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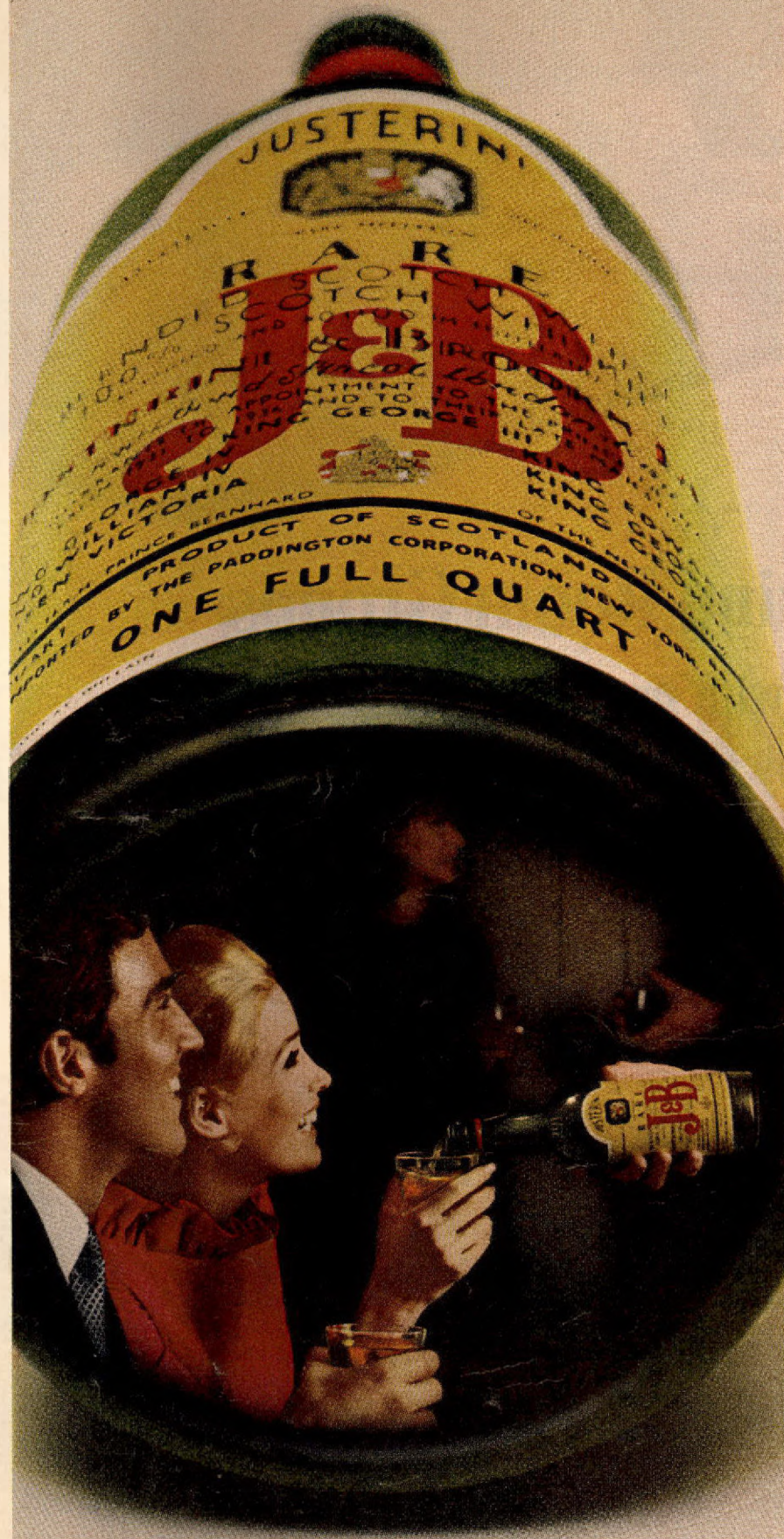
This curved-front sofa is eight lovely feet of sit-back-and-say "Ah" comfort, and it comes in an exquisite nylon* face matelassé that's outline-quilted for a sculptured look and feel. The two chairs are in contrasting velvet, and all three pieces have the contemporary "costume jewelry touch" of easy-roll Shepherd casters.

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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

Dick & Liz Dare Us to Stay Away

BOOM!

with Elizabeth Taylor and
Richard Burton

Boom! The title is explained somewhere, but I'm afraid my attention wandered as the picture flapped along and I'm not sure I got it straight. I think it is the sound you are alleged to hear when you are suddenly shocked into awareness of existence. Or maybe it's just the sound of the cookie crumbling or of one hand clapping. No matter—it is something ambitiously ambiguous and poetic, some sort of metaphysical popcorn to munch while Liz and Richard go about the really serious business of the movie—which is making a million apiece by, respectively, waddling and shambling through poor old Tennessee Williams' latest self-satire.

Ordinarily one would discreetly avert one's eyes from something as humiliating as this, but *Boom!* represents a kind of perverse challenge. When people reach a certain status in show biz—have plenty of "clout" as they say—a kind of arrogance seems to set in. They get to thinking, perhaps unconsciously, that they can dare us to reject anything they feel like shoveling out. The Burtons are peculiarly afflicted with this malaise. *The VIPs*, *The Sandpiper*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Comedians*—all of them were, in one way or another, frauds based (correctly, as it turned out) on the belief that curiosity would overcome common sense and lure us into the theater like rubes to a freak show. Suitably stimulated, as they apparently were by *Virginia Woolf*, the Burtons can still be effective. But there is a tired, slack quality in most of their work that is, by now, a form of insult. They do not so much act as deign to appear before us and there is neither discipline nor dignity in what they do. She is fat and will do nothing about her most glaring defect, an unpleasant voice which she cannot adequately control. He, conversely, acts with nothing but his voice, rolling out his lines with much elegance but with no feeling at all.

In Mr. Williams, of course, they have found a writer who shares their cynicism. *Boom!* is an adaptation of a play he has twice failed to foist on Broadway (*The Milk Train Doesn't*

Stop Here Anymore) though, naturally, the producers nowhere mention this inconvenient fact. In one of his customarily exotic settings—a moderne villa on the Sardinian sea cliffs—he has placed yet another convocation of his stock company. A wealthy, fading beauty (but not too faded: after all she's the star) is being kept alive by drugs and she is visited by a gigolo who offers his clients not sexual release but—and this is Williams' pretentious twist—the release of death. They are surrounded by a veritable Our Gang of grotesques—a dwarf, a Negro giant, an overripe fruit, an understandably nervous secretary, even that pack of wild dogs from *Orpheus Descending*.

It was once possible to consider these creatures as the irrepressible manifestations of a genuinely tortured private vision, but familiarity has bred contempt. They no longer even titillate us, let alone stir authentic emotions, and even Mr. Williams appears bored with them.

Of course, there has to be a director and they have employed the chic Joseph Losey (*Accident*, *The Servant*, *et al*). The contemporary master of the self-consciously beautiful, essentially empty cinematic gesture, he is a perfect choice for the job. His thing—one can scarcely call it a style—is composed of pregnant pauses, silent insistence on visual symbols that generally turn out to be of little consequence, peculiar camera setups and editing rhythms that seem to portend something and rarely do. In the close confines of a movie house, it has always seemed to me as cloying as a heavy perfume, but here it has a functional value, covering the odor of decaying talents, and I suppose we have to be grateful for it.

One cannot be certain if it is correct to impute cynicism to all these people. Perhaps the Burtons are doing the very best they can, laden as they are by their celebrity. Perhaps Mr. Williams is less cynical than desperate; it is hard to accept the decline of creative energy and the growing feeling of cultural irrelevance. Perhaps Mr. Losey even thinks he is serving art rather than mortuary science. But if they are not cynics, overestimating their charisma and underestimating our intelligence, then they are guilty of a lack of esthetic and self-awareness that is just as disheartening. In any case, it seems to me that we have been patient with all of them long enough. What they most need is to be left alone to think things out in silence and *Boom!* is the perfect occasion for that. That title could not be more apt; it is precisely the sound of a bomb exploding.

by **Richard Schickel**



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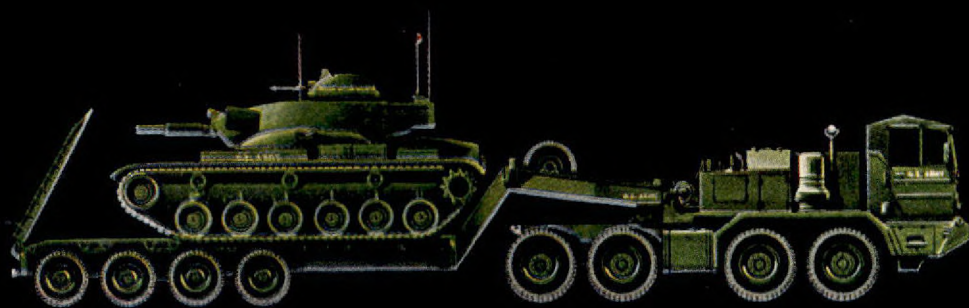
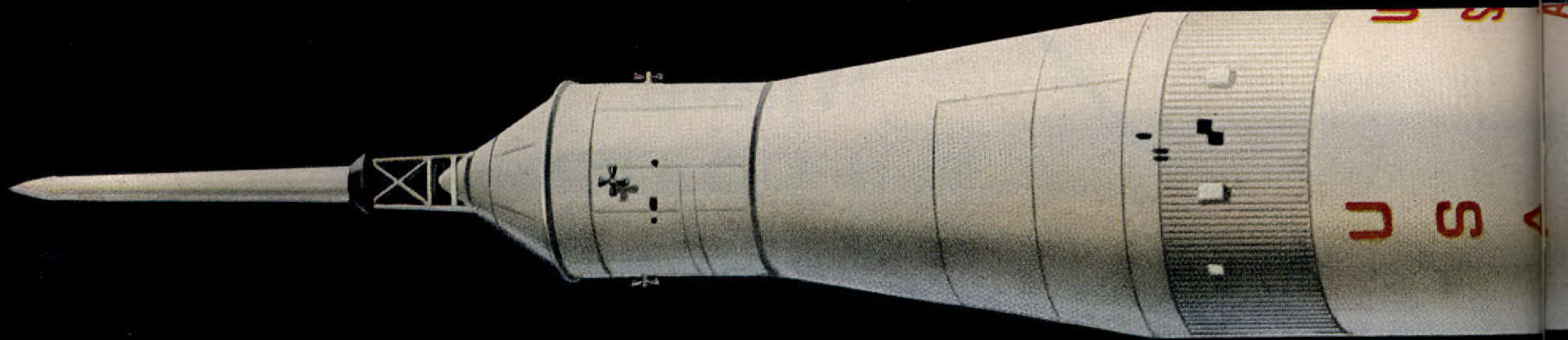
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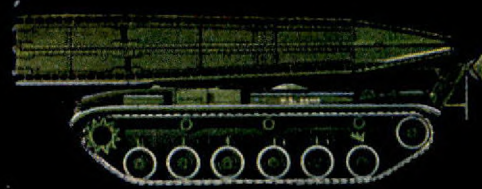
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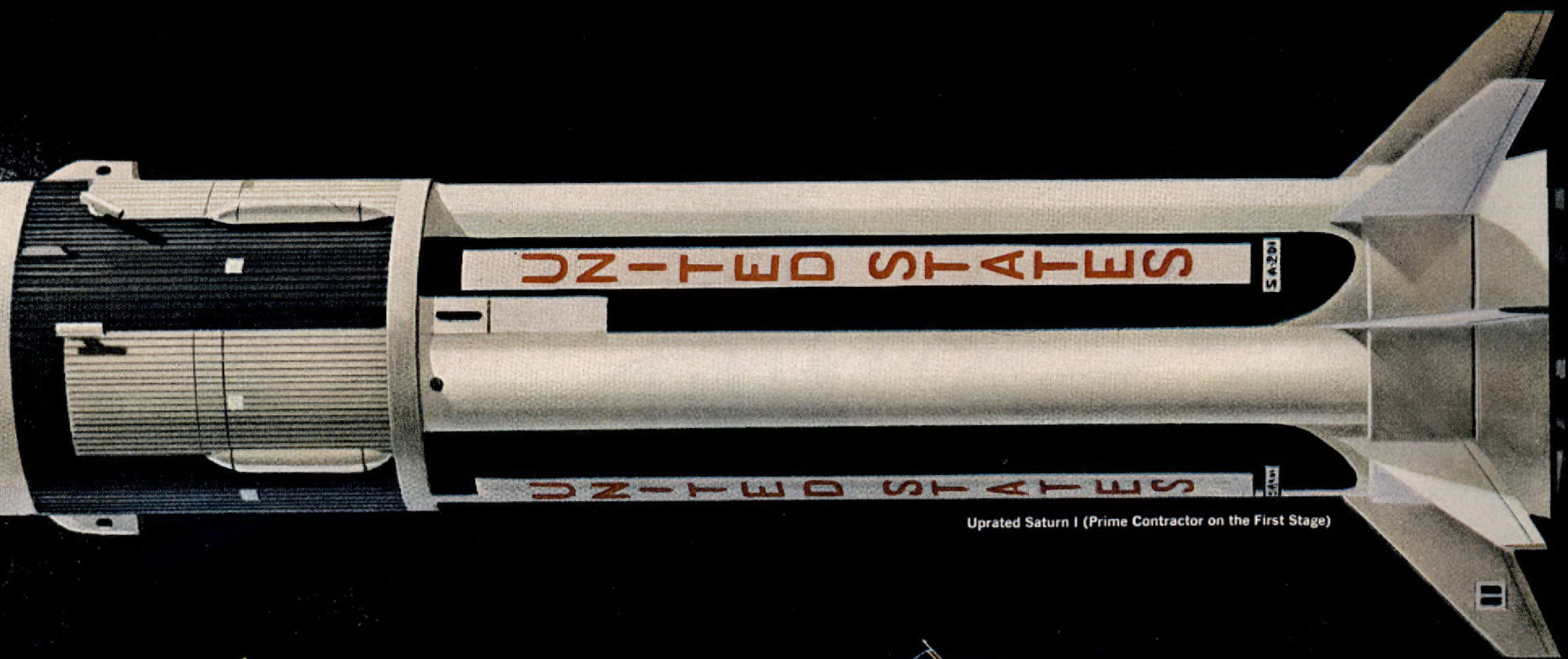
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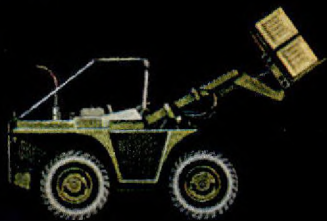
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CORTINA



Untangling Beatrice's Webb

BEATRICE WEBB

by KITTY MUGGERIDGE and
RUTH ADAM
(Alfred A. Knopf) \$6.95

As the Dean of Westminster committed the two caskets with the ashes of the Webbs to their final place in the Abbey, a hoarse whisper broke the silence, "Which is Sidney and which is Beatrice?" It came from Beatrice's lusty and frowned-upon sister, Rosy. Inseparable in life as in death, the founders of the Fabian Society and the London School of Economics have become so homogenized in the public mind that Mrs. Muggeridge and Mrs. Adam have done a service in their superb biography by disentangling Beatrice from Sidney and presenting her in her own right as one of the most remarkable women of our times.

Born into the wealthy and conservative Potter family, Beatrice, after falling in unrequited love with Joseph Chamberlain, a glamorous political figure of the day, settled in her early 30s for marriage to an unattractive young socialist called Sidney Webb.

"On the face of it," Beatrice wrote, "an extraordinary end for the once brilliant Miss Potter . . . to marry an ugly little man with no social position and less means . . . and I am not in love with him. . . ."

Love came later, a wooing and fulfillment nurtured by their discussion of local government, drains, sweat shops and wage rates. Theirs was a contented and apparently sexless marriage in which Beatrice always retained a Victorian distaste for the flirtatiousness of men like their close friend Bernard Shaw or the doctrine of free love which she attributed to Karl Marx's daughter, whom she met in the British Museum and who, she thought, couldn't "remain long within the pale of respectable society."

Nor did Sidney himself waste time on sensual distractions from serious research. They constantly held their pens at the ready, and when they visited Japan, Sidney hired a prostitute in a brothel, only to spend his time questioning the bewildered young woman about her hours of work, pay and prospects. Havelock Ellis, researching elsewhere at the same time, was putting quite different questions.

The achievement of the Webbs was to transform the 19th Century sense of guilt felt by upper-class England toward the poor (intermittently purged by philanthropy and slumming) into a system of public responsibility. On the Continent, the poor became violent revolutionaries. In Britain, the social revolution that led to the welfare state was guided by the bicycling middle classes, genteelly, rationally and pacifically. Fabianism meant gradualism, and the socialism of Shaw, H. G. Wells, Ramsay MacDonald and Webb did not prevent their symbiosis with the Established Order and their final surrender to "the aristocratic embrace." Shaw and Wells were the intellectual glories of Edwardian and Georgian England, feted by society. Webb became a not very successful cabinet minister and later Lord Passfield. Despite the sneers of the Tories, Beatrice's egalitarian principles made her retain to the end her commoner's name of Mrs. Beatrice Webb.

These gestures of renunciation told only half the story. The preachers of the ideal socialist life lived in considerable comfort in London and their country house, which didn't exactly correspond with the "equal sharing of available commodities" to which the Labor Party was then pledged. Nor did it prevent Beatrice and Sidney from eulogizing Communist Russia on the basis of a three weeks' tour in *Soviet Communism, A New Civilization*. There was always a divorce in Beatrice's mind between faith and facts. Though not a religious conformist, she had a mystical belief in prayer. Her disappointment when the facts conflicted with her faith was probably the basis of her recurring attacks of neurosis.

The authors of her life haven't presented us with an aldermanic portrait. Most of Beatrice Webb is in the book—the self-taught woman determined in the age before the woman's vote to assert herself in public affairs, the bluestocking who once fell hopelessly in love with an older politician because he could command a great audience, the sterile wife who was fertile in books. Her life was dedicated in great measure to disproving the diary note of her mother Laurencina, "Beatrice is the only one of my children who is below the average in intelligence." History and her biographers have corrected this misjudgment on one of Britain's greatest reformers and most stimulating intellects.

Mr. Edelman is a member of Parliament and a novelist whose most recent book is *Shark Island*.

by **Maurice Edelman**



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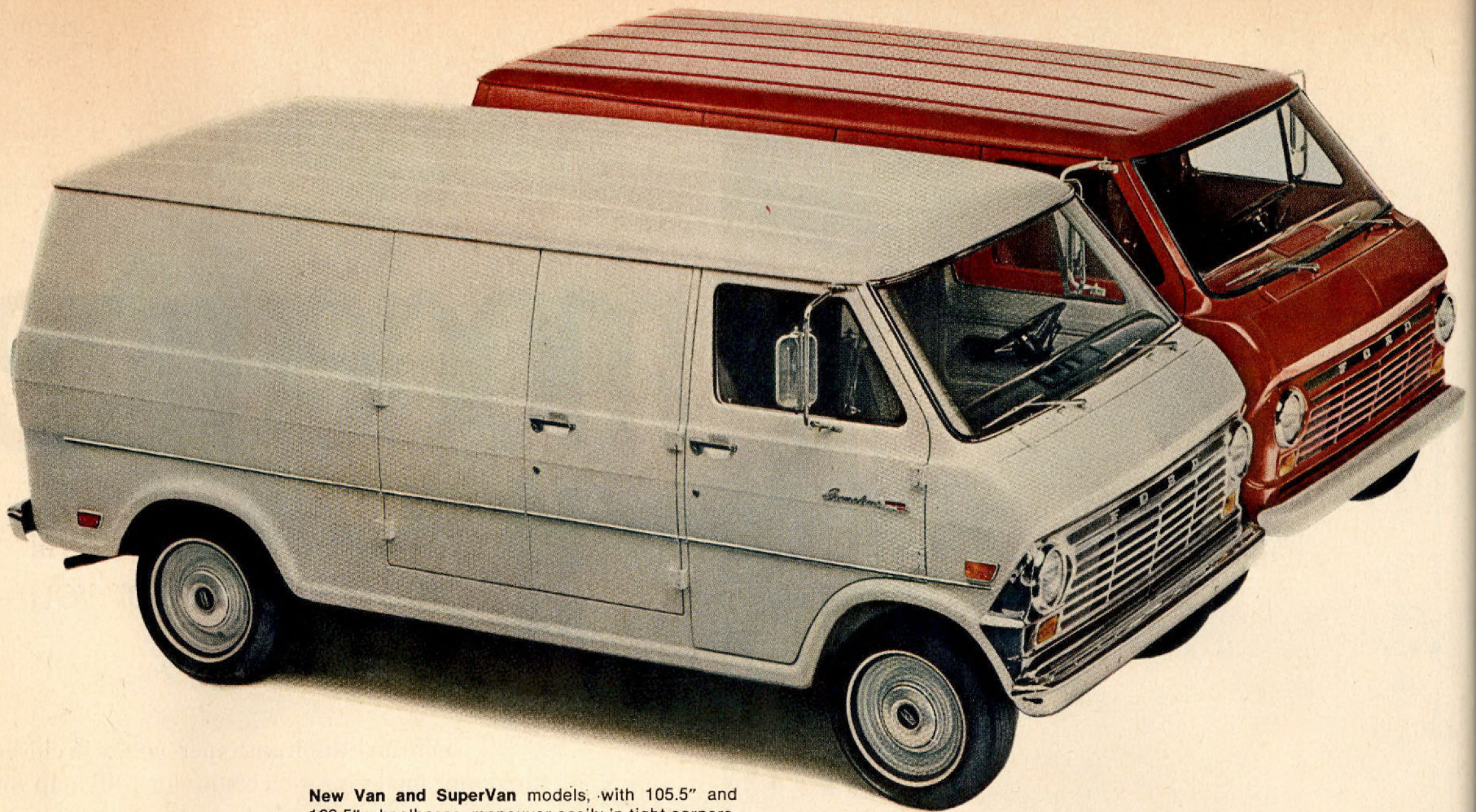
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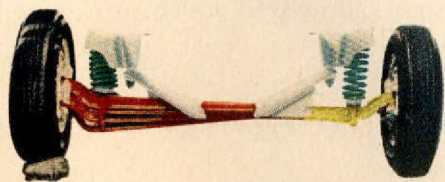
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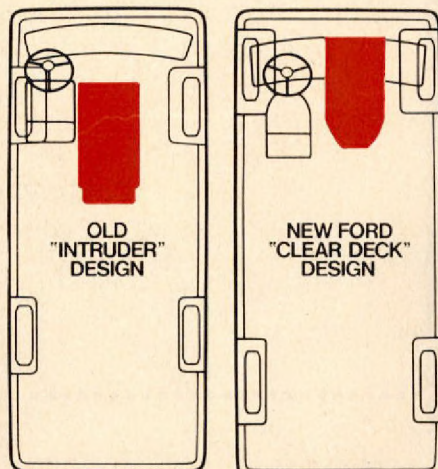
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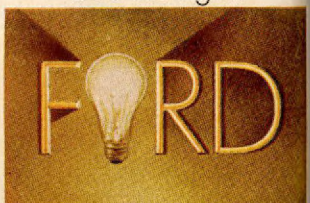


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Palming Off Those Pesky Shrines

THE MONUMENT GAP

I've been thinking that those big statues on Easter Island would look good if somebody bought them and put them up alongside the New Jersey Turnpike. Not only would they bring variety to a stretch of road that can get pretty dull, they would also make a wonderful tourist attraction. Surround them with burger stands and Polynesian souvenir shops, build a motor inn with a simulated grass roof and you'd have a nice little business, not to mention a culture center. Who knows? Get some kid interested in those glyphs and he might even decipher the darn things.

Best of all, it would be a real favor to Chile—one of those "good neighbor" opportunities that don't come up as often as the State Department would like. The statues are in poor shape after so many centuries standing out in the Pacific wind and rain. We could fix them up with American know-how, maybe do a little restoring and save the Chileans the trouble and expense of doing it themselves. They probably never wanted Easter Island anyway.

What started this train of thought was the recent purchase of London Bridge—which the English say has become too narrow and frail—by the McCulloch Oil Corporation, an American firm that will take it apart and rebuild it in the Arizona desert at a resort called Lake Havasu City. Part of the Colorado River will be deflected to run under it and will be named "The Little Thames." "We believe that more than four million tourists will come each year just to see the bridge," says C. V. Wood Jr., president of McCulloch. His company paid \$2,460,000 for it, but the reconstruction cost will be lessened by "the fact that the bridge can be built before the river."

That, of course, is the key fact—the one that gives the idea its integrity. For at first it might seem somewhat crude to wrench a foreign landmark out of its proper setting. But this overlooks our ability to rearrange nature with a bulldozer. I mean, it would be wrong to buy the Parthenon and rebuild it in some place that's flat—say, the outskirts of Dallas. But choose a spot that has some height

anyway—perhaps across the Potomac from Washington, up by the Lee mansion—and shape the land so it looks like the Acropolis, and put the Parthenon *there*, and the whole thing would be in such good taste that nobody could possibly complain.

I bring this up now so that we can all keep alert, as we do our summer driving around America, for suitable new sites for the antiquated monuments of Europe and Asia. The Tower of Pisa is a perfect example. It has been leaning for 600 years, and in all that time the Italians haven't straightened it up; obviously they are just waiting for someone to come and take it away. With our technology we could make the tower lean even more—perhaps as much as 45°—and it would make a nice downtown ornament for some middle-sized city like Bridgeport or Peoria.

I say "middle-sized" because scale is so important. The Taj Mahal, for instance, is really too big for Bridgeport. I think of the Taj for Chicago, just offshore on steel piles so that Lake Michigan could serve as a reflecting pool. That's the integrity part—without a reflection it would simply look out of place.

But American technology and taste are not the only values at work here. Most exciting of all is the fact that our philosophy of obsolescence—of disposable products, of cars that we shed annually, of buildings that we tear down after 20 years—seems to be catching on abroad. If England is willing to sell London Bridge, which dates from 1831, what chance has 902-year-old Westminster Abbey, or any landmark of Tudor or Elizabethan vintage? Soon we can expect to see Anne Hathaway's cottage at Hollywood and Vine, or Stonehenge out on Miami Beach.

And when England goes, there goes the whole ball game—getting rid of useless historical junk will become an international sport. I can see the great hall of Karnak inside Houston's Astrodome, or Chenonceaux Castle straddling the Monongahela, or Hagia Sophia in Disneyland. Nor would it be a one-way project, for we have plenty of dilapidated cultural shrines right here in the U.S.A. that national sentiment would undoubtedly like to pack off somewhere else. Just for openers, the Liberty Bell is cracked, the Capitol dome is falling apart, so is Niagara Falls, and the four Presidents on Mount Rushmore are beginning to show their age.

There's great material, in other words, for trades with other countries that would enrich both them and us. All it takes is a love of culture and a little sensitivity.

by William Zinsser



"How we retired in 15 years with \$300 a month"

"Do you think we look too young to be retired? Our son, Gerry, does, and he said so last month when he and his wife, Anne, brought their two lively youngsters for a visit.

"Actually, it was Gerry who gave me the idea that made retirement possible. One summer, back in 1952, when Gerry was 10, he spent a month visiting my wife's parents and a month visiting mine. He said to me then, that when he got old, he wanted to be like Grandpa Clarke, not like Grandpa Taylor.

"Grandpa Clarke was happy all the time and didn't have to work unless he felt like it. Grandpa Taylor was tied to a job and never seemed to have any fun.

"The difference, I knew, was money. Not much money, just the little extra a man needs to take things easier as he gets older. I got to thinking, what would it be like when I became a grandfather? I wasn't saving regularly. Social Security alone wouldn't be enough for my wife and me to live on comfortably. I was forty years old.

"Then, one Sunday I saw an advertise-

ment in the newspaper telling how a man of forty could start a retirement plan that would, in just fifteen years, guarantee him an income of \$300 a month for the rest of his life! It seemed too good to be true, but Phoenix Mutual ran the ad, an insurance company that had more experience at this sort of planning than I had, so I sent in the coupon. Soon a booklet arrived. We picked the plan that seemed best for us, and we were on our way.

"Where did the fifteen years go? I don't know, but we were busy and happy and always deep-down-safe through the years in the knowledge that we had planned for our retirement years.

"Suddenly, our first check arrived from Phoenix Mutual! I was able to sell our big house in Winnetka, and we bought a roomy ranch house here in Florida.

"We're in the swim and having the time of our lives. And if we look too young to be retired, we have a very young genius to thank for giving us the idea just fifteen years ago!"

Send for free booklet

This story is typical. If you start early enough, you can plan to have an income of from \$50 to \$300 a month or more—starting at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive by mail, without charge or obligation, a booklet which tells about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women—and for Employee Pension Programs. Don't put it off. Send for your free copy today. You'll be glad you did.

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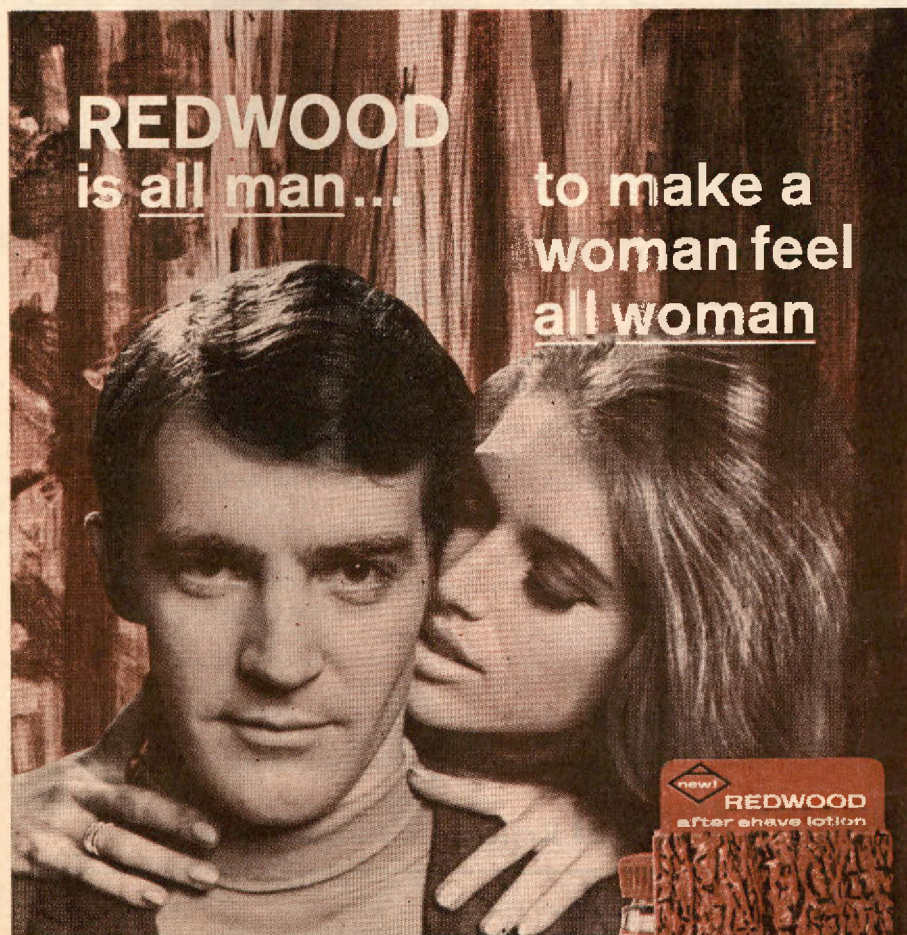
A BALLPOINT AND A HALF FOR A BUCK.



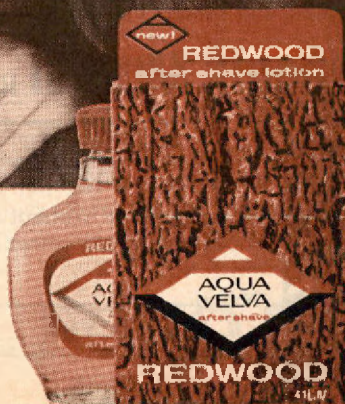
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BY **AQUA VELVA**



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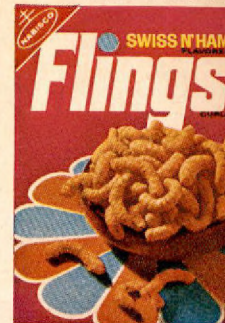
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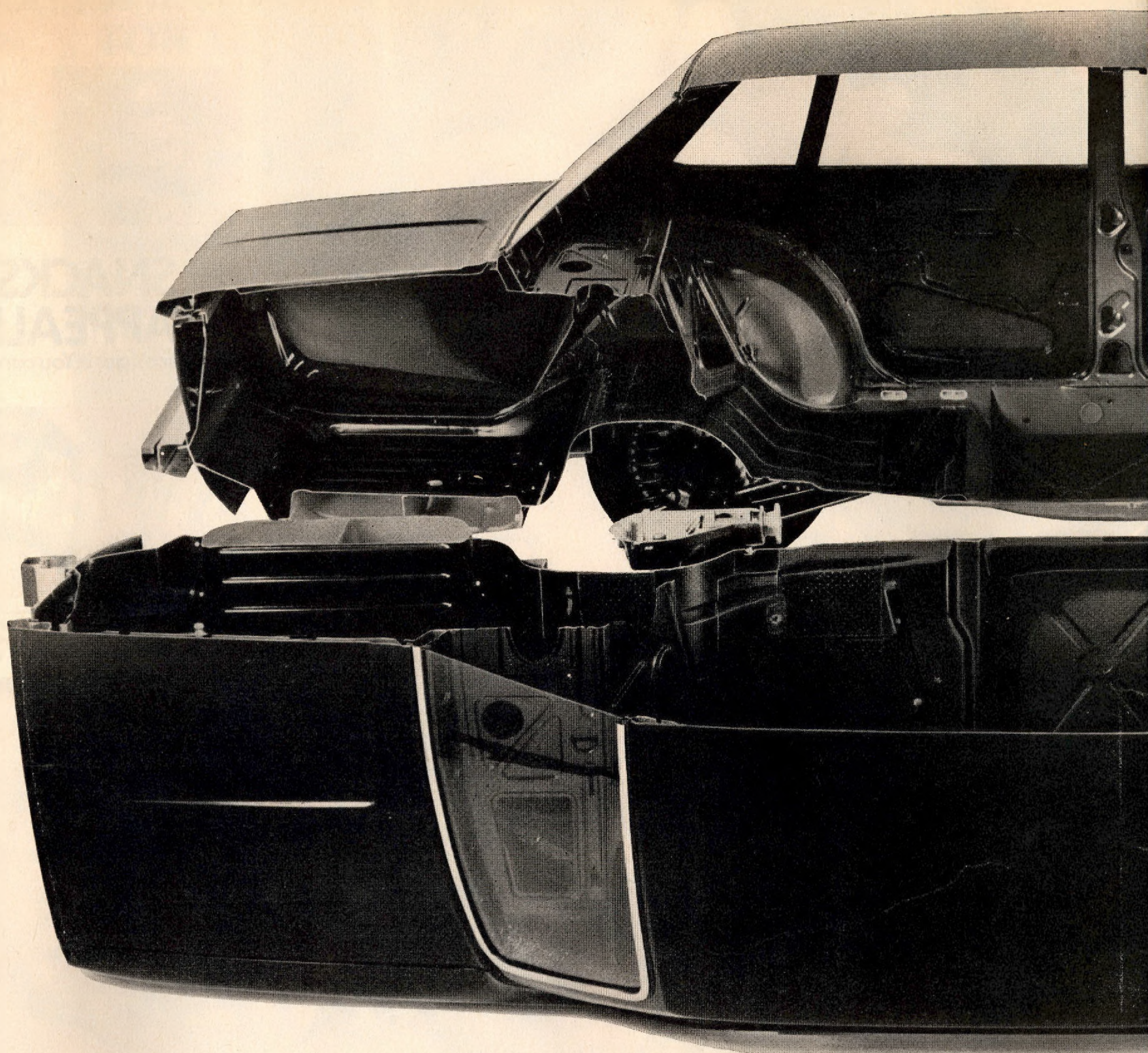


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Nabisco's got it. You can get it.



Just get Nabisco's snacky new munches, SHAPIES — the little dippers that taste like cheese. In two dippy shapes. Great with all kinds of party dips.



The inside of a Volvo is good

The finish inside a car is located only fractions of an inch from the finish on the outside.

Although in quality, they're usually miles apart.

You don't have to cut a car open to see it either. Just go to any automobile showroom and turn one inside out.

Peek under rugs. Peel back the mats in the trunk. Take a good close look at the

underside of the hood.

In most of the out-of-the-way places where you'd normally never look, you'll find barely finished metal.

At such times it's wise to remember that rust usually starts on the inside of a car and works its way out.

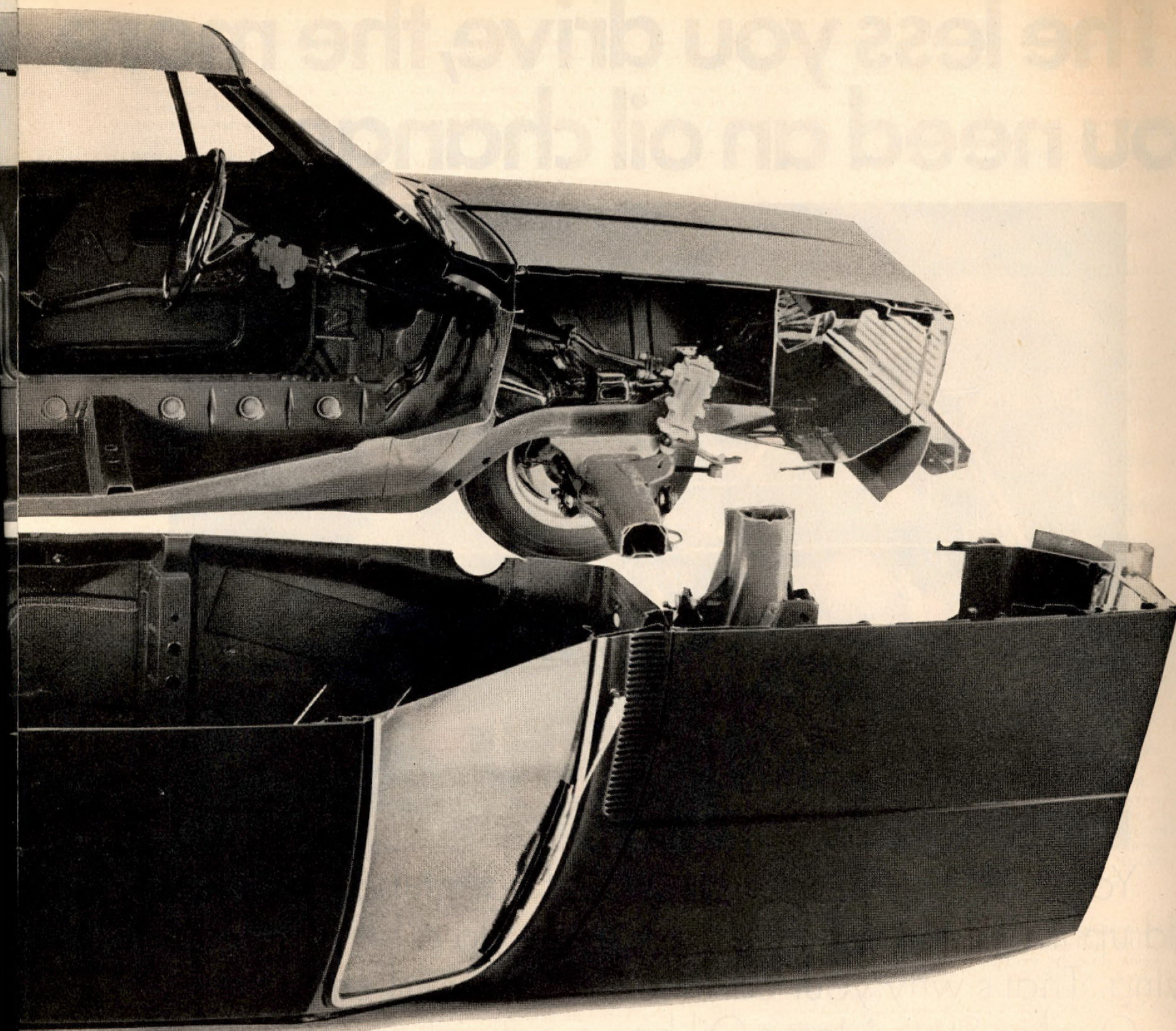
And that cars with little protection on the inside are more likely to rust than cars with a lot.

Look into a Volvo.

There's more paint inside a Volvo than there is on the outside of some cars.

Five coats of protection, in all. First, the body is dunked in an acid bath. This etches the surface so the first coat of rust-proofing primer will hang onto the metal.

Then comes another coat of primer. And after that, a sealer. And finally, 2 color coats of baked enamel. (The outside gets



enough to be an outside.

one more coat of baked enamel—in deference to people's desire for gloss.)

Now, having all this paint on the inside isn't much good if it doesn't get to *all* of the inside.

If you look at the picture above, you'll see a lot of holes. These holes let the various coats flow into every corner of every Volvo body.

Parts particularly vulnerable to rust,

like the rocker panels, are made out of hot-dipped galvanized steel in the first place. They're also hollow. So after you drive through a puddle, forced air dries them out.

And as if all that weren't enough, before a Volvo body is sealed and undercoated at the factory, a mist of special anti-rust oil is sprayed into all closed body sections.

About our outside.

It's simple and unpretentious.

But it's on a car that's built so well it lasts an average of 11 years in Sweden, where winters last half the year, and the salt air is merciless on badly finished cars.

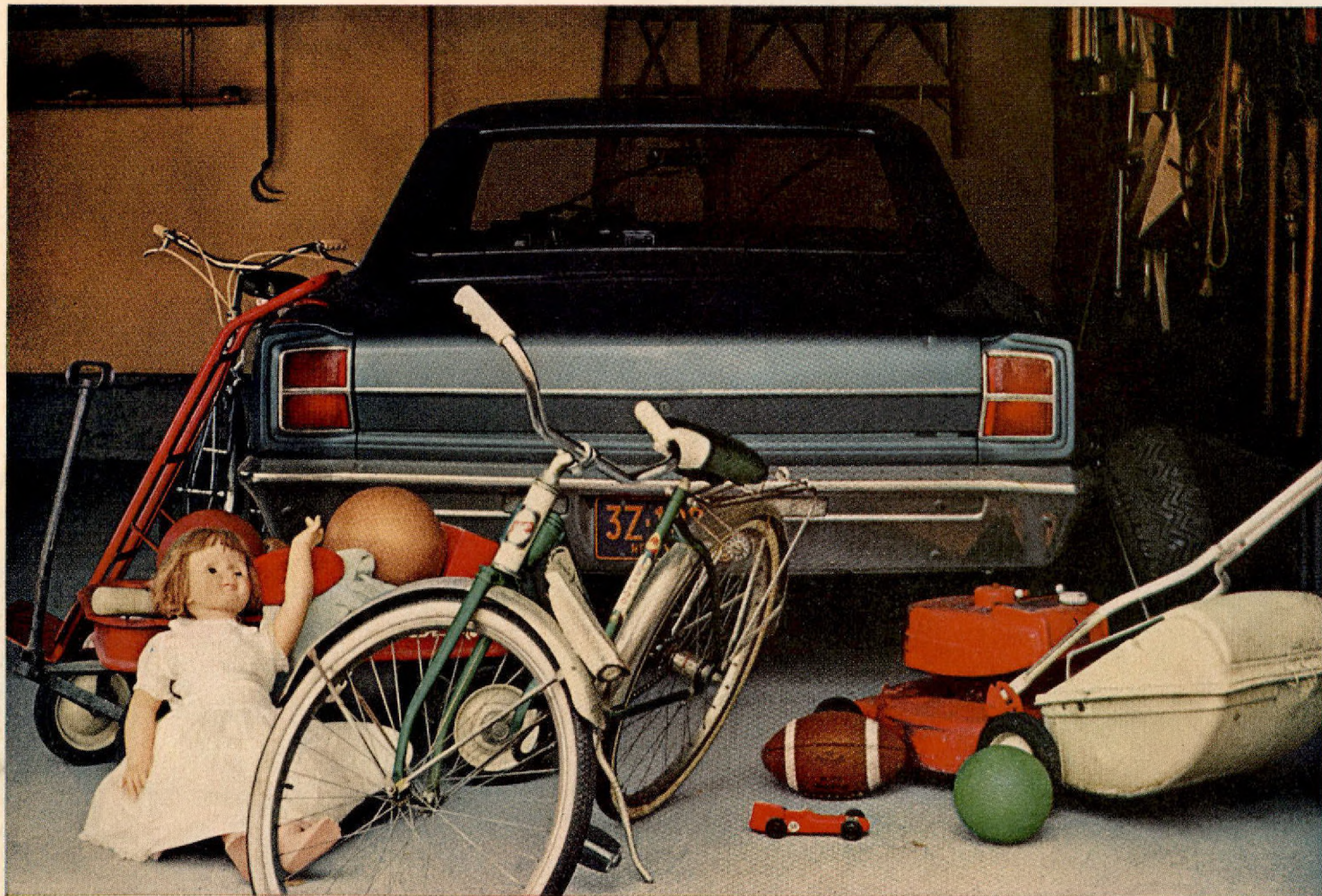
We don't back up this claim with a guarantee that Volvos will last 11 years here. But we will leave you with a thought that's every bit as reassuring.

Every outside we sell is backed by our inside.



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The less you drive, the more you need an oil change.



You may not be aware of it, but harmful deposits can build up in an engine, especially if you do a lot of stop-and-go driving. That's why your car needs regular oil changes.

Quaker State Motor Oil has a natural ability to resist engine wear caused by deposits. Every drop is refined from 100% Pure Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil, the world's choicest. It's free of many trouble-making impurities, even before it's refined.

Quaker State gives your car all the protection it needs, under any driving condition, whether you drive a lot or very little.

Ask your dealer for Quaker State Motor Oil.

Quaker State your car to keep it running young.



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

THE ARRANGEMENT

Sirs:

Surprisingly enough, I find myself not shocked, but *saddened* by the article about college students and the Arrangement (May 31). Lost forever to these kids is that magical, wonderful world of real newlyweds—when parents are indulgent; friends, gay; the butcher, understanding; the furniture-store manager, patient. The truly sad part is that they are "playing house." They may not admit it, but they *want* marriage. In the Arrangement they have spoiled what should be the most joyful time of their lives. I pity them all.

MRS. J. FLOYD GLISSON

Dunedin, Fla.

Sirs:

Why must the modern press publicize, advertise and glamorize whoredom and phallic worship by a minority of our populace, to the moral detriment of our young folk, who thereby gain the impression that all of our era do it so it has to be right to do so. There's nothing about this conduct that wasn't practiced throughout the ages by various defunct civilizations. What may be new is the publicity that makes it seem desirable and right. As John Steinbeck says, "It makes teen-agers in newly hatched sin think they invented it."

GEORGE BEDARD

Brainerd, Minn.

Sirs:

So LIFE has discovered the Arrangement, now so commonplace among college people as to be not worth mentioning. Sexual experience is not merely accepted, it is approved of. Sex relationships are beautiful, warm and good. Our parents seem to expect them to be nothing more than "animal couplings." Who's got the dirty minds? Loving relationships deepen friendship and understanding between people; they teach you to care and to be unafraid to reach out to another human being, something that is sorely needed in the world today. Surely no rational person can call these things immoral or obscene. Obscenity is cruelty and immorality is indifference to the needs of others.

JOYCE WRIGHT

San Francisco, Calif.

Sirs:

Your article is a classic in bad taste.

JAMES E. HILDEBRAND

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Man, talk about dullsville! The Arrangement is right out of Dick and Jane. See them play house! Maybe we missed having "just one ingredient of a total relationship," but we had fun!

ERLA JONES

San Diego, Calif.

Sirs:

I wish to congratulate you for con-

tributing to the further breakdown of our country's moral fiber. Let us remember that it is the stable, productive, law-abiding youth who will provide the leadership in the years ahead.

MRS. JAMES PRESTON

Long Beach, Calif.

Sirs:

Few young people fully comprehend the lifetime feelings of guilt which haunt one long after the so-called Arrangement has ceased to exist.

WILHELMINA VAN ROOYEN

Orange, Ga.

Sirs:

The "living together" experience is not a rebellious foray, but a *very* middle-class response to the need to keep experiencing the warmth and security of the family, after the umbilicus is finally cut at college entrance.

ROBERT F. CONHEIM

Fort Ord, Calif.

Sirs:

Even though my lovely college sophomore may be considered Victorian by some of her contemporaries, I am glad she gets stars in her eyes when we discuss that beautiful someday when she will walk down the aisle on her father's arm. We will know that she and the young man she chooses are mature enough to face the responsibilities of establishing a true relationship with each other and a home for the children they want to have.

It will be her way of thanking us for seeing her through measles and chicken pox, braces on her teeth and for giving her the security of a warm home, the opportunity of a college education and always our love.

MRS. W. H. GRANHOLT

Clarence, N.Y.

Sirs:

What's everyone so excited about? It is only natural to want to live with someone you like very much. These students will someday be better husbands and wives as a result of their premarital marriages.

DIANNE SPURGEON

Falls Church, Va.

Sirs:

As parents of four boys, including one in college, we keep a pretty tight hold on the purse strings. If our collegiate member decides to take up an Arrangement the support stops—fast. If he chooses to go to school and take a job to finance such a set-up that's his problem—and he's got a **PROBLEM!**

NANCY K. HOLTERHOFF

Cincinnati, Ohio

Sirs:

As a housewife who daily faces laundry, meal planning, and dirty dishes, I treasure memories of college when I could do laundry in the lavatory, skip breakfast and sleep until noon if I liked.

"The Arrangement" at college involves more than sex. Underwear and socks have to occasionally be laundered, linens changed, meals prepared and dishes washed. The girls cheerfully perform these tasks!

Men are getting more clever each year when they can get a package deal with no strings! I must now tell my young daughter, rather than the facts of life, to enroll in the school of home economics if she wants to housekeep her way through college.

TERAH SHERER

Jasper, Ala.

MARYLAND CONSTITUTION

Sirs:

Your editorial on Maryland's proposed new constitution ("A Constitution's Co-Author Is the Voter," May 31) asked, "What went wrong?" after stating the charter was endorsed by a Who's Who of Marylanders. The answer is that the grass roots were not consulted and many unpopular provisions were included in the "take it all or leave it" constitution. In other words, Who's Who didn't know What's What!

HYMAN A. PRESSMAN

City Comptroller

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

We didn't send our delegates to write a new constitution, we sent them there to revise the "cumbersome, inadequate 101-year-old charter." If we had wanted a new constitution, we would have sent our delegates to do so.

JOSEPH D. MIDDLETON

Waldorf, Md.

NEWSFRONTS

Sirs:

I was amused at the irony of the two pictures from "On the Newsfronts of the World" (May 31).

There is brilliant "bushy" maestro, Leopold Stokowski, who can do no wrong with long hair, but the young boy in a rock group must be shorn to "beautify America."

MRS. ARNOLD ROSEN

Forest Hills, N.Y.

ALAMO

Sirs:

If President Johnson's convictions on Vietnam are wrong ("Deep Grow the Roots of the Alamo," May 31) and if those convictions have been hardened by the President's deep feelings for the Alamo, it is indeed a tragedy.

If his convictions are right, his courage to withstand legal dissent, antiwar insults and violence has been in the Alamo tradition and will serve to inspire future generations.

Only the perspective given by time will allow us to see which interpretation is correct, just as it took the passage of time for most men to make sense of the "hopeless and even foolish" stand of 187 men at the Alamo.

ALVIN A. AKERS, II

Pittsburgh, Pa.

SERVAN-SCHREIBER

Sirs:

Servan-Schreiber in "De Gaulle Is a Monologue and an Ambiguity" (May 31) is no more reliable than an astrologer when he predicts the "certain" end of De Gaulle. His doctrine: that it is permissible to transform organized society by revolution, rather than by the democratic process of the orderly assessment of the ballot box, leads only to chaos.

With a fanatic's logic he aspires to democracy achieved by revolution.

GEORGE D. HALLER

Livonia, Mich.

ANCIENT EGYPT

Sirs:

Your series on ancient Greece and Rome were only surpassed by your more recent series on ancient Egypt.

Having visited these countries, I was most impressed with your magnificent pictures of the age-old temples and tombs ("The Sudden Thrust of Empire," May 31). You truly captured their beauty and vivid color with your excellent photography. Almost as good as a return trip!

This is LIFE at its best.

YOLANDA HUSAR

River Forest, Ill.

STEWARDESS GAP

Sirs:

Before Mr. Zinsser is inundated with replies from every "Granny Spooner" of the airways ("The Stewardess Gap," May 31), may I advise him that his fears are unfounded if my wife or her ex-stewardess friends ever take to the air again.

These "old gals" just continue to become more charming, gracious, lovely and pretty. For a dash of sex, they run rings around the cherubic smile of a fledgling, swaying hips and all. And they can negotiate a dry martini down that aisle better than ever.

Aside from being tactful, Granny Spooner is cunning. If you should worry about her dumping a dinner on your \$125 suit, then mind your manners and watch your pinching. These ladies are nimble and if the suit does get spotted, probably she was *trying* to do it!

KEN VETTERICK

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:

About five months ago, another dowager of the air lanes and I worked eight and one half hours straight on a St. Louis-to-San Juan flight. We served food and drinks to 55 passengers. Neither of us can remember sitting down very often.

Now, I still wear a size 8, cover a few gray hairs with some bleach and manage a date now and then with a good soul who just wants to put a smile on an old lady's face.

Remember my name Mr. Zinsser and beware! Should we meet some day high in the sky, I may get up out of my wheelchair and hit you with my cane.

JERRE DWIGGINS

St. Louis, Mo.

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A constituency of sorrow along 225 miles of track

There was no way to count the people who had come down to see the train pass. Dressed in uniform or in sports clothes, carrying signs and flags, standing beside cars parked along the highways and riding horseback, motionless in the green thickets and kneeling between the tracks, hands saluting, waving or covering faces, they stood in a vast chain of sadness from New York to Washington. To watch them from the inside of the train and to catch their eyes in passing was to meet one's own feelings of sorrow and bewilderment again.

The people on the train were astonished by it. What was it, they asked each other, that would make hundreds of thousands stand for hours in the heat along wretched platforms and in the dusty roadbed to watch a train roll past? Was it respect for Robert Kennedy, sympathy with his family? Surely there was much of that; but there was more. Engulfed by the drama of the past few days, these people needed to touch the event themselves, to establish even the smallest piece of it as having taken place in their presence, to see it and believe it and lock it in personal recollection. The girls who stood in the grass holding the hems of their long bridesmaid dresses will not forget that *their* thrown bouquets hit the side of the car which carried Robert Kennedy's body. The members of the bands and the Boy Scout bugle corps and the singers will know that *their* music penetrated to listeners in the train.

Looking at the crowds, one was reminded of earlier train trips that Kennedy had made during this fantastic spring. There had been four of them—in Indiana, Oregon, across Nebraska and up the San Joaquin Valley in Cali-

fornia—and they had been political larks, relief from the blast of air travel and providing a dash of anachronistic campaign corn the candidate obviously enjoyed. On one trip the train made an unscheduled stop at the hometown of a staff member, and Kennedy leapt off and ran to the end of the observation car and stood there laughing and leading the cheers for his friend.

The crowds that had turned out to see him had been noisy and gay, quickly responsive to his banter. Now his black-engined train rode through great stretches of silence, and one knew, as never before, the huge extent of his constituency. The primaries had not really shown it, and it had been indeed doubtful that Robert Kennedy would be able to swing the convention. Yet there it was, lined up along 225 miles of track, a tribute to Kennedy, his ideas and the strength of his contact with the people which surely no other American could command.

The journey became terribly long. It grew hot in the train, and amid the clatter of dishes and glasses in the dining cars, among the smartly dressed men and women chattering in their seats, the purpose of the trip sometimes faded. The rolling wake went on forever, and at times the train seemed oddly like a football special, grinding back to Boston after a particularly shocking Harvard defeat. The news that two watchers had been killed by a train running in the other direction and that a third had been badly burned as he moved for a better view spread through the cars like a groan, and the trip was dreadfully flawed.

Of course, there was a certain sense aboard of not wanting this ride to come to an end. For those who had been traveling with Kennedy during the primaries, this was the wind-up trip. Washington was the finish, there was no schedule for tomorrow. And there was a sadness in this quite distinct from the sadness felt over Kennedy's death. From the turmoil and dash of his campaign, men and women had constructed associations and ways of living on-the-run entirely separate from the patterns of their normal lives. In the company of this exciting man, there had been some splendid excitements, and now it was all gone for good.

But mostly one felt the absence of the man and each slow mile brought the truth into harder view. Perhaps, after the shock of the grotesque event, this piece of time was needed to make it all believable.

The younger Kennedy children darted everywhere, and small Kennedy faces, cheerful and unmarked by fami-

ly grief, kept popping up in the aisles. Then Joe Kennedy III, big for 15, a lot of his father almost ready to form in his nice, kid face, came through, solemn but smiling, shaking hands with the more than 1,000 people aboard. ("Hello, I'm Joe Kennedy. Thanks a lot for coming.") When Ethel Kennedy made the same walk, the people in the cars rose to their feet and waited for her to pass. Looking straight into eyes, she called virtually hundreds of names, patted shoulders, took hands, embraced, recalled personal things, said, "Nice to see you," and moved on, leaving her guests shaken by her calm.



THE
VIEW
FROM
HERE

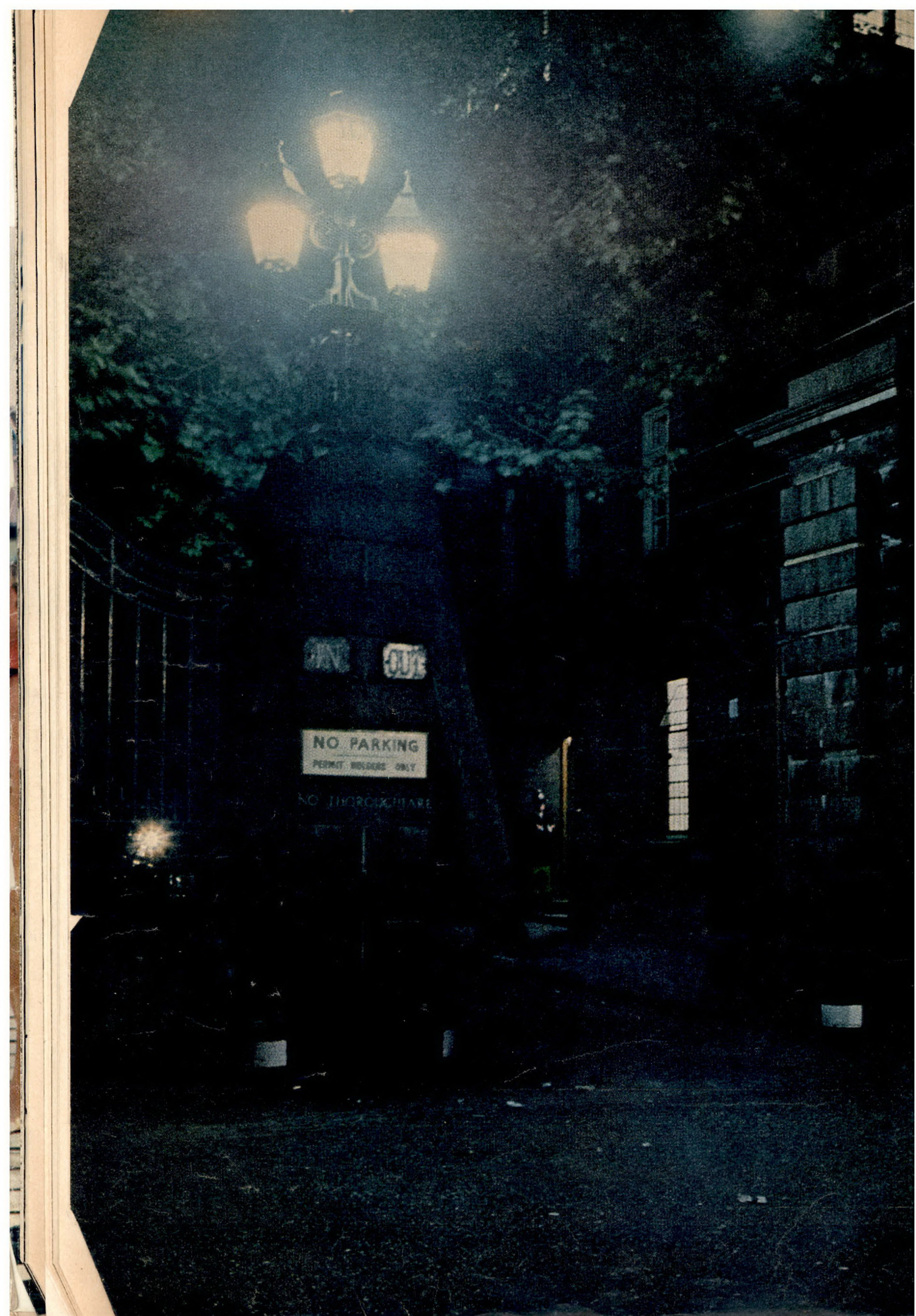
Loudon Wainwright

In the last car the coffin, covered by a flag, rested on chairs in a lounge. It was watched over by changing guards of silent friends who steadied it as the train turned. At one point in the journey John Glenn and the other pallbearers practiced folding the flag as they would do later that evening at Arlington. On the observation platform at the end of the car, members of the family sat in the warm breeze and gestured back to the crowds. In the last hours, except for the sounds of singing from outside, it was quiet in the lounge, where Ethel Kennedy, head bowed and body motionless, sat beside the coffin.



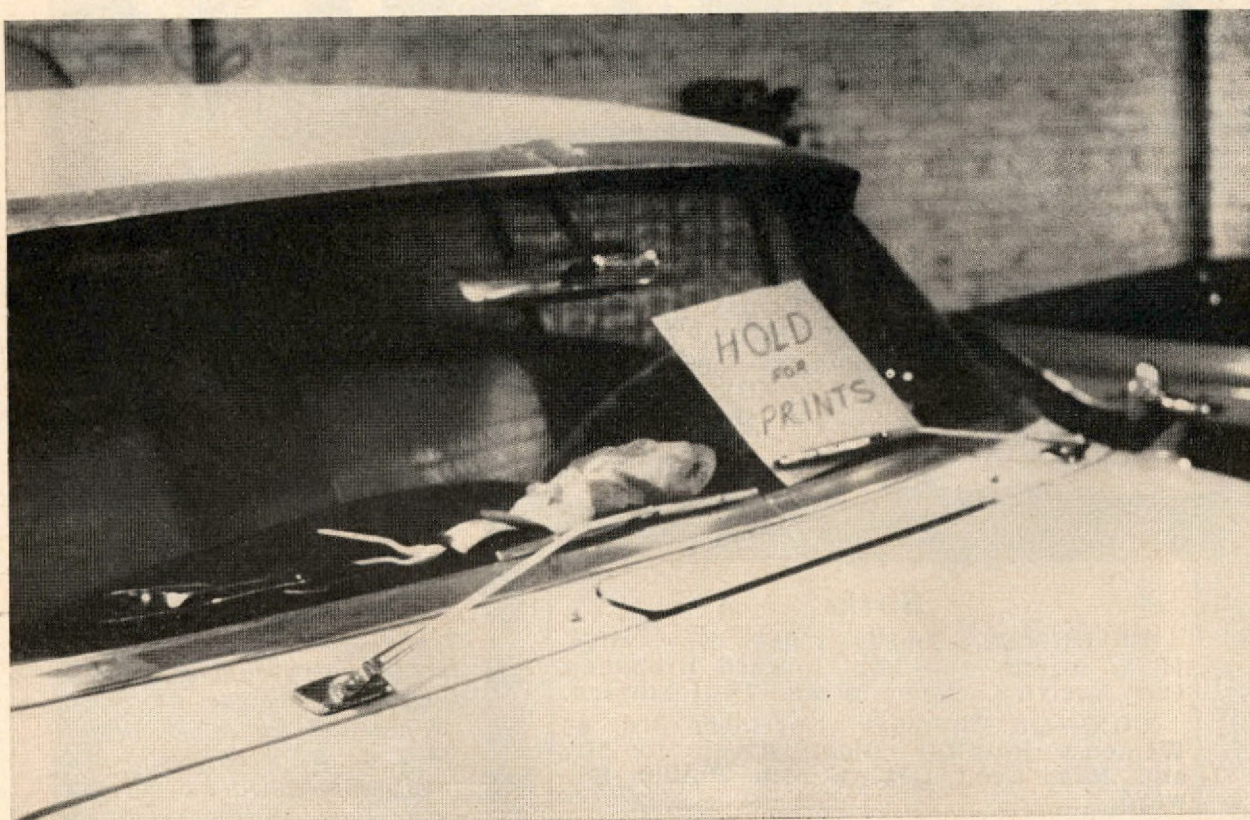
Joe Kennedy III, Robert's eldest son, walked the length of the train to greet every passenger while outside the crowds held flags and saluted. The man in uniform behind young Joe is

a Special Forces sergeant, one of four who offered to escort Ethel Kennedy to a private Mass the day before the funeral and were then invited to accompany the group to Arlington.



Ray, Sirhan— What Possessed Them?

by PAUL O'NEIL



In London a police constable stands guard (left) at Cannon Row station where James Earl Ray was taken after his arrest. Above, a police van transports Ray (not visi-

ble), under heavy guard, to his arraignment. At top is the 1956 DeSoto owned by Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. Los Angeles police found the car near the hotel where Robert

Kennedy was assassinated and scoured it for fingerprints and other clues. Like Ray, Sirhan was detained under conditions of extreme security while awaiting his trial.

Encapsulated in their cells—one in London's ancient, red-brick Wandsworth Prison and the other in Los Angeles' bright and sterile Public Safety Building—the two of them seemed as innocuous as those waxen criminals which so blandly confront tourists at Madame Tussaud's museum. Neither demonstrated the slightest sign of trepidity. Sirhan Bishara Sirhan seemed possessed by a kind of martyr's righteousness. James Earl Ray was simply cautious and calculating—a stir-wise con in a familiar environment. The discharge of two minute particles of lead—an ironic fraction of the bullets which daily kill soldiers, rioters and victims of crimes less celebrated than Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King—had shocked the world and changed both the social climate and the political history of the U.S. But Sirhan and Ray seemed important now only as devices by which other men might gauge the meaning of their senseless violence.

The nine-week manhunt for James Ray—which culminated, by fantastic coincidence, almost at the moment of Robert Kennedy's funeral in New York—cost nearly \$1.5 million and involved 3,000 of J. Edgar Hoover's 6,600 FBI agents. Canada's Royal Mounted Police assisted—and discovered fugitive Ray's spurious new identity through a passport picture. London's New Scotland Yard grabbed him. The police of Mexico and Portugal contributed thousands of man-hours to the laborious search which preceded his capture. Investigators of Sirhan Sirhan's crime turned abroad, too—to the Middle East of his drab and frightening boyhood. All, in essence, sought answers to a terrible question. What possessed these two accused men?

Both Sirhan and Ray were products of families which were hard put to cope with the most basic problems of life. Both seemed governed by a curious, even touching unreality. Sirhan believed he could

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The eccentric cop-dodging trail of James Earl Ray

CONTINUED

ride Thoroughbreds. Ray believed he could hold up grocery stores. One was repeatedly thrown. The other was repeatedly arrested. But here their similarities cease. Sirhan seems formed in the classic mold of political assassin—small, proud, polite, repressed and aboil with a secret, almost religious sense of cause: Arab nationalism. But cynical, alley-shrewd, money-hungry James Earl Ray was something else again.

Hundreds of policemen in both the U.S. and Canada are laboring hard this week to answer the most vital and puzzling question implicit in either investigation: If James Ray held the gun, was he also the tool of a conspiracy which planned and paid for the death of Martin Luther King? The evidence is conflicting, exasperating and maddeningly inconclusive. Ray had money—a great deal more money than he had ever possessed in his life—during all the 13 months between his escape from Missouri's State Prison in April 1967 and his arrest in London June 8th. None who have ever known him believes for a minute that he so resented King that he would have risked his neck to shoot him out of so unprofitable a motive as spite. "I know," said his brother Jerry, "he wouldn't have put himself in a spot like this unless there was something in it for him." But he may well have gotten a pile of money by other means—as one of two masked bandits who took \$27,000 in cash from his hometown bank of Alton, Ill. on July 13, 1967.

One has only to see photographs of the three Toronto citizens whose names Ray adopted before and after the King assassination to marvel at their resemblance to him. Union Carbide Supervisor Eric St. V. Galt (whose middle name the fugitive mistakenly took to be Starvo) is not only similar in looks, hair color, weight and height but, like Ray, bears scars on his forehead and right hand. Both Constable Ramon George Sneyd and Education Consultant Paul Bridgman also match his general description. It is generally conceded that he did not locate these doubles without the assistance of others. Few believe, however, that such service stemmed from any real conspiracy—it seems, rather, to have been the kind of aid almost any well-heeled ex-con could commission in the stew of a big city.

No real criminal organization



ERIC GALT



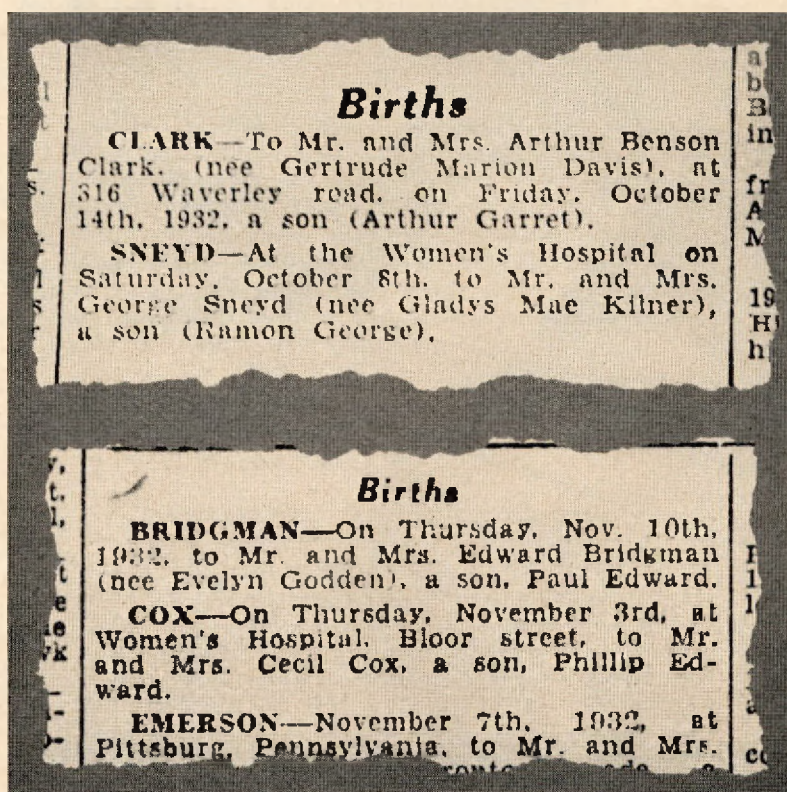
PAUL BRIDGMAN



RAMON SNEYD



JAMES RAY



Three identities in Toronto

To confound his pursuers, James Earl Ray successively assumed the identities of the three men shown with him above. None of the three is acquainted with Ray or one another, but they all live in the same section of Toronto and all three—Galt, a warehouse foreman, Bridgman, a teaching consultant, and Sneyd, a policeman—have at least a moderate physical resemblance to Ray. Police think Ray visited the Toronto public library and may have picked his alter egos from birth notices (left) in old newspapers on file there. (Sneyd and Bridgman were born a month apart in 1932, Galt 18 years earlier.) Investigators found that someone had left a check mark in pencil over the Bridgman announcement.

conspired with Ray—the Mafia simply does not use small-time losers as hit men. Neither, by all odds, did any racist group like the Ku Klux Klan—which must now regard outsiders as stool pigeons of the FBI. But the U.S., for all this, is not devoid of an occasional rich nut to whom the new ambitions of the Negro are anathema—and who might find a James Earl Ray a perfectly usable instrument of repressive social expression. This possibility must be weighed against one fascinating fact. The Alton bank robbers carried off currency in mixed denominations. But Ray, whether or not he shared these spoils, surely tapped some other source of revenue: week by week, ever since last summer, he has made his every real expenditure—including \$1,995 for the white Mustang he bought in Birmingham last summer and abandoned in Atlanta after King's death—solely with \$20 bills.

The day-by-day, week-by-week

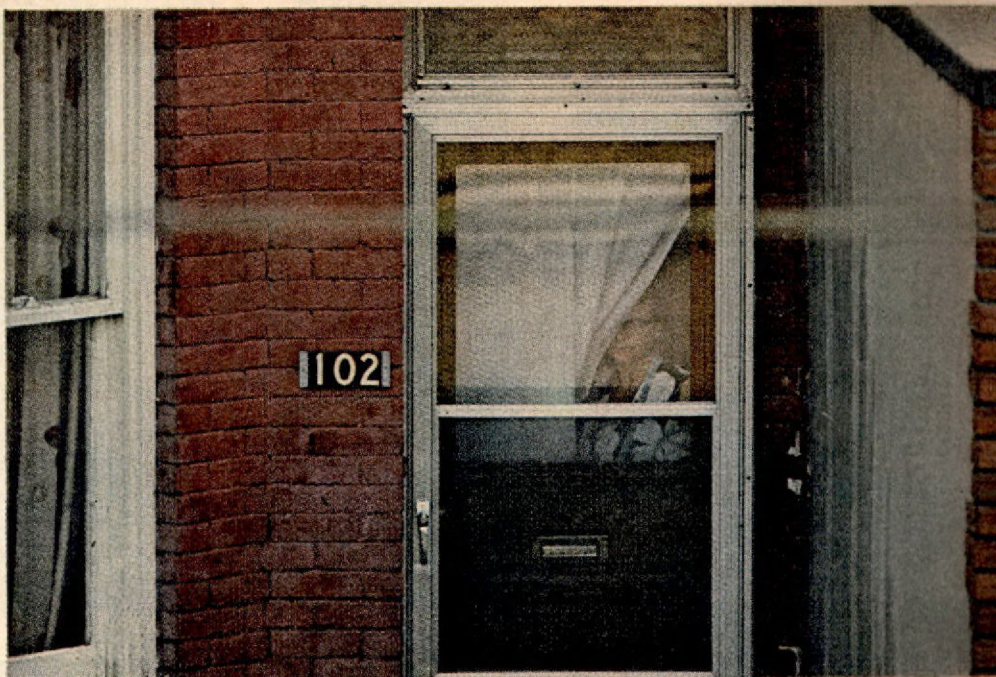
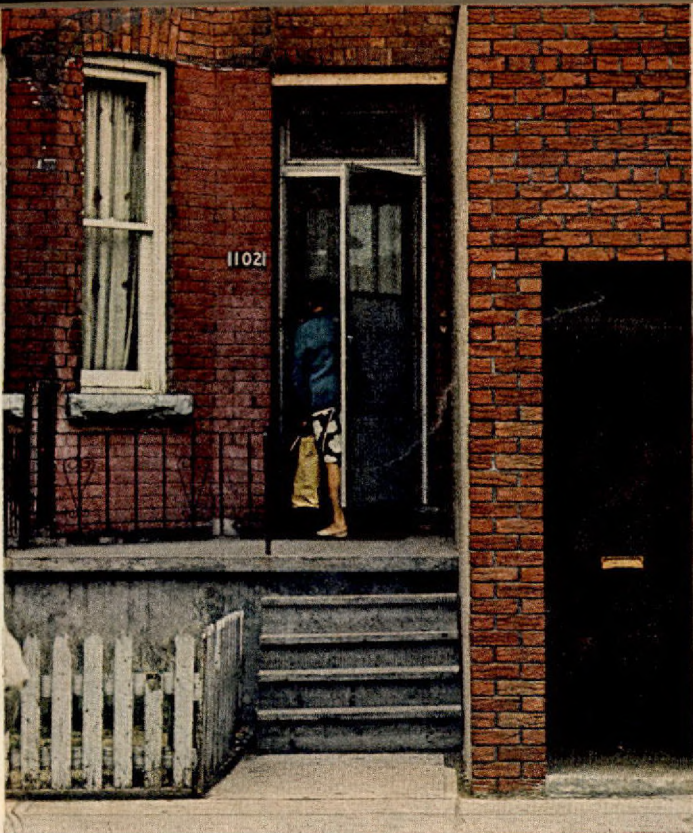
record of Ray's 13 months of cop dodging are full of curious inadvertencies, reflections of habit and odd clues to character. He could not resist schools which promised minor skills. He went to Montreal last summer—shortly after the Alton bank robbery—and was moved, during his stay, to mail off \$17.50 for correspondence lessons from a locksmithing institute in New Jersey. He went south to Birmingham the next month—and took dancing lessons every Tuesday night for a month. By January, having driven west, he was a student at a Los Angeles school for bartenders. He patronized obscure bars—and obscure prostitutes. Once he ran an ad in a Los Angeles "underground" publication, *The Free Press*, which read: "Single male, Caucasian, 36, desires discreet meeting with passionate married female."

Sporadic, veiled but persistent suggestions of purpose intruded themselves, nevertheless, in this

CONTINUED



Toronto landlady, Mrs. Yee Sun Loo, described a "fat man" who delivered a letter to Ray. Police later cleared a man who said he found the letter in a phone booth.



On April 8, four days after the King assassination, James Earl Ray rented a room in this house in Toronto from Mrs. Adam Szpakowski (in window).



Ray's \$9-a-week room boasted a bay window and a homily on the wall. On April 21 he moved to the middle house below, six blocks away.

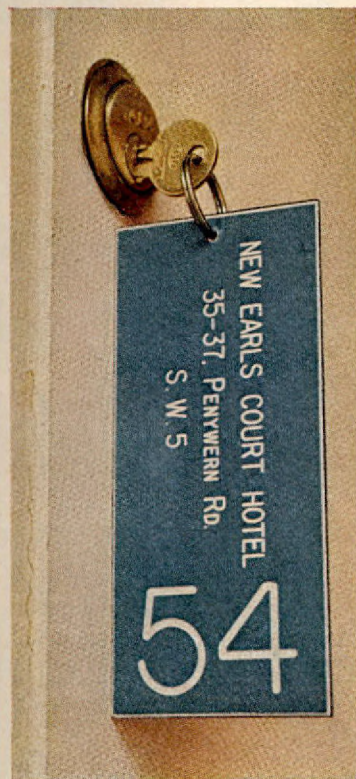


Hideouts in Lisbon and London

Armed with a Canadian passport made out to "Ramon George Sneyd" and enough cash to live modestly without working, Ray continued his odyssey to England and Portugal. In downtown Lisbon he rented a \$2-a-day room and frequented waterfront bars where he often was taken for a seaman. Returning to London, he chose a neighborhood with a heavy transient population, nicknamed Kangaroo Valley for the many Australians who live there. He changed addresses once more, then tried to leave the country, and was caught.



On May 8 Ray checked into the Hotel Portugal in Lisbon (above) and got a room with French windows.



In London, Ray registered on May 28 at the New Earls Court Hotel (above), a "bed-and-breakfast" establishment where he lived for a week in Room 54.



On June 5 Ray switched London hotels, going to the Pax in Pimlico. He stayed in the above two rooms, left hurriedly on June 8—the day of his arrest.

'Would you please step into our office, Mr. Sneyd?'

CONTINUED

aimless and wandering existence. He started 1968, for instance, by writing from California to segregationist Rhodesia—a nation with no U.S. extradition agreement—to ask how a U.S. citizen could enter the country. He drove east in March, moved into a "hippy" boardinghouse in Atlanta and signed himself Eric Starvo Galt. He went to Birmingham six days later, walked into the Aeromarine Supply Company and bought a rifle—a Remington Model 760 Game-master, 30.06 caliber with Redfield telescopic sight. On April 4, Memphis police found it on the sidewalk near where King was murdered. After making this purchase, Ray went back to Atlanta and made an awful mistake: he sent one of his correspondence schools the address of the boardinghouse—an act which eventually led the FBI to the place and to a single thumb print on a discarded road map which proved Galt to be escaped Missouri convict James Earl Ray.

The fugitive vanished completely, nevertheless, the day after Martin Luther King's death. He left his Mustang in the parking lot of Atlanta's Capitol Homes housing project at 8:30 in the morning after the killing and very probably took a plane to Canada. He materialized as Paul Bridgman at Mrs. Adam Szpakowski's \$10-a-week Ossington Avenue rooming house in Toronto—"I'm a salesman for Mann and Martel real estate and I need a place to stay"—four days later. It would be hard to guess whether Ray believed he had obliterated his trail and achieved invisibility in Toronto—although he certainly walked the streets openly, shopped for pornography and drank "Molson's Canadian" night after night at a go-go bar named the Silver Dollar.

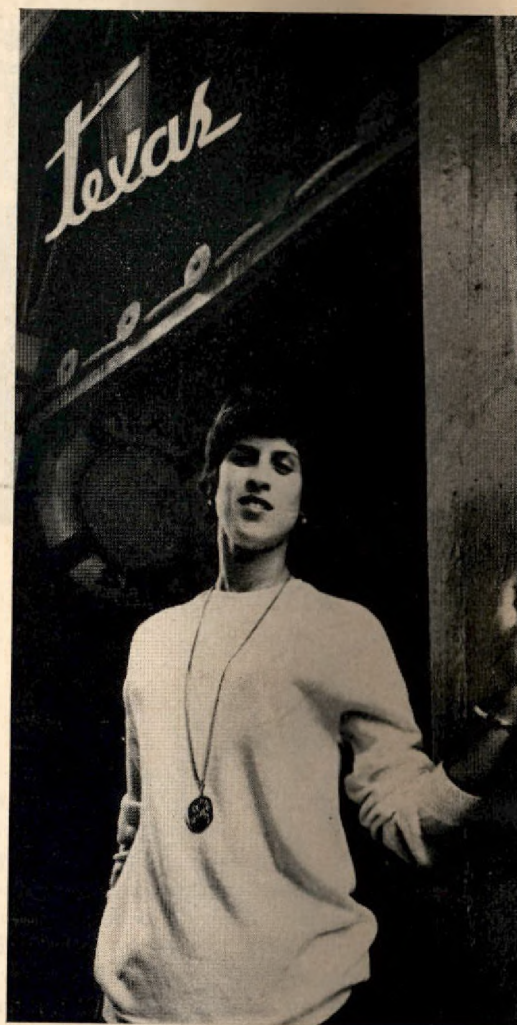
For all his apparent confidence he wasted little time in preparing to change identity again and slip away overseas. By April 19—the day the FBI revealed that it knew Galt to be James Earl Ray and the day James Earl Ray knew himself to be a hunted man—he had already booked his round-trip, \$345 BOAC flight to London for May 6. He had also, in obvious awareness of Canada's lax travel regulations, asked a ticket agency to get him a passport as Ramon George Sneyd—a transaction which can be accomplished with no more proof of birth and background

than a simple statement to a notary public. He had even prepared to move, also as Sneyd, to yet another rooming house—this one run by a Mrs. Yee Sun Loo—on yet another nondescript street. But one can only speculate on the havens he sought from then on, and the means—in which he seemed increasingly frustrated—by which he hoped to reach them.

He spent hardly 24 hours in London after arrival; instead he traded the return portion of his overseas excursion ticket for a British European Airways seat to Portugal, pocketed the \$14.60 in change and headed for Lisbon. Nothing yet reconstructed of his 10-day stay there sheds any slightest light on his intentions. He slept in Room 2 of the Hotel Portugal—a severe, clean, third-class haven for the frugal on a street which smells of charcoal and spitted chickens. He went to seamen's bars—the California, the Bolero, the Europa—drank beer and talked to the local prostitutes. He slept with one, gave her 300 escudos (roughly \$11) and seemed on the point of weeping when she showed him pictures of her fatherless children. Then he flew back to England again and vanished for 11 days. He resurfaced again on May 28. But fate was now closing in; only 11 more days—eight of which he spent at the New Earls Court Hotel on seedy Penywern Road and three at the Pax Hotel in similarly seedy Pimlico—remained to him.

FBI men back in the U.S. were working their way through endless cabinets of passport applications in search of a picture of James Earl Ray. Royal Canadian Mounted Policemen were engaged, at the FBI's request, in a similar search in Ottawa. The RCMP found the photo of Ramon George Sneyd—after having gone through 200,000 documents—matched it with an earlier picture of Ray and sent the application off to Washington. The capital "S" and capital "G" with which Ray had signed Ramon George Sneyd exactly matched the capital "S" and capital "G" with which he had signed Eric Starvo Galt. Ottawa placed a "stop order" on the Sneyd passport.

In London, as if in response to some extrasensory perception, fugitive Ray began to show signs of acute nervousness. He renewed his quest for information about



Maria Irene Dos Santos, a prostitute, met Ray at the Texas Bar in Lisbon. He gave her 300 escudos (about \$11). She says, "I hope he's not in any big trouble."

Rhodesia. He went to a street call box, and out of the blue telephoned Ian Colvin, an editorial writer and African expert on the *Daily Telegraph*, and questioned him about mercenaries in Portuguese Africa. His agitation increased when he read the news of Robert Kennedy's assassination. He moved instantly from Earls Court to Pimlico and renewed his telephonic interrogation of Writer Colvin who finally—on being pressed—mentioned a resident of Brussels as one who could conceivably help him. Colvin promised to mail the man's address to the Pax Hotel. He did not.

Ray booked a flight to Brussels anyhow, appeared at London Airport at 11 o'clock in the morning on Saturday, June 8 and was placed gently in custody by minions of the queen. "Would you please," a smiling immigration officer asked him, "step into our office, Mr. Sneyd?" He did, although he was carrying a loaded snub-nosed .38 caliber revolver. Detective Superintendent Thomas Butler—famed nemesis

CONTINUED



A chambermaid, Maria Celeste (above), cared for Ray's Lisbon room: "He left every day at the same time. He was meticulously neat but he never took a bath."



Earls Court receptionist Jane Nasau helped Ray learn Britain's decimal currency: "I recognized his Southern drawl and wondered why he had a Canadian passport."



Mrs. Anna Thomas, proprietress of the Pax Hotel, brought breakfast to Ray's door: "He was always fully dressed. I had the idea that he never got undressed for bed."



On Friday, June 8, two scared men, one a Mexican, the other Puerto Rican, came forward with an account of an unusual meeting in the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles on the night Robert F. Kennedy was assassinated. They had nothing to report of conspiracy. But their story cast a fascinating light on the movements and emotional state of the accused killer just before the shooting.

Enrique Rabago, 35, a hairy-chested, unemployed mechanic, and a friend—not named—said they first encountered Sirhan Sirhan in the lobby outside the Vene-

The other party he went to before the shooting

tian Room. It was about 9:15 p.m. the night Kennedy was shot. Sirhan had just been thrown out of a party being held by the backers of conservative Max Rafferty, who was to win the G.O.P. senatorial nomination.

Dressed in white pants and a white, tieless shirt which made his dark skin look even darker, Sirhan had stuck out among those affluent, happily celebrating Anglos. A waitress refused to serve

After Sirhan was thrown out, Max Rafferty waves to supporters at his Ambassador Hotel victory party.

The Subtle Twisting

CONTINUED

of the Great Train Robbers—drove out in person to make the collar. So ended the history of Galt-Bridgman-Sneyd—though there still remain questions about James Earl Ray. Will he stand trial alone if and when he is extradited to the U.S.? What defense will he present—and how will a Memphis jury react to it?

Few such imponderables profane the case against Sirhan Bishara Sirhan. Dozens of people saw him at Los Angeles' Ambassador Hotel on election night this month. He was at a Republican senatorial victory celebration, and later, he sprayed bullets about the pantry corridor where Robert Kennedy received his fatal wound. Olympic Decathlon Champion Rafer Johnson not only helped wrestle away his cheap, eight-shot Iver Johnson automatic but gave it immediately to the police. The weapon's history led directly to the scene of the crime—from its original purchaser to his married daughter to a neighbor youth to Sirhan's brother Munir and, thence, to Sirhan himself. Los Angeles bluecoats were immediately outside the hotel—to check an improperly parked car—and not only had the good luck to seize Sirhan red-handed but to protect him from those who would have beaten him bloody, and to stow him away, unharmed, for justice by courts as free as any of regional and political influences.

But the tale of Sirhan Sirhan is not concerned with legalities—except in its doleful epilogue. It is only concerned, in essence, with the slow, subtle and inexorable

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him a drink; he put up a fuss and contemptuously tipped her \$20 "for nothing." A security guard eased him out.

Rabago and his friend asked Sirhan what had happened. He told them and suggested that all three go back in. They hesitated, then said no. Whereupon Sirhan, the sounds of the Republican party echoing in the background, spilled forth his eloquent rage at "the rich Rafferty people who step all over the poor."

Meanwhile, on the other side of the lobby, Democrats crowded through the doors leading into the Embassy Room. There Kennedy would soon deliver his victory speech. Rabago had an idea. To mollify Sirhan, he nodded toward the Embassy Room and said, "Rob-

ert Kennedy might help the poor."

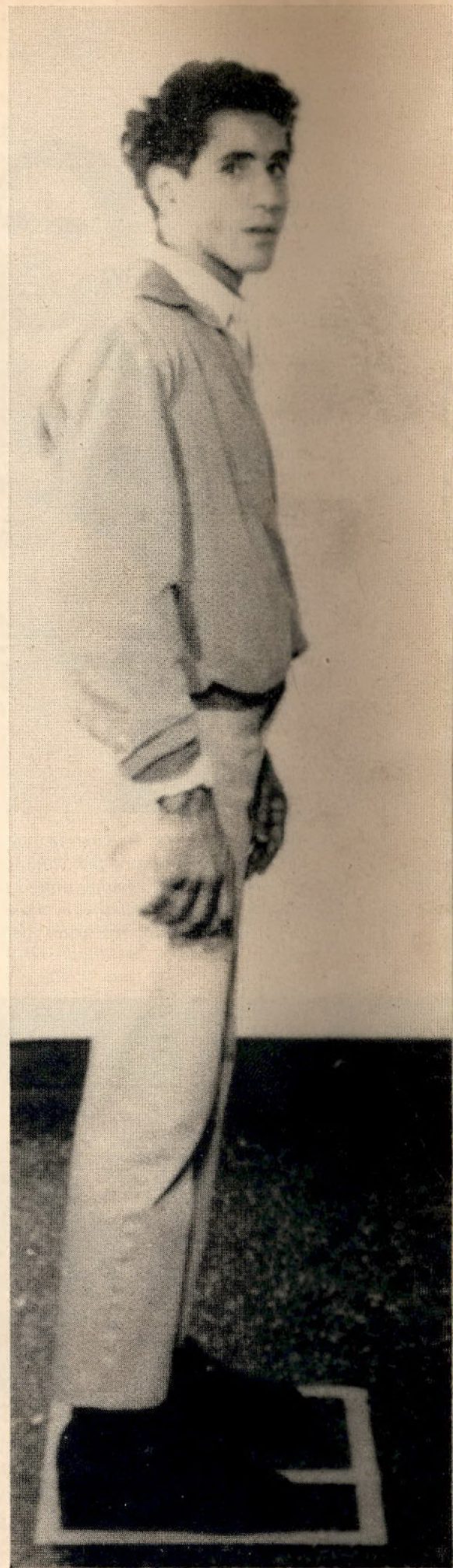
"Kennedy! Kennedy!" shouted Sirhan. "He should never be President. You think he really wants to help the poor?" His voice quavered. At the time, Rabago recalls, he thought Sirhan might have had too much to drink. Now he thinks it may have been pure rage. "Kennedy helps himself. He's just using the poor. Can't you see that?"

Rabago and his friend say they shook their heads and tried—without luck—to reason with Sirhan. Then they watched him wander off, slightly dazed, toward the Embassy Room and the Kennedy party.

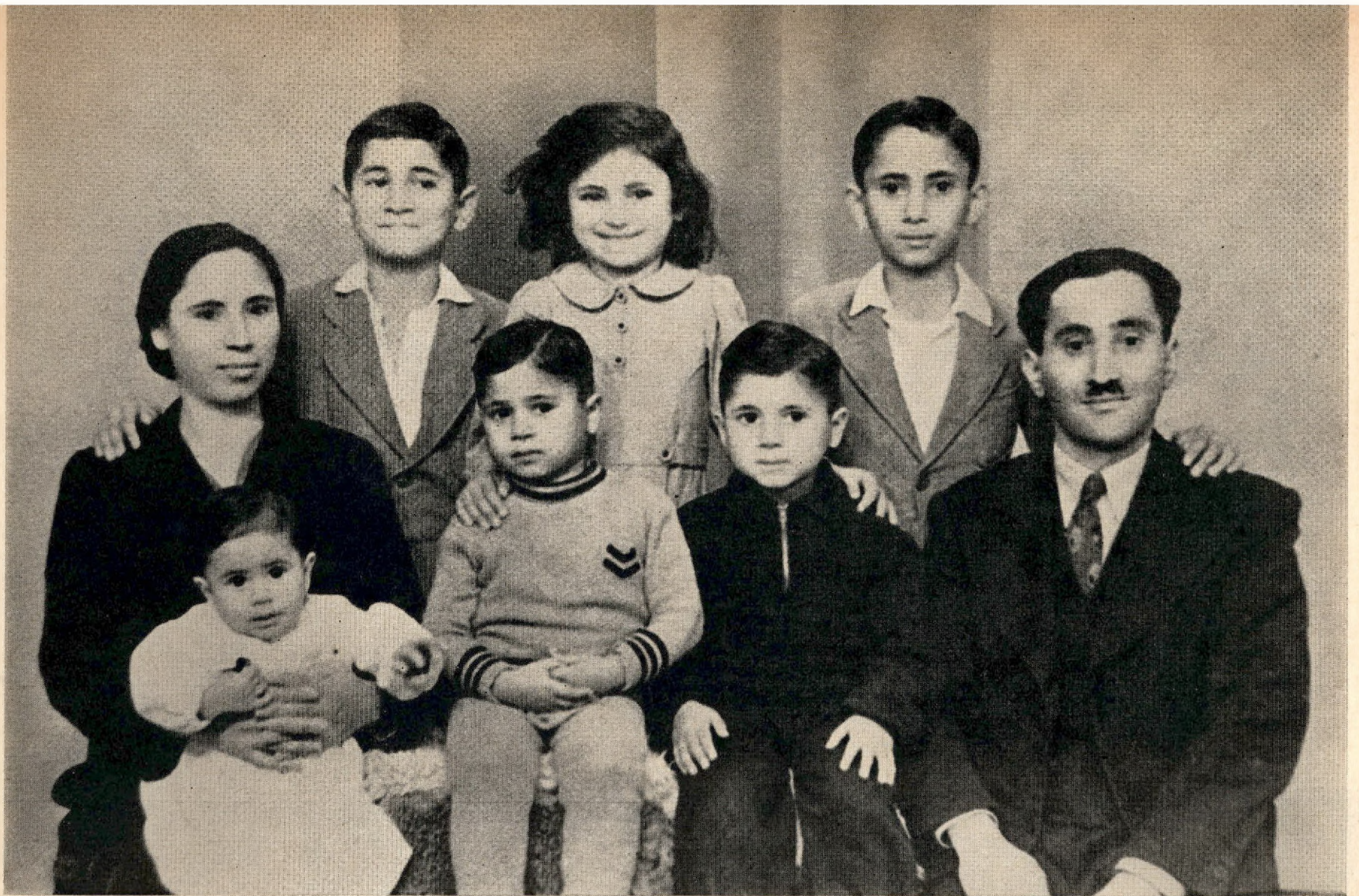
Enrique Rabago, an unemployed mechanic, met Sirhan just before the Kennedy assassination.



of Sirhan Sirhan



At Los Angeles police headquarters immediately after his arrest, a disheveled Sirhan posed for the mug shot above. The photograph at left, taken as 300 Rafferty backers partied at the Ambassador expecting victory, may include the accused killer—but he cannot be identified with any certainty.

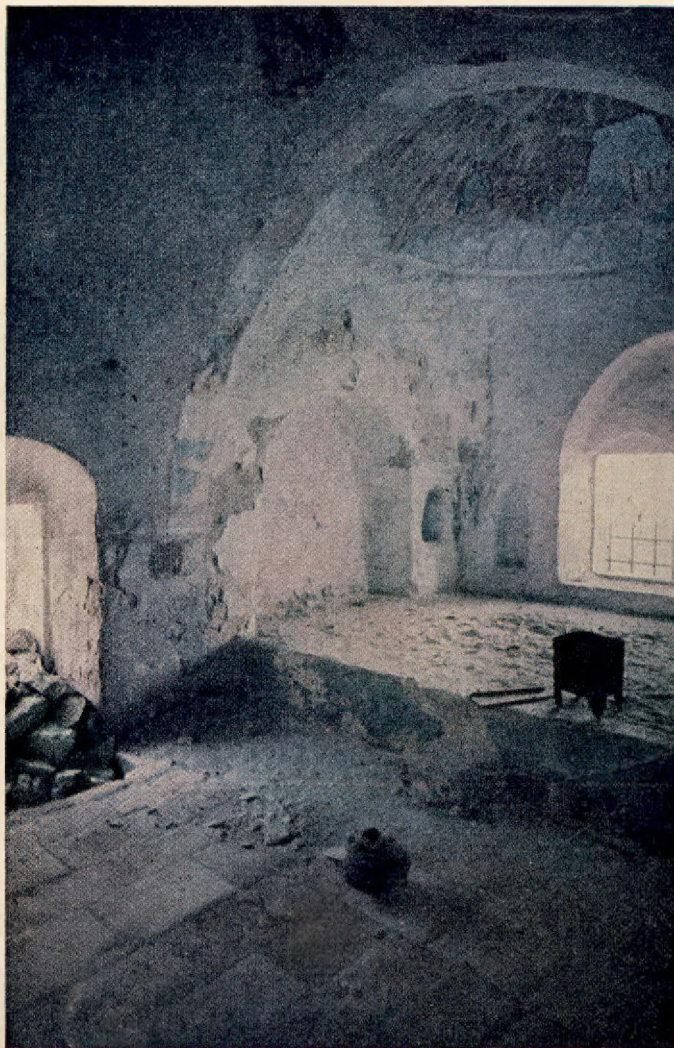


In 1947, one year before the Palestine war began, the Sirhans appeared to be a happy united family (above). The father worked for the Jerusalem city water department.

Sirhan, seated next to his father, was three. He had four brothers, one sister. Top row, left to right: Saad Allah, Ida, Sharif. Next to Sirhan is Adel, and Mrs.

Sirhan holds the baby, Munir. The war changed their lives. Broke and unemployed, the father moved from Jerusalem to Amman to find work, leaving his family behind.

Finally, in January 1957, the Sirhans emigrated to the U.S. Applying for passports, Sirhan, then 12, and his mother were given a joint security clearance by Jordan (right).



The war-damaged street (far left) where the Sirhans lived after the 1948 fighting until they left for California exists, largely unchanged, in the Jewish quarter of the old

Fourth son in a family beaten with sticks

CONTINUED

twisting of one human being and the awful death of another. One cannot really understand it but only look into it as into a distorted mirror. Sirhan Sirhan did not drink. He did not smoke. His brothers, Saad Allah and Sharif, had "trouble"—and brushes with the law. Not Sirhan. He was polite. He was quiet. He concentrated hard on his studies as a schoolboy and on obscure religious philosophy as an adult. He shunned girls throughout—and remonstrated with married men who did not. He kept a notebook, and on one page—part of which was made public after he was jailed—he had written: "Robert Kennedy must die by June 5. . . ."

Sirhan Sirhan grew into boyhood as a Christian Arab in Jordan's Old City of Jerusalem. He was the fourth of five Sirhan sons—there was also one daughter—and was apparently the most diligent, attentive and polite. He was also unstable and unhappy; neighbors remember that Sirhan's father, Bishara, beat his children with sticks and fists when they disobeyed him and once held a hot iron to one of Sirhan's heels. The boy was subject to other horror—he was only four when the 1948-49 Israeli-Arab war swept over Jerusalem, but his impressions of fear and sound lingered in his mind. It was his mother who dominated the family in times of trouble, who led them to the U.S. when Sirhan was 13 and kept them together in California when father Bishara abandoned them and went back to Palestine. It was the mother to whom Sirhan clung. "She loved her children," says an old acquaintance in the Middle East, "but she was a terribly harsh, narrow-minded and rigid woman."

Sirhan, for all this, overcame enormous handicaps—an awareness of his own strangeness in the eyes of his schoolmates, shyness, a mingled envy and repudiation of the people and the attitudes of garish Southern California. He kept out of trouble, blended, almost as if he were transparent, into the student body of Pasadena's John Muir High School. He was graduated and went on to two years at Pasadena City College. But his ambition of ambitions seemed odd, indeed, in one of his intelligence and education: he burned to be a jockey. He failed.

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part of Jerusalem. The Sirhans occupied one room plus a small kitchen (center left). Sirhan went to classes at the Martin Luther School and attended Sunday

school at the Lutheran Church. One of his classmates, Lili Ramien (left, standing in front of the school and church), remembers he "had no really close friends"

and "was very happy about going to America." Above, Sirhan's class plays in the schoolyard in an old picture. He is third from left of the boy walking in foreground.

A 'hot-walker' obsessed by his homeland's fate

CONTINUED

When he first approached the stewards at Santa Anita, they soon demonstrated that he lacked the experience or the reflexes to be part and parcel of a flying Thoroughbred. He persisted at the track, as a lowly "hot-walker" and exercise boy, though he was often, in the racing jargon for falls, "buying real estate."

He spent the summer of 1966 exercising mounts at Granja Vista Del Rio Horse Ranch in Corona, Calif. He was quiet, as always. He worked hard. He saved his money. But in the end he abandoned his curious dream for good. He was thrown, badly, from a galloping filly early one morning in September and taken to the hospital with cuts and bruises. Perhaps from injured pride, perhaps from disillusionment, he grew disenchanted with horses and, after a few more scattered days of work on the track, gave them up for good. He also came to believe that his injuries were far worse than they were judged to be by the physicians who attended him, and applied for damages under California's workmen's compensation law.

He was suspicious of everything I was doing," recalls Dr. Richard Nelson, who was on emergency duty when Sirhan was brought to the hospital. "He didn't want any shots. He said that in the old country people told him not to have shots. We finally gave him one for tetanus. But he was in the hospital mostly for observation of possible internal injuries. There were none." A month later Sirhan complained of pain, blurring and "extreme motion" in his eyes. An eye specialist failed to find evidence of such a condition and told him he "seemed to be exaggerating." He demanded a letter verifying his injuries as a basis for a disability claim. The eye man, Dr. Milton Miller, refused. "He told me he was going to 'get me' and that I'd be sorry." Last summer Sirhan filed a disability claim for workmen's compensation and began a series of arguments with new doctors. He also found em-

ployment as a driver and stock boy for a health food store entitled Organic-Pasadena. He refused to demean himself by wearing an apron, worked hard—and quit after six months when the Holland-born owner, John Henry Weidner, questioned the order in which he was doing a series of chores. "So I'm a liar," he yelled. "I never lie."

He enjoyed one triumph: he won a \$2,000 settlement for his spill on the track. But he writhed, inwardly, at the awful setbacks Arabs endured at the hands of the Jewish blitzkrieg in the six-day desert war last summer, and gradually envisioned Robert Kennedy as the archenemy of Arabic hopes and dreams. "We argued a lot about the Jews," says Market Owner Weidner. "He hates them. He claims they are responsible for the fact that his people do not have jobs and money. I told him that I had many bad experiences with the Gestapo but that I do not hate Germans. I tried to tell him that hate eats you up. He wouldn't listen. He would just say, 'I'm a Jordanian Arab.' He was consumed with himself. If he should die for what he has done, he will go to his death believing that he, Sirhan Sirhan, was the one in the right."



Sirhan wanted to be a jockey. In 1966 he was licensed by California (top left) to be a "hot-walker"—one who walks horses after workouts. Later, as an exercise boy at a ranch in Corona, Calif. owned

by Bert Altfillisch (top right), Sirhan earned the reputation of a "real-estate buyer": he fell off horses. Further, Trainer Larry Heinemann (above) says, "He never should have been a jockey. He was too smart."



The Sirhan bungalow (above) in Pasadena is guarded by police while—half a world away—in Jerusalem the building (right) where Sirhan Sirhan was born in 1944 is now occupied by Israeli families. The fam-

ily had fled it three days after the 1948 war began. "It was a terrible thing," Sirhan's father recalls. "Sirhan used to ask me, 'Father, why did they do this? I had to leave my toys because of the Jew. The Jew

took everything. Why?' " Today an Israeli boy plays in the yard near the bricked-up windows of the basement-level apartment where the Sirhans once lived. A blind Israeli veteran now lives there.



The questioner for two Presidents

When the hurt of Robert Kennedy's death begins to subside, the void it leaves in our national life will become visible. For almost eight years he was something like the conscience of the Presidency.

For three of those years he shared in the power from within at John Kennedy's side. Historians will have a hard time delineating his exact contributions, because the relationship of these brothers had a certain mystical quality. "We're cryptic," said John Kennedy one day in the Oval Office after he had just finished a conversation with his brother which consisted of grunts and uh-huhs and monosyllabic words and yet conveyed total understanding.

Once with certain mischief and that subdued delight which was his specialty, Jack Kennedy cradled his phone on his shoulder and told a visitor sitting across the desk, "This is Bobby . . . the second most powerful man in the country." Bob later crinkled up and countered, "Who's first, Joseph P. Kennedy?" The President's remark was a joke and also a truth. Back when he was shaping the New Frontier, John Kennedy seemed intrigued with the idea of making Arkansas Senator William Fulbright his Secretary of State. Bob had his say on that one. "This Administration is not going to have what amounts to a Southern segregationist as its Secretary of State."

Just after sunrise one morning in the early days, he walked across the dewy lawn of Hickory Hill listening to the grim report on Vietnam just brought back by Walt Rostow, who had been sent with General Maxwell Taylor to survey the trouble. Rostow had come out to brief Bobby after reporting to the President. Bob Kennedy's own voice could be heard later in the President's worried comment: "That's the worst one we've got."

The full dimensions of Bob's contributions in the Cuban missile crisis have never been described because he carried so much within him. Some who watched that drama closely believe that he, more than anyone, hammered out the final solution. He worked in the boiler room of government, which was his familiar place, forcing his colleagues to go back into more meetings and think and rethink those first easy solutions of using great force or of doing nothing. He was horrified at the thought of a bombing strike on Cuba. Wasn't there some other weapon in the vast U.S. arsenal? he asked. Bob was the one who asked the crucial question that opened the way to negotiation: Why couldn't they ignore Khrushchev's belligerent messages and respond only to his more conciliatory tone?

Bob was the supervisor of drudgery, the man who rooted out the facts and stared them down. He never denied them, and that way he infused a rare candor into the heart of government. "It's simple," said the President. "Bobby works harder, knows more and has the best judgment of anyone I know."

In the final days of the New Frontier, when John Kennedy was immersed in foreign matters, Bob was almost Assistant President for domestic affairs. He was in charge during the racially tense days at the University of Mississippi and Tuscaloosa. He began then to sense the dimensions of related problems of the Negro and poverty—and his concern became part of the national concern. Just before John Kennedy died, there were discussions between the brothers about launching a war on poverty in the second Kennedy term.

The death of his brother changed Bob Kennedy's approach. But, in many ways, it did not alter his role. One did still not have to like him or agree with him or even credit him with being right. But, even now, one could not overlook his presence. He remained a questioner of presidential policy. He still looked for facts and raised doubts. His real power was far greater than his Senate office brought. Sometimes it did not fall far short of the

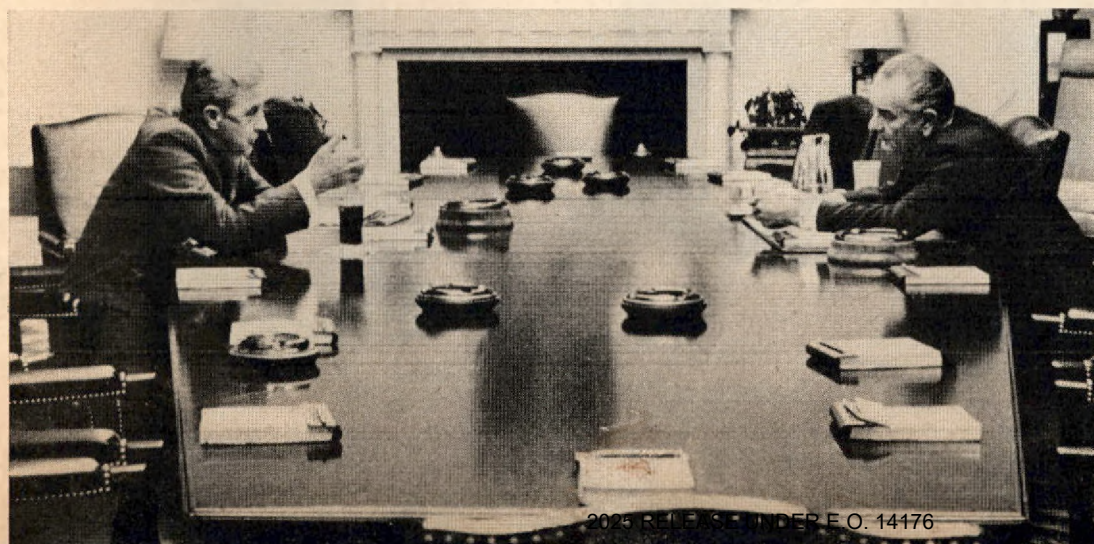
influence of President Johnson himself.

Lyndon Johnson, on one of his melancholy nights in the midst of trouble, paced the White House backyard drive and grumbled that "the Kennedy family really runs this country." During the bitter Vietnam debate, Larry O'Brien, who had served as the chief political strategist for both John Kennedy and Johnson, sat in his immense Postmaster's office and said that the only effective voice raised against the Administration was that of Robert Kennedy. The Fulbrights and the McGovern and the Churches could make speeches in the Senate, but beyond the Potomac there was hardly a ripple. When Bob Kennedy spoke up, however, there was an immediate effect, which O'Brien could detect in the precincts all across the country.

On many nights there were more of the key people of Johnson's government dining at Hickory Hill than there were in the White House. And from this grew resentments and antagonisms, both personal and political, between the forces of Johnson and Kennedy. Bob Kennedy's court became almost a quasi-public institution. Some called it a government in exile. But it was far from being in exile.

Bob Kennedy often sat in his shirt sleeves behind his Senate office desk and talked about the military and diplomatic plans of Johnson in Vietnam with such thoroughness of detail and concept that it seemed he had never been isolated from the Oval Office. His continuing connections with the government gave him instant and total information. More than anyone in the city beyond Johnson's own team, he knew the workings of the Presidency. He, more than anyone outside the Administration, cared.

From the stirrings at Hickory Hill, which became a watering place for the disenchanted and the disenfranchised, came the doubts about the war, about the direction of the massive federal housing programs, about the handout concept of welfare, about expanding further the immense, clumsy federal machine which was proving more inept every year at solving the myriad local concerns. These were doubts that many in the country had begun to feel. But when they were articulated by Robert Kennedy, they began directly to influence and change the national course.



As the business of the Presidency and the campaign resumed, President Johnson talked with Senator McCarthy in the White House, briefing him on Vietnam and the Paris negotiations.

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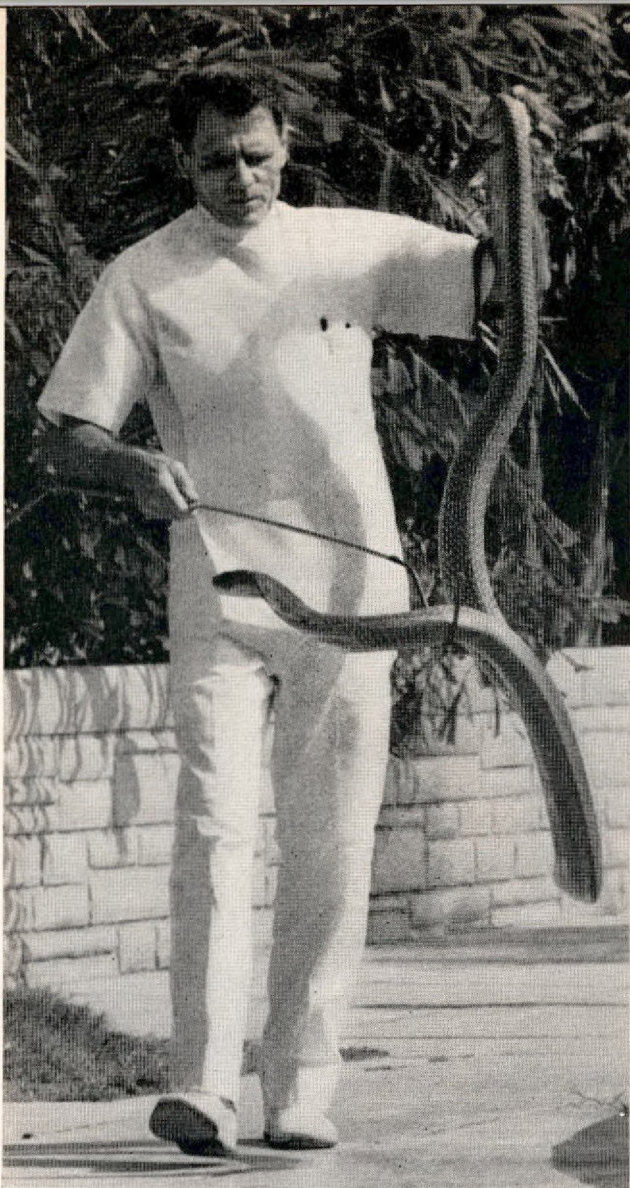
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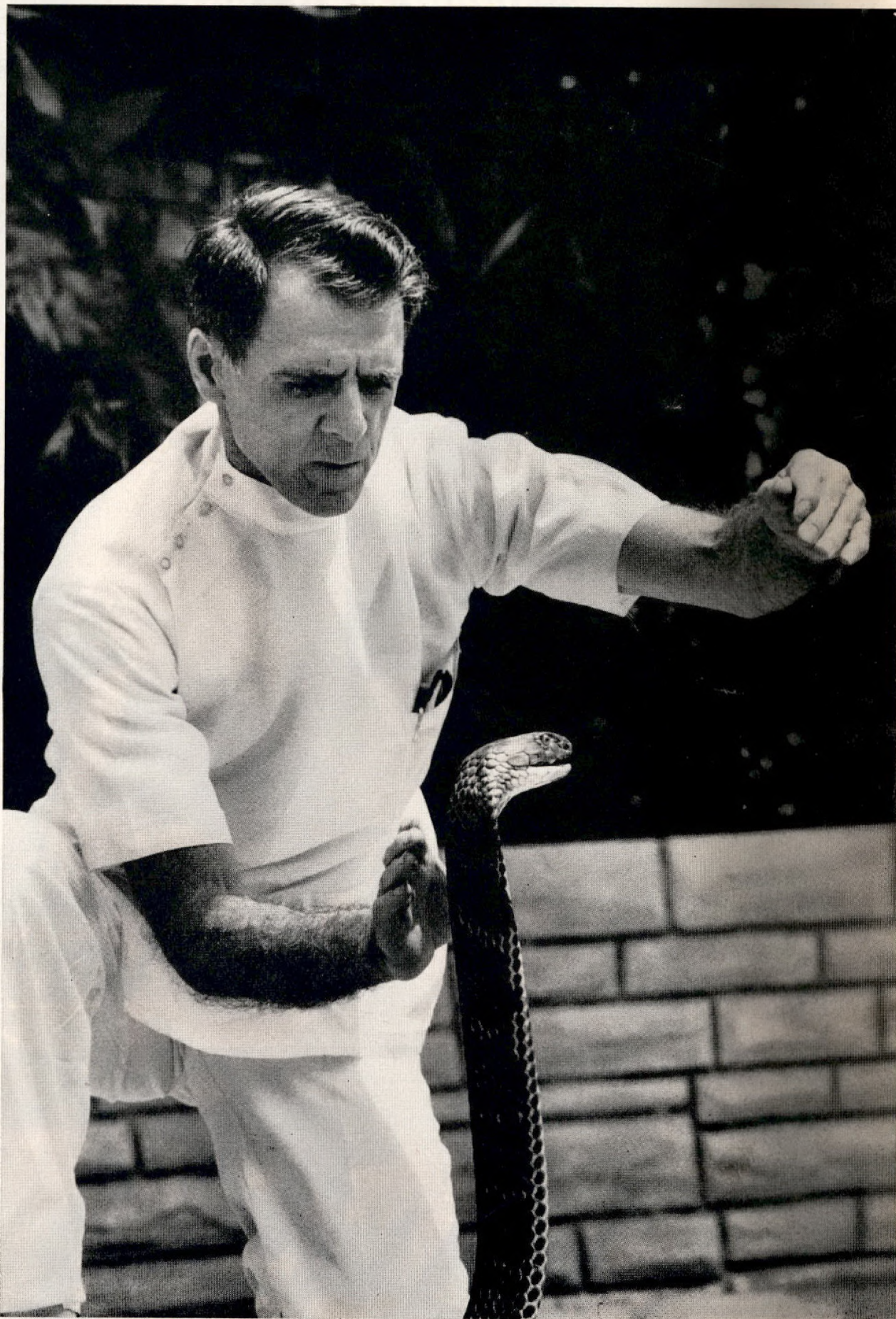
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Outside his serpentarium, Haast hefts a king cobra, then dodges as it tries to strike him (right).

“I became fascinated with exotic snakes because they are so dangerous and such perfect animals. The more spirited the snake is, the better I like it.”

“I’m not afraid of snakes.” That can be taken on faith, coming as it does from William E. Haast, a 57-year-old Floridian whose routines include playfully sparring with an angry king cobra. Haast is surely the leading authority on what it feels like to be bitten by a snake, having had the experience 104 times as director of the Miami Serpentarium, home of some 1,200 of the world’s deadliest serpents. He is the only person known to have survived the bite of a king cobra—twice. Haast and his snakes are now of military interest. Because of the incidence of snakebites among Americans in Vietnam, the Pentagon has launched a research program to develop more effective antitoxins. Haast is a principal supplier of the various venoms that are under study. Disarming his captives is perilous work but, he says, “When the time comes for me to die, I will die.”

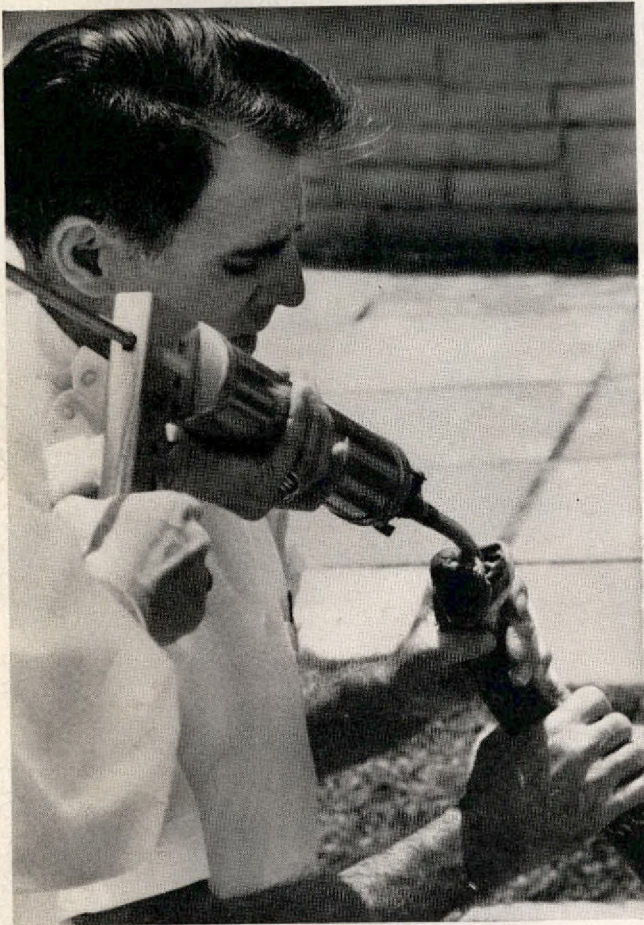


CLOSE-UP

WILLIAM HAAST, SPARRING PARTNER TO COBRAS

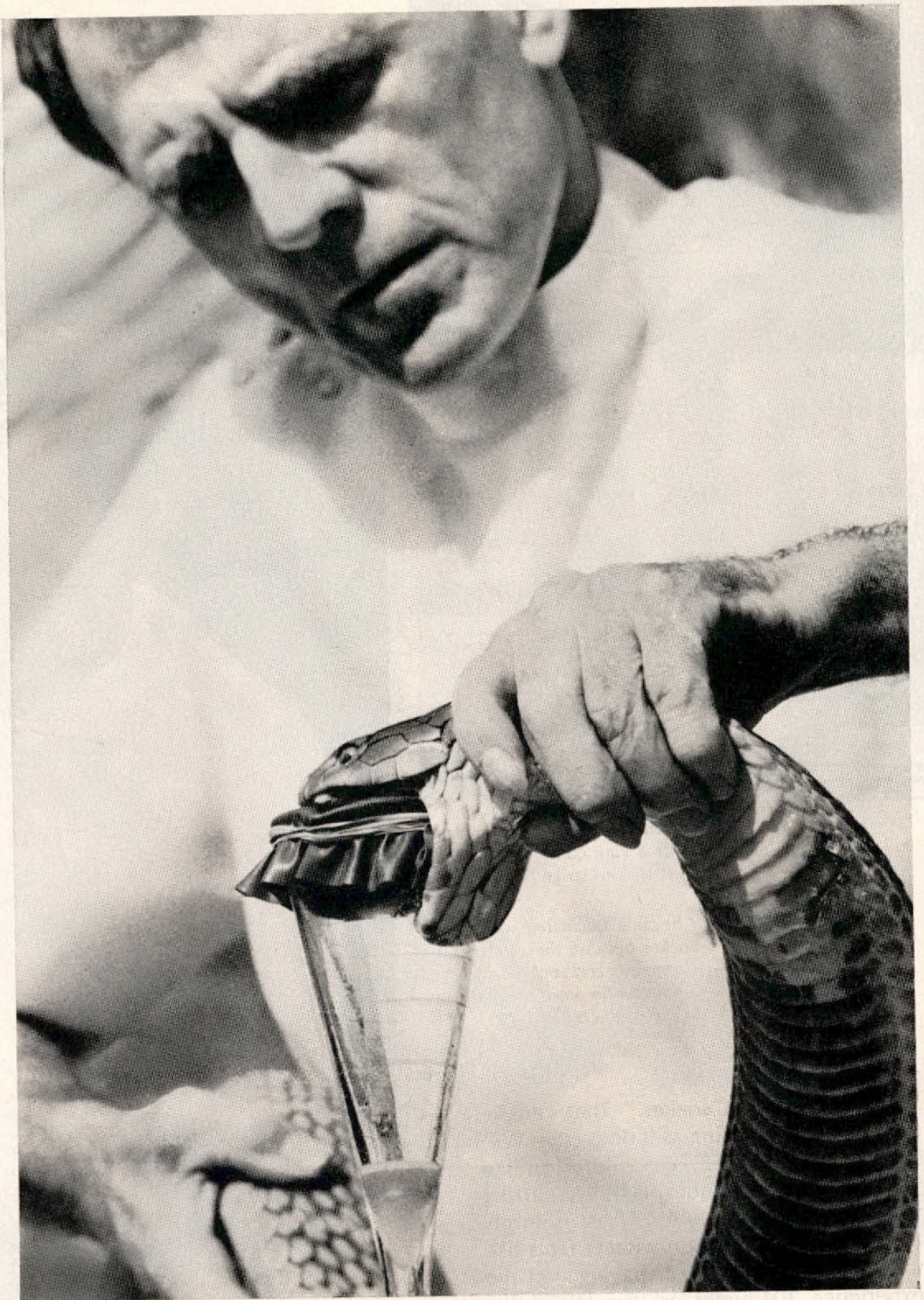
Most Snake-Bitten Man

He milks venom that may help save lives in Vietnam



Haast grips king cobra just behind the head while an aide force-feeds it. At right he forces cobra to bite the rubber latex covering on glass, thereby releasing its venom.

“No snake is aggressive toward man. The only possible exceptions are — the python and black racer. One gets into trouble with a snake only by accident. Snakes become aggressive only in self-defense.”



Haast removes a banded krait from its home to extract its venom and give it a week's supply of food.

“The aristocrat of poisonous snakes, of course, is the cobra. They are spectacular when they rear up with their hood spread. It seems to me that cobras display a good deal more intelligence than other snakes. I respect them. But I would never keep a snake as a pet.”

CONTINUED

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Misadventures of a walking antisnake blood bank

Not long ago a Marine officer on a nighttime rescue mission in Vietnam stepped from a helicopter in a jungle clearing and almost immediately was bitten by a king cobra. Three days later Bill Haast received a phone call at the serpentarium from the Marine's parents, who had been notified by the Pentagon that their son was in critical condition. "Is it necessary that the bite of a king cobra be fatal?" the father asked.

Haast asked for more details and was told of the time that had elapsed. Haast groaned. "It's too late for me to get there," he said.

As it happened, the Marine officer had died even before word reached the parents that he had been bitten. But had Haast been notified immediately, he might have had the Air Force fly him to Saigon. Had blood types matched, a transfusion of his own blood, containing antibodies to the bite of the king cobra, might have saved the Marine's life if it had been administered within 24 hours.

As a result of the snakebites he has survived, Haast has built up immunity to so many different snake poisons that he is a walking antisnake blood bank. He has been flown to Venezuela to save a boy bitten by the coral snake and has rushed to places like Jacksonville, Fla. and St. Joseph, Mo. to treat people bitten by cobras. To preserve and bolster his immunity, Haast every two weeks gives himself injections of diluted venom from such killers as the krait, the green mamba, the spitting ringhals, the coral snake and various kinds of African and Asian cobras.

To supply venom for the Pentagon's snakebite study at Walter Reed Army Research Center, Haast handles up to 200 snakes a day. Last year he collected from his horde a gallon and a half of the deadly stuff, which in bulk looks rather like orange juice. Some of it went also to civilian scientific and medical research centers which are studying the potent enzymes contained in the toxins. Results of these studies are enormously exciting. For example, pain in terminal cancer cases is being eased by cobra venom diluted 3,000 times. The venom of the Russell's viper (and its cousin, the American rattlesnake) serves as a blood coagulant, useful in dental extractions. A component called "fraction C" from the venom of

the Egyptian cobra (the kind that killed Cleopatra) may become the key to heart transplants: it is thought to inhibit the body's tendency to reject foreign tissue.

Bill Haast opened his serpentarium 20 years ago as a tourist attraction. Though he still puts on his daily sparring matches with king cobras, his interests have turned more and more to the scientific aspects of his collection. Some of his knowledge has been gained in the hardest way imaginable. For example, the first time he ever handled a tiger snake—an Australian reptile whose venom, drop for drop, is 25 times as potent as the cobra's—was last Thanksgiving Day, and the encounter almost killed him. The instant Haast reached out, the snake spun like a boomerang and bit him on the hand.

Within minutes he felt himself going. "I got a terrible pain in my forehead—almost unbelievable," he recalls. Luckily, he had anti-venom for that snake on hand. It saved his life, but he spent two days in the intensive care unit of a hospital before doctors were sure he could recover. In the meanwhile he had learned all he ever wants to know about the bite of a tiger snake.

If he were a superstitious man, he would never handle a deadly snake at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. That was almost precisely the hour he was bitten by the tiger snake—and also the hour 14 years ago he was bitten by a blue krait, an experience that turned into something resembling what he has read about LSD trips.

An hour after the bite he felt a surge of exhilaration. "It was just as if I had taken a pep pill," he says. "I felt gay and buoyant. Then my sense of hearing became so acute that I could distinguish whispers two rooms away."

Hours later, in an iron lung in a Miami hospital, he felt as if the nerve ends in every part of his body were on fire. "If I so much as touched my hair," he recalls, "it felt like I was pulling it out by the roots. I'm not a poet but I found myself making up the most wonderful verses. My mind had extraordinary powers. Everything took on the most vivid colors. When someone moved an ordinary hospital chair, I saw it as a throne. Most victims of krait bite

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46



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'I've heard the wings of angels a time or two'

CONTINUED

don't live long enough to experience this."

Haast has found that each snakebite produces its own special symptoms. The first time he was struck by a king cobra—it happened at 4 p.m. one day in 1962—his heart stopped and he had to be revived with adrenalin. He had no ill effects at all from the deadly *fer-de-lance*, the toxin of which attacks the red corpuscles and causes internal bleeding in people who have no immunity. But he suffered a terrible reaction from the bite of a pygmy rattlesnake, which some herpetologists hardly consider poisonous.

The closest he ever came to death was from the bite of a five-foot Siamese cobra: "The snake hung on. I couldn't get him off. He gave a good amount of venom—about a full cc., which is about 15 lethal doses. I didn't have enough immunity to withstand it." He was carried into the hospital gasping for breath. His face turned black. He couldn't move his eyes or

tongue, yet his mind was active. "I felt the presence of teams working on me and heard all the conversation," he remembers. "Drowning people are supposed to live their lives all over again just before the end. But all I experienced, just before I stopped struggling for air, was absolute relaxation and relief."

An iron lung restored his breathing and kept him alive for two days until he was able to breathe again on his own. It was an extremely close call.

Except for the bite marks on his hands, you'd never suspect that Haast had so often been so close to death. "I've heard the wings of angels a time or two," he says. "Of course, I try to be as careful as I can. I don't believe you can take unnecessary chances and still live."

To add to the odds he believes are in his favor, he jogs a mile each morning, drinks a quart of carrot juice at noon and limits himself to one meal a day, usually about midnight. There are still some snakes he has never been bitten by, and he's bound to admit he's curious.

MARSHALL SMITH

His much-bitten hand soaking in ice, Haast in a Florida hospital recovers from the bite of a Siamese cobra he got last month.

