



Waring Abbott

like a loaf of petrified pumpernickel."

One of the most popular devices is the so-called Green Game in which people are asked to imagine that they are members of a society where the majority race is green and the minorities are pink and purple. Then they design a paper government that guarantees Green supremacy. "The first thing we considered was genocide," said one participant. "But then we figured that would cause too many other problems. So then," he went on, "we decided to increase welfare to the minorities—that would take away their initiative to get to the top—and then we restricted minority travel outside the country and increased the military. We came up with a Fascist society."

It works; the program does seem to produce heightened awareness among whites of hurdles blacks may have had to face, and perhaps a lowered level of resentment among blacks who see whites changing. But no one is counting on utopian improvements, even if the UPWARD program has produced 170,000 nationwide graduates thus far. As one of them assessed the program: "It makes a man look within himself. I don't think you can expect that much change now. But in the long run, it's going to make some differences."

INVESTIGATIONS:

The Flim-Flam Man

It was a tale that out-Runyoned Runyon. There was jowly, 51-year-old Louis P. Mastriana, convicted securities thief, master con artist and self-confessed crackpot, detailing for the Senate investigations subcommittee a mind-boggling array of stock swindles, numbers rackets, bank frauds, forgeries and crap-game heists he'd had a hand in. Then, casually, Mastriana added that Elliott Roosevelt, son of the late President and former mayor of Miami Beach, together with a Haitian casino operator named



AP

Roosevelt (left), Mastriana: Con man cries murder

Mike McLaney, once offered him a fat fee to assassinate the Prime Minister of the Bahamas, Lynden O. Pindling. "Roosevelt and McLaney," said Mastriana matter-of-factly, "they offered me \$100,000 to whack him."

From his ranch in Portugal, Roosevelt fired off an angry denial, branded Mastriana "absolutely crazy," and demanded—and got—a chance to tell his side of the story to the subcommittee. McLaney, in Miami Beach, insisted he never even knew Mastriana. At the weekend, the tale remained uncorroborated—and it was beginning to look as if the squat, turtle-lidded old con artist may have tried to flim-flam the subcommittee.

As Mastriana told it, McLaney contributed close to a million dollars to Pindling's 1966 election campaign after a promise that he would receive a gambling permit in the islands after the election. When Pindling reneged, Mastriana said, an enraged McLaney and Roosevelt made their proposal—and handed him a \$10,000 down payment on the job. Said Mastriana: \$7,500 came from Roosevelt; the remainder was in a check from McLaney made out to Roosevelt and endorsed over to him. He did not carry out the mission, he said, because "there was no way to get off the island safely—it's just not a healthy situation in Nassau."

Mastriana's credentials as a witness, however, were somewhat suspect. During a jail term in the 1960s, Mastriana told the subcommittee, he got himself declared criminally insane in order to be transferred from his prison cell to a hospital. "I whacked a guy and told them that God sent me down," Mastriana explained. When asked if he was still insane, Mastriana chuckled affably. "No," he replied. "Social Security ... didn't want to pay me any more money, so I threw in the towel and quit." "You mean you just quit being insane?" demanded an incredulous committeeman. "Yes sir," Mastriana replied.

Roosevelt himself was saying little beyond a brief statement that Mastriana had conned him and his associates out of the \$10,000. But the way his wife, Patricia, told it to NEWSWEEK's Miguel Acoca in Portugal, Elliott put Mastriana on his payroll for \$100 a week in 1968 after talking with the ex-con's parole officer. Shortly, she said, Mastriana told Roosevelt he could get him the use of certain union pension funds for his real-estate enterprises if Roosevelt could put up \$10,000 in earnest money. Elliott, she said, got a \$2,500 check from "friendly friend" Mike McLaney, came up with the remaining \$7,500 himself, and turned the whole sum over to Mastriana—who promptly left town. Across the Atlantic, Roosevelt's Miami Beach real-estate associate, Robert M. Traugott, corroborated her account in virtually every detail. "My husband," said Patricia, "can be gullible."

That seemed plausible enough, but it was far from the end of the subcommittee's interest in Roosevelt's business deals. In his cable inviting Roosevelt to testify, subcommittee chairman Henry Jackson asked him to bring along all his records, documents and correspondence with ten people. Jackson's list read like a Who's Who in the murky world of securities fraud. At least one of the men cited, a convicted swindler named Patsy Lepera who is being held in protective custody, has already talked to the subcommittee at length behind closed doors—and, a source close to the hearings told NEWSWEEK's Tom Joyce, "the name of Elliott Roosevelt runs through the testimony."

DRAFT DODGERS:

'A Kind of Amnesty'

To Thomas P. Pelsor (formerly of California): you are no longer liable for either prosecution or service. We love you. Please contact us. Dad, Mom, Jen.

For four long years, Tom Pelsor was a prisoner of war in his own country—a self-imposed exile who had fled to the underground and cut all ties with his family to avoid the Vietnam draft. But thanks to Project Repatriation, a program sponsored by a Philadelphia-based organization called the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, Pelsor is a free man again. Contacted by his parents, the project discovered that Pelsor's draft records had been routinely destroyed and that no charges were pending against him. His parents placed the ad in New York's Village Voice, and Pelsor, who was working in a warehouse in Connecticut, learned of it through a friend. The 28-year-old physics graduate, his wife and eight-month-old baby—whom Pelsor's family has never seen—will be reunited with his parents for Thanksgiving.

Pelsor is typical of a growing number of draft dodgers, deserters and AWOL's who are discovering that their plight is