

Newsweek

COLD WAR AND POLITICS—A SPECIAL SECTION

Our Allies in Turmoil

(ON-SCENE INTERNATIONAL REPORTS)

JUNE 6, 1960 25c

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SPORTS GAMBLING MADNESS

SPECIAL SPORTS REPORT

MR. C. G. DE VINNEY
NEW HAVEN MICH

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*A
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Now modern interior coatings spread so smoothly, spray so easily, that they almost seem to paint by themselves. What's the helping hand? *Shell glycerine . . . basic ingredient for alkyd resins.*

In home or factory, tough, colorful coatings based on glycerine-derived alkyd resins grip tightly to surfaces . . . form a rugged coating that shrugs off wear.

And glycerine helps put the shine on your shoes, the kick in explosives, the flex in cellophane. It is used in more than 1500 products—ranging from cosmetics and candy to toothpaste and textiles.

As the nation's largest producer of glycerine, Shell Chemical extends a helping hand to industry in the never-ending quest for more useful products.

Shell Chemical Company

Chemical Partner of Industry and Agriculture
NEW YORK



W. TEASON

THE HUMAN SIDE OF PENSION PLANNING

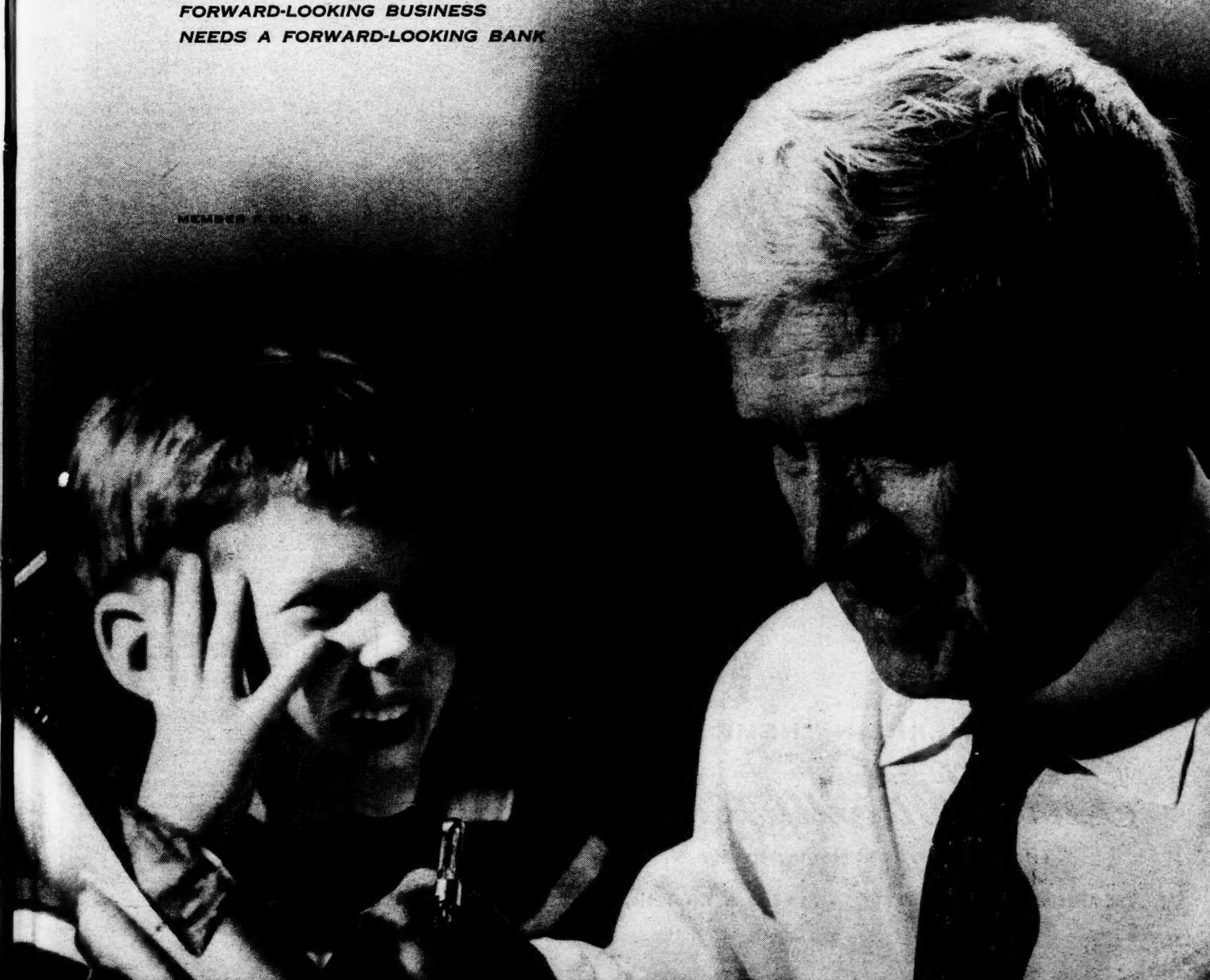
Protection for the retired is a major concern of U.S. business. The problem is how to invest today's contributions to produce the best results in the future. Our continuous research on this problem shows that balance and selection in the investment program is the solution. By helping to set up and manage hundreds of pension trusts, large and small, our Pension Trust Division has earned a leading position in this field.



BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK

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

MEMBER FDIC



LETTERS

From this
"idea book"

How to
be one of
the lucky 7%
when fire strikes



OFFICE GUIDE
SHAW WALKER
LARGEST EXCLUSIVE MAKERS OF OFFICE EQUIPMENT

Statistics reveal that 93% of fire's victims were seriously handicapped because fire destroyed records in their steel files and desks. This and how the lucky 7% escaped are two of the many facts in the new 248-page Shaw-Walker Office Guide.

It also pictures, describes and prices 5000 items—Clutter-Proof desks; Correct Seating chairs; Filing cabinets in 347 styles and models;

Simplified filing systems; Fireproof record keeping equipment; Automation accessories. A gold mine of ideas.

FREE to office and purchasing executives! Request on business letterhead or phone your Shaw-Walker representative.

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California



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2

Straight Bourbon Whiskey
90 Proof

THE AMERICAN DISTILLING COMPANY INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

As They See the Crisis

THE GREATEST TRIUMPH FOR PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AT THE SUMMIT WAS THAT HE TOLD THE TRUTH ABOUT THE SPY PLANE. IF HE HAD FALLEN FOR K'S TRICK, SAYING HE DID NOT KNOW THE PLANE WAS SPYING, HE WOULD HAVE STOOD REVEALED AS EITHER INCOMPETENT OR AS A LIAR. BECAUSE HE TOLD THE TRUTH, EVERY WORD HE SAYS CAN BE BELIEVED BY US, BY OUR ALLIES, AND THE FREE WORLD.

ARCHIBALD I. MCCOLL
KALAMAZOO, MICH.

►Now that Washington has been caught in a bareface lie, who will ever believe the U.S. any more?

Mrs. M. PETERSON
Guatemala City, Guatemala

►The really serious thing about the U-2 incident is the intellectual and moral collapse disclosed in our handling of it. First a series of official lies, and then the efforts of all hands to justify it.

FENWICK HEDLEY
Los Angeles, Calif.

►One of the most disgusting and unpatriotic things I have heard in a long time is Adlai Stevenson's public criticism of our government, at a time when our country should stand solidly behind its government.

LOUIS MEYERINGH
Lima, Peru

►If we of the free world would spend as much energy seeking out, exposing, and destroying the Communist

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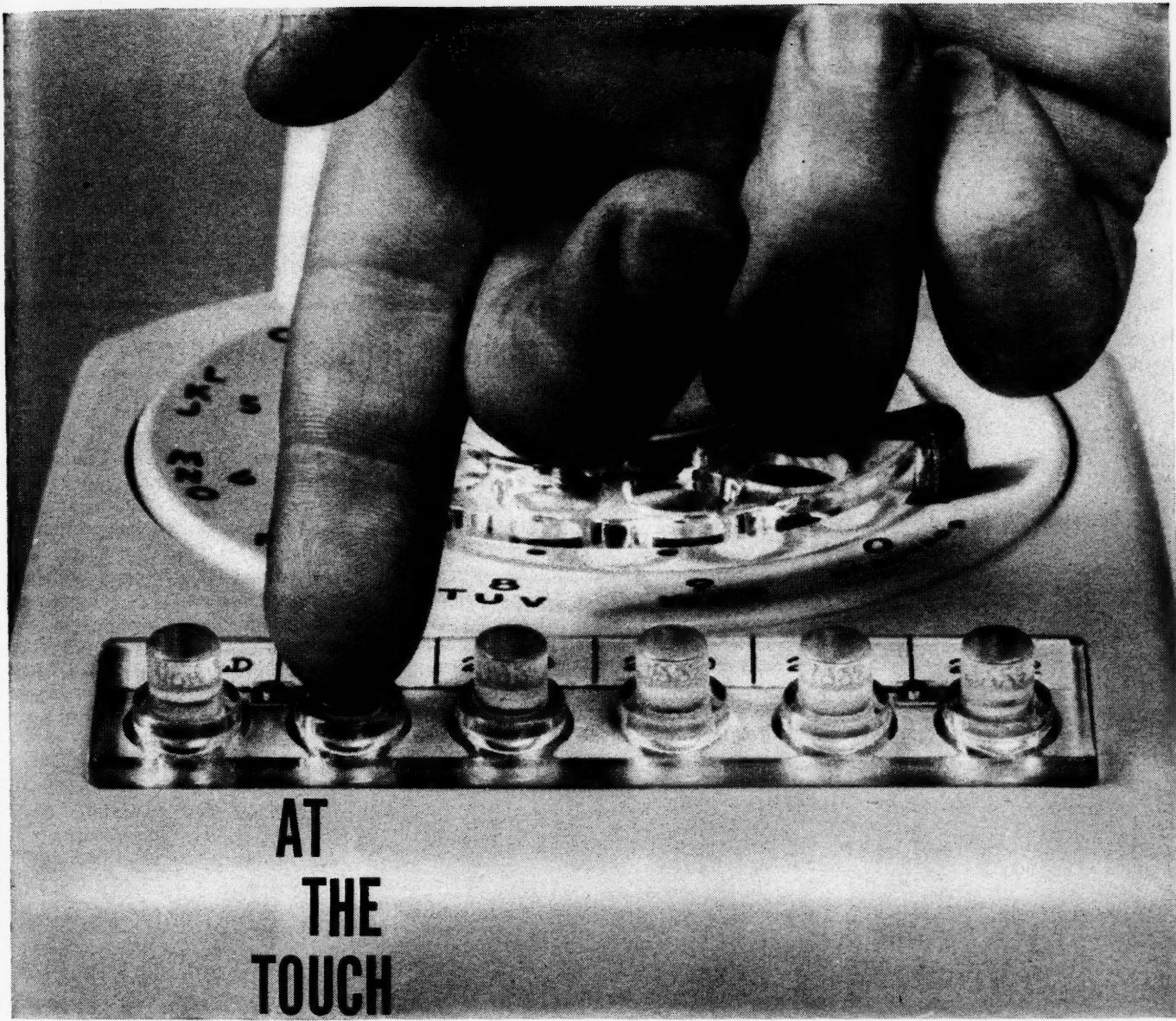
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AT
THE
TOUCH
OF
A BUTTON *your phone becomes an intercom*

Here's real versatility. Just press a button and your office phone becomes an intercommunicating system. This ultra-modern Bell System intercom lets you:

TALK WITH OTHERS in your office, plant or store just by pushing a button or dialing.

HANDLE OUTSIDE as well as intercom calls on one phone. *No extra equipment on your desk.*

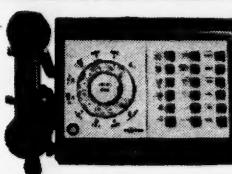
CONFER with as many as 6 persons at once, again just by pushing a button or dialing.

ADD ANOTHER PERSON to an outside call, then stay on the line or get off, as you like.

The Bell System intercom will increase the efficiency and convenience of your telephone service—help you get more done, serve your customers better. Skilled Bell Telephone technicians will tailor it to your exact needs. No capital investment. No added cost for maintenance.

Get all the facts on how this new intercom service can improve your communications—profitably. Just call

your Bell Telephone business office and ask for a representative to visit you at your convenience. No obligation, of course.



New Call Director telephone provides as many as 30 push-buttons for maximum use of intercom service features.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

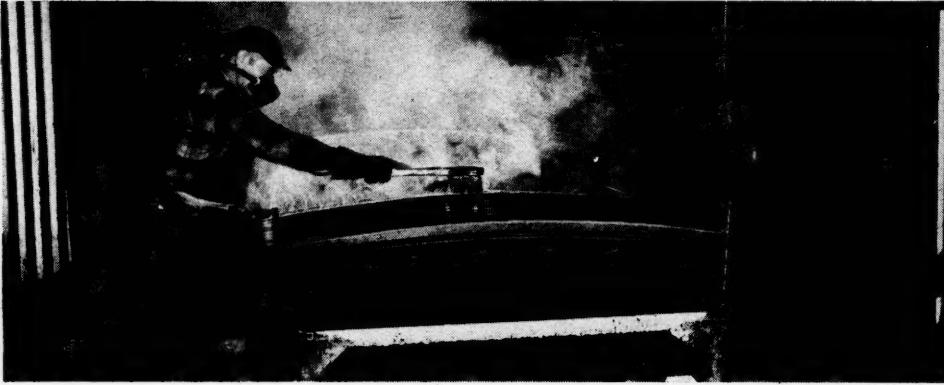
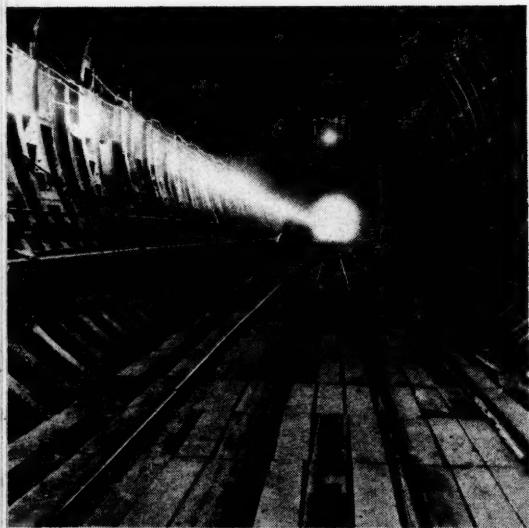


ON-THE-SPOT REPORT

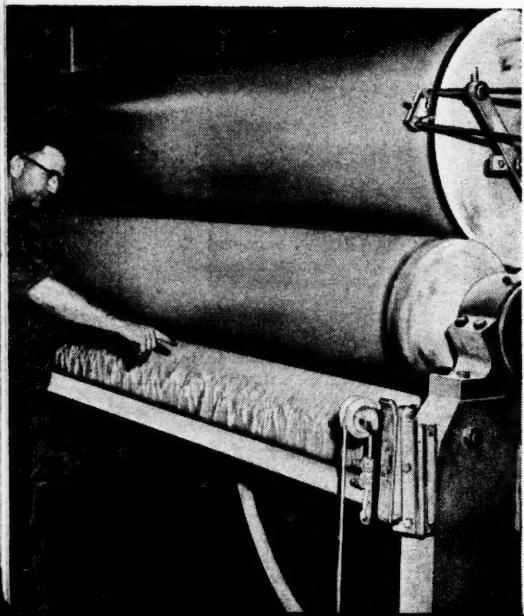
Products and Ideas that can pay off for you



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.



DYLEX® Latex improves quality of enamel paper



Enamel paper coated with DYLEX latices is ideal for modern, high speed printing presses. This styrene-butadiene latex coating gives the paper greater resistance to surface rupture, higher gloss, and smoother surface which results in better printing reproduction.

WEST VIRGINIA PULP AND PAPER, a pioneer in machine coating, is a top producer of enamel coated paper. They use styrene-butadiene latices as an additive in the machine coating operation to improve the quality of the surface of the paper. Use of these latices has made it possible to produce a higher quality enamel paper than could be made in the past.

Production supervisors at the WESTVACO Fine Papers Division plant, Luke, Maryland, report that they are pleased with the uniformity of DYLEX Latex and its compatibility with other coating materials.

with fast-drying BITUMASTIC® JET-SET, then coated the outer surface with hot-applied BITUMASTIC 70-B Enamel. This protective coating system, and a revolutionary joint-sealing design, combine to make a watertight tunnel supported with corrosion-free steel liners.

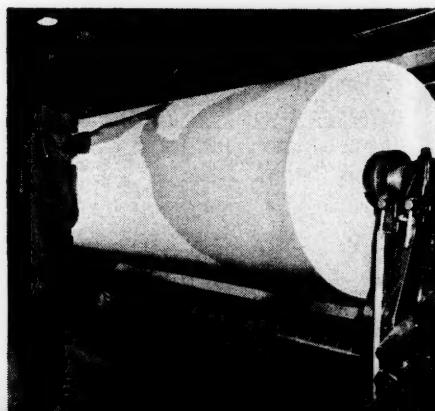
Mr. Irving Huie, Project Manager for the PERINI CORPORATION, reports that the steel liner plates are installed as soon as they arrive from COMMERCIAL's Youngstown plant. Although a small batch of coating material is at the tunnel site to correct any flaw in the coating, not one dab has had to be used.

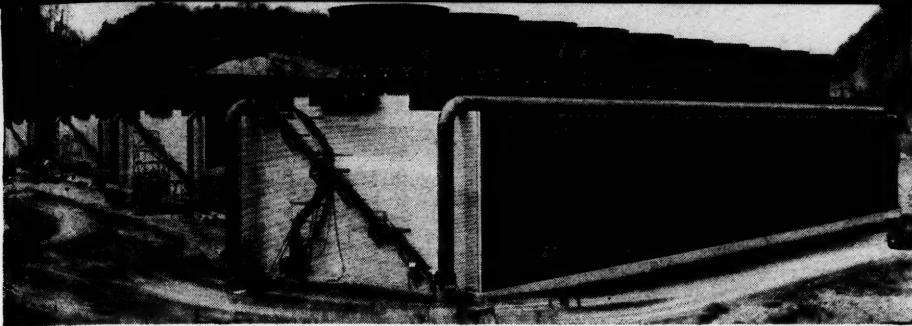
Koppers has many years' experience in the production and application of all types of coal-tar protective coatings for jobs ranging from industrial specialties to pipelines—in this country and overseas. And Koppers service is *complete*—coating problems are studied by corrosion experts who recommend the right coating for the job, supply the coating material to be used, and apply the coating using time-proven methods, experienced personnel, and proper equipment. The result is the best corrosion protection at the lowest net cost.

Why not look into Koppers Contract Coating service and BITUMASTIC coatings. Check the coupon.

This plant will soon double its capacity with the addition of two giant fine paper making machines of the most advanced design.

Koppers supplies a complete series of DYLEX latices for the paper industry. Check the coupon for complete information.





Lumber gets vaccinated against fungus decay

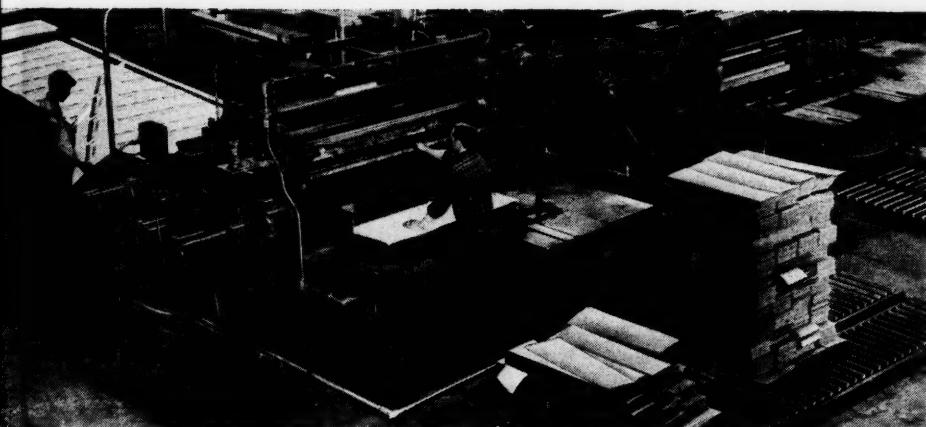
Nature has treated wood well. It's a handsome material—strong and versatile, and some species contain natural toxic substances that kill decay fungi. This is the type of wood used in the massive water cooling towers you may have seen at industrial plant sites.

In the past decade, however, stepped up operations in cooling towers have literally been a rotten break for cooling tower lumber. Water flow rate is a lot higher and the towers now incorporate forced air and induced draft designs. The additional water at higher temperature tends to leach the natural toxics from the wood and give fungi the upper hand. Decay fungi weaken the wood, and maintenance and replace-

ment costs soar—as high as 20% of the original tower cost every six years.

But, industry has a much more economical solution: Koppers pressure-treated wood. This wood is fortified with toxic chemicals that are forced deep into the fibers and remain there, assuring the lumber a maintenance-free life expectancy much longer than that of untreated wood. Pressure treatment is a sort of lumber vaccination, and it can be used to protect wood against its natural enemies in almost any kind of application.

Do you have a problem where wood might serve best if it didn't fail prematurely? Just check the coupon for more information.



New machine makes enough corrugated board every day to package the Empire State Building

One of the most efficient container plants in the world is the AMERICAN BOX CORPORATION's new corrugating plant in Santa Fe Springs near Los Angeles. The plant is geared to produce and print 300,000 corrugated boxes a day. The main production unit, the Hooper-Swift corrugator, rolls out two million square feet of corrugated board every 24 hours . . . enough to package the Empire State Building and most of the Queen Mary.

The three Hooper-Swift printer-slotted machines print more than 650 sheets every minute!

Hooper-Swift equipment is designed and manufactured by the Container Machinery Department of Koppers Metal Products Division. AMERICAN BOX CORPORATION describes the machines as the finest that

modern engineering has developed. We'll be glad to send you all the details. Check the coupon.

Koppers new blast furnace design doubles pig iron output

Ever notice that some people produce better under pressure? Blast furnaces are that way—when they're built right. Koppers Engineering and Construction Division has designed an ultra-high-pressure blast furnace to operate at a top pressure of 40 pounds per square inch—about four times greater than any blast furnace in the country. It is expected to produce twice as much pig iron as a furnace of comparable size operated at the normal pressure of about two pounds per square inch.

The principle is fairly simple. The increased pressure serves to accelerate the chemical reaction within the blast furnace, so that the coke-ore-limestone mixture burns and melts down more quickly.

To release the 100% increase in molten iron, the furnace has two tap holes instead of the conventional single tap. And the furnace itself, the hot blast stoves and other facilities are all built as pressure vessels.

The ultra-high-pressure furnace is designed to increase pig iron output 100%, yet it costs only about 25% more than a conventional furnace. And direct labor costs required to produce a ton of metal are reduced 30 to 35%.

If your interests lie in the steel industry, you'll want more information on the Koppers ultra-high-pressure blast furnace. Check the coupon.

KOPPERS

Divisions: Chemicals & Dyestuffs • Engineering & Construction • Gas & Coke • Metal Products
Plastics • Tar Products • Wood Preserving • International

PUT THESE IDEAS TO USE NOW! —

To: Fred C. Foy, President
Koppers Company, Inc., Room 1422A
Koppers Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

Please send me further information on the following money-saving products and ideas:

- Contract Coating Services and BITUMASTIC® Coatings
- Ultra-High-Pressure Blast Furnaces
- Container Machinery
- Pressure-Treated Wood
- DYLEX® Latex for Paper

Name _____

Company _____

Job Title _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

*You can tell
the difference
in the dark...*

BOOTH'S
HOUSE of LORDS GIN
does so much more for a martini

A Martini takes on a very special quality when made with Booth's House of Lords gin. You can actually tell the difference in the dark.

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Sophisticated

HASPEL
wash and wear
clothing



Half Dacron* (polyester fiber) half Orlon*
(acrylic fiber)... all Haspel. The newest
automatic wash and wear fashion stays
crisp, fresh and cool when the weather isn't.
See it in a smart selection of shades. \$45

Slightly higher west of the Rockies

At the most respected stores everywhere.

HASPEL BROTHERS, INC., New Orleans 11, La.
New York: 200 Fifth Avenue
*Du Pont trade marks

LETTERS

spies here, as we do denouncing, criticizing, and talking down our own government, the Communists would be far less certain of victory.

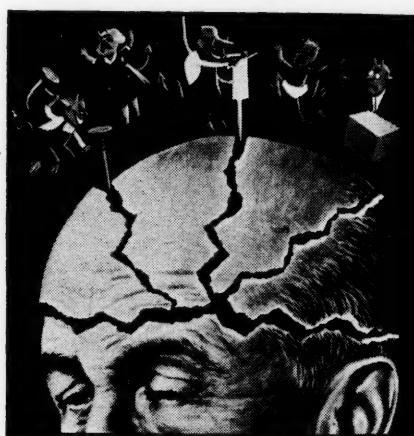
MARGARET CURTIS WALKLEY
Castile, N.Y.

►What about that Russian trawler traveling the Atlantic coast? We had as much right to sink it as Russia had to shoot down our plane.

Mrs. MARGARET CRANK
Norfolk, Va.

►Khrushchev had to torpedo Ike's visit to Russia. He was able to color his visit to the U.S. for home consumption, but couldn't do the same with Ike's travels. Also, while K was able to talk to anyone and say anything in the U.S., he couldn't risk giving Ike the same privileges in Russia. K needed an excuse to extricate himself: The U-2 is immaterial; he would have found one pretext or another to make Ike's visit impossible.

L. VAN DIE
Singapore, Malaya



Newsweek painting by Bob Engle
Looking mighty like Nikita?

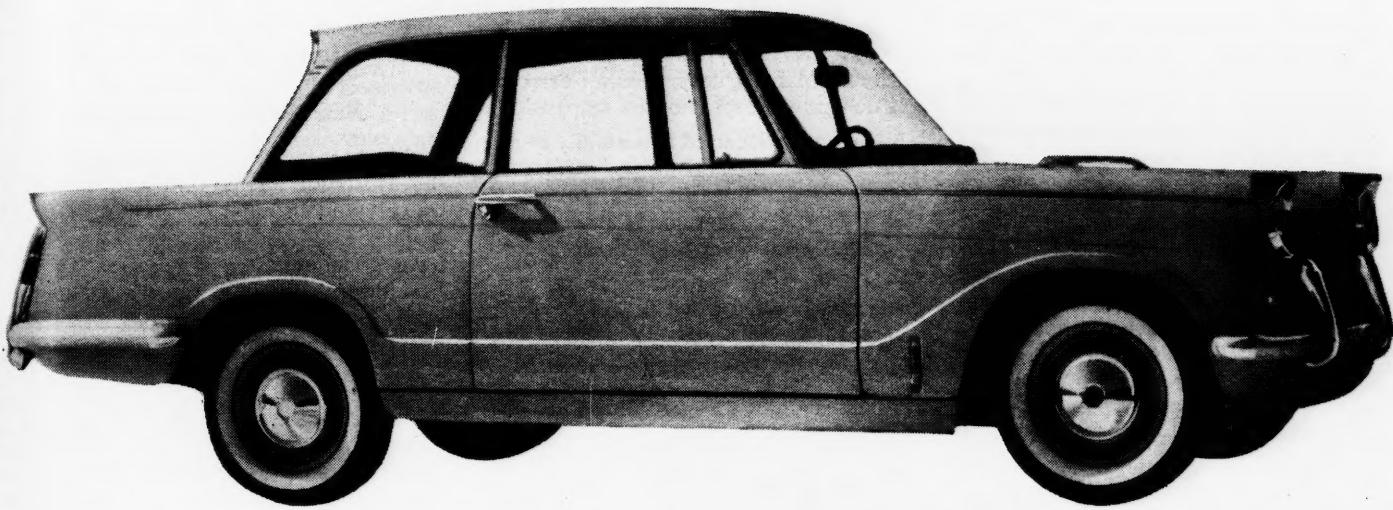
About Those Headaches

Man with head split asunder on cover (May 16) bears extraordinary likeness to Nikita Khrushchev. Did you have him in mind for your headache story?

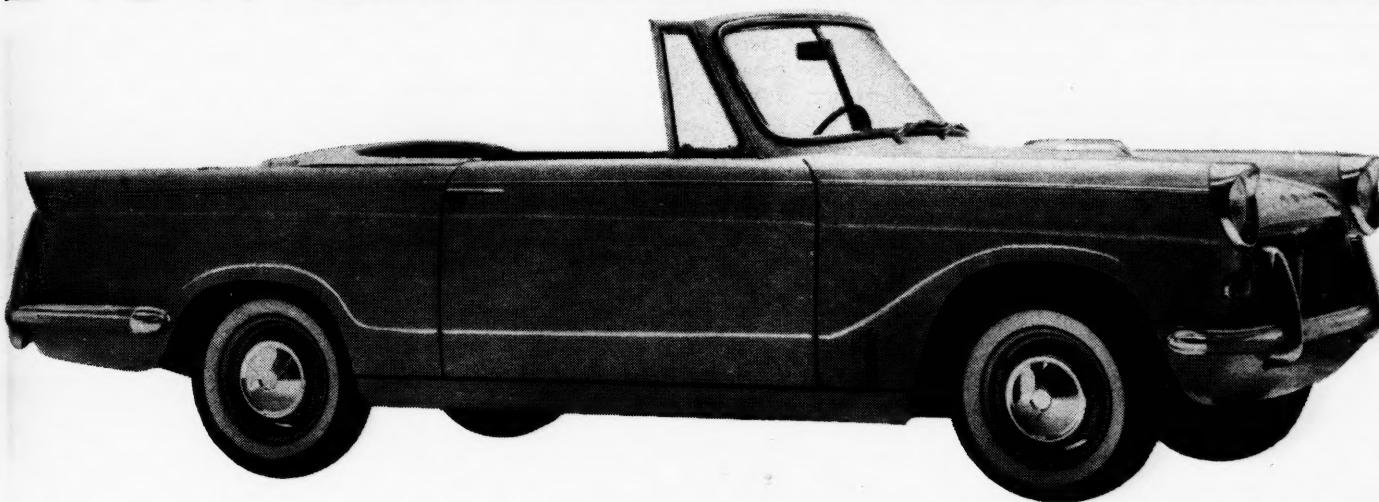
GILBERT KENNA
New Haven, Conn.

✓ Only by chance.

►"Those Splitting Headaches" are nothing new to man. As far back as 3500 B.C., one reads on old Sumerian clay tablets: "Whenever pains attack the head ... take a small particle of chopped thorn-plant and in birthstone grind (literally, a stone on which a woman in labor sits). Place such people sick in the head in a house that is covered (i.e., a house with a roof, and the doors and windows tightly closed). Give them *kibtu* and *marru*." These are obtained from decayed corn and rye infected with fungus (ergot). Today, the standard remedy for mi-



New British TRIUMPH



It's called the TRIUMPH/Herald and it's downright startling—from the Italian-inspired body design to the adjustable steering column. It never needs ordinary greasing. It all but parks sideways. The TRIUMPH/Herald results

from an intensive survey of world-wide driving needs for *today*...and for years to come. It is, conservatively speaking, 3 full engineering years ahead of other economy cars. For the complete story, please turn the page.



Economy-car engineering moves 3 years ahead

The Standard-Triumph people of Coventry, England are said to make the "best engineered" economy cars in the world. Just one look at their brilliant new cars—the TRIUMPH/Herald Sedan, Sports Coupe and Convertible—and you'll easily see why.

A TRIUMPH/Herald rarely needs servicing...never needs an ordinary "grease job." Only 4 parts ever need lubrication—the trunions and water pump once every 6,000 miles...and the steering-box and wheel bearings once every 12,000 miles. (That's about *once a year* if you drive as much as most people.) What's more, you go 3,000 miles without a change of oil—up to 40 miles on a gallon of gas.

The TRIUMPH/Herald all but parks sideways. It needs only 18 inches leeway to slide into any parking space...turns completely around in only 25 feet. That's 14 feet *less* than the typical compact car. As a result, the TRIUMPH/Herald is incredibly nimble. Quite an advantage when you're facing a traffic jam at 5 o'clock.

4-wheel independent suspension plus torsion bar

The TRIUMPH hugs the road as no economy car ever has before...for 2 reasons. The frame is virtually identical to one used on an \$8,900 limousine. And...The TRIUMPH/Herald is the first British economy car with independent suspen-

sion on all four wheels. Whatever the road surface, it stays *level*. What's more, the TRIUMPH's system is *stabilized* by a torsion bar. It never pitches or rolls as do cars with too "soft" a suspension.

A testing service used by virtually every auto-maker in Europe *did* find one other car that hugs the road as tightly as a TRIUMPH/Herald. It is a racing car that costs over 4 times as much. You'll find the TRIUMPH/Herald surprisingly powerful. It has no trouble at super-highway speeds. (Remember, it's made by the same engineers who designed the famous TRIUMPH TR-3 sports car.) The Sedan can cruise quietly at 65...goes over 70 without a sign of strain. The Sports Coupe and Convertible go over 80. They're the only economy cars with dual carburetion.

Lower British insurance rates

The TRIUMPH/Herald sets a new standard for safety. It has oversized brakes...extra brake-lining area...a steering-column that telescopes in case of emergency—to insure you against injury. There are 3,000 square inches of glass in the safety-glass windshield and the windows. Forward visibility is absolutely unrestricted.

The TRIUMPH/Herald has all the strength of a small battering ram. There are three layers of "bumper" up front...and the body is solid Sheffield steel. In fact, when the car was first intro-

duced one major British insurance company lowered the rates 12½% below the standard charge.

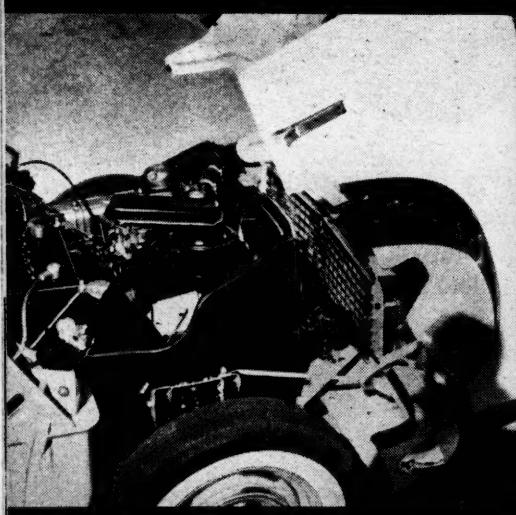
New low in repair costs

Unlike cars built as one unwieldy mass, the TRIUMPH/Herald can be repaired quickly and cheaply. For the TRIUMPH people, pioneers of unit construction, have gone one step beyond it. They have built the body in a new and better way...from 7 major sections. Now a damaged section can be removed, restored and replaced in no time flat.

You may have heard that imported cars are hard to service. The TRIUMPH/Herald is *not*. Your garage-man can work on the TRIUMPH with standard American tools. What's more all 700 TRIUMPH dealers—in all 50 states—carry a complete inventory of spare parts.

72 different seat positions

You'll find the TRIUMPH/Herald much more fun—and far *easier* to drive than other cars. The seats are foam rubber all the way down to the webbing. They're made *without* the usual stiff springs. The driver's seat not only adjusts backward, forward, up and down. It also adjusts to *angle*. With all this, you get your choice of 72 different seat positions. Even the shock-absorbing steering wheel can be adjusted to the position most comfortable to you.



Easier to service. The TRIUMPH/Herald's one-unit hood and fender assembly tilts forward for easy servicing. What's more, unlike many other imported cars, the TRIUMPH can be serviced with standard American tools.



All but impossible to turn over. The TRIUMPH/Herald has road-holding characteristics previously unheard of...with good reason. Its frame is virtually identical to the one used on a limousine that costs \$8,900. What's more—the TRIUMPH has independent suspension on all four wheels—stabilized with torsion bar. It can take sharper corners than a sports car.

More hip, head room—wider doors

The TRIUMPH/Herald is lavish with space. The Sports Coupe and Convertible have only four-fifths of an inch less head room than the largest American car—the Sedan has more. There's more hip room than in most economy cars, and the doors are one yard wide. You can get in and out with ease—even if your arms are full of bundles.

Luggage space? There are 13 cubic feet of clear trunk space—uncluttered by a spare wheel—in all three TRIUMPH/Herald models. And you more than double the carrying capacity in the Sedan by folding down the rear seat. You'll have to look hard to find a car with so many interior refinements. There are three places to carry maps, cigarettes, gloves, etc.... a box in the dash, and aluminum-mesh shelf under it, and a tray recessed between the front seats.

"Razor-edged" styling

The TRIUMPH/Herald will still look new in 10 years. Its design, by the famous young Italian, Giovanni Michelotti, is similar to the "razor-edged" limousines that never seem to lose their looks. There are only 10 curved lines on the entire body, none of them major. And purists will be glad to know, the Herald is available in black as well as in 10 other colors and two-color combinations.

The TRIUMPH/Herald is finished with

all the care you expect of fine British craftsmen. For instance, three layers of sound-proofing are applied between the frame and the exterior. The car simply never rattles.

The painting and rust-proofing take 17 separate operations. Then the car is baked in a gigantic kiln—much like fine pottery—to make sure the glaze holds practically forever.

\$300 saving included in the list price

Surprisingly enough, any TRIUMPH/Herald—Sedan, Sports Coupe or Convertible—costs several hundred dollars less than the average American car. Yet the list price includes the heater, defroster, molded "wall-to-wall" carpeting, foam rubber seats, washable vinyl upholstery, windshield washers, directional signals, twin sun visors, folding rear seat in the Sedan... everything but a radio and white wall tires. All these items, a \$300 value, are "extras" in other cars. But they are standard equipment with the TRIUMPH/Herald because they are considered "musts" for safe, comfortable driving.

A world-wide "triumph"

The TRIUMPH/Herald has already been tested under ordinary and extreme conditions in 87 countries, on all six continents. The critical automotive press has been exceptionally enthusiastic in its comments. Some typical quotes: "Initiates a whole new era in auto-

motive history"—*Il Tempo*, Rome... "The most exciting car in many years... a new experience in motoring"—*The Australian Motor Age*... "Captures attention... a masterful success"—*Tribune de Genève*... "The car of tomorrow for motorists today"—*Singapore Sunday Times*... "Bristles with innovations"—*The London Daily Mail*.

How to get a demonstration

The "first edition" of the new TRIUMPH/Herald sold out before it could get to America. But all three models are at all TRIUMPH dealers now.

You can arrange for a demonstration drive today. Simply phone the dealer who lives nearest you. He's listed in the Yellow Pages. He'll drive a TRIUMPH/Herald Sedan, Sports Coupe or Convertible right to your door for a test... with no obligation, of course.

Before you buy any car, by all means investigate the TRIUMPH/Herald. It's 3 full engineering years ahead of all other economy cars... and well worth seeing and driving.

NOTE: There are differences between the Sedan and the Sports Coupe and Convertible. The latter go 10 mph faster than the Sedan. Their roof-lines are somewhat racier. The Sedan and Convertible have front and rear seats. The Coupe seats two with rear seat optional.



72 driving seat positions. Even the TRIUMPH/Herald's steering wheel can be adjusted to the position most comfortable for you. Headroom? 1/5th of an inch more than in the largest American car.

No monthly greasing. And only 4 parts ever need grease. Most metal surfaces are lined with rubber or nylon. So there's no friction... no need for ordinary lubrication.

Practically parks sideways. The TRIUMPH/Herald's front wheels turn farther than any other car's. It can make a U-turn in only 25 feet, park with only 18 inches leeway.

TRIUMPH

HERALD

Sedan only \$1,999*
Sports Coupe only \$2,149*
Convertible only \$2,229*



TRIG. KEEPS A MAN SO ODOR-FREE A BLOODHOUND COULDN'T FIND HIM!

• TRIG's the new deodorant designed especially for men!

• TRIG checks odor up to 27 hours, perspiration all day!

• TRIG protection builds for hours after you roll it on. That's staying power!

• TRIG has a clean smell and a neat roll-on applicator.

BY BRISTOL-MYERS, MAKERS OF
BUFFERIN®, VITALIS®, IPANA®



LETTERS



Associated Press

*You must have no good pictures
of me — so it seems at least.
Here is a new one. Marlene*

MARLENE DIETRICH's picture (above right) on her return to Germany (MUSIC, May 16)—and the picture Miss Dietrich likes better (above left)

graine is ergotamine tartrate, which constricts the cerebral vessels.

Times haven't changed so very much, have they?

R. R. BARONDES, M.D.
Washington, D.C.

►How can you write about headaches without consulting the chiropractic profession, which has done more in 65 years to relieve headaches than the medical profession has in 5,000 years?

SIDNEY C. BIRDSLEY, D.C.
Salt Lake City, Utah

►For splitting headaches, what else but sharp-edged aspirins?

JULIAN A. BROOK
Auckland, N.Z.

'Alas, Babylon!'

I was shocked, bewildered, and a little angry at the response to your Dick Clark story (LETTERS, May 23). What angered me was the almost utter lack of concern about dishonesty and corruption. If this is the majority opinion, as those letters seem to prove, then I feel not only bitter, but frightened. Alas, Babylon!

LINDA HOLSTEIN
Merrick, N.Y.

►A good indication of the gullibility of today's youth.

BOB HURST Jr.
Alvin, Texas

►Evidently it doesn't matter to these youngsters that accepting payola is wrong. Also, being carefree is fine when the time and place are right—but, infants dear, you don't skip rope

in the path of a tornado. Stop seeing lollipops dancing in your heads, children, and grow up a little.

Mrs. PATRICIA FITZPATRICK
State College, Pa.

What College Can?

I see from your pages that Harvard '45 voted 23 per cent for Stevenson and 32 per cent for Nixon (EDUCATION, May 16).

Well, if Harvard cannot educate a man, what college can?

RICHARD ASHMAN
New Orleans, La.

One More From Copey

Here's another story about the brilliant, tart-tongued Copey (Professor Copeland of Harvard University—EDUCATION, May 2). His sister's new maid was French, and on encountering a strange man making himself at home, she cried out "Mon Dieu!" "Mistaken identity," the teacher reproved her, "I am Charles Townsend Copeland."

EDWARD HARRIS
Morehead City, N.C.

Bible Storyland

The idea of building a Bible Storyland Park (RELIGION, May 16) can do nothing more than make Biblical events look utterly preposterous to adults and children. The whole idea of such an amusement park would detract from the awe and wonder of the Old Testament. To have children wade into the mouth of a whale or throw stones at Goliath is to make a farce of the whole thing. People would be



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LETTERS

turned farther than ever from coming into an understanding relationship with the God of history.

DAVID ZERSEN
Valparaiso, Ind.

►It's the best way to make the Bible real to youngsters.

MINNIE JOHNSON
Chicago, Ill.

►It is a travesty on religion.

HENRY MARSHALL
New York City

The American Poet

Permit me to clarify my remarks (BOOKS, May 16). It was not my intent to classify American poets in general as intellectualists in their poetry. On the contrary, it is my opinion that for the most part their



Associated Press

Quasimodo: Feeling for reality

poetry reflects a deep feeling for the realities of their times and a conscious participation in the present condition of humanity. My singling out of the names of Conrad Aiken and E.E. Cummings was due only to the fact that, because I have translated them into Italian, I have gone more deeply into their poetry.

SALVATORE QUASIMODO
Milan, Italy

►Quasimodo says he writes about "a spiritual landscape." Where does he find such a thing today?

JOSEPH DUNLAP
Chicago, Ill.

'Rally, Boys, Rally'

History repeats itself. Reading of the "pass" situation in South Africa (INTERNATIONAL, May 9), I was reminded of this folk song that I collected in Tennessee. It was sung for



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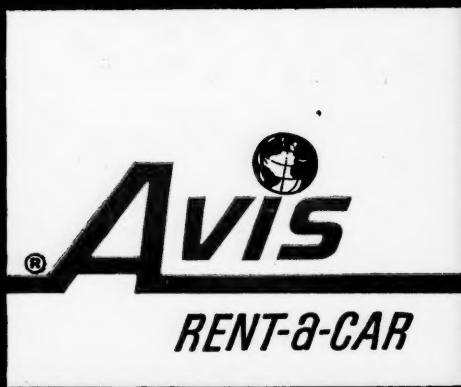
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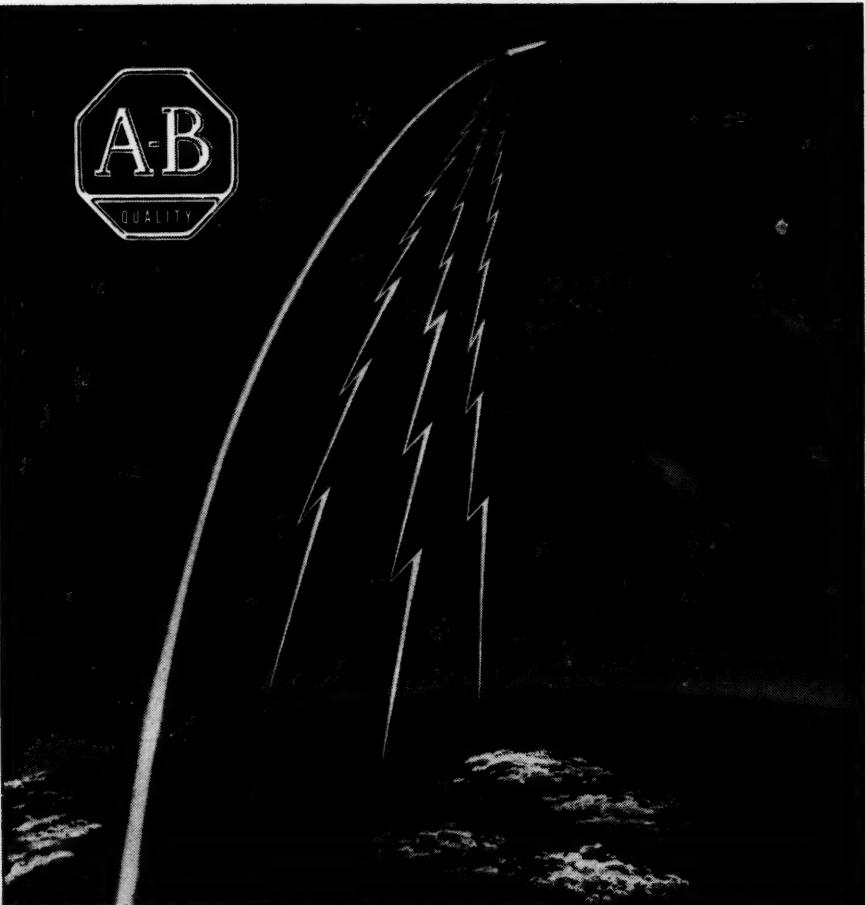
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LETTERS

my collection by Willard Keen of Clay County, Tenn., who learned it from a former slave:

*Rally, boys, rally, the day
is come at last
Rally, boys, rally, the day
is come at last—
Colored population can
walk without a pass.*

GEORGE W. BOSWELL
Clarksville, Tenn.

The Long Walk

In mentioning Dr. Barbara Moore's transcontinental walk (NEWSMAKERS, April 18), you credit a New Jersey man with holding the record of 79 days, set in 1929. However, in 1958, Erwin Erkfritz of Detroit went coast-to-coast in 67 walking days.

JOHN F. MACNAMARA
Detroit, Mich.

A Definition of 'Rights'?

From views of all Northern newsmen and some congressmen, it seems civil rights only apply to Southern states. Will someone please define civil rights in the North?

FRED MOCK Sr.
Fort Smith, Ark.

Wives and Religion

It is indicative of the level of political thought in the U.S. that the most important issues of the Presidential campaign so far are the candidates' religious affiliations and their wives. Surely there must be a more rational basis for selecting a President.

RICHARD COUNTS
St. Louis, Mo.

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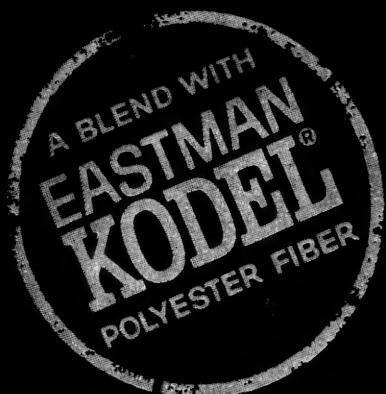
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NEWSWEEK—444 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

Newsweek, June 6, 1960

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Palm Beach suits: the patterns are fresh and expensive-looking...from stripes to mini-checks to plaids. All have the patented Palm Beach "million-dollar collar." And the fit is unusually fine in these suits with the smart, "young executive" look. \$39.95* (slightly higher on the West Coast). The fabric shown is a blend of 55% Kodel polyester, 45% rayon. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or suit shown here.

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Truck owner reports are coming in and bearing out everything we've been saying since last fall. Put a torsion-spring Chevy on the job and you've found the world's most efficient way to move any load over any road.

1960 CHEVROLET TRUCKS



To reason out that claim, we could list new features for the next five pages, but that wouldn't begin to tell you one-tenth as much as one trial run over a rough stretch. One pass brings out the incredible smoothness of Chevrolet's Torsion-Spring Ride. It's all clear in a couple of minutes. If you're not getting bounced around, neither is the load, and neither is the truck itself! You can move faster to get more done in a day, and keep moving for extra thousands of miles before the time comes to trade.

We're happy to be able to prove a full-scale revolution-sized advantage so easily. A trial run takes so little time, too. Just phone your dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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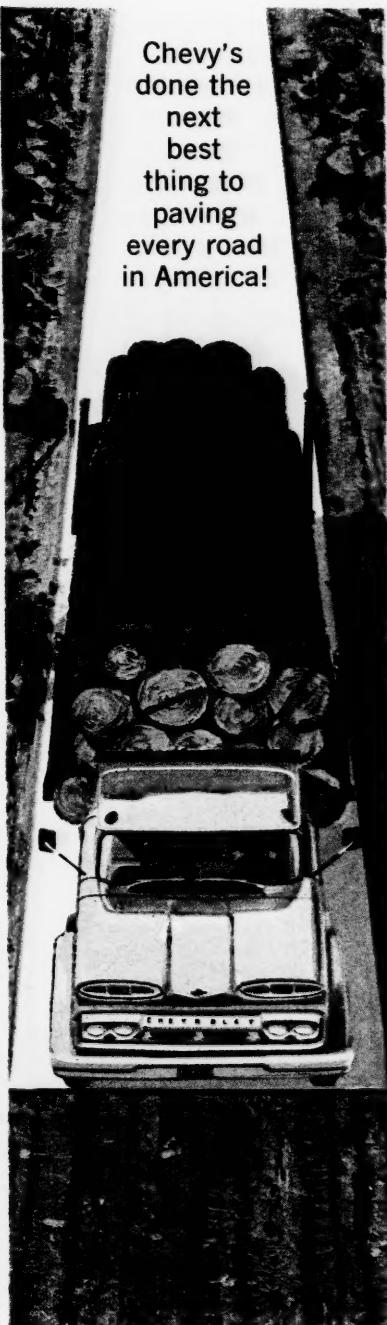
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Top of the Week



The Crisis, the White House, the '60 Candidates. A Special Section with Newsweek's own world reports spelling out the significance of K's new tone, the Congressional probe of the U-2 bungle, a breakfast with Ike, the coming American watch from space. And, importantly, the backstage story on what goes on in the camps of all six '60 Presidential possibilities—backed up by a 50-STATE LISTENING POST survey summing up how the nation feels about the crisis, Ike and a new man in the driver's seat. Who was hurt by the crisis? Who was helped? Pages 29-40.



Our Allies in Turmoil: On-scene in Turkey and Japan. From Ankara, the only American reporter to see the whole drama of the army coup. From Tokyo, a report on the meaning of the mass upheaval. Page 45.



Trackdown: Capture of the Man Who Killed Europe's Jews by the Millions. The amazing case of Hitler's Adolf Eichmann. Page 51.



The Earth Shook, Seas Heaved, Winds Blew. How and why disaster struck round the globe. A SCIENCE report and chart. Pages 68-69.



Sports Gambling—A Five-Page Report on America's Madness. This week's cover story. The astonishing growth of illegal betting into big business. Who wagers, how much, on what contests. Pages 75-79.



Margaretha
Royal 'Viking' Visit
(INTERNATIONAL)



Mary Martin
Asset on Broadway
(BUSINESS SPOTLIGHT)

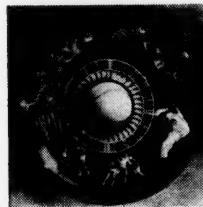


Suzy Parker
Talks About Herself
(MOVIES)

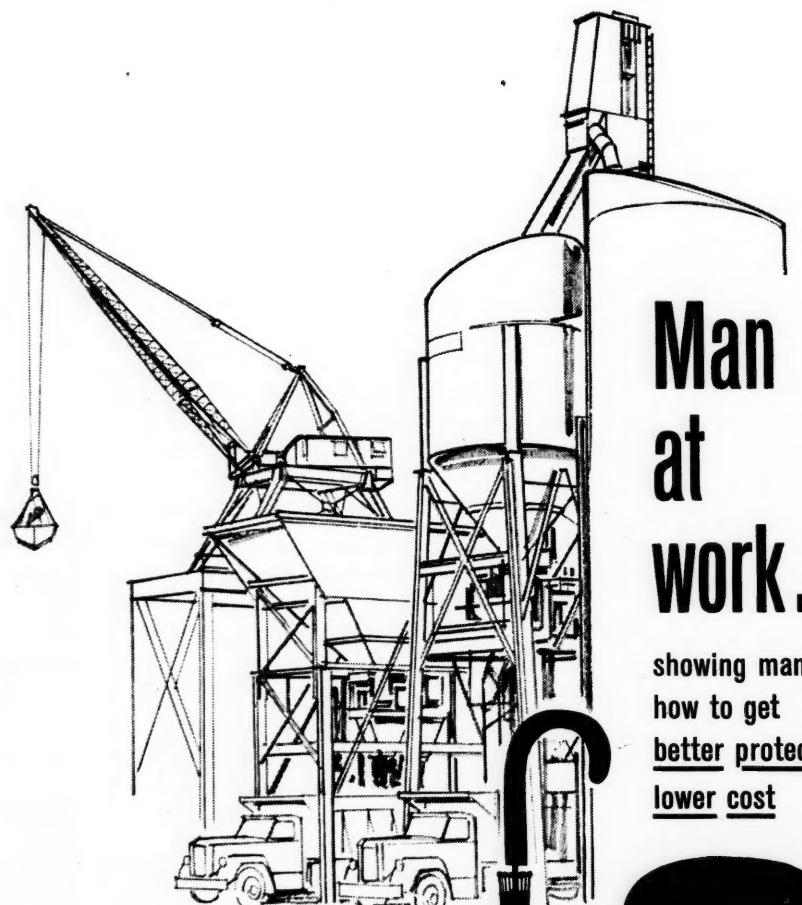
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THE COVER: Roulette obviously isn't the only wheel in town. In this Newsweek painting, Norbert Van Houten surrounds the wheel with drawings of football, baseball, basketball, boxing, and horse racing—the big action in sports betting. For a Special Report on this \$10 billion-a-year gambling industry, see pages 75-79.



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Whom Dulles Would Fire
Indonesia: Next Military Coup?
What Delayed K's Speech

Ahead of the News

PENTAGON — You'll be hearing soon of the hush-hush Hickey report, a new comparison of U.S. and Soviet military strength. It's hotter, insiders here say, and even more closely guarded than the Killian and Gaither reports. The study was prepared by Lt. Gen. Thomas F. Hickey, retired Army artillery expert and paratrooper, now director of the Joint Chiefs' "net evaluation subcommittee."

EMBASSY ROW — Ike rushed off a personal letter to Prime Minister Macmillan in the wake of those press reports (see page 70) that the Briton had slipped in White House favor. The President's message, THE PERISCOPE learns, lauded Macmillan's "magnificent" contribution at the aborted summit meeting in Paris.

CHICAGO — Watch for Jack Kennedy to get his first, public endorsement by a labor union this week—from the 173,000-member AFL-CIO Textile Workers. He'll address their convention here.

Capital Backstage

SENATE OFFICE BUILDING — Here's what sparked that much criticized May 15 military-communications alert ordered by Defense Secretary Thomas Gates: The CIA had just received information that Soviet forces had been alerted in several European satellites.

CAPITOL HILL — Despite what Ike said in his speech, top level sources here and in the Pentagon insist it was press secretary Jim Hagerty, acting for the President, who first cleared Gates' alert order (see above). Ike, temporarily unavailable, was consulted afterward and approved it.

GEORGETOWN, D.C. — "If anyone is to be fired for this, it can only be me." That, close friends and bridge partners report, is CIA chief Allen Dulles's personal, private assignment of responsibility for the May Day U-2 flight and the events it triggered. Dulles has repeated this statement, in somewhat stronger form, in a re-

port to directors of Lockheed Aircraft Corp., which manufactured the spy plane. There's very little chance, of course, that he will be sacked.

WHITE HOUSE — Behind Ike's statement that the May 1 U-2 flight sought information "likely to be unavailable at a later date": In Northern Russia, ground-breaking for big construction jobs is stymied until the spring thaw, which usually starts about May Day. The CIA considered it essential to get pictures of possible new missile-base construction as the thaw set in. Later on, the sites would be camouflaged.

Campaign Close-up

NEW YORK CITY — "Don't jump on Jack's bandwagon. Why, you're the logical candidate for Vice President on a ticket with our man." That, in effect, is what Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington agents are saying to New Jersey Gov. Robert Meyner and New York Mayor Bob Wagner. For geographical and religious reasons, neither would have a chance for second place on a Kennedy ticket.

MADISON, WISC. — Passed over as keynoter, Gov. Gaylord Nelson has been promised an important speaking assignment at the Democratic National Convention. It could be making Jack Kennedy's nominating or seconding speech.

DETROIT — Best bet to succeed Paul Butler as Democratic National Chairman if Jack Kennedy is the party's Presidential nominee: Neil Staebler, Michigan state chairman since 1950. He was one of the original team which helped elect G. Mennen Williams governor in 1948, re-elect him five times since, a national record.

Where Are They Now?

NEW YORK CITY — Frank Erickson, onetime Coney Island waiter who made a mint as master bookmaker of the East Coast, lives quietly with his wife, Amelia, in an apartment on Manhat-

The Periscope

tan's West Side. Spotlighted by the 1951 Kefauver hearings, he has since served three prison terms for bookmaking and income-tax evasion. Not sure, however, how complete his retirement from bookmaking really is, the DA usually calls him in when the heat's on gambling. Now 64, he looks the very model of a New York businessman, runs his real-estate interests from a Park Avenue office, meets friends at the Men's Bar of the nearby Waldorf-Astoria.

LAS VEGAS — Suave, soft-spoken Nicholas (Nick the Greek) Dandolos, who is said to have won, and lost, some \$500 million in nearly 50

years as a high-rolling professional gambler (see page 75), lives alone in a luxurious two-room suite at The Sands here. A bachelor in his late 60's, Nick is "gambling a little [but] there aren't any big games these days"—not like the action in the '20s when he won \$550,000 in one game of stud, lost \$605,000 in another. Although credited with making craps respectable, he now mostly plays faro and poker. The Crete-born, Turkish-educated gambler's only other interest is philosophy. He reads Plato and Aristotle, is constantly seeking out erudite people for a scholarly talk. "Searching the average mind," he says, "is like frisking a seal."

Periscoping the World®

Headlines to Come

EAST BERLIN — This comes from Chinese Communist sources here: Expect a big flare-up in the Formosa Strait within the next few weeks.

EMBASSY ROW — Don't be surprised if Indonesia is the next scene of a military coup. Diplomatic reports say responsible Army officers have lost patience with democracy as practiced there, believe a fresh start must be made. Note: Such a coup could succeed only if led by Army Chief of Staff Gen. Nasution, who's staunchly pro-Western. He, as yet, has given no inkling he plans such a step.

JAKARTA — And look for Red China to step up its diplomatic and propaganda pressure on Indonesia. Peking calculates that the government here is very shaky and can be toppled, possibly opening the way for Indonesia's Red party to take over.

Behind the Headlines

EMBASSY ROW — What held up K's public report on the summit for six days? Secret meetings of the Central Committee and the all-powerful Presidium, according to diplomats from both East and West. The tone of his speech was presumably decided on there.

LONDON — Israeli agents here approached a number of British Foreign Office Mideast experts in recent weeks asking questions about Nazi archcriminal Adolf Eichmann (see page 51). Most of them were trying to check whether he was in Kuwait, which has close ties with Britain. Whitehall sources now say Eichmann had been there but left some time ago.

WARSAW — Red Chinese climbers tried earlier this year to scale Mount Everest from the Ti-

betan side. They had orders to plant the Red flag on the world's tallest mountain and proclaim Chinese sovereignty. But all were lost. A Chinese Communist officer just arrived here from Peking is the source for this.

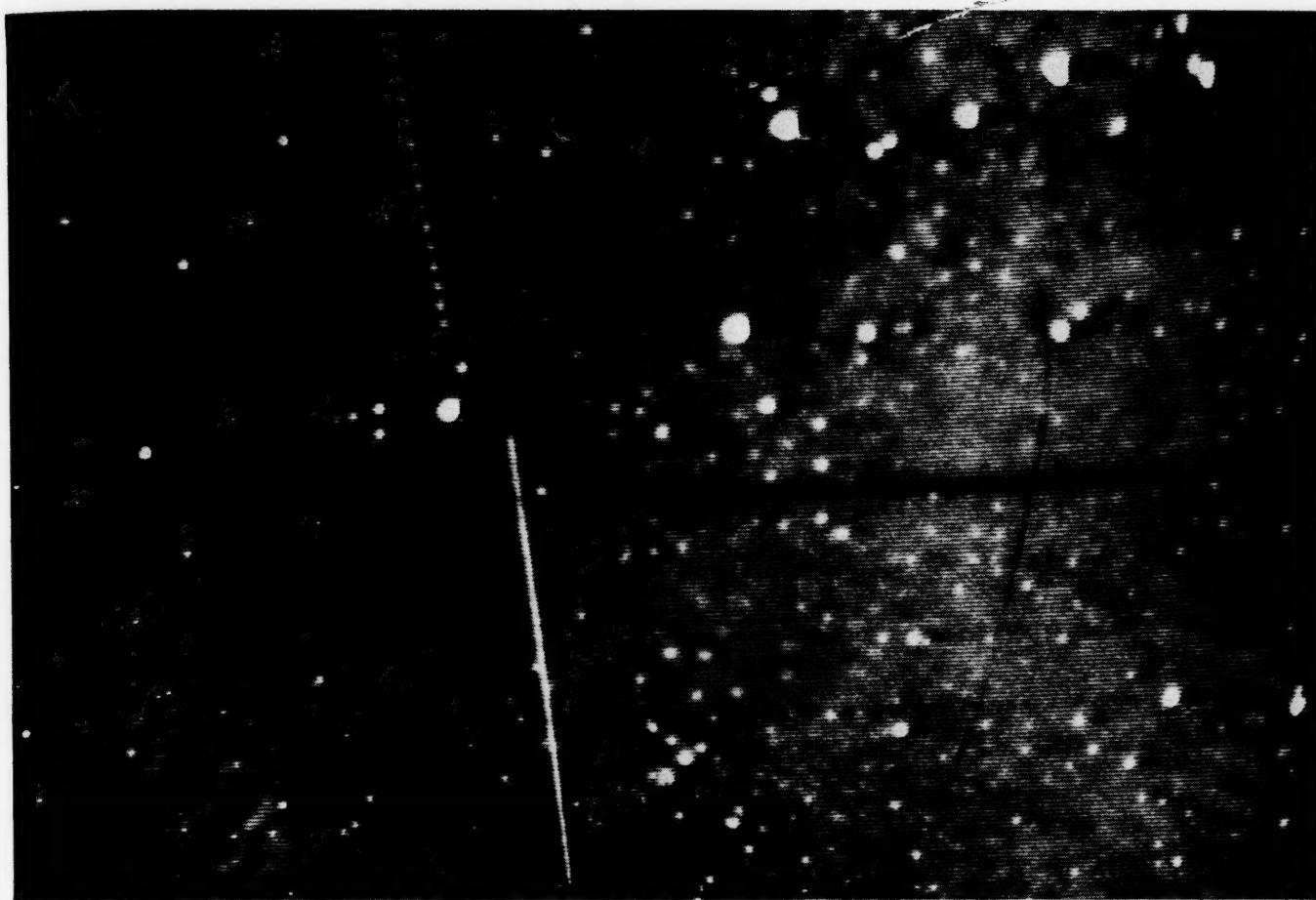
TOKYO — Worth noting in connection with the anti-government demonstrations here (see page 46): Following a relatively moderate line and deliberately avoiding violence, Japan's Communist Party has chalked up considerable gains. Police estimate membership now totals 46,000, a rise of 15% in the past two years. Circulation of the party paper also is up.

The Diplomatic Pouch

NAPLES — Could this be the way future spy-flights will run? U.S. Navy brass hats claim their F-4H fighter, which has reached a near-record altitude of 98,560 feet, could have handled Francis Powers' ill-fated U-2 mission—and with no risk of embarrassing American allies. The 1,500-mph jet could have taken off from a carrier in the Persian Gulf, flown across the U.S.S.R., far out of reach of rockets or interceptors, and landed on another carrier off Norway.

PEKING — A major, new "rectification campaign," the second in a year, will soon start in Chinese Communist Party ranks. Thought reform and disciplinary action are slated for officials and intellectuals who've dared question Mao's aggressive policies. The purpose: Conditioning the party to extract the even greater sacrifices to be demanded in coming months.

SOFIA — Empty-stomach joke now current in perpetually hard-up Red Bulgaria: "You can't make ends meet? It's really simple. Get up after breakfast, go to bed before supper."



This photo, described below, was taken on Bendix' newly constructed "TV Satellite Tracker", developed as part of Project Space Track for the National Space Surveillance Control Center at Bedford, Mass., under a program sponsored by the Advanced Research Project Agency, Dept. of Defense.

BENDIX TAKES TRACKING PHOTO OF RUSSIAN "SPACE SHIP"

You are looking at probably the world's first tele-photo of the Russian "Space Ship", Sputnik IV. It was taken by scientists at Bendix Research Laboratories as the space vehicle raced across dark Detroit skies at 3:35 A.M., May 18, 1960. Sputnik IV made the solid line of light during a 15-second exposure. The dotted line is its tumbling rocket case which reflected light intermittently as a broken line. The larger bright spots are stars from the Constellation Cassiopeia. The small white spots are faint stars.

The Bendix Satellite Tracker, which took this photo, is a unique telescopic lens-TV combination which magnifies light thousands of times and literally sees in the dark. It presents a "live" picture of a moving satellite on a TV viewing tube. Its TV part was used by the nuclear submarine USS Skate on its historic North Pole cruise. Its ability to see in the dark enabled the crew to look up and find thin spots in the ice pack through which the Skate surfaced safely.

This Tracker is another important Bendix system used to track space vehicles and know what is happening

in them. We built, operate and maintain two of the three systems the United States uses to track all satellites. The first, called Minitrack, consists of a chain of stations reaching south from Washington, D. C., to Santiago, Chile, with other stations in California, South Africa, and Australia. It has tracked all satellites emitting radio signals. The other tracking system, called SPASUR, is a series of stations in the United States with special radar equipment which tracks "dark satellites". These emit no radio signal—in fact, their presence may be intended to be secret for hostile reasons.

To tell how missiles or satellites are performing, Bendix telemetering systems transmit complex radio signals to ground stations. As many as 500 channels of information may be transmitted, such as speed, direction,



Bendix closed-circuit TV helped USS Skate to surface safely on historic North Pole voyage.

acceleration, vibration, and temperature, which permit evaluation of the space vehicle's performance.

Bendix is responsible for the global tracking, communications, and computing systems for Project Mercury—the U. S. man-in-space program.

Bendix also developed methods for steering space vehicles and preventing the "tumbling" depicted above. Bendix reaction controls were successfully used on the U. S. Discoverer series of satellites. To put a man on the moon, it will be necessary to steer the space ship, prevent it from tumbling, and land it right side up.



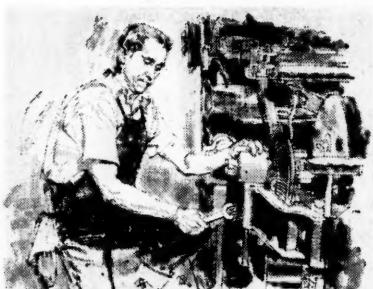
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Elmer Reid, master weaver, has a son, a daughter and four sons-in-law as fellow Lees employees.

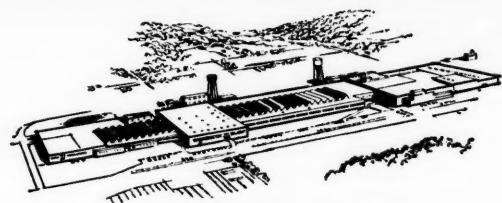
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look beyond the plant site!
look to the people....**



Civic-minded Lloyd Barger, with Lees nearly 20 years, was a leader in successful restudy of county taxes. Spare-time dairy farmer, excellent attendance record at Lees, adaptable to new work methods. Like 80% of Lees employees, he owns his home. Turnover at Lees is less than one-half of 1%. Absenteeism is well below the national average.



Lees Personnel Manager
Robert Carson enjoys outdoor life and cultural advantages of the Land of Plenty. So does his family. Drives 20 pleasant, uncrowded minutes from his home at historic Lexington, without fighting heavy traffic. Carson is proud of the plant's 25-year record of labor-management harmony.



JAMES LEES & SONS COMPANY did just that before putting their carpet plant in Glasgow, Va. This nationally known maker of fine quality carpets found people of the four-county area to be "intelligent, hard-working, honest, independent in thought, highly skilled, receptive to new ideas." Today, Lees Glasgow plant covers 27 acres under one roof, employs 2,400 people — 3 times the population of Glasgow — drawn from a 30-mile radius.

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Norfolk and Western Railway

GENERAL OFFICES, ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

The Periscope

Washington Trends

Democrats in Dixie

Democratic party leaders are hoping to keep any Southern state from bolting the convention. That's one reason why Florida's outgoing Gov. LeRoy Collins was named permanent chairman. But Southern dissidents won't accept Collins as a spokesman; note that his choice as his successor in Florida, Doyle Carlton, was beaten.

Sen. John F. Kennedy, for one, is urging Democrats to compromise on a loyalty pledge. If the party must split, Kennedy thinks it ought to be over something substantial, such as civil rights. The chances now of a walkout: Less than a 50-50 chance, according to party leaders.

Republicans Out West

Vice President Nixon is passing the word that he expects to run behind Democratic Governor Brown in next week's California primary.

Nixon's reasoning:

- Registered Democrats outnumber Republicans in California, 3.6 million to 2.5 million.
- Cross-overs and write-ins are not permitted.
- All Democratic Presidential hopefuls are backing favorite-son Brown.

The Democrats, of course, are quick to point out that Nixon is conveniently forgetting that he is unopposed in California's primary, while Brown must campaign against an old-age-pension advocate (see page 40).

Alphabet Agency Soup

Disclosures of backdoor approaches to Federal agencies, as with Thomas G. Corcoran and the Power Commission, have convinced Congress something must be done.

The trouble is that Congress hasn't time to crack down this session and, what's more, doesn't exactly know how to go about it if it had the time.

The problem:

- To be freed from pressures, U.S. regulatory agencies would need judiciary status with life-time appointments for commissioners.

► But the agencies are supposed to be arms of Congress—not independent like the judiciary.

► The judiciary, besides, is no parallel since the agencies investigate, prosecute, and judge.

One way out: A national advisory committee, as suggested by New York Sen. Kenneth B. Keating, to look for a cure.

Half a Loaf

Though union chiefs will deny it publicly—and heatedly—organized labor is prepared to settle for less than it asked to get minimum-wage legislation passed.

The unions want the minimum-wage increased from \$1 an hour to \$1.25 at once and the coverage extended by 10 million workers. But the GOP-Dixie coalition in Congress is too tough.

Likely upshot: A gradual, four-year step-up to \$1.25 and coverage for a mere 1 million or 2 million more, mostly employees of big retailers.

Ike and Bohlen

The President still regards Chip Bohlen as his No. 1 adviser on Soviet affairs.

Pre-summit, Ike ignored Bohlen's advice that the U.S. neither admit nor deny U-2 spying. In Paris, he chose Bohlen's counsel (over Secretary of State Herter's) and refused to ask to see Khrushchev alone to try to smooth over the U-2 matter.

Who was right? Expert opinion is split—just as Bohlen and Herter were.

A Mills Stone

Chances of Arkansas Rep. Wilbur Mills for succeeding Sam Rayburn one day as Speaker of the House are shrinking fast.

Reason: Rank-and-file Democrats are blaming him for holding up medical care for the aged.

Ways and Means Chairman Mills, resisting Democratic pressure, leans to the Administration's plan to keep this item outside social security.

For Business Trends, see page 89.



After the rice comes the time to unpack the shiny new silver, to share a wonderful new life . . . and start making dreams come true.

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Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

June 6, 1960

A SPECIAL SECTION

COLD WAR AND HOT POLITICS

The Pressure Was On

The echoes kept reverberating. And they would grow louder, ever louder. Mankind's cry for peace never would be stilled. From the Urals, from the Rockies, from the Himalayas, the echoes resounded. In a thousand tongues, the voices asked: "Why?" Why was the cold war turning colder? Why? It was a question the leaders of the world could not refuse to answer. Even in the Soviet Union, dictator though he may be, it was a question Nikita Khrushchev had to answer.

For the moment, in the United States, this was not a time for recriminations. The American people were rallying, Democrats and Republicans alike, behind President Eisenhower, as the American people had always rallied in the face of a foreign threat. The recriminations would come later, but more important, later would come another great debate. For, unlike the Soviet Union, this is not a nation where people can merely ask, Why? This is a nation where they can also decide, What next?

Fortunately, a Presidential campaign was under way. Fortunately, because the candidates, whoever they might be, unquestionably would offer alternatives. True, a good deal of what they said would be sheer demagoguery—hot, even searing words, signifying nothing. That is the way of American politics, and of American Presidential campaigns.

Mr. Eisenhower, himself, was determined to pursue the same path toward peace that had led him to Paris to confer with Khrushchev. He was going ahead on his good-will missions: To Japan, South Korea, Formosa, and the Philippines. The collapse of the summit conference, if anything, had reinforced his resolve. He was

certain that simple good will eventually could achieve peace. He was certain, because he knew that, however Khrushchev and the men around him might feel, even in the Soviet Union the cry was for peace.

Everywhere, there was that insistent question, Why? From their separate peaks, both Mr. Eisenhower and Khrushchev attempted to answer it. Each, when he talked, was thinking of history, each was attempting to justify his actions at Paris; but each also was thinking of his domestic political struggles.

Blueprint for Peace: In the first half of his speech, the President sought to answer, point by point, questions raised by the U-2 case. He met each one head-on, insisting again and again, on the necessity of such flights. Then, he turned to the future. Nuclear war, he said fervently, was unthinkable. What we must do now was (1) "keep up our strength" to prevent aggression; (2) continue "businesslike dealing with the Soviet leaders"; (3) "improve world conditions in which human freedom can flourish . . . [and] give our strong support to the United Nations." To the U.N., the President again proposed "open skies" inspection. The U.S., he added, would supply some of the planes needed.

There were few who disagreed with the President—but there were some who felt that his answer was not enough. As the Presidential campaign grew hotter, more and more of these dissidents would speak up. The Presidential campaign might well hinge on that question, What next?

In the following ten pages, the full story.

IN TURKEY last week, it was a military coup d'état; in Japan, it was a week of riots and demonstrations—with more weeks of more riots still to come; around the world it seemed that America's Allies were embroiled in troubles that might very well reach the foundations of the free world's system of defense. For on-scene reports of the violence in Turkey and Japan—and for the meaning of these troubling developments to the U.S.—see pages 45 to 51.

... But K Still Wants His Way

►THE SIGNIFICANCE: K's new zag back to the appearance of a more conciliatory line; he "likes" Ike again but "hates" Nixon—and "loves" Red China.

Nikita Khrushchev, the man of many faces—the earthy peasant, bubbling with barnyard witticisms; the man of peace, cooing like a dove; the raging monster of Paris, roaring obscene threats—suddenly had become almost reasonable again.

He was taking back nothing he'd said in Paris. He still wanted President Eisenhower to apologize for the U-2 flights over the Soviet Union; he still insisted that U.S. militarists had cooked up the U-2 flights to wreck the summit conference; he still had no use for Vice President Richard Nixon—or for Chiang Kai-shek or for Konrad Adenauer.

And yet, there was now a discernible difference not only in his tone but in many of his attitudes. The clearest example, perhaps, was his attitude toward Mr. Eisenhower. In his pre-summit ravings, Khrushchev had said that he made a great mistake when he said Mr. Eisenhower wanted peace. He even had likened Mr. Eisenhower to a thief and had called him a "false friend." Now, he was back on his old pitch. Once again, he believed that Mr. Eisenhower really wanted peace; once again, he believed that Mr. Eisenhower's intentions were good, though he added:

"The road to hell is paved with good intentions and he will really get there."

Khrushchev spoke for almost three hours last week to 2,000 "Heroes and Heroines of Labor," gathered in the white, high-ceilinged chamber of the Supreme Soviet in the Kremlin to confer on how to boost industrial production. His subject was not steel, however, but the summit. His address was a rambling *apologia* for the failure of the conference.

►**An Open Heart:** His thesis was as simple as a TV Western. The Russians were the good guys, stalwart upholders of law and order, beset on every hand by the bad guys. The Russians had gone to Paris "with an open heart, knowing the hopes reposed in the conference by the peoples of the world." They had been ambushed even before they got there. The badmen: Nixon, Secretary of State Christian A. Herter, Under Secretary Douglas Dillon, and CIA Director Allen Dulles. Nixon, Herter, and Dillon had opened fire with "provocative speeches." Then, Dulles had come roaring in. It was he who had ordered the U-2 flights.

"I must say I still believe the President wants peace," Khrushchev declared, "but it appears his good intentions are one thing, and the foreign policy

of the American Government, another."

"Looming" behind the back of the President, Khrushchev asserted, are "people who hamper the realization of [his] peaceful intentions."

Khrushchev said that he gave Mr. Eisenhower every opportunity to deny responsibility for the U-2 flights, because he felt the President couldn't have known of them. The President hadn't done so, he insisted, because the President didn't want to admit his ignorance before the world.

Sly Digs: At this, Khrushchev got sly. "Everyone knows the President of the United States has two duties," he said, "the first, to play golf, the second, to act as President; and golf-playing is more important." (By coincidence, as Khrushchev spoke, Mr. Eisenhower was on the farm at Gettysburg for a long Memorial weekend of golf.)

Khrushchev, who previously had said that he wouldn't consider another summit conference until after the Presidential election, now declared that he was ready to confer with the West at any time—if Mr. Eisenhower apologized for the U-2 flights. He also had a kind word for the President's statement that "businesslike relations" should be maintained between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R., saying this could be a "positive influence."

Why the change in Khrushchev's tone, why the sudden air of relative reasonableness? Washington experts on Soviet affairs insisted that it was motivated by internal political considerations, just as his original decision to wreck the summit conference had been.

As they saw it, this was the situation:

Khrushchev's raving and ranting in Paris obviously had backfired. Instead of quivering with fright, the West had stood firm, not only in Paris but also at the U.N. Everywhere, the violence of Khrushchev's language and of his threats had been resented. In contrast, Mr. Eisenhower had gained a good deal of respect by his patience, his dignity, and his obvious desire to negotiate. His TV and radio address explaining the U-2 flights also had been effective.

Take Your Choice: Khrushchev, who had been pushed into wrecking the conference by the Stalinists in the Kremlin and by the Chinese Communists, now could say: "See? The policy of militancy has failed. We can now go back to a policy of relative moderation—or risk war. Which do you want?"

One further consideration motivated the return to relative moderation, the experts said; and this was the attitude of the Russian people, who fear war probably more than any other people in the



world, because they suffered more from World War II. The torpedoing of the conference frightened them. Now, more than ever, they wanted better relations with the West.

The chances were that Khrushchev would make no drastic moves in the immediate future, the experts said. He would let relations with the U.S. simmer—but never come to a boil.

Probing the Bungle

►THE SIGNIFICANCE: The determination of the Fulbright committee to save U.S. foreign policy from a Congressional battering because of the U-2 bungle and the summit collapse.

To reporters and cameramen crowding the corridor outside the fourth-floor committee room in the New Senate Office Building last Friday morning, there was something reminiscent about the cluttered scene. Just nine years ago, in similar closed-door sessions, a Congressional committee had been investigating a President's handling of a top-level matter, specifically Harry Truman's dismissal



'If only we knew which Mr. Khrushchev was going to speak next'

Cummings—London Daily Express

from Gen. Douglas MacArthur in Korea. Then, as now, the testimony was being carefully censored on grounds of security before it was released. Then, as now, partisan politics hovered in the air.

But there was one big difference. The inquiry of 1951 was directed toward the Administration's conduct of a hot war with a segment of the Communist world. Now it was a question of another Administration's conduct of the cold war, vis-à-vis the Kremlin itself.

In the words of Sen. J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, its investigation would focus on the U-2 incident —its effect on the summit, and future U.S. policy.

No Needling: Democrat Fulbright had already made it clear that he would do his best to keep the hearings free of partisanship. Certainly there were few indications of political hostility at last week's opening session. The first three witnesses—Secretary of State Christian Herter, Under Secretary Douglas Dillon, and top Russian expert Charles E. Bohlen—were subjected to sharp questioning but never really needled.

The point the Democratic senators hammered hardest was the seeming lack of coordination between departments

which caused conflicting statements over the downed U-2. Sen. Hubert Humphrey bluntly demanded of Herter at one point: "Did you know of this specific flight ahead of time?"

Herter: "I did not, no, I didn't know it was in the air . . ." (One source close to Herter said wryly: "Until the storm broke, he didn't know a U-2 from a hole in the ground.")

One new angle emerged from the blue-penciled transcripts: That was Herter's picture of Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev as a front-man for Russia's ruling group—the Presidium—rather than as a boss who could make decisions on the spot. The decisions to wreck the summit conference and to cancel President Eisenhower's invitation to visit Russia had been made, he said, before Khrushchev left Moscow. His implication was plain: That Khrushchev had not made those decisions on his own.

The resumed hearings this week could be expected to come closer to the Administration nerve. The star most eagerly awaited was the Central Intelligence Agency's close-mouthed director, Allen Dulles. What he had to say, however, was not for the public's ears, even through censorship; his testimony was to be strictly secret.

Breakfast With Ike

►THE SIGNIFICANCE: *The President's success in gaining bipartisan backing among important Congressional leaders for his stand on the U-2 incident and U.S. relations with Russia.*

With a confident air, President Eisenhower stepped briskly into the White House's Red Room, where some of his guests were already waiting. It was a few minutes before 8 o'clock, and the President moved around amiably, shaking hands with the few early-birds who had already turned up at his special breakfast for Congressional leaders of both parties.

The President, in natty charcoal gray and blending blue shirt, was obviously in fine spirits. He had just been told that of 300 telegrams delivered to the White House after his report to the nation the night before, only two had been critical. And it was equally obvious, from the lively chatter in the corridors, that the President's speech, outlining events at Paris and keeping the door always open to negotiations with the Russians, had

helped to sustain the bipartisan air.

The guests, 28 in all, took their places at a huge oblong table in the oak-paneled room which Mamie Eisenhower brightened with a coat of light-green paint after she took over as official mistress of the White House. The President sat at the center of one side of the table; on his right was Speaker Sam Rayburn, on his left Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson, both members of the "loyal opposition." Directly across from Mr. Eisenhower sat Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, flanked by State Secretary Christian Herter and Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates Jr.

Bill of Fare: The breakfast menu was as hearty as the atmosphere: Ham, bacon, eggs, oatmeal, toast, popovers, coffee, and fruit juice. During the 45-minute meal, no business was discussed.

The Texans, Rayburn and Johnson, told stories provoking roars of bipartisan laughter in which Mr. Eisenhower joined freely. After the white-jacketed Filipino waiters had quietly shuffled off with the last empty plate, House Democratic Leader John W. McCormack of Massachusetts left his seat, went up to the President and explained he had to go to early Mass. McCormack was excused. The rest stayed on.

For the next hour, the President talked, recapping briefly the speech he had made on television the night before, and touching on a number of things he hadn't mentioned in his speech. He told his guests, for instance, that he believed the flight of the U-2 over Russia—used by Khrushchev as a pretext for breaking up the Paris parley—had come to grief when the small plane had "flamed out" and had descended to 37,000 feet in an effort to start the motor up again. There, apparently, the Russians hit it.

Nothing to Hide: Talking easily, Mr. Eisenhower also said he had considered it "advisable" to deliver his confidential report to the responsible leaders in Congress, although he was still concerned by any general discussion that would jeopardize CIA trade secrets.

Trusting to Congressional discretion, he planned to make all needed information available to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in its investigation of the U-2 incident.

The atmosphere of bipartisan good will, which pervaded the breakfast conference, was pointed up over cigarettes and coffee, when the President turned to House Appropriations Committee Chairman Clarence Cannon, a Democrat, and said

with great cordiality: "I want to take this occasion to thank you, Congressman Cannon, for your good, hard-hitting speeches on the U-2 affair. I want you to know how much I appreciated them."

The Missourian, who had both praised and defended the President in two speeches from the House floor, smiled broadly and bobbed his head in grateful acknowledgment.

From the Administration standpoint, there were but two discordant after-breakfast notes. One was sounded by Democratic Whip Mike Mansfield when he proposed a joint Congressional watchdog committee over the CIA. It was promptly squelched by his own teammates, notably Sen. Richard Russell and Rep. Carl Vinson, chairmen of the powerful Senate and House Armed Services Committees.

Too Dangerous: The Georgians, backed by colleagues, agreed that the impact of such a move might be catastrophic on national security.

Only Senator Fulbright, who heads the Congressional inquiry into the U-2 and the related summit collapse, questioned the President's wisdom in taking full responsibility for all aspects of the U-2 affair. Nothing daunted, the President reasserted his firm belief that he had acted in the only way a Chief Executive could.

Around the large table, there were responsive, affirmative nods. And, as it began, the breakfast concluded on a

hearty, happy note. Getting up to leave, Speaker Rayburn seemed to sum up the feelings of everyone present when he turned to Mr. Eisenhower and said: "Mr. President, we're all in this together and we're with you."

U.N. Showdown

►THE SIGNIFICANCE: The Soviet Union's decisive defeat in the U.N. on its attempt to build a global propaganda fire under the United States.

After Nikita Khrushchev, the world's outstanding diplomatic actor is undoubtedly Andrei A. Gromyko. All week, playing to the galleries at the United Nations, the Soviet Foreign Minister lashed out at the U.S., demanding in thunderous tones that the U.N. Security Council brand it an aggressor for the U-2 flights over Russia. Jabbing an accusing finger at U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, Gromyko charged the U.S. forced "mankind to the brink of war." Hour after hour, Gromyko pressed the attack, charging the U.S. with "irresponsibility" and "perfidy," and with pursuing a "piratical," and "provocative" policy.

After three days, Ambassador Lodge had his fill and lashed right back. The world's most persistent spy, Lodge said, was the Soviet Union. To prove the

point, Lodge brought out a large wooden replica of the Great Seal of the United States, which had been presented by the Russians in 1945 to the American Embassy in Moscow. As delegates looked on with intrigued amusement, Ambassador Lodge carefully opened the wooden carving and pointed out a tiny microphone, deftly concealed inside the gift.

Sneers: Even Gromyko, sitting but a few paces from Lodge, could hardly restrain a smile, quickly transformed into a sneer. On the day after Lodge offered his exhibit, the Security Council was ready to vote on Gromyko's resolution. The result: It lost, 7-2. Only Poland supported the Soviet stand. Ceylon and Tunisia abstained.

With the U-2 issue disposed of, the Security Council, in an attempt to heal the breach between East and West, took up a resolution, submitted by four smaller powers, urging the Big Four to resume peaceful discussions at the earliest date. The result: It carried, 9 to 0. The only holdouts: Poland and the Soviet Union.



Lodge: Behind the Great Seal, Soviet treachery



Inside the '60 Hopefuls' Camps

The bombshell Nikita Khrushchev dropped at Paris not only roiled the diplomatic waters but forced every contender for the U.S. Presidency—Democrat and Republican alike—into a hard reappraisal of his position. From inside the rival political camps—behind the façade of campaign oratory—here is how the candidates see themselves now.

STEVENSON

Given a choice between political life and limbo, the "ghost" candidate of the Democratic Party—Adlai Stevenson—continued to show every sign of lively reembodiment last week in the stormy aftermath of the summit collapse.

►On the heels of President Eisenhower's address to the nation, Stevenson delivered the speech that was generally accepted as the reply of the Democratic Party. It was considerably milder than his original attack on the Administration's handling of the summit's "sorry mess." He was "relieved," Stevenson told a Chicago audience, "that the President said last night that we must continue negotiation with the Soviet leaders."

►Despite previous insistence that he would not be a member of the Illinois delegation to his party's national convention, Stevenson let himself be named a delegate-at-large.

►The Illinois Committee for Stevenson opened new headquarters on Chicago's La Salle Street and a spokesman said Stevenson-for-President organizations are now functioning in 42 states.

The pressures on Stevenson were becoming almost unbearable. On the one hand, his closest associates—William McCormick Blair Jr., Newton Minow, W. Willard Wirtz—were urging him to come out for John F. Kennedy. On the other,

such old New Dealers—and warm friends—as Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and Thomas K. Finletter were telling him to continue to keep himself available. And so were Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington encouraging him, for they both knew that if Stevenson backed Kennedy, their own hopes for the Presidential nomination would almost certainly be doomed.

At the same time, Stevenson was stung—and possibly wounded—by shafts from very different quarters. One came from within his own party ranks: Former President Harry S. Truman wrote in a new book ("Mr. Citizen," to be published next week) that Stevenson had shown indecisiveness in 1952 and '56 and had been ill-advised when he proposed nuclear test suspension. Stevenson replied: "I respect President Truman—if not his memory of events . . ."

Soft on Berlin? But what might prove a more hurtful attack stemmed from a purported interview with Stevenson that appeared in a French newspaper just before the summit collapsed—in which he was quoted as recommending concessions on Berlin.

Actually, Stevenson had already disavowed the interview, which appeared in Paris-Presse-l'Intransigeant. He admitted that he had talked informally in April with the paper's correspondent, Robert Boulay, but that what was published did not represent his views.

Whatever his troubles, whatever his

hopes, Stevenson himself appeared in a lighthearted mood last week. Before the Chicago Council on Foreign Relations, he grinned delightedly when he was introduced as "a man twice elected president [pause] of the Council on Foreign Relations." "I am grateful for those kind words," he said. "There are times when one needs them."

One reason for the good cheer in the Stevenson camp, according to his law partner, William Blair: Some 2,500 letters have poured in since Stevenson's first criticism of the summit, running 20 to 1 in favor of his stand.

ROCKEFELLER

Nelson Rockefeller had deliberately left the door to a draft open just a crack—first, by announcing that he would continue to speak on the issues confronting the nation and, second, by pointedly refusing to endorse Vice President Nixon.

Last week, with the collapse of the summit conference, the New York governor threw the door open wide.

►From New York City, Rockefeller issued a statement calling for great national debate, devoid of partisanship, on the summit "failure."

►Two days later, in Albany, just in case anyone had missed the point, he called a press conference and declared: "Drafts come very seldom in this country, but, if a draft should come, I would be greatly honored and I would accept."

Although the governor did not admit that any connection existed between the collapse of the summit conference and his decision to announce that he was available, his private conversations with friends, with politicians, and even with reporters made this perfectly clear.

Those who talked with the governor could not escape the conclusion that he thought something might happen before the Republican National Convention—

just what he never did say, but no doubt a new international crisis—that would put the Administration's foreign and defense policies into question. If this happened, it would become clear to everyone that Nixon, who had publicly embraced these policies, couldn't win.

Before he made his announcement that he would accept a draft, Rockefeller, through L. Judson Morhouse, Republican state chairman, called a meeting of the executive committee of the state organization. Morhouse, who has never made any bones about the fact that Rockefeller is his candidate for President, got the committee to adopt unanimously a resolution calling on New York's 96-man delegation to attend the convention "united and uncommitted."

Morhouse could have gotten the committee unanimously to endorse Rockefeller as a "favorite son." However, the governor did not want this, for that would have made him an active candidate. He preferred to remain simply available—a man standing in the wings, waiting for the unlikely to happen.

KENNEDY

Sizing up the political consequences of the summit failure, Jack Kennedy saw no need to change his basic strategy. His goal as the front-running Democratic contender has always been to nail down as many delegates as he can before the party's convention at Los Angeles in July. Right now, he calculates that he has some 620 delegates on his side—within striking distance of the 761 needed for the nomination. And he intends to pursue the uncommitted delegates who can put him over the top.

Yet, when Kennedy and his aides are away from the crowds and the bands and the Democratic dinners, when they roll up their sleeves at his Washington headquarters or sit back in his private plane between stops, they candidly admit that the summit collapse has made a difference. It has caused people to talk more and more about Kennedy's youth.

Long ago, Kennedy confided to intimates that he knew when he stepped up to bat in the Presidential pennant race he had three strikes against him—his age (he was 43 last Sunday), his religion, and his money.

Kennedy's Catholicism became an issue in the West Virginia primary, where, his camp feels, it was effectively dampened with Kennedy's big victory. Next came charges that the Kennedy millions

bought that West Virginia victory (see page 42). Even without the summit collapse, Kennedy believes, it was inevitable that the critics should turn on his youth.

"There wasn't anything left," Kennedy said recently.

Inevitable or not, Kennedy deeply resents the implication that he is not seasoned enough or experienced enough to cope with the Russians.

Seasoned Man: Kennedy argues that, contrary to popular belief, he has had considerable experience in foreign affairs—not as much as Adlai Stevenson, perhaps, but more than Lyndon Johnson and Stuart Symington. Kennedy has sat on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee since 1957. He has traveled widely abroad and once lived for a time in Lon-

NIXON

No matter what happened, no matter what kind of labels Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler tried to hang on the GOP (see cartoon), Richard Nixon felt he couldn't lose. If the cold war turned lukewarm, he could run on the Eisenhower record of "peace and prosperity." On the other hand, if the cold war turned still colder, the American voter was certain to support the Presidential candidate with the most experience in foreign affairs, the candidate who had demonstrated that he could stand toe-to-toe with Nikita Khrushchev and force the Soviet dictator to back down. And that candidate, the Vice President was convinced, obviously was

Richard Nixon.

From a strictly political standpoint, in fact, Nixon could find only plus signs in the collapse of the summit conference. The nation, overwhelmingly, appeared to approve of everything Mr. Eisenhower had done at Paris and since; and it appeared to approve, also, of the U-2 flights. As the President's heir apparent, Nixon could only benefit from that.

Last week, the Vice President already was busy converting the failure of the conference into political capital. He went out to Melvin, Ill., Rep. Les Arends' home town, ostensibly to campaign for Arends' re-election but actually to campaign for himself. (Arends is absolutely certain of re-election.)

More than 4,000 people were at the Ford County Fair Grounds, where he spoke. And they cheered wildly, when he said: "I believe the majority of Americans, in both parties,

believe that President Eisenhower was right in authorizing the intelligence measures necessary for safety . . ."

Ford County is solidly Republican and, perhaps, the reception Nixon got was atypical. However, Nixon didn't think so. Khrushchev, he was convinced, had given his campaign a strong boost.

JOHNSON

Several thousand feet above the plains of northern Indiana, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson lounged on the foam-rubber cushions of a chartered Convair and told NEWSWEEK correspondent Robert Vermillion that Premier Khrushchev, instead of demanding apologies from this country, should make



one for walking out on the summit.

Later, as he talked in Idaho Falls, Idaho, on a five-day Western swing, Johnson repeated his remark and added: "We want to make it clear to Khrushchev there is no pro-Khrushchev party in the U.S." He said the same thing at dinner that night and by reiteration endeavored to make it clear that on the summit issue, Johnson is the Presidential aspirant with the responsible stance.

Johnson burnished that strong Texas image at every opportunity. In time of trouble, he feels, people will turn to a man who is mature (Johnson is 51), experienced (twelve years in the House, eleven in the Senate), and responsible enough not to turn the cold-war renewal into a partisan Roman holiday.

At the weekend, Johnson began admitting in private what everyone had known all along: He is a candidate. In a closed-door session with a Democratic group in Idaho, Johnson asked: "Well, are you with me?"

"We don't want to bet on a horse that's going to stay in the paddock," one Democrat replied. "Are you a candidate?"

Johnson said: "You're damn right I am."

SYMINGTON

To Sen. Stuart Symington, the favorite candidate of fellow Missourian Harry Truman and the favorite second choice of many other Democrats, the U-2 flameout in Paris lit up what looked to him like the high road to the White House. Last week, Symington took the floor of the Senate and, in terms rarely applied even to a rival for the office of sheriff, tore at the throat of the Administration.

"By a series of blunders," Symington said, "... the President of the United States became a bound and living sacrifice for such public denigration and humiliation as no occupant of that high office had ever before experienced."

That would do for Mr. Eisenhower.

As for Vice President Nixon, "he has been a party to all the decisions which have gotten us where we are. One wonders whether this apprenticeship will still be regarded as his greatest 'qualification' for the Presidency."

Contumely apart, Symington had a proposal for action, but it sounded like the note he had been thrumming for months. "We need to add about \$3 billion to our national-security efforts," he said; he has been saying much the same ever since he was Secretary of the Air Force in the Truman Administration.

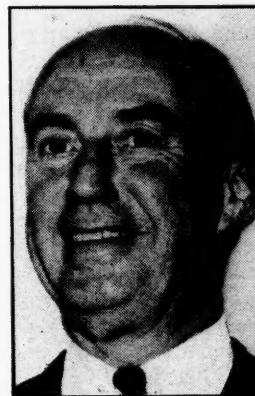
Symington also plans to campaign with such bell-ringing issues as health and housing and schooling, but the immediate emphasis is defense.

His strategists believe that in the scattered poles of U.S. political power, Symington now was getting a second look; before he was merely a second choice.



HOW DRAFTY IS ROCKEFELLER? *The governor's hopes appear to be doomed, so far as a draft is concerned, despite the efforts of New York State Republicans to keep them alive. If anything, GOP professionals are more united than ever behind Vice President Nixon as a result of the summit collapse. Rockefeller, they say, is simply too late—his willingness to accept a draft has come long after most state delegations pledged themselves to Nixon. Many Republicans would like Rocky to accept second place. But he could be nominated for top spot only if Nixon met with some unlikely personal or political disaster.*

HOW DRAFTY IS STEVENSON? *His ghost candidacy has been given new life by the international crisis. In state after state—from California and Oregon to Ohio and Vermont—there is renewed talk about Stevenson as the Democratic candidate most experienced in foreign affairs. As yet, this talk is mostly just talk—and probably much of it generated by the Stevenson people themselves. There is no real move now on the part of the Democratic pros to draft him. Still, many Democrats say a Stevenson draft is not beyond the realm of possibility—if the international situation drastically worsens before convention time.*



Associated Press

Global Crisis, '60 Candidates

Almost without exception, influential Americans—jurists, educators, businessmen, publishers, churchmen, and political leaders in both parties—are deeply concerned about the international crisis. And they are carefully weighing which of the contenders for the White House—Republican or Democrat—is best fitted to meet this crisis.

By and large, they do not blame President Eisenhower for what happened at Paris. They agree that Nikita Khrushchev—probably because he was under pressure at home—was out to scuttle the summit conference from the start. The President, they say, reacted properly, with dignity and restraint.

Yet, these same leaders quite obviously were stung by K's insults and threats. And they are now in a belligerent mood. They want the next President of the United States to be a tough, hard competitor. They want a man who, like Teddy Roosevelt, will speak softly and carry a big stick (see box, next page).

Who is this man?

To most Republicans—whether civic

leaders or professional politicians—it is still Vice President Nixon—the man who stood up to K in the kitchen debate at Moscow last summer. Despite New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller's statement last week that he will accept a draft, there are almost no widespread signs in the GOP of rising Rockefeller sentiment.

Fuzzy Focus: Among the Democrats—because of the bulkier field of candidates—the picture is less sharp. But some Democrats are now saying that the front-running Jack Kennedy may be too young to deal with the Russians. This doesn't mean that Kennedy has lost any of his delegates. He hasn't. But there is more talk about Adlai Stevenson, because of his greater age and experience.

In sizing up the impact the summit collapse has had on the 1960 Presidential campaign, these were the major conclusions reached by the political experts who man Newsweek's LISTENING POST in the 50 states.

Almost the first thing the LISTENING POSTERS found was that while many Americans of opinion-molding stature

SPECIAL SECTION

were dismayed by the failure at Paris, they are not despairing. They are confident our own defenses are strong, and that nuclear war is still unthinkable.

"I don't believe Russia wants war any more than we do," said the Rev. Dr. H.H. Hobbs, an Oklahoma City pastor.

On Our Toes: Even Republicans will concede that the Administration may have mistimed and mishandled the initial stages of the U-2 incident. But most were not at all displeased by the U-2 flights; they see them as a comforting reassurance that America is on its toes. And they recognize that, whether the United States ultimately has to negotiate with Khrushchev or someone else who may come eventually to power in the Kremlin, the road ahead won't be easy.

"A change of Red leaders won't change the situation," said James Minotto, president of the Bank of Phoenix and former Marshall-plan emissary to Italy and Portugal. "Only the face will change. The animal remains the same, and we have to deal with the animal, the Communist regime."

More than anything else, the U-2 and the summit failure have caused many Americans—in both parties—to take a hard new look at the Presidential contenders. While they do not fault the President for the current situation, many think that U.S. foreign policy could be more "consistent," as some put it, or "more forceful and articulate." Overwhelmingly, they say they want a President well versed in foreign affairs, and tough besides.

"If the police go after a burglar," said Abe Aronovitz, former mayor of Miami and a prominent Jewish leader, "they don't go with pie in their hands.

A Call for a T.R.

One of the most amazing things about the NEWSWEEK LISTENING POST survey on post-Paris political sentiment was the widespread feeling—in all parts of the country—that the next President of the United States should be a man like Theodore Roosevelt.

A typical comment, from Judge James W. Hodson of Seattle: "We need another Teddy Roosevelt—the big stick and speak softly."

A variation came from Alex Gruska, president of a Cleveland printing firm and leader of the city's Polish community, who said:

"What we need is a Teddy Roosevelt with a big stick—only he will need a big voice, too."

They go with force and authority . . .

Arch N. Bobbitt, a justice of the Indiana Supreme Court, said: "We need for President a man of firmness, of unquestioned integrity, and a reputation for keeping his word."

Sniffing the political winds, the LISTENING POSTERS found that contrary to the theory that Vice President Nixon would be hurt by U-2 bungling and the summit failure, this does not seem to be the case. He appears as strong with Republicans as ever, if not stronger, while Rockefeller doesn't seem to have gained.

The Box Score: Among the Democrats, there has been a mild flurry of Lyndon Johnson talk outside his stronghold of the South (notably in the Dakotas and Montana), but very little new interest in Stuart Symington. Obviously,

the two Democrats most affected have been Kennedy and Stevenson.

John Cowles, 61, president of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., put it this way: "I think the international developments have reduced Kennedy's chances of getting the nomination because of his youth and relative inexperience. They have not eliminated Kennedy but have slowed down the Kennedy bandwagon to some extent."

Dr. Spencer Albright Jr., professor of political science at the University of Richmond, said: "There is a tendency for people to unite behind the President in a crisis, and, with that in mind, Stevenson's hard criticism of the President may not have been timely. But criticism may become more popular as people think about the situation; Stevenson's experience, background, and age may well seem increasingly valuable."

The Big If: Stevenson's experience and maturity were a recurring theme in the seventeen states where the LISTENING POSTERS reported hearing more talk about him. As yet, the Democratic pros agree, there is nothing like a draft sentiment for Stevenson, though they concede there might be if the international crisis materially worsened. Curiously enough, some Democrats say they like Stevenson not for President, but for Secretary of State.

As for Kennedy, the Democrats pretty generally agree that his relative youth may hurt him but they are not yet sure whether this may be so to any important extent. Some point out, for example, that it is mostly Kennedy's boyish looks, rather than his age, that are against him, since at 43 he is not really much younger than Nixon (who is 47). One thing the LISTENING POSTERS found for certain: No Kennedy supporters have as yet jumped off his bandwagon.

Looking ahead to the November election, the LISTENING POSTERS found no great area of agreement on which party has been helped, or hurt, the most. A top GOP leader in Michigan said: "We don't look as good as we did; if the summit had gone through and Ike had gone to Russia and then to Japan and prosperity had continued, it would have been helpful." Yet many other Republicans held that K himself saved their bacon when he turned his wrath on the President and broke up the summit, thereby putting the onus on himself.

Self-Help? Most Democrats felt sure that, on balance, they were helped by the summit collapse, but they conceded that their chances in November may depend on how skillfully they exploited the issue in the campaign, and perhaps on who their candidate is.

Aside from the political repercussions, the LISTENING POST found that, despite all that has happened in the last few tumultuous weeks, Americans are not

Newsweek's Listening Post Experts in 50 States

THE WEST

Lewis E. Bates, editor, Wyoming State Tribune
EARL BEHRENS, political editor, San Francisco Chronicle
NELLO CRESSAL, political writer, Denver Post
JOHN CORLETT, political editor,
The Idaho (Boise) Daily Statesman
ROSS CUNNINGHAM, political editor, Seattle Times
E. A. DYE, editor, Independent (Helena) Record
BOB KEPPELEN, associate editor, Anchorage Daily Times
WALTER E. MACKENZIE, political reporter, Reno Gazette
O. N. MALMQUIST, political editor, Salt Lake Tribune
KYLE PALMER, political editor, Los Angeles Times
JOHN RAMSEY, assistant city editor, Honolulu Star-Bulletin
MERVIN SHOEMAKER, political editor, Portland Oregonian

THE SOUTHWEST

BEN AVERY, legislative writer, Arizona Republic
ALLEN DUCKWORTH, political editor, Dallas Morning News
WILL HARRISON, political columnist for New Mexico papers
OTIS SULLIVAN, political writer, Daily Oklahoman

THE MIDLANDS

HAROLD ANDERSON, political writer, Omaha World Herald
CHARLES CLEVELAND, political writer, Chicago Daily News
RAY COVAGE, political writer, Detroit Free Press
JOHN O. HOWELL, editor, Bismarck Tribune
TED KNAF, political writer, Indianapolis Times
MARION R. LINES, Springfield, Ill., bureau chief, St. Louis Globe-Democrat
RICHARD L. MARSH, political editor, Cleveland Press
CLIFF MILLER, political reporter, Des Moines Register & Tribune
WALLACE C. MURKIN, political reporter, Minneapolis Star
RAY MORCAN, political writer, Kansas City Star
HERBERT TRASK, state political reporter, St. Louis Post-Dispatch
JOHN WYNGAARD, copy desk correspondent, Des Moines Register & Tribune
ANSON YEAGER, Sunday editor, Sioux City Argus-Leader

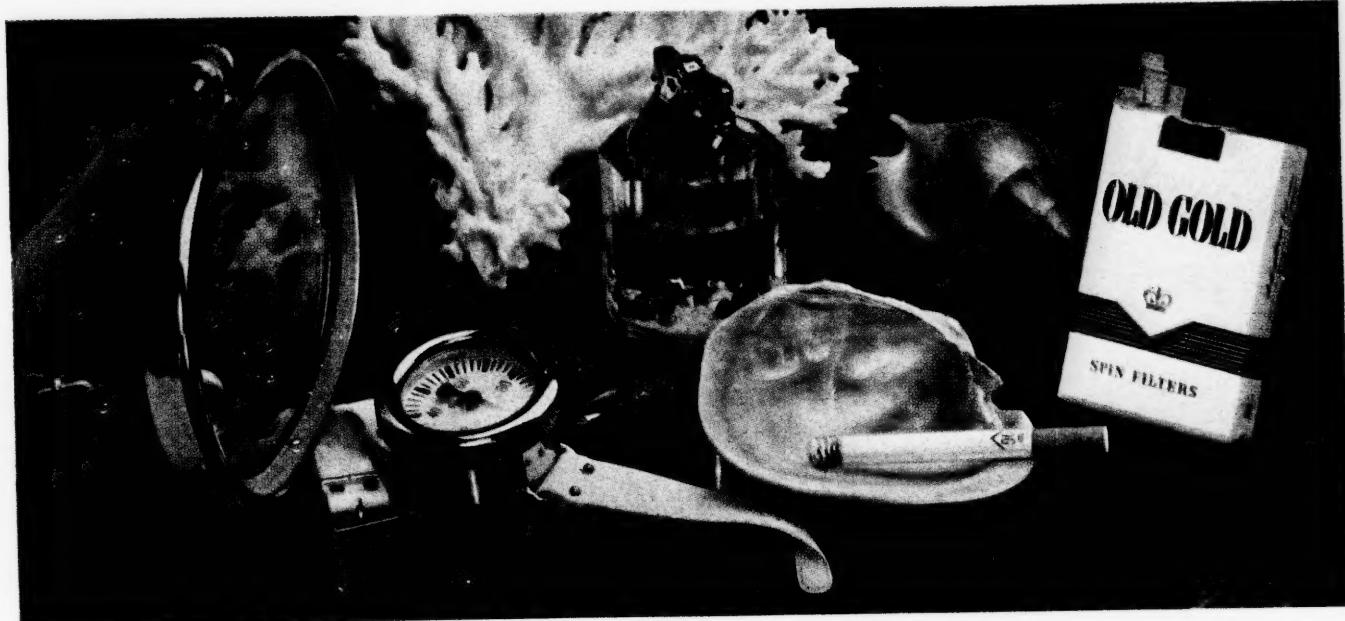
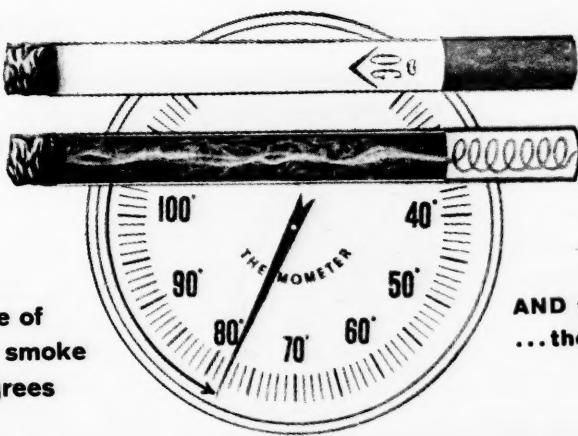
THE EAST

ARVIS CHALMERS, capital bureau chief, Albany Knickerbocker News
BEN COLLINS, state reporter, Burlington Free Press
PETER M. DAMBORG, political writer, Guy Gannett News—papers of Maine
JOHN O. DAYES JR., state political correspondent, Newark News
JAMES DESMOND, political writer, N.Y. Daily News
DAVIS W. GRIFFITH, political reporter, Providence Journal-Bulletin
HARRY HOFFMANN, political editor, Charleston (W.Va.) Gazette
CY LIBERMAN, political writer, Wilmington Morning News
BOB MILLIS, political writer, Christian Science Monitor
FRANK O'NEILL, political reporter, Manchester Union Leader
TOM SNYDER, political writer, Pittsburgh Post-Gazette and Sun-Telegraph
CHARLES WILDFORD, political writer, Baltimore Sun
JACK ZAJMAN, political writer, Hartford Courant

THE SOUTH

MCLELLAN JOHNSON, executive editor, Tallahassee Democrat
BERNARD L. KREAS, political reporter, New Orleans Times-Picayune
JOHN McDERMOTT, political editor, Miami Herald
CHARLES McDOWELL JR., political writer, Richmond Times-Dispatch
WILSON Y. MINOR, Jackson, Miss., bureau chief, New Orleans Times-Picayune
HUGH MORAN, Birmingham bureau chief, Louisville Courier-Journal
GUY MUNIGAN, Raleigh bureau chief, Greensboro Daily News
CHARLES POU, political writer, Atlanta Journal
EDWARD B. SMITH, associate editor and editor of editorial page, Knopfle News-Sentinel
FRED H. TAYLOR, political editor, Birmingham News
FERNEST VALACHOVIC, capital reporter, Arkansas Gazette
W. D. WILKINSON JR., Columbia correspondent for South Carolina papers

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disheartened. They recognize the challenge ahead, but their faith and confidence in their country are unshaken.

The Rev. Roger Fredrickson, a Sioux Falls, S.D., clergyman, probably expressed this nationwide feeling best when he said: "I was in Philadelphia attending a board meeting when I heard the news [of the summit collapse]. At first I got all tied up inside, then I began to think of all the things we have in our favor: Our resources, common sense, the longing of the people of the world for peace. I changed my sermon on the way back on the plane, using a text of Paul . . . 'I now bid you take heart.'

Watch From Space

Deep inside a windowless building, Air Force monitors bunch before a great bank of display screens and radio-receiver consoles. The steady green glow from a dozen oscilloscopes casts a ghostly flicker on their intent faces. Suddenly, one of the oscilloscope lines dances. An airman turns on a Teletype machine and messages:

SATELLITE CENTRAL TO WASHINGTON / ALL IN ORDER OVER RUSSIA AS EXPECTED FROM PHOTO ADVISORY/ SENTRY-21 DETECTED LUNAR LAUNCHING FROM KAPUTSIN YAR AT 2100 HOURS 6 JUNE 1965.

As fantastic and far out as the above scene may sound, two developments last week showed that this era of satellite sentries to keep the cold war peace is at hand. The shape of things to come was clearly foreshadowed by the 5,000-pound Midas satellite, now circling earth, and by the quality of the aerial photograph exhibited by President Eisenhower in his speech to the nation.

Of the 21 satellites sent up to date by the U.S., the Midas is the most unabashedly military one. The initials stand for Missile Defense Alarm System. Specifically, Midas's mission is to detect the exhaust plumes of hostile ICBM's as they rise out of the atmosphere. In the first minutes of flight, the heat created by the exhaust gases may be absorbed by water vapor in the earth's atmosphere. But once in the vacuum of space that begins about 15 miles high, the incandescent plume swells up and sends radiation out in all directions at the speed of light.

Red Eye: Inside Midas's nose is the heat-sensor that can pick up the distinctive infra-red part of this radiation. The material has not been described (to make Russian countermeasures more difficult) but it is most likely a semiconductor such as germanium, whose electrical properties change when hit by infra-red.

As soon as the hit is measured, in-

13 Miles High: What the U-2 Did See



280 Miles High: What Samos Will See



THIS pair of pictures sharply illustrates what can be expected from the camera-carrying satellites now being built by the U.S. The top photo of San Diego, Calif., Naval Air Station (shown by the President last week) is a remarkable achievement by any standard. Carrier planes with wings folded, sea planes, test facilities, the aircraft carrier Boxer, hangars, gasoline trucks, tennis courts, baseball diamonds—all are clearly discernible even to the untrained eye, right down to the 4-foot-wide painted runway strips and, most incredibly, the 6-inch-wide strips in the auto parking lot.

In the bottom photo, the U-2 print has been "degraded" for NEWSWEEK to show how the first satellite cameras would lose some clarity and fine detail. To do this degrading, photo reconnaissance experts systematically rephotographed the original print in order to blur various identifiable objects such as the aircraft. The picture used shows no objects under 100 feet in size. Later Samos satellites, however, would be capable of taking photographs as clear and detailed as those taken by the U-2 (see story left).

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

formation on the direction and speed of the heat source can be flashed directly to ground stations, part of the early-warning radar network in the Arctic, and relayed to SAC. One flash on the display oscilloscope would cause no alarm, since it, in all likelihood, would signify a space launching. But several heat sources detected simultaneously could signal attack. SAC's bombers would thus have almost the maximum 30 minutes warning time.

The single Midas now in orbit is not sufficient to do this warning job. However, a network of twelve Midas satellites swinging in polar orbit (so that the earth rotates beneath their paths) could police all of the Soviet Union around the clock. Most realistic Pentagon estimate of when the full-scale Midas sentry patrol will be operational: Late 1963. The cost: \$1 billion.

Good Resolution: About the time Midas was performing its first tests, President Eisenhower was exhibiting a remarkable photograph (see page 39).

The Lockheed U-2 which took the picture (undetected incidentally by the Navy) has been prohibited from flying over the Iron Curtain. But some informed guesses by photo experts indicate how soon satellites hundreds of miles high could get similar pictures.

The U-2 camera system had a resolution of about 6 inches—that is, it could detect a 6-inch object on the ground. A simple linear equation shows that the same system could detect objects of about 5 feet across at a satellite altitude of 140 miles and objects of 10 feet across at a satellite altitude of 280 miles.

The satellite big enough to tote a camera system as good as the one the U-2 carried is called the Samos. It is similar in size and shape to Midas, and is also built by Lockheed. Although it never has been confirmed officially, the first Samos probably will carry an electronic system called "Photoscan," developed by CBS Laboratories. All CBS will say is that Photoscan will be able to detect objects "under 20 feet across."

By 1965, camera-carrying Samos satellites could take over the reconnaissance job of the U-2 and give coverage of missile and aircraft bases to please the most demanding intelligence chief.

Silent Sentries: Could Khrushchev knock them out of the skies? An anti-satellite missile is theoretically possible. One missileman offers this analysis:

"The Russians located the U-2 with radar for years before bringing one down. Paint your satellite an unreflective black and launch it unannounced, and it will take years just to find it."

Failing to lick the sentries, Russian missilemen could join them—following the United States' lead in offering all recon craft to the United Nations. The patrols could then be painted U.N. blue.

LIFE AMONG US:

The Worrying Kind

The more the American worries, the merrier he may very well be; the better educated he is, the more self-doubting, and the more likely to try to get somebody to help him. Even if he considers himself happily married—and the chances are only 50-50—he worries that he may be an inadequate husband. The same goes for wives.

What do they worry about? In six out of ten cases, of course, it's money. Three of ten, in fact, insist that money is central to their happiness—the same ratio that counts children the source of happiness.

All of this comes from a survey of 2,460 normal, over-21 Americans conducted by the Joint Commission on Mental Illness and Health—a private group authorized by Congress—and the University of Michigan Survey Center.

his walking tour of California: He is concerned that Californians are forgetting he is still their governor and he wants to see if he remains popular, after the furor over the execution of Caryl Chessman.

And so he is walking the sidewalks, shaking hands in Sacramento and Fresno, exchanging repartee in Tulare and Hayward, admiring children in San Francisco and San Diego. It started in downtown Los Angeles and nearby Long Beach, where he reminded the pensioners, resident there in great numbers, that he is a friend of the elderly.

Pat in Blue: When Brown alighted from his black limousine in downtown Los Angeles, Richard R. Mathison of NEWSWEEK's Los Angeles bureau was on hand to follow him. Brown, in blue silk suit and blue tie with the handkerchief legend "Pat" peeping from a breast pocket, was instantly surrounded. The first to greet him: James (Foghorn) Murphy, a local character. "I'm for



Associated Press

Pollster Brown: Does everybody up there like me?

The results are being published this week ("Americans View Their Mental Health." 444 pages. Basic Books. \$7.50).

The survey center's social psychologist Gerald Gurin tried to account for happy worriers: Unhappy folk, he speculated, are apathetic and thus see no cause for concern; worriers, on the other hand, may be worrying just because they think there is hope for the better.

CALIFORNIA:

The Man in the Street

As Gov. Edmund G. (Pat) Brown set out last week "to walk the Main Streets of California," he said that he wanted to find out for himself which man the people wanted as the Democratic nominee for President.

But Brown is also a strangely complex politician and there is another reason for

Kennedy because he's an Irishman and Catholic," Murphy announced. "He's got that religion that you and I have."

Brown stirred uncomfortably and moved off. He paused for a shoeshine, reminding all he met that he was a favorite-son candidate for President, not a serious contender. But he glowed when people said they wanted him for President.

After a pause for lunch, Governor Brown drove to Long Beach and at 1:30 p.m. vaulted out of his car at the corner of Fourth and Pine streets. Here he met clusters of hair-netted women and whisky men, who bore the banners of spellbinder George McClain, California's perennial pension prophet and Brown's only opponent on the Democratic ballot at the June 7 primary.

"Lemme talk to the governor," said one of them, a stout man who pressed forward with a McClain sign. "I'm a friend of his; I write him letters." A



How gay Europe is in the Fall!

WHAT a whirl of fun you could have in Europe this Fall! The crowds have left, the Europeans are enjoying *their own* season. Your trip will be filled with the color of brilliant festivals. The Opera. Theatre. Even the weather's fine, as you see in this Basque Square, where a dancer pirouettes from a wine glass without spilling a drop. Yes, Fall is the time for excitement.

No trouble about hotels, either. Take your pick of rooms. And, believe it or not, at lower rates. The money you save will come in handy for bargain-hunting! And speaking of bargains, after October 1st, BOAC will offer a new 17-day Fall Excursion Fare. As little as \$320 Round-Trip Economy Class from New York, and zoom! you're in London. You'll fly aboard the world-famous jet-prop Britannia, too. Or, for slightly more, you can choose the Intercontinental 707 with Rolls-Royce power or the pure-jet Comet.

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So, if your vacation plans haven't jelled, why not give Europe a whirl this Fall? Or even change your plans...for the *fun* of it! There's so much to see, to do. So many special events. And in any event, you'll do better booking BOAC. Reservations through your Travel Agent. Or contact your nearest BOAC office. They'll be most helpful.



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Tourist Bureau Says, 'Vive les Kelly Girls!'



G. C. JERRY CRARY
EXECUTIVE MANAGER
San Diego Convention
and Tourist Bureau

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

white-haired woman called the governor to her electric cart, whispered coyly in his ear. "Governor Lawrence of Pennsylvania," he said aloud, smiling, "is a great American."

In Lincoln Park, Brown found about 400 people, chiefly women, concentrating on canasta. When he introduced himself, they thought he was kidding. "There are so many interruptions a body can't see her cards," one complained.

By 4 p.m., when Brown decided to call it a day, he had talked to about 1,000 persons, most of whom had responded happily to the governor's genial personality and none of whom had mentioned the Chessman case (although pickets in Los Angeles displayed signs reading: "You are the executioner").

What had he learned of voter preferences? Not a great deal. "I can't conclude anything from this," Brown himself remarked at one point. But the governor had learned what is always pleasant for a politician: Californians still like him.

WEST VIRGINIA:

Bourbon for Votes?

In Jennie's Creek, W.Va., Garfield Fleming told of traveling all the way to Old Fork Holler to vote, only to find that, sometime in the night, Sam Marcum, the Democratic election commissioner, had "moved the whole voting place." Primary Day was over, Fleming said, before he managed to find out where Marcum had moved the voting place to—a schoolhouse, a mile and a half up the road.

In Logan, Mrs. Lenoir Wells said that when she walked into the voting booth, a voting official walked in right after her. "He started pulling levers. Finally, he pulled the big lever, and I had voted. I didn't touch the machine at all. He cast my vote for me."

"I saw numerous people being paid off for their votes," said Sam Hatfield, a descendant of the family that fought the historic mountain feud with the McCoys. "Yes, I saw the money changing hands. The standard payoff was half a pint of bourbon and \$2 to \$5."

Last week, charges such as these sent the FBI into the scarred hills of Wayne and Logan counties to investigate the West Virginia primary election of May 10. Since this was the primary in which John F. Kennedy swamped Hubert H. Humphrey, causing the Minnesotan to withdraw from the race for President, tongues instantly started clacking. The

clamor rose, naturally, when Vice President Richard Nixon's press secretary, Herbert G. Klein, announced that friends of the Vice President were investigating also—to find out how much Kennedy had spent on his campaign.

Local Scandal: Actually, the alleged voting irregularities the FBI was looking into had no connection with Kennedy's victory. The voters whose protests had brought in the FBI said so. Humphrey's own supporters said so. In Logan, Dr. Luke Combs, who helped initiate the petition that brought in the FBI, declared: "Our petition does not involve spending by any Presidential candidate." And the results of the primary underscored his words. In Logan, the opposing candidates for sheriff were Okey Justice and Ray Watts. Justice supported Humphrey; Watts supported Kennedy. Yet, Okey Justice won the race for sheriff, and Kennedy carried the county.

"I saw no evidence of excessive spending by Senator Kennedy," Humphrey-man Justice said.

For Kennedy, however, the damage was done; and he was bitter about it. He was particularly bitter toward Nixon, for he suspected that Nixon had encouraged his good friend Attorney General William P. Rogers to send in the FBI. "Since when," Kennedy asked, "has the FBI been used as a political weapon?"

Associated Press



NEW-HATCHED whooping crane, one of the 40 known to be living, gets a chick-up from proud mother Josephine at the Audubon Park Zoo in New Orleans. Josephine and her mate Crip are the only adult whoopers in captivity.

WASHINGTON TIDES

Counting the Blessings

by Ernest K. Lindley



LAST week I set forth some reasons for thinking that the summit debacle was not a calamity nor even a serious setback to the quest for a secure peace. Here I shall note some potential gains. The first and most fundamental of these is a renewed awareness of the dangers we face. By "we" I mean our Allies and friends as well as the U.S.

In his TV-radio address last week, the President gave our NATO Allies a well-merited salute. He might well have specifically included our Asian Allies. They too have reacted admirably. Khrushchev's torpedoing of the summit conference seems to have had much the same effect as the Czech coup in 1948, the Korean war in 1950, the suppression of the Hungarian revolt in 1956, and the Red Chinese strangling of Tibet and incursions into India.

Whether this potential gain is converted into a real gain depends primarily on what we in the U.S. do. Among the things we should do are:

1—Demonstrate our unwavering support of the Southeast Asia Treaty Organization. This deserves first mention because the SEATO council of Foreign Ministers is meeting in Washington this week. There has been an unfortunate tendency on the part of some Americans to underestimate the importance of SEATO. Its Asian membership is limited to three nations—Thailand, Pakistan, and the Philippines—and its creation was initially opposed by some "uncommitted" Asian governments. But SEATO has contributed greatly to both the feeling and the actuality of security in Southeast Asia, which with its island archipelagoes is an area larger than India and more richly endowed with natural resources although with less than half India's population. Moreover, "neutralist" attitudes toward SEATO have undergone a marked change, as a result of continuing Chinese expansionism. Other free governments in the area no longer complain that SEATO military exercises, in which American, British, and Australian forces participate, are provocative. Today, most of them are glad that SEATO exists.

SEATO doesn't require and is not asking for any new measure of support from us. What it needs, and

should have, is the assurance that its value is fully understood by both parties in the U.S. and that we stand back of it resolutely. Our Asian Allies in SEATO, as well as our other Allies, look to us, as the President said, "for proof of our steadfastness."

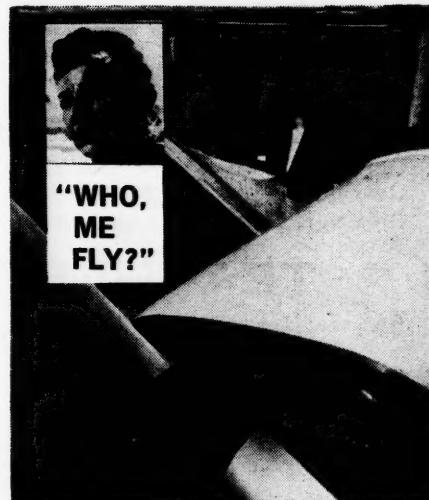
2—Demonstrate stalwart bipartisan support of all the other mutual and collective defense agreements to which we are a party or which we support indirectly. These include the Central Treaty Organization (CENTO), which is of particular importance to Iran.

3—Provide the funds necessary to preserve and in some cases to increase the military strength of our frontline Allies. This part of the President's mutual-security proposals should not be reduced by 1 cent.

4—Strengthen and expand our programs of economical, technical, and educational aid to all the free underdeveloped nations, both allied and "unaligned." The President's recommendations for these purposes should not be reduced by 1 cent. They should be increased. And most, if not all, of these programs should be given a long-term authorization.

5—Expedite and bring to a close as soon as possible the Congressional inquiries into the U-2 episode and other pre-summit events. Our Allies and friends throughout the world are seriously disturbed by the danger that those hearings will spur partisan wrangling and national disunity. The hearings are of course proper and, if conducted in a calm, nonpartisan way, will do no serious harm. But the main facts are already known and little benefit is likely to come from pawing over them. Even for partisan purposes, it is doubtful if the Democrats stand to gain from dwelling on them. Several Democrats must wish that they had not been so hasty with their criticisms. All of them should be even more grateful than ever before for the constitutional amendment barring Mr. Eisenhower from running for President again.

The real test of the worth of the Democratic Party, as of the Republican, is whether it will now support the measures so obviously essential to strengthen the free world and to realize the potential gains from the recent excitement.



LOOK WHO'S FLYING!

Mr. J. M. of Florida, who is 62, reports: "It got awfully easy for us to stay at home, and that's no good. We're both pilots, and average about 5 flying hours a week visiting interesting places. Expensive? People spend a whole lot more for other types of fun."



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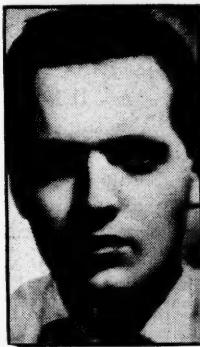
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INTERNATIONAL



► **On-Scene in Turkey:** NEWSWEEK's Middle Eastern correspondent, Larry Collins, was the only American reporter in Ankara when army tanks rolled into the capital last week. Awakened by the first gunfire, Collins leapt out of bed and rushed down to join the pajama-clad Turks who were out cheering the army take-over. Collins' dispatch (below) gives his eyewitness account of the exultant beginning of a new era.



► **On-Scene in Japan:** NEWSWEEK's Far Eastern correspondent, Rafael Steinberg, was on hand last week when Japanese students and workers thronged out to demonstrate against the new U.S.-Japanese security treaty. His report (page 46) describes the turbulent Socialist-led demonstrations, and points up the serious problems facing pro-American Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi on the eve of President Eisenhower's visit to Japan.

OUR ALLIES IN TURMOIL

From the Mediterranean to the Pacific, the story was the same last week: The rulers of some of the U.S.'s stanchest Allies were in real trouble at home.

In Tokyo, tens of thousands of Japanese leftists trooped out to demand the resignation of Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi. In Ankara, after four weeks of sporadic student agitation against the ten-year-old regime of Turkey's strong man Premier Adnan Menderes, a military junta abruptly stepped in, deposed Menderes, and set up a committee to prepare new elections.

In other parts of the free world, as the concentration shifted away from the ill-fated summit conference, many governments were being jolted back into sober awareness of their own problems.

What did this series of upheavals mean? How would they affect the U.S.—and the rest of the free world?

TURKEY

From Ankara, NEWSWEEK's Larry Collins cables:

The first sign of trouble was the distant thud of gunfire somewhere in the darkness. It was 3:55 a.m. Within minutes the sound rolled into the heart of the city.

Startled Turks opened shuttered windows and blinked out into the darkness. Women in pin curlers leaned out over the balconies. Men in pajamas and nightshirts stumbled down into the streets. Along Atatürk Boulevard rumbled the army trucks, loaded with cadets of Ankara's War College—the spearhead of the army's coup d'état. Behind them came Patton tanks, Turkey's 43rd Cavalry Division, and truckloads of infantrymen.

It went off like clockwork—

and by 5:30 a.m., it was all over. The one-party Menderes regime was ended.

All Ankara went wild. Barefoot, waving caps, shouting frantically, Turks raced out onto Atatürk Boulevard to cheer the staff cars racing by. Red Turkish flags with their white crescent appeared on the balconies, and the crowds roared. One frenzied Turk grabbed my hand and pumped it wildly, shouting: "Kahroslun, diktatörler! Yasasin demokrasi!" ("Down with dictators! Long live democracy!") And a hot-eyed cadet waved his cocked pistol 6 inches from my chest and shouted: "Demokrasi! Demokrasi! Demokrasi!"

Unexpected as it was, the coup had been well prepared. "We had outlined the major moves," an officer told me

later, "but the details were left to the unit commanders." And by morning, local commanders had quietly taken over Istanbul and Izmir as well as Ankara.

Fast Action: Meanwhile, with military precision, the army rounded up and arrested the members of Premier Adnan Menderes's Cabinet and his Democratic Party deputies. But the most dramatic of the arrests was that of Menderes himself, who had been off campaigning in western Turkey. Alerted to the coup, Menderes began to flee toward the Syrian border. Just after midnight, a Piper Cub patrol plane spotted his limousine speeding along the highway. The plane radioed ahead to ground troops, who stopped the car at the next town and whisked the shaken Premier back to Ankara in a C-47. At the capital he saluted two generals who met him, carrying sub-machine guns. The generals merely waved him to the waiting car. Menderes, his face ashen, snapped bitterly: "I wish you luck, gentlemen."

At the head of the army coup emerged a stocky, silver-haired, 65-year-old career officer, Lt. Gen. Cemal Gursel, who took charge as President, Premier, and military commander in chief. Under him, a new Cabinet included four officers, three professors, and eleven nonpolitical technicians. Gursel, who had resigned last month as commander of Turkish ground forces in protest against Menderes's repression of the opposition Republican Party, confined the former Premier in the private quarters of the War College commander while investigators probed for evidence to prosecute him. One reported discovery: A document, found in the home of a Menderes aide, rec-



Tank under the minarets: Calm ahead?

Black Star

INTERNATIONAL

ommending the execution of 30 Republican leaders and the exiling of the Republican chief, former President Ismet Inönü.

In a nationwide broadcast, Gursel explained simply: "We had to act. I tried to reason with the politicians, but they were blinded by ambition . . . I want to stress that I have no intention whatever of becoming a dictator."

Where does Turkey go from here?

Reforms: In a private interview, Gursel declared: "Our purpose is to prepare a new electoral law for new elections and to bring the country to solid democracy in a very short time."

Gursel showed by his first actions that he had earned his reputation as a sincere democrat and a firm friend of the West. One of his first steps was to issue a strong reaffirmation of Turkey's loyalty to its NATO and CENTO obligations. And at home, journalists have been released from jail; universities (closed last

demonstration yet staged in their campaign against the new U.S.-Japanese security treaty that Prime Minister Kishi rammed through the Diet's lower house the week before (*NEWSWEEK*, May 30).

That same evening, more thousands of students assembled in front of the dark and shuttered U.S. Embassy building singing the Communist International. Loudspeakers led the shrill chanting of "Don't come, Ike! Don't come, Ike! . . . U.S. forces, go home!" The siege of the Diet went on. Inside, Kishi himself sat alone in the Prime Minister's office. He had been scheduled to preside at a state dinner for Indonesia's President Sukarno; instead, he was served a lonely supper of noodles. Not until 11 p.m., when the crowds outside were breaking up, was he able to slip out by a side door.

Can Kishi hold out? He announced that he had no intention of resigning at the demand of a "small minority." And as

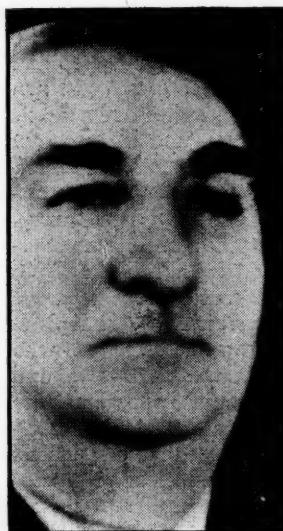
position throughout the Far East.

Face North: Already, in South Korea (where deposed President Syngman Rhee flew off to exile in the U.S. last week), the caretaker regime of Huh Chung is in trouble—with Huh's own supporters. Students are pressing for a purge of the universities, while young army officers demand that Huh fire all the army's top brass for political corruption. Sensing the danger, U.S. Gen. Carter B. Magruder, commander of U.N. forces in Korea, warned: "I trust that the army will continue to face north."

LONDON TO LAOS

In Europe also, in the gloomy aftermath of the summit, Western statesmen were having their own problems.

Britain's Harold Macmillan, leading apostle of summity, confronted a deadlock between the Common Market and



UPI



Associated Press



UPI

In: Gursel . . . A kiss for Istanbul's new military governor . . . Out: Menderes

month) are to reopen; censorship has been lifted.

Over the weekend, peace returned to Turkey. It seemed now a stronger nation, a surer ally—in contrast to Japan, where events were taking an ominous turn.

JAPAN

From Tokyo, NEWSWEEK correspondent Rafael Steinberg cables:

In the glittering sunshine, and right on schedule, the tightly organized bands of students and workers turned out. From all parts of Tokyo they came, platoons of workers with red banners, columns of students marching with arms linked, snake-dancing through the streets.

By midafternoon, thousands swarmed into the square outside the white-columned Diet building, shouting: "Kishi resign!" and "Down with the pact!"

This was just what Japan's opposition Socialists had promised, the most massive

things now stand, the security treaty will go into effect on June 19—the day that President Eisenhower is scheduled to arrive on his state visit.

But the Socialists have shown no sign of letting up. Already they are boycotting the Diet and have called a nationwide general strike next week to demand Kishi's resignation and new elections. Their obvious hope is that the deep-rooted pacifist sentiments of post-war Japan will swing the basically conservative electorate their way.

Despite Kishi's solid parliamentary majority (288 of 453 seats in the lower house), the battle is far from over. Even some of Kishi's own Liberal Democrats are pressing him to step down after the treaty takes effect.

For the U.S., the danger is not merely the loss of a firm friend. The alternative, if the Socialist views should prevail, is a neutralist Japan. And this would mean a drastic revision of the U.S. defensive

the British-led Outer Seven, which still threatens to split Europe. France's Charles de Gaulle had the still unsolved problem of Algeria.

In Italy, where the shaky caretaker government of Premier Fernando Tambroni holds a mandate only until October, the Christian Democrats met once more to face the question of establishing stable government.

There was no peace for the West around the rest of the world. Once again trouble broke out in the landlocked little kingdom of Laos. One night last week, during a torrential monsoon rain, sixteen men slipped out of their makeshift barracks jail in Vientiane, taking their guards with them. The escapees: Prince Souphanouvong, longtime leader of the pro-Communist Pathet Lao rebels, and fifteen of his top cohorts.

Would Souphanouvong's escape mean a new outburst of the rebellion? Western diplomats were waiting to see. For



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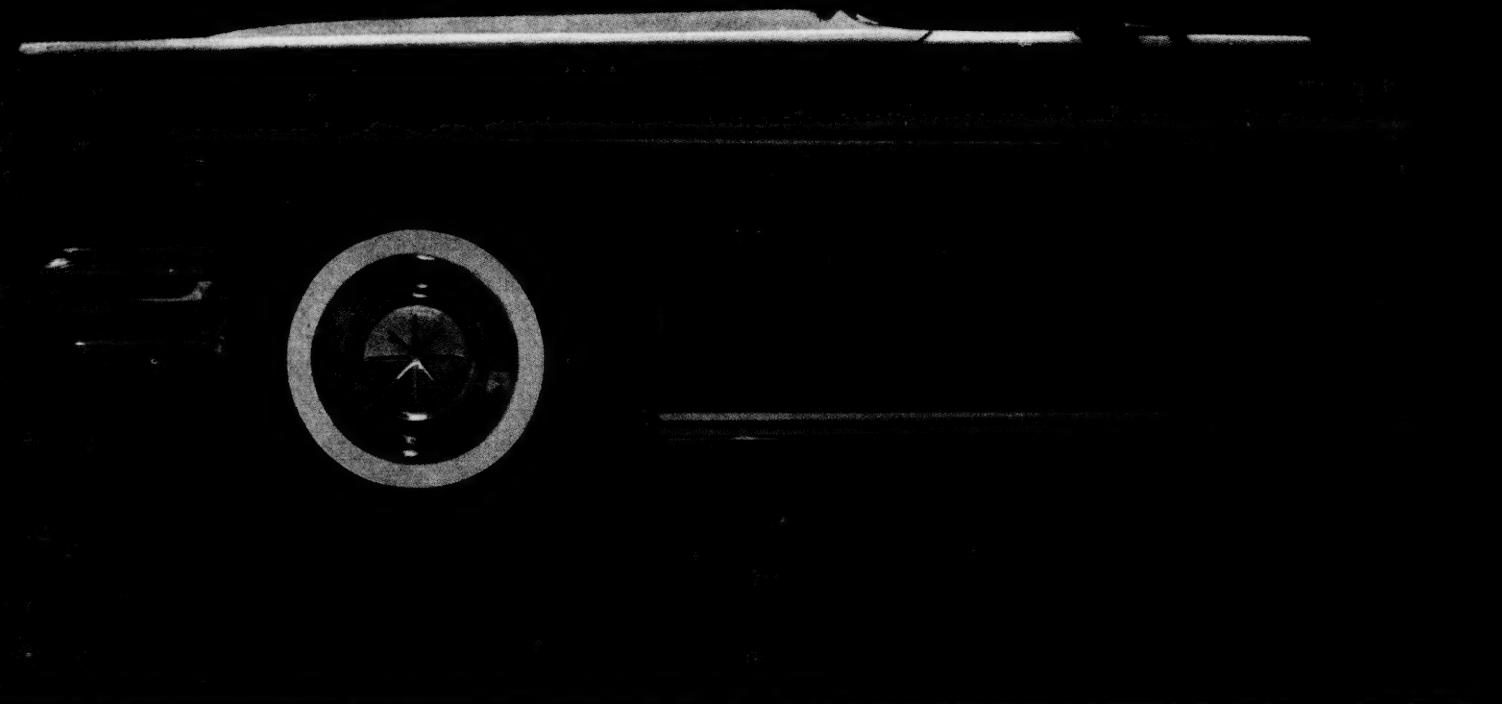
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weeks, the tempo of Red China's aggressiveness toward the West has been mounting in intensity. And if Peking wants to probe the free world's defenses, Laos—and neighboring, rebel-infested South Vietnam—still are the softest spots for the Reds to hit.

BELGIAN CONGO:

The Frightened Whites

The two Congolese employees of Belgium's Sabena Airlines in Stanleyville were in a rage; they had been outwitted by a dishonest Congolese merchant who had sold them both the same article of merchandise. When the argument was overheard, the "merchandise" herself got a terrible shock: She was a blond Sabena Airlines hostess who, unknown to herself, had been "sold for delivery to buyer after independence June 30." As she left on the next plane back to Brussels, the whites in the rumor-ridden Congo had another story to pass around.

Today, many a white woman in Léopoldville speaks of receiving an anonymous telephone call saying: "I have chosen you for after independence." Much of this is exaggeration, but there is no doubt that there are grounds for interracial fears (for another viewpoint on the subject, see page 85). Only last week, the African newspaper *Notre Congo* editorialized: "Until now it was African mothers who had to look after their mulatto offspring... Now, the white woman will have to take care of mulattoes born from African men... It is only just that things should change that way."

It was the kind of talk that chilled white settlers across Africa from Cape Town to Nairobi. (There are those whites in Africa who secretly hope that if Congo independence does bring riot and rapine, the world will accept once and for all that Africans are savages, incapable of governing themselves.)

Nonetheless, there were three powerful influences for peace in the Congo: ►The realization that every black leader of every black nation as yet unfree is fervently hoping that the new Congolese government will succeed. If the Congo stumbles, the cause of African nationalism elsewhere will be set back. ►The Congo's need for white help. A nation which has not one native doctor, architect, or engineer will have to have all the European administrators, professional men, technicians, capital, and good will it can retain.

►The Belgian determination to protect Belgian lives and property. By appointing a tough, new "Protector," Walter Ganshof van der Meersch, and flying in crack paracommandos from Europe (NEWSWEEK, May 30), Brussels indicated that order would be preserved after June 30, independence or no.



Pictorial Parade
Murderers' row: Hitler, suicide . . .



European
. . . Martin Bormann, missing . . .



European
. . . Heinrich Himmler, suicide . . .



UPI
. . . Eichmann, facing trial

The Eichmann Trackdown

Nazi Killer of Millions

At a secret hearing in an old house in Jaffa one day last week, Israeli Magistrate Yedidya Halevy solemnly read the accusation: "Adolf Eichmann, you are charged with causing the death of millions of Jews in Germany and enemy-occupied countries in the years 1938 to 1945. Are you Adolf Eichmann?"

As the statement was translated from Hebrew, the prisoner's wrinkled face whitened. A frail, baldish, effeminate man of 54, he admitted his identity "*Ich bin* Adolf Eichmann." And he added: "*Ich bin unschuldig*" ("I am not guilty").

When Eichmann's capture was announced by Premier David Ben-Gurion, it brought gasps of astonishment inside the Israeli Knesset (Parliament), and giant headlines outside. For Eichmann was not just another Nazi thug: He was the chief of the Gestapo's Office of Jewish Affairs, serving directly under Heinrich Himmler as the official in charge of Hitler's racial massacres.

Amid all the excitement, the Israeli Government would not disclose where it was keeping the prisoner under 24-hour guard—and even more significant, it announced it would "never" tell how or

where it captured him. Yet the secrecy only partly veiled one of the greatest cloak-and-dagger dramas in years, a drama that pitted the ruthless killer against an equally relentless avenger.

There was mystery about Eichmann from the very beginning of his life—some documents say he was born in the Ruhr and educated in Austria, others that he was born and raised in Palestine (he knew some Hebrew and Yiddish and sometimes posed as a Jew). Originally an engineer, Eichmann joined the Nazis in 1927 and quickly convinced the party that he was an expert on Zionism.

As chief of "Jewish affairs" in Vienna and then Prague, Eichmann talked of deporting all Jews to Madagascar, until Hitler officially decided in 1941 that all Jews were to be killed. Eichmann, by now an SS colonel, "was completely obsessed with the idea of destroying every single Jew that he could lay his hands on," recalled Rudolf Hoess, the Auschwitz commandant who conferred with Eichmann on the most efficient means of mass killing. "Without pity and in cold blood," Hoess quoted Eichmann, "we must complete this extermination as

rapidly as possible." One of Eichmann's aides piously hoped that God would never grant anyone "an opportunity to do anything like that to the German people," but Eichmann retorted: "Don't be a sentimentalist."

Among Eichmann's prospective victims was a slender, shy Polish Jew named Tuvia Friedmann, son of a printer in the town of Radom. By Eichmann's orders (in 1942), Friedmann's father was torn from home and gassed. The next year his mother met the same brutal fate. The youth, put to forced labor in an ammunition factory, dug a tunnel and escaped. He was 20 then, fighting with a band of Polish guerrillas. His life's ambition formed: Revenge on Eichmann.

In the last few desperate years of the war, Eichmann tried to use some of his victims for ransom, instead of killing them outright. He held a conference in Budapest in 1944 with Joel Brand, a Jewish underground leader, and told him: "I am prepared to sell you one million Jews... Blood for money: Money for blood." His price: Ten thousand trucks. Brand couldn't get Allied agreement to the deal. The slaughter continued. As the Allies began closing in, Eichmann took to drinking heavily, and boasted: "I will jump into my grave laughing. The fact that I have six million lives on my conscience gives me extraordinary satisfaction."

When the war ended, Tuvia Friedmann joined the Polish intelligence service and went to visit the homes of two concentration-camp officials, whose addresses he had overheard and memorized while he was scrubbing the officers' latrine. Before they were court-martialed and hanged by the Poles, they gave Friedmann more home addresses. Moving to Austria in 1946, Friedmann began working for the Zionist movement and continued his relentless hunt. Once he even posed as a Gestapo officer, having himself arrested, and boasting of his crimes until other Nazis in the same PW stockade confided their secrets to him. "All he lived for," a cousin in Miami, Fla., recalled last week, "was to catch those fellows." Friedmann's total of major catches: 237.

In one such POW camp sat Adolf Eichmann. Instead of killing himself, he had taken to the woods and had been captured in Austria. He had even told his right name, but it was misunderstood as Eckmann. Unrecognized, Eichmann spent a year and a half in the prison camp, then escaped from a work detail. Taking refuge with the family of a fel-

low Nazi in North Germany, he went to work as a woodcutter.

Friedmann, who specialized in shadowing the families of fugitive Nazis, located Eichmann's wife, Vera, and their three children in a small Austrian town. He summoned an Israeli team of kidnappers to take the whole family to Israel to make Eichmann show himself. Before that could be arranged, however, Friedmann found one of Eichmann's numerous mistresses, who convinced him that Eichmann wouldn't care what happened to his family. The mistress also revealed that Eichmann had undergone plastic surgery—the baby-faced, high-domed fugitive, with a slight twitch in his thin lips, could now be recognized only by a new photograph that the mistress provided. Friedmann, who had set

that Eichmann was only one large cog in the Nazi murder machine, just as Friedmann was a cog in the machine that caught him. With Eichmann's arrest, the cogs kept turning—West German officials promptly grabbed Eichmann's aide, Hermann Krumey, 55, a Frankfurt druggist who has twice been arrested and released for lack of evidence. Two days later, they seized Adolf Beckerle, wartime Nazi consul in Bulgaria, suspected of deporting 12,000 Jews to their death at Eichmann's orders. Germany's own Office for the Prosecution of Nazi Criminals was pursuing scores of cases that could be settled only by the evidence that the trial of Adolf Eichmann could provide. It promised to be sensational.

The biggest mystery of all was the unsolved case of Martin Bormann. In the final days of the war, Hitler's No. 1 deputy was last seen enveloped in a cloud of shellfire on a street outside the Reichs Chancellery in Berlin. Sentenced to death in absentia at the Nuremberg trials, Bormann has generally been presumed dead, but the Eichmann arrest prompted Friedmann to declare last week: "I am completely convinced that Bormann is alive." If true, it might be only a matter of time before the last top Nazi faces the noose of justice.



Montgomery: He rose to pop off

up headquarters in Haifa, where he was director of the Nazi War Crimes Documentation Center, continued the search. "I'll find Eichmann," he told a relative, "no matter how long it takes."

Some time after 1950, Eichmann fled Germany. From Argentina came a report he had worked for Perón's police, then fled in 1955. Later reports put him in Spain, in Damascus, and Friedmann publicly announced last October that his quarry was in Kuwait on the Persian gulf.

Last week, most reports agreed Eichmann had returned to Argentina where Friedmann ferreted him out and had agents smuggle him out to Israel.

Beyond the individual drama of Eichmann and Friedmann was the fact

RED CHINA:

Monty's Talk-Talk

"The Chinese seem extremely pleased to see me," Britain's often testy, freewheeling Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery said as he stepped from a plane last week into the noonday sun of Peking. "I want to find out what's going on in China. I came to see for myself," he explained.

During the next four days, as Communist bigwigs Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai hurried their famous guest around the country, Monty popped off in all directions. Two samples:

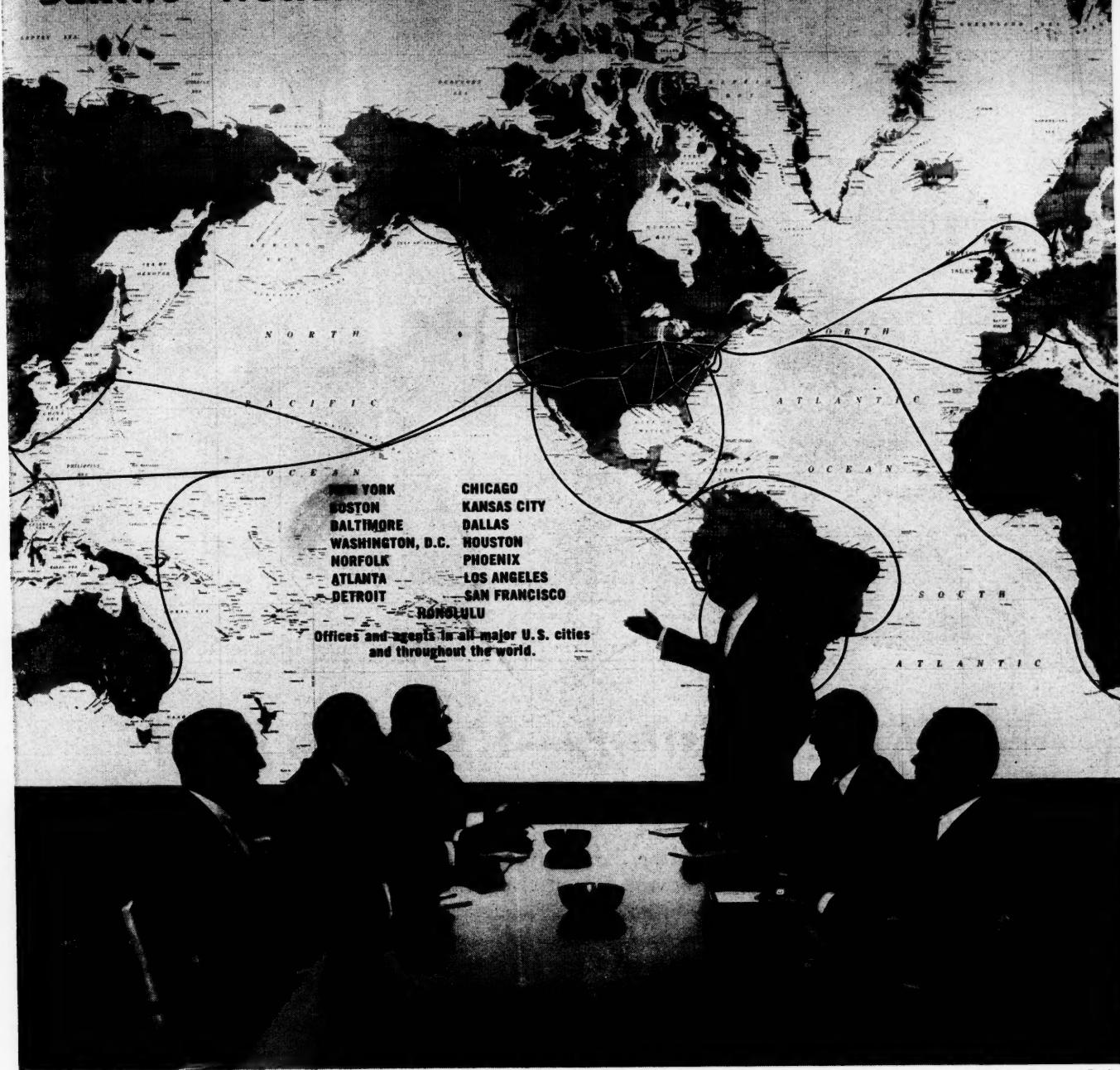
►On seeing a long-haired, bearded portrait of Karl Marx: "I think he wants a haircut."

►On departing for Hong Kong: "From what I have seen, I like the New China better than the Old."

To which the Chinese Nationalist government in Formosa added a postscript: "Lord Montgomery is not particularly well known for his balanced views. [He is] a guileless blowhard."

FOR A SPECIAL REPORT on the three sparkling young princesses of Scandinavia who will arrive this week to visit in Los Angeles, turn to page 54.

BEKINS - WORLD'S LARGEST IN MOVING & STORAGE



Daniel P. Bryant, President of Bekins, reviews global operations with company executives, Andreson, Holt, Robison, Shaw and Bekins.

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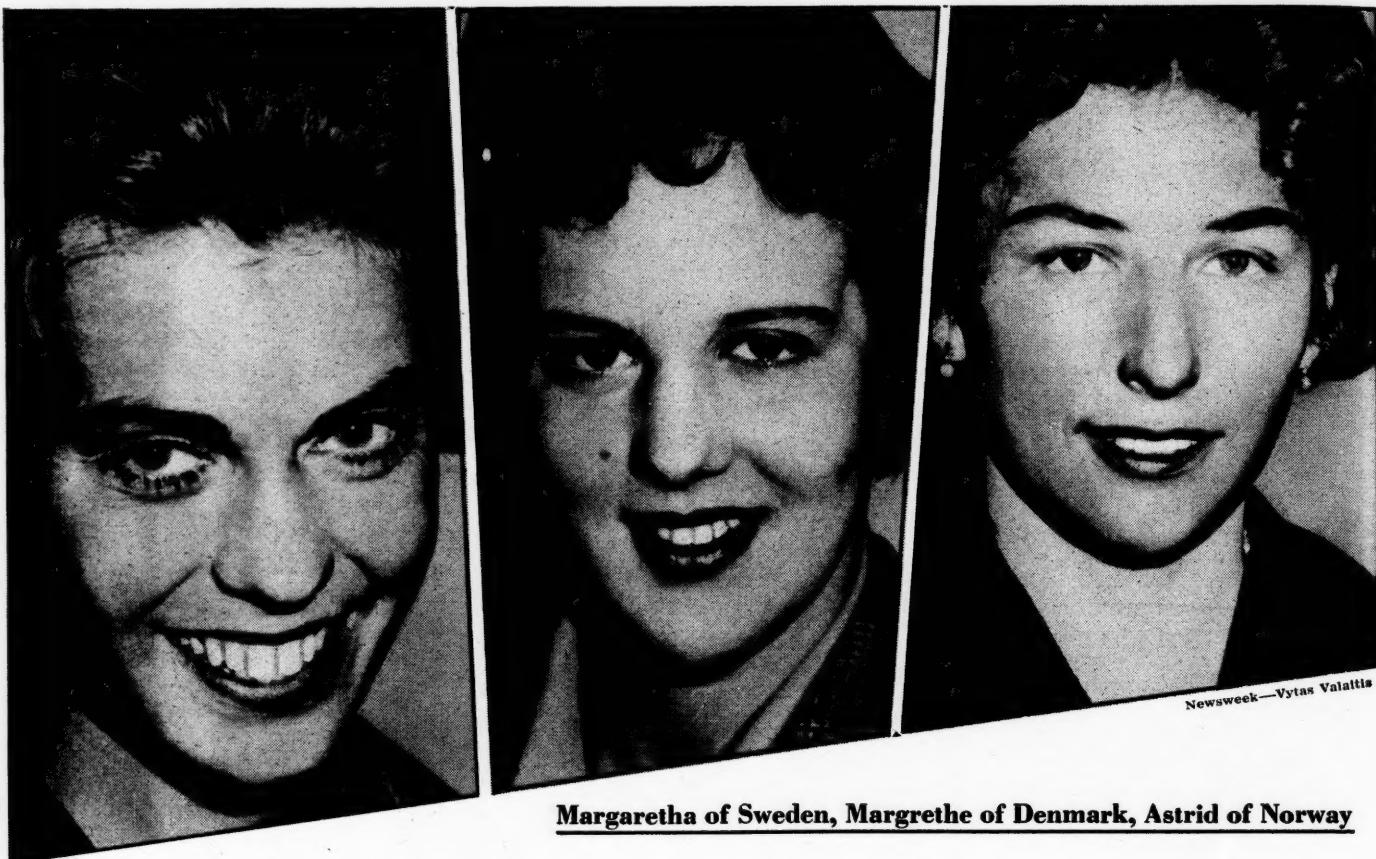
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Newsweek—Vytas Valaitis

Margaretha of Sweden, Margrethe of Denmark, Astrid of Norway

'Viking' Visitors—Princesses All

Jet-planing into Los Angeles this week are three Scandinavian princesses—all young, all beauties, all unmarried.

They are Margrethe, heiress apparent to the throne of Denmark; Astrid, official hostess at the court of Norway; Margaretha, eldest daughter of the royal house of Sweden. Their mission: To inaugurate a new over-the-Pole jet service of Scandinavian Airlines System between Copenhagen and Los Angeles, and to speak a few kind words to United States tourists about the delights of traveling in Scandinavia. NEWSWEEK's General Editor Joseph Carter recently visited all three of the princesses in their homelands to report on their lives and loveliness.

MARGRETHE OF DENMARK

Into the golden ballroom the golden young Princess came swiftly, her heels clack-clack on the parquet floor. A chamberlain pulled back the gold-cloth curtains 12 feet high and the sunlight came streaming into the windows of Amalienborg Palace from the square outside—where stands the heroic statue of Frederik V, mounted on a noble horse, seeming eternally to lead into nonexistent wars the shades of soldiers long since dead. But this was a modern princess, young (just 20) and vibrantly alive; this was Margrethe of Denmark, eldest of the three royal princesses (daughters of Frederik IX) and heiress apparent to the Danish throne. Her first

words showed the place of royalty in Denmark today.

"I'm terribly sorry to be late. And I can't stay too long—I have to go shopping and it's Saturday and all the shops here close at 2 p.m."

A princess apologizing? And shopping? It's true.

A nicer shopping companion one wouldn't want. This could be the girl next door, if the girl next door is gentle and sweet, blue-eyed and somewhat shy. Rather tall—close on to 5 feet 10—a faint British intonation to her words (she had an English governess and a year in an English finishing school).

What is it like to be a royal princess today? Well, there is the shopping, for example. Margrethe goes shopping, by herself and on foot (though extremely

proud of the fact that she has just passed her driving tests and now can drive her own little Volvo automobile). And no one in the streets or in the shops pays any particular attention to her except to step aside for her and to smile if they happen to catch her eye. Margrethe smiles back.

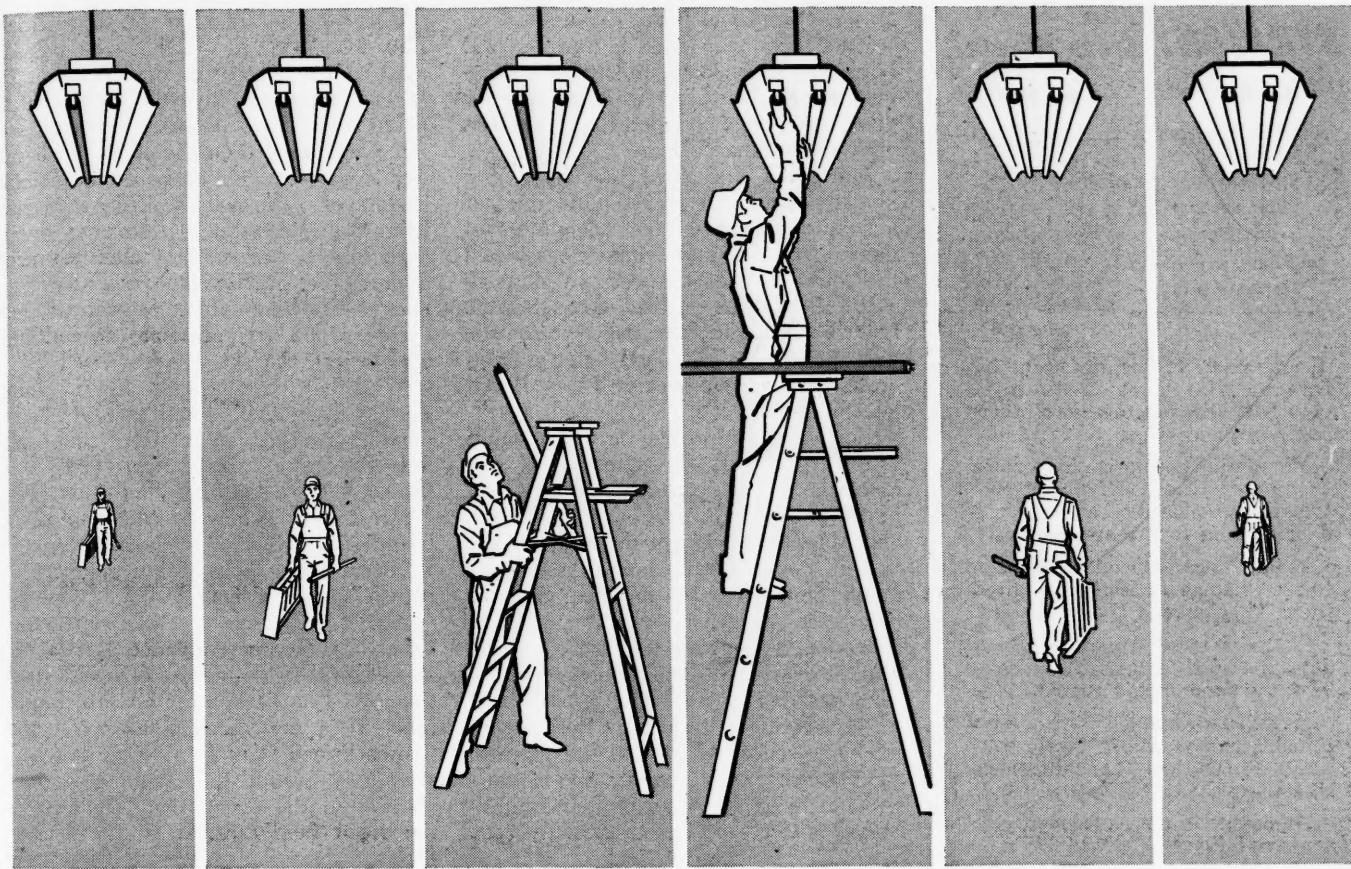
Everyone knows Princess Margrethe.

She lives in the palace (in her own small suite of three rooms) and she has a maid and a lady-in-waiting. But she gets up early and helps make breakfast. Then she zips off to her classes at the university, where she is working for her degree in philosophy (philosophy in the Scandinavian sense, meaning all the liberal-arts courses).

Royal Duties: As the next ruler-to-be, she also goes to official functions, opening hospital wings or visiting nursery schools. As the only one of the three Scandinavian princesses in line for the throne (both Norway and Sweden have crown princes), Princess Margrethe is taking over more and more royal functions; at the university she studies civics, common law, and constitutional law, to prepare for full participation in the meetings of the Council of State.

Both the present King and Queen (Ingrid) are the epitome of royal democracy. When Margrethe was a baby,

How long does it take him to replace one lamp?



TWENTY MINUTES! That's the average time it takes to replace one lamp. First the phone call for maintenance, then the requisition, lamp, ladder, hike to the site, lamp replacement, the walk back, disposal of old lamp, put ladder away. And work interruptions among other employees, caused by one-at-a-time lamp replacements are an expensive item not included.

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Years ago P. T. Barnum found his famous New York Museum so crowded with patrons that others could not squeeze in.

Wondering how he could increase turnover without offending customers, he placed a sign over a door leading to a rear-street exit.

People began to follow the sign to see what new curiosity awaited them. The sign read "*To the Egress.*"

To many good Americans these days, the word "*Imported*" seems to have the same magic appeal.

Even as staunch a patriot and trencherman as Mark Twain succumbed to the lure of the imported label more than a half century ago.

A passage in his Autobiography reads as follows:

"Native American whiskey is four or five dollars a gallon, I believe, but I can only be certain concerning the sort which I *use myself*, which is *Scotch* and costs ten dollars a gallon when you take two gallons—more if you take less."

Today, in the face of an increasingly powerful U. S. preference for whiskies straight from the barrel, Scotch and Canadian blend whiskies continue to flourish. Yet not a single import qualifies as a "straight" whiskey.

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INTERNATIONAL

Queen Ingrid could be seen on any fine day taking a promenade with her first-born along a mall near the castle.

The fact, too, that Margrethe was born only seven days after the Nazi occupation of Denmark (April 9, 1940) has given an added symbolism to her ties with the ordinary Dane.

Margrethe first went to school at a kindergarten in the palace with six other little girls her own age (daughters of family friends), and when she reached the fourth grade, she went to an ordinary school, the Zahles Girls School. Later, when she was asked how she liked it, she said: "I liked being pushed around at playtime because I was shoved like all the others."

Nowadays Margrethe is a grown-up young lady, and the question of her marriage comes up, as it does with all pretty young princesses. Obviously, one day Margrethe will get married; but no one in Copenhagen, close to the royal family or not, has the remotest guess as to who it will be, or when.

Dates With Boys: "Oh, it will be years," everyone in Copenhagen says. "She has dates with boys, but after all it's just friends." Right now she is more seriously concerned about her studies, and about her own interests. She is interested in birds (member of the Ornithological Society) and in archeology (she has carried out excavations on trips of the National Museum, and with her grandfather, King Gustav VI Adolf of Sweden), and in all her sports—tennis, fencing, horseback riding, and skiing.

Because of a nineteenth-century King of Denmark—Christian IX "the Father-in-Law of Europe"—Margrethe is related, in one way or another, to almost all the royalty of Europe, including, of course her present traveling companions, Princess Astrid of Norway and Princess Margaretha of Sweden.

ASTRID OF NORWAY

Astrid is the oldest of the three. Born Feb. 12, 1932, she is the most poised, the most formal, the most withdrawn. In the sitting room of her suite in the almost gaunt brownstone palace that sits atop a hill overlooking Oslo she offers her hand with easy formality, as befits the official hostess of the royal family. Astrid has been skiing; her face is tanned a deep, dark brown but she has been wearing high-necked ski sweaters so that her neck is startling white in contrast and there are patches of white around her eyes where the ski goggles were.

With her, in the gold living room, are a lady-in-waiting and a court chamberlain, waiting off at the side, but nevertheless in attendance. This is a formal visit, not an informal chat. The Princess has a new, young puppy, a friendly brown Cocker called Monkey.

"Because he looks like a monkey, of course," she explains.

Astrid has been to America before. When the Germans invaded Norway in 1940, the royal family escaped from Oslo only hours before the first troops entered the city. King Haakon VII and Crown Prince Olav (now King Olav V) stayed in Europe to symbolize the resistance to the occupation. The rest of the royal family sailed to the United States (where they spent the first weeks of their exile at the Hyde Park estate of President Roosevelt).

So, when Astrid says she has "been to America before," she is understating it in a mild way.

Like Margrethe, Princess Astrid was also brought up in the democratic tradition. When she returned to Oslo in 1945, she was sent to the Nissen Public High School for Girls, where—with eight other girl students—she formed a club known as "The Nine." They still meet occasion-



At home: Crown Princess Margrethe, who will succeed to the Danish throne, with King Frederik, Queen Ingrid, and her younger sisters

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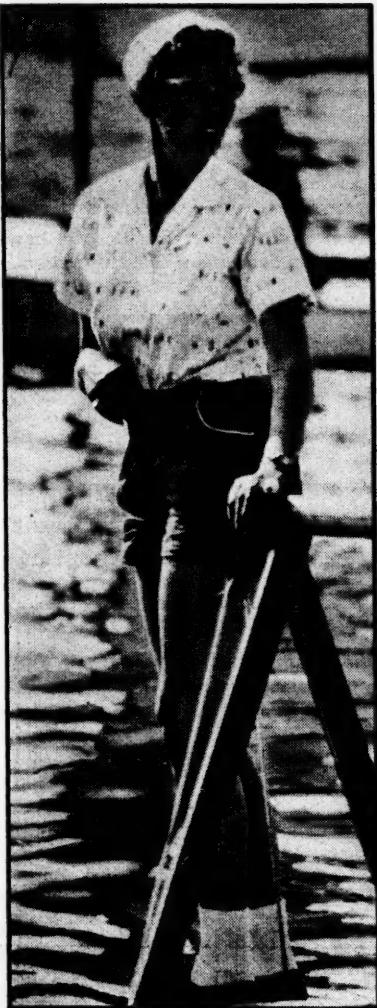
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An athletic Crown Princess (Margrethe) high-jumping

Nordisk



A Princess (Astrid) sailing



A Princess (Margaretha) dancing

ally to talk over old times at Kaffeeklatsches held in the palace.

As with Margrethe, the question of Astrid's marriage is a question projected into the future. For the present, she takes her royal duties seriously, and until her brother marries, her own marriage would leave the court without an official hostess. Prince Harald, now 23, shows no signs of getting married—and no more does 28-year-old Astrid. Again, as in Denmark, the question of Astrid's marriage is of only the remotest speculation.

MARGARETHA OF SWEDEN

With Margaretha of Sweden it is quite a different affair, for Margaretha of Sweden is quite a different girl. The other two girls are pretty girls and lovely girls, but Margaretha is a stunner. She is 6 feet tall, with a lithe and lovely figure, and she knows it. She moves with the enchanting awkward grace that only a tall girl can achieve and that at an instant's notion—as she does a dance step out of the room on the way to change her blouse—turns into complete fluidity. She also has a faint and awkward shyness, and to cover it, she uses a smile. The smile is enchanting.

Margaretha, too, is the product of the most sophisticated of the Scandinavian courts and the sophistication is reflected even in the palace in which she lives. Margaretha's education, too, was different. She attended the fashionable French School in Stockholm, and later she was sent to an equally fashionable girl's finishing school in England, Miss Laidler's Courses, near Beaconsfield.

It is also hardly a secret in Sweden that Margaretha and her mother, the Princess Sibylla, do not see eye to eye; it is generally agreed that it was the Princess Sibylla who broke up Margaretha's romance with the British piano player Robin Douglas-Home, whom she had met when both were in London's "Margaret set."

Good Works: Margaretha now devotes a substantial part of her time to good works; she is the equivalent of a nurse's aid in a hospital (recently, she took a four-month hospital course that began at 7:30 a.m. and ended at 7 p.m.). But also, she does needlework (at which she is an expert), she attends art school, she goes riding, sailing and skiing, she dances and she listens to jazz music.

There will be little time for listening to jazz in Los Angeles this week for Margaretha or the other princesses. Instead, they will listen to an endless round of welcoming speeches, toasts, and flowery compliments. But they will take it all in their stride.

Being a princess in these days of democracy has its problems but there is no denying that it helps to be young, pretty, and rich.



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If you'd like more information on these Goodyear contributions to the Jet Age, write to The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Aviation Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.

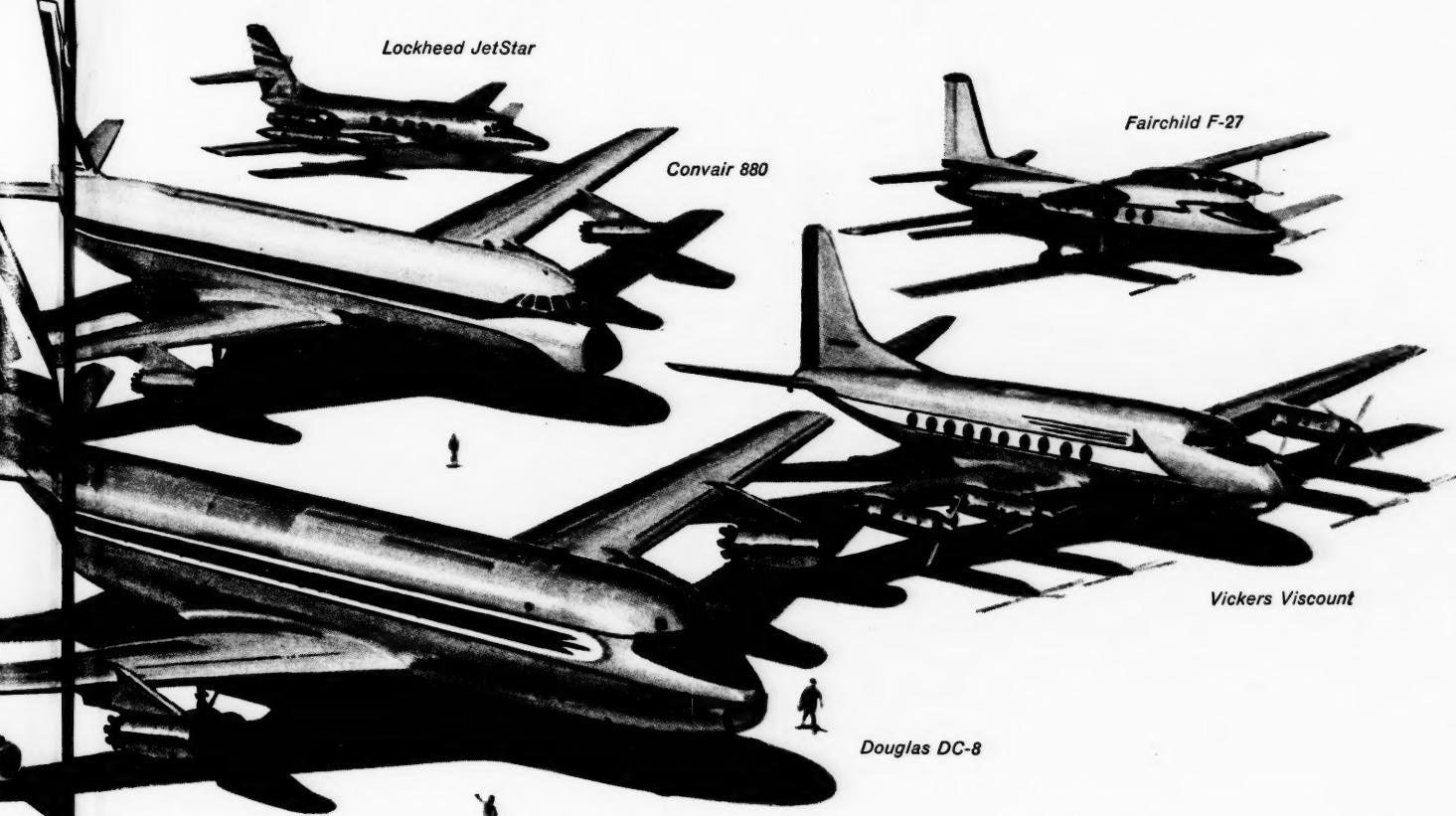


Take-off speeds between 180-200 mph with up to 150 tons of weight per jetliner are daily routine for new Goodyear fabric-reinforced tires. Noted for longer initial wear and longer retread wear, this rugged tire was first developed by Goodyear for Air Force jet fighters. Fabric reinforcement in tread fights severe stresses caused by high-speed take-offs and landings. More and more airlines find that this Goodyear tire delivers the extra margin of safety and reliability required by jetliners.

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THE AMERICAS

CANADA:

The Chinese Racket

For months some 60 Mounties, glued to their desks, had pored over stacks of documents. Last week they decided they had found the evidence they were looking for. Police simultaneously raided more than 30 homes and offices in cities across the country, from Montreal to Vancouver. They made no arrests—the case they were working on was not "thoroughly broken" yet. But they burrowed deep into safe-deposit boxes and hauled away bundles of papers.

They had blown open one of the biggest rackets on Canadian record: Smuggling of illegal Chinese immigrants into Canada. The Mounties estimated that 11,000 of the 23,000 Chinese who have come into the country since 1946 have done so illegally. The average price for an illegal entry is \$4,000—some have paid as much as \$8,000. The smuggling syndicate, believed to include both whites and Chinese, must have grossed between \$40 million and \$50 million in the past fourteen years.

Officially Canada has no color or racial bars in its immigration laws. However, residents of certain specified countries, whose people happen to be predominantly non-white, are shut out unless they are closely related to legal residents of Canada.

Most of the illegal immigrants are refugees from Red China, who slipped out to the British colony of Hong Kong or to Portuguese Macao, desperately eager to start a new life in the West. The members of the syndicate in these colonies provided them with false birth certificates, passports, and identities.

Paper Families: In a Vancouver case, which has already come to trial, a young Chinese girl testified that she submitted pictures and samples of her handwriting. Just a month before she left China she saw her passport for the first time. The signatures on it were copied from the samples, and it gave her birthplace as the Canadian province of British Columbia instead of China.

Whole "paper families" are created. False, sometimes bigamous, marriages are common. Imaginary children are listed. Police turned up one case in which a naturalized Canadian Chinese had been paid \$4,000 to marry a woman in China so that she could come to Canada with three youths supposed to be her sons. In Hong Kong, the Chinese attend "coaching schools" where they learn to live up to their new identities.

The immigrants make down payments in Hong Kong or Portuguese Macao, pay off the balance when they get to Canada. Many of them work for low wages for a specified employer until their debts are paid. Then they are often blackmailed



Raid by Mounties: Hunting evidence

with threats of exposure into working on.

Immigration Minister Ellen Fairclough said the government will take a "humanitarian approach" toward the unfortunate Chinese, many of them innocent victims of the racket. She said "the facilities of the department" will be at their disposal if they want to regularize their entries.

LATIN AMERICA:

Peddling Cuba

One of Cuba's ace salesmen was on the road. President Osvaldo Dorticós set out from Havana, accompanied by 60 *barbudos* (bearded ones). Their mission: To sell renewed support for the Cuban revolution in the rest of Latin America. It badly needed selling. Castro's prestige in the area has been deteriorating steadily. His ambassadors in Mexico, Honduras, El Salvador, Chile, and Guatemala have either been expelled for their subversive activities or politely asked to leave. Others are in trouble. Guatemala and the Dominican Republic have broken diplomatic relations with Castro's government.

Dorticós's first stop last week was Argentina, which was celebrating the 150th anniversary of its independence from Spain. Dorticós himself impressed the Argentines when he assured them calmly and quietly that Cuba "did not desire to

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THE AMERICAS

export its revolution . . . though it is an example to the continent." But because of the antics of the bearded members of his entourage and of local Communists, ranging from the Friends of Free Cuba to the Partido Obrero Trotkista, his mission quickly turned into a disaster.

At Ezeiza: The first setback came at Ezeiza Airport as Dorticós and his bearded bodyguard of 60—only ten had been invited—flew in. President Arturo Frondizi had prepared a red-carpet welcome, as he had for all the top-level guests at the anniversary celebration. But his official smile of greeting chilled as Argentine Communists took over the reception, turned it into an anti-Frondizi demonstration in which boos, whistles, and catcalls for the President and the U.S. drowned out all efforts at protocol.

Frondizi tried to save the day with a pleasant but noncommittal speech of welcome to Dorticós later at the Alvear Palace Hotel.* But further confusion erupted that night as the barbudos, after a long and liquid dinner, tore up the elegant hotel, storming through the corridors "hunting Dominicans or Guatimaltecos." They didn't find any but they did earn the contempt of the other Latin American delegations for their complete lack of manners and disorderly conduct.

The second day was worse than the first. Because of faulty staff work, Dorticós failed to appear at a special reception to which he had been invited, while waiting congressmen cooled their heels and tempers.

Ahead of Time: Instead, the Cuban President showed up at the Casa Rosada at 10:30 for an 11 o'clock audience with Frondizi. Frondizi, the reception committee, and the honor guard were not ready; even the doormen didn't recognize him. On a tight schedule, Frondizi dropped what he was doing, hastily called in a few soldiers to form a makeshift guard, and squeezed in just three minutes instead of the quarter hour that had originally been set aside by the President for Dorticós's interview.

Dorticós was so insulted he announced he wouldn't attend that night's white-tie gala at the Colón Theater. Later, he changed his mind. The Cuban group continued to make trouble for Frondizi to the end. One Fidelista tried to crash the Presidential box during the Independence Day parade, asserting loudly: "A Cuban officer goes where he pleases." It took a former Argentine War Minister to throw him out.

Dorticós and his men won no friends and influenced practically no one in Argentina. Next stops: Brazil, Uruguay, Peru, Venezuela, and Mexico.

*That same day, the maître d'hôtel of the Alvear Palace was having his hands full with a Tass correspondent accompanying the Russian delegation who wanted to eat in the Alvear Grill in a sport shirt. He screamed the roof down, forced a First Deputy Premier to intervene when the maître sent him back to his room for a jacket and tie.

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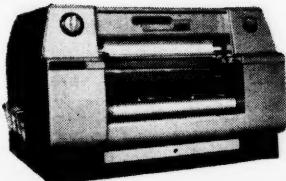
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NEWSMAKERS

Soul-Searcher: Princeton-educated STEVEN C. ROCKEFELLER, 24, son of New York Gov. NELSON A. ROCKEFELLER, enrolled for the fall term at New York's Union Theological Seminary. He told officials of the interdenominational Protestant school that he is thinking of becoming a minister but hasn't made up his mind and will thus start out as an unclassified student. Next expected news from Steven: That he and the former ANNE MARIE RASMUSSEN, whom he married in her native Norway last Aug. 22, have become parents.

Uncured Hams: Viewers of New York's free-spouting "Open End" TV show hoped for choice personal tidbits when actress VIVIEN LEIGH appeared after announcing that her husband, Sir LAURENCE OLIVIER, wanted a divorce (NEWSWEEK,

tapped were seven fathers of the year by categories, among them Sir CEDRIC HARDWICKE, 67, who learned, just as he was accepting his award in New York as the stage's Father of the Year, that he was out of the running for Husband of the Year. Reporters broke it to Sir Cedric that his second wife, actress MARY SCOTT, 32, had announced from Hollywood that she wants a divorce.

Key Man: One American still touched a soft spot in Soviet hearts. Landing in Moscow for a concert tour, pianist VAN CLIBURN, 25, the gangling "Vanya" whom Russians have idolized ever since he took top honors in their Tchaikovsky festival two years ago, ran into a Presley-like reception from hundreds of cheering, bouquet-tossing women and teen-agers. Before leaving the United States, Cliburn

to a nonprofit trust. Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN's music has long since passed into the public domain, and copyrights on WILLIAM SCHWENCK GILBERT's librettos will expire Dec. 31, 1961 (50 years after his death), but the D'Oyly Cartes could have held onto film, television, and record rights indefinitely. Taking a cue from Gilbert, Miss D'Oyly Carte said she made her decision with "the gratifying feeling that our duty has been done."*

Way Up Yonder: Louisiana's rip-snorting ex-Gov. EARL K. LONG, 64, blew in and out of New York and managed to leave the town, and himself, substantially intact. He hit the night clubs (ordering bourbon, lemonade, beer, pop, Scotch, and coffee in one sitting), the race track (betting as much as \$600 a



Miss Leigh: Posies for a man



Van Cliburn: Flowers from the girls . . . and a fig for the summit

May 30). The subject never came up; it turned out that the program had been taped more than a week in advance. Talking shop on "Open End," Miss Leigh had nothing but good to say of Sir Laurence ("God knows, he's just a born actor"), but she did complain about the profession at large: "Any ass who can't do anything else becomes an actor."

Begetters: According to the National Father's Day Committee, there are 50 million fathers in the United States. Somehow, the committee overlooked some of them in bestowing its annual kudos: Chosen Father of the Year, unclassified, was ROBERT F. KENNEDY, 34 (four sons, three daughters), boyish-looking onetime chief counsel for the Senate labor-rackets committee and younger brother of Democratic front-runner Sen. JOHN F. KENNEDY. Also

had said he had no idea how his 50-day tour would be affected by the summit collapse: "I didn't get to take much notice of it because I was working too hard practicing."

Name Dropper: Hoary as it is, the wheeze about changing a difficult name still draws a chuckle. Latest to revive it, via her press agent, was actress BETSY VON FURSTENBERG. She would like to go to court and change her name, Betsy announced. To what? To Agatha von Furstenberg, natch.

Object All Sublime: BRIDGET D'OYLY CARTE, 53, mistress of the British opera dynasty which has controlled Gilbert and Sullivan rights for 85 years (to the tune of an estimated \$5 million in royalties), voluntarily yielded her family's financial interest in the operettas

(race), and the headlines, but no people. His visit kindled one flare-up: His lady friend of the week, a Baltimore stripper known as Candy Kane, and his bodyguard, Dick Davis, told their troubles to a grand jury after Davis complained he had paid \$600 to police who came to investigate a \$200 robbery in Candy's hotel room. He gave the cops the money, Davis said, when they asked prying questions about a gun he carried.

Zipped Lips: Facing an audience of scientists and educators at a conference of the Thomas Alva Edison Foundation in Dayton, Ohio, foundation trustee MARY PICKFORD opened with a closing question: "What are you doing about

*From "The Gondoliers," Act II:
"And the culminating pleasure
That we treasure beyond measure
Is the gratifying feeling that
our duty has been done!"

the zipper?" America's dowager sweetheart, now 67, explained that what happens so often had happened again; she had been delayed in her hotel room because she couldn't twist her arm far enough back and up to hike the zipper on her dress. "I was rescued by a married man and a bachelor," she said, not revealing their names.

Union Label: Announcing Mississippi's plans for a three- (or four-) year Civil War centennial celebration, segregationist Gov. ROSS BARNETT cracked: "We might restage the whole thing." At parades and pageants, 100,000 reconstructed rebels will strut around the state dressed as Confederate soldiers (all with the rank of colonel except for one general yet to be named) in uniforms that probably will be made in the North.



Associated Press

Miss Einstein: Mum for the judge

Relativity: As the slender co-ed approached his bench, a San Francisco judge eyed her keenly and said: "You're the star." EVELYN EINSTEIN, 19, granddaughter of the late, distinguished physicist ALBERT EINSTEIN, looked straight ahead and said nothing. Along with 59 others charged with inciting to riot when they protested a hearing of a House subcommittee on Un-American Activities, she signed papers pleading, in effect, no defense, and leaving it to the judge to rule this week on the basis of police reports. A sophomore at the University of California (where her father, HANS ALBERT EINSTEIN, teaches engineering), Evelyn told a NEWSWEEK reporter she likes astronomy but isn't studying it at California. Why? Miss Einstein, who had five years of schooling abroad, replied: "I don't agree with the way they teach math here, as compared to Switzerland."

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The Earth Shook, Seas Heaved, Winds Blew

There seemed no end to the horror. All through a long and terrifying week, Chile, that thin sliver of a country that runs down the western coast of South America, writhed in agony.

Without respite, earthquake after earthquake convulsed the land, ripping apart buildings and burying thousands in the debris. In the mountains, six long-inactive volcanoes erupted, spewing out boiling hot lava, smoke, and ashes. In one community at least eleven persons were immolated by the lava.

"The whole world seemed to be shaking and shivering," one quake survivor said. "Everything danced in a terrible rhythm." When the dance of death was done, 2 million Chileans—a quarter of the country's population—were homeless and fighting for bread and emergency food stocks.

But for others the horror was still to come. Giant sea waves set in motion by the quakes rolled 6,800 miles across the Pacific and smashed into Hawaii, ripping up the city of Hilo. They continued on to hit Japan, leaving 150,000 people homeless. In the Philippines, the toll from the earthquake-triggered wall of water was lighter: Some nineteen dead and thirteen missing.

Then, in a freak of nature, the Philippines were hit by a second cataclysmic force: Tropical storm Lucille lashed across the main island of Luzon with torrential rains and 50- to 70-mph winds. In her wake, rain poured steadily down for eighteen straight hours. Much of Manila, the capital city with a population of 2 million, was under water. The death toll from drowning alone climbed near the 100 mark at the weekend.

Lucille was in no way caused by or connected with the Chilean earthquakes or the Pacific seismic sea waves. With summer approaching in the Northern Hemisphere, the season of the big storms had commenced in the Pacific. This week the Joint Typhoon Weather Center on Guam was already looking out for signs of Lucille's successor.

For earthquakes, however, there is no season or any way to search them out.

Pressure Builds: Eighty per cent of the world's earthquakes occur in the wide circle that surrounds the Pacific. The cause of the tremors in Chile seemed to lie in a line of cracks (faults) and weak spots in the earth's crust, beginning offshore and sloping under the mountainous land. Slow pressure built up tension along these lines until the crust finally let go in a series of upheavals, rocking the long, narrow land from end to end, setting off more quakes at other weak points, stoking up old volcanoes and creating new ones.

Since the first tremor hit on May 21, Chile has suffered a dozen earthquakes. The sixth one, which was the biggest (about equal to the San Francisco quake in 1906), apparently caused an underwater landslide or similar disturbance that generated a train of seismic sea

waves (see chart). The waves ("tidal waves" is a misnomer, since they have nothing to do with tides) raced across the Pacific at about 425 miles an hour, showing only a 2- or 3-foot crest. But when the shock waves reached the gradually sloping shore of Hawaii, which produces such beautiful breakers for surf riders, the water was lifted up into a huge moving wall that rolled inland for hundreds of yards. Four big waves hit Hawaii within one hour, the biggest one 15 feet high and with enough strength to pick up whole buildings and toss them across a street.

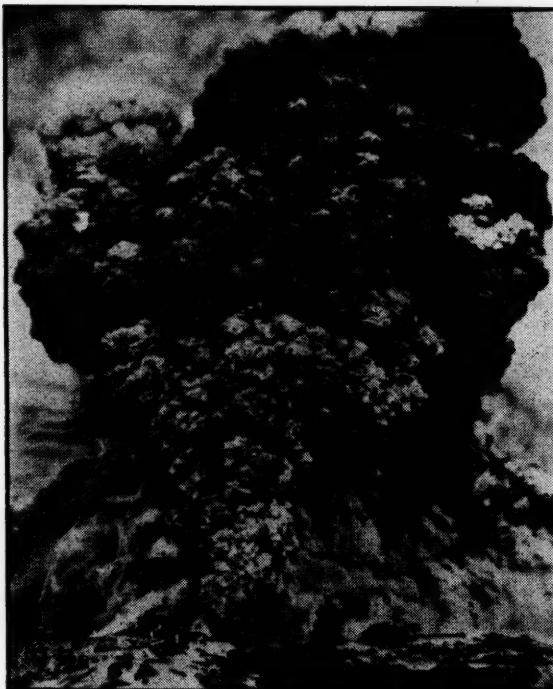
Nine-Hour Warning: This has happened before. But, until 1946, when 165 Hawaiians were killed, seismic waves were accepted as a fact of Pacific life. After that, the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey set up a seismic-sea-wave warning system—a chain of ten earthquake-recording stations and twenty wave-measuring stations around the Pacific.

The system worked well. Hawaiians were alerted to the possible approach of damaging waves twelve hours in advance, and were told that disaster was indeed on the way five hours and 35 minutes before the waves struck. When they hit, just after midnight, the houses and hotels along the beaches were virtually empty. Those who were killed had apparently ignored the sirens and radio broadcasts.

Just after Hawaii received word of danger rushing toward the island, five cabled warnings went out to Japan. The last message advised that the "sea wave has spread across the Pacific," but at that time only two duty officers of Japan's Meteorological Agency were at their posts. Most of the others were at a prizefight in Tokyo. No warning was given to the hundreds of thousands of rice farmers and fishermen living in flimsy wooden shacks along the shores of the Japanese Islands. Nine hours after the last warning was received, the waves struck. One of them was the largest wave in Japan's history. Except in a few villages, where early rising fishermen had looked at the sea and guessed what was coming, the first warning to inhabitants was the arrival of the first wave—luckily, not the biggest.

No Defense: The next day, the agency director tried to blame the warning system. "The wave reports," he said, "referred only to waves in the South Pacific." But a spokesman for the Coast and Geodetic Survey told NEWSWEEK: "We sent our information to Tokyo and the seismologist there knew it was a seismic sea wave. He's trying to cover up. He should have listened to the radio." By the end of the week, the agency director had submitted his resignation.

The seismic warning system proved that it can save lives when heeded by both officials and the public. But little can be done about the loss of property caused by such waves. And, as of now, there is no defense against an earthquake. Until the land of Chile ages and settles down, its inhabitants will have to live in fear of more quakes.



Associated Press
A volcano boils up in stricken Chile



JAPAN: Seismic waves drown town of Shizukawa, 99 dead, 46 missing



HAWAII: Wreckage at Hilo left by waves. 51 dead, nine are missing

25 hours after quake, Japan was hit by waves up to 20 feet high



CHILE: One woman prays, another cries as another earthquake rocks Concepción

Moving at 425 mph, waves swept into Hawaii sixteen hours later

Earthquake in Chile on May 22 sent seismic sea waves across Pacific



CHILE: Quake splits a Puerto Montt street. Officials fear death toll will pass 5,000

U.S.

South America

PRESS

Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Jud Larson

Once a frequent competitor in the Indianapolis Memorial Day Classic, Mr. Jud Larson now has retired from racing—still spends many hours behind the wheel as a representative for the Bowes "Seal Fast" Corporation. His choice for the job (over two other low-price "big car" makes): a Rambler Six wagon, automatic transmission. Here's why:

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Who Speaks for Whom?

From the moment U.S. Ambassador to Britain John Hay (Jock) Whitney took over The New York Herald Tribune nearly two years ago, newsmen knew that the time was bound to come when Whitney the Ambassador would be embarrassed by Whitney the newspaper owner. Last week, the moment came.

High on its front page, The Herald Tribune displayed a dispatch by Don Cook, longtime chief of its London bureau, reaching this harshly put conclusion: The summit shambles had left Prime Minister Macmillan the weakest, diplomatically, of the West's leaders.

"As a result of the momentous events at Paris . . . in which he pursued the role of 'middleman' past the point of diplomatic usefulness," wrote Cook, "Mr. Macmillan's stock at Washington has fallen, while that of French President Charles de Gaulle has risen. His advice is unlikely to be sought or be very influential at Washington in these last months of the Eisenhower Administration."

Presumably basing his story on opinions fed to him by members of the American delegation, Cook said bluntly that Macmillan's ideas on summit talks "have been blasted and discredited."

Replies: The Cook story brought a quick response from press secretary Jim Hagerty, who denied Macmillan was being downgraded.

It brought an equally quick—and far less restrained—reaction from Britain's Tory press magnate, Lord Beaverbrook, who fired off bitter editorials in his Daily Express and Evening Standard. His target: Ambassador-publisher Whitney. "The Beaver" thundered: "Mr. Whitney should lose no time in explaining to the public what motive his newspaper has for these successive attempts to belittle this country."

Caught in the middle, Whitney main-

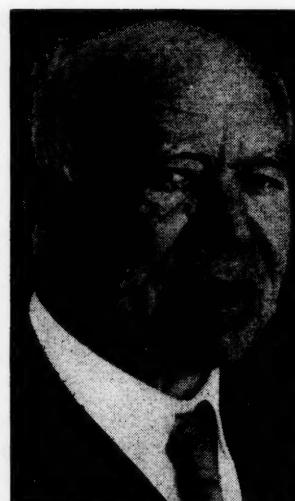
'You're Warm...'

Hottest rumor around The New York Times city room last weekend: The paper plans to launch a separate Paris edition by next October, competing with the Paris edition of The New York Herald Tribune. To help launch the project, Theodore M. Bernstein, The Times' whip-smart assistant managing editor, will be assigned to Paris temporarily. True or false? A Times spokesman said: "You're warm . . ."

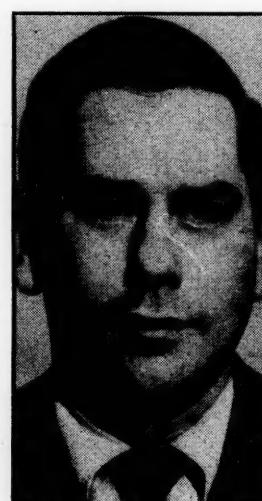
tained a discreet silence, though an emissary spokesman said: "Obviously he never interferes with the editorial end." The Trib's new managing editor, Fendall W. Yerxa, describing Cook as "one of the best foreign correspondents in the business," said he reported the summit post-mortem "as he saw it."

Quickly, the competing New York Times got into the act with a far more sympathetic analysis of the British position by Drew Middleton, veteran global correspondent who heads The Times's London bureau. "The British are accustomed to being blamed when things go wrong for the West," he said, "but they objected vehemently to attempts by some Americans to make [Macmillan] a scapegoat for the summit fiasco."

But correspondent Cook held his ground. "I stand by every word of the story and nothing has happened since to change my mind," he told NEWSWEEK. "Mr. Whitney did not say he agreed with the story. I would not expect him to agree a hundred per cent with everything I write. We have a good arrangement. He runs his deal and I run mine."

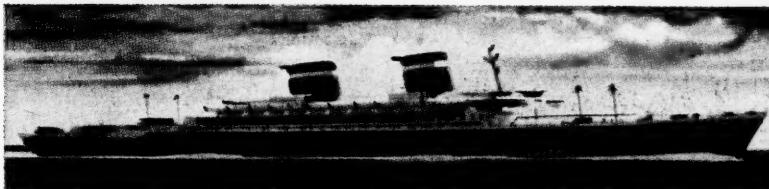


London Daily Express



The Beaver, Cook, and Jock: Publishing + diplomacy = a dustup

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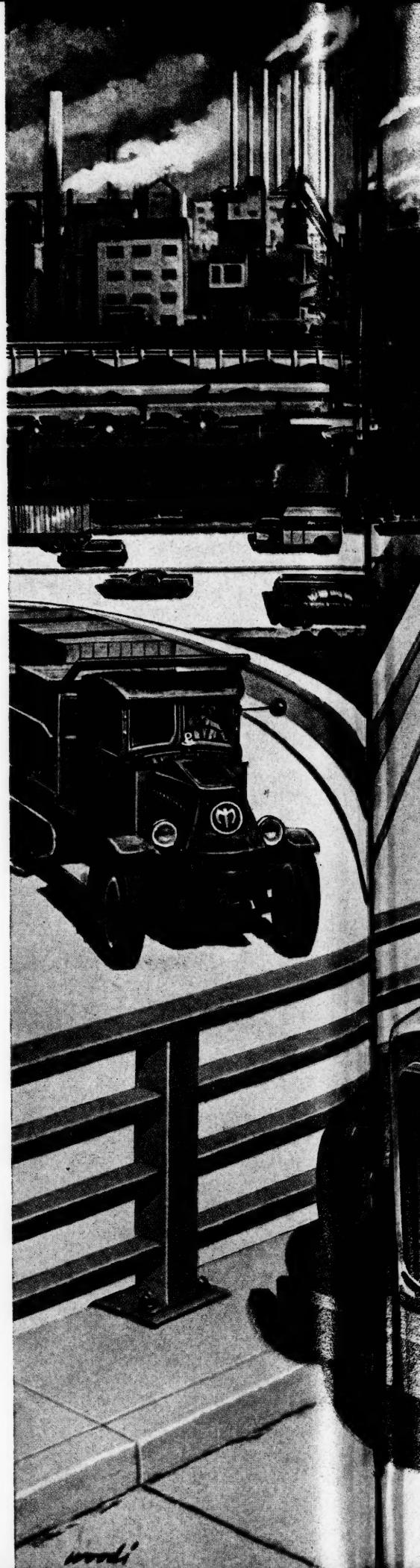
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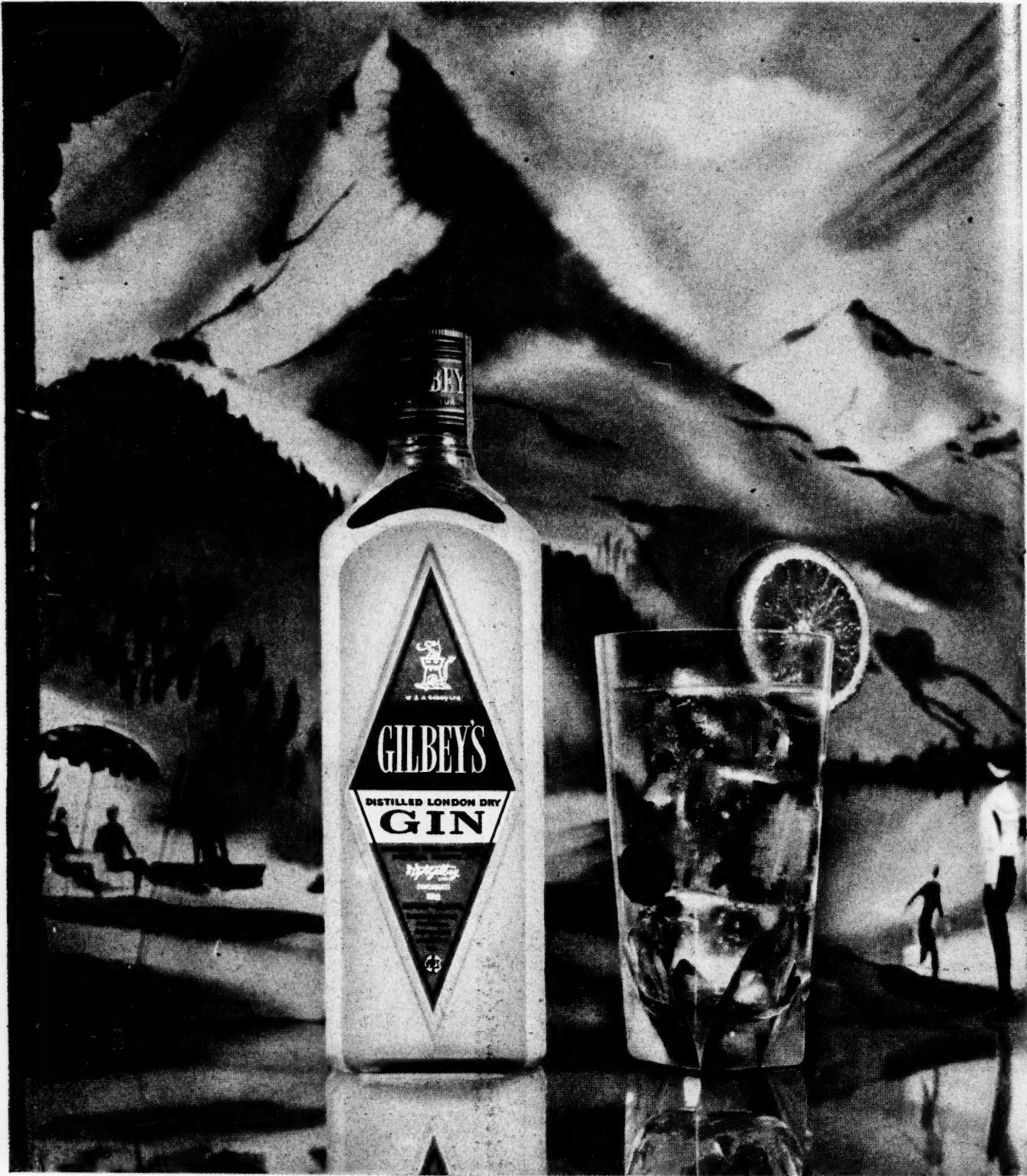
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SPECIAL SPORTS REPORT

Frantic Quest for Winners—As the Millions Pour In

FOOTBALL: On a typical fall weekend, with 30 to 35 college and professional football games on the bookmakers' boards, the nation's illegal betting fluctuates between \$50 million and \$60 million.

BASEBALL: Throughout the summer, with sixteen or more major-league games scheduled each weekend, the betting runs between \$40 million and \$50 million.

HORSE RACING: Except for special races (off-track betting on the Kentucky Derby may exceed \$30 million), the racing handle is roughly \$25 million on any weekend. As a twelve-month, daily enterprise, racing has the largest illegal betting of any sport.

BASKETBALL: On a Friday-Saturday weekend, with a full schedule of 40 college and professional games, the basketball handle approaches \$15 million, but is gradually slipping. The reason: Suspected fixes.

BOXING: Except for a heavyweight championship fight, two-day action rarely exceeds \$2 million. Boxing has lost much of its betting appeal in the sport's general decline.

HOCKEY: On a full weekend of professional hockey play, no more than \$1 million is bet. "It's clean," one bookmaker says, "but people just don't go for it." Hockey draws greater action in Canada, particularly in Montreal.

THE MANIA TO BET ON SPORTS

Pirates even-six over Dodgers. Syracuse fourteen over Texas. Celtics nine over Nats. Gibberish? No. It's all part of the language in the current gambling madness over sports. In this Special Report, NEWSWEEK Sports Editor Roger Kahn and Assistant Editor Richard Schaap take you into the strangest and least known big business in the country—the bookmakers' weird world of vigorish, layoffs, and cheeseboxes.

The well-to-do New Yorker turns away from a pile of papers and on impulse picks up a phone. He dials a number and when a flat voice answers, the businessman speaks, a touch of excitement coloring his tone. "This is Joe Waldorf," the businessman says. "What's my figure?"

"You are plus three, Joe Waldorf."

"What's the Giant line?" the New Yorker asks.

"Giants, 6½-7½, over Phils."

"Give me one-and-a-half on the Giants," the bettor says.

"Correct. You have one-and-a-half on the Giants, Joe Waldorf." Without amenities, the New Yorker hangs up and goes back to his work.

This betting man was one of some 4 million Americans who made illegal bets with bookmakers last week. The man on the phone was not Joe Waldorf. That was a code name, assigned him by a New York bookie who follows the current local practice of taking code names from hotels. At "plus three," Waldorf was \$300 ahead for the week. In betting "one-and-a-half on the Giants," he was putting \$150 on the San Francisco Giants, who were playing at Philadelphia that day. (The odds on the Giants, 6½-7½, meant that a bettor had to bet \$7.50 on the Giants for each \$5 he hoped to win, or \$5 on the Phillies for each \$6.50 he hoped to win.) Waldorf was hoping to win \$100. To Joe Waldorf, the whole incident was no more than a stimulating diversion in a routine day's work, although Waldorf, an honest businessman

and a devoted father, knew that he had helped to break the law.

The vast American gambling empire—and make no mistake, it is vast and growing constantly—operates against 49/50ths of the law. (Gambling is, of course, legal in Nevada.) Gambling supports roughly 50,000 bookie bosses, who earn from \$15,000 per year up, plus 400,000 smaller bookies and runners (elevator operators, barbers, waiters) who

carry bets to the bosses for small fees.

Nor does gambling support only admitted lawbreakers. No one can estimate the number of policemen bribed by bookies each year, but on the word of candid police commissioners, it is staggering. On many forces, accepting bribes from gamblers is all but universal in lower and middle ranks.

The business of gambling is not clean, not glamorous, not gentle. "Scratch a gambler," suggests Edward Silver, district attorney in Brooklyn (an estimated 10,000 runners and bookies), "and you find a murderer." Supporting this melodramatic statement is official opinion that Albert Anastasia was murdered in a New York barbershop three years ago because he wanted to move into gambling in Cuba and the Dominican Republic.

Touch of Evil: But the murder of bookies by bookies actually appears to be infrequent. Successful bookmakers are more busily involved in other illegal ventures. The cash Joe Waldorf loses betting may help provide the down payment on a brothel or start a narcotics salesman on a new route. Assistant U.S. Attorney General Malcolm R. Wilkey pointed out during a recent New England investigation: "Gambling ... overlords ... insinuate themselves into all local rackets ... tainting all they touch with violence and corruption." Virgil Peterson, director of the Chicago Crime Commission, is blunter. "Gambling is run by the underworld," he says. "Bettors just support a bunch of sons-of-bitches."

There is a clear and simple American morality on organized crime. It is evil. But there is not even the beginning of a consistent morality on gambling. Throughout the U.S., gambling laws are confusing and contradictory; enforcement is sporadic and inconsistent. While the mayor of New York City wants a loosening of gambling statutes, the dis-



trict attorney of New York County speaks for tougher enforcement, and for more liberal use of wiretaps to trap gamblers.

In 25 states, it is legal to bet within the boundaries of a race track, but illegal to bet one step outside the track's borders. In New York State, more than 4,000 accused bookmakers were arrested last year, but no one who placed a bet was indicted, nor, under the present laws, can any bettor be prosecuted. This reflects a curious national policy. "We're only after the professionals, the men who make their living out of gambling," DA's say, and there is, perhaps, no other manner in which DA's can function. Laws against gambling, if strengthened and enforced to the letter, would send millions of respectable citizens to jail.

Bettors: Who bets? Almost everyone. Housewives in Los Angeles using a code number ("This is 723") were telephoning bookies last week and waiting for a bookie answer in code: "Go head on, number 723." On hearing any other answer, the housewives knew, their bookie was being raided or, worse, that an honest policeman was answering the phone.

In Atlanta, it was easier. Businessmen bet, using their right name and speaking clear, direct English. "In one case," said an Atlanta official, "one of our policemen [using a raided bookie's phone] took bets totaling \$500 from an executive who was using his real name."

According to knowledgeable bookmakers and police officials, New York is the biggest "action" area in the U.S. At least \$10 million is bet there on sporting events each week. Next come Los Angeles (\$8 million), San Francisco (\$5 million), and then, all about \$4 million a week: Chicago, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cleveland, and Baltimore. Among smaller cities, New Orleans (population: 606,700) is "wide open" at \$3 million.

In sum, estimates a retired bookmaker who once controlled a large share of New York gambling, more than \$10 billion is bet illegally on sports events in the U.S. each year. Out of this, after payoffs, bookmakers manage to keep \$1.5 billion. What happens to the profits? "[They form] the treasury of organized crime in the U.S.," says Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York.

Why Gamble? It is fruitless to analyze the human urge to gamble as though this were a measurable thing. "[A gambler is seeking] to give fate a punch in the nose," Fedor Dostoevski, himself a compulsive bettor, wrote in his novella "The Gambler." "The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing," Nick the Greek, an almost legendary bettor, once said. "The play's the thing." Talk to five psychiatrists today and you will probably get five divergent explanations of the gambling impulse. (Sample: It stems from a need for approval, resulting from insufficient

mother love. Each time a bettor wins, he is getting approval, which represents the love he did not get from his mother.)

But, of course, psychiatrists gamble, preachers gamble, policemen gamble, and schoolteachers gamble. The urge to gamble seems as old as civilization. It is safe to assume that more than a drachma was wagered on the first foot race in the first Olympiad. In Byzantine days, when teams of red, green, and blue charioteers raced, betting was common and there is evidence that some of the chariot races were fixed. According to Vilhjalmur Stefansson, the 81-year-old Arctic explorer who teaches at Dartmouth, Eskimo society is the only one in the modern world where gambling is unknown.

If most people's motive in gambling is to get rich as quickly as possible, with as little effort as possible—which seems reasonable—the motive is misguided. Bettors do not get rich quickly. Bookies get rich, but slowly, on a sure percentage.

Who is a bookie? If he is successful, he is nobody. He wants to be nobody. "What ruined [big bookie Frank] Erickson," one affluent bookmaker reports, "was that he got famous. He got his name in the papers, everybody heard of him, and the cops had to watch him.

They couldn't take payoffs so easy."

The top five bookmakers in the country are probably the five least-known industry leaders in the country. "We aren't even sure who they are," one big-city police commissioner admits, "and the public doesn't know anything about them." Among the biggest bookmakers suspected of operating in New York is a man who runs a women's dress business as a sideline. His bookmaking headquarters is in a quiet East Side hotel. When New York was a semi-open town in the late 1940s, this bookmaker operated with a partner and they handled as much as \$500,000 a day. The partner now insists he is out of action because of the "heat" from local and Federal law-enforcement groups. But when a top-ranking New York police officer heard this statement, he merely smiled.

Not Cohen: Mickey Cohen, the convicted racketeer, is frequently mentioned as the top bookie in Los Angeles. "Definitely overrated," insists another L.A. book. "I know who the top guys are, and they ain't Cohen."

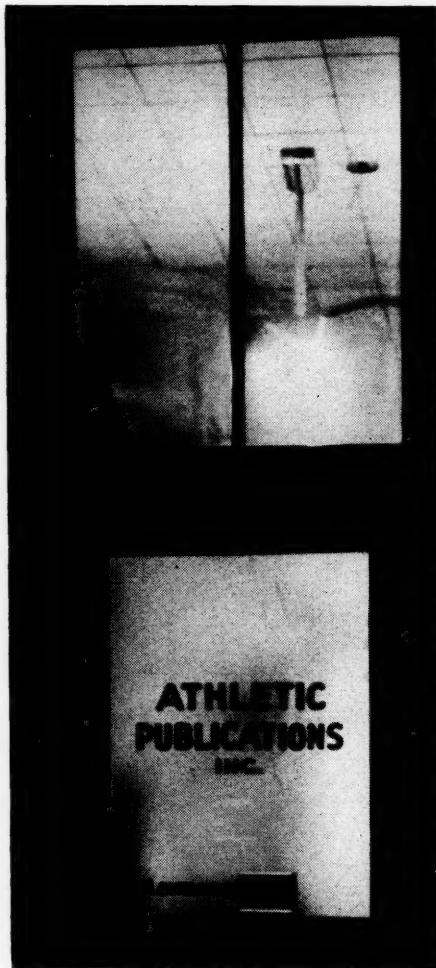
Chicago bookmaking appears to be controlled by a syndicate, with two dozen major partners. Many are anonymous to the public, and not even the police can unravel the entire table of organization.

If the police and Federal authorities know who some of these bookmakers are, why don't they crack down? Partly because of public indifference, partly because of payoffs, partly because of the difficulty in obtaining convictions, the bookie goes on operating.

There is simply no national pattern. "Just figure that every town of 10,000 people has at least one bookie," suggests a gambling expert, "and take it from there." Are bookies centrally controlled? Do they have a union, perhaps the Mafia? Almost every responsible law-enforcement officer says no. There does appear to be a loose confederation at work in the northeastern U.S. and it is a decided breach of ethics (punishable by assault and battery) for a prosperous bookie to move into a new area. But for the most part, American bookmakers are small independent businessmen, purchasing certain services and certain numbers of policemen, and trying desperately to remain anonymous.

Working Day: Fronts, in which most small- and medium-size bookmakers rent space, include Turkish baths, toy shops, travel bureaus, and, most common, luncheonettes and bars. There the working bookmaker or his runners put in a seven-hour day (10 a.m. to 5 p.m., no lunch break).

The big bookmakers work by telephone. In one Eastern city, a bookie insists, he can get an "OK" phone (free from police interference) for \$3,000 a month in payoffs. Other bookmakers try



Minneapolis: Home of the line

\$100 Million on One Game

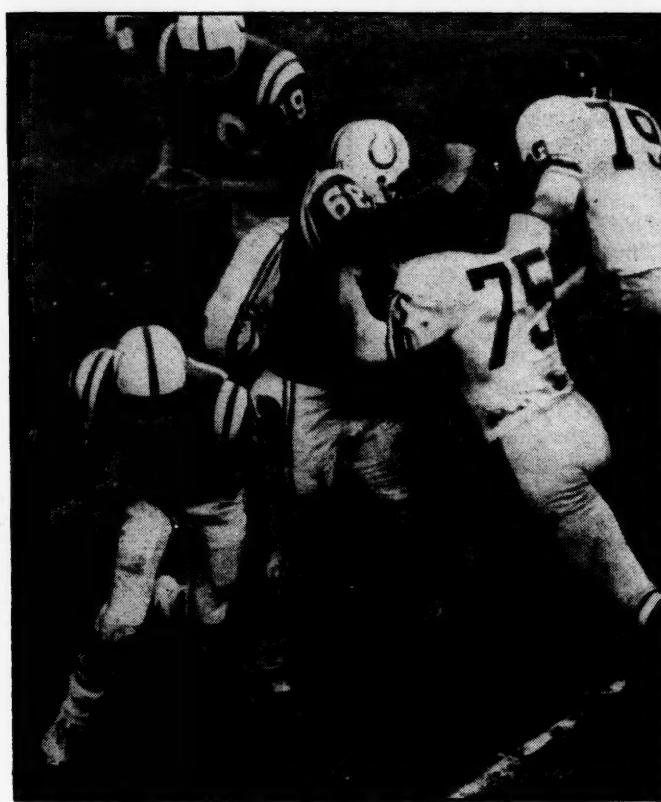
From the time betting began on the New York Giants-Baltimore Colts playoff for the National Football League championship last December, action was heavy. The Colts opened three-point favorites, but, as a flood of Baltimore money came in, bookmakers, balancing their books, moved the spread to three and a half points. "It's gotta be the biggest action event I ever saw," says one wise bookmaker, who has been taking bets for twenty years. "By game time, all around the country, there was \$100 million riding with the books."

Here is how this veteran bookie says the handle was divided by cities:

(In millions)

Los Angeles	\$6	Milwaukee	\$2
New York	\$5	Washington	\$2
San Francisco	\$4	Miami	\$2
Baltimore	\$3	Boston	\$1
Chicago	\$3	Houston	\$1
Cleveland	\$3	Dallas	\$1
Pittsburgh	\$3	St. Louis	\$1
Detroit	\$3	Minneapolis	\$1
Cincinnati	\$2	Seattle	\$1
New Orleans	\$2	Buffalo	\$1
Philadelphia	\$2	Indianapolis	\$1

All other cities combined: An additional \$50 million.



UPI

to avoid payoffs by hiring electrical experts. "Backstrapping" (putting in a special wire so that a phone which rings in one room can be answered, say, three blocks away) and "cheeseboxing" (connecting two phones in an empty room so that a bettor can call on one and a bookie on the second and speak to each other) are common devices. George Yeandle, once a top telephone-company electrician, raised his income bracket by going to work for a bookmaker. The job was fine until one day, four years ago, police discovered Yeandle on top of a telephone pole, tools and wire in hand, trying to backstrap. He was convicted, but his sentence was suspended. In Louisiana, one group of bookies hooked into a national phone line so that they could dial everywhere in the country (where the dial system worked) without any record or charge.

"The whole business is pretty damn complicated, let me tell you," one New York bookmaker told **NEWSWEEK** recently. "I gotta worry about my runners so I gotta pay off beat cops, squad cars, detectives, everybody. In the last ten years, I paid off \$1 million to cops. It cuts into the profits, but, what the hell, a business is a business."

The bookmaker, sitting in a diner, sipped at a cup of coffee. "Know how I got into this racket?" he said. "I was working on Wall Street, a customer's broker, and some of my customers asked me to get down bets for them. I did, and the bookie really robbed me. He

didn't give me anything. Then I realized the bets weren't winning very often, so I began to hold a few myself. Pretty soon, I had 40 guys running for me and I had to get out of the Street. It was a full-time job then."

The bookie smoothed the lapel on his silk suit. "Payoffs keep me in business," he said. "To a bookie, there's no cop with integrity. I once knew an honest cop—and what happened? His captain transferred him. He was spoiling the party for everybody else. I know cops. I live with them, drink with them, sleep with them. They all take.* 'Buy me a hat,' they say. That means 'pay off.' Once in a while, I know a cop needs a pinch [an arrest]. I hire some bum for \$50 and he takes the pinch. Hell, he's got \$50 and a little rest in jail. I even let one captain arrest me once. He was my pal, see, and there was a lot of pressure on him, so I told him pinch me."

Bookie's Lament: After finishing his coffee and nodding to a runner in the corner, the bookmaker walked out to his baby-blue Cadillac. "It's a damn shame," he said, "I gotta pay off to cops. Without payoffs, you know, a bookmaker could be pretty rich."

The bookmaker, no matter how shrewd he may be, cannot operate in a vacuum. "There are three essential aids

that the bookie must have," says Bill Walsh, an astute, 29-year-old lawyer who supervised the gambling investigation during the New York State crime commission's recent probe. "He must have the line, a place to lay off bets, and fast results."

The line comes first. This can be expressed through straight odds, as in the prevailing system for baseball and boxing bets, or in points (basketball, football). Either way, the bookie gets a percentage edge called "vigorish." If, early last week, you liked Ingemar Johansson to defeat Floyd Patterson in the heavyweight championship fight June 20, you would have had to bet \$6 to win \$5. If you liked Patterson, you would have had to bet identically, since the fight was "6-5, pick 'em." A bookie accepting one bet on each fighter took in \$12. Unless the fight should turn out to be a draw, which cancels all action, he stands to win one bet and lose another. But the bookmaker takes in \$12 and pays out only \$11. The sure dollar, which the bookie keeps, is vigorish. Working this way, juggling odds or points, a bookie has only to balance his bets. With action of \$18 million likely on the fight, the vigorish will total \$1.5 million.

No bookie can be an expert on all the events he books so instead of guessing, he purchases a "line." Within the U.S., the main center for bookmakers—and non-bookmakers, for that matter—to obtain a line is Athletic Publications, an ostensibly legitimate business run by

*The bookmaker exaggerates, of course. Top officials on most police forces try to weed out "takers," but the job is difficult. "[Bookies] are too frequently able to find some police officers ready . . . to do their bidding for a price," New York City Police Commissioner Stephen P. Kennedy said recently.

Leo Hirshfield in Minneapolis. Hirshfield prints baseball, basketball, and football schedules, which sell largely to bookmakers, who distribute them to bettors. Then, for a fee ranging from \$20 to \$30 a week, Hirshfield provides customers with the latest odds on all sports events, except horse races, where track odds determine the payoff.

Hirshfield, sixtyish and gray-haired, conducts his business in a large, four-room suite, where eighteen employees handicap and handle a battery of telephones. The system works like this: A customer calls and gives his code number, say 73. The Hirshfield man then draws a line through the customer's number, indicating that he has called for service, and goes down a long list, giving odds on 30 or 40 or 50 scheduled athletic contests. The more often a customer calls, the higher his charge. "This is a legitimate business," Hirshfield insists, blandly. "I don't know who uses it. I simply provide a service. I can't regulate what people do with the information I give them."

Rival: Hirshfield's main competitor is a Chicagoan named Bill Kaplan, who modestly calls his operation The Bill Kaplan Football Service. The service isn't confined to football. When News-WEEK'S Chicago bureau chief, Harry Homewood, walked into the Kaplan offices recently, a baseball handicapper was hunched over his desk. Telephones were jangling and the handicapper picked up one after another, until he had one cupped between his right shoulder and right ear and three caught in his left hand.

"Now here we go," the handicapper began, "and I've got four of you on, so listen closely and don't interrupt. I'll



Caught: Bookie and his baseball board

come back to you if you miss anything.

"The weather is raining in Chicago and the temperature is 39 here. The rain is steady. The Cubs say they'll play, but they tell us that for five days now."

Then the handicapper ran down the list of scheduled baseball games, never mentioning specific teams, simply saying which pitchers were favored to win. "Antonelli at Frisco over Conley" meant that the Giants, with Johnny Antonelli pitching, were favored to beat Philadelphia, with Gene Conley pitching.

"We only handicap one man in baseball—the pitcher," Kaplan explained. "Nobody else is important. We get our information from people we hire. Who? Usually baseball sportswriters who keep tabs on pitchers and other players for us," Kaplan claimed. "We gotta know if a guy is living a clean life. We pay \$100 a month, no more."

A bookmaker doesn't have to get his line from a handicapper. He, and bettors, find it in many newspapers—The New York Post and The New York Herald

Tribune, for example, which have editorially condemned the evils gambling breeds.

Once he obtains his line, the bookmaker accepts action and works to protect his vigorish by keeping his bets balanced. Suppose a New York bookmaker next week finds himself flooded with money bet on Floyd Patterson. He then checks to discover another bookmaker, perhaps in New Orleans, who has been inundated with bets on Johansson. The bookmakers' idea, remember, is not to pick a winner. So long as his bets are balanced, he has no rooting interest in anything but vigorish. Disposing of excess bets is called the "layoff."

As far as police officials can determine, the heart of the layoff operation in the U.S. is the Covington-Newport area in Kentucky. Here is where the New York bookmaker and the New Orleans bookmaker become, in a sense, associates. Thousands of layoff phone calls from all over the country are made to and from Covington and Newport each day. For providing this service, the Kentucky gamblers extract a fee, perhaps $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent or $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent of the daily layoff volume.

Quick Results: Finally, the bets placed, his layoffs made, the bookmaker needs fast results. The theory here is simple: The sooner a bettor knows whether he won or lost on one event, the sooner he will bet on the next. Western Union "tickers" cover all major sports but horse racing, and horse-racing results are provided by the Delaware Sports Service, which uses a system of flashing winners from race tracks to nearby lookouts and then, by phone, to Wilmington.

Want to get a race result fast? No trouble. A potential customer dialed



The Six Biggest Plungers in the Big Business of Gambling...

No. 1 The biggest bettor in the U.S. today is a tall, middle-aged Texas oilman who bets \$100,000 on a single event as calmly as an 8-year-old buys a lollipop. He likes football best, sometimes wagers half a million dollars on a fall Saturday. He tries hard to beat the system: He has a battery of handicappers, aided by IBM machines, working for him. He has been having trouble placing bets recently for this reason: He demands quick payoffs when he wins; but is often slow in paying when he loses.

No. 2 The second man in the big-betting brigade is a respectable industrialist, a U.S. citizen who operates out of Miami, New York, and Canada. He'll sometimes bet \$100,000 on a football game, but not with the frequency of No. 1. Burly, well-dressed, and personable, he'll bet heavily on baseball and lightly on horse racing, but considers boxing a sucker's game. Like all plungers, he studies sports avidly, can reel off batting averages and backfield line-ups as quickly and accurately as a teen-ager.

No. 3 From the top two bettors, it's a sudden drop to No. 3, a comparative piker who won't risk more than \$50,000 on a single event. He makes up for this by betting often. Baseball's his favorite game, and he may be betting every day during the season. An elderly New Jersey real-estate operator, he spreads his investments among ten friendly bookmakers, yet remains the least known of the big bettors. When the baseball season's over, he keeps in practice by backing football teams and race horses.

Olympia 6-1601 last week and Joe Tollin, who runs the Delaware Sports Service, answered: "Yes?"

"How much is your service?"

"Twenty bucks for one race, 30 for two races. Send it to Delaware Sports Service," Tollin said. "Care of Western Union, Wilmington."

"OK," said the customer. "What name should I use?"

"What name you want to use?"

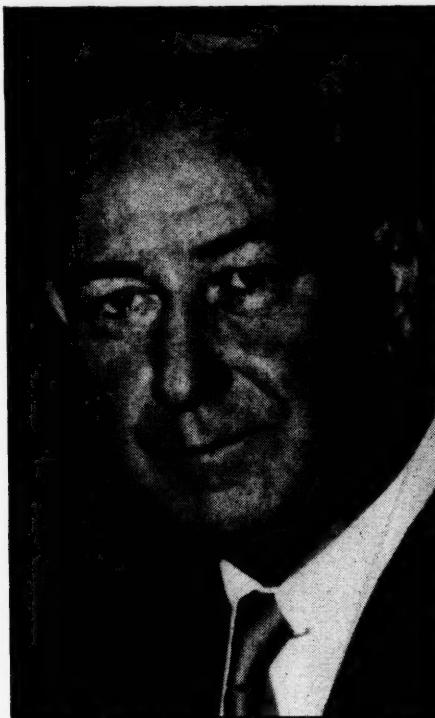
"Tom Mix."

"OK. Use that when you call for results." Joe Tollin hung up the phone and marked down a new customer in his crowded books.

Armed with his line, his layoffs, and his results, the bookmaker goes out to battle the world, secure in the knowledge that with balanced books, the vigorish will keep him solvent. All that can hurt him is a police raid or a fix.

Fix Rumors: The fix, despite popular belief, is not a bookmaker's device. It is the weapon of the player, trying to make a killing at the expense of a bookmaker. (When a fix is on and the big-money bettors know it, bookies everywhere have difficulty laying off.) According to rumor, a heavyweight championship fight was fixed within the past decade. The loser, assured \$150,000 tax free, lost bravely, the newspapers said, and went to his dressing room praising his conqueror. According to other rumors, several basketball referees have been bribed by gamblers: "We own their whistle" is the gambling term. The most shocking of all these fix rumors, one district attorney reports, is that a major-league pennant race was rigged by heavy bettors one September soon after World War II. The bettors bribed a manager, the rumor goes, and the manager simply mishandled his pitching staff for two weeks and finished second.

There have been other fixes—hundreds in horse races, dozens in professional football, police insist. Then they add:



DA Hogan: 'Unalterably opposed'

"But we can't work up a case without wiretap and legally we can't have wiretap unless we know about a fix in advance. As it is, we hear stories and run them down after the fix is worked. Then it's too late." (An effective weapon against fixes has been the Thoroughbred Racing Protective Bureau, which works, as a miniature FBI, at 50 tracks across the country. "Our files on fix attempts cover walls," says Spencer Drayton, head of the TRPB.)

At best, bookmaking breeds corruption. At worst, it is the cue to murder. Yet it flourishes. Despite the highly publicized investigation of the Kefauver committee, despite endless rewriting of state and local gambling laws, despite a Federal law requiring gamblers to buy

a \$50 tax stamp,* bookmaking continues to make lawbreakers rich.

Is the solution, then, to accept gambling as a necessary evil, to move it within the framework of the law? New York Mayor Robert Wagner thinks so. He backs a plan for off-track betting with city-run horse rooms. Thomas Gibbons, police commissioner of Philadelphia, urged a year ago that gambling be legalized. Still these are minority views.

The Opposition: "The easier you make it to bet, the more people who can't afford it will bet and suffer," insists Capt. James Hamilton, head of the Intelligence Division of the Los Angeles Police. "They won't take home their pay-check. That's the issue."

"In the public interest," says Virgil Peterson of the Chicago Crime Commission, "gambling should be outlawed. If they legalize gambling, they say they're going to take it out of the hands of the hoodlums. This is nonsense."

Frank S. Hogan, district attorney of New York County, speaks even more strongly. "I am unalterably opposed to legalizing gambling," he said last week. "It would place a premium on shiftlessness and make a mockery of the virtues of hard work and thrift."

There will inevitably be reform drives in Baltimore and New Orleans, cities which bookmakers boast are now wide open. But if the past is any mirror, other cities, now fairly tight, will open up. "We can never stop gambling," one police commissioner concedes sadly. "All we can do is drive it underground."

As long as people want to gamble, they will go forth to find bookmakers, underground, on earth, and, before much longer, in space. Who do you like to get to the moon first? It's 6-5 and pick 'em, Joe Waldorf.

*Nearly 15,000 tax stamps were sold last year, but most bookmakers didn't buy the stamp. The reason: Any time a stamp is bought, the purchaser's name is given to local law-enforcement agencies.

... They Often Wager Fortunes on a Single Saturday Afternoon

No. 4 Another oilman, this tall, middle-aged Hoosier will back his opinions with as much as \$25,000 per event. Surrounded by Big Ten colleges, he prefers football bets, but won't pass up a chance to test his heavy hunches on baseball and horse racing. He can get his bets down in St. Louis and Chicago, but prefers to operate through Eastern bookmakers. He used to be one of the top two bettors, but Internal Revenue checkups on his gambling winnings have recently cut down the size of his action.

No. 5 The fifth largest bettor in the U.S. comes by his impulses naturally. He operates a casino in Nevada, knows that the house eventually wins, and still risks \$20,000 a game on baseball. During the winter, he plays the horses. Tall and slick, he can usually place all his bets in Nevada, but occasionally gives the San Francisco and Los Angeles bookmakers his business. "That's OK with us," says one West Coast bookie. "We're just like a good jewelry store. We don't turn down any wealthy customers."

No. 6 A West Coaster with big beverage business connections, this bettor concentrates almost entirely on football. He's an avid fan, bets \$20,000 a game, and often has a quarter of a million riding on a Saturday. He has his own network of college and professional scouts, who feed him considerable but not necessarily vital information. "The star halfback had a fight with his girl yesterday," he says, displaying his knowledge. But he seldom knows whether the fight will make the halfback play better or worse.



MODERN, ALL-ELECTRIC MEDALLION HOME, IN TAMPA, FLORIDA

YOUR NATION OF LIGHT...

40% of all the electricity in the world is used in the U.S., most of it supplied by

One of America's wonders to foreign visitors is the abundance of electricity we put to work in our homes, on our farms, in our jobs.

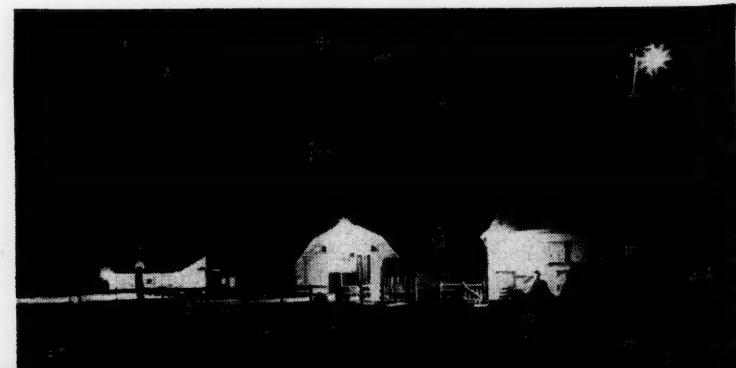
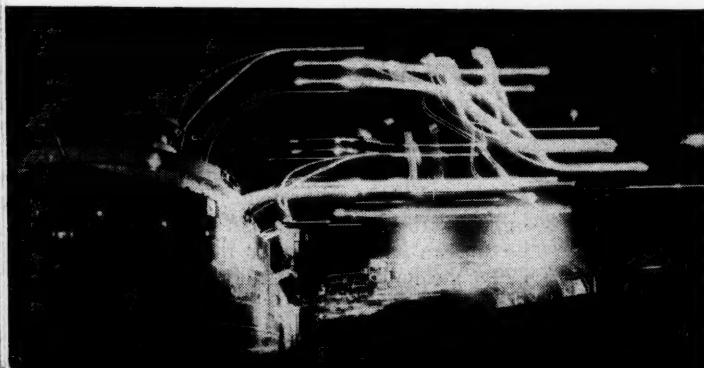
We use more light and power than the next six nations together—three times as much as the Russians—and we keep on using more all the time. On the average, you use twice as much in your home as you did just ten years ago and pay 16% less for it per kilowatt-hour.

ORE DOCK, ASHTABULA, OHIO. TIME EXPOSURE SHOWS
STREAKS FROM MOVING LIGHTS ON LOADING MACHINERY

The independent electric light and power companies that turn out over ¾ of America's electricity have doubled their supply every ten years, and are building now to double it again in the next ten. And because they and their millions of owners will put up the money for the new plants and lines, you won't be taxed to pay for them.

These hundreds of companies are ready and able to supply all the low-price electric power people can con-

ELECTRIFIED FARM, VALLEY CENTER, KANSAS





HUGE STEEL PLANT AT YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO



OIL REFINERIES AT PORT ARTHUR, TEXAS

BIG-CITY SKYSCRAPERS, NEW YORK



AND POWER!

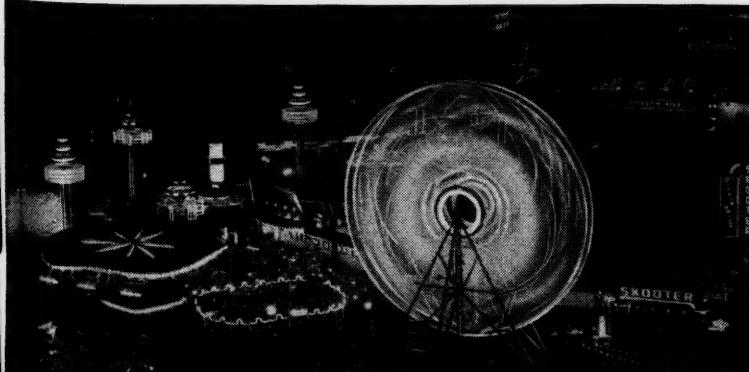
hundreds of independent power companies

ceivably need in the future. This means there is no need for the federal government to build any more electric systems that all Americans would be taxed to pay for.

You can get more facts and figures about this in a new, free booklet. Write for "Who Pays for Government-in-the-Electric-Business?" to Power Companies, Room 1114-F, 1271 Ave. of the Americas, New York 20, New York.

America's Independent Electric Light and Power Companies
Company names on request through this magazine

NU-PIKE FUN PARK, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA



MEDICINE

PEOPLE:

The Full Dinner Pail

The tiny, mouse-like shrew, smallest of all mammals, is also the world's most prodigious trencherman. Driven by a terrific metabolism rate, the shrew consumes its own weight in food every three hours. Mankind cannot match that—but Americans are doing their best. The average U.S. citizen, the Federal Trade Commission reported last week, eats a total of 1,500 pounds of food each year—about ten times his weight.

Food intake, the FTC survey shows, has not changed very much since the high-on-the-hog boom of 1925-1929 (actually, it has slipped). But the American diet has changed drastically in the 1930-1959 period. Today, we are eating 25 per cent more meat, fish, and poultry than 30 years ago; 50 per cent more citrus fruit and tomatoes, 12 per cent more dairy products and eggs, and 31 per cent more coffee, tea, and cocoa.

Pass the Butter: In the same period, the typical American's consumption of flour and cereal products has decreased 37 per cent, and of potatoes, 33 per cent, the survey shows. "Potatoes are almost certainly down for diet reasons," Tom Lanahan, a Department of Agriculture marketing expert, commented. "Too many calories—although one of the phenomena of the frozen-food business has been the big spurt in frozen French fries. They lead the list of frozen foods."

Surprisingly, fats and oils, including butter, remain at about the same average—66 pounds per person a year. Apparently ignoring the possible relation between fatty foods and hardening of the arteries and coronary attacks, the American still orders his sirloin steak with charcoal-blackened succulent fat and asparagus dripping with rich hollandaise sauce. Scarcely a meal to thrill a shrew, whose favorite food is insects.

THE FAMILY 1960:

'Emotional Mayhem'

To look at some of the ads, modern living is one big, happy jumble of backyard weenie roasts, stereophonic hi-fi sets, and power mowers that do everything but change the baby. Dr. Herman E. Hilleboe, New York State Health Commissioner, takes a different view. Modern living in all too many families is

nothing less than "a life of physical and emotional mayhem," which takes its toll in heart disease, strokes, and high blood pressure, Hilleboe said last week at the New York State Health Conference. "A typical day in the average U.S. home," according to Hilleboe:

"First there is the hurried scramble of man, wife, and children to get washed, clothed, and combed in a frightful crush of concentrated togetherness . . . Then father throws his breakfast down his gullet and begins his marathon run to the bus."

Frantic father will spend his working day "frozen in a series of stressful things in a deadly serious play called 'making a

on our highways, overloaded mental hospitals . . ." The end result: Days and nights of nagging worry for the head of the family. "And while Dad is worrying, he smokes too much, eats too much, and doesn't believe in going to see the doctor unless he thinks he is going to die."

POLIO:

For Surer Prevention

The medical world has argued the pressing—and vital—question: Which is more effective and safe in preventing paralytic polio—the killed-virus vaccine of Dr. Jonas Salk or the live-virus vaccine of Dr. Albert Sabin?

To examine the Soviet experiments on 60 million people with Sabin live-virus vaccine, the National Foundation recently sent two representatives to Moscow: One was Dr. John P. Fox of the Public Health Research Institute of the City of New York; the other, Dr. Theodore E. Boyd, head of virology and epidemiology for the National Foundation.

No Proof: Last week, the scientists returned to New York with their report. The gist of it: The Sabin vaccine is promising, but its real worth has not been fully demonstrated.

"So far as we are concerned, guaranty of the effectiveness of the vaccine is still a problem," said Dr. Fox. "For example, finding that polio antibodies appear in the blood stream after vaccination is presumptive evidence that the person has been immunized. But this requires a strict laboratory test, not now practical in Russia on a mass scale. And the trouble is, live polio virus does not always 'take'."

Currently, the Sabin vaccine is being tested in Ohio and New York; and another live vaccine, made by Cox-Lederle, is undergoing large-scale trial in Florida, Minnesota, and New York. "There is strong evidence that the live-polio vaccines may turn out to be more effective than killed-virus vaccines in controlling polio," said Dr. Thomas M. Rivers, former Rockefeller Institute virologist, now vice president of the National Foundation. "But responsible scientific evidence favors caution and further testing."

Albert Sabin, who also has just returned from Russia, said: "In live-polio vaccine, medical science has a tool which may rid large parts of the world of both poliomyelitis and its causative viruses. But whether the U.S. public-health authorities will now use this tool is a question only the future can answer."



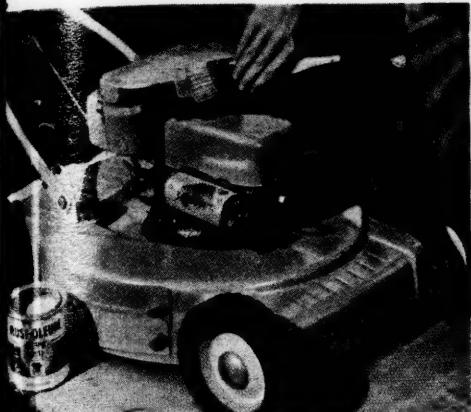
The American: Ten times his weight in food

living,'" as Hilleboe told it. "Home again he will sit down with his wife as they pour out their frustrations to each other . . . and then wash it all down with a very dry Martini. Later, they will stoke up on a fat-laden, high-caloried meal, satisfied that this is the way to live 'the abundant life'.

"All this might be rather funny, if nothing more serious than an attack of heartburn was the only consequence," Hilleboe summed up. "It is anybody's guess as to what degenerative disease Mom and Dad will end up with . . .

"We have no cholera, typhus, or bubonic plague today," said the commissioner, "but we have plenty of tension, very little exercise, vehicular carnage

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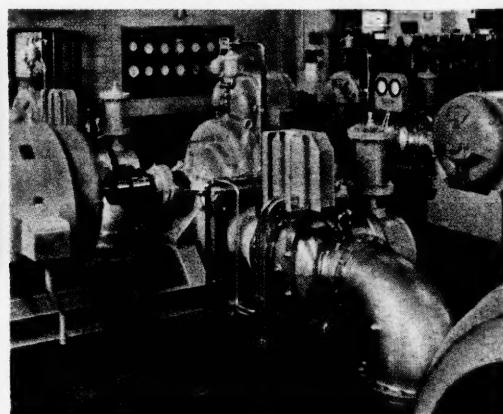
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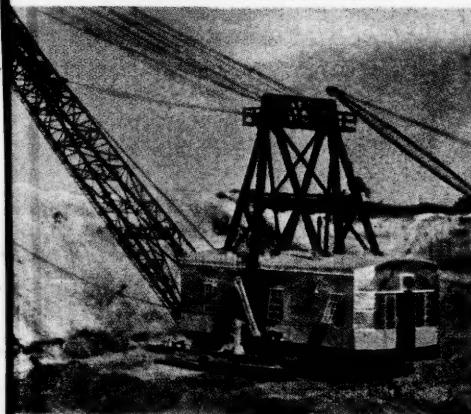
From porch railings and ornamental iron to playground equipment and screens — colorful Rust-Oleum coatings do the job.



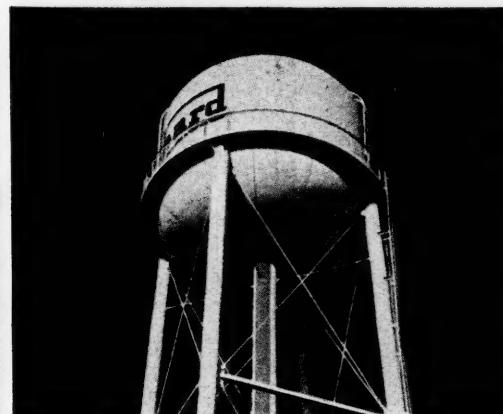
Rust-Oleum coatings assure maximum protection and smart, modern color harmony for plant interiors and machinery.



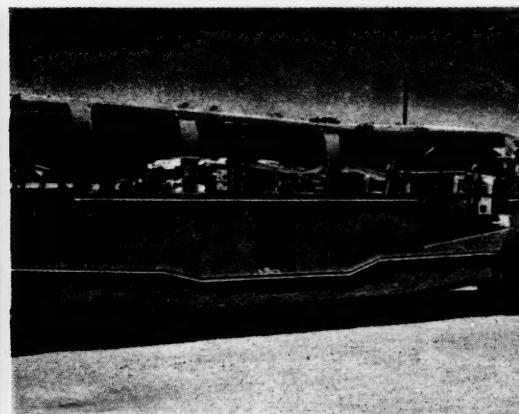
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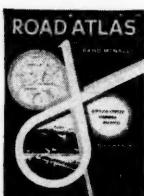
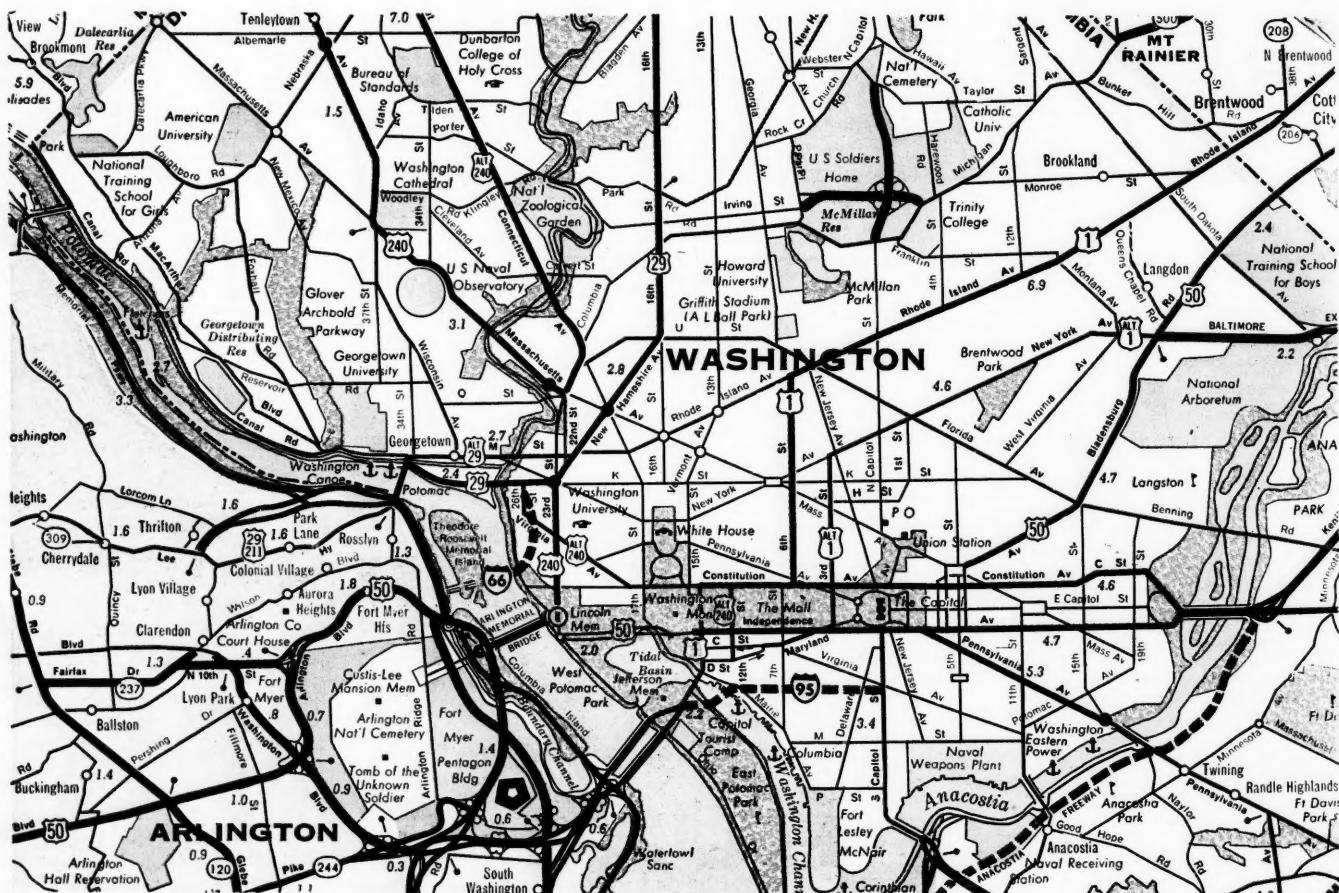
George Washington

NO LAND SO HONORS ANY OTHER MAN

The first of the places to be named for him (Washington) was on Manhattan Island, where men still say Fort Washington and Washington Heights; this was in the spring of '76. The next was a district of North Carolina. Then, so quickly that one can hardly say which came before the other, there were counties in Maryland and Virginia and towns in New Hampshire and North Carolina. After that there was no ending, for the name of the man had come to stand for the hopes of the people.

On the two hundredth anniversary of his birth, the roll of these places was taken, and they were more than could surely be counted—a state, thirty-two counties, 121 cities and towns and villages, 257 townships, ten lakes, eight streams, seven mountains. Of streets there were counted 1,140, and others uncounted, and besides these there were schools and colleges, buildings, districts, monuments, ferries, bridges, forts, parks, and other features—a tribute of names such as has been paid to no other man in any country.

From "Names on the Land" by George R. Stewart, Published by Houghton Mifflin Co., ©1958.



Above is a portion of one page of Rand McNally's new Road Atlas, showing the most famous of the places named for our first president. What a wonderful nation he helped found...where people have the cars, the roads, and the leisure to travel to any "Washington."



Mixed Marriages? A Church Group and a Dangerous Issue

There was dynamite in the question: What's wrong—in principle—with interracial marriage? Nothing at all, reported a Church of England study group last week.

This and other vital details of race relations were discussed in a 51-page pamphlet titled "Together in Britain," the church's first full-length discussion of a new problem for Britons: Racial tensions at home. Non-whites (from the West Indies, India, Pakistan, and Africa) are immigrating at the rate of some 15,000 a year, and interracial marriages are increasing, but many churchmen reportedly resent the presence of Negroes in their churches.

The pamphlet, written by a group of eight clergy and laymen, urged Anglicans to welcome colored people into the churches, act firmly against racial discrimination, and

face up to the pressing prospect of interracial marriage.

"The whole purpose of God in the creation and redemption," said the study, "is to create one family . . ." Colored people, the report continued, "should share to the full in the worship and life of the parish church of their neighborhood." Moreover, "it is our considered view that there is no essential difference between marriages contracted between persons of the same 'race' and interracial marriages . . . If the local parish sees the marriage of two of its members in this light, it can make all the difference to the relationship which that marriage will develop to the community at large, by showing that the bond which binds Christians together is stronger than the color bar which separates them."

The Salvation Soldiers

The blue-uniformed Salvation Army officer, blowing an off-key trumpet, has long been a part of American humor. But this laughter was seldom cruel, for people in growing numbers since World War I have come to realize that the Army is a respectable Christian denomination with a formidable zeal. As the Army celebrated the 80th anniversary of its arrival in the U.S. last week, it could look with pride at some of its staggering achievements. In 1959 it: Cared for 18,000 patients and 10,610 unmarried mothers in its 37 maternity homes and hospitals; provided 3.5 million meals to homeless transients; brought 16,500 children to its 54 camps; located more than 1,200 missing persons; and found permanent or temporary jobs for about 115,000 people.

Behind the statistics is a lay membership (soldiers) of some 250,000. More important are the 3,855 men and women who are ordained ministers (officers) and who go through life tooting (on key), singing, preaching, and working hard. Most are married (only to other officers), and typical among them is a couple now stationed in Hartford, Conn.

Idea: Seated with his wife in a small, neat office one day last week, 38-year-old Maj. Charles Southwood talked of his religious convictions, the Army, and his new job: Young People's Secretary, Southern New England division of the Eastern Territory of the U.S. Major Southwood made no attempt to hide his enthusiasm. "When you're convinced that you have hold of a good idea," he said happily, "you just naturally want to share it with others."

With nearly twenty years' experience as corps officers and teachers in one of the Army's four Schools for Officers' Training, the Southwoods were ordered to Hartford last January to take over the division's youth programs—a maze of clubs and activities involving some 3,000

boys and girls, of whom 458 are Junior Soldiers, or lay members of the Army. Office work in the grim, yellow-brick citadel of their division headquarters takes up three of the work week's seven days; the rest is given to travel—talking, inspecting, and spreading everywhere the "good idea" of the Gospel. They are booked solid into October for Sunday services every place in the division. They take turns conducting the service and preaching ("giving the message") at the Holiness Meeting (morning) and the Salvation Meeting (evening). Occasionally they sing duets.

Almost any day of the week, the Southwoods may join a band on a street corner—he with his cornet, she with her alto horn or flügelhorn. "I have a little woodworking shop down in the cellar, but I haven't seen much of it so far," he says wistfully.

Ever since childhood the Southwoods knew well what Army life would be, for like most other officers, they grew up in

the Army's militantly devout atmosphere. Charles Southwood, one of eight children of a carpenter, was raised in Barberton, Ohio. Both parents were good soldiers, and two of his four older brothers and his two sisters became officers. "Our corps center was only a store front on the main street," he recalls, "but it looked like a cathedral to me. One spring morning when I was about 12 the Spirit of God moved upon me there and made it clear to my heart and mind that I should make a decision that particular day."

Loves: He finished high school in Barberton, took a year's correspondence in Bible and in Salvation Army doctrine and history, then entered the School for Officers' Training in New York City, completing the year's study in 1941, and there he met his wife-to-be. Mrs. Southwood, an "OK" (officers' kid, in Army slang), remembers that all students had to promise they were not entering school with courtship in mind. "But you can't keep people from falling

in love," she points out. The Southwoods were married in 1943 and together worked their way through a variety of corps in Ohio, Upstate New York, and in the Bronx and Times Square. In 1956, their work with people in the far-flung congregations ended, somewhat to their sorrow, and they joined the New York school faculty.

In Hartford, the couple sometimes feel out of touch with congregations, but Army officers are known for being happy wherever they are sent. "I wish I could tell you how happy we are now," said Major Southwood. "You see, I personally feel that God through the Holy Spirit led me into full-time service with the Salvation Army, and I feel that this is the place He wants me to be."



The Southwoods: Serving in the Army



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That's quite an earful, Charlie Brown . . . but you haven't heard anything yet. The Falcon sedans and wagons combine lowest price* with big-car luxury. In fact, only Falcon combines all the compact qualities people want most. Sports-car agility plus fine-car comfort for six. A handy new size outside . . . with a great big 23 cu. ft. of luggage space inside. Economy where it pays...quality where it counts—make the best-selling Falcon the new measure of compact car success.

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TRANSITION

Birthday: Sen. JOHN F. KENNEDY, his 43rd, May 29, in Carmel, Calif., taking a day off from West Coast politicking.

►ARTHUR VINING DAVIS, multimillionaire Florida real-estate developer and retired industrialist, his 93rd, May 30.

►JAMES A. FARLEY, former Democratic National chairman (1932-40), now chairman of Coca-Cola Export Corp., his 72nd, in Scarsdale, N.Y., May 30.

Anniversary: King FREDERIK IX of Denmark, 61, and Queen INGRID, 50; their 25th wedding anniversary; in Copenhagen, May 24.

Honored: JOHN FOSTER DULLES, by the citizens of Massa, Italy, with a bust of the late Secretary of State sculpted from their famous, local marble; presented to his son, the Rev. Avery Dulles, as a symbol of U.S.-Italian friendship, in Rome, May 25, a year and a day after the statesman's death of cancer.

►BROOKS ATKINSON, 65, retiring New York Times drama critic (since 1925, except for five years, 1942-46, as a foreign correspondent in China and Moscow for which he won a 1947 Pulitzer prize); with a gold, lifetime pass to all legitimate Broadway theaters, by a committee of producers and theater operators, in New York City, May 24.

Died: Dr. IDA S. SCUDDER, 90, first American woman medical missionary to India where she started a clinic in 1900, founded the Vellore Christian Medical College; in Kodaikanal, India, May 24.

►Retired Capt. HOWARD T. ORVILLE, 58, one of the nation's foremost weather experts and during World War II chief naval meteorologist whose forecasts often controlled major landings or bombing strikes; of a heart attack in Baltimore, Md., May 24. Chairman of President Eisenhower's Advisory Committee on Weather Control, he warned that man-made weather, as a military weapon, could be "more disastrous than nuclear warfare" (NEWSWEEK, Jan. 13, 1958). ►GAMA, 80, close-cropped, fiercely mustached, 5-foot-7, 280-pound, Indian-born wrestler (real name: Ghulam Mohammed), and longtime world's Greco-Roman-style champion (he won the crown from Poland's Stanislaus Zybsko in 1910); of a heart ailment, in Lahore, India, May 23.

►Retired Adm. JOHN E. GINGRICH, 63, World War II captain of the cruiser Pittsburgh, and commander of United Nations naval forces during the Korean war; after a long illness, in New York City, May 26.

►JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG, 82, magazine illustrator, painter, and sometime author, most famous for a World War I recruiting poster and his drawings of women (his ideal: Blond and full bosomed with up-turned nose, sensuous



Uncle Sam, Jane Russell ...



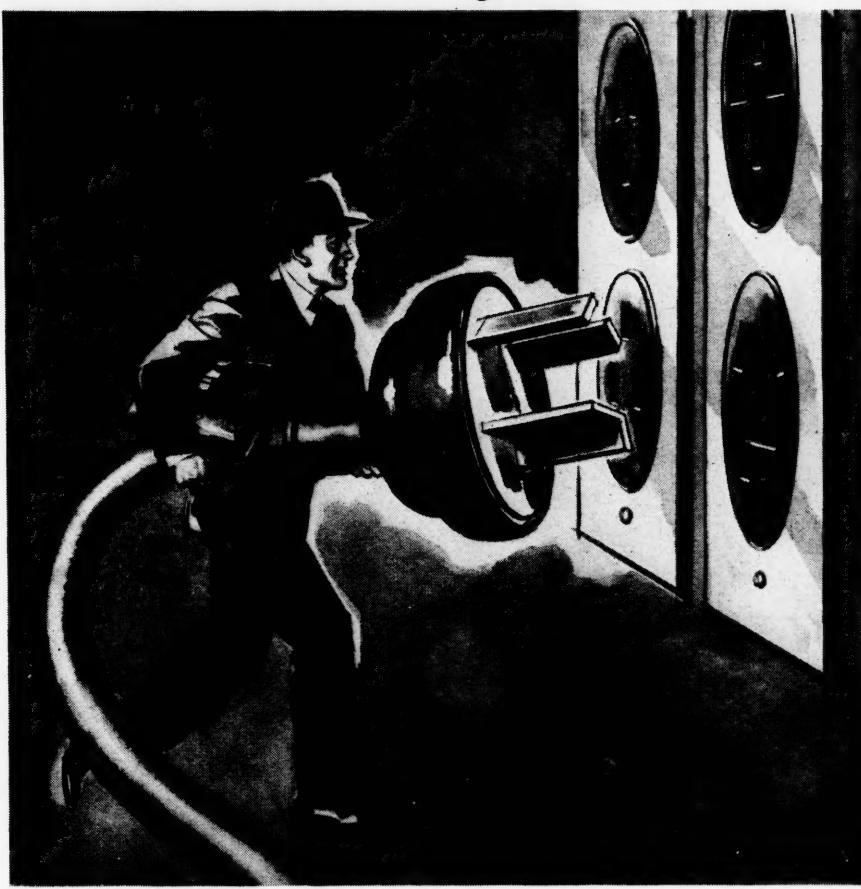
... and a self-portrait by Flagg

lips); in his sleep (he was in failing health and nearly blind) in his New York City apartment, May 27. Flagg sold his first drawing to a magazine at age 12, made \$75,000 a year at the peak of his career.

►RICHARD WALSH, 73, founder and board chairman of John Day Co., Inc., New York book publishers, onetime magazine editor and writer (*Collier's Weekly*, *Judge*), husband (since 1935) and first publisher of novelist Pearl Buck; after a long illness, at his Bucks County home near Doylestown, Pa., May 28.

►W. MORGAN SHUSTER, 83, dapper, energetic U.S. fiscal authority and adviser to foreign governments (Cuba, the Philippines, Persia) who, in 1911, was the cause of a Mideast war scare; president (1933-52) and board chairman (since 1952) of Appleton-Century-Crofts, Inc., book publishers; after a brief illness, in New York City, May 26. Named Treasurer-General by the Persian Parliament to revive the country's economy, he set up customs and tax policies that hurt British and Russian interests, especially in oil. The Russians moved troops across the border, threatened to attack unless Shuster was fired. He was.

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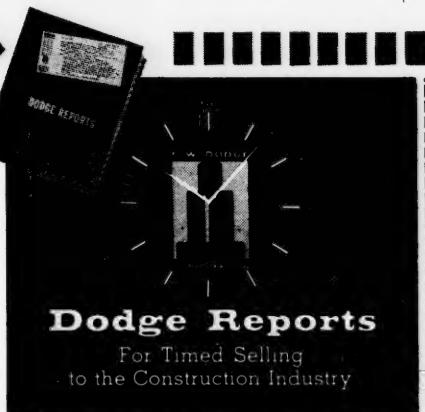
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WESTERN UNION

The Periscope

Business Trends

Home-Building: Brighter Signs

The housing industry is "moderately optimistic" about second-half prospects.

A survey by the National Association of Home Builders, soon to be released, shows that:

► Better than half of NAHB's members will build more homes in 1960 than last year, but total starts will be fewer than in 1959.

► Mortgage money will be somewhat easier to get, but only slightly—if at all—cheaper. The current median interest rate for conventional mortgages is 6½%.

► Prices are edging up very slightly. The median cost for the fall of 1960 and spring of 1961 is expected to be \$14,800 vs. the current \$14,700.

Note: The Census Bureau this week will issue revised estimates of housing starts. On the new basis, 1960 starts should run between 1.3 million and 1.4 million (**BUSINESS TRENDS**, April 11).

The Jobless Situation: Well in Hand

Unemployment is expected to stay within reasonable limits. It totaled 3.7 million in April, or 5% of the labor force.

After the usual summer bulge in joblessness, fall industrial pickup is expected to whittle the out-of-work number down to about 4.5% of the labor force.

That would mean a jobless total of slightly more than 3 million.

But there will still be critical areas of unemployment, and economists are worried about them.

In West Virginia, for instance, many workers have been jobless for months on end.

Balance-of-Payments: Better

A sharp boost in exports has cut the nation's balance-of-payments deficit to \$2.5 billion (first-quarter rate) vs. \$3.7 billion last year, and Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson is cheered by the situation.

But he fears that the improvement may be a temporary one.

"What we're worried about," says a Treasury

aide, "is that the first-quarter gain will erase everybody's concern. We might wake up to find another \$3 billion to \$4 billion deficit in 1961."

Commerce officials think, on the other hand, that the Treasury underrates the probable payoff on the export drive.

Tariffs: Whittling Away

U.S. negotiators will try to work out tariff cuts on a huge list of items when they meet with other members of GATT (General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade) this fall in Geneva.

They'll throw a list of more than 2,000 import items on the table for discussion, and about as many exports. All told, the lists represent about \$5 billion worth of trade.

Any tariff cuts, however, will be smaller than at previous GATT sessions.

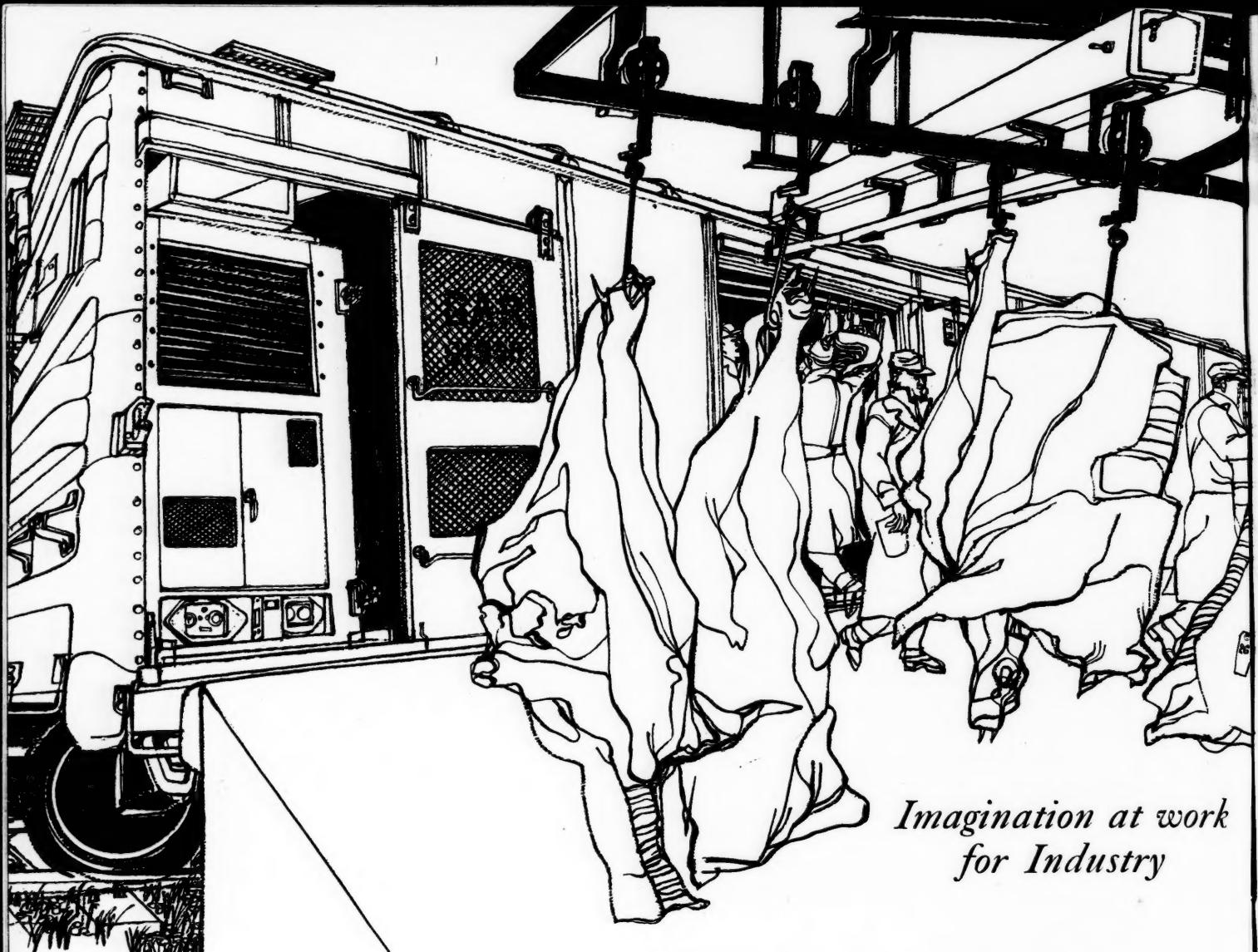
Up to now, negotiators could agree to cut duties as much as 50%. The new limit: 20%.

Off the Ticker

Capital Airlines won a short extension from the courts in the Vickers-Armstrongs \$33.8 million foreclosure suit; Capital has also withdrawn its application for a \$13 million-a-year Federal subsidy, is counting instead on getting a fare increase from the Civil Aeronautics Board . . .

Army order for 720 new M-60 tanks and 212 recovery vehicles worth some \$80 million goes to Chrysler . . . *Reynolds & Co.*, New York brokers, are barred from securities underwriting for 30 days. Reynolds was suspended from the National Association of Securities Dealers because of a "grave" lack of supervision of its employees, some of whom made unauthorized transactions for customers' accounts.

Supreme Court is to rule in that antitrust case to decide whether du Pont may keep 63 million non-voting shares of General Motors. A Federal District Court in Chicago last year gave its OK. . . . *Fringe attacked*: A New York advertising firm has told its staffers that The Four Seasons, an expensive eatery, is off limits for expense-account munching.



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BUSINESS

"CURSES, foiled again," will be the tragic reaction of most males who see this transparent bathing suit hanging on the line, then on the shapely bather. On the girl, it becomes opaque, and it's one answer to demand for lighter swimming togs.

Reducing the suit's weight by the simple but somewhat dangerous expedient of having less suit (i.e., the bikini) has apparently gone as far as the rules of taste—or the law—will allow. So for next year's line, Rose Marie Reid's designers have turned to new stretchable synthetic yarns called "elastomers." They are so fine that they can be worked into suits that are transparent. When worn, the print designs and the absence of light behind the form-clinging suit keep the wearer within the pale. Where a standard Lastex suit weighs 16 ounces, Reid's creations check out at less than 5.



Newsweek—Vytas Vainitis

SELLING WEATHER: PARTLY CLOUDY

Like weather maps, last week's economic charts carried a plethora of mixed information—fair weather in one area, clouds in another. Detroit was basking in the glow of the best automobile sales in five years (see below), but Pittsburgh was gloomy over the steady drop which cut steel production to 66.9 per cent of capacity. Construction contracts were up in April but machine-tool orders were down. The consumer, strong man of the economy, was spending freely, and April saw retail sales reach a record \$18.9 billion. But some industries weren't getting their share. In appliances, for example, retailers were shaving prices, and manufacturers had been forced to snip price tags themselves—"on a piecemeal basis on home laundries and ranges and pretty much across the board on refrigerators and freezers," noted Homer L. Travis, sales vice president for American Motors' Kelvinator division. Frigidaire gave its plants a four-day holiday weekend, an "adjustment of work schedules to keep inventories in balance with sales."

With information like that, the bravest forecaster was forced to hedge. No one could say "boom," and no one could say "bust." The important point, however, was that 1960 would be a very good year even if the economy did no better than it has to date. Gross national product already had passed the half-trillion-dollar mark.

There was a moment of apprehension when what looked like inflation storm warnings came out of Washington. During April, reported Arnold Chase of the

Bureau of Labor Statistics, the cost of living took its biggest jump in ten months, to a record 126.2 per cent of the 1947-49 average. A \$10 bill bought 4 cents less in April than in March and 20 cents less than it did in the same month a year ago.

Food prices showed the biggest rise, and the barnyard got the blame. Bad weather, plus a fall-off in pig production, were among the main factors. Paradoxically, Detroit's pickup in sales had contributed to the cost-of-living jump. Traditionally new-car prices drop as the weather warms up and the new-model season draws closer. But the rush to buy compacts this spring has enabled dealers to move these hot new models without

giving big discounts (though the bigger "low-priced" models have been targets for deep cuts).

Did the latest figures mean that prices were about to take off into the wild blue yonder? Chase of the BLS thought not. To him, the April surge looked like a one-time thing and not the "beginning of a strong upward trend." As if to bear him out, a report last week on farm income showed that farmers got 0.4 per cent less for crops and livestock in the month that ended May 15. Eggs, a big contributor to the April rise, again were plentiful and prices were down.

Roadblock: Inventories were probably the big factor in keeping industry from opening the throttle wide. Despite the fast pickup in consumer spending, many firms are still living off stock and thus manufacturers' new orders have yet to feel the impact of rising sales. (Orders for April probably will show little change from March, when they were \$30.6 billion below February.)

Steel was the prime example. At last week's meeting of the American Iron and Steel Institute, the blame for falling production was put on what Republic Steel chairman Charles M. White called the "most massive" inventory-cutting "craze" he had ever seen. And, said Inland's chairman Joseph L. Block, steel users were making "an agonizing reappraisal of their needs" in order to find new ways to cut inventories still more. (All this meant that no price increase in steel was in sight, at least until December, when steelworkers get a 7-cent

Rolling Along

It's really spring in Detroit. During the latest ten-day selling period measured—May 11-20—auto dealers were signing up 22,050 new customers a day, the best showing since May 1955. The mid-May results were 6.6 per cent higher than a year earlier. This heady pace brought the year's sales close to the 2.5 million mark (vs. less than 2.2 million for the corresponding 1959 period). Compacts were still the talk of the town; to keep up with demand, automakers have turned out some 750,000 so far in 1960, almost 30 per cent of their total output.

pay boost won in last year's strike.)

When would steel—and presumably the other lagging sections in manufacturing—start to rev up? The day was surely coming. Manufacturers were using nearly 15 per cent more steel than they were buying, U.S. Steel chairman Roger M. Blough noted. Obviously that couldn't keep up forever.

INDUSTRY OVERSEAS:

Jaguar's Daimler

By government rule, British automakers are no longer permitted to build new factories in or around Coventry, England's motor capital. They must build instead in depressed areas. The regulation fell particularly hard on famous Jaguar Cars, Ltd., which has been raking in more orders than it can possibly fill with its existing Coventry facilities.

Last week, Jaguar chairman Sir William Lyons drove down the road apiece from his Coventry headquarters and solved the dilemma. In one of the biggest and most surprising deals since Rolls-Royce bought Bentley 29 years ago, Sir William paid an estimated \$11 million for the Daimler Co., oldest automaker in Britain and a subsidiary of Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

Besides uniting the name plate of the hot-shot Jaguar with that of the stately Daimler, a favorite of royalty for half a century, the acquisition also gives Jaguar a modern, efficient, million-square-foot plant less than five minutes away.

ON THE TOURIST BEAT:

Fishermen in a Flutter

San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf, celebrated for its crab boats, restaurants, and curio shops, is a magnet for a million or so tourists who visit the city each year. But the fishermen would be just as happy if the tourists stayed away. In fact, last week the fishermen were so wrought up over the sight-seers' intrusion that they were threatening to pull up their moorings and sail away from Fisherman's Wharf for good.

The fishermen claim that tourists usurp their parking places, distract hard-working men of the sea, and litter the water with refuse which scratches the hulls of their boats. "They say this is a fisherman's wharf," said one. "What a laugh." The fishermen have other gripes. "We'd like a water faucet for every three or four boats, and an electric plug," says Albert Spadaro, secretary of the Irate Crab Boat Owners Association. "All we get is a piling to tie to—and the runaround." Spadaro says the fishermen have been "approached by two different parties" (probably from other points around San Francisco Bay) that

are interested in landing the fleet.

The city "certainly doesn't want to lose the fleet," officials say. And with good reason. Aside from the \$500,000 crab catch it brings in each year, the fleet and its briny atmosphere also get credit for attracting a healthy share of the estimated \$86 million tourists spend annually in San Francisco. To keep the fishermen happy, the San Francisco Port Authority, which administers the wharf, is spending \$1,600 a month to keep the waters clean and set up trash cans. It has put up metered parking areas (though only for ten hours, complain the fishermen, who are often out for days at a time). The Authority also has started a study of the entire wharf to determine how much room the different users need.

The city also would like to lure back some of the 200 to 300 commercial fish-

\$6,000 into \$240,000 in just six years. Last week in his swank Seattle home, Steen explained how he did it.

"I have been trained as a scientist," he said matter-of-factly. "I studied graduate statistics. So I combine that background, plus the attributes of perseverance and dedication. The final element and the most important—creative insight." Then, as if overwhelmed by his own profundity, he added happily: "I made a real mess of money."

Computer Analysis: One of Steen's innovations: Computer-machine investments. By running data on prices in 23 different markets through a computer, he compiled a file of 30,000 different trading possibilities. From these, he selected the best 100, which he now uses as a guide in all his trading.

Steen's remarkable combination of sci-



Fisherman's Wharf: The crab boats sail at sunset unless . . .

ermen who have already been squeezed out of Fisherman's Wharf. John Bolles, one of the architects who are making the study, says, with a touch of nostalgia: "We want to see them mending their nets like they used to."

IN THE MARKET:

A Scientist Cleans Up

To the average investor, the rough-and-tumble commodities market is something best left to the pros. Its jumble of spot and future prices—turning on weather news, crop reports, and international crises—is just too difficult to keep up with. But lean, sharp-featured Douglas Steen, a 34-year-old physicist-turned-trader, has managed to build

scientific detachment and youthful exuberance has propelled him into the field of high finance by the most circuitous of routes. As a youngster, Steen applied his slide rule to horse racing, only to give up in disgust. Later, he pursued two careers. By day, he was a \$7,400-a-year mathematical physicist for the Northrop Corp. in Hawthorne, Calif. By night and on weekends, he played contract bridge—well enough to become national champion and a member of the U.S. world championship bridge team.

By 1953, Steen was also dabbling in the commodities market, and at the end of that year his dabbling had begun to pay off. "I caught a bull market in cocoa and coffee and ran \$6,000 to \$20,000," he recalls. A few months later, he gave up bridge, quit his job at Northrop, and

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turned all his energy to making money.

Today, Steen's trading—for himself and 40 associates—sometimes runs to \$2 million a day. He's such a good customer, in fact, that when he moved to Seattle early this year (to escape the Los Angeles smog and California's state income tax), Bache & Co. transferred a broker and margin clerk with him.

Despite his scientific approach, Steen is the first to admit that nothing can completely master trading in commodities. "Trading is a probability science," he contends. "What I try to do is get the odds as heavily in my favor as possible."

RAILROAD MERGERS:

Pennsy's Talking, Too

President Alfred E. Perlman of the New York Central overcame an acute case of lingual paralysis last week and admitted publicly what had been known in railroad circles for weeks. He is, he confessed after finally emerging from a "no comment" silence, discussing merger possibilities with the Baltimore & Ohio and the Chesapeake & Ohio (Newsweek, May 30). The B&O and C&O already have taken initial steps toward consolidation. Such a three-road complex would be twice the size of today's largest line—the Pennsylvania—with 25,000 miles of track, assets of \$4.2 billion, and annual operating revenues of \$1.5 billion.

Another possibility, Perlman noted, was a resumption of merger talks with the Pennsylvania, which, he pointed out, is expanding and fortifying its No. 1 position through consolidations among its subsidiaries. But the logical choice, president Perlman indicated, would be for the Central to "serve as the base of another system, competitive with that of the Pennsylvania."

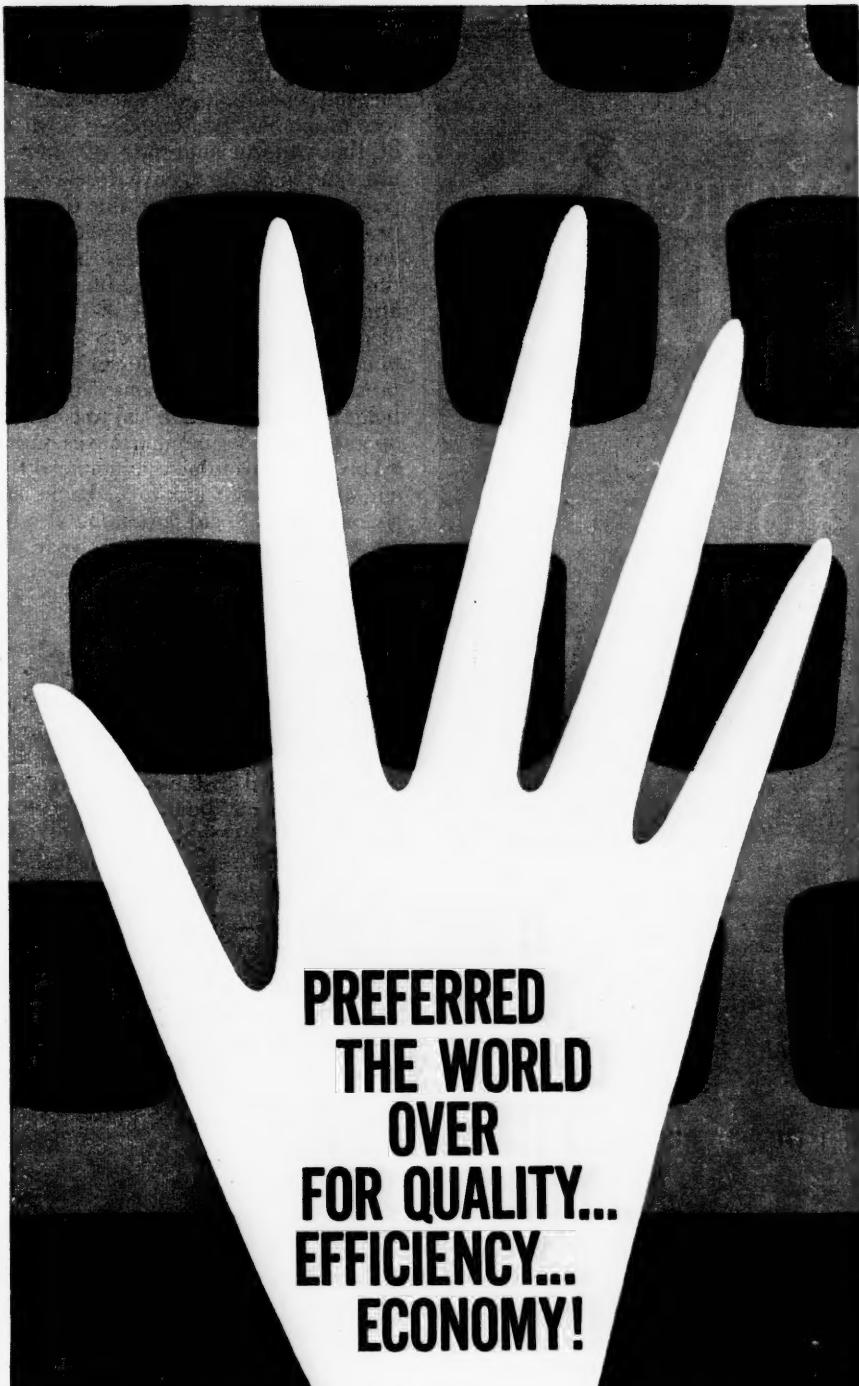
There won't be any third competitor. The merger trend, Perlman said, "militates against the establishment of more than two balanced competitive systems in the East."

DEALING WITH CUBA:

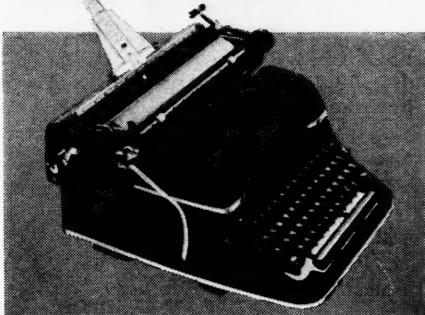
Castro-Oil

With a single action last week, Cuba's Fidel Castro cuddled closer to Russia, slapped U.S. "imperialistic" capitalism, and pinched a troublesome Latin American adversary, Venezuela. Henceforth, Castro decreed, Cuba's largely foreign-owned petroleum industry—Standard Oil of New Jersey, Texaco, Royal Dutch-Shell—must process 6.7 million barrels annually of Russian crude, a quarter of Cuba's yearly needs. Until now, most oil refined in Cuba has come from Venezuela, where the government strongly opposes Castro's dictatorial leanings.

While it was still too early to say def-



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BUSINESS

initely, the decree might well make Cuban oil operations of the foreign firms less profitable. Reason: They own most of the Venezuelan crude oil they now use, and may now have to pay higher prices for supplies. But the three firms probably will go along with Castro's orders. Not only is there the constant threat of nationalization, but the three firms have an estimated \$60 million in blocked dollars on deposit in the National Bank of Cuba. Jersey Standard's president M.J. Rathbone told stockholders: "Our intention [is] to continue to operate there as circumstances permit."

►The U.S. Government announced it will cut off economic aid to Cuba in about six months. U.S. aid is running at a modest \$150,000 to \$200,000 a year.

PEOPLE:

Trouble in 'Paradise'

An ultramodern cliffhouse high over the Sunset Strip—a house complete with swimming pool in the living room, lights that responded to the spoken commands of "on" and "off," and silver faucets that poured forth Scotch, bourbon, gin, vodka, and champagne—a house, in short, for a prince, or Hollywood's nearest equivalent, a bachelor-about-town millionaire.

And so it was—and so he was.

The man of the house is Hal B. Hayes, a successful builder who emerged from the relative obscurity of North Carolina to discover Hollywood—and to have Hollywood discover him—in 1952. In his "Princely" bachelorhood, Hal Hayes was eager to learn the local folkways. In no time at all, he was host at lavish parties in his Hollywood palace. His name was linked romantically with that of Kay Williams Spreckels, now Mrs. Clark Gable; then with Barbara Hutton; then glamorous Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Top Brass: Financially, Hayes did even better. His specialty was building housing for military personnel and their families, so he invited top military men to his parties, and they came to meet his fascinating friends. Business increased proportionately, and Hayes, by now a full-fledged publicity-minded playboy, began to bill himself as "the world's largest builder." By last February, he could boast more than \$118 million in government contracts. As late as last month, he was still deep in negotiations for construction work at new missile bases in Italy, France, and Pakistan.

Last week, with Hayes

mysteriously missing from his office, his domain in a turmoil, subcontractors complained they hadn't been paid for as long as three months. Work tapered off or stopped completely at seven of his government projects in this country. A Texas judge demanded a Federal investigation. Hayes' bonding company, the Continental Casualty Co. of Chicago, demanded an audit of his books. The Los Angeles district attorney's office said it learned that Hayes had reportedly transferred \$1.9 million from his New York account to a Paris bank, and hurriedly opened its own inquiry.

At the height of the furor, the 48-year-old Hayes flew back to Los Angeles from Mexico City. At a night-club press conference with a lissome blonde at his side, he denied he had been hiding and announced he had just written \$40 million in checks to cover all his bills. He also filed a \$4.1 million damage suit against two Continental officials, charging that they had duped him into making bids too low to allow him to make a profit. But later at his "House of Tomorrow," he wailed: "I'm ruined ... I'm dead ... I don't know how I got involved in this."

At the weekend, the Defense Department and batteries of investigators, lawyers, and auditors were still trying to find out how true this was.

FOR SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS—a look at the boom-or-bust financing of Broadway shows—along with other business news and Henry Hazlitt's **BUSINESS TIDES**, see pages 96 to 105.



Associated Press
Builder Hayes: The partying's over



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There's No Business Like Show Business . . .

Is Broadway a flop?

The latest box-office figures from New York's theater district show it is—by any normal investment standard. But there are more fiscal imponderables in the theater than a cost accountant would dream.

General Editor Sandford Brown swings this week's SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS on the risks and profits in the theatrical plunge.

The scene: An apartment high over New York's Central Park, East Side or West, grand piano dominant. The cast: A Broadway producer serving up highballs, his wife serving up espresso with nervous, birdlike motions, a composer, a brace of actors (clutching scripts), and about two-dozen speculators intent on the spiel. The producer is speaking:

"I think you can see 'South Dakota' will be a topical musical with a real message for everyone. Throw in two top Hollywood names, the all-girl band for comic relief, and choreography like the Stampede number and you've got all the ingredients of a smash. I don't have a doubt in the world about it, myself." (The composer, humming his own stuff, nods fervent agreement.)

In such manner, several hundred sophisticated Americans are lured each year to sink anything from \$250 to \$50,000 or more apiece into the brightest, wackiest corner of the investment world—the business of Broadway production. In fact, only a hard-pressed producer with a dubious property need ordinarily resort to such "backers' auditions," sketching out show-stopping scenes to raise the money that will pay for the scenery. A routine letter or even a rumor can bring angels flocking to any top producer's door. Like stock-market players, their goal is profit. But what is simple covetousness at Merrill Lynch can be intoxication at the Morosco. Only theater buffs know the joy of a market steeped in culture and stars, where things either boom or crash but almost never do anything in between.

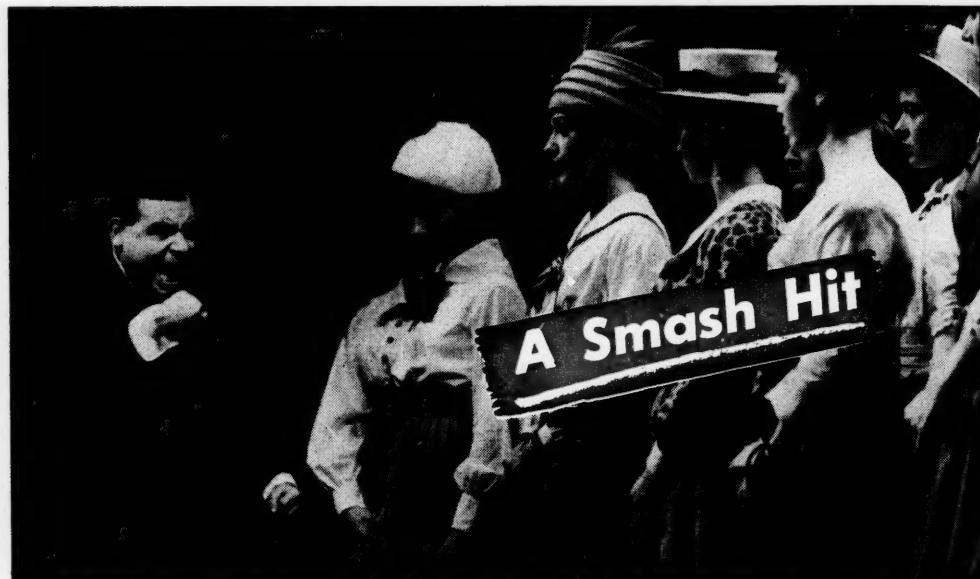
Partial Poverty: Yet even the most stage-struck investor might be chilled by some doleful figures released last week by the League of New York Theaters. Understandably anxious to dramatize its financial troubles in the face of some stiff wage and pension demands by the Actors Equity union, the league (representing producers and owners of Broadway's 32 legitimate theaters) totted up results for the 1959-60 season and reported that 49 of the 62 plays have been "total or partial failures." The 49 flops, including nine plays that were

headed for Broadway but failed on the road, fell short by some \$3.4 million of refunding the \$9.7 million their backers had sunk in them.* The thirteen hits have returned only \$244,000 in profits.

Profits still to come on hits like the Rodgers & Hammerstein-Mary Martin "The Sound of Music" and Lillian Hellman's "Toys in the Attic" that have yet to reach the break-even point will

Fred Coe ("The Miracle Worker," "Two for the Seesaw") they are. Broadway's "Fabulous Invalid," says Coe, is really a "terrible invalid" crippled by inefficiency and swollen costs that put producers and investors in an increasingly thorny dilemma. A play must succeed in a big way if it is to succeed at all, but is likely to flop hard when it flops.

"The time is gone when a hit would pay off at 20 or 30 to 1 and start paying off in a few weeks," says Coe. "The 'Miracle Worker' has been running at standing-room-only since it opened in October, and it still hasn't earned anything." One reason: The sizable (\$150,000) production cost. Another: Fierce competition for space forced Coe to settle for a theater too small to hold



'Fiorello!', one of the season's liveliest shows, has already cleared \$50,000 . . .

probably add \$2 million or \$3 million to the credit side. But the handwriting on the cardboard wall is clear: Broadway is solidly in the red after one of the most disastrous seasons in its history.

On top of all this is the bitter dispute between the theater league and Actors Equity, which may close down all of the houses this week (and last week already had begun to cut sharply into advance ticket sales). As a place to invest money, in short, Broadway seemed to have all the appeal of a brokerage house under suspension by the SEC.

Are things really that bad at the nation's most glamorous box office?

To many theater men like producer

his potential business, even as flop shows played to empty, cavernous halls.

Yet Coe, with a big hit running, was front row center compared to some other producers this season. Backers of the musical "Saratoga" laid out a wallop \$400,000 for their big, heavily advertised show before the first curtain—and got back only \$10,000 of this before dwindling audiences forced the show to close. "The Girls Against the Boys," another \$400,000 blockbuster-turned-dud, ran for only sixteen performances.

Fancy Footwork: Despite all this, Actors Equity president Ralph Bellamy maintains that "the capital risk [of investing in Broadway] hasn't changed since its inception." It is "miscalculation, poor judgment, and inefficient management" by impresarios and not any basic financial malaise that is causing the trouble, says Bellamy, in arguing that pro-

*Even the titles of some of the season's flops seemed calculated to rub salt in backers' wounds. Examples: "Duel of Angels" (\$100,000 invested, \$75,000 lost), "Beg, Borrow or Steal" (\$280,000 invested, \$280,000 lost), "Golden Fleecing" (\$125,000 invested, \$12,000 lost).

... For the Investor Willing to Go for Broke

ducers can well afford Equity's demand for boosting actors' minimum pay (from \$103.50 to \$120) and for putting up 1/2 per cent of the gross for an actors' pension fund.

The truth, in fact, seems to lie somewhere between the producers' tragic scenario of a comatose business and Bellamy's rosy view.

There is little doubt that the investment risks have multiplied, if only because the costs have risen so horrendously. Producer Kermit Bloomgarden ("The Music Man," "Toys in the Attic") notes that the 1935 production of "The Children's Hour," one of the first plays he worked on, cost \$6,000 to stage and made money with a weekly gross of \$5,000. When he revived the same play

cent—mainly because they put up most of the money but collected only half the returns. (Some other statistics from TI: 77 of the 277 shows made a profit; the average hit made back 236 per cent of its investment and the average flop lost 93 per cent of its backers' money.)

The half-dozen theater owners (or firms) who control the Broadway houses run their own special risks. From their standard 27 per cent share of a play's gross, they must pay expenses and have enough left over to carry them through months when the theater is dark.

Block of Tickets: It has been 30 years since the last new legitimate theater was built on Broadway, simply because theater owners claim they can't afford to build. President Louis Lotito of

ence, costs and prices are not the essential elements in Broadway's investment potential. The theater's stock in trade is art, and the connection between artistry and profits is a mystical area immune to commercial evaluation. Paradoxically, it is this very unpredictability—in addition to the fact that real quality is usually rewarded—that makes the theater a reasonable speculation as well as an exciting one.

"If there were a way to judge the 'commercial' quality of a production in advance it would be the death of the theater," says producer Arnold Saint Subber ("The Tenth Man"), a quiet, ascetic-looking man who deliberately tries to "steer away from the obvious" in picking scripts, directors, and casts. "If a producer tried to cater to the so-called public taste, he would end up by driving the public away. It's his job to lead the public into something more exciting than they can possibly conceive of."

Run-through: For his part, Saint Subber feels obliged to synthesize a show in his mind's eye. "I'll walk down the street with a script, staging it in my imagination, casting it in my imagination, and yanking down the curtain in my imagination, and say to myself 'it stinks.'" Producer Bloomgarden, a onetime accountant who has been immersed in the theater so long that he "couldn't add a column of figures," sees his main job as "bolstering" the judgment of his director, his author, or his choreographer to promote feelings of artistic security. Both men agree that raising money and other mundane financial chores are the least important part of a producer's job.

The producer, in fact, is the man who makes the first mistakes (i.e., hires the wrong people) that lead to a flop, and there are Broadway analysts who insist that they can forecast the outlook for a show by sizing up the producer's hit-vs-flop batting average (see box, page 98). Yet statistical "probability" breakdowns gloss over a vital fact: The very tastes that enable a producer to put together a hit may impel him to concoct a turkey on the next try. Bloomgarden, for example, scored solid hits with the first four plays he produced (including "Death of a Salesman"), then went through a six-year stretch with nothing but flops (sample: "Woman Bites Dog"). "I had to borrow money to support my family, and my wife was urging me to get into some other line," says Bloomgarden who has hung on to pro-



... but 'Saratoga,' despite top stars and flashy production, dropped \$390,000

In 1952, Bloomgarden recalls, the nut was \$50,000 and he needed a \$16,000 weekly gross just to break even. And the spiral of Broadway inflation seems to be accelerating year by year. Where he spent \$300,000 to open "Music Man" only two seasons ago, Bloomgarden estimates, he would need \$400,000 now because of higher costs of scenery, costumes, advertising, actors' and stagehands' salaries, and virtually everything else in the production.

Hardest hit by the rising costs and the lengthening odds against profits are the angels, who normally sign on as limited partners for a 50-50 split of profits with the producer. A survey of the 277 shows opened in the past five seasons, made by Theatrical Investor, Inc., an investment advisory service, shows that while Broadway lost an over-all 8 per cent on its investment, the backers lost 20 per

City Playhouses, Inc., says that it would cost some \$3 million to replace the Martin Beck (one of his chain's six houses); amortization would add some \$5,000 a week to costs, requiring almost a full house every night to break even.

One possible answer: Construction of theater "complexes," including several theater units under one roof with movable partitions, seats, and stages. Owners could take space from a weak show to cut operating costs, add it to the sellout hit in the next unit to boost the gross.

If rising costs are an irresistible force, theater men claim, the price of tickets is looking more and more like an immovable object. "We're feeling a lot of resistance to \$9.90 prices for orchestra seats at a musical or \$5.50 for seats in the second balcony," says Lotito, "and you can't blame the people."

But however compelling their influ-

BUSINESS

duce "Most Happy Fella," "Diary of Anne Frank," and other hits.

Sales of movie rights or recording rights can help ease the financial strain. The twelve lady salesmen of the Association of Theater Benefit Agents, known collectively as the "Golden Dozen" have peddled some \$7 million this season in block sales for benefit theater parties and the like, probably kept several lukewarm shows running beyond their time (e.g., "Saratoga," with 116 parties).

But the play and playgoers' opinions that spread as if by jungle drum—is still the thing. There is no escape from the maddening suspense of waiting for the opening-night reviews, from the critical period after a week's run when the pattern of ticket sales begins to point up or down, nor from the wild surprises.

Hit or Miss: "We opened 'Death of a Salesman' in Philadelphia on a Friday night," recalls producer Bloomgarden. "It was just a routine tryout. Then, suddenly, our advance sales for the New York opening started shooting up. By Sunday morning, as the word spread, it was like panic in the streets."

The trend toward a hit-or-flop economy on Broadway cannot but heighten the suspense of such moments. And this alone, producers are convinced, is enough to keep investors bucking the odds and coming back for more, from the \$500, "one-time" plungers to the "stables" of well-heeled, veteran angels that every top producer can call his own.

Angels or no, of course, it is a devilish way to make a living. "I used to count on a show paying off to make my money," admits producer Bloomgarden. "Now, I generally take a salary."

EXECUTIVES:**In the Hurley-Burly**

In an effort to beef up Curtiss-Wright's profit potential, Roy T. Hurley, 63, unraveled a string of planned new products ranging from a car that rides on air to a rotating combustion engine and a vertically rising airplane. Last week, the enthusiastic Hurley was still hot in pursuit of new products, but he was no longer doing it at C-W. He abruptly resigned his twin jobs as president and chairman "in order to devote his entire attention to the development of new products." At C-W, the top job of chairman (a new president wasn't picked) went to director T. Roland Berner, 49, a New York lawyer.

Hurley's last year at C-W was a particularly trying one. The Securities and Exchange Commission called him in to explain some gyrations in C-W stock. Twice, the company made new-product announcements which boosted the price of its stock at about the same time it announced a dividend cut and lower

Rating a New Play

Can an investor size up a new play's profit potential the way he might size up a stock or a piece of real estate?

Theatrical Investor, Inc., which publishes a bimonthly advisory letter for angels, believes that he cannot by making artistic judgments but by looking at the record of past hits vs. past flops for the producer, playwright, director, and (to a lesser extent) the stars. TI combines these ingredients into an index, groups new plays according to what the charts show their chances are likely to be. Group 4 plays have an 80 per cent chance of making money, Group 3 plays 70 per cent, Group 2 plays 17 per cent, and Group 1 plays 5 per cent.

While TI's statisticians can be in error (e.g., the flop "Saratoga" was rated Group 4, the hit "Toys in the



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

"Attic" only Group 2), the firm claims that an angel who backed eight of the Group 3 and Group 4 plays open to investment this season would have a 50 per cent net profit to date.

earnings. Hurley had trouble with stockholders, too. After taking a lot of abuse at the annual meeting (NEWSWEEK, May 2), Hurley said: "I'm called a bum and I'm called a genius, but I think I'm somewhere in the middle."

Captive Audience: Board chairman Berner was actually party to bringing Hurley to the company in the first place. A 1935 graduate of Columbia Law School, the stocky, handsome Berner was a little known dissident stockholder in 1948 when he "captured" the C-W annual meeting. Former chairman Guy W. Vaughan, who was an hour and a half late, arrived to find Berner had taken over and refused to yield. Vaughan won out that year, but in 1949 Berner unseated him in a proxy fight and won a place on the board. With other directors, Berner soon brought in Roy Hurley from Ford's manufacturing division.

►McGraw-Edison, the \$283 million

(sales) appliance and electrical equipment manufacturer, promoted executive vice president Alfred Bersted, 61, to president and chief executive, succeeding Max McGraw, 77. McGraw, who had been president of M-E and its predecessor, the McGraw Electric Co. (which he founded), for 60 years, becomes chairman of the executive committee. A short, tough-minded executive who calls himself simply "a manufacturer," Bersted joined the company as a vice president in 1948 when his own family business became a division, moved up to executive vice president in 1957. Bersted doesn't go in much for hobbies. "It's pretty much business with me," he says. ►The Reading (railroad) Co. picked E. Paul Gangewere, 59, to be its new president, succeeding the retiring Joseph A. Fisher, 65. Gangewere, an affable mechanical engineer (Lehigh, 1922), joined the Reading as an apprentice in its locomotive and car shop, worked his way through operations to a vice presidency in 1950.

PRODUCTS:**What's Newest**

While electronic brains probably will never replace executive brains, International Business Machines Corp. last week unveiled a data-processing system that should leave men at the top with a lot fewer decisions to make.

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Berner

Hurley

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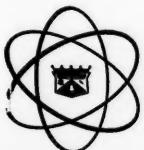
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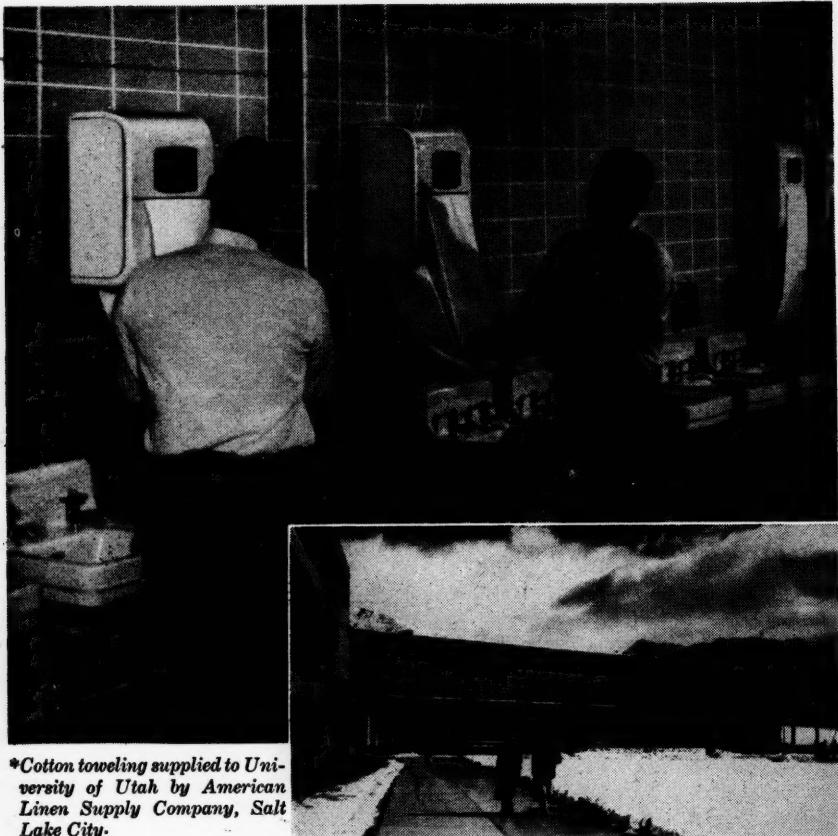
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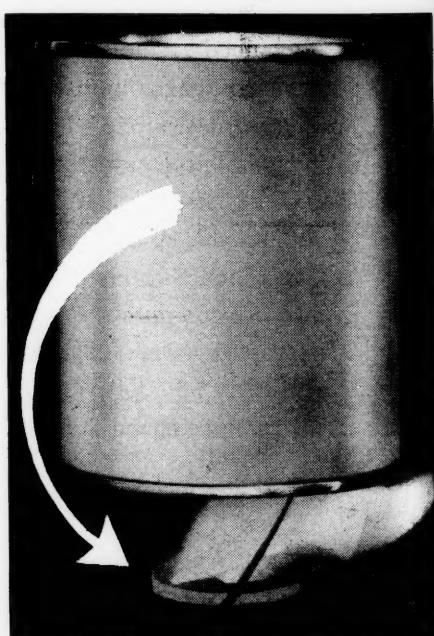
sales predictions and reports how many items to make. This plan is matched against inventories, and out come printed requisitions and orders for any new parts and materials needed.

The computer then works out a production schedule, assigns workers for most efficient plant operation, and, lastly, reviews its performance, reporting to management any deviation from ideal operation. American Bosch, which is currently using MOS on one operation, will realize a 20 per cent saving (\$120,000 a year). IBM will set up MOS programs, which use existing high-speed computers, for \$20,000 to \$30,000.

Other new products:

Bigger Sound: Hi-fi buffs tired of talking about stereo have a new word to bandy about—"reverberation." Philco Corp. is introducing a line of console phonographs containing an electronic device, called the "Reverbaphone," that "makes music recorded in a closet sound as if it is being played in Carnegie Hall." The 1½-pound unit, developed and patented by Hammond Organ Co., electronically generates the "re-echoes or sound reverberations" produced by instruments or singers performing in concert halls. Console prices: \$325 to \$750. Other companies, such as Zenith, also plan to use the Hammond unit.

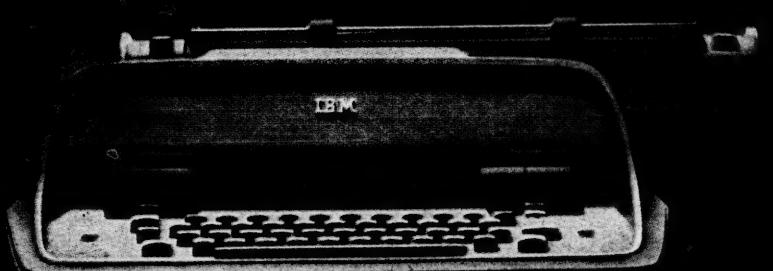
Hobo's Helper: A food can with its own built-in "stove" has been developed by Rockingham Cannery Enterprises of Reidsville, N.C. The can has an extra bottom which holds a heat-generating tablet. This bottom forms a platform which supports the can while the burning tablet heats its contents (see photo). The Heeter-Pak costs about 4½ cents more than conventional cans and will be made available to cannery under license.



Heat 'n' eat: Hot stuff in a can

Newsweek, June 6, 1960

The IBM Electric: Its beauty is just a bonus



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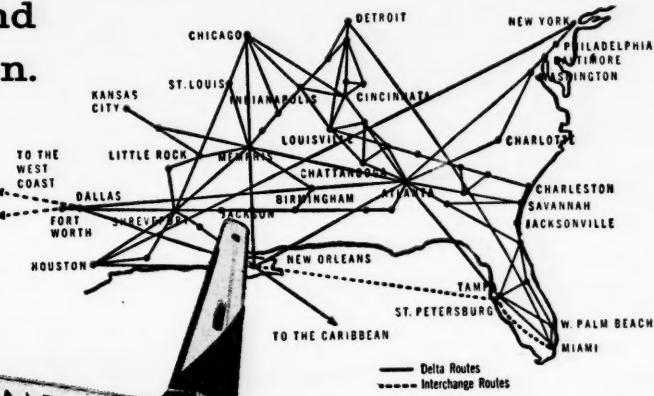


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The fastest, quietest, most luxurious jetliner travel in all the world began in May when Delta's new Convair 880's started serving New York, Atlanta, New Orleans, Dallas and Houston. Now operating both DC-8's and Convair 880's, Delta will provide jet service to 18 U.S. and Caribbean cities by early autumn.

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Growth of What We Owe

by Henry Hazlitt



OUR national debt is \$289 billion. If there were any serious thought of ever paying this off, even in dollars of today's buying power, it would present an appalling problem. If we could pay off an average of \$2 billion every year, without interruption, and never incur another cent of debt, it would still take nearly a century and a half to wipe the slate clean.

Precisely because there is always danger of another war, it is merely common prudence and common sense to reduce the debt in time of peace or even cold war so that our national credit will be strong enough to meet the incalculable borrowing demands of a shooting war. Yet instead of reducing the debt in the fifteen years since the end of World War II, we have increased it, through deficits, by an average of \$2 billion a year, so that it now stands \$30 billion higher. And whenever the President talks of balancing the budget, not to speak of reducing the debt, he is accused of putting dollars and mere bookkeeping ahead of national needs.

HEAVY EVEN FOR US

Why is the debt problem treated so lightly? Probably the most frequent argument is that we are the richest country in the world, and can afford it. But the debt of the United States is one of the heaviest in the world *even in proportion to our total wealth and resources*.

I append below a table comparing the public debt of fifteen leading countries with the latest available figure of their annual tax revenues. The figures for the U.S. are for the current fiscal year. The figures for other countries are from the Statistical Yearbook of the United Nations for 1959. A few are for the 1959 fiscal year, and others earlier. The comparisons are in billions of the respective currencies of each country, except for France, Italy, and Finland, where they are in trillions. The figures in terms of currencies are therefore not comparable as between countries. What is significant and comparable is the percentage of each country's debt to its own annual income from taxes. This I have calculated in the final column.

It will be seen that the U.S. public debt is not only by far the greatest in

absolute terms but one of the heaviest even in relation to revenues.

It should not be assumed that the countries with the heaviest relative national debts are more blameworthy than others. The debts of the three great English-speaking countries are relatively highest not only because they were engaged in a great world war but because they have not reduced their relative debts to the same extent as some others by the swindling device of monetary inflation. But the comparisons do mean that their debt problem is still greater relatively than that of most other countries.

In fact, the relative debt burden of the United States is much greater than these comparisons imply. A year ago Secretary of the Treasury Anderson placed before the Senate Finance Committee a list of the long-range commitments and contingent obligations of the Federal government *in addition to* the direct public debt. This total of contingent obligations alone came to \$316 billion, or more than the direct debt itself. As The Morgan Guaranty Survey for May has pointed out, these contingent obligations are "a massive commitment of the public credit." And in addition even to these \$316 billion contingent obligations, our social-security program already involves a future actuarial liability running into hundreds of billions.

To add lightly to this liability now, by hastily passing a "medical care" bill for the aged, would be an act of reckless folly.

DEBT VS. REVENUES

Nation	Public Debt	Government Revenue	% of Debt to Revenue
United Kingdom (£)	27.5	5.6	490
Canada (\$)	20.2	4.6	438
United States (\$)	288.6	78.6	367
Spain (pesetas)	113.4	37.2	305
Philippines (pesos)	1.9	1.0	190
Turkey (lire)	7.4	4.0	188
France (fr.)	7.0	4.2	169
Switzerland (fr.)	4.7	2.8	168
Portugal (escudos)	11.7	7.1	164
Italy (lire)	5.1	3.1	162
Denmark (kr.)	9.0	5.7	158
Sweden (kr.)	18.4	12.7	144
Norway (kr.)	8.3	5.8	143
Germany (marks)	22.2	31.6	70
Finland (markkae)	.17	.29	59

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The Red Mueller Affair

Let censors accept any tale that is good, and reject any that is bad.

-Plato, The Republic

The misty game of censorship was played under misty rules at NBC last week. To observers, the issue settled down to this: The right of a commentator to express an unpopular opinion vs. the right of a network to pounce on him.

Breezy Merrill (Red) Mueller, a TV-radio commentator in NBC's stable for seventeen years, found himself working on a United Nations TV assignment one day and back on the radio grind the next. Mueller, in an evening summary of a United Nations debate between Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko and United States Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, called Lodge's statements "weak." Mueller also observed: "In sum, Soviet Russia appears to have found some legality, not only to embarrass the United States, but to stress to the United Nations that if international law is to be rewritten here, the U.N., too, could fade out ingloriously."

Routine: Mueller's "instant-analysis" drew quick, emphatic complaints. The network immediately replaced the 44-year-old commentator, an ex-war correspondent, with calm-mannered Frank Bourgholtzer. Mueller's reassignment was described by an NBC official, however, as "just an internal matter," but some staffers wondered out loud.

Mueller went into a kind of unofficial hiding, keeping himself safely unavailable for any comment on how he felt.

One other NBC commentator, fair-haired Frank McGee, also was involved to a lesser extent in the hassle. The soft-spoken McGee, who referred to the U.S. position as "awkward," was the target of a scattering of complaints, but the network left him on the job. Jack Gould, the outspoken New York Times TV critic, best summed up the whole mess by pointing out: "It is foolhardy for a network to attempt a summation of an international controversy in 60 seconds."

Out of Bedlam, This . . .

Prickly with a five-day beard, director Sidney Lumet kept popping frantically out of the TV control booth like a piece of hot toast. "There goes ugly Sidney again," remarked writer Reginald Rose, as bespectacled Lumet, in a loose white polo shirt and chino slacks, scurried past toward a group of actors.

On the 16,000 square feet of the huge Brooklyn studio, a kind of exquisite bedlam reigned. Thirty-four sets had been stacked against each other and were peeled off as they were needed. Sports-shirted crewmen chomped on gum and

dragged thick cables along the concrete floor while cameras snaked into position. Scores of actors—masquerading as cops, convicts, and celluloid-collared citizens of the 1920s—spilled out into an adjoining hallway.

The occasion for all the hubbub was the last day of taping for "The Sacco-Vanzetti Story," NBC's two-part, \$250,000 dramatization of the famous trial and execution of two Italian anarchists who were accused of a holdup-murder in South Braintree, Mass., in 1920. Shoemaker Nicola Sacco is played by rugged Martin Balsam; fish-peddler Bartolomeo Vanzetti by lanky, cigar-smoking Steve Hill. The first one-hour installment of the controversial case—which raised fierce arguments all over the world—will be seen this Friday, and the concluding hour on June 10.

Taboos: "We made a big attempt to be neutral, but it's impossible. You can't help but be sympathetic," said scriptwriter Rose ("Twelve Angry Men," "Tragedy in a Temporary Town"). Rose, like Lumet, executive producer Robert Alan Aurthur, and producer Alex March, sported a five-day beard, the result of a mutual pact made when the taping began. "We've worked under no taboos—for instance we used the word 'bastard' among others," continued Rose, "and we

haven't heard a word from the sponsor [Purex] or network since we began."

Rose and the other creative personnel assigned to the show have been poring over research material since last January, wrestling with the complete trial records and interviewing newsmen and lawyers who were involved in the case. Set designer Jan Scott journeyed to Massachusetts and filmed the actual murder scene, the courtroom and jail, and visited the Harvard Law library, which holds the nation's largest collection of Sacco-and-Vanzetti material. Costumer Noel Taylor scoured theatrical warehouses and secondhand shops for such items as 110 suits of the 1920s, 30 stickpins, and 30 vintage police badges. To NBC casting supervisor Edith Hamlin fell the task of choosing 175 actors, many of whom had to resemble their real-life counterparts. "To the best of my knowledge, it's the largest cast ever assembled for a TV show," says Miss Hamlin. One problem: Finding an actor who could work the gearshift of a 1920 Buick touring car for a fast-getaway scene.

While Lumet continued to drive his actors and crew, executive producer Aurthur sneaked out to the hallway for a smoke. "It's the best show I've ever seen," he said flatly. "Do I think we'll get kicks? Sure, but not many. Every



Hill as Vanzetti, Balsam as Sacco: Kicks are expected

line of this story can be documented." As on all the days of taping, the work ran on until 11 p.m. Only one scene remained finally—one set in a funeral parlor which held the shiny, wooden caskets of Sacco and Vanzetti. Fifteen actors were scheduled to file by the caskets, but they were all skittery about stepping on the set. "I took one look at it on-camera," said Lumet of the scene, "and I said: 'It's wrong.' It was so shocking."

Lumet held a hurried conference with Arthur and Rose, and they decided to scrap the scene. When the announcement was made, everyone on the set broke out into a cheer. In the old scene's place, a new segment was substituted in which an Albert Einstein quotation was read on-camera: "Democracy is only as good as the people who administer it . . ."

Shortly after the shooting was over, about 25 members of the show adjourned to a nearby bar and celebrated. The next day, Lumet, Rose, Arthur, and March celebrated too—by shaving off their beards.

Ticklish Moments

Television newscasts, which tend to weight-of-the-world dullness, may be lightened if the idea of one film editor catches hold. William Kling, supervisor of shooting and editing at CBS in New York, announced plans last week for an enterprise, Stand-By Humor Film Clips, which will supply timeless snappers to all 517 U.S. TV stations, for use as leaven in local commercial news shows. Kling, 38, is offering batches of ten clips—mostly old newsreel shots—at \$100 to \$150 a batch, with Peter Roberts of NBC's "Monitor" providing the commentary. Last week, Kling got his first nibbles from stations in Tulsa and Miami. Herewith, a sampling of Kling's fifteen-second to one-minute ticklers—or dampeners, depending upon your sense of humor:

► Scene: A flea circus. Action: Fleas which have been moving miniature cars and bikes suddenly take off. The audience is shown scratching. Spoken caption: "The audience was tickled silly."

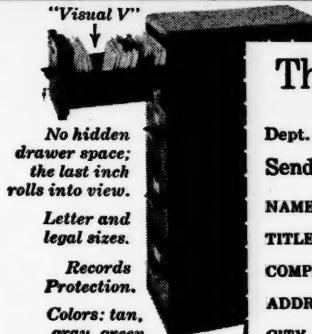
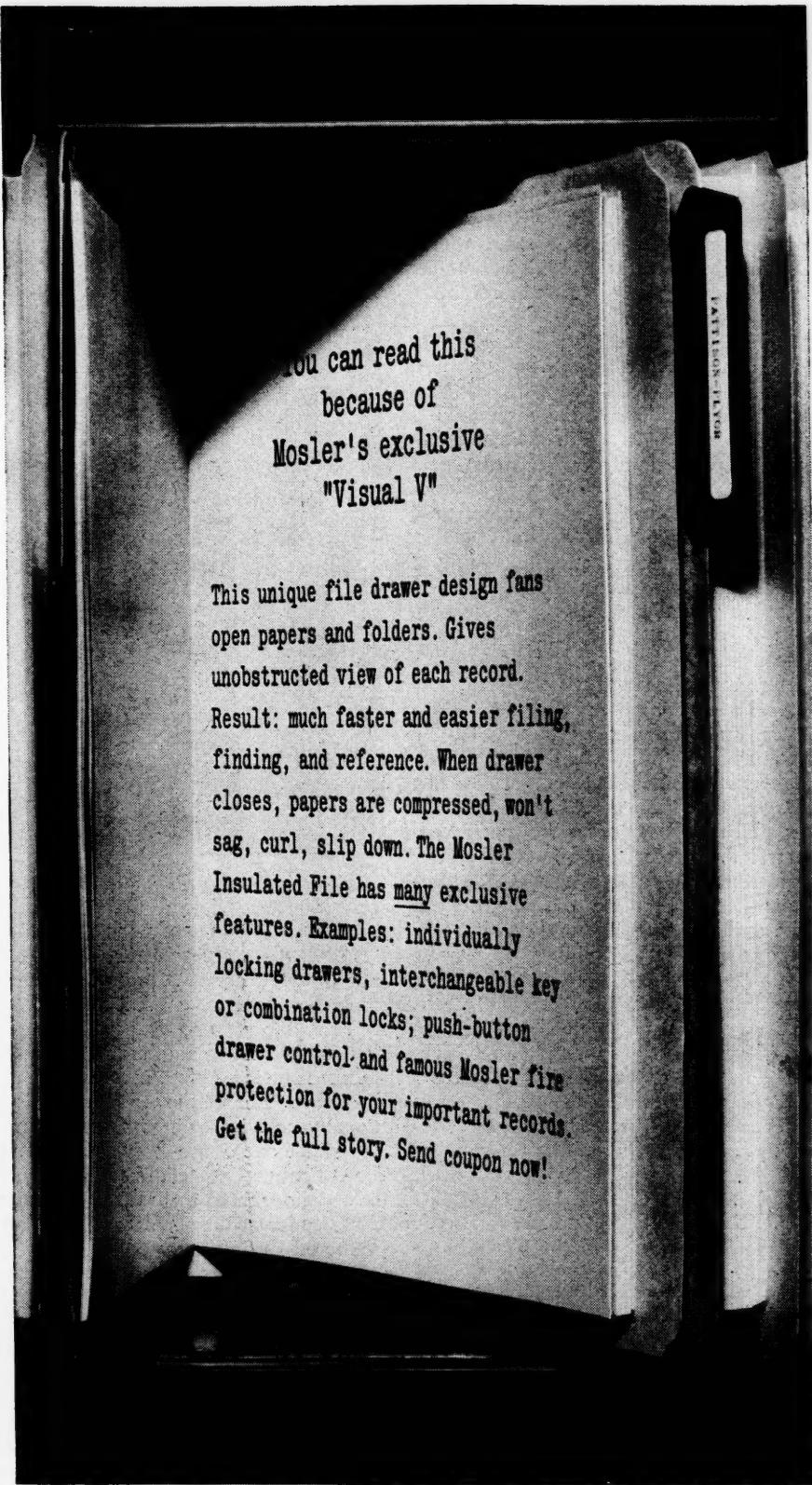
► Scene: A group of tots boxing. Action: The diaper on one starts to slip. Spoken caption: "The judge agreed unanimously he was the very end."

► Scene: Automobile on roadway. Action: Auto drives into a river. Spoken caption: "When crossing bodies of water, try the bridge. It won't flood the carburetor."

► Scene: Man with wings trying to fly. Action: He lands in water and wades out. Spoken caption: "This is the kind of thing that makes pigeons wonder about people."

The clips are designed not only to tickle the viewer, said Kling last week, but to put him "in a good frame of mind for a lead-in to the closing commercial."

Or bed.



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'Twaddle'-And Tart

What's wrong with American education? Just about every one of the 2,500 PTA members in Philadelphia last week for the annual meeting of the National Congress of Parents and Teachers had an opinion. Among the more noteworthy scapegoats:

►Parents who watch TV. According to Mrs. James C. Parker of Grand Rapids, Mich., president of the PTA, parents who "twiddle the TV dial for twaddle" while their children are doing homework are being unfair and have no right to expect "the young to labor at arduous learning." Automation, she pointed out, is reducing the adult workday to six hours, while the "fantastic burgeoning of knowledge" is pushing a child's workday to the nine-hour mark. Her solution to this "perplexing paradox": More civic responsibilities for adults, so they set a better example for their offspring.

►Local school boards. In a highly controversial speech which met with audible gasps from the PTA delegates, Harry D. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, charged that "the greatest weakness in our educational system is too much local control . . . More than one-third of our high schools don't teach a foreign language—let alone math and science," he said, and it seems "a sacred right in this country for a school board to go out and hire a winning basketball coach rather than a mathematics teacher." Dr. Gideonse called for greater Federal control of education, pointing out that while the Federal government has always pushed agricultural schools, "we can never find this same concern for the education . . . of the city youth."

Plain Talking About Sex

"I don't sugar-coat anything, I'm blunt about it. I sincerely value sex in the life of our society."

This is the forthright approach of Dr. James A. Peterson, a former Congregational pastor who last week was winding up his tenth year teaching a course in "Education for Marriage" at the Los Angeles campus of the University of Southern California. Of the 1,000 marriage courses now being given to 100,000 U.S. college students, Peterson's course is regarded as one of the best—and one of the most outspoken.

At a typical session last week, tanned boys and girls in ultracausal garb crowded into the lecture room and listened intently as the slight, handsome Peterson, a forceful speaker of considerable personal charm, discussed in intimate detail the biological and psychological aspects of sexual intercourse and the response patterns and areas in both men and women. "One married couple



'In college, almost all students are looking forward to marriage, yet they run into the sexual tensions of courtship. This is the teachable moment to do a great deal of good.'—Dr. James Peterson (see story)



came to me who were almost breaking up because she felt he was not responding," Dr. Peterson explained at one point. "He, on the other hand, thought he was not pleasing her . . . I told him the girl must be loved longer . . ."

Predictably enough, the subject, Peterson's frank handling of it, and the fact that he is a TV personality (his daily program, "For Better or Worse," is nationally televised on CBS) have made his course one of the most popular on the USC campus—especially among the co-eds, who make up four-fifths of the 200 students taking his classes. More sheltered during early adolescence, girls are more anxious to "take a course in sex" and at USC sorority hen parties actively push Peterson's classes.

No Dirt: If Peterson is blunt and practical in his course, he is also careful of the sensibilities of young students. "He doesn't talk about sex from the dirty point of view the way you hear it from the kids," petite, blond Judy Anderson, a 19-year-old sophomore, said. "Sometimes I refer my dates to the course."

While the overwhelming number of his students are Peterson partisans, there are a few dissenters. "He makes everything too psycho," pretty freshman Jackie Winn complained. "Why, my sister nearly broke up with the boy she was engaged to when she took the course!"

"The only reason I am taking the course is because I'm engaged to her," said a crew-cut junior, Jim Short, pointing toward the young co-ed taking notes beside him. "If she's gonna learn all

that baloney, I'd better be up on it, too."

How do his superiors feel about his frank approach to sex? Peterson's boss, Dr. Edward McDonagh, head of the USC Sociology Department, endorses it, and adds: "Some of us would like to have Peterson's glamour ourselves. His skill as a television personality feeds back to the classroom, making him an excellent teacher."

For Money and Ideas

Since World War II, Massachusetts Institute of Technology has been upgrading its liberal-arts offerings on the theory that a scientist or engineer needs a firm footing in both science and the humanities. On both fronts, MIT last week took two important steps:

►It announced a whopping \$66 million fund drive, which will be used to help "the U.S. stay in the forefront of science and technology." The fund (\$26 million already has been pledged) will go for new buildings, improvements in the curriculums, scholarships, and endowed professorships. Biggest item: \$24.5 million for five new interdepartmental graduate centers.

►Aldous Huxley, the British-born novelist ("Brave New World," "Point Counter Point"), will be Visiting Professor of Humanities for the fall semester, MIT said. One of Huxley's main jobs at MIT will be to conduct his department's portion of the senior seminar in the combined study program in the humanities, science and engineering.

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We Know Him Well . . .

"You know," the bartender confided, "old Maxfield Parrish painted this mural back in 1909, but people still come in here and stare up at it for hours trying to count all the faces. There's supposed to be 27, including the Pied Piper himself, but after the third Martini it usually seems like a lot more. Yes, sir, that's quite a painting. I'll bet nobody has painted a sky that blue since Parrish's day."

This off-the-mahogany lecture was delivered one day last week in the Pied Piper Bar of San Francisco's elegant Sheraton-Palace Hotel. And, as occasionally happens, the bartender was wrong. Pictures are being painted with skies just as blue as Maxfield Parrish used to make them. In fact, Parrish himself is painting them. Although he has long since been forgotten by most of the art world, the 89-year-old Parrish, once the best-known artist in America, still turns out a yearly calendar illustration, drives his own late-model Cadillac, and putters around the elaborately equipped machine shop in the basement of his studio atop a rocky hillside in Plainfield, N.H. (population: 1,140).

Prize Project: "Oh yes, I still keep pretty busy," the white-haired, blue-eyed artist remarked to NEWSWEEK'S Mel Elfin recently, as he relaxed in a large armchair in the high-ceilinged living room of his studio. "The hired man died last year and up here if you don't do it yourself, it just doesn't get done." The room was filled with dozens of items that the nimble-fingered Parrish has fashioned in his workshop—a grandfather clock, paneling for the walls, and his prize do-it-yourself project: An elevator that brings cordwood from the basement up to the living-room fireplace.

"I see you're looking at my light fix-

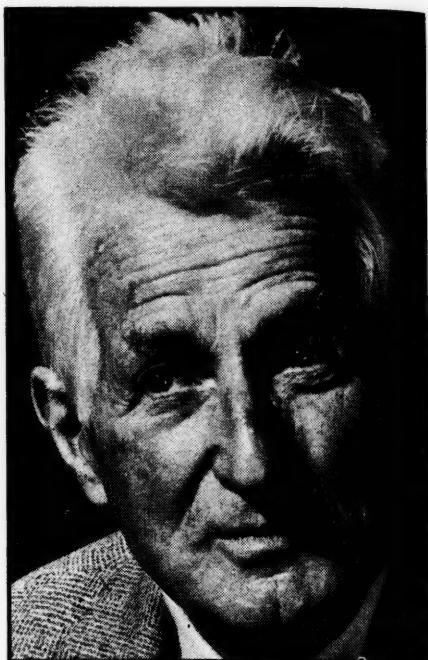
tures," Parrish said, pointing to a pair of buff and Chinese-red tubes hanging from the ceiling. "They're from my Irish renaissance period and are almost bad enough to be modernistic," he added with a sly twinkle.

Elsewhere in the room there were several dozen examples of the sort of illustrations that made Maxfield Parrish the nation's highest paid artist in the 1920s and '30s. His moody landscapes (almost always crowned by a pool of ever-deepening blue sky), magazine covers (the old *Life*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*), advertising illustrations (light bulbs, tires, bicycles), and nursery-book illustrations ("Wynken, Blynken, and Nod") found their way into virtually every home in the country.

Saloon Artist: But Parrish, who once described himself as a "mechanic who paints," was probably most celebrated for his saloon murals. Besides the Pied Piper in San Francisco, Parrish painted "Sing a Song of Sixpence" for the Hotel Sherman in Chicago and the world-famous "Old King Cole," which first gave its name to a bar in the old Hotel Knickerbocker in Times Square and more recently to a room in the St. Regis Hotel on Fifth Avenue in New York. Parrish was supposed to have been paid \$50,000, an extraordinary sum in those days, for the King Cole mural.

Even today Parrish earns a comfortable living from his art. The Brown & Bigelow Co. of St. Paul, which has bought a calendar illustration from him annually since 1934, says that in the past decade alone, it has sold more than 700,000 Parrish calendars. In a good year, the calendars bring in a "five-figure" income for Parrish. Clair Fry, art director for Brown & Bigelow, explains his continuing success this way:

"Parrish uses only three or four basic colors, getting the different tones he



Aubrey P. Janion

Parrish: Still busy at 89

wants by glazing one upon the other. First, everything is painted in blue, then comes the yellow, which gives him the greens. The yellows are also the basis for the browns and oranges. After these dry, he paints over with a transparent red, which makes lavenders and oranges. This is how he gets those dreamy blues, hazy purples, and sun-flecked golds. The over-all impression when you view a Parrish picture is that you're looking into and through the paintings, not just at it."

A widower for the past eight years, Parrish, who will be 90 on July 25, is tended by his housekeeper, Susan Lewin, who has served him for 50 years. During the summer, his four children and seven grandchildren come to visit, moving into the house next door. Otherwise,



Memories: Celebrated Old King Cole, now in New York's fashionable St. Regis Hotel, was painted by Parrish . . .

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he is pretty much alone. His only serious problem these days: A spell of rheumatism (he calls it "the Egyptian plague") which makes it difficult for him to hold a paintbrush.

"I don't know; if it doesn't clear up, I might have to sell apples, and I'm not sure how well I'd do here in New Hampshire. But don't you worry, just come back and see me on my 100th birthday and we'll talk about it then."

The Strangest 'Primitive'

The narrow, crowded streets of New York's Greenwich Village were ablaze with color and characters last week. The whole area surrounding Washington Square had given itself over to the annual spring sidewalk art show, and 5 miles of paintings by 700 artists hung on every fence and wall. Among the beards and berets, one artist seemed out of place—a portly, 57-year-old "primitive" painter named Vestie E. Davis, whose colorful and curiously appealing pictures of Coney Island and New York street scenes quickly sold out at his patch of fence on West Fourth Street.

If his blue business suit and down-to-earth manner made Vestie Davis look more like a workaday undertaker or church organist than a Village painter, the reason was understandable: In addition to painting, Davis is a licensed embalmer and plays the organ at church devotions and funerals.

In a tiny attic studio atop his red composition brick house in Brooklyn, Davis champed on his pipe one day last week and discussed his career. "I've been called a romantic primitive although I don't like the name," he mused. "I take scenes of the city, the times we live in, the place we live in. I've been exhibiting at Greenwich Village [Davis pronounces it "Green-witch"] for ten

years, and I've been selling strong."

At the moment, Davis is just finishing up a Coney Island period—some 75 pictures including a New Yorker magazine cover—which represents another facet in his life. For two summers he has doubled as a part-time barker and ticket taker at Coney Island freak shows and joy rides. "I know how to turn the tip [i.e., get the crowd moving under the tent]," he says. "Who'll come up here and sit on the Fat Lady's lap?" you say. "Her husband won't be jealous—and anyway, he only weighs 90 pounds." That usually gets the people moving."

Quadruple Career: Undertaker-organist-barker-artist Davis was born in Baltimore of Welsh and Irish parentage, took organ lessons as a child, and did some drawing. Arriving in New York in 1928 to look for a job, he first worked as a train conductor. Later Davis became an undertaker, working for years as a "trade" or free-lance embalmer, and doubling as a pallbearer-organist.

"One day in 1947," he recalls, "I was walking by an art gallery on 57th Street and noticed an oil painting—a barnyard scene with a girl in a gingham dress. I said to myself: 'Why, I could paint like that.'" Davis marched into a nearby art store, bought the basic equipment, and launched his career.

When a scene strikes his eye, Davis first takes several pictures with a Brownie camera, glues the shots together into a panorama, and paints from the photographs. "I use a magnifying glass to pull out the details," he says.

"Did you ever see a painter's table so neat and clean?" his wife Edna interrupted. "You have to be that way in embalming, so I'm that way in painting, too," explained Davis, matter-of-factly.

Views of Tommy: Davis's first big success at the Village show was a 1951 exhibit of 32 different views of his black cat, Tommy. Later, his street scenes became popular, and in recent years a number of New Yorkers have commissioned Davis to paint their own homes, or their favorite views of the city.

Davis now sells everything he paints—some 40 pictures a year—at prices from \$10 to \$400. "People call up, or they come out to the house. You can't turn them down. It takes me from two to six weeks to paint a picture. I still get calls all the time from churches and funeral homes to play the organ, but I gave up embalming five years ago. Barking gave me plenty of ideas for my pictures, but I'm too busy for that now. I'd like to finish my life just painting."

"I've never been to art school. I don't want to become sophisticated. Once an art teacher came down to look at my paintings on the fence and told me: 'Don't take lessons. They're liable to make an abstract or something out of you.' I paint as I see it, and that's it."



Newsweek—Vytas Valaitis

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June 6, 1960

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MUSIC

Hungry Star-Makers

The heavy-set man in the beret leaned back against the bar, toyed with his mustache, and surveyed the basement bistro deep in San Francisco's North Beach. "I hate the word 'night club,'" he said. "This is a theater. It's for attention listening, not for getting drunk and picking up girls." Impresario Enrico Banducci was describing his conception of the "hungry i," a theater-showroom that has served as a springboard for many of America's rising young talents. Last week's bill at the "i" was a typical one: A Belafonte-style singer named Leon Bibb, a folk-singing group called The Limelighters, and Del Close,



Bill Young

Banducci: 'Here come the intellectuals'

a dead-pan intellectual comedian. "Del Close is another spinner of yarns," explained Banducci, using the term with which he describes the new school of comedians. Foremost of these is Mort Sahl, who got his start at the hungry i. "Sahl's the finest talent I've ever seen," says Banducci. "He's worth \$5,000 a week now—and he was when he first came in. It's just a matter of recognition." Other entertainers who received big boosts to their careers at the "i" include: The Kingston Trio, Shelley Berman, Johnny Mathis, Lenny Bruce, and Mike Nichols and Elaine May.

"I don't think I have a special talent for selecting," says Banducci. "Half of it is San Francisco. It's an ideal town, and I have an ideal place in which to show them." Started in 1951, Banducci's "ideal

place" was "named for 'hungry intellectuals,'" the Bakersfield-born impresario explains. "They came down and ate the smorgasbord at a quarter a plate. Everyone used to say: 'Here come the intellectuals,' so we named it the 'hungry i.'" The original room sat 85 customers at a quarter a head. But success forced Banducci to move to the present location (a block from Chinatown) which seats 300 in camp chairs. "It used to be an opium den," says Banducci, who did most of the remodeling himself. The underground complex now contains, in addition to the showroom, a fine restaurant, a long bar, and an art gallery—all usually jammed.

A while back, Banducci the talent scout signed up an attractive singer named Sue Stanley. Six months ago, they were married, and recently the new Mrs. Banducci remarked: "My agent says this is the best booking I've ever had."

Songs That Soured

*There'll be a hot, hot time in
Lakehurst New Jersey
When the Hindenburg lands
toda-a-ay.*

This rousing ditty is typical of the humor, or something, of a recent album called "Smash Flops" on the Pip label which is rapidly becoming a smash hit in the record industry. Conceived by New York songwriter Dick Sherman and TV gagman Milt Larsen, the collection includes such "might-have-beens" as "Bon Voyage Titanic," "We're Depending on You, General Custer," and "When Amelia Earhart Flies Home."

Officials of some seventeen record companies turned the album down, rejecting the songs as "sick" and the writers as "out of their minds," so Sherman and Larsen and a vocal quartet called

The Characters put it out themselves. After a slow start, the \$4.98 album took off and has sold more than 30,000 copies. Last week, their second Pip album hit record stalls under the heady title "Sing a Song of Sickness."

This second effort, more contrived and showing more signs of strain, includes such tunes as "Watch World War III (on Pay-TV)" and a practical doctor's song "The Richer They Are (the Slower I Cure Them)."

Sherman and Larsen can claim ex-President Harry Truman as one of their fans. When Mr. Truman first heard the "Smash Flops" rendition of "Congratulations, Tom Dewey," he was so delighted, the songwriters maintain, that he called Bess at home immediately and played it for her over the phone.

It's Folksy . . .

When RCA Victor officials in New York want to reach their folk-singing star Jimmie Driftwood on the telephone, they call Colony 9-3270, the phone at the pool hall in Mountain View, Ark. Not that Jimmie is likely to be there in person, but since he won a Grammy from the Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences for writing 1959's song of the year, "The Battle of New Orleans," his neighbors are used to such calls and don't mind driving 15 miles out to Jimmie's house at Timbo, on the edge of the Ozark National Forest, to deliver the message.

In answer to such a summons from NEWSWEEK last week Driftwood hustled into the Mountain View telephone office and drawled that "one of these days they'll run a line out our way." As a matter of fact, he rambled on genially, "we just haven't even had time to get plumbing yet. That's something, isn't it?"

It would have to be the time and not the money which stands between the 42-year-old Driftwood and the modernization of the Ozark home he and his wife built themselves five years ago. For between royalties from his songs (other hits include "Tennessee Stud," "Soldier's Joy," and "Sailor Man") and records like his new album "The Westward Movement," his income has jumped from the \$3,000 he used to get (as principal of the high school at nearby Snowball) to around \$100,000 a year.

Fervent: What has happened to Jimmie Driftwood is symptomatic of the entire popular-music field. Folk musicians have built up a following whose dedication begins to rival that of the most fervent jazz buffs. The new aficionados will haggle over the merits of Earl Scruggs' three-fingered banjo-picking technique as rabidly as jazzmen debate the far-out trumpet playing of Miles Davis. Last year, for example, the Newport Jazz Festival added a two-day, two-performance folk festival the weekend after its big Fourth of July jazz carnival. The folk artists attracted so much attention that this year they will increase their time on the stage at Freebody Park to three performances in three days over the weekend of June 24-26. Indoor folk-music concerts echo the same trend, and it is not unusual to see artists like The Weavers, Theo Bikel, Pete Seeger, and Odetta fill halls with capacities of from 1,000 to 4,000. Furthermore, the bulk of their supporters come from colleges and large urban centers.

One of the most remarkable aspects

...It's Delightful, It's a Craze



RCA Victor

Driftwood: No time for plumbing yet

of the current vogue for folk music is that nowadays it is almost impossible to tell the difference between authentic material composed centuries ago, and that written only yesterday. Driftwood, for example, sings a delicious and beguiling little number in "The Westward Movement" about a cooperative Indian maiden called Mooshatamio who got "hugged and kissed on the Little Buffalo." The words and music are his own, yet the flavor is authentic. "My wife is one-eighth Cherokee," Jimmie explains, "and her grandmother told me the story. It could well have happened the way I wrote it. When I meet the big folklorists—I'm not one myself—I always ask 'Does a folk song have to live all those years to become a folk song, or was "Barbara Allen" a folk song the day it was born?'"

Other recent recorded folk music—some old, some new, some borrowed, and some blue:

► **Folk Festival at Newport, Vols. 1-3.** *Vanguard.* The 23 artists who participated in Newport's inaugural folk fling last year were taped at Freebody Park. In expression, they range from the sweet purity of Jean Ritchie's authentic Kentucky mountain style to the rich throatiness of Alabama-born Odetta, who offers powerful renditions of such oldies as "Joshua Fit de Battle of Jericho" and "Water Boy." Top stars

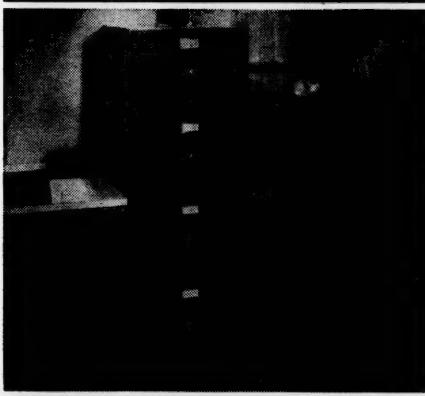
like Pete Seeger and Earl Scruggs are heard as they demonstrate wizardry on the banjo, as well as youthful newcomers like Joan Baez, whose appealing husky soprano won her a return engagement to this season's bash at Newport.

► **Mountain Music Bluegrass Style.** *Folkways.* No less an authority than Alan Lomax has called bluegrass music "the brightest and freshest sound in American popular music today—a sort of Southern mountain Dixieland." As described by Mike Seeger (Pete's younger brother), who provides the highly informative and most amusing notes for this album, the subject matter of bluegrass songs "is most usually unsuccessful love, but also covers home, mother, catastrophes, religion, and almost anything else under the sun." Here such colorfully titled groups as Earl Taylor and the Stoney Mountain Boys and Bob Baker and the Pike County Boys twang away on banjo, fiddle, and guitar

(strings and high-pitched voices are preferred for bluegrass) like men possessed. The Stoney Mountain Boys and Taylor are also featured in a United Artists album called *Alan Lomax Presents Folk Songs From the Bluegrass*. Lomax's description of the Stoney—a group discovered in Baltimore by Mike Seeger—is most appropriate. "They attack every song and every note," he observes, "as if they were a wing of jet fighters on their last mission."

► **The Raunch Hands Pickin' and Singin'.** *Epic.* The zealousness of folk-music purists makes them an ideal target for satirists, and this album is one of the wittiest collections to be heard in a long time. The Raunch Hands (so named by a Harvard classmate) are a sextet who first sang folk songs for fun, and then achieved a considerable following throughout the college circuit in New England by turning on their material with tongue in cheek. Especially funny is "Rollin' Down the Mountain," an Ivy League version of the hillbilly classic. Naturally, it's the Harvard man with his hundred-dollar bills and Cadillac who gets the girl down out of the hills. Regrettably, the Raunch Hands in their button-down red shirts are no longer performing. One has been claimed by the Army, another is at leisure, and the remaining four have scattered in pursuit of graduate studies.

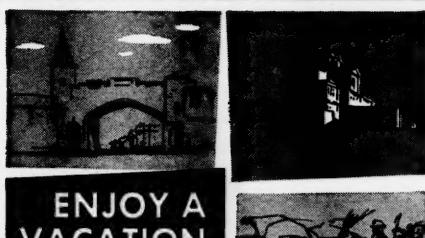
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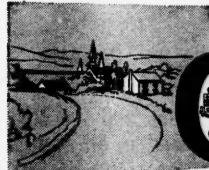
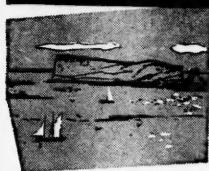
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MOVIES

BEHIND THE SCENES:

The Girl Next Door

On the terrace outside, 5-month-old Georgia Belle Florian Coco Chanel de la Salle dozed in her carriage. Inside, where two huge overhead fans kept the stylishly done New York penthouse pleasantly cool, the baby's actress-model mother, Suzy Parker, took a sip from a midafternoon glass of champagne. "I love movies," she said, leaning back beside a large abstract painting that was tilted against the wall. "That's why I'm so out of place in Hollywood. People out there talk about the 'industry,' and there's no love there. All those people chewing gum and looking off into the distance and thinking about baseball—they're like those lucky parents that don't deserve their children."

Miss Parker, who was on her first visit home since her own child was born last December, had come to New York to learn what plans Twentieth Century-Fox had for her resumption of movie work, and had revealed her own plans to divorce her long-secret husband, French journalist Pierre de la Salle.

"I'm one of the last ten or twenty people who have seven-year contracts, and whenever I want to make a particular movie, they get suspicious and won't let me," she went on cheerfully. "They always put me in serious pictures—because I want to do comedy, you see. 'Kiss Them for Me' was a comedy for everybody except me. I had to cry and go around saying 'Crewson, don't leave me.' When I was assigned to 'Ten North Frederick,' I read about it in The New York Times. That's why I always read The New York Times."

Stork vs. Studio: "They put me on suspension for having the baby, and when I objected they said: 'How can you be mad at us? We even put Jayne Mansfield on suspension.' But Gary Cooper gave me the best advice. I asked him about getting out of my contract and he said 'Are you crazy? There never was a star who wasn't made by being used by a studio.'

"Every time I go to the movies I think: 'Gee, I wish that was me.' I'd like to do every kind of movie. I like to work, and next to work I like to travel, and I don't want to know what I'm doing next."

What was she doing next? Miss Parker was asked. "I'm making 'Destruction Test' in England with Bradford Dillman," she said brightly. "I'm a British intelligence officer. I send my lover off to be captured by the Germans, and when he comes back I say: 'I do hope you're not mad at me.'"

Miss Parker took another sip of champagne and cocked an ear at an almost inaudible cry from Georgia Belle on the terrace. Her visitor started to put a ques-

tion, but he didn't get far. "I'd like to get discovered by an honest-to-God director," Miss Parker said suddenly. "I've always worked with people because we were assigned to the same film. I want somebody who would take me in hand—I want to be putty. Do all actresses say that? You see, the nicest part for an actress or a woman is to be not the controller but the inspiration for a man. No director seems interested in taking me in hand, but it's going to be hard to discourage me."

Cutting It Down to Size: On magazine covers, Suzy Parker is often an icy sophisticate, and in the movies she has generally been cast as a tragically confused urbanite. In person, an almost girl-next-door prettiness pops out in the form of a delighted grin, and she has a fine knack, in stylish clothes and elegant surroundings, for cutting elegance down to size. She was asked about her life in Paris, and whether she would live there after her divorce.

"I've been living off and on in Europe ever since Stevenson wasn't elected,"



Pictorial Parade

Suzy: 'I want to be putty'

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she said. "It was my own private vendetta against the Republican Party. I thought, 'wait till Ike loses all that tax money from me,' but he didn't even notice. I'll never be an expatriate, though. Now that I've got the baby I'd like some grass and an even climate."

"Living in an apartment in New York isn't very glamorous," she went on, looking around her. "It's like taking a bath in soot three times a day."

Where would she live if she could live anywhere? "I'd live in Paris," she said happily, "but I'd have it populated by Americans. The French are so mean—they're the meanest people in the world. When you first get there you think: 'Gee, they don't like me.' But they don't like anybody. They treat their own families with the same amount of scorn as they treat Americans. They're all critics—of each other, of everything."

Georgia Belle suddenly became more audible, and Miss Parker brought her in and began giving her a bottle. "She's French and she's Catholic," the Texas-born mother said, staring at her with a sort of loving curiosity. "How will she ever understand me?"

NEW FILMS:

Way Off Key

THE RAT RACE. Paramount. Produced by William Perlberg and George Seaton. Directed by Robert Mulligan.

This glossy film version of a 1949 Garson Kanin play encloses a very old chestnut in some bright and pretty wrappings, and almost succeeds in concealing its stale contents altogether.

To get to the kernel of the chestnut first, Tony Curtis is a naive young sax player who comes to New York to crash the big time. Debbie Reynolds is an embittered young actress who has failed to crash it and is being evicted from her flat because she's flat broke. Tony gets the place, then learns that Debbie has been hoofing in a dance hall trying literally to foot the bill. He offers to go halvesies with her. Debbie, seeing that he is a right sort, accepts, and after several crises (Tony gets conned out of his sax) they fall in love. That's it.

Jack Oakie and Kay Medford do appealing turns as a kindly bartender and a gaudy, down-at-the-mouth landlady, respectively, but the funniest moment comes from an actor named Norman Fell. Fell plays a slow-witted and unobservant repairman who comes to remove the phone, but is persuaded by the doggedly flirtatious Debbie to leave it alone. His gradual progression from amiability through vague comprehension to preposterously exaggerated lasciviousness is a transformation to remember.

Summing Up: Unroastable chestnut.

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BOOK CLUBS:**Picking the Winner**

One by one, the Book-of-the-Month Club judges wandered into the book-lined, double office of Harry Scherman, chairman of the board and club founder. First to arrive was Gilbert Highet, Columbia University's elegant and urbane classicist. Basil Davenport (translator, critic) appeared next, clad in tweeds and a Yale tie and carrying Highet's recent book "The Powers of Poetry," which Highet obligingly autographed with a special calligraphic pen. "It doesn't improve my calligraphy," Highet observed, "it just makes me conceited."

The talk turned to handwriting, Polish history, Chinese art, and Eskimo methods of reckoning time (which is only accurate back to "the time of my grandfather"). Harry Scherman, 73, gazed paternally at his \$100,000-a-year panel. Outgoing club president Meredith Wood was silent, possibly nostalgic. Incoming president Axel Rosin (Scherman's son-in-law) was also quiet. This was his first meeting—the crucial day of the month when the Book-of-the-Month judges make their eagerly awaited choices for the club's 500,000 members.

Over in another corner of Scherman's office, two other regulars—novelist John Marquand and author-critic Clifton Fadiman—traded civilities. Author John Mason Brown was the only absentee; he had already balloted from London.

Elsewhere, in the offices of publishers and the homes of writers there was sus-

The Big Four

Oldest and most familiar of the book clubs, the prestigious Book-of-the-Month Club is not, however, the largest. The way the memberships of the Big Four stack up:

Reader's Digest Condensed Book Club:	2.5 million
Dollar Book Club:	895,000
Literary Guild:	575,000
Book-of-the-Month:	500,000

pense, hope, tension. The deliberations of the club were about to begin, and for somebody it would mean a guaranteed minimum of \$40,000—split evenly between author and publishing house—on an assured sale of 100,000 to 250,000 copies for the winning book.

Feels: In the 34 years since the Book-of-the-Month Club chose its first winner—Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes" (April 1926)—the monthly conclave has assumed growing importance in the publishing trade. The judges are well aware both of their power and their responsibility. As Gilbert Highet explained: "The remarks that we make may seem snide and capricious, but remember we've all of us thought about these books for a month now, and most of us have pretty much decided how we feel about them."

This month, five books were up for

discussion (the number sometimes goes as high as a dozen). The candidates: "Before You Go" (Random House), Jerome Weidman's new novel; "The Last Temptation of Christ" (Simon and Schuster), by the late Greek novelist Nikos Kazantzakis; "When the Kissing Had to Stop" (Norton), by Constantine Fitzgibbon; "Peaceable Lane" (Simon and Schuster), by Keith Wheeler; and the third volume of Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.'s series about the New Deal, tentatively titled "The Politics of Upheaval" (Houghton Mifflin—both previous volumes were BOMC selections). These five had been carefully sifted from about 300 others by the club's editorial staff of 31 readers.

Two Up: "You are choosing a book for September," Scherman announced quietly, "and we already have two books in reserve, which we can use. So you need not pick any book at all." The reserve choices, definitely approved but not yet given a date were "Portrait of Max," the S.N. Behrman biography of Max Beerbohm, and "The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich," William L. Shirer's study of Adolf Hitler.

Sitting around a long, Formica-topped table, the judges sipped their highballs or apéritifs (Highet took Guinness Stout) and ran down the list of "A" books. The first evoked little discussion, all of it mildly disapproving.

The next was greeted by a chorus of "No's," to which John Mason Brown's cable added a fifth. Nor did the other two novels draw any marked enthusiasm. About one book, Brown's cable from



The Book-of-the-Month Club judges judge: The taste of five for the purses of half a million

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London read, "partly good but more old." Everyone agreed this didn't make sense and must have been scrambled in transmission. Hightet wrote out the word "old" in Morse code, and announced that Brown might have meant "bad."

"So that's what you were doing," said Davenport. "I thought you were working out the scansion."

"The vote is clear," said Scherman. "Brown abstains."

For the Schlesinger book there was immediate acclaim. "Overwhelmingly for it," Brown's cable said.

"But didn't you think there was too much detail?" asked Fadiman.

"Not at all," said Marquand. "That's the best part of it."

"Very like Macaulay," said Hightet, thoughtfully sipping his stout.

Shortly came the vote, and Schlesinger was in unanimously. Meredith Wood went to the phone to call up Paul Brooks, Houghton Mifflin's editor-in-chief, who was "of course, delighted."

Drive: The Longchamps waiter came in, set the table, and took orders for lunch. Over food the remaining items of business were settled (who should write the major review of the Schlesinger book in the Book-of-the-Month Club News, what other books should be mentioned) and then, the meeting over, the judges adjourned to a waiting, air-conditioned limousine which the club provides to drive them all homewards.

At Harvard, Prof. Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. hadn't even known that this was the day. "Thank heavens Houghton Mifflin didn't tell me," he said with feeling. "Otherwise, it's like waiting for a baby to be born. I was up in Canada receiving an honorary degree—Doctor of Civil Laws—from the University of New Brunswick, and then when I got back to Cambridge my wife and I went to a party. We got home rather late and it wasn't until the next morning when Houghton Mifflin told me by phone."

For the losers, there was gloom but little rancor. "I get sore at the judges sometimes," one New York editor said. "I guess all publishers do. But the judges are supposed to have autonomy, and I really think they do. You can't kick."

JUST OUT:

A Kind of Tenderness

SET THIS HOUSE ON FIRE. By William Styron. 507 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

The most eagerly awaited second novel within recent memory, "Set This House on Fire" follows its predecessor after the lapse of a cool nine years. When William Styron's "Lie Down in Darkness" appeared in 1951, its somber beauty and penetrating warmth struck

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(Compiled by Publishers' Weekly Magazine)

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readers in a way for which Dorothy Parker found the right phrase. "The start of it," she told an interviewer, "took your heart and flung it over there. He writes like a god."

Blessed with a critical send-off at 26 which would have sent most young writers up the wall from sheer bliss, Styron sank into disappointing silence. He published one brilliant but brief work, a novella-length short story called "The Long March," and then came the long wait. Season after publishing season went by (he lived in Italy, New York, Connecticut) without the promised new novel from the promising new novelist, and yet Styron held onto his place in the sun. Almost every time a critic drew up a muster roll of this country's significant young literary talents, Styron's name was conspicuously there.

Catch: To the normal hazards which haunt all second novels, Styron's "Set This House on Fire"—in print at last—adds the extra handicap of that long suspense. No novel could measure up to expectations so long in ferment, and this one does not. To many readers, Styron's story of misplaced Americans playing out the pageant of their lostness on a foreign shore (Italy) will seem unfetchingly familiar. At the same time—using another yardstick—the novel does measure up to its current rivals in the fiction stakes in a way which overwhelms competition. Styron has a kind of tenderness which can still play catch with readers' hearts.

To sum up his plot is both difficult—because of the intricate rearrangement of calendar time—and unfair—because of the careful scheme of suspense. Greatly simplified, it dramatizes a clash of souls between two radically differing characters. One is Cass Kinsolving, a poor slob of an ex-GI who has come to Europe to paint, even though encumbered with a large family of children, a lovable slattern of a wife, and a touch of nuttiness for which he draws a small disability pension. The other is Mason Flagg, a glossily handsome fellow American who seems to have all the money and mistresses in the world, but nothing whatever inside him. Instead of painting, Cass drinks his way into the sadistic clutches of the other man. The upshot is that one man murders the other—and the murderer, who goes free, discovers that the act has helped work his salvation.

All of this is projected with a force of rhetoric which is unequally effective. Now it commands the reader's emotions completely; now it gives out hints that Styron is using his eloquence like a bellows to puff his story up. But always, this author creates the singular sense that his blood stream is somehow in circuit with the rest of the race and that the pain upon which he broods is not exclusively his own.

►Summing Up: By one yardstick, yes.



Raid on Minsky's whose burlesque flourished from 1917 to 1931 ...

The Brazen, the Bouncy

THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S.
By Rowland Barber. Illustrated by Paul Bacon. 351 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$4.95.

"A critic once wrote that you could tell a belly dancer was in high gear 'when you looked at her and got the illusion of a one-eyed man watching a fast tennis match'."

In this remark, both in its subject matter and its spirit, there is a great deal of the stuff of old-time burlesque. The observation comes from a new novel, based on fact, by Rowland Barber, a lusty Los Angeles free lance whose last book was a collaboration with middle-weight Rocky Graziano ("Somebody Up There Likes Me"). Actually, Barber's production is less a novel than a raucous guidebook to burlesque life, front and backstage, a history of the garish pavilion where Minsky burlesque was famous from 1917 to 1931—The National Winter Garden on New York's Lower East Side—and an account of the altogether unlikely Minsky family.

The key figure, Billy Minsky (who died in 1932), was a short, roly-poly nonesuch, the great-grandson of a Chief Rabbi of Minsk, in Russia, and the third son of a pious East Side department-store pioneer. Young Billy was a runner on Wall Street, clerk to New York's Congressman Henry Goldfogle, and in 1908 he became a cub reporter on *The New York World* (he had persuaded Goldfogle to appoint a young man to West Point who was favored by *The World's* editor, Herbert Bayard Swope).

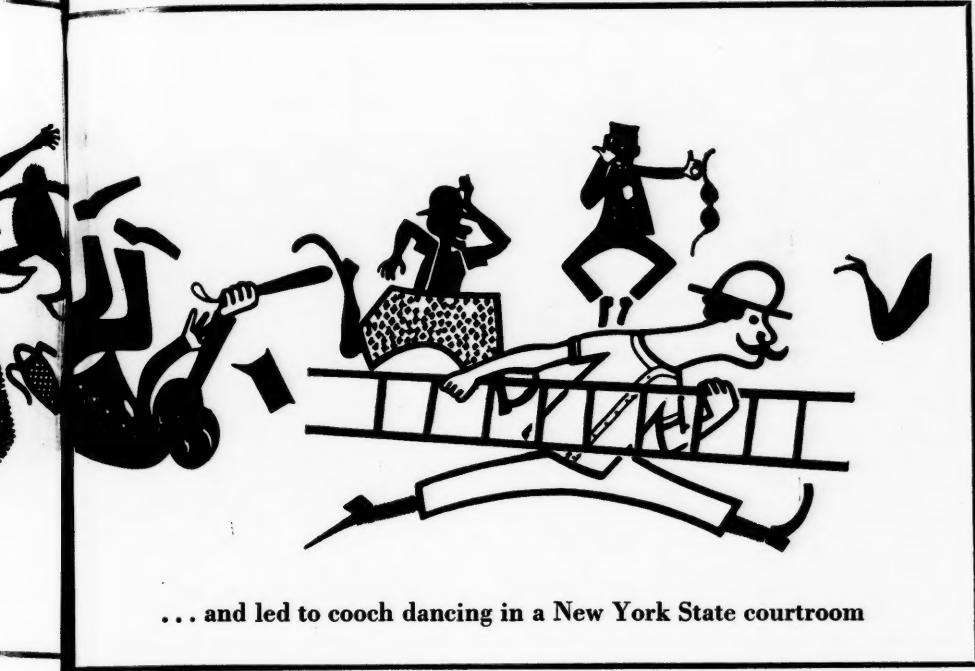
Billy shifted from journalism, after a flamboyant fling on exposé assignments, to his father's Minsky Building Project,

which had a Jewish repertory theater downstairs and a movie theater on the top floor. In 1917, when such big show-business men as E.F. Albee and Marcus Loew were moving into the East Side, the Minsky Building went into receivership and Billy converted the movie theater to burlesque.

Snitchers: During the next fourteen years he snatched production ideas from uptown impresarios like Flo Ziegfeld and George White (as staged by Billy's economical troupe they became gaudy travesties). His show girls were brazen, bouncy, and nearly bare; his comedians so unbelievably corny in their lewdness that for all except the most prurient sensibilities the whole business had an air of loud, quacking innocence.

Billy's most famous female star, billed as Mlle. Fifi from Paris, was the daughter of a Quaker policeman in Philadelphia. She knew how to give every little movement a meaning all its own: "She would close her eyes and bite her lip, as if she were bored . . . Or she would get a little braver and wigwag a foot while keeping her shoulders steady, then point her foot at somebody in the front row. If that didn't turn heads in her direction she would start dancing from the waist down, moving her hips and her thighs very, very slowly. That always worked." Billy's most gifted comedian was the pantomimist Jack Shargel who, upon being jilted, tossed away his intended gift of a rose (the flower was of glass and shattered noisily).

Leaders: Through the years, also, there was fun behind the scenes among a shabby coterie of prop men, pinochle players, and miscellaneous kibitzers known by such names as Appetizing (he had once been delivery boy for nearby Popkin's Appetizing Delicatessen), Schmeiss (assistant carpenter),



Toofer (he wore a sandwich board and sold two-for-one admissions), and Spotless (a spotlight operator). This weird orbit also included Leon Trotsky (the Minsky store's chess-playing receiving clerk, whose real name was Lev Bronstein, and who later went home to help lead the Russian Revolution).

Many writers about burlesque have stressed the suggestiveness of the art. But Rowland Barber makes it clear that for hosts of burlesque addicts that was hardly the point. For them, burlesque was about as suggestive as a cabbage. They went for the sheer delight of seeing ludicrous distortions of the sensual allurements and the comic muse. Minsky's survived a raid by the Society for the Suppression of Vice and a farcical seven-week trial, including courtroom illustrations of the cooch dance.

Burlesque, in the outrageous Minsky sense, was killed by the depression and the new rage for stripteasers, but much of its magnificently vulgar spirit lives again in Barber's pages.

►Summing Up: Hurly, burly, and girly.

High Jinks in High Places

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S. By E.S. Turner. 382 pages. St. Martin's Press. \$5.

To build the Palace of St. James, Henry VIII—in his usual considerate way—kicked out a community of female lepers which had occupied a hospital on the site for several hundred years. The palace rose up in its splendor, but the old taint clung to the ground. The newer occupants might not have been lepers in fact, but they were lepers in their morals—and often in their manners.

In resurrecting the racy doings which have enlivened British court life down

the centuries E.S. Turner has written a book which is no monument to scholarship but which does answer the needs of entertainment. The book also makes an interesting exhibit to set before those who like to bemoan "the moral climate of our times." Respectable conduct—so Turner makes it appear—is such a new invention that one shouldn't expect too much of it right away.

Shock: The moral climate of the late eighteenth century was such that George III could shock British society by staying obstinately true to his wife. A king with a decent regard for appearances was supposed to keep a mistress. And this was a tradition which lasted—with time out for Victoria—well into the twentieth century when Queen Alexandra startled nobody but the narrow-minded by leading her rival to the deathbed of Edward VII.

Much of what E.S. Turner tells of the home life of the Majesties of Britain has to do with the curious and bizarre. Once, the future George II was startled and infuriated at supper when a courtier entered and, with great solemnity, began to crow like a rooster. As George groped for a missile it was explained to him that this was a court custom going back to the Plantagenets. The King's Cock and Cryer was supposed to crow the hours during Lent to remind sinners of the effect of this sound on the guilty St. Peter.

The book amusingly skims a thousand years of this kind of carrying-on—from William the Conqueror to Elizabeth II. (It is all called the Court of St. James's here, although the palace was built in Tudor times and abandoned as a residence by Victoria.) Toward the end the book grows decidedly tame—no jesters any more to liven things up by jumping in the custard.

►Summing Up: Shenanigans and kings.

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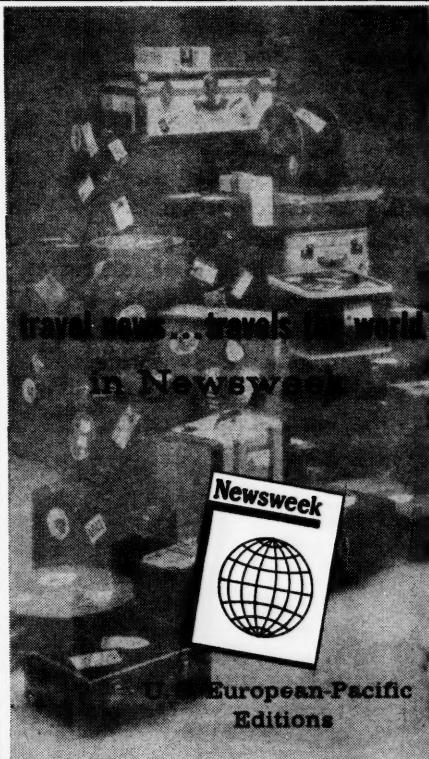
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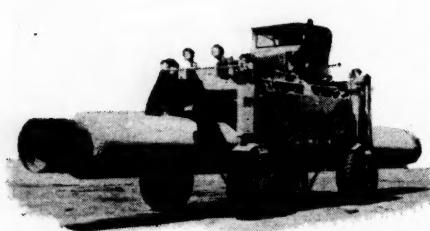


It might have been you...

Years before the American Revolution, Benjamin Franklin wrote: "They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety!" These words were quoted often, and led thousands of colonists to choose between passive acceptance and revolt.

Today, what words will move Americans to act against a ramshackle tax system, built on crisis after crisis... stifling economic freedom?

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Determinism's Evil End

by Raymond Moley

IN AN interview on our activity in space, an executive of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration was asked why it should be necessary to send a man out there when we have such wonderful instruments. He answered: "Only a man can find what we are not looking for; an instrument can find only what we think is there."

This sentence of his throws a great light on a conflict in ideas that has been raging for the century since Marx and Darwin. There were those who believed that the seminal writings of these men unlocked an entirely new door to an interpretation of man and his place in the world. Their interpretation of science in history, politics, and nature was that man is a mere item in the mass of natural forces in the material world and universe. His personality, they held, was a composite of inherited instincts and of environmental influences. He had no free will and was without personal responsibility.

In history, the application of this determinism was so-called economic interpretation. The American Revolution thus became a squabble over taxes. The Constitution was made by men who sought protection for their securities and land. The two parties were mere congregations of debtors on one side and creditors on the other.

In jurisprudence, the ancient concept of the "Reign of Law" was rejected. Justice should be applied in accordance with what the judge believed to be justified by sociology and psychology. In court, the man's environment was judged, not the culprit.

REFORMERS' DESTINY

In politics, where determinism did its crowning mischief, a candidate or party merely added up the specific material yearnings of each of a group of minorities and made a total majority miscalled the general welfare. Elections thus became auctions of items of interest only to men's stomachs and purses.

Notable, even great men taught determinism as a tool to move human behavior. But what they properly conceived to be a hint concerning human behavior, their lesser followers seized upon as a complete answer. A tool became a key. The sorcerer's appren-

tices knew how to turn on the water, but not how to control it. Thus the melancholy destiny of reformers. Keynes said: Turn on more government spending in depression; turn it off in recovery. But politics thought differently. The stimulant became food. Spending became a means to eternally accelerated growth.

Even Marx is distorted by Communism. Politicians cannot wait for natural determinism. They must use chicane, force, and brutality to hurry along the end of capitalism. The plans of the masters call for moves forward, backward, and sideways on the chessboard of life, with men's lives and liberty as pawns in the operation. Who is Mr. K to talk about the President's responsibility? Personal responsibility has no place in the doctrine K practices. For individual responsibility requires liberty to act and choose. And even K is responsible to the master plan—impersonal, ruthless, inexorable—in which he, too, is a pawn.

'RESPONSIBLE FREEDOM'

The world is menaced by the consequences of an acceptance of determinism, by a blind acceptance of the implications of science as a weapon to destroy liberty everywhere.

It is the scientists here who have uttered the most eloquent warnings against the acceptance of scientific determinism. For they know the limits of their quest and the need for freedom in the welding of the tools for a better civilization. Witness Vannevar Bush's warning to "preserve the resourcefulness and initiative of freedom, and further the urge to create, with no stifling regimentation or deadening mediocrity." Or Arthur H. Compton, who says this of what he calls "responsible freedom": "I have learned from this experience [the atomic quest] the effectiveness of free men who are agreed upon one common purpose. The harmony comes as each sees and chooses the part he can do best toward the attainment of the desired end."

That end, as I understand him, is the use of science not as an end in itself, but as a means to the maintenance of the individual's freedom of choice in a world in which all liberty is living under a mortal threat.

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