

Gazette Photos by Tom Merryman

Search Icy Waters for Missing Boy

Scuba divers Les Smith, Joan Steffan, Bernard Scott and Orville Nyhus searched the icy backwaters in the Toddville area Thursday, going about the grim task of looking for 11-year-old Guy Heckle of Cedar Rapids, who was

last seen Feb. 3, while on a Boy Scout outing at a reservation between Toddville and the Cedar river. They found no clues as to the boy's whereabouts.

A group of men had been working for hours, cutting ice. Allen McBurney, Toddville, and some of his employees were there to haul the ice out of the water and pile it on the shore so scuba divers could get into the water and make the search. McBurney is the man on the backhoe machine in this picture. Howard Heckle, father of the missing boy, is at right in light-colored topcoat.



The Capitol reflected in the wet street.

Beauty Or Yecch?

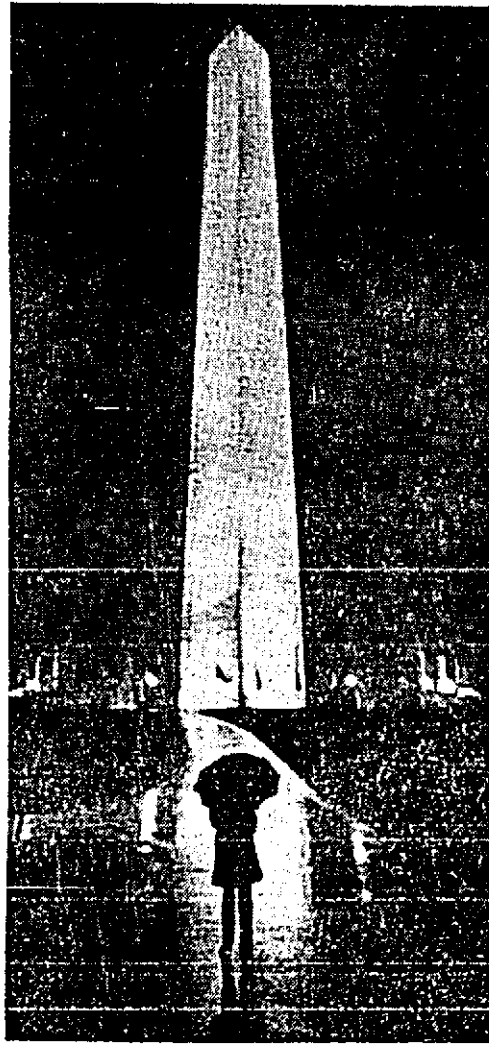
Rain, says the dictionary, is water condensed from atmospheric vapor. Itain, says the poet, is silver hosannas. Rain, says the toiler in Washington, D.C., the nation's capital, is yecch.

It maketh taxicab disappear, like animals fleeing a forest fire; it produceth monster traffic jams where otherwise there was only unbearable vehicular confusion; it fomenteth gloom that makes the pea-green cubbyholes in dozens of monolithic buildings even less bearable.

But to those who can see and those who can feel, there is beauty. Visions of loveliness.

A policeman, bundled in rain hood and cape, keeping guard in the night over the nation's Capitol, brilliantly lighted and alone and deserted — the single lantern light that marks the meeting of congress long extinguished. No tourists now, in the rain.

The buses whiz past, throwing up sprays of water, and to those without eyes to see, all is yecch.



AP Wirephotos

A girl standing before the towering marble shaft of the Washington monument, her shape silhouetted in the reflection of its pathways.



Rain, says the toiler in the nation's capital is yecch.

If Nixon Continues To Make Friends, the U.S. Will Not Have an Enemy of Its Own.

By Art Buchwald

WASHINGTON — Every country needs an enemy to call its own. You really can't have a foreign policy or a giant defense establishment unless your national security is threatened by another nation.

President Nixon has been moving so fast to mend fences with our former enemies that there is some question in the post-Vietnamese war era as to which country will play the role of the heavy in U.S. foreign affairs.

A team of top diplomats and military men has been working on the problem for more than a year under the direction of Heinrich Himmelfarb, a deputy to Henry Kissinger.

Himmelfarb, who is known in the White House as the "Kraut's Kraut," told me, "It isn't easy to find an enemy since the President visited Peking. Once Pat Nixon was shown on television eating won-ton soup with Chou En-lai, we had to eliminate China as the No. 1 threat to America."

"What about Russia?" I asked.

"They're buying all our wheat. You can't make an enemy out of a country that's helping your balance of payments."

"Cuba?" I suggested.

Anti-Hijacking Treaty

"We've considered Cuba, but since we're trying to work out an anti-hijacking treaty, the President thinks it best to cool it as far as Cuba is concerned."

"But we have to have an enemy," I said. "Every nation needs another country it can hate."

"We're aware of that," Himmelfarb replied. "And we think we have one."

"You have?"

Himmelfarb went over to a large globe in his office and stuck his finger menacingly near the top of it. "It's Sweden."

"Sweden?"

"Yes," said Himmelfarb, his eyes burning. "Sweden is a threat to the security of the United States and the Free World. Unless our country arms itself and takes a stand, half the world will become Swedish."

"It's that serious?" I asked.

"Ideologically, Sweden is against everything we believe in. They're for free medical care, free help for the poor, free homes for the aged and free love for everyone. The United States cannot sit by and allow them to spread their message to the rest of the globe."

"Blimey," I said.

Uncontrovertible Evidence

"The FBI has uncontrovertible evidence that Sweden has financed Swedish massage parlors all over the United States. These parlors are being used to lull American men into a false sense of security. Swedish films have been used to subvert the young and the disenfranchised. We know for a fact that the Sexual Revolution is being plotted and administered directly from Stockholm."

"Who would have thought it?"

"Swedish tankers have been following the Sixth fleet, Swedish freighters have been seen in the New York harbors, Swedish airplanes have flown over Los Angeles. The American people must be alerted to these acts of aggression which we cannot take lying down."

"But it's so hard to hate a Swede," I said.

"Why is it hard? They took in our American deserters and draft dodgers. They organized demonstrations against the Vietnamese conflict. And they did the unforgivable when they criticized President's Nixon's Christmas bombing of Hanoi. If that isn't an enemy of the United States, then I don't know what the word means."

"But surely if President Nixon has made his peace with China and the Soviet Union he can find some way of resuming diplomatic relations with Sweden."

"Not as long as Sweden continues to ensnare its people and spread its diabolical massage parlors around the world."



It maketh taxicabs disappear.