

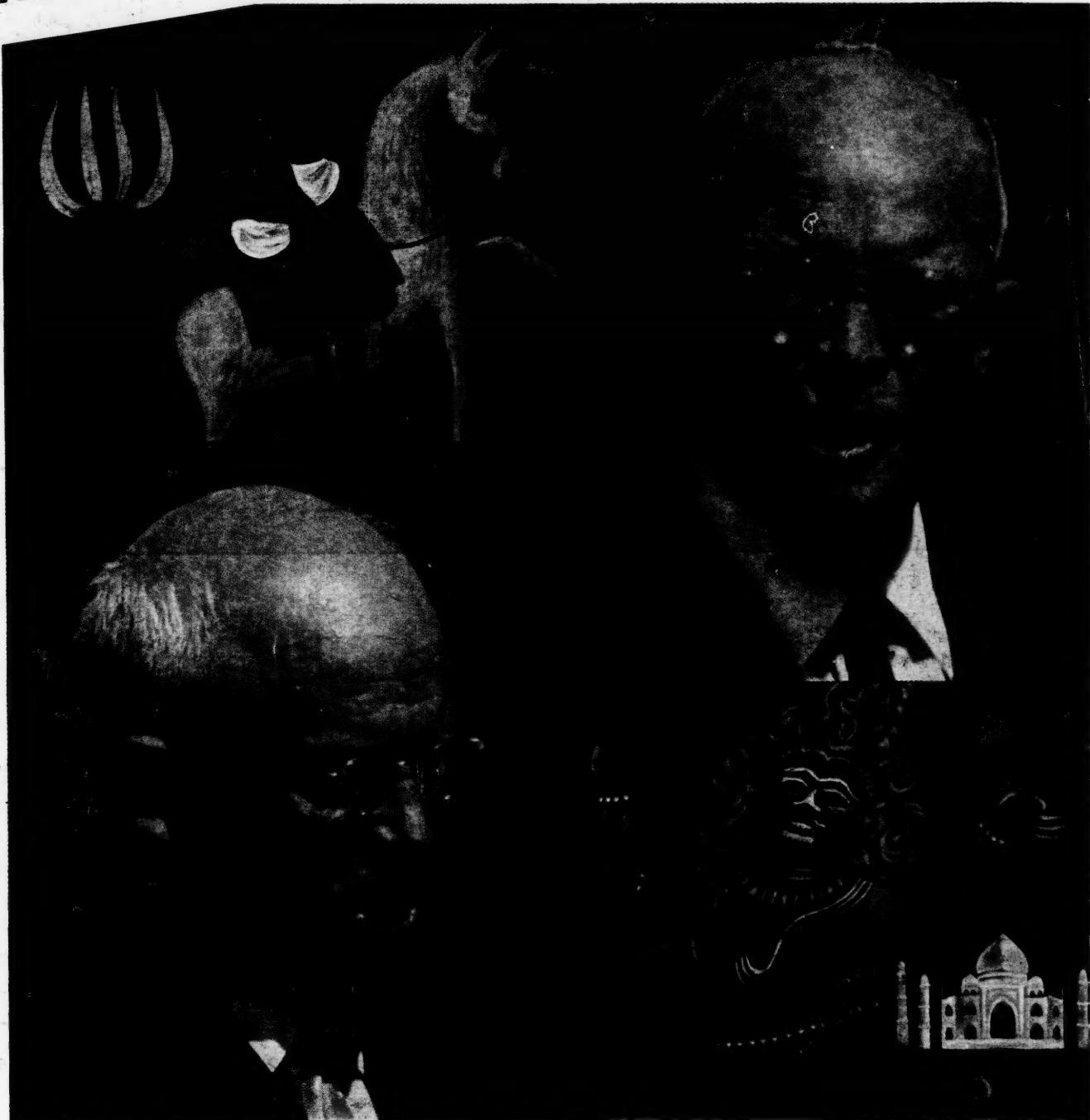
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NEWSWEEK

GENERAL INFORMATION
PUBLIC EDITION
SPECIAL INFORMATION

What People Plan to Buy
NEW BIG VOTE FOR PROSPERITY
(BUSINESS)

FEBRUARY 29, 1960 25c
[INDEX-PAGE 13]



ON THE ROAD: Salesman K and Salesman Ike
SPECIAL SECTION



... a hand in things to come

Reaching into a lost world ... for a plastic you use every day

Massive creatures once sloshed through endless swamps, feeding on huge ferns, luxuriant rushes and strange pulp-like trees. After ruling for 100 million years, the giant animals and plants vanished forever beneath the surface with violent upheavals in the earth's crust. Over a long period, they gradually turned into great deposits of oil and natural gas. And today, Union Carbide converts these vast resources into a modern miracle—the widely-used plastic called polyethylene.

Millions of feet of tough, transparent polyethylene film are used each year to protect the freshness of perishable foods such as fruits and vegetables. Scores of other useful things are made from polyethylene . . . unbreakable kitchenware, alive with color . . . bottles that dispense a fine spray with a gentle squeeze . . . electrical insulation for your television antenna, and even for trans-oceanic telephone cables.

Polyethylene is only one of many plastics and chemicals that Union Carbide creates from oil and natural gas. By constant research into the basic elements of nature, the people of Union Carbide bring new and better products into your everyday life.

Learn about the exciting work going on now in plastics, carbons, chemicals, gases, metals, and nuclear energy. Write for "Products and Processes" Booklet H, Union Carbide Corporation, 30 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. In Canada, Union Carbide Canada Limited, Toronto.

**UNION
CARBIDE**

... a hand
in things to come

**"When small men begin to cast long shadows
it is a sure sign that the sun is setting"**

AND too many very small men are casting deeply black shadows across America today.

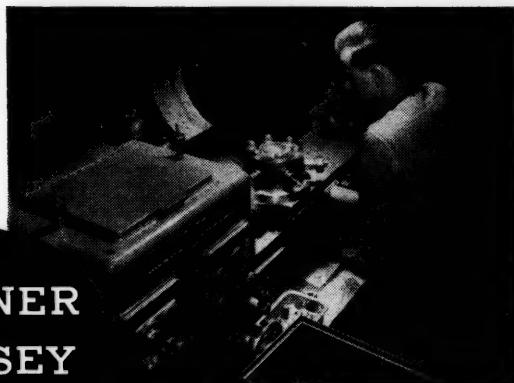
- Small-minded business men, more interested in making an easy dollar by manipulation than a harder dollar by producing values.
- Petty politicians who act as though they rule the people rather than serve them.
- Selfish labor leaders more interested in power than in America, even though their greed brings high costs, destructive inflation, deadly depression.
- Greedy people in many walks of life, who want *their* areas, *their* special interests supported by all taxpayers, when they ought to be paying their own bills.

Long shadows like these will continue to grow until the entire country is in eclipse, unless the *real* people, who do the work and pay the taxes, wake up to their responsibility and opportunity. By voice and vote, they can take their country back again, and insist on honest values once more, greater public integrity, and hard work so that everyone will earn what he gets. And we had better do it, before that sun sets.

**WARNER
&
SWASEY**
Cleveland

PRECISION
MACHINERY
SINCE 1880

*Warner & Swasey Electrocycle® Lathe
producing brass valve bodies.*



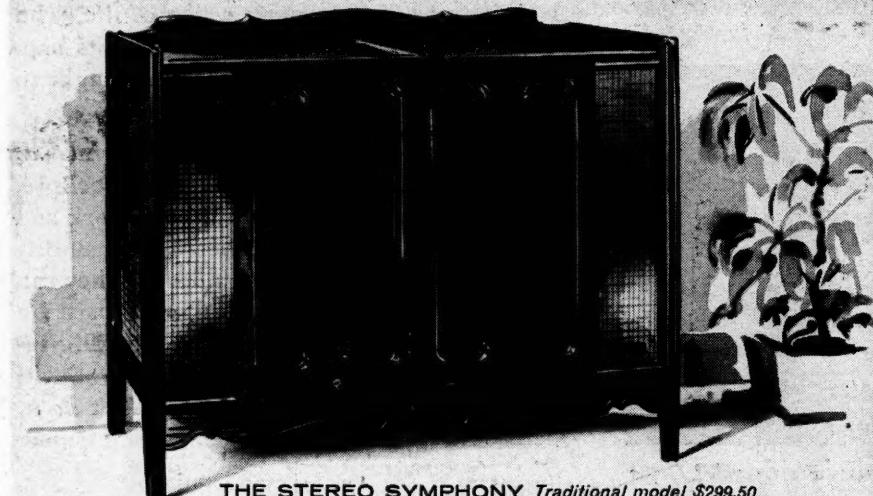
**It took
25 years*
to create
today's
**LORD
CALVERT****



* Even with a century of distilling experience, it took our master blenders 25 years to perfect today's Lord Calvert. Tonight, try the world's most distinguished whiskey, Lord Calvert.

86 PROOF, 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES 6 YEARS OR MORE OLD, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS, CALVERT DIST. CO., N.Y.C.

New "all-in-one" stereophonic
high fidelity radio-phonograph



THE STEREO SYMPHONY Traditional model \$299.50

Now Magnavox brings you the finest in stereophonic high fidelity listening—in one beautiful console with a fine, hand-rubbed finish. The six superb high fidelity speakers—at the sides and front of the instrument—bring you spectacular dimensional realism no matter where you sit in the room. Superb FM/AM radio. See . . . hear the Stereo Symphony at your Magnavox dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

THE MAGNAVOX COMPANY
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

the magnificent
Magnavox
WORLD LEADER IN STEREOFONIC HIGH FIDELITY AND QUALITY TELEVISION

LETTERS

Big Helpmate on Campus

Margaret Mead's sweeping generalization about college students marrying (EDUCATION, Feb. 15) is infuriating. Many girls have encouraged their husbands, typed innumerable papers, and have been invaluable in studying for exams, in addition to providing a home life. It may not be right for every student, but surely there is many a boy who needs the stability and incentive of family life. As for Miss Mead's statement that "It's stultifying . . . once you're a father your life . . . is devoted to kids," this is an injustice to the many who successfully combine fatherhood and their chosen professions.

NADIA K. OLNEY
New York City

►Rather than quenching academic curiosity, collegiate marriages promote academic responsibility.

HERBERT R. HIRSCH
New York City

Squawk at Squaw Valley

It's absolutely ridiculous to say that "the beauty of Squaw Valley stands up well against such traditional scenic resorts as Wengen and St. Moritz (A Special Report, Feb. 15)." That's like comparing the "art gallery" of a dime store with the Louvre.

GEORGE KUNZ
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Dollars and Seniors

"The No. 1 problem of America's senior citizens" (WASHINGTON TRENDS, Feb. 8) is not how to meet the costs of health care but how to exist on any kind of decent standard of living with

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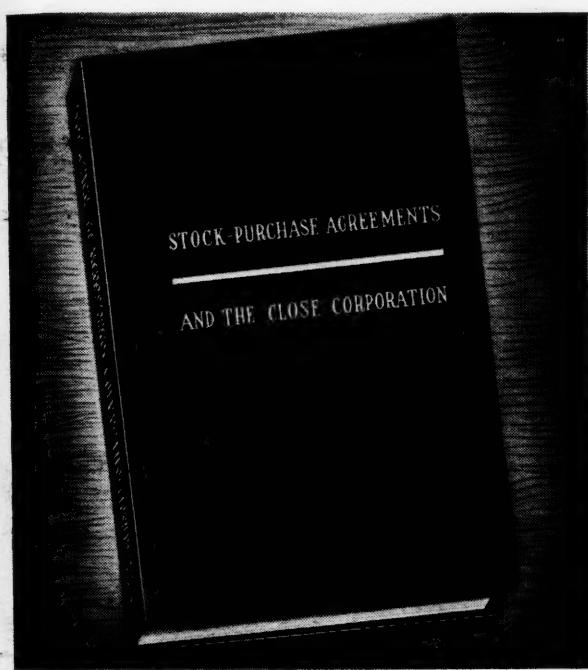
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Registrado como artículo de segunda clase en la Administración Central de Correos de esta Capital, con fecha 17 de marzo de 1944, Mexico, D.F. Inscripta como correspondencia de segunda clase en la Administración de Correos de la Habana, en marzo 18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

Write for a Complimentary Copy of this book today — it tells you

How Stock-Purchase Agreements can Safeguard Your Estate and the Future of your Corporation



Just published, this authoritative 84-page book discusses in detail the very latest developments in the field. It was written by Alden Guild, J. D., in collaboration with Deane C. Davis, President of National Life of Vermont, and David F. Hoxie, Associate Counsel of the Company. Foreword by Mr. Davis, author of "Life Insurance and Business Purchase Agreements"** and current President of the Life Insurance Association of America.

*Currently out of print

WHY HAVE A STOCK-PURCHASE AGREEMENT?

When you die, here are some of the ways your heirs benefit:

- Your estate will have a buyer for your business interest.
- Your estate will be assured of receiving a fair price for your shares (which might be difficult or impossible to sell on the open market).
- Your estate may be settled more quickly.
- Tax liabilities will be minimized.

would otherwise become the owners of his stock.

- You will not be forced to take in new shareholders against your wishes.
- If your plan is funded by life insurance, you will be able, in effect, to buy out the deceased's interest (increasing the value of your holdings) without suddenly needing to raise additional cash.

And while all the stockholders live, there are many additional advantages:

- Emergency funds are built up and credit is enhanced.
- Disability income is available.
- You have the peace of mind that comes from knowing your future and the future of your business are secure.

When one of the stockholders dies, here are some of the ways the surviving stockholders benefit:

- Your business will be protected against a forced liquidation or sale of assets to satisfy the claims of your late associate's heirs who

If your business is a close corporation, a sound stock-purchase agreement can settle in advance many of the problems that will probably arise when one of the stockholders dies. This will benefit the remaining stockholders, the business itself, and the surviving members of the deceased's family.

Drawing up and funding a workable stock-purchase agreement is a job that requires close attention to many factors — including the needs of the individual business and the various tax implications in accomplishing the desired objectives. This new book covers in detail all of the major questions you are likely to encounter in working up stock-purchase agreements, and it

refers you to the right sources to answer others. Although it does not attempt to be a do-it-yourself manual for non-lawyers, it will give you a complete working background of the field. It will help you immeasurably in planning, with your lawyer and underwriter, a stock-purchase agreement that is right for your business.

New Developments in the Field. In recent years many changes have taken place in the tax laws affecting stock-purchase agreements and in the ways they may be funded. Even if you now have a good understanding of the subject, *Stock-Purchase Agreements and The Close Corporation* will bring you up to date on important new developments. The book is written clearly and concisely, with a pleasant style that shows real understanding of the businessman's problems. We think you will find it useful.

For a complimentary copy, write (on your business or professional letterhead, please) to National Life Insurance Company, Montpelier 2, Vermont.

Partial List of Subjects Covered in *Stock-Purchase Agreements and The Close Corporation*

How to Decide What Plan is Best — Stock Retirement or Cross Purchase? — Advantages and Disadvantages of Each in Detail. Desirability of Trustee in Stock-Purchase Plan. How Much is the Business Worth? — Pros and Cons of Different Methods of Evaluation. Factors in Valuations Made

by Tax Authorities — Tax Considerations on Payment of Premiums by Corporation or Individual, Receipt of Proceeds by Corporation or Individual, Ownership of Funding Policies, etc. References to Pertinent Cases. Specimen Agreements.



National Life
Insurance Company
MONTPELIER 2
VERMONT

Founded in 1850 • A Mutual Company • Owned by its Policyholders



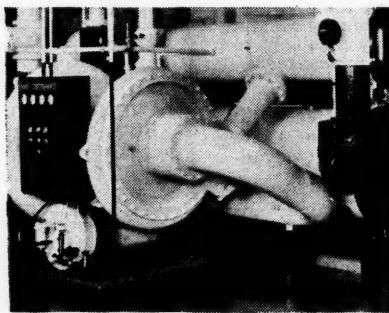
Architect's drawing of New York's new Imperial House apartment building. Owner-Builders, Fisher Brothers; Architect, Emery Roth and Sons; Consulting Engineer, Cosentini Associates; Mechanical Contractor, Raisler Corporation.

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

Talk to the men who know

all 4 related fields... Air Conditioning

Chilled water for the Imperial House air conditioning system is supplied by a TRANE CenTraVac that automatically paces itself to supply just the amount of cooling needed.



Heating

Heat and cool key areas in plants, office buildings, stores with this TRANE Heat Pump. Takes little floor space. May be installed within or outside of the conditioned space.

New T
trim, c
room s
conditi
and ve

Pace setting New York apartment building chooses Trane central air conditioning

2000-room Imperial House provides efficient individual climate control for tenants

The new Imperial House is New York's largest apartment building with central air conditioning incorporated in its structure. The building is thirty stories high, has 380 apartments, 2000 rooms and occupies a full city block.

Air conditioning for this modern apartment building is provided by a central UniTrane system—with individually controlled units in each living room, dining room and bedroom. These units heat, cool, filter and ventilate for ideal indoor climate the year around.

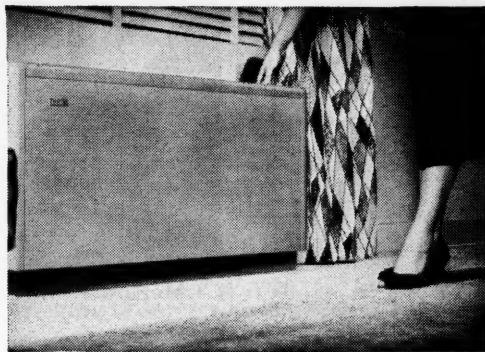
Two basic reasons led the Imperial House owner-builder to choose a TRANE central air conditioning system (instead of installing self-contained "through-the-wall" units in every room): first, the maintenance of 1670 "through-the-wall" units would be costly, troublesome; second, the consulting engineer projected a 7-year life for the "through-the-wall" units . . . a 20-year life for the central system.

UniTrane Air Conditioning cuts costs for owners and tenants alike. Units are sized to meet room requirements. Efficient operation cuts power costs: when less cooling is needed, less electricity is used.

And the TRANE system automatically paces itself to the cooling needs of each area in the building—whose requirements constantly vary due to changing weather conditions and occupancy.

TRANE leadership in all phases of air conditioning, heating, and ventilating assures you of superior product design, peak performance—with matched equipment for any job. Versatile TRANE products provide ideal climates in buildings of every type—from factories and giant skyscrapers to homes and schools.

Want more facts? Have your architect or consulting engineer call the nearby TRANE Sales Office; or write TRANE, La Crosse, Wisconsin.



Each Imperial House occupant can dial the climate he wants with an individually controlled UniTrane Air Conditioner. One or more units may be shut off without affecting the rest of the system. System heats, cools, filters air; may be used for ventilation only in temperate seasons.



Ventilating

New TRANE Unit Ventilators are trim, compact—provide extra classroom space. Now available with air conditioning—as well as heating and ventilating.



Heat Transfer

Compact TRANE Brazed Aluminum Heat Exchangers serve industry and national defense. Used to process oxygen, nitrogen with temperatures as low as -300°!

For any air condition, turn to

TRANE

MANUFACTURING ENGINEERS OF AIR CONDITIONING, HEATING, VENTILATING AND HEAT TRANSFER EQUIPMENT

THE TRANE COMPANY, LA CROSSE, WIS. • SCRANTON MFG. DIV., SCRANTON PA. • CLARKSVILLE MFG. DIV., CLARKSVILLE, TENN. • TRANE COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED TORONTO • 100 U. S. AND 19 CANADIAN OFFICES

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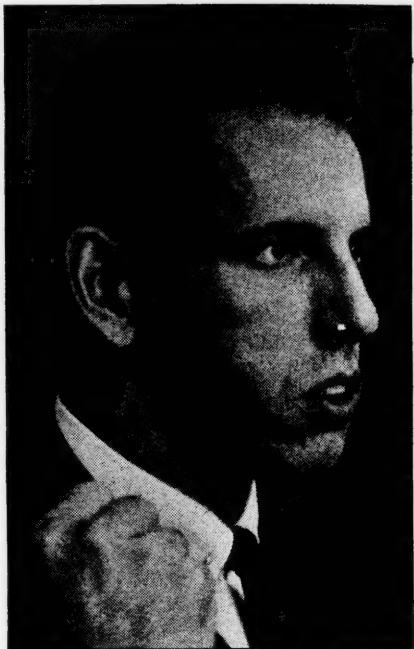
LETTERS

both a Congress and an Administration hell bent on financial policies that constantly erode the value of the fixed dollar on which these citizens must exist. Socialized medicine and health insurance are not the answer. Only economy in government, reduced taxes, and a stable dollar will save "senior citizens" from ruin.

J. M. JEWELL
Columbus, Ind.

Dictator Discipline

Teacher McKown made two mistakes in his classroom demonstration of dictatorship (EDUCATION, Feb. 8). By allowing "no one to talk, smile, or cross his legs" he equates dictatorship with discipline. The opposite of this is license, hardly a sacred element of democracy. Secondly, by making discipline intolerable he fails to show why German youth fervently sup-



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

McKown: Wrong textbook?

ported Hitler. Discipline demands strength and denotes superiority, which was most attractive to them.

FREDERICK W. GLEESON
Chicago, Ill.

►Perhaps it should be done on a national level.

FRED MASUCCI
Newtonville, Mass.

What's Fair for Doakes

I derive little satisfaction to learn that Uncle Sam had to wait until Sweet Daddy Grace (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Feb. 15) had gone to his own special flim-flam heaven, before the government was able to do anything about his back tax indebtedness. I can just see Joe Doakes trying to beat a tax rap with long flowing hair and long painted fingernails. He'd proba-

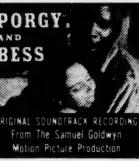


1. Also: Let It Rain,
Stairway to the Sea,
Flame of Love, etc.

STEREO RECORDS for every musical taste!



5. A Night on Bald Mountain, Steppes of Central Asia, etc.



6. Bess, You Is My Woman Now; It Ain't Necessarily So; etc.



17. Over the Rainbow, Night and Day, Easy to Love, 9 more



34. " . . . the music is all extraordinary" —Boston Daily Record



33. This brilliant musical painting is an American classic



10. A brilliant new performance of this popular concerto



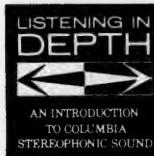
13. But Not for Me, Fascinating Rhythm, Man I Love, 9 more



2. 1001 hi-fi delights, "...top-notch sound" — Billboard



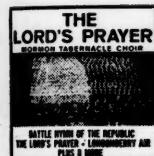
9. Sweet Adeline, For Me and My Gal, Pretty Baby, 13 more



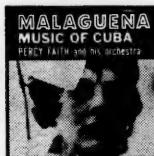
15. An exciting array of 16 classical and popular selections



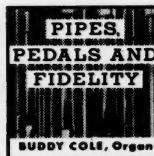
18. Rain in Spain, I Could Have Danced All Night, etc.



11. Also: Blessed Are They That Mourn, Come Ye Saints, etc.



24. "Musical excitement that's hard to beat" — Variety



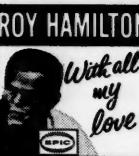
56. Serenade in Blue, Willow Weep for Me, 9 others



3. Stellla by Starlight, Pacific Sunset, Yesterday, 9 others



25. Superbly played by one of Europe's finest orchestras



40. I Miss You So, Speak Low, Time After Time, 9 more



36. A musical landscape . . . "spacious, noble" — High Fidelity



26. Blue Moon, Fools Rush In, Don't Worry 'bout Me, 9 more



47. Solitude, Where or When, Dancing in the Dark, 5 more



49. One of the most melodically beautiful of all symphonies



30. Alexander's Ragtime Band, Cheek to Cheek, Always, etc.



19. Tales from the Vienna Woods, Blue Danube, 8 others



12. Londonderry Air, Shenandoah, 11 more folksong favorites



22. "Enormous talent and technique" — Chicago News



4. Wild Man Blues, Fine and Mellow, I Left My Baby, 5 more



37. "Most exciting recording of this work" — Time



14. "No symphony like it . . . incomparable" — Olin Downes



7. One Kiss, Will You Remember, Song of Love, 9 more



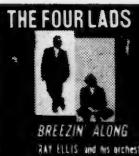
29. Three of the Master's favorite chamber works



31. You've Changed, Body and Soul, I Got It Bad, 9 others



35. "One of the great, great albums" — San Francisco Examiner



50. Come to Me, That Old Feeling, Long Ago, 9 more



8. "Beautiful . . . lingering brilliance" — Chicago Tribune



39. Tico-Tico, My Shawl, Besame Mucho, 9 others

AN EXCITING NEW OFFER FROM THE WORLD'S LARGEST RECORD CLUB

If you now own a stereo phonograph, or plan to purchase one in the near future—here is a unique opportunity to obtain ANY SIX of these brand-new stereo records for only \$4.98!

TO RECEIVE 6 STEREO RECORDS FOR \$4.98 — fill in and mail the coupon now. Be sure to indicate which one of the Club's two musical Divisions you wish to join: Stereo Classical or Stereo Popular.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music. These selections are described in the Club's Entertaining Music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division, take any other records offered (classical or popular), or take NO record in any particular month.

Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 150 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue your membership at any time thereafter.

FREE BONUS RECORDS GIVEN REGULARLY: If you wish to continue as a member after purchasing five records, you will receive a Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of your choice free for every two selections you buy — a 50% dividend.

The records you want are mailed and billed to you at the regular list price of \$4.98 (Classical and Original Cast selections, \$5.98), plus a small mailing and handling charge.

MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo phonograph

SEND NO MONEY — Mail coupon to receive 6 stereo records for \$4.98

**COLUMBIA LP RECORD CLUB, Dept. 214-2
Stereophonic Section, Terre Haute, Indiana**

I accept your offer and have circled at the right the numbers of the six records I wish to receive for \$4.98, plus small mailing and handling charge. Enroll me in the following Division of the Club:

(check one box only)

Stereo Classical Stereo Popular

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 150 records to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus small mailing and handling charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I am to receive a 12" Columbia or Epic stereo Bonus record of my choice FREE.

Name.....(Please Print)
Address.....

City.....ZONE.....State.....
ALASKA and HAWAII: write for special membership plan
CANADA: address 1111 Leslie St., Don Mills, Ontario

If you want this membership credited to an established Columbia or Epic record dealer, authorized to accept subscriptions, fill in below:

Dealer's Name.....

Dealer's Address.....
© "Columbia," (LP), "Epic," (EP) Marks Reg. © Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1960

**CIRCLE 6
NUMBERS:**

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2 14 33

3 15 34

4 17 35

5 18 36

6 19 37

7 22 39

8 24 40

9 25 47

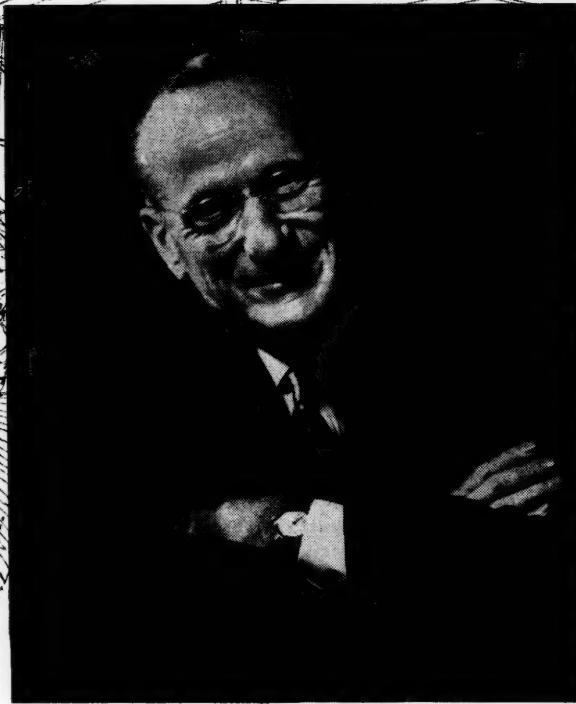
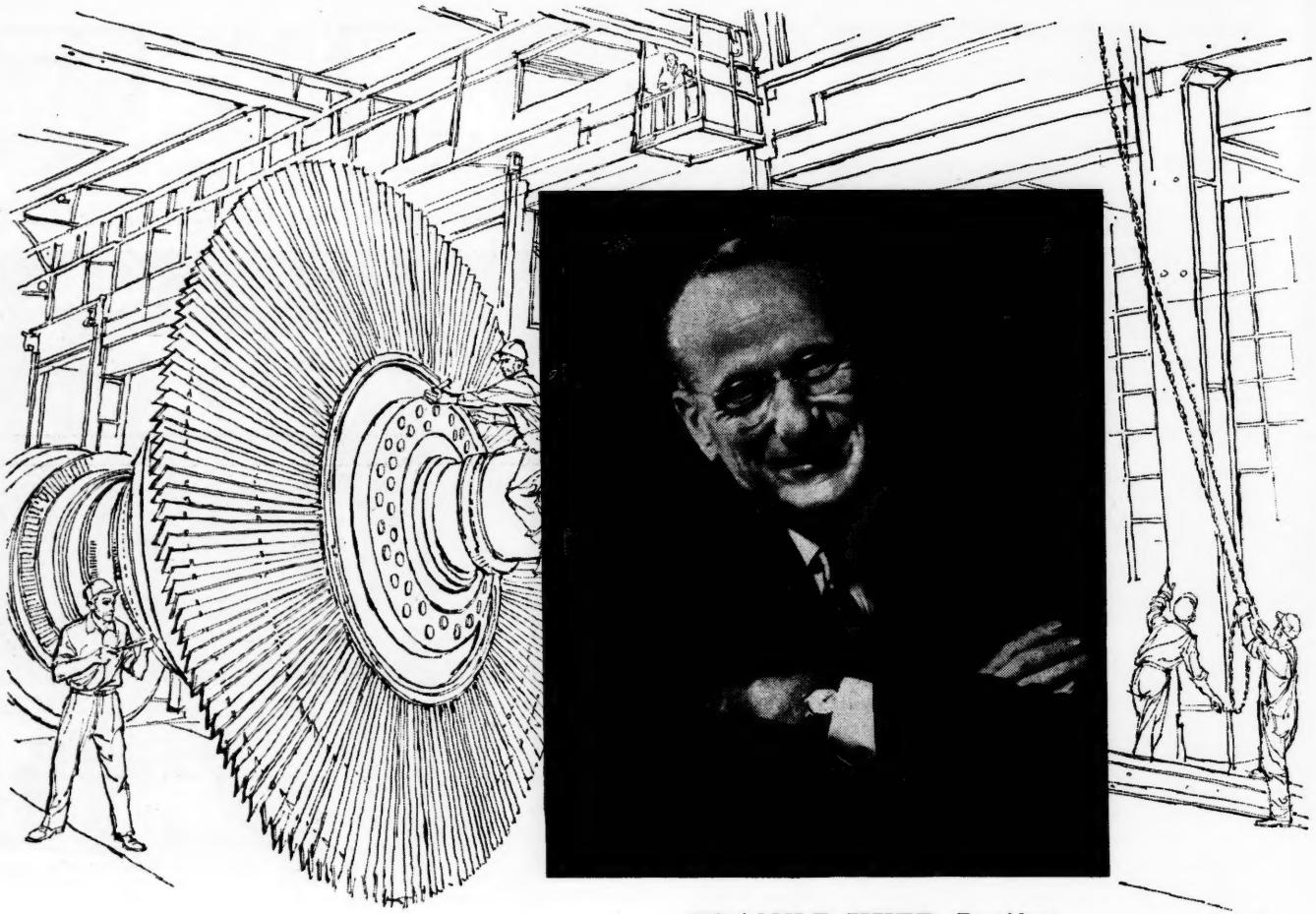
10 26 49

11 29 50

12 30 56

P-BC

COLUMBIA LP RECORD CLUB Terre Haute, Indiana



**FRANK P. HYER, President,
Delaware Power and Light Co., says . . .**

**"Through the 24 years we've been with Blue Cross,[®]
the value of its protection has increased steadily!"**

"We started with Blue Cross in January of 1936—just seven months after it was organized here in Delaware. At that time, the Blue Cross idea of help with hospital bills was a new and revolutionary concept. Over the years, all of us who have had occasion to use our Blue Cross have been greatly impressed with the way it has even exceeded its original promise. As new and improved methods of hospital care have been developed, Blue Cross has put them within easy reach of us all!"

THE UP-TO-DATE attitude of Blue Cross Plans has special advantages for management. Each Plan adjusts benefits to fit conditions in its own area. Thus a nationally operating company can, with a single Blue Cross program, assure employees *locally* realistic protection—wherever they are located.

And, as always, Blue Cross Plans handle the details of care and payment directly with the hospitals. No red tape or costly paperwork for your company—no matter how many people you have in Blue Cross. These special services cost your company nothing extra. Blue Cross gives outstanding value for its cost.

Some 300,000 companies today have Blue Cross. Among them are Bendix Aviation, H. J. Heinz Co. and Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. Blue Cross adapts easily to any employee benefit program, especially retirement. For full facts contact your local Blue Cross Plan.

®Blue Cross and symbol reg. by the American Hospital Association

**BLUE
CROSS.[®]**



Blue Cross Association, Inc., 55 East 34th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

LETTERS

bly end up with the U.S. marshal taking his furniture and the judge slapping a morals charge at him.

MIKE GEARY
Chevy Chase, Md.

... How You Slice It

Does a plastic balloon with its skin "half as thin" (NATIONAL AFFAIRS, Jan. 25) as cellophane mean twice as thick? Or does it mean half as thick? And what is the standard thickness of cellophane?

H. L. WALTON
Fresno, Calif.

✓The thinness-thickness of cellophane varies, but at .0005 inches, the skin of the Wallops Island sphere was equal to half an average slice.

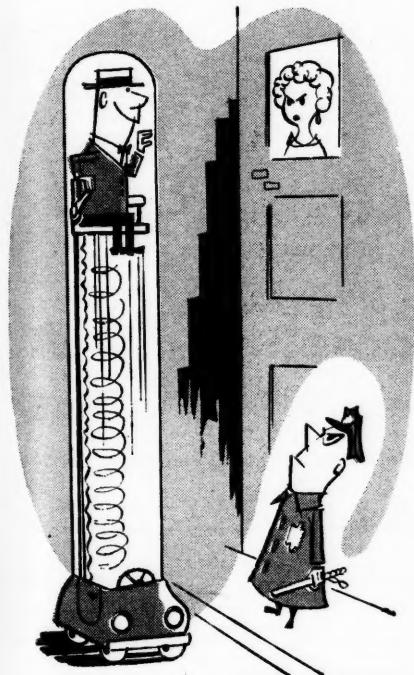
Machine No Man

You reported recently about a new "data processing machine capable of making 303,000 accounting decisions a second" (BUSINESS TRENDS, Feb. 1). Impossible: Only beings with free will can make decisions; machines can only draw conclusions from previously assembled data.

FR. CHRISTOPHER J. BERLO, C.P.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Autos: Floors, Please

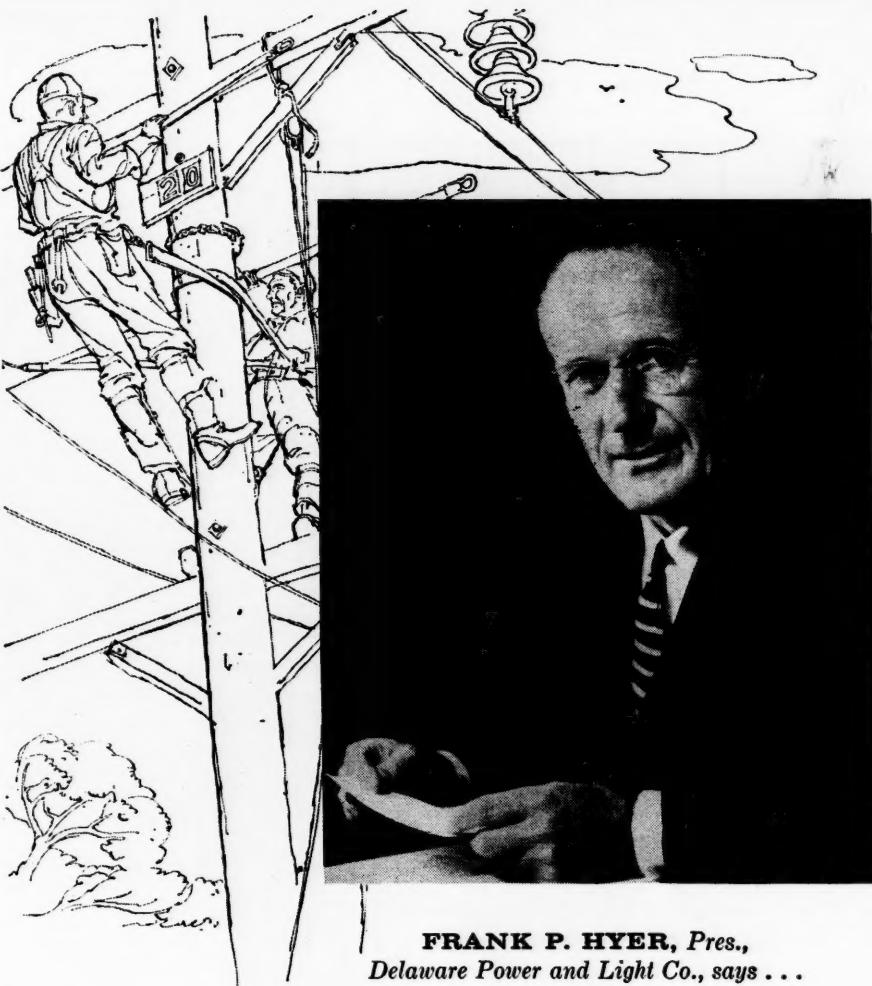
Re: Compact cars (SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS, Feb. 8). The cycle is not yet complete. First there was the city-block car, in which you could travel the equivalent of a city block by moving from the back seat to the front seat. Now the small car—the "minimidget"—which could park in the shade of a fire plug without overlapping into the sunlight. And soon,



Newsweek—Bresnan

'Vertiwagon': Coming compact?

Newsweek, February 29, 1960



FRANK P. HYER, Pres.,
Delaware Power and Light Co., says . . .

"Our employees count on Blue Shield,[®] for help with doctor bills!"

"Adding Blue Shield to our health program has provided extra security welcomed by our employees here at Delaware Power and Light Company, and by their dependents. And the fact that Blue Shield Plans have the approval of local medical societies gives us real faith in this protection."

EVERY BLUE SHIELD PLAN is sponsored by a state or county medical society. The advantages of this are reflected in a broad and realistic range of benefits. These include help with the cost of hundreds of different operations and many nonsurgical services.

And Blue Shield is able to offer this protection at a most reasonable price. Aside from necessary expenses and reserves, all money paid in to Blue Shield

goes for the members' benefits.

Whatever your company's employee benefit plans—including retirement—contact your local Blue Shield Plan for facts.

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Blue Shield Medical Care Plans

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New York City

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MARGARET ZINN
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A Maiden Voyage

"BRAINY FLOPS" (EDUCATION, Feb. 8) FLAGRANTLY MISREPRESENTED MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY OAKLAND'S RIGOROUS NEW LIBERAL ARTS PROGRAM. THE TRUTH IS THAT A REMARKABLE JOB WAS DONE DURING THE FIRST QUARTER OF OUR BOLD PLAN FOR STRETCHING THE MINDS OF THE MANY, NOT JUST A HIGHLY SELECTED ELITE. THE FAILURE RATE OF 17 PER CENT WAS, WE ADMIT, TOO HIGH BUT IT WAS LARGELY ACCOUNTED FOR BY THE FACT THAT WE WERE ON A MAIDEN VOYAGE INTO A NEW ACADEMIC ENVIRONMENT. OUR STUDENTS ARE SHOWING OBVIOUS INTELLECTUAL GROWTH. AND TAKE PRIDE IN MSUO'S TOUGHNESS.

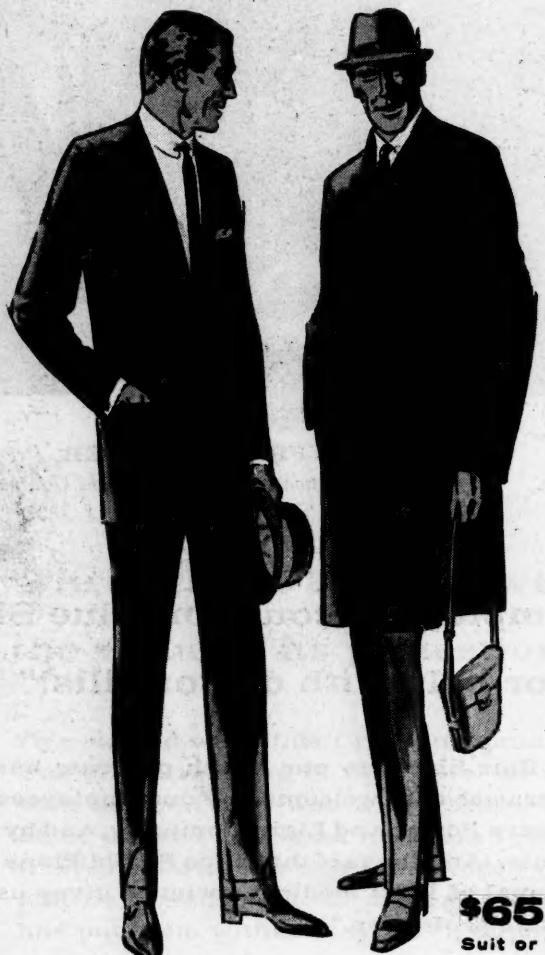
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Newsweek, February 29, 1960



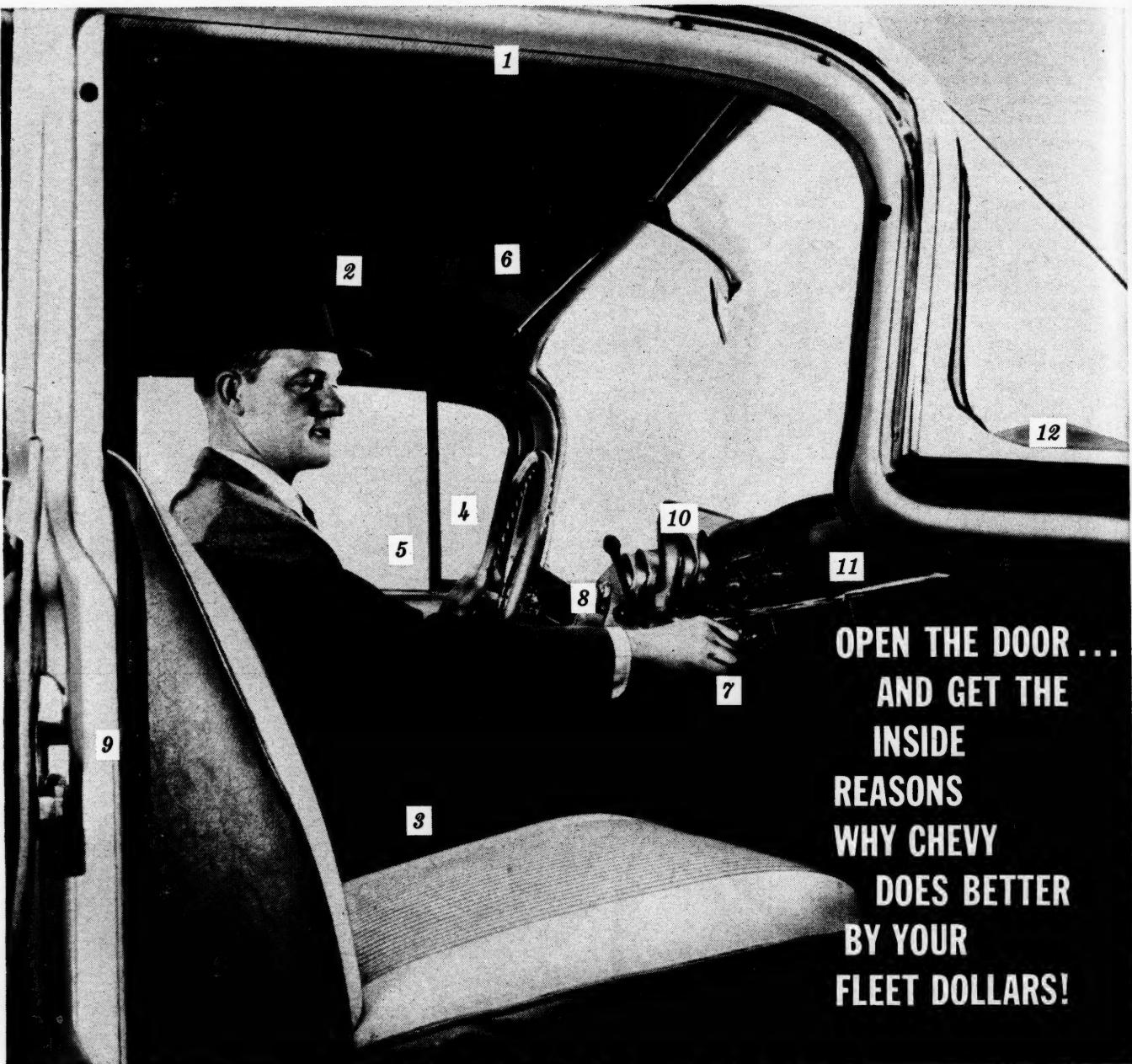
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fleet buyers in every type of business—insurance firms, public utilities, manufacturers—have found Chevy traditionally commands top trade-in over other used cars in its field. Figure with this the operating economy and dependability that have always been Chevy's stock in trade—and you'll see why more fleet buyers buy Chevrolet than any other car!*

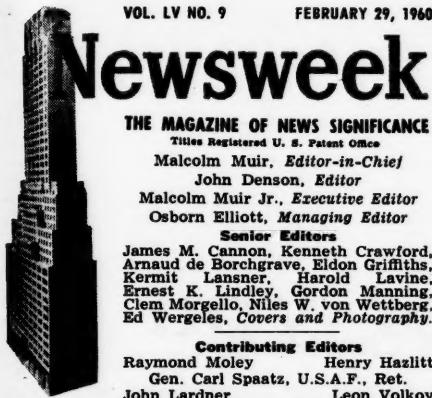
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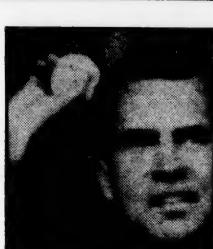
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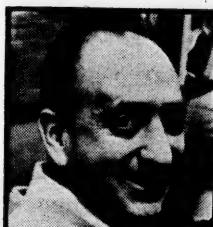
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✓ Convict Caryl Chessman: Sex Criminal, Persecution Symbol—and Now International Storm Center. Has the U.S. turned legal justice into a tool of foreign policy? Did it, as one critic says, "make the punishment fit the times"? Page 21.

✓✓✓ Salesman Ike, Salesman K Hit the Road.

A Special Section on the two extraordinary men, their "campaign" tours, and just what's at stake. Where Ike will go, and the unusual personalities he'll meet. How much Communism now in Latin America. And an on-scene report on the big hit K's making in rich, teeming Indonesia. Why they love him, what he's after. Also, a chart showing which side does most for the underdeveloped countries. Pages 27-40.

✓ Is This a Poem That I See Before Me? Associate Editor Fillmore Calhoun insists so. His heterometric description of alarums (fire alarms, that is) in a Scottish castle, page 48.

✓✓ A New Strong Vote for Prosperity. What people now plan to buy—NEWSWEEK'S latest Consumer Survey gives the figures, page 75.

✓✓ The Tiny Titans That Are Changing Industry. A walnut-size air conditioner, a pinhead light bulb, a radio the size of a domino. Dreams? Not at all. SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS inspects the fantastic new world of the infinitesimal. Page 83.

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THE COVER: The Latin American gaucho astride his horse and the four-armed god from the Indian legends of the Ramayana symbolize the two worlds that the top U.S. and Soviet leaders are visiting this week. For a Special Section on the travels of President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev, see pages 27-40.



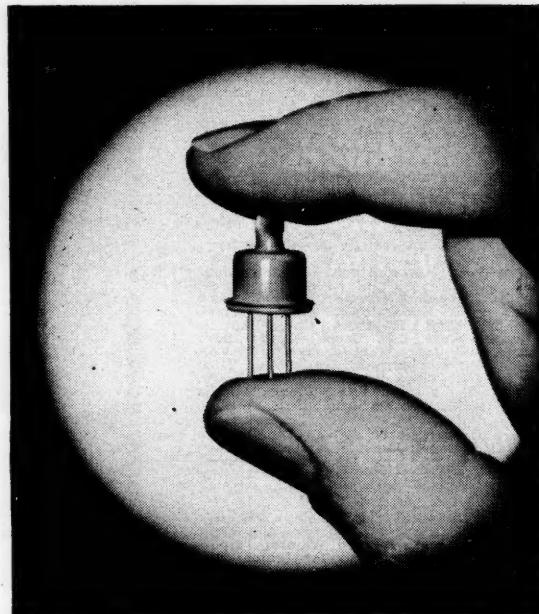
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Periscoping the Nation

What Jack Has Spent
Chessman and the Polls
Defectors: Stay Put!
Hoffa's Offer to Spellman

The Political Beat

MADISON, WIS. — Nettled by opponent Hubert Humphrey's campaign jokes about "Jack's jack," Jack Kennedy will soon make public his Wisconsin primary expenditures. The books will show, to date, an outlay of \$6,000, including the salary of one paid campaign worker in the state. The figure includes expenses of Kennedy's Washington staff members, who have been working for him in Wisconsin, but not their salaries.

SACRAMENTO, CALIF. — California Democrats, in the saddle in both houses of the State Assembly for the first time in nearly 60 years, fear the Chessman-inspired death-penalty question (see page 21) may cost them control come November. It's one of those emotional issues, they complain. You just can't "vote right" on it, no matter which side you support. The party that controls the next legislature will, of course, boss the Congressional redistricting that is to follow this year's national census.

GOP HEADQUARTERS — Gist of a confidential, three-part report just submitted to GOP National Chairman Thruston Morton: The Republicans have slightly better than a 50-50 chance of carrying seventeen key states in Presidential and Congressional voting this November. These states have a total of 276 electoral votes, seven more than needed to win, and 242 House seats. The report is based on a two-month survey by the national committee's research staff.

The Inside Story

CAPITOL HILL — Secret testimony before the Senate Preparedness subcommittee reveals this National Intelligence Estimate of Soviet intentions: Russia is not planning for a total war. Soviet ICBM production and deployment plans are primarily for deterring U.S. attack, not for a nuclear blitz of America.

PENTAGON — In fact, Russia will not be in a position to strike at the U.S. or start a big war anywhere for at least eighteen to 24 months. It

doesn't have the necessary weapons. This from a top-ranking civilian official here with access to all intelligence and with no political axes to grind.

EXECUTIVE OFFICES BUILDING — Hazards of Coexistence Department: Almost every delegation arriving in the U.S. from Red satellite countries, in the cultural-exchange program, has contained one or more would-be defectors. U.S. officials won't say this, but they now actually discourage them, fearing a rash of defections would halt the highly valued exchange program.

Capital Backstage

SENATE PRESS GALLERY — Some \$300,000 in Teamsters union funds were ready to finance a "bizarre plot" to smuggle arms to Cuba's Fidel Castro—but timely investigating saved the day. That's the claim of the McClellan labor-rackets committee in its forthcoming final report.

LABOR HEADQUARTERS — Jimmy Hoffa, who just loaned \$1 million in Teamsters funds to the Catholic bishop of South Florida, has offered to lend \$5 million to Francis Cardinal Spellman. The cardinal turned it down.

CAPITOL HILL — Don't be surprised if some State Department manuals are soon sharing headlines with those of the Air Force (see page 24). Several House Foreign Affairs Committee men are eager to kick up a storm over the outdated, and sometimes insulting, "Post Reports," which State issues to overseas-bound employees. Example: Those going to Australia still are advised to take a two-year supply of toilet tissue.

Where Are They Now?

LAS VEGAS — Beulah Louise Overell, co-defendant with her boy friend "Bud" Gollum (see page 16) in a sensational 1947 trial which acquitted them of murdering her wealthy parents by blowing up the family yacht in Newport (Calif.) Harbor, lives here in a modest, "mort-

The Periscope

gaged" house. Now 30, she is married to Joseph Kooyman, a garage mechanic. She has a 9-year-old son by her first marriage, in 1949, to a Los Angeles policeman whom she divorced three years later. The Koymans live quietly, enjoy putting in their small garden. Beulah won't talk about her trial, or about her once torrid romance with "Bud," which cooled off during the nineteen-week-long court ordeal.

LOS ANGELES—George (Bud) Gollum, who was a 21-year-old pre-med student when he went

on trial for his life for the Overall killings (he could have been sent to the San Quentin gas chamber if convicted; Beulah could not have since she was a minor), is now 34. He works as a quality-control supervisor for a company which manufactures nuclear controls, lives in a small apartment here with his wife, Patricia, whom he married in 1952, and their two young children. His favorite pastime: Sailing. He also relaxes with photography, bowling, and swimming. Bud hasn't seen Beulah "for years," he says. Their trial? "It was just one of those things."

Periscoping the World

Behind the Headlines

NO. 10 DOWNING—Behind that big Cabinet reshuffle that Prime Minister Macmillan plans this spring: His mounting concern, shared by Tory backbenchers, over rising government expenditures, high prices, and wage demands. Aviation Minister Duncan Sandys will take over as Chancellor of the Exchequer with orders to put on the brakes. Derek Heathcoat Amory, the Treasury incumbent, will be Foreign Secretary (*THE PERISCOPE*, Jan. 11), replacing Selwyn Lloyd, who'll be elevated to the House of Lords.

NICOSIA—The real reason Britain insists on those sizable bases on Cyprus and absolute British sovereignty over them (see page 46): A force of about 30 big jet bombers will be stationed there, and their nuclear bombs are to be stockpiled at secret depots adjacent to the airfields. The British jets would hit targets in southern Russia in case of a Soviet attack in Europe.

EAST BERLIN—Mao Tse-tung, talking to a group of visiting East Germans in Shanghai recently, ruled out any withdrawal of Red Chinese troops from Indian territory they have seized. And what, the No. 1 Chinese Red asked, can India do about it? It's in no position to launch military action against China. This comes, for what it's worth, from an East German Foreign Ministry official who was among the visitors.

Headlines to Come

LONDON—Whitehall is hatching a new five-year aid program for underdeveloped Commonwealth nations and nations-to-be. On the list are India, Ghana, Nigeria, Kenya, Central Africa, and the West Indies. India is likely to get at least \$140 million during the next eighteen months.

NEW DELHI—Khrushchev expects Mao Tse-tung to visit Moscow just before the East-West summit talks in May. So he told Nehru while

here. The Red's Big Two will try to agree on policies for the Paris meeting, to which Mao isn't invited. This report from Western diplomats.

HONG KONG—Look for Red China, answering Nehru's invitation to Chou En-lai, to suggest a meeting by lower ranking officials, probably vice foreign ministers. They would try to agree on a date and place for Nehru and the Chinese Premier to discuss the border dispute.

The Diplomatic Pouch

EMBASSY ROW—France has warned the State Department that it won't look kindly on the U.S. admitting any more representatives of the Algerian FLN "government in exile." The State Department has taken the warning to heart. The FLN men have been coming to the U.S. ostensibly on U.N. business.

CAIRO—Some 100 United Arab Republic students, who have been attending or were slated to attend Soviet colleges, have quietly transferred to the U.S. They're studying there under a new Fulbright scholarship agreement. Despite Soviet help on the Aswan Dam and other aid, Nasser fears U.A.R. students at Russian universities are being overexposed to Communist doctrines.

PARIS—Marshal Matvei Zakharov, Soviet security police head, and Paris Police Prefect Maurice Papon were talking about protecting K during his visit here next month. "What really worries us," Papon said, "is French Communist Party zealots." The Soviet cop nodded: "Don't worry, I'll take care of them." Sure enough, a few days later, a delegation of Paris Commies called on Papon and offered its help. Thanks, but no thanks, the prefect said.

For *Periscoping Science*, page 60; *TV-Radio*, page 69; *Movies*, page 103.



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Number 27 of a series

Modern and Medieval—Architect Harry Weese's Barrington, Illinois studio and summer home would rest easily in almost any suburban setting. Its unusual configuration is due mostly to a Medieval-style roof of 4-inch, double-tongue and grooved cedar planking. The central peaked segment is uniquely suspended from the two end elements and not framed into them. This made possible cleaner lines and budget reductions. Materials are informal—slate floor and cedar planking on the sides and overhead.

Children's rooms have balconies reached by a ladder. Their daughters' rooms are reached by an inside hanging bridge which also adds to the fun of this home.

The Value of the Architect

A student of life and living, he has a talent
for the practical, a taste for the aesthetic

The architect must carefully blend the aesthetic with the functional so that his design does not step over the bounds of good taste, nor away from his client's mode of living.

Architect Weese's home is in perfect taste and clearly reflects his family's needs. A summer home and winter retreat, it is both ideal for children and wonderful for entertaining guests.

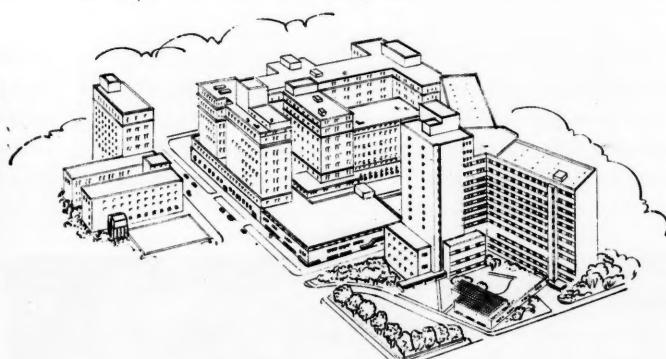
Another example of functional beauty is the Baptist Memorial Hospital in Memphis. Truly a monument of man's service to man, the hospital provides maximum service to 925 patients and maximum help for the 2000

people who work there. These examples demonstrate the wisdom of calling an architect at the planning stage.

This page is published in the interest of all who are considering construction, that they may experience the advantage of professional advice—both of an architectural and engineering kind.

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Comfort and Confidence. The campus-like Baptist-Memorial Hospital in Memphis has increased 7 times in size since 1912. During this gradual expansion, the hospital's architect has managed to maintain considerable unity and coordination. Here, buildings of various vintages demonstrate the progress of the institution. And the facilities of the hustling medical center have been skillfully integrated for maximum efficiency. As a result, patients convalesce in an atmosphere of comfort and security. Architect: Office of Walk C. Jones, Jr., F.A.I.A., Memphis. Consulting Architects: Samuel Hannaford & Sons, Cincinnati. Consulting Engineers: Allen and Hoshall, Memphis.

Washington Trends

A Fighting Mad Ike

Republican campaign strategists took cheer from the President's fiery reaction to a press-conference question about whether he had misled the U.S. about defense.

None could remember when he had used a word as rough as "despicable" in answering critics.

Heartened GOP thinkers now foresee a fighting mad Ike campaigning for Nixon on the defense issue. Nixon, meanwhile, could barnstorm the country on other foreign and domestic problems.

The Postal Gap

President Eisenhower's Congressional leaders have told him that there isn't a chance to narrow the "postal gap" this session.

Ike's proposed 1-cent rise in first-class postage rates would fall \$49 million short of overcoming the anticipated \$603 million department deficit for the next fiscal year.

Even if Congress should vote such an increase—highly unlikely in an election year—the potent postal-workers lobby would close in with a demand for a pay increase.

A Democratic Deal

Presidential hopeful Hubert Humphrey is ready to pull out of the District of Columbia primary, leaving a clear field for Wayne Morse.

In return, Morse won't compete with Humphrey in Wisconsin, where he would have cost Humphrey part of the liberal vote.

For Humphrey, the arrangement is welcome: He looked like a D.C. loser anyway.

Note: Humphrey still seems sure to take some lumps from Kennedy in Wisconsin.

Unhappiness in Russia

Washington diplomats report that the 250,000 Red Army officers, about to be discharged under Premier Nikita Khrushchev's 1.2 million troop cutback, are openly grumbling.

At a Moscow meeting, a 50-year-old colonel complained that it was too late for him to be-

come a lathe operator. Similar protests come from other areas.

While no serious challenge to the Kremlin, the officers and 300,000 government officials sent out of Moscow in a decentralizing scheme represent too much unhappiness to be ignored.

Johnson's War Plans

Strategists for Presidential hopeful Lyndon Johnson think they know how to head off front-running rival Jack Kennedy.

In a confidential memo prepared for the Texas Democrat, they theorize that Kennedy "is now convinced he will win" in the Wisconsin primary and intends to use the victory to stampede the party to his banner.

The problem for Johnson then, as the memo presents it, is to "set in motion counteracting ideas"—in short, deflate the primary balloon.

Some of the Johnson camp's suggestions:

►Point out that the scarcity of state primaries enables a candidate to pick his spots and so manipulate a generally favorable result.

►Suggest a study to see how Presidential primaries might be improved.

►Argue that primaries should not replace the convention, "the only democratic means for selecting the nominee."

Warning for Trujillo

Just back from a Latin American tour, Florida's Sen. George Smathers told State Department officials how he confronted the Dominican Republic's Trujillo with a word or two of caution:

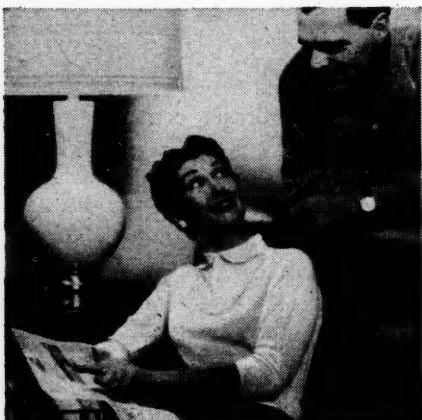
►Introduce democratic elections.

►Alternatively, expect fate of Batista and Perón.

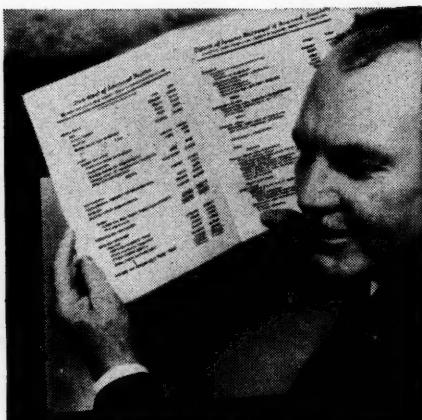
Smathers, perhaps the Senate's most influential member on Latin American affairs, fears that Trujillo's fall might give the Communists a foothold in nearby Haiti and Venezuela, as well as the Dominican Republic.

For Business Trends, see page 73.

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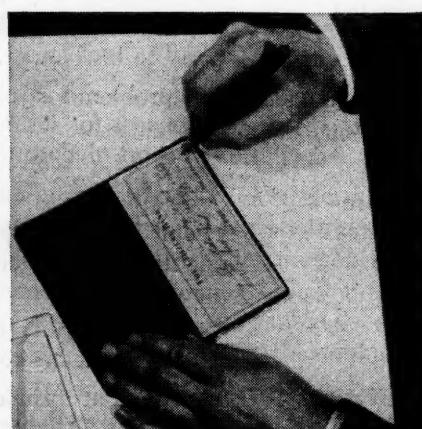
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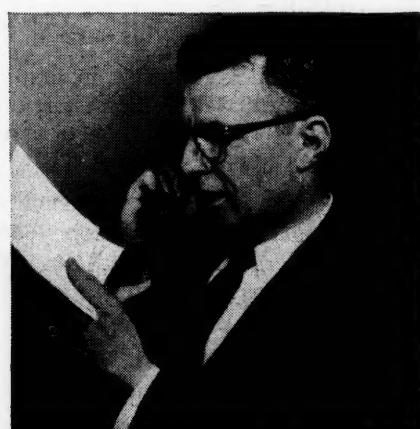
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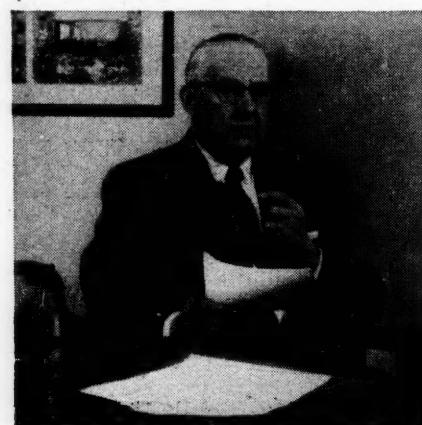
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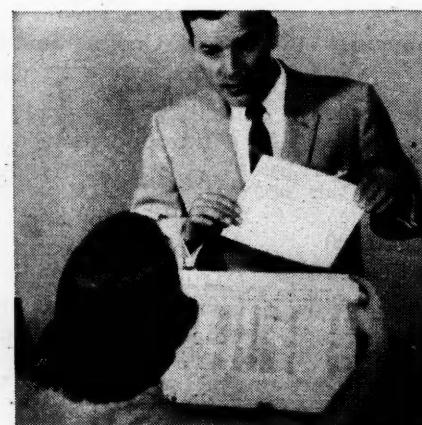
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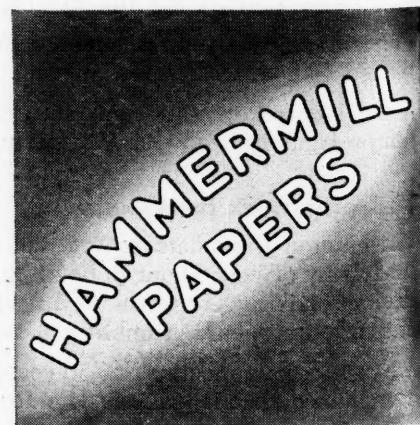
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Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

February 29, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Who says the United States can't stay ahead of Soviet Russia?

In the nation's Capital, one day last week it snowed 4 inches.

All schools in six nearby Maryland and Virginia counties promptly closed.

Both race tracks in the area opened for business as usual.

PUNISHMENT TO FIT THE TIMES?

Often, in the affairs of men, great legal issues have turned on odd crimes and obscure people. Thus it was, last week, that great issues of democratic justice and the sovereignty of a state burst upon the world. At the center of the storm stood a 38-year-old habitual criminal, convicted in California twelve years ago. His crime: A sex kidnapping.

To the courts of the state of California, Caryl Chessman was a man tried and found guilty of a capital offense. In the eyes of much of the world, however, Chessman was a living symbol of cruel and inhuman punishment. Seven times, over a period of eleven years, Chessman had faced the gas chamber; and seven times he had won a delay. But then, again, the courts decided that Chessman must die; and as the day of his execution neared, protests arose around the world.

The time grew short; Chessman waited for certain death. Then came a message from the U.S. State Department, and the dramatic decision by California's Gov. Edmund G. Brown to reprieve the criminal. From that Federal intervention came not only 60 more days of life for Caryl Chessman. It also posed some embarrassing questions that went to the very heart of the democratic process: Had the U.S. Government turned legal justice within a sovereign state into an instrument of national policy? Was it now accepted policy to make the punishment fit the times?

Rightly or wrongly, Chessman was alive because Roy Rubottom, U.S. Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs, relayed a warning telegram to Gov-

ernor Brown that Chessman's execution might touch off anti-American demonstrations when President Eisenhower visited Uruguay (see page 27). The telegram was based on a report from the U.S. Embassy in Uruguay, which had been given the warning by the Uruguayan Government. The Rubottom wire got a harried Brown off the hook, at least temporarily. The fact was that all week two Brown lieutenants had been in Washington seeking such intervention.

No sooner had Brown announced the reprieve than the big storm broke. In the Senate, Democratic Sen. J. William

Fulbright denounced the State Department's "unprecedented action in interfering with the normal carrying out of justice within a state." The London Times editorialized: "The strange and disturbing feature is that [Brown] . . . let his decision be influenced by warnings [of demonstrations in Uruguay] . . . Such external considerations are highly damaging to the repute of the law . . ."

In his own California, Brown now faces trouble with his legislature—which he will ask to abolish capital punishment within the 60 days of Chessman's reprieve. Already important legislators of both parties have indicated they will reject Brown's request. Certainly the coming debate will focus national and world attention on the issue of capital punishment.

Caryl Chessman will be watching, too. If the legislature fails to change the present law, he will face death again at the end of 60 days. But the betting is that he will never be executed.

Tale of Two Men

For two men, Thursday night of last week was a night of torment. One of them had a momentous decision on his mind; he was the governor of California. The other could only wait and see what that decision would be; unless it went his way, he would die at 10 o'clock the next morning.

For Caryl Chessman, 38, a criminal since he was 15, the imminence of gas-chamber death was all too familiar. He had been sentenced to die in 1948. Eight times in the next twelve years, the chamber had come



Warren King—N.Y. Daily News

close. But never as close as last Thursday. At 4:30 that afternoon he had been escorted from his cell on the sixth floor of San Quentin's Death Row to the so-called "ready room" on the ground floor, a somber little cubicle, barren except for a mattress and toilet bowl, a traditional thirteen steps from the green-painted room of execution. His only chance was a stay from California's governor. Caryl Chessman settled to his fried-chicken dinner.

Eighty miles away, in Sacramento's Victorian-style gubernatorial mansion, usually amiable Pat Brown was also having dinner, under a beamed ceiling 16 feet high. It was a gloomy night outside, and so was the occasion. Two aides were dining with the governor. One was his pardon-and-parole secretary, a brilliant young Negro graduate of Harvard Law School, Cecil Poole. The other was portly Hale Champion, his press secretary. At 8:30, dinner over, Pat Brown walked to the heavy oak and leaded-glass front door with his two companions. In parting, he said: "I don't know, I don't know." Then he walked back to the old-fashioned parlor. Alone, he considered the great question: Should Chessman die?

The evening that Caryl Chessman had every reason to think would be his last on earth was fairly busy. The Catholic and Protestant chaplains paid him separate visits. He also attended to his will. He received one of his lawyers, George T. Davis, and said: "George, you are shaking hands with a dead man." A little after 9 o'clock, Warden Fred Dickson dropped in on him and stayed for more than two hours. "He joked quite a bit," Dickson said later, "and discussed his plans for next day."

In his gubernatorial parlor—walls hung in faded red velvet matching the upholstery of the knobbily carved oak furniture—Pat Brown paced the worn-carpeted floor. The house was silent. His wife, Bernice, and their 14-year-old daughter, Kathy, had gone to the Olympic Winter Games opening at Squaw Valley. (He had canceled his own appearance there because of Chessman.)

At about 9 p.m. the doorbell rang. An aide waited with an important telegram, a report from the U.S. State Department that Chessman's execution might give rise to demonstrations in Uruguay during President Eisenhower's visit.

At midnight Warden Dickson was just about to leave Chessman's cell. A telephone rang. "I was told it was Cecil Poole," Dickson said afterward. "When I got on the phone, Mr. Poole said the governor wanted to talk to me.

"The governor asked me first if he



Associated Press

Chessman: Another 60 days

woke me up," Warden Dickson said. "I said no, that I was in the cell with the condemned man. The governor said to me: 'Well, you can send him back upstairs. I have granted him a 60-day reprieve.'

"I told Chessman. He just looked at me. Then he said: 'You wouldn't be kidding me, would you?'

"Of course I wouldn't," I said. "No," he said, "of course you wouldn't. Just give me a minute to let me get myself together again. I had resigned myself to the fact that this was it." Caryl Chessman didn't say anything for a while. Then he said: "Tell the governor I'm very grateful."



Associated Press

Brown: More crushing pressures

DEMOCRATS:

Tippy-Toes With Adlai

No high-wire act ever required so delicate a sense of balance as the course Adlai Stevenson is pursuing in the contest for the Democratic nomination for President. Insisting that he doesn't want the nomination himself, Stevenson unblinkingly has walked a tightrope between the admitted candidates, never leaning toward one candidate or another, never even swaying.

His intimates say that Stevenson prefers John F. Kennedy and Hubert H. Humphrey. Stevenson has steadfastly refused to choose between them.

Last week in San José, Costa Rica, however, Stevenson's foot appeared to slip a bit—and in the direction of Humphrey. Two highly respected reporters, Paul P. Kennedy, a Latin American correspondent of The New York Times, and Mrs. Elizabeth Dyer, publisher of San José's Tico Times, quoted him as making some critical remarks about Kennedy. They both declared that, at a reception given for him by former President José (Pepe) Figueres, they heard Stevenson say that "the amount of money being spent" on Kennedy's campaign "is phenomenal, probably the highest amount spent on a campaign in history." They further said Stevenson called Kennedy "somewhat arrogant" for announcing that he wouldn't accept the Vice Presidential nomination.

Misquoted: After writing a story about the conversation for her paper, Mrs. Dyer ran into William McCormick Blair Jr., Stevenson's law partner and political aide, who is accompanying him on his tour of Latin America. She showed Blair what she had written and Blair exploded. Stevenson couldn't possibly have made such statements, Blair told Mrs. Dyer. Later, Stevenson called Mrs. Dyer at home. "He said he'd never been treated like this in all his years in public office except by the hostile press," she reported later. "He appeared extremely worried about how Jack Kennedy would react. I agreed to make some changes in the story I had written but I told him that Paul Kennedy probably had already cabled the quotes to which Stevenson objected. He said over his shoulder to someone: 'Oh, God, a guy named Kennedy of The Times has filed it. He's as bad as she is!'"

Stevenson shot off a cable to Turner Catledge, managing editor of The New York Times, denying he made the statements the correspondent had attributed to him. He sent a copy to his office in Chicago, which, in turn, sent a copy to John F. Kennedy's office in Washington.

To a NEWSWEEK reporter, Stevenson further explained that he thought he was having a private conversation with

the reporters at the Figueres reception. It was highly informal, he said, and the reporters had pulled some of his answers to questions out of context and given them a completely wrong interpretation.

What really happened?

One possibility: The reporters could have erred—reporters sometimes do.

A second possibility: Stevenson may not have realized what he was saying—chatting at a reception, in the midst of a babble, people sometimes don't.

A third possibility—this from a Kennedy aide who clearly doubts Stevenson's statements that he doesn't want the Democratic nomination: "All candidates at one time or another talk about other candidates, and they all put the knock on someone at some time. Adlai is human . . ."

VICE PRESIDENCY:

Political Slalom

A stinging blizzard swept the High Sierra country, delaying the Vice President's plane nearly an hour, and grounding his shuttle helicopter. As a substitute sedan crunched the 44 hazardous miles up from Reno, Nev., to Squaw Valley, Calif.—all but snowbound at 6,200 feet—a skid chain broke and rattled like a Gatling gun. Sgt. L.D. Tice of the California Highway Patrol got out in the swirling storm and fixed it. The first thing Richard Nixon did when his motorcade reached its destination, just minutes before he was formally to open the Eighth Olympic Winter Games (see page 95), was pump Tice's hand gratefully, and say: "I don't see how you fixed those chains."

"It was a pleasure, sir," replied Tice, grinning like a satisfied constituent.

That was how it went all through the blustery day—Nixon and his wife, Pat, shaking hands, asking questions, giving autographs, posing for snapshots, as comfortable as a pair of old snowshoes; the crowds responding with the warmth of a ski-lodge hearth.

The Vice President tossed off his ceremonial duties as official representative of President Eisenhower in just sixteen words: "I now declare open the Olympic Games of Squaw Valley, celebrating the Eighth Olympic Winter Games." From then on, he simply indulged his interest in sports and becoming President.

Available: When the Nixons drove from Blyth Arena, where the opening ceremony took place, to Olympic Village, where competitors from 30 nations are lodged, their progress was constantly blocked by throngs of enthusiasts or just plain curious, and time and again the Vice President stopped the car and lowered a window to sign programs or permit picture-taking.

In the Olympic village, Nixon chatted

HIGH GOVERNMENT CLIQUE' ASKED \$500,000 TO STOP TAX SUITS, LAWYER SAYS

GOVERNMENT SUES ~~Clique~~ Accused of Tax Fixing WITNESS NAMES

T-Men vs. 'Willie'

The issues that made Dwight D. Eisenhower President in 1952 were Korea, Communism, and corruption; and the man who did more than any other to create the issue of corruption was Republican Sen. John J. Williams of Delaware.

It was Williams, a lanky chicken farmer known as "Whispering Willie" because of his weak, high-pitched voice, who exposed the scandals in the Internal Revenue Service under the Truman Administration (see headline). It was he who forced the resignation of Harry S. Truman's Commissioner of Internal Revenue, George J. Schoeneman, and the conviction of several top Truman officials, including Matthew J. Connelly, the President's appointments secretary, and Theron Lamar Caudle, his Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Tax Division.

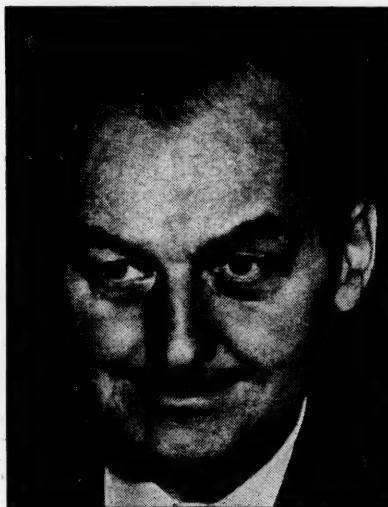
Last week, NEWSWEEK's chief Congressional correspondent Samuel Shaffer learned that for eighteen months, the very Administration Williams did so much to put in office conducted a full-fledged investigation to determine where he was getting his information on the IRS.

Suspicion: In the course of this probe, IRS employees in Washington, Philadelphia, and Pittsburgh, suspected of giving Williams tips, were subjected to lie-detector tests, the senator revealed.

Williams first learned he was under scrutiny last April, when a Revenue agent told him that he'd just been fired because he refused to submit to a lie-detector test. The agent was not a Williams tipster. He had rejected a suggestion that he submit to a lie-detector test because he considered it "insulting."

Looking into the matter, Williams discovered that two IRS investigators were working full-time to uncover his sources.

The purpose of the inquiry, Williams learned, was to learn where he got his information that a New Jersey construction company



UPI
Williams: 'A curious thing'

had been permitted to write off \$1.8 million in bribes and kickbacks to officials in the Dominican Republic (NEWSWEEK, Aug. 5, 1957). The IRS had agreed that these payoffs were "legitimate business expenses."

Williams seethed, but he did nothing about his discovery until he ran into Treasury Secretary Robert Anderson one day at a meeting of the Senate Finance Committee. Taking the Secretary aside, he said:

"You know, it's a curious thing that the Administration which I helped elect . . . should now be investigating me . . ."

Never Again: Anderson was shocked by Williams' story. He said he couldn't believe it. Several days later, however, he came to Williams' office in the Old Senate Building to admit the story was true. He wanted to apologize, he said, and to assure Williams that no such incident would ever occur again.

Williams said: "Has the Internal Revenue Service ever conducted lie-detector tests on its personnel before? Has it tried them out on Frank Costello or any other gangster?"

Anderson replied: "The Internal Revenue Service never used lie-detector machines before, and, so long as I am Secretary of the Treasury, it won't again."

with foreign visitors just as amiably as though they could vote next November. Lidija Skoblikova, a trim, 20-year-old member of the Russian team, pushed through the crowd to shake Nixon's hand. She just wanted to tell him that she had heard him speak in Moscow, she said.

Foreign Tongue: When Nixon, after talking to a number of multilingual athletes, shook a bystander's hand and was told, "I'm a good Democrat," he asked: "And what language do you speak?"

The unidentified Democrat was as amused as the other onlookers. When the Nixons departed, he remarked: "He's really a great guy . . ."

Actually, Richard Nixon was at his happiest, and close to his best, campaigning in the world of sports—a world he had all but pre-empted as his private political preserve. He stumbled on the

among its political writers, and he wasn't complaining. He knew who had the greater readership.

But Nixon was not confining his campaign to athletics. Last week, on his way to California, he gave three major speeches in Detroit, and so charmed Walter Reuther's heir apparent, United Automobile Workers' vice president Leonard Woodcock, that Woodcock made some agreeable remarks about him—which he retracted next day.

But at the weekend, Nixon was still concentrating on the world of sports. Speaking at a baseball dinner of the "Hot Stove League" in Stockton, Calif., he was asked whether he would open the baseball season, as President, with a fast ball or a curve.

"I think," said Dick Nixon, "it would be a knuckle ball."



Associated Press

Author Hyde and AF Colonel: Apologies came quickly

political potential through a sincere interest in football and baseball, and once he found it, he wasn't about to let it go.

Recently, he had to decline an invitation to address New York's high-powered Overseas Press Club next month, because of a previous commitment. It didn't make the aristocracy of the Fourth Estate feel any better when he talked to the New York Metropolitan Golf Writers that same week. He has spoken to the sportswriting members of Washington's Touchdown Club and to the National Baseball Writers' Association. He presented the Heisman Trophy at a Football Writers' dinner, and the Davis Cup on a court at Forest Hills. He was a fan—and fast becoming a good-luck symbol among the superstitious—of the Washington Senators and Redskins.

He was almost certainly more popular among the nation's sportswriters than

ARMED FORCES:

'Security Education'

In the Army, Navy, and Air Force, the manuals written to train alert young American recruits leave no set screw unturned in detailing gun mounts and field kitchen ranges, often belaboring the obvious to an excruciatingly funny degree. They painstakingly tell how to buy liquor for a party ("Larger groups consume less per person than small parties"), choose a wife ("Do we realize the seriousness of the marriage vows?"), sack groceries ("placing heavy items on bottom of sack and fragile or perishable items on top"), even how to wash an Air Force officer's dog.

Last week, this zeal for careful training caught the Air Force in a hot updraft of controversy. The source of the

trouble: Air Reserve Center Training School Manual NR. 45-0050, Increment V, Volume 7. Covering "Individual and Group Defense" and aimed at non-commissioned officers, its Lesson 15, "Security Education and Discipline," contained such explosive charges as:

► "It is known that even the pastors of certain of our churches are card-carrying Communists . . ."

► "Communists and Communist fellow travelers have successfully infiltrated into our churches."

► "The National Council of [the] Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. officially sponsored the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. Of the 95 persons who served on this project 30 have been affiliated with pro-Communist fronts, projects, and publications."

About 3,000 copies of the pamphlet, dated Jan. 4, 1960, had been distributed when one was shown to James Wine, the National Council's new associate general secretary for public interpretation. He wrote indignantly to Defense Secretary Thomas S. Gates Jr., calling the manual "an example of irresponsibility at its worst." Gates, as well as Air Force Under Secretary Dudley C. Sharp, quickly apologized and ordered the offending manual withdrawn.

Hard Work: Gates, incensed, ordered an investigation. So did Carl Vinson, boss of the House Armed Services Committee. As chairman, he chose Rep. Melvin Price, Illinois Democrat and an old Army Air Force man himself, who said of the manual: "To be that stupid, you have to work at it."

It didn't take much of an inquiry to turn up the author: Homer H. Hyde, 54, one of the eleven civilians employed at Lackland Air Force Base near San Antonio, Texas, to grind out training doctrine. "I'm of the same opinion still about the danger," he insisted, recalling that he had been interested in writing ever since he worked with Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson on the staff of their college newspaper at Southwestern State Teachers in San Marcos, Texas. Defiantly welcoming investigation, Hyde confided that he is at work on another manual, this one for the Air University at Maxwell Air Force Base in Montgomery, Ala. Its title: "Communism in the Communist World."

INTEGRATION:

'Full-Scale Assault'

As Negro students continued their lunch-counter sitdown campaign in the South last week, its pattern was perceptibly shifting from scattered incidents (e.g., in Portsmouth, Va., Durham, N.C., and Chattanooga, Tenn.) to an organized mass movement. Assuming leadership of sitdown integration was the man

who attracted world attention as the force behind the Montgomery, Ala., bus boycott in 1955 and '56: The Rev. Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

In this interview with NEWSWEEK, Dr. King discusses this latest and highly significant form of protest against segregation, a movement that could create racial disturbances throughout the entire South.

"This may well be the beginning of a full-scale assault on segregation."

Martin Luther King Jr. was weighing his words as he said this. He had just returned to Atlanta—where he recently assumed the co-pastorate of his father's Ebenezer Baptist Church—after addressing student mass meetings in Durham, N.C., a center of the sitdown movement.

The sitdown campaign, Dr. King pointed out, helps to ease the frustration felt by many Negroes as court action on segregation grinds along at "deliberate speed." "This gives the people an opportunity to act, to express themselves, to become involved on the local level with the struggle. It might be the answer to how we can meet the delaying tactics that come through litigation."

Dividing Line: Turning to the deeper implications of the movement, Dr. King went on: "Social privilege is one thing; civil rights another. Who eats in my dining room is my social privilege. But who sits beside me in public, in restaurants, on buses, on trains, is a question of civil rights. We are not seeking to invade the realm of social privilege. We are trying to insure civil rights."

How far did he think the new movement would spread? He ticked them off on his fingers: "Georgia, Alabama, I don't know about Mississippi, but Louisiana."

Why did the sitdowns start in North Carolina, a state where token integration is in effect?

Dr. King had a ready answer: "Token integration when honestly implemented ... is a first step that can ultimately lead us to the end we seek. But token integration, when it is used as a dishonest, evasive scheme, is nothing but a new form of segregation. These sitdowns reveal that the Negro has never accepted token integration—that we seek integration in all levels of our society."

Ultimate Aim: The new demonstrations, he said, "are definitely following the same philosophy and techniques as the Montgomery bus boycott. This philosophy in substance says that you resist an evil system and protest the injustices that you face under it. Yet you must keep your resistance on the highest level of dignity and discipline." The ultimate aim, he added, "is to create better relations with your opponent rather than defeat him and humiliate him."

This was the point of view, he explained, that he had been trying to put

across to the students whom he had been addressing in North Carolina. They had included leaders of the movement from Virginia and South Carolina, too. "Seems to me that I have talked with the student leaders from every school," said Dr. King.

He had warned the students, he said, that they must be willing "to fill the jails," but he also warned them against striking back or responding to violence with violence. "I got it over to them, for the moment at least. They are convinced that it is not only the best course morally, but the best course practically."

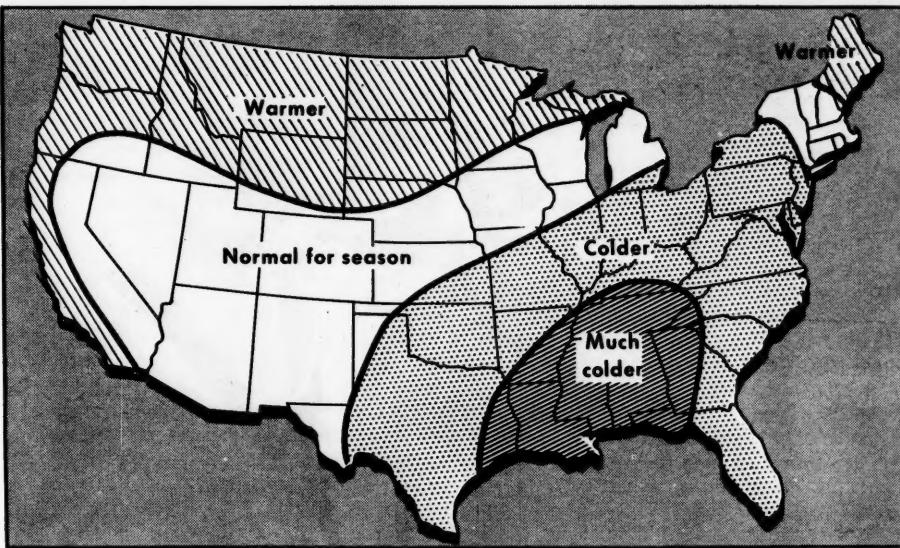
CONGRESS:

The Chips Are Down

Stella, Mo., is a village in the stumpy Ozark foothills in the southwestern part of the state. In its entire population of 177, there isn't a single Negro, and Stella hasn't had a racial problem since the Indians gave up scalping. Yet last week, through parliamentary chance, Stella became the focal point of the United States Senate's bitter debate on civil rights, and by chance, moreover, Stella, Mo., might become the burying ground of the



Associated Press



Newsweek—Bensl

DOWN around horsy Lexington, Ky., where the blood is as blue as the grass, thoroughbreds frisked through a rare 7-inch snowfall (see photo). But up near Angola, N.Y., three hungry circus elephants, stranded hayless by another storm, found nothing exhilarating in last week's weather whims.

For Eastern residents—horses, elephants, and people—the Weather Bureau predicted more cold; in the West and upper Midwest, warmer weather was on the way; but in the sunny South, temperatures would be much below normal.

Presidential hopes of Lyndon B. Johnson.

Johnson, as Senate Majority Leader, had given his word last summer that the controversial issue of civil rights would reach the Senate floor by Feb. 15, 1960, and last week he kept it. But because all Senate bills on civil rights were impounded in the Judiciary Committee, to keep his promise, Johnson had to use a common legislative device: He moved consideration of a minor and irrelevant House bill, and asked the Senate to tack civil-rights amendments to it.

The House measure he chose simply would authorize the Army to lease an unused officers' club—free of rent—to the Stella School Board, until a burned-out schoolhouse could be rebuilt. The incongruous title of the bill, about which debate on Negro voting rights would rage: "Leasing of Portion of Fort Crowder, Mo."

Turning Point: Actually, it no longer mattered much what the Senate called its most crucial fight over civil rights. The Southerners who historically had beaten down such legislation on the Senate floor were whipped. On a test motion to defer consideration of the issue last week, they failed, 61 to 28, and even that margin was misleading. For a final vote, they could count on only eighteen senators. A real filibuster—the South's traditional weapon—was out of the question, because proponents of civil-rights legislation had the two-thirds majority required

to shut off debate. Though the Southerners would still put up a valiant verbal defense to keep faith with their constituents, this time they lack the votes to win. Privately, and in despair, the Southern senators admitted it.

Actually, the initiative on civil rights had passed from the hallowed Senate battleground to the House of Representatives. Senate leader Johnson, moreover, seemed to welcome the switch. The Johnson strategy now is to have the Senate keep talking about civil rights—with possible interruptions for other pressing business—until it receives a House-passed bill. Then, Johnson hopes, the Senate will accept this bill with a minimum of dissension and send it to the White House.

Why did the House take over the civil-rights battle? It was President Eisenhower himself who forced it. Dropping, for the first time, his scrupulous hands-off policy on legislative strategy, Mr. Eisenhower last week asked House Republican leader Charles Halleck of Indiana to move civil rights out of the Rules Committee, where it long had languished. Everyone knew that Halleck controlled the necessary votes, if he combined his strength with that of Northern Democrats. But for tactical reasons he had been holding off.

Thus, when Rep. Halleck informed House Rules Committee chairman Howard Smith, a Virginia Democrat, of

his White House directive, Smith capitulated and agreed to let the matter reach the floor on March 10.

Smith's surrender and Johnson's cooperation, plus White House pressure, practically insured ultimate passage of a civil-rights bill with the Administration's stamp on it.

Not Schools, But Votes: What would this bill be like? It would furnish Federal funds and assistance to school districts attempting to integrate; but the great emphasis would be on Negro voting rights, long denied in much of the South. Its cardinal feature would be a provision, drafted by Attorney General William P. Rogers and Vice President Richard Nixon, for Federal court-appointed referees to qualify Negroes as voters where discrimination had barred them from the polls.

All in all, it would be a moderate bill. And though the Eisenhower Administration and the Republicans might ultimately claim (and win) credit for it, every man on Capitol Hill—Democrat and Republican alike—knew that it couldn't be done without the acquiescence of Lyndon B. Johnson.

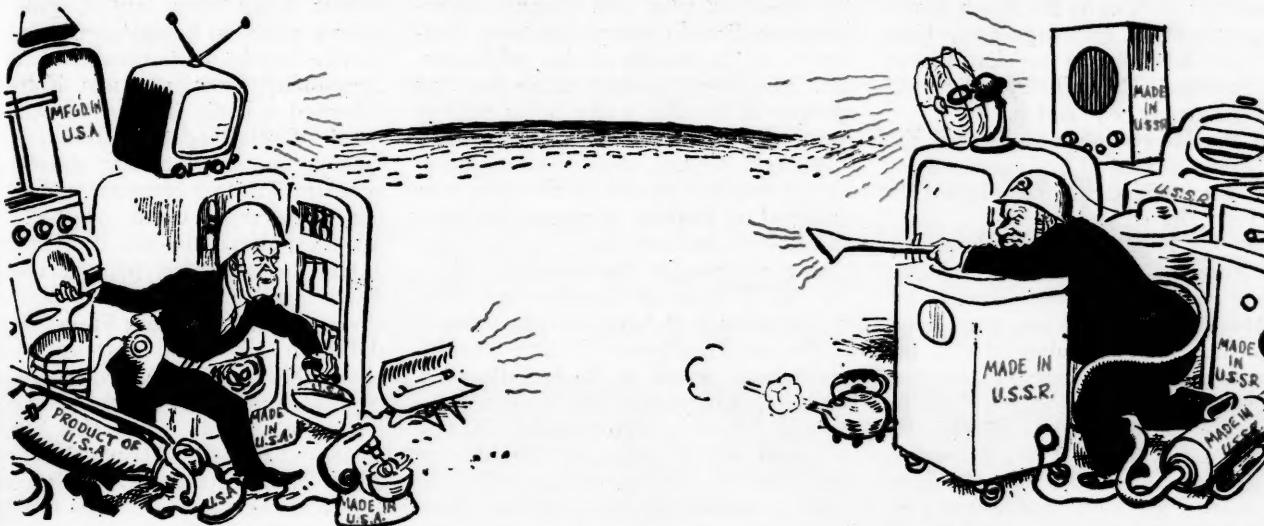
But what of Johnson himself, and his Texas-size White House aspirations? He had hoped his support of a good civil-rights bill would make him politically acceptable to the Northern Democrats who stand in the way of his nomination. But after the first civil-rights skirmishes last week, it seemed that Johnson, in his calculated move to appease the North, had alienated some of his supporters in the South. Southerners were particularly incensed that the majority leader had bypassed a Southern-controlled committee (Judiciary) to force the issue to the Senate floor by the Feb. 15 deadline. The Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle summed up the South's general resentment:

"Johnson is a dead Presidential duck . . . While his tactical maneuver may have gained him a battle, inevitably it will cost him the war."



'I Thwear . . .'

In Georgia, positively everyone on the state payroll has to take an oath that he is opposed to Communism, and that, suh, means everyone. Last week the legislature refused to exempt even the small children who serve it as pages at \$4 a day. So 4-year-old Michael Gaultney, with the help of clerk Peggy Wahrer, (see photo, left) began rehearsing his vow that he is not a Communist, or sympathetic with its doctrines. None of the youngsters objected in the slightest to pledging their loyalty. It was just that the oath was a little tough to comprehend and sign—if a fellow was only 4, and couldn't read or write.



Illingworth—London Daily Mail

A British comment on 'competitive coexistence': 'Old war, new weapons'

THE MEN—THE ISSUES—THE STAKES

These were not merely good-will tours. As Dwight D. Eisenhower went barnstorming through Latin America this week, grinning his famous grin, while Nikita S. Khrushchev smiled and growled his way through Asia, the leaders of the world's two greatest nations were not engaged in a mere popularity contest. They were locked in a momentous struggle for the future of the world.

The battleground was in the minds of men, and ideas were the weapons, not bombs. Yet, the stakes were greater than in any war.

For, in the conflict between democracy and Communism, the underdeveloped nations of Latin America and Asia, together with the underdeveloped nations of Africa, may well hold the balance of power. As they go—toward democracy or toward Communism—so may the world go.

There were a few striking similarities between the two men, similarities more significant than their bald heads and hot tempers. Both had risen from humble backgrounds: Eisenhower the son of a dairy worker in Kansas, Khrushchev the son of a Ukrainian coal miner. Both talk of peace from a firsthand knowledge of bloodshed: Eisenhower as a lifelong soldier, Khrushchev as a ruthless commissar. Yet their differences are absolute. Khrushchev, the aggressive plunger, seeks not only to prove that the burgeoning Communist system has discovered a "collective dynamism" that ensures its victory; he seeks also to persuade all who will listen that America is the land of yesterday, Russia the land of tomorrow.

Mr. Eisenhower, just as surely, per-

sonifies the qualities of the system he is selling—Western democracy, secure in its freedoms (sometimes to the point of carelessness), eager to share its abundance (though not always willing to pay the price), most of all, the stronghold of personal liberty.

To Americans, there is no real choice between these alternatives, for freedom chooses itself. But to many of the poorer nations that occupy most of the world, the choice is not so simple. Without food, these people ask, how can there be freedom? So to them, the major issues are the "bread-and-butter issues": Which system will help us earn more food and clothes?

Words With Bite: Khrushchev's answer, repeated in a dozen variations last week, was this: "We were as poor as you a generation ago, and now our rocket to the moon shows the power and wealth we have won through Communism."

This was an argument that echoed far beyond Indonesia. It sounded convincing in many a dingy hovel in Baghdad or Casablanca; it was even having an effect in Latin America.

Yet Dwight Eisenhower, too, had a powerful answer to the hungry world's questions. He could—and would—point to democracy's greatest success—the transformation of the virtually empty North American continent into the world's industrial giant. He could—and would—show that Western man, European as well as American, is incomparably better off, spiritually as well as materially, than Khrushchev's Communists. As for those who claimed that the West had kept its wealth to itself, the President could cite

not only his own presence 5,000 miles from home but the hard facts of which side had done most to help the poor nations help themselves (see page 40).

Who will do most tomorrow, the poorer lands may ask?

No one except Khrushchev can tell what Russia will do. But in a nationwide TV address on the eve of his departure for South America, Mr. Eisenhower sounded the very keynote of his mission and the essence of U.S. policy: "To learn more about our friends to the South; to assure them again that the United States seeks to cooperate with them in achieving a fuller life for everyone in this hemisphere; and to make clear our desire to work closely with them in the building of a universal peace with justice."

In his annual request for foreign aid, in which he put the minimum figure at \$4.2 billion, the President had said: "Hundreds of millions of people throughout the world have learned that it is not ordained that they must live in perpetual poverty and illness, on the ragged edge of starvation . . ."

Salesman to the South

It was a journey that President Eisenhower had long hoped to make. Often during his seven years in the White House, the President had lamented that, for reasons he could not understand, the U.S. persisted in taking its Latin American neighbors "too much for granted." Now, at last, he was on the way to try to correct this. In thirteen crowded days, he would visit Puerto Rico and four of

the leading countries on the South American continent—Brazil, Argentina, Uruguay, and Chile. He was traveling 15,560 miles by plane, 225 miles by helicopter, and 325 miles by car and boat.

The President's mission: To sell the Latin Americans on U.S. foreign policy. "This," he confided to one adviser, "is what I do best."

When his huge jet roared down the 2-mile runway at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland shortly after dawn this Monday, nonstop for San Juan, Puerto Rico, Mr. Eisenhower was far better prepared than any of the five Presidents who had preceded him to Latin America* to carry out this mission. He had spent hours with government experts being briefed on the problems and personalities he would encounter, and hours in the privacy of the White

the blood-red mud and scraggly underbrush of Brazil's interior plateau. Suddenly, in the middle of this wilderness, Mr. Eisenhower would catch his first glimpse of Brasilia, a city being built to order to serve as Brazil's new capital.

Folly? Waiting near the temporary airport terminal would be the man who dreamed up Brasilia, bouncing President Juscelino Kubitschek. Some of his countrymen call Brasilia "Kubitschek's Folly," but the 57-year-old President considers it "the symbol of hope for our nation."

The two Presidents will drive into the city where, smack in the middle of a roadway, Kubitschek has ordered the construction of a huge platform. Here a reception will be held. Mr. Eisenhower will meet the people who actually are turning Kubitschek's dream into steel-girdered reality—blue-suited engineers,

salient facts: The largest, potentially richest nation in Latin America is broke, thanks largely to its own financial irresponsibility. Four years ago, Kubitschek inherited a badly inflated economy. Instead of resorting to austerity, he embarked on a spectacular development program. Printing *cruzeiros* and borrowing wherever he could, he built roads, factories, shipyards—and Brasilia.

His theory was a popular one—that Brazil could spend its way to prosperity. The opposite happened. From 70 to the dollar in 1956, the *cruzeiro* went to about 185 to the dollar. Prices are astronomical, and there are food shortages.

Over-Coffeed: Over their *cafezinhos* (small cups of coffee which Brazilians drink all day long), Kubitschek is expected to call Mr. Eisenhower's attention to the coffee problem: Brazil produces too much, and wants the U.S. to back a world stabilization program, which, in effect would fix prices. He also will ask support for his visionary Operation Panamerica, a vast development program.

After one night in the dazzling futurama that is Brasilia, Mr. Eisenhower and his host will fly to beautiful Rio de Janeiro, where thousands of "I Like Ike" posters have been plastered along the streets. They are assured of a riotous welcome by colorful *cariocas* dancing to a new "Eisenhower Samba" that has become the hit of the month: "Hey, Give Me Some Dough."

On Thursday, Mr. Eisenhower will visit the booming industrial city of São Paulo for lunch. São Paulo is variously called the "Detroit of Brazil" because of its many auto plants, and the "Chicago of Brazil" for its energetic, bustling businessmen and industries. Ike unquestionably will find the slightly cooler, more stimulating air of São Paulo (altitude 2,500 feet) a welcome change from Rio's sultriness.

An even greater change awaits him Friday when he flies on to Argentina. President Arturo Frondizi will be awaiting his arrival at sprawling Ezeiza Airport, 28 miles from Buenos Aires, with a carefully screened crowd of welcomers. The reason for the screening: Possible trouble from die-hard followers of former dictator Juan Perón.

Time Out: Mr. Eisenhower will take his first real rest at San Carlos de Bariloche, an Argentine mountain paradise for golfers and fishermen. But President Frondizi hopes to combine business with pleasure while he and Mr. Eisenhower are staying at Bariloche's Llao Llao Hotel. Frondizi expects to have an opportunity to sit down quietly with his guest to discuss Argentina's problems: Inflation and the political and economic stresses created by austerity and the Peronistas. Sunday, however, will be a day devoted to worship, relaxation, and recreation. Mr. Eisenhower is looking forward



Seeing good neighbors: The kind of trip that Ike likes best

House reading State Department position papers. He had pored over maps of the route he would cover (see page 33) until he knew them by heart.

In Puerto Rico, Mr. Eisenhower was to confer with Gov. Luis Muñoz Marín, a man who has proved invaluable to U.S. foreign-policy makers as a link between the U.S. and the Latin American world, but the President also had time for golf. Not until Tuesday would his really arduous work begin. That morning, the Presidential jet would leave Ramey Air Force Base and head south over the blue Caribbean, then over the dense green carpet of the Amazon jungle. Shortly after lunch, it would begin to descend over

construction bosses with mud caking their boots, laborers in tattered blue shirts and straw peasant hats.

The two Presidents will then tour the airplane-shaped city, which is to open April 21. About 80 per cent of the public buildings have been completed (by 40,000 workers, laboring three shifts a day), and they are as modern as tomorrow's jets. The Senate building is shaped like an inverted cup, the Chamber of Deputies like a saucer.

Mr. Eisenhower will spend the night in Kubitschek's green-glass-walled Presidential palace. And sometime before bedtime, the Brazilian undoubtedly will find a propitious moment to bring up a matter that has long been on his mind: Brazil needs help.

Mr. Eisenhower is well briefed on the

*Theodore Roosevelt, the first President ever to leave the U.S., Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, Franklin D. Roosevelt, and Harry S. Truman.

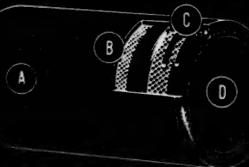
Force-feeding fuel to a 15,000-mile-an-hour flyer was no job for ordinary hose. Armed Services missile contractors needed lengths—6 inches in diameter—that could feed hose-eating rocket fuel around an “impossibly” small bending radius without kinking or collapsing. One supplier could furnish hose with a 31-inch radius—another cut that to 29 inches. But it took the G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—and his colleagues to come up with the 24-inch radius hose that met the requirement. Result: the G.T.M.’s special rocket fueling hose fed the fuel—in exact quantities at a precise flow rate—to the Jupiter Missile that carried space-monkeys Able and Baker on their historic trip. And it’s been “gassing up” this type outer-space traveler ever since.



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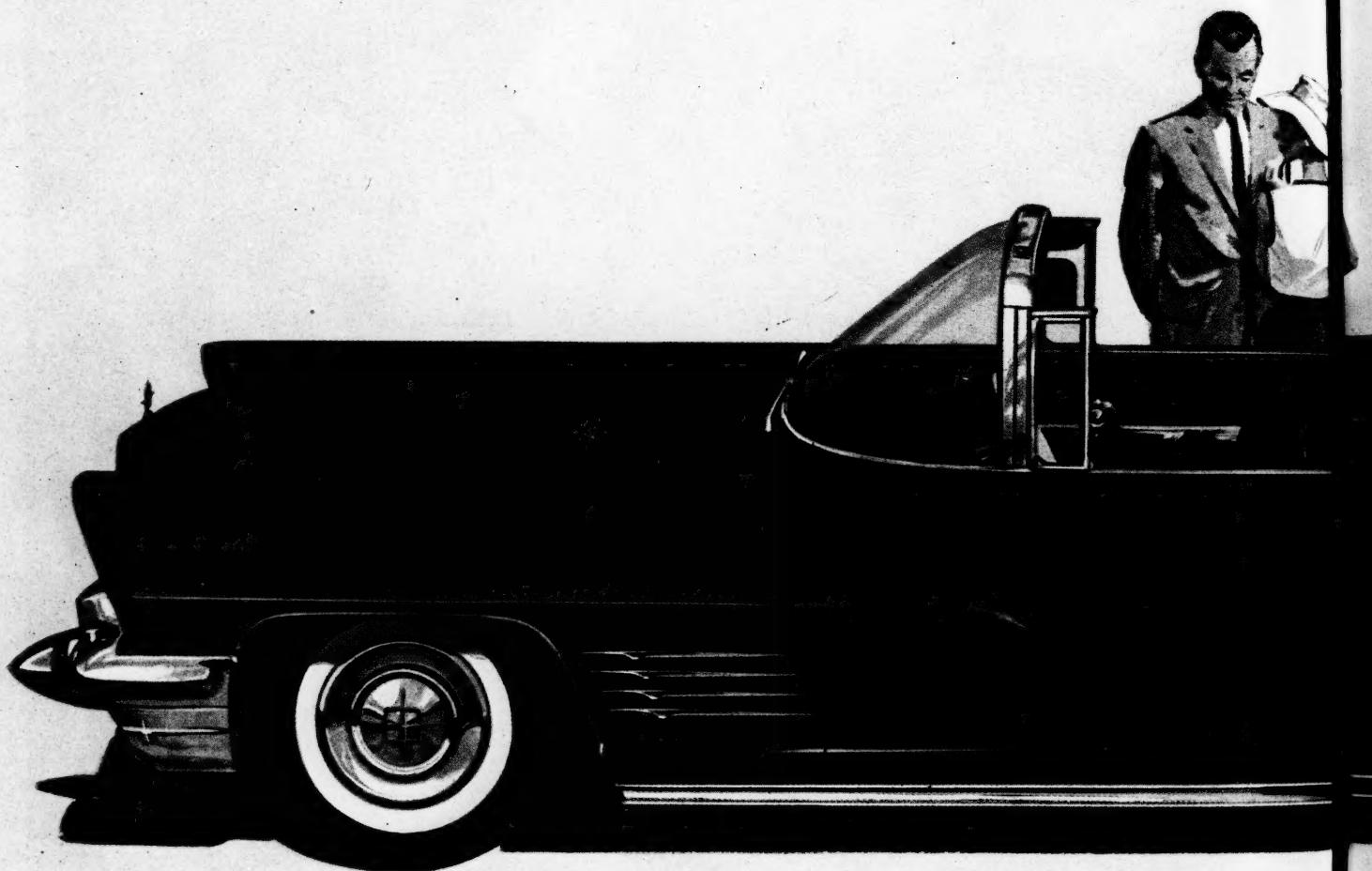
THE BIG NAME IN HOSE:

GOD^YEAR

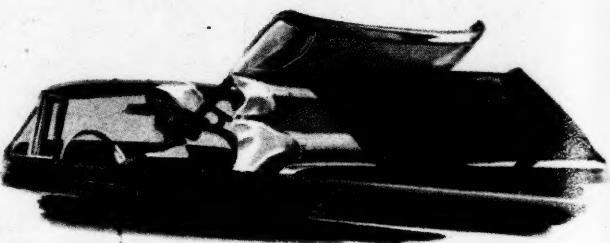
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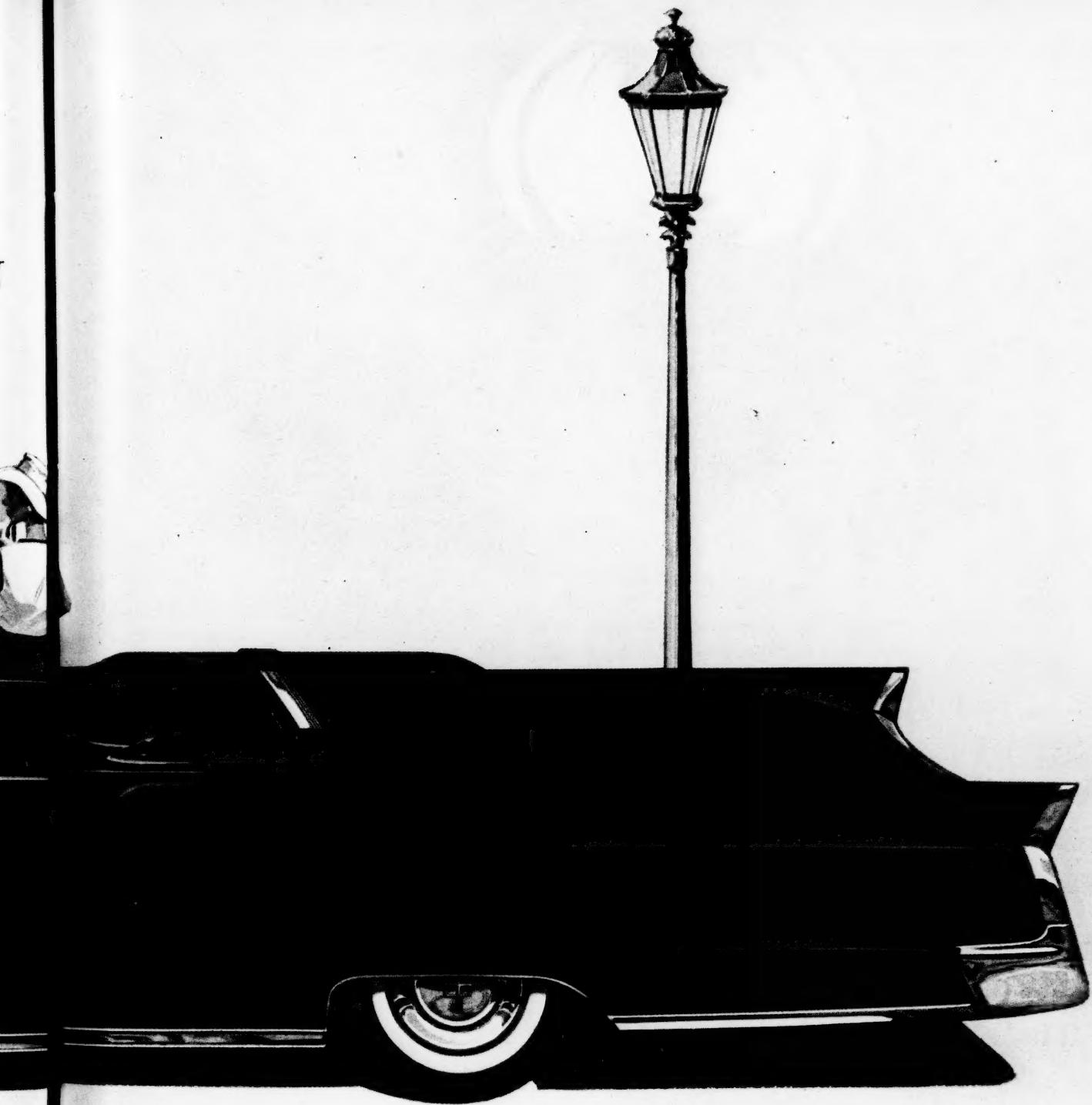
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to playing golf and fishing for trout. Next Monday, Mr. Eisenhower flies across the towering Andes to Santiago, Chile, situated in a fertile valley below peaks that soar as high as 20,000 feet. Mr. Eisenhower will be arriving in mid-summer, to find the asters, marigolds, and roses blooming.

Like Argentina, but unlike Brazil, Chile has been meeting the problem of inflation with austerity. On the way from Los Cerrillos Airport to Santiago, both Mr. Eisenhower and President Jorge Alessandri will ride in open cars sent down by the U.S. Government for the occasion, because the Chilean Government itself has no suitable cars (to set an example of austerity, Alessandri uses his own private car, frequently driving it himself). Within the bounds of austerity, however, Chile intends to give the President a heartfelt welcome. Mr. Eisenhower will find his picture beaming at him from the store windows.

The Chilean President is unlikely to ask for money. A devout believer in free enterprise, he plans, instead, to express his desire for more U.S. private investments on a strictly commercial basis.

Resort: The last major capital on Mr. Eisenhower's journey is bustling Montevideo, a city of beaches. On the way from Carrasco Airport to the U.S. Embassy, he will never be out of sight of sand and water, and a kaleidoscope of beach umbrellas, scanty bathing suits, and suntans. His entourage will pause to dedicate the Rambla Eisenhower, an avenue bordering 25 miles of beach.

Uruguay is a truly democratic country, and Mr. Eisenhower personally is extremely popular as the hero of World War II and the leader of the free world. But Uruguay has its problems and Benito Nardone, President of its nine-man National Council of Government, will tell President Eisenhower about them. Disastrous floods, for instance, ruined last year's harvest, thereby intensifying the crippling inflation which Uruguay shares with most of its neighbors. But Nardone will not request any further help.

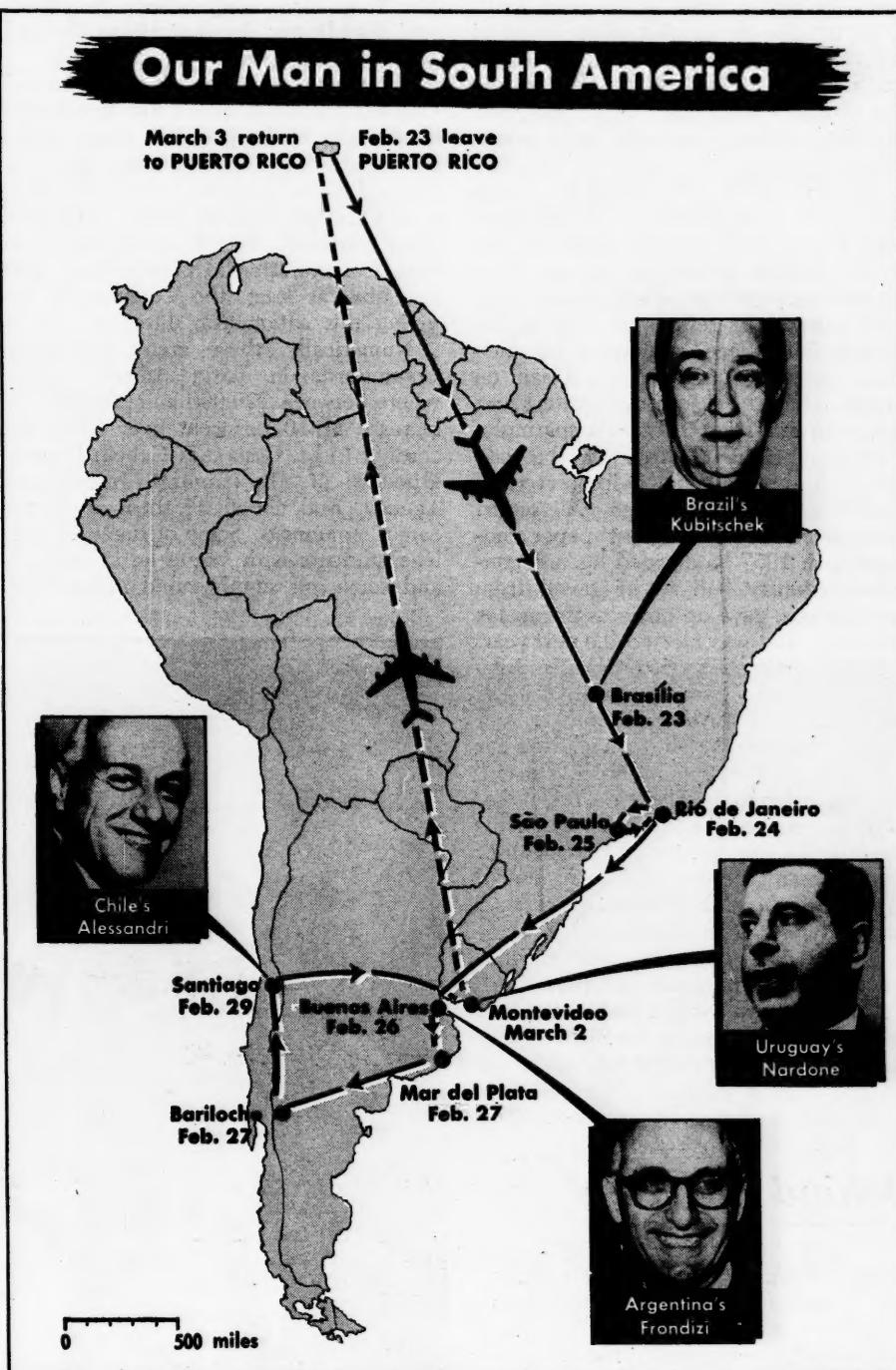
On Thursday, Mr. Eisenhower will finally start north. Once in Puerto Rico, he plans to take two days of rest. He will fly back to Washington on March 6.

Ike's Hosts

During his tour of Latin America, Dwight D. Eisenhower will be the guest of four fellow Presidents. They are men as different as the countries they head, with personalities as different as the problems they face.

The four:

KUBITSCHKE OF BRAZIL: Charming Juscelino Kubitschek dances the samba with catlike grace, and his almond-shaped brown eyes follow a switching skirt as only a *cavalheiro's* can.



Newsweek—Bresnan

Yet, the slim, black-haired chief of state is no playboy. He works fifteen hours a day, and his eyes really sparkle when he inaugurates another power plant, highway, factory, or a capital city.

Descendant of a Bohemian immigrant farmer, 57-year-old Juscelino worked as a telegrapher to finish medical school, then got a job as police surgeon. He moved up to the job of mayor, then governor, reaching the Presidency in 1956 on a promise to give Brazil "Fifty Years' Progress in Five."

FRONDIZI OF ARGENTINA: With his heavy horn-rimmed glasses, erect posture, and stern demeanor, Arturo Frondizi, 51, looks just like the scholar he is. He prefers the company of his books,

his quiet wife, his 22-year-old daughter, hates parties, takes only a little wine, scorns cigarettes. Yet this doctor of laws is also a political wizard.

One of fourteen children of an Italian immigrant contractor, Frondizi began fighting dictators as a law student. (Police put him on their records as a "chronic student.") In 1946, he was elected to Congress in the same poll which made Juan Perón President. With a handful of other Radicals (liberals), Frondizi battled Perón on nearly every issue.

Yet when he first campaigned for the Presidency two years ago, Frondizi's speeches offered everything to all men, including Argentina's Peronistas and Communists. "Let's be frank," he once

said, "to refuse votes is to be a fool."

Six months after taking office, Frondizi ordered strict belt-tightening to put the nation back on its feet. Since then, he has fought Communists, Peronistas, nationalists, military officers, even phantom submarines.

ALESSANDRI OF CHILE: Gray-eyed and strong-jawed, bachelor President Jorge Alessandri, 63, reminds one of the Andean peaks he can see from his Santiago windows—aloof, austere, solitary. Alessandri refuses to live in the Presidential palace, preferring his five-room apartment on the old Plaza de Armas. There he enjoys classical art and music, spurns stimulants, eats sparingly.

One of eight children of the late Arturo Alessandri, who twice served as President, engineer Jorge Alessandri reorganized Chile's biggest paper monopoly. In 1957 he decided his inflation-racked country had to be saved from the politicos, gave up business to run for President, and was elected the next year.

NARDONE OF URUGUAY: Like Frondizi, dark-haired Benito Nardone, 53, is the son of an Italian immigrant. A middle-of-the-roader, he is a glutton for work and dislikes social affairs. He is a taciturn individual—except on the radio.

Seventeen years ago he launched his career as a commentator on Radio Rural. Now he owns the station. For an hour a day he broadcast commodity quotations, folksy advice, and crackling political comment. His attacks on politicians won him the nickname Chicotazo (whiplash).

Less than two years ago he attracted so many farm workers to his Blanco Party that the party was swept into office for the first time in 93 years. The next day he shouted to his radio listeners: "The days of the robbers are over!"

Behind the Hate

One of the principal aims of President Eisenhower's tour is to counter the Communist drive to subvert our neighbors in Latin America and establish Red bridgeheads there.

How do the Communists operate? How much progress have they made?

In the following report, NEWSWEEK Associate Editor Harry B. Murkland, who is traveling with the President, gives some of the answers.

In Cuba, Fidel Castro's government daily reviles the United States, confiscates American property, and piles up tariffs against American imports, while at the same time bringing all private enterprise under direct government control and in other ways constantly drawing closer to Soviet Russia both economically and politically.

In Panama, rioters invade the Canal Zone to rip down the U.S. flag.

In Uruguay, the government warns

the U.S. State Department to expect anti-Eisenhower demonstrations if Caryl Chessman is executed in California.

How much of this is international Communism at work? Some—but by no means all. Underlying all these explosions is the intense nationalism that has gripped Latin America in recent years, a nationalism that is often blind and often irrational. Yet, in all of the agitation, Communists did play a hand, and in Cuba, at least, the Communists are giving this nationalism direction.

Numerically, there aren't too many Communists in Latin America—somewhere between 220,000 and 250,000, an increase of 10 per cent over 1958, according to Lt. Gen. C.P. Cabell, Deputy Director of the Central Intelligence Agency. And not all of them are hardcore Communists. Some of them are college students with vague leftist notions, and some are simply rabid nationalists,

who call themselves Communists because the Communists characteristically pose as nationalists and because the Communists also hate the United States.

Infiltrations: And yet, the influence of the Communists should not be underestimated. For one thing, by posing as nationalists, they can often succeed in harnessing the real nationalists. For another, they are concentrated to a great extent in the labor unions, and in Latin America the labor unions have even more power than in the U.S. For a third, they have won over many intellectuals, and in Latin America intellectuals are extremely influential. For a fourth, they have the immense Soviet and Chinese Communist propaganda machines behind them; the Soviet Embassies are vast propaganda mills.

Soviet, satellite, and Chinese Communist radio stations bombard Latin America with 85 hours of anti-American, pro-Communist propaganda weekly in Spanish and Portuguese, and with 21 hours in Polish and other languages. Communist publishing houses flood Latin America with printed materials. Some 250 Communist publications now are circulating there. They include everything from theoretical journals to popular newspapers to magazines directed at doctors, lawyers, and other professional groups.

Accent on Youth: Knowing how influential the intellectuals are, the Communists put great stress on cultural exchanges. A constant stream of Soviet and Chinese intellectuals and artists pours through Latin America. More than 3,300 Latin American youths have attended Communist-sponsored youth festivals, with Moscow footing the bill. The U.S. Government estimates that Soviet Russia spent close to \$1 million to bring Latin American delegates to Moscow for the Sixth Youth Festival in 1957.

What do the Communists hope to accomplish? Not to establish true Communist governments in Latin America, the Central Intelligence Agency believes. What they want primarily is simply to stir up trouble for the U.S. The Russians also want more Latin American trade, and Communist China is aiming for Latin American support for its admission to the United Nations.

Have the Reds any chance of achieving what they seek? The constant explosions against the U.S. answer that question. And so does the increasingly anti-U.S., pro-Red attitude of the Castro government in Cuba.



Chile, '54: Could it happen again?

Salesman to the East—K's Pitch

As President Eisenhower prepared to leave for Latin America, his competition—Russia's Premier Khrushchev—was pulling in the biggest audiences, and drawing the loudest cheers he so far has received, on his tour of Southeast Asia. From the Indonesian capital of Jakarta, Newsweek's Southeast Asian correspondent Robert S. Elegant, who has followed Khrushchev all the way from New Delhi, cabled this report:

Nikita S. Khrushchev has been having a ball since the moment he arrived in Indonesia. His bald pate glistens in the burning sun of Jakarta; sweat drips down the creases of his tough, pudgy face; his svelte tan suit is wrinkled and stained with sweat—but Khrushchev pays no attention. At the slightest provocation, he roars with laughter. He makes jokes, he claps people on the back, he bubbles over with sheer animal spirits. And his enthusiasm has infected his volatile host, President Sukarno.

On the way from Jakarta, the sprawling capital, to Bogor, a resort city 40 miles to the south, Khrushchev and Sukarno stopped off to dedicate a 100,000-seat stadium, being built with Russian help in readiness for the 1962 Asian Games. Sukarno gently waved an open black umbrella, like a cheerleader with a baton; the crowd of several thousand burst into loud huzzahs.

Mud, Steam: It was just the signal K had been waiting for, and he put on quite an act. He posed beside a giant pile driver, donned a construction-worker's white helmet, and then—with a look of mock apprehension—pulled a dangling rope that set the pile driver into action, ramming home the 100th foundation pier. The pile driver sprayed bystanders with steam and kicked up spurts of mud. This inspired Khrushchev to engage Sukarno in a friendly competition to see who could spray the most mud over the photographers. Everyone roared with laughter except, of course, the photographers.

Then on to Bogor went the cavalcade, winding along the roads through the lush green hills.

Khrushchev's twelve-day visit to Indonesia has been this sort of production from the moment he landed at the airport in the Ilyushin-18 turboprop that brought him from Rangoon.

Some 30 Russian children had been brought out to meet him. He patted their heads and as they heaped him with

flowers, he stepped back in pretended fear and laughed: "That's too much, too much! I will drown!" Then K made his way through an aisle of brilliantly costumed Indonesian dancers; he recoiled in feigned fear at the sight of natives armed with bows and arrows, then shot an imaginary arrow from an imaginary bow and doubled up with laughter.

If Khrushchev is putting out his very best effort in Indonesia, there is good reason for it: This rich but chaotic archi-



K with Sukarno (right) and daughters in Jakarta: He put on quite an act

pelago would be about as valuable a prize as the Communists could hope to capture in Southeast Asia (see page 36). It is also the most vulnerable, having the strongest Asian Communist Party outside Red China.

A million and a half strong, the *Partai Komunis Indonesia* (PKI) makes all other Indonesian parties look like rank amateurs (as, indeed, they are). The PKI won 6.1 million votes (nearly 20 per cent of the total) in the country's first and only national election in 1955, and since then it has fattened steadily on the economic discontent of the Indonesian

masses. It controls the 2.6-million strong SOBSI labor federation. In almost every village it maintains a PKI agent, whose job is to stir up trouble.

Moves and Counters: Outwardly, the PKI has done its best to identify itself with President Sukarno, still idol of the Indonesian people. But last year when Sukarno banned political rallies, it was the PKI which seemed most threatened because it was by far the most highly organized party. The Reds at first resisted this threat, then, feeling that their organization was strong enough to see them through, decided to back Sukarno anyway. At the same time, however, in villages throughout Indonesia, they began a campaign to "strengthen, expand, and renew" the PKI.

So far, Sukarno has managed to keep the Communists off balance. One method he has used is to persecute the Chinese merchants in Indonesia, who lean toward Peking. "Indonesians knew how to deal

with the enemies of the people in 1945," Sukarno is fond of saying—speaking of the bloody struggle against the Dutch. "And they could do so again. We should not be too scrupulous in applying ethical norms in dealing with economic saboteurs."

Sukarno's persecution of the Indonesian Chinese has succeeded in further driving a wedge between the Chinese merchants and Indonesian villagers, who traditionally have regarded the traders as bloodsuckers. This leaves the PKI smack in the middle, not knowing whether to back their "Chinese com-

rades" or the "peasant masses." Peking made matters worse for the PKI by denouncing Sukarno for his "anti-Chinese activities." The Indonesian President replied: Mind your own business.

A New Cold War: Russian Communists, including Premier Khrushchev, find all this most confusing. Just as in India and Burma, Khrushchev is discovering that a good deal of the neutrals' resentment against the Red Chinese is rubbing off onto Russia. Yet when the Russians try to wriggle out from under, by offering aid or suggesting that they might smooth things out with Peking, their Red Chinese allies get mad. Southeast Asia's politics, in fact, already are setting Chinese Red against Russian Red; indeed, Khrushchev may find that his excursions into Asia could quickly involve the Kremlin in exactly the same kind of rows with its allies as the U.S. has had in Europe.

An incident at K's reception in Jakarta pointed up this delicate dilemma. Standing in isolation in the reception line were Huang Chen (Red Chinese Ambassador), his wife, and a solitary aide. V.I. Ilchachev of the Asian Department in the Russian Foreign Ministry, also visiting Indonesia, stepped up to the Chinese and said (in Chinese):

"Perhaps you remember me, we met in Peking."

Huang nodded coolly.

"Ah, yes," he said, "and what are you doing now?"

"I came in last night," Ilchachev said. "I'm now in the Foreign Ministry."

There was a long silence, until finally Ilchachev wiped his forehead and said: "Hot, isn't it?"

Another silence—until Ilchachev left.

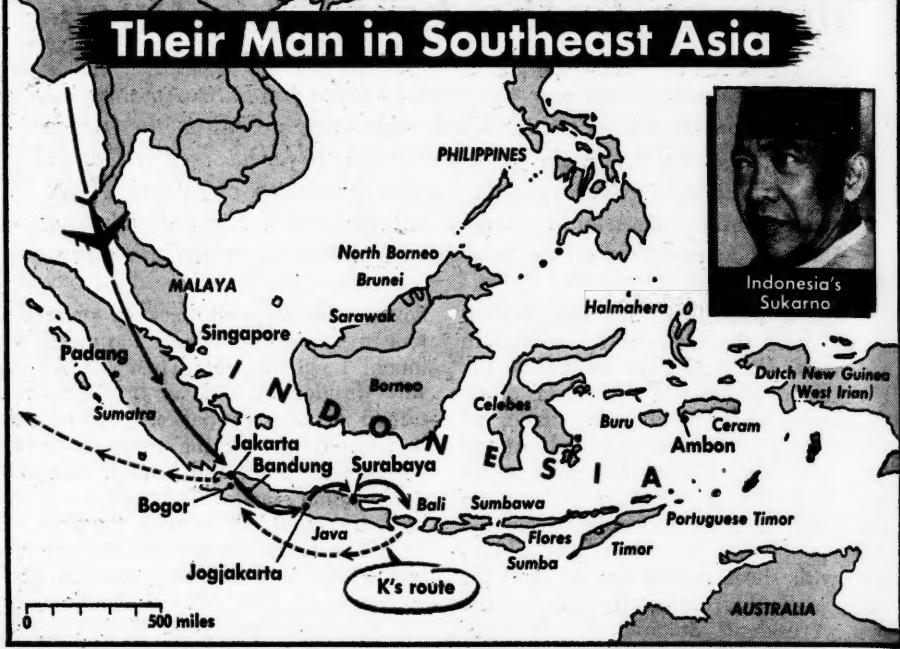
Selling the Moon: It is doubtful that K's visit will please Peking or really help the Communists in Indonesia. But he has had a great personal success.

One factor that has helped him is that President Eisenhower, on his Asian tour, did not go to Indonesia (a Western diplomat awaiting Khrushchev remarked to an American: "One busy man did not have time to visit Indonesia, but another equally busy man is showing that he always has time for such an important country"). Another is Asia's fascination with Russia's achievements in space. In India (where he failed to impress), in Burma (where he did better, but still not very well), the story was always the same: When Khrushchev talked of sputniks and the moon, people listened.

And K, the snappy salesman, has been quick to exploit this opening. Everywhere he goes, he passes out replicas of the pennant the Russian "lunik" carried on its trip to the moon.

And as he hands them over K says:

"I am afraid you will have to go to the moon to see the original. But this is a Soviet visa for you to go there."



Newsweek—Magill

THE land visited by Premier Nikita Khrushchev this week is—potentially—one of the richest in the world. Its 3,000 islands, strung out along the equator, cover an area as wide as the United States; they range in size from lush, jungle-covered Sumatra (about the size of California), through densely populated Java (about the size of Alabama, with 52 million persons) to hundreds of tiny green atolls shimmering in tropic seas. Indonesia produces 40 per cent of the world's crude rubber and 20 per cent of its tin; it has the Far East's only important source of oil, and large reserves of coal, bauxite, manganese, and nickel. In Java, the rich soil yields two crops of rice a year and there are millions of acres of undeveloped land on the outer islands where elephants and rhinoceroses roam the jungles and swamps and orangutans swing through the trees.

Yet, only last year, President Sukarno described his own republic (the world's sixth largest in population, with a total of 85 million persons) in these words:

"The economic situation of the state is deteriorating, the financial situation of the state is deteriorating, the moral condition of society is deteriorating [all the time]—in all fields we are . . . deteriorating continuously."

The Basic Split: Dismal words—and dismally close to the absolute truth. The wonder is that the Republic of Indonesia, torn by war and rebellions through the brief ten years of its existence, split among its own leaders, shaken by partisan bickerings, survived this long.

Why?

What is basically wrong with this magnificent land?

A major difficulty is that Indonesia has never been truly united, not even under the colonial administration of the Dutch.

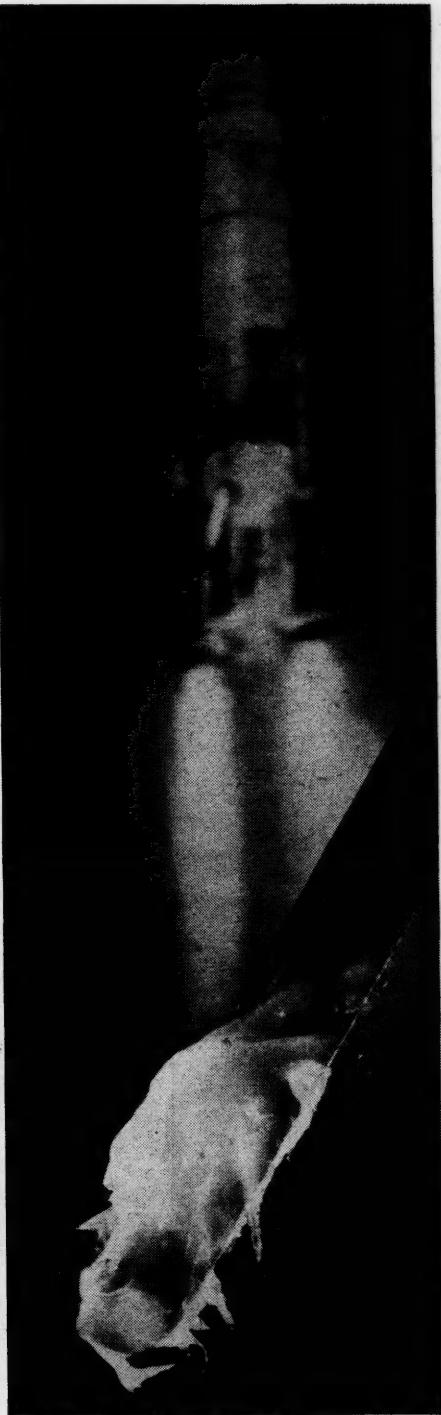
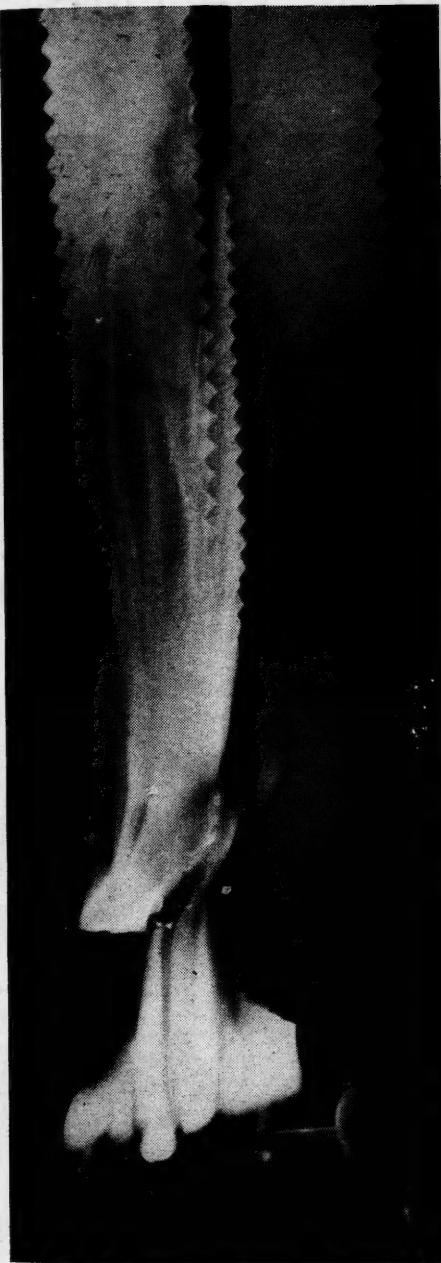
Its people are principally Malay, and it is 90 per cent Moslem. But each of the big islands has its own customs, its own dialects, its own folklore.

For a time, starting toward the end of World War II, the Indonesians were almost united for one cause: Independence. They also had a leader—Sukarno—who was able to hold the country pretty well together while fighting for that cause against the Dutch. Today, President Sukarno is the only living symbol of whatever national unity is left for the average Indonesian. As he travels the countryside in his crisp uniform, charming the crowds with the rich rolling r's of his orations and his famous smile, the villagers shout "*Hidup Bung Karno!*" ("Long Live Brother Karno!").

Toll and Trouble: Yet Sukarno has utterly failed to unite Indonesia's thousands of islands. The task perhaps was beyond any man at this stage. In its ten years of independence, Indonesia has been riven by two major Communist insurrections (late in 1946, they kidnapped the Prime Minister, and in 1948 they proclaimed the short-lived Java Soviet in Bandung), a civil war in Java (where 20,000 Moslem extremists are still fighting for a separate Moslem state), an army revolt, and half a dozen tribal uprisings. Its civil service, operating out of Jakarta, has not yet established its authority over many of the outer islands (which supply most of Indonesia's wealth in foreign-exchange earnings). The once-almost-united nationalist movement split into four major parties and 30-odd smaller ones and—as a result—the country has gone through eighteen Cabinets since 1945.

Meanwhile, the art of modern government seems to elude Indonesia. Its vast, mushrooming bureaucracy (more than

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That's why it's so exciting to be in St. Louis today. It's building for the future now.

New middle-income apartments in the Plaza Redevelopment area near completion.

New radial highways continue to take form, stretching from the heart of the city to suburban areas on both sides of the river.

Relocation of railroad tracks has begun, clearing the riverfront for construction of the tall stainless steel Saarinen arch, symbol of the city's historic greatness as “Gateway to the West.”

New contemporary-styled apartment buildings and a huge stadium seating 50,000 are projected to flank the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial Park.

At Henry Shaw's far-famed Missouri Botanical Garden, a huge controlled-climate experiment is about to begin under a new geodesic dome.

New office buildings and motor hotels rise in the city and suburbs. New industries and expansion of existing ones continue the St. Louis pattern of high diversification.

With abundant water and other natural resources, with new discoveries of ore deposits in Missouri, the future looks bright for you in St. Louis—for St. Louis plans the future with action today.

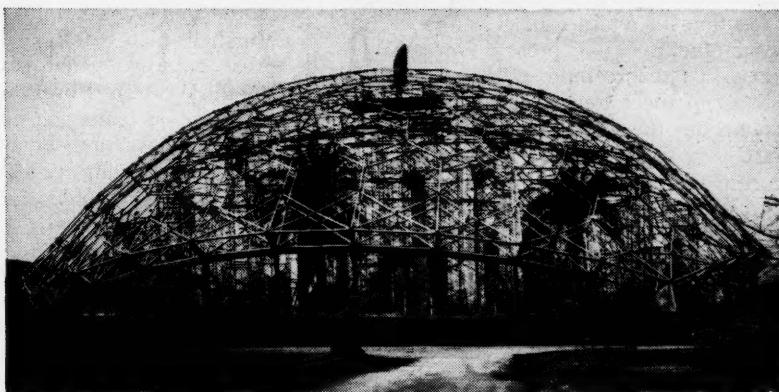
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ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

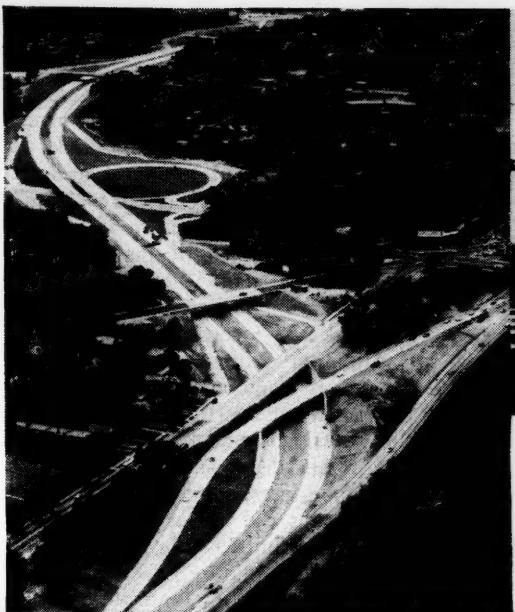
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SAARINEN ARCH symbolizing the “Gateway to the West.”
To be completed in 1964.



NEW GEODESIC DOME for Shaw's Garden, largest botanical garden in the country.



MIDDLE-INCOME HOUSING now rising downtown in the Plaza Redevelopment area.



NOW OPEN: large sections of the mammoth new system of freeways being constructed.

1 million Indonesians are on the public payroll) is riddled with twin ills: Incompetence and corruption. More than anything else, these evils have got the nation's economy into such a shambles that U.S. observers in Indonesia simply throw up their hands when the subject is brought up.

Bribes and Bad Fish: Corruption is the normal way of business. One man recently paid a 50,000 rupiah bribe in order to be allowed to pay a 200 rupiah tax he'd forgotten; another was asked to pay 50,000 rupiahs for a residence permit to be allowed to live in his own house. (The rupiah itself, on the black market, has gone as high as 750 to \$1, though the legal rate is 45.) As for bureaucratic incompetence, government purchasing agents consistently buy bad rice and rotting fish; one importer recently bought 100,000 tons of Swedish cement and had to throw 30,000 tons into the ocean after it got wet because there was no place to store it.

Despite all this, Sukarno manages—with the help of the army and its anti-Communist Chief of Staff, Gen. Abdul Nasution—to retain control of the central government. His present preoccupations: To secure more economic aid (to shore up the faltering currency) and to stamp out the guerrilla rebellions, which last year cost 13,000 lives and which forced the government to devote 60 per cent of its budget to the armed forces.

General Nasution estimates that it will take a minimum of three years to restore order. And the question facing Indonesia today—a question of vital importance to the whole free world—is: Does Indonesia have that much time?

The Hard Facts

After the U.S. and Soviet leaders have returned home and the echoes of the cheering crowds have faded, how will the hungry millions of the underdeveloped countries of Afro-Asia and Latin America judge their words and promises? Much will depend on what new factories actually are built, what goods are delivered, how much food reaches the empty plates of the hungry.

Which side is doing most?

This is the record so far of aid to the countries the two leaders are visiting:

	U.S.	Soviet
	(millions of dollars)	
Asia		
India	1,760	773
Burma	91	34
Indonesia	316	248
Afghanistan	132	213
Latin America		
Brazil	1,120	0
Argentina	451	100
Chile	237	0
Uruguay	20	0

Capital for the Hundred

by Ernest K. Lindley



AS THE President has once again forcefully said, in his special message on mutual security, raising the living standards of the millions of human beings who live in poverty is a compelling task, not only for them but for us. The political stability of the free world, hence our own security, is at stake.

At this appropriate moment, a fresh basis for gauging the dimensions of this task has been provided by Paul G. Hoffman's authoritative brochure: "One Hundred Countries and One and One Quarter Billion People." These, by his count, are the underdeveloped countries of the free world and their inhabitants, who comprise about two-fifths of the total population of the globe. As administrator of the Marshall plan, Hoffman steered the great enterprise that saved and restored Western Europe. During the past year, as managing director of the U.N. Special Fund, he has been surveying the many times larger and more complex problem of stimulating the economic growth necessary to save the rest of the free world.

Here are a few of the key figures set forth by Hoffman: These 100 countries have an average per capita income of \$100. In India and Pakistan the average is less than \$70. Compare that with average per capita income of more than \$2,000 in the U.S., \$875 in Britain and the Scandinavian countries, \$550 in the U.S.S.R.

In ten years, per capita incomes in these 100 countries have risen, on the average, about 1 per cent annually—roughly \$1 per year. In the U.S. and Western Europe, per capita income has of course risen many times as much in the same period. Thus the gap between the "haves" and the "have-nots" has widened.

PAINFUL PROCESS

Accumulating capital, one of the indispensables for economic advance, is a slow and painful process in low-income countries. Large infusions of capital from the outside are absolutely necessary. The rest of the free world is now providing the 100 underdeveloped countries with capital at the rate of approximately \$4 billion a year.

At this rate, Hoffman estimates, per capita incomes in the underdeveloped

countries probably won't increase at much more than 1 per cent annually on the average during the next ten years. An additional \$3 billion a year in outside capital would, he estimates, double the growth rate. In a decade, the average per capita income of these two-fifths of the world's people could reasonably be expected to rise to \$125 per year.

THE EXTRA \$30 BILLION

By our opulent standards, the difference between \$112 and \$125 a year in per capita income may not seem very significant. But it is immensely important to people living on the edge of starvation. The next Indian Five Year Plan calls for an increase in per capita income of about 2 per cent annually, the same goal Hoffman wants to set for the underdeveloped free world as a whole. Such a rate of growth is regarded by many Asian leaders as the minimum consistent with political stability.

Where does Hoffman expect to find the extra \$30 billion in capital over ten years—on top of the \$40 billion in prospect if the present rate of flow is maintained? He sees about one-third of it coming from increased private investment and increased lending by the World Bank and other existing agencies. The remaining \$20 billion, he thinks, will require special efforts. He says most of it will have to be public money. He would like to see the International Development Association, the new World Bank affiliate just about to be born, expanded promptly. (As presently planned, IDA will have only \$1 billion to invest over five years. Hoffman thinks it should be enabled to invest at least that much every year.) He doesn't say how much of the entire \$30 billion should be supplied by the U.S., but obviously he thinks that, one way or another, we must step up our overseas aid and investment programs.

Although Hoffman does not use "cold war" language, the areas he is talking about are the critical ones in the global struggle between Communist imperialism and freedom. The task he outlines is big but feasible and well within the means of the developed free countries. We cannot afford to fail in it.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN AT EL COMANDANTE RACE TRACK, SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO

How we learned the secret of the Derby Daiquiri*

by Jerry and Anne Chase (who got the tip at El Comandante in Puerto Rico)

PUERTO RICO surprises you. In one afternoon we discovered the world's most glamorous race track and *a new kind of daiquiri*.

The track is El Comandante. The drink is the Derby Daiquiri. Señor Mongil, the man in the white suit above, introduced us to both.

The Derby Daiquiri is a lovely golden drink. And quite easy to make. The secret: you must use a light, light Puerto Rican rum—unlike any rum you have ever tasted.

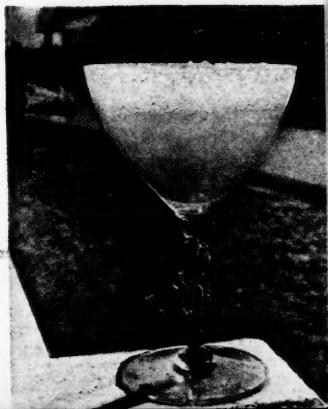
We never thought we'd find a drink as good

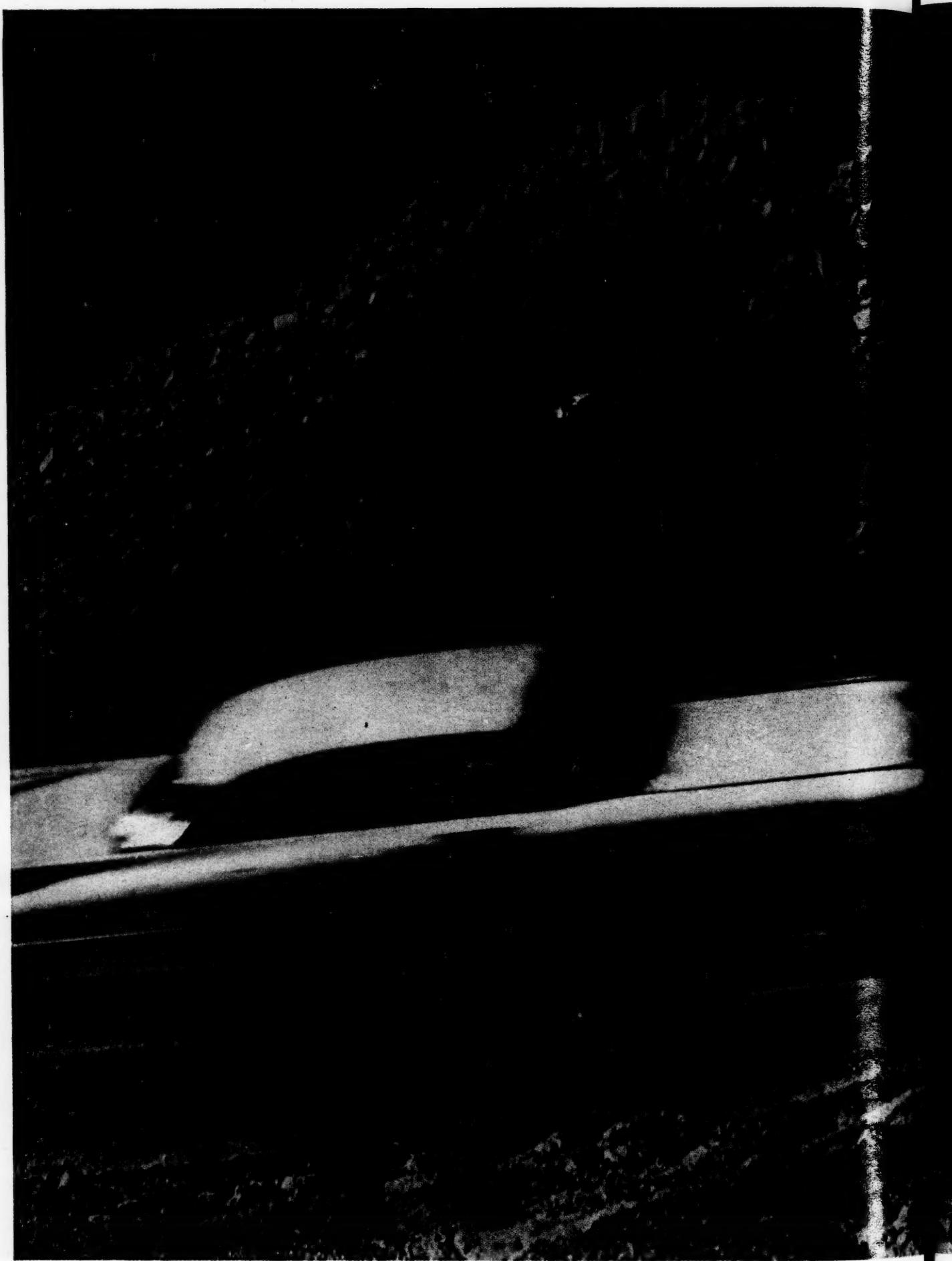
as the regular daiquiri. But the Derby Daiquiri finished in a dead heat. See if you agree.

Mix 1 oz. of orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of lime juice, a scant teaspoon of sugar, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ozs. of light Puerto Rican rum in a blender with 1 cup of crushed ice. Blend 10 seconds. Serve icy, in liquid state. (If you don't have a blender, use shaker and ice cubes.)

P.S. For a free booklet of exciting Puerto Rican rum recipes, write Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. F-7, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

*Official drink of the \$100,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park. Recipe by Mai-Kai Restaurant, Fort Lauderdale.





● FIRESTONE FIRST FOR 30TH CONSECUTIVE TIME IN GRUELING JULY 4TH PIKES PEAK RACE.

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CHAMPION IN

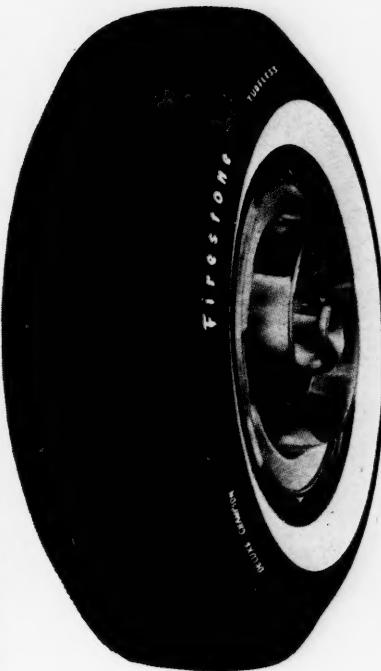
EVERY TEST OF

TIRE SAFETY

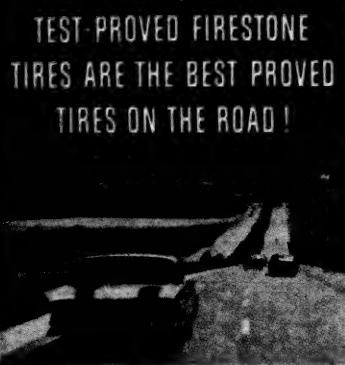
Winner for the 30th consecutive year over the cliff-hanging curves and grades of the famed Pikes Peak July 4th race—Firestone tires! Firestones blazed a new racing car record of 13:36.5 over the tire-mauling 12.42 miles of flying dirt and gravel that constitute this track. They swept sports and stock car competitions, too, further establishing themselves as the No. 1 favorites for road-gripping safety on all speedways and highways. Racing and speedway events are just one of seven unmatched "torture tests" that Firestones are put through continuously . . . tests that total more than 425 million miles of yearly driving under every conceivable condition, for your ever-improved tire safety on road and turnpike. And now, score another Firestone first:

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An extraordinary new softer-riding yet longer-wearing tread rubber, Firestone Rubber-X-101 virtually eliminates tire whine. And you can easily get from 4,000 to 5,000 additional miles of motoring—at regular tire prices! Why pay more and get less? Get test-proved, best-proved Firestone tires with exclusive Firestone Rubber-X-101 at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



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ROOM	a	
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Take a close-up look at the new Chrysler 1960 soon. Walk around it. See its styling smartness from every angle.

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1960 CHRYSLER ...the lion-hearted



THE CAR OF YOUR LIFE FOR THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE!



Associated Press

Desert service: Prayers for U.S. airmen whose wartime disappearance is recorded in a long-lost diary (see page 51)

RING THE BELLS: IT'S A PRINCE

A bonfire burned on Celdon Hill in Edinburgh. Church bells pealed throughout the island. Cannon roared, jets flew past, the Queen's own standard, 24 by 12 feet, was broken out above Buckingham Palace. From Kenya to Canada, from the Fijis to the Falklands, the message went out in English and Swahili, Tongan and Twi:

On Feb. 19, 1960, at 3:30 p.m., Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, had given birth to her third child, a boy weighing 7 pounds 3 ounces.

Throughout the Commonwealth and empire, the message brought relief as well as joy. For it had been a trying week for everyone. The suspense began building up days before any of the Queen's four attending physicians had expected the child to arrive. There was even one false alarm, emanating from the august College of Arms. Four days before the birth, one of the hard-of-hearing heralds had somehow picked up the impression that the Prince had already been born. A scrivener was summoned and drew up a formal letter of congratulations which was about to be dispatched by messenger to the Queen when a senior herald thought to check the matter. As one newspaper commented: "No doubt, there will be some very gules* faces!"

Elizabeth, however, was unconcerned by all the fuss. She signed state papers, read, and watched television until labor began. The baby was born in 30 hours, less than the time required for Prince Charles, now 11, or Princess Anne, 9.

The delivery was made in the first-floor Belgian suite of Buckingham Pal-

ace and marked the first time in 103 years (since Queen Victoria gave birth to Princess Beatrice in 1857) that a child had been born to a reigning British monarch. It immediately set into motion a quasi-medieval ritual of announcements. First to hear the news was Prince Philip, who had been using a long carpeted hallway as his pacing area. Philip telephoned Prince Charles at Cheam School, took Princess Anne to see the baby, then broke out the champagne. Meanwhile the palace staff had telephoned Home Secretary Rab Butler (by tradition, the Home Secretary is first to be informed of a new heir to the throne). After that the Prime Minister was informed, then the Cabinet members, the ten leaders of the Commonwealth nations, and the heads of friendly states. Poet laureate Masefield was ready with the traditional poem (below) for the occasion.

Only then did the Queen's press secretary inform the London newspapers

(which were at the ready with alternate headlines, depending on whether a boy or girl was born) and the BBC.

Outside the palace the crowd, that had swelled during the day to some 2,000 persons, heard the news when palace superintendent Stanley Williams hurried across the forecourt and placed a handwritten message into a gilt-edged frame on the iron railings. It read:

"The Queen was safely delivered of a son at 3:30 p.m. today. Her Majesty and the infant Prince are both doing well."

Part of History: The crowd roared and surged toward the palace gates. Then, milling about in happy euphoria, they gave a vivid demonstration of that personal devotion which, at times of high-strung feelings, binds the English people to their crown. Mingling with the crowd, Newsweek's London bureau chief, Peter Webb, talked to one young woman with tears in her eyes. "I'm ever so glad it's a boy," she said, "but I'm so glad it's finally over with." Another said: "I just had to come down here and see what was going on. It's a part of history." One old Cockney lady broke out a bottle and danced a jig. Others threw good-luck coins into a nearby fountain.

As pleased as anyone was a 32-year-old New Zealand merchant seaman, Robert Wilson, who had kept a five-day vigil outside the palace. He explained: "All the big nob will be showing up at the palace now and so I decided I'd sort of represent New Zealand out here in front. In fact, I thought I'd sort of keep the end up here for all the working stiffs in the world."

As a "working stiff" on an entirely different, but nevertheless demanding, level, the new Prince will receive an

Birth of a Son

*Oh child descended from a
line of kings,
Born into earthly fortune,
power and place,
Unseen your blessings
gather upon wings.
A many-millioned praying
shields your cot,
The love, the hope, the
promise of the race.*

—John Masefield,
Britain's poet laureate

*The heraldic term for red.

annual allowance of \$28,000 on his 21st birthday and \$70,000 when he marries.

The baby prince will be nameless until his christening which now may be postponed because of the sudden death in Borneo of Lady Mountbatten (see page 71). But he is expected to be styled the Duke of York and most likely will be named George, after his late grandfather, King George VI. Two likely candidates to be his godfather: Sir Winston Churchill and Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Back at the Helm

"Things seem . . . very familiar and friendly," the Prime Minister beamed as he faced the House of Commons last week. Harold Macmillan had just returned from his six-week tour of Africa, and even the Labor opposition was full

the birth of her new son. Then he turned to the problems that had arisen while he was away:

►**British Railways:** The Cabinet in the P.M.'s absence had headed off a nationwide railroad strike by granting a 5 per cent wage boost. This seemed to fly in the face of its own efforts to damp down inflation, and right-wing Tories were complaining that "peace can always be bought." Macmillan, who had avoided incurring any personal political blame, promised a major overhaul of all railroad financing. The operating deficit of \$280 million per year would almost certainly have to be met by new subsidies.

►**Defense:** The Cabinet was openly divided between advocates of the big nuclear rocket Blue Streak, which will be fired from fixed land bases, and those who thought that Britain would do bet-



Britons at the bar: 'Here's a health unto Her Majesty'

of praise for the "courageous and eloquent" way in which he had condemned racial segregation in South Africa (NEWSWEEK, Feb. 15). A sour note came from red-haired Barbara Castle, the chairman of the Labor Party, who snapishly asked the P.M. how he could have learned anything in Africa "when you met only the representatives of the white minority." Macmillan delivered the perfect parliamentary squelch: "I do not pose as an expert. I do not propose to write a book"—added the man whose family owns the giant publishing firm of Macmillan & Co.—"even if I thought I could find a publisher."

Having set the House in order about his African tour, the Prime Minister hastened to perform "my humble duty" of sending off "respectful congratulations and best wishes" to Queen Elizabeth on

ter to spend its money on "mobile missiles" like the U.S. Polaris (launched from submarines) or the Skybolt (fired from a jet bomber). Macmillan decided that work would go ahead on both; meanwhile he gave his approval to the establishment of an enormous Anglo-U.S. early-warning radar station at Flyingsdales Moor in Yorkshire. Linked with similar stations in Alaska and Greenland, the antenna—big as a football field—will give the U.S. fifteen minutes' and Britain four minutes' warning of any ballistic-missile attack. One Laborite commented wryly that four minutes' alert would give Britons just about enough time to say: "Cheerio, chaps."

►**Cyprus:** With independence twice postponed because British military chiefs want 120 square miles for military bases on the island while Cypriot leader Arch-



SIMULATORS-BASIC TOOLS IN VOUGHT RESEARCH

The Manned Space Flight Simulator Laboratory shown opposite is designed to answer difficult questions posed by manned space flight.

Vought Astronautics has already faced and solved many problems during initial development of the *Dyna-Soar* orbital boost-glide vehicle. Developmental studies and feasibility tests by this division have added up to over two years of pathfinding—particularly in the matters of integrating man and space machine, combatting prolonged high temperatures, and designing reliable crew escape systems.

To determine, for example, what control capability the space pilot must have and what displays he will need, Vought Astronautics constructed a Fixed-Base Simulator which simulates real time from end of boost, throughout orbit, re-entry, hypersonic glide and supersonic approach to a point over destination.

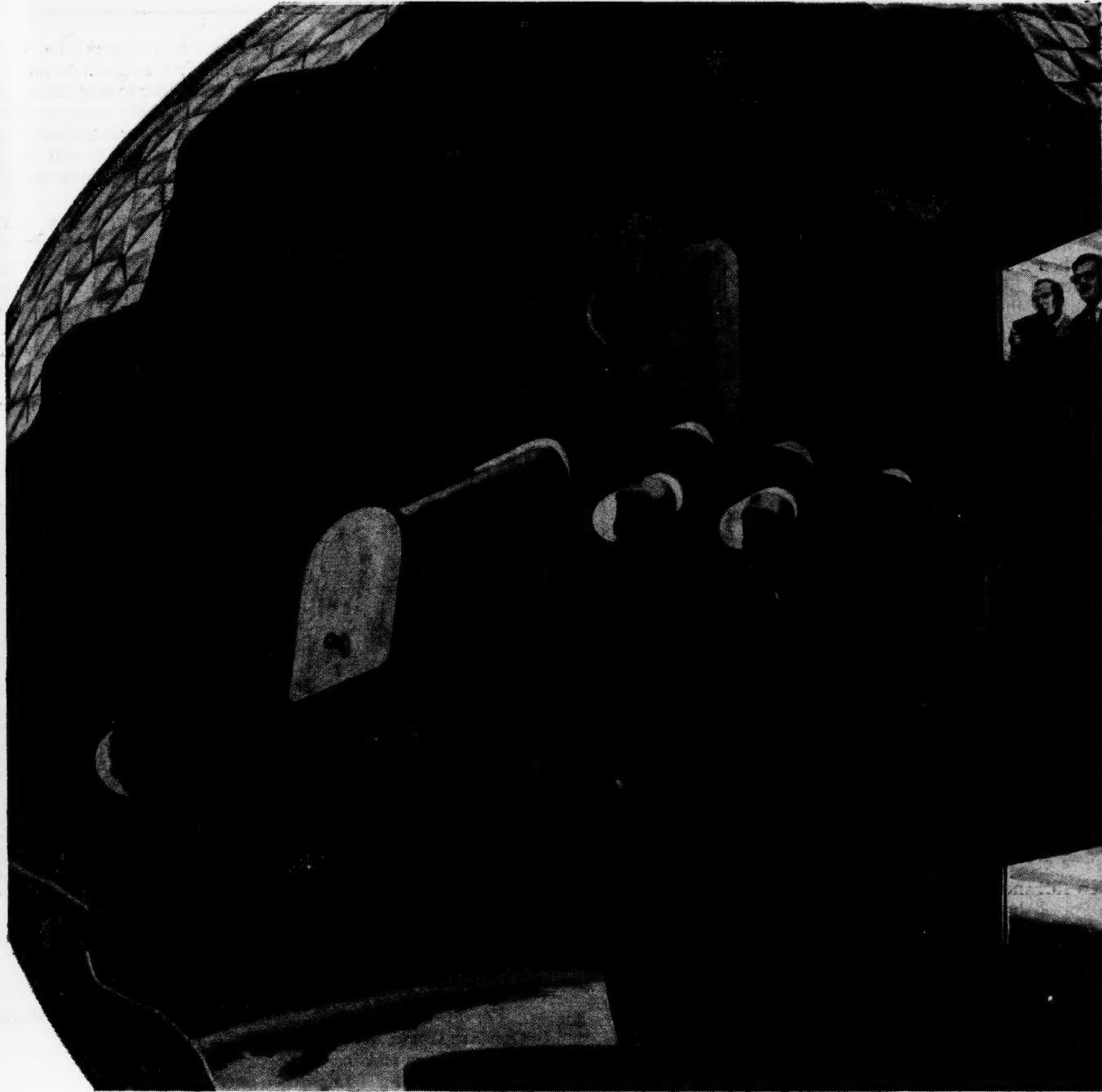
Operated under normal and emergency conditions on more than 200 "flights," this simulator has provided a basis for evaluating pilot ability to fly complete space missions reliably and effectively with manual control.

In the structures design and materials development on the *Dyna-Soar* nose section and escape capsule, Vought Astronautics developed new methods for combatting the extreme heat of the nose cone during re-entry while maintaining the crew compartment at a livable temperature. Related tests in Vought's Re-entry Temperature Simulator have subjected a full-scale nose cap to over 3,000 degrees F. for prolonged periods.

Vought Astronautics' simulator concepts are the vanguard of a new family of research tools—comparable in value to today's wind tunnels and computer laboratories... and aimed at ensuring a place for man in pioneering this new frontier—space.

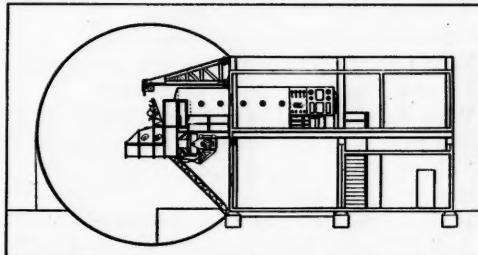
Space is the specialty of Vought Astronautics. Other major interests are being aggressively advanced in the Aeronautics, Electronics, Range Systems and Research Divisions.

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A PLACE TO IRON OUT THE STRESSES OF SPACE

Seventeen different stresses will flay the minds and bodies of the first spacemen. Under the combined attack of acceleration, anxiety, heat and other stresses, how will man perform? The answer won't be known until the problem can be simulated, in all of its parameters. Vought Astronautics — a division of Chance Vought — is preparing the way with design studies of simulators like that illustrated above. Inside the laboratory's mock space vehicle, a man — without leaving the ground — would know the heat, movement, noise — and many psychological effects — of an extra-terrestrial voyage. He would glimpse a dynamic solar system and would experience, altogether, an invaluable preview of combined stresses of space flight. Vought Astronautics can produce and operate such a lab now for the development of spacecraft and the training of pilots.



From active flight instruments, motion, and a planetarium projection — a realistic preview of space flight.



CHANCE
Vought
DALLAS, TEXAS

bishop Makarios offers only 80, Macmillan banged some service heads together and offered to compromise on 105 square miles. "Take it or leave it," Makarios was told.

ITALY:

Frog in the Well

When barrel-chested Silvio Milazzo, a wealthy, 56-year-old landowner, won control of the government of Sicily in the elections of last June, Western leaders shuddered. For Milazzo, a former Christian Democrat, had broken with his own

party and won power with the vociferous support of the Communists. Premier Antonio Segni in Rome wondered just how long it would be before the Communists got complete control of Sicily, the strategic island that dominates NATO's Mediterranean defenses.

But last week, the threat was over. Milazzo quit.

Carmelo Santalco, a Christian Democrat, charged in the Sicilian Assembly that Milazzo's chief aide had offered him \$110,000 and control of the Sicilian Ministry of Public Works (which lets many profitable contracts) to switch his votes to the Milazzo side. Similar offers had

been made to two others, he said.

As the Assembly was about to investigate the charges, Milazzo and his entire Cabinet resigned. This week, when Parliament chooses a new Sicilian government, chances are that it will be an anti-Communist coalition dominated by the Christian Democrats.

Premier Segni, however, has other troubles to face. A powerful segment in his own party disapproves of his dependence on the extreme right—The Monarchs and neo-Fascists—and is pressing the Premier to give a stronger voice to Italy's Socialists. Protesting this leftward drift, the directors of the Liberal Party

Thus Winter Madness Doth Make Poets of Us All

Fire last week destroyed a six-room wing of Glamis (pronounced Glomms) Castle, ancestral seat of the original Thane of Glamis, whose murder of King Duncan in 1040 inspired the plot of Shakespeare's play "Macbeth." Here, with his apologies to the Bard, is Associate Editor Fillmore Calhoun's story of how the Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the present owners of Macbeth's still haunted castle, escaped from the flames, then plunged back to rescue their golden Labrador, June.

Act V, Scene VIII

*Outside Glamis Castle 900 years after the time of Macbeth.
Enter, firemen with alarums and flourish.*

OLD RETAINER: Hail firemen, hail to thee!

For ill betides us on this wintry eve,
The castle burns, the flames do challenge heaven.
Stateliest among the stately homes,
This hallowed pile where Meg did leave the womb,
This girlhood home of her whose queenly daughter
Now lies ripe with child at Buckingham,
Will perish in distracting winds,
And leave nought else but wail of ghosts
And always bitter ash of memory.

FIRST FIREMAN: Fire burn, now on the double!

SECOND FIREMAN: Speak up, old man,
Whence came this trouble?

OLD RETAINER: Mayhap it was the ghosts and ghoulies there,
A dozen, more or less, I swear.
Perhaps it was the tongueless hag,
Who's lived for centuries in this same crag,
Or else, the lady sheath'd in white,
Who stalks abroad in deep of night.

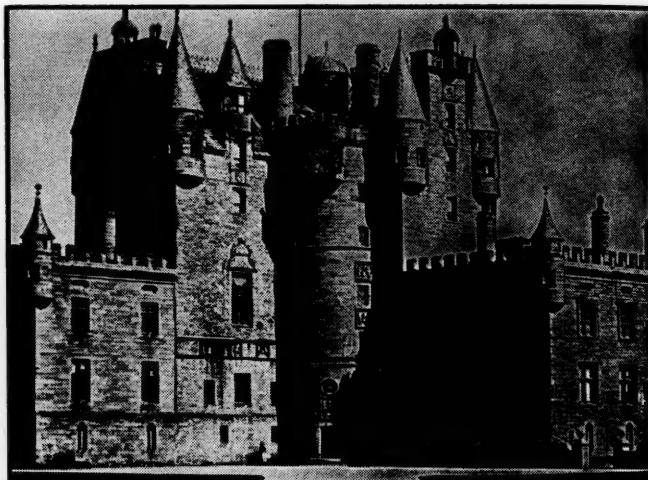
THIRD FIREMAN: Old men are always full of chatter,
Tell us where to put the ladder—
But look you now!

Is this a damsel that I see before me
And following her a man—a man or ghost,
Who stumbles, sucking air from off this blasted heath
As if 'twere life's own blood itself?

OLD RETAINER: It is the master and the mistress!
What led them to this sorry plight?

Speak, m'lord, are you all right?

EARL OF STRATHMORE (cousin to the Queen): Peace,
peace, be calm,
I merely sought my golden Labrador,



European

To save the sweet bitch, June,
A pup, a helpless, hapless thing.

COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE: And I pursued.

"Hold now," I cried, "Give up this canine folly
For life's too sweet to waste on bitches, such as these."

OLD RETAINER: Well said! Well done!

Sweet June is safe;
I pouch it, for I found her here
And stroked her head;
Her trembling's ceased, she's resting now
Beside the master's bed.

EARL OF STRATHMORE: Ah, welcome news! She is not lost,
And, as I see, Glamis still stands.

Six rooms, I judge, are gone
And with them, let us hope,
The ghosts who prowl at night;
At least we may be spared that furniture,
Which breaks man's spirit or his spine.

COUNTESS OF STRATHMORE: Our castle stands, its turrets high,
Its battlements against the sky
Will catch the morrow's sun again,
For they survive; they have been scarred before.
Macbeth, that murderer most foul, knew this.
Glamis must live, as lives his shame,
Since Birnam Wood to Dunsinane came.

EARL OF STRATHMORE: And now a draught of brandy will
Build inward fires,
For our blood runs chill.
Let us begone!
Brave firemen, to your tasks!

Exeunt

last week voted to withdraw their support from Segni.

Rank-and-file Liberals voted on that motion this week and upheld their leaders. As a result Segni's government is now almost sure to fall. When measured against this, the gains for the West in Sicily seemed very small indeed.

GERMANY:

Shallow Roots

When the first ugly splash of swastikas besmirched West Germany's reputation during the Christmas season, a Bonn government spokesman charged that Communists were engaged in "a concerted plan to defame the Federal Republic." But as the attacks on synagogues spread—and incited similar violence in other countries—such ingenuous explanations gave way to searching questions about whether Germany had really abolished the heritage of Nazism.

Last week, in a long-awaited white paper, Bonn firmly asserted that "the overwhelming majority of the German people condemn anti-Semitism."

It gave this breakdown of the 234 persons arrested for 685 incidents between Christmas Eve and Jan. 28:

Hooligans and drunks—112.

People with "subconscious Nazi motives"—56.

"Scribbling children"—35.

Communists and Nazis—19.

"The mentally ill"—11.

Next day, Interior Minister Gerhard Schroeder, himself a former Nazi Party member (*NEWSWEEK*, Feb. 1), reported that 148 more anti-Semitic incidents had occurred in the first two weeks of February. The government, he promised, would appoint a committee to make sure the Nazi record of crime is fully taught in school. The real trouble, replied the Socialist opposition, is that "too many Germans have too few deep-rooted feelings for democracy."

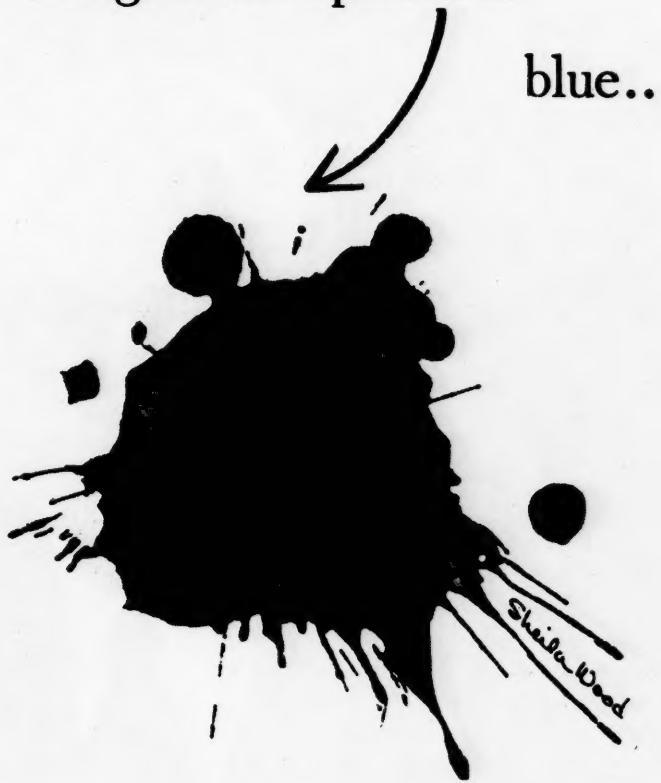
Operation Let Down

There seemed neither rhyme nor reason in the destructive fury that last week afflicted an army of German workmen in the Rhineland city of Duisburg. Ripping out the foundations of half the harbor area, knocking out the supports of tall buildings and entire streets, they seemed bent on undermining the world's largest inland river port. But it was all according to plan. Amazingly, Duisburg is trying to raise its prospects by going down in the world.

The strange project got under way in 1957 after the city fathers discovered that the level of the river Rhine had sunk 6 feet in the last 50 years—the result of the fast-flowing waters eroding the river bed. As a result, many of the 50,000

Imagine this splotch is

blue...



it represents the
mood of the man who does
not "martini-it" with
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KARSH, OTTAWA



A NORTHWESTERN MUTUAL TRUSTEE. Mr. Kemp has been a policyowner since 1919 and has served as a trustee of this company for 13 years.

A report
by **FRANK A. KEMP,**
President,
Great Western Sugar Company

AN INCREASE in dividends to life insurance policyowners is always good news. But in times like these, with heavier federal taxes and generally rising costs of doing business for all life insurance companies, an increased dividend is an outstanding achievement!

"As a trustee of Northwestern Mutual, I was one of those who approved this new increase. To me it is most gratifying to know that, for the eighth year running, Northwestern Mutual policyowners will benefit from an increase.

"Historically, this company has been zealously dedicated to the best interests of its policyowners. I have watched with great interest its program of investing policyowners' money in the most profitable ways, consistent with safety. And

I have admired its modern, mechanized business methods that keep overhead costs to a minimum.

"The results are a matter of record—an outstanding record among the leading life insurance companies of America.

"The pride Northwestern Mutual Agents take in this is understandable. I have met many of them over the years and have been impressed not only with their ability but with their real devotion to Northwestern policyowners."

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"BECAUSE THERE IS A DIFFERENCE"



There is a difference!

Northwestern Mutual
dividend rates
have increased 45%
since 1952

WITH LIFE INSURANCE, or any other investment, the size of dividend you get depends on two things: the rate of dividend paid and the amount of money you have earning this rate.

In any permanent life insurance policy on which you pay regular premiums, the size of your investment increases. This raises your dividend return each year, assuming the rate remains steady. Column "A" on the chart below shows what the dividends would have been for the past ten years on a \$10,000 ordinary life policy issued to a 35-year-old man if there had been no increase in dividend rate.

YEAR	"A"	"B"
1951	\$ 43.80	\$ 43.80
1952	46.70	46.70
1953	49.60	56.60
1954	52.60	61.70
1955	55.70	66.00
1956	58.80	70.30
1957	61.50	80.10
1958	64.20	85.50
1959	67.00	90.40
1960	69.80	96.40
Totals	\$569.70	\$697.50

But look at column "B"! This is what actually happened as Northwestern Mutual increased dividend rates eight times in eight consecutive years. It's a record that is outstanding among major life insurance companies.

Your local Northwestern Mutual agent will be happy to show you specific facts and figures on how money can grow faster with this company—long noted for the low net cost of its policies. The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



barges which annually tie up at Duisburg no longer are high enough in the water to unload on existing quays.

Luckily, Duisburg rests on an enormous layer cake of coal, its seams some 3 to 6 feet thick. "Let's dig it out," said the port's engineers, "replace it with earth, and let the city sink." Port Authority director Hermann Bumm's explanation: "The earth pumped into the empty spaces acts just like a rubber mattress to cushion the pressure of the rocks above. In areas where there are railroad tracks on the surface, it's even quicker—we just run a couple of freight trains over the tracks and the ground sinks smoothly and evenly."

At the outset, many feared the whole project was a dangerous gamble that might topple buildings and crack streets. But although \$5 million was budgeted for damages, not one building has been seriously harmed.

By last week, the project was about 10 per cent finished. When work is completed in 1970, the dock area of 1.4 square miles will be about 6 feet lower, and the \$5 million cost will be repaid 30 times over by the 12 million tons of high-grade coal extracted from underground.

PAKISTAN:

'Allah Commands'

The Chief Justice of Pakistan raised his eyes to heaven and intoned a solemn prayer: "Allah commands you to make over trusts to those worthy of them." Then, turning to the broad-shouldered field marshal, who stood at attention before him, the Chief Justice gave the firm response: "Verily, Allah is overhearing and seeing."

Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan was thus sworn in last week—for the second time—as President of Pakistan. He had verily proved himself well worthy of the trusts. In sixteen months since he took power, the British-educated soldier-President has shored up the nation's tottering economy, reformed its corrupt civil service, broken the powers of the feudal *Zamindars* (landlords), and rammed through a massive program of public housing for the millions of Moslem refugees from India. With stability at home, he has also been able to move toward a settlement of the territorial disputes with India, which lies square between East and West Pakistan.

All this was only a prelude, Ayub had promised, to a gradual restoration of democracy—not the parliamentary system, which failed in Pakistan, but a system of "basic democracies" more suited to Pakistan's present conditions (e.g., 85 per cent illiteracy). Under Ayub's plan, a series of elections, starting in the villages and pyramiding upward to regional and national councils, would enable



Ayub Khan: Worthy of the trusts

Pakistanis to make their feelings known.

Two months ago, the first local elections appointed 80,000 members to the village councils. Last week, the 80,000 were asked to vote their approval of Ayub's interim regime. Their reply: A solid 95.6 per cent in favor. With his revolutionary regime thus legitimized, Ayub named a commission to draw up a new constitution. Under this he will continue—automatically—as President.

WORLD WAR II:

Diary's End

It was eerie, like a voice from the dead. A tattered but well-preserved diary, found last week near five sunbleached skeletons in the Libyan desert, finally told the story of the 85-mile trek by the crew of that B-24 bomber, Lady Be Good, which vanished on a bombing mission, seventeen long years ago (NEWSWEEK, Feb. 22).

The diary begins on April 4, 1943, the day its author, lanky co-pilot Lt. Robert P. Toner and eight other men bailed out of the disabled plane. Some excerpts:

April 4: Naples—28 planes—things well mixed up—got lost returning, out of gas, jumped, landed in desert at 2 a.m. No one badly hurt.

April 5: Start walking northwest [toward the sea]. ½ canteen of water, one cap per day. Sun fairly warm . . . nite very cold. No sleep.

April 6: Sun very warm, no breeze, spent p.m. in hell. No planes. Rested until 5 p.m. Walked . . . all night.

April 7: Everyone getting weak, can't get very far, prayers all the time.

April 8: Hit sand dunes, very miserable, good wind but continuous blowing

The Unbeatable Ones

If you can call it luck, South Korea's wily, 84-year-old President Syngman Rhee has been startlingly—and grimly—blessed by fate in the last four years. One by one, his most formidable opponents for the Presidency have been struck down by death. In 1956, the Democratic Party's popular Patrick Henry Shinicky died of a heart attack ten days before the election. Eight months ago, former Progressive Party leader Cho Bong Am, a man who had made increasingly large inroads into Rhee's majority in both 1952 and 1956, was hanged for plotting with the North Korean Reds. And last week, just one month before President Rhee is to seek re-election for an unprecedented fourth term, coronary thrombosis carried off his

seemed to be outdrawing Liberal ones, police began checking ID cards of Democratic supporters.

A far heavier blow was party leader Chough's illness which three weeks ago brought him to the U.S. for an exploratory stomach operation. No sooner had he gone than President Rhee advanced the election from May to March "to avoid interference with spring planting." Chough's last message, read aloud to 30,000 attending a rally in Seoul, announced that he was "convalescing satisfactorily." Then, pledging his life to the "restoration of civil rights," he urged: "Let's have a showdown whether we live or die."

Chough's death, 36 hours later, was totally unexpected. "Thank God it happened in Washington,"



South Korea's President: Death defeated his foes, one by one

latest and perhaps most redoubtable opponent, 65-year-old Democrat Dr. Chough Pyunk Ok.

This year, aided by the Liberal government's loss of face when 50,000 Koreans in Japan chose repatriation to North Korea (NEWSWEEK, Dec. 28), and by growing dislike of Rhee's autocratic methods, Chough's Democrats seemed to have a real chance. But the fates—and Rhee's police—were against them. Strong-arm squads broke up one Democratic meeting; a Democratic candidate was unable to file his candidacy when thugs jumped him in broad daylight outside a government office and stole his registration papers. When Democratic rallies

commented one Korean official. Dismayed, Korea's Democrats announced they couldn't put up another candidate. At 84, President Rhee was assured of his fourth term. ►Another apparent Presidential shoo-in was Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, running for a third term as boss of Nationalist China. Chiang's major election address to the National Assembly struck a gloomy, almost pathetic note. Apologizing for his failure to liberate the Communist mainland, he said: "So great is my fault that I wish sincerely to surrender myself to you for punishment . . . I have no excuse." But, undoubtedly, the deputies will understand. Besides, Chiang is unopposed.

of sand . . . Sam and Moore all done.

April 9: Very weak, eyes bad, not any travel . . . still very little water. Nites are about 35 degrees . . .

April 10: Still having prayer meetings . . . No sign of anything. A couple of birds . . . Really weak now, can't walk . . .

April 11: Still waiting for help, still praying, eyes bad . . . Aching all over. Could make it if we had water; just enough left to put your tongue to.

April 12: No hope yet, very cold nite.

EAST AFRICA:

Postscript to War

Like Hitler's mighty Bismarck and elusive Graf Spee in World War II, the Kaiser's Imperial German Navy cruiser Königsberg died a fiery death, hounded, trapped, and finally destroyed under the guns of the British Fleet. Not so widely known, the story of the Königsberg—which came to its end last week—is even more melodramatic.

When war broke out in far-off Europe that summer of 1914, the Königsberg was cruising quietly in the Indian Ocean near the German colony of Tanganyika. Quickly, she brought her ten 4.1-inch guns into action against British merchant shipping. Cornered at last by eight British warships off the coast of Tanganyika, the Königsberg slipped into the heat-soaked Rufiji River delta, steamed 10 miles upstream, and eventually took refuge in a jungle-surrounded backwater, choked with sand and dense foliage. The British, unable to follow in the face of the hidden cruiser's gunfire, seized an island at the river's mouth and established a blockade.

For eight months, the Königsberg lay at anchor among the crocodiles and hippos. The British squadron sent out a call for help and two powerful flat-bottomed gunboats, Mersey and Severn, wallowed down from Malta. They arrived in July 1915 and opened fire with their 6-inch guns, using one of the Royal Navy's new seaplanes to spot the camouflaged enemy.

Scuttled: Six of the 635 shells fired by the gunboats finally hit the Königsberg, which burst into flame. German sailors detonated torpedo warheads and the scuttled ship settled a few feet onto the shallow bottom.

Last week, this colorful bit of Africa's colonial past briefly came to life as the last colonial government of Tanganyika (the country will become self-governing in September) announced that the rusty hulk of the Königsberg will be raised and sold for scrap. But those of her crew who still are alive could take heart in the thought that the Königsberg lasted far longer than her tormentors, the Mersey and Severn. They were both sold for scrap 39 years ago.

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Makes vinyl toys
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BUSINESSMAN

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NEWSMAKERS

Merely Mortal: Currently appearing in Chicago in the touring ARCHIBALD MACLEISH hit "JB," BASIL RATHBONE was asked whether he had any wish to play the title role. "I now play the part of the Devil, Mr. Nickles," he said. "I have played the part of God, Mr. Zuss. Having been in contention for the soul of JB as both God and the Devil, I no longer think I want to play the part of JB. From the standpoint of both God and the Devil, JB impresses me as a fatuous ass."

Snowbound: When the much-traveled Mrs. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT failed to keep a luncheon speaking engagement at Pittsburgh's Penn-Sheraton Hotel, Pennsylvania's Gov. DAVID L. LAWRENCE alerted his state police. They quickly learned that Mrs. Roosevelt's Trans World Airliner, snowed out of Pittsburgh, had put down 200 miles beyond at Columbus, Ohio. Patrolmen finally found her, happy and cozy on a bus, in a 6-mile string of snowbound trucks and autos, and drove her via side roads to Pittsburgh. "I feel very guilty," wrote the 75-year-old former First Lady in her syndicated newspaper column, "that I did not keep my secretary more carefully informed . . . as to my movements, since apparently the newspapers and the radio frightened everyone near to death by making them think I was lost."

Shellfire: Relaxing in the Beverly Hills, Calif., Luau restaurant after appearing on FRANK SINATRA's television show, the normally cool Negro songstress LENA HORNE suddenly erupted into a rage, hurling seashell ashtrays and a hurricane lamp toward a nearby table. When police arrived, they found her target, 30-year-old HARVEY ST. VINCENT of Bel Air, vice president of an engineering firm, dabbing at a cut forehead with a napkin. "As far as I'm concerned," St. Vincent said, "the attack was unprovoked." Miss Horne disagreed. He uttered, she said, "a word for Negro people that I don't use . . . and then he made sure my sex was properly noted with a nasty five-letter word."

Peernik: The titled neighbors in Westminster's exclusive Ashley-gardens had complained before about the din that roared forth from the ground-floor flat occupied by Lord VALENTINE THYNNE, youngest (22) son of the MARQUIS OF BATH, but the two-day singing, dancing, record-playing rout of 80 to 150 blackstockinged girls and

unshorn boys was the outrageous end. Bowler-hatted, retired Guards Maj. ARTHUR WILMOT, the head porter (i.e., superintendent), said: "All they want is a haircut, a bath, and two hours on the barrack square with me."

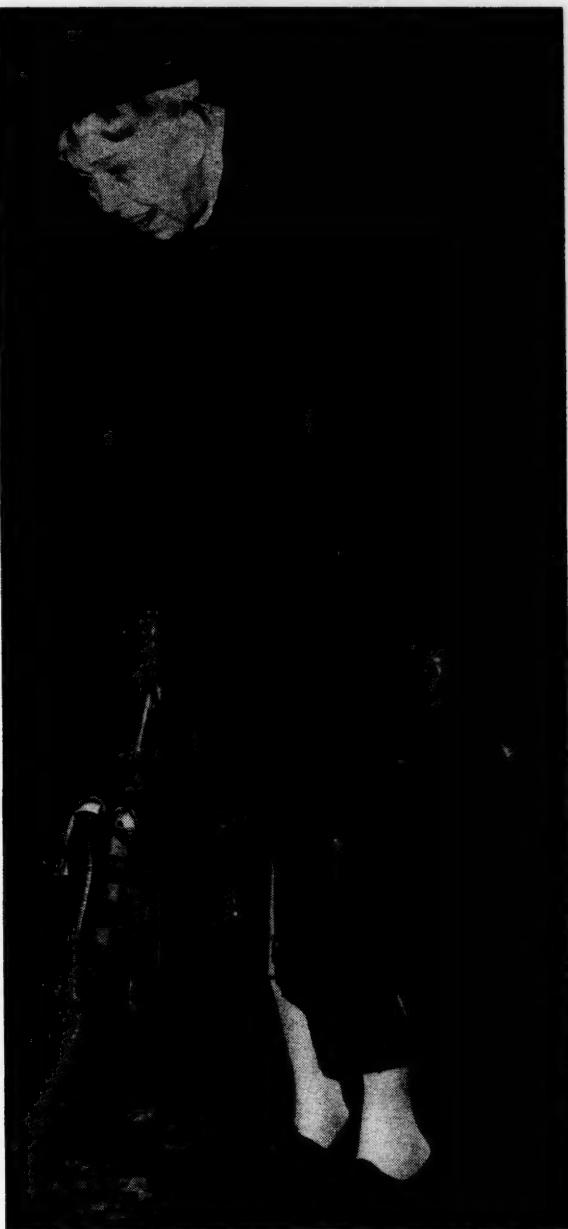
Night Life: Fined twice last year (in London and Liverpool) and once the year before (in Malibu, Calif.) for being drunk and quarrelsome, SARAH CHURCHILL, 45-year-old actress daughter of Sir WINSTON, had to pony up a \$5.60 fine for calling a taxi driver "a bloody fool" in London's Bohemian Chelsea district. Miss Churchill, much-praised for her role in the much-abused comedy "The Night Life of a Virile Potato" (NEWSWEEK, Feb. 15), "wanted to drive around in the cab to give herself time to sort her thoughts out," her attorney explained in Marlborough Court.

Slender Fare: Eat and drink as they may, to Columbia University's noted anthropologist Dr. MARGARET MEAD Americans are "by no means adequately or evenly nourished." In a New York symposium, where food fads and dieting were blamed for the death of hundreds and illness of thousands each year, she complained about "the careful invention of drinks and foods that will look and taste like other foods that have too many calories, but which are guaranteed 'not to nourish'." That sort of blue-plate specializing, she said, is "a grim and sad attempt in a world where half the population is desperately undernourished."

Candidate: Agreeing—a trifle mischievously—to run for election to the largely honorary post of Chancellor of Oxford University, British Prime Minister HAROLD MACMILLAN found himself opposing his good friend Sir OLIVER FRANKS, chairman of Lloyds Bank and former Ambassador to the United States. Two former P.M.'s, Lord ROSEBERRY and HERBERT ASQUITH, have tried for the job—which goes to whichever candidate polls a majority of the 30,000 living Oxford M.A.'s—but both were soundly defeated. Some support Macmillan can count on: Six of his Cabinet ministers are old Oxonians, ready to vote true blue.

Barking Doves: Announcing "I wish to be at peace with the world—I wish to coo like the doves," 80-year-old conductor Sir THOMAS BEECHAM was shortly his testy, tart-tongued old self as he arrived in Seattle, where he was once (in 1943) resident conductor. "Every time I come to the United States," he said, "there are 100 new [gadgets]. None of them work, no one uses them, and nobody will tell me how to use them." Reminded of his reputation for introducing new orchestral works, he added in a tone liverish enough for the pills that built the Beecham fortune: "I didn't like any of them. A lot of dashed nonsense." The 27-year-old Lady BEECHAM interrupted: "He didn't mean a word of it."

Literary Sets: Texas oil millionaire H.L. HUNT, 71, for years something of a recluse, invited Dallas newspapermen to Cokesbury Book Store where he signed 600 copies of his novel "Alpaca," which tells of a mythical country that gives bonus votes to bigger taxpayers. Hunt conceded that he "got plenty of help" writing the book, which he published himself through Hunt Press. But his pretty blond daughters, Swanee, 10, and



Mrs. R.: Lost and found

NEWSMAKERS

Helen, 11, were the smash of the party. To the melody of "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window," they sang:

*How much is that book in the window,
The one that says all the smart things?
How much is that book in the window?
I do hope to learn all it brings.
How much is that book in the window,
The one which my Popsy wrote?
How much is that book in the window?
You can buy it without signing a note.
Alpacal! Fifty cents!*

Hunt, whose wealth is estimated at \$400 million, was sure that his literary venture would pay. "The profit motive," he said, "is deeply imbedded in me."

Monroe Doctrine: While the shapely little woman, MARILYN MONROE, stayed on in Hollywood to slave over the hot



UPI

Marilyn: Brains, too

set of "Let's Make Love," playwright ARTHUR MILLER flew off to Ireland to confer with director JOHN HUSTON about the script he is writing for Marilyn's next movie, "The Misfits." Miller motored away to the sprawling gray stone house in Galway where Huston is living and spoke up in defense of his wife's ability. "She understands every word I write and say ... I only wish people would take more notice of her talent, and less of her statistics."

No Climber's Clime: Everest conqueror Sir EDMUND HILLARY, in Chicago to organize a fall expedition to the Himalayas, strolled from his hotel to the Merchandise Mart and there confessed: "I just about died of the cold." The temperature: Around 10 above, 30 to 40 degrees warmer than he can expect on his hunt for the Abominable Snowman.

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- **Third—and soon to be second—in the production of polyethylene, the world's fastest growing plastic.**
- **World leader in sales of industrial alcohol.**

Net chemical sales, excluding Federal excise taxes, amounted to \$118,511,000 in 1959, an increase of \$26,510,000 over the preceding year. Chemical operating profits were \$20,601,000, or 37% of total operating profits, up \$4,550,000, or 28%, over 1958.

The U. S. Industrial Chemicals Co. Division's polyethylene production capacity of 200 million pounds a year will be increased by mid-1960 to 300 million pounds, making National the world's second largest producer. Substantial gains were registered during 1959 in polyethylene, industrial alcohol, sulphuric acid and ammonia. The division is also a large producer of liquefied petroleum gases (LPG), caustic soda, chlorine, sodium, phosphoric acid and ethyl chloride, as well as a number of smaller volume products.

The Kordite Division, producer of polyethylene film and converted film products, was greatly expanded in 1959, capacity being approximately doubled during the year. Research facilities were enlarged and great emphasis is being placed on developing new uses and markets for polyethylene film. Continued rapid growth for this new packaging material is indicated.

Liquor Division sales in 1959 reached the highest level in company history. The trend of consumer preference for premium straight bourbon whiskeys continued and Old Grand-Dad, Old Taylor and Old Crow were even more firmly established as leaders in their respective fields than ever before. Gilbey's Gin became the largest selling gin in the United States in 1959.

Sales of the Liquor Division in 1959 totaled \$426,357,000, a new record high, up \$25,177,000 from the preceding year. Operating profits of the division amounted to \$35,280,000, or 63% of total operating profits, a gain of \$5,273,000, or 18%, over 1958.

The future looks most promising and 1960 should result in increased growth for each division of National Distillers and Chemical Corporation.

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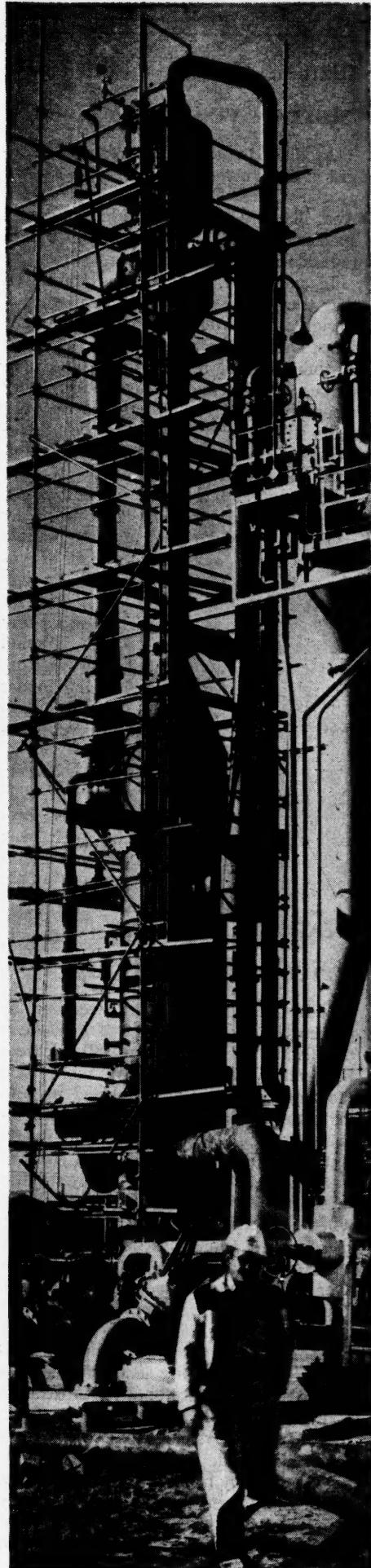
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RESULTS IN BRIEF

	1959	1958
Net sales	\$575,566,000	\$524,310,000
Operating profit*—Liquor	35,280,000	30,007,000
Operating profit*—Chemical	20,601,000	16,051,000
Federal taxes on Income	25,900,000	21,075,000
Net income	25,068,000	20,103,000
Net income per common share	\$2.23	\$1.76
Common stock dividends paid	1.10	1.00
Working capital	\$222,868,000	\$221,436,000
Net property, plant and equipment	186,431,000	175,018,000
Depreciation provided	13,463,000	11,301,000

*Before interest charges and Federal income taxes.



TURTLES:

Starry-Eyed

Archie Carr, a trim, 50-year-old biologist at the University of Florida, is known as the "Turtle Man" to his colleagues. And, like any scientist who has studied a species for most of his life, he has a high regard for his subject's talents.

In particular, Dr. Carr is convinced that the giant green turtle is a celestial navigator as skillful as pigeons or starlings. Despite the lengthy ocean journeys of thousands of miles which these ponderous reptiles make, they return every three years to lay their eggs on the very same stretch of beach where they themselves were hatched. If Carr is right, each turtle should travel a straight, neatly plotted line to her nesting place.

This summer, to test his thesis, Carr will rent a shrimp boat and intercept a score of turtles on their way to an assembly point off Florida. To each he will fasten a bright orange helium balloon on a string (for tracking by day) and a tiny transistor radio with a 6-inch antenna (for tracking by night) before setting them loose. Carr hopes that the turtles will make a beeline for their goal, breaking water only to breathe and, presumably, to find their bearings.

Discussing his experiment last week, Carr marveled at the turtle's inborn skill: "I am amazed that these animals, with their small brains, can find their way better than man does with all his intelligence and complex instruments."

WEATHER:

Price of Easy Living

Most people fight cold weather by putting on more clothes (to help keep the skin at its normal 80 degrees Fahrenheit) and by eating more food (to replace the calories burned up and maintain the body's normal internal temperature of 98.6 degrees Fahrenheit). But the men of the Pitjandjara tribe of Central Australia deliberately flaunt these ways of keeping warm. At night, when the temperature drops to freezing, these naked aborigines lie down on the hard ground with no covers below or over them and doze peacefully until morning without a shiver.

How do they do it? Per F. Scholander, physiology professor at Scripps Institution of Oceanography in California, has an explanation. A study of the Australian aborigines, he told NEWSWEEK last week, shows that physiologically they react much like Arctic ducks. Instead of fighting the cold by burning up more calories (increasing their metabolic rate), they simply let their skin get cold to a point which is "distressingly painful" to most white men. "This is a pretty startling



Dr. Carr and nesting subject in Costa Rica: 'I am amazed . . .'

finding," Dr. Scholander remarked, "because it has generally been assumed that an increased metabolic rate was man's only physiological weapon against cold.

"Three years ago, we took eight Norwegian students into the mountains above tree line, and had them sleep naked in a single-blanket sleeping bag covered by a thin, wind-resistant layer of cloth. The temperature was about 39 degrees, and at first they shivered and thrashed through the night. After a week, however, they were able to sleep comfortably, because their metabolic rate increased 30 to 60 per cent."

But when Dr. Scholander tested Australian aborigines sleeping naked in similar sleeping bags, he found that their metabolic rate remained the same. "As controls, we used white subjects," he said. The 54-year-old physiologist included himself in the guinea-pig group though, he added wryly, "modesty forced me to wear shorts. We had a rough time and when that wind blew, I

beat it back to the tent. We white men suffered most from cold feet—about 60 degrees—and this is what kept us awake and shivering. The natives' feet, however, were as cold as 53 degrees and yet they were able to sleep soundly," he said. "Why? With these new physiological approaches," Dr. Scholander explained, "we are finding some answers. We now know that the aborigines' ability has a genetic basis. But the crucial question remains," he concluded. "Is our easy living slowly depriving man of his natural cold adaptation and stamina? Eventually, we hope to answer this."

DESERTS:

Sandstorm Stopper

Through the desert country of California's Coachella Valley near Palm Springs snake two major arteries between Los Angeles and the fashionable desert resorts: U.S. highway 60-70-99 and the main line of the Southern Pacific. Motorists and railroaders using them have long been plagued by wind-whipped sandstorms causing million-dollar damage to windshields, paint, and engines. Sometimes the routes are actually shut down by 3-foot drifts.

What to do about it? Glue the sand in place? Why not, asked California's Division of Highways and the Southern Pacific. Together, last week, they were attacking the swirling sands in a new experiment—spraying a test area alongside the roads with a mixture of Turbozan-14 (a by-product of paper manufacturing), enzymes, grass seed, and water. Developed by Pacific Associates Corp. of Palm Springs, the loam-colored concoction is expected to provide a glassy surface under which ground cover can take hold.

Periscoping Science [®]

Do the first signs of approaching illness appear in dreams long before the physical effects show up? This once discredited notion is being re-examined by University of Chicago psychiatrists . . . The Navy's record-setting bathyscaphe Trieste resumes operation next week near Guam. Object of the new dives: Measuring sound velocity and water density . . . A National Meteorological Center soon will be set up to coordinate all U.S. weather research.

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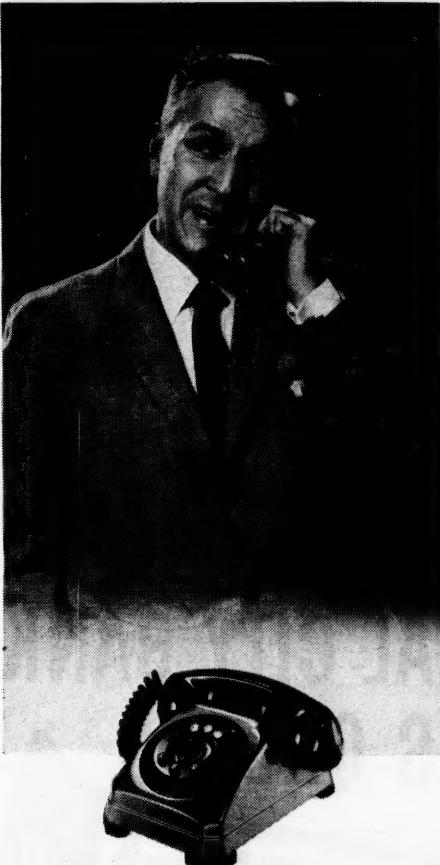
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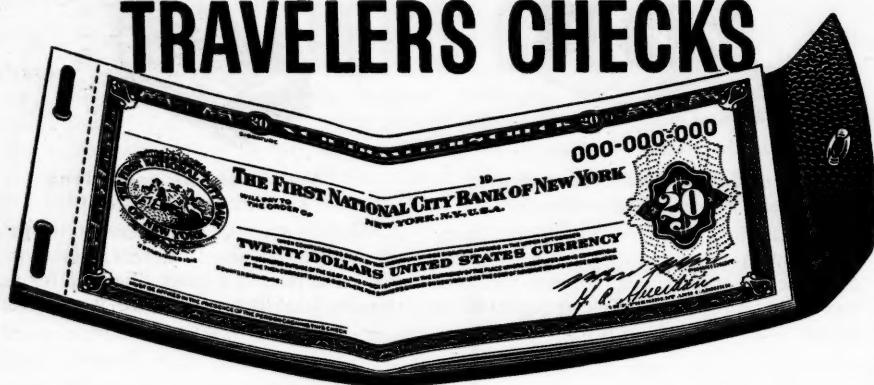
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DANCE

Out-Way, Way Out

The Star: Merce Cunningham, an extraordinary dancer of polished technique and peculiar choreography. In the past, he has been known to roll on the floor and laugh like a baby for an entire "dance" number.

The Composers: Morton Feldman, Christian Wolff, and John Cage, who are, in their own ways, even more unconventional than Cunningham. In their music, the performers often have a free choice of which notes they'd like to play at a given time, and electronic noises are often blended in with the more traditional instruments.

The Artist: Robert Rauschenberg, whose work appeared in the Museum of Modern Art's recent "Sixteen Americans" show does collages with old undershirts or ties in them, and whole stuffed partridges perched on top. One of his major works: A stuffed goat draped with an old automobile tire.

At the Phoenix Theater, last week, the dancer, the artist, and the composers joined forces for a recital, before an audience which shelled out as much as \$8.33 a ticket to listen to and look at the oldest established permanent floating avant-garde group in New York. "If it hadn't been that 'Caligula' was opening uptown that same night [see page 90]," said composer Feldman, "we'd have had people standing." That's the kind of audience there was.

Cunningham danced a little more conservatively than he had in the past. His hands twitched, his arms floated, and he moved in his own strange, graceful way. But there was still some of the old fun, too. At one point, he came out on the stage in a sweater (which Rauschenberg designed and Cunningham knitted) which was a "predicament" in that it had no hole for the head, but four sleeves. He also did a rather traditional *pas de deux* with a straight-backed chair strapped to his back—in criticism, one supposed, of the usual role of *danseurs* who are primarily lifters, carriers, and furniture for ballerinas.

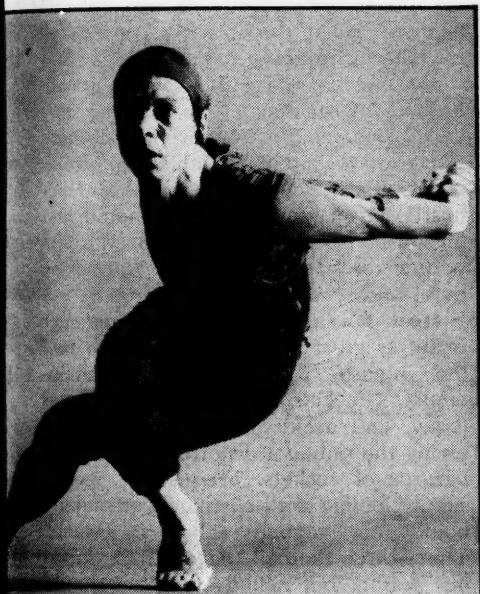
No Connection: In the pit, the musicians followed composer Cage's direction, as he moved his arms in great slow circles like the sweep of a clock's second hand. The pianist blew up a whistle balloon and let the air out of it slowly, making a noise like a steam radiator. The clarinetist took off his mouthpiece and produced with it passable duck calls. There were toys, horns, metal "crickets" that would have been the envy of the most way-out kindergarten rhythm band.

The whimsical Rauschenberg hand was everywhere in evidence. His, of course, was the sweater, but his, too, was the huge cardboard carton which made its gradual entrance on stage left,

deposited a dancer, and then, self-propelled, moved off to exit right, leaving the dancer alone.

In his studio atop the Living Theater, a few days before the performance, Cunningham explained some of his ideas. "There's no specific connection between the dancing and the music. We're not in the boom-with-the-boom school. We start together, and we end together, but in between there are no particular points of reference. And this is not obliterating. I think, actually, it allows the music to exist more."

'Very Democratic': About the odd excursions of the players into other non-orchestral sounding noises (horns, whistles, and the like) Cunningham admitted: "A certain amount of good will is assumed on the musicians' part, and the audience's, too." John Cage, serious, crew-cut, and off for a music lesson, called back over his shoulder: "It's really



Richard Rutledge

Cunningham: A duck call will do

very democratic. The musician is given a choice of what he wants to do."

Robert Rauschenberg, who is 34 but looks 24, was busy in the chilly back room, spattering his great, mottled pastel backdrop (for which there were matching leotards). Surrounded by cheese, beer, boxes of Melba toast, and cartons of spray paint, he lit a cigarette and made his contribution to the erudite symposium. "I always assume that people have eyes, and that their ideas are as interesting as mine. I have no business telling you where to look first. If there's red and green, why, you'll see it. And if you don't, no matter."

As the performance ended at the Phoenix, there were shouts of "Bravo," many curtain calls, and much applause. "This is so advanced," said a young girl thoughtfully, "that it hasn't even happened yet."

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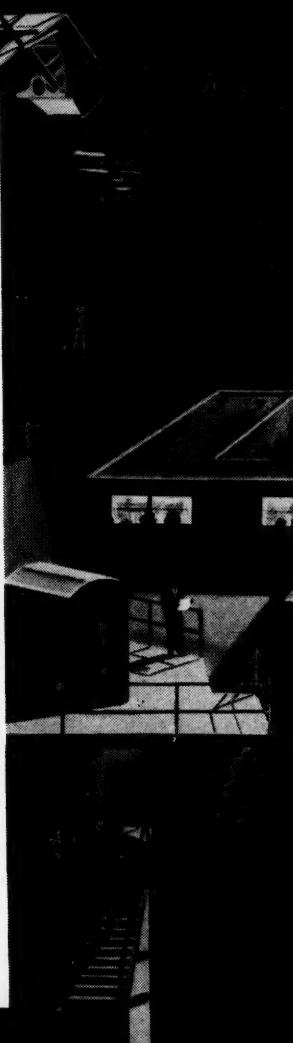
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SPACE AND ATOM—

SATELLITES:

Project Yo-yo

One of the neatest tricks that a child can perform with a Yo-yo is "around the world." It consists of spinning the toy from the hand, swinging it over the head in a complete circle, then deftly snapping it back into the palm. Last week, a Navy report to the House Defense Appropriations subcommittee revealed plans to play the same game with a low-cost, air-launched satellite. The name of the plan: Project Yo-yo.

Fired from a speeding Douglas F4D Skyray at the top of a 40,000-foot climb, the solid-fueled rocket and payload "can be programmed to pass over any pre-selected point on the earth, and subsequently be recovered at sea upon completion of a single orbit," the Navy reported. Thus a quick spot check could be made on any part of the globe by the camera-carrying satellite.

Yo-yo is part of the Navy's larger "Pilot" program to develop air-launched vehicles for reconnaissance, communications, and even anti-missile work. The number of orbits can be adjusted to suit the mission, Navy experts say. But the biggest claim made for the program is its low price tag since an airplane substitutes for the one-shot first-stage booster. Cost of an entire air-launched system: \$65,000, according to Washington Science Trends, compared with more than \$3.6 million for an Atlas booster alone.

COUNTDOWN:

Boys Will Be Boys

Long before Russia's Sputnik I launched the space age in 1957, U.S. teen-agers had been lighting up the cornfield Cape Canaveral with homemade rockets. Some junior rocketeers succeeded only in making noise; others lost fingers and some their lives. But despite the setbacks and hazards, there are now an estimated half a million devotees in 50,000 clubs across the country.

A brisk controversy now rages around the missilemen of the future: Should teen-agers be permitted, much less encouraged, to pursue such dangerous activities? Many influential groups, including the American Rocket Society (which itself started out in 1930 as a group of amateur experimenters), answer with a firm "no," insisting that the slightest association with live propellant mixtures is too dangerous. Most state agencies agree (see box above).

A stanch defender of amateur rocketry criticized these critics vigorously last week. Capt. Bertrand R. Brinley

Brinley: 'They should be helped'

Ground Rules for Amateur Rocketeers

An amateur rocket club seeking permission to conduct a test is very apt to run into legal difficulties. Twenty-six states have put rockets under their fireworks laws, thus effectively banning all tests, except for occasional exemptions granted to schools and colleges. Issuance of special fireworks permits depends on the whims of local police and fire officials.

To date, only three states—Washington, Vermont, and Idaho—have

taken steps to help rocket clubs. Last month, however, in a decision that might set a precedent, a Maine district judge ruled that rockets do not belong under fireworks laws, because they are not primarily for noise or display. The following week, a bill introduced in the state senate to prohibit all rocket firings was loudly shouted down, and Maine legislators now plan positive action to permit supervised testing.

explained: "Rocketry is a self-educating process, perhaps the best means of scientific education there is, because every one of the physical sciences is involved. The clubs should be helped, not cut off."

Before Sputnik I, Brinley had no particular interest in amateur rocketry. But with each successful launching, his desk at the Fort Jay, N.Y., information office received more queries from clubs asking for help, and the number of rocketry accidents also increased. "After a while," Brinley noted, "it became obvious that something should be done." A memo to his commanding officer resulted in Brinley's appointment as Project Officer, First U.S. Army Amateur Rocket Liaison

Program. Manuals and pamphlets went out to thousands of clubs across the country. Captured by the dedication of his young charges, and dismayed at the lack of essential guidance, the 42-year-old captain began writing a book, and last September left the Army to devote all his time to his new calling.

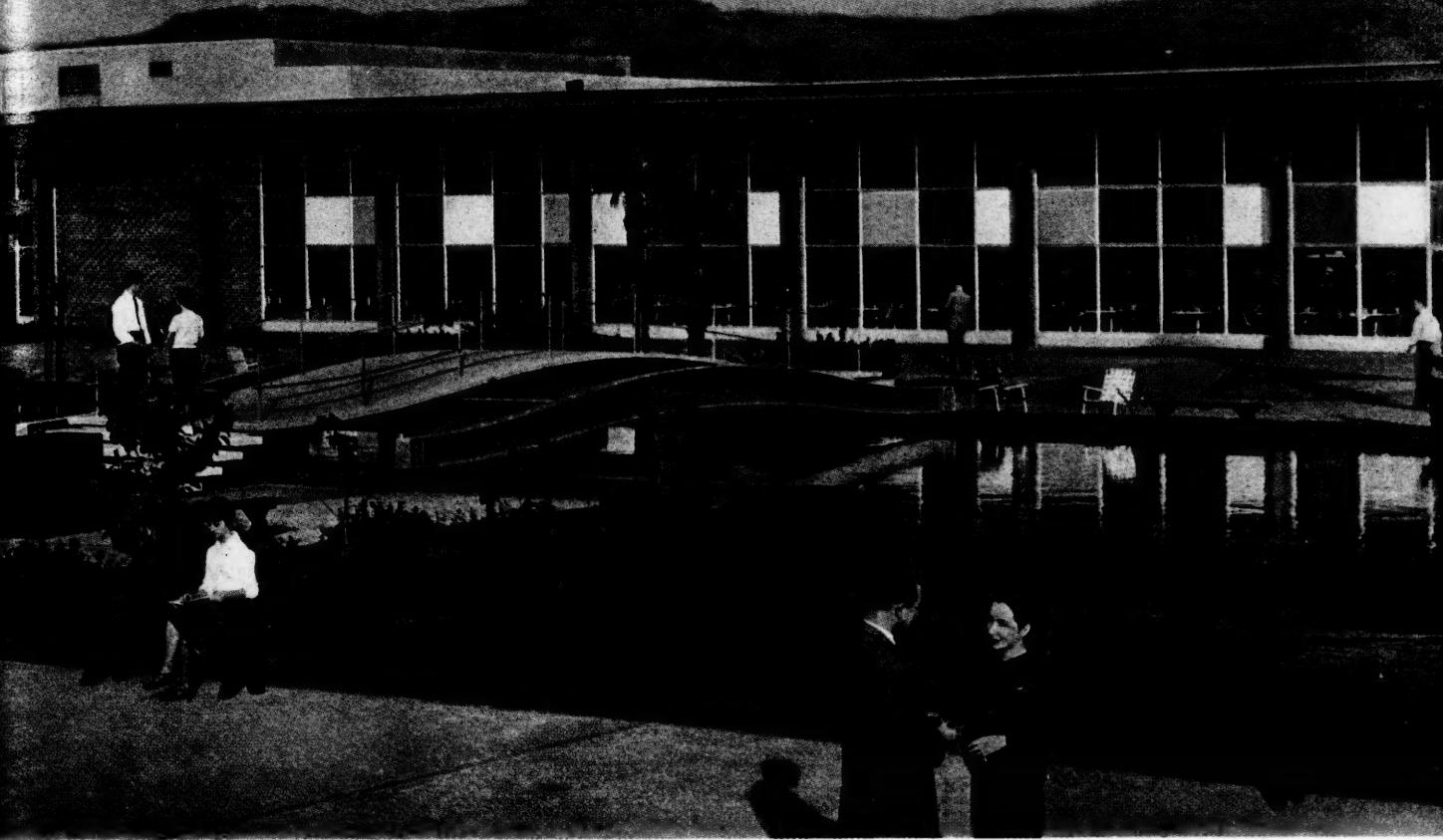
In his recently published "Rocket Manual for Amateurs,"* Brinley carefully joins technical data with procedural safety rules, and insists that any group of inspired teen-agers who have their hearts set on rocket-building should first form a club, complete with constitution, written rules, and continuous supervision by qualified adults.

How Hazardous? "But the menace is not as great as it is purported to be," the intense, thin-faced author maintained. "Rockets are much in the news today, and accidents make the papers, giving the public a distorted view of the hazards of rockets. Frequently, youths simply fooling with chemicals or making bombs are vaguely called rocketeers. Thirty-three football players were killed last season, but nobody says we should stop football. I know of no more than a dozen people who have been killed by rockets in the last two years. We tolerate risks for the sake of entertainment, but we won't accept them for the sake of education."

"The many experts who oppose amateur rocketry," Brinley continued, "take the attitude that they are the only people who know the hazards. Well, they are technically proficient, but they don't know anything about education."

"A bright young lad who has the desire and brains to start a rocketry program will do it whether he is helped or not, just as many wizards like Wernher von Braun and Russia's Anatoli Blagonravov did years ago. By shutting off the sources of information, we deprive them of the chance to learn and at the same time we increase the chance of accidents. What's the sense of letting them find everything out the hard way?"





Campus...or factory?

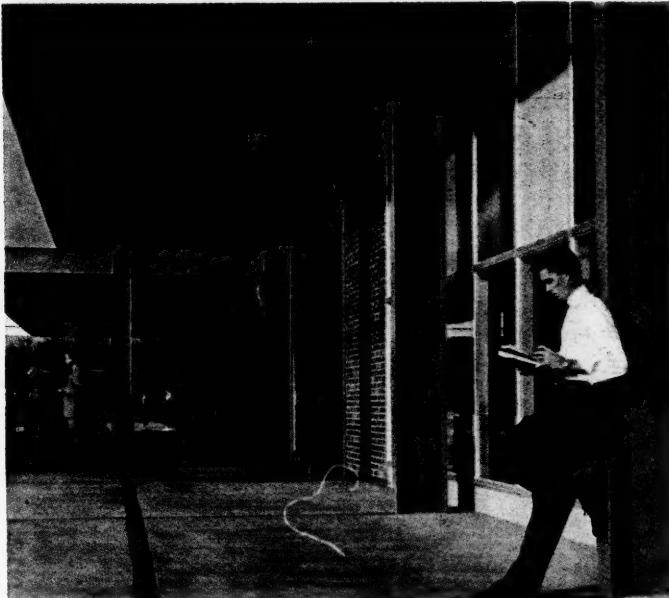
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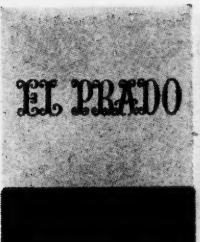
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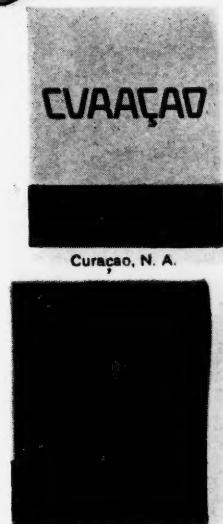
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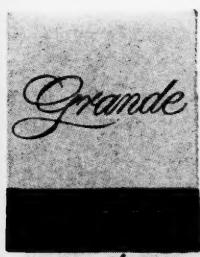
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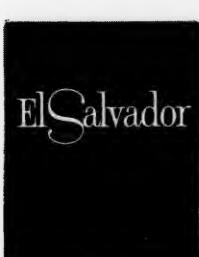
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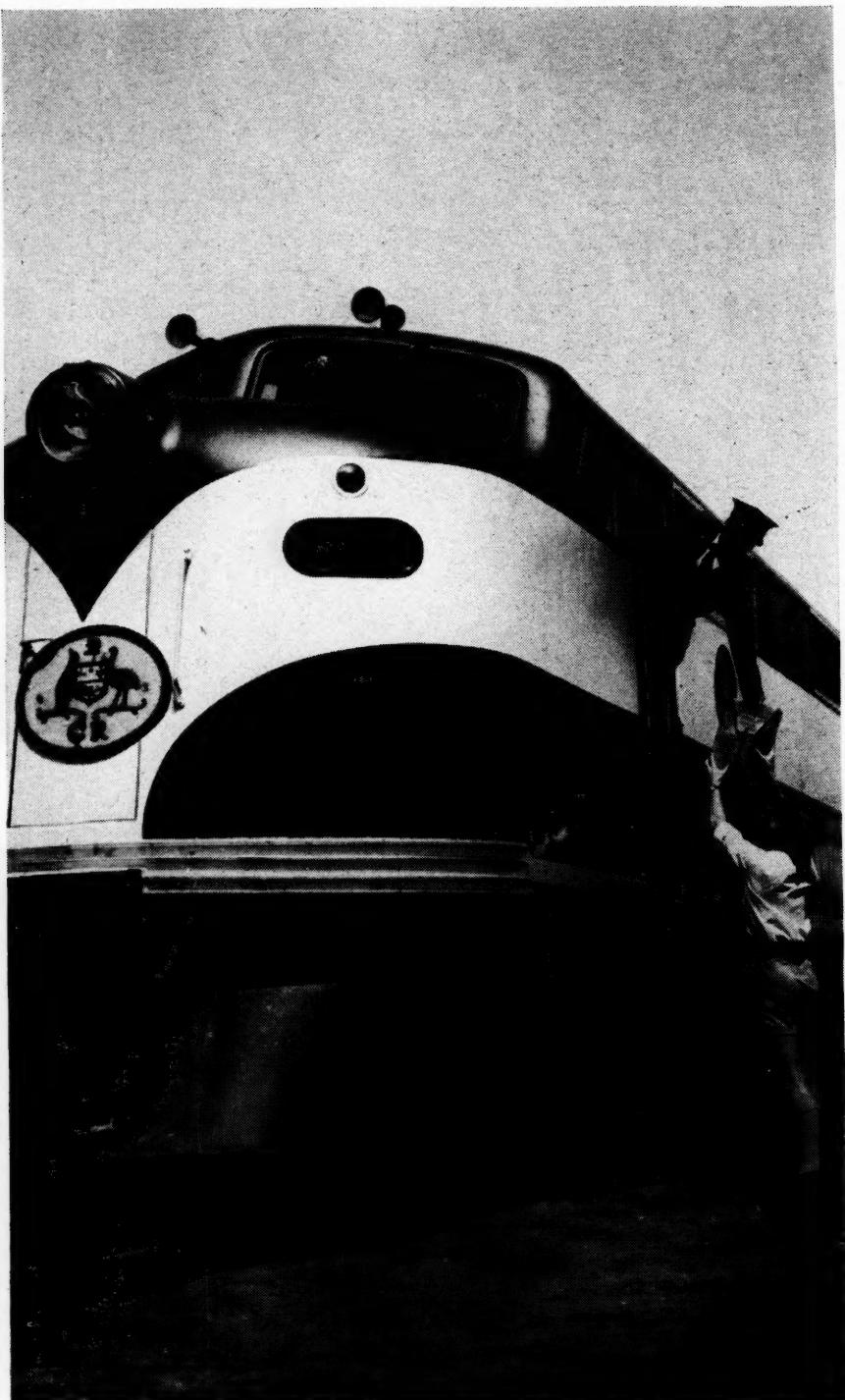


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Catnips

"We weren't convinced of it until he went after the bird," recalled a surprised cat owner named Fred McHugh last week. McHugh, a public-relations writer for Army Ordnance in Washington, D.C., was talking about his eighteen-month-old black cat, Sammy, who lately has started suffering catnips whenever the TV set goes on. McHugh first noticed the feline making a beeline for the Magic Lantern a couple of weeks back when a pigeon flitted on screen and Sammy tried to paw it. A few nights later, Sammy added another item to his TV cat-alogue by trying to touch the hand of an actress. Sammy (shown right, watching "Cheyenne") has recently become more selective. "He doesn't watch every night," McHugh says. "Sometimes if the programs are too dull, he just goes to sleep."

Non-Hush Puppies

Nourished only by pots of weak coffee, six of the nation's top gagmen talked shop for three hours and ten minutes last week. The occasion was David Susskind's weekly "Open End" gabfest, and the subject of the New York (WNTA) discussion show was TV comedy. With a glee that bordered on ferocity, the joke-makers—Larry Gelbart, Sheldon Keller, Jack Douglas, Mel Brooks, Charles Andrews, and Mel Tolkin—fired away in all directions. Among the targets of their grapeshot:

►**Jerry Lewis:** "He's a very unhappy kid," said Brooks. "He really is because he can't stand this business of being an executive and being a father, being a man and being a mature human being." ►**Red Buttons:** "When he first came on," said Tolkin, "all he was interested in was being funny . . . then like so many comics, he wanted to produce a little, he wanted to direct a little, he wanted to write a little, he wanted to call the shots a little . . . They [the comics] become heads of corporations . . . This business of being funny becomes the least aspect of their careers."

►**Jackie Gleason:** "The writers had to come and punch a time clock, 9 to 5," said Susskind. "They would shove pages of script under his bedroom door; he would read them and growl and tear them into bits and scraps and shove them back under the door. Is that true?" "Yes, that's true," Douglas answered.

►**Red Skelton:** "Red Skelton is a little strange," said Douglas. "Red used to lock himself in his room. He just didn't want to see anybody. In fact, when we came to meetings at his home, he'd be upstairs and he wouldn't come out."

►**Steve Allen:** "I feel a real reserve from Steve," said Gelbart. "You know the



NEWSWEEK—RENI

Sammy: TV's the cat's meow

kind of thing you don't get from a real comic, who is a puppy dog, who wants to be loved. Steve always holds back."

►**Bob Hope:** "America's pet, America's puppy, up-on-the-chair boy," Brooks said. "If Hope wants to say something about the Administration or about some government bureau, it's fine. But if it's another comic, it might be shocking."

►**Jack Paar:** "He projects poignant charm . . . a compelling, charming human," said Brooks. "Which Paar have you been watching?" asked Gelbart.

Poolside Peace Parley

The summit meeting opened at 10:30 a.m. one day last week near the pool of the Royal Palm Beach Inn near West Palm Beach, Fla. The topics were disarmament and inspection, and the conferees—NBC board chairman Robert Sarnoff, NBC president Robert Kintner, and wayward NBC star Jack Paar—lazed under a beach umbrella, sipping cooling

drinks. The twin Bobs had motored over from nearby Boca Raton—site of an NBC affiliates' meeting—to talk to Paar about coming back to the fold after his spectacular on-camera walkout two weeks ago from his late evening show, in protest against NBC's censoring of a bathroom joke.

Underneath the sheltering palms, the talk rambled over a variety of subjects—a vacation for Paar (Kintner suggested Hong Kong), the real-estate situation in Florida (booming), the reaction of Paar's 10-year-old daughter, Randy, to the recent unpleasantness (undisturbed), and, of course, Paar's return to the bosom of NBC. The total capitulation of Paar occurred well before 1:45 p.m. The terms: Paar will return March 7 to his show; NBC will continue to censor. The next day, Paar left for Hong Kong.

But at Honolulu, a stopover, Paar had the last sad word about his return to NBC. "The fact is, I have nowhere else to go," he said. "I'm under contract. They'll not give me another show."

It all reminded TV critic John Crosby of "H.M.S. Pinafore":

PAAR: I am never known to quail/At the fury of a gale/And I'm never going back to the "Tonight" show.

KINTNER AND SARNOFF: What, never?

PAAR: No, never!

KINTNER AND SARNOFF: What, never?

PAAR: Hardly ever!

Just Us Musicologists

Just a bunch of consulting musicologists, that's all the disk jockeys were—or so said the witnesses parading before chairman Oren Harris's congressional subcommittee last week. And that, of course, was the explanation for their payola enrichment in cash and gifts.* It had all poured in as payment for the disk jockeys' "time and attention in helping evaluate records."

The only real relief from this monotonous recitation was the admission by ex-Boston disk jockey Norman Prescott (who quit his radio job last year because

*Including everything from rugs and hi-fi sets to clothing and \$125 worth of golf lessons. Joe Smith of Boston's WILD, the lucky golfer, claimed his lessons "helped me get my score down from 120 to 90."

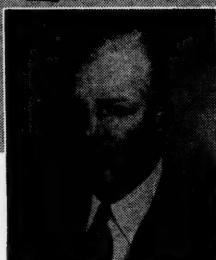
Periscoping TV-Radio

Maximilian Schell, brother of actress Maria Schell, is the leading contender for the star role in "September Song," a 90-minute fall CBS special on the life of composer Kurt Weill . . . NBC is hatching several three-hour—no less—drama and musical specials for next season with Dore Schary and Jerry Wald as producers . . . Look for Garry Moore's announcer, Durward Kirby, to host a new one-hour live drama anthology series now shaping up as the thirteen-week summer replacement for Moore's current CBS show, beginning July 5.

Rockwell Report

by W. F. ROCKWELL, JR.
President

Rockwell Manufacturing Company



A PENNY SAVED is actually several pennies earned. We figure that a 4 per cent saving in cost is equal, in terms of net profit, to a 20 per cent increase in sales.

While we constantly look for these savings in the larger areas of materials purchasing, production, and maintenance, sometimes they also come from unexpected sources that are often overlooked as being unimportant. Recently, for example, one of our people asked, "What does it cost to maintain a stockholder's account for one year?"

We made a detailed analysis beginning with the basic bank charge for each stockholder's account, and came up with thirty-one measurable items of cost.

Nine are involved in the payment of quarterly dividends, ranging from the obvious sixteen cents for postage to \$.004 for imprinting dividend checks. Payment of stock dividends creates seven items of cost. Three quarterly reports cost \$.069 per shareholder, plus \$.03 for addressing. After the Annual Report is printed, three separate costs are involved in getting it to each stockholder. Annual Meeting notices create four separate charges, plus the \$.007 for the notice itself.

The total is \$2.904 per stockholder, per year. Ten years ago, when we had under three thousand stockholders, the amount involved was unimportant. Today, with our list approaching fourteen thousand, both the total cost and the chances of duplication on the list are considerably greater. At least we feel it justifies taking the necessary time to consolidate stockholders' names to avoid unnecessary duplication. We watch for such things as the changing of a full name to an initial, inclusion or exclusion of husband or wife, addition or deletion of junior or senior. Any one of these small variations can cause the same person to be listed as a stockholder several times—at a cost of \$2.904 each time.

Or—to put it in terms of real interest to our stockholders—the few seconds it takes to avoid an unnecessary listing produces as much net profit as \$14.02 in additional sales.

* * *

A new line of Walker-Turner 15-inch drill presses for metalworking has been introduced by our Power Tool Division. The new line is designed to provide all the ruggedness of much heavier presses for production line work, yet is versatile enough for small commercial shops. Forty models are available, and in addition components may be obtained for making up special purpose equipment.

* * *

We make a practice of answering promptly and with specific information the inquiries produced by our advertising. A recent inquiry, however, stopped us cold. This was from a man in Haiti who was in the business of hulling rice for growers. He had read about our gas meters, water meters, liquid meters, parking meters, taximeters, fare registers, flow meters, etc., and asked if we also made a "ricemeter" that would measure and record the amount of rice hulled for each customer. Regrettably we had to tell him that rice was one of the few substances the measurement of which we had not yet tackled.

* * *

Sales of our small Jlo (pronounced "ee-lo") diesel and gasoline engines, which are made only in our German plant, are setting all-time records. There are two main reasons for this: the rapidly increasing popularity of power mowers in West Germany and other European nations, and a surprisingly rapid increase in motorcycle and motorbike sales to a number of less developed nations.

This is one of a series of informal reports on the operations and growth of the

ROCKWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PITTSBURGH 8, PA.

for its customers, suppliers, employees, stockholders and other friends

TV-RADIO

he "was ashamed of myself, ashamed of the industry") that he had received \$10,000 and a car for "laying on" particular records for station WBZ.

Harris's subcommittee finally declared an intermission, promising to resume in about three weeks. Top brass at the American Broadcasting Co. expect that the committee wants to question TV golden boy Dick Clark, whose name came up for the first time in the hearings last week. Chairman Harris said that last October Clark had played Am-Par records (products of an ABC subsidiary) more often than almost any others. A network spokesman insisted that the records were all hits anyway and that the subcommittee was waiting until President Eisenhower gets back from South America before calling Clark. "Then they can have the headlines to themselves," he added.



Morgus: Frogs' eyeballs, boiled

Quiet! Ghoul at Work

Dressed in fright wig, intern's soiled smock, and monstrously protruding teeth, a fellow billed as "Morgus the Magnificent" is proprietor of perhaps the only weather show that might rate as a spec-Dracula. Forecaster since last July at WWL-TV, New Orleans, Morgus (his straight handle is Sid Noel) delivers his daily five-minute spiel in a sepulchral tone—in the manner of horror-man Boris Karloff—that adds ghoulish spice to ordinarily insipid weather fare.

Noel's show is coated with a thin veneer of straight weather data enlivened by his own odd observations. "The wind was at 30 miles an hour," he observed last week, "except in school zones where it was 15." Another: "It's 98 degrees—the temperature at which frogs' eyeballs boil in water."



TRANSITION

Birthday: Five-star Adm. CHESTER W. NIMITZ, commander of the U.S. Pacific Fleet in World War II; his 75th, in San Francisco, Feb. 24, at a banquet given by the cities of San Francisco and Berkeley and the Navy League.

Marriage Planned: Princess SUGA, youngest of the six children of Japanese Emperor Hirohito, and HISANAGA SHIMAZU, 26, a bank clerk; on March 10, eight days after her 21st birthday.

Married: ANNE BAXTER, 36, Academy Award-winning actress ("The Razor's Edge," 1946), and RANDOLPH GALT, Honolulu-born Australian cattle-rancher; in Honolulu, Hawaii, Feb. 18.

Recovering: Gen. WALTER BEDELL SMITH, 64, President Eisenhower's wartime chief of staff and former Ambassador to Moscow (1946-49); after surgery on a lung abscess (he has been confined to bed since last October), in Washington, D.C., Feb. 18.

Died: Mrs. ELLIS A. LARDNER, 72, widow of sports writer-humorist Ring Lardner; of cerebral thrombosis at her New Milford, Conn., home, Feb. 15.

►JOHN P. (Stuffy) MCINNIS, 69, first baseman in the Philadelphia Athletics "\$100,000 infield" of 1911-14 (with Eddie Collins, 2B; Jack Barry, SS; Home Run Baker, 3B), after a long illness, at an Ipswich, Mass., hospital, Feb. 16.

►GERTRUDE VANDERBILT, 72, a distant relative of the socially prominent Vanderbilts and comedy star of the Ziegfeld Follies and of such Broadway farces as "Fifty-Fifty, Ltd." and "The Gold Diggers"; of a heart attack, in New York City, Feb. 18.

►Dr. MARCEL SCHEIN, 57, internationally known authority on cosmic rays, a consultant to the wartime Manhattan Project which produced the first atomic bombs, and professor of physics at the University of Chicago (since 1946); after a heart attack, in Chicago, Ill., Feb. 20.

►HANS CHRISTIAN HANSEN, 53, Social Democratic Premier of Denmark since 1955 and credited with Denmark's post-war economic recovery (as Minister of Finance in 1945 and 1947-50); of cancer, in Copenhagen, Feb. 19.

►Countess MOUNTBATTEN, 58, wife of Earl Mountbatten of Burma and one of Britain's wealthiest women and leading hostesses; unexpectedly, in her sleep, Feb. 20, in Jesselton, British North Borneo, where she was inspecting units of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, of which she was superintendent-in-chief. She married Mountbatten in 1922, helped him rear his nephew, Prince Philip. Her death caused the royal family to go into formal court mourning 48 hours after the birth of Philip and Queen Elizabeth's third child.

February 29, 1960 □



Peanuts Characters ©1950 United Feature Syndicate, Inc.

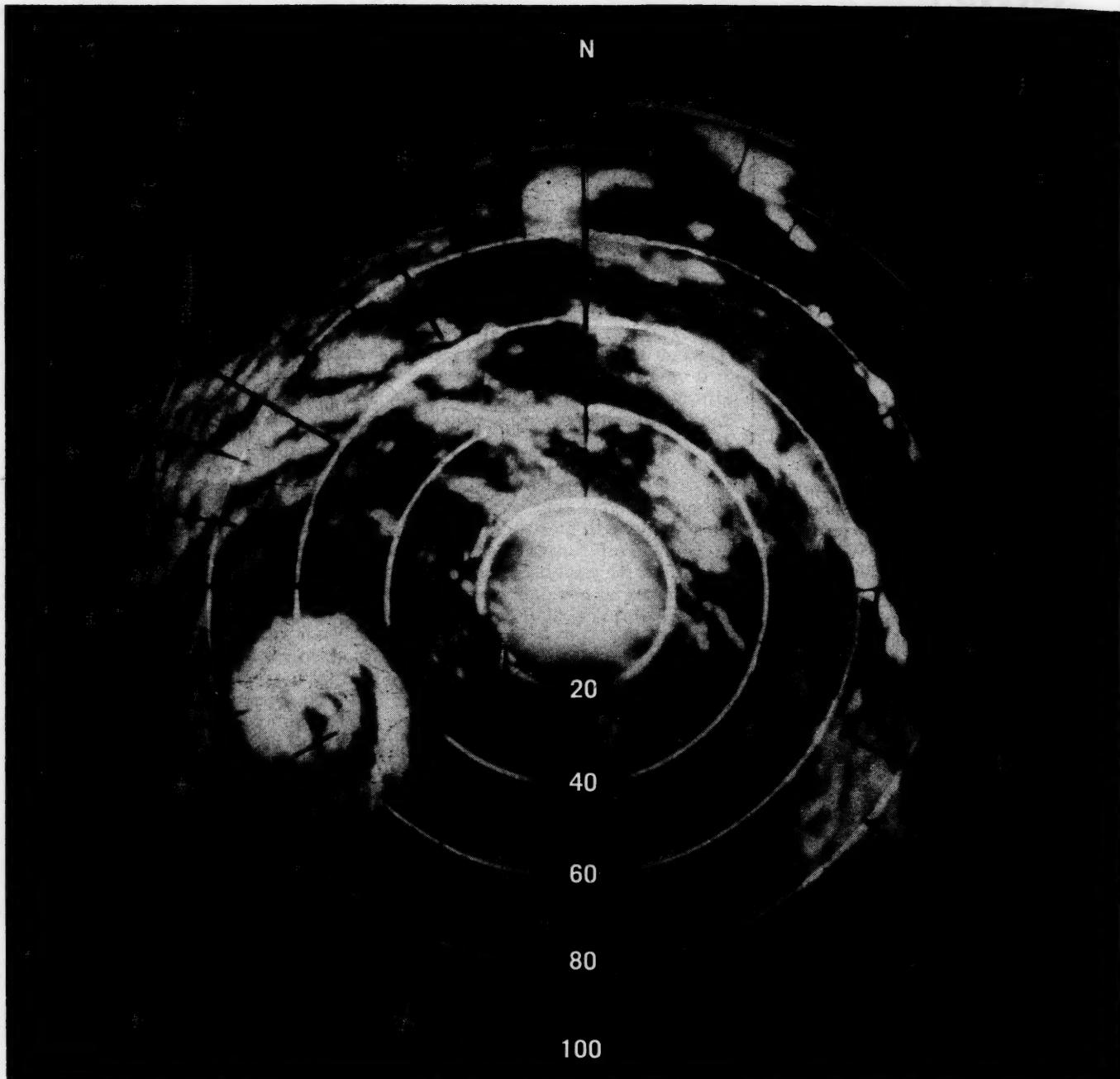
Chin up, Snoopy! You really captured the spirit of that new Falcon look. So bright! So young! The Falcon sure doesn't look like America's lowest priced 6-passenger car. But it is!* It certainly doesn't look like its brand-new size can carry 6 big people . . . and all their luggage. But it can! For that matter, it doesn't look like it can get up to 30 miles a gallon . . . and better! But a fleet of Falcons have! What it does look like is a terrific buy. Which it is!

FORD DIVISION, Ford Motor Company.

EASIEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO OWN

FORD *Falcon*

*Based upon manufacturers' suggested retail prices for 2 door sedans



PORTRAIT OF A KILLER—hurricane off the U.S. East Coast as it appears on screen of Raytheon Stormfinder radar. Swirl at left is "eye" of storm. Numbers indicate range in miles from radar, located in center.

How a dangerous hurricane is tracked by the U. S. Weather Bureau—with new Raytheon radar

The U. S. Weather Bureau now has a new observation method for accurate prediction of storms and advance warnings to specific localities.

Raytheon "Stormfinder" radars will soon operate at 31 Weather Bureau stations and eight naval installations in a network covering the whole U. S. Seven units are already in service.

Stormfinders not only help weathermen locate rain, they also penetrate through rain to focus on the heart of a hurricane or the "hook" of a tornado.

Each 250-mile range radar scans a 200,000-square-mile area. The operator studies whole storm fronts, sees fog, drizzle, snow, shifting winds and forming clouds—weather in the making.

Stormfinders even indicate altitude at which aircraft icing is likely to occur.

By developing and producing equipment that will provide advance storm warnings throughout the entire nation, the 41,000 men and women of Raytheon are making a major contribution to safeguarding property and protecting lives.

Excellence in Electronics

RAYTHEON COMPANY Waltham, Massachusetts



ENGINEERS AND SCIENTISTS: for challenging opportunities with a growing company in all phases of electronics, write E. H. Herlin, Professional Personnel Coordinator.

Business Trends

Bottoming Out?

Many Wall Street brokers see encouraging signs for the months ahead in the stock market's brisk turnaround last week.

After a "selling climax" had tumbled stock values to a twelve-month low, many securities buyers saw values to be had for the first time this year. Shopping eagerly, they sent the Dow Jones industrials average up nearly twenty points (to 628.45) in three days.

This recovery, combined with more favorable earnings reports (see page 82), many market insiders say, may be all the market needs to reverse the downward drift which has cut more than \$21 billion from stock values since the beginning of the year.

Autos: Too Soon to Tell

Washington economists insist it's a mistake to predict auto-sales prospects for 1960 from January-February results (see page 75).

Commerce Department specialists have dug back into figures and conclude that the trend is never clear until the March score is in.

Last year's sales of 5.5 million cars could have been predicted within 100,000 units from the results in the first quarter, they point out.

But past records show no correlation between January-February sales alone and the results for the full year—either in volume or direction of trend.

Trimming the Tab

Despite the bright prospects for industry in general, shrinking military aircraft sales combined with a leveling-off of the missile business foreshadow a tight squeeze on the aero-space industry this year.

Some big firms are already seeking to cut costs by trimming back enormous engineering staffs.

Douglas Aircraft Co., for example, last week furloughed 300 missile and space engineers, making a total of 1,788 laid off since Oct. 1. That's 12% of the Douglas engineering and test staffs.

Pentagon insiders predict that small firms will

be hurt most in the scramble for contracts.

Crux of the problem for the industry: Missile and space programs haven't become a substitute—dollar-wise—for declining aircraft business.

Total industry sales are expected to reach something over \$10 billion, vs. \$11 billion in 1959.

Moreover, the missile operation puts a high premium on precision, and de-emphasizes quantity.

Current ICBM programs, for example, call for only about 270 operational Atlases and Titans, about 800-plus Minutemen through 1965.

Off the Ticker

Industrial output, sparked by the steel recovery, soared four points in January, to a record 169% of the 1947-49 average . . . *Gross national product* climbed to \$479.5 billion last year, up 9% over the 1958 total . . . *Stricter government curb* on bank mergers has been urged by Federal Reserve chief William Martin to protect "the public interest" . . . *Bad news* hit financier A.L. (Sandy) Guterma, whose complex of companies, built by a tangle of stock deals, unraveled last year. A Federal court sentenced him to four years and eleven months in jail, fined him \$160,000.

Steel production will dip to 85% of capacity during the second quarter, U.S. Steel says . . . *Major expansion* program by Grand Union will add 25 new supermarkets to the food firm's chain . . . *Air-leasing* subsidiary, being formed by Pan American to furnish corporations with 600 mph, \$1 million Lockheed executive JetStars, will provide service and pilot training . . . *Ballistic Missile Early Warning System* (BMEWS) contract to be managed by RCA will cost \$475 million . . . *Ex-Teamsters boss Dave Beck* was acquitted on charges of violating the Taft-Hartley Act by accepting a \$200,000 loan in 1954 from trucking officials. (The law now forbids such loans.)

British exports rocketed to an all-time high \$885.6 million last month, a \$28.8 million gain over the previous record set last October . . . *Crash diet:* A New York farmer is suing the Air Force for \$2,600, claiming his prize cow died after eating part of a B-47 stratojet bomber that crashed on his property.



President Lewis T. Ellsworth in his Shaw-Walker furnished office.

INSURANCE COMPANY PRESIDENT TELLS "How we improved our way of office life and increased work efficiency 15%"

Surety Life Insurance Company wisely provided its employees with *interior working comforts* and conveniences in their beautiful new home office building. They chose Shaw-Walker equipment for use at every office job.

Speaking of Surety's new home office in Salt Lake City, President Ellsworth said: "Since we began using

Shaw-Walker Clutter-Proof Desks, work efficiency has increased 15%."

Shaw-Walker can provide your offices with exactly the right equipment for your needs—everything from beautiful Carlyle executive desks (like Mr. Ellsworth's) and point-of-use files, to record protection and automation accessories. It's superbly functional equipment that

pays its *cost* many times over in space, time and work economies. You can always do better with Shaw-Walker. Representatives everywhere.

SHAW-WALKER

Largest Exclusive Makers of Office Equipment
Muskegon 56, Michigan



To meet the individual requirements of each job, the Claims Department uses several models of Shaw-Walker Clutter-Proof Desks and Correct Seating Chairs. Happier people who get more done is the result.



"The most practical desk organization idea I've ever seen," says Vice-President R. S. Satterfield of his Carlyle Desk.

HOW MUCH PEOPLE PLAN TO BUY

Watching the economic indicators—and particularly the stock market—of late, professional observers have been worrying that 1960 may not be quite the solid, prosperous year they expected. But 180 million-odd U.S. consumers apparently don't agree. They expect prosperity, if not an outright boom; more important, they are ready to do their considerable share in producing it.

That's the message in the latest report from *Newsweek's Continuing Survey of Consumer Buying Plans*, conducted by the NATIONAL INDUSTRIAL CONFERENCE BOARD. Among its bullish findings:

- Consumers plan to buy 18 per cent more automobiles and 11 per cent more houses in the next six months than they were planning to buy a year ago.
- They have boosted their plans for goods in general well above the lows hit in November, when the steel strike and its effects were biting into income.
- Their economic "optimism," as measured by their opinions on local business conditions, is at the highest level in the survey's two-year history.
- Both buying plans and optimism have risen steadily from November through January, the period covered by the current report.

There is every chance, what's more, that consumers will have the cash to carry out their buying plans. The Com-

merce Department last week reported that personal income jumped \$1.2 billion to a record annual rate of \$393.3 billion in January with wages and salary boosts supplying the chief stimulus.

Here is how consumers plan to dispose of this massive bankroll, based on findings by Sindlinger & Co., the Philadelphia research firm, from interviews with some 4,500 to 5,500 consumers a month in every part of the country:

Automobiles: Plans to buy automobiles show substantial pluses over last year's figure for both new cars (up 27 per cent) and used (up 12 per cent), confirming the December report that the turnaround from the steel-strike low in November (used-car buying plans were down 17 per cent) is in high gear.

These figures are something of a surprise, in view of the fact that actual sales in January were below Detroit's expectations (although they ran 10.6 per cent over January 1959). And many automen have backed off from earlier predictions of a banner sales year that might top the 7 million mark. "Sales will have to explode sometime this spring to reach [that] goal," Chrysler president L.L. (Tex) Colbert admits.

Yet January sales alone don't give much of a reading (see BUSINESS TRENDS), and Colbert himself sees the

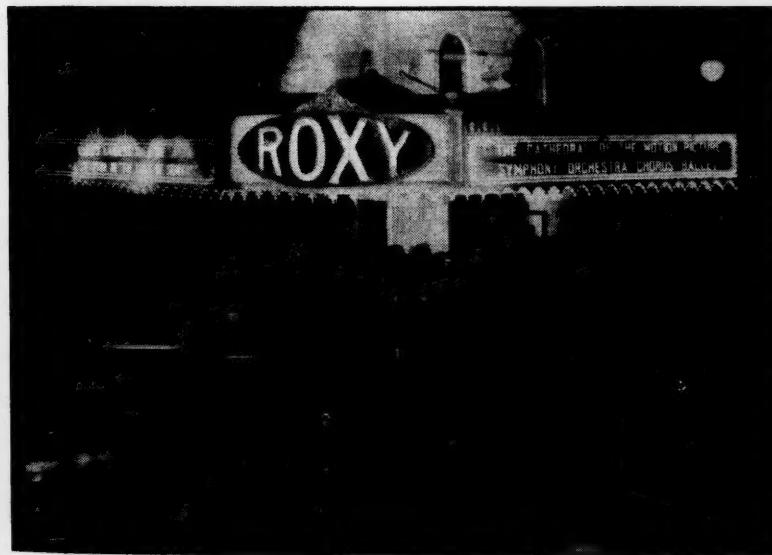
possibility of just such an explosion. Among his reasons: The ample supply of consumer money, plentiful financing, and the army of potential customers who, by now, have paid for cars bought between 1955 and 1958.

Houses: After a long period of declining year-to-year plans, consumers now intend to buy 18 per cent more new homes and 10 per cent more old houses. The fall in housing starts should stop in April or May. Did the change of heart about housing indicate that mortgage money wasn't as tight as the bankers had thought? NICB economists think so.

Appliances: In November, the buying plans for every major appliance were down, from 8 per cent to 38 per cent below year-ago levels. January plans, in contrast, include four substantial year-to-year increases: Air conditioners up 53 per cent, gas and electric ranges up 23, dishwashers up 13, and vacuum cleaners up 12. Refrigerators, washing machines, and clothes driers show no change over last year.

One surprise, however, is the promise of more vacuum cleaner sales. In January, for the first time in the history of the survey, consumers said they plan to buy more than the year before.

None of this points to a rip-roaring boom in consumer spending. But the buying plans do forecast the kind of



Brown Brothers

A LANDMARK in flamboyant Renaissance-Greco-Moorish-Hollywood architecture, the 5,700-seat Roxy Theater was billed as "The Cathedral of the Motion Picture" when it opened in New York in 1927. With its movies, it featured three organ consoles, a symphony orchestra, a 100-voice chorus, and a corps de ballet. Last week, a victim of television and plunging receipts, it was sold by Rockefeller Center for \$5 million to Webb & Knapp. It will be torn down to make way for a 900-room, 600-car garage addition to its neighbor, Zeckendorf's 1,600-room Taft Hotel.



Culver

steady, moderate expansion that is probably better for the economy in the long run. As one Conference Board economist put it: "1960 could be a classic economic year, the first since the war that has been free of boom or bust. It is likely that with moderate and balanced growth from healthy consumer spending, prices will stay stable."

Could anything upset the consumer's spending plans?

Another drop in stock prices might crimp business expansion and thereby reduce consumer income. But there were signs last week that the market's six-week plunge—which has had little effect on the consumer—might be touching bottom (see BUSINESS TRENDS). But nothing else on the horizon seems capable of reversing the trend in consumer spending. In fact its very size gives it a stability and momentum that makes it hard to reverse.

LOGIC:

Parkinson No. 2

"Work," expounded Britain's Prof. C. Northcote Parkinson, circa 1957, "expands so as to fill the time available for its completion." Examining the inanities of bureaucracy in business and elsewhere, the bald, owl-like former Raffles Professor of History at the University of Singapore revealed this and a number of related precepts (e.g., "Subordinates multiply at a fixed rate, regardless of the amount of work produced") and with a mad but telling illogic that magnified essential germs of truth, he made a bestseller of the book he called (with a straight face) "Parkinson's Law."

In "The Law and the Profits,"* a new book published this week, lawgiver Parkinson is back in full satiric regalia, this time breaking most of his tablets over the heads of government officials. Currently a teacher of political science at the University of Illinois, Parkinson concentrates on government spending, taxation, and other matters close to his specialty, and sums up almost everything in a majestic pronouncement that will stand for posterity as Parkinson's Second Law: "*Expenditure rises to meet income*" (see cartoon).

Individuals know, Parkinson says, whatever their incomes, "there is a pressing need to spend it." But the government, he adds, "rarely pauses even to consider what its income is." This leads to such extravagance as the endless multiplication of economic and cultural ad-

visers. Complicating things even more, Parkinson points out, is the fact that once a new office is created, it is never "declared redundant for fear that it should again be wanted," making civil servants "one of the strongest vested interests in the world."

Here are a few samples of Parkinson's most cogent thoughts:

►"When funds are limitless, the only economy made is in thinking."

►"Bountiful as American industry may be, its characteristic achievements lie today in the endless provision of automatic washing machines and back-yard swimming pools. Good as these may be, these products afford no proof in themselves of national greatness or vigor."

►"[Honest] people will readily falsify a



Empty sock: 'Expenditure rises to meet income'

tax return if they feel this can be done with safety. They know that skillful evasion is more rewarding than any addition to their taxable income."

How would Parkinson cope with soaring government spending which meets and often passes income?

Put a premium on cost cutting, he says, by letting government servants know that "a reputation is more readily to be won by saving money than by spending it." "Cheaper government is better," Parkinson concludes, harking back, in part, to his first law. "The effect of providing government with unlimited funds is merely to clog the wheels of administration with useless officials and superfluous paper," he says. "All that we buy with higher taxes is additional administrative delay."

*246 pages. Houghton Mifflin. \$3.50.

ATOMIC POWER:

Dream to Reality

There seemed little reason for optimism when Atomic Energy Commission chairman John McCone appeared before Congress last week to outline a new ten-year, \$1.7 billion AEC reactor program. Not a watt of power was coming from U.S. industry's reactors and Europe's talk of a million kilowatts by 1965 had dropped to a whisper. Yet McCone was surprisingly confident. "Dramatic developments," he said, made nuclear power an economic possibility.

McCone was the first to admit that dreams of a reactor in every back yard had faded. A few years ago, carried away by wild optimism, atom-power men had charged into the unknown, grossly underestimating costs and overestimating capabilities. New York's Consolidated Edison, for example, had set out to build a 255,000-kilowatt plant on the Hudson for \$55 million. Power from this is still a year away—and the cost has doubled. One explanation by Con Ed executive vice president James R. Fairman: "We're pretty ignorant of the whole art" of atomic power.

Fallout: The shattering of the dream, however, has left a new sense of realism. Under ex-chairman Lewis Strauss, for instance, the AEC stubbornly insisted that all reactor designs should be tried—and at private industry's expense. McCone made it clear that this policy has been changed. The commission now plans to single out the most promising types—General Electric's boiling-water reactors and Westinghouse's pressurized-water design are two—and concentrate on them. McCone also indicated that the AEC would not only build pilot plants, but would pick up the check for full-scale installation if the private utilities found it beyond their grasp. (Currently, about a third of the money for the sixteen atomic plants built or planned will come from the Federal Treasury.)

The power men themselves are more realistic. Westinghouse flatly tells customers it can build plants that will turn out power at a competitive 7.5 mills per kilowatt-hour—but vice president John W. Simpson emphasizes the figure holds only where site costs and capital expenses are favorable, where conventional fuel costs are high, and where a market exists for the current. GE, too, has been making firm price offers for three years—with the same reservations. The most likely areas by these standards:

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cut cargo delivery time 40%*

New York to Paris... San Francisco to Honolulu... Miami to San Juan... all across the world, Pan Am Jet Clipper* Cargo cuts delivery time 40%. It brings those far-flung markets as close to your loading dock as a neighboring state.

But that's not all. Pan Am Jet Clipper Cargo also means ease, convenience, lower costs. Pan Am just recently cut transpacific rates up to 53% (Jan. 1), cut transatlantic rates as much as 54% just last year, and will cut them again April 1, this time as much as 45%! Now, more often than ever, it costs less to ship by Clipper* Cargo than the *total* for surface transportation.

Today more American companies ship by Pan Am than by any other overseas airline. Why? Because Pan Am offers more space, more Jets, more flights, more shipping points from the U.S., more service.

Call *your* cargo agent, freight forwarder or Pan Am office. Get *your* product aboard today —abroad tomorrow!

via the WORLD'S MOST EXPERIENCED AIRLINE

*Trade Mark, Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.







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ordinary!**

When you take the wheel of a '60 Olds, *you've found something great . . . and you know it!*

You've found new beauty, new grace . . . a rocketing new pace that makes you want to get up and go places! And Olds for '60 is just the car to take you there . . . silently, smoothly and securely.

Make your choice from Oldsmobile's three famous series . . . the Dynamic 88, Super 88 and Ninety-Eight . . . names that mean performance, quality and value to everyone!

Let yourself go for an Oldsmobile . . . at your local authorized Quality Dealer's today!

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New Camel ink-cartridge* goes miles further without running dry!

Because Venus can put more ink in the remarkable new Camel ink-cartridge, you get more work out. For just pennies more, the famous "cross between the pen and pencil"® gives you top efficiency, top economy for every department in the office. Other features:

New cone-shaped extended point that never wobbles, writes easier from any angle; slim, lighter wood barrel; permanent ink; nothing to twist, click, turn. Nine styles. 29¢, 39¢, 49¢. Less by the dozen. Blue, black, red, green ink. Sold through stationers and stationery departments.

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Venus "365"®... the de luxe retractable model. Guaranteed to write 1 year or new refill free. \$1.29.

New England, California, and Florida.

Despite high initial outlays, utility men are optimistic. They point out that atomic plants can improve their efficiency as the industry learns how to make the nuclear cores—most expensive element in any layout—last longer and thus cost less.

The consensus now: The dream of atomic electricity "too cheap to meter" may be dead but nuclear power at reasonable prices is here—and here to stay.

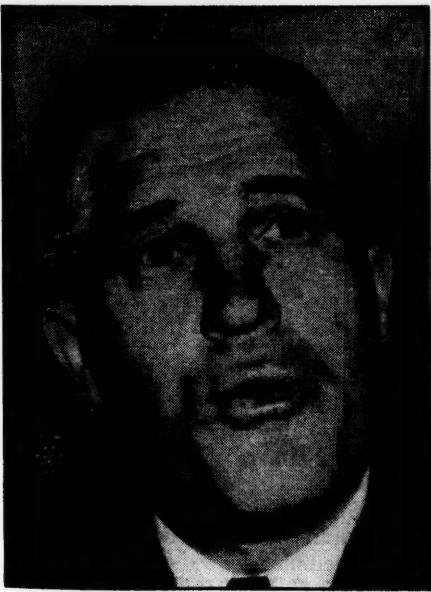
STOCK OPTIONS:

What a Guy Faces

When American Motors Corp. stock fell nearly ten points in two days last week, president George Romney knew right where to look for the cause of the trouble. At himself. Without an explanation, he had sold 10,000 shares of AMC last month and now the word was out. Was Romney losing faith in the Rambler?

Not at all, Romney said. In part, he was selling his stock to increase his holdings, not lessen them. Short of cash despite his \$225,000 salary, Romney saw himself as "a good case history of what a guy's faced with under today's tax laws."

His explanation: He sold the 10,000 shares to pay debts, including money borrowed to buy the stock in the first place, and to raise cash to exercise other options. Romney cleared about \$804,000 by selling "at close to 90" what he bought for \$9.56 in 1954. After debts, taxes, and a 10 per cent tithe to the Mormon Church, he had \$430,000 left and options to buy another 27,100 shares. To pick them all up, however, he would have to borrow \$217,000. While it looked as if some options might go begging, Romney's explanation, and Rambler's bustling sales, helped the stock regain its lost ground by the weekend.



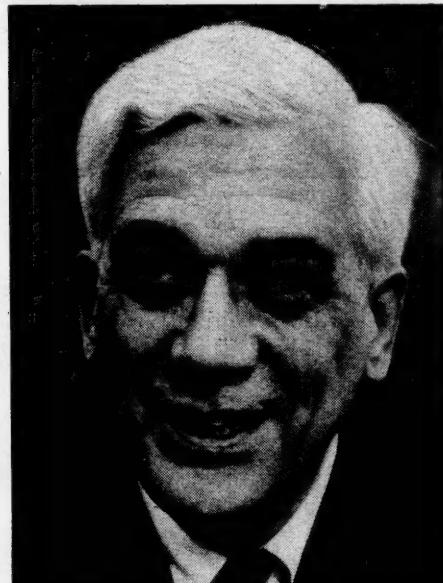
Romney: Anxious stockholder

PERSONNEL:

Liberal Arts and \$\$

If Wallis B. Dunckel is any example, the best preparation for banking is a very liberal liberal-arts degree. At Yale (he graduated in 1922) Dunckel majored in French and minored in art—"wonderful preparation for a banker," he says wryly. But Dunckel drifted to Wall Street, took a job doing investment research for Bankers Trust Co.'s statistical department. And last week, at the age of 58, the white-haired, lanky banker moved up to president of Bankers Trust, the nation's eighth largest bank. He succeeded Alex H. Ardrey, 59, who became vice chairman; William H. Moore, 45, remains chairman and chief executive.

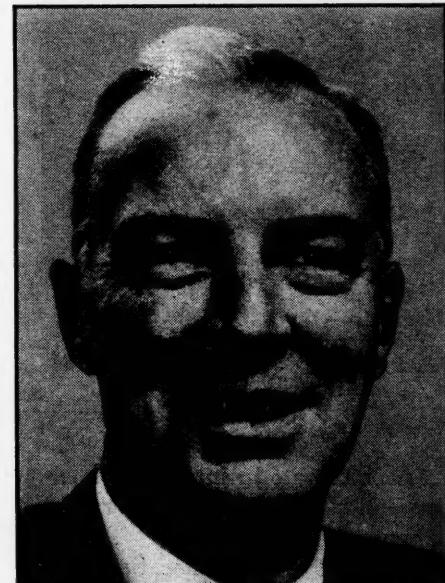
After a turn in the bank's bond department (including a two-year hitch in



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Dunckel: Artful banker

lead producer (assets: \$107.7 million), last week picked Francis Cameron, 57, to be its new president. He succeeds longtime (since 1947) president Andrew Fletcher, 65, who moves up to chairman of the board. A tall, spare geologist (Stanford, 1924), Cameron moved to St. Joseph from Anaconda in 1945 to head up exploration activities, became a vice president in 1946, and, seven years ago, a trustee (director).



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Cameron: Prospecting president

the Paris branch investigating special foreign situations), "Dunk," as his friends call him, started Bankers Trust's pension department in 1938. Since then, the division has grown into a giant, administering "several billions of dollars" and Dunckel himself has moved rapidly up the ladder, becoming vice president in 1944, administrative vice president in 1957.

Dunckel, who likes to grow flowers at his home in West Redding, Conn., has frequently put his knowledge of pensioners and their problems to use for the government. He helped New York Govs. Thomas E. Dewey and Averell Harriman with pension programs for state employees, and Washington on changes in social security and tax problems of the aged. But, Dunckel says, he enjoys banking best. "I'm interested in the insight it gives you into other parts of the economy," he says. "I get a kick out of it."

►St. Joseph Lead Co., the nation's largest

ANTITRUST:

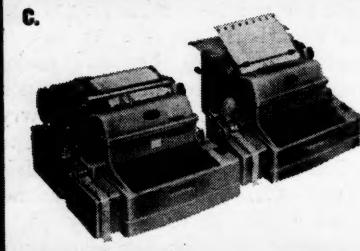
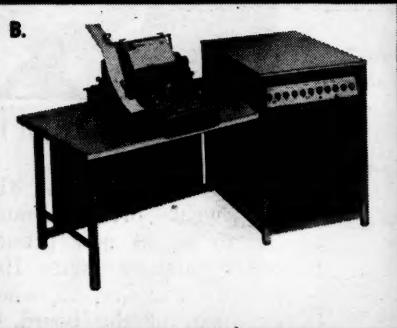
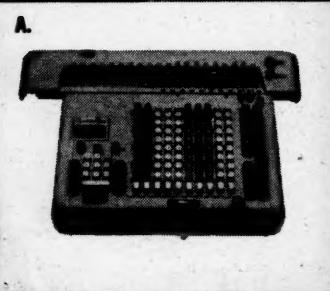
Moonstruck

By the phase of the silvery moon, some of the nation's top electric companies have been crooning in suspiciously close harmony. At least that's what the government said last week in a series of sweeping antitrust indictments which charged fourteen electrical manufacturing companies with rigging prices. The companies, the Justice Department told a Philadelphia grand jury, conspired to fix prices by a method known as "phase of the moon"—allowing one manufacturer to submit a low bid for a contract, while others bid higher, waiting for their "phase" to come up.

The case came to light last spring when Julian Granger, a reporter who covers the Tennessee Valley Authority beat for The Knoxville News-Sentinel, noted that a great many electrical companies (and others as well) submitted almost identical bids to TVA. A series of articles by Granger brought Sen. Estes Kefauver and the Justice Department into action.

Seven separate indictments were brought against the companies, naming five of them—including General Electric, Westinghouse, and Allis-Chalmers—for conspiring to fix prices on circuit breakers

PRACTIMATION



A new word, which means more than automation, for it is the custom-fitted application of today's finest automation equipment to your particular needs...

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entered through the typewriter keyboard. The Computypewriter CTS and any good typist make up an entire billing department.

C. Friden JUSTOWRITER®—makes any typist a skilled type compositor. Automatically provides professional-looking composition for offset reproduction.

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BUSINESS

and power switch-gear assemblies and conspiring among themselves to divide the sale of this equipment to Federal, state, and local agencies. Other indictments charged conspiracy to rig prices of insulators, bushings, and arresters, named GE and Westinghouse again, also accused H.K. Porter and McGraw-Edison, among others. The defendants, according to the indictment, "adopted various procedures designed to prevent detection of the conspiracy, including the use of plain envelopes addressed to particular representatives of the defendants without the use of return addresses . . . or other identification of the senders."

The news of the grand jury's action came as no surprise to some. GE chairman Ralph J. Cordiner just last month announced that certain officers and employees of the company had talked about prices and related subjects with competitors, against company policy, and had been demoted (NEWSWEEK, Jan. 18).

But Westinghouse vice president Dale McFeatters said the indictments "came as a shock to management" in his company. If such conspiracy did take place, said McFeatters, it "certainly did not react to the benefit of the company or against the interests of the public," because prices of the products cited have been declining, not increasing.

EARNINGS:

It Feels Good, Too

American Telephone & Telegraph Co. announced last week that it was mailing Braille and recorded versions of its 1959 report for the benefit of some 3,600 blind stockholders—and supplied some figures that unquestionably felt and sounded as good as they looked. The Bell System earned \$1.1 billion last year (vs. \$981 million in 1958), thereby becoming the second company in history to make more than \$1 billion in one fiscal year. Bell fell short by only a few long-distance calls (\$40,000) of topping the all-time earnings record set by General Motors in the wild-eyed auto market of 1955.

Bell's record revenues of \$7.5 billion topped the '58 gross by some \$600 million, and the giant utility became the first company to top \$20 billion in assets.

Some other earnings reports by the blue chips last week:

- Borg-Warner—\$39.3 million vs. \$21.1 million in 1958.
- DuPont—an estimated \$408 million vs. \$341 million.
- Colgate-Palmolive—a record \$25.3 million (preliminary) vs. \$21.2 million.
- Goodyear Tire & Rubber—\$76 million vs. \$65.7 million.
- American Machine & Foundry—\$19 million (preliminary) vs. \$11 million.
- Merck & Co.—\$30 million (preliminary) vs. \$27.7 million.

The Tiny Titans

What you can't see can hurt you if it's a microscopic part in the guidance system of a missile—or more likely help if it's one of thousands of other new "miniaturized" electronic devices.

This week, Associate Editor Robert E. Cubbidge focuses the SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS for a microscopic look at the biggest little business in the world.

A motion-picture camera smaller than a pack of cigarettes; an air conditioner no bigger than a walnut; a radio receiver the size of a domino; a sturdy electric motor the diameter of a dime; a light bulb smaller than a pinhead; a gear with teeth like grains of salt, and bearings no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence.*

"Blue-sky" predictions of things to come? Not at all; for these minuscule marvels are already in use—some in laboratories, some in business and industry—throughout the country. Scheduled for display next month at the Institute of Radio Engineers convention in New York City, they are but a few of the vast range of devices produced in the drive for miniaturization, the nation's multibillion-dollar search for the infinitesimal.

So swift is the trend toward miniaturization that the term itself may be an anachronism. Research scientists have already groped their way into the new field of "micro-miniaturization," and now stand on the brink of the ultimate—"molecular miniaturization." But whatever the choice of terms, the goals are the same. "If you can see it," reads Western Electric's motto, "it's too big."

Miniaturization, however, is not an end in itself, but rather a means to an end. Without it there could be no missilery, no exploration of space, no automated assembly lines, none of a thousand and one things from the transistor radios to automatic traffic control that Americans take for granted every day—indeed, no national defense. The products of miniaturization are, in fact, the tiny building blocks of a whole new technology. "We are now actually in the middle of that second industrial revolution people are always talking about," says Litton Industries' Dr. George Kosmetsky.

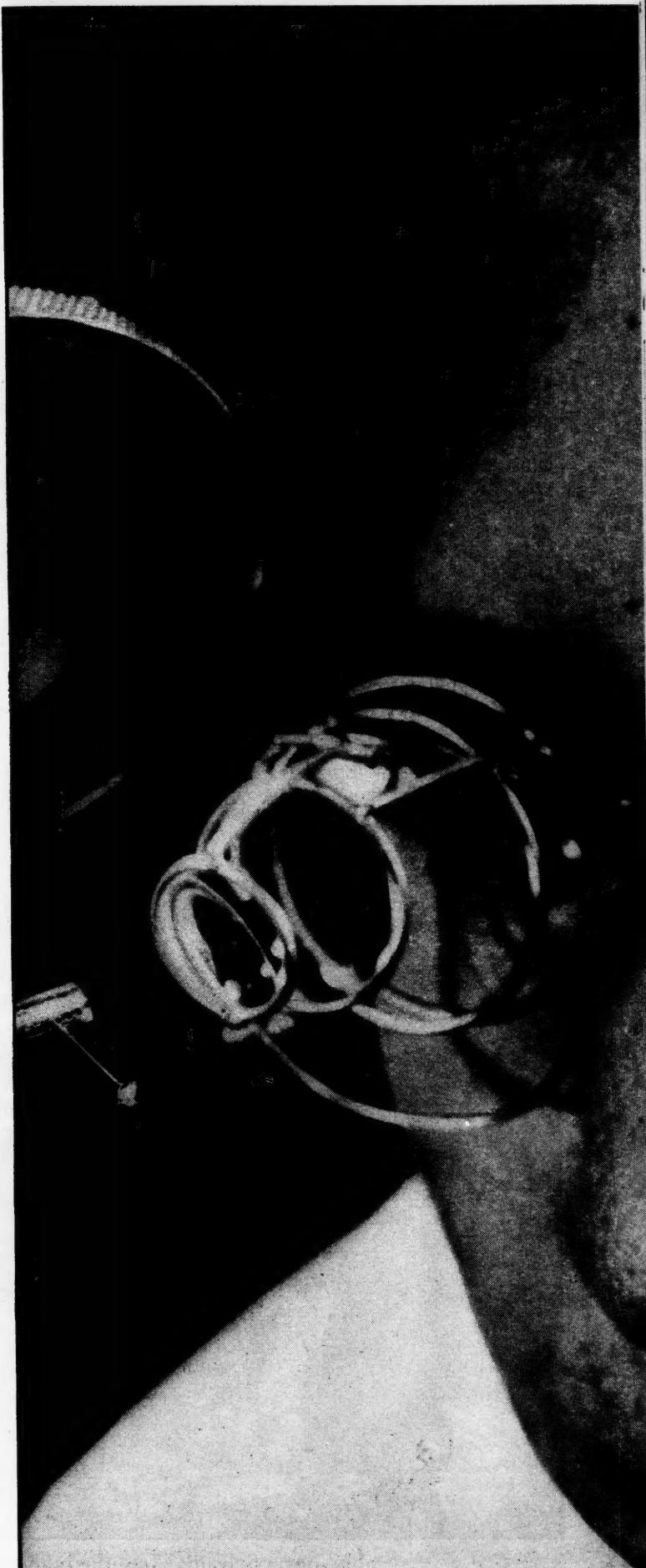
SPAWNED BY SPACE

The great impetus behind miniaturization has been the challenge of space. Private industry could not afford the immense cost involved, but the government had to finance research on the production of midget guidance systems, diminutive radio transmitters, and incredibly compact computers that make up the electronic stuffing in every missile shot into space. (Robert S. Bell, president of Packard-Bell Electronics, claims that in miniaturization, at least, "we're 25 years ahead of the Russians.")

Sweated down for the military, these same devices are now finding their way into commercial application. And for every miracle they might achieve in space, their earthbound potential is limitless.

The big breakthrough in miniaturization can be traced back to 1948, when Bell Telephone Laboratories first perfected the transistor. This tiny device freed the electronics industry from its 46-year dependence on vacuum tubes with their inherent limitations of short life, high power consumption, bulk, and fragility. Moreover, the impact of the transistor can perhaps best be gauged from its impact in the market

*Which isn't, admittedly, a sentence.



place. From nearly nothing in 1952, sales sprang to \$112 million in 1958, doubled to \$222 million last year, and may hit \$300 million by 1965.

Just as the transistor ushered in miniaturization a decade ago, the development of "solid-state" electronics parts (using germanium, silicon, and other crystalline substances) is the main ingredient in today's efforts toward micro-miniaturization. Both GE and RCA already have developed a solid-state device about the size of a matchhead that can function 100 times faster than the peanut-size transistor. Westinghouse announced only three weeks ago that it had a speck of germanium that could perform the work of an entire milliwatt amplifier, circuitry and all.

Too Much, Too Soon? Not all the miniature devices invented so far have practical application—yet. ("For once," asserts an Army Ordnance expert, "the scientists are inventing new techniques faster than they can be put to work.") Defense security shrouds the uses of others in secrecy, so that even the manufacturer doesn't always learn what they're being used for. (Security measures sometimes extend to less critical areas. Grayhill, Inc., sold the government a tiny electronic switch, only later learned its use: It was put inside a ring attached to a cord that goes through a sleeve of President Eisenhower's coat and turns a TelePrompTer when he makes a speech.)

But most manufacturers can find dozens of ways to put miniaturized devices to use—and find, in fact, that the savings in space and cost and reduced power requirements can often mean the dif-

Don't Sneeze

The tiny tools and delicate methods used in manufacturing some miniaturized goods make a machine shop seem as crude as an iron foundry.

At the Miniature Precision Bearings plant in Keene, N.H., where an errant sneeze can shut down a production line, workers gather "larger" bearings in soda straws, handle smaller ones by magnet. Moreover, microscopes are assembly-line equipment in dozens of such plants (see picture).

ference between the impossible and the commonplace. Consider these current applications of miniaturization:

►Medicine. Hughes Aircraft Co. has developed a new radiation detector so small it can be packaged in the tip of a hypodermic needle, an invaluable achievement in the measurement and control of radiation therapy in the treatment of cancer. Dr. Edmund N. Goodman of Columbia University has developed a tiny recorder that, when swallowed, can measure a patient's susceptibility to ulcers. Two Northwestern University scientists have successfully used a camera to take photos inside a human stomach. And an Air Force dentist has installed radio transmitters in the artificial teeth of two airmen, whose signals are recorded round-the-clock

by a sensitive receiver to determine the effect of chewing and grinding on tooth decay.

►Commerce and Industry. IBM has taken computers that once occupied several rooms and slimmed them down to the size of a filing cabinet (in some cases, down to the size of a cigar-box). One of their most important functions is in automation. In the oil industry, for example, computers such as these now can operate a refinery that once called for a labor force of 800 men. Electric Autolite, meanwhile, is producing a hydraulic pump about the size of a pencil stub, already in use on machine tools, on trucks, and in aircraft. Bowmar Instrument Corp of Fort Wayne, Ind., makes pint-size gears for use on pygmy motors. A package of these gears, operating like an automobile transmission, measures about half the length of a man's thumb.

►Communications: RCA engineers are perfecting a prototype walkie-talkie that weighs only 5 pounds. Hands-off telephones are already in operation; next in store are push-button telephones completely self-contained in the handpiece. Illinois Bell is building a transistorized exchange at Morris, Ill., that will be completely automatic, heretofore impractical because of the immense amount of wiring involved. If something goes wrong, a computer will kick out a card telling where the fault is.

►Home: Virtually every mechanical appliance in the home, from the electric shaver to the electric mixer, is a product, at least in part, of miniaturization. Ultrasonic household dishwashers and thermoelectric refrigeration are just around the corner. (The latter permits a "decentralization" of the refrigerator, with a refrigerated meat drawer set up next to the oven, a refrigerated vegetable drawer next to the sink.) Flat-wall television is on the way. In the meantime, Philco has developed a battery-powered set with a 2-inch picture tube. (A magnification system enlarges the image approximately seven times.) Emerson also will go into production with a similar battery-powered 10-inch set this April.

Even Big Ben can be boiled down in theory. Schulmerich Carillons of Sellersville, Pa., has developed an economical, keyboard carillon from a system of small bell-tone generators. When the generators are struck by a hammer, they produce pure bell tones barely audible to the ear, but the vibrations are picked up and amplified up to 20 million times to duplicate the tones produced by world-famous church bells weighing, in some cases, more than 100 tons.

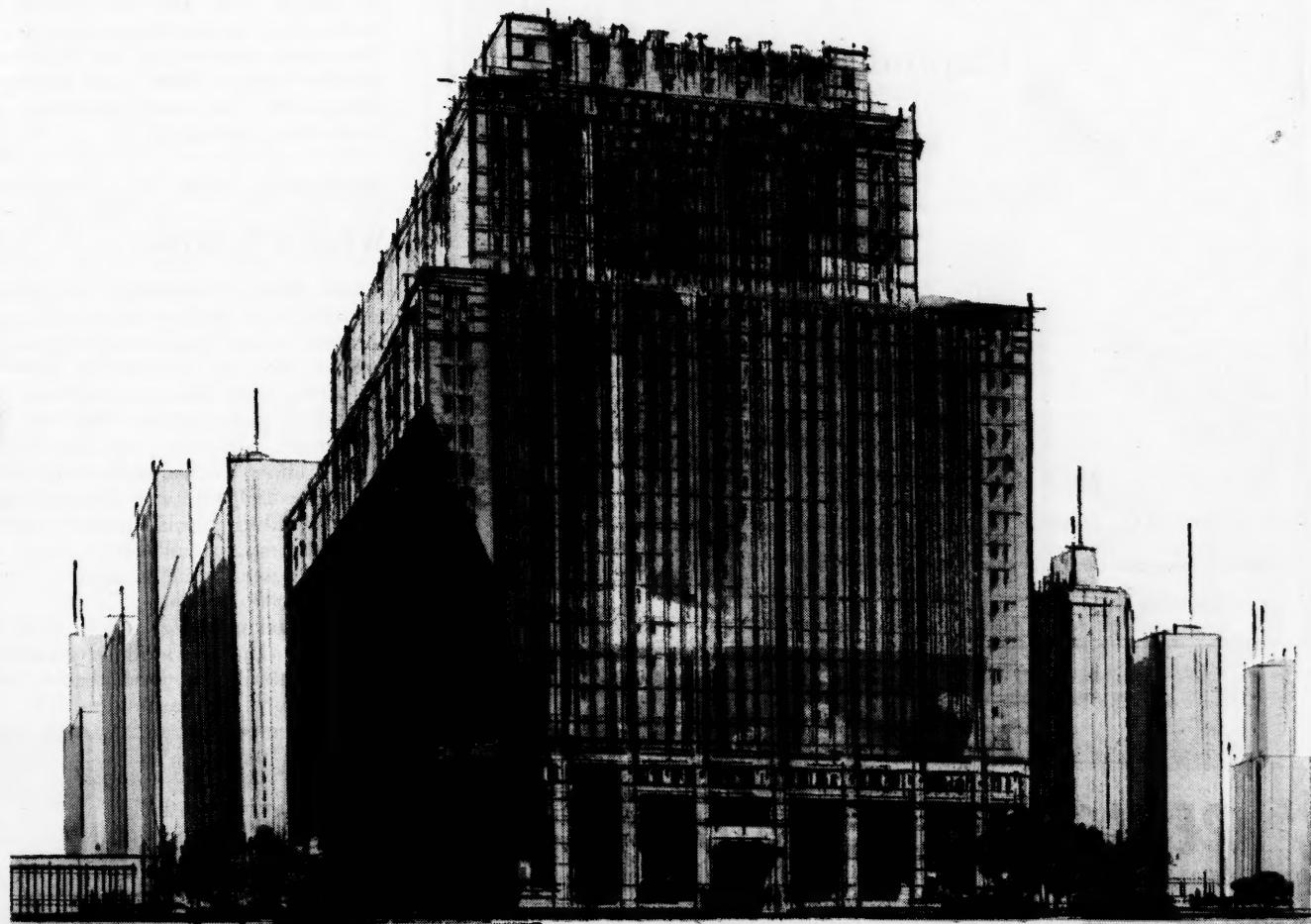
There are still some sizable problems in miniaturization's small world. For one thing, certain metals reduced to minute quantities don't always retain their old qualities. IBM recently introduced a fully automatic method of mass produc-



Assembly line at Sylvania: Into the infinitesimal

Ewing Galloway

Climate by Chrysler



2 Park Avenue, New York City. Consulting Engineers: Sears and Kopf; Mechanical Contractor: Kennedy-Scheidel-Young, Inc.; Electrical Contractor: Theodore Kaish, Inc.

Chrysler Air Conditioning tailored to tenant needs installed a floor at a time in 27-story building

During the past five years, scores of Chrysler air conditioners have been installed at 2 Park Avenue, New York City. What has been one of the longest air conditioning jobs in history has also been one of the most successful.

By handling this 27-story building zone by zone and floor by floor, about 1400 tons of Chrysler equipment have been installed . . . with an absolute minimum of inconvenience to tenants. As tenants move in or renew leases, they are consulted as to exact air conditioning requirements. Each then gets the system best suited to his needs.

This unusual system is flexible—Chrysler supplies packaged units in a complete range of capacities, plus chillers and room units. And it is economical—all air conditioners tap into central electrical, air and water connections serving the entire building.

Whether your air conditioning job is as simple as a single office, or as complex as this 27-story building, it will pay to check into the many exclusive advantages of Climate by Chrysler. For facts and figures, contact your local Chrysler dealer (his name is listed in your Yellow Pages).



Airtemp Division, Chrysler Corporation, Dept. B-20B, Dayton 1, Ohio
Canadian Distributor: Therm-O-Rite Products, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario

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The offering is made only by the Prospectus.

Not a New Issue

February 17, 1960

1,000,000 Shares
Campbell Soup Company
Capital Stock
(\$1.80 Par Value)

Price \$50 per share

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CONVENTION HALL, ATLANTIC CITY, APRIL 4-7, 1960



Newsweek

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NEWSWEEK

BUSINESS

ing transistors, but some solid-state devices must be "grown" from pools of molten germanium. The process at present is involved and subject to unavoidable error. And the miniature parts are often so tiny they can't be assembled in conventional techniques.

In the long run, miniaturization—like the whole allied field of electronics—is limited only by the imagination of man. "Somebody dreams up an idea," says Stewart-Warner Electronics' Stanley C. Kolanowski. "We don't even know if it is possible, but we do it."

PRODUCTS:

What's Newest

Poor Man's Computer: To bring the advantages of modern, high-speed computation to small businesses, Applied Dynamics, Inc., of Ann Arbor, Mich., is marketing a low-cost computer about the size of a portable television set. The 200-pound, table-top unit can be expanded into a console-style computer for less than \$10,000, was designed as a "basic building block" around which a growing company can build a more complex computer system as the need arises. Price: \$2,000.

Pistol-Packing Rifle: A gun that converts from a pistol to a rifle in ten seconds has been developed by Firearms International Corp. of Washington, D.C. The "Combo" consists of a 22-caliber pistol and a rifle unit with stock, rifle barrel, sights, and operating rod. To convert to a rifle, you remove the barrel from the pistol, insert the rest of it into the rifle. Price: \$64.95.

The Walls of Learning: To make maximum use of the wall space in overburdened classrooms, Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co. is marketing a "working wall." The Moduwall is composed of panels of chalk board, tack board, peg board, flannel board, and easel board that can be snapped in and out of a fixed aluminum track in seconds, allowing teachers to arrange wall surfaces readily to suit eye-level (and scholastic-level) of pupils. Price: \$200-\$300 per classroom.

ENTERPRISE:

Look for the Prams

Willing to spend 32 cents for a bath towel? Or 3 cents for a ballpoint pen? Try "John's Bargain Store," which has parlayed a lone outlet in a New York City suburb into a \$20 million-a-year business on the principle that one man's mistake is another man's good fortune.

Opened by the Cohen family 34 years ago with the unprepossessing title of "Cheap John's" (to compete with a nearby "Cheap Sam's" and "Cheap Charlie's"), the store now has more than

110 outlets, along with a slightly more dignified name. Within the past week, two more opened in Philadelphia, another in New York's Harlem, still another on a New Jersey highway. Baltimore is due in May, Virginia and Florida by the end of the year, California by 1965.

The Cohens' secret is buy cheap and sell likewise. David Cohen, the 39-year-old general manager (brother Ben is president, James the merchandise man, sister Stella the New York manager), puts it this way: "Give us your mistakes and we'll make them pay." Selling at a top of \$3 (and with 85 per cent of their goods moving at below \$1), the Cohens have starred with bargains like these: ►Fifty thousand cases of old-style adhesive bandages (John's thoughtfully agrees to remove brands, never promotes them outside the store) that the manufacturer had to move before introducing a newly packaged line.

►Hula Hoops, made to sell for \$2 each, piled up when the fad cooled, went to John's for \$2 a dozen, sold briskly for 25 cents apiece.

►Stacks of children's coloring books marred by a misprint on the cover; the first three volumes of a twenty-volume encyclopedia, product of a publisher's error in calculating press runs; a counterful of men's long-collared shirts left unsold when the maker misjudged a fad.

►Regular supplies of items like Christmas cards and white goods, produced ex-

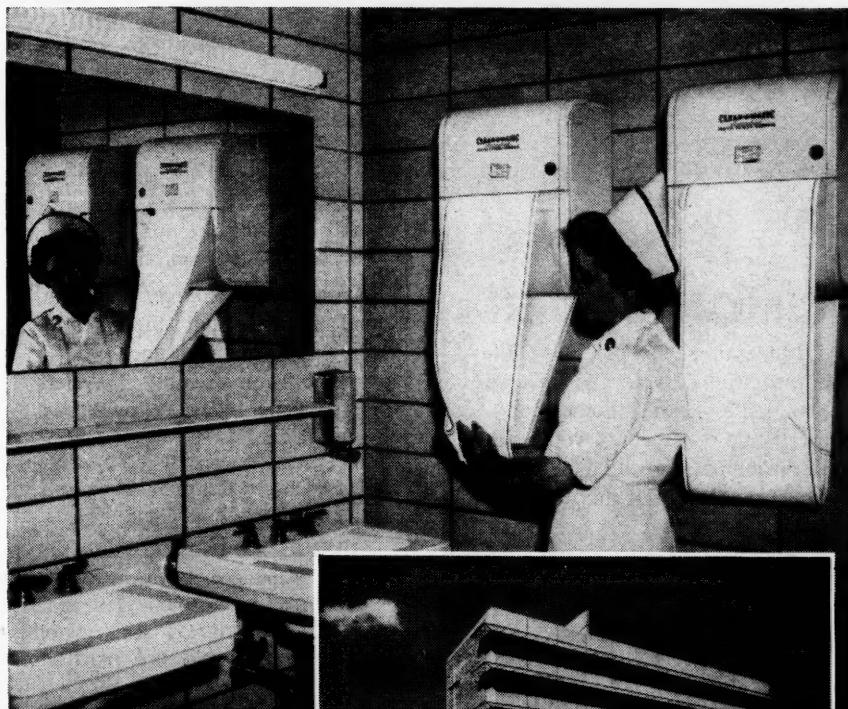


Keystone

Instant Pub: Displayed in London, this machine dispenses whisky with water or soda (and even ice) at 35 cents a drink, shuts down automatically to conform with legal hours.

February 29, 1960

Hospital prescribes COTTON* as fire hazard remedy



*Cotton toweling supplied to Mercy Hospital by F. W. Means and Company (Clean Towel Service), Des Moines, Iowa.



- Fire can be a danger wherever it starts. But in a hospital, it can be sheer havoc. The administrators of Mercy Hospital, a 300-bed institution in Des Moines, Iowa, have overcome one great area of fire hazard.

By using continuous cotton toweling, they eliminate washroom litter. Cotton toweling, they find, has many other advantages, too. It saves on housekeeping expenses, is easier to service, and their doctors, nurses and other hospital personnel like it better. Why not find out about cotton toweling and towels for your business. Write for free booklet to Fairfax, Dept. O-2, 111 W. 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

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Common Stock

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Price \$34.50 per Share

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Dean Witter & Co.

BUSINESS

clusively for John's during slack seasons when plants making them would normally be idle.

The Cohens apply the same strategy in picking their sites, concentrating on blighted areas or bypassed neighborhoods that have created real-estate nightmares for their predecessors. In Stamford, Conn., for example, they took over a Kresge's store that had been emptied by regional shopping centers; in New York, they grabbed the five-story Hearn's department store, a landmark among white elephants; in Bethlehem, Pa., it was an old Woolworth's that had stood empty for a year. The Cohens sometimes have an alliance of interest with a supermarket chain, which sells them its old sites whenever it moves a branch, to prevent a rival food chain from moving in (a John's Bargain Store on the old location will hold the line).

Wherever he settles, President Ben Cohen cites a cardinal rule in selecting a site: "Numerous baby carriages on the surrounding sidewalks."

SHIPPING:

Vanishing Coasters

Ever since the mid-1800s, when the railroads began to chuff in earnest, coastal shipping has been a declining industry. Even so, it was healthy as late as 1939 when twelve common carriers operating 123 vessels hauled 6.5 million tons of traffic along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. By now, however, the coastal common carrier has all but disappeared. Only two companies with nine ships remain in Atlantic-Gulf coast trade.

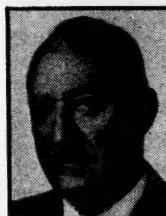
They, too, soon will disappear, a parade of witnesses told the Senate Merchant Marine subcommittee last week, unless something is done to stop what one termed a "nineteenth-century rate-cutting campaign" by the railroads. They are driving coastal shippers out of business, testified John L. Weller, president of Seatrain, which carries freight cars and truck vans between New York and Texas. "It's as if General Motors set out to destroy American Motors by a process of undercutting prices." And, he added, the Interstate Commerce Commission was doing little to stop it.

Weller's suggested remedy: Legislation which would automatically suspend lowered railroad rates upon a protest by a coastwise shipper. The shipper would then be given seven months to prove that the reduction unfairly threatened his business.

The railroads still have to be heard from, but Sen. E.L. Bartlett of Alaska, the subcommittee's chairman, was "very impressed" by the shipowners' testimony. "Congress," Bartlett said, "will have to do something to save the industry from extinction."

Whose Welfare State?

by Henry Hazlitt



FORMER President Hoover has pointed out that Marxist thinking infects us and has even "got frozen" into the Eisenhower Administration. Senator Goldwater pleads with his Republican colleagues, in *Human Events*, to offer the American voter a clear-cut alternative to "the paternalistic superstate with its ever-increasing spending and its ever-increasing taxation and its ever-increasing interference in the life of the individual." But Arthur Krock points out in *The New York Times* that the President's sympathetic "consideration" of proposals for free hospital and nursing care of elderly citizens, to be paid for out of Federal revenues, is another Republican step toward the welfare state. The voters, he concludes, "will find it difficult to detect a basic ideological distinction between the two major parties."

At present there is hardly a major field in which the voter can detect a significant party difference. Let us run through a list.

SOCIAL SECURITY: All the social-security increases of the last seven years have been bipartisan. The President himself has insisted on bigger and longer unemployment benefits. True, there is a small party difference regarding the Senate's \$1.8 billion aid-to-education bill, providing funds for both school construction and teachers' salaries.

FARM SUBSIDIES: The farm price support fiasco has become a national disgrace. In his message to Congress of Feb. 9, the President pointed out that \$3.5 billion of Federal funds are tied up in wheat alone (a crop which provides only 6 per cent of cash receipts from sales of farm products). It is costing the government \$1.5 million a day, or more than \$1,000 a minute, just to store the wheat surpluses created by its own price policies. But the President does not dare to suggest termination of the program. He expresses a mild hope that price supports will be more "realistic" and controls fewer. He advocates an even greater "soil bank"—60 million acres.

FOREIGN AID: Though this program was Democratic and Trumanic in origin, Mr. Eisenhower now pleads

for more "economic" foreign aid than even Democrats seem willing to give. Most of this will go to subsidize socialist programs (as in India) which can only slow down rather than accelerate economic progress in the receiving countries.

SPENDING: Average annual Federal *nondefense* expenditures, seven Truman years (1947-53), \$23.7 billion; average seven Eisenhower years (1954-60), \$27.3 billion. The President has asked for repeal of the legislative ceiling of 4½ per cent on long-term bonds, a ceiling which can now have dangerous inflationary consequences. A Democratic Congress has refused to act. But Mr. Eisenhower has certainly been less insistent than the situation warrants.

LABOR: The Administration admonished the steel companies not to grant an inflationary wage increase; encouraged them to hold out during a costly 116-day strike; finally intervened in behalf of an inflationary wage settlement; yet did nothing and is doing nothing to revise laws that empower industrywide unions to choke off production until their demands are met.

HOSTILITY TO BUSINESS: The Administration charged 29 big oil companies with conspiracy to fix prices. A Federal District judge has now acquitted the companies, declaring that the evidence submitted by the government did not "rise above the level of suspicion."

COMMUNISM: To the ideological warfare daily conducted against a free economic and political system by Communistic propaganda, the Administration has made feeble, sporadic, and apologetic replies. Even when, at our doorstep, Cuba expropriates American property and insults us, our government makes only a weak-kneed and perfunctory protest, and continues to subsidize Cuban sugar imports.

True zealots for the welfare state will prefer to have it run by original New Dealers. Unless traditional Republicans are made aware between now and November of a real party difference, they will do what so many did in 1948—sit on their hands.



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FIRST NIGHTS:**Sweep and Swashbuckle**

CALIGULA. Produced by Chandler Cowles, Charles Bowden, and Ridgely Bullock. Directed by Sidney Lumet. Written by Albert Camus and adapted by Justin O'Brien.

Gaius Caligula, Emperor of Rome, was assassinated at the age of 28 in A.D. 41, more or less at his own urging, when his tribunes and patricians quite understandably agreed with him that enough was enough, and it was time to get him out of the way. Albert Camus, French novelist, playwright, Nobel Prize winner, and humanitarian, died senselessly at the age of 46 early this year in a highway smashup in France. The loss of Camus shocked the Western world; the death of Caligula is important now only because Camus has written about it.

Camus wrote "Caligula" in 1938 and saw it produced in France seven years later, when Hitler and Stalin were still the emperors to reckon with and any similarity among villains was strictly intentional. According to Suetonius and Tacitus, Caligula was a madman without benefit of analysis. Camus uses the megalomaniac for his own purposes, to expose the plausibility of the impossible, to cabin and confine the ultimate idealist who sought to remove himself from a despised world by way of rape, incest, murder, and, inevitably, what amounted to suicide.

If there was a formidable point in Camus's parable two decades ago, it is considerably diminished now. As a result, "Caligula" is largely a bravura piece, with a Shakespearean sweep and swashbuckle for history that never was, and for theater as it used to be. Set designer Will Steven Armstrong's great flight of stairs and triumphant tower for the emperor's Imperial Palace are an ancient Elsinore. And under Sidney Lumet's bold direction, thick-thighed legionnaires, long-legged slave girls, and fumbling senators crowd a busy stage.

Flimsy Laces: Kenneth Haigh gives a remarkably facile performance as the self-admitted madman who is sane enough to test his disbelief in a world of boosters and believers. Disgusted with the cowardly stodginess of his fellow Romans, and despairing of their meager manliness, he is driven to pose blasphemously as a Botticelli Venus, to dance outrageously in flimsy lace as an affront to both art and to his heterosexual henchmen, to mince and moulder and murder as the whim takes him. Haigh is

Caligula as Camus rescued him from the inadequate pages of history. Equally good in less spectacular roles are Philip Bourneuf as Cherea, the tribune turned assassin, Colleen Dewhurst as the emperor's aging mistress, Edward Binns as a redoubtable plug-ugly in armor, and Clifford David as a poet, who speaks for Camus at a distance. The distance, unfortunately, spells the difference between a poet and a dramatist.

►Summing Up: Intellectual theater on a large canvas.

TALK WITH CAMUS'S FRIENDS

It wasn't very long after the sporty Facel Vega smashed into the tree 80 miles southeast of Paris that audiences in Broadway's 54th Street Theater were hearing Camus's Caligula proclaim: "Men die, and they are not happy."

In the interval, there had been many eulogies, reflections, and essays about Albert Camus's absurd death in an acquaintance's sports car. Some had been flowery, others terse and tight-lipped. Men showed as much about themselves as they did about Camus as they expressed their sense of loss.

Shortly before the play opened last week, NEWSWEEK reporter David Slavitt talked with Prof. Justin O'Brien, Camus's

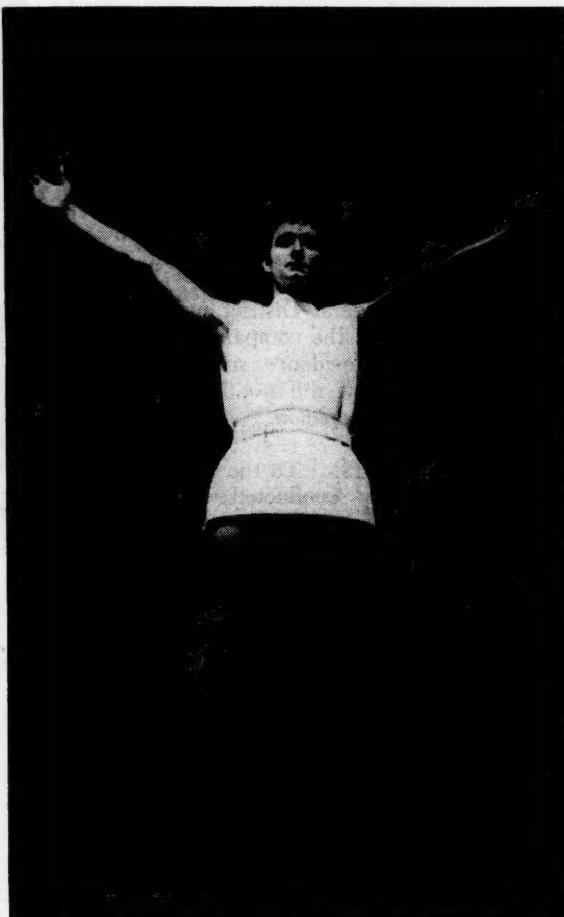
translator and friend, and with Sidney Lumet, the man whom Camus had asked to direct the first Broadway presentation of "Caligula." O'Brien was sitting at this desk in a small office in Columbia University's Philosophy Hall, surrounded by scholarly journals, French novels, and filing cabinets. "There was something about [Camus] that just drew people to him," he recalled. "He was very direct, very simple, and full of charm. The ladies were all just crazy about him. I remember him sitting in a chair in my house in the Village, talking to students that I'd invited down. They were sitting around on the floor, and asking things like 'What do you think about America?' He'd always answer very seriously, and very politely, finding something in the question that interested him."

The Bowery: "I remember he answered the question about America by telling how he had been walking along the Bowery and looking in the store windows, and he had seen an elaborate wedding dress in the window of one store—down there, in that terribly poor district—and right next to it was a mortician. And he said: 'One of the strange things here is the importance you give to weddings.' And then he added: 'It's very important, when you come to a new country, to find out how the people make love, and how they make a living, and how they die'."

On another day, in the empty auditorium of the theater, director Sidney Lumet wadded his black overcoat into a huge ball, threw it on one of the seats, and himself into another. "We'd never met," he told NEWSWEEK's reporter, "but Camus had seen a work of mine—'Twelve Angry Men'—and liked it. I'd read everything of his for years, but I'd never dared ask him for the American rights to one of his plays. And for him to ask me to do 'Caligula' was the loveliest thing that could have happened."

Criscross: "You know, it's really been spooky. There were three specific problems that came up during rehearsal, and each time I wrote to ask him about something, his answer crossed my question over the Atlantic. Or I'd write a letter with a question in it, and get an answer from Camus even before I'd had a chance to mail my letter."

He ran his fingers through his long black hair, and reflected: "It's the right time for 'Caligula.' And the death wasn't necessary to make it right. But it just couldn't be righter." He looked up at the empty stage and said: "I've never cared so much about anything in my whole life. I just hope to God we've done it well."



Haigh as Caligula: A man looks down on death

MEDICINE

BLEEDERS:

Rx Peanuts?

Dr. H. Bruce Boudreaux is a Baton Rouge zoologist who suffers (with some 80,000 other Americans) from hemophilia, the mysterious "bleeder's" disease, generally associated with the royal houses of Europe. The peanut, as everyone knows, is generally associated with zoos, ball parks, or dry martinis. Last week, Dr. Boudreaux fascinated the scientific world with a suggestion that the tidbit of elephants might prove a cure for the malady of kings. He had found, he revealed, that eating peanuts seemed to stem his own hemophilic attacks.

Dr. Boudreaux, a professor (but not a medical doctor) at Louisiana State University, emphasized that his personal experience might be unique, or pure coincidence. Only extensive trial could prove, or disprove, the scientific merit of his chance finding.

Nevertheless, it was intriguing to speculate that the peanut might conquer the disease that long conquered royalty—two sons of Alfonso XIII of Spain in this century.

FLU:

The Bug Gets Tougher

As any sufferer could testify, between aches, pains, and sneezes, the current outbreak of Asian flu has been uncomfortably virulent. But how virulent, and how often fatal, was sobering news. Meeting at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., last week, the nation's top experts on respiratory diseases concluded that this winter's flu siege may be worse than the widely publicized Asian-flu epidemic of 1957-58. Total deaths traced to flu and pneumonia in 108 big cities are running more than 1,000 per week, compared with 850 at the peak of the first outbreak.

In short, it appeared that without the fanfare of two years ago, the tiny (80 millimicrons), fuzzy, round Asian-flu virus was quietly picking off almost everyone it missed the first time around. (The disease itself probably gives lifetime immunity, the vaccine, one year's.) The 40 million persons who were vaccinated in 1957 are no longer protected, and the health experts noted that very few bothered to get flu shots this winter.

"The major gaps in our present knowledge of influenza are painfully evident to all of us," concluded Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney of USPHS at the conference. "We do not know (1) the secret way the virus changes into a different strain; (2) how its virulence increases; (3) how to make vaccines that can protect for long periods, and (4) how to find new drugs that hit a virus."



'Myself From Behind'



'Pushing Food Up a Steep Hill'

Confession in Art

To spot the personality patterns of hopelessly obese women, Margaret Naumberg, art therapist of New York University, and Dr. Janet Caldwell, obesity expert of Presbyterian Hospital, tried a new technique: Group therapy and spontaneous drawings. They selected seven young, grossly overweight housewives (220 to 290 pounds). "What they could not describe in words, they said in their pictures" (see sketches), explained Margaret Naumberg. Results of the study disclose that female victims of obesity tend to be passive, dependent, over-devoted to their mothers, indifferent to their husbands, and completely unrealistic about their weight.



'Me and the Mirror'

PROGRESS REPORT:

Triumphs in the Lab

►A treatment developed at Baylor University offers hope of reducing the number of stillborn babies. Rh-positive infants, who might otherwise have been dead at birth or died within a few hours after they were born because of poisoning from their mother's Rh-negative blood, are being saved by prenatal treatment with tablets called CVP (natural citrus flavonoid, vitamin-P complex, and ascorbic acid).

Dr. Warren M. Jacobs, obstetrician of Baylor, at Houston, Texas, is seeking by this method to prevent the mixing of the mother's incompatible blood with that of the unborn child. In a controlled group of Rh-negative women, all of whom had previously delivered stillborn children or suffered serious birth emergencies, 32 who received CVP (600 milligrams daily) from early pregnancy produced 24 healthy children—a showing of 75 per cent successes; while 71 women who did not receive the CVP tablets had only 22 surviving infants—a success rate of only 30.9 per cent.

"These results would seem striking," said Dr. Jacobs.

►Pictures of tiny antibody molecules—the body's defense against diseases—have been made for the first time at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The mysterious "defender" agents were photographed through an electron microscope and magnified about 100,000 times (original size: 1½ ten-millionths of an inch). With knowledge gleaned from the photographs, MIT scientists hope to find answers to the key question: How are antibodies made? More practically, medical researchers expect to learn more about how the antibodies react to the invasion of foreign substances, such as germs, in the human blood stream. When they know how antibodies fight infectious agents, it will be simpler to make vaccines that stimulate production of more antibodies.

►In Miami last week, some 7,000 school children and adults under 40 gulped down 2 cc.'s each of a pink, sweetish liquid served up in paper cups. It was the start of a massive field trial of the Lederle live-polio vaccine, which medical authorities hoped would prove definitive within five years.

Smorgasbord

With no previous experience in the newspaper business, two young Americans, Daniel Michelson, 30, and Noel Fox, 31, decided it would be "a lot of fun" to start a paper. Their unlikely choice for a site: Copenhagen, Denmark. Michelson, it seems, knew it as a good shore-leave town when he was a lieutenant (j.g.) in the Navy.

Bankrolling their project with only \$800 but untold enthusiasm, the two launched The Scandinavian Times, an English-language weekly designed to serve the five Scandinavian countries (Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Iceland) which use English as a common language. That was a year and a half ago, and The Times, after a shaky start because of its lurid make-up and story content, is now on firm footing with a more conservative paper that devotes nearly all its space to Scandinavian news. So, Michelson and Fox have decided to expand—to the U.S. This week, they will begin distribution of an airmailed edition (5,000 copies selling for 14 cents each) in major U.S. cities with large Scandinavian populations (notably Minneapolis, St. Paul, Portland, and Seattle).

The Barbed Pen

There are two Herblocks.

There is The Washington Post and Times Herald's syndicated cartoonist, Herblock, the uninhibited voice of liberalism, often funny, just as often acidly bitter. To this Pulitzer Prize-winning Herblock, Vice President Nixon is a monstrous witch or a man behind a mask, and President Eisenhower is a rubber-faced inanity who prefers golf to government.

Then there is the private-life Herbert L. Block. This Herblock is a shy, self-effacing bachelor of 50 with wispy hair, pale blue eyes, and a round face who sprinkles his conversation with "gee" and "gosh," and who at times hesitates even to venture into The Post city room to ask an editor or reporter for advice on one of his rough sketches.

Odds and Ends: On March 8 in New York, cartoonist Herblock, who already has won two Pulitzer Prizes and three Sigma Delta Chi awards, will put another trophy on his mantel, the 1960 Florina Lasker award by the New York Civil Liberties Union, for his vigorous defense of the Bill of Rights throughout his 30-year cartooning career.

Interviewed last week by NEWSWEEK'S

Benjamin Bradlee, Block leaned back in his creaky swivel chair, surrounded by stacks of dusty magazines, and the incredible clutter of drawing materials and odds and ends that fill his tiny office. Quietly, he talked of his convalescence from the heart attack that kept him away from his drawing board from last September until early last month ("I didn't draw once, didn't even doodle"), of his occasional golf game ("terrible") and, proudly, of the fact that he has quit smoking (he was up to five packs a day before his coronary).

Then, warming to the subject closest to him, he said: "If there's anything wrong with cartooning, and I guess there is, it's what's wrong with newspapers in



general. They seem to have less to say on the editorial page, and there seems to be less vigorous journalism in general."

The criticism certainly could not apply to his own product. His Nixon-as-a-witch cartoon last month startled even some of his most ardent admirers, and Norman Chandler's Los Angeles Mirror-News quietly dropped Herblock from its editorial page. (Last week, Herblock gained a client when Hearst's rival Los Angeles Examiner began running his cartoons under the heading: "As Herblock Sees It.")

Recently, the cartoonist has taken to portraying the Vice President as a man wearing a mask in the form of Nixon's features. This cartooning device, Block

says, is meant to suggest that Nixon is an "opportunist" who "does whatever he thinks will serve him at the time."

Herblock has also made President Eisenhower a favored subject for his imitable brand of ridicule, usually drawing the President as a simpleton. "Some people say that, but I don't think I do," Block demurred. "It's just a natural characterization, exaggeration of the man's features." Intentionally or not, Herblock's Ike is a ridiculous figure.

Philosophy: If some readers are shocked by such devastating cartoon tactics as the example below, Block has this to say about it: "The heart of a cartoonist's function, I think, is to criticize or to poke fun. He should be a critic."

Block readily admits that he is often intensely partisan. In the heated final ten days of the 1952 Presidential campaign, he withdrew from cartooning for The Post, after the paper endorsed Mr. Eisenhower. ("I liked Adlai Stevenson in that race," Block recalled. "I was going one way and the paper was going the other, so I finally offered not to do any cartoons for the last few days.")

And after the 1956 election, Block drew a wryly humorous cartoon that Stevenson picked as one of his favorite political drawings. Displayed last week at Columbia University, in an exhibit of 200 cartoons from the collections of national political figures, it shows two Martians hovering overhead in a flying saucer while a harassed Stevenson struggles with a pile of papers and President Eisenhower plays golf. The caption: "How did you say their election came out?"

Ideas: As a concession to his coronary, Herblock now draws five cartoons a week instead of six for his 200 clients. Each day he reads through a half-dozen newspapers for stories that might suggest cartoons, then begins doodling on plain copy paper.

As the ideas emerge, he leans back in his chair, pulls a drawing board onto his lap and roughs out some sketches—from four or five to as many as a dozen.

He submits the batch of roughs to Robert H. Estabrook, editor of The Post's editorial page. But Herblock often slips his own favorite on top—and Estabrook usually picks it without a quibble. This pleases the cartoonist. As he put it last week:

"Cartoonists should be regarded more often as commentators rather than illustrators. It would put more responsibility on the cartoonist, but it would make for a more interesting paper, more vigor, and more variety of opinion."



"That little red camera eye is such a powerful and penetrating beam. It can help so much to light the darkness..."

So wrote Eric Sevareid, distinguished radio and TV news analyst and correspondent, in **TV GUIDE**. The point of the piece? "The true story of America is without end. TV has barely touched it."

The knowledgeable commentary of an Eric Sevareid represents only one aspect of

TV GUIDE's appeal. Literally every facet of television is fair game—everything from program previews and reviews to TV's effect on Japan. All of it is objective and authoritative. And **TV GUIDE's** hold on more and more readers accounts for its 46% growth in advertising revenue last year.

America's best-selling weekly magazine... circulation 7,250,000



Canada's Dilemma

by John Lardner



THIS publication, along with a few others, is in receipt of a communication from Ernest Lowry, Canadian ball-flight expert of Toronto. I have known many ball-flight experts (i.e., men who understand the flight of balls), but never one with so much on his mind as this one. HOW LONG, reads the heading on Mr. Lowry's bulletin, CAN THE BIG U.S. MAGAZINES FOOL CANADA? The message goes on to charge that we in the United States are guilty of corrupting the thoughts of young Canadians, across an undefended border, with false ball-flightism, or curve-ballism.

The American press has said a good deal about "rigging" in television. It is now the press's turn, Mr. Lowry writes, to clean house—to give up our part in a "colossal national rigging," a "politically explosive" deception, that "Congress itself may try to keep the lid on." We tell our readers—including Canadians—that a pitcher can curve a baseball. But we must know, says Mr. Lowry ("Over ten years' ball-flight research U.S.A. and Canada"), that he can't.

A CRIME AGAINST YOUTH

"We in Canada," says the Lowry bulletin, "have been placed in the rather abject position of being rated merely as expendable by-product victims incidental to tricking America itself." The protest is made in the national interest, "in behalf of our legislators, Board of Broadcast governors, universities, national advertisers, and our public in general." "It can now be established as amazingly factual," Mr. Lowry states, "that our boys and youth studying the game have been betrayed and handicapped as a result of our libraries across the continent being stacked with American 'curve'-ball instruction books which are utterly false and misleading."

There is something new and curiously forceful in Mr. Lowry's eloquence. The curve-ball controversy, of course, is an ancient one, more than 80 years old. Your correspondent has dipped into its dialectics many times. But I have never thought of curve-ballism as an international force, as a doctrine with which our neighbors, as well as ourselves, may have to live—because, like booze

in the days of Volstead, it can be shipped across borders in all its potency for good or evil.

In a way, curve-ballism is a creed as mobile as vegetarianism, Marxism, or democracy. Like the Desilu or the Jack Paar shows, it knows no boundary lines and observes no treaties. If the doctrine is false, it is dangerous. If it is true, it may still be wrong for certain societies; but, as Mr. Lowry points out, it will spread just as quickly for all that.

ABSOLUTE DISSENT

I should emphasize the fact that Mr. Lowry does not claim that a baseball can be curved in the States and not in Canada. He implies clearly that a ball can be curved in Canada if it can be curved anywhere. He simply and flatly doubts that it can be curved anywhere—and he feels that the sooner this truth is faced by all nations and all societies, the better for the progress of mankind. I do not happen to agree with him. My early training and my formal research have taught me otherwise. But I can understand that certain manifestations, of physics and of history, can be seen differently by different eyes. In the matter of curve-ballism, the point of view is everything.

Eighty-two years ago, a colorful event took place in Cincinnati. Three stakes were planted on the ball field in a line, at intervals of 30 feet. Will White, a Cincinnati Red Stocking twirler with a loose wrist, took up a pitching position behind and slightly to the left of one end stake. He released the ball at a point to the left of this stake—a netting insured that. The ball passed the center stake on the right and the third and last stake on the left.

To me and other curve-ballists, this primitive experiment stands out as brightly in history as Newton's rendezvous with the apple. We do not need the proof of later, more scientific tests, or the plain evidence of the laws of spin.

But to Mr. Lowry, Will White and his three stakes are the witch trials of Salem all over again. And if he's right, curve-ballism is bad for his country. In the end, the people of Canada must decide.

SPORTS

BASEBALL:

'Home Run Derby'

The game, essentially, is glorified batting practice, but since it was invented by TV producers, it had to have a hard-sell name. "Home Run Derby," someone said, and the boys at the agency beamed.

It starts on TV in April, when the baseball season opens, and "Home Run Derby" works like this: Two big leaguers are matched against each other in a nine-inning game, three outs to the inning. A big-league umpire calls balls and strikes, and rules which drives would be base hits and which would be outs. A pitcher throws hard—but not too hard. After the nine innings are up, the winner is decided on the basis of home runs. He gets \$2,000 and the loser gets \$1,000.

As an opener, "Home Run Derby" rented Los Angeles' Wrigley Field, an abandoned minor-league ball park, and set Willie Mays against Mickey Mantle. "I'm nervous," Mantle, a slugger with a mercenary outlook, said during the taping. "Don't be nervous, man," said Mays. "This is fun."

"We don't want to say what happened next," an official of "Home Run Derby" said last week. "Suspense, you know."

It is difficult to stamp "Top Secret" on sports news; more difficult than finding a hard-sell title for a TV show. Mantle defeats Mays, ten homers to eight, on millions of screens next April.

TRACK AND FIELD:

Toward Perfection

Only eleven years ago, no man had ever thrown the 35-pound weight more than 60 feet. Then, after Jim Scholz of Army surpassed the 60-foot barrier, the record began increasing, gradually, until last year Bob Backus, with a supreme effort, reached 66 feet 2½ inches. That was the listed world record as the Amateur Athletic Union indoor meet got under way in New York last week.

Backus's record did not last long. On the second of his six throws, Harold Connolly, who won the 1956 Olympic hammer-throwing title at Melbourne, strained, spun three times, and hurled the 35-pound weight an incredible 71 feet 2½ inches. The 70-foot barrier, seemingly unattainable a decade ago, no longer existed. (To measure the impact of Connolly's feat, consider a miler running his specialty in under 3:50.)

"Harold's throw," said Ed Flanagan, the Boston University track coach who has worked with both Connolly and Backus, "comes the closest to absolute [physical] perfection I ever hope to see."

At New York, Connolly was not the only athlete moving closer to perfection: ▶Irvin (Bo) Roberson, a 24-year-old



Associated Press

Second best: For Penny Pitou, a fine race, a silver medal, and anguish

Army lieutenant from Fort Lee, Va., broad-jumped 25 feet 9½ inches, breaking the world indoor record (25 feet 9 inches) set by the great Jesse Owens a quarter of a century ago. Roberson, who never fulfilled his potential as a football player at Cornell University a few years ago, seemed disappointed. "I should have hit 26 feet," said Roberson, who did 26 feet 2 inches at the Pan-American Games last year.

►John Thomas, the 18-year-old Boston University sophomore who was "too tired to do his best," leaped 7 feet 2 inches, half an inch higher than his own indoor world high-jump record.

►Al Lawrence, an Australian who set the indoor 2-mile record two weeks ago, raced 3 miles in 13 minutes 26.4 seconds, fully ten seconds faster than the mark set a year ago by Bill Dellinger.

OLYMPICS:

Spills, Tears, Thrills

The Marines were telling it to each other. "A killer," said Lance Corporal Jim Archambault. "The hardest point is right above the finish," said Cpl. Ron Bowser. "About there the girls will hit at least 70 miles an hour," said Pfc. Pete Kralis. Then the three Marines looked up in awe at KT-22, a mountain which is scarred by sheer, red granite outcroppings and towers grimly over Squaw Valley, Calif.

For a month, Marines had been footpacking snow on the Ladies' Downhill Course, which drops 1,814 feet in a run of 5,997 feet down KT-22. "The best way to ski it," suggested Archambault,

"is to close your eyes and shove off."

It was on these perilous slopes that the Eighth Winter Olympiad, which brought touches of fresh chaos to chaotic Squaw Valley, achieved its highest drama last week. The drama centered on blond, bubbly Penny Pitou.

"The predictions that I'm going to win make me nervous," the New Hampshire girl had been saying. "I don't like them at all. America is putting its hopes on me and it's a terrible feeling."

The Pressures: As the race approached, tension gripped Miss Pitou, ace of America's crack girls' Alpine team. "I want to get out of the Olympic Village," she said. "I want to go for a ride. The lift [on KT-22] scares me to death. I'd be much happier being a normal girl, sitting at home or going to school. If you're skiing just for yourself, that's one thing. But when you've had such a big build-up . . . everyone is nice to you before you compete. Then afterward, if you lose, you're just nothing."

In the draw among the 43 competitors, Penny came up with No. 1. After she completed her run, she would have to wait for 42 other girls to finish before she learned where her time placed her.

At the top, at Sawtooth Notch, Penny Pitou cut loose with reckless courage, and for a time everything went well. Then, close to the finish, she skinned down into a fold in the slope, a wicked 90-degree left called Airplane Turn. The edges of her skis turned into the snow and for an instant it seemed that she would fall. She struggled and kept her balance, but as she did, she lost perhaps a second or two. When she finished, she was clocked in 1:38.6—good, but, as

it developed, not quite good enough.

Miss Pitou stayed in first place until Heidi Biebl, a sturdy 19-year-old from Oberstaufen, Germany, who has been skiing since she was 4, tore down the course. She went into the Airplane Turn almost standing up straight. "I thought I missed it there," she said later. But Miss Biebl's time was announced at 1:37.6. That was how matters remained. Skilled 16-year-old Traudl Hecher of Austria raced brilliantly but could do no better than third.

No Gold: The rest of America's stars—Betsy Snite, Joan Hannah, and Linda Myers—all fell at the Airplane Turn. Miss Myers, at the finish, beat her poles against the ground and ripped off her helmet in frustration and rage. Penny Pitou put an arm around her and the two girls cried briefly. Then Penny Pitou said plaintively to a friend: "Sorry it wasn't a gold [medal]." It was a clearly touching scene, contrasting sharply to the early chaos at Squaw Valley.

The Olympics had begun with a snowstorm that threatened to throw the entire program into turmoil. Roads leading toward the Olympic Village were clogged with stalled cars and buses. Bulldozers fought a losing battle to keep the skating rinks clean, and reporters clutched at survival kits issued by a Nevada gambling club. (The kits included brandy, aspirin, cigarettes, and pencil and paper "for writing last notes.")

Then, minutes before the ceremonies were to begin, the snow stopped and, incredibly, the sun came out. Hollywood hands, who had arrived with the Walt Disney troupe that supervised the pageantry, could not resist overstatement. "A miracle of the snows," one said. The music, marches, and speeches proceeded smoothly, and the next day Olympic events began.

Rough Stuff: In a hockey game between Russia and Germany, a German forward named Marcus Egen clubbed Russian star Konstantine Loktev. The Russian fell and had to be helped off the ice. Germany won that decision but Russia won the hockey game, 8-0. (The U.S. also won its opener, beating Czechoslovakia, 7-5.) Then, when the Swedish hockey team played Canada, the Swedes elected to match the Canadians, elbow for elbow. It was a mistake. Jim Connelly, a Canadian wingman, checked Lars Bjorn, the Swedish captain, so hard that both men hurtled through a door and out of the rink. Bjorn suffered four broken ribs. (Canada won, 5-2).

"The Swedes," someone observed, "should have brought [heavyweight champion Ingemar] Johansson."

It was all very rough, very exciting. Although the crowds ran under expectations, the first few days of the 1960 Winter Olympics produced as much action as anyone could have asked.

Churchmen on the Go

Presidents and Prime Ministers are not the only dignitaries who are moving about these days. Last week three of Christendom's high prelates were on the go—making news at the same time:
►Departing: The Rt. Rev. Czeslaw Kaczmarek, Roman Catholic Bishop of Kielce, Poland, to a rest resort in the Tatra Mountains for a "long, long time." The forthright, anti-Communist bishop (who has spent time in a Red jail for his blunt criticism of the regime) is reported to be "resting" at the request of Stefan Cardinal Wyszynski, Primate of Poland, who bowed to the demands of Communist boss Wladyslaw Gomulka in an effort to bolster the tenuous modus vivendi between Polish church and state.

►In Transit: Thomas Cardinal Tien, first Chinese prince of the Roman Catholic Church, from Chicago via the Vatican (to confer with the Pope) to Taiwan, where he will serve as apostolic administrator of the Taipei archdiocese. The first major task for the ailing, 69-year-old exiled Archbishop of Peking will be to build a seminary to train young Chinese priests against the day when they can return to the mainland.

►Arriving: The Rt. Rev. Stephen F. Bayne, former Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Olympia, Wash., in London, to

take up a brand-new post—Executive Officer of the 40-million-member Anglican Communion. Bishop Bayne, whose job will involve nearly nonstop travel to Anglican churches around the world, moved into the Archbishop of Canterbury's Lambeth Palace, tossed a beige Stetson on the hat rack (where it nestled incongruously with the black rosetted black Homburgs of the British bishops), and remarked that from now on home "will be the place where I get a clean shirt in between trips."

We Must Come Together'

The Christian Century and The Commonweal struck a blow together last week for improved Protestant-Roman Catholic relations. Both weeklies—The Century (undenominational) and The Commonweal (Catholic)—printed "Rules for the Dialogue," an article outlining some basic guides to fruitful conversations between separated Christians.

The suggestion for the joint project came from the article's Presbyterian author, the Rev. Dr. Robert McAfee Brown, professor of systematic theology at Union Theological Seminary, who is currently on sabbatical in Scotland. "I chose what I thought were the best two platforms to present the ideas," explained Dr. Brown. "The Christian Century has consistently taken a strong line against Catholic power. If they were willing to publish the article it was a good sign. And The Commonweal is the most liberal of the Catholic publications."

Dr. Brown's "ground rules" come from a book due next fall on Protestant-Catholic relations of which he is contributing half. (The other half is by the Rev. Gustave Weigel, S.J., professor of ecclesiology at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.)

Dr. Brown's formula: Each partner must (1) believe that the other is speaking in good faith; (2) have a clear understanding of his own faith; (3) strive for a clear understanding of the faith of the other; (4) accept responsibility in humility and penitence for what his group has done, and

is doing, to foster and perpetuate division; (5) forthrightly face the issues which cause separation as well as those which create unity; and (6) recognize that all that can be done with the dialogue is to offer it up to God.

Dr. Brown thinks that the discussion should start between theologians of both churches and that eventually, laymen should take it up. But wherever it goes on, he warns, "we are not proposing that anyone be converted."

"No one knows what will come of it," he said. "The results of the conversations have to be left in God's hands. There's no possibility of a reunion of the two bodies; their terms are mutually exclusive. Therefore we must proceed hopefully without knowing the outcome. The conviction that there is a basic division is wrong. We must come together."

Speak Up!

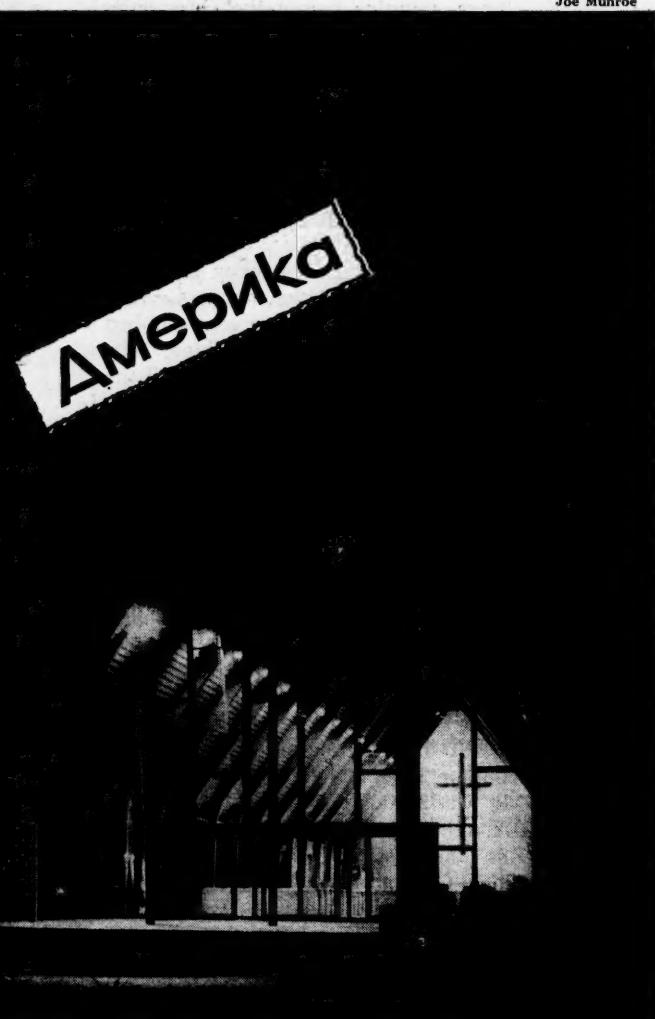
How should churches deal with mass-communications media?

First, says the Rev. Dr. Martin E. Marty, they must sweep out some old attitudes. Speaking last week at Gettysburg College, Gettysburg, Pa., the bright young (31) Lutheran minister from Elk Grove Village, Ill., warned that Christians must drop the notions that religious persons should be sheltered from periodicals, films, and TV; should take the media to task for being secular; or demand "equal time" for religion.

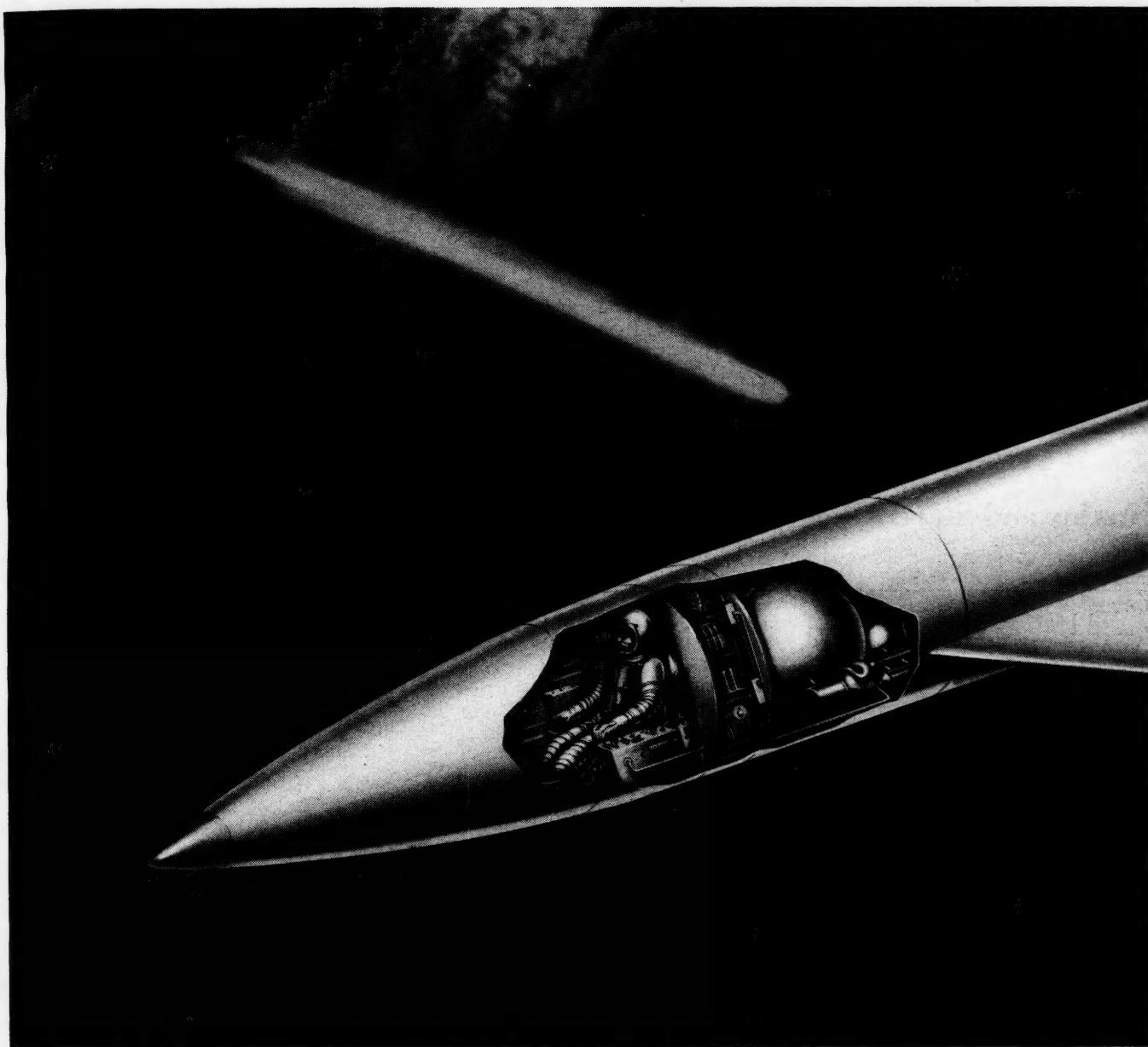
The last notion, says Dr. Marty, is the "stickiest" of all. "Religion is big business, and most of the media producers find it necessary to present religion as an overarching concern, a sort of glue that holds American life together. When this happens, we usually see mere sanctification of the American way of life."

What church people can do about all this, concluded Dr. Marty, is to "be the best kind of Christian possible," and thereby see their claims produced in the mass media indirectly. "If the purpose of mass media is to produce 'the proper opinions,' the Christian faith is interested in promoting 'an improper opinion'—the historic belief that God was in Christ reconciling the world. Christians cannot expect mass media to do that job for them. But when they do the job themselves, they can expect the mass media to take notice."

►IDE-OPEN front extends a serene welcome to the passer-by at St. Stephen's [Protestant] Episcopal Church in Columbus, Ohio," reads the caption of this picture in the current issue of the Russian-language magazine Amerika. The U.S. Information Agency's monthly, of which 50,000 copies are permitted to be sold in Russian cities, brings a picture article about five new American churches to readers in a land where new churches are nonexistent and old ones not fully respected. "Like the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages," it says, "[the] contemporary churches give man a place of worship that reflects his time and culture, providing valid contemporary symbols of his faith."



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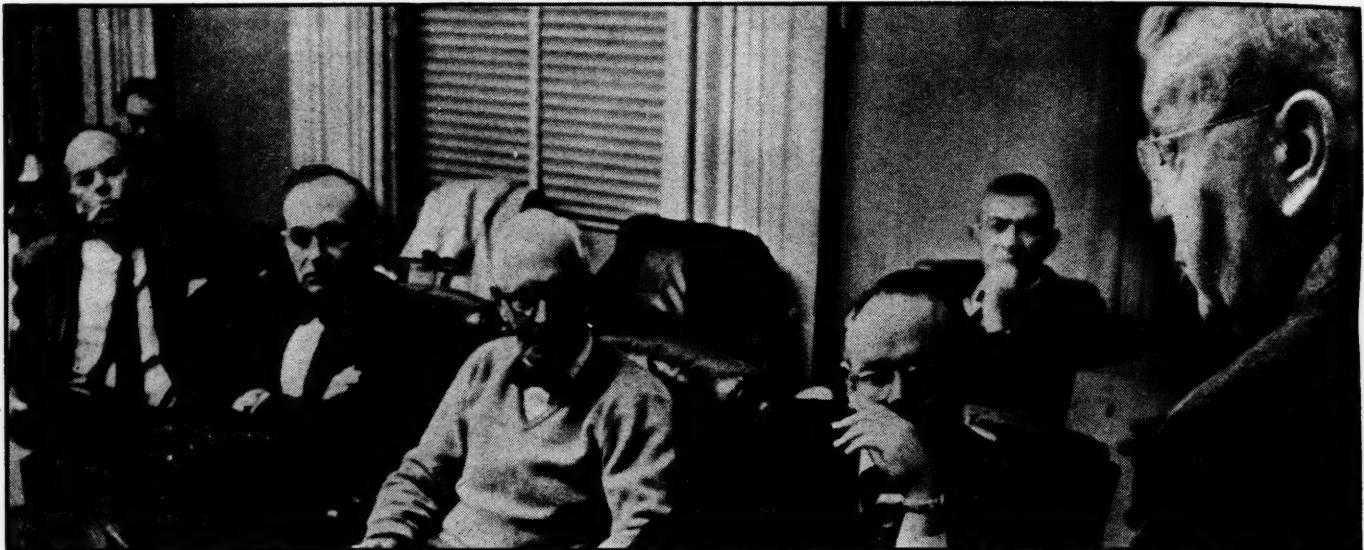
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Los Angeles Times

Everything from nuclear physics to the philosophy of sunsets for UCLA's bigwig pupils*

Huxley and Steve Allen

One hazy morning in Hollywood last summer, movie producer Walter Wanger ("Stagecoach," "Riot in Cell Block 11") phoned his close friend John Michel, a Los Angeles transportation executive and adult-education buff. Before long, the conversation hit upon a long-standing concern of both men: The abysmal gap in understanding between scientists and the man in the street. Then, suddenly, an idea popped out—why not start a lecture series on the implications of today's scientific revolution?

This brainstorm—passed on to the University of California at Los Angeles—had by last week evolved into one of the most unusual ventures in the field of adult education. Organized by the university's Extension Division, biweekly lectures are given to a select group of 36 Los Angeles bigwigs, including TV star Steve Allen; J.L. Atwood, president of North American Aviation; author Ray Bradbury, and John L. Cooper, head of the Los Angeles culinary workers union. Their teachers, who have talked on a wide range of subjects running from the implication of the Van Allen radiation belts (Nobel Prize winner Harold Urey) to the philosophical significance of "picking one's nose while watching a sunset" (author Aldous Huxley), are no less distinguished. Other lecturers: Former Atomic Energy Commissioner Willard Libby and biologist and Nobel Prize winner George Beadle.

Covey of Ph.D.'s: "Impact of Scientific Change (833)," as the course is titled, gets diligent attention from its students. Meeting around a table in the paneled office of the UCLA Board of Regents every other Thursday at 8 p.m., the class takes notes and rattles off questions like a covey of aspiring Ph.D.'s. For example, after a lecture on the geopolitical

revolution in natural resources, one student complained: "You scientists always give us the problem. What about a solution?" The lecturer, Roger Revelle, director of the University of California's Scripps Institution of Oceanology at La Jolla, offered a grandiose solution to war. "If we send a million young Americans to be educated in Russia and they send a million here, there would be no chance of war. They would, in effect, be hostages."

The class gasped at this startling proposal, then rushed in with objections and kept on arguing about it in the parking lot after the session.

Unanimously, the students agree that the \$60 fee is modest in return for the mental stimulation. "The older I get the

more I'm impressed by the magnificent grandeur of my ignorance," said Steve Allen. He has also had a chance to savor the ignorance of others about less intellectual pursuits. At one session, Allen raised his hand to ask a question. The moderator told him: "I don't know your name. But I'll get to you."

Rah! Rah! Rah!

"That the disease has spread to the junior high school was to me a new and shocking revelation."

The speaker, Dr. James B. Conant, president emeritus of Harvard University, was referring to an infection that has long plagued U.S. higher education—"an almost vicious overemphasis on athletics." This was the first hint of the sort of material Dr. Conant is uncovering in his study of the nation's junior high schools—a study begun last fall under a Carnegie Corp. grant as a sequel to his penetrating research into U.S. high-school education last year.

Addressing the American Association of School Administrators in Atlantic City, N.J., last week, Dr. Conant discussed his preliminary findings and was outspoken about the ill effects of interscholastic athletic competition in junior high schools. Later, he told NEWSWEEK: "The question has come up in some communities whether to keep the junior high school independent or meld it with the high school. Well, the question was solved not on economic grounds, or efficiency, or pedagogic reasoning, but simply on the basis of keeping a football or basketball team. I was amazed."

Words, Words . . .

In 1911, Cornell University proudly issued a huge concordance of William Wordsworth's poetry that took 67 people six years to compile. A similar Cornell work on Matthew Arnold, available last week at \$10 a copy, has now been punched out by an IBM system. Total machine time for this first automated analysis of word usage in poetry: 197 hours. The 965-page volume, giving the exact line and poem (70,000 references) in which each word of Arnold's poetic vocabulary occurs, is a monument to mechanical ingenuity. But who, after all, will use it? "Only a few scholars," said a Cornell spokesman. "But to those, it's invaluable."

*From left at table: John Michel, West Coast representative of General American Transportation Corp.; Scott Buchanan, consultant, the Fund for the Republic; Clora Warne, Los Angeles attorney; John C. Elliott, president, Jameson Petroleum Co.; lecturer Dr. Harold Urey, Nobel Prize winner. Rear left: Steve Allen, entertainer. Right: Joseph De Silva, executive secretary, Retail Clerks, Local 770.



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1960

Call It Bop or Cool, Progressive or Modern . . .

Singer Sarah Vaughan summed it up in one striking phrase: "There's no squares any more." And, as they listened to the kind of jazz being played around the country, NEWSWEEK's correspondents could only agree—modern jazz has arrived. Here MUSIC editor Emily Coleman reports on the fantastic new sounds abroad in the land.

The deep bass voice of the alto sax rumbled darkly, then picked up steam, as if driven by the ferocious intensity of the man at the mouthpiece. Faster and faster his fingers flew, as he played his way far out on some experimental excursion all his own. Then suddenly, as if to shatter the mood, he abruptly broke off the elaborate—and all but indecipherable—musical pattern he had been weaving by running up and down the scales with a series of snarling, snorting blats.

Only a few minutes before, the man on the sax—Ornette Coleman—had poured the ripest of lush tones out of his gold and white plastic instrument. Now it sounded like a frazzled horn left over from a New Year's Eve party. Yet in between the two extremes, he had explored the outer reaches of some private dream world. The audience at New York's Bohemian Five Spot Café—a mixture of arty types and clean-cut collegians—listened in absolute silence as the skinny, 29-year-old Texan worked a cool blue trail to the end of his weird solo.

Call it bop, cool, progressive, or modern, this new jazz is prevailing—almost,

one might say, in spite of itself. For the melody is hard to find, and the rhythm defies a simple one-two tap of the foot. It is music so heavily in debt to the concert hall, in fact, that there are even those who wonder if it actually should be called jazz any more.

Something New: Yes, modern jazz is controversial. But it is not old and tired, as some people have declared, nor has it been refined to death, or commercialized beyond recall. Jazz has never been more alive. And it still has something new to say.

What's more, people are listening.

In Chicago they pour into the roomy, gloomy Blue Note, whose owner, Frank Holtzfeind, says: "I'm not saying modern jazz is good or better or bad—but that's where the money is."

In Atlanta a select and social group called Jazz 30 listens at the swank Piedmont Driving Club.

In Dallas they squeeze into The 90th Floor, a little place behind a grocery where the lighting fixtures are made out of tomato cans.

In San Francisco, one of the jazziest towns on earth, the oldest of the rooms for the new jazz is the ten-year-old Blackhawk, at Turk and Hyde, known as "the Jazz Corner of the West."

No Payola: Not that the new, far-out jazz has the field to itself. The country is jumping with every kind of jazz you ever heard. In the record business, there are jazz albums which sell more than 100,000 copies apiece. And jazzmen take pride that their sales have nothing to do with the shabby payola pushing of rock 'n' roll pressers.

Elsewhere, jazz is the mood music for television dramas from "Peter Gunn" to "Shotgun Slade," and in the movies jazz is the music Tarzan is swinging to in his current picture. In Boston moviegoers rave about a new documentary, "Jazz on a Summer's Day." And in New York this week the actors in

"A Thurber Carnival," a new revue based on the works of humorist James Thurber, will be performing to a modern jazz score by Don Elliott.

Jazz can also speak for the spirit. When 30-year-old Ed Summerlin, who teaches composition at North Texas State College at Denton, lost his baby daughter, he turned to modern jazz to express his grief. As "Requiem for Mary Jo," the resulting score and service was telecast over NBC last week.

Minton's Pioneers: Of course, the Status Seekers are concerning themselves with jazz. Marshall Stearns, whose "The Story of Jazz" is the authoritative text in the field, reported: "The time is now come when the so-called informed person must know enough about jazz to conceal his ignorance."

Thus one will hear the name of alto-sax man Ornette Coleman tossed about at the better parties. A comparatively new figure in the "new" jazz, Coleman is following the beat set by the pioneers who pursued the radical new departures in music at Minton's Playhouse in Harlem back in the early '40s. In the forefront then were the late Charlie (Bird) Parker (also alto sax), Dizzy Gillespie (he of the tilted trumpet), and Thelonious Monk (the keyboard mystic). They were the shock troops. Now the revolution is over. Somehow the new state of things has survived a public opinion dominated by a generation hopelessly afflicted with an acute case of Dixieland and Chicago style, the one inspired by Louis Armstrong and the other abetted by Eddie Condon.

Both Armstrong and Condon have been harsh critics of this new mode in music. "They want to carve everyone else because they're full of malice," said Satchmo. "All they want to do is show you up, and any old way will do as long as it's different from the way you played it before. So you get all them weird chords which don't mean nothing." Condon was typically succinct: "We don't flat our fifths," he wisecracked, "we drink 'em."

All Ages: But damn the critics, full ahead, said the progressives. Dave Brubeck (piano) and Gerry Mulligan (baritone sax) came after Parker, Gillespie, and Monk and found a wider audience. "There is no 'just jazz' audience any more," the boyish Mulligan observed last week. "The audience which has grown up with modern jazz is pretty varied—from high school on through all ages. One of the interesting things is that even though the music has grown more

Robert Parent



Mulligan found a wider audience for jazz . . .

... This New Jazz Prevails, Man, It Really Prevails



Newsweek—Bill Flynn

Great Prospect

We are on the verge of one of the most important jazz eras. We have a great body of young jazz musicians bursting with talent who are also trained, schooled musicians, who can play anything put before them. The next few years will show whether jazz can be written and remain jazz.

—Ralph Gleason

complex, there is still enough emotional value for people to appreciate."

The singer Sarah Vaughan puts it this way: "There's a big difference in the people who come to listen now and when I started seventeen years ago. Then they would have said I was crazy and that I didn't sing music. Now these people know what you are doing with a song and they appreciate it."

Down in Dixie: Jazz has come a long way up the river from New Orleans. It began there 60 years ago when King Oliver and Buddy Bolden marched through the streets, playing for funerals, or blew their horns in Storyville. "Storyville" is in Boston now, the best jazz room in town—in the Copley Square Hotel—run by George Wein, the impresario of jazz festivals in Newport, Boston, French Lick, and Toronto.

In New Orleans, the Big 25, where Oliver once held forth as an added attraction to Storyville's prostitutes, is now a parking lot. However, the city does have a Jazz Club dedicated to bringing jazz back to New Orleans. Understandably, local tastes run counter to those found prevailing elsewhere. "White Dixieland is hot as a firecracker now," ex-

plained one New Orleans fan. "Negro jazz is dying in New Orleans, and progressive stuff is a dodo. To hell with analyzing music."

West Coast: This wouldn't go down well with 43-year-old Ralph Gleason, full-time jazz critic for The San Francisco Chronicle, a syndicated columnist in 27 papers across the country and one of the busiest "analyzers" in the new world of jazz. "Dixieland?" he snorts. "There will always be an audience for Dixieland anywhere. It goes with drinking." Gleason's San Francisco and the Bay Area are perhaps more jazz-conscious than any other locale in the nation. Besides Gleason at The Chronicle, Russ Wilson covers jazz regularly for The Oakland Tribune, as does C.H. Garrigues for The San Francisco Examiner.

Farther down the coast, decentralization in Los Angeles has all but killed off live jazz, but radio station KNOB-FM plays jazz for nineteen hours every day. Angelenos also claim that Howard Rumsey's Lighthouse, still running at Hermosa Beach, was one of the first clubs in the country to play modern jazz. It was full of "characters" back in '49, but it's as respectable as a supermarket today. "Jazz on the West Coast is the thing to do," says Rumsey. "In the East, often the jazz places are shady—on the second floor or in the basement. Here they're on the same plane with the Bank of America or Safeway."

'Not in a Rut?' Like a bank? When a jazzman feels secure like a bank, does he also get stuffy like a bank? Let Brubeck speak: "I am definitely not in a rut. I see more new things to do than ever before. Jazz is the healthiest it's ever been. Why? Because in the time of Dixieland, everyone played Dixieland. In the time of swing everyone played swing, and anyone who played Dixieland was called corny. In the time of bop anyone who played swing or Dixieland was called corny. Now everyone can draw on the past and they are not considered corny. We are free in jazz to use everything available."

Sixty years ago jazz was a folk art, and today it is an art form. What next? John Lewis, head of the Modern Jazz Quartet, will play the bearded prophet only reluc-

tantly: "There could be no improvement on what Benny Goodman, Count Basie, and Duke Ellington did, so something else developed. I have no idea what comes next. What Ornette is doing is almost inevitable. We need it. You should never get complacent, that's for sure."

Ornette himself, cornered at the Crawford Grille in Pittsburgh last week, explained what he calls his "free form of music." Speaking with his customary softness and seriousness, he said that "we're trying to create one melodic unit out of four individuals improvising simultaneously." (The other instruments in his combo are trumpet, drums, and bass.) And why had he become so controversial? "Well," he answered, "for the last fifteen years, maybe ten, jazz has been dominated by a few jazzmen. Today you have people who want to express themselves without following the leader."

Coleman didn't know it at the time, but in New York he was getting an assist from an unexpected quarter—The Monk himself. He had some advice for Coleman: "Only be different if you feel like being different. You can get yourself in a strait jacket because people tell you you have a thing that's catching on and you ought to keep with it. Don't be afraid to change and do something else."

But the boys don't really like to talk a lot about the new jazz; they'd a great deal rather play it—their way.

Robert Parent



... and Coleman is taking it where it has never been before

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MOVIES



Sailer and Wanibuchi: 'He's a simple man, not too fancy'

ON LOCATION:

Toni-san the Terrific

At 4:30 one morning, a train pulled into a station in a tiny town high in the "Japanese Alps." Shivering, a crew of moviemakers from Japan's Shochiku Studios, on a location hunt, piled out onto the platform. Suddenly a cheer rang in the air, and down the platform swarmed a thousand yelling, babbling, misty-eyed teen-age fans who, despite the hour and the cold, had rushed to the station for a glimpse of Japan's latest heart throb. The adored object was the 24-year-old Austrian and Olympic ski champ and movie actor, handsome Toni Sailer. The squealing mob tugged at his jacket and hair, thrust forward floral bouquets, ski jackets, skis, and even underclothes to be autographed. A bedraggled Sailer said later: "Never in my life have I had such a welcome at 4:30 in the morning."

This sort of thing has been going on, at a later hour, all over Japan in the last three months—ever since Sailer (pronounced to rhyme with miler) arrived to make a Japanese movie and capitalize on his burgeoning popularity. When he first arrived at Haneda airport, fans were trampled underfoot. As he rode down Tokyo's main street in an open car, he was showered with confetti in a frenzied welcome that matched those given Marilyn Monroe and Joe DiMaggio in 1954, and the Brooklyn Dodgers in 1956.

In Austria, Sailer has been a hero ever since he won a trio of Olympic gold medals in 1956. Japan first became aware of him last spring, when his Austrian-made movie "Der Schwarze Blitz"

("Black Lightning") was imported; the film broke attendance records in Tokyo, and two subsequent Sailer movies have done as well or better. As a performer, Sailer is required only to act natural and ski well—which, in the case of "Black Lightning," meant skiing while playing an accordion, leading a comic ski chase, and gliding down mountains with his girl in a romantic, snow-borne ballet.

Lithe: A dark-haired, lantern-jawed athlete with impish good looks, a lithe figure, and an increasingly self-confident personality, bachelor Sailer became a hot commercial item soon after he arrived. At Christmas, he and German-Japanese actress Haruko Wanibuchi were deposited by helicopter on the roof of the Seibu department store, and there distributed presents to children from Tokyo orphanages. Not to be outdone, the Takashimaya department store built a ski run on its roof and got Sailer to give daily skiing demonstrations for a week. Eighteen thousand people showed up.

Last week, high up on Mount Zao, Sailer was at last down to the business of making a movie—"Gin Rei no Oja," or "King of the Silver Ridge." The script had been reworked to appeal to both Japanese and Austrian audiences. The inevitable fans were everywhere—in the way of cameras and skiers, trampling snow that was meant to be smooth.

What was the explanation for the "Sailer boom"? One young hairdresser from Yamagata sighed: "He's a simple man, not too fancy. And when he skis, ooh, that graceful body . . . Some stars, when they come to Japan, they're too snobbish, they don't want to see the fans . . . they think they're so important. Toni

holds hands with fans for a photo, gives autographs, and is so friendly. And just look at that face, that face."

Preparations were being made for a shot of Sailer whizzing down the trail, and a studio man tried to clear the way. "He'll be coming down at 80 kilometers an hour and some of you honorable spectators might get hurt," he shouted. "Ah," sighed a teen-age girl, "I wouldn't mind being killed by Toni-san."

As for Sailer himself—when asked the reasons for his popularity he shrugged, smiled, and said: "I don't know." Pressed, he mumbled lamely: "Well, I'm a good skier." It was the sort of understatement young hairdressers swoon over.

NEW FILM:

Death of a Liner

THE LAST VOYAGE. M-G-M. Produced by Andrew and Virginia Stone. Directed by Andrew Stone.

Producers Andrew and Virginia Stone paid \$4,000 a day last summer for the rental of the *Île de France*, and set about systematically tearing the proud old French liner apart, off the coast of Japan. What the Stones got for their sinking fund can now be seen in "The Last Voyage," in which the ex-queen of the French Line is called the Claridon, and suffers the explosion of a boiler, the toppling of a smokestack, an explosion in a forward hold, a great many fires, and the flooding of engine rooms, dining saloons, cabins, passageways, and finally decks. The human interest in this havoc centers on a young mother (Dorothy Malone) pinned under wreckage, and the efforts of her husband (Robert Stack) to get her free, even as the other paying customers and crew members are going over the side. Under the circumstances, it is scarcely surprising that the destruction is believable and moderately exciting.

► Summing Up: That sinking feeling.

Periscoping Movies

The "space race" is getting expensive in Hollywood: M-G-M will pay Ray Bradbury \$150,000 for his novel "The Martian Chronicles," about the first Earthlings on Mars. Up to now, space movies have been low-budget quickies ... Director Stanley Kubrick ("Spartacus") says he will go ahead and film "Lolita" come what may ... To avoid last year's fiasco, when written material ran out before the show was over, this year's Academy Awards TV program (April 4) will be done "Open End" fashion.

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JUST OUT:

Melancholia, Pa.

OURLVES TO KNOW. By John O'Hara.
408 pages. Random House. \$4.95.

In his last three novels ("A Rage to Live," "Ten North Frederick," "From the Terrace"), John O'Hara has been telling in long, melancholy rhythms the life stories of certain melancholy and sometimes embittered Pennsylvanians. The novels are so full of acute Pennsylvania perception as to make them social documents of that polyglot part of the country (and highly suggestive of others).

Criticism of these books has ranged from views of the social detail as vastly excessive, to charges that O'Hara is obsessed with sexuality, to graver charges that he is substantially inhuman, lacking vital sympathies and any central, vivifying vision of life. And the opinion is often heard that his newer works are a black disappointment after his original success, "Appointment in Samarra."

But certain recurrent themes in the newer books very definitely suggest a central vision of life, however disillusioned or disheartening the reader may find it. In the world of which O'Hara writes, people are constantly being seduced, soiled, and sometimes ruined by their vaulting ambitions, their desire for wealth, their concupiscence, the vanities of status seeking—in other words, by sheer worldliness. Viewed in this light, O'Hara's Pennsylvania scarcely seems a place apart from the rest of human geography. Indeed, it might be easy enough to make a case for O'Hara as a moralist, were it not a good deal plainer that he is absorbed by the whole perplexing welter of life as he finds it (it may be noted that in his novels good feelings and good deeds are thickly scattered among the moral disasters).

What and Why? O'Hara's new novel, "Ourselves to Know," is another Pennsylvania tale, with special technical interest. In 1927, his story runs, Gerald Higgins, a graduate English scholar of Lyons, Pa., began to write the life history of a fellow townsman—the genteel, withdrawn, almost legendary Robert Millhouser, who in 1908 had shot and killed his young wife, Hedda, and thereafter received a suspended sentence for manslaughter. Higgins received Millhouser's full cooperation in this biographical venture. O'Hara tells the tale in roughly chronological order, as Higgins assembled the materials. Thus the novel is charged with suspense, in some ways suggesting a mystery story. What manner of woman was Hedda Millhouser? Why did her husband commit his crime?

In the gradual process of answering these questions, O'Hara achieves a penetrating portrait of Millhouser, set against



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

O'Hara: Grace at the abyss

a characteristically detailed and revealing background. What emerges is the image of a sensitive man with a gift for quiet, industrious living (the supervision of farmer tenants and timber lands, the management of securities, with painting as a hobby). He has little desire for sociable, gregarious activities, and satisfies his lusts at a bordello. He has two close friendships, a broken romance with a girl who might have made him a fine wife, and a highly valued but not at all demanding bond with his mother.

But all these are lost, by death or for other reasons, and at 47 this seemingly born bachelor finds himself virtually deprived of human intimacy. Shortly thereafter, in an upwelling of loneliness, love, desire, and imaginative sympathy, he marries a ravishing, libidinous girl of 17. He does this despite the fact that he confidently predicts to himself that she will sooner or later turn from him. But even Robert Millhouser does not foresee the gross cruelty of her turning.

He is, in the end, another of O'Hara's

melancholy figures, at once passionately broken and, with a kind of stoic grace, carrying his own wreckage across an abyss of doubt. For admirers of the recent O'Hara novels, Robert Millhouser will be a moving addition to the Pennsylvania gallery.

►**Summing Up:** O'Hara, back home again in Pennsylvania.

Cash McHawley

THE LINCOLN LORDS. By Cameron Hawley. 556 pages. Little, Brown. \$5.

Probably nobody in recent years has made such a breeze of the literary double play (best seller to star-spangled movie) than a 54-year-old, 6-foot-4 novelist named Cameron Hawley, a former business executive. Since he quit his job as director of advertising and promotion with the Armstrong Cork Co. in mid-1951, after nearly a quarter of a century with that firm, the heavily mustached Hawley has cashed in with "Executive Suite," the story of a corporate power struggle, and "Cash McCall," the story of a financial virtuoso bent on beating the towering U.S. tax structure. "The Lincoln Lords," the story of a \$50,000-a-year executive with a very worried wife and a few nagging self-doubts of his own, has the polished narration and gray-flannel conflict that could well make it executive Hawley's third straight winner in the best-seller stakes.

The reason for Maggie Lord's doubts about her husband's business competence is the trade's verdict that he is merely a "job-jumper," keeping a high-level post for about two years on charm and a gift for brain-picking, and then running on to another job when a pitched battle develops. Will he now face up to his present challenge? The battleground for testing his true stature is the Coastal Foods Co., high in unexploited quality but also hock-deep in trouble when Lord moves in as president. It seems highly unlikely that any reader of this book will ever regain his old impersonal attitude toward pork and beans.

►**Summing Up:** Suspense on the soup assembly line.

Ten to Read

►**Queen Mary: 1867-1953**—A brilliant biography by James Pope-Hennessy of the present Queen's grandmother (reviewed NEWSWEEK, 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).

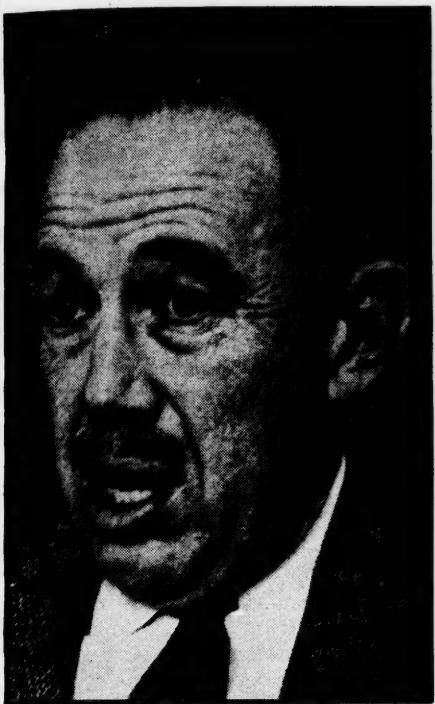
►**Meeting With Japan**—An introduction to Nippon, at once brilliantly personal

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 his-



Newsweek—Tony Rollo

Hawley: One chapter in 44 tries

TALK WITH THE AUTHOR

"Writing was no escape from business for me," Cameron Hawley told an interviewer last week. "I liked business, had a lot of fun in it. But I'd been a writer all my life, really. In high school I supported myself on my writing. In college [South Dakota State] I didn't even take English, simply because my writing was already paying me more than the English professor was earning. My responsibilities with Armstrong Cork got me into the writing of a couple of hundred radio and TV scripts, and on the side I wrote short fiction for the magazines."

"In business I worked fourteen hours a day six days a week. In writing I work fourteen hours a day seven days a week. And I still spend plenty of time in the business world." (For "The Lincoln Lords" he spent many weeks with food salesmen, brokers, and research people.)

"The published version of 'The Lords' runs to about 200,000 words. To get them, I wrote a total of 3.5 million words."

The first chapter of the book was exactly my 44th draft.

"Every day I start writing at 8:30 a.m. and stay with it until 1 p.m.—that's when I do my best writing. After lunch I have a half-hour conference with my farm manager [who runs the Hawleys' 200-acre spread in Lancaster County, Pa.]. From 2:30 to 6, I write or research. Ditto from 8 p.m. until midnight or later.

"My mail—which runs as high as 200 letters a week—shows the odd and often painful position of the American businessman. By his late 40s or early 50s, he's chairman of the board and he starts torturing himself with the question: 'What do I do with the rest of my life?' But I'm neither an apologist nor a guy with a cure-all message."

Just Folks

CHAUTAUQUA. By Day Keene and Dwight Vincent. 320 pages. Putnam. \$3.95.

"What kind of place is Radford Center?" inquires a lady member of the Chautauqua tent show in this novel as the train jolts its way thither across the sweltering Iowa corn land. "Average," she is told, and Radford Center—where the show puts down stakes for a week—turns out indeed to possess a homely familiarity for anybody who has ever lingered in Kings Row or Peyton Place. The hotelkeeper's daughter is a nymphomaniac, the cabdriver's wife is a prostitute, the druggist and the newspaper editor are rivals in lechery, and the corresponding secretary of the WCTU is a dope addict. Just folks, one and all.

From the jacket illustration—featuring a sumptuously stacked damsel with her hair down her back and her bodice at half-mast—straight through to the last pages, in which a splayed plot is yanked together for a round-robin happy ending, this is a novel which has one distinction only. It is so forthrightly trashy that the reader can at least give it credit for shunning pretension.

Package Goods: Written (or rather synthesized from used parts) by a pair of fiction mechanics associated with movies and paperback originals, the book has the minimal merit of not feigning to be anything other than an article of merchandise. As such, it promises to make some noise. Publishers' Weekly, the bugle of the book trade, has predicted that it will be a best seller, and M-G-M—seemingly attracted by the fact that it sounds like a movie script already—bought it before publication.

This squalid yarn does, however, have one quality which will come in handy to the reader who must have a respectable excuse for indulging an appetite for bilge. The week in which the tent show makes its stand in Radford Center and

Love Letters to Rambler



Veteran automotive service specialist Bernard F. Grant of Albertson, N.Y., rolled up 334,000 miles on 3 previously-owned American Motors cars, writes that his present Rambler 6 wagon with overdrive is "a perfect quality-built car":

"ECONOMY, OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE AND COMFORT"

"I travel a lot...carry heavy loads. In 7 weeks, I have traveled 5,600 miles...averaged 24.9 mpg the first 1,000 miles and 26.4 mpg for the next 3,000. The above did not surprise me half as much as the ease of handling and parking. In fact, my wife thought we had power steering the first time she drove the car. I also learned what fine riding qualities are engineered in this Rambler. A perfect quality-built car."

See how 10 years' experience and 25 billion owner-driven miles pay off for Rambler owners: lowest first cost, top gas mileage, highest resale value. Easiest turning, parking. Room for 6 adults. Rattleproof Single-Unit construction. Exclusive Deep-Dip rust-proofing. See Rambler 6 or V-8.



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- tory 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, by Richard B. Hovey (Nov. 2).
- ▶ Men at the Top—Osborn Elliott does a sharply focused close-up group portrait of more than 100 leading U.S. businessmen in action (Nov. 2).
- ▶ James Joyce—The definitive biography of a man who is hard to define, by Richard Ellmann (Oct. 26).

brings all the town's iniquities to a boil is back in the summer of 1921. Stressing period color, the authors draw strong nostalgic effect from the palm-leaf fans, the Maxwell motorcars, and the Chautauqua itself—a rickety but fondly remembered institution for bringing culture to the American backwoods.

►Summing Up: How to get the suckers under the tent.

No Wallowing Allowed

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated by David Magarshack. 188 pages. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. \$3.75.

"Ah, this is a love story if ever there was one!"

With this extravagant exclamation, Gustave Flaubert, whose "Madame Bovary" is an erotic classic of quite a different sort, summarized "The Torrents of Spring" by the Russian master Ivan Turgenev (1818-1883). In David Magarshack's new translation, the first in English in more than 50 years, "The Torrents" may strike many modern readers as at once a delight and a relief.

In outline, the story is of the simplest. A young Russian nobleman, Sanin, visiting in Frankfort, falls in love with Gemma, the dazzling daughter of an Italian confectioner. When she is offended by an intoxicated German officer, her German civilian fiancé beats a retreat, but Sanin fights a duel with the officer and honor is satisfied without bodily harm to either. Sanin thereafter becomes engaged to the girl and sets out to sell his Russian property to the rich wife of an old school friend. The wife proves to be a luxuriant siren who lures Sanin off to Paris and presently abandons him. Sanin, in short, in the few pages of the novel, experiences both romantic ecstasy with Gemma and superheated sensual capture by the woman of the world.

Sensations: The modern reader's delight will come from the delicate, assured, seemingly casual skill with which Turgenev evokes both affairs. The reader's relief may proceed from the realization that a story which is basically concerned with sexual matters can be so effective without any of the contemporary wallowing in carnal imagery and vocabulary. With daring harmlessness, Turgenev can write:

"Sanin returned home and, without lighting a candle, flung himself down on the sofa, put his hands behind his head and abandoned himself to those sensations of newly awakened love which it would be a waste of time to describe: He who has experienced them knows how sweet and languorous they are; to him who has not experienced them they are impossible to explain."

►Summing Up: Ivan the wonderful.

A Frenchman's Classic View of Us

For the speechmaker who wants to sound knowledgeable about the political anatomy of the U.S.A., no handier name-drop exists than the French social historian Alexis de Tocqueville. Like a true classic, Tocqueville (1805-1859) is oftener quoted than read, although his masterpiece, "Democracy in America," is one of the world's most readable great works of scholarship. Last week, under the title of "Journey to America" (394 pages. \$6.50), the Yale University Press published the fourteen notebooks in which Tocqueville jotted down his foreigner's-eye view when he visited



Bettmann Archive

this country in 1831-32. No substitute for the book into which they developed, the notes are random, repetitious, and, in the editing, too skimpily annotated for the purposes of the non-scholar. But they are nonetheless fresh and lively reading.

Tocqueville was young (26) when he was sent here as a minor magistrate to study the U.S. penal system. Fascinated by a society that was young also, he eagerly extended his study, saw all he could see, and picked the brains of backwoodsman and lofty statesman alike. In high-brow Boston and frontier Saginaw, Mich. (then an encampment of three houses), he sought the essence of what made the new world different from the old. Usually he liked what he saw, although he kept his enthusiasm well in balance.

These are samples from his impressions, interviews, and reflections:

►"Why, as civilization spreads, do outstanding men become fewer? Why, when attainments are the lot of all, do great intellectual talents become rarer? Why, when there are no longer lower classes, are there no more upper classes? Why, when knowledge of how to rule reaches the masses, is there a lack of great abilities in the direction of society? America clearly poses these questions. But who can answer them?"

►"There are men of integrity in almost all parties, but there is no party of integrity."

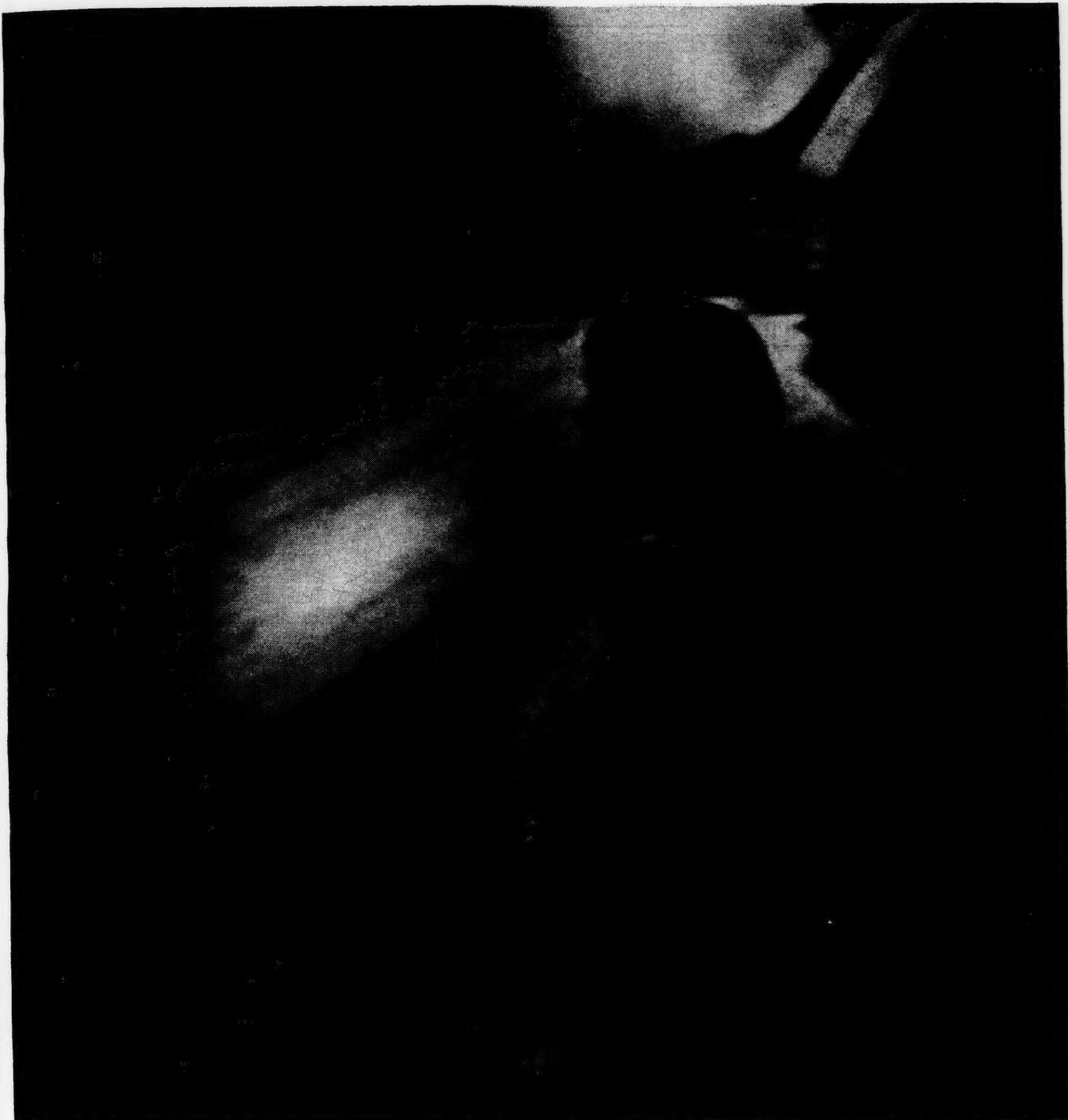
►"When one considers the chastity of their morals, the simplicity of their manners, their habits of work . . . one is tempted to believe that the Americans are a virtuous people; but when one considers the commercial fervor which seems to devour the whole of society . . . one is . . . led to think that this pretended virtue is only the absence of certain vices, and if the number of human passions seems restricted here, it is because they have all been absorbed in just one: The love of wealth."

►"The Americans in their log houses have the air of rich folk who have temporarily gone to spend a season in a hunting lodge."

►"How can one be in doubt about the pernicious influence of military glory in a republic? What determines the people's choice in favor of General [Andrew] Jackson who, as it would seem, is a very mediocre man? What still guarantees him the votes of the people in spite of the opposition of the enlightened classes? The battle of New Orleans. And yet that battle was a very ordinary feat of arms . . ."

►"Interview with Mr. [John Quincy] Adams (the former President): He said . . . 'I remember a Southern congressman who was dining with me in Washington, and who could not conceal his surprise at seeing white servants serving us at table. He said to Mrs. Adams: 'I feel that it is degrading the human race to have white men for servants'.'"

►"Only an ambitious or a foolish man could, after seeing America, maintain that in the actual state of the world, American political institutions could be applied elsewhere than there. To be convinced of that it is enough to see the different ways in which republicanism is understood and functions in the various states of the Union . . ."



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Unnecessary School Aid

by Raymond Moley

CONGRESS began its big bite into the 1961 surplus when the Senate passed a \$1.8 billion, two-year bill for school construction and teachers' salaries. The House will omit teachers' salaries and probably pass a smaller school-construction bill. The President's modest request is for help to needy districts to service their school bonds.

Not one of the 51 senators who voted in such haste could have believed that their pass-the-buck bill could become law. And I doubt that any of them could have believed the rumble-jumble of figures with which they embellished their arguments.

Calamitous reports of our decaying schools moved President Truman to order a "school facilities survey" in 1951. This booby trap he left with his successor. The report was replete with exaggeration, wild guesses, and downright inventions. It was based upon a questionnaire to state school authorities which invited them to answer their wants, not needs, figures etched by itching fingers.

Imagine President Eisenhower's embarrassment when he was induced to say in a message in 1955 that there was need for 300,000 classrooms and two months later his Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare admitted that there had been an enormous exaggeration in his figures!

FREEMAN UPHELD

Then the U.S. Office of Education started its own annual estimate of classroom shortages. These were: For 1956, 159,000; for 1957, 142,300; for 1958, 141,900; for 1959, 132,400. Since every state official has his own way of estimating a shortage, such figures reflect only a state of mind. They show, however, a declining "shortage" estimate.

Without Federal aid, states and districts have executed abundant building programs. The classrooms "in use"—a more reliable figure than "needs" reported by the Truman survey—seven years ago numbered 983,000. The 1959 survey of the Office of Education indicated 1,279,000, an increase of 30 per cent. The pupil enrollment meanwhile increased only 20 per cent.

A representative of the Office of

Education estimated last December that 610,000 classrooms were needed to be built between 1960 and 1970. That estimate of 61,000 classrooms a year is almost exactly what Roger Freeman estimated in his 1958 book, "School Needs in the Decade Ahead," which brought upon his head screams of dissent from the NEA and other Federal-aid exponents.

But over the past five years the states and districts have been building 66,740 classrooms annually. Thus there can be no justification at all for saying that states and districts cannot close whatever gap there may be. For school districts can and will continue to build, if Federal aid is not introduced. That aid would be a most effective tranquilizer. This effect of Federal aid has been shown in many other fields.

FEWER CHILDREN

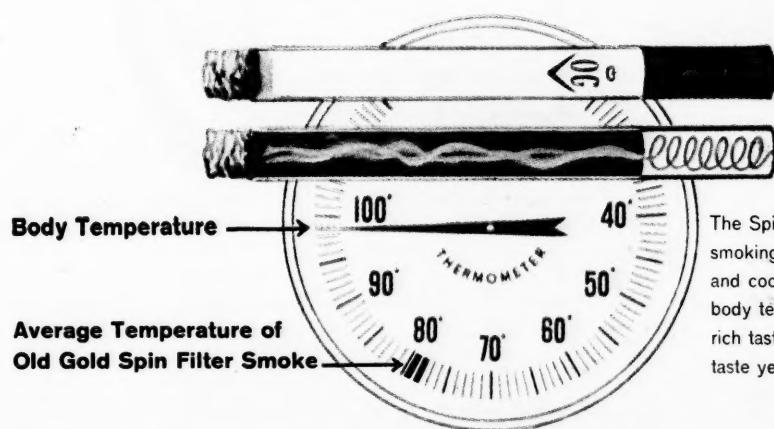
According to an admission exacted from Secretary Flemming, education officials who answered telegraphic inquiries identified only 270 out of 35,000 school districts which have exhausted their legal bonding capacity. This handful of districts are "borrowed up" and cannot get help from the states. It is a primary responsibility of the states to see that they are helped. The proposal of the President is to help servicing of bonded indebtedness in cases of need.

Another very important fact should be considered. The crest of the wave of new school enrollment is behind us, since the war babies are now leaving school. The Bureau of the Census says that the average annual increase in school-age population (5-17 years) from 1955 to 1960 was 1,494,000, but will drop to 1,145,000 in the coming five years. And from 1965 to 1970 the number of new enrollments will shrink to 644,000.

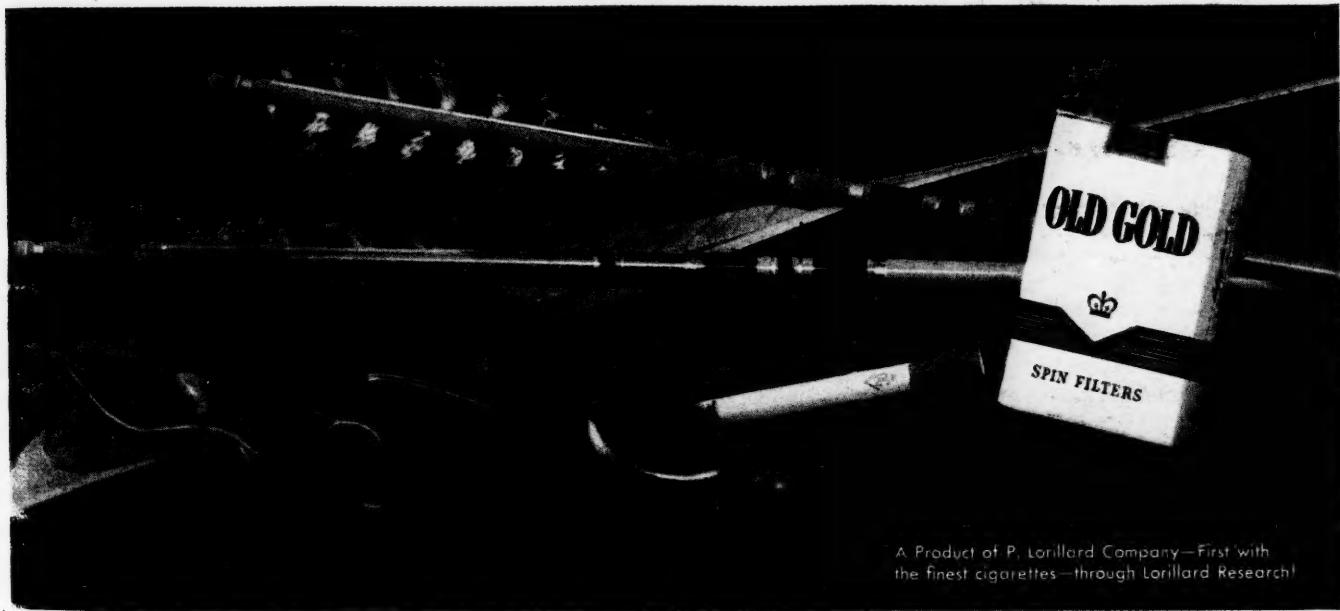
The schools are not being starved under the states and districts. Over the past twenty years, enrollments grew 43 per cent; school expenditures, 563 per cent (from \$2.3 billion to \$15.5 billion).

To be sure, many improvements are needed in educational standards and efficiency in using the plants we have and are building. Financial neglect is not the heart of the problem.

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