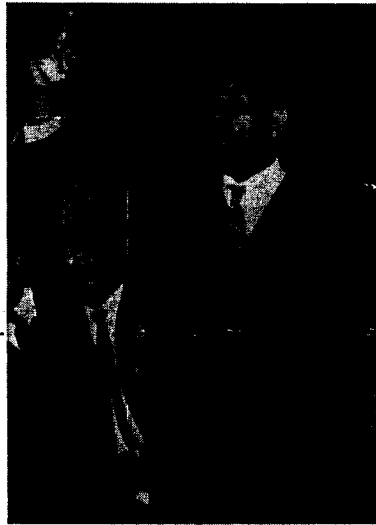


formed his National Popular Alliance Party, carefully keeping his own name off the rolls, and started feeding on the country's discontent. In the 1962 congressional elections, Rojas' party won six seats in the 192-seat Congress. In this year's March elections, his party jumped to 27 seats.

**Strategy of Standstill.** Helping Rojas along is the fumbling record of Valencia's government. Under Valencia, the military has mounted a highly successful campaign against backlands banditry (TIME, June 26). But that is about the only bright spot. The cost of living has zoomed 54% in eight months, unemployment is running 10%, trade and budget deficits remain dangerously high. Colombia's ambitious, ten-year development program—begun in 1958 under the administration of Alberto Lleras

EL ESPECTADOR



EX-STRONGMAN PINILLA  
The swarm is growing.

Camargo—is threatened by graft and inefficiency. Scandals have erupted everywhere, from the import license office to government housing projects. As the government sinks deeper into trouble, the country's Liberal-Conservative coalition is gradually fragmenting into its old warring factions. "Revolution is the only solution," urges Rojas. "This government cannot finish its term because it would finish the nation."

Rojas' party and other opposition allies in Congress are only three votes short of the one-third they need to block legislation. His strategy is to bring Colombia to a standstill in hopes of triggering a revolt among the increasingly restless military; he then believes that he could negotiate his way to power. That failing, Rojas hopes to marshal enough strength by the 1966 elections so that his party will win either the presidency or a congressional majority. "The people and the army are with me," he boasts, "and if they keep clamoring for my candidacy, I would not hesitate to become President again."

## COLOMBIA *TIME*

### Dictator's Comeback *8/14/64*

All that could be heard in Colombia's Congress was the jeers of the opposition. Pleadingly, the nation's President, Guillermo León Valencia, 55, raised his hands for quiet. "Liar!" howled the opposition. "Assassin!" As TV cameras flashed the scene to fascinated viewers, Valencia fought to be heard. "There are slaves," he shouted into the din, "who despite their freedom hold a nostalgia for chains!"

Three weeks have elapsed since that noisy opening of Colombia's Congress, but Bogotá's capitol building still rings with the shrill cries of the same opposition. Its aim is the overthrow of President Valencia and the end of the fragile, six-year-old coalition of Liberals and Conservatives that governs Colombia. The opposition's leader: Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 64, a deposed and discredited ex-dictator who is making a surprising comeback. Right now, Rojas and his followers are little more than a swarm of annoying gnats, but the swarm is growing.

**Ambitious & Corrupt.** The thought of Rojas in power again is chilling to many Colombians. A tough and ambitious military man, he led a successful coup in 1953, soon became the model of the ruthless Latin American strongman—ruling by decree, censoring all newspapers, quashing political opposition. He lavished millions on the army, acquired at least nine ranches and generally proved so corrupt that a military-civilian coup sent him packing into exile in Spain in 1957. A year later when Rojas returned the government stripped him of his decorations and pensions, and barred him from voting or seeking office. Otherwise he was left alone, and that was a mistake.

Gathering a cluster of followers, he

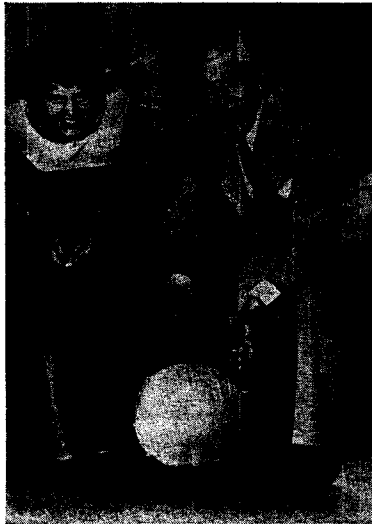
At his suite in Manhattan's Waldorf Towers, Herbert Hoover celebrates his 90th birthday this week with a family dinner. He is the first U.S. President to live so long since John Adams.

"How much do you feel your liberty is worth?" asked the Rouen judge. "Twenty million francs!" shouted Rhadamés Trujillo, 22, son of the slain Dominican dictator, who was thrown in the hoosegow on charges brought by relatives trying to sink their teeth into the family fortune of \$100 million or so. "Excuse my client," pleaded his lawyer. "He is blinded by the thought of the freedom he wants so desperately." So the court blinked at Rhadamés' clinker, set bail at only 10 million francs (\$2,000,000), which his mother, sister and brother put up in a wink.

"Konrad Adenauer," read the signature on the letter to the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung, and it challenged Chancellor Ludwig Erhard's right to determine C.S.U. party policy. *Was ist los?* headwagged Bonn pundits. The old warhorse re-enters the lists? *Der Alte* neined them in. "I have a son who bears my name," said he, adding, in case anyone wondered, "That's not to say I have sons who don't." As to the letter, though he didn't disagree with Konrad Jr., the 57-year-old Cologne businessman who had written it, neither had he been consulted beforehand. Explained the 88-year-old parent: "I believe in letting my children run free."

Massachusetts Senator Leverett Saltonstall, 71, is lucky to be a Yankee: he comes from a state where the locals appreciate thrift. His mail clerk, Mrs. Judy Sherbert, spent a year winding the

UPI



MRS. SHERBERT & SALTONSTALL  
Something for the Yankees.



MISS UNIVERSE  
Close to Aphrodite.

ties that bind the Senator's five daily postal consignments. Some folks might conceivably think her behavior a trifle odd, but not "Salty." He knows whereby hangs a tale to tell the voters of Massachusetts, so he called in photographers and bowled them over with Judy's 9½-lb. round of twine. "Let's get the ball rolling," he twanged.

A better mousetrap? No, but some awfully cute mice: Maria Shriver, 8, Robert Kennedy Jr., 10, David Kennedy, 9, Courtney Kennedy, 7, Robert Shriver, 10, and Sydney Lawford, 7. They set up the roadside stand in Hyannis Port to sell postcards with pictures of their late uncle and other mementoes to raise funds for the Kennedy Memorial Library. The world beat a path to their door, and they raised \$50 from the tourists the first day, but then the whole thing got out of hand, and traffic cops sent the youngsters scampering back to the family pen.

So the bashful Bronx butcher married the girl and they lived happily ever after. Only it doesn't end like that for the bull-necked actor who played the butcher in *Marty*, Ernest Borgnine, 47. Only 38 days after he wed his third wife, Musicomediienne Ethel Merman, 55, Ethel left his bed and board and headed in a huff for the Beverly Crest Hotel. As his sidekick used to say, after he'd closed the shop for the day, "I dunno, Marty, whaddayuh doin' tonight?"

Ohio Psychiatrist George T. Harding III, 60, runs a respectable sanitarium to which the wealthy commit relatives