VOL. 68, NO. 22



Palestine's Arab Commandos Soldiers of a phantom nation on the march. A hellhole for Israelis, by Peter Young. The <i>fedayeen</i> want war, by Oriana Fallaci. Photographed by Pierre Boulat	26D
Cleaning Up the Hackensack A Girl Scout troop plows through goo and red tape to beautify a river	37
'Catch-22' Filming a crazy classic: A diary of planes, pilots and pratfalls. By Buck Henry	44
Changing Careers Five Americans begin again in their middle years	50
Jensenism: Variations on a Racial Theme A professor argues that blacks are born with lower IQs than whites and stirs up a continuing sociological furor. By John Neary	58B
From Medic to Medex Battle-trained corpsmen use their skills at home	67
Nakashima the Craftsman With enormous love and knowledge, a furniture-maker creates beauty out of wood. Photographed by John Loengard	74
DEPARTMENTS	1
THE PRESIDENCY The campus confronts the capital. By Hugh Sidey	4
GALLERY Brett Weston's dramatic abstracts	8
REVIEWS Joe Flaherty on boxing's latest gimmick: Caucasian charisma Robert S. Schwartz examines two books on encounte groups: Jane Howard's <i>Please Touch</i> and <i>Marathon</i>	
by Martin Shepard, M.D. and Marjorie Lee 💉	U
LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	26A
SPECIAL REPORT The Jesse James Legend (cont'd) PARTING SHOTS	72 81

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COVER-PIERRE BOULAT 3-PIERRE BOULAT 4-cartoon by LURIE 8, 9-BRETT WESTON from RAPHO GUILLUMEIIE 12-UPI, GERRY CRANHAM from SPORTS ILLUS (RATED—HERB SCHARFMAN from SPUKISILLUSTRATED 16-MICHAEL ALEXANDER 32-© NEWSPHOT from PIX 37, 38, 39, 40-JAN MASOI 44, 45, 46-BOB WILLOUGHBY from LEE GROSS 58B, 58C-MICHAEL ROUGIER 67, 68, 70-VERNOI MERKHII III 72-AP, BROWN BROTHERS-UPI 81-bot. It. UPI; bot. rt. N.Y. DAILY NEWS 82, 83-AUDRE MURYHY 84-AP

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Scouting both sides of an angry border

JUNE 12, 1970

Correspondent Peter Young and Photographer Pierre Boulat spent several weeks scouting both sides of the Arab-Israeli border for this week's lead story about Palestinian Arabs. Young cabled from Paris:

"Our starting point was Lebanon. Near the American University of Beirut we met a host of Palestinian upperclassmen, all of them dedicated workers for Al Fatah. The border area, we learned over a banana split, was guarded by Lebanese troops and strictly out of bounds to newsmen. But all we had to do was to disguise ourselves as guerrillas—buy some G.I. fatigues and *hatta* (head wraparounds) and wear sunglasses.

Al Fatah would then get us through the army checkpoints.

"The scheme worked pretty well. Traveling under false passes (Pierre became Abu Kawar and I was Abu Khasho), we reached a group of guerrillas camped a mile or so from the border. They drove us in an Al Fatah Mercedes, no less, to a rocky, treeless bluff overlooking the Israeli settlement of Menara. 'We've done a few good jobs over there,' said one of them, proudly, 'but we'd better leave soon. If the Israeli Phantoms strike us, spread out.' We got out, but a little farther along the border we ran smack into the chief of Lebanese intelligence in the



BOULAT AND YOUNG

area. He sent us packing back to Beirut where we were charged with entering a forbidden area with a camera and traveling under false identities. We were held for eight hours by a fuming intelligence officer who harangued us incessantly until the American and British embassies secured our release. Thus pardoned, we left Lebanon hoping for better luck on the other side of the border.

"From Beirut we flew to Tel Aviv and headed for the Israeli-occupied Arab city of Gaza. Getting there was no problem. We simply rented a car and drove south. The problem was getting out without an Arab bystander tossing a grenade or homemade bomb at the car. We got one tip from a young reservist. "When they throw their grenades at moving targets," he told us, "they usually throw short." Not much reassured, we drove along the city's potholed streets with a guide named Mohammed, who told us that since everyone in town knew him, we were probably safe. As it turned out, we got through the day without incident. But as Pierre and I drove out of Gaza through the blossoming orange groves to the safety of Israeli soil, we could not help recalling our guide's gloomy predictions: 'It's like a pressure cooker here. The resentment is growing all the time, and unless the Israelis move all the refugees out, something is going to burst.' "

RALPH GRAVES Managing Editor

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The "Tiger Cubs" train at a camp in Jordan

Palestinian Arabs: new pride and unity

CHANGING CAREERS AT MIDDLE AGE

UNE 12 • 1970 • 500