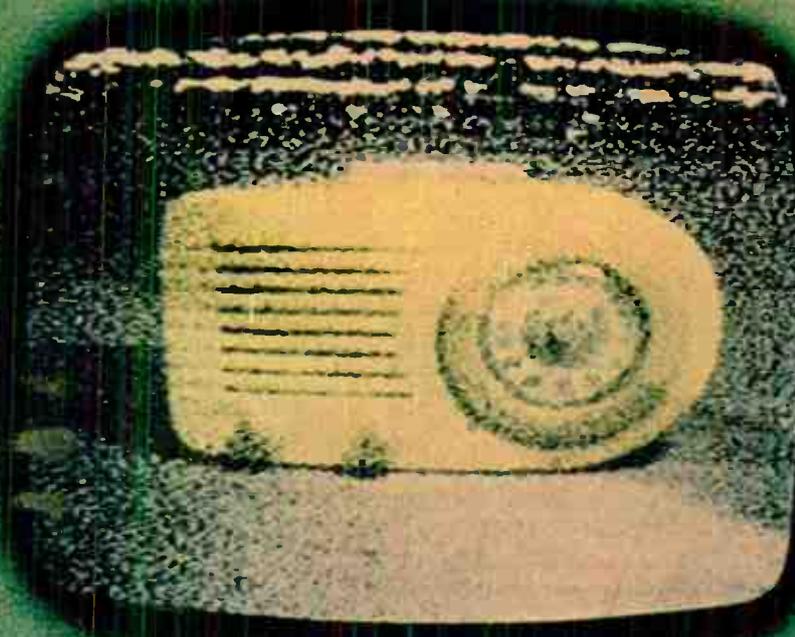


West



World Radio History

JAMES McMULLAN

RADIO'S 50<sup>TH</sup> YEAR

# THE 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER OF YOUR CHOICE

# FREE\*

## YOURS AS A GIFT JUST FOR JOINING NOW

### Stereo Tape Club of America



\*with one year membership and minimum tape purchase, six now and one a month for a year; speakers extra

#### WHY WE GIVE YOU THE FINEST 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYER FREE

We are America's largest all-label, all-artist stereo tape cartridge club. We hope to win you over to the newest, most advanced, most convenient way to enjoy music in your home, car and office—with trouble-free, compact stereo tape cartridges that play continuously, switch tracks automatically, and last practically forever. They never scratch, warp or wear out. They never tangle.

If you like the system, you'll buy your stereo tape cartridges from us. You never pay more than regular price. You can pick free bonus tapes immediately, without waiting. You can enjoy up to 50% savings.

To guarantee your continuing interest, the equipment must be fine enough to give you brilliant high fidelity performance over many years of trouble-free service. That's why we give you our STEREO Matic unit FREE. It's premium equipment. The best. We know you will be delighted. That's why we are willing to send it to you at no risk or obligation on your part. If you like it, KEEP IT. It's yours FREE just for buying stereo tape cartridges you would want to own anyway. If not, return it and your membership is cancelled. You pay nothing and owe nothing. To take advantage of this fabulous new membership offer, complete the coupon and mail now.

#### SEND NO MONEY • JUST MAIL

**Stereo Tape Club of America**  
1480 W. 178th ST., GARDENA, CALIF. 90247

Please enroll me as a member and send me my FREE Stereomatic 8-track tape cartridge player checked below.

- HOME SYSTEM, COMPLETE (speakers \$24.95)
- HOME SYSTEM, PLUG-IN (no speakers)
- AUTO SYSTEM, DELUXE (speakers \$5.98)

Also send the 6 stereo tape cartridge albums I am buying now to start my membership. (Select 6 from list, print numbers below.)


Bill me for these. I may pay in 3 monthly installments if I wish, including shipping and handling. If I am not 100% satisfied, I may return player and cartridges in 10 days and my membership will be cancelled. I owe nothing.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_  
Telephone \_\_\_\_\_

I wish to charge the above order to my credit card.

- BankAmericard
- Master Charge
- Interbank Account # \_\_\_\_\_
- Diners Club

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one)

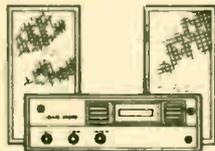
- Popular
- Rock & Folk
- Show & Classical

In addition to the 6 cartridges I am buying now to start my membership, I agree to purchase a cartridge a month during the coming year. (Albums you'll want to buy anyway; thousands to choose from.)

SIGNATURE (REQUIRED) \_\_\_\_\_ LAT-928

#### PICK ONE FREE

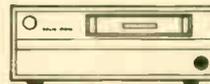
#### NEWEST FINEST SOLID STATE AUTOMATIC 8-TRACK STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGE PLAYERS



\$114.95  
regular price

#### COMPLETE HOME SYSTEM

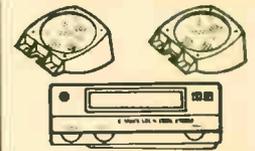
With full power built-in amplifier and 2 deluxe full range stereo speaker units in bookcase size walnut cabinets. THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of \$24.95 for speakers.  check HOME SYSTEM, COMPLETE.



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regular price

#### HOME PLUG-IN SYSTEM

Pre-amplified model. Plugs into your amplifier or present stereo record system. Beautiful walnut grain finish cabinet. THE PLAYER IS FREE. No speakers needed, plays through your own stereo system.  check HOME SYSTEM, PLUG-IN.



\$89.95  
regular price

#### DELUXE AUTO SYSTEM

New compact design. Complete with easy installation kit and 2 deluxe full range flush mount speakers (no drilling holes). THE PLAYER IS FREE. We will bill you only special member's price of \$5.98 for speakers.  check AUTO SYSTEM, DELUXE.



### SELECT ANY 6 STEREO TAPE CARTRIDGES TO START YOUR MEMBERSHIP

Only Stereo Tape Club gives you full selection of cartridges; all labels, all artists, all new releases.

- |   |   |  |   |   |
|---|---|--|---|---|
| <p><b>POPULAR</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1321—FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS (Reprise)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1330—A MAN ALONE, Frank Sinatra (Reprise)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1331—I TAKE A LOT OF PRIDE, Dean Martin (Reprise)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1308—THE BEST OF EDDY ARNOLD, (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1309—LOOK AROUND, Sergio Mendes &amp; Brasil 66 (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1333—CRYSTAL ILLUSIONS, S. Mendes &amp; Brasil 66 (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1311—THE BEST OF NANCY WILSON (Capitol)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1314—JOHNNY'S GREATEST HITS, Johnny Mathis (Columbia)...7.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1318—ELVIS' GOLD RECORDS, Elvis Presley (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1319—WHEN YOU'RE SMILING, Nat King Cole (Pickwick)...5.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1337—SOULFUL, Dionne Warwick (Scepter)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1324—PROMISES, PROMISES, Dionne Warwick (Scepter)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1325—HELP YOURSELF, Tom Jones (Parrott)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1328—THIS IS TOM JONES, Tom Jones (Parrott)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1326—AGE OF AQUARIUS, 5th Dimension (Liberty)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1327—HAPPY HEART, Andy Williams (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1329—THE WAY IT WAS, THE WAY IT IS, Lou Rawls (Capitol)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1332—FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, Vikki Carr (Liberty)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1316—HONEY, Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1334—TODAY, Bobby Goldsboro (United Artists)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1317—A PORTRAIT OF RAY, Ray Charles (ABC)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 1335—I'M ALL YOURS, BABY, Ray Charles (ABC)...6.98</li> </ul> | <p><b>ROCK AND FOLK</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3301—LAOY SOUL, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3335—ARETHA'S GOLD, Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3307—DOORS, The Doors (Elektra)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3337—THE SOFT PARADE, The Doors (Elektra)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3312—THE BEST OF WILSON PICKETT (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3314—HISTORY OF OTIS REDDING, (Volt)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3318—THEIR SATANIC MAJESTIES, Rolling Stones (London)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3326—FOR ONCE IN MY LIFE, O. C. Smith (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3327—BLOOD, SWEAT AND TEARS, (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3328—LOVE CHILD, Diana Ross and the Supremes (Motown)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3302—MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR, The Beatles (Capitol)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3330—THE BEATLES 1 &amp; 2, (Apple)...13.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3331—BAYOU COUNTRY, Creedence Clearwater Revival (Fantasy)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3336—SMASH HITS, The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise)...6.98</li> </ul> | <p><b>JAZZ</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3338—CROSBY/STILLS/NASH, (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3339—HALLELUJA, Canned Heat (Liberty)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3340—IN-A-GADDA-DA-VIOA, Iron Butterfly (Atco)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3325—CLOUD NINE, Temptations (Gordy)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3341—SHOW, Temptations (Gordy)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3342—THE BEST OF CREAM, The Cream (Atco)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3332—THREE DOG NIGHT, (Dunhill)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3343—SUITABLE FOR FRAMING, Three Dog Night (Dunhill)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3344—BECK-OLA, Jeff Beck (Epic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3345—FELICIANO/10-23, Jose Feliciano (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3346—2525 (EXORDIUM &amp; TERMINUS), Zager &amp; Evans (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3347—BLIND FAITH, Blind Faith (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3348—TOMMY, Who (Decca—twin pack)...10.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3302—BOOKENDS, Simon &amp; Garfunkel (Columbia)...7.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3314—PETER, PAUL &amp; MOMMY, Peter, Paul &amp; Mary (W.Bros)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 3315—ARABAJAGAL, Donovan (Epic)...6.98</li> </ul> | <p><b>COUNTRY AND WESTERN</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4301—TIME I GET TO PHOENIX, Glen Campbell (Capitol)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4303—HANK WILLIAMS GREATEST HITS, (MGM)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4309—JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON, (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4313—JOHNNY CASH AT SAN QUENTIN, (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4312—THE SENSATIONAL CHARLIE PRIDE (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4314—FROM ELVIS IN MEMPHIS, Elvis Presley (RCA)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4315—SAME TRAIN, DIF. TIME Merle Haggard (Capitol)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 4316—STATUE OF A FOOL, Jack Greene (Decca)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 8312—NASHVILLE SKYLINE, Bob Dylan (Columbia)...6.98</li> </ul> | <p><b>SHOW AND CLASSICAL</b></p> <ul style="list-style-type: none"> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5301—DOWN HERE ON GROUND, Wes Montgomery (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5307—THE BEST OF WES MONTGOMERY, (Verve)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5316—A DAY IN THE LIFE, Wes Montgomery (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5302—THE ELECTRIFYING EDDIE HARRIS, (Atlantic)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5303—RESPECT, Jimmy Smith (Verve)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5305—UP POPS RAMSEY LEWIS, (Cadet)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5306—GROOVIN' WITH THE SOULFUL STRINGS, (Cadet)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5311—FOOL ON THE HILL, Sergio Mendes &amp; Brasil 66 (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5312—MEMPHIS UNDERGROUND, Herbie Mann (A&amp;M)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5313—SOULFUL STRUT, Young-Holt Unlimited (Brunswick)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5314—AQUARIUS, Charlie Byrd (Columbia)...6.98</li> <li><input type="checkbox"/> 5315—MILES DAVIS' GREATEST HITS, (Columbia)...6.98</li> </ul> |
|---|---|--|---|---|

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**Stereo Tape Club of America**

1480 W. 178th St., Gardena, Calif. 90247

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# New Look



## Shaped Traditional Vested Suit

Traditional suits with a vested interest for every young man. Superbly tailored of 100% wool worsted, and styled for the "in look" for Fall, 1969.

Fabrications include the new country look as well as the classic traditional, in all the colorations of Autumn: gray, blue, or olive/whiskey.

Men's sizes regular, short and long.

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# West

## 7 WEST/LETTERS

**9 RADIO, IT WAS MAGIC** by Joel Siegel  
Ah, Ah, Ah, don't touch that dial! Listen to a bit of nostalgia about commercial radio, now 50 years old. Siegel is a frequent *West* contributor who last wrote here about unrest among high school students in Los Angeles.

**16 PEOPLE AND PROPERTY, REFLECTIONS ON THE BATTLE OF BERKELEY** by Kenneth Lamott  
Much has been said of the bloody encounter at Berkeley's People's Park, but perhaps some of the underlying reasons why it escalated to tragedy have yet to be explained. Lamott, a frequent *West* contributor who lives near Berkeley, has been an eyewitness to many of the past few years' events there.

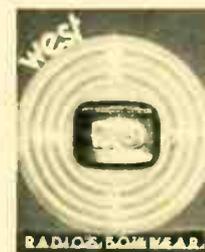
**22 EVERY WOMAN'S GRID GUIDE**  
by Rubin Carson  
Football and wives may not mix, but a *modus vivendi* could be achieved with the help of these easy suggestions. Carson last frontline report in *West* on the war of the sexes was in February (*The Four Bags of Love*).

**24 LOVE ME, LOVE MY AGENT**  
by Burt Prelutsky  
In a lot of novels and movies, Hollywood agents are depicted as pretty dislikable characters. Prelutsky, foregoing his regular *West/View* column this week, tells what they really are like—and wait'll his agent reads this!

**30 WEST/STYLE: MISSION TO MOROCCO**  
by Reva Berger  
It's a long way from Sherman Oaks to Morocco, but Cheryl Reventlow has made it in high fashion.

**32 WEST/TRAVEL: PANAMA'S BLACK BONANZA** by Hal Painter  
Balboa missed a good thing when he passed up Panama's waters looking for gold. Painter a writer/photographer, lives in the San Francisco Bay Area.

**38 THE INS AND OUTS OF STATUS**  
by George Christy  
An absolutely indispensable guide to the man who has everything except the assurance that he's not making a fool of himself. Christy, a writer for *Town & Country* magazine, is a Southern California statistician.



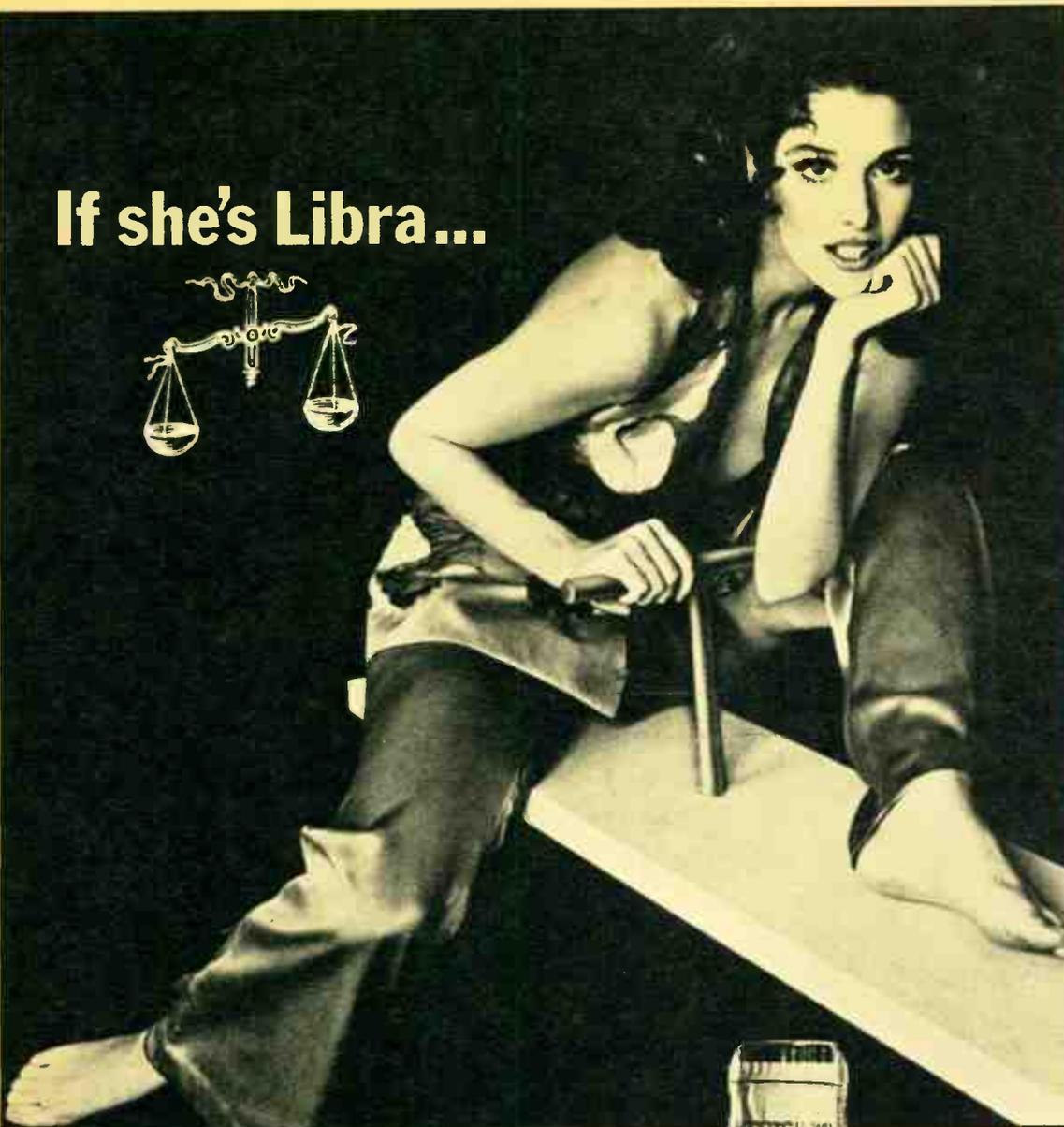
### on the cover of WEST

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear—when everyone listened to radio instead of watching TV. Sometimes the images were sharper, as this cover by James McMullan suggests. See the story on Page 9.

**JAMES W. TOLAND**, Director of Special Sections  
**MARSHALL LUMSDEN**, Editor, West Magazine  
**MIKE SALISBURY**, Art Director  
**ARNE D. ANDERSON**, Associate Editor  
**COPY DEPARTMENT**  
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## If she's Libra...



Lang's 8 Horoscope (for people born between Sept. 23 and Oct. 22)... You may lose your balance over the girl whose birth sign is Libra—the scales. And you can get dizzy trying to follow her constant ups and downs. Her impeccable taste for sophisticated style is matched by a mood that is pure bohemian; remember that her ruling planet is Venus, and that her unapproachable attitude often disguises an open invitation. You'll keep your equilibrium with Libra if you balance an afternoon at the circus with an evening at the most exclusive restaurant in town... capping your night with a perfectly blended Scotch. And the scales will be in your favor if it's Lang's 8—the deliciously light Scotch that outweighs all others.

What do the stars say about your future romances? Get Lang's 8 Astrological Mating Guide, a disc computer that predicts your prospects. Send one dollar with your name and address to:

Lang's 8 Mating Guide,  
P. O. Box DC,  
Panorama City,  
Calif. 91402.



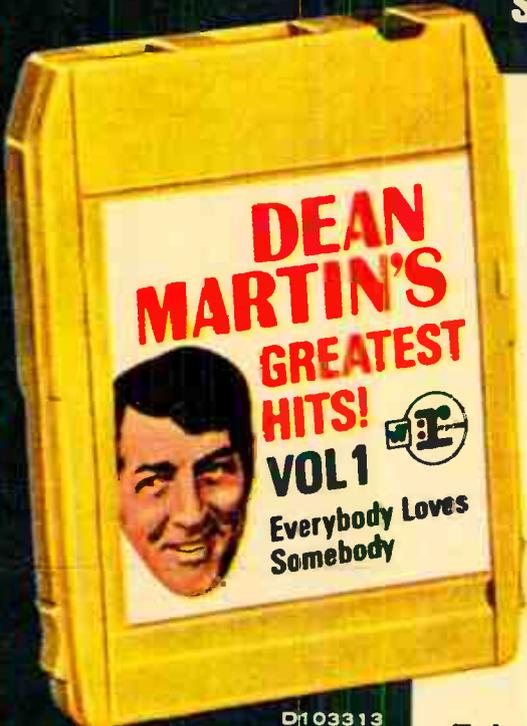
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Revealing the true character of Scotch. 86 Proof.  
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# RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB

Spectacular Get-Acquainted Offer



Take **Any 3**  
STEREO 8  
CARTRIDGES  
for only **\$4.95** Worth up to \$29.85 at regular Club prices!

You merely agree to buy as few as four more cartridges within a year at regular Club price from hundreds to be offered.

## Enjoy Fabulous Savings From the World's FIRST Stereo 8 Tape Cartridge Club!

**NOW!** Enjoy top Stereo 8 hits by top stars... at top savings! Choose from great labels: RCA, Warner Bros.-7 Arts, Reprise, A&M, London, Mercury, Atlantic, Atco—in every music category. Look at these exclusive benefits:

- **Save NOW!** Choose THREE tapes for only \$4.95 (worth up to \$29.85 at suggested manufacturer's list price... optional with dealers). After trial membership, get one tape of equal value FREE for every two you buy at regular Club price (usually \$6.95). That's a 33 1/3% average saving!
- **All tapes guaranteed!** Club's own Warranty unconditionally guarantees all tapes against defects for 1 full year after purchase, regardless of label.
- **Charge them!** Pay only after you receive tapes and are enjoying them!
- **Keep posted!** Monthly SOUND TRACK brings news of over 150 Stereo 8 releases, featuring a Selection of the Month. If you want this tape, do nothing—it will be shipped automatically. If you want other tapes, or no tapes, indicate your choice on the Card provided, and return it by the date specified.
- **Send no money!** Choose 3 of 66 hits shown here; we'll bill you \$4.95 plus small shipping charge later. You can cancel membership after accepting 4 more, or continue to enjoy savings of one-third for years to come, with no obligation to buy! Mail the coupon right NOW to: RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club, P.O. Box 26888, Lawrence, Ind. 46226.



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MAIL TO: THE RCA STEREO 8 TAPE CLUB  
P.O. Box 26888 Lawrence, Indiana 46226

Yes, please accept my application for trial membership in The RCA Stereo 8 Tape Club, and send me the 3 cartridges I have selected for only \$4.95 plus small shipping service charge. I understand I need buy as few as four more cartridges at regular Club price within a year to fulfill my trial membership, after which I will get one tape of equivalent value FREE for every two I buy at regular Club prices.

MAIL ME THESE THREE CARTRIDGES

I am most interested in the following type of music: (check one only)

Popular (Instrumental/Vocal Moods)

Country & Western  Today's Sound (Rock/Soul/Folk)

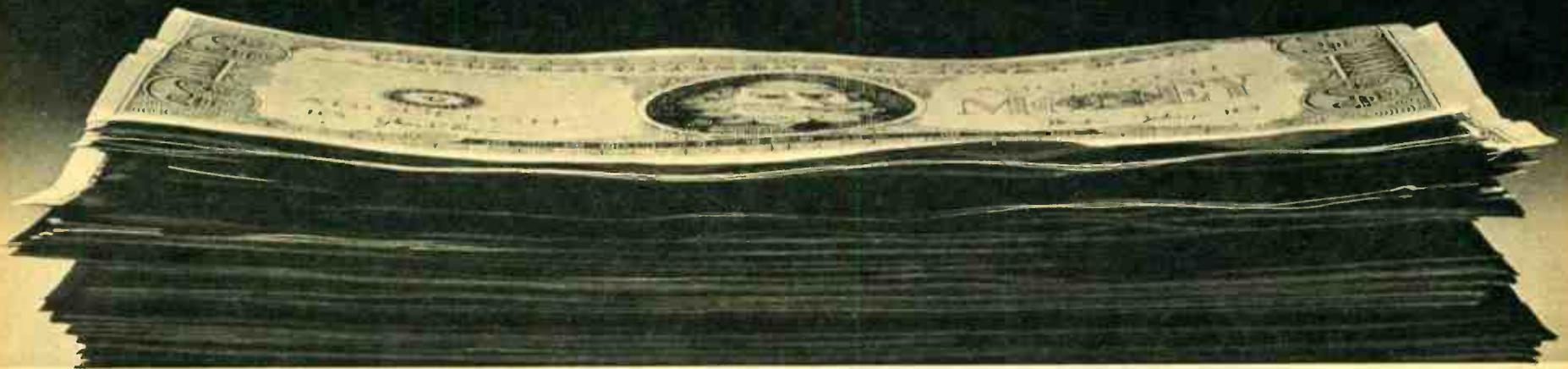
Mr. \_\_\_\_\_  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_  
Miss \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City & State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

One Membership Per Family.  
APO/FPO addresses write for special offer.



# The big pay-off.



This isn't any wild get-rich-quick scheme. But we can guarantee you 5% return on your money.

Just open a Crocker 5% Saving Account (it's like a regular savings account—only different) at any Crocker-Citizens bank. Make an initial deposit of at least \$500. And maintain a balance of \$500 for each calendar quarter.

And we'll pay you 5% interest per annum compounded quarterly from the date of your deposit. If your balance falls below \$500 the regular savings rate—now 4%—may be applied.

Of course you can make additional deposits of \$100 or more at any time.

But we make it more difficult for you to take your money out. You can only do it during

the first ten days of a new quarter. Unless you ask in writing 90 days beforehand.

After all, isn't the whole idea to save. Get the 5% interest. And get rich.

**Crocker-Citizens  
5% Saving Account**

**Burgers With Relish**

Dear Sirs:  
 Enjoyed your article (*L.A.'s Daily Grind*, Aug. 31) on hamburgers. Being a native of Los Angeles and enthusiastic fan of the total hamburger scene, I must say your selection is perfect. I would add just one: The Bratskeller in Westwood. Their burger is eight ounces chopped sirloin served on Bavarian black bread, potato salad and cole slaw—all for \$1.50.

C. William Luther  
 Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:  
 And what about Shelleys on Western at 3rd Street? Luscious hamburgers!

Virginia Knight  
 Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:  
 My daughter Joanne, 5½, has a question: "Where is the McDonald hamburger?" There's one in every crowd.

Annie Chee  
 Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:  
 You can imagine our surprise to find our DixonBurger included in your article, a very small black-owned operation among the giants.

We only started back in 1965 with the glorious sum of about \$300 and a lot of hope. In June of 1967, with more guts than money, we managed to start another location in Compton. And in August of 1968 we moved into our newest location on South Western. We've had our good days and bad, and there are times when things get slow, as in all small businesses. We are still pulling, though. Your article was a tremendous boost. Our business has tripled.

We are indebted to you. This might be an old cliché, but "it could only happen in America."

Roy Dixon  
 Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:  
 Thanks for giving the weight rundown of the hamburgers, but I feel it my duty to forewarn those thrifty shoppers who expect to find the best bargain by dividing price into ounces (or vice versa).

While munching a burger at a certain well-known restaurant, I bit into a meat containing so much cereal it snapped, crackled and popped.

Rich Goren  
 Hollywood

**Fear: Pro and Con**

Dear Sirs:  
 We have been reading *West* since its first issue, and I want you to know that the article by Rasa Gustaitis (*Fear*, Aug. 31) is just about the most biased, bigoted and slanted toward the criminal that I have seen. Just what is wrong, may I ask, about neighbors banding together to protect themselves, their families

and their property? And just what is so new or novel about it?

"Futureshock?" Poppycock!  
 Phyllis Moreland  
 Long Beach

Dear Sirs:  
 Congratulations on an important contribution to sanity.

Alfred T. Wilkes  
 Los Angeles

Dear Sirs:

In their pathetic attempt to protect their freedom, the "inmates" of Arrowhead Drive have succeeded in creating their own concentration camp. Emotion and the false security of a gun have displaced the intelligence and dialogue everyone needs to live humanly.

Joseph G. Pelletier  
 Van Nuys

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86 PROOF

World-wide Lauder's Scotch has a tradition of quality and smooth taste . . . it's been around since 1834.

**THE GROWINGEST SCOTCH FROM COAST-TO-COAST**

Authentic Scotch dollar (Crown) minted between 1803-1825 Symbol of Lauder's

**\$5<sup>19</sup> FIFTH**    **\$6<sup>29</sup> QUART**    **\$12<sup>49</sup> ½ GAL.**

100% BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, IMPORTED & BOTTLED BY GOODERHAM & WORTS, DETROIT, MICH.

*Leed's  
is the  
place!*

*QualiCraft is the one!*

As seen in Glamour

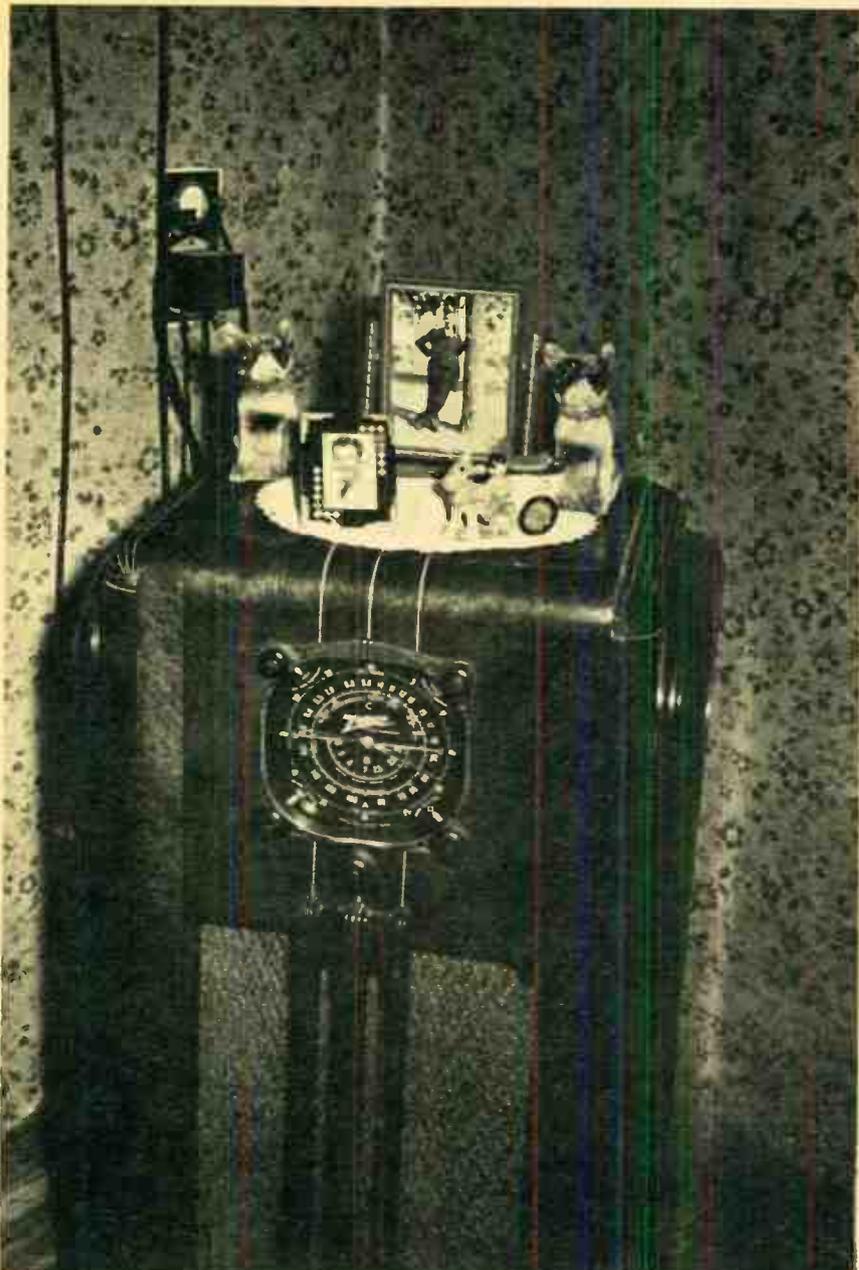


**Platforms** are the new high in high fashion shoes! QualiCraft teams this 30's revival with the suede comeback. Pump is black napped Corfam\* with shiny platform and shaped heel. Open-side has black suede upper, smooth platform, strap and bell-bottom heel. From QualiCraft's city-shoe collection at mostly 8.99 to 10.99, they're each **10.99**

Buy them at your nearby Leed's—96 stores in California • Mail Orders: Leed's, 731 S. Broadway, Los Angeles 90014  
Mail orders, add 60¢ per pair postage plus sales tax. (Sorry—No C. O. D.'s)

# RADIO,

# IT WAS MAGIC!



RUSSELL LEE, 1938

## BY JOEL SIEGEL

*Amos 'n Andy, Ma Perkins. Good evening, Mr. Firstnighter. The usher will show you to your seats.*

"Hello, Chief? This is Jack Benny again. Remember the last time I spoke to you about the wallet I lost? Oh, you must remember. It was *five minutes ago!* Now look, Chief. I'm willing to offer a reward. Take this down: If the finder of a black wallet containing eight dollars in cash and some important papers returns the money, he can *keep* the papers."

*Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men? The Shadow knows!*

"How do you do, ladies and gentlemen, this is Bob Mosquito Network Hope and here we are on

this South Pacific Island . . ."

Remember? You have to remember. Because today, at 50, radio is dead. There are more than 60 stations broadcasting in Los Angeles. They play music, broadcast news and give us ball scores but all 60 don't do what a few could.

Radio deserves better.

Like the railroad and the automobile, radio shaped America. The railroad and the automobile shaped our cities and our economic lives: because of the railroad Kansas could grow wheat and dress in New York ready-to-wear; the suburb is an extension of the automobile. But radio shaped the American mind.

Radio was a shared experience. So when millions of Americans came together to fight a depression or fight a war they had some common ground. Personally radio made us stomach-conscious and pie-crust-conscious and odor-conscious ("From your head down to your toe, Lifebuoy fights that old *BEE-OHHH!*"). On a national level we all laughed at the same jokes, whistled the same tunes, learned the new American folklore on the soap operas and the serials. "Wanna buy a duck?" and "Was you dere, Charlie?" were fad phrases, but Amos 'n Andy's "Check and double-check" and "Taint funny, McGee" and "Fibber McGee's closet" are still part of the language.

In a sophisticated way—through news commentators and Norman Corwin documentaries and even Presidential speeches—radio taught us that justice must triumph over evil. And, in a naive way, that was the message we learned, too, from the Lone Ranger and Dick Tracy.

"Tell the boys and girls of the United States," the Great Grand Lama of Tibet—the world's wisest man—said to Jack Armstrong one summer afternoon in 1939, "this world is theirs and they may use it as they will. As they are, so shall the world become. If they are brave, they shall find a world of chivalry. If they are honest, all riches shall be theirs. If they are kind to one another, they shall save the whole world from malice . . ."

Radio began with Marconi and Lee De Forest's early voice broadcasts, but it wasn't until after World War I that commercial radio, *programs* radio, started to take form. And on October 17, 1919, 50 years ago, the Radio Corporation of America was formed to become a monopoly, buying out the assets of British-owned (and foreign-sounding) American Marconi.

In 1920, KDKA Pittsburgh, the Westinghouse station, broadcast

Harding-Cox election returns. In July, 1921, David Sarnoff—who had begun working to make radio a primarily home entertainment medium in 1916—borrowed a GE transmitter and broadcast the Dempsey-Carpentier fight over WJY. Lucky for Sarnoff the fight went four rounds. The transmitter literally melted in what would have been midway through round five. About 300,000 heard these broadcasts, almost all on home-made sets.

RCA, in those days, was owned by Westinghouse, General Electric and AT&T as a marketing arm and patents pool (RCA would not become fully independent until 1932). Under their agreements, the three could all operate transmitters. Westinghouse and GE would earn additional revenue manufacturing home radio receivers, and AT&T would manufacture and sell transmitting equipment.

It wasn't easy to be a radio station in 1921. You paid for all the programming and every station had to broadcast on the same frequency (360 meters—just past 800 kilocycles). The Westinghouse and GE stations didn't pay for programming because programs helped sell their radios. But AT&T's WEAF New York ran at a loss. Until . . .

On August 28, 1922, WEAF sold ten minutes of time to the Queensboro Corporation to sell houses in Jackson Heights. It was radio's first commercial.

"Let me enjoin upon you as you value your health and your hopes and your home happiness, get away from the solid masses of brick, where the meager opening admitting a slant of sunlight is mockingly called a light shaft, and where children grow up starved for a run over a patch of grass and the sight of a tree . . ."

And the next year, in 1923, the more powerful stations were given their own frequencies, promising the federal government quality pro-

continued on page 12



### JUST 10 CENTS AND A BOXTOP

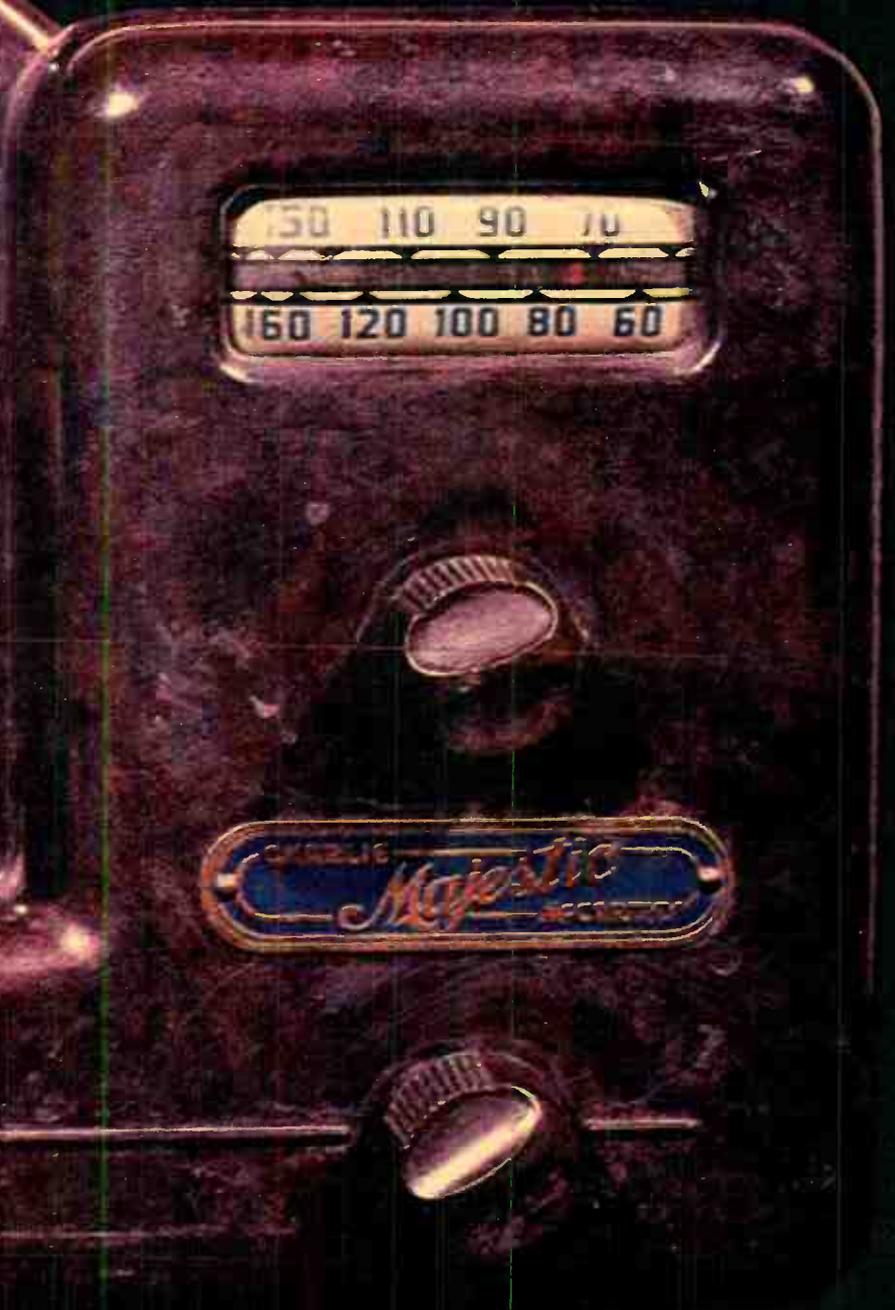
Now. Let every American who has sent ten cents and a boxtop (or reasonable facsimile) to Battle Creek, Michigan, and breathlessly awaited the anticipated treasure give thanks to Robert Hardy Andrews. Robert Hardy Andrews? Yes, he who was once the voice of the Shadow and the man who called Wheaties "Breakfast/Continued on Page 14



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World Radio History



# Why fight it?



Bar stool shown above, \$29.

Put her on a Pedestool . . . that's where you've really wanted her all the time — isn't it?

Bars priced from \$30, Stools \$6, Dinettes \$100.  
Terms of BankAmericard

Hours: Sunday: 12-5

Mon.-Thurs.-Fri.: 11-9 Tues.-Wed.-Sat.: 10-6

**Lee's  
bars  
stools  
dinettes**

- WEST COVINA Eastland Center, Lower Level, Next to Grants
- TORRANCE 2746 Pacific Coast Highway at Crenshaw
- LOS ANGELES 101 No. Vermont, off Hollywood Freeway
- ANAHEIM 909 N. Euclid, opposite Century Theatre
- N. HOLLYWOOD 6300 Laurel Cyn. Bl. betwn. Sears & May Co.
- CANOGA PARK in Topanga Plaza Center, Lower Level
- BEVERLY HILLS 8813 Wilshire Blvd., at Robertson Blvd.

Ask about Lee's Gold Label 10 Year Guarantee

gramming in the public interest (and promising, by the way, *not* to play phonograph records). Stations had to begin competing for audiences—and for advertisers.

Commercials, though, still weren't *commercials*. Radio would only sell time for short, indirect "talks." Gillette offered a talk on fashions in beards, cleanliness, and the safety razor. A talk on dental hygiene—to be paid for by a toothpaste company—was refused because station managers feared listeners might consider the topic in bad taste.

Advertisers wanted to sponsor entertainment, though, and the stations finally relented so long as no direct commercial message was broadcast. So Browning, King sponsored the Browning, King Orchestra and never once mentioned they sold clothes. The A&P Gypsies didn't sell groceries, the Goodrich Silvertown Orchestra (featuring the famous Silver Masked Tenor) didn't sell tires—directly. And that's how the Gold Dust Twins, the Ipana Troubadours, and the Cliquot Club Eskimos were born. And why radio's "name" stars, Billy Jones and Ernest Hare, masqueraded as the Happiness Boys (for Happiness Candy), the Taystee Loafers, the Best Foods Boys and, for the socks people, the Interwoven Pair.

How do ya do, everybody, how do ya do?

Gee, it's great to say "Hello!" to all of you!

I'm Billy Jones.

I'm Ernie Hare.

We're the Interwoven Pair.

How do ya doodle-oodle-oodle, how do ya do?

By 1926 this kind of fare had put radio into 5 million homes. And in 1926 RCA bought AT&T out of the radio business, took over WEA, and formed the National Broadcasting Company "to provide the best programs available for broadcasting in the United States." Programs sold radios. A network sold radios all across the country. And if networks made it easier for advertisers to broadcast commercials all across the country, well, why not?

Still, in those early days, NBC put limits on sponsors. Advertising must be tasteful and price and store locations were not to be mentioned on NBC. That's where CBS came in. Formed in 1927 as United Independent Broadcasters and owned, for a short time, by Columbia Phonographs, the network was soon bought out by a Philadelphia consort and the presidency fell to 26-year-old William Paley, apparently the only one of the consort who would leave Philadelphia for New York to head the network.

Paley had been a sponsor—La Palina Cigars—before he became a broadcaster so sponsors found they could mention price on CBS. And "tasteful" was a little bit fuzzier than on NBC. George Washington Hill could hear his spokesmen shout "There's no spit in Cremo Cigars" on the Columbia Broadcasting System, and of such things was the success of our second network insured.

But radio's great success was not its business success. Radio was an entertainment success. We don't remember TV

shows we watched last month, but we'll never forget radio programs we heard 20, 30 years ago. The reason is that when you listened to radio you had to fill in the missing parts. Radio involved you.

Radio had to create word-pictures so vivid you could "see" them. Like *The Shadow*, that "mysterious character who aids the forces of law and order and is, in reality, Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man-about-town. Several years ago, in the Orient, Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret: the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him." The *complete* radio hero, a character made so vivid you *couldn't* see him.

Hallowe'en eve, 1938, radio drama proved its credibility. The program began innocently enough: "The Columbia Broadcasting System and its affiliated stations present Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater on the Air in *The War of the Worlds* by H. G. Wells . . ."

Then there was a strange cut to the Meridian Room of the Hotel Park Plaza and the "live" music of Ramon Raquello and his orchestra. The studio announcer broke in with a bulletin from the Jennings Observatory in Chicago, something about a strange sighting on Mars. Then there were cuts to the Princeton Observatory, and finally to Groves Mill, New Jersey, where the Martians had landed.

Within half an hour after the broadcast began traffic was jammed up on the highway between New York and Philadelphia. There were near riots in Central Park. Shore leave was canceled for sailors in New York. New Jersey farmers had barricaded their families in their homes and roved through the swamps in shotgun bands.

By the time the star signed-off the show "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Orson Welles out of character to assure you that the War of the Worlds has no further significance but as the holiday offering it was intended to be. The Mercury Theater's own radio version of dressing up in a sheet and jumping out from a bus and saying Boo . . ." but by then nobody was listening.

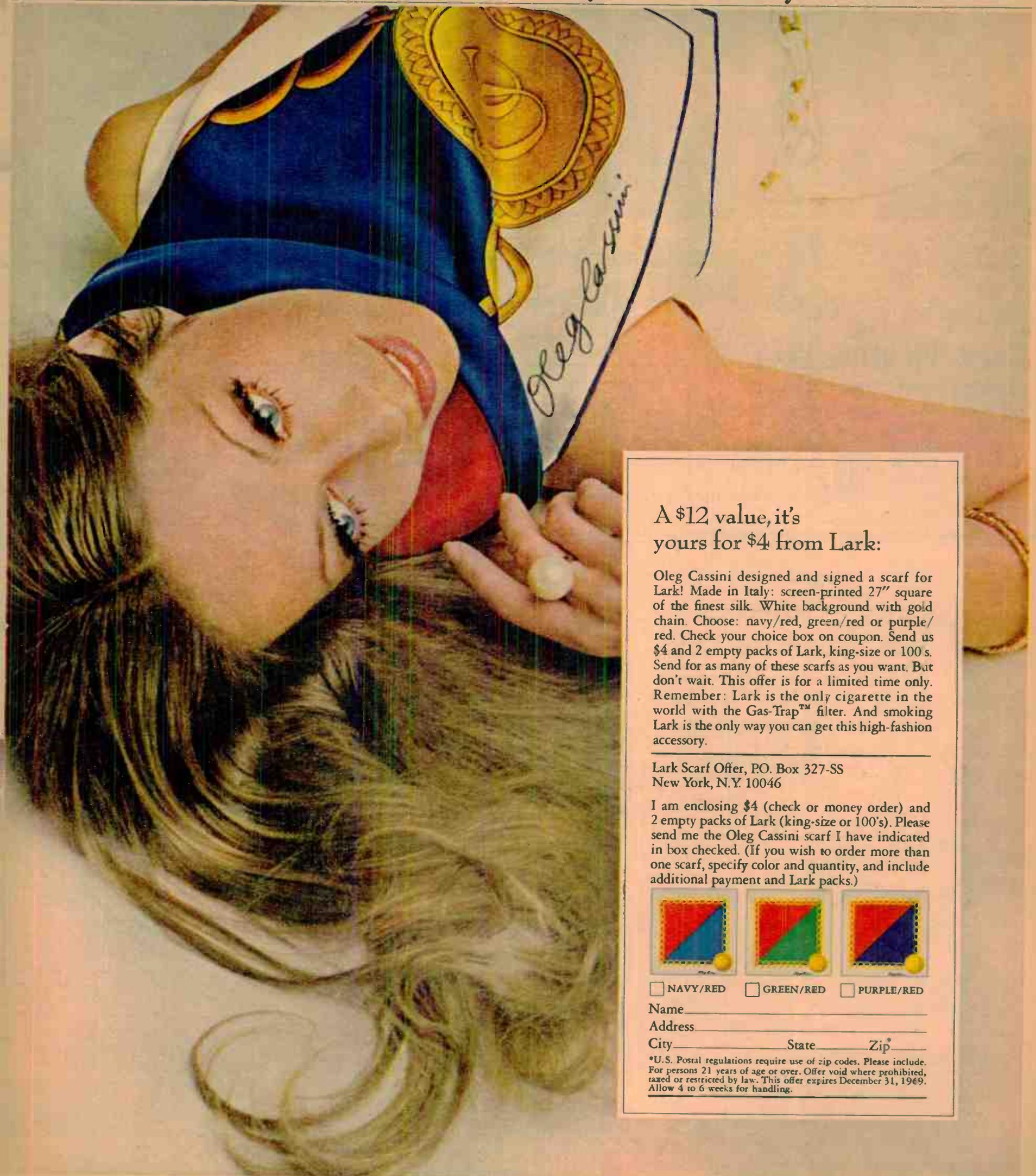
Radio's first great program was *Amos 'n Andy*. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll started in radio in 1926 on Chicago's WGN as Sam 'n Henry. In 1928 they moved to the NBC affiliate and became Amos 'n Andy. In 1929 they went network and radio sales jumped \$300 million. And not coincidentally.

*Amos 'n Andy* went on at 7. Movie theaters either held off their features until 7:30 or had a receiver in the lobby. Toronto stations went dead so Canadians could pick up *Amos 'n Andy* from Buffalo. During daylight savings when the show went on at 6, factories shut down early so their workers could get home in time for that day's episode.

Radio's first comedy star, Ed Wynn *The Texaco Firechief*, invented the studio audience so he could play his lines off of something that would respond. And though they seldom saw anything other than a line of actors on folding chairs seated behind a couple of microphones, audiences clamored to watch a radio show.

*Continued on Page 15*

Here's one Oleg Cassini scarf you can't buy in a store.



A \$12 value, it's yours for \$4 from Lark:

Oleg Cassini designed and signed a scarf for Lark! Made in Italy: screen-printed 27" square of the finest silk. White background with gold chain. Choose: navy/red, green/red or purple/red. Check your choice box on coupon. Send us \$4 and 2 empty packs of Lark, king-size or 100's. Send for as many of these scarfs as you want. But don't wait. This offer is for a limited time only. Remember: Lark is the only cigarette in the world with the Gas-Trap™ filter. And smoking Lark is the only way you can get this high-fashion accessory.

Lark Scarf Offer, P.O. Box 327-SS  
New York, N.Y. 10046

I am enclosing \$4 (check or money order) and 2 empty packs of Lark (king-size or 100's). Please send me the Oleg Cassini scarf I have indicated in box checked. (If you wish to order more than one scarf, specify color and quantity, and include additional payment and Lark packs.)



NAVY/RED     GREEN/RED     PURPLE/RED

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

\*U.S. Postal regulations require use of zip codes. Please include. For persons 21 years of age or over. Offer void where prohibited, taxed or restricted by law. This offer expires December 31, 1969. Allow 4 to 6 weeks for handling.

# 12x16 BEDROOM OR FAMILY ROOM \$1495\*

Factory direct prices bring this fantastic savings to you. Hasko Builders' unique developments have enabled us to add a room that includes plans and permits, open beam ceiling, 8 ft. sliding glass door with screen, roofing, exterior siding. Also included are floor covering and pre-finished paneling. Fireplace extra.  
\*on your slab. Utilize that patio slab or we will install at slight extra cost.

Our courteous representative will furnish you with a free blueprint of your room. For a free blueprint of your proposed addition . . .

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CALL TODAY 24 HOUR SERVICE

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Gardena	323-8550		
S.F. Valley	784-0113		
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COUPON TODAY  
LIMITED TIME OFFER

Yes, I would like a FREE ESTIMATE of my proposed addition.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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Mail to: Hasko Builders, LAT 9-28  
5261 Huntington Dr., Los Angeles 90032



Eloquent Elegance . . .

## Mirrors

Large selection; elaborate gold leaf frames, heavy plate glass. For the traditional decor, or as dramatic accents in contemporary settings. Write for our free illustrated furniture portfolio.



1735 West Santa Barbara Ave.  
Los Angeles 90062; 293-7108.  
Open daily 10-6; Monday and  
Friday to 9; Sunday 1-5.



## SPEED SPECTACULAR!

12th Annual Los Angeles Times **GRAND PRIX**

**Saturday & Sunday, Oct. 25/26**  
**Riverside International Raceway**

See the Sports Section for ticket details

## Dog missing?

Is your pet missing the extra vitamins and minerals that Pervinal<sup>®</sup> provides? Sure, you feed him well, but just like some humans, your dog may need a dietary supplement.

He'll like the taste (tablet, liquid or powder) and you'll like the results. Good nutrition is essential for sleek coat, sound bones and teeth, resistance to disease, good nerve and muscle coordination, proper digestion and elimination.

If you love him you'll add Pervinal to his feeding just as breeders and professional handlers have been doing for years. Available at Pet Shops and Pet Departments.



USV PHARMACEUTICAL CORP.  
Veterinary Products Division  
New York, N.Y. 10017

## JUST 10 CENTS

continued/ He who invented the radio Secret Society with secret code and secret handshake in 1929 (for Skippy, a show based on the Percy Crosby comic strip). Who wrote *Just Plain Bill* for Frank and Anne Hummert, who created Ma Perkins, and wrote *Have you tried Wheaties/They're wholewheat with all of the bran/Won't you try Wheaties?/For wheat is the best food of man . . .* And who, not least of all, created Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy.

From Skippy's Secret Society, from Jack Armstrong and better ways to sell Wheaties came . . . Decoder rings and shake-up mugs and a Buck Rogers ring that would glow in the dark when held by an Earthman (but would *not* glow when held by a Venusian).

There was a Sergeant Preston Totem Pole and a Sky King ring that writes under water and a Bulldog Drummond Magnifying Glass and a Red Ryder Lariat and a Lone Ranger Sheriff's Badge with secret compartment. And from Tom Mix, King of the Premiums, a Tom Mix *everything*. Tom Mix Spurs and a Tom Mix Simulated Gold TM Bar Brand Straight Shooter Badge and a Tom Mix Sun Watch and Periscope Ring so you could see *exactly* where you'd been and a real wooden replica of Tom's own six-shooter.

And don't for one minute forget Jack Armstrong himself who tempted us with the Jack Armstrong Magnesium Parachute Ball and the Jack Armstrong Bombsight the Nazis would have given anything for. Jack — all honesty, decency and apple-pie—even told us how we could help win World War II.

"Train to be an American! Follow Jack Armstrong's rules for physical fitness. One, get plenty of fresh air, sleep and exercise. Two, use lots of soap and water *every day*. And three, eat the kind of breakfast America needs in times like these: milk, fruit, and Wheaties, Break-

fast of Champions!" The Germans never had a chance.

The best premiums were the premiums that were used right on the show. Captain Midnight was an expert at this: "Captain Midnight is starting a new and greater 1949 Secret Squadron and he wants you yes, *you* to—join up right away! And it doesn't cost you a single cent! You can join without charge if you're one of Captain Midnight's Ovaltine drinking friends. And think what you get! That marvelous, new Key-O-Matic Code-O-Graph. The best looking, most amazing device the Secret Squadron has ever offered! It's a whopping big Code-O-Graph, a full two inches long, and it shines like gold!"

We needed the new Key-O-Matic Code-O-Graph because, as we found out in that same episode, Ivan Shark had stolen the 1948 Key-less Code-O-Graph and was able to send a secret message clear to Major Steele in Washington! "I don't think," the Major was later to reflect, "the Secret Squadron ever came nearer to real disaster."

In those days, the sponsor literally owned the show. And radio shows were usually done live. You could offer premiums, even build the premiums right into the show. But you just can't do it on television.

Television shows aren't owned by the sponsor, they're owned by the network or the producer. And because filming a show is so much more expensive than just recording one — and, frankly, just because it's another way to make money — all shows are designed for eventual syndication as reruns. So no premiums in the scripts. And the one minute commercial is hardly long enough for a Post Office Box number, let alone a zip code.

So what the cereal companies have done is to make the stuff taste good. Cereals now are all chocolate or sugar-frosted or honey-coated or fruit-flavored. But I doubt if they're anywhere near as much fun.

Soap operas came to radio early in the 30's and, like the comedy shows, stayed clear to the end. Ma Perkins, "America's Mother of the Air" and radio's last soap, finally said goodbye June 24, 1960, after 7,065 broadcasts—more than 2,800 consecutive hours with Ma, Fay, Eddie and Shuffle and the Rushville Center lumber yard.

Radio's first soap opera was *Just Plain Bill*, the story of the Hartville barber who had "married out of his station" and who clipped hair and untangled alliances for nigh on to 25 years. Bill was the creation of Frank and Anne Hummert, a husband and wife team who created dozens of successful soaps, including *David Harum*, *Helen Trent*, *Our Gal Sunday* and *Backstage Wife*: . . . *the story of Mary Noble, a little Iowa girl who married Larry Noble, handsome matinee idol, dream sweetheart of a million other women*

Complicated was hardly the word for it. On one soap, *Pretty Kitty Kelly*, a character, got into an elevator one Tuesday afternoon and did not reach the sixth floor un-

til the following Friday.

It's not that the soap opera tried to mirror the housewives, reality. They tried to mirror her *fantasies*. The 35-year-old woman, still not too old to find romance. The home-town girl married to the Broadway star or sophisticated divorcee or "wealthy and titled Englishman."

The last shows to be taken off radio were the mysteries. NBC dropped its dramatic programs in 1959 for *Monitor*, but CBS held out until 1962 with *Suspense* and *Yours Truly, Johnny Dollar*.

No medium could create suspense—and sheer terror—like radio: *This is the witching hour! It is the hour when dogs howl and evil is let loose on a sleeping world! Want to hear about it? Then turn out your lights! Your imagination would run wild creating hideous monsters and living heads and giant chicken hearts that swallowed the earth or at least your house.*

When you watch television, your eyes act as censors, qualifying everything you see. The set is in your living room and your living room, just a glance away from the

screen, is normal enough. There is a steady contact with reality so things you see on television can't replace reality. In a movie house the screen is so big it takes up almost all of what you see, so movies can suspend reality better than television. But with radio if the set is loud enough and the room is dark enough, then radio is *all* there is.

Radio's death was dramatic. Baltimore became the first city where more people watched television than listened to radio. That was in May, 1950. In May, 1949, only 12 per cent of Baltimore had watched TV.

In 1947, Bob Hope and Fibber McGee and Molly were tied for the lead in the Hooper ratings with a 30.2 (the number is the percentage of all the radios that were tuned-in to those shows). Jack Benny's Hooper-rating was 27. By 1950 their ratings, respectively, were down to 13.9, 16.9, and 25.3. And in 1954, with the end just a matter of time, their ratings were 2.5, 3.0 and 5.8. An advertiser tries to reach as large an audience as possible, and in the 50's that audience just wasn't lis-

tening to radio. She had been "Oxydol's Own Ma Perkins," but by 1960 not even 23 different sponsors could keep her on the air.

Horfield Weedon, director of network programs for CBS Radio, said: "We honestly expected radio to die when television came in. The way silent movies died when talkies started."

The late Bud Collyer, *To Tell the Truth* on television and *Superman* (and, with his belt hitched up a notch, Clark Kent) on radio, said that the networks just surrendered, pointing to the profits they have piled up in television sales and programming.

Radio today is a different kind of medium. It informs. It's background. News, music, ball scores. Radio is no longer an entertainment medium. With 60 stations broadcasting into Los Angeles about the only things really worth listening to are Gary Owens, KRLA's news/satire *The Credibility Gap*, and some of the commercials.

Where are the old shows? Armed Forces Radio, today's most creatively programmed radio, still plays some of them. If you join up you can

hear *X-Minus One* in Germany, *Lights Out!* in Spain, *Sagebrush Theater* in Micronesia, and Frank Bresee's fine anthology of old shows, *Golden Days of Radio*, even in Vietnam.

The old shows, when they were recorded at all, were recorded on heavy, bulky 16-inch acetate discs. Networks, advertising agencies and sometimes the actors were given copies and, unfortunately, most of those copies have been either lost or destroyed.

A few months ago, on *The Tonight Show*, Johnny Carson had on most of the original Superman cast and they produced a complete 15-minute show out of the 40s, about Lois and Jimmy trapped by Nazi spies in an abandoned warehouse with Superman madly flying over Metropolis, looking for clues.

When the announcer, Jackson Beck, said, "There's 60 seconds of excitement in every minute of tomorrow's episode, gang, so be sure to tune in tomorrow . . ." you could hear the audience sigh. They knew that, for radio, there is no tomorrow, only yesterday



# More legroom for Los Angeles.

BOAC believes that what this sprawling metropolis, with its leggy movie stars and lanky sports heroes, needs is a little more room to stretch out over the Atlantic and the Pacific. So we're bringing our VC10 to L.A.

It's the remarkable jet with, among other comforting things, an extra-roomy Economy Class seat. You can take one to London or down to Sydney for the same price as an ordinary jet. And it won't cramp your legs or your style.

For reservations, contact your Travel Agent. Or British Overseas Airways Corporation, 1901 Avenue of the Stars, Los Angeles 90067. 272-8866.



# PEOPLE AND PROPERTY

## Reflections on the Battle of Berkeley

By KENNETH LAMOTT

I would be inclined to guess that more words of description and interpretation have been expended on the so-called People's Park in Berkeley than on any other three-acre plot of ground in our recent history. Metropolitan newspapers maintain five-days-a-week coverage of the U.C. campus and of Telegraph Avenue, while at the slightest hint of a story an entire regiment of reporters and a platoon of writers from the magazines descend on Berkeley with their ball-point pens and their notebooks at the ready. The story of this plot of land is, they are all agreed, the story of confrontation—or rather of a series of confrontations—that have included the Students versus the Administration, the Street People versus the Establishment, the Demonstrators versus the Police, the Chancellor versus the Governor, and so on and on.

Although a good deal of this reportage and editorializing has been perceptive and to the point, I was still left with a curiously unsatisfied feeling. To test my own sentiments about the park and what it means, I went back the other day to see what had happened to it since my last visit, which had been on the occasion of the Memorial Day parade, when I had, somewhat to my own surprise, found myself marching along with 30,000 other people with a daisy nodding from a buttonhole of my shirt. (I will return to this later.)

It was a cool, gray summer morning when I went back. The fog was hanging low over the hills above

the campus. In place of the battalions of National Guardsmen who had been bivouacked there, were four guards in the blue-gray uniforms of the Burns organization. Two of them were young and black; two were middle-aged and white. One of the black men was sitting on a bench by himself, near the tall redwood tree that still rises from the center of the block. He was idly tracing designs with a stick on the freshly turned earth. The two white guards were talking, one sitting and one standing, outside a tool shed or guard shack a few yards away. One of them was smoking a curved pipe. At the gate, the other black guard, a very young man who was wearing a tan trench coat, had a walkie-talkie to his ear. It seemed to be going *blatt-blatt-squeak-blatt*. He gave me a pleasant good-morning.

I paced off the dimensions of the park for myself. They came to 94 paces north-and-south by 153 paces east-and-west. A couple of men with the intent look of surveyors about them were measuring with a long tape and then driving stakes. A bulldozer operator fired up his machine and set it in motion. There really wasn't anything left to bulldoze; he was merely adding the final touches to grading the land to make it ready for an intramural playing field. (Next year, according to a decision of the Regents, student apartments will rise on the site.) Hardly anybody passed by on the streets outside. The only reminders of violence were the gashes in the steel mesh fence made by a maverick group of hard-core protes-

tors a week or so before.

As I stood there, looking at the expanse of fresh brown earth and hearing the sound of the bulldozer—in California it is surely among the most symbolic of sounds—I was reminded of two remarks that had stuck in my mind. The first had been made by Mario Savio, the elder statesman of the Berkeley militants, who had told a rally, "At last we are challenging the property relation." The other remark had been made at the height of the troubles by a friend of mine who, as we sat over a drink late at night, had said with a hint of violence in his voice, "But, damn it, that land is *private property*." He is not, as you might expect from these words, a conservative Republican but a man with a long history of involvement in liberal causes.

Somewhere between these two remarks lies an entire history of our attitudes toward land, and I am suggesting that whether we are aware of it or not, all of us are influenced in our attitudes toward the happenings at Berkeley by our feelings about what is meant by land and property. (And it is not only the happenings at Berkeley that bear out my argument. Keep in mind that when student militancy broke out in its most virulent form on the East Coast, it was at Columbia, where the precipitating act was also the University's plans to build on land it owned off-campus. And what of all the other sit-ins where students have taken occupancy of administration buildings? These too, it seems to me, are, as Mario Savio had it,

**The history of California can, if you wish, be read as a pretty dismaying account of the piracy of land.**

challenges to the property relation.)

And here we immediately find ourselves on treacherous ground, for our complex responses to the words *land* and *property* come from deep inside us, from the same powerful and irrational level as our responses to more private words, such as *food* and *love*. To own some land is not nearly as simple as it seems. I myself own some land, but I clearly don't own it in the same sense that I own my shoes. I can wear the shoes, or cut holes in them, or give them away, or throw them in the garbage can, or have them gold-plated. I can't treat my land the same way; I can't, for instance, drill for oil on it, or build an apartment house or a rendering plant on it. I hasten to add that I'm not challenging the University of California's ownership of the land bounded by Haste Street, Dwight Way, and Bowditch Street, but only going so far as to argue that the ownership of land is an entirely more complicated matter than we are inclined to assume.

The lawyers and the historians and the anthropologists know this. Writing not long ago in the magazine *Horizon*—which is hardly an organ of the New Left—Roger Starr expanded on the theme that “Men scratch away at the earth, shaping its slopes to their own changing needs, while leaving their idea of land curiously untouched in their language and their institutions. The idea of land resists change more successfully than does the objective reality, and that idea directs the way in which men use their land.”

The Berkeley militants know this too. One of the earliest communications coming from the rebels, only a few days after the first meeting of the leaders at the Red Square Dress Shop, was a well-designed broadsheet titled **WHO OWNS THE PARK?** In the background was the figure of an embattled Indian. Long of hair, he stood four-square, frowning into the camera, his rifle held at port arms. “Someday a petty official will appear with a piece of

paper, called a land title,” the text began. It went on to argue that the land on which the park was built still belonged in some sense to the Costanoan Indians, and had never rightfully belonged to the Catholic Church, which took it from the Indians, or the Mexican government, which took it from the Church, or the American government, which took it from the Mexicans, or the American settlers, who bought it from their government, or the “rich white men” who passed around the title to the land until it came into the hands of some very rich men—the Regents of the University of California.

It is an appealing argument for the

couple of years before the College of California became the University. The map had been recorded at the request of John Whipple Dwinelle, a distinguished lawyer who introduced the act creating the University to the Legislature and who served on the first board of regents. The land that was to become the People's Park was three lots in the southern half of Block 7 of this subdivision. The trail of the park land disappeared with this map in an ancient book of deeds bound in red leather.

At the Bancroft Library, I found out that the College Homestead Association had been formed to develop and sell lands south of the

Between the Costanoan Indians and the College Homestead Association came the Peralta family. In 1820, the Spanish governor, Pablo Vicente de Sola, had granted the Rancho de San Antonio, a vast tract of land on the eastern shore of San Francisco Bay north of the mission at San Jose, to Don Luis Maria Peralta, a Spanish soldier. His ownership having survived the Mexican revolution against Spain, Don Luis in 1842 divided his ranch among his four sons, of whom Domingo inherited the lands that were to include Berkeley. Like many other Californios, Domingo Peralta was obliged to suffer the illegal occupation and use of his invaders.

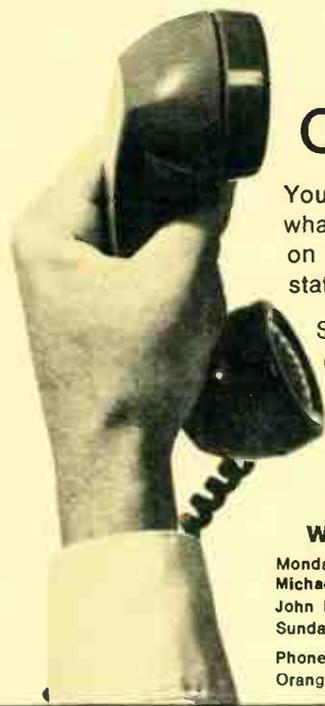
Before the Peraltas were the Indians, who in turn had been forced to yield their lands to the Spanish. Yet, however much we may sympathize with the Costanoans, we will hardly solve anything by turning the ownership of the land back to them. We can, however, recognize the emotional force of the argument.

By contrast, the more recent history of the park seemed to hold fewer emotional pitfalls. In 1956, the Regents authorized a land-acquisition program that included the park area, which was then a block of deteriorating brown-shingled houses, some of which housed students. When the land was bought it was first intended to be used as a soccer field and then for student housing. The buildings were demolished in the spring of 1968 but thanks to a shortage of money stayed vacant, serving as an unofficial parking lot until it was taken over by the students and the street people. If, after all this, we ask the young militants, *Who owns the park?*, we get the answer, *The people own*

*the park.*

In trying to make some sense out of this difficulty, I kept having the nagging feeling that there was a historical parallel that might cast some light on the emotional and physical struggle that had been going on in Berkeley. I found it at last, five hundred years ago, in the practice of enclosing the common land that changed the face of England between the end of the middle ages and the nineteenth century. To the medieval Englishman, common land was exactly that—land that was used in common. When the pattern changed in the fourteenth century and the common

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liberal mind, and particularly for those of us who know something about the history of California, which can, if you wish, be read as a pretty dismaying account of the piracy of land. Armed with a list of the twenty-three most recent owners of the property, I visited both the Alameda County recorder's office and the Bancroft Library of the University of California to find out for myself what the genealogy of this piece of land really is.

The chain of ownership went back from the University through a succession of private owners, to a subdivision map filed by the College Homestead Association in 1866, a

campus to promote the growth of the town of Berkeley. The land then consisted of oak trees and open fields. Business was encouraged by such promotional devices as a basket picnic on the campus in August, 1867, of which it was noted that “many people accepted the invitation and the sale of lots of the Homestead Association was therefore furthered.” Some of the picnickers may well have acquired lots in the southern half of Block 7 at the going rate of \$1,500 per lot. (Thus, the three acres that the University bought in 1967 and 1968 for \$1.3 million had enjoyed a rise in value of 28,889 percent. Oh, California!)

# Is it true Al Jolson blew \$300,000 on a weekend cottage at Lake Arrowhead?

The legends say yes. Jolson and the gang would roar into Arrowhead like it was the only holiday spot in the world.

They'd spend a few hours at Lake Arrowhead's famous North Shore Tavern, and the place wouldn't be the same for a week. On another occasion, one old timer claims Jolson rented a huge French chateau for the weekend and never used anything but the hammock on the front porch. Occasionally, the legends say,

Al Jolson tried to take in everything at Arrowhead in a single weekend. But it simply can't be done unless

maybe you're Clark Kent. There's swimming, fishing, golf, picnics, hiking, tennis, waterskiing, sailing, horseback riding, dancing, you can even celebrity watch at an outdoor cafe. The more time you spend here, the more you'll find to do. And if you tear yourself away from the fun long enough to think about building your weekend cottage, you

can let your imagination run wild. You can design a piney A-frame suspended from a high, craggy cliff. Or a glass box in the midst of a green thicket. You might even consider a futuristic redwood structure over a silver stream. Or plan a French chateau, or a Swiss chalet. Any home is a thing of beauty at Lake Arrowhead. Some of the nicest are just simple cottages tucked among tall pines. Simple or fancy, it seems the setting inspires architects to do justice to the spectacular surroundings.



Small wonder Lake Arrowhead is where the weekend cottage was perfected. And what about Al Jolson's \$300,000 pad? That's one larger-than-life tale that never happened. But at Arrowhead, wherever you look, you can see that hundreds do.

It doesn't take any \$300,000 for you to own a place at Lake Arrowhead.

There are homesites available in the select big tree area, which has just opened. Prices from \$36,000 to \$10,000, with convenient monthly terms available. For complete information, write Boise Cascade Properties Sales Corporation, 50 N. La Cienega Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Calif. 90211. We'll send you our complimentary long-playing recording, "All About Arrowhead," as told by one of America's best known sportsmen, Tom Harmon.



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I'm interested in property at Lake Arrowhead and would like to receive Tom Harmon's free record "All About Arrowhead." I'm over 21, and understand that this request carries no obligation.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Business Phone \_\_\_\_\_ Home Phone \_\_\_\_\_

**Young man faints  
in street.  
Student medics  
in white coats and  
helmets carry him  
to aid station.  
He comes to . . .**

lands began to be fenced off by their owners, the lords of the manors, the families who had been farming these fields were forced to abandon their land. It was a revolution accompanied by personal tragedy and by a transformation of the social structure. To suggest that the fencing of the Berkeley park can be compared to the fencing of the common lands of feudal England is perhaps absurd; yet, I submit that resistance to fencing is a reaction that has deep roots in the human psyche. (Look, for another example, at the history of fencing in our own West.) It is not a trivial matter if only one man is killed in a riot over property rights. The violence in the midst of which James Rector was shot is just possibly a demonstration that Jung was right and that each of us carries within himself, however dimly, a racial memory that is scarred by the emotional shock of earlier fencings.



WILLIAM J. WARREN

And so, as I stood and watched the black Burns guard drawing lines in the fresh dirt, it occurred to me that one clue to the irrationality and violence of the recent events in Berkeley must lie in attitudes toward land that are as much a part of the human animal as his attitudes toward sex and work.

My other principal reaction when I revisited the park came in the form of my memory of the great march through Berkeley and past the park last Memorial Day. Why had I gone? It is a little hard to say. I am a journalist by trade, but I was not there on assignment. I had no strong feelings about the park as a social issue. I did want to see what happened, although I was fearful that the day might end up with buckshot flying and gas descending

as it had ten days before. As it turned out, of course, there was no violence at all, and the prevailing mood of the marchers seemed to be as clear and sunny as the day itself. I went as an observer, standing on the sidewalk with my spiral-bound notebook and ball-point pen, but after awhile I accepted a daisy from a young lady who was most evidently not wearing a brassiere under her tissue-thin blouse, and I joined the parade. Let me transcribe

my notes:

First meet National Guard at Hearst & Oxford. Two trucks shut off street to left. Guardsmen afoot with big-barrelled guns (gas guns?) and BAR's. They mean business—lowered rifles in front of people trying to get through.

Street completely full. Many signs aloft. Large banner reads COMMITTEE OF CONCERNED ASI-AN SCHOLARS. Ying-yang symbol on it. Middle-aged woman in

wheelchair on sidewalk, holding daisies and smiling. Some embattled senior citizens, (Did the first little old lady in tennis shoes come from Berkeley?)

East Indians carrying flowers. Look natural. Must look up Hindu religious festivals. Many pretty Japanese and Chinese girls. Where are Japanese and Chinese men? Probably studying engineering and business administration.

Some people carrying American

# How to tell the difference

A telescopic *headpole* is fastened alongside the horse's head and neck to keep his head straight.

Most pacers wear leather or plastic straps called *hobbles* on their legs to "remind" them to move forward keeping their legs in unison and helping to keep in gait.

*Knee boots* protect the horse's knees from blows from the opposite foot especially on turns where he is more likely to break stride if he brushes his knee.

The *shadow roll* is a large sheepskin type roll worn just above the nose which limits the horse's view and prevents his shying at papers or other objects.



The *pacer* is a *laterally gaited* horse, moving both legs on one side of his body forward at one time with a swaying motion. First the right two, then the left two legs.

## Pacer

flags with flowers tied on the end of staffs.

We turn into business district. Alameda County deputies with shotguns look down from roof. Blue coveralls. Kids call them blue meanies.

Ladies with big jug of iced tea pour me some in plastic cup. Too much sugar, but cold and good.

Up Dwight Way to park. Accordion rolls of barbed wire. Ten feet behind fence stand a line of

guardsmen, smoking and talking at ease. But fixed bayonets. Fence has been decorated with flowers. On no-parking sign on fence somebody has written DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS. Smiles on both sides of fence.

Young man faints in street. Student medics in white coats and white helmets (red crosses) carry him to aid station. He comes to and looks surprised.

I follow state truck loaded with

rolls of fresh sod. Two blocks above park, truck stops. Boys lay sod in middle of street. Ad hoc park. Two boys play with Frisbees. Others play catch, softball. Slender young black man turns on garden hose. Water arches up and falls on sod. Everybody sprinkled. Buxom girl deliberately stands in spray. Striped T-shirt clinging to full breasts, she dances, arms raised. Applause. Laughter.

Up around Eastern edge of campus on Piedmont, Memorial

***I accepted a daisy from a young lady who was most evidently not wearing a bra under her blouse.***

Stadium, Cowell Hospital. People sunning on grass. Shoes off, sore feet. Girl medics offer me water. Lukewarm. Out-of-gas truck being pushed by twenty people. No cops. No guardsmen.

Back to Dwight Way. In vacant lot, crew is building another park. Very small. Symbolic park. But they work hard, bare-chested, sweating. While they dig, two young men, yellow monks' robes, stand on bed of sound truck, chanting: *Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Krishna, Hare Rama . . .*

Well, it was a phenomenon, a march that started with premonitions of violence and disaster and that ended by turning me on with its general air of exhilaration and joy. So this is my second point: We are all, both the young people and we somewhat older citizens, starving for a sense of participation, for the sense that we are taking part in the defense of a cause, even when that cause is as confused and murky as the People's Park.

I have, I know, neglected to write about the "real" issues of the park—about what the Governor said and what the Chancellor replied and when the fence went up and why the Sheriff told his men they could use buckshot. Partly this has been because these things have been written about at such great length already, but mostly I have been moved by my conviction, as I watched the surveyors and the bulldozer and the Burns guards, that the less visible issues are equally important, or perhaps more important. The park, or something like the park, will rise to trouble us again, and if we ignore these less visible issues, it will be to our own peril.



# between a pacer and a trotter.

The *martingale* runs from the girth between the horse's front legs to the reins and helps prevent the trotter from tossing and raising his head.

Leather *hind shin boots* protect the lower hind legs from the front shoes which graze the hind legs of some trotters.

Sheepskin lined *elbow boots* protect the rear and bottom of the horse's shoulders from the front feet as they are folded back in top stride.

*Quarter boots* protect the tender front heel of the foot from being cut by the hind shoes.

The trotter is a *diagonally gaited* horse, moving opposite legs forward at the same time with a high-stepping straight ahead gait.

## Trotter

You can see trotters trot and pacers pace nightly (except Sundays) from September 23rd through December 22nd. Reserved seats available at any Ticketron outlet. Or call TRS-1000.

## Night Racing at Hollywood Park

Can two people find happiness in a Coliseum? Should a backfield in motion, improperly identified, be cause for divorce? Housewives, don't let your marriage go on the rocks during the football season. There's still time to shape up before the referee blows the whistle on you. Start by reading these marriage-saving suggestions. By RUBIN CARSON.

## EVERY WOMAN'S GRID GUIDE

Every male's euphoria at the arrival of the 1969 gridiron season is tempered by one Cosmic Verity—football and women do not mix. Why this is so no one knows, but that it is so, no divorce counselor can deny. Like oil and water, Ying and Yang, positive and negative poles, football and women are mutually explosive.

In spite of this, I have never met a Cosmic Verity that could best a woman. I *know* you ladies could transform yourselves into delightful football companions. Naturally, you would have to become helpmates instead of hindrances, willing participants instead of roadblocks, illuminating presences instead of ominous mushroom clouds. In short, you would have to *shape up!*

To the woman who aspires to shaping up, to becoming a new 60-minute you during this, the 100th anniversary of the gridiron sport, I present a few critical suggestions:

**LISTEN WITH YOUR THIRD EAR ON GAME DAY:** If your Loved One becomes absolutely psychotic about being a few minutes late for the kick-off, you have probably wondered why. Freudian theory holds that the typical football nut got that way because of a compulsive inner fantasy. A fantasy which tells him that some day the star quarterback is going to have the wind knocked out of his wrist and that he personally will have to come down from the stands and save the game. When the call comes, he wants to be sitting there ready to play a full 60 minutes of football. Become aware of your Loved One's inner needs. Don't decide at the last minute that your fall needs a few hours of teasing. Realize the psychological havoc you can cause on game day. *Be on time.* The psyche you save may be your own.

**DO NOT BECOME PARANOIAC ABOUT FOOTBALL FEVER:** When the man in your life suffers libidinal downward mobility between the *Times* Charity Game in August and the Hula Bowl Game in January, there is no reason to suspect the new receptionist. Football fever isn't something your Loved One whimsically wished on himself, it's an *illness*. The symptoms are irritating and chaotic, roughly analogous to 14th Century Monk's Disease, in which the victim wanders from place to place having one beatific vision after another. Sympathize and remember: Although he's not looking at you, he's not looking at anyone else either.

**CONSIDER FOOTBALL ON TV AS A CULTURAL EVENT:** Nothing alienates a man half so much as a woman who adopts a patronizing, down-her-lorgnette attitude about his football TV watching. It's as if he were viewing *Petticoat Junction* or some other example of the bland leading the bland. A football game on TV should be considered on the same cultural level as a Greek Tragedy. The unities of Time and Place are in the family room—the action unfolds, showing how one fatal flaw can lead to the downfall of even the greatest hero—and ultimately the cathartic, when the final gun goes off and your Loved One is exhausted on his Barcalounger. When you consider the football TV experience in this Aristotelian sense, then you are well on your way to a mature, enlightened attitude.

**ACCEPT THE INVITATION GRACEFULLY:** Most women react to an invitation to a football game as if they've been asked to share a railway carriage with their mother-in-law on the Trans-Siberian Railway for seven days and nights. They come down with migraine, plead allergies that nobody ever heard of, claim that every babysitter within a 50-mile radius is busy at the same senior prom. Some will even feign pleasure at being invited and then get even by initiating long-delayed projects involving interior decorators, home remodelers, pool contractors, etc. Nothing angers a man more than this type of behavior. The wise woman accepts invitations gracefully, without recourse to hallowed feminine Avoidance Syndromes. Rest assured that forbearance now will result in many new static-free charge accounts in the off-season.

**DON'T REGARD A FOOTBALL GAME AS A GOURMET ADVENTURE:** There is nothing worse for a football addict's ulcers than a woman's dining habits. If it's a night game, she invariably insists on some Old World, *gemütlich* place where the waiters look like S. Z. Szakal and move about as fast. If the couple makes it to the stadium in time for the post-game wrap-up, it's some sort of a minor miracle. A day game piques the pastoral, alfresco side of her nature where she simply must have an intimate gourmet picnic. By the time the man's carted the refried truffles, bernaise sauce, and carton of Bibb lettuce half-way round Exposition Park, he's more in the mood for a nursing home than a sports event. If you want to adjust to the group situation remember this:

A football game is a rite, not a social event. It was never designed to be an adventure in gracious living. Save your Loved One's nervous stomach. *Eat hot dogs in your seat.*

**DO NOT TURN THE AWAY-FROM-HOME GAME INTO A SHOPPING ORGY:** What is more enervating to the spirit than the trip up North for the annual clobbering of those fun revolutionary centers, Cal and Stanford? Yet, what happens the minute the plane touches down in the Bay Area? Right! The woman invariably discovers that she isn't appropriately dressed for the occasion. If the weather is in the foggy low-fifties, she's wearing a little Dynel see-through mini-jumper that wouldn't keep her warm in the tropics. If the weather is hot, chances are she's clad in some thermal-heated parka that would be just perfect for *Ice Station Zebra*. What ensues is something that crushes the spirit of even the most iron-hearted football buff—a boutique-by-boutique chase through San Francisco that makes him miss the bonfires in Union Square, the cable car overturnings, and the rallies through the colorful old hotel lobbies of Nob Hill. Remember! The next time you accompany your Loved One up North, bring two of *everything!*

**WORK ON YOUR ATTENTION SPAN:** The price of football pleasure is pain. How desperately one needs to share this vortex, this maelstrom, this miasma of emotion when Fortune's Wheel turns against you. Yet, nothing is as disappointing as turning to one's Loved One after a fumble only to find her glued to the binoculars, peering at a dress whose earthtones might be just perfect for the new breakfast nook. Or, just as the team has had its sixth pass intercepted, wanting to fall prostrate into her arms but being unable to do so—she's three aisles over, asking a complete stranger where she got those sequin-covered panty-hose. Work on your attention span! Involve, identify. *Feel* the gridiron experience. At time of sorrow, your Loved One *needs you.*

**THE COLISEUM IS NO PLACE TO BE COMPETITIVE:** Nothing is as damaging to a man's ego as diagnosing a play as a Number 3 spinner and then being informed by his Loved One (in a voice louder than the cheering section's) that he must have astigmatism—it was really a Number 6 mouse-trap. In spite of what Helen Gurley Brown says, men do not want you to bone up on sports pages, attend coach's

clinics, or join neighborhood Pony League auxiliaries just so you can shine in the stands on game day. The Coliseum is no place to be competitive; a man's got all the Feminine Mystique he can use back in the real world.

**DON'T INHIBIT HIM:** No ladies' club lecture series is complete these days without some psychiatrist telling you how you can improve your sex life, your complexion and even your Baked Alaska by learning how to express hostile feelings. Why is it then that women pray for the bleachers to swallow them up the minute their Loved One greets the opposition team with cries of "Kill the Communists" or "Drop dead, you cretins"? A football stadium is one of the few places left where a man can scream for the blood of a fallen rival without being considered a Marat-Sade or hauled into the boss's office for a heart-to-heart sensitivity course on attitude. When you go to a football game don't insist that your Loved One behave himself like a mama's boy.

**DO NOT DEFEND THE COACH:** One of the great pleasures in football is blaming the coach. No matter if he's brought the team to the Rose Bowl six years running, developed unknown paraplegics into triple-threat quarterbacks and uses the best Hollywood writers on his weekly TV program it is automatically the coach's stupidity when things go wrong on the field. Due to some atavistic female trait, however, women insist on defending him. They point out that on the way to the game, their Loved One was calling him the greatest living genius since the inventor of The Pill. A football game is no place to indulge your maternalism! Learn to accept your Loved One's irrational behavior when his team is behind. Develop some of your own insults so you can chime in at appropriate times. Above all, do not defend him—at a time like that, who needs logic?

**WAIT FOR THE FINAL GUN:** Hell hath no fury like the man who leaves the Coliseum a winner and finds out on the car radio that he's a loser. Yet, no feminine gridiron dido stands out more than her pathological need to leave before the final gun. It's as if being on time to some obscure Lox-In at her mother's is more important than waiting for a critical last-minute touchdown. Control your need to beat the traffic! Ask any divorce attorney: More than one shatter-proof marriage has hit the rocks in some Coliseum parking lot.



Bruce  
Day

By BURT PRELUTSKY

## LOVE ME, LOVE MY AGENT

The Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel has 12 phones, mostly used by agents. But contrary to the stereotypes, hardly any of those agents act or think alike. Three of the most successful are Swifty Lazar, below, flanked by Theodore H. White and director Richard Brooks. On the opposite page, top, are George Litto, who looks toward producing, and Paul Kohner, bottom, who represents, among others, Maurice Chevalier and John Huston.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROD DYER

**A**gents are people, too. If you haven't ever had an agent or known someone who had an agent, you may not find that announcement too startling. But surely even those among you who have never had to pay tithes for the privilege of acting in a movie or writing a screenplay must have heard all about Hollywood agents by now.

After all, in every book about Tinseltown, he pops up—usually named Sidney. His greed is boundless. If a client for instance, finds a dollar in the street, he can expect Sidney to dun him for a dime. His lechery is legendary. No aspiring young starlet can hope to interest Sidney in representing her without you-know-what. He is, it goes without saying, a moral degenerate. In exchange for an invitation to Richard Zanuck's home, Sidney, like any fictional agent worth his French cuffs, would gladly sell his daughter.

As depicted in movies, the typical Hollywood flesh peddler is a fast-talking conniver who is constantly going up on the toes of his pointy Italian shoes to look over the shoulder of the person he's talking *at*—for fear that someone more important may be around. He is always pictured with a blonde—one-half or one-third his age—on his arm or in his bed. He attacks grammar and syntax with a sledgehammer. His conversation is studded with *believe me's* and *would I lie to you's?* And given half a chance, he'll *sweetheart* and *baby* you to death.

The truth, I regret to say, is not nearly so picturesque. Agents, it turns out, are really only salesmen. Their commodity happens to be people rather than furniture or neckties, but salesmen are what they are. Some are soft-sell and come on like stock brokers; others are hard-sell and come on like gangbusters. But they are generally as adaptable to the particular scene and circumstance as a chameleon. And for the same reason: self-preservation in a very tough world.

According to one successful agent, Milton Pickman, "Not every guy can walk in off the street and be an agent—but *almost* any guy can."

They work either in one, two and three man offices, for medium-sized agencies, which often offer the client representation on both coasts, or they labor for the giants, such as CMA, Marvin Josephson and William Morris, which offer world-wide representation plus, it's been rumored, a personal note of introduction to the Lord, Himself—if your act happens to get booked into the Big Room Upstairs.

A local writer who has been handled by all three types of agencies sums up his experiences: "The small outfit cares about you. They give you personal attention, but they often lack the muscle to get you work. They're the equivalent of mama and papa stores; they love you to death, but sooner or later you have to take your business to the supermarket. The medium-sized agency has more muscle, but they also have many more clients to service. Also, if you decide, say, to take time off from screenplays to write short stories or even a novel, they lose interest in you because screenplays mean big, fast money and the other stuff usually doesn't. The big, big agencies are great because they can package the deal for you; they get the producer, the director, the stars—the whole *shmeer*, all their own clients—and your movie gets made. The problem, though, is that unless you're one of the top name writers, the package swallows you up and you wind up forgotten. Also, in the big agency, they may have hundreds of writers among their clients. And, although they'd probably deny it, they list their writer clients by price; first come the big money guys—Ernie Lehman, Sterling Silliphant, Nunnally Johnson, fellows like that, then their middle money-making writers, and finally their smaller names. Believe me, they try a damned lot harder to get assignments for their elite corps than they do for the struggling young writer, who's the guy who really needs the clout of a dedicated agent. But I guess you can't really blame the agency; I mean, they're in business, right? And it's only good business to get 10 percent of a quarter million than 10 percent of 20 grand. I think most people are tempted to run with the big agencies because that's where the powerhouse names are represented—and you think maybe some of their status will rub off on you. But, as a rule, it doesn't. You just wind up getting lost in the shuffle. The big agency is like a machine that can grind you up."

To hear what the machine had to say in its own defense, I visited Joe Schoenfeld, cohead of the motion picture division for the William Morris Agency. The Morris Agency has been in existence since 1898, when it represented vaudeville, variety and concert acts. Today, as well as such things can be measured, it is probably the largest and most powerful talent agency in the world—with offices in Beverly Hills, New York, Chicago, London, Rome, Paris, Madrid and Munich.

I asked Schoenfeld for the Morris secret to success and longevity. (Only London's Forster Agency, founded in 1896, pre-dates Morris.) "I don't know if I'd call it a secret. It's our policy to raise our agents from the ground up. We start them in the mailroom and move them up to secretarial work where they come in contact with agents. After about three years, they rise to the sub-agent category. As a result, this company has a tremendous record of longevity in management."

When I asked him how many clients are signed with the Morris Agency,

and he confessed he had no idea, I wondered if that didn't indicate that the office had grown too large. "The important thing is that we do our utmost to see to it that our people get personal management. The day-to-day contact with the client is in the hands of one or two men; the individual is not slighted."

I asked him what he looked for in a prospective agent. "We observe him, his personality. We want him garrulous, without being brash. We observe his reliability, his trustworthiness—mainly his ability to get along with the other people in the office."

If he is trustworthy, reliable and garrulous without being brash, he will start out at about \$250-a-week. A senior agent can earn upwards of \$50,000-a-year, plus profit-participation.

I wondered if, considering all the fictional Sidneys, Schoenfeld was defensive about being an agent. "Agents have been pictured as stripe-suited thugs with derby hats, as flesh merchants, as morons. That's all so much baloney! We actually perform a great service. Dissemination of information is terribly important; the most indispensable knowledge to people in the industry is what the studios are up to. That's where we come in. To insure that we are constantly aware if there's anything available for our writers, directors, producers, actors, we have two staff meetings a week, plus constant memos. Our papers, Telex and phone bills are enormous. But they're essential. I personally get great satisfaction out of accomplishing something for our clients—like getting Fred Zinnemann to direct *A Man for All Seasons* or Beatty and Penn to do *Bonnie and Clyde*."

When I recalled for him that MCA had once bullied 20th Century-Fox into dropping Tony Randall and signing, instead, a client, Dean Martin, for *The Young Lions* (or else 20th would get no Marlon Brando and Montgomery Clift for that picture), Schoenfeld claimed, "We'd never do that. We'd never dream of foisting upon a star a director, or vice versa."

About the practice of pirating or, in his words, "wooing other agencies' clients," Schoenfeld admitted, "That's always a factor in the agency business, but we don't make a policy of it like some other offices that actually run well-organized military campaigns. I can swear that we've never raided a small agency. If a client comes to us, we'll go to his agency and arrive at an offer to buy up the contract settlement. We might either offer to buy up the contract or offer the agent a percentage of our commission for a period of time. If you were with a small agency, we would never approach you—that's a rule. If you were with a major agency, though, and we thought you weren't getting proper representation, we would contact you and fill you in on our ideas."

Wasn't there some probability in such a large agency that clients would often be competing against one another? After all, James Coburn had jumped reps because he thought his original agent was a little too busy servicing Lee Marvin. "Coburn may have had other reasons, of course, but if he honestly felt that his career would surge just because he switched agents, he's probably mistaken. Marvin happens to be a major star; Coburn isn't. It doesn't matter who the agent happens to be. At this point, Marvin is going to be offered the bigger movies and the bigger money. At least before, if a producer sent a script to Marvin, and Lee was already committed through '71, the agent could ethically suggest to the producer that if he couldn't wait the three years, he might consider Coburn."

If Schoenfeld is a cog in the machine, Paul Kohner is, according to Paul Kohner, "a lone wolf . . . or like a small Tiffany's." He was born 65 years ago in a part of Austria that became Czechoslovakia after World War I. He is short, grey, overweight, multi-lingual and charmingly rumpel.

Kohner's career began in the employ of Carl Laemmle, founder of Universal. "I produced over 100 pictures for Carl in Europe, and when he sold the studio, I felt like a fish out of water. I worked at MGM for two years, but the old guard was still there, and I was terribly unhappy. When a friend of mine built an office building in 1939, I asked him to rent me space. I had decided to become an agent. I had an office now, but no clients. The next Monday I went to Universal and snuck around the lot for a while. I dropped in on my old friend Joe Pasternak. When I asked him what he needed, he said, a movie for Deanna Durbin. I left his office and walked around the lot some more, and ran into a writer, Conrad Bercovici. I asked him if he had a story for Deanna Durbin. He did. I asked him if he had an agent. He didn't. I went back to Pasternak and told him Bercovici's story. He loved it. He asked, how much? I said, \$50,000 for the story and the screenplay. He said, it's a deal. I was in business. Then I went back and told Bercovici, whose price at the time was \$25,000, that I'd gotten him fifty; he kissed me."

Today, Kohner's office handles over 200 clients—mostly Europeans—of whom Kohner personally represents 30 or 40. Among the Kohner clientele are William Wyler, John Huston, Maurice Jarre, Ingrid Thulin, Geraldine Chaplin, George Segal, Ursula Andress, Maurice Chevalier and Ingmar Bergman.

For Kohner, "The pleasure of the business comes in building careers. I don't see any drawbacks to my profession. I have the liberty to pick and choose where I work. If I feel I'm not being treated well at a studio, I





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simply go elsewhere. For me the hardest part is finding a little privacy. My wife complains we have no Saturdays and Sundays. But, otherwise, it's a wonderful life. I always feel if I had a telephone—even if I were immobilized—I could make a good living. Sometimes, though, I have this nightmare—I dream I'm sneaking around Universal, looking for a job. But that's just a dream. As long as I've got this brain working, I'm well off. In the old days, the studios used agents for . . . all sorts of things. But now it's strictly business. As far as clients go, ingratitude is still there sometimes, but that can't be helped. Actors, after all, have egos, and they can't always live with the reminder that they didn't do it all themselves. My daughter, Susan, was my most grateful client — she presented me with a beautiful grandson."

Milt Pickman, for one, would argue with Kohner. "Creative people have a very limited span to their careers — and they've got to make every day work. If a client wants to take a walk, you can't call him an s.o.b. He doesn't owe his agent a damn thing. An agent gets his 10 percent, and that's all he's entitled to. Not love, not gratitude—nothing but his commission."

Totally opposite from Kohner, who is one of the easy-going elder statesmen of the business, is George Litto. He is short, wears glasses and long sideburns, and looks like a cross between Alan King and Al Capp. He is 38, a spiffy dresser and a bachelor. He gives the impression that he runs on some sort of extraordinary current. You get the idea that if you asked him when he sleeps, he'd tell you, *I don't—I don't have time. When I retire, I'll sleep.* And that if you asked him when he plans to retire, he'd say, *Retire? Who has time to retire? When they bury me, I'll retire.*

He handles writers, directors and a few producers. Among them are Michael Wilson, Waldo Salt, Abe Polonski, Ring Lardner Jr., and Adrian Scott. "Someone once said I handle 17 of the Hollywood 10."

Litto started in the William Morris New York office, in 1955. "I left Morris and went into the film syndication business because I wanted to make money. Seven years ago I came out here

because New York is a million miles from the movie industry, and I always loved movies; the theatre, as Antonioni said, is one continuous long shot. I came here to L.A. in partnership with a small New York literary agency. Three months after I opened my doors, I caught hepatitis, and the first week's hospital bill wiped me out. When I recovered, I went to work at the Shifrin-Hyland office for very little loot. When they split up, I stayed with Bill Shifrin. A year later, we became partners. After two years, I started my own company. I decided not to handle any actors. In fact, I always regretted that movies couldn't work like Disney wanted them to; actors are such a pain that sometimes you wished you could just erase them. My favorite clients are writers. I find them exciting, thinking people. I love trivial information for one thing, and writers seem to accumulate so much of it in their research for books and scripts. They're walking encyclopedias.

"They turn me on. It used to be that New York writers were considered fresh because they hadn't been programmed to happy endings and virtuous leading ladies. But in the past five years, the movie industry has changed—now there's a tremendous traffic between New York and Hollywood and London. It's a good thing for the movies, for the writers and for me."

About the business, Litto says, "I spend a good 50 percent of my time on the phone. That's where it's done. It's a nutty business—I always get too much money or too little. They either don't let you in the gate or they give you the keys to all the soundstages. And, unfortunately, talent isn't the criteria in this business—it's all a matter of having been associated with monetarily successful productions."

I asked him about some of the better deals he's put together. "The deal I made for *Petulia* was extraordinary. I got the producer and the director creative control on the final cut. Warner Brothers got no overhead costs, and the participation for the director and the producer was based on the gross; highly unusual. In addition, the actual fees they got were very high. Ken Hyman, out

at Warners, still gets a pain in his stomach when he thinks about those fees. On the other hand, every time you make a great deal, you come within a goose of making no deal at all. Like, one day we came close to settling for \$1,000 a week for Ray Wagner to produce *Petulia*; the very next week we signed a deal for him—\$250,000, plus 15 percent of the picture. You go figure it. No one, I mean no one, wanted to buy *Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern*. We didn't think we could give it away. But we finally got \$350,000. In this crazy business, you only need one good buyer. My best deal was with *Hang 'Em High*. I packaged the movie, I handled the writers and the producer, and I got a flat fee which was higher than an agent's usual commission. My part of the deal could amount to a quarter of a million dollars.

"In this industry, I sometimes think they're playing a game called figure-out-your-own-form-of-suicide. Like, I offered Mike Wilson to 20th to rewrite *Planet of the Apes* for \$100,000. No deal. Instead they agreed to pay him \$7,500-a-week, and he wound up with \$112,500."

About his future, Litto says, "If I wanted to, I could just about name my own price at any other agency in town—except for William Morris. They used to pay me \$35-a-week; they didn't think I was any good then, and they don't think I'm any good now. At least they're consistent. In five years, I won't be an agent. I want to be a producer—a buyer, not a seller. Let them come to me."

The most different of them all is a 61 year old fellow, who's short, bald, wears steel-rimmed glasses, and is otherwise nondescript. His name is Irving Paul Lazar. Everyone calls him Swifty.

His long-time associate, Milton Pickman, claims, "If you didn't know Lazar for 42 years, as I have—going all the way back to Brooklyn Law School—you'd probably kill yourself out of frustration, trying to figure him out."

Even his competitor, George Litto, admits, "Whatever I aspired to was a result of the legend of Swifty Lazar. He's the champ. You go out for eggs and come back with bigger and better apples—that's Swifty. Lazar is a beagle for hunting; if you think you have the best property in the world, he'll find a way to let you know he's the best agent in the world. But if you're in trouble, don't look for Irving; he can't be bothered—he goes strictly for the cream."

Lazar doesn't appear to be the stuff of which legends are made. He looks, I suppose, exactly like what he started out to be. A lawyer. He was side-tracked in 1930 when MCA sued one of his clients and Lazar won the case.

When World War II began, Lazar enlisted in the army and went to O.C.S. to become a second lieutenant. "In the army, one of the things I did was to produce a show, *Winged Victory*, by

Moss Hart, for General Arnold. After the war, I went back to MCA and they sent me to California. It was Moss Hart who induced me to break away, and to go into business for myself. He said he'd see to it that I got George S. Kaufman, Edna Ferber and Cole Porter."

Hart kept his word. Today, although those first fabulous four are gone, Lazar's list is no less dazzling. His clients include David Merrick, Josh Logan, Truman Capote, Alan Jay Lerner, Richard Brooks, Burton Lane, Comden and Green and Noel Coward.

There are certain pet phrases for which Lazar is noted. In *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?*, George Axelrod's agent-character mouthed them all. They include, "dear boy," "I have no contracts with my clients, a handshake is enough" and, particularly, "I'll take care of everything"—or, as the late Quentin Reynolds put it, "Lazar is my shepherd, I shall not want."

Lazar's deals, both buying and selling, are put together with a lawyer's finesse and a con man's flair. Sometimes, as when the property is a Broadway musical, Lazar may officially only rep one of five or six individuals (producer, writers, composer, lyricist) who own a piece of the show. Sometimes he represents all parties. But, as a rule, if Swifty is in any way involved, he negotiates. And the deals he's put over would have convinced John Dillinger that crime doesn't pay—at least not near as well as walking into a room, unarmed, and coming out with (1) \$750,000, plus one-third of the movie, *In Cold Blood*, for Truman Capote; (2) \$3 million, plus 30 percent of the gross, for *Man of La Mancha*; (3) \$5 million for *My Fair Lady*; (4) \$5½ million for *Promises, Promises*; (5) \$1½ million, against 10 percent of the gross, for *The Sound of Music* (the gross may yet reach \$150 million).

Lazar, the world's worst driver; tools up a canyon road, pretending there is an extra lane where any fool can plainly see there is not. He doesn't drive like he owns the road, but like he has just made a deal for it—and can no longer be bothered. When he should be watching where he is going, he is turning to tell me, "The greatest satisfaction is to organize the lives of people who are terribly talented, but who haven't the ability themselves to get the most for the product of their labor."

We finally arrive at his mountaintop home, overlooking Trousdale, where we lunch on hot dogs and non-fat milk. Between bites, sips and phone calls, he tells me what he can about Swifty and the bizarre business he's in. "I handle about 30 writers and directors, but if I handled actors, I would have to limit myself to about three. Actors require a special sort of attention because their needs are far more urgent than writers at any given moment. Take Nabokov. He lives in Switzerland. I'll go over and read 150 pages, then again and read 600 pages, and finally I go back continued

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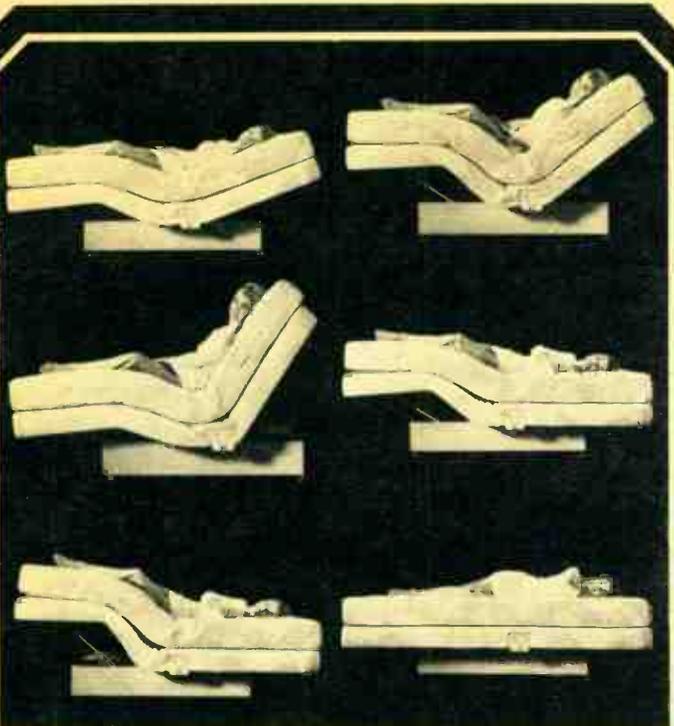
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and there's the finished manuscript of 'Ada' and I'm ready to sell it for \$750,000. I don't have to hold writers' hands. But, say, you handle Liz Taylor, though; you have to be on the set in case her hairdresser fails to arrive or her toilet backs up, or it's a full-blown crisis and you have to rush to her if she discovers her costume doesn't fit — after she's gained 10 pounds over the weekend."

I asked him if he, like Litto, would consider giving up selling for buying. "No, the producing of a movie would be too constricting. I can't abide all the waiting. Producing is interesting to people with a more leisurely basis or frame of mind than mine. As a producer, with no writing or directing talent—and I have none at all—I'd just be a watcher, a waiter. Besides, the producer who's only a producer is out-moded today. You have producer-directors like Lean, Wilder, Jewison, Frankenheimer and Schlesinger who do it all themselves. You think guys like Clouzot, Godard and Zeffirelli need guys like Ponti and De Laurentiis, who can't even read, tell *them* how to make movies? Today, Hollywood is better and more exciting than it's ever been. Mayer, Cohn, Warner—all the old poops—never went to see theatre. They sent their producers, instead. But the young kids heading up the studios today—Evans, Hyman, Dickie Zanuck—they know what's going on. They work like dogs and they see everything.

Lunch finished with, Lazar made a few more phone calls. Those out of the way, we got back in the Ghia for the ride back to his office.

As he zoomed off in his own personal dream-lane, I could feel the hot dogs and non-fat milk coming for a return appearance.

If it's true that in our society a man's true nature comes through in the way he handles a car, Irving Paul Lazar is impatient, reckless, and apparently regards himself as indestructible.

As I thought about it, careening along beside him in that non-existent lane, I began to relax. I mean, if Jack Warner couldn't dent his door, and Harry Cohn simply bounced off his fender and even Louis B. Mayer went splat on his windshield, what mattered if the lane existed? Swifty did.

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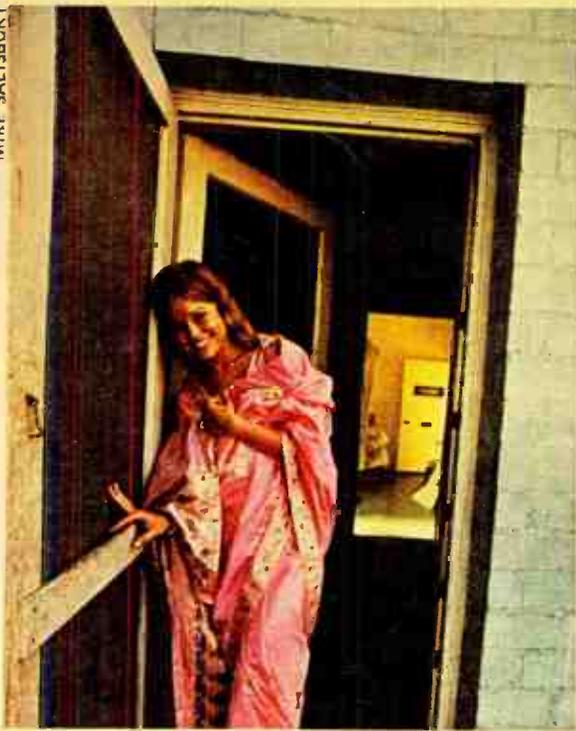
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Opposite, Cheryl romps in her home pool in a Dior see-through swim suit. At left, she visits The Haystack in a pink calico sari with matching choli embroidered in silk and gold. \$595.



The Century Plaza pool provides a test for her washable blue embroidered cotton shift, left.

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"The most exotic, erotic, exciting place I've ever been," she says, after spending a week alone with her mother-in-law. Of course in her case, mother-in-law happens to be Barbara Hutton, the place, Tangier, the lovely lady herself, Cheryl Reventlow, wife of the sportsman-playboy Lance Reventlow. During their vacation together, Barbara Hutton, one of the world's wealthiest women, made sure Cheryl would have fun. She had tents set up on the beautiful stretch of Moroccan beach, decorated with Oriental rugs, inside, protected by guards outside, caviar, pate and champagne for nourishment, camels and belly dancers for entertainment. Cheryl claims she put on five pounds in one week; one of her acquaintances says, "all in jewelry." Certainly, the blonde beauty who grew up in Sherman Oaks has cultivated some expensive tastes, in clothes as well as jewels. She prefers the look of a sari to a St. Laurent. She's not alone . . . many of the young Hollywood stars are beginning to mix Moroccan and Indian clothes.

## MISSION TO MOROCCO

By REVA BERGER

# PANAMA'S BLACK BONANZA

Long before jets were flying Los Angeles fishermen non-stop to Panama, one Vasco Nunez de Balboa stumbled upon the Pacific Ocean after an excruciatingly long trek through the Panamanian jungle. He was disappointed by its prospects. Alas, he didn't think there was any profit to be had in all that water.

True, he might have bottled it, and if the label were catchy, the price right, he might have made a profit from Spanish soldiers optimistic enough to fancy they would one day return home and amuse the wife and kids with eccentric souvenirs. But Balboa's mind was aglitter with gold. This was the stuff that fired his dream. Doubtless he was inspired by local rumors that gold was so plentiful the Indians used it for sinkers when they went fishing.

Early in the 1500's, Balboa set up a temporary camp at the head of a tiny bay, half an hour's canoe paddle from the deep waters of the Pacific. He went looking for gold, found none, and so moved on to more gilded pastures. He didn't hang around long enough to find out what the fishing was like.

Today, Balboa's former campsite looks from a distance like a Hollywood mock-up for an inspiring flick that evokes, to the sound of bag-pipes and squeaky cobra chairs, those magnificent Empire days when Somerset Maugham was one of the dozing regulars on the

garden veranda of the Singapore Raffles. It is natural for the visitor, as he approaches the dock in a jet-speed water taxi, to imagine he is a bit player in some tropical bedazzler starring Johnny Weissmuller, Bing, Bob, and Dorothy, very possibly Cheetah and Jonathan Winters doing his thing as a canny beachcomber selling bottled Pacific Ocean water to giggly Kansas schoolmarms.

Ah, yes, Jonathan Winters really was here. So were Bob Hope and Sam Snead. And perhaps it is the veiled recollection of one of Winter's video pantomimes, inspired by his visit, that feeds your imagination as the boat approaches the dock. As the boat gets closer, the Hollywood mock-up vanishes, and all for the better is it replaced by the real McCoy: real banana trees wearing live bananas, a few of which you may be served for breakfast tomorrow; honest coconut palms bearing questionable coconuts. But then someone who has been here before explains that the elongated coconuts are the woven nests of exotic birds, a bird whose squawk is so utterly tropical, you know when you hear it you have reached the rainbow's promised end.

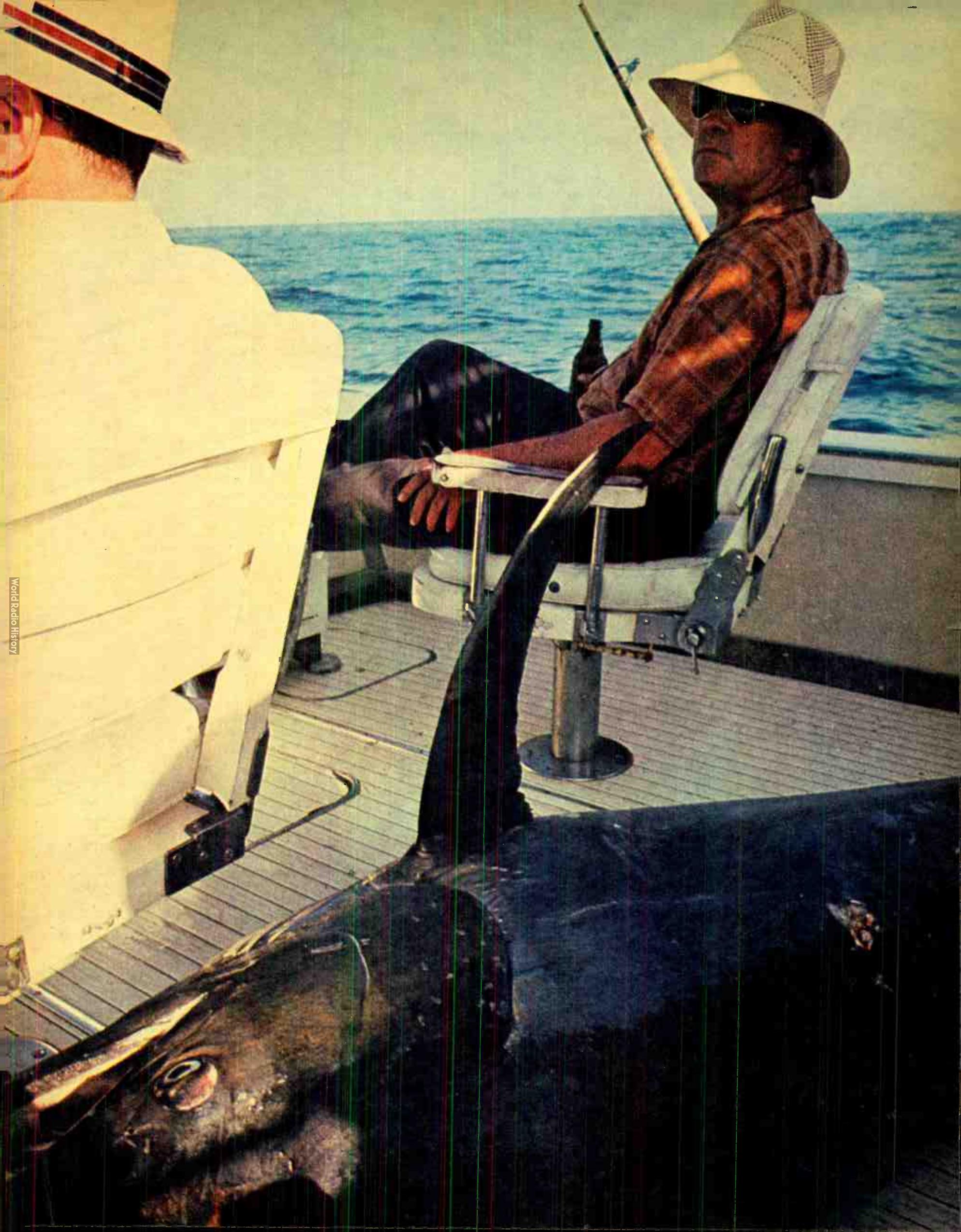
It is just as the brochure, the one you wrote for last fall, implied it was: paradisaical, with no extra charge for the hot and cold running water. You are shown to your room, and lo, it is indeed air-conditioned against

*Balboa passed this spot up looking for gold. Maybe if he hadn't been in such a hurry, the Indians there could have shown him something—including one of the world's great resort fishing spots—and introduced him to El Marlino himself*

By HAL PAINTER



An Indian in his dugout canoe (above) contemplates the waters of his home where sportsfishermen now come for black marlin (right).



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January's thick, moist heat. Hot water, so soft and clear it does things for the hair such as you would expect from a nationally advertised concoction, flows readily from the tap.

After inspecting your room, you decide the wall-to-wall carpeting seems extravagant in these jungle surroundings, but tender and nice for bare feet still wet from kicking about in the swimming pool. The decor is distinctively Spanish; if the furniture could speak, it could give elegant advice, probably not in English, to aspiring motel keepers who prefer formica to polished wood. You step out to the veranda, try to count how many delicate shades of green color Pinas Bay.

Suddenly you're in a very tropical mood, more so than if you had done as the neighbors had done, and spent your vacation money on a trip to Hawaii. Besides, the last time you were in Hawaii, someone told you the coconut palms were imported from a plastics plant in New Jersey—and you had no difficulty believing him. Ah, here it is different.

This decision comes as a relief as well, for you have paid \$1,095 for the week (and as much for your wife's stay too, if you've brought her along, and many guests do), in addition to round-trip jet fare from home in the States to Panama City. The 150-mile flight south from Panama City to Pinas Bay, by Panamanian DC-3, is

included in the lodge's weekly rate, as is the boat ride from the former U.S. Army airstrip to the lodge.

This place is only slightly less primitive than it was in Balboa's day (there is no charge for this spectacle)—this is the insight you have when the DC-3 puts down on a tiny patch of asphalt that is hardly more than a chancy banana skin left to blacken in the thick of this Darien jungle province. When you have landed and Panamanian blacks are carting your baggage to the waiting boat, the thatched roofs you saw so readily from the air are gone, hidden in the same dense stuff that for centuries has allowed the local Choco Indians to escape the leper's touch of civilization.

That the lodge is posh in a novel and super-deluxe way is especially evident when the guest watches a rich American industrialist, his mini-skirted wife and three slim daughters in Pop-Art pants, slowly ascend to the fabled palace on the hill by way of a sort of electric donkeycart on rails. Their ascension takes seven minutes, five minutes more than it takes to climb the 104 cement steps that parallel the rails of the cart. In the hot tropic sun, the time lost is worth it.

Ah, *El Palacio*—a palace indeed. Six bedrooms (\$150 per week per guest), sunken baths, private bar, great stone walls, a split-level living room—where toward the end of the week there will be a cocktail gathering of two continued

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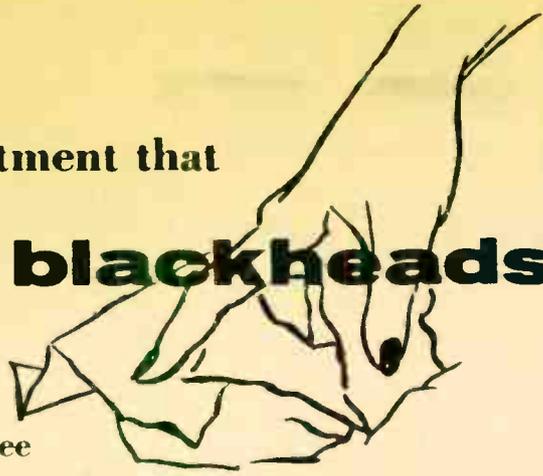
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# Doctor develops home treatment that rinses away blackheads in 15 minutes

By Ina Lee



A leading New York dermatologist has developed a simple medicated home treatment that rinses away blackheads and whiteheads in a matter of minutes.

I saw it demonstrated recently on five women and two teenage boys. The results were almost breath-taking. Blackheads really rinsed away. In fact, many could be seen on the cleansing tissues that finished each treatment.

But this wasn't all! I saw enlarged pores reduced, and rough, muddy complexions made cleaner, clearer and smoother-looking. After seeing these results, I can well understand why so many beauticians are now acclaiming this doctor's treatment as one of outstanding importance.

## Anyone Can Use It

The treatment starts with a thorough skin cleansing. A special laboratory-developed *whipped* cleansing cream is used that takes off not only surface dirt, but also softens and loosens pore-caked grime with its emollient action. It liquefies as soon as it is applied and literally floats the dirt right off your face.

After this is tissueed off, a delightful mint-scented cream is applied. Within 2 or 3 minutes an absorbing agent called *Argilla* dries and turns this specially medicated cream into a plastic-like masque. As it firms and hardens, its suction action draws on waste matter in the pores . . . In 8 or 10 minutes you simply rinse the masque away with lukewarm water which dissolves it immediately. When you wipe your face, you can see blackheads and other pore "filler" actually come off on your tissue. And your skin feels clean — really clean — and refreshed and smooth, like velvet!

## Pore Sponging and Closing

The third step in the treatment is an exhilarating application of a unique antiseptic astringent — a facial "mint julep" that sponges and tightens emptied pores and leaves a protective invisible film that helps guard your skin against dust, dirt and bacteria for hours and hours.

## Nothing Else Like It

Even after a single treatment, women who have been troubled by blackheads for years see a marked improvement. Many find it hard to believe their eyes. Some blackheads and whiteheads just rinse away. Others are softened and made ready to be drawn out by future treatments. Enlarged pores appear to be smaller. The skin looks smoother and firmer — feels fresher and more *alive!*

In short, after a single treatment taking only 15 minutes, you can expect to see results that normally you would not dare hope for even after many weeks . . . but don't expect everything at once. Damage done by years of neglect can't be undone in a day. Yet with 3 or 4 treatments a week, you may confidently look forward to startling complexion improvements within 30 days. Then one treatment a week—or every second week — will probably be all your skin will need to keep it clear, lovely and healthy looking.

The medically developed products used in this treatment are manufactured and quality-controlled by QUEEN HELENE. They are *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*, *Queen Helene Medicated Masque* and *Queen Helene Penetrating Astringent*. The three items are sold as complete skin and beauty kit for 3.98. Quite a bargain when you think of what it will do for a person's good looks — and self-esteem!

# ROBINSON'S

## See Blackheads "Wipe Off"

After a Single Queen Helene Skin and Beauty Treatment



Look! See them come off on your cleansing tissue — and without squeezing or digging!

- 1 First apply *Queen Helene Whipped Cleansing Cream*. This liquefies instantly on your skin and softens pore-caked dirt with its rapid emollient action. You tissue off all but a thin film which prepares your face for the masque.
- 2 Now smooth on the *Queen Helene Medicated Masque*. As the absorbing agent, *Argilla*, in this plastic-like cream makes it harden into a masque, its powerful drawing action gently pulls out blackheads and other pore impurities.
- 3 After about 8 or 10 minutes, rinse off the masque with lukewarm water. It dissolves in seconds. Then apply *Queen Helene Mint Julep Astringent* — a special penetrating antiseptic that helps close emptied pores, tones up your complexion, and gives protection against dirt and bacteria for hours.



all these items  
**3.98**

(Enough for  
42 Treatments)

Economical size  
**5.95**

### RESULTS ARE GUARANTEED

Examine your face before and after treatment. You should see a startling difference. Some of the blackheads should be gone and others loosened for removal by future treatments. These results are guaranteed or your money will be refunded.

Phone MA 8-0333—order board opens 9 A.M. Monday. Or mail coupon to: Robinson's, Box 6080, Los Angeles, Calif. 90055. Please send me:

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- 5.95 economical professional size Enough for 86 home treatments for one person—enough for 43 home treatments for 2 persons at less than 7¢ a treatment.

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American generals, several oil executives, a Panamanian multi-millionaire, and a mysterious gentleman said to be a high government official from El Salvador. But for the time being, *El Palacio* is the exclusive reserve of the rich American industrialist whose party has arrived by way of the electrified donkeycart. They walk up a few steps to the veranda and enjoy for a moment the self-same view Balboa is said to have had before his search for gold took him elsewhere.

Standing here on the veranda, with *El Palacio* at your back, it is easy to imagine that this sumptuous jungle perch was constructed by a half-mad Balboa who sat on the veranda evenings writing love poems to his young Indian bride. Only when you turn and size it up closely does it seem plausible that *El Palacio* was the brain and brawn child of a Texas moneyman half mad (in the perfectly sane way that any serious fisherman recognizes as essential) with a love of fishing.

In the golden days, the late Roy Smith, self-made son of a railroad fireman, gave a jet-black Cadillac to the winner of the annual Black Marlin tournament: jet-black because Smith had a thing about the Black Marlin.

Now the camp is operated by veteran professionals, and except for some new faces, the posh fishing estate of the late Roy Smith (it is said he spent about \$2 million to build this place from a blueprint made of dreams) exists as before, and the fishing is as good as ever.

Come to think of it, did I mention that Tropic Star is a fishing camp? If I didn't—well, that's the way it is here. When you first arrive, it is easy to be lured into sitting on the veranda, sipping a planter's punch, and forgetting what it is you came for. Before long, however, you will be reminded. If not today, then tomorrow, at about 5 a.m. Long before the tropic dawn has rosied your as yet un-sunburned cheeks, the Indian houseboy will come knocking at your door, bearing a warm smile and a hot cup of coffee. It will take both to turn your sleeper's scowl into a few words of thanks, for his having waked you in time to make the boat. After a hearty breakfast, of course.

As you finish breakfast, the

black chef, between second orders for toast and pancakes, packs fresh fruits, boiled eggs, and cold meat and cheese sandwiches into wicker baskets. From the dock comes the devil's own roar of eight sets of twin diesel engines. The native captains are warming up the boats, and the mates wipe thick dew off the padded seats of the fighting chairs. By 6 a.m. the fleet of eight 31-footers, each carrying two fishermen, captain and mate, races toward the touted reef about twenty minutes to the northwest.

By the time the dawn has rosied and the night lifted without a trace, the mate is pulling in the handline trailed astern, and at the end of it is a silver bonito big enough to span three dinner plates. But if the mate is good, he throws it back: it is too big for the marlin's small mouth. Soon the baitbox is full of flopping morsels to be dangled at hook's end for the fickle eye of *El Marlino*. The hook is set, the line run out so that the bonito, its mouth sewn shut to keep it from drowning, bobs and rolls in the wake of the boat. You sit in the fighting chair and wait as the captain circles the reef like a hunter stalking a bear.

Ah, now you remember exactly what it is you came here for: black gold (if the color of a fish's skin is any measure of his worth)—this is the glistening latter-day El Dorado that brings the big game fishermen here by the plane and boatload, January through May. If only Balboa had for a few hours put down his gold-digger's shovel—and gone fishing. He might have discovered there was both pleasure and profit to be had in opening up a posh fishing camp for the rich.

But Balboa's loss is your gain. If the lodge brochure is not an ad man's put-on, there are more Black Marlin caught in these waters than are taken anywhere else in the world, not to mention an unthinkable abundance of sailfish, dolphin, amberjack, pompano, corbina, and several varieties of shark. And more—some of them cerie strangers to even the veteran.

The brochure, however, was mistaken in one thing: the temperature, you are certain, is far and above January's promised high of 86 degrees. In these white-hot tropics, when you have spent most of eight hours in

continued

the open afterdeck of a prowling boat, you will doubtless have caught a big if not a huge fish, possibly several, and quite probably a Black Marlin worthy of all the hundreds of dollars you have spent just for this purpose—but you give your body as a burnt offering to the mackerel-headed gods who couldn't find an extension ladder high enough to raise the sun higher.

Ah, but time and the contents of but a single bottle of lotion assuage most sunburns, and quickly the fisherman's thoughts turn full upon the touted beast with a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac's sword. To fish for him is to want to engage in a fencing match—you with your pole, the marlin with his Cyrano's sword, and the line that keeps the two of you at a safe distance will act as referee. And just as well. Your adversary can be ferocious.

On your first day out (as I observed with my own skeptical eyes), you may have to wait twenty minutes for the first strike. But whether you land him—ah, this depends on your skill. Of course you can debate, when the line goes limp after the marlin

has mouthed the bait and leaped to spit it out, whether the three-hundred pound beast was already full on bonito and was merely playing with his food, like a child poking at this plate with the fork — or if you goofed.

But when the hook takes, the great fish leaps clear of the water, bringing part of the sea with him. It may take twenty minutes to bring him alongside so that the mate can gaff his tender flank and haul him aboard. Or it may take five hours of winching, tugging, and pulling, and all the while the black captain, high in his flying bridge, handles the big fibreglass boat like a prize roping horse, backing you toward the hooked beast, then away, then back again, until the mate has the beast by the snout and clubs him.

Hoisted from his liquid blue realm at the end of block and tackle, the great silver fish turns banana-peel black in the hot tropic air. Its uncanny size and weight, and the look of strain on the faces of captain and mate as together they pull the rope and hoist the fish by his tail, is most of what is left of *El Marlin's* magnificence when

he was in the water.

Still, it is more than enough for the fisherman from Kansas City, Los Angeles, Zurich, or New York. He will either have it mounted or photographed, in instant Polaroid, with himself at its side, pole in hand like Sir Galahad's lance. Besides, he has probably caught three Black Marlin by the time the week is up, if his take is up to par with past records. By then, the huge marlin is old hat—a rakish Panama hat, of course.

During my week's stay, for instance, the catch was 27 Black Marlin and 20 Pacific sailfish; no one bothered to count the hundreds of pounds of dolphin, amberjack, shark, corbina, and pompano. Divide the week's catch by about fifteen fishermen, and you have the formula of Tropic Star's attraction as a posh fishing camp for rich conquistadores from Kansas City, Los Angeles, New York, and Zurich.

Poor Balboa! His compulsive search for gold cost him his head, when he might have run a comfortable business by charging by the head for fishing parties off the mouth of Pinas Bay.

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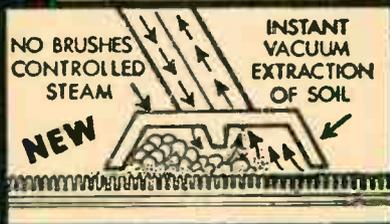
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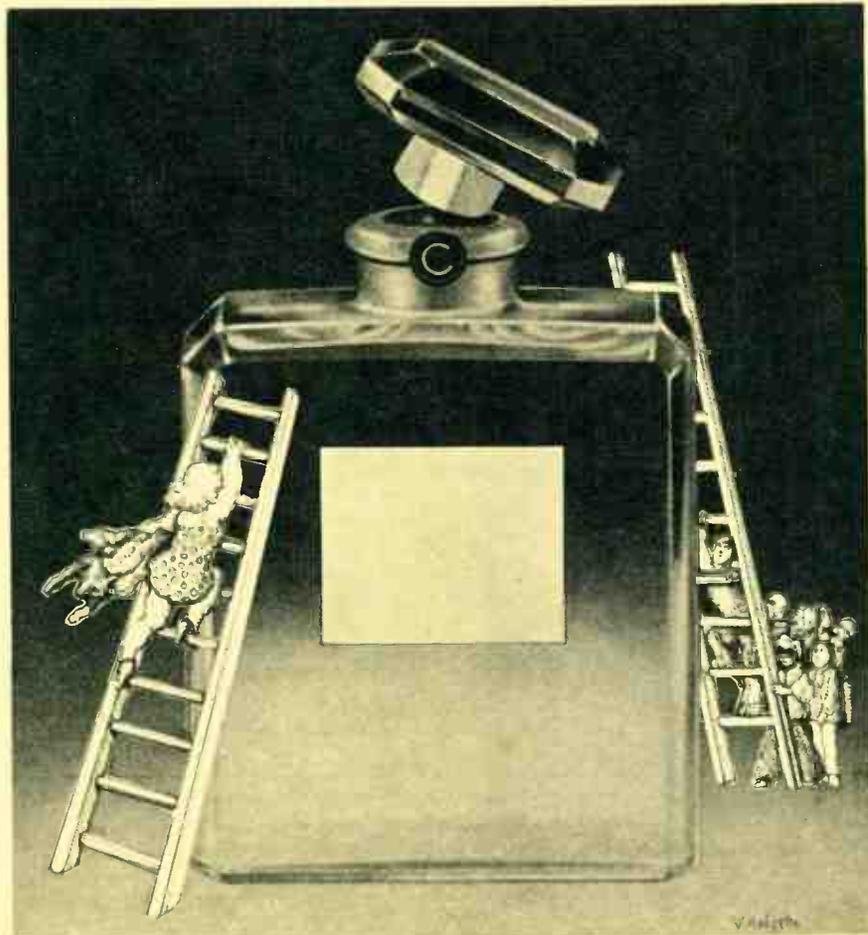
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**STATUS**



By **GEORGE CHRISTY**

World Radio History

Status? Everyone wants it. Why? Well, when you have it, you're part of the action, with it, a coveted guest, someone worth knowing. Otherwise, you might as well be a kangaroo in Australia's veld, so far as Statuslanders are concerned. Of course, the severe qualifications for status change almost every other week, but to be on the ball, there are certain basic guidelines. Although, who knows, this guide could be outdated in a week, for Status is like quicksilver: now you see it, now you don't. It's not keeping up with the Joneses—it's really keeping up with yourself, enjoying and stepping onto different plateaus of taste.

The game is chancy, and you must be quick, alert, perennially on your toes, always aware, well-read, listening to what's happening, feeling the pulse, the mood of the day.

If, for instance, Gloria (Vanderbilt or Guinness—there are only two Glorias in Statusland) decides she likes a funky Italian trattoria in Manhattan, accept the fact that it suddenly will be "in."

Or if Babe (Paley, of course—her recent comment is a Statusland classic widely quoted by Statuslanders: "A woman can never be too rich or too thin") decides she's Had It with pajamas at parties, hell, pajamas have had it.

Or if Truman, dear Truman Capote, pet of *haute societe*, installs patterned ceramic floors throughout his Palm Springs house, face it and don't fight it: patterned ceramic floors are "in."

It's all in the game—mad, yes, but amusing if you don't take it 100 percent to heart, as some people do. Remember: you can also be too "with-it"—which means you're "striving." And, of course, that won't do. Ever. You're as out then as a plastic daisy.

Ready? On your mark? Then check your status quotient for this week:

STATUS IS driving a sports car instead of a brand new Rolls-Royce to the Bistro. A favorite Statusland quote comes from Eleanor McMones of Portland. "You mean," she announced to one of her millionaire neighbors who had just purchased a Silver Shadow, "that you're not rich enough to drive an old Ford?"

STATUS IS not allowing formal arrangements of flowers on your coffee/dinner/side tables. Whenever a "tight" floral arrangement arrives from a well-wishing friend, break it up into small natural bouquets. Great houses always bask in unarranged arrangements.

STATUS IS asking after the health of your best friends' maids and butlers, governesses and cooks.

STATUS IS being able to discuss California wines with passion and pride to all the simpering French-wine snobs, who—chances are—if you blindfolded them, couldn't distinguish the fine California wines from the fine French ones.

STATUS IS, rather than buying an Andy Warhol lithograph, buying an old-fashioned sampler in a crummy antique shop, framing it magnificently and telling your friends who collect Warhol, "He's all right, but you didn't discover him, did you?"

STATUS IS being choosy about the stamps you buy at the post office. Instead of letting the clerks sell you the tired old 6-cent FDR stamps, ask for the commemoratives—some of them are knockouts.

STATUS IS wearing old clothes for a Sunday hunt breakfast—collegiate sweatshirts, faded Levis, worn tweeds and good old Princetonian moccasins.

STATUS IS horseback riding. You can never

ride enough.

STATUS IS the new aperitif. Lillet and club soda, lots of rocks, plus a curl of orange rind. Very refreshing, especially before lunch.

STATUS IS showing pretty legs in mini dresses, but not wearing micro-minis if your legs aren't your best asset.

STATUS IS serving Louis Roederer Cristal champagne rather than only Dom Perignon, which, sadly, is not all that it used to be—that 1959 vintage was it.

STATUS IS being "one-up" about a new celebrity such as, say, Ali McGraw. ("Oh, her, I always thought she was sensational-looking when I first saw her modeling in *Glamour* magazine years ago.")

STATUS IS not belonging to any group—the A party lists, the B party lists, the C party lists; Making your own merry mix of all—include an F, a couple of O's and possibly a Z. And an offbeat character or two. Someone who eats roses, or wears silver spoons in his lapel. Alexander King once advised, "Always have a freak at your party." People immediately start talking about him or her—and your soiree's off and running.

STATUS IS reserving Booth 1 or 2 or 3 at the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel for lunch or cocktails.

STATUS IS being bored with pornography, nudity. Yes, you've seen it, but you expect more.

STATUS IS growing your own mint, dill, thyme and fennel in a special herb garden "for salads."

STATUS IS never, under any circumstances, admitting your true age ("Oh, I always say," laughs Asa Byrnes, "that I'm twenty or thirty, and smile, and nobody dares ask again.")

STATUS IS flying up to San Francisco and environs to buy antiques. Not only is it easier, with the shops so close together, but the antiques are better—and some of the prices are easier, too, thank goodness.

STATUS IS going to artist Billy Al Bengston's for dinner, finagling his recipe for cassoulet, but never cooking it for him. Cook it for other friends.

STATUS IS forgetting the mob scene at Capri and Cote d'Azur and Monte Carlo, but discovering Santa Barbara, Idyllwild, Carmel, Monterey, Coronado; in other words, know your own backyard.

STATUS IS being fearless about serving a 99 cent Spanish Reisling that you've uncovered at Market Basket—and serving it to wine buffs, naturellement!

STATUS IS cowboy clothes and polo matches, participating or observing, tennis, too, and swimming often, and never ever showing up anywhere in a mink stole. Or mink, period.

STATUS IS appreciating Sacha Brastoff's fine religious art-work at the Church of St. Augustine in Santa Monica.

STATUS IS not only subscribing to *Realities*, but *READING* it. Ditto *Connaissance des Arts*, and *Paris-Match*.

STATUS IS staying abreast of the latest clever sex surveys. Bypass the boring technically clinical accounts by Masters and Johnson who wire the willing ones for reactions. But be on the up-and-up about amusing round-ups about who's sexy.

STATUS IS the music of Creedence Clearwater Revival, Cat Mother and the All Night Newsboys. Peggy Lee, the Beatles and Elvis. Heifetz and Piatigorsky.

STATUS IS knowing where to dine in Tijuana when you go to the bullfights. There's one "in"

restaurant there. Do you know which one it is?

Now for the other side of it—what status is not, what makes for being Out.

STATUS IS NOT a pushy host or hostess who is so publicity-minded he or she counts how many times photos and names appear in the papers each week.

STATUS IS NOT calendar art, the kind you find at too many galleries these days, or having your portrait painted by just anybody.

STATUS IS NOT going to two or three parties a night. You're showing how desperate you are to be accepted, to be social.

STATUS IS NOT boasting about sexual conquests.

STATUS IS NOT steak and baked potato and Roquefort dressing on dumb iceberg lettuce.

STATUS IS NOT dropping first-names of movie stars. As in: "Oh, Barbra doesn't know whether or not we should all go to Larry's party . . . this is Larry's fourth party in a week. You know, I'd prefer to spend the evening with Claudine who asked us over to watch the Late Show with her and Andy."

STATUS IS NOT badmouthing Las Vegas. Especially if you make periodic treks. You must love it. A lot. So be honest.

STATUS IS NOT talking on the phone for more than five or ten minutes.

STATUS IS NOT comparing Los Angeles and New York. Any fool knows they're vastly different. A contrast, yes. A comparison, no.

STATUS IS NOT pizza at parties. Or pretzels. However, Mexican food's okay, and quite "in" at the moment. Guacamole, quesadilla, chile relleno, bean burritos.

STATUS IS NOT Gucci buckle-loafers. Cartier Roman-numeral wristwatches. Lillies. Anything that smacks of a uniform. Or, label-dropping about a dress or suit or coat. If it's important, the right people quietly recognize the label.

STATUS IS NOT laughing too loudly, or making grammatical boo-boos—unforgivable, really. Also it's not mispronunciations of foreign hotels, cities, wines. Better not specify them if you can't pronounce them properly.

STATUS IS NOT paintings of Polynesian princesses on black velvet.

STATUS IS NOT buying books by the yard from auctioneers "for decoration," or calling everybody "darling" or "love," or being disgusted with everything that youth does. Statuslanders keep an open mind, to learn something.

STATUS IS NOT those tiresomely boring food-and-wine societies so many old-fogies join. Who wants to be clipped for fifty bucks and taste a lot of iffy vino? And have you noticed how many people practically fall asleep through the middle of the evening?

STATUS IS NOT buying paintings to "match" a room, or discussing money problems, or discussing how much money you made on a windfall. Or believing in astrology. Being titillated by it, that's *fine*. But to be a diehard addict. Uh-uh.

STATUS IS NOT reading best-sellers. There are just too many other good books to read besides most of the non-books on the best-seller lists.

STATUS IS NOT overused language—e.g. "swinger" and "groovy." Or admitting you can't cook a thing. Shame on you.

STATUS IS NOT cacophonous electronic music playing at top volume on a stereo and thrust upon guests at a dinner party.

AND STATUS IS NOT believing everything you read. Like: *all* of this for instance!



If you've ever tasted a chocolate covered cherry  
you've almost tasted **Cheri-Suisse.**

But our Swiss version isn't so sweet and innocent. Enjoy it after dinner. Over ice. Or to perk up a parfait.