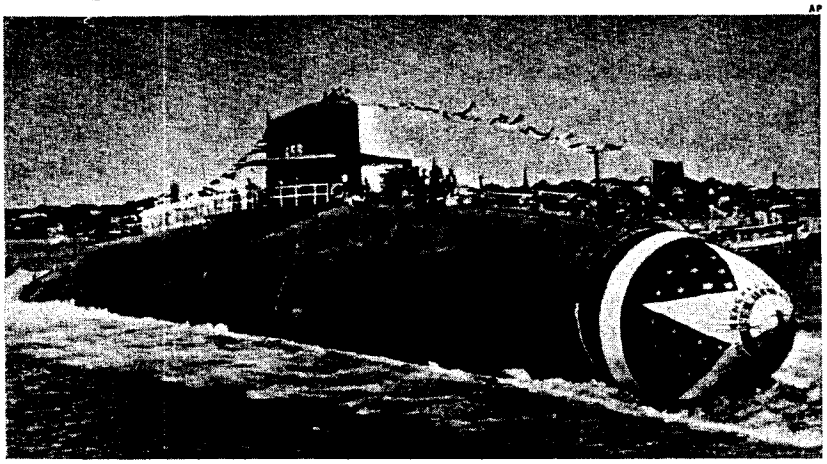

LAUNCHING OF THE "WILL ROGERS"
Last of a historic line.

41 missile-equipped subs with the 2,500-mile-range A-3 Polaris. Nuclear energy gives them unparalleled mobility and almost indefinite sea-keeping capacity; based in Spain, Guam and Scotland, they patrol up to 60 days each, returning to port to change their 140-man crews. Not surprisingly, the Soviet Union has tried to follow suit, is believed to have up to 15 nuclear-powered subs; each is equipped with three 500-mile-range missiles, and in all likelihood they can be launched only from the surface.

The U.S. aims to stay ahead. Last week the House of Representatives voted $300 million for the coming year's costs of developing the Poseidon (or C-3) missile, which the Defense Department envisions as Polaris' successor on the Navy's missile-carrying subs. Three feet longer than the 31-ft. Polaris, carrying almost twice its 1.5-megaton payload, the Poseidon is expected to be operational in the 1970s.

THE CONGRESS

Blades for Aid

At a White House dinner last year for an African chief of state, Senate G.O.P. Leader Everett Dirksen rumbled to a member of the visitor's Cabinet: "Well, now, what are you people here for?" Dirksen, who expected the usual pleasantries about seeing "your great country," was shocked to hear the minister reply instead: "Money."

That excess of candor was partly responsible for the near emasculation last week of the Administration's $3.4 billion fiscal-1967 foreign aid bill. Convinced, as a result, that the time had come to tighten up on U.S. largesse abroad, Dirksen began his own investigation of the program. In his new doubts about foreign aid, the Republican leader was joined by a dither of Democrats who in the past have been ardent champions of aid, but now tend to echo William Fulbright's contention that assistance to far-off nations can lead to U.S. involvement in unplanned wars—meaning Viet Nam. Fulbright, who as Foreign Relations Committee chairman was nominally in charge of shepherding the bill through the Senate, charged last week that "we carry the big stick, and foreign aid is the carrot." Added the Arkansas Democrat: "I thought we had outlived Teddy Roosevelt, but to judge from recent pronouncements by the President and his Secretary of State, we are moving in the direction of a policy of 'manifest destiny' in Asia."

"Asian Doctrine." Fulbright went on to charge that the Administration, without asking the "advice and consent" of the Senate, is trying to establish an "Asian Doctrine" comparable to the Monroe Doctrine in the Western Hemisphere. Despite the enthusiastic support of non-Communist Asian nations for ambitious U.S.-planned development projects in the area, the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee intoned: "One wonders whether anyone ever thought of asking the Asians if they really want to join the Great Society."

Furious, President Johnson had Press Secretary Bill Moyers announce the sharpest rebuttal that his Administration has delivered to a congressional critic from either party. "The President told me," announced Moyers coldly, "that he finds it very difficult to follow exactly what the Senator is saying in respect to the Government's Asian policies, because it is difficult to square what the Senator says in his speech with what the Senator has said before." Predictably, Fulbright joined in beating down, by a vote of 48 to 35, a White House–backed amendment that would have extended most aid for two years, instead of one, to facilitate longer-range planning.

"Mendicant's Cup." Now it was Dirksen's turn. Offering his own amendment to slash $250 million from the Administration's requested Development Loan Fund authorization, Dirksen emphasized that he was not suggesting cutting funds for Viet Nam: "Everything that is necessary to Viet Nam would be in no wise affected." Backed by a liberal-conservative array ranging from Oregon's Wayne Morse to Georgia's Herman Talmadge, Dirksen's amendment sailed through, 59 to 34, as did seven other amendments by the Republican leader designed, as he put it, to "apply discipline" to aid administration.

From the Senate the battered bill goes to a conference with the House, which only the week before had passed a more liberal measure extending aid for two years without any appreciable cuts. From all indications, the program is still in trouble. The inescapable fact remains that, after the expenditure of $117 billion in U.S. aid over the past two decades, a significant number of Democrats and Republicans in both houses are skeptical of the aims, methods and results of foreign aid in 1966 and beyond.

CRIME

24 Years to Page One

He was positively identified only 28 hours after the cruelly mutilated bodies were discovered in a South Side Chicago apartment. Only 67 hours after the crime, Richard Benjamin Speck, 24, was detained as the prime suspect in the mass murder of eight young nurses on July 14. In the brief interlude between the slayings and the arrest, Speck played out a drama almost as incredible as the killings of which he is accused.

Twice at the height of a fevered hunt for the killer, Speck was in the grasp of Chicago police. Twice in that time the cops walked away without a glimmering that the troubled young man on their hands was the nation's most wanted suspect. And though on one occasion he even told a policeman that his name was Richard Speck, in the end it was not a law officer but a young, unarmed doctor who recognized Speck and had him arrested.

"Man with a Gun." Less than three hours after the corpses were discovered, detectives fanning through the neighborhood learned from a service-station operator that a man matching a description given by the lone survivor, Philippine Exchange Nurse Corazon Amurao, had left two bags of clothing there. A National Maritime Union hiring hall is located only a few yards from the nurses' town house, and detectives, surmising that the murderer might be a seaman, astutely checked the union office. There, William Neill, local N.M.U. secretary, sifted through the files and came up with a coin-machine photo of Speck—an ex-convict and sometime merchant mariner—pinned to a work application.

Twenty-six hours later, two patrolmen answered a call from a sleazy North Side hotel reporting that a Puerto Rican prostitute had told the manager: "There's a man up there with a gun." The roomer identified himself as Richard Speck, a name that did not yet ring a bell with the officers, though they had a tentative physical description of the suspect. As for the gun, he said that it belonged to the girl. Though most

policemen would instinctively detain a man in such circumstances, the cops merely confiscated the weapon—a .22-cal. revolver (the murderer had carried a "small black pistol"). Hours later, police matched up the gun incident with the murder man hunt and rushed back to the hotel. Speck had left 30 minutes earlier.

"I Done Something Bad." The next night, after making the rounds of Skid Row bars, Speck holed up in a 90¢-a-night flophouse on the West Side's Madison Street under the name of B. Brian. Around 11 o'clock, he shouted to his next-door neighbor: "You got to come and see me. I done something bad." The neighbor replied: "You go to hell." Fellow occupants heard Speck stumbling about and peered at him. Said one: "Hey! This guy's bleeding to death." Sprawled on a scabrous mattress in the 5 x 9-ft. cubicle, Speck lay in a pool of blood from a slashed wrist

AP

DR. SMITH
B, then O-R-N.

and arm vein, apparently inflicted with a broken beer bottle. Called by the night clerk, two patrolmen arrived in a police van.

Death comes routinely in the dingy warren of Chicago's Madison Street, "the street of forgotten men." The cops did not recognize Speck or even take the trouble to identify him correctly. Leaving the stretcher case in an emergency ward with a young nurse and a resident surgeon, the patrolmen departed and called the station to file a "sick-removal" report.

"Get the Paper." Fortunately for headquarters, the resident, Dr. LeRoy Smith, 26, was more alert. "I picked up his head and looked at the nurse to see if she had noticed," Smith recalled. "I said to her, 'Get the paper.'" The doctor moistened his fingertips, rubbed Speck's blood-caked arm. "I saw the letter B. Then I rubbed some more and saw O-R-N." Recalling news accounts that Speck sported a tattoo, "Born to raise hell," Dr. Smith turned to the nurse, Sandra Hrtanek, 23, and said: "This is the fellow the police are looking for. Get hold of the police right now."

Patrolman Alan Schuman, 42, who had been guarding another prisoner, responded to the nurse's call. "This," he marveled, "is the biggest pinch I've made in my 19 years on the force."

Thereafter, police took no chances. With five stitches in his arm and a transfusion of a quart of blood, Speck was transferred under heavy guard the same night to Bridewell Prison Hospital. In the first confrontation between Miss Amurao and Speck in the latter's hospital room, she pointed a finger at him and exclaimed: "That is the man." Shortly before, Speck had suffered chest pains, which were diagnosed as pericarditis, an inflammation of the heart sac, and his arraignment was postponed.

In fact, though notorious for their rough handling of prisoners in the past, Chicago police treated Speck with a solicitude extended to no other prisoner in their memory. Bowing to the U.S. Supreme Court's dictum—handed down in the historic Escobedo case, which involved the Chicago cops themselves—that a suspect may not be questioned without a lawyer's advice, police let more than a week elapse without attempting to interrogate Speck. Such new-found deference evoked caustic comment from several sources, among them Author Truman Capote, whose bestseller *In Cold Blood* is an exhaustive anatomy of the two men convicted of murdering the Clutter family in Holcomb, Kansas, in 1959. Testifying before the U.S. Senate Constitutional Rights Subcommittee, Capote reasoned that had the Supreme Court's recent rulings banning forced confessions been in effect at the time of the Clutter killings, the offenders would have gone scot-free.

As for Speck, he was speedily visited and informed of his rights by Cook County Public Defender Gerald Getty, 53, whose office represents 9,600 indigent defendants a year and who has defended 402 murder suspects since 1947—not one of whom has been sent to the electric chair. Declaring that Speck would plead innocent, probably on grounds of insanity, Getty served notice that he would need "several months" to prepare his case.

"Sort of Lost." Another intriguing, if coincidental, aspect of the case is the similarity in background and character between Speck and Lee Harvey Oswald, President Kennedy's assassin. Like Oswald, Speck was brought up largely by his mother (his father died when the boy was six). Born in Kirkwood, Ill., on Dec. 6, 1941, Speck, like Oswald, moved to Dallas as a small boy. Speck's mother, like Oswald's, remarried and clung grimly to the lower-middle-class fringe of poverty.

Like Oswald, who, in the words of the Warren Commission, "was profoundly alienated from the world in which he lived," Speck was from childhood a stranger to all, filled with strange hates. Recalled a Dallas teacher who taught Speck in the eighth grade: "He seemed sort of lost. I don't think I ever saw him smile. Kids who sat near him often asked to be moved." The next year Speck dropped out of the ninth grade (the same level at which Oswald quit school).

Speck's first arrest, at 13, was for trespassing; in all, he was picked up 36 times as a juvenile for offenses ranging from drunkenness to burglary. In 1962, Speck married a pretty, 15-year-old brunette named Shirley Annette Malone (now remarried), and they had a daughter who was, according to one of Speck's sisters in Dallas, his "real love." In the bloody Chicago flophouse cubicle where detectives retrieved Speck's wallet, they found a color picture of a pert little girl, grinning up at the camera from the front steps of her house.

Two Victims. Speck's mother, who lives in tawdry East Dallas, refused to talk with reporters. But Shirley's mother told newsmen: "He's crazy when he gets liquor in him." In 1963, three days before Oswald killed Kennedy, Speck was sent from Dallas to the Texas Penitentiary at Huntsville to start a three-year term for forgery and burglary. Freed on parole, he was jailed a week later on charges of assaulting a woman with a knife, confessed that he had meant only to rob her but had fled when she screamed. Returned to Huntsville to serve out his term, he was released a year ago last month.

CHICAGO SUN-TIMES

PUBLIC DEFENDER GETTY
The plea will be innocent.

Last March, Speck showed up in Monmouth, Ill., where he had spent his early years. Soon afterward, a 33-year-old barmaid was found beaten to death in an abandoned hog house; then a 65-year-old widow was bound, robbed and raped. According to Police Chief Harold Tinder, Speck left town the night of the latter crime. In late April, he shipped out on an iron-ore boat but was sent ashore after one week to undergo an emergency appendectomy in Hancock, Mich. There, he made friends with a newly divorced nurse,

Judy Laakaniemi, 28. Speck dated her several times, she told police, who said that he "treated her very nice."

On June 27, during his third voyage, Speck returned to the boat drunk, quarreled with an officer and was fired. He showed up in Chicago, borrowed $25 from a married sister who lives there, and went to the N.M.U. hall to apply for a berth on a ship headed for New Orleans. None was available. After spending the night in a rooming house, he returned, only to be told that there had been a job but someone else had taken it. Discouraged, Speck took his two bags and, according to one version, went to sit in Luella Park, immediately behind the victims' apartment. That night he left his bags at the service station, slept in another park. He spent most of his third job-hunting day drinking in a grubby nearby tavern, the Ship-Yard Inn.

"Remain Calm." Late that night an intruder worked his way into the nurses' residence, stabbed and strangled eight of them to death. It still seemed unbelievable that the girls had made no effort to scream or escape while they were being led away, one by one. However, Survivor Corazon Amurao confided one explanation to the Philippine consul general in Chicago: "Those of them who were not gagged tried to decide what to do. All the Filipino girls were for fighting for their honor and for their survival." But the American women argued that "maybe if we are quiet and calm, he will remain quiet and calm"—possibly because they were more disciplined to the nurse's creed of going to almost any length to calm a disturbed patient.

As for the slayer's motivation, Dr. Edward Kelleher, director of Chicago's Psychiatric Institute, noted that "sex maniacs strike out against women rather than men because of their hatred for all women. Very often it is the mother who is the real object of their intense abomination. In this case, it is conceivable that nurses were chosen as victims because they represent tender, loving care and thus are identified with motherhood." There may have been another motive. Like Oswald, Speck apparently suffered from a distorted craving for recognition. Once, seeing a friend's name in the papers, Speck reportedly remarked: "One of these days it won't be just a little item with me. It will be the whole front page."

HISTORICAL NOTES

Steam from the Bubble Bath

"I guess," Jacqueline Kennedy told an aide in 1963, "if Pierre ends up putting me and the children on the cover of *Look* in a bubble bath, I'll have to put up with it." JFK's press secretary, Pierre Salinger, might well have concocted such a scheme—and Mrs. Kennedy was determined to "do anything to help" the President's campaign for a second term. Nonetheless, she could never quite accept the fact that for a glamorous couple with charming children, life in the White House was indeed a perennial and public bubble bath.

The extent of Jackie's antipathy to unremitting publicity is recorded by Salinger in a book which is to be published by Doubleday in September and is being serialized meanwhile in *Good Housekeeping*. The First Lady bombarded him with memos, "usually in outrage," protesting "deficiencies in my efforts to preserve the privacy of the children." One little-known factor within the Kennedy ménage was the President's allergy to animal fur—a handicap he bore nobly in view of the expansive zoo of dogs, hamsters, ponies and other pets maintained by the Kennedy children. One of the hamsters doubtless attained rodentian nirvana by drowning in the presidential bathtub.

John Kennedy, Salinger recalls, was at first irked by Jacqueline's ambitious and ultimately triumphant campaign to refurbish the White House in a style consonant with its symbolic and historic stature. He was particularly upset by his wife's redecoration of the family dining room, which he used for breakfast meetings with congressional leaders. At one of the first sessions in the restored room, chunky Larry O'Brien, Kennedy's chief congressional liaison man (and now Postmaster General), plunked down on a delicate antique chair—and crashed to the floor. "It's a good thing that wasn't the President," said House Speaker John McCormack. A few minutes later Kennedy entered and seated himself. He, too, wound up in a pile of priceless splinters.

THE SUPREME COURT

September Song

"Oo, la, la!" exclaimed Oliver Wendell Holmes to a startled aide who was attending him in his study one wintry day. "Young man," explained Mr. Justice Holmes, then a redoubtable 93, "I was thinking about walking down the street with a pretty lady and holding her hand behind her husband's back." And oo, la, la, generally speaking, was Washington's reaction last week to news that one of Holmes's most libertarian successors on the Supreme Court, William O. Douglas, 67, had taken as his fourth bride blonde, blue-eyed Cathleen Heffernan, a 23-year-old senior at Portland's all-girl Marylhurst College.

Within hours of the week's first session, members of the House had introduced four resolutions calling for an investigation of the thrice-divorced Justice's "moral character." Kansas Republican Robert Dole charged that Douglas had not only used "bad judgment from a matrimonial standpoint, but also in a number of 5-to-4 decisions of the Supreme Court." Democrat Byron Rogers of Colorado suggested that the romantic Justice might be retired under a law allowing for the removal of a judge "permanently disabled from performing his duties."

The resolutions and half a dozen floor speeches probably were an embarrassment to Douglas, but were hardly likely to lead to an investigation, let alone the first successful impeachment of a Supreme Court Justice in the nation's history. Nor were they likely to persuade the ruggedly individualistic Douglas—who has served 27 years on the court—to repeat a half-serious offer to resign from the bench, tendered to President Kennedy after his second divorce in 1963. His first marriage, to Mildred Riddle, ended in 1953 after 30 years and two children; his second, to Divorcee Mercedes Hester Davidson, lasted nine years; his third, to Joan Carol Martin, 26, broke up last December after two years, four months.

On to Peking. Douglas met his latest, the boyishly bobbed Cathleen, at a party in Portland last summer, and on a return visit in December asked the host for "the name, telephone number and address of that terrific gal I met at your party." In May, he stopped in Portland again—to see Cathy and his dentist, "in that order of importance"—and later invited her to join a party at Prairie Lodge, his remote cabin in Gooseprairie, Wash., in the heart of the Cascade Mountains. Invited to a banquet in Los Angeles earlier this month, Douglas once again invited Cathy along, just in time for her to be stranded by the airline strike. Said Cathy: "I stayed over three days and I got married."

UPI

DOUGLAS & WIFE NO. 4

"We don't get much news around here."

Back at Prairie Lodge last week, under the peaks of Baldy and Old Scab, Douglas and his bride appeared blissfully unconcerned by the headshaking on the Potomac. "We don't get much news around here," drawled Douglas. "On the short-wave radio we can listen to the broadcasts from the Bureau of Reclamation and Peking." The latter, at least, should be worth listening to if Peking approves the Justice's plans, sanctioned last week by the State Department, to visit Red China with Cathy this September.