women to be softly draped in pure elegant lines as flowing as the ancient gowns of the virgins in my favorite temples. Almost classic, wouldn't you say?"

"Yes, quite," said Body. "The Greek look will have a very assertive thrust to it, not at all passive, the modern woman directly descended from the Cretan heroine of 1500 B.C. right to her gold chain-linked breastplates. Where else to liberate the new matriarch with arm serpents, chain skirts and heavy waist bracelets but in the Greek look? Wouldn't you say?"

"But the ancients . . ." protested Allure, "the pleats like the fluted columns of the Parthenon . . ."

"Marta's pleats are made of plastic," said Body.

"Oh, dear," said Allure. "I'm afraid I'm losing track again."

Dress: Stavropoulos. Hairpiece: Alexandre of Paris. Statue: Cladeus of Olympia. Where is Fivos?

It was Face's turn. "You sound like archaeologists quarreling over the find of a chamber pot. Ridiculous! The sun is shining over Greece and so we now dance Greek, dress Greek and date Greeks. Who cares? Next year we will throw off our tassels and sandals and fly somewhere else."

Sensing a crisis, Sportswear, the youngest and most compatible of the group, put forth a compromise. "Let's leave the classic forms for Allure, but add the color of today's silks and prints. Agreed?"

"Where's my armor of fake coral and lapis lazuli?" demanded Body. "My new woman?"

"Well," said Sportswear, "why not make the man and woman as alike as Protogonos Phaethon, who had four eyes, gilded wings and was double-sexed with a feminine fore and a manly aft?"

Still, for all that Sportswear tried, the goddesses Allure, Face and Body afterwards departed in their own ways, each insisting she held the true Greek look

Moral: What's Greek to You is Greek to Us

Marta takes the sun in gleaming Mykonos as Fivos, yes, stays put

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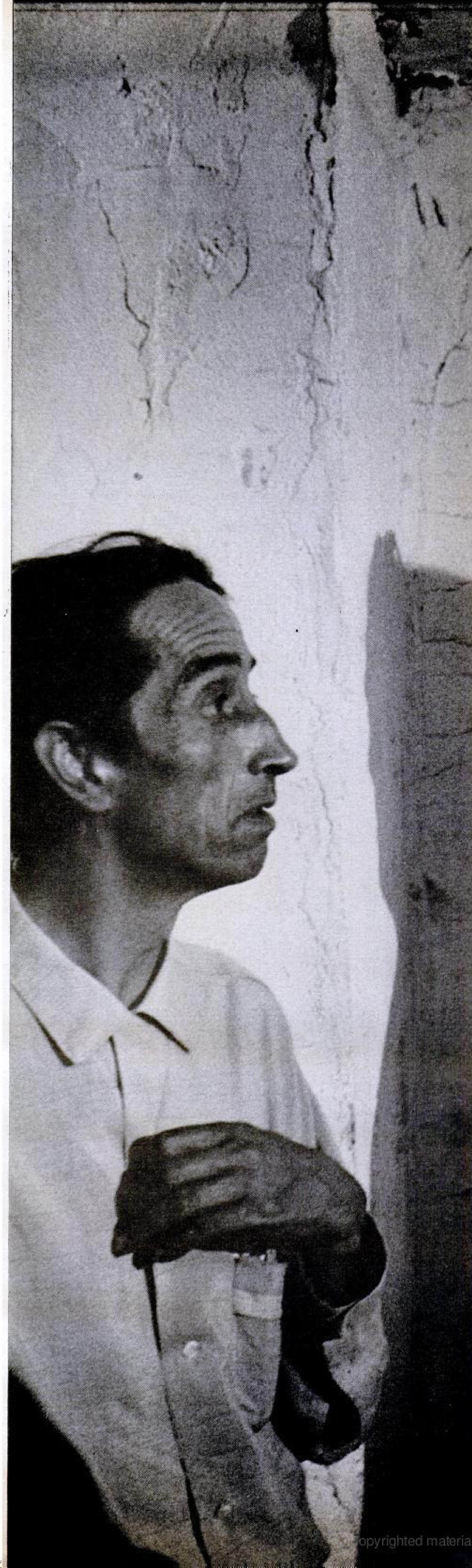
R

'The blackest white man I know'

Civil Rights Lawyer William Kunstler is soul brother to radicals of many colors

In Albuquerque, Lawyer Kunstler (*far right*) listens to a defense witness. In a Newburgh, N.Y. courtroom (*above*), he discusses case with George Fleming (*left*) and fellow students who took over their high school principal's office.



Young black militants want above all to assert their blackness in every way. To prove it, a student like 18-year-old George Fleming has even been held in contempt of court for refusing to speak white man's English on the witness stand—he answered questions in ghetto slang. Yet his lawyer is a white man, age 50, William Moses Kunstler. The reason is, says Fleming, "He's the blackest white man I ever saw. He can be trusted."

This trust has come from nearly 10 years of close involvement with civil rights, from Martin Luther King and the Freedom Riders in the South to Malcolm X and Rap Brown. Today Kunstler's clients include Black Panthers, black school districts in New York, Adam Clayton Powell. His defense of causes as radical as these has made him probably the most sought-after civil rights lawyer in the country.

He receives no fees from most of his clients but is financed by a number of private, anonymous donors. What Kunstler gives to the cases is a fierce personal commitment and a furious work-pace, handling as many as 20 active cases simultaneously. In the courtroom, arguing strenuously in his resonant baritone voice, he often resorts to histrionics. "I am really a frustrated actor," he admits.

He is also a frustrated poet. As a premedical student at Yale, he was less interested in chemistry than in the Dylan Thomas books he sold to pay his way through school. Only after the Army, in which he rose from private to major and was decorated with a Bronze Star, did he finish law school and enter private practice in New York City.

Ever since, his combative, theatrical style, in addition to his undisguised sympathy for radicals in general, has provoked the criticism of some judges and others. But Kunstler refuses to mellow, and even continues to encourage demonstrations outside courthouses.

In conversations with LIFE Reporter Richard Busch, Kunstler on the following pages discusses four of his recent cases, and his philosophy of radicalism in America.

CONTINUED

Kunstler on four cases

THE PANTHER 21

On April 2, 21 members of the Black Panther Party for Self-Defense were indicted in New York on charges of conspiring to blow up a number of public buildings, including five department stores. Fourteen were arrested and bail was set at $100,000. The case is pending. Kunstler comments:

The indictment of the Panther 21 marked a kind of turning point in the power structure's methods of handling militant blacks. Since their beginning as a political party in 1967, the Panthers have been accused of increasingly serious crimes. Now they are faced with mass arrests on conspiracy charges.

Along with the arrests came a whole series of false accusations against the Panthers which began to poison the air. There was a barrage of stories in the New York press of alleged Panther connections with hi-jacked airplanes, Fidel Castro, stolen funds from the Human Resources Administration and others. These accusations were deliberately planted by federal and state authorities to prejudice the public against the Black Panther party. I am afraid that a fair trial is virtually impossible.

And this isn't the only form of harassment. Bail is so high that no bondsman would handle them. Their conditions in jail are horrendous—lights are kept on 24 hours, there are no exercise privileges, no reading material, and in some cases they are even denied the legal papers that we send to them.

But the biggest problem they face is the conspiracy charges themselves. They are the hardest charges of all to defend against. The famous New York federal judge Learned Hand once described such charges as "the darling of the prosecutor's nursery."

The modern conspiracy law began in the English court of Star Chamber—an agency that conducted its trials in secret and denied people their most fundamental due-process rights. It is the old concept of Judas who informed on Christ for 30 pieces of silver.

The favorite tactic of the power structure in the U.S. is to turn black people against their more vociferous spokesmen. The attempt was made to show that Dr. King had Communist affiliations. H. Rap Brown was the main focus of hatred from the end of 1967 through 1968. The Panthers are this year's Rap Brown.

The idea is to create the impression that militant blacks are wild animals who have nothing whatsoever in common with human beings. They have been turned into outlaws, and no attempts have been made to understand either their point of view or the reasons for their militancy.

One must look back to 400 years of impressment—on both races—of the low status of one and the corresponding high status of the other. In 1857, the Supreme Court said that the black man had essentially no rights which a white man must respect. In 1896, the Court said that public segregation in general was legal. And it took the death of Dr. King last year to get a halfhearted open-housing bill through Congress.

I believe the psychological war going on between the races in this country is based on a simple feeling in the gut of every white man that he is superior to all black people. White people can deny this and say, "Not me, I have many friends who are black, I go to NAACP dinners." But it's a hard fact of life—and any white person, including myself, who says this feeling is not so is deluding himself.

I wish that more white people would recognize this fact of American life and understand that you don't reverse it merely by passing laws or uttering pious protestations of brotherhood. Real equality just isn't achieved that way.

Martin did one tremendous thing. He did bring enough white support to launch the black movement in a substantial way. He was grudgingly accepted by white people because he believed in the Gandhi concept of nonviolence which was very comforting to them. But it made little impression on the major power structure. The issue of whether a black man could sit next to a white man at a lunch counter

Kunstler with Black Panther

didn't get to the root of the problem in the U.S.—the slow psychological death that was crippling black people everywhere.

Dr. King's nonviolent campaign was basically contradictory, because it was only when violence did occur that he met with any success at all. His three most notable campaigns—Birmingham, St. Augustine and Selma—were victorious mainly because of the violence created by his adversaries. I think he finally realized—at least he expressed himself to me—that he was fast losing his hold on any type of leadership of black people.

Violence seems to be the only thing we understand. The system will not yield without a fight, and it will react only if the people with the power begin to fear those who have nothing to lose.

But who makes the decision as to what is a legal use of force? The czar or the Bolsheviks, the American revolutionaries or the crown? Some segments of the black community have realized this and they are saying, quite openly and frankly, "We are going to stand and fight back, we will defend our community and ourselves."

It's the Black Panther Party *for Self-Defense*. Let's never forget those last three words.

NEWBURGH REBELS

On April 23, George Fleming and two friends, students at Newburgh Free Academy in Newburgh, N.Y. took over their principal's office with unloaded BB guns.

All three were given 15 days in jail. In addition, Fleming in court was held in contempt four times for using "black, ghetto American" instead of the white man's language, for walking off the witness stand and for brandishing an exhibit gun at the guards. Says Kunstler:

George Fleming and his friends took over the office because their previous request—for an annual Martin Luther King Day, an annual Malcolm X assembly, and in-city busing for ghetto residents—were largely ignored by officials.

This kind of inaction causes people like George to have little faith that the existing system is interested in helping the black man, or even cares about him at all. They have seen their leaders assassinated and they have witnessed the recent treatment of their Panther brothers all across the country.

Malcolm X symbolized for them the figure of an angry black man who was not afraid to stand up and speak his mind until the bullets stopped him. And that's what happened. And it was Malcolm who paved the way for the George Flemings of 1969.

As Malcolm was, George is willing to fight back. He could have taken the witness stand and apologized for what he did and say, "I was wrong and I'll never do it again." But he would have been destroyed as a man. Our society fears most those black people who are George Flemings—who manifest an overt hatred for a system that has produced such a miserable life for so many black people in this country.

George wanted to speak in ghetto language because English is not his native tongue. The black man was brought to this country speaking a multitude of tongues. He was forced to speak English, to adopt other names, to believe in a white religion with a white Christ and a white God and a white heaven.

George wanted to express his own feeling that he was entitled to traditions of his own. And I think he did it beautifully. He paid for it with four contempts of court and an extra 15 days in jail, but I think he was perfectly willing to do that. That's a small price to pay. Other black men are dying or being exiled to obtain this same result. I don't think these actions are going to bring about any great changes overnight, or in one generation or maybe in 10 generations. But it does go a long way toward making a George Fleming—who is the wave of the future—at least feel that he's a man.

THE ALIANZA

Reies Lopez Tijerina is the leader of the Spanish-American political party in New Mexico called Alianza which is claiming areas of land that have been under dispute since the Mexican War. In 1967 he led an armed raid on a small-town courthouse.

As a result of a recent confrontation between him and the police, his bail on a previous charge was revoked. At the hearing, the judge ruled that Tijerina was a threat to the community and should remain in prison without bail. The case is now on its way to the Supreme Court.

During the revocation hearing a state policeman named Gilliland testified that he had never seen

CONTINUED

Tijerina commit a violent act. But Gilliland also admitted freely and openly that he hated Tijerina and wished he had had the opportunity to kill him. He also said that Tijerina's movement was "crap" and that his crime was really having a "violent mouth."

At least Gilliland is honest about his feelings—in spite of how ugly they might be. His honesty, ironically, reveals what is really in the minds of Tijerina's persecutors. Essentially, they hate and detest Tijerina because they don't understand him. His crime, like that of Malcolm X, is his politics—his "violent mouth."

Throughout our history we have systematically persecuted other minority populations. We have subjugated the Indian. Our attitude toward Japanese, Chinese and Asians in general has been to consider them as "gooks."

In the Southwest one finds much use of the term "greaser," which is probably second only to the term "nigger" in its insulting quality.

A man like Tijerina is doing very much what militant black people are doing. He is standing up and taking his chances with the community around him, refusing to be less than a man. He is saying, "I have the right to demand the same degree of respect that anyone else does. And I know when I walk down the street that I don't have that respect in your eyes, and that twists my gut."

Tijerina is not a threat to any community unless that community insists on ignoring his fight for his people. He is in jail because he is asking something that this country is not willing to give.

I don't think that we can point our finger at Nazi Germany and say that we are any better than it in the way we have treated racial minorities in this country. We made black men slaves and breed animals. Germany had its highly dramatic and awful decadence between 1935 and 1945, but our dehumanization of minorities has gone on for centuries.

DARTMOUTH PROTEST

On May 7, several hundred students at Dartmouth took over the administration building to protest the college's failure to disassociate itself from the Vietnam war. Two professors—Dr. Dona Strauss and Dr. Paul Knapp—were also inside the building to show their support. They were later notified by the college that their contracts would not be renewed. A decision on their appeal is forthcoming.

The students and some professors had tried every way they knew how to move the college to disassociate itself from the war, particularly by ending military recruiting on the campus and getting rid of the ROTC program. There were sit-ins, vigils, marches and fasts, but Dartmouth had procrastinated for over two years.

With each protest action that gained no result, the only course open to the students was toward more radical forms of protest. The only act left undone was physically to take over the office building of the men who make the decisions that affect the college.

The professors did nothing more than sit in. They did not throw anybody out of the building, they left before orders were given to leave and they were not arrested. But the college decided to make an example of them.

Being sensitive, thoughtful people, Dona and Paul decided to support the students by their physical presence in that building, even though they jeopardized their careers by doing so—and they also faced the possibility of judicial action. They took that chance because there was a bigger principle which they saw—and that was the indecency of the war in Southeast Asia.

I think people must take a stand for what they believe in, and if conventional protest does not achieve a reaction, then the only natural, reasonable thing to do is to go another step.

Dona and Paul did what the colonists did in pre-Revolution America. The Boston Tea Party is the classic example. That's a great moment in American history—ask any schoolboy. The colonists had tried everything—emissaries to the crown, emissaries to Parliament, and all sorts of publications and demonstrations.

But nothing was done, and the Stamp Tax was still in effect. So they went beyond the bounds of conventional protest. They dressed up as Indians and took the tea and threw it into Boston Harbor. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of tea, as against a few hours in a college hall.

The question is, what does a good person do in the face of apathy or inertia when the institution for which he works is condoning what he considers to be a gross immorality? In her statement at the end of the hearing, Dr. Strauss said it in these words:

"Having seen in our lifetime the nightmare of Stalinist Russia, the nightmare of Nazi Germany and the nightmare of the war in Vietnam, I think that we must recognize a simple truth: whatever duty we may have as members of particular social institutions is *less* important than other fundamental moral duties. The smooth functioning of the social institution to which one belongs is *not* more important than human life." ◄

Defendant Knapp and his wife (*at right*) listen while Kunstler talks to press after Dartmouth hearing for fired professors.

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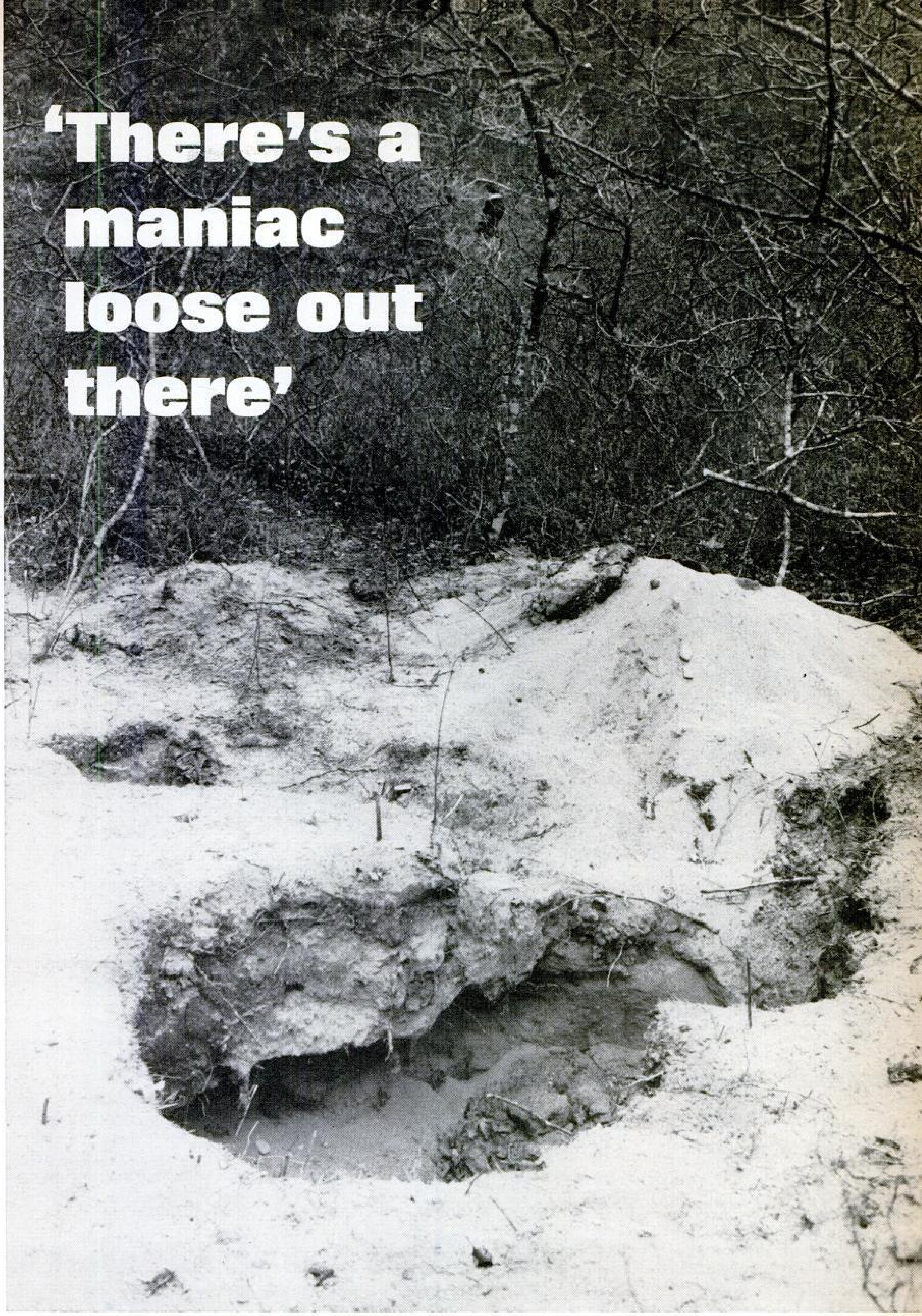
A novelist probes the tale of four horrible murders on Cape Cod

'There's a maniac loose out there'



by KURT VONNEGUT JR.

Mr. Vonnegut, author of Cat's Cradle *and the best-selling* Slaughterhouse-Five, *lives on Cape Cod.*

Jack the Ripper used to get compliments on the way he dissected the women he killed. "It is stated that some anatomical skill seems to have been displayed in the way in which the lower part of the body was mutilated," said the London *Times* of Oct. 1, 1888.

Now Cape Cod has a mutilator. The pieces of four young women were found in February and March of this year—in shallow graves in Truro. Whoever did it was no artist with a knife. He chopped up the women with what the police guess was probably a brush hook or an ax.

It couldn't have taken too long to do.

At least two of the women, a schoolteacher and a college girl from Providence, R.I., had been shot with a .22. Since the victims were cut into so many random chunks, only the murderer could make an intelligent guess as to what the actual causes of death might have been.

Stained rope was found at the foot of a tree near the graves. There was also rope around one of the victims' heads, and so on. The details are horrible and pitiful and sickening.

The police are sure they have the murderer. He is locked up now in the Barnstable County House of Correction—high on a hill, three blocks from here. He is a divorced

CONTINUED

PATRICIA WALSH

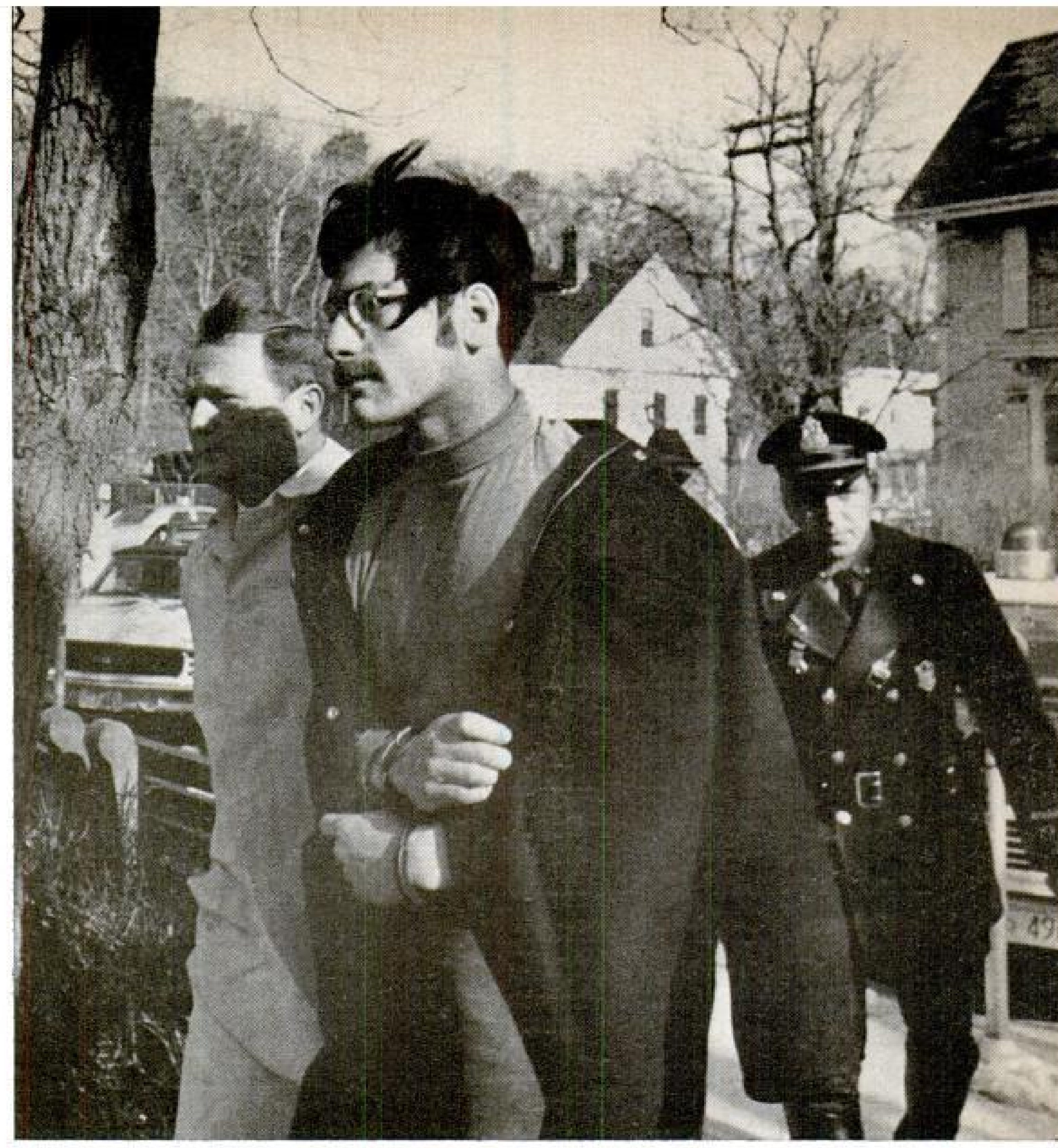
MARY ANN WYSOCKI

SUSAN PERRY IN 1965

SYDNEY MONZON

Hidden in the tangled "upland" behind Truro cemetery is a shallow hole in the Cape Cod sand. It is one of three graves, found earlier this year, that held the hacked-up remains of four girls at left.

A declined invitation to a marijuana patch



Tony Costa, 24, a Provincetown carpenter, was arrested after Providence girls' bodies were found, and led manacled into courthouse. His former wife Avis (left) says she will testify to his innocence.

CONTINUED

Provincetown carpenter, a gentle, quiet six-footer—a 24-year-old whose ex-wife, Avis, is prepared to testify that he is innocent. He married her after he got her pregnant—when she was only 14.

His name is Antone C. Costa. He is the father of three. "He wanted a little girl," says his wife. "He was a little disappointed when the first child was a boy. When the second was a boy he was really depressed. But when Nichole was born he was overjoyed. He adores Nichole."

My 19-year-old daughter Edith knows Tony Costa. She met him during a crazy summer she spent on her own in Provincetown, knew him well enough to receive and decline an invitation he evidently extended to many girls: "Come and see my marijuana patch."

There really was a marijuana patch for girls to see, Tony claims, a modest one—two female plants not far from the graves.

Graffiti seen recently on the wall of a Truro Laundromat: "Tony Costa digs girls."

Sick joke told recently on Cape Cod: "Tony Costa, with his mustache and long sideburns and granny glasses and dark turtleneck, walked into the Everett H. Corson Cadillac agency in Hyannis, and priced an El Dorado. 'It'll cost you an arm and a leg,' said the salesman. And Tony said, 'It's a deal.' "

An architect told me that joke. He laughed nervously afterward. And I sense that his giggling blankness in the face of horror is a reaction typical of most middle-class males on Cape Cod. The blankness is a failure to imagine why anybody would want to chop up four harmless girls.

Edmund Dinis, the district attorney who will personally present the Commonwealth's case against Costa, is troubled by this blankness too. "In this instance," he told us, "we will not attempt to establish a motive. Who knows why anybody would do such a thing?"

Mr. Dinis was interested to hear that my daughter knew the accused. "What does *she* say?" he asked. Dinis is a large, grave, earnest man who has never married. He is three years younger than I am, which makes him 44. He seemed bleakly open to any sort of information from young people which would allow him to understand this young people's crime.

"If Tony really is a murderer," I said, "it is a surprise to Edith. She never suspected it. Then again, she isn't very old. Up to now she has never suspected *that* much evil in anybody. She has always felt safe."

"What did *she* say—exactly," insisted Dinis. "What were *her* words?"

"She said, and this was on the telephone to Iowa City, where she goes to school now: 'If Tony is a murderer, then *anybody* could be a murderer.' This was news to her."

Mr. Dinis sat back, disappointed. What he had hoped to hear, I guess, was something enlightening about the culture of the hippies, who are so numerous in Provincetown—maybe talk about drugs.

I myself have spoken to a few young people about the Provincetown drug scene, have put this question to them: "If the person who committed the Truro murders was high on something when he killed, what drug do you think he took?" I remind them how crude the butchery was, how shallow the graves were, even though it would have been easy to dig deep ones in the woodland floor, which was sand.

The answer, invariably: "Speed."

The Truro murders may not be speed murders, and Tony Costa may not have committed them—but he has had at least one really awful trip on speed. That was in San Francisco. He thought he was going to suffocate, and passed out. So he was admitted to the emergency room of a hospital.

I found out about that from Lester Allen, one of two Cape Codders I know who are writing books about the murders. Mr. Allen is a retired newspaperman who has seen seven executions—three of them in one night. They made him ill. He has been hired by the defense lawyers, two local men, to find out all he can that will help Tony's cause. Tony and his friends and relatives have talked to him copiously. He has 1,100 pages of transcribed conversations so far.

Nowhere in all those pages, he told me, is there the slightest hint of how or why the murders were done. Nobody can imagine.

After Tony was arrested, he was sent to Bridgewater State Hospital for observation. He was polite but uncommunicative. At one point, though, he asked to see the district attorney. He wanted to ask Mr. Dinis what he was doing about the murders on Cape Cod. He said this: "There's a maniac loose out there."

"Everybody closely related to the case has had some experience with

CONTINUED

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R

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See your nearest Buick-Opel Dealer.

R

'Is this going to be bad for the freaks?'

CONTINUED

drugs," Lester Allen told me, "except, of course, for the lawyers and police " He finds the culture of the young in Provincetown so different from his own that he often sounds like an anthropologist far from home—among the Kwakiutls, say, or the Yukaghir.

Among the young, Hermann Hesse is thought to be a very great writer. Authority is despised because of its cruel stupidities in pot busts and slums and Vietnam. Pot and speed and LSD are easily available close to home—or *were*, anyway, until Tony got busted for murder. Participants in the culture often refer to themselves as "freaks."

Here is a question a Provincetown freak put to a straight person, a diffident attempt to find out how angry the straight community might be about the chopped-up women: "Is this going to be bad for the freaks?"

Freaks are worth money to the businessman on the narrow streets of Provincetown. Thousands of tourists come in the summertime to gawk at them—and to gawk at all the shameless, happy fags, and at the painters and the Portuguese fishermen, too. I doubt that tourists seeing Tony around town last summer found him much of an attraction. He was customarily neat and clean—cleaner than almost anybody, in fact, since he took three showers a day.

Tony wouldn't have been a summer attraction anyway. The tourist season runs roughly from June first until Labor Day. The murders were off-season crimes.

Tony Costa has an ulcer, says Lester Allen.

When the bodies were found late last winter, tourists arrived off-season. Many brought kiddies and shovels and picnic lunches. They wanted to help *dig*. They were puzzled when park rangers and police and firemen found them disgusting.

Headline in the Cape Cod *Standard Times*, March 9, 1969:

MORBID MAGNET DRAWS
CROWDS TO TRURO GRAVES

Lester Allen assures me that an enterprising young businessman is now selling packaged sand from the grave sites for 50¢ a pound. Want some?

Here is who the pitiful victims were, in order of off-season death:

Sydney Monzon, 18, a local girl from Eastham, who disappeared around May 25, 1968. She was working for a Provincetown A&P, left her bike leaning against the store one day, was never seen again. Her sister thought she had gone to Europe with another girl. Bon voyage.

Susan Perry, 17, of Provincetown, who disappeared Sept. 8—after Labor Day. Her parents were divorced. Her father was a fisherman. Her parents never reported her missing, assumed that she had moved to another town. Bon voyage again. Hers was the first body found. It was identified by a ring —her mother's wedding band

Patricia Walsh and Mary Ann Wysocki, both 23, both of Providence, who came to Provincetown together on Friday, Jan. 24 of this year—in Miss Walsh's pale blue VW bug. They were on an off-season lark. If they knew Tony, they gave no sign of it when their landlady introduced them to him after they had checked into a rooming house for $5 a night. Off-season rates are incredibly low.

Tony, divorced for about six months, was staying there too. He helped with their luggage. Who says chivalry is dead?

And Miss Walsh and Miss Wysocki vanished. Their empty car was spotted near the marijuana patch, then the car vanished too. Then bodies were found—not two, but four.

The missing car showed up in storage in Burlington, Vt. It had been stored by Tony Costa, so they busted him for murder.

Evelyn Lawson, a Hyannis friend of mine, a columnist for the *Register*, a weekly paper, is also writing a book about the murders. With the help of Provincetown's Norman Mailer, she got a contract with World Publishing. New American Library made a lot of money with *The Boston Strangler*. Tony Curtis made a lot of money out of that one too

The strangler was another New England specialist in killing women, as opposed to men Women are so easy to kill—so weak and friendly, so fond of new people and places, of dates. And what symbols they are.

Evelyn Lawson is a witchcraft buff. She is also a Provincetown expert, an exotic métier The village at the fingertip of the Cape seems a passionate and foreign little port to most people farther up the arm. As almost everybody knows, Cape Cod *is* shaped like a human arm. Chatham is at the elbow, Falmouth and Cataumet and Buzzards Bay are in the armpit I live atop the biceps. The murdered women were found at the wrist.

The 100% American Pilgrims anchored briefly off Provincetown, did some laundry, then hastened on to Plymouth There are now Portuguese where they did their laundry, and New Yorkers, and God-knows-what-else up there. "Many of the first settlers were pirates and moon-cussers," says Evelyn. "Many were runaway witches who escaped from Salem."

Here is what she wrote in her column after the district attorney held a sensational press conference about the bodies: "As Dinis talked . . . I felt my skin prickle in dread and disgust. The place where the bodies had been found . . . was near an old cemetery, not far from a back dirt crossroad, the typical traditional site for the witches' Sabbath ceremonies. . . . Dinis indicated there was evidence of cannibalism."

Evelyn further on described Tony Costa's being taken off to jail, with his many friends watching. "One of the long-haired men of this group," she wrote, "got down on his knees in front of the prisoner and reached for and kissed his manacled hands, proclaiming loudly: 'Tony, we love you!' "

The kissing of the manacled hands, incidentally, didn't really happen. Evelyn didn't see it, simply heard about it, as did I, from everywhere. It was such a typical thing for a freak to do, even if he didn't do it

And the district attorney may have been stretching facts, too, when he mentioned cannibals He also announced that some of the hearts were missing The next day, the medical examiner, who should know, said the hearts were there.

The so-called news became so loud and gruesome that Costa's lawyers went to court about it, complained justly of publicity ". . . fraught with images of sexual perversions, mutilation, diabolic mischief and suggestions of occultism." They asked a judge to stop the mouths of the prosecuting authorities The judge complied

So it is quiet now—except for a few tiny leaks.

You can meet people in bars some-

CONTINUED

In this guest house on Standish Street, near the center of Provincetown, the slain girls checked in for the night last January. At the time, Tony Costa was renting a room there by the week. He was introduced to the other guests by the landlady, Mrs. Patricia Morton—shown at right at the time of Costa's arraignment holding a newspaper featuring the murders.

'Is it possible that Tony was framed?'

CONTINUED

times who want to leak for money. Their brother-in-law knows a guard up at the jail who sees Costa every day—and so on. If I wanted to see the official color photographs of what was left of the women, I could probably get them from somebody—if I were willing to pay.

I might even be able to buy a piece of the rope—*after* the trial. Business is business, after all, and always has been. There is money to be made on the fringes of famous murders. For instance: *I* am being paid.

Murder is no novelty on Cape Cod—nor are multiple murders that reek of drugs. Back in the lemonade summer of good old 1901, a nurse named Jane Toppan murdered Alden P. Davis, his wife and his two daughters with morphine and atropine. This was in lovely Cataumet, about 10 miles from here, where windmills sometimes still ground grain.

Leonard Wood, commander of the swashbuckling Rough Riders in the Spanish-American War, was vacationing there at the time. The President was McKinley, who was about to be shot. It might be argued that Jane Toppan was, in her own way, responding to the corporate greed and the militarism and the murderousness and corruption of her times. If so, she certainly responded in a great big way. She confessed not only to the Alden murders, but to 27 others besides.

She died in a crazyhouse in 1938. That is surely where multiple murderers belong—in a crazyhouse.

Jane Toppan was an orphan who never could find out who her parents were. Tony Costa, on the other hand, knows all about his parents, and about shoals of other affectionate relatives. His father was a hero off New Guinea in the Second World War. He saved another sailor who was drowning. Then he banged his head on a coral outcrop and died. Tony has a newspaper clipping about this, proudly shows it around.

His father's life was insured for $10,000. Part of this treasure was put in trust for Tony by his mother, who remarried after a while. She still lives in Provincetown. When Tony was only 13, he was keeping books and handling business correspondence and making out the income tax for his stepfather, a mason.

How straight can you be?

Tony has an intelligence quotient of 121.

Tony and his ex-wife used to be Catholics. They aren't anymore. Avis said the other day, "We both believe in reincarnation, psychedelia, and God in nature."

She divorced him a year ago June, charging him with ". . . cruel and abusive treatment." This is a customary accusation, even among timid souls, in divorce actions in the Commonwealth.

Reporters who talk to Provincetown freaks about Tony often hear him spoken of in the past tense—as though he were long gone, would never return. They resent the gory advance publicity.

They want one thing very much for Tony: a fair trial.

Is it possible that Tony was framed? In early 1968 he did one of the most suicidal things a young drug-dabbler can do: he told the local fuzz that so-and-so was selling dope. So-and-so was busted. There was a certain amount of tribal justice in this: so-and-so was from out of town.

But who would chop up and bury four nice girls to frame one small canary?

Tony was a spoiled little boy, one hears. He was never punished for anything.

In his closet in the roominghouse where he helped Patricia Walsh and Mary Ann Wysocki with their luggage, police found a coil of stained rope.

Young women in America will continue to look for love and excitement in places that are as dangerous as hell. I salute them for their optimism and their nerve.

I remember now my own daughter's summer in Provincetown, where she was supposedly studying painting with oils. After that summer, she told me and her mother about a young man who would inform her from time to time that he wanted to kill her—and would. She didn't bother the police with this. It was a joke, she supposed—like inviting somebody to come see a marijuana patch.

When Tony was arrested, I called her up in Iowa City, and I said, "Edith—that guy who kept saying he was going to kill you: was his name Tony Costa?"

"No, no," she said. "Tony wouldn't say anything like that. Tony wasn't the one."

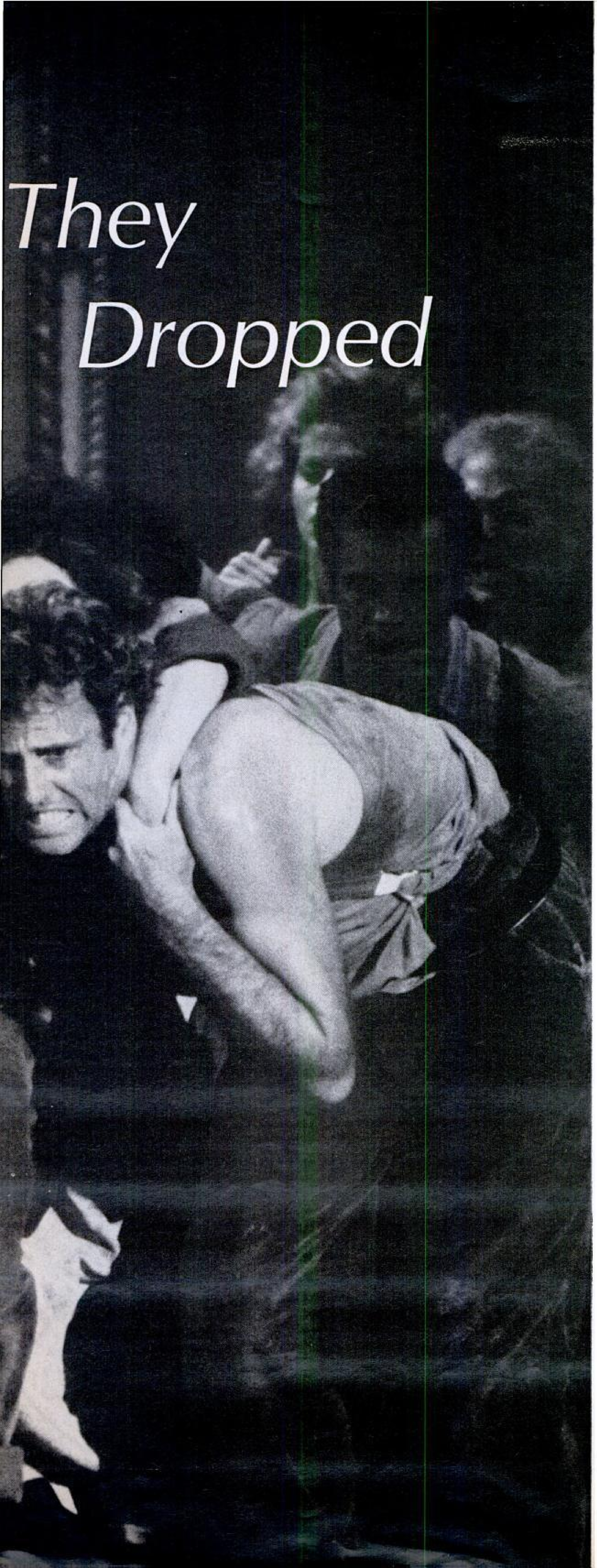
Then I told her about Tony Costa's arrest. ◀

Copyright material

A film recalls the grueling marathons of the '30s

They Danced Till

They Dropped



As her marathon dance partner Red Buttons collapses (top), Jane Fonda cries for help from Michael Sarrazin. At left, last lap of a brutal elimination derby.

The agonized dancers on these pages are professional actors, accustomed to short bursts of hard work between long periods of rest. But the demands of the movie they are making—*They Shoot Horses, Don't They?*—reversed all that. The film, based on a novel of the '30s, concerns a lost, desperate girl who enters a dance marathon as her last hope for a decent life. To re-create the physical and mental grind of the marathon and the heel-and-toe derby—those barbaric cultural offshoots of the great Depression—Director Sydney Pollack became a sadistic dance master to a cast that included Jane Fonda, Susannah York, Red Buttons and newcomer Michael Sarrazin. Before each day's shooting he ran them around the set—a replica of the old Bon Ton Ballroom in Santa Monica—until their faces and bodies had the look he wanted: a painful mixture of fatigue and frenzy. The results, according to one survivor of the marathon craze, came frighteningly close to the real thing *(following pages)*.

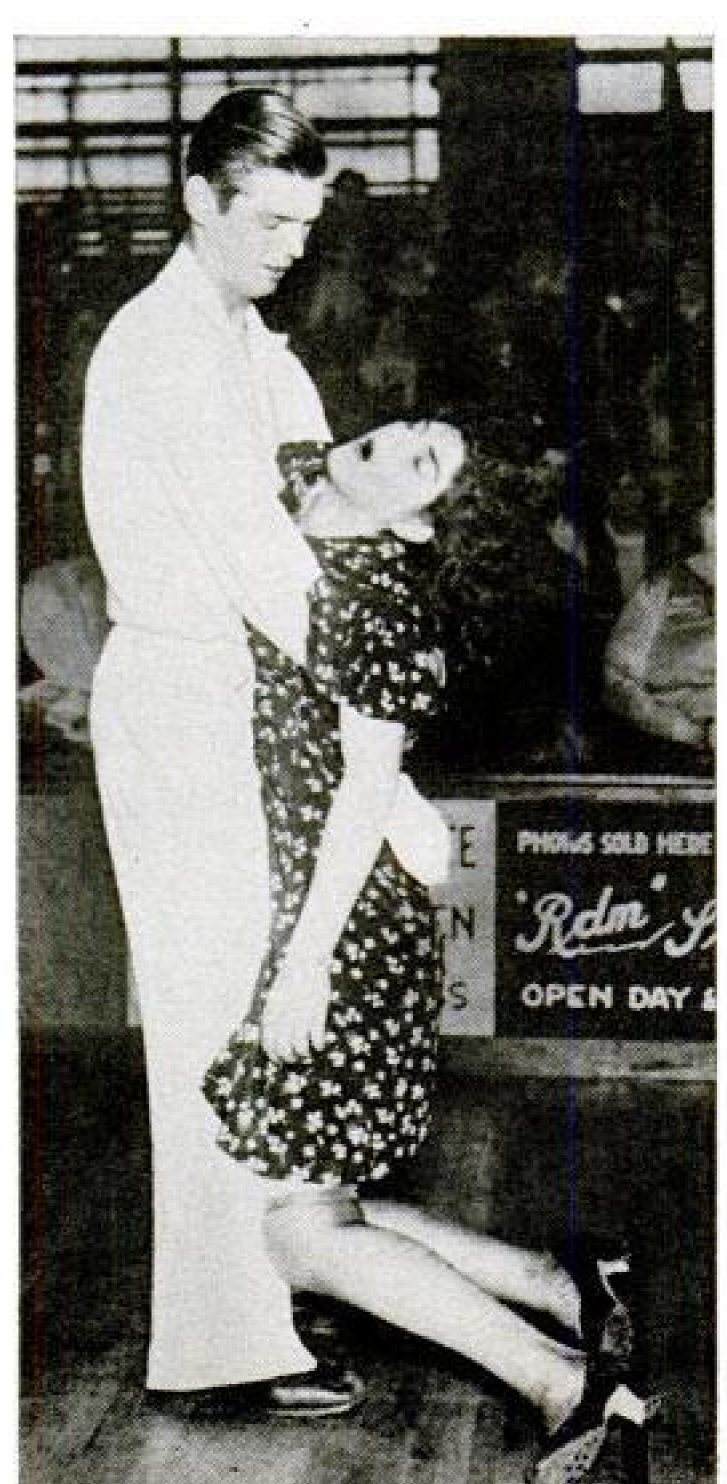
CONTINUED

Stiff-arming, free babies and a visit from Big Al

During a 1932 marathon in Washington, D.C. a sagging dancer (above) is given a rest by his sturdier partner—who had already worn out three male partners.

"Some of those girls," says Chissell, "were tougher than the men." In a 1930 Chicago marathon, girl struggles to keep partner's knees from floor—and disqualification.

"The best acts always had some kind of gimmick, like a married couple or twins." Right, Frank and Marie Micholowsky, a brother-sister act from New York City.



"A dingy hall is littered with worn slippers, cigarette stubs, newspapers and soup cans; reeking with the odor of stale coffee, tobacco smoke, chewing gum and smelling salts. Girls in worn bathrobes, dingy white stockings, their arms hanging over their partners' shoulders, dragging aching feet in one short agonizing step after another."

That's how a reporter for the New York *World* described a marathon dance of the 1920s. His lack of enthusiasm was not shared, however, by literally millions of Americans who flocked to the marathons during their peak years, the Depression '30s. By 1933 some states had begun to outlaw marathons as cruel and inhuman, and by the late '40s the last of them had faded away. But while they lasted they were such a profitable part of show business that the trade paper *Billboard* regularly carried four pages about them.

What gave the marathons their appeal? Ask Noble (Kid) Chissell, onetime boxer, bit player and marathon dance champ who served as technical adviser on the set of *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* "Where else," says Chissell, "could you go for 50¢, stay as long as you wanted and have a place to sleep if you needed one? Besides, watching the dance contestants—people who were in worse shape than you—helped take your mind off your own troubles."

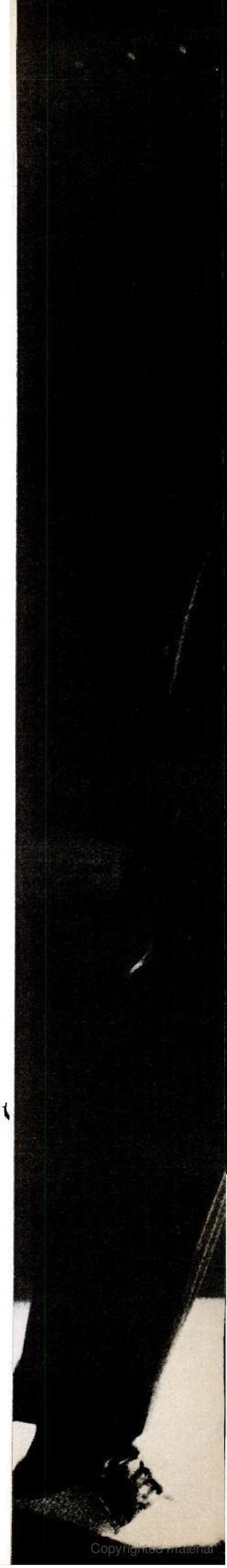
Chissell drifted into the marathon game during a slow stretch in his fight career. "They had one going in a big tent south of Chicago in 1928," he remembers. "First prize was $3,000. The sharpshooters—contestants who had worked marathons before—tried to keep me out, which is where they made their mistake. If they had left me alone, I probably would've quit after a couple of days. But since they were giving me the business, I decided to stick around. Me and my partner won after 2,389 hours—99½ days." (The all-time marathon record—3,480 hours—was set in 1932 at Atlantic City by Ruthie Smith and Frank Lo Vecchio, a struggling young singer better known to a later generation as Frankie Laine.)

The marathon routine meant dancing for 40 minutes every hour, sleeping for 15 and having the other five minutes to wake up and use the toilet. "Most of the time we'd take turns sleeping while we were out on the floor," Kid Chissell recalls. "You could usually stiff-arm your partner so that she could sleep while you moved her around. But one girl I danced with up in Wenatchee, Wash. was too short for me to sleep on. I used to carry her around on the tips of my shoes. I did that for two days and two nights. Then the apples froze, the local farmers didn't have any money, and our promoter went broke. So all us 'winners' wound up with $90 apiece."

Once, when Chissell was doubling as a bouncer during a 1931 marathon in Miami, a drunk in the audience started heckling the dancers. "I rushed over to give him the heave," Chissell says, "when a dozen guys stood up in front of me. I could see 'Chicago' written all over them. Then a guy I recognized as Al Capone got up and told his boys to sit down. He took the drunk outside, slapped him around and shoved him into a limousine. Capone turned to me and said there wouldn't be any more trouble, because he wanted to stay cool in Miami. There wasn't."

One clipping from Kid Chissell's scrapbook stands out as a bizarre footnote to the economic burden of the Depression. It is an item from a 1931 Key West, Fla. newspaper describing special attractions upcoming in the local dance marathon, then in its 375th hour. "Tomorrow night will be a real surprise night," it reads, "with the feature being the presentation of a real live white baby to some Key West family. This is done to ease the burden on a family that is overlarge. Motor buses run within a half block of the casino."

DICK ADLER



Noble (Kid) Chissell (above), survivor of the dance wars, watches from sidelines as actors re-create last stages of a marathon (left). "All these kids could have made it in those days," he says. "They proved it making this movie."

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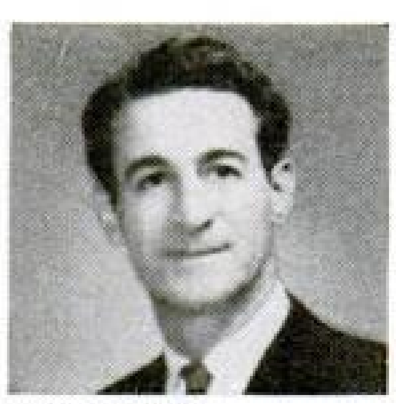
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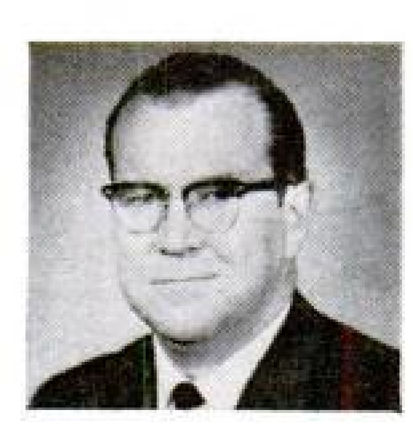
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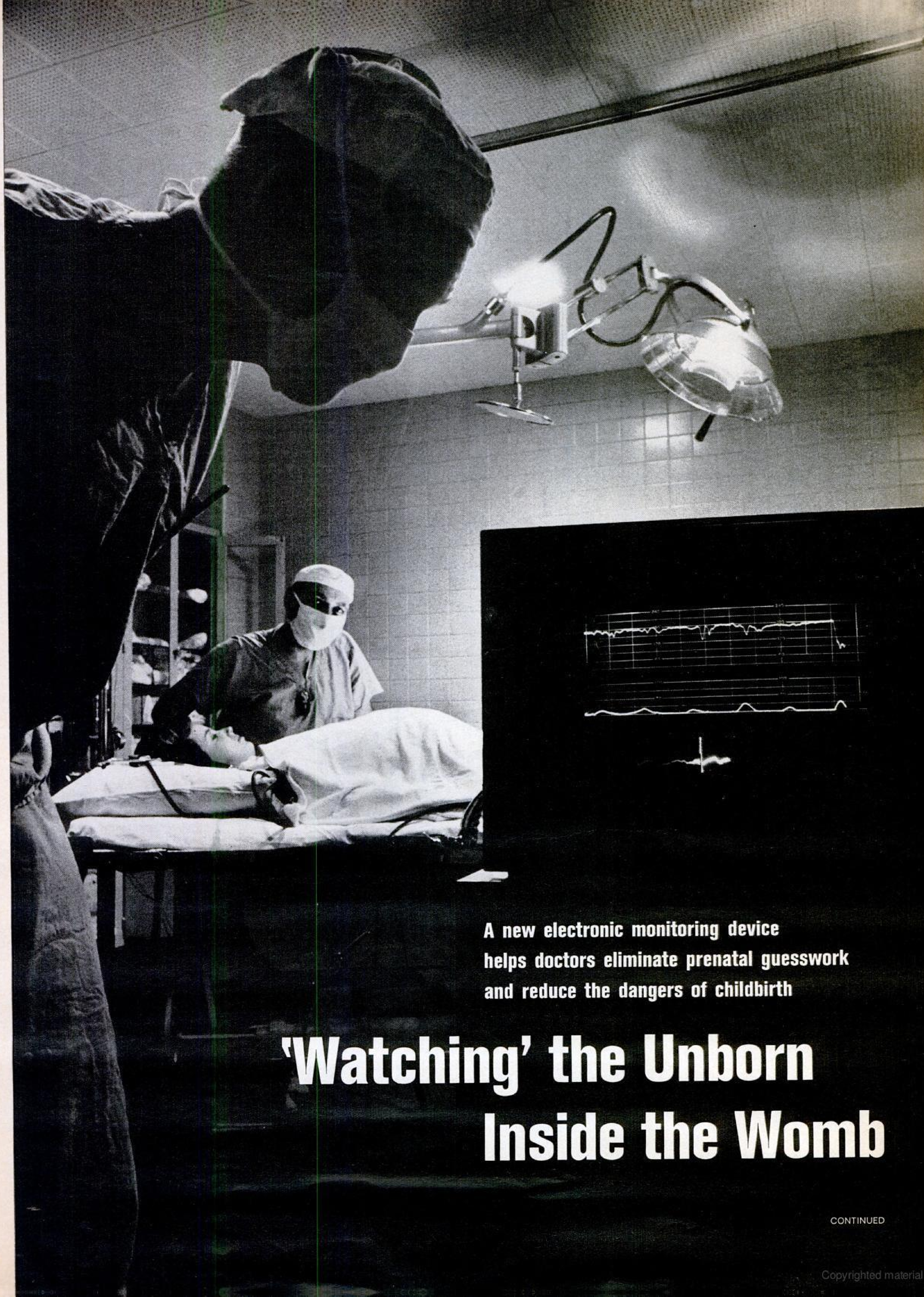

A new electronic monitoring device helps doctors eliminate prenatal guesswork and reduce the dangers of childbirth

'Watching' the Unborn Inside the Womb

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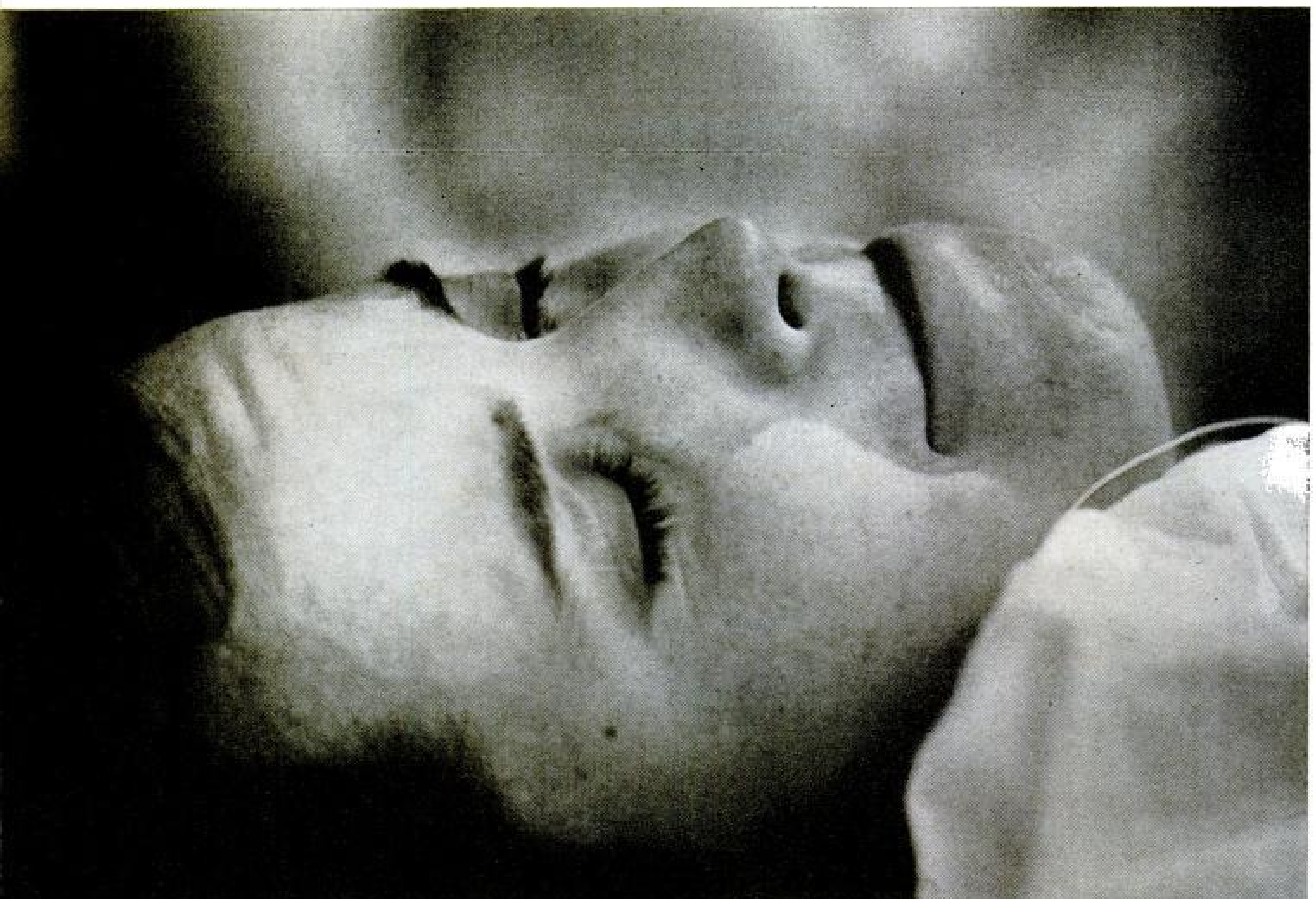
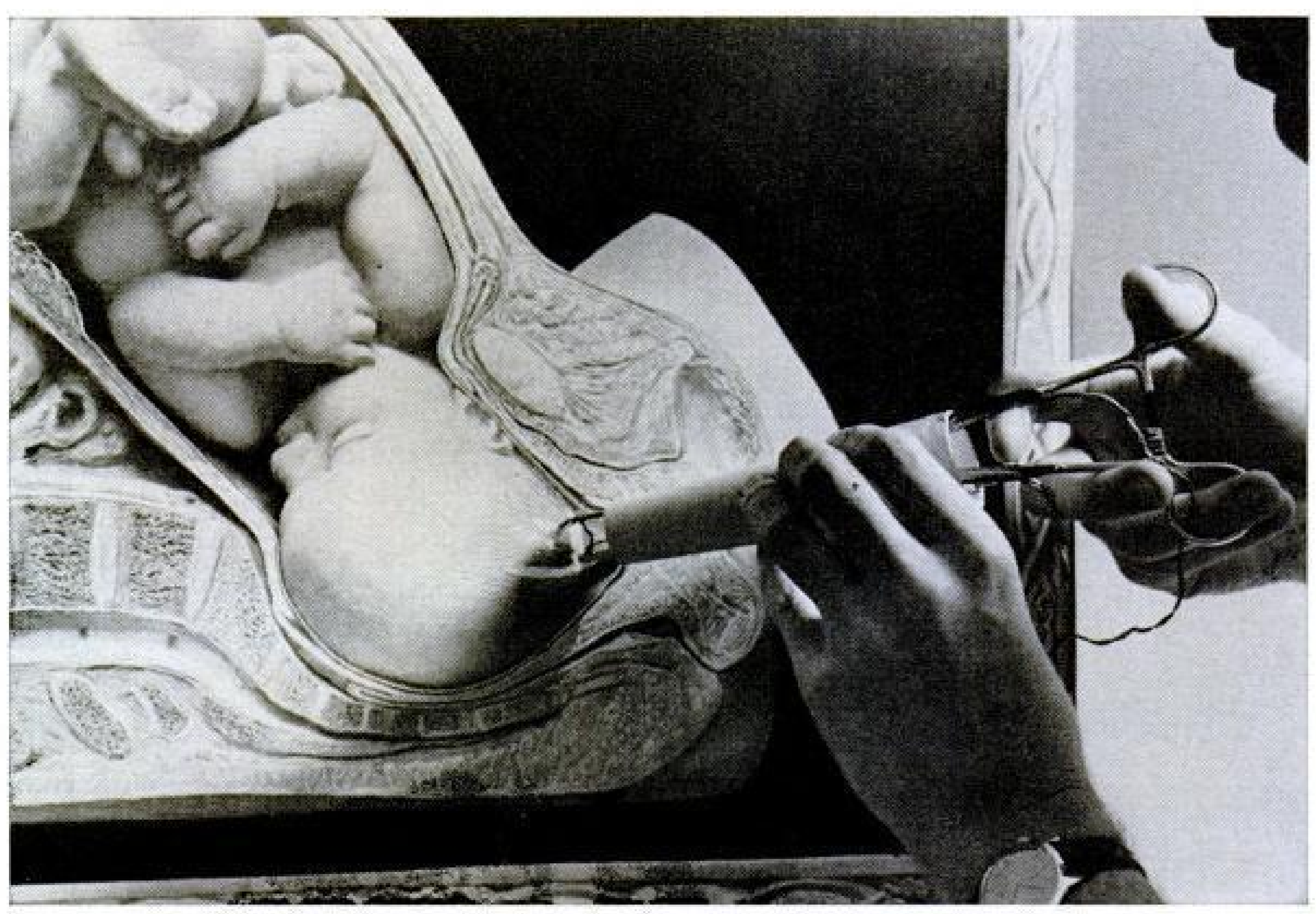


Mrs. Cathleen Burke, a 27-year-old Bristol, Conn. housewife, who lost her first baby because of injurious labor, attempts her third childbirth. Her second baby survived, but doctors still consider her a high-risk mother. Using a model (*below*) to demonstrate a new electronic monitoring technique, a doctor shows how the special silver electrode is passed through a hollow endoscope and connected to the scalp of a fetus to record its heart rate.



High-risk mothers and the graph that raises their babies' chances

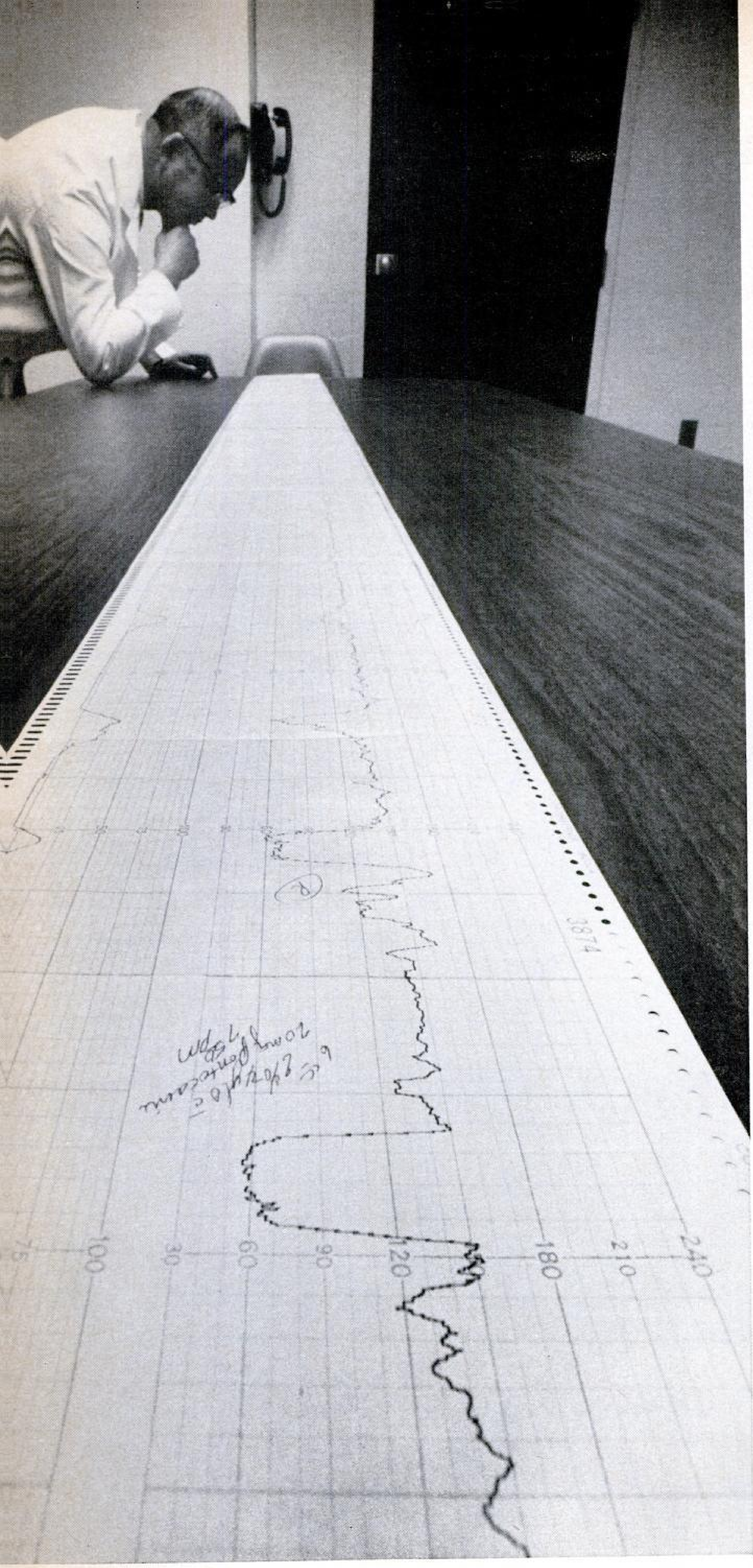
The woman above is in the throes of labor, a period of danger, not only to the mother but also to her unborn baby. The fetus must struggle to survive the strains and pressures being put upon it. For years attending doctors have had no reliable way—nothing better than a stethoscope—to tell precisely when the fetus was in trouble. Consequently some five to seven infants per thousand die unexpectedly each year during childbirth.

Now, at the Yale-New Haven Medical Center, doctors are using a unique system that electronically monitors the whole birth process from labor to delivery. Dr. Edward H. Hon, a Chinese-born professor at Yale School of Medicine and originator of the world's first fetal intensive care unit (*previous page*), spent the last 13 years perfecting the new system. During that period he has monitored over 3,000 births, one of them his own son.

The procedure is painless and simple. To hook up to the electronic unit, the doctor first inserts an endoscope —a hollow tube with a viewing light at one end—into the cervix. Then with forceps he passes a silver electrode through the tube, clipping it to the baby's scalp (*model above*), or to a convenient limb if necessary. The electrode sends back a running record of the baby's heart rate. Next the doctor inserts a plastic catheter into the uterus past the baby's head. This measures the mother's labor contractions, and for the first time gives doctors precise information about their onset, strength and rate.

The instant a baby gets into trouble —a squeezed umbilical cord, a compressed head or a shortage of oxygen —its heart reflects a precipitous fall on the machine's graph (*right*). Fortunately, 90% of all fetal distress is caused by umbilical cord compression. Once spotted, it can usually be relieved by simply changing the mother's position.

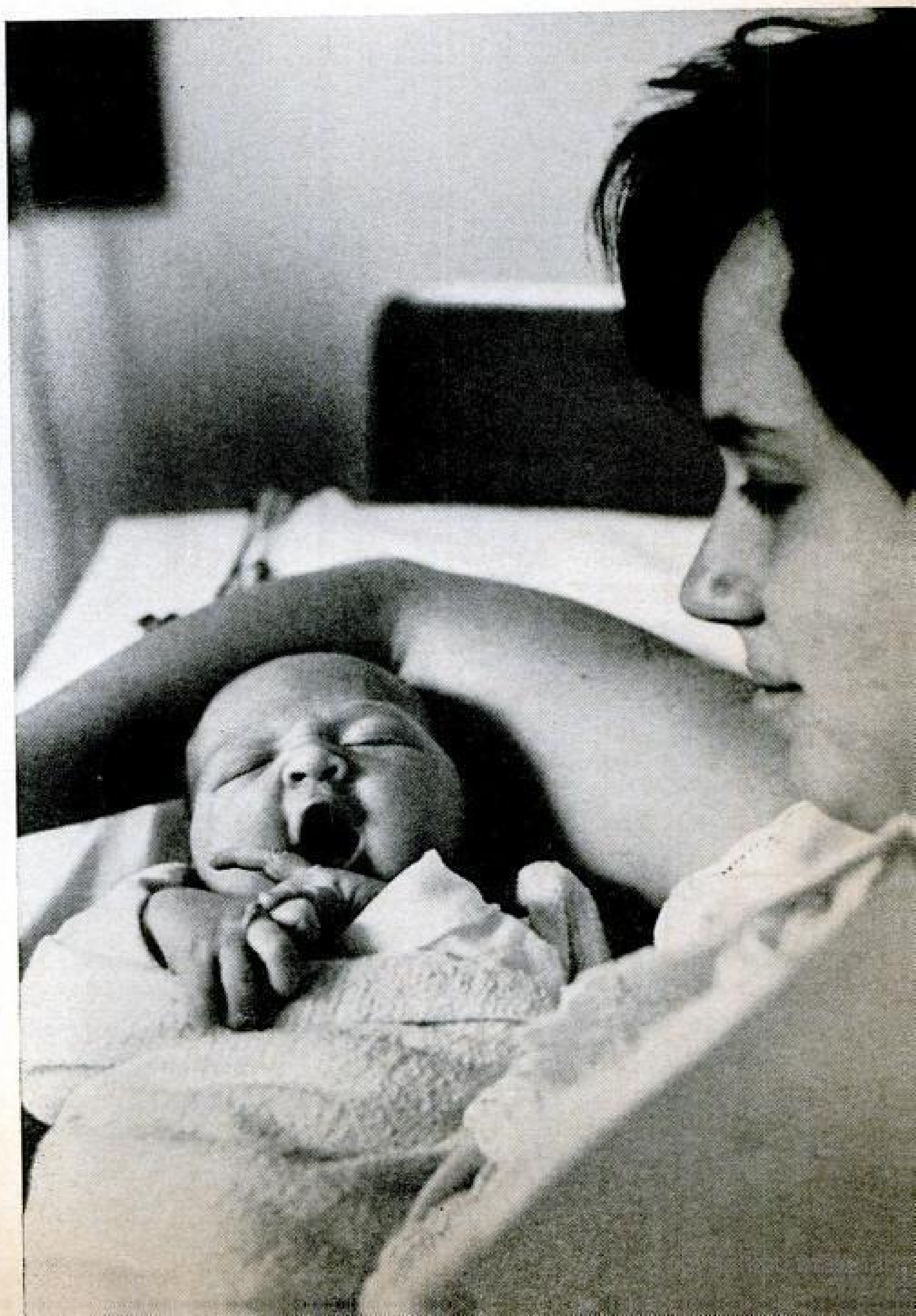
When the unit, which can monitor four babies simultaneously, was tried on 400 mothers with histories of difficult labor, the results were impressive. None of the babies died, the number of Caesarean sections for fetal distress was reduced by 75% and the number of injured babies was cut by 50%. Hopefully, Dr. Hon's new system could save as many as 20,000 babies a year. "We can talk to an astronaut who is hundreds of thousands of miles above the earth," he says, "but without modern electronics, a doctor had little or no idea what was happening to the fetus just inches from his ear."

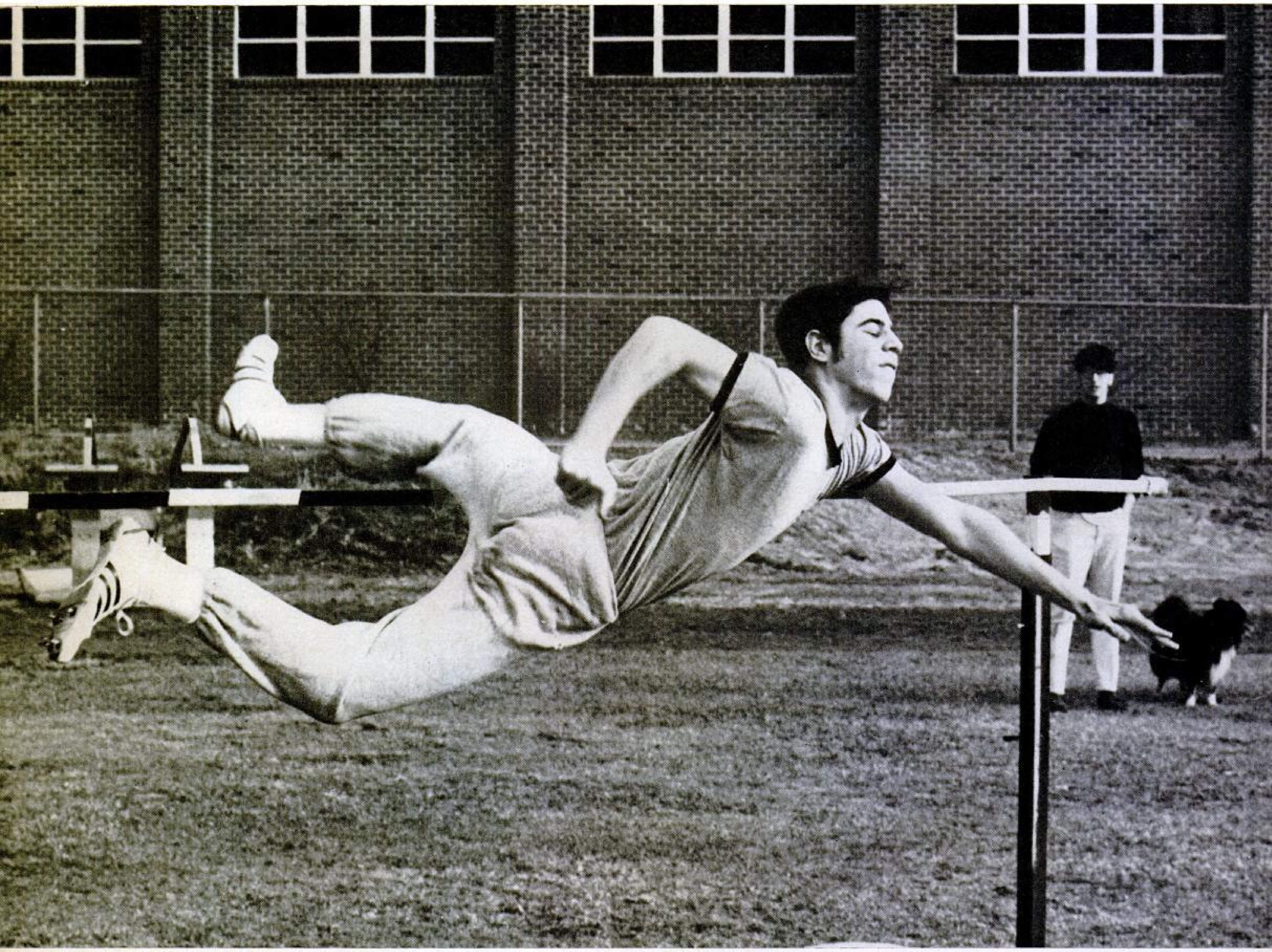


Dr. Hon studies Mrs. Burke's labor graph. The dramatically abrupt fall in the baby's heart rate line told doctors that a compression of the umbilical cord had cut off his oxygen.

The crisis resolved by changing Mrs. Burke's position, the newborn baby arrives with the umbilical cord still around his neck and slips safely into the waiting hands of a doctor.

Just a few hours out of danger, Michael Timothy Burke, having weighed in at 8 lbs. 3 oz., rests contentedly in his mother's protective arm and expresses himself with a wide yawn.





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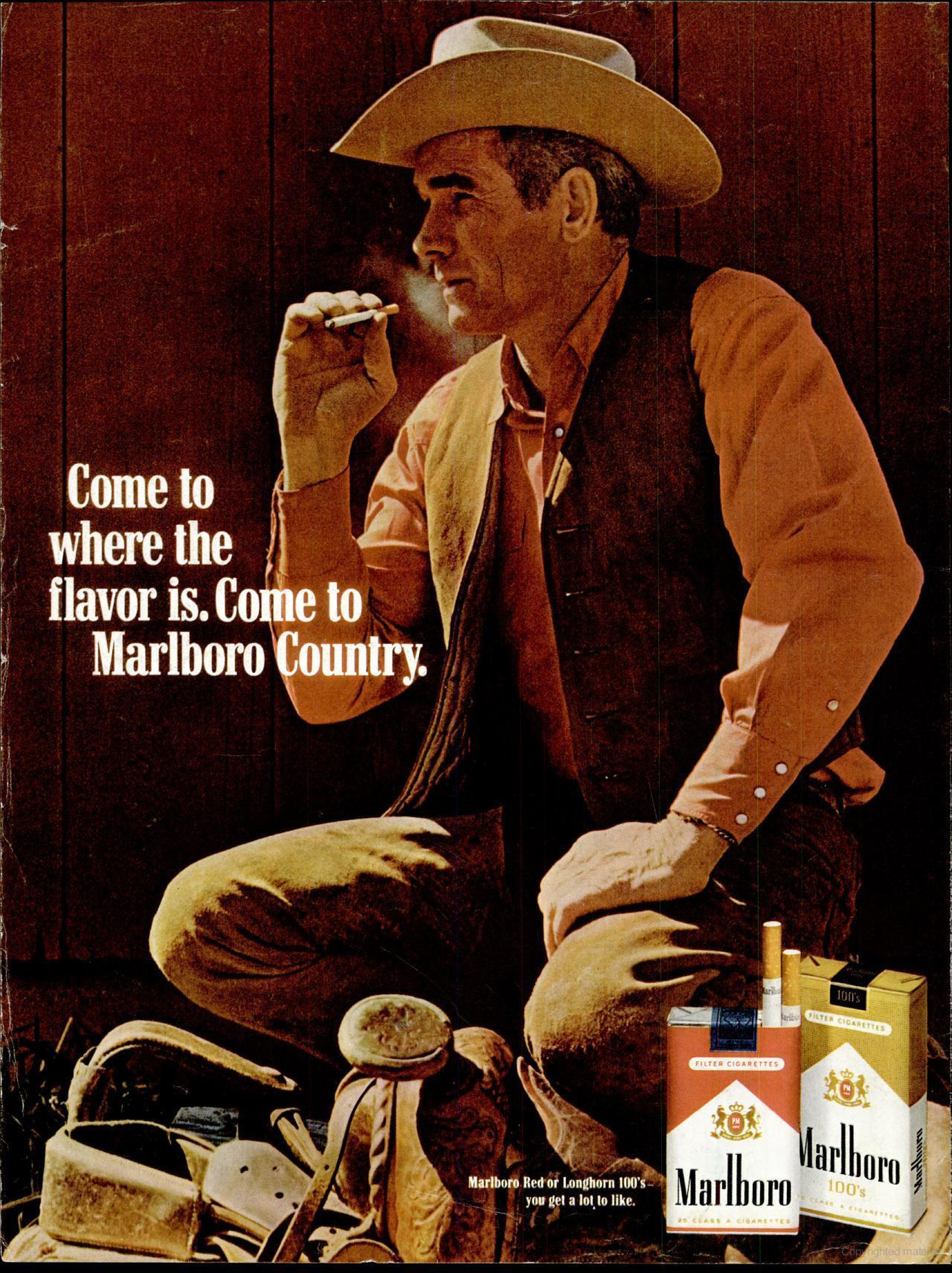
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