

SCIENCE

# Mechanism of a Fatal Anemia

Can you imagine harboring in your bloodstream a thing like the sculpture shown above? The fact is, you are crammed full of them, by the millions and millions. This is a precise (in theory, at least) scale model, 3 feet high and magnified 127 million times, of a molecule of hemoglobin, the oxygen-transporting substance that gives blood its color. It took Dr. Makio Murayama, a research biochemist at the National Institute of Health in Bethesda, Md., six years of evening and weekend work to build it out of some 45,000 bits of plas-

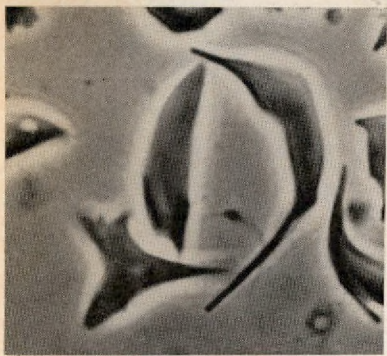
tic, aluminum and steel. In so doing, he solved one of the mysteries of an inevitably fatal blood disease called sickle-cell anemia, which attacks one out of every 400 Negro babies born in the U.S. By studying the model and its components, which represent carbon, oxygen, nitrogen and other chemicals linked into the 574 amino acids found in human hemoglobin, Dr. Murayama was able to discover why red blood cells in victims of the disease take on their "sickle moon" shape. The peculiar configuration, he found,



A detail of this scale model shows the link-up—indicated by rubber bands—of two amino acids in the "looping" pattern which, multiplied millions of times, causes red blood cells to become sickle-shaped.

is caused by a "looping" effect between two amino acids, which results in the formation of slender strands of hemoglobin. These in turn tend to elongate the corpuscle. From this discovery he proceeded to a far more dramatic one: the first effective treatment for the disease (*following page*).





Magnified 1,000 times, these "sickled" blood cells are a characteristic of the disease. At right, Dr. Murayama explains how hemoglobin stacks up to produce this shape.

## Disease that pressure helps to relieve

Sickle-cell anemia is an inherited disease that goes back thousands of years in Africa, where even today it is prevalent. (A kindred ailment called thalassemia, or Mediterranean anemia, in which red cells become thin, is found among Italians, Greeks, Syrians and Armenians, and their U.S.-born offspring.) At some point in the evolution process, the tendency of red blood cells to form sickles became a genetic characteristic. Sickle-cell anemia can be transmitted only when both parents have the sickle trait but do not themselves actively suffer from the disease. These individuals are called "carriers," and two out of every 25 American Negroes have this trait.

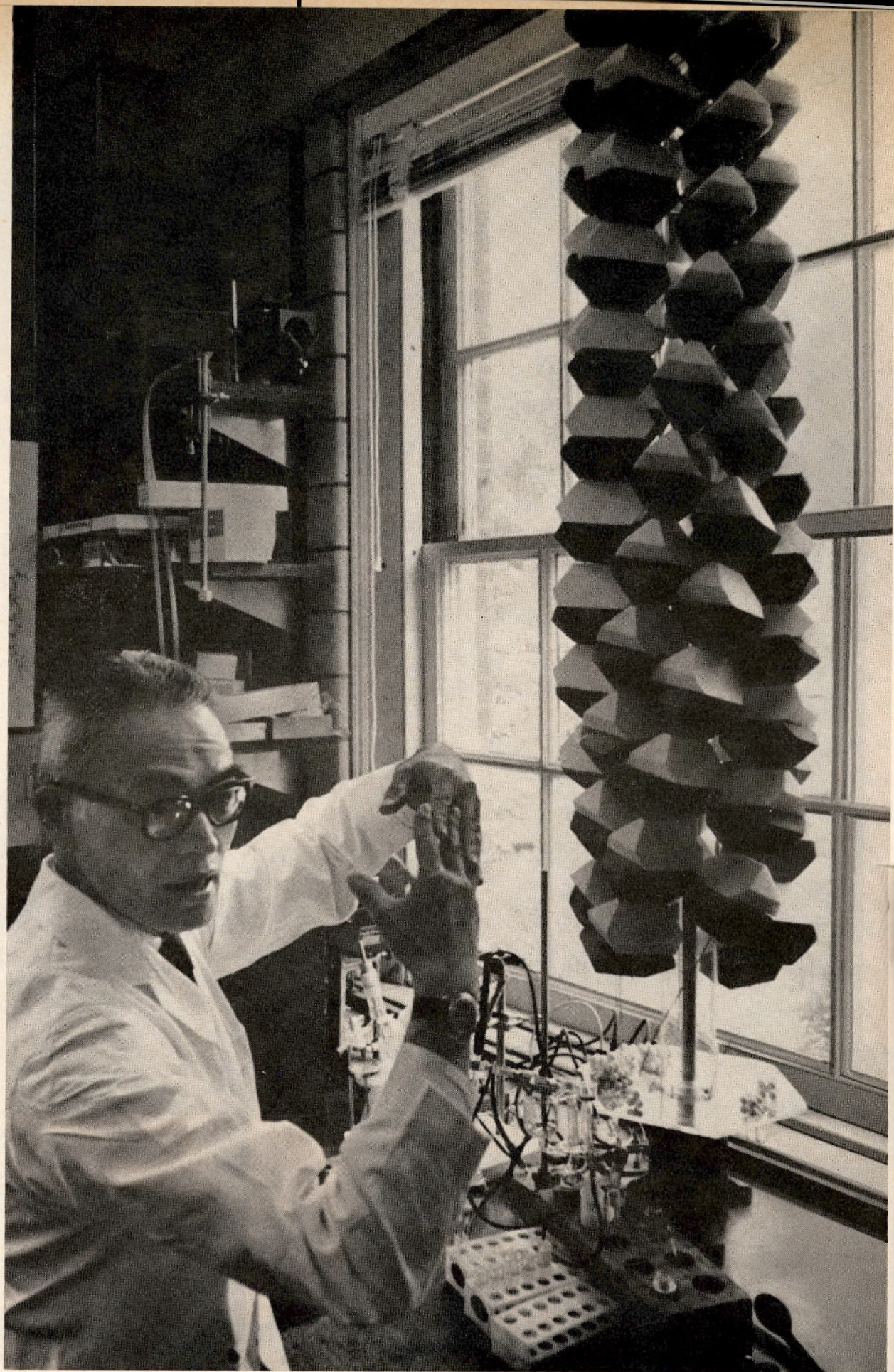
Acute pain in the extremities is a characteristic feature and comes in periodic attacks which, for unknown reasons, then subside. These occur when the oxygen level in the blood stream drops and the normally round blood cells form the sickle shapes that pile up in the body's smaller vessels. The only treatment in the past has been to administer heavy doses of pain-killing drugs, then wait for nature mysteriously to "unsickle" the cells.

Once Dr. Murayama had figured out the sickling mechanism

on his model—and verified his hypothesis by observing actual sickle cells under an electron microscope—subsequent experiments showed him how to break the "looping" pattern of the affected amino acids. By exposing the sickled cells to increased pressure, the bonds holding the amino acids broke apart. That simple.

Just recently Dr. Richard Bing of Wayne State University in Detroit placed a man with sickle-cell anemia in a sealed chamber

and raised the atmospheric pressure. Almost immediately the pain in the patient's arms and legs stopped—though it did slowly return after the treatment had ended. The next big step will be to find a way to eliminate sickling by changing the faulty genetic coding that produces it.







# Bacardi mini-party!

## Bacardi rum • the mixable one

"Mixable" because it's light bodied, smooth and dry. Send for **free Bacardi Party Kit** and learn how to use Light Bacardi for subtle flavor, Dark Bacardi for more flavor, Bacardi Añejo rum for ultimate smoothness, Bacardi 151 for exotic drinks. © BACARDI IMPORTS, INC., 2100 BISCAYNE BLVD., MIAMI, FLA., RUM 80 & 151 PROOF.

"BACARDI" AND THE BAT DEVICE ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BACARDI & COMPANY LIMITED.





2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176



# The Sears fiber glass wide tread. We could have made it even prettier.

## Instead, it's twice as strong and wears more than twice as long as the wide treads that come on most new cars.

## That's the real beauty of it.

The new Sears  
Superwide-Tred Tire.

The beauty's built right in.  
Not painted on. Big, broad  
and brawny.

Here's a great-looking tire  
that will get you some  
great looks.



And if you're rough on  
tires, these brutes wear like  
crazy.

The tread is beefed up  
with belts of fiber glass.  
Two strong, flexible belts of  
fiber glass that run  
around the tire under  
the tread.

They keep the tread where  
it's supposed to be—open on  
the road.

And the sidewalls are  
reinforced with flexible nylon  
cords.

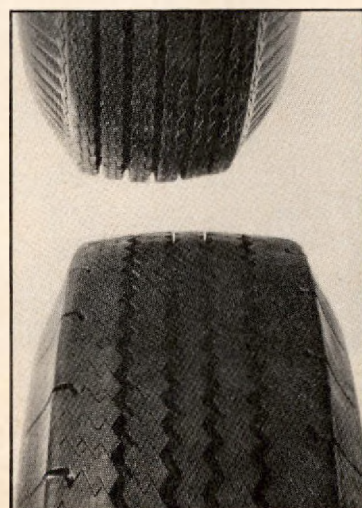
So the belted tread can  
sort of unfold itself. Like a  
tank tread. The tread  
doesn't squirm where it  
meets the road.

And the tire puts down a  
bigger footprint than ordinary  
tires. For a better hold on  
the road.

### Extra Heft

The Sears Superwide-Tred  
packs extra heft. It's 15 per  
cent heavier than most  
new car wide treads.

And strong.  
It's more than twice as  
strong in the tread. More  
resistant to impact damage,  
too.



Wide Treads vs. regular tires.

Non-belted tires stretch  
while they're being  
inflated—and even  
later, when they're  
on the road.

The fiber glass  
belt virtually  
eliminates  
stretching in the  
tread. So the tire is  
more resistant to  
road hazards. (It'll help you  
understand this if you think  
of how much more  
vulnerable a rubber band is  
when it's stretched.)

So the tire stays in great  
shape. All the time. With  
reduction in stress and  
better tread wear.

### Extra Tread Life

From 2 to 3 times the  
tread life of garden variety  
wide treads.

See what we mean?  
The Superwide-Tred isn't just  
another pretty face. There's  
a lot more to this tire  
than meets the eye.  
Or the road.

Depending on size,  
The Sears Superwide-Tred

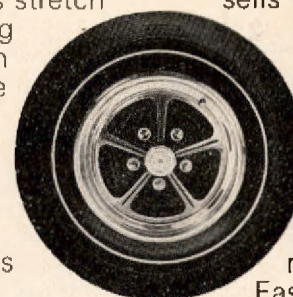
sells for \$33.14 to \$45.84  
with old tire. Federal  
Excise Tax included.

That's what it  
costs, plain and  
simple. There's no  
haggling about price  
at Sears, Roebuck  
and Co. And no  
money down on Sears  
Easy Payment Plan.

The Sears Superwide-Tred.  
Built wide and built to  
wear. That's the real beauty  
of it.

### The Superwide-Tred Guarantee

If tire fails from road hazards or  
defects, we will exchange it for a new  
one during the life of the original tread,  
charging only for tread used. Charge  
will be pro-rata share of the then  
current regular selling price plus F.E.T.  
Nail punctures repaired at no charge.



# Sears

ALLSTATE

You can't do better than Sears.





*Speaking out at an advisory board meeting, Mrs. Geraldine Johnson—herself an assistant to the school superintendent—urges members*

*to continue giving the personal attention which the overworked teachers don't have time for: "You have to go the last mile."*



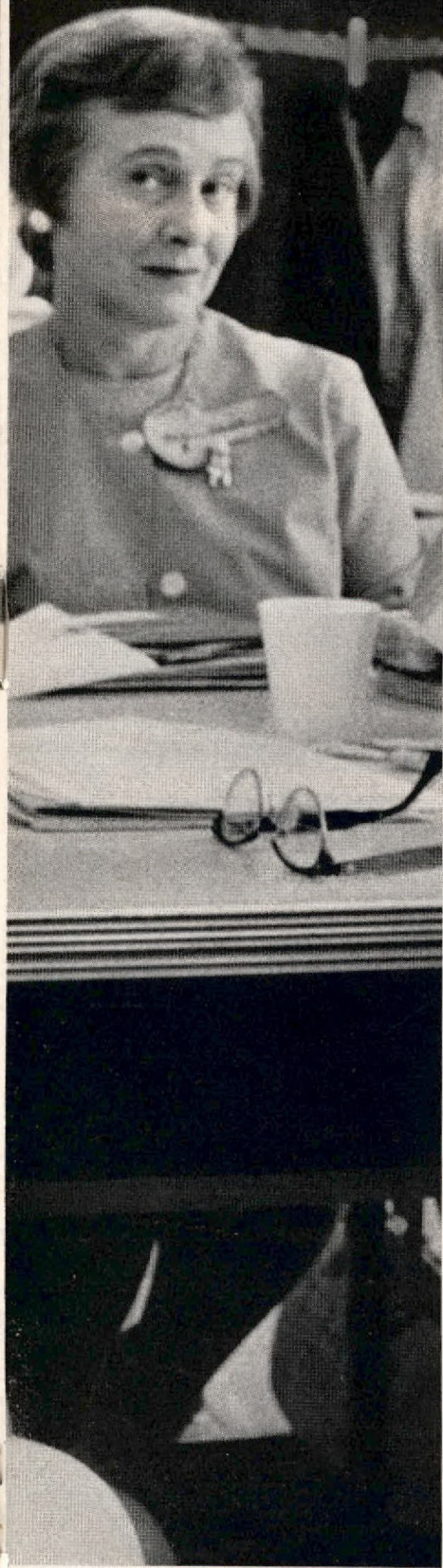
**Bridgeport Volunteers face  
the question: What can I do  
about race and poverty?**

# Some Who Find a Useful Answer

**Photographed by GEORGE SILK**

Across lines of color and class, Americans are being united by the urgency of a single question—"What can I do?" It is directed at those linked problems of race and poverty which many citizens, shocked by the urban riots and the death of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr., now see as their immediate personal responsibility. Here LIFE gives an answer—useful and fulfilling—that has been found in industrial Bridgeport, Conn. In future issues LIFE will report on efforts elsewhere, for there are as many potential answers as there are people concerned enough to ask the question.

The Bridgeport project, the School Volunteer Association, aims at a central cause of the cycle of poverty and despair: the quality of education in city schools. The program emphasizes the reading skills that are key both to future education and employment. The association, which is four years old, has enlisted 373 Volunteers, both black and white, and demands no special talents of them—only a spontaneous desire to help and the spunk to stick it out. Reading tutors take an intensive 10-week course. Others, after individual orientation and training sessions, teach weekly art, drama and dance classes that provide experience in abstract concepts essential to reading improvement. The results have been marked—grades improved, children more stable. "It's an academic tender loving care that you couldn't buy," says the pleased school superintendent. The association manages on an annual budget of less than \$2,000, plus contributions in services and materials from the business community. None of the Volunteers is paid. Their fee, says one, is "the feeling of humanity at being involved."



Hand on head, board member Dr. H. Parker Lansdale (right) confronts the familiar dilemma—how to meet next year's budget.

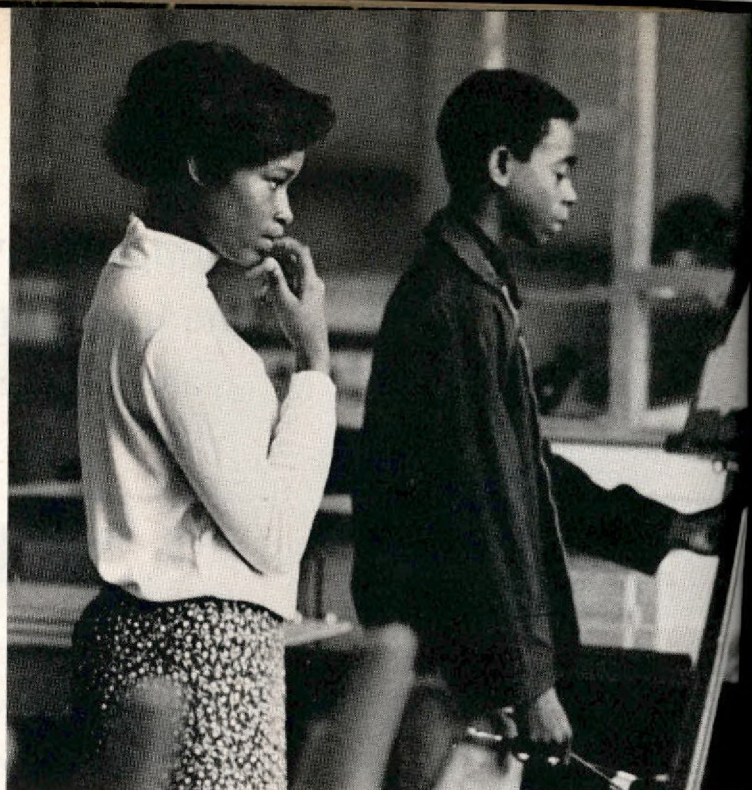






Volunteer dramatics teacher Mrs. Phyllis Cohen (above) welcomes Mrs. Meadowlark Lemon (center), a new volunteer, to the classroom. Mrs. Lemon of Fairfield signed up after her husband, the Harlem

Globetrotters basketball star, taught some of his trick shots to Mrs. Cohen's drama class. At right, promising eighth-graders paint oil still-lives under guidance of Volunteer Mrs. Barbara Nerreau.







Unable to find a babysitter, Mrs. Pat Cervone (above) brings along her daughter Amy, 2, who joins mother's creative dance class for second-graders. At left, a Volunteer from the neighborhood, Mrs. Pearllee Elliott, sits on the floor with a group of 4-year-olds at a "little school" which prepares them for kindergarten. The School Volunteers, begun by a handful of white suburban mothers, has made a special effort to recruit workers in school neighborhoods. Members now include dozens of neighborhood Volunteers—Negroes, Puerto Ricans and whites. During school hours at 28 different schools, the Volunteers conduct a reading improvement program, staff libraries which would not exist without them and teach courses in the arts which would not be given without them.

**Things that  
would not  
be done  
without them**



# Teaching children how to read and how to be a daffodil

*Second-graders learn from Mrs. Paula Nagourney the delicate art of being a daffodil—hands unfolding from the bulb, opening to an imaginary sun and outstretched in full bloom. This class enables children to express emotions and also learn muscular control which experts believe is important in mastering basic reading skills.*







Third-grader Sharon Young (left) takes a reading lesson from her volunteer teacher, Mrs. Joan Sylvestski. Sharon studies a word card (far left), offers her answer, listens as Mrs. Sylvestski reads the correct answer, then beams up at her instructor, who always seems to know everything.







*On tours of Bridgeport businesses, led by the School Volunteers, youngsters see for themselves the kinds of jobs available to them—ii*

*they will finish high school. Above, playing long-distance operator at the Southern New England Telephone Company, seventh-*

*grader Barbara Booker plugs in a call to New York City. At Coulter & McKenzie Machine Company (right), 14-year-old Eugene Clark*

## A future for students who stick with school





*visits a machine shop where some skilled workers make more than \$10,000 a year—and envisions a future that is suddenly wide open.*





# There are eighteen places where The Bandit holes up



There's that Bandit,  
in the cup again. Home ahead of  
everybody. If you think The Bandit's  
tough out on the fairway . . .  
outshooting, outdistancing,  
outrunning all the other  
balls, you should see him head  
for home. Murder around that green.  
Doesn't know the meaning of the  
word "away." Consistency.  
That's what does it. Our quality  
control makes sure that every  
Titleist is exactly like every  
other Titleist. And that's exactly  
what a golfer wants, isn't it?



**ACUSHNET GOLF EQUIPMENT**  
Sold thru golf course pro shops only

## VOLUNTEERS CONTINUED

# Planning, hard work—and pitfalls

"You have to ask yourself one question when you go into a thing like this," says Mrs. Virginia Rider, who helped found the Bridgeport School Volunteers. "Do you really mean business? Too many groups think they're going to save the ghetto in two months."

When the organizers of the Bridgeport project—mostly white suburban housewives—decided something had to be done about the drastic increase in school drop-outs, they first put in a year and a half of hard planning and preparation. They consulted professors of education at the major universities, interviewed inner-city parents and held continuing discussions with the Bridgeport Board of Education. They decided to start small—a prekindergarten in a basement room and 10 volunteers in one antiquated, overcrowded elementary school. "We had to do our tutoring on a stair landing which we called 'the crow's nest,'" recalls Mrs. Adrienne Lobovits. "The only place I could find to hold my first class in creative dramatics was the cloakroom, and we went there to act out Casey at the Bat."

Though the original volunteer group has grown to 373 workers in 28 schools, the volunteers have maintained their painstaking caution and make-do spirit. Lacking funds, paid staff and office facilities, they are forced to call on the entire community. Policy is set by a 53-member advisory board that includes the mayor, clergy and business, labor and civic leaders. The tab for postage is picked up by the Chamber of Commerce, the monthly newsletter reproduced in the office of a cooperative dentist, and pencils provided by a bank.

Unlike many grass-roots efforts that founder on conflict, the volunteers go out of their way to avoid competing with the school system. School officials sit on the volunteers' advisory board, and the

school system has been encouraged to take over and expand successful programs initiated and run by the volunteers, notably prekindergarten classes and school libraries. The volunteers also make a point of encouraging other organizations—the Junior League, the National Council of Jewish Women, the American Association of University Women, church groups—to operate their own programs under volunteer auspices.

The most delicate relationship is with the teachers themselves, who traditionally defend their classrooms against invasions by outsiders. A new volunteer starts out by making clear to her class that she is not a teacher, and she must follow the policy of never criticizing a teacher publicly. One volunteer was delighted when the school's principal joined in a basketball pantomime being acted out by her youngsters, then worried when he disappeared without a word. It turned out he had bent over too rapidly and split his pants.

The volunteers sometimes feel caught between their own creative exuberance and the school's demand for discipline. One lunchtime dramatics class, riding a make-believe bus, broke into a spontaneous and raucous rock 'n' roll song. "I just gave up," says the volunteer. "It was wonderful, but all the time I was thinking the principal wouldn't like it."

The volunteers are acutely conscious of the need to enlist volunteers from the inner-city neighborhoods where the schools are. To avoid possible embarrassment among potential recruits, they have revised their application form to eliminate questions about educational background or husband's occupation. "You have to kind of hook them gradually," says Mrs. Geraldine Johnson, a school official who is Negro. "We start out by encouraging them to chaperone field trips to museums and parks,

and hope that they will take their own families there later."

Because of their color, Negro volunteers often win quicker acceptance from the children and bring special insights to the classroom. One noticed that schoolbook illustrations depicted only white children and helped the teacher find new books that show youngsters of both races.

The volunteers also are sharply aware of the social differences caused by poverty and race. They have learned that inner-city mothers often are reluctant to volunteer because they cannot afford a baby-sitter or simply do not have the tradition of spare-time involvement so common in the middle class. The special problems of children from homes broken by poverty are presented to recruits at orientation sessions. "The first thing we are told," says a volunteer, "is to advise children 'to ask someone at home to help you'—but not to say their mother and never their father." The group is also careful with labels. One speaker miffed Negro volunteers by referring to "the disadvantaged." A newspaper story hailing the program backfired the following day when volunteers faced an icy reception from teachers and children who resented the headline's reference to "slum kids." "We try not to put kids in categories like culturally deprived," says Mrs. Marcia Jenison. "We don't know what their I.Q.'s are and we're glad we don't."

For all its success, the project has sobered the rosy expectations of many volunteers. "Now I see the separation more clearly than ever, which saddens me," says Mrs. Jenison, whose three children attend an all-white school in Fairfield. "I don't want to be 'that nice white lady' who helps out poor Negro children. It's not the kind of world I want to live in."

RONALD BAILEY

## Directory of How To Help:

### Numbers to call wherever you live

The list below, compiled by LIFE, performs a unique service: if you want to work in a school, it will tell you where to apply. When school reconvenes next fall, volunteer help will be needed all across the country in programs ranging from remedial reading and library work to administering eye tests. If your area is not listed here, call your local board of education for information.

**ALABAMA** Anniston: Remedial reading. Mrs. Catherine Killebrew, 237-1695. Florence: Remedial reading. Mrs. Gerald Wade, 764-8350 or Mrs. Dean Goodall, 764-1411. Gadsden: Remedial reading. Mrs. William Talley, 546-1008. Huntsville: Art appreciation, social studies. Mrs. George Cooper, 534-1836. Montgomery: Speech therapy. Miss Helen Boll, 265-0132.

**ALASKA** Anchorage: Art, dance, drama, journalism, music. Leonard A. Glover, 277-5511. Fairbanks: Arts and crafts, library. Dr. Charles Lafferty, 456-6616. Ketchikan: Arts and crafts, reme-

dial reading, music appreciation. Jack Hayward, 225-2118.

**ARIZONA** Statewide Vanguard Volunteer Program: Teaching aides: administering placement, vision, hearing tests, library. Mrs. Dorothy V. Gilbert, 271-5281 or Mrs. Earl W. McCoy Jr., 275-1971, Phoenix.

**CALIFORNIA** Almost every school has an adult volunteer program, operated under the general guidance of the Office of Compensatory Education, State Department of Education, Sacramento. Wilson C. Riles, 445-2590, Miss Ruth Holloway, 445-9730 or your

CONTINUED



**When you're racing 500 miles for a \$177,000 jackpot,  
you don't scrimp on spark plugs.**

**That's why 1968 Indy winner Bobby Unser used  
Autolite plugs. Like you buy.**

**About \$1 each.**

First place in the 1968 Indy 500 to Bobby Unser. His time: a record 152.882 miles per hour. His spark plugs: Autolite.

Second place to Dan Gurney: Autolite plugs. Third place to Mel Kenyon: Autolite plugs. Fourth place to Dennis Hulme: Autolite plugs. Fifth place to Lloyd Ruby: Autolite plugs.

Year after year, it's the same story. The hottest, most expensive cars use Autolite spark plugs.

Take the car that Bobby Unser drove. It cost over \$50,000 to create. The engine cost over \$18,000. The fuel injection system cost over \$1,000. And the spark plugs? About \$1 each. They're Autolite plugs. Like the ones you buy.

How come with over \$50,000 invested and a winner's purse of \$177,000 at stake, Bobby used \$1 Autolite spark plugs? Simple. There are no better plugs. Not at any price.

So put this kind of spark plug in whatever kind of car you drive. Autolite . . . spark plugs, batteries, filters, shock absorbers and complete ignition systems.

**Autolite** 





# For fast relief

from sweltering days and  
hot, sleepless nights



**Airtemp**  **CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

## Directory of How To Help

CONTINUED

local school district coordinator.

**CONNECTICUT** Bridgeport: Mrs. Louise Hine, 375-9753. Danbury: Tutoring, library, storytelling, art. English. Mrs. William Goodman, 748-5685. Hartford: Starting general programs. Dr. Robert Miles, 527-4191.

**DELAWARE** Wilmington: Tutoring, teaching aides. Mrs. Jane M. Hornburger, 654-3181, ext. 394. Arden: Summer program. Lawrence Schein, 475-7838.

**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** Reading tutoring, library, art, music, teaching aides for mentally retarded, enrichment programs. Mrs. Marguerite C. Selden, 629-3432, 629-3202 or Mrs. Joan Benesch, 363-7563.

**FLORIDA** Orlando: Reading tutoring, office work, library, music. Mrs. R. O. Nevin, 277-4862 or Mrs. S. A. Simpson, 275-0245.

**IDAHO** Statewide programs: For children of migrant workers, language development. Mrs. Ardis Snyder, 344-5811, ext. 570. Tutoring reading and math. Loren Hicks, 344-5871, ext. 248, both in Boise.

**ILLINOIS** Chicago: Teaching aides, preparing audio-visual materials, science equipment, art supplies. Mrs. Rachel S. Lamoreaux, DE 2-7800, ext. 400 or 240.

**KANSAS** Kansas City: Special program for handicapped children. Dr. Richard Welan, EN 2-4352.

**KENTUCKY** Louisville: Mechanical drawing, economics, dance, art, music, creative writing, public speaking. Mrs. Sidney Meyer, 895-3878.

**LOUISIANA** New Orleans: Tutoring. School Volunteers Office, 524-8592.

**MAINE** Falmouth: Tutoring reading and math, library. Mrs. William E. Hilfrank, 797-4278. Millinocket: Library. Robert Pelletier, 723-8829. Portland: Library, health care, other programs this fall. Clyde Bartlett, 774-8221, ext. 349 and 350.

**MARYLAND** Baltimore: Starting general programs. Lester Wallace, 467-4000, ext. 2530.

**MASSACHUSETTS** Boston: Tutoring reading and math, conversational English, teaching aides, library, enrichment programs. Mrs. Edna Koretsky, 267-4632. Cambridge: Similar to Boston. 492-7046, 876-3937, 876-8446. Worcester: Similar to Boston. Mrs. J. Lincoln Spaulding, 798-3459.

**MICHIGAN** Ann Arbor: Tutoring. Evelyn Moore, NO 5-0694. Battle Creek: General programs. Assistant superintendent or director of special programs, 962-5581. Detroit: Remedial and enrichment programs. Mrs. Roselynn Yergan, 931-2400, ext. 3. Flint: Tutoring, health programs. Mrs. Ross W. Crawley, 232-8897. Career encouragement for junior boys. Melvin E. Gregory, CE 4-4923. Teaching materials, tutoring. Mrs. Doris Kirkland, 238-1631, ext. 411. Lansing: Preschool, language development. Mrs. Dorothy Silk, 485-5439.

**MINNESOTA** Minneapolis: Tutoring. Mrs. Ellen Hughes, 522-0187. St. Paul: Tutoring, field trips, plays. Clyde Manchester, 645-0571.

**MISSOURI** St. Louis: Tutoring, chamber music, theatricals, storytelling, careers. Mrs. June Baehr, CE 1-3720.

**MONTANA** Missoula: Reading tutoring. William Rolshoven, 543-3434. Library. Mrs. Peggy Gadow, 549-6403.

**NEBRASKA** Lincoln: Library. Bill Robertson, 475-1081. Omaha: Reading clinic. Ronald Meyer, 345-9113.

**NEW HAMPSHIRE** Manchester: Starting programs in tutoring, enrichment. Mrs. Peter Freedman, 622-5711.

**NEW JERSEY** Englewood: Tutoring. Mrs. Joan Meltzer, 568-7100, ext. 18.

**NEW MEXICO** Statewide tutoring program: Dr. Mildred Fitzpatrick, State Department of Education, Santa Fe, 827-2441. Albuquerque: Library. Public school personnel division, 842-8211. Santa Fe: Library. John Hasted, 982-2631 or personnel office, State Department of Education, 827-2429.

**NEW YORK** New York City: Year-round programs in reading tutoring, English, prekindergarten, enrichment programs. 563-5624. Ithaca: Tutoring, field trips, art, music. Mrs. Edwina E. Devereux, 274-2101. Rochester: Tutoring. Mrs. Alice C. Salzberg, 544-6140.

**NORTH DAKOTA** Fargo: Teaching aides. Dr. Kenneth Underwood, 235-6461. Grand Forks: Kindergarten, office work, grading papers. Dr. Wayne Womer, 775-5631.

**OHIO** Cincinnati: Reading tutoring, enrichment programs. Mrs. Vivian D. Adams, 621-7010, ext. 366. Cleveland: Tutoring, teaching aides, library. Mrs. Marjorie Butera, 579-0600, ext. 522. Reading tutoring. Robert Jewell, 781-5250.

**OREGON** Eugene: After-school programs. Robert Lee, 342-5611, ext. 233. Portland: Reading tutoring, enrichment programs. Mrs. Charles Lutton, 236-5900.

**PENNSYLVANIA** Philadelphia: Tutoring reading and math, language development, library, office work, enrichment programs. Mrs. Doris B. Wilson, 448-3322 or 448-3326. Pittsburgh: Tutoring reading and math, library, teaching aides. Mrs. Barbara Weiss, 441-1619. Prekindergarten, after-school tutoring. Mrs. Robert Frummerman, 421-6118.

**RHODE ISLAND** Providence: Tutoring, teaching aides, library, storytelling. Mrs. Beverly Hall or Mrs. Andrew Staley, 831-0220.

**SOUTH CAROLINA** Columbia: Program for visually handicapped, tutoring. Mrs. Broadus Thompson, 254-9900. Greenville: Special program for boys. Joseph Adair, 253-7322. Hartsville: Tutoring. Mrs. Mary Jane McDonald, 332-5402.

**TENNESSEE** Nashville-Davidson County: Tutoring, enrichment programs. M. D. Neely, 747-5148.

**VERMONT** Tutoring, teaching aides, library in many school districts. Walter Gallagher, State Dept. of Education, Montpelier, 223-2311.

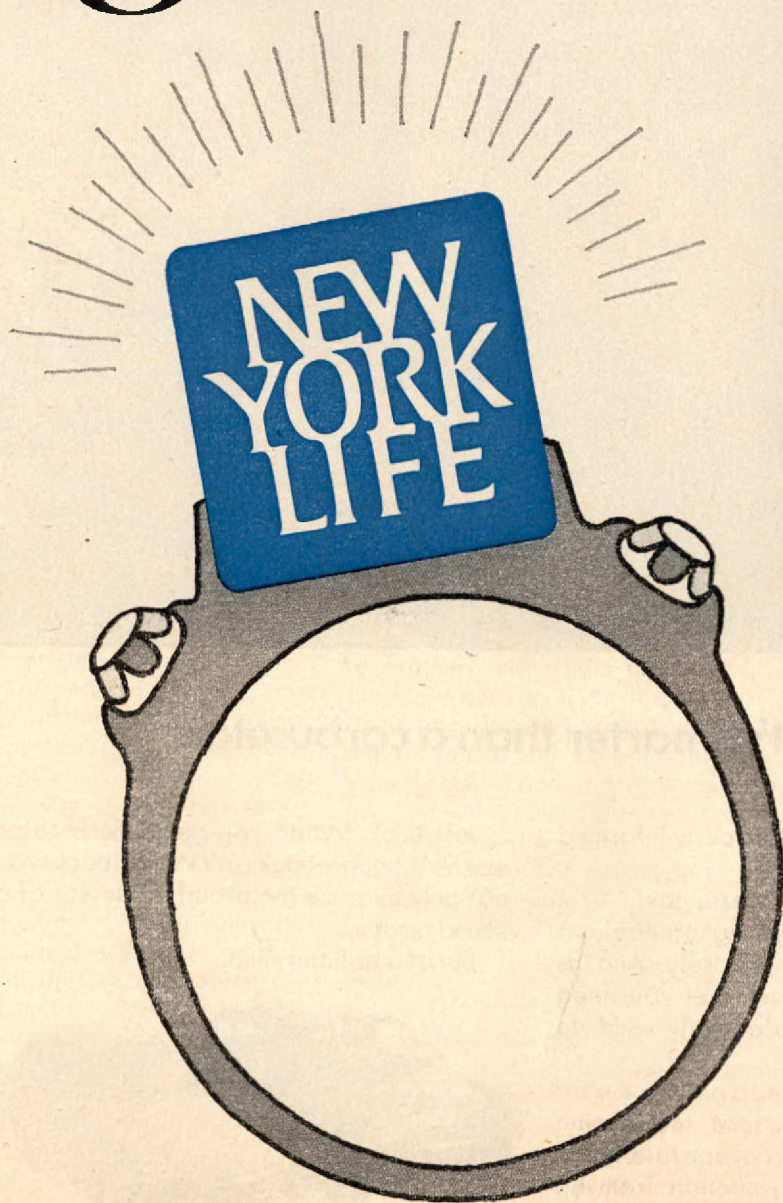
**VIRGINIA** Richmond: Prekindergarten, reading tutoring, storytelling, field trips, enrichment programs. Mrs. Virgie Binford, 649-5341.

**WASHINGTON** Pasco: Tutoring reading and math, teaching aides. Dr. Lewis Ferrari, 547-9531. Seattle: Tutoring reading and math, enrichment programs, book club. Mrs. Virginia Bigelow, EA 2-5365. Tacoma: Reading tutoring, library. Assistant superintendent for personnel, FU 3-1811.

**WEST VIRGINIA** Kanawha County: Tutoring, counseling. Mrs. William M. Smith, 925-9894. Reading clinic. Mrs. Mose Boirsky, 342-3849.



# Just married? For your greater financial security, we've got a gem of a plan.



You promised for better or for worse. Our promise is to help you make it for better. By providing your marriage with the right life insurance plan. A precious stepping stone toward financial security.

We've been making that promise for over 123 years now. And making good on it. In the process, New York Life has become one of the largest and strongest life insurance companies in the world.

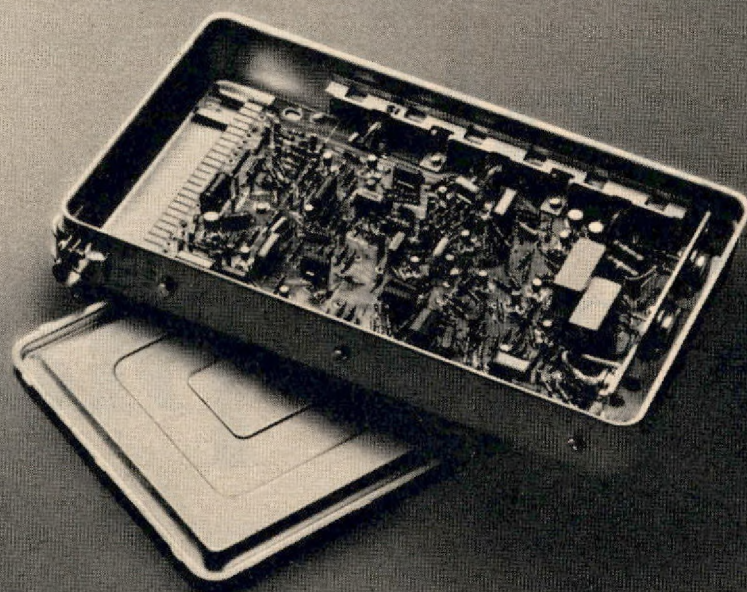
What's more, we share our growth with our policy owners. You see, we're a mutual company. All our dividends go to our policy owners. And for millions of them, current record-high dividends have brought the cost of our life insurance to a new low.

Talk it over with your New York Life Agent now. You'll find he's a good man to know. Maybe even the best man to know.

New York Life Insurance Company  
51 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10010  
Life, Group and Health Insurance,  
Annuities, Pension Plans.







© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

## Volkswagen's electronic brain. It's smarter than a carburetor.

Alas, the carburetor.

Decent and hard-working though it was, it just couldn't think.

So every now and then it would do thoughtless little things. Like flood the engine. Waste gas. Shamelessly pollute the air.

Our new computer would never behave that way.

In the first place, it's too educated to flood the engine.

It's always properly informed about changes in the speed, engine temperature

and load. So it's always properly informed about what's improper.)

And it's too shrewd to waste gas.

(Since it knows everything precisely, it can decide everything precisely. And its decisions about how much fuel you need are so precise that you actually wind up burning less gas.)

Finally, it's too prudent to pollute the air.

(No unburnt fuel around the engine means no unburnt fuel to evaporate in the atmosphere. Even the pollution from exhaust fumes is greatly reduced.)

Just think. When you get a carburetorless VW Squareback or VW Fastback, you not only become the proud possessor of a sound body.

But of a brilliant mind.





A young science offers insight  
and a potential of remedy for a worried society

# The Psycho-biology of Violence

by ALBERT ROSENFELD

Senator Robert Kennedy had just been shot in Los Angeles that morning when a young man came into Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston looking for help. "I am going to shoot my stepfather," he told the doctor. He was carrying a bulky bundle which, when unwrapped, turned out to be a disassembled rifle. "I know I shouldn't shoot him," he went on. "I know it's wrong, and I don't want to do it. But I know I'm going to, unless you help me. Can you help me?"

Luckily the young man had come to one of the few places where he could find help. He was sent instantly to a special clinic set up in the hospital for the study of violent behavior. It was organized last year by a team of medical scientists attached to Harvard Medical School, Massachusetts General Hospital and Boston City Hospital. Their specialty is a new one: psychobiology. The field they are exploring is the psychobiology of violence.

The roots of violence may be psychiatric—the result, for instance, of upbringing or social environment; or they may be biological, perhaps caused by some disorder of the brain or nervous system; or they may most frequently be a combination of these and other factors. The psychobiological approach, new as it is, is gaining adherents so fast that it might almost be called a movement. It is an interdisciplinary, many-pronged assault that involves not only psychologists and biologists but also psychiatrists, sociologists, surgeons, neurologists, geneticists, pharmacologists, other biomedical specialists, and even students of animal behavior. The new University of California campus at Irvine has even established an official department of psychobiology.

The shooting of Robert Kennedy increased the concern and the debates over the possible effects of the climate of violence that pervades today's world, where real life and fictional—as in the popular movie *Bonnie and Clyde*—are filled with images of brutality. This climate of violence is an important aspect of the problem, but

it is from the new and original insights of psychobiology that the President's new commission on violence is likely to get its most helpful information.

The group in Boston consists at the moment of half a dozen researchers, including two well-known neurosurgeons, Dr. William Sweet and Dr. Vernon H. Mark, and an outstanding psychiatrist, Dr. Frank R. Ervin, who serves as full-time head of the group. There is an existing institute for the study of violence at Brandeis University which has so far concerned itself mainly with racial conflicts. Dr. Ervin's group gives its principal attention instead to individual acts of violence and to the possibility that the cause may often be found in some malfunction of the body or brain. In the 50-or-so cases they have so far had the opportunity to study in some depth, they have already found a startling frequency of correlation between deviant behavior and brain damage.

In every classic concept of the violent personality, the impulses to rage and aggression have always been intimately linked with frustration. Yet frustration alone cannot account for them. In a family of brothers and sisters raised by the same parents under the same frustrating circumstances, some will be violent and some not. In a slum neighborhood, everyone may live under the same frustrating set of pressures and tensions, but only a small minority will engage in rioting, and even among the rioters only a handful will actually burn

*The casual acceptance of violence, epitomized in the movie Bonnie and Clyde (right, Bonnie is gunned down), creates a climate which some scientists believe can arouse susceptible people to violent acts.*

think about our brains, think of the conscious mind—the reasoning, logical intellect. But this aspect of the mind resides largely in the cerebral cortex, the top layer of the brain most recently laid down in the process of human evolution. Below the cortex lies the more ancient brain. Located at various sites in this primitive brain are the centers that spur us to anger and violence.

In many experiments with animals and a few with people, these sites in the brain have been precisely located. Stimulating them electrically or chemically can turn on rage and violence. Drugs or radio signals can turn them off. Dr. José M. R. Delgado of Yale has done many experiments with monkeys in free-roving colonies. The monkeys have tiny electrodes implanted in key areas of the brain. The doctor can, by pushing a button and sending a radio signal, induce a peaceful monkey to go into a rage and attack other monkeys. When he releases the button, the monkey is peaceful again. Dr. Delgado's most impressive demonstration occurred in a Spanish bull ring, where, standing in the path of a furiously charging bull, he calmly pushed a button and stopped the charge cold.

People are of course not animals. And in normal people the conscious mind has control over the primitive brain so that violent impulses are released or sup-

CONTINUED





CONTINUED

pressed on command. We are violent only when we choose to be. When threatening circumstances trigger our defenses into a state of belligerence, we commit acts of violence—acts which may be socially and legally sanctioned. Ordinarily, we have good impulse control. But there are people who have what Dr. Ervin and Dr. Mark call "poor impulse control." Something out of the ordinary seems to be happening in their primitive brain areas.

Most of the people studied at the Boston clinic have poor impulse control and a history of repeated violent episodes. They are often fantastically destructive of property, and they may beat their wives, husbands or children with astonishing ferocity. One young wife who came in recently for help said that she had assaulted her husband—fortunately a very large, very tolerant man—537 times in the last six years, with everything from fists to dishes to furniture. Violent people also frequently vent their impulses through sexual assault or multiple automobile accidents.

**M**ost psychiatrists, including Dr. Ervin himself, would hesitate at this point to put forth a theory of violent behavior based solely on the presence of brain damage. Traditionally, the key to the problem of violence is believed to lie in a patient's personality traits, which are shaped by his past experience. Dr. Ervin can roughly sketch a composite psychiatric portrait of the typical violent patient he and his colleagues see at the Massachusetts General clinic. There are striking exceptions, especially in people who did not begin to be violent until they suffered brain injuries as adults. But the typical individual nearly always has "poor self-identity." He comes from a troubled home and has ambivalent feelings toward his mother—love, hate, dependence and resentment all at the same time. His poor impulse control extends to more than acts of violence. He may have little self-discipline in any area of his life. He tends to gamble and drink too much, and his sexual impulses, though often confused, are seldom repressed.

The violent person also has an extreme response to fantasy. Reading a book or seeing a play, he becomes totally absorbed in it, losing himself in the action. Watching a violent movie, he may twist his wife's arm or leg until she screams without realizing he is doing it. His overriding characteristic, and the one which brings him to the clinic in the first place, is his quick and uncontrollable rage. Though he usually has a "reason"

for it, the reason can be incredibly flimsy: he may do major violence in response to a minor or imagined slight. A man may knock his wife across the room because she burned the toast. A mother may beat her baby black and blue because the baby's crying annoyed her. A teen-age girl may smash her room into a total shambles because her brother asked her to turn down the record player. Yet, between bouts of violence, this man or woman may be mild-mannered, charming and altogether likable. Once the rage is gone and the damage done, there may be a flood of guilt and contrition, sometimes followed by a near-suicidal depression.

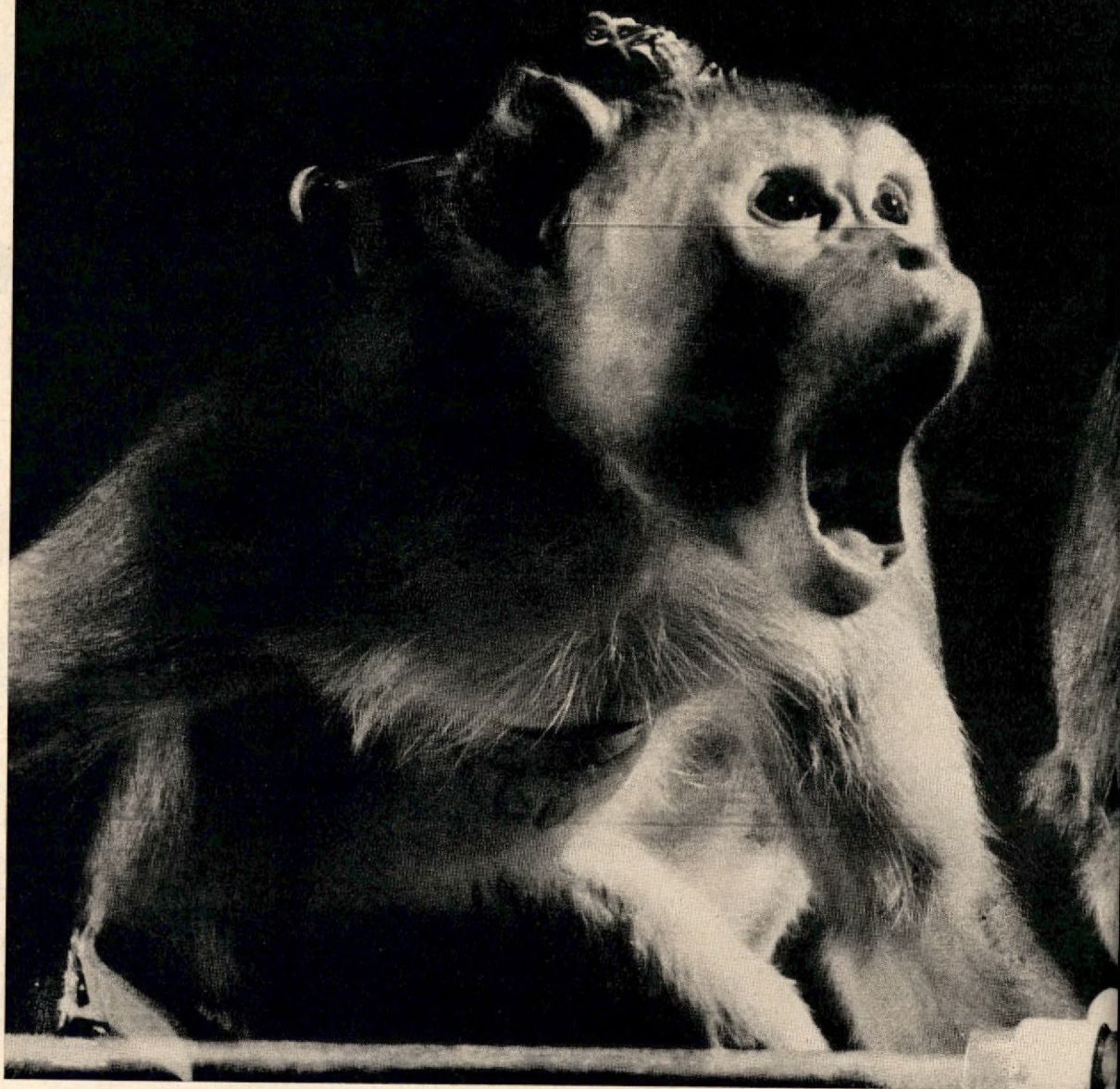
How does this compare with the composite psychiatric portrait of an assassin? Many psychiatrists have tried to draw such a portrait, based on studies of assassins and those who have attempted or threatened assassination. This composite individual turns out to be very much like the violent pa-

tient in many respects—but with some interesting differences. He too has sexual problems, and a history of broken homes and parental rejection. But he has better impulse control than the typical violent patient. His act is carefully planned, not committed in a fit of ungovernable rage.

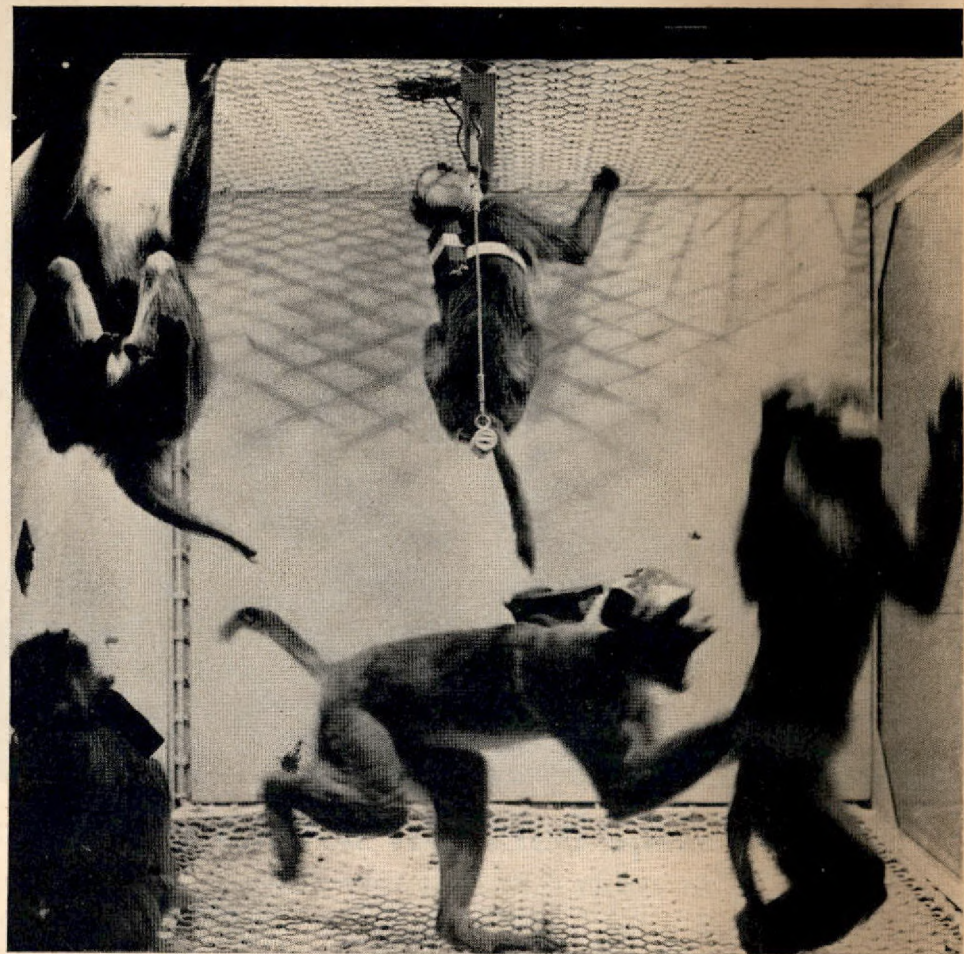
This does not mean that the potential assassin does not get angry often; he undoubtedly does. But when he performs his violent act, he wants to make it count. Dr. Karl Menninger characterizes the assassin as an anonymous, faceless, embittered man who feels self-important and ambitious. He also feels unloved, lonely and alienated. He wants desperately to "be somebody," but never makes it and finally gets the desired attention through what Dr. Fredric Wertham calls "magnicide"—killing somebody big. He achieves his identity by erasing somebody else's; the more important that somebody is, the greater the assassin's self-aggrandizement. He

may attach his rages and acts to a cause and select a victim he thinks of as his enemy. But Dr. Lawrence Z. Freedman of the University of Chicago believes that assassins are "emotionally disturbed social isolates, acting on their own without any rational expectation that they or the party and cause with which they identified themselves could benefit from the slaying."

It is possible that the distorted thoughts and behavior of assassins are also due to some physiological malfunctioning of the brain. Schizophrenia, the "mental illness" that is often attributed to them, has been more and more frequently linked with a form of abnormality involving faulty brain chemistry. Commenting on the assassination of Robert Kennedy, Dr. Granville Fisher of the University of Miami said flatly of the assassin: "The type of crime allows me to predict with some certainty that he is probably suffering from a brain condition." There is no way to ascertain whether assassins







## Turning on monkeys to rage

*Experiments with animals have established that there are a number of key areas in the brain that control violence. The two rhesus monkeys at left, in the laboratory of Professor José M. R. Delgado at Yale University, have electrodes implanted in a violence center located in the thalamus area of the brain. When the investigator turns*

*on a mild current (by sending a signal to the radio packs on the animals' backs), the electricity stimulates the thalamus center and the two monkeys howl angrily. Above, a normally peaceable monkey turns vicious as his thalamic rage center is stimulated electrically. He flares up and attacks his fellow monkeys, who flee.*

are brain-damaged, of course, without making the necessary examinations. And too little is known with certainty to make any premature generalizations. But in at least one instance, the case of the young man who climbed up to the Texas tower and began shooting people at random from his high vantage point, the killer turned out to have a tumor in a critical area of the brain. Dr. Sweet, who was on the commission that investigated the case, believes the tumor might well have been an important factor in the young man's twisted behavior.

Dr. Sweet and Dr. Mark, the two neurosurgeons on the Boston team, have had little difficulty tracing the trouble to brain damage in some of their violent patients. In rare cases, because of the ravages accompanying certain types of epilepsy or the presence of a tumor in the primitive brain, the brain damage is so extensive that the patient is violent nearly all the time. The damage apparently

scrambles the electrical circuitry of the brain so that the cells in the affected regions are discharging electricity almost constantly, evoking impulses of rage and violence. There is no way to turn them off, except through drug therapy or brain surgery.

**S**o far there has been great reluctance to perform brain surgery, except in extreme cases—repeated attempts at murder, for instance. Sometimes even relatively simple surgery—if any brain surgery can be called simple—can help for a time. At the Indiana University Medical Center, Dr. Robert Heimerberger has found that by touching the afflicted area of the brain with a delicate "cryosurgical" probe (an instrument with a frozen tip) he can destroy the diseased tissue. This operation, performed on institutionalized patients who are violently destructive, keeps them calm for weeks or months at a time.

In many of the cases handled by Dr. Sweet and Dr. Mark, the brain damage is not obvious. But examinations in depth usually turn up some abnormality in the brain tissue—damage that is perhaps congenital, perhaps the result of blows on the head or of some viral infection that reached the brain. There has lately been much interest in genetic causes of these abnormalities too, especially since a recent case in France, where a violent criminal was found to possess an abnormal "XYY" chromosome. The Boston group has already incorporated a cell geneticist into the team to study these latest possibilities.

The brain damage, whatever its cause, apparently leaves the affected areas in an abnormally excitable electrical state so that the impulses to rage and violence can be triggered on almost any provocation. A man driving to work may suddenly be enraged because another driver "cut him out" too sharply and will chase the other

car for miles in order to get even. Such a man is a menace on the road and is in fact the cause of many accidents.

The Boston doctors, though not yet willing to perform brain surgery on any but the most extremely afflicted patients, have had encouraging success in treating others with a combination of psychotherapy and drugs. The drugs used are sometimes surprising. All drugs that affect behavior, whether they be stimulants, barbiturates, tranquilizers or energizers, do so by affecting the electrochemistry of the brain. When the brain's electrical firing is abnormal, however, pills may not have their customary effects. A tranquilizer may excite a patient instead of quieting him down. In one case, a young boy was so incorrigibly violent that his parents, for his own protection, had to keep him totally nude in an absolutely bare room. He would even rip wallpaper off the walls in his fury. This boy's troubles were considerably

CONTINUED





CONTINUED

alleviated by giving him a stimulant—100 milligrams of Benzedrine. For a normal person, 10 milligrams of Benzedrine is a high dose—but with a scrambled nervous system the usual rules do not necessarily apply.

**W**e now have a rough idea, though far from a precise delineation, of the nature of the violent individual—troubled, unstable, erratic, with a low threshold of irritability and a great capacity to do harm. What about the social climate he lives in? How does it affect him?

In former days and in more rural surroundings, the individual received bad news now and then—the illness or death of a friend or relative, the burning of a neighbor's barn, a robbery or a disaster in a nearby town. As people move closer together, the greater density of neighbors produces a greater amount of bad news. People hear it with ever greater frequency. Scientists like Dr. René Dubos of Rockefeller University and Dr. Donald N. Michael of the University of Michigan have emphasized that in crowded cities something catastrophic is happening all the time. With instant communication, we hear about and even see every catastrophe right away—not only in our own city or locality but anywhere in the world. Everyone is hearing bad news all the time. Was the human nervous system constructed to withstand such a barrage?

It is always dangerous to extrapolate from animal experiments to human behavior. Yet living organisms react so similarly in so many respects that it might be in-

structive to look at two sample rat experiments. In one, rats are simply made to live in overcrowded conditions. The result is a sharp increase in irritability, in displays of rage, in actual incidents of biting and fighting. Some rats are of course more violent than others.

In the other experiment, a solitary rat is artificially excited by doses of amphetamines. It takes a certain dosage of the drug to bring him up to a certain desired level of excitement. But if the same rat is put in with a group of other rats, it takes a much smaller dose of the drug to produce the same level of excitement.

Do rats have anything to tell us about people? If a person with an unstable nervous system finds himself in crowded circumstances, does he become readier than ever to give vent to his rages and aggressions? Observation would seem to confirm that he does. And with increased opportunities for provocation come increased opportunities to lash out at a multitude of possible targets. A youth passes you on the street and asks for a match, and you say you don't smoke, and he whips out a switchblade and comes after you.

Add other ingredients: A society in unprecedentedly rapid change, with values all in flux. An atmosphere of general permissiveness. A widespread flouting of and contempt for authority, all the way from Daddy to the White House. A feeling of alienation, of purposelessness, of the absurdity of existence—often fostered and enhanced by the arts and by pop culture, with their raucous assault on the senses. A cool and casual attitude toward violence, real and

fictional. A constant exposure to violence in newspapers, magazines and in every branch of entertainment—TV, books, movies, theater. And all the good reasons—racial grievances, the war in Vietnam—for perfectly reasonable people to get very angry and for speakers to fill the air with heated exhortations to action. All taken together, for good or ill, we wind up with a climate in which it becomes statistically inevitable that violent people will perform violent acts. The stresses that most of us can somehow manage to live with are simply too much for the more susceptible brains and nervous systems.

Is there no remedy, then? What can the psychobiologists recommend?

Their first recommendation is to intensify research and learn more about the psychobiology of violence. Even with our present knowledge, much of the violence could be avoided. Nearly every violent person, before he perpetrates any major damage, has a history of prior violence. People with violent tendencies should get earlier attention because they can often be helped by psychotherapy, by drugs or—as a last resort—by the kind of brain surgery that has relieved the girl in these pictures.

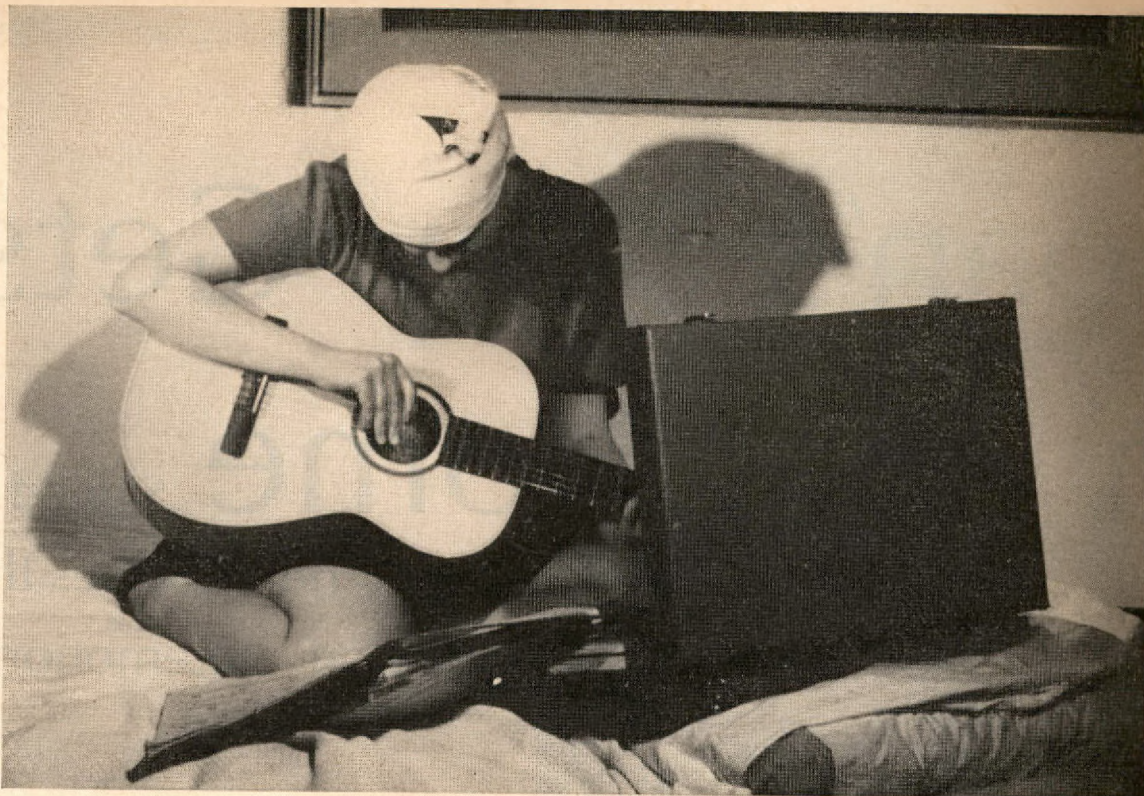
Society can help itself, of course, by removing some of the causes

of frustration, by improving the conditions that evoke legitimate anger, by finding routes to peace and away from war, by making it harder for violent individuals to procure weapons.

There is another remedy that does not require government intervention: the de-emphasis of violence in entertainment, in the arts, in news coverage. Violent individuals often do model their behavior on what they see, hear and read. Shortly after the Texas tower shootings and the multiple murder of nurses in Chicago, a young man who said he was inspired by these two events picked up his gun, walked into an Arizona beauty shop and shot the five women and two children who happened to be present. Scientific experiments have demonstrated that the observation of violence, the evocation of the powerful images of brutality can arouse susceptible temperaments to commit new acts of violence.

Hardly anyone would be in favor of government censorship of either the news media or the arts. If restraint is invoked, it should be self-restraint performed by the creators and communicators themselves. Censorship has traditionally addressed itself to the matter of obscenity associated with sex and eroticism. In our own day perhaps the true obscenity is violence.



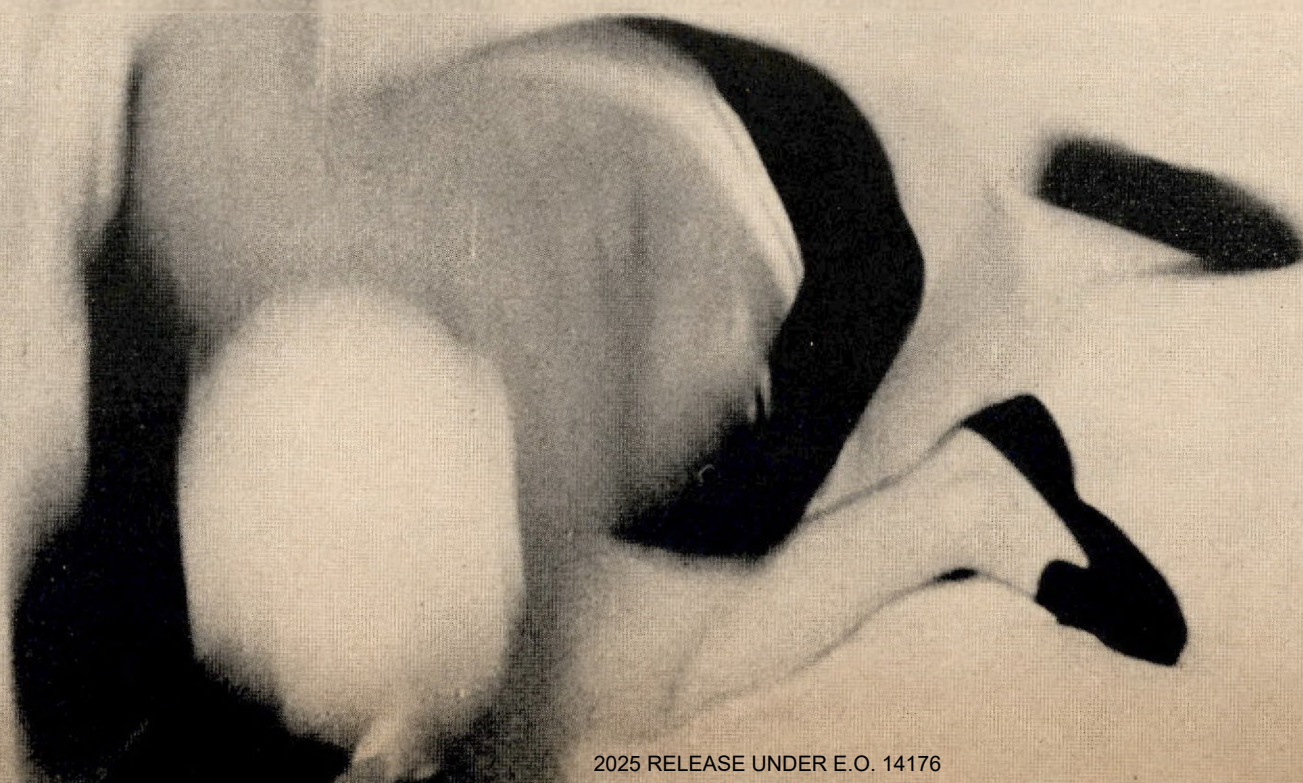


## Seeking a cure in the brain of a frenzied girl

One of the patients undergoing treatment in Boston is a 20-year-old girl. Most of the time she is a sweet and charming person who enjoys playing the guitar (above). But in fits of violence she has twice seriously stabbed people.

To localize the cause of her violence doctors implanted electrodes in different areas of her brain and stimulated each in turn. When they stimulate the part of the brain called the amygdala, she rises (far left), flails away at the

wall as if it were a mortal enemy (center), and then slumps back down on her mattress (below). With the source of her trouble thus pinpointed, doctors just three weeks ago operated to excise the defective portion of her amygdala.





# Joan's Baby Gets a Final Home

Signed away by  
his unwed mother, he becomes the center  
of a private emotional drama

*There is a lonely poignancy to a baby born out of wedlock, up for adoption, but he is the source of a childless couple's enormous joy. Last week LIFE told how 20-year-old Joan had a romance and bore this baby. Here now is the second half of the adoption process: what happened to Joan's baby—how, after all her distress at giving him up, a husband and wife got the baby they could unreservedly love—and thereby fulfilled Joan's own hopes for her son. The adoption agency involved, the Children's Home Society of California, which handled 1,867 such adoptions last year, cooperated with LIFE in order to dispell the mysteries and misunderstandings about adoption. And the participants—providing that all identities were concealed—voluntarily shared their experiences and emotions.*

by RICHARD MERYMAN

Baby Boy Miller—conceived by accident, illegitimate, 3 days old, six pounds—lay in the transparent plastic basket of a stainless-steel bassinet. On his hospital chart was written "No Information" and from the bassinet hung a bright red tag that said, "No Show." He was kept hidden around a corner, away from the nursery viewing window. Endless sets of anonymous hands tended him. When he cried hard enough, they changed his diapers, swinging out his basket on two horizontal chrome steel bars. They picked him up every four hours, deftly using his blanket as a sling, and ap-

plied his bottle. Once a day for an hour he was held by a student nurse, assigned to cuddle him.

On this third day of his life he received a temporary name, John, given him for the records by his mother's counselor at the Children's Home Society of California adoption agency. And in the afternoon he was taken to the agency headquarters near downtown Los Angeles—an enormous white whale of a former mansion, up to its eaves in porticoes and columns. There he was turned over to a foster mother, Mrs. Lindy Lee Bush with whom he would stay until adopted by a family.

Most U.S. adoption agencies employ foster parents, and the Children's Home Society, which has offices throughout California, has a cadre of some 460 of them. Most have children of their own; Mrs. Bush—a slender woman in her early 30s, given to bright, mini-skirted dresses—has four girls and two boys ranging up to 16. She is paid \$67 a month—out of which she buys all food and equipment. John was Mrs. Bush's 54th foster baby in seven years. "My wife," says Mr. Bush, a Defense Department quality control inspector, "would stack babies up the walls if I'd let her."

"Babies need you," says Mrs. Bush, "and not too many other living things do. They're real little people with their own personalities, and I just love to hold them and squeeze them and spoil them—well, I do hold some a little more than I really should. I've taken everything from an art course to modern dance—but they aren't like babies. I was an only child and I had these plastic tax tokens and I'd give them to my mother and

ask her to buy me a baby sister. I was disappointed every one of my children wasn't twins. Queer people, foster mothers."

After a week with Mrs. Bush, John was not gaining weight as he should. At birth he had been perfectly normal. Now, though he grew longer, his weight stayed largely the same and he became skinnier. Mrs. Bush began mixing cereal into his bottle of milk. The pediatrician was reassuring and John was exceptionally alert. Yet there were those questions which force themselves forward, in spite of common sense and experience. Was there a problem? The agency worried how that might affect Joan, whose one bit of joy had been her excitement over producing a perfect baby.

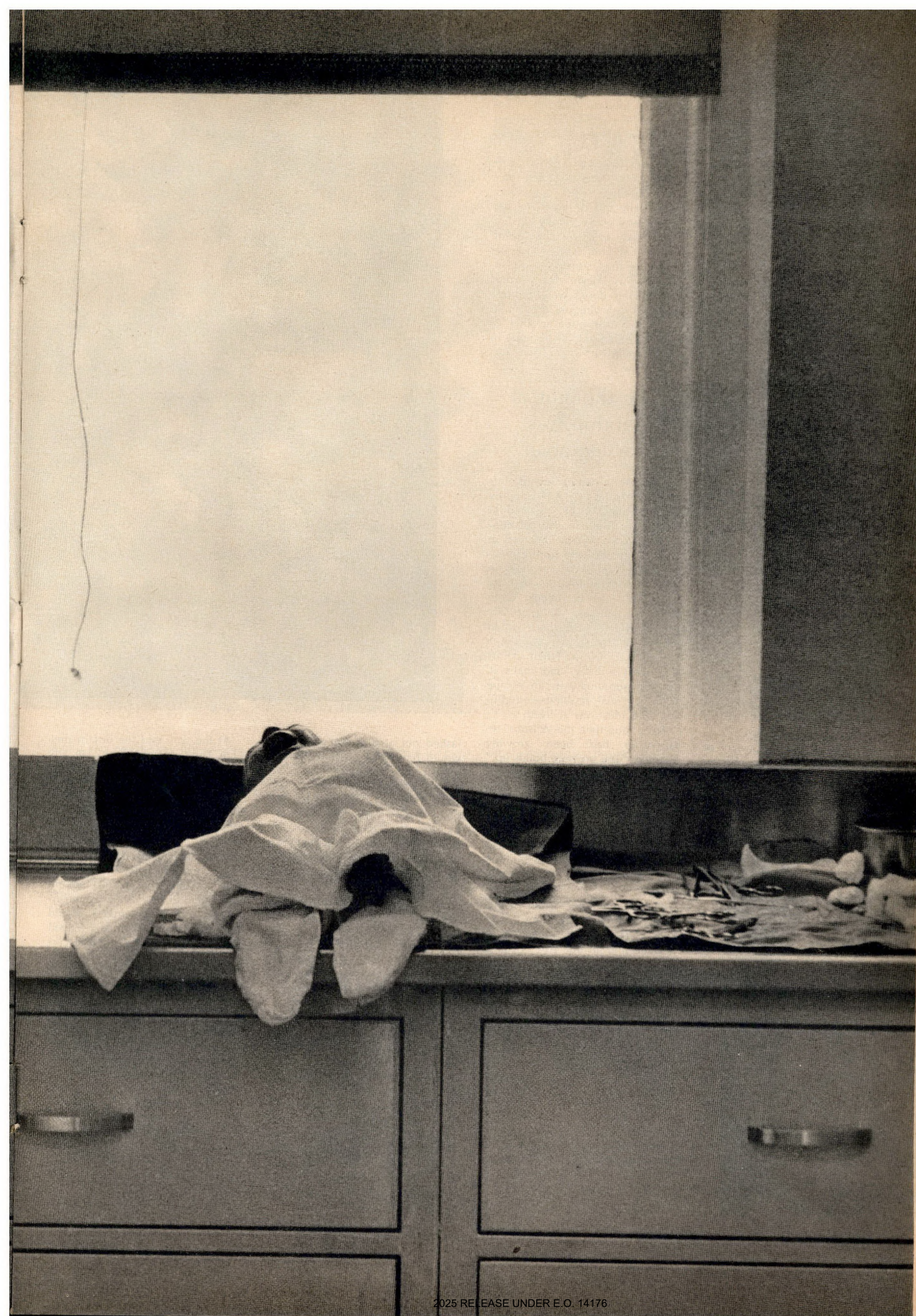
At that moment, there were roughly 280 couples in California approved by the Children's Home Society and waiting for babies. The Los Angeles office knew of three who wanted boys and fitted Joan's primary requests: the couples were devout Protestants, would have a special concern about education, and already had adopted at least one child. One husband was a business executive, another was an avocado rancher. The third taught at a college near San Jose, 370 miles north of Los Angeles.

The teacher, Arthur Wilson, and his wife Lucy had been married five years and at first they had been just as pleased not to have children. But in the second year, recalls Lucy, "I felt trapped by

CONTINUED

Lying on the steel operating counter, Joan's baby protests his circumcision with the wispy cry of a 3-day-old. In order to save her favorite names, Joan did not give him one—so for the records the agency called him John.





2025 RELEASE UNDER E.O. 14176



CONTINUED

fate. I remember looking out of a window and thinking there wasn't a day that went by that I didn't want a baby, with an actual physical gnawing yearning. I just wanted to hold a baby and feel that it was mine—that I was truly indispensable to that one little person.

"It was a deep need to expand my love, and there was just no substitute—not needy orphans or a charity, not nieces or nephews. I can remember feeling that in my sister's family were things that marked time and growth for them: birthdays of the children; how they changed, or looked different, and now did different things. I remember saying to Arthur: 'We aren't moving ahead at all.' I felt this tremendous restlessness.

"A neighbor of mine once said, 'If you had children, we would have a lot more in common.' I mean, no matter how you say, 'My nephew this and my nieces that' it isn't the same. There's always a tacit reply that you really don't understand. And—not that anything is said—there's that accusation of 'How come you don't want children?' That really hurts.

"I remember I went to a baby shower and all the women wanted to hold the baby. I wanted to die. I wanted to get out of there. I was so bereaved at not having a child, I couldn't bear to hold a baby that wasn't my own. I felt if I did hold it, I'd do it awkwardly, and that would show how I felt. And I resented how casually those women took for granted the fact that they could have babies."

After two and a half years of marriage Arthur began wondering

whether adoption might be the practical solution. One night, as soon as he got home, he blurted out: "Have you ever thought about adopting?"

To Lucy it was an utterly new—and wholly unacceptable—idea. "The question," she remembers, "was really out of nowhere. My answer was silence. Stony silence. I was ready to throw the sewing machine at him. It was the surprise, the total surprise—I mean, to me this meant that Arthur thought the doors were entirely closed to us having our own child. When you lost hope in that, it was something like losing hope in the marriage. It was a real gut-level blow."

## The thought of adoption was unacceptable

Arthur Wilson had his own doubts about adoption: "An adopted baby would not be involved in any physical relationship of conception; it cannot be involved in any care of the wife during pregnancy; it cannot be involved in any pain of childbirth—so how could we ever be deeply emotionally joined to it, especially since I didn't think there would be all that much to adopting a child? You just let them know you want a baby, and that's it. For me adoption was an escape from our real problem—infertility." The idea was shelved.

For a long time the Wilsons' relationship had been growing strained. "The pressure builds up," says Arthur. "This month it doesn't happen. This month it doesn't happen. This month it doesn't happen." One day he discovered a calendar on which Lucy had marked each barren month as it passed—a red dot, he thought to himself, "for every time I've let her down."

"I can remember Arthur saying, 'Stop glomming onto me,'" says Lucy. "You know, pursue your hobbies and all that sort of thing. He was working hard and at home I wanted him to fill that void of no children. I'd always liked to think of myself as a soft, sensitive—well, not a hard person. But I was finding things within me I had never dreamed of."

During one argument Lucy threw a lamp at her husband. Doors were slammed. Once she

lashed out at him that she never would have married him if she'd known they wouldn't have children. "There were times," says Lucy, "when I felt that he was being overly wise. Like he'd say, in his sort of omniscient view of things, 'Well, the second year is always the hardest in a marriage'—as though he was keeping his head above water when I wasn't."

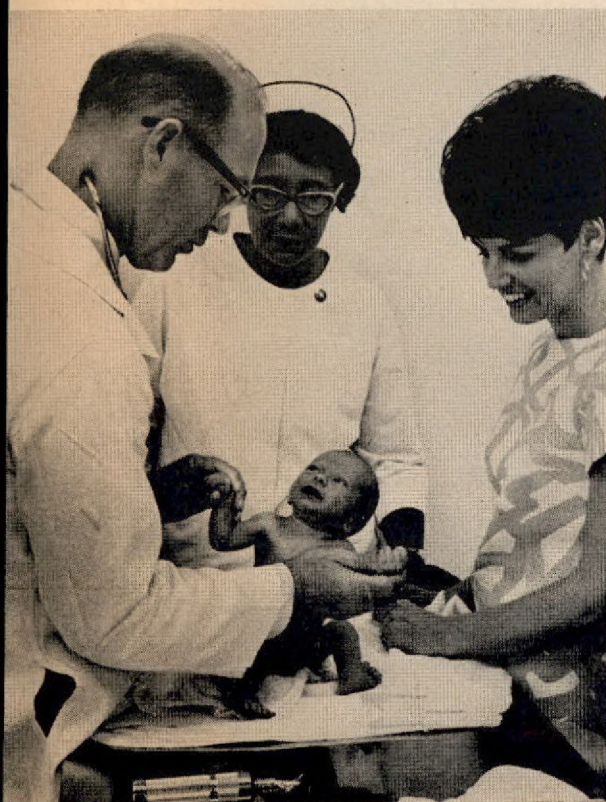
Suddenly, almost on the spur of the moment, Lucy left her husband for three weeks. "Poor Arthur must have felt it was the beginning of the end," she says, "but I knew I'd never leave him. I just had to leave the situation. I loved Arthur very, very much."

Lucy spent those weeks in Chicago. Till then the Wilsons had been unable to bring themselves to look on their childlessness as a medical problem. She returned to California determined to see an infertility specialist. The tests and rituals which followed were humiliating and very painful. After four months she was pronounced able to have children. Then Arthur Wilson submitted to tests. He was judged to have only a slight hope of fathering children.

At the very end the doctor met with Lucy Wilson alone. He advised her to adopt. "All I remember about driving home," she says, "is that it was a wintry spring day and I felt absolutely a nonperson. When I got home, there was a torrent of tears—not just crying—it was like falling through the earth.

"I couldn't believe that there was anything that could redeem the situation. My life was meaningless. I had assumed I would bear children ever since I played with dollies and pushed doll carriages and gave little bottles. I couldn't believe that this was the advice to be given to me. In the months that followed, everything began to fumble, to disintegrate. I stopped my diaries that I used to be happy writing in. I just puttered at my sewing and my little hobbies. Nothing was . . . I couldn't seem to finish things. Adoption was an unknown world, full of old wives' tales and pitfalls. I mean, it was almost like defying society, because people are always saying, 'Well, I know somebody who adopted and it didn't turn out well.'

"I guess we finally came to feel



At a physical examination by the agency pediatrician, tiny John examines his examiners—who include the agency's full-time nurse, Mrs. Sallye Matthews (center), and the baby's temporary foster mother, Mrs. Lindy Lee Bush.







that it was our destiny not to have children of our own. I could see that adoption was the right thing, but it seemed like a dream that I was going through with it." She wrote her parents of the plans and they replied, "Don't worry, we will treat your baby just as though it was our own grandchild."

The Wilsons wrote several adoption agencies and learned that they all required a "family study." "We were going to have a caseworker," says Lucy Wilson. "You know, she's the worker and we're the case. It's a humiliating thought. A woman who just gets pregnant doesn't have to convince somebody that she's in love with her husband or show proof that she can be a good mother. Most parents don't have to talk about their most intimate problems with a stranger. You feel you're unique—but suddenly you've been absolutely leveled."

"My attitude," recalls Mr. Wilson, "was: 'Don't bug me with your questions; just show me the baby.' Intellectually I could see the necessity for it, but emotionally I felt above it all."

From this moment on, an adop-

tion becomes an act of faith for everyone involved. The mother has signed over her baby, certain that this has guaranteed the child a better life. The adoptive couple, though working entirely through others, is making a lifetime commitment despite anxieties which may never be totally quieted: Can I love a child not my own flesh and blood, not created in my own image? Will this child always be a symbol of my infertility? Will this child reject me when it learns it is adopted?

### How could I help but resent the child?

A social worker assigned to the couple must get them ready for adoption and is their advocate in the choice of a child. The worker builds a rapport with the couple and explores their emotions to help them resolve any conflicts that might keep a child from becoming in every way their own. Then the agency, knowing that one person cannot infallibly read an-

other, entrusts to the couple the whole future of a child.

The Wilsons attended a meeting for prospective parents at the San Jose office of the Children's Home Society. They heard a complete summary of the adoption process. They were especially reassured to hear that the babies available for adoption had a fine heritage and excellent potential.

In the interviews over the next three months, their agency social worker, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, turned out to be a relaxed and pleasant woman. She worked with them on their major psychological hurdle: illegitimacy. "I'd come close myself with girls," says Arthur Wilson. "But I'd stopped in time. And I resented the fact that these other people hadn't. So how could I help but resent the child too? That was really hard—the idea that it had been just some casual encounter. Lucy and I absolutely had to have a clear mental image of those parents and believe that the child was an expression of genuine love."

Mrs. Campbell worked to make the Wilsons see the natural parents of adopted children as the same

Making their periodic visit to the agency clinic for checkups on their boarding babies, a benign company of foster mothers wait their turn. Some also brought their own children—like Mrs. Bush (far left), who holds John and talks to 2-year-old Michelle, a foster baby she adopted after 13 months at the suggestion of the agency.

sort of young people the Wilsons knew and respected. To drive this home, she read aloud from touching letters sent her by unwed mothers. "I found myself," says Mrs. Wilson, "getting down to some pretty deep levels in myself—looking over my whole life in retrospect. And I don't think you can be comfortable with yourself in adoption until you do that."

During several interviews, together and individually, the Wilsons discussed with Mrs. Campbell their decision to adopt. Mrs. Campbell asked what kind of a child they wanted, how they felt about infertility. She asked about their childhoods and families, how they had coped with crises in their lives, and what were areas of disagreement between them. She asked: "What

CONTINUED



# Sugar and spice and everything nice

That's what girls are made of. Along with shining hair, a beautiful dress, a happy smile. But, unless you feel fresh and secure, you can't be completely happy. That's one very good reason for trying Tampax tampons. They're the modern sanitary protection developed by a doctor. Because they're worn internally, odor simply cannot form. And you can tub or shower—even swim. What better way to stay fresh? And of course, Tampax tampons can't show like bulky pads and belts. You can't even feel them when they're properly in place. They're easy to use, and application is hygienic. Your hands need never touch the tampon itself. You're free to be your daintiest, prettiest self.

Tampax tampons. Available in 3 absorbency-sizes: Regular, Super and Junior—wherever such products are sold. Try them.



**TAMPAX**  
tampons

SANITARY PROTECTION WORN INTERNALLY  
MADE ONLY BY TAMPAX INCORPORATED, PALMER, MASS.

CONTINUED

in your upbringing would you want to pass on to a child?" "What not pass on." She discussed how they planned to deal with inevitable questions about adoption, both from their own child and from friends and grandparents.

"Lots of people," says Mrs. Campbell, "try to tell you what you want to hear. But there are always clues to what sort of a marriage they have. I notice whether they only talk to me and never to each other, whether they're interested in what the other is saying, whether they show any affection. If it's been a difficult interview, maybe I'll glance out at them after they've left the building. Sometimes you see one walking way ahead of the other, sometimes they have their arms about each other."

In August of 1965, weeks of discussion and impatient anticipation ended and the Wilsons received their first child, a little girl they named Susan. "I know I went into the placement room in a state of shock," says Lucy, "and here was this baby with dark hair—it was little—and it was going to be *ours*! I just couldn't believe how much that baby was *my* baby from the moment I saw her. I mean, she really was!"

Susan and parenthood turned out to be everything they hoped. Now, in June of 1967, the Wilsons wanted a second child. The agency required a new series of interviews. Parents in a second adoption must be made ready for unexpected feelings. The first child represented the answer to all their fears and frustrations; the second would not arrive with the same emotional impact. And to protect everybody the agency must gauge the effect a new baby will have both on the parents and the first child—and prepare them for it. Mrs. Campbell was especially struck by Susan's relationship with the Wilsons. "I was very impressed," says Mrs. Campbell, "by the way in which she went equally to both parents—how secure she felt, how she played happily in the agency playroom, without fear of being away from them."

Just as the Wilsons' family study ended in San Jose, Joan's baby was born in Los Angeles. And because there was a surplus of adoptive boys in the Los Angeles district, Margaret Campbell contacted that office, describing the Wilsons as "an exceptional family who could provide an unusually fine setting for a tall boy [Mr. Wilson is 6-foot-3] of excellent potential." She was told about Joan and her baby and was immediately interested. "It seemed to me," she says, "that this was an unusually fine and sensitive girl.

The fact that she was having a hard time giving her baby up tells you a lot. And I felt she had been thinking of his welfare from the very beginning."

A few days later, on the 10th day of John's life, Joan signed the relinquishment papers and shortly was home with her family. At the age of 3 weeks the baby was examined by the agency's pediatrician and pronounced healthy—though still, for no apparent reason, gaining very little weight. The next day the babies ready that week for adoption were tentatively grouped with two to three of the ready and waiting families. John was grouped with the Wilsons and the rancher and the executive.

## 'We are not looking for perfect parents'

"Our prime concern," says Mrs. Helen O'Neil, the district director, "is what is best for the child. We care deeply what the mother says she wants for her baby—within limits. One teen-ager asked for a family of agnostics who skied! Then you consider what the couple wants—and a child is really the fulfillment of their favorite daydream. Many fine people with a lot to offer a child are limited in what kind of a child they can accept. And you respect their prejudices—within limits. You don't want to make it terribly hard for them to identify with the child."

"We were concerned about this feeling that Arthur Wilson had—that his child must come from a love relationship. That's his fantasy for dealing with a deep distaste for illegitimacy. And will he communicate that, when someday this child is told he's adopted? But we're not looking for perfect parents. We try to accept people as they are, and hope we've helped them develop the insight to avoid the dangers."

In the weekly conference to decide which families are chosen for which babies, Joan's social worker, Mrs. Humphry, described Joan and her wishes. The case worker for the babies described John and gave Mrs. Bush's report. Then the clinic nurse discussed his health. The social workers for the rancher and executive described their "clients" and Margaret Campbell's report on the Wilsons was read. Photographs of John and the three couples were circulated to bring them to life a little.

There was a discussion which would have seemed surface and haphazard to an outsider. Should the predicted hair and eye color and height be a factor? Which family would Joan be most com-

CONTINUED

## Modern homemakers outsmart insects



with



A smart, modern homemaker doesn't have household insects. Right? Right. Because a smart, modern homemaker calls for professional Gold Crest Pest Control Protection—regularly. It's her "mark of goodhousekeeping!"

©VELSICOL CHEMICAL CORPORATION  
Mrs. of Gold Crest Pest Control Chemicals  
341 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

## IVY-DRY

CREAM or LOTION for

## POISON IVY

POISON OAK and POISON SUMAC  
INSECT BITES • SUNBURN

Scientific tannic-acid treatment stops itch, dries up blisters. Gentle and safe. A family favorite for over 20 years. At leading drug counters.

IVY CORP. West Caldwell, N. J.

## FREE BOOKLETS!

"TRAINING RIDING HORSES"

Plus Other Illustrated Booklets On

The World's Most Popular Horse

WRITE TODAY — DEPT. 'L'

AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE ASSOCIATION

P. O. Box 200 Amarillo, Texas 79105



## FREE

MAIL COUPON FOR  
PORTFOLIO

Before you make a move toward going into any business for yourself, it makes sense to contact the people who are First in Franchising.

This portfolio tells what the world's largest franchise organization has to say about drive-in restaurants, beauty salons, rapid reading classes, the weight control business, convenience stores, and major franchise marketing itself.

Must reading for the person with \$10,000 to \$50,000 to start his own business.

It's free for the asking. No obligation, of course.

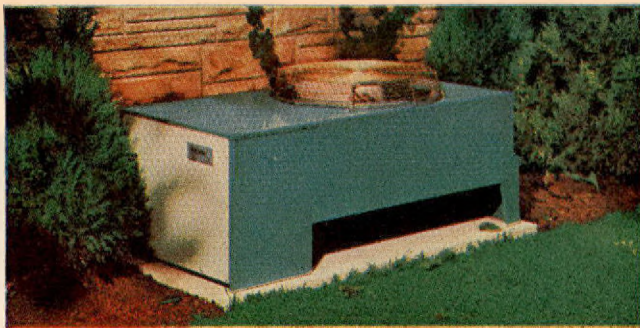


mail coupon to:  
(PRINT PLAINLY)  
FRANCHISES INTERNATIONAL  
Dept. R, 285 Central Ave.  
White Plains, N.Y. 10606  
Phone (914) 949-5107

"...a subsidiary of City Investing Company, a diversified corporation listed on the New York Stock Exchange."

NAME.....  
STREET.....  
CITY.....  
STATE..... ZIP.....  
PHONE.....





**Only 18 inches high!** Quiet motor and fan reduce sound; upward air discharge protects home and shrubbery.

## York's new whole-house air conditioner runs so smoothly, so quietly, your neighbors will never hear how comfortable you are!



Now you can enjoy whole-house comfort conditioning without making a big noise about it! York has found a *quiet* way to air condition your home — with an advanced system that gives you full cooling power in a modern, compact package. Moving parts are isolated in a "sound deadening chamber." The powerful motor and fan run slowly, quietly. All this in a beautiful unit that's only 18 inches high!

So if you've been putting off air conditioning your home, act now — because York has built the high-performance system that assures quiet, dependable cooling and dehumidifying for any home, with any kind of heating system.

***A better way to  
make you feel better***

### FREE AIR CONDITIONING ANALYSIS!

**YORK AIR CONDITIONING**  
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Yes, I'd like information on York's free air conditioning analysis, and convenient monthly payment plan for homeowners.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
TELEPHONE NO. \_\_\_\_\_

L6218

# YORK

DIVISION OF BORG-WARNER CORPORATION





# NOW! OUTDOOR CARPET IN COLORFUL PATTERNS!



## ONLY FROM OZITE!

For four years we've been telling people to use their imaginations with original Ozite Outdoor-Indoor Carpet. Well, we've just used ours! We've created the first outdoor-indoor carpet with patterns...new Ozite Fiesta Carpet made with Vectra fiber.

These aren't burned-in designs that catch and hold dirt. They're actual patterns...three in all...*Brick*, *Wrought Iron*, and *Mosaic*. And each pattern comes in different colors.

Use Ozite Fiesta Carpet to brighten up your porch, patio, balcony, walkway. Dense, firm surface resists soiling...is not affected by mildew. And Vectra fiber is amazingly colorfast. Won't rot, either.

Use Ozite Fiesta Carpet anywhere indoors, too...in the kitchen, bath, rec-room, basement, den.



Easy to install. (Just roll in place!) Can be cut with a sharp knife or scissors to fit any shape. Vacuums clean indoors, hoses clean outdoors.

Buy Ozite Outdoor-Indoor Carpet in striking new patterns...or in a wide range of solid colors. Just make sure you're getting the original, proven outdoor-indoor carpet...Ozite!



USE YOUR IMAGINATION...

**Ozite** FIESTA CARPET made with **Vectra** OLEFIN FIBER

© Ozite is the registered trademark of the Ozite Corporation, Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois.  
Vectra® olefin fiber is manufactured by Enjay Fibers and Laminates Company, Odenton, Maryland, a division of Enjay Chemical Company. Enjay makes fiber, not carpets.



CONTINUED

fortable with when she received her brief description of them? Would any of the couples be bothered too much by John's temporary thinness? In the end, one factor determined irrevocably where and how John would live during all his formative years—and probably molded the course of his life. He went to the Wilsons because they had the most active church life, which had been important to Joan. "We've been doing this so many years," says Lois Bemer, who presides at the placement meetings, "we can talk in a kind of shorthand, and we've gotten secure about our intuitions—which is really experience, I suppose. So pretty soon one family feels to us a little bit more right than the others, and that's where little John should go."

The next day Margaret Campbell telephoned the Wilsons and invited them to her office. Mrs. Campbell told them it was a boy and gave them two Polaroid pictures of him taken in the agency clinic. Then she described the baby's background. His mother, she said, was a wholesome-looking, attractive, well-groomed, brown-haired girl; she had had a deep relationship with the boy, and thought he would marry her, but he backed out. He was a tall, slender boy with high academic achievement and from a well-established family. He did stand up with her to tell her parents about the baby. He did keep in touch with her. "But she realizes now that it is all over. She has been sustained by her deep religious faith and now feels that, though she truly loves this baby, keeping him would be for herself and not for the baby's good. She was very hurt, but she did grow and deepen. She has great sweetness and gentleness, a softness and some naivete."

"I had very good feelings about the girl," says Arthur Wilson. "Of course, always in the back of your mind you wonder if every case worker makes it seem like this for every adoptive parent. I rejected that on the basis of my warm feelings for Mrs. Campbell. However, if I hadn't had complete trust in her, that thought might have lingered a little longer than it did."

This was on a Friday. The rest of that day for the Wilsons was odd with the feeling that their life had already altered radically, that the family dynamics had already changed—yet everything was still normal. Lucy was very impatient: "It's a feeling of being jealous of every minute that the baby isn't with us."

Since the baby was in the care of the Los Angeles office, the Wilsons would have to fly there from San Jose to get him. Ordinarily a

couple sees the baby one day, has that night to get used to the idea of this baby, and returns the next day to take it home. To convenience the Wilsons, it was agreed the placement could all be done in a single day. Early Monday morning, Arthur, Lucy and Susan Wilson set out by plane for Los Angeles and the enormous white mansion. "At that moment I think you enter into a state of natural anesthesia," says Lucy. "There is fear of the moment you see the baby. What will he look like? How will I react? But actually you're suspended—neither here nor there. Everything has been thought or felt already. It's like hanging in the dentist's chair just wanting to get through it."

**'Don't cry  
like that on  
your big day'**

At the same time the Wilsons were boarding their plane, Mrs. Bush was giving John a bath in her kitchen sink. "Oh, torture, torture, torture," she said as she washed his hair. "Don't cry like that on your big day. You're going to see your mommy and daddy."

"He has such long fingers and legs and arms," she continued, "it'll take him time to fill out. I hope they'll see John's potential rather than, Oh, we expected a beautiful, dark-haired or blond, blue-eyed whatever-it-is they wanted. With their own they'd say, 'Well, too bad. It looks like me, or like Aunt Mary.' When he's 3 months old, he might almost be pretty. His eyes are big, not ugly big. They're very expressive. And his little pout; that's real cute. It shows personality."

Mrs. Bush's drive to the Children's Home Society took about half an hour. John rode in a car crib on the back seat. Her own 2-year-old, Michelle, stood upright on the front seat, held by a seat harness. "I've taken this route for so many years," said Mrs. Bush, "and I've had a lot of babies and a lot of thoughts that always come on me when I drive here—because everything's connected—it all blends. You're not just thinking about this one baby. It's all the babies at once: what they were doing, the clothes they wore, the way you were fighting with yourself to keep control—feeling if you opened your mouth, your voice was for sure going to crack."

"This is the sixth baby in the last four months. That's a lot to have kept three, four weeks; to have loved them and have watched them go. That's six little bodies we've had. And one can't

CONTINUED

# Slow- poke.



**Bull Durham smokes slow.  
So slow it's like getting five  
or six extra cigarettes in every  
pack. Try the Bull—and spend  
some time with flavor.  
Bull Durham says: "Don't rush me."**



©The American Tobacco Company

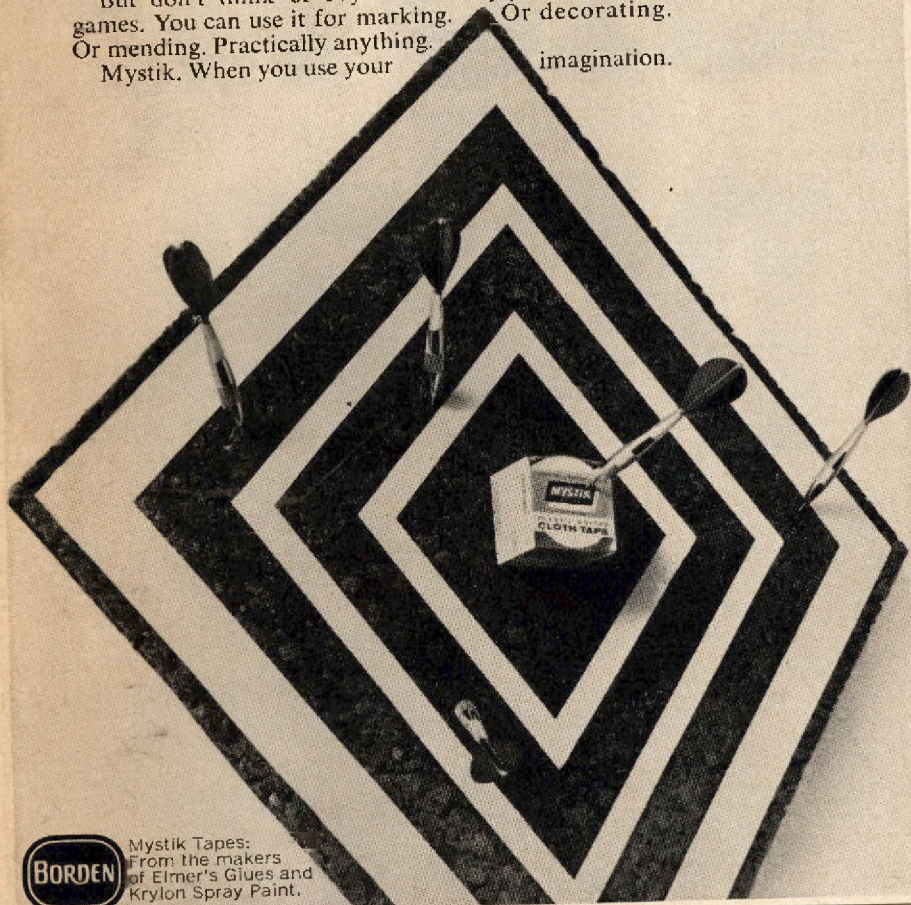


## Line up a game tonight.

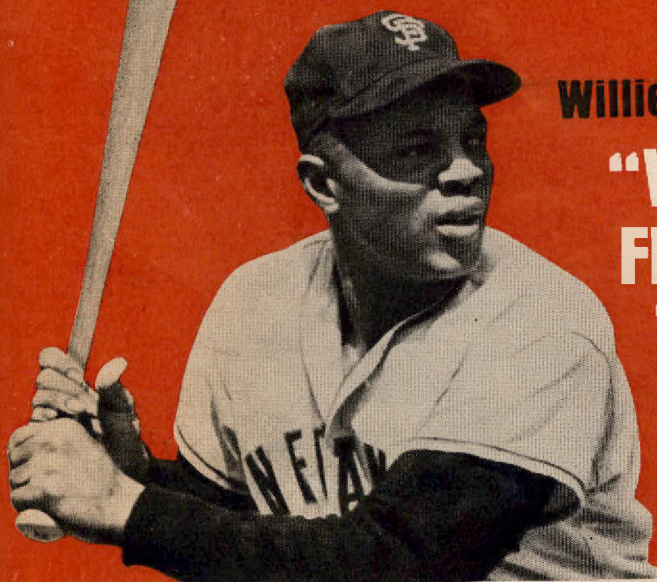
Any game. From Shuffle Board. To Dart Board. To re-lining your Ping Pong Table.

Do it with Mystik plastic-coated cloth tape. It comes in 14 party colors. It's waterproof. Shrink-proof. Weatherproof. And it'll last almost indefinitely. But don't think of Mystik as simply for fun and games. You can use it for marking. Or decorating. Or mending. Practically anything.

Mystik. When you use your imagination.



**BORDEN** Mystik Tapes:  
From the makers  
of Elmer's Glues and  
Krylon Spray Paint.



**Willie Mays says:**

**"WIN A  
FREE TRIP  
TO THE  
WORLD  
SERIES!"**

**ENTER the 1968 Frank's Red Hot Saucestakes NOW**

**GRAND PRIZE:**

trip to World Series  
for family of 4

**2nd PRIZE:**

Uniforms & Equipment for your  
Little League baseball team

100 other big league prizes: Willie Mays gloves

1967 Grand Prize winner: 13-year-old Thomas Seggie, Westlake, Ohio



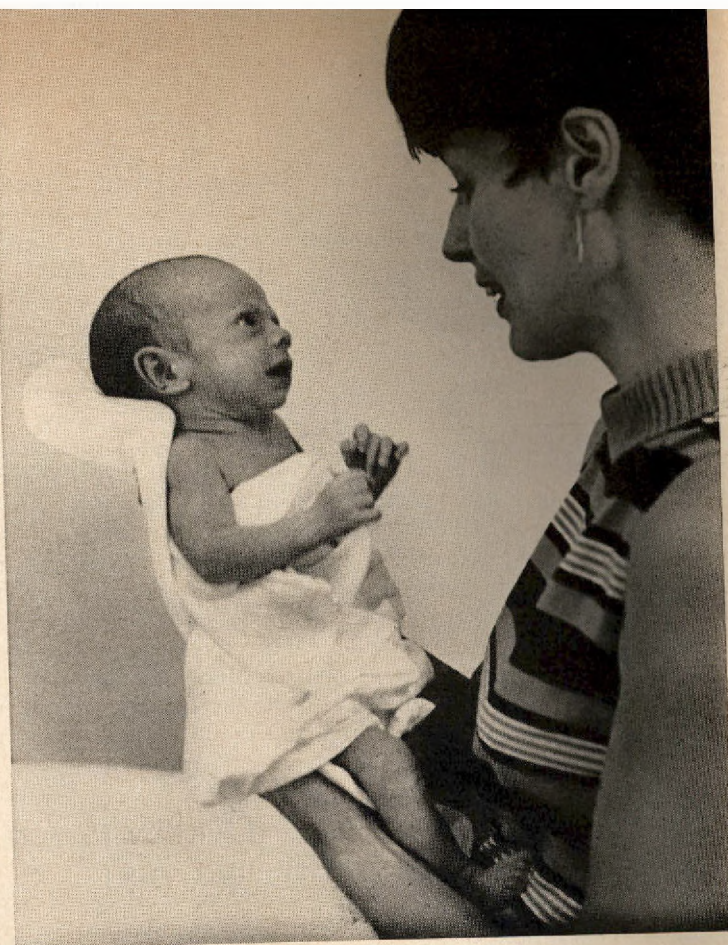
**Fly AMERICAN AIRLINES to the World Series!**

**Easy to enter!** Just follow these rules or get an entry blank where you buy Frank's Red Hot Sauce, the one Willie Mays gives his "Most Valuable Flavor Award" . . . the top-selling hot sauce in America!

**RULES:** Submit name and address on Red Hot Sauce label, entry blank, or 3" x 5" paper with product name printed in plain block letters. No purchase required. Mail entries separately to: "SAUCESTAKES," Dept. L, Box 926, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201, postmarked by August 31, 1968. Grand prize includes tickets to 1968 World Series in National or American League city of choice, transportation, hotel rooms for two adults and two

children under 21 living at home, plus \$500 for meals and spending money. 2nd prize winner receives uniforms and equipment (gloves, bats, helmets) for 15 boys age 6 to 14. 100 additional prizes. All residents of U.S.A. eligible except employees (and families) of The Frank Tea & Spice Co. and ad agency. Void where prohibited by law. Random drawings by independent group will select winners.

THE FRANK TEA & SPICE COMPANY • CINCINNATI, OHIO



CONTINUED

replace another. I mean, it replaces the cuddly feeling and the love and everything. But it doesn't replace the person.

"Eight years ago we had one little girl named Melody for 20 months. The agency helped all they could, and I'm sure they knew what they were doing and that Melody has a good life now—but when she left, it was exactly as if one of our own children had—well—died. The whole night before she went, my husband and I alternately cried—and my husband is not a crying man. We'd take turns going into the shower to cry because we didn't want Melody to know anything was wrong. And then the next day, packing her suitcase with her familiar things—ironing and fixing them—packing her toys—dressing her for the last time—fixing her hair—all the things you do for the last time. I can still cry about it. I bought her a dress to go away in—shoes and socks—and took movies of her in the clothes. I made the big mistake of having her wave goodbye in the movies. It was two years before we could look at them. And she was such an ugly baby.

"When I delivered her to CHS and the social worker came to take her away, Melody just didn't want to go with her. She had this little bear she loved, and she kept screaming, 'No, no, mommy, no, no, no, no, no!' Just as she was being led through the screen door they had, she dropped the bear. I had done real well up to that point, but when I bent to pick up the bear and give it back to her, and she reached out with those little arms and all she wanted was my neck, well. . . .

As they study each other, Mrs. Bush, the foster mother, talks to 2-week-old John. "Mister, you've got dampitis," she says. "That's just what you've got. Dampitis."

"The rest of Melody's clothes I gave away that day, except for a few mementoes. But I just couldn't take down that crib in Melody's room. Nobody could ever sleep in that room as long as we lived in that house. I didn't tell the kids they couldn't, and nobody ever asked. The room just sat there. We'd buried Melody, and there wasn't any other use for it.

"Lisa, who was 3½, would ask me 20 hundred times a day, 'Where's Melody? Am I going to have to go away too? Why did she have to go away? Am I going away?'"

When Mrs. Bush drove in at the Children's Home Society and around to the rear parking lot, she unwittingly passed Arthur Wilson, standing on the porch. The Wilsons had arrived a half hour early. "Lucy and I were both very nervous," says Arthur Wilson. "Compared to all my expectations of wonder and joy—I felt just so alone."

"I was very tense," says Lucy Wilson, "and there was Susan to keep happy. Arthur seemed so casual about it all, and maybe that bothered me. He's a bird-watcher and he kept exclaiming about the parrots up in a tree."

Mrs. Bush carried John into the clinic room. Margaret Campbell who had come down from San Jose the day before, came toward her immediately. Mrs. Campbell took a long look at him and said, "Does he smile yet?" Mrs. Bush answered, "No, he doesn't, but he

CONTINUED





Thunder for sale:  
2 doors or 4.

Top: 1968 Thunderbird 2-door Hardtop. Bottom: 1968 Thunderbird 4-door Landau.

Fly any way you like with the Bird. 2 doors or 4. Buckets or full-width front seats. Room for 4, 5, or 6. With beautiful standards only the Bird offers as standard. All this, and a hot new Thunder Jet 429 cu. in. V-8 to flash you from where you are to where you're going. What are you waiting for? Get your kind of thunder at your Ford Dealer's now!

'68 Thunderbird  
unique in all the world.



**Take your shoes off.**

**Try walking on the balls  
of your feet.**

**Faster.**

**Try walking on the left edges  
of your feet.**

**Faster.**

**Make a few sharp turns.**

**Now walk normally,  
and you'll understand the  
design principle behind  
radial tires.**

We don't make or sell tires, but we know enough about them to recognize a good one when we see it.

If you've tried the simple demonstration suggested above, you'll agree that you're a lot better off when you can keep your feet flat on the ground.

You can also see that you'd be a lot safer if your tires kept more tread on the road. Radial ply tires do.

#### **What's so special about radials?**

The unique construction of radial tires enables them to keep more rubber on the road than conventional tires. To you, more rubber on the road means greater traction. Greater traction means more steering control, safer cornering and surer braking.

Nowadays, with turnpike speeds and heavy traffic to contend with, any one of these safety points would be reason enough to drive only on radial tires. But you might also consider radials for economy reasons.

For example, radials are usually good for 50,000 miles. They also provide all-weather traction. And they save up to 10% on gas.

#### **How does one buy radials?**

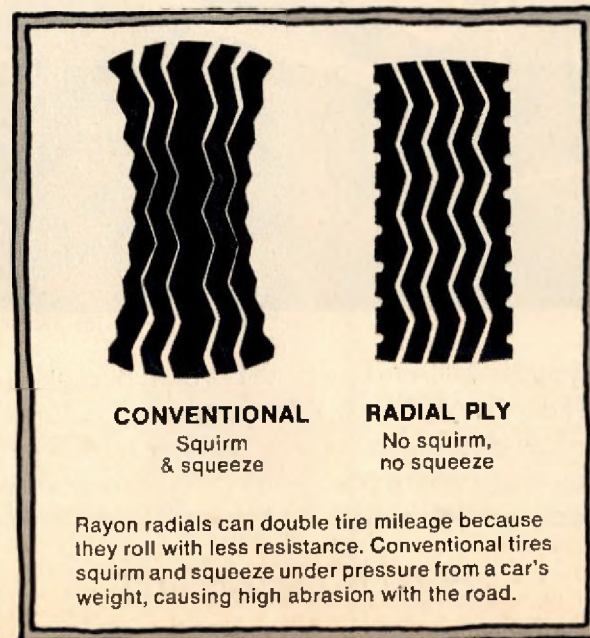
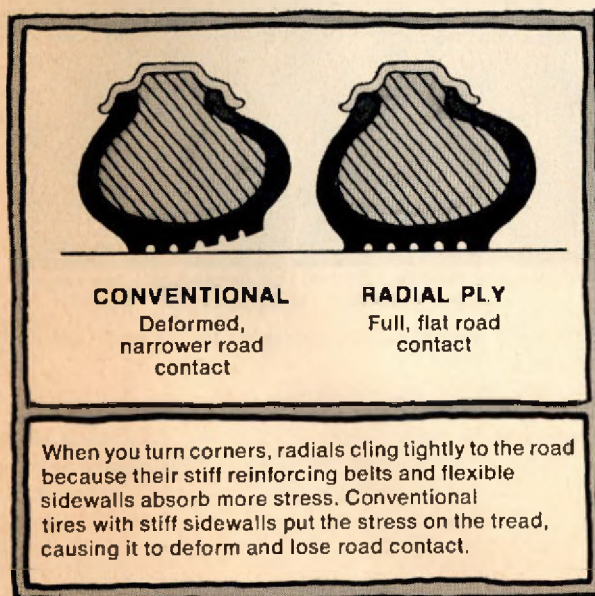
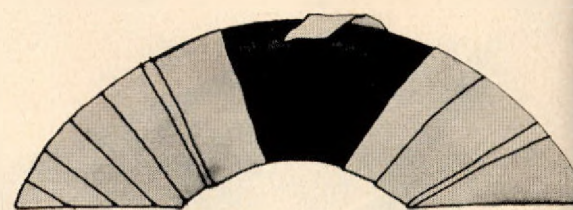
Once you've decided on radial ply tires, it helps to know a thing or two about tire cord. Tire cord is the reinforcing material.

Most radial tires are made with Dynacor rayon cord. One or two brands combine steel and rayon. And some other materials are being used on a small scale.

Of all the materials, Dynacor is the one that makes radials right. It reinforces tires by adding strength, durability and rigidity. It makes tires tough. It's quiet and cool. And it helps cushion the radial's firmness.

In fact, because of Dynacor's outstanding performance, most standard new car tires are now made with Dynacor, and some industry experts believe that new cars will soon be equipped with Dynacor radials.

To get the full benefit of radials, it is generally recommended that they be used either in pairs or sets of four. You'll pay more initially, but the cost is offset by superior safety, greater mileage, fuel savings and year 'round use. Let's face it—you'll buy tires less frequently.



#### **What's ITT Rayonier's part?**

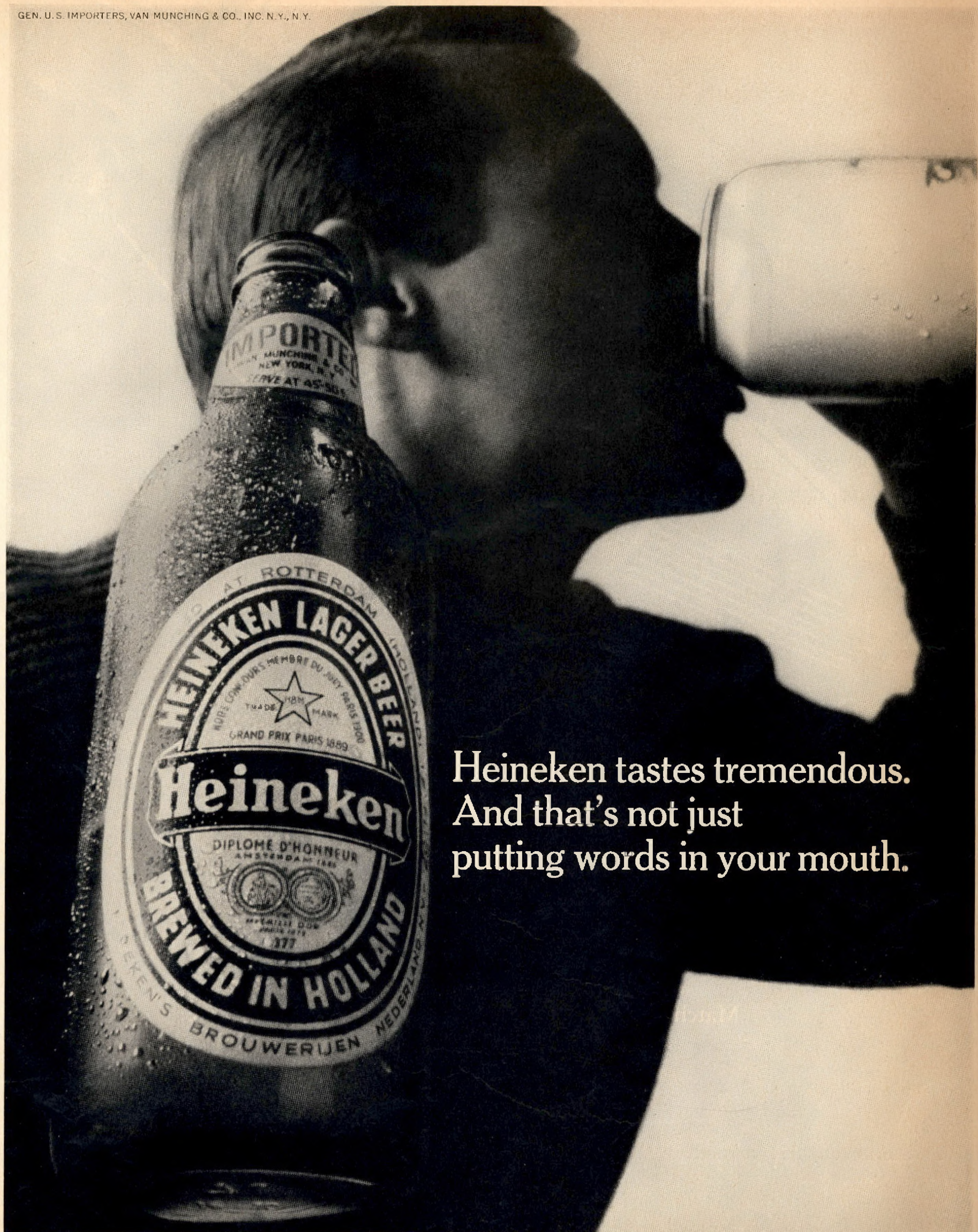
Although we're far removed from the tire industry, we're not completely disinterested. We produce chemical cellulose, a basic material in Dynacor and more than 6000 other products.

We suggest you look for tires marked Dynacor rayon. And naturally, we'd be pleased if you bought radial tires made with Dynacor. But we also think we'd be doing a good turn if we just sold you on the idea of radial tires period.



ITT Rayonier Incorporated, a subsidiary of  
International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation  
161 East 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017





Heineken tastes tremendous.  
And that's not just  
putting words in your mouth.

IMPORTED HEINEKEN. HOLLAND'S PROUD BREW IN BOTTLES OR ON DRAFT.



\*Suggested retail price P.O.E., New York.



Match this. \$1922.\* **FIAT** 124 4-Door Sedan



CONTINUED

looks real pleased." To John, Mrs. Bush said, "Tell her, 'My one-month birthday was just the other day.'" Then Mrs. Campbell took him in her arms, and said to Mrs. Bush, "Thank you so much for everything you've done for him." "I hope they love him," she answered. "Oh, they already do," said Mrs. Campbell and carried John away.

In the high-ceilinged placement room, she put the baby down in the Victorian oak crib. She waited by the crib for a full minute. "I guess I just did what I always do then—sent up a little prayer."

The Wilsons came in through the two tall sliding doors. Mrs. Campbell smiled and quietly left. "I wanted it to be a very beautiful, sacred experience which was theirs alone." Lucy and Arthur stood by the crib looking down at the baby in total silence. One minute, two minutes, three went by. Then Arthur said, "He's all eyes." Another long silence. Lucy said, "Does he look like a Robert?" "I think so." Arthur lifted John who was now Robert out of the crib into Lucy's arms. And she sat down in the rocker beside the bronze plush couch and the smiling cherub with a lamp growing out of its head.

## 'I got a feeling of shock—he was so thin'

"The first minute I saw him," Lucy says, "there was almost a feeling of shock—that he was so thin and scrawny. And I didn't stop to analyze whether I was seeing just a very young infant, or an infant who seemed, well, sort of like a war baby."

"I remember when I sat in that rocking chair, just the physical contact—he was so tiny—I held him so gingerly—and I really looked at him—and I was absorbed in wanting so much to love him. But mainly it was a moment fraught with . . . with lack of feeling. That intangible, instinctive thing that I'd expected, just wasn't there. All I could think was, 'What am I not bringing to this occasion?'"

Till that moment Arthur had felt detached, and an observer of Lucy's reactions. But then, he says, "When Lucy sat there holding Bobby, and Susan came in and was so nice to him . . . well . . . the years with Lucy, the affection, the love, the loyalty—we'd been through a lot together—it all came into focus there in a moment of terrific tenderness. Then I felt I must try to get involved with this baby." Arthur took Lucy's place in

the rocker, cradled Robert and whispered, "I love you. Mommy loves you. Susan loves you."

Down the hall in the clinic, Mrs. Bush sat glumly alone by a window, waiting. If the Wilsons should turn the baby down, she would take him home again. "They wanted a bottle," she remembers. "And I told the social worker—just give him a little because he's just eaten. So they gave him the whole bottle and he barfed it back. That made me sore. He used to ooze a little, but he was not a barfer."

"And another thing: I never like criticism of my babies. It has always bugged me; just bugged me to death. And everybody who saw that darling little child talked about how thin he was. And I figured then that the parents would feel that way too. I kept thinking, 'Ah, ha! They ought to see how much he eats. They'll find out that he really is going to get fat.'"

Late in the morning Susan Wilson spotted the toys heaped in the foster mothers' lounge for their children. Michelle Bush was already there and the two played happily together for half an hour. Then Arthur Wilson unexpectedly barged through the clinic, passed Mrs. Bush without a glance, retrieved Susan, and left for lunch. "I knew who it was," says Mrs. Bush. "You're always curious. You know, when they take my baby, they better have somebody pretty special."

Mrs. Bush was told she could go home, and was asked if she would like to see the baby one last time. She declined. "I've done all my loving of the baby at home. One last kiss is all I'm interested in—and after that get it out of my sight and keep it out. There's nothing so embarrassing as standing there with tears streaming down your face."

The Wilsons departed for lunch—after Arthur took a look at Robert in the nursery to be sure he was all right. The agency required that they have time by themselves to consider their decision to take this child. If they refused him, they could be considered for another baby. "There was never any question of our not keeping Bobby," says Arthur. "But that lunch lasted forever—and I think the thing that brought us through it was the fact that Mrs. Campbell felt Bobby was right for us. But I kept telling Lucy, 'He's got a beautiful head, a really beautiful head.' And then I couldn't think of anything more to say."

The Wilsons returned from lunch, slipped Robert into his new bunting, and quickly left for home. "It gave us a lot of pleasure," says Arthur, "to put that bunting around his little body, thin as it

CONTINUED



## "If I can fly, you can fly"

### SPECIAL OFFER

### \$5 buys your first lesson in a Cessna

That's freedom calling!

Can you hear it?

Five bucks and this coupon put you at the controls of a slick Cessna 150. Suddenly you're flying. You put her through her paces . . . easy banks, power climbs, gliding turns. You hold her straight and level. She responds to your slightest command.

It's no dream. You're really flying.

There's a licensed instructor at your side. Once airborne, he'll let you take over. After the flight, your flying time will be entered

in a free Cessna Pilot Logbook which is yours to keep.

Sample the freedom of flight for five bucks. There are no other charges. No obligation.

So what are you waiting for?

Cessna Aircraft Dealers and Cessna 150-equipped Flight Schools (listed in the Yellow Pages) make this offer to help you get started. Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. L38, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

**Cessna**

More people learn to fly in Cessnas than in all other airplanes!

CLIP THIS CERTIFICATE



CONTINUED

was. That made us feel we were doing something for him immediately. And on the flight home Lucy looked so lovely holding our new baby. It all just seemed so right. I had a great feeling of protectiveness—my little family.” “I can remember,” says Lucy Wilson, “having all over again that absolutely supreme feeling—of just being a parent. I wanted to shout out to everybody, ‘Look, we’re parents!’”

Late that afternoon, back home, when Lucy changed Robert’s diaper, she called Arthur in. “He was so thin. There was just this bit of skin,” he remembers, “connecting his knee to his

thigh. I mean, this really hurt us.”

“We had some low moments there. We wanted to know . . . well, was this neglect? Was this unnecessary? We were very resentful about the care he must have had. I’m sure I just had to have somebody to blame, but for a while we had some very hostile feelings about that foster mother.”

“After a few days,” says Lucy Wilson, “I suddenly had the feeling that through us he was beginning to be a person. It was like a dike breaking. We were saying, ‘Go, little man, go. Eat what you want. Sleep when you want. Disturb us when you want. We love you.’ And he was doing it. He wasn’t the docile little creature described by the foster mother on that sheet the agency gave us.

“One day somebody said what big eyes he had. This was the very reaction Arthur and I had had—but suddenly I found myself very

defensive about him. I said something like, ‘Well, his cheeks have filled out a lot.’

“When he began to smile a little, it was just so radiant, so sweet—responding to us. Arthur and I began to talk about how much he reminded us of pictures of my brother as a baby. And Robert has blue eyes and Arthur has blue eyes; and he has dark hair like my dark hair.

“The Sunday after we got Bobby, Arthur had taken Susan to church and it was the first time I had been totally alone in the house with Bobby. The whole house was quiet. I was feeding him and I was looking at him—really looking at him. Suddenly I felt that he was truly a person. It was overwhelming—this terrific tenderness I had for him. It was as though something tremendously special was happening between him and me—something

he was feeling too. I began to cry.

“I know I’m indispensable to Bobby,” Lucy Wilson said after Robert gained five pounds in three months. “We know that of course the foster mother didn’t neglect him. But still nobody else could take my place and feed him quite the same way I can or love him quite the same way I do. And I don’t think I could give this kind of love if I didn’t feel that this child was destined for us. I can’t really imagine now that Bobby could be in another home. I feel that he’s me, and he’s us and he’s this family.

“I think I feel jealous of the time that Bobby spent as a growing person apart from me. I have thought about this girl who carried him, who must wonder what he looks like and what kind of person will he be. But deep down—even below all the wonder and miracle that Susan and Bobby have brought us—I really do feel that they are lucky to be with us. I really feel Susan has become the person she is because of us. I don’t know what Susan would have become with that other mother. I don’t know her. I know she must have been a wonderful person. But even there—‘mother’—to be a mother is to love and take care of a child. It’s not just to carry that child. Perhaps I have to think that to make everything bearable. But I deeply feel that Bobby’s mine.

“When I talk about the anguish that Arthur and I went through, I feel now as though I’m talking about some stranger who doesn’t exist any more. A friend said to me recently, ‘You look so free now. You look softer.’ You know, I didn’t imagine just how wonderful parenthood was going to be—their affectionate little ways—Bobby smiling up at you, laughing right out loud—Susan hugging you at the most unexpected times—the pleasure they take in each other—the settling into a child’s world—Susan’s questions, like: ‘Daddy, does the moon have BM’s too?’

“There is a poignancy about our life. Sometimes, looking at Susan—and now Bobby too—you have a . . . just a welling up inside of you . . . that you just . . . tonight I looked at Bobby and I could hardly bear it . . . really . . . maybe it’s a good thing they don’t know how much you love them.”

John who became Robert looks out at his new world. “The way I feel holding Bobby,” says Lucy Wilson, “the fact that I didn’t bear him is so utterly unimportant.”



On the next page:  
Myths and facts  
about adoption



# Now don't you wish you had the DieHard?

## America's most powerful car battery of its size by 35%.

It's too dark for smoke signals and his scouts are much too young. He thought of everything except a new battery and now a new battery would solve everything. Especially the new Sears DieHard.

You see, the DieHard is America's most powerful car battery. Its white polypropylene case is thinner yet stronger than the old black rubber battery case. That means there's more room inside for bigger plates and more acid. And 35% more usable starting power than any other battery of its size. Another thing. You can check your water level at a glance. The new see-through case sees to that.

The DieHard is so strong and durable, Sears guarantees it for five years. And when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees. So check and see if your tire tread's down. That's a good sign your battery

can be going too.

There are over 2500 other good signs. They're all on the front of Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores, the only place you can buy the DieHard. If you're saving your cash for a vacation, Charge It on your Sears Revolving Charge.



You won't save anything by waiting. Because the DieHard will probably outlast your car.

Like that other camping group says: Be prepared.

### The Sears 5-year guarantee:

"Free replacement within 90 days of purchase if battery proves defective. After 90 days we replace the battery, if defective, and charge you only for the period of ownership, based on the regular price less trade-in at the time of return, prorated over number of months of guarantee."

The DieHard. Sold only at Sears. \$29.95 with trade-in.

**Sears**

ALLSTATE

You can't do better than Sears.

The DieHard is so new it's available in Groups 24 and 22F only. These sizes fit all Chevrolets from '57 on, all Buick Specials and Skylarks, all Ramblers and Willys, most Chryslers, Dodges, Plymouths, Studebakers, many Fords, Mercury Comets, Oldsmobiles and Pontiacs. Soon it will be available in all popular sizes. Sears carries a complete line of other fine batteries as well, in a wide range of prices.



# GO



## where the action is!

You'll find more action... more of everything at the Stardust. Spend an hour and forty five minutes at our lavish and spectacular Lido Revue. Then, catch entertainers like the Kim Sisters, Esquivel and other great acts in the Stardust Lounge. They're on from dusk 'til dawn! Have a gourmet's delight in AKU AKU, our world-famous Polynesian restaurant. Swim. Sun. Tan. Play golf at our championship course. Yes, GO... to your travel agent. Make a reservation for excitement! Or, write Reservations Director, Suite 201. Economy minded? See our "Heavenly Holidays" brochure.

### Stardust

HOTEL & GOLF CLUB, LAS VEGAS, NEVADA

1,000 LUXURY ROOMS AT \$8 • \$10. PLUS 500 DELUXE ROOMS AND SUITES

## In the past 15 years, quiet but total revolution

Tragically often, the fears and hesitations of childless couples about adoption are based on information that is limited and out of date. The fact is, adoption has been undergoing a quiet but total revolution.

Fifteen years ago there were six couples for every available child. Because of this, adoption agencies had to impose rigid, arbitrary standards simply to weed out applicants. The wait for a child could be two years. As a result, many couples chose to bypass the agencies and made independent adoptions. Here the process was less demanding—but the potential for problems was greater.

Today the supply of babies has almost caught up with the demand. Agencies account for 71% of all adoptions of children unrelated to the adoptive parents; the rest, roughly 23,400 a year, are "independent adoptions."

An independent adoption is a legal contract between the couple and the child's mother, with a lawyer or a doctor usually as go-between. There is little red tape, and the baby is picked up at the hospital while only a few days old. There are no safeguards against the health or mental problems which, undetectable at birth, can crop up after a few weeks. Often the natural mother knows the adoptive couple's name and address. Since the couple has not been screened, the natural mother has little certainty that the family will be good for her child. Since she herself has lacked any systematic counseling, the couple can have no confidence about the permanence of her decision to relinquish the baby. It is legally possible for the mother to take back her baby at any time before a judge has made the adoption final and irrevocable—usually six months or a year from the day the couple gets the baby. In California, one of every five independent adoptions fails to go through.

Virtually all agency adoptions, on the other hand, do go through. With plenty of children available, the agencies have been able to devote themselves entirely to service. Their aim is not to exclude but to promote and facilitate adoption while protecting every person involved. All identities, for instance, are kept completely confidential.

Requirements for adoption have been relaxed dramatically. These days, couples in their 40s and even 50s are eligible for adoption. Income and housing are not critically important. In many states, if the mother gives permission, a baby of any faith can go to a home of any religion. Couples of mixed faith no longer pose a problem.

There are no limits on the number of children a couple can be given and couples with their own natural children may also adopt. A working mother is seldom penalized. The only fixed requirements at most agencies are a sound marriage, reasonably good health, the ability to provide for an additional family member, and the capacity to love as their own a child born to another.

For years there has been a myth that, to get a child in a hurry, a couple should take a handicapped baby. Nowadays 80% of the babies placed are healthy Caucasians and the vast majority of couples receive a baby within six months of their application. At the Children's Home Society of California, 20% get their babies within three months.

From the day the child is placed by an agency, up until the time a judge makes the adoption final, a couple can give the baby back. This happens rarely and usually because of some dramatic medical problem. In such cases the agency assumes all medical costs. When a baby proves unadoptable, either the natural parents must assume responsibility or the state takes permanent care of the child. And that is today's great pressure: to find families flexible enough to adopt the handicapped and the racial minorities.



Send me  
**27 weeks of LIFE**  
for **\$2.97** (just 11c an issue)

name \_\_\_\_\_ (please print)

address \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zip code \_\_\_\_\_

This rate includes postage and handling and is good only in the United States.

**Send no money. LIFE will bill you.** L 3333



FIRST CLASS  
PERMIT NO. 22  
CHICAGO, ILL.

**Business Reply Mail**

No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

**LIFE**

Time & Life Building  
Chicago, Illinois 60611





For years we've been bragging that  
 Thermos® vacuum bottles hold their drinks.  
 Now they can dish out anything,  
 thanks to our Big Mouth.



We have several mouths to feed you. There's the Small Mouth bottle that holds your drinks for hours. And there's the Big Mouth that keeps your main course piping hot or icy cold. You can make any outing a feast by using Big Mouth for stew, beans, potato, macaroni and shrimp salads, chili, and many more. We even have a

picnic kit that has Big Mouth, Small Mouth and a sandwich box in an attractive and durable carrying case. And each bottle contains a tough, break-resistant Stronglas filler—just one of the exclusive features you get with Thermos.

And don't overlook all the other things we have for your outdoor fun—camp stoves

and lanterns that burn any kind of gasoline, tents that literally pop up in 90 seconds, cozy sleeping bags, and jugs and ice chests insulated to keep food and drinks cold three times longer. Take your choice. You can't go wrong as long as you see the Thermos trademark. Who could ask for anything more?

**Don't leave home without us.**

Stoves and lanterns, jugs and chests, sleeping bags, tents and, of course, Thermos® vacuum bottles.



THERMOS DIVISION, KING-SEELEY THERMOS CO., NORWICH, CONN.



FASHION | *Uniworld  
of His & Hers*



*In the Louvre in Paris one of the city's most elegant young couples, the Bernard Lan-*

*A California couple, the Lawrence Turmans (he is the producer of The Graduate), support each other in printed jeans by Lilly Pulitzer. Called PJ's, these are her latest hit.*



This is the year that what's his is hers and what's hers is his—in a word, unisex. In Europe and in the U.S., with-it young couples, no longer inhibited by what looks masculine and what looks feminine, are finding that looking alike is good fashion as well as good fun. The unisex trend was launched by the era's pacesetters, the teen-agers, back when the Beatles came to fame. When tradition went out with the haircut, designers on both sides of the Atlantic started using their freedom to create a bright new world where both sexes get to play the peacock. Of course, some observers do have serious misgivings (p. 89), not to mention mistergivings.



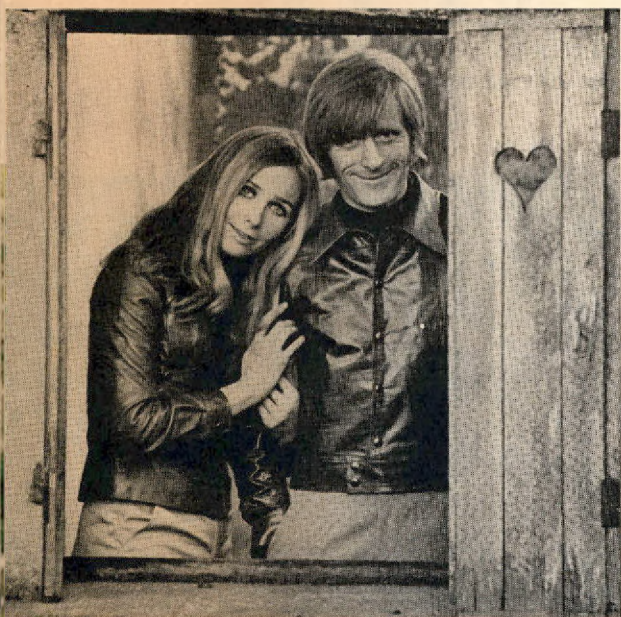
vins, match up contemporary vest-topped, silk-shirted outfits with Durer's self-portrait.

*In his New York apartment, British journalist Ian Ball and family gather in look-alike Nehru outfits—from Alexander's—which bridge the generation gap as well as the sex one.*





French singer Nino Ferrer and his fiancée are suit-alikes morning, noon and night. At right, they wear outfits they designed themselves. The leather jackets and white linen suits below are from Daniel Hechter, who believes in unisex.



Despite





## alarms, 'la différence' is alive and well all over

From a merchandising standpoint, unisex may be the greatest invention since, well, the sexes started dressing differently in the first place. When the separation of fashions according to gender began to vanish, retailers discovered a bonanza. Not only could they purvey a whole new line of merchandise—necklaces for men for example—but they could also sell many things double. The Nehru jacket turned up in men's departments, in women's departments, even in children's departments, in all sizes and prices. Unlike the Mod clothes of several seasons ago, which shook up but didn't topple the tastemakers, Nehru out-

fits were quickly accepted in all the best places, challenging black tie and good gray flannel on their own turf. Thus did a revolution that started in the streets make it to the penthouse.

This did not come as a surprise to at least one professional observer, James Laver, who was for two decades curator of prints and drawings at London's Victoria and Albert Museum and has been writing on the significance of style for many years. Laver proclaims, in a book to be published in the U.S. next fall, that there's more at stake than a mere fad: good taste in the prim Victorian sense is dead, he says, and men no longer want

CONTINUED



Italian actress Luisa Barotto and her boyfriend wear Ken Scott's nautical beachcoats. Scott, like many big-name women's designers, has branched into men's wear.

A pair of long-haired Londoners in a psychedelic corner of the Beatles' shop, called Apple, wear African fabric outfits. Hers is a minidress and his is an overshirt.



# Neuterization starts in the nursery

CONTINUED

to look like undertakers. Nor do women want to be limited in how they express themselves. Patriarchy is out, and with it all the sartorial decrees that came in with the Industrial Revolution. We have arrived, he declares, at the irreversible emancipation of women.

Laver has consistently preached that the history of clothing can be divided into three categories: utility, attraction and hierarchy. Utility, he feels, hasn't counted for much. If we discount the Eskimos, the rest of us are opting either for seduction or for status. Therefore, replacing the old notions of what is sexy or successful-looking can shake the fashion industry to its very trouser cuffs and/or hemlines. In Western civilization since the Middle Ages, according to Laver, the bifurcated garment has been the mark of the male and the skirt the mark of the female, but he says this is no longer true. Both men and women are turning to a costume he describes as tunic and tights—the girl with her mini and the boy by abandoning the waistcoat, jacket, collar and tie.

Not everybody is as relaxed as Laver to see the old pants-and-skirt associations go. An American sociologist, Charles Winick, views the development with outright alarm. In his book *The New People*, published this spring, Winick sees the his-her clothing swaps as just one more indication that mankind is undergoing desexualization—a process which he fears can lead to the end of the race. We will become so confused about our sexual identities, he says, that we will no longer reproduce ourselves—quite a put-down for the neo-Malthusians, if true.

Winick believes that unisex actually begins in the cradle. Ever since World War II, he points out, pink and blue have been on the decline as the standard sex-marking colors in the nursery, giving way to such neuter shades as interchangeable aqua, green and yellow. Diapers are no longer folded with extra front thickness for boys and extra rear thickness for girls but come packaged as uniformly folded disposables. Even names are no longer a clear-cut indication of sex: in place of John and Mary, children get bisexual names like Robin and Tracy. What is

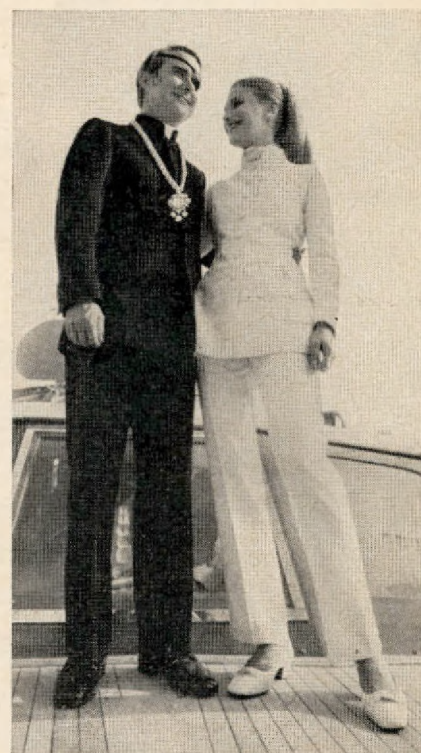
more, the kids are dressed alike in identical overalls and T-shirts. The zipper that closes their jackets is the epitome of neuterness, avoiding as it does the good old difference of button left and button right. No wonder, says Winick, that the kids grow up confused about who is what.

Certainly times have changed since a boy was snakes 'n' snails 'n' puppy dogs' tails and a girl was sugar 'n' spice 'n' everything nice, and a Frenchman could shout "Vive la différence!" with conviction and passion. In the process some of the romance may have gone out of living, but the look-alike young who invented the new styles and are buying most of them couldn't care less.

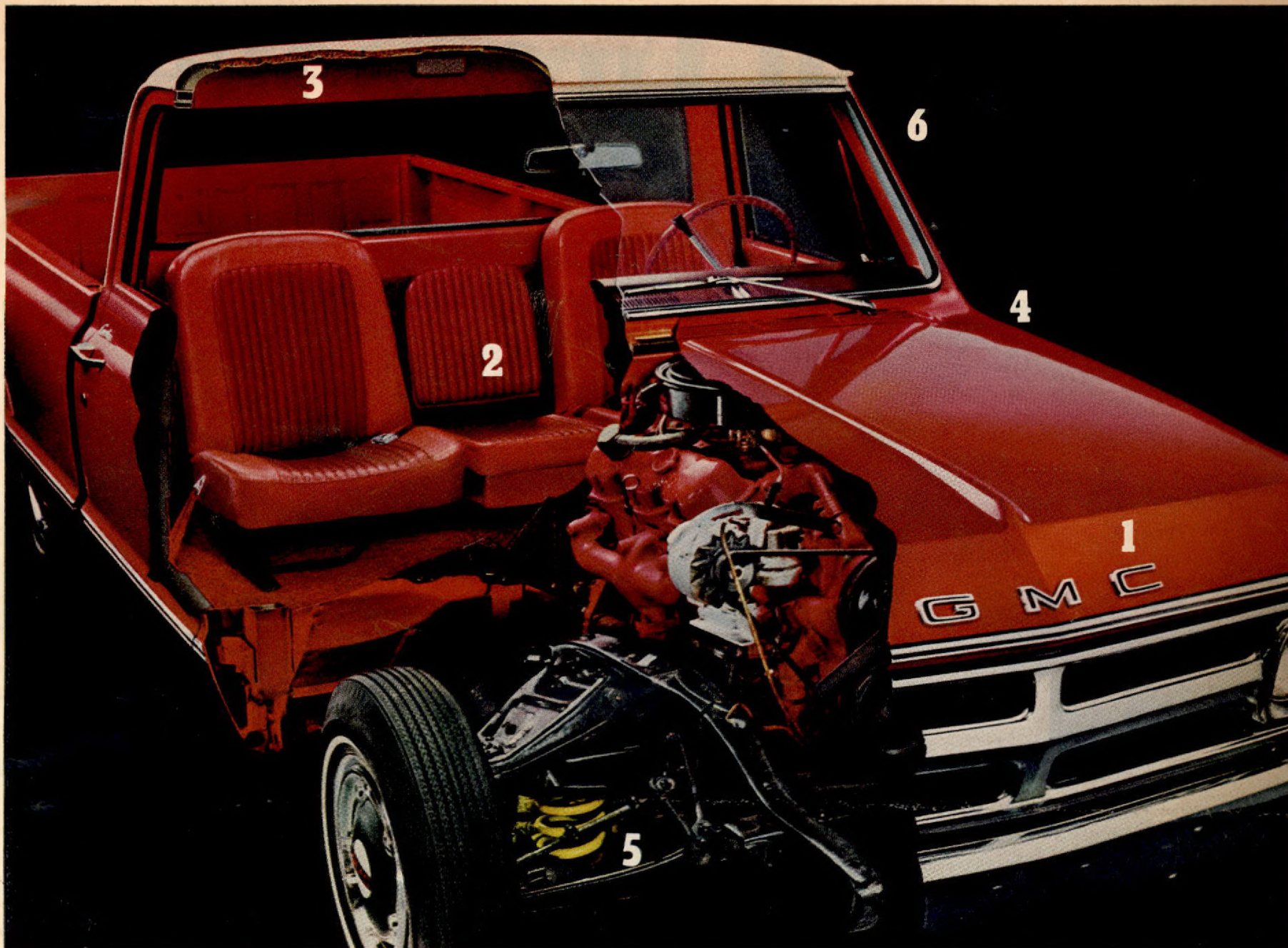
HELEN CARLTON



Though matched pairs turn up all over, the discerning eye has no trouble detecting who is what. Having their hair done at Carita's in Paris (above) are François and Betty Cartoux, in zippered pant suits from Pierre Cardin. Carita recently opened the his-and-her salon. Also in Paris, Mike and Catherine Marshall (left) wear twin bathrobes. His robe has a geisha girl and hers has a guy's face. In Florida, Graham Loving (right) wore a Nehru suit and chain necklace to his wedding and the bride wore white—a matching Nehru. In London (below) actress Romy Schneider and her husband show off their identical striped shirts from Mr. Fish.







**1** We're the truck people from General Motors. And we just ripped up the cab of our new GMC pickup to prove a point about comfort. The point is simple. A truck doesn't have to look or ride like a buckboard. Especially when that truck is a new GMC pickup.

**2** The colors on the inside are keyed to the colors on the outside. Fourteen different selections. This is a touch you'd expect only on passenger

cars. But GMC refused to build a dull looking truck. Bucket seats, full carpeting, a center console, all available.

**3** Every GMC pickup cab has two roofs and two cab walls. Better to keep out noise, vibration and weather. Better for making the cab last longer. You're probably thinking all pickups are built this way. But ours is one of the few that is.

**4** Pushbutton seat belts, padded dash, dual master cylinder brake system, a thick laminated windshield, plenty of safety items.

**5** We put coil springs in front and leaf springs in back. Not many trucks can boast a combination like ours. Or a comfortable and stable ride like ours.

**6** Something you can't see here—the price. It's in the same ball park with other pickups. Your GMC Truck dealer will let you in on this comforting bit of news.

# We'll rip up our new GMC cab to show you where the comfort is.



The Truck and Coach Division of General Motors

# GMC

**What a difference a name makes**





# General Tire makes the big move:



## 5/8" to the right.



It's a move that introduces a new concept in tires: General's new Dual S-90 Sidewinder.

The Sidewinder's off-center tread adds pressure; adds grip. Gives you instant take-off and superb stopping power. With a truer feel of the road.

The Sidewinder is actually built with a higher outside shoulder. This acts as a stabilizer. To keep you in control of your car.

There is even more to the Sidewinder. There's General's *patented puncture protection*. It actually seals punctures as it rolls. So, if you *get* a puncture, you'll probably never even know it.

The Dual S-90 Sidewinder. Built like no other tire on the American road.

You may never pay more for a tire.  
But, can you afford to pay less?

### The Dual S-90 Sidewinder Seals punctures as it rolls.



YOU'RE MILES AHEAD WITH GENERAL TIRE  
In Transportation • Communications • Chemistry • Space