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שם תיק: June 1967 War - מלחמת ששת הימים

מזהה פניי: פ-1012/21

מזהה פריט: 000141x
כתובת 2-112-7-4-10

תאריך הדפסה 14/07/2016

פ. 1012/21

June 1967

War

ששת הימים

LIFE

WRAP-UP OF THE ASTOUNDING WAR

*Israeli soldier cools
off in the Suez Canal*



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by **THEODORE H. WHITE**

JERUSALEM

Down the slopes of Tiberias, Herod's city, came rumbling Israeli Sherman tanks en route to battle. Beneath them lay the placid waters of the Sea of Galilee—and on the Syrian bluffs, above the waters where Peter fished, was the low haze of artillery smoke and the high, black, waving plumes of air strikes. A helicopter in the sky above the memorial to Mary Magdalene drew one's gaze. Ferrying wounded from the battlefield across the lake, it flew low over the green grove of the Mount of Beatitudes. There Christ had preached the Sermon on the Mount, and at its foot he caused the Miracle of Loaves and Fishes. The eye followed the slowly moving helicopter across the barren hills, strewn with black basalt boulders and purple thistles, until it disappeared between the Horns of Hattin where, one July day 900 years ago, Saladin met the Crusaders in their heavy Frankish armor, routed them and put them to the sword. This perspective was too large to grasp.

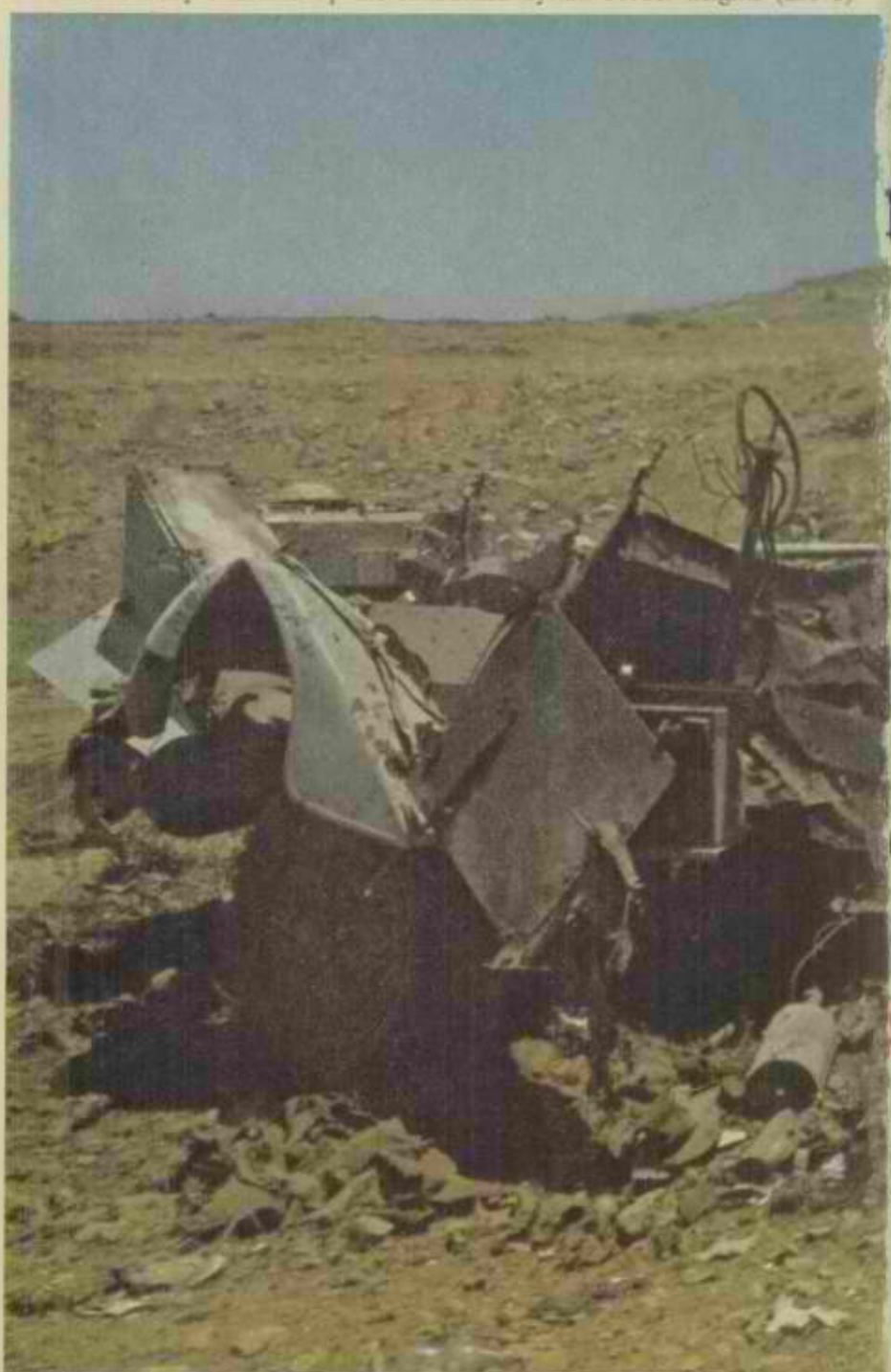
Only within sounds of shellfire, across in Syria, did the perspective become real again—tanks and trucks lurching up the slopes on a freshly bulldozed trail; the dead beside the road under their tarpaulin covers, with helmet-capped stakes to mark their place; a platoon of Israeli mortar-men examining a Russian-built Syrian truck, tinkering with it, then dancing with glee as one of their number made it roar alive; a deserted Arab village, its honey-colored walls silent except for the echo of gunfire; the call, down the line of jammed armor and trucks: "Clear the road, clear the road! Wounded coming back!"—and then the ambulance delicately, slowly seeking out the gentlest ruts in the rocks.

We came down from the front in late afternoon to wash and rest in Kibbutz Dan, northernmost of Israeli settlements. Kibbutz Dan has lived in strain for years—its silo mortared several years ago, its electric generator also hit from the Syrian slopes. Kibbutz Dan raises chickens, cows, apples, honeybees and has a fishpond for breeding carp. Mobilization had taken 50 able-bodied men and women from Kibbutz Dan's 500 souls two weeks earlier. Thus, when the Syrians hit them on Tuesday morning, June 6, at 7:30, only 24 middle-aged men were left to hold the trench line, with

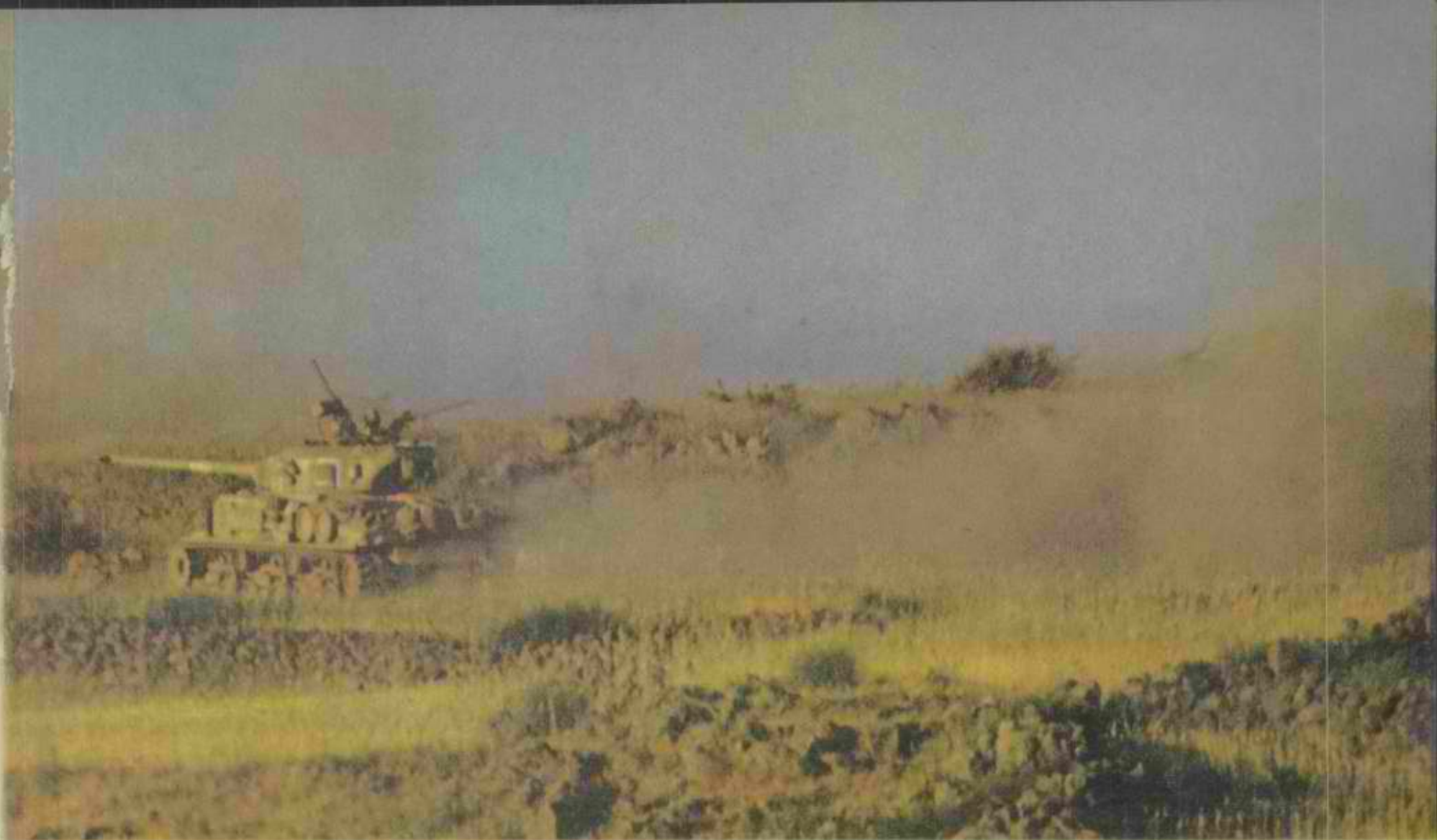
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The Israeli army swarmed up the sunburned Syrian border heights (above)

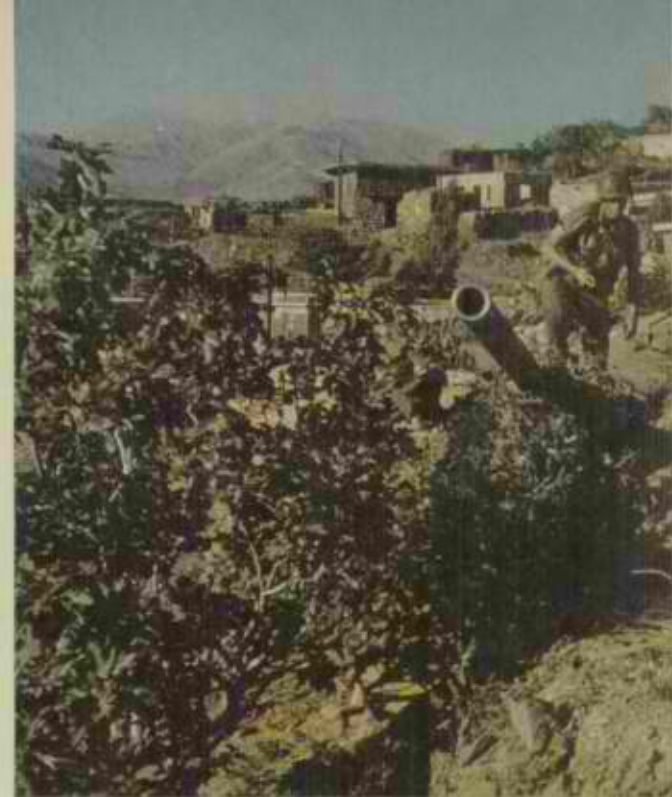


The Armor Churns Up the Syrian Hills



and had its armor mauled (*below*) by Syrian guns well dug in. But after 30 hours the Syrians were fleeing and the Israelis were 30 miles from Damascus.





MIDEAST WAR CONTINUED

teen-agers to run the ammunition. Baruch Fischer, a stocky, 50ish, middle-aged apple specialist, was in command of the two 8-mm mortars close by the chicken coops in the rear. When the Syrian company attacked, the four automatic rifles in the forward trench line pinned the enemy in the meadow under the grove; then the trench command post called for mortar fire and Baruch's two mortars, firing 150 rounds in 20 minutes, chopped the enemy up.

Some might see it as a miracle, for the answering Syrian shellfire dropped within the chicken coops only 15 yards from the mortar pits. A direct hit might have ended Kibbutz Dan's resistance. Baruch Fischer did not see it as a miracle. "There was no place for us to go," he said. "We stayed here or we died." Later, he added that, of course, even if the Syrians had overrun the settlement, the Israeli army would have been there an hour later to recapture it. But by then, he said, they would have found everyone dead, so they had to fight.

This is the feeling in Israel. No one here doubts that America would, ultimately, have arranged to end the blockade of the Gulf of Aqaba. But, said a Foreign Office official in Jerusalem, by the time they opened up the Gulf, they would have opened entry to a country that was dead.

This is a country still suspended between a nightmare and a dream, relishing a moment of ecstasy. And it would be unreasonable to try to write reasonably about what has happened to people here.

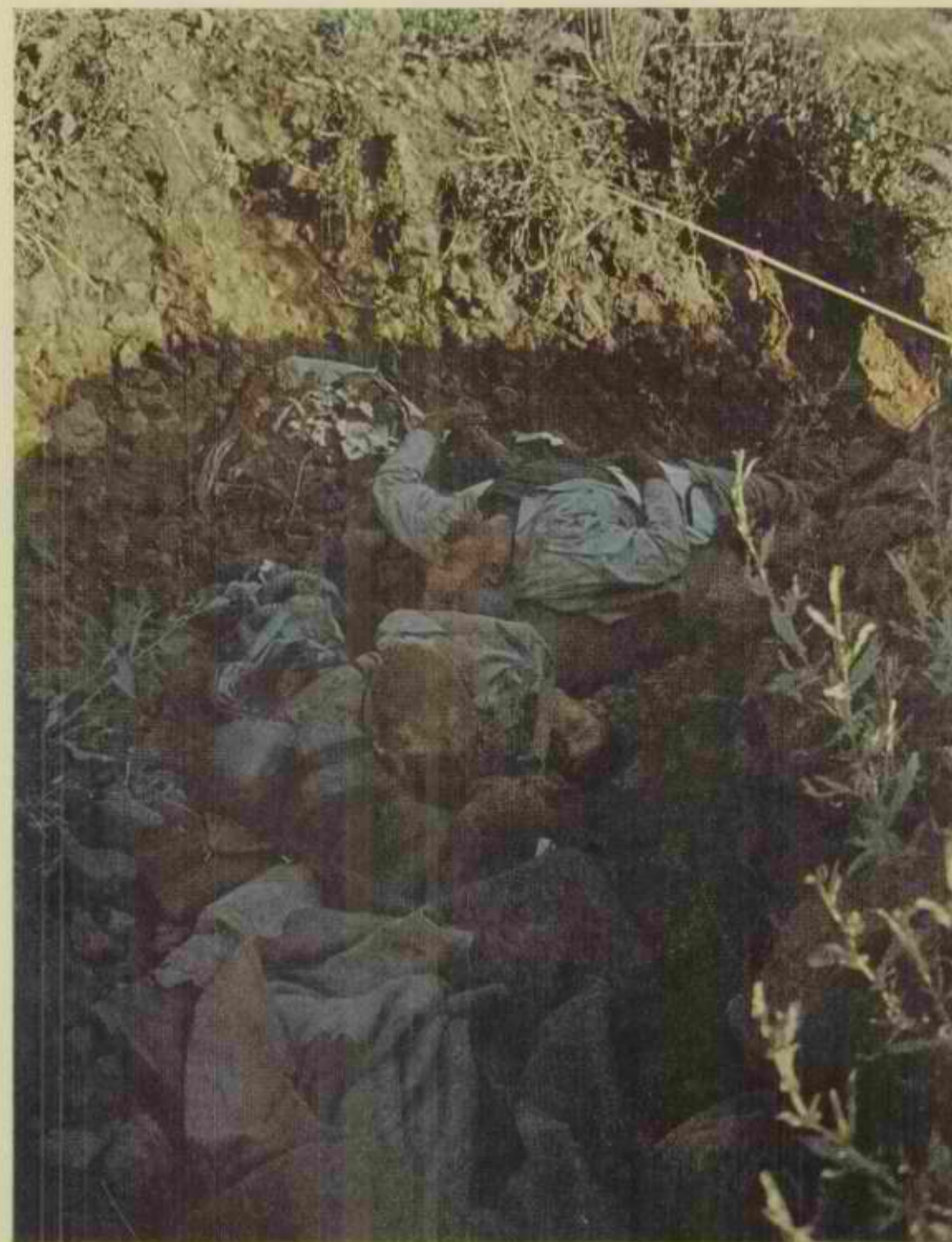
Legends have been born that fathers will tell children to tell their children after them. Prophecy has come true. A flag of Zion

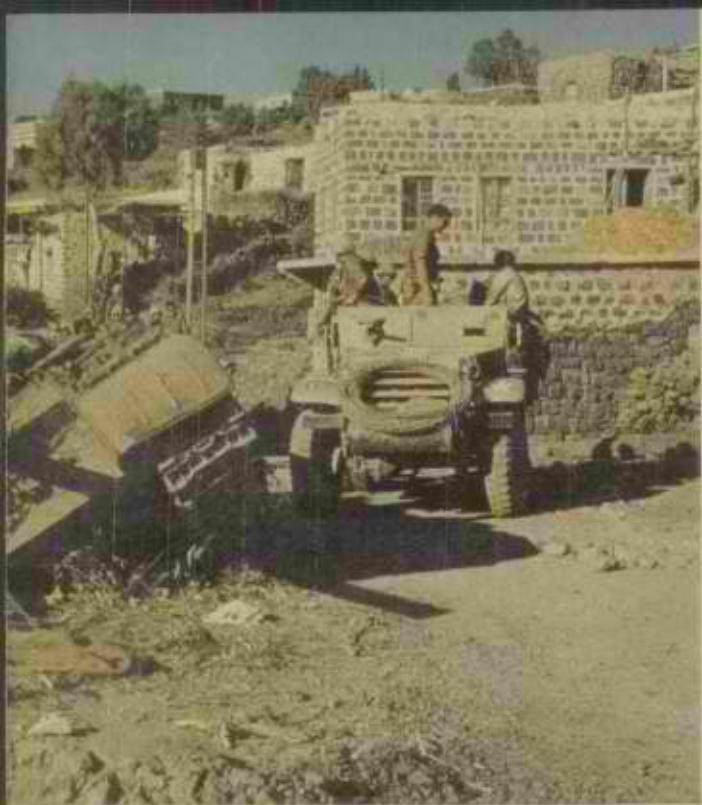
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The main thrust into Syria was a frontal assault against ridges as high as 3,000 feet overlooking Israel's north-east border. Above, Israeli Sherman tanks move up to exploit the initial breakthrough on the Damascus road. In background is Syria's 9,232-foot

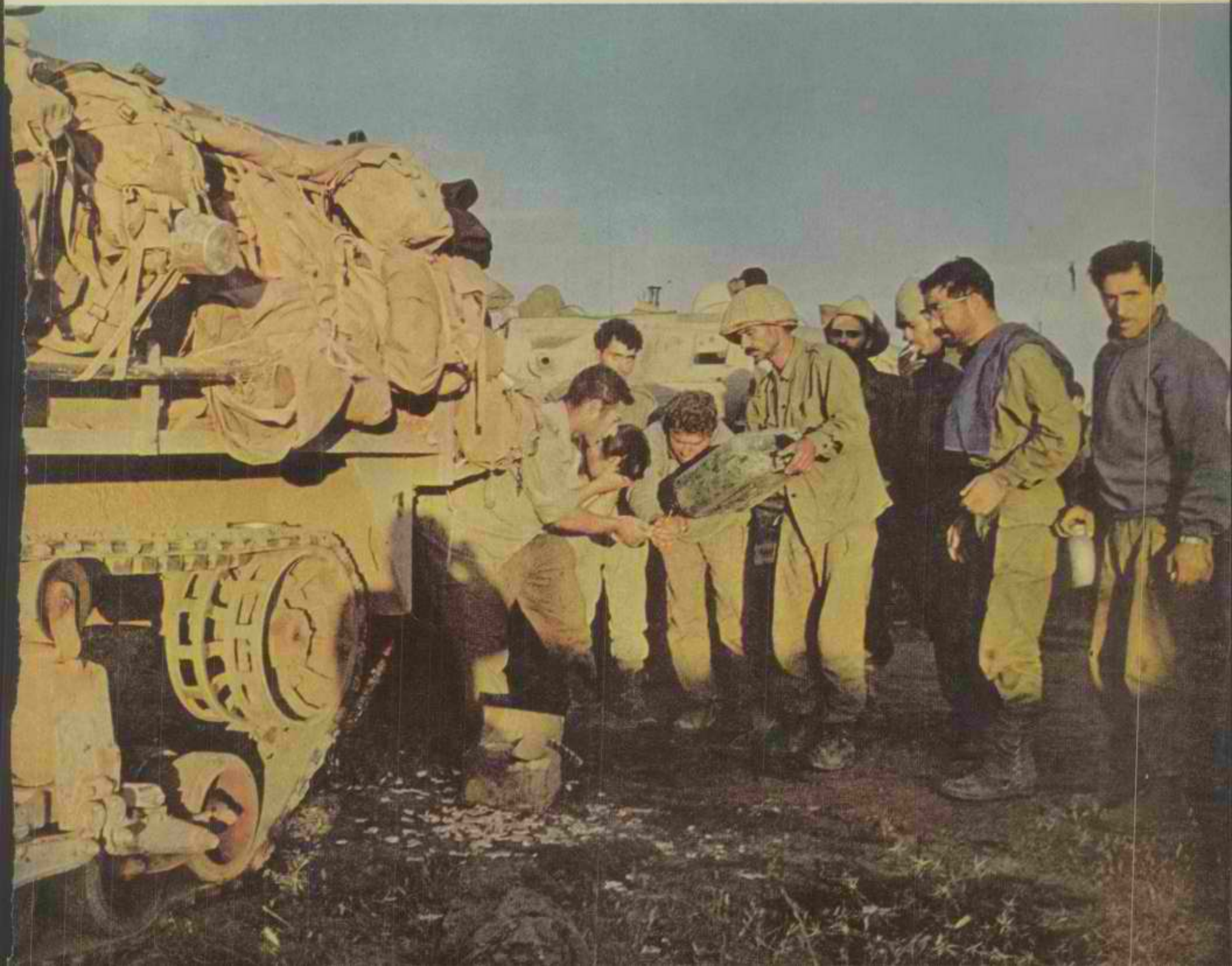
Mount Hermon. Top center: an Israeli half-track stops to inspect a knocked-out Syrian tank, a Russian-made T-54. Top right: Israeli tanks and half-tracks prepare to push on at dawn. The Syrians, behind Soviet-designed defenses, fought hard and well ("much better

than the Egyptians and almost as well as the Jordanians," an Israeli officer told LIFE Correspondent George de Carvalho) and they took heavy casualties (below, left). At right, an Israeli tank crew takes a break to wash up before pushing on toward Damascus,





Then—Astride the Road to Damascus



floats over Jerusalem for the first time since the Romans leveled the holy city 1,900 years ago.

To be a Jew in Jerusalem is to watch the dawn come up through the dark sky and silver the ridge and fortress walls of the Old City in the East—and know that now no threat lurks behind the hills. No muezzin calls from the minarets of the walled city. They will

again; the Israelis have promised so. But, for the moment, the beat and pulse of the entire ancient capital lies in Israeli hands. Where legionary and crusader, pasha and commissioner, once made law, Israeli soldiers patrol. Amiably alert, on guard at every crossroad and holy place, in desert battle dress, their Uzi—submachine guns—slung over their shoulders, they

pace the streets, check passes and say “*Shalom*”—Peace.

But this is a peace that is still unreal. The Israelis themselves wonder how to absorb their victory, what can be done with it. Their armor stands an hour’s push away from a naked Damascus, two hours from Amman, four hours from

Cairo. They are confused by the prospects. It is difficult to look forward—and impossible to look back. Had the cast of history gone the other way, they would be victims, not victors.

To separate the facts of the past fortnight from the growing legends is difficult, especially in this cradle of legends. It is best to start with the largest emotional reality and

A Second Pincer—A Syrian Tank Hit



the mood of the nation that grows from it.

On the slopes of Mount Zion, by David's tomb, is a memorial to the nameless millions of Jews murdered in Europe by Hitler. In the underground grotto, by the light of flickering memorial candles, one can read, smeared in black ash on

the wall, in the Bible's Hebrew, "The voice of your brother's blood screams to me from the ground."

Israelis are Jews who have declared they will not ever again be victims—and their army is an expression of this will. In this nation ordinary politics are even more addled than elsewhere—too many tongues, customs, experiences, superstitions, brought from the lands

of exile, divide it. Gossip and ideology splinter it. But the army expresses the fundamental politics of survival. As such, it unifies a people who will not die.

Girls of 18, called by draft for their 20 months of service, are ushered forth by families as if to wedding or to nunnery. It is a folksy army. Boys and girls meet and marry in the army, and the

army provides rabbi, service, wedding dance and banquet. Yet it is supremely efficient, too. The mobilization process, the most sensitive in the world, can call up 10% of all Israel's 2,300,000 Jews in just 48 hours—every reservist at his station, behind gun, at the tank, at the wheel—all ready to fight, or die.

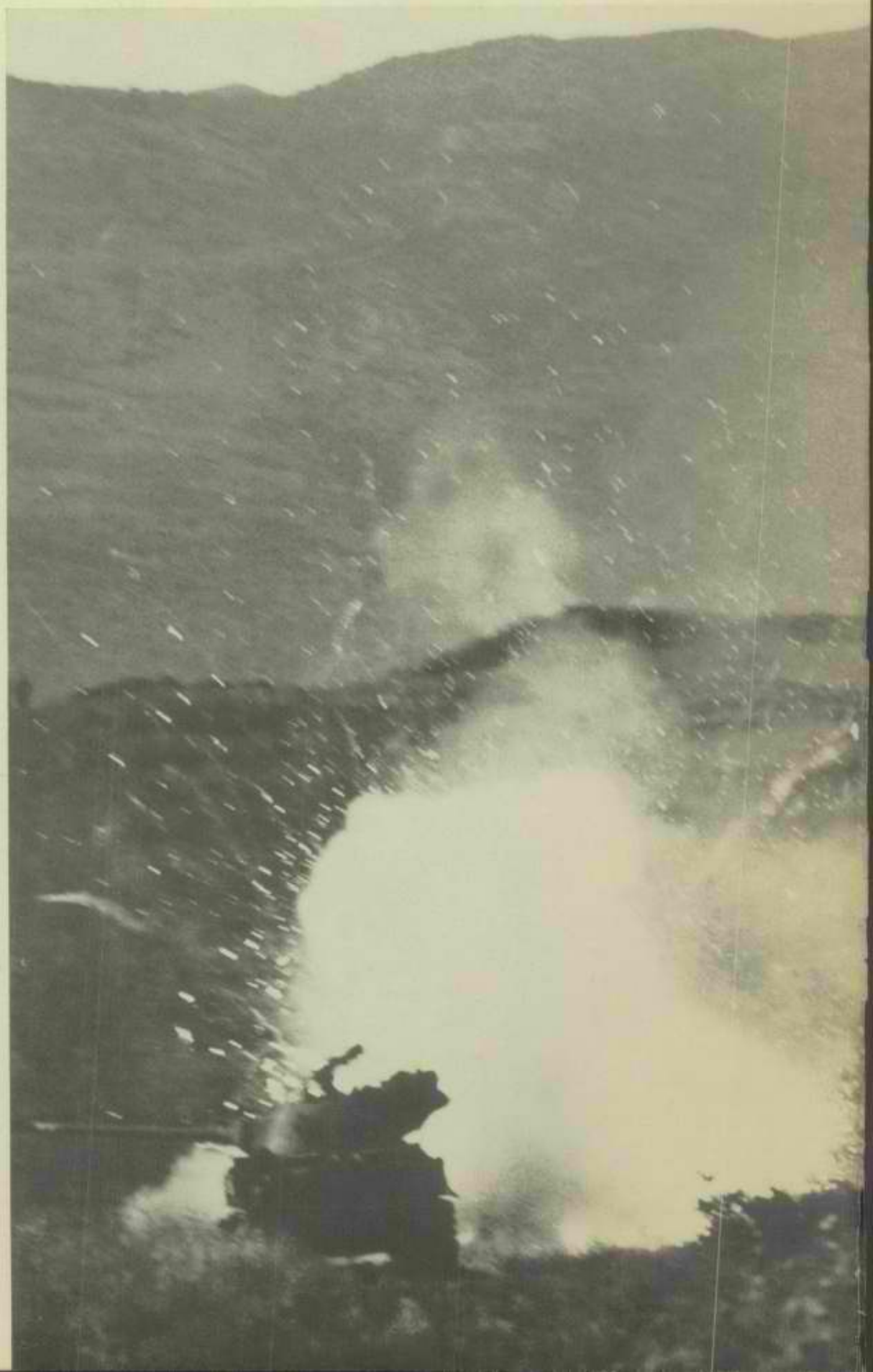
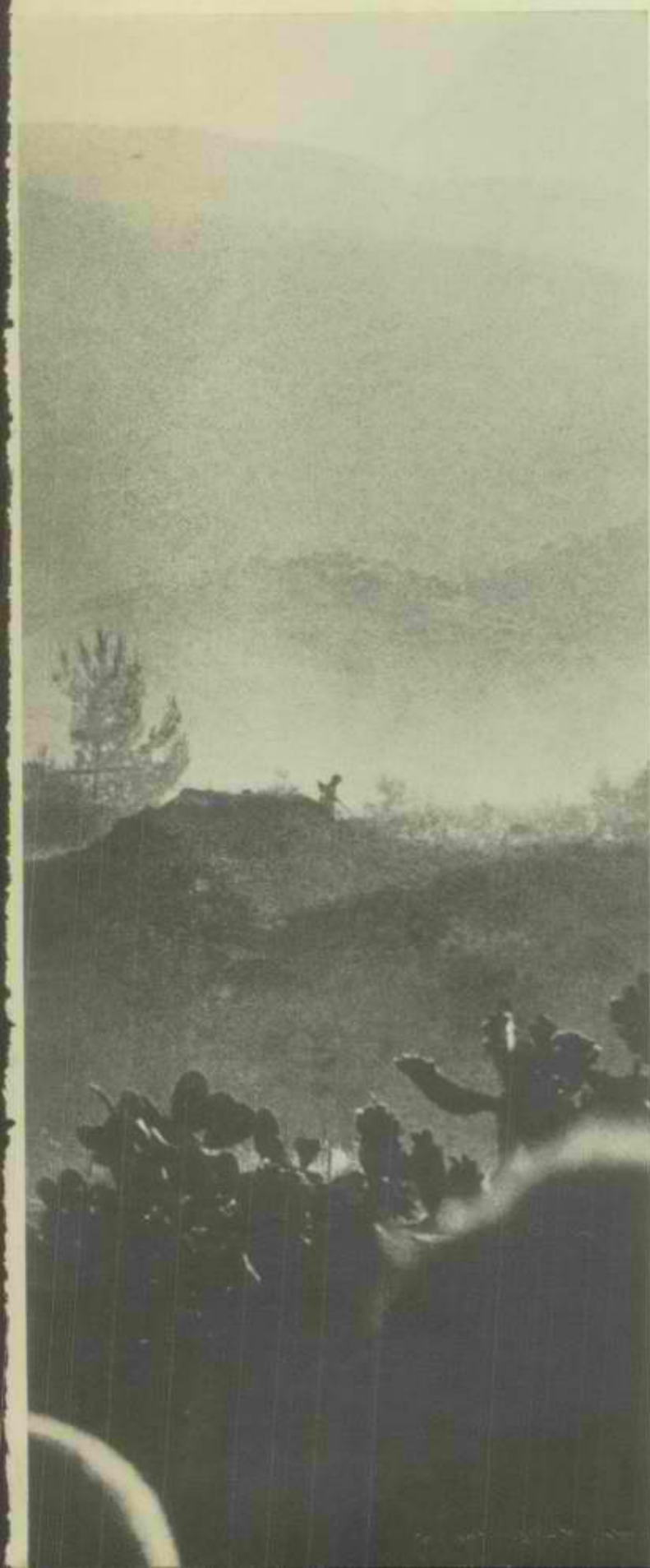
The army which defends Israel takes this emotion for granted. It

CONTINUED

by Phosphorous

North of the Damascus road a powerful Israeli column struck as a second pincer in rugged country outside Baniyas. Moving across a bitterly contested ridge (left), armor-support-

ed Israeli infantry was challenged by a Syrian tank. The infantry let fly with anti-tank white phosphorous shells, then went on to occupy Baniyas before the ceasefire took effect.



Jerusalem: a Momentous Decision



Map shows how Israel more than quadrupled its size in less than a week of war. Dark blue fixes boundaries as they existed June 4; light blue areas were overrun by the army of Yitzhak Rabin (left), commander of Israel's land, sea and air forces. General Rabin, a master of sabotage technique and a military planner respected for his cunning, was the man on whom Leon Uris based his fictional character Ari Ben Canaan in *Exodus*. Israeli casualties, though low in comparison to Egypt's estimated 7,000 dead, included a high percentage of officers, testifying to the extraordinary *élan* of Rabin's army. Below, in a cemetery outside Tel Aviv, each new grave is rimmed with clean white bricks and is piled high with fresh red earth.



MIDEAST WAR CONTINUED

must also take for granted the strategy forced on it by geography. The psalm says to lift up one's eyes to the hills whence cometh strength. To the Israeli army, however, the hills have been hills of peril. On the eastern front, two enemies—Syria and Jordan, emplaced on ancient ridges, commanding every yard of Israel's narrow coastal plains. To the south, the Sinai desert; and then, behind Suez, the strength of Egypt, armored by the Russians. Beyond this close-in ring lie Iraq, Saudi Arabia and other Arab nations—in all, some 80 million hostile Arabs. This was a situation to be borne with constant attention even while the Arab states continued quarrelsome and divided among themselves. But if they united for war, and if Israel could be caught before mobilization—before its regular army of 50,000 men might reach its mobilized strength of 300,000—the Arabs might inflict on Israel instant death. Thus, for 10 years, the continued strain on Israeli nerves, the burden on Israeli intelligence and political judgment.

A year ago, when this correspondent last visited Israel, war in modern fashion had already broken out—irregular war of familiar style. From the Syrian heights above the Galilee an occasional mortar shell fell on an Israeli village—an artillery round, no bombardment but sporadic fire. There were also the saboteurs, mining roads within Israel; the night ambush—one settler killed here, another there; a water line cut, a telephone line ripped out. Casualties few. Yet politically unsettling. The Syrian raiders sought, without success, lodgment in the villages of the Arab minority within Israel, for if Israel's 10% of peaceful Arabs might be converted by terror to an internal guerrilla force, no orderly state could function. Among themselves Syrian Arabs charged Jordanian Arabs with cowardice—Amman, they insisted, must be made another Hanoi, a base for irregular warfare *à la* Vietcong.

A year ago this correspondent found all northern Israel smarting from the pinpricks of the guerrillas. The Israeli army command, however, held back. The most important enemy, it insisted, was Egypt, with her Russian armor. Let Israel's government negotiate in any international forum for peaceful settlement of border flare-ups—but if Egyptian armor moved

across Suez to take up positions in the Sinai desert, Israel must mobilize.

Thus, the climate last summer. What caused it to change so swiftly, one cannot yet fully understand. Perhaps rivalry among the Arab states for leadership in the holy war against the Israelis; perhaps a misunderstanding by Nasser of a promise of Russian backing; perhaps a general feeling that America was too tied down in Southeast Asia to support Israel effectively.

In mid-May, as Israelis tell it, began the nightmare days. On the 15th Nasser's armor began to roll north across the desert, digging in on Israel's southern frontier—seven divisions, 900 tanks. On May 22 the U.N. Emergency Force was finally withdrawn; the day following came the blockade of Elath, Israel's only southern port, as Nasser closed the Gulf of Aqaba. On May 30 Jordan's King Hussein flew to Cairo and, returning to Amman, announced that his state, too, was joined with Egypt in the holy war. From Iraq a new division was marching to bolster Hussein's Arab legions on the western hills.

All this to the obbligation of Radio Cairo and Damascus, both promising, in Arabic and Hebrew, death and extermination to Israel. An Israeli doctor tells of a middle-aged woman asking him for suicide pills to take if necessary—she had lived through Hitler's concentration camp, and she could not live through another. A father tells of his 10-year-old son coming home from school saying that if the government would not fight, he would not want to be an Israeli any more—he would go to America and become an American. In the Israeli press, fury. Men tell of other grown men crying in exasperation as the cabinet debated whether to wait for American support, or to act on its own.

By the first week of June, with their army almost fully mobilized, the Israelis were coiled like a spring in full compression. And now there were almost daily Egyptian overflights of Israel's handful of five main airbases. The southern borders began to sputter as sporadic Egyptian mortar fire set wheat fields ablaze on Friday, June 2; on Sunday, June 4, two Egyptian commando battalions arrived in Jordan. Command of Jordan's army had passed, at last, to Nasser.

Thus, finally, on Sunday afternoon the Israeli cabinet faced deci-

Made by 18 Men

sion: to wait for diplomatic help, delay which might mean death; or let the army decide time, dimension and method of response to Egyptian attack. Eighteen men met that afternoon and voted yes.

What happened on Monday, June 5, 1967 was more in the nature of paroxysm than war—or rather, as if an awkward and ignorant hand had been toying with the fuse of a strange explosive of unknown power, and thus been blown to bits.

The shattered remnants of the Egyptian army are now flung across the sands of the Sinai desert for 200 miles, from Israel's southern border all the way to the Suez Canal. Under the blue and merciless skies of the desert, strewn across its sifting dunes, a museum of war's infinite agony is spread out. There, along the road one drives, held timelessly and silently in place, are 14 Russian tanks—six to one side of the road, eight to the other side, as if on perfect tactical deployment, yet all black and silent. In the sun an Egyptian soldier lies as if asleep, his poncho covering his head, shading him from the sun. Three others are nearby, grotesquely rigid, legs spread, toes pointing stiffly up in an antique Pharaonic frieze. Israeli scoop shovels cover the bodies with sand, for the only things that move now in the desert are Israeli. Along each road there are dead Egyptian tanks and more tanks, trucks and more trucks, tracks in the sand showing the agony of hopeless flight. By the airfields are strewn the burned-out MiGs. So are fragile helicopters, their rotor blades squashed as though someone had stamped on spiders.

Thus one comes to Mitla Pass—four miles of destruction in the desert mountains, main route of the Egyptian flight, swathed on either side for hundreds of feet with tipped-up trucks and burned-out tanks. The wriggling tracks show how they tried to thread the bottled pass, were stuck in sand and then caught. Circlets of black show where fuel spilled and blazed. A single pass of the observer's plane cannot encompass it; one asks for a second pass, and a third. High up in a cleft there is a single truck which could not possibly have mounted over sand and roadless rock so high into the mountain. Terror must have urged it up—to no avail; the black of burning fuel surrounds it.

Then back from the desert via Sharm el Sheikh, a spit of land where desert sand covers coral reef, pointing out into the beautiful green-blue waters of the Gulf of Aqaba. Here is where the blockade was closed. The reef stretches out into translucent waters with the tempting iridescence of coral anywhere.

A beautiful place to bathe, observes one of the Israeli soldiers stationed there. Too beautiful a place, one notes, to have triggered such a war.

The central front also has its tormented showpiece—Jerusalem.

All Monday morning, at the outbreak of war, the Israeli government, through local agencies of the United Nations, had sent messages to Hussein of Jordan asking him to hold fire. If he would keep his peace, so too would they. Israeli sources are convinced the messages were received; but they believe that by Monday Egyptians so completely controlled the Jordan army that Hussein could not reply. Yet Israelis were surprised nonetheless when Arab artillery opened fire that day from Jordan's ridges on both Tel Aviv and Jerusalem. Surprised, as one Israeli says, but not dismayed.

For if the war with Egypt was long prepared, action against Jordan was opportunity itself. To fight for the holy city of Jerusalem was the chance to fulfill prophecy.

Now one can trace the course of prophecy through the blasted hundred yards beyond the Mandelbaum Gate. Around the circuit of the old wall, with its pretty gardened foreslope, there are fallen poles, upended buses, burned sedans and cairns of stone, already wreathed in roses, to mark where soldiers fell. On to the Gate of Lions, where dangles a single, huge, timbered door—the other torn off as Colonel Mordecai Gur's lead tank butted through.

In 1948, during Israel's war of liberation, Mordecai Gur had fought as a company commander under Brigade Commander Yitzhak Rabin to hold Jerusalem. They had lost, and Ben-Gurion had predicted that for Israelis the loss would be "a lamentation for generations." Thus it was fitting last week for Gur, now Brigade Commander himself, to report to Uzi Narkiss, Sector Commander, to pass on to Rabin, now Chief of Staff, that all Jerusalem was in his hands. All three—Gur, Narkiss

and Rabin—were men born in Jerusalem, who never hoped to see the Wailing Wall again. And now they might.

For the past few hours, as I write this, looking out over the walls of Old Jerusalem, there have been continual explosions and puffs of smoke from beneath the crenelated wall of the Old City built by Suleiman the Magnificent. Israelis have been clearing land mines. Tomorrow, on the Jewish festival of Shavuot, celebrating the harvest of the first fruits, Israelis will be allowed to enter the Old City and pray once again at the Wailing Wall, the last remaining outcropping of the temple destroyed by Titus of Rome in 70 A.D. As high as a man can reach by lip or touch, its stones have been polished smooth by centuries of kiss and stroke. Above men's reach grow the tufts of shrub which have found roots in the crevices of the gray and mellow stone. A few days ago, when correspondents were first admitted, the Israeli army had already placed at its foot a wooden ark of the scrolls of the Bible. Lest anyone mistake what it was, the crude Hebrew lettering of an army sign said, "*Beyt Knesset*"—This is a temple.

The Old City, at this writing, is being kept as a temple of all faiths. Signs on every holy place proclaim: "Holy Place. Unauthorized Entry Is Forbidden." Other signs, in Arabic and Hebrew, warn that the penalty for looting is life imprisonment. And nowhere is security tighter than in the garden of the Mosque of Omar, no place more difficult of access than this exquisite octagon of green and blue and yellow tile mosaics. Mortar shell fragments and spent bullets litter its paths. A few days ago there were pools of blood, and some stains are still wet. But the mosque itself is totally unscathed, immaculately beautiful. The Israeli flag waves everywhere else. Above the Mosque of Omar, however, still stands the golden crescent; no Israeli flag profanes it. The Israelis are treating this victory gingerly.

This sense of caution is now the prevailing mood in Israel. Yet it should not be mistaken. Under it is glowing pride and a sense of muscle. Ten years ago Israel celebrated another such victory—and then, like a cormorant used by fishermen, was forced by larger powers to choke up the fish once caught. This time Israel will not disgorge without a fight.

What Israel should retain and should give up is now being debated from parliament to *kibbutz*,

from Dizengoff Circle in Tel Aviv, where miniskirted girls are welcoming back their boyfriends, to airstrips in the desert, where reservists argue endlessly. Israel has no blueprints. Task forces of the Foreign Office are hastily preparing contingency plans for any overture of peace from any Arab state, or any new event.

Several main lines of thought emerge and blur. There is the thinking of the Foreign Office—that not territory but peace is what Israel wants; thus, above all, let Arabs and Israelis sit down face to face and work out peace. The military thinking is that peace rests on defense and defense on borders that can be held. The military yearns for a state widened at its waist to the banks of the Jordan, the Syrian heights above the Galilee occupied, the Sinai desert held in force down to the canal. More sophisticated thinking sees the matter as a delicate balance between how much land Israel needs for defense, and how many of the one million Arab civilians just conquered can be retained without upsetting the nation's social structure.

On certain points all thinking coincides: that the Gulf of Aqaba must be forever open to all nations, that the ridges above the Galilee must never again be in hostile hands, that King David's Jerusalem must be forever held as one—not because of its commanding heights, but because emotion simply cannot yield it back.

A final scene comes back from a visit to Bethlehem a few days after its capture. In the dark chamber where, supposedly, Rachel lies buried, Israelis of every diverse strain had gathered—from the bearded "tremblers" in their long black caftans to the husky paratroopers from Tel Aviv and the *kibbutzim*. In the gloom one of the orthodox "tremblers," swaying back and forth, broke into the ancient Hebrew chant for the dead: "He who maketh peace in His heavens, He will make peace for us and for all Israel—and say ye amen." Even the irreligious paratroopers belated "Amen!"

It was in this cruel and lovely land, 2,000 years ago, that peace and mercy were first preached by a Jew of Nazareth as universal doctrine. Every artifact and ruin, every ancient terrace hardened to stone, every fallen pillar and tumbled fortress, from Acre in the north to the marshes of Sinai in the south, bespeaks the alternation between man's mercy and man's animal fear. It is Israel's turn now, for the first time in two millenia, to seek a balance. Said an Israeli official this week: "We have plunged back into history."



As Israeli troops took up positions (above) on the east bank of the Suez Canal, one soldier was so overjoyed

that he jumped into the canal itself (bottom, right). Top right: first Israeli ship to enter the Gulf of Aqaba

since Egypt blockaded it is escorted by an Israeli torpedo boat past Sharm el Sheikh (in background), formerly

Scope and Hazard of Victory

Israel had achieved all its military objectives at a cost of 679 dead and 2,563 wounded, compared to 171 dead in the 1956 Suez campaign. Israeli troops held the entire Sinai peninsula to the east bank of the Suez Canal (above). They controlled the Gulf of Aqaba, and an Israeli freighter sailed through the Strait of Tiran (above, right). Their troops had wrecked the armed forces of Egypt, Jordan and Syria and captured more than 12,000 prisoners.

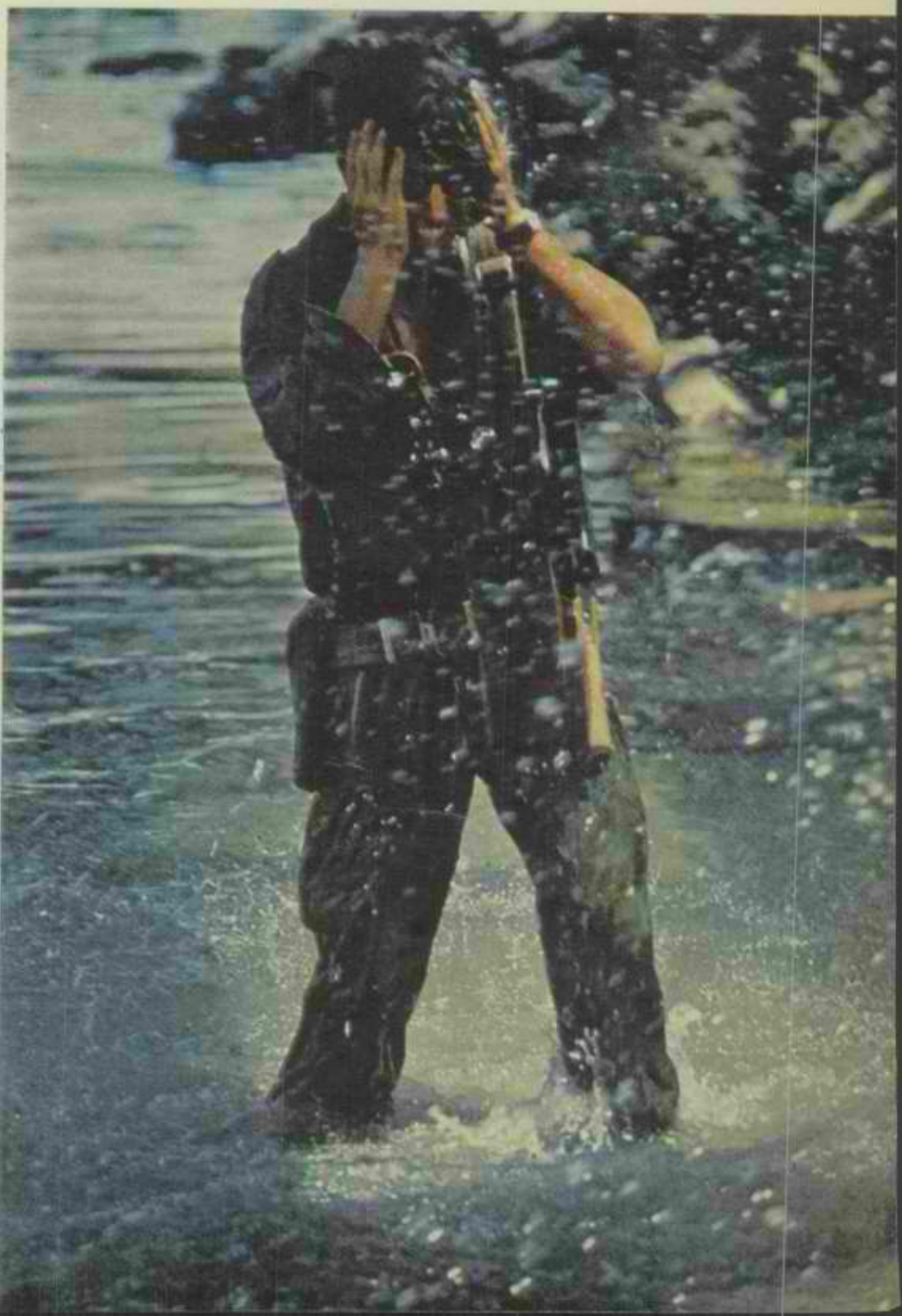
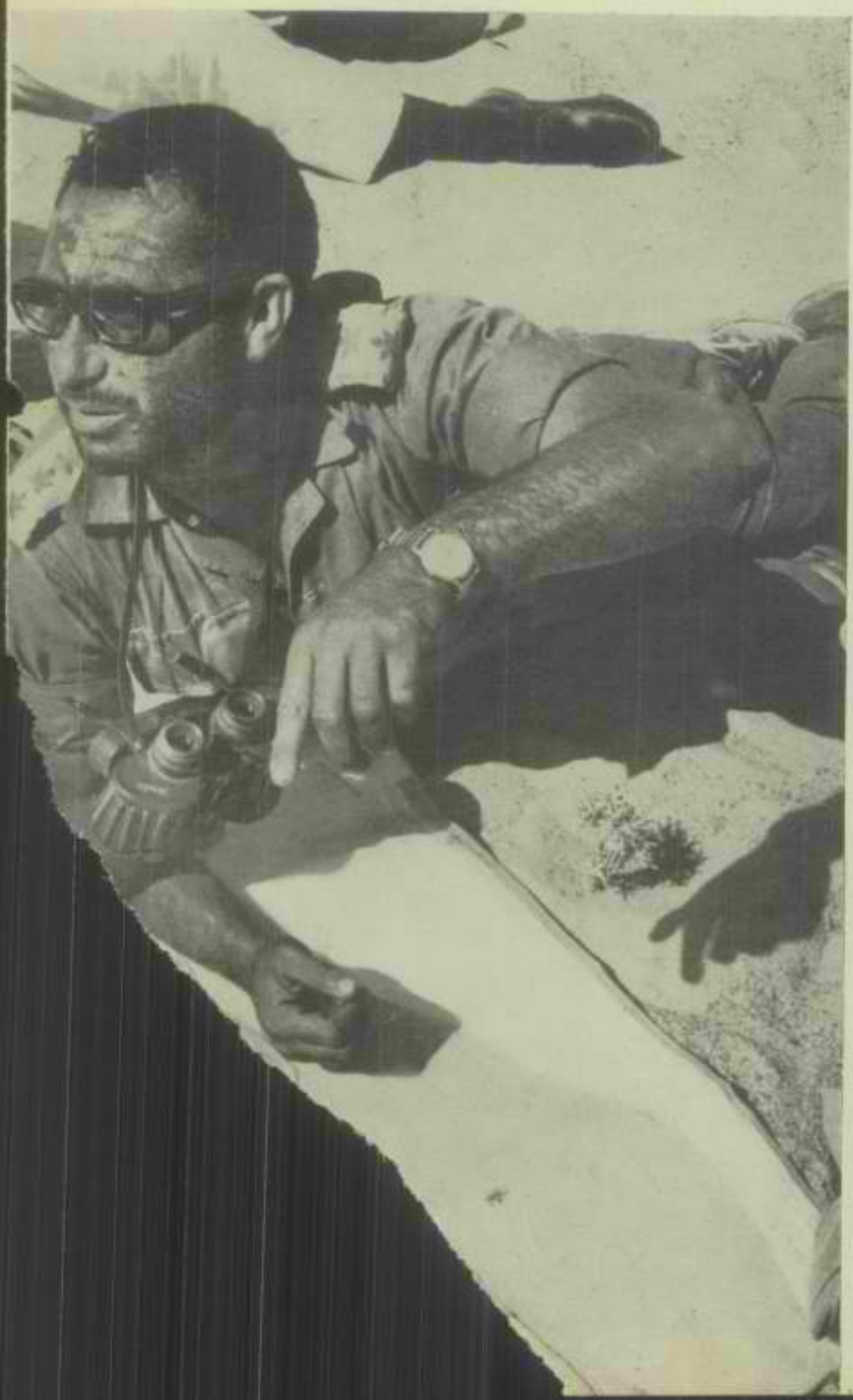
On the diplomatic front, Israel faced hazards. Premier Levi Eshkol ruled out withdrawal of the old 1949 armistice boundaries: "The land of Israel shall no longer be a no man's land, wide open to acts of sabotage and murder." But the Russians, anxious to recoup prestige among Arabs, were pushing to have the U.N. brand Israel as the aggressor and force her to withdraw to her old boundaries. Premier Kosygin himself came to head the Russian delegation at the U.N.

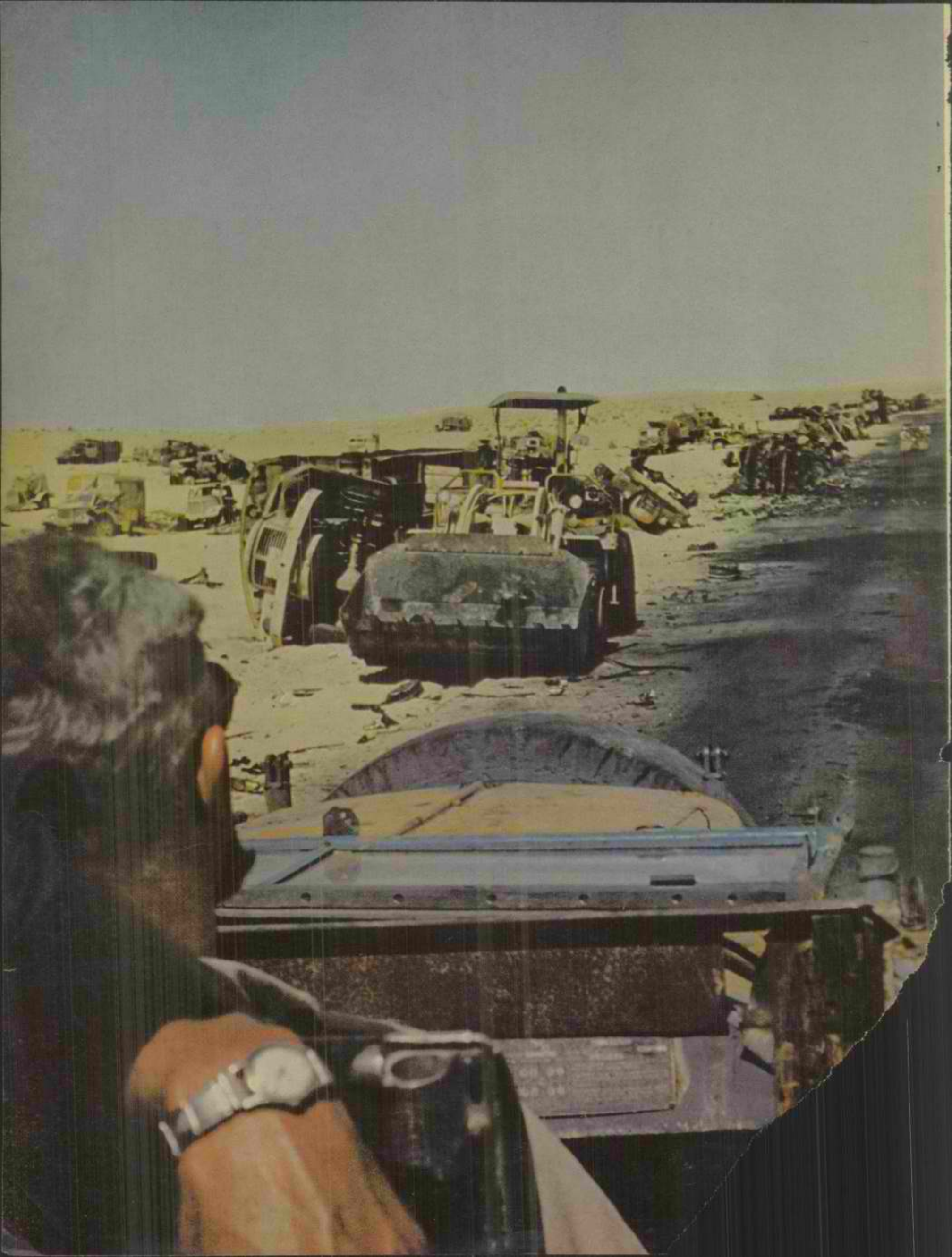




Egyptian territory. Below: an Israeli colonel in command of the armored brigade that raced on to the canal

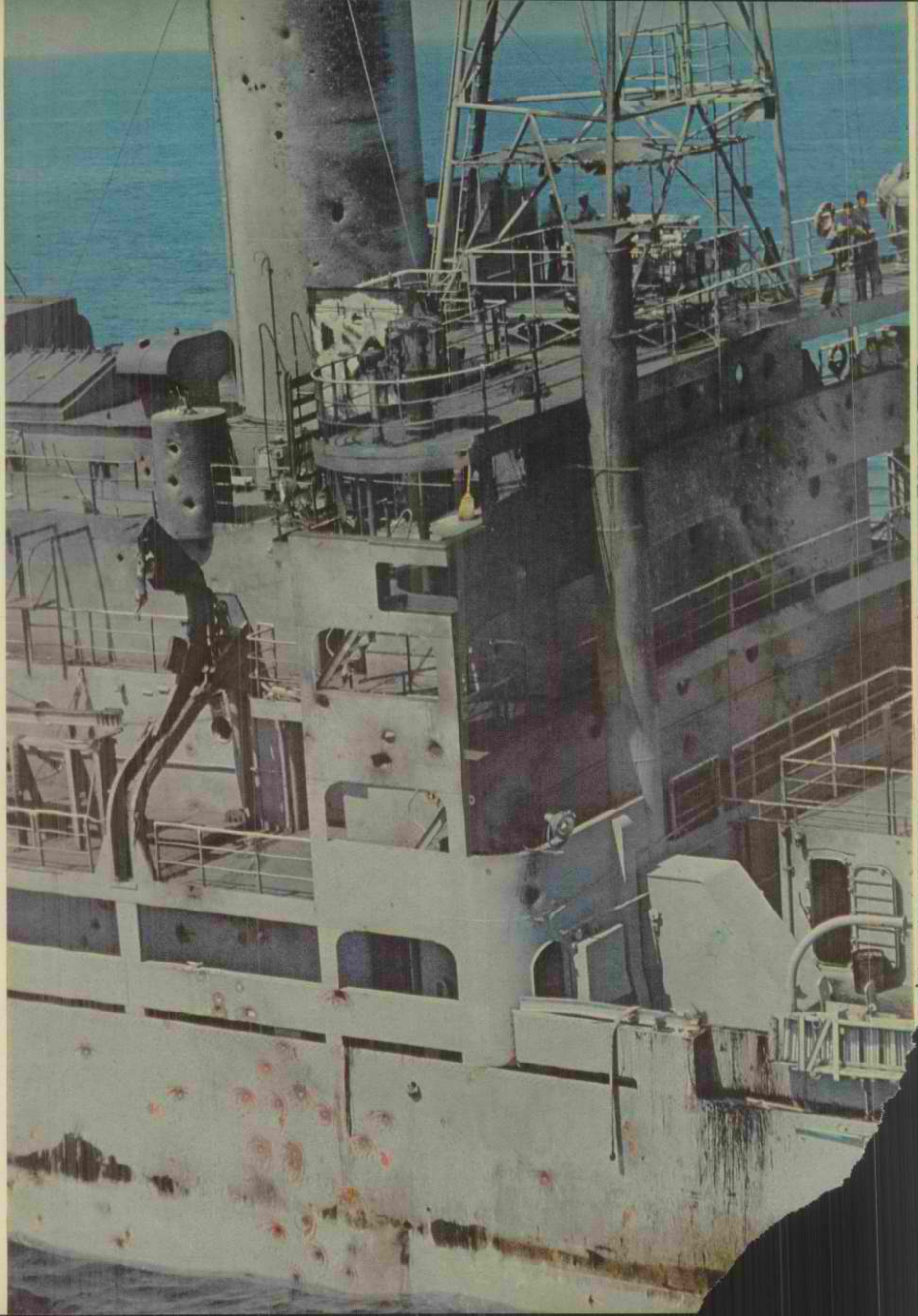
sprawls over a map in the Sinai desert. "If I had the go-ahead," he said, "I could be in Cairo in six hours."

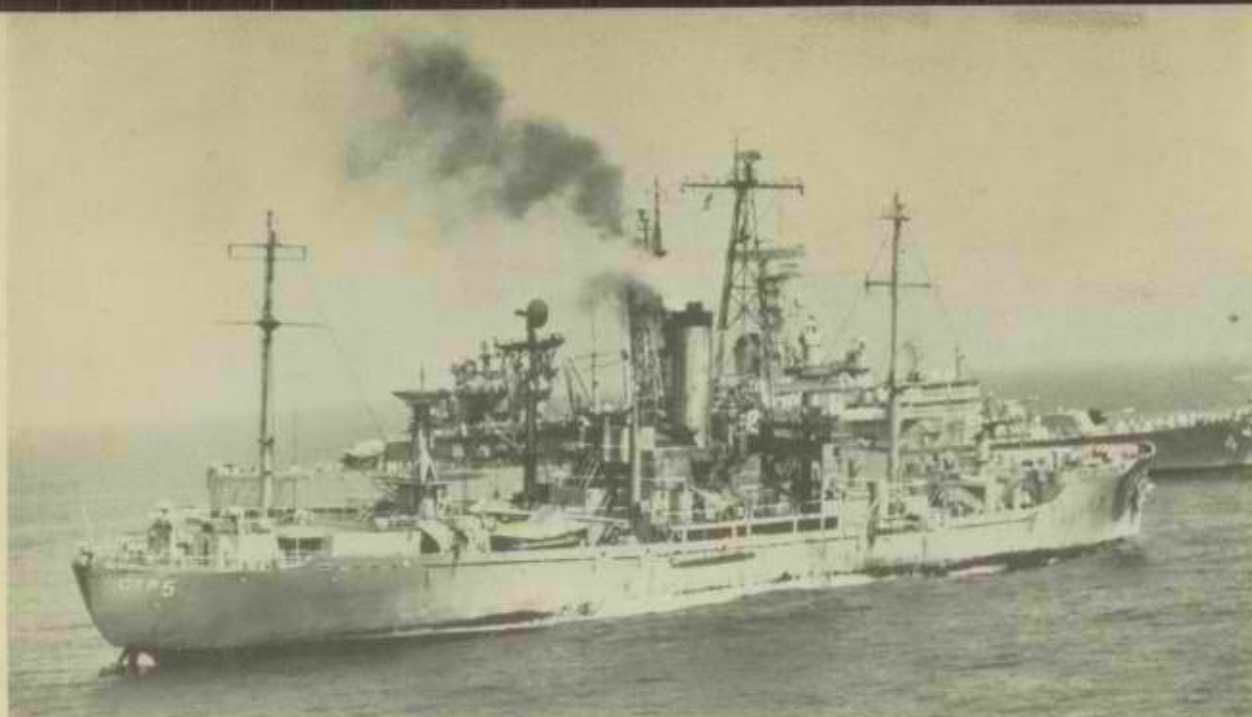




En route to the Suez Canal an Israeli soldier drives through the burned-out vehicles of the Egyptian army littering the Sinai desert.







The *Liberty* (left) was as shot up as a tin can on a firing range. Above, in front of the U.S. cruiser *Little*

Rock, the wounded vessel limps to dry dock in Malta. A hole caused by an exploding Israeli torpedo is just

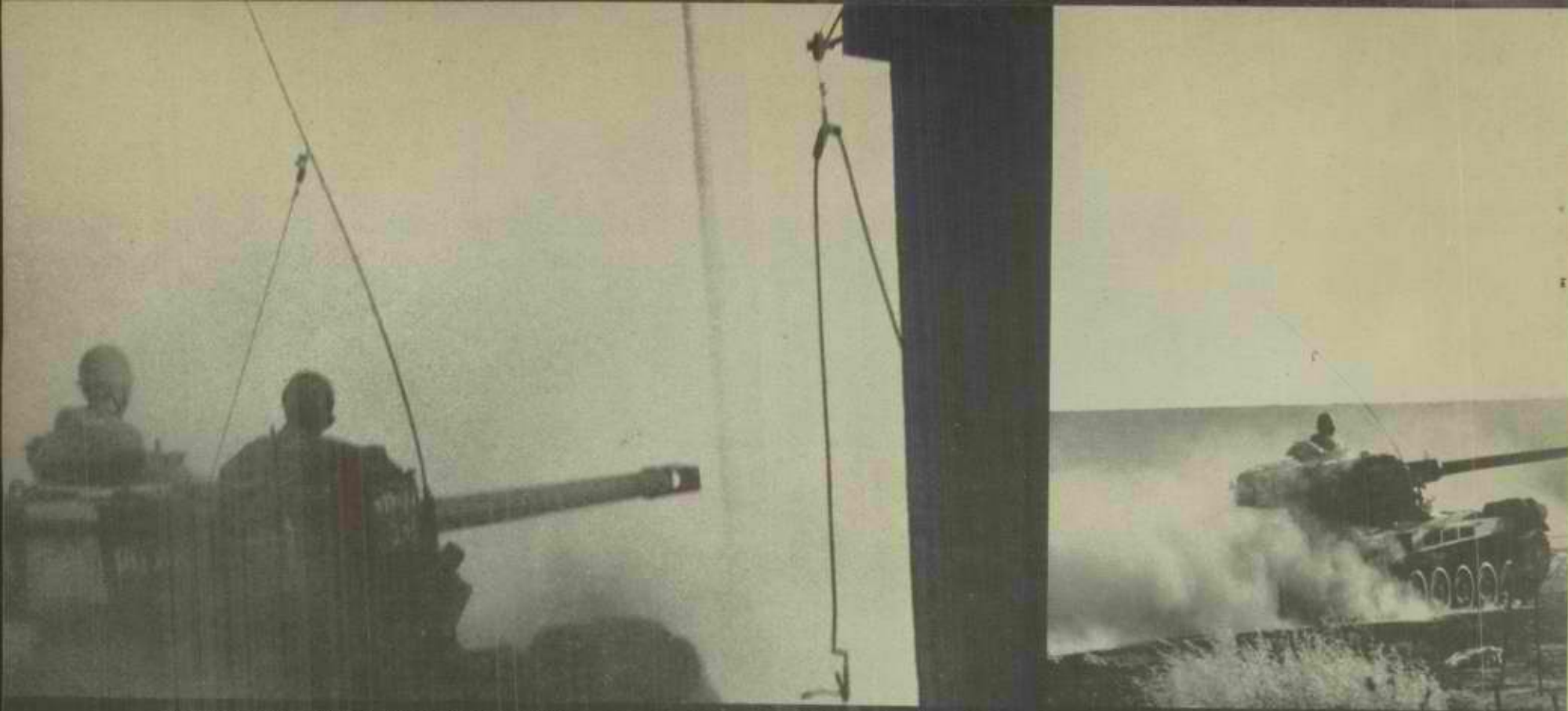
above her waterline in the scorched area aft of the bow. Casualties (below) are taken aboard the carrier *America*.

Unexplained Casualty: U.S.S. 'Liberty'

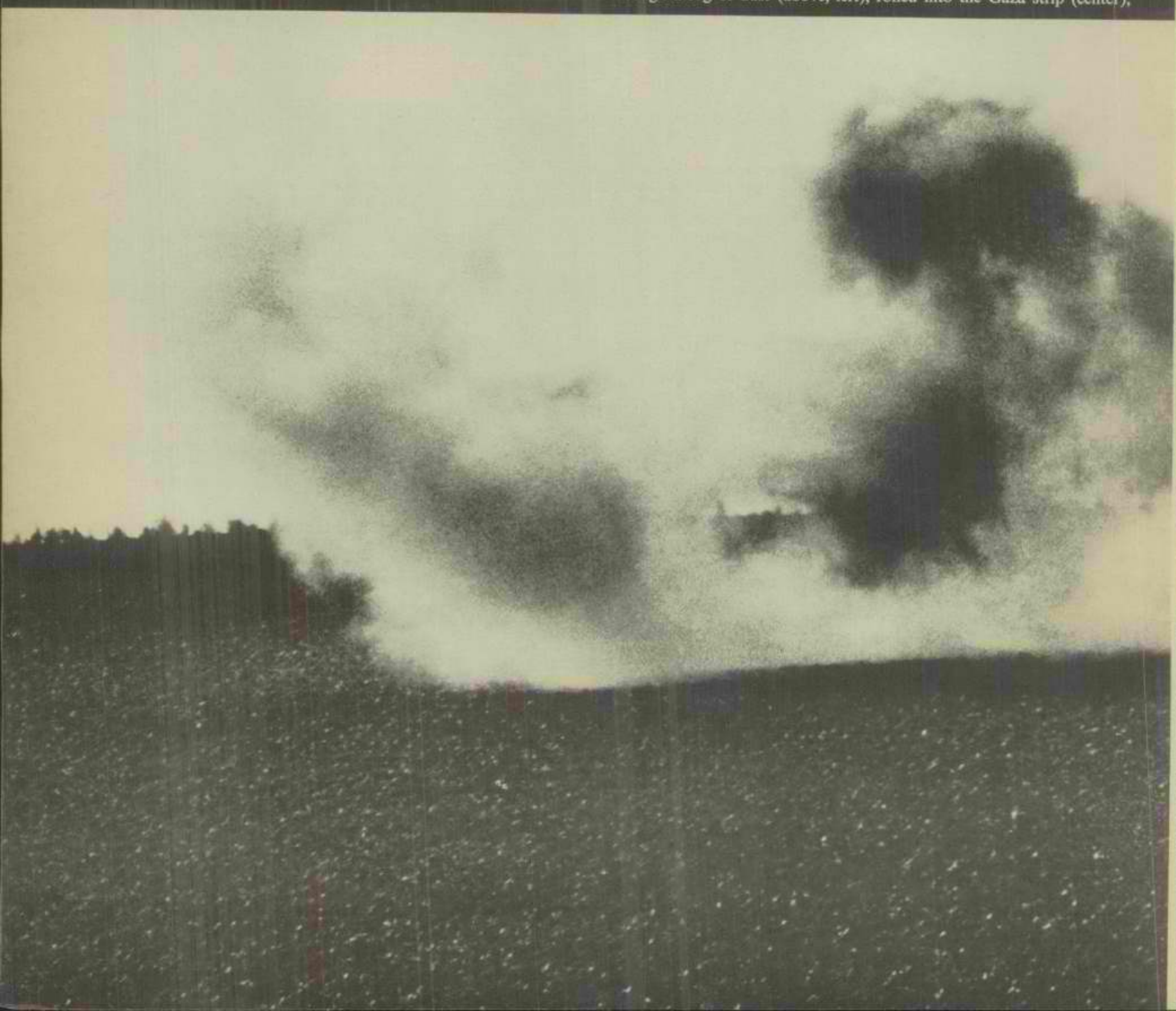


A mysterious casualty of the war was the U.S.S. *Liberty*. Chuffing through the shimmering Mediterranean heat, 12 miles off the Sinai coast, on the fourth day of the war, the communications vessel was inexplicably ravaged by an Israeli attack. LIFE Correspondent Rudolph Chelminski, on another U.S. vessel in the area, reported that it was 2:05 p.m. when the crew first heard the distant breathing of jets. A few moments later three Israeli fighters dropped silently out of a clear sky, traveling fast enough to leave their sound behind. They swept across *Liberty's* starboard bow, raking her with machine guns and cannon on at least six strafing runs. The flag was shot away; badly wounded Commander William McGonagle ordered it run up again. Ranging off the starboard quarter, three Israeli torpedo boats bore in, firing machine guns. Two loosed their torpedoes and then halted the attack as abruptly as they had begun.

A storm of controversy about the incident immediately swelled. Israel offered an apology and full compensation, claiming that it had mistaken the ship for an Egyptian vessel. The U.S. accepted the apology but dispatched a Navy board of inquiry to investigate. Meanwhile theories about what *Liberty* was doing so close to the war zone and why she was fired on grew apace, encouraged by the security which blanketed most details and the mysterious nature of the ship herself. Crammed with electronic gear, she was tagged "spy ship"; and according to one theory the Israelis had attacked her because she had monitored orders proving that Israel started the war. Another maintained that although Israeli reconnaissance had spotted *Liberty's* U.S. flag 30 minutes before the air strike, it was thought to be an Arab trick. As the listing vessel headed for repairs, the only indisputable facts about the episode were the grim casualty figures: 34 Americans dead and 75 wounded.



In Frame 11 Schutzer began to concentrate on one tank. It moved through a fog of dust (above, left), rolled into the Gaza strip (center),





then became partly hidden behind Schutzer's half-track (right). Below: in Frame 19 Schutzer photographed another half-track as it was hit.



STORY OF THE WAR
CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

The Presidency

by HUGH SIDEY

The exhilarating crucible of crisis

Crisis, in a bizarre way, fascinates strong men. And the ultimate arena for it in this age is the White House. Those who work in the back corridors where decisions are made are completely gripped by it, enthralled not only by the peril but also by the exercise of raw and instantaneous power in the purest sense.

When a crisis is at hand, the normal routines of diplomatic mush dissolve into terse orders that send fleets into position or planes aloft. Many of the hotline messages between Lyndon Johnson and Alexei Kosygin were only a sentence or two long, yet each word spelled out more than all the ambassadorial cables of the year before. So compelling is the brotherhood of crisis that those who once were part of it never forget. There is no doubt, for example, that McGeorge Bundy, the former Kennedy and Johnson national security staff chief, was lured back to help guide U.S. policy on the Middle East crisis by his relish for the kind of intense diplomatic contest that seemed to be in the offing.

In a very real sense international crisis is a high wire act in which a man and his methods are put to a test. It is also a crucible in which reputations are enhanced or reduced. As the bearer of ultimate authority and responsibility, Lyndon Johnson generally gets good marks for his restraint of the last two weeks. But the weaknesses in the U.S. Middle East policy are coming to the surface now and they will be debated on the political stump as well as in the world courts. Preoccupied by events in Vietnam, the President and his advisers had allowed the Middle East to become such an orphan that for five months last fall and winter the job of Assistant Secretary of State for Near East and South Asian Affairs went unfilled. And for the crucial three months before the onrush of the crisis there was no United States ambassador to Egypt. Indeed, Richard Nolte, the man belatedly appointed to that post,

arrived only a few days before the conflagration and by that time Nasser was beyond earshot: Nolte never got to see him.

Just as the President is judged by his performance under extreme stress, so are those who work for him. It was U.N. Ambassador Arthur Goldberg's misfortune to be on view not only before his peers in the Administration but also before the world. Thus the assessment of his performance turned largely on style rather than substance, and as a result the generally high esteem in which he was held is now somewhat tarnished. His performances in the Security Council were considered less than inspiring. Over-wordy, cliché-ridden, downright boring at times, he did not provide those moments of soaring inspiration that are needed by both the delegates and the television audience. Those who watched remembered the old jibe of John F. Kennedy, whose fondness for Goldberg was unmatched but who also prized brevity. "Once Arthur gets in front of a microphone," Kennedy said, "it would be extremely helpful if he would just shut up."

On the other hand, there were two men who gained considerably in the eyes of their peers and the President: General Earle ("Bus") Wheeler, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who provided Johnson with capability estimates that showed the Israeli army gaining victory in three or four days; and CIA Director Richard Helms, who helped supply Wheeler the data on which the estimate was based. Goldberg and others were so skeptical that Johnson sent Wheeler back to restudy and to check his predictions with Helms. The estimate came back as before and events proved it out. Indeed, the abysmal failure of Russian intelligence as compared to the CIA has already helped the agency regain some of the stature lost in the recent disclosures about its involvement with educational and labor groups.

Public opinion samplers routinely zero in on crises and their aftermaths to evaluate Presidents. Pollster Louis Harris believes that new data will show L.B.J.'s personal position strengthened considerably because of the way the Middle East crisis came out. Beyond that, Harris es-

timates that the Mediterranean episode will help rally Vietnam support for the President and tend to discourage dissent.

Within the White House crisis is a chance to change pace, to shake loose tiresome ceremony and postpone persistent petty problems. By the same token it demands total concentration and the physical well-being that makes this possible. Three weeks ago, when this crisis began to build, Special Assistant for National Security Affairs Walt Rostow cautioned his brother Eugene Rostow, who as Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs would be a key figure, to make certain he got his eight hours' sleep because the crisis was going to be long and wearing and fatigue alters a man's judgment. Walt Rostow missed his morning tennis tune-up only once—the day war broke out. Similarly, one of the first orders Bundy gave as he took on his new peace-planning job was to partition off sleeping quarters and a kitchen for himself and his staff in the executive office building across the street from the White House.

The sheer drama of a crisis is fully appreciated by those who are caught up in it. The first exchanges on the hot line were intense history. Before he turns in for the night, Lyndon Johnson sometimes fondles his notebook of messages to and from the U.S.S.R.'s Kosygin, as if he had possession of the Dead Sea scrolls. The midnight car rides, the secret couriers, the comradeship of men sharing concern—these are part of the drama.

If John Kennedy has a foothold in history it is due in large part to the way he handled the Cuban missile crisis. Our ambassador to Russia, Llewellyn Thompson, has enjoyed the very highest reputation in the diplomatic ranks and won another hitch in Moscow because of his cool and unerring calculations of the probable Russian responses over Cuba and since then. Kennedy called U.S.-Soviet confrontations "the chess game" and freely admitted that it was the most thrilling part of his job. Lyndon Johnson isn't quite so open about it. But in private moments, when he is asked if he likes being President, he no longer evades the answer. "Yes," he says. "Yes."

In times of crisis the lights of the White House burn bright and late.



An Indian war whoop from a red canoe

Waterways CONTINUED

restaurant nearby. "American," a man yelled, giving me two big squishy kisses on the cheek. As an American, it was nice to be greeted this way in France today. This is Lorraine, great battlefield of both World War I and II. The country is dotted with shell holes and monuments, and the people are aware of the role the Americans played. They tried to tell me how they disapproved of M. de Gaulle's policy. But this was no time for politics. A man stood on a chair and called for silence. Down the stairs came a statuesque woman heavily made up. Standing under a small spotlight, she started singing à la Piaf. She was quite good and I joined the applause. The little bride turned her happy eyes toward me and said, "That's my uncle." I thought she had confused her sexes in speaking English, but a minute later, off came his wig, which he waved as they cheered. Well, I felt, there's nothing like meeting all the family.

The Moselle in Germany is swift and wide, and cruising on it after the quiet narrow canals of France was like being on an expressway after a country lane. At Trier I joined friends, Dr. and Mrs. Le Fevre, on a boat going north down the river toward Coblenz. I was brought up near the Mississippi, and it always bothers me heading north when going downstream, but that's the way the river flows.

Between Trier and Bernkastel the rolling, open banks are carpeted with vineyards. But now they had an unnatural aspect. The slopes shimmered under glossy plastic and fine netting; flags and tin pans fluttered and clanked in the breeze, and puffs of smoke came from muffled explosions. It was just before harvest and the nets and noise were to protect the grapes against marauding birds. Protruding above the arbors were gigantic sundials painted on boulders telling the harvesters when it was time to go home.

The locks of the Moselle were like hydraulic monsters after the little do-it-yourself ones of the French canals. I was standing on the embankment when a red canvas-covered canoe slipped in front of our boat, the *Hieronymus*. Seven of its eight places were occupied by husky Germans in striped T-shirts boasting the words "Sportklub Mannheim." They jested and

jostled with their paddles, shouted to people along the bank and gave me a boisterous invitation, "*Komm und sieh*," pointing to the vacant paddler's slot in the red canvas top. I think they were as surprised as I was when I slipped over into the boat. Out came a bottle of Moselle which was shunted back and forth like a loving cup, the gulps punctuated by "*prosits*." Suddenly the lock waters started to lower, and I had to scramble up a ladder built in the side of the lock. It was like trying to go up an escalator the wrong way—me going up while the waters went down. When the gates opened, the canoe slipped through the first crack and was whisked away in the swift current like a little red splinter.

Bernkastel is a fairy-tale town nestled on the riverbank beneath the ruins of a castle. The wood-laced houses with their high-peaked roofs looked pinched and wobbly as if they had been squeezed into the narrow streets. It was reverberating with the wine festival, and grabbing my bike, I headed for the action. Flags fluttered in the brisk wind from boats, bridges and rooftops. I cheered at boat races and nibbled on foot-long sausages. Finally exhausted, I climbed on my bike and started back to the boat. Riding down the bank I spotted in the distance one small moving object coming my way. It looked like a giant water-bug. Here were my friends of the sporting club, and as they passed, they upped their paddles to salute me and whooped like Indians in a war canoe.

Rummaging through stands of merchandise at outdoor village markets and small stores in Germany and France was a constant landside pleasure. I bought tasseled berets, floppy bonnets, thick homespun socks. I put together a choice yachting outfit from one such forage, a wide-striped barge-man's T-shirt which I wore under an authentic blue working-man's jacket along with my faded Cape Cod jeans. One purchase was less successful—wooden shoes which I had watched the farmers and fisherman along the banks slosh about in through muddy yards and wet grass. I purchased a pair to wear at my farm. But I have proved to be a clumsy clumper and have given up because I was always stepping out of one in the middle of a puddle. So far I have resisted making flower arrangements in them.



Hey, you skinny guys, try Nutrament.[®] The great American put on.

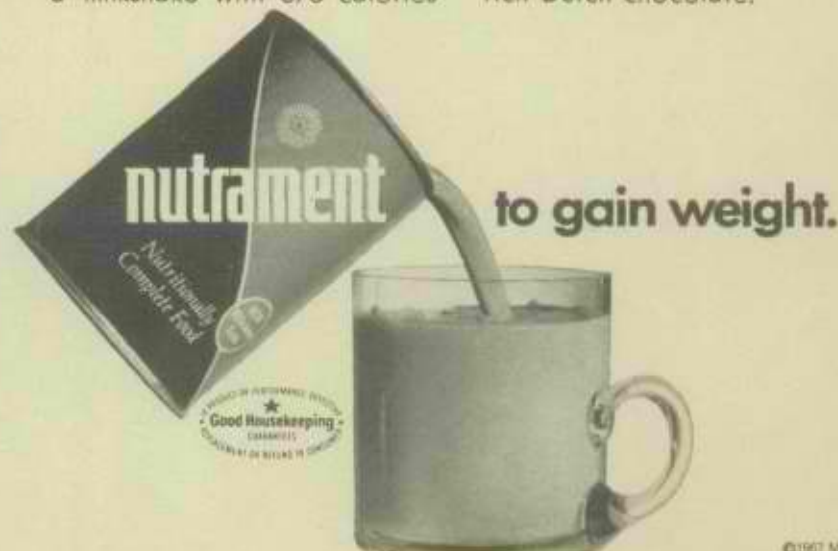
To start with—Nutrament is a nutritionally complete food: rich in protein with balanced amounts of fat and carbohydrate, plus essential vitamins and minerals.

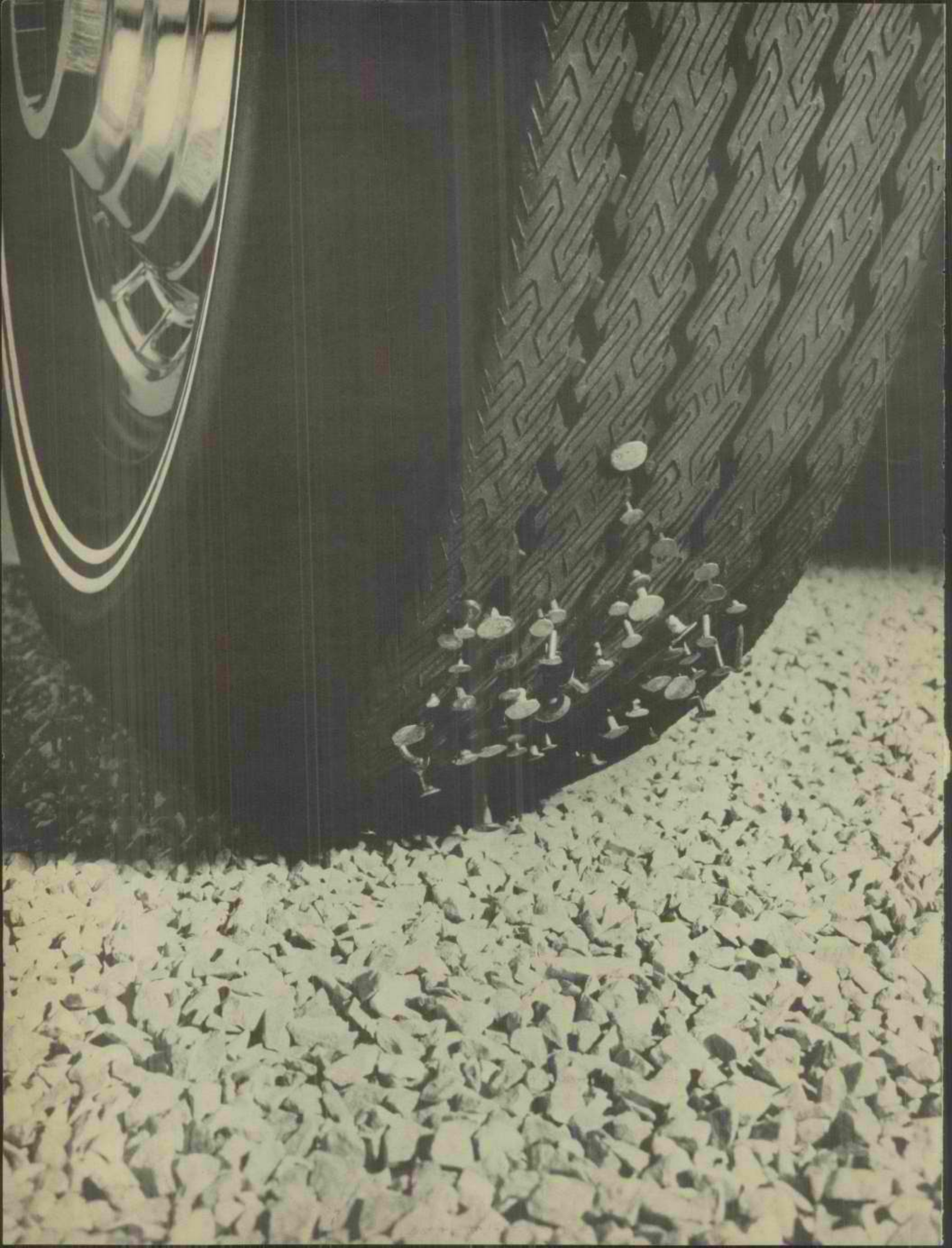
Pours, looks and tastes like a milkshake with 375 calories

going for you in every can to help build up your weight.

What you do is drink it with meals or in between—or both.

So, all that's left is to ask for it at food or drug stores in chocolate, vanilla, cherry and rich Dutch chocolate.





This is Sears new self-sealing tire. You could drive it with a dozen nails in it.

Here are **42** other reasons it should be the next self-sealing tire you buy.

It's called the Silent Guard Sealant.

1 You could drive it with a hundred nails in it.

2 It's guaranteed to wear for 40 months. **3** In writing.

We're putting the guarantee right here in the ad. It makes pretty good reading. **4** You'll note there are no wherefores; no ifs, ands or buts.

Oh, there's one if. But we think you'll like it.

5 If the Silent Guard fails during the first 20 months, we'll give you a new tire free. **6** If it picks up a nail—or a dozen nails—we'll fix it free.

No maybes. **7** And as they say in the ads, nobody else has a guarantee like this.

This is quite a tire. Maybe if other tire people had a self-sealing tire like this, they'd have a guarantee like ours.

8 The Sears Silent Guard is as close to being completely trouble-free as any self-sealing tire ever made.

9 A special patented sealant does the job.

10 There is a five-layer sealant inside the tire. **11** It clings to just about any nail that can get in.

12 And it keeps air from getting out.

The Silent Guard is priced from \$42.04 to \$51.38.

Depending on your tire size. Including Federal Excise Tax. That's the advertised price. **13** And that's the selling price. **14** You never have to haggle at Sears.

15 No extra charge for mounting.

16 No money down on Sears Easy Payment Plan.

You can find self-sealing tires listed at \$90 and more. But you can't buy a **17** better, **18** safer self-sealing tire anywhere. **19** For any price.

20 It's 28 per cent heavier than the average of new car tires.

21 Its tread is 15 per cent deeper. **22** And 14 per cent wider.

23 It's got 44 per cent more carcass strength. **24** That's 1,000 pounds more strength per inch than the average of new car tires.

25 In fact, it can even withstand impacts that will bend the steel wheel.

Because of its advanced design, tests proved the Silent Guard gives you **26** better traction, **27** better wear, **28** better high-speed performance than most other sealant tires.

That's a lot of better.

29 The Silent Guard is a

good-looking job, too. It's got **30** the new low profile.

31 And narrow new whitewalls. **32** Double band whitewalls.

33 There's a new scuffing bar above and below the whitewalls to protect them from being attacked by curbs.

You remember that annoying squealing noise that most tires make on turns? **34** The Silent Guard has a patented squelcher to stifle the squeal.

35 And a patented safety shoulder for added protection.

If your car should drift you can pull it back on the pavement gradually. The safety shoulder allows the tire to climb back on the higher surface without making a sudden swerve.

Get the idea?

36 Sears isn't going to put its guarantee on just any self-sealing tire. **37** In fact, this is the only self-sealing tire in the world that Sears will guarantee.

38 Because when Sears guarantees, Sears guarantees.

We don't want to sell you a lot of ifs, ands or buts.

We want to sell you a tire that will **39** get you home safely.

We honestly think the Silent Guard is the **40** finest, **41** safest self-sealing tire your wheel can go around with.

And it's guaranteed by Sears, Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Get four.

There's safety in numbers.

Tread Life Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: All failures of the tire resulting from normal road hazards or defects in material or workmanship.

For How Long: For the life of the original tread.

What Sears Will Do: Repair nail punctures at no charge. In the case of failures, in exchange for the tire: Replace it at no charge, if failure occurs during first 20 months. If tire fails after this period, it will be replaced, charging only the proportion of current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax that represents tread used.

Tread Wear-Out Guarantee

Guaranteed Against: Tread wear out. **For How Long:** 40 months.

What Sears Will Do: In exchange for the tire replace it, charging current regular selling price plus Federal Excise Tax less a set percentage allowance.

Sears

42 You get more tire at Sears.



SSmoke billows from King Abdullah Bridge across the Jordan River, which Israelis dynamited to cut the highway linking Jerusalem and eastern Jordan. Many of these bridges were blown before the cease-fire to keep Jordanian reinforcements from the front.

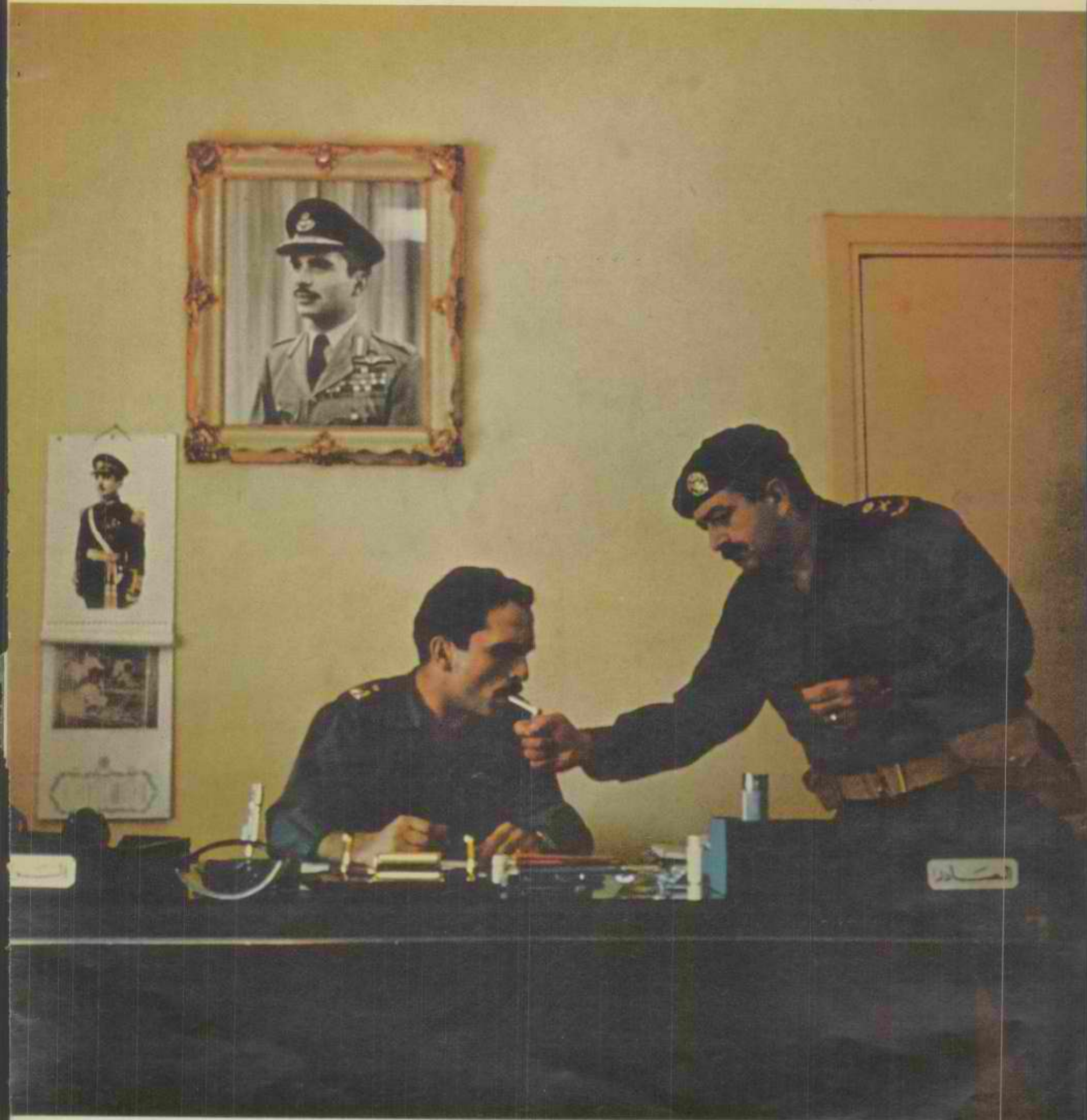
As the Arab nations sought to win back with shrill words what they had lost on the battlefield, one leader emerged with a measure of tragic dignity—31-year-old King Hussein of Jordan (*right*). In the face of sure defeat his Arab Legion had fought with valor and his country suffered the heaviest casualties of the war—15,000 dead. Jordan also lost the Old City of Jerusalem and the bulge of land west of the Jordan River, an area it had controlled since the 1948 war with Israel. Further complicating Hussein's difficulties, refugees were streaming from the captured areas into the shrunken Jordan homeland.

Until three weeks ago Hussein had steered a moderate course in the madcap Middle East and was the staunchest Arab friend of the U.S. Then, under fierce pressure from the 653,000 Palestinian refugees who make up one-third of Jordan's population, Hussein signed a defense alliance with Nasser, who had so often promised him the fate that befell Hussein's cousin Feisal, the Hashemite King of Iraq murdered in a Nasser-instigated coup in 1958. When war came Hussein was eager to end it. He refused to break relations with the U.S. and became the first Arab ruler to accept the U.N. cease-fire. Last week he appeared in public for the first time after his defeat, and the cheering crowds hoisted him—car and all—onto their shoulders.

Hussein gets a light from his uncle and bodyguard, Sherif Nasser (no kin to Egypt's Nasser). Portrait on wall at left is Hussein's grandfather, King Abdullah, who was assassinated in 1951. Below, Hussein studies map with his brother, Prince Mohammed.



In Jordan, a Defeated King



Hussein Keeps His Dignity



On road to the Suez Canal, Israeli soldiers fan out as an Egyptian MiG—one of the few still operational on the fifth day of the war—makes a strafing run. Eight hours later Egypt agreed to a cease-fire.

A Last-Gasp Strafing,



In Jenin, a Jordanian town now in the hands of Israeli forces, captured members of King Hussein's beaten army—haggard

from days on the run and wearing civilian clothes to hide their identities—are carefully searched and then interrogated.

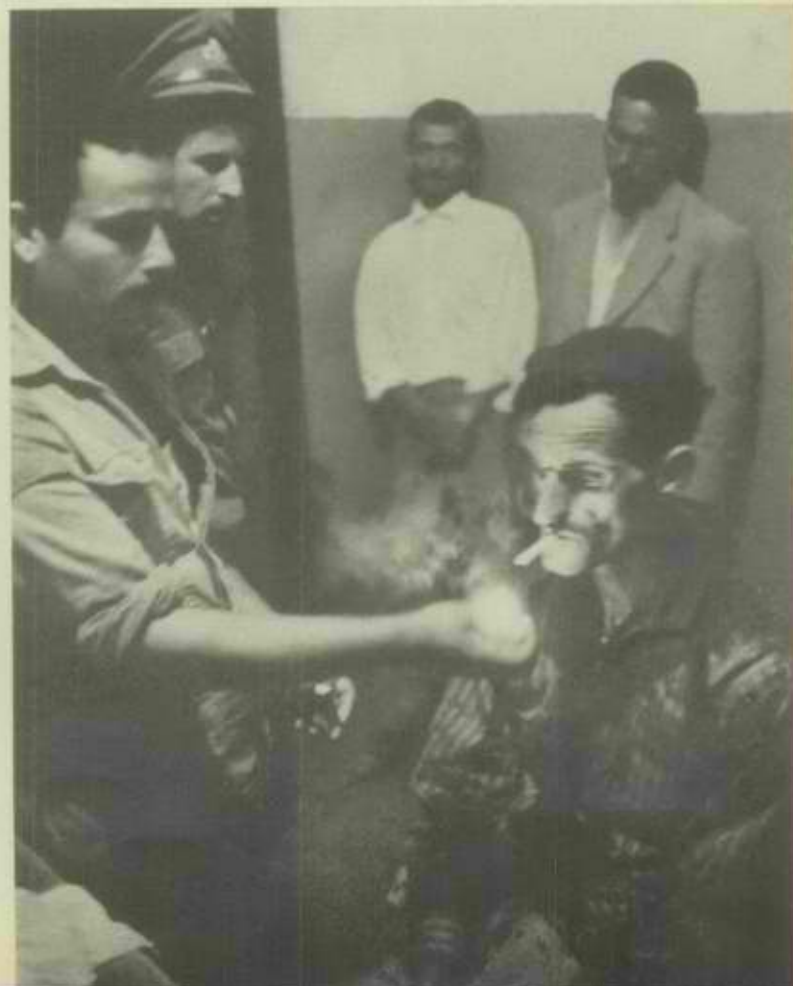




then into the compound for PW's



At left and above, an exhausted Jordanian prisoner is doused with water after he collapsed during questioning by Israelis



After he regains his composure (right), he is given a cigaret by his captors and a receipt for his personal possessions.

CONTINUED

Cairo Diary of U.S. Humiliation

by THOMAS THOMPSON

With other Americans in Cairo, LIFE's Paris bureau chief was confined to a hotel, threatened by mobs, insulted, and expelled from Egypt. This is his diary of what happened.

The war begins at 9 o'clock on Monday morning and for the first hour Cairo is apprehensive, hearing the window-shaking booms of the ack-ack and seeing jet trails in the hazy summer sky. But at 10, Cairo radio broadcasts the news

that Egyptian planes have already shot down 24 Israeli aircraft and the ancient city erupts with joy. From the minarets old men in *galabias* (long gowns) dance and shake their arms in triumph. Stooped old women in black veils make shrill chuckling noises, like the cries of jungle birds. "The battle of liberation has begun," cries the radio. But news bulletins are few and far between. Most of the programming is devoted to martial music and revolutionary hymns, played over and over. In an hour the radio claims the bag of Israeli

planes has climbed to 45. Then 60. By lunch it is 70. The radio begins broadcasting to Arab refugees from Palestine throughout the Middle East: "Pack your bags! We will be in Tel Aviv by tomorrow night." The American press corps, gathered at Egyptian press headquarters in Cairo's radio and television building, is stunned. Nasser has been preaching Egypt's military superiority for two weeks, and his desire for war is accepted. "We are ready for them," he has said again and again. But could he really have been *this* ready?

By nightfall Cairo radio informs its millions of listeners that Egypt and her allies have shot down more than 100 Israeli planes against a loss of only two. The city goes to sleep confident the war will be quick and the triumph sweet, that almost all that remains is for Nasser to fly in triumph to Tel Aviv. But the night is filled with yellow and orange bursts of ack-ack and streams of tracer bullets.

Tuesday: Cairo awakens to alarming news. Official radio and government-controlled papers blare out that the United States and Great Britain are conspiring with Israel in this holy war. Never mind, says the radio—we are still destroying Israel. In the past hour we have downed 10 more Israeli planes, and Syria six. The press corps begs to be allowed to see some of the fruits of the remarkable victory but is turned down.

Meanwhile, the mood of the man on the street has quickly changed from one of national purpose and pride to one of hate for Americans. A group of Americans trying to get a taxi outside the U.S. Embassy is set upon by a crowd. Taxi drivers play a kind of game, slowing down as if they are going to stop for an American, then swerving, trying to knock him down.

In Alexandria, a howling rabble overpowers the guard outside the American consulate and bursts in, knocking Consul General David Fritzlan out of the way and pushing him and his aides into the room-sized consulate vault. They drench the furniture and equipment with kerosene and then toss in Molotov cocktails. The offices are gutted. For more than half an hour the consul is trapped inside the vault, not knowing the fire is raging outside. Four consulate automobiles parked on the grounds are burned, and the mob then turns to the handsome, splendidly equipped USIS library. The building quickly goes up in flame. The consul and his staff are taken to the police station where they are held two hours "for your own protection." In all of this, there is not a single expression of sympathy or regret, despite the fact that the consul has lived in Alexandria for three years and enjoyed good relations with the official community.

In Cairo, the Western press is told that chances are very good that Egypt will sever relations with the United States before the end of the day. "What will happen to the correspondents then?" an

CONTINUED



After his return to power, President Nasser received Sadok Mokadden, president of the Tu-

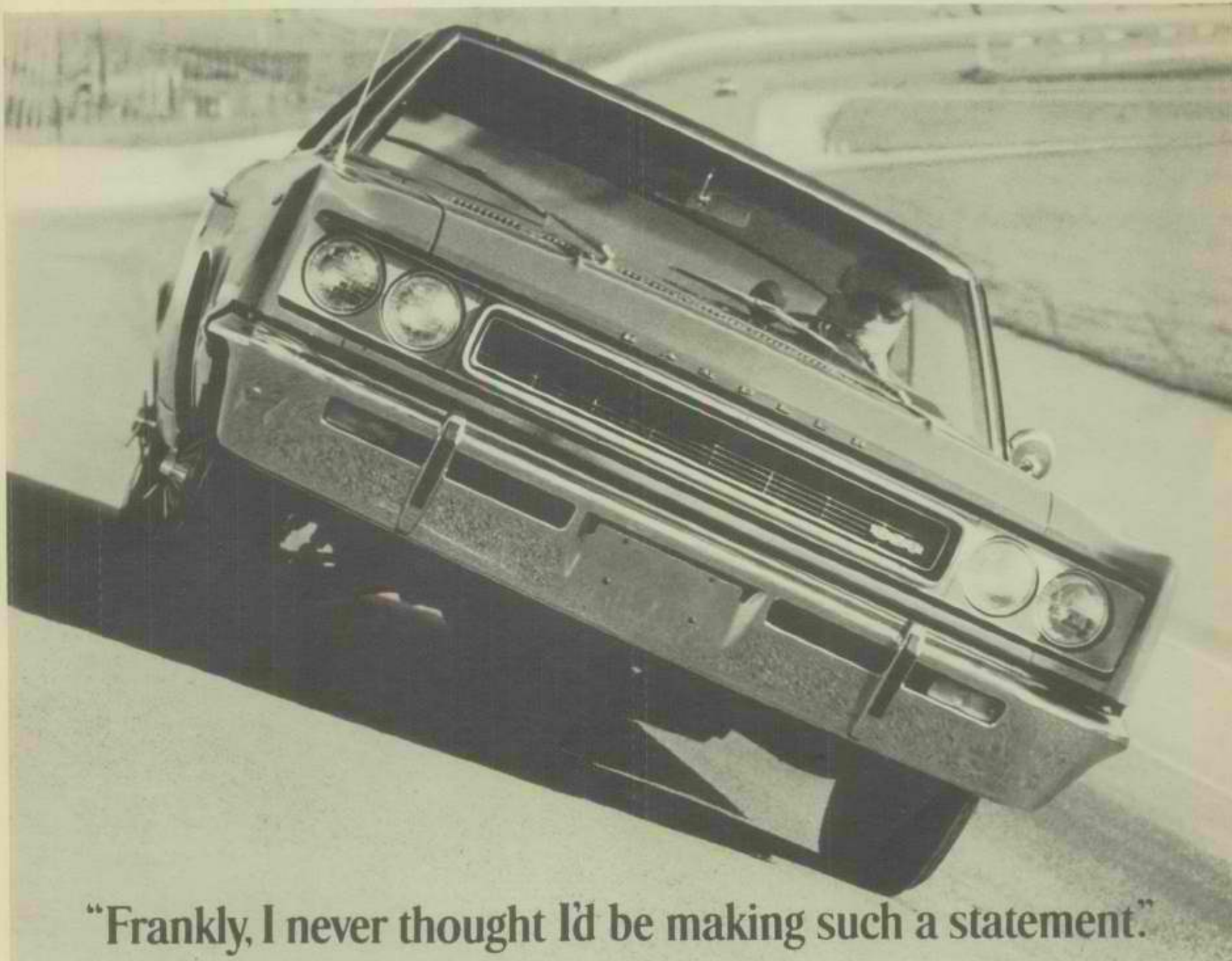
nisian Assembly, at his private residence near Cairo. Nasser's resignation following his accept-

ance of the cease-fire touched off wild demonstrations (below) demanding his return to office.



"There isn't a better intermediate size car sold in the United States than the 1967 Rebel"

says Tom McCahill, automobile expert for Mechanix Illustrated.



"Frankly, I never thought I'd be making such a statement."

Tom McCahill evaluates the automobile industry for *Mechanix Illustrated*. Recently, he took out an SST hardtop equipped with a 343 cu. in. Typhoon V-8 for an exhaustive series of road tests. The results were very surprising.

"In roadability and performance, it would top most of the newer specialty cars. There's absolutely no plowing and little body roll. The whole feel of the car, when going over ruts or across dirt roads, is excellent."

What about comfort?

"It's extremely comfortable and relaxing to drive. In straight-line driving the SST is as comfortable as the Jell-O specials."

How about Rebel's new four-link rear suspension?

"Of all the new sporty-type cars, as they come from the

showroom, Rebel has by far the best and safest suspension of the whole kit and caboodle."

And the looks?

"As sharp in appearance as a thousand-dollar bill. And from a cost angle, Rebel's not overpriced."

This is your kind of driving excitement, brought to you by American Motors. And right now there's even more excitement, as well as surprises, waiting for you at your American Motors/Rambler Dealer.

It's Surprise Time, and he's offering surprising deals on his entire line of six-passenger Excitement Machines. Remember, he's the dealer who sells U.S. compacts at import prices. So come see him now.



American Motors builds your kind of car
AMBASSADOR • MARLIN • REBEL • RAMBLER AMERICAN

It's Surprise Time at your American Motors/Rambler Dealer.

American reporter asks, "You will be allowed to stay and work. It has been decided," the press officer answers. But at 7:30, he shows up at the Hilton Hotel coffee shop where the press corps is dining by candlelight—the city is blacked out. He tells the correspondents that the diplomatic break has indeed occurred. "I have a message for you," he says. "You must leave the country immediately." Someone asks whether it is all right to finish dinner. "Yes, but then you must leave." The American Embassy is also stunned by the news. To be told to leave a country under cover of darkness is an action of unbelievable diplomatic rudeness.

On Wednesday, the third day of the war, the people in the streets of Cairo are beginning to grow wary. Hourly the radio broadcasts new claims of Egyptian triumphs and the war should be over by now. Yet the newspapers are using sentences like "Our valiant forces have withdrawn and regrouped at the second line of defense, fighting with unparalleled ferocity and heroism." The news that Jordan has quit is buried deep inside a story about what the U.N. is doing.

The American press corps is granted a reprieve of sorts. Instead of having to leave Egypt immediately, correspondents are herded into a dingy hotel called the Nile, chosen because it has only one easily guarded exit. Riot cops with shields and bamboo poles, assisted by a cavalry squadron on spirited white and gray Arabian horses, surround the hotel and the nearby American Embassy. Meals in the Nile Hotel are served in a hot, smelly boiler room immediately dubbed the "Black Hole of Calcutta." Some news is obtained from shortwave radios. When it is not jammed, the BBC indicates that Israel has all but annihilated

'How do I pack up a lifetime in fifteen minutes?'

the Egyptian forces. Incredibly, Nasser's mammoth propaganda machine, broadcasting from radio towers atop the hills west of Cairo, is still deceiving his people into thinking that victory is near.

The American Embassy staff is meanwhile involved in an ugly negotiation with the Egyptians over how many people can stay behind as a housekeeping staff. Normally the embassy has 230 people. Ambassador Nolte asks for permission to keep 59. "Unrealistic! Unacceptable!" cry the Egyptians, who then counter with an offer of 23. "Your planes are killing Egyptian boys," they say. Nolte accepts the 23 figure, but the Egyptians, pouring salt in the wound, lower the number to four. The Americans, they announce, want to leave behind 15 CIA spies. Finally a figure of six is agreed upon, and the Spanish Embassy consents to serve as go-between in the infuriating expulsion.

All over the country Americans are being rounded up and ordered to leave. Oilmen in the far reaches of the blistering desert, students, missionaries, tourists wandering through the temples at Luxor, bird collectors, beatniks, residents who have spent their lives in Cairo—the dragnet, which continues on through Thursday, is thorough and ruthless. An 82-year-old American woman, Mrs. Helen Van Dyke, is routed from her Cairo home and told to pack her things and report to the Nile Hotel in 15 minutes. "I have lived all my life in Cairo," she begs them. "How can I pack up a lifetime in 15 minutes?" But there is to be no compassion and soon she is led, hobbling with her cane, into the hotel.

An American naval research scientist, who has spent a year patiently trying to develop a vaccine

for spinal meningitis, a disease that killed hundreds of North Africans this very year, is surrounded by machine-gun-wielding troops as he backs his car out of his driveway. He has no time to pack up his precious meningitis specimens and strains. "I was so close," he says, this man who was trying to do something to benefit the Egyptians. But Nasser is insistent on humbling the American imperialist aggressors, and the scientist, too, must go.

Nasser's effort to keep his people misinformed now becomes increasingly absurd. A 15-year-old Alexandria youth is said to have captured six Israeli frogmen. Every Cairo newspaper is filled with amateurish photographs of the boy and Egyptian police pointing to the rocks on the shore where the frogmen were supposed to have been found. There are no pictures of the frogmen themselves but the brave boy will get a savings bond worth about \$20 and a "well-paying" government job.

An Israeli jet screeches low over the heart of Cairo heading for the airport, and a long air raid alert ensues. The ack-ack is loud and close now, and the skies are filled with black and white puffs of smoke. If people wonder how come the Israelis have any planes left to fly over Cairo, the propaganda machine supplies the answer: the Americans are providing a new Israeli airplane for every aircraft bravely shot down by the Egyptians. After another air raid Thursday night, Egyptian security police accuse American journalists of signaling Israeli aircraft by lighting cigarettes on the terraces of their hotel rooms.

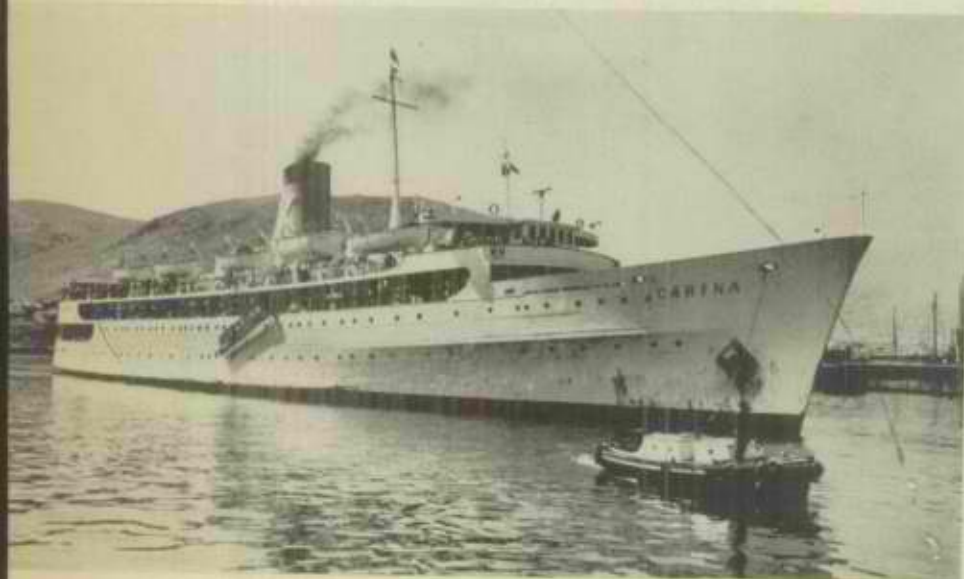
At 11 p.m. comes the startling news—startling to most Egyptians at least—that Egypt is accepting the United Nations cease-fire. Still no word from Nasser himself. He has been strangely silent all week.

Friday. The U.S. Embassy gets word to the American colony that a boat has been chartered and will leave Alexandria on Saturday. The expelled Americans will go to the seaport city by train in the early morning.

For Egyptians, the big news of the day is that Nasser will speak that night. The billboards and banners that cried for war are missing from the city now. Down have come the posters that showed ferocious Egyptian soldiers kicking shriveled-up Jews out of Palestine. Gone are the street-corner effigies of Jews with nooses around their necks. By 7:30, everybody in Cairo has got within earshot of a radio or television set for the big speech. At last the familiar, handsome face appears. Nasser is visibly subdued. The speech is even boring until he almost casually tosses in the news that he is quitting and turning over the reins of state to an unpopular vice president. He asks God's good will and the screen goes dark.

It takes 30 minutes for the stunning development to soak in, and then the noise begins, dull at first, like the rumble of a faraway storm, but building quickly. Soon the entire city is filled with the chant, "Nass-er, Nass-er, Nass-er." It is dark now and the air raid sirens split the roaring mobs. The city is blacked out. Antiaircraft guns blast into the skies for a quarter of an hour. Has Israel violated the cease-fire? Or is Nasser putting on a show for his people? Has everything been pre-arranged—even to the trucks filled with Arab Socialist Union party faithful who head for Nasser's residence and scream their loyalty, begging him to stay on? It would seem so. The resignation, the ack-ack, the black-out, the momentary panic, the hysterical mobs, all of it builds to the inescapable conclusion that only Nasser—the leader, the father figure—could keep the country together.

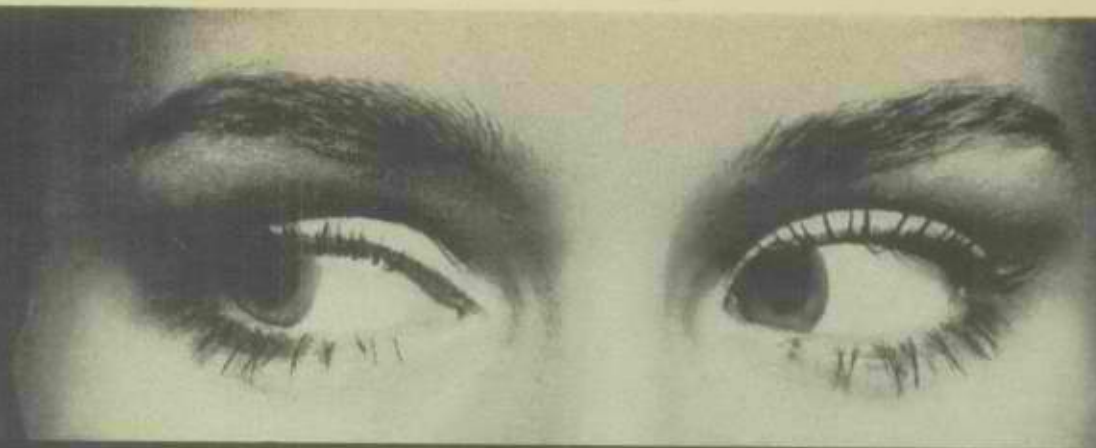
Now the Americans realize they are in genuine danger. The mobs are barely in control. Inside the Nile Hotel confinement center, guards roughly shove everyone into the lobby and keep them there in the pitch black for two hours. Upstairs police comb through the rooms looking for candles or flashlights which might be used to signal Israeli planes. A British woman becomes hysterical. "They're going to kill us all," she moans. Her husband quiets her. But it does seem strange that all these defenseless people should be gathered into one group in an absolutely black chamber. Old hands in the Middle East could recall the



After long hours of harassment by officials, 600 Americans left Egypt aboard Greek ship *Carina*.

CONTINUED

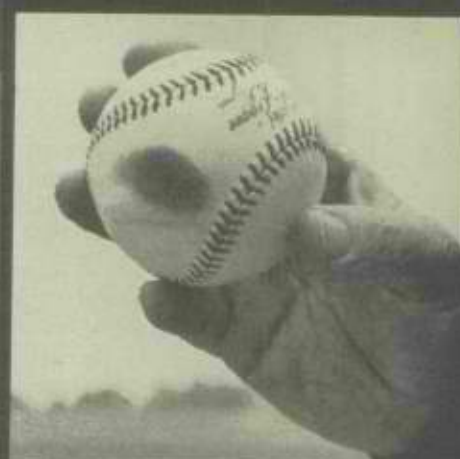
**What kind
of man uses
Vaseline Hair Tonic?**



He's the guest of the manager at the crucial home game. No score, last of the 9th, bases loaded. The batter says the low inside pitch hit him.



The umpire says, "No." He has an idea for the manager. Does an ump ever change a decision? Yes. And here comes the winning run.



His idea worked. He told the manager to look for shoe polish on the ball, which proved it hit the batter's foot.

**The man who knows how to take care of himself
uses Vaseline® Hair Tonic.**



Brings out the male in
your hair...naturally.

the big eye

Television never gets tired. But your eyes do. Take a moment for Murine. Murine relieves, refreshes eye strain caused by too many who-done-its. And now a word from our sponsor:

the next best thing to sleep itself for your eyes



To cap it, 10 hours of outrage

CAIRO DIARY CONTINUED

identical situation during the 1958 upheaval in Iraq, when Americans and other foreigners were herded into a hotel lobby in Baghdad and hacked to death by mobs. If mobs made a similar move against the Nile Hotel, there could be no stopping them.

Finally, at midnight, the Americans are allowed to go to their rooms and attempt to sleep, but sleep comes hard. Even with the shutters closed and the doors locked, the sounds of the mobs roaming the city come through. In the Nile Hilton a few blocks away, a young Texas oilman is beaten and kicked because he went to the aid of a British friend who was being pummeled by security guards for lighting a cigaret and "signaling."

In the moments after midnight the American Embassy is informed by the Egyptian security forces that it is "too dangerous" for the American evacuees to wait until the morning to go to Alexandria. The move must be made now—in the middle of the night—or else safety cannot be assured. Telephone calls go out all over Cairo informing Americans to come to the railroad station immediately. Some Americans who had felt they would be allowed to stay are told permission has been denied. There is no time to pack, no time to gather personal effects, baby albums, the things that every family has and cherishes. One man leaves a priceless collection of Egyptian and Oriental art in the Nile Hotel.

The Americans are jammed brusquely into stuffy trucks, the kind used for prisoners. Comments are made about how people must have felt on their way to Auschwitz. Some people vomit. Some faint. But at the station there is a surprise. Instead of one of the tumble-down trains that rattle along the Egyptian countryside, a sleek, air-conditioned train is waiting. The Americans pile onto it with relief.

At little villages along the way, small crowds of Arabs gather in the early dawn. They take off their shoes and wave the soles at the passing train. It is their maximum insult: the object of their scorn is lower than the soles of their shoes. At Alexandria, long lines of police with rifles and machine guns form

a path to the customs house. The U.S. Embassy has been informed that the Egyptian government will relax its customs requirements and make the exit a quick one. But this will not be so.

For the next 10 hours, the 600 American expellees are subjected to shocking and cruel harassment, scorn and even thievery. There are no porters to help with the baggage and people have to lug their hastily packed suitcases into the customs hall where inspectors paw over them ruthlessly. All film is confiscated. The Egyptians seem almost pathologically frightened that photos of their war might get out. One man nearly weeps as inspectors seize 30 rolls of movie film he has taken on a world tour. "It's not political," he pleads. A CBS television man, angered that his unexposed film is being taken along with his exposed footage, begins ripping the film out of its container and ruining it before the Egyptians can grab it. Company documents are grabbed, irreplaceable papers lost. Thousands of dollars worth of American and Egyptian money is "put into custody." One woman has to surrender \$200 and is told that the amount is being marked down on a customs declaration and that it will be returned. A few hours later she is told the form has been lost. Therefore, no restitution is possible.

Wallets and ladies' purses are meticulously gone through. A few victims are made to strip. The official explanation for the seizure of money is that it is forbidden to take Egyptian currency out of the country—or American money either, for that matter—unless the owner can produce a certain form he was given when he first entered Egypt. But most of the expellees, some of whom had lived in Egypt for many years, have long ago lost this document.

"We'll never get it back," said one woman who was relieved of \$150. "But I don't care about that. What will happen to my furniture and clothes? I only had time to pack one suitcase."

The agony of customs goes on

and on. There is no food or water. A promoter appears with hot Coca-Colas which he sells for prices ranging from 25¢ to 50¢. But few Americans still have any money. The one toilet is unspeakably filthy. Everywhere there are guards with machine guns roaming through the crowds. A man collapses with a perforated ulcer and is put on a hard bench while an Egyptian doctor is summoned. After 45 minutes, when no doctor has come, he is taken to the Alexandria Hospital. His condition is grave.

At 4 p.m. the chartered Greek ship *Carina* arrives and Americans are permitted to board, once again passing through the files of surly troops armed with submachine guns. In a nearby berth they can see former King Farouk's yacht, now reserved for Nasser. It gleams white and gold. The Egyptians again refuse to let porters help with luggage, so the American men form a long human chain, wasting another hour getting the bags aboard. Eventually, almost 600 people crowd onto a ship built for 400. The Egyptians give the *Carina* only 4,000 tons of water, although they normally would allow it 24,000 tons. The official explanation is that there is a water shortage.

At 5:30 the ship sails out of the fabled harbor of Alexandria, accompanied by Russian-made Egyptian submarines and patrol boats carrying police who study the ship through binoculars. If anyone tries to take a photograph, the Egyptians have warned, the *Carina* will be stopped and the person arrested. The boats follow the *Carina* out onto the high seas until an American cruiser appears as an escort.

There are not enough beds. Many have to sleep in deck chairs and on the floor. There are long lines to eat dinner. With 130 Texas oilmen aboard, the bar quickly runs out of drink. But none of this matters. The ordeal of the long week of the short war is over at last.

Crowded on board *Carina* with inadequate cabin space and water, Americans sailed from Egypt escorted by Russian-built subs.





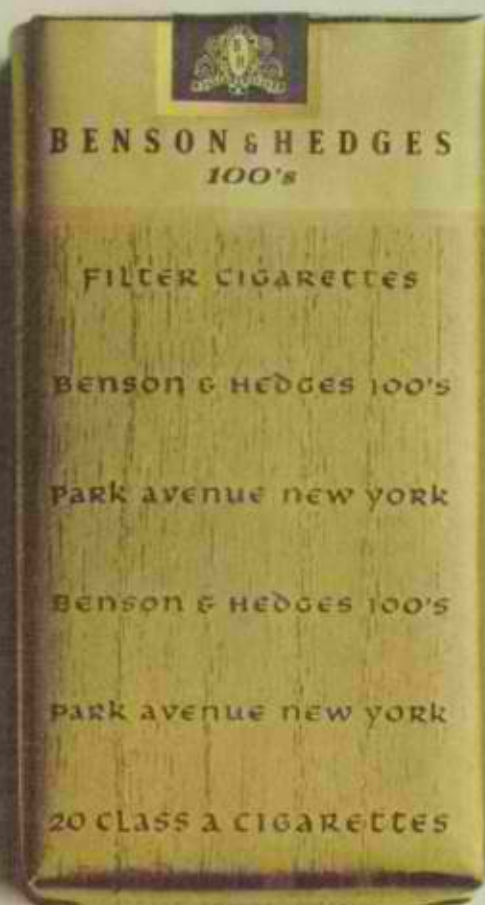
The Smooth Canadian sends off daughters in style.
V.O. has become the fashionable thing at weddings. That's because it does
what no other whisky can—defines smooth once and for all. Light? Of course.
And any father-of-the-bride who knows all this—is surely gaining a son.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES, SIX YEARS OLD, 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.



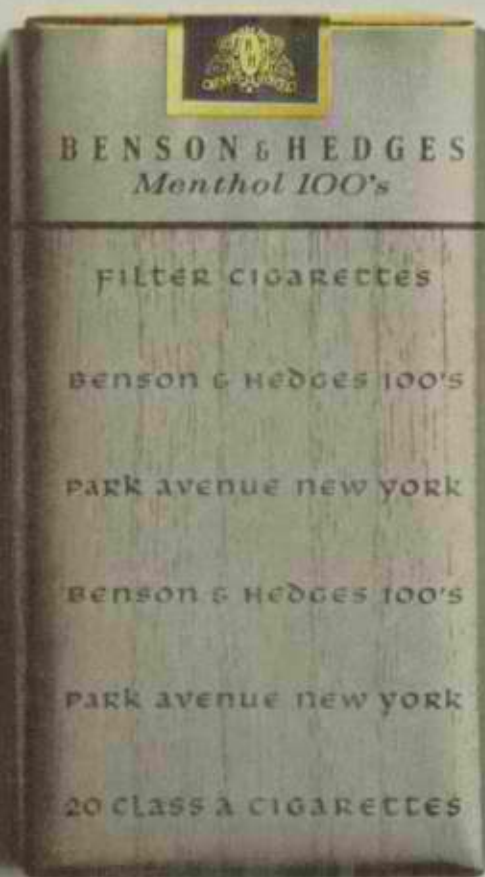
Known by the
company it keeps
Seagram's
Canadian

V.O.



New Benson & Hedges 100's
are a lot longer than king size.
That's a good idea.

a good idea

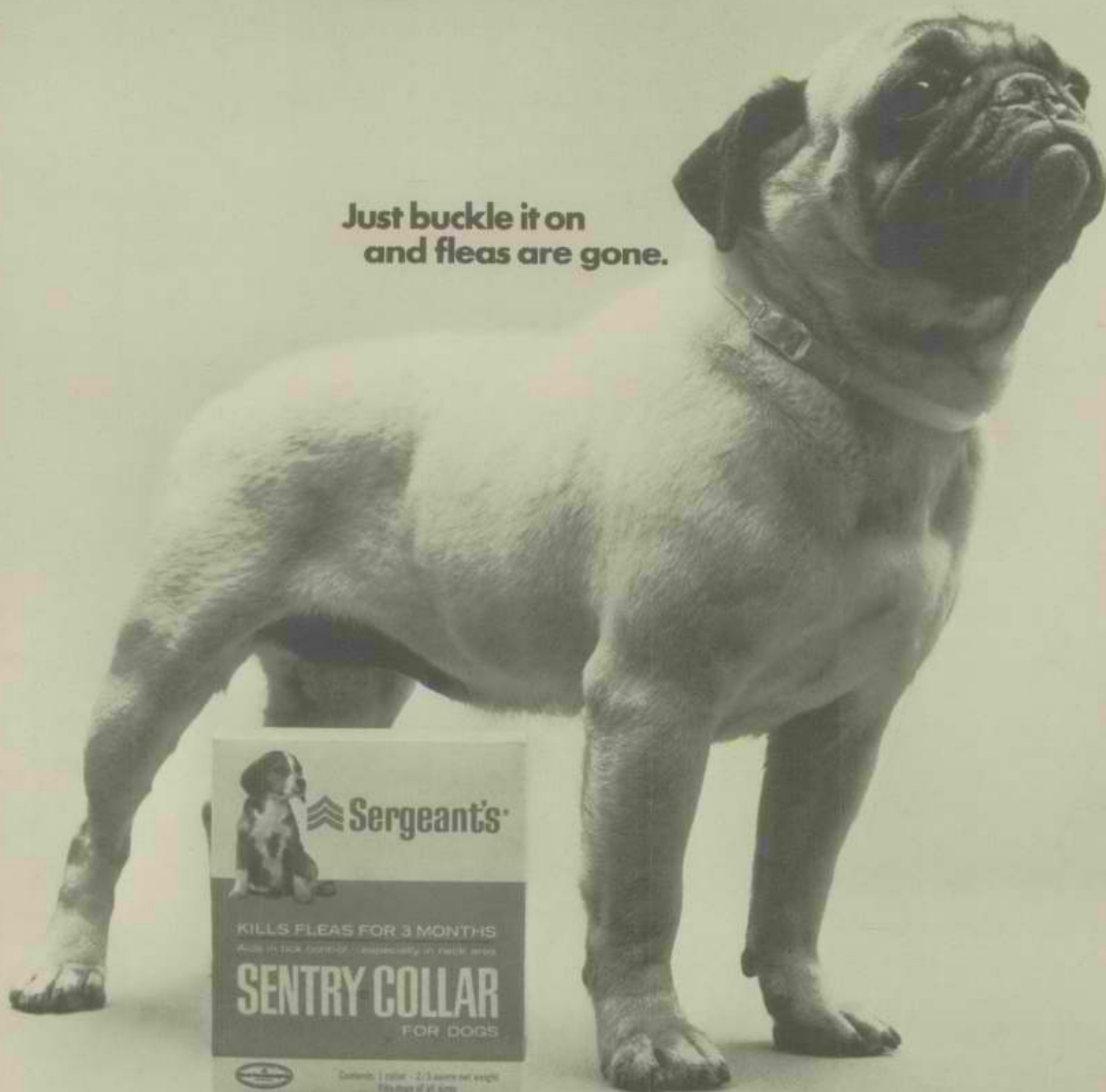


New Benson & Hedges 100's menthols
are a lot longer than king size menthols.
And that's a good idea, too.

is a good idea

Last summer, 2,000,000 dogs wore Sentry® Collars. Instead of fleas.

Just buckle it on
and fleas are gone.



The Sentry Collar is guaranteed to start killing fleas the moment you put it on. And it keeps killing them for three full months. Or your money back. Ticks take a little longer, but will usually be dead in 1 to 5 days. That's what veterinarians, breeders, boarders, handlers and millions of dog owners tell us. Sergeant's® Sentry Collar for Dogs, the only collar proven by 2,000,000 dogs, is now at drug and pet counters.

Also available in Canada.

LIFE

Vol. 62, No. 26 June 30, 1967

Sightseers Looking for an Argument

PEARL ST

In New York to press the Arab case against Israel at the U.N., Russia's Premier Aleksei Kosygin (center) went on a tour of the city. His ambassador to the U.S., Anatoly Dobrynin, points out the sights on Wall Street.



Speaking in a low, monotonous voice, Premier Kosygin told an emergency session of the United Nations that Israel should be condemned. During Abba Eban's reply he left.

Argument Indeed: Soviet

In the wake of the war, as Arab soldiers and refugees made their way from the scenes of defeat, the Soviet Union came to the U.N. to recapture the face it had lost in the Mideast. Premier Aleksei Kosygin arrived at the head of a 66-man delegation in an argumentative mood and soon found a taker in Israel's Abba Eban. Kosygin let fly at Israel and its "imperialist" backers (i.e., Britain and the U.S.) in an uncompromising speech to the General Assembly (excerpted below). He sought Assembly approval for a resolution that would condemn Israel as sole aggressor in the Mideast conflict. Kosygin wanted

Premier Kosygin

The Soviet Union does not recognize the territorial seizures of Israel and "will undertake all measures within its power" both inside and outside the U.N. to eliminate "the consequences of aggression." The Israelis are guilty of "unprecedented perfidy" for "unleashing the war" only hours after their government was "spreading profuse assurances of its peaceful intentions." Once war began, Israel arrogantly ignored the demands of the Security Council for an immediate cease-fire and continued to bomb "peaceful Arab towns."

Israeli "atrocities and violence" bring to mind "the heinous crimes perpetrated by the fascists during World War II." Israeli troops are burning villages, destroying hospitals and killing prisoners of war—"even women and children." The General Assembly must condemn Israel's "aggressive actions" and force her to withdraw from all conquered territory, return captured matériel and "restitute in full" damages suffered by the Arabs.



Accompanied by Soviet Ambassador Dobrynin,

Attack, Israeli Retort

—as U.S. Ambassador Goldberg put it—to “run the film backwards” by forcing Israel to pull back at once to prewar borders, and even pay reparations to the Arabs. Foreign Minister Eban delivered a spirited defense (*below*) that went past rebuttal to blame Russia with helping set off the war.

Meanwhile, in Washington, President Johnson offered a moderate U.S. plan that would guarantee Israel's security and alleviate the now even more serious Arab refugee problem. He got a chance to discuss it with Kosygin when—after days of negotiation—the two men agreed to get together in Glassboro, N. J.

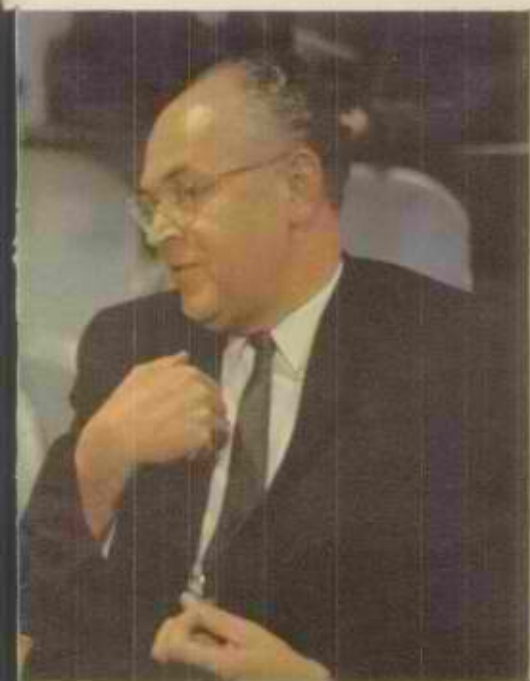
Foreign Minister Eban

Israel's choice was clear—“to live or perish, to defend the national existence or to forfeit it for all time.” The war actually began with Nasser's “blatant decision” to close the Strait of Tiran. “There is no difference . . . between murdering a man by slow strangulation or killing him by a shot in the head.”

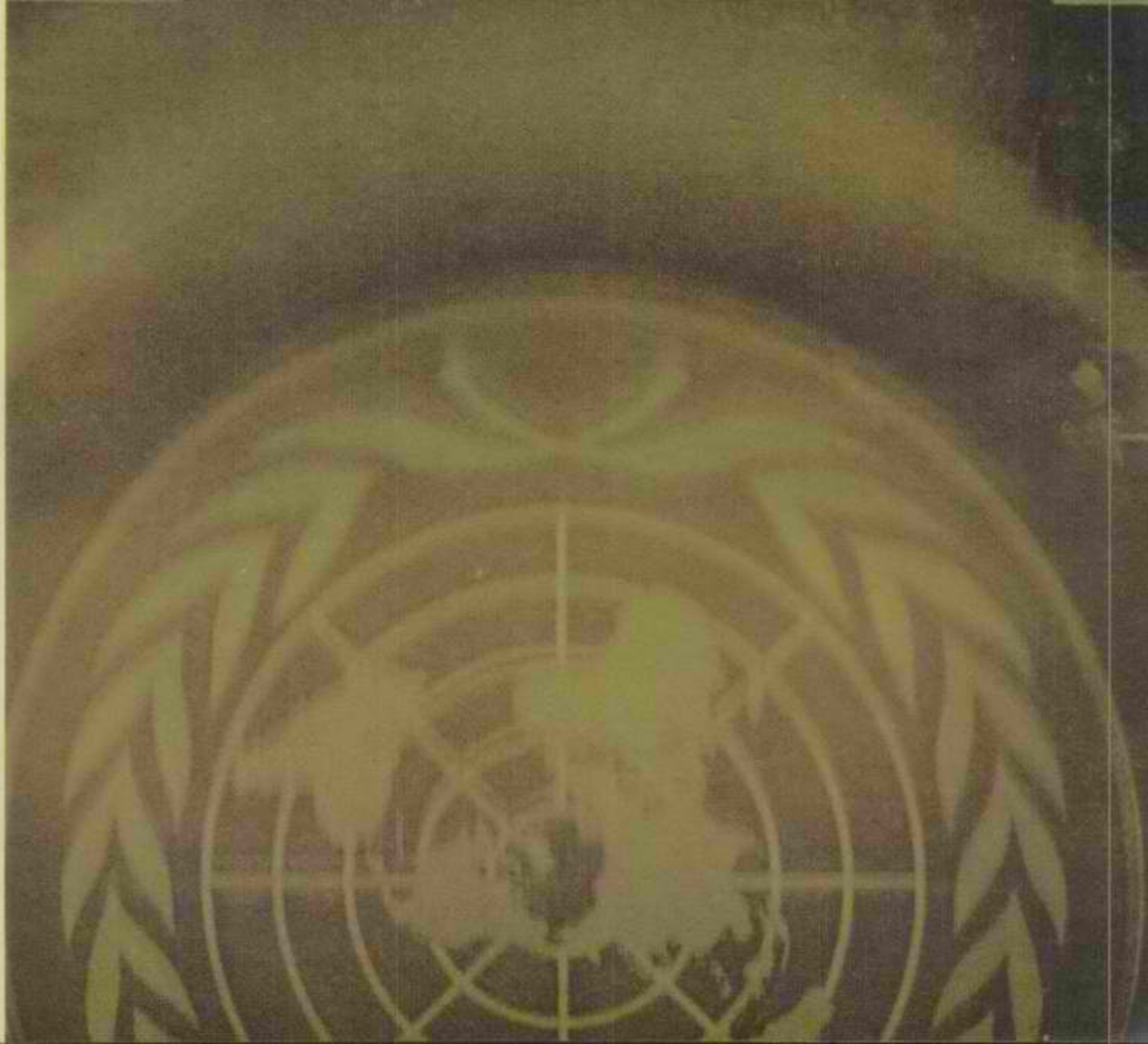
Russia comes to the U.N. “not as a judge or as a prosecutor, but rather as a legitimate object of international criticism.” It is guilty of inflaming passions in a Middle East “already too hot with tension,” by feeding the arms race and spreading false propaganda. The U.S.S.R. makes the “obscene comparison” of Israeli troops with German Nazis. But “our nation never compromised with Hitler . . . as did the U.S.S.R. in 1939.”

An Israeli pullback is “totally unacceptable” until after “durable and just solutions” are negotiated. The Arab states “have come face to face with us in conflict; let them now come face to face with us in peace.”

Rebutting Kosygin, Israeli Foreign Minister Abba Eban eloquently accused Russia of aiding Arabs. Then he called for United Nations help to produce a permanent Middle East peace.



Kosygin's daughter Lyudmila attended debate



Russian Gifts Gone to Waste





According to Abba Eban's U.N. speech, Soviet military hardware worth an estimated \$2 billion was abandoned in Sinai. Much of it now is just burned-out debris, but enough to equip a small army was captured undamaged by the Israelis, including the most advanced MiG-21 fighters and late-model T-55 tanks. The most amazing booty of all, left behind by Egyptian troops in the Sinai desert, was an entire missile site (*left and below*) meant to guard the Suez Canal's southern entrance. The deserted base had radar guidance equipment and intact SA-2 Soviet surface-to-air missiles—identical to those used against U.S. aircraft in North Vietnam—ready for launching in protected revetments. The U.S.S.R. has already started to rebuild Arab military strength. Some 100 MiG fighters have been sent in crates to Egypt, and when President Nikolai Podgorny went to Cairo to confer with Nasser last week, he took along the Soviet chief of staff.





Arab Stragglers on the Sinai Sands

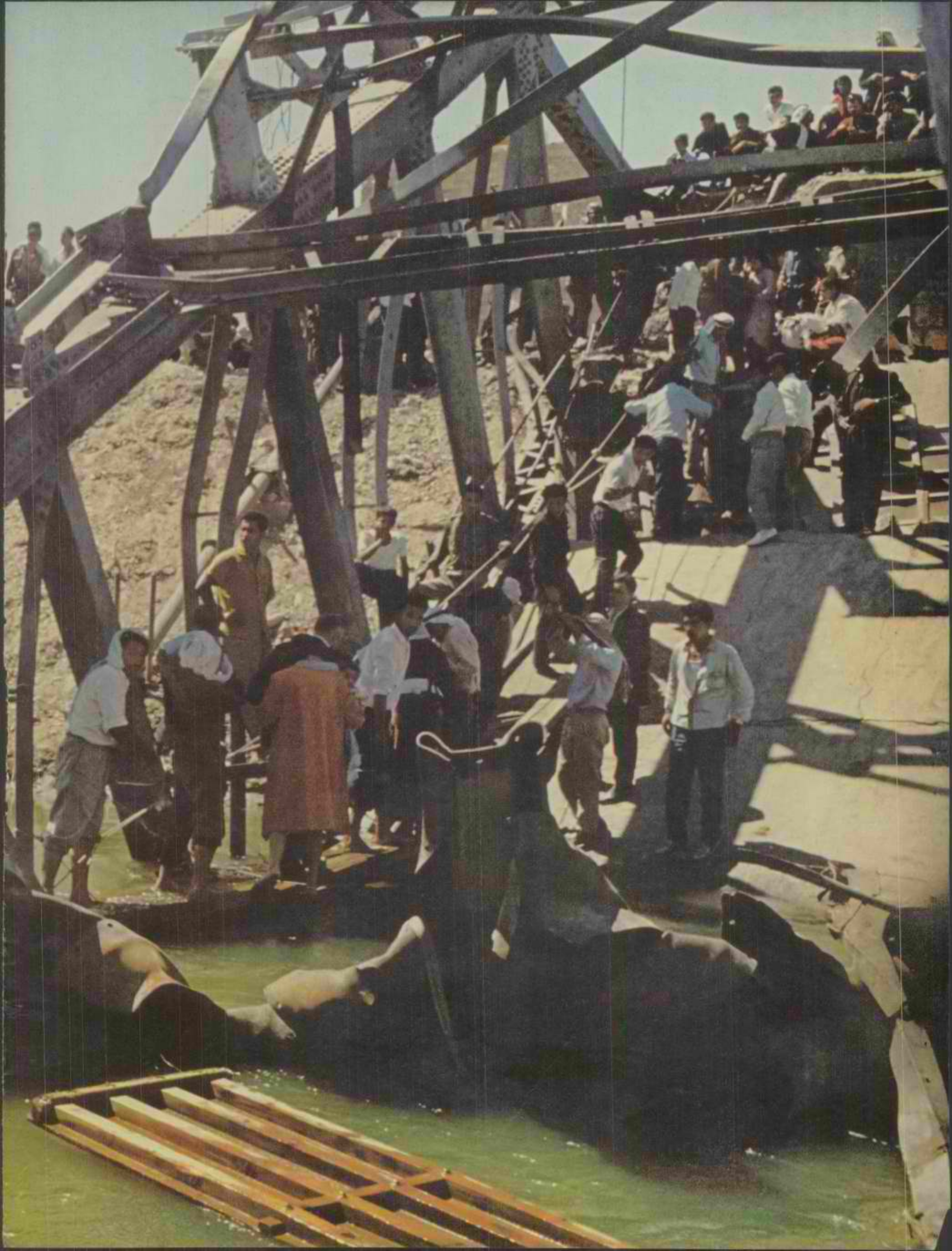


On wheels, nothing moves that is not Israeli in the vast Sinai desert. The virtual demolition by Israel's French-made jets of several thousand Egyptian army tanks, half-tracks and trucks stranded the defeated Arabs on foot. Parched, sun-scarred stragglers who once were soldiers limped across 150 miles of dunes toward the waters of the Suez Canal. Many had feet bandaged in rags to protect them from the fiery sands. At El Qan-

tara, on the canal's eastern shore (above), prisoners awaited the ferries to carry them across to the Egyptian-occupied bank. Israeli troops provided ambulances and medical aid, and the International Red Cross chartered planes to fly nearly 100 of the most seriously wounded to Cairo. With thousands of Egyptian troops already repatriated, Israel offered to exchange 4,500 more for the nine Israeli soldiers said to be held in Egypt.

Arab refugees, holding infants and bundles, inched their way across the Jordan River on blown-up Allenby Bridge at Jericho to reach Jordanian-held territory on the east bank.





In the Gaza, refugee roundup

Routed at dawn by gunfire into the air, all males over 16 in the Arab refugee settlement of Jabaliya in the Gaza Strip are herded by Israeli troops into a sandy square to be screened for weapons and Egyptian affiliation. Having fled from what is now Israeli territory over the last 20 years, most of the refugees are violently anti-Israeli. They are one of the major problems the Israelis face in bringing the situation back to normal in captured areas.







A quiet New Jersey college town 15 miles southeast of Philadelphia, Glassboro's main intersection (*above*) is dominated by a stone masonry Municipal Building. Many of the town's

12,000 inhabitants turned out to see the leaders of the world's two greatest powers. The biggest crowd (*below*) gathered across from the house where the summit meeting was being held.

Surprise Summit,

Never in the annals of summit meetings had there been one like this. There, in the borrowed house in Glassboro, N.J., was President Johnson, ready to receive Aleksei Kosygin, while townspeople waited outside to welcome the Soviet premier like the honor guest at a Fourth of July picnic.

The unlikely locale was the result of three days of intensive, protocol-hampered negotiations. Finally the negotiators agreed on the need for a neutral meeting point midway between the White

House and the Soviet U.N. Mission in Manhattan. Asked to suggest a suitable facility in the area, New Jersey Governor Richard J. Hughes came up with the quiet little campus of Glassboro State College. Dr. Thomas Robinson, president of the college, learned only the night before that the summit was to take place in his own living room.

The conference was a surprise not only to Glassboro but also to the world, which had hoped and half expected that Johnson and



and the World Comes to Glassboro

Kosygin would get together but thought that their meeting would consist of little more than small talk. Instead of the planned two hours, however, the conversation went on for five hours and 20 minutes and embraced the greatest issues dividing the world, from the Middle East to Vietnam and the need for a treaty to control the spread of nuclear weapons. And because even more remained to be said, a second conference was called for the weekend—at the familiar summit town of Glassboro.



Before Kosygin's arrival, the U.S. team conferred on the screened porch of College President Robinson's house (above). His back to the camera, U.S. Ambassador to Moscow Llewellyn Thompson is speaking to the Presi-

dent, Secretary of State Dean Rusk is partly hidden beyond Thompson, while Presidential Adviser McGeorge Bundy and Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara are at right. Soon after, standing on the front steps (left),

Johnson, Rusk and McNamara await the coming of the Russians—who were by that time 20 minutes late. The Soviet delegation came by car from New York; the Americans flew by jet and helicopter from Washington.

At the luncheon break Kosygin samples a shrimp cocktail. Luncheon for 17 was catered from Washington and served on White House silver by Filipino stewards loaned by the U.S. Navy. The menu included a Russian favorite, rice pilaf, and U.S. roast beef. To prepare Holly Bush, the 14-room Robinson home, for the onrush of VIPs, workers overnight installed 15 window air-conditioning units, a new dishwasher, a stove and refrigerator, a dining table built of raw lumber (and covered by a linen tablecloth) and 12 phone cables, including the U.S. end of the Washington-to-Moscow hot line. In early morning a crew of U.S. Secret Service agents subjected the house to a painstaking search for "irregularities." President Johnson and Premier Kosygin met privately for two long sessions before and after lunch. Accompanied only by their interpreters, they sat together in a small room normally used by the college president as a study.



Two Long Talks, Then Adios



A convoy of buses, Jeeps and old U.S. tanks

LURIE CONTINUED

suffered dead and wounded from direct hits. Personally, I had a problem because two days before the war started I was called with the commanders of other units and given some very quick anti-gas warfare training. I must say that we were not prepared for such a thing. We were told not to inform the soldiers of the possibility of a gas attack because there was no equipment and, therefore, it was useless to create panic. My orders were that the moment I saw gas striking my unit, I was to inform headquarters so that perhaps other units could be saved from it. During the shelling I had to take risks to see if there was any evidence of gas coming out of the shells. Fortunately there was none.

By radio we could detect Russian voices directing the Arab artillery. The first Russian voice was that of a woman, and when I heard it I assigned a Russian-speaking soldier to the radio unit to intercept and translate the Russian commands. We believe that the Russians directing the fire were with the Iraqi brigade facing us.

We were all very tense at first. The Israeli radio broadcasts did not give out any real information because they wanted to keep the Egyptians in the dark. But early that first afternoon I received a notice from Intelligence saying that 180 Egyptian planes had been destroyed. And then I felt all choked up as I realized we already had won the war. I

yelled: "Men, half the Egyptian air force is gone!" That was a fantastic moment.

On Tuesday night one of our companies was ordered to capture a small village called Shuweika, just north of Tulkarm. I personally was very hurt that I didn't have the honor of taking the first Arab hill. But the next morning all the majors and captains were called to headquarters for further orders, and it was announced that we were going to infiltrate into the very depths of Jordan and that I would lead this infiltration. To transport my unit, we assembled a very peculiar-looking column of tourist buses that normally took sightseers around Israel. Accompanying them were a few Jeeps and four old American tanks that had been converted into very efficient modern tanks by putting new guns and armor on the bodies.

Our job at the first stage was to capture Tulkarm and a small town, Dannaba, just to the east. There was very poor resistance, but at one point a civilian car rushed toward us and opened fire. It was stopped and the three men inside were killed. We discovered that the car was full of cigarets. We could not decide whether the men were smugglers or whether they were supplying the Arab Legion with cigarets.

After capturing Tulkarm without trouble, we started down the main road to Nablus, which is the second largest city, next to Jerusalem, on the western bank of the Jordan.

As we advanced toward Nablus, I got a very terse and urgent order on the wireless to capture a road junction by the name of Ramin, about 10 miles away. The battalion commander said, "I

don't care how you reach this place but you have to get there. As long as I get one Israeli soldier there it's okay. But we have to be there."

I ordered two Jeeps and two tanks to create an advance column. I jumped into one of the Jeeps and we raced forward very fast. We soon lost contact with the main unit and just started driving deeper into Jordan. Suddenly I spotted something very exciting on my right—about 50 meters away. It was a column of about 20 to 25 Arab Legionnaires marching slowly, with their weapons and steel helmets, toward the east. I stopped the Jeeps when I realized that the tanks were no longer with me because we had been going so fast. For a second I waited, and then I ordered my soldiers to charge. We left the Jeeps and rushed toward the Arab Legion, yelling and shooting like mad. I realized with a shock that there were actually only four soldiers with me because that's all I had in the Jeeps. But we were shouting as though we were 20 instead of four.

When the column of Arab soldiers saw us, they looked as if they were haunted for a moment, and then all of them turned and started to run. We fired at them and continued to pursue them until they disappeared in the bushes. Eventually they gave themselves up to the main task force which followed. Five of the soldiers were wounded in their behinds by our bullets.

After we lost track of the famous Arab Legion, we returned to our Jeeps and pushed on. As we drove into the large village of Anabta, we saw two soldiers of the Arab Legion standing guard behind the police station. They were very surprised when they received our first round of bullets. One of them fell right away. The other rushed off and disappeared. We drove down a narrow street with very high buildings on both sides, and I felt very small with my two little Jeeps. But the order was to reach the important junction as fast as possible. Soon the two tanks caught up with me and made enough chaos to make sure that the Arabs knew that we had arrived. We passed through the silent village without a shot fired.

Beyond the village I realized that again our two Jeeps were alone. One of the tanks was having mechanical trouble, and the other was just too slow. In an olive grove close to the road we

spotted some Arabs, all armed with the Swedish-made submachine guns used by the Egyptians. The arms could mean only one of two things: either they were *fedayeen*, holy warriors in some kind of suicide squads whose job was to create terror in Israel, or they were members of commando battalions that had been sent to Jordan from Egypt a few days before. They grabbed their submachine guns and we grabbed ours. They were killed within a short time. We pushed forward without incident to the junction of Ramin, and within an hour the main task force caught up with us.

The next day, June 8, we moved from the road junction into Nablus. Another unit from the north had already reached the city. The Arabs in Nablus had been expecting the Iraqi relief forces to come to their aid. When they first saw the Israeli tanks, they were sure that the Iraqi troops had arrived. The tank battalion commander was amazed to be greeted by a cheering mob. The women of Nablus kissed him and he exclaimed, "Well, you know, maybe the Arabs are not so bad after all!" Then, to their horror, the people found out that the soldiers were Israeli. They rushed into their houses and the streets of Nablus suddenly became very quiet.

The reason my unit was able to penetrate so easily all the way to Nablus, we discovered afterwards, was that a Jordanian column of about 30 American-made tanks had been smashed into bits outside Nablus by our air force. It was a terrible sight to see what had happened to those tanks, but when I thought what would have happened if those tanks had faced my Jeeps and my two tanks, I wasn't so very sorry.

After another two days of occupying Nablus, we left the place to units with older personnel. I was sent to Burqa, north of Nablus, to act as military governor of a number of very small towns and villages on the western bank of the Jordan. Then on Sunday, June 11, the brigade commander invited me for a cup of coffee and said, "Raanan, it was very nice of you to come all the way from Canada and to do all this combat. What can we do for you now?" And I told him, "What you can do for me now is let me go back and see my wife and children."

And so, less than three weeks after I left for the war I was back in Montreal.

Major Lurie rides hood of Jeep while leading his company spearhead during drive into Jordan. This unit consisted of two Jeeps and two tanks.



An Israeli artist tells how he answered the call to arms —from Expo 67

Among the miracles of efficiency of the Israeli victory was the way the army reservists sped to their duty. They left jobs and homes by truck, bus, taxi, car and plane and joined their units ready for battle. Perhaps the most distant reservist to respond to the emergency was Raanan Lurie, a 35-year-old portrait painter who is a major in the Israeli infantry. Lurie traveled nearly 6,000 miles from Montreal to defend his homeland. Here is his story.

I had just opened a one-man show at Expo 67 when the crisis came. It was an exhibition of my portraits of Israeli people, among them President Shazar and Premier Eshkol. I had also painted portraits of General Moshe Dayan and General Itzhak Rabin, and if I had known what was going to happen, I probably would have put them in the exhibition as well. President Shazar officially opened my exhibition at the Israeli Pavilion on May 23—and four days later I left Montreal for New York and Israel.

Before making my decision to go back, I called our military attaché in Washington, General Joseph Geva, who is a personal friend of mine, and asked him what he thought. He said, "Raanan, officially no one has called me, but personally I think it is very grave." So I knew then that I had to go to Israel and take the chance of nothing happening. But if there should be a war and I did not take part in it and do what I could for Israel, I just would not be able to face the eyes of my friends and my children. I must say that at the time it seemed so foreboding that whenever I passed a synagogue I said, "Thank you very much for my wife and children staying in Montreal and not having to face the potential chaos in Israel."

As I prepared to leave Montreal, I found I had some transportation problems because of Expo. It was practically impossible to get a reservation on the commercial planes to New York. So Mr. Sam Bronfman, president of Seagrams Ltd. in Canada, offered his private plane to take me from



Raanan Lurie, as combat officer (left) and portrait painter (above), grew beard during the recent war. He first served in Israeli army in 1948 at age 16, has been paratrooper and infantryman in the reserves ever since.

A Major's Long Ride to a Short War

Montreal to New York. Few warriors ever went to their wars in such a convenient and comfortable way as I did. From New York I continued on an Olympic Airways plane to Lydda in Israel.

When I arrived at the airport on the morning of May 29, I saw how Lydda had changed—antiaircraft guns all around and panicky tourists crowding the airport to leave. I was the only passenger on the flight who was going to Israel, and they had to find someone at the airport to take me through customs. A Jeep and a driver sent by my unit were already waiting for me with all my equipment—my uniform, my gun, everything. Three hours after I landed I was in the trenches facing the Jordanian border. I know this sounds dramatic, but one of the nicest moments in my life was facing my company. When they saw me, there was full compensation, in their grins and hellos, for the inconvenience I had had.

It's a first-class infantry company, a reserve unit made up of exparatroopers and young students as well. Some of them are neighbors from my home town of

Herzliya. I had trained them for about six years, preparing them for the possibility of another war. I was quite curious to see how they would behave and how fruitful all this training would be.

The mission of our brigade was to stop the penetration of the Jordanian and Iraqi armies into the bottleneck of Israel and prevent them from cutting the country in half. The bottleneck is the narrowest part of Israel, only 11 miles from the Jordanian border to the Mediterranean Sea. During the week before the war we dug in deep, very deep, in the rocky earth just across the border from Tulkarm, an Arab city on the Jordanian side. We got very strict orders to stay in our trenches and stop the Arab tanks at all costs. We were told that all the pressure of the Israeli army was directed towards the south and that we just could not expect any help.

I'm afraid I gave my soldiers a rough time while we were digging in, but after the shelling started the soldiers—some of them fathers of three and four children—were most grateful to us for bully-

ing them and pulling them so deep into the ground. Although we had a very severe barrage, my company didn't suffer any casualties.

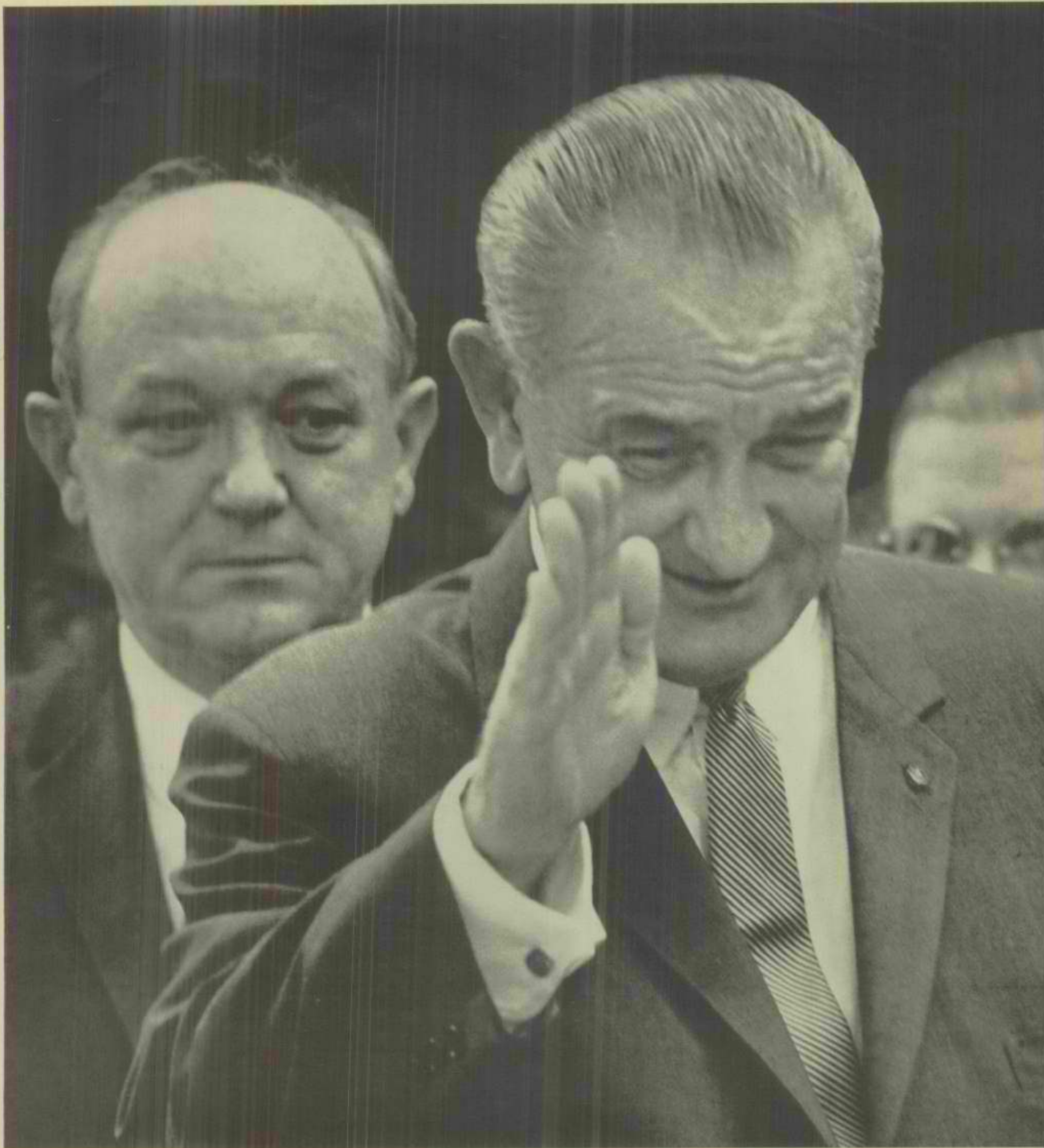
The real thing started on Monday morning, June 5—a week after I landed in Israel. We in the trenches received the news at 8:10 in the morning, when we heard a woman radio commentator announce in a very excited and trembling voice that very severe fighting was going on between the Israeli and the Egyptian air forces and armored units. I could see the *fellahin* [peasants] working in the fields between us and Tulkarm. I knew that as long as the *fellahin* were there, there would be no war for us. But within half an hour trucks came and collected all the peasants—and 15 minutes later we had our first rounds of shelling. They used 81-mm and 120-mm mortars and howitzers. Of course, our guns replied immediately and, if I may say so, we celebrated the beginning of the war with this barrage.

We were dug in so deep we felt safe after the shelling started, although companies on our right and left, also well entrenched,

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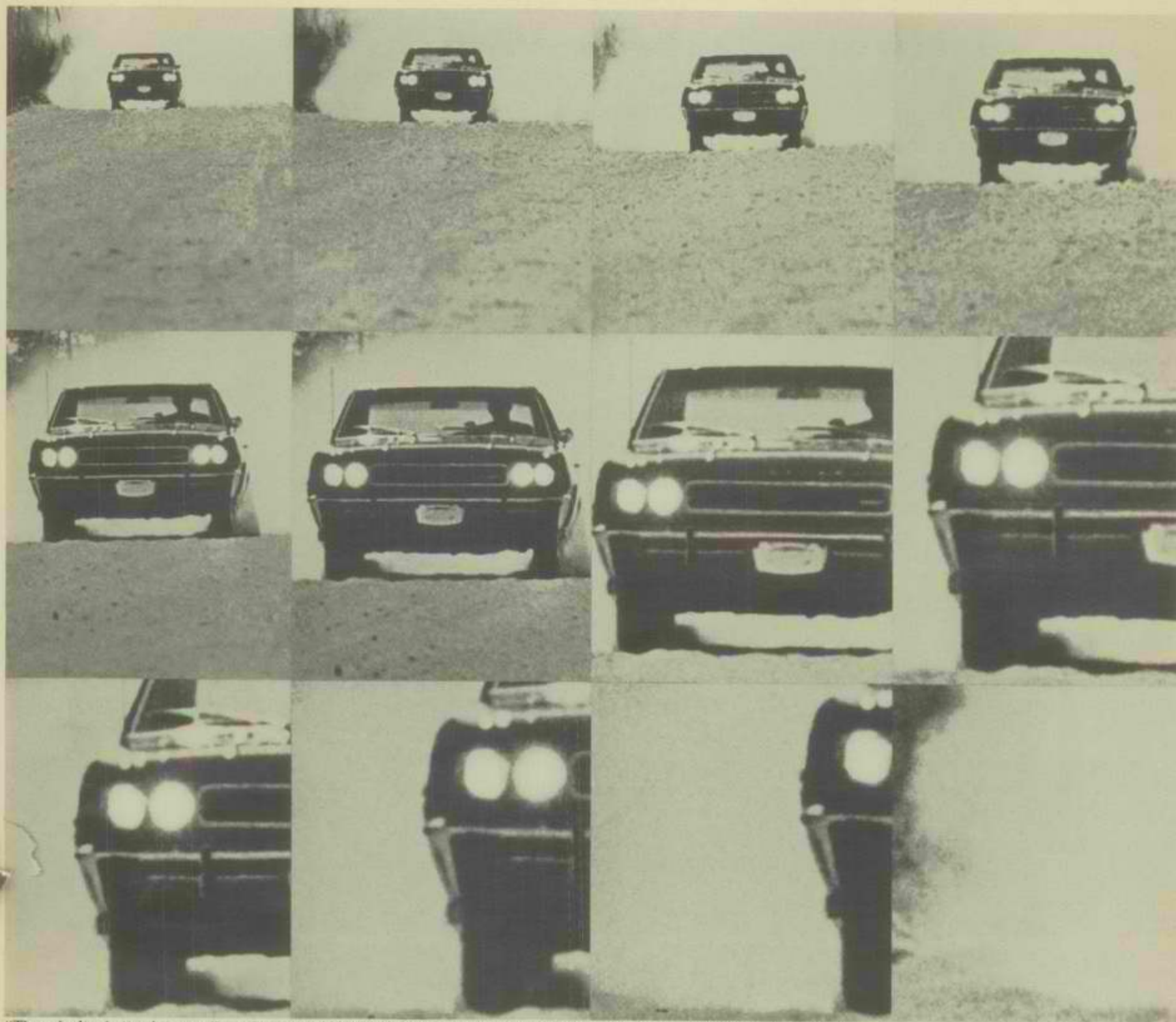
After seeing off Kosygin, President Johnson lingered to shake a few Glassboro hands—and beamed with delight when someone in the crowd passed up the scribbled note “Congratulations, Grandpa!” His first grandchild, Patrick Lyndon Nugent, was born in midweek to his daughter Luci in Austin, Texas. Then he flew to the West Coast, where he told a Los Angeles audience that Kosygin “has been a grandfather longer than I have—and he and I agreed that we wanted a world of peace for our grandchildren.”



Emerging from their conference, the statesmen appeared briefly at a lectern outside the Robinson house (*left*) for the classic show of amiability. At far left, Soviet Ambassador to the U.S.

Anatoly Dobrynin holds a briefcase. Behind him is Llewellyn Thompson. Secretary McNamara is between Kosygin and Johnson. Above, the President waves adios as Kosygin departs.

After a few yards the Soviet premier ordered his car stopped, jumped out and announced to the crowd: "I can assure you we want nothing but peace with the American people."



"There isn't a better intermediate size car sold in the United States than the 1967 Rebel"—Tom McCahill, *Mechanix Illustrated*.

Rebel SST. If you think the performance is surprising, wait'll you see the price.

Tom McCahill road-tested Rebel. When he wrote up the results in *Mechanix Illustrated*, he said, "There isn't a better intermediate size car sold in the United States." He was surprised to find that "in roadability and performance it would top most of the newer specialty cars."

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NATURE

Noble Zoo of the 'Mad Marquess'

"The Mad Marquess of Bath," his countrymen call this elegant nobleman descending the grand staircase of his ancestral estate in the company of an adoring friend. And in truth, his choice of company is odd. The marquess, whose family line is roughly as distinguished and venerable as Westminster Abbey, and whose 130-room, 400-year-old ancestral home, Longleat, is one of England's grandest and most treasured, has turned 50 lions loose to romp on the hallowed grounds. Not to mention hippos and chimpanzees also galumphing around. The *Times* of London thundered, "This is one of the most fantastically unsuitable uses for a stretch of England's green and pleasant land that can ever have entered the head of a noble proprietor." But some 5,000 people pay up to a pound each to view the private zoo every weekend, and the noble proprietorship of Longleat, which only a year ago was threatened by taxes, is now assured—perhaps for another 400 years.



The tame 18-month-old lion looking adoringly at the marquess (*above*) lives in a garage on the estate. Along with the rest of the Longleat lions, he figures in the current film *Casino Royale*. The marquess also keeps hippos; at left, he is astraddle Manfred, one of three he owns.



Oblivious to passing traffic, cats pursue the hands that feed them (above and below), loping about the grounds behind trucks—driven by gamekeepers the marquess calls white hunters—that carry meals to feeding areas. Visitors may drive directly on to the grounds and join the fun; they are told to stay in their cars, however, and to keep their windows rolled up. The one rival in popularity

the lions have locally is the marquess himself, who spends a part of each day signing autographs (left). The lions have been at Longleat since early 1966. Though they run free, they are well fed and therefore not aggressive. Enclosed within 97 acres of the 7,000-acre estate by a 14-foot wire fence, they have done no more damage than make off with an occasional windshield wiper from a parked car.

Lions with a taste for windshield wipers



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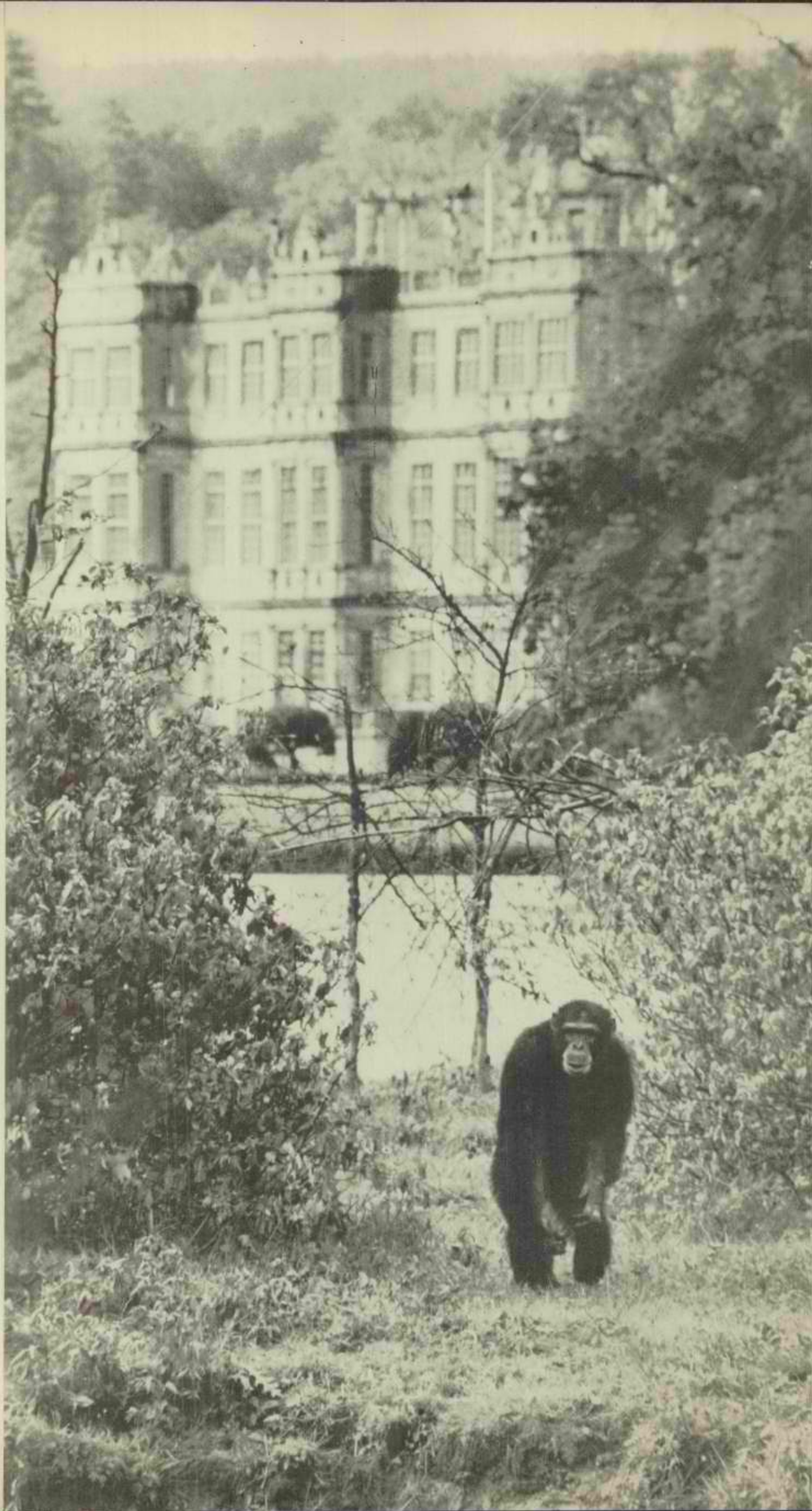
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You get more tire at Sears.



PRIVATE ZOO
CONTINUED

One of the five chimpanzees which the marquess installed at Longleat cavorts against a backdrop that was once the playground of nobility. The chimps are a relatively recent addition to the grounds. Since adults of the species are considered more likely to attack humans than the lions are, they are isolated on a small island in a lake tailored by the famous 18th Century landscape architect Lancelot "Capability" Brown. Guests may view them from aboard a replica of King George I's royal water barge. The marquess, who has only a limited admiration for 20th Century politics, named the chimps Harold, George, Jim, Barbara and Edward. By coincidence, these are the Christian names of the British Prime Minister, three cabinet ministers and the leader of the Tory opposition.





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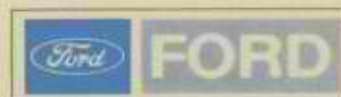


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A distinguished director writes about his friend **SPENCER TRACY**

'He could wither you with a glance'



On set of *Mad, Mad World* in 1963, Director Stanley Kramer makes a point to a watchful Tracy.

by **STANLEY KRAMER**

Stanley Kramer directed Spencer Tracy's last four movies, and they had just completed the final one a few weeks before the actor's death.

I can't explain why I was never able to say to him what I wanted to say: that he was a great actor. Everyone else said it a thousand times over, but I never managed it. Once I told him I loved him. That came quite easily, and he believed me and was emotional about it. But I was afraid to say

"Spencer, you're a great actor." He'd only say: "Now what the hell kind of thing is that to come out with?" He wanted to know it; he needed to know it. But he didn't want you to say it—just think it. And maybe that was one of the reasons he was a great actor. He thought and listened better than anyone in the history of motion pictures. A silent close-up reaction of Spencer Tracy said it all.

Those who know say that nobody—but nobody—could drink

or fight or cause more trouble than Tracy in his early days in Hollywood. He came to California out of a smash success on Broadway as Killer Mears in *The Last Mile* and started a one-man rebellion. The studio publicity departments kept a lot more out of the papers than they put in. But he did *Captains Courageous* and *Boys Town* and a lot of other great things. And he looked and behaved like Everyman. Clark Gable was taller and more handsome and more of a sex symbol,

CONTINUED

SPENCER TRACY

but in *Test Pilot* all the men and half the women in the audience wanted Tracy to get Myrna Loy.

He was full of surprises. He never stopped rebelling, but he did stop drinking. And who could have forecast that the red hair would turn pure white? Or that he would rent a house on a hillside and, instead of going out

every night, never go out at all? His intimate friends came to him, a few people at a time, on the hillside where he held court and exchanged gossip and news and conversation: Chester Erskine from *The Last Mile*, the Kanins, Hepburn, Cukor and the Ne-gulescos from the full years, Abe Lastfogel, his agent. I brought

up the rear like a chapter titled "The Last Decade." No matter what play or performance or book might be discussed, nothing could match his insatiable desire for plain gossip. What went on at the Daisy Club was really a fascination. He announced and savored as a choice tidbit each new pairing off of the jet set. I never understood his sources—most of the time I thought he made it all up—but usually he was right.

Spencer Tracy retired from films 14 times in the last 10 years. Before each film he announced his retirement—and then again upon its completion. Somehow I thought these last years were a great "put-on." I mean he put us all "on" because he had become so impatient. Katharine Hepburn said many times that he was much too impatient for the time and place in which he found himself. He was impatient with agents and lawyers and publicity men and reporters and photographers and directors and the whole damned system. He knew he was irritable so he put everybody "on" to cover it. He was ill—on and off—and that didn't help. So he stood under the hot lights and perspired through the extra takes and the technical nuisances. The cameraman would ask for another take, and Tracy would just stare back disgustedly. He *was* disgusted, but he fixed that look so that you knew he would do it again anyhow. He would work now only in modern dress with no make-up. That meant he could breeze in ready for work with no "nonsense," as he called it. If a make-up man tried to powder-puff his forehead, Tracy would push him away and give him a look as though he were somebody he had just thrown up. The crew came to know those interchanges were really what Tracy enjoyed.

We would always start the film with a "closed set." Tracy didn't want a bunch of idiots clambering all over the place. One week later it was like Las Vegas. Everybody was there to see him: bookies, ballplayers, fighters and press, along with a million actors just there to watch. He loved to get hold of a small press group and disagree with everything asked or said. He'd finally get himself into an indefensible position and then act his way out as though they were in the wrong.

Still photographers drove him crazy. He always said he hated stills, and he pretended that he didn't care by looking down at

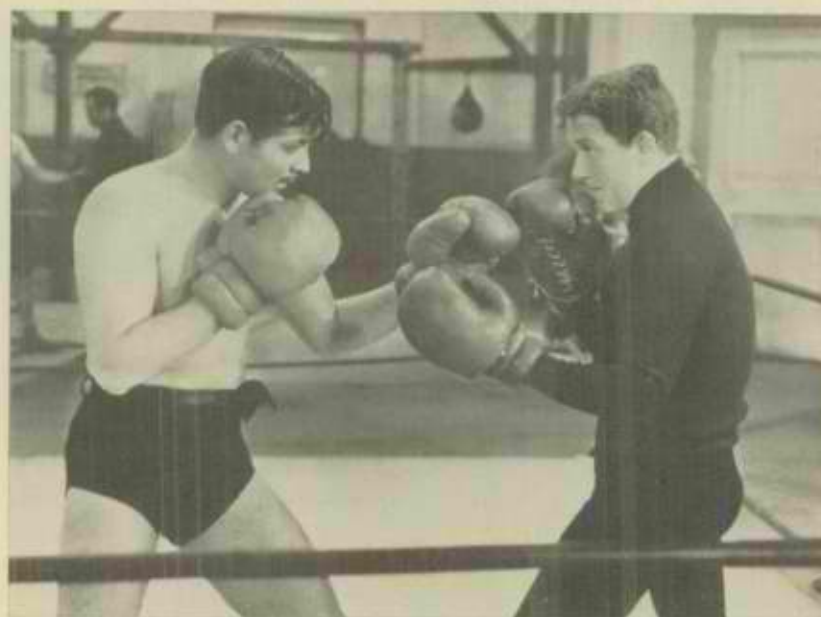


The Last Mile (1929), a hit play about a vicious murderer, brought Tracy to Hollywood's attention.



Tracy's favorite film role was in *Captains Courageous* (1937, above), for which he won an Oscar.

San Francisco (1936) made a major star of Tracy as the rugged priest who boxed Clark Gable.



In *Boys Town* (1938) Tracy (above, with Mickey Rooney) won his second Academy Award.

When he hit Hollywood, he never stopped rebelling

CONTINUED



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Metropolitan Life

SPENCER TRACY

the ground or turning half away from the camera. Then he'd argue that that was the way people stood or looked naturally. He posed for a hundred thousand stills in his time and claimed none of them ever appeared—"except in the B'nai B'rith Messenger."

On the first day of the first picture on which we were associated (*Inherit the Wind*), I asked him

... a ... theater ... arts ... major ... from ... UCLA ... want ... to ... do ... this ... speech ... I ... am ... quite ... willing ... to ... step ... aside." Then he picked me up, shook me a little, dusted me off and said: "All right, we ought to try it again." His speech had nothing to do with this particular scene. He was merely in-

ly with a large straw fan each time Tracy launched into an oration. Tracy had no props, but he got even. He sat behind March and picked his nose during a three-and-one-half-minute summation.

I think the role of the American judge in the film *Judgment at Nuremberg* was one of Tracy's favorites. He was nominated for an Academy Award and told everyone within hearing that he was voting for Maximilian Schell, the defense attorney in the same film. Tracy would say facetiously, "I just sat there listening and these other fellows did the work." Maybe so, but when he read the last speech in court: "This is what we stand for ... justice ... truth ... and the value of a single human being ..." I believed that was what we stood for, and I won't soon forget how he said it.

Of course, it was impossible to outguess Tracy's attitude or concentration. At one moment he threatened to murder a fellow actor who was nibbling on a pastrami sandwich between takes in one of the courtroom scenes. And he meant it. The following day he played an intensely dramatic scene with Burt Lancaster in a jail cell, and as he turned to exit, he muttered under his breath to Al Horwitz, the publicist: "Nothing to it, Al. A cinch!"

Montgomery Clift was in *Nuremberg*. He was ill—very ill, and it was Tracy who pulled him through. Monty couldn't remember the lines—he was literally going to pieces. Tracy just grabbed his shoulders and told him he was the greatest young actor of his time and to look deep into his eyes and play to him and the hell with the lines. He did, and that saved Monty's life for a little longer because he got an Academy nomination, and he was proud of it.

Spencer Tracy liked Frank Sinatra. I guess it takes one impatient to know another. He would tell with great glee how Sinatra walked off one picture and flew to Rome. Or how he made a company rebuild all its sets in California because he didn't want to go to Madrid. I didn't think it half so amusing as Tracy did, because it had also happened to me. Tracy would complain that he had to play his over-shoulder close-ups in *Devil at 4 O'clock* with a coat hanger because Sinatra wasn't there. Then he would twinkle and say Sinatra had called him and told him he wanted him for his next picture. I don't think

He became too impatient for his time and place



Kramer directed *Guess Who's Coming to Dinner*, reuniting Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in their eighth film in 24 years.

to do an additional take on a scene in which he had mumbled the lines. He looked at me for a full minute with the glance that withers. And I mean a full minute—not 55 seconds. He was just giving the crew and assorted spectators a chance to quiet down, and then he said: "Mr. ... Kramer ... [it took eight seconds just to say the Mr. Kramer] ... It ... has ... taken ... me ... 30 ... years ... to ... learn ... how ... to ... speak ... lines. ... If ... you ... or

dicating that he couldn't stand still for a lot of takes.

During the filming of *Inherit the Wind*, we had Tracy and Fredric March nose to nose for long courtroom battles in dialogue and assorted histrionics. The stage was filled with people from every office and company on the lot. And how these two luxuriated in the applause of the audience! Every take brought down the house, and their escapades were something to see. March would fan himself vigorous-

CONTINUED



WALTER LIPPMANN:

The Meaning Of Israel's Victory

'The World Is Not Governable'

Gstaad, Switzerland.

WE MAY BE SURE that Moscow did not encourage Gamal Abdel Nasser in order to punish the U.S. for what we are doing in Vietnam. Life is more complicated than that. But there is a connection between Vietnam and the Middle East, and I believe that our preoccupation with Vietnam led the Soviet government to make a giant miscalculation.

Moscow's initial judgment was correct enough. The U. S. was so entangled in an unpopular war in Vietnam that the Johnson administration would not or could not move quickly or easily. If it moved at all, to go to the aid of Israel. The unwillingness of Washington to become involved in another police action was quite evident, and on this score Soviet intelligence was sound.

The Soviet error was not about Washington, but about Cairo. If, as Nasser thought and Moscow allowed itself to believe, the Arab allies could destroy Israel in a few days, the Soviet policy would have paid off. The Arabs would have got rid of Israel, and the Soviet Union, as the special supporter and friend of the Arabs, would have become the predominant power in the Middle East.

It was the Israelis, and the Israelis alone, who upset Moscow's calculations, who dashed Moscow's hopes and spared Washington the horrid dilemma of engaging in another and more dangerous Vietnamese war or of abandoning Israel.

★ ★ ★

THE SOVIET MISCALCULATION WAS DUE TO A

false reading of the capacity of small nations to wage war. Moscow's intelligence agents and diplomats were unable to distinguish between the military prowess of Egypt and of Israel. They made essentially the same error as we have been making in Southeast Asia.

Like the Russians in the Middle East, we have looked down on the pygmy nations and have assumed that the one with the most arms would prevail. Moscow and Washington have been forced to learn that the pygmies are not all alike and that the ones with the superior morale are the stronger ones.

Moscow tried to impose its will on the Middle East by arming and inciting a collection of small nations. We have been trying to do a similar thing in Southeast Asia, first by supplying arms and aid to the pygmies and then by taking over the whole burden of the fighting. The critical fact is that the two superpowers have both been foiled by their failure to take seriously the power of small nations fighting, as these nations believed, for their very existence.

Neither Moscow nor Washington has been able to realize that their enormous superiority in weapons would not prevent the small nations from defying their superior power. Both have assumed that because they possessed absolute military superiority their political influence would be correspondingly great. The chief lesson of the 1960s is the startling paradox that supreme military power and political mastery do not necessarily go together.

This is a cardinal fact of the modern age. The failure to appreciate it is why both Washington and Moscow have been the victims of such great miscalculations. Because of these miscalculations they have committed themselves to policies that they have been and probably will continue to be unable to carry out.

★ ★ ★

ACCOMPANYING THIS DEMONSTRATION OF THE

political limitations of the superpowers there has been an almost embarrassing demonstration of the ineffectiveness, indeed the irrelevance, of the intervention of the great powers of the second grade.

China is unable to protect North Vietnam. Great Britain is disregarded not only by the pygmies, but by the superpowers. France is unable to make a move of any political consequence either in Indochina or in the Middle East. We are faced with the fact that there is a radical disconnection between little nations which

have emerged since World War II and the great powers which once ruled them and gave a certain order to the world.

We have not yet understood and learned how to come to terms with the new power relations of the postwar, postimperialistic modern age. In Washington and Moscow, in Paris and London the basic assumption of the leading men has been and remains that the world can be and ought to be governed by the great powers: by the U.S. in the pursuit of freedom and democracy or by the Soviet Union in the expansion of the peoples' democracies or by Paris and Moscow together or by London and Washington together. The assumption is wrong. The great powers cannot combine to govern the world. Separate and competitive, the world is not governable.

There has occurred in the postwar era a military revolution which includes, of course, the invention of nuclear weapons. But it does not stop with that invention. The consequence of the nuclear weapons and the policy of deterrence has made it impossible or almost impossible for statesmen in their right mind to use nuclear weapons except to deter others from using them.

In this stalemate the small nations have found that they can defy the great powers and can make war among themselves with relative immunity from serious intervention by the great powers. As the pygmies have plenty of things to quarrel about, they are fighting their wars, and the great powers can do little more than wring their hands.

Those who believe or feel compelled to believe that there must be a "solution" instinctively turn to the assumption that the great powers, if only they were united, or one or two great powers possessing the will, could put the world in order again. In the last

analysis each of the great powers believes in the paramount political influence of material power.

★ ★ ★

THE UNITED NATIONS WAS FORMED BY MEN

who thought that the wartime alliance of Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the U.S. and, by courtesy, of France and China would police the world in the future. This hope was dashed because Britain, France and China were not really great powers and because the Soviet Union and the U.S. became engaged in the cold war.

The original UN was inspired by the belief then held in the Western world that the U.S., plus Winston Churchill's Britain, could compel the Soviet Union to cooperate in the government of the world. But Britain lost control of her empire, which became the theater of great disorders. The Soviet Union lost effective control over its satellites. The U.S. found itself unable to rule the world in Asia, Africa or South America.

Yet always the dream of world government by the great powers has haunted the foreign offices much as the ghost of the Roman Empire haunted the Middle Ages. The critical problem of the contemporary world is that we have not found any substitute for that ghost—for the memory of the imperial order in which the great powers once governed the world.

The practical problem of our time is how, since the great powers cannot govern the world, they can co-exist with each other and with the anarchy of the small nations which have emerged from the ancient imperial order of the world.

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THAT EXCEEDINGLY DISCERNING MILITARY

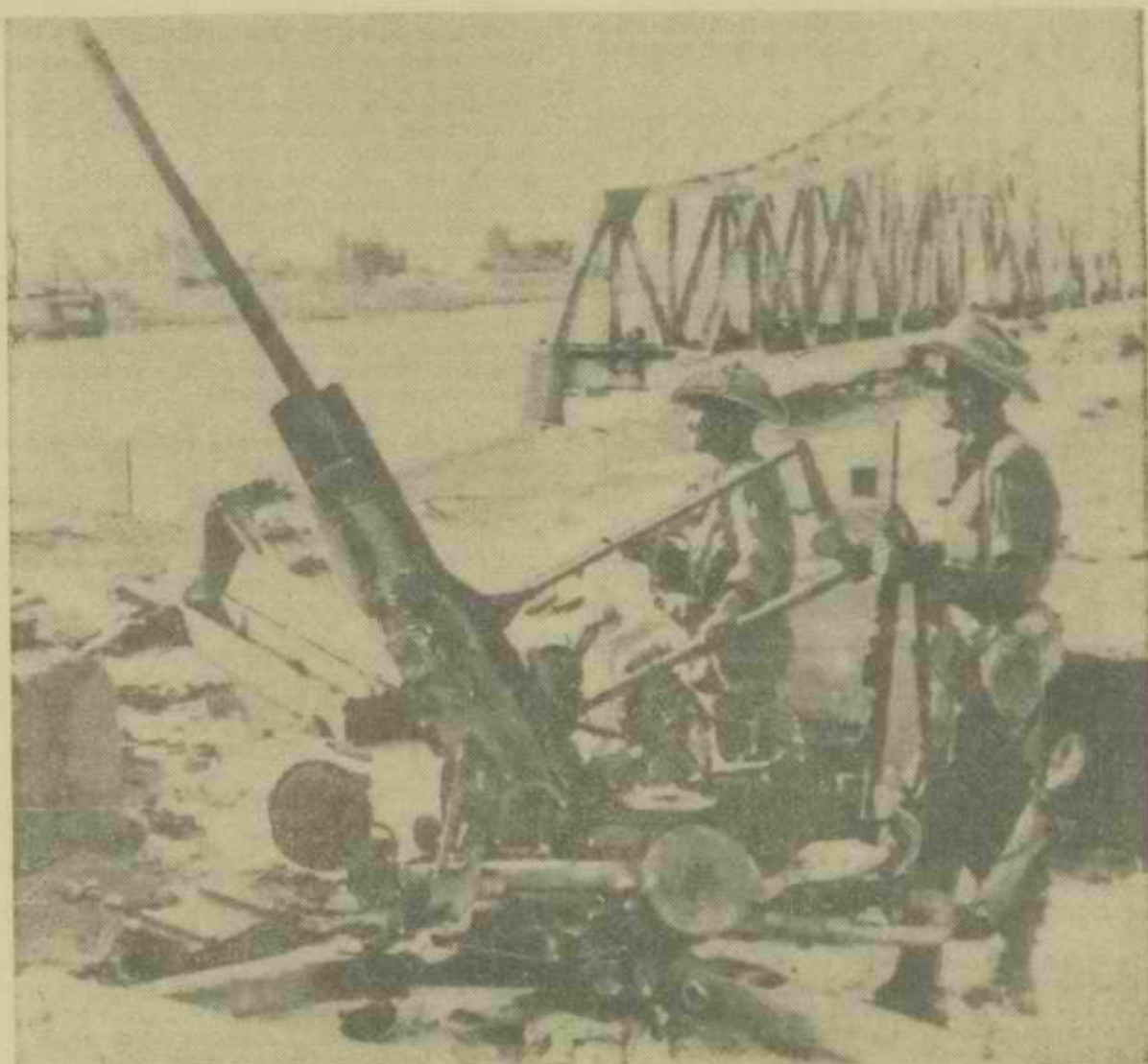
thinker, Gen. Beaufre, wrote some time ago that the great powers with their nuclear weapons and their enormous economic resources no longer dare to make war against one another, and yet they are unable to make peace with one another.

Not only the Middle East and Vietnam, but Cuba and Nigeria, the Sudan and Cyprus testify both to the political impotence of the great powers and to the anarchy among the smaller nations. I do not think there is any instant solution for this predicament. After all, there was no "solution" for the disorders of the Middle Ages.

In such a time of troubles as this one the supreme virtue of statesmen is prudence. Which means the art of navigating along a rocky coast in a stormy sea. For this they must forswear grandiose policies, such as fighting for universal peace or fighting to remake the civilization of Asia and Africa.

They must recognize the limitations of their powers, and while they cannot and will not withdraw into isolation, they must avoid ideological interventions, even when these interventions contain or mask some pseudomperialist objective such as making a military lodging on the shores of distant continents.

For good or evil, the modern world cannot be conquered or converted or governed by anyone. The world is not one, but many.



Israeli soldiers stand guard at the Suez Canal. AP Wire

The Week in Review

By WILLIAM H. RUDY

INTERNATIONAL

ISRAEL posted the price for withdrawal from the conquered Arab territory. The price was "establishment of normal, peaceful and good neighborly relations between the states of the region."

Although beaten and with no obvious alternative at the present, there was little chance the Arab states would pay it. Their position remained largely dependent on how far the Soviet Union was willing to go to help them.

Moscow, anxious to get something out of the UN General Assembly emergency session it had demanded, was reported seeking a compromise under which Israeli forces would withdraw in return for Arab renunciation of a state of belligerency. This would permit free Israeli passage through the Gulf of Aqaba and use of the Suez.

Arab states would not go along, however, and the Assembly session ended with a 63-26 vote to turn the Middle East issue back to the Security Council.

With Israeli troops on one bank of the Suez Canal and Egypt's on the other, reopening of the vital international waterway depended now on a joint agreement. Some shooting continued across the canal and even the posting of UN ceasefire forces in the zone was delayed by negotiations.

Moscow was rearming some Arab states to some degree and Israel urged the U. S. to resume arms supplies. There were signs that it would, both to Israel and Arab moderates.

President Johnson was sending Gen. Maxwell Taylor and Clark Clifford to Southeast Asia to urge allies there to contribute more troops to the Vietnamese war. The President also asked both North Vietnam and the Viet Cong to permit a prisoner exchange. It was the first direct appeal to the enemy leaders.

Fighting slackened a bit and U. S. casualties dropped for the week from 282 to 175. Figures for the entire year, however, showed the U. S. was now carrying the brunt of the war with deaths greater than those of South Vietnam.

A major power realignment was foreshadowed as the British Labor government announced that the strategic Singapore and Malasia bases would be closed in the 1970s to save money. Some Conservatives were critical of the move, the U. S. and Australia were dismayed, but the shutdown was far enough off to permit some sort of orderly transition.

The Congo government of Gen. Mobutu, having put down the revolt led by mercenaries, thanked Washington for sending three military planes and said they were instrumental in halting the insurrection. The Algerian Supreme Court, meanwhile, agreed to extradite Moïse Tshombe to the Congo where he faces execution.

Many governments have talked about land reform but in Chile, President Eduardo Frei Montalva was doing something about it. President Frei signed a bill which may eventually put millions of acres of land under the ownership of 1,000,000 landless farmers.

Hong Kong still was standing up to the Red Chinese insurrectionists. Another 500 were arrested and a Chinese Red reporter jailed for two years for directing a riot.

NATIONAL

RIO-TAVAGED Newark and tense Plainfield, N. J., were quiet. The cause of their racial violence remained. Animosities among extremists of both sides had been heightened, but there was growing awareness by moderates that the killing and looting had proved mainly that both have the power to inflict senseless damage and that more will follow unless an accommodation is reached.

The toll in Newark stood at 26 dead, more than 1,000 injured, more than 1,000 jailed, property damages of \$7,000,000, the worst race-war statistics since Watts.

In Plainfield the death of a white policeman by a band of Negro marauders who shot, beat and kicked him, led to riots and the use of National Guardsmen and state troopers in a smashing house-to-house search for 46 stolen automatic rifles.

Now the troops were gone. Biracial panels were



State troopers and National Guardsmen conduct a house-to-house search in Plainfield, N. J., for 46 stolen rifles. Residents complained the searchers were unnecessarily destructive and the hunt was called off.

studying the reasons for the riots, Congress was awakened anew to the need for laws on the mail order sale of guns.

The House passed, 347-70, a bill making it a federal crime to cross state lines to incite a riot. There were some who, while not condoning the fomenting of riots, wondered how such a law could be enforced and the measure faced a doubtful Senate reception.

In Newark, a four-day conference on Black Power brought together many diverse elements of the Negro civil rights movement. The keynote address stressed "black unity."

President Johnson more than two months ago asked Congress to pass a bill banning a nationwide rail strike by providing for mediation and eventual binding arbitration if no agreement was worked out. The Senate approved, the House balked.

When six shopcraft unions walked out and tied up the nation's railroads on Monday, the House quickly changed its mind, went along with the White House formula, and the men were mostly back at work the next day.

Freight and mail were tied up and it took a few days to get them flowing normally again but in urban centers, notably New York, the strike principally affected commuters.

The Commerce Dept. hailed the "resumption of the business expansion that had flattened out" as the Gross National Product soared to a record in the second quarter. (Moscow also reported a growth in the Soviet economy of 12 per cent.)

The Senate approved 88-0 a \$700,000,000 bill to reduce air pollution. It would permit federal intervention when states and cities failed to clean up the atmosphere.

Another type of anti-pollution bill failed by 207-176 to get consideration in the House. This would have appropriated \$40,000,000 in matching grants to help eliminate rats in city slums.

A jetliner carrying 79 persons was struck by a private plane with three passengers over the Blue Ridge foothills of North Carolina. Among the 82 killed were John T. McNaughton, 45, recently named and confirmed as the new Navy Secretary; his wife and 11-year-old son.

It was the 199th midair collision in 11 years and brought their death toll to 669. Congress planned to consider more ways to regulate the crowded airways.

NEW YORK

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION delegates voted to keep the state's voting age at 21, but left it to the Legislature to lower the age in the future.

The delegates, meanwhile, were urged by the city's Board of Education to retain in the new con-

Richard Nixon said he wouldn't run for President if he didn't win the primaries.

stitution the ban on state aid to parochial schools. Removal of the 73-year-old "Blaine Amendment," the board said, "would permit an erosion of the public school system."

Its stand put it at odds with the State Board of Regents. Several educational groups, which had been critical of the city board for its silence on the issue, immediately praised the statement.

The state lottery, which had counted on the sale of 30,000,000 tickets per month, sold exactly 6,447,603 during June, first month of the experiment, or about 21 per cent of the amount budgeted for.

Gov. Rockefeller promptly called in a bingo man for advice on how to put the lottery over. July sales were reported lagging even behind June sales as the first of a complex series of drawings began to determine the first prize winners.

Council President O'Connor said the city's budget was heading up so fast it would reach \$8,000,000,000 by 1970, up nearly \$3,000,000,000 from the present figure. Mayor Lindsay conceded it was likely to rise but pointed out federal and state budgets were soaring too.

The Board of Education, faced with teacher salary demands it cannot meet from its own funds, asked the Mayor for a meeting on the possibility of getting more money from the city to avert a threatened closing of the school system in September.

The city made known one plan for saving school money. It said it was prepared to pay \$2,000,000 for the liner Queen Mary, spend another \$3,000,000 on converting her into a school, and moor her at the old Brooklyn Navy Yard. A new school building would cost \$10,000,000. The offer was one of six under consideration by the Cunard Line.

The New York Stock Exchange, which had threatened to leave the city if the stock transfer tax proved too onerous, said it would stay in return for an easing of the tax as it is applied to persons living outside the state and to big block transactions.

The city was found to have an air pollution control law providing for the upgrading of incinerators that are not required in the first place. When two city commissioners argued publicly over its interpretation, Mayor Lindsay said: "This is not the way to run a government."

DEATHS

Humberto Castelo Branco, 66, recent president of Brazil, in a plane collision in Brazil.

Chief Albert Luthuli, 68, South African Zulu leader who won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1960 to the dismay of the apartheid government, when struck by a train at Stanger, S.A.

Basil Rathbone, 75, actor, in New York.

MARY WORTH

LIEUT. JACK WELDON HAS LOST NO TIME IN ASSURING HIMSELF OF A SWEETHEART IN THIS PORT!

WHAT'S WITH THE GATEKEEPER, ESSIE?... DOES HE THINK TENNIS IS A THREE-HANDED GAME?

OF COURSE NOT, JACK!

ALEX... GETS LONELY OUT THERE!... I IMAGINE HE SIMPLY WANTS TO MEET YOU!

ISN'T IT ROMANTIC, MARY?... MY SLOVENLY BOOKKEEPING BRINGING TOGETHER TWO NICE YOUNG PEOPLE LIKE JACK AND... THAT GIRL FROM THE BANK?

I HOPE ESSIE IS NOT TAKING HIS ATTENTIONS TOO SERIOUSLY, CONNIE!

DARLING! A WOMAN WHO HAS AN EYE TO THE FUTURE SEES ANY DATE AS A POSSIBLE FIRST STEP TOWARD THE ALTAR!

WHY, GOOD AFTERNOON, ALEX!... THIS IS LIEUT. WELDON... A HOUSE GUEST OF THE HANSENS!

I'VE SEEN HIM AROUND, ESSIE, ...IN HIS BEAUTIFUL UNIFORM... PITY HIS SHIRT SLEEVES ARE TOO SHORT FOR STRIPES!

COME NOW, OLD MAN! EVEN YOU ARTISTS WEAR A UNIFORM, DON'T YOU?... DIRTY SLACKS, SHAGGY HAIR AND SANDALS?

I GOT MY FILL OF STARCHED PANTS, SIR, WHEN I SERVED FOUR YEARS ON A TIN FISH... KEEPING THE WATERS SAFE FOR SEAGOING FLUNKIES!

RELAX, FELLA!... I DIDN'T...

YOU LEFT YOUR SCARF AT THE GATEHOUSE THE OTHER NIGHT, ESSIE!

I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT TO WEAR YOUR COLORS... IN THIS RACE!

7-23-67

Uncle Nugent's

FUNLAND

THE WORLD'S LEADING PUZZLEMAKER

HOW OLD IS ROVER?

FIVE YEARS AGO A MAN WAS FIVE TIMES OLDER THAN HIS DOG ROVER. **T**O DAY HE IS ONLY THREE TIMES AS OLD.

NOW, HOW OLD IS ROVER?

SOLUTION: ROVER IS TEN YEARS OLD AND THE MAN IS THIRTY.

look! DRAWING AND COLORING BOOK

CONNECT THE DOTS

CHECK FULL OF FUN AND OTHER THINGS FOR YOUR COPY SEND 35¢ IN CASH TO: UNCLE NUGENT'S BOOK AT BELL-MCCLEURE SYNDICATE—330 W. 41 ST., NEW YORK 36, N. Y. BE SURE TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS WITH COIN.

FIRST PRIZE: COMPLETE SET OF THE NEW COMPACT PICTURED ENCYCLOPEDIA PLUS 7 GOLD PAGES OF COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED SCIENCE DICTIONARY

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CONTEST PICTURE TO COLOR

7-23-67

CONTEST THE PUZZLE. CUT OUT ON BROWN LINE. FARE IT ON PAPER. PRINT YOUR NAME, AGE, ADDRESS. CHOOSE THE PICTURE.

USE CLAYTON, PANTS BY PRICE, HAZ, SPON, MONTAG, TUNING TO UNUS DUMBY, GAN OF THIS PAPER. ENTRIES BECOME HIS.

HEATHEN, IMMIGRATION AND ACCURACY COUNT. DECISION OF JUDGES IS FINAL. WINNERS ARE NOTIFIED BY MAIL.

KIDS: DRAW A SCOTTISH TERRIER IN 3 STEPS.

1. 2. 3.

WHY IS A DOG WATCH AT NIGHT IN THE MORNING?

IF YOU WERE TO PLANT A PUPPY, WHAT WOULD COME UP?

PALINDROMES AS YOU KNOW, ARE WORDS THAT READ THE SAME FORWARD OR BACKWARD. "PUP" IS ONE FOR EXAMPLE.

HERE ARE THE DEFINITIONS FOR FIVE MORE... WHAT ARE THEY?

1. A LITTLE CHILD 2. MIDDAY 3. A FLAT EVEN SURFACE 4. AN INFANT'S GARMENT 5. CERTAIN SONGS.

PUP

ANSWER: 1. TOT 2. NOON 3. LEVEL 4. BIB 5. SONGS

TRACK DOWN THE NAMES OF EIGHT BREEDS OF DOGS.

ADD TO EACH GROUP, THE NUMBER OF STRAIGHT LINES AS INDICATED AT THE RIGHT OF THEM.

BY SO DOING TRY TO SPELL THEIR NAMES.

A	L I I U N	4	E	I I U L I I >	5
B	F U C > I F	4	F	L U I I I E	5
C	= F I I =	4	M	A Z I I I F	5
D	= F A I I I C I	4	H	N I I I F F C I	5

7-23-67

A. CHOW B. POODLE C. SPITZ D. SPANIEL E. HOUND F. COLLIE G. MASTIFF H. WHIPPET

JOIN EACH PAIR OF DOTS IN THIS ORDER: C AND O, L AND L, I AND E TO COMPLETE MY PICTURE.

YOU WILL ALSO SPELL MY NAME.

BATMAN

By Bob Kane



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



DENNIS THE MENACE

By Hank Ketcham



IF THE ARABS HAD WON

By Maurice Samuel

A sobering account of what would have happened in the Middle East if the Arabs had won the recent six-day war, and an examination of the new opportunities in the Israeli victory for Jewish-Arab cooperation. The author is a Jewish historian and scholar who has known the Middle East for half a century.

ISRAEL'S LIGHTNING DEFEAT of the Arab states has given it, the Middle East and the entire world a reprieve from disaster.

To understand the danger that Israel has averted by its brilliant performance, we need only consider what would have been the consequences of an Arab military victory.

Over the years, the Arab leaders have repeatedly and vehemently proclaimed that they would be satisfied with nothing less than the elimination of the State of Israel and its replacement by an Arab state governed by repatriated Palestinians. In defeat, the Arab leaders repeat the proclamation with increased vehemence.

It is hard to believe that they know what they are saying. The destruction of Israel is an enterprise beyond the power of the Arab states. It would entail the slaughter or forcible ejection of over two million Jews, and a "cleaning out" of all that has been built up in the last 50 years of Jewish labor and sacrifice. In the fantasy of the Arab leaders, and in that of the deluded Arab masses, it will be as if the cities and villages, the schools, the universities, the institutes of science, the cooperatives, the *kibbutzim*, the close-knit structure of democracy and the entire apparatus of social services had never existed. With these would disappear the last hope of a tormented people to reestablish a normal life in that ancestral corner of the world for which it has played through centuries of massacre, harassment and homelessness.

Whether five years from now, or ten, or twenty, the military defeat of Israel would give rise to a resistance movement of unparalleled ferocity and endurance.

For in reality, no "cleaning out" would take place. There would be instead an upwelling of fury before which the world would stand appalled. The desperation of the uprising of the Warsaw ghetto would infect every man, woman and child in Israel. Instead of 40,000 hollow-eyed, disease-ridden, unarmed survivors, there would be a people of more than two million armed to the teeth, encouraged and supported by democratic opinion throughout the world.

It would be quite insane to think of sending back into the resultant chaos hundreds of thousands of Arabs to live, let alone to govern. Bands of terrorists would be roaming the country. The controlled, defensive retaliatory raids that the Israelis have carried out in the past against Jordan and Syria would pale into child's play by comparison with the outbursts of murder and sabotage within the country and beyond its borders. All the energies, devotion, resourcefulness and determination that have gone into the creation of the Jewish state would be rechanneled into the furious protest of a people at bay. *The area would be turned into a plague spot for generations to come.*

In vivid contrast with these nightmares stands the original vision shared by Zionist and Arab leaders half a century ago. When World War I ended, the Jewish problem, that is, the problem of the homelessness of the Jewish people, was high on the agenda of the victorious Allies. It had been the subject of inter-Allied discussions in the course of the war. In 1917, Great Britain, with America's concurrence, had issued the Balfour Declaration, in favor of the establishment of a Jewish National Home in Palestine, and at the Paris Peace Conference of 1919, Zionists and Arabs came together to plead their common cause. An understanding had already been reached between them; had this understanding been honestly implemented by the Allies, a Middle East very different from the present patchwork of rivalries and hatreds would have developed.

At that time, the undisputed leader of the Arab world was Emir Feisal, son of the old King Husein, who had been sheriff of Mecca. It was with Feisal that Lawrence of Arabia had worked for the liberation of the Arab lands from Turkish rule; and it was Lawrence, the passionate pro-Arab, who also worked to bring the Zionists and the Arabs together. There had been meetings in the course of the war between Chaim Weizmann, the head of the Zionist delegation at the Peace Conference, later the first president of the State of Israel, and Feisal. On March 3, 1919, Feisal addressed the following letter to Felix Frankfurter, an American member of the Zionist delegation:

Dear Mr. Frankfurter:

I want to take this opportunity of my first contact with American Zionists to tell you what I have often been able to say to Dr.



Kodak has really changed things.

This new movie camera is palm-size, loads instantly, and is less than \$30.

Movie cameras used to be rather big and bulky. You used to have to thread and flip the film. Wind the camera, too.

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Now you just drop a super 8 film cartridge into a new battery-driven Kodak Instamatic® movie camera and shoot a full 50 feet of color movies. Movies that will surprise you because they're so much sharper and brighter than anything you've come to expect.



New super 8



Regular 8mm

Super 8 pictures are 50% bigger.

Even so, you can't really appreciate what a difference this makes until you project your Kodak super 8 movies on your screen. Then—wow!

Naturally, new super 8 movies call for a super 8 projector. Kodak offers a complete line, from less than \$63, all with fully automatic threading.



In addition to the Kodak Instamatic M12 movie camera for less than \$30 (above), there are three other palm-size cameras, including Model M18 (left), which features a zoom lens and CdS electric eye that sets the lens opening automatically.

With pistol grip, less than \$80.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Kodak

An Arab victory would have destroyed Israel and given rise to "a resistance movement of unparalleled ferocity before which the world would stand appalled."



Arab soldier lies in the desert as Israelis fight on to the Jordan River.

Weizmann in Arabia and Europe.

We feel that the Arabs and Jews are cousins in race, having suffered similar oppressions at the hands of powers stronger than themselves, and by a happy coincidence have been able to take the first steps toward the attainment of their national ideals together.

We Arabs, especially the educated among us, look with the deepest sympathy on the Zionist movement. Our deputation here in Paris is fully acquainted with the proposals submitted yesterday by the Zionist Organization [i.e., a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan] to the Peace Conference, and we regard them as moderate and proper. We will do our best, in so far as we are concerned, to help them through: we will wish the Jews a most hearty welcome home.

With the chiefs of your movement, especially with Dr. Weizmann, we have had and continue to have the closest relations. *He has been a great helper of our cause* [emphasis added], and I hope the Arabs may soon be in a position to make the Jews some return for their kindness. . . .

People less informed and less responsible than our leaders and yours, ignoring the need for cooperation of the Arabs and Zionists, have been trying to exploit the local difficulties that must necessarily arise in Palestine in the early stages of our movements. Some of them have, I am afraid, misrepresented your aims to the Arab peasantry, and our aims to the Jewish peasantry, with the result that interested parties have been able to make capital out of what they call our differences.

I wish to give you my firm conviction that these differences are not on questions of principle, but on matters of detail such as must inevitably occur in every contact of neighboring peoples, and as are easily adjusted by mutual good will. Indeed nearly all of them will disappear with fuller knowledge.

I look forward, and my people with me look forward, to a future in which we will help you and you will help us, so that the countries in which we are mutually interested may once again take their places in the community of the civilized people of the world.

Yours sincerely,

Feisal

The letter was strengthened by a formal agreement between Feisal and Weizmann that read in part: "In the establishment of the Constitution and Administration of Palestine all such measures shall be adopted as will afford the fullest guarantees for carrying into effect the British Government's [Balfour] Declaration of the 2nd of November, 1917.

"All necessary measures shall be taken to encourage and stimulate immigration of Jews into Palestine on a large scale . . . through closer settlement and intensive cultivation of the soil. In taking such measures the Arab peasant and tenant farmers shall be protected in their rights, and shall be assisted in forwarding their economic development."

Feisal attached an understandable condition to this remarkable agreement. What he and his father King Husein expected was cooperation between France, the Mandatory of Syria, and England, the Mandatory of Palestine, in the reconstruction of the Middle East. He therefore added: "If the Arabs are established as I have asked in my manifesto of January 4 [1919] addressed to the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I will carry out what is written in this agreement. If changes are made, I cannot be answerable for failing to carry out this agreement."

But even while he was writing these words, England and France were maneuvering behind the scenes for advantages of position in a divided Arab world. They played up everywhere precisely those narrow local differences and ambitions that Feisal had warned against. The British were no better than the French. In 1922, seeking to create an additional point of support for themselves, they lopped off Transjordan, now called Jordan, from the application of the Balfour Declaration and made of it a separate (and unviable) Arab state. By the time Britain accepted from the League of Nations the Mandate under which it pledged itself to carry out the Balfour Declaration, it was committed to a double-dealing course equally frustrating to Arabs and Jews. (It is well to recall that though America abandoned the League of Nations, Congress adopted resolutions, in June, 1922, supporting the Mandate and its program of a Jewish homeland.)

Then began the long, agonizing, uphill struggle of the Jews to continued

IF THE ARABS HAD WON

create the homeland in Palestine. They were divided on the issue. Many believed that, in the circumstances, the project was impracticable. Many believed that it was unnecessary because the Czarist regime was gone, and there would be no more persecution of Jews—anywhere. The farsighted minority, the Zionists, hung on grimly, confronted in Palestine by British indecision, evasiveness and chicanery, which kept the promise to the eye and broke it to the heart. Toward the end of his life, Dr. Weizmann wrote: "Why from the very word 'go' did we have to face the hostility, or at best the frosty neutrality, of Britain's representatives on the spot? . . . Why was it an almost universal rule that such administrators as came out favorably inclined toward us turned against us in a few months? Why, for that matter, was it later a completely invariable rule that politicians who were enthusiastic for the Jewish homeland during election forgot completely about it if they were returned to office?"

The record of Jewish constructive achievement in Palestine, which evoked the admiration of the civilized world, need not be rehearsed here. Step by step, the Jews approached their objective without displacing a single Arab except by purchase and agreement. Two circumstances dissolved Jewish internal opposition or indifference to the Zionist program: the achievement itself and, more powerfully, the rise of the pathological German anti-Semitism that was a prelude to the horrors of World War II. Out of the second circumstance, the realization came to the Jews that they had no one to look to for help but themselves. To their frantic protests that the destruction of German Jewry was a prelude to the assault on the democracies, the reply was always: "You are thinking only of yourselves. You exaggerate. Keep quiet lest you stamp yourselves as warmongers." They were told, in effect: "Do not scream while the crocodile is devouring you. Perhaps you will sate his appetite and we shall be spared." The appetite of the crocodile was only whetted; the democracies were not spared.

When World War II came to an end, world Jewry was no longer divided. The Nazi lesson was bloodily imprinted on its soul. World opinion, too, was overwhelmingly favorable. On November 29, 1947, the General Assembly of the United Nations, by a majority of 33 to 13, Russia concurring, declared: "The Mandate for Palestine shall terminate as soon as possible, but in any case not later than August first, 1948. . . . Independent Arab and Jewish states, and the specific international regime of the City of Jerusalem . . . shall come into existence in Palestine two months after the evacuation of the armed forces of the Mandatory Power has been completed, but in no case later than October first, 1948."

But the world's second attempt to right the immemorial wrongs done to the Jewish people was marked by the same hesitations and reservations as marked the first. The area of the homeland had originally embraced both sides of the Jordan. Britain had demanded and enforced, as a concession, the elimination of the eastern side. Now, as a new concession, the United Nations further reduced the available territory, and for the truncated state drew crazily meandering boundaries that were an irresistible invitation to everlasting raids. What was worse, the external rivalries of great powers entered more into play.

On May 14, 1948, the State of Israel issued its Declaration of Independence, and five Arab armies converged upon it with the open purpose of destroying it. They were thrown back, but Israel has since been denied the use of the Suez Canal, and until 1956 was denied its only other vital exit to the East, the Gulf of Aqaba. The story of the intolerable provocations to which it has been subjected by armed incursions, murder and sabotage from Egypt, Jordan and Syria is familiar to all.

Reasonable discussion of the problem of the Arab refugees has been blacked out by the Big Lie that they were driven out by the Israelis. The facts can be established without difficulty.

In *The Middle East, 1945-1950*, published by the British Survey of International Affairs under the directorship of Arnold J. Toynbee, an irreconcilable anti-Zionist, we read: "As early as 27 January [1948] the High Commissioner [of Palestine] confirmed a 'steady exodus of middle class Arab families who could afford to leave the country, taking with them cars and considerable quantities of household goods.'" (p. 263)

On January 30, 1948, the Arab newspaper *Ash Shab* wrote: "The first group of our fifth column consists of those who abandon their houses and business premises and go and live elsewhere. Many of these lived in great luxury. At the first sign of trouble they take to their heels to escape

"The explosive conditions that produced the refugees must be rejected. . . . If Israel could come to terms with Germany, the Arabs can come to terms with Israel."

sharing the burden of struggle, whether directly or indirectly."

On March 30, 1948, the Arab newspaper *As Sarih* wrote: "The inhabitants of the large village of Sheikh Munis and of several other villages in the neighborhood of Tel Aviv have brought about a terrible disgrace by quitting their villages bag and baggage."

The famous Glubb Pasha, commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, wrote in the London *Daily Mail* of August 12, 1948: "The Arab civilians panicked and fled ignominiously. Villages were frequently abandoned before they were threatened by the progress of war."

These are sample quotations from neutral or pro-Arab sources. The wild exodus—it cannot be called an expulsion—was led by the Arab upper classes. These were the merchants, the landowners, the moneylenders, the bankers, the journalists, the men who had planned and backed the Arab terror of 1936 to 1939. What wonder that, after their hasty departure, the flight became a stampede with the invasion of the newborn Jewish state by the Arab "liberators."

The Arab masses of Palestine felt they had been betrayed by their leaders, as indeed they had. They have been betrayed ever since by the Arab states, which have perpetuated and exploited their sufferings as a slogan of unification against the West while remaining with daggers drawn toward each other. No less disgraceful has been the betrayal of the masses of the Arab states, who have been driven into anti-Israel paroxysms to divert their attention from their accumulating miseries. It is an old device. It was used by Imperial Russia and by Nazi Germany. It has been used by many others.

The original number of Arab refugees has been acrimoniously debated. It cannot, according to neutral sources, have been as much as half a million. But the essence of the problem does not lie in numbers. It lies in the human approach.

A diversionary propaganda has been launched that equates the Arab refugees with the Jewish refugees and survivors of Hitler's Europe. The parallel will not stand up to elementary analysis. For those Jews who could not enter the narrowly guarded gates of the Western world, there was nothing but Israel. For the Arabs, after their flight, there was a whole world of their own kind: the same people, the same language, the same climate, the same conditions. For the Jews, it was a total and agonizing uprooting. For the Arabs, it was a move next door. Or it would have been if their fellow-Arabs had not decided to use them as pawns in a calamitous power game. The half million Jews who fled from the Arab countries to Israel represent one-half of a population exchange; the other half, the absorption of the Arab refugees by the Arab states, awaits fulfillment. And the fact that in this last war there was not the slightest stir among the quarter-million Arabs still remaining in Israel must have brought home to the refugees the bitter folly they committed in lending themselves to the plans of their leaders.

Nothing said here is intended to slur over the wretchedness of the hundreds of thousands who year after year have eaten the salt bread of international charity without prospect of permanent, honorable rehabilitation. The Arab problem must be solved by a joint effort on the part of Israel, the Arab states and the great powers. But proposals to re-create the explosive conditions that produced the refugees in the first place must be summarily rejected. Also rejected must be the categorical assertion that reconciliation is impossible. The hopes of half a century ago must be revived. If Israel could come to terms with Germany, the Arabs can come to terms with Israel.

There is a far-reaching symbolism in this sudden and violent resurgence of the Arab-Israel problem. The timing itself is significant. The current deep self-searchings of the religious sector of the Western world represent a nongovernmental attempt to solve that part of the Jewish problem which resides in the Diaspora. That part which resides in the reborn Jewish homeland and the countries about it, is a task for the instruments of government. There will be no peace in the world without success in both sectors, for one cannot succeed without the other. If the great powers rise to this creative opportunity, the oldest problem of the Western world will have been removed, and an invaluable pattern will have been set for the future. *If they fail, it will not have mattered whether Arab or Israeli won the war, and the madness of the unsolved Jewish problem will continue to hang over the world as an everlasting threat.*

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\$25,000

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50 Second prizes:
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500 Third prizes:
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portable color
TV sets



5,000 Fourth prizes:
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Plus thousands more prizes of \$1.50 size tubes of *condition*® beauty pack treatment.

If you have a winning card, take it to the Clairol Natural Look Sweepstakes display at your store to see what you've won! No purchase necessary to win any of these prizes.

The world of Leo Rosten

How The Israelis Really Did It

Why did the Israelis fight so well? (1) Because they secretly hardened their muscles by working as librarians, shoe clerks and theology students. Nasser had been assured that Israel's army consisted only of beatniks from Beersheba. You could hardly expect him to recover from shock when he discovered that 50-year-old Jews were openly fighting on the side of Israel! This was a flagrant violation of Egypt's treaty with Russia, which clearly specifies that Israel's armed forces should contain only arthritic men over 70.

(2) Israeli soldiers have always had a depressing effect on Arab soldiers, who must then report to their battalion psychiatrist. You can't expect an army to fight its best when half its men are having nervous breakdowns.

(3) The neutral Russian representative in the UN was absolutely right when he complained that the Israelis were shamelessly using Oedipus complex tactics against Egyptian soldiers who love their mothers.

(4) The Israeli Army contains an unfair number of waiters from Tel Aviv. Anyone who has ever eaten in a Tel Aviv restaurant knows that for fallen arches and *chutzpa*, Tel Aviv waiters are unequaled anywhere in the world. It was a brazen violation of the Geneva Rules of Civilized Warfare to put guns into the hands of such outlaws.

Why did the Israelis get so worried just because Egypt grabbed the entrance to the Gulf of Aqaba? Because "Aqaba" is the only word in the English language that does not have a *u* after the *q*. This upset the many Israelis who study English in high school. Israel went to war in order to capture the Gulf and put the *u* back in its name. In this way, "Aqaba" could never again be used as a trick question in high-school exams.

Who was guilty of deliberately provoking the aggression? Israel. A decision of the World Court in an earlier case brands Israel guilty. The facts were these: Sally O'Neill, an Italian girl from Ethiopia, was sunning herself in her backyard when three passing gentlemen from Egypt raped her. The Court held Ethiopia guilty because the three Egyptians had been convicted of rape twice before. It only stands to reason that any girl who suns herself in her own backyard when there are known rapists in the world is inflaming their senses, thus inciting them to attack her against their better judgment.

Why did Israel bomb the Arab air forces? Egypt, Syria and Jordan had announced that they were about to destroy Israel, yet despite that, the Israelis bombed Arab warplanes, which were all peacefully on the ground and harming no one. In addition, remember that the MIG planes that Israel knocked out were Russian property, since the Arabs had not paid for them. So Israel was bombing planes that belonged to a neutral power! How much sympathy can a nation expect after it so

callously damages other people's property?

Why did Israel attack Arab airfields from a completely unexpected direction? That was typical of Israel's treachery. They never told the Arabs what time they were going to attack, which is what any civilized nation on the verge of being destroyed does. Before the Allies landed on the coast of North Africa during the last war, General Eisenhower telephoned Hitler and Mussolini to tell them when we were arriving, so that it could be an open, fair fight. We did the same thing before invading Normandy; President Roosevelt personally told Hitler where our troops would land so that the Nazis would not be taken by surprise. The Israelis know all this, but they are dirty fighters. After all, Russia, India and France had led the Arabs to believe that they would be allowed to destroy the Israelis before the Israelis had a chance to throw any sneak punches.

Who started the actual shooting? Israel. The only thing Egypt, Syria and Jordan did was to place loaded pistols against Israel's head from three sides, peacefully announcing their intention to "annihilate," "exterminate," and "push Israel into the sea." But did they do this? No! Egypt, Syria and Jordan were very careful not to exterminate Israel. They did not even push it into the sea. Even the Israelis now admit this.

It is a well-known fact that the Israelis, who play music in a provocative manner, are a trigger-happy people who, when loaded pistols are put against their heads, deliberately defend themselves. This contradicts an elementary principle of international law.

What should Israel have done? Israel should have followed the courageous example of U Thant and lain down before the Arabs; then the peace-loving tanks of Egypt, Jordan and Syria could have driven right over the Israelis, and there would have been no war.

What about King Hussein's surprise pact with Nasser? Only a brief time earlier, Nasser had broadcast to the world that Hussein was a "prostitute"—and any man who is publicly called a prostitute shows real character by ignoring it and turning over his army to the man who called him dirty names. What King Hussein did was in the finest tradition of ethics: He turned the other cheek.

Is it true that Israel broadcast an intercepted conversation between Nasser and Hussein, in which these two statesmen decided to say the U.S. and England had attacked them? Yes! And this shows the kind of people Nasser and Hussein had to deal with—people who listen in on other people's private telephone conversations, which is against the regulations of the FCC.

How explain the fact that Israel, which has a population of under three million, defeated enemies with a total population of over 110 million? This is a dirty lie. It is Israel that has a population of 110 million. The total population of the 14 Arab countries that bravely allied against Israel is 739, and that includes chiropractors. Israel

deliberately fooled Nasser into thinking it is a small nation by cleverly using proofreaders as spies; these unprincipled traitors slipped fake population figures into all of the newspapers and almanacs in the world.

Isn't this the third war the Israelis have fought against the Arabs since 1948? Yes! The Israelis have no business fighting people who only want to kill them for their own good. Jews are much better off dead than alive, because in that way they get to heaven faster. This is especially good for the children who, if killed at an early age, don't endanger their souls by learning adult sins, like dental prophylaxis.

What have the Arab nations done to try to get along with Israel? For 19 years, the Arabs peacefully refused to recognize Israel; they patiently boycotted all her goods; they pacifically forbade trade and travel to or from that troublemaking country; they created any number of helpful border incidents that tried to teach the Israelis to behave nicely and let law-abiding enemies walk all over them.

Since 1956, the Egyptians have even closed the Suez Canal to all shipping, under any flag, to or from Israel. Ships might have carried war materials such as sewing machines, *mezuzahs* and carbon paper. I don't know how much more the Arabs could have been expected to do to keep the Israelis from provoking them.

Why did India support the Arabs? Because, since 1946, India has received only \$7,281,210,000 from the American Agency for International Development and the World Bank. We should quadruple our gifts and loans to India in order to keep it on the side of freedom.

Why did Israel fight on despite the censure of so many Arab and African countries? That was Israel's greatest mistake. Any nation that ignores the political judgment and military power of states like Mauritania and Kuwait deserves to pay for its stupidity.

What should be done with Egypt, Jordan and Syria? Give them to the Indians. India could solve all of the Arab countries' problems as easily as it has solved its own.

What should be done about the Arab leaders who have so long and so wisely led their peoples? Nasser should replace U Thant in the UN. Then Nasser would not have to ask U Thant's permission the next time he wants to slaughter Israel. The fact that the Israelis have beaten Egypt three times in 20 years shows how important it is to prevent this from happening again. King Hussein, whose army and economy depend on American aid, could get a job in a circus, biting the hands that feed him.

What does the astounding Israeli victory prove? That God is liable to be on the side of people who fight for their freedom, their honor, their children and their lives—even if such people are pig-headed enough to fight entirely alone.

—LEO ROSTEN

Full load, but 'there's one more down there'

COAST GUARD CONTINUED

headed to sea. A 62-foot pleasure boat, the *Cecil Anne*, with six people aboard, was sinking in the Gulf of Mexico, 120 miles from St. Pete. A fixed-wing Coast Guard plane was hovering over them but was unable to help. It was a very black night—seas were running six to eight feet and the wind was a solid 25 knots.

Alone in the main compartment, Hoist Operator Chassereau silently went over emergency hoist procedure and thought, "I hope the copilot navigates this one on the nose. If he doesn't we'll all be in the drink, and I don't think we could last 15 seconds in this storm."

In the cockpit Copilot Huff worked out the gas consumption and weight factors, and at the same time did the navigating. He brought them over target at 0455. By now the stern of the *Cecil Anne* was submerged and her six passengers were clustered on the bow, near a 12-foot jackstaff and a 24-foot radio antenna. These obstructions made for more difficulties. To avoid them, the chopper would have to make a tricky cross-wind approach.

Pilot Workman spoke on the intercom: "Okay. We don't have much time to fiddle around. Our gas will be low. Chassereau, you'd better be fast with the winch. If we hook up with the rail of the boat we'll be in the water."

The chopper made its first pass, its hover lights illuminating just that area of the sea directly below. On the *Cecil Anne* a father placed an 11-year-old boy with a broken leg in the basket. They rode up together.

The work continued. Five minutes for each hoist. At a critical instant during the third hoist the boat lost its remaining engine and yawed violently, 60°; Chassereau directed the pilot to yaw the chopper accordingly, and the boat's antenna missed the helicopter's rotor blade by two feet.

When five persons had been

lifted aboard Copilot Huff advised the pilot: "Bob, we're now pulling 100% torque." (The chopper was already carrying all the weight the manufacturer's specifications allowed.) "There's one more down there and he's a hefty one." The captain, still aboard the *Cecil Anne*, weighed 300 pounds dry—and by now was soaking wet.

Workman already is having trouble hovering. Sweat pouring from under his hard hat stings his eyes and partially blinds him. But the man on the sinking boat doesn't know anything about manufacturer's specs. Workman addresses his crew: "I think we can get him off if we maintain continuous forward flight. Are there any objections?"

No response. The decision is made. The pilot speaks again: "Okay, Chassereau, the target is dead ahead. When you have him in sight go on 'hot make' and take me in. [To the copilot] Watch those instruments."

Chassereau is in the catbird seat now. One hand on the hoist switch, the hot mike open, he strains to see the boat below. There it is. "Okay, I have the target in sight," he reports. "Come straight ahead, your approach is good." The basket hits the deck and is dragged across it. Running, the big man chases it and throws himself in.

Chassereau keeps talking. "I'm hoisting . . . the basket has cleared the rail." Then the voice of the copilot breaks in: "You're pulling 100% and settling. You're pulling 102% and settling. You're settling! You're settling!"

The helicopter drops 10 feet. Chassereau shouts into the mike: "Left! Left! Move left! Dammit, I said move left!" The tail rotor comes within a foot of the boat's 24-foot antenna. Chassereau is hanging half out of the hatch now, trying to watch the man in the basket with one eye and the whipping antenna with the other. Above him the pilot, half blinded by sweat, milks his controls for an extra surge of power, nudging them forward. He hears the copilot reporting, "You're over 100% . . . settling . . . settling."

At last the aircraft responds. It bounds forward with a jerk. But the hoist cable holds and the passenger stays put. Chassereau swings the basket aboard, slams the hatch and sings into the mike: "I've got him. I've got him. Take off, sir. Have a ball."



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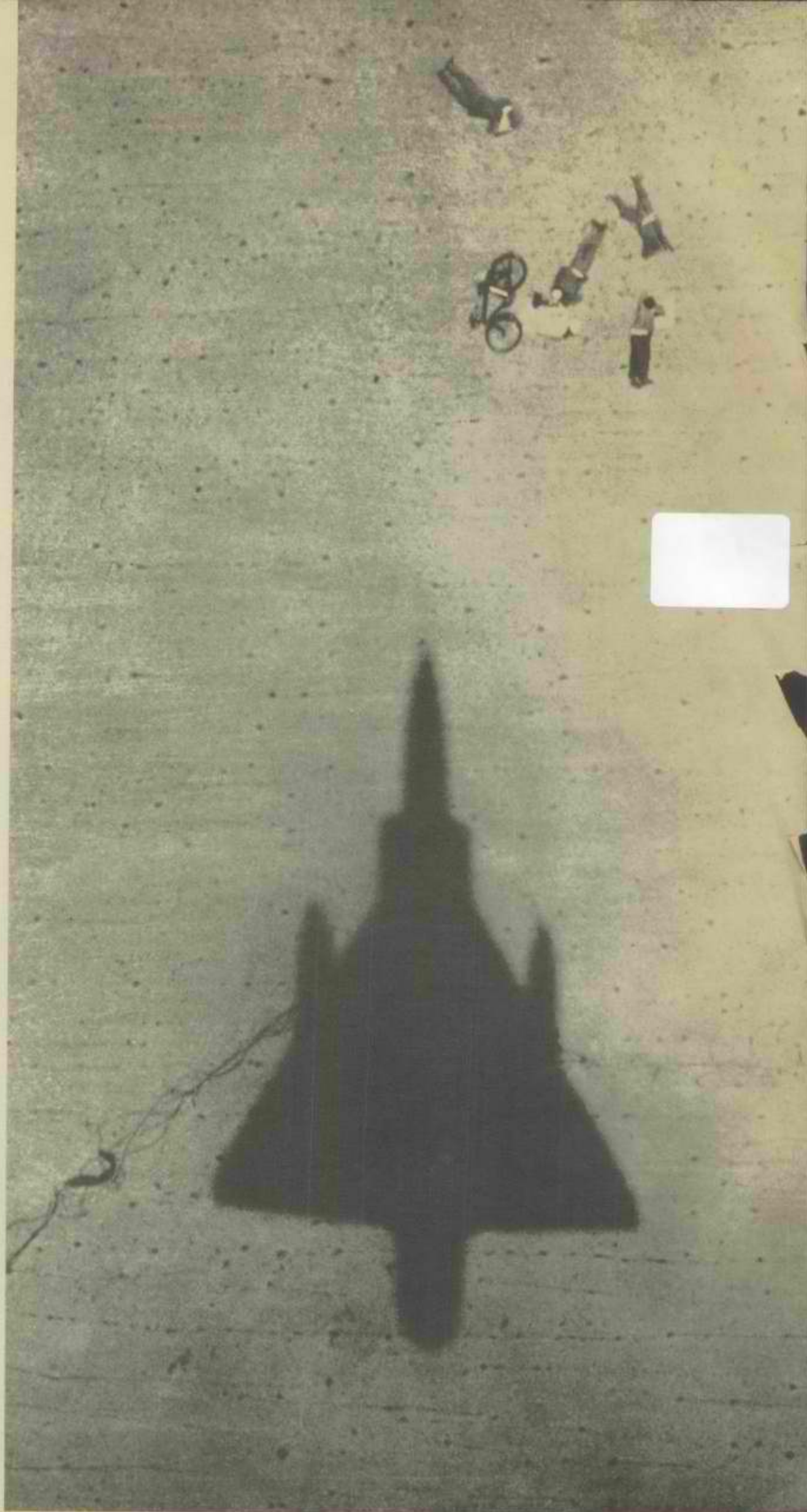
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ISRAELI PILOT'S PANORAMIC SOUVENIR

These remarkable pictures, snapped in the first hours of the Mideast war, are the personal mementos of an Israeli pilot. Using a camera with an extreme wide-angle lens as he swept low over the Cairo area, the pilot was able to capture not only some major tourist attractions but also the shadow of his own delta-winged Mirage jet in each picture. At famed Giza (*left*) the 204-foot-high pyramid of King Menkure broods over its three smaller satellite pyramids. Seen nearby from a rare perspective is the lion's body and man's head of the ancient Sphinx (*below*). Over Cairo (*below, left*) the plane's shadow is a mere speck on the rectangular wall surrounding the Ibn-Tūlūn Mosque, the city's oldest—here slightly curved by the distortion of the lens. Finally, as the jet swoops low near the Nile (*right*) four frightened Egyptians, one leaving his bicycle, flatten themselves before the Mirage's menacing shadow.



Life 14/7/67.

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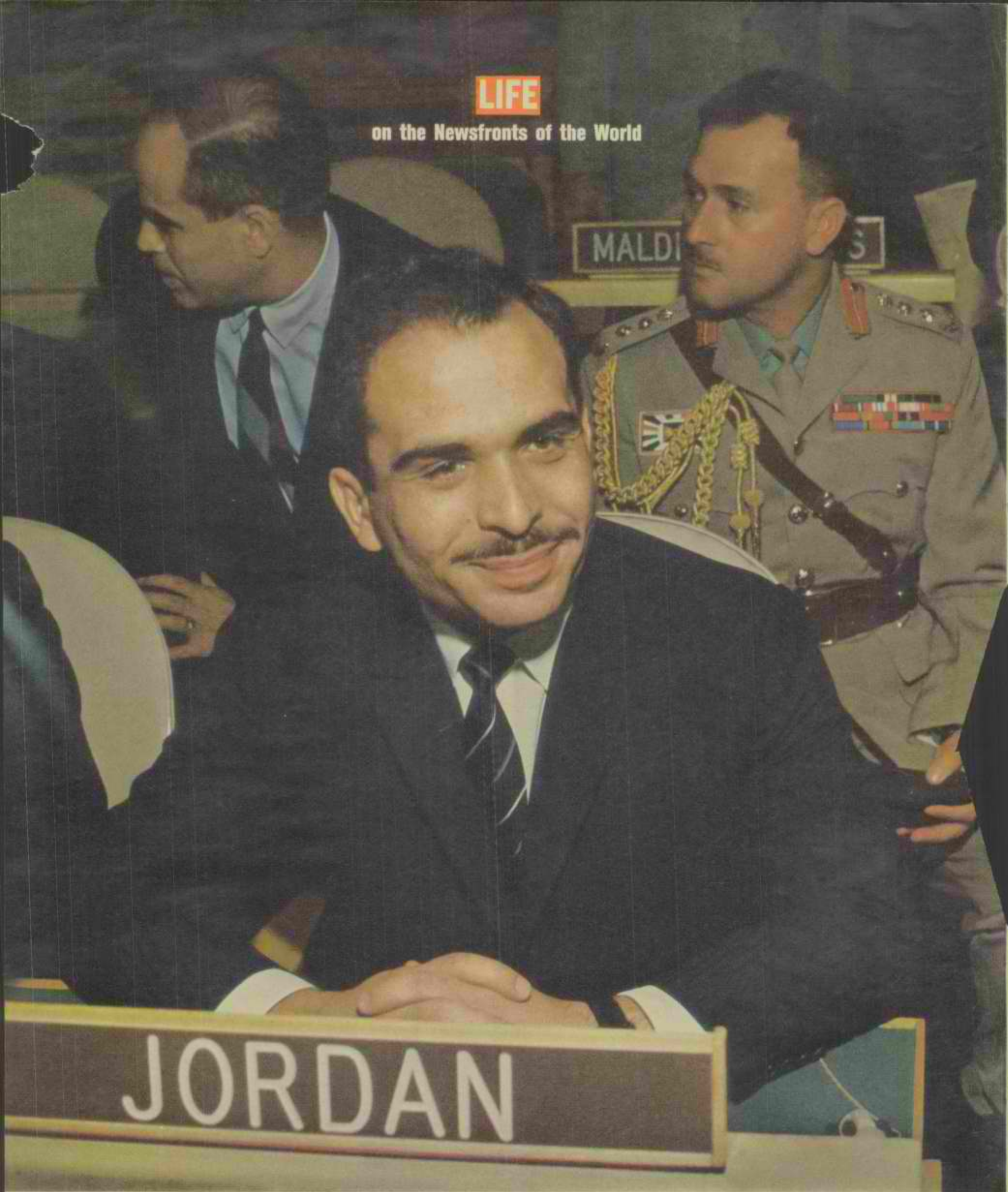
space, our little Squareback feels very much at home in about half of a whole parking space. (It's only about 7 in. longer than the bug.)

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LIFE

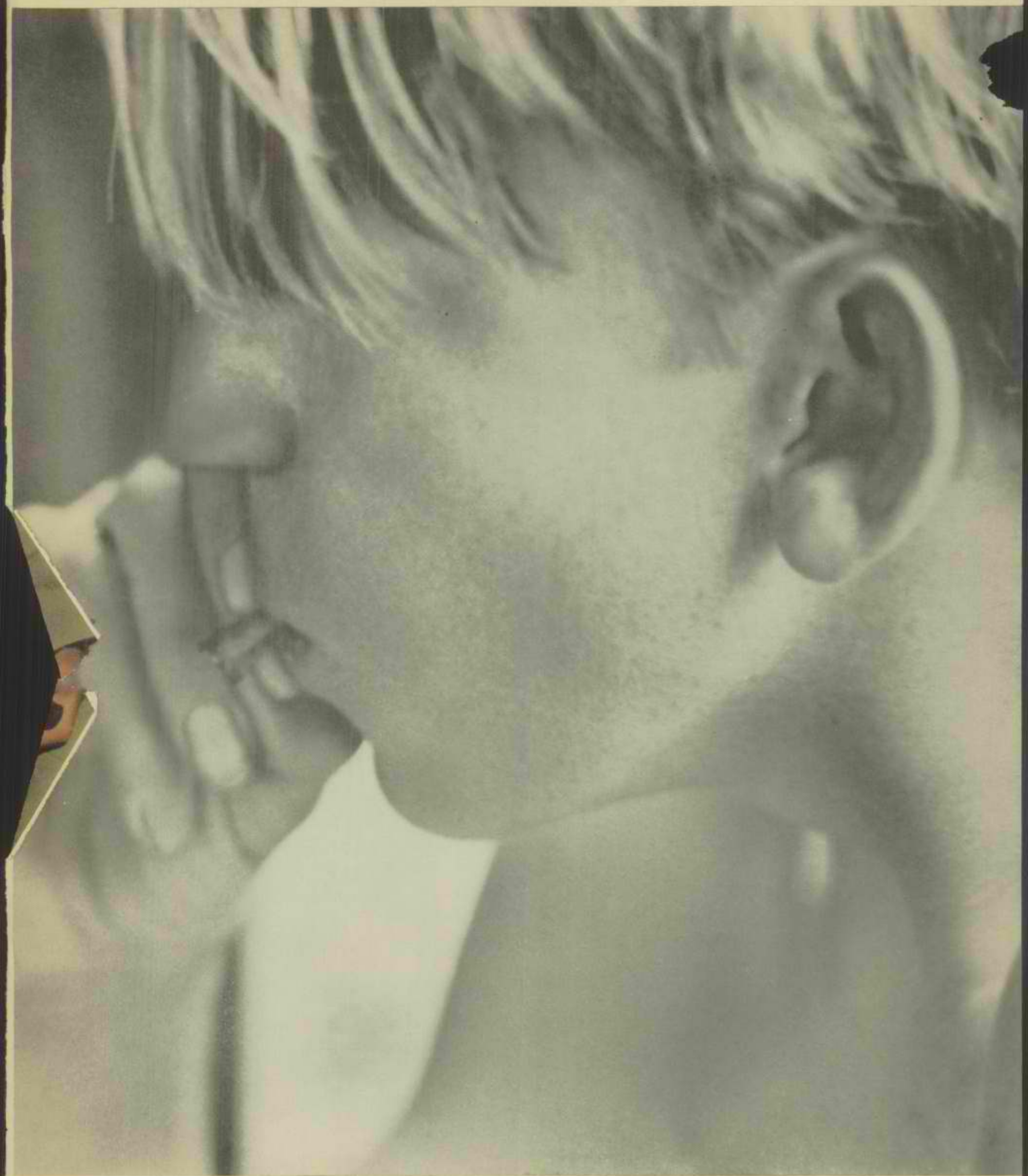
on the Newsfronts of the World



Representing his tiny nation in the U.N. General Assembly, King Hussein awaits his turn to speak—a smile hiding

the emotional scars the 31-year-old monarch suffered in the fighting. Hussein spent much of the war traveling in

a Jeep at the western front, where he never slept and came under bombing and strafing attacks on six occasions.

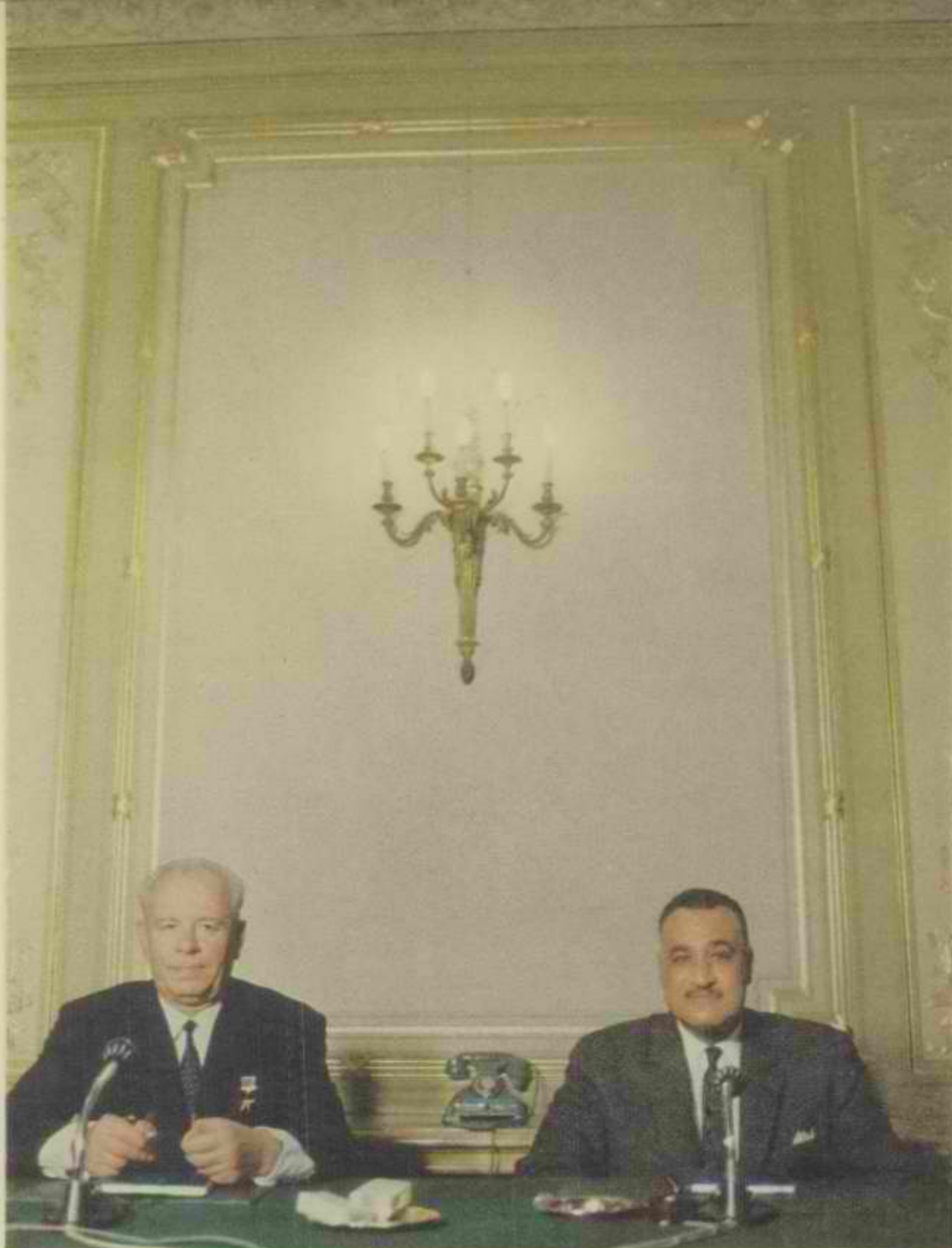


A King Pleads the Arab Case

Boyishly handsome King Hussein of Jordan—the only Arab leader to come under fire at the front in the Mideast war—last week journeyed to the United Nations to plead his country's tragic case. Having tried and failed to convene a meeting of Arab leaders, he called for condemnation of Israel and warned: "We have not yet learned well enough how to use weapons of modern warfare. But we shall if we have to." Later U.N. Secretary General U Thant released a report charging the war had been caused mainly by Arab pressure on Israel.

Hussein went on to Washington, where he asked President Johnson for help with his problems. Back in the Mideast, the Israeli parliament declared the city of Jerusalem, formerly half Jordanian, to be a single municipality—a move immediately denounced by the U.S.

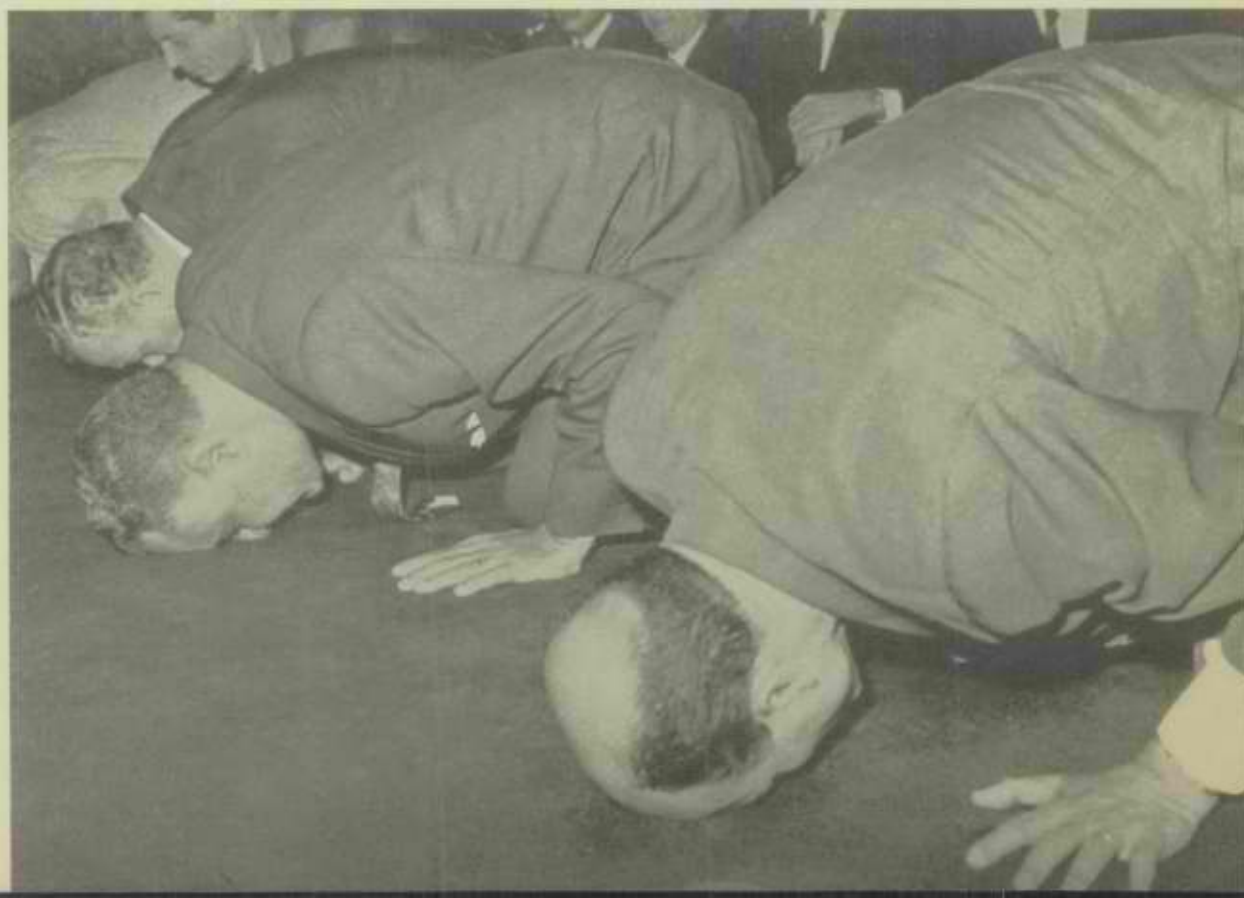
Soviet politicians were traveling hard in behalf of their Arab friends. Premier Aleksei Kosygin touched base at Havana and Paris en route home from his meetings with President Johnson, and in Cairo President Nikolai V. Podgorny (right) pumped some sorely needed prestige into Nasser's standing with his erstwhile comrades-in-arms. He promised to help rebuild the shattered Egyptian military machine. But what Nasser needed far more urgently than new guns was an infusion of economic aid. Shutting down the Suez Canal was costing him \$600,000 a day, and boll weevils were invading the Egyptian cotton crop. Nasser embarrassingly found it necessary to borrow \$10 million from former King Saud of Saudi Arabia, whom Cairo once accused of payrolling a \$2 million plot to kill Nasser. Guns, however, seemed easier to come by. On Podgorny's heels a top-drawer Czech delegation dropped into Cairo for more talks about rearming Egypt.



Reasserting Soviet-Arab solidarity (above), Russian President Podgorny and President Nasser strike a states-

menlike pose at the Kubbeh Palace in Cairo. Below, at the Sultan Hassan Mosque to celebrate the birth of Mo-

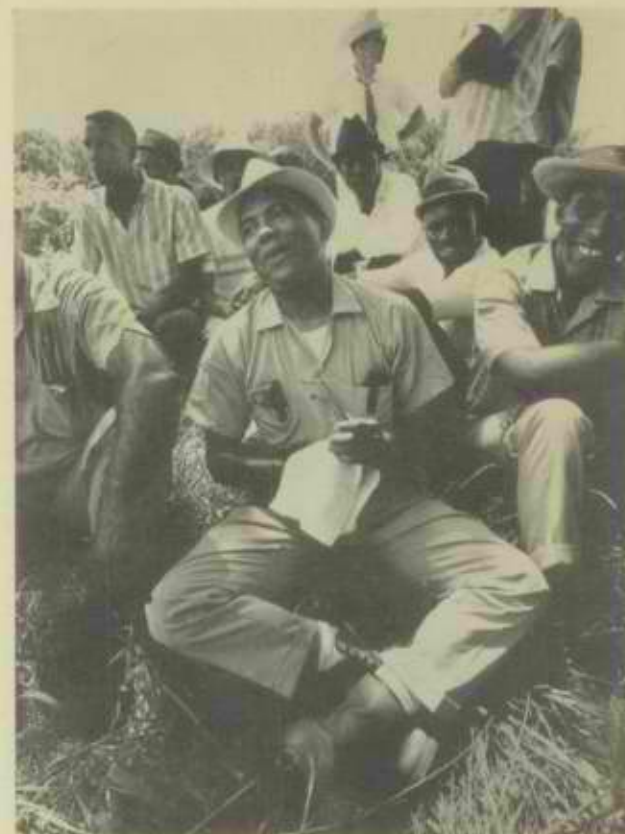
ammed, Nasser and Vice President Zakaria Mohieddin (foreground) bow toward Mecca in the Moslem ritual.





A year later, Meredith back on the march

A year and 18 days after his first "walk against fear" through Mississippi was halted by a shotgun, James Meredith (*right*) was back on the road to cover the remaining 180 miles. This time hostile whites gave him less trouble than his sore feet did. Here he rests them by the roadside near Batesville.



Newest Paris fashion: the Dayan patch

Fashion found the Eisenhower jacket in World War II. Inevitably something in the apparel line emerged from the Israeli-Arab war of 1967. Maud Ann, 25, who owns to no surname but is a Danish actress living in Paris, took to sporting a General Moshe Dayan eye patch. Promptly it became a fad.

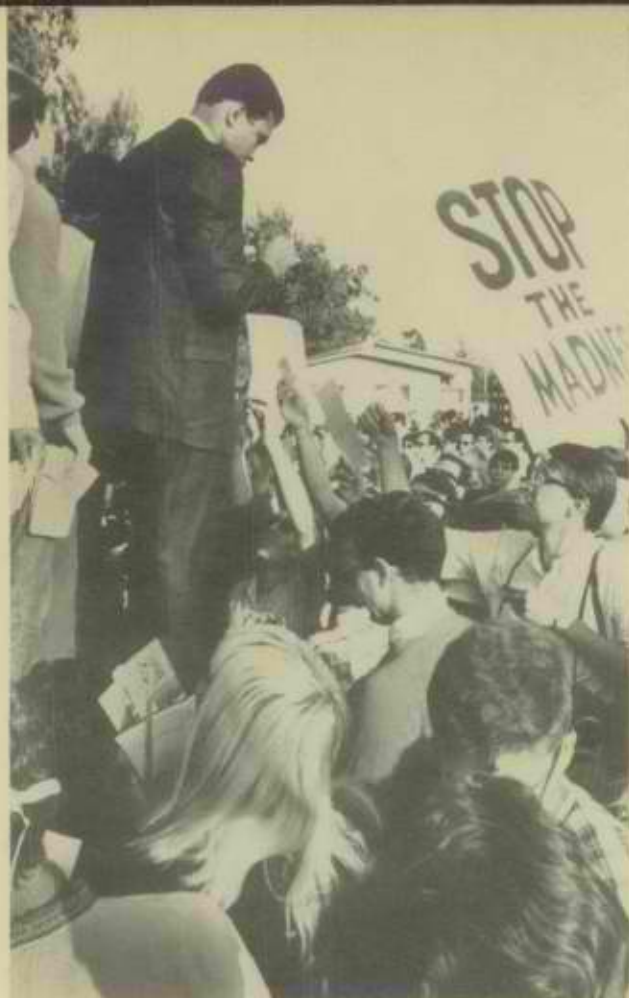


Antiwar sermon by 'Minister' Clay

Vigorously denouncing the Vietnamese war and, by implication, certain troubles of his own, Cassius Clay addressed a 10,000-strong rally in Los Angeles. It was held near a hotel where President Johnson was addressing a Democratic banquet. Once his speech was over Cassius went on to autograph dozens of draft cards for antiwar students. Claiming he is a Black Muslim minister and therefore draft-exempt, Clay is appealing a five-year sentence for refusing to be inducted. The L.A. stop was just one of several on a whirlwind tour intended to prove he is a minister indeed. Only the next night he proved he was at least a champion of decency, by saving two white journalists from a pummeling at the hands of 500 Negro youths at a Muslim rally in San Diego.

One for the road—17,000 feet up

A thirsty man is a thirsty man, no matter whether he's groundbound or sailing at 17,000 feet over the Swiss Alps in a hydrogen-filled balloon (*left*). Britons G. F. Turnbull (at left) and Tom Sage, sponsored by a wine company, rode a tiny (2'8" x 2'8") wicker basket onward and upward as contestants in an international balloon race from Mürren, Switzerland to Italy. While loyally quaffing his patron's champagne, Sage recorded the moment with a camera mounted on a boom attached to the basket.



Eye to Eye at Holly Bush

The issues are unresolved. But the men who met at Holly Bush got some clear ideas about each other.

Aleksei Kosygin, the Soviet premier, sitting at Johnson's right in an easy chair, came out to be a lot like an American businessman—logical, precise, firm, but unmovable about a contract. Lyndon Johnson was quick to perceive the similarity and adjusted his tactics to fit.

The Russian was an eye watcher. He fixed on L.B.J.'s eyes like radar and stayed there, reading every movement, every shift up or down, until some new subject or some distraction from the outside disturbed the current. When he wanted to take a sip of coffee Kosygin walked his hand over the table, feeling the way, eyes still holding Johnson's, and then his fingers encircled the cup and he drank. Johnson's big hand sought out his glass of water in the same manner, the talk going on continuously and the eyes undeviating.

Was Lyndon Johnson really a farmer, the Russian wanted to know? Did he actually own land and raise his food? He had the right fellow. Just the day before, the President had eaten liver, corn, okra and peas that came off his land, out of his food lockers.

They exchanged homely bits of autobiography. Kosygin's mother had died when he was only 4. Lyndon Johnson had worked the road gang between Johnson

City and San Antonio. The chairman had worked in a textile plant as a boy, had seen the war in Leningrad and he had been one of Stalin's deputies for 12 long years. He didn't know much about livestock and farms but he was interested. What about the Colorado River in Texas? Were there fish in it? Did they generate power on it? Johnson in words rebuilt the six dams that are his monuments along the lower Colorado. Really, did the President irrigate?

The premier was one of those legions who found New York a better place to read about than reside in. He liked the countryside. Well, if he wanted to get out of town, he could go anyplace in the U.S. on the Saturday between the two summit sessions, even to the LBJ Ranch. Later came his request to go to Niagara Falls—for the scenery, of course, but just as much for the view of the great turbines in the hydroelectric plant.

They talked about their love for their families and about their women. For Kosygin there was an emptiness because his wife had died. But his daughter was with him. Lyndon Johnson's mother, wife and two girls were his strength.

Kosygin's hair was not so gray as it had looked in the pictures. The President noted this and said his own hair was grayer. The Russian replied that he was four years older than Johnson and so the hair color didn't matter.

When they sketched their desires for the future of mankind the blueprints were almost identical. The methods differed terribly. "You want war, we want peace," was Kosygin's message over and over in the first hours. L.B.J. paused, eyes fixed for 10 seconds maybe. He accepted half that premise. Certainly the Russian leader wanted peace. The President believed that. He believed the Russian people wanted peace although he didn't know them as well as he would like to (hint for that unoffered invitation). Johnson knew his own people, though. He had traveled the land talking with them, clasping their hands. They certainly wanted peace and there was not a man alive in the world right then who wanted peace more than Lyndon Baines Johnson, who had cut cotton and shined shoes. Russia and the U.S. were like his sister and him, they were the older ones in the Johnson family and they had to help keep the peace among

the younger ones by setting the example.

Johnson wondered about Kosygin's eyes, what they were seeing and what they were deciding. What picture was he forming of the U.S. President? Many times L.B.J. has told friends that if any visitor who came to see him believed half of what he read about the President, the man would not want to be in the same room. Were myths being dispelled?

Kosygin was not stormy, not excited. He was intelligent, intense, articulate, frank, enjoyable. Could they take a picture of the luncheon group? Johnson was for it. He was too, said the chairman, and let us tell the press that Lyndon Johnson and Aleksei Kosygin had reached at least one agreement.

Why couldn't the President and the premier and all the others take all those billions they were spending on bombs and bullets and put them in butter and bread for anybody, including North Vietnam and Red China, and make peace and happiness? That was the way it should be, both agreed. But there was that smiling, American-businessman-like Russian boss somehow always seeing it his way—that the United States wanted war and the U.S.S.R. wanted peace.

But Lyndon Johnson was not the man who made military alliances, like NATO, SEATO, CENTO. He had signed the space treaty, consular agreement, the student exchanges. If it were not for that Vietnam war, people would be realizing that Russia and the United States had made more new treaties than any other two countries.

The two leaders should meet regularly. Okay. But no time and place could be set right then.

Those 10 hours of meeting are rated by the President as among the most important that he has ever spent. There was no winner at the meeting. The Soviets, in the view of the U.S., can give Kosygin the highest marks for conducting their business in the way they wanted him to. Johnson does not feel that he gave away the Washington Monument.

Maybe the last five minutes was the truth. Kosygin wanted no war, no trouble with the U.S. Johnson felt exactly the same way too: no war, no trouble with Russia. Then they parted and each man marched back down his old routes and the view beyond was still terribly clouded.



President Johnson and Premier Kosygin keep eyes on each other as they talk in the library at Holly Bush at the state college in Glassboro, N.J.

LIFE

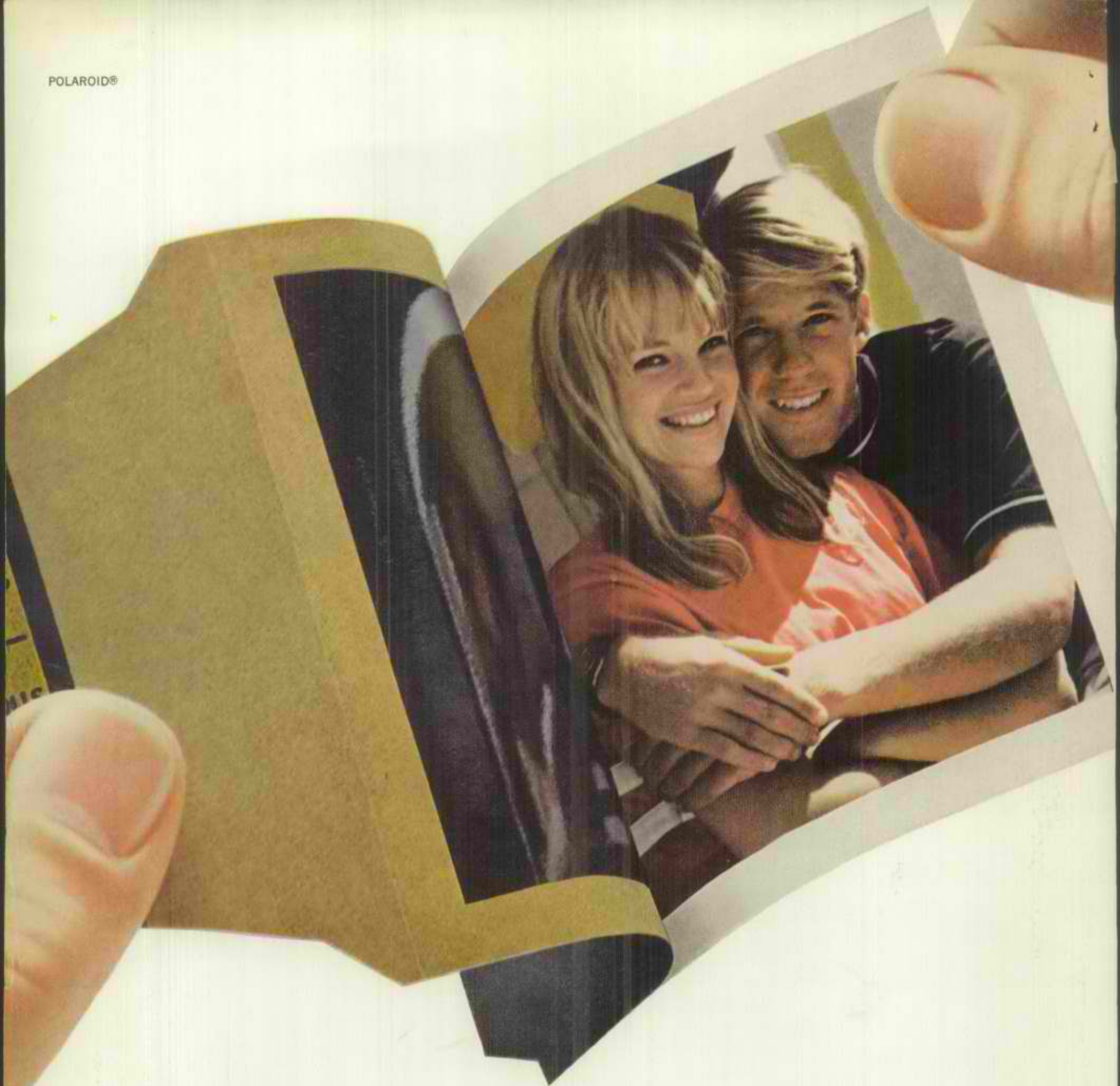
MIDEAST UNHINGED— THE ISRAELI ONSLAUGHT

Egyptians flatten themselves in surrender to advancing Israeli troops in the Gaza Strip

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

HOW IT FEELS TO DIE

Sirs:

Excellent, excellent, excellent. I can only breathe a deep sigh of relief after reading David Snell's account of how it feels to die (May 26).

MRS. FRANK BRANCH
Montclair, N.J.

Sirs:

David Snell's article has performed a unique medical service in re-educating physicians and alerting patients to the possible hazards of this valuable but potentially dangerous drug.

Thank the good Lord he had a competent physician and quick-thinking wife.

JOSEPH C. EVERS, M.D.
McLean, Va.

Sirs:

Last year I went through anaphylactic shock. I "died" for 4½ minutes... never losing consciousness... thinking, "This is the worst Ben Casey or Dr. Kildare I've ever experienced."

My shock was from one million units of penicillin administered intravenously by a doctor for an infection.

One thing your article does not mention that I remember vividly. When I received the injection into my heart of adrenalin, the room suddenly became dead quiet for a moment and then everyone in that room could hear, yes hear, the sound of "gears grinding," my heart beginning to beat again. And I remember the delicious pain of that grinding.

For the first time I can honestly say I have related to another man's clutch for life. I find it most precious.

B. WILSON
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Last year I took one of my wife's penicillin pills given her for a sore throat. Within 10 minutes I had gone into the first stages of anaphylactic shock and was very much aware that I was dying. For the next hour life was a third party which I viewed objectively.

I knew peace... a peace that frightened me because I sensed that acceptance of this "peace" was terminal. I neither saw nor sensed "something beautiful, more gentle" as Mr. Snell did. Only darkness and fear and a black void.

I do not know the theologian's analy-

sis of my moments on the brink of eternity, but I do know it taught me that life is not to be taken for granted.

RICHARD A. NAILOR
Woodbridge, Va.

Sirs:

David Snell has refuted the notion some seem to hold that plain language can no longer accommodate itself to the task of conveying feelings from person to person. He has taken an uncommon event which happened in the course of everyday existence and said something in a new way about the oldest enigma man faces, his own dissolution. This amazing document should set at rest any doubts as to the liveliness of our living language.

ROBERT E. QUINN, M.D.
Georgetown, S.C.

Sirs:

My LIFE was delivered at 3:30 this afternoon; by 4 o'clock I probably had the cleanest medicine cabinet in town. "How It Feels to Die" should be a lesson for all of us.

MRS. DONALD A. DRAUDT
North Olmsted, Ohio

SENATOR ED LONG

Sirs:

You have spotlighted another sordid performance in the U.S. Senate ("Strange Help-Hoffa Campaign of the U.S. Senator from Missouri," May 26). Both houses of Congress are willing to remain suspect by refusing, year after year, to clean out the rotten apples in the congressional barrel. The working press is still the strongest force in protecting the voter from being sold out for 30 pieces of silver.

RICHARD H. SHELLY
Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Sirs:

Classic smear journalism. I am one of many thousands of Americans who believe that the Long committee hearings have provided a significant contribution toward preserving individual civil liberties. Why shouldn't the civil rights of Jimmy Hoffa be just as important as anyone else's?

KIRKPATRICK W. DILLING
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

LIFE and William Lambert are to be congratulated on the article on Senator Long. The boys in Congress jump all

over Powell, censure Dodd, and now they have another hot potato on their hands. I'm beginning to believe Powell's claim that his actions (though I don't condone them) were no worse than a lot of other congressmen's.

RUSSELL V. BROWN
Oakmont, Pa.

THE VIEW FROM HERE

Sirs:

Loudon Wainwright, how could you, how could you do this to me and your other female admirers? I love your page. Then this "Miniskirt" thing (May 26). I am past 40. Let's face it—I am past 60! I wear shorts because I love the feel of sun and wind. I had not looked at my thighs. I didn't want to. Now I have. Yes—"porridge thighs"—a rather advanced case.

But I'll forgive you for making me aware of it because if it had not been for you, I would never have heard that marvelous expression, "porridge thighs." Now I know what I have. You keep on writing your page, and I'll keep on wearing my shorts.

HELEN DAVIS
Carey, Idaho

GENERAL LEW WALT

Sirs:

I was delighted with Colin Leinster's all-too-brief portrait on General Lewis W. Walt, USMC (May 26). As an old Marine campaigner who served with "Lew" in Pacific and Korean campaigns, I can attest to the tremendous strength, quiet confidence and fierce devotion he literally exudes. We gladly followed him anywhere and I would do it again if called upon.

M/SGT. G. E. AHOYT, USMC (Ret.)
Del Rio, Texas

Sirs:

Re General Lew Walt's actions at Cape Gloucester in January 1944: My husband, Thomas B. Burns, was a 20-year-old member of the five-man gun crew which volunteered to push the 37-mm gun up the brush-strewn slope later known as Walt's Ridge. The slippery terrain caused the man directly behind my husband to trip and lunge forward; Tom lost his grip upon the gun momentarily. He turned to direct a withering blast of Marine profanity upon the man, only to recognize him as Lt. Colonel Walt. Walt grinned and apologized; Tom nearly fainted.

SHIRLEY K. BURNS
Vallejo, Calif.

VIGIL AT FATIMA

Sirs:

Your "Vigil at Fátima" (May 26) points up the fact that these so-called "shrines" lure the gullible and the ignorant. The presence of a learned leader like Pope Paul lent authenticity to the performance.

In this day of advanced knowledge, it is almost unbelievable that we would still have circuslike spectacles such as this one at Fátima which so obviously epitomize superstition.

LAURENCE C. ROUSH
Wilson, N.C.

Sirs:

Your photographs of the Pope's visit to Fátima were fine. This manifestation of the importance of the supernatural in a world which has lost so much belief in it was so genuine that its beauty penetrated the heart.

ANGELINE H. LOGRASSO
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

EDWARD ALBEE

Sirs:

What has become of perceptive criticism when a Thomas B. Morgan can write such a vicious article about an Edward Albee and get it printed (May 26). Give the Thomas B. Morgans a Penguin Freud and a course in Creative Writing 203 and they think their little pen is adequate to any task.

WILLIAM HERNDON
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

For the moment, yes, Albee is the best our theater has. But the thing that keeps his plays from being very good is their lack of honesty. *Virginia Woolf*, for all its "searing frankness," is a disarmingly dishonest play. If Albee would ever sit forward in his chair, he just might peak one of these days. And your Mr. Morgan and the way he joins up with the currently popular but nervous sophistication—you ought to make him your fashion editor.

WILLIAM SCHÖHL
South Bend, Ind.

Sirs:

I have seen Edward Albee on TV and squirmed, thinking, "What a phony." Thomas Morgan's profile was excellent.

ELIZABETH ADAMSON
Seneca Falls, N.Y.

IN **LIFE** NEXT WEEK

Idyllic Tour of Europe —by Inland Waterways

Guide to a scenic labyrinth of canals and rivers

by THEODORE H. WHITE THE ACTION INTELLECTUALS

PART 3: The chartmakers face a precarious future—and their own perplexities

CLOSE-UP Erno Laszlo, 'Svengali of the Skin' who wages war on wrinkles FASHION The pantsuit takes a shortcut—above the knee

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The Presidency

by HUGH SIDNEY

Over the hot line— the Middle East

Lyndon Johnson had stayed close to the mansion on Sunday. He watched the latest news from the Middle East but went to bed not expecting anything drastic to happen.

The city settled down to a marvelously balmy night, one of those that should have been along several weeks before. Walt Rostow, Johnson's special assistant for national security affairs, even stayed home with his family and was ready to call it a day by 11 p.m.

There was no particular excitement in the Situation Room in the basement of the White House's West Wing. The men on duty monitoring the cable machines bringing in the secret dispatches from diplomats and intelligence sources were, of course, specially watchful because of the Middle East, but as midnight came and went there was nothing to alarm them.

The phone beside Rostow's bed jangled at 2:50. He noted down the time because he is trained to keep records of such times. "We have an F.B.I.S. [Foreign Broadcasting Information Service, a C.I.A. monitoring operation] report that the U.A.R. has launched an attack on Israel," came a husky male voice from the Situation Room. Rostow was immediately wide awake. "Go to your intelligence sources and call me back." At 3 the phone rang and all the sources checked confirmed the first flash. "O.K., I'm coming in," said Rostow, who asked for a White House limousine to be sent to his home. Sunk in the back seat of the black Mercury as it sped through the deserted streets, Rostow began his calculations. First find out how it started. Then find out the precise situation on the ground and in the air. Determine who is involved. Finally, decide about waking President Johnson. He made no notes, just put the procedure down in his mind.

By 3:25 he was in the Situation Room and on the phone to Secretary of State Dean Rusk at home. "I assume you've received the flash," Rostow began. Rusk had. Rostow told the Secretary that he was gathering all the facts he could to have available when he talked with Johnson. Rusk and Rostow agreed that if the

preliminary information was true L.B.J. should be awakened in about one hour.

At first the facts came in a trickle. There had been sirens heard in Tel Aviv, then in Cairo. The Situation Room tickers bring regular news reports in addition to dispatches from diplomats and intelligence operations. In the next minutes the trickle of information began to swell. Tanks were reported in various locations. Then secret sources noted that a number of Arab air fields appeared to be inoperative and the pattern of attack began to emerge. The Israelis, whether first to strike or not, were moving hard and fast against the U.A.R. Air Forces.

In the conference area of the Situation Room, a bleak chamber with a map of Vietnam still on the wall, Rostow picked up the phone. "I want to get through to the President," he said. "I wish him to be awakened."

A hundred yards away on the second floor of the darkened White House a white phone jingled. Lyndon Johnson, long accustomed to calls in the night said simply, "Yes."

"Mr. President," said his assistant. "This is Walt. I have the following to report. We have information that Israel and the U.A.R. are at war." Johnson wanted to know the facts and Rostow ran down them quickly, the President asking questions throughout in the seven-minute conversation that launched Johnson into the tensest week of his presidency.

He wanted to be certain that United States ambassadors implemented plans to get our citizens out of danger. And then he asked that every scrap of information be assembled and evaluated so he would know exactly what was happening.

As the cables continued to stack up other men routed from their beds began to arrive. Press Secretary George Christian and his assistant Tom Johnson were there shortly after 4:30. Clark Clifford, head of Johnson's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, came in to help with evaluation. The only thing that these men had done before leaving their homes was to shave. Now they needed a little sustenance. The coffee machine which sits beside the special teletypes was stoked up. A man was sent out to the street to find a restaurant which would sell them some rolls.

From his bedroom Lyndon Johnson talked by phone with Rusk and McNamara and then he summoned George Christian. Then some time around 8 on the Situation Room tickers came an electrifying message. The hot line between Washington and Moscow was about to be activated—by Moscow. It was to be

the first official use of this crisis device. Immediately a Russian translator was summoned to the White House basement. Once again Rostow was on the phone to the President, telling him of this development. L.B.J., still in his bedroom, did not change expression as he heard the news. He put down the phone and without a word of explanation to Christian, said, "We've got to go to the Situation Room." By the time L.B.J. had taken his small elevator to the first floor, walked through the silent White House, the first brief message from Moscow, signed by Premier Alexei Kosygin, was waiting in rough translation. Lyndon Johnson took the typed document. He settled down at the mahogany table and began to formulate a reply.

In his first message, Kosygin spoke of the terribly dangerous situation which had arisen in the Middle East and the necessity that Russia and the U.S. not get involved. Johnson's reply was cautious, echoing Kosygin's position that the two major powers should stay beyond the battle. The two men were feeling each other out.

A second flurry of exchanges came when the U.A.R. made its wild charges that the U.S. and British planes had helped Israel. Over the hot line, Johnson and Kosygin gave assurances that neither was getting involved in the shooting. Hours later, as the course of the war became clear, Russia proposed a cease fire and Johnson answered its proposals with our own.

On Wednesday morning came the tense moment when Johnson learned that the U.S. ship *Liberty* had been hit. Not knowing yet what really had happened, the President ordered U.S. planes to scramble to look for survivors and rushed a message to Kosygin explaining that the planes were not going to battle. While that was clattering out to Moscow, Israel admitted that it was responsible. Johnson, who was in the Situation Room, added this new information. Kosygin acknowledged it immediately.

There were more than a dozen messages in this first, historic hot-line exchange. The President now keeps them all—his own messages, Kosygin's messages in the original Russian with the translations on an opposite page—at his desk in a green notebook.

"But, Daddy, if I don't drink they'll think I'm nowhere."



Now, Dad, what do you say to that?

You could say, and with conviction, that what they think really won't matter. Not if she's sure the way you've taught her is right.

But make no mistake. She's under a lot of pressure from others her own age. Social pressure to be popular—to be one of the crowd. It would be unrealistic to think otherwise.

To stand up to that kind of pressure takes character. And character isn't something a girl is born with. It's

something she acquires. Mostly from you, her parents.

If you've taught her well—if you've set a good example, she'll understand that drinking is a pleasure reserved for adults.

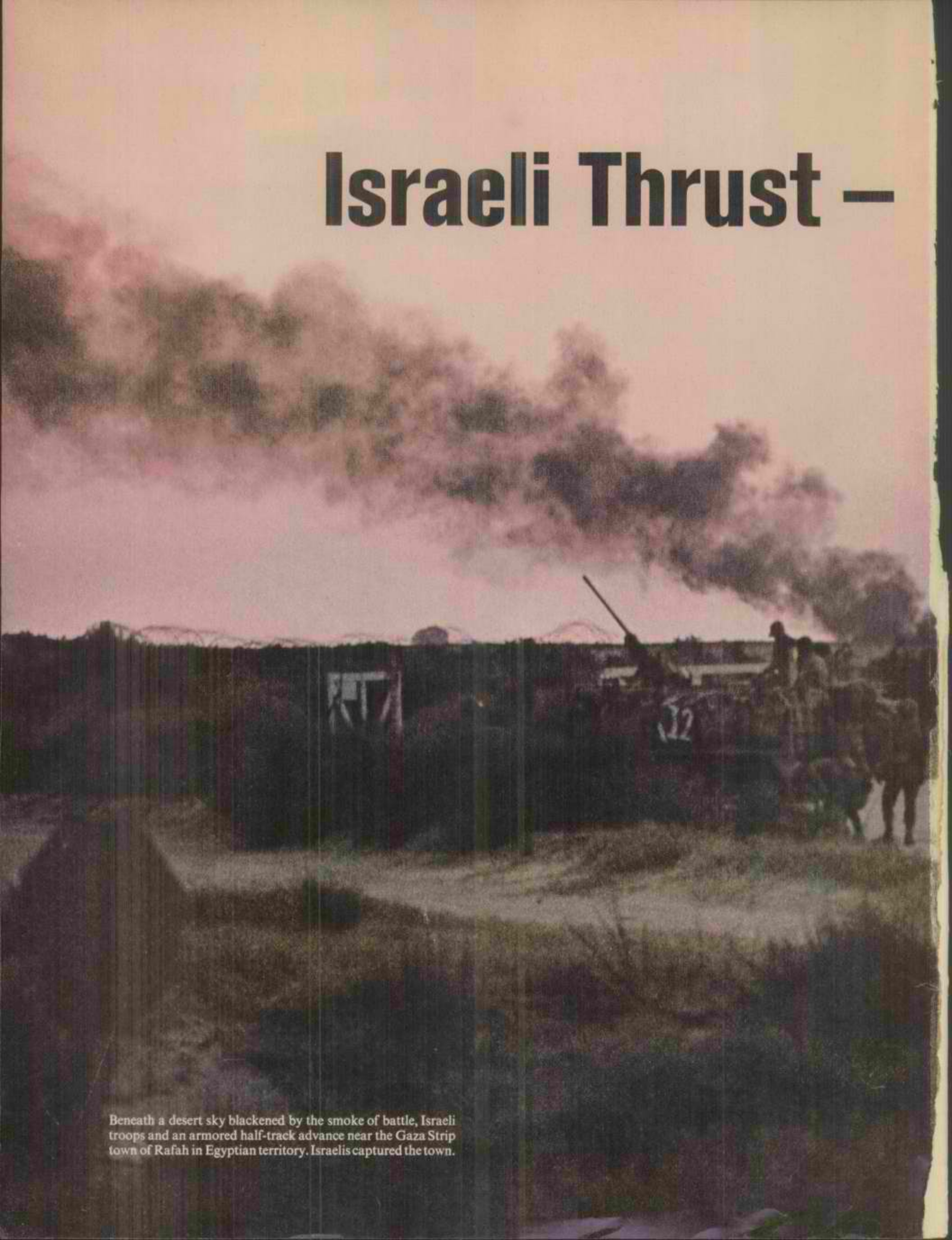
She can wait. She has time.

And when that time comes, if she chooses to drink, she'll appreciate drinking for what it is. Something to be enjoyed sensibly. Moderately. Maturely. The way we've always intended the products we sell be enjoyed.

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Israeli Thrust —



Beneath a desert sky blackened by the smoke of battle, Israeli troops and an armored half-track advance near the Gaza Strip town of Rafah in Egyptian territory. Israelis captured the town.

LIFE

Vol. 62, No. 24 June 16, 1967

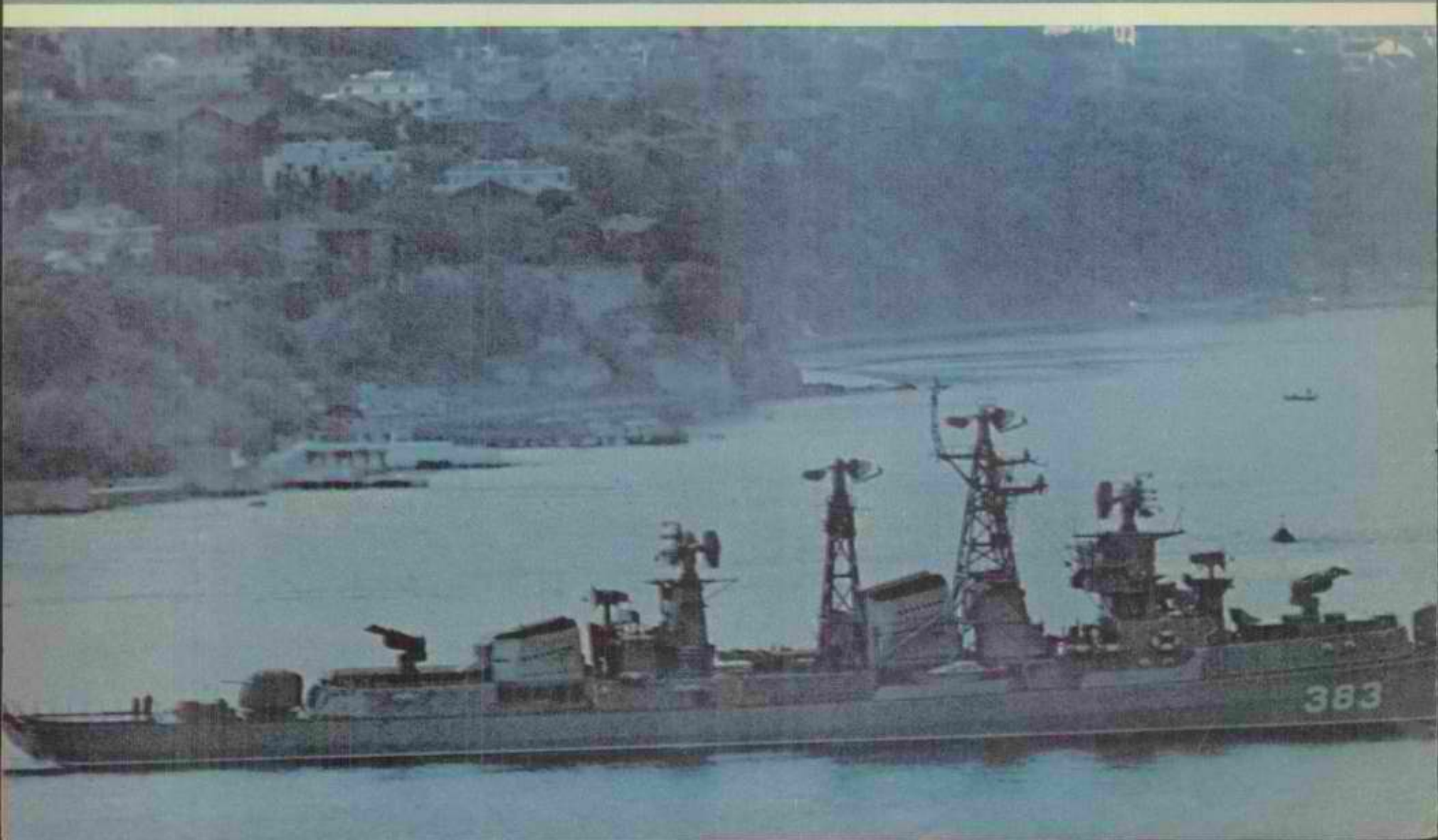
The Astounding 60 Hours

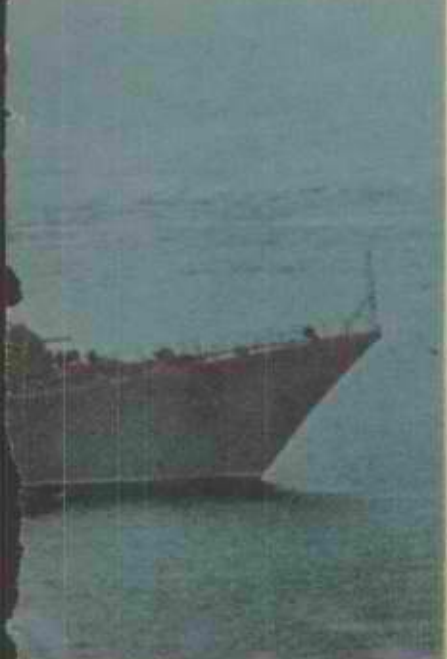




Caught in the path of the Israeli thrust into the Gaza Strip, an Egyptian and a blazing truck are early casualties of the war.



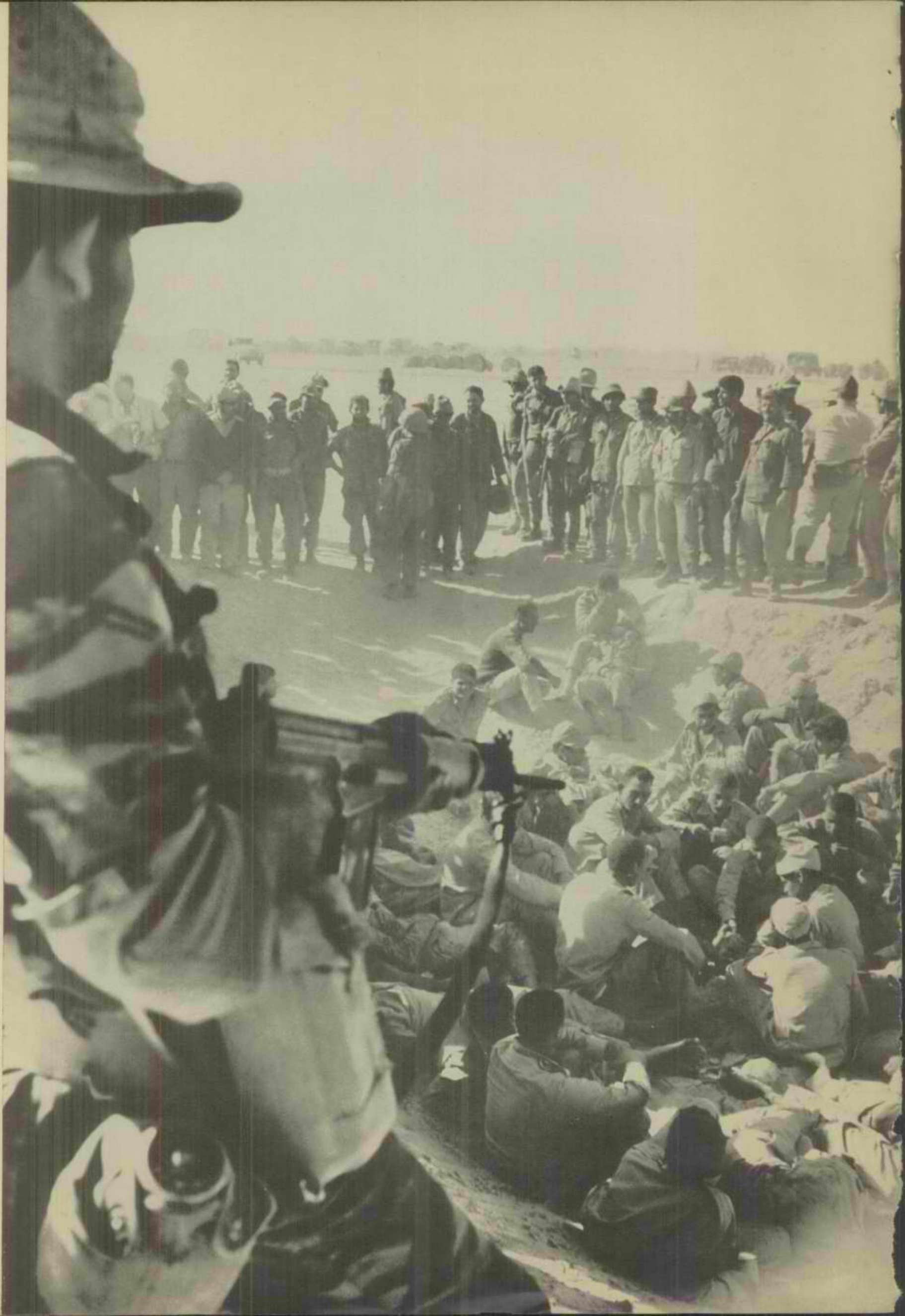




Rival shows of force in troubled seas

Two days before Israeli-Arab fighting broke out, Russian destroyers sailed through the Bosphorus past Istanbul en route to eastern Mediterranean. Ship at top is 3,900-ton Kotlin class destroyer. The one at left is in 6,000-ton Kashin class, equipped with surface-to-air missiles, radar towers to guide them.

U.S. carrier *Intrepid*, on her way to Vietnam, sailed by a solitary Egyptian soldier (*top*) at midpoint of 12-hour passage through Suez Canal five days before Nasser closed canal. In lower picture, sailors stand on deck of U.S.S. *America*, one of two carriers in the Mediterranean-based Sixth Fleet, as she moves close to tanker to refuel.



Attack on four fronts at once

Astounding was the only word for it. In 60 hours the war that exploded upon the Middle East became a fact of history. Tiny Israel stood in the role of victor over the surrounding Arab nations that had vowed to exterminate her. Middle Eastern alliances, balances of power, even political boundaries, were of a new shape, as though mutated by a Biblical cataclysm.

Seldom in military history has victory been so efficient or so visibly decisive in so short a span of time. As to the murky question of who or precisely what turned the latest Arab-Israeli confrontation into a shooting war, there were impassioned accusations on both sides—and the precise facts might never be distilled. But this much was obvious: so swiftly did Israel mount her assault that her adversaries were deprived of the means of winning almost before the world awakened to the fact that a war was in progress. In the first three hours of the conflict Israeli bombers struck at a total of some 25 air bases in Egypt, Jordan, Syria and Iraq—"an hour earlier than anticipated," as Radio Cairo ruefully put it—knocking out a total of 350 aircraft, most of them on the ground.

Simultaneously Israeli armored columns and infantry drove into the Sinai peninsula (map right) in a textbook operation of military prowess. Superbly trained and equipped, brilliantly led and aided by careful intelligence on the deployment of the enemy, the Israelis swept the peninsula virtually clear of Nasser's Egyptian legions. The three-day campaign brought them to the edge of the Suez Canal and obliterated the Egyptian fortress at Sharm el Sheikh, guarding the Strait of Tiran, where Nasser had sought to blockade Israeli shipping into the Gulf of Aqaba. Meanwhile, after King Hussein's Jordan army had opened fire from the Jordanian section of the par-

tituted city of Jerusalem, Israeli forces took the city (p. 38) and expanded Israel's eastern frontier to the banks of the Jordan River.

The one-way tide of the war was a disastrous setback for the Soviet Union. Having poured more than a billion dollars' worth of arms into Egypt and Syria, and goaded them into hard-line attitudes against Israel and the West, the Russians now had to face up to the fact that they had backed a loser. Though Russian warships prowled the Mediterranean virtually alongside units of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, no direct intervention was forthcoming. When the conflict came before the United Nations Security Council, the Russians contented themselves with a denunciation of Israeli "aggression" and then went along with the call for a cease-fire that included no demand for an Israeli pullback. The cry from Cairo, Amman and Damascus that U.S. and British aircraft had joined in the Israeli actions—denied in Washington and London—was taken as gospel by the Arab capitals, nearly all of which thereupon broke off diplomatic relations with the U.S. and Britain. Significantly, the U.S.S.R. did not echo the accusation—another point that could scarcely have been lost on the Arabs.

The course of events was a far worse setback for Nasser. He found himself in the position of having promised one moment to push Israel into the sea and then agreeing in the next to join in the cease-fire—as did Jordan and later Syria, where the last Israeli advances took place. Nasser resigned as president, saying on radio and TV that he had decided "to abandon, completely and forever, all my official functions and return to the ranks of the people." But after the Egyptian National Assembly declined to accept his resignation, he announced at week's end that he would continue in office.

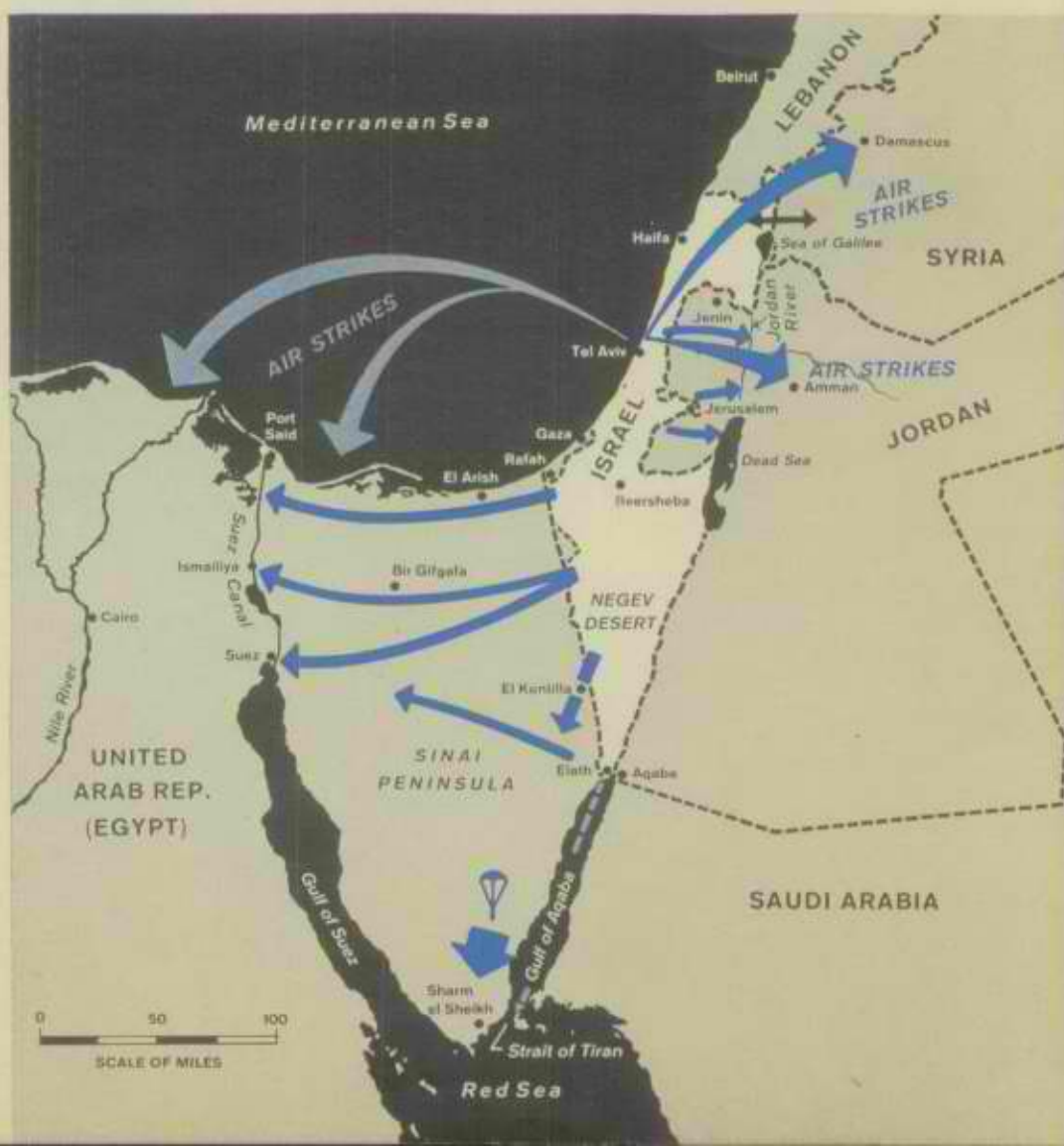
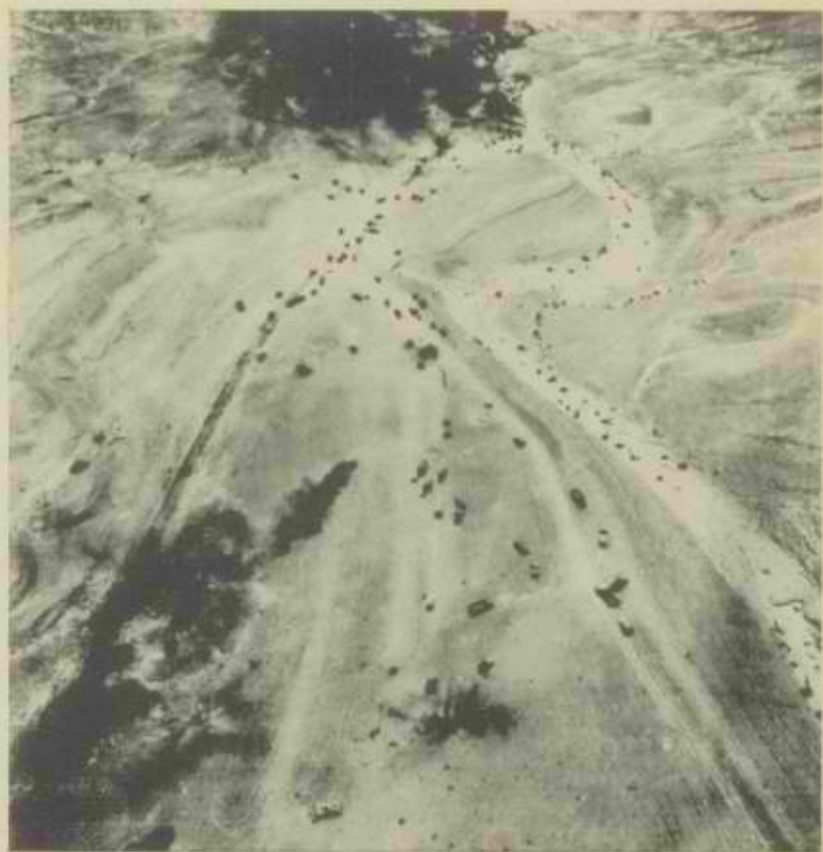
Egyptian prisoners squat in the sand near El Arish in northern Sinai (left). Strongpoint fell during second day of fighting as northernmost of four main Israeli thrusts (see map) swept across desert. Air strikes at Egyptian, Jordanian, Syrian and Iraqi bases on

first day of war destroyed Arab air power. Paratroops seized Sharm el Sheikh at mouth of Gulf of Aqaba—aided by Israeli naval vessels; infantry and tanks thrust east to the Jordan River in Jordan and, at the week's end, pushed north into Syria.



Israeli chief of staff, Major General Itzhak Rabin (center, above), discusses strategy at a June 1 meeting called as Egypt masses troops at the border.

Abandoned Egyptian equipment strewn the Sinai desert after a tank battle. The Israelis claim to have destroyed more than 250 enemy tanks.



This is the story of Paul Schutzer, LIFE photographer, and how he came to die in the first hours of the Arab-Israeli war. But it must begin with another war, the one in Vietnam. That time we were with a squad of American Marines inside an amphibian tractor, part of the first wave assaulting a Vietcong-held beach, the name of which everyone has likely long forgotten. Machine-gun fire was hammering away, and while the Marines gave their weapons a final check, Paul took off his steel helmet and put on a funny-looking hat, sort of like a sailor cap turned inside out, on which he had stenciled the Star of David. He explained it was a *kova tembel* (fool's hat) such as they wear on the *kibbutz* in Israel. "If I am going to die," Paul said, "I am going to die under my own colors." Then, just before the bow doors clanged down, he said, "*L'ha-im*," which means "To life." This was the first Hebrew word Schutzer taught me. Since we survived the landing and what followed, it was not the last.

When the U.A.R. closed the Strait of Tiran, we went to Israel together. From the moment he arrived, Paul, who had been to Israel many times before, bent all his energy, influence and guile to have us assigned to an assault unit. The authorities, civil and military, were reluctant to give in because they feared for our safety should war break out. But Paul persisted, arguing like a Jesuit, or whatever the Jewish equivalent of a Jesuit may be. "Have you forgotten that, according to Mosaic law, 'for every battle there must be two witnesses—preferably two who are not directly involved?'" he said. "Look no further. Michael and I are your two witnesses." His listeners smiled at Schutzer's attempt to beat them into submission with the Bible itself. But they would not yield.

He appealed at last to Major General Moshe Dayan, his old friend who had just been appointed Minister of Defense. The general listened, made a couple of phone calls, and doors began to open. That is why last Monday, as the war flared on three fronts, Paul and I were sitting in the shade of a little wood with men from a battalion of mechanized infantry.

Their mission was to board half-tracks and, supported by tanks, spearhead an armored column striking across the Negev Desert for the city of Gaza. While we waited, a fat cook gave us each a meat sandwich and a mug of very sweet coffee. "They are very small sandwiches," the cook apologized. We assured him they were the best we had ever tasted. We never finished the food because, unexpectedly, Brig. General Shlomo

Goren, chief rabbi of Israeli armed forces, appeared to bless the troops going into battle and Paul had to have the picture. "Put on a hat," Schutzer yelled as we ran toward the rabbi. I didn't because I didn't have one, but I was very glad for the blessing all the same.

Paul insisted we ride in different half-tracks—"If you ride with me, that cuts off one camera angle. No one wants pictures of your ugly face." Schutzer, accompanied by a young lieutenant named Dov, who was the liaison officer assigned to us, mounted the lead vehicle

We were within grenade range now. One of our troopers cast aside his Uzi and, face contorted, lobbed grenade after grenade at enemy soldiers trying to rush our half-track. Some of the grenades burst so close I could hear their fragments whinging off the side of our vehicle. The driver, still maneuvering for our lives, suddenly jounced the car into reverse, landing us half in a cactus thicket. For a few instants, the war forgot us and I stood up to have a look around.

To our left front I could see one of our half-tracks had sustained a

coming mortar rounds had ignited acres of cotton and rye so we had no trouble finding our way. Two kilometers back, there was a large tour bus waiting for us. The civilian driver had volunteered it to fetch out the wounded. It was hard getting the stretchers through the windows and some of the badly wounded cried out, "*Adonai*," which in Hebrew means "Lord." We had no morphine.

We went back through Nahal Oz, where it all started, pitch black now except for taped flashlights of *kibbutzniks* in fool's hats who pointed the way. Bouncing over potholes made the wounded men scream. We finally got to the forward aid station. No Paul, but I found Dov, who had been riding with him.

"Is that you Mike?" Dov asked. I was kneeling beside him. "Yes," I said.

"Mike, I don't want to tell you this but your friend is dead. Do you understand? Paul is out of it now . . ."

I must have made some kind of noise because Dov reached up with a bulkily bandaged hand (the dressings used for burns are very awkward looking) and patted me on the head. "Don't feel so bad," he said. "Please don't feel so bad." I pushed on to Ashkelon hospital because somebody said Paul might have been taken there directly, bypassing the forward station. At the hospital I found another man who had been on Paul's half-track. He was burned all over and couldn't see. He recognized my voice. "Paul is dead," he said. "He was standing up taking pictures. They shot him through the head before the bazooka round hit us, before the half-track caught fire."

I saw the boys on their half-tracks coming out on Wednesday, after they had conquered the desert. I was waiting for them in Beer-sheva. Somewhere they had found blue and white Israeli flags to tie to the machine guns and the antennas of their cars. Their faces were gray from the dust of the Negev. Crowds cheered them all along the route. Some young girls tossed up bottles of bright orange sodapop which they glugged down. Underneath the layers of filth their faces were proud and fiercely joyful. They had no way of knowing, as I did, that one of the two witnesses to their battle was gone forever.

Paul Schutzer's last portrait of General Dayan

Schutzer's last photograph of his friend, Major General Moshe Dayan, was taken shortly before Schutzer was killed. Dayan, the hero of Israel's 1956 Suez campaign, was named defense minister a fortnight ago and was in overall command of Israeli forces.

A Photographer's Death—His Last Photographs

carrying the battalion commander. I climbed into the second tractor, commanded by a lieutenant they called Yacob. The column began to roll. Schutzer gave the thumbs-up sign and shouted something I couldn't hear for the roaring of the engines. I got the message: it was "*L'ha-im*!"

We jumped off from a fortified *kibbutz* called Nahal Oz (which means "brave river") and less than 200 meters past the line of departure ran into heavy machine-gun and small-arms fire. Then mortar rounds came crumping in all around us. In my own half-track, the bursting shells first wounded the machine gunner, who sits in an elevated position up front. Blood welled down his face and made the stock of his weapon slippery, but he pressed it into his cheek and kept firing.

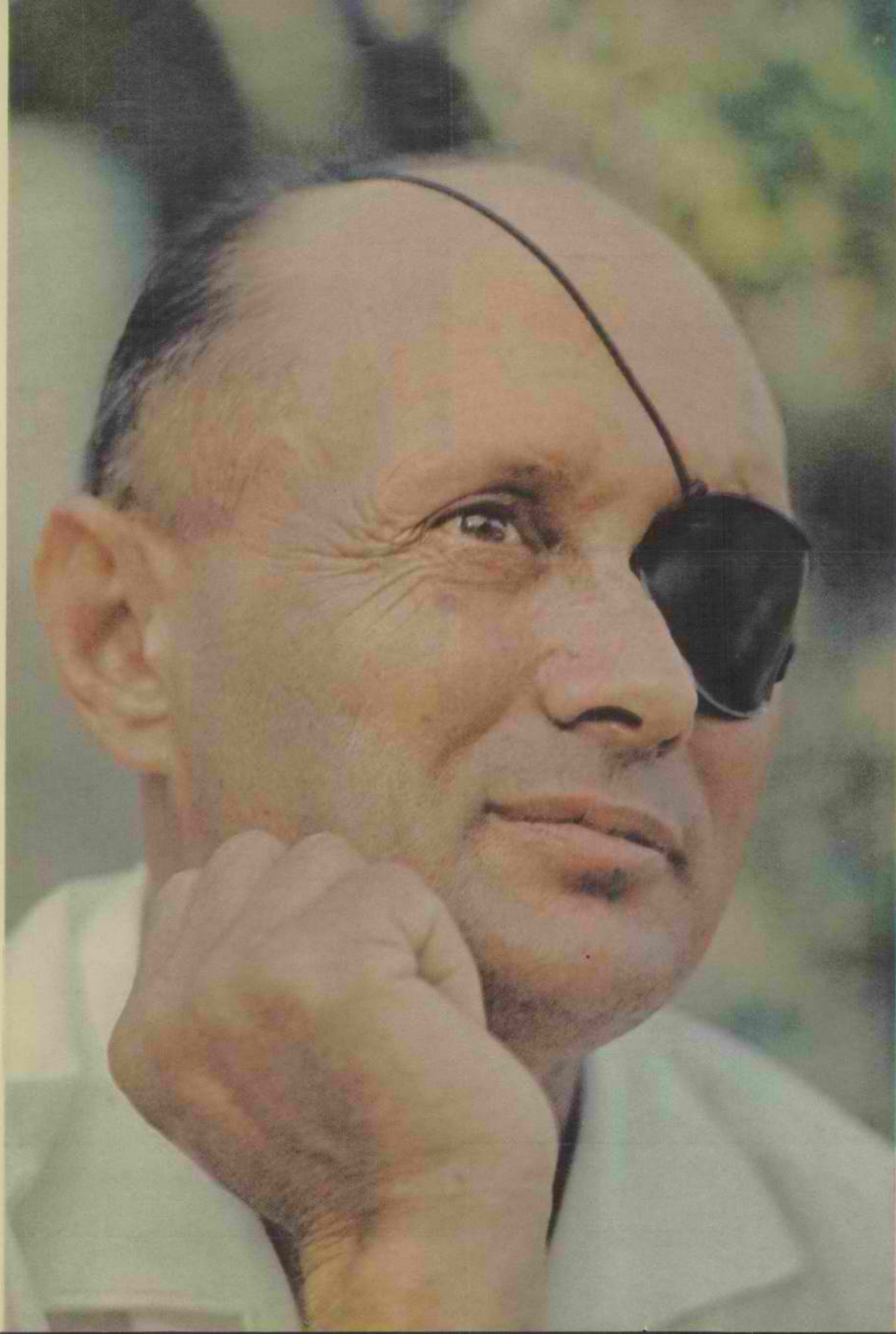
The driver, taking evasive action, maneuvered the heavy vehicle like a dodge-em car at a carnival. The tracks threw up clouds of Negev dust that choked and blinded the troops who were blazing away with their Uzi submachine guns at dug-in Egyptian soldiers, now firing on us from all sides. Yacob, the vehicle commander, was bleeding from two wounds, one in the arm and another just below the left knee. He continued directing fire, however, shouting "*Oyev!*" (enemy), and then would loose a short burst to pinpoint the target.

direct hit and was blazing. The fire soared skyward with a fierce cracking noise, and it was incredibly bright, brighter than the desert sun. "I hope Paul has a picture," I thought and then, "Good Christ, what if he is inside. . . ."

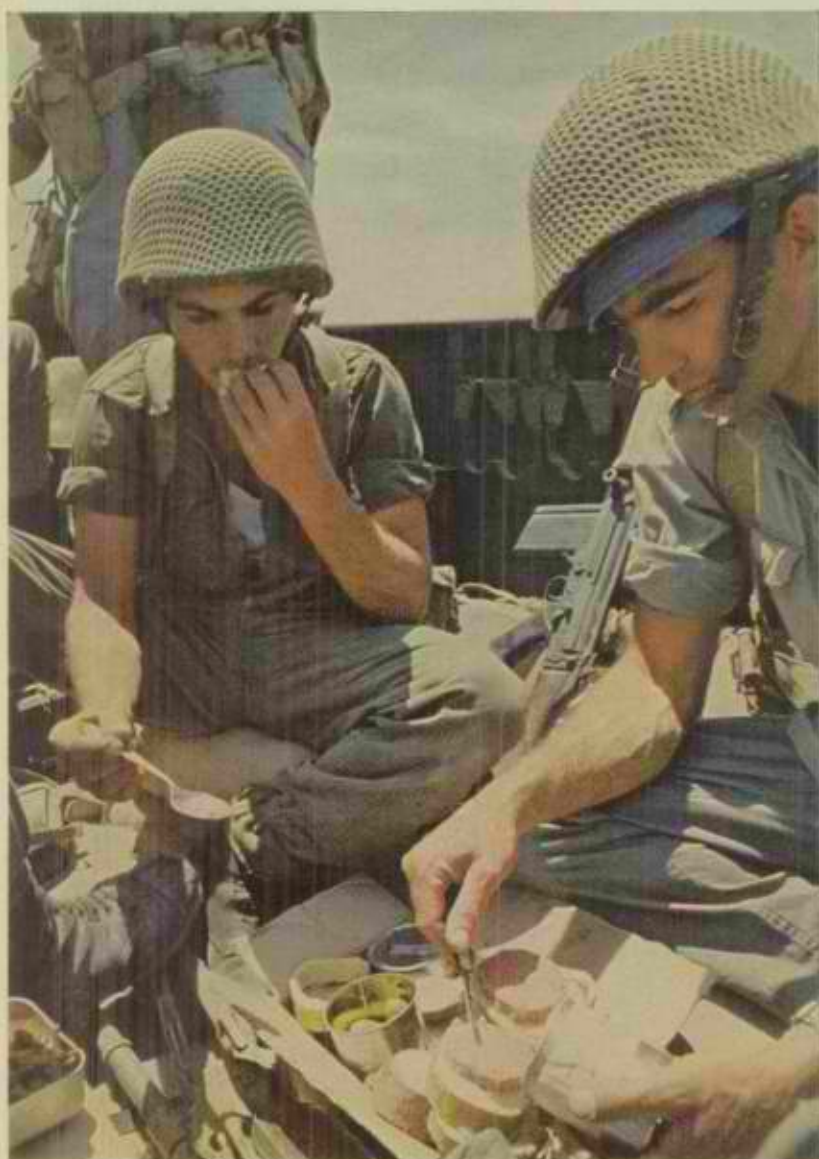
Come dark, the crippled half-track was still burning and we were busy securing a little airport that had signs in both English and Arabic saying "Welcome to Gaza." The boys used classic commando technique on the buildings: kick down the door, pitch in a grenade, rake the inside with a long burst and then have a look around.

After things quieted down—they were still mortaring our position but not very accurately—I went from tractor to tractor, looking for Paul. No one had seen him, no one knew where he was. Men who had chatted with us in the woods before the battle suddenly had forgotten how to speak English. They were the same men who could speak it before, I knew, as I recognized their silhouettes by the light of the desert stars and the red lines of outgoing tracers overhead. "Maybe he went out with the first lot of wounded," someone said finally. So I headed back with the next bunch. We loaded the casualties on a half-track, with the walking wounded riding in the command car.

We drove without lights but in-

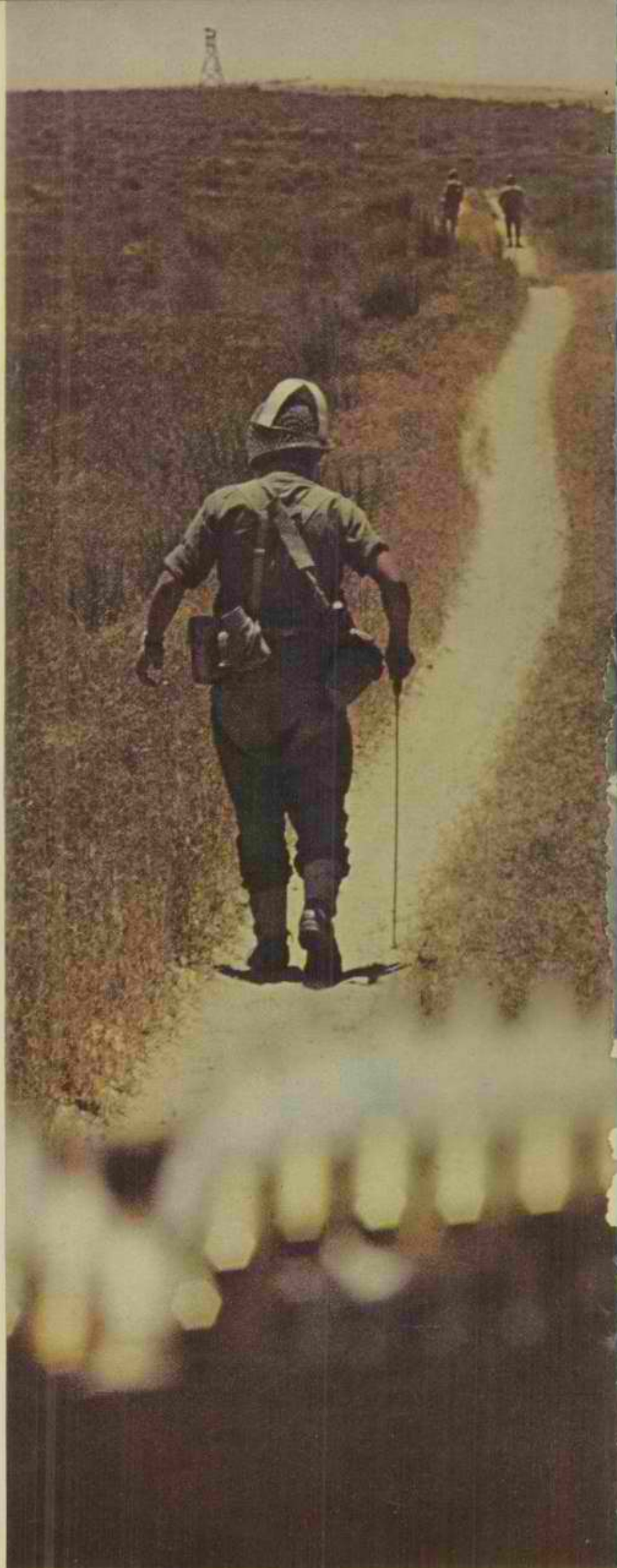


On battle's eve a last patrol



Paul Schutzer was riding into battle with the Israeli mechanized infantrymen, shown here, when he was killed in the first hours of the war. He was in a half-track identi-

cal to the one seen at top and in the foreground at right. In these pictures, among his last, troops patrol the desert near the Gaza Strip the day before fighting began.



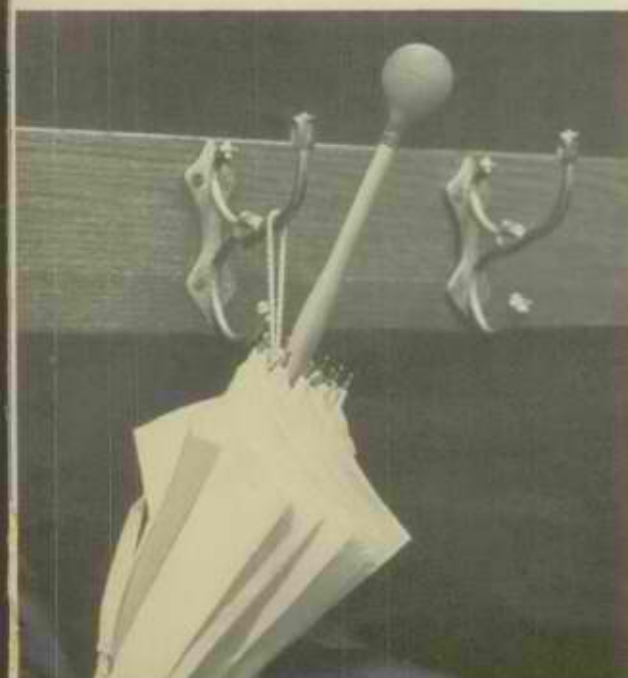


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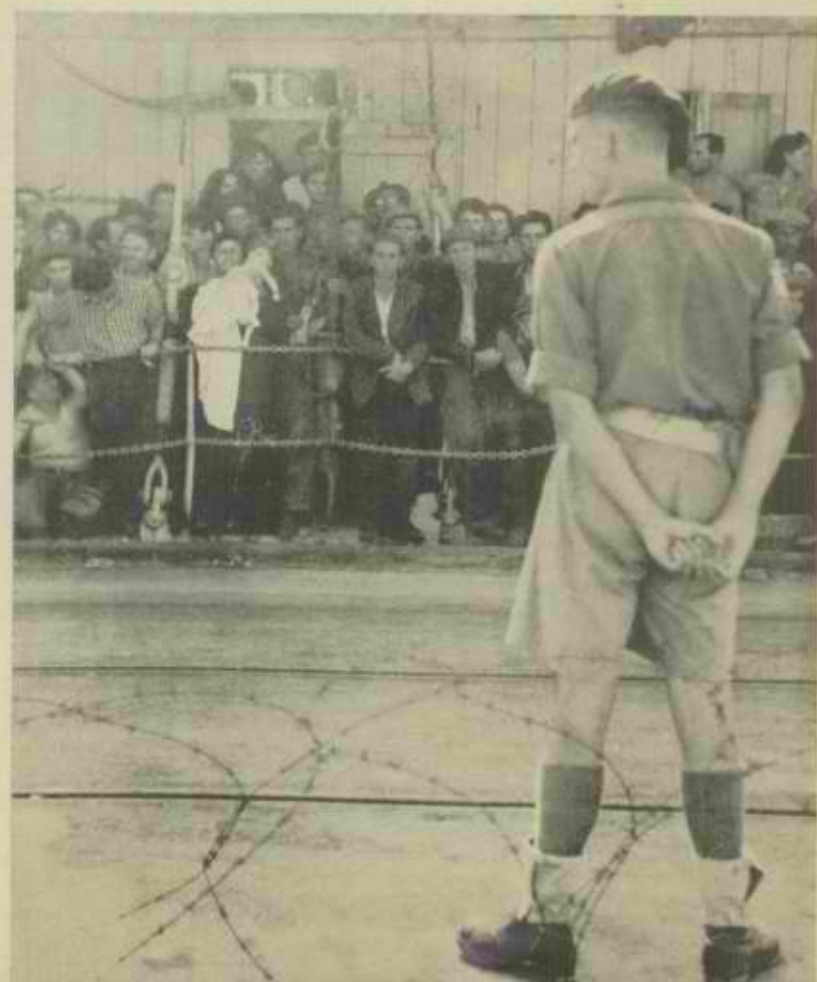
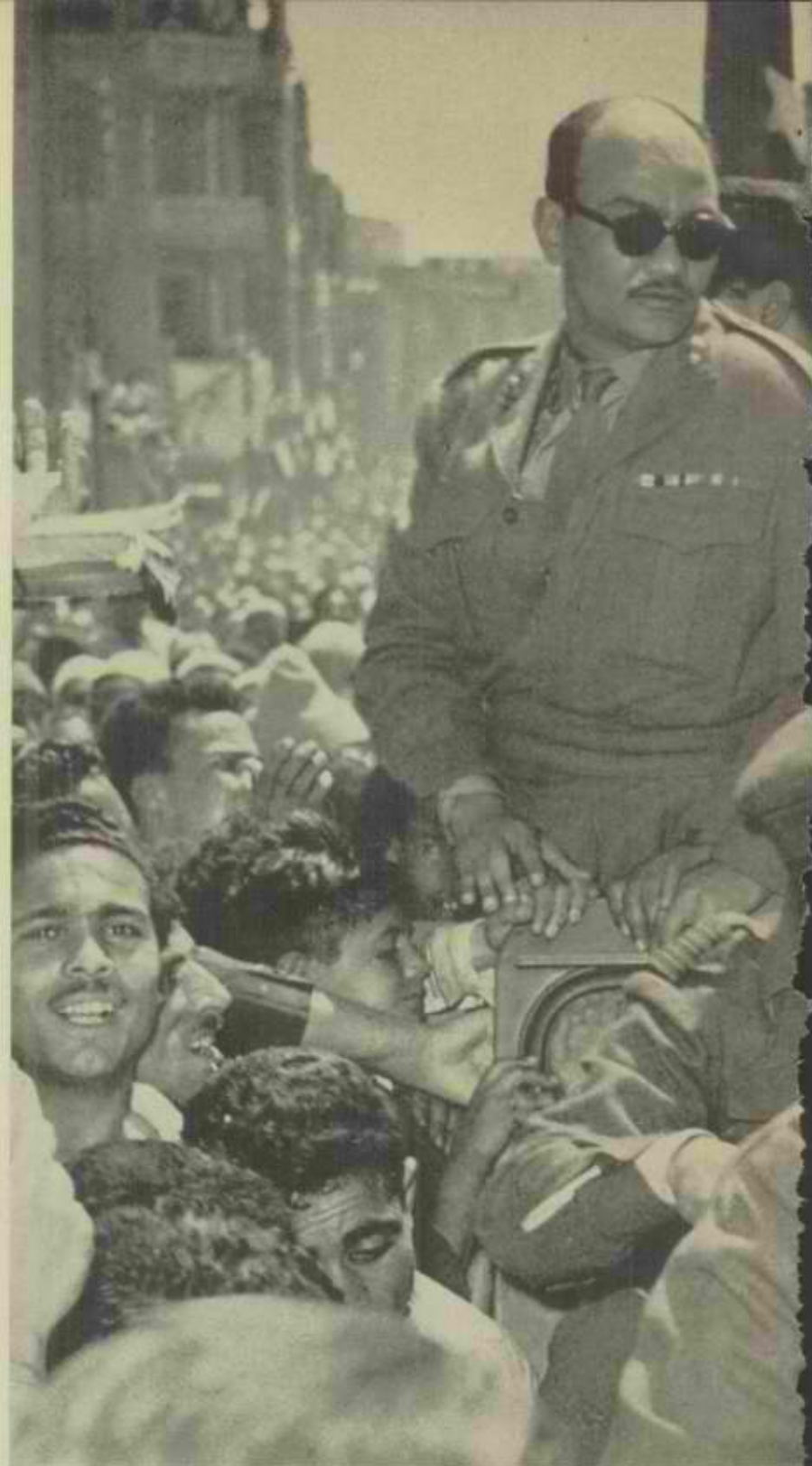
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THE WAR Continued from Page 38D



On May 14, 1948, Israel's Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion, flanked by his government, proclaimed Israel a nation: "The Land of Israel was the birthplace of the Jewish People." Portrait above Ben-Gurion is of Theodor Herzl, the founder of Zionism.

During their mandate the British limited Jewish immigration, but ships run by the Jewish underground attempted to smuggle in more refugees from Europe. Here in Haifa in October 1947, a British soldier guards immigrants caught trying to get in.





Birth of a Nation, Roots of the Hatred

The roots of the war that brought swift victory to Israel and unhinged the Arab world (pp. 26-38D) lie basically in a dispute over the ownership of a piece of land no larger than Massachusetts. For most Jews, the state of Israel is the Biblical land of Canaan, promised by the Lord to Abraham "for an everlasting possession." For Arabs, Israel is an illegal fiction created out of former Arab lands by an imperialist West—an alien culture that poses a continual threat to a

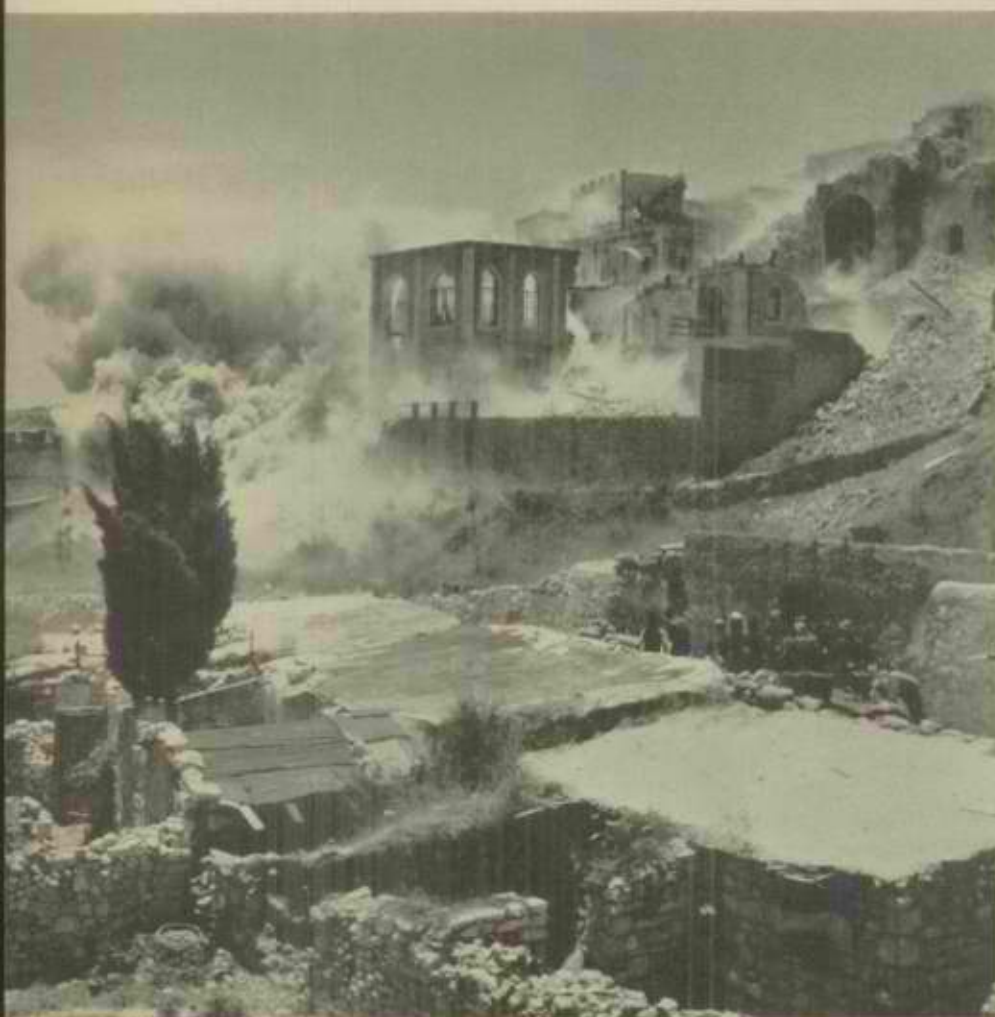
visionary brotherhood of the Arab nations that surround it.

When World War I broke out, there were only about 90,000 Jews in what was then Palestine, living among Arabs under Turkish rule. In 1917, the British drove out the Turks and under Zionist pressure promised publicly to establish a "National Home" in Palestine for the Jews. But it stalled on its pledge and for 26 years governed Palestine under a mandate from the League of Nations. It had its hands

full trying to keep down guerrilla warfare between Arabs and Jews. By 1947 the Jewish population had soared to more than 600,000. Finally, in February 1947, the British dumped the whole problem into the U.N.'s lap. The U.N., prodded by the U.S., decided to partition Palestine between Arabs and Jews. The Arabs refused to accept partition and when David Ben-Gurion proclaimed Israel an independent Jewish state in May 1948 (*far left*), five Arab states in-

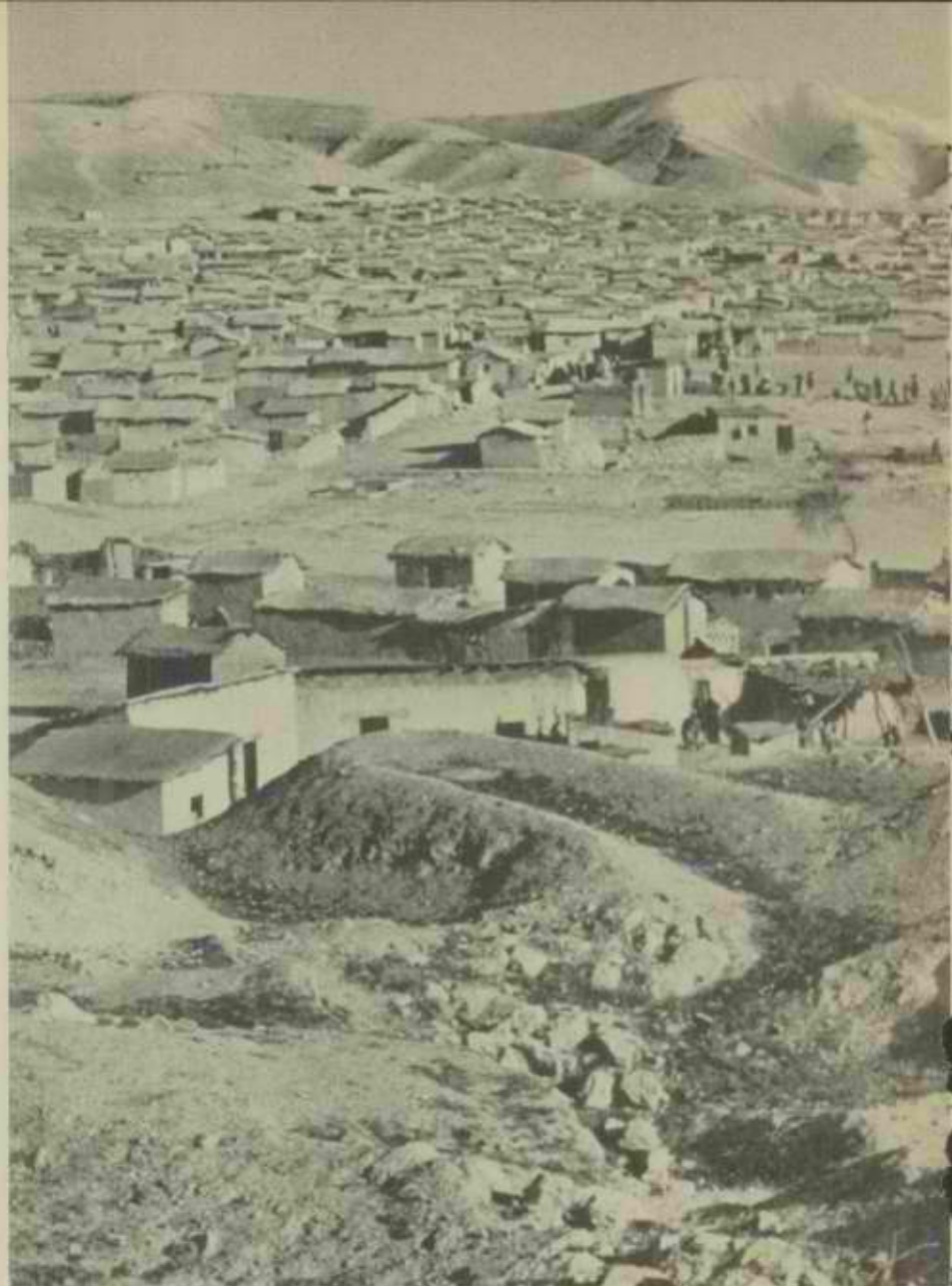
In February 1954, 18 months after Egyptian army officers overthrew King Farouk, Nasser was the country's prime minister and idol. Here he is hugged by a worker on motorcade.

vaded the new nation. That war dragged on until Jan. 7, 1949, ended in victory for the Israelis and more than 700,000 Arab refugees were driven from their homes in Palestine. Another casualty was a 31-year-old Egyptian army lieutenant colonel named Gamal Abdel Nasser. He came home from the war wounded and bitter, not only at the Israelis but at his own country, then ruled by King Farouk who, he felt, had sent the Egyptian army into battle ill-equipped and unprepared. "When it was over," Nasser said, "I couldn't stop myself from weeping. We were defeating ourselves." In 1952, Nasser toppled Farouk in an army coup and took power.



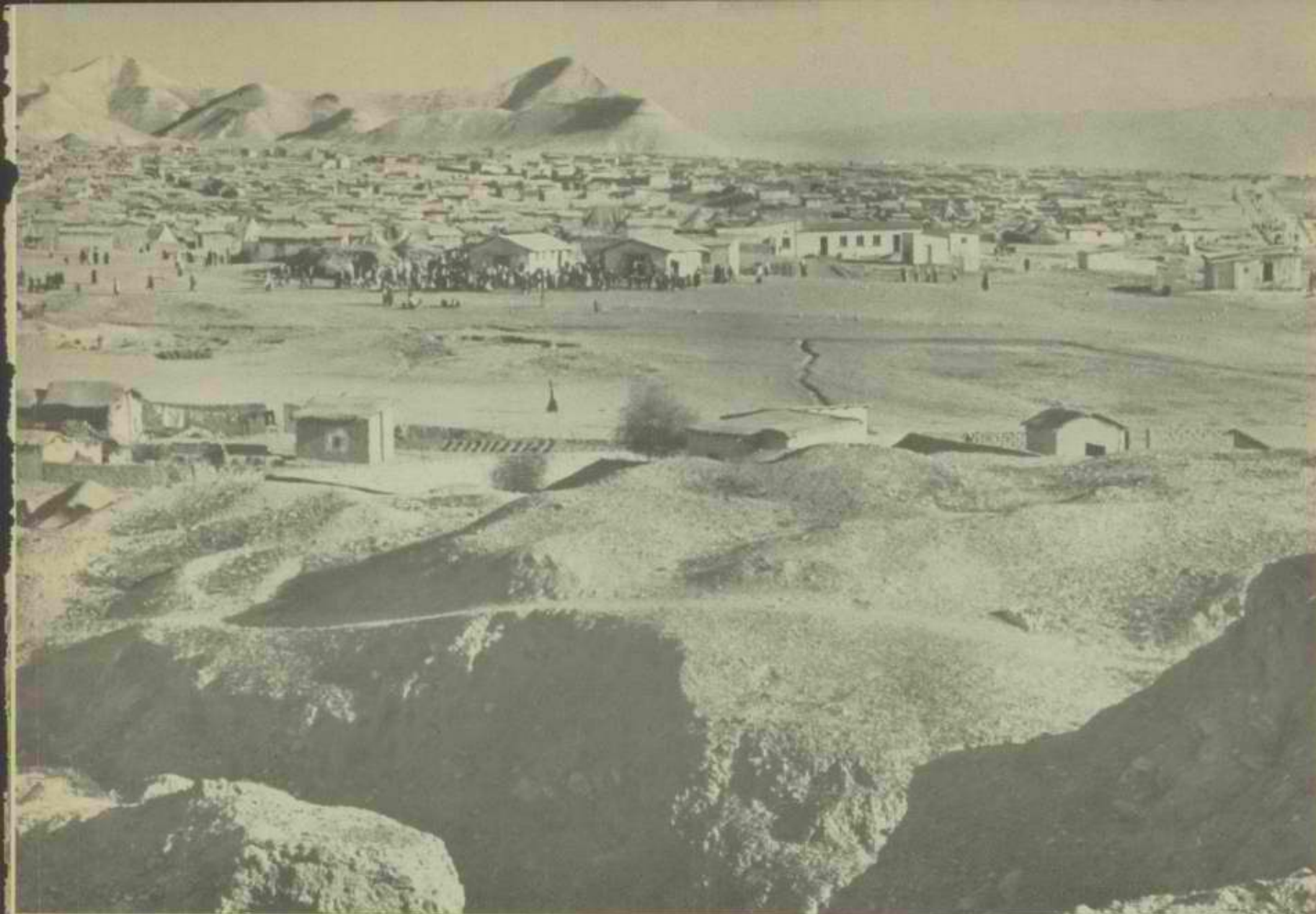
As soon as the British mandate ended on May 14, 1948, Arabs and Israelis were at war. Above, explosions rocked an Israeli-held building in the old city of Jerusalem. Transjordan's Arab Legion swarmed from the Mount of Olives, seized the city and drove out hundreds of Jews.

The most bitter heritage of the Arab-Israeli enmity are Arab refugees who now live in camps like the one in Jericho, Jordan (*above, right*), now conquered by Israeli troops. There are more than 1.3 million refugees, almost half of whom are in camps in Jordan, not far from Israeli border.



First 10 years,





two wars and a million refugees



Arabs and Israelis were again at war in October 1956. Israel, worried by Egypt's military build-up and blockading of the Gulf of Aqaba to Israeli ships, attacked across the Sinai. Three months before, Nasser had seized control of the Suez Canal after the U.S. and the British reneged on a promise to help build the Aswan

Dam. To regain Suez, British and French troops (*above*) joined Israel in attacking Egypt. Nasser scuttled ships to block the canal (*left*, with Port Said afire in background). U.S. and Russian pressure stopped the attacks, but the Israelis withdrew from the Sinai only after assurances that they would have access to the Gulf.

The many attempts to police the peace



When Arabs and Israelis began shooting in 1948, the U.N. mediator, Count Folke Bernadotte, arranged a temporary cease-fire. At left, he, his assistant Ralph Bunche and a U.N.

officer discussed where to station U.N. observers. Two weeks later, Bernadotte, driving to Jerusalem, was assassinated by terrorists and Bunche became the U.N. mediator.

In April 1956 U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld got Egypt and Israel to agree to stop warlike acts along border. Above, he, General Burns, head of U.N. team, and Nasser met in Cairo.



The U.S. intervened in the Middle East by sending Marines into Beirut (left) in July 1958 at the request of Lebanon's president, faced with civil strife aimed at ousting him. The

day before, Iraq's pro-Western King Faisal II had been overthrown by army officers, with Nasser support, and the U.S. was worried that Hussein of Jordan might also be toppled.

United Nations troops arrived in Port Said (above) and other Egyptian cities to police the peace in 1956, after the French and the British had accepted a U.N. cease-fire in the Suez.

ROOTS OF WAR CONTINUED

Arab unity thwarted by old enmities



Nasser has been a loud proponent of Arab unity but his ambition to be the head man has aggravated the disunity of the Arab world. In March 1956 he (back to camera) huddled with a Saudi Arabian delegation to discuss implementing a military alliance. Today, Nasser and the Saudis are backing rival forces in Yemen.

Jordan's King Hussein (right, visiting his Arab Legion in 1956) has been the most pro-West of Arab leaders given arms by Britain and the U.S. Under fierce pressure from Arab refugees and from Nasser he recently signed a defense pact with him.

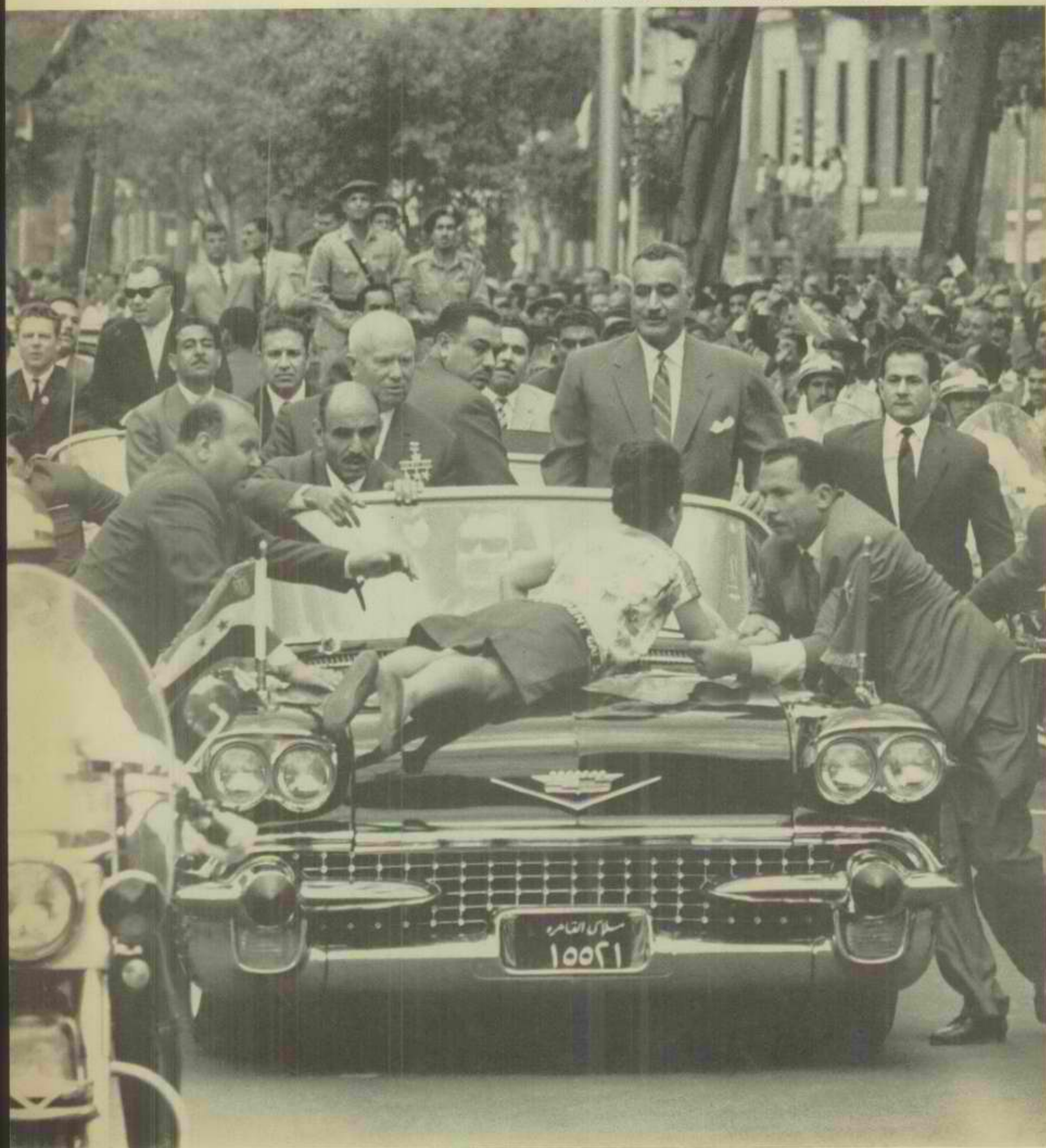
Yemen is the prime example of Arab disunity. Into a civil war begun in 1962, Nasser sent 60,000 troops to back a government that overthrew the Imam of Yemen. Imam's tribesmen (*below*) supported by Saudi Arabia are fighting off Nasser's troops.



Money and arms for Nasser and a foothold for Russia

Since 1956 Nasser has turned more and more to Russia for aid and comfort which the Russians, anxious to get a foothold in the Middle East, were happy to supply. They helped

him build the Aswan Dam and also his war machine. In May 1964 Khrushchev and Nasser paraded through a cheering Cairo, and one ecstatic young lady hurled herself onto the car.



LETTER FROM ISRAEL

JUNE 9

IN the years since 1948, when Israel fought its war of independence against Egypt, Jordan, Syria, Lebanon, and Iraq, the Israeli government had to prepare for, among other undesirable contingencies, what the defense establishment referred to as *Mikre Hakol* (the Eventuality of Everybody)—a concerted attack upon Israel by all the Arab countries along its uneven, militarily and geographically unsound frontier. Until two weeks ago, the possibility of *Mikre Hakol* seemed quite remote. Then, by an incredible series of overlapping miscalculations by almost everyone involved in the Middle East, Israel was brought to the brink of annihilation, the United Nations—which, in a sense, had been born as a peace-keeping force in Palestine in 1949—was about to dissolve as even a useful forum over the same question in 1967, and the Soviet Union and the United States narrowly missed a nuclear confrontation. The rapidity with which Israel won the war (for such a small country there could be, in fact, no such thing as winning slowly) seems to have bailed out the great powers and the U.N. (although a statement by French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville, on June 7th, to the effect that France had foreseen the satisfactory outcome of events was greeted with hoots in the French Assembly, and British Foreign Minister George Brown found it necessary to remark, on the same day, in Parliament, "I deplore this tendency to giggle whenever the United Nations' authority is mentioned"). The war for Israel was a costly one, brought on in part by the refusal of the Western nations, in a kind of displaced intellectual racism, to take any statements—including racist threats—made by the Arab nations seriously. Israel won, at great risk and with great sacrifice, alone. This time, it would not, for the sake of the good will of its friends (whose good faith had been tested and found wanting in events at the Gulf of Aqaba), subject itself to the same risks and sacrifices again. The victory would, with tact and statesmanship, lead to that cooperative revival of the Middle East which had always been one of the dreams of Zionism. Israel has much to offer the Arab states; and for Israel itself peace would mean an end to the strain of maintaining a constant posture of defense, of being forced to trade at a distance of thousands of miles instead of with its immediate and natural neighbors, and of being economically dependent on help from Jews in

the Diaspora. But it is impossible to negotiate with someone who does not know where his own self-interest lies, and the radical regimes of Cairo and Damascus would have to negotiate reasonably, recognizing at last the existence of the Israeli state, or go. It is also impossible to inhabit a geographical absurdity. The Gaza Strip, which leads like a boarding ramp into Israel along the southwest coast; the wedge of Jordan that protrudes into Israel from Jenin to the Dead Sea (and that made possible the shelling of Tel Aviv on Israel's west coast from a point well beyond its eastern border); the division of Jerusalem, which leaves its civilian population virtually indefensible; and the Syrian positions above Galilee, which made impossible any accommodation over water rights (and which made the shelling of Israeli settlements, farmers, and fishermen such a common occurrence that for nineteen years northern Israelis have referred to mortar fire as "Syrian rainfall")—in all these cases the boundaries would have to be redrawn. The Israelis would have to contribute to, and the Arab nations cooperate in, a resettlement of Arab refugees. But a simple (and, as recent events have proved, meaningless) guarantee by the United Nations would not do this time. All parties would have to work out the conditions under which they could live together and return from a twenty-year siege to their domestic concerns. To this end, Israel did not settle for a simple military victory, as it had in the campaigns of 1948 and 1956. It persisted to the point of virtual annihilation of the Arab professional armies. The victory would bring—by force or by reason—stability in the Middle East. It could even, by preempting the news and capturing the popular imagination for a while, take some of the pressure off conflicts in

other areas, notably Vietnam. The West, without risking a soldier—without even, in fact, honoring one of its firmest commitments—had shared in a resounding victory over a Russian-supported totalitarian regime. The balance of power, or even the *idea* of the balance of power, and the relationship of the great powers to the small had been altered in ways that have yet to be fully explored; the United States might have some new room, and Russia some new incentives, to negotiate. (The fact that the Russians should have been supporting the Arab countries at all was one of the historical ironies of the situation. The Arabs had originally opposed the establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine not out of anti-Jewish fanaticism but out of the Arab chieftains' reasoned fear of what effect the sight of prospering Socialist cooperatives might have on their feudal sheikhdoms and caliphates. Russia, expecting an ally, had been one of the first nations to recognize the State of Israel. Now the prospering immigrants found themselves viewed as colonialists, and the Arab regimes were using the arms of Moscow and some of the rhetoric of revolution.)

All this, of course, has been altered by the outcome of the Eventuality of Everybody. The speed and thoroughness with which this outcome was achieved make it seem in retrospect like a foregone conclusion. It was not. Even the fact that war should come, with anyone, in any form at all, at least so soon, did not seem, in the days preceding June 5th, anything like a certainty.

THURSDAY, June 1st: An American Jew of German descent who now makes his home in New York arrived at Lod Airport, in Tel Aviv, and got into a battered old taxi, which was already carrying a few passengers, for the ride to Jerusalem. His daughter was spending her junior year abroad at the Hebrew University, and he was going to try to persuade her to come home. He thought he recognized a pattern to events, and he was afraid. He had been merely depressed by previous violations of international guarantees to Israel—free passage through the Suez Canal, for example, or free access to the Old City of Jerusalem—but the blockade of the Strait of Tiran had made it impossible for him to sleep. While the great powers temporized and rationalized, he felt that a little country's territory and morale were being worn away. It reminded him exactly, he said, of the dismemberment of Czechoslovakia. Foreseeing, as he thought, its inevitable



N2 June 17, 1967

THE RACE TRACK

Filly Flier



IT would be safe to say that no racing season goes by without the appearance of at least one brilliant three-year-old filly. At the moment, to my thinking, Furl Sail fills the bill. Following up her victory in the one-mile Acorn Stakes a couple of weeks earlier, she won the mile-and-a-furlong Mother Goose, the second of the classic trilogy for her age and sex, at Aqueduct last weekend. Away winging, she led throughout by lengths, and although she was under pressure at the end, she went under the wire three lengths ahead of Quillo Queen and Muse, who were noses apart. The time was 1:49 $\frac{3}{5}$ —the fastest for the event since it has been run at Aqueduct.

Furl Sail, a strapping bay by Revoked out of Windsail, has such a symmetrical conformation that you don't notice at first how big she really is. She was bred and is owned by Mrs. Edwin K. Thomas, who, with her husband, has raised thoroughbreds for many years on their farm near Paris, Kentucky, selling some and racing others. They've done all right with Furl Sail. Last year, she won five of her eight starts and \$36,837 in prize money, and so far this season she's won eight out of ten, including the Thelma Stakes, the Fair Grounds Oaks, La Troienne Stakes, the Betsy Ross Handicap, and, of course, the Acorn and the Mother Goose, for a total of \$178,299. Now she'll try for the Coaching Club American Oaks, at a mile and a quarter and with a purse in six figures, at the Big A a week from Saturday. She might win it, too, and sweep the series—something that's never yet been done. She is trained by seventy-seven-year-old John Winans, who also rides her in her morning workouts. He says exercise boys can't gallop her the way he wants; besides, she's hard to handle. Winans, who rode at the half-milers for more than thirty years, says he's never ridden such a horse before, much less trained one.

Speaking of riders, Baeza had another big day in the saddle, with four winners, the last of which was Poker, in the race that followed the Mother Goose. In this one, Indulto, the favorite, sulked again and refused to leave the starting gate. Eddie Neloy,

who saddled Poker, had another winner by proxy out in Chicago—Disciplinarian, who beat six other three-year-olds by as many lengths in the Swaps Handicap at Arlington Park.

THAT big chestnut horse Ginger Fizz may be something more than just useful over grass courses. Winner of a division of the Brandywine Turf Handicap on the opening day at Delaware Park last month, he popped up at Aqueduct last week and beat a baker's dozen runners in the Edgemere Handicap. He has returned to Delaware, however, skipping the Bowling Green Handicap this weekend, which may be one of the big events on the grass this season. Not only will it have a sizable purse but it will be Buckpasser's debut on a turf course preparatory to his trip to France for the Grand Prix de Saint-Cloud on July 2nd. According to the clockers, he has been training well; in fact, his last gallop of a mile and a half at Belmont pleased Neloy very much. Not unexpectedly, Assagai, who was tops on the grass last season, is coming out for the Bowling Green. He's fit and ready, but I'm stringing along with Buckpasser.

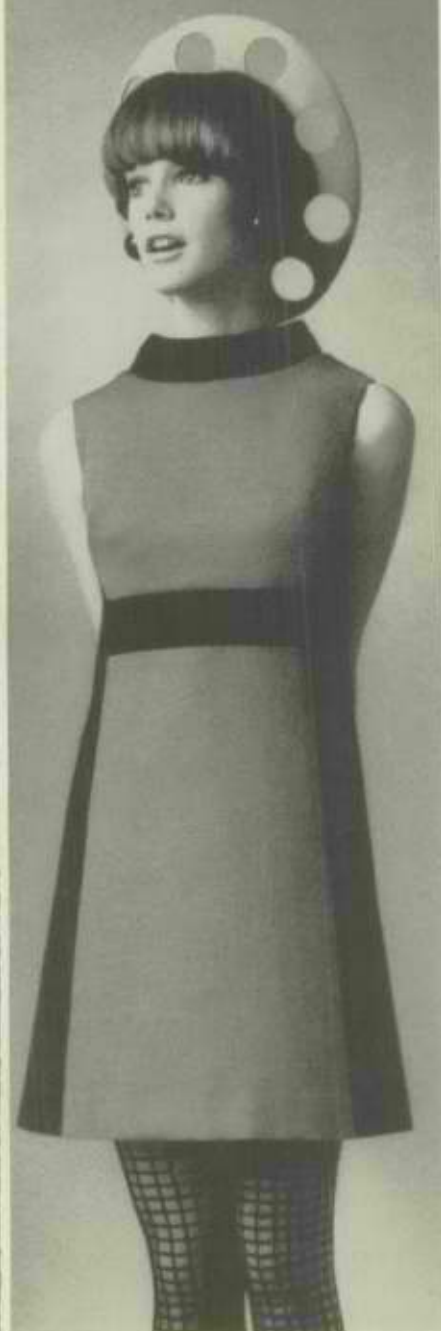
TRUE to the old saying that they all get beat if you run them often enough, Kaskaskia, winner of the Juvenile, the Youthful, and three other races, wasn't among the first three in the Christiana Stakes at Delaware Park last Saturday. Potomac ran a fast five and a half furlongs to win it from Clever Foot in a photo finish, with Subpet third. Farther afield, Air Rights, who was eventually placed second in that harum-scarum Jersey Derby on Memorial Day, led all the way in the Michigan Derby at Detroit's Hazel Park.

I REGRET to report that Cool Reception, the Canadian colt who ran so gallantly in the Belmont Stakes, finishing second to Damascus in spite of a fractured cannon bone, had to be destroyed. An operation to save him for the stud had been successful, but in trying to get on his feet as he was coming out of the anesthetic he shattered the bone so badly that there was nothing else the veterinarians could do. That's racing luck for you.

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consequences, he wanted his daughter home. The taxi picked up several passengers along the road (which was nearly deserted but still lined with the carapaces of armored cars destroyed in 1948), and on the outskirts of Jerusalem the worried gentleman got out.

The city itself resembled, on that Thursday before the war, a sunny, sparsely populated colony for the infirm. Even the taxi-driver wore a leather glove concealing an artificial hand, and most of the pedestrians (there were few cars) were either old or lame or very young and scruffy and truant-looking. The King David Hotel was nearly empty, except for some journalists and a few indomitable tourists. Avram Zvi, the large, middle-aged manager of the King David, engaged his guests in merry conversation, and new arrivals at the reception desk were offered rooms overlooking the Old City ("There you have the view") or overlooking the Y.M.C.A. on the Israeli side ("There it is more safe"). The entrance to the Y.M.C.A.—the scene of bitter fighting in 1948—was concealed by sandbags, but aside from these, and from the strange emptiness of the streets, Jerusalem had made no obvious preparations for a state of war. From some windows, the sound of radios tuned to Kol Yisroel, the Voice of Israel, drifted over the city. Since the early stages of mobilization, Kol Yisroel had been broadcasting only Israeli songs, Hebrew news, and (recognizing that few Israelis over twenty-five speak the national language perfectly) two news programs each day in French, Rumanian, Yiddish, English, Hungarian, Russian, and Ladino. On Thursday, June 1st, Kol Yisroel announced in eight languages that the Mapai Party of Premier Levi Eshkol had at last formed an emergency Cabinet with the Gahal Party and with Ben Gurion's Rafi Party (although BiGi himself, as the Israelis call him, had remained aloof), and that the Rafi Party's General Moshe Dayan had been appointed Minister of Defense.

FRIDAY, June 2nd, in Tel Aviv was listless and stiflingly dull. The city was uncrowded, but it seemed as though everyone might merely be taking a siesta. In fact, quite a number of people were off at the beaches and swimming pools. Several international journalists, having exhausted their color stories about a proud, encircled people unafraid in the face of overwhelming odds, or the economic impossibility of maintaining a civilian army on

perpetual alert, were preparing to go home. It began to seem that even the appointment of Dayan had been only a bit of stage business in the little off-Hot Line theatrical productions to which the small nations seemed now to be reduced. It appeared that Nasser's production had all the angels, and that even lack of initiative had passed out of the hands of Israel to London, Paris, and Washington. The oppressive sense that nothing at all was going to happen created the feeling that access to the world's attention was being closed along with passage through the Gulf of Aqaba. Israel seemed about to drop out of the news.

At the Chaim Weizmann Institute, in Rehovoth, on Friday night, however, people seemed both more active and less sanguine than in Tel Aviv. The Orthodox rabbis in Jerusalem had announced that for the Army the obligations

of the Sabbath were temporarily suspended, and some of the inhabitants of Rehovoth felt that war might begin the following morning. (The rabbis had earlier suspended their campaign against autopsies, and this sort of concession had led some people to expect war on every Sabbath since the beginning of the crisis.) The Weizmann Institute—whose cornerstone was laid to the sound of distant gunfire in 1946—has become over the years a kind of dream haven for pure science, an intellectual aerie amid green lawns, orange groves, and bougainvillaea between Jerusalem and Tel Aviv. Agricultural research at the Institute had contributed vitally to Israel's unprecedented programs for reclamation of the soil. Theoretical research in nuclear physics and chemistry had succeeded so well that scientists were turning their attention to newer fields, like high-energy physics and research with RNA. One of the country's crowning and yet most characteristic achievements, the Institute had for weeks been on an emergency footing. (For one thing, a prevailing myth among the Arab nations that an atomic bomb was housed there made it a prime target for enemy bombing.) Of forty-three men at work on constructing a new building for the Institute, forty had been called up into the Army. Those members of the scientific staff who had not been called up as soldiers or military advisers, or put to work on special scientific projects related to mobilization, were busy taping windows or wrapping up sensitive or explosive instruments against the threat of attack. The children of the community were



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There may be a lot of places where you wish you were Frank Sinatra. But a golf course isn't one of them. On a golf course Sinatra slices, skulls, shanks and chokes like any other hacker. (Dean could easily give him five shots a side and bury him.)

Now when you're Frank Sinatra, you merely have to blink and ten touring pros are gladly willing to straighten your game out. But even they couldn't help Frank much. Then one day after a pro-am, Bo Wininger got a hold of him. Bo didn't change Sinatra's stance. He didn't change Sinatra's grip. Or his swing or his cashmere sweater. He changed his clubs.

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Wininger emptied his shag bag and Sinatra took out a shiny new 5 iron. He

took a few practice swings and then addressed the ball. He swung smoothly, and the ball dribbled along the ground. The next one floated 160 down the middle.

Now Sinatra will never be club champ. And he still may skull a shot every so often. But he's getting there, 'cause Dino only gives him three shots a side now. And if changing to First Flight isn't the reason why, do you think Frank Sinatra would let us get away with all the things we just said about him?

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taking first-aid courses. Research biologists who had taken medical degrees but never actually treated patients were setting up emergency clinics. Sandbags and supports for basement ceilings were being put up in all the buildings of the Institute. In addition to their other work, scientists with walkie-talkies strapped to their waists took part in patrolling the Institute's grounds at night.

WAR, of course, did not break out on Saturday morning. Instead, wives and children took advantage of the Sabbath to join their men for picnics at the front. In effect, the front in a country of Israel's size was everywhere. But border *kibbutzim* like Nir Yitzhak and Shalom Karem, at the edge of the Negev and the Gaza Strip, were particularly full of families reclining with picnic baskets under the trees near the webby, shapeless tents in which the soldiers had been living for two weeks. The station wagons parked by the side of the road, and the tanned, rangy aspect of the men, made it look as though there had been an unlikely suburban commute from Scarsdale to the land of Owen Wister. The men—masons from Beersheba, bank tellers from Haifa, curtain manufacturers from Tel Aviv—were all dressed in highly personal variations on the Army uniform. In an army where no officer may order his men to charge, but only to follow him, there is a great deal of informality. "Tell my mother I am beautiful in my uniform," a soldier helping the civilians of Nir Yitzhak harvest peaches said to a visitor from home. But, without any actual battle eagerness, the general attitude seemed to be "What are they waiting for?" and "Let's get it over with."

On Saturday afternoon, in Tel Aviv, Moshe Dayan held a press conference in which he apologized for having nothing to announce. He answered every question urbane, with a crooked smile, looking confident and slightly sinister. He remarked that he would be "glad and surprised" if a diplomatic solution to the blockade could be found, and, in answer to a question about disposing of Egypt once and for all, he said, "I don't think in war there is any such thing as 'once and for all.' I don't think 'once and for all' can be applied to war." Although Dayan had been able to infuse with all the drama of his person an interview that contained no news at all, the fact remained that there was no news and no clear way out, and that patience was wearing thin.

That evening at Rehovoth, some friends gathered for coffee in the living

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room of David Samuel, grandson of the first British High Commissioner for Palestine, and himself a professor of nuclear chemistry at the Institute. Three friends—Amos de Shalit, Michael Feldman, and Gideon Yekutieli—were professors there as well. One, Peter Hansen, was a young English research chemist, doing post-doctoral work at the Institute, who had chosen, for the duration of the crisis, against his embassy's advice, to stay. Hansen said he had read in a column by an English correspondent that if Dayan had not been appointed he would have been brought to power by a military coup. Everyone laughed. "How can they say a military coup?" said Mrs. Yekutieli. "When an entire country has been called into the Army, a military coup would be an election." There was a discussion of the restlessness of several men who had not been called up: a frogman, a paratrooper, and a middle-aged pilot. (The pilot subsequently offered his services as a crop duster.) Mrs. Samuel said that she thought an insufficiently hearty welcome was being accorded the volunteers who were coming into Israel from other countries to fight, to give blood, or to work. She felt there should at least be a poster to greet them at the airport. "It could be a tourist poster also," someone suggested. "See Israel While It Still Exists."

ON Sunday, June 4th, a number of soldiers—a tenth of the Army, according to some estimates—were given a day's leave, and several of the North African soldiers (sometimes referred to euphemistically as the Southern French) took advantage of their leave to return for a day to their families in the port of Elath. Elath seemed confident that war would not break out there. In the first place, people said, the port was now too strongly fortified, and, in the second, at the first sign of trouble the soldiers would blow up the neighboring port of Aqaba, Jordan's only outlet to the sea. In tents all along the beach, near the empty resort hotels, was the remnant of an international collection of waifs and strays with long hair and guitars whom one now finds in so many unlikely places, and who had long been making Elath a beatnik nomad's rendezvous. When they needed food, they scrounged it from the local citizens or from the Army. When they needed money, they presented themselves in the morning at a café called Leon's, where they were recruited to dig trenches or to work for a day in King Solomon's Mines. At night, they gathered in a discothèque

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called the Half Past Midnight (where there were also several African students who had been stranded in Elath when their passage home through the Gulf had been postponed by the blockade). Asked why the nomads had not taken the advice of their various embassies and left the port, a long-haired guitar player from Stuttgart looked up cheerfully and said, "Was? Wenn es grad lustig wird?" (Soldiers emplaning on a civilian flight from Elath to Tel Aviv were asked to check their guns in the cargo section.)

On Sunday night, at Rehovoth, the professors' wives were just completing their course in how to render assistance at the Kaplan Hospital if war should break out. The cement walls of the still uncompleted building in which they met were lined with stretchers and sawhorses to put the stretchers on. The women were issued forms, in duplicate, on which they could check off a doctor's diagnosis, and thereby save him the time of writing things down himself. The lecturer, normally a gynecologist, warned the women that even to a seasoned medical man a casualty of war looks different from any other sort of patient. After the first four hours, he assured them, they would get used to it. He reviewed the forms with them, the ways of ascertaining the wounded man's identity (the pockets of civilian casualties, who did not, of course, have dog tags, would have to be searched), and he went down the checklist for gravity of wounds—mild, medium, serious, mortal. There were several questions about the word "mortal." The doctor had used the wrong word in Hebrew—one meaning "mortal" in the sense of "human being." The matter was soon cleared up. One of the women crouched on the floor with her hands locked behind her head to show the position her daughter in kindergarten had been taught to adopt in case of bombing. "This is how the bunny sits," she told me, the woman said. "See the bunny ears?"

Late Sunday night, the Army informed the civilian guard at Rehovoth that they might let up on the security watch.

ON Monday, June 5th, at 8 A.M., the air-raid sirens went off all over Israel, and everyone knew that the country was at war. In one of the bomb shelters at the Institute, five languages were being spoken, with absolute calm, by scientists, children, visitors, and maids. A few minutes later, the all clear sounded, and every-

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one went to work, as though it were an ordinary day. General Dayan's voice came over the radio, speaking to the troops and announcing that tank battles were taking place at that moment in the Negev. "Attaque à l'aube," one of the scientists said as he walked to his laboratory. "That's good for us. It means that we've got the rising sun in the east behind us. In the Negev, the sun is pretty blinding."

At 10 A.M. Monday, in his office, Meyer Weisgal, the president of the Weizmann Institute, an important Zionist, a good friend of the late Chaim Weizmann, and one of the greatest fund-raisers of all time, was dictating—to his wife, Shirley—some telegrams to Americans, appealing for funds for war relief. Guns could be heard in the distance, planes were screaming overhead, and sirens, which the Weisgals ignored, went off from time to time. "Send them full-rate, Mrs. Weisgal," said Yaki, their chauffeur and handyman. "We're going to win this war." When Mr. Weisgal had finished dictating, the telegrams were taken into the next room for his secretary to type. As guns, planes, and sirens continued to sound (by this time, it was becoming nearly impossible to distinguish the alert from the all clear, so that half of Israel was undoubtedly going down into the shelters while the other half was coming out of them), Mr. Weisgal told a joke. A Jew, he said, was walking down the street, crying bitterly. A friend approached and asked him what was the matter.

"You see," said the Jew, "I am an optimist."

"An optimist?" said the friend. "Then why are you crying?"

"So," said the Jew. "You think in these times it's so easy to be an optimist?"

Someone turned on the radio, where the code names of units designated for full mobilization were being read out: Alternating Current, Pleasant Shaving, Peace and Greetings, Electric Broiler, Bitter Rice, Silver Lining, Wedding March, Gates of Salvation. There were twenty-three in all, and buses were lining the main street of Rehovoth to pick up the men called to duty.

There were more thundering sounds, and Mrs. Weisgal said, "When I think of the casualties. When I think of the mothers." The siren went off again.

"Don't listen," Mr. Weisgal said, and instructed her to read him a letter that had arrived that morning. The letter, written five days before, was

about the situation in Israel. "... I was afflicted by a sense of absolute despair," Mrs. Weisgal read aloud, "which has since left me." Everyone laughed.

Toward eleven o'clock, a man with a helmet, a briefcase, and a civil-defense armband came in. "The news is good," he said.

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Weisgal asked.

"I can't say," he said, and left.

Toward afternoon, the sirens became fewer. In a taxi gathering hitchhikers on the route to Tel Aviv, someone, apparently American, said, "There is always the Sixth Fleet, in case something happens."

"My impression is that something *has* happened," an Israeli replied mildly.

A passenger suddenly announced in Yiddish that he had four sons at the front—he was not at liberty to reveal *which* front—and that since he himself had been a member of the Palmach, the commando unit of the pre-independence Army of Israel, he had written them that he hoped they would not give him cause to be ashamed of them. Three of them had been born after the war of 1948. "Aber zie machen gut," he said firmly. "Unsere kinder machen gut."

Tel Aviv, on the first afternoon of the war, was not much changed, except that all windows had been taped in accordance with instructions delivered over Kol Yisroel. Word had come that several *kibbutzim* along the Gaza Strip were being shelled, that Ein Gev, near the Syrian frontier, was under fire, that Haifa and Jerusalem were being attacked, and that for some reason the resort of Nethanya and the Arab village of Safad were being bombed. People seemed most worried about the civilian population of Jerusalem. An English translation of Dayan's speech to the troops was broadcast, announcing that the Arabs were being supported from Kuwait to Algeria. "I need not tell you," he added, in brief remarks to the civilian population, "that we are a small people but a courageous one. ..."

ON Tuesday morning at five, in Tel Aviv, there was an air-raid alarm (it turned out to have been a mistake); there had been none during the night. Bus service to Jerusalem was almost normal, except that, on account of Israeli Army emplacements, buses had to make a detour of several kilometres through En Karem. On one bus, Kol Yisroel was audible, and, looking over into Jordan from the highway, one

could see smoke rising from a town on Jordan's wedge into Israel and verify the report that Israeli troops were taking Latrun. Because Jerusalem had been shelled throughout the night (the Egyptian general, who, under the terms of the Hussein-Nasser pact, had been put in charge of Jordan's Army, had often in the past expressed his belief in the shelling of civilians, since it diverted troops to their defense), and was still being shelled by day, most of the population of the city was in shelters. Israeli troops were attacking gun emplacements in the Old City, taking care to observe the order to preserve the monuments of all faiths, if possible. The King David Hotel had incurred minor damage—a tree down, a few broken windows, some slight injuries to members of the staff—but Avram Zvi, who had been called up, was now wearing a uniform and seemed enormously gratified. In the streets outside, a few helmeted civilians and some restless little boys kept telling one another to walk close to the walls and to run across streets leading toward Jordan. From several directions, there was the sound of machine-gun and mortar fire. In the early afternoon, three journalists walked into the government press office and were received with cheers. Accredited to Jordan, they had been stationed in the Old City, unable to file copy, for several days. When the Israeli troops came, they had simply walked across into the New City to file their copy there. Then they walked back again. It was announced that General Dayan had had tea on Mount Scopus that morning.

Sometime in the course of Tuesday, an Army official called a meeting of intellectuals in an office in Tel Aviv. He had invited delegates from Rehovoth, from Technion, from the Academy, and from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. (Because of the peculiar configuration of the shelling at that hour, the professors from Jerusalem were unable to attend.) He wanted to ask their advice on a number of questions, and to brief them on the progress of the war. The war was succeeding so far beyond the most optimistic expectations that there were problems that must be faced at once. The entire Egyptian Army had been mobilized at the front when the war began, but Israel had spent the tense waiting period retraining reserves and repairing machinery, and the Egyptian Air Force had been destroyed in the first hours of Monday morning. Apparently misled by the true reports over Kol Yisroel that many Israeli border settlements had been attacked, and by

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the false reports from the Voice of Thunder in Cairo that Beersheba had been taken and that Tel Aviv was in flames, King Hussein of Jordan—to the surprise and special regret of Israel—had entered the war by noon, and in the afternoon the Jordanian Air Force was destroyed as well. The Syrians, originally the country most rabidly committed to the immediate extermination of Israel, were apparently enraged by the reconciliation between Nasser and Hussein, whom Damascus was still determined to overthrow. Syria had entered the war by degrees throughout the day, and by nightfall the Syrian Air Force was destroyed. Fighting was going well on the ground on all fronts, and the problem was where to stop. Hussein, it seemed, was powerless to forbid the shelling of Jerusalem by Jordanian troops under Egyptian command, so it would be necessary for the Israelis to take the Old City. (The Rockefeller Institute, containing the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Army spokesman announced, smiling ironically at the particular stir of interest that this aroused in his scholarly audience, had already been captured.) It was clear that Jerusalem could not be divided again. Would it be a good idea to announce plans to internationalize the Old City *before* it was completely in Israeli hands? There was another problem, he went on: Captured Egyptian documents, which had been translated only the night before, revealed that Nasser was far more seriously committed to the destruction of Israel as *Jews*, and far more taken with the old Nazi programs, than had been supposed; plans, on the Nazi model, had been drawn up for the time after Israel's defeat. The question was whether to release these documents. What Israel wanted from this war, after all, was a lasting peace with its Arab neighbors. The two primary obstacles to this peace were the problems of Palestine and the Arab refugees. These problems could be solved. What purpose would be served in humiliating an already defeated Arab people by revealing the plans its leader may have had for destroying civilians? The question was discussed, inconclusively, for some time. Finally, the spokesman raised a question that had been puzzling the administration: What had happened to Egypt's missiles? Were the ones shown so often on parade merely dummies? He mentioned other possibilities: mechanical failure, fear of a mythical superweapon at Rehovoth, or pressure from Moscow to avoid what would have been purely

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futile destruction of cities. This led him to another matter: The Russians were not famous for their loyalty to losers, and the Arabs had lost. Was there any point in approaching the Russians now—or, at least, the Rumanians, who had declared themselves in such moderate terms? Several professors of Russian descent expressed themselves emotionally on the prospect of a *rapprochement* with their native land, but the others seemed skeptical. Certain questions, the spokesman said, in concluding the discussion (several professors present had to return to their laboratories or their military units), would simply be resolved by events, but, he said, "We will settle for nothing but peace this time."

IN the blacked-out living room of Professor David Samuel, on Tuesday, the second night of the war (which had ceased, after its first few hours of uncertainty, to seem, except at the front, anything like war in the movies), the members of the household were gathered: Professor Samuel; his wife, Rinna; Tally, a girl of eighteen, who had been studying for her baccalaureate examinations; Yoram, a boy of fifteen, who had been compulsively volunteering for every kind of service since the war broke out; and Naomi, a girl of three, who had slept on Monday night in the shelter, and who now went to bed making siren noises. Tally said that her English exam for the following morning had been cancelled—"obviously." And Yoram announced that not only had he been put in charge of any fractures that might occur if his school were bombed but he was being called out that night for courier duty. "Well, if you think I relish the idea..." his mother began, and then simply advised him to change his undershirt. At nine, Professor Samuel left on some errand about which no one asked, and which was to occupy him until morning.

Kol Yisroel reported, with the understatement that it was to display throughout the war, that fighting had now penetrated to the Egyptian side of the Sinai border. (In fact, Gaza had fallen, and soldiers were already beginning to find pairs and clusters of boots in the desert, which, they knew from the 1956 Sinai campaign, meant that the Egyptians were in barefoot rout.) The Jerusalem Post for the day, in mentioning the fact that casualties were beginning to come into Israeli hospitals, and that all of them were patient and brave, did not neglect

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to mention a soldier who, with one eye shot away and the other damaged, was as brave as the rest. He was a Jordanian legionnaire, the *Post* reported, and he kept repeating the only Hebrew words he knew: "We are brothers. We are brothers."

Someone mentioned that a Hebrew idiom for Arabs is "cousins," or "sons of our uncle," and that although the connotation was slightly pejorative, it need not always be that way. Someone praised the bravery, in particular, of the Jordanian legionnaires.

"I really think the reason we fight better is because we have no hinterland," Yoram said. "We can't swim to America. We simply have nowhere else to go." He left through the blacked-out doorway and went into the moonlight, to begin his courier duty. "A perfect night for bombing," he said, looking into the clear sky. But there were no alarms at all that night.

ON Wednesday morning, the casualties began pouring out of buses into the Kaplan Hospital, where the Rehovoth wives were waiting to work. Tally's class at school was called to help out, and Professor Samuel remarked as he drove her to the hospital, "I don't know what these girls are going to see there." The wounded were silent, and as each stretcher was brought in it was immediately surrounded by many volunteers of both sexes, solicitous of the comfort of the wounded man. It turned out that among those critically wounded on the previous day was the son of the gynecologist who had had difficulty with the word "mortal" three nights before. "For us, you know, the Army, it isn't an anonymous thing," someone remarked. "To us, everyone killed at the front is a tragedy."

By nightfall, Kol Yisroel reported that the Israelis had taken Sharm-el-Sheik, the shofar had long been blown at the Wailing Wall by the chief rabbi of the military, and Meyer Weisgal, sitting in his own darkened house with his wife and a group of friends, was contemplating the offers of help for the Institute he had received from patrons and scientists all over the world. Later still, Professor Samuel (doubtless like many other professors at the Institute, and like citizens all over Israel) put away a pistol, which had served him in former wars (he had been in four of them: in 1939, 1948, 1956, and 1967), and with which he had been prepared to defend his family—in that oasis of technology, in a nation of two and a half million—if the war had gone otherwise. —RENATA ADLER



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us trouble. Everybody gets a little tense during one of these meetings, but I'm usually a little less tense than most people, because I've been through this kind of thing so often before. I've guarded three Presidents, Khrushchev, Castro, Sukarno, Nehru, Nasser, Tito—just about everybody. From a police point of view, it's not the personality of the man that matters but the political situation that surrounds him. I'd say Tito was the most difficult person we've had to guard in recent years, because he was disliked by so many different groups. Castro was fairly easy to work with, and Nasser was extremely co-operative—he shook my hand warmly at the airport when he left."

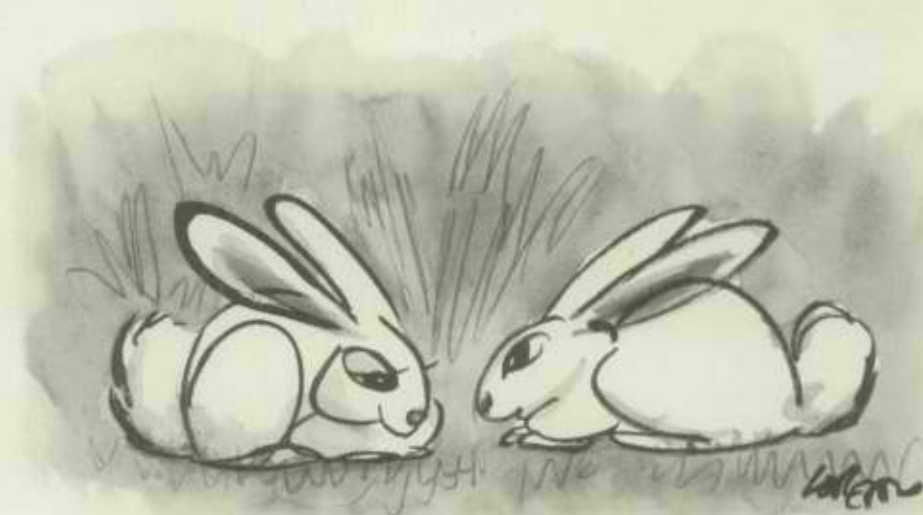
As we arrived at the Assembly building, Garelik jumped out of his car and discovered that Kosygin's motorcade had departed a few minutes before. "When will the session break, Harry?" he asked a U.N. guard.

"Saudi Arabia is still talking on a point of order," replied the guard.

"So?" said Garelik, poker-faced.

Garelik then paid a brief visit to the communications trailer ("No incidents, no pickets, and no complaints, sir," said the officer on duty) and headed uptown for the Soviet Mission, a large white brick apartment house at 136 East Sixty-seventh Street. As we rounded the corner, Garelik explained that the entire block had been cordoned off for security reasons; only official cars, residents, people with legitimate business on the block, and the No. 7 cross-town bus—with a policeman standing next to the driver—were permitted past the barriers that had been set up at Lexington and Third Avenues. A group of well-tailored security men was clustered around the front entrance. (Round lapel buttons identified State Department men, square ones city detectives.) Garelik emerged from his car—a slight figure in his mufti, smoking his invariable cigarette—and a Negro patrolman standing near the curb took a step forward and a firmer grip on his nightstick. Garelik identified himself and patted the dumfounded cop on the back to show that there were no hard feelings. "He's inside," said a Boss detective, "and there's an eighty-five-per-cent chance that he'll stay there the rest of the day." Garelik nodded and moved down the sidewalk to confer with three detectives and a bespectacled State Department man carrying a walkie-talkie.

Two black limousines drove through the barrier and disgorged a covey of burly, chattering Soviet diplomats. The last man out—a tall, sunburned Rus-



"I think you have the pinkest eyes, the cutest nose, and the fluffiest little white tail in all the world."

sian with deep-set eyes and aquiline features—spotted Garelik at the curb and walked over to shake hands with him.

"How are things going, Mr. Ambassador?" said Garelik, palming his cigarette.

"Fine, just fine," said the Russian, who turned out to be Platon Morozov, the deputy chief of the mission. "But I think I prefer to see you in uniform."

Garelik smiled slightly and replied that he had just left his desk.

The Russian gave a small salute and disappeared inside the double-glass doors.

Garelik crossed the street and conferred with Assistant Chief Inspector Frederick P. Kowski about the route for the next day's motorcade. (Kowski, a detective told us, is famous in the Department as the man who got into a shoving match with an overzealous Russian general during Khrushchev's visit.) We could hear him telling Garelik that even the Russian security men didn't always know when the diplomats were going to travel.

When three more limousines pulled up before the mission, the Chief Inspector moved back near the door to observe both the guards and the guarded with professional interest. Satisfied, he walked over to the detectives and told them that it looked pretty quiet. He pulled out a pack of cigarettes and offered us one. "They're Russian," he said. "Aromatic and very mild."

Eban

ISRAEL's Foreign Minister, Mr. Abba Eban, made his headquarters last week in five rooms at the Plaza, where

he slept (occasionally), ate (occasionally), conferred with his two aides in residence there with him, and wrote the eloquent and historic speech he gave at the General Assembly of the United Nations. ("Many in the world drew confidence from the fact that a very small nation could, by its exertion and example, rise to respected levels in social progress, scientific research, and the humane arts. And so our policy was to deter the aggression of our neighbors so long as it was endurable, to resist it only when failure to resist would have invited its intensified renewal, to withstand Arab violence without being obsessed by it, and even to search patiently here and there for any glimmer of moderation and realism in the Arab mind. We also pursued the hope of bringing all the Great Powers to a harmonious policy in support of the security and sovereignty of Middle Eastern states. . . . From these dire moments Israel emerged in five heroic days from awful peril to successful and glorious resistance. Alone, unaided, neither seeking nor receiving help, our nation rose in self-defense. So long as men cherish freedom, so long as small states strive for the dignity of survival, the exploits of Israel's armies will be told from one generation to another with the deepest pride. The Soviet Union has described our resistance as aggression and sought to have it condemned. We reject this accusation with all our might. Here was armed force employed in a just and righteous cause. As righteous as the defense of freedom at Valley Forge, as just as the expulsion of Hitler's bombers from the British

NY 4/2/67

skies, as noble as the protection of Stalingrad against the Nazi hordes, so was the defense of Israel's security and existence against those who sought our nation's destruction. What should be condemned is not Israel's action but the attempt to condemn it. Never have freedom, honor, justice, national interest, and international morality been so righteously protected. . . . To the charge of aggression, I answer that Israel's resistance at the lowest ebb of its fortunes will resound across history, together with the uprising of our battered remnants in the Warsaw Ghetto, as a triumphant assertion of human freedom. From the dawn of its history, the people now rebuilding a state in Israel has struggled often in desperate conditions against tyranny and aggression. Our action on the fifth of June falls nobly within that tradition. We have tried to show that even a small state and a small people have the right to live. I believe that we shall not be found alone in the assertion of that right, which is the very essence of the Charter of the United Nations. . . . It may seem that Israel stands alone against numerous and powerful adversaries. But we appeal to the undying forces in our nation's history which have so often given the final victory to spirit over matter, to inner truth over quantity. We believe in the vigilance of history, which has guarded our steps.")

Two days after Mr. Eban made this speech, we made a late-evening appointment to see him and went over to his headquarters, which we found guarded by a very young man with a beard and horn-rimmed glasses who, sleepily, was reading the Columbia University Summer Session catalogue. He turned us over to Mr. Dov Sinai, one of Mr. Eban's two aides, who was working in a room equipped with a desk, six telephones, and a typewriter, together with Mr. Emanuel Shimoni, the other aide, and Mrs. Ilana Shapiro, a tall, blond, attractive young lady at the typewriter, who kept taking one telephone call after another from people who wanted to give Mr. Eban advice, information, or encouragement. Mr. Sinai, a relaxed gentleman full of quips, was nibbling at an apple, while Mr. Shimoni, a slightly built young man wearing a rumpled nylon shirt, worked on a thick sheaf of notes and cables, a lighted cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth. Mr. Sinai said that Mr. Eban was at a meeting and that Mr. Shimoni would let us know as soon as the Minister returned. "Normally, the word comes

from Sinai," Mr. Sinai told us. "But in this case Sinai is waiting for the word from Shimoni." He grinned, and Mr. Shimoni, looking up from the cables, gave him a patient smile. On the telephone, Mrs. Shapiro was saying, "One thing I can assure you, the Minister *knows* these historical facts, and he is doing the best he can. There are many people like you, and we appreciate it. . . ."

"Last night was a very good night," Mr. Sinai told us. "I went to bed at one and got up at seven. Sunday night, the Minister went to bed at four and got up at nine to make his speech at the General Assembly. Mr. Shimoni didn't go to bed at all."

Mrs. Shapiro was being held on the telephone by the same caller. "The only thing I can do is transmit your message to the Minister," she was saying. "Of course, if you want to write to him, write to him care of the Israeli Consulate. All right, then, write to him *here* at the Hotel Plaza if you like. . . . Room No. 805. . . . What? . . . Yes. All right. I won't give out the room number if you think it is dangerous. . . . All right."

There was a flurry outside in the corridor. Mr. Shimoni went to investigate. He came back in a few moments saying that Mr. Eban had just returned from his meeting. Mr. Sinai led us to a large sitting room, where Mr. Eban was waiting, and left us. It seemed to us that Mr. Eban looked only *slightly* harassed. Also, he looked younger—his hair neatly combed, his horn-rimmed glasses firmly fixed, a white handkerchief folded neatly in the breast pocket of his dark-blue suit—and more vulnerable than he does on the television screen. (He is fifty-two. He was born in Cape Town, Union of South Africa, and he went to Cambridge University, where he specialized in Oriental languages.) After shaking hands with us, he put a long cigar in his mouth and lit it without, it seemed to us, any puffing on his part, and then he settled back in an armchair and regarded us attentively, as though he didn't have another blessed thing to do but answer our questions.

We asked him what he'd been doing between speeches.

"It's been a heavy day today," he said, speaking softly and very quickly, and without projection. "I've just left

a long meeting with Dean Rusk. And before that there was a long meeting with George Brown. And before that there was a meeting with Couve de Murville. And before that I was at the General Assembly. And before that I met with people at the Israeli Mission. And after this I have a meeting with the leaders of the Jewish community."

"How about diversion?" we asked.

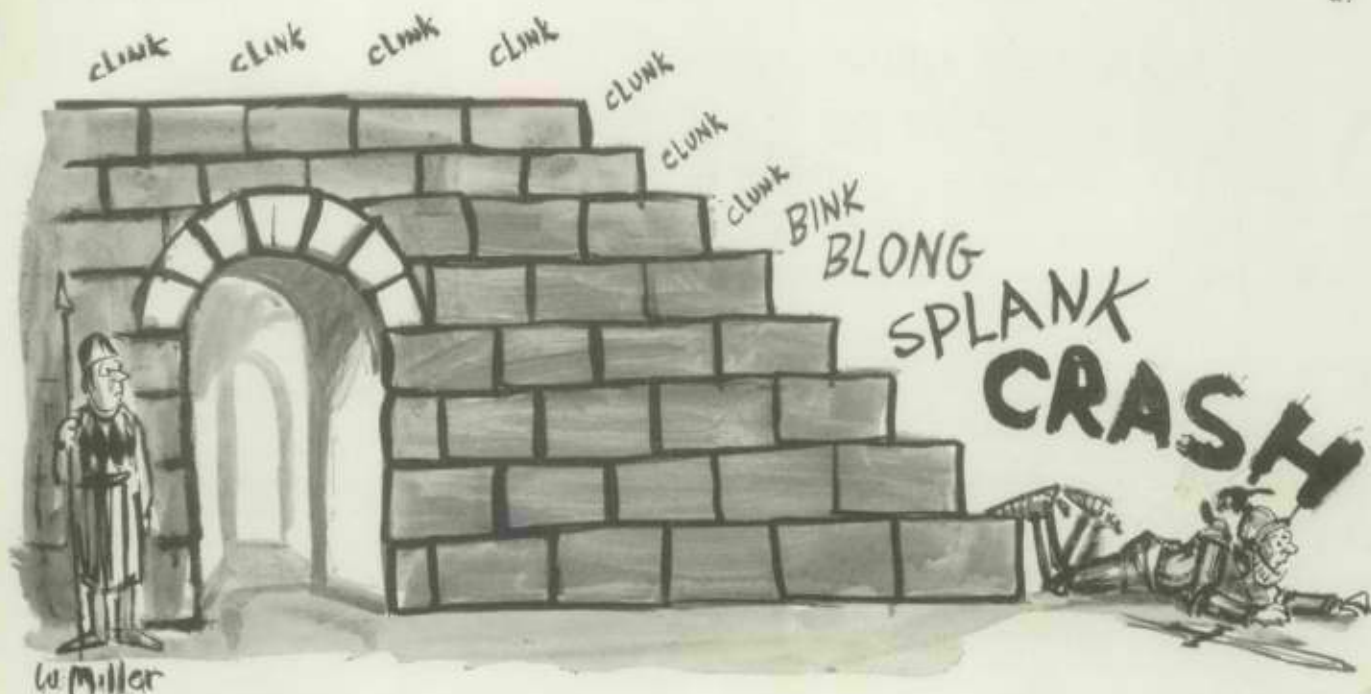
"This afternoon, I took a walk," Mr. Eban said. "I went around the corner to Doubleday. But I'm followed now by the Secret Service—yours, not ours—and the clerks try to sell them books. I've never had the Secret Service men following me about before. Last night, I went to a party at a painter friend's house on Lafayette Street. I arrived with two Secret Service men, and my host had to feed all three of us. I'm told they're necessary, however. This time, there's a certain tension in the air."

There was a knock at the door, and a room-service waiter entered, pushing a mobile table with Mr. Eban's dinner on it. Mr. Eban thanked him and said to leave it there. He continued smoking his cigar.

We asked Mr. Eban where he had been during the week of June 5th, and he told us that he lives in Jerusalem with his wife and two children (Eli, seventeen, and Gila, twelve), but on the morning of the fifth he was in Tel Aviv, where he was awakened, in his hotel room, by air-raid sirens. "When I got to the Defense Ministry, I was told that Egyptian artillery had bombarded us. I'd become a hawk about six days before," Mr. Eban said, smiling. "Actually, I don't accept the dove-hawk analogy. We are not an aviary. A week earlier, in late May, when the situation was clearly moving to a climax, I had gone to London, Paris, and Washington to see if any action could be expected from our friends. They had committed themselves to the status quo. The day after Nasser blockaded us, I went to see Wilson, de Gaulle, and Johnson to see how to stop it without war. When I got back, I told my government we could receive a great deal of sympathy but very little aid. Our friends expected us to stand up for ourselves, but what I read in the eyes of our friends was that we could count on a tremendous surge of mass opinion in our favor. As it ended up, as I have said at one point, never did so few owe so little to so many."

Mr. Eban was still ignoring his dinner. We asked him how he arranged to see Wilson, de Gaulle, and Johnson, and he said he took off from Israel con-





fident that the three chiefs would see him without prior appointments.

"When I got to Orly Airport, there was a message for me that de Gaulle would see me right away," Mr. Eban said. He thought for a moment or two, and then added, "It was rather interesting. De Gaulle sits at a large desk with no telephone on it. Talking to Wilson was disconcerting. You sit at the Cabinet table in No. 10 and talk sidewise. It's rather a strange tradition. I had two hours with President Johnson. Four or five advisers sit around with him, and drinks are offered. Americans are the most informal. When Truman was President, I came to present my credentials as ambassador. I had got all dressed up in the usual formal clothes, and I found him sitting there with his coat off."

We suggested to Mr. Eban that he might want to eat his dinner, and he obligingly moved over to the table, laying his cigar aside and mechanically starting to eat. We asked him where his wife and children were during the week of June 5th.

At the start, he said, they were visiting his wife's parents in Herzliyah, about fifty miles from Jerusalem, and he went there. "My children greeted me by saying, 'Jerusalem is being shelled. We must go there; otherwise the other kids at school will laugh at us for being away.' So we set out in our car for Jerusalem—an unusual spectacle of a family going toward the shelling. We spent the night in our shelter, and then I left them in the shelter and flew back to New York to speak to the Security Council."

Mr. Eban made his first speech be-

fore the Security Council on June 6th and returned two days later to Israel. We asked him what he had done between June 9th and June 17th.

"Very intensive work—Cabinet meetings, discussions of how we were going to avoid being pushed around politically," he said. "We had passed from the position of a people doubting our existence to thinking our existence was almost unduly robust. When I was first here, we had the advantages of the underdog. Now we have the disadvantages of the overdog."

"What do you think of Mr. Kosygin?" we asked.

"He has a mild, avuncular look," Mr. Eban replied. "But the extremism of his line was beyond belief." He pushed his plate away and picked up his cigar. "Perhaps things may get a little lighter as the week goes on. At the moment, the Russians are not speaking to me. I've known Mr. Gromyko since 1947, when he was one of the greatest supporters of Israel's statehood, but he would not have a drink with me now. The Poles and Hungarians are different. They continue to behave humanly. The assumption is that there is a temporary break, and the absence of diplomatic relations does not mean that we can't be together socially."

We asked Mr. Eban if he would tell us something of how he goes about writing his speeches, which have been ranked alongside those of Winston Churchill and Adlai Stevenson.

He said that his speech at the United Nations on June 19th had elicited an enormous response from all over the world and had resulted in an ava-

lanche of mail and telephone calls here. "You get the impression that the American people spend their lives at the television set," he said. "I haven't met anybody who wasn't listening. There are two thousand people in the General Assembly Hall. But one must remember that one is actually talking not to two thousand people but to sixty million. When you talk to the two thousand, you talk about Paragraph 16-A, Sub-paragraph B, and so on. Normally, I prefer not to write out the speech but to make notes, which is what I did on June 7th. But I knew that the speech on June 19th was to be a major presentation for the world, and that I would have to write it out in order to get good French and Russian translations. I find that I can never work in advance. I had a whole day in which to work on the speech, but I didn't do anything. I started at eight o'clock at night. I alternate between dictating and writing in longhand on one of those large yellow pads. A secretary sitting down before me with a pencil poised sometimes puts me off. The architecture is very important. I must have a plan for the seven or eight subjects. As I go along, I tell my staff what I need—the statements of the Egyptians threatening to exterminate us, the details of how the threat to Israel developed, and so on."

"People have commented on how highly persuasive you are when you speak on television," we said.

"Television has a way of distinguishing between things said in a routine spirit and things said out of conviction," Mr. Eban said. "I try to write and say the things I do believe."

HOW OLD, HOW YOUNG

YOU did not often see a woman crying on the street. You sometimes saw one in the neighborhood where the doctors had their offices, coming out of an office with another woman or a man and crying from pain. Sometimes they would be coming from a dentist's office, but they would be holding bloodstained handkerchiefs to their mouths. Doctor's office or dentist's office, they would usually get in a waiting car or a taxi and not be on the street very long, and anyway their crying was easily explained. You just about never were walking along the street and saw a young woman crying out of emotional anguish, weeping tears that were tears of sorrow and not caring that she might be making a spectacle of herself. But on this particular afternoon a long while ago James H. Choate, who had a summer job as runner for the family bank, was on an errand to a law office, and coming toward him he saw this young woman, and if he had not known her he would have said she was plastered. She was wearing white shoes with brown wing tips and medium-high heels, and yet she walked as if she had on ski boots. She was wearing a simple dark-blue linen one-piece dress with a thin black belt and a white collar, and a straw hat that was varnished black—pretty much of a uniform among certain types of girls in those days. But she was walking like a

drunken tart. Then when she got closer he saw that it was Nancy Liggett and that she was weeping without any self-restraint and leaving her misery naked for people to stare at. Jamie Choate wanted to cover her, as though her nakedness were the real thing. He stopped and stood in her uncertain path, but she walked around him. "Nancy!" he said. She kept on going and he watched her indecisively until she reached her car. She got in, and he was glad that it was a coupé; it offered her some shelter from the mystified stares of people, including himself. It was twenty minutes of three, and he had to get to the lawyers' office and back to the bank before closing time. He had not been told the nature of the envelope he was to pick up, but he had been ordered to get it back before three, without fail. He was very unimportant at the bank; they did not think much of him there. He made a special effort on this errand. He got back in plenty of time—five minutes to spare—as much because he wanted to see if Nancy's car was still in the block as to make a good impression at the bank. The car was gone.

There was a swimming-party picnic that night that Nancy Liggett should have been at but wasn't. Some people had a boathouse at a dam in the woods about fifteen miles out of town. The water was always very cold and so was

the air, and even though the bank thermometer that day had registered above ninety degrees, people at the picnic were drinking straight rye to keep off the chill. Quite a few people got tight. It was a Friday, the beginning of the weekend for most of the people, but Saturday morning was a very busy time at the bank, and Jamie Choate stayed sober. His cousin Walker Choate was at the picnic to remind him, in case he forgot. Walker was an assistant paying teller and a regular member of the staff. Very patronizing toward Jamie. "Remember, you have all those blotters to change in the morning," said Walker. "Need a steady hand and a clear mind for that."

"Oh, go to hell," said Jamie. "I wonder why Nancy Liggett isn't here tonight."

"Why the sudden interest in Nancy?" said Walker.

"Because I've fallen in love with her," said Jamie.

"Then why didn't you bring her?"

"I don't know. I was hoping you would and then I'd take her away from you."

"If I ever brought Nancy to anything, it wouldn't be hard to take her away from me. Even you could. Why don't you go take a look in the woods. Maybe she's here and forgot to check in with you."

"Walker, you *are* a wet smack," said Jamie.

"Yeah, and you're not dry behind the ears," said Walker.

It was a fairly large party and included people who were still in prep school and people who had children of their own, and a greater number of those in between. It would have been possible for Nancy to have arrived at the boathouse, stayed there a few minutes, and vanished in the woods without Jamie's having seen her. To make sure she hadn't, he went to the hostess-chaperon, Gwen Lloyd, and said, "I've been looking all over for Nancy Liggett."

"She isn't here," said Gwen. "She called up and said she wasn't coming. Offered no excuse, and she was sup-



"I'm afraid we owe them an apology, Lou. They really are a chapter of the National Rifle Association."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

ON THE SEVENTH DAY THEY STOPPED

IT will be some time before the precise details of how the first shots were fired in the Arab-Israeli war can be set down with full assurance. But everybody in Israel has a story about the first shots he happened to hear. They came as no real surprise, because those of us who were there had all seen fear and anger pressing, always more urgently, for release. But they still came as a shock.

A few minutes before eleven-thirty on Monday morning, June 5th, in Jerusalem, I heard rifle pings. The sound was not unusual in Jerusalem. A number of streets on the Jewish side of the city had been blocked for years by cement or metal walls, built to spoil the view of snipers from the other side. I happened to be walking down Jaffa Road, carrying my typewriter, to a car I had rented an hour earlier. Renting the car had been a precaution, but neither the solicitous girl at the rental agency nor I had mentioned the reason while we filled out the forms. The radio had broadcast a special bulletin at 8:10 A.M. announcing an outbreak of firing on the Sinai front. Shortly afterward, there had been an air-raid alert in Tel Aviv. At nine, instead of giving the news, the broadcaster had droned out a coded mobilization order, naming each unit and its station. Many men and women had already gone in the successive call-ups during three weeks of growing menace. Now there would be no more drivers and probably no more taxis, because Israel's reserve forces draw upon civilian vehicles as well as civilian manpower. But neither the broadcasts nor the first few shots really made it clear that war had started. There had been so many incidents, so many explosions. Zvi Ayrani, the manager of the King David Hotel, where I was staying, had been eager to discuss the situation as he gave me street directions that morning. "It is very depressing, Madam," he had said to me. "If it comes, we'll win. But who needs it?" Then he had gone off to get his uniform and report for duty. (The next time I saw him, he was running the St. George Hotel, on the other side of Jerusalem, where occupation headquarters had been established. But that was much later—a hundred hours later.)

As I walked along Jaffa Road that morning, I became aware that the rifle fire was not stopping after two or

three cracks. In a minute or so, I heard machine-gun bursts, and then there was the thud of a mortar. Some of the people on the street ran. I didn't know for sure where the car was, so I ducked into an alcove leading to a shop and found with great relief that I still had my city map in my hand. I studied it while I waited for the shooting to end. Across the street, a young man was carefully washing his store window before putting up tape.

Even the most expected of battles must take a while to penetrate the unwilling mind. That is what happened in Jerusalem. The shelters had long been prepared. A wave of panic buying of food and candles had come and gone a week before. I knew that Tamar Kollek, the wife of Jerusalem's Mayor, had had some unhappy talks with her neighbors, because, although sand had been distributed throughout the town for fire prevention in case of air raids, the Kolkels and their neighbors were still waiting for their share. "I told them our street was last," Mrs. Kollek said. "And the people weren't pleased." In her own modest apartment, the only precaution she had taken was to move her husband's collection of pre-Roman earthenware jugs down from the top of a bookshelf to the floor, along with some framed gouaches of the Marc Chagall window designs for the Hadassah Medical Center that had been given to the Kolkels by the painter. A large collection of ancient jewelry, opalescent glass, and other archeological finds that the Kolkels had assembled over the years were not moved from two crammed vitrines in the sitting room.



(The Mayor, known to nearly everyone in the city as Teddy—Israel being perhaps the only country in the world to use first names even more quickly than America—told me later he had not thought Jerusalem would come under heavy attack. He had expected some shooting, of course, and quite possibly an effort to cut off the Israelis in the city, but not sustained direct shelling. "It was too obvious that it could work both ways—that the Jordanians were just as vulnerable as we," he said, in weary puzzlement when it was over. "But King Hussein put his armies under an Egyptian commander, and he lost control.")

When the attack did come, the sirens and the radio warned everyone into the shelters. There was no compulsion, no pushing, no curfew. You could roam the empty streets if you wished. But almost everybody knew just what he had to do, and did it. I never saw or heard of a case of panic—not even a forgotten dog howling in the road.

I found the car, which luckily had not been hit, and drove back to the King David Hotel. It is only a few hundred feet from the border, within easy range on three sides, but it is built of the rosy Jerusalem stone that gives the city both its beauty and its solid strength. (Throughout Jerusalem, I noticed afterward, the rough blocks of stone had resisted everything except direct shell hits.) An empty bus was standing in the middle of the road blocking the hotel's driveway, so I parked across the street in front of the Y.M.C.A. and then ran. The bus passengers, half of them children, were in the hotel. They had been coming up to Jerusalem from a village down the valley when they had suddenly found that they were being fired at. The driver, a dark Yemenite, had stomped down on the accelerator and zig-zagged as evasively as possible around mountain curves until he reached the first big building. There he had slammed on the brakes and ordered everybody out to shelter. The hotel barman, Reuven Gat—formerly Robert Guth, of Vienna—was distributing free lemonade to the children.

Men in battle dress with steel helmets, barely recognizable as the clerks and waiters who had been wearing very different uniforms when I had gone out two hours before, were milling around near the door, their rifles and Tommy guns tossed casually on the

grievance," said the tallest, a man who put Dinnitt vaguely in mind of Don Quixote. "Other methods having failed, we've taken this way of calling attention to our problem."

"God damn it!" Dinnitt shouted, invoking the Deity for the first time in forty-seven years. "Who are you and what is your grievance—and put out that goddam fire!"

The man who had started the fire rubbed the curtain between his mailed palms, sending a shower of charred and smoking material onto the rug, and the man who looked like Don Quixote said, "We're museum guards. We're demanding protection against children and vandals, and, failing that, we're demanding the right to strike children on Saturdays and holidays. We've taken as much as mortal men can bear."

"You'll never be allowed to strike children," Dinnitt replied. "Never in a million years."

"Start the fire again, Lester," the tall man said, and the man at the curtain produced a cigarette lighter and began flicking the flint.

"Hey, wait a minute!" Dinnitt cried just as the door opened and a small man in a muffler and galoshes looked in, screamed, and disappeared.

"Don't do anything until I get back!" Dinnitt said, and bolted out into the hall. The small man was standing by the elevators, frantically pushing the "down" button. "Is there anything I can do for you?" Dinnitt asked. There didn't seem to be anything he could do, but asking was as good an excuse as any to get out of his office.

"Never mind," the man replied, continuing to stab at the button. "I'm the ombudsman from Perth Amboy and I thought I might—"

"You're the what?" asked Dinnitt, approaching him quietly.

"From Perth Amboy. We've started the ombudsman system there, and I thought I might get a few pointers, but I can see—"

The elevator arrived, and the man darted into it, with Dinnitt close behind him. "I think you and I might have a long talk," said Dinnitt. "How about a drink?"

"I'll have a drink under one condition," the man replied, "and that is that you understand that I cry easily and no longer hold my liquor very well."

AN hour later, Dinnitt examined the notes he had made on a dozen damp bar napkins. "All right," he said.



"Look, Mac, how come you're not boggling?"

"See how this just little old sounds. 'We, the undersigned ombudsmen—'"

"Those are the most beautiful words I ever heard," the little man said with a sob. "Say them again."

"Let me get to the meat of it," Dinnitt replied. "'Have formed an *ad-hoc* committee—'"

"*Hic, haec, hoc*," said his companion. "Or words to that effect." He blew his nose.

"To protect the rights of ombudsmen," Dinnitt went on.

"Don't you think an *ad-huc* committee would sound better?"

"All right. 'Have formed an *ad-huc* committee.' Then a list of our demands, starting with double-time pay during vacations and taking in medical and psychiatric care, armed bodyguards, and unlimited weekends. You mentioned something else. What was it?"

The little man thought for a while. "Search me," he said.

"Oh, I know." Carefully, Dinnitt wrote it down. "The right to take arms against a sea of troubles," he said. "And by opposing end them." He looked at what he had written, and stood up. "To the picket lines," he said, reaching for his hat and upsetting a bowl of peanuts.

"To the picket lines," said the little man, and he followed Dinnitt out of the bar and down the street toward City Hall. —NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

To find a brown creeper's nest, walk through a forest in May, June or even July. Investigate every brown leaf that flutters downward and hits the bottom of a tree trunk. . . . —Audubon Magazine.

And don't be late for dinner.



Karon

"It's our way of welcoming in the fiscal New Year."

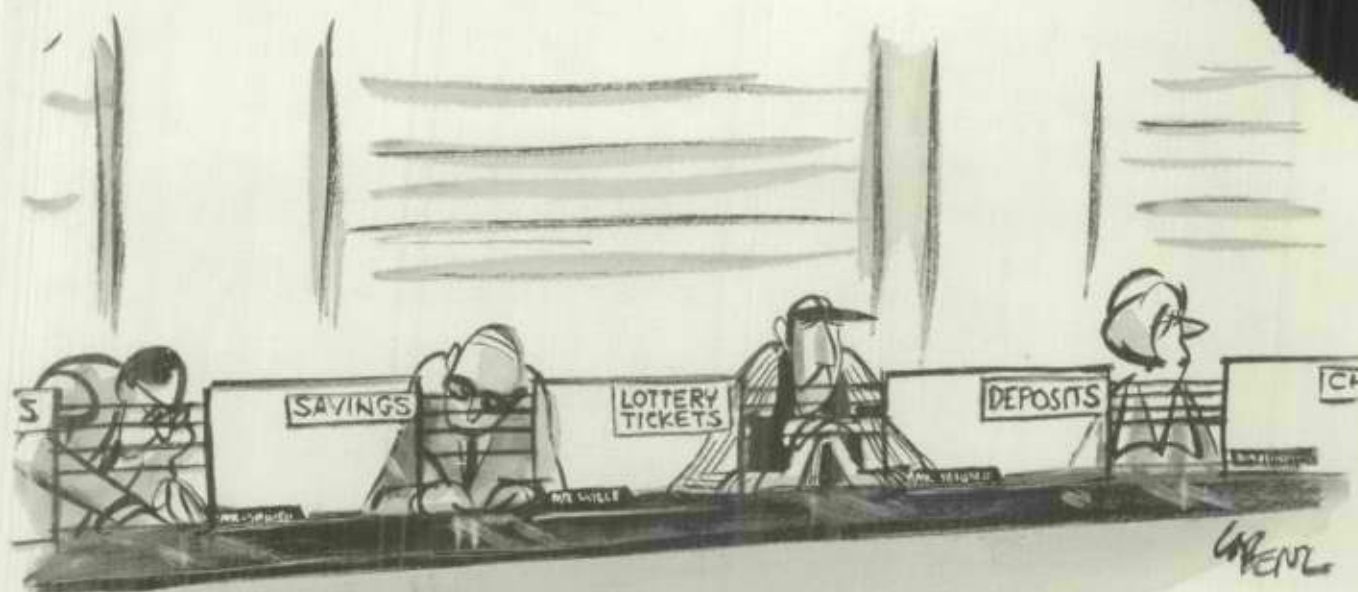
carpet. The only tourists still in the hotel were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Berger, of New York, whose round-the-world trip had already turned out to be more exciting than they would have wished. They had been caught in some demonstrations in Latin America and they were in Hong Kong during the anti-British riots. Mrs. Berger was worried about their guide, who had promised to come at one o'clock to drive them to Tel Aviv if he could make it. "He must have known it was going to happen," she kept saying. "But he didn't tell us anything—only that he would come if he could. What do you think? Will he show up?" (The Tel Aviv road was under sporadic fire all day, but the Bergers got out of Jerusalem that day. I don't know who took them.)

About twelve-thirty, a shell fell some fifteen feet in front of the hotel entrance—the one unexposed side. It smashed a tree and sent blast waves through the lobby. Fragments of the shell wounded several men. They were given first aid and taken away in an ambulance. At that point, the rest of us

were urged down to the basement night club, which served as a shelter, its high windows having been sand-bagged. Some Englishmen were at the bar, drinking gin-and-tonic. To my surprise, I found that lunch was being served. It seemed a good idea to eat, because there was no telling when there would be another chance. Reuven Gat recited the menu—grapefruit or noodle soup, liver or boiled chicken, salad, pastry or compote. He was nervous, but he took all the greater care to polish the glasses, pour the wine for tasting, serve from the left, and remove plates from the right. It seemed an odd way to serve a meal under such circumstances, but he worked with the same extreme consideration all through the week. (After the war ended, he learned that his son had been knifed to death while trying to rescue some wounded friends in the Old City. I went to speak to him when I heard about it. "His name was Avraham," he told me. "We called him Avi. He was nineteen and a half. He didn't live yet. He was only starting a life." The father's face was frozen in a

peculiar grimace, and he scrubbed the bar all the time he talked, rubbing so hard it seemed that he would have worn through a thinner piece of wood.)

IN the middle of that first afternoon, Mayor Kollek turned up at the hotel. As usual, he was in an open-necked sports shirt, his broad brow wrinkled, but the corners of his mouth raised in a quiet smile. He had been inspecting the city in his car, a rather dilapidated blue Plymouth that now had a bullet hole below the back window. Kollek had come to fetch Ruth Dayan, the wife of the new Minister of Defense, Moshe Dayan, who was to be sworn in at a formal session of Israel's parliament, the Knesset, at 6 P.M. Unlike the other major departments of the government, the Ministry of Defense is in Tel Aviv, rather than in Jerusalem, and the Dayans live in a suburb of Tel Aviv that was built for high-ranking Army officers. Mrs. Dayan had driven to Jerusalem in the morning to attend to some business with a Bedouin chief whom she was advising on the



development of a cottage—or, more exactly, tent—industry for the export of homespun cloth, which Bedouin women make beautifully. Despite her husband's insistence that the ceremony would be a waste of her time, she had also planned to stay in Jerusalem to watch the swearing-in. She had stopped for gas at a gas station near the King David, when the shooting began. Foolishly, she realized later, she had taken shelter in a kiosk next to the gasoline pumps for several hours. Then she drove to the hotel and phoned her husband's secretary. Mrs. Dayan told me that her husband had scolded her when he found out she was in Jerusalem, and that she had replied, "But I told you last week I was coming up. How was I to know your war was starting today?"

Dayan told her he still couldn't see why she wanted to bother watching the Knesset formality, but she insisted on going, and Mayor Kollek and I went along with her. We were all in the Knesset shelter when her husband arrived to join the other leaders who had assembled there. David Ben-Gurion, with his crown of puffy white hair, looked smaller and bouncier than ever at eighty. I saw both Foreign Minister Abba Eban and his predecessor, Golda Meir, whose eyes struck me as disconcertingly gentle in her granite face. There was a good deal of excited talk going on, but Mrs. Meir didn't join in. When I spoke to her, she said only, "If there has to be a war, it is better we should win than the other side." There was Menachem Beigin, a shrill nationalist, who was being taken

into the expanded "government of national unity" along with Dayan; as Minister Without Portfolio, Beigin was to have no specific authority. There were a dozen key military men and nearly all the members of the government—an extraordinary wartime assemblage to be under one roof within reach of the enemy's short-range artillery. Furthermore, the session had been publicly scheduled five days before. Many of the people, including Dayan, had driven up from Tel Aviv under fire that afternoon, and Jordanian gun emplacements made the Knesset a steady target all through the evening, but efforts to keep people in the shelter never worked for more than a few minutes. They kept wandering out into the lobby to chat while they waited, I finally learned, for the one dignitary who had not arrived. That was Prime Minister Levi Eshkol. People kept asking what could be delaying him.

As we waited, the news spread among us that the Israeli Air Force had destroyed most of the Egyptian Air Force that morning, and had defeated what it could reach of the Jordanian, Syrian, and Iraqi Air Forces. Someone said that three hundred and fifty enemy planes had been destroyed. (The final count was four hundred and forty-one Arab planes and nineteen Israeli planes lost.) Complete air supremacy had been achieved. It seemed incredible. But we all knew there had been no enemy planes over Jerusalem. Several people had portable radios with them, and when the next news bulletin came on, all talking stopped as we listened.

The aerial victory was not mentioned; on the other hand, there was no word, either, of any raids on Tel Aviv, Haifa, Ashdod, or any other city except Nethanya, where Iraqi planes had dropped a few bombs in a suburban garden. That was at least indirect confirmation of decisive triumph in the air.

At one point in the broadcast, hearty laughter swept away the tension. An acquaintance who was translating for me said the announcer had reported that U Thant was asking King Hussein for the return of Government House, the United Nations headquarters on a hilltop that Jordanian troops had taken without resistance in the morning. Jordan had refused to leave. "But it doesn't matter," the broadcaster had continued, "because our troops have taken it from Jordan now." (After the war, I visited the complex. It had been built by the British to house their Palestine High Commissioner in the best of Imperial dignity and comfort. There could be no more commanding spot. From the formal gardens, the shimmering panorama of all Jerusalem lies open to inspection. From the roof, you can see Jericho, the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, the Jordan Valley, and the mountains that hide Amman beyond—almost the whole setting of Judaeo-Christian faith nestling among the pale, dusty hilltops. The United Nations people had been caught by surprise. Their papers were still on their desks. The desk calendar of Colonel F. M. Johnson, the deputy chief of staff, had only one notation for June 5th. It was "Movies?" The charts in the oper-

...listed all the complaints of violations during the previous months. They ranged from fighter dogfights between Syria and Israel and murders by infiltrators to "theft of oats" and "encroachment by sheep and shepherd." After each item were initials showing whether or not the U.N. had conducted an investigation, which was all it was empowered to do. The U.N. headquarters had been hit several times, though nothing in the building seemed beyond repair. It was unlikely, though, that any amount of repair could restore to serviceability the neat lines of more than a hundred identical cars in the parking lot, all painted white with the large black letters "U.N." on their sides, and all raked and burned and smashed. No United Nations people had been wounded, but both Jordan and Israel had lost men in a day-long battle for the hilltop. Burned-out tanks were still on the road. One unexploded shrapnel shell lay innocently beneath an olive tree in front of the doorway, along with empty mortar casings, broken glass, and the usual debris of war. Across a low parapet, someone had painted in enormous letters, in English, "Israel want peace.")

Word of the success at Government House delighted the crowd at the Knesset on Monday night. But the most excited talk was of the air battle, because it meant that the outcome of the war had already been decided, in the first two hours of the first day. What remained to be settled was the size of the final victory and how long it would take. Nobody bothered to laugh when Radio Cairo came on claiming that Tel Aviv had been wiped out and that the Jews were fleeing helplessly across the desert. "We are drowning the Zionist cowards in our hell-fire," the radio said. "Now, Jews, you will see how your cowards die."

"How can they say such horrible things?" Mrs. Dayan wondered aloud. "There are educated people over there. They can be civilized. Do you know the words of the song that Kol Yisroel [the Israeli radio station] just played?" I had recognized the tune. It was "When the Saints Go Marching In." The newly written words, she said, led up to the refrain "when the days of peace arrive." One verse was about going to a football

game in Cairo, another was about going skiing on Syria's Mount Hermon, another about sightseeing in Jordan's abandoned rock city of Petra—all "when the days of peace arrive."

After waiting, apparently with some irritation, for Eshkol to appear, Dayan drove back with his wife to Tel Aviv and his desk at military headquarters. Many other busy men waited, using the unexpected free time to rejoice in the good news they were hearing. "Mazel tov, mazel tov," a colonel told a general. A British television reporter held his microphone out to Ben-Gurion and asked, "Do you think the government has done a good job?" "Not the government, the Army," Ben-Gurion answered, with a twinkle in his eyes. "This is Army work. Have you ever seen a government fighting?" He laughed at his own question.

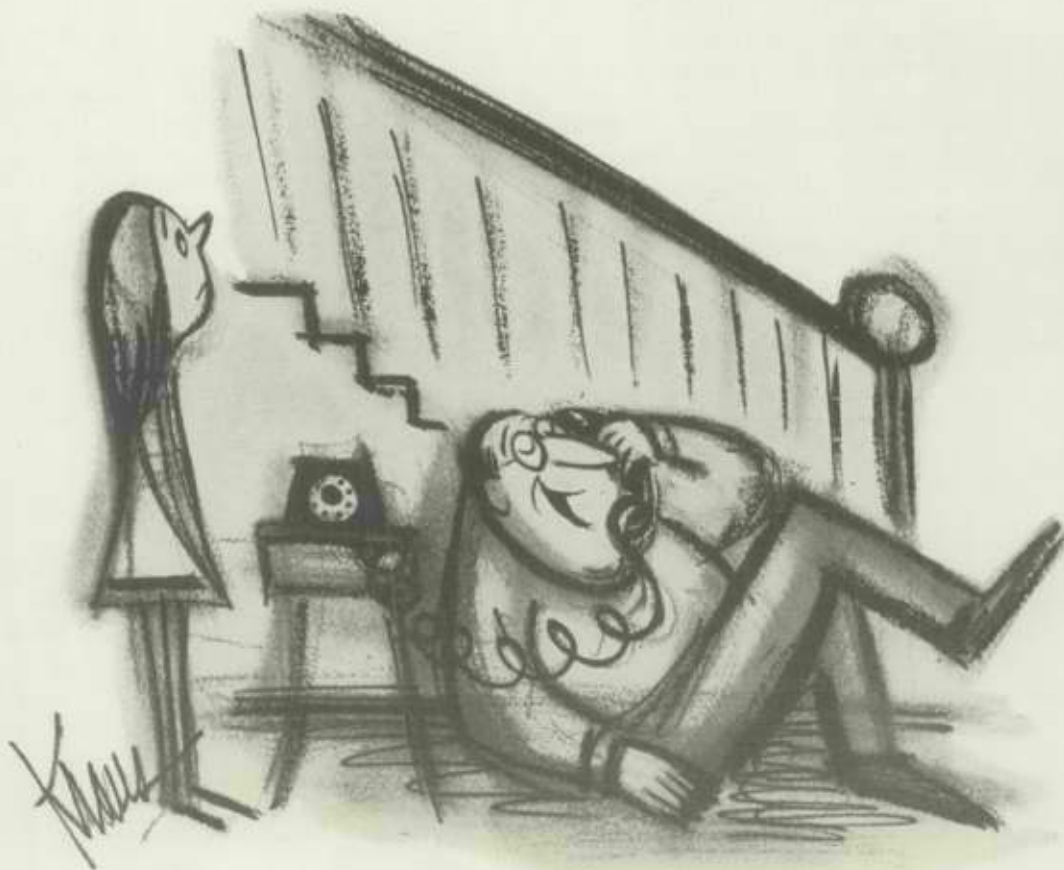
The good news spread so fast and so loudly through the corridors that we couldn't even hear the guns. Somebody shouted to Mayor Kollek that it was a glorious day.

"Not for Jerusalem," the Mayor said soberly. "The children are still in the school shelters and the mothers are getting desperate at home. I don't know how I'm going to get them out safely." Kollek chafed at losing so much precious time waiting. "I ought to go and see about the children.

They'll have to be taken food. Something will have to be done about garbage. I hear the Hadassah has been hit. I want to inspect it. I'll come back."

Mayor Kollek started to leave, but friends held him back. "Not now, Teddy, not now," one of them said. "You can worry later. There's never been such a day. You have to wait for the ceremony."

By the time Eshkol appeared, it was nine-thirty and the effervescence had subsided. Word was coming in about tank battles below Gaza and around Jerusalem. The Israeli Army's progress was spectacular, but most of the people there had sons and daughters somewhere at the front, and the sense of brutality and death was real now. Finally, we all filed into the parliament chamber. It is windowless, and the lights were on full. For all the drama of the occasion, Eshkol's speech was monotonous, and the vote of approval for the new appointments and the government's policy on the war was perfunctory. The six Arab deputies were there and voted with the majority. The only moment in which strong emotion was displayed came when the teller asked for nay votes. The three Communist deputies signalled opposition, and one called out, "We demand peace!" The rumble that broke out across the room sounded



more like disgust than anger. Nobody spoke to the Communists as we all picked our way back to the war through the dark.

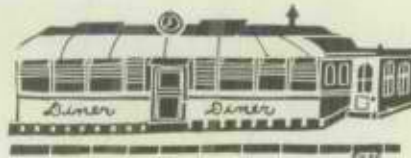
Some people had blued the headlights of their cars to let a wan beam through. Most drove without lights. There was a luxurious infinity of stars that gave a distant serenity to the sky. It would have been much worse to have the blackness pressing all the way down. The moon had not yet risen. (It came late, perhaps an hour before dawn—a precise, delicate crescent of Islam with a star between its horns.) The firing kept up all night, but it seemed a privilege to be out in the air, not huddled under concrete.

When I got back to the hotel, I found two bullet holes in the window of my room when I opened the curtains, and I could see that the roof of the Church of the Dormition on Mount Zion was brilliantly ablaze. It was there, according to tradition, that the Virgin Mary fell asleep and was carried to Heaven while she slumbered. Except for tracer bullets flashing across the sky, there was nothing more of the battle to be watched. There was plenty of sound, though, and it had a regularity reliable enough to permit sleep. I didn't know why I woke at five until I realized there had been silence for a minute or so. Then it all resumed. Idiotically reassured by what had become customary, the way you relax when the train goes on after a brief halt in the night, I dozed off again.

THROUGHOUT the night, we learned later, major battles were being fought at the edges of the southern desert. The Gaza Strip had been cut off, and the northernmost Israeli column had split, in order to begin encirclement of Egypt's 7th Division. To the Israeli staff's surprise, the Egyptians had diluted their tremendous force along the Sinai coastal road and the parallel inland road on the Beersheba-Ismailia line. They were moving south. The Israelis could not know whether this was the start of an Egyptian effort to drive across the southern half of Israel, possibly to link up with Jordanian forces and cut off Elath, or whether the Egyptians, believing that the Israeli main thrust would come down the coast of the Gulf of Aqaba to the Strait of Tiran and the strongpoint at Sharm-el-Sheik, were moving to block that virtually impassable route. In any case, the reason mattered less than the opportunity the Egyptian maneuvers offered.

Flexibility based on thorough plan-

ning is one of the main elements of the Israeli Army's strength. It was born of necessity. The Jewish fighters in Palestine and, since they built their state, in Israel have always been outnumbered in both men and equipment. Ben-Gurion had long before developed the concept of flexible response as the



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Because he's crazy about the sea.
He's crazy about beach glass. He has
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Sucked candy bits as hard as lava,
The shards are no longer sharp and come
In every shape and every color—
The commonest are white and brown;
Harder to find are blue and green;
Amber is rare; yellow rarer;
And red the rarest of all. The sea

Is a glassblower who blasts to bits
Coca-Cola and Waterford,
Venetian as well as Baccarat,
And has carefully combed its five-and-ten
For anything made of glass. It isn't
Fussy. It knows that everything
Will be pared down in the end:
Milk of magnesia bottles honed
To sky-blue icy filaments,
And smoky cordial bottles from
Brazil—sunglasses of an eclipse.

Mr. Calava's kaleidoscopes
Are kept in apothecary jars,
As if the sea were a pharmacy
Of lozenges and doled them out
Without a prescription, especially
For Mr. Calava, who firmly believes
The best things in life are free.

But what the sea has relinquished it
Has relinquished only in part. You know
How childish it is in its irony.
The jigsaw puzzle is here. But then
Its missing pieces are still in the sea.
Not all the king's horses and all the king's men
Could ever put it together again,
Though—chip by chip,
And bit by bit—

Rouault could make a King of it.

—HOWARD MOSS

principle for protection of the early, isolated settlements. The defense forces, in those days called Hashomer, were part-time farmers and part-time soldiers. Strict economy of weapons, quick reaction and change of plan, the best possible communications and intelligence, and, above all, the use of imaginative variations on the military norm were the rules worked out to reverse the odds. Those ground rules were not changed in the nineteen-thirties, when Hashomer gave way to the Jewish underground army, Ha-

have they now changed. General Yahu Gavish, who commanded the entire battle against Egypt, put it simply: "All our planning has to be for a brief war—quick attack, quick advance, quick victory, and home again to work." Government officials estimate that it cost Israel fifteen to twenty million dollars a day in lost crops and production to maintain its partial mobilization in the three weeks of tension before the war. Three months of that would have ruined the state.

Brigadier General Ariel Sharon, a towering man with a soft face and a great soft middle bulging over the top of his camouflage trousers, commanded the Israeli division ordered to break through Abu Ageila on the Beersheba-Ismailia line. He met well-entrenched and superior forces, and when it was over he gave an explanation of his success in the form of a recollection of the action he had seen in an earlier campaign: "I would say the Egyptian is a good soldier, a disciplined soldier, but I think the commanders are very poor. I would not trust them. We do not think they have any fighting spirit. They are very good where everything is very simple, they are well organized, and they are very good at shooting. I must tell you a story about something that happened twelve years ago. We attacked an Egyptian battalion in the same area, at Sabha, near Nitzana, and managed in a few minutes to destroy the position. Then a few weeks later we attacked the Syrians, and we put the prisoners together, the officers separate. The Syrians asked the Egyptians how it could have happened that a battalion in a fortified defensive position, mined and equipped with heavy artillery, was defeated in a few minutes. The Egyptians answered, 'Those Jews just won't attack in proper order.'"

Attack itself, preempting the choice of time and place, is, the Israelis believe, an indispensable part of their country's defense strategy. Israel has no fallback lines, no reserves in either geography or manpower. The whole country is the front, and all that lies behind it is the sea. As the Israelis see



*"The next junior citizen who calls me
a senior citizen is going to get a bust in the mouth!"*

it, if they did not fight beyond their borders, they would have little left to fight for. In the same way, the forces must all be used at once. The regular Army numbers some forty thousand. Even Jordan, the least populous and, since 1948, the least aggressive of Israel's neighbors—apart from Lebanon—had an army of fifty-five thousand. Egypt had put more than a hundred thousand men in the Sinai Desert and still had armies left to guard its Nile heartland.

I asked Major General Itzhak Rabin, the Chief of Staff, how he accounted for the vastly superior gunnery and technical expertise that enabled his tank crews of schoolteachers, businessmen, bus drivers, and waiters to pick off Egypt's professionals. (Of course, air supremacy made a crucial difference, but ninety per cent of the approximately six hundred Egyptian tanks destroyed were taken out by Israeli tanks. On the second day of the war, one Israeli tank battalion finished off a brigade of a hundred and sixty-seven Egyptian tanks by what the generals call "sniping"—one shot at a time.) General Rabin said the answer was training, although most of the Israeli tankmen are civilians eleven months of the year. Then he added,

"And it has something to do with the people, too."

Israel mobilized requires almost every able body, either under arms or to operate the most urgently essential services. Even children helped in the period of partial mobilization by replacing postmen and delivering milk. Of course, some exceptions have to be made in a population of two million seven hundred thousand. The quarter of a million Arabs inside Israel's borders before the war were not called to serve. Neither were members of Jerusalem's ultra-orthodox Naturei Karta sect, who preach that all violent resistance is a sin, even though they do not hesitate to stone those who violate the Sabbath by driving cars, or their codes of modesty by wearing sleeveless dresses and short skirts, or their view of chastity by permitting boys and girls to swim together. Obviously, they would be no boon to the armed forces. In many parts of the country, local rabbis of just as orthodox persuasion endorsed the government's call to defend the state, and men went off to war, but the extremists of Jerusalem would have no part in it. Some of them refuse even to recognize the State of Israel—to use its postage stamps or to pay its taxes—because

they hold to the Biblical text that prophesies restoration of the Jewish nation in its ancient home by the Messiah. Since there has been no Messiah, they insist there can be no legal state. (When the Old City of Jerusalem was taken, the troops had to pass through the orthodox quarter of Mea Shearim, many of them driving captured Jordanian tanks and trucks. The people massed at the Mandelbaum Gate—the only crossing point between the two sides of Jerusalem before the war—and lined the streets to cheer. For once, the Hasidim, in the fur hats and black caftans they have copied from fourteenth-century Polish aristocrats, allowed others to mingle with them and did not cover their faces at the sight of a camera to prevent violation of the Biblical injunction against images. Their young boys, in knickers and black stockings, jumped and shout-

ed with excitement as the victorious warriors passed. The older men watched with evidently torn feelings. They really did not approve, and their demeanor showed it. Nevertheless, for the first time in nineteen years, they would be able to make pilgrimages to the Jewish Holy Places—above all to the Wailing Wall. With mournfully ecstatic faces, even they seemed to be celebrating the fruits of the violence they condemn.)

Once the fight began, there was no pause. In the south, the Israeli columns fought for seventy-two hours without a break, day and night. When a replacement unit was needed at the vicious battle of Mitla Pass, deep in the desert, General Avram Yaffe moved one into line without a halt in firing. "It was difficult to make the maneuver without our own tanks shooting at each other," he said later, with

a diffident smile to cover to be embarrassment at soundful. "But we took care and without a mishap." General Yaffe, a very tall and broad man who happily describes himself as more bear than man, heads Israel's Nature Conservation Board when he is not called upon to head a tank division. He knows the desert as an Englishman knows his garden. During prewar mobilization, he stopped more than once to climb out of a tank and collect a few dry seeds, which he placed tenderly in matchboxes. "This plant doesn't exist anywhere else in Israel," he remarked with delight on one occasion, according to a colleague. "It must be sturdy to live here in the desert." He has organized effective campaigns to save two species of gazelle that were on the verge of extinction in the Middle East. His great dream is to acquire eight or ten oryx—a magnificent Arabian Desert deer, very few of which are left—and turn them out to breed in a Sinai nature preserve.

ON Tuesday morning, the second day of the war, Mayor Kollek took me on his rounds of the city. The first stop was Shaarei Tzedek Hospital, which was closest to the front and therefore used for emergency cases. All the regular patients who could be moved were being transferred or, if possible, sent home to make room for new casualties. A woman with a newborn infant was getting into a car when we arrived. A shell had landed inside the maternity ward during the night but had not exploded. Another had hit the roof and destroyed the water system. Inside the hospital, everything seemed to be in confusion. The people and the place looked grubby, disorderly. But the important things were being done. I was wearing a sleeveless dress that day, and before I had a chance to ask how many casualties there had been, a bearded doctor in a skullcap glared at me and whispered to the



Richter

"If you worry so much about seeming dated, then why in God's name do you keep saying 'Goombye'?"



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Mayor, who told me, "You'd better go outside. This is an orthodox hospital. They don't mind coping with the war, but they can't bear a woman without sleeves."

After that, we went to a low-income housing project, so new that not all the apartments had been occupied. It was ten yards from the border. A shell crater in front of it was twelve feet across, and the explosion had blasted out a whole line of windows, frames and all. Mayor Kollek stepped into each of the basement shelters for a moment to ask how things were going. The answer was usually "*Beseder*"—literally, "In order." (During those days, I noticed, this became a slogan of stoic cheer, the equivalent of thumbs up.)

One young man complained to the Mayor about the damage his apartment had suffered, which was extensive.

"It will be repaired," Kollek said.

"But all the new things saved up for—they're completely ruined!"

"So now you have a war story. What would you tell your sons if the fighting came and went and nothing happened to you?"

Kollek spoke quickly to nearly everyone he passed—a few words of comfort for some and of chipper sarcasm for others. A small group of exhausted soldiers, stretched out on the ground for a rest, told him they had taken prisoners. That was our first confirmation that there had been further advances in the Israeli drive to encircle Jerusalem, so as to silence the Jordanian artillery. As we left the cluster of buildings, people inched out of the shelters and cheered their Mayor. As we drove off, he said, "Garbage collection is terrible today. I wouldn't vote for a mayor who allowed these conditions."

At the Red Mogen David headquarters, which was collecting blood for all the military as well as civilian hospitals, the first impression was the same pseudo-bedlam as at Shaarei Tzedek. And it was just as misleading. Everything was so well organized that when one particular blood type was running low, volunteer drivers were sent to fetch the right donors. There was never a need to issue a radio appeal for blood. Donors had to be told, "Don't come to us. We'll come when we need you." Mrs. Dayan had called the civilians' attitude "a mass hysteria of volunteerism." It was true. People made every contribution they could think of.

One couple put a notice in the *Jerusalem Post* (which never stopped publishing and carried full, newsy accounts from both Israel and foreign capitals) announcing their decision to cancel proceedings for divorce in "the new spirit of national unity."

Before sunset on Tuesday, Israeli forces had taken that part of the Mount of Olives where the new Intercontinental Hotel stands; broken into the Sheik Jarrah quarter, just outside the walls, where the American Consulate, the Jordanian Y.M.C.A., and some of the older hotels are to be found; and relieved a besieged garrison on Mount Scopus. After the 1948 war, Israel had been allowed to keep the enclave of the old Hadassah Hospital and the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, but the area was completely cut off from the rest of Jewish territory. Every second Wednesday, a convoy under United Nations escort had been allowed to resupply the post and rotate the men.

"It was only on Sunday that I was worrying about tomorrow's convoy," Kollek said Tuesday evening. "Would it be allowed through, or would there be a blockade, like at the Strait of Tiran? Would the U.N. do anything if the Jordanians turned it back? And now I've got a new worry. We don't know whom to ask for permission to go to Mount Scopus anymore. I went up this afternoon with Dayan, and everybody on the road just waved us on."

The Israeli forces had won control of the heights on three sides of the city. The strategy was obvious: to cut the Jordanians' communication line leading back to the Dead Sea, the Jordan River, and Amman, and to complete the encirclement of Jerusalem. It was not original. In precisely that way, by the same progression of moves, the Romans had conquered Jerusalem two millennia before. King Hussein understood ancient history as well as the Israelis. Word was sent to him asking for the surrender of the Old City to spare it and its Holy Places from a devastating battle. The request was reinforced by the Israelis' conquest of Latrun, dominating the old road from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv. That removed any possibility of Jordan's cutting the narrow corridor linking Jewish Jerusalem to the coast. And the Israelis had also taken Ramallah—an even more ominous develop-





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ment for Hussein, since it opened half his territory west of the Jordan to Israeli advances.

But Hussein could not still his guns, and it was certain before night fell on Tuesday that there was going to be a great battle for Jerusalem. It started immediately. The first phase, from the Israeli point of view, was to put out of commission all the Jordanian artillery on the remaining unconquered hilltops and the long-range artillery on the other side of the slopes plunging down to the Dead Sea, thirteen hundred feet below sea level. Those empty, inhospitable mountains had been almost paved with tanks, emplacements, and encampments. I had seen them the day before the war started while driving from Amman to Jerusalem, and despite the yellow canvas that serves as camouflage on that terrain, they must have been quite visible from the air, which Israel now controlled.

LATE that evening, I ran into Arthur Veysey, of the *Chicago Tribune*, who had just arrived from Jordanian territory. He had staked out what might have been the royal box for the night battle, and he invited me to see some of the sights from it. It was a large balcony, complete with lounge chairs, on the fourth floor of the King David, facing the Old City wall. Reuven Gat, the barman, had waited up after the cook had gone, and he provided a bottle of well-chilled rosé and a stack of matzoth—all he could find—for me to take upstairs. On that we dined as we watched the spectacle that was being played out all around us.

The sense of theatre was inescapable. We knew that men were dying of real wounds, that children were hunched underground in real terror, that the earth was being heaped with the garbage of war. But all that we could actually see was a scene of incomparable drama, and even beauty. At the far right of our panorama, a whole hillside flickered in flame. The crops of Ramat Rachel, an Israeli settlement on a finger of Jewish Jerusalem surrounded by Jordan, had been set afire by shells. At center left, the tower of the Victoria Augusta Hospital was burning like a Yule log atop the Mount of Olives. There were tracers, and an occasional flash and boom, but when a non-explosive noise broke in it was always something thoroughly bucolic—a lone cock or, for a moment, a donkey. Then, suddenly, the darkness was driven back. The Israelis had mounted a giant searchlight on one of

their tall buildings. Its beam flooded the entire horizon in a milky glow. Above, on a line drawn as sharply as the line of a proscenium, was black velvet sky speckled with tinsel stars—perhaps a bit too bright and too profuse for a perfectly tasteful setting. The outlines, the shadows, the mutely luminescent colors of the landscape beneath were exactly right. The Garden of Gethsemane, the village of Bethany, the towers and spires and domes and minarets that represent in stone the origin of universal faiths stood out in detail, seemingly eternal beside the cypress groves. The buzz and the racing wing lights of a pair of fighters arched overhead toward the horizon and disappeared. A minute later, two or three great orange flares dawdled down against the backdrop. The searchlight snapped off when they disappeared. It was as though the curtain had come down. But we waited, and there was more to the spectacle. First came the sound of shells being fired from big guns behind us. One—two—three—four. We counted the seconds until the explosive flashes rose behind the hills, and counted again, this time to six, for the thunder to return. It happened over and over again in that Biblical panorama, with its undelivered message of peace. Gradually, through the night, the firing toward us from the other side diminished. The rifles and machine guns never stopped altogether, but they seemed irrelevant to the spectacle. We never even thought to duck behind the balcony wall, though we took care to show no light.



The ground attack was pressed at dawn. All the hills were taken. Pushing down from just beneath the Garden of Gethsemane, the Israelis broke through the Old City wall at St. Stephen's Gate, called the Lions' Gate by the Israelis. They used tanks and mortars in support, but mainly the job had to be done by the infantry. The stones ahead were sacred to three religions. Normally, the Israeli Army is extremely stingy with the lives of its men and spendthrift with covering fire. This time, men were offered in order to spare the buildings. Nearly a third of Israel's battle dead, in a war that included a single engagement of a thousand tanks, were lost at the entrances to Jerusalem.

A few minutes after eleven on Wednesday morning, I saw a white flag flutter above the Old City wall where it makes a right-angle turn on Mount Zion. The heavy guns spoke rarely now, but the small-arms fire kept



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directions. It was then, I learned later, that the first Israelis reached the Wailing Wall, which had belonged to Jordan since the Arab Legion took the Old City in 1948. I was told that it was a colonel who first broke through the narrow gate off Mount Temple, ran down the two flights of steep stone stairs, and threw himself at the foot of the Wall in tears. A corporal following him was shot to death by a sniper as he leaped down the last steps. The sun had dried his spilled blood into dark blotches by the time I got there.

ON the afternoon of Wednesday, June 7th, I entered the Old City through the Jaffa Gate, open by then, and walked up the Via Dolorosa. All the houses were tightly shuttered. One thin and faded Jordanian woman, dressed in dust-caked black but equipped with a child's undershirt tied to a long stick as her sign of peaceful intent, came boldly up to speak to all newcomers. She was looking for her baby, she said. Had anyone seen it? She hurried off, knowing the answer before it could be translated.

There were mounds of dirt, spoiled food, scraps of burned clothing, lumps of mattress stuffing, and jumbles of wire and stone scattered in the narrow streets. The city was without water, electricity, or sanitation of any kind, and it seemed at that point to be almost without Arabs. But there was no significant destruction. Stooping to pass through a small wooden doorway, I suddenly emerged onto the expanse of Temple Mount. That was where Solomon's Temple had stood—destroyed in 586 B.C.—when the Jews were taken into Babylonian captivity. And on the same site the temple had been rebuilt and enlarged by Herod in 10 B.C. with such care for adornment that the Talmudic sages wrote of it, "Whoever has not seen [Herod's] rebuilt temple has never seen a beautiful edifice." The Romans destroyed it in 70 A.D., evicting the Jews from their lands and dispersing them to wander the reaches of the world. But the western wall remained. The story is that Herod, like Solomon before him, had assigned various segments of the construction to various parts of the community. Both times, the lot of building the western wall had fallen to the poor. And when the Romans had levelled everything else and sought to destroy that last wall, angels came and spread their wings above it, saying, "This wall built by the toil of the poor shall remain." A Roman general who



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tried to tear it down fell dead on the spot. Titus himself came and lifted a sledgehammer to strike it, and his right hand withered. Then six angels came and seated themselves atop the wall and wept. Their tears seeped into the wall, mingled with the stones, and hardened into cement that binds the wall forever. The prophecy promises that the rest of the walls will be reconstructed and a third temple erected on the sacred mount when the Messiah comes. Meanwhile, the Dome of the Rock has been built on the great square, marking the rock where Mohammed mounted to Heaven on the back of his white steed, Buraq. It is the third Holy Place of Islam, after Mecca and Medina. The mosque's great dome is covered with gold, and its walls with blazing blue and yellow tiles in intricate arabesque design. There was no damage to the mosque, although the main door of the silver-domed mosque of El Aksa, behind it, had been blown away in an Israeli attempt to silence a sniper firing from a minaret. It was nearby in front of the Mosque of Omar that King Abdullah of Jordan, Hussein's grandfather, was assassinated as he entered to pray in 1951. Palestinians suspected him of negotiating secretly for peace with Israel, and they were right. The square has many names and many meanings, so long has it figured in the stories of human worship. It is said that the rock beneath the dome of the golden mosque is the one on which Abraham proposed to sacrifice his son Isaac. The place the Jews call Temple Mount is known as Haram al-Sharif to Muslims, and Christians call it Mount Moriah.

In the few hours before Israeli soldiers had been ordered to seal off all Holy Places to insure their safety, I met one Jew who, entering the Old City for the first time, had just visited the Wailing Wall. Though he was not pious, he was moved to perform the old custom of writing the name of his son on a slip of paper to push between the crevices of the ancient stones, because, he told me, "It was what my father wished to do for me, and my grandfather for him, and all the generations of my ancestors for two thousand years, and I am the one who has come." At the door of the Dome of the Rock, he took off his shoes, saying, "This, too, is a Holy Place, to be respected in its own way."

Israel's President, Zalman Shazar, its founder, David Ben-Gurion, its Prime Minister, Levi Eshkol, and its

Minister of Defense, Moshe, all made trips to the Wall. The chief rabbinate of Israel met and studied the old texts and proclaimed that no Jew should set foot on Temple Mount until the Messiah arrived to begin the promised building. No one was much troubled by the proclamation. An exaltation swept Israel at the thought that the Wall belonged to Jews once more. As Ben-Gurion reached the Wall, he said, "It is the second-greatest day of my life." The first, he added, was the day his foot touched the soil of Zion in 1906; he ignored the day in 1948 when he proclaimed the rebirth of the Jewish state. Dayan said that Israel would never give up the Wall again. A lesser government official, who could not resist sneaking away from his work for an hour on such a day, said sheepishly, on the way back, "I was so overwhelmed I didn't know what to pray. So I prayed that the Wall would remain with us forever and we could come back again and again to give the right prayers quietly."

The Army had strictly forbidden anyone without special authorization to cross from Jewish Jerusalem. Otherwise, all of Israel would have tried to crush into the stricken Old City on the day the Wall was taken. As it was, thousands straggled through, though intermittent sniping continued and some people stepped on mines in an attempt to scamper across unguarded points in no man's land. The result of all these dangerous pilgrimages was an extraordinary collection of the children of Israel before the Wall—husky, sun-tanned blondes in torn khakis; dark-skinned, smooth-cheeked young men who spoke Spanish; dignitaries with puffy pink faces; a girl with flowing

red hair in an elegant beige pants suit; soldiers who were orthodox, but not to the extreme, their shoulder-length side curls hanging incongruously below Army helmets that were tilted back to leave room to strap a phylactery on their foreheads; and General Shlomo Goren, Chief Rabbi of the Army, carrying a small blue-sheathed Torah that he had taken into battle in 1948, 1956, and again in 1967. Though Israel is by proclamation a Jewish state, the bulk of its people are not customarily pious. Many are openly irritated at the theocratic rules imposed because the country has always had to have coalition governments that give the religious parties extra leverage. But the most determinedly agnostic and the most





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devout stood with visibly equal joy before the Wailing Wall.

THE conquest of the Wailing Wall had not been an Israeli war aim. There were only two goals for the Israeli Army at the beginning; to destroy the Egyptian Army massed against the Sinai border and to reopen the Strait of Tiran, and thus Israel's access to the trade routes of the East. As soon as the fighting began, however, a third goal was added: to silence the Jordanian and Syrian guns shooting into Israel. The momentum of success carried the Israelis much farther. They saw and took the opportunity to seize the territory from which the threats had come, and then moved on, to establish territorial bargaining positions. The military leaders were compelled to take political considerations into account throughout the war. The first Israeli troops to reach the Suez Canal, for example, were ordered to pull back some fifteen miles. General Yaffe was informed of the advance by the local commander, who sent a message asking permission to wash his feet. At first, Yaffe fumed at what seemed an imbecilic request; then, understanding, he fretted at the refusal he was obliged to send. Defense Minister Dayan had taken the stand that the Canal was a great international concern, and if Israeli forces were on one bank the worried powers would put as much pressure on Israel as on Egypt to keep it open. It was not until the day after the Egyptians had closed the Canal that Dayan allowed his troops to proceed to the water's edge. The campaign in Syria was even more affected by world politics. The Army would have liked to push on to Damascus, and could easily have done so—it was only thirty-five miles away, on an open road and with air supremacy. The drive would almost certainly have brought the downfall of the pro-Soviet Syrian regime. That was when Moscow, followed by Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia, broke relations with Israel and threatened unspecified sanctions. Diplomatic prudence outweighed military zeal at that point, and Israel eagerly arranged for United Nations' observation along the cease-fire line.

Even before the war was over, Israeli leaders were speaking of the diplomatic struggle ahead with much more uneasiness than they had shown about the military prospects before the fighting started. The postwar goal was peace treaties. While sniper shots could still be heard, one official told me, "If

we can get negotiations, everything can be negotiated. Absolutely everything." He paused to think for a moment. "Except the Old City," he said. "You can see how the people feel. Now that the Wailing Wall is under Jewish sovereignty again, I can't imagine how any government could give it up and survive."

Jordanian Jerusalem outside the old walls has far less emotional significance. It had not been spared the full force of battle. There, the day the city fell, the scene was the familiar epilogue of war. The streets were littered with glass and rubble. Cars, smashed crazily, stood where they had been hit. Bodies lay in improbable places, and in foolish positions. A husky man sprawled face down on the steps of the post office. His rigid hand still held the telegram he had been going to send when he was killed.

THE battle for Jerusalem was over on Wednesday, and at 1 A.M. on Thursday the Israelis completed the Sinai war. Egypt accepted a cease-fire Thursday afternoon. Twenty-four hours later, I was driving down the road to Jericho, well into what had been Jordanian territory a few days before. An Israeli soldier who made the trip with me spoke Arabic as well as English, and we tuned in to Radio Cairo. The broadcast urged all who heard to go on fighting. It said that Egypt had conquered all of the Sinai and that Syria had captured Tiberias, on Lake Galilee. There was no need to fear reprisals for continued shooting at Israelis, because "the United Nations is going to make them go away." The message was self-contradictory, but that made no difference, because it was all nonsense. There were still some die-hard snipers, but no real resistance and a great many white flags.

Jericho, the world's oldest inhabited city, looked uninhabited on Friday. The people had shut themselves indoors. I wandered through streets shaded by wide-topped flame trees. The oasis was surprisingly cool after the blistering heat of the road. The people who trudged along the main road—barefoot, the women's heads piled with mattresses and bundles, the men carrying the babies—were too frightened to talk, and I couldn't determine whether they were leaving their homes to swell the refugee camps across the Jordan River or returning to the villages they had abandoned during the battle. There were probably some of each.

I took a drive out to Bethlehem,

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just a few miles south of Jerusalem, and I found the atmosphere there very different. Three-quarters of Bethlehem's population is Christian. Education and exposure to visitors from every part of the world have given its people self-confidence. I picked up two young men who were hitchhiking, and they told me they were natives of Bethlehem who had been caught by the war in their offices in Jerusalem and were now going home to reassure their families. They said they were indifferent to the fact that they were now living in Israel. "There's no choice," said one. The other said, "Our office will probably reopen. It's an international company. It has a branch in Tel Aviv. It may all work out very well." They seemed to speak with increasing satisfaction about the turn of events. I don't know whether they thought their remarks would please me or whether they were trying to cheer themselves up. The important thing for them was the reunion with their families—another scene of great joy into which I was swept along. The boys' sisters brought out Pepsi-Cola, then Jordan almonds, and then Turkish coffee. The mother of one of the hitchhikers, a handsome woman who spoke only Arabic, beamed constantly at me. But then her smile faded. Her son said she wanted to know if Amman was destroyed. And what about Aqaba? I told her they were not. She was reassured for a moment, but then her eyes filled with tears. She had two other sons, one working in Amman and one in Aqaba. It had just occurred to her that now they were on the other side of the border. She was afraid that they might never come home again.

That was the sort of thing the war did to Bethlehem. There had been shelling, but no serious damage. One hit had set fire to the roof of the Church of the Nativity. The fire had been extinguished by a sixty-year-old bishop who scrambled up with a pail of water. Fragile Christmas balls hanging from the chandeliers on the ornate Greek Orthodox side of the church remained intact. There was no light when I visited the church, so I took a taper to descend to the Grotto of the Manger. It was dim, and quiet, and empty.

THE war ended Saturday night in Galilee and on the Syrian front. From the Mount of Beatitudes, a plateau on a low slope north of the Sea of Galilee, you can look across to the mountain ridges where the most ferocious combat took place. Most of the



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Syrian emplacements were constructed of the rocks and soil of those hills, making for a perfect camouflage, and the new ruins I saw there were almost indistinguishable from the ancient ones. There are remains of British police posts, Turkish forts, Crusaders' towers, and Roman strongholds, and there are memories of conquests stretching much further back toward the origins of civilized life. The surface of the sea was tranquil, glazed a dull silver by the sun. All around it were the landmarks of ancient and modern human violence.

Near a post where there had been an artillery emplacement, I found a notebook and some letters scattered on the ground beside a burned tank, among boots, shreds of clothing, and half-eaten rations. I could not tell whether the men to whom these things had belonged had fled or were lying underground nearby; the advancing Israelis buried most of the dead very quickly—the enemy's as well as their own—to avoid epidemic diseases.

Inside the cover of the notebook, a soldier had written the names and Army post numbers of half a dozen friends. On the single sheet left in it, he had jotted—if the graceful curves of Arabic are susceptible to jotting—some notes that were apparently intended for an essay. I had a friend translate them for me, and they read:

MY LIFE

1. The world is a playground.
2. I will not feel happy until after the fight.
3. We want to be free, not slaves.
4. Fear and fear make stronger fighting.
5. We meet events as they come.
6. I wouldn't fight if I was afraid.

7. To make a distinction between truth and falsehood.

The date set down was February 2, 1967. The letters were much older, going back to August, 1964. The shortest letter, which was undated, read:

From conscripted soldier Rashed Ghalal 3373 A.P. 886.

To conscripted soldier Midhat Khadir 3217 A.P. 893.

All the Arabs are united.

Free and united and together.

To dear brother and good friend. I hope you are in the best of health. Amen. My brother Midhat, my first question is of you and your health and I ask God to treat you well. Amen. We, too, are all right. Amen. I miss your shining face. First my regards and a thousand regards. Regards to my brother Ali Rahbi if he is near to you. Best regards to any who ask about me.

And Peace.

The letter was not signed. The longer letters—one from a father to his son written by a professional scribe, others from sons to fathers—differed only in listing very many more names to whom "a thousand regards" should be sent or from whom they should be received. There were no descriptions of life, no personal comment, but there emerged both piety and an intense feeling for family and friendship. And many of them ended, as that short one did, with a formal wish that the recipient should enjoy the blessings of peace. The envelopes had been dropped on the sixth day of the war, along with the bullets, shells, and bombs that rained on the ground. On the seventh day, there was no more fighting. But neither was there peace.

—FLORA LEWIS

NETHERLANDS' BIRDSCAPE

Warm as leaves in the magpie fields
rise the tan haystacks under the sun—
nature with an air of the kitchen.

A stack of gulls drops in from the sea
that clips the modest living room. Pigeons
peck pavement in the one big city.

Far from the homely wound-up ducks
hungrily waddling from nursery to pantry,
the heron sticks to a ditch.

Will he pick up his stilts and be off,
when the last unschooled flash is billed,
to a fresh lack of a home?

While no other notes have broken their bars,
swallows are privately slipping from wires
stuffed with doubled Dutch voices.

—JON SWAN