

MARATHON RUNNERS BLAMED BY CITY FOR BRIDGE DESTRUCTION

Sponsors Blamed for Mishap
But Refuse to Accept
Any Responsibility

By JOSEPH TOASTER

Buildings Department officials today blamed a "simple excess of weight" for the tragic collapse of portions of the Queensboro Bridge during the Rhinegold Marathon on Sunday afternoon.

"Too many people who weighed too much," was the blunt but concise wording of the 104-page report submitted today to Mayor Koch and Governor Carey.

Meanwhile, a storm of furious inquiries as to why the field of runners was allowed to grow so dangerously large was directed at Fred Lebow, president of the New York Road Runners Club, which supervised the disastrous race.

"Go blame it on this whole weight-conscious society, not on me," said Mr. Lebow in an interview Sunday. "Every guy and his brother and sister thinks he can look like a model by buying a sweatshirt and sneakers."

It remains unclear, however, why all of these people were allowed on a single bridge. Mr. Lebow has persistently asserted that it was not the number of people that caused the disaster but the fact that each person weighed so much. "I've never seen so many fat people in my life," said Mr. Lebow. "You will remember that 5,026 runners in the



Bridge in Manhattan after mishap.

field held graduate degrees. You sit around at a college for all those years, drinking beer and eating fruit pies, and you end up looking like a pig."

The terrifying incident took place almost exactly an hour after the start of the 26-mile, 385-yard endurance test, which began on Staten Island and proceeded through parts of Brooklyn and Queens before reaching the bridge. As the head of the 10,000-strong pack reached the Manhattan end of the

bridge, its massive, girders momentarily trembled, then suddenly gave way as the screaming health enthusiasts tried to scamper for safety.

Buildings Department officials are still hard pressed to explain how and why the bridge buckled under the weight. Estimating the average runner's weight at 150 pounds, the field carried the same weight as only 1,200 automobiles, a number which the Queensboro bridge frequently ac-

commodates. A Highway Department spokesman explained that the "up-down" factor was responsible for explaining this.

"Cars don't go clip-clop, clip-clop, up-down, the way people do. Cars just go vrrrooooo...vrrrooooo. If 1,200 cars were going clip-clop from one wheel to another, like one of those hefty babes in Adidas, you'd see a lot more than the bridge collapse," said the source. The investigation will continue.

NOTICE

Pages A19-A21 of today's NotThe Times are devoted to a pictorial and literary account of the late pontiff's reign, including an appreciation by C.S. Szulberger. Because of this special coverage the Wall Street Cuisine section which usually appears Mondays will appear tomorrow.

FALL SEASON THROWN INTO CONFUSION BY STUDIO 54 BLAZE

ISRAELI REACTION MUTED

By MARTIN OLDCHIN

New York's social season was thrown into confusion early today when Studio 54, Manhattan's most fashionable disco, burned to the ground, killing 65 and injuring 125.

"Disco" is a term that refers both to the music, characterized by an insistent, repetitive rock and roll beat and, as an abbreviation for the French word "discotheque," to an establishment where patrons dance to recorded music, rather than to a live band or orchestra.

Sources say the blaze began in an ashtray, where a cigarette ignited a paper straw. The fire slowly spread to the tablecloth and eventually, throughout the room. Witnesses theorize that one reason for the spread of the fire was the refusal of Steve Rubell, the discotheque's owner, to admit two companies of firefighters that rushed to the scene.

"If I let these bridge and tunnel people in this time, there'll be no stopping them," Mr. Rubell said. "I told this bunch the same thing I tell any heard of men with rubber coats and hoses, try The Anvil." The firefighters, confined behind a rope at the entrance, shouted instructions to the patrons, but the crowd, apparently stunned by the smoke, the music, or some other source of disruption, was evidently unable to respond to their technical advice, such as "throw water on it!"

The tragedy was compounded by the fact that, at the height of the blaze, a party including Bianca Jagger, Andy Warhol, Margaret Trudeau, Steve Ross, Lillian Hellman, Terence Cardinal Cooke, Steve Garvey, and K. Rupert Murdoch entered the nightclub and were singed by flames.

"Keep them out?" Mr. Rubell answered critics of his action. "Are you insane?"

In Tel Aviv, a spokesman for the Israeli government declined comment at this time.

INSIDE

A Nassau County Grand Jury has handed down an indictment of racetrack veterinarian Mark Gerard for using a "ringer" veterinarian to testify in his place recent racing scandal trial involving the substitution of one thoroughbred racehorse for another. Page D12.

Rupert Murdoch announced the purchase of The New York Review of Books for \$3.4 million, and reassured members of the editorial staff that he did not plan to change the publication in any way. Page A9.

Watch for the Not The New York Times special section "Amusing Pages" every Saturday, with Richard Tracy, Youth Counselor, "Hagar the Relatively Unpleasant," and introducing "The Adventure of the Maze and Carrot" by Eugene Mihalacucuscuauc. It's the New Not The New York Times.

Administration Announces Plans To Offer Public Shares in GSA

By ANTHONY J. PAROLEE

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12—President Jimmy Carter today announced the United States Government will sell the General Services Administration, in a 100-million-share public securities offering, to be underwritten by consortium of United States and foreign banks led by the International Monetary Fund.

The I.M.F., which took over effective control of the United States economy last week in return for an emergency \$100 billion debt financing, mandated the sale of the G.S.A. as collateral and the quickest to raise new cash for the Federal Government to reduce its trillion-dollar deficit.

The deficit, continued runaway inflation, and the destitute dollar have made this country a basket case. The G.S.A. was chosen by the IMF because, as managing director Jacques de Larosiere put it, "It would be most

attractive to investors."

It is the only United States Government agency, he noted, that turns a profit now that management controls have been instituted to make certain kickbacks are paid directly to the agency.

The offering price will be \$500 a share, based on a multiple of 10 times the estimated 1977 earnings of \$50 a share. A total of \$50 billion will be raised for the United States Government.

The agency's \$5 billion profit last year (it does not have to pay taxes), was even more extraordinary considering that its entire budget was only \$300 million.

Underwriters said the offering has already been oversubscribed, with heavy interest from Swiss and Arab investors who say the G.S.A. shares "are as good as gold."

Vatican Deploys Swiss Guard To Secure Defensible Borders

By FAUNA LEWIS

VATICAN CITY, Oct. 11 — Stunned by the recent succession of papal deaths, the Vatican moved swiftly yesterday to expand its territory to what papal officials have termed "defensible borders," according to reports from highly placed diplomatic sources in Rome.

It has been learned that, only minutes after "Il Papa e morto" headlines began appearing on Roman newspapers, elite Swiss Guard units began marching from positions of massed strength on the West Bank of the Tiber, crossing the river to take up key positions in outlying areas.

"E borderi non a completemento a tutti securii," newly elected Pontiff John Paul John Paul is reported to have said to the Papal Curia while giving battle orders to the Swiss Guards, Israeli-trained Romulus tank divisions and Remus paratrooper brigades. Papal troops consolidated their positions amid scattered resistance from isolated Red Guard units in a pincer movement extending from the Via Veneto to the vital rail links servicing Cinecitta.

It is now believed that, although the Vatican's troubled relations with Yugoslavia, Austria and France have made the entire region an international hotbed, it is the question of territorial struggles with Switzerland that has precipitated the border extension.

Sources have confirmed that the long-smouldering feud with Switzerland ignited last week over the issue of the Swiss Guards, the personal military arm of the Papacy. Since 1505, during the reign of Pope Julius II, the Swiss Guards have been recruited from the Catholic cantons of central Switzerland. It is reported that the new Pope was incensed to learn that the Swiss Government was refusing to permit guardsmen living in Italy to retain their numbered Swiss bank accounts.

The Vatican front has pushed through much of the central Italy and southward into the Italian boot, according to military sources in Vatican City. A front-page report in L'Osservatore

Koch Reveals Recipe

Mayor Koch, treating the ongoing fiscal difficulties of New York City in his characteristically lighthearted fashion, responded to reporters' queries about pending municipal loan and mortgage defaults by revealing a recipe for chicken curry.

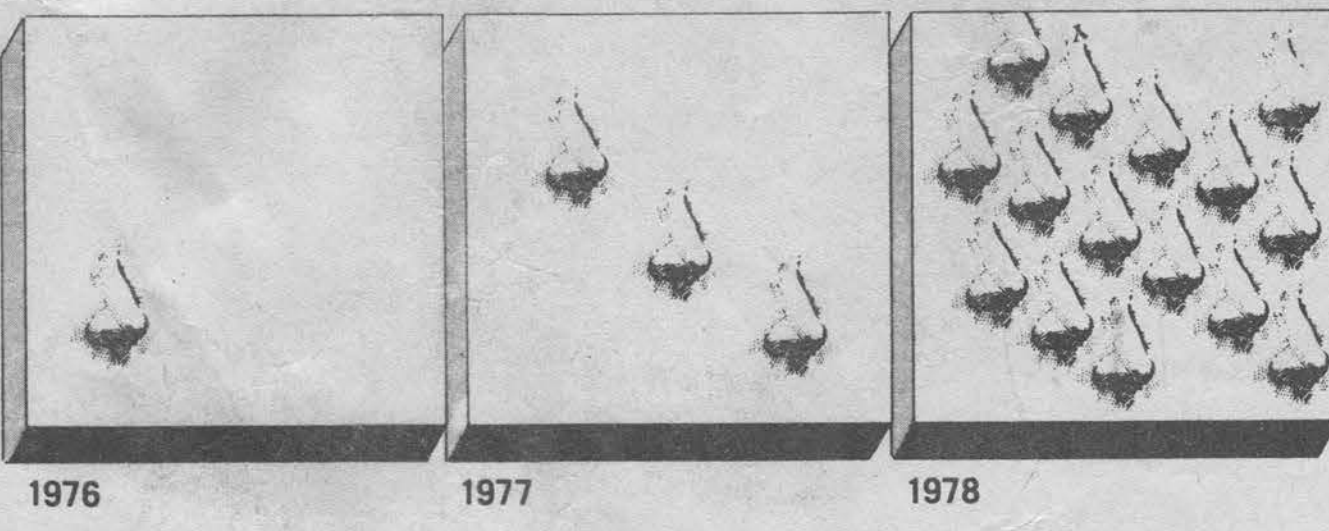
The bemused press corps listened with good cheer as the Mayor read aloud the following recipe, copies of which were later distributed to the reporters and cameramen in attendance.

Chicken Curry Koch

- 8 small chicken breasts, skinned and boned
 - 1/2 cup butter
 - 1 tablespoon ginger
 - 1 tablespoon flaked coconut
 - 1/2 teaspoon chill powder
 - 1/2 cup cashew nuts
 - 1/2 cup drained tomatoes
 - 1 clove garlic, chopped
1. In a three-quart dutch oven, melt the butter and lightly brown the chicken.

Continued on page A18

Increase in Cocaine Usage



An Exotic Drug 'Cocaine' Appears Popular

By RICH MISER

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 11—In a fashionable living room in Nob Hill, a silver case is passed around the candlelit dinner table; guest after guest brings a small golden spoon to his or her nose.

In a Bohemian loft in New York's SoHo district, bearded artists put down their cups of espresso and bend their faces down over a lucite sheet, as their host carefully chops a fine white powder to granular consistency.

In a suburban Chicago high school, young men crowd into the bathroom and pass a straw from hand to hand;

Separated by thousands of miles, these people are part of a new fad that is sweeping the nation, a fad that has grown into a multimillion dollar business and that has drug enforcement experts deeply concerned.

A six-month investigation by a team of 35 Not The Times reporters, buttressed by lawyers, editors, corporate officials, photographers, map-makers and fact-checkers, has revealed these startling facts about this new and potentially significant event:

● The drug is called "cocaine" (pronounced ko-kayne), a crystalline alkaloid derived from cocoa leaves. It is written chemically as C₁₇H₁₉NO₂.

Pope Dies Yet Again; Reign Is Briefest Ever Cardinals Return From Airport

By R. W. PAPPLE, Jr.
Special to the Not New York Times

ROME, Oct. 11 — Pope John Paul John Paul I, 264th Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church, died this afternoon while administering the Papal benediction to thousands who had gathered in St. Peter's Square for his investiture. He served as pope for 19 minutes, the briefest reign in the history of the church.

The cause of the Pope's death was not immediately clear. The 41-year-old Pontiff, formerly Archbishop of Liverpool and the first non-Italian to ascend the throne of St. Peter, collapsed in mid-sentence and toppled forward into a battery of microphones as he blessed the faithful who filled the square below.

His last words, which were also his first as spiritual head of the world's 49 million Roman Catholics, were heard by millions who watched the ancient rite of investiture via communications satellite. Raising his hand to make the sign of the Cross, the Pope intoned, "In nomine patri" and seemed to falter. He regained his speech momentarily, but only long enough to pronounce the next two words of the sacrament, "et filio" in a choking voice. Then he emitted a high-pitched squeal which many mistook as coming from the boy's choir and fell forward.

Pope John Paul John Paul's death followed by two weeks that of his predecessor, Pope John Paul I, who reigned for only 33 days. The latest papal death produced renewed controversy, confusion and speculation inside the church about choosing a successor for John Paul John Paul and the circumstances of his demise. Highly placed Vatican sources predicted that many of the 112 members of the College of Cardinals would decline to remain in Rome for the selection of a new pope. Rather than return to their spartan quarters deep in basilica, many cardinals were said to favor choosing John Paul John Paul's

successor in a conference call.

The Italian newspapers immediately seized on the latest papal demise as evidence of a conspiracy. Several possibilities were advanced, with the most serious consideration going to the "single heart attack theory" to account for all the deaths.

Meanwhile, from every corner of the globe came expressions of deep mourning for the little Liverpoolian who had taken his name from his three beloved mentors who headed the church before him. "John Paul John Paul's reign will be remembered for its bright promise and the good humor of this gentle and generous soul," commented Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York in an interview with Barbara Walters several minutes after the Pope had been pronounced dead.

Only hours earlier the jocular Pontiff had told his closest aides that he wanted to be called Jay-Pee Two, as a symbol of the informality and bold change that he hoped would mark his reign.



Pope John Paul John Paul I.

Carter Forestalls Efforts To Defuse Discord Policy

By GRAHAM HOME
Special to the Not New York Times

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11—In a surprise move, a major spokesman announced yesterday that a flurry of moves has forestalled deferral of the Administration's controversial hundred-pronged strategy. The nine-page indictment provides a minimum of new details about the alleged sharp apprehensions now being voiced in key areas. As holiday traffic flowed into and out of the nation's cities, President Carter acknowledged in a telephone interview that there is "cause for some optimism." But Senate conferees quickly vowed to urge the challenging of this view as over optimistic.

In a shocking about-face, it was estimated that the package will serve as the basis for mounting pressures. However, no target date has been set for the fueling of speculations.

In an unexpected development, a fresh plea for a brightened outlook was

issued. "Sharply higher deficits will be more effective in the long run," he said. Token collection of heavy weapons has been reported near the austerity programs, where a newly minted spirit of fairness has caused unanticipated losses.

The focal point of this change of focus is the Administration's broad-gauge diplomatic push. According to experts on the vogue for docu-dramas, these figures indicate that a shrinking supply of farmland, swept by strong emotional tides and waves of public resentment, is considering another round of direct contacts with the globe's expanding circle of treelessness. However, flagrant lobbying, emerging violations and tenacious complicating factors have now knocked the expected bloodbath into an increasingly powerful cocked hat, say sources. Meanwhile, cracks in the alliance have erupted, linking harsh inroads with a lagging industrial base.

Last week, the coalition warned that 152 recommendations would be submitted, cutting deeply into the support for renewed wrangling. But such policies have long irked the delegates, and the fear now is that they will sound a death knell to the Constitution by muting their quarrels or adding that there are still elements to be ironed out.

Embattled leaders have long lengthened the rift by using such strategies as sidestep, slowmate, staletrucking, and stiffening. Now aides predict a downgrading and stymying of routine foreign cutoffs, unless the nuclear family can be bailed out of this legal vacuum. Dr. Bourne reasserted his innocence of any wrongdoing.

The transitional Government will close for inventory next week, without having resolved core conflicts or posed the uneasy questions that might assuage local hard-liners. However, an authorized biography is likely to continue for months, possibly even years, to come. Not all styles in all sizes.

Continued on Page D6, Column 1

Note To Readers

The publisher of this newspaper would like to express profound gratitude to readers for their great patience during the recent labor confrontation that forced a suspension of publication. Unfortunately, the recent unreasonable escalation in the cost of labor necessitated by the contract agreement with the New York Pressmen's Union, forces Not The New York Times to announce that the price of this newspaper must necessarily rise to \$1.00 effective as of today's issue.

Sleepy Village's Dull Anecdote Is Grist for Reporters' Mill

BY MARVINE HOW
Special to the Not New York Times

AQ KUPRUK, KUSH, Oct. 9 — Vrulung Praddesh, the man whom Westerners might term the "mayor" of this tiny Afghanistani hamlet in the foothills of the Hindu Kush, has this quaint and charming anecdote to reveal: "One day, I was walking up the mountainside, and I felt a great shaking of the earth. Boom, boom! came the sound. Some great stones began tumbling, rumbling down the mountain slopes, and I fear that I was knocked down. Then I stood up. And do you know what I did then? I walked back home and drank a cup of tea."

Though some might find this anecdote utterly mystifying, and pointless at the least, generations of Not The New York Times correspondents have apparently found it to be quite delightful, as they have faithfully reported the tale every decade or so when they have been assigned to write their leisurely, plangent "The Talk of" stories about Aq Kupruk.

Formerly, the economy of this town of 241 peaceful Pathan tribesmen depended solely on agriculture, and the village has always been blessed by hardy stands of the most valuable native plants of the region, including castor beans, madder and asafetida.

Indeed, the sight of fat-tailed sheep grazing on the sunny mountain slopes is still a fixture of the daily life of Aq Kupruk. Villagers use the animals' wool to make their great kuh-i-ghaznis, or sheep cloaks, and they render their animals during the long winter months,

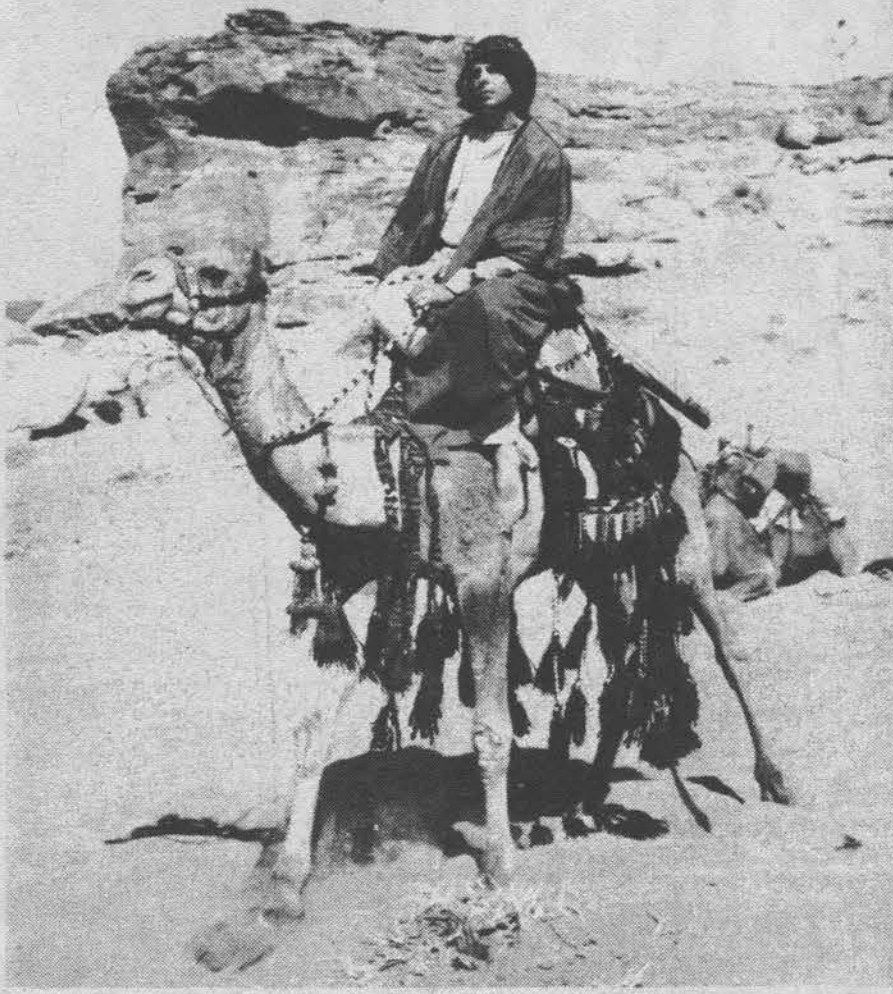
boiling up their famous tulak balkh, or sheep-fat casseroles.

But for nearly half a century now, the principal economic activity of the village has been the hosting of Not The Times correspondents as they swing through the Kush in search of quaint, slow-paced "The Talk of" stories. The visit of an average Not The Times correspondent makes a striking impact on the local economy, and has supported the inhabitants of Aq Kupruk for as long as nine years, until the visit of the next roving foreign correspondent.

Mayor Praddesh takes his duties as Times host very seriously, as do all of the inhabitants of Aq Kupruk are fiercely proud of their quiet, orderly hamlet.

Mr. Praddesh carefully explains the complex society and history of Afghanistan to the visiting reporters. He enchants them by spinning glittering tales of the history of the Khyber Pass and its visits from conquerors like Darius I, Alexander the Great and Charlton Heston, who was there during the filming of "The Khyber Rifles" in the 1950's.

Mr. Praddesh says he always makes a special effort to inform the correspondents of the correct spelling of the minority religion of the Kush region. "Of course, the majority religion is Sunnite," he says, "and reporters have very little difficulty with the spelling. But more than a million Afghanistanis practice the Shiite religion. I always spell Shiite for the correspondents very carefully, and request that they write it in capital



The Mayor of Aq Kupruk shown here in ceremonial dress.

letters in their spiral note pads."

Tumultuous recent events in Kabul have seen the establishment of a new revolutionary government last spring and the declaration of formal ties to the Soviet Union, worrying Western diplomats as well as the Government of

Iran, which already has a common border with Russia. But these great events have left little or no impact on life in Aq Kupruk, which continues in its placid round of farming, grazing, and the hosting of American correspondents.

Nothing of Great Significance Happening in Africa of Late

BY HENRY TANKER
Special to the Not New York Times

Listening posts from the Gulf of Aden to Capetown have been reporting a remarkable phenomenon during the last two months. All over the normally turbulent continent of Africa, there appears to be an almost total lack of activity on the part of revolutionary, counter-revolutionary and insurgent forces, military dictatorships, and even white supremacists. There have been no invasions of territory by alien troops, no nationalization of foreign holdings, no coups, no massacres of white settlers or missionaries beyond the routine rape of a nun and, perhaps most singular, no attempts, successful or otherwise, at tribal genocide.

In Katanga, for instance, there have been no attempts by alleged Marxists rebels to "liberate" the Kayang copper mines and burn and loot whole cities in the process.

In Johannesburg, Defense Minister Jimmy Kruger reports an almost complete absence of black deaths during routine investigations of speeding offenses, (the usual rate is 7.3 per week in Soweto alone), and no incidence whatsoever of self-inflicted beatings among incarcerated political troublemakers (usually 14 a week, many of which end in suicide). In Eritrea, counter insurgents have not decimated counter-counter-insurgents, nor have they in turn decimated counter-counter-insurgents for many weeks; and in Ethiopia, President Mengistu's mysterious ruling clique, the Durgue, has not had a midnight shootout since the end of July.

In Rhodesia, Prime Minister Ian Smith's embattled government has not engaged for quite sometime in the clandestine murder of its own supporters in order to blacken the reputation of the guerillas; nor has Mr. Nkomo of the Zimbabwe Liberation Front threatened to castrate black leaders collaborating with the Smith regime. This in turn has removed any justification the Rhodesian army might have had for illegal invasions of neighboring Mozambique and the indiscriminate slaughter of its nationals. Other illegal incursions by white troops, whether French foreign legionnaires or West German commands, have not occurred since before Whitsun.

The first black African leader in living memory to die in his bed, Jomo Kenyatta, passed peacefully away some weeks ago; and from Zambia there is only silence. Kenneth Kaunda has not been called upon to make a pacific speech or placate warring factions for months, something which leaves the famed mediator, who has little else to do, more than frustrated.

Finally, even in Uganda, all is apparently serene. President Idi Amin, who is spending the summer quietly at his summer home, Balmoral Castle, has not ordered the wholesale extinction of a rival tribe since before he began his vacation. There have been no fatal auto crashes in which the driver appears to have been shot in the head three days prior to the accident; no public dismemberment; no cannibalism; nor has the President himself been photographed playing soccer with the had of a bishop or a wife—normally a familiar occurrence on the Ugandan scene.

An explanation of the total lack of news from the usually troubled and volatile continent is hard to come by. The phenomenon appears to have made its first appearance on August 9 and to have become more and more marked ever since. Most African specialists remain baffled by the situation, although a less orthodox source, one of the 15 Cuban paramilitary dentists, who has been fomenting revolution the length and breadth of the continent, and who is understandably concerned at the current lack of activity, has a simple explanation. He notes that the beginning of the slow down, or failure, of political activity coincides with the beginning of the strike against The New York Times. "It's obvious," says the source, who requested anonymity, "No New York Times, no news. It's as easy as that. The whole place grinds to a halt. If you can't get covered by the Times, there's no point in fomenting or insurging, or genociding or anything else."

In New York a spokesman for the Time declined comment, saying only that "the present situation in Africa further underlines the irresponsibility of the pressmen's intransigence."

In Tel Aviv, Israeli reaction to The New York Times reaction was muted.

Reports on Greenland Strife Impaired by Lack of Facts

By CLYDE H. BARNTURF
Special to the Not New York Times

GODTHAAB, Greenland, Oct. 11 — A paucity of available information marred the story of the first known armed conflict in the history of Greenland.

It was reported Monday in Freitag the Copenhagen daily newspaper, that several explosions rocked the small island of Disko, off the west coast of Greenland. The paper went on to state that some years ago a group of eccentrics on the island declared Disko an independent country. It has an estimated population of 171.

Denmark, of which Copenhagen is the capital, owns Greenland, a huge island of 840,000 square miles situated in the North Atlantic Ocean. Godthab is the capital of Greenland. The only village on Disko is Godhavn, which is not connected to the Danish telephone service.

Freitag, the only newspaper in Denmark, was unable to shed more light on the subject because the editors have been out of touch with their Greenland stringer for more than three weeks. The story about Disko was

relayed through an anonymous telephone call.

Matthew I. Nimetz, a State Department official reached at his home in northwest Washington, said, "It's the first I've heard of it."

According to the New York Public Library, there is no United States military base located on Greenland.

The Freitag story, as translated from the Danish, ran as follows: "You remember those queer folk in Greenland who wanted to set up their own country on Disko Island a few years back? Well! It looks like something is happening there now. We had a call saying that there was an explosion on the island, but we can't find out much more about it because the Godthaab telephone service is being replaced."

The Hon. Eyvind Bartels, the Danish Ambassador to the United States, was spending the week in Nantucket, an island off the coast of Massachusetts, that is approximately the same size as Disko. The embassy spokesman declined to comment on the affair.

Polish Marine Has Scheme For Energy Self-Sufficiency

BY JON WORDHEIMER

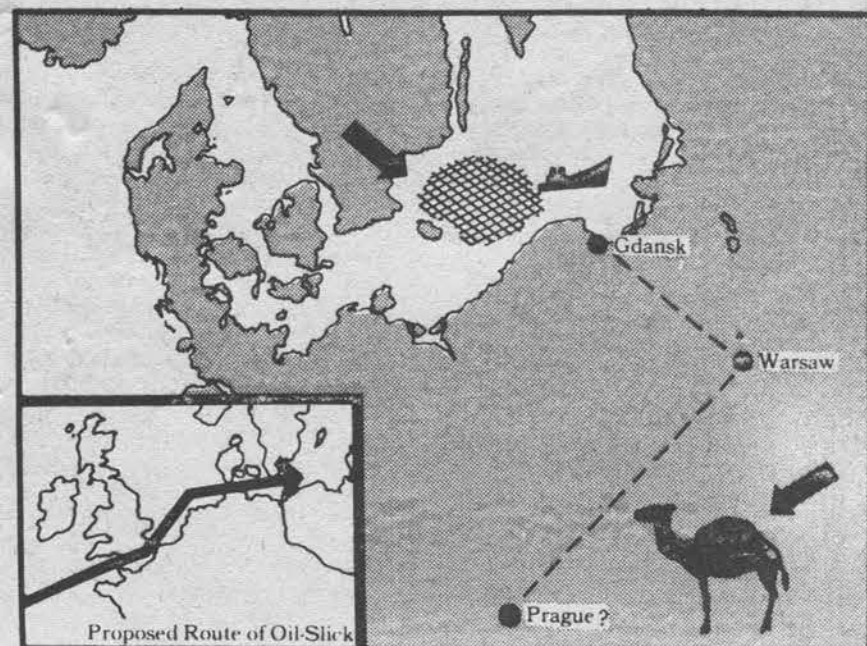
WARSAW, Oct. 8 — In what is being hailed in Warsaw as an engineering coup to equal the yet-unrealized French dream of towing an Antarctic iceberg to Saudi Arabia to alleviate that oil-rich Middle East kingdom's chronic freshwater shortage, engineers at the Polska Institute fur Arbeit today announced plans to tow an oil-slick from Santa Barbara, California, to Prague, Czechoslovakia, in order to provide that landlocked Central European country with the fuel needed to maintain its highly industrialized economy.

Few details were immediately available, but it is thought that recent Polish activity in the camel markets of Fort Lamy, Chad, is closely linked to the plan. It is speculated that the

camels might be used to close the treacherous last link between the Polish seaport of Gdansk (formerly Danzig) and Prague itself.

A Polish success here, it is believed, in the wake of the difficulties experienced by the French in towing the iceberg to North Africa, would put Poland in a favorable position among third-world countries who have in the past often looked to Western Europe for leadership.

Approximately 97 percent of Poland's export income now comes from the sale of hams and hamhocks to the new Saharan and sub-Saharan African nations, and Polish officials are hopeful that that figure can be raised to 99 percent by 1985.



EAT, THINK . . .

. . . and be merry? Hardly.
Think-of-all-the-starving-children China,
by West Village Ware reminds
you of poverty in the midst of plenty.
Eat your heart out for those who
have nothing.



In Liberal Pink, Jazz Blue and Slightly Green.
From **The Pot Shed**, Greenwich Avenue,
New York.

RUDOLF HESS RIOTS IN SPANDAU PRISON

EX-NAZI OFFICIAL SUPPRESSED

By ROBERT McHADENNOUGH

SPANDAU, West Germany, Oct. 12 -- Rudolph Hess, 84, the only living member of Adolph Hitler's inner circle, rioted in the yard of Spandau prison yesterday when his demands for better prison conditions were refused.

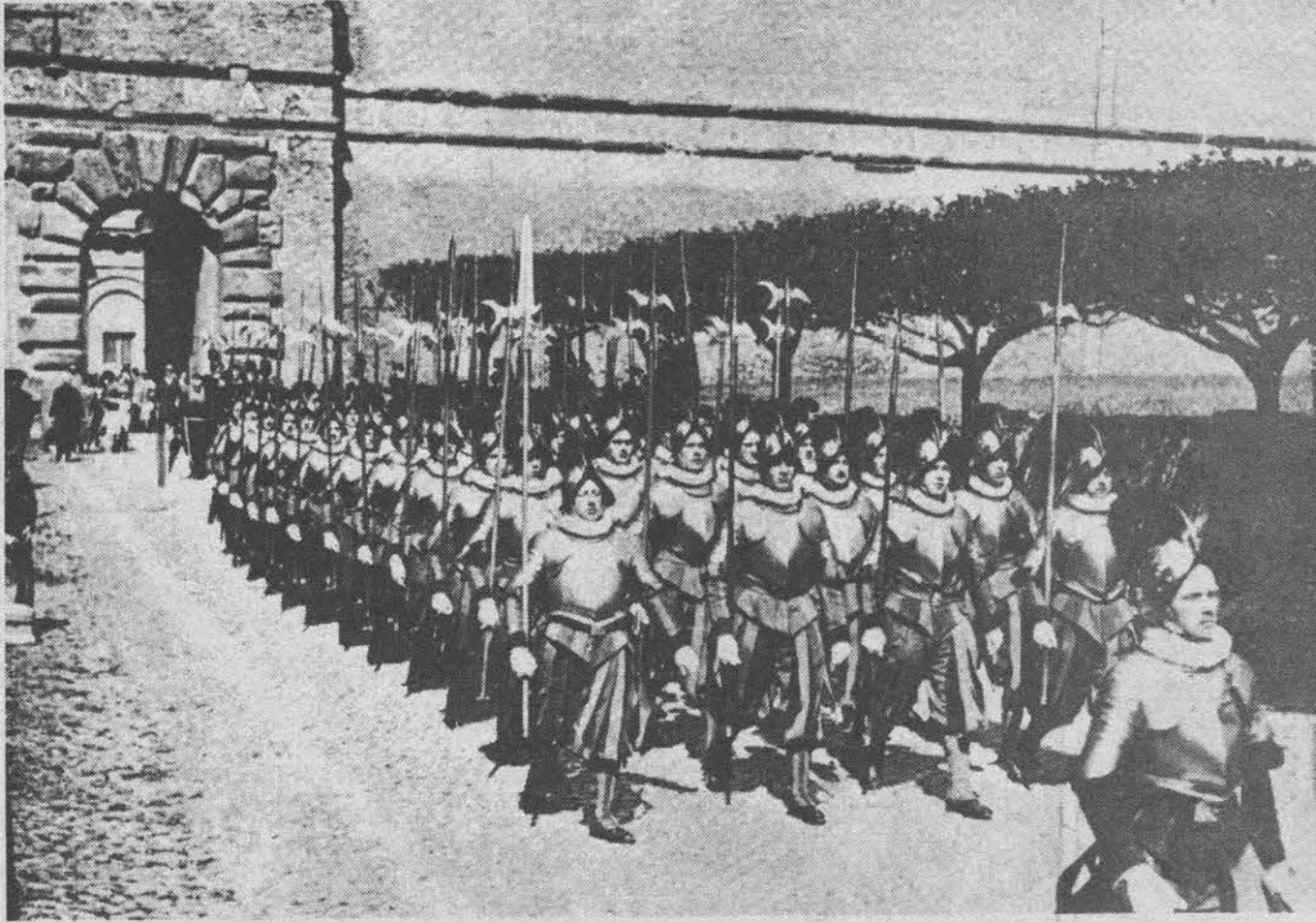
Mr. Hess, the only inmate housed in Spandau, held himself as hostage for over three hours until the riot was discovered and then quelled by prison guards.

The man to whom Hitler dictated "Mein Kampf," had issued an extensive list of demands earlier in the day. These included: three bridge partners two nights a week, a lifetime subscription to "Holiday," improvement in the quality of prison sauerkraut, and Record-O-Phone privileges.

Twelve riot guards in full gear, equipped with rifle-launched tear gas rockets, responded to alarms triggered by Mr. Hess' pacemaker. The hostage released himself and the prisoner was quickly rounded up. Later, Mr. Hess was gathered back into his cell, where he threatened to discontinue his Tuesday night story-telling sessions for the jail staff.

This was the second time in the past three months that Mr. Hess has been in the public eye. In August, he successfully eluded prison security surveillance and escaped to a Dutch resort town on the Zuider Zee. His presence was discovered, however, at the Zuider Ritz Hotel by a beach attendant who is reported to have said, "Hess, we have no cabanas." Mr. Hess was then quickly taken into custody by local police and returned to Spandau.

Prison officials, already under criticism for their reputedly lax policies, were said to be considering various punitive actions. Among these is thought to be an extension of Mr. Hess's life sentence and confinement to the solitary confinement wing.



Vatican forces en route to West Bank of Tiber.

Armed Vatican Troops Seize West Bank

Continued from page 1

unofficial spokesmen called for a withdrawal of Vatican occupation forces and demanded a total evacuation of Sicily. Swiss military sources pointed out that this was the largest territory under Vatican rule since the consolidation of the Papal States under the Holy League in the 16th century.

"This amounts to a Papal risorgimento," (unification movement), one Swiss cabinet member is reported to have said. "The question is whether Switzerland will surrender its claim to sovereignty over the West Bank," said the minister. He suggested that security on the West Bank might best be guaranteed by demilitarized zones, or the presence of international peace-keeping forces. This left completely unsettled, however, the thorny

Palatinian refugee question.

Reaction within Italy was muted, perhaps by the succession of shocks suffered by the Italian populace since the death of Pope Paul VI. Devout orthodox Catholics worshiped as usual yesterday at the Leonine Wall in the Old City of the Vatican, seemingly undisturbed by the events of the day.

Nevertheless, the comments of Italian political figures split along the traditional lines. "Now the 7 hills may become 70" exulted archconservative Giorgia Almirante, leader of Italy's tiny but influential neo-Fascist party. "Alas," disagreed author and representative Luigi Barzini, "I fear that today's action has destroyed the effort of all of those who fought so hard to help the Vatican to make peace with its neighbors, great men like Alfa and

Romeo, Martini and Rossi, Cinzano and Cappuccino."

Reaction in America was deeply divided, revealing a split in the American Catholic community. The Vatican's action drew vigorous support from the United Catholic Appeal, which issued this statement: "The expansion of Vatican City from its 108.7 acres to a vast nation the size of central Italy can only be applauded by a united front of all American Catholics. Vatican occupation will make the Italian desert bloom once again."

But anti-Vatican sentiment was vocal, too. "There are many of us who feel that the Vatican should stay within the borders mandated by the Lateran Treaty in 1929. The proliferation of Vatican coinage, postal stamps and flags throughout the rest of central

CAMP DAVID, Mo. Oct. 12 -- President Carter emerged today from virtual quarantine in Camp David flanked by two tired but obviously pleased heads of state. He announced a breakthrough in yet another set of peace negotiations which could eventually terminate hostilities threatening world peace. In another historic speech to Congress, President Carter commended the good will and intelligence of both Prime Minister James Callaghan and the President of Guatemala in coming to an agreement to discuss the possible end to disputes over Belize, formerly British Honduras.

The historic agreement provides that both nations will continue their discussions regarding the independence of Belize, against the claims of Guatemala that this former British colony and slave-trading base become an integral part of Guatemala. In what is looked upon as a significant breakthrough and as a first step to eventual full peace negotiations, the Guatemalan President has agreed to cease the use of stamps bearing the legend "Belize is Guatemala." While it is expected that the President will receive resistance from his council of generals and police chiefs, knowledgeable observers believe that ratification will be forthcoming.

President Carter has spent 52 of the

last 63 days in Camp David summit meetings. The meetings have resulted in agreements by Afghanistan to cease the forceful overthrow of ethnic Pathan territories in northwest Pakistan and the formation of an independent Pashtunistan; agreements between the heads of state of the Maldives Islands and Burma, alleviating tensions arising from the emigration of Moslem minorities from Burma to the Indian Ocean island nation; an understanding between Peru and Brazil that could lead to treaties providing for sewerage treatment in Amazon River tributaries; and of course the meeting between Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat.

Immediately after his speech to both Houses of Congress, Carter met with his domestic advisers and country singer Willie Nelson for a 10-minute update on developments during the Presidential seclusion. Sources report that the President was advised of record trade deficits and negative balance of payments; the precipitous decline of the dollar against all currencies except the Turkish lire; the rising of the prime rate; the significant reduction of housing starts resulting from high mortgage rate; the continuing increased rate of inflation; core city unemployment in excess of 20 percent, refusal of Congress to include

Continued on page A14

BUS PLUNGE KILLS 19

Mexico City, Oct 10 (EP) -- A bus carrying 49 passengers plunged today into a large pothole in the Paseo de la Reforma, killing 19 and injuring 23.

OXFORD, England, October 11 --

Experts at the Royal Society for the Propagation of the Queen's English have determined that the ten worst words in the English language are uvula, cram, chore, plaudit, flagellum, toy, mulch, polyglot, bulbous and crotch.



Strife-Torn Lebanon Aswirl in Uneasy Flux

BEIRUT, Lebanon, Oct. 12 -- The sun beats as relentlessly against the high-rise windows of modern Beirut, as the steel-jacketed Russian-made machine-gun bullets bounce off the war correspondent's protective headgear. The situation in Lebanon is not easy to follow; things are in a constant flux, and with that characteristic Arab combination of hysteria and duplicity, which so typifies the non-European Semites of the Middle East, people change sides with bewildering speed. Troops that are mortal enemies at dawn can be blood-brothers by lunchtime; alliances are forged, sometimes for only minutes, between sects and parties of utterly incompatible ideologies; fighting men and their commanders are often at odds even in the heat of battle over abstruse political points or arcane religious heresies.

A left-wing Marxist may at the same time be a devout Moslem and in such matters rigidly conservative; a right-

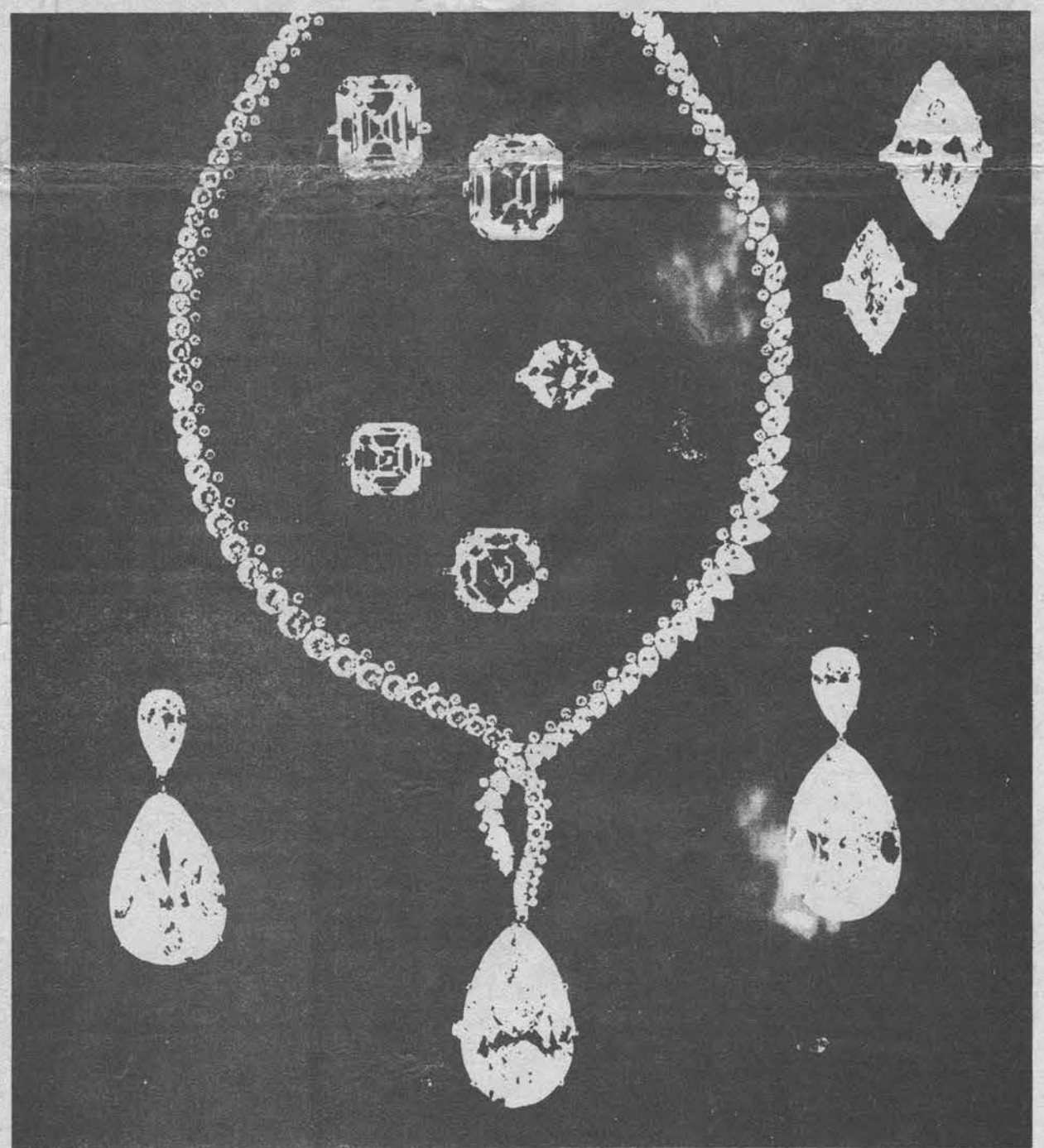
wing Christian sees no inconsistency in allying himself with his traditional enemy, the Jew, even though the enemy is not only Jewish but a Socialist. Thus, the spectacle of a left-wing rightwing Moslem fighting a right-wing left-wing Christian is all too common, although this situation in itself might be further complicated on an hourly basis by left-wing and right-wing factions within the warring groups, who are no less bitterly opposed to their supposed allies than their supposed enemies.

Thus during a skirmish between left-wing right-wing Moslems and right-wing left-wing Christians, left-wing left-wing rightwing Moslems may be attacking rightwing left-wing rightwing Moslems at the same time that they are shooting up rightwing left-wing Christians themselves split into left-wing, rightwing leftwing Christians and Rightwing, right-wing left-wing Christians. And this of course does not begin to take into account the Maronites.

It is in the ancient roots of the people of Lebanon that many of the causes of the present conflict can be found, and an explanation of their history does much to make the overall picture clearer. Centuries ago before the civilizing influence of the Koran began to make itself felt throughout the Eastern Mediterranean, Hamitic desert tribes such as the S'iffs, the T'iffs and the Katyids swept north through what is modern Lebanon to clash with southbound Hordes from the Central Steppes, such as the Nurds and the Molars.

These tribes fought continuously for more than a century, eventually settling down in some kind of harmony to form loosely knit principalities like the Roughage of Bran and the Rotate of Tyre. The S'iffs and the Nurds, however, remained at odds over a mass of interlocking vendettas and with the advent of Mohammed, converted to the rival sects of the Chi'lites and the

Continued on page A15



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Carey Backs Westway as Essential to Nuclear Transport

Gov. Carey today released what he called "new and significant data" to support his contention that the \$1.2 billion Westway highway project is environmentally urgent.

In a speech before the Association for a Better New York, Tax Abatement and Capital Formation, the Governor said: "No one can dispute the need for swift and safe transportation of nuclear materials. What Westway critics have overlooked is that the project includes a direct access ramp to Westway from the soon-to-be-announced nuclear reactor, which will be constructed in Manhattan's Westbeth area."

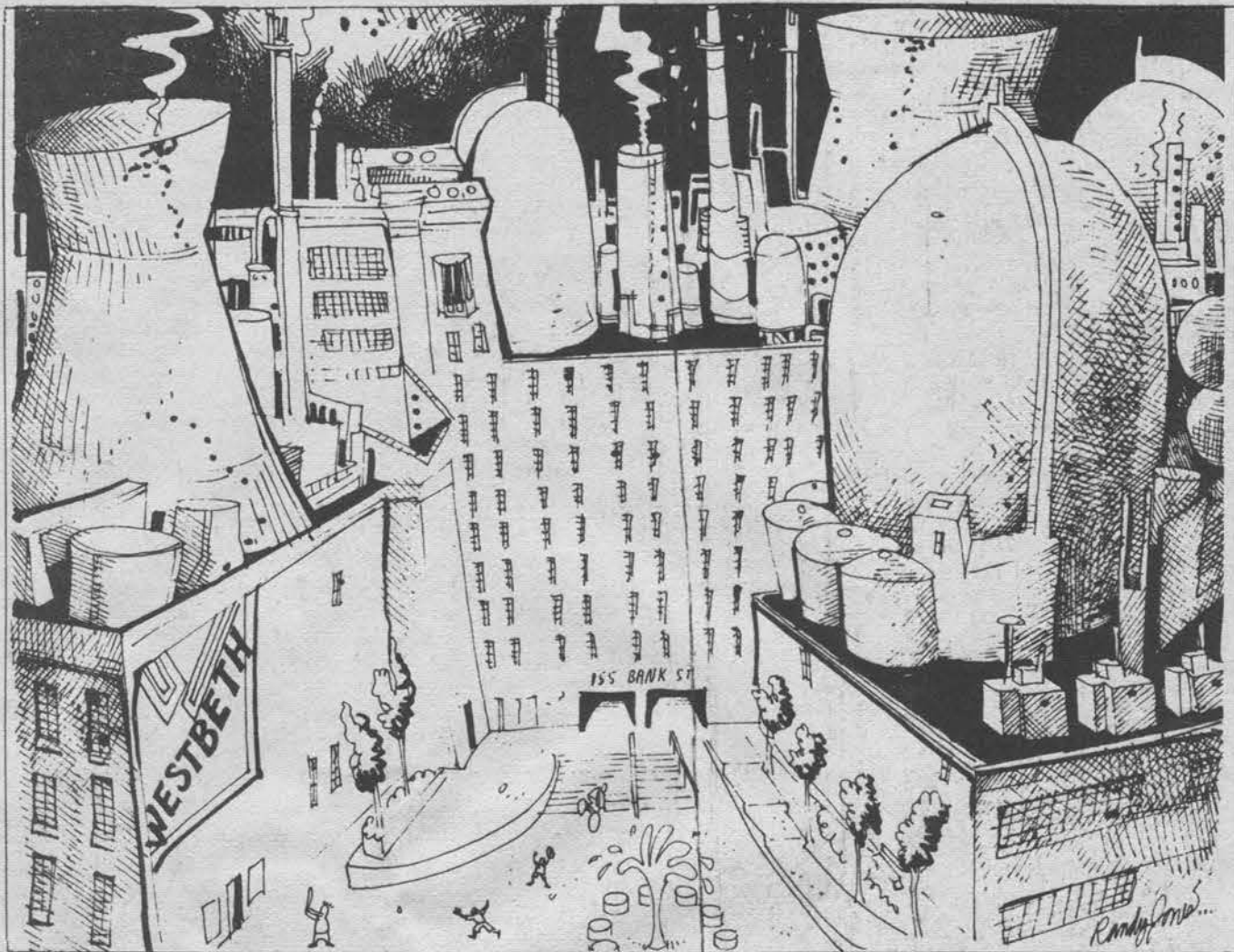
Westbeth, experts say, is a neighborhood generally considered to be in sharp decline and populated by people who raise their voices and whose jackets and pants do not match.

"Without Westway," Gov. Carey declared, "there will be no feasible method to transport nuclear waste from Westbeth to the planned federally financed dumping center in the South Bronx. This center, which will be 95 percent paid for by Washington, will of course enable us to construct housing, parks, schools and factories and thus lead to a veritable explosion of prosperity."

The Governor also noted that, without Westway, "the entire coordinated regional transportation plan for the New York region would be thrown out of balance; for without Westway, there would be little point to the planned development of Eastway, Southway, Northway, Midway and Myway (the Frank Sinatra Memorial 59th Street overpass)."

In a related development, The New York Times editorial board unanimously reaffirmed its support of the project, and "vigorously rejected attempts to confuse the people on the part of malicious critics who imply there is some link between the paper's position and the projected 400 percent increase in the value of the paper's Times Square real estate. Such demagoguery," the well-reasoned editorial said, "is in the dark tradition of Joe McCarthy."

CORRECTION
An article in Not The Times on August 6 erroneously identified Lamar Thompson as a part-time mechanic recently laid off by Wasco Transmissions, Inc. In fact, the man's name is William S. Green, and he is a member of the U.S. Congress. The Hon. Mr. Green has never been employed as an automobile repairman, as was inadvertently reported in Not The Times. Also, the story should have stated that Mr. Green had announced his plans to seek re-election, not that he had entered the office of his former superior and shot him.



Artist's rendition of proposed reactor at Westbeth.

FLAN Bombs Many Trash Bags

The City was once again a setting for terror yesterday evening when well-stuffed heavy-duty garbage bags, ranging in capacity from 24 to 36 gallons, exploded loudly in all five boroughs. In Manhattan the most vicious blast erupted near the corner of Bond and Bowery shortly after 4 P.M., interrupting the slumber of a number of unidentified males. Flying debris in Jamaica, Queens, caused extensive rush hour delays on the Long Island Railroad. The F.L.A.N. has taken credit for the blasts.

In a phone call to Ed Figueroa, the Yankee senior who recently became the first Puerto Rican ever to win 20 games in a season, F.L.A.N. promised more violence. "We desperados," they are reported to have said, "we blow up Heflies. We blow up Glad Bags. We blow up Gran Union brand. We no care..."

At a hastily called press conference,

Elmer H. Hunt, regional director of the F.B.I., which recently entered the case, indicated that F.L.A.N.'s demands have never been stated, yet are nevertheless believed to be threefold: the immediate pardon, in advance, of Hispanic playwright Miguel Pinero, should he ever decide to commit any crimes; the naming of Figueroa to be the Yankees' first game pitcher in the World Series; and the plentiful stocking of fresh plantains in all metropolitan supermarkets.

The only known F.L.A.N. spokesman in New York, Mr. Jesus Maria y Jose, said in answer to questions about the garbage bag bombings: "We F.L.A.N. people, we P.R.s. man. You a P.R., anything's a symbol of imperialist oppression." Mr. y Jose is a vendor at the Port Authority Bus Terminal of the F.L.A.N. weekly newspaper the Illegalian News.

Times, News Ink 'Me Too' Pacts Too

New York City's 62-year-old newspaper strike ended late Sunday afternoon as striking pressmen signed "me too" agreements with the publishers of The New York Times and The Daily News.

The contracts call for the two papers to abide by whatever settlements are reached by the city's striking firemen in their negotiations with the city.

In a separate development, the city's striking firemen announced Sunday evening that they had signed a "me too" contract based on the outcome of the talks between striking faculty members and the University of Bridgeport in Connecticut.

Noted labor lawyer and mediator Theodore Kheel, who had been serving as an adviser to the Allied Printing Trades Union during the newspaper strike, called the buck-passing agreements "unbelievably stupid and it puts me out of a job."

Despite the peculiarities of the settlement, employees at the two papers seemed overjoyed to return to work as they struggled to meet foreshortened deadlines.

BUS PLUNGE KILLS 73

Mexico City, Oct. 11 (Reuters) — A bus with more than 100 people aboard plunged today from an overpass in the Los Pinos area of this city, killing 73 and injuring an undisclosed number.

News Summary

International

The border was between Adibulia (formerly Moaxablio) and Amoravia (formerly the Shoo vah, was abruptly broken off yesterday when it was discovered that the two nations share no common boundaries. In fact Adibulia and Amoravia are 837 kilometers (formerly 611 miles) apart. (A10: 1-2)

Former Governor of California Ronald Reagan charged today that the Panama Canal treaties had been signed with disappearing ink and were thus null and void. Mr. Reagan claimed that the "ever playful" Panamanians had purchased novelty pens during their last Washington visit. Mr. Reagan also asserted that this was "par for the course" in Panamanian foreign relations. (A13: 1-2)

The conservative government of Ontario has passed legislation banning the French language. A government spokesman, who called French a "ridiculous, pompous way of speaking," also announced a ban on the use of berets, culottes and Cuisinarts. (A1: 2)

National

The Senate, voting 75-8, yesterday approved a bill which will provide emergency relief to randomly-selected localities in arid parts of the country. "It's simply not far that, just because of geographic happenstance, towns in wet regions should get an advantage," said Senate Majority Leader Robert W.

QUOTATION OF THE DAY

"In nomine Patri, et Filio, et Spiriti..." Pope John Paul John Paul I, shortly after his election as the 264th Supreme Pontiff of the Catholic Church.

Byrd. The measure was sponsored by Sen. Roman Hruska (R.-Neb).

President Carter's son James E. 3d (Chip) and his wife Caron, whose recent reconciliation has been widely reported, attended First Baptist Church in Washington last night with their 5-month-old son. As if to counter the reports, they traded pokes during the service and had to be separated by members of the congregation. (NG: 1-2)

The House of Representatives, on a close 252-227 vote, yesterday approved tentative plans to proceed with the development and construction of the I-101 Philistine Bomb. The explosion destroys only theatres, libraries and historic buildings. (AID: 1-2)

Metropolitan

Three persons died and thirteen others were seriously injured yesterday during a re-enactment of the Triangle Shirtwaist Factory Fire, which was being staged by the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union to celebrate advanced in on-the-job safety requirements. The highly-touted ILGWU pageant turned to disaster when a simulated "wool of fire," a chemical device used to simulate blazes in motion pictures, accidentally ignited a rack of spring dresses. (B21: 5-6.)

Dog Surrenders to Police

The police dog who allegedly ordered David Berkowitz to commit six murders yesterday voluntarily surrendered himself to police and confessed his complicity in the notorious "44-caliber killings" that terrified New York residents in 1977.

The dog's confession immediately raised speculation over a possible reversal of the jury verdict which found Mr. Berkowitz had acted alone.

The handsome black-and-tan pet of Mr. Berkowitz's neighbor, Sam Harrison, entered the Midtown North police station at approximately 2 p.m. Wednesday afternoon. He announced to a startled desk sergeant, "I can't live with it any longer. David was right. I told him to kill." Detectives were promptly summoned to take the confession.

The dog emphasized, however, that he neither instigated the bloody killings nor acted alone. "As David told you," he said to reporters, "I was only the middleman. The orders were coming from the very old man you've heard about. I can only hope he will turn himself in as well."

He also urged that clemency be shown towards Mr. Berkowitz. "We picked David at random. It could have



So-called Dog of Sam before arraignment at the Manhattan Dog Pound.

been anyone who had homicidal tendencies." The dog is being held for further questioning at police headquarters.

This is an appeal to the people of the world, and this means you Mister Jimmy Carter!

Daily we read the headlines blaring forth thus: HUMAN RIGHTS ARE VERY IMPORTANT. Yes, and PRESIDENT CARTER CARES VERY MUCH ABOUT HUMAN RIGHTS. And certainly we are all familiar with the tragic stories of those brave dissidents in Russia who have dared to talk back to their oppressive regime.

BUT THERE IS ANOTHER STORY TO BE SYMPATHETIC ABOUT! THERE ARE OTHERS EQUALLY AS DOWNTRODDEN IN AN UNJUST MANNER!

Let us tell you the story of Janos G. (Quite naturally he has a surname. We do not omit it from fear, or because we are ashamed of his actions, no! It is simply that it is highly complicated and difficult to spell.) Janos G. is a tram conductor in Prague. One fine day Janos G. noticed a passenger boarding his tram who failed to pay the full fare. He pointed out this omission to the man in question, who thrust into his face an identification card proving him to be an official of the Government's Board of Meat Inspector. Bravely, Janos insisted on the full fare. And the official, in a haughty and highhanded manner, refused to pay it. When Janos tried to evict him from the tram, he was resisted! And arrested! And fined the American equivalent of ten dollars (\$10.00 U.S.)!

WHERE IS JUSTICE FOR JANOS G.? WHERE, MISTER PRESIDENT?

We know of other tales no less hateful. Let us present the facts to the American people, and let you decide:

POINT: When Ingrid Dinkelacker, of East Berlin, went to apply for a driver's license, she was told the office was "closing for the day." Yes, and she was told to "come back tomorrow."

POINT: Juan-Carlos Fulano quite politely complained that the street lamp in front of his house had gone dark. The representative of

the despicable regime in his native Argentina informed him he "might have to wait a week" before it could be repaired.

POINT: Seaman Second Class Dev Badek, of the First Hungarian Navy, was looking forward to strawberry ice cream for dessert one evening in his ship's mess. Dev was detained, however, when a piston needed repairing. The dinner on his plate was plentiful enough, to be sure, but when he inquired as to the availability of the strawberry ice cream, he was told that "there was no more left."

WHERE IS JUSTICE FOR THESE PEOPLE? HAS THE HUMAN RACE LOST ITS MIND? ARE THESE INSULTS, ABUSES, AND TREACHERIES TO GO UNANSWERED? ARE THESE HEROIC INDIVIDUALS TO GO UNAIDED BY A WORLD THAT INSTEAD CHOOSES TO SAY, POO! WE DON'T HEAR YOU, NOW LEAVE US ALONE.

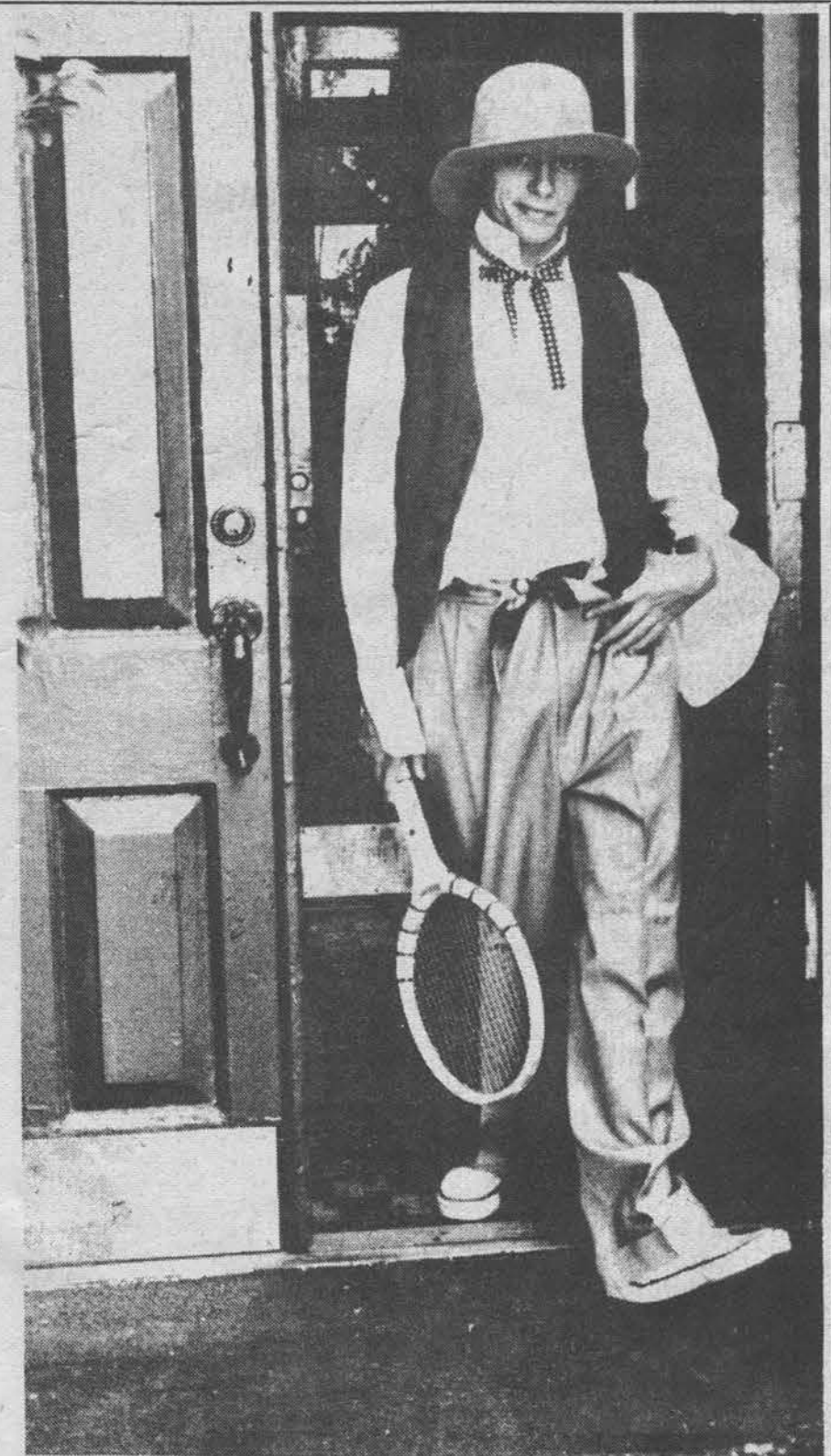
The American People have always been generous and kind, even to those whom it finds necessary to obliterate in the many wars which plague our modern world. We hereby appeal to you, American people. Citizens such as Janos, and Ingrid, and Juan-Carlos, and Dev need assistance. Assistance in their struggle against oppression. Assistance in their struggle against the injustices that sweep across the face of the globe like so many brooms.

We appeal to you people of conscience. We humbly ask for your contributions, whether large or small, to aid us in this cause. With your help, and through our own tireless and heroic efforts, we may all make this a world fit for the children. Do not worry about we adults, who are corrupt and spiteful in our governments and socio-economic systems. It is for the children that we do this. Remember. The children.

THE ANNIE HALL LOOK: MENSWEAR IN A CHANGING WORLD

For the man receptive to the more relaxed tone of dress we heartily endorse THE ANNIE HALL LOOK. The tuxedo shirt has the ease of a beach sweater. The vest is soft and unconstructed. The pleated flannel trousers are extremely baggy.

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The Pressman's Burden: The Vexations of Privilege

David Francis Xavier Brody

By EDWARD COWER

At nine o'clock in the morning yesterday, David Brody left his house in Huntington, Long Island. Mr. Brody, 31-years-old, is a real estate agent by day and, once again, he works in the pressroom of The New York Times by night.

"It's not a bad life," Mr. Brody said yesterday, the strike's last day. "It's tough but worth it." Mr. Brody has been working two jobs every since he left high school, a small boarding school in Connecticut. Most of his extra income goes toward the mortgage of a house "somewhere on the Cape."

"My Dad was a pressman. He's retired now," Mr. Brody explained in front of his modest 14-room, colonial-

style house. "He didn't want me to go into the pressrooms. He always worried that the kids at boarding school would think I was stuck up 'cause he ran the presses and didn't own 'em. But I showed those creeps, sometimes eye to eye, but usually fist to eye," he said with a wink.

After leaving high school, Mr. Brody decided to return to Long Island to go into the union and the real estate business.

"At the end of the last strike a number of newspapers dropped by the wayside," Mr. Brody explained as the limosine that would take him into the city approached. While the car sped into the city, Mr. Brody continued his story.

"Things were pretty rough back then, and it was either cut back and take the crunch, or start this real estate deal. Prep school ain't cheap you know."

"After high school, I couldn't bear the thought of more time with those boarding school goons, so I came back here to be with some real people," he continued. "Pop was disappointed, but after my little sister, Butch, went to Princeton, he dropped some of the heat on me." Mr. Brody said.

When asked about the limosine, Mr. Brody explained, "I usually drive my Alfa Romeo into town." But as an apprentice pressman, one of those most threatened by the Times's move, "I gave up my little Alfa and volunteered for some front-line duty."

"Besides, Bill (William Kenny, the millionaire president of the pressmen's union) didn't think that it would look too hot to have a lot of big cars on the picket line, so we all dipped in and rented the limo. A lot of the guys live out here, you know," Mr. Brody explained. "When we aren't on the line we

get together, play a little polo or go for a sail," he said.

It is 10:35 A.M. Mr. Brody and the other pressmen arrive at the union headquarters on 85th Street and Park Avenue. As the men strolled through the carpeted lobby, one could have almost heard the stirring strains of labor's international muscle. Downstairs in the locker room, men were carefully folding silken shirts and sticking them into plain chrome lockers, then donning frayed and tattered overalls.

"Gotta look good for the cameras," Mr. Brody said cryptically.

The men changed quickly and by 11 P.M. sharp they are manning the picket lines in front of the Times building.

After three hours of hurling abuse and verbal insults at passersby and alleged scabs, the pressmen break for lunch. This meal is usually donated by a

local merchant and today's is comprised of cold day-old pheasant, washed down by some mouth-watering burgundy.

Lunch must have greatly fortified the pressmen. When the Times publisher, Arthur O. Sulzberger, parked his beat-up Volvo in front of the Times building, he was greeted with incredible verbal abuse, as well as pheasant bones and half-empty champagne bottles.

"Those guys must have drunk a lot of that stuff fast," Mr. Brody said. "They don't usually miss."

After a tough day on the line, the shift was relieved at 4:30 P.M. The men returned to the union headquarters that, to their surprise, was decorated festively. The word soon spread. "The strike is over," Mr. Brody explained. "We've got to figure out where to go from here," he said with a smile.

In the inner sanctum, a long table,



"Prep school ain't cheap you know."

laden almost to the breaking point, could be seen and the smell of exotic hot dishes grew stronger.

"Sorry Bud," a voice from the back of the room growled. As a reporter reached for his press pass, he was hurled bodily from the premises.

And, as if to add injury to insult, just as the reporter began to make sense of this development, his head hit the sidewalk.

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Parfums
EVE SAINT LAURENT

Not The New York Times

Unfounded Monday October 16th 1978

PUBLISHER Who Me

EXECUTIVE EDITOR Not a chance
MANAGING EDITOR You gotta be kidding
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR I work for them
EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR It was him, honest

ASSOCIATE EDITOR And her

Whither Detente

Quiet ironies abound in the complexly fascinating relationship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Much is held in common, much not, and the twin superpowers struggle to compete — and cooperate — on the international front. Both points of view, however divergent, must be regarded as expressions of straightforward national self-interest. Brutally put, it does not devolve upon the citizens of one nation, in this instance the United States, to determine the identification and pursuance of another nation's priorities. However reluctantly, we much chide Thomas P. (Tip) O'Neill for his suggestion that Russians are, in his words, "dim and paranoid."

Once this is said, however, it must be quickly pointed out that the Soviet Union is not an open society, as that term is understood in the West. Far from it. Persistent reports suggest surprising violations of those very human rights that Moscow undertook at Helsinki to protect. As a liberal newspaper, we cannot defend or explain away this inexplicable lack of sensitivity to world opinion. At the time same, this does not mean that the American people are unjustified in seeking a modus vivendi, or detente, with the Soviet regime. President Carter was only expressing the plain reality of the situation when he stated "both sides will continually be making choices between an emphasis on the divergent elements of our relationship, and an emphasis

with the selection of options more consonant with the heart-felt goal of growing amity."

Much can be gained therefore by a policy of alert ambivalence toward our competitor. Whether we like it or not, the Soviet Union is, in fact, a de facto fellow tribune policing the troubles of a tormented world. It would be provincial for Americans not to notice that the Russians have legitimate aspirations, which, as we have said, are indeed their own, and not ours. Moscow, it seems, must be bewildered by the workings of the American political system, which speaks with many tongues, some of them forked. How, for instance, can Moscow interpret Mr. Carter's statement of "broadly defined and truly reciprocal relations" when his own Mr. Brzezinski dissents that very day by saying let's bomb the bastards and get it over with." Then too, Moscow is accountably nervous as America cottons up to China in an attempt to curtail Russian influence.

This does not mean that we should not firmly meet any Soviet salient with the hearty rebuff it demands. But it must be done ambivalently, for that is the kind of world, though not made by us, that we happen to inhabit. There is, alas, no plethora of easy answers, no black and white, no linkage or severage. Washington and Moscow have come a long way since the hottest days of the cold war. It seems likely to us that they have, in fact, a longer way to go.

Judiciary Run Amok

The time has come, in the name of the First Amendment and all that is liberal, to finally curb a judiciary run amok.

Surely the framers of our Constitution — when they included the freedom of the press in the First Amendment, in the very first right granted to our citizenry — did not contemplate how a reckless and malicious judicial system could undermine that right. And a common misconception is that freedom of the press is a right for newspapers and reporters. But it is not our right. It is the public's right. The right to know.

However, the contempt of press demonstrated by the courts with such regularity lately makes us feel that right is in serious jeopardy. The Myron Farber travesty of kangaroo justice by a clique of yahoo jurists in New Jersey and the nation's capital is but the latest example.

The judiciary have encouraged police to ransack newsrooms at will. They have rent the precious bond of trust between reporter and source. They have forced a clearly inequitable, unnecessary and extremely costly women's hiring policy down our throats.

And it seems to us that our democratic

society, where each man (and woman) is equal, and where each branch of government is supposed to be equal, that the judiciary is an elitist and undemocratic affront.

Why, for example, are only judges allowed to sit on the bench? Why aren't dermatologists, keypunch operators, baseball players, fashion models and even, yes even, newspaper editors allowed to sit in judgment of their fellow men (and women).

Furthermore, who do the Supreme Court Justices think they are to decide that the right to a fair trial takes precedence over the right to a free press. As the third branch of Government under the Constitution, it seems to us a clear conflict of interest and inherently unconstitutional to let a handful of unrepresentative judges decide what is and is not constitutional. Think about that.

Now some of our colleagues in the press have urged the abolition of the judiciary. And abolition is a strong word. And a strong step. And we usually do everything we can to avoid anything strong and clearcut.

But in this case, we think that abolition may be the only way to bring this separate but far from equal branch of arrogant Government to heel.

tiny limbs from the massive hickory the while. Suddenly without warning a dark cloud of bruits appear, greckeling their adieus with noisy. Even the katy silent is did. Yet there is rich labor compensation, too, amid soiled baskets of the juicy swelling back at Harvest

Home beautiful. Frost is the name of dim cockle-warming Jack, on shorter days now that his greying mane crackles, and the cosy countryside returns the hint to bustling spuds, long-jollies, grapple-pan-howdy, dowsed animals, and roasted cheeks, like life itself all crusted without but buttery flakes within.

Letters

Equal Taxi Opportunity

To the Editor:

Hailing a taxi in New York City would seem to be a simple matter; for blacks, however, and Chinks, Japs, Wops, Dagos, Spics, Peruvians, Kikes, Gooks, men wearing top hats and nothing else, midgets, women carrying bird cages, Quakers, Catholics, WASPs, out-of-towners, Polacks and so forth, this simple business of hailing a taxi can be a humiliating or risky business. Imagine standing on a mid-Madhattan curb, waving furiously but futilely as empty cabs pass, one after another.

A few weeks ago, a New Yorker named Frank Lynn Roosevelt was waiting near a midtown hospital for a cab to take him up to Harlem. With him was his pregnant wife, Rose, their son, Jackie Robinson, and their dog, Spot. Up the street was another father, a white man, Francis Shelton, with his little boy, Adolph, also looking for a cab. One appeared. It went right by Mr. Roosevelt, who is Korean, and also right by Mr. Shelton, who is a retired Methodist minister.

The fact is that New York City taxi drivers refuse to stop for anyone. They say, perhaps with some justification, that people who get into their cabs are not only potential criminals, but can

track mud and other detritus onto the back-seat floor carpeting, requiring considerable whisk-brooming while the cabs wait in their vast fleets out at the metropolitan airports. Not only that, but customers often ask the cab-drivers to go into strange neighborhoods, such as Murray Hill.

Since cabs, for all practical purposes, have abandoned pick-ups of any kinds, taxi-service in our city has been provided largely by so-called gypsy-cabs. As citizens know, their service is far from exemplary. The gypsy-cabs are often in extreme disrepair, without meters, established rates, or insurance. Some are even without engines and are propelled by the driver himself who nonchalantly pretends to be sitting in the front seat but is in fact moving the cab rickshaw fashion by running along with his lower limbs stuck through a hole in the cab floor.

Although gypsy drivers are licensed by the New York State Department of Motor Vehicles, they are not screened. The result is that some mysterious drivers have turned up in the front seat of the gypsy cabs, such as apes. Drivers have on occasion insulted their passengers and climbed into the back

seats with them. They have even, on occasion, driven their passengers to Murray Hill and pushed them out into that area.

The deficiencies of the gypsy-cabs are addressed by a bill now in the State Legislature. It would require that all livery vehicles register with the city's Taxi and Limousine Commission. The vehicles would be checked for safety, spurious locomotive devices, emission standards (many passengers have complained of the odors drifting off the "rickshaw" cabbies striving to get their fares to Pennsylvania Station in time to catch the 5:15 to Hicksville), proper roofing, doors, steering wheels, and other such devices deemed essential to an efficient taxi service. It is a good bill but more is required.

No cabs should be allowed to pick up passengers — even the gypsy-cabs. Admittedly such a measure will be a hardship on those wishing to go home by cab, especially in a heavy rain-storm, since cab-service will cease altogether. But if an equality of service is what is asked for, then it behooves the legislature to stop any citizens from stepping into cabs. Existing regulations should be extended to insist that cabs refuse service to everybody.

D. MUSEUM
New York City
October 4, 1978

Amy's Snirts

To the Editor:

When President Carter was at Camp David he and Mrs. Carter left Peter Bourne to sit for Amy. Now all she does at lunch is sniff sugar through a straw off chicken, carrots, potatoes, or whatever it is that we have for lunch.

She even keeps a milk carton of sugar in her desk which she often snirts when the teacher isn't looking. She's getting thin and nervous.

What can we do? Even though she wears glasses and has freckles we like her a lot.

GRADE SIX
Stevens School
Washington, D.C., Oct. 8, 1978

Revolutionary Plea

To the Editor:

The following is to be being the instructions for the glorious perpetuation of our FLAN revolutionary movement and our must to be doing it or suffer the mispleasant consequence.

You will to receive this letter and make two mechanical/electronic copies of it and send them to each of two sympathetic to our cause Puerto Rican nationalists and make them each make one copy and send one back to you. You must to tell them as I now tell you to swear an oath on the letter that you will be loyalty to FLAN.

In this way, you are to enlarge the FLAN to 2 million members by Christmas Day of 1978 Year of our Lord. You now send the copies to the top two people on your own list and add my name to the top.

This is the way we are to smash the head of the mainland hog empire!
Viva Puerto Rico!

JORGE CORDERO
Bronx of New York
June 6, 1978

Society's Ills

To the Editor:

The newspaper strike, crime in the streets, welfare mothers, declining municipal revenues, housing shortage, fiscal uncertainty, inflation, devaluation of the dollar, Medicaid fraud, government overregulation, burgeoning foreign trade deficit, growing unemployment, the Mideast crisis, increase Soviet stockpiling of nuclear weapons, the Chinese problem, the depletion of natural resources, threats to the ozone layer.

Where will it all end?

ARTHUR MORTE
Fairfield, New Jersey
July 15, 1977

No Comment

To the Editor:

This is to notify you that the International Brotherhood of Pressmen having failed to reach a satisfactory settlement with Not The New York Times Company before last midnight's deadline, hereby strikes your newspaper effective the publication of your October 13th edition.

WILLIAM KENNEDY
President, International
Brotherhood of Pressmen
New York City
October 12, 1978

ANN HAMPTON
New York
October 10, 1978

Not The New York Times Company

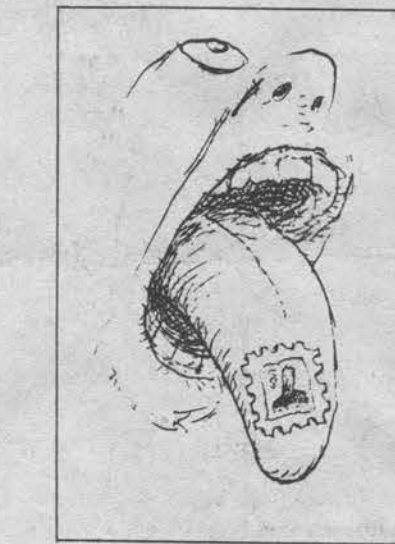
Unfounded Monday October 16th 1978

PUBLISHER Who Me

EXECUTIVE EDITOR Not a chance
MANAGING EDITOR You gotta be kidding
ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR I work for them
EDITORIAL PAGE EDITOR It was him, honest

ASSOCIATE EDITOR And her

In association with the Dynamite Museum
Affiliated Company: Garber Publishing Company, Inc. Toledo, Ohio
Corey Garber, President



To Cure Our Economy

To the Editor:

Perhaps the single, most effective step that could be taken to slow down rampant inflation would be to pay people less money and charge less for items in stores.

J.O. TOBIN
Associate Professor
University of Santa Anita
Delmar, Calif., October 9, 1978

Better Halves

To the Editor:

It is none too soon to start thinking about New York's 1982 Gubernatorial race and I would like to propose what I believe would be the most fortuitous combination of candidates for our city. A Javits-Abzug ticket would unite opposing parties party lines as well as helping to heal any male vs. female schism that may still exist.

The executive talents of Javits have not been fully enough exploited. As Governor, Javits' vast experience in Middle Eastern affairs could be put to great use for New York and as a significant participant in our lively arts, would serve as an important link between the artistic community (of which I am a member) and the Government.

The continued neglect of the enormous gifts of Abzug is absurd and wasteful. Abzug should not be overlooked in 1982. Therefore a Marion Javits-Martin Abzug ticket in 1982 would go a long way towards the improvement of New York's leadership, spirit and image.

PROF. MILTON FAGAN
Julliard School of Music
New York City
July 31, 1978

Licence to Licence

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to inform your readers that our nation, having been a longtime innovator in the field of maritime registration, has now decided to issue licenses to qualified foreign applicants in such closely related areas as driving, hand-gun ownership and the practice of law and medicine.

The world's merchant marine has found our novel approach to corporate liability quite convenient, and we believe that the individual citizens of your country would enjoy being able to purchase similar security just as your American Colonization Society purchased an area on the African coast and sent some freed slaves back home to found our great nation some one hundred fifty-six years ago.

WILLIAM L. TOLBERT, JR.
President,
Republic of Liberia
Monrovia, Liberia
October 10, 1978

Topic

False Alarm

The news from Princeton University that a team of researchers who have been working in virtual seclusion for the past six years on a cure for cancer, have apparently isolated a panacea for that dread disease, should come as a ray of hope for afflicted and healthy alike. Alas, there seems to be no such ray and no such hope. The "cure" developed by the researchers, is nothing other than the old-stand-by, curare, proven over and over to be quite ineffective as a treatment for cancer.

This is not impugn the researchers, or their methods. The group includes

several Nobel Prize winners, and their system of checks seems, at least on the face of it, foolproof.

But in such serious matters we must not allow wishful thinking to replace proof. True, ninety-eight percent of the patients treated with curare all of them terminal, were entirely free of carcinomas upon release from the program (the other two percent died in an auto crash) and show no signs of subsequent malignancy. This of itself, however hardly constitutes proof. Special combinations of diet, local

weather conditions, or even extraneous forces could just as easily be

responsible for the cure as the discredited drug, not to mention prayer, good luck or quite simply that the original diagnosis was incorrect.

Perhaps most damning of all factors in the report, is the statement that Doctor Jascavevitz the notorious "Doctor X" was largely responsible for initiating the line of research that led to the portentous "breakthrough" the citing of such contemptible authorities is a clear indication of the basic responsibility of the researchers, an irresponsibility compounded by the false hopes it raises in the unfortunate victims of this terrible disease

A Chat With The Khan

This column, the author's favorite, first appeared on October 16th 1241.

By James Rest

BALKH, Asia Minor — In recent months there has been a sense in this Empire that the time must just be ripe for the Golden Horde to set about consolidating its power. The process may have begun already. All the talk and press reports about rape, pillage and general mayhem notwithstanding, this town presents a visitor with a placid appearance. It is still possible to find a good bowl of kurds. True enough, shade is hard to find — probably because there are no more houses and trees. But a returning visitor soon adapts. If he can't find the old landmarks, he quickly learns how to get around by orienting himself to the one big new landmark in town. He can believe the cocky soldiers — and be impressed by their morale. They mean it when they say "We're number one." And if their boast that the town's landmark is the biggest pile of skulls in the world is wrong, the visitor can't prove it.

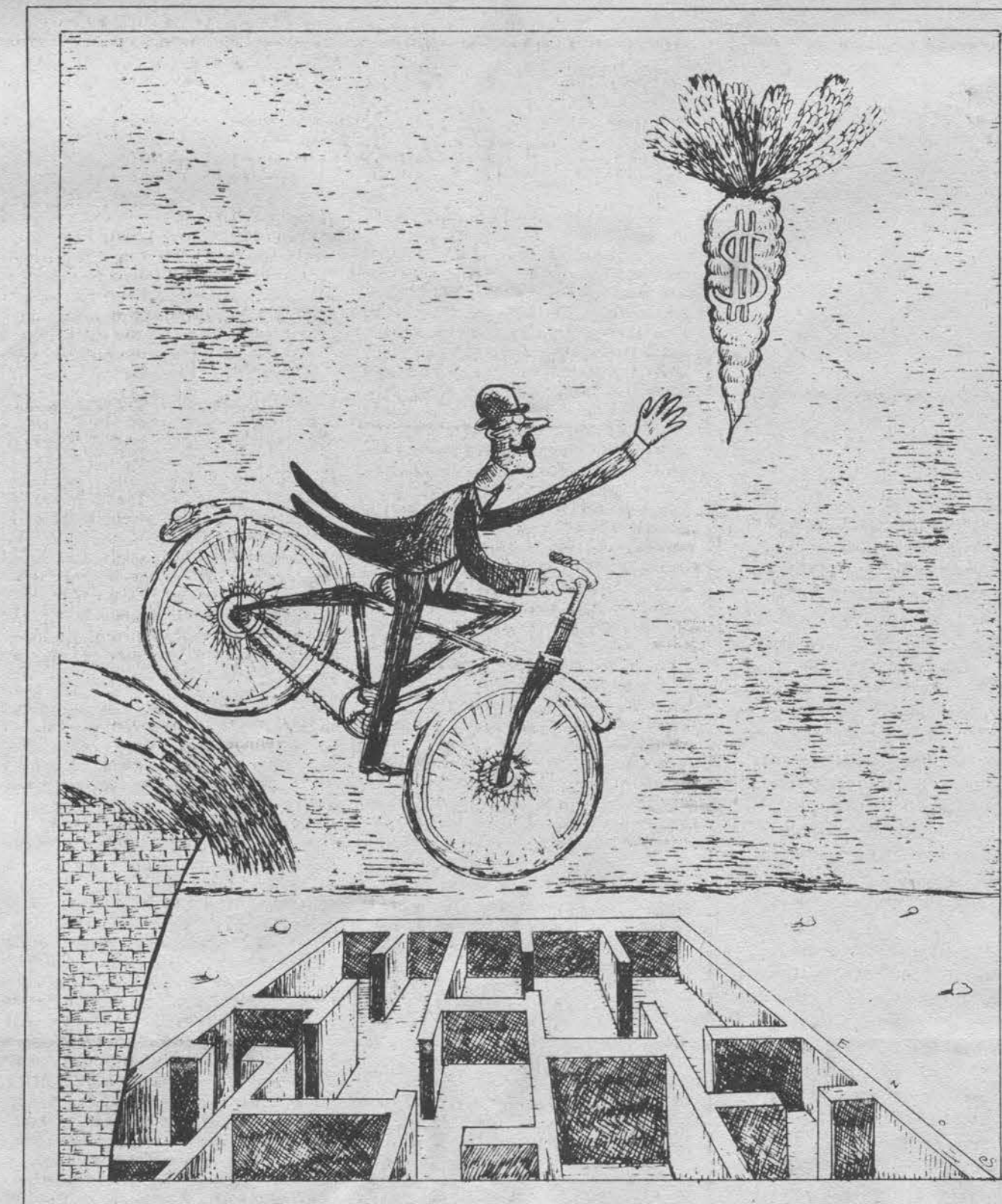
Just past the skull heap (just about everything in town is near it), the visitor found what he was looking for. His old friend was always at the center of the commotion, issuing crisp orders and causing all the to-ing and fro-ing near his spacious tent. His staff, God save them, had not forgotten; there were remnants of a feast on the table around a half-eaten cake. The interview did have some ground rules — so the number of candles must remain a secret. Perhaps because of the events of the preceding days and perhaps because it was his birthday, Ghengis Khan was in a mood to take stock of things.

If the town had changed, the visitor's old friend had not. There was the same firm glance, the same readiness to hear what a visitor might have to say. The visitor quickly had a sense of the loneliness of power. Outside the tent one could hear one, perhaps two, opinions expressed. Inside the tent, all that seemed a luxury when one realized just what it means to run this less-than-perfect world.

The visitor wondered aloud if perhaps the moment had not come for a pause in the current highly successful offensive against the ruler of Persia. He enumerated as best he could the concerns of numerous heads of state (a term which brought a sheepish grin to his old friend). The burden of their thinking was that moderation was the need of the moment: Nothing less than the geopolitical balance was at stake. The visitor went on to sketch in the steps: a mutual balance of force and a reduction in the number of barbs on flesh-tearing pikes; the exchange of diplomatic missions and cultural delegations. The Khan took advantage of the respite to gnaw on a bone and did not contradict the visitor.

It is possible in this world of nuance that is the first quarter of the 13th century to misread signals. The results of that error are all too plain as one scans the horizon. But, in some places, peace reigns. Children grow to adulthood, adults grow to old age, and children are born. Fish swim, the sun shines, leaves turn colors and young men and women meet to discuss less weighty, perhaps, but probably not less important, concerns. The visitor was certain, therefore, he was right.

To be sure, some critics of the Golden Horde say there has already been too



much in the way of conquest. It occurred again, as it had so often before, that those critics might be postponing the peace they so noisily sought.

'How are you, Scotty?' asked the Khan, gnawing on a Kurd.

This sense of things — this gossamer of hope and fact — would have been borne out by the members of diplomatic corps of Balkh if they had been able to speak. As it was, their wise counsel, and corroboration of the visitor, had to await their replacement. In one of those diplomatic sallies, more characteristic of the solid achievements of the new regime in Balkh than its future intentions, the Khan had impaled their heads on pikes.

The visitor reminded the Khan that historically time moves at different speeds. Sometimes it moves very quickly, racing along at an extraordinary rate. At those moments there is a velocity, which, symbolic as it may be, or may not be, is something which no wise ruler can ignore. No more than he can ignore all the subtle mechanics of the balance of world order. The visitor also reminded him that at other times, this time, which in the hurly burly of the moment may seem rapid, can, and perhaps

should, be geologically slow. The visitor pondered this — the basic dilemma of a man with power, who sees the inevitable limits on his designs: so much to do and so little time — or so the visitor knew the Khan was thinking as he gazed down the slope past the dozing sentries at what once had been a pretty little town. The visitor sensed it was time to go. Better to give the lonely man a little more time to get things done.

It Didn't Start With Dallas

By William Satire

Washington — To paraphrase William Shakespeare (once most high school students had heard of him), who described his own verse as, "What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed," the assassination of John F. Kennedy has been too oft thought about, and ever so overexposed.

Obedient as cattle to the prodings of the electronic media, herds of politicians stampede, in their morbid ruminations of events that day in the "Longhorn State," beyond biopsy to autopsy and to plain old-fashioned ghoulishness. As if their muckraking over his grave could resurrect (God Forbid) President Kennedy.

With somewhat low-grade ore irony, one observes that it is the same self-styled bleeding hearts, who would once have spared the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti, now crying out for the blood of alleged conspirators in the case of President Kennedy's killing; with the same self-righteous, selective sense of justice that would have a William Calley pilloried and the likes of Joan Little heaped with pity.

The current frenzied round of House and Senate investigations into the demise of Teddy's brother differs from the Watergate circus only in this regard: Then, the solon-sherlocks had the circumstantial evidence, and sought for the smoking gun; now they have the gun, and squander your tax-money and mine accumulating circumstantial evidence.

Let us, for the moment, speculate. Create a paranoid scenario, if you will, an hypothesis of conspiracy. Let us assume that Mr. Oswald did not act alone. That two other gunmen, employees of the Republican election committee, overzealous, perhaps, exceeding their authority, certainly, and without the knowledge or approval of their superiors, shot Joe's boy dead.

Let us further assume that, in the interest of national security, limits were set upon the scope of the subsequent investigations. Call it a "cover up," if you like: Names will never hurt us.

Only Democrat-owned, liberal-biased press would bleat and moan over what was clearly a traditional Democrat "dirty trick" being played back on them. Did Republicans raise a cry-baby wail over the Democrat-caused murders of our trinity of Presidential martyrs, McKinley, Garfield and Lincoln? No! We "played up and played the game," as Kipling used to say.

This nation did not march so far into the future facing backwards. Like Caesar, President Kennedy has been both praised and buried. Were we to dig him up, we would find him, doubtless, to be just another naked emperor.

New Medicare Proposals: Take My Life - Please!

By Henry Youngman

Senator Edward Kennedy's latest proposals towards the establishment of a meaningful national health program seem not only perspicacious but long overdue. The cost of health care has after all reached an astronomical rate of increase and in the richest country in the world it is still possible for a normal, hard-working law-abiding family to be ruined by major illness or accident.

Inflated fees, hospital charges that reflect more the profit motive than the Hippocratic oath, special equipment and technologies whose expense raise serious ethical questions about the relative value of life and its actual financial limits, all this has not only resulted in crippling insurance charges, but has also done the medical profession at large very little good. I tell you doctors are the end.

Take my wife for instance. She goes to the doctor with a lump. The doctor says "Have you had this before?" She says "Yes" The doctor says, "Well - you got it again!" "But how long have I got to live?" she says. "Don't worry" says the doctor, "You'll live to be sixty." "I am sixty!" she yells. "What did I tell you?" he says.

No, but seriously, the situation in the United States at the present time does require some very hard decisions and some very astute leadership. National Health, per se, is not necessarily the answer. In a very real sense we already have what amounts to a national health plan, insofar as most wage-earners pay medical insurance premiums, while the unemployed are largely cared for by welfare — also supported by the wage-earner. The situation would not be radically different if this officially private plan was formalized into a Government program.

The real question centers around the use of the funds thus generated — whether privately or publicly administered. The well, the able-bodied, are in either case subsidizing the sick and the disabled. That perhaps is within

the parameters of human decency. But the issue becomes far more complex in areas where treatment is elective. Take shrinks for instance. This shrink has a guy come into his office with a chicken on his head. "What's the problem?" asks the shrink. "Get this guy off my feet" says the chicken. There was another guy went to the shrink and complained that his wife thought she was a chicken. Really. So the shrink asks why hasn't the family sent her away to a home. The guy says, because we needed the eggs.

All joking aside, many areas of medicine covered by present plans to some degree, are outside the responsibility of the premium-payer or, as in the case of Senator Kennedy's proposal, the taxpayer. Obesity for instance. Look at my wife. She's so fat when she walks down the street she looks like two dogs fighting in a sack. Before we got hitched she once went out on a blind date with Yankee Stadium. Really.

But getting back to the matter, in hand, the actress said to the rabbi, what about these doctors, huh? I mean look at the money they make. I gotta doctor, he's so well off, he won't even go to the office no more. He stays home and you make the house call. Know the funny thing about doctors? The smaller the practice the bigger the yacht. I knew one specialist dealt only with thin people. Like my wife. She's so thin she has to swallow marbles to stop her dress falling off. I mean she has to wear falsies just to look flat-chested. She's so thin I used to rent her out to parties as a hat-rack. That was until some wisacre used her as a toothpick.

No, but in all seriousness, Teddy Kennedy's proposals seem essentially sound provided that they grapple with the underlying problem of equity. He's a nice boy—for an Irishman. Know what they called the mick who married a Puerto Rican? A social climber. Thank you and God bless.

Henry Youngman, free-form violinist, is an expert on a wide variety of topics.

Middle East: Troubled, Oil-Rich

By Atony Lewis

BOSTON — It goes without saying that the Mideast is an arena of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts. This deceptive simple fact is worth repeating: it goes without saying that the Mideast is an arena of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflict. This allows the observer to underline the importance of this fascinating yet somehow terrifying part of the world, and to fill up the first portion of his column. By a cunning use of repetition he can wring 100 columns a year out of this hot yet somehow chilling piece of the map with its duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts.

In my 11-nation tour of this compelling yet somehow off-putting center, I was able to appraise the Arab and Israeli positions as never before.

As emirs in this strange yet somehow familiar place explained to me, the oil-rich nations lack only habeas corpus and running water to make them the

equal of any democracy in the Western world.

True, many such countries have only one newspaper, and since it must be used on over two million kitchen floors before it is rolled up to hit dogs, it is little more than shreds by the end of the day. But citizens are free to gather in groups of up to three, and the petrodollars have enabled shieks to purchase condominiums in Switzerland, New York, The Hague, Juan Les Pins and the Costa Brava, available to the lowliest camel driver should he be vacationing in the vicinity.

I would gladly have tarried in Egypt, an exotic yet somehow familiar nation, but the Tutankhamen exhibit was in New York and I felt I must push on. So I pushed on the Palestinian refugees. They pushed back and after six innings the score was P.L.O. 9, Tourists 4. It was 103 degrees in the shade in the refugee camps, but UN observers later explained to me that the refugees did not have to stay in the shade.

In Israel I received the Pete Rose award for three thousandth use of the word intransigent in connection with

the feral yet somehow domesticated nation. It was later explained to me that had Moses turned left instead of right after crossing the Red Sea, Israel would have had all the oil.

Such deceptively simple facts are often overlooked by stay-at-home journalists who never visit this arena of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts. It was also explained to me that rumors of stolen radioactive material were a total fabrication and that if Syria continued saber-rattling, two total fabrications would be dropped from the Golan Heights.

On the flight home, exhausted yet somehow invigorated, it occurred to me that the Mideast was full of duplicity, high tension and age-old conflicts. Yet it, like Not The Times and its columnists had survived. The elusive answers were, I felt, not far away. Why not train the displaced persons and intransigents to be astronauts or columnists? Time may be running out in the Mideast, but for astronauts and columnists, time is not the key dimension. For them, space is what counts. And there will always be space in Not The Times.



Although we've had a tough time at the hands of the press recently, we are not applauding New York's newspaper strike here at J.S. Stephens. After all, jeremiads never hurt our sales one bit. Which just goes to show that the American people know a good thing when they see one.

But we would like to take this opportunity to say a couple of words about strikes, unions and the American way.

Nobody likes to lose money. Nobody likes to be out of work. Down here at Stephens, we are trying to help others as we help ourselves.

Gone are the days when we could go down to the levee and choose the hardest and strongest workers. Some called it "involuntary servitude" but the workingman of that time got cradle-to-grave protection. Clothes in the winter, free medical care and food. Sure, things were tough and the occasional miscreant tasted the lash. But, to their credit, those people built this country with their sweat and blood. And we are not going to sit back and allow their descendants, or anybody else, to suck us dry.

And what is the biggest culprit in sucking this fine country of its lifeblood? Unions. The eight-hour day. The forty-hour week. Health care and job security have cut down the workingman's productivity and sapped his incentive.

So what if he does a poor job — on a school say, and the school collapses, killing and maiming some innocent children? The union man doesn't care. As long as he has the shop steward on his side, he knows he is safe. It is a sad day for this fine country of ours when a workingman lives more in fear of his shop steward than of his foreman.

But things will never be that way at Stephens. Our boys, as well as the assistants that work under us, appreciate the fact that they are on the payroll, while union members are on the unemployment line. They, like most Americans, know a good thing when they see one.

So we must humbly inquire, (although we don't really care) whose side are you on

J.S. Stephens

E.R.A.: A New Era

By Tom Wacker

WASHINGTON — Despite Jim Allen of Alabama, that current master of the filibuster, Congress will extend the ratification deadline to 1982 for the Equal Rights Amendment. It will also forbid states to rescind past approval. This is good news; but it is too soon to start dancing in the streets.

The conservative wave has not yet crested. ERA, be it remembered, was stopped cold in its tracks by three states. Listen closely to the starlings and sparrows in the trees; you will hear them chirping, "Proposition 13! Proposition 13!" Pressure for protectionist tariffs is rising. White Americans are fleeing school districts.

Too many of us shrug off unemployment as a problem limited to a few million youngsters — mostly black youngsters at that — plus a distressing but tolerable fallout of small businessmen, women, the old and the generally disadvantaged. The well-oiled oil lobby has blocked every national effort to create and conserve energy. In appearance before the Civil Aeronautics Board, the major American airlines are outspending public interest organizations by a ratio of more than two thousand to one.

Abroad, we are wavering in our essential support of an all-black government for Zimbabwe, still called Rhodesia by some careless reporters. While indulging in the humanitarian gesture of saving Vietnamese boat refugees, we ignore the pleas of that nation — still prostrate from our obscene bombings.

This litany is written in no spirit of hopelessness, for I continue to believe that the liberal tradition remains the deepest-running American current. I wish simply to remind liberal Americans that the fight for E.R.A. is not yet won. Significantly, a recent

Parris Pole found that even today 69 percent of male respondents consider it laudable to tip their hat to a woman or give her a seat on a crowded bus. Deep psychological barriers are still to be overrun before men treat women as their peers, and clobber them as such.

Intractable opponents of the E.R.A. assert that by extending the ratification deadline, Congress has changed the

IN THE NATION

rules in the middle of the game; has patronized the fairer sex by granting them a privileged status under the law. Such well-bankrolled nonsense is to be expected from conservatives; yet it reflects a public sickness requiring drastic sanitary measures.

A defeat for the E.R.A. would be bad social policy. The President should remember that it would also be bad politics. For starters, it would clearly lead to a recession in 1979, followed by a depression in 1980, the year of the next Presidential election.

By extending the deadline for ratification, Congress is reflecting the will of the people. Let Congress, then, insure against an upset of the popular will by reactionary legislatures, which, as is well known, are composed largely of white, small-town male chauvinists.

It is not too late for Congress to pass an act withdrawing Federal aid in every category from states that have not ratified E.R.A. by the 1982 deadline. Such an action is a must.

If this sanction still fails to sway the sullen minority that insists on distinguishing between the sexes, I propose an even stronger display of power. Let the wives of recalcitrant legislators withdraw their marital favors until their mates return to their senses.

18 — 34

The Magazine
for People between
17 and 35

**Disposing of your income—
How and Where**

**2.6 pairs of running shoes
for each foot**

**The lost art
of impulse buying**

**Single copy sales
and your sex life**

**The myth of
"good fiction"**

**How to respond to
magazine advertising**

**What happens to you
when you turn 35
and whether we care**

At last a magazine exclusively about the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine about the *people* who buy the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine packed with bright, punchy, cheery advertising about the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine put out by people just like the people who buy the things you buy and the things we sell. A magazine by us for us. 18-34—we all need it.



Insulating with Pate: Winter Warmth With good taste. Page B4



Sanitation cutbacks create art form overnight. Page B11



Books: 'Facial Carpentry' by Nancy Regan, Fixes your face. Page B21



Television: 'La Nouvelle Vague' (1961) comes to PBS. Page B52

The Having Section

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1978

Not The New York Times

L

B1

The Newest Antique



Disused newsstand can be used as bar, vanity, or simple conversation piece.

More and more these days newsstands are disappearing from the sidewalks of New York and popping up in Soho lofts, Park Avenue apartments or Sutton Place brownstones. How did this latest craze in collecting get started?

Donald Specs, a 35-year-old bachelor who is a collector of antiques and modern art spotted what he calls a magnificent example of the classic 1970's newsstand when walking his little yorkie on Lexington Avenue one day. "I became fascinated with its straightforward lines and its honesty—that I must have."

Mr. Specs brought his first newsstand on the corner of 57th Street and Lexington Avenue and since then he has purchased five others. "The

proper approach is what really counts when trying to make a bid on a newsstand" M. Specs says. "First I usually start by buying all of the magazines, candy, cigarettes or what have you. Then I admire the stand itself and inquire about the possibility of buying it. The biggest problem is assuring the newsstand owner that I don't want to take over his corner. I just want the stand for my living room. The next move is simple—cash. I made an absolute coup last week. I found a beautiful example of the aluminum-sided newsstand model on 23rd St. The only problem was that the owner, an old blind Irish boxer—didn't want to sell—not at any price. Finally we just had to bind and gag him and now he's very happily living at my place. I provide

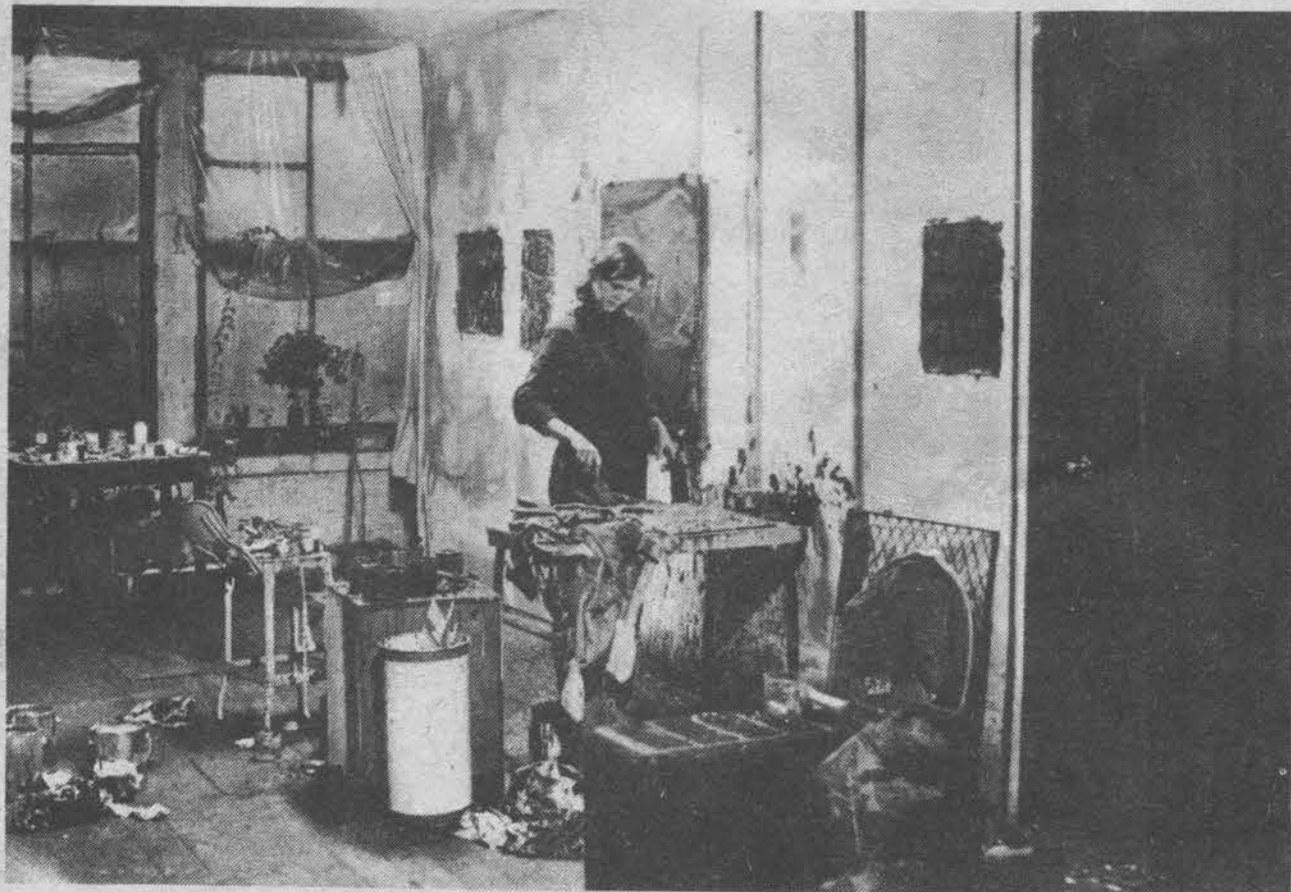
him with magazines and newspapers. It's a real convenience for me and my friends and now I realize that the stand just wouldn't be the same without Mr. O'Rourke, and he says business has never been better."

This is the only working newsstand we know of in a private home. Other collectors use their stands for storing old National Geographic magazines, as make-up organizers, a child's room or playhouse, or bars. Freelance writer and actor William Moseley uses his newsstand to fulfill a success wish. He buys magazines and replaces their feature articles with his own and posters pictures of himself on the cover. Says Mr. Moseley: "It makes me feel all warm and tingly inside."

Chauve-souris, or bat, long considered inedible, is regaining the culinary esteem it enjoyed during the Dark Ages



How to Relieve the Loft Squeeze



In a converted East 74th townhouse, tapestries are destroyed to make way for exposed brick.

An exciting alternative to moving way downtown

By CLARE M. WRECKER

Everybody's doing it. Cary Grant is converting his penthouse on Park Avenue, Marion Javits is re-doing her country barn, Andy Warhol is gutting his houseboat.

If you're going to live in style this year, you just have to get a loft. "Lofts are the most unborning things," says noted loft designer and renovator Joe Ouzo. "The fun is in the conversion, the renovation-taking a fuddy old penthouse or a boring townhouse and starting afresh by converting it into pure raw space. My favorite conversion was Bunny Mellon's 18th-century townhouse on Fifth Avenue. We ripped out all the useless ornamenture, stashed away the paintings and statues, stripped away the old pine floors and knocked down a lot of walls and ceilings. Essentially, he converted the five-story building into one very high ceilinged room, which will eventually contain "floating environments" or "track floors," as they are sometimes called. The "floors" will be connected by staircases or rope ladders and can be moved back and forth like track lifting.

While Bunny Mellon is going vertical, Bill Blass is going horizontal. He's just completed the purchase on East 65th Street, from Lexington to Third Avenue, and plans, also with the help of Mr. Ouzo, to create a complete factory loft from scratch, complete with

heavy machinery, freight elevators, florescent lighting, painted brick walls and even a few mice and rats to give it an old loftlike ambience. To do this, he will raze about a third of the existing buildings. "The real fun starts after the loft is finished. Then we have to convert it into a residential living space," said Blass.

The result is what Ouzo calls a "vertical loft," since a townhouse is comparatively narrow in width. Since everyone has snapped up the most desirable existing lofts, Blass and many others have to build a new factory-loft and then convert it into a residence. "I know it sounds like a lot of work, but you can't convert a loft unless you have a loft to start with. And if there's a shortage of old lofts, you simply have to build new ones," said Ouzo.

For decorating a finished loft, the pacesetters have definitely been Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hoving, who have done their Dakota loft in Chinese food. The emphasis is on the Cantonese style, which is more subtle in tone, and, according to the Hovings, more livable than the fiery Szechuan or the oily Mandarin styles. Broad fun noodles are used almost everywhere—as sofas, chairs, occasional pieces: Their soft, yielding qualities provide comfortable seating and their neutral tones are soothing and relaxing. Layers of Egg Foo Yong make well-designed sleeping units. A huge mound of pork fried rice is used as a "beanbag chair." The one extravagance: A large Peking Duck hanging lamp, which gives out a warm, brown glow.

But if one is to do a loft in Szechuan it might be wise to follow the route of Diana Vreeland, whose theme is "hot red peppers everywhere." Hot red pepper furniture, dining tables and lighting predominate, accented with bookshelves made of large cloves of garlic.

THE VOICE OF FOOD

THIS WEEK: SOMEONE IS COOKING THE GREAT CHEFS OF NEW YORK



© TOM HOVNA + KIRK MEYER SWITZ 10-18-1978 IS FOR-Y, H-TLE PARY

Solid Piquancy On 42nd Street

By Meme Sherry

Among the many requests we received for dining suggestions, one of the most piquant is for an historical restaurant where one can enjoy piquantly solid food at solidly piquant prices. Until now, that has been an impossibly difficult bill to fill (impossibly difficult because, too often, piquancy is taken for granted). But now that bill has been filled—filled because of our recent rediscovery of that awesome monument to old New York, Nothin's Famous, the 62-year-old restaurant that occupies the southeast corner of Broadway and 42nd Street.

Taxicab-colored walls, milk-colored ceilings, peppered with baseball-colored light globes, piquant pavement-colored floors, a charmingly ramshackle raised seating area, and a highway divider striped motif created an engaging backdrop for dining while experiencing the enticing history of this solidly delicious city.

And when it comes to the food at Nothin's, solidly delicious is no idle adverb and adjective. It is indeed joyous to report that Nothin's Famous possesses that unflagging attention to detail that creates a four-star restaurant (that unflagging attention to detail is embodied in the tiny, origami-like coleslaw cups the staff painstakingly folds from lightweight parchment each day). We were also enchanted by the piquant hand-rolled soda straws and the lemony cloth napkins that are so lightweight that they give the impression of paper.

Nothin's Famous Frankfurters are still piquantly priced at 69 cents. We found them to be improbably delicious—improbable, because we believe there is a chance that the sausages are not always prepared fresh each day by the chef. The Famous "dogs" are braced with a gentle and velvety mustard sauce that is dispensed—like the tomato-red ketchup sauce—from a bewitching "high-tech" three-gallon jug.

We found ourselves beguiled by the category of "seafood delights." There is a properly crisp Ipswich clam fry served with plenty of irresistibly fresh

french fries (irresistible because each fry is individually sculpted by the assistant chef). On one occasion, the inspired shrimpboat cocktail with oysterettes was fresh and jewel-like, but the rich vermilion cocktail sauce was toothachingly cold. On another occasion the cocktail sauce was perfect, but we feel it is only fair to mention that we were recognized.

One young gourmand, a regular patron of the establishment, recommended the raw clams to us. "Hey mam you try any of those raw clams? The little ones ain't bad." We agreed that the larger clams were unwieldy.

We doubt, for example, whether the ill-conceived Orange Bang—advertised as "made from orange juice"—is more orange than bang. And while cheerful

Nothin's Famous

1482 Broadway (at 42nd Street), 594-7455.
 Atmosphere: Refreshingly spare and simple.
 Dangerous on hot Saturday nights.
 Platform shoes required.
 Recommended dishes: Orange bang.
 Price Range: 89 cents to \$1.35.
 Credit cards: Not responsible if lost or stolen.
 Hours: Friday and Saturday, 7 to 5 a.m.
 Reservations: Not usually necessary.
 What the stars mean:

- Ill-conceived
 - Decent
 - Piquant
 - Solidly delicious
 - Irresistibly sublime
- * Make that two stars
 **No, make that one star
 ***Why give it any?
 ****Never mind.

The Humble Bat A Versatile, if Elusive, Delicacy

By Craig Stillborn

If the common bat, or, as it is better known as French, the *chauve-souris*, has been rather absent on the local scene until the present day, it is ancient history to cooks from other continents. For hundreds of years, the popularity of this versatile animal (the only true winged mammal, it can be prepared as fowl or as meat) extended from Albania (where it is known as the national vegetable), Wales and Warsaw across the sea to Africa. Bats were enjoyed by the early Hittites and Spartans. In regions of French Equatorial Africa, where they are known as *chauve-souris*, bats are the basis of both classic and peasant cuisine.

Despite the historical admiration for bats as a rare, elusive delicacy, bats have been much maligned in the 20th century. "Chauve-souris," in many French-speaking countries is used as a vituperative term. It means cave-dwelling vampire (a misnomer, because the only bats which are dangerous to eat are those found in tropical South America, much like certain species of mushrooms), and "faire le chauve-souris" means to drive insane.

Bat meat, as most foreign cooks will tell you, is extraordinarily adaptable and quite succulent if left for a few weeks in a basic marinade. It is the foundation for superb appetizers such as bat vinaigrette, and Hungarian-style; cold, dressed with capers, olive oil, pimientos and pignole nuts. I remember with pleasure the meal served many years ago by the late Jean-Paul Bienvilage, the chef of Le Colombe d'Hors, which began with a fine bat en croute, a recipe said to have been devised through research into the works of Apicius.

Bat breasts are the stock ingredient in a plethora of soups including those made with curry and/or remoulade. Boiled bat breasts are delicious braised with a chestnut or Bearnaise sauce.

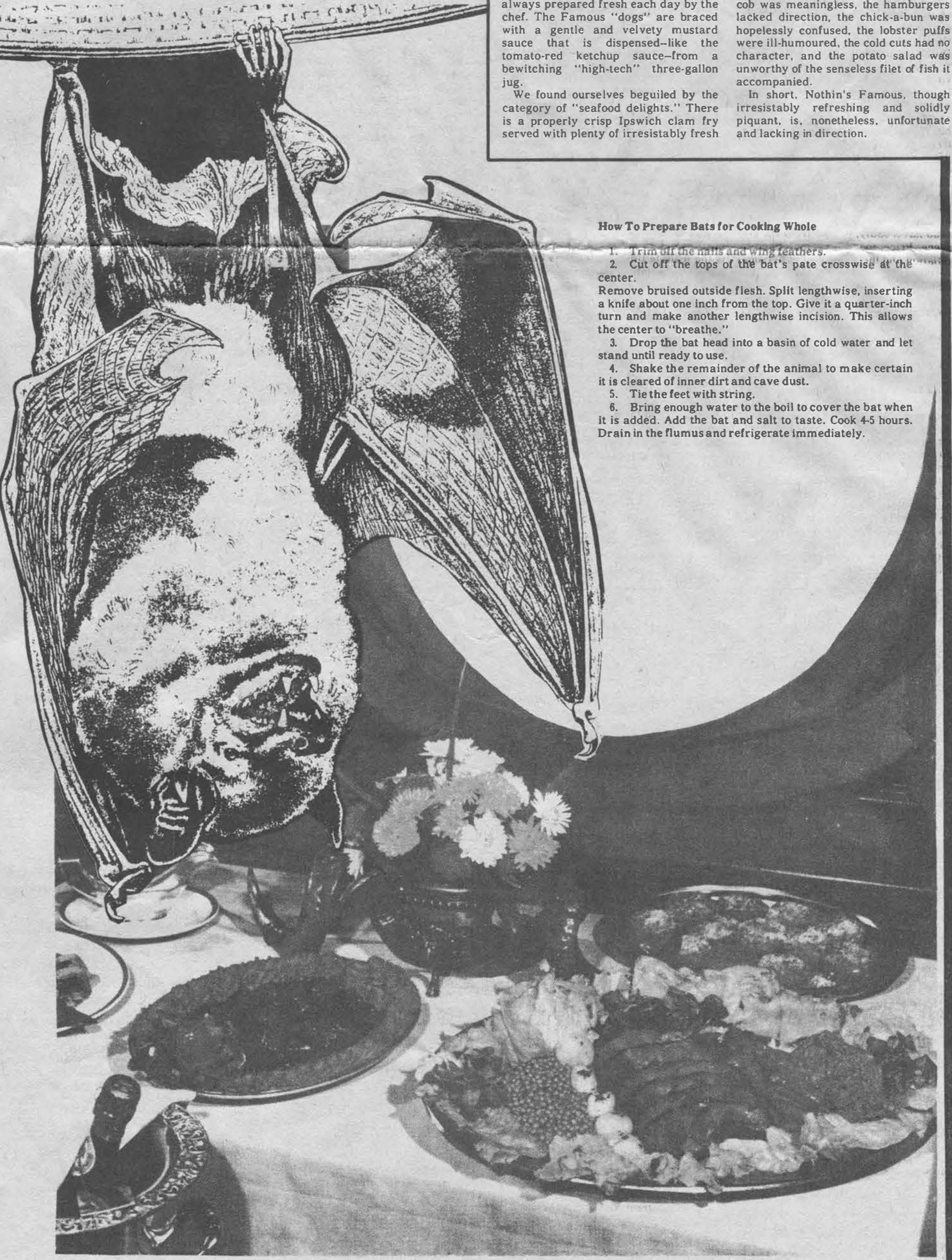
Bat feet inevitably turn up in the French Potage Bonnie Fille and Potage Marseilles (nearly the same thing). The foot of the bat is considered such a prize in certain caveless parts of the world that the person fortunate enough to procure one may often wear it around his neck as a sign of good luck and prosperity.

The problem for most Americans in incorporating the bat into the menu lies in its limited availability and high cost due to the dwindling number of bat catchers (or bat baiters as they are also known) in the world. Bat catching is an ancient art usually handed down from father to son and involves the deafening of the animal by the emission of a certain secret high-pitched note. The deafened bat quickly flies into a wall and drops swiftly to the ground, where it is scooped into the bat flumus, a kind of wooden colander.

It is well worth the expense, during bat season, to acquire several pounds of the meat, which may easily be frozen and stored for use throughout the year. Bat brains are not found at the butcher's counter but are canned and sold separately. The brains should be used sparingly in salads and desserts, as their distinctive flavor and consistency can too easily dominate the other elements.

Speaking of desserts, Bombe de Chauve-souris, in Jacqueline Gruder's wonderful "Middle European Cooking in the Middle Ages Cookbook" (Johnston and Raindance, London, 1971) she tells us is Yugoslavia's national dessert, and "one that has been enjoyed in winter palaces and humbler places in Yugoslavia since the 12th century."

A well-known Biafran proverb says that "when a poor man eats a bat, one of them grows healthy, come, my lords and ladies, let us all to dinner for the Bombe de Chauve-souris is a-cooling."



How To Prepare Bats for Cooking Whole

1. Trim off the nails and wing feathers.
2. Cut off the tops of the bat's pate crosswise at the center. Remove bruised outside flesh. Split lengthwise, inserting a knife about one inch from the top. Give it a quarter-inch turn and make another lengthwise incision. This allows the center to "breathe."
3. Drop the bat head into a basin of cold water and let stand until ready to use.
4. Shake the remainder of the animal to make certain it is cleared of inner dirt and cave dust.
5. Tie the feet with string.
6. Bring enough water to the boil to cover the bat when it is added. Add the bat and salt to taste. Cook 4-5 hours. Drain in the flumus and refrigerate immediately.

Windshield-Washing: A City Guide

By FRANCES TERRA

It used to be a New York institution, like the Schrafft's luncheon, the nickel ferry fare, or the shoeshine at Sardi's upstairs bar. Yet the New York City automobile window-washing experience is a fast-disappearing phenomenon of life in the Big Apple, a casualty of changing neighborhoods, the flight to the suburbs, and the fiscal decline of the northeast region that has forced willing workers to ply their trades in the Sun Belt States.

The practitioners of the art and craft of automobile window-washing are dwindling to a precious few, in an uncaring city that seems to have little use for their hard-won skills. "I guess the great days are over," said Al Gazone, who has been lifting wiper blades for 40 years now on the western approaches to the 59th Street Bridge. "Used to be, there were 20 or 30 guys here, threatening the bridge patrons at the stoplights, and cadging dimes in exchange for a good clean window. Now, it's a rare day in January when you can get five guys here with their squeegees during an afternoon rush hour," he said.

Recent figures from the Bureau of Labor Statistics tend to back up Mr. Gazone's claim. According to members compiled in 1959, there were 4,249 derelicts who listed their principal occupation as "window washer, automobile." This count has dwindled to only 429 as of 1977, showing the decline in this cottage industry. And, as the median age of the washers steadily increases, fewer and fewer are being replaced by younger derelicts as the old-timers find they can no longer ply their trade.

It is said that the first auto windshield washer was a derelict who decided to ply his trade outside the Ford Motor Company River Rouge plant in Dearborn, Mich., just as the first Model T came off the assembly line. "Wash your windshield, Guv'nor?" the fellow is believed to have asked Henry Ford, who was at the wheel. "By all means, and here's a penny for your trouble," Mr. Ford is said to have replied. A tradition was born.

To the auto-windshield-washing consumer, the great days of service, care, and prompt attention are gone. The nights when elegant derelicts in top hats used to service the chauffeur-driven limousines outside the Stork Club have, sadly, passed from the city scene. Price, too, has been affected by inflation and the rising cost of personal services. It is rare to partake of a standard windshield-washing transaction for less than 25 cents these days; dimes and nickels, when offered to attending derelicts, may earn motorists little more than a curse, and a blow to an automobile's exterior chrome trim.

Nevertheless, it is still possible to be ministered to by the remaining artisans of this dying craft. The following locations where bargain-hunting motorists can still be rewarded with a clean windshield are listed here, along with a description of their standards of service, cleanliness and general ambiance. The following locations have all been visited several times, and although they do not reach the levels of service during the golden age of window washing, they serve, nonetheless, as reminders of the city's continuing vitality, and the hardy endurance of the city's finest traditions:

59th Street at First Ave, Manhattan.

It is well worth braving the long lines at the 59th Street Bridge to experience the East Side's most charming and elegant service. We received courteous and energetic attention from Al Gazone, the windshield crew chief, and his assistants Dave, Marty, Dom and Bud. A hallmark of this team's performance is the care given to the gentle replacement of the rubber windshield blades on car windows after the washing action. Amusingly, crew members frequently whistle the old Simon and Garfunkel tune, "Feelin' Groovy," the so-called 59th Street Bridge Song, as they go about their bustling activity. The big problem here is the waiting time: the endless bridge lines, especially during rush-hour traffic, because delays of as long as 20 to 30 minutes.

125th Street and First Ave, Manhattan.

There has been a precipitous decline in service here at this Triborough Bridge stopping spot, which used to be the Small's Paradise of uptown window-washing. Motorists who remember the exotic clothes, funky patter and rag-popping zest of the windshield crews of yore will be sadly disappointed at the decline of a great institution. The only worker who would give his name, Hector, was unusually surly, and his attention to detail was only mediocre. Four detergent spots were visible on the window after the washing was completed, and the wiper blades were snapped carelessly back in place. The other, unidentified, members of this pick-up crew seem to be even less friendly and enthusiastic than Hector.

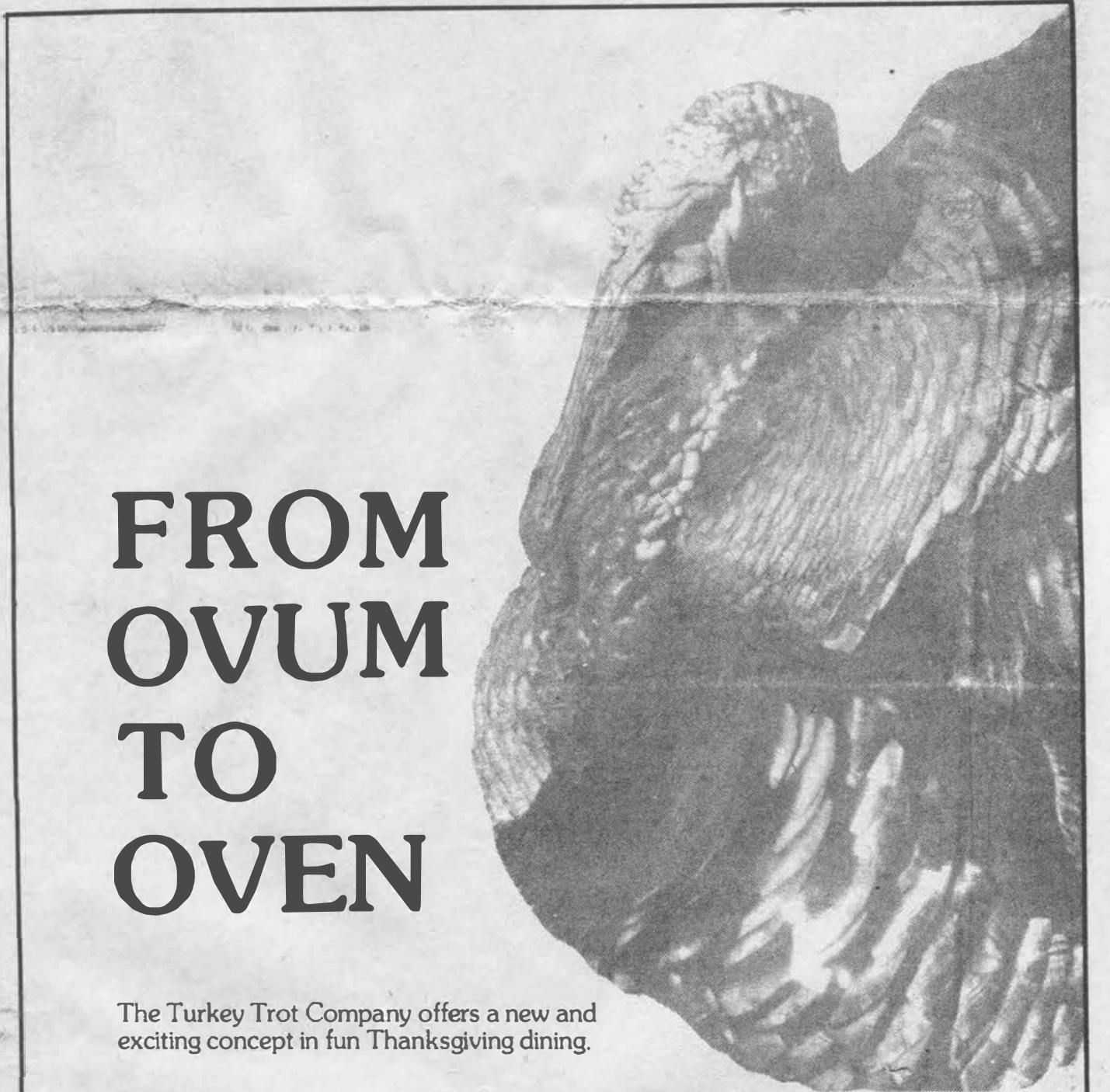
Incidents of overcharging have also been reported to the Better Business Bureau, and gouging has not been uncommon in our own experience at this location. The sole mitigating factor is the prompt service here, caused by the short bridge lines through most of the day, but motorists who seek to avoid the long waiting time at the 59th Street Bridge may be deeply disappointed at the poor service.

100th Street and Shore Road, Brooklyn.

Motorists waiting to cross the Verrazano Bridge will be charmed to see the disco attire and coordinated hustle routines of the windshield crews, who work to the driving beat of the Bee Gees. The derelicts are well aware that this is Travolta country, in the shadow of the bridge that gave "Saturday Night Fever" its Brooklyn authenticity. Although waiting time is minimal and washers seem to be energetic enough, competence and attention to detail are not all they might be. On one of our several visits to this location, the entire right half of the windshield was completely neglected; the attending derelict was unresponsive despite several entreaties and was most brusque when we insisted on paying half price for his half-hearted efforts. On another occasion, the windshield was cleaned with a cloudy substance that promoted spotting and streaking. In short, service here is unreliable, for all inventive "2001 Odyssey" trappings of the windshield crews. We think they would be better advised devoting less attention to snappy "hustle" routines, and more attention to "hustline" through their duties.



Scenes of window washers around town.



FROM OVUM TO OVEN

The Turkey Trot Company offers a new and exciting concept in fun Thanksgiving dining.

Fill in the order blank, send a money order and an egg, and our private incubators will be marked with your name and the name you choose for your turkey. From that moment on, the excitement will be coming your way right up to Thanksgiving.

Imagine the excitement in your family when a telegram arrives: **YOUR TURKEY FRITZ HATCHED TODAY STOP DOING FINE STOP WEIGHT 2 OUNCES**

From time to time you will receive a personal progress report on how your turkey is getting along. From that first exciting report, experience the drama of life itself as you follow your turkey's career. Experience the pangs of heartbreak with such reports as this: Dear Mr. Smith. We regret to report that your turkey, Ralph, caught the spavins and a leg has been operated upon. Ralph is doing fine but we suggest that you not overdo your Thanksgiving invitations this year. As you know, both of Ralph's wings went in August and Ralph is not expected to arrive at your table weighing more than a pound and a half.

Or imagine the pride of receiving the following report: Dear Mr. Jones. Your turkey has been enrolled at the Hotchkiss School where he is studying European History, Chemistry 11, Ethnic Images in Modern Media, and Myth and the Hero (a seminar). Your turkey is playing left tackle on the football team and weights 35 pounds.

Yes, indeed, we aim to warm the cockles of your gullet with big friendly turkey Toms that will get to be as familiar to you as the family cat.

A Toasht to N.Y.!



Wines

	CHABLIS	CHENIN BLANCS	BURGUNDY	CABERNET SAUVIGNON	ZINFANDEL
1	4	2	8	3	MONDAY
2	4	5	6	3	TUESDAY
7	7	2	4	1	WEDNESDAY
			6	2	THURSDAY
			5	8	FRIDAY

Vintage

By GLENN HOWLER

With the great feasts of the year coming up, it's appropriate to start thinking of great wines. Surprisingly many of the great wines available in

New Yorkers come from their own state. Not enough people realize that some of the great vintages have been produced less than 200 miles from the city, deep in the hard-to-find heart of the Catskills. The Burgundies, Chenins Blancs, Cabernets, and Chablis, not to mention the lusty Zinfandels, are

at their peak, and out-class anything in a comparable bottle. The Premier Grand Cru Classe Cabernet Sauvignon from the "cotes" Sol Yagur, for instance, is infinitely superior to anything in its category, although current prices (\$1.19 a gallon) are perhaps somewhat

Terminal 'Wing-Ding'

By EDITH ASBURY PARK

Not everyone in New York was wearing black tie last night, but for those who regularly swim the currents of the social stream, it may have seemed that way. It was a night for frivolity, as philanthropist Jerry Zipkin celebrated the golden anniversary of his first party at Doubles, along with such regulars as Nan Kempner, Pat Buckley and the Oscar de la Rentas, but it was also a night which benefitted several worthy causes. This one that attracted the most celebrities took place at New York General Hospital's new wing for the terminally ill.

Although public libraries train and subway stations have recently been used for gala events, this was the first time that a hospital was the scene of a major dinner dance.

Muck II, the well-known decorating firm run by those two enterprising party-goers, Pica Artgun and Bessie Reiner, swept through the hospital at midday, livening up the walls with Jim Dine posters and replacing patients' wilted flowers with fresh sprays of baby's breath and orchids from Mrs. Artgun's own greenhouse. Intravenous bottles were cleverly hidden behind large silver helium balloons, the patients themselves were removed to

the basement. "Considering the short time we were given," Mrs. Reiner said, "we did the best we could." "Divine," was the word heard most frequently in reference to the decor, especially by those gathered around the massive buffet catered by Bruce White Roberts and served in the operating room, which was dotted with six-foot palms in rattan baskets.

Many of the guests, en route from the King Vidor exhibition at the Fagan Gallery shed their jackets to dance to the live disco band installed in the scrub room. Woody Allen, hiding behind a dialysis machine, refused to participate, but among those who did, were Sylvia Miles, George and Freddy Plimpton, Kitty Carlisle Hart, DeeDee Ryan, Keren Shaw, George Butler, Candice Bergen and the Adolph Greens.

VERYDISCO / Eeeny Meany

Maggie's Brainstorm

A colleague of mine looked at the little illustrated book I'm going to tell you about, and moaned, "My mother cleaned those things out of the attic." If your mother, or father, or sister, or you, did the same thing, you may have trouble remembering what a book looks like. If not, you may want to forget the above. It has nothing to do with Margaret Trudeau's latest brainstorm, which is the little illustrated book I started to tell you about, called "How To Turn Your Nervous Breakdown Into A Profit-Making Package," a

beautifully designed photo history of Mrs. Trudeau's last three years. The photographs are by Margaret, herself, and are enough to make you throw away your Nikomat. It's published by Drolletier, and for \$14.95, most bookstores will put it in a bag

For Prole Prose

It's all well and good for you to say that you already have a Gucci notebook, Tiffany pen, and sheaves of your own monogrammed writing paper from Cartier, but it would be elitist and obnoxious if you did. A less nauseating

way to write is with ordinary paper and pencil. One can now find these items at L'Ecrivain, newly opened at 110 A East 61st Street, at prices even I can afford. Better hurry, they're selling like mad, as the word spreads about how dandy it is for one's children to be able to do such things as erase, and make their own spit balls, just and we did in our day. It might interest you to know, though I hardly see why, that the General Services Administration has recently snapped up a warehouseful. So there.

Behind Simian Chic

The name Patti-Cake may not be as well known outside the Central Park Zoo as that of, say, Diana Vreeland, but Miss Cake is branching out of the zoo world and into Miss Vreeland's domain. Seventh Avenue finds a new dynamic designer in Patti, as her friends call her. Already this fall she has everyone wearing the monkey hat (also known as the bell-hop look).

Miss Cake's apartment on the East Side of Manhattan reflects her freewheeling life style. There is hardly any furniture. "I just can't find the time"—and she often whips around her room, throwing things here and there when an "inspiration attack" hits. She has her quiet moments, too—the design for the monkey hat came to her when she was sitting quietly on her swing, reminiscing. "With all the resurgence of the 40's look I just remembered what my mother used to wear. She was a remarkable woman—a working woman even back in those days, when it was so hard for women to break into the job market. Mom wore the exact same hat that I designed to work every day. She was a street entertainer. Her partner is still around today—Giuseppe Bagnola—he's retired from organ grinding though."

Although Miss Cake has no formal training in the fashion industry, she says she has learned from just looking at clothes the average woman wears to the zoo and also from her friends on 7th Avenue. Calvin Klein, Halston, Mary McFadden are all designers she admires and has learned from and, in return, they admire her—"She's brought a new energy to the fashion world that is desperately need. Odd as



The monkey hat is modeled on the hats which used to be worn by performing monkeys.

she may be, we love her," says Klein. "Patti is tough and strong-willed, but as cute and energetic as a little chimp," Halston says, "and her monkey hat is a revelation."

Miss Cake is now working on a full line of day and evening wear for women, with an emphasis on the short and hairy woman, who so many designers ignore. "Everyone can wear my clothes, but I feel an allegiance to the short and hairy, and also it's a challenge that I just couldn't pass up." She likes synthetic fabrics like rayon and nylon and tries to stay away from leather and fur. She is also planning to use plant materials. This way she hopes she can keep her clothes at prices the short and hairy woman can afford. Miss Cake's daytime wear is practical, but not without flair. Her skirts (often made of banana leaves) are extremely short and revealing—"Makes it easier to scratch," she chimes briskly. Her blouses are straws pieced together with what appears to be earth.

With her daytime clothes taken care of Patti Cake throws all caution to the wind in her evening wear; glittering white diaper held together with gold safety pins and banana leaf halter top. "People will stand up and take notice when women wear my clothes and that's what I'm after. I guess my clothes are for the fun-loving extrovert." Also in the works are a Patti-Cake line of make-up and beauty products. An unusual treatment for hair made of old peanut shells and mashed banana. "It's what my grandmother used and not only did she never loose a hair or have one gray strand, but she had a beautiful, full, shiny coat until the day she died." She hasn't forgotten about hats, either. In the summer she will introduce her remodeling of the Carmen Miranda Tutti-Frutti hat. "Not only is it chic," says Miss Cake, "but it doubles as lunch."

The uniqueness of Miss Cake and her extraordinary design flair are noteworthy.



"Halston introduced us to India at a Bloomindale's party."

"We were introduced to Halston at an after-hours bash Bloomindale's threw to promote India.

Before that, we had merely read about Halston in the collector's edition of Life, which was the only thing around to read, not that it had the news either.

Halston is exactly like the article said. A charismatic guy in his own right who decorates his home in flannel and votive candles. The man is style itself.

We confessed to him that before this party, whenever we needed anything, we'd stopped in at Lamston's to buy it. He said never mind. We felt we'd known him forever.

During the evening we asked Halston about India.

He said it was an underdeveloped country

that produced straw baskets, wrinkled costumes and stuffed purple elephants with sequins. (Halston has a way of making everything sound stylish.)

He said Bloomindale's imported the Indian goods to sell to people who live in New York. They put the baskets and elephants in their apartments and wear the costumes to work. He said Bloomindale's had done very well at this, and pointed to a store sign saying "India has been held over."

From that moment on the only store we've ever patronized is Bloomindale's. It has everything.

A Bloomindale's party, the start of a speaking relationship with Halston, and an introduction to a downtrodden country. Not bad for one evening."

bloomindale's

The Store with More Than You Should Ever Want

Third Avenue New York Open late Monday and Thursday evenings

Bonnett Musical Paean To Writers

Rich Elder

Writing isn't easy. I know. I do it myself, all the time. I'm writing right now, in fact. I wrote in Stratford, Ontario, last week. I wrote in Minneapolis the week before. Yesterday, I wrote on the PATH train on the way back from the Bergen Mall.

Well, attention all writers: At last we have something to sing about!

The greatest musical in the history of the world opened last night, a month after it was due. The musical is called "A Writer's Block," and it is dedicated to all writers, everywhere, who have never written a word.

As the show opens, the writers (professional actors) stride out onto a bare stage; the program notes tell us we are in the depths of the McDowell Colony. The innovative, electric director, Michael Bonnett, points his actors directly at us, the audience. They sing to us. They dance for us. They wait for our every reaction. Slowly, surely, we see what this master craftsman is up to: We, the audience, are the audience! Incredible!

The cast is costumed in traditional writers' garb: lucky nightgowns, plaid flannel shirts over well-worn dungarees, painters' hats. All smoke heavily; most carry prescription bottles and thermometers. Thus assembled, they sing the first song, "I Hope I Sell It."

In the ensuing production, we are treated to, no, dazzled by, no, beaten exquisitely over the head with a gut-ripping, blood-draining, anxiety-inducing, brilliant examination of each writer's, and thus every writer's total inability to write.

One performer, an endearing young man, recalls how he forgot about a required book report in the eighth grade. In homeroom, he tells us, he made up a story about a scrappy Jewish boy alone in the garment district, with nothing but two shiny pennies and the Talmud. One hero told his teacher it was written by Mario Puzo, and she gave him an "A." He was

hooked, or so he sings in "I Can Write That."

There are tender moments in "A Writer's Block," contrived and flawlessly self-serving. Three women sing of childhood Jack Kerouac fantasies "Everything Was Beautiful at the Bookstore," and a deliciously plucky Puerto Rican girl reminisces about her first block. It was in a creative writing seminar that James Baldwin hosted, and her song mourns her failure as well as her opinion of Baldwin— "Nothing."

"Hello Knopf, Hello Viking, Hello Crown" is a rousing production number, brimming with hopes of big auctions and dreams of Jill Kraminz removing her lens cap.

But the real drama belongs to the character of Chrissie. She had been published once, a long time ago. Hailed as "the new Dorothy Parker," she moved to Los Angeles, and shortly thereafter was stricken by writer's block. She landed one job ghost-writing a B-actress's memoirs. She did an "as told to" or two. Back in New York, much older, still blocking, she needs a contract and all that her publisher offers is an editorial position. In a show-stopping 43-minute number, Chrissie claims her "right to write" in "The Selectric and the Thesaurus."

As Chrissie collapses and is taken by her fellow writers to Bellevue for observation, another block victim sings about an article she submitted to The New Yorker. By mistake, her rejection slip was accompanied by the editors' critique. Her remarks were: "Neatness: 10, Depth: 3 (Wits My Ass)." Devastated but determined, she wrote her next piece as if she didn't give a damn. Today, she knows John Updike's home address.

The music in "A Writer's Block," though largely plagiarized, magnifies the blocking frustration, mainly because you spend most of the show trying to remember where you first heard each tune. The cast sparkles.

Run, don't walk to "A Writer's Block." Knock down old women with walkers if they're in front of you at the box office. There has never been a reason not to write like "A Writer's Block." It's a wow!

Portrait of Nina



ENOS 173

'Mosquitos': A Romance With Bite

MOSQUITOS, directed by Manuel Luis Depau; screenplay (Spanish with English subtitles) by Jose Manole and Mr. Depau; director of photography, Luis Manuel Jose Cordero; editing, Anna Marie Luisa Cristina Julietta Franciosi; music, Vittorio Salas; produced by M. Depau; distributed by El Dorado Cinema International, Inc. at the Manhattan Art Studio, Broadway and 68th Street. Running time, 92 minutes. This film has no rating.

Angelo Jose Luis Fernandez
Marta Josefina Fernandez Luisa Pirana
Cuqui Felipe Gastle

The romantic triangle portrayed in "Mosquitos" sounds familiar a man, his sweetheart, and his terribly psychotic mosquito, but the Spanish director Manuel Luis Depau presents these stock characters in an exceedingly unusual way.

The aged mosquito lives alone in an isolated hacienda, where the surrounding countryside is full of wild dogs and the provincial priest makes frequent visits to commune with the flying insect. But when her depressed friend arrives—after having fallen madly in love with a youngish woman who says she is a former nun—the mosquito's life is thrown out of focus.

The friend, who has arrived uninvited, is so intent on making his lover feel at home that one night he swats the mosquito from its resting place on the bedroom wall so that he and his paramour can have more privacy. The mosquito is so angered by this that she flies out into the night and settles on a



wild dog, taking out her rage on the unfortunate creature by annoying it to death.

This sequence transpires at night, but many of the film's most luminous scenes are set in bright daylight and sparkle with subtly ironic deadpan humor; it is not surprising that "Mosquitos" has been reported to be Woody Allen's favorite new work.

Mr. Depau, whose films have been both popular and controversial in Spain (though they are relatively unknown to Americans), has a gift for distorting things slightly, without martyring the

aura of overriding reality that gives his best scenes a revolutionary vitality. In his most bitingly successful moments, Mr. Borau accomplishes a brilliant fusion of falsehood and distortion.

So when the priest arrives one morning at this humble casita in the country, he brings a little own figurine as a bread-and-butter present. And when the runaway nun looks up from her banana gathering and sends her goat away so she can seduce the depressed young man (now her depressed husband), who should appear on a sad-eyed burro but her former boyfriend, a drug smuggler who has been looking for her.

The husband and wife remain motionless, as the smuggler rides around in circles without appearing to "see" them. The mosquito, dying slowly, attempts to penetrate the smuggler's beard.

A lovely spirit of fun pervades Mr. Depau's work, and an extraordinarily purposeful heavy-handedness is at play: The most memorable image presented by this beautifully photographed, symbolically poignant movie is that of a blazingly sunlit-filled bare room imbued with the merest suggestion of a mosquito's shadow.

Mr. Depau, who opens the film with France's statement that "Spain is not a landlocked country," is better at implying through the camera's lens the more politically striking plot elements, such as the prison riot, the suicidal local governor, the depressed young man's theft of a Rolodex watch in the marketplace. Actually, the machismo of such elements tends to overwhelm the more subtle trivializations of rebelliousness, which the film otherwise suggests so furtively.

The atmosphere of religious persecution and political tyranny that the film intends to dramatize is significant, but what makes Mr. Depau's American debut especially auspicious is not the film's subject matter but its blurred, idiosyncratic and altogether wide-eyed innocence.



**DAYS
OF
HEAVEN
CAN WAIT**

CINEMA III

1:35, 4:15, 7, 9:35

Pop Life

John Rockhill

To this observers, the biggest news in rock this week, of course, is the release of the long-awaited "Cryonic Benefit" album, featuring many of the local underground's best-known performers, and some of their best known colleagues from outside the area.

Miss. Smith, whom readers may remember from her big hit, "Because the Night," was placed in a chemical freezer last month, after spraying spittle on the first three rows of her audience at the Newark House of Detention. It was the sort of artistic risk-taking that has characterized her career. Although Arista Records plans to release a three-disc set of her brain wave patterns for the Christmas season, Miss Smith is unable to write lyrics, and the loss of one of rock's premier poets is certainly lamentable.

Among the performers appearing on the benefit album are Johnny Rotten and Sid Vicious of the Sex Pistols; jazz great Sun Ra; Brian Eno, who produced the encephalograph LP; Rat Scabies of the Damned; Buck Dharma of the Blue Oyster Cult; Bo Diddley; Meat Loaf; and Manfred Mann. The album's climax is a twelve-minute version of Miss Smith's own "Rock and Roll Nigger," with contributions from Mr. Rotten, Mr. Eno, Mr. Scabies, Mr. Dharma, Mr. Diddley, Mr. Vicious, Mr. Mann and Mr. Loaf. Mr. Scabies has an infectious guitar solo near the end, but to this observer the dominant feature is Mr. Diddley's somewhat bemused vocal. Since the concert was recorded on a cassette player with defective batteries, the sound quality

leaves something to be desired. But one hopes that the \$20 list price will not hurt sales. To this observer, it seems a bargain, considering the cause.

There was considerable consternation in these quarters, among many others, about Linda Ronstadt's recent Rolling Stone interview. Of course, we were cheered to know that Miss Ronstadt may move to New York. And, like most of her fans, this observer was amazed at her astute commentary on current affairs, especially the part about Standard Oil being "in a better position to decide what's going to be good for the economic climate of the country and for the rest of the world" than the Eagles. To this observer, this analysis ranks with Miss Ronstadt's revelation, during the 1976 Presidential campaign, that she had subscribed to the Wall Street Journal.

One could not help feeling ill at ease, however, at Miss Ronstadt's determination to withdraw from political involvement. The word from Malibu, where Miss Ronstadt is presently packing for the journey east, is that she may reconsider. One certainly hopes so. To this observer, her political viewpoint is the freshest rock has known since Bob Dylan's mid-60's withdrawal.

Mr. Dylan announced after his Madison Square Garden concerts, incidentally, that he no longer beats his wife. What effect this will have on slumping sales of his new album, "Street Legal," remains to be seen, however. But to this observer, it seems unfortunate that Mr. Dylan should be penalized for his religious beliefs, however bizarre.

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Books of Not the Times

Chris Lehmann-Hoot



J.B. Snood

Would Snood disappoint? Imagine the reviewer's feelings of anticipation, bordering on apprehension, coming close to excitement, ending in the area of moderate interest, as he opened "Parsifal's Picnic," the new novel by J.B. Snood. What was one to make of such a title? What was one to make of the autumn leaves tumbling by outside the reviewer's window, their bright hues bearing with them an unmistakable quality of sadness as they plummeted and crashed upon the sidewalk? Was there perhaps an unmistakable quality of sadness of "Parsifal's Picnic," or to the character of Daniel Doncaster, whom the reviewer came upon in the first paragraph, "standing with an altogether gallant nervousness at the cold buffet table of the Mogador Hotel," or maybe to the reviewer's own apartment with its inexplicable excess of rubber plants and lack of lunch, cold or otherwise? Would Doncaster disappoint? What of the Mogador Hotel? Why a cold buffet? Rhetorical questions of an inescapable nature presented themselves to the reviewer's mind as his eyes moved down the page. Might there not be, for example, an alternative, or seated, form of lunch at the Mogador Hotel? Or at any rate a hot dish or two, even one, such as a Shrimp Newburg, which the reviewer himself sometimes enjoyed? Was the reviewer enjoying himself right now? "Hullo, Millie!" boomed Doncaster, the reviewer read. The reviewer rather enjoyed this Millie but might she too not inevitably disappoint? There was a verve to her but also a certain thinness. Could Snood at the end entirely resolve Millie, tie together all the strands, or would he leave the reviewer in the lurch

so to speak, adrift in modish dialogue, once again the victim of his own incautious enthusiasms. Snood seemed to sense this problem for he now gave the girl "a red dress and sandals and a haphazardly bandaged right knee." Good for Snood, the reviewer thought. Perhaps the bandage represented some fatal flaw, some Hawthorniana mark or stigma, that the reviewer might comment on for eighty-five words or so. After all, why should Ellery, the Tuesday and Thursday man, have exclusive rights to Hawthornian references as well as to all the dirty stuff? On the other hand, supposing that the bandaged knee were a blind alley, a red herring, a cul-de-sac? In his youth, the reviewer had chased after false symbolic leads more times than he cared to remember: Monsieur Bovary's bicycle, Tashtego's stepmother. At the start of the third

paragraph, a "man in an ill-fitting denim jacket" appeared, "running down the marble stairway toward the smiling couple." The reviewer suddenly wondered: Did Snood have staying power? Could he go all the way? For that matter, could the reviewer go all the way? Another question interposed itself. Should both the reviewer and Snood go all the way, 420 pages, the reviewer without lunch, might not the reviewer compose inadvertently what was described in demi-mondaine circles as a "selling review," with its too easy pandering to the marketplace, its too predictable parade of quotable adjectives, its sacrifice of nuance and sensibility, rather than once more pressing onward beyond mere facility toward the ultimate goal, the "great review"—the destination never reached, the decision never decided upon, the essay embarked on but never disembarked from? The man in the denim jacket now "stumbled on the last step." Briefly, the reviewer felt his pulse quicken. Perhaps the man would suffer a minor injury? To his knee? What to make of this apparent proneness to accident on the part of Snood's characters, or of the weakness of their lower limbs, or of the splitting headache that seemed to press upon the reviewer's skull whenever a new rhetorical question announced itself?

The man recovered his footing. "The Chinaman is gone," he said. A deft touch, though finally perhaps there was a certain sameness to it, even a failure of nerve. Could the reviewer really care about the absent Chinaman? Had he ever cared about him? In the end, was not Snood also beginning to disappoint? The reviewer placed his fingers at the corner of the page and with an unmistakable sadness turned it to page two.

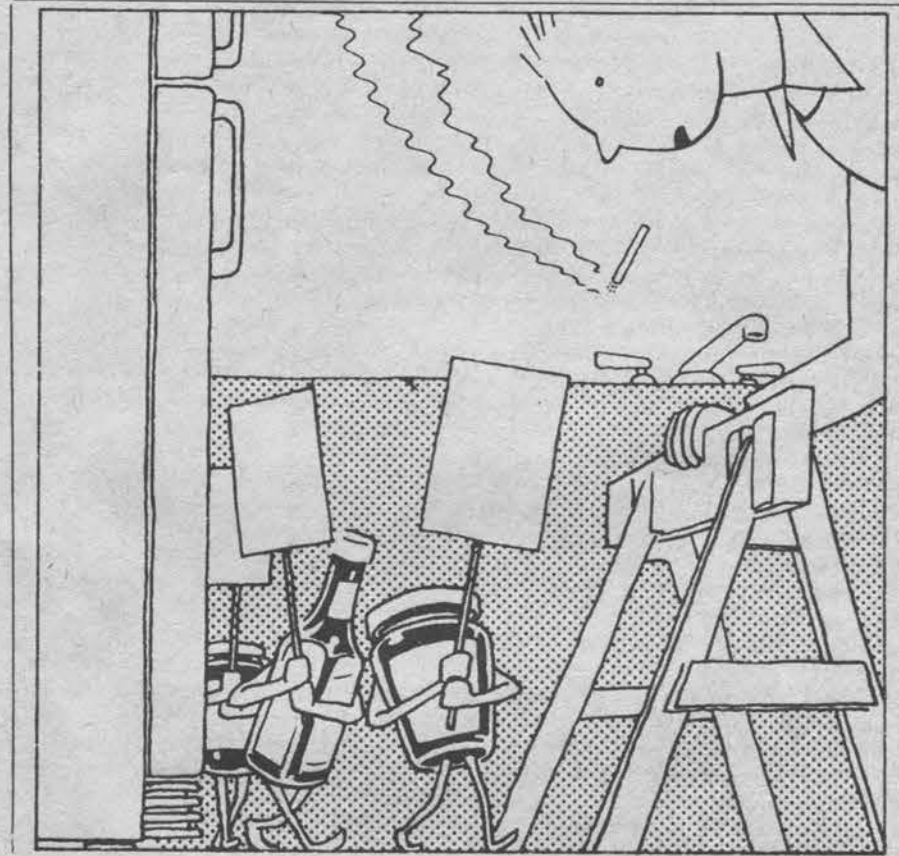
Private Lies

Jan Lemon

Even the cats had stopped speaking to him. They lay, like hot water bottles in aspic, contemplating the void on the closet floor. The void on the closet floor had been caused by the tulips, which had bloomed unexpectedly, rebuking the Baconbits of the groin, the Kitty-litter of the heart. The tulips were also not speaking to him. The superego runs rampant in the clothespins of Thermopylae.

A tantrum seemed called for. Instead, he brooded. The women of the house were out, inspecting dirigibles and designer sheets. Betty Friedan was endorsing Fieldcrest. His son was upstairs, mourning Tom Seaver. In the refrigerator there was liverwurst, the peanut butter of the intelligentsia, but it too was on strike. Ever since he had written an entire column on pork chops, everything in the refrigerator had gone on strike. Even the refrigerator, offended at being referred to as the sarcophagus of the East Seventies, had turned against him. He had blown the gaskets of his hearth; his life was being recalled by Hotpoint.

He thought: Maybe an old friend would stop by, bearing slivovitz. An old friend, a shadow from his cave, a pushpin on his parlor game, might arrive to remind him of the supermarkets of Cambridge, the radio station of Berkeley. He looked out the window. The street was zipped tight, the windows blinked like portholes on a cabin cruiser named Guilt. He contemplated Guilt. He thought: Guilt is a waste of time, like Mexican food in a housing shortage. Then he thought: Guilt is a summer festival, like trombones in the Animal Medical Center. Then he thought: Guilt is a cocktail party, like batwings on the Saran Wrap of old salami. All right: There was nothing in guilt.



When he was younger, when he wore saddle shoes and dyed-to-match argyles, they had all come. His friends bore divorces. His family bore chicken legs. His cats bore hair; they left ghosts on the couch. He thought: the couch. And then remembered: He had already written about the couch.

The women returned. In the living room it rained daughters. He went down to see them. "Bug off, Pop," said the younger one. Bug off? Last week she was Clytemnestra, and this week, cracking her gum, she told him to bug off. His son, calculating batting averages, had developed dyslexia of the

soul. "Listen, Dad," he said, wiping his recently repaired glasses, "if I see one word in that paper about puberty, it's curtains." His penultimate wife worked in the kitchen, assaulting the butcher block. "I'm sick of this," she said. "I'm sick of the whole thing. You can't even go to the bathroom around here without someone writing a column about it."

He went back to the typewriter. Two things were clear. First, mixed metaphors can fill up a lot of space, although it was always a struggle to connect Meyer Lansky to the fall of the yen. Second: It was easier to be a father than a columnist, although not much.

Go Fish

Pianuzza Outwits McClure
In Singles Duplicate Play

ORLANDO, Florida, October 13 - The biggest-ever singles duplicate Go Fish championships reached their climax here this afternoon, with 16 semi-finalists in contention for top honors.

For them, and for 112 others who failed to survive the cuts in the first two days of play, only one question remained: Could Carlo Pianuzza, the suave Italian commodities broker who has so dominated the game over the past decade, survive the challenge presented by the plucky young upstart from Vancouver, British Columbia, Rod McClure?

It soon became apparent that Pianuzza is still the master. Note how he turned to his own advantage McClure's vaunted reckless abandon, thereby bringing home a game from the diagrammed position:

The Italian held the South cards and, instead of leading with his strength (the tens), which would have left him one short of a book, he bluffed with a seven-call from East and then sacrificed with a three-call (a sure loser since he already held in his hand a completed, but undisclosed, book).

West (Mrs. Mable Paul of Mineola, New York) was sent fishing with an errant demand for a six, and then came the moment to see if McClure (North) would take the bait. And take it he did, hook, line and sinker. "Carlo, give me all your sevens!" the British Columbian cried triumphantly, his face breaking momentarily into a wide grin, then suddenly falling as the lone card came fluttering across the table. Confused now, his eyes darting around

the table, McClure made the terminal error: "Gertrude, give me your fours." The Nassau County matron, no fan of McClure's, happily sent him to the fishpond.

Now all that was left was for Pianuzza to reel in his victim, which, after an effortless "Go Fish" to East's pathetic deuce-miscast, he proceeded to do with the inevitable "Rod, your fours if you woulda be so kind."

It will be noticed that Pianuzza's game could not have been defeated with best play, even had hapless East become inspired and completed a book with a call of "Gertrude, give me all your nines." The final margin of victory would merely have been a bit less embarrassing to the chastened Canadian.

I.B. Singer: A writer for all Seasonings

Continued

since he won the Nobel Prize, except for "having to disconnect my telephone before I go to bed."

When asked for his opinion of American Jewish writers such as Philip Roth and Bernard Malamud, his eyes twinkled. "I will tell you about that some other time, but I would much prefer to divulge my family recipe for kugel. Kugel he then explained is the Yiddish word for potato pancake. He

then read aloud the following formula, which he described as "a nice something to go with meat or very good by itself as sour cream."

POTATO PANCAKES SPRINGER

8 Idaho potatoes, peeled and smashed
1 cup heavy cream
1 clove garlic, chopped

3 onions, grated
1 cinnamon stick, finely crushed

1. Heat the potatoes and heavy cream in a large skillet until it achieves a paste-like consistency.
2. After five minutes, mix in the garlic and onions. Heat for 15 minutes.
3. Flatten into pancakes and sprinkle with cinnamon. Serve hot.

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FAUCETT
MAJORS

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KILLED
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"NEAT! It's just like being at Beatlemania!"

—Cathy DiClono, Bayside

Foul Screen Play

"REWRITE" — Not The New York Times

THE
WAS

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IT!

TICKETS ARE
IMPOSSIBLE TO GET

New Series Elicits Response

By JOHN J. RIPOSTE

With no more philosophical underpinnings than a Pamper, the people who've brought us "Mitzi's Millions" and "Don't Touch That, Philip," last night premiered "Eleanor and Manuel," the latest addition to Dudley Production's apparently inexorable campaign to make hideous, deformed morons out of us all.

"Eleanor and Manuel" (8:00 EST, 10:30 London) apparently is or is it "Archie and Mehitabel" they're after? - under the abhorrent guise of a downbeat tale of a faded Hollywood beauty and her wiseacre gardener.

More likely than not, most Not The Times readers were otherwise engaged during this excremental debut - rereading George Eliot's brilliant "Middlemarch," or attending the Metropolitan Opera's revival of "Farrokh Bjarngard." Perhaps, then, a brief synopsis is in order.

Eleanor is Eleanor Buckley played to the hilt by Bette Midler who - we are begged to believe - is a retired actress of the first order, living on memories in her dilapidated Beverly Hills mansionette. Quite the huckleberry, Eleanor has trouble keeping friends and employees - and shoes: The search for a missing espadrille is a leit motif in the first installment and every time that she sibilantly wonders "Where is that darn shoe?" the laugh track explodes in torrents that would be inappropriate even for Falstaff's most

brilliant lines in "Henry IV Part Two." One servant, however, whom the cantankerous Miss Buckley is able to keep on her mystical Mexican gardener, Manuel (played by a surly, utterly inarticulate feline named Soda, who'd once been mentioned as a possible replacement for the recently deceased Morris the Cat.)

Manuel, dressed in overalls and walking with obvious difficulty on his hind legs, is the willing victim of Miss Eleanor's racist, snobbish, ungrammatical tirades. He takes it all in, ever-faithful, yet removed, terribly, terribly removed.

Together, "a la Sunset Boulevard," they watch the grossly faded star's old movies, they dance together, they search for the doddering dame's infernal espadrille, and, at the conclusion, Manuel comes out with some trendy piece of wisdom such as "If success was easy they wouldn't call it success, Mama."

It's strange that a man of my intelligence would be asked by an obviously fine newspaper to waste both his life and talents viewing this kind of pathetic, pernicious garbage. Few followers in this column it should be obvious that these past years have not been happy ones for this reporter. I have lost friends, self-respect; I am not invited to the better parties because I've become quite boring. And to followers of this newspaper's progress, it is also obvious that over the past few years there have been many openings in other departments that have been

filled by people whose talents in no way rival my own.

I have been passed over when it was time to fill the drama post, the dance post, and now with the death of our obituaries editor I am certain I will be passed over again. In point of fact, I knew a great deal about dance and the theater and I know as much about death as anyone else.

In the past year, I have read nearly one thousand books, many of them quite hard. I can also play the piano. I don't like TV and I never have. People who read this paper don't care for TV. I am the smartest man - or woman! - on this whole paper and I have to occupy myself watching programs that would insult the intelligence of a Phillips screwdriver.

And you know what? I loved being on strike. I read excellent books, and listened to music - light classical and up - and even treated myself to a pair of corrective shoes since I'm quite an accomplished walker, as well.

And please let's not delude ourselves with any of that toot toot about educational TV - it's like talking about vitamin enriched breakfast cereals, yes?

Tonight begins yet another "new" series: "Happy's Heartwarmers," starring Richard Dreyfuss and Diane Keaton. It's the story of a middle-aged couple who run a cafeteria in a secret government think-tank and how they deal with the eggheads and visionaries, etc., etc. I'll be watching and I'm quite certain you won't be. ●

In another sneak attack on his one-time stronghold, Fred Silverman, NBC's president, raided ABC's "Good Morning, America" and made off with Erma Bombeck. Mr. Silverman plans to give Mrs. Bombeck her own variety show sometime in January.

"It'll be called 'Erma' and we'll be surrounding her with a team of young, dynamic vaudevillians." Her tv family will include Meryl Streep, Meatloaf and Nipsey Russell. Bombeck says she's perfectly happy as a Phoenix housewife: "No, I won't go Hollywood" she told us after the signing "although I may go New York if I invited."

PBS President Lawrence K. Grossman unveiled his network's spring line-up. Included are "Hora, Hora, Hora," a 13-week Yiddish dance festival; "Podiatry in America," a 6-hour cinema verite super-8 film; "Firing Squad," with William F. Buckley and General Anastasios Samoza Debayle; and "Films You Wished To Christ You'd Never Have To See Again," including "Richard III" and "Miracle on 34th Street."


Spin-off mania rages on. The latest clone is the new CBS series "In-

dependent Woman," a direct descendant of the hit "FemIron" commercial. Each show will consist of 3 interdependent playlets (a la "Love Boat"); in each, an "independent woman" will react in her own special way to menstrual cramps.

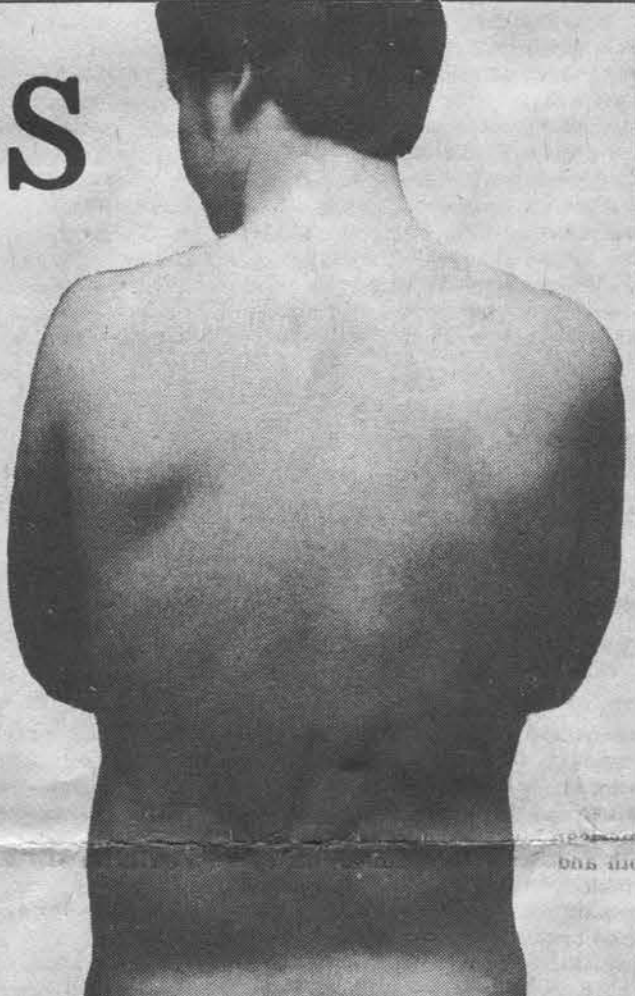
ABC is planning a Gabor Sisters (ZsaZsa, Eva and Magda) - Osmond Brothers Easter special. Jon Peters will produce.

9:00 P.M. EST

A moving 60-minute documentary from CBS News, on the reign of the late Pope John Paul I. Shoes of The Fisherman



FREDDY'S BACK!



...and we've got him.

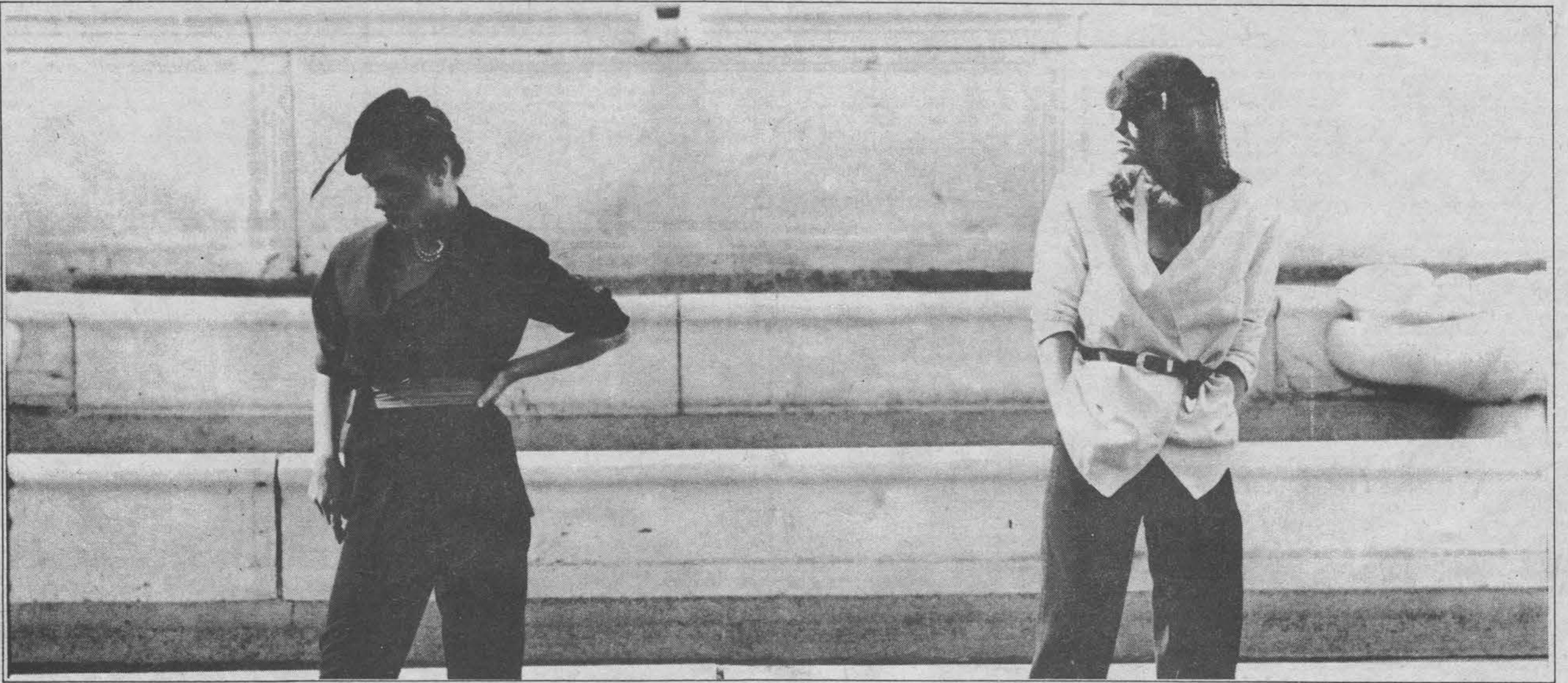
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RADIO TELEVISION

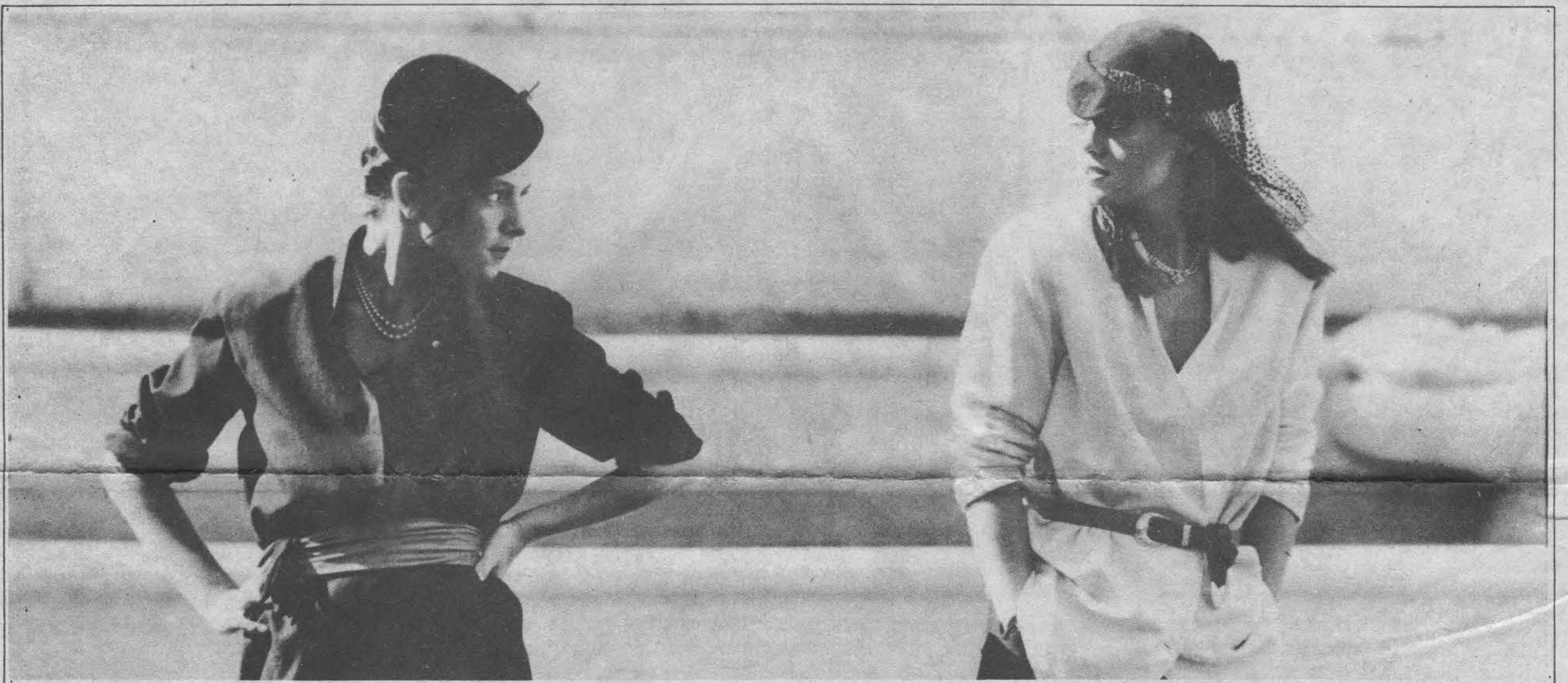
RADIO	TV	AFTERNOON	EVENING	
<p>7-9 A.M., WQXR. Six Waltzes for Spring, Tortoni; Concerto in Double-A Minor, Beethoven; Divertimento for Buffoon and Orchestra, Schnabel.</p> <p>9-10 A.M. News, Weather, Sports. Robert Sherman discusses news, weather and sports during Mozart's era.</p> <p>10-1 P.M., WQXR. Four Suites for the Suite, Bach; Royal Firebomb Suite, Handel.</p> <p>2:30-4 P.M., WQXR. Guest Appearance (Live) Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, performed by Frankie Vivaldi and the Four Seasons.</p> <p>6-7 P.M., WQXR. Stopt, Mater, Scarlatti. Silence (Three Instrumentalists Refrain), Stockhausen. Concerto for Hoboe and Orchestra, Berlioz.</p> <p>7-9 P.M., WQXR. Concerto for Various Concussion Instruments, Cage. Fantasy for Piano Bar and Orchestra, Mendelssohn.</p> <p>11-1 A.M. Excerpts from Nel bleu di pinto di bleu, Volare. Concerto for Two Harps and Orchestra, Telemann. Overture from Parsleyfull, Wagner.</p> <p>6-7 A.M., WQXR. News, weather, sports, traffic reports, in German.</p> <p>1-2:30 P.M., WQXR. Discussion: "What Would Brahms Have Thought about the Question of Genetic Engineering?" Duncan Pirnie, Clifton Daniel.</p> <p>4-6 P.M. WQXR. Front Page and Main Advertising. Spreads of Yesterday's Not New York Times. Recommendations for Expensive Restaurants.</p>	<p>6:10 (2,7)News</p> <p>6:20 (5)News</p> <p>6:30 (2)Relativity Made Easy, Even for You</p> <p>(4)Meet The Actuaries</p> <p>(5)Plate Tectonics, Then and Now</p> <p>(7)The Pantheists: Spinoza</p> <p>(11)The Little Stupid Brats</p> <p>7:00 (2)CBS Morning News</p> <p>(4)Today: Tom and Jane shave off Gene's moustache, robbing him of what little talent he has and forcing him to get a real job</p> <p>(5)Get Up and Get Dressed, America</p> <p>(7)Good Morning, America: David wakes up cross and tells Sandy to stop being so damn perky at this hour, then tells Jack Anderson he's "affected," and asks Rona Barrett if her hair is actually made of wood.</p> <p>(9)Your Breakfast Is on the Table And It's Getting Cold, America</p> <p>(11)Hurry Up, You're Going to Be Late, America</p> <p>(13)Yoga for Money (R)</p> <p>7:30 (2)News</p> <p>(5)Movie: "Only the Dead Are Dead" (1968). Carole Lombard, Oliver Hardy, Spencer Tracy. Flabby Carole, listless Ollie, lackluster Spence. Dig that splendid Krakatoa scenery. Best line: "What?" 1 hr.</p> <p>(9)PCP Club</p> <p>(11)Rocky and Bullmoose: Rocky doesn't want to intercede in Europe, but Bullmoose wants to declare war.</p>	<p>8:00 (2)Captain Kangaroo: The Captain wonders why he's gone 30 years without even making lieutenant</p> <p>(11)Nightie Mouse</p> <p>(13)Zoom: Charlene and Jay-Jay show how to "step on" cocaine</p> <p>8:30 (9)Mister Mageek</p> <p>(11)Flotilla Gorilla</p> <p>(13)Mister Rogers: Mister Rogers and Miss Evans nab some rustlers. (R)</p> <p>9:00 (2)News</p> <p>(4)Not For Women Only: "Menstrual Cramps"</p> <p>(7)A.M. Good Morning Hello, New York</p> <p>(9)The Joe Franklin Show: Somebody tells Joe to shut up</p> <p>(11)The Munsters: Today, "Munster on Whole Wheat"</p> <p>(13)Sesame Street: Big Bird shows Rita Moreno why he's really called Big Bird.</p> <p>9:30 (2)With Jeanne Parr: "Cancer: What's All the Fuss About?"</p> <p>(4)Contemplation</p> <p>(5)The Partridge Family: The entire family is shot by hunters in the meadows near San Francisco</p> <p>(11)I Dream of Jeannie: I finally wake up and go about my business</p> <p>10:00 (2)Here's Lucy: Lucy cries and everybody cracks</p> <p>(4)The Lucy Show: Lucy bumbles something and everybody roars</p> <p>(5)I Love Lucy: Lucy stabs Ricky in the throat while Fred and Ethel howl</p> <p>(7)Movie: "Cimarron Daybreak Sunset" (1961). Eli Wallach, Randolph Scott. Tepid sci-fi western. Find Korngold score. Look for young Mason Reese in brief cameo as the mutant infant (2 hrs.)</p> <p>(9)Rampant Room</p> <p>(11)Get Smarmy</p> <p>(13)The Electric Company: "Selecting an Air Conditioner"</p> <p>10:30 (2)The Priest Is Right</p> <p>(4)Hollywood Squires</p> <p>(5)Alfred Hitchcock's Presents</p> <p>(13)Yo Voy al Mercado</p> <p>11:00 (4)It's Eleven O'Clock, America</p> <p>(5)MOVIE: "Gone With The Wind" (1939). Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Olivia de Havilland, Leslie Howard. Civil War nonsense. Your movie (3 hrs.)</p> <p>(7)Happy Days: Situation comedy about young hoodlums</p> <p>(9)Straight Talk: Rex Reed, Charles Nelson Reilly, Paul Lynde, guests</p> <p>11:30 (2)Love of Lice</p> <p>(4)Wheel of Torture</p> <p>(7)Family Fraud</p> <p>(11)News</p> <p>11:55 (2)News: Douglas Edwards</p> <p>12:00 (2)The Young and the Restless: Serial about children attending lectures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art</p> <p>(4)American Really Alive and Living!</p> <p>(9)\$20,000 Pyramid Scheme</p> <p>(9)Midday Noon Live!</p> <p>(11)300 Club: Religion and bowling</p> <p>(13)Over Easily: Hugh Downs talks with himself via tape recorder</p> <p>12:30 (2)Search for Tomorrow Today</p> <p>(7)Ryan's Grope</p> <p>(9)Lifer Riley: Riley</p>	<p>1:00 (2)An Hour After Noon Live, America</p> <p>(4)For Richard, for Poirier</p> <p>(7)All My Children Are Too Busy to Call Me on the Phone</p> <p>(9)MOVIE: "Johnny Chowmein" (1957) James Mason, Montgomery Clift. Snappy, zippy, zingy, corking good Revolutionary War intrigue. Crisp, sparkling, lush Tiomkin score. Best sequence: opening titles (2 hrs.)</p> <p>1:30 (11)New York, New York, New York</p> <p>(31)Sesame Street: Oscar eats the Cookie Monster.</p> <p>2:00 (2)As the World Burns</p> <p>(4)Days of Our Lives</p> <p>(11)Spotlight on Black</p> <p>(7)Ryan's Dope</p> <p>(11)The Magic Garden: Today, Decorative Roach Clips</p> <p>(31)Mister Rogers: Mister Rogers records</p> <p>2:30 (2)The Blinding Light</p> <p>(4)The Dictators</p> <p>(5)Groovie Goolies and Friends: Groovie and friends argue over Kant's definition of "the numinous"</p> <p>(11)Blightly Mouse</p> <p>(31)On the Job: Today, "Transferring Unemployment Payments to Florida"</p> <p>3:00 (4)Three O'Clock Taped</p> <p>(5)The New Mickey Mouse Clubbings</p> <p>(7)General Hospital and Major Medical</p> <p>(9)Intrigue: Raymond Burr is the lawyer who lives in an iron lung</p> <p>(11)Vanilla Gorilla</p> <p>(31)Insultation</p> <p>3:30 (2)M*U*S*H</p> <p>(5)Fred Flintstone and Friends: Fred's friend invents the stapler</p> <p>(11)Time and Jury</p> <p>(31)Monsterface Theatre</p> <p>4:00 (2)Match Game: Betty White plays with matches</p> <p>(4)Mary Tyler Moron</p> <p>(5)Woody Woodenpecker</p> <p>(7)The Edge of Knife</p> <p>(9)Movie: "Captains Caramba" (1946). Erroll Flynn, Wallace Beery. Mexican pirates raid British merchant ships. Good of this kind (2 hrs.)</p> <p>(11)Josie and the Pussycats in Outer Space</p> <p>(13)Juan y Maria: Juan y Maria Van al Mercado</p> <p>4:30 (2)The Mike Douglas Show: John Dimpleson, guest host</p> <p>(5)The Savage World of the Hanna Barbarians</p> <p>(7)Movie: "Damn the Bunting Baron!" (1943) Trevor Howard, Dame Edith Evans. Baseball in Arthurian England. Starts out firm and crisp, gets soft in middle, goes mushy and all gooey by the end (2 hrs.)</p> <p>5:00 (4)News</p> <p>(11)Mighty Moose</p> <p>6:00 (2)News</p> <p>(5)The Brooding Bunch</p> <p>(11)The God Couple:</p>	<p>Joseph invites the wise men over the dinner and Mary burns the lamb.</p> <p>6:30 (5)I Shove Lucy: Lucy gets mad and shoves me back</p> <p>(13)The Mac-Neil/Lehrer Report: Today's report, "Our Friend the Sun"</p> <p>(11)Negro and Son: Racial Humor</p> <p>(13)New Jersey News for Children</p> <p>7:00 (2)News: Walter Concrete</p> <p>(4)News: John Counselor, David Brinkmanshiply</p> <p>(7)News: Reynolds, Robinson, and somebody else</p> <p>(13)Dick Cavil: Cavil shows off his impressive friends (R)</p> <p>(21)Economically Speaking: Tonight, "Statistics"</p> <p>(31)Brooklyn College Presents: "Learn to Read a Book"</p> <p>(41)Ellos: Ellos Van al Mercado</p> <p>7:30 (2)Eye On: Messy Gutters in Manhattan</p> <p>(4)Wild Wild World of Big Scary Animals</p> <p>(5)Madam-12</p> <p>(7)The Gag Show</p> <p>(9)The Newlydead Game</p> <p>(11)News: Bosh</p> <p>(13)The Mac-Neil/Lehrer report: Tonight's Report, "Christopher Columbus"</p> <p>(21)Obscure News About Long Island</p> <p>(41)Super Show Goya: Tonight, "The Many Uses of Canned Black Beans"</p> <p>8:00 (2)● THE WALTONS: Family drama featuring folk wisdom and wise parents</p> <p>(4)Project B.F.D.</p> <p>(and so on and so on and so on)</p>



"Frankenstein Goes To Camp" starring Bette Davis.



...you thought you were the only one...



...but you weren't...



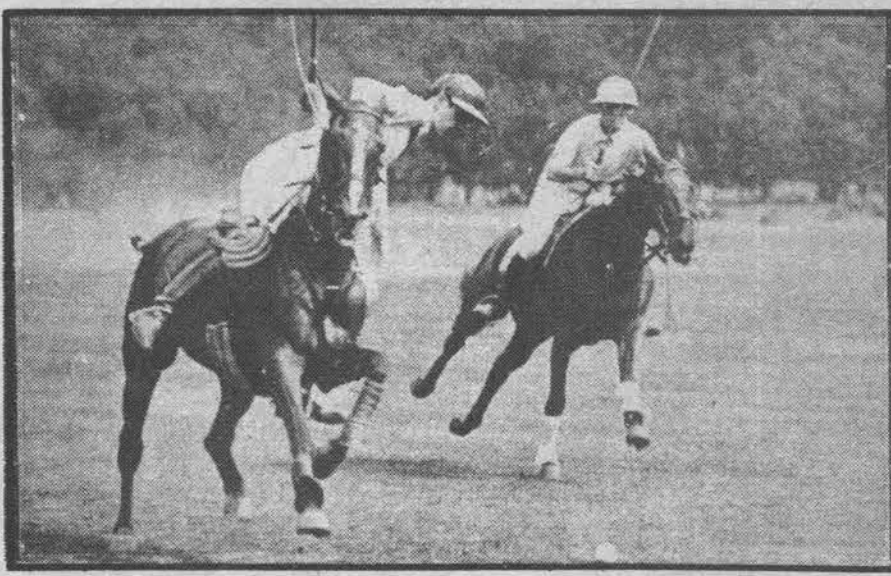
...were you?

There are lots of others. The woods are full of them. Aren't they? You know that. They find one another. They lose one another. They find someone else. Don't they? You know that. That's New York, kid.

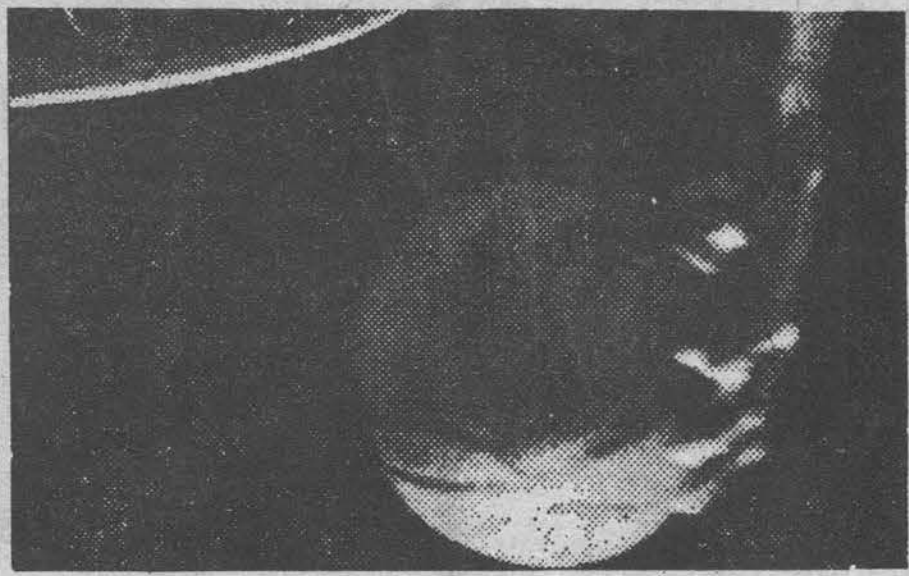
Saks Fifth Avenue



Violence Often
Mars Enjoyment Pg.2



First World Sport
Comes to Bryant Park Pg. 3



Indoors or Outdoors
an Interesting Game Pg. 12

Sports Monday

Not The New York Times

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1978

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Bad Break; Cauthen Destroyed

By MURRAY CLASS

Steve Cauthen, the brilliant young jockey who captured thoroughbred racing's Triple Crown and the hearts of sports fans this year, died today in the tragic aftermath of the running of the featured eighth race at Belmont Park.

Cauthen was destroyed by his tearful agent, Lenny Goodman, after the ill-fated rider had broken a leg while piloting his mount, Big Specky, to a second-place finish in the turf classic.

Beating Big Speedy and the doomed Cauthen to the wire by three-quarters of a length was upset winner Mr. Ed, with apprentice jockey Wilbur Post aboard.

Mr. Ed paid \$214.00 to win, \$63.60 to place and \$9.00 to show. The time of the race was 1:54 2/4, ironically a track record.

The unfortunate incident occurred as Big Speedy approached the stretch turn on Belmont's turf course and made a sharp move for the inside of the strip. The tiring Copyboy, the 11-10 choice in the wagering, momentarily pulled up, forcing Big Speedy into the inside rail and smashing Cauthen's left leg. The valiant rider continued the race although obviously in pain.

Immediately after the race, Cauthen was rushed to Belmont's emergency hospital, where X-rays revealed the much-feared broken limb. The millionaire youngster was sadly led out to the stable areas where Lenny Goodman, his longtime friend and agent, put him out of his misery.

Moments before his death, Cauthen filed a claim of foul against Copyboy. After reviewing the tape of the race, the stewards disallowed the claim and let the official results stand. Copyboy's jockey, Sam Solowitz, later said that he was "very sorry."

In a separate incident, New York Racing Association officials are investigating the \$500 wager jockey Solowitz had placed on upset winner Mr. Ed. Solowitz collected \$53,500 as a return on his bet.

When Cauthen's death was announced to the large weekend crowd of 26,904, waves of shock and sadness swept the railbirds. The start of the ninth race was delayed almost five minutes.

Outpourings of grief from the racing community and the public were swift to follow. "He was a good rider," said Argentinean trainer Laz Barrera, for whom Cauthen rode Affirmed to the Triple Crown this year. "Now I will have to be finding another jockey for the Jockey Cup Stakes next Saturday."

Cauthen's family announced late this evening that the jockey will be buried near Belmont in a plot adjoining the great filly Ruffian, who was destroyed in a similarly tragic incident after a match race with the colt Foolish Pleasure in 1976. A memorial service will be held at the OTB betting parlor at 135 West 87th Street on Tuesday morning.



Tragedy at the track: The plucky little jockey seconds before the coup de grace.

Metrics in Sport: Football without Feet

By FRED FERROGAMI

The sport pages of this newspaper have been filled recently with a spate of angry, rancorous criticism - and not a little bit of earnest, albeit misplaced, concern - over the National Football League's historic decision to "go metric" and, in the words of Commissioner Pete Rozelle, "bring football into the 20th century."

I have found much of the criticism to be based on the erroneous notion that metric conversion is a complicated, ungainly, and unnecessary annoyance to place on the overburdened - albeit broad and stiff - back of the American sports consumer. Nothing could be further from the truth!

In fact, the metric system is a joy to behold! You don't need a pocket calculator to understand it, you don't even need a slide rule or an abacus! All that's required is a bit of common sense.

And that's what it is, I submit, that I'm taking this opportunity to provide.

First off, to rid ourselves of some common misconceptions:

1. There will still be scoring in football, just as always. There will just be a few minor adjustments - A touchdown will be worth 10 points, instead of 6. The N.F.L. in the person of its commissioner, faced a tricky issue here. Clearly, if a touchdown is worth 10 points, then the traditional extra point would provide an unmetric total of 11 for the most typical of football scores. On the other hand, 9 points for a touchdown is virtually as un-metric

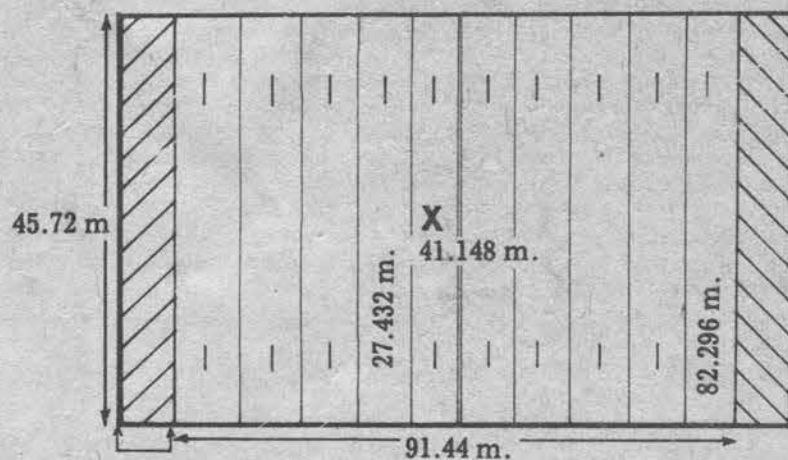
as 6. It took a commissioner the likes of the N.F.L.'s to come up with the ingenious solution: henceforth the extra point will be worth zero points.

And what of the lowly safety? Died-in-the-wool traditionalists will of course argue that it's important to maintain the 2 point safety, so as to preserve the possibility of such glorious scores as 67-2. The N.F.L. has again risen to the occasion, however, by making the safety worth one.

2. There will still be a hundred-yard-long field in football - the only difference is that it won't be called a 100-yard-long field. With respect to "the field question," Commissioner Rozelle has pronounced, "As always, there was a

tough choice and an easy choice. Many counseled me to take the easy path - the path of simply making the field 100 meters long. But, as you know, I'm not the kind of Commissioner to choose the easy road." As a result of his courageous decision, the field will retain its traditional length, but that length will be converted into meters: 91.44 meters from goal-line to goal-line. A first down will require 9.144 meters; thus, if the ball is kicked into the end zone, it would be first and 9.144 on the 18.288. In this way, 50 years of record books will not have to be burned and announcers will still have much to talk about between plays.

Continued



An Absolutely Sickening Spectacle

By GERALD S. K. NAZI

With only hours left to play, a lightning left hook by right winger Nick Fotiu enabled the New York Rangers to salvage a scoreless tie with the Philadelphia Flyers early in a violence besmirched so-called ice hockey game at the Garden recently.

Newly acquired Ranger Coach Fred Shero, whose brand of "goon hockey" was instilled into the self-styled "Broad Street Bullies" when he was at their blood-smeared helm, explained that Fotiu's bone-crunching blow to the unsuspecting Flyers' assistant trainer was a "planned play, just a little something I picked up while observing

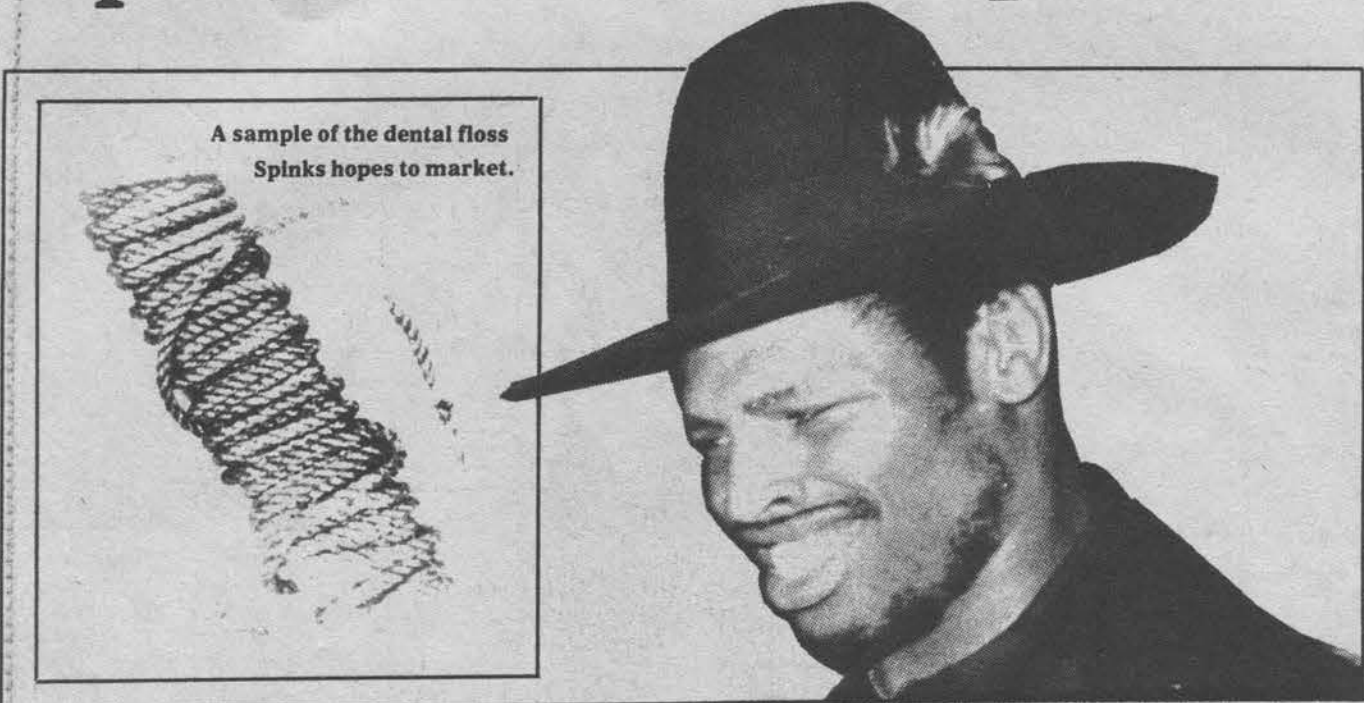
Czechoslovakian minor hockey camp this summer."

Fotiu's punch climaxed a mayhem-cluttered, brawl-spoiled first period. (Unlike baseball with its nine "Innings" or football with its "Quarters," hockey games are divided into three 20-minute periods, called "Periods.") Numerous and frequent video slow-motion close-up replays viewed by shocked and disgusted veteran hockey observers between periods revealed that contusions and lacerations of the epidermis preceded by a split second the graceful parabolic flight of an incisor to the surface of the artificially frozen playing surface, or "rink."

Few attempts were made to shoot the puck, a small rubber disc, into the net, or goal, of either team in the initial moments of the contest between th-

Continued

Spinks' White Hope



By LEONARD KOPPER

The street kid still talks a rough game. It is weeks now since Muhammad Ali gave the kid a whuppin before 100 million television sets and the Armed Forces radio network, taught the kid a lesson and took back the heavyweight crown for the third time in New Orleans. And you tell the kid that a lot of people were glad, really glad, to see him lose, and he spits at you.

"Shee, man," says Leon Spinks, the street kid. "Juz causz mah mauf got no teef, y'all makf faun a me."

So, you ask the kid, you blame the whole think of your teeth?

"Shee, man," says the street kid, "all brang mah right feeuust inside yo haid, yo sayyat ta me uh-gin," threatens the street Leon, as the gap in his mouth sucks in the sum and substance of matter in the universe, a vast black hole, nestling in teeth as white as Banlon socks, white the all-color white of nothingness, the white of the great whale.

You have sought out Leon because everyone else has forgotten him, save possibly Robert Arum, his sharp-souled promoter. You have sought out Leon because everyone else is seeking out

Muhammad, the Elijah of New Orleans, yon Cassius of the hungry look. You have sought our Leon because he is a street kid, and there are few street kids in the paper. And you have sought out Leon because you have to fill this column.

The street kid had always been troubled, ever since he started training in earnest in that St. Louis gym, the gym owned by his mentor, Millard "Mitt" Barnes, who was to become his first manager. Mitt, the Teamster organizer, who ran a gym on the side; Mitt, who saw the raw talent in Leon's blunderings in the ring; Mitt, who still gets 30 percent of the take, though Robert Arum calls the shots now.

"Shee, man," says the street kid, "Go on. Git offa mah face."

It was a long way from the St. Louis gym to the Olympics, where Leon took the gold from a fighter who was not a street kid, would never know what it was like to be a street kid. And it was an even longer way to Las Vegas, where, to the astonishment of Ali's constituency and Howard Cosell's vocabulary, Leon became heavyweight champion of the world.

Why, you ask the kid, why do the fans dislike you so? Why did they all root for the aging Ali, whom they had never seemed to like very much before?

"Shee, man," says the street kid, "tole you dat. 'S mah teef."

The kid has lost this time, and you took a dive the second time. Just to build the New Orleans fight. They say Leon was just Ali's sparring partner. What do you say to that? What do you think?

The street kid looks at me, hard, hard, like we're in St. Louis. He takes a shiny porcelain bridge out of his pocket and fits it to the gap in his teeth, bridging the gap, plugging the black hole, dotting the "i," crowning the "t." Leon is reborn. The street kid has gone and the ex-champ remains.

"Shee, man," he says. "Why for yo say datta me? Shee, Arthur Daley, he ud a never even ast me a question like dat. An, shee, Robert Lipsyte, why, he ud a never even thought o' a quesshin like dat. An Red Smith, whah, hell, he ud a never printed mah quotes like you doin' here. He ud a cleaned 'em up, make me soun' like William Hazlitt, or um, make me soun' like Jim Brosnan, 'stead a make me soun' like some illiterate slob wif no front teeth."

The street kid turned away from me with immense dignity. "Just go right over and see Dick Young, you really want to have a job done on you," I called after him.

"Shee, man," the street kid said to me. "Y'all stuff yo Dick Young. Ah know who ah'm gone see. I gonna tell Tom Wicker about you, an' he gone give you a whupin'."

And he did.

The Toads and Chiefs In Search of Balls

MOSSBACH, N.J., Oct. 11 - Controversy still raged in this small New Jersey town tonight in the aftermath of the football game between the Mossbach Toads and the Kansas City Chiefs that was played without a football. Each team blamed the other for not having footballs available.

Hop-a-long Fish, the coach of the Toads, said that he expected the opposition to arrive with an allotment of footballs.

Kansas City Chiefs' officials scoffed at Coach Fish's explanation. "The home club is responsible for providing footballs," a statement handed to reporters read. "We find the excuse that it was Sunday and the stores were closed quite unacceptable."

The football game was played after a long delay while a search was made for a football. Eventually, a variety of balls were tried during the course of the afternoon: a Ping-Pong ball, a billiard ball, a copper ball retrieved from a local high school toilet tank, a rolled-up sock, and a large multi-colored beach ball.

Ernest Jones, the Toad center, said that the Ping-Pong ball was the most unsatisfactory choice. The Nashville, Tenn., native said that he improved his technique as the game progressed. He told reporters, "I discovered that the proper way to center a Ping-Pong ball is to grasp it between the thumb and forefinger."

Mike Livingstone, the Kansas City quarterback, found it was difficult to complete passes with the Ping-Pong ball. "I could throw the Ping-Pong ball only about 15 feet," the professional told the locker room press. "That knocked the bomb out of our game plan. It got really congested around the line of scrimmage."

Fans made comments to the press following the game, agreeing that the Ping-Pong stage was not pleasing to watch. Fayette Hickox, a resident of Cleveland, Ohio, said, "They were all climbing on each other and it was difficult to follow. I do not think that the hidden-ball play, in which all the Toad backs pretended to put the ball in their mouths, and one of them actually did, belongs to football."

The game opened up, according to

participants, when the billiard ball was introduced. Mike Livingstone, the articulate Kansas City quarterback, said, "You can throw the hell out of a billiard ball. It's difficult to catch, and you can kill a guy if you catch him alongside the helmet, but you can sure wing the thing."

The kickers were not happy with any of the balls. They informed reporters that they preferred kicking the rolled-up sock, even though it did not travel very far. "The billiard ball was hell," said the Toad punter who spoke to reporters from crutches. "I didn't like that toilet tank thing either," he continued. "It's hollow, and it makes a big tinny 'bong' sound when it's punted."

Asked about the beach ball, players from both sides agreed that the outsized model rolled out onto the field in the third quarter was unsatisfactory. Ernest Jones, the Toad center, complained that he could not center the ball between his legs. "Much too big," he told reporters subsequently. "I had to sit on top of it and roll off forward at the quarterback's signal."

Quizzed on the afternoon's events, Hop-a-long Fish expressed surprise that his team was playing the Kansas City Chiefs. "The afternoon was real funny," the Toad's spokesman told reporters. "We thought we were scheduled to play the Morrinstown Jets. Then this enormous team got down out of the bus. Some of our guys went home."

Some of the Kansas City officials were no less sure about what had happened. "We thought we were going to play the Philadelphia Eagles," a spokesman said. "Our team bus dropped us off at what we assumed was an alternate field to Veterans Stadium being used in the baseball playoffs. We looked up and assumed the team at the other end of the field were the Eagles."

Asked if any of the Eagles suspected they were playing the wrong team, a spokesman said that some of the players had reported more weeping than they expected along the line of scrimmage.

Coach Hop-a-long Fish had one last comment to offer about the day's proceedings. He asked reporters, "I wonder who on earth the Morrinstown Jets played this afternoon."

League Seeks Sport

Henry A. Kissinger, former Secretary of State, and a group of Houston businessmen have announced that they intend to form a new world league early in 1979. The league will extend franchises throughout the United States, to include most major population centers, and will be named the World Sport League, or WSL.

Thirteen franchises are currently planned. They are: The Minnesota Fats; The Texas Chain-Saw Massacre; The Erie Sensation; The Portland Cement; The Seattle Slew; The Baltimore Chop; The Louisiana Purchase; The Mississippi John Hurt; The Main Event; The Washington Irving;

England Clam Chowder and The New York Post.

Neither Mr. Kissinger nor his associates were willing at this time to divulge for which sport the WSL is being formed. The possibilities range all the way from demolition hand-gliding to contract bridge, according to Mr. Kissinger, and include the establishment of some entirely new sport. The group feels that in the long run, individual franchise owners should be allowed to make their own decisions regarding the sport they wish to play. In this manner the particular needs of their area can be best served. Mr. Kissinger strongly denied that the WSL has any plans, either now or in the

Dead Smith

'We've Kept Track, Red'

The annual list of the world's best-dressed men came out the other day and Mike Burke didn't make it. Masking his disappointment, he stood up to a microphone in the office of Gulf and Western, who own him, and the suit that didn't quite make it, and also the Knicks and the Rangers. Burke announced that the Knick management had discovered that Marvin Webster, the sky-priced Knick center, had a wooden leg.

"Do you feel you got a bargain?" Burke was asked.

"We're delighted with the whole deal," he said, "including the price paid. If Marvin had a wooden arm, we might have squawked."

An eldering gaffer nudged the man next to him. "How are the Yankees

doing?"

The man looked confused. The eldering gaffer said, "It'd be justice if Reggie Jackson goes eggs for the next two games and then bejabbers three downtown like he done last year." A guy nudged the eldering gaffer who had talked about Jackson. "What sort of garbage is that, Red?"

The eldering gaffer said, "Hey, don't let on!"

The other said, "Aw, Red, we all know you're the guy from the Times. You're not fooling anyone with those obfuscations—the man in the foyer, 'an eldering gaffer,' 'one of the exploring parties,' 'the cabby's fare,' 'an orphan from the storm,' 'a tenant in the literary flophouse.'"

"You found that one?" the eldering gaffer asked.

"We've kept track, Red," the guy who had nudged the eldering gaffer said. "You've been 'the guest,' 'the dude,' 'the pupil,' 'the motorist,' 'the companion,' 'a visitor,' 'a man at the bar,' 'an onlooker,' 'a pensioner,' but mostly just 'a guy'...and no one has ever known you to try the personal

pronoun in your columns. You've never said 'I'. What's the trouble, Red?"

The eldering gaffer said, "Modesty forbids..."

"Yeah," said the other. "You're just timid, Red. Try saying 'I' just once. It'll give you courage, Red, and you won't find yourself using circumlocutions like 'an eldering gaffer.'"

The eldering gaffer looked uncomfortable.

The other said, "O.K. Name one of the facial features on either side of the nose. Think hard, Red."

"An orb," said the eldering gaffer. "Red, that's dreadful," said the other. "Repeat after me: 'Eye, eye, eye,' or even better, 'I, I, I.'"

From the rostrum Mike Burke bestirred himself. He settled his tie, a nifty Sulka, around the bulge of his Adam's apple. "Did I hear somebody ask about Marvin Webster's eye?" Burke asked. "Well, that's true, he's got a glass one, but the other one works just fine. I'm telling you we're delighted with the whole deal. If he'd had two glass eyes we might have squawked."



Sickening

Continued

to-a-side teams. Both Rangers and Flyers came out emphasizing defense, with close, hard checking, "playing the man," and stick-swinging.

Flyers' captain, Robert "Bobbie" Clarke, who has diabetes, drew first blood, engaging the entire Swedish National Team, recently acquired by the New York franchise, in a disgraceful skate-kicking match at

center ice. Referee Frank Udvari's assessing Clarke with a two-minute minor for manslaughter indicated that the official was determined to keep the game in hand. (The "referee" is one of three officials assigned to adjudicate, the other two being designated "linesmen," with the function of determining "off-sides.")

A tasty assortment of snacks and

beverages was available in the press lounge at the conclusion of the first, scoreless period.

The majority of hockey players are of Canadian descent, not counting Swedes.

How come I don't get to cover the Islanders?

Let's see another replay of that punch. Jesus!

Preppie Cager Signs with Hawks

Special to Not The New York Times

The late afternoon sun slants into the house, hard by the harsh streets of Manhattan, on whose asphalt playgrounds so many dreams of boys-not-yet-men will soon crumble to dust. Within the four-story brick structure, where a competent, silent woman with skin the color of betel nut does battle with the grime that is so much a part of New York, a young man sits with his parents and tries to grapple with questions which go to the heart of what this society is all about: questions of fame, wealth, celebrityhood and the selling of excellence; questions of present gratification and future jeopardy.

"It's been - incredible, fantastic," says the young man's father, Lance Adams II, as he looks with affection and

wonder at his 11-year-old son Lance Adams III, first grade schooler in history to be drafted by the National Basketball Association. "This is the single hardest decision we've had to make since we had to choose between the Vineyard and Quogue."

For young Lance, the decision to leave school for a six-year \$3.5 million contract with the Atlanta Hawks was particularly painful.

"I was, like, really looking forward to sixth grade," the Collegiate School lad said. "I was, like, in the U.N. Club and next year we were going to meet Kurt Waldheim." More philosophically he said: "But they didn't have any more blazes that fit me anyway."

Lance Sr. is not happy about the adverse publicity the signing has

generated, especially the editorial in yesterday's Not The Times calling him "the most notorious merchandiser of human flesh since Simon Legree." And he looks with regret on the numerous recruiting offers - 250 at last count - from junior high schools all over North America.

"What hurt most," he said over a glass of sherry and a slice of runny brie, "is the charge that this was not a real hardship case. If these so-called critics could take on look at my portfolio since '68, they'd be singing a different tune."

Basketball experts have different views of what makes the blond, blue-eyed youth such a valuable basketball commodity. But looking at the 6 foot, 11 inch, 225-pound lad with a verticle jump of 46 inches, it is not that difficult

(Continued on Page 76)

302meterball

Continued

3. There will also still be fans at the game - the one minor adaptation here is their numbers will be limited to even ten thousands. All stadiums will have 100,000 seats, all telecasts will be on Channel 10 and all hot dogs will cost \$1.00. (Fortunately, many concessionaires have expressed their willingness to move quickly in this latter direction.)

4. There will still be four downs - the only change is that of course there will also be a fifth down.

5. Finally, the excellent tradition of timing the game with a clock will be preserved, although naturally the clocks we have grown accustomed to in our insular society, based on duodecimality, will not be adequate for the task. The N.F.L. has commissioned new N.F.L. timepieces based on a 10-hour dial, 25 hours a day, 500 days to a year. League officials are pragmatic enough not to expect immediate acceptance of this new clock, despite its being the official timepiece of the N.F.L. but they do envision how it will again put football at the forefront of human cultural development.

"We'll be the first to have 100 minutes to an hour," the Commissioner has said. "With that kind of playing time we will, of course, expect a renegotiation of network contracts."

P. Fred Ferrogami is an assistant professor of trigonometry at Jersey City State College.

Briefs

Yanks Were Tough

Between 1949 and 1953, the New York Yankees won five consecutive American League pennants. They were considered the best team in the league and their opponents did not look forward to playing them.

Double Trouble

John R. Striny was an outfielder for the Minnesota Twins during the 1952 season. His twin brother, James R. Striny, sold insurance and rarely attended a ballgame himself.

Outfoxed

Philadelphia Athletics outfielder Jimmy Foxx hit 37 home runs in 1937 and, unfortunately, wore uniform number 36.

Basketball Has a Tradition

The sport of basketball received its name when its founder, Dr. James Naismith of Springfield, Mass., invented the game by throwing a ball at a basket like hoop attached to a backboard.

Not The New York Times

DOLPH SCHAYES
JIM LOSCUTOFF
HARRY GALLATIN
BOB BRANNUM
FRANK SELVY
CARL BRAUN
RON SOBIE

N. Y. Giants To Get Breasts

In the wake of the national success of the Dallas Cowboys' curvaceous cheerleaders, the Dallas Cowgirls, the New York Giants have decided to form their own squad. The cheerleaders, to be known as the New York Giant Breasts, are now being recruited from all over the metropolitan area. Pay, as always, is low, but there have been thousands of applications from those who feel themselves qualified, and are willing to devote three to four hours a night to learning the complex drills and movements which are required of a Breast. Applicants come from all walks of life: secretaries, models, dental assistants, models, researchers, more models, actresses, social workers and, of course, models.

SAVE ANDERSON

Home Goal

A correspondent has written to ask if I might clear up the matter of some of the prognostications made in this column since the first of the year—asking (to use her own words) "where I got some of those godawful ideas." I cannot condemn her tone (the letter was signed Ebenezer Wallace which leads me to assume the signator is a woman) because I have not had one of my greatest soothsayer years. In fact, not since I predicted that George Foreman would knock out Muhammad Ali in the first round of their epic in Zanzibar have I done quite so badly. Thus, a mea culpa or do I mean an obiter dictum? Either one will probably do.

When I predicted that Joe Gans would come out of retirement and defeat Ernie Shavers for the heavyweight championship of the world I did not realize that Joe Gans was dead. Nor that he was a lightweight rather than a heavyweight champion. No one told me. My sources were grievously sloppy on that one. If Gans were alive, he surely would have borne me out—a fighter of infinite rectitude, reserve and determination—a gritty, imperious little fellow, a lightweight, if memory serves, or was he a welterweight? No matter.

Now we come to the matter of my earnest prediction that the Westchester Bulls would win the N.H.L. Stanley Cup. A gaffe, yes indeed it would seem, because it turns out that the Bulls are a football team out of New Jersey somewhere. Probably can't even dribble the puck. So I made what is known in legal jargon as a "boffo" mistake, or what we sports aficionados refer to as a "boomer," or is it a boner? No matter. Frankly, I kept wondering why I could not find the Westchester Bulls in my little schedule books. Now, to my relief, I know.

I had the same sort of identity problem predicting that Joe Belcher would win this year's Open Tennis Tournament at Forest Hills. Joe Belcher is a bowler. I should mention in

passing that it was the most sparsely attended U.S. Open in years out there in that hallowed ivy-clad bandbox—at least to my discerning eye—and one of the most boring. Hardly anyone in the marquee at all, and even the men with the chains seemed to move up and down the sidelines with less alacrity than usual. Tennis officialdom has got to pull up its collective socks or that pert and lively pastime is going to go the way of the bean bag and the frisbee: Abner Doubleday must be turning in his grave up there in Canton, Ohio.

Now for my prediction that the Cleveland Mets would win the Super Bowl in Kansas City in five games. That one prediction probably brought me in more mail than any other (even the one that Affirmed would win the Best-of-Breed at the Madison Avenue Cat Show), and most of it was not pleasant reading at all. If you must know, my information—not meaning to pass the buck, but simply to put everything in perspective—was passed on to me by one of those people who wash your car windows at the 96th Street entrance to the Herbert Hoover Drive.

I spoke to one of them as he went to work on my windshield. "I am the gentleman from the sports division of the New York Times," I asked, "Who is going to win the Super Bowl?"

He replied as follows: "The Cleveland Mets, you creep!" This exchange is clear in my mind because the boy left such a thick film on my windshield that I drove my car (which is an Oldsmobile) into the Connecticut River, or whatever it is that flows by the U.N. Building.

Many people have written in to ask if I am going to keep up with this prognostication business. It would be churlish of me to admit defeat just because of an insignificant boomer or two. We are old troopers that dance to the firm beat of the piper's tune down here on 12th Street at the New York Times. I am going to stick to my prognosticating or my name is not Dick Young.

A Long Goodbye to Little Stevie



Curious Roller Incident

By JAMES STERNUM

Ogden Mills (Dinny) Phipps, the president of the New York State Racing Association, said today that an investigating committee would not be called to look into the Zinc Flouride incident at the Belmont Race Track. Last Tuesday afternoon, Zinc Flouride, a three-year-old thoroughbred from the Borden Farms, came out of the starting gate dragging a three-ton garden roller. Speculation in horse-racing circles had indicated that an investigation might be made into what some authorities have

spoken of as a "curious incident."

At a meeting called yesterday, Mr. Phipps spoke out strongly on the matter. "It's stuff and nonsense," he told reporters. "It's just one of those things. The horse got caught up in the garden roller by error." Mr. Phipps said that he was surprised that such occurrences did not happen more often. He told reporters at the hastily called press conference, "It's just one of those things that happens out by the starting gate."

When quizzed, Mr. Phipps admitted that he had never been near a starting gate. "It's like asking a gentleman if he

has ever been in a potting-shed," said the patrician Long Islander. "There are places one goes and one does not go at a race track."

Mr. Phipps said that he hoped the Racing Association could now turn its attention to more pressing matters. "There are such issues concerning us," said the president, "as crab grass in the infields, for one. That's a horrible statewide problem."

The owners of Zinc Flouride could not be reached for comment. Their horse finished fourth in a field of 10. "It was a nice even ride," said Tim Fetlock, the jockey. "I thought the horse did nicely under the circumstances."

the free agent market. "I'm assured that Bostock is one of the game's immortals," said Mrs. de Roulet, a member of the Payson family that controls 78 percent of the club's stock. "And besides, Mr. Grant will be able to pass much of the cost of Bostock's contract on to the fans in the form of higher prices for boxed, reserved and general admission tickets."

Bostock, until recently a 27-year-old native of Birmingham, Alabama, was unavailable for comment.

Martin Fired

New York Yankees, principal owner George Steinbrenner announced today that Billy Martin would be fired as Yankee manager on July 15, 1980. Steinbrenner also said that on July 25 Martin would be hired as Yankee skipper for the 1982 season "and hopefully for many years after."

Steinbrenner said: "While I will have tried to be patient and understanding with Billy's personality, I simply cannot countenance the remarks that Billy will make. On the other hand, I believe that, with rest and care, Billy will be able to resume his duties that will have made the Yankees what they will be."

Yaz Stuffed

Carl Yaztremski, stuffed, and wearing his Boston Red Sox uniform, is now officially in place on the fifth floor of Boston's Faneuil Hall, officials announced. "We would have put him in the main foyer if he'd hit a ninth-inning home run in that playoff game against the Yankees," said Charles Francis Adams, president of the Faneuil Hall Association. "But when he popped up, we made up our minds: up to the fifth floor he goes." Mr. Yaztremski will remain on the fifth floor until Nov. 1, when he will be taken on tour to Fitchburg, Mass.

Bostock Bought

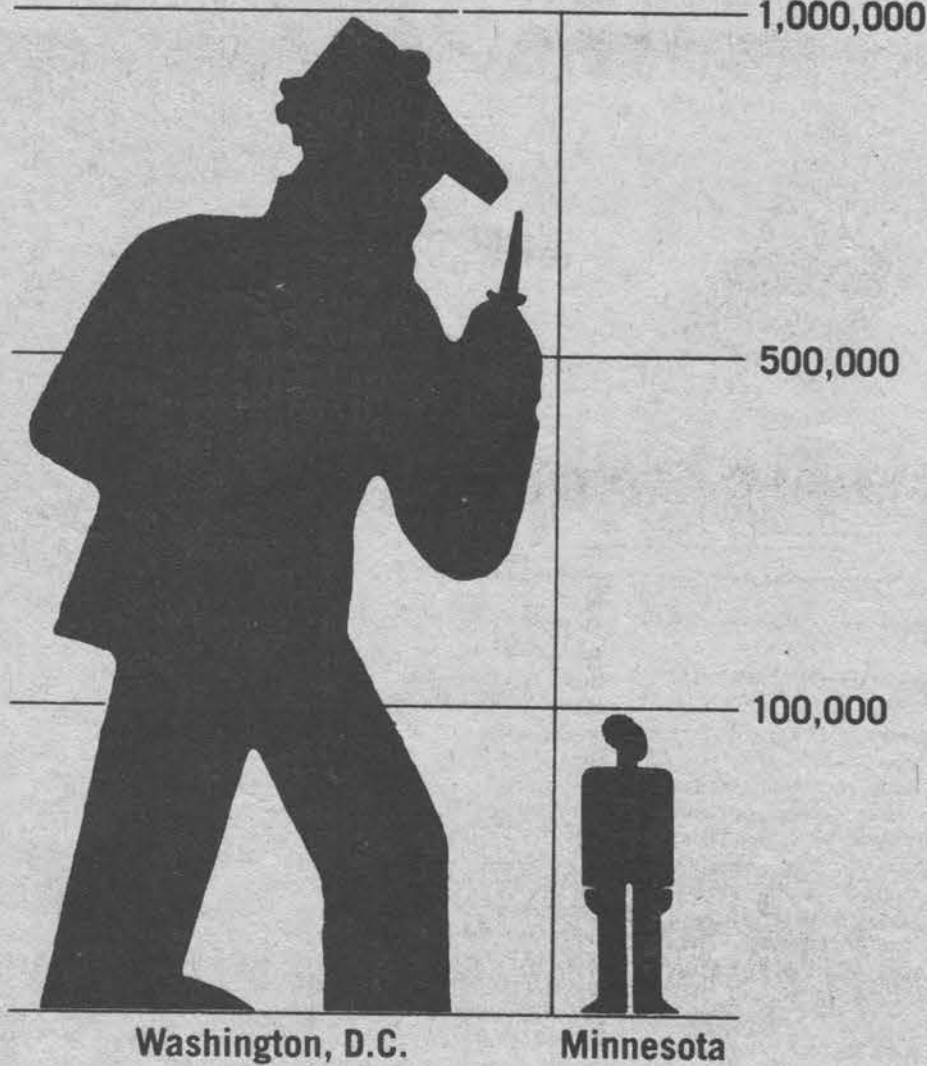
In an abrupt reversal of their self-proclaimed "go-slow" policy on acquiring talent through the free agent draft, the New York Mets today announced the signing of outfielder Lyman Bostock, late of the California Angels, for an estimated \$4.3 million in cash and other benefits, payable over a five-year period.

In a separate transaction, the Mets sent Dan Norman and Lee Mazzilli, both outfielders, to the Angels for an undisclosed amount of cash.

Bostock led all California hitters last season with a .296 average, and batted out 168 hits despite missing the last 15 games of the season. "Obviously, we're very, very happy with the agreement," said Marvin Miller, head of the Major League Players' Association, who represented Bostock's interests during the negotiations. "The deal should give Lyman's family all the security they need."

At an informal question-and-answer session following the announcement, Mets president Lorinda de Roulet defended chairman of the board Donald Grant's expensive plunge into

Comparative Number of Blacks



Carew Traded for Whites

By STEVE CADDY

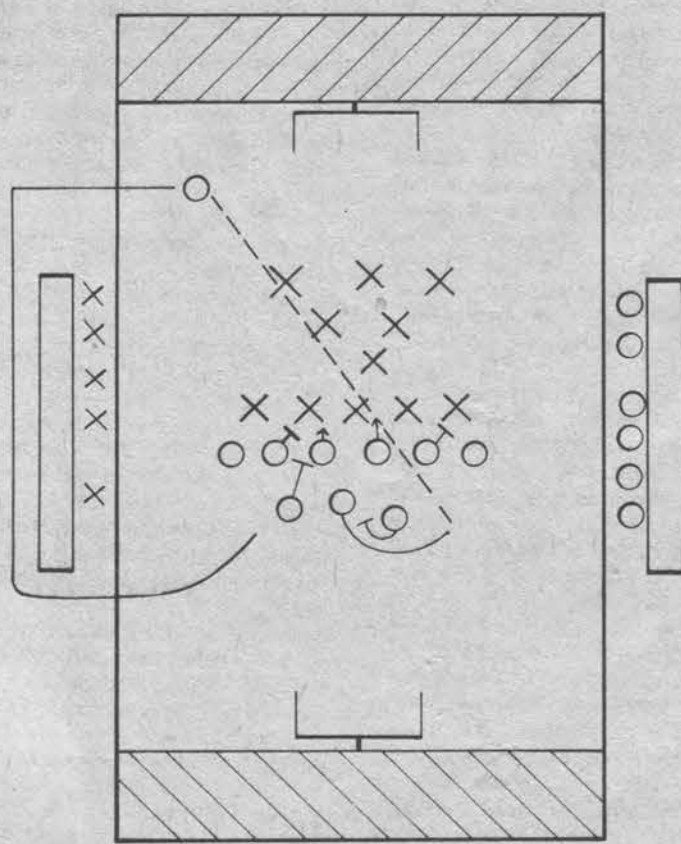
MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 11 — Rod Carew, the American league batting champion in five of the past seven years, was traded yesterday to the Atlanta Braves for seven minor leaguers and an undisclosed amount of cash. Baseball insiders expressed shock at the deal, since Carew, widely regarded as the best hitter since Ted Williams, is obviously worth far more. "But those are seven white minor leaguers," pointed out Alvin Griffith, owner of the Minnesota Twins, Carew's old team. "More importantly, those are seven cheap minor leaguers. I just don't see the sense in paying big bucks for blacks when you can have white

players for less money. And anyway, it was worth it just to get rid of Carew — he's not just black, you know, he's also Jewish."

Carew and the Twins' owner have been feuding for weeks, ever since Griffith's statement to the Waseca Lions Club that the first baseman was a "damn fool" for signing a contract paying him only \$100,000 per year, and that he had moved the Twins to Minnesota from Washington because "I found out you had only 15,000 blacks here." At the press conference announcing the trade, Griffith refused to comment on reports that the team will move to Hudson Bay, Ontario, in 1980.

Atlanta Braves owner Ted Turner said he felt that the team would have no trouble re-signing Carew, whose contract is in its option year. "We know how to treat our Negroes down here," said the 1977 America's Cup winner.

Play of the Week



In the Giants' astonishing 13-7 victory over the Dallas Cowboys, the winning touchdown was scored on this remarkable 35-yard touchdown pass from quarterback Joe Pisarcik to fullback Larry Csonka, who is rarely employed as a pass receiver on a deep pattern. With third and nine on the Cowboy 29 yard line and only 20 seconds left in the game, Head Coach John McVay beckoned Csonka out of the

game. Csonka left the field, ran a fly pattern unmolested on a wide bench sweep, and cut back sharply on a post pattern just in time to catch Pisarcik's pass all alone. "It was a concept I picked up from the Hamilton Tigercats of the Canadian Football League," McVay said. "I've long believed that if we could get Dallas in a one-on-one situation, we could score almost at will."

The Neediest Cases

Unemployed and unemployable, Floyd S., 48, formerly worked for various government intelligence agencies. After years of oral, olfactory and subcutaneous ingestion of hard drugs, Mr. S. has recently discovered the "tremendous advantage, both economically and otherwise, of mainlining it—especially the big H." (Street parlance for the drug, heroin.)

When queried at length by his social worker at the agency, Mr. S.'s account seemed to be quite consistent with the known facts. "I am not talking about 'getting high,'" he assured the investigators. "I am not in this for

kicks—I am using the drug strictly as a pain killer—not physical pain, you understand, but something much worse: psychological pain. I could have been, should have been, the greatest alto-saxophone player—white, of course—in the history of modern music. Can you understand that? The importance of it? Can you understand the pain, the very real, indescribably intense pain of carrying that awareness with you every waking minute? Unbearable! That's where the drug, heroin, comes in, the 'drug of choice,'

Continued on page C7

Standings

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Milwaukee 3, Chicago 1 Boston 5, Minnesota 4
California 2, Detroit 0 Baltimore 8-1, Texas 7-1
Seattle 7, Cleveland 6 Kansas City 8, New York 2

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Boston	58	28	.674	—
Milwaukee	50	36	.581	8
Baltimore	48	40	.545	11
New York	47	40	.540	
Detroit	43	43	.500	15
Cleveland	40	47	.460	
Toronto	32	56	.364	27

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	Pct.	GB
California	48	40	.545	—
Kansas City	46	41	.529	
Texas	44	42	.512	3
Oakland	45	45	.500	4
Minnesota	39	45	.464	7
Chicago	39	48	.448	
Seattle	31	59	.344	18

JULY 11 PROBABLE PITCHERS

Minnesota (Erickson 9-5 and Serum 4-3) at Boston (Eckersley 10-2 and Wright 4-1), 4:1:30 p.m.
Texas (Matlack 7-8) at Baltimore (Kerrigan 1-0), Kansas City (Gura 6-2) at New York (Beattie 2-3), Chicago (Stone 7-5) at Milwaukee (Travers 5-4), Detroit (Billingham 7-2) at California (Knapp 10-6), Toronto (Clancy 6-7) at Oakland (Lanford 1-7), Cleveland (Clyde 4-5) at Seattle (Mitchell 5-8)

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Cincinnati 7, New York 5 San Francisco 6, Pittsburgh 5,
Montreal 8, Houston 0 Chicago 3, San Diego 1
Atlanta 3, Philadelphia 2 Los Angeles 2, St. Louis 1

EASTERN DIVISION

	W	L	Pct.	GB
Philadelphia	47	36	.566	—
Chicago	44	41	.518	4
Pittsburgh	41	43	.488	
Montreal	43	47	.478	
New York	37	52	.416	13
St. Louis	36	54	.400	13

WESTERN DIVISION

	W	L	Pct.	GB
San Francisco	54	35	.607	—
Los Angeles	51	38	.573	3
Cincinnati	51	38	.573	3
San Diego	44	46	.489	
Atlanta	39	47	.453	
Houston	38	48	.442	

JULY 11 PROBABLE PITCHERS

Los Angeles (Rhoden 7-4 and Hooton 8-7) at Chicago (Lamp 2-10 and Burris 5-6), 2:1
San Diego (Owchinko 5-7 and Shirley 5-10) at Pittsburgh (D. Robinson 5-3 and Bibby 5-4), 2:1:05 p.m.
Houston (Bannister 3-4) at Montreal (Schatzeder 2-1), 2:15 p.m.
San Francisco (Barr 4-6 and Halicki 4-3) at St. Louis (Martinez 3-3 and Falcone 1-6), 2:2:15 p.m.
Philadelphia (Ruthven 5-8) at Atlanta (Hanna 5-7)
New York (Espinosa 7-7) at Cincinnati (Moskau 1-2)

Pope Enjoyed Brief But Fruitful Reign

By THOMAS CODGER

"I'll never forget the first time I saw him," said Pope John Paul I, a few days before his Papal reign was to come to a tragic end after only 34 days in office. "He had come to visit my parish in Venice 35 years ago during the war, and he was wearing a jaunty coal miner's cap. 'I'm told you're the only other priest in all Europe who reads Mark Twain.' I knew from that moment on that we would be close friends."

Good friends in life, and taken untimely from the papacy in death, Pope John Paul I and Pope John Paul John Paul I were men whose convictions and personal styles were unusually similar for two prelates of such diverse backgrounds. Yet, as the first non-Italian pope, and the Pontiff whose reign was the shortest in close to 2,000 years of papal history, Pope John Paul John Paul seemed destined to be judged as one of the most unique leaders of the Roman Church.

His sudden death at the age of 64, only 19 minutes after Papal ascendancy, came as a deep shock to the Roman faithful throughout the world. Yet the humble and uncomplicated man named Albert Symes from Liverpool, who was to become the first Pope born outside the borders of Italy, had been surprising people all his life.

"It was a miracle that he lived at birth, it was astonishing that he was accepted into the seminary at so young an age, and it was totally unanticipated when he became a Cardinal at the age of 38," said Cardinal Giuseppe Siri of Genoa, a close curial friend. "We are all deeply saddened at this awful twist of fate that has left the shoes of the fisherman empty once more."

The unheralded Cardinal of Liverpool had become the 264th Pope at a conclave shortly before his brief, sunny reign was to come to an end so suddenly. John Paul John Paul's tenure was the shortest since that of Pope John Paul I, his predecessor. The briefest Papal occupancy before that was in 1605, when Pope Leo IX died after 27 days in office.

Although John Paul John Paul's death came as a stunning surprise to the Church's faithful, the Pope had been in poor health for much of his life. At birth he was so frail and tiny, weighing only 4 pounds, 4 ounces, that his local parish priest was called upon to administer last rites in the delivery room.

As a child, the young Albert Symes suffered from asthma and hayfever, and was afflicted with protracted bouts of mononucleosis as a teen-ager. As a young candidate for the priesthood studying at Our Lady of Liverpool Seminary, he was stricken by a gastric ulcer, which proved to be a troublesome ailment throughout his religious career. While performing his pastoral duties among the industrial laborers in the Sea of Manchester, the future Pope developed a serious case of black lung, a disease that also plagued him throughout his later years.

Nevertheless, there was no hint of serious medical difficulty on the day of his papal ascendancy, and on his final morning the new Pope seemed to be remarkably vigorous. "He seemed to radiate health and strength," said Cardinal Franz Konig of Austria, who regarded the new Pope closely on the inaugural podium. "He seemed to me to be, as we say, in the prime of his life."

The future Pope's bright promise was presaged early in childhood in the grimy red-brick slums of Liverpool. Orphaned at the age of 18 months, and entrusted to the foster care of Reggie and Effie Allingham, the youthful Albert Symes thrived under the affectionate care he received from the gruffly demonstrative steel puddler and his childless second wife.

A brilliant student from his earliest days at Our Lady of the Sacred Furnace, the future Pope did especially well in his studies of Latin and

spherical geometry. Accepted into The Our Lady of Liverpool Seminary at the unheard of age of 11, he was ordained at the tender age of 15, and found himself a junior parish priest in Elmsford-On-Thewes until he became 16.

Then followed a quick succession of posts in London, Zurich and Hamburg, leading to the famous Sudetenland parish experience which furnished the material for his inspirational Bodley Head biography, "The Swastika and the Surplice."

The priest's courageous defense of the Sudetenland gypsies from Nazi occupation forces won Father Symes rapid advancement in the years following World War II, and he finally received his red hat in 1952 at the age of 38. He was later to describe the years of his Liverpool Cardinalate, which started in 1957, as "the most satisfying time of my life."

The diminutive Cardinal was famous

for his self-effacement and his modesty during the years in Liverpool. Frequently rubbing elbows with the hardy workmen of the industrial districts, or paying pastoral calls on the poorest of his parishioners, Cardinal Symes was once described as "the good shepherd of his flock" by his old friend and trusted companion, Sir Lew Grade.

One of the strangest events of the Pontiff's career occurred in the tiny, two-story residence of the church's chapter of the Newman House on the soot-covered campus of Liverpool University. There, in 1962, then Archbishop Symes had been asked to consecrate the newly renovated Newman House chapel.

After the consecration, the House held a traditional informal reception, attended by the Cardinal and the clean-cut young Roman Catholic college youths. The music for the occasion was furnished by a new local "rock and

roll" band of four somewhat scruffy youths, named John, Paul, George and Ringo. Indeed, entertainment for the session was provided by none other than the Beatles, then an undistinguished group waiting for discovery and their destiny. "I remember they played rather jauntily," Cardinal Symes was to recall later, speaking jocularly of the event. "The lads seemed quite presentable and comported themselves politely."

As Pontiff, John Paul John Paul had refused to wear the papal tiara or to address his flock with the royal "we." And, in the manner of his predecessor, Pope John Paul, he eschewed the formal trappings of the traditional papacy.

Although Pope John Paul John Paul's immediate predecessor, Paul John Paul, had no chance to greatly affect the policy or dogma of the Roman church in his 34-day reign, the most

recent pontiff's 19-minute tenure was marked by considerably more than the "glowing promise that captured the imagination of his church and the world," in the words of President Carter.

His actions during those 19 minutes, both before and after he took to the podium, will work far-reaching changes on the Mother Church. His words to Rabbi Baruch Korff, one of the papal visitors, certainly bid fair to spur the prospect of increasing Catholic ecumenism. "How are you doing today? Nice to see you," Rabbi Korff has reported the Pope's actual words.

The Pope's passing reference during his speech to "great human vitality" has been interpreted as a reference to Pope Paul VI's 1968 encyclical, "Humanae Vitae," ("Of Human Life"), and is assumed to be a strong validation of Pope Paul's stance on the question of artificial birth control.



Pope John Paul John Paul I

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Whiteman Dead At 68

Alden Whiteman, the obituary writer and editor of "Not The New York Times," died to day in his home in Manhattan at the age of 68. Mr. Whiteman reported the deaths of over 16,000 notable personalities during his 40 years on the staff of the newspaper.

Among the many significant figures whose deaths were covered by Mr. Whiteman were Babe Ruth, Bertrand Russell, Linda Darnell, Edward Kennedy "Duke" Ellington, Sister Kenny, Tommy Dorsey, Konrad Adenauer, Irene Castle, Jack Dempsey, Pablo Casals, Dag Hammarskjold, Aristotle Onassis, Edith Sitwell, Cass Elliott, Thomas Mann, Elvis Presley, Joseph Stalin, Keith Moon, Mao Tse-tung, T.S. Eliot, Hedda Hopper, Moishe K. Tshombe, Janis Joplin, Jacques Lipchitz, Totie Fields, David Ben-Gurion, Paul Robeson, Ho Chi Minh, Ozzie Nelson, Pablo Picasso, Herman Hesse, Betty Grable, Igor Stravinsky, J. Robert Oppenheimer, Elizabeth Arden, Peter Lorre, Marjorie Merriweather Post, Jayne Mansfield, Albert Schweitzer, Ed Sullivan, Gabby Hayes, Winston Churchill, Raymond Chandler, Jackie Robinson, George Washington Carver, Lord Beaverbrook, Elijah Muhammad, Jack Benny, Albert Einstein, Marilyn Monroe, Marie Curie, Pope John Paul I, Tallulah Bankhead, Charles de Gaulle, Jacqueline Susann, Charles A. Lindbergh, Josephine Baker, Isak Dinesen. Other subjects included Jimi Hendrix, Frank Sinatra, Martin Luther King Jr., and many others.

Busy busy Day

Not The New York Times

MONDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1978

BUSY Digest

The Economy

The same lousy news. Inflation, the dollar, unemployment. Meanwhile, the economy of Hamtramck, Mich. thrives as the local garbage compactor industry booms and Teamster employees benefit. Out-of-state Business, particularly from New Jersey, pours into the Calabrese Compaction Service which has perfected a process to reduce a Cadillac Seville, and everything in it, to the size of a pinhead. Page D4.

Industry

The Federal Trade Commission raised the ante in its battle to increase honesty in advertising. The agency proposed rules that would bar the words "finest" and "effective" from all ads. D5

International

The Rann of Kush defaulted on \$1 billion in loans to a consortium of international banks led by Morgan Guarantee. The Tush of Kush, ruler of the tiny kingdom, cited a slump in world copra demand as a reason for the default and told the banks where they could put their loans. The group of 30 banks immediately offered to lend another \$200 million to prevent the earlier loans from turning sour. D6

Airlines

Alitalia reported it had broken into the black after eight years of losses. Alitalia president Alberto Nordo cited the recent series of papal funerals, conclaves and coronations for the improvement. "God only knows if it will continue," said Nordo. D40.

Companies

The International Telephone and Bread Co. yesterday offered to acquire the Senate antitrust subcommittee for \$200 million in cash and securities. ITB said it felt the investment would help its diversification program. Subcommittee chairman Sen. Edward Kennedy said the offer was "clearly inadequate." And Senate majority leader Byrd was reported to be negotiating with Exxon for a higher price. D50.

Markets

"A dollar for your thoughts" became the favorite expression of U.S. tourists in Tokyo as the dollar dropped below 100 yen for the first time. Travelers complained of paying \$4 a glass for water in sushi bars. The currency turmoil spilled over to European markets where dollars were shredded for excelsior packing material. D40

Gold prices climbed \$5.50 an ounce at the London fixing to a record \$253.50, its highest level ever. Analysts said demand for gold from Zurich electroplating plants contained unabated. D30

Stocks turned on a dime yesterday on news of the governments G.S.A. stock offering, with a 23 point drop in the Dow converting to a 17 point gain for the 30 industrials in moderate trading. Analysts said G.S.A. would be considered part of the casino group. D50

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Exchange Finalizes New Jersey Move

By ROBERT "CHAMPAGNE" COLE

The New York Stock Exchange announced yesterday that it will soon move to Atlantic City "to better serve investors and to take advantage of the latest in investment technology."

The new Atlantic City Exchange, or ACE, will employ a radically different method of trading, according to an exchange spokesman, eliminating the "specialist" system and replacing it with the "croupier" system.

Designed expressly for ACE by Bally Industries, the new system involves placing trades, in the form of circular

colored discs, either directly on tables automated slots where a pull of he handle instantly tells the investor whether he has won or lost money.

William Battey, the chairman of the New York Stock Exchange, said the relocation to Atlantic City "will speed the investment process and reaffirm America's faith in speculation."

The new exchange, also known as "the Big Wheel," will occupy an exact replica of the dynamited Traymore Hotel on the famed ocean resort's boardwalk.

With casino issues now accounting for nearly 80 percent of daily turnover on

the country's largest and oldest stock exchange, rumors of the impending move had been circulating for weeks.

However, the decision was not announced until yesterday afternoon, following a stormy meeting of exchange directors where a reportedly distraught Mayor Ed Koch sought to forestall the move with a last-minute offer to redo the exchange's Wall and Broad Street headquarters in green baize.

But the directors voted in favor of the relocation, persuaded that it could only spur investment.

"Can you imagine the daily handle" said one wide eyed director.



A New Investment Strategy Has pre-Christian Origins

By CLYDE FARMHAND

With the big-buck investment boys always trying to improve their rather dismal track record, an unusual "old" wrinkle has recently been added to modern portfolio strategy—entrail reading. And it enthusiasts claim it is virtually a foolproof way to call those tricky stock market trends.

Now we've heard that before, and chicken entrail reading may just turn out to be another investment fad.

Or it could pave the way to your future fortune, according Roger Narrow, to a Wharton School economist, who has pioneered in applying computer analysis to entrail reading to, as he puts it, "take the guessing out of this ancient rite."

On the record, Dr. Narrow has been extraordinarily successful. Using this technique over the last five years, he has turned \$25 into \$250 million, buying or selling a weighted portfolio of securities on the advice of the plucked entrails.

"It does not really matter what stocks you invest in," said Dr. Narrow. "It only is important to know whether the market will go up or down. And with the computer diagnosis each morning of a cross section of the freshly plucked entrails of a mature hen, you can determine this to within 3 percent mean error."

But while the computer may take the guess out of

entrail reading, it does not take out the mess. The practitioner must still eviscerate a live hen on a ritual altar, using a knife only to gain entry and then plucking the entrails out of the unfortunate bird with his hand to produce it for cross section analysis.

"You get used to it," said Dr. Narrow. "When the money starts doubling, you would be surprised how eager someone can be to get that day's reading."

Judging by the reaction down on Wall Street, a lot of people have gotten used to it. The piercing shriek of hens completes with the honk of taxis in the concrete canyons of the financial district these days. And there is hardly a pension fund manager who has not yet installed a slaughtering altar.

And every morning there are dozens of pin-striped stockbrokers waiting in line at Falco's live poultry in lower Manhattan to get their daily ration. "And you now have to get on a waiting list to be served," complained one entrail practitioner who has had a hard time getting his chickens lately. "The computers are cinch by comparison."

Meanwhile, those plucky entrail readers swear by their new method.

"I've indexed, I've managed aggressively, I've taken the random walk, I've used every kind of investment screen," said currently hot money manager Orestes Wilson of Merrill Lynch Etc. "But with entrail reading I have gone against the average and am ahead 90 percent for the year already."

Time-Life To Bring Back Time

Dead Magazine Long Moribund Is Disinterred

Time-Life Inc. will attempt a revival of the moribund Time magazine, the company's president, James R. Shepley, announced yesterday. The new publication will be called "Time: The Monthly Newsmagazine," Mr. Shepley said, and it will attempt to be competitive with other recently resurrected publications like Life, Look and The Saturday Evening Post.

"Our market surveys show there's tremendous nostalgia among upscale readers for this kind of publication," said Mr. Shepley. "The Time concept has excellent demographics among young professional people in their 20's and 30's who remember the magazine as a fixture in their parents' homes."

The publication, which will make a January debut, will closely approximate Time's look and editorial style during its heyday in the 1950's. Although widespread demand for Time ceased dramatically after the resignation of President Richard Nixon in 1974, company spokesmen had attributed the magazine's demise to less immediate factors, including the competition from television news, the decline of the Republican party, the plummeting quality of Theodore H. White's "Making of a President" books, and the rise of newer publications like News Times.

"There is a whole generation of affluent young readers who have never been exposed to Time," said Arthur W. Keylor, Time's group vice president for magazines, "and we think they're going to like what they see."

When asked specifically what the new Time could offer that other publications could not, Mr. Keylor replied "point of view." He explained that while the new Life magazine is trying to capitalize on the photography boom, and Look and The Saturday Evening Post are merchandising nostalgia, the new Time magazine would be offering a commodity that, he said, is more unique.

"Bias, in a word. Bias and distortion, the hallmarks of the old Time. No other publication ever came close to slanting the news as artfully as Time did, and we feel this is just the kind of thing to target, to 'turn on' a new generation of readers. And we have the survey figures to back that up."

The familiar Time logo will adorn the cover of the premiere issue, Mr. Keylor said, along with a painting of U Thant commissioned for the occasion from artist Larry Rivers. Walter Bernard has been retained as a design consultant to direct the transformation of the magazine's familiar 1970's look to Time's distinctive 1950's format in the days of small pictures and red section headings.

Although an editorial director for the publication has not yet been named, Mr. Keylor announced that Henry Anatole Grunewald, the former managing editor, would be brought back from his retirement home in Miami Beach to guide the new magazine during its formative stage. He said that Victor Lasky, the Washington journalist, had also volunteered his services as a consultant.

Mr. Keylor said that although the editorial line-up for the first issue was somewhat tentative, he could reveal a few details to, as he described it, "attract the interest of advertisers at this premature stage of development."

Among the contents will be an expanded religion section, featuring an expose of the Roman Catholic Church in Boston. The science section, Mr. Keylor said, will detail the findings of a West German team using laser instrumentation to investigate the Chappaquiddick drowning of Mary Jo Kopechne. The education section will contain a description of the latest researches into ethnic intelligence by William Shockley, and the law section will delve into the Federal treason statutes as they apply to Senator Edward M. Kennedy's recent visit with Russian Premier Leonid Brezhnev in Moscow.

Bludthorn Ousted: 'Disco' Stickwood Wins Proxy Battle

Robert Stickwood, the entertainment impresario, yesterday ousted Charles Bludthorn and the rest of the Gulf and Western board in a proxy fight that saw shareholders back Stickwood's minority slate.

Mr. Stickwood announced that he would immediately change the name of the company to Gulf and Disco, and sell off the company's sugar and zinc interests for a chain of discos in the Caribbean and South America. Regime will run the chain.

Big Board Firms To Form Big Firm

By ROBERT MUTZ

Wall Street's long consolidation trend reached its climax yesterday as the last two surviving brokerage firms announced they will merge.

The new firm will be known as Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner, Smith, Hutton, Paine, Goldman, Bache, Stuart, Witter, Drexel, Shearson, Salomon, Lehman, Morgan, Barney, Boston and Kholmeys—or Merrill Lynch for short.

The Securities and Exchange Commission hailed the merger as "a logical development growing out of the unfixing of brokerage commission rates on May 1, 1975" and said it proved that decision "has in fact produced a more efficient brokerage industry."

"There is nothing quite like competitive rates for solidifying competition," said S.E.C. chairman Howard Williams. "The long-sought goal of a central firm and a central market will soon be in our grasp. Congressman John T. Moss will be delighted."

The consolidated firm's headquarters will be moved to Atlantic City, N.J.

Don Raygun, chairman of Merrill Lynch Etc., the holding company for the new firm, said that individual investors could now "be assured of a steady increase in brokerage commission rates." As for institutional investors, Mr. Raygun said "they should not be deterred from shopping around if they still wish to negotiate their fees."

Price Index Soars: To Fall by Election

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11—Consumer prices shot up 10 percent in September or at a 120 percent annual rate, the Labor Department announced yesterday. But Carter Administration officials said they believed the increase represented "a temporary bulge," and predicted that the rate "will come down to a more normal level by the election."

Robert Strauss, the chief Administration inflation fighter, called the latest figures "just too bad to talk about."

Leading the price parade last month were theater tickets, up 35 percent for a pair on the aisle at the Schubert; Ralph Lauren signature jeans, up 50 percent; truffles, up 100 percent; and rent, electricity and food staples, all up 15 percent.

Barely Bosworth, head of the Administrations Council on Wage and Price Stability, said "The rather large

increase was due—at least in a large part—to large rainstorms in large portions of the Atlantic Ocean during September."

"When it rains, it soars," said Mr. Bosworth, and explained: "People usually try to avoid shopping in the rain. When they heard the reports of the North Atlantic storms on the 'Today Show,' they knew it was only a matter of time before the rain would reach them. This set off an anticipatory buying spree that sent prices skyrocketing. Now that there have been a few weeks of sunshine, things should return to normal."

Alan Greenthumb, former chief economic adviser in the Ford Administration, said the United States was already in the grips of an inflation like the one that hit Germany in the 1920's. And he predicted the imminent collapse of the Treaty of Versailles.

Vatican Worth Less

BY DAVID VITAL

ROME, Oct. 11—The billion-dollar Vatican investment portfolio has declined precipitously recently, according to a copy obtained by Not The New York Times of the long-secret holdings of the Roman Catholic church's hierarchy.

Heavy shorting of Resorts International shares, purchases of Caesar's World, Ramada Inns and Del Webb at close to their pre-collapse peaks, and holding off large amounts of unsecured W.T. Grant and New York City bonds have all contributed to the deterioration of the Vatican's investment position.

In addition, a dramatic lowering of profits at 100 percent church-owned

Gucci's, due to the widespread counterfeiting of Gucci loafers, has drastically reduced the current income which the church relies on for its ministry.

As previously reported, a copy of the portfolio was found near the deathbed of the late Pope John Paul I. And there have been unconfirmed reports that he had been poring over it just before his stroke.

That the church owns Gucci's (as well as Ferragamo and Yves St. Laurent), is but one of the surprising revelations contained in the hand-lettered illuminated portfolio, which Not The Times obtained in Xerox form and

had translated from Latin and converted from Roman numerals.

Another surprising revelation in the document is that, as rash as the church may have been in its Atlantic City gambling stock plunge, it has carefully hedged its bets in other areas: The portfolio contains a 25 percent investment interest in EST, the Hare Krishnas, Rev. Sun Myung Moon, the Mormon, Church of the Latter Day Saints, the Church of Scientology and Marjoe—all listed in the diversification portion of the portfolio.

The church also seems to have done rather well in real estate, since it owns all of Rodeo Drive, SoHo and Soweto.

VATICAN INVESTMENT PORTFOLIO
Managed by the Institute for Religious Works

St. Louis Cardinals	100 percent
Orlando Pill Ltd.	100 percent
Equity Funding	550,000 shares
Notre-Dame Stadium concessions	
Resorts International "A" and "B"	300,00 shares short
Balls Manufacturing	150,000 shares
Del Webb Enterprises	435,000 shares
Caesar's World	225,000 shares
Ramada Inns	175,000 shares
Columbia Pictures Industries	1 million shares
Nabors-Walrus Inc.	10 percent, 672,000 shares
Gallo Wines	100 percent
Plato's Retreat	100 percent
Gull and Disc	789,000 shares
Whorled Airways	100 percent
Golden Triangle Enterprises, Thailand	100 percent
William F. Buckley	100 percent
Dr. Martin Abend Unlimited	50 percent
W.T. Grant	\$50 million unsecured bonds
Peanut Central	12 million shares
Aberrombie and Fitch	350,000 shares
Food Fair	590,000 shares

The Moro Foundation	100 percent
New York City unsecured MAC mirror bonds	\$500 million
Vienna Boys Choir	
Not The New York Times	
L.C. Farben, G.m.b.H.	2 million shares
Gucci's	100 percent
Ferragamo	100 percent

REAL ESTATE

Rodeo Drive (between Santa Monica and Wilshire)	100 percent
SoHo	100 percent
Copacabana	75 percent
Georgetown	100 percent
Spain	100 percent
The Catskills	100 percent

DIVERSIFICATION

The Mormon Church of Latter Day Saints	25 percent
The Church of Scientology	25 percent
Rev. Sun Myung Moon	25 percent
Hare Krishna Ltd.	25 percent
Marjoe	25 percent
Kathryn Kuhlman Foundation	25 percent
Streit's Matroh Company, Inc.	2 million shares
Mamischewitz wine company	100 percent

Exon, Fjord Feud

By JAMES TOOT

DEARBORN, Mich., Oct. 11—In a stunning counterpunch to Exon's \$10 billion cash tender offer for the Fjord Motor Company, Fjord yesterday announced it will tender for "any and all" shares of Exon.

"What do they think this company is, Chile?" asked an irate Henry Fjord II, chairman of the number two automaker.

Fjord is offering a combination of .0013 shares of new non-voting Fjord common stock, a second-mortgage pass through certificate for the city of Dearborn, and a Pinto for each outstanding share of Exon.

Exon is using excess cash and marketable securities left over from its

so-called cash to burn program, the company announced. (Exon has recently been testing the potential of high-temperature combustion of currency as a way to produce energy for a strong America.)

The simultaneous takeover attempts produced instant confusion on Wall Street.

"You might have a situation where the combined firm has no cash and no shares outstanding," said arbitrator Ivan T. Terrible, who was nonetheless eagerly gathering in shares of both companies and planning to open a Pinto showroom next to Trinity Church.

The Department of Justice said its antitrust division would certainly in-

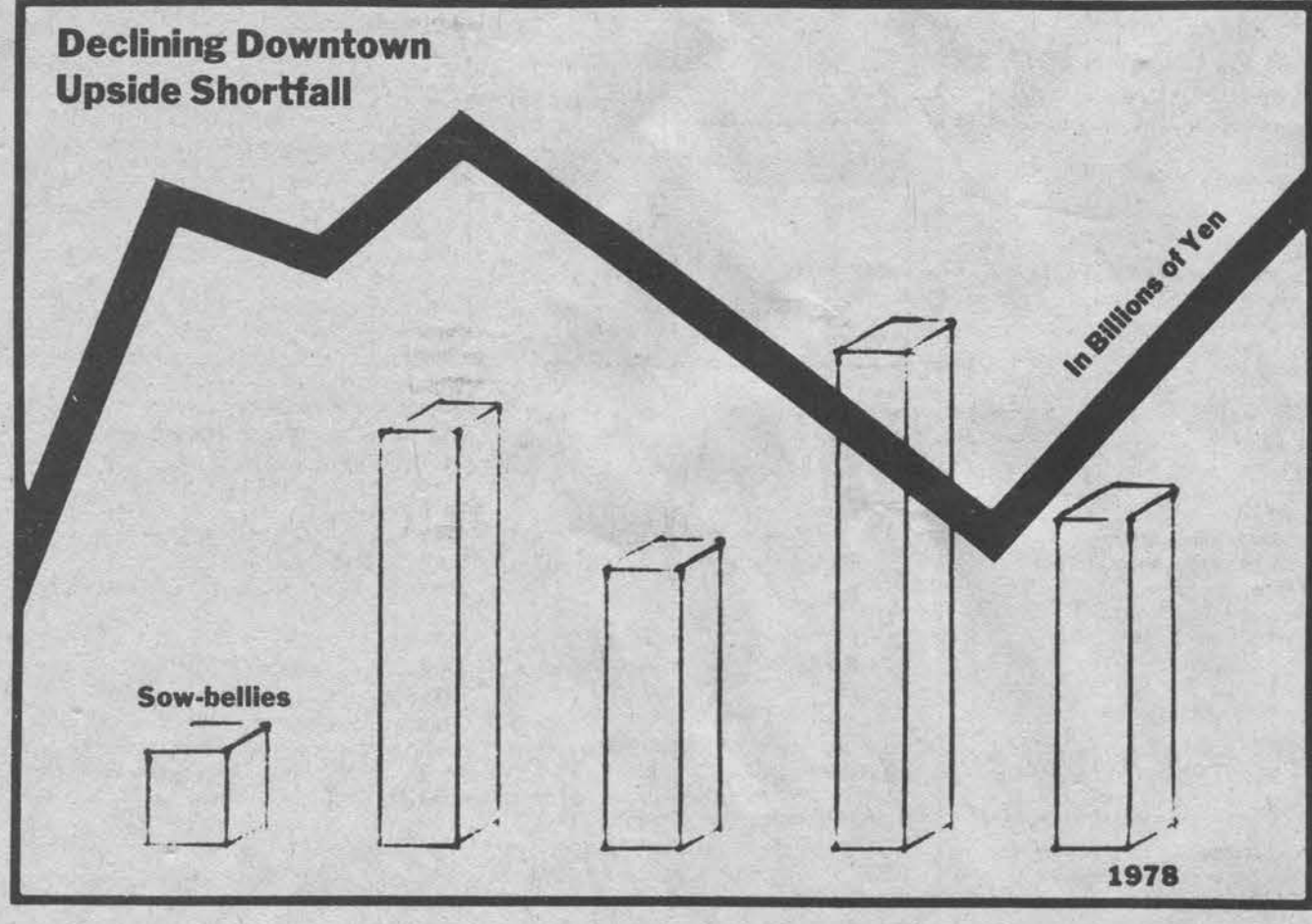
vestigate both offers, and a spokesman indicated that there already appeared to be a violation of the "enough is enough" clause of the Clayton Act.

But he added that it might take several years to move on the case because everyone was currently working on the 11-year-old sugar cereals monopoly suit.

Clifford Gargoyl Exon's chairman scoffed at any potential antitrust problems: "We don't make cars, and we have nothing to do with them. It's as simple as that."

He reserved his strongest language for his challenger. "Henry Fjord II is the last—we hope—of a decadent line," Mr. Gargoyl told reporters at a hastily called news conference in New York's Exon headquarters building. "His grandfather was lucky, but recessive genes have taken their toll."

But Mr. Fjord, who hired attorney Roy Cohn to represent him in a libel action against Mr. Gargoyl, seemed otherwise unperturbed.



BUSINESS PEOPLE

Busy, busy, busy, busy, busy, busy.

Walter W. Wrisky, Citicorp's chairman, has pleaded nolo contendere to a charge of possession of substantial quantities of bald cannabis found in his office in the big bank's new headquarters building. Despite his plea, Mr. Wrisky denied the marijuana was for his own use, and said he was acting in the best interests of Citicorp shareholders.

"I was simply testing the product of one of our larger clients in Colombia, where we have considerable loans outstanding," said Wrisky.

Don't invite economists John K. Galbreath and Milton Freilunch to the same party. At a party given by New York hostess Lally Widemouth, Prof. Galbreath, in a fit of pique, accused Prof. Freilunch of masturbating to Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." Prof. Freilunch, a leading monetarist, said Smith's economic stimulus is better than that any Harvard economist can supply—or demand.

Bertie Kornfield, newly appointed Securities and Exchange Commissioner said he was making organized crime the first target of the S.E.C.'s newly organized white collar crime task force.

"It takes one to know one," said President Carter when he named Mr. Kornfield to the post last week. "He has an intimate knowledge of white collar criminals that will make him a valuable asset in the S.E.C.'s efforts in this area."

Mr. Kornfield said the first industries

targeted for intense scrutiny will be children's sleepwear and ice cream scoop manufacturers: "Both frequently mentioned as infested with white collar crime."

Flicking an ash off his red velvet smoking jacket, the commissioner said he will supervise the task force as soon as he returns from a trip to Zurich, Monaco, Lichtenstein, Nassau and the Cayman Islands where he is opening new S.E.C. branch offices.

"You gotta go where the numbered boxes are," the reform-minded commissioner said.

International Brain Machines (IBM) chairman Frank T. Curry yesterday lost his usual aplomb and, in tears, apologized to the American business community for ever having developed the IBM mainframe computer series.

"I just never realized how badly the IBM 370 was designed," said a sobbing Mr. Curry. "It's lost my paycheck every month for the past three years. My yacht is being repossessed, and I can't meet tuition payments for my children."

The IBM chairman was finally subdued by the IBM public relations staff. Attempts to question him later were unavailing. The company refused to disclose his whereabouts. But reliable sources told Not The Times that his brain is being replaced by an Intel 8080 microprocessor along with six megabytes of Random Access Memory to prevent a similar future malfunction.

dustries recommended, and said a recall was really not necessary. The faulty pacemakers were sold primarily by mail order and on late night television.

"We have narrowed down the list of potential purchasers to those people who watch the "Tomorrow" show or receive mail," said David Piddle CPSC commissioner. "We should find most of them within a few days since we suspect most of them are in no position to go anywhere."

Whorled Airways' entry into the coast-to-coast passenger business was made possible by the recent acquisition of a fleet of World War II cargo planes. Flying aces from that era have been hired who can still run the prop planes, said Mr. Borman.

The planes, though reliable, were not intended to carry passengers and, as a result, are still unheated, Mr. Borman said.

Whorled, however, is offering to sell down parkas prior to the long flights. There will also be a double-feature to entertain passengers, consisting of "The High and the Mighty" and "Airport '75."

Passengers must buy tickets a month in advance, but will not be told the exact time of departure until an hour before takeoff. They can bring their own lunch, or for \$5 can purchase Nedick's hotdogs and Shasta cream soda on the flight.

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Iacocca Reveals Recipe

Lido A. (Lee) Iacocca, longtime leader in the automotive industry and former president of the Ford Motors, Inc., surprised a group of reporters yesterday by disclosing his family's secret recipe for candied apples.

Mr. Iacocca had called the press conference to comment upon the recent disclosure of the 1979 automobile styles.

"I could talk all day about cars," said Mr. Iacocca, speak from behind a polished oak desk at his sylvan retreat in Pontiac, Mich., "but I'd much rather

share with you the Iacocca family recipe for candied apples." Mr. Iacocca then read the following directions for preparing this snack.

CANDIED APPLES IACOCCA

- 6 large apples (preferably MacIntosh)
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 4 tablespoons brown sugar
- † tsp. cinnamon

1. Melt the butter in a heavy skillet and add the apples. Cover and cook for 15 minutes, or until the apples soften.
2. Sprinkle the soft apples with the brown sugar and cinnamon. Heat oven to 500 degrees and cook for thirty minutes.
3. Serve apples while hot, with apple cider and cinnamon stick straws. Yield: 15 percent on initial vestment.

Pacemaker Said To Stop on Red

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11—The Consumer Product Safety Commission today ordered a recall of 250,000 Ever-ready heart pacemakers.

The safety agency said the electronic devices frequently were found to go haywire and short out whenever they came within 100 feet of a changing traffic light.

"It is possible that users can avoid any hazards by removing the implanted units when they get near traffic signals," the manufacturer Notel In-

Ridiculous Fare Launched by WA

BOSTON, Oct. 11—Whorled Airways today began selling tickets for its new 99 cents coast-to-coast flight that the Civil Aeronautics Board approved this week.

"And change," said Marvin Borman, Whorled Airways president said as he handed a shining penny to his first customer, Edward Booke a Massachusetts Senator who had stood on line all night.

Mr. Booke said he was buying a one-way ticket for his ex-wife and said he hoped to buy another soon for Remi his daughter, once his financial difficulties cleared.

The new service comes with a number of restrictions. It will only be available between Boston's Logan Airport and Lindbergh Field in San Diego, Calif. to take advantage of vacant facilities after several airlines recently withdrew from both airports due to a few recent near misses, and a

the warm-hearted fraternal good wishes of the Korean workers' peasants, bosses and secret toys struggle to throw off the yoke imposed by blackmailing colonialists of the super-powers who are well known to us.

The tricks of their implacable low-roader cohorts are also those of the fair play campaign since before 1953, but are no match for the progress front, which joins forces with the friendship from a part of the solidarity front to rebuild all efforts transigent, non-bolshevik to spread malicious rumors.

But we may say again that these low-roaders can't be the only ones getting the trick of the mischief-makers who seek to undermine the heroic and great struggle against the democratic one-worldism and slanderous revisionist anti-awry in a of guises.

But..

Not The New York Times

This announcement neither panders nor solicits. The offering is made only by the prospectus, copies of which may be obtained at your local government printing office or neighborhood IMF branch.

Oct. 12, 1978

An offering of the U.S. government

100 Million Shares

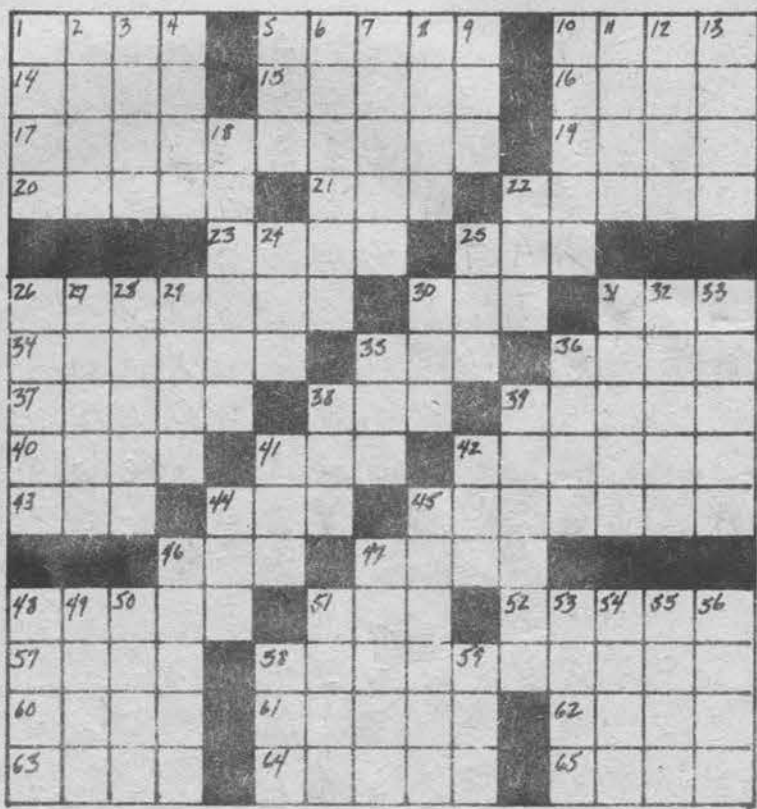
The General Services Administration, Inc.

Price \$15 per Share

International Monetary Fund Inc.	Billy Carter Securities	
Non-union Bank of Switzerland	Dai-Kichi-Kichi-Koo Bank of Toledo	
Merill Lynch Etc.	Lloyd's of Riyadh	Chase Manhattan Bank, N.T. & S.A.
The Bank of Saudi America, N.T. & S.A.	Kreditanstalt	Necco Securities of Japan
Robert Vesco	Late Boston Brahmin Corp.	Bank de l'Indochine, de Suez et de Bert Lance
Corleon Bank of Sicily	The Dime Savings Bank of Kuwait	Silver Spoon Securities
The First United Mutual Security Guaranty Bank & Trust Co. of Harlem, A.M.E.		
Rothschild, Rockefeller & Mellon	Bank of Vaduz, Liechtenstein	Lizard Freres et cie.
The Tulip Bank of Amsterdam, N.V.	Morgan Grenfell Moscow	The P.L.O.
Bankhaus Rudolph Hess	Franklin National Bank	Banco Luciano Pavarotti
Girozentrale unterbankterrichschensparkassen mit Schlage, Aktiengesellschaft of Akron, Ohio		

CROSSWORD PUZZLE (Solution next edition)

- ACROSS**
- Scarlett's home
 - Ferth
 - Entity alleged to deal with unions more intelligently than 63 Across
 - Barren
 - Pet, perhaps
 - Tied
 - Great American publisher
 - Might describes the policy of 45 Across in settling with pressman's union in order to gain Columbus Day advertising
 - Scott
 - "The _____ Game"
 - Southern beauty
 - Type of stance or housing
 - "_____ better thing I do..."
 - According to some, a conscienceless person
 - Hold a session
 - Part of HMS
 - More informed
 - Barnyard denizen
 - Lesson
 - Fiend
 - Something that might be wished on the houses of both 26 Across and 45 Across
 - Grand Turk
 - Very long spell
 - Hack or jig
 - Cowans, for one
 - Before PAT's
 - 28 Across does
 - Alleged Benedict Arnold of publishing community
 - Hairpieces
 - Teacher
 - Stars and cameras do
 - Correct title for married woman
 - Washington, for one
 - Regan's dad
 - What some pressmen like to sleep on
 - Leisure's companion
 - Chompa
 - Cassini
 - Alleged newspaper
 - Argon and neon are
 - Unit of force
- DOWN**
- Societ news agency
 - _____ for one's money
 - Irritate
 - Ax-like



- Mimic
- Amalgamation
- International bargainer who doesn't have to deal with unions
- Almost Hansel and Gretel's fate
- Suffix with law or saw
- "The Twelfth Of _____ time to give in to union demands"
- Might be used to describe the conduct of 45 Across in forsaking his fellow publishers
- Water hole
- Snick's partner
- What some say strikers should be
- Belfry inhabitant
- For each
- Less than a sawbuck
- Challenge of 7 down who also doesn't have to deal with union
- Boss or jacket
- Former Washington pitcher Pedro
- Branding or six
- The "weaker" _____ treated fairly by 17 Across in his hiring policy)
- Most
- Moral element lacking 26 Across
- Arrive
- Here's _____
- Hardly hirsute
- What some thinks 26 across wants too much of
- Scutinize
- hacker
- Mongrel
- Ignited
- What 26 Across and 45 Across might have trouble passing
- Least good
- Annoy
- Kind of shot or happy
- See 17 across
- Trigger's food
- _____ Kampf
- Trampled
- With skill
- _____ ager
- "The _____ Of Night"

Margaret Mud Links Stress, Ethnic Humor

Margaret Mud, the noted anthropologist, addressed a group of nationally renowned semanticists last night at Columbia University's Lincoln Hall. Dr. Mud's appearance here was one of the highlights of the group's annual "Say Whut" Conference.

"Is there any corollary between the coronary and the razzberry?" were Dr. Mud's opening words, followed by her own rendition of a voluminous Bronx cheer—thus sounding a note of levity which proved, however, to be a deceptive veneer for the extremely serious context of the lecture's actual premise and text.

Using the so-called Polish Joke as the illustrative thrust of her thesis, Dr. Mud repeatedly cautioned the audience that some of the material might be considered "in questionable taste." She also reminded those present that, while laughter would be "countenanced," it would certainly not be "encouraged."

"How does the Polish Mafia function?" was her first example, and her response was, "By making you an offer you can't understand." This was followed by the classic: "Why aren't Polacks allowed to swim in Lake Michigan?" and its standard rejoinder, "Because they leave a ring around the breakwater."

Within the staid, even stifling atmosphere typical of these academic gatherings, there was a surprising amount of good-natured give-and-take between the distinguished lecturer and the audience of universally acclaimed scholars and pundits.

"What," she asked, "is the national dish of Poland?"

"Pork tartare?" the audience roared back in unison.

Outstanding among the more than 500 examples quoted by Dr. Mead were the following:

- "Who has an IQ of 212?"
- "Warsaw!"
- "Why were the four Polacks pushing a house down the road?"
- "They were trying to jump-start the oil-burner!"
- "Prior to the citywide doggie-poo cleanup, what did the Polish man say when he stepped on a big segment of excretia?"
- "Help, I'm melting."
- "Some Polish guys found a bunch of bowling balls, and then threw them over a cliff to shatter on the rocks below. Why?"
- "Because they thought they were Negro eggs."

Nitrites, Cancer Found Deadly

By DIANE ANGRY

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration announced today that its recent studies have shown nitrites, types of potassium or sodium esters commonly used as an additive in foods, are "without a doubt" carcinogenic, and has ordered the removal of all nitrite-enhanced food products from the marketplace.

Commonly used foods that contain nitrites include butter, cheese, pork and all meat products such as frankfurters, bologna and liverwurst, sausage, bacon and potato chips.

The study by the F.D.A. was prompted by complaints from consumer groups and various independent research laboratories, which found that doses of nitrites caused cancer in laboratory animals.

The ruling is expected to have a devastating effect on the retail supermarket business across the country and on restaurants which serve nitrite-enhanced foods.

The report was immediately downplayed by food industry

spokesmen. One source said that based on the doses of nitrites fed to the rats, a human being would have to eat four, maybe five hot dogs at one sitting to endanger his health.

The findings of the study, which was conducted by professors from Harvard, Stanford and Pacifica medical schools, indicated that many Americans may already have ingested sufficient doses of nitrites to pose a serious health hazard. The report recommended wide-scale screening and testing for cell damage.

Removal of the hazardous items from distributors' warehouses and supermarket shelves was ordered to begin today. The F.D.A. plans to mobilize National Guard units to begin the long and arduous task of destroying what has been estimated as 12 million tons of food.

The F.D.A. is still trying to decide how to dispose of contaminated food. Incineration has been deemed impractical and possibly hazardous, because of nitrate-based fumes which might be released.

Universe Very Old

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11—Nuclear physicists at Long Island's largest atom-smasher -- the 220-volt Ronkonkotron -- announced yesterday that they had conclusively established the age of the universe, a problem that until now challenged, puzzled and pained scientists the world over.

Dr. Li Chu, professor of High Energy Collisions at Stony Brook University, summed up the recent achievement this way: "The universe knows how old it is. But it isn't telling, and you can hardly blame it. The trick is to ask the right question while seeming to be interested in something else entirely, such as the weather, or the nature of black holes in Andromeda."

Among the "tricks" devised by Dr. Chu's 27-person research team is a beam of relativistic electrons that are spun around the doughnut-shaped Ronkonkotron at velocities far exceeding the local speed limit (45 m.p.h.) and then hurled out into space. By measuring the time it takes this beam to reach the orbit of Jupiter, multiplying by Planck's constant h, dividing by the last three digits of the total receipts at Belmont Park on July 23, 1978, the Long Island scientists managed to win enough money in the

state lottery to compensate for the loss of their last government grant—which was terminated pending an investigation of certain apparent irregularities in Dr. Chu's expense budget.

By one of those fortuitous accidents that loom so large in the history of science, this same figure also turned out to be the exact age of the universe. According to current theory, the universe began as a tiny ball of lint, no bigger than a pygmy's belly button. Through some still unknown process (probably involving a quirk in the production of quarks), a quantum jump in this proto-lint led to a Big Bang, or as Dr. Chu and his colleagues prefer to call it, a "primal sneeze." The universe has been expanding ever since. Not even nuclear physicists know whether the expansion will continue forever with a never-ending rise in long-distance telephone rates or whether the expansion will give way to an equally powerful retrenchment, or *gesundheit*, phase.

Dr. Chu's breakthrough should help resolve this question. Expressed in scientific terminology, the age of universe is now computed to be exactly 12,137 psi units.

Cases

Continued from page C3

as the doctors say, because my experience indicates that a jolt of really good snort (street parlance for heroin), and everything is reduced to a single, warm, rosy glow. All anxieties are instantly allayed, all obstacles instantly surmounted, all ambitions simultaneously realized. It is no longer a question of 'becoming.' One 'is.'

So far, so good, it would seem, except for one specific problem: the subject's phobic aversion to needles.

The agency's chief medical consultant, Dr. Helmut Rittenhouse, was asked by our research team if constant repetition of euphoric experiences brought on by injections of heroin (or injections of any sort, for that matter), would not eventually lead to an acceptance, in the simplest Pavlovian terms, if not a welcome anticipation of, the needle.

"Not necessarily," he said.

Debbie D., 24, a Gal Friday and a cute, curvaceous, fun type, suffers from severe ambivalence as to whether or not her pantyline should show beneath "all my clingy knits and my slightly too tight slacks."

"It used to be fun," exclaimed Miss D., when explaining her problem to the agency's social workers, "because a lot of the fellows got really turned on by it. I mean, guys like Al and Vinnie, for instance, would sort of run their finger along the pantyline and, you know, fool around with it, and then try to guess what kind I was wearing, you know, like bikini or whatever, and what color they were! And so, naturally, good-natured me, I'd end up having to show them! And well, I guess you can imagine the rest!"

"Anyhow, what I'd like to know is if anybody has had sense enough to design some really cute panties that don't necessarily show under my clingy knits and slightly tight slacks, but could show if sat or bent over in a certain way? Won't somebody out there puhleeze help a befuddled Gal Fri?"

Rogue cop, Danny M., 32, a Vietnam vet, a Police Academy graduate in the top 10 percent of his class, was on the force for three years, during which time he was implicated in several incidents resulting in disciplinary action, the most recent of which apparently caused the death of "an as yet undetermined number of people" involving, as it did, a fully loaded Greyhound bus, for which he has been suspended while the matter is under investigation.

According to Mr. M., he is the victim of a "series of bum breaks" and would "simply like a fair shake. I wouldn't mind going the merc route for a while," he said, referring to the possibility of joining a mercenary force headed for Rhodesia, "until this thing blows over." Mr. M. told the agency's researchers that he would also accept a position as a bodyguard or "private eye," "anything where I can use my hands," he said.

A socially ambitious publisher, Isadore R., 51, with "my own imprimatur, and a small, deliberately so, rather select list," who does not, as he expressed it, "wish to be identified with the so-called 'Jewish faction,'" and is known in the circles he frequents (The Century Club, NYAC, Elaine's, etc.) as Brad or Scotty, recently received as a

Filthy Hearings Open

Special to the Not New York Times

The following are selected excerpts from the opening day of testimony in the hearings held by the Senate Select Committee on Infiltration of Organized Crime into Pornography, under the jurisdiction of the Subcommittee on Interstate and Intrastate Commerce of the Committee on Operations and Administrative Procedure.

The Committee convened at 10:07 E.S.T. on Thursday, October 5, 1978, in the Treaty Room of the Old Senate Office Building, under the chairmanship of Senator Birch Bayh (D-Ind.), Present, in addition to Senator Bayh, were Senators Glenn (D-Ohio), Javits (R-N.Y.), Hayakawa (R-Calif.) and committee counsel Sheldon Dickless.

BAYH: The Committee will be in order. Today begins one of the most important, significant, media-worthy events in the history of Congress. We examine today organized crime's relentless effort to seize the multi-billion dollar pornography industry and use it both to enrich itself and to conceal its ill-gotten gains. These hearings will frequently be grisly, shocking, repulsive. You will see — firsthand — the reprehensible products of crime-financed pornography. You will hear tales of lust and depravity. All this, of course, is crucial to a thorough investigation, and it is indeed gratifying to see so many reporters, journalists, Senate aides, and concerned citizens here today. I should like, if I may, to call —

JAVITS: Mr. Chairman? Mr. Chairman.

BAYH: The distinguished and able senior Senator from New York.

JAVITS: Mr. Chairman, I'd just to say — are you rolling, over there? — I'd just like to say that I concur completely with the remarks of the senior Senator from Indiana. We do examine today organized crime's relentless effort to seize the multi-billion dollar pornography industry. They do attempt to both enrich themselves, and to conceal ill-gotten gains. We will see reprehensible, lustful, depraved things. I completely associate myself with everything you've said, and I like your tie also.

BAYH: Thank you. GLENN: Me too. BAYH: I thank the distinguished Senator from Ohio.

GLENN: I mean the tie. HAYAKAWA: Whuzzah?...

BAYH: Will counsel call his first witness? Mr. Dickless?

DICKLESS: Mr. Casimir Kracinski, please... Just have a seat. Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

KRACINSKI: No, "K".

BAYH: Right.

KRACINSKI: Actually, there's a "C" in my last name, too. But not at the beginning.

DICKLESS: Mr. Kracinski, I wonder if...

JAVITS: Of course, there are really two "K's" in your last name, right? I know the witness means to be perfectly accurate, and I want to — are we on? — I want to associate myself completely with the witness's intention to be accurate.

KRACINSKI: Right. Two "K's."

DICKLESS: Mr. Kracinski, for the last four years, you have —

GLENN: Hold it. Two "K's"?

KRACINSKI: Yeah.

GLENN: You mean, like, "K-K-R..."

KRACINSKI: No, no. Two "K's" total. In the last name. Not together.

GLENN: Right, just checking.

HAYAKAWA: Whozzah?...

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HAYAKAWA: Whozzah?...

Shipping-Mails

FRANCISZEK GRYBRYZCKIRZCKI (Polish) Rotterdam Oct. 11, 1978; sails from Pt. Plainfield, N.J.

SAILING TOMORROW

ODESSA (USSR) Piraeus Nov. 1; sails from Howland Hook, Staten Island

CHRISTINA (Liberian) Minsk Nov. 1; sails from Fulton St., Brooklyn

PETROPLAVOSK (USSR) Piraeus Nov. 1; sails from Pt. Newark, N.J.

FRANCISZEK GRYBRYZCKIRZCKI (Polish) Rotterdam Oct. 11, 1978; sails from Pt. Elizabeth, N.J.

FRANCISZEK GRYBRYZCKIRZCKI (Polish) Rotterdam Oct. 11, 1978; sails from Pt. Elizabeth, N.J.

FRANCISZEK GRYBRYZCKIRZCKI (Polish) Rotterdam Oct. 11, 1978; sails from Pt. Elizabeth, N.J.

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FRANCISZEK GRYBRYZCKIRZCKI (Polish) Rotterdam Oct. 11, 1978; sails from Pt. Elizabeth, N.J.

BUS PLUNGE KILLS 257

Mexico City, Oct. 12 (PP) A bus carrying several hundred passengers plunged today from a parking ramp, killing 257 and injuring the remainder. The plunge was the worst in this city's history since May 1957, when a similar accident resulted in more than 1,200 persons dead.

GOOD NEWS!
We've extended the redemption date for Register Tapes

As a convenience to our customers, the deadline for redemption of register tapes has been extended an additional two weeks

THIS WEEK, FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

SPECIAL NITRITE SALE

BACON \$1.49

LIVERWURST 99¢ lb

Salami \$2.19

Bologna 99¢

HOT DOGS 89

Sausage 79¢ lb

Olive Loaf 45¢ lb

Quadruple VAL-U-FREE Trading Stamps every Wednesday

When in Pyongyang, visit the Kim Il Supper Club and receive a complimentary beverage.



This message sponsored by the World League to Encourage Translation and Typesetting.

Greetings to the word-starved peoples of the world!

"ASK PREMIER KIM IL SUNG"

Is it about removing stubborn food stains? Mother-in-law trouble? The love life of your most favorite TV star? Ask Premier Kim Il Sung! The Sun of Mankind, beloved shepherd first-class of the People's Democratic Socialist Republic of Korea and Great Architect of the Galosh Miracle, to name only the most obvious, has wisely altered his interview format in the hope that at last you may finally read all the way through one of his big long expensive ads.



Peace-loving side rebuffs the back-stabbing front

Q: Radiant beacon of the Five-Year Potash Plan; I read where Howard Hughes reportedly wore Kleenex boxes on his feet instead of shoes. Any other celebrities with weird clothes hang-ups?

Materialist Stooze, East Germany

A: "Weird clothes hang-ups" is a reactionary slander fostered by the notorious Taiwan-Hong Kong ready-made clique. It is the sacred patriotic duty, not only of great helmsmen of industry but of all leaders, wise teachers and intellectuals to adopt a humble mode of dress, symbolizing firm and unshakeable solidarity with the legitimate struggle of the workers and peasants and chartered accounts.

We may say that this is a just struggle. We may also say that at the recent 12th Phosphate Congress in Pyongyang, we wore a shopping bag on our head and Baggies on both hands.

Q: First Pitchfork of Agrarian Reform: We want to get our little Debbie a pet for her sixth birthday. What would you suggest?

Witless Tool, Romania

A: Beware the blackmailing hyena dupe, the lickspittle jackal, the renegade coyote of the revisionist clique, the running dog outrider of the propaganda tricksters, the mad-dog revanchist, the pilot fish of the reactionary buffoon hirelings, the buzzard farmonger and its accomplice ilk, the toady archpuppets of the backsliding hard-liner gang, the rabid mongrel of the hooligan provocateur thugs, and any long-haired breed that sheds.

Pixie Harlequinism Unmasked

Q: Inspired Mortgage Holder of the Number 32 Soda Works: my friend insists that Farrah Fawcett-Majors recently flew to Brazil for a secret hair lift. True?

Hostage of U.S. Banditry, Cuba

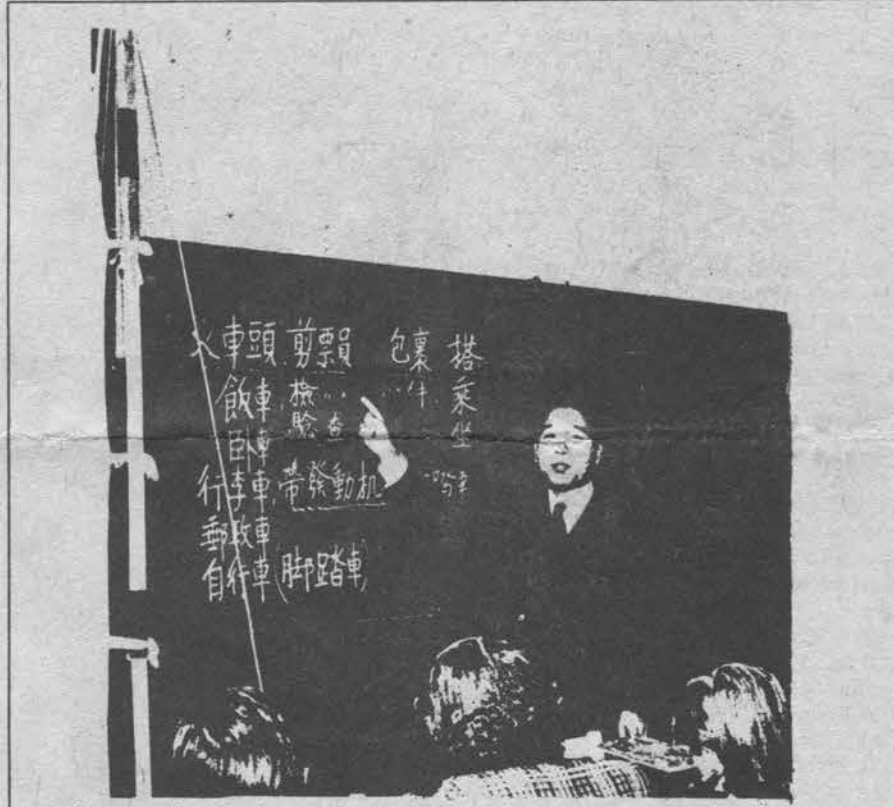
A: We may say sincerely that this is a C.I.A. fabrication. It is well known on the Farrah loving side, which is also the truth-loving side, that a pair of hot-stuff majors recently flew to Manila in a secret airlift. The C.I.A. and its mouthpiece stooges in the Marcosist press and gossip cadres in the centers of anti-Farrah governments must be smartly rebuked. We call for resolute vigilance against the swindles of these agitators of the monopolist clique and their bandit-aggressor backers, who serve not the cause of harmony, quite the opposite! We might add that the Farrah loving side and the truth-loving side are one, and that both wish to link arms with the fun-loving side.

Constant Vigilance Needed to Foil Rampant Consumerism

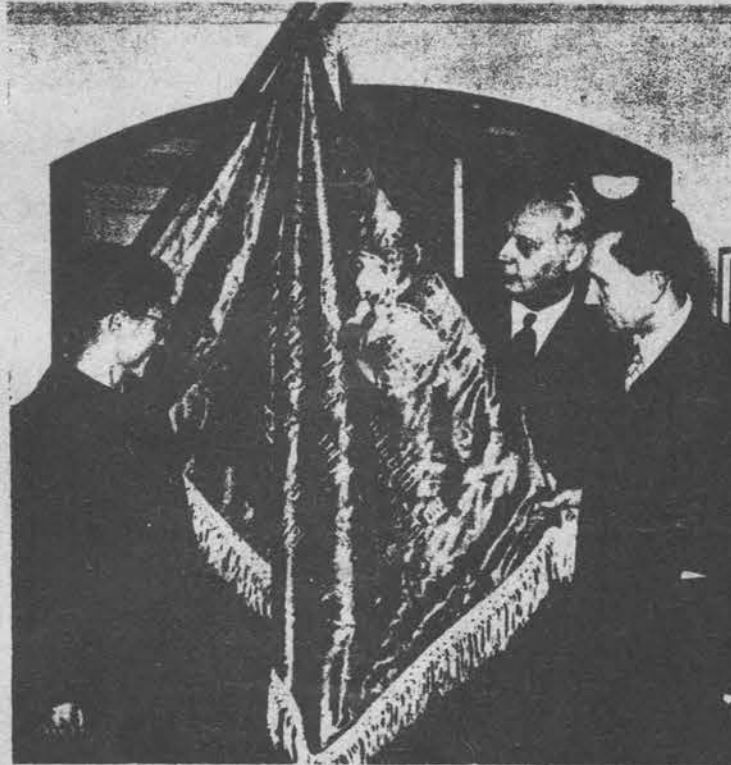
Q: Undisputed Champion of the Pan-Asia Cribbage Tourney, how do you come by your inside info?

Truth-hating maggot, Ethiopia

A: Correct thought, diciplined study, and true adherence to the principles of Kimilsungism will always reveal correct knowledge and expose the hoaxes of the incorrigible Chiangists, Diemists,



Provocative insults against the wise leader Kim Il Sung are here "caught in the act"! A renegade turncoat acting as instructor in the Korean language tells his class of C.I.A. stooge puppet pupil dupes that "Kim Il Sung is an overstuffed beet dumpling." His snide mischief-making is laughably doomed, for there is in the entire progressive people's Democratic Socialist Republic not a single beet dumpling!



Another crippling blow to the forces of pan-world recidivism, nihilism and schismism! Representatives of the Albanian Communist Central Committee proudly display the Boy Scout flag captured when the Baden-Powellist coterie fled their jamboree, provocatively staged near the sacred border between Italy and Switzerland. A senior official of the People's Democratic Socialist Republic of Korea declares to his loyal Albanian colleagues: "The flag is upside down!"

also the implacable foes of the truth and who scheme constantly with their dead-enders masters to prevent at all costs a right understanding by all the peoples.

This is well known. We may, however, also say that a Kim Il Sung Decoder Ring helps.

To Better Understand the Just Struggle of Wives and Mothers, Kim Il Sung Sometimes Dresses Up Like a Lady

Q: Admiral of the Flagship Fleet, can you help settle a bet? My buddy says pajamas is an Indian word, but I say it's Japanese. Information, please!

Hoodwinked CIA Hireling, Poland

ward of a large uptown metropolitan Pyongyang hospital, we once heard an old man, crippled by the struggle against the foreign jute exploiters, cry out that pajamas truly show their wearers' stripes. But it is well known that we prefer to snooze in the altogether.

If He Chose, Kim Il Sung Could Run Backwards From Pyongyang to Pittsburgh

Q: Serene Chief Test Pilot of the Ferryboat of State: I've read the old Robbie Burns verse about "You take the high road and I'll take the low road, and I'll be in Scotland afore ye." Since I plan to visit Scotland soon, which road should I take?

Dupe of the U.N. racketeer gang

A: In the 23rd plenary session of the All Korea Third Presidium recently concluded, we were invited by the Party First Secretary to address this urgent matter. We did so with resolute determination, backed, we may say, by the warmhearted support and fraternal good wishes of the Korean workers, peasants, bosses and secretaries in their loyal struggle to throw off the yoke imposed by black mailing colonialists acting as henchman for the super-powers, so-called, who are well known to us.

The tricks of their implacable low-roader cohorts are also well known to those of the fair play camp since before 1805, but are no match for the alert tactics of the progress front, which joins forces with the friendship front and leading elements of the solidarity front to sincerely rebuff all efforts by the intransigent monopolist clique to spread malicious rumors.

But we may say again, that these low-roaders constitute only the skulking racketeer pilot fish of the mischievous middle-roaders, who seek to undermine the heroic solidarity and steadfast comradeship of the democratic struggle against the inroads of one-wordist unilateral NATOism and slanderous revisionist outlawry in all its guises.

Q: But...

A: But we know only too well the deadly tricks of the dedicated high-roaders in this plot by the unreconstructed so-called "progressives," who are nothing but germ warfarists in disguise, and we repeat that a smart rebuke shall be dealt without qualm by the just watchdogs defending the ranks of the enlightened and hard-working vanguard.

Q: That is, we were only...

The wrath of all right and correct thinkers will deliver a blow like a million trillion kicks in the pants. We know this. High road or low road, however—remember, Scotland can be chilly in the winter months. So bundle up!

NEXT TIME, THE INSPIRED DOCTOR OF MOTORS AND SERENE TREE SURGEON EXTRAORDINAIRE TELLS HOW TO DETECT THE TWO-FACED BLANDISHMENTS OF THE JACKANAPE U.S.-SOVIET WAR ALLIANCE, WEATHERPROOF YOUR CELLAR, AND FIGHT CITY HALL.