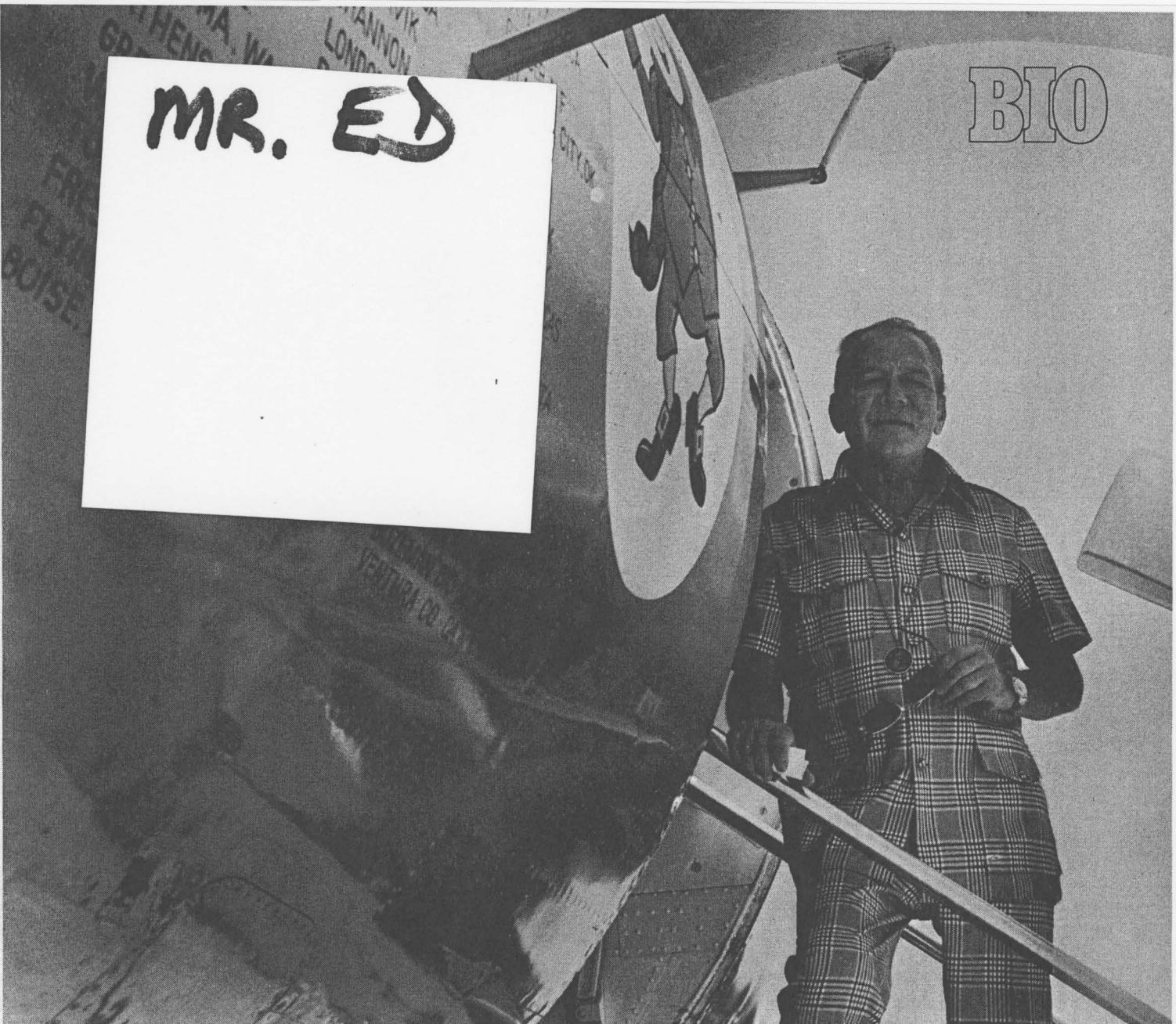


The original documents are located in Box 6, folder “Clippings: June 1975 (People Magazine - June 16, 1975)” of the Shirley Peck Barnes Papers at the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.

Copyright Notice

The copyright law of the United States (Title 17, United States Code) governs the making of photocopies or other reproductions of copyrighted material. Gerald Ford donated to the United States of America his copyrights in all of his unpublished writings in National Archives collections. Works prepared by U.S. Government employees as part of their official duties are in the public domain. The copyrights to materials written by other individuals or organizations are presumed to remain with them. If you think any of the information displayed in the PDF is subject to a valid copyright claim, please contact the Gerald R. Ford Presidential Library.



On the steps of his globe-girdling Convair, World Airlines boss Ed Daly reconnoiters his Oakland, Calif. home base.

HEROES OF THE VIETNAM ORPHAN LIFT: HIGH-FLYING ED DALY AND HIS WORLD AIRLINES

During the *Ice Capades* at the Oakland Coliseum recently, four blue-white spotlights followed a remarkably buxom woman as she skated unsteadily across the ice. Would she stop short of the barrier? THUNK! WHIZZ! And she flew bottom over bosom smack into the lap of a silver-haired gentleman in the front row. As she struggled to get away, the gentleman, as cool as the ice, ripped off her crimson skirt. The "lady" turned out to be a man! And the gentleman, who that night was hosting

3,000 crippled children and orphans whose laughter echoed down from the peanut gallery, was Edward J. Daly. The fact is that Daly is often surrounded by kids he is trying to help. But the world remembers him in a much different setting.

Just a few weeks earlier, Danang Airport was surrounded by Vietcong, and 1,000 South Vietnamese men, women, children and soldiers were desperate to board the last aircraft to sanctuary in Saigon. With a .38 revolver in his hand

and a measure of booze under his belt, Daly—president and chairman of World Airways—pushed his boot into the face of a soldier who had just elbowed an old woman off the ramp of the taxiing jet. Then he laid out another soldier with a right cross. The World Airways plane, overloaded and damaged by a grenade, limped back to Saigon. For his effort to perform an act of humanity, Ed Daly received (besides a bruised kidney, loosened teeth and a chewed-up and bleeding forearm) rep-

June 16, 1975 • 40¢

People

weekly

**Ted & Joan's
Arabian nights**

**Maharaj Ji,
embattled
guru**

**The endless
summer of the
Beach Boys**



BETTY FORD

**In Europe, she passes
a grueling test
of her strength**

The First Lady
in Brussels



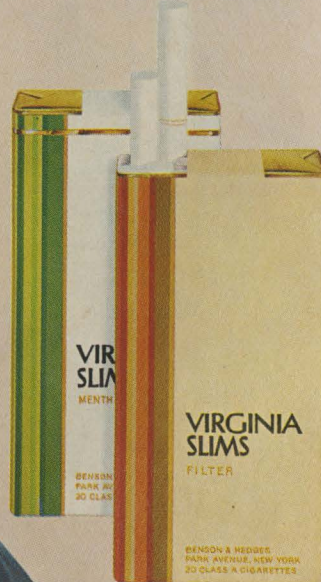
Virginia Slims remembers the days when a woman didn't have to run for office to be a public servant.



You've come a long way, baby.

**VIRGINIA
SLIMS**

Slimmer than the fat cigarettes men smoke.



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

Regular: 17 mg. tar, 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol:
17 mg. tar, 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75

People weekly

June 16, 1975 Vol. 3 No. 23

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Hedley Donovan
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD Andrew Heiskell
PRESIDENT James R. Shepley
GROUP VICE PRESIDENT, MAGAZINES Arthur W. Keylor
VICE CHAIRMAN Roy E. Larsen

MANAGING EDITOR Richard B. Stolley
SENIOR EDITORS Richard Burgheim, William F. Ewald,
Robert Emmett Ginna, Cranston Jones
ART DIRECTOR Robert N. Essman
NEWS EDITOR Hal Wingo
PICTURE EDITOR John Dominis

ASSISTANT EDITORS Christopher P. Andersen, Bina
Bernard, Ross Drake, Jed Horne, Landon Y. Jones Jr.,
Ralph Novak, Patrick O'Higgins, Lee Wohlfert, Shirley
Estabrook (Assistant News Editor), Clare Crawford
(Washington)

REPORTERS Jim Jerome, Judy Kessler, Sally E.
Moore, Ron Scott, Mary Vespa, Joy Wansley

PICTURE DEPARTMENT Mary Dunn (Assistant Picture
Editor), Holly Holden, Betsy Young (Research), Kate
Guardino, Jeanne Wickstrom

COPY DESK Nancy Houghtaling (Chief), Claudia
Dowling, Paula Glatzer, Harold Rodgers, Catherine
Radich, Nelida Granada

ART DEPARTMENT Bernard Waber, Ellen A. Kostroff
EDITORIAL PRODUCTION David J. Young (Manager),
Murray Goldwaser

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS Albuquerque, LeRoy
Bearman; Anchorage, Jean Montague; Aspen, Nellie
Blagden; Atlanta, Joyce Leviton; Baltimore, John
Schulian; Boston, Gail Jenness; Chicago, Linda Witt,
Frank W. Martin; Cincinnati, Bill Robinson; Cleveland,
Richard Wootten; Dallas, Connie Hershorn; Denver,
Frank Moya; Des Moines, Richard Somerville; Detroit,
Julie Greenwalt; Honolulu, Mary Ann Cravens;
Houston, Kent Demaret; Indianapolis, Mimi Cazana;
Kansas City, Howard Chennell; Los Angeles, Barbara
Wilkins, Robert Windeler; Louisville, Ed Ryan;
Memphis, George Sutton; Miami, Jane Rieker;
Milwaukee, Tom Lubenow; Minneapolis, Dan Wascoe;
Montreal, Laura Bell; New Orleans, David Chandler;
Omaha, Gerald Wade; Orlando, Sandra Hinson; Palm
Beach, Ed Dawson; Philadelphia, Greg Walter; Reno,
Guy Shipler; St. Louis, John McGuire; Salt Lake City,
Nelson Wadsworth; San Francisco, Nancy Faber;
Santa Fe, Carroll Cagle; Seattle, Jane Estes; Toronto,
Paul Nowack; Washington, Susan Bluttman; Winston-
Salem, Sidney Stapleton; (Overseas) Dublin, A. F.
Gonzalez Jr.; Geneva, Robert Kroon; Hong Kong, June
Shaplen; London, Fred Hauptfuhrer; Melbourne, John
Dunn; Munich, Franz Spelman; Paris, Rudi Chelminski;
Rome, Logan Bentley; Singapore, Carl Mydans;
Sydney, Stephen Claypole

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS Harry Benson,
Alfred Eisenstaedt, Bill Eppridge, Henry Groskinsky,
Henry Grossman, Jill Krementz, Michael Mauney, John
Olson, Co Rentmeester, Arthur Schatz, Stanley Tretick
EDITORIAL SERVICES Paul Welch (Director), Norman
Airey, George Karas, Benjamin Lightman, Doris O'Neil,
Carolyn R. Pappas

MAGAZINE DEVELOPMENT
EDITOR Otto Fuerbringer
PUBLISHER Garry Valk

PUBLISHER Richard J. Durrell
GENERAL MANAGER Winston H. Cox
ADVERTISING SALES DIRECTOR Richard B. Thomas
BUSINESS MANAGER Paul E. Hale
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR Bruce A. Barnett
PROMOTION DIRECTOR Stan Posthorn

Cover photograph by Dick Swanson

PEOPLE WEEKLY is published weekly, except one issue
at year end, \$18 per year, by Time Inc., 541 N.
Fairbanks Court, Chicago, Ill. 60611. Principal office:
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James R.
Shepley, President; Clifford J. Grum, Treasurer;
Charles B. Bear, Secretary. Second-class postage
paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices.
Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office
Dept., Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in
cash. Direct subscription inquiries to PEOPLE WEEKLY,
Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Send all
other mail to PEOPLE WEEKLY, Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. The editors
assume no responsibility for unsolicited photographs
and manuscripts, which must be accompanied by a
self-addressed, stamped envelope if the material is to
be returned. © 1975 Time Inc. All rights reserved.
Reproduction in whole or in part without written
permission is prohibited.

ii ii

2 Mail

4 Up Front

First Lady Betty Ford, in the pink again, whirls through Europe
—While Mom's away, Susan Ford brings The Bump to 1600
Pennsylvania Avenue—Book writers meet book sellers at a
Big Apple shindig—Ted Kennedy and company in
Arabia—Spectacular Nolan Ryan throws his fourth no-hitter

19 On the Move

Mitch Kurman, the missionary of summer-camp safety

22 For a Song

Surf's no longer up for the Beach Boys, but they are

24 Couples

The schizophrenic household of Al and Sandy Williamson

28 Spirit

Guru Maharaj Ji may no longer be Lord of the Universe

35 Bio

Ed Daly is the rough-and-tumble pilot of highly profitable World
Airways

40 Star Tracks

Solzhenitsyn in Alaska—Mamie Eisenhower—Pelé of the
Cosmos—Rod Stewart and Britt Ekland—Mayor Daley's son
gets married

42 Off the Screen

Francis Ford Coppola: He's his own family's godfather

46 Arts

Bridget Riley makes waves on the Op art scene

48 People Puzzle

50 Host

Geoffrey Holder is a wiz onstage and off

55 Medics

Biologist Ronald Ericsson may be able to help families who want
sons

58 In His Own Words

Media violence expert Victor Cline warns we are overdosing on
mayhem and porn

62 To the Top

The world's best-built man, Arnold Schwarzenegger, is now
flexing for the flicks

64 Chatter



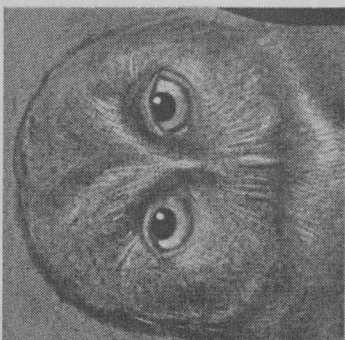
WILLO' THE WISP

A collection of original songs & musical movements
Leon Russell's Seventh Album On Shelter

Produced by Denny Cordell & Leon Russell



Distributed by MCA Records, Inc.



MAIL

Nancy Walker & David Craig

My 4-year-old grandson, Mark, picked up this issue (PEOPLE, May 26, 1975) and said, "Grandma, it's the quicker-picker-upper." Not only does Miss Walker appeal to the present generation, she has the future going for her too.

Jeanette B. Sargent
Rochester, N.Y.

Thank you for taking note of the genius of David Craig. Along with so many other actor/singer/dancers, I have had the privilege of studying with David. Here in New York we miss his brilliance as a coach and the inspiration he lovingly gave.

Beatrice Ballance
New York

Nguyen Cao Ky

Have my eyes and ears deceived me? I seem to recall a televised interview with Ky in which he stated (actually it was more of a mumble) that his wife had somehow managed to scrape up \$30,000 before their flight to this country. Do I need a television repairman or has Nguyen indeed been made into an object of undeserved pity?

Randy Fry
Dallas

Ky and his family are living outside Washington on the \$30,000. He is pondering offers to write a book but still plans the farm cooperative.—ED.

I recently returned from a trip to Camp Pendleton, where I was able to talk to Ky and several of the refugees he intends to lead. His plans for a farming community are in direct contrast to their plans. They want to be pilots, auditors, clerks, telephone operators, business people—everything but farmers.

Judith Nielsen
Sacramento

Ed McMahon

I'm an old gal Ed McMahon's age and it did my heart good to see all the torture he endures trying to turn back the clock. He can have that plush Baha-

mas spa and its fertilized chicken eggs. I'll stick to riding my bicycle and thinking young and happy.

Katherine Fowler
San Diego

You have probably already been properly lambasted by the Peanut Butter Manufacturers and Nut Salters Association (yes, Virginia, there really is such an organization), but I must add my sentiments over your shocking statement that peanut butter is "junk food." Peanut butter is considered one of our leading sources of protein by both doctors and nutritionists.

Joan M. Keleher
Washington, D.C.

Bill Glass

Evangelist Bill Glass has done and is doing remarkable work. Your story on his prison ministry indicates the modern-day football player can do something more than just "hit 'em hard."

Jack Kinder Jr.
Dallas

The Frizz

You white people kill me. You take an obviously black or ethnic idea and then innocently proclaim, "Nobody is sure how it got started, but . . ."

Earlyne M. Thomas
Washington, D.C.

Two years ago when my Jewish husband let his hair dry *au naturel*, he called it his "Hebro."

Caroline Norberg
Arlington, Va.

They all look like they backed into an electric light socket.

J. Richard Carta
Glendale, Calif.

Lawrence Morehouse

Thirty minutes of exercise a week—ridiculous! If a person is over 60, maybe it will enable him to change that flat tire. But those in their 20s, 30s and 40s will latch on to this and believe they

really are in shape. It's a new national excuse for staying out of shape.

Jim Tyler
Morehead City, N.C.

Wilbur Mills

It has been about 27 years since I last had a drink. I'm not bragging; the only thing I can be sure of is I am *not* going to tie one on *today*. That's as far ahead as I can plan. So stay in there and pitch, Wilbur. You can do it. If not this time, maybe the next. A little humility will help.

George Rascoe
San Francisco

Judy Collins

The first time I heard Judy Collins was in 1956 at a rehearsal for an East Denver High School show. The cast was getting restless, but when Judy started to sing she had our undivided attention. It was clear then that this was a voice the world would hear and enjoy.

Barbara Reiner Freis
Denver

Chatter

The real reason Mr. Liberace did not go ahead with the performance in Soldier Field was that I insisted he be given 50 percent of the contractual price on the day the contract was signed, around the first of April, and the balance on May 1. This was not done and there was no deal.

The promoter also had promised us, through his representatives, a "Liberace Day," which we, of course, thought was wonderful, but it was not a prerequisite of the deal.

Seymour N. Heller
Personal Manager for
Liberace
Los Angeles

PEOPLE welcomes letters to the editors, but we regret that because of the volume of mail received, we cannot acknowledge them. Letters for publication should be addressed to PEOPLE, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

The Ultimate Tennis Shoe.
Incredibly comfortable,
unusually handsome, predictably
expensive.



The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe is just about the most comfortable in the world.

In fact, they're so comfortable, a lot of people wear them off the court, too. At these prices, they should be good for more than just tennis.

The Bancroft Tretorn Tennis Shoe. Imported from Sweden, in canvas or leather.

A Better Brand of Tennis
Bancroft®
TRETORN

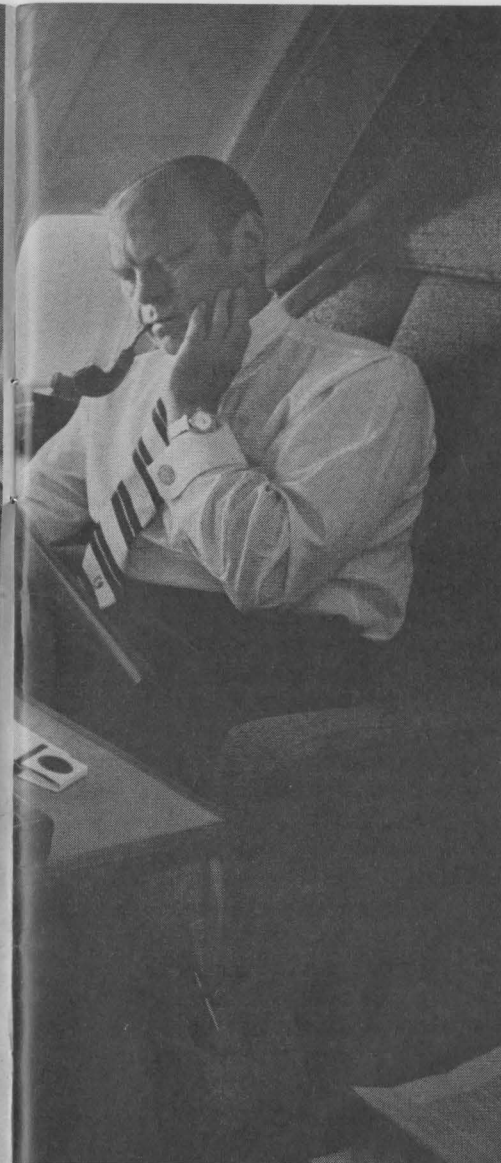
UP FRONT

A CONFIDENT BETTY FORD TESTS HER WINGS IN EUROPE

For months the speculation had persisted about the fragile state of Betty Ford's health. Now, for the moment, she has laid the rumors to rest.

Hardly had the slender, 57-year-old Mrs. Ford returned from a grueling four-day excursion to California than she was off again on a whirlwind jaunt to Europe, fully at ease in the role of First Lady-diplomat. While the President met with foreign leaders to shore up the wobbly North Atlantic alliance, Mrs. Ford compared notes with their wives. "Jerry wants me to become active as the wife of the President," she said. "We enjoy traveling together. We always have. The trip to California, and now here, proves my health is good. I'm having a ball!" (Since her mastectomy for cancer last fall, Mrs. Ford has undergone regular chemotherapy treatments, which will continue for more than a year.)

A temperate feminist, the First Lady was impressed by the character of her opposite numbers in Europe. "There is no frivolity," she said. "The wives of these leaders are very strong and very bright. They take their jobs seriously." So does she. She has changed since the early days of the Presidency. She tends to limit her comments to safe banalities: "Nice country, having a good time and, yes, he is working very hard." For the first time Betty Ford seems very much aware that she is First Lady of the land. When Ford was Vice-President, she was eager to chat with reporters and sometimes even called them up. Now she has herself become a trapping of the imperial Presidency. She certainly is not Jackie Kennedy. She avoids the visits to hospitals and orphanages that Lady Bird Johnson undertook. She is warmer and less tense than Pat Nixon. In



Over Europe on Air Force One, Betty Ford in a presidential jacket pores over briefings while the President reads.

In Spain Prince Juan Carlos (below), heir-apparent to Generalissimo Franco, bestows a Latin kiss on the First Lady's hand.



In Salzburg Austria's Foreign Minister Erich Bielka-Karltruu does the honors as Henry Kissinger looks on approvingly.



Egyptian President Anwar Sadat (at right) and the First Lady enjoy a predinner giggle at Salzburg Residence in Austria.





Mrs. Ford gets a firm grip on the handrail, as well as her umbrella, after the President takes a tumble while descending from Air Force One in rainy Salzburg.

In evening finery, Mrs. Ford and Belgium's Queen Fabiola (below) arrive at the Brussels Opera House for a concert.



Window-shopping in Brussels, the First Lady and Mrs. Leonard Firestone, wife of the U.S. ambassador to Belgium, investigate a display of precious antiques.



Charmed by the caretaker-priest of an 800-year-old chapel in Brussels, Mrs. Ford lights up with a 200-watt smile.

Europe Betty Ford acted like a middle-class, Middlewestern wife accompanying her husband on an important business trip.

Immaculately groomed and combed—she took along her Washington hairdresser, Jim Mercer—Mrs. Ford made only a limited number of public appearances, but put in a wearying succession of 18- and 19-hour days. She appeared untroubled by the absence of privacy. "I'm used to an interpreter, and the Secret Service doesn't interfere with me," she said. "I feel I can do what I want."

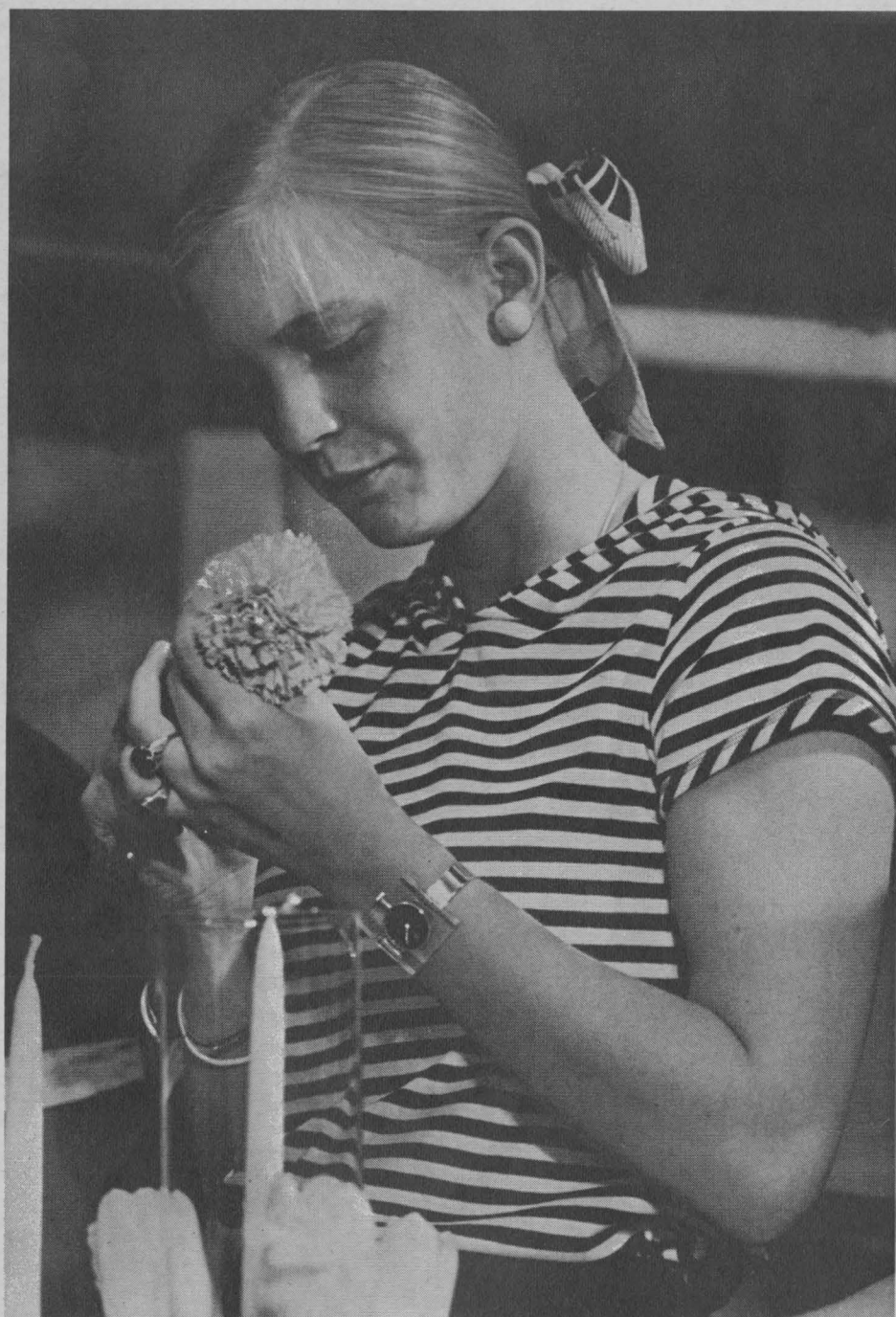
Her meetings were unself-conscious and congenial. With Queen Fabiola of Belgium, she talked about music and literature. "She had a definite air of

royalty," the First Lady recalled. "But she didn't make me feel the least bit nervous." Margaret Trudeau, wife of Canada's prime minister, was also in Brussels. "Mrs. Trudeau was delightful and down to earth," said Mrs. Ford. "She told me she is expecting another baby, and we talked about children and photography." In Spain, where the Fords were entertained at a lavish state dinner, the First Lady chatted with Franco's successor, Prince Juan Carlos. She spoke with the prince about his son, 7-year-old Felipe. Later, she discussed orphans and the plight of the aged with 72-year-old Señora Franco.

On Air Force One, flying between capitals, Mrs. Ford boned up on the

country she was headed for. She napped in her seat, managed five or six hours' sleep a night and ate sparingly despite the calorie-laden state dinners to which she was subjected. She weighed 130 when Ford was Vice-President and is now down to 110. (A glass of orange juice gives her a quick pick-up.) Whether admiring precious antiques or calling home to check on her daughter Susan's prom (pages 8 and 9), Mrs. Ford remained unaffected by the regal surroundings. "I've been in palaces before," she observed. "But the difference is now I'm *staying* in them, and it's rather easy to get used to. But I wouldn't like the life of royalty all the time. I much prefer the simple things." CLARE CRAWFORD

**HAS THAT CORSAGE BEEN
CLEARED? SUSAN FORD HOLDS HER
PROM IN THE WHITE HOUSE**



In the White House flower shop on prom day, Susan works on the floral arrangements for the table centerpieces.

Susan's escort was 21-year-old Billy Pifer, a premed student from Virginia. It was only their second date.

Photographs by Ed Streeky/Camera 5



Susan and Billy, right, join in the dancing. Susan wanted the Beach Boys—but couldn't ante up the \$25,000 they asked.



Her mom and dad were thousands of miles away on a historic European diplomatic mission, but Susan Ford was making some modest history on her own back home. She played host to the first high school senior prom ever held in the White House. Susan, 17, who is headed for Mount Vernon Junior College in the fall, invited 73 graduating classmates of the exclusive Holton Arms School in Bethesda, Md.—and their dates—to 1600 Pennsylvania Ave. In the East Room, they did “The Bump” to the music of two rock ‘n’ roll bands, the Outer Space and the Sandcastle. In the State Dining Room they drank spikeless punch and munched on Swedish meatballs, quiche and chicken in sweet and sour sauce. “I’m having a great time,” the jersey-gowned Susan coolly observed, “but it’s really like any other prom we’ve had.”

Many of her friends were less blasé. It isn’t every teenage prom goer whose

date had to be cleared before the dance by the Secret Service and whose chaperones included White House aides and microphone-jabbing newswomen.

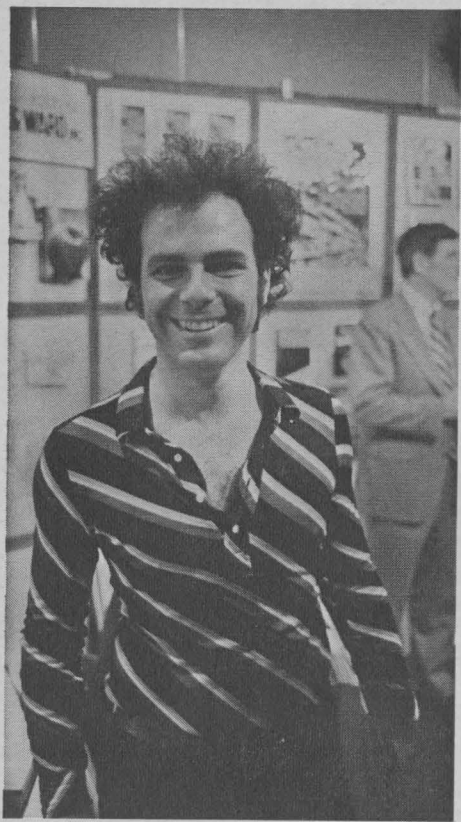
The Class of ‘75, which paid \$1,300 for the prom out of class funds, petitioned headmaster James Lewis to ask Susan if she could arrange for them to use the White House. One classmate put it in simple teenage English: “No one in the class didn’t want it here.”

Susan’s date was 21-year-old William Wainright (Billy) Pifer, a premed student at Washington and Lee University and the son of a doctor. Susan and Billy met on a blind date at the Shenandoah Apple Blossom Festival in Virginia, where Susan was crowned festival queen last month. “We really hit it off,” said Billy. “My parents haven’t met him yet,” Susan admitted, “but they will, for sure. I’ll invite him again.” (Susan dropped her long-

time beau, Gardner Britt, of Arlington, Va., after a quarrel over her support for the Equal Rights Amendment.)

One reason the dance may have seemed anticlimactic to Susan was the lavish pre-prom dinner she and Billy shared aboard the presidential yacht, *Sequoia*, with three other couples. As the yacht steamed down the Potomac, Susan and her guests ate beef Stroganoff on rice and sipped wine. (The White House said Susan would foot the bill for the dinner out of her own pocket. The Navy, which operates *Sequoia*, would not disclose the tab.)

Being nothing if not a traditional girl, Susan and Billy were driven in a White House car to a friend’s suburban home for a wee hours party of champagne, cake, music and a pre-dawn dip in the pool. Was Susan given any instructions by her parents before they left? “They told me,” she said, “to be good.” □



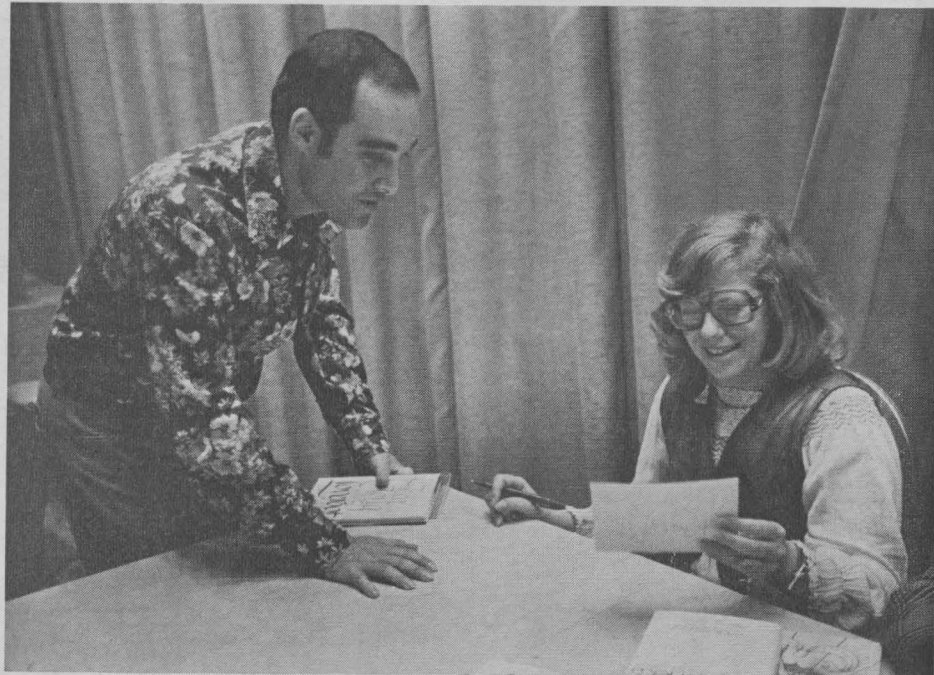
A former radical of the 1960s, Jerry Rubin—remember him?—gave a yip-pee for his autobiography *Growing Up at 37*, to appear next year.

BIG BIRD, ALI AND JOE'S MAMA ENLIVEN THE WORLD OF BOOKS



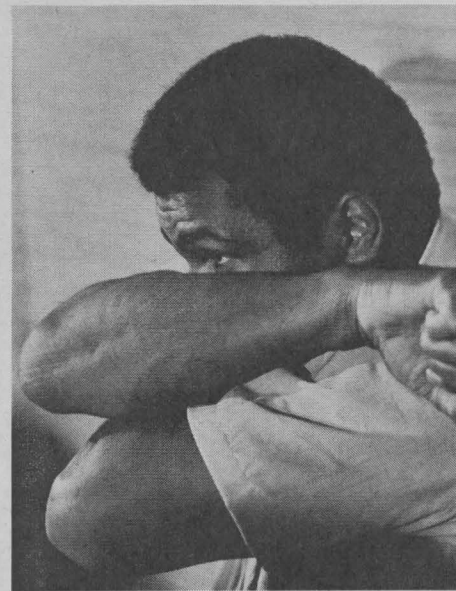
Edwin Newman (above) spoke strictly, but Sesame Street's Big Bird insisted on using words like "synergistic," "Multimedia," "output" and "relevant" anyway.

Erica ("Fear of Flying") Jong, below, who has a new book of poetry, *Loveroot*, signed autographs. At lunch, one admirer presented her with a "zipliss fork."



The irrepressible master of Gallic cookery, Julia Child and her husband, Paul, distributed free samples of her recipe for "the perfect turkey" contained in *From Julia's Kitchen*.

Photographs by Jill Kremetz



Muhammad Ali, of the humbly titled *The Greatest—My Own Story*, displayed his new fighting tactic—"The Russian Tank"—with which he hopes to humble challenger Joe Bugner.



George Wentzler, patrolling the ABA convention floor, gave everybody a big halo while plugging a religious work, *Butterfingers Angel*.



Ruth Pollack, who edited Gerold Frank's 700-page Garland biography, *Judy*, showed up at the Rainbow Room salute to the late star with her hirsute brother, actor Michael J. Pollard.

Outsiders may look upon the book business as a world of dusty tomes and musty people. Tell it to the Marines—or better yet to the 12,000 lively booksellers, publishers, librarians, authors and critics who descended upon Manhattan's Hilton and Americana Hotels late last month. The occasion was the 75th convention of the American Bookseller Association, and publishers trotted out authors from Ali (Muhammad) to Szolnoki (Mrs. Rose, Joe Namath's mama) to flog their next season's lists.

This diamond jubilee gathering had its serious moments, of course, such as seminars on topics like "Money and the Book Business." But few conventioners could resist the lure of scantily or bizarrely clad hucksters advertising incipient best-sellers or a chance to hear a panel of Isaac Asimov, Uri Geller, Charles Berlitz and Carl Sagan "Explaining the Unexplained." Nor was nightlife neglected: an invitation-only, black-tie affair at the Rainbow Room attracted guests like Martha Mitchell and Diana Rigg to salute the late Judy Garland and mark the publication of Gerold Frank's new biography, *Judy*.

Mrs. Rose Szolnoki, Joe Namath's mother, boosted *Namath: My Son Joe* and insisted her boy "likes to stay home in the evenings." To which females might cry, "Say it ain't so, Joe."



Fanne Foxe, full-time stripper and sometime swimmer, was clad and dry while hyping *Fanne Foxe: The Real Story Behind the Headlines*.



ON TOUR IN THE MIDDLE EAST, TEDDY & COMPANY HAVE A GREAT ARABIAN NIGHT—1,000 TO GO

Under a cobalt desert sky, two brightly striped tents rustled in the cool evening breeze some 30 miles outside the Saudi Arabian capital of Riyadh. Waiting to greet their guests were the powerful *kaffiyeh*-topped Saudi oil minister Sheikh Ahmed Zake Yamani and his bride of 3 months, Taman. A seven-car motorcade pulled up and a portly Ted Kennedy clambered out. The Massachusetts senator was in the Middle East on a 10-day tour to acquaint himself with leaders of the oil-producing nations.

For Kennedy and his all-female family entourage—wife Joan, daughter Kara, 15, sisters Jean Smith and Pat Lawford and Pat's 16-year-old daughter, Victoria—the desert gala in their honor was straight out of *1,001 Nights*. Inside one tent the 40 guests danced what the Kennedys called the "Desert Shuffle" to music by a 24-piece orchestra of violins, sitars and drums. While the rest of his party "shuffled" with characteristic Kennedy zeal, the senator was far more reserved. When he finally got up to dance with one of Yamani's dark-eyed cousins, he asked that he not be photographed. The senator was no less skittish when Yamani offered to let him ride a camel or, at the very least, one of the sheikh's prized Arabian horses. Teddy watched Kara try to maintain her balance atop a dromedary, then politely declined.

At midnight the action shifted to Tent No. 2. Laid out before the guests were six whole roasted sheep on a bed of saffron rice and grape leaves. The feast was washed down with gallons of apple juice—the teetotaling Muslims' substitute for alcoholic potables. The party broke up soon after, since Teddy was to meet next day with King

Khalid and Crown Prince Fahd. But Yamani and Taman, a 22-year-old former biology student at Beirut's American University, stayed until dawn, reclining on pillows and listening to Bedouin love songs.

Saudi Arabia was not the only Middle Eastern country to give Senator Kennedy better than a fair sheikh. In Baghdad he met with Iraqi President Bakr for an hour and a half—longer than any other American visitor—and ate

freshly-caught carp on the banks of the Tigris before jetting to equally cordial receptions in Teheran and Jerusalem. Privately, the Arabs wondered if Democrat Kennedy's tour had not been politically timed to coincide with Gerald Ford's arrival in Europe.

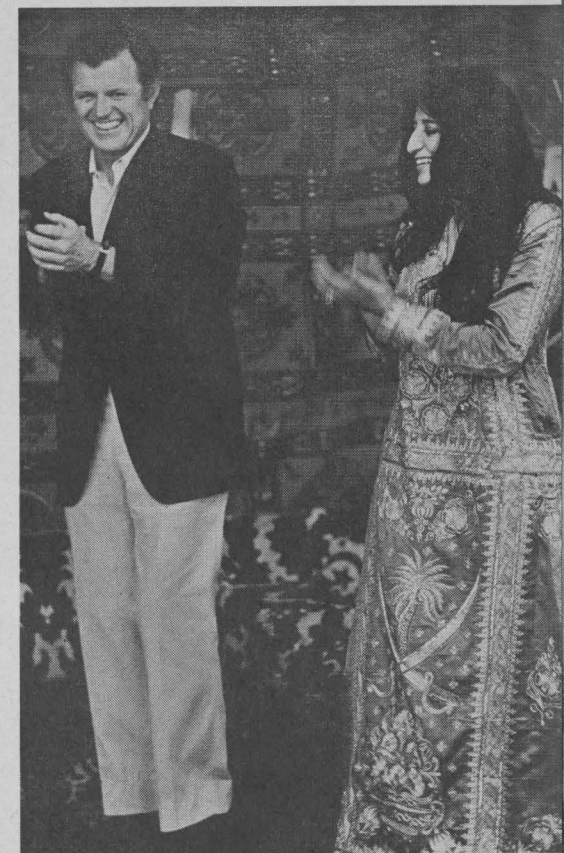
What most impressed Kennedy about his hosts? "They just don't seem to understand what a bind they have put our economy in," he marvels. "They think everything is hunky-dory."



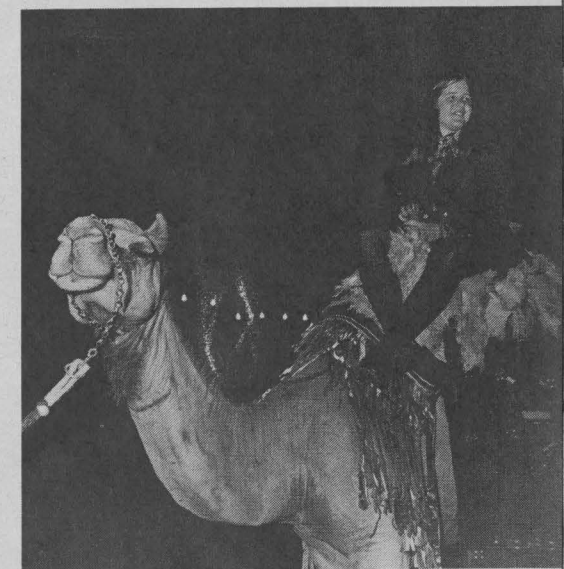
Ravenous by midnight when everyone sat down to feast, Kennedy passes up the available silverware to eat the native way.



Saudi Arabian oil minister Yamani performs a spirited "Desert Shuffle" with a bemused Joan Kennedy.



Yamani's second wife, Taman, trying to lure Teddy onto the dance floor, claps to the music, flashing a 30-carat diamond.



Kara Kennedy manages to perch atop a "ship of the desert," but her father declined an invitation to come aboard.

Photographs by Nancy Moran/The New York Times

NOLAN RYAN IS MR. CONGENIALITY EXCEPT AT WORK: THEN HE'S A FEROCIOUS MAN WITH 'SMOKE'

Off the mound Nolan Ryan is a living cliché, a laconic, toe-scuffing Texan, quick to smile and slow to anger. But when he puts on his California Angels' uniform and picks up a baseball, he undergoes a transformation that could scare the Hyde off anyone.

In a sport where players skylark on field, ogle the girls in the stands and often commit errors because their attention wanders, Ryan is a study in jaw-clenched concentration. There is no congeniality when No. 30 is at work, and his perplexed teammates offer encouragement but not intimacy. Even his wife, Ruth, does not understand. "Something happens to him out there" is the best she can manage. Nor is Ryan himself particularly insightful. "When I'm pitching," he says, "it's me against the hitter. He could be my brother and it wouldn't make any difference. I want to win."

When that fierce determination pays off, the results are usually spectacular. Ryan has pitched four no-hit games

within the past 25 months, the most recent last week against the Baltimore Orioles. Only one other pitcher has had four no-hitters—the retired Sandy Koufax. Ryan also holds the major-league record for strikeouts in a season (383), and at 28, barring injury, can look forward to another half-dozen years in the majors.

While Ryan's leisure tastes incline toward slowpokish activities like pool and TV-watching, his career is built on speed. He has what ballplayers call "smoke," "No. 1," "heat" or the ability to "bring it." Translated, this means that Ryan can throw the ball 100.8 mph, fastest in baseball history.

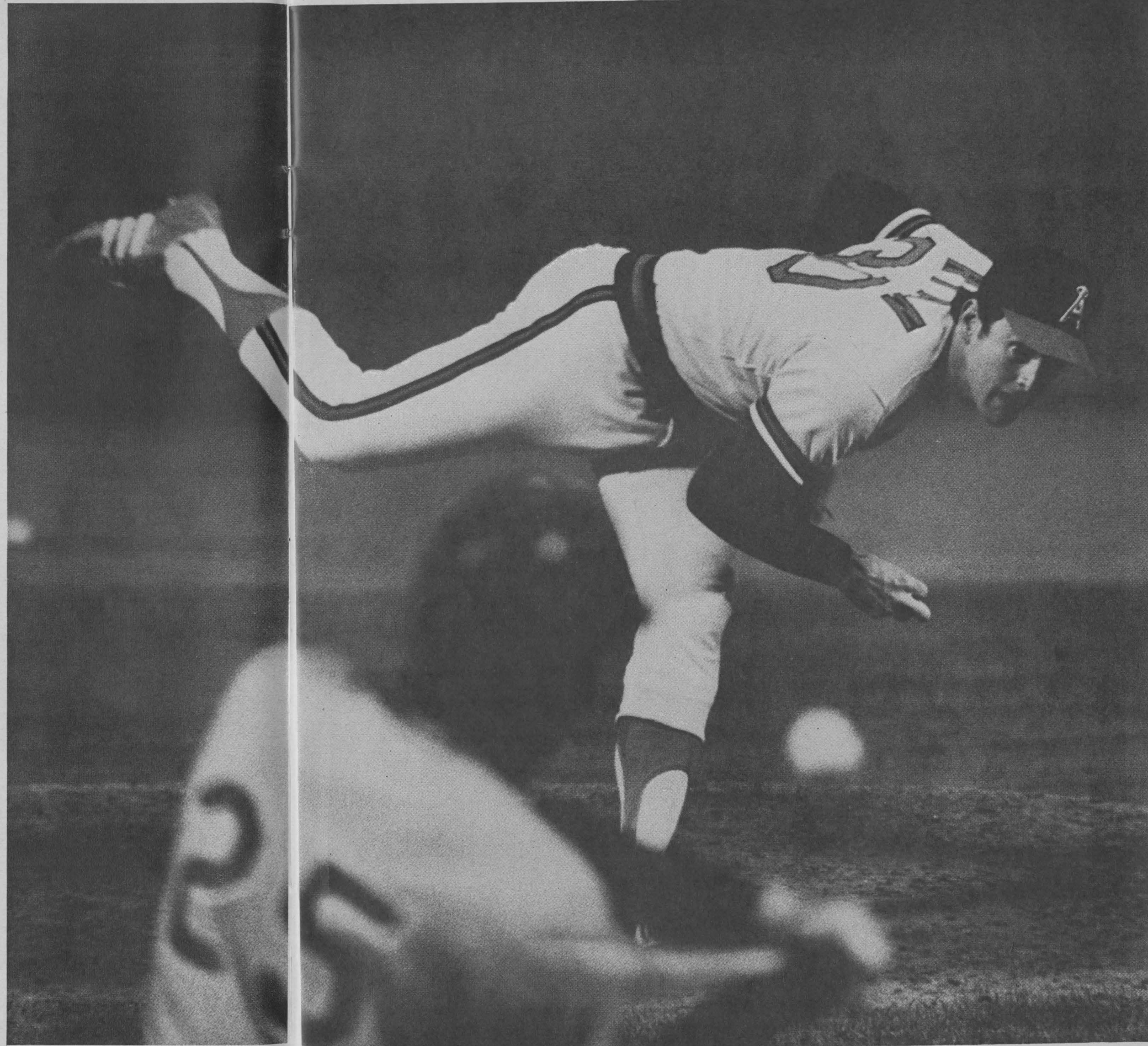
This ability first became apparent in high school in Alvin, Texas, a suburb of Houston where Ryan still lives in the winter. The New York Mets scouted him, paid him a \$20,000 bonus and kept him on their staff for four years. During that period Ryan never worked enough to control his pitches consistently—the Mets had several strong

CONTINUED



Nolan Ryan married his high school sweetheart, Ruth Holdorff, in 1967. Their son, Reid, 3, wants to be a bronco rider.

Ryan, whose fastball comes partly from the pushoff from his powerful legs, bears down on Yankee Bobby Bonds.



Photographs by Tony Roberts



Blisters often developed on Ryan's right hand until he began shaving off skin with a surgical scalpel before every game.

pitchers and were too involved in pennant races to experiment with erratic youngsters. In 1971 the Mets traded him to the Angels. "I miss New York because of the big crowds and I miss the endorsements that come when you play there," Ryan says. "Otherwise we were glad to leave. New York isn't our kind of place."

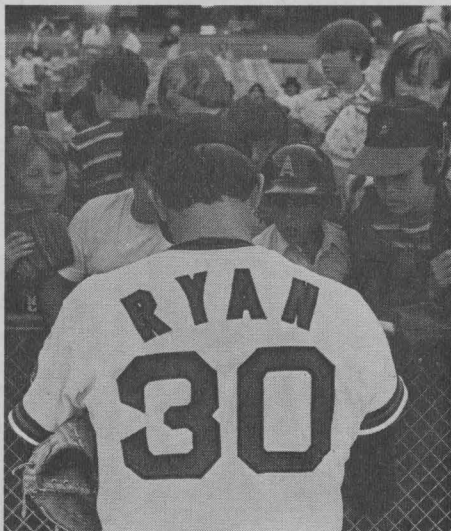
Anaheim, the Angels' home, is hardly the wide open spaces either, and the Ryans are still bothered by the smog. But in his first season with California, given some sage advice from pitching coach Tom Morgan and a chance to work regularly, Ryan won 19 games. He won 21 in 1973 and 22 last season, setting enough strikeout records and drawing enough people into Anaheim Stadium to propel him into the \$125,000 bracket this year.

Ryan still does not have the name recognition of a Tom Seaver or a Catfish Hunter because he pitches for a mediocre team and prefers hunting and working on his cattle ranch off-season to touring the banquet circuit.

But among the players themselves Ryan is already a legend. The Angels' catcher Bob Allietta remembers with awe the first time he caught Ryan this season: "We were playing Oakland and the first pitch Nolie threw to their first batter, Bill North, was a fastball. It made this kind of 'ssssssss' sound as it came up to the plate. The ump called it a strike and North stepped out of the box, just looking down at the ground. Finally he shook his head and then very quietly said, 'Oh, no.'"

RALPH NOVAK

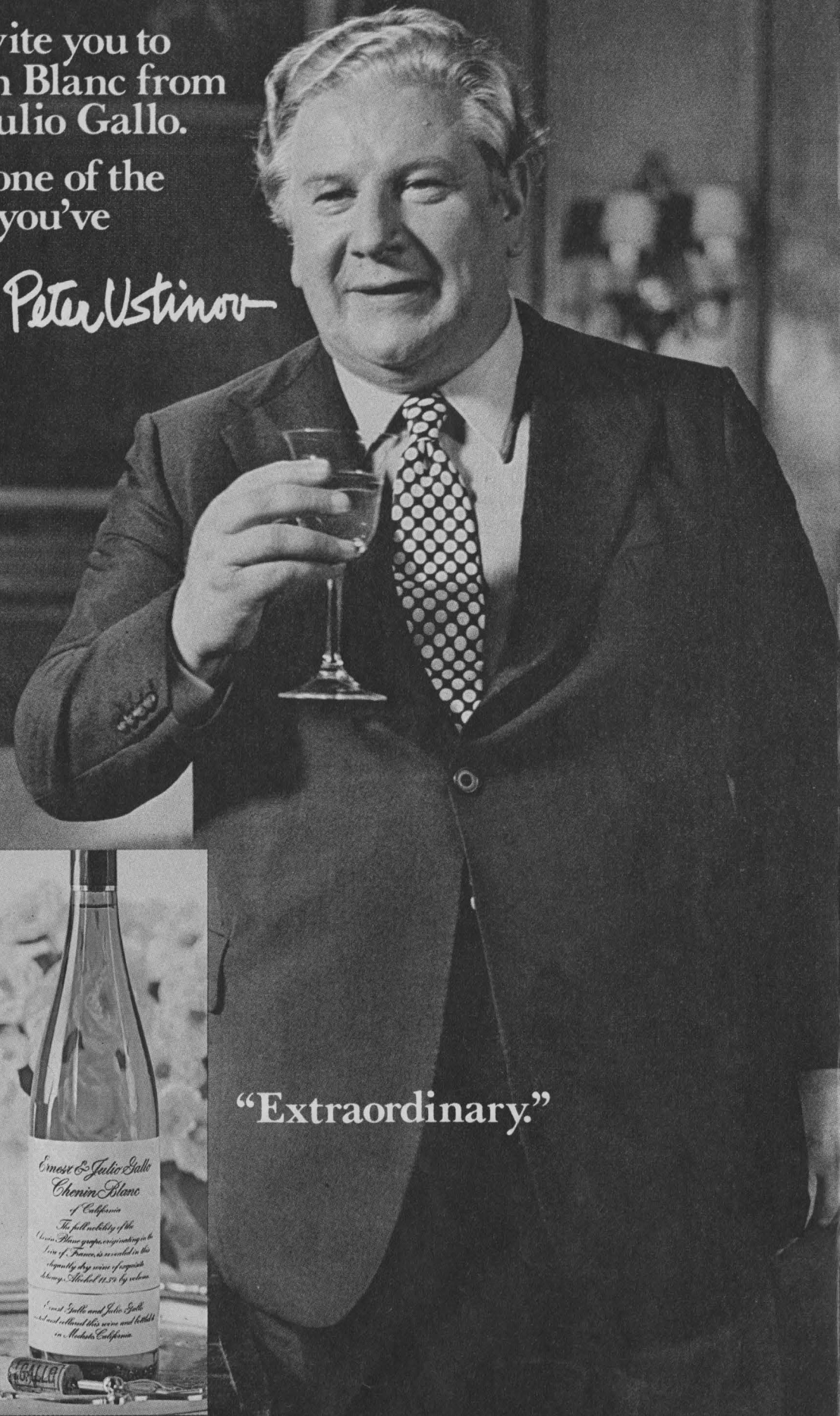
Rivaling Mickey Mouse from neighboring Disneyland as Anaheim's most popular personality, Ryan signs autographs for Angels' home fans.



"Let me invite you to enjoy Chenin Blanc from Ernest and Julio Gallo.

It may be one of the finest wines you've ever tasted."

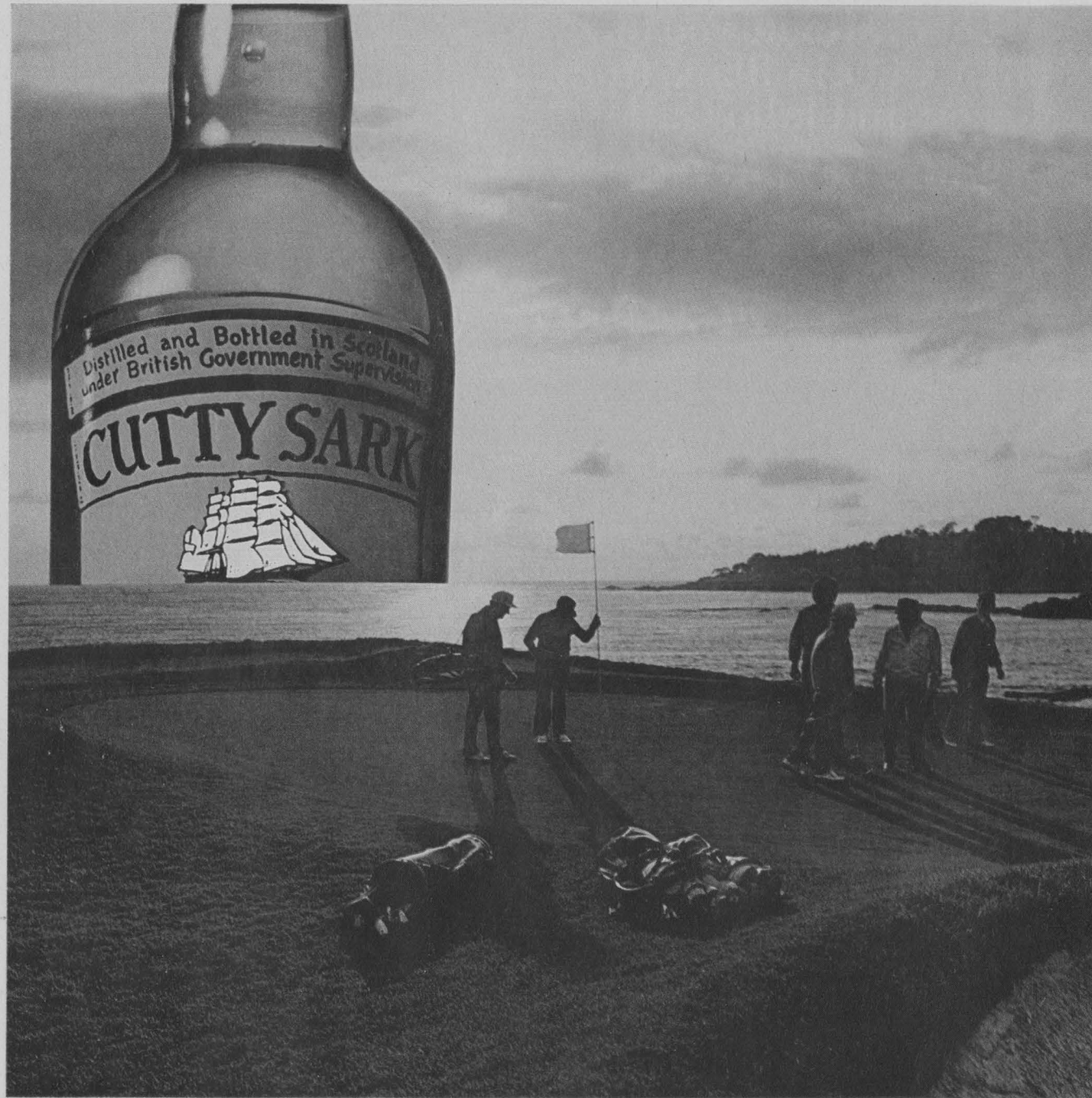
Peter Ustinov



"Extraordinary."

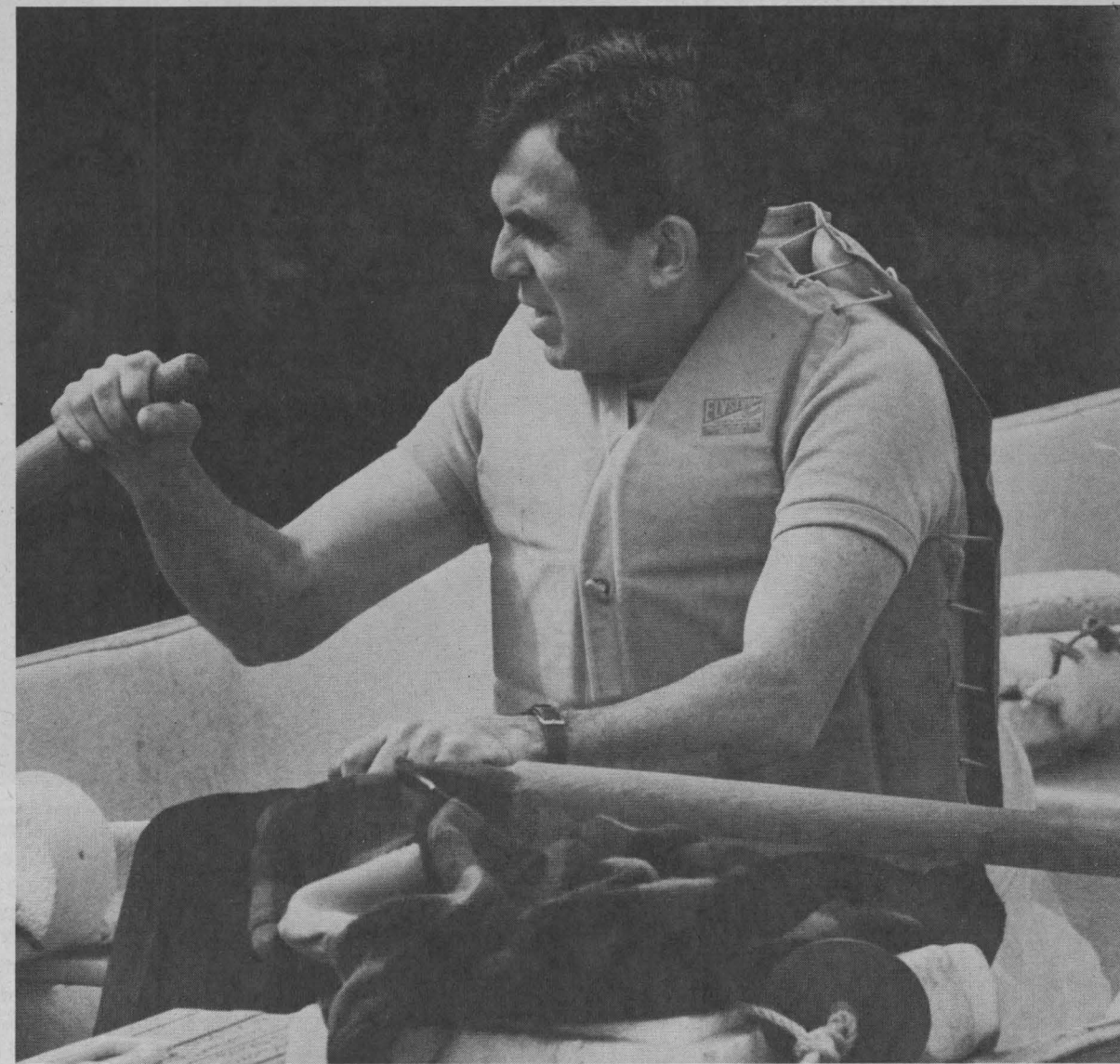


Ernest and Julio Gallo vinted, cellared and bottled these fine California wines in Modesto, California. Ruby Cabernet • Sauvignon Blanc • French Colombard • Chenin Blanc • Zinfandel • Barbera • Riesling • Rose



...and now it's time for a Cutty.

ON THE MOVE



Wearing the kind of life jacket he wants to make mandatory at summer camps, Mitch Kurman rows into Westport harbor for an evening of fishing.

MITCH KURMAN LOSES HIS SON AND TURNS INTO AN ANGRY CRUSADER



Shortly before leaving for camp in 1965, young David Kurman sat for a family snapshot with his mother, Betty, and the dog. Married 29 years, the Kurmans have two daughters, Ruth, 19, a college student, and Miriam, 22, an artist.

The parents of some 10 million U.S. children these days are preparing to ship their sons and daughters to summer camp, confident they will be safe and well cared for. Mitch Kurman, a 54-year-old furniture manufacturer's representative from Westport, Conn., does not share that assumption. Back in 1965, when his only son, David, was 15, Kurman enrolled him in a YMCA camp near Rochester, N.Y. A few weeks later the camp phoned with the terrible news: David's canoe had overturned during an outing in the rugged Maine wilderness. Ignoring a forest ranger's warning, a counselor had taken David and several other boys down the churning west branch of the Penobscot River without life preservers or proper equipment. David's

body was found three days later. Kurman sued and received a \$30,000 settlement. But instead of letting the tragedy fade into the past, Kurman began investigating the circumstances of his son's death. He discovered that the camp industry was governed by virtually no enforceable standards of safety, and that dozens of children—Kurman estimates as many as 100—pay each year with their lives. Clipping newspapers, asking questions, running up phone bills, Kurman painstakingly pieced together a deadly pattern of negligence.

Politically naive, Kurman felt that once legislators knew the problems they would correct them. He found that few politicians would fight a camp safety bill publicly, but getting a law

Photographs by Frank White

A Taste of Paradise.

"Adventures in Paradise" is the new album from the brightest star of the year, Minnie Riperton. "Perfect Angel" established her as a true artist. Her hit "Lovin' You" and her live performances electrified audiences across the country.

Now, "Adventures in Paradise" is here. It's all original Minnie Riperton compositions—each a polished gem.

Listen, and you'll hear the new excitement and unmistakable voice of Minnie Riperton.

"Adventures in Paradise."
Minnie Riperton takes you to heavenly new places.



MINNIE RIPERTON
ADVENTURES IN
PARADISE
Including:
Feelin' That Your Feelin's Right
When It Comes Down To It/Love And Its Glory
Inside My Love/Alone In Brewster Bay

On Epic Records.

EPIC MARCA REG. © 1975 CBS Inc.

Also available on tape

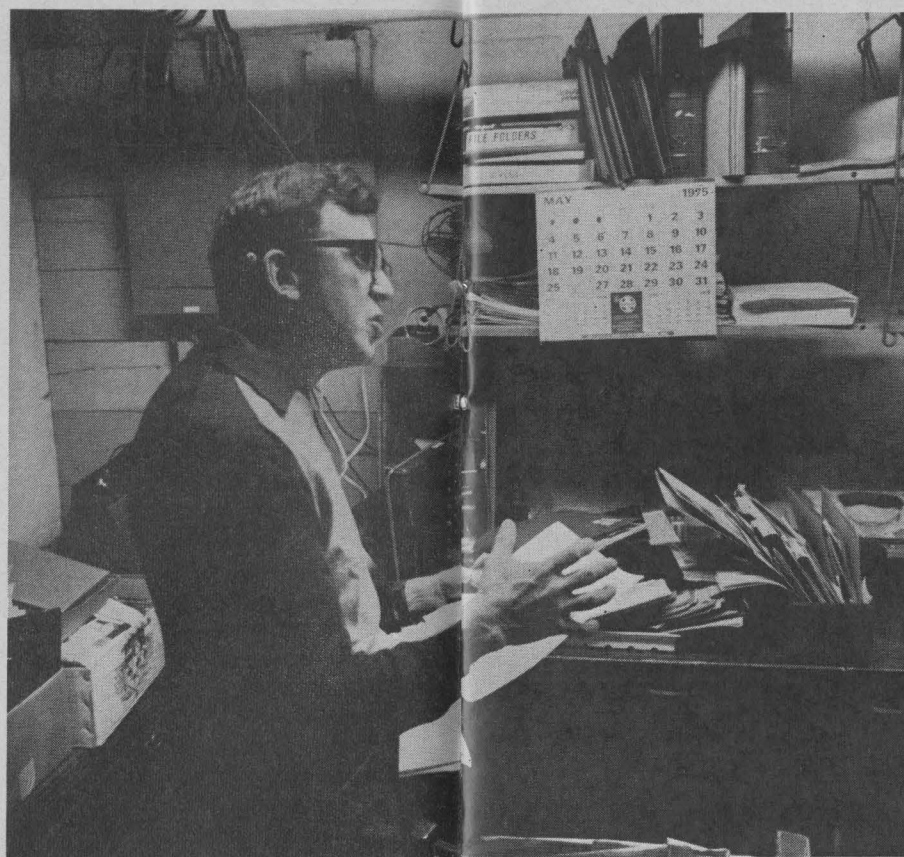
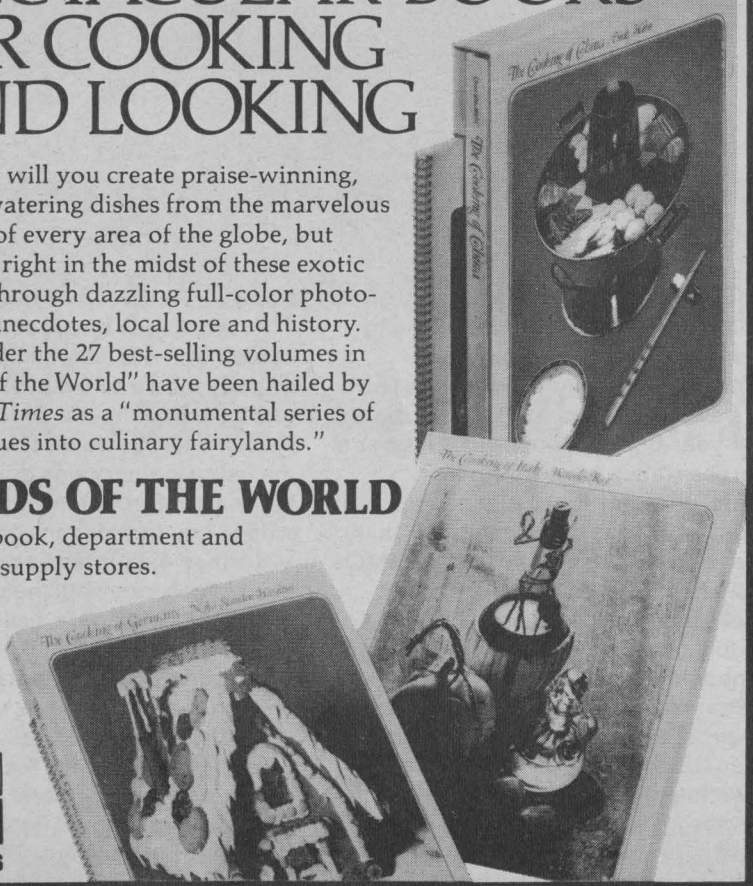
SPECTACULAR BOOKS FOR COOKING AND LOOKING

Not only will you create praise-winning, mouth-watering dishes from the marvelous cuisines of every area of the globe, but you'll be right in the midst of these exotic regions through dazzling full-color photographs, anecdotes, local lore and history. No wonder the 27 best-selling volumes in "Foods of the World" have been hailed by the *N. Y. Times* as a "monumental series of travelogues into culinary fairylands."

FOODS OF THE WORLD

\$8.95 at book, department and gourmet supply stores.

TIME
LIFE
BOOKS



In his basement office cluttered with clippings and files, Kurman carries on his struggle for a Federal camp safety law.

passed was another matter. Legislative lobbying by the camps and their sponsors was often intense. Once, after the New York state assembly overwhelmingly approved a bill requiring life jackets for every passenger in a boat, majority leader Earl Brydges sandbagged the proposal in the state senate. When Kurman drove to the senator's home to ask why, Brydges coldly refused to see him. "I was tempted to take a chair leg and break it over his head," says Kurman, "but I didn't want to hurt the bill's chances."

Eventually a similar bill made it through the next session of the legislature, but only after Kurman went unannounced to then-Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's Pocantico Hills estate ("I like to barge right in," explains Kurman), and later cornered the governor's own Baptist minister. Since then, Kurman has been instrumental in the passage of life preserver laws in four other states, camp safety bills in Connecticut, Maine, New York and New Jersey, and the Federal Boat Safety Act of 1971. But his ultimate goal dangles just out of reach. Since 1968 Kurman has campaigned furiously for a meaningful national camp safety bill—one that would spell out minimum operating and equipment standards—but has been frustrated year

after year. Part of the reason, Kurman suspects, is that the Boy Scouts, while paying lip service to the ideal of safety, have opposed any interference in their camping domain. "I'm convinced," he fumes, "that if they really wanted that law, there wouldn't be five votes in the damned Congress against it." (The Boy Scouts deny Kurman's suspicions.) Earlier this year a bill was passed by the House of Representatives and is expected to come up in the Senate soon, but even if approved there it faces a possible presidential veto. President Ford, as a congressman, often supported the bill, but HEW chief Casper Weinberger believes camp safety should be left to the states.

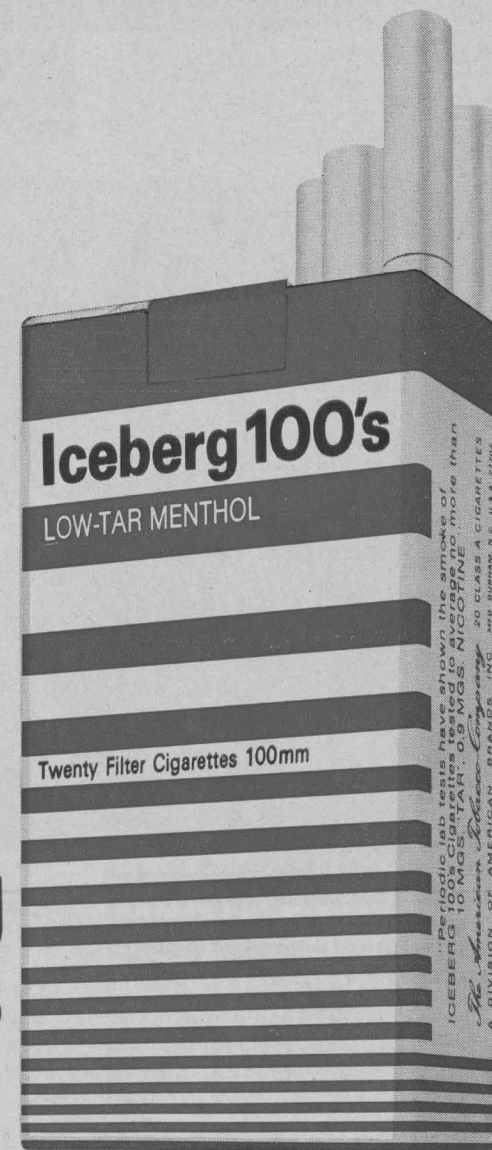
Over the years, Kurman has developed into a skillful, badgering advocate, but has grown weary of political logrolling. "You've got to twist the right arms to get things done," he maintains bitterly. "It's a pathetic, ugly situation." Despite his disenchantment, Kurman will battle on. "I've devoted my life to this," he declares. "I don't believe in putting a tombstone over a kid and saying that's the end."

ROSS DRAKE

Latest U.S. Gov't report shows:

Iceberg 100's lowest tar of all menthol 100's.

The only
menthol 100
under 10 mg. tar.



Iceberg 100's

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

9 mg. "tar", 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

THE BEACH BOYS DON'T MAKE WAVES—JUST MONEY IN THEIR 14TH SUMMER



The year was 1964 and the buttoned-down Beach Boys Al Jardine, Carl and Brian Wilson, and Mike Love were ridin' the crest of their new sound.



The Wilsons' mom, Audrey—a one-time piano teacher—checked out her three sons on their current tour at Anaheim: Dennis (left), Carl (right) and Brian (right of guitar), the group's hermitic genius who finally resurfaced.



The now hirsute Beach "Men" (from left), Mike, Carl and Al, currently touring with Dennis (right) and Carl's brother-in-law, Billy Hinsche. Only Dennis still surfs.

It says right in *Ecclesiastes* that to everything there is a season, and even the blue-eyed kid once called Frankie has slid into the September of his years. So how do the Beach Boys figure, and why has their endless summer—this is their 14th—never ended? Back in 1967, when Jimi Hendrix began to happen, he boasted: "Now we'll never have to listen to surf music again." But Hendrix, tragically, is dead, and the Beach Boys have kept right on shoveling shekels against the tide. Their last two albums—just recyclings of their unique close harmonic sound in search yet again of the perfect wave, Miss California or ecological reform—have gone platinum (1 million LPs). And right now, in conjunction with the jazz-rock group Chicago, the Beach Boys are halfway through 1975's hottest tour this side of the Rolling Stones.

None of this is to suggest that life has been, like their song, all *Fun Fun Fun* for the Beach Boys, now

aged 28 to 34. Brian Wilson, the creative founder of the group, stopped touring in 1964 and went into reclusion, the victim of his own genius, deafness in one ear and the excesses of the '60s. (For the first time in years, he actually joined the group on stage recently in Anaheim and even grabbed a mike, but could not bring himself to sing). Dennis, the second of the three Wilson brothers, was mentioned in the Manson murder trial as a friend of the family and has suffered through two divorces. Carl, the youngest, was busted by the F.B.I. as a draft dodger until he got Conscientious Objector status.

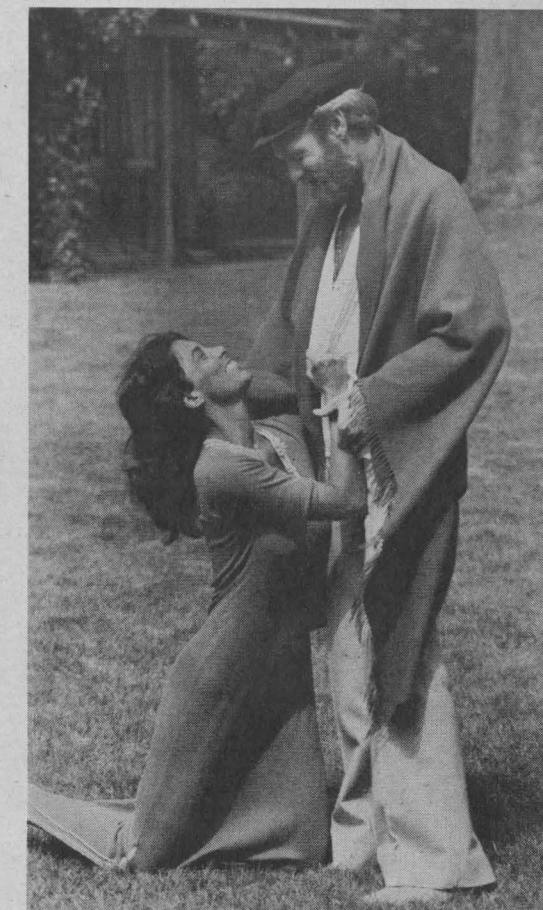
Mike Love, the Wilsons' first cousin, the group's balding lead singer and a personal teacher-trainee of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, has helped clear the family's head with twice-daily transcendental meditations. Though Mike opposes smoking and eating meat, he is into marrying. In one of his three divorces, he charged an unnamed Beach Boy (presumably a fill-in and not one of the Wilsons) as corespondent. Love's fourth marriage will take place

Though thrice burned, Mike Love is being grappled into his fourth marriage by Linda Sue Damon. He has five kids.

when his lady's divorce becomes final. The personal torment in the Beach Boys' lives has been repressed in their art. "It's good music, and we're visibly happy making it," is how Carl Wilson explains the group's cash-box longevity. "In an acute economic and social situation," adds Mike Love, "people appreciate the honest, upbeat nature of our music—it's exuberant, fresh, and uplifting."

The group somehow has managed to stick together without the ego hassles and personnel musical chairs endemic to the industry. The answer, clearly, is that blood is thicker than surf, and that the only charter Beach Boy who wasn't kin, Alan Jardine, played fullback on the Hawthorne (Calif.) High Cougars of which Brian Wilson was quarterback. "You can tell your brother or your cousin that he's a jerk," explains Mike Love, "where you couldn't tell a good friend. You know his strengths and weaknesses, and he

FOR A
SONG



knows yours. And you can't fire your family." The extended Wilson family is unfailingly respectful of one another. The group, for example, discreetly delayed the start of a recent matinee because Audrey Wilson, mother of three Beach Boys and aunt of a fourth, was finishing her lunch.

Now, as another summer approaches and the surf is up, the Beach Boys are not exactly lemminglike. Only Dennis, 30, is still a serious surfer. He appears on-stage shoeless and in bell-bottoms and a tank top and is responsible for the only abrasion between the two groups on the current tour. It seems that his woman is Karen Lamm, ex-wife of Robert Lamm, lyricist of Chicago. Though like his partners, Dennis must, alimony aside, be a millionaire, even he bunks not by the sea but in brother Carl's manse in Beverly Hills. Dennis explains: "Summer rents at the beach are ridiculous."

ROBERT WINDELER

FOR AL & SANDY WILLIAMSON, HAPPINESS IS A HOUSEFUL OF DISTURBED KIDS

Unlike the adoptive parents getting all the media attention these days, Al and Sandy Williamson don't take in Vietnamese orphans. The dozen kids in the Williamsons' household have living (and, presumably, supportive) American mothers and fathers. Yet the children, mostly teenagers, suffer far more shattering emotional problems than even the survivors of war-torn Vietnam. One girl came in scarred by 50 suicidal slash marks. A boy repeatedly hit himself with a lead pipe and leaped out the window when the Williamsons first offered help. Some are catatonic, and a 16-year-old boy arrived recently with the announcement: "I'm a manic-depressive." "What do you do?" Al asked. "I bang my head," the youth replied. "Well, that's crazy and that's stupid," Sandy rejoined. "When are you going to stop it?"

With that kind of up-front honesty (or "reality therapy," to use the professional jargon they avoid), the Williamsons are running one of the nation's most successful treatment centers for schizophrenic adolescents. It is in a home called La Amistad ("friendship" in Spanish), a rambling, yellow frame house in Winter Park, Fla. And in the five years since Al and Sandy took over, they have treated more than 100 residents, and an astonishing 75 percent have, in effect, "stopped it"—a cure rate far higher than that of private therapy or hospitalization. "No one can figure out what's going on," marvels Dr. Steve Jordan, a psychologist on the nonprofit La Amistad foundation board, "but it works."

The household is fixed at six boys and six girls at a time. Parents pay monthly rates ranging from \$500 to \$1,000 (depending on income, except for two covered by grants), and the average stay is only six months. "The Williamsons complement each other beautifully to reach the schizophrenic personality," Dr. Jordan explains. "Sandy worries about the kids all the time and is the organizer, providing the structure they need. Al, on the other hand, is a sort of teddy bear who has a unique combination of warmth and

strength that most guys don't have."

One reason Sandy, who at 30 is 16 years younger (and, at 5'5", two inches taller) than her husband, establishes such immediate rapport with the kids is that, as she says, "There's no problem they can throw at me that I haven't experienced firsthand." Her mother ran a variety of tourist joints and married seven times. Her father was an "alligator poacher" and petty gangster who was murdered in her infancy. Sandy was boarded out to foster homes and after a troubled adolescence fell into a brief, bad first marriage at 18.

Al's upbringing was stable by comparison. Given up for adoption by his poverty-stricken parents, he was raised on a dairy farm in Meridian, Miss. After drifting through a series of jobs, he wound up owning a filling station in Tampa. He met Sandy when she came to work as his bookkeeper (and part-time gas pumper) and later his waitress when he moved on to run hamburger stands. They lived together for three years (he, too, had a failed first marriage and three kids) and moved into a tumbledown, 13-room house near the University of Tampa. They decided not to have children of their own, though Al's still visit frequently. As he puts it, "We'd rather share ourselves with a lot of kids." Sandy continues: "So we let some college students stay with us in exchange for handy work. Eventually the police started bringing by kids who needed a place to stay. We were operating a halfway house then and didn't know it."

They settled at La Amistad after Al noticed a newspaper ad placed by Dr. Joseph Muller, a young psychiatrist convinced that a disturbed personality can be more effectively treated in a homelike atmosphere than in an institution. Though neither Al nor Sandy had a college degree (he's now working on his bachelor's, she on her master's in psychology), Muller selected them from among 34 rival applicants. "We told them we expected to replace them after two years like worn-out parts of a car," he admits.

Sandy explains that since their goal

COUPRES



Photographs by Robert M. Eginton

At La Amistad house in Winter Park, Fla., Al and Sandy Williamson are turning around the lives of emotionally disturbed teenagers.



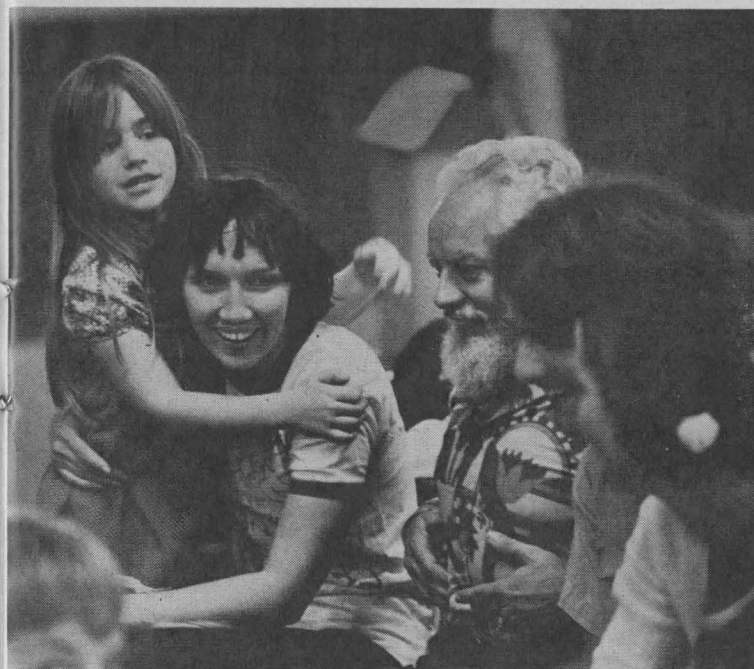
On a field trip to the supermarket, Al eyeballs a bill, which can run as high as \$300, while his "kids" haul off the goods.

is to help the kids get along in society. "We don't let them say they're sick and can't help themselves. We treat everybody as if they were well." The teenagers draw up lists of chores and house rules themselves—drugs and swearing are banned—and rap out their problems in daily "gas" sessions with Al and Sandy. They also attend weekly group therapy meetings with a psychiatrist. Problem makers are publicly labeled "buzzards" and put under the severest restrictions. Lesser offenders, like two quarreling girls, might be sentenced to spend an hour together alone because, Al says, "when there's no audience, they have nothing to do but work out their problems." Yet firmness is tempered with genuine tenderness. At dinner Al mentions to one boy, "The next time you walk down to the store you might invite Fred along. Fred especially needs a friend now."

The La Amistad facilities include a piano, photo lab and poolroom, and the kids keep up a hectic schedule, including roller-skating and even horror movies, which, Sandy says, "help them deal with anxiety." There is almost no TV viewing allowed, though. "I call it the 'lobotomy box,'" says Sandy. "This way they are required to think of something to do on their own." The residents attend regular local schools and are encouraged to date—but never with a housemate. "At the first gleam in someone's eye we lay it on the line," says Al. To encourage contact with outsiders (and to raise funds for an annual six-week trip, usually to Mexico or the western U.S.), the house runs a roadside vegetable stand. Three or four times a year, the Williamsons escape for a vacation alone (this spring it was Morocco). Still, Al has had ulcers for three years, and Sandy's just erupted in February.

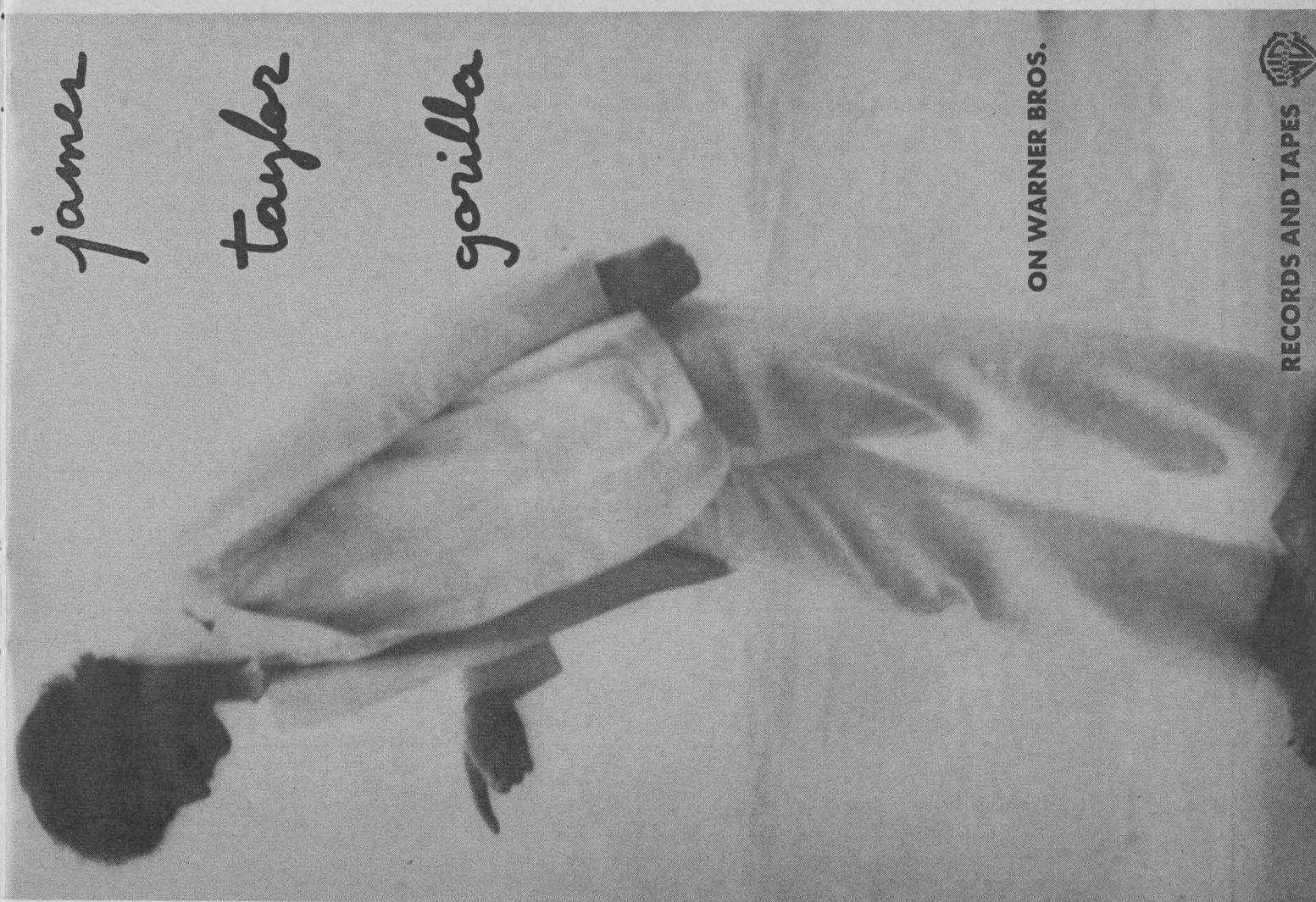
Psychiatrist Muller, the La Amistad founder, practices next door and says for the Williamsons their assignment has been "like going through a war together." His admiration for them is clear: "I think the very best marriage is one that has crises and where people have enough individuality to work things out and grow together." Sandy, obviously speaking for Al too, concurs. "I would rather," she says, "have a worthwhile life with an ulcer than a placid life without one."

SANDRA HINSON



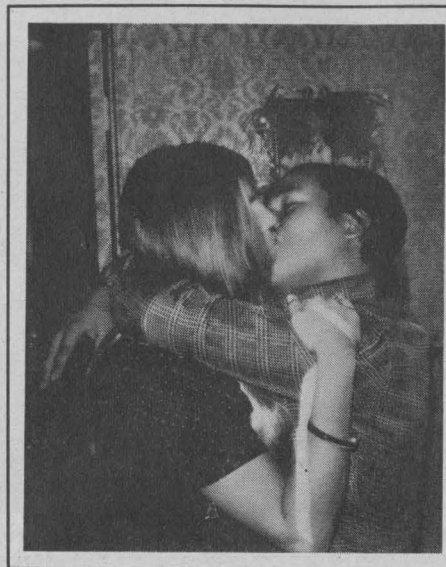
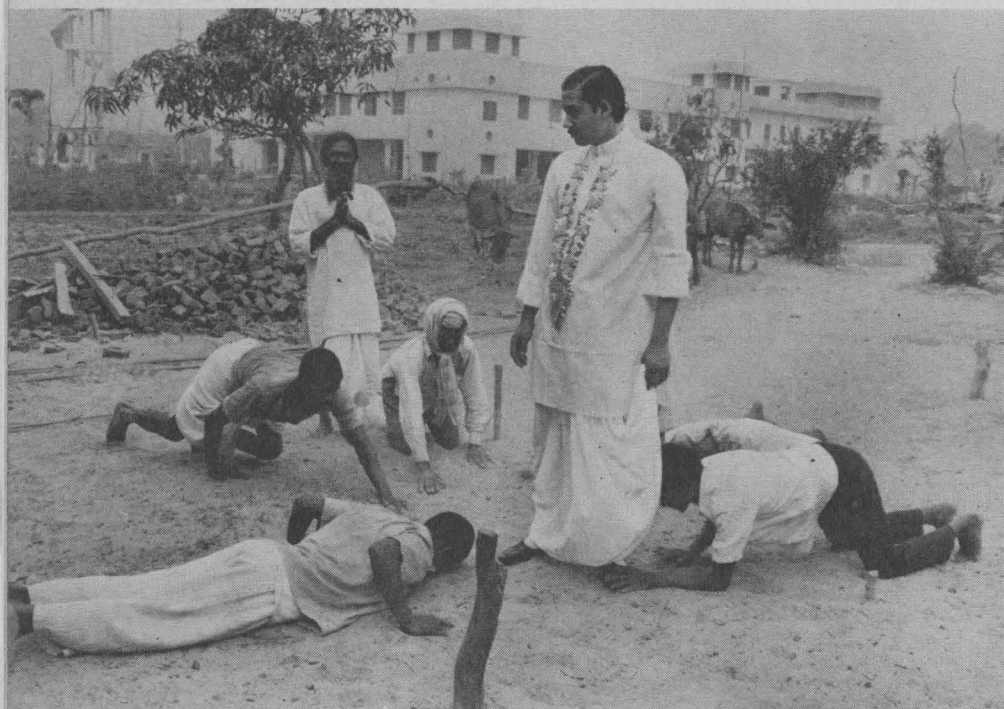
"These kids are my family but not my children," Sandy says. "You would have to create a whole new category of family to label them. It's an emotional attachment that stays after they leave."

Al raps with a young resident in his study. Disoriented kids who wander away are a major problem. One girl moved out before Al thought she was ready and on her 15th try killed herself.



THE TEENAGED GURU FIGHTS HIS BROTHER FOR CONTROL OF THE WEALTHY DIVINE LIGHT MISSION

SPIRIT



This photograph of Guru Maharaj Ji, released by his brother, spurred a fight between them that ended up in court.

Devotees prostrate themselves before Bal Bhagwanji, who seeks to replace his brother as leader of the Mission.

Gurus have feelings too. So it was embarrassing for the pudgy, 17-year-old Guru Maharaj Ji, better known as the Lord of the Universe to followers of the Divine Light Mission, when he appeared on the recent cover of an Indian magazine, passionately embracing an unidentified woman.

As it happened, the picture had been planted by the guru's older brother and rival, Bal Bhagwanji, in their latest skirmish for control of the Divine Light Mission. The guru, who said the woman was his wife, retaliated with a photograph of his brother and an attractive girl cuddling up at a table that appears to be a fake. Tempers boiled, the brothers brought legal charges against each other and wound up in a New Delhi court. That settled nothing. Scolded by the judge who refused to hear the case, the brothers were warned to settle their family differences before "the whole of Mother India is injured and maligned abroad."

The fiasco of the photos was an outgrowth of a feud between the guru and his "revered mother," or Mataji. Upon the death of her husband, the

mission's founder, in 1966, she endorsed her youngest son, then 8, as "Perfect Master." The fledgling divine journeyed abroad, expanding the mission throughout the world, especially in the U.S. Divine Light has 150 branches and a reported 50,000 disciples in this country, not to mention an estimated \$3-million annual budget.

In 1973, with the help of American advisors, Maharaj Ji took over control of the U.S. empire, straining family ties. His mother was further offended last year when he married his American secretary, Marolyn Johnson, eight years his senior, and outraged when portraits of the newlyweds began replacing her own picture in U.S. *ashrams*, or retreat houses.

In April his mother announced that Maharaj Ji had been corrupted by Western ways. He had strayed from the holy Hindu path, she lamented, eating meat, drinking liquor and frittering away his time in nightclubs. She declared that she was turning over the spiritual leadership of the Mission to her older son, Bal Bhagwanji. He says he consulted astrologers to dis-

cover what the future held for his younger brother. Not much, it turned out. All his life's work would be accomplished by the time he was 16, the astrologers said—that is, a year ago—and the boy would probably get married three times. Maharaj Ji indignantly replied that gurus are born and not made: "I cannot be thrown away for any reason whatsoever." Accompanied by his wife and several Mission officials, he left his plush \$80,000 home in Denver, now headquarters of the movement in this country, to travel to India. He anticipated no real difficulty in recapturing his position—and some five million Indian followers—but his efforts were frustrated.

In some cities Indian officials denied him permission to hold public rallies. Then the legal problems developed. Finally the unhappy guru returned to the U.S., but not before he and 40 disciples stormed the New Delhi premises

Until challenged by his brother, the Maharaj Ji guided the spiritual life of some eight million followers as "Perfect Master" of the Divine Light Mission.

Photographs by Baldev



of the Divine Light Mission in protest and occupied it for 30 minutes.

Meanwhile, the Revered Mother was ill in Dehra Dun, north of New Delhi, with a diabetic condition worsened by the struggle between her sons. American followers of the Guru Maharaj Ji appear unshaken in their faith. "We are confident he has everything under control," says Joe Ancil, the guru's press secretary in Denver. According to Ancil, the publicity resulting from the family feud has had its advantages. Non-devotees in America have displayed renewed fascination with the guru's teachings, the P.R. man says, and are turning out in record numbers to hear and praise the "discourses" of The Perfect Master. □



In Miami recently, Guru Maharaj Ji posed serenely with his wife, Marolyn, and their 3-month-old daughter, Premlata.

Mataji, at the Indian headquarters of the Mission at Hardwar, has been ill with diabetes since the feud worsened.



© BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP. "Little Tramp" © Bubbles, Inc.

TRAMPS THE GENTLE SMOKE

Menthol or Regular

Tramps cigarettes... Buy 'Em or Bum 'Em. Whichever way you get your hands on Tramps, you can't help noticing some things. They're nice. They're lovable. They're also brown and white. The brown part is where the nice, rich tobacco taste comes from.

The white part is a neat white filter that gives Tramps its gentle taste. That's Tramps. With a combination like that how can you lose? Whether you buy 'em or bum 'em. Gentle Tramps.

BUY 'EM OR BUM 'EM

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

Regular, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine; menthol, 16 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Give your gin and tonic the same advantage you give your martini.



Beefeater® Gin. Since 1820, the same family, the same formula, the same identifiable excellence.

IMPORTED FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, N.Y. N.Y. 94 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS



Why it pays to shop at The Insurance Store.

Today, buying insurance is like buying a new house or a car. It pays to shop and compare. Because insurance companies don't all charge the same rates. And insurance policies don't all provide the same coverage. But by shopping— you can both save money and get the best protection.

Introducing One-stop Insurance Shopping.

Now there's a new easy way to do all your insurance shopping. Simply visit The Insurance Store. With one stop, you can find any and every kind of insurance you need. You save time. Save money on low prices. And get the right coverage.

Special Departments for Special Needs.

- Beat Dept.
- Auto Dept.
- Life Dept.
- Commercial Dept.

At The Insurance Store, insurance is our main business. Not just a sideline. So the entire store is filled with insurance. In fact, many Insurance Stores have even set up special departments for all the different kinds of insurance they sell. Including homeowners, automobile, marine, health, life, theft, liability, bond, aviation, and business insurance.

Within each department, you'll find a wide variety of insurance policies and prices. So when you shop at The Insurance Store, you can always select. You don't have to merely settle.

Your Choice of Leading Brands—including Continental Insurance.

At The Insurance Store, you'll also find a wide variety of insurance companies. Some specialize in low price. Others, in broader coverage.



But we at Continental offer a combination of both. For example, consider our unique PCP Plan, the all-in-one plan. It lets you combine separate policies on your home, your car, and yourself all into one neat little package that actually gives you more insurance coverage for your insurance dollar.

Save with Low Prices and Exact Coverage.

You don't have to know a lot about insurance at The Insurance Store. Because the trained professionals there do.

They can tell you if you have the right policy. Or not.



If you have too much coverage. Or too little.

And, quite often, by recommending the exact policy and coverage you need—they can save you money in the process.

24-hour Service.

At The Insurance Store, we service

what we sell. Let's say you buy a Continental Insurance automobile policy.

You automatically get 24-hour toll-free Dial-A-Claim Service.

It's backed by over 1600 claims adjusters located throughout the U.S. and Canada.



So anytime, anywhere you need help, help is always nearby.

What's Best for You.

Every Insurance Store is owned and operated by an independent insurance agent.

Unlike agents who represent Allstate or State Farm only, independent agents are beholden to no one insurance company. Including Continental.

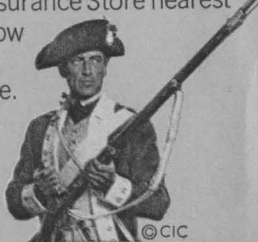
And so if the company with which they place your insurance doesn't do what's best for you, they're free to switch their insurance to another company which will.

That gives them tremendous leverage to use on your behalf. And use it they do.

Over 16,000 Locations to Serve You.

For the name and address of the agent who operates The Insurance Store nearest you, just see the Yellow Pages under Continental Insurance.

Need insurance? Shop and save at The Insurance Store.



Continental Insurance
featured at
The Insurance Store

The Insurance Store is a service mark of The Continental Insurance Company.



BIO

On the steps of his globe-girdling Convair, World Airlines boss Ed Daly reconnoiters his Oakland, Calif. home base.

HEROES OF THE VIETNAM ORPHAN LIFT: HIGH-FLYING ED DALY AND HIS WORLD AIRLINES

During the *Ice Capades* at the Oakland Coliseum recently, four blue-white spotlights followed a remarkably buxom woman as she skated unsteadily across the ice. Would she stop short of the barrier? THUNK! WHIZZ! And she flew bottom over bosom smack into the lap of a silver-haired gentleman in the front row. As she struggled to get away, the gentleman, as cool as the ice, ripped off her crimson skirt. The "lady" turned out to be a man! And the gentleman, who that night was hosting

3,000 crippled children and orphans whose laughter echoed down from the peanut gallery, was Edward J. Daly. The fact is that Daly is often surrounded by kids he is trying to help. But the world remembers him in a much different setting. Just a few weeks earlier, Danang Airport was surrounded by Vietcong, and 1,000 South Vietnamese men, women, children and soldiers were desperate to board the last aircraft to sanctuary in Saigon. With a .38 revolver in his hand

and a measure of booze under his belt, Daly—president and chairman of World Airways—pushed his boot into the face of a soldier who had just elbowed an old woman off the ramp of the taxiing jet. Then he laid out another soldier with a right cross. The World Airways plane, overloaded and damaged by a grenade, limped back to Saigon. For his effort to perform an act of humanity, Ed Daly received (besides a bruised kidney, loosened teeth and a chewed-up and bleeding forearm) rep-



On the patio at his lavish home in Orinda, Calif., Daly unwinds with the help of his dogs. Indoors he's a pool shark.

rimands from AID and the U.S. embassy, who had ordered him not to fly to Danang. But Ed Daly does not listen well to what he does not want to hear. After two days of roistering R&R, he alerted his crew that it was time to move out some orphans. Stopped at the Saigon airport by red tape that smacked of official recrimination, Daly herded the squalling babies aboard a DC-8 anyway. Even though the runway lights were extinguished and permission to leave denied, the plane took off for Japan. When the pilot radioed for landing instructions, the tower operator told him, "Gee, you can't land here, because you never left there. So welcome to Yokota!"

Daly is a 52-year-old, florid-faced man with a gruff voice and the demeanor of a movie tough guy. He is partial to garish outfits and straight talk. He has been described as cruel, kind, ego-maniacal, generous, humane, impulsive, a savior, a hero and a boor. The rare few who have had a glimpse into his life-style know that he is a very rich man—with a self-made fortune that tops out at around \$200 million—as well as a generous one to causes which interest him. According to the *Wall Street Journal*, World Airways—of which Daly owns 80.6% and rules the whole with a clenched fist—is the most profitable airline in the country. (In 1974 World had a net profit of \$20 million on \$100 million gross business. Daly insists it is the *only* profitable airline in the world.) He is an extremely complex man whose flamboyant business tactics carry over into his private life. Daly has been known to disappear for days, running the airline via long-distance telephone and Telex. And since his last spectacular exit from Vietnam, he has

hidden behind a screen of awed, loyal executives, successfully avoiding scores of insistent talk-show hosts, moviemakers and journalists. Why? "I'm tired," Daly says, as he brushes the lapel of his cerise safari suit and slips two pearl onions off the toothpick from his double Gibson. "And I resent being depicted as a heavy drinker." He smiles slightly and leans against a private bar stocked with fine spirits and Waterford crystal sufficient to slake the High King of Ireland. "I don't like the idea of reading that I was reared in poverty, either. And I'm not a hero. I'm a catalyst. None of those bureaucratic bums in Saigon or Washington would have gotten off their butts if someone hadn't defied them and gone in after the refugees and orphans."

All that might possibly be true. Other things are certain: in just 25 years, Edward J. Daly, son of a Southside Chicago fireman, has built a debt-ridden business into the largest nonscheduled airline in the world. (It is also the third largest U.S. air carrier operating worldwide.) Daly has repeatedly pushed Congress for innovative types of low-cost mass air transportation, while advising the State Department on foreign policy objectives in the field.

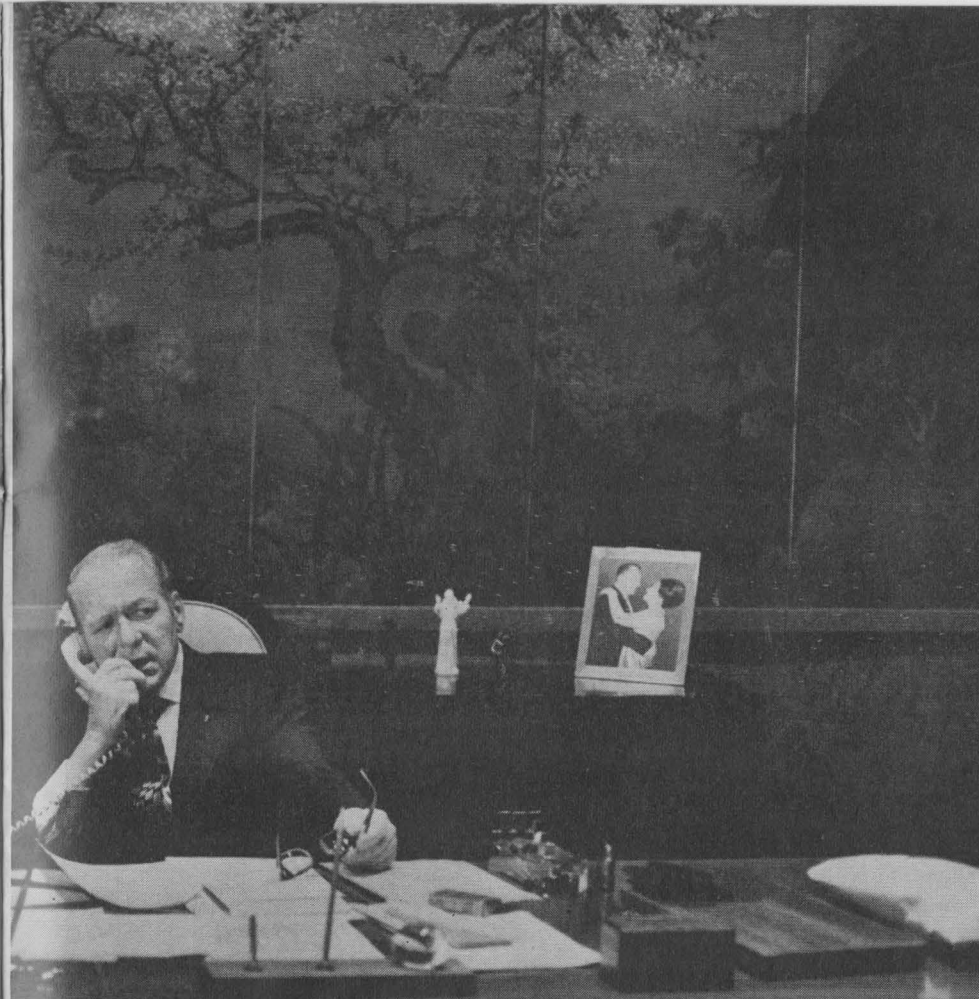
"I started this industry," says Daly of supplemental air carriers, with a familiar lapse of humility. "I founded and developed it." No one who knows the business and Daly's involvement in it will gainsay his claim.

When Ed Daly was 15 his father died, leaving a widow with four children to support. "Things did get a little tough



Daly takes a call from the Pentagon in front of a magnificent 18th-century Japanese screen in his Oakland office.

then," recalls Daly with uncharacteristic wistfulness. "I worked in the summers at stoop labor, topping onions, things like that." Daly was studying for a degree in chemical engineering at the University of Illinois, boxing semi-pro and running a truck line on the side, when he joined the Army. During the war he served as a tech sergeant in the Marshall Islands. After it, Daly took a job in a Los Angeles bank and became involved in the new business of air freight and air cargo. But he was eager for something "big" of his own. At 27, he raised \$50,000 ("We think it was in a poker game," says Brian Cooke, his executive v.p. and closest aide) and bought World Airways, Inc. The little company had two leased war-surplus planes and "\$250,000 worth of liabilities." Determined to expand his fleet, but short of funds, Daly bought a fire-gutted cargo plane hangared at an R.A.F. base outside London. The price was a mere \$75,000—one-tenth of what a serviceable model would have cost—but could it be fixed to fly? After 93 days of work in a brutal winter, Daly (unable to find nearby accommodations, he lived in a rented limousine), his one engineer and several local mechanics had the bird in the air. Six years later, after 18,000



Outside a motel at Hayward, Calif., Daly visits with Vietnamese refugee children partially supported by his airline.



profitable flying hours, Daly sold the plane for \$175,000.

Ed Daly's obsessive drive has produced a continuing series of business successes, as well as profound fatigue among his harried executives. "Mr. Daly," says Cooke, "may not know or care what time of day or night it is,

but he knows and lives this business and expects us to."

World first hit big money by capturing some lucrative military and cargo contracts in 1956. Daly retired his original war-surplus planes and replaced them with two more that were bigger and newer. The new equipment



Lyndon Johnson hosted Violet June Daly (left) and her husband at the LBJ Ranch after he left office in 1968.

and some lobbying brought World a contract to service military bases throughout the Pacific. Daly moved his company from New Jersey to Oakland, Calif. Shortly after evacuating Freedom Fighters from Hungary in the abortive 1956 revolution, he was awarded a contract by the Military Air Transport Service for daily passenger and cargo operations between Japan and the Philippines. He bought two more planes and snatched another plum—flying shuttles in support of U.S. missile programs.

Daly's progress up the graph of the airline industry is unprecedented and unrelieved in its steepness. Out of 60 applicants, World was one of the 12 original supplemental air carriers certified by the Civil Aeronautics Board, and when the nonsked group was permitted to fly commercial charters, Daly went all jet. He quickly made headlines by conquering the monstrous logistics of flying 5,610 Chevrolet salesmen and their wives from 35 different cities to the New York World's Fair, then to Nassau and back home. When a Boston tour packager went bankrupt and stranded 1,200 tourists in Miami and Hawaii, Daly, though not liable, flew everyone home. Furthermore, he gave them \$152,000 in refunds from his own pocket in order to protect the reputation of nonscheduled airlines.

Though an unabashed hustler, Daly has nonetheless fooled people with some of his moves. When the Vietnam war was beginning to wind upwards in 1965, Daly began to cut down on his military deals. He wanted more commercial business. He bought the 94-branch First Western Bank in 1968 for \$63.5 million and sold it six years later, to Lloyd's of London for \$115 million. Then Daly invested \$2.5 million in

equipment for a mammoth aircraft maintenance complex at Oakland Airport where his crew of 400 specialists diagnose and repair planes from most of the world's major fleets. Now Daly is buying hotels in Jordan.

World Airways has 150 crew members and 330 flight attendants who fly and serve 14 jets and one lumbering but luxurious prop-driven Convair. Besides flying Daly and his retinue around the world on business, the Convair

has been seen lifting off at odd hours for Lake Tahoe, where Daly has a home, or for London, where his 110-foot converted show barge, *Astoria*, is docked in the Thames near Hampton Court.

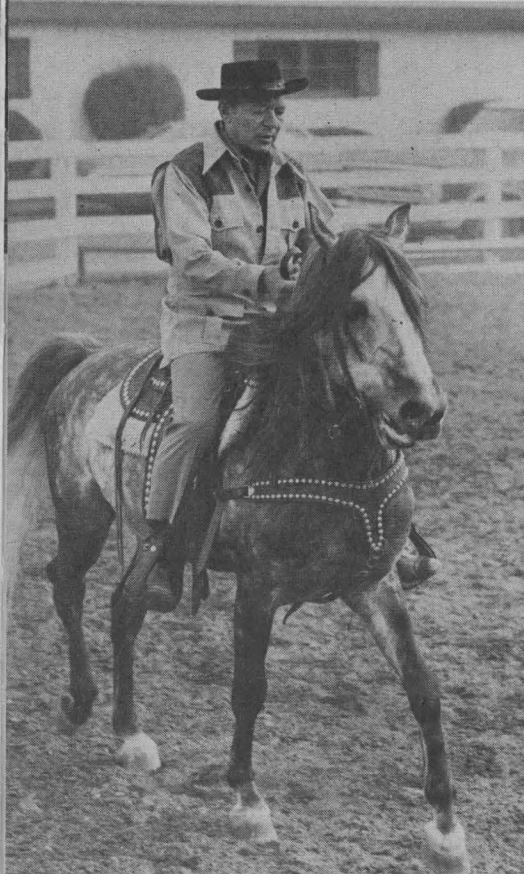
Daly has accumulated a lot, but he has also given a great deal away—time and money and, though he would be gruff about it, concern. For years he has been heavily involved in Oakland causes and organizations, from the Pop Warner Little Scholars to the United Negro College Fund. He was Grand Marshal of San Francisco's St. Patrick's Day parade in 1972. (He celebrated with a \$10,000 party, which Charlie Finley, the parsimonious Oakland A's owner, refused to match when he was similarly honored the next year.) Daly provided a plane for Bob Hope's USO tour of Alaska on the condition that Hope would arrange with the military for Daly to be at the controls of a Phantom jet when it broke Mach 2. (He was.)

Besides being a contributor to the University of Santa Clara, Daly has established large scholarship funds in Korea, Mali and Jordan and probably elsewhere. (He won't talk about them.) On one occasion, when Daly couldn't rouse a sleeping priest in Saigon to give him a check for his parish, he impetuously offered the \$10,000 to a Seventh Day Adventist hospital. Daly's recent costs in Vietnam—beyond a profound disappointment with the U.S. government and fines from the Immigration Service totaling \$243,000—were close to \$2 million for the refugee and orphan flights, and he paid for them personally. "God knows," Daly admits, "how much I'll probably lose in government contracts for taking decisive action." On the day after Daly's un-

sanctioned Vietnam orphan flight, World Airways took full-page newspaper ads proposing a radical "no-restrictions, coast-to-coast fare of \$89"—half that of the scheduled airlines. American and TWA immediately opposed the motion, while Northwest, the only other coast-to-coast carrier, asked for a hearing before replying. The Department of Justice wants the hearing, as do several other federal and state agencies, though Daly hopes it will be the consumers who finally decide the matter. As unlikely as the personality combination may seem, consumer advocate Ralph Nader is in Ed Daly's corner.

On a recent Saturday Daly was in his sumptuous executive suite. The directors of his company (except for his wife, Violet June, who was in Spain with their married daughter) were there too, reading Xerox copies of a news report. "Approximately 42,000 refugees," it said, "nuns, priests, children, primarily Catholics and former North Vietnamese who defected to the South, are on Phuquoc Island which is claimed by North Vietnam." Behind his massive desk Daly spoke softly but authoritatively. His interests were immediately practical: "We need to know exactly where on the island the two battalions of Vietcong are located, what sort of weapons they have." Daly usually wears open shirts and has a nervous habit of fingering the two talismans he wears around his neck, a medal from the Pope and a miniature revolver. This day he was in uncharacteristic shirt and tie. His only show of nerves was to whip off his glasses. "We need maps," he said emphatically, "if there's a deep-water port, and we can get some air cover and ships. . ."

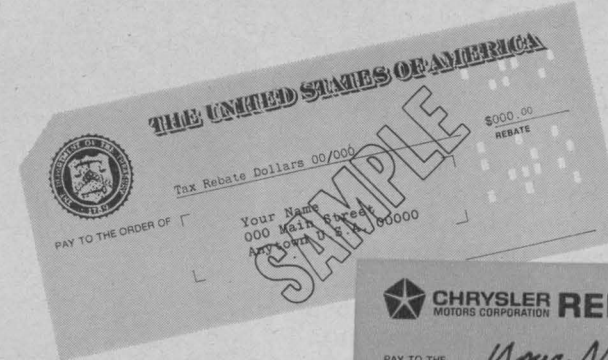
HARRY MINETREE



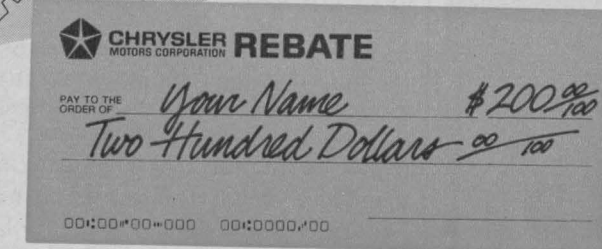
On Borak, a 6-year-old Arabian stallion given him by King Hussein of Jordan, Daly works out, then cheerfully endures a dumping by the high-spirited mount.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION WANTS YOUR TAX REBATE TO GO FARTHER.



Your tax rebate check
—up to \$200.



Your second check from Chrysler Corporation
—for a full \$200.

You don't have to wait for your tax rebate check to take advantage of Chrysler's additional \$200 rebate—a limited time offer on our new Darts, Dusters and Valiants.

All you have to do is go down to your Chrysler-Plymouth or Dodge dealer and buy or lease one of our new 1975 top-rated Dodge Darts, Plymouth Dusters or Valiants. You make your best deal with the dealer. Then, we'll send you a \$200 rebate straight from Chrysler Corporation.

Our top-rated Dodge Darts, Plymouth Dusters and Valiants help your dollar go farther, too.

Our cars are number one in most of the things you're looking for in a compact. Take gas mileage.

According to test results published in EPA's Buyers Guide, Valiant and Dart 6's got better gas mileage in city and highway driving than the most popular 6's offered by Chrysler's major competitors.

Dart and Valiant two-door hardtops and four-door sedans are the roomiest in their class, according to Automotive Industries' Roominess Index. And they have the biggest trunk space. We build value into every one of our compacts.

There's still more.

Dodge and Chrysler-Plymouth dealers also have available special cash allowances that they can pass on to you right now on other models of our great cars.

And here's "The Clincher!"

For the first 12 months of use, any Chrysler Motors Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts or labor, any part of our 1975 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves defective in normal use, *regardless of mileage*. The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.

SEE YOUR DODGE OR CHRYSLER-PLYMOUTH DEALER TODAY.

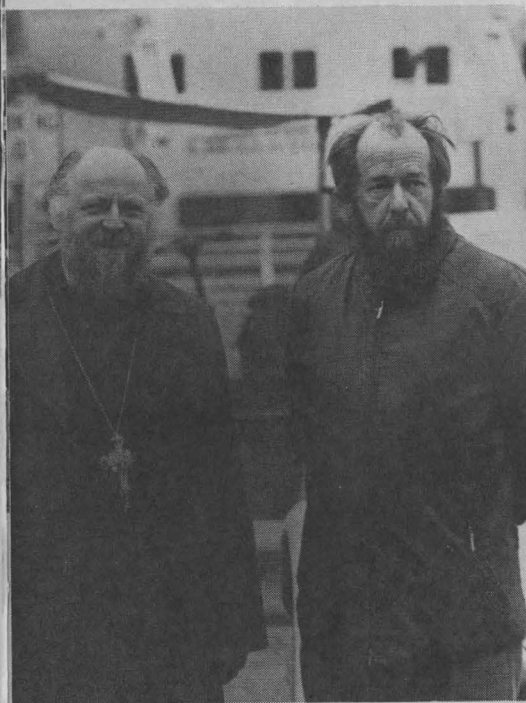


**CHRYSLER
CORPORATION**



Offer limited one to a customer at participating Dodge or Chrysler-Plymouth dealers. Retail customers only. Offer also limited to vehicles in dealer or factory inventory.

STAR TRACKS



JOHN RUHL

Almost home <

For exiled Soviet writer Alexander Solzhenitsyn, it was his first visit to the U.S. His view was not of the Statue of Liberty but of some turf very much like home. His Russian roots impelled him to Alaska, until 1867 a Russian colony and separated by only one mile from the U.S.S.R. Guided about Juneau by Father Cyril Bulashevich of St. Nicholas Russian Orthodox Church in Exile, Solzhenitsyn, who is now living in Canada, practiced his English. Corrected at one point by his wife, he tossed her a small Russian-English dictionary. She was right.

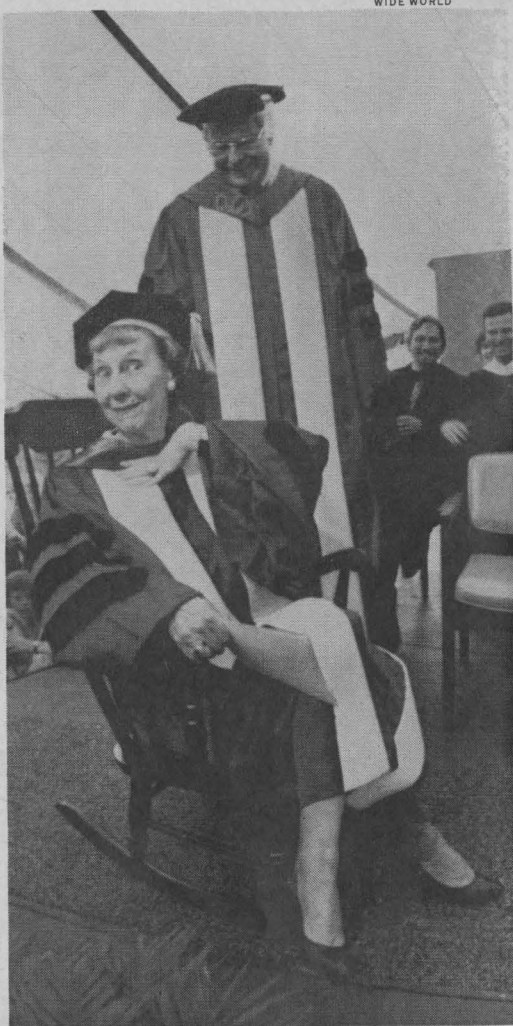


WIDE WORLD

The Daley habit ^

When Chicago Mayor Richard Daley's son got married, it had to be, politically if not romantically, the wedding of the year. But getting to the church on time was not easy. Some weeks back the Chicago press rudely identified the bride, Mary Lou Briatta, as the daughter of a reputed gambling

boss. Then, outside a big prenuptial celebration, *Sun-Times* cartoonist Bill Mauldin was beaten up while photographing the politicians' double-parked cars. The heat was on, so the wedding was moved up a month, the church changed, and Hizzoner gave reporters the slip. No problem for the bride, though. She arrived in a Chicago fire department official's limousine.



WIDE WORLD

Rockin' Mamie ^

After a year of illness and semiseclusion on her 190-acre Gettysburg, Pa. farm, Mamie Eisenhower, 78, emerged last week looking chipper to receive a gift from the senior class at Eisenhower College in Seneca Falls, N.Y. It was the school's fourth commencement, and the high point of the ceremony came when she was presented with the first Alumni Rocking Chair. Nothing fazed, Mamie promptly showed that as a chairperson she's a super-rocker.



DAVID STEEN/SCOPE FEATURES

Britt with Rod ^

One of London's more colorful—and flamboyantly dressed—pop-rock stars, Rod Stewart lost little time in shedding his threads when he arrived in Los Angeles, the better to soak up the sun and cozy up to 31-year-old actress Britt Eklund. While Rod, 30, and The Faces cut a new album, Britt, once married to Peter Sellers, rhapsodized about Rod. "I know people didn't expect our relationship to last," she says, "but we've just celebrated our two months' anniversary."



WIDE WORLD

Pelé returns <

Waving to a cheering crowd watching the New York Cosmos play the Vancouver Whitecaps, Brazil's soccer king Pelé has every reason to cheer back. Last year Pelé turned down a request from the government of Brazil to play in the World Cup Competition—and Brazil lost the cup. Now Pelé has undergone a change of heart—and pocketbook—and will end his retirement by accepting a three-year contract to play for the Cosmos. The reported terms: a cool \$7 million—which even in Brazilian cruzeiros is *muito dinheiro*.

now
perma
grip®

denture adhesive
cream



resists bacterial growth and
provides strong holding power
available in 1.5 oz and 2.5 oz

Perma-Grip Denture Adhesive Cream is acceptable as a temporary measure to provide increased retention of dentures. However, ill-fitting dentures may impair your health. Consult your dentist for periodic examination.

Council on Dental Materials and
Devices—American Dental Association

save 15¢

Save 15¢ on your next purchase
with this coupon!

Perma-Grip Denture Adhesive Cream



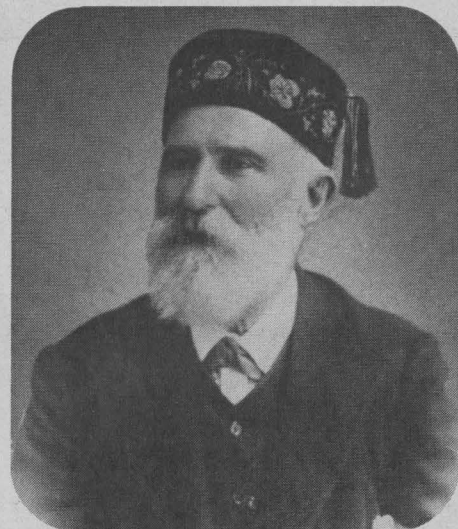
To the Dealer: As our agent, accept this coupon for 15¢ of the purchase of any Perma-Grip Denture Adhesive Cream. Coupons must be mailed to Perma-Grip Denture Adhesive Cream, Warner-Lambert Company, PO Box 1737, Clinton, Iowa, 52732, for redemption at 15¢ and 5¢ handling charge. This offer is void in any state or locality prohibiting, licensing or regulating these coupons. The consumer must pay any sales tax included. Limit one coupon per family. Good only in U.S.A. Cash value 1/20 of 1¢.

Fraud Clause: Any other application of this coupon constitutes fraud. Invoice proving purchase within the last 90 days, of sufficient stock to cover coupons presented for redemption, must be made available upon request.

(Expires December 31, 1975) Warner-Lambert Company WLP-75



Coppola's maternal great-grandmother, Rafaela Pennino, inspired the song *Senza Mamma* (Without Mama) used in *The Godfather Part II*.



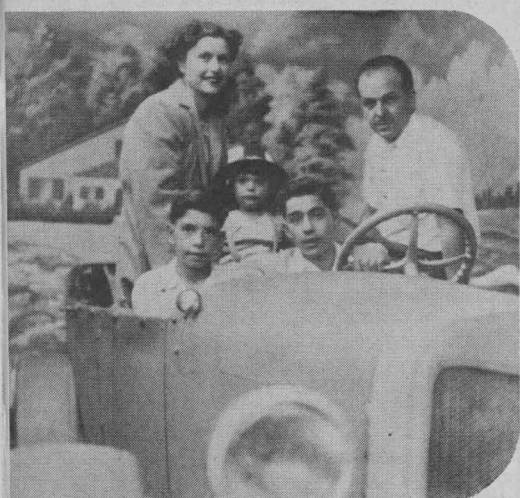
Francis' maternal great-grandfather, Luigi, a wealthy businessman, originally opposed his daughter's marriage to composer Pennino.



At 16 Italia, Coppola's mother, visited Italy with her parents. "If you don't fall in love with it," said Papa, "you can change your name."



Coppola's dashing father, Carmine, struck this peacock pose with his mother, Maria, and father, August. They arrived at Ellis Island in 1906.



Celebrating Carmine's birthday in 1949, the family posed in a mock car at Coney Island with older brother, August, at the wheel.



JULIAN WASSER

Nobody in my family will ever be in the movies.

So decreed Francesco Pennino after emigrating from Italy in 1905 to follow his friend Caruso (whom he sometimes accompanied on the piano) and to become a composer-lyricist in his own right and proprietor of a legitimate theater in Brooklyn. The edict was directed at his daughter Italia when she was offered a film role in Pennino's native land. She dutifully declined and married Carmine Coppola, who became Toscanini's first flutist and sire of their son Francis (named in honor of the late Francesco).

But in movies today—may Signore Pennino rest in peace—the Coppolas runneth over. Young Francis is, of course, at 36 the director and co-author of *The Godfather*, the biggest grossing film (heading toward half a billion) in Hollywood history, and of its ambitious sequel, the current *Godfather II*. Along the way Coppola has sneaked into pictures—at the very least as extras—his mother, his father, his sister Talia Shire, his brother-in-law David Shire, his Uncle Louie, his wife, Eleanor, and two of their own three kids. In addition Francis worked two songs into *Godfather II: Senza Mamma* (Without Mama) and *Goodbye, Naples* by Grandpa Pennino, the very ancestor who sought to keep the family out of movies in the first place.

Pennino surely would have mellowed if he had lived to attend this year's Academy Award ceremonies. Francis, honored in earlier years for *Patton* and *The Godfather*, copped three additional Oscars for *Godfather II* (best picture, best direction, best screen adaptation). Sister Talia, who played the mob don's sister, Connie, had been a nominee for best supporting actress. And their father, Carmine, shared an Oscar (with Nino Rota) for best original score. After thanking his son for making the

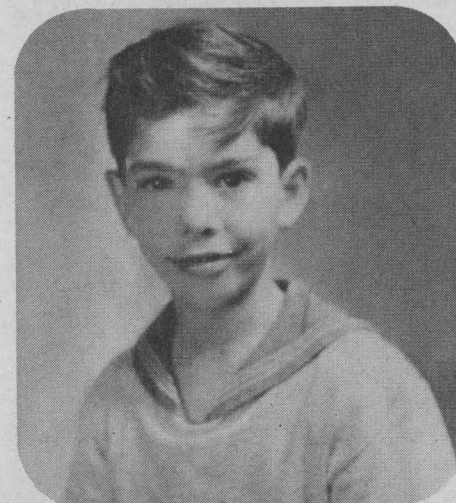
Italia and Carmine, in a recent picture, were on location together for *Godfather II*. He wrote music, she cooked her son's favorite dishes.

OFF THE SCREEN

A COPPOLA PICTURE ALBUM: FRANCIS IS GODFATHER OF FILM'S FIRST 'FAMIGLIA'

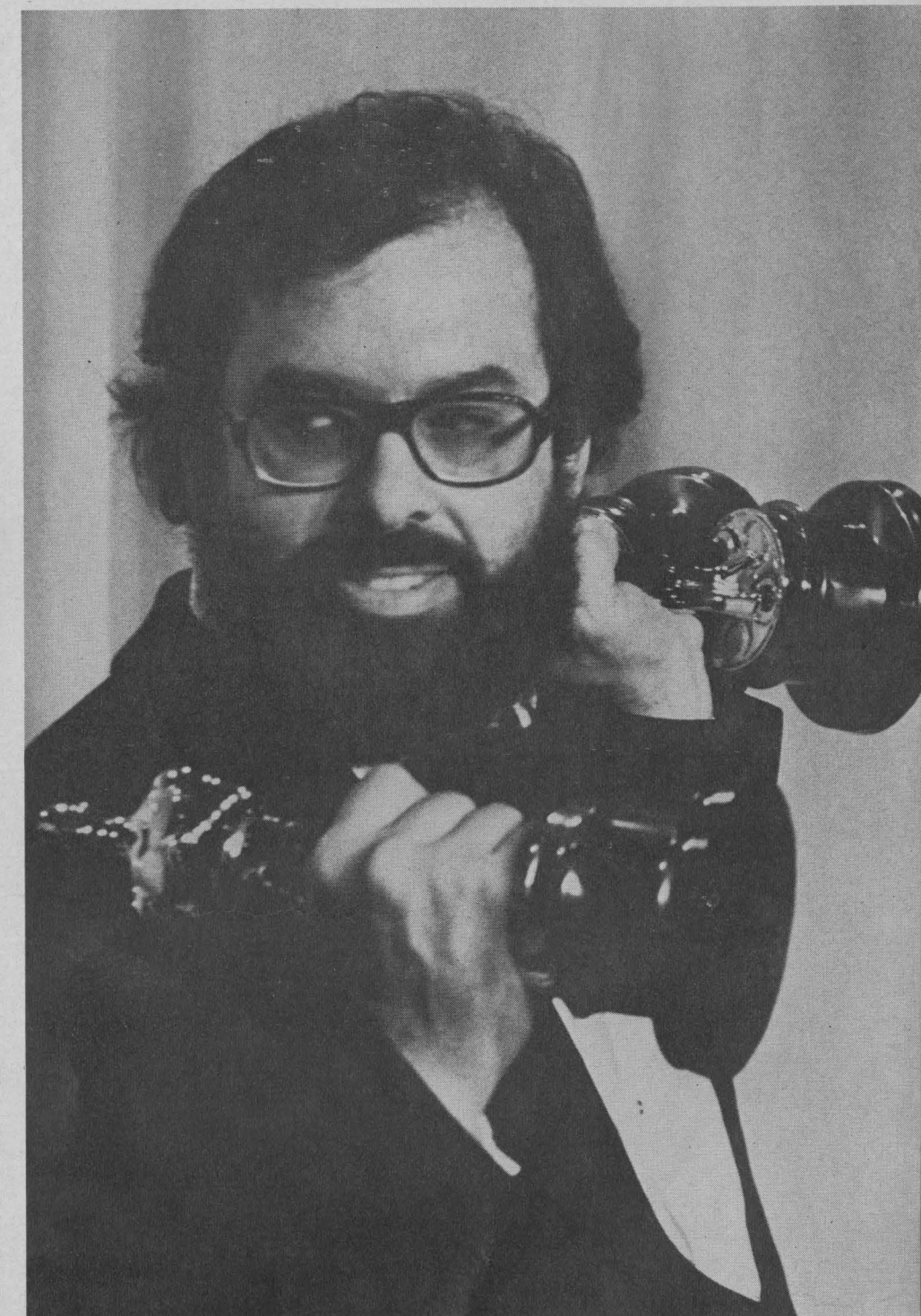


"Francie," with his first birthday cake.



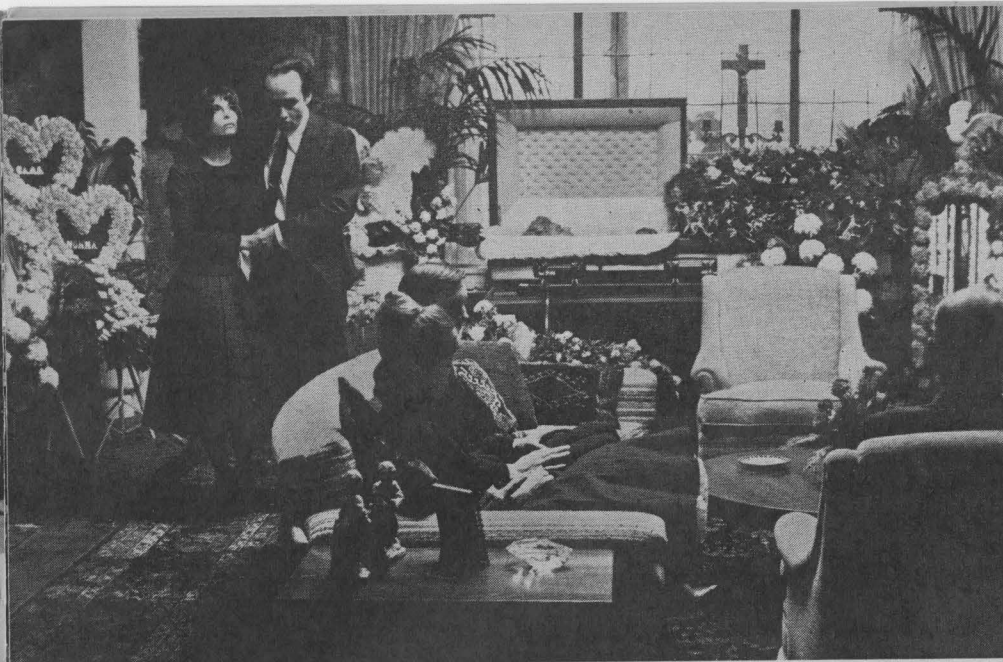
Portrait of the young artist, at 6.

Mom visits Coppola's military academy.



The new heavyweight champ of Hollywood, Francis Ford Coppola hoists the three Oscars he won for 'Godfather II.' His career total is now five.

RON GALELLA



Italia volunteered to "lie-in" for Morgana King during the wake scene with her mourning real-life daughter, Talia (left).



award possible, Carmine cracked, "But if I wasn't here, he wouldn't be here either." Francis, who suffers from no Oedipal hang-ups, was leaping out of his seat at the family's first recognition of the evening. "That moment was so great," he said, "I really didn't care whether I got an Oscar or not."

Sister Talia, aced out herself by Ingrid Bergman, nobly stated that her father's award "makes everything okay—it cancels out all the rotten years." She was referring to the unsettling itinerant life the *famiglia* had been forced to lead when her dad kept moving to further his career. For example, her brother Francis Ford Coppola was so named because he was born in the Ford Hospital in Detroit when Father was official arranger for the *Ford Sunday Evening Hour*.

What kept the family together and nurtured its creativity in that period was irrepensible Mamma Italia. (Even today she makes herself indispensable on the set, serving her wizard son his beloved gnocchi and cream puffs and doing bit parts.) Says her daughter Talia: "She gave us half a dozen golden childhood years. God, she was loving and magical and so alive. She didn't need to put on a play—she was the play." Perhaps the pivotal time came when Francis at age 9 got polio. "For one year," recalls Talia, "Mother devoted herself to him not in a dutiful but in a vital, exciting way." It was then that he began to create puppet shows and eventually his own autobiography and a primitive first film. "Boredom is the midwife of creativity," notes Talia, "and Francis had one year with nothing to do and that was the year that he became a theater person."

As a film student at UCLA he won the Samuel Goldwyn writing award and was soon involved in pictures like *Reflections in a Golden Eye*. When *The Godfather* properties came along, Francis at first resisted casting his sister. But Talia, a former Yale drama student, virtually forced herself into the role of the Godfather's daughter, Connie. "I understood that girl," she says. "Like Connie I had always been completely involved with my brothers and could have lived off all the male

Roman Coppola, 9, is directed by dad on location in Sicily in his cameo role as the young Sonny Corleone in 'Godfather II.'

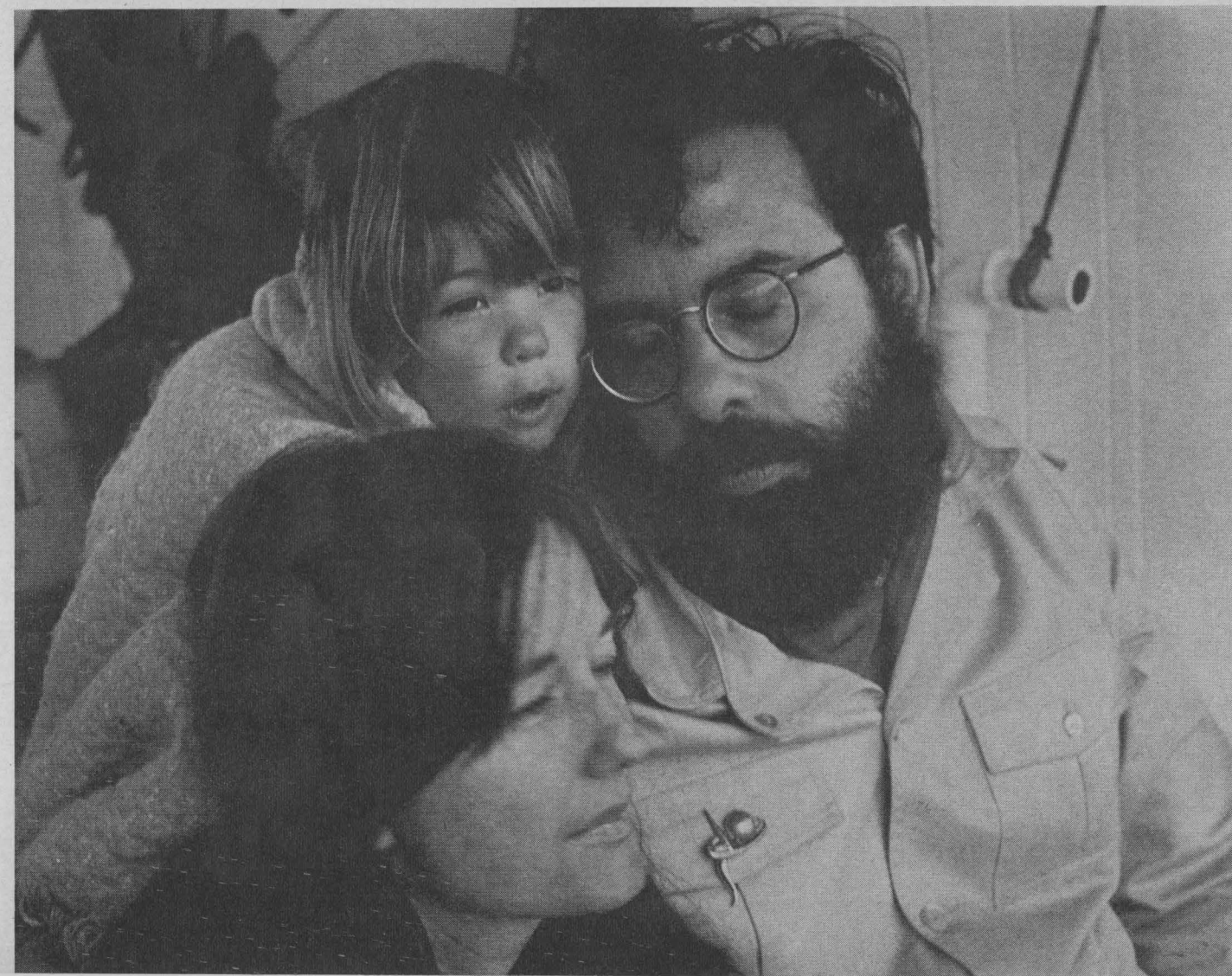
careers in my family, but I refused to do it." (The eldest Coppola sibling, August, is a professor of comparative literature.) Talia's talented husband, David Shire, wrote the music for Coppola's 1974 Cannes festival-winning film, *The Conversation*. And when that score was up against *Godfather II* for the Oscar, Italia sorted out her torn loyalties, "Daddy deserves it, and David may need it." Is it all nepotism? "If I'd done a bad job," says Shire, "that would have been nepotism. Remember, the family didn't vote the Oscar nominations."

But the most eloquent statement on the meaning and value of blood ties to the Coppolas is made in the film *Godfather II* itself. Observes Francis: "I didn't want his enemies or the police to get the surviving don. His is a more profound punishment. He loses the very thing he is trying to preserve—the family." LOIS ARMSTRONG



"Tally" dunks with Francis' kids, Roman (right) and Gio, 11. "His films' family touches," she says, "are autobiographical."

Weary after a day's shooting, Francis snuggles with daughter Sofia, 4, and his artist wife, Elly.



ARTS

**BRIDGET RILEY
PROVES THAT SHE'S
STILL TOP OF THE OP**



There are no fruits, flowers or figures for artist Riley, whose outsize canvases are simply undulating bands of color.

It's the sort of scene that threatens the viewer's nervous system: on the walls are glaringly lit canvases of undulating ribbons, dancing stripes, vast fields of diagonal lines that seem to shimmer. "It's like taking a cold shower," says English painter Bridget Riley. "A shock at first, then it feels good."

Riley's first attempt to rouse the eyeball from visual complacency in the U.S. in 1965 evoked a warning from one art critic that Riley's canvases "not be hung eye-level in anyone's living room unless covered with a curtain." Now back in America for her first show in seven years, the 44-year-old Riley proves that op art has outlasted its pe-

riod of vulgarization (when it turned up on everything from miniskirts to sunglasses), and that she has become its leading exponent—with works in both private collections and museums. "It's the most successful show we've had all season," says Sidney Janis, New York gallery owner. "At prices up to \$22,000, we've sold every painting but one."

A second generation Londoner whose grandfather helped Edison invent the light bulb, Riley studied at the Royal Academy of Art. She converted to op during a rainstorm in Venice when she observed the "spatter effect" of raindrops on the black and white pave-

ment. But not confident of her ability to make it as an artist, even after her first one-woman show in London in 1962, she kept a part-time job at the J. Walter Thompson ad agency.

Riley often finds inspiration in math books, sketching her ideas on graph paper. But the ultimate purpose of her work, she maintains, is to evoke emotion. Says Riley: "For me, there's a terrific pileup of tension, anxiety and excitement as I finish a picture." Unmarried, she divides her time between a house in London and studios in Cornwall (where she and her family lived during the war) and the Vaucluse district in the south of France. □

Start something



VODKA • DISTILLED FROM GRAIN • 80 AND 100 PROOF • SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

with Wolfschmidt.

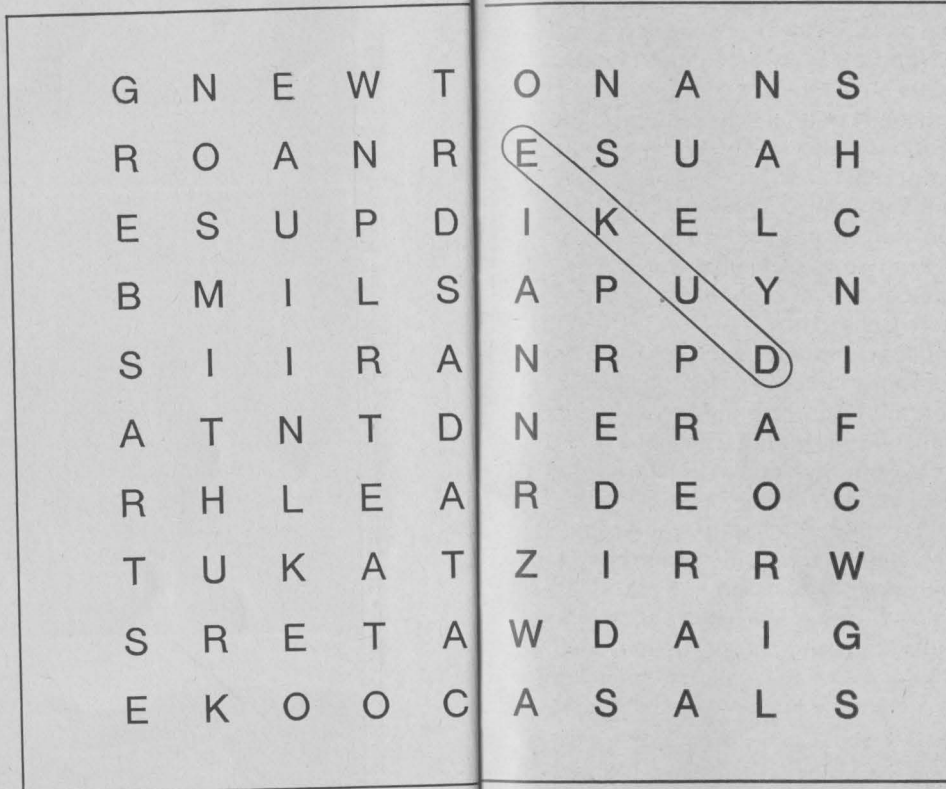
A screwdriver, a bloody mary, a martini.
Or anything else you have in mind.

**Wolfschmidt
Genuine Vodka**

Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!

PEOPLE
PUZZLE
By Gerard Mosler

The names of 20 prominent people, current and historical, are hidden in the maze of letters. How many can you find by consulting the brief clues? The names read forward, backward, up, down or diagonally, are always in a straight line and never skip letters. We have started you off by circling DUKE, the answer to 1 in the diagram. The names may overlap and letters may be used more than once, but not all of the letters will be used. Super PEOPLE sleuths should be able to identify 15 or more names. Answers next week.

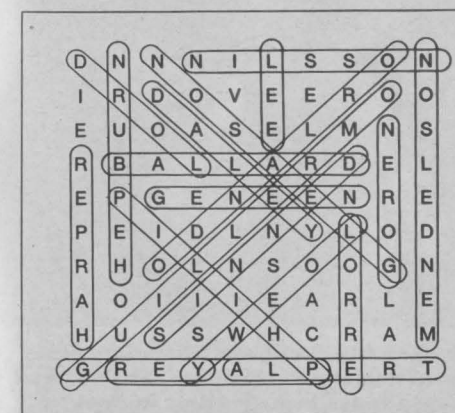


Clues

- 1 . Tobacco road to riches
- 2 . Savior of Christina's world
- 3 . Chief economic pulse taker
- 4 . Ronnie's story hasn't ended
- 5 . Henry's fond of Clarence
- 6 . John's got a month of Sundays
- 7 . Garbo's long-lived dietician
- 8 . His times are not a-changin'
- 9 . Mid-Atlantic expert on America
- 10 . Instant polarization inventor
- 11 . Schmoozing ALong
- 12 . Muddy's mojo's working
- 13 . Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater
- 14 . Out of the studio, into the mob
- 15 . I-n-telligence Q-uestioner
- 16 . Maggie's lives are hardly private
- 17 . Susan becomes a diarist
- 18 . Norman, King of the Channels
- 19 . BarCELLOna native
- 20 . Gravity's lawmaker

Answers to June 9 Puzzle

1. Lord 2. Guillermo 3. Nilsson 4. Dennis 5. Mendelson
6. Daley 7. Gleason 8. Lee 9. Philip 10. Orlando
11. Ballard 12. Heppburn 13. Harper 14. Loewy
15. Goren 16. Grey 17. Player 18. Alpert 19. Lorre
20. Geneen



The Lazy Man's Way to Riches

'Most People Are Too Busy Earning a Living to Make Any Money'

I used to work hard. The 18-hour days. The 7-day weeks. But I didn't start making big money until I did less—a lot less.

For example, this ad took about 2 hours to write. With a little luck, it should earn me 50, maybe a hundred thousand dollars.

What's more, I'm going to ask you to send me 10 dollars for something that'll cost me no more than 50 cents. And I'll try to make it so irresistible that you'd be a darned fool not to do it.

After all, why should you care if I make \$9.50 profit if I can show you how to make a lot more?

What if I'm so sure that you will make money my Lazy Man's Way that I'll make you the world's most unusual guarantee?

And here it is: I won't even cash your check or money order for 31 days after I've sent you my material.

That'll give you plenty of time to get it, look it over, try it out.

If you don't agree that it's worth at least a hundred times what you invested, send it back. Your uncashed check or money order will be put in the return mail.

The only reason I won't send it to you and bill you or send it C.O.D. is because both these methods involve more time and money.

And I'm already going to give you the biggest bargain of your life.

Because I'm going to tell you what it took me 11 years to perfect: How to make money the Lazy Man's Way.

O.K.—now I have to brag a little. I don't mind it. And it's necessary—to prove that sending me the 10 dollars... which I'll keep "in escrow" until you're satisfied... is the smartest thing you ever did.

I live in a home that's worth \$100,000. I know it is, because I turned down an offer for that much. My mortgage is less than half that, and the only reason I haven't paid it off is because my Tax Accountant says I'd be an idiot.

My "office," about a mile and a half from my home, is right on the beach. My view is so breathtaking that most people comment that they don't see how I get any work done. But I do enough. About 6 hours a day, 8 or 9 months a year.

The rest of the time we spend at our mountain "cabin." I paid \$30,000 for it—cash.

I have 2 boats and a Cadillac. All paid for.

We have stocks, bonds, investments, cash in the bank. But the most important thing I have is priceless: time with my family.

And I'll show you just how I did it—the Lazy Man's Way—a secret that I've shared with just a few friends 'til now.

It doesn't require "education." I'm a high school graduate.

It doesn't require "capital." When I started out, I was so deep in debt that a lawyer friend advised bankruptcy as the only way out. He was wrong. We paid off our debts and, outside of the mortgage, don't owe a cent to any man.

It doesn't require "luck." I've had

more than my share, but I'm not promising you that you'll make as much money as I have. And you may do better; I personally know one man who used these principles, worked hard, and made 11 million dollars in 8 years. But money isn't everything.

It doesn't require "talent." Just enough brains to know what to look for. And I'll tell you that.

It doesn't require "youth." One woman I worked with is over 70. She's travelled the world over, making all the money she needs, doing only what I taught her.

It doesn't require "experience." A widow in Chicago has been averaging \$25,000 a year for the past 5 years, using my methods.

What does it require? Belief. Enough to take a chance. Enough to absorb what I'll send you. Enough to put the principles into action. If you do just that—nothing more, nothing less—the results will be hard to believe. Remember—I guarantee it.

You don't have to give up your job. But you may soon be making so much money that you'll be able to. Once again—I guarantee it.

The wisest man I ever knew told me something I never forgot: "Most people are too busy earning a living to make any money."

Don't take as long as I did to find out he was right.

I'll prove it to you, if you'll send in the coupon now. I'm not asking you to "believe" me. Just try it. If I'm wrong, all you've lost is a couple of minutes and a postage stamp. But what if I'm right?

Sworn Statement:

"I have examined this advertisement. On the basis of personal acquaintance with Mr. Joe Karbo for 18 years and my professional relationship as his accountant, I certify that every statement regarding his personal and business status is true." [Accountant's name available upon request.]

Bank Reference:
American State Bank
675 S. Main St., Orange, Calif. 92668

Joe Karbo
17105 South Pacific, Dept. 314-C
Sunset Beach, California 90742

Joe, you may be full of beans, but what have I got to lose? Send me the Lazy Man's Way to Riches. But don't deposit my check or money order for 31 days after it's in the mail.

If I return your material—for any reason—within that time, return my uncashed check or money order to me. On that basis, here's my ten dollars.

Please send Air Mail. I'm enclosing an extra dollar.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

© 1974 Joe Karbo



Tareyton is better. Charcoal is why.

Tareyton's activated charcoal delivers a better taste. A taste no plain white filter can match.

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

King Size: 20 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; 100 mm: 19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; av. per cigarette, FTC Report April '75.

HOST

GEOFFREY HOLDER, THE UN-COLA MAN, IS AN UNCOMMON WIZ ON BROADWAY AND AT HOME

I wear white when I want to look brown," says Geoffrey Holder, "and black when I want to pass." He is wearing a white safari suit and pounds of turquoise jewelry. Draping his 6'6" frame over the sofa in his all-white West Side Manhattan apartment, Holder talks of his multiple careers in a voice as deep as Othello and as smooth as Caribbean rum. Which is he first? Painter? Dancer? Designer? Director? Choreographer? Singer? Actor? Author? Host?

"That is the hardest question of all," muses Holder, who was recently awarded two Tonys—for directing and costume design—of the seven given to *The Wiz*, the smash soul musical based on *The Wizard of Oz*. Nationally, Holder is best known as the "un-cola" man and the "ring-around-the-collar" man of television commercials. Holder finally decides about his talents. "Even when I am working in the theater, there is always the smell of turpentine backstage. So I must be a painter first."

Holder, 44, got his first whiff of creativity while growing up the son of a salesman "with brains" in Port of Spain, Trinidad. Holder's parents encouraged Geoffrey and his older equally multifaceted brother Boscoe to develop all their talents—as painters, singers, musicians. The family remains

close; Holder returns to Trinidad every couple of months and runs up an \$800 monthly phone bill calling them on weekends.

Holder first came to New York in 1953 with his own folk dance company and the following year danced on Broadway in Truman Capote's *House of Flowers*. There he met dancer Carmen de La-

vallade and proposed four days later. She did not accept until she visited his apartment and, laughs Holder, "discovered that all the paintings on the walls looked like her." Married 19 years, Holder and de Lavallade, who teaches at the Yale School of Drama, have one son, 18-year-old Léo.

Over the past two decades Holder's talents have blossomed. His lush impressionist paintings have hung in the Barbados Museum and Washington's Corcoran Gallery, as well as in the homes of such luminaries as Marietta Tree, Lena Horne and William F. Buckley. For two years Holder was a principal dancer of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet. He still performs dozens of college concerts each year and has choreographed works for the Dance Theater of Harlem and Alvin Ailey. In August he will mount a new ballet for Mexico City's Ballet Folklórico.

In films like *Dr. Dolittle* and *Live and Let Die*, Holder the actor was excessively flamboyant. But in each case too much seemed just right. He is soon to begin work on a film with Jeanne Moreau called *Death Is My Pardon*. On the subject of commercials, Holder is firm: "I'm no snob. The commercial is an



ROBERT DEUTSCH

After winning two Tonys, Holder celebrates with his wife, dancer Carmen de Lavallade. He designs her clothes.

Holder, puffing a long cigarette, works on a portrait of Manhattan's Dr. Alvin Friedman-Klen in his New York studio.



Several Munchkins and a Good Witch look on as Holder gives direction. 'The Wiz' won seven Tonys, including Best Musical.



MARTHA SWOPE



'Voilà.' For a gathering of theater friends in his West Side apartment, Holder has prepared a spicy red snapper.

Photographs by John Bryson

Brut for Men.
 If you have
 any doubts
 about yourself,
 try
 something else.



After shave, after shower, after anything.
 Brut®lotion by Fabergé.



At a local market, Holder selects the snapper he will fix for his guests. On cooking he has one rule: "Experiment!"

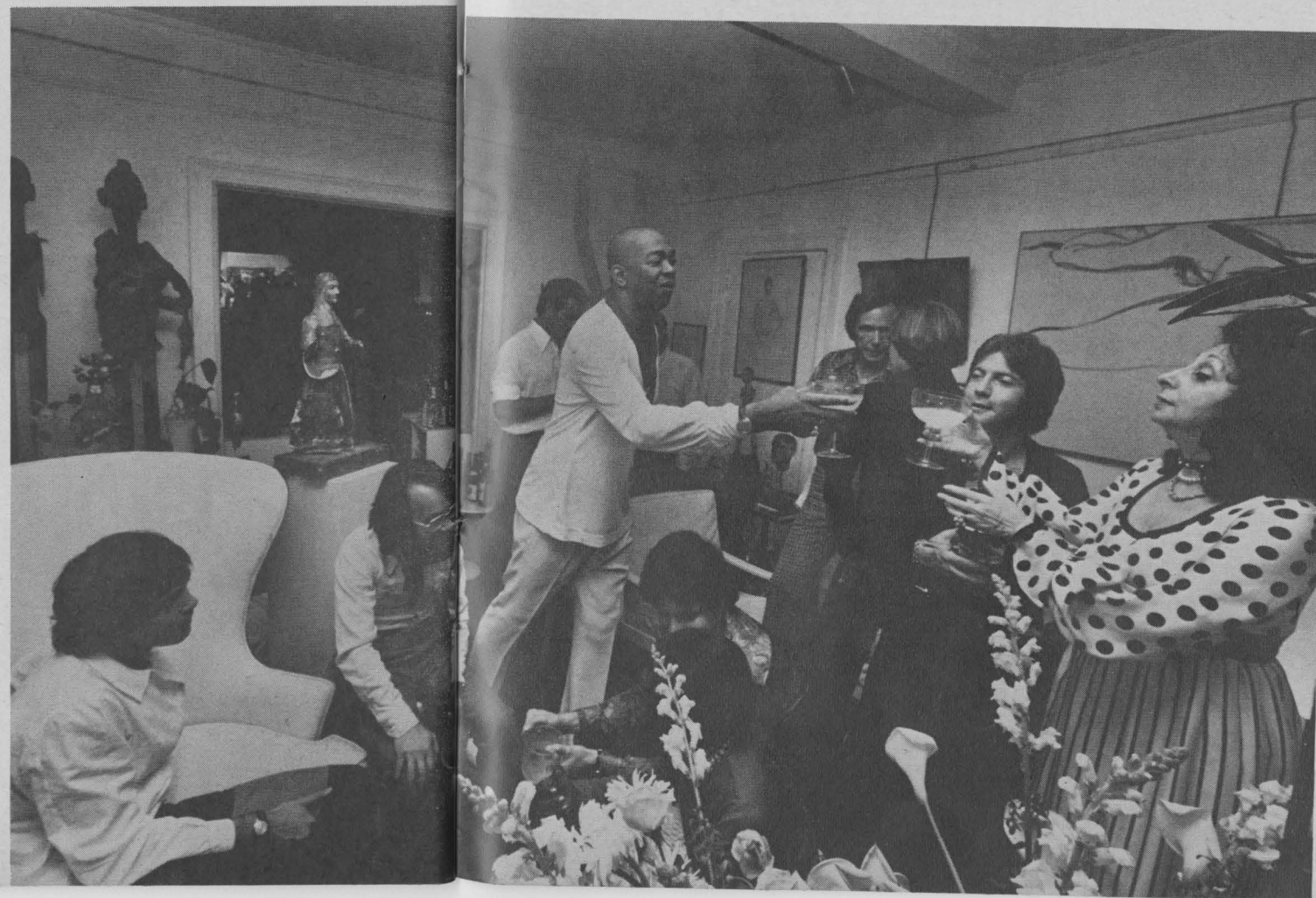
art form unto itself. After all, you are seducing people."

After designing the costumes for *The Wiz*, Holder was brought in as director to rescue the show from disaster on the road. Morale was rock-bottom. Holder, raised an Episcopalian, instructed the cast to pray while he burned incense in a voodoo ritual and exorcised evil spirits from the theater. Something worked. Before long Holder's fertile imagination had produced such innovations as the dazzling Tornado Ballet that plops Dorothy down in Munchkinland—and thrills packed houses at Broadway's Majestic Theater.

Holder immodestly considers himself no less a wiz in the kitchen. He has even written a book on the subject, *Geoffrey Holder's Caribbean Cookbook*, in which he interweaves island lore and autobiographical sketches with tantalizing recipes for orange rice, king turtle stew, coconut chicken sigurd and salt-fish pie.

Although he confines himself to cooking for small groups of friends—"more than 15 is vulgar"—Holder now wants to open his own restaurant and is scouting a location on Manhattan's chic Upper East Side. There will be no menu, plenty of chamber music and "fantasy dishes" like Scotch and ice cream. Try getting *that* out of a colanut. CHRISTOPHER P. ANDERSEN

The host and actress Paula Lawrence (right) hoist outsized glasses of rum punch in Holder's art-cluttered apartment.



Island goodies

"Caribbean cooking is not a delicate art like French cuisine, perhaps because it has resulted from the mingling of East Indian, African, French, Spanish and Oriental cooking," cautions Holder in his *Caribbean Cookbook*.

"Therefore my recipes are not to be taken too literally. Use your imagination; be as creative as you like, especially in the use of seasonings." For the summer, Holder recommends a shellfish. And, to wash it down, a Holder specialty: Geoffrey's Snake Bite (Rum punch).

Shrimp Cutlets

(one serving)
 2 medium onions
 1/2 clove garlic
 3/4 teaspoon ground ginger
 Crushed hot pepper to taste
 10 large, cleaned and deveined shrimp
 1 beaten egg
 1/2 cup bread crumbs
 4 tablespoons oil
 Place onions, garlic, ginger and crushed hot

pepper in a blender, and grind to a paste. Slit shrimp lengthwise, then smear them plentifully with the paste.

Let stand for 30 minutes to one hour. Dip the shrimp into the beaten egg, and roll them in bread crumbs. Then fry in hot oil until they are crisp and brown.

Geoffrey's Snake Bite

1 1/2 cups sugar
 2 cups lemon juice
 8 cups dry white wine
 2 quarts light or dark rum
 1/2 teaspoon bitters
 1 cup maraschino cherries
 1 1/2 cups diced fresh fruit
 2 cups canned or fresh pineapple
 Orange slices for garnish
 Combine all ingredients except the orange slices in a large punch bowl and put in the freezer overnight.
 One hour before guests arrive, remove from the freezer and garnish with orange slices.

Brut 33
 Anti-Perspirant
 for Men.

You won't have
 any doubts
 about yourself.



Brut 33® — the anti-perspirant spray with the great smell of Brut.®

Show your **People**^{weekly} power!



New Tee & Tank Combo

Top off your favorite bottom with this People original. Red or green Tank-top imprinted on 100% cotton Tee-shirt. With its own body language for People lovers everywhere. State size and color.

\$4.95



And Sporty New Tote

Handsome hand and shoulder tote-bag for carrying on anywhere. Ultra smart, strong and roomy (13" by 16"). Rich chocolate brown with natural canvas straps and People imprint. Perfect travelling companion.

\$5.95

Please print name and address on coupon and send, with either check or money order, to:
The People Shopper, Post Office Box 1414, Trenton, New Jersey 08607

Prices include postage & handling; allow 4 weeks for delivery.

Send me:

Tee-shirts @ \$4.95 # Tote-bags @ \$5.95

RED S M L XL

GREEN S M L XL

(Remember to include check or money order.)

Name _____

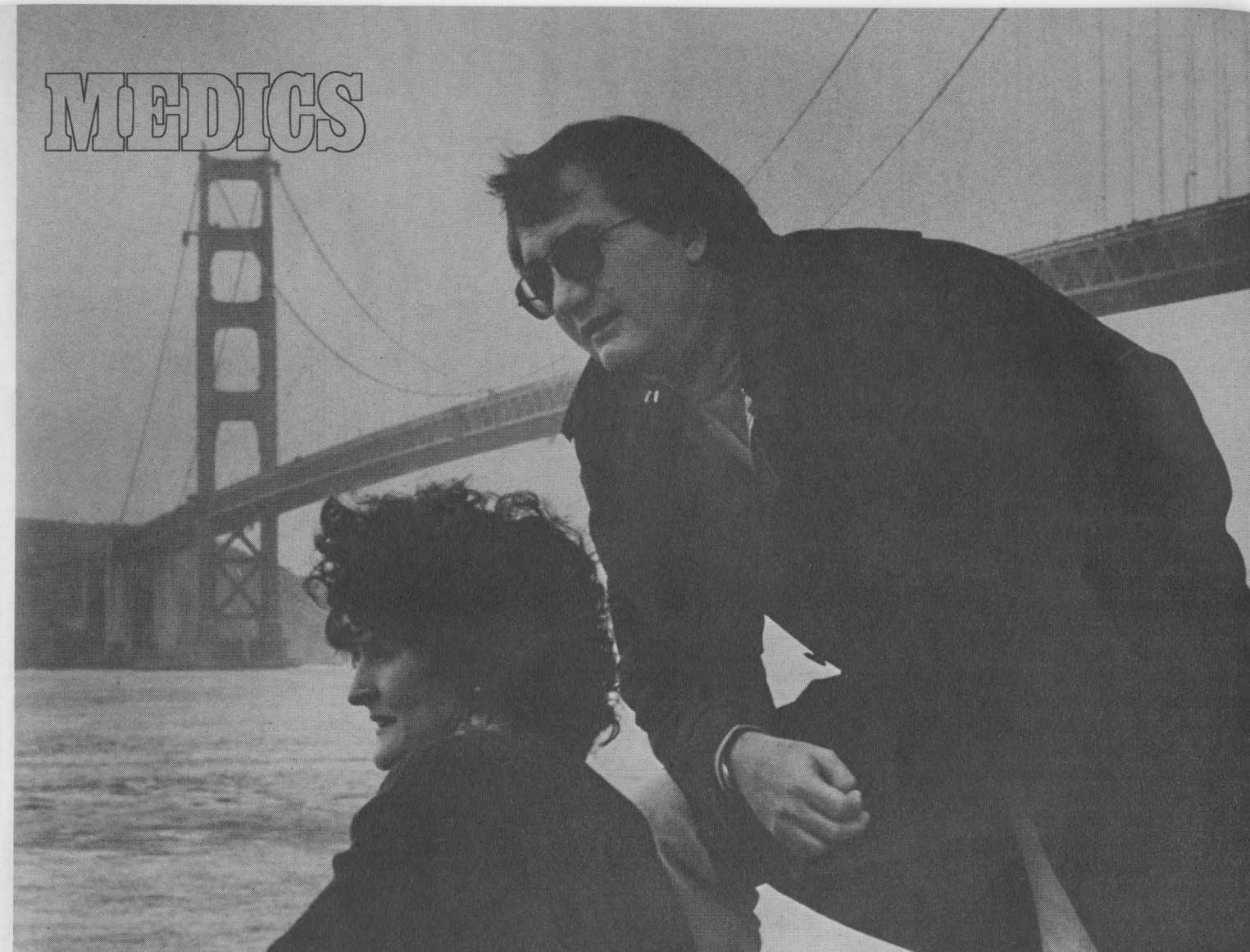
Street _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

MEDICS



Near their home close by Golden Gate Bridge, biologist Ron Ericsson and wife Jean contemplate San Francisco's skyline.

FOR FAMILIES WHO WANT BOY BABIES, RON ERICSSON'S RESEARCH MAY HAVE THE ANSWER

If a TV series were to be based on the exploits of Ph.D.-rancher Ronald Ericsson (who would probably be the first to suggest the idea), it might be called "Cowboy in the Lab." Some of Dr. Ericsson's skeptical colleagues in his field of reproductive physiology would undoubtedly prefer "Maverick."

A small-town boy from South Dakota, the 39-year-old scientist set off a heated debate in 1973 when he published a report in the prestigious British scientific journal *Nature*. It described a method of increasing the percentage

of healthy spermatozoa possessing the Y (or male-producing) chromosome. Dr. Ericsson's findings had profound implications, for they meant that parents who wanted boy babies might substantially increase their chances by artificial insemination with the Y-rich sperm. Ericsson's technique also cleaned up the semen—getting rid of "all the garbage, dead sperm and other debris"—and made it more potent, thus providing possible help for the clinically infertile male.

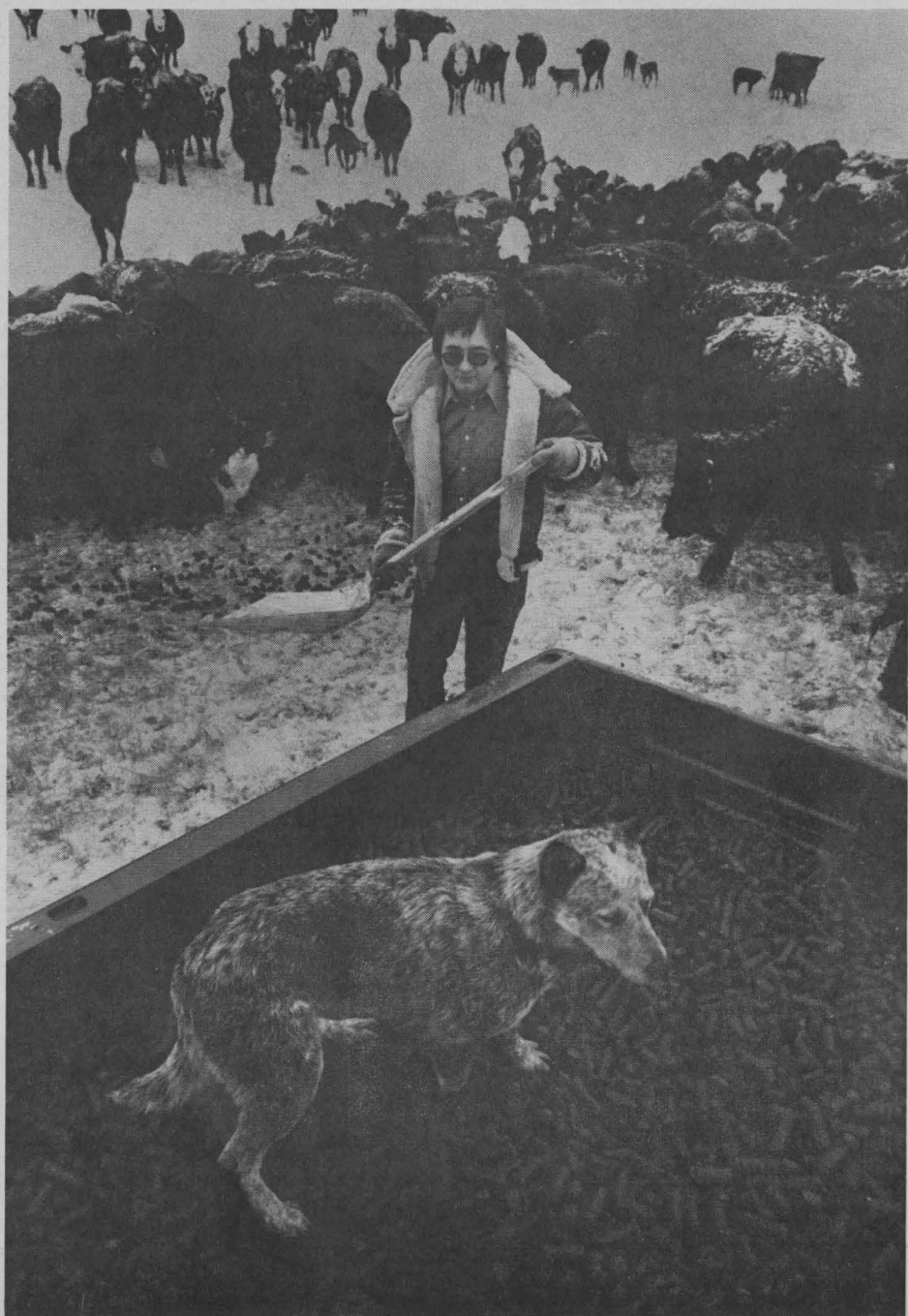
Ericsson conducted his research in the Berlin laboratories of the Schering, A. G. pharmaceutical company. He separated out the sperm from donated human semen in a centrifuge and placed it in an albumin solution. According to Ericsson, the thinner, faster-

Photographs by Charles Moore/Black Star



Ericsson's reproductive expertise does not include plants. His wife gardens and Scott, 15, and Julia, 17, romp with the dog.

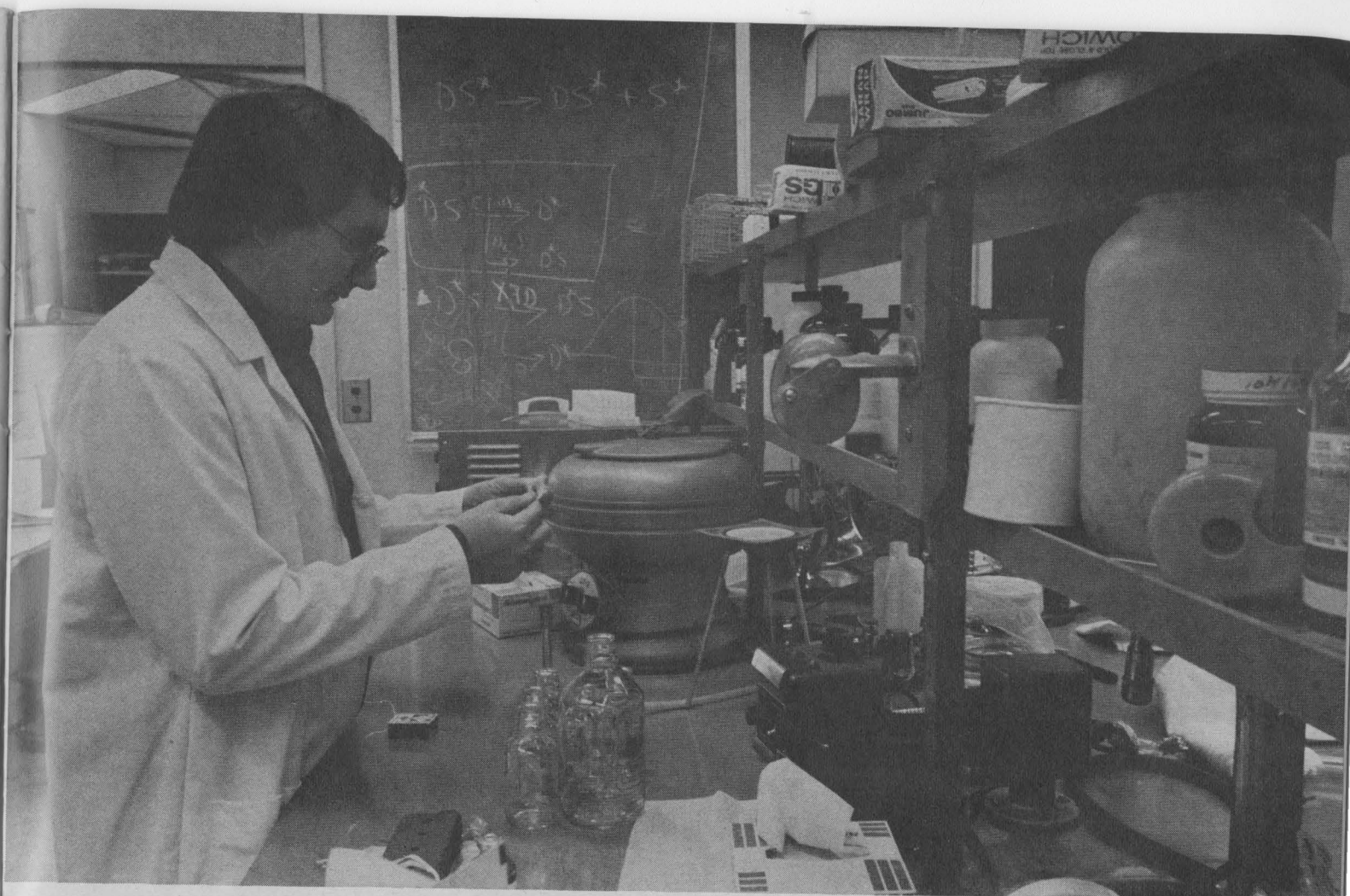
At one of his two Wyoming ranches, Ericsson and hound Speck braved a March blizzard to feed the livestock.



swimming Y-bearing sperm penetrated the albumin more quickly, while most of the slower X- (or female chromosome) bearing sperm were left at the top. The two kinds of sperm could then be separated. With his predilection for range language, Ericsson says the process is like "cutting out cattle at the gate." Ericsson then used a staining system to positively identify the cleaned-up and potent Y-bearing sperm.

Other scientists, however, have not been very successful in duplicating, and thus verifying, Ericsson's work. Two recent rebuttals published in *Nature* were especially critical of Ericsson's chromosome identification techniques. Another experimenter in the field, Dr. Alun Roberts, a biophysicist at St. Guy's Hospital in London, says, "We did not get the same results. There are often small imperfections that make the sperm look like Y-sperm. If you are looking for Y-sperm, you often see it." Nonetheless, Dr. Roberts is careful to say, "With the kind of research Ericsson is doing, the benefits outweigh the difficulties."

Undaunted by his critics and the "indecision" of big pharmaceutical firms to commercialize his discovery, Ericsson has formed his own company in Sausalito, Calif. Clinical tests of his technique are already underway in London and Switzerland and soon will start in San Francisco and Chicago. Meanwhile he continues research at the University of California at Berkeley and at Cambridge in England. His company is called "Gametrics" (after "gamete," a reproductive cell) which has led some confused citizens to think the name was pronounced Game-tricks and that the firm specialized in party ideas. Gametrics also markets a rodenticide called "Epicbloc," which



Ericsson works with a semen sample as part of his process for partially segregating sperm which produce males.

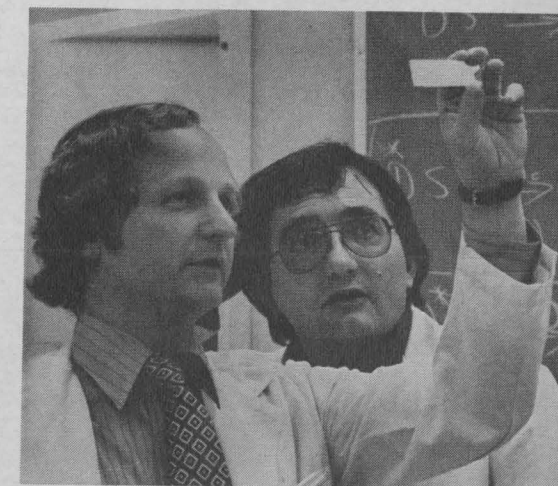
Ericsson originally developed as a birth control pill for male animals while he headed the male antifertility program at Upjohn's Kalamazoo labs in the 1960s. It turned out to act as a poison and sterilant on rats only.

"If I'm successful with Gametrics," says Ericsson, who himself has no doubts, "we eventually will be able to offer sperm-cleaning kits to physicians, like the blood-type or pregnancy kits now sold to hospitals."

Meanwhile Ericsson sees even swifter potential in sex preselection with livestock—a subject which has intrigued him since his youthful rodeo-riding days. An Eagle Scout who spent his youthful summers tending cattle on his grandparents' ranch, Ericsson went on to major in animal science at Colorado State University, where he met and married wife Jean, 38 (they have two children: Julia, 17, and Scott, 15). He received his Ph.D. in the Physiology of Reproduction at the University of Kentucky. With a cow-

boy's spirit, Ericsson has continually sought greener pastures in his professional life. In addition to his stints at Upjohn and Schering, he most recently spent 10 months in Iran, where he set up a human fertility research center. Ericsson also maintains his cowboy ties by part ownership of two ranches in Wyoming.

"I'm very aware of the social impact of my work," declares Ericsson, who allows that the furor it stirs up is "kind of fun. Successful scientists have egos like bulging balloons," he says. "They may be pathetic on the dance floor, lousy speakers, can't write worth a damn. But they are confident in research. They don't feel they are wrong." Ericsson adds, "It never crossed my mind I'd ever fail. That was not part of my vocabulary." Ericsson insists that he is not motivated by altruism or any missionary zeal. "I honestly believe the world needs help," he says, "but getting a profit from that help is not a divergent idea." □



In a University of California laboratory, Dr. Robert Glass, Associate Professor of Obstetrics and Gynecology, and Ericsson study a slide of mouse embryonic tissue.

SEX AND VIOLENCE ON SCREEN 'DESENSITIZE' BOTH KIDS AND ADULTS, AN EXPERT WARNS

In recent years the proliferation of sex and violence in movies and on television has been the subject of increasing national concern, particularly among psychologists who worry about the effect a constant diet of flesh, gore and mayhem can have on adults as well as children. In recognition of the problem, the TV networks recently announced that starting next fall they will present two prime-time hours of "family programming" every evening. One expert who remains skeptical is Dr. Victor Cline, professor of psychology at the University of Utah, former consultant to the Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography (he authored part of the more conservative minority report) and author of *Where Do You Draw the Line?* Cline, 50 and the father of nine, recently discussed his belief that on-screen obsession with sex and violence is dangerous with Nelson Wadsworth for PEOPLE.

What's the danger to us viewers?

In all media we have a glorification of extreme violence, overt sex and anti-social behavior, particularly on television and perhaps even more so in commercial motion pictures. All the time we and our children are watching, learning, absorbing, gradually being conditioned. Such constant exposure to violence "desensitizes" our conscience, blunting our empathy and concern for other human beings.

What do you mean by "desensitize"?

Stated simply, this is a turning off of emotional response when witnessing harm being inflicted on other people. It results in situations similar to the famous Kitty Genovese case in New York. She was murdered while 38 people heard her cries or witnessed the crime without helping her or even both-



Rape occurred in NBC-TV's 'Born Innocent,' a film about a delinquents' home in which actress Linda Blair was the victim.

ering to call police anonymously. At Mylai American soldiers—products of the TV violence generation—slaughtered men, women and children.

Is there scientific evidence that violent behavior in life can be linked to watching it on TV and in the movies?

There is a great deal of evidence out of the laboratories of psychologists, such as Albert Bandura at Stanford, and others in the area of imitative learning. It clearly shows that children who observe violence on TV and in movies become more aggressive in their behavior. The amount of television violence watched by children at age 9 influences the amount and degree of aggressiveness at age 19. There is clear, documented evidence that watching violence for only a few hours or even a few minutes can instigate violent behavior that had never happened before.

What evidence do you have that desensitization is really taking place in our children?

At the University of Utah we took large groups of young boys who had



A sadistic highlight of 'French Connection II' is the scene where Gene Hackman kicks a suspected drug smuggler.



There is violence galore in the bloody Kung Fu epic 'Fists of Fury' as the late Bruce Lee flattens his opponents.

been saturated with TV violence viewing over the previous few years and compared them with boys who had seen virtually no TV. Then we exposed both groups to a moderately violent movie—a boxing match sequence from a Kirk Douglas film called *Champion*. While they were watching that film, we attached various sensors to their bodies which recorded emotional responses—somewhat like a police polygraph.

Were there any differences between the groups?

The TV kids tended to be turned off emotionally. The children not exposed to TV still were able to re-



A University of Utah student volunteer wired to a physiograph views gore on screen as Cline monitors his response.

Cline goes over physiograph results. Such studies show that viewers in time become indifferent to violence.



IN HIS OWN WORDS

spond emotionally, to feel for and empathize with the person who was suffering the violence, moderate though it was.

Just how much television do children really watch?

An incredible amount, much more than parents realize. The average child looks at TV something like 12 to 24 hours a week, depending on his age. By the time the average child is 15 years old he will have witnessed the violent destruction of more than 13,000 human beings on television.

But aren't most of the violent and sexy TV programs aired after 9 o'clock at night, when most children are in bed?

Psychologists have done studies on how late children watch TV, and they find that after 10:30 p.m. there are some five million children in the U.S. under the age of 12 still watching television. That's why the family programming next fall will be less than adequate.

Are there any specific cases where people have imitated crimes of violence they witnessed on TV or in the movies?

There are numerous cases. Two young airmen from Hill Air Force Base robbed a hi-fi shop last year in Ogden, Utah. One of them had watched a movie three times in which the killer silenced his victims by making them drink lye. The airmen, imitating the movie episode, took the shop employees into the basement and forced them to drink a highly caustic drain cleaner. When death did not come as quickly as it had in the movie, three of the victims were shot to death. In Boston a year ago some young hoodlums doused a woman with gasoline and set her afire after

Photographs by John Telford

MEDICATED SHAMPOO HAIR?

Do you think your medicated dandruff shampoo dries out your hair?

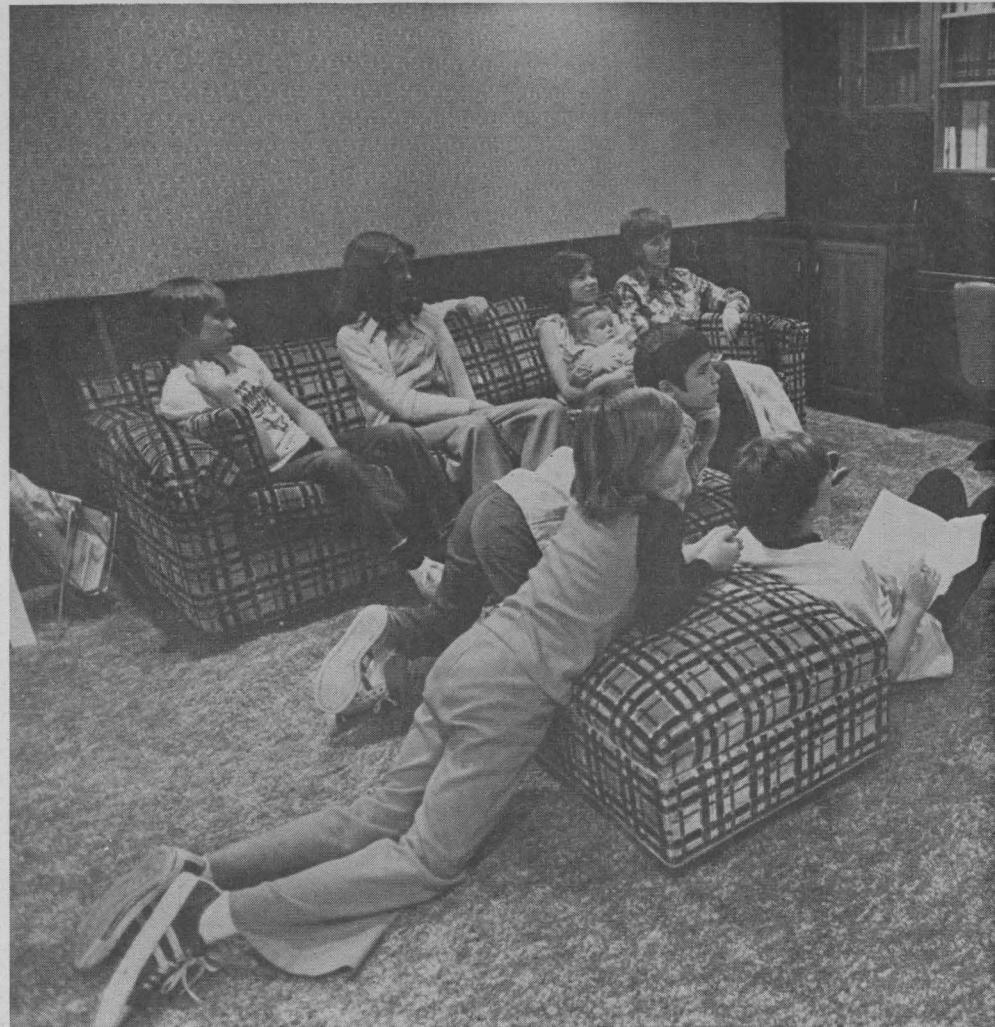
Does it leave your hair dull, dry and unmanageable? Then what you need is a medicated dandruff shampoo with conditioners... Psorex. It adds body, manageability and lustre because it has protein conditioners.

At the same time Psorex helps relieve scalp problems like dandruff scaling, flaking and itching.

Just because you need a medicated shampoo doesn't mean you have to have dull, dry bodiless hair. Get Psorex medicated shampoo with conditioners.



Psorex®
Medicated Shampoo
Clean Scalp —
Beautiful Hair



Cline, his wife, Lois (on sofa, far right), and seven of their nine children gather at home to watch some nonviolent TV.

seeing a TV film in which this was done.

Is sexual violence also imitated?

Yes. Last year NBC-TV showed a made-for-television movie called *Born Innocent*, including graphic scenes inside a detention home for girls. One girl was stripped and raped with a broom handle. After it was aired a woman in San Francisco reported that her daughter and her friend, 8 and 9 years old, were assaulted in exactly the same way by other children who had seen the show on TV. This woman is suing NBC and the local station, KRON-TV, for \$11 million.

What is an example of a harmful motion picture?

A prime example is *Death Wish*, star-

ring Charles Bronson. This film glorifies some extremely dangerous antisocial behavior on the part of a man whose wife was killed and his daughter raped. Bronson, frustrated by not being able to track down the guilty men, goes on a killing campaign against muggers. The film justifies murder, makes violence attractive and shows explicitly how the main character does away with his victims. The whole thing is nothing more than a primer on homicide.

Does media violence tie in with the spectacular mass murders of recent years?

I had the opportunity to do intensive assessments on the two young men in Houston who were involved in what the newspapers called the "Crime of the Century." Twenty-seven males be-

Congress has ordered the FCC to come up with some recommendations on how to protect children from televised violence. So far the FCC has supported self-regulation, and that's fine. But if the networks do not police themselves, challenges of license renewals by private groups will have to continue. The networks do have a code of ethics which they are supposed to abide by, limiting certain kinds of material, but the codes are violated almost daily. This is true of made-for-TV movies as well as of series like *Baretta*, *Kojak*, *Police Woman*, *Hawaii Five-O*, and *Mannix*.

What solutions do you suggest?

We must avoid outright censorship. My hope is that the TV networks—perhaps under pressure from Congress and regulatory agencies—will see the error of their ways. If this fails, the public can certainly protest to their local television stations. We can also protest to the sponsors, threatening to stop buying the advertised products. And we can turn off the TV sets, which a lot of parents are doing. The regulatory agencies could flex their muscles and threaten to revoke licenses.

Isn't there anything good on TV?

I don't want to knock TV totally. What I am pleading for is that the massive saturation, the intensity, the prurient appeal and the magnification of sex and violence be reduced to a sane level, making it something that we—and our children—can emotionally handle. □

Aside from the "family programming," are the TV networks doing anything to tone down violence and sex?

In my opinion, no. In fact, there is an accelerating trend to hype up television shows with violence and sex in order to attract more viewers.

Is the federal government doing anything about the problem?

BORROW BY MAIL!

any amount you want to **\$3000**

private — fast — convenient — no personal interviews

PAY OFF ALL YOUR BILLS at once! Make only one small monthly payment by mail. You stretch your paycheck . . . have money left over to spend. All arrangements made by mail in strict privacy. Pay only for time you use the money—this way you control cost of your loan. We are state licensed under loan law of our State. You are assured fair rates and complete reliability. Mail coupon . . . get fast reply in plain envelope Airmail. Application given immediate action. You will like Postal's service. May we help you?

Postal FINANCE CO. Dept. 37-06
6018 Military Ave.,
Omaha, Nebraska 68104

Tell Us How Much Cash You Need

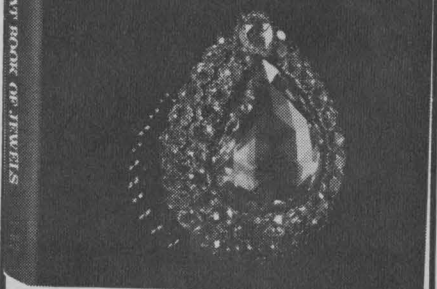
POSTAL FINANCE CO. Dept. 37-06
6018 Military Ave.,
Omaha, Nebraska 68104
Rush FREE complete loan papers

AMOUNT I NEED: \$
Name _____ Age _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The most breathtaking book on jewels ever published

ERNST A. and JEAN HEINIGER

THE GREAT BOOK OF JEWELS

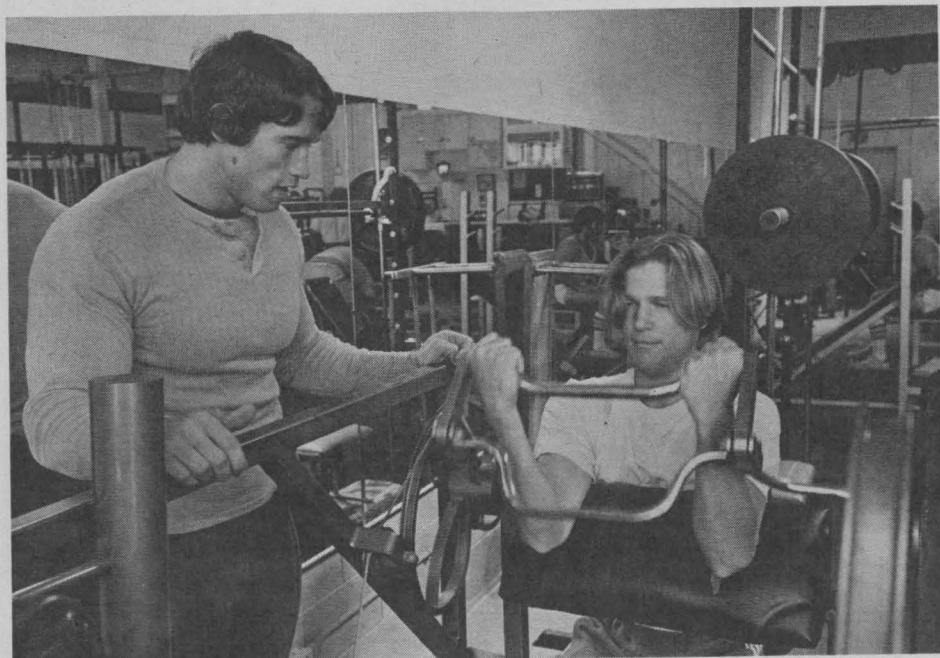


Edited by Ernst and Jean Heiniger. This stunning volume captures all the romance, the history, the mystery, the enduring beauty of the world's most precious gems. Nearly 300 color, many b & w ills. 348 pp. 11 x 14 ins. \$59.50 until 12/31/74; \$69.50 thereafter

NEW YORK GRAPHIC SOCIETY
11 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108
A Time Incorporated Company

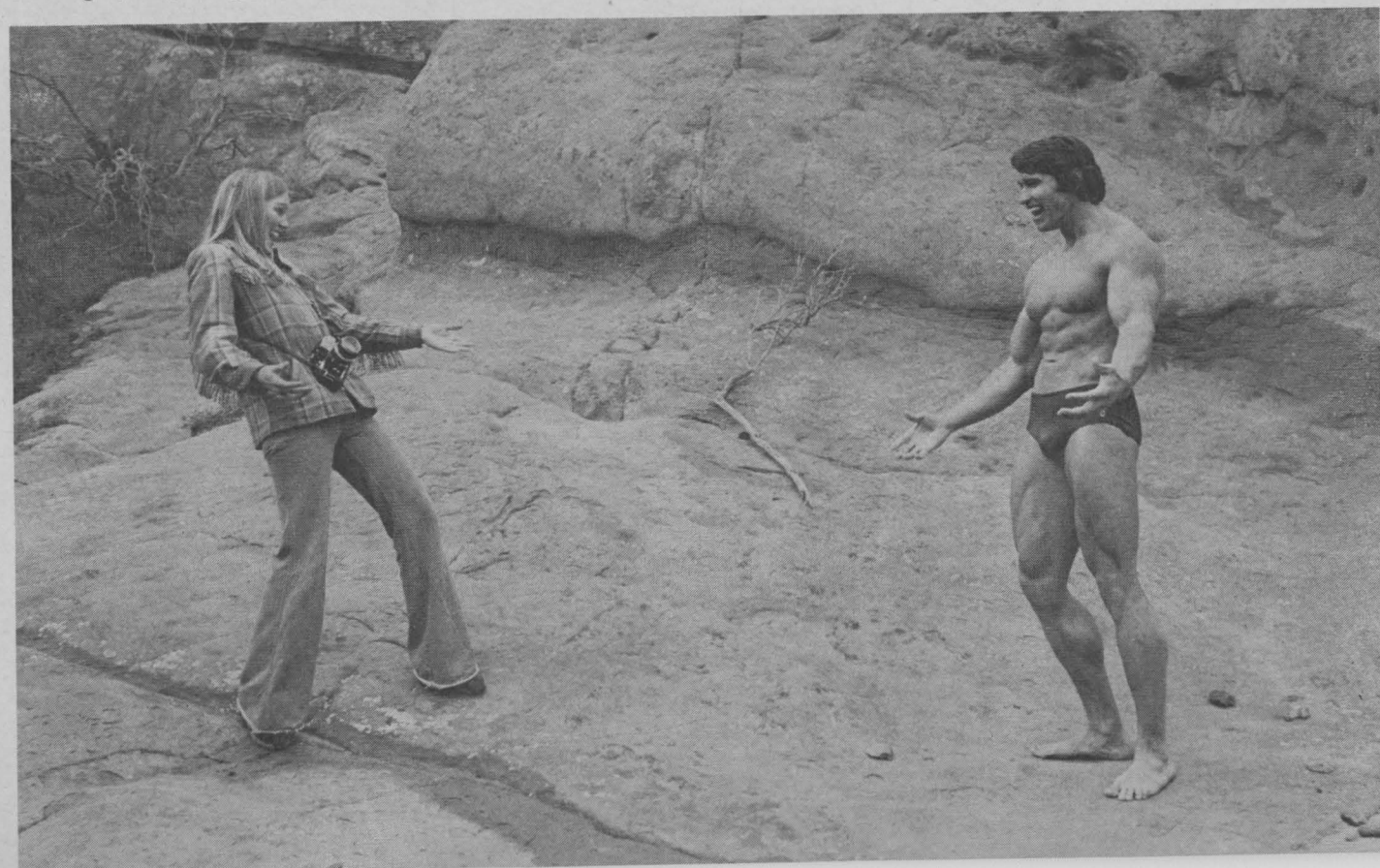
TO THE **TOP**

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER, A NAME TO REMEMBER IN THE BODY-BUILDING BUSINESS



The Oak teaches actor Jeff Bridges to use a weight machine for the film they are co-starring in, 'Stay Hungry.'

Sue Geston, an amateur photographer, snaps Schwarzenegger—five times Mr. Olympia—on a California beach.



His first day on the movie set, Arnold Schwarzenegger bristled when the director told him a scene would have to be reshot. "I thought, 'Hell, do you know who you are talking to—this is Arnold Schwarzenegger. For five years I have been above criticism.'"

Indeed, Arnold Schwarzenegger, who measures 57" across the chest and 31" at the waist could be excused for thinking himself perfect. In the punishing, and widely misunderstood, sport of body-building, Schwarzenegger, 27, a native of Graz, Austria, has had no peer for the last half decade. He has held the titles of Mr. Europe, Mr. World, Mr. Universe (for five years) and in the Super Bowl of his arcane speciality, he has won the Mr. Olympia crown five times in a row.

Now at the peak of his career, the Austrian Oak, as he is known, is seeking new challenges and has turned to films. He is playing an aspiring body-builder in *Stay Hungry*, a movie being shot on location in Birmingham, Ala. To qualify for the role, the Austrian Oak had to lose 30 of his 240 pounds, but the weight loss will not threaten his supremacy.

"When I want to regain it," says Schwarzenegger, "I'll do it. That's the

kind of control I have over my body. I stay away from starches, eat only meat and vegetables, and I exercise."

"Exercise" seems hardly the word. When he is training, the Oak "pumps

iron" for hours—hefting up to 40 tons of barbells a day, six days a week. The son of a weight lifter, Schwarzenegger felt by the age of 10 that he was destined to excel—but at what? "By the

time I was 13," he says, "I realized I'd be more successful at something physical rather than mental."

The problem was to find the right sport. He was a superb swimmer and a tough boxer, but too slow for each; he was an energetic wing for the local soccer club, but too individualistic for team sports. When he and his teammates were ordered to lift weights to strengthen their legs, Schwarzenegger knew he had discovered his calling.

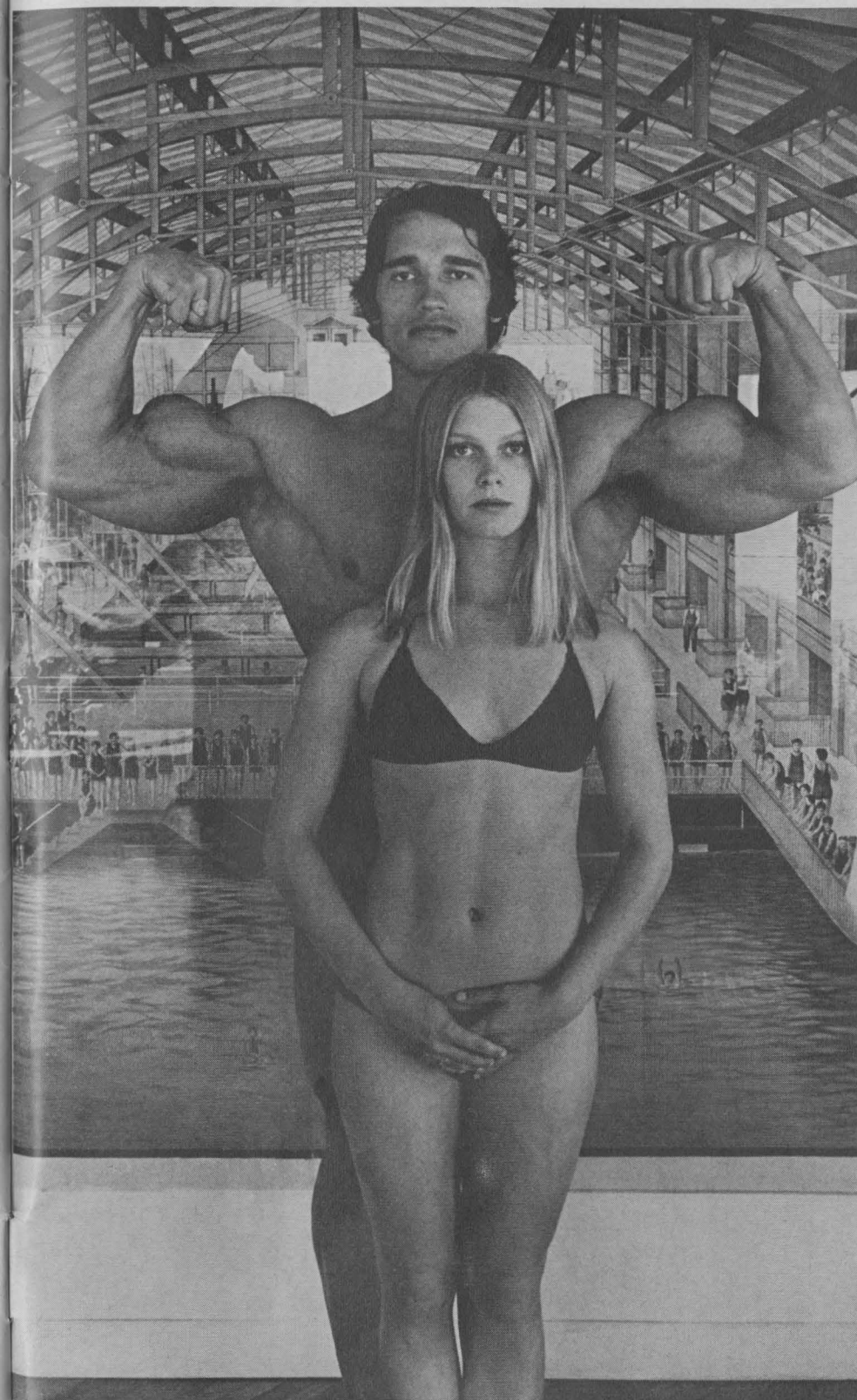
At 17—and 160 pounds—he began his quest to be the world's best built man. Within a year he was Austria's weight lifting champ, and in 1967, at age 20, he became the youngest Mr. Universe ever. The following year he left Austria to train in California and attend UCLA, where he began work on a bachelor's degree in business administration. In 1970 he began his reign as world champ.

The Oak is one of only two men (the other is his friend Franco Columbu of Italy) who earn a living from body-building—about \$50,000 a year in contest prizes, appearances, endorsements and fees from a mail-order course. His business courses help him decide how to allocate his funds.

Schwarzenegger scoffs at the myths about muscle-men: that they are one-track narcissists—often homosexual—whose greatest joy is to stand before a mirror, pump iron and tighten their torsos into vein-glorious replicas of the Amazon tributary system.

"The biggest misconception about me, especially from women," laments the Oak, "is that I'm very rough. Actually, I'm very gentle. I never had a need to show off. I didn't get into body building to attract attention. I only wanted to be the best."

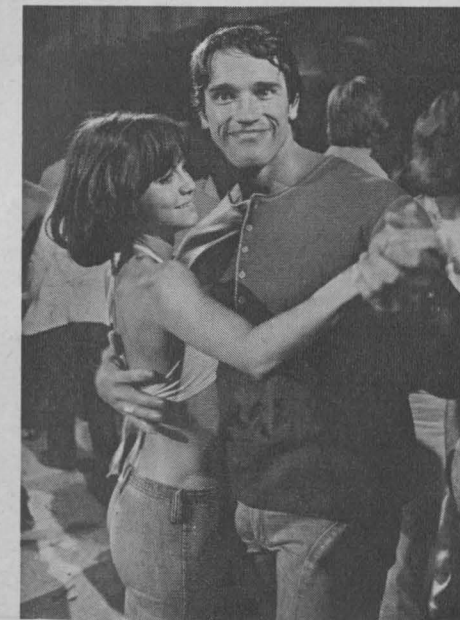
ANDREA JOINER



Arnold Schwarzenegger and friend Sue Geston stand before an 1880s photo of the San Francisco Bathing Club.

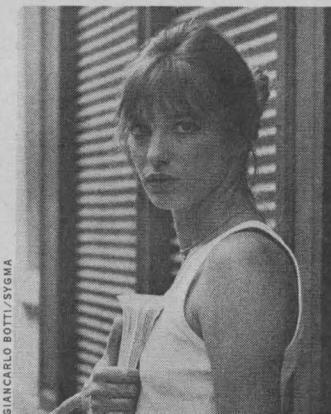
Schwarzenegger, playing a body-builder who becomes Mr. Alabama, dances (right) with Sally ('The Flying Nun') Field.

Photographs by George Butler



CHATTER

How's Your Love Life? Though she parlayed a teenage nude tumble in *Blow-Up* into a career as a continental sexpot (her heavy-breathing record, *Je t'aime*, was banned by the Vatican), Jane Birkin, now 29, will win few booby prizes. Not from want of trying, however. "When I was in boarding school in England," she confessed to a French TV audience, "I was told that if I put toothpaste on my whatnots, it would make them grow." Then, pointing to what are still nots, she added, ruefully, "Maybe I used the wrong brand."



Jane Birkin:
Is that her chest or Crest?

Judicial Fiat Still crippled by his stroke of last winter but obstinate as ever, Justice William O. Douglas, 76, insists on summering at his accustomed Gooseprairie, Wash. hideaway. Doctors and Supreme Court colleagues note that the rough terrain of the property is unsuitable for the wheelchair to which Douglas is confined, and that the nearest phone—and medical aid—is several miles away. Douglas' decision is especially difficult for his fourth wife, Cathy, 32, a junior lawyer with a big D.C. firm, who just the other day filed her first motion—in the court of John Sirica.



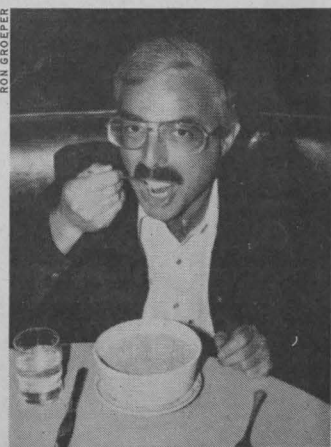
Douglas & Vaccaro:
Who said once is not enough?

French Disconnection The late Aristotle Onassis wanted his daughter Christina to marry Greek shipping scion Peter Goulandris. And Tina dutifully did buy a house on the same Bahamas island (New Providence) where Goulandris has his home, grandly named Waterloo. She and Peter even sought out a Greek Orthodox priest on the island in secrecy to determine what's required for a local wedding. But is Tina, at 24, still shopping around? On a recent excursion to Paris she bought a long black cape and kitenishly twirled it around the broad shoulders of her companion before they both snuggled (along with the chauffeur) into the front seat of their Mercedes-Benz. It wasn't Goulandris, but 42-year-old French bad-actor Jean-Paul Belmondo.



Christina Onassis: Is Belmondo her new Waterloo?

Dawn Patrol In case nobody noticed (and, according to the Nielsens, few have), Ste-



phanie Edwards has exited *AM America*, ABC's decaffeinated competition to the *Today* show. The list of fill-ins (and, in some cases, auditioners) includes Lynn Redgrave, Kathy (Mrs. Bing) Crosby, Rene (the ex-Mrs. Scott) Carpenter, both Candy and Polly Bergen, and Masters & Johnson. But the morning-line favorite in the succession sweepstakes is Washington's irrepressible Barbara Howar.

Better Dead Than Wed The title of her new picture notwithstanding, once apparently is enough for divorcée Brenda Vaccaro, 35. She and her man of almost six years, Michael (*The Streets of San Francisco*) Douglas, 30, have withdrawn the bans they proclaimed last October. "Everything is so good between us we're almost afraid to change things," explains Michael. "So many long and wonderful relationships seem to fall apart just months after there's been a wedding." As far as Douglas' dad is concerned, a Ms. is as good as an aisle—and Kirk is now affably referring to Brenda as "my almost daughter-in-law."

Furthermore

●Fleet Street has long clucked over the bad wrist that ended Prince Philip's polo career but has loyally averted its eye from an occupational infirmity of Queen Elizabeth. Her Majesty, 49, after four children and 23 years of royal receiving lines, has developed varicose veins.

●Since 1972, Chicagoans have been offended by the visual gaffes in CBS's made-in-L.A. *Bob Newhart Show*, which is supposedly set in their toddling town. Now Newhart, a Chicago native, has come home again to reshoot token "exteriors" to avoid bloopers like the recent tennis scene, in which the backdrop included a mountain.

●In his new book, *The Save-Your-Life Diet*, Dr. David Reuben reveals everything you always wanted to know about bran, which he claims cuts heart disease and colonic cancer. And even improves sex life. How? "In one very important way," says Dr. Spielgood. "You can't have sex after you're dead."

Dr. David Reuben:
Who's full of bran?

SEVEN & SEVEN



SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF. "SEVEN-UP" AND "7 UP" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS IDENTIFYING THE PRODUCT OF THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY.

The trick to washing a dog is to somehow keep the dog from washing you.

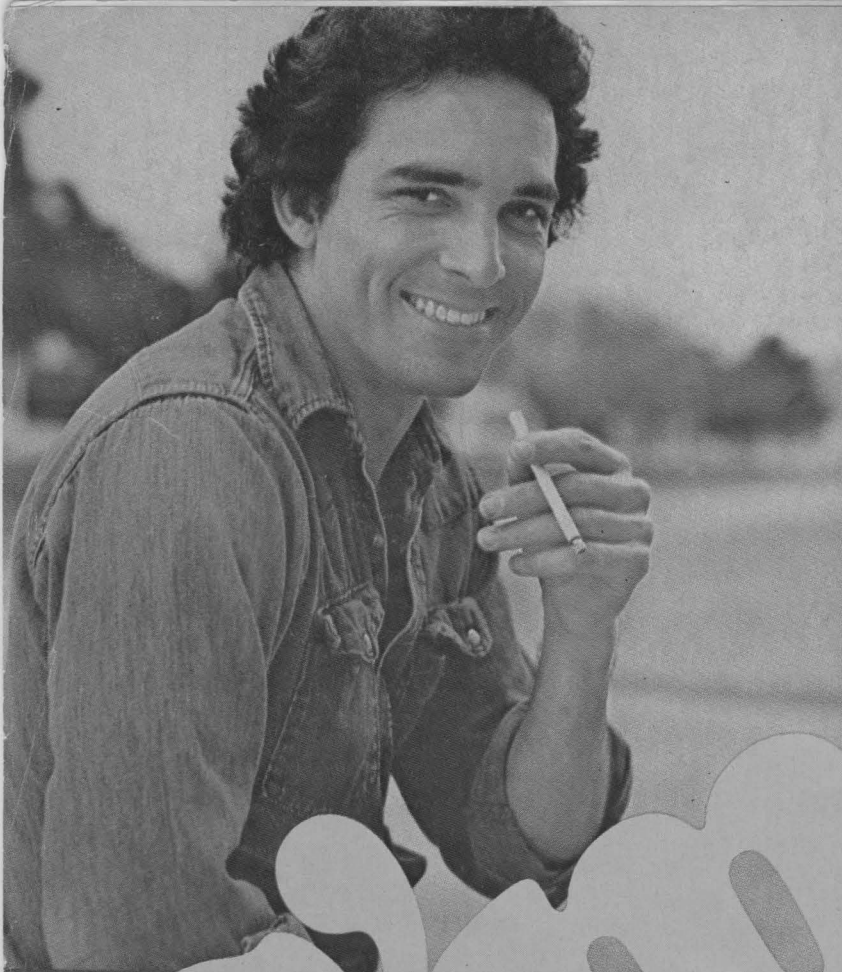
The trick to a Seven & Seven? That's no trick at all. Just plunk a few ice cubes in a tall glass, add a jigger of Seagram's 7, and then fill'er up with 7 Up. You can even toss in a lemon peel, just to give this old favorite a new twist.

But whatever, the easiest part is liking it. The Seven & Seven.

You make it with Seagram's 7, the whiskey America likes best.

Seagram's 7 Crown.
It's America's whiskey.





Crimmola

**Come for
the filter.**



**You'll stay for
the taste.**



18 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Oct. '74.

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

**A lot of good taste that comes easy
through the Micronite filter.**