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Newsweek

AUGUST 22, 1960

GENERAL INFORMATION

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[SPECIAL SECTION]



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Photograph taken with the cooperation of Kwal Paints, Inc., Denver, Colorado

Sealing unlimited in any weather—with PLIOLITE S-5

Big problem with the many grain elevators that dot the Great Plains is moisture penetration. It not only causes unwanted dampness within the elevators, but, aided by frequent freezing and thawing, often leads to serious concrete erosion.

To lick this problem, an effective, easily applied sealant was needed. Paint seemed logical. But most paints couldn't withstand the attack of the alkalies in the concrete. Then one manufacturer tried a formulation based on PLIOLITE S-5 and soon found it effectively seals concrete—offers outstanding resistance to alkalies and weather, too!

If you're searching for a better-looking, longer-lasting masonry paint, look to PLIOLITE S-5. For complete information, write Goodyear, Chemical Division, Dept. T-9464, Akron 16, Ohio.



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GOOD  **YEAR**
CHEMICAL DIVISION

Pliolite—T. M. The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

WHAT IS TODAY'S MOST PERPLEXING PENSION PROBLEM?

The problem for corporations is to invest today's contributions for tomorrow's benefits in such a way as to compensate—insofar as possible—for changes in purchasing power and living standards. The best answer is balance and selection in the investment program based on extensive research directed at this problem. Our Pension Trust Division has gained its reputation through successful management of pension and profit-sharing trusts—large and small. Individual attention to each fund has earned Bankers Trust its top position in the field. For further information, write to us at 16 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y.



BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK

**FORWARD-LOOKING BUSINESS
NEEDS A FORWARD-LOOKING BANK**

LETTERS

'Mob Rule and Mutiny'

My sympathy to Belgium and my gratitude to the Belgian troops who did a splendid job in the Congo. Mob rule and mutiny have nothing to do with colonialism. The Congo disaster, planned months ahead by a savage, drunken, brainwashed jungle mob, may be a warning to all those hasty and immature independence pushers.

H. PIERRE HENKUS
Portland, Maine

►The Congolese are not able to govern themselves, but this is the fault of the Belgians, who kept them in a state of ignorance and poverty.

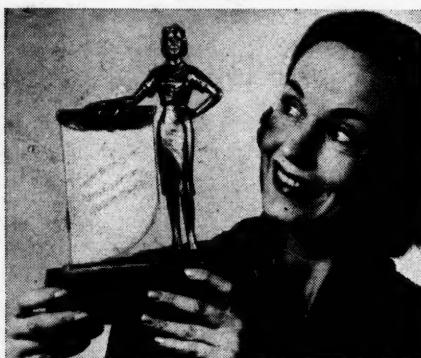
JOHN WAUGEN
Anaheim, Calif.

►I have seen with my eyes the Belgian refugees compelled to leave the Congo—after having been asked to stay and help. Those who turned back had their throats cut.

VERE GEARY
San Francisco, Calif.

LOOK WHO'S FLYING!

"Since we learned to fly at our Cessna dealer's, we've found it a pleasure we can all enjoy together. It's educational for our son, too. For instance, we're planning to take him on a trip stretching from Canada to Mexico." Pilots, Mr. & Mrs. T.F.B., Texas.*



"The pride I felt getting this solo trophy from my Cessna dealer was second only to soloing itself."—Mrs. B.D.S., Cal.*

*Actual cases... names and addresses on request.

Cessna's new idea for wives: TAKE FLYING LESSONS WITH YOUR HUSBAND FOR 1/2 PRICE

NOW, AT MANY CESSNA DEALERS across the nation you can learn to fly with your husband for only $\frac{1}{2}$ price, up until you solo. So join the many flying wives who enjoy "co-piloting" with their husbands on business trips.

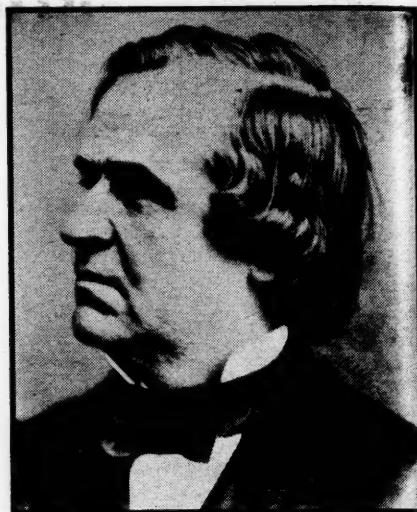
HIGHLY QUALIFIED INSTRUCTORS will make a skillful pilot of you quicker than you ever thought possible. Most of their students solo in about eight hours.

YOUR TRAINING PLANE IS A NEW CESSNA 150 with many easy-to-fly features. For example, Land-O-Matic and Para-Lift flaps make flying almost like driving up and down hills.

OFFER IS FOR A LIMITED TIME, so call your Cessna dealer now. (See Yellow Pages.) Take a demonstration ride. And ask for the illustrated booklet "Look Who's Flying," which fully explains how you can learn to fly under the Cessna "Flying Wives" Plan.

Or write: Cessna Aircraft Company, Dept. WN-55, Wichita, Kansas.

CESSNA



Brown Brothers

Johnson: Neither... nor

The Thirteenth Man

According to your count, President Eisenhower is the thirteenth Republican President (CONVENTIONS '60, Aug. 1). Presumably this figure is reached by excluding Andrew Johnson: He never formally renounced the Democratic Party and never formally entered the Republican; and the convention which nominated him for the Vice Presidency was National Union, not Republican.

W. LACKIE
Kobe, Japan

Taking Sides

Comparing the platforms of both parties, I wholeheartedly support the Republican's. I recall Thomas Babington Macaulay's saying: "The smallest actual good is better than the most magnificent promises of impossibilities."

JIRAYR ROUBINIAN
Flushing, N.Y.

►From the speeches at the Republican convention, I gather Mr. Lincoln is on the ticket. But where?

S. W. HARRALSON
Compton, Calif.

►The New Frontier, which Kennedy envisaged, can now be discerned more clearly. It consists of an eventual in-

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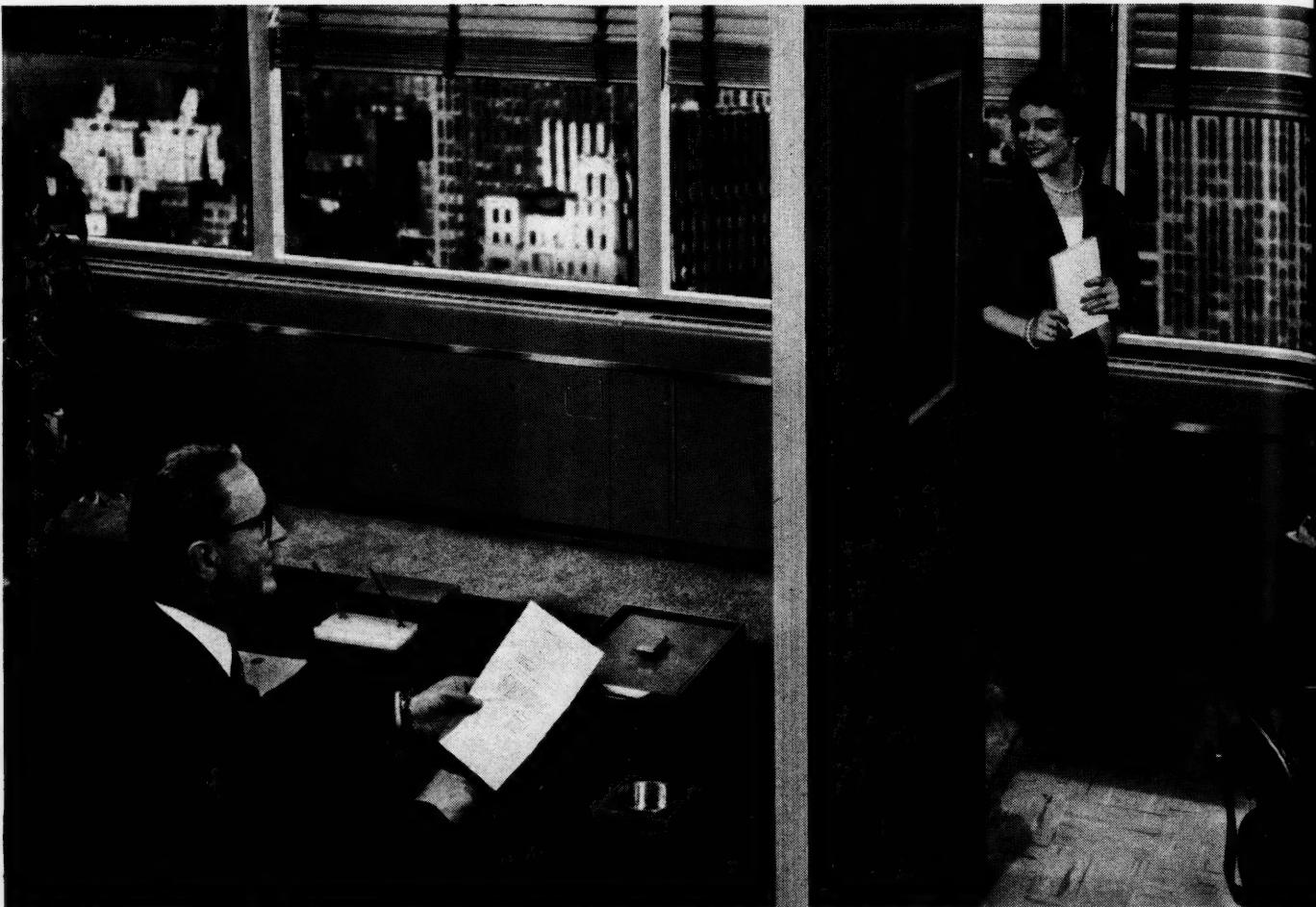
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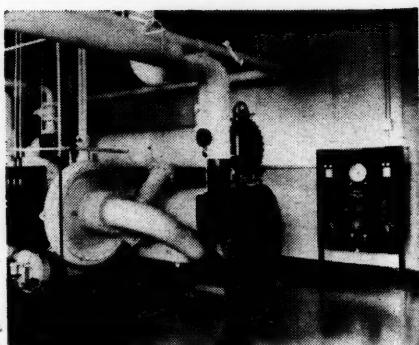


True perimeter air conditioning! The TRANE Wall-Line system provides a continuous link around the entire perimeter of the building. Space may be divided to meet chang-

ing requirements without affecting the system. Cost is low because fewer units are needed. Several adjoining offices are cooled by same unit. Also, fewer controls are required.

Trane changes climates to order in buses and trains, ships and planes; heats and cools factories and schools, hotels and homes. For human comfort or industrial processing—for any air condition—turn to TRANE.

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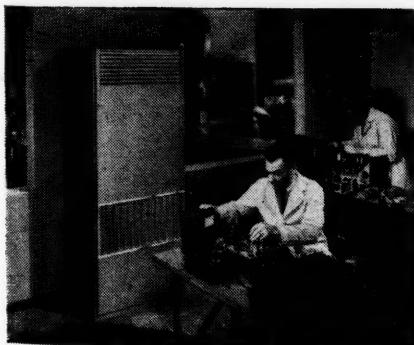
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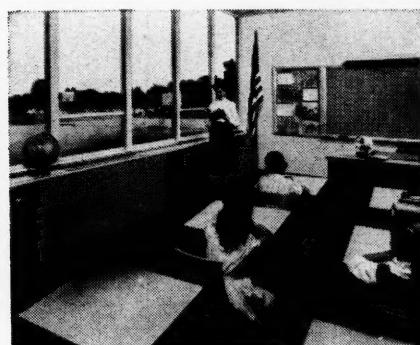
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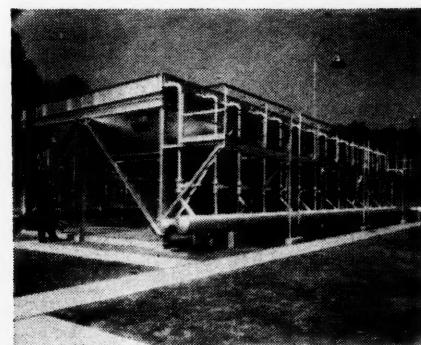
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LETTERS

crease in the national debt limit to around \$400 billion. That's enough to drive the Democratic liberals (who are only liberal with the taxpayer dollars) dizzy with delight.

GEORGE B. BARR
Denver, Colo.

►After listening to the Republicans, one might think it had become a crime to be wealthy or that there is something wrong with being young.

GUY T. ATKINSON
Cotulla, Texas

►Coming home on a bus, I overheard four women saying they would vote for Kennedy, because he is better looking than Nixon. If this is to be the determining factor among women, then we should change "God Bless America" to "God Help America."

M. G. LUTSCH
Lakewood, Ohio

►Former Gov. Ellis Arnall of Georgia says the Republican Party is "the party for the rich," while the Democrats have "the party with a heart." I don't believe that Kennedy could have a heart larger than his bankbook.

TONI TURNQUIST
Omaha, Neb.

►While the support of the working-man is a noble cause, much respect and support will go to the statesmen who admits that the labor movement is one of the biggest pressure groups in this country. A record of considering labor issues on the merit of each case would win millions of moderate people.

W. G. ROBINSON
Los Angeles, Calif.

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Newsweek, August 22, 1960



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THE TWO FACES



OF OUTBOARD MARINE

Have the time of your life or put in a hard day's work! You can do either with any Outboard Marine product.

A park is a place to work

A park is a great place to relax. Another means of relaxing is the use of Outboard Marine's Midland power garden equipment. It makes the wonderful hobby of gardening easier and more pleasant. Cultivates and tills the soil. Cuts the grass . . . and performs a variety of other tasks around your home and grounds. But, what happens when you put Midland equipment in a park? Well, the park becomes a place to work. Midland equipment helps the park maintenance worker do his job more efficiently and faster. In fact, the same Midland equipment you use around your home helps men earn better livings in parks, estates, cemeteries, and on grounds of suburban industrial plants.

Bantam jack-of-all-trades

The Cushman Division of Outboard Marine makes small, gasoline-powered utility vehicles as agile as mountain goats. The handsome Cushman motor scooter goes amazing distances on minimum fuel and upkeep. The Cushman Golfer® takes the wear and tear out of golf. Cuts strokes from your score by relieving you of fatigue. Carries you in comfort from hole to hole. However, the Cushman Truckster® is all business. It weaves around machinery and through narrow corridors in industrial plants with easy surefootedness. Turns on the proverbial dime. Parks in spaces other vehicles would have to pass by. That's why factory supervisors use them for

checking their plants end to end. Cushman Trucksters also clean streets in Los Angeles . . . haul trash in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin . . . and carry mail for the U.S. Post Office. Down on the farm, they run errands and deliver feeds. At airports, parks, marinas, warehouses, and industrial plants, they're busy as beavers hauling light freight, baggage and passengers.

Workhorse of the waterways

What can you do with an outboard motor from Outboard Marine? Hmm . . . the possibilities are many and delightful. Getting out in minutes and trolling where the big ones are biting. Lazy cruising with your family in a roomy, comfortable, outboard-powered houseboat or in a sleek and speedier outboard cabin cruiser. The thrill of water-skiing behind a fast outboard runabout, or an afternoon's exploration of a lake in the same runabout with wife and children. But, there's

a serious side to outboard motors, too. They help commercial fishermen earn a better livelihood. They provide transportation for logging and mining companies, doctors, and missionaries. They help haul freight and passengers in underdeveloped lands in sailing craft, pirogues, scows, rafts, canoes, and dugouts.

Chain saws in the city

At first thought, Outboard Marine's Pioneer® Chain Saw no more belongs in a city than does a moose. Yet, you can hear the sound of it at work amid the metropolitan hustle and bustle. Pruning branches and cutting down unwanted trees in city parks and streets. Outside the city, it's a power partner for arborists, landscape gardeners, contractors, orchardists, nurserymen, and farmers. But, the Pioneer Chain Saw isn't all business. You'll find it a real muscle-saver in clearing land, pruning shade and fruit trees, cutting firewood, and building summer cabins, docks, and duck blinds. It's light, compact, and balanced. Operation is simple.

Putting our best face forward

Outboard Marine has no double standards for its products: one for play, one for work. You get maximum performance and satisfaction from an Outboard Marine product, no matter what your purpose is. That's why millions of people work and play better with the gasoline-powered products of Outboard Marine Corporation. *Outboard Marine Corporation, Waukegan, Illinois.*



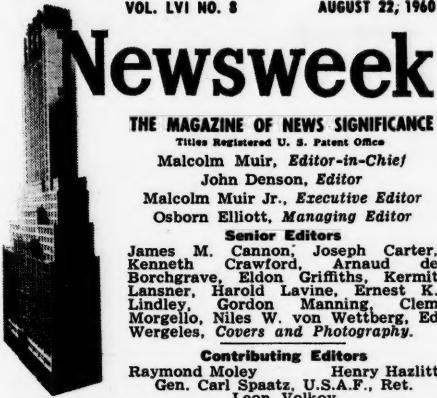
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Top of the Week

● 'Nobody's Winning.' That's how Jack Kennedy bitterly describes the reconvened session on Capitol Hill. Why the candidates are making no campaign headway. Why each knows the session can hurt him. Pages 17-19.

● 'Things Are Bad, but Not Too Bad.' This week's reader-columnist is 75-year-old Norman Thomas. The onetime perennial Socialist candidate shows he still has a provocative sense of politics. Page 20.

● Which Presidential candidate consults with outer-space visitors? Which dresses like Uncle Sam? A lively *NEWSWEEK* rundown on the screwball candidates. Page 21.

✓✓ **Special Section: Africa—Hate and Hope.** The hatred is there—of black for white and white for black, and now, of black for black. Secession in the Congo, progress elsewhere. Pages 38-44.

✓✓ **The 'Fed' Clears the Way for an Upturn.** That's the real meaning of the latest money moves. Also, how Ike surprised his economic aides. Page 65.

✓✓ **You Can't Buy It? Then Rent It!** Businessmen are leasing everything from milling machines to space gadgets. SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS, page 71.

✓✓ **The U-2 Pilot On Trial.** The real purpose. A look at East-West espionage and famous spies. Pages 27-32.

✓✓ **Our Greatest Day in Space.** Never has the U.S. enjoyed such a glittering collection of "firsts"—each beyond known Russian abilities. Pages 78-80.

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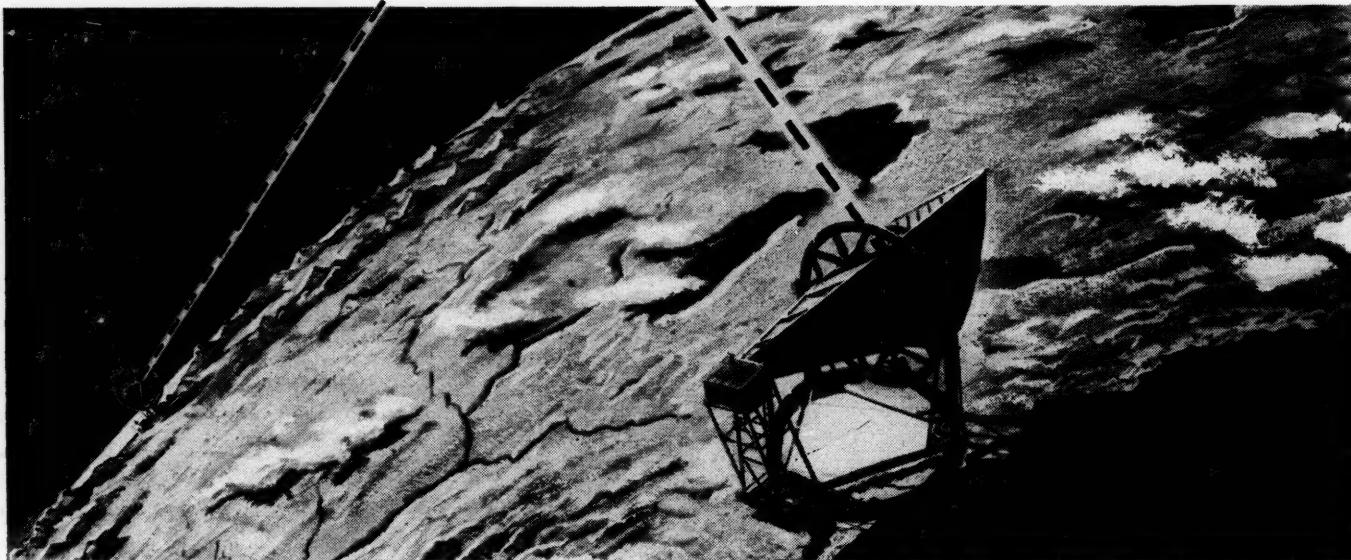
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THE COVER: Africa, the brooding giant, has suddenly become a continent dark with trouble. To symbolize the painful birth of freedom there—and the fires of hate and hope that have been kindled—*NEWSWEEK* artist Bob Engle painted this portrait of an African Negro. For a Special Section on a continent in turmoil, see page 38.



FIRST PHONE CALL VIA MAN-MADE SATELLITE!

"Project Echo" satellite is in a near-perfect circular orbit 1000 miles high, circling the earth once every two hours. Its orbital path will take it over all parts of the United States.



BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES BOUNCES VOICE OFF SPHERE PLACED IN ORBIT A THOUSAND MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

Think of watching a royal wedding in Europe by live TV, or telephoning to Singapore or Calcutta—*by way of outer-space satellites!* A mere dream a few years ago, this idea is now a giant step closer to reality.

Bell Telephone Laboratories has just taken the step by successfully bouncing a phone call between its Holmdel, N. J., test site and the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) in Goldstone, California. The reflector was a 100-foot sphere of aluminized plastic orbiting the earth 1000 miles up.

Dramatic application of telephone science

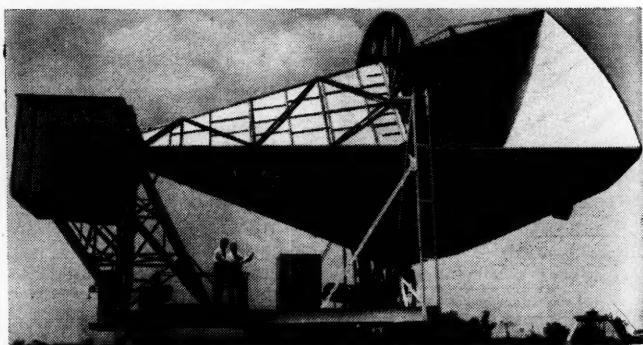
Sponsored by NASA, this dramatic experiment—known as "Project Echo"—relied heavily on telephone science for its fulfillment...

- The Delta rocket which carried the satellite into space was steered into a precise orbit by the Bell Laboratories Command Guidance System. This is the same system which recently guided the remarkable Tiros I weather satellite into its near-perfect circular orbit.

- To pick up the signals, a special horn-reflector antenna was used. Previously perfected by Bell Laboratories for microwave radio relay, it is virtually immune to common radio "noise" interference. The amplifier—also a Laboratories development—was a traveling wave "maser" with very low noise susceptibility. The signals were still further protected from noise by a special FM receiving technique invented at Bell Laboratories.

"Project Echo" foreshadows the day when numerous man-made satellites might be in orbit all around the earth, acting as 24-hour-a-day relay stations for TV programs and phone calls between all nations.

This experiment shows how private enterprise can help advance space communication. Just as the Bell System pioneered in world-wide telephone service by radio and cable, so we are pioneering now in using outer space to improve communications on earth. It's a natural part of our job, and we are already a long way toward the goal.



Giant ultra-sensitive horn-reflector antenna which received signals bounced off the satellite. It is located at Bell Telephone Laboratories, Holmdel, New Jersey.



BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Periscope

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Periscoping the Nation®

Kennedy to Africa
If Nixon Loses . . .
Red Snare for U.S. Planes
No Vatican Whirly-bird?

The Inside Story

EMBASSY ROW — Here are some little-known facts about Mikhail I. Grinev, Soviet appointed defense lawyer of U-2 pilot Francis Powers: Grinev was the principal defense attorney for six secret-service officials who were tried in 1954 for treason. In 1956 he defended six more security officials in a purge in Azerbaijan. The score: All twelve were found guilty; eight were executed, the rest got stiff sentences.

CAPITOL HILL — "If elected, I'll go to Africa." That is the possibly historic statement Jack Kennedy recently made to a visiting African Ambassador here. It is a pity, Kennedy added, that not a single U.S. President or Secretary of State has visited Black Africa. Jack hopes to do so "as early as possible," probably in 1961.

NATIONAL PRESS CLUB — Don't be surprised if Gen. Maxwell Taylor, who retired in 1959 in protest against Ike's defense policies, gets a big job in a Kennedy Administration. One possibility: Commander-in-Chief of NATO.

Ahead of the Headlines

CAPITOL HILL — In jeopardy if Congress fails to wind up its session by Labor Day: The projected trip by candidates Kennedy and Johnson to Hawaii and Alaska. They were scheduled to start Sept. 4. Democratic leaders are beginning to have doubts they'll make it.

NIXON HEADQUARTERS — Interior Secretary Seaton is an almost sure bet to become Secretary of Agriculture if Nixon wins. The Vice President means it when he says he has made no formal Cabinet offers, but he does have a tacit understanding with Seaton. Seaton is a farmer and farm-magazine publisher in private life.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE BUILDING — The two other members of the Eisenhower Administration, as set as anyone can be at this point for posts in a Nixon Cabinet: Treasury Secretary Anderson and State Under Secretary Dillon.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — Just what will Nixon do if he loses the election in November? Top politicos here have been tipped he'll run for governor of California.

Pentagon Pipeline

DEFENSE DEPARTMENT — What is the status of U.S. flights along Russia's borders since the Soviets shot down the RB-47 on July 1? All flights in the Barents Sea area where the RB-47 was attacked (**THE PERISCOPE**, Aug. 8) have been called off; planes flying along Siberia and the missile-loaded Kamchatka Peninsula have been ordered to observe a 75-mile safety margin.

PENTAGON — Underground Minuteman installations will be so impregnable that it would take twenty Red ICBM's to knock one out.

CAPE CANAVERAL — No official measures have been taken to keep Soviet trawlers away from this center of U.S. rocketry, but locally devised harassment measures are proving effective: "Some of those trawlers are finding that 'debris' is landing awfully close to them," one rocketeer tells **THE PERISCOPE**.

PENTAGON — Latest estimate of the nuclear blast the U.S. could unload in the first 24 hours of a total war: The equivalent of 12 billion tons of TNT. That's nearly 3,000 times the total dropped in all theaters of World War II.

Where Are They Now?

LIVERPOOL — John Stewart Service, longtime U.S. Foreign Service Far Eastern hand who regained his good name and career in 1957 when the Supreme Court overruled his Joe McCarthy-inspired security firing of 1951, is U.S. Consul here. He lives in an "attractive" Embassy-owned house near the Consulate with his wife, Caroline, and their teen-age son, Philip (daughter Virginia was married just this week). Now 51, Service relaxes by playing a set of tennis "when English

The Periscope

weather allows." He says he has "no particular feelings of bitterness" about the long ordeal he went through to prove his loyalty, is "immensely enjoying" his present assignment.

SAIGON, VIETNAM — Wolf Ladejinsky, Russian-born American agricultural expert who was fired, and later cleared, as a security risk by Agriculture Secretary Benson amid a burst of

headlines in 1954, lives in a green and white, two-story villa across the street from Dinh Doc Lap (Independence) Palace. Now 61, he is chief agricultural adviser to President Ngo Dinh Diem. Currently, however, he is on leave in Manila, undergoing a regular medical checkup. A bachelor, he works early and late, is cared for by two elderly servants, has a large and valuable collection of Oriental objets d'art.

Periscoping the World®

Intelligence File

HONG KONG — Three times in recent days the Red Chinese have tried to ambush U.S. Navy planes by luring them in-shore with false radio signals. The planes were well out at sea along the Chinese coast north of here.

UNITED NATIONS — "The Russians want to appear as the only pro-Africans here. Well, I'll show them I'm super pro-African." That's what Dag Hammarskjöld told an aide as he stalked out of the Security Council meeting on the Congo here last week.

ROME — Officials close to Pope John emphatically deny those press reports that a heliport is planned for the Vatican. An aide says an old tennis court being cleared now would do for take-offs and landings. "But a helicopter could also take off from Saint Damascus' courtyard."

Overseas Cables

HAVANA — Expect Castro to establish formal diplomatic relations with East Germany soon. This further Cuban move toward the Soviet bloc will, of course, be followed automatically by West Germany's breaking off its relations with the Castro regime.

PARIS — French police are muscling up to combat a new and big wave of FLN terrorism. Tipsters agree this is due before this fall's U.N. debate on the Algerian question. The rebels reportedly have ten well-trained squads, of 60 men each, on the ready.

WHITEHALL — It hasn't been announced yet, but THE PERISCOPE learns that Sir Hugh Stephenson will be the new chief of Britain's Combined Intelligence Committee. Sir Hugh, the British Consul-General in New York, will replace Sir Patrick Dean who has been appointed head of the U.K. delegation to the United Nations.

KHATMANDU, TIBET — Expect to be reading of a new flare-up by nomadic tribes pocketed in

the western sections of Tibet. The tribesmen, lightly armed but fiercely resistant, are already beginning to take a heavy toll of Chinese occupation forces. Communist troops have been rushed in to wipe out the resistance.

Diplomatic Pouch

EAST BERLIN — Usually reliable sources here have it that Soviet researchers actually are using human guinea pigs to test deadly new poisons and gases. The secret gas- and germ-warfare lab, these sources say, is located in an industrial city in Central Russia.

PARIS — President de Gaulle recently made an unpublicized and startling pitch to get Socialist boss Guy Mollet into the Cabinet. Why? According to close associates, de Gaulle thinks he has too many yes-men around him. And he wants to bolster his regime with a wider sampling of the political spectrum. Mollet's reaction to the bid? A sharp and definite no.

EAST BERLIN — Red Chinese Premier Mao Tse-tung has just ordered the gradual transfer of some 1,500 Chinese students from Soviet Union to satellite universities. Note: Khrushchev already has recalled several thousand Soviet technicians from China.

VIENNA — The Soviet Union's intercontinental missile program is continuing on a "gradual, non-crash" basis. Some 30 are now on operational status. This from Western intelligence reports just received here.

BAGHDAD — Most Iraqis are relieved and happy that the notorious "People's Court" political trials have been called off. Not so some shopkeepers. The ironic reason: It was the best show on television; sets have been selling rather slowly of late.

For Periscoping Medicine, page 59; Music, page 88; Movies, page 87.

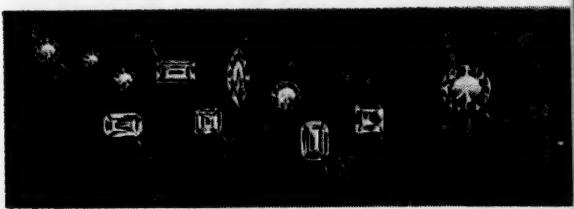


De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

A gift she'll treasure beyond all others

A child is born and new joy in the house is celebrated with a lovely diamond pin. Only a diamond gift remains the perfect gift, always precious, always meaningful. Today, tomorrow. . . . "A diamond is forever." This year, let a diamond gift make memorable that special anniversary, or important birthday, a debut, the birth of a child, or any significant event.

A trusted jeweler can help you choose a lovely diamond gift from stock—a pin, earrings, a dinner ring or bracelet. Or, he can design a one-of-a-kind original. Whether you spend \$100, \$500, or more, diamonds give your gift significance, enduring value.





**The light Scotch that's becoming the heavy favorite
...with both sides of the house**

It's "HIS and HER Time" all over America...when both settle down around HOUSE OF LORDS and agree it's the best decision of the day. Wonderful scotch. Try it at your house!



HOUSE OF LORDS

the 'HIS and HER' scotch

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The Periscope

Washington Trends

Ike's Appointees

The next President, whatever his party, may hesitate to replace some of Ike's second-term lame-duck appointees.

Reason: The President has been showing a marked preference for career government workers in key policymaking jobs.

Career men now head four independent agencies: FCC, FTC, USIA, and the Civil Service Commission itself. They hold seven of the top twenty Justice Department posts. And eleven of the fourteen Ambassadors named this year are career Foreign Service officers.

White House aides credit the President's growing respect for civil servants and the difficulty of getting businessmen to take short appointments.

Religion in the Campaign . . .

The Kennedy forces expected anti-Catholic sentiment in the Protestant South and Midwest, but now they are finding it among the usually safe Democratic Jewish voters of New York.

And with Nelson Rockefeller, a popular figure, campaigning for Nixon, Kennedy is worried.

Key problem: Kennedy's father was an isolationist before World War II; many Jews believe the elder Kennedy was even sympathetic to Hitler.

. . . And in the Supreme Court

Just as the campaign begins to heat up in October, the Supreme Court will be hearing several cases involving religious issues.

Under fire: Connecticut's birth-control law, Pennsylvania's blue laws, and Pennsylvania's school code (which requires Bible reading in the classroom).

The decisions may well be handed down before Election Day on Nov. 8.

GOP Whistles Dixie

Republicans will carry the fight to Lyndon Johnson all across his own Southern bailiwick.

A beefed-up "Operation Dixie," headed by Virginia's GOP chairman I. Lee Potter, will depict

the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate as a man who talks like an F.D.R. liberal in the North and a dyed-in-the-wool-hat Southerner in the South.

The Congo and NATO

U.S. officials are keeping their fingers crossed lest the Belgian dustup in the Congo should involve Belgium's Paul Henri Spaak, who is the valued Secretary-General of NATO.

Belgian outrage at the U.S. stand in the U.N. could prompt King Baudouin to withdraw Spaak and loose the ties to NATO.

Spaak, a former Premier, just could be called upon to form a new Cabinet to do that very thing.

Meanwhile, the U.S. can only hope that the Belgians will realize in time that by abstaining from U.N. voting the U.S. would simply have played into Russia's hands.

Feet on the Ground

Look for Gen. Lyman L. Lemnitzer to put the foot soldier back in the sun when he takes over from General Twining as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Lemnitzer won't neglect nuclear weapons, but he is known to favor a trend away from the massive-retaliation concept put across by Ike's first defense chief, Adm. Arthur Radford.

That is the forecast, at least, of Pentagon officials who have observed Lemnitzer during his tenure as Army Chief of Staff.

The Melting Surplus

Falling corporate profits are a bigger threat to the government's hoped-for \$4.2 billion budget surplus in 1961 than the threatened increase in Federal spending.

Budget experts now think 1960 corporate profits may run only \$46 billion, off \$5 billion from the prediction of last January. Possible tax loss: \$2.5 billion.

For Business Trends, see page 63.



**They've engineered Interstate 85
to last 50 years and more!**

CONCRETE is the one pavement that can be accurately designed to fit future traffic loads!

Interstate System highways like North Carolina's route 85 pictured here owe much of their extra long life expectancy to concrete's dependable load-bearing strength—computed mathematically.

The strength of concrete pavement is in the concrete itself—not in built-up, graded, layer construction. Compressive and flexural strengths can be measured exactly—right down to the last pound per square inch. So designs are based on *facts*—not intuition!

And because concrete acts as a beam, even one extra inch of thickness adds as much as 25% to load capacity. This same structural quality makes it possible to analyze

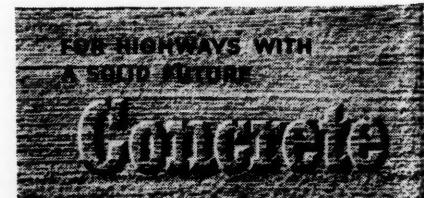
stresses for *all* loads the pavement will carry. This makes it possible to provide pavement thick enough to carry normal traffic in *unlimited* numbers as well as the expected *less frequent* heavier loads.

That's where real economy comes through—only concrete lets engineers design highways to last 50 years and more, with upkeep costs as much as 60% lower than for asphalt. Yet concrete's first cost is moderate. There is no need to over-build. The accuracy of today's concrete design methods provides minimum-thickness pavements for the heaviest expected traffic.

Look for concrete on many more miles of the new Interstate System and other heavy-duty highways.



Research year after year, in laboratories and on actual pavements as shown above, has given engineers comprehensive data on the nature and behavior of concrete under all conditions. That's why concrete pavements are designed with slide-rule accuracy—and not by empirical methods.



PORLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

August 22, 1960

TV CAMERAS are in place. The audience has assembled. Producer Nikita S. Khrushchev has hurried home from a Black Sea vacation to check the script.

All is ready in Moscow this week for the opening of the biggest show trial of the Khrushchev regime. The defendant: U-2 pilot Francis Gary Powers.

Throughout the free world, men are wait-

ing to hear the fate of the 31-year-old American. Some of them asked: Has he been brainwashed? Others: Will he "squeal" on his U.S. colleagues?

The more human question, asked by Powers' tearful wife and parents: Will the court sentence him to die before a Soviet firing squad?

For the Powers trial story, see page 27.



UPI

CAMPAIN '60

NOBODY'S WINNING

"Who's winning what in this session?"

The question was put to Sen. John F. Kennedy as he hurried from the Senate floor to his new office close by. Kennedy, looking harassed, thought for a moment, then replied:

"Nobody's winning anything."

In those three wry words, the Democratic Presidential nominee summarized what had become increasingly clear as the reconvened session of the 86th Congress entered its second week: That neither he nor his running mate, Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, stood to gain campaign kudos from the politically charged proceedings—and neither did the Republican nominee, Vice President Richard Nixon. On the contrary, each of the three was uncomfortably aware that the session could hurt him badly.

Any one of them would have preferred to be campaigning in the great open spaces, far from muggy Washington. The fact that their combined presence in the Senate had become the biggest tourist attraction that Capitol guides could remember was not much solace—indeed, it was more of a nuisance. At the start of the session last week, both Jack Kennedy and Dick Nixon made a point of shaking as many hands as they could in the tourist-packed corridors. By the end of the week they were dodging—especially Kennedy, who has been trying very hard to demonstrate mature appeal and was obviously growing more and more embarrassed by the noisy squeals with which teen-agers

in the Senate corridors greeted him.

But tourists were a minor problem. The big problems were actually taking shape on the Senate floor—in a glare that permitted no glossing over—and for each of the three candidates they came in different forms.

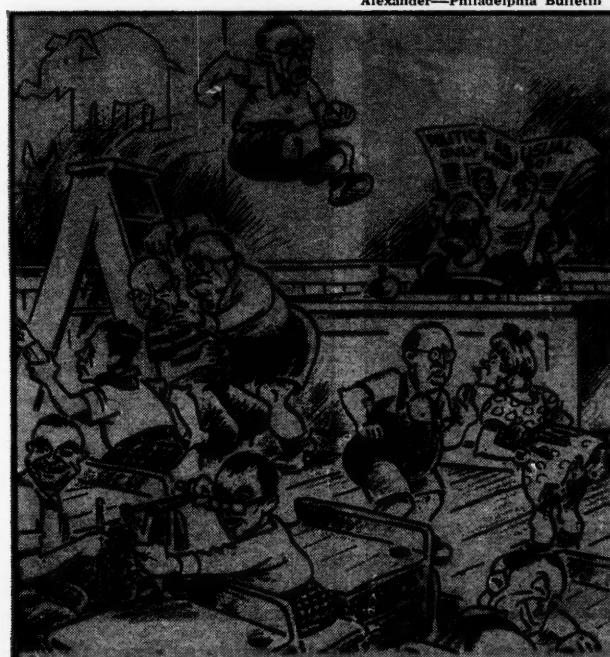
For Dick Nixon, his one official function—to preside over the Senate—was a headache. He had little to do, and usually appointed someone to sit in for him, but he couldn't get too far away, either, just in case of a tie vote. Meanwhile, he had to watch Kennedy and Johnson making headlines. The whole situation pointed up the "Throttlebottomness" of the Vice Presidency at a time when

Nixon wanted to convince the country that his eight years on the job had given him incomparable training for the Presidency.

An even greater headache for Nixon was the "help" that he hadn't expected from President Eisenhower. The President had suddenly abandoned his "above the battle" stance and was using his position to chart Republican campaign strategy. It was Mr. Eisenhower's idea to send Congress a message demanding action on all the legislation he had asked for in the past year. It was also his idea to have Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen introduce a civil-rights bill after the Presidential message had been read. The fact was that neither Nixon nor Dirksen thought too much of the Eisenhower strategy—but neither dared openly repudiate it. (Dirksen came close to it, though, when he climbed onto a rickety chair in the press gallery and, in a heavy voice that matched the bags under his eyes, sighed: "The boss man said: 'You didn't give me very much last session—go back and fix it up.'") And Ev Dirksen, he added, would always say: "Chief, give me that hot poker.")

Captive: In short, for the session's duration, Nixon would be the captive of the Senate on one side and of the White House on the other. For a man who likes to run his own show, it was not a happy situation.

Jack Kennedy's headaches were of an entirely different nature. The senator from Massa-



chusetts had fondly hoped that he could use the big Democratic majorities in both houses of Congress to pass a few vote-catching bills in a snappy three-week session and then take to the stump to exploit them. But at the end of the first week, he was a disillusioned man.

For one thing, he had not expected the adverse reaction among Negro voters and some Northern liberals that followed the quick Democratic tabling of Dirksen's civil-rights bill. (Among those who came in to see Kennedy and set him straight on this score was Roy Wilkins of the NAACP; the Negro rank and file, said Wilkins, didn't care about the technicalities involved, but just wanted to see something done.) Now Kennedy wondered if perhaps the Democrats shouldn't do something about civil rights after all. Yet he knew too well that such a move would very likely bring on a Southern filibuster and prolong the session indefinitely beyond the target date of Labor Day.

BIGGEST WORRY: But it was the way the Southern Democratic bloc was behaving right now that gave Kennedy his biggest worry. In particular there was the rush of Southern senators to the support of Republican Barry Goldwater who was pushing a pile of crippling amendments to Kennedy's own minimum-wage bill. Sen. Spessard Holland of Florida introduced some amendments of his own that, in effect, served notice he was right behind Goldwater. Other Southerners in the Senate made sympathetic noises. Obviously, where their own interests were concerned, the coolly calculating Southerners proposed to go their own way without too much regard for the welfare of their own

Summer Book

Pollsters could poll and pundits could pontificate all they liked about the Presidential election, but in the gambling paradise of Las Vegas, where they put up or shut up, Richard Nixon definitely was the favorite over John Kennedy.

The political betting odds, calculated daily on the basis of telephone canvasses of big-time, lay-off bookies in the nation's major cities, fluctuated at least three times last week—from 7-5 to 6-5 to 13-10—but always favoring Richard Nixon.

party's candidate for the Presidency.

Kennedy had known, of course, that the Southern minority could hamstring liberal legislation in either house. But he had let himself hope that Lyndon Johnson, once he was back on the Senate floor, would somehow persuade the Southerners to abandon sectional interests, at least temporarily, and come like good men to the aid of their party. Now it was plain that the Southerners proposed to do no such thing.

Lyndon Johnson was probably the least unhappy of the candidates. The Texas senator knew that his job was to carry the South in November, and the more concessions the South got now, the easier his job would be. Furthermore, his private sympathies lay, as they always have, in the direction of "respon-

sible moderation." Johnson, on the other hand, had to consider his reputation as a parliamentary miracle worker; defeat on the Senate floor would hurt his outside pride. For that reason, there were some who thought he might still pull a few rabbits out of his hat.

Certainly Johnson gave the impression of a man with rabbits to spare as he lolled through most of the proceedings in his front-row seat, long legs outstretched, a look of inward amusement flickering across his face. Only rarely did he seem pained—notably when Pennsylvania's sharp-tongued Republican Hugh Scott repeatedly referred to Kennedy as "the Majority Leader's leader."

Against the interplay of personalities, precious little was accomplished by either side during the session's first week. (Only the Senate was sitting; the House, with much less unfinished work, drifted back this Monday.)

The only definitive action taken by the Senate (aside from routine passage of the \$4 billion public-works appropriation bill) was the ratification of the twelve-nation treaty for peaceful international development of Antarctica.

ONES: Of the major legislative items (see chart, page 19), only the minimum-wage bill reached the floor, after Kennedy had wrested it—almost single-handed—out of the Labor Committee.

Medical care for the aged was approved at the weekend by the Finance Committee, headed by Virginia's Sen. Harry Byrd, in a form so diluted that the Kennedy-Johnson forces—counting on this measure as their best campaign fodder—would have no choice but to fight for its strengthening on the floor.

Otherwise there was mostly oratory



Fan clubs: In Capitol corridors, admirers swarm around candidate Nixon (left) and candidate Kennedy



Associated Press

and the grinding of parliamentary machinery. So far, nothing had happened that tended to make any of the candidates for higher things look like the vaunted knights of a great new era. Yet that was what Nixon, Kennedy, and Johnson hoped to convince the country that they were. They could not afford to have feet of clay protruding from their shiny armor.

THE VICE PRESIDENT:

Luau to Lobster

As Vice President Richard Nixon and his pert wife, Pat, rode in from the airport, smiling and waving from their open sedan in the bright sunshine, nearly 100,000 weekend merrymakers thronged the streets of Portland, Maine (population: 73,000). It was the biggest crowd in the state's entire history, and Nixon was the first Republican Presidential nominee Maine had laid eyes on since Alf Landon opened his campaign there in 1936.

From his perch atop the back seat of the Buick convertible, Nixon just grinned and waved at his own ardent supporters, and at Kennedyites who occasionally shouted: "You're gonna get beat." Nixon was quite aware that Portland's big turnout was not only for him, but also for the celebration of Cumberland County's bicentennial anniversary. Dick Nixon didn't mind the Democrats' razzing, and the prospect of all those undecided votes along the route sparked a hungry gleam in his brown eyes.

For a compulsive peripatetic like Richard Nixon, it seemed only logical to follow a visit to Hawaii, the westernmost state (*NEWSWEEK*, Aug. 15), with a trip to Maine, the easternmost. From luau to lobster is 5,000-plus miles. But the Nixon technique changed little.

Just as he had discovered the charms of Hawaii as a naval officer, so, he revealed, had he discovered the delights of Maine, and learned that "a boiled lobster is even more delicious than a broiled lobster."

Preamble: The Vice President didn't confine his remarks to pleasantries, however. In a televised press conference, he said, "it would be a mistake" for the U.S. to resume underground nuclear tests at this time—and then uttered what amounted to the preamble of a declaration of independence. There had been "occasions," he said, when he differed with President Eisenhower.

"During the campaign," Nixon went on, "I will elucidate my own viewpoint on all of the major issues and then the public and the members of the press will be able to learn of these occasions." One such occasion—his disagreement with the Eisenhower Administration farm policy—Nixon didn't wait to elucidate.

CAMPAIGN CONGRESS

ISSUES	Democratic Strategy	Republican Strategy	Outlook
Minimum Wage	Push for \$1.25	Hold to \$1.15	Compromise; veto if more than \$1.15
Medical Care	Tie to Social Security	Keep it voluntary	A compulsory bill and a veto
School Aid	Include teachers	Stress buildings	Veto unless tax-supported
Housing	Support big outlay	Whittle it down	Faces veto; may be dropped
Civil Rights	Keep tabling	Keep Needling	No bill
Defense	Hit Ike on fund freeze	Insist Ike knows best	No real action likely

"We need a new approach," he said.

This week, Nixon will make his first invasion of the South—in North Carolina. This, although it has a seacoast, is a state that the Vice President didn't discover in the Navy. He took his law degree there—from Duke University.

THE PRESIDENCY:

Playing Non-Politics

"I think the Nixon-Lodge ticket is going to do well," President Eisenhower told his news conference last week. "And whatever I can do to promote it . . . I shall do." Then, enigmatically, he added: "Now this doesn't mean that I possibly should be out on the hustings and making partisan speeches . . ."

When it was all over, correspondents scratched their heads and asked: What does it mean? Is he going to campaign for Nixon, or isn't he?

To Nixon, as to Mr. Eisenhower himself, the statement was perfectly clear. They had agreed last month that the President's campaign role should be largely that of an elder statesman purveying broad principles of (Republican) government to nonpartisan audiences. Their mutual reasoning:

►The attention of the voters, generally,

should be focused on the Presidential candidate, not diffused between him and the retiring President, as it was in the Democratic campaign of 1952.

►Nixon's biggest problem is to win independent votes, and Mr. Eisenhower can help him most by addressing nonpartisan audiences.

As a result of their strategy meeting, the President will make only "one or two" frankly political talks on nationwide television circuits to emphasize his unequivocal support of Richard Nixon and Henry Cabot Lodge. Most of his speeches will be before such nonpolitical gatherings as the American Institute of Certified Public Accountants, in Philadelphia, Sept. 26 (likely topic: fiscal responsibility); the National Conference of Catholic Charities, in New York the same day (likely topic: foreign policy, or the Eisenhower welfare philosophy); the Automobile Manufacturers Association, in Detroit, Oct. 17 (topic: the economy).

In addition, President Eisenhower may go before the United Nations General Assembly next month to advocate his "open skies" aerial-inspection plan for disarmament, or Nixon's proposal for the distribution of farm surpluses. And throughout the campaign, of course, the President can use all the media available to the White House to influence public

'And If . . . and If . . . '

"This year," disgruntled Americans have been saying since 1928, "I think I might vote for Norman Thomas." Though he is now 75, old Socialist, ex-candidate Thomas still has a lively sense of politics. As this week's reader-columnist, Norman Thomas offers an informal statement of his views on the 1960 campaign and the world at large.

As a man who has lived many years and seen the world become steadily more dangerous, I regard the current political scene with the highly qualified equanimity of Dante when he arrived at the seventh circle of Hell, convinced that there must be an eighth. Things are bad, but not too bad. I see some signs of light.

Senator Kennedy and Vice President Nixon are both young, able men with extraordinary political skills. Both are opportunists—and I don't mean that in any derogatory way. Nixon is tied to his past and to Eisenhower policies, though I think he'd like to break away from them. Kennedy is tied to a past—his family's. Joe Kennedy must have made up his mind that to have a son run for the Presidency was such an honor he'd better keep in the background—but still let the money flow.

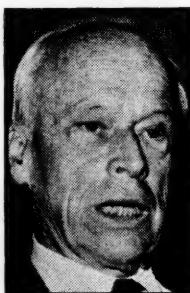
Both parties have come up with the best platforms in history. The old-timers like Cleveland and McKinley would—if they rose from the dead—find both platforms socialistic. Both candidates have remarkably efficient political organizations. Neither is in any sense a fool, though neither is a crusader. Both showed impressive class at their conventions.

I always admire a good automobile, but I'm more interested in the road map and where the car is headed. To tell the truth, there's not much difference between Kennedy and Nixon. If you locked them both in a room, after brainwashing away their biases of Democrat and Republican, they'd come out in complete agreement—just the way Nixon and Rockefeller did, just

the way Kennedy and Johnson did.

At present, as a Socialist, I would prefer Kennedy and his platform to Nixon and the Republican platform—though neither meets my ideal. I've gained respect for Nixon lately, but I still hold some grudges against him for his early campaigning.

Our foreign policy in recent years has been crazy, though we've done some good things—the Marshall Plan, the Point Four program, last week's Antarctic Treaty. In general, the Eisenhower Administration has fumbled, I think, but the President's prestige as a lover of peace has partially compensated for the mistakes. I get mad when I hear it's wholly the Republicans' fault that we have lost prestige abroad. Under President Truman, Americans and American policies weren't too popular abroad. I found that out personally, while traveling there.



Thomas now . . .



. . . and at 40

want to convert to consumer production, and war is not as true to their aims as is conquest by infiltration or economic competition. Khrushchev knows one thing that Lenin and Stalin did not know—that no one can win the next war.

The next American President must find some alternative—economic, social, and otherwise—to war.

Why doesn't the Socialist Party have a ticket this year? It's so complicated and expensive that we can do more to further our beliefs by campaigning for our platform.

But if life were as simple as it once was, and if I were twelve years younger, and if . . .

opinion—but speaking as Chief Executive, not as a Republican partisan.

As a White House aide summed up the consensus of the Eisenhower-Nixon planning sessions: "They agreed that sometimes the best political posture for the President is a nonpolitical one."

ELECTORS:

The Unforgotten Man

Of all the forgotten men of U.S. politics, none has ever dropped into limbo so completely as the Presidential elector. Almost as soon as the Constitution created him, the individual elector—as a free agent—disappeared. As early as 1796, an angry Pennsylvania Federalist wrote: "Do I choose Samuel Miles to determine for me whether John Adams or Thomas Jefferson is the fittest man for President of the United States? No, I choose him to act, not to think." And all of the years since then have solidified the tradition.

Nevertheless, in half a dozen Southern states this week, the figure of the independent, unpledged elector had come to blazing life.

The circumstances of his resurrection were intensely complicated, varying from state to state. But the reason for it was simple: It offered the Democratic politicians of the South a chance to disassociate themselves from the Kennedy-Johnson ticket and, in particular, the party's civil-rights platform. Furthermore, it might give them a bargaining position; i.e., they could withhold their votes from the Kennedy-Johnson ticket unless they promised to go easy on integration.

Shape-up: At the weekend, this was the way the situation shaped up:

In Georgia (twelve electoral votes) last week, the issue of unpledged electors was ordered to be put to all the voters in the state's Democratic primary on Sept. 14.

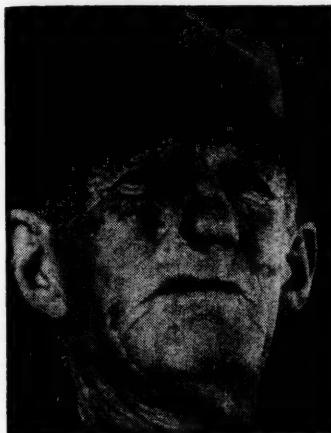
In Louisiana (ten electoral votes), the state committee last week decided against an unpledged slate; but its backers could still resort to petition.

In South Carolina and Mississippi (with eight electoral votes each), Democratic committees meet this week on the pledged-vs.-unpledged issue.

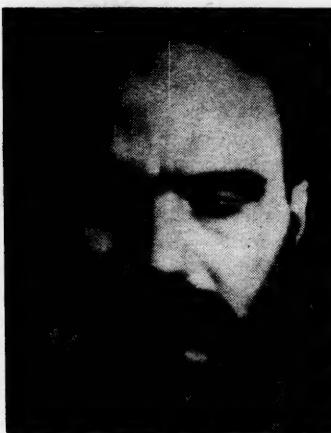
Alabama had already voted, in its pre-convention primary, for six independent electors and five "loyalists."

In Arkansas (eight votes), the key decision was left up to Gov. Orval Faubus who, by state law, would not have to decide until after Election Day whether to free the electors.

An Arkansas editor, Thomas Dearmore of Mountain Home, summed up the uneasiness many a Southerner felt: "This year, a voter will not really know whom he is voting for when he marks his ballot in the Presidential election."



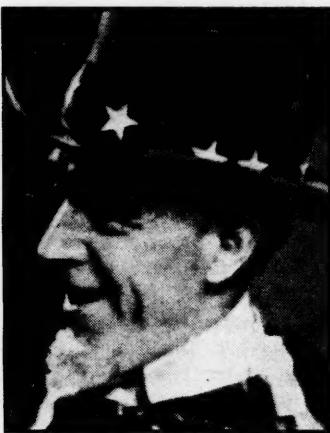
Watts, on the farm



Smith, like beat



Tomlinson, the bishop



Daly, on the point

Associated Press

Nobody Here But Us Presidential Candidates

Which Presidential candidate regularly consults with visitors from outer space? Wants to abolish the government? Builds his farm policy around tomato labels? Tends bar? Dresses like Uncle Sam?

There is one who stands foursquare on each of these questions—but you won't find him on the Democratic or Republican ticket. This Presidential year has brought out a weird assortment of candidates.

To find out who these screwball and offbeat candidates are, and what they stand for, NEWSWEEK correspondents across the nation tracked them from barroom to astral plane. Here is what they found:

The way Gabriel Green, brightest star of the Amalgamated Flying Saucer Clubs of America, recollects it, he was sitting in his Whittier, Calif., home of an early evening three months ago, musing about interplanetary affairs, when he heard a knock at the door. On the doorstep he found a man dressed in an ordinary business suit. But Green immediately recognized the caller as an envoy from Alpha Centauri, closest star to earth (4.4 light years away) and the third brightest in the heavens.

"We want you to run for President of the United States," said the Ambassador, in English. Gabe, amenable on the instant, replied with his slogan: "Abe in 1860—Gabe in 1960."

Gabe Green, a 6-foot, 35-year-old former Navy aerial photographer, is only one of a covey of strange birds flushed up by the excitement of a Presidential election year. Last week, as Green outlined his platform (all "dirty money" to be taken out of circulation and everybody given a credit card) to cheering flying-saucer clubmen and women at a Los Angeles convention, kookie candidates were campaigning all across the land. They were not to be confused with the serious nominees of the nation's earnest splinter parties. They were instead the hopeless and the helpless, the publicity seeker and the plain joker. A random sampling:

►Henry B. Krajewski, Secaucus, N.J., pig

farmer and tavernkeeper whose slogan is: "No piggy deal" in Washington."

►Lawrence Joseph Sarsfield (Lar) Daly of Chicago, who wears a wispy white beard to go with his Uncle Sam suit, and argues a violent America First line.

►The Rev. Homer A. Tomlinson of New York, Bishop of the Church of God who earnestly preaches peace and Fundamentalism, and has already declared himself king of more than 80 countries.

►Retired farmer Connie Watts of Banks County, Ga., who wants a law to "keep them vine-ripened' stickers off of them mushy green tomatoes."

►William Lloyd Smith, Chicago beatnik philosopher who, in the unlikely event

of his election as President, "would abolish the government."

►Symon Gould of New York City, one-time art-film importer and book publisher who, as nominee of the American Vegetarian Party, wants a "Secretary or Minister of Peace, preferably a vegetarian, with abiding reverence for life."

All of them have the devil's own time of it getting on the ballot—any ballot—at all. Pig man Krajewski, for one, can't get on the ballot in his home state of New Jersey because, he says, "the major parties are giving me the run-around."

But Krajewski recently stumped from coast to coast in a brightly painted 50-foot-long tractor-trailer (on the tailgate: "If you hate Communism, blow your horn"). He even looked in on his rivals at the Republican and Democratic conventions. On the ballot or not, he says: "I'll be there with those write-in votes."

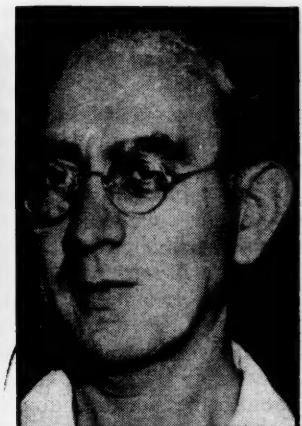
Needled: Uncle Sam-suited Lar Daly may be the best known of the offbeat candidates as a result of having pried equal time (with John F. Kennedy) out of the Jack Paar television show. Daly, a 48-year-old furniture jobber, didn't care for the audience's reception of his



Waters, nation saver



Krajewski, at the bar



Gould, at the table

UPI

"three-point program"—especially a hint, repeated by announcer Hugh Downs, that one point was on Daly's head.

"A lot of people call me nuts," he says, "but I don't care."

Billing herself as "the only woman candidate for President of the U.S.A." Mrs. Agnes Waters of New York and Washington boasts: "I can save America in five minutes!" Around Washington she is best known as a regular and sometimes loud follower of Congressional hearings.

Objections: Mrs. Waters, gray and somewhat disheveled, turned up last year as the Senate considered (and subsequently rejected) the appointment of Lewis Strauss as Secretary of Commerce. "Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman," she shouted and pointed at Strauss (a former partner in the Wall Street firm of Kuhn, Loeb & Co.), "this man financed the Bolshevik Revolution."

Space-candidate Gabe Green, besides sharing a home town with Richard Nixon, has one big thing in common with the Democratic candidate: He must overcome a youth problem. "In spite of my young age," he says, "I have the wisdom of the universe behind me." Indeed, he reports, interstellar travelers have called 75 times to brief him on spatial matters.

Green is also a bachelor, which could be accounted for by the fact that he considers Alpha Centauri women the prettiest he has seen. With the possible exception of such actresses as Ava Gardner, he says, "earth women just can't compare."

Georgia's Connie Watts, lean and amiably toothless at 71, calls himself "the rocking-chair candidate," and campaigns solely from a rocker on the porch of his unpainted frame farmhouse 5 miles south of Baldwin (population: 490). If elected, he proposes to move the nation's capital "right out there on that knoll," pointing to a spot 200 yards from his chair, and intends to donate the necessary land.

Solded: Beatnik Bill Smith, in his headquarters at Chicago's College of Complexes (i.e., a saloon), cheerfully admitted last week that he couldn't donate much of anything. Bearded, of course, and carefully soiled, he was wearing his only suit—astonishingly, of cliché gray flannel—brown sandals (sans socks), and a black cap. A bookseller, Smith says: "I make just enough to live—at any rate, I make sure I don't make enough to have to pay taxes."

Smith plans to campaign in the Midwest—he is contemptuous of New York's Greenwich Village and Venice, Calif.—but he will appear on no ballots. In fact, as a pacific anarchist who would like to see the U.S. reduced to a group of small primitive tribes, the candidate appears to disdain elections. This may make Bill Smith the ideal oddball nominee—one who can't win, doesn't want to win, and disapproves of winning in principle.

CRIME:

Fagin Was a Piker

In the 3 a.m. darkness of a rain-spattered night last week, 30 detectives emerged from their bleak Brooklyn West headquarters. In teams of two and three, they fanned out through that seamy section of New York's Brooklyn known as Bath Beach, not far from the spawning grounds of Murder, Inc., two decades ago. Each team knew exactly where to find the individuals it was looking for—in quite a few cases, at the home of girl friends. By the time of a gray sunrise, they had rounded up their men.

But few of the twenty prisoners were



N.Y. Daily News
Student Graffeo: Flunked, the gangland way

really men. Most of them were sullen, sleek-haired youths in their late teens. If they talked and acted like full-fledged mobsters, it was only because of their schooling. And schooling was the word, for these young toughs formed the nucleus of an organized school; a school that featured on-the-job training in burglary; a school whose teachers were second-echelon hoodlums, and whose board of trustees included top figures of the underworld, some of whom had attended that infamous convention of the crime syndicate leaders at Apalachin, N.Y., in 1957. As one Brooklyn detective expressed it: "You might call this outfit a junior Apalachin."

At least one member had been

flunked, the gangland way. He was 17-year-old Vincent Graffeo, who was thrown from a car and beaten, stomped, and shot to death on a Brooklyn street early last June. Why? Graffeo was facing burglary charges at the time and was to have appeared in court the next day. Obviously, his teachers and trustees were taking no chances on his letting the old school down.

Trickle Up: It was the intensive investigation triggered by Graffeo's murder that brought the crime school to light and culminated in last week's roundup. In tracking down suspects, they uncovered the apprentice burglary ring which had operated in all of New York's boroughs and whose loot, over two years, was estimated at close to half a million dollars.

The older men in the ring—four of them were among those arrested—took care of disposing of the furs, jewelry, cigarettes, clothes, and whatever else was stolen, and a hefty proportion of the proceeds "trickled up"—as one detective working on the case expressed it—to the "big shots in the syndicate."

The way the school worked was described by Assistant Chief Inspector Raymond V. Martin, in over-all charge of the investigation. "The mob looks over these youngsters ganging around pool-rooms or candy stores—they're through with regular school and they don't have jobs—and it picks out the ones that look promising. In an ugly way, it's like a big corporation looking for junior-executive material. The ones that get picked are usually flattered and they also figure it's easy money. But sometimes it's a case of the fellow who's picked being scared to refuse."

On the Job: "The training is strictly on-the-job," Martin continued. "First, the kid goes along with an older bunch and they test him as a lookout. Then they'll start teaching him a specialty, like cutting alarm wires. Later on, two or three of the kids will be sent out on their own. The older hoods—the teachers—will pick out a fur store, say, and tell the kids to go after it. Then they sit back and wait till the kids show up with the furs."

What's going to happen to these youngsters now? Inspector Martin, a ruddy, 52-year-old police veteran, said thoughtfully: "That's up to the courts, of course. But I'd like to think this had put a stop to their criminal careers. I don't want to pick up a paper twenty years from now and read that Vincent Gambale"—he chose at random the name of a 17-year-old among those who had been arrested—"has be-

come a big man in the underworld."

Where did he place the blame? "Mostly on the parents," said Martin, himself the father of four. "One of these mothers, for instance, was moaning and crying that her son was always 'a good boy.' But I happen to know that she was taking a cut on the crap games he ran in their home."

TRAGEDY:

Death on the Trail

The other girls at Moss Lake Camp in New York's Adirondacks were aware, of course, that pretty Sally Roosevelt was a granddaughter of the late President, but mostly they thought of her as one of themselves, a cheerful companion as fond as they of the sports that filled the long summer days.

One day last week, Sally took a spill while horseback riding. But she didn't appear to have been hurt, and the next day she was off with friends on a mountain climb. Part way up, however, she complained of feeling ill, started back down the trail, and apparently fainted. An ambulance soon was speeding her toward the nearest hospital, in Utica, 60-odd miles away. By the time they got there, 13-year-old Sara Delano Roosevelt (named for her great-grandmother), third of four children of the John Roosevelts, was dead. The cause was a brain hemorrhage.

John Roosevelt, youngest of the President's children and the family's only Republican, got the most tragic word any parent can get in Calais, Maine, where he was about to make a speech on behalf of his party's ticket. To the audience he said in a choked voice: "Because of what has happened, I can not discuss politics . . ." Then he and his wife left by chartered plane for Utica.

From Hyde Park, Sally's grandmother, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, drove to Utica, with a police escort. But on Sunday she was back in Hyde Park (where she had previously arranged to meet John F. Kennedy, in observance of Social Security's 25th anniversary, at Franklin D. Roosevelt's grave). That same afternoon funeral services were held for Sally at Hyde Park's St. James Episcopal Church—the church where her grandfather had been senior warden.

PEOPLE:

Out at Home

By any estimate, and especially by his own, Roy Campanella had the world in his powerful palms—back in the not so long ago when he was riding high as the best catcher by far in the National League, when he was piloting his 41-foot, \$36,000 power cruiser around Long



Sally Roosevelt: A fatal spill

Island Sound, when life was a beer, a cigar, and a moonfaced grin.

There he was, living one of the great American dreams, and never for a minute forgetting how lucky he was to be living it. He would squat on a stool in the Brooklyn Dodger's clubhouse, stripped to his shorts, his hands spread on his brawny thighs, and he would prattle on in his excited, high-pitched way about how good life had been to him.

He'd had his troubles along the way: A hand-to-mouth boyhood in Philadelphia's Nicetown section, where he helped his father peddle fish, fruit, and vegetables from a Model-T truck; the knockabout life in the Negro leagues, where he put in ten years and no one knows how many thousands of miles for as little as \$120 a month.

But that was all behind him, and Campanella could laugh at most of it. Hunched in the dugout, he would spin tales of catching three games in a day, in three different towns, for three different Negro teams, and his fellow Dodgers would roar their delight. Everybody



Campanella: The greatest hurt

liked Roy, and he was almost as proud of his popularity as he was of the lusty swing that terrorized the best of pitchers, of his \$75,000 home in Long Island, and of his family—his second wife, Ruthe, their three children, and Ruthe's son by an earlier marriage.

Then came the morning of Jan. 28, 1958, when Campanella's car turned over on an ice-streaked Long Island road.

Living Paralysis: Since then, the once-robust athlete has been imprisoned in the mummy-like world of the quadriplegic. He can turn his head, slowly and stiffly, he can raise and lower his arms, limply. Otherwise he is totally paralyzed.

People have been kind. There were benefit games for him. He got work as a TV sports commentator, and he still has his liquor store in Harlem.

But fate seemed to have it in for Roy Campanella. First, his adopted son David was found guilty of juvenile delinquency, and it hurt Campanella deeply.

Then last week, tragedy-struck Roy Campanella was struck another blow. After fifteen years, his marriage to tall, shapely Ruthe Campanella was breaking up; and this, he said, "is the worst hurt of all." Campanella charged that for the last year, Ruthe has been neglecting him and the children, staying out all hours, running around with other men.

To an old friend, Campanella added, pathetically, that all he expected of his wife was that she tend to the children and keep up appearances. Whatever else she saw fit to do, as long as it caused no talk . . . well, said crippled, helpless Roy Campanella: "I would have turned my head."

MINNESOTA:

Eight Wives—Or Ten?

Suave Francis Naish Irving took Duluth, Minn., by storm. He came to the terraced hillside above Lake Superior in 1957, marching his 215 pounds on a faintly military 6-foot 2-inch frame and bringing along, besides a lovely new wife, encomiums on his engineering skill. With his recommendations, and his charm, Frank Irving, 55, quickly landed a \$12,000-a-year job as a construction manager for the Zalk-Josephs Co.

Soon, his well-tailored figure and close-cropped head could be seen at the luncheon table at the Duluth Athletic Club, at meetings of the Chamber of Commerce. He lived in a spaciously gracious old house at 2218 East Superior Street, a good street in a good neighborhood, and made do with an Oldsmobile and a Cadillac.

Hardly a year after his arrival, Irving felt sure enough of himself to run for councilman-at-large ("Vote for Irving as your watchdog"), finished a respectable sixth in a nine-man field. With his wife,

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Gretchen, he interested himself in the Duluth Symphony and, with free-spending friends, in gin rummy at The Flame, a night club owned by Jim Oreck.

"He was a nice guy," Oreck recalls now. "He liked to play a little cards. But he was a very poor card player."

Oreck, perhaps, spotted the first chink in the boldly respectable front of Frank Irving. Before long, businessmen who liked Irving's company discovered that they might have to submit to a small touch to enjoy it—\$50 or \$100, a minor sum among such prosperous friends.

Out of Sight: From Irving's charming, poised exterior, however, nobody could have guessed that he was in trouble. Then, during June 1959, Irving dropped from sight, leaving behind his wife and a towering structure of debt and deceit. Just how much he owes and to whom, most of the solid citizens of Duluth aren't saying, especially since Irving's unmasking.

The unmasking began in Buffalo, N.Y., where he was arrested first on suspicion of trying to pass a bad check and then was held on charges of grand larceny in Kennewick, Wash. But the United States Government wanted him in Duluth. There, lodged in the St. Louis County Jail, the extent of Irving's operations came to light last week.

In the first place, his name wasn't Francis Naish Irving or any other of about 40 aliases he has used. The Federal Bureau of Investigation said he was born in Bucharest as Pete Dunca and came to the U.S. in 1921 as Pete A. Duncan. He is still an alien. The FBI dossier, fairly complete except for the period 1939 to 1952, when it is assumed that he was in South America, credits him with at least eight wives (some say ten) and a criminal record (bad checks, confidence games, fugitive from justice) beginning within months of his arrival in this country.

No Count: Irving-Dunca-Duncan is not helping much with the statistical data on wives or lives as he awaits a December trial on two Federal indictments. Specifically, he is accused of lying to various Duluth lending agencies to get \$11,000 in Federal Housing Authority loans to mend the roof of the Superior Street house. The penalty could amount to as much as twelve years in prison, a \$30,000 fine, or both.

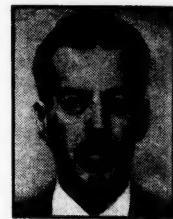
Even if freed of the Federal charges, he could be tried on Minnesota charges of forging the name of wife No. 8 (or 10) to stock certificates. If that doesn't hold him, other communities are waiting in the wings.

Duluth was half-shocked, half-amused at the beating it had taken. As Assistant U.S. Attorney Hy Segall remarked: "Irving is the type of fellow you see in every Rotary Club in the country; the type who wears the 25-year pin."

WASHINGTON TIDES

'Doctrine of Concern'

by Ernest K. Lindley



To THE actions which the August session of Congress should take to strengthen the position of the U.S. and the free world, should now be added the Mansfield resolution. Much as the Vandenberg resolution of 1948 paved the way for the North Atlantic Treaty, the Mansfield resolution would pave the way for a new area of inter-American cooperation.

In presenting his resolution, Senator Mansfield urged the Administration not "to try to ram through" this session the President's \$600 million special Latin American aid authorization. There is no essential conflict between the proposals, however. Indeed, every one of the six main points in the Mansfield resolution should attract wide bipartisan support.

The sixth point—which I take first because of its instant importance—proposes joint action through the OAS "to foreclose the establishment of military bases in this hemisphere by any nation not of this hemisphere and to curb by all necessary means any American nation whose policies and actions grossly outrage the conscience or threaten the security of the Americas." While Mansfield rejects unilateral intervention in the internal affairs of any American nation, he holds that the general doctrine of nonintervention, as it now stands, is inadequate to the present and future needs of the Americas. He thinks the other American republics should be prepared to act together against any American nation which jeopardizes their security or "grossly outrages the conscience of the hemisphere." He suggests that this new concept be called the Doctrine of Hemispheric Concern. This is good advice for the meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the American Republics in Costa Rica.

COMMON MARKET

One other of Mansfield's six points may be somewhat controversial: Long-range agreements to facilitate marketing and "insure an equitable price" for the principal commodities produced in the Western Hemisphere, plus encouragement of the gradual development of a common market among the American Republics. Still another may be hard to implement: "The development of

uniform standards and practices with respect to operation, rights, and responsibilities of private capital" which flows across national boundaries. But the need is beyond argument.

His other three points speak for themselves: (1) More cultural exchanges; (2) consolidation of agencies of inter-American cooperation within the structure of the Organization of American States and strengthening of the OAS in other ways; and (3) development of specific plans "to foster economic progress and improvements in the welfare and level of living of all the peoples of the Western Hemisphere on the basis of joint aid, mutual effort, and common sacrifice."

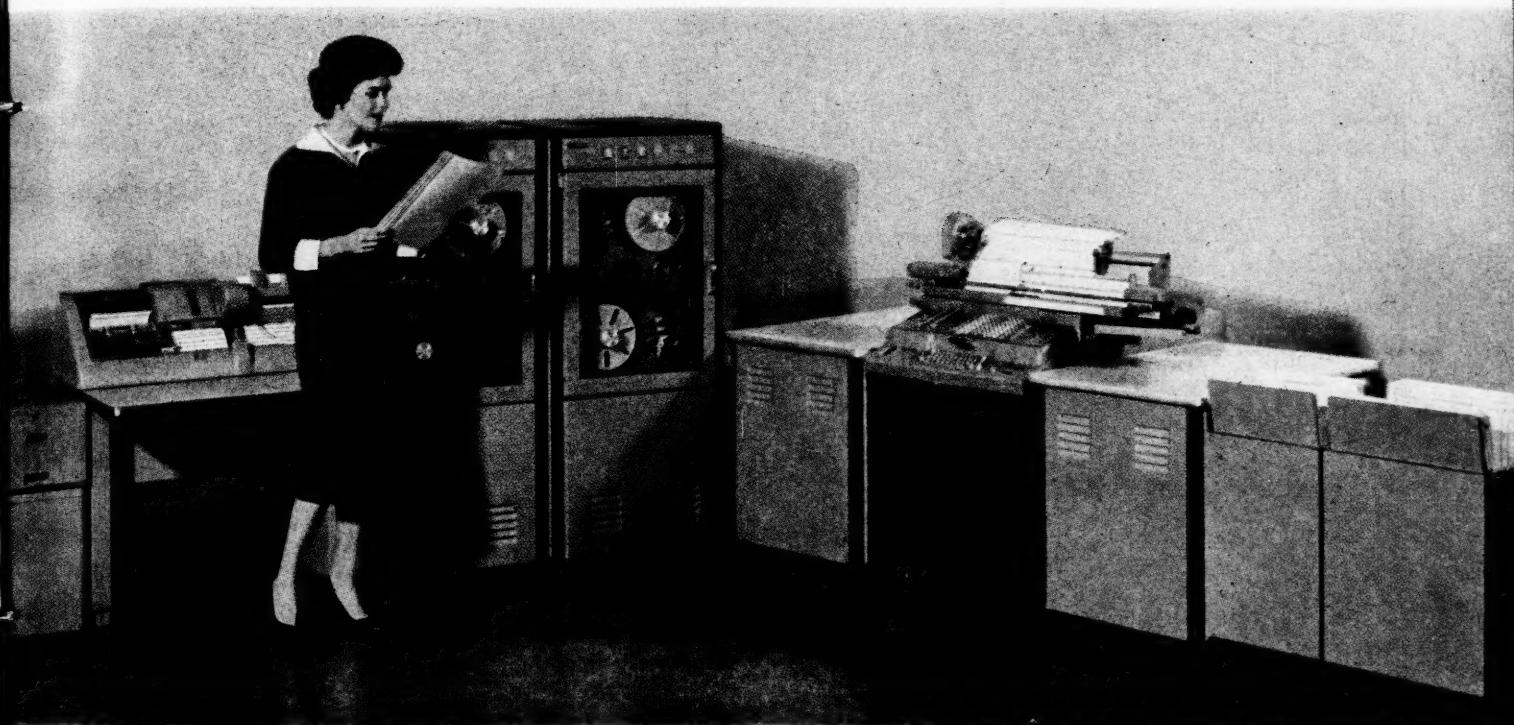
LONG-TERM AID

The resolution might well affirm more definitely our readiness to finance our share of jointly planned and executed programs of social improvement and economic development. Already some of our Latin American friends have criticized as inadequate the President's proposal for \$600 million in special aid. Of course, this amount is not being suggested as a limit for all time on our aid in Latin American development. It was intended instead to indicate our readiness to do more than we have been doing. It is more important to indicate our willingness to support a long-term program than to set any dollar floors or ceilings on our aid.

Mansfield's resolution and his speech explaining it won the plaudits of such well-informed Republican senators as Aiken of Vermont, Cooper of Kentucky, and Javits of New York, as well as of several Democrats. It marks a revival of concern about Latin America that began a little more than two years ago. During the preceding decade, Congress and the Executive alike tended to take Latin America for granted. The change began with a few ugly episodes during Vice President Nixon's trip to South America. It has been accelerated, of course, by recent events in Cuba. The time has come for a broad new affirmation of American policy, such as Mansfield has proposed. And the time has come when such an affirmation can readily command a strong bipartisan majority.

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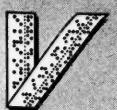
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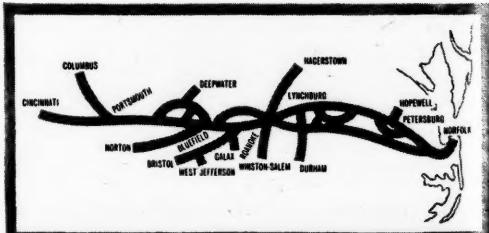
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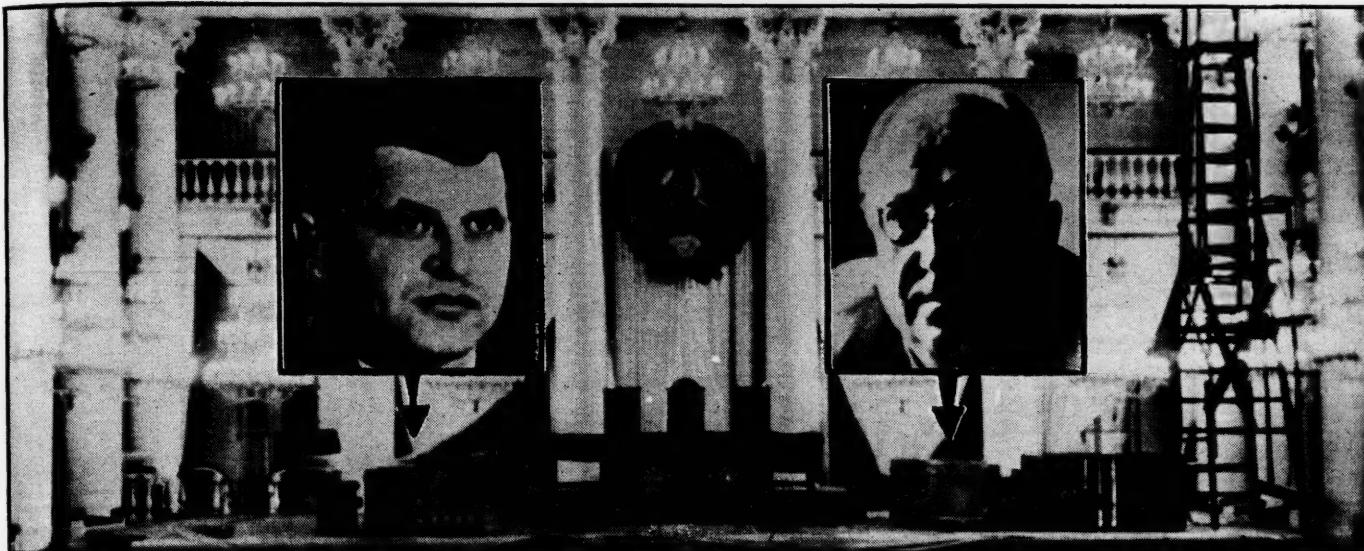
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The curtain rises: Francis Powers (left inset) and Roman Rudenko (the prosecutor) dominate the Moscow court

The Pilot and The Prosecutor

From all over the world they came—lawyers from Virginia and India, reporters from Tokyo and London, diplomats, students, labor leaders, and tearful relatives. Under the gray skies and the late-summer rains that were drenching Moscow, they were gathering to watch one lone man caught up in a great world drama.

At the center of the spotlit stage sat a chubby-faced young American pilot named Francis Gary Powers, on trial for his life. It was the first such show trial in Russia since Stalin finished his great purges of the 1930s and, as in the 1930s, much more than one man's life was at stake. For Powers' ill-fated reconnaissance flight over Russia on May 1 had marked a turning point in the entire cold war. This was the case Nikita S. Khrushchev had taken as his pretext to wreck the summit conference, to turn yesterday's "coexistence" into today's crises. And now he hoped to prosecute not only Powers but the U.S. before a watching world.

Ballyhoo: To make sure the world did watch, the Soviets had resorted to every device of the Broadway showman, plus a few of their own invention. The giant theater itself, the 2,000-seat Hall of Columns in the green and white Trade Union building (photo, above), had been newly refurbished from its 26 crystal chandeliers to its parquet floor. Technicians had installed microphones for nationwide radio-television coverage, and headsets for simultaneous translation into Russian, English, French, German, and Chinese. And to create the atmosphere of spy mania, the Soviet press unearthed a new "American agent"

almost every day. "This is probably the most widely publicized trial of the century," cabled Newsweek's Moscow bureau chief Whitman Bassow.

It was in this atmosphere of Soviet ballyhoo that Francis Powers would be marched out of his cell this Wednesday and brought before a three-man military tribunal headed by Lt. Gen. Viktor Borisoglebsky. There, Roman Rudenko, the state prosecutor who had headed the Soviet team at Nuremberg, would read the 4,000-word indictment.

Powers would have heard the charges time and time again during his three-month confinement and interrogation, and now he might well have other things on his mind, too. He might be thinking bitterly that this was the very day of his 31st birthday. He might be looking through the crowd for his 25-year-old

wife, Barbara, his heart-stricken mother, Ida, and his father, Oliver—all of whom had flown to Moscow in hopes of interceding with Khrushchev for a pardon (Powers has no right to appeal).

The indictment filed by Soviet police boss Alexander N. Shelepin is a full-scale attack on the U.S. It quotes and denounces President Eisenhower, the late Secretary of State Dulles, Vice President Nixon, blaming them for "the arms race [and] other aggressive actions endangering universal peace . . . For the realization of their aggressive policy . . . Francis Gary Powers was recruited."

I Confess: Rudenko was then expected to retrace Powers' whole 1,500-mile flight, from the take-off in Pakistan, to the fatal point near Sverdlovsk. There an anti-aircraft missile hit the U-2 and Powers—in his own words—"heard a kind of hollow explosion and saw an orange flash. The plane suddenly pitched down and, I think, its wings and tail started falling off . . . I opened the canopy . . . and got out from the plane through the top." Finally Rudenko would come to what the Soviets called Powers' confession: "I plead guilty to the fact that I have flown over the Soviet territory . . . with the aim of collecting intelligence information about the Soviet Union."

In the face of such a plea the case might well have been tried in a matter of hours. But the Kremlin had seen its opportunity of humiliating the U.S.—so the trial might go on for days. In such circumstances, the U.S. has done its best to provide the prisoner with a defense. From Washington a battery of American lawyers had sent Mikhail I. Grinev, the professional advocate appointed by the

Just Talk?

Back from his Black Sea vacation, Nikita S. Khrushchev last week hinted that he would attend the September session of the U.N. General Assembly in New York. Purpose: To peddle his latest disarmament plan.

Was K really likely to come to the U.S. during the election campaign? Washington thought not—but President Eisenhower said: "If it was useful for me to see him, why I could, of course, invite him to come down."

Soviets to represent Powers, a brief with these main arguments:

1—Powers, flying at 68,000 feet, was not violating Soviet airspace any more than sputniks violate American airspace.

2—The Soviet failure to protest against previous U-2 flights was a tacit permission for such flights.

3—Powers was not acting as an individual but as a representative of the U.S. Government.

There was little if any chance that the Soviet court would accept any of these pleas. And there was doubt in Washington whether Powers himself wanted to make any defense. Some U.S. officials feared he had been "brainwashed." The State Department warned that since "Powers has been in the exclusive control of the Soviet authorities . . . anything he says should be judged in the light of these circumstances and Soviet past practices." In that light, that darkness at noon, the world could remember the harrowing spectacle of a broken Cardinal Mindszenty confessing even to crimes he did not commit.

Phony? Others were not so sure that brainwashing had been needed to make Powers plead guilty. "That brainwashing stuff is a phony," said a U.S. authority on psychological warfare. "What the Russians do is relatively simple. They don't do it with drugs or mental magic. It's a matter of high-pressure questioning, confusing unsophisticated minds that can't resist very well."

What had really happened during Powers' interrogation was a secret the Communists were never likely to di-



Associated Press

Anxious: The parents, Ida and Oliver Powers, and the wife, Barbara

vulge. For their aim is not just to punish one U.S. airman, but to indict America itself, and to prove—to the world—that the U.S. is guilty of espionage. To this charge, President Eisenhower had already pleaded guilty. To this charge, the U.S. offered—and needed—no defense.

Instead of a defense, the U.S. had an answer, and a persuasive answer: Self-defense and national survival. So long as the West confronts the secret and closed society of the Soviet world, so long must it provide itself with detailed military intelligence on the threats to its survival that the Soviets are preparing behind their barred frontiers. Obtaining that intelligence is espionage, "a distasteful but

vital necessity," as President Eisenhower described it. It has always been practiced (see below) and today espionage has become not only big business but a fact of life. Its greatest practitioners—and perhaps its most successful practitioners—are the Russians themselves.

The Soviet Union's spy apparatus is the biggest in the world. Officially known as the KGB (Committee on State Security), its six-story, dark stone headquarters on Moscow's Dzerzhinsky Street provides the nerve center for an estimated 300,000 trained agents, operating on a budget of \$2 billion, for 27 different Communist-bloc intelligence organizations. Reinforcing these profes-

Regarding Spies: 'Send Thou Men That They . . .

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Send thou men, that they may search the land of Canaan . . . And Moses sent them to spy out the land of Canaan, and said unto them . . . see the land, what it is; and the people that dwelleth therein, whether they be strong or weak, few or many . . . whether in tents or in strongholds."

Spies rarely receive such authoritative orders, but they have followed much the same mission through the centuries, changing only in a few techniques from the Trojan Horse to the reconnaissance satellite. A gallery of historical masters:

►The Guide: Hannibal not only used elephants as armored divisions but developed an early version of the hidden transmitter. Besieging a city in Sicily, he sent a man up the walls to masquerade as an old campaigner who wanted to join the defense. Inside, pre-

tending to get his campfire going, the agent used his blanket to send smoke signals to guide Hannibal's attack.

►The Market Researcher: Genghis Khan was the first general to form a permanent espionage branch. He disguised his agents as merchants, who roamed the bazaars of Samarkand and Kabul and brought back complete maps.

►The Legends: The American Revolution set families and friends to spying. One agent, Nathan Hale, reputedly caught by his own cousin, gave the classic death speech: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country." Another, Gen. Benedict Arnold, turned against Washington, sold Britain the plans of West Point, and escaped to infamy.

►The Pander: Bismarck's police chief, Wilhelm Stieber, was so methodical in organizing other men's frailties that he built "The Green House," an establishment in Berlin where officials were invited to enjoy every imaginable kind of



Black Star

vice-for-fun to spy a bar of the Stieber the a French The (photo since girl w dance cloth the f to su Mini sold ality attire glove The espion the v Cicer

sional spies are the world's Communist parties, millions of ruthless and dedicated organizers, in every country in the world.

Soviet spies have achieved some striking successes. Through a tightly knit conspiracy that took in the scientists in three nations—Klaus Fuchs of Britain, Alan Nunn May of Canada, and the friends of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg in the U.S.—the Soviets grabbed the blueprints of the atomic bomb. They enticed Bruno Pontecorvo, the great Italian physicist, and two of Britain's top diplomats—Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean—to defect to the Soviet Union; they spirited away West Germany's chief counterespionage agent, Otto John.

Looking In: The KGB also masterminds Russian military reconnaissance. Like the RB-47 shot down in the Barents Sea (NEWSWEEK, July 11), Red Air Force planes do precisely the same job of "looking" in at Western bases—with long-range cameras. Aeroflot's civilian airliners flying into London regularly photograph U.S. bases in East Anglia; Russian submarines have been spotted off British naval bases. And remember that Russian trawler Vega, which tried to recover a U.S. Polaris missile, and came to within 12 miles of Long Island? The Vega (photo) had radar equipment all over its superstructure—but no fishing tackle at all.

The KGB's greatest asset is its tight security. There are no loose-mouthed politicians to give the game away. But the Soviets, too, make mistakes—and their spies often pay with their lives.



Associated Press

Soviet trawler Vega: Plenty of radar but no fishing nets

Every week, there are reports of Red agents being executed in Turkey, South Korea, Formosa, and Iran. West Germany has arrested 18,300 Soviet spies in eight years; Britain has expelled 30 Soviet diplomats since 1956. Just last week, the U.S. ordered the expulsion of the Soviet Embassy's First Secretary Valentin M. Ivanov, charging he had paid an American \$500 to infiltrate the government. Among other Russian diplomats ousted from the U.S. since 1950 for espionage activity:

►Comdr. Igor Amosov, a naval attaché, kicked out for stealing U.S. radar secrets.
►Col. Ivan Bubchikov, who offered an American engineer large sums of money

for details of U.S. atomic submarines. ►Aleksandr Kovalev, who paid \$500 for the microfilms of U.S. documents.

U.S. espionage is—unfortunately—less effective than that of the Communists. This is not surprising, since Russia—a closed society—is a far more difficult territory for agents to work in. But the CIA gradually is becoming more professional. It now employs some 15,000 agents. Security forbids mention of the CIA's over-all budget, but few insiders doubt that it spends half a billion a year.

The CIA's record is mixed—there are successes, but many failures. U.S. intelligence took credit for the overthrow of Mohammed Mossadegh in Iran in 1953, and for the downfall of the pro-Communist Guatemalan regime in 1954. Yet the CIA originally considered Fidel Castro a democratic hero and in 1958 it gave no warning of the coup by Iraq's Brig. Gen. Karim el-Kassem, who captured all the Baghdad Pact documents and executed every Iraqi connected with U.S. intelligence. In the Far East, reports NEWSWEEK's Robert S. Elegant, U.S. intelligence often intervenes in local politics with unpredictable results: It vainly provided arms to Indonesian rebels while the State Department supported President Sukarno; it helped elect the rightist Laotian Government now verging on collapse (see page 32).

Allied Spies: Other Allied agencies are smaller—but no less effective than the CIA. So efficient is West Germany's Bureau of Federal Investigation that the Russians have offered \$25,000 to anyone who will murder its boss, Reinhard Gehlen, 57, former intelligence chief on the Wehrmacht's Eastern Front. Gehlen has so many men inside Walter Ulbricht's East German Communist Party that a current joke has it that "Ulbricht is afraid to talk to himself for fear he might be a Gehlen agent."

Of all the Western intelligence out-

... May Search out the Land'

vice—while disguised police took notes for future reference. And when it came to snaring Bismarck's enemies, he sent a baroness to Paris to be the mistress of the French War Minister, while Stieber himself wormed his way into the service of the French delegate at a Franco-German peace conference.

►The Femme Fatale: Mata Hari (photo), the most famous female spy since Delilah, was a middle-class Dutch girl who passed herself off as an Indian dancer, and passed off most of her clothes during her dances. Even before the first world war, she sold her favors to such rivals as the German Foreign Minister and French War Minister, and sold military secrets with equal impartiality. Arrested by the French, she died, attired in elegantly tailored suit and gloves, before a Zouave firing squad.

►The Free-Lance: One of the biggest espionage coups of World War II was the work of an Albanian known only as Cicero, who wangled a job at the Brit-

ish Embassy in Ankara, Turkey, and copied off the whole Allied D-Day invasion plan. The Nazis bought it for \$1.2 million—but refused to believe it was the genuine article. And they paid him in counterfeit notes.

►The Prophet: The most brilliant spy of modern times was Richard Sorge, a longtime Communist who posed so successfully as a Nazi foreign correspondent in Tokyo that he actually wrote most of the German Ambassador's World War II dispatches. After ten years, Sorge was finally caught by a police-paid dancing girl, who saw him tear up a message and throw it out a car window. Before his execution, Sorge had tipped off Stalin to both Hitler's invasion and Pearl Harbor—yet, like Cicero, he wasn't believed. But in the mythologizing that surrounds all such spy stories, some experts believe Sorge was secretly shipped to Russia and still operates somewhere behind the Iron Curtain.

GENERAL ELECTRIC contributes to another space technology "first"

First Space Vehicle Recovered From Orbit

GENERAL ELECTRIC MISSILE AND SPACE VEHICLE DEPARTMENT RE-ENTRY VEHICLE ABOARD USAF DISCOVERER/AGENA SATELLITE RETURNS TO EARTH AFTER $\frac{1}{2}$ MILLION MILE TRIP

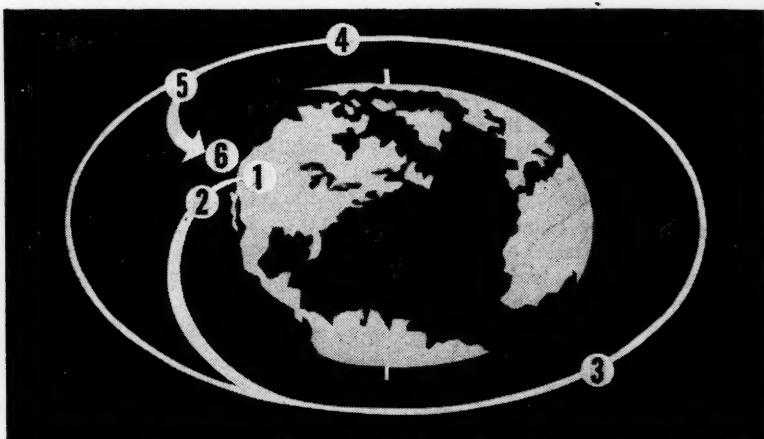
When man enters space, his survival will depend upon how well scientists have been able to anticipate the human and mechanical factors involved in space flight. The U.S. Air Force's recent successful DISCOVERER Program Agena Satellite flight has made an important contribution in this area. Information gained from instrumentation in this first successful recovery of the Agena's re-entry capsule is now being analyzed. It will provide the U.S. with vital facts applicable to designing vehicles for manned space flight and successfully recovering them.

General Electric's Missile and Space Vehicle Department, in Philadelphia, Pa., designed, developed and built DISCOVERER Program re-entry/recovery vehicle which housed the vital instrumentation package. MSVD has also developed and built the animal life support system which will be carried in the recoverable capsule on future Discoverer/Agena satellite flights.

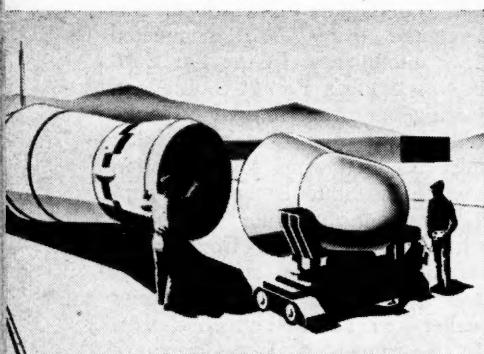
Working as a subcontractor to Lockheed's Missile and Space Division, Discoverer Program system manager and prime contractor,

MSVD was able to utilize its years of re-entry/recovery vehicle experience to help make this satellite re-entry and recovery possible.

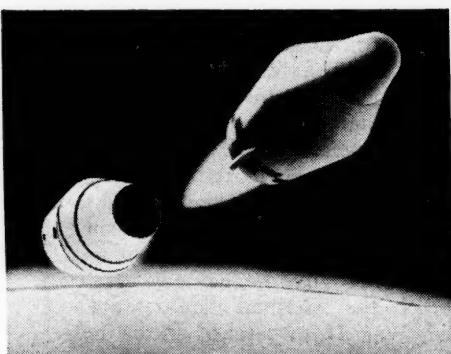
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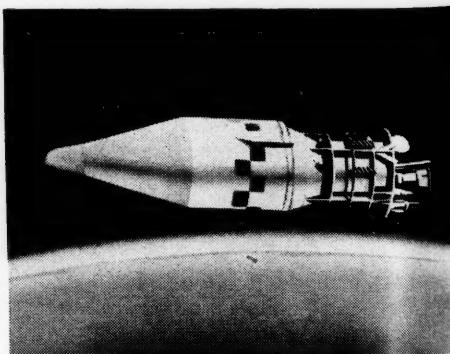
DISCOVERER/AGENA WAS LAUNCHED FROM CALIFORNIA and orbited Earth seventeen times at altitudes from 161 to 436 miles before its re-entry vehicle was ejected and returned to Earth near Hawaii.



1 RE-ENTRY/RECOVERY VEHICLE AND FAIRING ARE MATED TO AGENA SATELLITE AND THOR booster at Vandenberg Air Force Base in Calif.



2 APPROXIMATELY 82 MILES ABOVE EARTH, THOR booster separates and Lockheed Agena integral engine starts to give satellite final thrust into orbit.

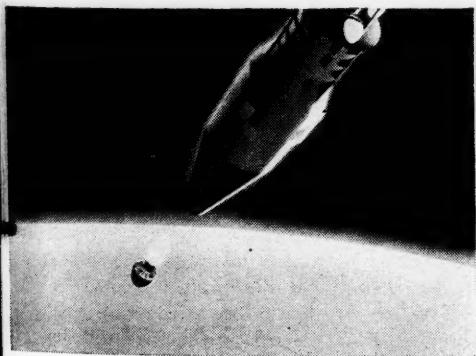


3 ONCE IN ORBIT OVER THE POLES OF EARTH, Lockheed Agena is kept stabilized through its 17 Earth orbits by internal control systems.

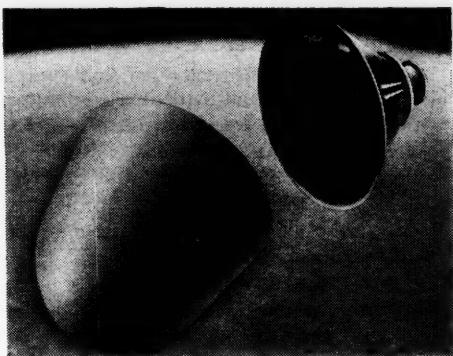
MISSILE AND SPACE VEHICLE DEPARTMENT OF THE DEFENSE ELECTRONICS DIVISION



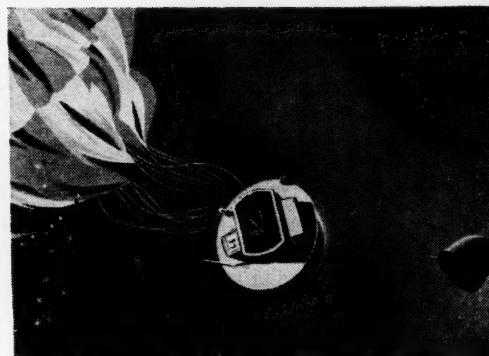
USAF 6594th TEST WING (SATELLITE) RECOVERY SQUADRON C-119'S followed radio signals from G-E developed and built Discoverer recovery vehicle until it was visually sighted. A helicopter from the U.S. Haiti Victory made the recovery about 330 miles northwest of Honolulu.



4 G. E. RE-ENTRY VEHICLE IS EJECTED from nose of Discoverer/Agena satellite which has been re-oriented in orbit, tilting 60 degrees toward-Earth.



5 ORBIT-EJECTION sub-system on rear of re-entry vehicle has event programmers, power supplies, retro rocket, and control devices. After ejecting the re-entry vehicle from orbit, the ejection unit is separated.



6 IN THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE, after re-entry, the vehicle's heat protection shield falls away; parachute opens at 50,000 feet for slow descent. Radio beacons, blinking lights are actuated.

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INTERNATIONAL

fits, the most famous is that of Britain's MI 5, whose members call one another "The Friends." MI 5's exploits are often legendary, but its security is perhaps the tightest outside Russia. When a NEWSWEEK correspondent in London approached a high official for some details of British intelligence, he got a mocking answer: A large sealed envelope, containing a smaller sealed envelope marked secret, containing a letter saying: "I am utterly unable to give you what you want."

No Sentiment: There is little room for sentiment in any of these services. Among their agents, mercenary motives are often more important than emotional patriotism. Only one thing matters—that the struggle should go on. And this week, as Francis Powers goes on trial in Moscow, that struggle was going on around the world.

It goes on in remote bases in Sakhalin and Norway, where soldiers hunch over electronic equipment. It goes on in the sleepy university libraries of Boston and Leningrad, where scholars pore over dreary pages of economic statistics. And it goes on in West Berlin's peppermint-striped Kranzler café, where one shifty-eyed figure may pass a phone number, or a poisoned cigarette, and may never be seen again. For so long as there is war—hot or cold—there will be espionage, and so long as there is espionage, there will be both heroes and victims. Pilot Francis Powers, as he faces the court this week, is a little bit of each. His only crime was that of being caught.

RED CHINA:

Love, Death and Truth

What is love? Why, it's "service to the needs of the revolution," of course. That, at least, is how the Chinese Communist Party defined it last week in the magazine *China Youth*.

Romantic love, it said, is a commercial transaction "proceeding from extreme egoism . . . An absolutely rotten . . . expression of individualistic . . . desires." On the other hand, "proletarian love [has] exalted Communist morality as its foundation," leading proletarian mothers to gladly give up their sons for the revolution. For example, "after Huang Chi-kuang was sacrificed, his heroic mother immediately offered her beloved second son to the motherland."

And what is death?

For the capitalist, because his life is empty, death ends all. On the other hand, "revolutionists can sacrifice their lives for they definitely do not fear death . . . Since they know Communism will undoubtedly triumph, they glare contempt at death!"

And what is truth? China Youth would not, or could not, tell.



Associated Press

Kong Le: Chaos in Laos

LAOS:

Now, Pay Attention

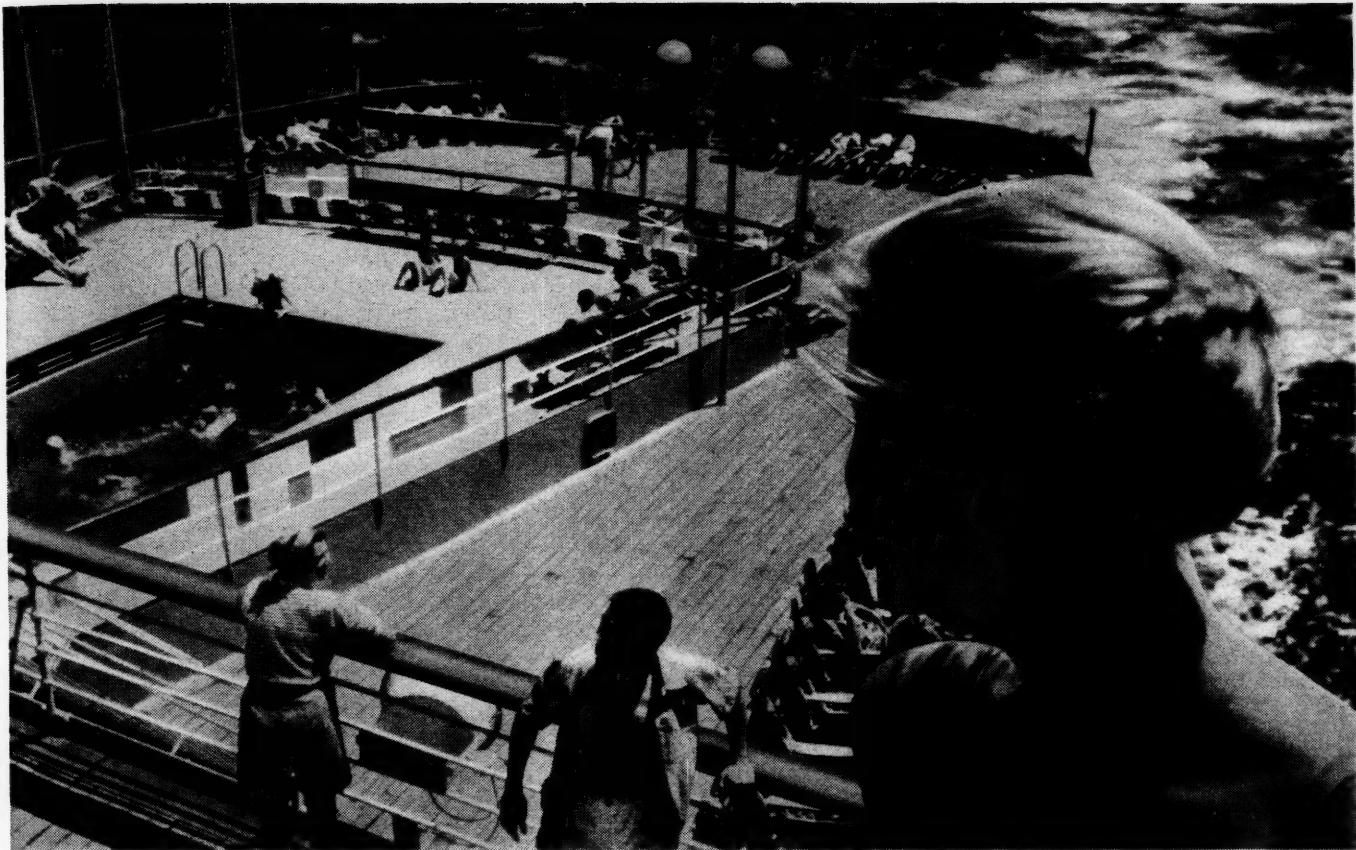
It was the peak of the monsoon season, and the sleepy little town of Vientiane, capital of the kingdom of Laos, was even quieter than usual. Then one morning last week, shots rang out in the dawn and Vientiane awoke to find a new government in power.

During the night, a political unknown, Capt. Kong Le, 27-year-old commander of one of Laos's elite parachute battalions, had moved his paratroopers into the yellowing French colonial government office buildings, set up roadblocks, and proclaimed a revolutionary regime for his country. "I am a soldier, but I am fed up with fighting," he said, "we must . . . get rid of foreign troops [i.e., the French and U.S. military missions] . . . establish friendly relations with neighboring countries [Communist China and North Vietnam] . . . [and] accept aid from any country so long as it is without political or military strings."

What did the coup mean? Was Laos, less than a year after U.N. intervention had saved it from the Communist Pathet Lao invasion from North Vietnam, about to go behind the Bamboo Curtain?

Simple or Not? It wasn't quite that simple. In fact, things are never quite as simple as they seem in the quaint little kingdom of Laos.

For one thing, there are two capitals—Vientiane, now ruled by the rebels, and Luang Prabang, the royal residence 140 miles to the north. At the time the army revolt broke out, the entire Cabinet of Premier Tiao Samsanith was in Luang Prabang, making arrangements for the burial of King Sisavang Vong (who died last October). At the moment, therefore, paratrooper Kong Le had the



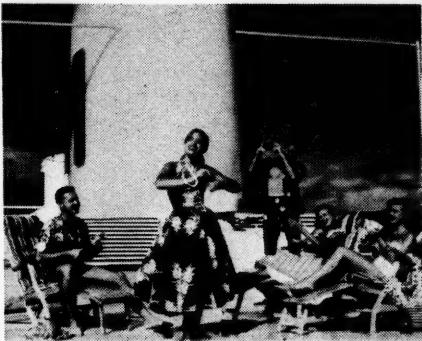
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INTERNATIONAL

administrative capital all to himself. Laos also suffers—at least in foreigners' eyes—from the tongue-twisting complexities and similarities of its names. Thus, when Kong Le, the rebel, named Prince Souvana Phouma as his representative, outsiders tended to confuse him with his half brother, Prince Souphana Vong. The former—S.P.—is an ex-Premier, who quit in 1958. The latter—S.V.—heads the local Pathet Lao Communists.

Reshuffle: Speaking on Kong Le's behalf, ex-Premier S.P. last week asked the King (whose name is Savang Vatthana) to negotiate an end to "the fratricidal war among Laotians." By this he meant the intermittent fighting that has been going on in the little kingdom ever since the Communists were ousted from the government coalition in 1958. Kong Le actually proposed that ex-Premier S.P. himself should become the next Premier, since he was the best equipped to make a deal with the Reds—through his half brother, S.V. But S.P. declined—leaving Kong Le and his parachute rebels with a capital (Vientiane), but without a Premier.

What happens next is almost as hard to predict as Laotian names are to pronounce. Laos is likely to remain in trouble, but that is how things have been in the land of Laos from time immemorial.

ENGLAND:

There'll Always Be . . .

Harmony, Melody, and Symphony all purred con spirito last week as Nan Coton, a tiny, middle-aged spinster who is a pianist and graduate of the Royal College of Music, explained about her cats. A British magistrate had just told her that unless she was prepared to pay a \$5-a-day fine she must reduce the number of cats in her Sussex cottage from 51 to ten—and do it within two months. They were driving the neighbors crazy.

"What heartlessness," said Miss Coton, especially when many of her darlings were refugees from the 1953 Mau Mau rebellion in Kenya. At that time, she explained, the Lancashire Fusiliers had found that cats were being nailed alive to trees as part of native rituals. The Fusiliers had promptly renamed the Mau Mau, "Miaow Miaow"—but Miss Coton, more constructive, had rescued 29 of the feline victims and brought them back to the safety of England.

Ever since, they and their offspring had stayed at her side—through 39 separate moves made in response to neighbors' pleas. "I just can't kill any of them," Miss Coton wailed. As she spoke, Andante rolled on the carpet, Fortissimo howled in the garden, and Piccolo, his eyes not yet fully open, climbed onto her lap, mewing pianissimo.

WESTERN EUROPE:

Building a Bridge

A truly "historic" conference, Harold Macmillan called it. Gripping Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's bony hand at Bonn's Wahn Airport, the Prime Minister flew off home, convinced that at long last a bridge had been built between Britain and Western Europe.

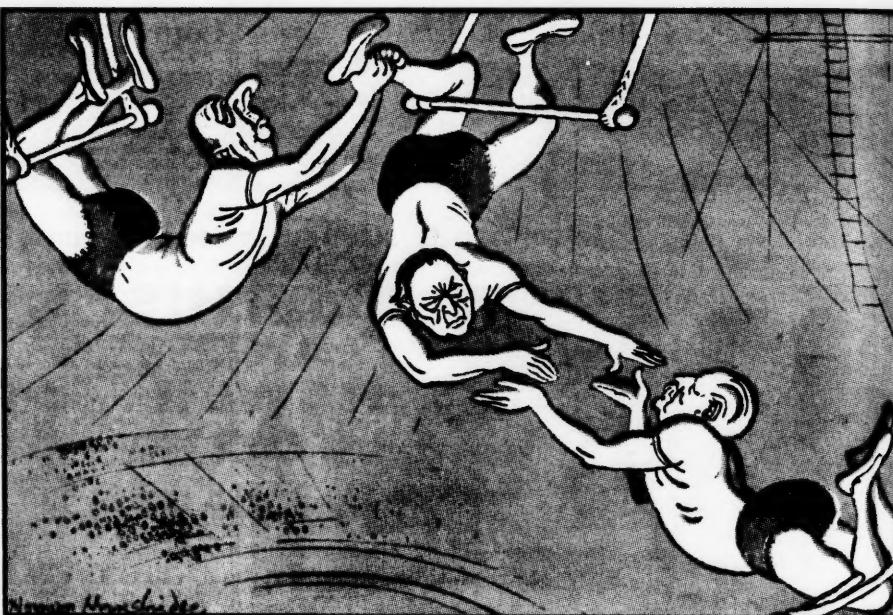
Adenauer had invited Macmillan to Germany, out of a growing concern for the state of the world. With the U.S. engaged in its Presidential campaign, and Russia displaying an increased belligerence, the division of Europe between the six-nation Common Market and the British-led Outer Seven was weakening NATO, West Germany's main bulwark against the Reds. Adenauer discussed his anxieties with Charles

preference (free entry of Commonwealth goods).

Macmillan cited some compelling specifics: Scrapping the system, he said, would bankrupt New Zealand within a year, and badly damage the economies of Canada and Australia. Lord Home, the new British Foreign Secretary, intervened to note that Britain has no import duty on Commonwealth mutton and lamb—while the Common Market tariff is as high as 19 per cent.

Eventually, Adenauer agreed that this was an unanswerable case. And, reluctantly, he made the biggest concession of the conference: Britain can come to terms with the Common Market, and still retain imperial preference.

Would the other five members of the Common Market agree? It depends on Charles de Gaulle—and both Adenauer and Macmillan expect to talk to



Norman Mansbridge, The Sunday Times, London

On the diplomatic trapeze: Adenauer forms the link

de Gaulle—but the French President's suggested remedy (a European "Third Force") was not to Der Alte's liking. So Adenauer turned to Macmillan—and found the Briton felt the same way.

"Let's get down to work," said Macmillan when he arrived. And on their first day together, the two leaders did just that. Adenauer was relieved to find that Macmillan has given up his belief that the Soviet Union is ready to negotiate a détente; Macmillan was delighted to find the old German willing to "play down" the supranational aspects of the Common Market, which would require the British to hand over part of their cherished sovereignty.

Then, in Adenauer's office, the two heads of government faced up to the toughest problem before them: How to link Britain to the Common Market without dismantling its system of imperial

de Gaulle within the next few weeks. Persuading the French President to make concessions to the British will not be easy. But as Prime Minister Macmillan arrived home last week, the respected London Economist found ground for guarded optimism. "Some kind of European confederation," it said, "including the United Kingdom, is a stage nearer."

ITALY:

A Hand for Feet

Salvatore Ferragamo was a man who once said: "I love feet. They talk to me."

A good foot—with firm muscles and a strong arch—was, to Ferragamo, "a masterpiece of divine workmanship." A bad foot—one with crooked toes and ugly joints—was "an agony."

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ing; foam cushions; rear carpeting; tailoring only the British could craft; heater and defroster.

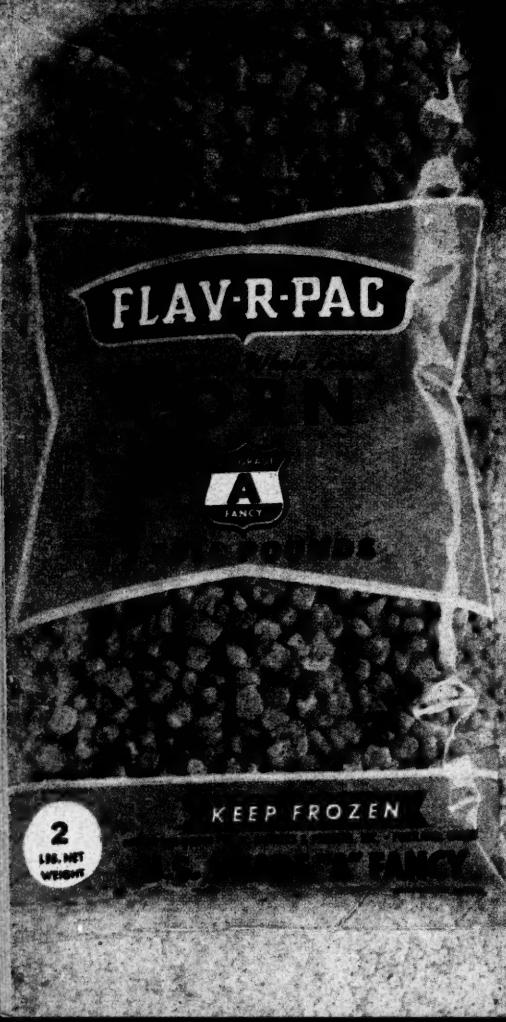
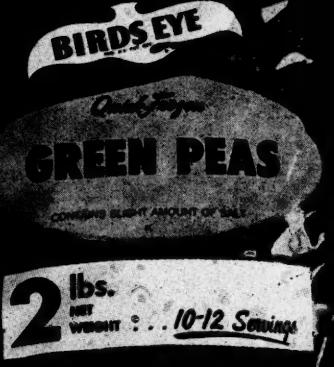
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Only \$1,987.50, manufacturer's suggested retail price P. O. E. New York. Includes heater, defroster, turn indicators, delivery, handling, Fed. excise taxes. Transportation charges, state, local taxes, accessories and opt. equipment inc. whitewall tires additional.

SOLD AND SERVICED BY PONTIAC DEALERS ALL ACROSS AMERICA



Frozen foods now go to market bagged in film of **TENITE POLYETHYLENE**

Pollock Paper Company, division of St. Regis Paper Co., using Tenite Polyethylene, supplies bags like these to package individually quick frozen foods — a new development that's spurring frozen food sales.

Transparent packaging of individually quick frozen food—known to the trade as IQF—is a giant step forward in frozen food merchandising.

IQF foods are not frozen into a solid block. Instead, each piece is individually frozen before packaging. Thus, housewives can buy IQF packages (usually one and one-half to two pounds) and pour out just the amount needed for a meal. Retailers benefit through larger unit sales; processors, through the economy of a simpler packaging operation.

Bags were chosen for IQF foods so that the user would have the convenience of a package that could be reduced in size as the contents were consumed. For the bag material, processors turned to film of Tenite Polyethylene. This Eastman plastic has proved ideally suited to the demands of the job.

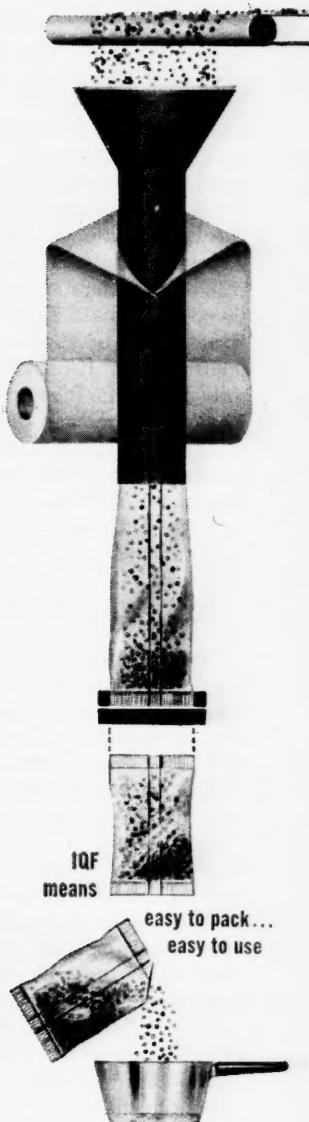
The film is strong, tough and flexible, and retains these qualities at below-freezing temperatures. Its performance on automatic filling machines reduces

operating problems to a minimum. Strong seals, obtained with low sealing temperatures, increase package durability in shipment and in self-service cabinets.

Extruded on special equipment to assure accurate control of thickness, the film is supplied by Pollock in both bag and roll form to leading frozen food processors. These users report that it cuts costs by making possible unusually efficient machine operation with fewer broken bags.

For more information on the use of film of Tenite Polyethylene for frozen foods, write Pollock, or EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, KINGS-PORT, TENNESSEE.

TENITE®
POLYETHYLENE
an Eastman plastic



Film for frozen food bags extruded from Tenite Polyethylene by Pollock Paper Company; general offices, Dallas, Texas. Plants and sales offices located coast to coast.

Pinocchio's papa, Ferragamo began as a 9-year-old barefoot boy in the hilltop town of Bonita in southern Italy. At 11 he worked for 2 cents a day in Naples; at 16 he had immigrated to California. There he met Lottie Pickford, sister of movie queen Mary Pickford.

So pleased was Lottie with the shoes that Ferragamo made that she recommended him to Mary Pickford and to Douglas Fairbanks. After them came a parade of others—all well-heeled to begin with and well-shod thereafter.

Sizes: Orders came so fast that Ferragamo tried machine-making his shoes, but quickly gave it up. He returned to Italy, vowing to create only quality products. A husky man with a gift for flattery, he stroked the insteps of notables ranging from Mistinguett (size 2½C) to Lauren Bacall (9AAA). Greta Garbo (7AA) once slouched into his shop in worn-out rope-sole shoes and left after ordering 70 pairs made of leather.

Ferragamo always believed that shoes should be comfortable. The cost was something else (Ferragamo shoes averaged \$50 a pair). Some of the most expensive shoes the shoemaster made were those for Eva Perón, late wife of the Argentine dictator. She always demanded exotic materials—armadillo and young llama skin sprayed with gold dust and the heels studded with jewels.

In the war years, Ferragamo popularized the Roman sandal and created the "wedge." These again were comfortable styles, and they also made Ferragamo comfortable. He lived in a \$175,000 villa near Florence where last week, he died, mourned by the fashion world and eulogized as a man who had one secret: "The most perfect machine is the hand of man."

IRAN:

That Old Nerve War

Radio Cairo last week reported "the collapse" of the Shah of Iran's rule. And from somewhere in Russia, a clandestine station reported rioting in Teheran.

In fact, Teheran was quiet. The monarch and his bride, Fara Diba, were happily choosing maternity clothes (the Queen's baby is due in the autumn). The phony reports meant only that President Nasser had suddenly jumped into Russia's old nerve war against the Shah. Western diplomats cited two reasons: (1) The Shah had sanctioned Iranian trade with Israel and (2) by collaborating with Russia, Nasser hoped to get more Soviet jet fighters (MIG-19s and MIG-21s).

Significantly, the Secretary-General of Nasser's Arab League flew to Moscow last week. Western intelligence reports foresaw a more direct move against Iran—perhaps a coup d'état.



Associated Press

AFRICA: HATE . . . HOPE

When most Americans were in school, they learned that in the whole of Africa there were only three independent nations—Liberia, Ethiopia, South Africa. The rest of the continent, divided among the European empires, was a place where lions roared.

Today, all this has changed. Month after month, somewhere on the continent, new national flags are sliding up the flagpoles, departing colonial officials are saluting their black successors. The whole world—as represented last week by the U.N.'s Dag Hammarskjöld (photo, with Katanga Premier Moise Tshombe)—was concerned with Africa's fate.

For 1960 is Africa's Year of Freedom. Independence has happened or will happen this year in sixteen nations; by 1962, more than 30 African nations will sit in the U.N.

These are awesome changes. The hopes and the hates they engender are the subject of this Special Section.

Independence came last week to 2.4 million people in the Ivory Coast, an Arizona-size jumble of forest, desert, and palm-fringed lagoon on that vast African shoulder that bulges out westward toward the Americas. Independence also came to Chad, a desert land where tens of thousands of nomadic Moslems wander across a lunar landscape on the southern fringes of the Sahara. Independence, too, was granted to Ubangi Shari, where ladies have lips the size of plates and which mercifully changed its name on independence to the Central African Republic.

Thus, the great French Empire came to an end in Africa, to be replaced by a voluntary league of independent republics—the French Community.

Simultaneously, the same thing was

happening in British Africa. Two weeks from now, self-government (but not quite independence) will come to Tanganyika. For the first time on the continent, landowning white settlers will find themselves ruled by blacks. Then, on Oct. 1, the mightiest African nation of all, Nigeria, will take its commanding place in African affairs.

As Americans watched these nations stepping forward, they looked at South Africa, where a minority of whites ground down the black majority, and decided that this was bad. They saw the Congo, where an untrained black government turned on the whites, and decided that this, too, was bad. But gradually, Americans were learning to make subtler judgments. They saw that where Africans had been trained to gov-

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ern—as in Ghana—Africans can govern well. They also learned that where Africans lack political education—as in the Congo—premature withdrawal of white authority can result in chaos.

No Paradises: Increasingly, Africans themselves are beginning to accept these truths. Last week, a Nyasaland newspaper told its 80,000 African readers: "Freedom is not a golden paradise of money, beer, and idleness. Many Congolese believed they could have everything they wanted—and now the grain stores are bare."

The white men of Africa, whose homes and families and lives are rooted in African soil, now face another problem—that of living as neighbors and not as masters of the blacks. And at least in British Africa, many of these whites are trying to make the adjustment. "This country belongs to the Africans," said one top Rhodesian official. "If they want to govern it, why shouldn't they?" It was the fact that the British Government accepts this view wholeheartedly that led fiery little Dr. Hastings Banda, nationalist leader in Nyasaland, to tell Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod last week: "I trust you implicitly."

How long will the Africans continue to trust the West? The Communists, seeping in from China as well as Russia, already are doing their best to turn African eyes to the East. But in the end it is Africa that will determine its own destiny. For as Africa's Year of Freedom moves toward its final quarter, the African continent, still primitive and underdeveloped, is becoming a new force in the world. And soon, the world may find itself divided not just between East and West—but among East, West, and South.

Congo-Tribal Warfare

There was a sudden crackle of static and then the loudspeaker at Katanga's Elisabethville airport boomed out urgently: "Will Monsieur Mickey Mouse please report to the Sabena desk. Monsieur Mickey Mouse, s'il vous plait."

Katanga's Premier Moise Tshombe smiled wanly as police were dispatched to catch the Belgian practical joker, and then turned back to watch the preparations being made to welcome United Nations Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld. In front of the terminal building an African band was practicing the strains of a lilting popular tune "Vers l'Avenir" ("Toward the Future") temporarily adopted as the Katangan national anthem. Off to one side, an honor guard was rehearsing the trooping of the red, white, and green Katanga flag, doing quite well until one sequence of marching led to a collision with the terminal building. Along the tarmac, five trucks, a fire engine, a steam shovel, and 200 Ka-



tanga soldiers were posted, just in case there should be any last-minute change of heart about permitting U.N. forces to enter the seceded province.

No such change of heart was expected. After the incident, exactly one week earlier, in which a U.N. advance party had been denied entry into Katanga (NEWSWEEK, Aug. 15), all the energies of the United Nations had been exerted to make sure that this kind of rebuff would not happen again. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld had flown 12,000 miles to and from New York to warn the Security Council that the issue was one of "peace or war" in the world and to get a new mandate for the U.N. mission in the Congo. Now, backed by a Security Council resolution confirming his obligation to enter Katanga, Hammarskjöld was on his way with seven planeloads of Swedish U.N. troops.

Welcome: Moise Tshombe, standing beside the terminal holding in his hand a tourist booklet "Elisabethville Invites You," had been promised that Hammarskjöld's troops would not intervene in the "internal conflict" between Katanga and the Congolese Government of Patrice Lumumba. Thus assured, the husky, smiling African rushed up to Hammarskjöld's white aircraft and vigorously pumped the visitor's hand.

Leaving the field in Tshombe's car, Hammarskjöld heard the voices of the crowd. Some, mostly Belgian, shouted: "Down with the U.N." A small group of Africans, however, carried a banner reading: "Down with independent Katanga, long live united Congo." Promptly, a Belgian major tore this banner down.

As Hammarskjöld and Tshombe drove off to dinner and a round of talks, the first platoon of Swedish soldiers began taking up positions in Elisabethville, replacing the 3,000 Belgian troops which had provided Tshombe's main support. As their garrison pulled out, Belgian settlers prepared to follow. "When the first shot is fired," said a secretary, "I'm going to Rhodesia."

No Confidence: The Belgian withdrawal was a bitter blow to soft-voiced Moise Tshombe. Encouraged by the Belgians to proclaim Katanga's independence, he now felt betrayed. "I still bow my head to the King of the Belgians," he said last week, "but I do not have an atom of confidence in the Belgian Government [see below]."

Left on his own, Tshombe had the U.N.'s promise not to coerce him into submission to Premier Lumumba's government in Leopoldville. But this very promise had made Patrice Lumumba hopping mad. Complaining over the use of Swedish troops, he insisted that the U.N.'s African contingents were "completely capable of carrying out the U.N. mission in Katanga." The thin young Premier had just returned to his chaotic

capital full of praise for the U.S. ("I stayed in a magnificent house in Washington [Blair House] and was impressed with American courtesy.") But hardly had Lumumba arrived when trouble erupted in his own back yard. Not only Tshombe, but several other provincial leaders were striking out on their own.

The first to follow Tshombe's example was Albert Kalonji, a former friend of Lumumba's. Last week, Kalonji turned up in Katanga and proclaimed himself President of a new independent republic called "The Mining State," to be carved out of the southern two-thirds of Kasai (see map). Curiously, that same day another Baluba tribesman, an ex-clerk named Joseph Ngalula, turned up in New York surrounded by Belgian officials to proclaim *himself* President of the "Mining State."

Next day, another rival leader named

of Patrice Lumumba—is whether the new force of nationalism, inherited in part from the white man, can overcome the ancient force of tribal separation.

The battle between these forces was joined last week, not only in Katanga but in Leopoldville itself. For there, in the Congo capital, the powerful Bakongo tribe, which dominates the Lower Congo and spills over southward into Portuguese Angola, showed signs of turning away from Lumumba's centralized rule. Real power among the 3.5 million Bakongos rests with the Abako party, led by Joseph Kasavubu, a former rival of Lumumba's, who was persuaded to join his government by being named President of the republic. Kasavubu so far has supported Lumumba's efforts to rally the crumbling country and stave off Katanga's secession, but last week there were signs that he and his

Congo. If this happens, Lumumba's chances of holding the Congo together will depend on one thing only—swift and effective armed force. Lumumba himself didn't hesitate. "The army," he said, "will smash any opposition, black or white." But Lumumba's "army" is no more than the Force Publique, the Belgian-trained home guard whose drunken soldiers revolted a month ago.

Lumumba, however, is counting on outside support—from the U.N., which must somehow raise at least \$150 million, more than double its whole 1960 budget, to pay for bailing out the Congo; and from the African nationalist leaders who have recently built strong central governments in their own lands. To bring his African friends as close as possible, Lumumba last week was planning to invite them—Kwame Nkrumah of Ghana, Sékou Touré of Guinea, and the heads of other independent nations—to an "African summit" in Leopoldville beginning Aug. 25. As host, Lumumba hopes to renew some of the prestige he gained in his recent travels abroad. As host, that is, if Patrice Lumumba is still in a position in the Congo to act as host.

Belgian Chagrin

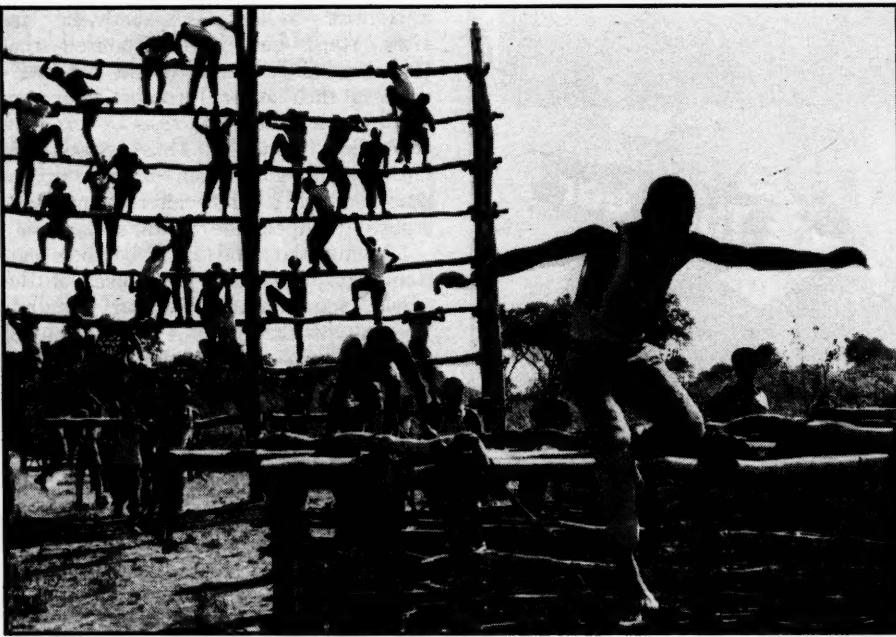
In all the confusion over the Congo, there was one absolute certainty: The Belgian Empire is dead. After 75 years of absolute control over a land 80 times larger than Belgium itself, the Belgian flag had been hauled down; the Belgians were going home.

Their achievement in the jungle heartland of Africa was immense. Without Belgian missionaries, Belgian engineers, and Belgian soldiers, the Congo might still be the wilderness that novelist Joseph Conrad once described as the "heart of darkness." But for the moment, the spotlight was focused not on Belgian achievements but on Belgian mistakes. And the Belgian people themselves were humiliated and angry—not only with the Congolese, but with their allies, and above all, themselves.

The Belgians blamed the U.S. for siding with Lumumba in the Congo crisis. A grisly little "joke" now going the rounds in Belgium: "In America, Caryl Chessman was executed for raping two women; Patrice Lumumba, whose soldiers raped scores of Belgian women, was entertained at Blair House."

Belgians also felt bitterly toward NATO for failing an ally in trouble. Hours after the U.S. and Britain voted in the Security Council for Belgian withdrawal from the Congo, Premier Gaston Eyskens said Belgium might pull its two NATO divisions out of Germany. "I don't mean Belgium is going to leave [NATO]," he said, "but . . . generous measures do not pay . . ."

The Belgians were angriest of all at



Katanga troops in training: How big an obstacle to Lumumba?

Jean Bolikango raised the specter of further secession, this time in the forests of backward Equator Province.

Sharp Teeth: If Katanga and Kasai get away with secession, there is a real danger that the Congo will break into fragments. There are 200 different tribes scattered across an area the size of Western Europe; they speak 38 different languages. Among the pygmies of Kivu Province and the mighty Baluba warriors of Eastern Province, the primitive Bakutu who file their teeth to points and the Nkundu who paint their bodies with polka dots, there is not much in common except illiteracy.

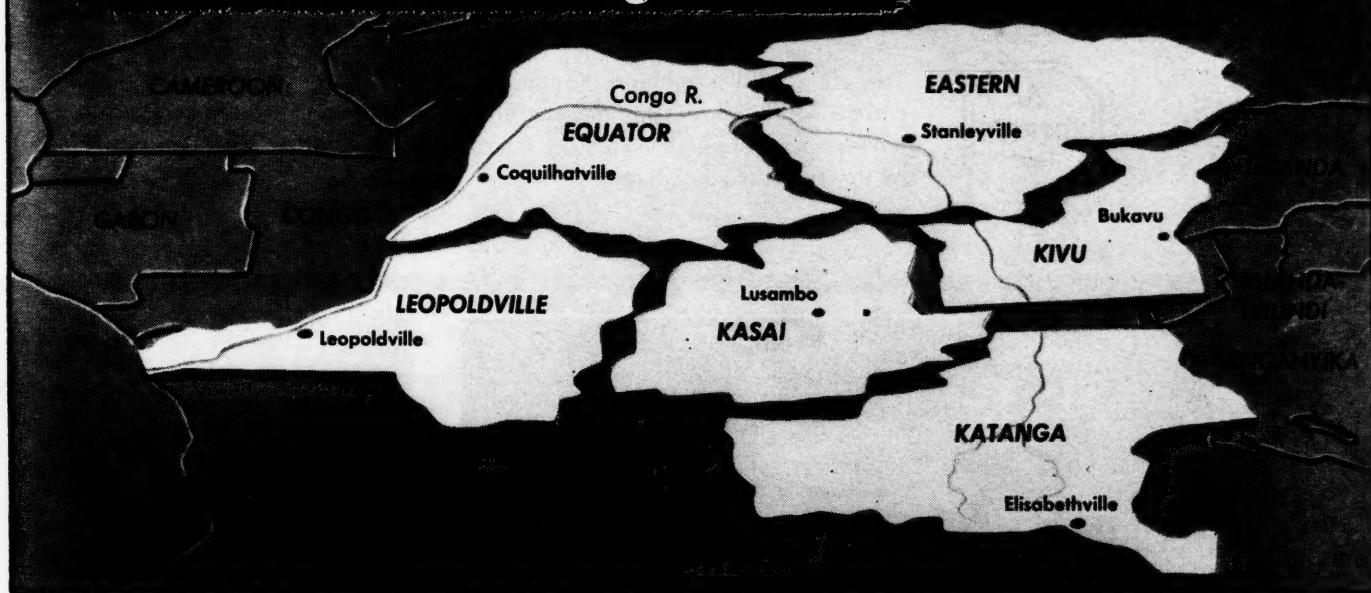
Tribalism, in fact, is still the dominant force in the Congo; there is little sense of nationhood anywhere outside the towns. And the question mark that looms over the Congo's future—and over that

followers were having second thoughts.

One Abako leader, Joseph Ileo, President of the Congolese Senate, publicly told newsmen that "Congo unity is nonexistent . . . a loose federal system is best for the Congo." As he spoke, a Congolese policeman burst in shouting: "Don't anybody move. The house is surrounded. I am here to break up a plot." Earlier that day, fighting had broken out in a Leopoldville street between supporters of Lumumba and Kasavubu. And when Lumumba arrived to try and break it up, his own car was heavily stoned and the Premier escaped injury only by throwing himself to the floor.

Armed Force: At the end of the week, there were frequent rumors of an impending official Abako party meeting which would declare the secession of Bakongo from the rest of the

Six Pieces in a Congo Puzzle



Newsweek—Magill

their own rulers—not only at the government but at the monarchy itself. "Never has [a Belgian] administration made more tragic mistakes," fumed Brussels' independent *Le Soir*. "Everything it built up with nearly monstrous naïveté, ignorance, and stubbornness . . . is crumbling down." *La Libre Belgique* added: "Nobody would dare bet on the present government."

Rightly or wrongly, most Belgians now believed that their government blundered away the Congo. The first mistake, Belgians say, was to offer the Congo independence without properly preparing the Congolese. The second was to agree to set up a unified Congo, then suddenly support an independent Katanga.

Sensing an opportunity, Belgium's powerful opposition Socialists demanded—and got—an emergency session of Parliament this week. "Eyskens's Administration," said the Socialists, "must resign."

Overhaul: But Eyskens, a diminutive, 55-year-old economist, whose middle-road Christian Social Party rules with support from Belgium's third party, the conservative-minded Liberals, seemed determined to hang on. He told insiders that his Cabinet would be drastically overhauled (expected to go first: Foreign Minister Pierre Wigny).

Three times in two days, Eyskens and young King Baudouin were closeted together at the Palace—Eyskens seeking Baudouin's support.

But to support Eyskens could be damaging for the King. The Belgian monarchy never has fully recovered from ex-King Leopold III's surrender to the Nazis in 1940; and now many Belgians are grumbling ominously it was the King's entourage that precipitated the Congo crisis by interfering in Cabinet policies.

EAST AFRICA:

Partners, Not Subjects

The crisis in the Congo had begotten hate in Africa. But alongside the hate, there was hope—hope that with careful training, the black man could move swiftly toward responsible government, and hope that the white man would speedily learn to accept the new black citizens as partners, no longer as subjects.

These hopes last week were centered on the 2,000-mile axis of multiracial British East Africa (Tanganyika, Kenya, Nyasaland, the Rhodesias).

THE RHODESIAS

Sandwiched between the Congo and South Africa is a vast multiracial federation—the middle ground between white and black extremists. Its name is the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and in recent months, its 292,000 whites and 7.6 million blacks have felt the shock waves of violence, rolling north from the massacre of Sharpeville (NEWSWEEK, April 4) and south from the Congo chaos.

Three weeks ago, race riots broke out in the federation, in the Southern Rhodesian towns of Salisbury and Bulawayo where blacks and whites had lived in peace for 64 years. Those riots led some whites to call for sterner measures to suppress black nationalism. Others, however, were girding themselves for a new, more serious try at white-black cooperation, based on African participation in government. And last week, this effort seemed to be making real progress.

In Nyasaland, smallest of the three states, spry, little nationalist leader Dr.

Hastings K. Banda arrived home from London with a heartening promise given by British Colonial Secretary Iain Macleod: A general election soon (possibly by December) which would elect a predominantly African legislature. To this decision, Nyasaland's 8,600 white settlers had agreed. It was a considerable triumph for Macleod who negotiated the agreement. He is, said Banda, "a Christian gentleman whom I trust implicitly." After the blacks are in control, Banda made plain, independence would quickly follow. "There is no question of independence in ten, twenty, or even five years," he said. "We are not thinking in terms of years at all."

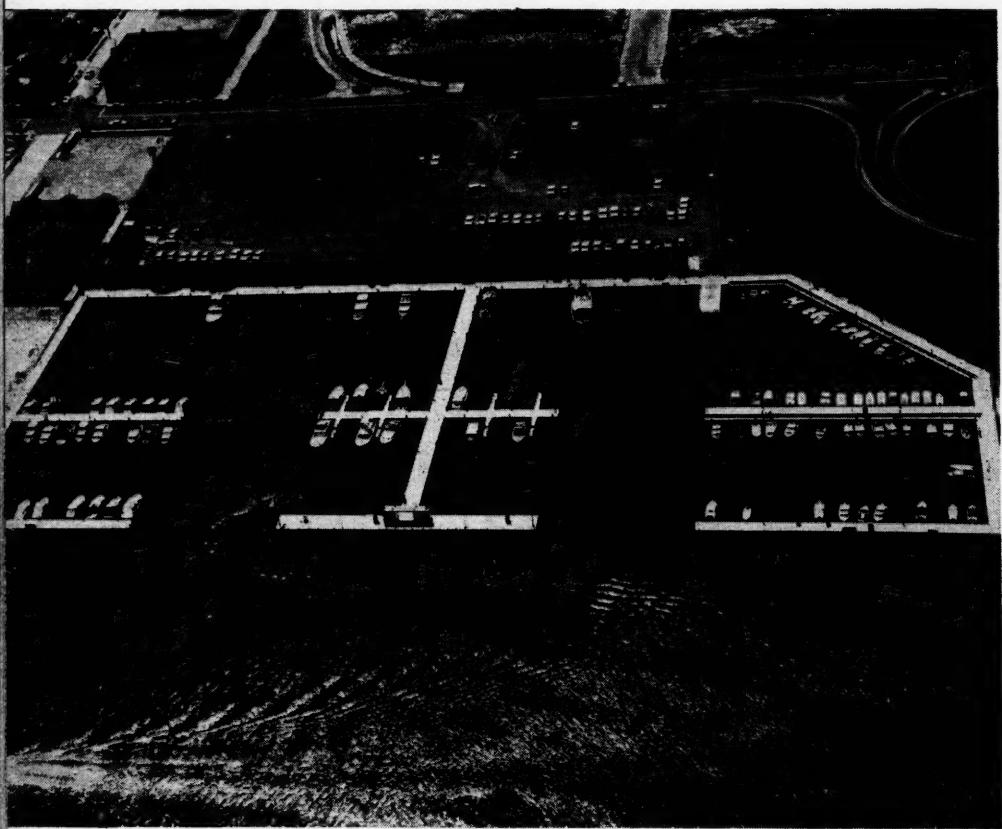
Only a few weeks ago hopes of any such progress in Nyasaland's neighbor, Northern Rhodesia, would have seemed absurd. By far the wealthiest of the three federation members (Northern Rhodesia's copper mines are an extension of the same fabulous seam that enriches neighboring Katanga), Northern Rhodesia has been shaken by the flow of white refugees from the neighboring Congo. Whites have been buying guns and forming vigilante groups, and recently the post office at Lusaka stopped an appeal from young African nationalist Kenneth Kaunda, asking the U.N. and the British Government to send troops to protect the Africans.

Turnabout: But Northern Rhodesia's forceful young British-appointed Governor General, Sir Evelyn Hone, dramatically challenged this trend toward greater tension. He pushed through the legislative council a bill banning racial discrimination in all Northern Rhodesian restaurants, cafés, and other public places. The blacks cheered; the whites booed—but obeyed and by the end of

Products and Ideas that can pay off for you



These stories illustrate how Koppers customers are using our products to cut costs, make a better product and improve efficiency. If there is an idea here that suggests a money-saving solution to you, just return the coupon and we'll send you full information on the subjects you check.



How a Long Island township built a first-class marina

A few years ago there were six acres of swampland next to Hempstead Township's recreational area at Point Lookout on Long Island. Edward P. Larkin, Presiding Supervisor, and the Hempstead Town Board decided to make something out of it, and today, Hempstead has the largest and most modern marina on Long Island. In recognition of Mr. Larkin's work, a leading New York newspaper recently awarded him a commendation and plaque.

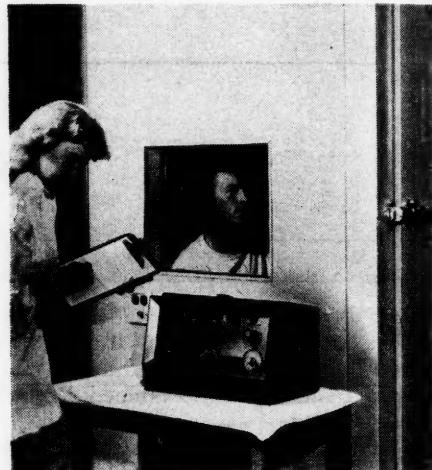
AUSEREHL & SON CONTRACTING CORP. built the 170-boat dockage using over 1,000 pressure-creosoted piles and 500,000 board feet of WOLMANIZED® pressure-treated lumber. "With this material it should stand for generations," says company president Julius Auserehl.

Pressure creosoting protects the piling from water erosion and Tored worm—a sort of underwater termite that makes mincemeat out of untreated wood. They

won't go near creosote. Above the water line all the exposed lumber and decking was treated with WOLMAN preservative for permanent protection against rotting, decay and termites. WOLMANIZED lumber is clean, odorless and it can be painted.

Koppers ordered all the lumber cut to size and shipped it in from the West Coast. It was pressure-treated at Koppers Port Newark plant and delivered to the construction site ready to be installed. Because of pre-cutting and prompt delivery, AUSEREHL doesn't have to maintain a lumber stockpile for this type of work.

The marina was completed last year and already Hempstead Township has found that the conversion of swampland to a modern boat facility has been paying the community big dividends... both recreational and financial. Check the coupon for complete information about pressure-creosoted wood or WOLMANIZED lumber.



Silence for sale

To make a truly valid hearing test, it has to be conducted in silence that's almost supernatural. A new type of soundproofed audiometric room provides that golden commodity. The room is ventilated but it shuts out virtually all outside noise. The subject wears a pair of earphones and an operator sends through sounds that cover the human limits of perception. When the subject hears a sound, he presses a button and the operator can record the complete range of his hearing. It's about as thorough a hearing test as can be devised.

The audiometric room is made by Koppers Metal Products Division from SOUNDMETAL® panels insulated for maximum soundproofness. They reduce outside noise as much as 55 decibels. The room can be put together and taken apart within a matter of hours. Disassembled, it can be carried in a station wagon. Standardized, modular design permits future expansion of the room. Industrial employers who conduct physical examinations will find the audiometric room a valuable tool, and helpful in settling hearing disability claims.

The same materials and principles of construction of the audiometric room could be applied to industries with a severe noise problem. A quiet office can be built in the middle of a fabricating plant floor. Check the coupon for complete information.



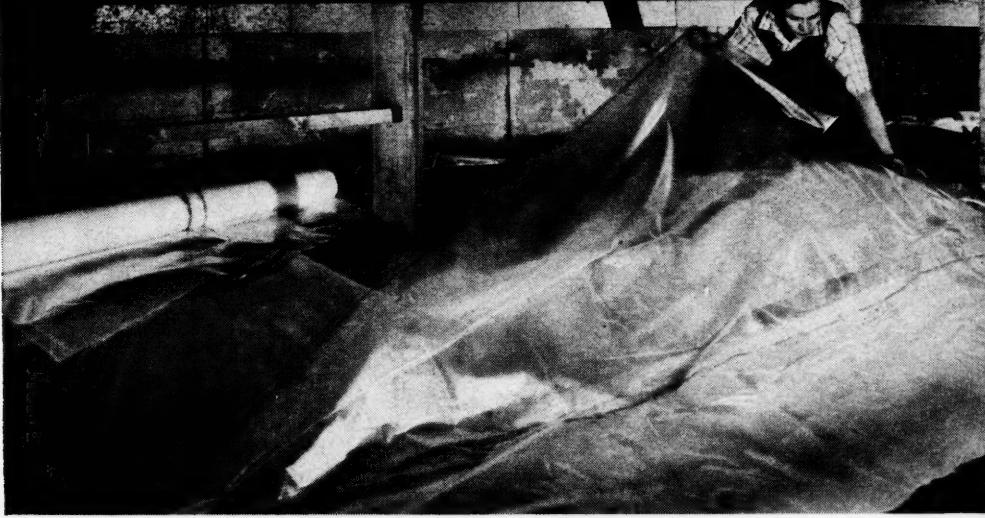
How a plastic got its foot in the door

Inside this refrigerator car door is an 89-pound slab of DYLITE® expandable polystyrene, molded by the LANDIS INDUSTRIAL COMPANY of Santa Clara, California. This Koppers foamed plastic forms a tight, moisture-proof, non-sagging insulation. DYLITE freight car doors are better-insulated and weigh 400 to 500 pounds less than conventionally-insulated doors.

The door liner, developed by LANDIS, is molded of tough CYCOLAC® plastic made by the MARBON CHEMICAL DIVISION of BORG-WARNER CORPORATION. These doors are now being installed on 1,025 new PACIFIC FRUIT EXPRESS COMPANY cars, temperature-controlled from 10°F to 70°F.

DYLITE forms a light, smooth-skinned part at any desired density. It's an excellent low temperature insulator, and can be molded to almost any size or shape. DYLITE is strong, durable, moisture- and vapor-resistant, and non-shrinking. Check the coupon for complete information about this remarkable insulating material.

CYCOLAC is a registered trademark of BORG-WARNER CORPORATION



Here's a new way to keep your basement dry

Mr. Bruno Tyler recently bought a new three-level home in the Westchester area of Chicago. The foundation is 30' x 30', of which half is a basement and half is crawl space. It's a fine home, but Mr. Tyler suspected that moisture penetration from the crawl space was making the basement excessively damp. He also noticed a lot of condensation on the inside of his windows. He put in a dehumidifier and it produced a bucket of water every day!

Mr. Tyler knew about a new Koppers product called DURETHENE® polyethylene film. He had heard it was a good moisture barrier, so he put sheets of DURETHENE film on the ground under the crawl space and weighted down the edges with dirt. It has completely stopped moisture penetration from this area—which amounted to 80% of the moisture coming into the

home. And condensation on windows is no longer a problem.

Though you can install DURETHENE film in a matter of minutes, it makes a permanent moisture barrier. It won't rot or dry out and crack, and it's unusually strong and resistant to rips or punctures.

If you have a crawl space beneath your home, install this low-cost permanent protection against the results of excessive moisture—mold, paint or plaster peeling, warping or buckling of floors and tiles. You can buy DURETHENE film at most lumber dealers. If you plan to build a new home, ask the contractor about DURETHENE as a water vapor barrier for flashings, foundation wall and under concrete slabs. Don't wait till moisture damage happens—know how to prevent it. Check the coupon.

How they prevent corrosion on America's biggest construction job

When the NEW YORK STATE POWER AUTHORITY's \$720,000,000 Niagara Power Project is completed, honeymooners will never see a lot of it . . . it will be underwater. Considerable study went into the selection of a coating material to protect the hundreds of tons of steel that will be submerged for years. Selected was a tough, coal tar coating called BITUMASTIC® No. 50, produced by Koppers.

One of the toughest jobs assigned to BITUMASTIC No. 50 is the protection of the

78 trash racks that will catch debris as it's sucked toward the main power plant intakes. The racks look like giant prison cell doors, formed by 2-inch flat steel bars. The racks were sandblasted clean, then sprayed with three coats of BITUMASTIC No. 50. In spite of the battering these racks will take, the coating will stick tight and protect the steel from corrosion. Trash racks coated this way at Grand Coulee Dam were checked after six years underwater, and they were in excellent condition.

Recent laboratory tests have revealed the reason for the excellent corrosion protection of coal tar coatings. The strong, tight benzene-ring structure of coal tar molecules offers a near-perfect resistance to water and oxidation—a characteristic found in no other coating material.

BITUMASTIC No. 50 is one of a family of Koppers coal tar coatings and enamels, each designed for a specific kind of corrosion prevention. Check the coupon for complete information.

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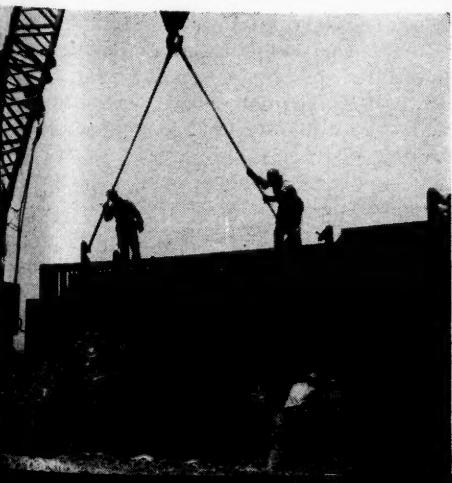
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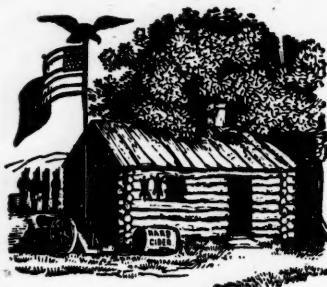
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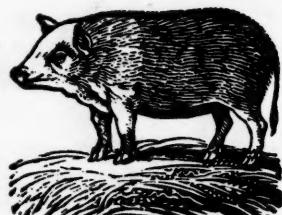
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the week, the feeling was growing among Northern Rhodesia's whites that what had been granted to Nyasaland could hardly be withheld from their own huge black majorities.

Southern Rhodesia faced the problem differently. Unlike its partners, Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, Southern Rhodesia is a self-governing colony and cannot be levered toward desegregation by the British Colonial Office. Yet despite last month's violence, the long-term trend in Southern Rhodesia is also toward giving Africans a greater participation in government. Already Southern Rhodesian blacks have the highest literacy rate (66 per cent) of Africans in any part of British East Africa.

Gradually, most Rhodesians hope, the black majority's advance—in education and living standards—will enable the two races to move closer together. The African can take hope from the dictum laid down by Rhodesia's founder, Cecil Rhodes, empire builder and diamond king: "Equal rights for all *civilized* men."

Highlands" to competent black farmers.

Many of Kenya's white settlers resisted these changes. They were particularly outraged by the British Government's talk of releasing Kenyatta, a man whom most of them regard as a "human monster." Yet Kenyatta now seems the key to Kenya's political future. Even Tom Mboya, the colony's most sophisticated young nationalist, says: "Jomo is the father of Kenya nationalism."

Kenyatta is almost certain to be released within a year. Thereafter, the British hope he will put aside bitterness and accept the need for black and white to live together in an independent Kenya—perhaps even ruled by him.

TANGANYIKA

From the shining, snowcapped summit of Mount Kilimanjaro, the former German colony of Tanganyika stretches southward across 700 miles of hot, bush-covered plateau, swarming with tsetse flies. Because of the flies, Tanganyika



New PM's? Tanganyika's Nyerere, Kenya's Kenyatta, Nyasaland's Banda



East African Press Exchange, Ltd.



KENYA

Still under detention in his isolated desert bungalow 320 miles northwest of Nairobi, aging Kenya nationalist Jomo (Burning Spear) Kenyatta last week received five ministers of the Kenya Government—three of them black—to talk politics. They were Kenyatta's first such visitors since his imprisonment eight years ago on charges of being the leader of the savage Mau Mau revolt.

Kenyatta's re-emergence as an active political force in Kenya meant that the past was being buried. But, as in the rest of British Africa, it has been a gradual process. The three African ministers accepted their portfolios in the Kenya Cabinet primarily to prepare their people for next winter's elections which will give the colony its first predominantly black legislative council. Meanwhile, without waiting for a black majority, the present white legislature has opened parts of the previously restricted "White

has been largely avoided by white settlers; today Tanganyika's 20,000 whites and 80,000 Asians are a droplet amidst 8 million blacks.

For this same reason, however, Tanganyika's racial relations have always been amiable and will almost certainly remain so when, in September, British East Africa's first predominantly black government will be elected to power.

Tanganyika's first African Prime Minister is all but certain to be slight, diffident, 38-year-old Julius Nyerere, a schoolteacher until he became interested in politics eight years ago. Born the 26th son of a polygamous chief, Nyerere was reared in Catholic mission schools and graduated from Edinburgh University.

Adored by his African followers, Nyerere is also greatly respected by the country's whites. "All of our tribes in Tanganyika will be participating in our new government," Nyerere explains. "The newer tribes—Asians and Europeans—will be just as welcome as the Africans."

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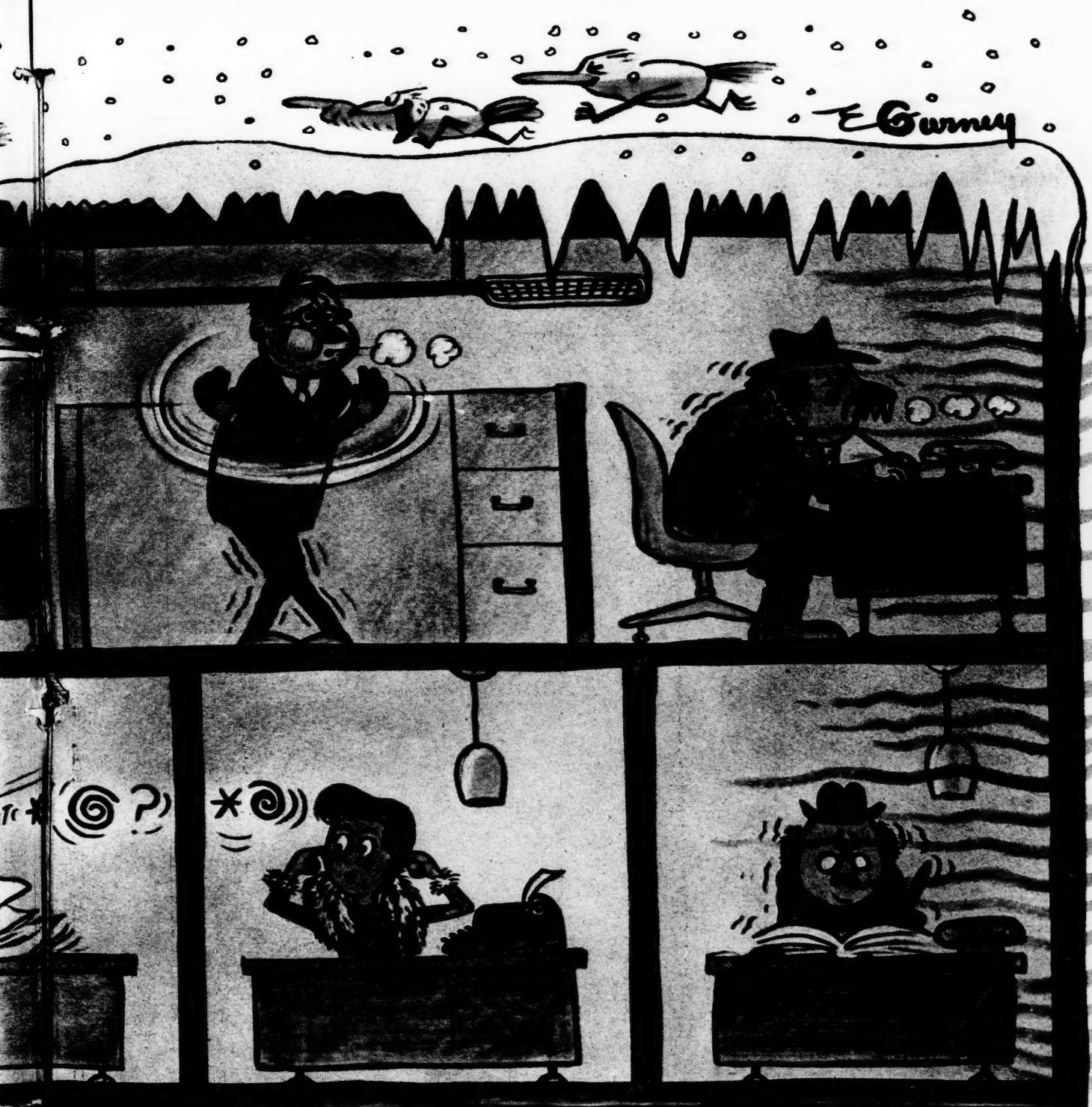
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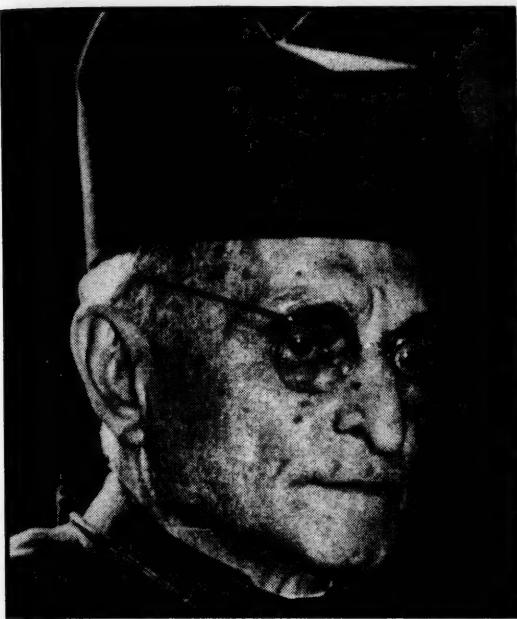
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When Bishops Clash With Tyrants

What happens in a Latin American republic when the Catholic Church comes out against the government? Cuba's Fidel Castro, censured last week (see below) by Manuel Cardinal Arteaga (left), has yet to find out. But for three dictators, the church's criticism was a harbinger of disaster:

ARGENTINA: In November 1954, Luis Cardinal Copello condemned dictator Juan D. Perón's legalization of divorce and prostitution. Unworried, Perón arrested priests and leading Catholic laymen for "disrespect," let his mobs burn Buenos Aires churches. In June 1955, he was excommunicated for throwing two bishops out of Argentina. Three months later, a revolt broke out and he was overthrown.

COLOMBIA: In February 1956, Crisanto Cardinal Luque denounced the police killings ordered by dictator Gustavo Rojas Pinilla at the "bull-fight massacre" in the Bogotá bull ring. On May 9, the Cardinal condemned Rojas for the "murder" of two students and the "sacrilegious profanation" of several churches. Rojas fled the next day.

VENEZUELA: In May 1957, Archbishop Rafael Arias Blanco denounced the regime of dictator Marcos Pérez Jiménez for neglecting the Venezuelan masses who lived in "subhuman conditions." Early the next year the Vatican declared it was "preoccupied and displeased" by the arrest of five priests. Before the end of the month, out went Pérez Jiménez.

CONFERENCES:

Intermission After Act II

Placid little San José, Costa Rica, was bulging at the seams this week as 400-odd delegates and hangers-on descended on it for the meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the American republics. They were guaranteed a good time. "For Costa Ricans, this is going to be a fiesta," said Ambassador Manuel G. Escalante as he advised those going to the conference to bring their dinner jackets. But for the United States delegates, it was also going to be one of the most ticklish conferences they had ever attended.

It is a drama in two acts, a compromise between what the Latin Americans want and what the United States wants. The Latin American objective: To crack down on Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. The United States objective: To do something about Fidel Castro.

There will be no difficulty in getting the conference to adopt strong measures against Trujillo. The Venezuelans and their friends have ample evidence that the June assassination plot against President Rómulo Betancourt was financed and engineered by the Dominican Government. Condemnation of Trujillo by name, severance of diplomatic relations, and possibly even economic sanctions are likely to wind up Act I.

But when it comes to Act II, Washington fears that the Latin Americans will drag their feet on the Castro problem. The majority of them are still inclined to regard the Cuban-

U.S. row as an exclusive U.S. concern, and to view Castro with some sympathy. Brazil is in the middle of a hotly contested election campaign. Anything savoring of condemnation of the Castro regime would be opposed by a majority of the voters. Mexico, too, looks on Castro with a certain amount of favor, and has strong feelings about outside intervention in domestic affairs. Some diplomats, intent on holding the OAS together at all costs, fear that Cuba might resign from it if the conference cracks down on Castro.

The U.S., which had hoped at first that it could win an unequivocal condemnation of the Castro regime, has now backtracked. The most that is expected of Act II is a general resolution denouncing extracontinental (i.e., Soviet) interference in the affairs of any American state, without mentioning any names. Even this may have to be tempered by a companion statement welcoming the

original aims of the Castro revolution and promising hemisphere aid in promoting its true social objectives.

As U.S. officials view the situation, Soviet interference in Cuban affairs will increase together with Castro's flouting of Cuban freedoms. The San José meeting is regarded as a first step in the anti-Castro campaign, which is bound to gain adherents as time goes on. The U.S. will therefore try to obtain the maximum it can at San José and postpone Act III to another conference at a later date.

CUBA:

Church vs. State

In the spring of 1958, the Roman Catholic bishops of Cuba publicly criticized Fulgencio Batista and, in effect, called on him to resign. On New Year's Day 1959, he was fleeing for his life.

Last week, the Cuban hierarchy came out with a pastoral letter of warning to Fidel Castro. Would history repeat itself? Many Cubans wondered, some of them hopefully, some fearfully.

Castro and the church have gotten along so far with superficial amity. But the amity has weakened in recent months as Communist influence has grown in Cuba.

Archbishop Enrique Pérez Serantes of Santiago, once Castro's friend, declared in a pastoral letter last May: "It cannot be said that the enemy [Communism] is at the gates because in reality it is within the gates." Since then, worshippers have fought pitched street battles with Castro's



Castro: 'Christ preached what we are doing'

fanatics in front of several churches.

Last week, the church itself spoke out officially for the first time. Manuel Cardinal Arteaga and the eight archbishops of Cuba signed a pastoral letter, read in all the island's churches, warning of "the increasing advance of Communism in our country, and the threat of Russia."

The archbishops made it clear that they were attacking Communism, not the revolution itself. They were, they said, in favor of social reforms "which respect the legitimate rights of the citizens and tend to improve the economic, cultural, and social situation of the humble." But Castro's social reforms "have not been carried out with full respect to the rights of all citizens."

Fidel Talks Back: Castro counter-attacked with a fury that suggested he was stung. Addressing a labor rally, he appeared to be fully recovered from his mysterious ailment (*Newsweek*, Aug. 8), fit and up to form. He denounced the hierarchy for its "systematic provocations" which he said were "instigated by the scribes and Pharisees who are serving Yankee imperialism and its partner, Franco" (500 of Cuba's 800 priests are Spanish). Then he added, in an outburst of paranoia: "Those who condemn it [the revolution] condemn Christ" and they "would be capable of crucifying Christ Himself because Christ preached what we are doing."

So Castro has made an open enemy of the church. How tough an opponent has he tackled?

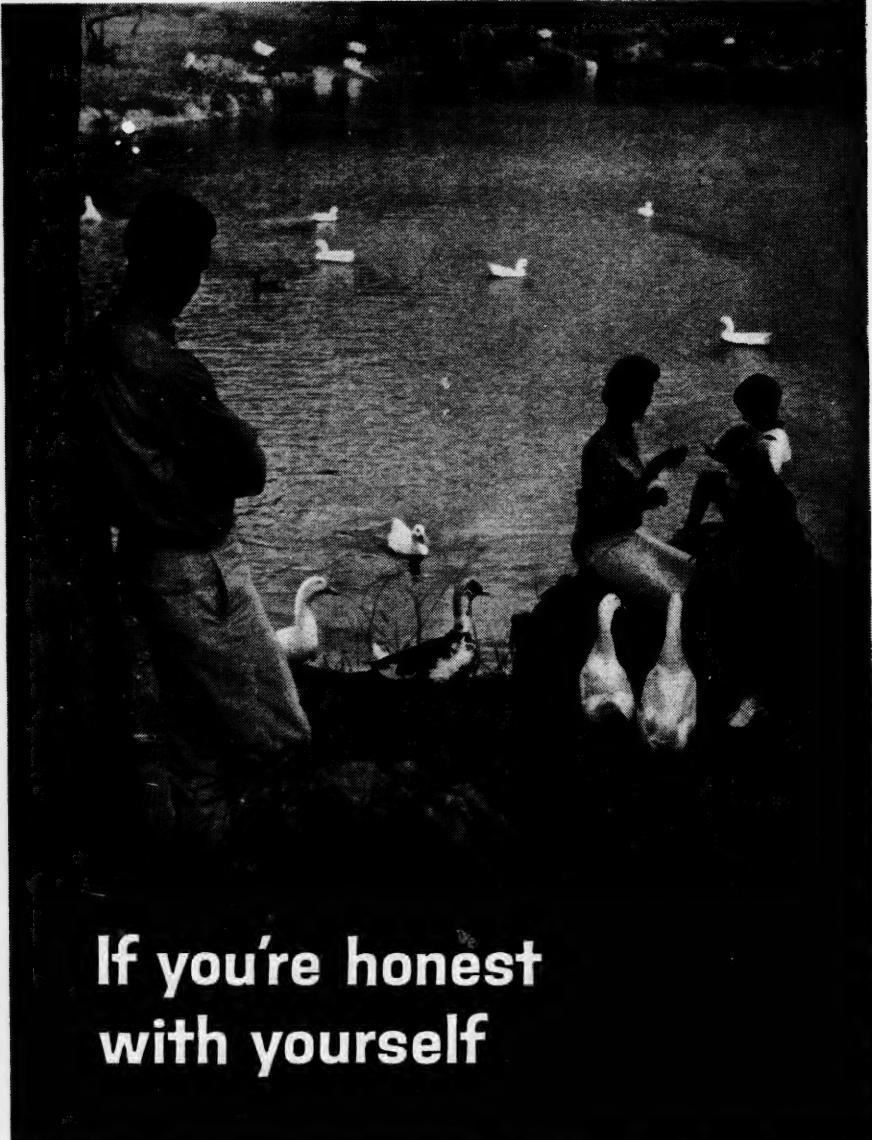
The church is not a strong political force in Cuba, as it is in some other Latin American countries. It has influence but not decisive influence. Ninety per cent of Cubans are Catholics, but in many cases it is in name only.

Priests Wanted: The main church strength is in the upper and middle classes, which are mostly anti-Castro anyway. The poor are inclined to ignore it, because they can't pay for its services and there aren't enough priests—only 800 for a population of more than 6 million.

But at the weekend, influential Catholic groups, including Catholic Action and the Knights of Columbus, declared their support of the pastoral letter. And anti-government violence underscored the growing opposition.

For the moment, despite harsh words on both sides, the church and Castro are being cautious. And unless Castro starts a full-scale religious war by closing churches and confiscating their property, the best guess is that he will reach a *modus vivendi* with Catholicism.

►At the end of "Jubilation Week" which celebrated the expropriation of U.S. properties worth some \$750 million, President Osvaldo Dorticos announced the seizure of still another, Freeport Nickel Co.'s \$66.5 million Moa Bay plant, closed since last April.



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3. Will there be enough money to give my children the college education they will need?

4. Have I made sure that my wife will receive an adequate income after the children are self-supporting?

5. If there is a mortgage on our home, will my wife have the necessary money to cancel it?

6. Have I made certain that my wife will have the money to pay

taxes, outstanding debts, and final expenses?

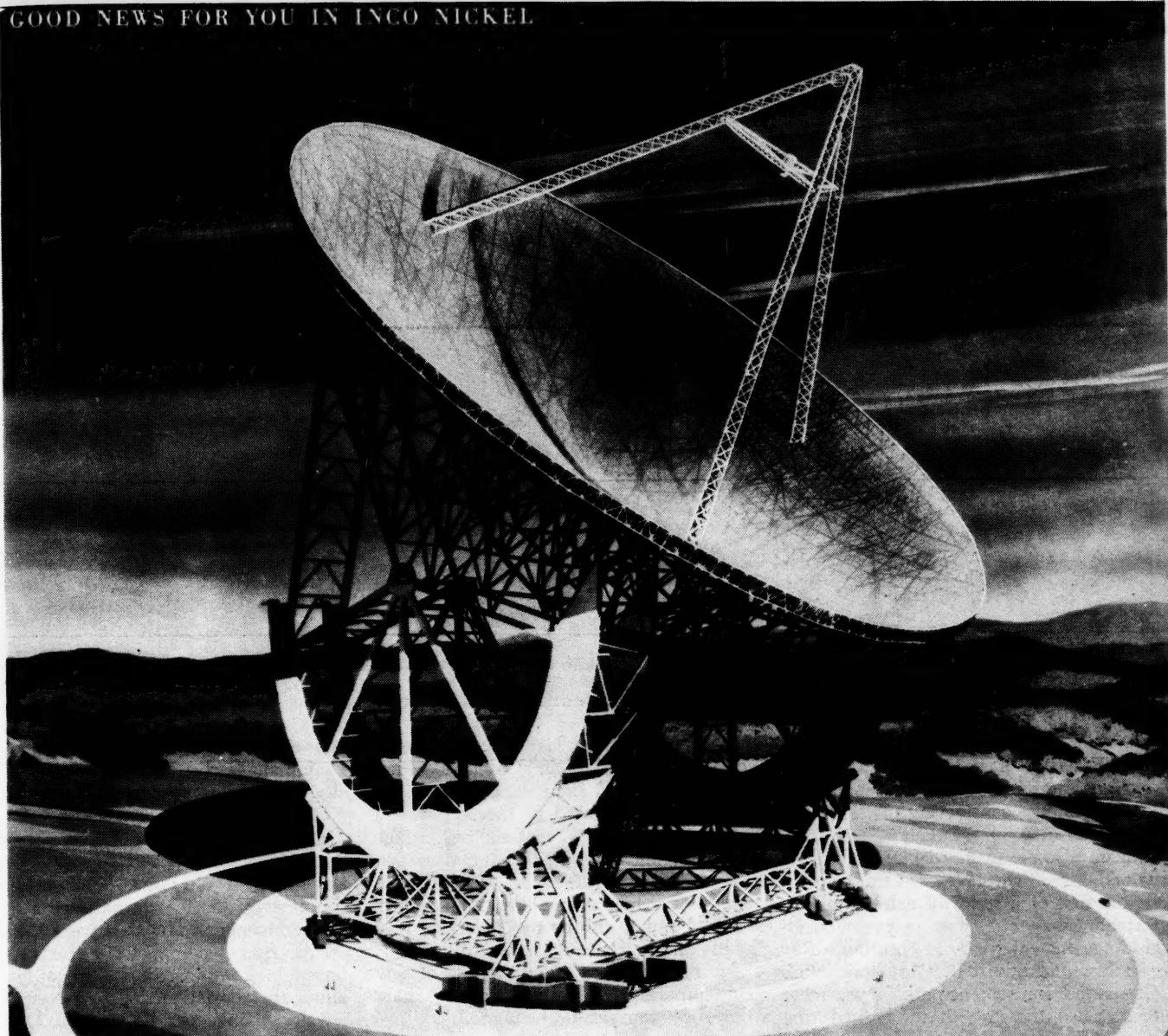
7. Will my wife have enough money to adjust gradually to the loss of my income during that first difficult year?

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GOOD NEWS FOR YOU IN INCO NICKEL



People in foreground give idea of tremendous size of radio telescope which will "see" 38 billion light years into space.

Illustration courtesy of Grad, Urbahn & Seelye.

Nickel steels to help new radio telescope probe boundaries of the universe

One of the world's biggest questions is, "How large is the Universe?" The world's biggest precision instrument will probe deeper into this question than has ever been possible.

The new instrument—a gigantic radio telescope—is now under construction for the U.S. Navy. It will tower to the height of a 66-story building, will have a reflector big enough to hold nearly six football fields, will swing up, down, and sideways to aim at any spot in the Universe above the horizon with pin-point precision.

Because the tiniest amount of wear or distortion in the rotation mechanism would throw the telescope millions of miles off target in the far reaches of space, the rollers and tracks in the horizontal and ver-

tical drives will be of Nickel alloy steel. Nickel alloy steel in these parts insures precision even under the 20,000 ton load.

Nickel will also be used in the special, high-strength, low alloy steel members that support the reflector.

This radio telescope is only one of the countless contemporary engineering achievements in which Nickel plays a part. There are three main reasons why designers are turning to Nickel and Nickel alloys: 1. Dependability of Nickel supply

from neighboring, friendly Canada. 2. Inco Research which is constantly developing new ways to make Nickel perform more effectively. 3. Inco Market Development which promotes broader use of Nickel and Nickel-containing products. The result is more "good news for you in Inco Nickel."

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NEWSMAKERS



In this corner, a champ enchants another land . . . and in this corner, a champ lands another enchantress

Skool: For visiting heavyweight champion FLOYD PATTERSON, Sweden's boxing fans roared out a wild welcome—and a gracious one, considering that it was at the expense of one of their countrymen, INGEMAR JOHANSSON, that Patterson regained his crown (*NEWSWEEK*, July 4). In the first of a series of exhibition performances—against sparring partners, including his 19-year-old brother, Ray—Patterson drew 40,000 to Stockholm's Gronalund amusement park. It was more than twice the size of the crowd that watched Johansson's first exhibition when he returned to Stockholm as champion last year. For that matter, it was bigger than the crowd that paid to see the Patterson-Johansson title bout in New York last June: 31,982.

Refinement: She was in bed with two sick dogs, actress TALLULAH BANKHEAD said over the telephone to an interviewer from *The New York Times*. Could she talk about her forthcoming return to Broadway in "Midgie Purvis" (by MARY COYLE CHASE, author of "Harvey")? As usual, Tallulah said a throatful. First, though, she pleaded with *The Times* man: "Please, dahling, make me sound witty, chahming, adorable, brilliant, and only use one god-damn."

Red Ink: After royalty went out of fashion in Russia, royalties for foreign authors did, too. Thus, American playwright ARTHUR MILLER, 44, turned no hand-springs on learning that a Moscow publisher will print a book of his plays (including "Death of a Salesman" and "View From the Bridge"). In Reno, where he is making his first film, "The

Misfits" (starring his wife, MARILYN MONROE, and CLARK GABLE), Miller said: "I just read about it this morning. I picked up a paper and there it was. I guess that's their way of saving postage or something." He noted that no mention was made of royalties. As for Tass's description of him as an author who depicts "boldly and truthfully the American way of life and its contradictions," Miller said: "I'm sorry to say I don't know of any contemporary Russian plays about which this observation could be made."

Crash Diva: Life on the Riviera rippled with little surprises. Spitfire songbird MARIA CALLAS, 36, who hadn't been invited, sailed into Monte Carlo's Red Cross ball on the arm of her 54-year-old beau, Greek shipowner ARISTOTLE ONASSIS. Princess GRACE, hostess at the affair and no approver of the Callas-Onassis romance, said nothing—but her icy annoyance was as plain as the newly upturned nose (courtesy of plastic surgery) on Maria's face.

►Among the entertainers at the ball was Britain's BEATRICE LILLIE—whose long-popular, high-pitched humor drew jeers and catcalls. Her manager blamed it on microphone trouble and the rudeness of the guests at the back of the hall—"tramps and gamblers who got mad just because they paid £20 a head and couldn't hear a thing."

►On a sun-drenched terrace in Le Biot, vacationing American actress-songstress MARY MARTIN—46 and never celebrated as a sweater girl—showed off her latest purchase. Of Mary and her new bikini, an appreciative witness reported: "She did it justice."



UPI

Knockout Hunch: Former heavyweight champion JACK DEMPSEY, 65, headlines about his private life after three KO'd marriages (to pianist MAXINE CATES, 1916-18; film actress ESTELLE TAYLOR, 1926-32; and musical-comedy star HANNAH WILLIAMS, 1933-43), kept the news of his fourth marriage a secret for eighteen months. Last week, Minneapolis Star columnist Cedric Adams boxed Jack into a corner and got him to admit that he is married to a New York jewelry shopkeeper, 38-year-old Deanna Pietelli. The knockout hunch: Adams found out that Dempsey, touring Minnesota on a promotional junket, had reserved rooms in a Minneapolis hotel for himself and wife (although Mrs. Dempsey didn't make the trip after all).

Which Somebody Will Deny: What are the world's most-sung songs? In his new book, "50 Years With Music," composer-tunesleuth SIGMUND SPAETH, 75, invited many an argument by listing these three as the top numbers on the global hit parade: "Good Morning to All" (better known as "Happy Birthday to You"), "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" (also known as "We Won't Get Home Until Morning"), and "Auld Lang Syne." Fourth: "God Save the Queen," known better in the United States as "America"—and known better still, though inaccurately, as "My Country 'Tis of Thee."

Order Blank: Five moving vans from five different firms toiled their way up the winding road to actress KIM NOVAK's home in Los Angeles. Kim—vacationing in Monterey, Calif.—hadn't sent for even one mover. Nor had she ordered any of

the sumptuous wares that began arriving at her house: Dozens of flossily arranged orchids, lilies, and roses; a \$60 floral centerpiece; two cases of Scotch, three cases of champagne; costly floating ornaments for the swimming pool, custom-designed linen for poolside tables, lighting effects for a garden party. Someone, posing over the telephone as Kim's business manager, was working one of modern civilization's least practical jokes to death. The prankster went so far as to place an order with an enterprising Boston seafood firm; back came a call to Kim's real business manager: Wouldn't Kim like some fresh, juicy clams to be flown out with those 80 lobsters?

Stagg Party: Gridiron buffs tossed a birthday party in Stockton, Calif., for this year's winner of the National Football Foundation's annual Gold Medal—98-year-old AMOS ALONZO STAGG. Yale's oldest living alumnus (Class of 1888), Stagg played end on the 1888 juggernaut that outscored its opponents 698-0. He went on to a memorable coaching career, chiefly at the University of Chicago (1892-1932) and College of the Pacific (1933-46), got credit for introducing knee pads, tackling dummies, and the numbering of players, and wound up as the only man named to football's Hall of Fame as both player and coach. In hardy health except for impaired vision, Stagg still mows his 60- by 110-foot lawn in Stockton with a hand mower. But he no longer dog-trots through the streets of Stockton as he did until he was 94. Why doesn't he run any more? "My balance isn't good enough."



Associated Press

Old coach: On the 2-yard line

August 22, 1960

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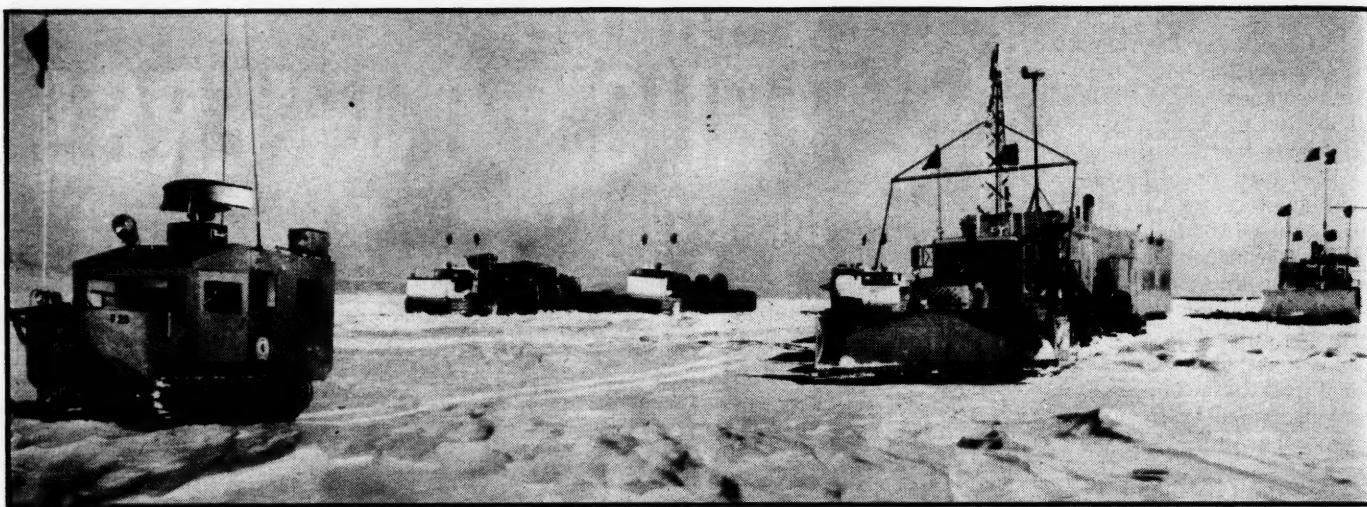
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THE ARCTIC:**Hobo Lore—And Beer**

Plowing across the Greenland icecap, the U.S. Army's vehicles looked like a fleet steaming into battle on a white sea.

There were steel-sided Weasels with rotating radar dishes on top; D-8 Caterpillar tractors hooked to low-slung, 20-ton sleds; RLT's—Rolling Liquid Transporters—with tires as tall as a man and filled with diesel fuel; and on the right, huge Wanigans, boxcars on sled runners flying the U.S. and Danish flags and Army pennants (see above).

In all, the convoy totaled 49 vehicles and 55 men on the Army's most ambitious Arctic traverse: A 65-day, 1,800-mile trek this summer from Greenland's west coast to the ice-free northeast coast.

In Washington last week, two traverse leaders described Army ability to operate in the newest—and potentially most strategic—battle terrain of the frozen North. Surprisingly, they learned that tracked or wheeled vehicles were five times more efficient than sled runners going across the icecap. "We've been able to revolutionize Arctic transport," declared Lt. Col. James W. Sandridge Jr.

Technicians also checked out existing maps—some were off 15 miles—and an all-paper coverall. "The hobo covered with newspaper knows what he's doing," Capt. Harold Munsel observed.

The paper coveralls kept the men warm, and another innovation—two cans of beer a day—kept their spirits high.

UNDER THE SEA:**Cephalopodiana**

They have eyes like humans, give off greater light than fireflies, and, to express their emotions, they can change colors faster than chameleons (orange means happiness). Usually, they travel by jet propulsion, but on occasion can crawl and fly. At least one has been hyp-

notized; all are consummate escape artists, capable of flattening their rubber skins to ooze Houdini-like through holes several times smaller than their own body diameter. Genuine blue-bloods, they have three hearts. By nature they are solitary creatures who take care to construct their stone houses away from others of their species. But when they mate, they stay in each other's arms for as long as 24 hours.

Who are they?

They are the cephalopods, the invertebrate family that includes the octopus and his cousins, the squid and the cuttlefish, and, at the aquarium, their tanks always draw big crowds.

All these cephalopod facts have been gathered together by an indefatigable English naturalist named Frank W. Lane, whose exhaustive researches indicate that he—like the octopus—may be eight-armed himself. The octopus, Lane notes rather ruefully, is the only one of the large animals neglected by popular book writers—perhaps because there are less than a dozen living teuthologists (students of cephalopods) in the world. Now, with the publication of this book,* the cephalopod gap has been closed.

To Arms: There is enough material here for a lifetime of quiz shows and cocktail conversations: The common octopus, for example, has 240 suckers on each arm; these suckers are muscular membranes that operate on a piston and vacuum principle—"a delicate piece of natural engineering." While normal octopi have eight arms, Japanese zoologists in 1958 pulled in one with 40 arms. In the normal male, one of these arms also serves as the organ of reproduction: In the common octopus it is the third right arm; in the common squids and cuttlefish, it is the fourth left arm. In the nautilus (a special kind of octopus), four arms are involved.

Cephalopod locomotion has always fascinated marine observers; most cep-

alopods swim backward, propelling themselves at speeds up to 6 mph with a jet of sea water shot in fast-repeated pulses from a single nozzle on the underside of the body. Using this jet of water, some cephalopods can rocket out of the water 6 to 20 feet in the air, according to eyewitnesses. Some, at least, are also at home on land: A lab worker reports he once met an octopus walking downstairs at 2:30 in the morning—it had escaped from its tank upstairs.

Long, Damp, Cold: It isn't very likely, however, that man and cephalopod will ever become good friends. One reason is economic: They are sought after avidly by the fishing fleets—and gourmets—of the world. Octopus and squid are regularly sold in the Orient and Mediterranean countries. Fresh, dried, or tinned, squid can be bought in the United States. Another reason is emotional. Very few men have ever got used to being gripped by an octopus; the skin feels like "damp kid leather," the suckers are undeniably "creepy." One naturalist, who routinely handled scores of octopi reports: "To have the long, damp, cold arms of an octopus writhing and twining about one's wrist and hand, and fastening its hundreds of sucking cups all over them, gives a singularly uncomfortable sensation."

And finally, there is the question of danger: Can a giant octopus or squid harm a diver? On this issue there is a healthy skepticism. One school holds divers are in as much danger from octopus attack as a woodman is from rabbit attack. Lane, after examining several man vs. cephalopod incidents and the physics of the situation (under water, a 200-pound man can be held with a pull of just 10 pounds—if he doesn't struggle), takes the opposite view:

"Cephalopods can be dangerous to man. I believe that many attacks have begun accidentally . . . But once the battle is joined the cause matters nothing, and a man may quickly find himself fighting for his life."

*"Kingdom of the Octopus." 300 pages. Sheridan House. \$7.50.

G-D vs. P-D

The nation's truly great papers can be ticked off with the fingers of a single hand. Since the days of its founder, salty Joseph Pulitzer, The St. Louis Post-Dispatch has been counted consistently among this select few—a newspaper of illustrious tradition, liberal bent, and penetrating vision. Alone in the St. Louis evening field, after buying out the faltering Star-Times in 1951, The Post-Dispatch's only home-town competition was the sickly, morning Globe-Democrat, firmly Republican despite its name. By 1955, The Post-Dispatch held an imposing lead in both circulation (395,718 to 298,689) and advertising. Never had the famous paper's horizons seemed rosier; it was even dickering to buy The Globe-Democrat and establish itself in the morning field.

Then, the scene suddenly shifted. Chain publisher S.I. Newhouse bought The Globe-Democrat, and The St. Louis Post-Dispatch was faced with the hard newspaper axiom: You've got to run hard to stand still.

Today, after five years, The Globe-Democrat's circulation stands at 325,832, a robust gain of 37,143. Meanwhile, The Post-Dispatch has lost 1,319 readers, despite a healthy 20 per cent population growth in the St. Louis metropolitan area.

What lies behind this striking change in the fortunes of journalistic war? For one thing, The Globe-Democrat, displaying a lively interest in local affairs, is generally assumed to appeal to a wider audience than the high-brow Post-Dispatch, which emphasizes world news and is pitched to a highly intelligent readership. As one veteran St. Louis newsman put it last week, "The Globe-Democrat is just beginning to realize its mass potential." Meanwhile, The Post-Dispatch, disdaining to play up local news, seems to many newsmen to be resting on its numerous laurels (which include a dozen Pulitzer Prizes).

Big Factor: But perhaps the most important element in the shifting St. Louis tides is The Globe-Democrat's tough, ambitious publisher, Richard H. Amberg. A magna cum laude graduate of Harvard (class of '33), Amberg was publisher of Newhouse's Syracuse Post-Standard when his dapper, profit-minded boss, seizing the chance for a morning monopoly in St. Louis, bought The Globe-Democrat. Newhouse shrewdly installed Amberg as its publisher, with a free reign over the editorial function.

Leaning back in a comfortable brown-leather armchair in his fifth-floor office at The Globe-Democrat last week, an energetic, prematurely white-haired (at 48) Amberg paused long enough to assess his first five years at The Globe-Democrat. To NEWSWEEK's Ward Just,

How do you make correct decisions in controlling our defense forces, in directing air traffic, in managing a world-wide organization? Modern society increasingly relies on vast information processing systems, composed of men and machines, to help make these decisions. ¶ To study man-machine systems, we are building a new kind of general purpose simulation facility: Systems Simulation Research Laboratory. Its central element will be a very large digital computer. The laboratory will be used to: search for principles for allocating tasks to men and machines; devise improved languages for man-machine communication; develop methods of modeling and simulating large, intricate organizations. ¶ Our objective is to develop a body of basic knowledge about principles that affect the design of these systems. **SYSTEM DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.** A non-profit scientific organization developing large-scale computer-based command and control systems. Staff openings at Lodi, New Jersey and Santa Monica, California.



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PRESS

he freely acknowledged that the paper had no place to go but up. "Department heads refused to talk to each other," he recalled. "Worse yet, the paper refused to take a firm stand on any issue. When you come to a situation like that, you're bound to look good."

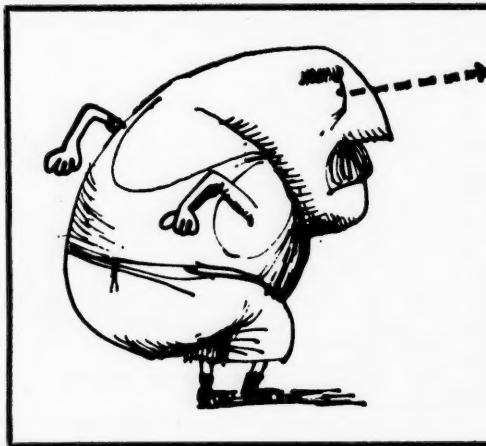
And Amberg has looked good, by casting the paper in a mold sharply contrasted to that of The Post-Dispatch. The Globe-Democrat hammers away at the local scene, focusing on juvenile delinquency and traffic problems, and campaigning, with varying success, for such things as better St. Louis airline service and improved hospital care.

During a recent St. Louis primary, The Globe-Democrat assigned 40 legmen to gather the news, and fourteen staffers to write it. The Post-Dispatch, by contrast, used a total of nine men. And The Globe-Democrat scored a notable scoop with a picture of voting irregularities, showing money changing hands outside a polling place.

In the main, Amberg has made The Globe-Democrat the city's No. 1 civic and business booster. In doing so, he himself has become St. Louis's No. 1 joiner (24 organizations, including the Boy Scouts, Metropolitan Church Federation, and Municipal Opera).

Future: With success, Amberg has had his troubles. The paper was hurt by a fourteen-week strike by the American Newspaper Guild in 1959, a near disaster which makes the paper's success seem all the more remarkable.

What of the future? Ebullient when he talks of it, Amberg flatly predicts that his brash product will pass The Post-Dispatch in circulation in two more years, and will top it in ad linage in five (to many newsmen, the claim seems extravagant; the P-D boasts a healthy ad linage lead of 1.5 million lines last month). "They're running on a once-great reputation," Amberg asserted of The Post-Dispatch, with some vehem-



mence. "They're still a pretty good newspaper, but they're not all *that* good."

Is The Post-Dispatch slipping?

In the opinion of many newspaper editors, The Post-Dispatch is still the only Midwestern paper edited for the intelligentsia. And recent national polls of editors ranked it second only to The New York Times. But the paper hasn't been the same in recent years.

Founded in 1878, The Post-Dispatch has been guided by the lusty spirit of its founder, whose platform ("... always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption ...") still runs daily on the editorial page.

Today, a third-generation Pulitzer runs The Post-Dispatch. Seated in his third-floor office, the Rodin bust of his grandfather on a sideboard, Joseph Pulitzer Jr., 47 (also a Harvard graduate-'36), impresses visitors with a sense of noblesse oblige. (According to intimates, Pulitzer, a first-rate collector of modern art, was leaning toward a career as museum director when he inherited leadership of the paper in 1955.)

"We are more interested in the journalistic character of the paper," said Pulitzer explaining Post-Dispatch philosophy. "That is its *raison d'être*. The newspaper, after all, is the basis for the whole enterprise ... Our objective is two-thirds of the advertising business in town. We've got that ... [And] we've got the formula that brought us success."

Post-Dispatch executives deny that the paper has slipped, but:

►The paper won its last Pulitzer Prize for "meritorious service" in 1952.

►It won its last prize for local reporting in 1929.

►Although The Post-Dispatch picked up 50,000 new readers during the long Globe-Democrat strike, it has since lost them all—and more besides.

►In recent years, many bright young reporters, openly discouraged at the paper's policy of having only a few by-lines, have quit, charging the paper with "stagnant" policies, and "failure to cover its own back yard."

And the paper's dour managing editor, tough Ray Crowley (64), admittedly

Polymics

The little man poised for a "Backward Broadjump" was shown last week in a satirical magazine named Monocle. The broadjump is part of the 1960 Polymics—a spoof contest to settle the U.S. Presidential campaign. The rules: "Contestant fixes eye firmly on distant horizons and then leaps backward as far as he can."

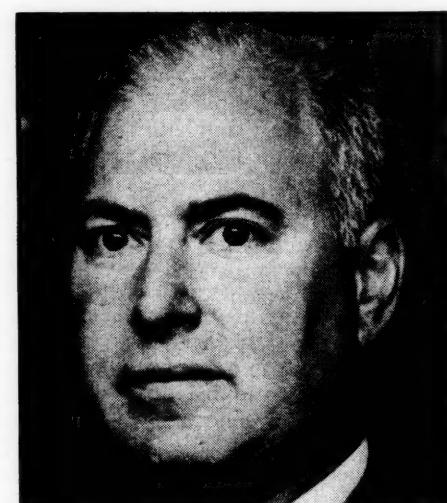
plays down local stories. "A local story," he said, "like any other, has to compete with news elsewhere in the world. We do not attempt, nor have we, to make stories on page one predominantly local."

New Man: In years past, The Post-Dispatch put out special sections on local coverage, such as the one on the Centralia mine disaster in 1947. But the last such section—a detailed account of the city's problems of growth—ran in 1958. And since then, it hasn't printed such a section, nor are any contemplated. "They're the only way we want to compete," Crowley said. "But there's been nothing of that magnitude [lately] because nothing has occurred to us to give that kind of treatment."

Meanwhile, The Post-Dispatch is sticking to form. Last week it announced that another Pulitzer would join the staff on Labor Day: Michael E. Pulitzer (30), a Harvard law graduate who recently has been a general-assignment reporter for The Louisville (Ky.) Courier-Journal. The half brother of Joseph Pulitzer Jr., he will cover Missouri's upcoming political campaigns. "It's the family tradition," he said, stressing that he wanted to serve only as best he could. "I was brought up with it, and I want to continue it."



Publisher Pulitzer: Slipping?



Publisher Amberg: Gaining

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AROUND THE COUNTRY OR AROUND THE WORLD, FIRST NATIONAL CITY KNOWS

SPAS:

Sea Change

The most venerable prescription for frazzled nerves and drooping spirits is a long ocean voyage. With this in mind, Britain's Union Castle Line will put into service this week the world's first "floating health spa," the 38,000-ton liner Windsor Castle. On its maiden voyage, the ship will steam out of Southampton with 832 passengers aboard for a round trip to South Africa's Cape Town.

The Windsor Castle's spa facilities consist of a diagnostic unit for full examinations and a treatment center boasting a sauna and other exotic hot and cold baths, and an electrical stimulator for stiff muscles and joints. Besides the ship's doctor, Dr. Stephen Laing, the spa's staff consists of a nursing sister, a physiotherapist, and a male nurse.

The floating spa's main function, Dr. Laing says, is to raise the "general level of fitness" of its passengers. And if they want checkups—"We think the ideal place to have a routine checkup is at sea," Dr. Laing said. "There's time to relax."

HYPNOSIS:

'You Will Feel No Pain...'

The patient is deep in anesthetized sleep, apparently oblivious of the surgical team tying off the final sutures after surgery. Sitting beside him, the anesthetist suddenly bends over and whispers: "There was no serious disease found . . . you will feel no pain . . . you will eat and sleep well, and enjoy your hospital stay." And when he awakens, the patient will most likely do all of these things.

Farfetched? Not at all, Dr. Donald D. Hutchings of Bath, N.Y., told the third annual scientific meeting of the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis in Miami Beach last week. Dr. Hutchings himself has planted these suggestions in the minds of 200 anesthetized patients; and 140 had no need for pain-killing drugs after surgery. "Nausea and vomiting were decreased," he said, "and healing was apparently speeded."

Reason Enough: The new technique is based on a discovery by Dr. David Cheek, a San Francisco obstetrician who wondered why some patients suddenly, after surgery, hate their surgeons or are sure they are going to die. Using hypnosis, Dr. Cheek found the apparently irrational attitudes were rational enough: The patients were able to hear under anesthesia, and what they heard—and then "forgot"—were ill-considered remarks by the operating team.

In 50 papers, the ASCH delegates made it clear: Hypnosis is becoming more widely accepted in medical and

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Heavy drinkers may be running the risk of hardening of the arteries caused by cholesterol deposits. Studies at the University of Minnesota show that alcohol boosts the blood's cholesterol content significantly . . . Swedish doctors have found a new urine test for pregnancy which yields results in 90 minutes. Instead of using live rabbits, the new test employs a rabbit-blood preparation mixed beforehand . . . Research at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., shows for the first time that children of diabetic mothers have a higher rate of physical and mental abnormality than those of nondiabetic mothers.

dental practice, most commonly as an anesthetic. According to Dr. Seymour Hershman, ASCH secretary, hypno-anesthesia was used in 44,181 surgical cases last year—and in 3,898 of them, hypnosis was the only anesthetic. The biggest single use was in childbirth: No other anesthetic was used for 4,363 cases reported last year.

Despite this, Dr. Hershman said, medical schools offer little or no instruction in hypnosis. Of 866 physicians, dentists, and psychologists who replied to an ASCH questionnaire, most said they had learned the technique in college psychology courses, in postgraduate seminars—and 80 acknowledged they learned from theatrical hypnotists. "I think more

formal training in hypnosis should be offered—if only to introduce more doctors to its possibilities," Dr. Hershman said. "We'll probably see medical schools offer this training in a year or so, when the American Medical Association completes its present job of blueprinting a course in hypnotism."

CHILDREN:

Hush, My Dears

When Bernadette Fratantonio, a pretty 3-year-old with eyes like brown buttons, came down with a strange, coma-like malady in Cleveland eleven months ago, doctors were baffled. At times she was lively, but periodically she sank into a deep sleep. Last month, her 5-year-old sister, Venita, was similarly stricken. The case seemed to present one of the major medical mysteries of the age. Suddenly, last week, the puzzle was solved. In the blood of the "sleeping beauties," lab tests revealed barbiturates. Placed in isolation at Mount Sinai Hospital, the girls quickly recovered.

But who had done it? Mrs. Lillian Fratantonio, 29, the mother, resting in a hospital after the birth of a fifth child, denied any wrongdoing, as did the father, Vincent, a shipping clerk. Later, under questioning, Mrs. Fratantonio confessed. She had drugged Bernadette for eleven months because the child was "too peppy" (she gave no reason for drugging Venita). Even in the hospital, Mrs. Fratantonio "doctored" their food.

Both girls were made wards of the court, and authorities asked that a court psychiatrist examine Mrs. Fratantonio.



Associated Press

The 'sleeping beauty' sisters: After recovery, smiles for the nurses

God and the White House

Can a strong Christian ever be a strong President?

No, says a religion professor, writing in the current issue of *The Christian Century*, a Protestant weekly. Bravely putting a new twist on an old issue, Dr. Warren B. Martin of Cornell College in Mount Vernon, Iowa contends that most of the recent arguments about religion and the Presidency have ignored the vital point. A candidate's church affiliation, says Martin is not an issue "so long as he is predictably nominal in his faith."

A strong President, Martin says, is one who believes in the separation of personal and political ethics. "Today it is axiomatic, as Reinhold Niebuhr and others have emphasized, that the self-interest of a nation is basic to political existence. Sen. John Kennedy identified himself with this political orthodoxy when he said: 'Whatever one's religion in his private life may be, for the officeholder nothing takes precedence over his oath to uphold the Constitution and all its parts . . .'"

"Recent events have made us realize as never before that political affairs, by even the most generous judgment, are morally ambiguous . . . and it may be that morality in government is both impossible and irrelevant . . ."

"Can there be an effective reconciliation of the ways of God and man in the person of the President? Can he be the symbol and chief citizen of two worlds?"

Martin's thought-provoking conclusion: "Strong Presidents have not been and cannot be strong Christians."

Ai-weh-deh's Children

Miss Gladys Aylward is a tiny, 58-year-old missionary whose work was largely unknown until Ingrid Bergman portrayed her in Twentieth Century-Fox's "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness." Last week she was stopping in New York during a six-month lecture tour of the U.S. and Canada, and as she sat, relaxed but very straight, in a suite of a temperance hotel, she talked about some parts of her unusual life not touched on by the film, which deals with her spectacular missionary service in North China between 1930 and 1950. Her most celebrated feat was the singlehanded shepherding of 83 orphans to safety through Japanese-occupied territory in 1940. Some twenty of her "children," including the five she legally adopted, have managed to leave China; six are helping run her orphanage and Gospel Hall on Formosa.

Her large sense of purpose came to her one day in 1925. "I don't remember the church or even who preached. I only



Newsweek—Vytas Valaitis

Miss Aylward: A spectacular mission

knew that I found Christ," she says. She was then employed in London as a parlormaid and for a time "just floated along in a sense of being saved." Then, riding in a bus one day, she read a newspaper story about missions in China. "That pinned me down," says Miss Aylward. "I knew then that China and God and me were somehow linked."

But how? A year later, her brother unwittingly provided the clue. "Why are you always worrying about the Chinese?" he demanded. "They don't know Christ," Gladys replied. "Shouldn't someone tell them about Him?"

"It's an old maid's job," said the brother. "Go do it yourself!"

On Fire: She did, under her own steam. Somehow she saved the money for the train fare across Siberia (\$237.50), and set out on Oct. 18, 1930, with a Bible, a suitcase full of food, and a letter from a lone and aging missionary woman in Shansi Province who needed a successor. Gladys took over with a vengeance. Throwing in her lot with the mountain people, she became a Chinese citizen, preached the Gospel to muleteer and mandarin, endured Japanese bombs and bullets. They called her Ai-weh-deh, "the Virtuous One."

Four years ago, Miss Aylward rejoined her Chinese comrades on Formosa, where she started her first orphanage

for Chinese refugees. When enrollment reached 140, the big family was taken over by World Vision, Inc., the U.S. relief organization which is acting as Miss Aylward's host on her current speaking tour. Her official home is in Kiayi, in Central Formosa, in the house of her eldest adopted son, Maj. Jarvis Tien of the Nationalist Air Force.

"He's on fire for the Lord," says the little woman. "Every free minute he's out preaching the Gospel."

Now the Kneel-In

It has been said with much truth that Sunday morning from 11 to 12 o'clock is the most segregated hour of the week.

Bearing this in mind, some 25 courteous Negro college students and a few white friends decided to split up into small groups on Sunday, Aug. 7, and "kneel-in" at six of Atlanta's "white" churches: First Presbyterian, St. Mark Methodist, Grace Methodist, the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. Philip, First Baptist, and Druid Hills Baptist. They were pleased to discover that they were welcomed "without incident or overt animosity" in all but the two Baptist churches, whose sanctuaries were already filled—and in these, the kneelers were offered, but declined, seats in the balcony or basement.

Their leader is a 23-year-old alumnus of the sit-in movement and a student at Atlanta's Morehouse College named Lonnie King. The experiment shows, he says, "that there are many white persons who want to do the right thing, but have not been given the opportunity."

Reality: Many white Christians are skeptical about the Negroes' motives. Some called them agitators; others worried that the success of the Atlanta experiment will mean that thousands of Negroes will seek membership in white churches. "This will not happen," says kneeler-in Henry James Thomas of Howard University. "You go to worship with your friends and you always will. We are trying to reiterate the moral problem, not integrate the churches."

In the past, Negroes occasionally visited white churches, but they usually came as individual Christians, not as members of an organized group. Atlanta's kneelers belong to the city's Committee on Appeal for Human Rights, an affiliate of a similar, thirteen-state-wide student organization, and they are confident that the movement will spread even further in college communities when school opens in September. Preparing for last Sunday's second, and even more extensive, Atlanta kneel-in, Lonnie King said: "We are interested in making this situation a reality in all of the Southern cities, in all of the nation . . . The church has been apathetic about man's inhumanity to man."

TRANSITION

Birthday: Princess ANNE; her 10th, at Balmoral Castle in the Highlands of Scotland, Aug. 15. Among the celebrations: A pre-birthday cruise aboard the yacht Britannia to the Shetland Islands and a birthday picnic with the royal family.

►BERNARD M. BARUCH, financier, adviser to seven Presidents, park-bench philosopher, and author; his 90th, Aug. 19. Mr. Baruch planned to spend the day at work, later celebrate at a family party at his New York City home.

►Cuban Prime Minister FIDEL CASTRO, his 34th, with a day of rest in Havana, Aug. 13 (see page 49).

Ailing: MAE MURRAY, 66, platinum-haired, glamour-girl vamp of the silent screen who starred in such hits of the '20s as "The Merry Widow" (with John Gilbert) and "Idols of Clay," making and losing some \$3 million; after a stroke, in her Los Angeles apartment, Aug. 10.



Associated Press

Mae Murray: Star of the '20s

Died: HARRY KEMP, 76, one of Greenwich Village's more prominent characters of the early '20s; a poet (he was often called "the boxcar bard" because of his footloose tendencies); a founder of the Provincetown Players, friend of Eugene O'Neill, and nudist-party-giving eccentric; after a long illness, in Provincetown, Mass., Aug. 8.

►LAURENCE F. WHITTEMORE, 66, one-time \$10-a-week railroad clerk who became one of New England's leading industrialists; ex-president (1950-55) and board chairman (until last June) of Brown Co., the nation's third largest pulp and paper manufacturer; of cancer, in Concord, N.H., Aug. 10.

►FRANK LLOYD, 71, three-time Oscar-winning Hollywood director-producer ("Divine Lady," 1929; "Cavalcade," 1933; "Mutiny on the Bounty," 1936); of a heart-lung ailment, in Santa Monica, Calif., Aug. 10.

►Retired Maj. Gen. NORMAN KIRK, 72, World War II Army Surgeon General (1943-47); after a long illness, in Washington, D.C., Aug. 13. Kirk, an orthopedic surgeon who reportedly performed or later treated a third of the major amputations in World War I, also wrote the standard text, "Amputations: Operative Techniques."



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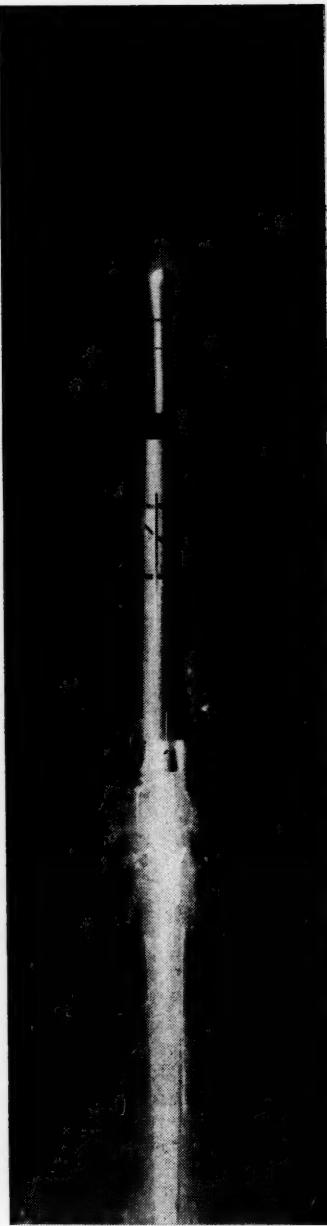
ONLY an independent insurance agent can make sure *all* your insurable risks are covered by insurance. No single company can do this...because no *one* company offers every type of business insurance. When you buy insurance directly from an insurance company, it's likely you'll hear only about the policy or policies which that company wants to sell you. An independent insurance agent, on the other hand, is free to choose the best insurance for your business out of hundreds of policies offered by different competing companies.

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"Project Echo," National Aeronautics and Space Administration's satellite launch, comes like a "windfall" research grant to scientists.

The aluminum-coated plastic sphere went into orbit folded inside the nose of a Douglas *Thor-Delta*. Researchers have been invited to further their own experiments with the aid of radio signals bounced off the satellite by NASA transmitters. Data

on the orbit and signals is being widely publicized by NASA in the belief that "cooperative tests" can result in new civilian space research advances.

Such satellites may one day be used as global relay stations for radio, voice and TV signals. While this system is not a reality, the booster that can put it up already is. Douglas *Thor* has proved itself successful in 87% of its space firings. This dependable launcher is another product of the imagination, experience and skill Douglas has gained in nearly 20 years of missile development.

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Business Trends

Nixon's 'Brains'

There will be no Nixon economic brain-trust to rival the group of professors working for Sen. John F. Kennedy.

Instead, the Vice President will rely for broad guidance on former Presidential economic adviser Arthur F. Burns.

Nixon and Burns consult regularly, mostly by telephone. But personal reasons make it unlikely that Burns will return to Washington in a Nixon Administration.

Nixon's economic policy is pretty well set: He is a conservative, would move against a recession largely by credit and tax action—not through increased spending.

Other economists Nixon hears from on specific matters: President Eisenhower's adviser Raymond Saulnier; Chicago University professors Allen Wallis and Walter Fackler; and the University of California's Neil Jacoby, a former member of the Economic Council.

Back on the Griddle

Estes Kefauver's investigation of the drug industry will resume this fall with more hearings on antibiotics.

The Tennessee senator, fresh from a landslide Democratic primary victory (which practically assures re-election in November), plans to introduce a new gimmick this time: Testimony from doctors' organizations.

High prices and monopolistic practices will be the main target, as before.

But the investigation also is likely to take up the important questions of drug safety (see page 69) and the supervisory role of the Food and Drug Administration.

No Zip in Steel

Private reports from the steel industry to top government officials hold out little hope for any big jump in production.

Operating rates are expected to move upward gently from present levels of around 55% to a top of about 70% at the end of the year.

"I know of no one in the industry who is guessing any higher than that," says a key official.

Main reason: Auto companies are not planning to stock steel beyond their fourth-quarter needs.

High Hopes in Detroit

Auto production in the fourth quarter is expected, nonetheless, to give the economy a helpful lift.

Detroit will use the quarter to build up dealer stockpiles, then tailor production to actual sales.

To clean out the 1960 models, the industry plans a big sales drive in the next several weeks featuring substantial discounts.

The big question, says one analyst, "is whether the dealer clean-up will be borrowing sales from next year as it did late in 1955."

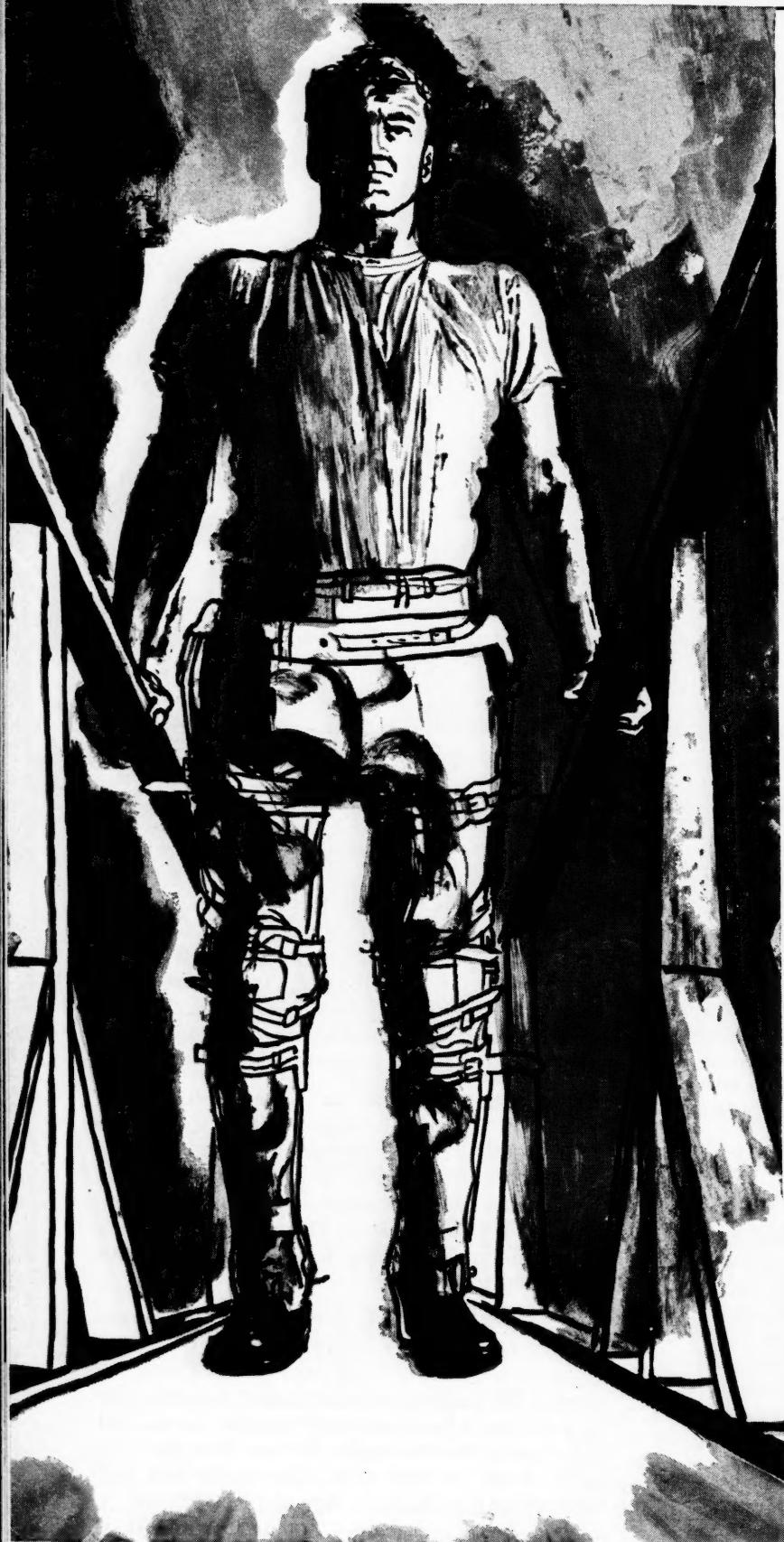
Off the Tieker

Russian cut-rate oil deal with India is off because Western companies refuse to refine the Soviet oil and have cut their own prices to match those offered by the Reds. In the Mideast, Standard Oil (N.J.) cut prices 4 cents to 14 cents per barrel, partly in response to Russian dumping . . . U.S. interstate highway system is about 25% completed. Some 9,100 miles are open to traffic, another 4,700 under construction.

Farm output will hit an all-time record this year. The biggest increase: Wheat (some 1.4 billion bushels, 20% more than last year) . . . New York's Attorney General is investigating O.T.C. Enterprises of Baltimore, which sold some \$50,000 worth of stock at \$1 a share to finance a "perpetual motion engine for a flying saucer" but has failed to produce.

Jet-age costs: Research, development, and write-off expenditures on Convair's 880 and 600 series jetliners total some \$100 million. Lockheed reports a \$55.4 million first-half deficit due primarily to anticipated losses in modifying the Electra and developing the executive JetStar. Douglas Aircraft blames its \$8.8 million loss in the first half on costs of the DC-8 . . . Age of specialization: A Dallas, Texas, ad reads: "Let us lick and stick your trading stamps \$1 per hour."

How protection in depth helps cut compensation costs



Shortening the long road back

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BUSINESS

ACKED as he is by a massive array of statisticians and economic advisers, the President commands more than ordinary respect when he offers an opinion on U.S. business. But when President Eisenhower cited government statistics at his press conference last week to point up the "hopeful signs" in the economy, his optimism surprised most of his own advisers. Some sample Presidential quotes, and the facts on which they are presumably based:

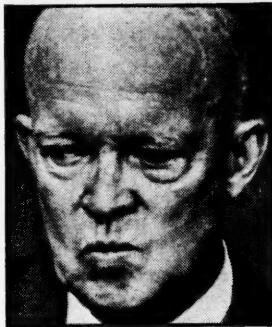
►"Gross national product for the second quarter is even higher than we had estimated." The revised estimate was only slightly higher (\$505 billion vs. \$503 billion) and was made several weeks ago. The real concern is the third quarter of the year—when Administration economic experts expect a slight rise at best.

►"Employment is almost 69 million, another record . . ." The high employment reflects the bulge in service industries and government jobs; industrial employment is down. Unemployment, which the President didn't mention, is over 4 million—a high 5.4 per cent of the labor force.

►"Personal income is over \$400 billion." The June rate is a record \$405.8 billion, but the month-to-month increase has

been slowing steadily; it was down to only \$1.1 billion in June. ►"Right now, they are building houses at a rate of 1.3 million, which is, I think, with one exception, as high as we have ever been." The rate of new housing starts is nowhere near recent highs (e.g., 1.6 million a year ago). Allowing for a recent revision in the government's method of computing housing statistics, home builders are, in fact, having their worst year, with one exception, since 1954. ►"Retail sales continue to go up at a record." Total retail trade dropped during July to \$18.3 billion, lowest level in three months. It is no higher than it was a year ago, despite rising population and rising prices.

In at least one respect, however, the President did confirm the majority opinion of his experts: Despite his overall optimism, he saw no signs of a "burgeoning economy."



Associated Press

The Fed Clears the Way for an Upsurge

After weeks of private fretting, the Federal Reserve Board last week made plain, positive, and public its concern over the way the economy is behaving. By slashing the discount rate—what banks must pay to borrow from the Fed—the board dramatized its intentions to loosen credit and to clear the way for a new upsurge. The cut, from 3.5 per cent to 3 per cent, was the second in three months and came three days after the Fed had lowered reserve requirements to add \$3.6 billion to the lending resources of the nation's banks.

Officially, the board simply approved rate cuts by four Reserve banks and its announcement stiffly maintained that the move was "not related to the condition of the economy." In fact, the rate cut, whose impact will be felt all through the money market, capped a series of steps to pep up business.

The Fed's move puts irresistible pressure on the big commercial banks to lower their prime rates—the interest charged the biggest customers—which for months has been frozen at 5 per cent. Previous technical maneuvers to pump more credit into banks (e.g., allowing more vault cash to be used as reserves, on which lending power is based) had left bankers unmoved. With the discount rate down to 3 per cent, those 5 per cent borrowers are bound to complain. The move already has sparked cuts in other money costs (bankers' acceptances, short-term paper used to finance goods in transit or storage, dropped a quarter of a point). "If the Fed keeps pounding away," said vice president John McDowell of the Philadelphia National Bank, "the prime rate is going to crack."

Predictably, the move brought some

pained reactions—and not all from disgruntled bankers. Democrats accused the Fed of delaying too long, possibly for maximum election-year effect. Some businessmen felt the Fed should have held off for fear of raising economic alarms. Another fear: It might accelerate the outflow of U.S. gold—\$374 million this year—since lower interest rates would attract investors to countries promising higher returns. The Fed's view: As long as confidence in the dollar stays high, the "hot" money that chases high interest can have little impact on

the nation's \$19.1 billion gold reserves.

Were the advantages of the rate cut sufficient to offset the dangers?

It was too soon to be sure. "If prospects for business aren't enticing," one top economist said, "you can't expect a big upturn in borrowing." But for a company which already has justification for stepping up the pace, cash at attractive rates can turn plans into action. Leon Alpert, chairman of New York's Loral Electronics, a fast-moving member of the fast-moving electronics industry, made that clear last week. "Whether a prime-rate reduction takes place or not," he said, "the electronics industry is expanding. A reduction would accelerate the plant-building rate enormously."

Investors seemed almost as optimistic, for the moment at least. The day following the cut, values on the New York Stock Exchange shot up \$2.2 billion, mostly on overnight orders, then prices steadied at that level.

ALASKA:

High on the Fish

Not since the great gold rush had Alaskans reveled in such a bonanza—and no sourdough ever relished his new wealth with more glee. Aleut families living in hovels were ordering new cars flown in to their isolated, almost roadless villages. Young bucks paid cash for airplanes, crashed



Pictorial Parade

Salmon nets out: A sockeye Klondike

them, and left them to rot in the tundra. And for every one who squandered his riches in glorious ribaldry, another indulged himself at the gaming table—thousands of dollars changing hands at the flash of a card. There was money to burn, and each was trying to build a bigger bonfire. The reason: Salmon.

Spending Money: When the blue-backed sockeye salmon headed for their spawning grounds this year, they touched off the richest fishing spree in Alaskan history. The season finally ended, Alaska's Fisheries Department totted up the results last week and figured the total catch at about 15 million salmon worth about \$15 million. With millions of salmon allowed to escape to insure future "crops," the catch was an almost incredible payoff on the Northwest's ambitious fish restoration program. But for the independent fisherman, accustomed to subsisting on anywhere from \$2,500 to \$6,000 a year, the individual payoff was even more unbelievable—up to \$25,000 for sixteen days of fishing. "The man who didn't make from \$10,000 to \$20,000," observed one fisherman, "just wasn't trying." Cannery crews, moreover, shared proportionately in the proceeds.

In Alaska's savage "salmon country," where thrift is as rare as sobriety and law is largely theory, the results were all too predictable: Open season on spending and spenders. One nondescript fisherman wandered into an Anchorage night club last week and plunked his "loose change" on the bar—a roll of \$12,000. Another, who couldn't fly and knew it, hired his own private pilot.

As usual, however, the bonanza will mean little or nothing to the folks back home in the other 49 states. Since prices are fixed largely by union-management contracts, and not by the natural laws of supply and demand, a can of salmon will still cost the U.S. consumer the same.



C&O's Tuohy: Sales at the summit

RAILROADS:

'I Will Be Last Man . . .'

In their battle to win control of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, it was inevitable that the New York Central and the Chesapeake & Ohio would have to range far off their beaten financial track. For half a century, B&O stock has been traded on Switzerland's Zurich exchange, and at least 17 per cent of its outstanding common is in the anonymous, numbered accounts administered by Swiss banks. Hence, both the C&O and the Central went to woo Swiss support for their rival offers.

Last week, it looked as if the key 17 per cent was headed for the C&O's roundhouse. As expected, the three Swiss banks concerned (Credit Suisse, Swiss Bank Corp., Union Bank) published ads side by side ticking off the

relative offers of the two railroads to B&O stockholders (NEWSWEEK, July 11). But unexpectedly, the banks privately circulated a memorandum which came out strongly in favor of the C&O over the Central. Some sample comments: "The C&O shares are of good investment quality within the railroad group," while the Central stock "must be considered as speculative"; with a hookup of the Central and the B&O, "earnings and dividend prospects would be uncertain."

Numbers Game: For the C&O, it was clearly a victory of diplomatic summity. C&O sent its top salesman, president Walter J. Tuohy, to Switzerland to confer for nine days with top managers at the Swiss banks. For its part, the Central sent its financial vice president, Walter R. Grant, who spent only four days in Switzerland, in one case spoke only with staff officers, failed to meet with the bank's managing director. Meanwhile, Central president Alfred E. Perlman stayed at home. (His reason: "If you know where 83 per cent of the stockholders are [individual Swiss shareholders aren't recorded], figure out where you'd spend your time.")

But the battle was far from over. The Central claims it has "substantially more" B&O stock than does the C&O, and seems confident that the C&O will be a long way from control even if it gets the whole Swiss cheese plus other blocks of stock it may or may not have lined up. Perlman plans to meet again this week with B&O president Howard E. Simpson and Tuohy for still another try at talking the two into the three-way merger he favors most.

And failing that (which is virtually certain), Perlman will take a leaf from Tuohy's own book. His immediate plans: A trip to Switzerland for some high-level hobnobbing with bankers, to push his argument that a Central-B&O hookup would save operational costs by eliminating parallel facilities. "If the last man [in Switzerland] is going to get the last word in," said Perlman, "I will be that last man if I have to live over there."

CORPORATIONS:

Chrysler in Court

In its long, painful investigation of "conflict of interest" offenses among its executives, Chrysler Corp. has named few names, although it did obtain the resignation of president William Newberg. Last week, three Chrysler stockholders filed suit in Delaware to have the nation's No. 3 automaker put into receivership, and leveled charges of "fraudulent practices" against twenty Chrysler directors, seven officers, and fifteen suppliers.

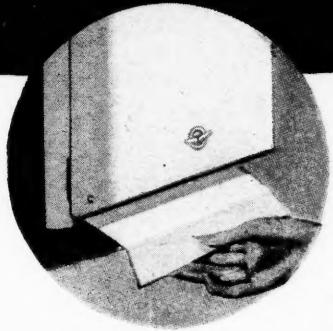
The stockholders—Detroiters Sol Dann and Karl Horvath and New Yorker Samuel Schwartzberg—claimed chairman



SMART, sleek, and snappy, the Italian-built Ghia 6.4-L (above) becomes the Hollywood-inspired successor to the old Dual-Ghia. Abandoned eighteen months ago for lack of public interest, the Dual-Ghia nonetheless won the approval of Frank Sinatra's filmland "Clan" recently and interest zoomed. The result: An automotive reincarnation with a new name, new hardtop styling, and a brand new price tag (\$15,000 vs. the old \$7,600).



WHEN AMERICA VACATIONS...



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Coast to coast, well-maintained rest rooms use Fort Howard Paper Towels and Tissue. Care for quality, as well as thrift, dictates their choice. Purchasing agents for public agencies and private industry appreciate that Fort Howard's wider choice of grades and packs in Towels, Tissue and Napkins naturally saves money—up to 20% annually—by assuring the right product quality for each job. If you're concerned with buying paper products, your Fort Howard distributor can help you effect greater savings, too.

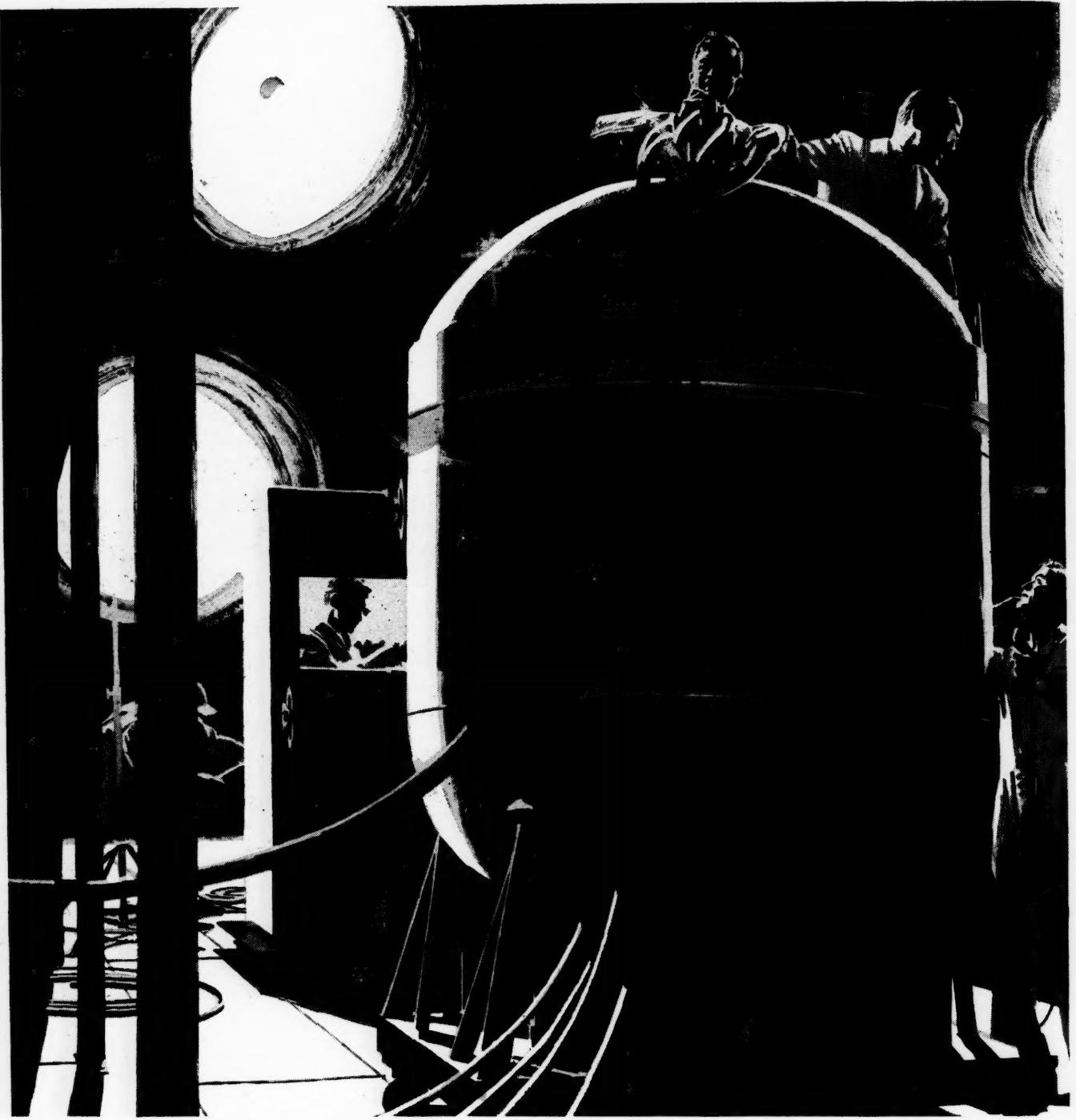
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Dinner pail for a rocket

To carry enough solid propellant fuel to feed the insatiable appetite of a huge rocket motor, Budd's SpaceAtomics Division designed and built this cylindrical all-welded case using a special stainless steel alloy. Here, it is being readied for a burst test. Taped to the tank are two products of our Instruments Division: PhotoStress, a unique stress analysis method which

translates strains into visible color-patterns . . . and MetalFilm strain gages which record stresses electrically. This project, being carried on in our Testing Laboratories, illustrates several of our diversified interests and how they can be coordinated to work in one direction. Actually, Budd interests work in many directions . . . to make tomorrow today.

Mainstreams of Budd's diversified interests: Automotive, Electronics, Metals Testing, Nucleonics, Plastics, Railway and SpaceAtomics.

THE **Budd** COMPANY
OFFICES AND PLANTS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

L.L. (Tex) Colbert and other directors were responsible for "gross and unconscionable mismanagement." Colbert, the suit alleged, helped the Budd Co. get die orders on terms "unheard of" in the industry. Vice president Rinehardt Bright was accused of taking "moneys, kickbacks, or profits" from suppliers.

Other targets: (1) The \$450,000 Newberg repaid the company on profits he made through Chrysler suppliers, which the suit calls "grossly inadequate"; (2) Chrysler's own investigation, which the plaintiffs claim is not impartial.

"What we want," said the 57-year-old Dann, "is a shake-out, not a shake-up."

Chrysler's response: The charges are "compounded from rumors and gossip . . . there is no basis in law or fact for the appointment of a receiver."

LABOR:

Manhunt in Germany

Arriving in Munich recently, an Italian laborer named Tito Brillantino was given a horn-blowing, flag-waving welcome that would have done credit to Gina Lollobrigida. Reason: He was the 50,000th Italian worker to come to West Germany in 1960—and West Germany needs foreign workers far more than it needs foreign movie stars. From Berlin to Baden-Baden, the country is caught up in an all-out labor shortage, and businessmen are beating every bush for workers to staff their booming industries.

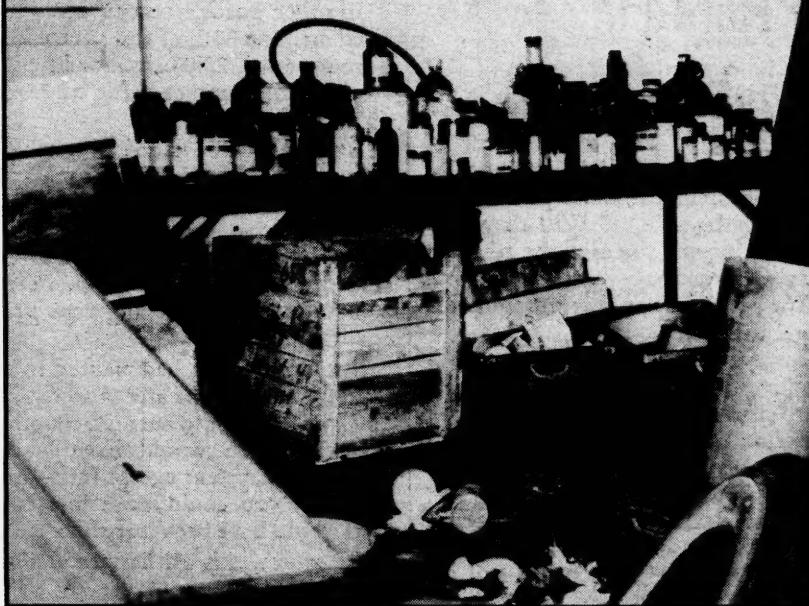
In Munich, fifteen of the 64 pages in *The Süddeutsche Zeitung* last week were crammed with ads for technicians and engineers. Trains were running without dining cars because of staff shortages. Ruhr mine owners needed 7,000 miners and 10,000 apprentices. Black Forest hotels were pushing "brush and broom" vacations, with guests doing their own housekeeping and pocketing the saving. Throughout the country, half a million jobs were going begging.

During March, for instance, Bonn counted 453,000 job openings and 237,000 job seekers. Now, the number of openings stands at 524,000, unemployed at fewer than 120,000. The "labor reserve" has shrunk below 1 per cent of the labor force (3 per cent is tolerable by "full employment" standards).

Ebb Tide: What made the pain more acute was the fact that West Germany, riding on a flood of Iron Curtain refugees, had missed most of the labor pinch that cramped its industrial neighbors in the early postwar years. But the refugee traffic has slowed considerably. This year, for example, the tide of fugitives from East Germany dropped from 7,000 a week in May to about 4,000 a week in midsummer.

One answer: Big recruiting programs for foreign workers. At the end of 1959,

What the Doctor Didn't Order



MAJOR U.S. drug makers have long bewailed the "coattail riders" among their competitors, who let larger firms finance the industry's hefty research job and then jump in to sell their discoveries at cut prices. Last week, they were contending with a new kind of hanger-on who, while riding their coattails, was also picking their pockets.

In Hoboken, N.J., state food-and-drug authorities and local police padlocked the dingy, roach-infested "factory" of the General Pharmaceutical Co., which was doing a \$50,000-a-month business in counterfeit drugs, stamped with the trademarks of reputable firms. Investigators reported that the drugs, including tranquilizers, pills for arthritis and heart disease, weight-reducing tablets, and other prescription items, were being made under "incredibly filthy" conditions (picture), with no quality controls, and often with minimum amounts of the vital ingredients.

The discovery was made by private detectives, hired about a year ago by Schering, CIBA, and Wallace division of Carter Products, after a druggist noticed that the stamped insignia on some "Schering" pills looked peculiar. Their sleuthing convinced the investigators that there may be more such companies in existence, most likely in New Jersey (where there are no licensing requirements for manufacturing drugs), elsewhere in the East, and in California. Together, they may be taking in an estimated \$50 million a year, producing as much as 3 per

cent of all prescription drugs sold in the country.

All of this raised a disturbing question: Is the legitimate drug industry's distribution system as germ-proof as its sparkling, sanitary manufacturing facilities?

In contrast to "proprietary" (i.e., nonprescription) drugs, which are shipped in sealed containers, supplies of ethical drugs can be easily intermingled by a wholesaler or retail druggist in the interest of higher profit margins. More than a few distributors buy "distress merchandise," which may be anything from someone's excess inventories to hijacked loot. While most of the merchandise is legitimate, the practice makes it possible for phony drugs to creep in. (Shipments from General Pharmaceutical, the police said, were being mailed to wholesalers in unmarked paper bags, envelopes, and even in a box labeled "Machine Tools.")

With millions of General Pharmaceutical pills already on the market and other counterfeiters possibly still in production, there was little drug makers could do but mail out a barrage of letters to druggists asking them to double-check their sources of supply. (Examining pills, in most cases, is impractical since it usually takes a pharmacist's assay to detect a counterfeit.) But more stringent measures may well be forthcoming. In Washington last week, a Federal Food and Drug official said that the FDA was hunting for proved violations of Federal laws and hoped to step into the case "in a big way."

So You'd Like to Retire in about 25 Years...

That's fine, we don't blame you. The only problem for most people is—will they be able to? Will they have enough income to enjoy the rest that they've earned?

We can't answer that question for you, of course.

But we do think that even a modest investment program—the regular purchase of good common stocks over a period of years—can be a big part of that answer.

Why?

Because that's what the record shows. Suppose, for instance, that it was the year 1935 when you had decided to start investing toward your retirement in 1960. You had enough insurance for protection, enough savings for emergencies; so you began to put \$1,000 a year into common stocks.

Now we're not sure which stocks we would have suggested then, and we don't want to be accused of picking and choosing by hindsight, either.

So let's say you bought \$1,000 worth of a typical common stock—a composite of the 500 stocks used to make up the well-known Standard & Poor's Composite Index of Common Stocks.

Suppose that you had followed your program faithfully and had bought \$1,000 worth of that typical stock every year on July 1, starting in 1935. Now you are ready to retire. Just where would you stand?

Well, let's look.

In the 25 years through June 30th of this year, you would have invested \$25,000 all told, and you would have bought 1,516 shares of that typical stock.

At mid-year 1960, those 1,516 shares alone would have been worth \$91,748...

But you would have received another \$31,644 in dividends over the years...

Department TK-119

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*Computations include brokerage fees at prevailing rates and Federal Income Taxes on dividends figured at today's rates for a married man with 2 children, and an average salary over the years of \$8,000.

And if you reinvested your dividends, after taxes, as you went along you'd own another 1,287 shares of typical stock worth \$77,889.

In other words, you could have retired on June 30th of this year with a grand total of 2,803 shares of typical stock with a market value of \$169,637.*

And if you continued to receive a 4% return in dividends—around the average for about 9 out of 10 common stocks on the New York Stock Exchange last year—your annual income, before taxes, would be nearly \$7,000—without touching your principal at all!

But what if you had wanted to retire on June 30th of any earlier year? You could have sold out and, counting dividends, you would have had a profit in every year except four—and the most you could have lost even then would have been just about \$700.

Of course, this all happened since 1935.

We can't promise that you'll benefit from the same kind of market movement over the next 20 or 25 years. It might be either more or less advantageous. Similarly we can't promise the same dividends, either.

But we do think on the basis of the record—a record established through good times and bad, through war and peace—that more people should consider what common stocks can contribute to their retirement.

If you'd like our help in setting up an investment program of your own for retirement, just ask.

We'll do all we can to help you select the most suitable stocks currently available, and to make any suggestions that seem in order as time goes by and as security values change.

There's no charge for this service, no obligation.

In the meantime, if you'd like to have an easy-to-read, down-to-earth primer on the fundamentals of investing, we'll be happy to give you a copy of our basic booklet "What Everybody Ought to Know About This Stock and Bond Business".

You can call, come in, or simply write—

BUSINESS

106,000 assorted Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks were working in West Germany. This year, another 56,000 have arrived. Italians are pouring into Munich at a rate of 3,000-4,000 a week. A new Madrid office is signing up 1,000 Spaniards a month, and one in Athens wants 5,000 Greeks. Germans also talk of putting plants in labor-loaded areas like Ireland.

With the West German "economic miracle" showing no sign of abating, however, none of this has been enough. "As a result of the labor shortage," Ludwig Erhard's Economics Ministry complains, "stocks of finished goods in hand are falling from month to month and delivery delays are getting longer."

A few things, however, are working for Erhard's planners. Next year, the first of the bumper crop of postwar babies entering the employment market will help fill the shortage of 261,000 apprentices. For the long pull, as Europe's Common Market keeps developing, workers eventually will be free to move from depressed areas into others where jobs are plentiful. Until that happy day, however, industrialists, hotelkeepers, mine operators, and the rest are in the same fix as the Cologne *Hausfrau* who summed up the shortage this way: "I can't get a maid no matter what I pay. And even if I did get one, I'd probably have to do her laundry and let her entertain guests in the living room."

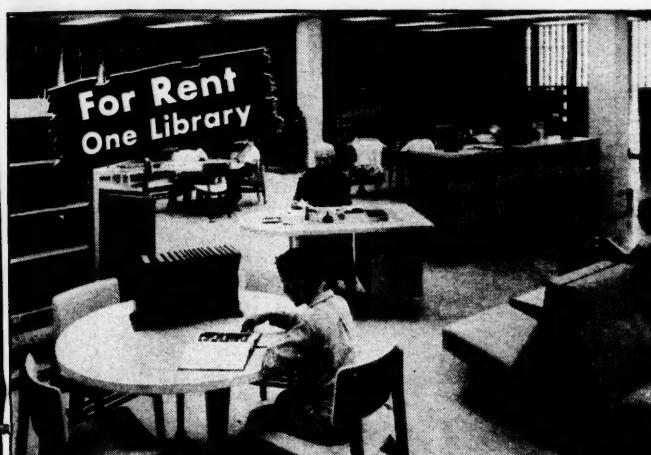
PRODUCTS:

What's Newest

Weed Burner: To clear land of choking weeds, shrubs, brush, and other undesirable foliage, Damac Corp. of Evans, Colo., is marketing a commercial version of the flame thrower. The 115-pound, aluminum fire spitter resembles an anti-aircraft gun, can be mounted on a truck or tractor, fired on the move to burn weeds. A small gasoline engine draws in diesel oil from an accompanying tank, mixes, ignites, and blows it out under high pressure through a 20-foot-long tube. Designed as a land-clearing tool for farmers, fruit growers, and railroad-and airport-maintenance crews, the burner costs \$400 to \$765.

Help! For hunters lost or in trouble, Marsh Coulter Co. of Fraser, Mich., has a distress flare that can be fired from a rifle or 12-gauge shotgun. The flare explodes at an altitude of 500 feet, producing a brilliant red glow visible for more than a mile. Price: Three flares for \$2.95.

Glass Bike: A glass-fiber bicycle of "revolutionary design" is being marketed by Bomard Industries, Inc., of Grand Haven, Mich. The lightweight, streamlined bike, which won't corrode or rust, consists of two pieces of bonded glass fiber which form a frame that encloses all the mechanical parts. Price: \$89.50.



IT'S NO NEWS that anyone can rent a car for a trip, glassware and folding chairs for a party, a yacht for a Caribbean cruise, or a house for a family of ten. Yet many a U.S. businessman is surprised to learn that he can also rent the very tools of his trade, from production-line machinery to seagoing dredges to complete furnishings and equipment for running a library (pictures, left).

In this week's SPOTLIGHT, Associate Editor Gerald J. Barry reports on the fast-growing "general leasing" industry, the men behind it, and the cash-hungry renters who support its booming business.

New Life on Lease

When the Utah Construction Co. landed a contract to dredge a million cubic yards of sand from the bottom of San Francisco Bay in 1958, company officials didn't look up a manufacturer of heavy marine equipment or the business-loan officer of a bank. They had a leasing company buy the \$4 million item for them, and rented it. So did the eight railroads that operate Union Depot in St. Paul when it was decided to install the nation's first full-scale electronic mail-sorting system at a cost of nearly \$1 million. Thomas Maillis of Atlanta started a new business not long ago by leasing a \$9,500 mobile hot-dog stand. And last week, Cleveland's soaring Thompson Ramo Wooldridge concluded a \$500,000 lease agreement that ran the gamut from wastepaper baskets to space-technology gadgets.

All of these renters could have scraped up cash or credit to do what they wanted in the normal way, but like many another U.S. businessman who has found money scarce and interest charges high, they turned to leasing—a substitute financing method which left their balance sheets in a happily flexible condition.

Rental payments by industry on a vast range of essential "capital goods," from postage meters to helicopters, surgical instruments to extrusion presses, is running at well over \$400 million a year. A decade ago, revenues were \$10 million. By 1965, billings of the relatively small group of firms that specialize in renting equipment should pass the billion-dollar mark. "Leasing of all types of equipment will, in five years' time, be accepted as installment buying is today," predicts H.L. Meckler, president of Lease Plan International Corp. And Meckler goes even further: "The time may come when industry leases all of its capital goods."

Meckler's industry, in fact, hardly existed ten years ago. The money restrictions of the expansive, fiercely competitive '50s put a squeeze on working capital at the very time industry was coming under strong pressure to install more productive equipment to offset rising labor costs and the stiffer foreign competition. Corporate giants like General Motors and RCA have found leasing a convenient way to acquire new equipment—particularly for their office forces—without using capital that could be put to work more profitably in sales promotion and research. But the customers who really made the leasing bandwagon roll were in such new and fast-expanding fields as electronics and jet-engine maintenance. Even with a sound fiscal base, they often found themselves with little cash on hand and new equipment needed fast. As a Textron executive puts it: "Leasing is another form of raising capital. It takes its place alongside bonds, debentures, preferred and common stock."

And for growth-conscious companies, it hardly mattered

SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS

that leasing was likely to cost more in the long run. The big consideration: They could obtain immediate use of a piece of capital equipment, pay for it on a rental basis out of the funds its use generated.

The first businessmen to size up the potentialities of a general leasing company—D.P. Boothe Jr., a San Francisco food processor, and Henry Schoenfeld, an employee of Boothe's small plant—admittedly stumbled on the idea. With a short-term Korean-war army-ration contract in hand, Boothe started looking around for equipment he could rent. "It was a hell of a job," he says, "and at best we managed to rent only about half of it." Their seed of discontent germinated in 1952, when he and Schoenfeld heard that one of their big food-processing neighbors in the San Joaquin Valley was looking for a half-million dollars' worth of new equipment at bargain prices. With two other investors, Boothe and Schoenfeld raised \$20,000, went to the Bank of America which gave them a five-year loan to finance the \$500,000 order, and formed the United States Leasing Corp.

Partition: "We were plunging," Boothe says. "We thought it might be a one-shot deal." But U.S. Leasing at last tally had handled about 1,500 accounts and had outstanding leases valued at \$46 million by the end of 1959 (rental income for the year: \$9.9 million). The totals might have been nearly twice as large. After a policy disagreement in 1954, Boothe walked out and set up his own Boothe Leasing Corp., now competing with its San Francisco neighbor for No. 1 spot in the field.

"Fundamentally," Boothe explains, "the lessor is in the business of buying and selling money." He needs no warehouses chock full of punch presses, typewriters, hospital beds, and tugboats since he buys only what the customer specifies, borrowing the money from banks and insurance companies at going rates and paying the manufacturer's list price. Although the client may pay out 130 percent of an item's purchase price in monthly fees over the lease period (anywhere from two to fifteen years, with an average of five years), the lessor operates on a thin margin of profit. "For us, the carrot on the end of the stick comes when the lease runs out," Boothe says. Reason: He sells or re-rentals the fully paid for equipment at a substantial profit. Because leasing companies deal only with excellent credit risks, bad debts run less than 1 per cent, a fact that

makes them favorite bank customers.

What a fellow Californian, John Sutter, was to gold, Boothe and his partners have been to leasing.

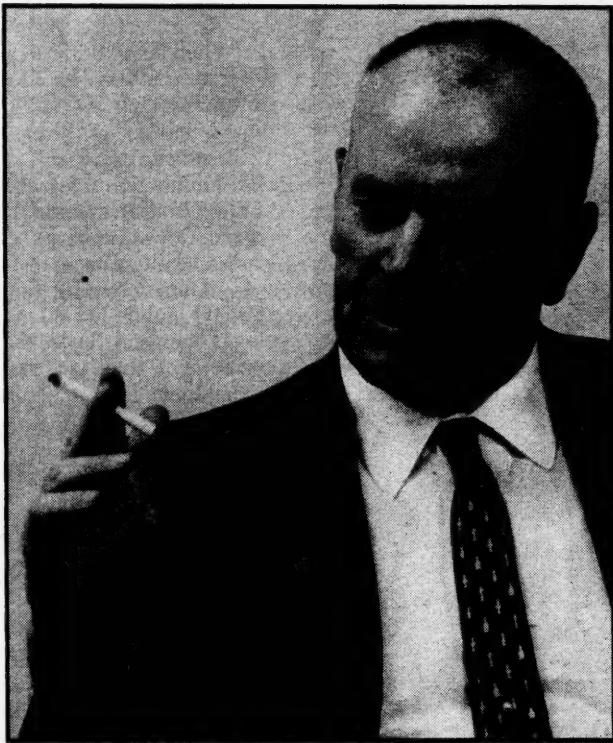
Nationwide Leasing, a four-year-old Chicago firm, is nearly as big as the pace-setters, writing new leases at the rate of \$1 million a month. Another newcomer, Amacorp of Alhambra, Calif., recently leased \$750,000 worth of specialized jet-engine overhaul and test equipment to a single client. In the past year and a half, some 50 local leasing firms have gone into business in nearly as many cities. Hertz Corp. and the Ryder System, big wheels in the car- and truck-rental business, have formed equipment-leasing subsidiaries. New York's Kratter Corp. and Tishman Realty & Construction, both

a recent Supreme Court ruling that the customer must be given an option to buy, IBM leased all of its office and computing equipment. Nevertheless, the manufacturer who leased out his equipment was an isolated operator until recently. But times are changing.

Test Run: Remington Rand, for example, signed up Nationwide Leasing last month to find new markets for its office equipment. Deere & Co. customers now can lease tractors and bulldozers through the Boothe Corp. In a test run, Westinghouse is leasing kitchen equipment and air conditioners to apartment-house owners in five cities, and General Electric has confirmed reports that it may soon offer leases on some heavy equipment. Jones & Lamson, a Vermont machine-tool company, will not only lease its own equipment but will include in the "package" any other machinery required to complete the modernization of a production line.

Possibly even more important for J&L is its plan to recapture through leasing some of the foreign markets lost by high-cost American machine-tool companies. "The difference in financing rates between those in Japan, for instance, and those available to us from our banks," explains treasurer Norman T. Harrison, "gives us a real advantage. Even on a five-year lease we would gain a 28 percent cost differential to apply against the lower labor rates of our Japanese competitors."

For the customers, of course, the big appeal of the equipment lease is the extra stretch it gives to working capital. "Business," explains Boothe, "is a little bit like table-stakes poker in that you can work only with what you have in front of you." What the businessman has "in front" of him shrinks when he finances a



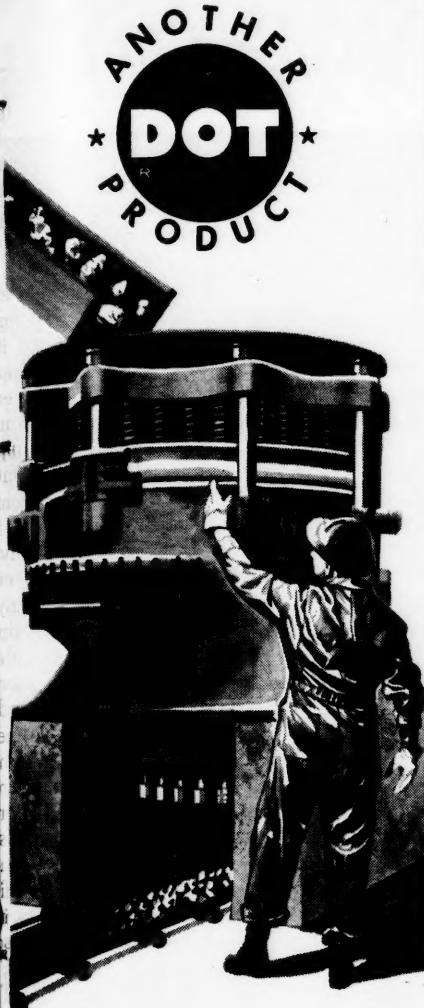
Pioneer Boothe: Why own it when you can rent it?

real-estate giants, are feeling their way into the field. Kratter is leasing beer barrels to the Schaefer Brewing Co. and Tishman has taken over Wells Television, a lessor of TV sets and air conditioning to hospitals, motels, and hotels.

With half of all the companies in the country now leasing at least some of the equipment they use, the men who make the tools of business and industry are beginning to investigate the profit potential in leasing what they used to sell. This, in itself, is not a new idea. Back in the 1860s United Shoe Machinery worked out licensing agreements with users of its equipment. ACF Industries has leased the railroad cars it builds for 30 years, and the oil industry has an estimated \$1 billion tied up in equipment leased to gas-station owners. Until

major purchase through the usual banking channels because the fixed asset that goes on his balance sheet creates an offsetting liability, thus limiting his borrowing power.

Some other appeals:
►For a firm involved in defense contracting, it is often as difficult to get the government to approve realistic depreciation figures on machinery as it is to float a loan in Kamchatka. There's no haggling if the equipment is leased for the life of the contract because the cost is pinpointed in black and white.
►A corporate division manager who finds himself desperately in need of a piece of equipment after his budget has run dry can go through the embarrassment of begging headquarters for more money or he can pick up the telephone and di-



Headlock on a mechanical earthquake



PALNUT Lock Nuts are widely used to keep ordinary nuts from shaking loose under vibration . . . from the all-but seismic quaking of rock-crushers to the insidious, high-speed pulses of electric fans, food-mixers and what have you. In countless applications today, however, PALNUT Lock Nuts serve as cost reducing, lightweight primary fasteners themselves. Variants, such as the Acorn Type, Self-Threaded Nut, PUSHNUT, Washer Type, etc., perform further specialized functions.

Dot's PALNUT Division produces more than a billion fasteners a year. The aggregate savings to industry in weight, space and cost are, of course, incalculable.

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MOUNTAINSIDE, NEW JERSEY
Division of
United-Carr Fastener Corporation

BUSINESS

rect a leasing company to buy the needed equipment and put it in his plant. "He would be less than human," one lessor says, "if he did not frequently take the easier alternative."

► A company taking a flyer on a new product can lease tools it needs to guard against being stuck with expensive equipment it can't use if the product flops. ► Lease payments are deductible business expenses unless the equipment is leased as part of a no-down-payment installment plan. Some feel the tax advantages are dubious, pointing out that the Internal Revenue Service has yet to give a clear-cut ruling on the subject.

Leasing has disadvantages, too. It costs more to rent than to buy and the chronic lessee is never going to be a big property owner. But lessors are confident that such considerations will have no dampening effect on their business for a long time to come. "After all," one leasing executive points out, "nobody worries about not owning a telephone as long as it is there to use."

AIRLINES:

Girls Against the Boys

For years, nothing could have been cozier than the professional relationship between airline pilots and stewardesses. The pilot's union chartered the stewardesses' union and steered it through its early organizing troubles, and the two labor forces even shared headquarters adjacent to Chicago's Midway Airport. Then, last week, the stewardesses declared their womanly independence.

In a fit of pique, officials of the Air Line Stewards and Stewardesses Association packed up and abandoned the Air Line Pilots Association in favor of new quarters in downtown Chicago. They branded the pilots as "dictators" who tried to run their lives "in the air and on the ground." They threatened further to break off their affiliation with the pilots' group completely unless the pilots stopped harassing them by demanding "unreasonable" financial accountings and mailing lists of the stewardesses' members.

The pilots, who claim the stewardesses' union is essentially one of their locals, responded in logical male fashion—they took the case to court to protect their "proprietary and financial" rights. And even as lawyers began trading precedents, it seemed as if the ladies' case might founder on their classic, ladylike inability to make up their minds.

Some 30 stewardesses who showed up as spectators gave little support to their own officials in press interviews. None had a bad word to say about the pilots, and one pretty put it this way: "We're not dominated by the pilots. As a matter of fact, I think we dominate them."

August 22, 1960



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BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



The Irresponsibles

by Henry Hazlitt

IN THE present session of Congress, deliberately planned by the Democratic leaders as a campaign forum, President Eisenhower had a unique opportunity to call upon the members of both parties to rise to the responsibilities that the critical state of affairs abroad and at home lays upon them. The actual message he sent fell short of this, in both its omissions and its recommendations.

The most serious domestic issue today is the preservation of the integrity of the dollar. This requires an end to reckless Federal spending. It requires the tapering off or termination of some of our major spending programs. It requires not merely the passive consent of Congress to monetary discipline on the part of the Federal Reserve authorities, but positive Congressional insistence on such discipline. It requires removal of the interest-rate limitation on long-term Treasury bonds.

Yet the President's message gave only a single perfunctory sentence to this last need, and nobody seriously expects the present electioneering session to pay the slightest attention to it. On the very day that the President was promising to "resist inflationary pressures by whatever means are available to me," the Federal Reserve Board announced a reduction of member-bank reserve requirements to provide a potential expansion of lending power of some \$3.6 billion. This action to increase the money supply was directly inflationary.

MONEY NOT 'TIGHT'

The only criticism the Democrats make of the Federal Reserve is that it has been "strangling" the economy with a "tight-money" policy. Yet as the First National City Bank of New York pointed out in its August letter, in an illuminating table covering 60 countries, the current rate for prime commercial loans in this country is among the lowest in the world.

Though the President spoke against "reckless spending schemes," he came out, on every specific issue, on the side of more spending. This applied to foreign aid, "food for the hungry," medical aid for the aged, and assistance to depressed areas.

Suppose we test one or two of these

programs by the principles of fiscal responsibility or free enterprise. The long-run effect of the ever-expanding program for foreign economic aid must be to slow up national and world economic growth, not to accelerate it. An "underdeveloped" country grows more soundly and rapidly when it seeks to attract foreign and domestic private capital by assuring protection of person and property, permitting withdrawal of earnings at all times, and giving assurances against vexatious restrictions or harassment, burdensome or uncertain taxation, expropriation, and making or keeping its currency convertible.

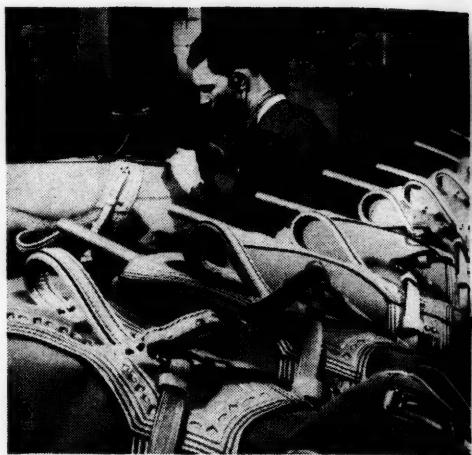
SUBSIDIZED SOCIALISM

But when a foreign country can get loans or gifts from our government without giving such assurances, it will not bother to give them. It will launch instead upon grandiose socialistic projects more calculated to sound good in speeches or to appeal to national vanity than to repay costs. Our "economic" foreign-aid program subsidizes and expands world socialism, and tends to deflect capital from constructive to wasteful use.

In special cases, when hunger follows some calamity outside the control of the country affected, aid from outside is more than justified. But as a regular established giveaway program it is shortsighted. It becomes an excuse to make uneconomic crop surpluses permanent. A country like the United States, which raises only an eighth of the world's food supply, cannot hope to feed the world. When we dump food on another nation at less than world prices we merely discourage growers in that nation, or in still other nations, from raising the food they are physically and economically capable of raising. Such a program will not in the long run encourage either self-help or a net increase in the world's food supply.

Apart from a strong military posture, the most important contribution the United States can make to the world's economic strength and stability is to maintain confidence in the dollar. Yet, broadly speaking, the Republicans are giving only perfunctory attention to that goal, while the Democrats are ignoring it altogether.

Down South... Re



PROFESSIONAL QUALITY GOLF BAGS near completion in Burton factory at Jasper, Ala. Burton bags are sold in over 5,000 golf pro shops in the U.S. and foreign countries.



TAPERED SLACKS are fitted on model in new "Patricia Lee" ladies' sportswear plant in Atlanta. This line of high fashion, budget-priced sportswear is sold nationwide by retail stores.



BOAT TRAILER WHEEL is attached by worker in final assembly of an EE-ZY trailer at Panama City, Florida. EE-ZY Company manufactures trailers for small boats and cruisers.

...Recreation is BIG Business

BAGS
Jasper,
oil pro

el in new
t in At-
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il stores.



BOARD CRUISER provides all-year pleasure for the Clyde Woodfield family. Mr. and Mrs. Woodfield, their son, John, and neighbor, Rena Hinman, load the cruiser at a residential dock on one of the bayous near Biloxi and Gulfport, Miss., prior to setting out for a day's water skiing and such scenes are familiar on the many inland lakes, streams and coastal waters of the South.

ached by
Y trailer at
any manu-
d cruisers.

*The last half of the twentieth century
belongs to the South!*

The South's mild climate, its thousands of miles of seacoast and inland waterways and its many beautiful lakes and rivers provide ideal natural facilities for outdoor fun. The tremendous increase in recreational activity has brought about a corresponding growth in Southern businesses which make, distribute and sell items for recreational use. Many national concerns have established plants in the South and local manufacturers, too, have mushroomed with astonishing speed.

Also, service organizations such as hotels, motels and fishing camps have grown spectacularly. In a ten-year period their receipts have more than doubled in the four-state area served by the operating companies of The Southern Company system.

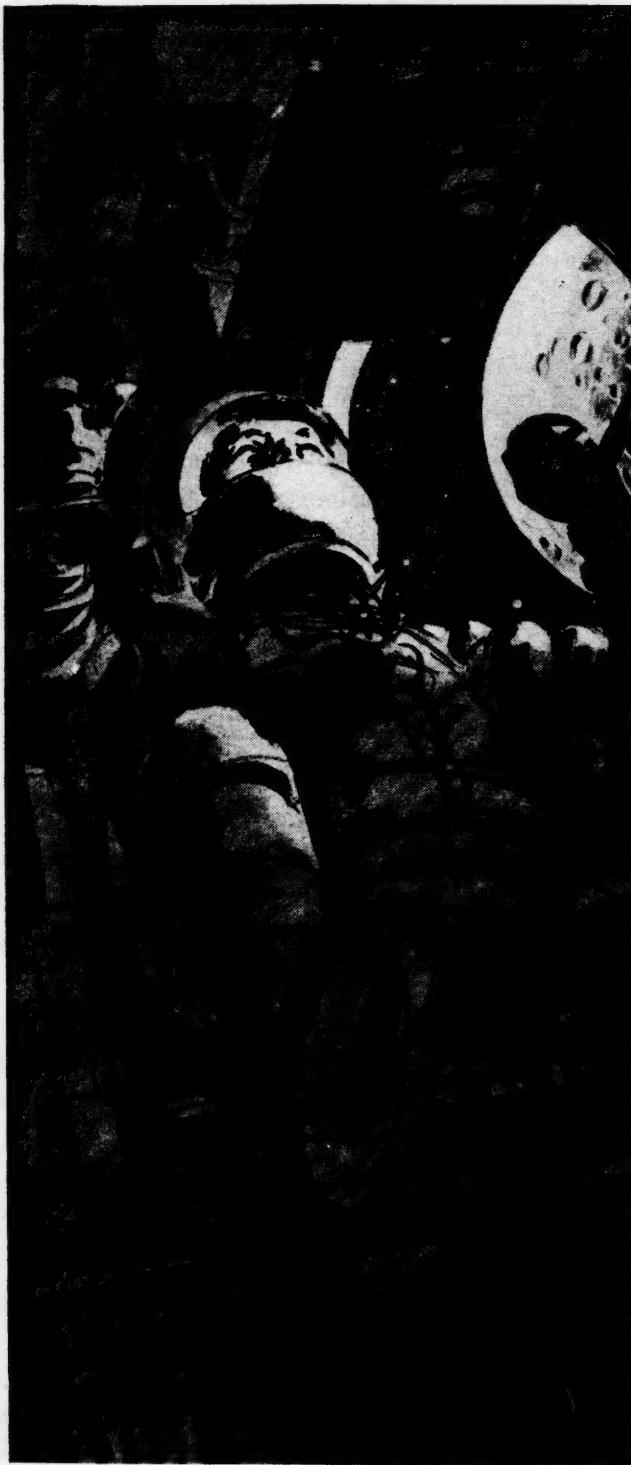
The Southern Company group of investor-owned companies is continually anticipating the growing electric power requirements of the area for industry, agriculture, homes and other uses. In the next three years alone, these companies plan to spend over one-half billion dollars to expand their electric power facilities.

THE SOUTHERN COMPANY

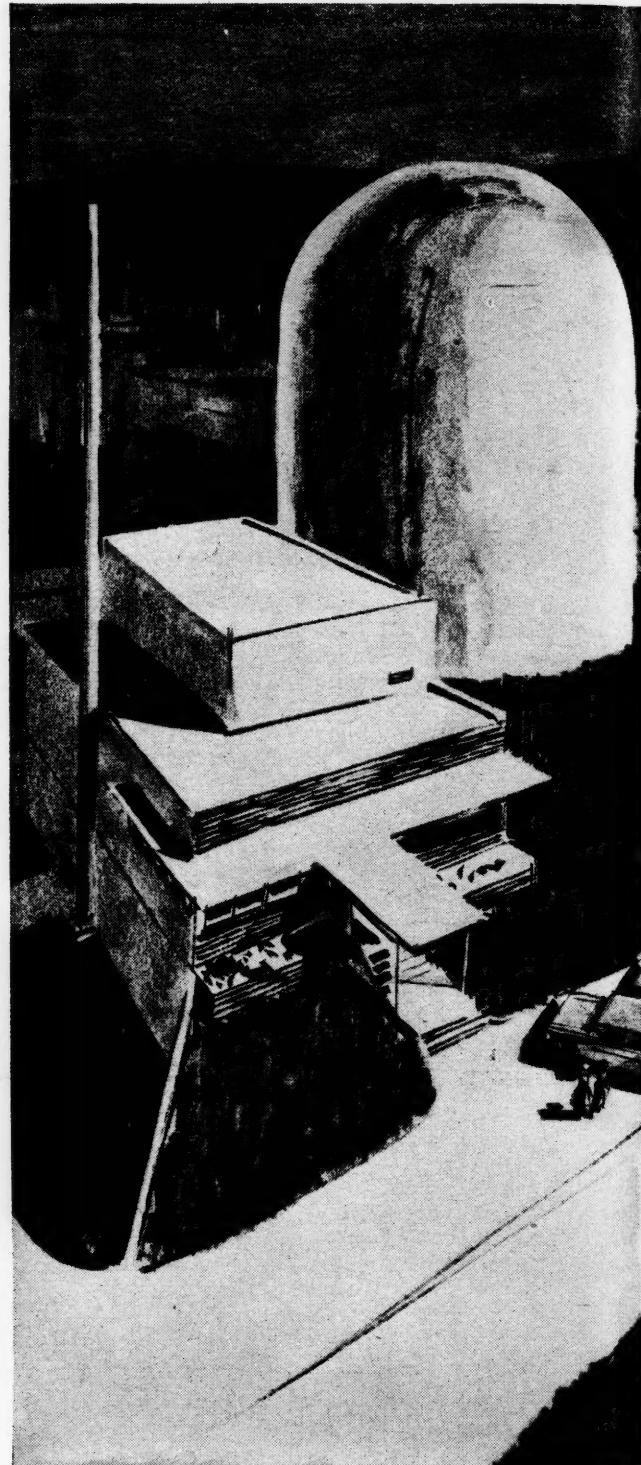


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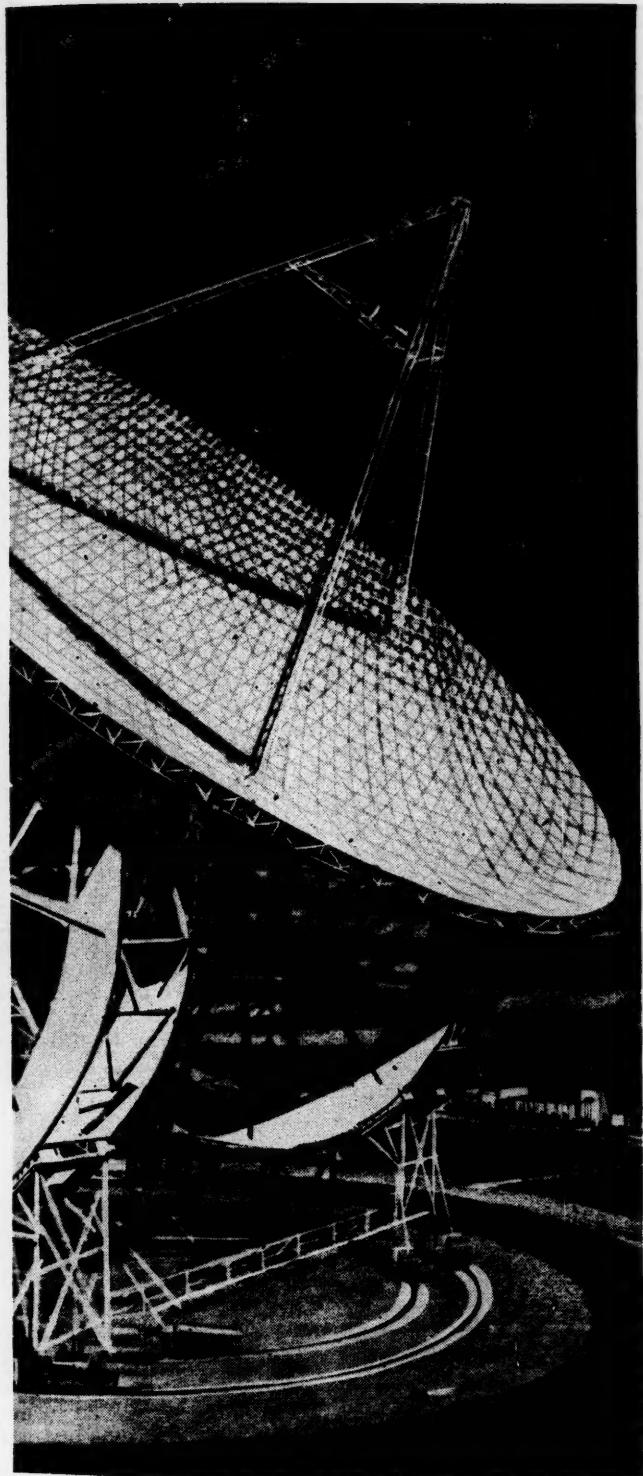


Man in aerospace. North American Aviation is working to solve problems of manned space flight. This research is helping to pave the way for our first controllable space vehicles.

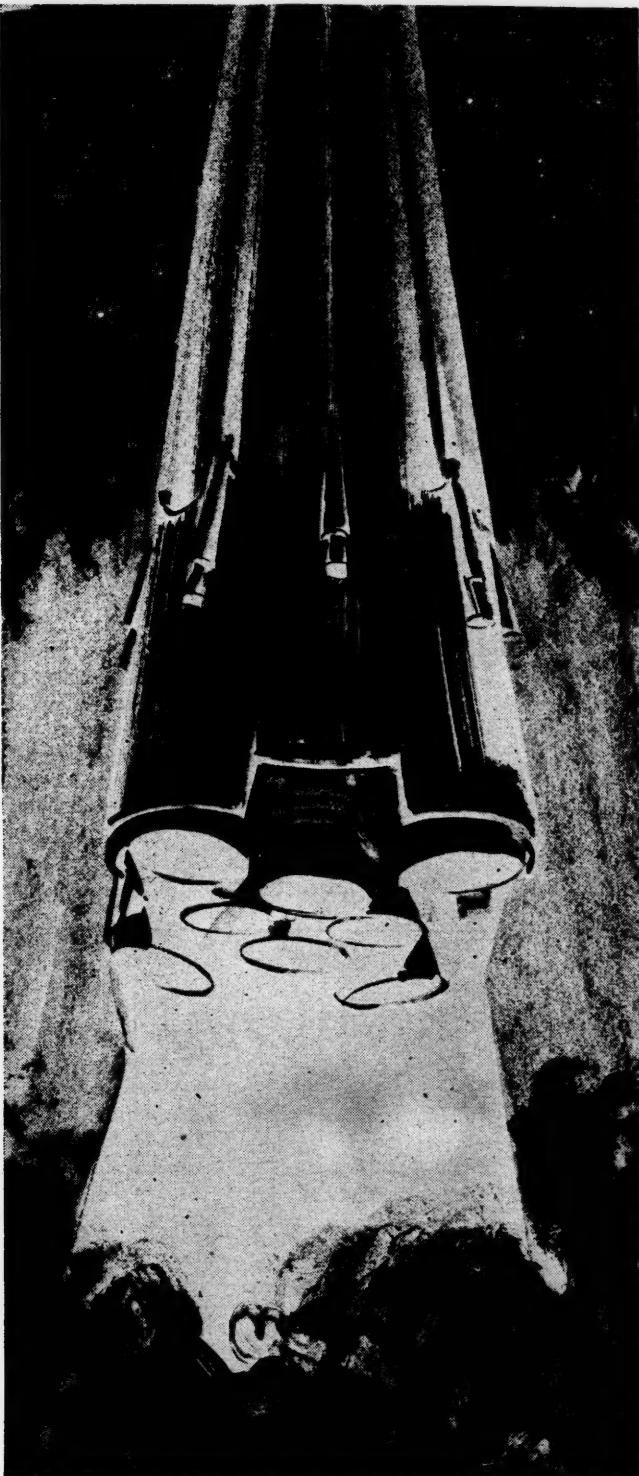


Nuclear power. 12,500 KW Organic Power Reactor, developed by NAA and being built in Piqua, Ohio, is one of the first large-scale uses of the peaceful atom for mankind's benefit.

NAA is at work in the fields of the future



Tools for science. A 10-foot thick reflector for the world's largest radio telescope is being built by North American for U.S. Naval Radio Research Station in Sugar Grove, W. Va.



Rocket propulsion. NAA, the Free World's leading producer of large missile engines, has supplied the main stage units for 24 of America's 27 successful space probes or satellites.

More than a decade before the first satellite was launched, North American Aviation started the development of the rocket engines that led to our assault on space. Foresight such as this, coupled with proven capability, led North American into an intensive diversification program. This versatile corporation has now mastered new technologies in many fields: nuclear reactors, rocket engines, manned and unmanned flight in aerospace, inertial navigation, data processing, electronics. In all these fields of the future, North American Aviation is pushing forward the frontiers of technology.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.

DIVISIONS: ATOMICS INTERNATIONAL, AUTONETICS, COLUMBUS, LOS ANGELES, MISSILE, ROCKETDYNE

THAT GREATEST DAY

By every standard, the three U.S. space successes on one day last week were resounding achievements: Each was a genuine first, and each, as far as is known, is beyond present Russian abilities. Also, they ended months of human frustration. Here is the story of the firsts—the greatest day in U.S. space history—and of the frustrations.

FIRST ROUND TRIP

The task the Air Force set for itself eighteen months ago in its Discoverer satellite program was a formidable one.

First, it wanted to put satellites into polar orbits, swinging on north-south courses as all the world's surface rotated beneath their paths. Seven out of twelve times, the Air Force succeeded in putting Discoverers in polar orbit, using a Thor rocket rig assembled by Lockheed.

Once they were in orbit at 18,000 mph, the Air Force wanted their satellites stabilized with respect to the earth's surface. For Discoverer was to be a fore-runner of the reconnaissance satellites able to photograph any part of the earth. This meant horizon-seekers and gyroscopes capable of sensing Discoverer's attitude in space and then instructing tiny

gas jets to correct any tumble. In four out of five orbits, steady radio signals told ground monitors they had succeeded.

Finally, and most ambitiously, the airmen wanted to bring a satellite back from orbit intact—to demonstrate how film and perhaps men might return from space (see chart). The electronic recovery system built by the Missile and Space Vehicle Department of General Electric for this task was an ingenious one: A pre-set timer to start the sequence in motion, gas jets to flip the satellite over so its nose pointed backward in orbit and toward earth—in position for return from orbit. Then, an ash-can-size recovery capsule would be pushed out and slowed from orbital speed by a small backward-firing rocket. After its job is done, the heat shield protecting the capsule against the searing

Newsweek—Bresnan

friction of re-entry is dropped away.

As the package parachuted the last 15 miles to earth and the safe, open expanses of the planned recovery area north of Hawaii, C-119 planes would be waiting to "air snatch" it—haul it in with trapeze-like hooks. Should the Air Force fail, Navy surface ships would take up the hunt. Five times the C-119s lumbered up for their game of "space ball"—and five times they struck out. Discoverer II came down over Norway, half the world away. Discoverers V, VI, and VIII achieved perfect orbits and ejections—but fell silent and were never found.

Last week, Discoverer XIII proved to be the lucky number. The sequence at last fell into place. Some 200 miles over Alaska, the capsule plummeted out; seventeen minutes later, a C-119 heard the capsule's "here-I-am" beacon signal growing stronger as it approached the recovery zone. Cloud decks prevented the "air snatch," but 40 minutes later the capsule's orange parachute was spotted against the gray swells of the Pacific. By sunset, a helicopter and a 22-year-old Navy frogman named Robert Carroll had winched up the 98-pound payload.

Sky Spy: All hands were jubilant. "Until we could do this," Air Force research chief Bernard Schriever said, "we were only partially on the road to space."

If there was any flaw in the performance, it was that the engineers were still in the dark as to why the earlier Discoverers failed. This week, they will attempt to diagnose the difficulty with Discoverer XIV. Beyond that, Lieutenant General Schriever revealed plans to launch two Discoverers a month, from now through most of 1961. Late in September, Discoverer XV may carry a 6-pound Spider monkey on the first round trip for an animal to orbit and back.

As more powerful rocket boosters and more sophisticated guidance systems are developed, the monkeys will be pushed aside for more critical experiments. The first "spy-in-the-sky" satellites will probably use a television relay to transmit pictures from space to ground monitors (NEWSWEEK, June 6). But Discoverer XIII's performance shows how film packs can be recovered from orbit—a feat that promises 100 to 1,000 times the raw data of TV-relay satellites.

This kind of reconnaissance over the Soviet Union, hardheaded officers are now insisting, can close the "intelligence gap" created by the U-2s' grounding.

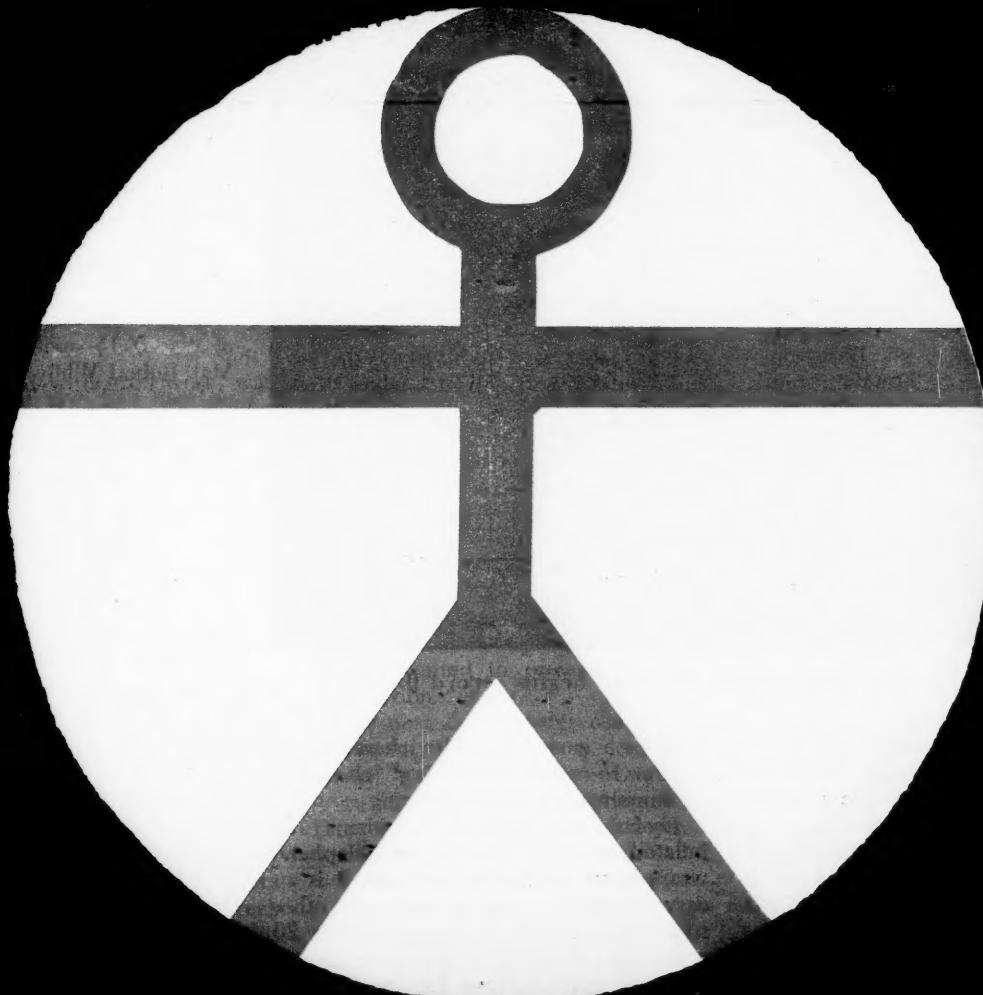
NEW STAR ASCENDANT

Much brighter than the North star, the U.S. Echo I shines this week, by far the biggest and the most unusual satellite man has hung in the heavens to date.

No other man-made object could match its dimensions: 100 feet in diameter and ten stories high. Yet its total



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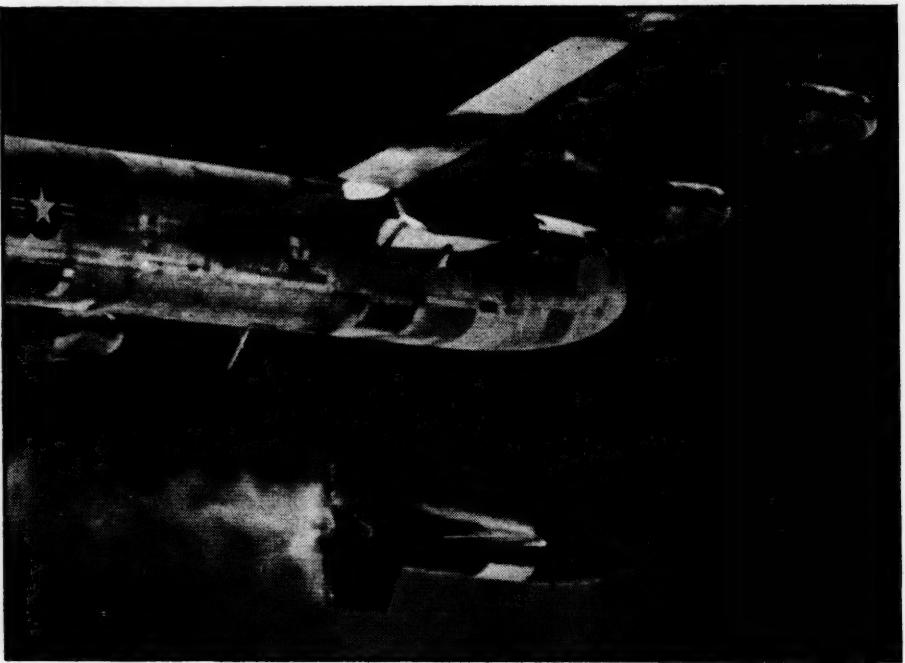
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Associated Press

Lighting off: All barrels ablaze, the X-15 begins record flight

weight was only 136 pounds and it was able to expand and contract like an accordion, depending on how the sunshine played on it. Few satellites were as versatile: In its first few days of life, Echo I had already served as a radio and telephone mirror, a micrometeorite target, and measurer of air molecules in the path of its 1,000-mile-high orbit.

On its second west to east swing over the U.S., for example, Echo I was a "passive" reflecting surface for a radio message transmitted from California's Jet Propulsion Laboratory to a horn-shaped receiver at New Jersey's Bell Telephone Laboratory (see chart). The message, pre-recorded by President Eisenhower, came in with the clarity of "a local telephone call," a Bell engineer declared.

The feat was the second demonstration of a satellite as a radio relay—the "active" Talking Atlas, launched on Christmas Eve 1958, had equipment for picking up and retransmitting messages. Seemingly, AT&T subsidiary Bell was in the position of competing with the parent company's long-distance radio and cable services. However, with under-seas cables already crowded and radio channels subject to atmospheric blackouts, Bell realizes there is more than enough business for all modes of transmission, here and out of this world.

Sublime Accordion: Echo I is essentially a balloon, getting its high radio reflectivity from the aluminum-bathed Mylar plastic skin, which offers a surface area of three-quarters of an acre when inflated. At launching, the sphere is folded in accordion-like pleats inside a 26-inch container. At orbit altitude, the balloon blows up when a 10-pound charge of benzoic acid changes from a

solid to a gaseous state—a characteristic of the so-called "subliming" chemicals at temperatures above freezing.

Because the Mylar skin, when fully inflated, is half as thin as the cellophane wrapper on a cigarette package, it is an easy target for micrometeorites and other space dust. For this reason, another 20 pounds of subliming chemicals are aboard to compensate for any loss of pressure caused by punctures. This week and next, Echo I will be continually bathed in sunlight—and the subliming chemicals will stay gaseous. But when it falls in the earth's shadow (because of changes in orbit), the fun begins. In theory, the below-freezing temperatures will change the subliming materials back to solids and the sphere will collapse. When Echo I moves back into sunlight, it will, in theory, fill out again. How long this action will last during Echo I's hoped-for yearlong lifetime is anyone's guess.

The fabricator of this system is a small but imaginative Minnesota firm headed by G.T. Schjeldahl. With Echo I riding high, Schjeldahl is now thinking about instant space stations—"just add gas"—and prefab winged shapes that spacemen could inflate and fly back to earth.

Even if Echo I were to prove nothing more, however, it would still be a shining example of the tenacity of one man, 45-year-old William J. O'Sullivan of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Four times before, balloons put together under O'Sullivan's direction failed to get into orbit. A 30-inch sphere intended for International Geophysical Year launching failed, after many postponements, when the Vanguard second-stage misfired. Two 12-foot spheres were destroyed when the rockets fizzled. Still

hopeful, NASA tried a 100-footer substantially like Echo I; when this satellite was lost in the Atlantic last May 13, O'Sullivan took to walking the streets at night, for hours on end, according to NASA colleagues.

After five years of work and four failures, articulate Bill O'Sullivan had a word for his feelings: "Elated."

HIGHEST MAN

Strapped to his seat in the snug cockpit of the X-15 rocket plane, Air Force Maj. Robert White last week saw a sight no man had ever seen before: Twenty-five miles below him lay the earth and 99 per cent of its atmosphere.

"This is fantastic . . . This is really fantastic up here," he radioed Edwards Air Force Base as the X-15 soared easily over the hump of a record-setting arc. He was then at 131,000 feet—nearly a mile higher than the unofficial mark of 126,200 feet set in 1956 by the late Capt. Iven C. Kincheloe in the X-2.*

Back on the ground, the tall, dark, New York-born veteran of two wars and 5,000 hours' flying was more articulate: "It was a very deep blue, but not exactly like night. There was distinct contrast . . . three distinct bands, the earth, the light blue of the sky, and then the very deep blue of the extreme altitude. It was very impressive."

The entire flight—from the time White was dropped from the B-52 "mother ship" at 45,000 feet until he skidded back to earth—took only eleven minutes. At 8:48 a.m., he flicked the ignition switches and pulled the ship into a 51-degree climb. Four minutes later, his 17,000-pound load of fuel burned up. White held the blue-black dart upward in a silent, semi-ballistic path.

Feeling High: From the top of the arc, he said, "I couldn't make out any landmarks, but I was impressed by the feeling of altitude . . . I couldn't see any definite curvature of the earth, but I expect photographs would show it."

Then there was the five-minute, curving glide back to earth.

White is the third man to pilot the X-15. First trials were flown by North American Aviation test pilot Scott Crossfield. Then Joe Walker of NASA set a new world's speed record of 2,196 mph (NEWSWEEK, Aug. 15). But neither his nor White's records will stand for long. Sometime in September, another X-15, fitted out with a new power plant four times more powerful than the present motors, will be flown for the first time. Then the three X-15 pilots should break one another's records time and time again. They are all eager and able.

"I would have no qualms about going higher," White said.

*Kincheloe, slated to be the AF X-15 pilot, was killed in July 1958 on a routine F-104 mission.

SPORTS

OLYMPICS:

'Something to Scare 'Em'

John Thomas, the greatest high jumper in track and field history, took an early workout at the U.S. Olympic team's training center in Pomona, Calif. When he returned to his dormitory, a coach asked: "Where you been, John?"

"We decided to work out before it got too hot," said Thomas.

"Who?" said the coach, "is 'we'?"

Thomas shrugged. "Me and all the parts of my body."

Humor, blended with grim work, was the keynote as the American Olympians finished their training last week and prepared to leave for Rome. Once, when John Allen, a walker, was hiking 15 miles for practice, he heeled-and-toed the wrong way down a one-way street. A policeman stopped him and accused him of blocking traffic. "Didn't you see the arrow?" said the policeman.

"Arrow?" said Allen. "I didn't even see the Indians."

The U.S. athletes sounded like comedians—and performed like champions. In their final tune-up meet, they broke four world records:

►Ralph Boston, 21, a biochemistry major, erased the oldest existing world track and field record: Jesse Owens' broad jump of 26 feet 8½ inches, set 25 years ago. "Jesse said it was all right to break his record," Boston explained after his record leap of 26 feet 11½ inches. "He said he was tired of it."

►Harold Connolly, the defending Olympic champion, threw the hammer 230 feet 9 inches, 5 feet beyond his own world record. "I wanted to go to Rome," Connolly, a schoolteacher, said, "with something to scare 'em with."

►In the mile relay, Eddie Southern, Earl Young, Otis Davis, and Jack Yerman sprinted the distance in 3:05.6, nearly two seconds faster than the old mark.

The fourth record-breaker was shot-putter Bill Nieder, the center of a controversy proving that even Olympians, at least Olympic shot-putters, are not always the picture of All-American-boy sportsmanship. At the trials a month ago, Nieder, who held the pending world record of 65 feet 7 inches, failed to qualify. Parry O'Brien, the 1952 and 1956 Olympic champion, Dallas Long, and Dave Davis beat out Nieder. "The worst day of my life," Nieder said.

"In big meets," O'Brien

charged grandly, "Nieder chokes up."

Since the qualifying meet, as the alternates trained with the U.S. first team,* Nieder had consistently outrun his three rivals. Rumors spread that Larry Snyder, the Olympic track and field coach from Ohio State, might drop Davis, who had a slight wrist sprain and had been unable to reach 60 feet, and replace him with Nieder.

"If you're determined to take the best team to Rome," a reporter asked Snyder, "how come Nieder isn't on it?"

"Who said he's off?" Snyder shot back.

"They should leave Davis on," O'Brien insisted. "That injury's nothing."

At this point, Nieder flexed his vocal cords. "O'Brien's only interested in himself," he countered. "If Davis isn't up to par, then O'Brien only has to worry about Long in Rome. He doesn't want me in the way of his winning a third straight gold medal."

In the meet last week, Nieder heaved the shot 65 feet 10 inches, 5 feet farther than O'Brien's championship toss in 1956. "I just wanted to prove," Nieder said, "that I don't choke."

The next day, Snyder came to a decision on the querulous lead-pushers: Nieder was on the team; Davis would go to Rome as a non-competing alternate. "I promise," Nieder said modestly, "I'll come back with a gold medal."

*Under U.S. Olympic Committee rules, the results of the qualifying meet are binding—except in cases of injury, illness, or poor condition.

ROUNDUP:

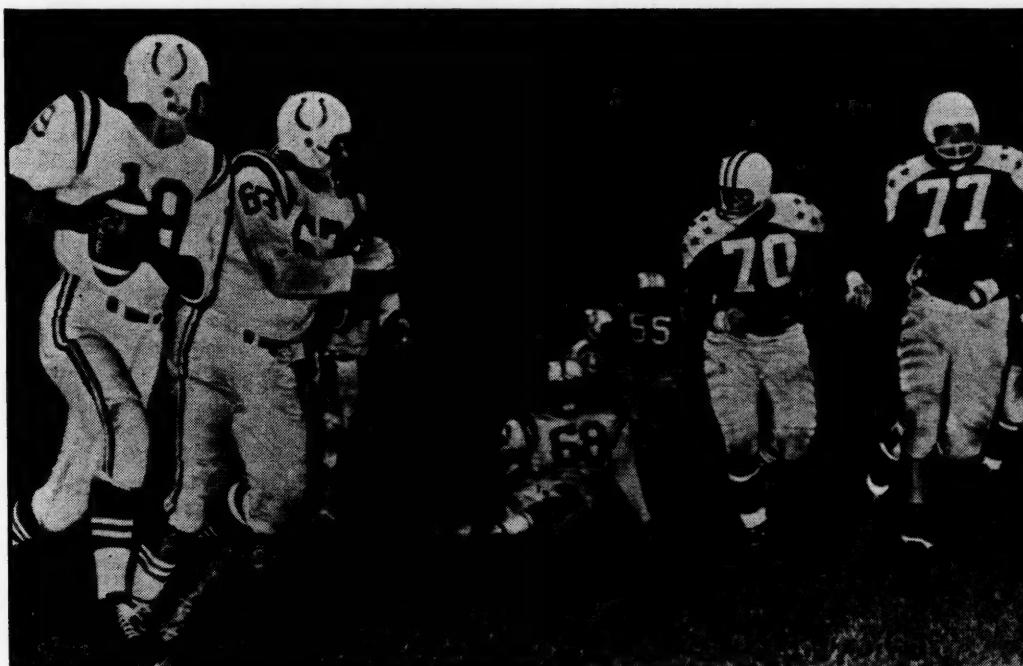
Champagne and Champs

Ted Williams, who has called writers "morons," "liars," and worse, bought champagne for the press last week. The occasion: Williams' 512th and 513th home runs, moving him into third place, behind Babe Ruth (714) and Jimmy Foxx (534), in all-time totals.

What of the future? In an unusually expansive mood, Williams, 41, said: "I always wanted to quit with a good year." He's now batting .314 with 21 home runs—so, "this is it."

►In the International One-Design Class world sailing championship off Norway, Warner Willcox (NEWSWEEK, Aug. 8) of the U.S. entered the final race leading Norway's Fred Olsen. Only the two men had a chance for the over-all title, so they concentrated on each other. Result: Fifteen minutes after all other boats had completed the course, Olsen outraced Willcox to the finish and, by half a point, won the championship.

►Wilt (The Stilt) Chamberlain, who quit the National Basketball Association last spring after breaking all scoring and rebounding records in his rookie season, changed direction and signed a three-year contract with the Philadelphia Warriors. "The contract [possibly \$250,000 for three years]," said Eddie Gottlieb, Warrior owner, "will make Wilt the highest paid athlete in sports today."



Associated Press

CLASS IN SESSION: It was a new football season—and an old story. As the Baltimore Colts, National Football League champions, crushed the College All-Stars, 32-7, in Chicago last week, Johnny Unitas (running with ball, above) gave the neophyte pros a lesson in finesse. The Colt quarterback completed seventeen out of 29 passes. Among the impressed students: All-Star Don Meredith, the SMU All-American who struggled to complete eight of twenty tosses. "Tonight," said Meredith, "my education began."

MUSIC AND DANCE

Red China's Opera

As the sound of a Chinese gong and the swish of swords filled the air, the colorfully costumed clowns whirled about in a hilarious pantomime of mortal combat. Then the last somersault was turned, the combatants happily reconciled, and the 2,800 persons who had jammed Vancouver's Queen Elizabeth Theater to capacity sat back, exhausted with laughter.

By blending this sort of acrobatic buffoonery with bits and pieces of exquisitely wrought drama, dance, music, and mime (photo below), the Peking Opera last week proved to its first North American audiences that it deserved all the extravagant notices it had received in Paris in 1955 and again in Brussels in 1958. Distilling their two and a half hour long show from a thirteen-century-old tradition, the 95-member troupe alternately amused and amazed the sellout audience (who had paid as little as 75 cents for their seats).

Shimmering: In the opening number, "The Dance of Red Ribbons," the Chinese wielded 30-foot streamers with the skill of cowboys using lariats and the precision of the Rockettes. But then, in "The River of Autumn," they cast an ancient Oriental spell over the ultra-modern theater. Using no scenery, only the simplest of props and the most delicate of gestures, two actors created a shimmering illusion of an old fisherman rowing a beautiful young girl across a wind-swept stream in old China. The effect was astonishing.

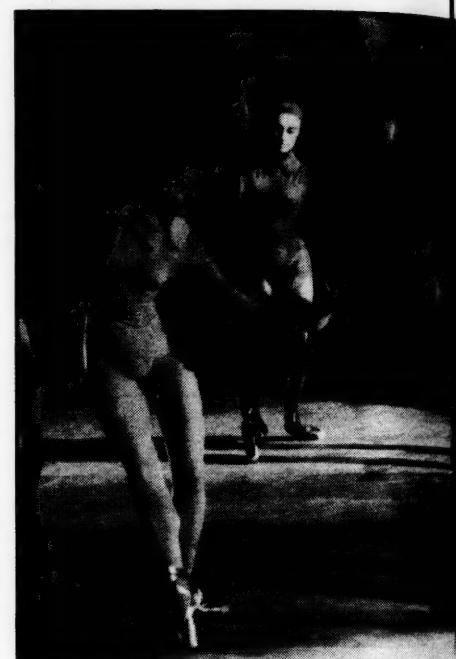
The superb show from Peking was the chief attraction in the third Vancouver International Festival, despite the competition offered by the New York Philharmonic and Leonard Bernstein, pianist

Glenn Gould, and Hal Holbrook and his famous one-man show "Mark Twain Tonight!" Barred from entering the U.S. as are other Red Chinese exports, the Peking Opera was brought to Vancouver by the persistence of Nicholas Goldschmidt, the festival's ambitious managing director. Although Canada, like the U.S., does not recognize the Red regime, Goldschmidt secured official approval for the visit by appealing directly to Canadian Prime Minister Diefenbaker. Before the opera departs for Europe in October, it will appear in Edmonton, Toronto, Montreal, and three other Canadian cities.

While festival officials desperately tried to play down the political implications, the pro-Nationalists among Vancouver's 17,000 Chinese made certain that the rest of the city knew that the Peking Opera bears the Communist imprimatur. On opening night, 100 persons paraded in front of the Queen Elizabeth carrying banners which read: "Mao has killed our brothers" and "20 million Chinese killed in last 10 years." Earlier, when the company arrived in Vancouver after a long train ride across Canada from Halifax (where they had been deposited by a Russian freighter carrying sugar from Havana), 50 persons had marched through Chinatown urging a boycott of the opera and inviting the troupe to "come over to the side of freedom."

Happy Tibetans: Quartered in the Devonshire Hotel (where the preamble to the U.N. Charter and Declaration of Human Rights are prominently displayed), the Red Chinese tried to ignore the protests, but they were forced to make one concession to public opinion. Shortly before the first performance, a number called "Je-Pa of the Prairies," described as a happy dance of happy Tibetans, was abruptly cancelled and "Mongolian Dances" was substituted in its place. One straight-faced spokesman said in answer to critics: "Our whole country's free. People can make signboards and go into the streets to express their opinions . . . But nobody does this," he added hastily.

The only one who managed to be as entertaining offstage as she was on was Miss Tu Ching Fang, the company's sophisticated leading lady. Brilliantly dressed in gold brocade, Miss Tu, who earns \$250 per month (average starting salary: \$40), laughingly admitted that she has "plenty of money in the bank back home in Peking." Does this make her the object of many marriage proposals? "Certainly not," the pretty young Communist replied with a touch of indignation. "There are no men like that in China since the Liberation."



The Royal Ballet's nimbleness . . .

High-Leaping Danes

When the Royal Danish Ballet first visited the U.S. four years ago, its lavish productions—including a gossamer "La Sylphide" and a lusty "Coppelia"—charmed audiences wherever they appeared. But the company, which had been out of Denmark only twice before in its 200-year-history, never got farther west than East Lansing, Mich. Last week, after a jet flight across the Arctic Circle to San Francisco, the Danes picked up where they had left off by delighting American balletomanes.

To launch their ten-week tour, the Danes chose one of the most elaborate numbers in their wide-ranging repertoire—"Romeo and Juliet," music by Sergei Prokofiev, choreography by Frederick Ashton. The evening-long ballet again showed that the high-spirited, high-leaping Danes were at the top of their form. Having no real "stars" in the Bolshoi sense of the word, the Royal Danish Ballet dazzled the audience with a superb display of ensemble dancing. When the final curtain fell, the white and gold War Memorial Opera House rang with thunderous applause.

Unfortunately for most of the other cities on the tour,* "Romeo and Juliet" will be seen only in San Francisco and Chicago, where the stages are large enough to accommodate the sets. Jens Louis Petersen, the company's energetic general manager, explained: "In America, when you say big theater you mean one with a big auditorium. In Denmark,

*Los Angeles, Dallas, Oklahoma City, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, Detroit, Washington, Philadelphia, Hartford, and Montreal. The company won't play New York because the Metropolitan Opera House is already booked.



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Down the Drain

"A soap opera is a kind of sandwich," James Thurber once wrote. "Between thick slices of advertising, spread twelve minutes of dialogue, add predicament, villainy, and female suffering in equal measure, throw in a dash of nobility, sprinkle with tears, season with organ music, cover with a rich announcer sauce, and serve five times a week."

In an abrupt action last week, CBS radio—the only radio network still harboring the weepers—decided the sandwich was no longer quite palatable. As a preliminary move, which will require the OK of its affiliates, CBS indicated it would like to overhaul its daytime schedule and replace all its soap sagas next year with news and personality shows.

Among the seven sudsers that could be affected were such lachrymose antiques as the 28-year-old "Ma Perkins," the 20-year-old "Young Dr. Malone," and the 19-year-old "The Second Mrs. Burton." It was understood that as a part of the overhauling CBS would also call for the jettisoning of "Amos 'n' Andy Music Hall," a lineal descendant of the famous comedy show which started back in 1928.

Although the soaps once attracted as many as 20 million listeners a week (during one period, NBC carried sixteen, CBS thirteen), they have fallen on lean days as radio has swung toward a hard format of music and news. Even on TV, there are only eleven, and last week one of these—NBC's "From These Roots"—was saved from the graveyard only at the last minute when the network got thousands of protesting letters.

All told, almost 60 actors may lose their jobs if the serials die, among them soap-opera pioneer Ethel Owen. A blond veteran of more than 50 soaps over the past 33 years, she now plays the domineering Mrs. Burton in "The Second Mrs. Burton." "I came in with the soap operas, and now it looks as if I may go out with them," she sighed last week. "Music and news are fine, but they are just the same thing all day long. The soaps are different—there's always something new going on."

Gabriel's Horn

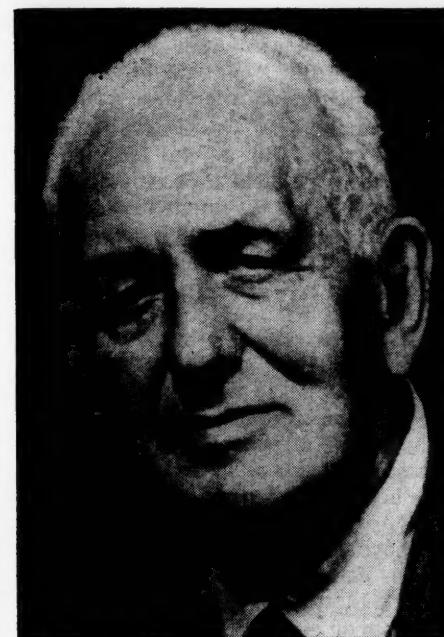
The plaintive, moosehorn call of newscaster Gabriel Heatter, carrying the assurance that there-was-good-news-tonight, once lured in as many as 20 million listeners each evening. Now 69, the square-jawed Heatter offers his autobiography* this week, and the revelations of the bizarre conflicts that tormented him during most of his adult life should come as a shocker to the fans who once

*"There's Good News Tonight," 216 pages. Doubleday, \$8.95.

hung on his hope-and-hokum newscasts.

Tracing his journey from New York's slums to a situation in which he was earning \$400,000 a year, Heatter discloses for the first time the catalogue of fears that almost disabled him: He could not travel, meet people, eat in strange restaurants; he would run out of movie theaters in panic; he was so frightened of handling money he could not bring himself to write a check. There were days in which he was so irrational he would tie and untie his shoelaces 30 times at a sitting, check his front door twelve times to make sure it was locked, and change his socks and undershirt three or four times in a row because he was convinced they were wet.

He could not write the number 13 (he paged his scripts 12, 12A, 14); he would never mention the word "trouble" on the air because he felt it would mean trouble to him. At one point, he made a strange



Heatter: Scared of money

pact with his wife in which she agreed to help him commit suicide if Hitler ever landed in New York. There was one bleak year—before he became a broadcaster—in which he was almost completely paralyzed by fears, unable to leave the house or even read a newspaper. "The comics were more than I could deal with," recalls Heatter. "I did nothing but sit and sit and weep and hate myself."

Now a resident of Miami Beach, where he still beams out five Mutual radiocasts a week plus a local nightly TV news show (*NEWSWEEK*, Aug. 15), Heatter has found what he calls a "measure of serenity," after 27 years of broadcasting. His autobiography, thick with rhetorical marshmallow ("This I know to be real, real as rain and the growing life that

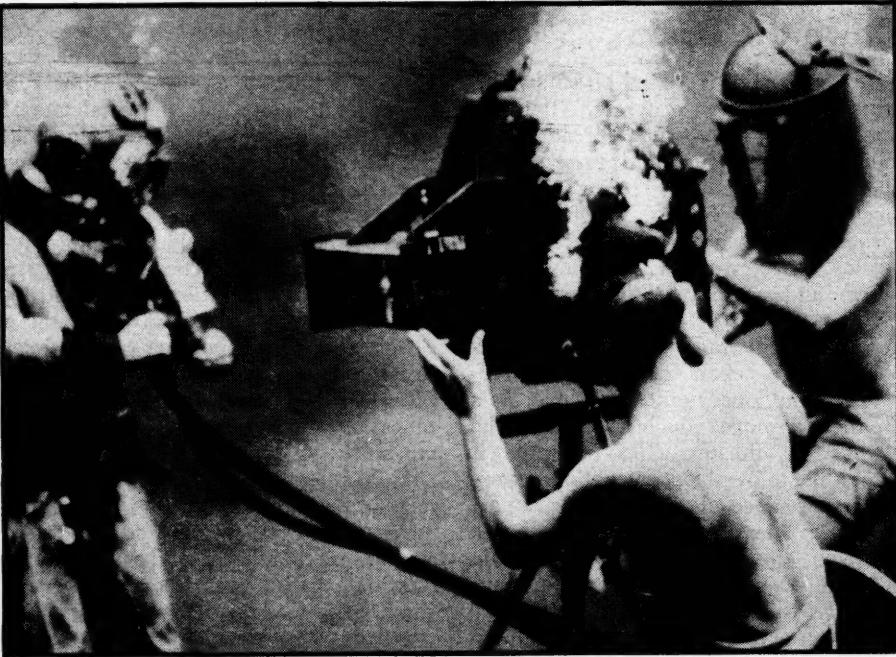
... proved useful in a rescue

we mean one with a big stage. In some of your theaters, we wish that we might play in the auditorium and put the audience on the stage."

The tour, which will present the American première of Birgit Cullberg's ballet "The Moon Reindeer," launches a year-long series of Danish visits to America, including a trip by the royal family to Washington in October. As a good-will mission, the Royal Ballet tour was a success even before the first performance. During a sight-seeing jaunt one afternoon last week in Muir Woods, across the Golden Gate, the dancers spotted an automobile which had plunged off the highway and down a precipice. Four nimble-footed members of the company helped form a human chain down the slope of the 60-foot embankment and brought up the two women passengers and a pet cocker spaniel, all unharmed.

Periscoping Music

Despite reports of a possible delay, construction will begin this fall on the new \$32 million Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center. Target date for completion: 1963 ... South Africa's Miriam Makeba has recorded an album of Zulu, Xosa, and other folk songs for RCA Victor, to be released in the fall ... The North may have won the Civil War, but Columbia Records says the South is winning the LP Battle. Of Columbia's two albums of Civil War miscellanea, "The Confederacy" is outselling "The Union" by 2-1.



EDUCATION

Crammed Crammers

Up, up, up goes school enrollment, with no halt in sight. The latest figures of the U.S. Office of Education show a substantial increase in public- and private-school students for the coming fall term. Kindergarten through college, there will be 2 million more, bringing the total to 48,650,000 (the college increase: 230,000, for a total of 3,980,000). Where to put them all? The Office of Education estimates that 132,400 new elementary- and high-school classrooms are needed, but as school construction continues to lag, the students will just have to keep on doubling up.

Engineered Education

Even from the outside, old GMI is all business. A 6-acre oasis of maple trees and grass among the factories and homes of Flint, Mich., its brown brick buildings are as stolid and plain as the big black lettering over the entrance—GENERAL MOTORS INSTITUTE. It's an engineering school, the kind where the students work while they learn, and even the commencement exercises are "engineered." "We made a time study," a school administrator said, "and found that if we moved graduates at the rate of 27 per minute, we could get them through the ceremony without dragging." At the school's commencement last week, 920 graduates whipped through the diploma ceremony in exactly 105 minutes.

Of the graduates, 420 won bachelors degrees in mechanical and industrial engineering. But at GMI, a degree isn't the important thing; it's what the holder does with it. Leaning back in his swivel chair in his paneled office, the school's retiring president, tall, spare Guy R. Cowling, commented: "A degree is great for social prestige, but it's not a prerequisite for success." (Most of the GMI graduates, naturally, go to work for General Motors.)

Such no-nonsense practicality has built GMI (founded 1919) into the largest (30,000 full- and part-time students) engineering school operated by any manufacturing corporation. The school selects its regular students (there are 2,300) in much the same way as any other regular engineering school—on marks, aptitude, and general deportment. But there's one big difference. Its graduates stand at least a 50-50 chance of making top five-figure salaries in one of the largest and best-paying corporations in the world.

But they must earn their future jobs. Between school sessions, they must work in General Motors plants for four to eight weeks. For this work, they receive a minimum of \$2,000 a year.

At the commencement last week,

Under water with 'Twentieth Century': Everything from Benito to Thule

flowers around me"), will never take any literary prizes. But as the portrait of a man who once held a considerable portion of America in thrall, it does make revelatory and disturbing reading.

Accent on Today

Garbed in somber black suit, CBS producer Burton (Bud) Benjamin telephoned Topeka, Kans., last week, made a reservation at the Menninger Clinic, and hopped a plane to the celebrated mental-health center. His object: Production of a show on the brothers Karl and William Menninger.

Above Atlantic City, Walter Cronkite and a cameraman crisscrossed the airfield eight times in a C-54, to film a program on air traffic jams.

In Ireland, camera crews focused in on students, actors, athletes, for an investigation of the Emerald Isle.

In Berlin, another camera crew was doing street shots for a show on that crisis-torn city.

All the activity was for a single TV series—CBS's "Twentieth Century." In its three years of existence, this half-hour documentary has explored on film such diverse matters as the Burma Road, Fiorello La Guardia, the Nuremberg trials, the Dust Bowl, and the mysteries of underwater life. Despite its past success with historical events—the show draws as many as 25 million viewers—next season it will concentrate more on the contemporary scene. "We're only doing eight historical shows this year out of 26," said producer Benjamin last week. "There's not as much interest in seeing Coolidge wearing feathers in his hat."

As a result, "Twentieth Century"—

currently operating with a staff of almost 100, will take peeks at such subjects as Greenland's ice-covered Thule, our paratrooper-frogmen force, and the subject of Ivy League colleges as status symbols. Among its few backward glances will be programs on Gen. George Marshall and New York in the '20s.

"From the beginning, we decided: Let's not cover enormous events, let's just take a significant story," recalled producer Benjamin.

Since 1957, the show has dug up some astonishing footage. It uncovered movies taken by the Danish underground, managed to wangle precious film of Mahatma Gandhi from the Indian leader's son, and found old shots of musical-comedy actress Marilyn Miller and Scott Fitzgerald through a casual acquaintance Benjamin met in a bar.

Dummy: Benjamin has paid as much as \$10 a foot (usual price for rare film: \$3 a foot) to get some film—shots of the French maquis blowing up a train. But on one occasion, for a show on Red China, Benjamin paid nothing: An agent spirited footage from Hong Kong to the Philippines, had a duplicate print made, then sneaked the film back to its original resting place.

The greatest response has stemmed from programs on Benito Mussolini and Paris in the '20s (incisively narrated by The New Yorker's Janet Flanner). "The only shows that don't get much response," says Benjamin, "are those about events or people that are fairly obscure to most Americans. We did one on Turkey's Atatürk and all we got were letters from several hundred Armenians—traditional enemies of the Turks—objecting to our showing a Turk on TV."

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Cowing introduced his successor as president of GMI, Dr. Harold P. Rodes, a Dartmouth-trained ex-Marine Corps engineer who left the presidency of Bradley University for his new post. Does Rodes have any ideas for improving GMI's program? "We'll expand our electrical and electronics engineering, starting with a new junior-year program," said the stocky, energetic new president. "GM is getting into more and more missile work. And even in the automotive field, there's more emphasis on electronics." One thing he won't have to worry about any more is the usual college president's biggest headache: Soliciting funds. "The company, I've been assured, is solidly behind GMI," he quipped.

When there are so many other fine engineering schools, General Motors executives are often asked, why does GM persist in expanding the institute? The late rough and rugged Charles Kettering, longtime research director of GM, had the answer. "When you hire somebody from MIT or Purdue," he said, "you have to put them to work for two years sweeping floors. When they get out of GMI, they're already acclimated to our way of doing things."

What It's All About

"You just can't shake things up, you can't make too many innovations too fast in a place like this."

As Princeton University's youngest (age 41) president in 200 years, Robert Francis Goheen came to the job in 1957 with some of the inevitable impatience of youth. But as he rounded out his third year at No. 1 Nassau Hall last week, Bob Goheen, chatting with a NEWSWEEK reporter, seemed far less concerned with "shaking things up" than with strengthening and preserving Princeton's traditional ideal of a liberal education against a variety of modern pressures. The highly individualized Princeton education—an unusual blend of lectures, independent work, and close student-faculty contact (ratio of teachers to students: 1 to 6)—is going to become increasingly difficult to preserve in the coming decade of educational crisis. But, says Goheen, "it's not going to succumb here as long as I'm president."

Schizophrenic: With his close-cropped black hair, youthful features, and athlete's compact physique, Goheen looks like an undergraduate himself—or at least like the brilliant, if obscure, 37-year-old assistant professor of classics he was when trustees startled the groves of academe in 1956 by naming him to succeed retiring president Harold W. Dodds. Does he miss teaching now? "You bet," comes the reply, in his intense voice. "I'm schizophrenic about this. I miss the quiet and remoteness of the



Black Star

Goheen: No canning and freezing

study, and the closeness and excitement of the classroom. Being a teacher-scholar is something that can't be duplicated."

Instead of teaching, Goheen now is so immersed in administration, fund-raising (Princeton's major campaign to raise \$53 million has now passed the halfway mark), and academic planning that he has little time for his own field, and little to spend with his wife and six children (ages 4-18). He approaches the public-relations side of his job with the sort of grim determination which prompted his Princeton classmates to dub him "biggest grind" in the class of 1940. But there is little doubt that his real interest lies in maintaining Princeton's academic standards, and in op-

posing what he calls the "canning and freezing of knowledge" by the vast, impersonal education factories.

"I think what we're doing here is standing on a principle," he says, "the principle of independence of mind, and a sort of self-won responsibility. I believe this is more relevant today than at any time in history." But would the coming crisis in higher education limit this principle to a few institutions like Princeton? "I don't believe so," says Goheen. "Good honors programs for exceptional students have been established in many state universities. Much fine educating is being done in the smaller schools. The next decade is crucial. There simply won't be enough teachers to handle the tremendous increase in enrollment."

Virtue Is Free: "With our facilities at Princeton," he continued, "we can't do much about the increased demand for higher education—it costs us more to educate a boy today than he pays in tuition,* so increasing our enrollment would solve nothing. One thing we can do, and are doing, though, is to increase our graduate school. If we can turn out more good college teachers, we'll be making a contribution."

The president paused and lit a non-filter cigarette. "You know," he said, "there's a wonderful thing in the Tenth Book of Plato's 'Republic.' The goddess is explaining to the souls of the dead how they may choose a new life for themselves, on earth. At one point she says: 'Virtue is free . . . the decision is with the chooser.' It's an affirmation that as we conduct our lives, we have the ability to louse them up, to be casual with them, or to try to lead them worthily. It's up to us. This is really what a liberal education is all about."

*Princeton's annual tuition of \$1,450 covers about half the cost of educating a student.

The Brainy Can Be Brawny, Too

The "real brain," who garners straight A's and tops his class, has been typed as a skinny bookworm who blinks at the world through thick-lensed glasses. But is he? According to University of California psychologists J.R. Warren and Paul Heist, it just isn't so. The gifted are "generally taller, heavier, and physically and mentally healthier" than those of average intelligence, the researchers found.

They based this observation on tests of 918 National Merit Scholars with 130 or better IQ's, compared with an "average" sampling. Reporting in Science magazine last week, Warren and Heist sketched

their collective portrait with these broad outlines:

►The gifted have "a tendency to dominate in social situations, or more accurately, a tendency not to be submissive." They have "a greater interest in people . . . less of a tendency to withdraw from social contact," show "more sophistication and greater self-confidence."

►They are "less tense, less anxious, and less given to feelings of insecurity and depression."

►They "show unusual originality, imagination, resourcefulness."

Most important, perhaps, the researchers characterized the gifted as "risk-takers in the field of ideas."

ART

'First-Class Paranoiac'

Salvador Dali leaned far back in his chair, alternately sipping from a tall glass of anise and caressing his vertical mustache with a white flower. Far below, three swans glided gracefully among Mediterranean fishing boats on Port Lligat Bay, and his wife, Gala, sat talking to a handsome Spanish sailor. It was a perfect day on the Costa Brava, and Dali was happily discussing (in perfect French) with NEWSWEEK's Lionel Durand the view, expressed by some art critics, that Dali's eccentricities tend to obscure Dali's artistic genius.

"I think my personality is more important than my talent," said the suntanned painter. "My eccentricities are concentrated, deliberate acts. They are no joke, but what counts most in my life. It may take the world another twenty years to realize that."

The world's incomprehension sometimes pains even Dali, who has been called everything from a shallow buffoon to "the only living artist whose work can be compared with the great masters of the past." When he arrived in New York last year, Dali disembarked carrying a 20-foot loaf of French bread wrapped in newspaper. "I had it baked especially for the purpose," he recalled sorrowfully last week, "but not a single reporter asked me what I was carrying."

Mad Things: "These so-called eccentricities are more vital to me than my own art," he said. "I spent my adolescent years with the personality of my dead brother, also named Salvador. All these years, I have been doing mad things in order to kill the image of my dead brother and assert my own personality. I thus began to toy with the idea of becoming a genius, and I became one while remaining a complete exhibitionist. All this represents the tragic and constant texture of my true personality."

In his Port Lligat home, where Dali now spends six months each year, he leads a surprisingly noneccentric, well-ordered life. Up with the sun, he works until sundown in a clean, high-ceilinged studio, spends quiet evenings in the library with Gala. His current projects include the completion of a film, four years in the making, called "The Story of the Rhinoceros and the Lace-maker" (which "will show

all the creative processes of Dali's genius," he says), and the creation of a gigantic painting of the forthcoming Ecumenical Council in Rome, which Dali called "the most important event of our period." Slated for exhibition in New York this winter, the painting "deals with the mystery of the Holy Trinity, a mathematical problem based on the cube, of course. I have been doing millions of experiments on the cube [photo]."

Digestive Types: "For the first time in history," he added proudly, "an event is being painted before it takes place. The picture will have in it a portrait of Pope John XXIII. I made some sketches after an audience at the Vatican last year. He has the morphology of a typical digestive type, which means he is a realist. The world is now being ruled by digestive types, like Khrushchev and the Pope."

Where does Dali get his inspiration? "My most important ideas come to me in New York," he said, without hesitation. "I get nothing out of California. Europe offers sublime conditions to carry out these ideas, but in New York I think up a new invention every fifteen minutes. New York is full of madmen. Not first-class paranoiac types like me, but second class, yet interesting crazy people who make it a fascinating place to be."



Dali: The stunts are what really matter

MOVIES

NEW FILMS:

Palship

OCEAN'S 11. Warner Bros. Produced and directed by Lewis Milestone.

"Frank! Dean! Sammy! Peter! Angie! Who else could make such terrific excitement and have such fun doing it!" As the ad suggests, "Ocean's 11" is a genial group effort by a bunch of real-life pals. First Peter found the property, a story. Frank then formed a producing company, and sold shares in it to Peter and Dean. Then they all went out to Las Vegas and filmed it, while entertaining the night-club customers at night.

Unfortunately, it is all so genial that the major suspense lies in whether Frank, Dean, et al., will get their hands out of their pockets long enough to pull the robbery which the movie is all about.

Twelve veterans, so the story goes, get together to rob five Las Vegas night spots. One detachment sabotages the city's power generator, another rigs the clubs' auxiliary generators so that, instead of turning on the lights, they will unlock the money vaults. The plan works, but there are surprising consequences. Frank (Sinatra, of course) plays Danny Ocean, natural leader of the boys. Peter (Lawford) is a rich sidekick, Dean (Martin) is a singing sidekick, Angie (Dickinson) is Frank's wife, and Sammy (Davis Jr.), Joey (Bishop), and Buddy (Lester) are other plotters. There is also a brief, unbilled appearance by Shirley; if you don't know who Shirley is, you got no business in the movie theater.

► **Summing Up:** Underdone clan bakes.

ON-SET:

Calamity Lucy

At 7:45 a.m. the sleek beige Cadillac came to a halt before Stage 8 of the Desilu Studios in Hollywood. The car was immediately surrounded by seven overweight employees, and the orange-haired boss stepped out and shouted a joyous greeting.

"Who is it," Bob Hope yelled from his dressing room, "Grandma Moses?"

It was, of course, Miss Lucille Ball, back on the set after recuperating from an accident that typified the harassments that have plagued the filming of "Facts of Life," her first movie in more than four years and her third with Hope.

Trying to leap aboard a yacht for a scene, Lucille had fallen into the 3-foot tank, and suffered a bump on the head, a black eye, and minor cuts and bruises. After that, the injuries came thick and fast: Hope smashed a finger; director Melvin Frank sprained an ankle on the golf course and was put on crutches; Don DeFore, who plays Miss



Hope and Ball (rear, director Frank) : Pitfalls in the pratfalls

Ball's husband, was plagued by an old back injury and wound up in traction—and publicity chief David Golding came down with the mumps.

On the morning of her arrival back at work, Miss Ball spent two hours with her hairdresser and make-up men, finally emerged—assured that her injuries wouldn't show—and filming began. She put in one solid hour doing a single shot of herself looking first at a bed, then a door, and then a wrist watch. By 11:30 she was legging it to the nearby studio, where some 250 Desilu stockholders were assembled for the annual meeting, with her estranged husband Desi Arnaz presiding. After giving his report, Desi announced to Miss Ball: "You are excused by the chair."

"Where's the chair?" asked Miss Ball. "Every minute you're here is costing us money," Arnaz complained.

Miss Ball departed, to applause. After

a sandwich and a cup of coffee (Lucy to the waitress: "Written many letters with this stuff lately?"), she was back on the set, sitting in an auto, chewing ardently on a wad of gum.

Hope made his entrance. "All right, everybody out of the pool," he shouted, making his way past the tank into which Miss Ball had taken her tumble. He got into the car with her, and a cameraman interrupted to say that the light in Miss Ball's eyes wasn't right.

"I guess my eyes are too big for the movies," she said.

"I'll tell you one thing," Hope said. "Your eyelashes are keeping me well dusted off."

Kids. The set by now was jammed with visitors from the stockholders' meeting, and, as filming began, a small boy toppled noisily off a ladder, stopping the shot. "Kids are wonderful, but I like mine barbecued," Hope said through clenched teeth.

Director Frank took a position to one side, to show the couple where to look. "I'm a motel sign," he called.

"Then blink on and off," Hope barked.

When the scene was finished, an exhausted Miss Ball headed for her dressing room, muttering: "I wish I could get my adrenaline up."

Director Frank felt fine. "They're perfect together, real professionals," he said happily. "She knows what's going on every minute. When they're in front of the camera you can feel the magic."

A few days later a cut on Miss Ball's leg became infected and she had to commute to work from the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital. One day as she left the set the confused actress shouted: "How do you get out of this firetrap?" Sure enough: A few nights later the set caught fire and was partially destroyed.

Periscoping Movies

Danny Kaye, not his inimitable self since "Merry Andrew" (1958), is scheduled to revert to comic form in Paramount's "On the Double," in which he will play a World War II entertainer who impersonates a general . . . Bad teeth are keeping Tahitian maidens from playing opposite Marlon Brando in the remake of "Mutiny on the Bounty." Scouts are now checking Polynesian beauties (and their teeth) in Hawaii . . . The story of Emmett Till, the 14-year-old Chicago Negro who was lynched in Mississippi, will be filmed by Louis de Rochemont.

MATSON SOUTH SEAS WINTER CRUISES

Leave winter behind...sail into summer on a glorious 42-day Matson South Seas cruise. ss MARIPOSA sailing Jan. 1 and Feb. 19; ss MONTEREY sailing Feb. 1...the only all first-class, completely air-conditioned cruise ships in South Pacific service...the only liners to both Tahiti and Pago Pago—plus New Zealand, Australia, Fiji and Hawaii. Each sailing from San Francisco, the following day from Los Angeles. Fares from \$1125. Time limited?...air/sea combinations available. See your travel agent.

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BOOKS

JUST OUT:

A Genius Looks Back

MEMORIES AND COMMENTARIES. By Igor Stravinsky and Robert Craft. 167 pages. Doubleday. \$3.95.

"My childhood ... was a period of waiting for the moment when I could send everyone and everything connected with it to hell."

A whiplash way with words is one of the marks of the most famous living composer, 78-year-old Igor Stravinsky of Los Angeles. "Memories and Commentaries" is a sequel to last year's "Conversations With Igor Stravinsky," in which he talked with the young U.S. conductor Robert Craft. The new book is another high-calorie intellectual and historical treat. Stravinsky ranges over the years from his St. Petersburg boyhood to such latter-day activities as his scoring of "The Star-Spangled Banner." (A police commissioner prevented its second performance by the Boston Symphony Orchestra on the ground that a Massachusetts law forbade "tampering" with national property.)

The book bristles with personal comment. Stravinsky's father was a bad-tempered opera singer; toward his mother the composer felt only "duties"; he thought his early music teacher, Mlle. Kashperova, "was an excellent pianist and a blockhead, a not unusual combination. By which I mean that her esthetics and her bad tastes were impregnable, but her pianism of a high order ... Her narrowness and her formulae greatly encouraged the supply of bitterness that accumulated in my soul, until, in my mid-twenties, I ... revolted from her and from every stultification in my studies, my schools, and my family." There followed the traveling years which led to such astonishing works as "The Rite of Spring"; the composer remembers that what he most loved about Russia was "the violent Russian spring that seemed to begin in an hour and was like the whole earth cracking."

Tsarism: In the days of the great Russian ballet under the impresario Sergei Diaghilev, Stravinsky recalls the supreme dancer Nijinsky appearing in "the tightest tights anyone had ever seen ... The Tsar's mother had attended a performance and was shocked ... The Tsar himself was shocked." As for the monumentally perverse Diaghilev, "he

had argued for years to convince me that the exclusive love of women was morbid (though I don't know how he could have known very much about that), that I was an incomplete artist because [I was] 'morbid' ... Diaghilev was in no sense an intellectual. He was much too sensual for that; besides, intellectuals never have any real taste—and has anyone ever had so much taste as Diaghilev? He was a deeply cultured man ..."

Stravinsky's most revered teacher, the composer Rimsky-Korsakov, disappointed his pupil with an "almost bourgeois atheism ... His mind was closed to any religious or metaphysical idea" (Stravinsky himself re-entered the Russian Orthodox Church in 1926). The author believes that the return of the late composer Sergei Prokofiev from Europe to Soviet Russia "was a sacrifice to the bitch goddess, and nothing else ...

procedures developed by Alban Berg, Arnold Schoenberg, and Anton von Webern), Stravinsky deplores the term "creation": The word "was already badly overloaded when psychologists made it their propaganda term for what was no more than a change in methodology ... Only God can create ..."

►**Summing Up:** Lively talk by an uninhibited talker.

Yankee Gloom and Doom

WINTER SOLSTICE. By Gerald Warner Brace. 284 pages. Norton. \$3.95.

"It is the Eustace way of life," says the elder Eustace daughter, Mary Kyle, as somebody parrots Thoreau's played-out phrase about "quiet desperation." All the Eustaces have reason to add their amen. Brainless brother Buzz has killed his best



Pictorial Parade

Igor Stravinsky: Hollywood offered him \$100,000 and a ghost composer

When finally he understood his situation there, it was too late."

Stravinsky scorns the more highly organized forms of musical patronage: "In the main ... the need for new cantatas, string quartets, symphonies, is wholly imaginary, and commissioning organizations, like the Ford, and the Rockefeller, are really only buying up surplus symphonies as the government buys up surplus corn ... Great ... music creates its own need." The subject of Hollywood also disgruntles the Russian master: "They want my name, not my music—I was even offered \$100,000 to pad a film with music, and when I refused, was told that I could receive the same money if I were willing to allow someone else to compose the music in my name."

Speaking of his own work (he is now devoted to the twelve-tone musical

friend in an auto smashup. Sister Patience slashes her wrists as a cure for pregnancy. Eustace senior, who has lost his job and suffered a coronary, sits swearing at the television set and envying his father, who died quickly and cleanly by falling off a hayrick. Josephine, the finely spun mother, seems to be slipping toward madness as she contemplates the wreckage of an old New England family.

All in all, Gerald Warner Brace's new novel carries a freight of misery sufficient to sell soap over the air waves for months on end. But there the likeness to put-up drama ends. Everything about the Eustases and their clapboard hive of despair in a Boston suburb is wrenchingly real. With understated pity and a rueful wit, Brace uses the Eustases to look into the whopping question of whether life

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is worth the perseverance. ("I don't see any sense in a woodchuck," says one character. "He survives," is all that comes back by way of answer.)

In the end, Brace furnishes a certain amount of grist for positive thinkers, but the novel as a literary performance is a reminder of another melancholy truth. It is possible for a veteran author like Brace—58-year-old Professor of English at Boston University—to go on writing thoughtful, distinguished novels for half a lifetime ("The Garretson Chronicle," "The World of Carrick's Cove" and seven others) without ever winning the celebrity he deserves.

►Summing Up: Merely first rate.

Freedom's Mafia

BROTHER CAIN. By Simon Raven. 244 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$3.75.

Many fervent believers in democracy are nonetheless appalled at the amount of muddle, hypocrisy, and corruption that democracy seems unable to avoid. What to do about it? Why, throw the rascals out—by murdering them, if necessary. This, at least, is the solution offered by a hard-bitten core of men in this book, who decide to use undemocratic means to further democratic ends. Their chosen instrument is something called The Institute of Friends of Mediterranean Culture, the plotting group that dominates "Brother Cain." This is a wise, witty, whirling melodrama by Simon Raven, a 33-year-old London literary critic and former British Army officer, who has previously written another superior thriller called "The Feathers of Death."

The Institute, outwardly, is a peaceable artistic body centered in Rome; inwardly, it is a cabal of determined democrats, secretly linked with high British Government circles. It is devoted to all kinds of sly propaganda and action, including murder, on behalf of the democratic cause. To take one simple example: Institute agents pose as agitators for Britain's leading Fascist, Sir Oswald Mosley, in order to increase public sentiment against the Mosleyites. In the novel, this paradox of a kind of Mafia working for democracy is the source of a good deal of richly ironic political comedy. But there is much more than comedy in the conception of the novel's hero, Jacinth Crewe.

Trainee: Crewe had been ousted from Cambridge for homosexuality and from the British Army for debts (the result of heavy horse betting). He seemed shrewd, selfish, unmoral, detached . . . but inelegant . . . mentally and physically rough." He appeared, in other words, likely trainee for The Institute, and rashly accepted its high wages without knowing what he was getting into. Least



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of all did he know that if he tried to leave its secret services, The Institute, for security's sake, would kill him.

This is explained to him once he is in training. The process is a fine satire on institutional programs of the sort. One instructor says: "... since democracy does not care either to recognize or to be reminded of its own excreta, still less to witness the processes required to dispose of its excreta, we must work unaided, secretly, alone."

As Jacinth learns of The Institute's full conspiratorial nature, he discovers with some surprise that somewhere in his hard-boiled soul there trembles an uncertain, anxious concern about honor. It had originally been stirred in him at Cambridge by a greatly admired friend, Rudolf Armiger, an American from the South, who felt it would be dishonorable to live idly on his father's riches. Jacinth Crewe's burgeoning sense of honor bursts into full blossom when he learns that his first major assignment for The Institute will be the murder of Armiger, now a U.S. commercial secretary, who has somehow begun to learn of The Institute's activities. The story streaks along at high velocity to a culminating scene of many surprises, political and moral, at the place appointed for Armiger's assassination, a fancy-dress ball in Venice.

►**Summing Up:** Highly sophisticated, satiric thriller.

Too Many Maids

AWAY FROM HOME. By Rona Jaffe. 375 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$4.50.

Rona Jaffe's renowned first novel, "The Best of Everything," was a sort of updated "Little Women" in which Beth, Jo, Amy, and Meg were cast among the wolves of New York City. In settling the hash of the male on the make, Miss Jaffe won a \$100,000 movie sale and—so she claims—5,000 proposals of marriage. She also brought in a swarm of letters from married women who wanted to say that, "If you think the single girls have it tough . . ." From now on, nobody can tax Miss Jaffe with slighting the woes of the wedded. Her second novel tells how tough it can be on a wife in a place like Rio de Janeiro, where maids are so cheap and plentiful that there is nothing to do all day but loll around brooding upon the shortcomings of one's husband after the lights are out.

Sufferer No. 1 is Helen Sinclair, wife of an American gemologist who, after a hard session of scouring the jungle for amethysts, tends to think of bed, instead of Bed—a distinction by capital letter which is Miss Jaffe's own useful invention. When a Brazilian smoothie is hypnotized by her bikini, Helen tumbles in return. Next there is Margie, another expatriate wife, who loves her husband

but stiffens at his touch. A happy denouement, which has Margie romping nude on the beach with a young sculptor, reveals that her emotional allergy does not extend to the whole male sex.

Into her crazy-quilt plot, Miss Jaffe has worked numerous splotches of background color like the Carnival in Rio, a Macumba ceremony (the local voodoo), and the collapse of an apartment house, an event which is apparently a favorite sporting spectacle in Brazil.

►**Summing Up:** Not much fun in the sun.

SCHOLARSHIP:

The Sexy Parts

Perhaps it is a sign of maturity, perhaps of decadence, but there is no denying that novels in America have become, since the end of World War II, considerably bolder and much more candid about sexual matters than they ever had been before. But while the novelist may privately revel in his new-found freedom, publicly he must still wear a solemn face and, on occasion, defend in court in sepulchral tones his work of art, his artist's integrity, his allegiance to letters. Thus by the public policy even prurience is made puritan, and then excused.

Partly as a public-spirited criticism of our singular attitude toward the representation of love and lust in fiction (and partly for kicks) a New York scholar named Robert Reisner has devoted five years of his life to a bibliography of passionate pages in legitimately published novels. It is called—felicitously—"Show Me the Good Parts," and Reisner has just completed it.

The author of such other volumes as "Captions Courageous" (with Hal

Ten to Read

- **The Four Loves—Essays on Affection, Friendship, Eros, and Charity** by Cambridge's brilliant C.S. Lewis (reviewed NEWSWEEK, Aug. 1).
- **The Firmament of Time—Man's changing views of himself and nature; superbly poetic scientific writing**, by Loren Eiseley (July 25).
- **Thomas Wolfe: A Biography**—Definitive life of the seething American writer, by his former agent and friend Elizabeth Nowell (July 11).
- **The Fathers**—Allen Tate's 22-year-old novel of passions in the Old South is now being hailed as a U.S. masterpiece (July 11).
- **Felix Frankfurter Reminiscences**—The Supreme Court Justice speaks electrically of his life and thought and many men (July 4).
- **The Good Years: From 1900 to the**

Kaplow) and "More Captions Courageous," the bearded Reisner explained to a visitor recently: "Among other things, this book will save a lot of people a lot of eyestrain. A great many modern authors put sex into their novels like so much salt and pepper. You don't have to read anything before or after. And this is what people buy the books for."

To prove his contention about the motives of some people for some of their reading, Reisner told of his experiences in combing 1,900 novels in search of the 600 "titillating passages" noted in his compendium: "It was a lot easier than you'd think. Most of the novels I read I got through the public library. And often, if I looked at the edge of the book opposite the spine, I'd see a dark stripe where the book had been read and reread and reread. Or sometimes I'd just



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- First World War**—Walter Lord's vivid montage of some of our most exciting yesterdays (June 20).
- **The Affair**—Highly sophisticated, academic whodunit by Sir Charles Percy Snow. The mystery: Scientific fraud and faculty motives at Cambridge (May 9).
- **The Leopard**—Masterly novel about a nineteenth-century Sicilian prince, and Italian social revolution, by a recent expert, the late Prince Giuseppe di Lampedusa (May 2).
- **Carrington**—Highly superior Western, based on an actual Sioux massacre of U.S. troops in 1866, by Michael Straight (April 4).
- **Some Angry Angel**—Richard Condon's slambanging, hilarious satire about a potent gossip columnist and his soiled and hectic way of life (March 21).

put the book down on a table and let it fall open. It always fell open to what I was looking for. Or I'd get a book with pages ripped out. That was almost always a sure sign. And when I got another copy, it would be those pages that were the sexy ones. My book will help librarians, you see. [Reisner himself worked as a librarian for nine years.] They'll know where to look to find mutilations of the books."

Hotpourris "I read more terrible novels," he exclaimed. (Reisner's sources included the monthly list of objectionable books put out by the National Organization for Decent Literature.) "I remember I was returning a whole pile of Yerby books to a library and I met a neighbor of mine, a lovely middle-aged woman. She was surprised at the books I was reading, and I told her I was looking for hot parts. She was shocked. Then I said that it was for a Ph.D. thesis on sexual writing in comparative literature or some fool thing. I asked her if she knew of any good parts. 'The Fountainhead,' she said. Very seriously. And then she said 'Page 229.' And she was right."

Reisner flipped through his manuscript and read, "Rand, Ayn. *The Fountainhead*. Indianapolis, Bobbs-Merrill. 1943. 754 pages. Pages 229-231. A much enjoyed rape... New York. Signet (paperback). 1957. 715 pages. Pages 217-219."

Although he has a contract with a New York publisher, Reisner said he had no idea when the book would be out. "They're not even sure they can publish it. A bibliography! They're having lawyers think about it now, and I'm supposed to hear from them by the end of the month. I don't understand it. I think sex in literature should be allowed or not allowed, but what we have now is just hypocritical! And this is a legitimate scientific work!" Then he leaned back on his studio couch, and gave himself over to waves of laughter.

August 22, 1960

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<i>Hawaii</i> James Michener. Random House	6.95	<i>The Good Years</i> Walter Lord. Harper	4.95
<i>The Leopard</i> Giuseppe di Lampedusa. Pantheon	4.50	<i>The Conscience of a Conservative</i> Barry Goldwater. Victor Publishing Co.	3.00
<i>The Chapman Report</i> Irving Wallace. Simon & Schuster	4.50	<i>I Kid You Not</i> Jack Paar. Little Brown	3.95
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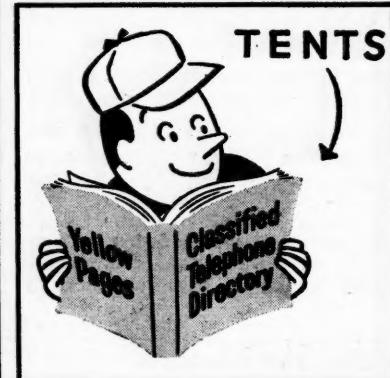
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Lawmaking in Dog Days

by Raymond Moley

TO CLAIM that this resumption of the final session of the 86th Congress is necessary is a monstrous fraud. The Senate leadership, deliberately or by acquiescence, permitted a slowdown in May and June. To pass legislation in the dog days for political purposes is to put political advantage above a sacred public responsibility. For the intention is either to present strident minority groups with handouts from the Federal revenue or to force a President with a will and conscience to be pilloried by his vetoes in September and October as a man callous to the needs of the poor, the ill, the elderly, and to the necessary public services of the nation. The dog days, according to Webster, are a time of "malignant influences." The phrase is apt.

Let us consider one subject listed for action in this period—medical care for the elderly. It may be taken for granted that the Democratic majority is intent upon carrying out the terms of the party platform on this subject: "We shall provide medical-care benefits for the aged as part of the time-tested social-security insurance system. We reject any proposal which would require such citizens to submit to the indignity of a means test."

POINT OF MADNESS'

The Republican platform would allow for optional purchase of private insurance and provide Federal assistance grants to the states for those who need help. It recognizes that to give to all without regard to need would be financial insanity. For no one knows how many would participate in a free scheme for all. We do know, however, that to limit assistance to recipients of social-security benefits would give to many who do not need help and omit many who do.

For the Democratic platform to call social security (OASI) "insurance" is wrong. "Insurance" was never used in the original Social Security Act. It has been judged by the Supreme Court to be a gratuity, not the payment of an equity in insurance. Those who receive payments are getting benefits paid out of the earnings of those below retirement age and by their employers.

The income to the so-called trust

fund is not enough to meet the outgo. The fund could be headed for bankruptcy, and all that those who will have paid into it for years can rely upon is a grant by Congress from general revenues or from a big increase in the present rate of tax. To load health onto the burden—that is to make OASI into OASHI—would, according to William R. Williamson, who used to be chief consulting actuary for the system, carry "fiscal irresponsibility to the point of madness." It is a conservative estimate that OASI plus health "insurance" would shortly cost 20 per cent of the first \$4,800 of payroll.

LEGISLATING IN DARK

The enormous increase in tax on employers would obviously be passed on to consumers in inflationary prices and would be a powerful force in pricing the United States still further out of the world market.

To enact the Forand bill in any modified form would be legislating in the dark. I have read laboriously hundreds of pages of hearings and other literature on the subject and I cannot find that anyone, in either Congress or the Administration, knows how many people would need such help or has any idea of what it would cost.

It is further evident that no one in the government has fully explored how much of the problem could be solved by practical application of tax deductions. For example, a deduction for children or other relatives of aged persons so that private insurance could be bought. There is a moral issue here. Would or would not John F. Kennedy help Father Joe if he went broke and got sick? Or would he disregard the moral strictures of religion and pass old, sick Joe over to a vague thing called society?

Further exploration should be made of tax adjustments for corporations which would provide health-insurance payments for their retired employees. Another possibility would be whatever assistance is necessary to help private insurance to cover elderly people as well as younger ones.

The whole subject should be studied further, and any legislation should be considered next year in a calmer and more rational climate.



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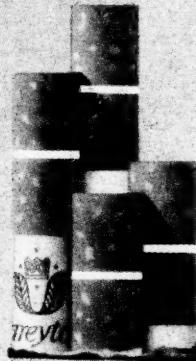
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