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NEWSWEEK INFORMATION

Newsweek

BUSINESS—JUST HOW GOOD?

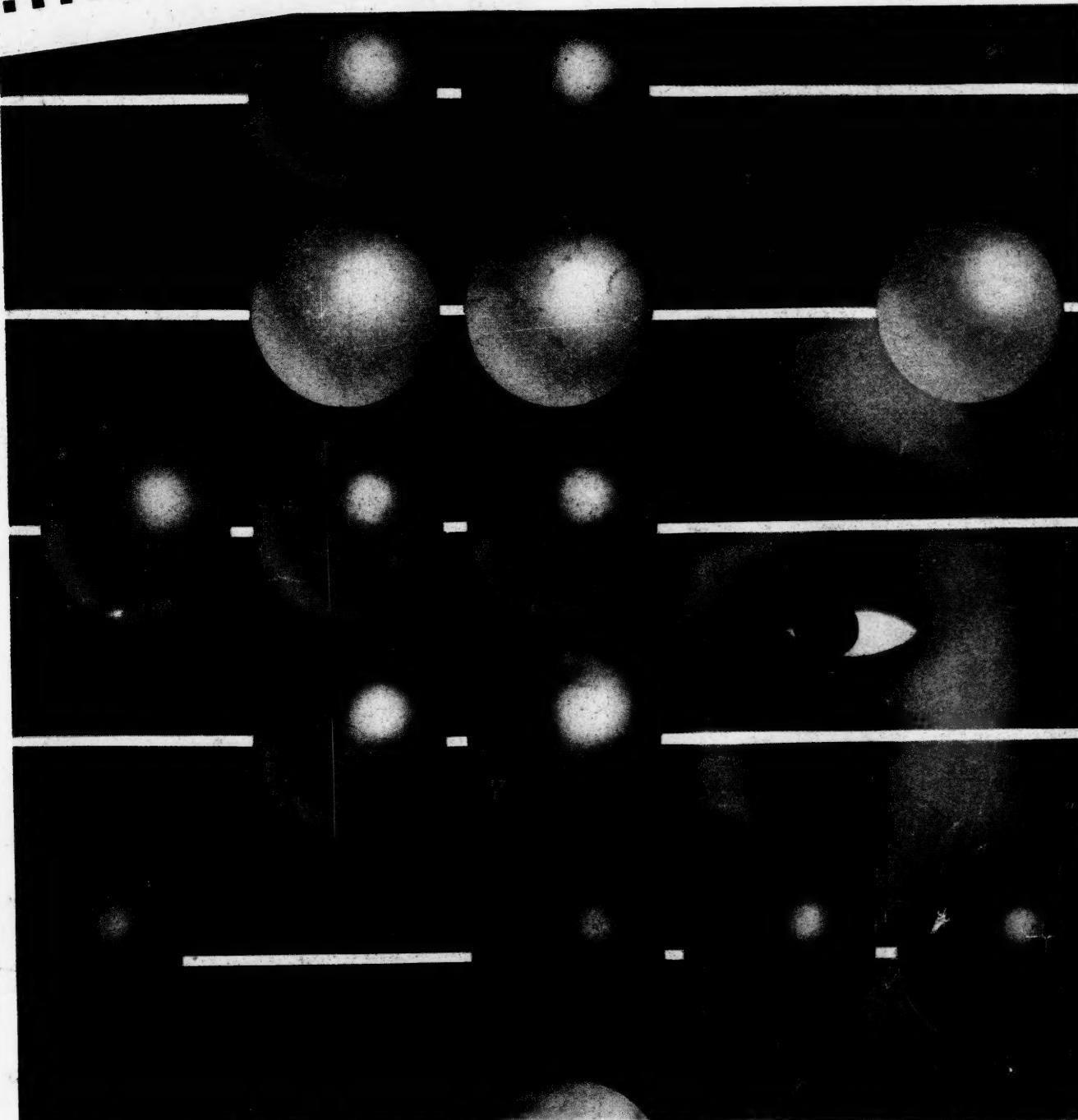
NEWSWEEK'S SURVEY OF INDUSTRY'S SPENDING PLANS

(National Affairs)

BUSINESS—JUST HOW GOOD?
On-Scene in Cuba
(The Americas)

MARCH 21, 1960 25c

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Your Color?...Your Money?...Your Age—
Really?...THE NOSEY CENSUS OF '60

SPECIAL
NATIONAL
REPORT

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Monsanto chemistry on the move to the future



**taming
nuclear heat
for electricity**

From Monsanto research has come a series of remarkable organic fluids. For example, one of them is being used in the development of low-cost electricity from atomic power. This fluid efficiently transfers the tremendous heat of the "nuclear furnace" to steam generators—yet gives off no dangerous rays. An example of how Monsanto moves on many fronts to serve you. Monsanto Chemical Company, Corporate Division, St. Louis 66, Missouri.

WHAT'S THE GOOD WORD



E. E. Price, President, MacMillan Oil Company of Florida, Inc., Hialeah, Florida: "We are very pleased with our new Call Director and intercom telephone system. Incoming and interoffice calls can now be handled far more quickly and efficiently since we have two separate channels of communication to use at all times. I know we have improved our customer relations and increased our sales as well, thanks to the Call Director."

*about the new
Call Director
telephone?*



Vernon Tock, Business Manager, Carle Hospital Clinic, Urbana, Illinois: "We have 88 Call Director telephones in our new clinic building. Previously, with our large volume of incoming calls, each doctor had to have two phones on his desk, plus other space-consuming equipment. Now one Call Director serves him, and lets him take calls on any one of ten lines. The Call Director has enabled us to streamline our entire routine for handling patients' calls. We're very enthusiastic about it."

Businessmen everywhere are praising this versatile, new equipment. For example...



Stuart Armstrong, Assistant Vice President and Manager, The Bank of Douglas, Tucson, Arizona: "We accepted your proposal to use Call Director telephones to get the added business lines and extension stations our growing branch bank needed. As a result, our service to our customers has noticeably increased—and we are operating with greater convenience, efficiency and speed. Our thanks to your company and to the Call Director."



Available in 18-button and 30-button models — in gray, green or beige, with contrasting face plates.

Learn how the Call Director telephone with Bell System intercom can be tailored to the exact needs of *your* business. Just call your Bell Telephone business office, and a representative will visit you at your convenience. No obligation, of course.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



when the occasion

calls for
MOVING...
(OVERLAND OR OVERSEAS)



call United

Europe . . . South America . . . the Far East . . . wherever your company operates, whatever it moves—families, costly or delicate equipment, displays and exhibits, office furnishings—United's world-wide network of Agents will move it safely, swiftly and dependably.

United's "Pre-Planned" service makes moving to the far corners of the earth as easy as moving across town. You're relieved of time-consuming details, assured of safe, "on time" deliveries where and when you want them.

So when the occasion calls for moving . . . call the friendly United Agent (he's listed under "MOVERS" in the Yellow Pages) or write for the colorful booklet describing United's world-wide moving service.

**United
Van Lines**

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS, ST. LOUIS 17, MO.



EVERYWHERE®

LETTERS

Wives With Brains

As a member of Phi Beta Kappa with two young children, a puppy, and a large house to care for with no help, I read with great pleasure your article, "Young Wives With Brains" (Special SCIENCE Report, March 7). I have been mulling over the problems you mention for a long time. At least, I now know that I am not alone.

MONA M. ROCKETT
Longmeadow, Mass.

► An excellent analysis of the attitudes I am constantly encountering about the future of women majoring in physics.

ETHEL E. SNIDER
American Institute of Physics
New York City

► You should leave tripe like that to the women's magazines.

AL GORESKI
Milwaukee, Wis.

► We college-bred women spend too much time worrying about our frustrations and not enough in doing something about them.

JOAN G. SOHAGI
Monterey Park, Calif.

► Your SCIENCE editor is so understanding. Before the Elvis Presley fans switch their affections and divert his attention, let me say his cover story was great.

SHELDON GARBER
Chicago, Ill.

► Here I was, a happy housewife, raising six children, with plenty of time for good books and good music, and you come along and tell me I'm

NEWSWEEK, March 21, 1960, Volume LV, No. 12. NEWSWEEK is published weekly by NEWSWEEK, INC., 350 Dennis Ave., Dayton 1, Ohio. Printed in U.S.A. Second Class postage paid at Dayton, Ohio and at additional mailing offices.

Editorial and Executive Offices: NEWSWEEK Building, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. **Subscription Service:** Mail subscription orders, correspondence and address change instructions to NEWSWEEK, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. On address changes send both old (preferably enclosing address label) and new addresses, allowing four weeks for change to become effective. **Postmaster:** Send form 3579 to NEWSWEEK, 444 Madison Avenue, New York 22, New York. **Subscription Price:** U.S. Edition: 1 year \$6; 2 years \$9; 3 years \$12 within Continental United States. Add \$1.00 per year postage for foreign countries members of Pan American Postal Union; \$3 per year postage for foreign countries not members Pan American Postal Union, and not served by our International Editions.

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Registrado como artículo de segunda clase en la Administración Central de Correos de esta Capital, con fecha 17 de marzo de 1944, Mexico, D.F. Inscripto como correspondiente de segunda clase en la Administración de Correos de la Habana, en marzo 18 de 1944.

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No other power mower on the market today gives such rugged, long lasting, dependability as Snappin' Turtle . . . "built like a battleship" . . . yet it handles with the ease of a canoe. Get the facts on Snappin' Turtle. 16 models available.

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Alfred Lewis, Gen. Mgr.

A **ZECKENDORF** HOTEL



PICTURED LEFT TO RIGHT—TENTH, HALF-GALLON, FIFTH, GALLON, HALF-PINT, MINIATURE, QUART

Portrait of a First Family in Scotch

Ballantine's

The more you know about the preference for Ballantine's Scotch, the more you will understand *why* this superb whisky is offered in such an array—the first Scotch to be available as a family of seven sizes.*

The wishes of our on-the-move friends are met in the compact Ballantine's Miniature, Half-pint and Tenth.

The famous book-square Fifth has been a

hospitality hallmark in homes and bars for over a century. More lavish, although designed for the same purpose, is the bountiful Quart.

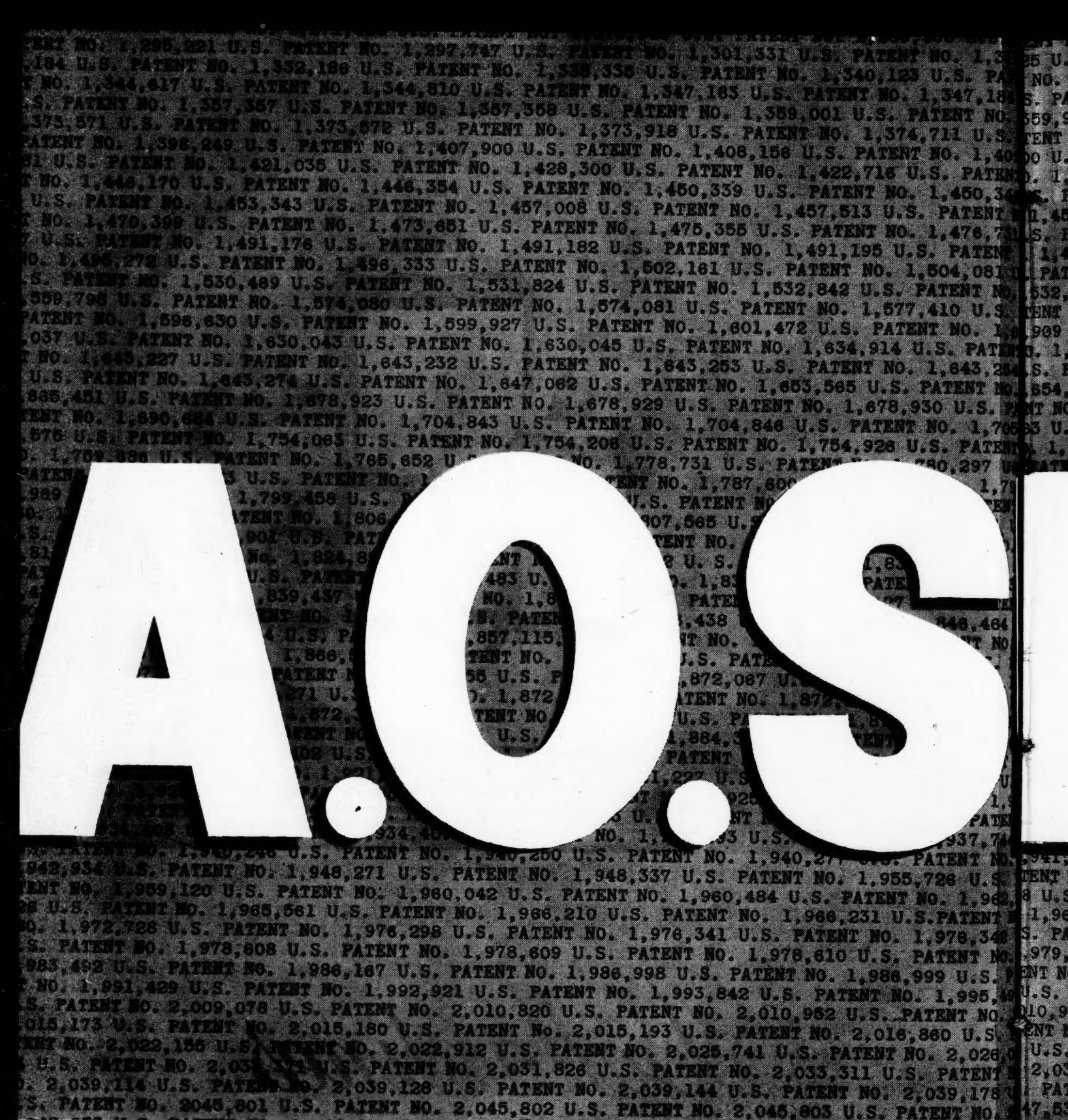
The noble Half-gallon and Gallon-sized Ballantine's have livened some of the world's great parties and receptions. So choose your favorite measure of this illustrious brand.

The more you know about Scotch, the more you like Ballantine's.

*In those areas where the sale of such sizes is permitted.



"21" Brands, Inc.



**Invention is one measure
of this company's growth**

3,325 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,325,050 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,325,556 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,323,561 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,340,138 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,343,807 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,343,847 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,343,848 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,354,470 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,360,067 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,360,740 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,369,976 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,368,360 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,369,393 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,372,805 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,386,647 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,388,128 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,397,020 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,398,400 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,410,163 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,417,579 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,417,580 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,435,066 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,435,161 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,435,919 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,441,250 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,452,224 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,462,226 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,463,025 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,459,456 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,466,104 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,469,785 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,470,386 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,477,779 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,477,779 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,482,702 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,491,565 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,492,080 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,493,440 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,495,236 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,505,174 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,507,956 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,517,238 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,532,856 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,548,078 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,551,052 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,551,590 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,593,783 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,593,820 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,594,326 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,595,169 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,613,592 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,628,751 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,630,636 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,637,318 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,638,873 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,638,892 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,643,225 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,643,258 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,643,263 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,643,264 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,654,107 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,655,930 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,665,931 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,656,324 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,678,931 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,680,276 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,682,996 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,683,076 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,714,773 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,739,063 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,739,132 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,754,927 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,767,724 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,769,339 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,759,427 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,783,274 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,783,411 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,783,588 U.S. PATENT NO. 1,783,600 U.S.

HOW MANY OF THE 1027 PATENTS granted to the creative men of A. O. Smith have benefited you? Quite a few, we venture to say — for this uncommon company's research reaches into virtually everyone's home or business life. ¶ A. O. Smith's wide-ranging search for "the better way" led to such advances as the world's first glass-lined automatic water heater (the rust-resisting *Permaglas* brand) ... turned welding from a haphazard art into today's most useful metalworking process ... made long-distance pipe lines economically feasible ... pioneered super-pressure processing techniques. ¶ And these are just a few examples of creativity in step with America's expanding technology. A more complete story is told in the A. O. Smith research brochure ... available at your request.

John R. Fraser

The chance to make a dollar

"During the 1920's and 1930's, the American people used to worry about this country's running out of oil.

"Despite the fact that the per capita use of petroleum products has gone up 350% since 1920, we've never run out of oil. And for good reasons.

"Competition has kept the industry on its toes. New techniques have resulted in better methods of exploring for oil and developing it. And petroleum prices are not dictated by any government agency.

"However, the Federal Power Commission has controlled the price of *natural gas* at the well head since 1954.

"The consumption of natural gas in America, it's anticipated, will jump from 9 trillion cubic feet in 1955 to more than double that by 1975. To meet this demand, the natural gas industry will have to go all-out.

"Just to maintain the present rate of deliverable supply, the industry must discover an average of 22.6 trillion cubic feet per year. New reserves discovered in the past two years have been substantially below this.

"If the Federal Power Commission or any other government agency is to continue to regulate the price the producer receives for natural gas, it must recognize the serious responsibility it is taking. And must make sure it doesn't destroy the incentive inherent in the risk of hunting for gas and oil.

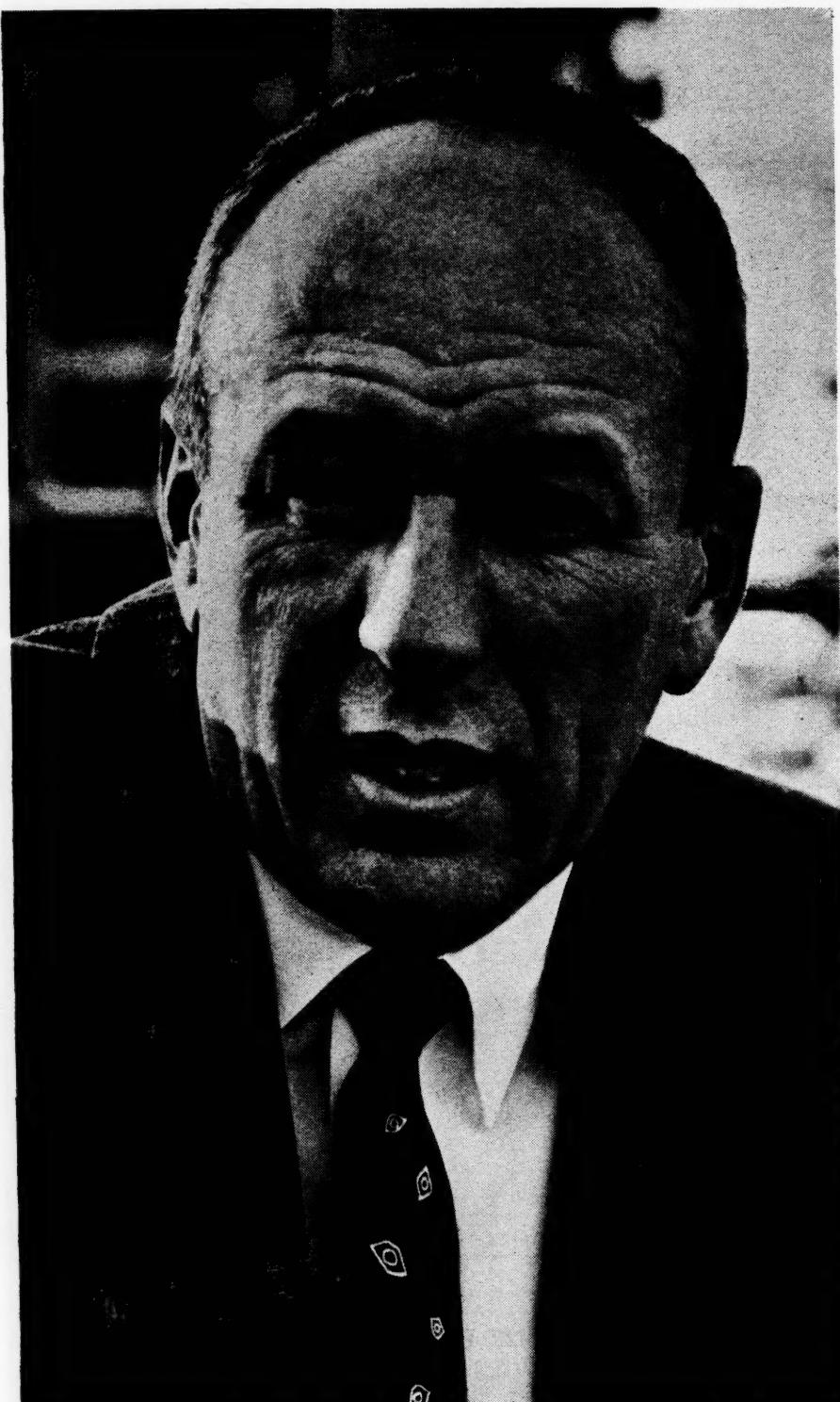
"The chance to make a profit in competition with the next man built the industries that make this nation strong. We ought to be careful how we kick that incentive around."

* * * *

John Fraser is manager of Union Oil's natural gas operations.

His observations, we think, need no further comment here.

YOUR COMMENTS INVITED. Write: Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, California.



Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

76

Another example of Addressograph-Multigraph cost-cutting



**60,000 engineering prints now
"stock-filed" for instant use**

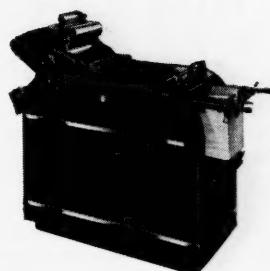
Allen-Bradley Company, maker of electrical controls, once had to "custom-copy" engineering prints from master tracings—one at a time. To eliminate this costly and heavy paperwork load, the company turned to Multigraph Methods.

Now accurate copies in reduced size are reproduced by a transfer process directly onto a Multilith Master. Then multiple prints are produced—30 or 40 at a time—on Multilith Offset equipment. Prints are stored in open-shelf, "self-service" files as shown above.

No more time-consuming filing and refiling of

original drawings—they get less wear and tear, last years longer. Instead, easy-to-handle, highly readable prints are instantly available—and changes can be recorded quickly and inexpensively just by making new Multilith Masters and producing new prints.

This is but one of many ways Multigraph Methods are helping business save time and cut costs. Ask your nearby Multigraph representative to explain how these methods can do the same for your business. Or write Addressograph-Multigraph Corporation, Cleveland 17, Ohio.



Multigraph Multilith Offset
Duplicator, Model 1250

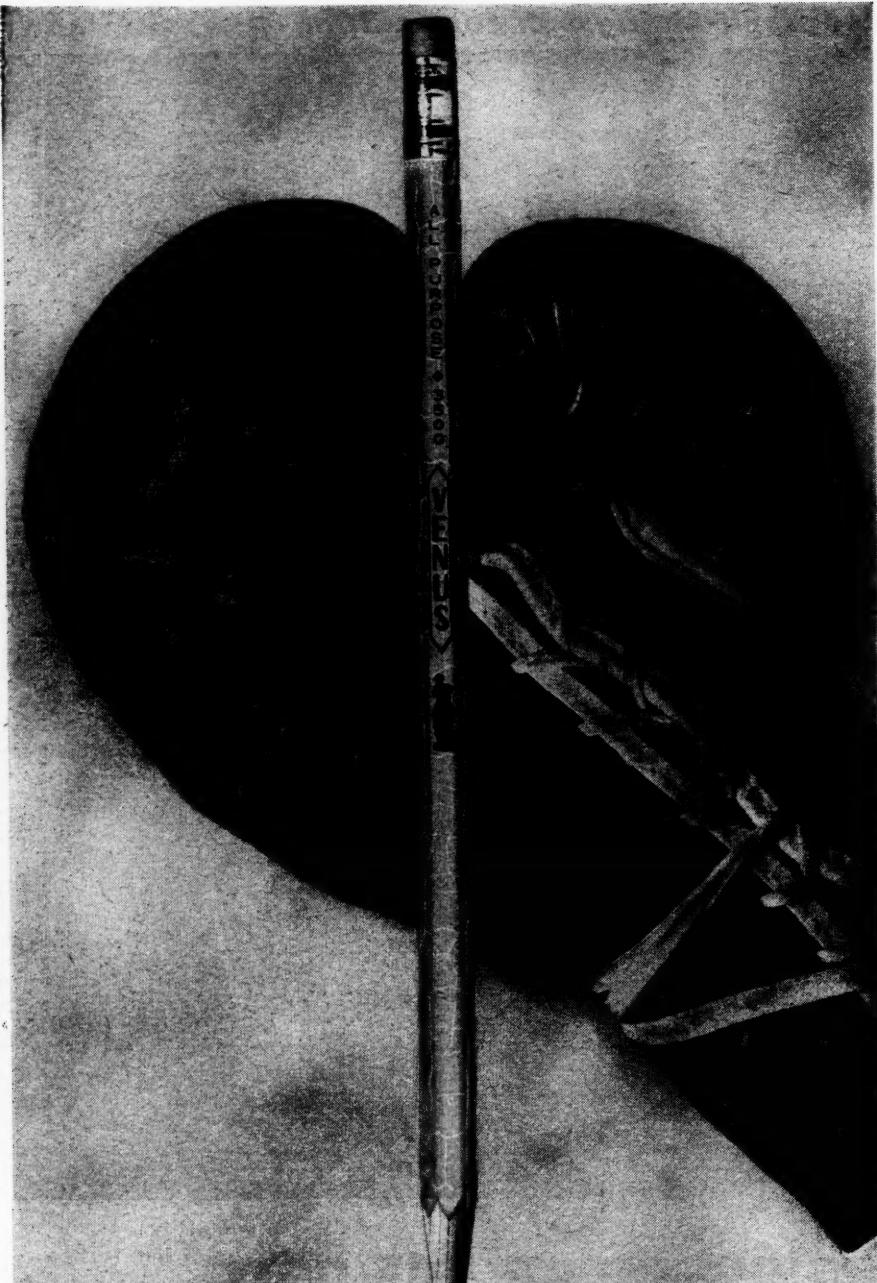
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*Trade-Mark

**Cutting costs
is our business**

Addressograph-Multigraph
PRODUCTION MACHINES FOR BUSINESS RECORDS

SERVING SMALL BUSINESS • BIG BUSINESS • EVERY BUSINESS



Never before a lead so strong ... does writing jobs no other pencil can do!

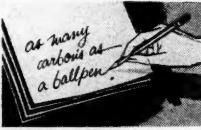
Office writing tests prove it: the new Venus 3500 pencil outperforms other pencils, even does many writing jobs better than ball pens. That's because Venus research has created an entirely new lead that is 50% stronger than the lead used in ordinary office pencils. Because of its unique qualities you need only the Venus 3500 All-Purpose for most writing jobs. Packed 100 and 50 to the box for compact storing, easier stock control, lower pencil inventory. Order from your stationer today!



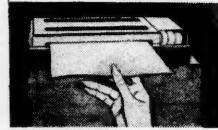
STRONG as a hard-lead pencil. Heavy writing pressure can't break point. Result: less time lost sharpening, greater economy.



BLACK as a soft-lead pencil. Until now, all hard leads write "light." The Venus 3500 writes black, reads clear, erases clean.



CARBON COPIES. Extra point-strength makes as many clear carbon copies as a ball pen. And the original can be erased.



REPRODUCES signatures, comments, with greater clarity in office copying machines than do most ball pens with special inks.

VENUS® 3500

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LETTERS

miserable. If experts would stop telling women they can't achieve "fulfillment" unless they "escape the drudgery of the home," the "disenchanted" would learn to be happy as wives and mothers.

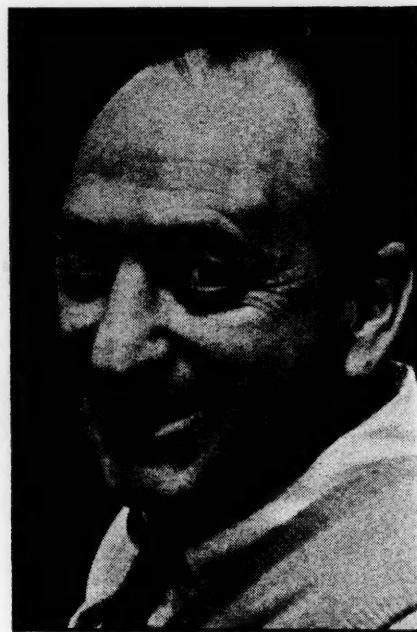
MRS. CHARLES R. LEISS
Yalesville, Conn.

►The women you describe are unhappy because they are too intent on getting instead of giving.

JOAN STORRS
Baltimore, Md.

►I sincerely hope you do a follow-up on all of us "untrained, vulnerable, insecure, young" (well, sort of) "parental apexes." We need all the help we can get.

CECILIA CHRISTENSEN
Chicago, Ill.



Washington Post

Herblock: Light-up time?

Smoking Man

It seems highly implausible that Herbert L. Block (cartoonist Herblock) could smoke five packs of cigarettes a day (PRESS, Feb. 29). Assuming he slept six hours, he would have had to smoke a cigarette approximately every ten minutes when awake. I hope he took time out to eat now and then.

WILLIAM CANNIFF
Ocala, Fla.

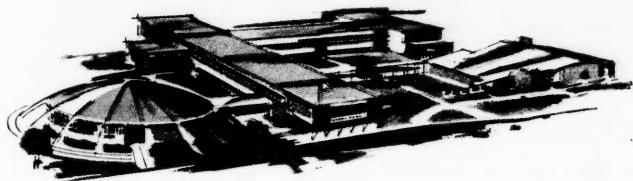
✓He puffed between bites.

By Dog Sled

I sit here in the deep and frozen wilderness near the great bend of the mighty Kuskokwim this afternoon (Feb. 25) reading your issue of FEB. 29, in which are reported the deaths of people who died just five days ago. Amazing. Not even a snowbird has moved here in a week. Oh, yes, come.



Dr. John C. Albohm—Superintendent of Schools, York, Pennsylvania—says:



A thermostat in every classroom of award-winning Hannah Penn Junior High School, York, Pa., controls room temperatures to fit the activity. Result: better teaching, better learning.

"Students are more alert and respond quicker when classroom temperatures are accurately controlled," says Dr. Albohm. "With a Honeywell Thermostat in every classroom, we're assured of precise, responsive temperature control regardless of the activity or size of the class. What's more, our students work in a happier, healthier environment—this means fewer absences, greater in-school efficiency."

Dr. Albohm and his staff recognized the need for a Honeywell Individual Room Temperature Control System—and both students and staff have benefited ever since. But whether you're responsible for a school building, an office building, a hotel or a hospital, you'll find that a Honeywell Thermostat on the wall puts complete comfort control at the fingertips of every occupant—assuring the most accurate, responsive temperature control possible. For full information, see your architect, engineer, or call your local Honeywell office. Or write to: Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., Minneapolis 8, Minnesota.

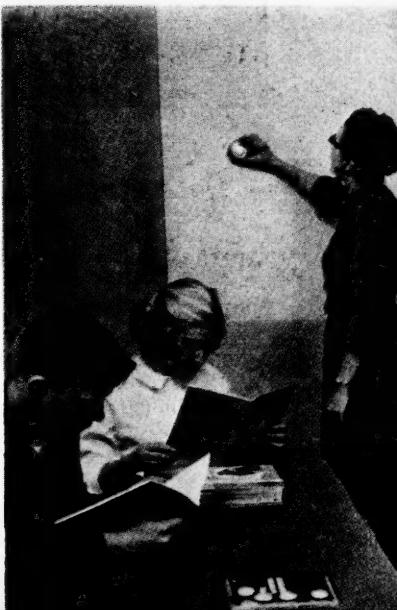
**'Honeywell Thermostats assure
our students an ideal
climate for learning"**

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YEAR
PIONEERING THE FUTURE



First in Control

SINCE 1885





Pamper your pride as well as your purse—Go Vauxhalling

Vauxhall offers everything that makes a small car so sensible—economy, maneuverability, parking ease. But Vauxhall goes a proud and distinctive step further. Besides its British good taste and quality, the 5-passenger, 4-door Vauxhall provides you with such fine-car touches as front and rear ash trays, automatic interior lighting, deep pile carpeting, trim English-tailored interiors, and many others your friends will be quick to notice. You can go Vauxhalling anywhere with pride.

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VAUXHALL

A Quality Product of England Since 1904

LETTERS

to think of it a little Piper Super Cub did fly by today. But I can't see where the pilot was hiding your Teletypes and printing presses. Congratulations to the dog-sled division of your circulation department.

JOHN A. KNOLL
Crooked Creek, Alaska

Read and Ponder

On the subject of letters to the editor, you might wish to publish this quote from Francis Bacon as worthy advice to those who would, by avocation, be critics of the press:

Read, not to contradict and confute; not to believe and take for granted; not to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.

MICHAEL G. JAMES A/1c
Palermo Air Force Station
Ocean City, N.J.

Finland Misplaced?

You are incorrect when you refer to "the five Scandinavian countries" (PRESS, Feb. 29). There are only four: Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland. Finland may be close by geographically, but its people are Finno-Ugrian, the same ethnic stock as the Hungarians. And the Finnish language is Greek to Scandinavians.

W. H. KREICKER
Warsaw, Ind.

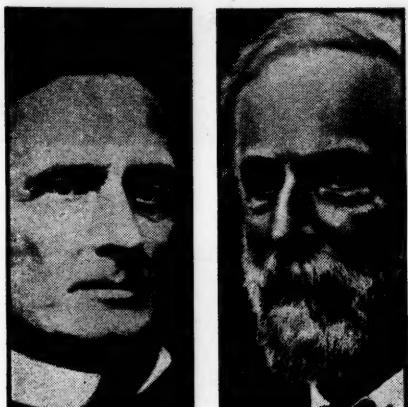
Vicuña-back Book

I sense a bit of satire in the title of oilman H.L. Hunt's novel about a mythical country where bigger taxpayers get bonus votes (NEWSMAKERS, Feb. 29): "Alpaca" is a first cousin to the vicuña of recent Goldfine-Adams fame.

C. A. SILVERTHORNE
Berkeley, Calif.

Holidays in Texas

Despite the efforts of your readers (LETTERS, March 7) to prove otherwise, Texas is definitely a part of the South. State offices and the banks are closed on the birthdays of both Robert



Remembering Davis and Lee

Newsweek, March 21, 1960

The air is filled with new Distance Dots!

Literally millions of these fabulous new balls have been bought since their introduction. And no wonder. The Dot is incredibly long, puts beautifully true. And you'll be amazed at its whiteness even after 18 holes of play. Discover the difference this new ball can make to your golf game. Play the new DISTANCE DOT®! So many golfers do, that Dots are now numbered 1 through 8 to avoid confusion! Sold at pro shops only and unconditionally guaranteed! Distance Dots are now available in Canada.

SPALDING
sets the pace in sports



**CAPTIVE-AIR STEEL-CORD
SAFETY SHIELD**

Watch the award-winning "Goodyear Theater"
on TV every other Monday evening.

GOOD
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR



Only Goodyear dares to say...

NO MORE FLATS... FROM ANY CAUSE!

WE GUARANTEE: If a Goodyear tire with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield ever goes flat—from any cause—we will:

1. Pay for your road service
2. Replace the Shield at no cost
3. Give you full allowance for unused tread-wear if the tire is damaged (In the rare event you need to take advantage of this guarantee, simply call your nearest Goodyear dealer.)

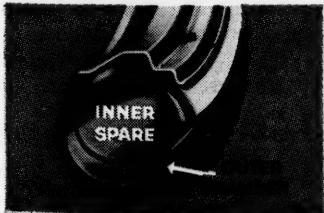
Now—never again a roadside tire change, if you get tires with Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield by Goodyear!

Goodyear Safety Shields *will not go flat* if the tire is punctured, torn or blown out. They're actually built-in spares, made with tough nylon and steel cord.

If you have *any* kind of tire damage with these shields protecting you—you can drive on to a service station, at reasonable

speed, even 100 miles or more, for service.

Make up your mind you've had your last flat. Get the Safety Shield in either of these great tires: 3-T Nylon Custom Super-Cushion—standard or optional equipment on some of America's finest cars, or 3-T Nylon Double Eagle—the best tire man can make or money can buy. Talk to your nearby Goodyear dealer. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



Only the air in the outer chamber escapes if the tire is cut, torn or blown out. Reserve air in the tough, nylon-and-steel-cord Safety Shield immediately supports the car, lets you drive on for 100 miles or more at reasonable speeds.

THE BLUE CIRCLE OF SAFETY means that these tires can be equipped with the new Captive-Air Steel-Cord Safety Shield at moderate extra cost.



YEAR

TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Captive-Air, Super-Cushion, Double Eagle T. M.'s,
The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.



Roger H. Lewis, Vice President of Advertising, Publicity and Exploitation, United Artists Corporation

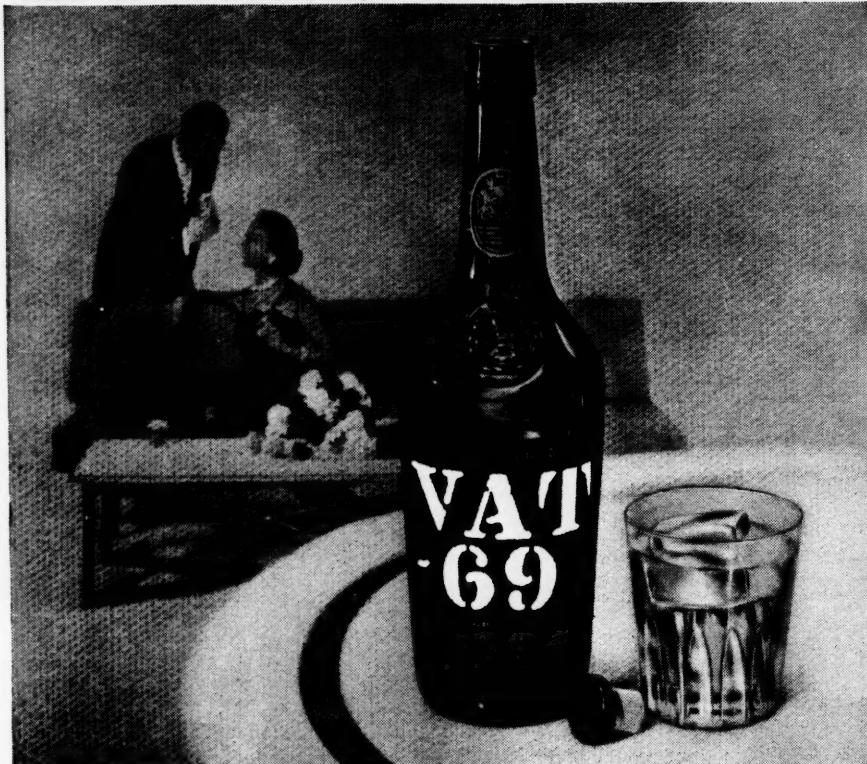
"Air Parcel Post saves us over \$425.00 each month because it's cheaper than First Class Surface Mail"

"Fast, economical Air Parcel Post rushes our packages across the country overnight, overseas in hours," says Roger Lewis. It's the modern way to do business. Have you checked how little it costs to ship by air?

Published by the Scheduled Airlines as a public service for the U. S. Post Office.

AIR Parcel Post

IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS COMPANY, NEW YORK. SOLE U. S. DISTRIBUTORS • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY. 86.8 PROOF.



THE LIGHTER SCOTCH... WITH GENUINE HIGHLAND CHARACTER

Lighter, drier and smoother, VAT 69 combines all three classic qualities that distinguish a Scotch of genuine Highland character. ONE SCOTCH STANDS OUT... in its slimmer, trimmer bottle

LETTERS

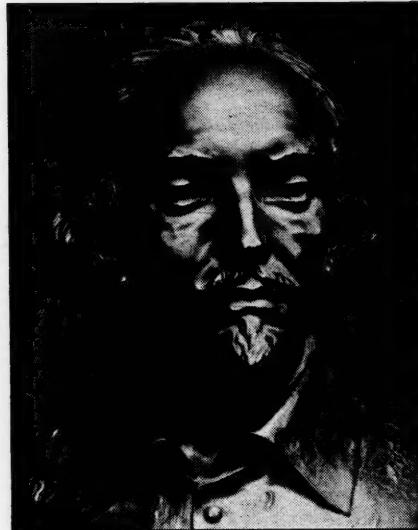
E. Lee and Jeff Davis. And Texas is one of the last strongholds of the poll tax.

Fritz Woelffer
Corpus Christi, Texas

Mr. Cleveland's Trip

Through the years I have had the highest respect for your accuracy. Therefore, it is with the greatest of glee that I finally find a statement I believe I can correct: "Theodore Roosevelt [was] the first President ever to leave the U.S. (SPECIAL SECTION, Feb. 29)." That honor should go to Grover Cleveland who once went outside the 12-mile territorial limit in a search for good fishing waters. I just don't see how the "Magazine of News Significance" could ignore this insignificant occasion.

VIRGINIA EDMUND
Newport News, Va.



Bettmann Archive

Shakespeare: Kudos for a rewrite

Bard on Madison Ave.

Laurels to Fillmore Calhoun for "Thus Winter Madness Doth Make Poets of Us All" (INTERNATIONAL, Feb. 29). 'Tis the work of a man well versed and with rare ability.

KEN and SABINA POOLE
Hermosa Beach, Calif.

►Methinks the ghost of Shakespeare doth stalk Madison Avenue.

JAMES CARTWRIGHT
London, England

►My Labrador and I eagerly await Act VI, Scene I.

DAVID MEYER
New York City

The Battlewagons

That relatively small ship (MOVIES, Feb. 22) doesn't look like the battleship Bismarck to me. One notices the great optical range-finders and an absence of a radar screen which the

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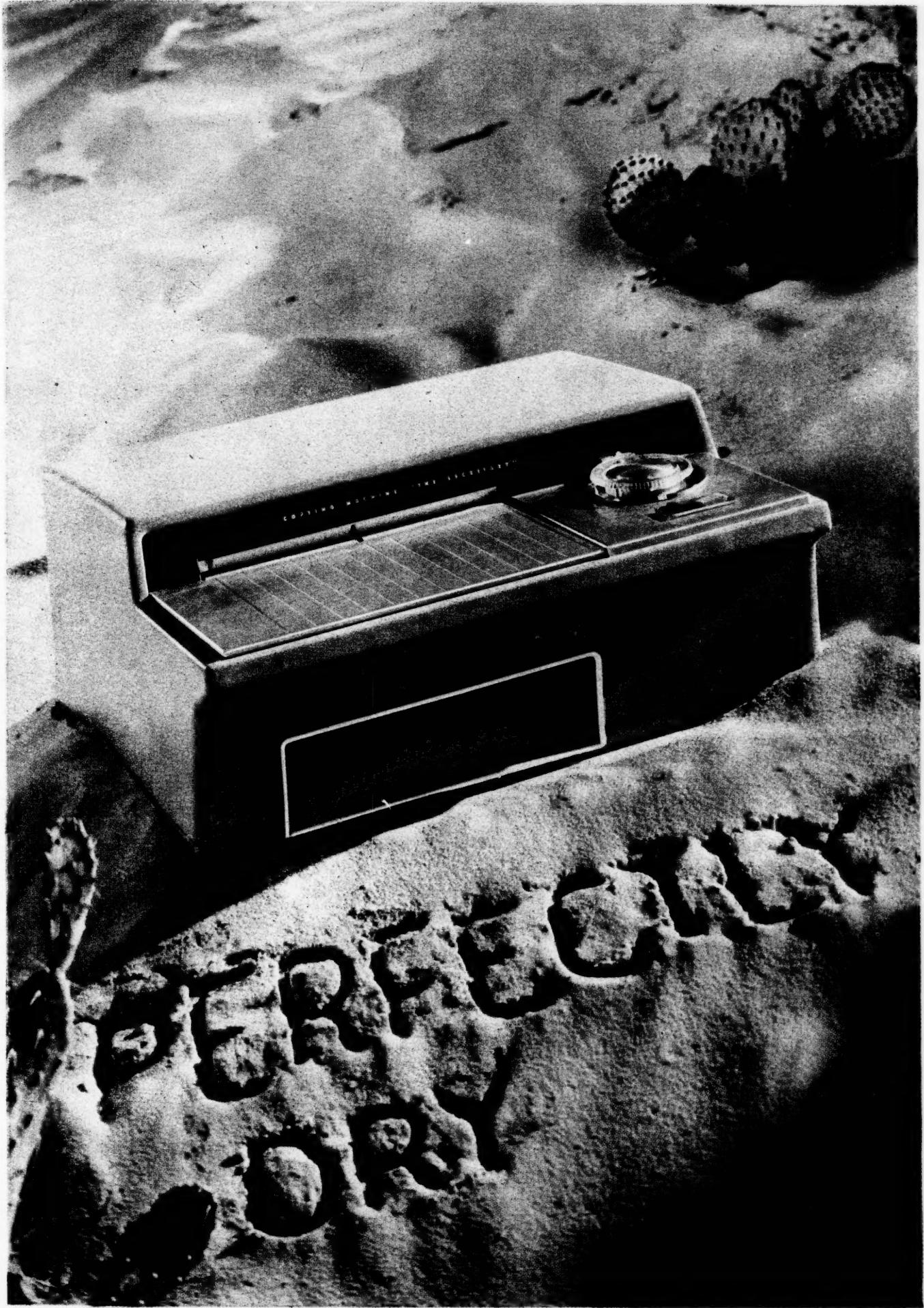


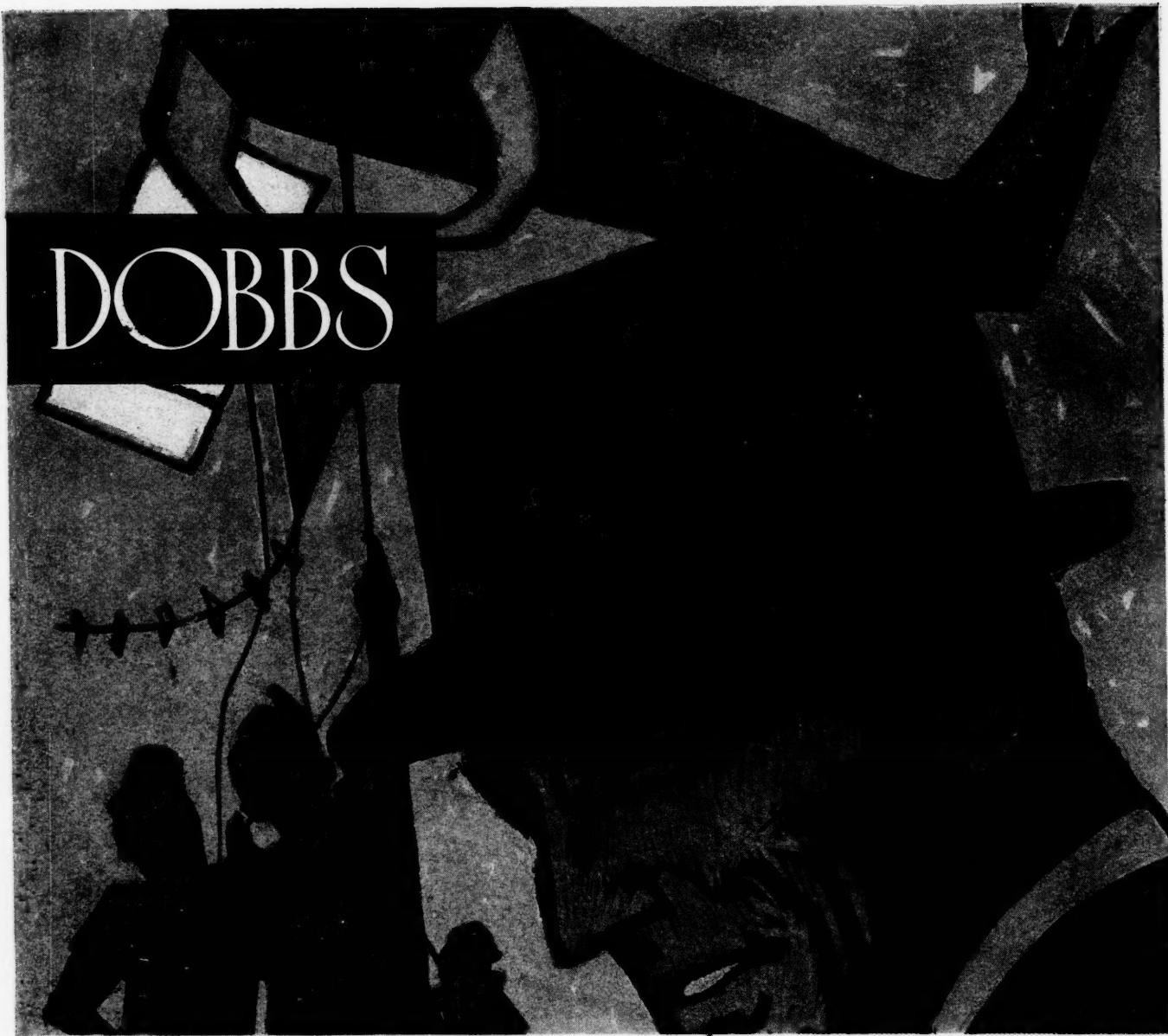
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Associated Press

Details of two ships

Bismarck was certainly equipped with. Are you sure it isn't a Hipper-class battleship?

E. H. R. FAIRALL
Orlando, Fla.

The artist's conception of the Bismarck from which the photo was taken is not exact in every detail. It is much closer to the Bismarck, however, than to a Hipper-class ship.

That Man in Havana

Here's what I think the U.S. should do "—But Probably Won't—About Castro" (THE AMERICAS, March 7):

(1) Stop counterrevolutionary activities in Florida and elsewhere in the United States.

(2) Leave the sugar quota alone and stop using it as a big stick to threaten Cuba and Castro.

(3) Give the Cuban revolution time to prove (or disprove itself).

(4) Try to offer more thorough and objective reporting of what is going on in Cuba.

LOIS C. KROEHLER
Presbyterian Schools in Cuba
Cárdenas, Cuba

►Send one special agent with one sharp knife to Havana.

JAMES MARTIN
San Francisco, Calif.

►As editor of Latin American Events and ex-president of the United Nations Security Council, it is my opinion that shouts of "American imperialism" and seizure of U.S. property are just the beginning in Cuba. If Castro's revolutionary government is allowed to consolidate, missiles will be headed from Havana to Cape Canaveral.

EMILIO NUÑEZ PORTUONDO
Washington, D.C.

As Though at War

God bless the four Paul Reveres of defense, the Messrs. Lovett, Watson, Sprague, and Lanphier (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, March 7). The challenge of our times has been bluntly offered by

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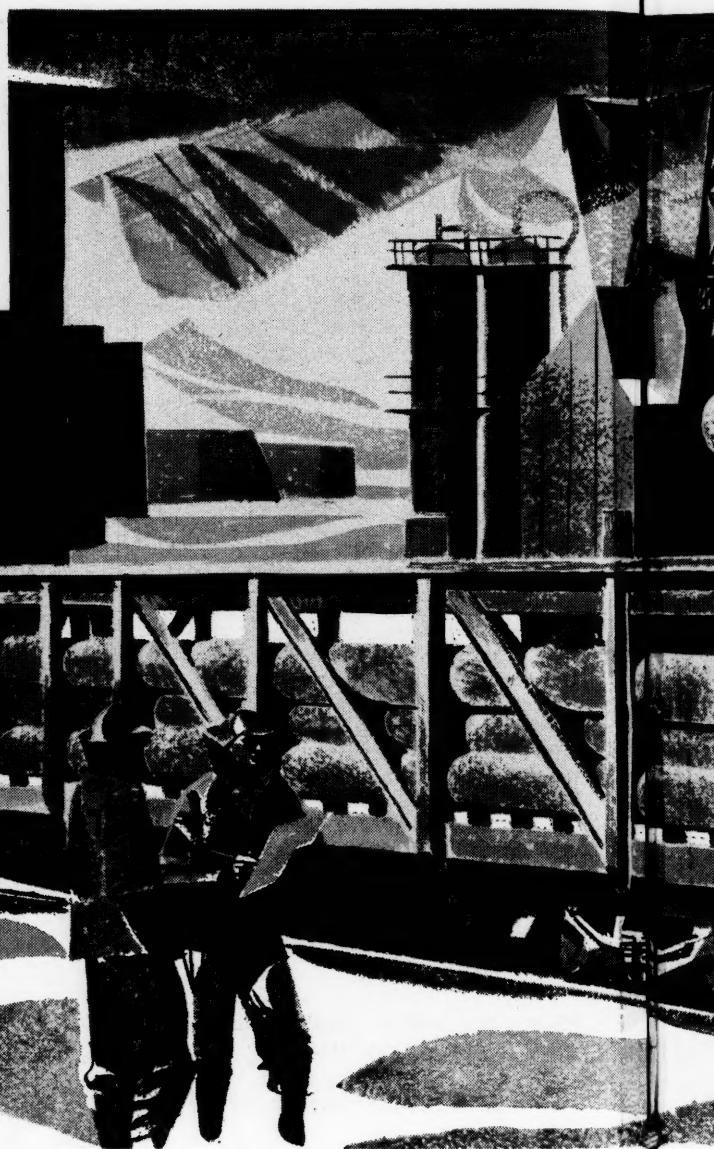
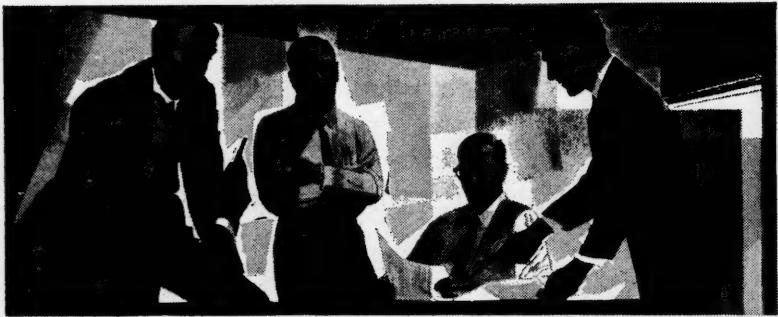
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...they come up with imaginative new ideas
like self-cleaning freight cars

Railroad crews, as you ordinarily think of them, work with such tools as shovels, signal lights, switch engines, ticket punchers.

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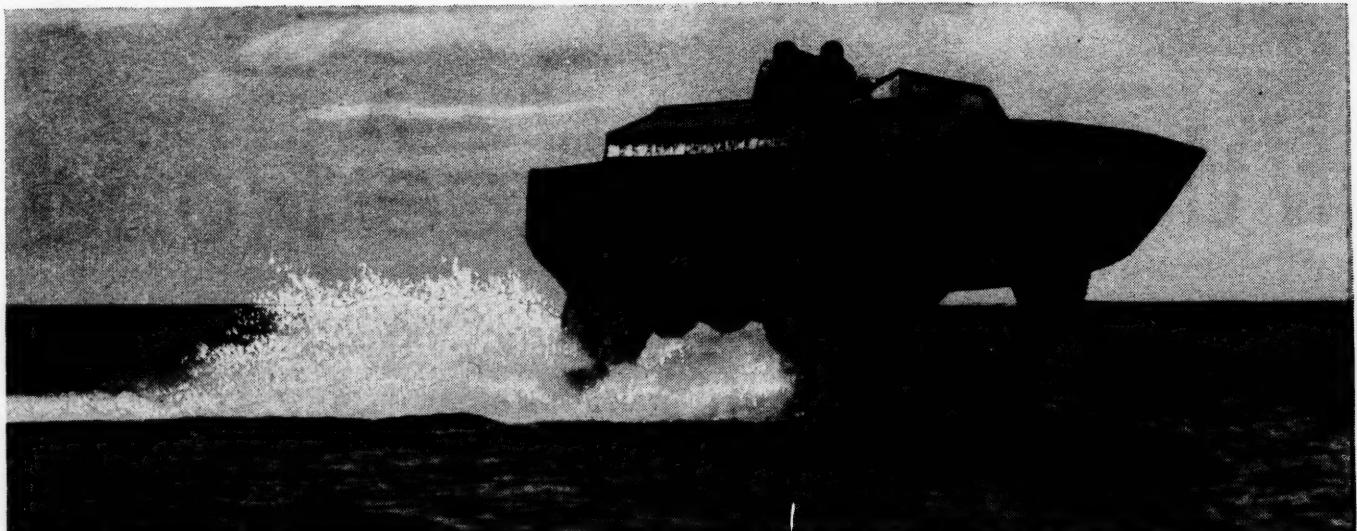
called "peek-a-boo" cars, they're saving time and money for many shippers.

In addition, because the sides of these cars are open, it is easier to inspect the lading to be sure that the pipe is properly blocked to prevent damage.

These Creative Crews are at work everywhere on

the Milwaukee Road. Some wear uniforms, Others, business suits. Still others, overalls. You can't spot them by their clothes but you'll know them by the fresh, imaginative way they solve your shipping problems. Creative Crews thinking! It's making the Milwaukee Road America's *resourceful* railroad.

Route of the Super Dome Hiawathas and Western "Cities" Fleet



Shown in full "flight" above the water (top picture) and cruising (lower picture) is the Army's "Flying Duck." This unusual craft has potential application on short passenger and freight runs—also offers military possibilities in anti-submarine patrol, air-sea rescue, and as a mobile missile launching platform.

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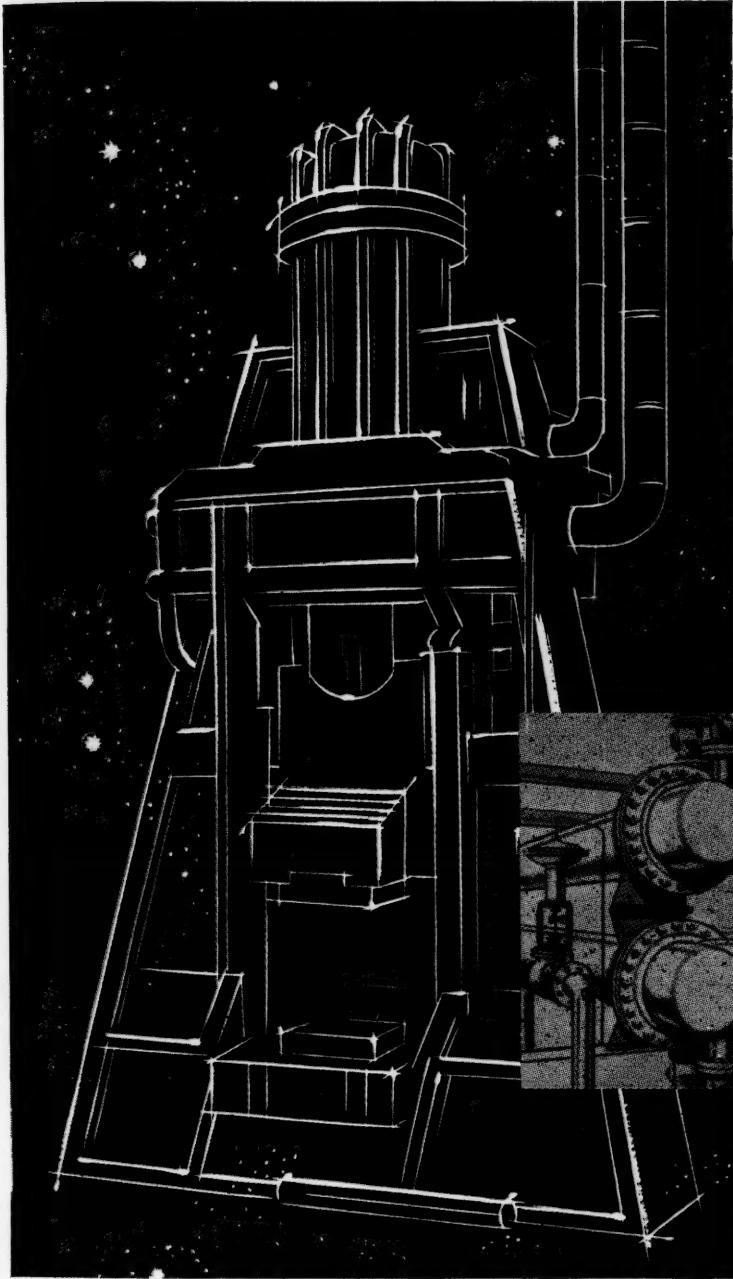
engines, and its starting ignition systems are used on the latest jet and turbo-prop types. Bendix* diesel fuel injection and gas-turbine ignition systems were chosen for the auxiliary diesel engine and the gas-turbine power plant for the world's most powerful locomotive built by General Electric for Union Pacific. Scintilla is also one of the world's largest producers of electrical connectors and harnesses.

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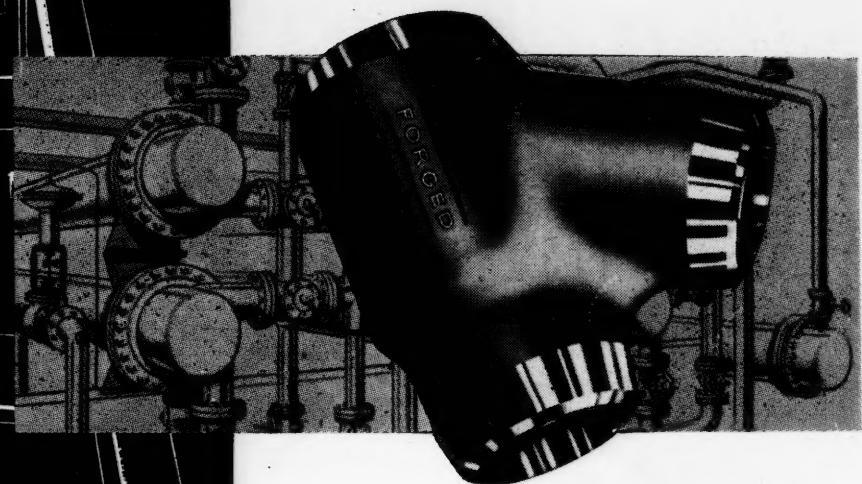


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LETTERS

Khrushchev who says our way of life is passé. The nation must be rallied as it was during two world wars.

MICHAEL KESTERSON
San Diego, Calif.

►The defense establishment, not Ike, should be condemned. If the armed services stopped wasting money we could have an adequate defense and a balanced budget at the same time.

JOHN R. LORCH A/2c
Forbes Air Force Base, Kans.

Flight of the Cat

Fred McHugh should be very careful about the kind of television shows to which he exposes his cat, Sammy (TV-RADIO, Feb. 29). Six weeks ago our nine-year-old black tom, Mr. Stanley, watched "Population Explosion." He then ran out into the night and has yet to return.

LELAH NELL MASTERS
Greensboro, N.C.

Sane and Sober

IN YOUR REPORT ON DAVID SUSSKIND'S "OPEN END" SHOW (TV-RADIO, Feb. 29), YOU MAKE ME AN AUTHORITY ON JACKIE GLEASON WHICH I AM NOT. I WROTE TWO MONOLOGUES FOR HIM THREE YEARS AGO AND I MET HIM ONCE IN A BAR. WE WERE BOTH SURPRISED WITH EACH OTHER BECAUSE CONTRARY TO REPORTS BOTH OF US TURNED OUT TO BE NORMAL, SOBER, QUIET, AND THOUGHTFUL HUMAN BEINGS.

JACK DOUGLAS
NEW YORK CITY

An advertisement for Newsweek magazine. It features a globe with a grid pattern. Overlaid on the globe is a rectangular frame containing the text "Newsweek GET NEWSWEEK EVERY WEEK—". To the left of the globe, there is a column of text: "GET ALL THE FACTS STRAIGHT FROM KEY NEWS CENTERS WORLDWIDE!". Below the globe, the word "NEWSWEEK" is centered, followed by two checkboxes: "1 year \$6" and "3 years \$12". At the bottom right, the text "subscribe now!" is written.

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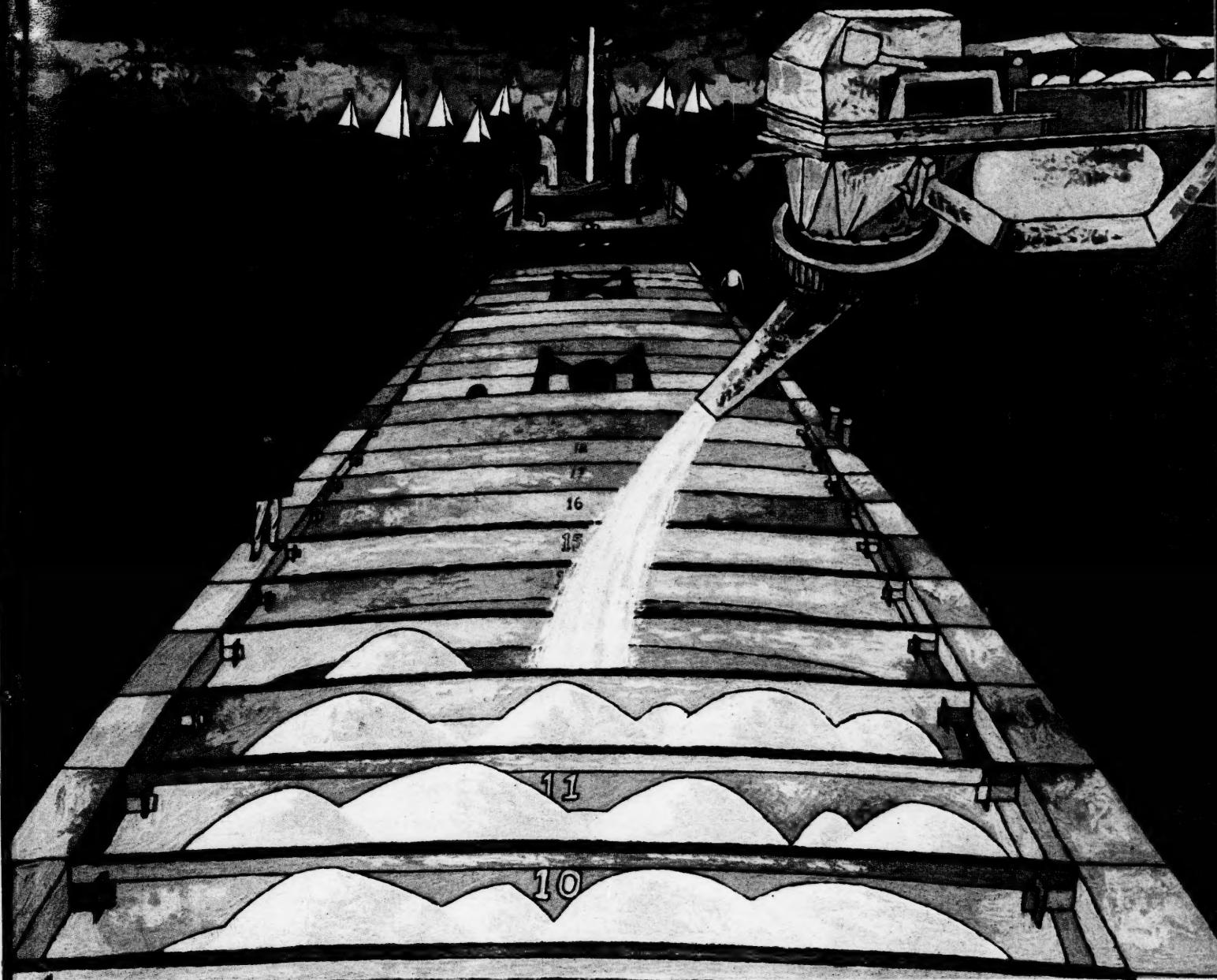
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Newsweek, March 21, 1960



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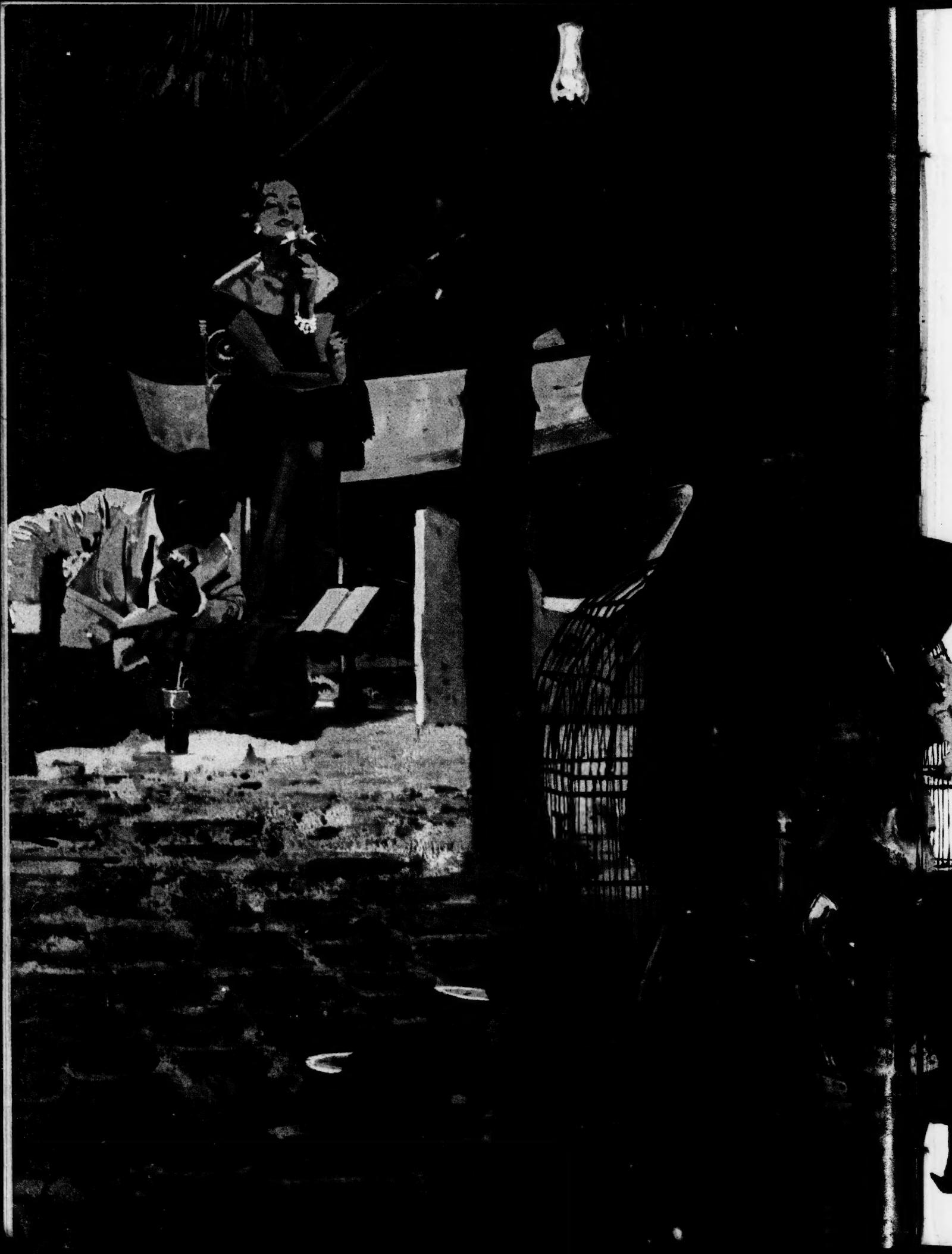
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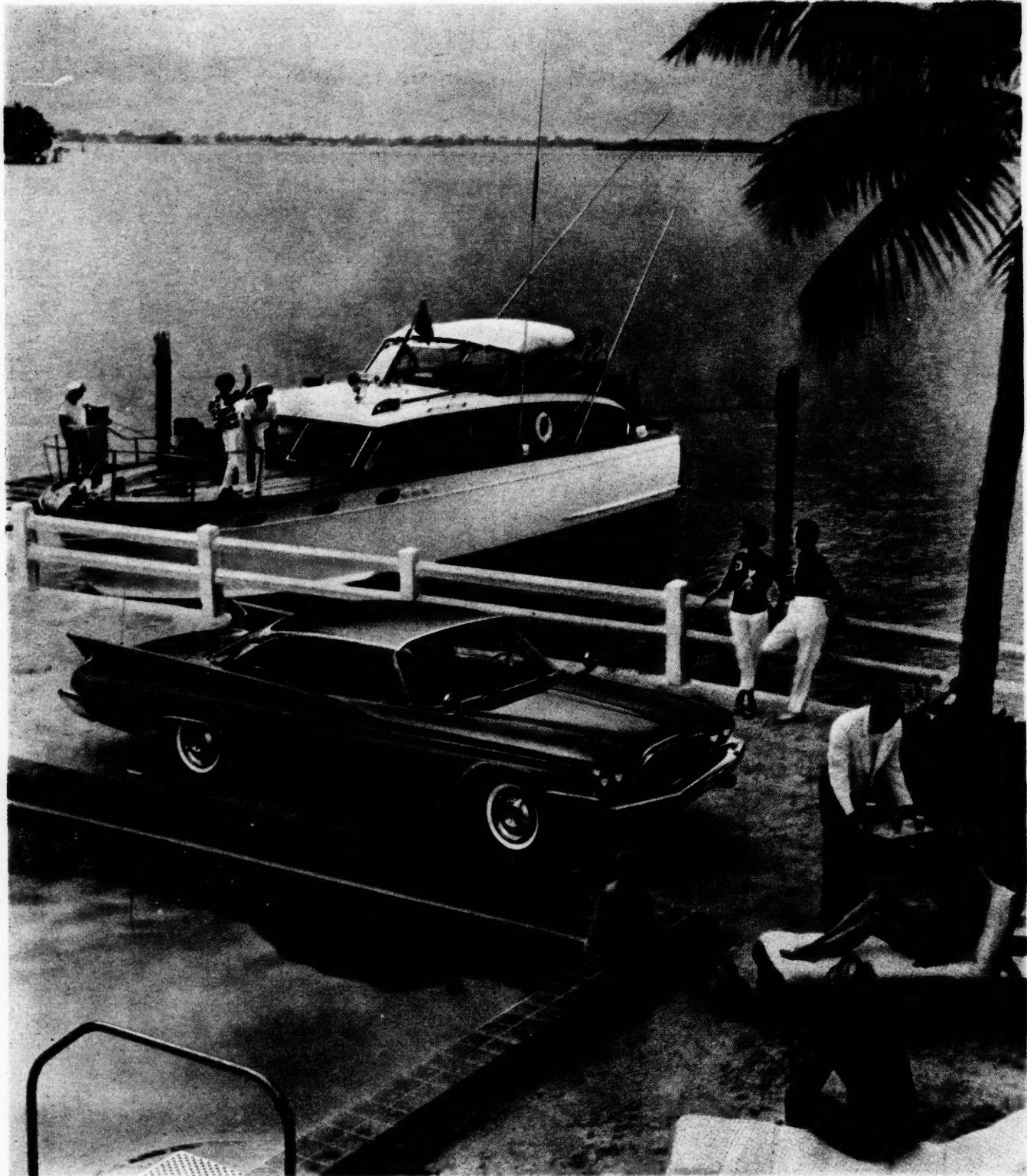
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Top of the Week

BUSINESS—JUST HOW GOOD?

THE NEWSWEEK SURVEY of major industry's spending plans, conducted in association with the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE BOARD, answers the question everybody's asking with the hard-cash facts. Pages 93-96. Also, bankers round the nation tell how they see the national economy. Page 96.

✓✓ **Kennedy Sizes Up Kennedy.** The front-running Democratic candidate for President answers some tough questions for NEWSWEEK as he faces his biggest battle—Wisconsin. What will he do if he loses? Whom does he rate his strongest Democratic opponent? What about the Catholic issue? Pages 39-40.

✓✓ **The Nosey Census of '60.** This week's cover story is a SPECIAL NATIONAL REPORT on the greatest quiz. Page 45.

✓ **The Soviet Mania—Stop Germany.** How the Kremlin is trying to do it—and what Chancellor Adenauer is telling the President and the U.S. about the growing danger. Pages 39 and 55.

✓ **Was It Flu? Or Was It Diplomatic Convenience?** Behind K's sudden postponement of his visit to Paris—and the shrinking state of the Communist Party in France. Pages 62-63.

✓✓ **On-Scene in Cuba—And the Threat in Panama.** Senior Editor Harold Lavine reports on the Castro crisis and a crisis-in-the-making in the vital Canal Zone. Pages 71-73.

✓ **Into the Arms of Venus: Our Latest Space Shoot.** Our SPACE AND ATOM editors report the awesome adventure. Page 78.

✓ **Easier Money Coming.** BUSINESS TRENDS traces Washington's new attitude toward tight credit. Page 91.

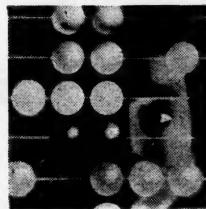
✓✓ **Is It Good Enough to Eat?** NEWSWEEK'S BUSINESS editors penetrate the mystery of food additives. Page 99.

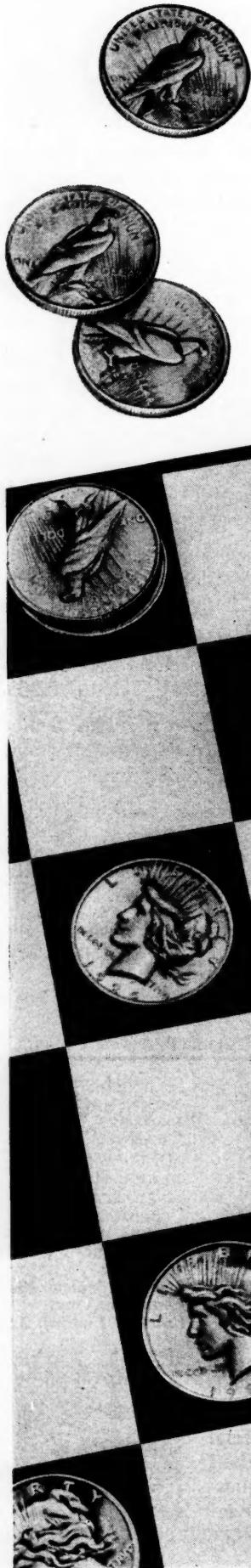
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NEWSWEEK SURVEY: INDUSTRY'S SPENDING PLANS (PAGES 93 TO 96)

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THE COVER: In March of any year ending in zero, neither spring nor the decennial census can be far behind. This year the census will be the biggest countdown in history. For a Special Report, see page 45. NEWSWEEK artist Norbert van Houten used an abacus over a census questionnaire to produce this week's symbolic cover.





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Goldfine's Tax Offer
Primaries: The Big Spender
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What's in a Red Name?

Ahead of the News

BROOKLINE, MASS. — It may be denied, but Bernard Goldfine has offered to settle up for that \$790,000 he allegedly evaded in Federal taxes (see page 42). Mindful of what a political hot potato Goldfine is, with his onetime Sherman Adams ties, the government said no. It is determined to collect in full, plus penalties.

PENTAGON — Would all-out nuclear war between the U.S. and Russia really wipe out civilization? A new, top-secret study made for use by the National Security Council says not. Atomic scientists, who did the research, insist people living below the Equator would escape most of the fallout. Millions in the Northern Hemisphere would survive the blast of the A-weapons but would, of course, be hit by fallout.

SENATE OFFICE BUILDING — Secretary of State Herter could stay on in a Nixon administration. This word from Nixon intimates. They say the Vice President has never forgotten Herter's help in 1956 when Harold Stassen launched a move to dump Nixon in favor of Herter. Herter would have no part of it, nominated Nixon for a second term. Note: The Secretary, as of now, intends to retire when Ike leaves office.

The Political Beat

ECONOMIC ADVISERS COUNCIL — Nobody is panicky, but chart-watchers here say privately it's at least possible the economy may be dragging a bit around Election Day. Over-all spending is up on all fronts (see page 93). But on the other side of the ledger falling stock prices and a somewhat less sanguine outlook for steel and autos worry some Republicans.

COMMERCE DEPARTMENT — That is the reason (see above) the economics staff here is under front-office orders to scout around for all possible upbeat economic news.

MANCHESTER, N.H. — Both Kennedy and Nixon forces agree on this: The big spender in

the New Hampshire primary (see page 40) was Paul Fisher, the Chicago pen manufacturer who opposed Kennedy for the Democratic nomination. These sources estimate Fisher spent about \$25,000, the senator about \$18,000, Nixon slightly more than Kennedy.

MADISON, WIS. — Sen. Jack Kennedy's backers are offering to bet all comers that Sen. Hubert Humphrey outspends their man in Wisconsin. Humphrey, they claim, will shell out more than \$125,000 in this first state primary matching the two avowed Democratic candidates. Where's Humphrey getting all that money? From home-state Minnesota supporters, fund-raising dinners, and some moneyed Eastern liberals.

The Executive Wing

STATE DEPARTMENT — "I myself chose the itinerary for the trip." Ike was talking to twenty Latin American Ambassadors lunching with him at the White House last week. At least one, Peru's envoy, has been fuming that his country was bypassed (*THE PERISCOPE*, March 14).

PENTAGON — Pulling out that F-102 jet squadron at Thule, Greenland, is just the beginning. The Air Force also will withdraw interceptor squadrons in Newfoundland and Iceland, as well as one in Sioux City, Iowa. The reasons: Mounting costs and the diminishing danger of Soviet bomber attacks as missiles come into use.

BLAIR HOUSE — Big problem for the State Department: Finding a bed long enough for the 6-foot-4 de Gaulle who'll be stopping here next month. Government warehouses had nothing suitable. A 6-foot-10 bed is now being built.

Where Are They Now?

LONG BEACH, CALIF. — Lou Novikoff, who in 1941 was billed as the greatest player to come out of the Pacific Coast League since Joe DiMaggio but who hit .300 only once (in 1942)

The Periscope

in five seasons with the Cubs and the Phillies, is a stevedore here, making about \$7,500 a year. He lives in a seven-room house in nearby South Gate with his wife, Esther, and 12-year-old son. Now 44, the "Mad Russian," who earned about \$8,000 a season at his peak, quit baseball in 1950 after hitting .333 for a Class-B club. He plays softball, also enjoys trout fishing and an occasional "beer bust" with other former major leaguers at the Elks Club.

MARION, N.C. — "Another Bobby Feller," crowed the Cleveland Indians in 1951 when they

signed schoolboy pitching "phenom" Billy Joe Davidson for a reported bonus of \$100,000. But he never made the majors, quit the game four years ago after six so-so years in the minors (46 wins, 36 losses), and now, at 26, is a spinning-room supervisor at a textile mill here in his Blue Ridge Mountain home town. He lives in a small frame house with his wife, Laura, and three young children. Billy, who once struck out 25 batters while hurling a no-hitter in an American Legion game, blames a shoulder injury for his failure to make the majors. His advice to future "bonus babies": "Go to college first."

Periscoping the World

Headlines to Come

BERLIN — Don't be surprised if K dramatically announces, just before the May summit, that all Soviet troops have been withdrawn from East Germany. Usually well-informed Western intelligence sources say it's a good bet.

GENEVA — Western negotiators are alerted for this Soviet bid at the ten-nation disarmament talks opening here this week: An offer to scrap all submarines—the Soviets have about 500 vs. America's 110—starting with missile-firing subs. The idea, of course, is to scuttle the threat of U.S. Polaris-missile submarines.

LONDON — Britain is ready to supply Israel with a limited number of Centurion heavy tanks. British intelligence, insiders say, has checked out those reports that the U.A.R. will soon get Soviet T-54 heavy tanks, believes they're right.

AMMAN, JORDAN — Watch for announcement soon of a spectacular new U.A.R.-Soviet deal, possibly for more arms. Nasser is setting the stage for this, observers here insist, with his recent blasts against Israel and Jordan.

The Diplomatic Pouch

PANAMA CITY — Despite denials here, THE PERISCOPE learns Russia did try recently to buy diplomatic relations with Panama. The offer: A \$50 million low-interest, long-term loan in exchange for permission to set up a consulate. President Ernesto de la Guardia vetoed the idea.

TEL AVIV — Look for Mrs. Golda Meir to resign soon as Israeli Foreign Minister. Confidants say she feels her position has been undercut by foreign-policy statements issued by other government officials traveling abroad. They mention specifically Defense Ministry Director Shimon Peres and Gen. Moshe Dayan. Abba Eban, for-

mer Israeli Ambassador to Washington and to the U.N., is the likeliest successor. This from high-up Foreign Ministry informants.

WHITEHALL — At first skeptical of U.S. alarm, Britain's Foreign Office has come around, now believes Castro's anti-Americanism is driving Cuba willy-nilly into the Red camp. And this, London fears, will stir up trouble by leftist elements in British territories in the Caribbean and Central American areas.

The Inside Story

PARIS — Before this week's talks with K were postponed (see page 62), de Gaulle was pessimistic about achieving any concrete political results. "All Khrushchev wants," the French leader told an intimate, "is to make propaganda hay out of this. The net result may be just a chance for our Communists to get out in the fresh air."

STOCKHOLM — Two top officials of the Soviet state bank have just ended a visit here. They called on at least four banks to study the way they do business, especially customer relations.

LONDON — British Fascists, now splintered into several parties, will merge soon. Substantial financial backing assertedly has been promised the new group by white-supremacy exponents in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa.

BELGRADE — A Red by any other name . . . Several influential Yugoslav officials, THE PERISCOPE hears, are urging dropping the word "Communists" from the party title, the Yugoslav League of Communists. The very word, they argue, frightens off some African and Asian neutrals whom Tito would like for allies.

For Periscoping Sports, page 76; Medicine, page 124.

SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

THEY COULDN'T TURN BACK...THEY WOULDN'T GIVE UP

Wausau Story

In ESCANABA

ON MICHIGAN'S UPPER PENINSULA

by HENRY HARNISCHFEGER President,
the Harnischfeger Corporation, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"Back in 1852, lumberjacks took over Michigan's Upper Peninsula . . . and for years the logs they took out of the huge pine forests kept Escanaba busy and thriving. But with the local economy based on natural resources alone, there was no diversification, no chance for expansion. The depletion and diversion of the natural resources seemed to mark an end to the town's prosperity and progress.

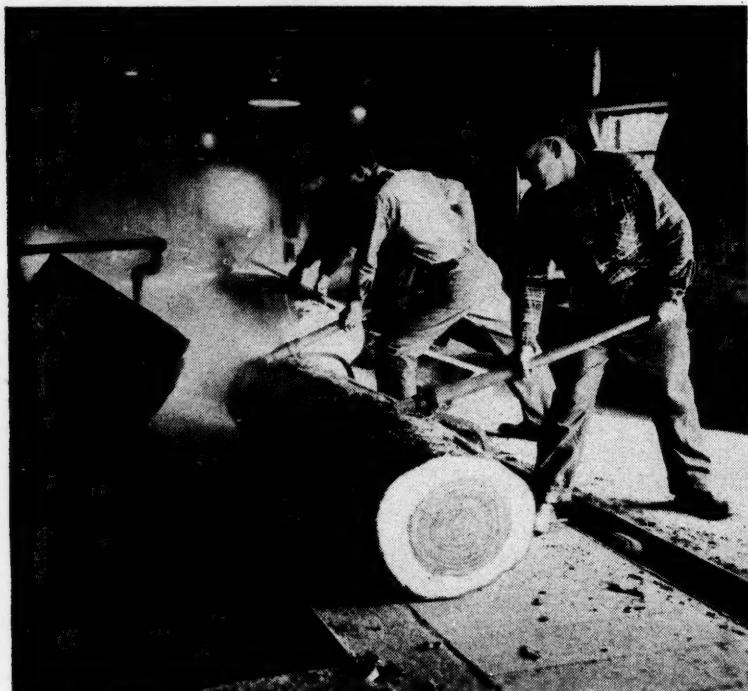
"Escanaba people wouldn't have it that way. They had too much drive and pride to give up easily. They went looking for industry to keep their town from fading away.

"Our company liked that spirit. We saw an opportunity in the cooperation and encouragement the community offered. So in 1947 we started building welding machines there, hiring 13 men. It wasn't more than a year later

that we were making plans to build a plant to produce excavators and truck cranes. Now we've got three plants in Escanaba with over a thousand employees on our payroll.

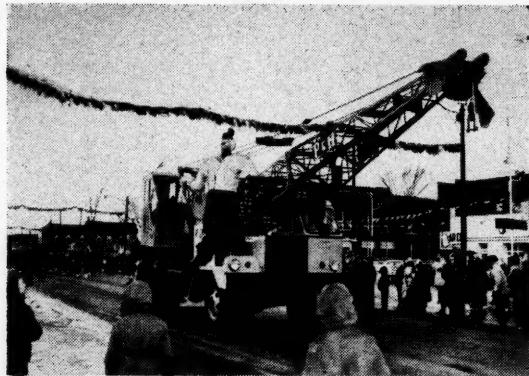
"We've never been sorry that we chose Escanaba for these new operations. This is a great place to be in business . . . and we've got some great people here to do business with, including the insurance people, Employers Mutuals of Wausau. We find their help is valuable and efficient . . . and there's a personal interest we appreciate."

Thank you, Mr. Harnischfeger. We think you'll be interested to know that almost half of Escanaba's small businesses and retail stores are Employers Mutuals' policy-holders too. It isn't the size of the business that counts with us. Big or small, we do take a personal interest in that business. That's the Wausau Way of working.



At Birds Eye Veneer Company, an Employers Mutuals' policyholder for over 25 years, there's a continuation of Escanaba's original woodworking industry. Here men push the huge

hardwood logs into the boiling vats where they are "cooked" in 180 degree water. Then the logs are "unravelled" to form choice and beautiful veneer for fine furniture.



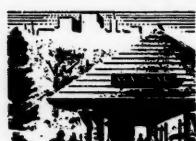
This winter Escanaba staged a celebration to salute the Harnischfeger Corporation's contribution to the city's prosperity. In the parade, a P & H Miti-Mite truck crane made in Escanaba.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau has offices all across the country. We write all forms of fire, group and casualty insurance (including automobile). We are one of the largest in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest Wausau Man or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.

For the 400 guests of Escanaba's celebration, Pat Hayes—chef and owner of the celebrated House of Ludington—prepares dinner . . . whole pheasants served on flaming swords.



Ornamental iron work is turned out at the forge of the Crooked Iron Works, one of Escanaba's 27 smaller but thriving manufacturers. Employers Mutuals is proud to serve as insurance carrier for many of these businesses.



"Good people to do business with"

Employers Mutuals of Wausau

The Periscope

Washington Trends

Nixon's Running Mate?

A hot prospect for Vice President Nixon's running mate: Thruston Morton, senator from Kentucky and Republican national chairman.

Nixon's friends note that Morton has dignity, experience, political savvy, and a record of moderation (e.g., on the racial issue he annoys neither Northerners nor Southerners).

Even if New York Governor Rockefeller could be persuaded to run for Vice President, Nixon associates doubt Nixon would warm up to him.

As for former Massachusetts Sen. Henry Cabot Lodge, Nixon is said to feel that he is far too useful in his present job as Ambassador to the United Nations.

Nixon Cabinet Talk

Nixon is represented as getting restive over the bickering within the Administration over defense policy, thinks military heads should roll or be knocked together about the missile-gap uproar.

This same attitude is believed to carry over to his thinking about his Cabinet. Not that anybody, in view of Nixon's secretiveness, has much of an idea about who might be on the list.

"I only know this," said one Nixon intimate. "If he's elected, his Cabinet officers will know politics and they'll be articulate."

Ike's Health—And Travel

The President's personal physician, Maj. Gen. Howard McC. Snyder, has put his foot down. The schedule for Ike's round-the-world trip in June will be lighter than his last two.

Dr. Snyder complained privately during both the Asian and South American trips that the routine demanded too much of Eisenhower. Result: This time the doctor will be consulted.

Cloture—Breeding Trouble

By beating back the liberal move to close off civil-rights debate, Senate Leader Johnson may have assured trouble for the future over the Senate's long-standing cloture rule.

Frustrated senators are promising privately that

they will work to improve the present (two-thirds vote) cloture rule.

As a result, both the Democratic and Republican platforms for 1960 may call for majority votes to close debate.

Taxes, Lawyers, Doctors

Apparently only such self-employed persons as lawyers and doctors will get any tax boon from this session of Congress.

A face-saving compromise fashioned by Florida's Senator Smathers will soon emerge from the Senate Finance Committee, permitting the self-employed to set aside a tax-free \$2,500 a year for retirement purposes.

Smathers' plan, practically assured of passage: Let the self-employed set up pension trust funds for *their* employees. Some had objected that it was unfair to help a doctor build a retirement fund, and not his office nurse.

Smathers, what's more, says it will cost the Treasury only \$100 million a year, not the previously estimated \$365 million.

The Missile-Gap Again

Ike and his budget advisers are chilly toward the Air Force proposal to narrow the missile gap by adding five or six more ICBM squadrons (or 50 to 60 missiles) within the next year or so.

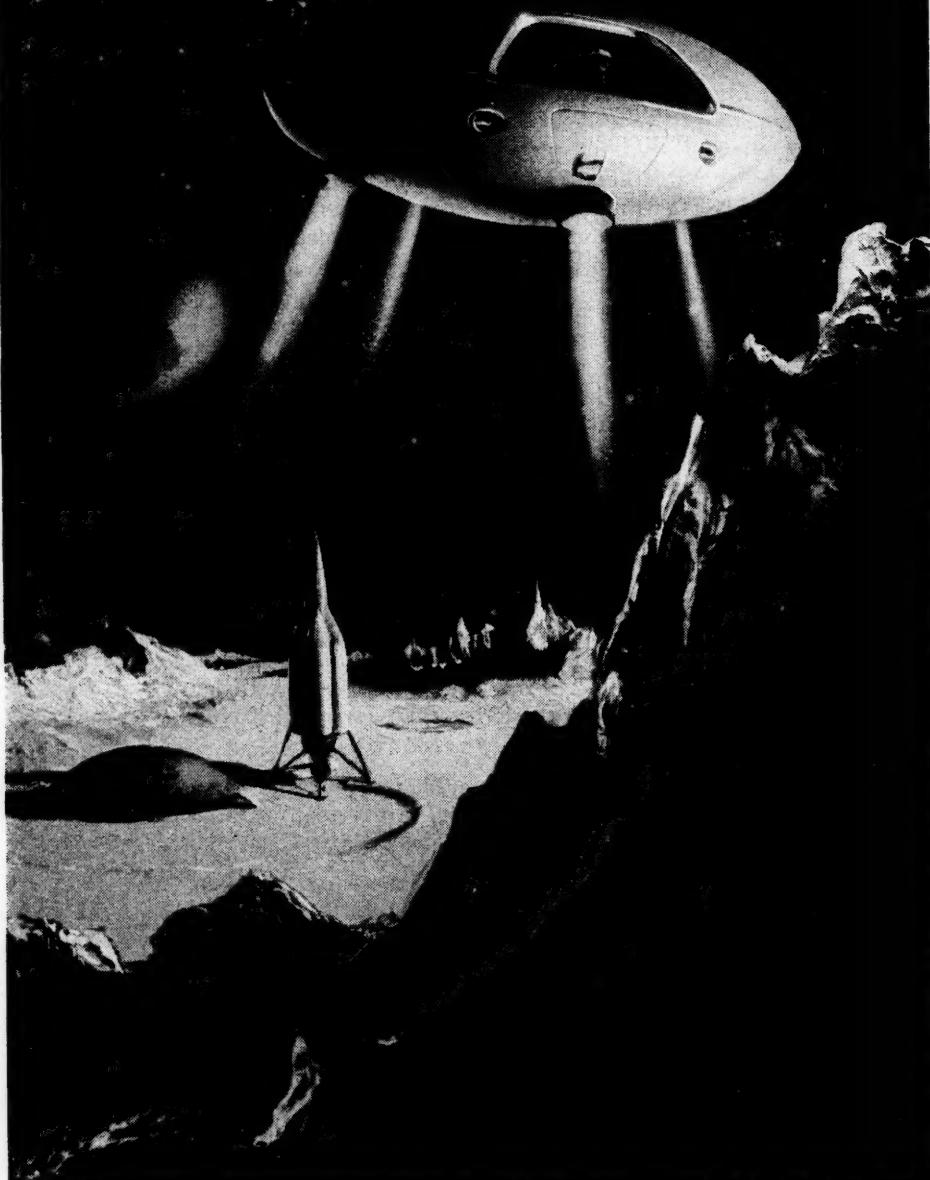
Besides the cost (about \$500 million), Ike objects that the additional ICBM's would go to launchers vulnerable to near misses. Underground launchers capable of withstanding any but direct missile hits take two years to build.

Such expansion would mean that instead of 130 Atlas missiles the Air Force would have 148 intercontinental nuclear warheads.

Ike's probable answer to the Air Force: No. The President, however, might buy a \$200 million two-year program to add three more Atlas ICBM's to each of the last six squadrons installed in protected sites.

For Business Trends, see page 91.

How much
would you spend
to vacation
on the Moon?



Out of today's space research come unexpected by-products — perhaps even space travel for the average citizen . . .

When only explorers dared cross darkest Africa, few foresaw it as a future vacationland. Outer Space now stands in a similar position.

What will Lunar vacations cost? When rocket development is written off and we have nuclear power, a traveler may go for about the present price of a tiger hunt or African safari!

At Douglas Aircraft, builder of the big DC-8 jets, practical steps to bring this about began 14 years ago when Douglas engineers designed and engineered a feasible space platform. Today, with more than 20,000 rockets under its belt—including the *Nike* series and *Thor*, reliable Space Age workhorse—Douglas is deep in a series of space age studies: the moon as a military base . . . compact space huts . . . how will man react to the space environment . . . what useable natural resources to expect . . . and, always, more efficient rockets for military, scientific, and peaceful needs.

The Douglas concept of a *complete* support system has resulted in space research ranging from nuclear rockets to nutrition for space travelers

DOUGLAS

MISSILE AND SPACE SYSTEMS •
MILITARY AIRCRAFT • DC-8 JETLINERS •
TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT • AIRCOMB® •
GROUND SUPPORT EQUIPMENT

Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

March 21, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

What Chancellor Adenauer is Telling Ike—And the U.S.

Officially, it was described as an "informal visit." Yet from the moment Chancellor Konrad Adenauer set foot in the U.S. this week, everyone he would meet—from President Eisenhower to fellow visitor Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion of Israel (whom Adenauer hopes to chat with in New York)—knew that the scholarly old man had some weighty words

of cold-war wisdom to deliver to the West. Adenauer's advice to America:
►Don't give an inch on Berlin—or the Reds will take a mile.
►Don't be alarmed by the rumors of reviving Nazism; Adenauer is personally weeding out extremists from his government.
►Don't be alarmed by the outcry over the growing might of West German

forces. It's part of a Communist smear campaign to frighten the West into cutting back NATO's armed power (see page 55).
►Above all, give up the notion that peace with Communism requires matching concession for concession. The Reds are the aggressors; it's for them to make concessions, if they want a *détente*.



UPI

KENNEDY SIZES UP KENNEDY

With his impressive showing in New Hampshire—the nation's maiden primary—behind him, Sen. John F. Kennedy this week was riding high toward the first real hurdle on his Presidential course, Wisconsin's primary on April 5. How does he size up his chances there? Who does he think is his most dangerous Democratic rival? How does he expect his Catholicism to affect the campaign? Only one man can answer these questions—and in the following exclusive NEWSWEEK Q. and A., Kennedy does.

Q. What is your prediction on Wisconsin? What is the minimum vote that will satisfy you? Would you withdraw from the race if you were beaten?

A. I'm making no predictions now—I'm not sure anyone can. It is a close race and a tough one. I will be satisfied with a bare majority of the popular vote. If I can win in Wisconsin—regardless of the delegate count, since under the new rules change that may not reflect the majority—a victory there of any size ought to make quite a difference at Los Angeles. If I lose—particularly if I should lose decisively—I'd have to re-evaluate my whole situation. But I don't expect that. We've had a good reception everywhere in that state. The people have been very friendly to my wife and me—and I hope to win.

Q. A recent poll in West Virginia shows you running only

fifth, behind Humphrey, while an earlier poll showed you beating Humphrey 70-30. What's the story there?

A. Frankly I'm not sure either poll means much at this time. The campaign isn't really under way in West Virginia. The primary is a long way off (May 10) and a lot of people haven't made up their minds yet.

But I intend to campaign hard there, as in all seven primaries* I've entered. I think my record will help me there once it's better known—my work on minimum wages, unemployment compensation, depressed areas, coal research, social security, medical care for the aged and all the rest. They're very conscious of these issues in West Virginia—but they need action, not pie-in-the-sky promises.

So I don't agree with those who underestimate the intelligence and political maturity of those people. I hope to run well there.

Q. As the acknowledged front-runner now, how many votes do you think you will have on the first ballot at Los Angeles? On the second?

A. I don't believe I'll try to list them now. It depends a great deal on the primaries, on who drops out between now and July 11, on how many favorite sons decide to seek convention votes, and many other factors we don't now know. Most of the delegates haven't even been chosen yet.

But I said, when I announced, that I did so only when I became convinced that I could win both the nomination and

*New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Nebraska, West Virginia, Maryland, Oregon, and Ohio.

the election. Nothing has happened since to change my mind—so I hope to have enough votes on the first ballot to be a leading contender, and enough on some subsequent ballot to give me the necessary majority.

Q. What about California? After deciding not to run against favorite son Gov. Pat Brown in that primary, how many of California's 81 votes do you anticipate on the second ballot?

A. I think the California delegates ought to be permitted to speak for themselves. They will want to consider the primaries and other developments, too; and they have a governor in Pat Brown, who deserves to lead a united California delegation to the convention as favorite son. Once he decides to release them, I'm very hopeful of receiving fair consideration from all the delegates, most of whom I know personally.

I'm pretty sure of one vote on that delegation anyway—my sister Pat's (Mrs. Peter Lawford).

Q. Who do you think is your strongest opponent now? Why?

A. Lyndon Johnson is without question the only other contender today who has a really substantial number of delegate commitments in sight. But everyone mentioned for the job has real ability and political potentiality.

Q. What about the religious issue now? NEWSWEEK'S LISTENING POST surveys still show signs of opposition to a Catholic President—from Catholics who fear the campaign of a Catholic candidate might reopen old wounds, and from Protestants who wonder if a Catholic President could effectively separate church and state. What do you think?

A. The voters will decide this issue. I've already made it perfectly clear that I am completely free of any ecclesiastical pressure or obligation in fulfilling my oath of office. So it's up to the voters. They didn't seem to hold my religion against me in Massachusetts, or last week in New Hampshire, or in the Gallup poll—we'll just have to see what they do in November.

There's bound to be a lot of [talk] about it—after all, it is something new, and there are all the legends about 1928. But all this talk is good. Let people know my record and views, and this issue won't be a mysterious unknown at the convention.

I've answered all questions of public policy which touch on religion. I'm glad to. But I'm not going to start apologizing for going to my own church now—I didn't have to enter the Navy, or the House fourteen years ago, or the Senate. I think most Americans will agree with Article VI of the Constitution that there should be no religious test for Federal office—and that there [are] more important issues on which to base the Presidential election.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: How Significant?

To Sen. John Kennedy's pre-primary plea for just a few minutes of their time to vote, New Hampshire's Democrats last week responded with a roar. Kennedy's total of 45,498 votes exceeded his rosiest dreams. (Privately he had hoped for, at most, 37,500.) It was twice the vote ever polled by any Democratic candidate before in the Republican Granite State. (Estes Kefauver held the old record with 21,700 in 1952.)

As it turned out, Vice President Richard Nixon also set a record in the GOP primary. His 65,077 votes topped the previous record of 56,464 rolled up by President Eisenhower in 1956.

How did the Kennedy and Nixon camps interpret these figures?

Kennedy's forces naturally were grati-

especially interesting to Democratic politicians in Pennsylvania, Illinois, and New York, where the Democrats need a heavy vote in the big cities to offset GOP power in the rural areas.

In the Nixon camp, there was no disposition to downgrade Kennedy's showing. Yet the Nixon men were more than satisfied, on these counts:

► Nixon's record vote went a long way toward scotching the argument, largely inspired by the Democrats, that Nixon "can't win."

► The huge vote showed that, even without once setting foot in New Hampshire to campaign, Nixon could appeal to Republicans of all shades of opinion.

In the afterglow, Nixon could be charitable to his New Hampshire campaign manager, Gov. Wesley Powell, who just before the election attacked Kennedy as being "soft on Communism." At the time, Nixon repudiated Powell's



On Wisconsin: While a candidate ponders, wife Jacqueline waits

fied that their man had upset the state's usual 2-to-1 Republican majority. Helped by the Catholic vote of the state's French Canadians, plus the fact that he is a next-to-native son of New Hampshire, Kennedy whittled this down to something like 1½ to 1.

But what intrigued the Kennedy professionals more than anything was an analysis of the vote in New Hampshire's thirteen larger cities. In 1956, President Eisenhower carried these cities over Estes Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson by 13,556 to 12,085 votes, or a majority of 11 per cent. Last week, Kennedy carried these same cities over Nixon by 28,332 to 19,362, or a Democratic majority of 46 per cent. To the Kennedy camp, it seemed that these statistics should be

charge. But at the weekend he dashed off a message to Powell, congratulating him on "a great achievement."

No Rest: This week, Kennedy's Presidential stock obviously was zooming. Yet there could be no rest for Kennedy. In New Hampshire he had faced only token opposition on the Democratic ballot (from Chicago pen manufacturer Paul Fisher, who polled some 6,000 votes). But in his next and first real test, the Wisconsin primary on April 5, Kennedy would come up against a fighting Democratic rival, Hubert Humphrey. The votes had scarcely been counted in New Hampshire, in fact, when Kennedy flew off to Wisconsin to do battle with Humphrey, already stumping up and down the state.

ADMINISTRATION:

Stormy Weather

Off and on for two years, amiable John C. Doerfer, 55, had found his post as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission increasingly uncomfortable. First, in 1958, a House subcommittee investigating Federal regulatory agencies sharply questioned the propriety of the FCC chairman accepting the hospitality of an FCC licensee. Doerfer and his wife had been guests of George B. Storer, owner of twelve radio and TV stations, on a flying trip to the Bahamas in 1955.

Then came disclosures of rigged TV quiz shows, followed by the payola scandals. An aroused President Eisenhower, a TV fan himself, ordered Attorney General William P. Rogers to determine what action the government might take to end the abuses. Rogers reported back that the FCC and the Federal Trade Commission have "adequate authority under existing law to eradicate most, if not all, of the deceptive and corrupt practices." This was plainly a slap at the easygoing Doerfer, who held that the industry should police itself.

On top of this, it developed that Doerfer had again accepted Storer's hospitality, this time on the latter's yacht Lazy Girl off the Florida coast.

Planned to Pay: Under oath before the House subcommittee, Doerfer admitted he and his wife had spent six nights on the yacht. Further, he acknowledged flying to Florida and back on Storer's plane but insisted he intended to pay for the rides.

Last week Doerfer was summoned to the White House, and when he left after twenty minutes with the President, he had agreed to resign.

Next morning the White House received a telephone call from the FCC chairman's home in suburban Bethesda, Md. He was sorry, he said, but the night's 6-inch snowfall had marooned him. He would not be able to deliver his letter of resignation.

Never mind, said a Presidential aide—the White House would send a car out. A few hours later, a black limousine, equipped with snow chains, stopped at Doerfer's home. A messenger picked up the letter in which Doerfer stoutly defended his conduct but resigned "to avoid possible embarrassment" to the President and the Administration.

The President expressed regret but agreed the decision was "a wise one."

As new FCC chairman, Mr. Eisenhower named Frederick W. Ford, 51, a three-year member of the commission. For broadcasters, Ford's appointment promised a tougher FCC attitude on questionable radio-TV practices.

►To a Senate subcommittee, Earl C.



Why the High-Altitude SNAFU

President Eisenhower disclosed last week that, contrary to the widely understood policy of this government, he would not order U.S. planes to fly at high altitude into Berlin. It seemed on the surface to be a top-drawer policy decision. Actually it was a smoke screen for an incredible foul-up in Washington. NEWSWEEK's diplomatic correspondent Edward Weintal tells the behind-scenes story:

It was early in February that the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff first sent to the State Department a request from the Air Force for resumption of high-altitude jet flights to Berlin.

Both Air Force and State knew only too well that the Russians objected strongly to flights above the 10,000-foot ceiling they had imposed (photo—an airlift plane landing at Berlin). The last time the U.S. tried it, in April 1959, the Soviets howled to the high-altitude heavens.

Nevertheless, the Air Force claimed that its C-130 cargo jets fly more efficiently at high levels; therefore the move could be justified on the basis of "technical needs." Both Secretary of State Christian Herter, anxious to demonstrate U.S. rights in the Berlin corridor, and President Eisenhower, who was just about to leave on his Latin American tour, bought the idea.

There began, then, the usual diplomatic routine: Approval by Britain and France; the drafting of a note to the Kremlin explaining the U.S. intention.

Early this month, again as a matter of routine, the text of the note to Russia was sent to the Pentagon for clearance. But two days later, Under Secretary of State Livingston Merchant received a telephone call from Deputy Secretary of Defense

James Douglas. The gist of Douglas's call: The flights could not be justified by "technical needs." The Air Force, said Douglas, now realized that because of the short distance of the Berlin flights, its jets would waste as much fuel on the steep climb to high altitude as they would save flying there the rest of the way.

Merchant was stunned almost to disbelief. But the next day, in a personal visit to Herter's home, Secretary of Defense Thomas Gates repeated the same argument.

Urgent Visits: Early last week, Merchant hurried to see President Eisenhower, who had just returned from Latin America. Since the technical excuse was now invalid, Merchant explained, the only alternative was to go through with the plan for political reasons. The President balked at this, however, on the ground that it would unnecessarily provoke the Russians.

That same day Merchant called in the British and French Ambassadors. Red-faced, he told them the project would have to be dropped.

After Herter made the announcement, in the President's name, the next day, most foreign diplomats in Washington interpreted the change in plans as a "soft on Russia" attitude. But those in the know chalked it up as another Pentagon SNAFU.

Corey, former \$14,000-a-year Agriculture Department official, admitted he made \$53,250 as a silent partner in a grain-storage firm which received U.S. contracts through his office. He resigned from the department last January. A Federal grand jury in Portland is hearing testimony on his affairs.

INCOME TAXES:**The Rich Congressman**

In the solemn chamber of the U.S. District Court of New York, the government carefully ticked off the evidence of Rep. Adam Clayton Powell's good life: Three cars (Jaguar, Cadillac, and Chrysler); two homes (at Mount Vernon, N.Y., and Westhampton Beach, L.I.); two boats; two servants.

Then, as the trial of the Harlem Democrat for income-tax evasion began before an all-white jury last week, the government claimed that a good deal of his high living was at public expense.

The indictment against Powell charges him specifically with evading only about \$3,000 in taxes on the 1951 income of his wife, jazz pianist Hazel Scott (who is not a defendant), and the joint income of both in 1952.

But in his opening statement, Chief Assistant U.S. Attorney Morton Robson contended that Powell's alleged frauds are "of far greater magnitude." Actually, said Robson, Powell paid less than \$1,000 in taxes on an income of \$70,000 in 1951, and a mere \$700 on an income of almost \$90,000 in 1952.

Some sample charges:

- Powell wrote off dinner checks at places like Sardi's and 21, his purchases of whisky, furs, and jewelry, even the schooling of his son as business expenses.
- Powell listed a deduction of \$237 for clerical robes (he is pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Harlem), whereas he really spent only \$2.37 for clerical collars. In fact, said Robson, Powell first wanted to make the sum \$737, but his own accountant gagged.
- In 1951, a year when Powell was out of the country four months, he listed \$2,536 for train fare between New York and Washington. At the half-rate fare to ministers, Robson said, Powell would have had to make the round trip to Washington almost every single day for the remaining eight months to use up that much money.

While Powell twisted his fingers nervously, his chief counsel, Edward Bennett Williams (whose clients have included mobster Frank Costello and Teamsters boss Jimmy Hoffa), objected that these new charges went far beyond the indictment, and were thus unfair. Judge Frederick van Pelt Bryan, however, let them stand.

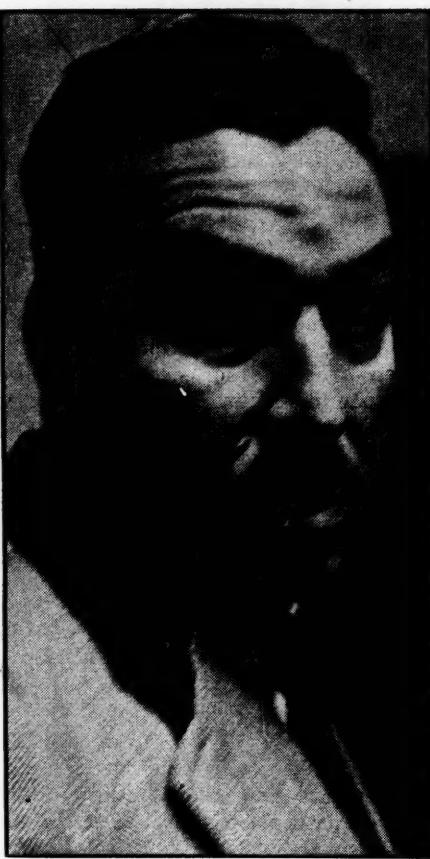
Powell, an eight-term congressman

who bolted his party in 1956 to support President Eisenhower for re-election, has long claimed that his indictment was a political reprisal inspired by Democratic enemies. But U.S. Attorney Robson said:

"This defendant, when income-tax time rolled around, was determined to pay . . . as little tax as possible . . ."

At the weekend, Powell found himself in more hot water, from a different tap. In a suit for an injunction filed by a union of wholesale liquor dealers, Powell was accused of threatening Harlem liquor dealers with boycott unless they buy from Negro salesmen.

► Income-tax troubles also descended last week on Bernard Goldfine, the Boston industrialist whose gifts of a vicuna coat



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Powell: Three cars, two homes

and Oriental rug led to the resignation of Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams in 1958. At Boston, a grand jury charged that Goldfine evaded more than \$790,000 in personal and corporate income taxes from 1953 through 1957.

THE SENATE:**The Crusader's Widow**

"Maurine is the real campaigner in this family," Dick Neuberger often said of his pert and smiling wife. Now, in her grief, Maurine Neuberger will get a chance to prove it.

Richard Lewis Neuberger, the con-

troversy-doting free-lance writer who became Oregon's first Democratic senator in 40 years, died last week at 47—a year after what had seemed a victory over cancer. Even as the fatal cerebral hemorrhage struck, he was preparing to campaign for re-election in November. The deadline for filing: 5 p.m. last Friday, only 64½ hours after his death.

Maurine, despite her sorrow, got under the wire with her candidacy in the Democratic primary for the seat.

"This has been a difficult decision for me to make in a time of personal grief," she said gravely, "but it is a decision that cannot be delayed. I hope it is the right decision."

In so demonstrating her political mettle, the former teacher, sometime dairy-farm manager, state legislator, and housewife capped a career that began 53 years ago in tiny Cloverdale, on Oregon's northwest coast. Tallish (5-foot-7), slender Maurine was the granddaughter of covered-wagon pioneers, the daughter of the late Dr. Walter Brown, a physician who also taught science. Her mother, Mrs. Ethel Kelty Brown, who now lives across the Willamette River from Portland, Ore., in Vancouver, Wash., also was a teacher.

Legend Exploded: They sent young Maurine, a brown-haired, blue-eyed girl who loved to swim, to now-defunct Bethel Academy, which was established by her grandfather. After graduating from Oregon College of Education, she taught English at Portland's Lincoln High, where she did not, as Oregonians like to say, have Dick in her classroom. She met Dick in 1939, when he already had political ambitions, and married him in 1945, when he got out of the Army. She returned to her brother his dairy farm, which she had managed for him during the war.

Neuberger won a seat in the Oregon Senate in 1948 and, when Maurine got into the House of Representatives two years later, they formed the country's first husband-and-wife legislature team. In the House, Maurine showed a flair for housewifely drama—once bringing apron and mixing bowl to a committee meeting to show how much trouble it was to color margarine. She helped get a ban on colored margarine lifted.

Fund-Raising Fun: Maurine was not all work and no play. Around Salem, the state capital, people still remember how she used to brighten legislative parties by kicking off her shoes to dance. After she left the legislature, in 1957, to join Dick in Washington, Maurine became the first senator's wife to have her picture appear widely in the public prints in a bathing suit (see photo). The occasion was a Democratic fund-raising event, where she modeled the suit as part of a style show.

Defending her action later, she pointed

out with great political logic that Oregon is home base for Jantzen Knitting Mills, big manufacturer of bathing suits, a point few of the state's voters would miss.

In Oregon, most political onlookers agree that Maurine's political judgment is just as good this time around. She is opposed by four men in the Democratic primary, but is regarded as a certain winner. Her likely Republican opponent: Former Gov. Elmo Smith, who also has four opponents in the primary. The key factor in the outcome of the November race probably will be the recently grown majority of registered Democrats, who now outnumber Republicans in the once solidly GOP state by 50,000. Maurine Neuberger, in short, stands a better than



Mrs. Neuberger: A happier time

fair chance to succeed her husband.

She had indicated that she was willing to do that right away by accepting the governor's appointment to the unexpired portion of Neuberger's term. (The only other woman in the U.S. Senate, Maine's Republican Margaret Chase Smith, was one of those who so urged.) But Republican Gov. Mark Hatfield said: "I shall not appoint . . . any active candidate of either party."

In point of fact, under an unusual Oregon law—which has been questioned on constitutional grounds—Governor Hatfield must appoint a member of the deceased's party. Author of that measure: Richard Neuberger.

INSIDE STORY:

'Ugly Russian'

Anyone reading about "The Ugly American" may fear that the Russians are far superior to the U.S. at winning friends and influencing people. But is this true?

Here is a case history of Soviet bungling on a grand scale, pieced together by intelligence agents from conversations with Aleksandr Y. Kaznacheyev, a former Soviet information officer, who defected to the West:

In the spring of 1959, Soviet Embassy morale in Rangoon hit rock bottom.

For one thing, the Russian cause in Burma wasn't going at all well. Of the seven lavish "gift projects," conceived during the Khrushchev-Bulganin visit in 1955 as monuments to Soviet-Burmese friendship, four had been canceled, and the Burmese Government was busily trying to convince its people that the other three were loans, not gifts.

All but two of eight barter deals which Burma made with Soviet-bloc countries also had fallen through. In addition, the well-advertised Soviet agricultural mission was forced to pack up and go home when the Burmese Government failed to renew its contract.

Inside the embassy, things were worse. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs had just abolished "time in service allowances" (a 10 per cent salary increase after the first two years, another 10 per cent after each additional five years) in a drastic economy move.

Crowded Quarters: Almost all the 50 Russian citizens assigned to the embassy were ordered by Ambassador Aleksander D. Shchiberin to live inside the embassy compound (presumably for security reasons) in one-room units which averaged only 150 square feet. Each unit cost 200 Burmese kyats (for the same sum, a Burmese could rent a two-room house). A few officials were allowed to live outside the compound, but never alone, and never more than a few blocks from the embassy.

Nor were these all the irksome restrictions. The embassy employees were not allowed to patronize dance halls, night clubs, or cafés—and Soviet secret agents made sure that they didn't.

Understandably, perhaps, the embassy's efficiency suffered. Reporting to Moscow on its operations for 1958, the embassy listed only a dozen conversations between its diplomats and Burmese officials—and Moscow hit the ceiling. Back came a stinging rebuke, ordering the embassy to get out and meet the Burmese more, and to report on each and every contact.

Dutifully, the ambassador convened a staff meeting to ask for suggestions,

and everybody sat around and thought.

One diplomat suggested that, on the eve of embassy receptions, the staff get together and work out topics of conversation that could be brought up with the Burmese guests the next day. This sounded great—until somebody remembered that only three or four Burmese ever showed up, and it would look pretty silly if swarms of Soviet diplomats plied them with the same conversation.

One handicap to contact with the Burmese was the fact that in the whole embassy, only the defector, Kaznacheyev, spoke the Burmese language. (Having read in "The Ugly American" that nine out of ten Soviet diplomats speak the language of the country where they are



Kaznacheyev: Spilling Red beans

stationed, Kaznacheyev told U.S. intelligence agents, in effect, that this was a lot of hogwash.)

English, Yet! Aside from slowing up the embassy's work, the language barrier caused this humiliation: Since English was a common substitute, the Soviets were forced to communicate with the Burmese in what they gloomily described as the "enemy tongue."

The upshot was that the embassy soon degenerated into a hotbed of jealousy and intrigue. Envious of Kaznacheyev's fluency in Burmese, Ambassador Shchiberin slyly attacked his information officer as a man who was "not working well" with the embassy

team. Shchiberin also openly encouraged his employees to spy on each other. Often he slunk about chatting with the wives of employees to pick up gossip, and even used his control of the liquor ration to wangle information. Once, the embassy was scandalized when Shchiberin's maid and the wife of his personal secretary got into a hair-yanking fight.

It was at this point that Kaznacheyev pulled out, leaving behind an embassy that was wallowing in petty intrigue, flailing in bureaucratic inefficiency, and getting absolutely nowhere.

CALIFORNIA:

They Voted Doom . . .

It was past 1 a.m., and the hearing had run since the previous morning. Now it was time for the vote that counted—the vote on which 21 lives might depend. The more than 300 spectators in the smoke-hazy chamber were tense.

"Regan," droned the clerk.

For an instant, the pink face of Sen. Edwin J. Regan seemed more florid than usual. The garish lights exaggerated the contrasting whiteness of his hair.

"No," said Regan in a firm voice.

It was, in a sense, a voice of doom. It doomed California Gov. Edmund G. Brown's drive to abolish the death penalty, at least for now. Implicitly, it doomed Caryl Chessman, nineteen other men, and one woman awaiting execution.

For the gas chamber at San Quentin, it meant business as usual. Chessman had an appointment there May 2.

Regan, a Democrat from Weaverville and chairman of the California Senate's Judiciary Committee, had just broken a committee tie vote on Brown's measure, which would have afforded a twelve-month reprieve for the condemned.

Lost Cause: Spurred by worldwide reaction to the case of Caryl Chessman—the convicted sex-kidnapper who has staved off execution for twelve years—Governor Brown had asked the legislature, in special session, to substitute mandatory life imprisonment for capital punishment. No one questioned the sincerity of Pat Brown, long an outspoken foe of capital punishment. But when he associated his cause with the Chessman case, he assured its loss. Legislators were politically embarrassed and, in many cases, personally outraged to be urged to act in apparent behalf of a criminal like Chessman; a criminal who had driven one of his women victims insane.

From the start of the exhausting hearing in Sacramento's new Capitol building, the conclusion was all but foregone.

The senators listened with pained courtesy as a parade of witnesses supported former Warden Clinton Duffy of San Quentin Prison, who said: "I do not believe in the death penalty, because

its inequality is apparent . . . You have yet to find anyone executed who was wealthy . . ."

When actress Phyllis Kirk, stage wife of television's "Thin Man," took the stand to deplore "man's inhumanity to man," Sen. J. Eugene McAtee dismissed her as a "charming young woman making an emotional appeal."

No Surrender: Most of the proponents of capital punishment were law-enforcement officers, some of whom had seen colleagues shot down by criminals. Curly-headed Thomas Cahill, police chief of San Francisco, and the final witness, said: "We cannot surrender the right to kill to the criminal alone."

For a brief moment, after all the arguments, there appeared a slim chance that the death penalty might at least be suspended—that Chessman and his condemned fellows would win at least another twelve-month reprieve.

As the committee members prepared for a decisive roll call, Sen. Fred S. Farr, a Democrat from Carmel and sponsor of the bill to abolish capital punishment, proposed an amendment that would declare a moratorium on executions until July 1, 1963. The amendment carried, 9 to 5. Then came the crucial vote on the amended measure. Like so many cyanide pellets, the 8-to-7 vote killed it.

Just at the end, Democratic Sen. James

A. Cobey from Merced, who opposes capital punishment, said wearily: "The committee will kill the bill, the state will kill Chessman, and in 1961 we'll pass a moratorium on the death penalty."

It was only the second time during the entire eleven hours and eight minutes that Chessman had been named. The first was when chairman Regan announced, at the start, that any mention of his name would be out of order.

... They Couldn't Decide

Crew-cut Dr. R. Bernard Finch, paler than any southern California tennis player of 42 ought to be, wept as unhappily as red-haired Carole Tregoff, chubbier (because of jail diet) than a mistress of 23 ought to be. After fourteen weeks of trial, 2 million words of testimony, and eight days of suspended judgment, they got the news that the jury of five men and seven women could not agree on whether either one or both of them had killed Finch's wife, Barbara Jean.

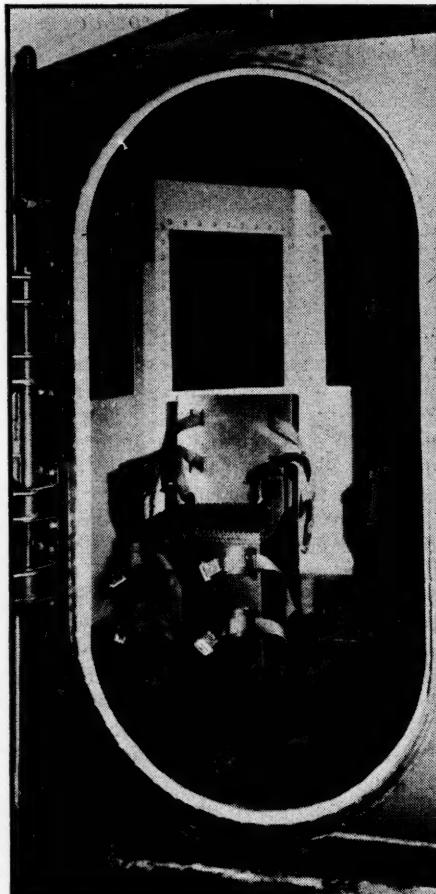
Superior Court Judge Walter R. Evans, after polling the hopelessly deadlocked jurors, dismissed them. The next step would be a St. Patrick's Day hearing, when a date will be set to try the pair again (probably in late spring). Although the actual tally was not announced, apparently the jury stood 10 to 2 for Finch's conviction of murder, 8 to 4 for Carole's acquittal.

Disbeliefs: Obviously, the jury did not accept the story of John Patrick Cody, an ex-convict who was one of the principal prosecution witnesses, that Finch and Carole had hired him to do away with Mrs. Finch (Cody testified that he took the job, but never had any intention of carrying out the assignment). It was largely Cody's testimony, and that of the Finch family's 19-year-old Swedish maid, Marie Ann Lidholm, that formed the basis of the murder-conspiracy charges against the defendants.

One of the jurors, retired 70-year-old sales manager Louis Werner, confided that he and nine others had agreed to a verdict of second-degree murder for Finch, but the remaining two members of the panel insisted that both defendants either go to the gas chamber or go free. "We could have deliberated for another week and the outcome would have been the same," he said. "We could only agree to disagree."

After declaring the mistrial, Judge Evans received the jury members in his chambers and shook the hand of each. "You have been hard working, attentive, and punctual," he said. "You deserve the utmost praise."

On their way back to jail, Carole and the wealthy surgeon both were visibly upset. Finch's only comment: "I'm disappointed." As for Carole, her attorney said: "She just cried."



San Francisco Chronicle
Gas chamber: Still in business

Ben Rose

THE NOSEY CENSUS OF '60

It happens every ten years. It affects every living American. At the end of this month, the eighteenth decennial census begins, the most extensive in history—and the most inquisitive. For a look at the mammoth task of reducing all the faces that made up the face of the United States to statistics, NEWSWEEK's bureaus and correspondents across the country have culled census facts and folklore which Associate Editor Douglass M. Allen presents in this Special NATIONAL Report:

Sure as April and sudden as the first crocus, they will pop up everywhere—in Nome and San Juan; in Guam and Jersey City—the pleasant, curious strangers, encumbered with heavy books and fat scratch pads, bristling with sharp pencils and sharper questions. They will be the census takers of 1960—the nosiest nose-counters in history—and they will probe every inhabited nook and cranny of the United States and its possessions to find out precisely who is where, and in what strength, and why.

Starting April 1, guided by abstracts from 275 miles of sidewalk-width master maps, the 160,000 fact finders will seek out the residents of some 60 million known households, hospitals, and prisons. And later in the month—on nights that could prove embarrassing to couples whose names aren't really "Smith"—they will canvass the nation's hotels and motels, as well as missions and flophouses to round up the strays. Otherwise, the census takers will be on their own, to ferret each lonely prospector's camp and beachcomber's pallet, to follow the aroma of the thinnest mulligatawny stew to the bushiest hobo jungle.

They will travel by helicopter and horseback, snowshoe and dog sled,

speedboat and swamp scow. If past experience is any criterion, they will encounter bears, be bitten by dogs, help deliver babies, and stumble onto murders. They will find people living in chicken houses, caves, abandoned streetcars, and mine tunnels.

When, at month's end, "the big pop count" is finally over, the United States is expected to learn that it is inhabited by more than 180 million men, women, and children—up nearly 29 million over 1950—and that they are migrating in ever greater numbers to sunny climes, taking their votes with them (see page 49).

Everyone's Origin: Eventually, when all the tabulations are completed, the nation will learn much more than that. It will discover, for the first time, the racial origin of nearly everyone living within its vast compass. The question of whether a person is "white, Negro, etc." will be put to all. The nation will also learn—another innovation—how every fourth person got to work the last week in March. If he didn't get to work, it will know that, too—and why.

It will know approximately how many people without flush toilets have television sets, and vice versa—and how many each has of each. It will know who owns

his own home, and how much it is worth; and what the going rental rates are from the Harlem slums to the beach at Waikiki.

From a simple, decennial nose count, required by Article I, Section 2, of the Constitution as a basis for apportioning taxes and seats in the House of Representatives, the U.S. Census has become the world's most prodigious busybody.

Ever since the first chaste tabulation in 1790 (population: 3,929,214—period) the evolution to a poll-of-almost-everything has been gradual, logical, and in no sense sinister. As the country swelled in population and area, developing regional and sectional traits beyond any central ken, the government, and the people, found more and more questions that begged for answers—questions about general economics, housing, labor markets, buying habits, ethnic origins. As long as the census enumerators had to visit every home in the land every ten years anyhow, it seemed only common sense to have them ask more than just how many people live in a house. It was as natural as finding out what a girl likes besides movies, once a fellow has her out on a date.

Problems: The Census Bureau can get slapped, too. Across the eighteen decades since 1790, as its nose grew like Pinocchio's, the "impertinence" of its burning curiosity has sometimes caused violent reaction. The most controversial question ever to keep its place on the enumerators' lists, under withering fire, was the first one to deal with personal income, back in 1940. But this year, with the income inquiry long since ac-

cepted—though now more detailed than ever—a proposed question on religious faith met such angry resistance during a test sampling that it was dropped.

This year, too, the census is finally abandoning the direct approach to seeking a woman's age by merely asking how old she is. From now on, it will sneak up with a question about month and year of birth. The idea is that it's harder for women—or men, for that matter—to fib when a specific date is required.

They Won't Tell: Actually, as objectors to the first income query learned to their mollification twenty years ago, no census question is likely to do any personal harm because only the massive, compiled results are made public. The individual records are inviolably confidential—forbidden by law to the eyes and ears of the Internal Revenue Service, the FBI, even the President, himself. Only the subject of a questionnaire, or his heir or assign, may use it for his own purposes—to establish birth, or whereabouts, or citizenship at a given time, in lieu of a missing birth certificate or similar document. The census may be a snooper, but it is no gossip.

Surprisingly, some 3.5 million people—an average of more than 20,000 a year for 170 years—have used the personal census service since the first count. But this is an insignificant measure of the over-all value of the mammoth roll call and its appurtenances. Congress uses census reports far beyond the dreams of the Founding Fathers. This year's previously unavailable information on racial origins, for instance, will help guide the lawmakers in future legislation on immigration and civil rights, just as past fig-

ures on housing, business, and farming have had their influence for all the years since the census expanded its scope.

To lower levels of government, the census reports are like money in the bank. They are the basis for determining what share of taxes paid to a higher governmental division are returned to the communities of origin. Frequently, they are the figures that fix the salaries of public officials, where pay scales depend on the number of people served.

Business relies heavily on the census as an aid to sales forecasting, market and labor-force analyses, and a dozen similar purposes. Public utilities project census statistics to plan for future needs. Labor unions and some politicians get a lot of mileage out of the figures, particularly if they show unemployment up, income down, and housing inadequate.

Eventually, almost everybody may get mileage out of answers to the new 1960 question on how people get to work. It was included to help governments at all levels—and the transport utilities they regulate—figure out what is ailing public transportation everywhere, and what can be done about it.

Room for New Views: That was one of the urgent issues reviewed by the census officials, as they began preparing for the 1960 Census of Population and Housing* nearly three years ago in an ugly gray pile in Suitland, Md., commanding a view of two cemeteries and a shopping center.

The census chiefs—Director Robert

*The Bureau of the Census, an agency of the Department of Commerce, also conducts a decennial census of agriculture, and, at five-year intervals, mail censuses of manufacturers, business houses, mineral industries, and governments, themselves.

W. Burgess and Deputy Director A. Ross Eckler—had two overriding problems:

►How to select, phrase, and, physically, ask their questions.

►How to hire 190,796 competent employees at relatively low pay (supervisors get about \$500 a month; enumerators, an average of less than \$15 a day for ten days) for a patently temporary job.

Their solution to the first problem was to distribute, by mail carriers, on or about March 28, simple basic forms containing questions to be answered by everyone before the enumerators call. The enumerators will go over the answers in conference with each family, and at every fourth household will leave longer, more complicated forms to be completed and mailed directly to the Census Bureau. The one-in-four spot check is based on the well-established scientific theory that you don't have to get all the way to the prize at the bottom of the package to know what candied popcorn tastes like.

Prosperity's Petard: As the deadline approaches, the personnel problem still is in the process of solution. Traditionally, the census has been a patronage plum for the party in power in the White House. But this year the Republicans are hoist on their own prosperity. In most GOP strongholds, census jobs are going begging—even to Democrats. And in the few sections of the nation where the jobs are in demand, there aren't any Republicans.

The top positions, to be sure, are in the hands of loyal partisans, but the employment gates have been flung wide at the enumerator level, and the Census Bureau is using newspaper, radio and



Newsweek—Ward

Half-Dollar Apiece—That's the Cost of the Great Poll

Nosing into a nation offers a problem in logistics comparable to an army's march. The Bureau of the Census is hiring and training 396 district supervisors and technical officers; 400 supply and administrative clerks; 10,000 crew leaders, 20,000 field reviewers and editing clerks, all to ride herd on 160,000 enumerators.

Providing each enumerator with a map of his district required production of 25,000 master maps, outlining 437 Congressional districts; 3,100 counties; 23,000 arbitrary census districts not politically defined; 34,000 townships and other governmental subdivisions, and 753,000 city blocks.

To insure that the more than 77 million questionnaires will be properly used, Census Bureau specialists have published

805,000 bound copies of 70 different procedural manuals and instructional guides, 6,500 copies, each, of five training films, and a recording of a model interview.

So far, 2,150 tons of paper have gone into the operation, and 60 truckloads of questionnaires are moving through 36,000 post offices to more than 60 million addresses. Seven tons of forms already have been shipped to Hawaii, and 3 tons flown to Alaska.

In addition, the enumerators and their supervisors are expected to consume 2,850,000 sheets of scratch paper, and 1,080,000 pencils, honed by 260,000 pocket sharpeners, before the job is completed.

The greatest nose count's cost: 50 cents per nose.



**Never too strong.
Never too weak.
Always just right!**

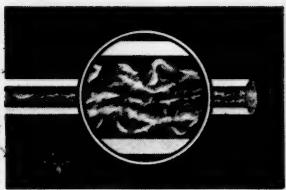
You can light either end!

Get satisfying flavor...so friendly to your taste!

NO FLAT
"FILTERED-OUT"
FLAVOR!

NO DRY
"SMOKED-OUT"
TASTE!

See how Pall Mall's famous length of fine, rich-tasting tobacco travels and gentles the smoke—makes it mild—but does not filter out that satisfying flavor!



HERE'S WHY SMOKE "TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

1 You get Pall Mall's famous length of the finest tobaccos money can buy.

2 Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally...

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos... and makes it mild!

Outstanding...
and they are Mild!

© A. T. Co. Product of The American Tobacco Company—"Tobacco is our middle name"

Some people own cars.



Some cars own people.

We built the Solid '60 Plymouth for those who want to be boss.

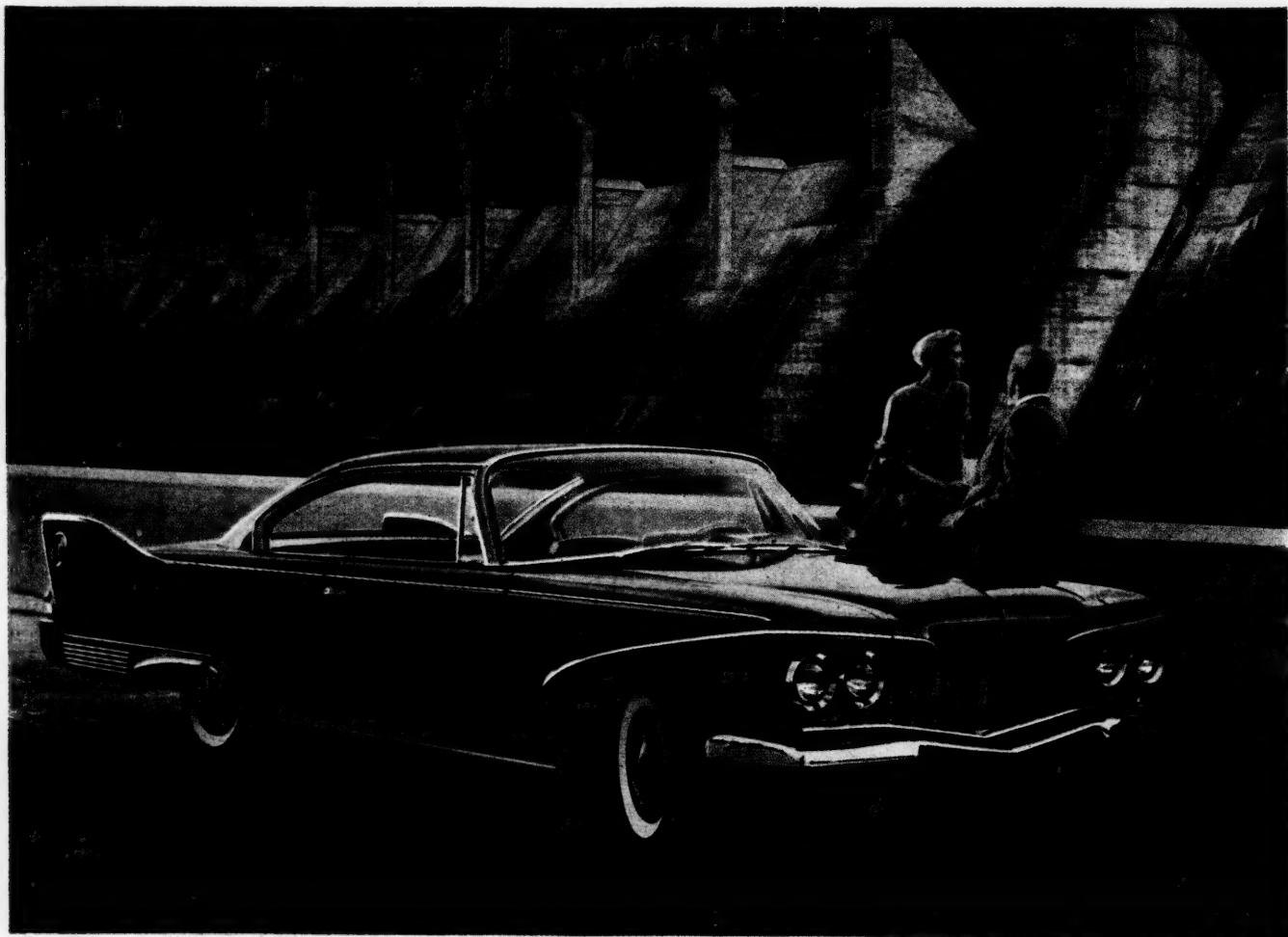
Any car costs money to run. But it needn't "own" you.

You should spend very little to keep up the new Solid Plymouth. Chrysler Corporation engineers designed it around new Dura-Quiet Unibody construction—a better way of building that uses about 5400 vise-tight welds to unite body and undersills. They developed new processes to lick rust and corrosion. They improved Plymouth's lively standard V-8 that topped its low-price class in the Mobilgas Economy Run the past three years in a row.

Try this money-saving Plymouth soon.

A Chrysler-engineered product, built a new solid way to give you solid satisfaction.

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960



See "THE STEVE ALLEN PLYMOUTH SHOW," Monday nights, NBC-TV. Solid!

television publicity to solicit applicants.

Considering the transitory nature of the task, theoretical standards for census takers are high. In areas heavily populated with people who speak foreign languages, such as Chinese, Spanish, or Yiddish, bilingualism is sought. And everywhere, applicants must take competitive examinations to prove their literacy and ability to read street maps. But where there is no competition, standards are sometimes difficult to maintain.

Truth or Consequences: To all enumerators, the field supervisors stress the use of diplomacy: If someone insists on an obvious falsehood, let it go, but report it. If someone refuses to cooperate at all, warn him politely that he is courting 60 days in jail and a \$100 fine, then take polite leave. The penalties seldom have been invoked.

Prospective census takers are also cautioned against some of the professional pitfalls of their task, recalled vividly at headquarters from bitter experience. In 1950, for example, preliminary reports on several Southern states indicated population declines of more than 50 per cent in ten years. Astonished census officials soon found the reason: Housewives serving as enumerators hadn't understood that Negroes were to be counted.

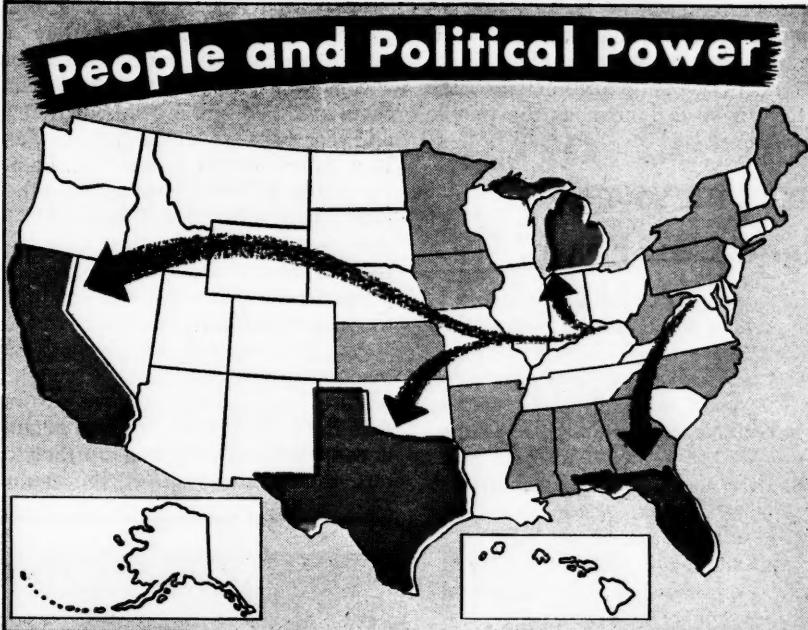
Ten years earlier, San Francisco, to the loud consternation of its Chamber of Commerce, appeared at first to be a dying city. An urgent double check by brass flown from Washington revealed that most permanent residents of hotels had been overlooked.

Apart from routine problems, census taking can be amusing, moving, difficult, dangerous. In 1950 enumerators turned up just in time to help an Iowa woman in labor; to rush a badly burned child to an Illinois hospital; to form a link in a bucket brigade for the burning house about to be visited in California.

Machine Ages One census taker was startled to find eight Alabamans living in a one-room tenement apartment with a brand-new television set and no windowpanes. Another reported finding a 70-year-old blind man, who cut wood for a living, occupying a leaky hut with a roomer he had recently taken in, rent-free. When the enumerator asked the blind man about his roomer, the blind man shrugged. "Her?" he said. "He's the most pathetic guy I've ever known."

In California, an enumerator was greeted at a farmhouse door by an 8-year-old boy. "Is Daddy home?" she asked. "No," said the child calmly. "Mother just killed him . . . but she's at home." It was true.

Other experiences weren't quite so harrowing, but they were bad enough. An ardent young bachelor locked a pretty enumerator in his apartment and let her out only when she flashed her impressive government identification and



Newsweek—Van Dyke

IN FULFILLMENT of its primary constitutional function, the 1960 census will cause some jarring changes in the composition of the House of Representatives—though the impact will not be fully felt until the 88th Congress convenes in 1963. The procedure for reapportionment of Congressional districts is this:

►The Census Bureau reports to the President, probably by November, those population shifts that affect state representation. The President must send the figures to Congress within the first week of its regular session in 1961.

►Congress then has fifteen days to register objections, which it seldom does. After that, the Clerk of the House informs the governor of each affected state how many more—or less—U.S. Representatives it will elect to the next Congress.

After that, each state follows its

own laws, either redistricting or electing congressmen-at-large. If a state has gained representatives, they may be elected at large without any immediate redistricting. If it has lost, and the State Legislature fails to redistrict, all its representatives must be elected at large.

According to Census Bureau estimates, California will gain seven seats in the reapportioned 435-man House (which will revert from its temporary 437-representative status, created to accommodate the new states of Alaska and Hawaii). Florida is expected to pick up four, and Michigan and Texas, two each.

The losers, the forecasts indicate, will be New York and Pennsylvania, three seats each; Massachusetts and Arkansas, two, and Maine, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, West Virginia, North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, one each.

threatened to call the Marines. High in the Utah mountains, a grouchy prospector ordered his census-taking visitor to "sit over thar." True to his training, the enumerator meekly obliged. After his second question, he discovered he was sitting on an anthill.

Census takers find at least as much hospitality as inhospitality, and sometimes it is overwhelming. In the mountains of Georgia, Tennessee, and North Carolina, backwoods folk, hearing through the grapevine of a Census Bureau visitor, sometimes ride down from the wilderness on mule back to make certain they won't miss him. In 1950, in one of their cabins, a hot and thirsty census taker helped himself to a dipperful of what he thought was water in a

cedar bucket. It was white corn whisky.

For all the human story behind its taking, the 1960 census, once the enumerators have finished their job, will be microfilmed and fed to electronic robots, called Fosdics and Univacs. They are much smarter and faster than mere men, and close to infallible; but they wouldn't know an anthill from an easy chair, or a good drink of corn from Jamaica ginger. They will take the pulsing biography of the whole great nation, and reduce it to 100,000 pages of bloodless statistics, to fill 100 bound volumes, and make a stack 10 feet high for newspaper photographers to shoot next to a pretty girl.

It is an age of electronic machines, and they must have their way for now. But in 1970, assuming there is a 1970,

the enumerators will be back again, delivering babies, putting out fires, witnessing murders, sitting on anthills. For a brief time every ten years, at least, the U.S. Census is as human as the people it enumerates.

RACES IN THE SOUTH:

A Pattern for Peace?

With new outbreaks in Texas and other parts of the South last week, the wave of Negro lunch-counter sitdown protests showed few signs of diminishing. Yet, calm and reasoning voices—from both Negroes and whites—finally were being raised. In Nashville and Knoxville, Tenn., biracial committees were sitting down to try to find a solution—a solution that might set a pattern for much of the South. From NEWSWEEK correspondents in those two cities comes this special report:

"Gentlemen," said Nashville's forthright Mayor Ben West, "I want this committee to succeed. If it fails we will be right back where we started."

West spoke from bitter experience. In 1957, Nashville had hesitated while tempers rose over school integration, and rabble-rouser John Kasper, holding a noose in his hand, harangued the citizenry from the steps of the state capitol. Then the Hattie Cotton school was blown up, and Nashville acted—jailing Kasper, rigidly enforcing order.

Last week, already wracked by sit-down disorders which have resulted in 145 arrests, Nashville was moving once again, but in a different direction. With a biracial committee of eminent men (five whites and two Negroes) it was trying to answer the Negroes' demand for equal rights at lunch counters.

Different but Equal: This week, a similar fourteen-member committee (their names have not been announced) convened in Knoxville at the behest of Mayor John Duncan. In Knoxville, the situation was somewhat different; as yet, there have been no sitdown demonstrations. But the goal was the same—to find a peaceful solution.

The seriousness of the attempt could be measured by the caliber of men who were taking the lead. The Nashville committee was headed by Dr. C. Madison Sarratt, the scholarly Vice Chancellor Emeritus of Vanderbilt University. The two Negro members were Dr. Stephen J. Wright, president of Fisk University, and Dr. W.S. Davis, president of Tennessee A & I University. At Knoxville, two prime movers were industrialist George Dempster and Dr. James A. Colston, Negro head of Knoxville College.

No one supposed, however, that the task would be easy.

At Nashville, a pledge of truce that

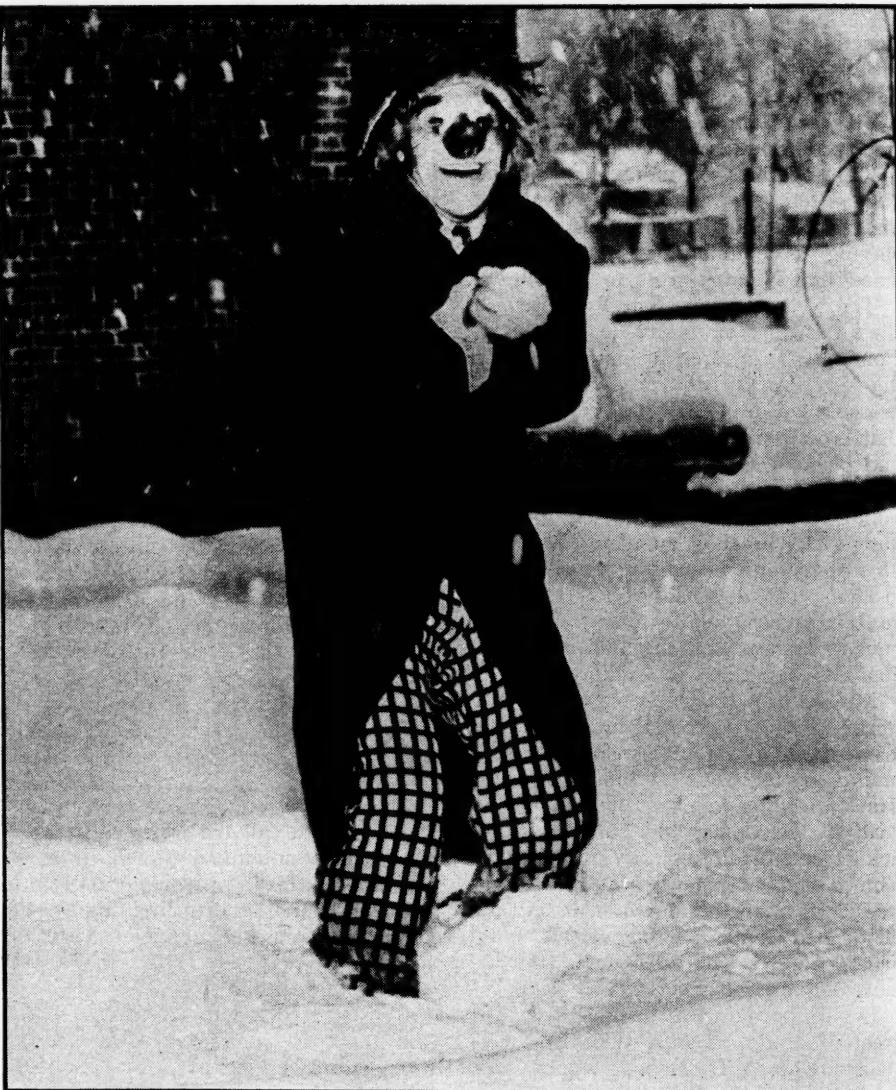
Mayor West won from the Negroes was jeopardized almost immediately when overly zealous city underlings rearrested 79 Negro demonstrators and charged them with conspiracy to obstruct trade and commerce. Arrested, too, was the Rev. James Morris Lawson Jr., identified by police as the Negro agitator behind Nashville's sitdown disorders. This incident was quickly smoothed over by District Attorney Harry G. Nichol, who promised to delay the cases until after the committee's report.

At the committee's second closed meeting, representatives of stores that feature lunch counters gave assurances that they wanted to be good neighbors; if everybody else opened up their counters, they would too. Yet, the merchants

made no real overtures toward this end, appearing reluctant to blaze any new trails themselves.

Forward Strides: Both Nashville and Knoxville are cities with a moderate flavor (Nashville is sometimes called the "Athens of the South"). Nashville has two Negro councilmen, a Negro on the school board, and a Negro member of the housing authority. City buses were integrated quietly two years ago, and the city has at least token integration in its public schools. Knoxville has no school integration, but its buses also were desegregated two years ago, it permits integrated attendance at baseball games, and Negroes can use the lunch counters at the new Greyhound bus terminal.

How these cities would ultimately



Associated Press

IT WAS funny weather, all right, or maybe the word was phenomenal. The deep snow in which this Ringling Bros and Barnum & Bailey clown capered for chilly laughs was a rare event in Greensboro, N.C., and a good part of the South was hit by similarly unusual March flake-falls. As if that wasn't enough, the skies provided still another phenomenon at the weekend: The moon went into total eclipse behind the earth's shadow; all over North and South America the eclipse could be watched, but where snow lay thick and the chill winds blew, most people preferred to stay indoors.

solve the sitdown problem remained to be seen, but it seemed likely that Knoxville was pointing the way. There, the approach was to try to convince merchants to welcome Negroes to their counters, then work out an acceptable plan for admitting them.

Knoxville's Dempster said:

"If we can't work this thing out peacefully and within the law here in Knoxville, where the Negro has been generally accepted and treated with dignity over the years, then in the name of God where can it work?"

This Kind of Bill?

The final shape of the civil-rights bill was beginning to emerge from the filibustering fog that has kept the U.S. Senate grounded for almost a month.

Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson called off the marathon night-and-day sessions to permit a vote on cloture (a motion to shut off debate). Demanded by liberal Northerners who want a strong bill, the cloture move promptly went down to defeat as both Johnson and Republican Leader Everett Dirksen had forewarned. The motion didn't even come close to a simple majority—the vote was 42 for and 53 against—let alone the two-thirds which cloture requires.

What this did was pave the way for the kind of bill the Senate moderates want, and which the Southerners know they must ultimately accept: A mild measure limited to a guarantee of Negro voting rights (eliminating provisions which would reaffirm support of school desegregation, and do away with job discrimination under Federal contracts).

The strategy of the moderates now is to delay final action until after the House passes its own version of civil rights, then try to adopt the House bill for themselves. The reason: The lower chamber's measure is almost certain to be confined mainly to voting rights.

VIP'S IN AMERICA:

Pilgrim From Israel

When white-maned Prime Minister David Ben-Gurion of Israel trundled into the White House one day last week, it was taken for granted he would pay the usual courtesy call of only 30 minutes or so. Instead, he and President Dwight D. Eisenhower were closeted for two hours. Ostensibly, Ben-Gurion had come to this country to receive an honorary degree from Brandeis University. But the real purpose of his trip was to put to the President some hard facts on the need for an agreement on the Middle East at the forthcoming Paris summit conference.

The 73-year-old Israeli leader spoke of the rapid build-up of Arab military

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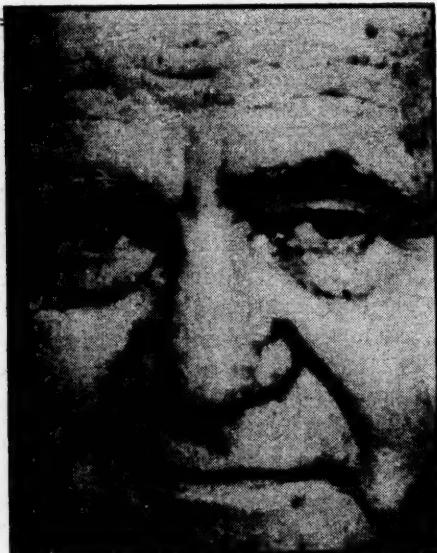


strength through the purchase of planes, tanks, and other munitions from Russia (Egyptian forces have recently been equipped with MIG-19s, Russia's latest jet fighter). He warned the balance of military power may be turning against Israel, increasing the danger of war.

However, he made no specific request for U.S. arms or economic aid. Mr. Eisenhower, on his part, pointed out that this country had never been a source of arms for the Middle East and didn't intend to start now.

Cutoff Valve? Ben-Gurion suggested that Russian Premier Nikita Khrushchev might be persuaded at the summit to shut off the flow of arms to the United Arab Republic. But he admitted there would be the danger of a Soviet violation of an international embargo on arms to the Middle East while other nations were living up to it.

The visitor also reminded the Presi-



Henry Grossman

Ben-Gurion: Two hours with Ike

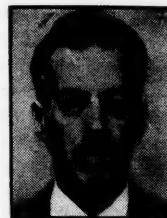
dent of the economic hardship resulting from President Gamal Abdel Nasser's refusal to permit Israeli shipping to pass through the Suez Canal. Mr. Eisenhower assured Ben-Gurion that the U.S. is continuing to support the necessary action by the United Nations to open the canal to all shipping. On the dangers of a Middle East explosion, the President assured the Israeli leader that this nation still stands behind the Tripartite (U.S., French, British) pledge of 1950 guaranteeing existing borders.

This week in New York Ben-Gurion would have several sessions on Middle East problems with Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjöld of the United Nations. Also, there was a good possibility that Ben-Gurion would meet Chancellor Konrad Adenauer of Germany, who arrived in the U.S. last weekend. If so, it would be for the first time in their long careers.

WASHINGTON TIDES

Kennedy's Big Asset

by Ernest K. Lindley



IT is time for a blunt appraisal of the religious factor in the Presidential campaign. Although Senator Kennedy's Catholicism cuts both ways, the bulk of the evidence seems to me to indicate that it is a net asset—probably his most valuable practical political asset. How else can one explain the fact that in the public-opinion polls he has consistently shown up better than other Democrats when tested against Nixon, Rockefeller, and other Republicans? He has many assets, of course, but few which are unique. His intellect is first-rate but no better than that of several of his rivals; active or potential. He is a serious and generally well-informed student of national and international affairs, but no more so than most of his Democratic competitors. Indeed, several can lay claim to longer and broader experience in public affairs. He is an astute campaigner. But, with allowance for Stevenson's limitations in this field, as much can be said of his rivals. His personality is exceptionally attractive, but the others do not lack magnetism.

BASE OF SUPPORT

Most of the other Democrats prominently mentioned for head of the ticket bear one or more special political handicaps, it is true. If Kennedy's religion were such a handicap, he would not, I think, show up so well in the public-opinion polls. Individually, these small samplings may err by a considerable margin but, nationwide, they have rather consistently indicated that Kennedy is probably the best vote winner available to the Democrats. It is reasonable to suppose that this is because he attracts many of the Catholics who have recently voted Republican and that these outnumber the Democrats and independents who would vote against him because of his religion.

In appraising the religious issue, we should not be misled by the 1928 election. I "covered" that campaign as a reporter for *The New York World* and spent a good part of it traveling with Al Smith. His Catholicism was a factor but not in itself decisive. His opposition to Prohibition, while an asset in the Northern cities, hurt him in the South and rural and small-town

North and West. His East Side accent, lack of formal education, and brown derby had similar effects. (Sen. Thomas J. Walsh, a good, dry Western Catholic Democrat, might well have held the South solid if he had been the Presidential nominee.) The Republican Party was then more numerous than the Democratic. Herbert Hoover had long appealed to moderate independents. And glowing prosperity practically guaranteed a Republican landslide.

BURDEN ON THE GOP

Although Smith lost five of the eleven Southern states, he carried Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Of the political handicaps he suffered, no more than two could apply to Kennedy: Prosperity and Catholicism. Prohibition is a dead issue. Kennedy is well-educated, indeed polished. Democrats outnumber Republicans, placing the greater burden of winning independent votes on the GOP.

Although the polls indicate Nixon will do well among independent voters, he lacks the nonpartisan background that Mr. Hoover had acquired through his relief activities and distinguished service under Mr. Wilson.

Since 1928, especially in the last few years, the success of Catholic candidates for governor and senator in states with larger Protestant majorities indicates that fears about Catholic officeholders have diminished. It is doubtful if the interest of most Catholics in electing a Catholic President has diminished correspondingly.

I do not suggest that Catholics regularly vote for Catholic candidates. Certainly, many do not, especially when the non-Catholic candidate is obviously better qualified. But if I were a Catholic, I would seize the opportunity to break the barrier between Catholics and the Presidency—with the hope, too, that the Catholic, if elected, would by his conduct demonstrate that fears of a Catholic in the Presidency are unfounded.

Generally, conditions appear to favor a Republican victory in the 1960 Presidential election. The Democrats may be able to win only by introducing a new factor. Kennedy's Catholicism would be such a factor, and, in the net, probably a helpful one.

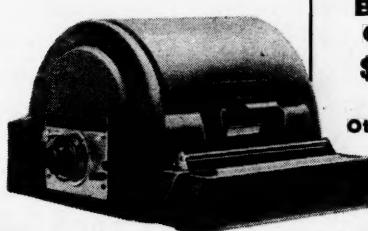


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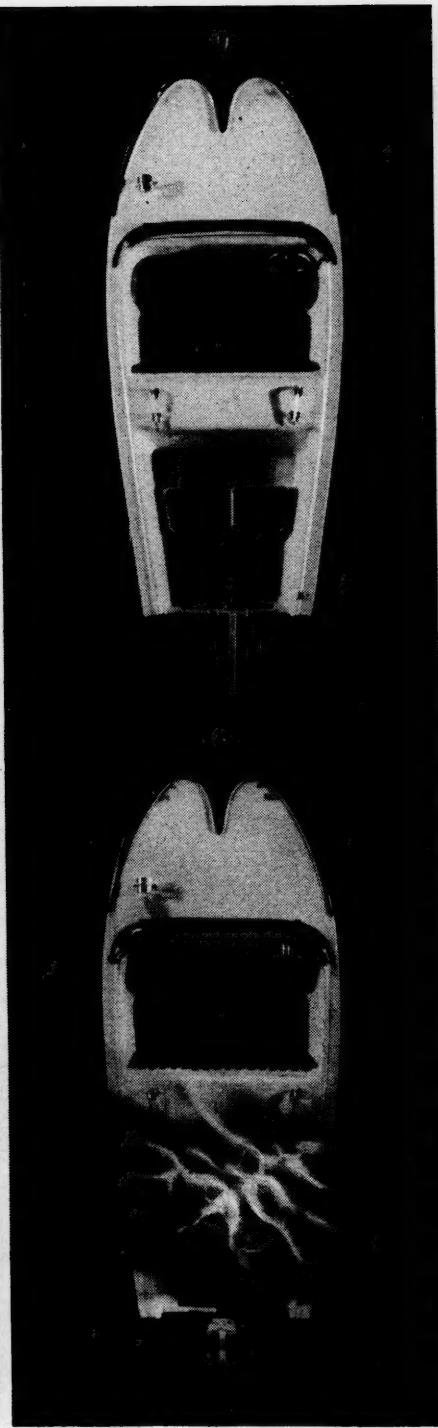
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K's Travail: Close Shave Abroad—A 'Bug' at Home

All the time Nikita Khrushchev was visiting Indonesia, 28-year-old air-force Lt. Daniel Maukar nursed a grudge. He had an uncle who had just been jailed for illegal possession of arms—and he had a MIG-17 jet fighter.

One day last week, Maukar took off on a routine training flight. Once aloft, he broke formation, streaked back over Jakarta and dived toward the elegant palace of Indonesia's President Sukarno. Maukar opened fire with his two 23-mm. machine guns, riddling the palace roof. Then he sped southward to Sukarno's summer palace at Bogor, 35 miles away. This, too, he sprayed with bullets. Then, for no apparent reason, he swept over the fishing village of Tjilintjing, strafing

the terrified villagers. He finally headed for the mountains of West Java, bailed out, and was promptly captured and jailed.

Eighteen Indonesians had been wounded. And it was only by chance that President Sukarno himself had been out of the Presidential palace. But what chilled Indonesian officials most was something else: The lieutenant-run-amuck was one of the seven specially chosen air-force pilots who had escorted Premier Khrushchev's plane during his tour of Indonesia only two weeks ago. Nothing untoward happened during this visit but once home—only long enough to prepare for a visit to France—K was suddenly stricken with influenza. Or was it 'diplomatic' flu? For story, see page 62.

THE SOVIET MANIA—STOP GERMANY

On the calendars of the world's top statesmen a series of vital dates is red-circled—dates of the conferences they must hold to lay their all-important plans for the summit meeting that is to begin in Paris on May 16.

This week, the sudden postponement of K's trip to Paris had the capitals of the world speculating on whether this would throw all their careful schedules out of whack. Only K himself, of course, could answer that; but meanwhile, the leaders of the West carried on. Britain's Macmillan was with France's de Gaulle; Germany's Adenauer was in the U.S. with President Eisenhower (before going on to Japan); and the top-level, ten-nation conference on disarmament was opening in Geneva.

Out of the traveling and planning, two topics emerged above all others—disarmament itself, and Germany.

On Germany, the Soviet propaganda machine had thrown into high gear a campaign designed to evoke the specter of a rearmed Germany menacing the peace of the Continent. "I am very much afraid," de Gaulle confided to Macmillan, "that our Russian guest is planning an anti-German jamboree."

Rough Job: Resisting this anti-German campaign would not be easy. Adenauer himself recognized this. On the eve of his U.S. visit, there were reports that he was about to get rid of Theodor Oberlaender, a Cabinet minister who once was a Nazi official. At the same time, the Western Big Three were trying to stem the anti-German wave. Despite the British uproar over German bases in

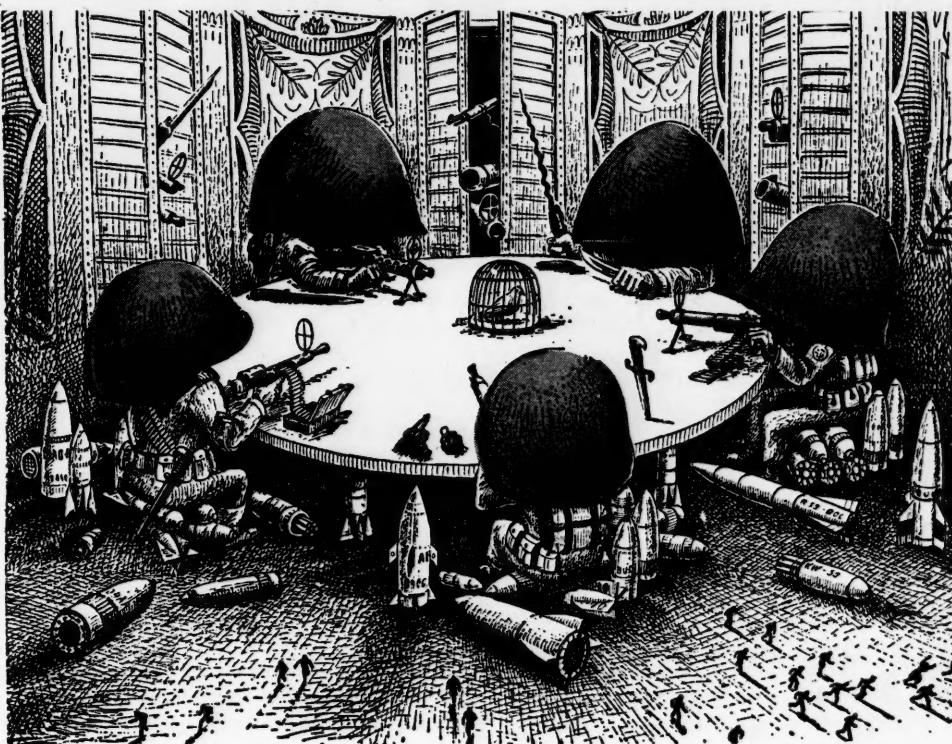
Spain, Prime Minister Macmillan offered "all the NATO countries including Germany" the use of missile testing sites in the Hebrides.

The German question led directly to the second big subject of last week's maneuverings—disarmament. For it is basically Russia's desire to head off German rearment—before the Bundeswehr gets its hands on long-range rockets—that has prompted Moscow to press for agreement on limiting the spread of nuclear arms. The West's position is still equivocal: Faced by Russian supremacy in both rockets and manpower, the U.S. is more

concerned over closing the "missile gap" than in reducing its over-all power.

At the conference in Geneva the five Western Powers (the U.S., Britain, France, Canada, and Italy) would nevertheless offer the five Communist powers (Russia, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, and Bulgaria) a full-fledged disarmament proposal. As now conceived, it embraces two main fields:

►Conventional Armaments: The West will recommend that the Soviet Union and the U.S. limit their military manpower to 2.1 million men each (Khrushchev's proposal: 1.7 million men



Disarmament: Would the cynics prove to be right?

Simplicissimus, Munich

each for the U.S., Russia, and China; 650,000 apiece for Britain and France). The Western proposal makes no mention of China, France, or England. The reason for this is that Charles de Gaulle will not agree to reduce the 1 million-man French Army while the Algerian war is still on.

Nuclear Weapons: The West will propose a highly complicated system of reducing existing nuclear weapons and an even more complicated timetable for ending their manufacture. Again, the West was held back by France, which, having exploded its first atom bomb, is now in the awkward position of wanting to continue its own experiments, to ensure its status as a front-ranking power—while simultaneously wanting to reduce the atom strength of the other great powers, to ensure world peace.

There was, in plain truth, an air of unreality about all these proposals. Nobody really expected that disarmament could be started until the outstanding differences—ideological as well as political—of the cold war had started to melt. Another big unknown that also made disarmament unlikely: Neither the Russians nor the West can possibly control the armaments of the most dangerous nation of them all, Communist China.

Another Bomb? Last week, there were reports—from a member of the Indian Parliament—that the Chinese Reds plan to explode a test bomb within weeks. "A fairy tale," said Dr. Vassily Emelyanov, chief of the Soviet Administration for Peaceful Uses of Atomic Energy—and U.S. authorities were inclined to agree with him.

But on closer inspection, was it really a fairy tale? Red China already has a 10,000-kilowatt heavy-water reactor (Russian-built) at Peking; it has been operating since June 1958. It can produce 7 pounds of plutonium a year (10 is required for one A-bomb).

The British Foreign Office does not believe that Peking has its own bomb, yet. But Whitehall this week was speculating with this piquant possibility: Suppose the Russians have given the Chinese an A-bomb to explode. In that way Moscow, while demanding an end to all atom tests, could continue its own.

RESCUE AT SEA:

49 Tortured Days

In the fading winter twilight, the U.S. Navy patrol plane was no more than a slowly moving gray dot against the sky; 2,000 feet below it, the tumbling seas of the mid-Pacific were running 20 feet high. The plane, manned by Lts. Glen Conrad and David Mericle, was heading back to its carrier, the 41,000-ton Kearsarge, when the fliers spotted a 50-foot Soviet landing ship helplessly

adrift. Thus the world learned of another conflict between men and the sea.

It started the night of Jan. 17, when four Russians were taking part in landing exercises in the Kurile Islands, 1,020 miles to the northwest. A sudden storm, with winds up to 75 mph, had blown their craft out into the 40-foot waves of the open Pacific. The craft's engine went dead; it carried no radio. The provisions consisted of three cans of dried beef, a loaf of bread, one bottle of vodka, three canteens of water.

Said Philip Poplavsky, 20, after the four had been rescued:

"The weather never abated. The



Associated Press

Russian: The vodka was gone

waves smashed and pounded. We got almost no sleep."

Three times during their 49 days at sea, the soldiers sighted passing ships. But there was no way to signal—and three times the ships passed on.

"Our water soon ran out," Poplavsky said, "but there was much rain. We rationed the vodka, but it finally went, too. And last of all, our food. Those last few days we were eating the leather thongs of the tops of our boots."

When the Russians were brought aboard the Kearsarge they were red-eyed, caked with brine spray, their hair and beards grown long (photo).

The Kearsarge is expected March 15 in San Francisco, where the Soviet consul will pack them off home.

KOREAN ELECTION:

Playing for Keeps

Korea, said a recent report to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, "does not have a two-party system but a one-and-a-half-party system ... The opposition is intimidated and discouraged."

How true is this charge against 84-year-old President Syngman Rhee's Liberal regime? This week, as 10 million South Koreans flocked to the polls to re-elect Rhee—who, since his opponent died four weeks ago, was personally unopposed for his fourth consecutive term—Far Eastern correspondent Rafael Steinberg reported from Seoul:

Around the Democratic Party's headquarters building, there is a steady blaring din from two-dozen loudspeakers strung up by President Rhee's Liberals. Its purpose: To drown out the speeches of the opposition. A couple of Liberal sound trucks generally accompany Democratic candidates who emerge from this building and shout them down at the street corners. Some Liberal sound trucks are police jeeps, fitted out with campaign banners that urge the re-election of President Rhee.

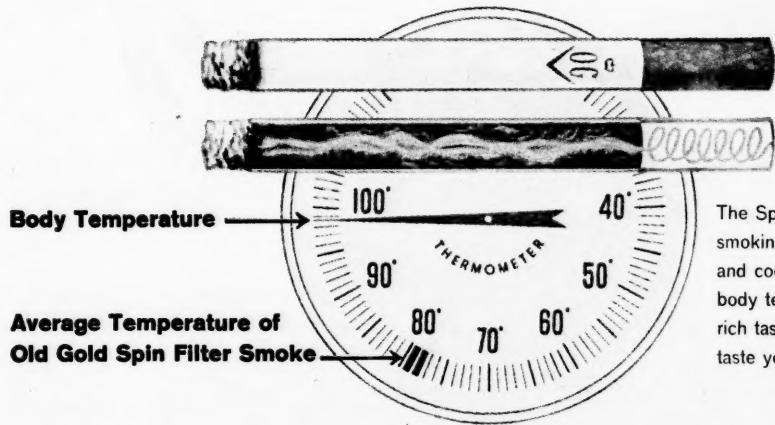
All this is typical of the enormous effort that Rhee's Liberals are putting into the Presidential campaign—even though the President himself has no opponent. (His rival, Chough Pyunk Ok, died of a coronary thrombosis last month and hasn't been replaced on the ballot.) Ever since the Democrats' Dr. John M. Chang defeated Rhee's candidate for the Vice Presidency in 1956, Rhee has been determined that the same thing would never happen again.

For months, gangs of hoodlums have been running wild, beating up opposition campaign workers, breaking up meetings, and stealing party literature. Last week in Yosu, a band of hoodlums attacked two Democrats who were stringing up a loudspeaker outside the local party headquarters, and one was beaten to death. According to the survivor, there were two plain-clothes cops standing by—and they merely turned their backs.

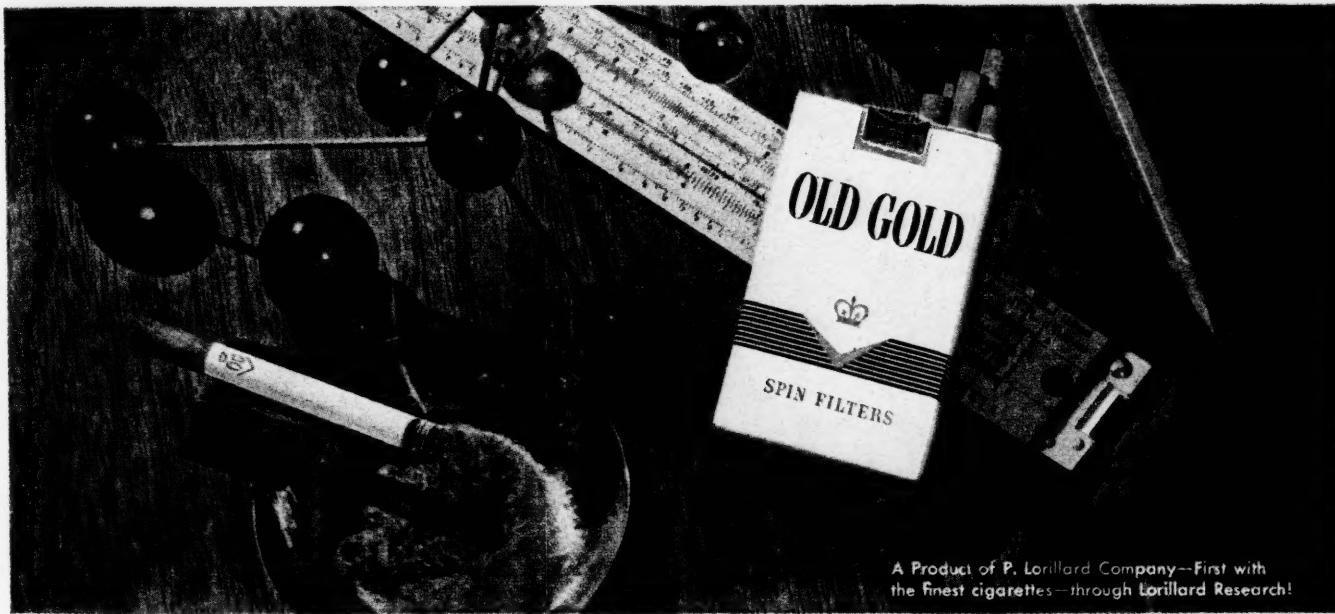
Eavesdroppers: Meanwhile, the Liberals have set out to mobilize the voters on a massive scale, particularly in the rural areas where 60 per cent of Korean voters live and where police control is the most complete. The Liberals' plan, according to the Democrats: To organize voters into teams of three men each, who will enter the polls together and watch each other vote. The Liberals deny it, but even their campaign manager admits: "We cannot assume such voting will not happen, because of the local enthusiasm of our supporters."

Since Rhee is unopposed, the real contest is for the Vice Presidency. Demo-

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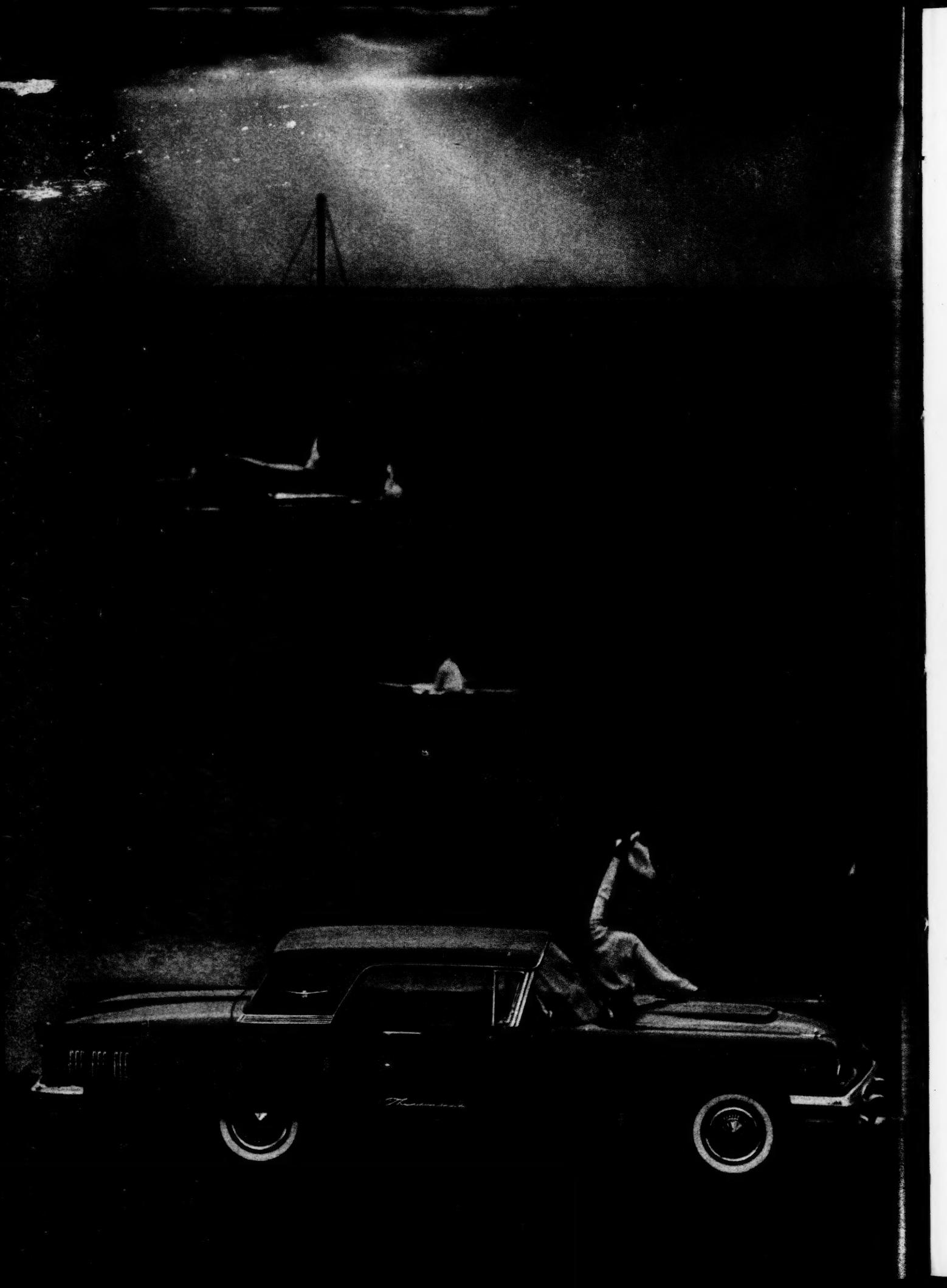


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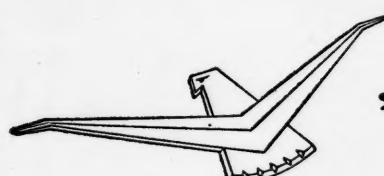
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'60 THUNDERBIRD

THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CAR

ocratic candidate Chang could probably win easily in a really free election. His opponent, Lee Ki Poong, the semi-invalid Assembly speaker, has not attended sessions in a year. In the past, Liberals have tried to smear Chang with rumors of Communist support. This week, they attacked him for his Catholicism, charging that he would be "a tool of the Pope."

A week ago, the Democrats charged that the Liberals were preparing even to falsify the election's results. The government, they claimed, had instructed officials to ensure an 85 per cent victory for the Liberals, simply by stuffing the ballot boxes. Thousands of fake ballots, said the Democrats, already had been printed. The Liberals explained: These were only samples, for "showing voters where to put their marks."

Do the Democrats have any chance to make a showing? "If free elections were guaranteed," Dr. Chang told me, "there is not the slightest doubt that I would win a landslide. But under the circumstances . . ." Chang smiled.

I asked Home Minister Choi about the Democrats' charges. Choi smiled a hard smile and answered: "This is not a sports game, and even sports fans sometimes violate the rules . . . It is much better than any previous election. This time *everything* is under control."

PROJECTS:

Way Down Deep

If there's one old-fashioned conviction that still binds together all sorts and conditions of men in the British Isles, it's the assumption that the English Channel divides the good chaps (i.e., the English) from the bad chaps (i.e., "foreigners"). Newfangled notions like the airplane, the nuclear bomb, and the European Common Market have—to some extent—clipped away at the outer



Rhee: Even sports fans break rules

edges of these insular feelings. But yet it still came as something of a shock when the former Permanent Under Secretary of the British Foreign Office, Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, announced last week that a thousand years of splendid isolation soon might be ended by the construction of a tunnel between Dover and Calais.

The Channel Tunnel has long been an engineer's dream. Napoleon thought of building one to bypass the British Navy; Queen Victoria, who suffered from seasickness, actually encouraged workmen to dig a mile and one-fifth into the soft chalk that forms the Channel bed (see diagram). But in 1883 after an insular editorial in the London Times pictured a sudden, tunnel-borne invasion of foreign troops, a wave of popular hysteria brought the project to an end.

This week, however, Sir Ivone will publish the report of a powerfully backed research group that said the "Chunnel," as Britons like to call it, is not only desirable, but feasible. His recommendation: A double-tracked, 32-mile railway tunnel which could be built in

five years for \$280 million.

Technically, there are no insoluble problems (the Channel bed is less an obstacle than the 12 miles of solid granite being penetrated for the Mont Blanc tunnel), and Sir Ivone is not worried about capital. "The money," he says, "could easily be raised in London, Paris, and New York. We could run 250 trains a day and soon have the revenue we need." (Estimated revenue: \$40 million a year.)

Red Light? Before work can actually begin, it must be approved by the Parliaments of Britain and France. And here tunnel planners may run up against the biggest obstacle in their path: British insularity.

As Christopher Powell, secretary to the Parliamentary Channel Tunnel group, put it: "The British love all this hands-across-the-Channel stuff with Europe, drinking champagne, and that sort of lark, but when it comes to the harmless flirtation turning into an actual marriage, the lights go red in the Foreign Office and there are hysterical shrieks about throwing away the sure shield of the Navy and all that sort of guff."

In the light of such opposition, will the Chunnel ever be built?

The best bet is that it will be—on economic grounds. Reason: British exporters, already threatened with economic isolation by the Common Market, badly need every boost they can get to reduce the competitive price of their goods in European markets. The tunnel would benefit British consumers, too. It might "even lower the cost of wine in Britain," Sir Ivone points out, feelingly. "Have you ever worked out the dock charges you pay on a single bottle?"

Newsweek—Bresnan



AFRICA:

Hard Road of Freedom

A few years ago the pattern of African politics seemed as simple as black against white. Yet as nation after nation achieves independence, the pattern is becoming more complex. Primitiveness contends with progress. Personal ambitions set the pace of political change. Communism and chaos prey on the new nationalisms. Three significant examples:

►**Cameroon.** Independent barely three months, this hot, wet West African republic is riven by tribal warfare. Last week, yelling Bameleke tribesmen came charging out of the rain forest near Bafang, burned 200 huts to the ground, and chopped 31 people to pieces with their spears and knives. The massacre seemed politically pointless. It occurred shortly after Premier Ahmadou Ahidjo had lifted his five-year ban on the Union of Cameroon Peoples; its only motive seemed to be that the terrorists, who are fetishists, simply do not like to be governed by Premier Ahidjo, who is a Fulani tribesman and a Moslem.

►**Ghana.** After eight years in office, Premier Kwame Nkrumah last week published the draft of a new constitution which will make Ghana a Republic within the Commonwealth on July 7. Its terms, however, seem specially designed to see that Nkrumah stays on top.

In the new office of President, Nkrumah will combine the present powers of the Queen (exercised through a Governor-General) and those of Prime Minister. He will be able to veto bills, dissolve the legislature, draw money from special funds, and run for an unlimited number of five-year terms. He will also hold command of Ghana's small but growing armed forces. (Recommissioning two ancient British gunboats into Ghana's service last week, Nkrumah declared that Ghana will one day have a navy comparable to the best in the world.)

►**Guinea.** Two years after he marched his tiny nation out of the French community, 38-year-old President Sekou Touré made a fateful decision. Having wobbled for months between East and West, he sent his Ambassador, Seydou Conte, to drink champagne on East Berlin television with elderly Wilhelm Pieck, the Communist President. Apparently, this constituted formal recognition of East Germany. Furious, West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer threatened to sever diplomatic relations with Guinea and dropped plans to send an investment team to look over business opportunities.

But Sekou Touré wasn't worried. Already, he has an assurance that the Soviet Union is coming to Guinea's aid.

Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave reports: "Guinea is well on the way to becoming Communism's first substantial

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beachhead in black Africa. The signs are everywhere: The air service between Guinea's capital, Conakry, and Moscow is the first in black Africa. Russian Ambassador Daniel Solod, the Middle Eastern expert who negotiated the Soviet-U.A.R. arms deal, and Red China's Ambassador Ko Kua have arrived to join a diplomatic corps whose dean is Bulgaria's Ambassador (the U.S. is represented by Ambassador John H. Morrow).

"More impressive still is the \$100 million which Moscow has promised to contribute by 1963 toward a development plan. It includes a government building, a harbor, a 10,000-foot runway for Conakry airport, a stadium for 25,000 people, a polytechnical institute for 300 students, a fruit and vegetable cannery, a saw-mill, a tannery, a shoe factory, a cement works, a cold-storage warehouse, two hotels, and undisclosed quantities of agricultural machinery. One Western diplomat just back from Conakry says: 'Guinea is rapidly becoming an African Albania. Russia is making it a model for African development that will make Western efforts in Ghana, Nigeria, and the French Community look puny and pale by comparison'."

MIDDLE EAST:

Scatter-Shooting

Who does Gamal Abdel Nasser like? In the last month the U.A.R. strong man has (1) attacked Iraq as a "stooge" of both Communism and Western "colonialism," (2) called on the Arab world to invade Israel, (3) belabored the Russians (who are the U.A.R.'s biggest customer), and (4) condemned the U.S.

Last week, Nasser turned sharply on neighboring Jordan. Touring Syrian Army camps near the Jordanian frontier, he called doughty young King Hussein a "descendant of traitors . . . dedicated to British and American domination in their work against Arab nationalism." Nasser was evidently trying to stir Jordan's one-half million unhappy Palestinian refugees into open revolt against Hussein's regime. His ultimate objective: To dismember Jordan and incorporate its Palestinian territory into the U.A.R.

Pro-Nasser feelings run high in the Palestinian section of Jordan. A disastrous drought, which has destroyed four-fifths of the country's precious wheat crop, has made the Bedouin restless. But King Hussein was undaunted. In an interview with NEWSWEEK's Larry Collins who flew to Amman, the 24-year-old monarch retorted:

"It seems to irk this Mr. Nasser to realize that my country has survived his attacks and that it still stands in the way of fulfilling his ambition of ruling as a dictator in all this part of the world
(Continued on Opposite Page)

Was It Flu? Or Convenience? . . .

It was to have been a dress rehearsal before the summit conference. The scene was Paris, where the Big Four will gather May 16. Charles de Gaulle, after last-minute consultations with Britain's Harold Macmillan, was all set to go to Orly Airport this week and welcome Nikita Khrushchev, with whom the West must decide the questions of peace—or war.

Then came the thudding news—K said he was sick and postponed the visit. Was it a real or diplomatic illness? Would it postpone the summit too? NEWSWEEK's Paris bureau reports.



Newsweek—Ben Hur Bez

For weeks, the preparations had kept all of France in a turmoil. Police had rounded up some 750 "suspicious" foreigners, including Croatian priests, an American auto dealer, and three Chinese, and shipped them off to an enforced free "vacation" on Corsica. A special reception room at Orly Field had been decorated with \$300,000 worth of antique furniture and paintings. Flag-makers worked round the clock.

Frenchmen's emotions, too, were astir. On the left, the Communists were marshaling their myrmidons to gain strength from Khrushchev's prestige (see below); on the right, such conservative voices as Le Figaro called on everyone to greet the Russian with "silence and abstention." More ominous were the sporadic outbursts of violence (two bomb explosions in Paris) and the walls daubed with

the single, echoing word: Budapest.

With only 48 hours to go, there came the cool announcement from both Paris and Moscow: Khrushchev was "immobilized by an attack of grippe" and wouldn't be able to travel for at least a week. He expressed "regrets." De Gaulle replied with "wishes for prompt recovery." But throughout Paris, and in diplomatic centers around the world, there was dismay and bewilderment. The question: "What is Khrushchev up to?"

It was likely that Khrushchev was really sick (the State Department, like the Quai d'Orsay, took his announcement at face value). Just back from an exhausting three-week, 12,000-mile tour of Southeast Asia, the Soviet ruler, now 65 and at least 50 pounds overweight, had been pushing himself to the utmost. And this is the season for flu and grippe to strike down the travel-weary.

Yet this would not be the first time that K has taken ill at a strategic moment. During a crisis in his Moscow meetings with Harold Macmillan last year, he suddenly developed a "toothache"—which mysteriously cleared up when Macmillan threatened to go back home. Was this, then, another "toothache"?

Best Laid Plans: Some Western diplomats thought it might be. They knew that the preparations for Khrushchev's visit to France had been going badly. Nine times, French officials had revised his itinerary; nine times the Russians had turned the French plans down. "He seemed to think his visit was a favor," snapped an official. Khrushchev didn't want to see the fourteen French towns that de Gaulle had scheduled and he resisted de Gaulle's plan to haul him over to Algeria—with its implications of endorsing French colonialism. Instead, apparently urged by French Reds, he wanted to stick to places like Verdun and Reims where memories of German aggression in



Newsweek—Lionel Durand
De Gaulle: The guest didn't show up

... Khrushchev Lets Paris Wait

two wars would help play up his theme of anti-Germanism (see page 55).

As in the U.S., K wanted less to hear than to talk. De Gaulle, who likes to be listened to himself, actually wondered out loud whether he hadn't perhaps made a mistake in insisting on his "K ration" before the summit talks.

Such difficulties were scarcely surprising in view of the differences between the two leaders' personalities. They are as unlike as a cock and a bear—de Gaulle, tall and austere, the aloof master of Gallic wit and grand pronouncements; Khrushchev, the miner's son, a man of broad humor who likes to slap your back.

Yet the two men are unquestionably fascinated by each other. And neither their personal differences nor any diplomatic illness can obstruct the tides of history that now are sweeping toward a confrontation between East and West. As for rescheduling the Paris meeting, French officials gave a Gallic shrug: De Gaulle was due in London April 5 and in Washington April 22. Moscow rescheduled K's visit to Paris from March 23 to April 3. But should another hitch develop, he still has a date in Paris for the summit conference May 16.

THE COMMUNISTS

"Let there be joyful and enthusiastic crowds to greet Comrade Khrushchev." That was the order that buzzed out last week from the French Communist Party's steel-walled headquarters to its 400,000 faithful. To spread the joy, the party had chartered fleets of buses to bring in the party faithful, printed 6 million copies of pamphlets and newspapers hailing Khrushchev as "the apostle of universal peace." Advance commitments cost the party a cool \$1 million, much of it forfeited by K's postponement.

Few other political parties in the world could afford that kind of money. But the French Communists were unruffled: They regularly spend up to \$20 million a year; indeed their party is one of France's biggest commercial enterprises.

The French Communists control the 800,000-member General Confederation of Labor. They run some 140 satellite organizations, six large publishing firms, ten daily newspapers and 33 other periodicals. They have huge land holdings and caches of weapons.

The ruler of this empire is Maurice Thorez, 59, the semiparalyzed ex-miner (photo), who now enjoys a \$75,000 Riviera villa, five cars, ten bodyguards, and a domestic expense account of \$2,000 a



Party boss Thorez: Out of date

month. Thorez and his henchmen today control more than 1,800 French towns. They can count on 20 per cent of the French popular vote. But despite all its outward signs of strength, the Communist Party is constantly losing ground.

The Reds made their last major political effort in 1958 when they tried to mobilize a "popular front" against de Gaulle and "Fascism." But when prosperous France voted on de Gaulle's Fifth Republic, some 1.2 million normally Communist voters (one in four) backed the general. Red deputies in the National Assembly fell from 144 to ten.

All told, the party has lost more than half its members since the war. The number of young ones (under 25) has dropped to 5 per cent. "This is a party of old men," said one veteran. It is, in short, out of date.

(Continued from Preceding Page)
following the destruction of my country.

"But I personally am not worried. All these angry words in the air are no more than we are used to ... There doesn't seem to be any deep thinking or planning for real action. In any case, we shall defend ourselves."

ON THE BALTIC:

Strange Voyages

Scrubbed and polished until every brass rail shone, the U.S. heavy cruiser Northampton steamed through the Baltic one afternoon last week, its prow cleaving a passage through the thickening ice. Aboard were 1,200 officers and men togged out in their best blue winter uniforms in preparation for the civic reception that awaited them at Stockholm.

Alas, 25 miles from the Swedish capital, the Northampton got stuck in the ice. And instead of the Americans going ashore to meet their hosts, the Swedes—by the hundreds—donned ice skates and skis and sped across the ice to greet the embarrassed cruiser. "HII, WELL-COME TO SWEDEN," the Swedes scrawled on the ice. Capt. Harold G. Bowen Jr., the Northampton's skipper, promptly offered them coffee and cakes. ►Across the Baltic, another ship, the German freighter August Peters, was getting a very different reception. The North German city of Kiel had forced it to move to the most remote anchorage available, and as it finally steamed away, flying the red flag of danger, Germans sighed with relief. The reason: The August Peters carried a load of 28,000 shells of the deadly gas called "tabun," developed by the Nazis and capable of wiping out whole cities in a matter of minutes. A stockpile of tabun shells fell into the hands of the British at the end of World War II, and was dumped into the Baltic. Recently, it occurred to Kiel authorities that the rusting of shell-cases might release some of the gas, and even set off a chain-reaction explosion of the whole lot. Hastily, they hauled up the shells, then encased them in heavy cement-coated containers, and loaded them onto the August Peters. Their next destination: The bottom of the South Atlantic.

PEOPLE:

The Mute's Last Joke

Gabriel Germaneau stomped in from the barnyard on his farm near Poitiers. "Girls and their parties," he snorted. "All this chatter and confusion. All this money for new dresses just for a costume ball."

"But Papa," said his daughter Yolande. "Am I not beautiful?" She pirouetted

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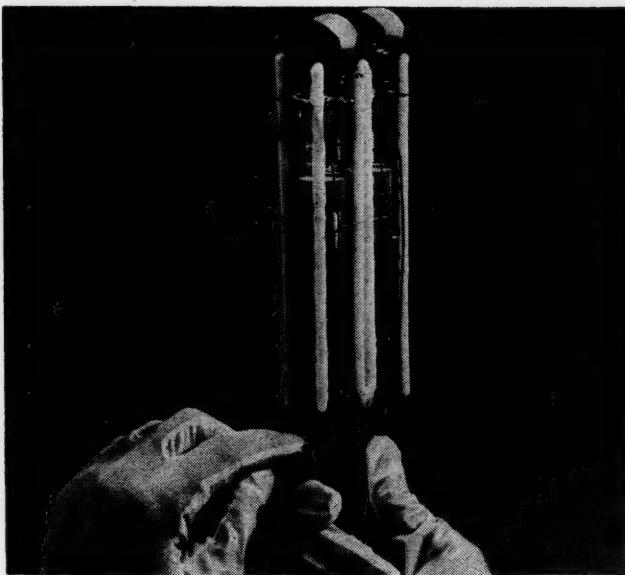


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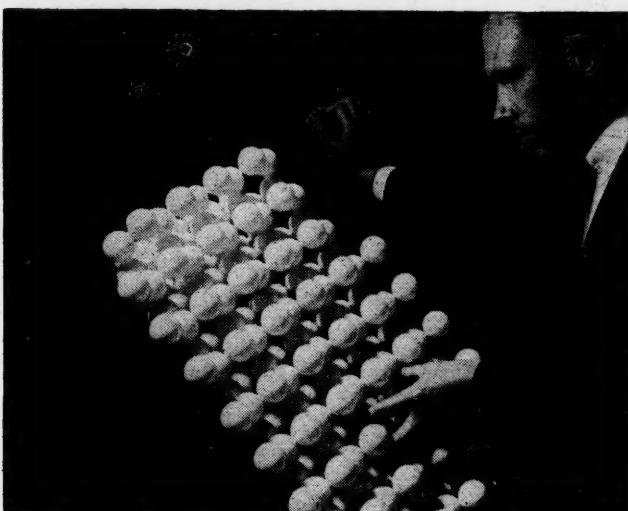
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before him and smiled her prettiest.

"And Papa, look at this," said another daughter, Gisele. She put on the mask she would wear at the party and blinked her dark eyelashes at him.

"C'est bien," Germaneau grumped. "But behave yourselves. And don't forget to say good-by to your sister Laure."

"Of course, Papa," they said. They pecked Laure on both cheeks. "So sorry, ma chère, that your Bernard could not take you tonight," they told her.

Seventeen-year-old Laure did not hear the words. She is deaf and almost mute. But Laure understood. Her fiancé, 20-year-old Bernard Binet, had relatives visiting, and of course he couldn't come.

Papa Germaneau settled down with his pipe. A younger brother, Gerard, read. An hour passed. Then suddenly sounds like gunfire rattled the windows.

"We are being attacked," Gerard gasped. He slammed the front door tight and then bolted it.

"Robbers!" cried Germaneau. He loaded his old rabbit gun and shouted for the intruder to leave. No answer.

Germaneau tiptoed to the attic and peered from a small window. In the shadows he saw a man with a white mask over his face. Again, he shouted a warning. But the stranger gave no answer. That was enough. Germaneau raised the gun to his shoulder and fired.

The man at the door pitched forward.

By the time the fallen man's mask was removed it was too late. "Papa," sobbed Laure, forming her words painfully and slowly. "My little Bernard is dead."

Bernard, who was as deaf as Laure and completely mute, had meant it all as a joke. He had bought firecrackers last week to startle the family before making a grand entrance to announce that he could take Laure to the costume party after all.

But because of his deafness Bernard could not hear Papa Germaneau's stern warnings. And if he could have heard, he could not have replied.

ISRAEL:

When Billy Rose Gives

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath . . .

—Exodus 20:4

Whatever else he thought of them (and he once called them "2-ton knick-knacks"), Broadway showman Billy Rose has never considered his million-dollar collection of Rodin, Lipchitz, and Maillol statues as "graven images." Yet last week, as Rose arrived in Jerusalem to superintend preparations for the 5-acre

outdoor museum he is giving to Israel, he was confronted by black-bearded Benjamin Mintz, the Rodinesque deputy speaker of the Knesset (Parliament), who insisted that outdoor statuary would be utterly sacrilegious.

Undaunted, Billy cited a learned interpretation of Leviticus 26:1. "On the floor of your temple, you may place graven images and statues so long as you do not bow down to them."

Retreat: Taken aback by Billy's scholarship (courtesy of a bevy of Talmudic scholars who support the Rose museum), the deputy speaker retreated. It turned out that the Deputy Director of Israel's Religious Affairs had "graven images" in his own home. But in accordance with Hebrew custom, he had avoided sacrilege by breaking bits off their faces. "Nobody's gonna bust up my Rodins or Maillols," retorted Billy, "without busting my face first."

Israel's rabbinate finally came up with a Solomon-like compromise: Its members would not visit Billy's collection—so what they did not see, they would not officially condemn. Billy also reached his own compromise with Mintz: The objective works will be placed indoors, and the abstracts in the new garden. "Nobody knows what those abstract things mean anyway," said Mintz, satisfied, "so they aren't really graven images."

PIX



UPI

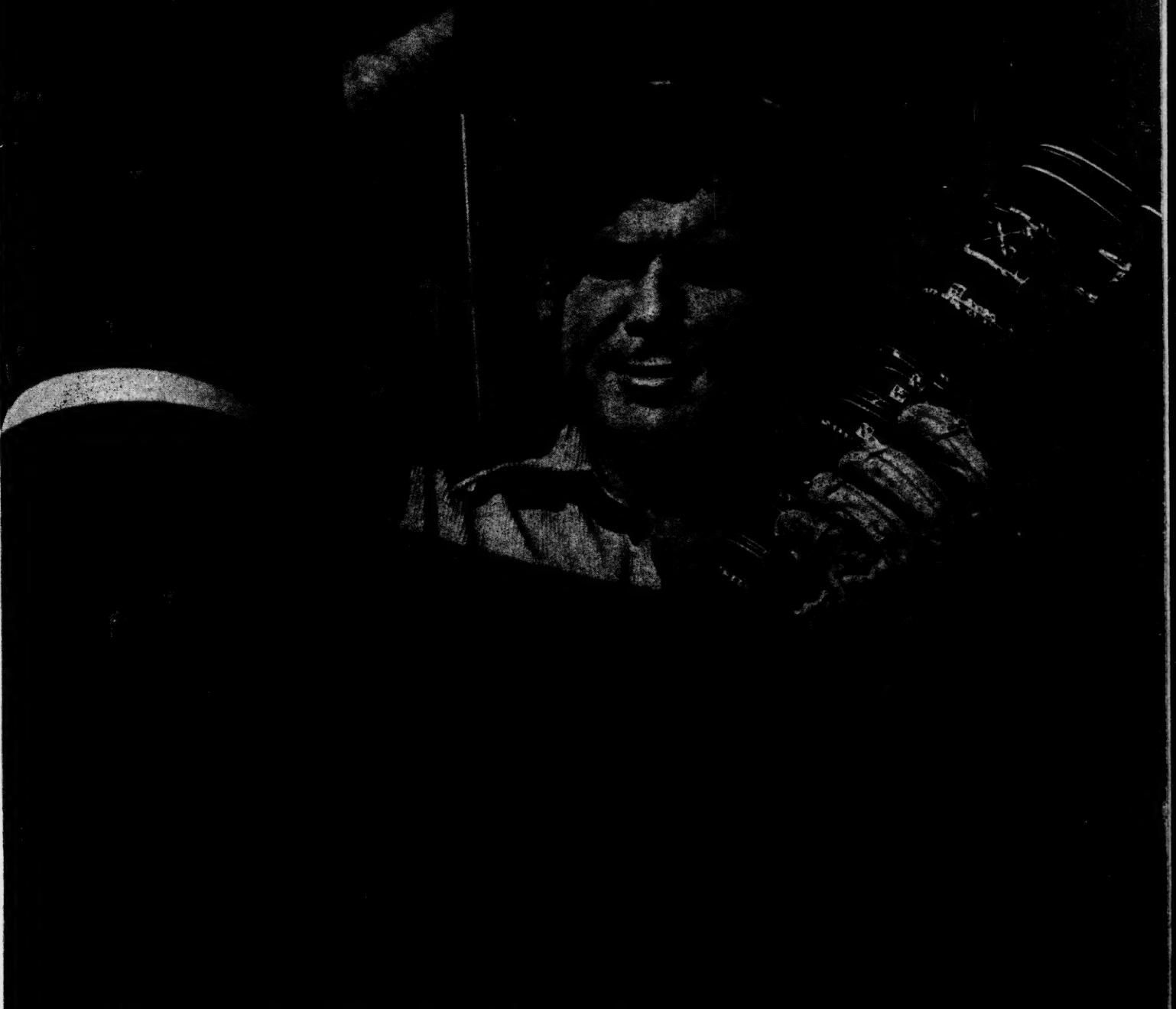


Black Star

HONOR AND GLORY TO YOU, WOMEN WORKERS OF THE WORLD, said Pravda's headlines (above). It was the theme of last week's Ladies Day celebrations throughout the Communist world. The Order of Lenin was awarded to 253 women "heroes of Soviet Labor," like the ladies who paint Moscow traffic lane markings. Moscow also announced that the Soviet Union now has 1,280,000 women teachers (compared with 864,000 in the U.S.) and 300,000 doctors (U.S., 13,000).

At the same time, Soviet men thronged out to buy Ladies Day gifts modeled by such charmers as those shown at left and right. This current "stylishness" is all part of the new "emancipation" of Soviet women from years of drudgery. Question: Can Moscow's women street cleaners now look forward to nylon brooms?





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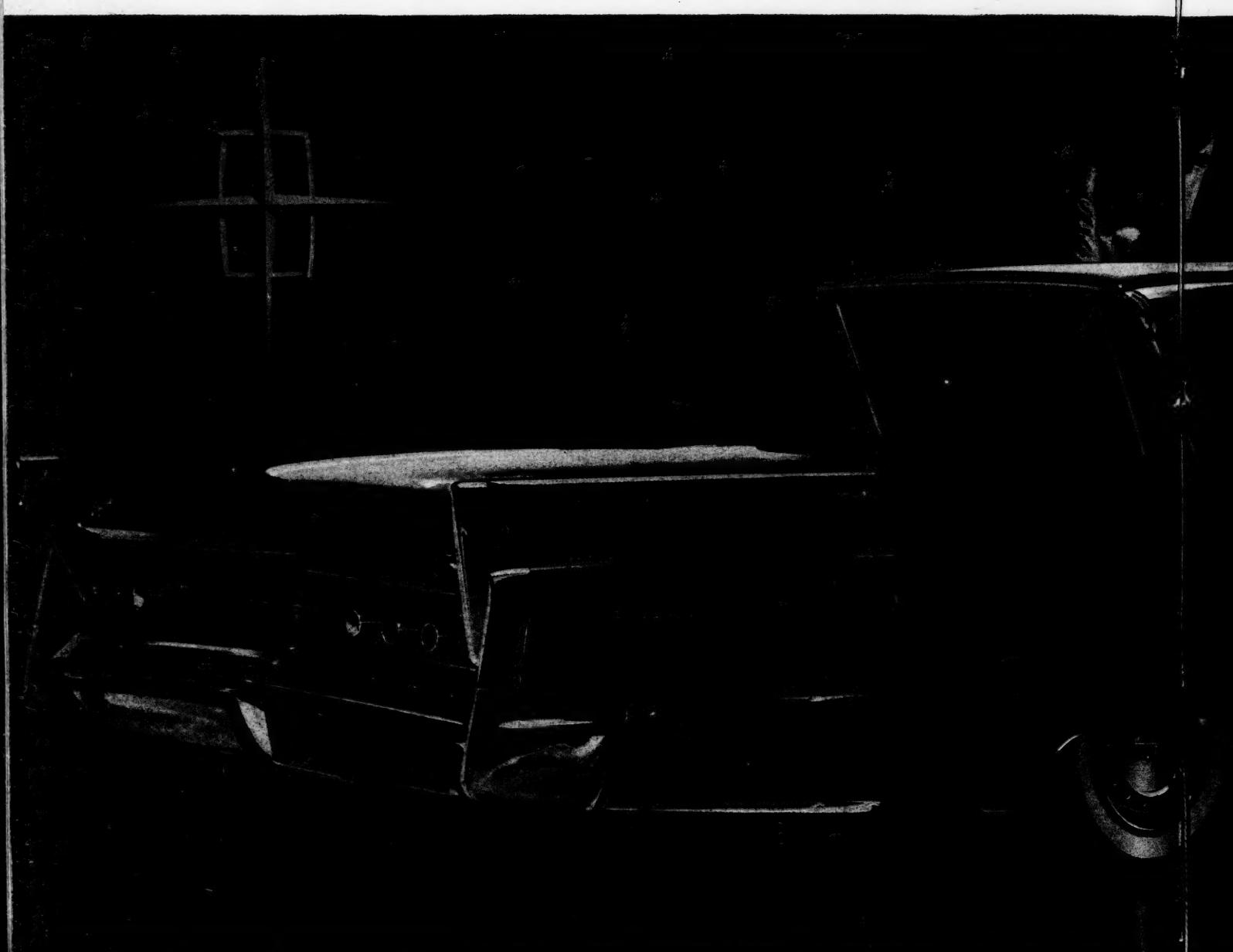
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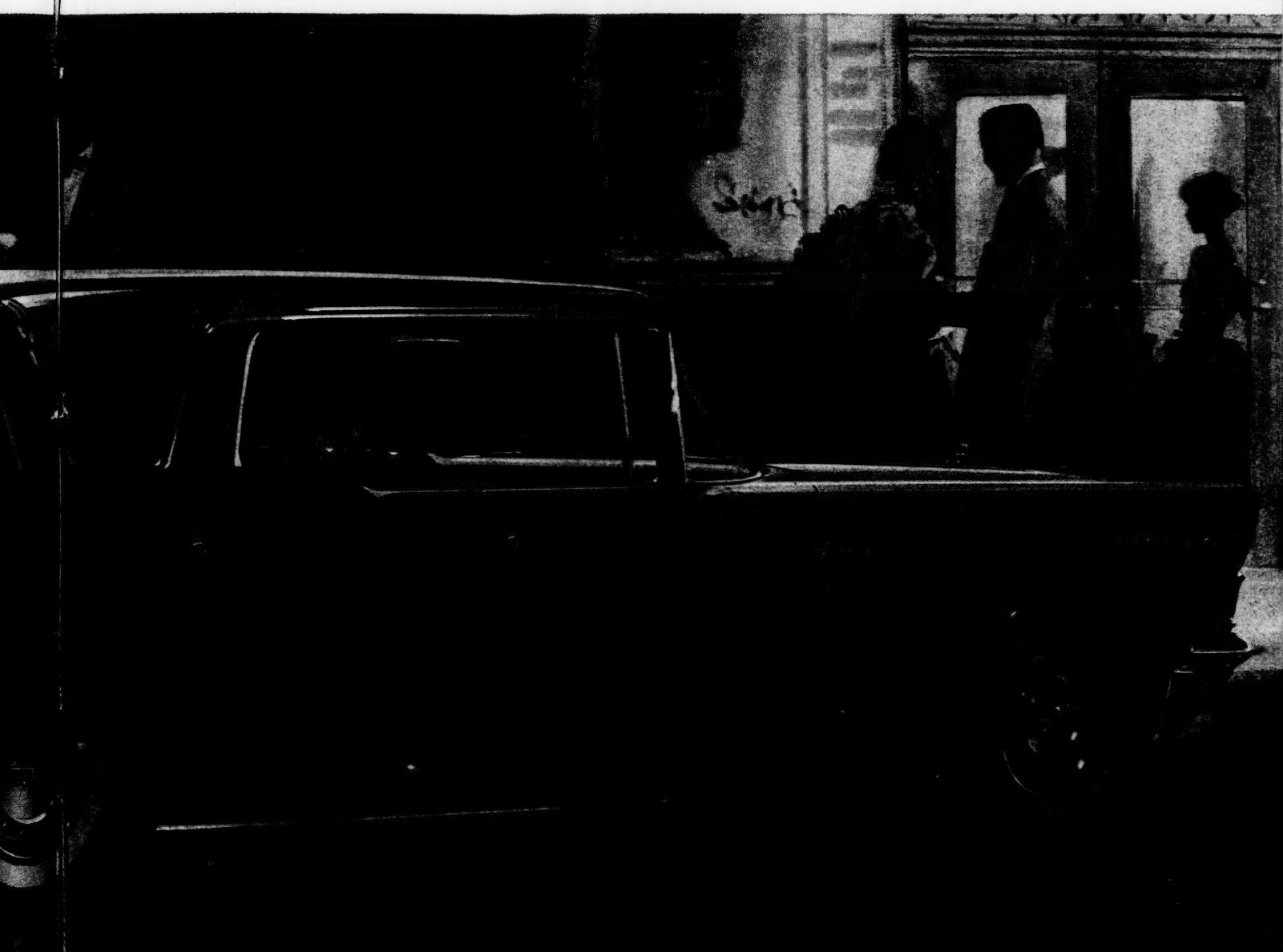
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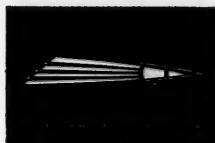
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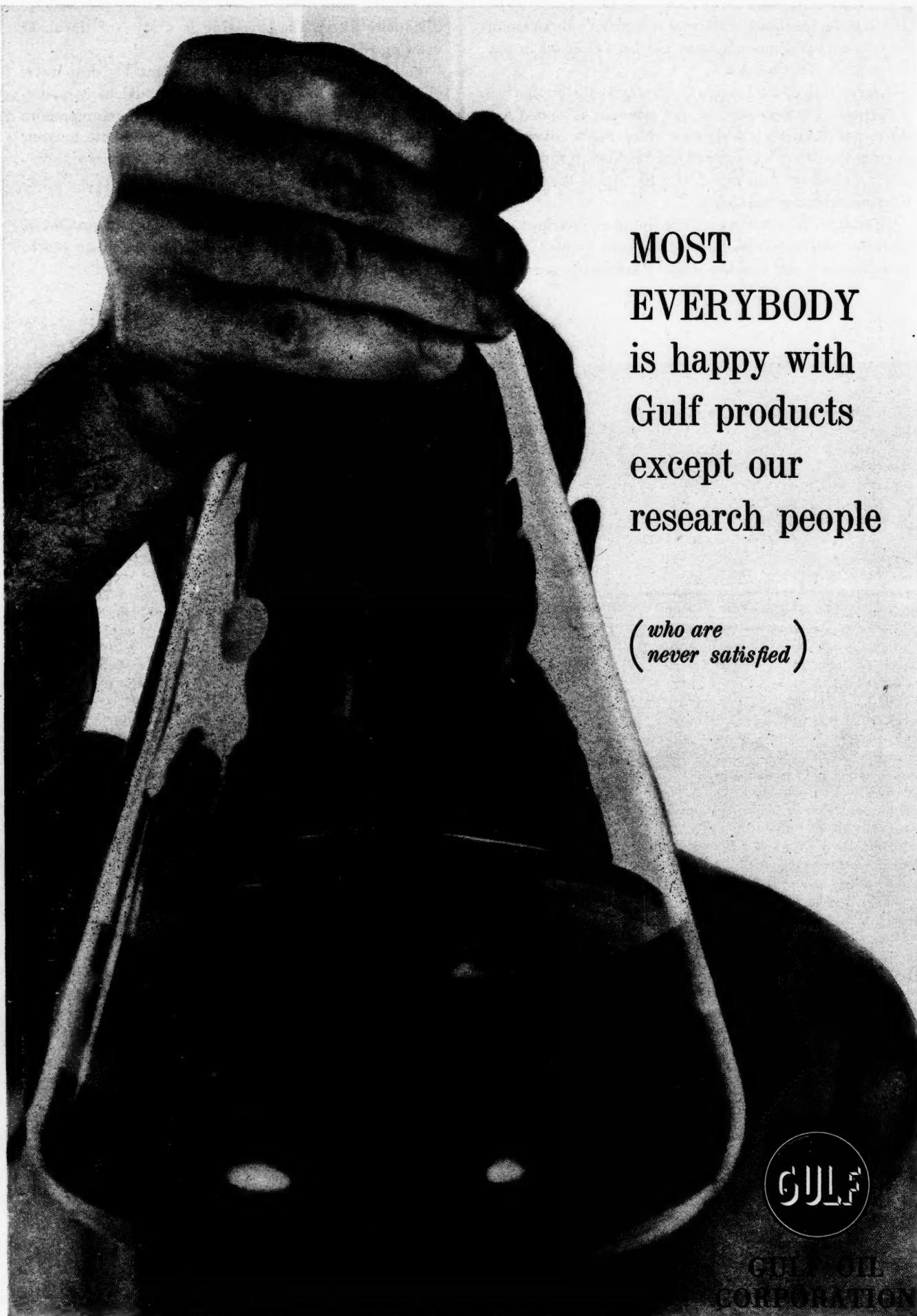
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On-Scene in Seething Cuba—Next Blowup in Latin America?

►Cuba: NEWSWEEK Senior Editor Harold Lavine flew here last week to measure the shock waves which spread from the explosion of the French ship La Coubre, while it was unloading Belgian armaments in Havana for Fidel Castro's government. Castro made the accident the excuse for a violent anti-American outburst (see story below). Another costly aspect of Castro's anti-American campaign was his stepped-up seizure of ranches, sugar plantations, and other private property owned by both Cubans and Americans. Threats against the Freeport

Nickel Co.'s Moa Bay plant caused the shutdown last week of this \$75 million United States enterprise. See BUSINESS, page 99.

►Panama: Before visiting Cuba, Senior Editor Lavine also investigated anti-Americanism among Panamanians—and their disputes with U.S. authorities in the sensitive Canal Zone.

His on-scene report on the Panamanian powder keg, which may blow up again in May, when Panamanian voters will elect a new President, starts on the next page.

THE U.S. AND CASTRO:

Boiling Point

It didn't seem possible that Cuban-U.S. relations could get any worse. But last week they reached a new, all-time low. The cause: Premier Fidel Castro's implied charge that the United States was responsible for the explosion of a munitions ship in Havana harbor. *This was the mood in both capitals, as reported by NEWSWEEK correspondents:*

►Washington: The U.S. Government was clearly nearing the end of its patience. The usually mild-mannered Secretary of State, Christian A. Herter, called in the Cuban chargé d'affaires, Enrique Patterson, and dressed him down bluntly and angrily.

Castro's charge was "baseless, erroneous, and misleading," Herter declared. The Premier's "unfounded and irresponsible attitude" could only contribute to the "unhappy deterioration" of relations. "Under the circumstances," Herter ended, "this government finds itself increasingly obliged to question the good faith of your excellency's government with respect to a desire for improved relations between our governments."

The burly, fair-skinned Cuban emerged from the Secretary's office flushed and upset. "I think your Secretary of State is unhappy, yes?" he murmured.

Meanwhile, the State Department was planning three moves in the Cuban situation:

1—It would send to Havana a note reiterating the Secretary's indignation at Castro's charges. Though repeating the substance of Herter's original statement to Patterson, the note would be couched in more moderate terms.

2—It planned to submit an Administration sugar bill to Congress shortly. The bill gives the Executive authority to change the sugar import quota if and when necessary. It has only an outside chance of passing. Chairman Harold D. Cooley of the House Agriculture Com-

mittee has already expressed opposition to it, saying it gives the President power of reprisal at a time when the Administration says it wants no reprisals.

3—Extensive long-range radio programs beamed to Cuba from Key West and Puerto Rico will be inaugurated within a month, to help correct some of the wild charges and misinformation pouring out of the Cuban press and radio.

The Administration continues to be dead set against political or economic reprisals as long as Castro's popularity remains high and no outside power in-



Rube Goldberg—N.Y. Journal-American
The Knife Thrower

tervenes in Cuban affairs. This policy is supported by most of the other Latin American countries. The proposal to give the President instead of Congress the authority to change sugar quotas is intended simply as a future bargaining point when negotiations with Cuba get under way.

►Havana: A tourist in Havana last week, who knew only what he read in the papers or heard on the radio, would have imagined that Cuba and the U.S. were on the verge of war. Walking along the Prado he heard loudspeakers blaring that Cuba would destroy any U.S. Ma-

rine force that attempted to invade the island. Driving down the Malecón at night, he saw civilians in black berets doing close-order drill preparing to repel "the invasion."

Even before the French ship La Coubre exploded in Havana harbor, the Castro government was engaged in a violent campaign against U.S. "aggression." The munitions-ship tragedy simply gave the government an excuse to say the U.S. was planning military as well as economic aggression against Cuba.

It's almost impossible to find anyone who believes the government propaganda, even among the civilians doing close-order drill on the Malecón, or in government offices. The Cubans actually seem ashamed that Fidel accused the U.S. of sabotaging La Coubre. Over and over an American is told: "Well, he really didn't say you did it; all he said was that you could have done it."

More Temperate? Foreign diplomats in Havana believe the Cuban Government knows it made a fool of itself by charging the U.S. with blowing up La Coubre. They believe the government will become more temperate soon.

Meanwhile the big story in Havana is the wholesale seizure of private property. In addition to cattle ranches and sugar plantations, the government has taken over 22 corporations owned by the Hedges family, a family of U.S. descent but Cuban nationality.

Tony Navarro, a son-in-law of Burke Hedges, last week estimated the value of this property at "close to \$40 million."

There can no longer be any question about it: Within a year Cuba will be a completely socialistic country. No one in the government now denies this. In fact, Ernesto Guevara, president of the National Bank and the most powerful man in Cuba next to Castro, said last week: "Cuba's economy will be a nationalized economy and will not be dependent on capitalistic investments."

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ON-SCENE REPORT FROM PANAMA



Police arrest demonstrators who invaded the Canal Zone in November ...

The Next Big Headache? . . .

Maj. Gen. William E. Potter, the slender, dapper Army engineer who runs the Panama Canal and governs the Canal Zone, used to visit Panama City three or four times a week. No longer, Senior Editor Harold Lavine reports. As the Canal Zone's ranking official, General Potter dares not set foot in the city now. Some brash Panamanian might stone his car, and even such a small incident would have international implications.

The U.S. Embassy in Panama City used to fly the Stars and Stripes on every working day. No longer. The flag has been up only five times this year; Ambassador Julian F. Harrington dares not fly it more often. What he fears is that someone might tear it down and desecrate it. And this, of course, would create a nasty situation, too.

The Flag Falls: Nov. 3, 1959, is the day that General Potter decided to stop visiting Panama City; it's also the day the flag came down. On Nov. 3, 1959, a mob composed largely of street-corner bums and students attempted to invade the Canal Zone and plant the Panamanian colors beside the Stars and Stripes. (At the same time, rioters tore down the embassy flag.) The National Guard didn't lift a rifle butt to stop them; General Potter was forced to call out the Zone police and the Army.

General Potter at once declared Panama City off limits to Americans living in the Zone, and he started erecting a steel-mesh fence, along the edge of the Zone. He eventually lifted the ban on visiting Panama City, but the fence remains. It remains because General Potter lives in constant danger of another mob attack on the important Canal Zone.

He unquestionably is justified in his caution, because the situation that created the riot still exists; and there is nothing the U.S. Government can do about it. For the simple fact is this: Every Pan-

manian politician, every Panamanian newspaper, and every Panamanian radio station, without exception, is now engaged in an anti-U.S. campaign ranging from petulant criticism to outright vilification. They all insist they love Tio Sam, but they keep tweaking Tio's beard and kicking him in the pants. This campaign is certain to continue until May 8, when Panama elects a new President, and it may continue for months beyond that date. Panama may well become a bigger, more painful boil than Cuba.

The Beginning: To understand why, one must go back to 1903, when the U.S. created the Republic of Panama because Colombia had balked at President Theodore Roosevelt's terms for building the Canal. Since then, the Canal has become the heart and soul, the flesh, bone, and blood of Panama.

Under the best of circumstances, it would be a major political issue and a whipping boy for every rabble rouser. What makes the situation really mean is the nature of the society. The nation consists of a few wealthy families, a few well-to-do merchants and professional men, 10,000 Canal Zone workers drawing good wages, and nearly a million people living in poverty. The most hopeless, naturally, are the university students, for, without industry, Panama cannot absorb more than a handful of them each year.

The few wealthy families run Panama in collaboration with the National Guard. Panamanian politics is nothing but a contest between them. And they stay in power simply by whipping the mob up against Tio Sam. Strangely enough, Panamanians are quite sophisticated politically. They know "The Oligarchy," as they call it, is using them. There is nothing they can do about it, however, because they have no other leaders.

The issue the politicians have seized



. . . while GI's with gas masks and bayonets stood guard at the boundary between the Zone and Panama

. . . It Could Be Panama, Bridge of the Seas

upon is the question of flying the Panamanian flag in the Canal Zone. Under the Treaty of 1903, the U.S. has all the rights of sovereignty in the Zone; Panama has none. The Panamanian politicians insist, however, that, by implication, Panama has what they call "residual sovereignty rights." They demand the right to fly their colors in the Zone as a symbol of these rights.

President Eisenhower has said that he sees no reason why they shouldn't. And the State Department, privately, agrees with him. The Defense Department, however, is opposed to letting Panama fly the Panamanian flag in the Zone, and the House of Representatives goes along with the Defense Department.

Ernesto de la Guardia Jr., the President of Panama and a conservative by Panamanian standards, said last week that, if the will of the House prevails, there will be another riot on May 1. May 1 is Labor Day in Panama; it's also the Communist May Day. And it's exactly one week before Election Day.

Nothing Settled: In simple fact, permitting the Panamanian flag to fly in the Zone will not settle anything. This is the issue that excites the mob, the university students, and the unemployed. However, "The Oligarchy" doesn't give a fig about it. What "The Oligarchy" cares about is money.

Again, go back to 1903. Under the Treaty of 1903, the U.S. agreed to pay Panama an initial \$10 million plus \$250,000 a year for the right to govern the Zone. In 1936, the annual payment was raised to \$430,000; in 1955, to \$1,930,000.

Zonians call the 1955 treaty "the Chamber of Commerce treaty." Almost every clause was contrived to put money in the pockets of the upper class, even at the expense of most Panamanians. Under one clause, for example, some

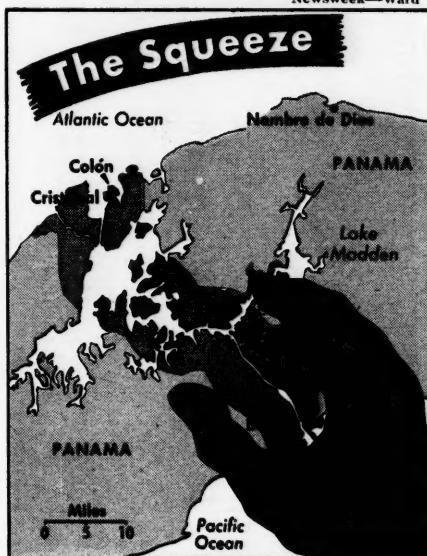
10,000 Panamanians employed in the Canal Zone are forbidden to use Zone commissaries; they must buy what they need in Panama City. This unquestionably has been extremely beneficial to local merchants, but it has raised the workers' cost of living by 30 per cent.

Dissatisfaction: Panamanian politicians loved the Treaty of 1955—in 1955. Since then, they have become increasingly dissatisfied with it. They want a new treaty that would cut down the business of the commissaries still further.

The evil genius behind the campaign of vilification against the U.S. is Harmodio Arias, a small, dark, wiry man, with a wide streak of Indian in him. At 73, Arias is easily the most powerful man in Panama. At one time, he was the President of the republic.

Harmodio Arias owns *The Panama American* and *El Panama America*, two of the biggest newspapers in Panama. His son Roberto, Margot Fonteyn's husband, owns *La Hora*. Another son,

Newsweek—Ward



Gilberto, has a major interest in *Critica*.

The family, as a group, owns nobody knows how many radio stations.

This gives Harmodio Arias a dominant voice in Panama. However, he does not personally engage in politics now. He uses two instruments, Aquilino Boyd, a young (38), handsome lawyer, and Dr. Ernesto Castillero Pimentel, a university history professor who seethes with hatred of the U.S., even though he was educated there. The two engineered the riot of Nov. 3; if there is a riot on May 1, they will be the engineers again.

Demand: The clamor against the U.S. will continue because there is simply no end to what the Panamanian politicians want. They are talking now of a revision of the Treaty of 1955 that would give Panama and Panamanian merchants more money. However, they admit this is just a minimum demand. If the U.S. grants it, they will ask for more. They say so. Panama now is getting almost exactly half of the profits of the Canal. Boyd says Panama should get half of the gross revenue—\$40 million a year, instead of less than \$2 million, as at present.

There is some agitation for nationalizing the Canal and some for internationalizing it. The latter comes not from Panamanians but from the United Arab Republic and from Cuba. The U.A.R., which has no trade with Panama, last year opened a fifteen-man legation which hands out propaganda pointing out that Egypt seized the Suez Canal and got away with it. The Cuban line is simply anti-yanqui.

After the riot of Nov. 3, 1959, the State Department sent Under Secretary Livingston Merchant to make an on-the-spot investigation. When Merchant was leaving, Ambassador Harrington said to him: "As you can see, we've got a can of worms." Merchant replied: "Yes, and it's a can without a bottom."

NEWSMAKERS

Up for Garbs: The date that all England, and all Anglophiles, awaited breathlessly was set by Princess MARGARET: May 6 in Westminster Abbey. That left only the problem of what to wear. The Princess put that up to designer NORMAN HARTNELL, who produced the Queen's wedding and coronation gowns. But for her bridegroom-to-be, ANTONY ARMSTRONG-JONES, the clothes problem was not so easy. Royal bridegrooms ordinarily wear military uniforms, but Jones, because of a childhood polio attack, had no military service. A possible solution: Formal court dress of black velvet coat and knee breeches and black stockings. More likely: Striped pants and cutaway.

Export: When it became known that screen star GINA LOLLOBRIGIDA and her husband, Dr. MILKO SKOFIC, intended to abandon their walled villa on Rome's Appian Way and move to Toronto, her outraged fellow Italians promptly assumed it was because of tax troubles at home. An angry Gina, pausing in New York, said this was "lies—all lies," and lapsed into furious Italian. Dr. Skofic, who fled Yugoslavia seventeen years ago, then explained that because of his statelessness their son, Milko, born two years ago in Rome, could not become an Italian citizen. "That is why we are going to Canada," concluded Gina. "Not because of taxes. Taxes are higher there. It would be silly."

Bébé Talk: To the demand of provocative French actress BRIGITTE BARDOT that the Charrier Bottled Water Co. call off its "Does baby like Charrier?" advertising campaign, the Seine Tribunal ruled no. It may be so that in French the word for baby sounds like the initials BB and one JACQUES CHARRIER may be Brigitte's husband. But Charrier Bottled Water, ruled the court, had taken the curse off the offending posters by adding pictures of a chubby baby and a bottle of water. On the same day, Brigitte and Jacques took their 2-month-old son to a Paris church, there to be christened NICOLAS—and not with Charrier Water.

Day Shift: In contract proposals to Newark, N.J., building-materials companies, Local 408 is demanding that the birthday of Teamsters' president JAMES R. HOFFA be made a paid holiday. The date: Feb. 14, St. Valentine's Day.

Rich Plot: In what must be the biggest killing of a murder-filled mystery-writing career, AGATHA CHRISTIE has sold the television rights to 60 novels and 200 short stories to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for \$1 million plus royalties and residuals. What's more, she will help prepare the scripts that presumably will make her fictional detective Hercule Poirot as much a household name as Lassie. At

the cluttered flat in London's Bohemian Chelsea district, where she lives with her husband, archeologist M.E.L. Mallowan, the spritely, sixtyish mistress of mystery said: "There's no mystery about this deal. TV is inevitable—like murders, mayhem, and mysteries."

Picket's Charge: Actress MARGARET LEIGHTON was all but in the act of accepting an award for her husband, LAURENCE HARVEY, in London's Savoy Hotel when in strode Harvey, who had been supposed to be strikebound in New York like all good members of the Screen Actors Guild (see page 102). "I'm absolutely livid with you," said his wife. "You promised to cable a speech for me." Harvey rejoined: "Cheaper to come and collect the award myself."

No Objections: As Italian Prince RAIMONDO ORSINI returned to Rome from a skiing holiday in Austria, where he danced attendance on ex-Queen SORAYA of Iran, newspapers in New York and London erupted with stories that he had written Soraya's former husband, Shah MOHAMMED REZA PAHLEVI, for permission to marry her. "A phony story," Orsini avowed. Indeed, said an official of Iran's imperial court, the Shah "certainly will not have any objection" to such a wedding. There is one possible barrier, though: Soraya loses her \$4,000-a-month divorce settlement if she remarries.

A Question of Age: In an interview for the quarterly *The Transatlantic Review*, French authoress FRANÇOISE SAGAN endeavors to explain the title of



Lollobrigida and family: Italy's loss, Canada's gain



Bardot and family: Water, water, from bottle and fountain

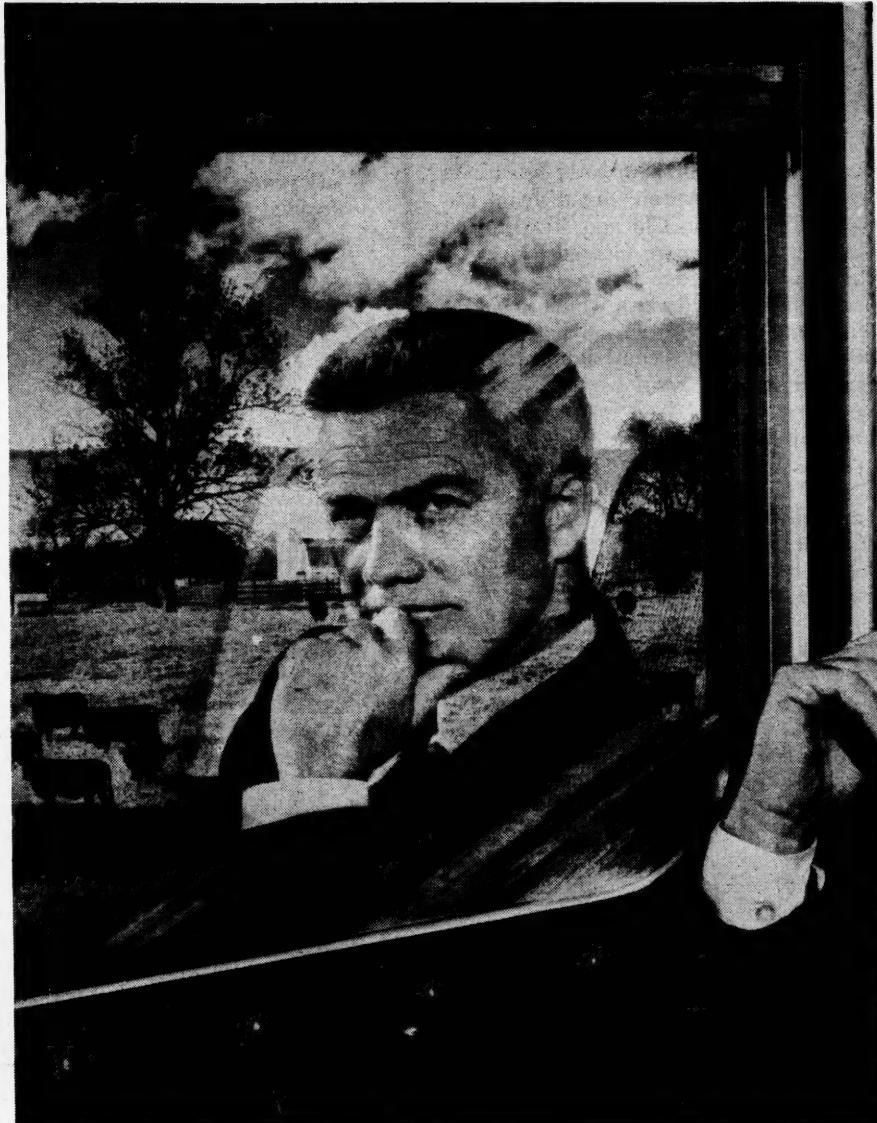
her fourth novel, "Aimez-vous Brahms . . ." which tells of a 25-year-old law clerk and his 39-year-old mistress. "When you are 20," Sagan said, "you ask questions like 'Do you like Nietzsche?' 'Do you like Brahms?' When you are older you ask questions like 'Whom are you sleeping with?' 'Seen any good movies lately?' and 'Do you like flounder?'"

Shopper's Special: For Alexander's, a bargain basement-oriented string of four New York City department stores where the top title is "moddom" and the usual one is "hey-you," five U.S.-based holders of foreign titles modeled inexpensive (\$25 to \$65) copies of French and Italian dress designs. Russian Princess HELENE OBOLENSKY read a commentary while on the runway marched ELINOR Baroness DE LA BOUILLERIE (France), ROMAINE Marchioness of MILFORD HAVEN (England), GHISLAINE Countess D'OULTREMONT (Belgium), and ELIKA Princess DEL DRAGO (Italy). Princess Obolensky gave her \$500 fee to a charity. Lady Milford Haven, an American by birth and a professional model, said: "It all adds up."

Summit Meeting: Ten years ago, when Indian dancer RAM GOPAL saw prima ballerina ALICIA MARKOVA in "Giselle" at the Metropolitan Opera House, he won from her a promise that one day they would perform together the traditional Indian love poem "Radha-Krishna." Last week, Markova, in a wispy blue sari, kept her promise in London's Princess Theater. "I think of this as a summit meeting between East and West," an ecstatic Ram Gopal declared. Markova, first Western dancer to perform the "Radha-Krishna" since PAVLOVA, said: "I always keep a promise."

High Wire: In talking with a group of students at Moscow University, Soviet novelist ILYA EHRENBURG, noted for his daring literary tightrope act on the taut party line, indicated that he may have tumbled into the censorship net. Ehrenburg said he "long ago" finished the second, still-unpublished volume of his novel "The Thaw," the first volume of which in 1954 startlingly told of the constraint felt by artists under Stalin. Why has no one seen his new book? "Ask my publishers," said Ehrenburg.

Stout Heart: MARGARET BARRY, self-styled Queen of the Irish singing tinkers, fetched her battered banjo and buxom 42-year-old self up to London and, downing 25 pints of stout in a Soho pub, told of the time she drank down capacious Irish playwright BRENDAN BEHAN. "Twas in Wicklow a little time since," she said. "Fifty glasses of it I took that night with him lyin' on his back before he got to 40, t' be sure."



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SPORTS

THE ATHLETES:

Airborne—And Good-bys

John Thomas, the string-bean high jumper who has broken world records in New York and Boston, did it again last week—this time in Chicago. The Boston University sophomore cleared 7 feet 2½ inches at the Chicago Relays—a half-inch better than the old mark which he set at Madison Square Garden on Feb. 20. ►Betsy Snite and Penny Pitou (*NEWSWEEK*, Feb. 15), who won three silver medals at Squaw Valley, last week announced their retirement from competitive skiing. At the same time, figure skater Carol Heiss, winner of a silver medal in 1956 and a gold one this year, said she would be on the sidelines in 1964, rooting for her figure-skating younger sister, Nancy, 18.

BASEBALL:

Yanks and Yank-Haters

The perennial American whimsy known as spring training is under way. As the baseball players grunted and strained in Arizona and Florida last week, sports editor Roger Kahn visited the training camp of the New York Yankees. This is his report:

Gerry Coleman, once an old Yankee, now a young businessman, was listening to the champion Chicago White Sox wisecrack as they worked out at Sarasota, Fla., one day last week. Then someone set Coleman to musing about his own days with the New York club.

"No, it was never very relaxed," he said. "First one pennant, then another, and another. Win, win, win, there was always pressure. Once when the Yankees went to Japan, I thought, well here's a chance to relax. But sure enough, we get told: 'Gentlemen, the Yankees are not to lose a game in Japan.'"

The Yankees, who despise losing even when they are half a world away, come to spring training this year as losers. Picked to walk to a pennant a year ago, they finally stumbled home in third place, closer to seventh (thirteen games) than they were to first (fifteen games). Last week almost everyone was wondering if it might happen again.

Man of Faith: "Sure," shouted Frank Lane, the fortissimo general manager of the Cleveland Indians. "In '59 I told 'em: 'This is the year the Yankees lose.' Now I'm saying it again." Who will win? "Why

Periscoping Sports

Next fall's Syracuse football team promises to be even more powerful than last year's national champions, but university authorities are reported to have decided on a "no-bowl" policy, at least for 1960. The reason: Some Syracusans feel that another post-season game (the football team has played in bowls three of the past four years) would harm the school's academic reputation ... Overloaded with a half-dozen starting pitchers, the Milwaukee Braves have offered right-hander Bob Buhl, who won fifteen games last year, to the pitcher-shy St. Louis Cardinals ... Despite rumors to the contrary, heirs of the late Arnold Johnson, who died last week at the age of 53, plan no changes with the Kansas City Athletics, in which Johnson held a majority interest. Parke Carroll, the general manager, will continue firmly in command.

the Indians, of course," Lane confessed.

"Last year," said Al Lopez, the earnest manager of the White Sox, "I guess I was the only guy in Florida who picked the Sox to win. Well, this year, I'm picking us again, only I got company."

But there is a big change in the current Yankees, and it becomes evident when one consults manager Casey Stengel, the organization's loudspeaker for the last eleven years. On Miller Huggins Field in St. Petersburg, Stengel, a fine base runner in his day, was chugging between third base and home, lecturing on the fine points of base running. "The first baseman got to leave first to get you and they got to chase you around and the catcher got to reach down to touch you, isn't that right, Yogi? Run up to home and fall down."

What Stengel meant was that when there is a base runner on third and the batter hits an infield grounder, the run-

ner can gain time by falling down on the base path instead of sliding into the catcher's tag. This will give the batter some chance of winding up on second. This Yankee squad found that the once casual Stengel is now a dedicated teacher, willing to devote a morning to one fundamental detail. It sums up the intensity of the Yankee camp this spring.

A \$7,000 Cutdown: The new, or at least remodeled, Yankee look has been carefully planned. It included a get-tough policy with Mickey Mantle, who batted .285 and knocked in only 75 runs last season. Originally offered a \$55,000 contract, a cut of \$17,000 from his 1959, Mantle stubbornly refused to come to terms and hinted that he wouldn't mind being traded. But, unexpectedly, he flew into St. Petersburg late last week, sat down with general manager George Weiss, and signed for \$65,000.

"In years when you win," said Weiss, "you see things that are wrong, but you figure, what the hell, you won, and maybe you don't make as many changes as you should. This year there's more to spring training than batting practice; more concentrating on little details. In the past, they baited themselves blind."

Stengel himself is briefer in explaining his new technique. "They were supposed to do it themselves last year," he said, "and they forgot. All right. That's what a manager is for."

It all makes for a strange beginning to a baseball year—confidence, even cockiness, in Cleveland and Chicago; self-depreciation from the traditionally cocky Yankees. But underneath, Yankee policy has not really changed an iota. It's still the same old command: "Win, win, win."



Stengel in St. Petersburg: What's a manager for?

FOR another view of the Yankee's Florida training camp see LARDNER'S WEEK, page 84.



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SPACE AND ATOM

SATELLITES:

Into the Arms of Venus

A promising omen of the scientific riches that will be plucked from outer space in the 1960s appeared in the cloudy Florida skies one morning last week when the United States hurled a paddlewheel satellite, crammed with instruments, into orbit around the sun. As significant as the feat itself was the atmosphere of calm confidence that surrounded the firing of the Thor-Able rocket, which carried the 94.8-pound payload. "It's getting to be old hat," remarked one observer. "The Douglas launching crew members are old hands at this, and they expect success with their Thors."

Chattering away on its small 5-watt transmitter as it soared into space, Pio-

- be looking for on its long journey?
- The amount of dust particles and meteorites in space.
- The extent of ionized gases and radiation that are dumped into the solar system by the sun.
- Answers to how those gases are transmitted to earth, contributing to the Van Allen belts of radiation.

Even before it was fired into an orbit which will swing between those of earth and Venus, Pioneer V had broken a record of a sort. It has been postponed more often than any other shot. The booster rocket sat in the rain and salt air at Canaveral for five months, waiting for the payload to be built and rebuilt. Despite this delay, everyone was so certain that the Pioneer V shot would be a success that there was no extra booster or payload.

The genius of the new satellite lies in

launch time," explained Dr. Gerhard Schilling, astronomer for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, which conducts all scientific space explorations. Thus, in the first days of 1966, the satellite will be alongside the earth; it will probably be within 50 million miles of the earth sometime in 1965. If the satellite's radio and batteries have survived the long sweep through space, Jodrell Bank will be able to strike up another conversation.

MISSILES:

Cape Canaveral Afloat

Wobbling like a drunken turtle, a re-fitted cargo ship with a lackluster history of three freight runs and two years in mothballs made its way down the Atlantic Coast from Norfolk, Va., to Port

Canaveral, Fla. As the skipper of the U.S.S. Observation Island, Capt. Thomas S. King Jr., remarked after his awkward voyage last January: "We sure startled some of the ships that saw us."

Nothing was wrong, however. In fact, everything was working just as planned. The ship's difficult assignment is to prove out the first fully integrated Polaris system—the Navy's plan for launching nuclear-tipped missiles from its nuclear-powered submarines. Part of that job involves duplicating a sub's rocking, fishlike motion in underwater currents, and this is done by Captain King's skillful misuse of two 15-foot stabilizing fins (of the type now used on some modern ocean liners).

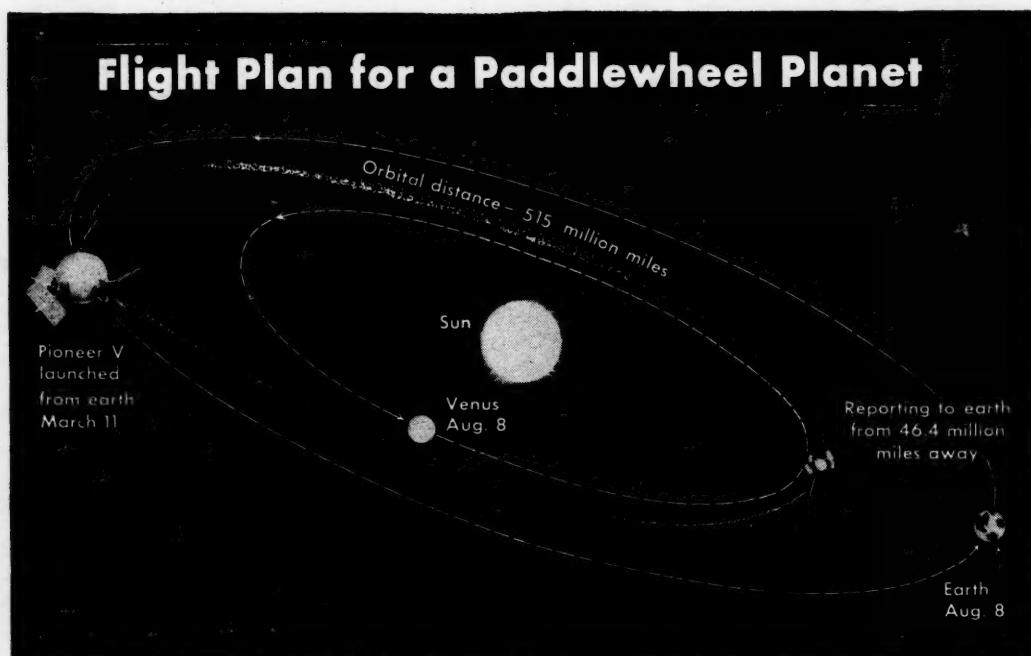
Now riding on an even keel just off Cape Canaveral's missile-launching range, the 563-foot ship was waiting last week to begin its more glamorous job.

The Navy formally stated the Observation Island's mission this way:

- "Evaluate the whole Polaris weapons system at sea."
- "Give communications and instrumentation support for Polaris submarines."
- "Train Polaris submarine crews."

Most of the equipment has already been checked out separately: Seven of the last eight firings of the intermediate-range Polaris from the Cape were successes, the latest one last week; much of the navigation gear is of the type already proved on other vessels; the first Polaris submarine, the George Washington, was turned over to the Navy in January, and the air-driven plugs that will pop the Polaris out of the water before it ignites have already been

Flight Plan for a Paddlewheel Planet



neer V was on its way toward an extraordinary rendezvous, which will not take place for almost five months. On Aug. 8, the man-made planetoid comes closest to the orbital path of Venus (see chart), and if all goes well, its large 150-watt transmitter will be sending data back to earth at the staggering distance of 46.4 million miles (100 times farther than Pioneer IV and Russia's Mechta, or Lunik I, managed last year on their way to solar orbits). But even before this moment, Pioneer V will have proved its worth. For 151 days, until it finally swings out of the range of Jodrell Bank's radio telescope in England, the newest sun satellite will be beaming back information about interplanetary space, to prepare for the day when manned satellites head that way—and for an attempt to orbit Venus, expected in 1963.

What kind of data will Pioneer V

its communication system. Solar cells in the four paddlewheels jutting from the 26-inch sphere will absorb sunlight, convert it to electricity, and recharge the batteries within, permitting a short burst of data, stored in a memory unit, to be transmitted each day.

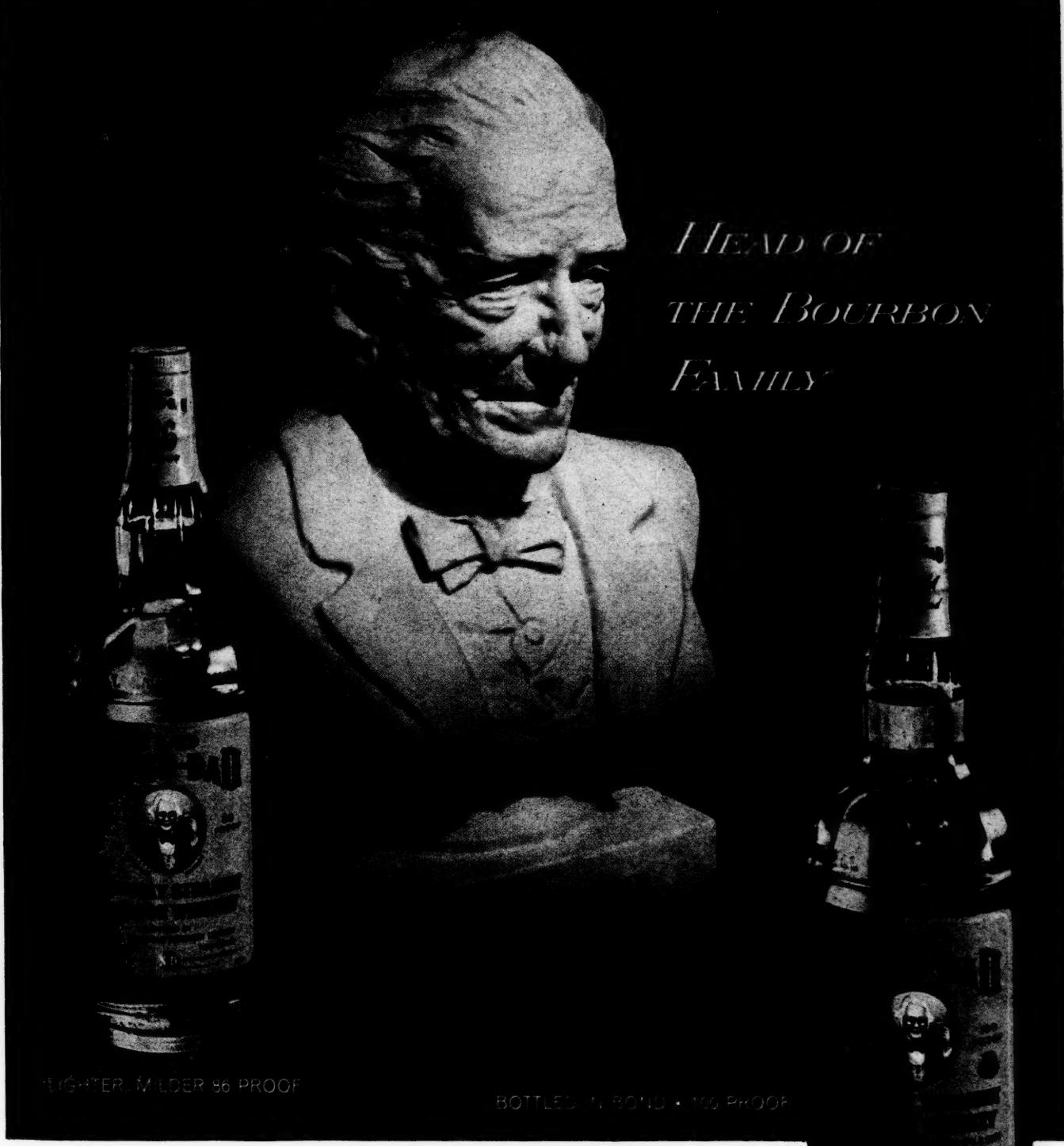
Then, Silence: Right now, the data is being recorded at stations in Hawaii and New Hampshire, and at England's Jodrell Bank installation. As it flies away from earth to reach its orbital speed of about 70,000 miles an hour, it will soon outdistance the reach of all but the English 250-foot telescope, and ultimately soar beyond this sensitive electronic ear into dead silence.

But the story won't end there. Pioneer V will be back again.

"According to our preliminary calculations, Pioneer V will make its next pass by earth five years and 80 days from

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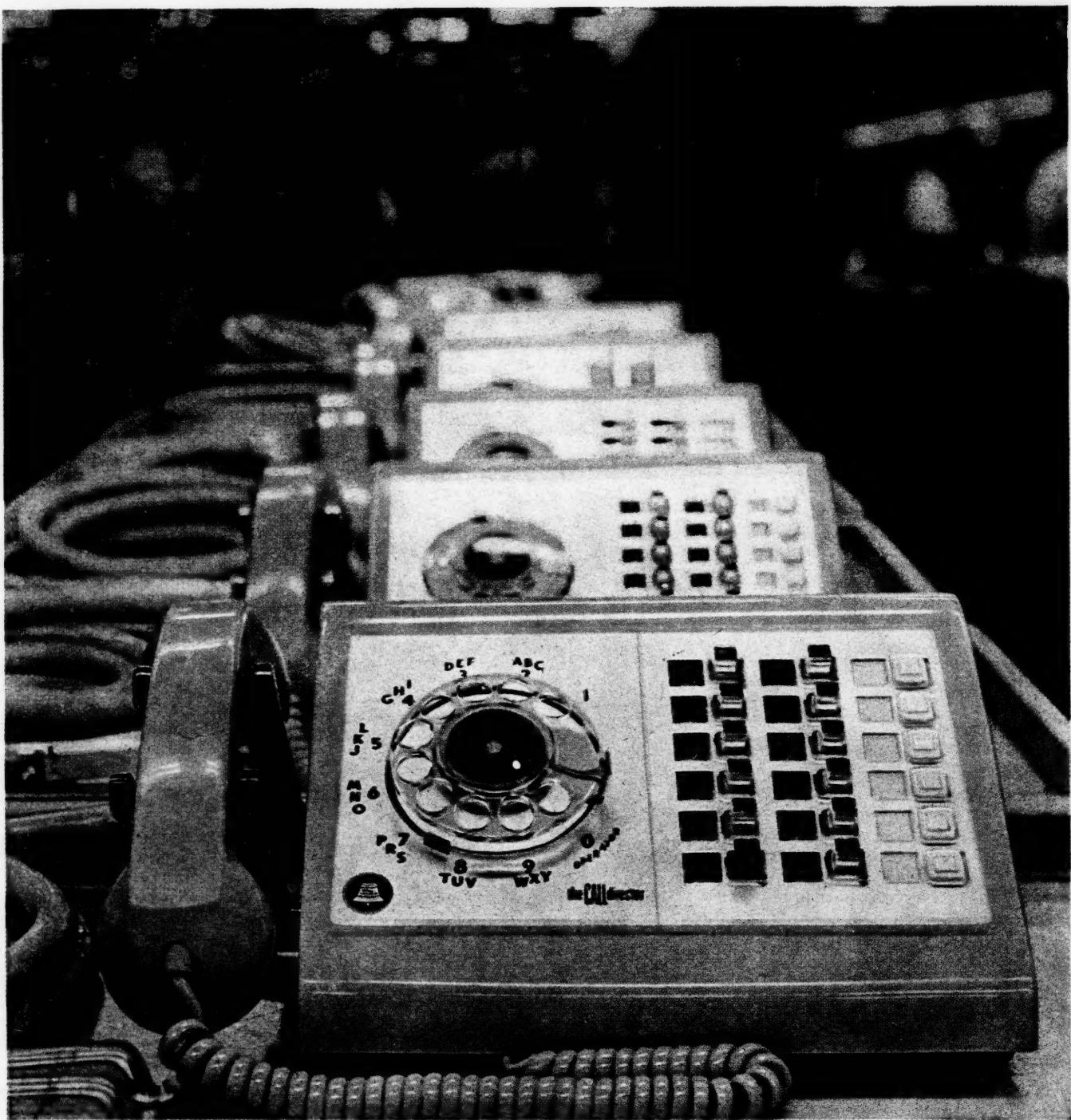
HEAD OF
THE BOURBON
FAMILY



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OLD GRAND-DAD
Kentucky Straight Bourbon



THE TELEPHONINGEST TELEPHONE EVER MADE

It's the new Call Director set made by Western Electric to give a busy executive *maximum* telephone service. (Any Bell telephone business office will tell you more!)

But it stands here as an illustration of Western Electric's partnership in the Bell System. Producing telephones for your home and office is one thing we do. Another is making the "behind-the-scenes" telephone equipment that operates so faithfully, so economically—and we aim always

to make it that way. As manufacturing unit of the Bell System, that's our main job.

By teaming up with Bell Laboratories people who design and develop the equipment and Bell telephone people who operate it, Western Electric helps provide you with ever-dependable, ever-improving telephone service.

Western Electric

Western Electric manufacturing and supply unit of the Bell System

tried in the sub's sixteen launching tubes. In short, the Navy is sure that everything should work perfectly together. But it wants to try it first, and the place to test a radical weapons system is in a large, heavily buttressed ship loaded with test gear, not on a brand-new, expensive atomic submarine.

The ultimate purpose of all this testing, of course, is to hit a distant target with a missile. And if a sub wants to score a bull's-eye, it must know exactly where it is at every moment, and where the target is. Packed into the concrete-shrouded superstructure of the Observation Island are the tools for this task—a maze of navigational equipment, dominated by two SINS, or Ship's Inertial Navigation Systems.

Once told by a celestial fix exactly where on earth it is, the SINS' gyro-

scope and accelerometers make a continuous record of movement in any direction. Fed into a desk-size computer, these motions are tallied up and the ship's exact position is determined without any reference to the stars, then fed into each missile's self-contained guidance system. The target's position, which would be given to a submarine commander before a patrol, is then piped into the Polaris, and off it goes. Target date for the first firings employing the complete system is April 15.

House's Shack: Perched on the afterend of the Observation Island's superstructure is a heavily armored shack that will house the ship's executive officer, Comdr. James O. House, and one representative of the Atlantic Missile Range. In case something goes wrong during a test shot, House can direct the

remote-controlled fire equipment from his "Safety Observation Station" while sitting in the middle of a blaze.

The safety shack looks down on a flat stretch of thick steel, broken only by the tops of the two launching tubes. One can be tilted before firing, so that if a missile misbehaves it will fall into the sea instead of back onto the deck. The other launcher is immobile, so Captain King will tilt the whole ship with the stabilizing fins as she moves forward. Some dummy firings have already taken place, the first last October, but they were tests of separate components of the missile.

By the year's end, there should be two operational Polaris submarines patrolling the high seas, thanks in great measure to the test ship, dubbed by one observer "the floating Cape Canaveral."

EDUCATION

How 'Soft' the Student?

Too often, these days, the vision of higher education is little more than a vision of high living complete with "automobiles, liquor, expensive wardrobes, night clubs, and extended ski trips." So said President Howard R. Bowen of Iowa's Grinnell College last week. Not all students indulge, he noted in his speech at the National Conference on Higher Education in Chicago. But it seems to be the "standard which sets the tone." Who is to blame? The schools themselves, as much as generous parents, said Bowen. His conclusion: "Relatively Spartan living becomes the scholar."

A Child-And Intellect

What makes a suitable parent? To Richard Combs, 25, and his wife, who took little Alice Marie as a foster child in their Old Bridge, N.J., home four years ago, it is largely the ties of love. To the State Board of Child Welfare, which originally placed the child with the Combses, it is also a proper cultural and intellectual blending. To the Appellate Division of the New Jersey Supreme Court, where the Combses and Welfare Board were locked in a widely publicized case last week, the question is a snarled and complicated legal issue that would try the wisdom of Solomon.

Alice Marie is a "very superior" child who registered 138 (normal—90 to 110) on the Stanford-Binet "L" test, an oral IQ exam for children. She theoretically needs the stimulus of exceptionally bright adults. But the Combses, according to the board, don't offer this stimulus. "An investigator claimed that we were only interested in TV," said Dick Combs, a hefty sheet-metal worker who earns \$119 weekly. "Well, we're no mental giants, but we read, we belong



Alice Marie: IQ vs. I love you

to a book club, we subscribe to one for Alice, too."

Originally, the couple took Alice on a temporary, boarding arrangement, and agreed in writing that they were not eligible for adoption rights. But, despite the birth of two of their own children, they grew to love the girl, a pixyish brunette who is now nearly 5; so they tried to have the agreement waived in 1958 and adopt her. At the same time, the Welfare Board located "suitable" parents for a formal adoption and asked that Alice Marie be returned. The Combses refused and appealed to the state courts.

In theory, the board's position is perfectly within its statutory rights. But Alice Marie, and the board admits it, is happy with her foster parents (they have never told her that she isn't their natural child). So beyond the purely legal is-

sue, the court must decide whether the emotional jolt of taking a child of this age away from its accepted parents is worth some nebulous potential in the child. "Alice is really very emotional," said Mrs. Combs last week. "She often wakes up in the middle of the night and cries out to make sure we are here. I don't know about the legality of it all, but I know she needs us."

To Learn and to Live

Early one frost-bright morning last week, the 60 boys and girls at North Country, a private and unique boarding school near Lake Placid, N.Y., were up, dressed, and pitching into their daily chores. Against the mountainous backdrop of the Adirondack Forest Preserve, some children crunched through the fresh snow to the barn, fed and watered the livestock and chickens. Others set tables in the airy, cedar-lined dining hall. By 8:30 a.m., having breakfasted on food almost totally raised at the school, the children—still in dungarees and sweaters—were at their desks, deep in English literature, French, and math (including algebra and trigonometry).

Through the day, diligent study was mixed with strenuous play. Every child got out on the school's sunny ski slope (1,200 feet) for two full hours. Some boys worked in the well-equipped shop; girls practice sewing and cooking; a good half of the student body took private music lessons. Evening chores finished and supper over, the entire school—faculty included—began a compulsory "reading hour." (Since fall, students have averaged 30 books each.) Bedtime finally arrived at 9.

This typically energetic routine would quickly wear down many a hearty adult, but North Country kids (all under 15) thrive on it. Limited to the fourth

through eighth grades, North Country is an admittedly "progressive" school. It was founded in 1938 by Walter E. Clark (Antioch College, B.A.; Columbia's Teachers College, M.A.) and his wife, Leonora, and it stresses "ruggedness, resourcefulness, and resiliency" in body as well as mind. "Something of great value was lost when people left the farm and moved to the city," explained Clark, a lanky, 55-year-old teacher with a shock of metal-gray hair. "They lost that sense of direct experience, the satisfaction of working with their hands. This is an important emotional benefit that we try to provide."

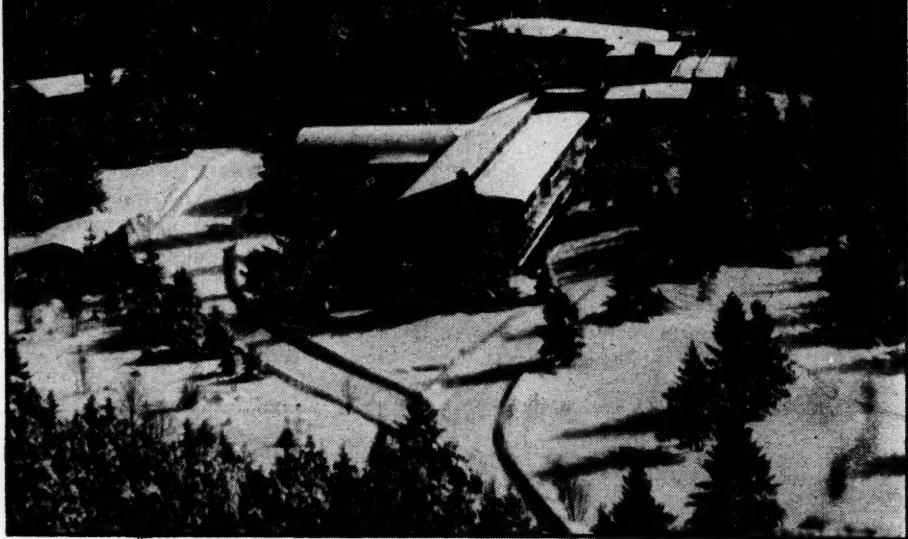
Butcher Hogs: In sum, North Country is a sort of family academy. The fifteen teachers (a four to one student-faculty ratio) are constantly mixing with the kids, who address them by their first names. "It would be absurd to be called mister," said Clark, "since we're really parent symbols to the children." They plant and harvest crops together, butcher hogs and cattle, sing in the same choruses, go on 18-mile overnight hikes in midwinter. In the dorms, spacious buildings that have wooden slides beside the stairs so the children can scoot from floor to floor, teachers not only live with their students, but look upon them as a family group to be raised along with their own sons and daughters.

For every child, no matter how young, individual responsibility is emphasized. They run the farm with little outside help, keep their own ski trails and toboggan runs in shape, manage their weekly allowances (25 cents) themselves. As Clark says: "Children given responsibility become responsible people."

Scholarship: Parents obviously appreciate North Country's imaginative ideas. Some of the notable parents who have shelled out a fat \$2,400 annually—which covers all costs—to enroll their children: Architect Eero Saarinen, financier David Rockefeller, sportscaster Ted Husing, musician Yehudi Menuhin, New York City Mayor Robert Wagner, sociologist David Riesman. The offspring of the famous are balanced by scholarship winners. One such is Geoffrey Ngoima, a 13-year-old Kikuyu boy who came straight from his tribal village in Kenya. (He's already a crack skier.) On the purely academic side, top prep schools ranging from Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire to Virginia's Foxcroft School for girls regularly welcome North Country graduates.

Despite such marks of success, Walter Clark is adamant about one thing: He's not out to produce super children. "Our goals are fairly modest," he said with a slight smile last week. "If we can see that a boy or girl gains that sense of being a happy, confident, self-satisfied person—then we're happy. They'll be able to meet the world."

Co-ed: Junior Grade



North Country School: Skiing, reading, music, and barn chores . . .



. . . organized by director Clark teach 60 boys and girls . . .



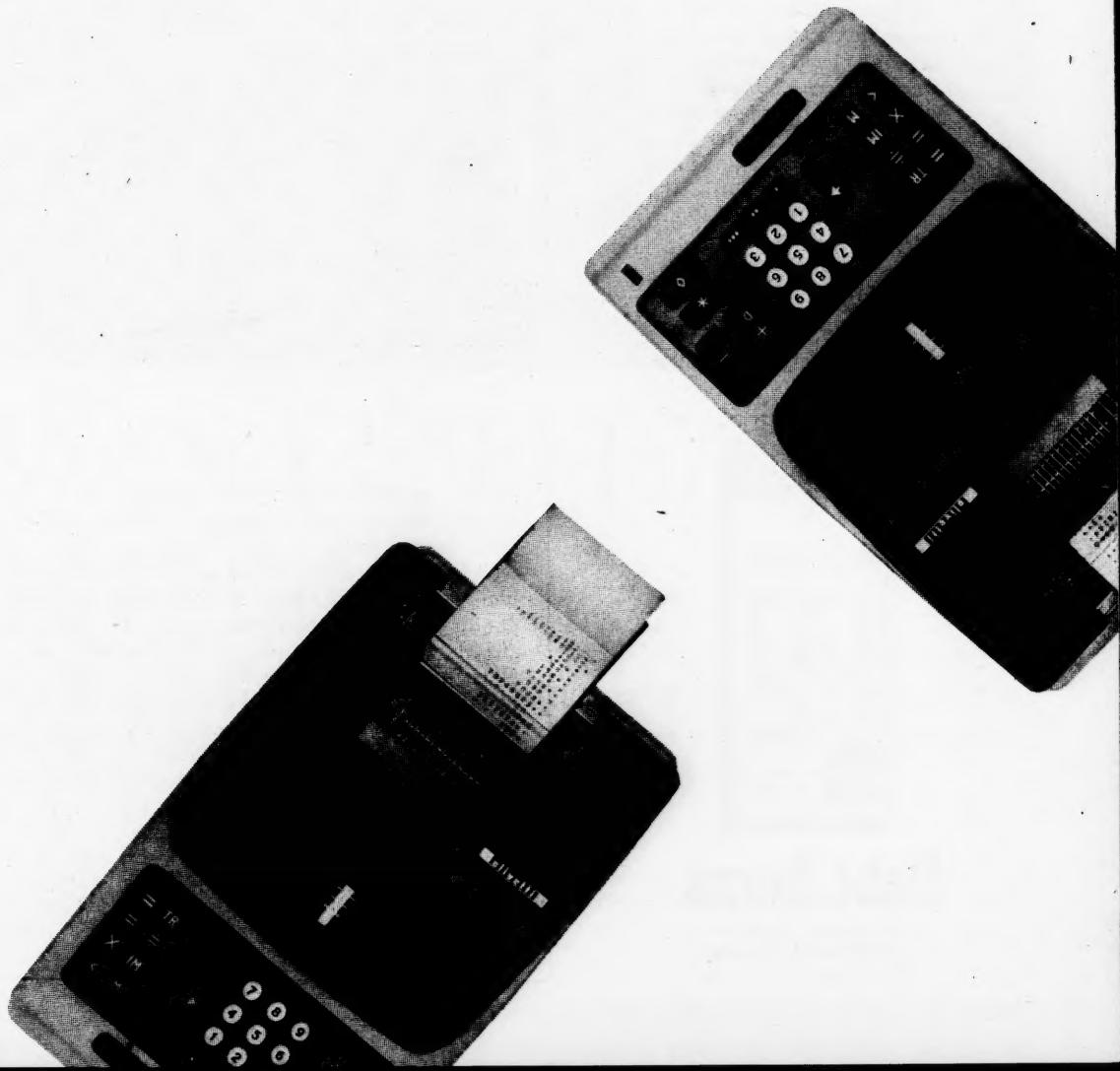
Newsweek—Tony Rollo

. . . how to be happy, how to meet the world

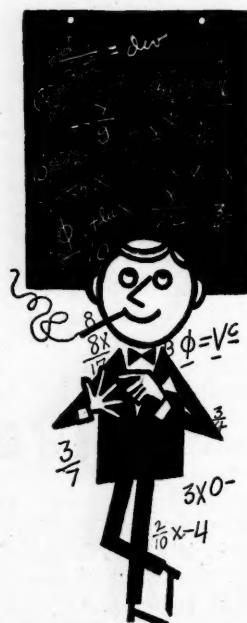


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FENTON FIGURES while Robt. Burns



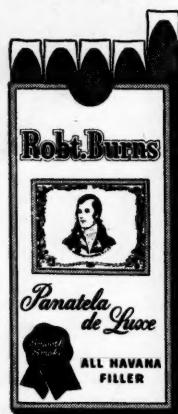
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LARDNER'S WEEK

Stronger Every Year

by John Lardner



A MAN must not listen too closely to the statements of major league baseball managers in the early spring, because, if he does, they can scare him senseless. "Our whole league is stronger this year," Casey Stengel said the other day. This sounds merely impressive, until you consider that Mr. Stengel or some other manager has been saying the same thing since the American League was founded, which makes the situation positively sinister.

Caught off guard, your correspondent began to think about the implications and turned white as an egg. The American League was launched in 1901. If it has been growing stronger every year for 60 years, it must now be a force so darkly powerful that the armies of the world are at its mercy. No nation can resist it. Its terrible vigor, if unleashed, can sweep civilization from the face of the earth.

The league has been gaining strength from top to bottom. This means that we must face the fact that the Washington Nats have been getting stronger, yearly, since 1901. Cookie Lavagetto, who is priming this juggernaut in Orlando, Fla., swore last week that the Nats were about to beat somebody.

CONGESTION

"I'm not saying who we'll beat out, but it will be somebody," said Cookie uneasily, as he regarded his monsters half in fear, half in pride.

"Will it be somebody in the American League?" a visitor asked, and Cookie said sure, they would avoid foreign entanglements. The fact is that the league's awful strength is always turned inward, which is just as well for society but hard on the members. Someone of growing strength has got to pass some other rising force if anyone is going to move at all. The Nats, for instance, are going to have to kick some other improving faction aside if they are to get out of the cellar. Congestion is equally fierce at the other end of the league.

"I won't predict anything, but I'll say this—" managers of improved American League teams have been saying since March 1901. "The club that beats us will win the pennant." This year Al Lopez of Chicago

and Joe Gordon of Cleveland—both stronger teams than last year—are saying it. That puts two teams in the first division and leaves four other managers saying: "I won't say we'll win, but I will say this—we'll be in the first division."

These are space problems. There has been another problem down here, in fractions, that was even more interesting. Mickey Mantle has joined his team in training camp by now, but before he did so there was a good deal of arguing back and forth about the issue that separated Mantle and his boss, George Weiss, Yankee general manager. The issue, of course, was money. It kept Mickey in Dallas, most of the time, and Mr. Weiss in Florida, 1,000 miles away.

HALFWAYED

Some of the debaters lined up on the player's side, some were for the magnate. In the latter group was Philip Rizzuto, formerly a great shortstop, now a splendid broadcaster. As a broadcaster, you could say that Phil works for the Yankee office even more completely than he did as a player. Whether you say it or not, he made a radio broadcast not long ago in which he tenderly defended the downtrodden salary payer. Young Mantle, Phil said, owes everything to baseball. Mickey had repaid his benefactor with a poor year in 1959.

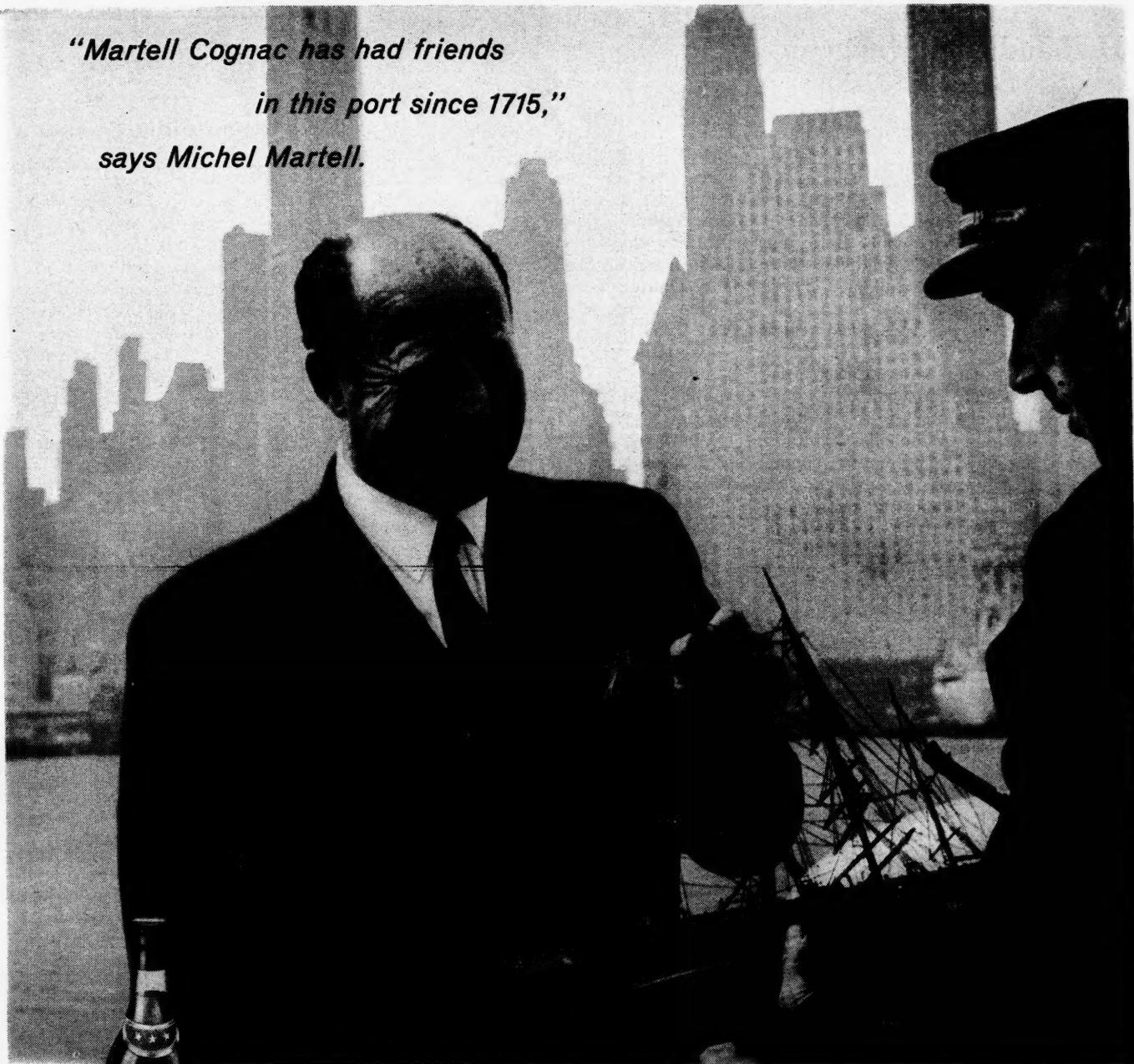
"It seems the fellow can bury his pride," Rizzuto said, "and at least meet his boss halfway. By that I mean, get on his horse and show up in St. Pete."

I won't repeat what some of the Yankee athletes had to say about this point of view. Myself, I have been thinking about the picture of Mantle meeting his boss "halfway" in St. Petersburg, which is where Mr. Weiss already was. On the map, I would have picked a congenial spot like Mobile, Ala., or Pascagoula, Miss., for a halfway meeting place between Dallas and West Florida. But Mr. Rizzuto doesn't kid around when he halfways. He halfwayed the ungrateful player right into Mr. Weiss's room in St. Pete.

And durned if that's where Mantle didn't come, when he came. Halfway is getting farther all the time.

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Hell and High Dudgeon*I Yam what I Yam.*

—Popeye

I probably always will be what I am like Popeye.

—Jack Paar, last week

Indeed, to even faithful Paartisans, it seemed to be only too true. Returning to his late-hour NBC hambake three weeks after his petulant walkout ("There must be a better way of making a living than this"), Paar picked up just where he had left off.

"As I was saying before I was interrupted," he began, and went on to pepper away at a congeries of his favorite targets: Walter Winchell, Dorothy Kilgallen, the New York press in general, and the Hearst press in particular. He was in fine fettle after his recent sojourn in the Orient, and promised: "I will still raise more hell on television than most."

Some of the hell-raising last week was hair-raising: He called Winchell "a silly old man" and threw in another ten-word aside about Winchell's personal life that NBC later snipped from the tape. (The nation's No. 1 gossip columnist, a highly sensitive man, reacted immediately by slamming back in his syndicated space.) Paar took a few new digs at Miss Kilgallen (she wears "Novocain lipstick"), and advised Hearstlings: "Your front pages are filled with obscene stories." At one point, he even attacked himself with "leaving [the show] was a lot of emotional nonsense."

Buckshot: Just to stir the pot a bit more, on succeeding nights he brought columnists Hy Gardner and Irv Kupcinet onto the show for a few Paar-boiling moments. They responded by accusing him of being a Castro "hero worshipper" ("I do know that they have an honest government for the first time in the history of Cuba," retorted Paar), of permitting guest Alexander King to venture into "blue" areas ("He is the most exciting man with thoughts that I have ever known," shot back Jack), and of making buckshot attacks against the press ("I believe that most of the press is good and fair," amended Paar).

At one point during the week, guest Robert Kennedy, counsel to the Senate labor-rackets committee (and brother of Democratic Presidential aspirant John Kennedy), moved on-camera and defended Paar's position in a recent to-do with Congress about a Paar real-estate deal in Florida. ("There is no substance to any allegations that Paar has acted wrongly, illegally, or improp-

erly," Kennedy later told NEWSWEEK.) Kennedy also got into the press wrangle by talking about corruption of the press by Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters union. "It's all in my book," explained Kennedy later. "This was revealed by our committee . . . Both reporters and management were involved. I suggest you read my book." (Kennedy's book, "The Enemy Within," describes newspaper distribution shakedown deals practiced on such papers as The New York Times and The Detroit Times. All of it was revealed in Senate hearings beginning in May 1959.)

By midweek, after a sharp attack on syndicated TV columnist Harriet Van Horne ("She's as feminine as Gorgeous George"), still another on Miss Kilgallen ("I have the results of the Finch murder trial: Everybody got off, but Dorothy got 40 years"), and Winchell again ("I'd be delighted to have him on the show. We've already had Kokomo [the chimp] and we'd be glad to have Winchell romp around on the stage"), even Paar seemed to have had enough.

"I would like to be liked by everyone—it's a childish quality I have," confessed Paar plaintively to the U.S.-at-large. Then he added: "I am giving up Kilgallen and Winchell for Lent."

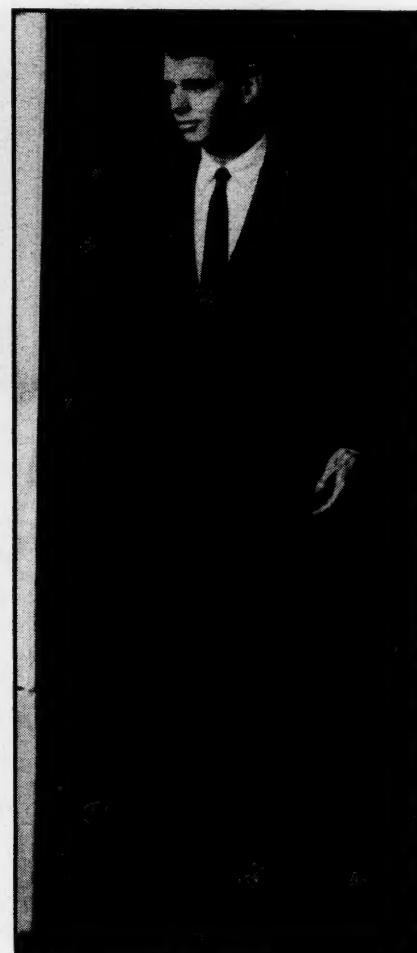
Pay-TV Jingle**The Sound in Canada**

Sugarplums danced through the heads of pay-TV advocates last week—danced to the cheerful clink-clink of silver. The coins were pouring into slots in more than 1,000 homes in a middle-class suburb of Toronto called Etobicoke (pronounced ee-TOH-bih-ko).

The coins summoned up such recently released movies as "The Mating Game" (Debbie Reynolds, Glenn Ford) and "The Al Capone Story" (Rod Steiger). There wasn't a commercial in sight. It was just like going to a local movie house, without having to park the car or unearth a baby-sitter. What was more, each film cost just \$1, and, of course, the whole family could watch.

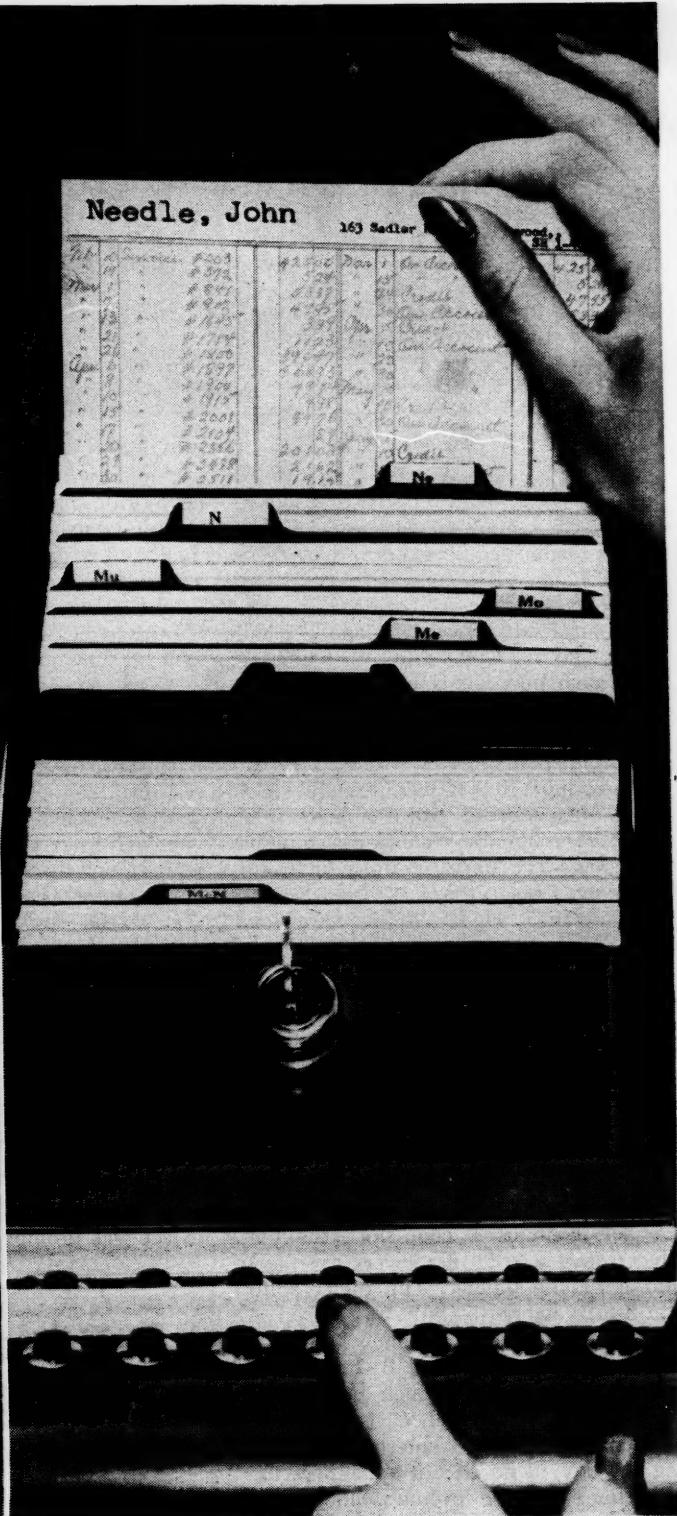
This was Telemeter, the fourth* ven-

*The sites of previous flop pay-TV ventures: Chicago in 1950 (subscribers were billed at the end of the month—bad psychologically); Palm Springs, Calif., in 1953-54 (it eventually collapsed in a swamp of bad "B" movies); Bartlesville, Okla., in 1957 (the flat monthly fee of \$9.50, plus an unvarying diet of movies, chased away many potential subscribers).



Paar and Kennedy: A Jack-of-all-tirades welcomed a sympathizer

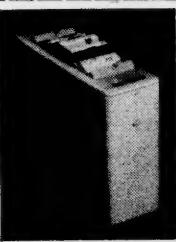
NBC



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TV coin slot: For \$1, a new movie and no commercials

ture into fee-TV and the first that looked as though it might succeed. "The degree of reaction so far is beyond anything we anticipated," reported Telemeter president Lou Novins last week.

Unpackaged only two and a half weeks ago in 1,000 guinea-pig homes, the system now has some 2,000 panting subscribers on its waiting list. Originally, the plan was to limit the trial to 13,000 subscribers, but now there is talk of expanding into 40,000 living rooms. Last week, the demand was so great that employees originally trained as coin-box collectors were being drafted to install new units instead.

Huckster: How did it all work? First, the operators of Telemeter in Etobicoke—Famous Players Canadian Corp., a movie chain with 376 houses—arranged to tap lines into some 93 miles of cable laid by Canadian Bell. The tap lines are now being strung into the homes of subscribers (who pay a \$5 installation charge and then 25 cents to \$1 for each show they watch) and hooked into TV sets. A box about the size of a table radio, affixed atop the TV set, contains a coin slot (the box gives future credits if viewers overpay) and a dialing gadget. The dialer splits the local Channel 5—hitherto unused in the area—into three channels. On two of these channels—A and B—subscribers can bring in movies which begin at 7 p.m. The third channel, C, is a kind of combination huckster-entertainer: During the day, at no cost, it announces the attractions for the evening, and interlaces this with music. Channel C also is being used for public-service programming—such things as Canadian Red Cross reports to the community and religious shows. To vary the movie fare, channels A and B also are beaming out weekend children's shows for 25 cents.

Telemeter is already hatching plans to expand its programming with full-length operas, full-length ballets, and perhaps a current Broadway show. One intriguing possibility: Pre-Broadway plays which might be financed by viewers' coins during their tryouts.

Sports projects also are a-cooking. Right now, Telemeter is showing some

away-from-home games of the Toronto Maple Leafs hockey team. Baseball, football, and basketball games may follow in season. One secret—until now: There is a chance the Ingemar Johansson-Floyd Patterson heavyweight title fight in June will be shown on Etobicoke TV.

Five Strong: Why Etobicoke? It was picked, say the Telemeter people, because it is in an area where the competition of commercial TV is strong. Viewers in the suburb can receive five channels—three from Buffalo, N.Y., and one each from Toronto and nearby Hamilton, Ont. If pay-TV works in Etobicoke, the theory is, it can work anywhere.

It is too early to tell yet just how much has been racked up toward paying the bills for the \$1.3 million installation. But, even as with commercial TV, the Etobicoke operation has already faced occasional complaints. One came from a subscriber who squawked: "I'm getting my pay-TV picture for nothing." It seems he had subscribed in order to control the viewing of his kids. But with the movies coming on free, he couldn't keep them away from the set. The magic box atop his set was promptly fixed.

... And Us

What's the outlook for pay-TV in the U.S.? The immediate prospects seem pretty good—on a limited scale. Telemeter (see story) is surveying at least six unidentified metropolitan areas, and plans to start wiring one within a year. In contrast to Telemeter's cable system, the Zenith Corp. is planning an on-the-air run. Last week, Zenith announced it would apply to the FCC "in a few weeks" for permission to kick off its operation. A third firm, Skiatron Electronics, seems temporarily out of the running. It currently is in trouble with the SEC because of some tangled stock deals.

TRANSITION

Birthday: Mrs. HANNAH M. NIXON, mother of Vice President Richard Nixon, her 75th; with a family luncheon at the home of her son F. Donald Nixon; in Whittier, Calif., March 7.

Married: Princess SUGA, 21, youngest daughter of Japanese Emperor Hirohito, and HISANAGA SHIMAZU, 25, an import-export bank clerk; in Tokyo, March 10.

Died: HAROLD E. FELLOWS, 60, chairman and president of the National Association of Broadcasters, former (1944-51) manager of CBS operations in New England; of a heart attack, in Washington, D.C., March 8.

►Mrs. ADELE ROSENWALD LEVY, 67, eldest daughter of the late Chicago financier-philanthropist Julius Rosenwald, and a New York City civic leader (she was active in 35 charitable and community organizations); of a kidney ailment, at a New York City hospital, March 12.

►Roy CHAPMAN ANDREWS, 76, (photo) famous explorer-naturalist who found the first known fossilized dinosaur eggs and parts of the skeleton of the largest known land mammal, the prehistoric Baluchitherium, during one of his six expeditions to Central Asia (1919-30); of a heart attack, in Carmel, Calif., March 11. Pursuing a boyhood dream of becoming a naturalist, Andrews started with the American Museum of Natural History in New York in 1906, scrubbing floors (it was the only museum job open), became the museum director in 1935, retired in 1941.

Associated Press

►JOHN HARLAN AMEN, 61, former (1928-38) assistant U.S. Attorney General who used the Sherman Antitrust Act to crack down on racketeers who had muscled into legitimate businesses in New York City; of a stomach ailment, at a New York City hospital, March 10.

►ARNOLD JOHNSON, 53, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, vice chairman of Automatic Canteen Co., vice president of Chicago's City National Bank & Trust, and an officer or director of eight other firms; of a cerebral hemorrhage, in West Palm Beach, Fla., March 10.

►REUBEN B. ROBERTSON Jr., 51, president of Champion Paper & Fibre Co., former Deputy Secretary of Defense (1955-57); of injuries suffered when he was struck by an automobile, in Cincinnati, Ohio, March 13.

►Mrs. BETTY LANZA, 37, widow of tenor Mario Lanza who died suddenly last October; at her home in Beverly Hills, Calif., March 11, of what authorities called asphyxiation; her brother called it "a broken heart."





A gay tradition on a United flight to Hawaii is the Aloha Toast, served here in the DC-8 Red Carpet Room — largest lounge in any jet.

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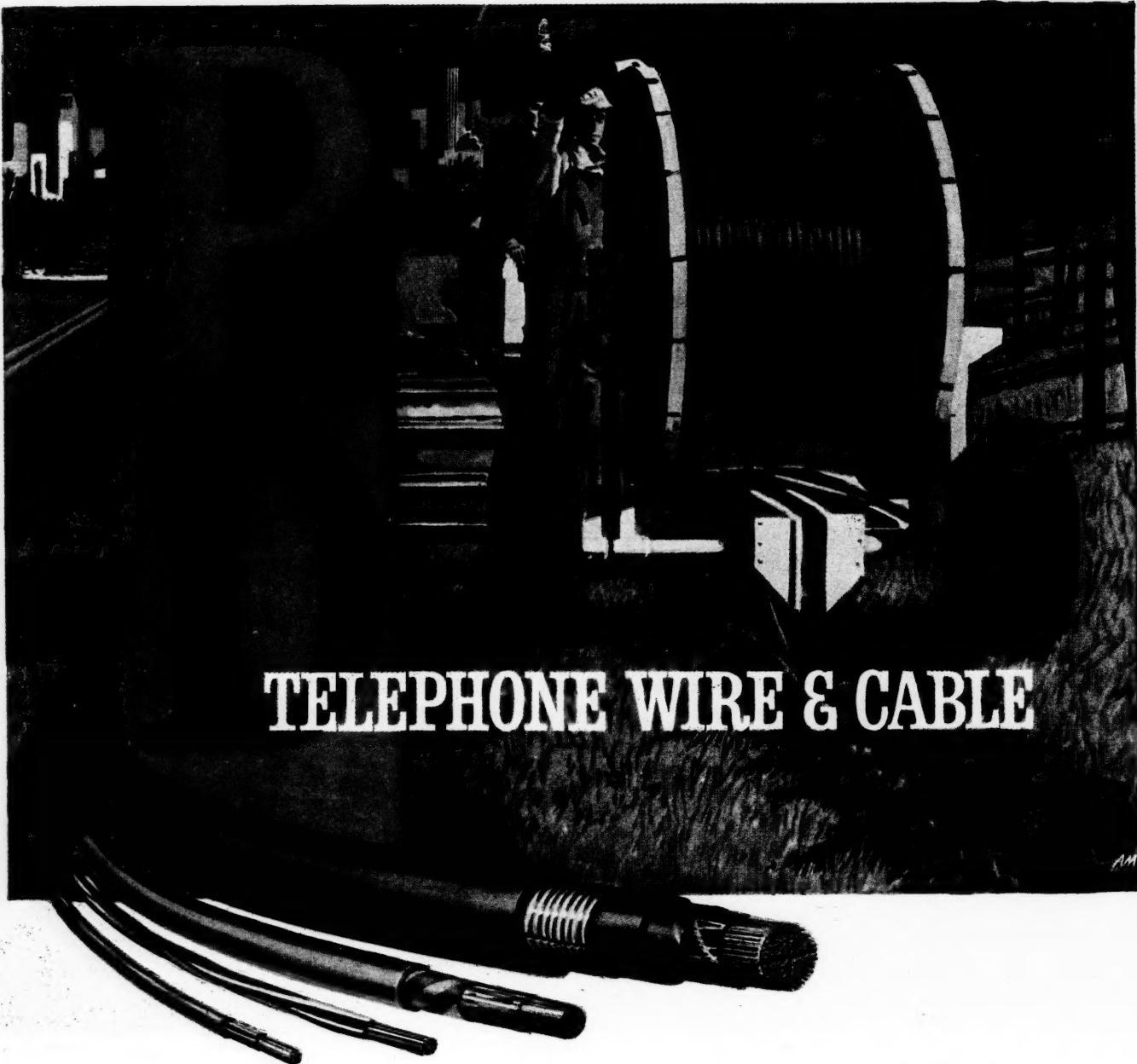
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FIRST FOR LASTING QUALITY—FROM MINE TO MARKET

The Periscope

Business Trends

Easier Money Coming

The Federal Reserve is shifting away from its tight-money policy.

It isn't going all the way to easy money. No cut in the 4% discount rate is yet in the offing, for instance, despite rumors to the contrary.

But the Fed will "err" on the easy-money side in its open-market operations, buying more government securities than it sells, thereby increasing the money supply.

Inflation Fears Wane

This move could be misread, the Fed fears.

It doesn't mean that chairman William Martin or other Fed experts now fear a recession. But he concedes that "business expectations have been greater than business realization."

The FRB still sees 1960 as a top-notch year (for more on the economy, see page 93).

Reason: The Fed thinks that inflation seems to be whipped, at least for the time being. Martin says that the stock-market drop represents "a liquidation of inflationary psychology."

Note: Federal Reserve experts think that money policy this year may closely parallel 1956, when uncertainties about the outlook caused three shifts back and forth from easy to tight money.

Bad Weather Is Bad

One big—and overlooked—factor in the business situation: Bad weather in February and March.

Weather is important to retail sales, which have been good, but not as good as expected.

Economists who work with the Commerce Department's Business Advisory Council expect consumers to lead the way to a smart pickup this spring.

This Is the Outlook

Here are some specific forecasts made by the BAC's experts:

►They agree with Federal Reserve economists that there will be little if any price inflation for the rest of this year.

►Auto sales are picking up after a slow start, should hit 6.8 million, including imports. This is somewhat more optimistic than recent appraisals coming out of Detroit.

►The steel industry will slow down this spring. Steel inventories are in much better shape than had been anticipated.

►Exports will increase sharply, narrowing the balance-of-payments deficit. The deficit probably dropped from a rate of almost \$4 billion in the third quarter of 1959 to about \$2 billion in the fourth quarter.

Off the Ticker

Ford claims it has set a new-car record by selling 150,000 Falcons in the five months since the car was introduced . . . *International Harvester* is setting up newly acquired Solar Aircraft (gas turbines, special alloys) as an independent subsidiary . . . *Government charges* that Natus Corp. stock (which rose from 16 to 21) was manipulated by two New Yorkers. It claims B. Goldsmith and J.T. Ross placed buy orders for the stock which they had no intention of acquiring.

1959 earnings (in millions): U.S. Steel, \$254.5 vs. \$301.5 in 1958; du Pont, \$418.7 vs. \$341.2; International Nickel, \$85.2 vs. \$39.7; Coca-Cola, \$33.6 vs. \$30 . . . *Red Jet*, East Germany's 572-mph Baade 152 will be offered to airlines seeking a medium- to short-range craft . . . *To tempt stockholders* to read its annual report (one-third don't open the envelope, a survey shows), American Can mailed its statement in an adaptation of its own biscuit-dough container.

Germany will boost taxes on capital investment in an attempt to curb speculation and to prevent its current boom from becoming a bust . . . *New Volkswagen?* The German company says that there is one in the works, but it won't be introduced for quite a while yet . . . *Capital Airlines* has been ordered to hire a Negro girl who applied for a job as a stewardess. The order was handed down by the New York State Commission Against Discrimination . . . *Hotbox*: Southern Pacific railroad detectives saw a long extension cord leading to a boxcar, found a hobo asleep under an electric blanket.



PRESENTING THE CAR DESIGNED FOR SPORT

THE 1960 **HAWK** BY STUDEBAKER

WHAT IS THE STUDEBAKER HAWK?

*It's as graceful as a figure skater
as lithe as a racing sloop
as lovely as a spring day on the Green
as zestful as a championship tennis match
as eager as a fencer's foil
as joyful as a colt
as exhilarating as an Alpine climb
as distinctive as a winner.*

—all in all, the Hawk is the sporting car for sports-minded people. And now even more so with its larger, more powerful new engine and massive finned brake drums. Add a dash of sport to routine motoring. See your Studebaker Dealer and ask about the price. Surprise! The Hawk is about \$1,000 under its nearest competitor.

P.S. Look at The Lark, too; it's the compact without compromise.

THE NEWSWEEK SURVEY

DOES THE SLUMPING STOCK MARKET MEAN THE WHOLE ECONOMY IS HEADED FOR A FALL?

No. It's generally agreed that stock prices are adjusting to more realistic levels after getting far out of line. The passion to buy stocks as a hedge against inflation has also cooled because of the prospect for stable prices in the near future.

HOW MUCH CONFIDENCE DO BUSINESSMEN THEMSELVES HAVE IN THE ECONOMIC OUTLOOK?

Plenty. But recent developments have tempered the more lavish predictions they made early in the year.

WILL SPENDING FOR NEW PLANT AND EQUIPMENT BE A BUSINESS PLUS OR A MINUS IN 1960?

Plus. Newsweek's Survey of Capital Appropriations points to a continued rise throughout most, if not all, of the year.

The survey dovetails neatly with the government's own findings.

IS IT FAIR, THEN, TO TALK OF A BOOM?

No, not if it means a strong upward burst. Business will roll along at a brisk and sure-footed pace, one which may last longer than many a short-lived 'boom' (see below).

Our 'Yes-But' Boom

For anyone trying to assess the business outlook, there were a number of questions to be answered, and the biggest one this week was this: What's going on around here?

On the one hand, business prospects and profits looked rosy; on the other, Wall Street, rocked by a stock-market slump that has seen the Dow Jones industrials plunge nearly 80 points since Jan. 5, had the jitters.

On the one hand, consumer surveys showed demand for cars far stronger than last year; on the other, automakers had eased back on the production throttle to keep dealer stocks from piling up.

On the one hand, the steel industry was looking forward to a record year; on the other, production was tapering off a little and steel salesmen were scouring the country for more customers.

On the one hand, earlier predictions called for a rush on credit leading to tighter money; on the other, the eager borrowers hadn't materialized.

And finally, while the year had started

with a hullabaloo over the perils of inflation, now the threat of inflation seemed to be fading.

Did this mean that the first year of the "Soaring Sixties" would end in a slump?

Far from it. For one thing, the stock market is not the economy, although many investors act as if it is. The drop in prices during recent weeks, many experts think, reflects the fading of inflation fears which, in turn, removes one strong pressure under stock prices.

Spending Real: As for steel and autos, what happened was simply a downgrading of New Year's predictions—from superb to very good. The "revolution of rising expectations" had merely outrun itself a bit.

But if expectations were disappointing, the realities were something else.

Two of the three forces that power the mainstream of the economy are rolling without check. Government spending, both Federal and local, is moving upward (from \$97.6 billion in 1959). Consumers are shelling out money at a

record \$322 billion-a-year clip. And this week came word that the third force—business's job-creating spending for new plant and equipment—is running strong, and will continue to do so for months.

The *Newsweek Quarterly Survey of Capital Appropriations*, conducted by the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE BOARD, shows that during the last three months of 1959 the nation's 1,000 leading manufacturers approved \$2.8 billion in new expansion plans, 40 per cent more than in the final quarter of 1958 and the fourth jump in a row. During the wind-up quarter, these firms spent \$2.6 billion, canceled \$150 million worth of approvals already on the books, and moved into the new year with an appropriations backlog of \$7.6 billion, enough to sustain outlays at the current rate for more than nine months.

Eleven out of the fifteen industry groupings in the survey registered gains, with iron and steel (up 125 per cent), rubber (126 per cent), and non-ferrous metals (81 per cent) scoring the major

gains. Major cutbacks came in non-electrical machinery (down 24 per cent) and a group of soft-goods industries that included tobacco and apparel (down 22 per cent). These new figures dovetail neatly with Washington's latest forecasts, made a week ago by the Commerce Department and the Securities and Exchange Commission. For 1960, the government's experts said, business would lay out close to \$37 billion for new plants and machines. That amount, a 14 per cent bulge over last year, might not be big enough to touch off a capital-goods boom such as the nation enjoyed (and later suffered from) in 1955-57. But it certainly would help keep the economy rolling at the current high level.

Steel Impact: The NEWSWEEK survey adds up the same way. While the fourth-quarter boost in appropriations stands 40 per cent over the comparable 1958 period, it is not as large as the gains made in the two previous quarters (43 per cent and 54 per cent). This indicates that the swing in capital goods, though still upward, has lost some momentum—at least for the moment.

Details of the survey show how the impact of last year's 116-day steel strike was felt far from the picket lines. They also help explain some of the confusion

in the economy so far this year.

The jump in appropriations from the September to the December quarter, for instance, was about what was expected seasonally (a 17 per cent increase). But most of the boost came from the durable-goods sector; "soft"-goods approvals actually dropped after seasonal factors are considered.* The chief factor pushing up the durables total was the rush of action in the steel-company boardrooms. During the three months, steel firms OK'd \$512 million in new expansion plans. The third quarter, when the strike had virtually halted U.S. steel production, saw the figure drop to \$104 million. While steel was catching up, other durables manufacturers chopped appropriations by 30 per cent below the previous quarter.

Despite the chilling effects of the big steel strike, businessmen's caution didn't deteriorate into panic. Steel shortages may have tempered their year-end fer-

vor, but they canceled a scant \$150 million worth of appropriations already on the books, far below the 1958 figure and the lowest cancellation rate in the history of the NEWSWEEK survey. Combined with the steady increases in new approvals, this let manufacturers close the year with another gain in the appropriations backlog—the fourth quarter in a row to show such a trend.

Cash Plus Confidence: The stamp of approval on expansion plans depends on much more than confidence, of course. Closely tied to these decisions are profits, profit margins, and the cash in the till, or as the economists prefer, the "liquidity ratio" (the proportion of cash and Federal securities to current liabilities).

Last fall, for example, the growth in profits slowed. The second-quarter gain, as measured by the Federal Trade Commission and the SEC, had been 71 per cent over the recession-stricken year before. As the steel strike's paralysis spread across the economy, the third-quarter increase was only 15 per cent. Profit margins also contracted, to 4.6 per cent of sales vs. 5.5 per cent. Though the liquidity held steady from summer through the fall—the third-quarter ratio of 57 per cent was the highest since 1955—the slowdown in the profit trend

*Fourth-quarter appropriations are traditionally higher than third- and second-quarter approvals.

Newsweek—Bensel

Bumping Up the Backlog—Money to Expand

	Fourth Quarter 1959	% change from Fourth Quarter 1958		Fourth Quarter 1959	% change from Fourth Quarter 1958
ALL MANUFACTURING	\$ 6.1 billion	UP 33	NONDURABLE-GOODS	\$ 2.5 billion	UP 35
DURABLE-GOODS INDUSTRIES	3.6 billion	UP 31	FOOD AND BEVERAGES	189 million	UP 20
IRON AND STEEL	1.8 billion	UP 46	TEXTILES	91 million	UP 40
NONFERROUS METALS	210 million	UP 14	PAPER	335 million	UP 48
ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, EQUIPMENT	576 million	UP 26	CHEMICALS	1 billion	UP 50
NONELECTRICAL MACHINERY	329 million	DOWN 24	OIL AND COAL	698 million	UP 9
TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT	200 million	UP 53	RUBBER	160 million	UP 142
STONE, CLAY, GLASS	272 million	UP 54	OTHERS	37 million	DOWN 7
FABRICATED METALS	38 million	DOWN 24			
OTHERS	81 million	UP 11			

nevertheless affected spending plans.

Another sign that the rise in capital-spending plans isn't turning into a runaway boom is the survey's "diffusion" count, which simply records the number of firms raising or lowering appropriations without regard to the size of the company and its appropriations. During the last 1959 quarter, 56 per cent of the manufacturers boosted their approvals, vs. 60 per cent in the July-September stretch and 67 per cent in April-June.

While they kept their spending sights high, businessmen switched targets at the end of the year. The trend for the first nine months had been toward increased outlays for new plants—26 per cent of approvals were earmarked for "bricks and mortar" at the beginning of 1959, 38 per cent by the end of the third quarter. By the turn of the year, however, this emphasis had been switched to equipment, and new construction plans were slashed to 22 per cent of the total.

This change of heart might be due to one or a combination of factors—the season, the general unease caused by the steel strike, a slowdown in the whole appropriations cycle. Only time—and upcoming surveys—will tell. But the final answer may well prove to be the most obvious: Companies may have hesitated to set aside money for new plants when they could not be sure when they would get the structural steel to build them.

How soon will the additional funds earmarked for expansion actually be translated into new orders for plants and machinery? And how much of a real boost will they provide the economy?

The Year Ahead: The chain reaction already is under way. Capital spending, as distinct from appropriations, climbed 18 per cent in the last quarter over the same 1958 stretch, the first rise in more than two years. Commitments—orders for plant and equipment for which money already had been appropriated—also rose 20 per cent. These orders, the survey's records show, lead spending by six to nine months. Thus, the jump in appropriations points to increased spending throughout most, if not all, of 1960.

The impact of capital spending could be felt even beyond the turn of the year. The 1955-57 capital-expansion cycle lasted 30 months. The current upswing has been under way for a year and a half. If history repeats, it should roll right into 1961. It could, in fact, outlast its predecessor, according to Conference Board chief economist Martin Gainsbrugh.

Gainsbrugh's forecast is based partly on industry's healthy financial outlook. With profits expected to rise (the government predicted a record \$55 billion, before taxes, in 1960 vs. \$48 billion in 1959), and with bigger depreciation allowances, manufacturers will have plenty of cash on hand. A recent Conference

Up Smartly—New Appropriations

	Oct.- Dec. 1959	Oct.- Dec. 1958	% change
ALL MANUFACTURING	\$ 1.5 (billion)	\$ 2.1 (billion)	UP 40
DURABLE-GOODS INDUSTRIES	725 (million)	1.1 (billion)	UP 49
IRON AND STEEL	228 (million)	512 (million)	UP 125
NONFERROUS METALS	16 (million)	29 (million)	UP 81
ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, EQUIPMENT	126 (million)	168 (million)	UP 33
NONELECTRICAL MACHINERY	132 (million)	100 (million)	DOWN 24
TRANSPORTATION EQUIPMENT	89 (million)	107 (million)	UP 20
STONE, CLAY, GLASS	74 (million)	98 (million)	UP 32
FABRICATED METALS	15 (million)	17 (million)	UP 13
OTHERS	46 (million)	47 (million)	UP 2
NONDURABLE GOODS	770 (million)	1 (billion)	UP 33
FOOD AND BEVERAGES	79 (million)	74 (million)	DOWN 6
TEXTILES	51 (million)	49 (million)	DOWN 4
PAPER	80 (million)	114 (million)	UP 43
CHEMICALS	185 (million)	323 (million)	UP 75
OIL AND COAL	335 (million)	385 (million)	UP 15
RUBBER	31 (million)	70 (million)	UP 126
OTHERS	9 (million)	7 (million)	DOWN 22

Newsweek—Bensel

Board check found that more than nine out of ten executives queried planned to pay for all of this year's capital spending from internal sources (which helps explain why business borrowing has not been as vigorous as expected this year). The growth in research spending (estimated at \$9.4 billion for 1959-60) and the consequent "swelling flow of new products and new processes," Gainsbrugh thinks, should also stimulate expansion.

Healthy as it looks, however, the economy displays no sign that anything like the capital boom of 1955-57 is in the making. For one thing, the gains recorded now must be measured against a far bigger base than during the previous surge. This year's gross national product is running past the half-trillion mark. In 1955, GNP measured \$363.1 billion.

Less for More: Inflation also has left its mark. Dollar-for-dollar, as the latest government figures show, 1960 may match the \$37 billion record for capital spending set in 1957—but they won't be the same kind of dollars. Prices of capital equipment have risen from 10 to 15 percent since that time.

The boost in capital spending expected for this year—now estimated at

\$4.5 billion—will thus be more of a prop than a thrust under the economy. The Commerce Department-SEC prediction says the \$37 billion total will result from an average rate of \$36 billion in the first half, \$38 billion in the second. But the second-quarter rate is pegged at \$37 billion, so the rise toward the end of 1960 will be slight. This tempers earlier hopes for a big boost late in the year to offset a drop in inventory building.

Earlier in the year, the mode was to list the pluses in the economy first, and then add the reservations. Since then, enthusiasm has been tempered a little; now the reservations come first. After a meeting last week with a group of economists representing the blue-ribbon Business Advisory Council, the top-drawer industry group that advises the Commerce Department, one government man summed up their attitude this way: "The BAC's economists give the economy a B-minus score instead of the B-plus they were giving it a few months ago." And that about sums up the current outlook for 1960. It will be a year of gains—solid gains, now that inflation is less of a problem. But the revolution of rising expectations has been tempered.

... And as Bankers See Business

Because money is a basic raw material for all industry, bankers take a broad view of the national economy. Here is how some top American bankers size things up:

►**HENRY C. ALEXANDER** (*chairman of New York's Morgan Guaranty Trust*): "The rise in business activity after the steel strike was at too sharp a rate to be sustained for long ... Some leveling off, especially in relation to the very high expectations, was bound to come and it probably is fortunate it came as soon as it did."

►**S. CLARK BEISE** (*president of California's Bank of America*): "Over-all business is not developing as 'boomy' as anticipated earlier by some people [but] we have not changed our ideas much in the last 60 days."

►**CHARLES E. THWAITE JR.** (*chairman of the Trust Co. of Georgia*): "We don't think business is going to be up or down. It's sort of a flat-out situation and any disappointment will be a result of [previous] over-enthusiastic appraisal." As for the stock market: "Not a bear—just not as much of a bull."

►**GUS BOWMAN** (*president of the Exchange Bank and Trust of Dallas*): "Things are being held in check. The big boom has been cur-

tailed." On the stock market: "The bulls will be pretty tame."

►**DONALD O'TOOLE** (*president of Chicago's Pullman Trust and Savings Bank*): "This seems to be one of the times when you just move around in the soft mud and can't seem to get ... on anything solid."

►**DONALD F. VALLEY** (*chairman of the National Bank of Detroit*): "It should be a year in which we may well achieve a most desirable economic objective, namely, a sustainable high level of activity with the accent on 'sustainable'."

►**HARRY J. VOLK** (*president of Los Angeles's Union Bank*): "The stock market is reflecting a slowing down of the inflationary pressures on our economy. This does not forecast a deep depression or even a recession. We've had many of our best years of prosperity in this country when inflation was under control."

►**DEAN WITTER** (*San Francisco investment banker*): "While commodity pile-ups, the profit squeeze, and foreign competition are providing new economic problems, this is going to be a very prosperous year for business in general." The market: "While there may be more potential buyers than sellers, people no longer seem to be so afraid of inflation."



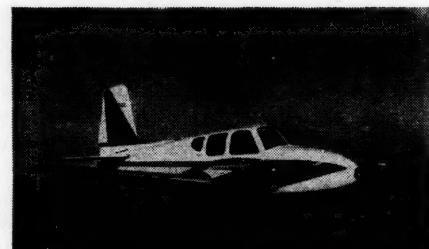
New Beechcraft Super G18 seats up to 9 people. Airliner-type interior. Private lavatory. Food bar. 234 mph top speed. Up to 1,626 mile range.



New Beechcraft Model 65 Queen Air seats 6 to 7. Airliner-type cabin. Separate pilot compartment. Private lavatory. Cruises over 200 mph.



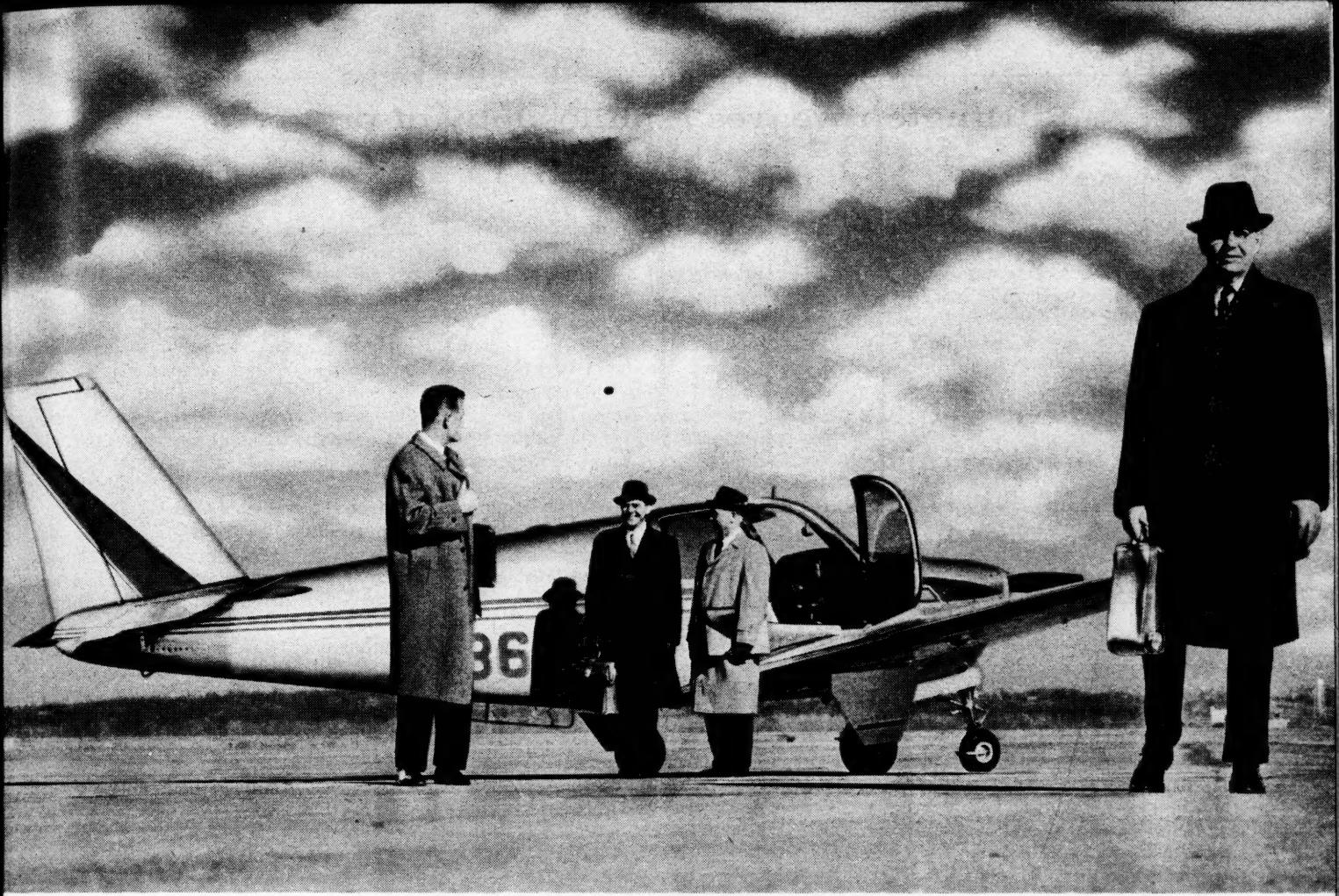
New Beechcraft Twin-Bonanza seats 6, cruises over 200 mph. Supercharged fuel injection engines. New air-stair door. Optional couches.



New Beechcraft 5-Place Travel Air is still the quietest, easiest-to-fly and easiest-on-gas twin in the 200 mph class. Up to 1,410 mile range.



New Beechcraft Bonanza with fuel injection has top speed of 210 mph. Seats 4 comfortably. 1,200 mile range. Amazingly easy to fly!



New low-cost addition (\$19,995) to the famous line of Beechcraft executive planes, the Model 33 Debonair carries 4 people and their luggage at more than 3-mile-a-minute cruising speeds—*for less than automobile mileage costs.*

Are you thin at the top?

Where is the company that has no emergencies? Where is the company with enough top men to handle them fast?

Now, at low cost, you can "buy" more work from yourself and your other top men. You do it simply by multiplying the number of "on the spot" decisions that a man can make in a week's time. You do it with a new Beechcraft Debonair.

As thousands of Beechcrafts are already doing, a Debonair can pay for itself . . . by helping key men cover wider territories . . . solve tough problems far

away fast . . . and by helping your whole top team get a bigger week's work done.

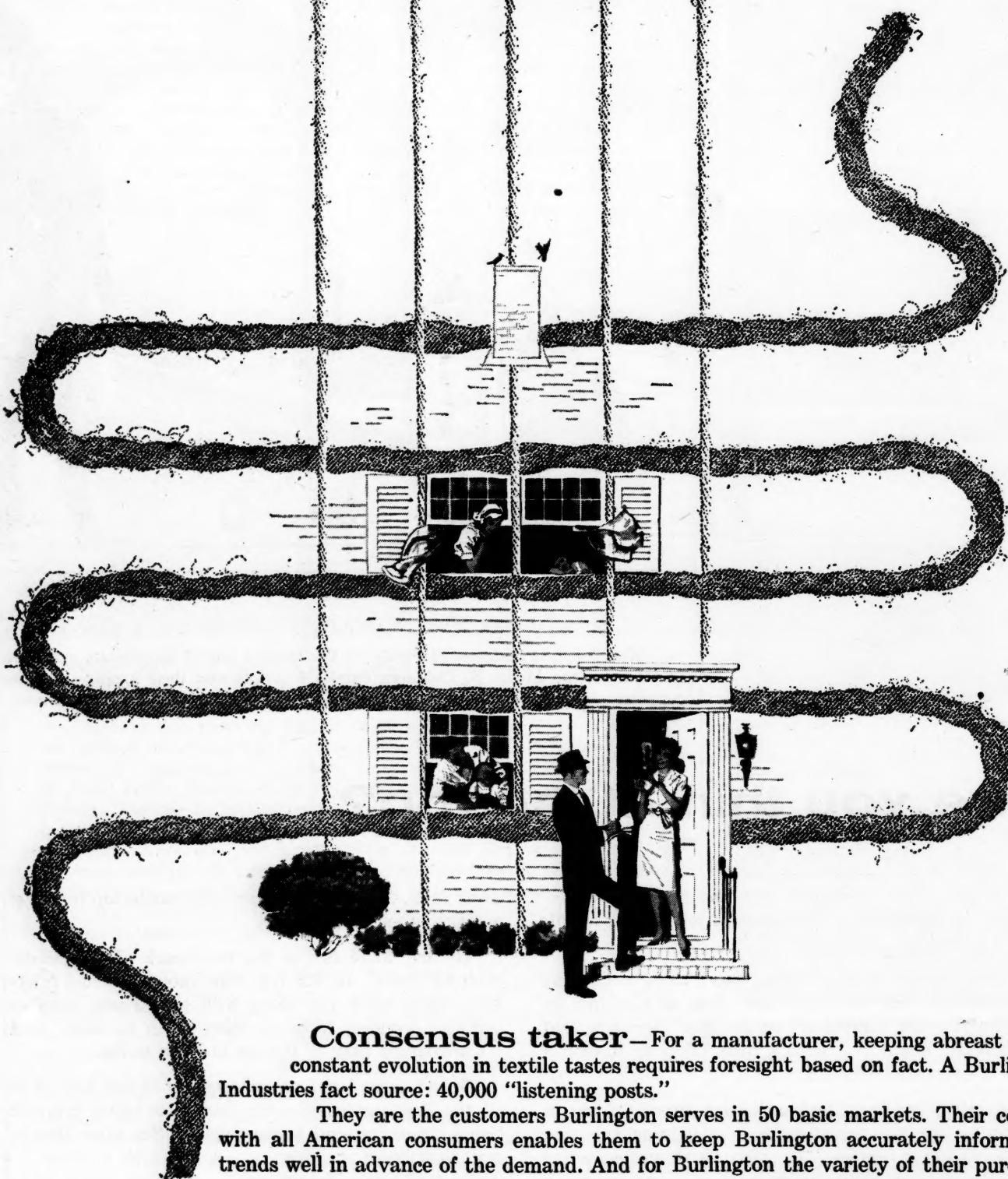
Getting there fast is the trademark of the Beechcraft Debonair. Its 225 h.p. continuous-flow fuel injection engine races you along with smoothness, comfort and fuel economy hitherto unknown in its class. And it's amazingly easy to fly—or to learn to fly.

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Write for free illustrated brochure on the new Debonair and informative booklet, "The Dollars and Sense of Business Flying," to Public Relations Dept., Beech Aircraft Corp., Wichita 1, Kansas, U.S.A.

Beechcraft
BEECHCRAFTS ARE THE AIR FLEET OF AMERICAN BUSINESS

Burlington weaves a philosophy of progress



Consensus taker—For a manufacturer, keeping abreast of the constant evolution in textile tastes requires foresight based on fact. A Burlington Industries fact source: 40,000 "listening posts."

They are the customers Burlington serves in 50 basic markets. Their contact with all American consumers enables them to keep Burlington accurately informed of trends well in advance of the demand. And for Burlington the variety of their purchases minimizes the profit peaks and valleys characteristic of the single-line producer.

Consistency is the result. Burlington has made a profit and paid a dividend every year since its name first appeared on the New York Stock Exchange in 1937.

Burlington weaves a philosophy of progress . . . with the facts in hand.

Burlington

"Woven into the Life of America"



. . . the world's largest, most diversified manufacturer of textiles,

with 60,000 employees in 123 plants located in 91 U.S. communities and 4 foreign countries. Executive offices: Greensboro, N. C.

IS IT SAFE ENOUGH TO EAT?

From agar-agar to ylang-ylang,* a larder of some 3,000 chemicals, herbs, and other substances is swallowed by Americans as "additives" in their food. Some are added intentionally, as preservatives or to supply coloring and flavor. Others, ranging from insecticides on unwashed fruit to chemicals on the inside of packages, creep uninvited into the national diet. In hundreds of cases, there is no answer to the question: How much is safe to eat?

Last week, a Federal law designed to clear up confusion and eliminate the dangers in food additives went into full force. At best, however, the "chemical additive" amendment to the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act could leave the \$70 billion U.S. food industry and nearly 180 million consumers feeling only half safe—and half unconfused.

The law takes the job of establishing the safety of additives off the understaffed Food and Drug Administration and hands it to food processors themselves. It has been in partial effect for a year and a half, requiring food packers to test any new additives; from now on, they must account for all additives, old or new.

Fine-Combining: The FDA announced last week that manufacturers have tested 135 additives to date and sent in plans for controlling their use. Only ten have been approved. The FDA itself has classified another 492 additives as officially safe and free from any controls. A few others are definitely unsafe and can't be used at all, including any substances that can cause cancer in humans or test animals. The industry has a one-year extension to provide laboratory proof on another 639 additives. Some 1,600 are still unclassified. "In going over the food supply with a fine-tooth comb," says one FDA official, "we found more food additives than we'd even suspected."

Along with new additives, some major problems have come out of this Pandora's box:

►Standards of safety are often a matter of opinion. The FDA specifies only that an additive must get "overwhelming" approval from several hundred in-

dependent scientists whom it calls on for advice. Food manufacturers oppose the new rules which ban even the most minute amounts of carcinogens known to have caused cancer (including unintentional "additives" like the aminotriazole weed-killer of cranberry fame).

►Another question is who should finance the research. Some firms are working together (packagers have pooled resources for tests on polyethylene picked up by food); where competition discourages cooperation, however, everyone may decide to "let George do it." ►There is serious question whether the FDA's 400 field inspectors can effectively enforce the law by checking control procedures first hand.

If matters weren't difficult enough, be-

fuddled food firms are still sending in "requests for extensions on chemicals that have already been cleared," according to Einar Wulfsberg who administers the additives program. "Some people," said Wulfsberg, "seem to want us to clear the cream in their coffee."

INVESTMENT IN CUBA:

Shutting Down

The gospel for revolution in underdeveloped countries, according to its Marxist prophets, says that foreign ownership or development of natural resources is the mark of colonial status and the brand of the enslaved. True to the doctrine, Fidel Castro and his Cuban cohorts have condemned foreign business and demanded the Cubanization of everything in sight.

Just how harmful this can be to everyone, and most especially Cuba, was crystal clear last week. Freeport Nickel Co., a subsidiary of Freeport Sulphur Co., shut down its new multi-million-dollar nickel-cobalt mine and ore-concentrating plant at Moa Bay, Cuba. New laws, said Freeport, would impose a 25 per cent tax on ore exports and threaten the cancellation of surface rights to the mining areas. Thus, Freeport could not borrow the \$13.5 million in loans still needed to complete the Moa Bay facilities.

The unique project, which would have cost \$119 million when completed, consists of the Moa Bay mine and a nickel-cobalt refinery at Port Nickel, 15 miles down-river from New Orleans. The refinery is designed to produce 50 million pounds of nickel and 4.4 million pounds of cobalt (worth \$45.8 million at current prices) annually from the Cuban reserves.

If the shutdown is permanent, the losses could be total. There are no other available sources of the nickel-cobalt ores the refinery processes (new ones would take years to develop); no other refinery can process Moa Bay ore. The losers:

►Cuba. Export of the ore would earn Cuba about \$30 million annually in dollar foreign exchange. The Cuban Government, moreover, would receive a substantial amount in taxes.

►Cuban Labor. More than 1,000

*Respectively, a gelatinous substance used to give texture to baked goods and ice cream, and an exotic flavoring.



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

To BEEF up business, some restaurateurs along New York's famous Steak Row are slicing prices. Samples: Steak at bottom once cost \$6; same steak, at top, now costs \$5.85 with a salad thrown in (see story page 103).

Cubans would have permanent year-round jobs at Moa Bay. Payroll and purchases: About \$4 million.

► **American Labor.** The Louisiana refinery would employ 550 people and pay about \$3 million in wages.

► **Investors.** Freeport Sulphur, which last week announced record profits of \$14.5 million in 1959, invested over \$19 million of its own money in the project. Six American automobile and steel companies put up \$25 million, and nine banks had already loaned \$61.5 million.

There was one glimmer of hope last week that Castro was beginning to recognize the danger of cutting off his economic nose to spite his good neighbor. Right after his semiofficial mouthpiece Revolución bragged that the "shameful Moa Bay concessions" had been seized, Castro's Minister of Agriculture Pedro Miret explained that the government did not plan to "intervene," i.e., take over Moa Bay, and actually was continuing to negotiate with Freeport.

EXECUTIVES:

Command Posts

Lt. Gen. James M. (Slim Jim) Gavin (U.S.A., Ret.) finally picked up that fourth star that the Army never gave him—from private industry. Last week, the 52-year-old executive took over the top post of president and chief executive officer at Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass., industrial-research company (1959 billings: more than \$19 million), succeeding Raymond Stevens, 65, who became chairman of the Little firm's executive committee.

Brooklyn-born Gavin enlisted at the age of 17, won an appointment to West Point (1925), went on to command the 82nd Airborne Division during World War II and head up the Army's research and development program. But in a blaze of front-page controversy in 1958, the tall, soft-spoken Gavin retired from the military. One reason: His failure to get more money for the Army missile program led him to think he could do more for his country "outside."

Outside turned out to be Arthur D. Little, which Gavin joined as a vice president and where he put his knowledge of the military's advanced research techniques and developments to work in a very unmilitary way. Samples: He helped push research for ADL clients in such fields as kitchenware, drugs, and miniaturization. (The company also does some work for the government.) By-products of space developments, he says, will become increasingly important in the years to come. And, Gavin points out, this is nothing new. If someone hadn't realized that Kitty Hawk had more than military applications, Gavin says, "we'd have missed the wonderful



Associated Press

Gavin: Service in peace and war

thing that happened to the economy."

Gavin's personal life has changed little since he left the Army. He still enjoys painting ("realistic stuff—landscapes"), "professional" reading, and a game of court tennis when he finds the time. One exception: Ex-paratrooper Gavin, who once was also a pilot, no longer flies a plane. "I do business flying," he says, "that's all my flying now."

► **Wilson & Co.**, the \$145 million Chicago meat packer, promoted James D. Cooney, 66, to chairman of the board. He also remains chief executive officer. A trim, blue-eyed lawyer, Cooney gave up a district judgeship to join Wilson as chief counsel in 1926. "Wilson solicited me," he explains. He rose to vice president in 1930 and president in 1953. Cooney is generally credited with turning Wilson around since he took over. In 1952 the company lost \$763,000; last year earnings hit \$9.6 million. Cooney's successor as president: Roscoe G.

Haynie, 50, who went to Wilson via a merger with Dold Co. in 1938.

► **Lawrence Cowen**, 52, ex-president (and son of the founder) of Lionel Corp. (electric trains), who was derailed when Roy M. Cohn's group took control of Lionel (NEWSWEEK, Feb. 22), was named chairman and chief executive officer of Schick Inc., the electric-shaver maker. Cowen succeeds chairman (since 1958) Chester G. Gifford, 53, who will stay on as "an adviser."

PRODUCTS:

What's Newest

Timed Mile: A wrist watch that tells the distance as well as the time is being marketed by Tourneau, Inc., of New York City. The distance between two cities can be measured on a standard road map by rolling the revolving circular case of the watch along the highway map. The distance, in both miles and kilometers, appears in an aperture on the dial face. Price: About \$65.

Classy Catamaran: A novel fire-fighting boat is being marketed by R.S. Hayes, Ltd., of South Wales, England. The craft is 40 feet high but only 60 feet long. It gets its stability from two 33-ton pontoons joined to form a catamaran. Nine hose nozzles mounted on three levels can pour 4,000 gallons of water or 12,500 gallons of foam a minute onto a marine fire. Cost: About \$250,000.

Under the Rug: "Down with unsightly TV roof antennas," says Philadelphia's Jerrold Electronics Corp., developer of a flat, printed-circuit antenna that could be hidden under a rug, stapled to the attic floor or the roof joists. The antenna is silver-printed on a 6-foot-long 2½-

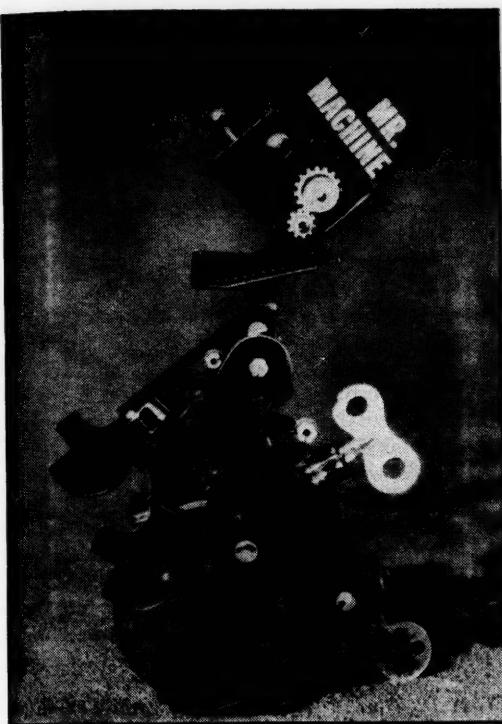
(Continued on Page 102)

PICTURE SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS

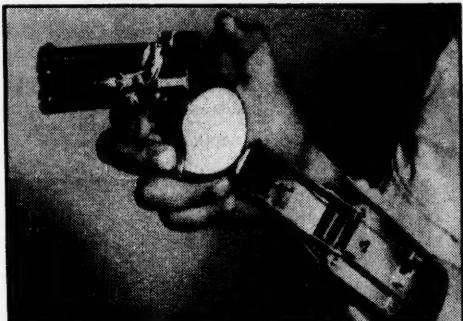
Christmas—Mechanized and Moonbound

Outside, winter's death rattle echoed among the skyscrapers. Inside, American toymakers—the avant-garde of all Santa's helpers—laid the groundwork for Christmas 1960, in the winter to come. It was the 57th annual American Toy Fair last week in New York City, with nearly 1,400 manufacturers displaying their Christmas goodies to some 15,000 of the most important—and most critical—early-bird shoppers, top buyers from stores all over the nation.

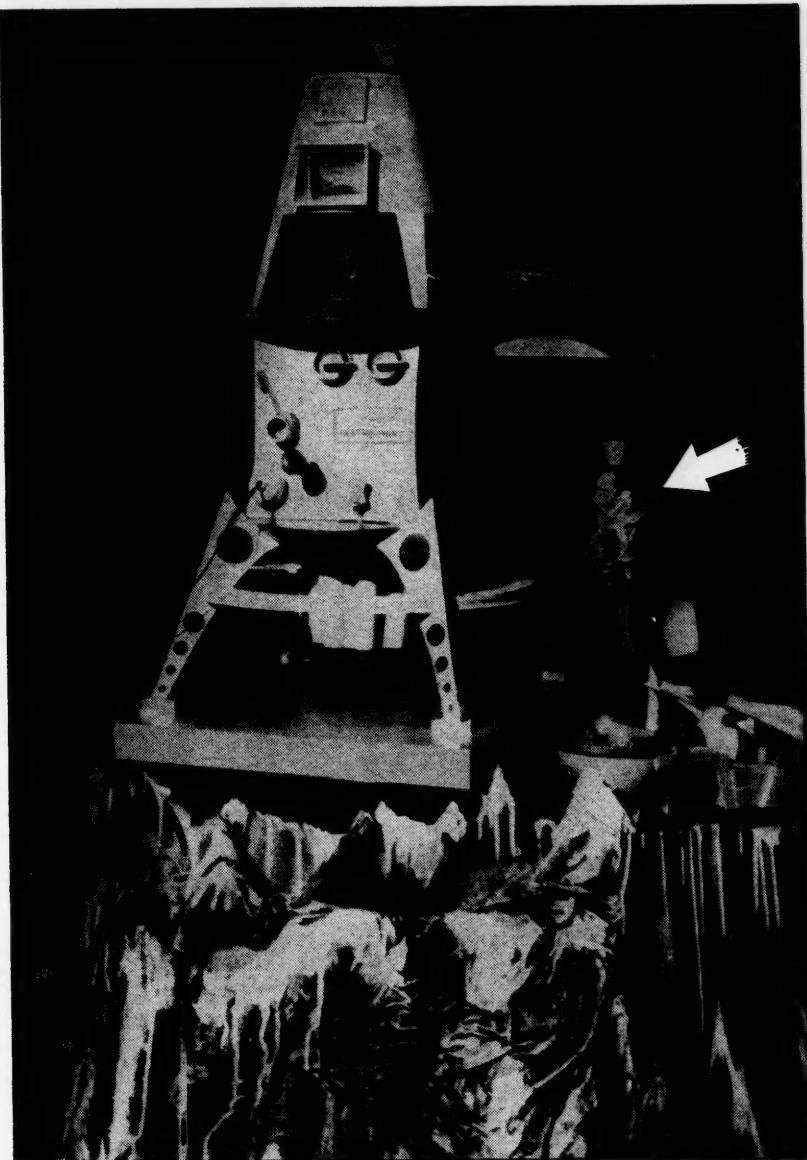
The accent was on space and science, but there was something for everyone, from the tiniest toddler to the most doddering do-it-yourselfer. Some of the more unusual items: A telephone powered by the sun's rays which transmits sound waves for hundreds of feet (see picture), a kit for assembling an atomic radiation detector (about \$6), a flying saucer that floats on a magnetic field (about \$3), an assembly kit for a turboprop engine that really works (about \$5), a typewriter that signals in Morse code (about \$13), a back-yard roller coaster (about \$24), an HO scale electric auto set (about \$11), and giant-size dolls that not only walk, but talk (about \$18). Most important, the buyers liked them. And with orders rolling in merrily, Charles S. Raizen, president of the Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A., predicted cheerfully that Americans, who spent a record \$1.6 billion on toys in 1959, will spend more on playthings in 1960 than ever before.



'Mr. Machine' by Ideal (about \$12)



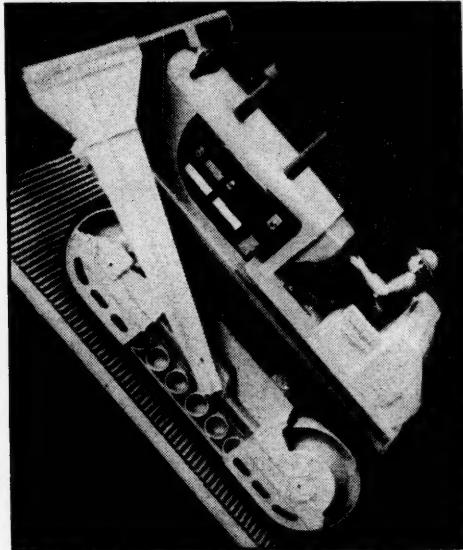
Sleeve gun by Hubley (about \$3)



Exploring space from 'Astro Base' by Ideal (about \$20)



Secret 'space talk' with 'Sun Fone' by Hearever (about \$6)



Tricky tractor by Marx (about \$15)

Newsweek—Vytas Valaitis

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March 9, 1960.

BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 100)

foot-wide, carpet-like sheet of flexible plastic—and is guaranteed to provide "quality of reception superior to any indoor antenna and equal to the average outdoor antenna." Price: Under \$10.

MOVIES:

Slow Motion

In true Hollywood tradition, actors and producers agreed that the first actors' strike in filmland history was colossal. As the thespians hit the bricks last week to enforce their demands for a cut of any post-1948 film released to TV, Gina Lollobrigida cried, Hedda Hopper hinted that it was all part of a Communist plot, and Eric Johnson predicted the end of Hollywood as movie capital of the world. Shooting on nine major pictures halted, idling actors like Marilyn Monroe, Bing Crosby, and Debbie Reynolds along with 5,000 studio hands.*

Hollywood was hobbled, but far from shut down. Four independent producers and Universal-International kept right on shooting after signing agreements with the Screen Actors Guild and the writers' union, on strike for the past seven weeks over the same issue. And the actors' walkout had no effect on the 6,000 Hol-

*But Twentieth Century-Fox contintued with "The Lost World," "shooting around" the live actors and focusing on the stars—mechanical monsters operated by members of the Teamsters union.

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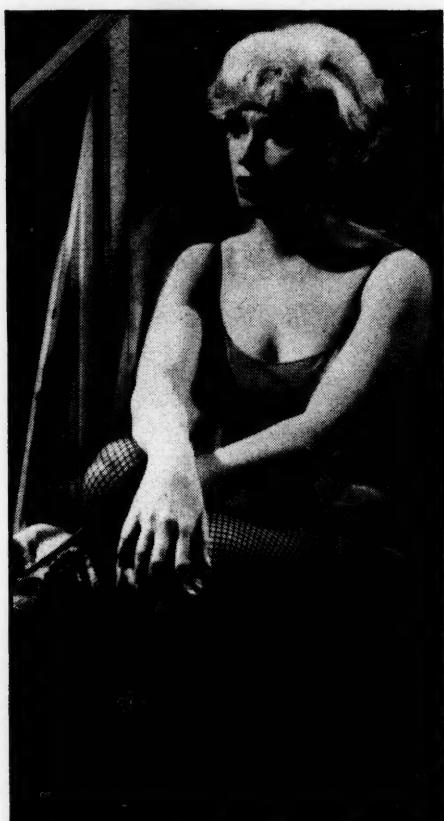
Adams Vs. Tanner
244 U.S. 590 (1916)

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Marilyn: The stars hit the bricks

lywood performers and technicians turning out films for once-scorned television.

Moviegoers have nothing to worry about for a while. For one thing, there are enough pictures already "in the can" to last until September. For another, the word was that producers may be ready to settle, possibly by contributing some of the profits on their post-1948 films—which are worth an estimated \$300 million—to actors' pension funds.

STEAK ROW:

Tough

Just east of the towers of Midtown New York is the postwar phenomenon of Steak Row, a clutch of some two-dozen restaurants with small sidewalk awnings and stiffly priced menus for a well-fed businessman-clientele. With sirloin, smoked salmon, and savagely civilized Martinis, Steak Row has fattened on economic boom, credit cards, and business's deductible expenses—the \$20, three-hour liquid lunch for two, and dinnertime business "conferences."

This year, however, some of Steak Row's ribs have been showing. The Editorial had had only three tables filled one night last week. The Scribe reported business had slipped some 40 per cent since December. Some Steak Row spots were cutting back their staffs and even taking the unheard-of step of cutting prices to attract business. Lawton Carver's sliced the price of chicken cacciatore a full dollar (from \$3.95 to \$2.95), knocked down its sirloin steak from \$6 to \$5.85 and tossed in a 65-cent salad to boot. Another, the Pen and Pencil, added lower-priced items to its dinner menu (example: ravioli for \$2.50).

East Side, West Side: Steak Row wasn't the only place suffering. A few blocks uptown, the luxurious Pavilion was closed temporarily by a strike that started when owner Henri Soulé tried to adjust to reduced volume and rising costs with a cutback in overtime (*NEWSWEEK*, March 14). In fact, director Harry Gerstein of the Restaurant League of New York noted that restaurant business all over Manhattan was down 10 per cent to 30 per cent in January and February.

Where were all the diners?

Restaurateurs had as many theories about this as they had entrees. Some blamed the news that the Internal Revenue Service is planning to take a closer look at business expenses on tax returns. The Editorial's Gino Conte blamed the falling stock market: "It has cut down the big spending worse than the recession did two years ago," says Conte. Restaurateur (and former sportswriter) Lawton Carver traced things back to the steel strike, which cut the garment industry's Christmas orders, caused New York garment-makers to reduce their

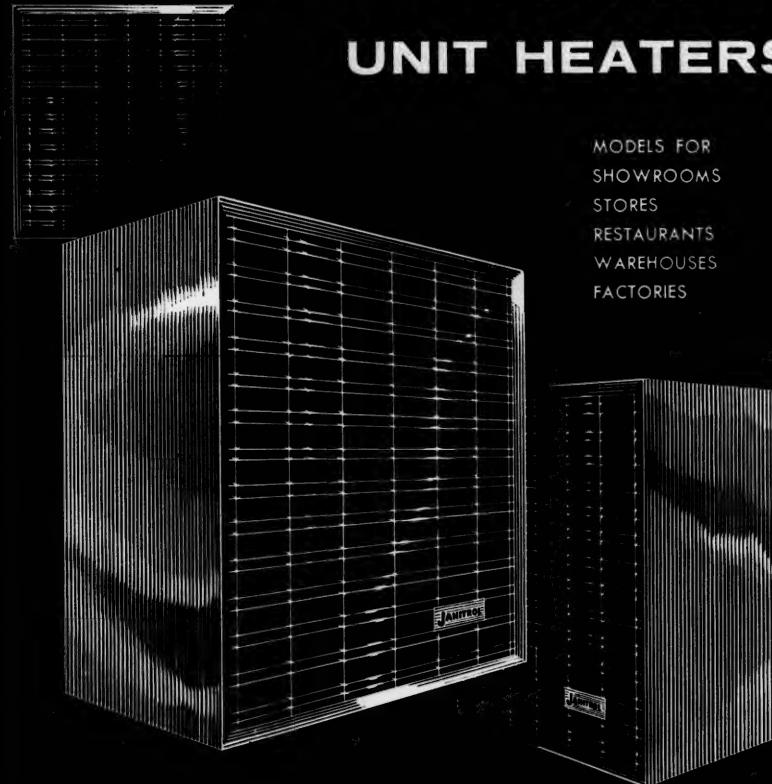
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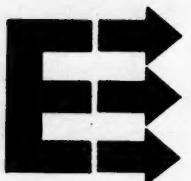
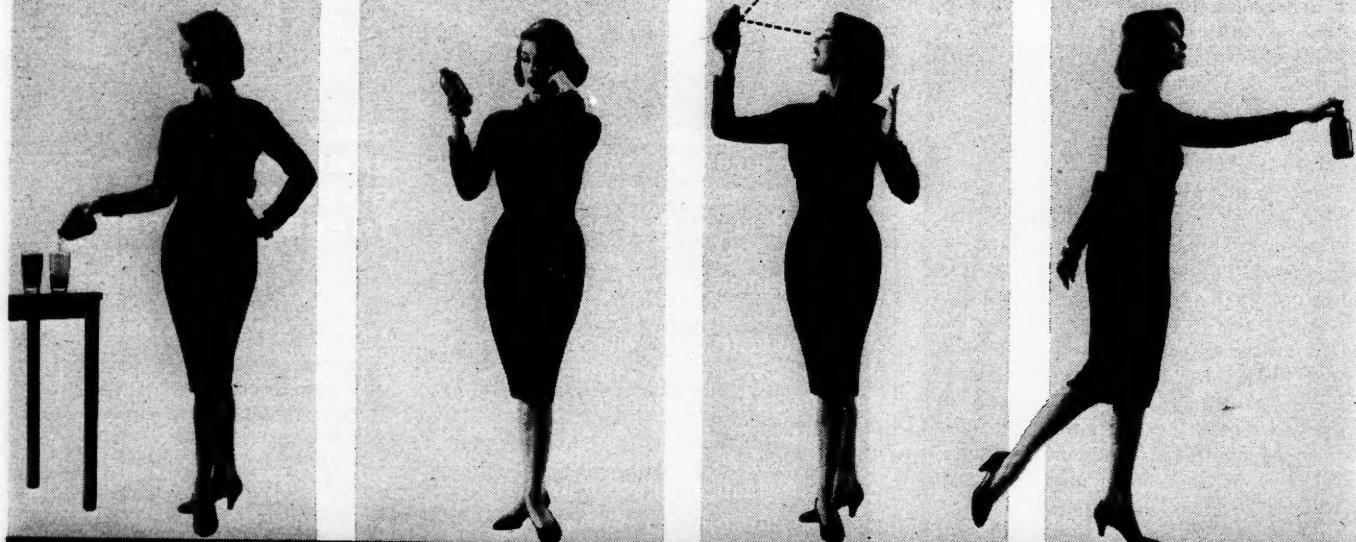
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Its predecessor, the 208-inch 1959 Ranchero developed 145 horsepower, carried 1,100 pounds.

Ford offers a work-a-day version of the fast-selling Falcon

heavy schedule of business entertaining.

There were also seasonal factors at work (i.e., heavy snow, the usual Lenten slump) but almost everyone agreed that these alone couldn't explain all the empty tables. "People just aren't spending money like they were a year ago," complained one owner. "People are wary—and the restaurant trade is wary."

ENTERPRISE ABROAD: Smoking Man's Taste

Few U.S. smokers light up Rothmans or Rembrandts or Stuyvesants. But smokers in 149 other countries around the world reach for them often enough—\$355 million worth last year—to make Britain's Rembrandt-Rothmans-Carreras group one of the world's biggest cigarette merchants.

Even less known than the brand names in the U.S. is the 43-year-old, onetime chemistry professor from South Africa who pieced together and rules this tobacco empire. Publicity-shy Anton E. Rupert drives a low-priced DKW sedan and lives on \$500 per month, which his wife frequently collects at his office when he forgets it. He shuns Savile Row's hand-tailored suits and custom-crafted shoes. Instead, he buys conservative pin-stripe suits and American-style loafers off the shelf. He owns "some" shares in the group but, he says: "I am not a millionaire."

Back in South Africa this week from one of his frequent flying visits to his far-flung "colonies," Rupert is accepting a

public honor from an old employer—an honorary Doctor of Economics degree from the University of Pretoria. It was from Pretoria's classrooms that Rupert ventured forth twelve years ago into the world of tobacco. The prospect of opening a small company and battling the worldwide business giants was a challenge he couldn't resist.

Starting with one cigarette-making machine in an idle flour mill, Rupert stumped the South African countryside in a battered sedan selling shares in his new company to thrifty farmers. This veldt-roots fund-raising gave Rupert the faith that has sparked RRC's growth. "If I could sell those worthless shares," he tells associates, "you ought to be able to sell good cigarettes."

Will He Invade the U.S.? Rupert sees to it that they have good cigarettes. In 1951, he bought into Rothmans of Piccadilly (London). Last year he took over England's Carreras, Ltd., manufacturers of Craven A cigarettes. His U.S. subsidiary is Riggio Tobacco Corp. which produces Regent cigarettes and plans to market Rembrandts this spring.* But Rupert isn't launching a major U.S. invasion. "The States saps all one's energy," he says, "it's a market all to itself. If we moved in, I'd have to go live there, and that would mean neglecting our other interests." Riggio is a "vantage point—the cigarette is so highly competitive that we have to know what's going on."

Rupert has moved more forcefully in other areas. He decided, for example, to

*Headed by Frank Riggio, son of the former president of the American Tobacco Co.

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BUSINESS

enter the Canadian market with a filter cigarette before the Canadian plant could be built. He flew cigarettes from England to generate interest, then airlifted machinery needed for local production to meet the burgeoning demand. Today, his group has manufacturing plants in eleven countries.

Sharing the Load: Once launched by the RRC management team in Stellenbosch, a two-church, one-movie village some 30 miles outside Cape Town, Rupert's far-flung branches are quickly put on their own. Rupert's group floats stock in the country concerned, appoints a local board of directors, never takes a majority share for itself. Rupert thinks majority ownership abroad smacks of imperialism, and that companies which insist on it are headed for trouble.

For all his booming business success,



Newsweek—John Cowan

Rupert: Light up a Rembrandt

Rupert retains his professorial altruism. "The making of money is justified only if it promotes culture," he says—and he means what he says. On a recent trip to England, Rupert bought Rodin's sculpture "The Hands" for \$2,500, but did not ship it home to Stellenbosch for his own enjoyment. He had it mounted at the entrance of a new factory at Basildon, England. His explanation: "Let the workers see it. Their hands make our profits." Rupert says his group gives away at least 5 per cent of its profits to such worthy users as universities and translators of poetry into Afrikaans.

To Anton Rupert, who smokes eighteen to 30 cigarettes a day and calls himself an "average smoker," the future in tobacco obviously is star bright. "Smoking is a sign of drive," he claims. "Most successful businessmen smoke frequently. It's a sign of their energy."



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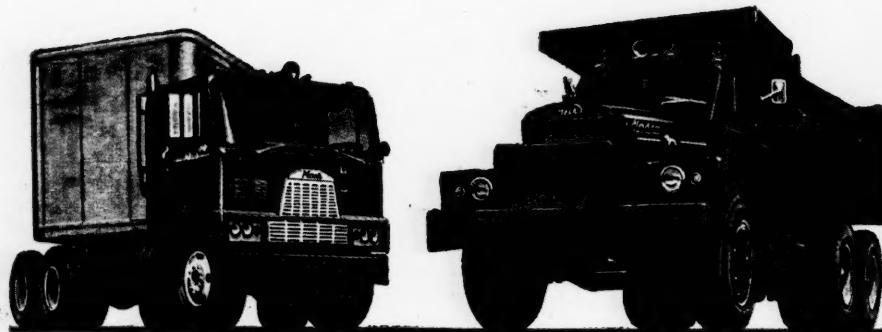
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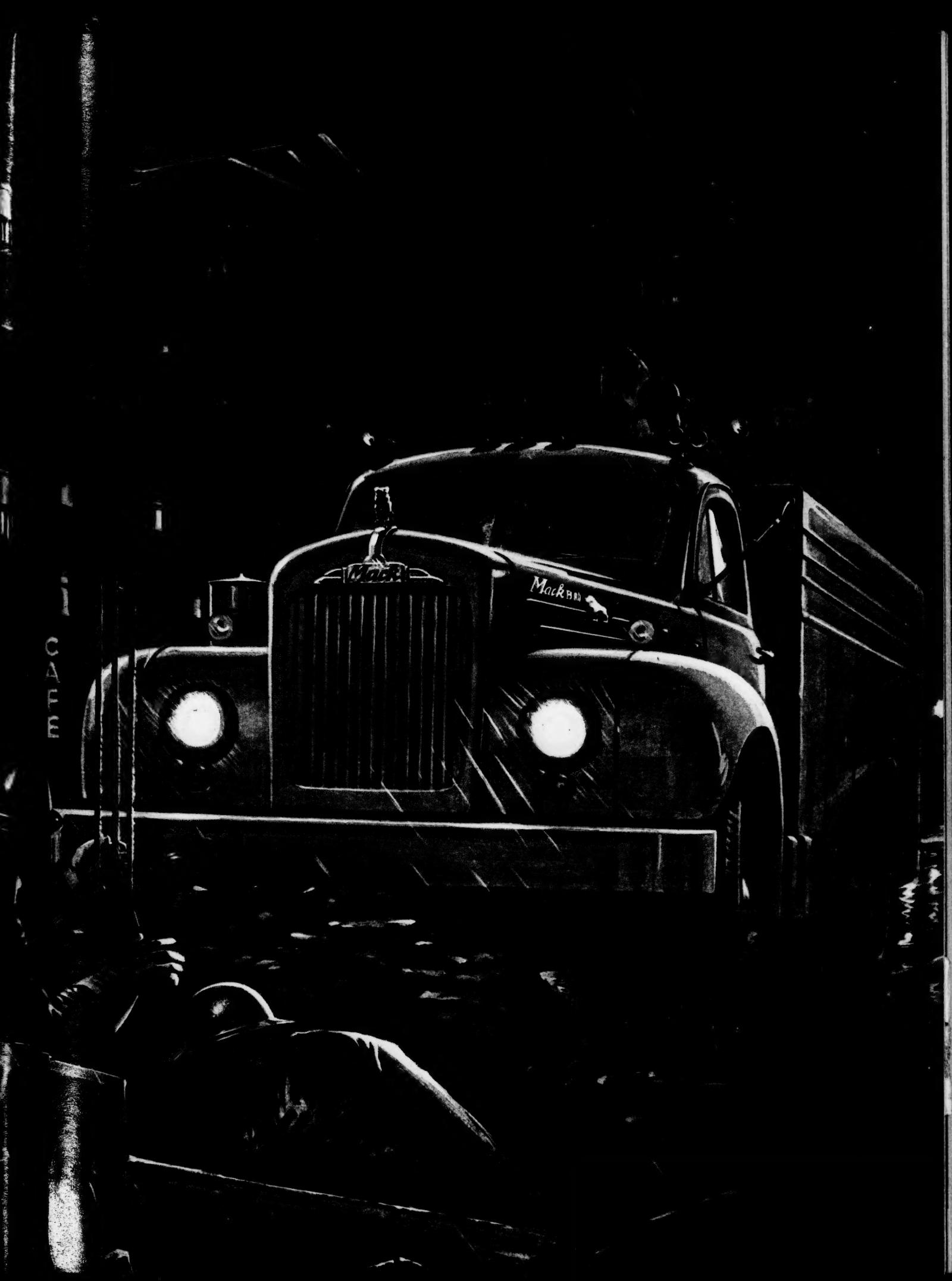
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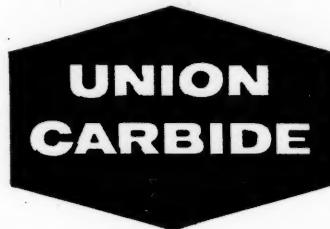
Shaping another sun

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For years, mammoth carbon and graphite electrodes have fired blazing electric furnaces to capture many of today's metals from their ores and to produce the finest steels. But, in addition to extreme heat, the carbon arc produces a dazzling light that rivals the sun. In motion picture projectors, its brilliant beam floods panoramic movie screens with every vivid detail from a film no larger than a postage stamp.

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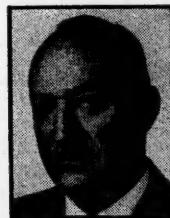
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in things to come

Sugar Can Turn Sour

by Henry Hazlitt



FOR months Fidel Castro and his so-called government, in addition to waging a reign of terror at home, have been vilifying the United States, ostentatiously making deals with the Russians, seizing American property, and arresting American citizens. Our own government, in return, has not only restricted itself till now to a few perfunctory protests, but has continued to subsidize the Cuban economy.

The manner of this subsidy is complex. The United States assigns quotas to foreign suppliers of sugar. Omitting the special case of the Philippines, Cuba is allotted 96 per cent of these foreign imports, and all other foreign countries together only 4 per cent. With a quota of 3,120,000 tons this year, Cuba supplies a third of United States consumption, and receives a price of about 2 cents a pound above the world market. The differential is worth about \$150 million to Cuba this year.

The actions and slanders of Castro and his lieutenants reveal how little gratitude or good will we have got in return. Major Guevara, president of Cuba's National Bank, says that the premium the U.S. pays for Cuban sugar amounts to "economic enslavement." Presumably the highly publicized deal that Cuba made to sell Soviet Russia some sugar at 2.78 cents a pound (about half the more than 5 cents paid by us and even below the world price of 3 cents) was a step toward economic liberation.

EMERGENCY POWERS

Our own next step ought to be clear. Congress should immediately empower the President (whether he asks for the power or not) to reduce or terminate the Cuban sugar quota at his discretion, to stop paying anything above the world price to Cuba, or to raise the (now preferential) duty on sugar imported from Cuba to whatever figure he considered appropriate. These discretionary powers might be granted, say, for a period of a year. They would not necessarily result in any change in the sugar situation. But armed with these discretionary bargaining powers the President and Secretary of State would be able to negotiate with Castro more realistically and flexibly concerning his

slanders and his seizures of American property. They would be able promptly to retaliate against hostile actions or promptly to reward more friendly actions. This they cannot do under the present rigid fixed-term quantitative quota system.

Such a grant of temporary discretionary powers vis-à-vis Cuba ought to be kept separate from the question of what the permanent revision should be of the Sugar Act, which expires at the end of this year. So far as that act is concerned, what is required is not a readjustment of quotas but a complete reappraisal of policy. The present complicated quota system goes back to the Jones-Costigan Act of 1934, followed by the Sugar Acts of 1937 and 1948, and the amendments and extensions of 1952 and 1956.

COBWEB OF QUOTAS

There is hardly a pernicious economic or legal principle that is not embodied in these laws. The Secretary of Agriculture must determine each year the quantity of sugar "needed to meet the requirements of consumers." He must divide the U.S. sugar market among domestic and foreign supplying areas by the use of quotas. He must allot these quotas among individual domestic producers. He must levy a tax on the processing of sugar cane and sugar beets and use the proceeds to make payments to producers to compensate them for adjusting production to marketing quotas. He must prescribe an "equitable" division of sugar returns among processors, growers, and farm workers.

The result is an economic regimentation and complicated nightmare of controls unparalleled even in the rest of our farm program. It involves rigid and discriminatory treatment of all foreign exporting nations, tends to breed resentment in all except the most favored, Cuba—and is now treated scornfully in Cuba itself. This is a heavy price to pay to subsidize a combined domestic beet and cane production equal to only about one-fourth, and a domestic cane production equal to only about one-fifteenth, of our total sugar consumption.

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Republic and the aircraft builders and aircraft parts suppliers continue to search for these high

performance steels through joint efforts in the fields of research and technology.

Materials showing exceptional promise in this respect are consumable electrode vacuum-melted steels, now being produced by Republic in substantial quantities for the missile programs. These vacuum-melted steels are proving to be stronger, more ductile, and of more uniform properties than those produced by the more conventional methods.

Republic has the largest capacity for production of these steels in the industry and continues a broad research program into their properties and potential military and civilian applications.

REPUBLIC STEEL



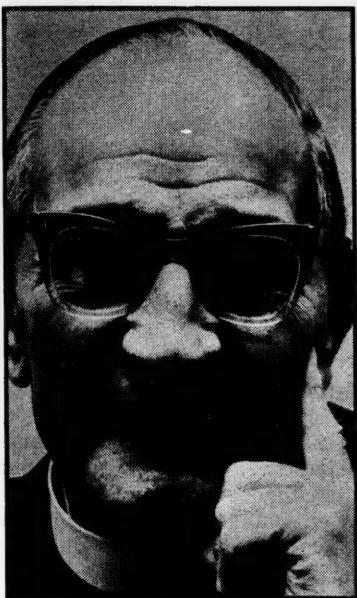
The STEELMARK on a product
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RELIGION

Ripping Up a Classic

Is the famous 325-year-old Passion Play of Bavaria's Oberammergau anti-Semitic? It has been judged so by Robert Gorham Davis, Columbia University professor and literary critic, who writes in the current issue of *Commentary* magazine that "the picture which the play draws of the Jews—usurious, blood-thirsty, possessed by 'the fury of a blinded nation's rage'—combines some of the worst of medieval and modern prejudices . . ." The drama, continues Davis, is "profitable, spectacular," and "an of-



Newsweek—Dick Hanley

Why Not

"A Christian must not become a Communist because he is bound to preserve the dignity and the liberty of man," says the Rev. Dr. Martin Niemöller. The German Lutheran pastor made the point last week in conversation with a visitor in New York. Dr. Niemöller is in the U.S. for eight weeks of sermons.

The Christian's approach to Communism is one of the favorite topics of the controversial pastor who has been an active Christian pacifist since the development of the H-bomb: "When God asks a man 'Lovest thou Me?' the Communist must answer: 'I have no will and no love of my own. It is society which is the perfect thing I serve, and You must ask that question of society.' The man who cannot answer God for himself has lost his liberty."

fense both against history and religion. Inevitably it seems to invoke the sufferings of Christ to justify and explain very un-Christian doctrines which the people of Oberammergau enthusiastically accepted in the Hitler epoch . . ."

In Oberammergau, Georg Johann Lang, the play's director, was quick to reply. Busy preparing the 1960 production, Lang said he did not want to argue, but thought that Dr. Davis might have misunderstood the play because he is a Protestant. "We [Roman Catholics] cannot possibly be expected to distort facts of religious history," said Lang, and added that "500,000 people were here last time [1950], and nobody said he felt offended by the play. On the contrary, we were always impressed how deeply it moved the spectators."

Debate—And a Defender

A contraceptive pill soon to be tested in England got a predictably mixed reception from two distinguished ecclesiastical authorities last week.

In a Lenten pastoral letter, the Most Rev. Edward Ellis, Roman Catholic Bishop of Nottingham, warned his flock that traditional church teaching opposes family restriction "by artificial means." He reminded the faithful that, where grave reasons for family limitation exist, continence and restriction of intercourse to infertile periods are the approved means of birth control.

In London, the Rt. Rev. Stephen F. Bayne, executive officer of the Anglican Communion and former Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Olympia, Wash., declared that "Christians have every right to use the gifts of science for proper ends." Recalling that the communion's consultative assembly, the Lambeth Conference, endorsed "morally acceptable" methods of contraception in 1958, Bishop Bayne declared that the pills may "offer a simple and inexpensive means of family planning which is of urgent importance in areas of the world where the population is running wildly and painfully ahead of current resources of food and housing."

►Another high-level churchman in the news last week was Francis Cardinal Spellman, Archbishop of New York, who became the first Roman Catholic prelate to censure attacks made in an Air Force manual concerning the loyalty of some Protestant churches and clergymen. Referring to his long acquaintance with many Protestant chaplains, Cardinal Spellman stated that he has "admired their dedicated loyalty" and would "deeply deplore it if any unfair deductions from general accusations were interpreted to reflect in any way on their loyalty to our country or on the loyalty of the general body of ministers whom they represent."

"EARN" did not always mean the same as "GET"

"The more you get, the more you can spend. And this will bring prosperity."

So goes the thinking in many a public expression during the last few years.

But merely getting more wages, without producing more goods, does not bring prosperity. It brings inflation.

To earn more, a man should produce more: by producing more, he earns more. This is simple, old-fashioned logic and old-fashioned morality.

One way of producing more is through the pioneering of new products, such as superior quality steels, for instance.

The gimme, gimme, gimme demand every year without reference to earning causes inflation. And inflation can rob us all of the prosperous business promised in the Golden Sixties, because inflation dissipates, destroys savings.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MAKER
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This Troubled Trade

In both hemispheres, press freedom suffered setbacks last week. In Turkey, Ahmet Emin Yalman, 72-year-old editor of the Istanbul daily *Vatan*, was sentenced to fifteen months in jail and four months in exile for violating the nation's restrictive press laws. Yalman was the fifth Turkish journalist jailed for reprinting excerpts from articles written in 1958 by publisher Eugene C. Pulliam of The Indianapolis Star, which criticized Premier Menderes. At the end of the week, Yalman was moved from his cell to a hospital because of a heart ailment.

►For the second time within a year, a correspondent for The New York Times was named as defendant in a criminal prosecution by the Dominican Republic's dictatorship and thereby forced to leave the country. The correspondent, Edward C. Burks, had been in the Dominican Republic for only a month. His alleged crime: Slanderizing a public official.

Lady With a Needle

Every Washington press safari—to Coon Rapids with Khrushchev, to Kenosha with Kennedy, or simply up to Capitol Hill—includes a unique band of newsmen known to the trade as "McGrory's Bearers." Their ranks include: Harrison Salisbury of The New York Times, Murray Kempton of The New York Post, columnist Marquis Childs, and Ilario Fiore of *Il Tempo di Milano*.

They are expected to carry the typewriter, coats, notes, and sandwiches of Miss Mary McGrory of The Washington Star, round-faced, leprechaun-turned-reporter and one of the newest syndicated columnists—and the only one that sings at an orphanage.

For Miss McGrory, the advantages of bearer service are obvious. She is enabled to devote all her energies to watching national politics with the brightest eyes in the Washington press corps, and writing about them in a gently critical, razor-sharp style. Some samples:

►On Vice President Nixon: "... He still stalks the light touch with all the grimness that the butterfly collectors bring to pursuit of a rare specimen."

►Gov. Nelson Rockefeller: "When Nelson joins the ladies ... he brings a note of illicit romance into the campaign, [leaving] delight and anguish written over the faces under the pin curls."

►Georgia's Sen. Richard Russell: "... The largely invisible, gray ghost of the filibuster."

It was the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy's feud with the Army that lifted Mary McGrory from the comparative obscurity of reviewing books for The Star. She herself refers to the occasion as "the great breakthrough"—April 23, 1954, when



Newsweek—Jim Mahan

McGrory on Capitol Hill: Her best sources are the common folk

The Star's national editor Newbold Noyes (now executive editor) sent her up to the Hill to cover the Army-McCarthy hearings. Her series ran for 32 stories. Halfway through, Miss McGrory got her first job offer from James (Scotty) Reston, Washington bureau chief for The New York Times (she got her third offer from Reston last December).

Mary McGrory was born on the outskirts of Boston, 41 years ago. As secretary of The Boston Traveler's library, she wrote occasional book reviews for the paper in her spare time. On the strength

of these, she landed a job with The Star, writing "a weekly book-type column."

After the "great breakthrough," she became a Washington reading habit. And since last month, the United Feature Syndicate has been distributing three of her Star stories each week to a string of some 40 other newspapers.

As a syndicated writer, Mary McGrory stands to double her Star salary of more than \$200 a week. But her new status hasn't changed her down-to-earth manner. She lives in a one-room apartment off upper Connecticut Avenue, where she likes to cook ("I get a good baked-bean dish") and give small parties. On Sundays, she often visits St. Ann's orphanage to sing (in a "small but true mezzo" voice) and talk to the children.

Last week, she was covering the Senate civil-rights filibuster (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) and preparing for the next safari—to Wisconsin for the critical April 5 primary. For Miss McGrory, such trips are a chance to get close to her best sources—common people. Among them, Miss McGrory searches strenuously in the shadows of politics, for the one quote that will crystallize her highly developed intuition. In Oregon last month, for instance, she

What They Think . . .

"... Television has misunderstood the meaning of viewer ratings. The industry has gone too far in building its program structure upon the most popular programs. If newspapers or magazines ... built their content inordinately upon the most widely read features, the result would be impossibly lopsided ... Popularity is not all."

—Erwin D. Canham,
Editor of The Christian Science Monitor



UPI

MUSIC

groped for an interpretation of the continued popularity of Oregon's maverick Sen. Wayne Morse. Finally she got the answer from a pretty widow in Corvallis: "We love him," she said, "the way I love my 4-year-old boy, not for what he does, but for what he is."

Tabloidism in Russia

It was the kind of story any circulation-hungry newspaper likes to run. The young unwed mother who, deserted by her lover and threatened by the loss of her job, still insists on having her baby. "I saw with what dignity she built her not-easy position, with what wonderful light and love her face was suffused when she talked about the future of her child," sobbingly wrote Vera Trachenko.

This tale of passion, written with the same tearful zest that an American or British tabloid might pour into it, is a sample of the stories that have been appearing recently in the Soviet newspaper *Trud*, a labor-union daily.

More significant, Moscow's readers last week found the government's official newspaper, *Izvestia*, carrying a real, live, Western-style Sunday supplement named *Nedelia*, meaning The Week. The 32-page, tabloid-size pictorial, complete with a party-line comics page, was a potpourri of short news items satirizing life outside the Iron Curtain.

Battles: Behind these belated innovations is a surprising development: Old-fashioned circulation battles are shaping up among Soviet newspapers. The man responsible for this rejuvenation of the Russian press is Nikita Khrushchev, himself, who last November flatly told a group of Soviet newsmen: "Sometimes you pick up a newspaper, thumb through it, lay it aside, and afterward not even remember what was in it."

The upshot: A warning that newspapers and magazines which could not sell profitably would be eliminated—capitalist style. The party then raised the status of reporters working on Russia's national newspapers to that enjoyed by literary artists and composers.

Important in the long overdue over-haul is Khrushchev's son-in-law, 35-year-old Aleksei Adzhubei. When Adzhubei became editor of *Izvestia* last May, the previously drab paper suddenly bloomed with cartoons replacing front-page editorials, three-column pictures of water skiers instead of factory heroes, and a weekly homemakers page.

Last week, even dull and windy *Pravda* joined the trend with a pointed denunciation of Radio Moscow (of all things) for its "colorlessness and dullness," and its bad music. In the idiom of Madison Avenue, *Pravda* urged announcers to cultivate a "sincere microphone manner so that each [listener] feels that the speaker is addressing him in person."

As Hot As a Torch

The spotlight which hit cool, blond Peggy Lee left most of the big room in blackness, but the ringsider's voice that came out of the dark was recognizable: "That's the old pepper in there." It was Benny Goodman, on hand one night last week to welcome an old friend on her first appearance in New York in three years. Basin Street East was packed to capacity, and the masses of bouquets on hand prompted one onlooker to observe that the place looked more like the Metropolitan Opera after a Tebaldi première than a jazz joint on the East Side.

Peggy Lee—born Norma Egstrom in Jamestown, N.D.—has been a reigning favorite in the popular-music world for



Robert Parent

Peggy Lee: Blond, cool—and solid

nearly twenty years, or ever since she made her first big hit as the girl vocalist with Goodman's band, singing such classic old-timers as "Why Don't You Do Right?" She is particularly popular with other musicians for her musical taste and polished style, and last week's admiring audience included, besides Goodman, such jazz figures as Count Basie, Sarah Vaughan, and Diahann Carroll. ("She's solid," said the Count. "Sheer perfection," enthused Miss Carroll.)

For any female who can look so sexy and sing so lowdown, Peggy offstage is surprisingly reminiscent of a small-town librarian. She's pretty, she's friendly, she's intelligent, and she is genuinely unaffected. She is also inarticulate about her own many talents: She is an ASCAP composer and co-author of such hits as

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\$ 003.45 RA
\$ 000.17 RA
\$ 000.45 RA
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\$ 007.83 RA
*** \$ 023.15 RA**

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papers throughout the
nation, reaching 10 million
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MUSIC

"Mañana" and "It's a Good Day," an actress who got an Oscar nomination for a supporting role, an exhibiting painter, a poetess, and fine cook. "I like them all for different reasons," was her comment about her varied activities.

How does she account for the appeal that has kept her on top for so long? "The basic thing is choosing my material," she answered—"material which is commercial yet is good musically." Director Abe Burrows, who had been rehearsing her for her Revlon show on television last week (she has five in six weeks), had another explanation: "Peggy is one of those rare performers who can handle silence. She has amazing control. Also, she's somebody who likes herself—in other words, she likes what she does, and the audience gives her respect."

Peggy, who had just sung torchy in "My Man," litlingly in "They Can't Take That Away From Me," and hot as all get-out in "St. Louis Blues," insisted: "I think it's mainly the material. But interpretation does play a part in it, I suppose."

Adventuring Musicians

In 1881, while conducting the Paris Opera, peppery Charles Lamoureux stalked out in a dispute with the management over the tempo of an aria.

Determined to found an independent orchestra, he assembled musicians who wished to play for the joy of making music together. In the 80 years since, the Lamoureux Orchestra has remained a self-supporting and adventurous group.

At New York's Carnegie Hall last week, the orchestra, under Russian-born conductor Igor Markevitch, launched a new adventure—a 27-city tour of the U.S.

For a musician to belong to two orchestras—one public, the other private—is not unusual in Europe; the Lamoureux, a cooperative organization, is made up of members of such nationally supported ensembles as the famous band of the Garde Républicaine, and the orchestras which play for the radio and the Paris Opera. But on their own time each week they rehearse, give concerts, make phonograph records, and occasionally tour.

The U.S. tour is only the third ever undertaken by a major French symphony, the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire having played here in 1918, and the Orchestre National in 1948. At its debut at Carnegie Hall last week, the Lamoureux failed to impress the critics, who found fault with both the program (Gounod, Messiaen, Ravel, and Berlioz) and a tendency toward flamboyant effects. The audience, however, felt quite otherwise, lustily cheered an especially incandescent "Daphnis and Chloé" (Second Suite) and demanded an encore after a rousing rendition of the "Symphonie Fantastique."

THEATER**FIRST NIGHTS:****The Songs Are Singable**

GREENWILLOW. Produced by Robert A. Willey and Frank Productions, Inc. Directed by George Roy Hill. Adaptation by Lesser Samuels and Frank Loesser.

Only a curmudgeon would accuse such a homespun and happy fantasy as "Greenwillow" of bordering dangerously on the cute and even the slightly tedious. But there is something to be said for the curmudgeon's point of view. The little town of Greenwillow, on the banks of the Meander River, is the never-never land created by novelist B.J. Chute in 1956 for her best seller of the same name. In the novel, her people's quaint speech and folkways conjured up a gentle charm. Much of that charm spills over onto the stage—charmingly landscaped by designer Peter Larkin—but all too much of it curdles into whimsy in the heat of Broadway showmanship.

Fortunately, the good people of Greenwillow love to sing, and Frank Loesser has written them an eminently singable swatch of ballads, chorals, and comic come-all-ye's. Fortunately, also,



Perkins: Lean, love-hungry, and likable

Anthony Perkins (in his first musical) and his fellow players are in fine voice. If the sound of music were enough in itself, "Greenwillow" would be an unqualified success. But there is always the plot. This is based on the premise that the lean and love-hungry Gideon Briggs (Perkins) cannot marry his beloved Dorrie (Ellen McCown) because the Briggs family is cursed with the wanderlust. Conscientious Gideon does not want to be like his wandering papa (Bruce MacKay), who returns home at intervals in time to "start another baby" and is then off again, whistling, when he hears the call of the road. Perkins' performance is likable and sincere, but his emotional problem—given comic counterpoint by such homespun enterprises as the conniving of Gramma Briggs (Pert Kelton) to trick the town skinflint (Lee Cass) out of a cow—offers rather slim pickings for the musical stage.

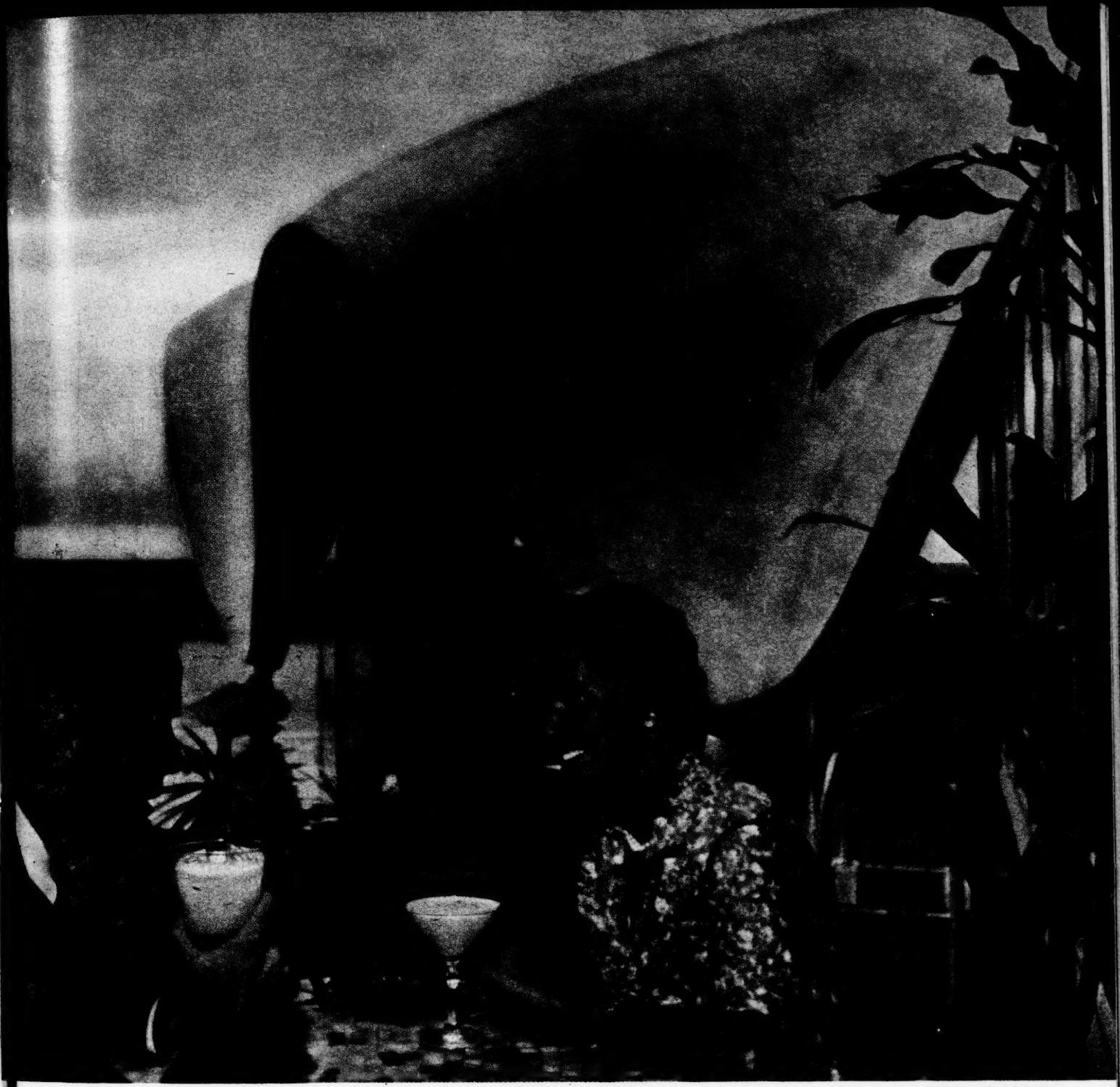
The Bright Side: The show has a fair share of bright moments—such ballads as "The Music of Home" and "Summertime Love"; Ellen McCown singing "Faraway Boy"; Pert Kelton and Lee Cass clowning "Could've Been a Ring"; Cecil Kellaway giving the devil his due with "What a Blessing." And "Greenwillow" has a scene stealer named John Megna, a 7-year-old who looks all of 6, and who stops the show as he confounds the devil in a macabre Halloween ballet.

►**Summing Up:** Song and dance and a certain stickiness.

STAGECRAFT:**The Lure**

A notable attempt was begun last week to inject new blood into the theater. The Ford Foundation made grants of \$395,000 toward that end. Of this sum \$82,500 went to eleven talented novelists and poets in the hope of getting them to write plays, by enabling them to work closely with established theater groups. They will not be obliged to write for the stage, but it is expected that they will want to once they get a good whiff of grease paint.

The writers who may thus be lured into brightening some future season are novelists Herbert Gold, Mark Harris, James Purdy, and Peter Taylor; poets Anthony Hecht, Robert Lowell, William Meredith, James Schevill, and Richard Wilbur, and short-story writers George Garrett and Eudora Welty. The rest of the money went to 26 designers, architects, directors, and playwrights to stimulate new theatrical experiments.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN AT LA CONCHA HOTEL, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

How to make a perfect Daiquiri in one minute flat

by Jerry and Anne Chase (*who learned how at La Concha in Puerto Rico*)

WE used to think only bartenders and beachcombers could make a perfect daiquiri. Then one afternoon a friendly bartender at the new La Concha Hotel taught us how to mix a delicious daiquiri in just one minute. Here's the way it's done:

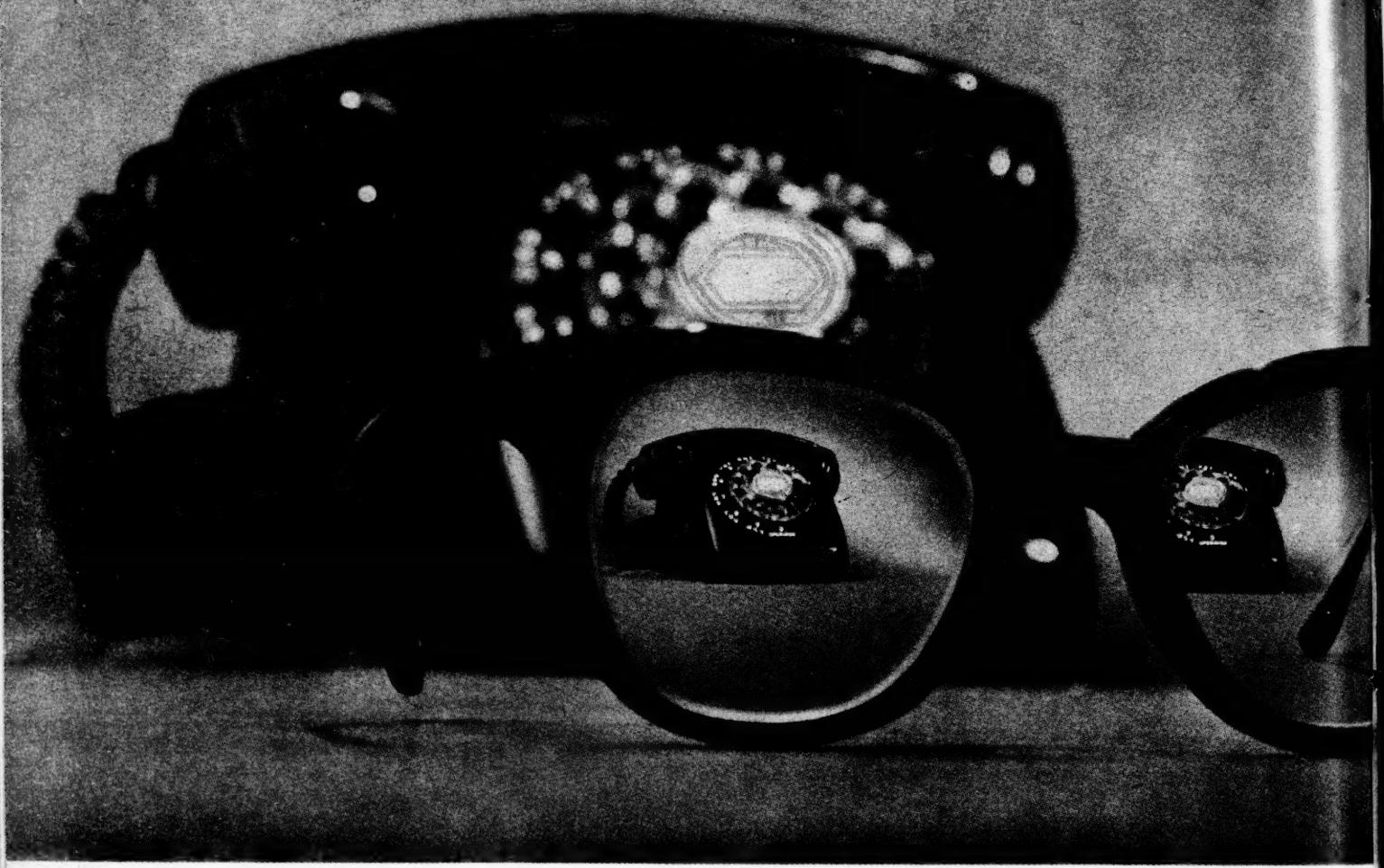
Squeeze half a lime. (Time: twenty seconds for the most inept.) Add a half teaspoon of sugar. (Can that take more than five seconds?) Pour in a jigger of dry, white rum from Puerto Rico. (Another twenty seconds, allowing plenty

of time to check the label for the magic words "Puerto Rican Rum.")

Shake well with ice and pour. (Fifteen seconds if you are patient.) And there you have it—on the rocks or off. The perfect daiquiri in one minute.

Shopping Guide: When you buy rum, look for the words "Puerto Rican Rum" on the label, your guide to perfect daiquiris. For a free booklet of exciting rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. F-8, 666 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 19, N. Y.





First look at telesight



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Our continuous search for new ways to make the telephone more versatile, and thus even more useful, leads in many promising directions.

For instance, our scientists believe they have taken the first step toward a simplified form of visual communication over ordinary telephone lines. The device is a thin, flat panel of "cold light" which can now produce changing patterns and will ultimately be capable of producing detailed moving images on its surface.

Its potential uses will be in the fields of radar, air traffic control, instrumentation, and in special military applications. It is not too hopeful to suggest that this device may well foreshadow the coming of flat wall television or even of a telephone you can see with!

Here—then—is a typical example of how research not only is solving today's communications needs—but is looking toward the needs of tomorrow.

General Telephone & Electronics Corporation, 730 Third Avenue, N.Y. 17.



FROM the burial mounds of ancient Japan come these Haniwa ("clay cylinders") above. Some are more than 1,700 years old, but their bold simplicity and direct expressiveness make them particularly congenial to mod-

ern taste. After opening in Washington's National Gallery in January, an exhibition of these sculptures went on view at Asia House in New York last week. It will go on to Chicago, Seattle, and San Francisco.

Giving Money Away

"Anyway, now I know why people give their money away when they're dead. You can't argue about it then."

This plaintive remark was made in Los Angeles last week by Howard Ahmanson, an elderly, transplanted Nebraskan who made an enormous postwar savings and loan fortune, and who dabbles in art and yachting. The occasion: A virulent debate which had broken out over his offer to subsidize a new art center.

The rambling 46-year-old Los Angeles County Museum, though an adequate home for mastodon fossils, has been outstripped by its burgeoning public art collection, which, many Angelenos feel, deserves a better showplace. To help realize the dream of a great new museum, the County Board of Supervisors voted two years ago to remove the public art treasures from amid the old bones and place them in a new structure to be built in Hancock Park at the approximate geographical center of the city. Ahmanson agreed to give \$2 million, if the center would carry his name.

But as word of the agreement between the county and Ahmanson leaked out, it infuriated other Angelenos who had pledged from \$100 to \$100,000 each (a total of \$4.5 million), and were none too happy about giving money for a museum that would serve as a monument to

one man. Moreover, it was soon discovered that the "Ahmanson" would only be able to house a small part of the riches in Los Angeles county. Other galleries would be needed.

This prospect so disturbed the anti-Ahmanson forces that they protested to the Board of Supervisors. Art critic Jules Langsner, chairman of the Los Angeles Art Committee, told the board: "The proposed museum has already lost donations and bequests far exceeding the \$2 million Ahmanson pledge." These include \$5 million in paintings and cash from Judge and Mrs. Lucius Greene and \$1 million and a \$5 million art collection from businessman Norton Simon (Hunt Foods, McCall's magazine).

Stalemate: It was Simon who started the ball rolling 30 months ago by offering \$1 million for the new museum provided another \$2 million could be raised by subscription. The supervisors, however, were so pessimistic about the chances that they snapped up the Ahmanson offer with all its conditions.

There would seem to be little room for compromise. Simon says: "I believe that our area needs one large central museum where the structure, building, and collection have meaning." Ahmanson insists: "I'm against having all the art in one place. Why should someone from Long Beach have to travel 35 miles to Beverly Hills to see a Van Gogh?"

As both sides dug in last week, the

outlook was that unless Ahmanson, who has a reputation as a hard-bargaining businessman, changes his mind, or the Board of Supervisors renounces its contract with him, Los Angeles's hope of climbing into the big league of the art world may die in its infancy.

Any Dope Can Use It

A fluffy white plastic, commonly used for Christmas-tree ornaments, has just frothed up as the greatest potential boon to sculptors since the invention of absinthe. It's called polystyrene, and it may turn out to be a substitute for wax and clay, permitting sculptors to cast their work faster and cheaper.*

"Any dope in a foundry can use it," says Alfred M. Duca, a Boston artist who developed the method as research associate at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Easy to shape (with kitchen knives and small files), easily joined together under heat, polystyrene vaporizes when it comes in contact with molten metal. The plastic model is simply enclosed in a prepared sand mold; molten metal is poured in, the plastic vanishes, and the finished metal casting is removed when cool.

Sculptor David Smith summed up, gratefully: "I admire anybody who spends time inventing for artists."

*Traditional methods of casting cost from \$60 to \$150 for a 7-inch sculpture.

MOVIES

NEW FILMS:

Sexy Stuff and a Style

A LESSON IN LOVE. Svensk Filmindustri. Directed by Ingmar Bergman.

Swedish director Ingmar Bergman's latest, a rather thin comedy, points at least one artistic moral: Thin stuff from a stylist is far better than thin stuff with no style at all.

The film concerns three people: A gynecologist named David (Gunnar Björnstrand); his wife, Marianne (Eva Dahlbeck), who has caught him in an affair and left him; and their old mutual friend Carl-Adam, a sculptor whom Marianne was once about to marry and whom she now intends to take up with again. While David is following Marianne on her trip to join Carl-Adam, Bergman uses his familiar flashbacks—and one of them is really memorable. At their pre-wedding feast Marianne tells Carl-Adam that she is finished with the whole affair, and so precipitates a stupendous battle between the sexes (he busts her plates, she busts his statues). At the end of it, the two of them burst out laughing and sit down with their abashed guests to eat, drink, and make merry as though nothing had happened.

Bergman connoisseurs will notice evidence here, as in all his films, of the director's absorption in what he has called "the world of women." Item: Like other Bergman husbands, David is a cold and prosaic customer, "ashamed of my skinny arms and fat tummy." Item: As in "Wild Strawberries," a woman is seen chewing thoughtfully on a pipe she has usurped from her lover. Last and clearest item of all is this thought offered by David's chauffeur: "Maybe God's a woman."

►Summing Up: Slight, bright.

Banned by Khrushchev

CAN-CAN. Twentieth Century-Fox. Produced by Jack Cummings. Directed by Walter Lang.

Being condemned by Khrushchev may be an even bigger commercial asset than being banned in Boston, for "Can-Can," whose dancing the Russian Premier pronounced "immoral" when he saw it on the Hollywood set last fall, opened last week with an advance sale reportedly bigger than the supercolossal "Ben-Hur." The show itself, in color and Todd-AO, turns out to be lavish, easy to look at, and—Mr. K notwithstanding—the sort of sophisticated mediocrity not likely to excite anybody at all.

In her frequent brushes with the Parisian police, night-club proprietress Simone Pistache (Shirley MacLaine) relies on attorney François (Frank Sinatra) for her defense; he in turn relies on Paul

(Maurice Chevalier), a pleasure-loving judge who, as he says, likes to judge as little as possible. Simone loves François and marriage, François loves Simone and bachelorhood. Enter Philippe (Louis Jourdan), a judge of sterner moral fiber, who believes in upholding the law in all its crotches. Philippe falls for Simone, and soon everybody falls to fighting.

The original Cole Porter score ("It's All Right With Me," "C'est Magnifique") has been spruced up with some of the composer's standards, but inexplicably several of these high-style songs are presented in a tempo that would be several beats too slow for Stephen Foster. The show's high point is a colorful Adam and Eve ballet. Chevalier and Sinatra are

entertaining with their individual, off-hand brands of charm, while the erratic Miss MacLaine acts as though she had a patent on personality, and clearly needs a hard-hearted director who would dare to disillusion her now and then.

►Summing Up: Flat Porter.

BEHIND THE SCENES:

Hollywood Was His Own

He wept frequently—sometimes from "paralyzing depression and emotional instability . . . when he had an appointment to see someone he regarded as 'big,'" sometimes as a means of getting his way. He often threw himself into "seizures"



Lawyer Sinatra and judge Chevalier have tipsy regrets . . .



. . . when the sober arm of the law takes hostess MacLaine in hand

toward this same end. For eight years he was the highest salaried man in the nation, and almost certainly the most powerful in Hollywood. He was a master of persuasion; on one occasion he agreed with an actor who complained that he was underpaid—but told him the arrangement was only just, because there were so many overpaid executives that someone had to be underpaid to keep the studio from bankruptcy.

Sad Story: That was the late Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M for almost 30 years, as chronicled this week in a biography* written by New York Times movie critic Bosley Crowther, and the story is neither happy nor pretty. Savage, vindictive, sentimental, enthusiastic, and ambitious, Mayer quarreled with most of his co-workers and with most of his family as well. A stickler for morality in his films and friends, toward the end of his life he became a notorious roué. A friend of the famous—Herbert Hoover, Hearst, Henry Ford, Cardinal Spellman—he was an occasional associate as well of men with underworld connections.

Critic Crowther devotes most of his space to internecine studio warfare, and to the details of Mayer's rise after he landed in Hollywood in 1918. The personal glimpses of him along the way are fascinating—Mayer knocking Charlie Chaplin into a potted palm, punching Erich von Stroheim in the nose, choking an editor who had bored him with a dull description of a scenario, forcing Francis X. Bushman out of films because the actor's valet once innocently barred him from the star's dressing room.

Mayer's death, Crowther makes plain, gave rise to mixed feelings. David O. Selznick, one of his former sons-in-law, "proclaimed that 'Louis B. Mayer was the greatest single figure in the history of motion-picture production'." Danny Kaye declared: "He was great!" On the other hand, reports Crowther: "Samuel Goldwyn, a rugged individual who never loved him, remarked tersely at the end: 'The reason so many people showed up at his funeral was because they wanted to make sure he was dead'."

Bitter End: The last years of his life had been bleak and discouraging—he had been forced to resign from the studio after losing a power struggle with Dore Schary, he had tried unsuccessfully to get back in, and his personal life was more quarrel-ridden than ever. In 1957, when the millionaire Louis B. Mayer was lying near death in a Hollywood hospital, he was visited by a friend who tried to give him news about Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, the studio to which he had given his name and from which he had finally been ousted. "Don't let them worry you," he muttered. "Nothing matters, nothing matters."

*"Hollywood Rajah." 339 pages. Holt. \$5.50.

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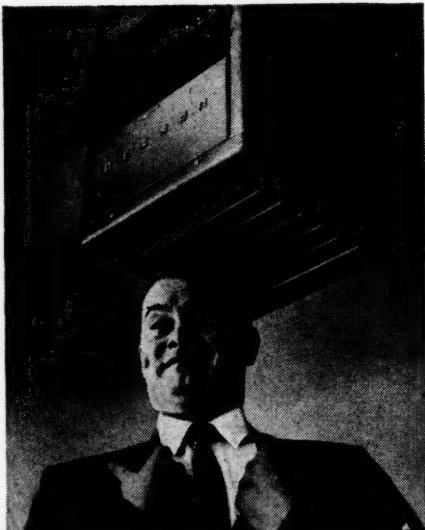


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SCIENCE

BIRDS:

The Mystery of Flight

The elegant sweep of a tiny chickadee's feathers as they fan out for a landing (see right) is a vision that only high-speed photographs can catch. As the half-ounce, 4-inch bird puts on the brakes, its body is almost vertical, every tail and wing feather stretched out for maximum drag.

But, as Dr. Wesley Lanyon of the American Museum of Natural History points out, modern photographic techniques have still not answered the long-standing question: How do birds fly?

In the current issue of *Natural History*, the associate curator of the museum's Department of Birds writes: "Attempts to better understand the flight of birds have been plagued by the multiplicity of factors involved"—some birds flap, some soar, and each type has its own distinctive wing construction. Consequently, all theories of flight are based on knowledge of how man does it with his flying machines. In making such comparisons, Dr. Lanyon noted, "scientists quickly discovered that the wing of an airplane is far less complex than a bird's flexible, jointed, magnificent wing."

HUMAN BEHAVIOR:

Cause and Effect

The patient is brought in. Each specialist agrees on the diagnosis: Schizophrenia, a mental illness characterized by loss of contact with reality and personality disintegration, the most common of all mental disorders in the U.S.

But there is no agreement on the treatment: The biochemist talks about brain chemistry; the psychiatrist is interested in childhood experiences; the neurophysiologist, body metabolism; the case worker, pressures of society and family.

Who is right? Although many scientists believe that the explanation of schizophrenia (and other mental illnesses) will be a strictly physical or a strictly psychological one, more and more researchers are beginning to think the answer is more complex. Schizophrenia, they reason, may not be a single, uniform disease, but a group of related ones which must be attacked on all levels.

The man most identified with this idea is a brilliant, hard-working physiologist named Dr. Ralph W. Gerard. The pre-

eminent place in the United States where specialists can gather is the University of Michigan's new Mental Health Research Institute, which Gerard serves as Director of Laboratories.

The Ann Arbor campus setting is ideal for the free-and-easy exchange the institute seeks to encourage. For example, the institute has a kitchen where staff members make their own meals and continue their conferences over lunch.

Secrets in the Blood? The Michigan program, under the over-all direction of psychiatrist James G. Miller, is not all talk, theorizing, and informality, however. Last week, the institute's largest single research effort was moving rapidly



American Museum of Natural History

A chickadee putting on the brakes

ahead at the Ypsilanti State Hospital just outside Ann Arbor. For the past seven months, the blood cells of two groups of patients—one schizophrenic, the other non-schizophrenic—have been tested to determine if there are any objective differences between them. Project members expect at the least to be able to rule out some factors definitely. At most, they hope to find a test for mental illness as simple as the Wassermann test for syphilis, or means to distinguish what they believe are the various kinds of schizophrenia.

But the institute is interested in basic behavior as well as illness. Its feeling is that unless the normal patterns can be

measured and understood, the "abnormal" patterns remain meaningless. This concern has attracted some unusual investigators: Historians, anthropologists, even mathematicians.

For example, a team headed by mathematician Dr. Anatol Rapoport has taught 50 subjects artificial languages composed of such words as ceech, zyp, and kayv. Rapoport is interested in the rates of learning and how language—the ability to conceptualize things—affects understanding of what is going on around the individual.

The "Healer": In another study, cultural anthropologist H. Merrill Jackson is investigating the role of the "healer" in societies. Jackson is asking such questions as: How did the culture select and train their curers? What is the relationship between the healer and the sick?

"I know of no other place like this," Gerard told a visitor. "We are studying behavior on every level—from the cell to the individual to society."

"A new science of human behavior is emerging," Gerard continued. "Science arose to solve real needs—when men wanted to measure land, they developed geometry. The need now is to understand man, his relations to others, to his world. We have a new set of problems—aging, delinquency, war and peace—and now a new interdisciplinary task force is arising to meet them."

TALENT:

Out in the Chicken Shed

If anyone doubts that Yankee ingenuity is still very much alive, he need only contemplate the case of a quiet, blond, Minnesota farm boy who has just won first prize in the nineteenth annual Science Talent Search* in competition with 29,000 U.S. high-school seniors.

Two years ago, in an old chicken shed on the family farm in St. James, Minn. (population: 3,861), Jerome G. Spitzner, 17, began building an ion accelerator to study the behavior of the electrically charged particles as they collide with atomic nuclei. A float from the pigs' watering trough and a Christmas-tree ornament became essential parts of the ion chamber; a nylon stocking dipped in airplane glue became the diaphragm for the vacuum tube containing the ion source (tungsten from a light bulb).

As if this triumph of improvisation were not enough, Jerry has another challenge waiting for him in the chicken shed. He is turning a discarded dresser into a computer, "not as a project, but just for something to do"—in between winning school letters in track, wrestling, and football, and helping with the chores on the farm.

*And a \$7,500 Westinghouse scholarship.

The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be approaching at supersonic speeds from many directions.

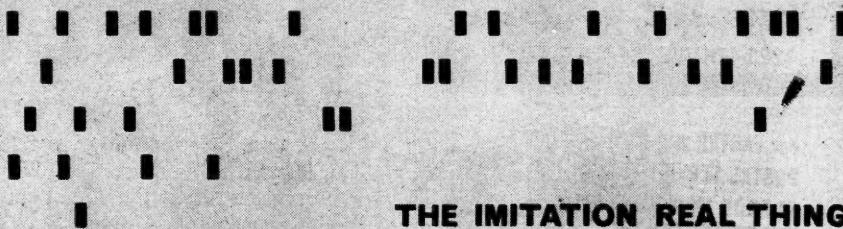
¶ Simultaneously in control centers throughout North America men and machines dealt with torrents of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weapons to destroy the attackers. Interceptor pilots reported over loudspeakers. As the enemy reacted and shifted, fresh instructions crackled through command phones.

¶ But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed computer. Called Operation Desk Top, this was a simulated raid—the most gigantic ever arranged—to exercise the North American Air Defense System. In planning it, SDC made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. ¶ To train managers in decision-making, to exercise decision-makers under realistic stress, to make sure of avoiding costly errors in actual operations—these are some of the benefits to all kinds of military and non-military systems which SDC envisions for the future.



System Development Corporation A non-profit corporation developing large computer-based control systems for military, scientific, and governmental operations.

¶ Professional staff openings are at Santa Monica, California and Lodi, New Jersey.



THE IMITATION REAL THING



MEDICINE

WOMEN:

A Way to Normalcy?

In the spring of 1957, a 35-year-old Washington, D.C., woman underwent a total hysterectomy. Like most women who have this operation, she faced many years of premature aging, with constant shots or pills of hormone extracts to take the place of natural ovarian secretions.

Today, however, the patient is living an almost normal life due to a daring operation which was performed on her at the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md., four months after the hysterectomy. A Navy team, headed by Dr. George Hyatt, implanted in the woman's abdomen thin slices of her own ovarian tissue which had been saved after the operation and preserved in the Navy's tissue bank.

After three years, the patient has had no artificial hormone injections. "It is reasonable to assume," said Dr. Thomas B. Lebherz, the team's gynecologist, "that the ovarian implant is working."

Another woman who received a transplant of ovarian tissue from an embryo is still under observation.

PSYCHOLOGY:

You Will See Death . . .

"It's wrong. She shouldn't have died!"

The lament of the hysterical, 20-year-old nurse shattered the quiet of the children's ward at the University of California medical center in Los Angeles. On a bed beside her lay the still body of her patient, a 7-year-old girl who had just died of leukemia.

The poignant incident which took place in the summer of 1958 did not go unnoticed by the authorities of the UCLA nursing school. Shortly after, at the suggestion of Estelle Dunlop, an assistant professor of psychiatric nursing, they established a new sixteen-hour course for third-year students. The teachers: Psychiatrists, social scientists, and theologians. The theme: Death.

This month the course will be given for the third straight year. It is strong medicine. As Dr. Charles Wahl, UCLA psychiatrist, reminds his students: "If you



Grosh & Cicero

For nurses, strong medicine

are morbidly afraid of death, believe me, you have chosen the wrong profession. You will see death, not in its prettified form . . . you are there before the embalmer arrives."

Faced with this experience, nurses react in many ways. Some have an infantile sense of guilt at having failed when a patient dies. Some become angry, feeling that the patient has "rejected" their care. As a result they tend to flee, to avoid relatives, to become harsh and rude, all as defenses against personal involvement in the tragedy.

The University of California course attempts to illuminate these deep-seated feelings at the same time that it trains young nurses in performing death duties, from closing the patient's eyes to baptizing dying babies. (Catholics and Protestants alike recognize the nurse's baptism as valid.) Among the directives:
►"In cases of terminal illness, do not be bright and cheery out of context, but neither should you be withdrawn from the patient as a human being . . ."
►"When a patient nears death, he becomes 'more narcissistic, demanding, selfish, and infantile.' The nurse must

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Periscoping Medicine

Many severe virus pneumonia cases this winter have been traced to the "Eaton" virus, a large molecule isolated about five years ago, government virologists report. Now, new studies of Eaton activity may produce an anti-pneumonia vaccine . . . Cornell University experiments indicate that a phosphorus deficiency may be a cause of muscular dystrophy . . . Chloroquine, the anti-malaria compound, is an "excellent" anesthetic, New York scientists have found. In speed of action and effectiveness, it compares favorably with novocaine.



Artist: Shiko Munakata

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not equal to those who love it.**

CONFUCIUS ON TRUTH (Analects, VI, circa 500 B.C.)

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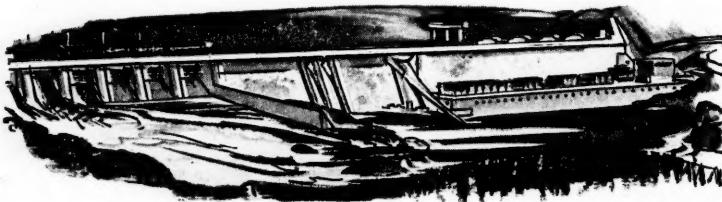
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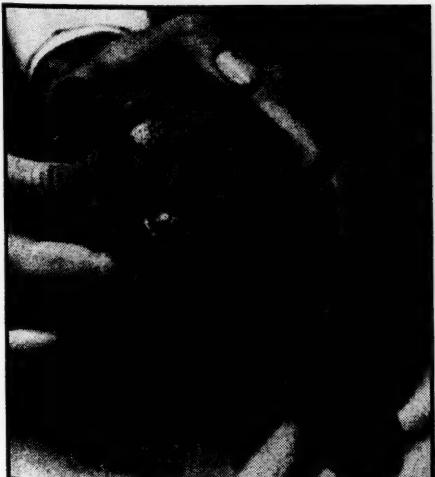
be prepared to "face character traits which often are unpleasant."

►"Remember, too, that when a person knows he is going to die, unconsciously he wants to punish the ones who will survive. This is why we, professionally, may respond with hostility."

After two years, Dr. Wahl says the course has become invaluable. "It's evident from some of their questions that the nurses now feel freer to state their own concerns about death. They function with more ease when working with the dying, or with grieving relatives."



Dr. Tashjian listens to a heart . . .



. . . and treats an ailing honey bear

ANIMALS:

A 'Mayo Clinic' for Pets

Seen from New York's East River Drive, the new \$3 million hospital will be a worthy neighbor to such renowned medical establishments as the Sloan-Kettering cancer-research center and the Rockefeller Institute. Inside the air-conditioned, seven-story rectangle of glass and brick, four operating rooms will boast the most modern array of equipment. To aid diagnosis, doctors will have the latest X-ray machines and well-equipped pathology laboratories.

But most intriguing is the fact that this citadel of medical science will count its capacity in cages (207 of them) instead of beds, and will have as its patients assorted dogs, cats, and other pets.

Ground has been broken for the hospital which is to be known as the Animal Medical Center, and when it is completed by 1962, it will be the world's biggest and most modern veterinary hospital and research center—a sort of Mayo Clinic for pets.

The new Animal Medical Center will be the direct descendant of a tiny dispensary opened 50 years ago by the New York Women's League for Animals. At present the center occupies two buildings in Lower Manhattan. Its main emphasis is on finding new cures for diseases rather than merely treating animals.

Canine Caseload: But treatment is still a big part of the center's activity, and of most concern, of course, to the owners of suffering pets. "I'd say that 70 per cent of our patients are dogs, 20 per cent cats, and the remaining 10 per cent exotic pets—monkeys, birds, turtles, honey bears, and an occasional skunk," said Dr. Robert J. Tashjian, the 29-year-old medical chief, last week. Saturdays are our busy days; that's when the children bring their pets in . . . three or four to one dog."

Meanwhile, research is progressing on several fronts. "We plan to start work shortly on lymphoma, which resembles leukemia in people," Dr. David L. Coffin, the center's 49-year-old director of research, reported. "We're also working on an organism in dogs related to the one in human beings which causes syphilis. It is prevalent in most animals and is transferable to humans. And we are doing work on distemper, a complicated virus which is thought to be related to measles in humans. Perhaps some of what we learn will have future applicability to measles."

Many animal ailments are similar to human diseases, Dr. Coffin explained, and can serve as models for the study of human diseases. "In the long run," he said, "our research is based on two points: Fighting disease in animals and fighting disease in human beings."

Love Letters to Rambler



Accountant Clarence G. Merskin of Houston bought his 100-inch wheelbase Rambler American while a student at Michigan State University, used it subsequently to help move his family to their present Texas home. He writes:

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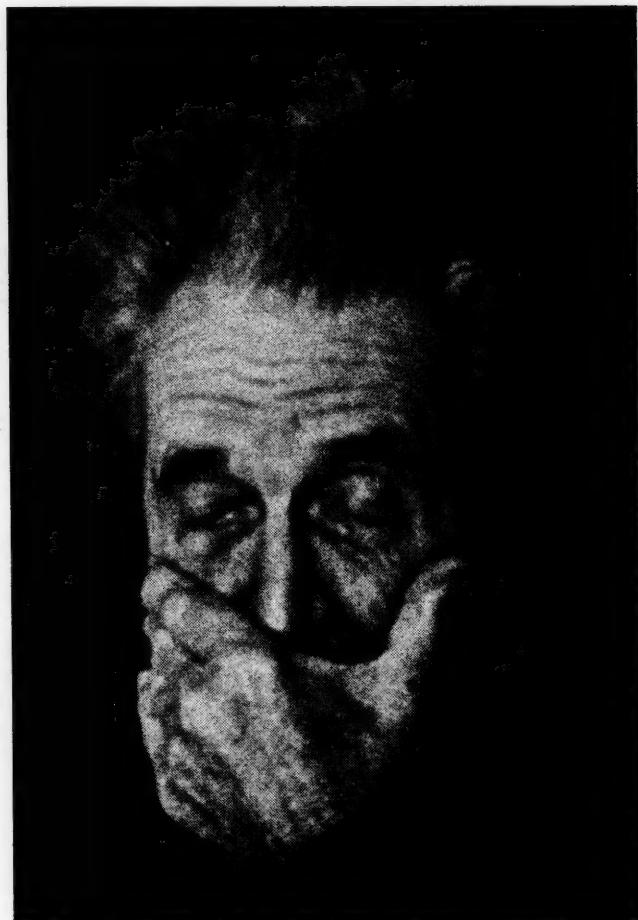
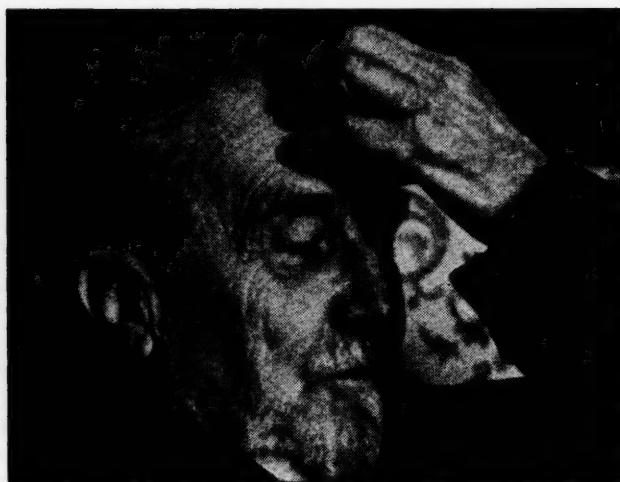
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BOOKS



Ezra Pound in 'Exile': Moving glimpses of the eccentric poet and a life of longing in Italy



Newsweek photos—Curtis G. (Bill) Pepper

For the Ezra Pound story and the news of books, see page 130.

basketful of dreams

Dreams that died . . . dreams that lived . . . dreams of determined and restless men.

The death knell of the oar

Rowing is fun to sailors in Central Park. But, it was an ordeal to a Norwegian immigrant in Wisconsin, one Ole Evinrude.

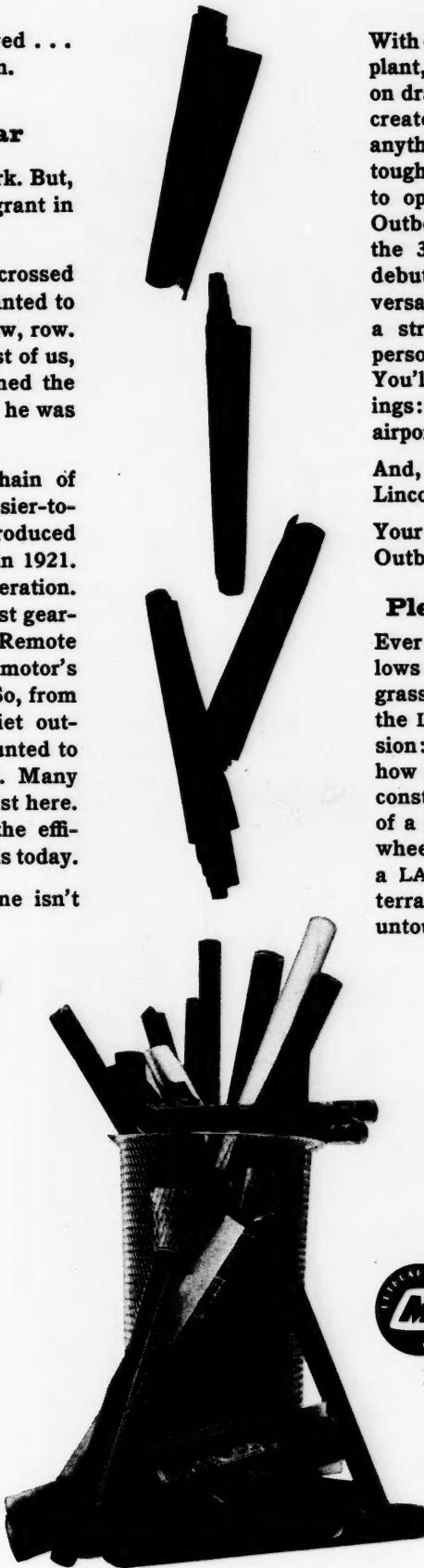
Wisconsin is dotted with lakes . . . crisscrossed with streams. About every time Ole wanted to go somewhere, it was a case of row, row, row. Like all of us, Ole dreamed. Unlike most of us, Ole did something. In 1906, he designed the first practical outboard motor. By 1909, he was manufacturing them for the market.

What's more, he triggered a long chain of creativity. Men dreamed of a lighter, easier-to-carry motor. So, Outboard Marine produced the first lightweight aluminum motor in 1921. Other engineers dreamed of easier operation. So, Outboard Marine developed the first gear-shift, and the first electric starting. Remote controls thus became a reality. The motor's loud noise disturbed other dreamers. So, from Outboard Marine, came the first quiet outboards. These motors were shock-mounted to almost eliminate noise and vibration. Many more dreams came true, too many to list here. But, they made the outboard motor the efficient, quiet, economical power plant it is today.

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The Voice of Music

BOOKS

LITERARY NEWS:

The Homesick Poet

These are Ezra Pound's two faces to the world:

First, there is the poet, recognized by such fellow artists as T.S. Eliot and Archibald MacLeish as the prime source of modern poetic diction. Then there is the bearded eccentric the public knows—the man who made Fascist broadcasts from Rome during the last war, was charged with treason, judged mentally unfit to plead, and confined for twelve years in a Washington, D.C., mental hospital.

Pound has been in Italy since he was allowed to return there in 1958. He has just been interviewed in Rome by NEWSWEEK's Curtis G. Pepper:

Stretched on a sofa in the apartment of a friend, under the tapestried figures of a pipe player and a bacchanal, the 74-year-old poet looked his years. He confessed that he was tired of his elaborate battle. "After a number of years abroad," he said, "foreigners begin to appear as unreal. Then you suddenly feel a hunger to go home again." The native of Hailey, Idaho, and graduate of Hamilton College added: "I popped out of the booby hatch like a cork out of a champagne bottle. But I was not prepared for what I would find on the outside." He found, he reported, that the world had changed; Jeffersonian democracy was dead and gone; people did not even discuss it—or discuss much of anything else, for that matter. "I came out like Rip Van Winkle, and it is hard to catch up from such a long sleep."

Pound, who has been living at his daughter's castle in northern Italy, was in Rome to warm himself, visit old

Ten to Read

- Literature and Western Man—J.B. Priestley's scintillating study of five centuries of Occidental writing (reviewed NEWSWEEK, March 14).
- The Richest American: J. Paul Getty—Ralph Hewins' absorbing life of the billionaire oilman (March 7).
- Queen Mary: 1867-1953—A brilliant and surprisingly witty biography by James Pope-Hennessy of the present Queen's grandmother (Feb. 15).
- Grant Moves South—Bruce Catton's dramatic and solid history of the Union general's rise to quietly magnificent command (Feb. 8).
- My Wicked, Wicked Ways—Errol Flynn's colorful account of his rakish, strangely brooding life (Jan. 4).
- Meeting With Japan—An introduction to Nippon, at once warmly personal

friends, and do some literary hobnobbing. He also planned to finish more of his "Pisan Cantos," some of which won the 1949 Bollingen-Library of Congress Award for the best poetry published by an American. His work, though, was not going too well. "I write but I never get to the end of the line," he said.

Despite his evident fatigue, there was a notable lack of self-pity about him. Occasionally there was a flare of defiance, recalling the man who broadcast from Fascist Italy the message that "every social reform in America has been an act of homage toward Mussolini and Hitler. They are your leaders." Pound touched on his radical monetary theories (close to those of the British economist of the '30s, Major C.H. Douglas), and expatiated somewhat on the evil of those who lend and control money—"Jews, mostly," he said, reviving another familiar Poundian theme.

He did not know when he would return home. Whatever he did, he explained, would require the consent of his wife of 45 years, the former Dorothy Shakespear. He had been paroled in her trust. "I'm legally," Ezra Pound said, "in a predicament most men sooner or later achieve, with or without the help of court action."

JUST OUT:

Scandal

SOME ANGRY ANGEL. By Richard Condon. 275 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.50.

A press agent reclaimed as a novelist, Richard Condon is an Irish-American with the special gift of paralyzing metaphor which that breed possesses. In his first two novels ("The Oldest Confes-

and historically learned, by the Italian Fosco Maraini (Jan. 4).

► **Wisdom of the West**—Pithy review of Western philosophy from Greeks to moderns—with handsome pictures and diagrams galore—by the youthful, 87-year-old Bertrand Russell (Nov. 23).

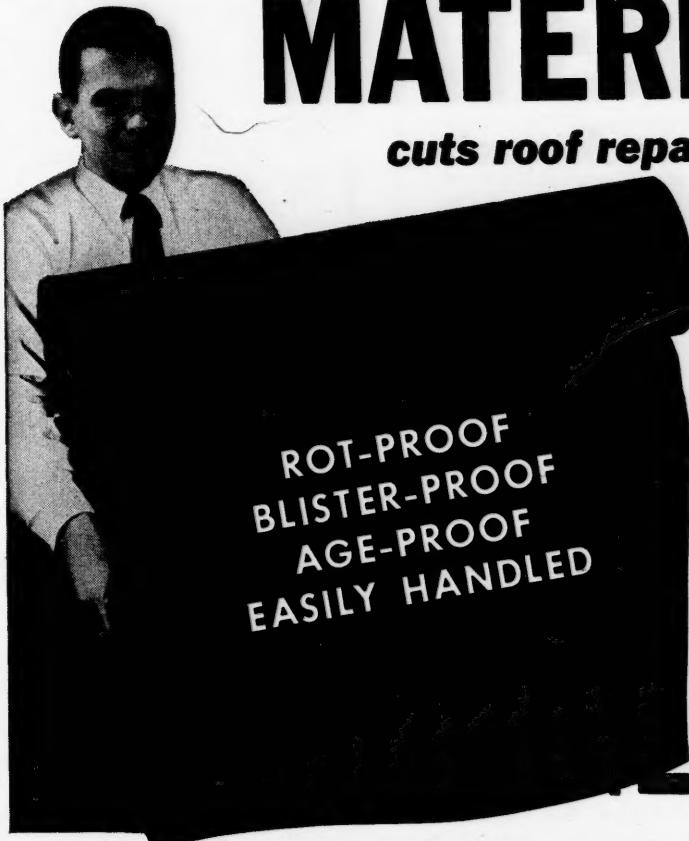
► **The Mansion**—William Faulkner completes his trilogy of novels ("The Hamlet," "The Town") about the ravaging Mississippi Snopes family—poor-white, nouveaux riches (Nov. 16).

► **The Incredible Krupps**—Absorbing history by Norbert Muhlen of the great, grotesque German munitions men, now peacefully reborn (Nov. 16).

► **John Jay Chapman**—First major biography of a great U.S. spirit and writer, presented in all his genius and gusto by Richard B. Hovey (Nov. 2).

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sion," "The Manchurian Candidate") he also showed himself a writer of seething spirit and ingenuity. In his third novel, "Some Angry Angel," he has a subject extremely vulnerable to his talents: The Great American Gossip Columnist, cynosure and scandal of the U.S. press.

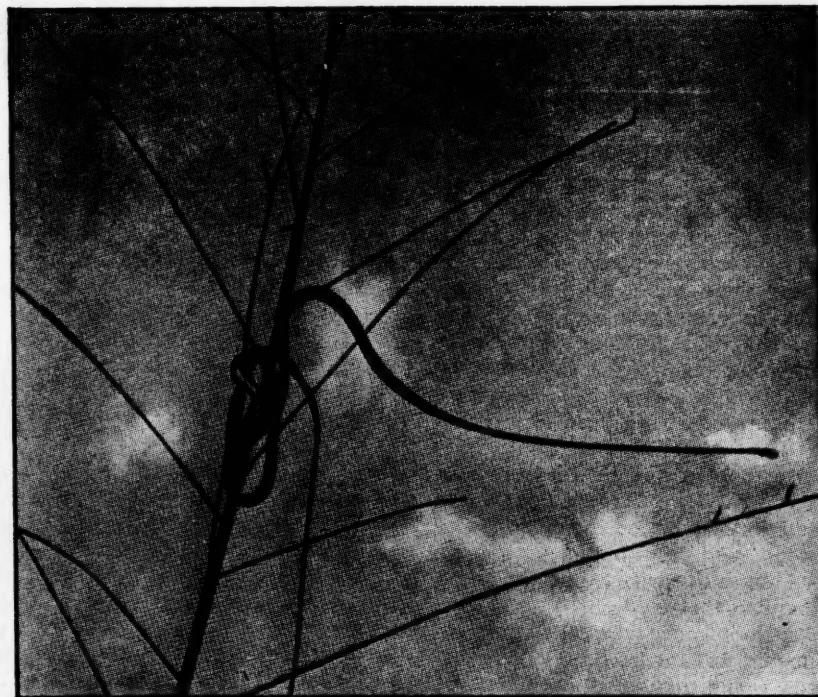
His hero, Dan Tiamat, is the son of Darlin' Agnes—a highly talkative scrubwoman in New York's Municipal Building—and of Googlie Tiamat, a "swamper" (porter) in a Third Avenue saloon. This background predisposes Dan to an envy of the showier kinds of celebrity and riches. He becomes a smart young newspaperman and marries the boss's beloved and beautiful daughter, but after some three years he begins to stoke a Cuban sex furnace named Pilar Castaños. When Dan's father-in-law learns of this he wreaks on Dan an awesomely sly revenge: He gives Dan the opportunity to become a sensational gossip columnist, feeling that the massive meretriciousness of the job will be enough to wreck Dan mentally, morally, and physically.

Gustos: Under the author's bizarre powers of invention, Dan's progressive ruin takes many curious turns. Condon goes at his job with so much gusto and skill that it is easy to forgive him a certain gaudiness; the book is, in many respects, not so much a novel as a grand fantasia on the vast vulgarities of the atomic era. Fortunately the author's humor keeps taking the curse off what might otherwise be overblown. Here is his description of Dan Tiamat in full career:

"He was taller than anyone else in his field, or in very nearly any field this side of a sideshow . . . He looked exceedingly Anglo-Saxon, which is the sharpest edge in this country that boasts of being a melting pot. He looked almost excessively Anglo-Saxon, in the heavy weather-beaten Irish way that has made so many political leaders. He had a jaw like an alligator's. The Choctaws are not the only people who revere alligators . . . To compensate for this cruel cosmetic he had cultivated a merry smile, wholly fraudulent, like a lovable priest in a big box-office movie . . . He had a lot of hair, worn in the style of the late Wendell Willkie, and because of an early nourishment deficiency it had begun to gray prematurely, providing him with the top of a Texas senator or of an admonitory advertising model in the white shift of the medical professions."

The author, born in New York City 45 years ago, used to write advertising copy, was for twenty years a public-relations man for Twentieth Century-Fox, and has had one play on Broadway ("Men of Distinction"). With his wife and two daughters, he is now in Mexico City, bent on further novels.

►Summing Up: Rich dirt on a colorful dirt merchant.



ALTHOUGH Brazil is by nickname "A Land Without People," its mysterious interior wilderness is anything but uninhabited. Natural apparitions like the tree-climbing cobra (see photo) make the region a great melting pot of outlandish animal life. When, in 1943, the government-subsidized Central Brazil Foundation launched a seven-year exploration of the interior wilds, Dr. Helmut Sick, a naturalist from Berlin University, went along to study the local flora and fauna. Passionate nature lover Dr. Sick has now recorded his adventures in "Tukani" (240 pages. Eriksson-Taplinger. \$5), which is a veritable animal fair—in words and photos. Entertainingly and learnedly, the author parades before the reader some of the world's most far-out critters.

A Worthy First Novel

THROUGH DOOMS OF LOVE. By Karl Stern. 433 pages. Farrar, Straus, and Cudahy. \$4.95.

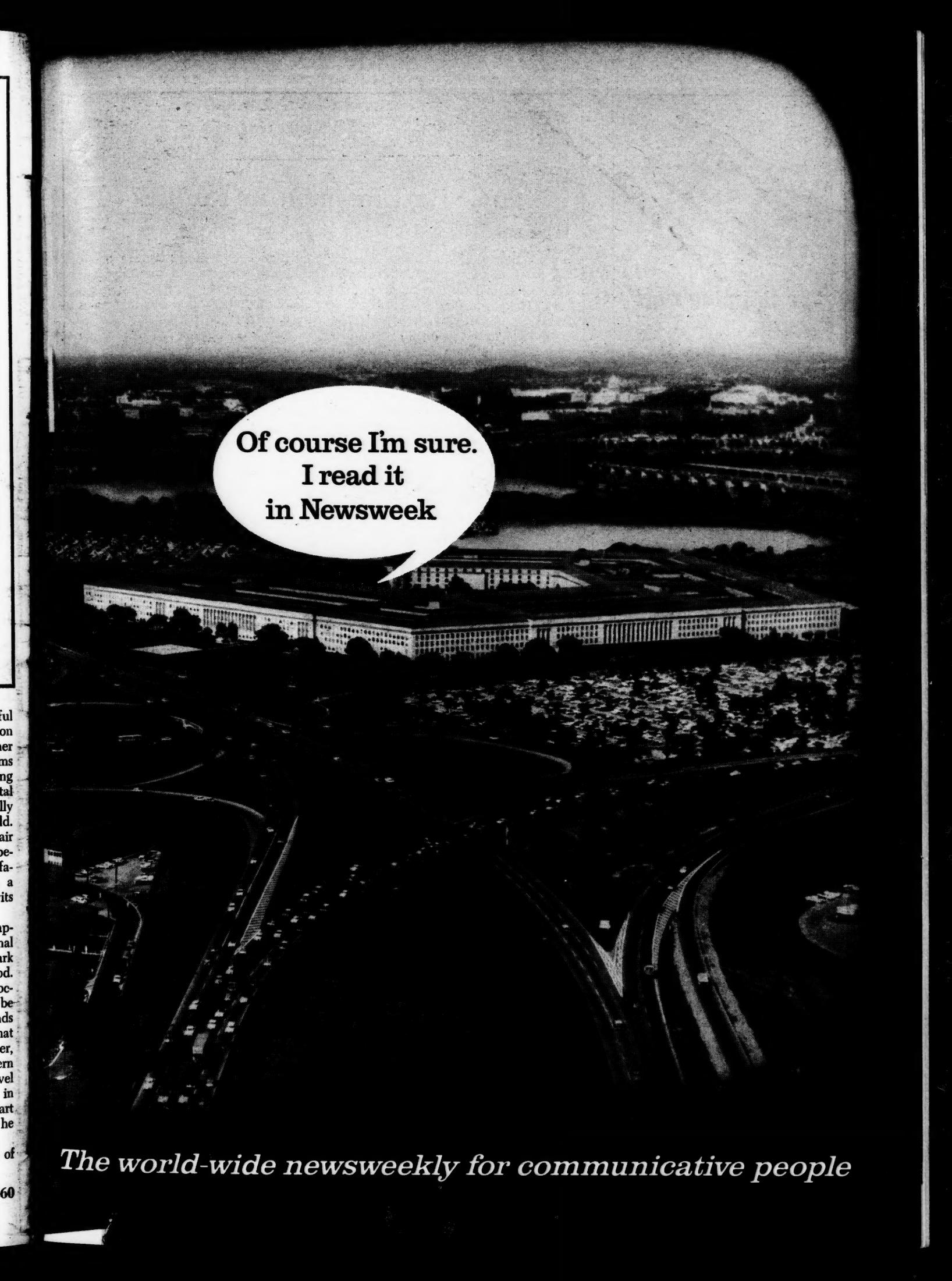
"We humans are strange beings. A small clot of blood, not bigger than a hazelnut, and the universe is minced up and funneled through a torturing machine instead of just being seen, heard, smelled, felt, and tasted." This is a doctor talking about old Leonhard Radbert, a down-at-the-heels Czech aristocrat who has suffered a stroke in Chicago, his place of refuge from the Nazis. De-ranged in all his senses, Radbert plunges through gulfs of pain into which his devoted daughter, Marianne, is dragged by her sympathy. In this exceptionally moving first novel, Karl Stern, Bavarian-born chief psychiatrist at St. Mary's Hospital in Montreal, surveys the mingled fate of father and daughter in a way which transcends medicine and seeks to confront a staggering philosophical problem—"the deeply shrouded mystery behind the anguish of life."

Because the old man is locked in the static nightmare of his illness, the drama

centers upon Marianne, a semi-successful model and actress who tries to carry on alone in a world which (without her hospitalized father to care for) seems like an exposed plain where life is giving battle. Old Radbert moans in a mental ward, one side of his body pathetically muffled against the imaginary cold. Marianne, caught in a thankless affair with a fashion magnate, spirals into bewilderment and despair. When her father dies after an ugly scuffle with a hospital attendant, the girl's own wits totter in a mental breakdown.

As the night deepens, the author applies the cure decreed by conventional religion. Suffering becomes the dark lens through which Marianne sees God. Whether the revelation which the doctor-author orders for Marianne will be shared by the reader probably depends upon the reader's predisposition. What cannot fail to stir a response, however, is the power of pity which Karl Stern brings to his story. Although the novel is somewhat doggedly inspirational in tone, the author writes from the heart and demonstrates unmistakably that he has a heart from which to write.

►Summing Up: Touching treatment of the riddle of pain.



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Perspective

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Businessmen in Politics—II

by Raymond Moley

THE title of this piece is designed to draw the distinction between "business" and "businessmen" in politics. The distinction is vital. The revival of interest among businessmen in their civic and political responsibilities is not, as some imagine, to bring back the days of ruthless corporations striding heavy-booted over the planted fields of public interest. Those days are gone forever, and no one knows it better than management.

The interest of corporations and trade associations which have developed programs is to encourage political activity in the local communities where management employees live, just as the unions have encouraged such activity by their members. The objective is the ideal of democratic government: Everybody should have an active interest in the nomination and election of those who run their government.

What corporations and trade associations and other groups are actually doing and propose to do is described in an excellent roundup of the why's, how's, and where's of the challenge faced by businessmen, in a new book, "Politics Is Your Business." The authors are William H. Baumer, special assistant to the president of Johnson & Johnson, and Donald G. Herzberg of Rutgers University (187 pages. Dial Press. \$3.50).

PRACTICAL PROGRAMS

A considerable number of programs have stimulated many thousands who have hitherto been negligent. Such programs are directed toward management employees and have also included interested individuals such as independent retailers, distributors, agents, and professional people. The National Association of Manufacturers and the U.S. Chamber of Commerce began their interest at about the same time. Meanwhile, many companies established programs of their own. Johnson & Johnson and General Electric were pioneers, followed by such corporations as Ford Motor, Republic Steel, Hercules Powder, Aerojet-General, American Can, Gulf, and Esso, together with other companies in almost every line of business.

Programs vary in format, content, and suggested locations and times for

instruction and discussion. In many, a trained leader handles small groups in six to twelve "lessons" scheduled over a number of weeks. Programs have encouraged participation by local political leaders with their wealth of practical experience.

Companies publish material encouraging registration, voting, and active support of a party or candidate of the voter's choice. This is nonpartisan and noncoercive.

Beyond this, some companies have employed a man at the top level of management, such as Baumer, to organize and direct company programs. Some use representatives in Washington to gather information for publication on vital issues before Congress and the executive departments.

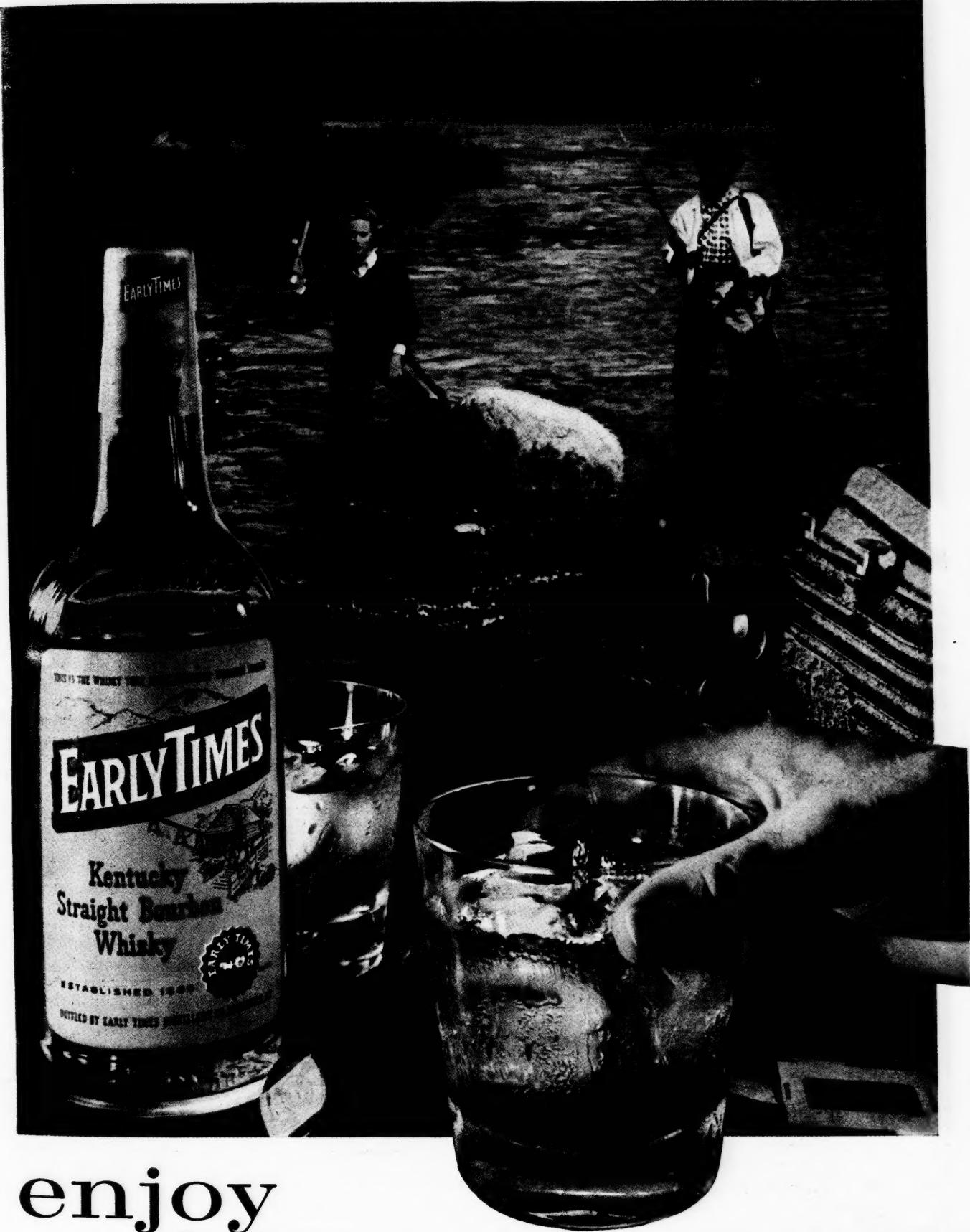
NOT ANTI-LABOR

The Baumer-Herzberg book specifies what is lawful and prudent for companies to do or avoid doing.

This is not a movement to mobilize "business" as such as a national political force. Nor, with rare exceptions, is there any disposition to criticize labor unions for their activity. It is my opinion that the unions have performed a distinct service to the cause of truly representative government by starting their programs. Their operations in politics have been masterful and have provided no little instruction to the businessmen who have more recently decided to enter practical politics. Only when the unions have used their general funds for direct contributions to candidates or parties or for purely partisan activity are they subject to criticism.

The frightening threat to party government in this country has been apparent for a good many years. Up to 1940 the Presidential vote grew with the population. Since then, the Democratic Party has actually been shrinking. The Republican vote, except for the Eisenhower turnout in 1952 and 1956, has been on a plateau. Meanwhile, in those twenty years somewhere between 16 million and 21 million more eligible voters have appeared. The parties cannot do it alone. Other forces must help, or our institutions will wither away. Business management is fortunately awakening to this grave situation.

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