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GENERAL INFORMATION

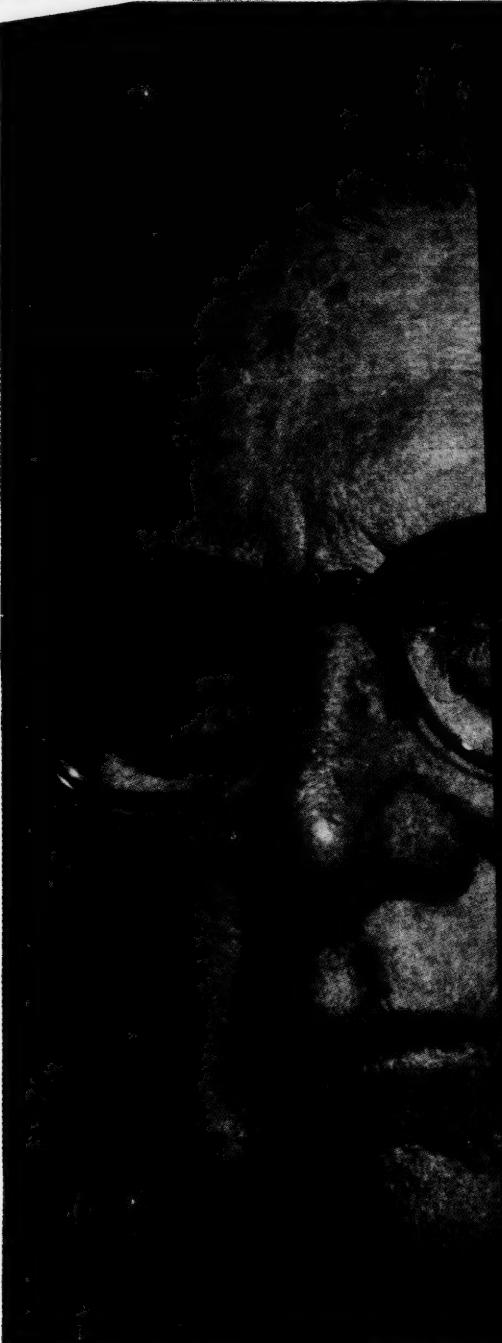
NEWSWAVE

Spotlight
on
Business

STEEL SHOCK WAVES
Prices—Politics—Labor—Stocks

JANUARY 18, 1960 25c

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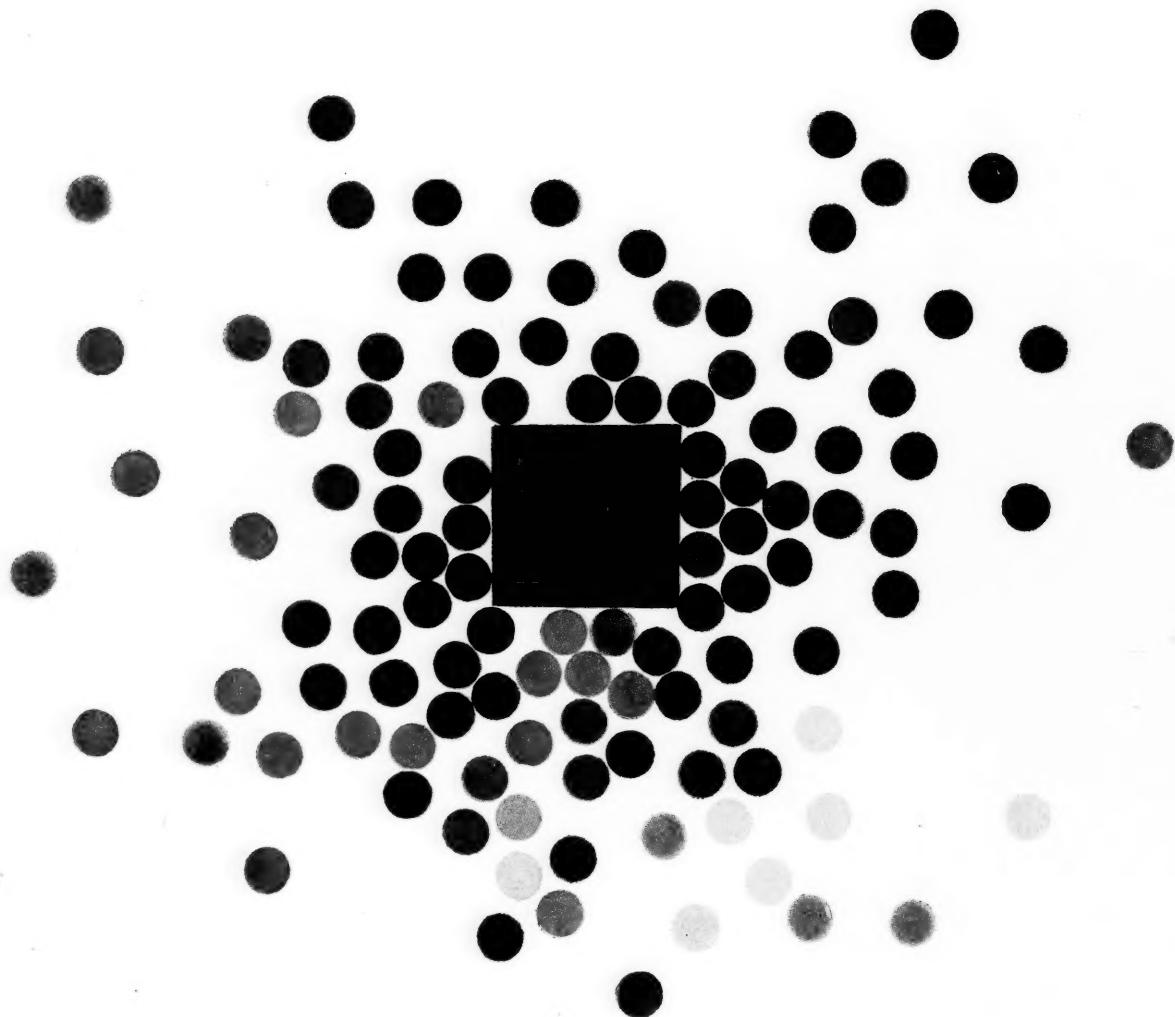


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LETTERS

Latin Parallel

What Castro is doing to Cuba now, Perón did to Argentina between 1946 and his fall in 1955. Perón lasted longer than Castro will last, because Perón seized Argentine wealth when there was more of it than Cuba has. Castro will fail as Perón did, because no economy can subsist long on destructive effort alone.

M. T. MEADOWS
Buenos Aires, Argentina

'Butter' and 'Bread'

Very rightly, you say India's economy must catch up with its population (The '60s, Dec. 14, 1959). What better way can Khrushchev embarrass India's economy than by forcing her to provide guns as well as butter? As it is, Indians have very little "butter" and, in fact, insufficient "bread."

P. M. LACEY
Matale, Ceylon

►No greater challenge faces the world than that of India. Outer space is a minor problem in comparison.

HENRY MEYERS
London, England

Voice From Iran

So much of your NEWS SPOT IN FOCUS on Iran (INTERNATIONAL, Jan. 4) is first-rate that one laments the tendency to start hares . . . First the "rebelliousness" of Iran's 2.5 million Kurdish tribesmen. Such rebelliousness does not exist. Second the question whether "the Russians—and the Iraqis—[will] give Iran . . . the . . . five years [it] needs" to become a "modern, stable state." I quote a Per-

(Continued on Page 6)

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AIR-MAZE
The Filter Engineers

LETTERS

(Continued from Page 2)

sian mystic: "Oh Lord, protect me from the ignorance of my friends; I can deal with my enemies."

ABDOL HOSSEIN HAMZAVI
Ambassador—Director of Iranian
Information Center
New York City

The Case of Dr. Sittler

Your article concerning the treatment Dr. Edward Sittler, a self-admitted former Nazi, received when the New York Jewish War Veterans under L.N. Duberstein protested his associate professorship at C.W. Post College (EDUCATION, Dec. 28, 1959) is the first truly unbiased article I have read on the case.

DOUGLAS BAIRD
Syosset, N.Y.

►NEWSWEEK was foolish in its presentation of the case against Sittler. Are we supposed to cry for a man who renounced his U.S. citizenship and became a Nazi propagandist? I cannot condone forgiving so easily.

GORDON SEGAL
Evanston, Ill.

►Sittler was man enough to admit his mistake. America has a place for all sincere seekers after truth. She has no place for hatemongers.

ELWOOD K. FRISBEE
Spring Valley, N.Y.

►Dr. Sittler made his bed; now he can lie in it. He should go back to the Germany he chose to live in; he doesn't belong here.

BARBARA R. GREEN
San Francisco, Calif.

►If a man admits his errors, surely he can't be all bad.

H. D. BOBST
Kansas City, Mo.

►If Sittler abused our principles, he paid for it. Duberstein should understand the errors of vengeful thinking. The Lord said: "Vengeance is Mine." Not Duberstein's.

JOHN R. HUDSON
Los Angeles, Calif.



'The Paris gun': Weapon from afar

The Big Ones

The late Raymond Gram Swing (TRANSITION, Dec. 28, 1959), you say, broke the story of Germany's famous gun, "Big Bertha," used to reduce the Belgian forts at Liége and Namur in 1914. In 1918, when "the Paris gun" began bombarding the French capital at a distance of 75 miles, newspaper correspondents resurrected the name and applied it to this gun.

MARSHALL MILLER
Birmingham, Ala.

►The Paris gun, which was mistakenly called "Big Bertha," had a maximum range of 80 miles. The length of the barrel was 113 feet plus a smooth-bore muzzle attachment which brought the total length to 130 feet. The projectile weighed 264 pounds. And it was fired 367 times at Paris. The German navy, rather than the army, was in charge of handling it.

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Newsweek, January 18, 1960



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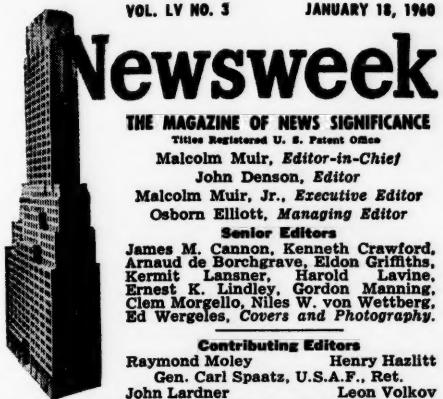
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A Well-Informed Public
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Top of the Week

✓ **The Red Rockets' Glare.** What's behind Russia's plan to drop rockets in our Pacific back yard. Propaganda? Putting a man in space? Anyway, it isn't "our lake" any longer. Page 17.

✓ **State of the Union—State of the Budget.** They're both in the pink, the President says, calling on Americans to help lift the scourge of world poverty. Ike smiles—and there's a \$4 billion reason why. Page 18. Also, revolt of the liberals in Congress. Page 19.

✓ **How Does Jack Kennedy Do It?** How did he line up that potent Ohio delegation? The clandestine meetings, the aliases. Where's he aiming next? Page 20.

✓ **The Aswan High Dam—the World's Biggest—Gets Started.** Nasser pushes a button and the Russian bulldozers roll forward—as Westerners watch dourly. NEWS SPOT IN FOCUS, page 30.

✓✓ **Erle Stanley Gardner, the World's Most Widely Read Novelist.** Associate editor Leslie Hanscom takes a long look at the colorful mystery creator of Perry Mason. Page 53.

✓✓ **Shock Waves of the Steel Strike—in Prices, Politics, Labor, Stocks.** SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS answers the key questions. How much boom—and inflation—now? How did management really fare? The effect on the stock market? Pages 63-69. Also, how the settlement affects Dick Nixon, page 21.

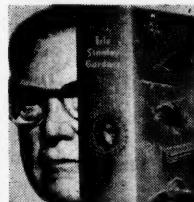
✓ **'Juden Raus!' 'Jews Get Out!'** Swastika-painting and racial vandalism revive ugly memories from Cologne to Buenos Aires to Iowa. Is it psychopaths, kids looking for kicks, or neo-Nazis? Page 80. Its meaning for Germany's fledgling democracy. Page 27.

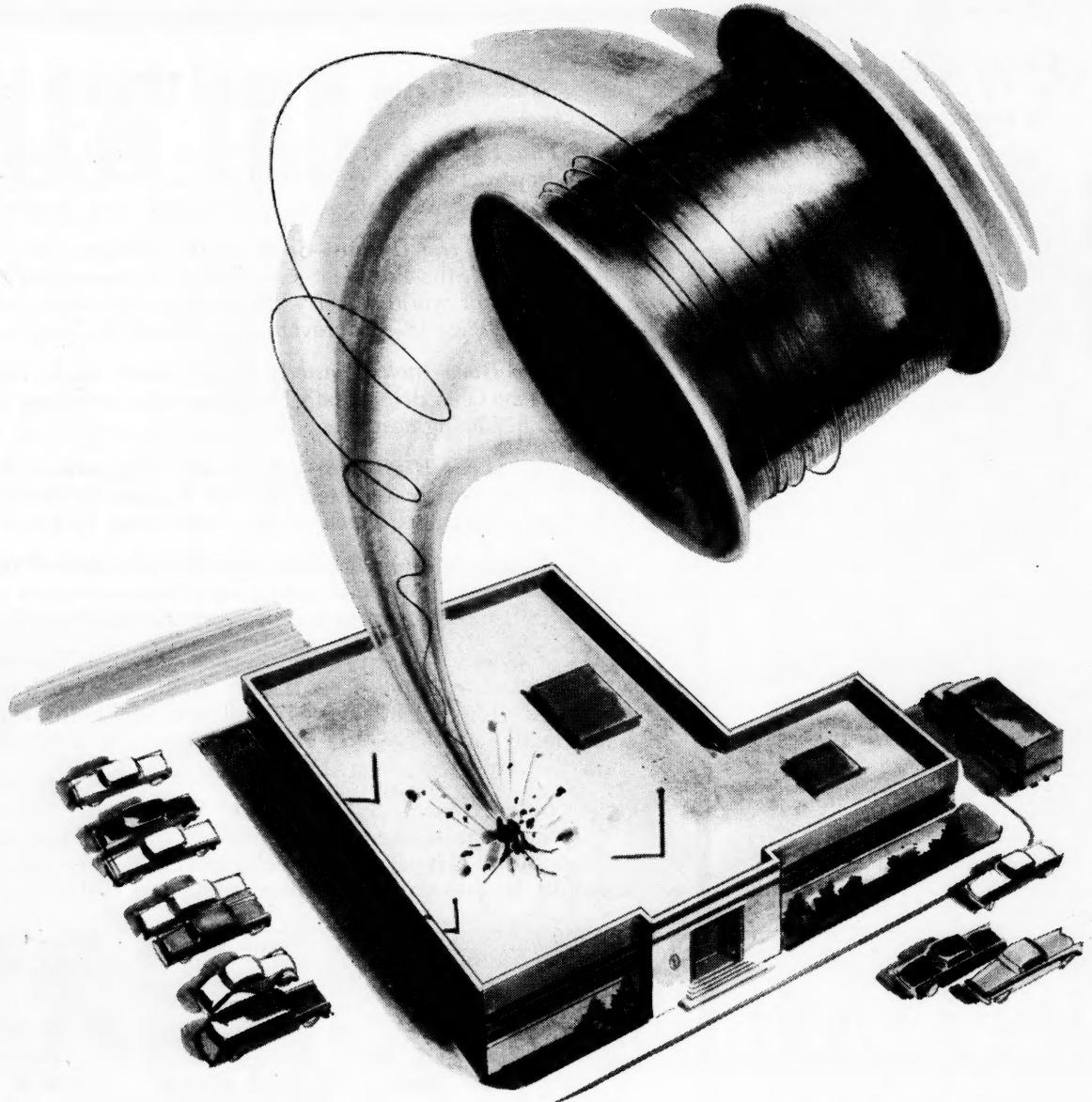


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THE COVER: Erle Stanley Gardner, mystic who never shows his hand, shows part of his face around a symbolic design of his 100th book, emblazoned by artist Norbert Van Houten with symbols of the whodunit trade. For a fuller picture of this fantastically popular carpenter of crime tales, see page 53.





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Periscoping the Nation

Nixon: Team Player—Until
Swastikas at the U.N.
What Kennedy Sold Off
Macmillan: Peking-bound?

Ahead of the News

CAPITOL HILL — Vice President Nixon plans no major speeches before farm groups until after the GOP convention in July. Why? "I'd have to say what I actually think," he told a recent visitor, "and until I'm a candidate I've got to stay on the President's team." He and Ike differ on farm problems mainly in emphasis and approach. Plus which, Nixon considers Agriculture Secretary Benson a political liability now.

UNITED NATIONS — It has been hushed up, but THE PERISCOPE learns that swastikas turned up on the desks of three Secretariat employes here last week. All three are Jewish; two are American and one is French. One found the Nazi symbol drawn on a desk pad when he returned from lunch. The others received them in envelopes distributed through internal U.N. mail.

SENATE OFFICE BUILDING — Wealthy Sen. Jack Kennedy (see page 20) has unloaded all of his stocks, cut his investments to government bonds, some real estate, and an interest in oil wells controlled by his father. And he plans to sell off his oil interests. He sold all his other holdings in private companies just before formally announcing his candidacy (NEWSWEEK, Jan. 11).

The Executive Wing

WHITE HOUSE — "I don't care what you fellows think. I'm going to keep kicking this thing around until I die." The speaker: President Eisenhower. The subject: U.S. aid to underdeveloped nations. Ike was discussing it with Cabinet members, some of whom—notably Treasury Secretary Anderson—were objecting to the cost.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT — The Secret Service is urging that armed guards in the four South American nations Ike will visit next month be lined up to face the crowds, not Ike. In several of the Asian and African countries he visited last month, soldiers stood with backs to the crowds, and muzzles of their submachine guns, slung belt-high, pointed right at the President as he

drove by. "It would have been no trick at all," says one agent, "for a spectator on the curb to have reached a trigger and sprayed his car."

EXECUTIVE OFFICES BUILDING — Associates deny it, but persistent reports here say both Army Secretary Wilber Brucker and Keith Glennan, first National Aeronautics and Space Administration chief, will soon resign.

Capital Backstage

SENATE OFFICE BUILDING — Sen. Thomas C. Hennings, chairman of the Missouri delegation to the 1956 Democratic National Convention, may not even be a delegate this year. The reason: Bad blood between him and his junior colleague, Sen. Stuart Symington, an undeclared Presidential hopeful. As a delegate, Hennings would have to vote for Symington for the nomination and the two lawmakers just plain don't like each other.

AGRICULTURE DEPARTMENT — Adding credence to Agriculture Secretary Benson's insistence that he will not resign: He's combing the Capital for a topnotch speechwriter to help him prepare for appearances before Congressional committees and, later, for campaign talks.

SENATE PRESS GALLERY — What prompted Republican senators to put aside, temporarily, filling a vacancy on the Foreign Relations Committee? What interrupted the Democratic caucus debate over Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson's one-man rule? The answer: Over-aged page boys. The problem: Should Senate rules be changed to allow several pages, who'll soon pass the 17-year age limit, to remain on the job, and in the special pages' school. The decision: Yes.

Where Are They Now?

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Homer Ferguson, two-term (1943-55) Republican senator from Michigan, best known as co-author with Sen. Owen Brewster of the dissenting opinion in the Pearl

The Periscope

Harbor investigation (they blamed F.D.R.) and for the major role he played in the 1947 probe of Howard Hughes' wartime plane contracts, lives quietly with his wife, Myrtle, in a modest home in the Northwest residential section here. Defeated for a third term, Ferguson served a year as U.S. Ambassador to the Philippines, is now, at 70, a judge on the Court of Military Appeals. He "misses the excitement of the Senate" and is a frequent visitor to Capitol Hill. His favorite hobby? "Birdshooting—for quail."

WASHINGTON, D.C. — Ex-Sen. Owen Brewster, the spare, bald Maine Republican who was chair-

man of the special committee that investigated Hughes (see left) and Hughes' check-grabbing, night-clubbing publicity man, Johnny Meyer, lives in a Mayflower Hotel apartment here with his wife, Dorothy, and is now an unpaid consultant to the conservative Americans for Constitutional Action. He also is a member of the Boy Scouts' National Council. A two-term Maine governor (1925-29), three-term congressman (1935-41), and two-term senator (1941-53), Brewster, 71, misses Capitol Hill not at all. Since his primary defeat in 1952, he says, "I've had a keen appreciation of what a treadmill the Senate and the House are."

Periscoping the World

The Inside Story

SEOUL — Hushed up at the request of the State Department: Deployment of atomic Nike-Hercules and non-atomic Hawk air-defense missiles in South Korea. Such weapons ostensibly are taboo under terms of the Korean armistice. The U.S. is going ahead anyway because the North Koreans have repeatedly violated truce terms by building new air bases, bringing in new Russian-built jet fighters.

LONDON — Prime Minister Macmillan, THE PERISCOPE learns, just may visit Peking for talks with Red Chinese boss Mao Tse-tung. He'll discuss this with fellow Commonwealth Prime Ministers when they meet here in May. But nothing will be done until after the U.S. elections.

CONAKRY, GUINEA — Next top-level tourist to Africa (after Macmillan and Khrushchev): Red China's Premier Chou En-lai. Answering a New Year's message from Guinea's Premier Sekou Touré, Chou wrote: "It is my personal hope and desire to be able to undertake during the coming year a long-cherished dream of visiting independent Africa to strengthen the ties . . . between the peoples of Africa and China."

The Diplomatic Pouch

WHITEHALL — "I'll let you in on all of the Soviet Union's space secrets if you will accept my disarmament plan." British Foreign Office experts firmly expect Khrushchev to make such a grandstand offer at the summit conference. The object: A propaganda score, since K well knows the West wouldn't buy it.

TOKYO — With a helping hand from Ike, expect a big improvement by spring in the long-bitter, tangled relations between Japan and South Korea. Ike, meeting Japanese Premier Kishi in

Washington next week, will urge him to move fast to patch things up. A prime reason: Syngman Rhee's government has lost face because of the repatriation of Koreans from Japan to North Korea (NEWSWEEK, Dec. 28, 1959), must recoup before the springtime Presidential election.

LAGOS, NIGERIA — Half a dozen British monitoring stations have been set up in northern Nigeria to keep tabs on that first French atomic-bomb test slated for the Sahara in late February. Britain's Macmillan, arriving here, gave Nigerians this pledge: If there's any evidence that fallout threatens Nigeria and neighboring territories, he will immediately ask France to move its test-site off the African mainland.

Red Gambits

MOSCOW — Because he has quit playing footsie with the Red Chinese (THE PERISCOPE, Nov. 3, 1958), former Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, in limbo as Ambassador to Outer Mongolia since 1957, may soon be restored to public good grace. This from Western observers here.

BAGHDAD — For local consumption, Red propagandists are giving this outlandish twist to the current rash of swastika-smearing in West Germany (see page 80): It's all a government plot to curry favor with the anti-Israel Arab world.

BUDAPEST — Say a few kind words publicly about the Kadar regime and win a free trip West "to research social problems." That's the offer Red puppet boss Janos Kadar, still trying to woo Hungarian intellectuals, is making now to writers and artists. So far, no takers.

For Periscoping TV-Radio, page 49; Space and the Atom, page 83; Music, page 85.



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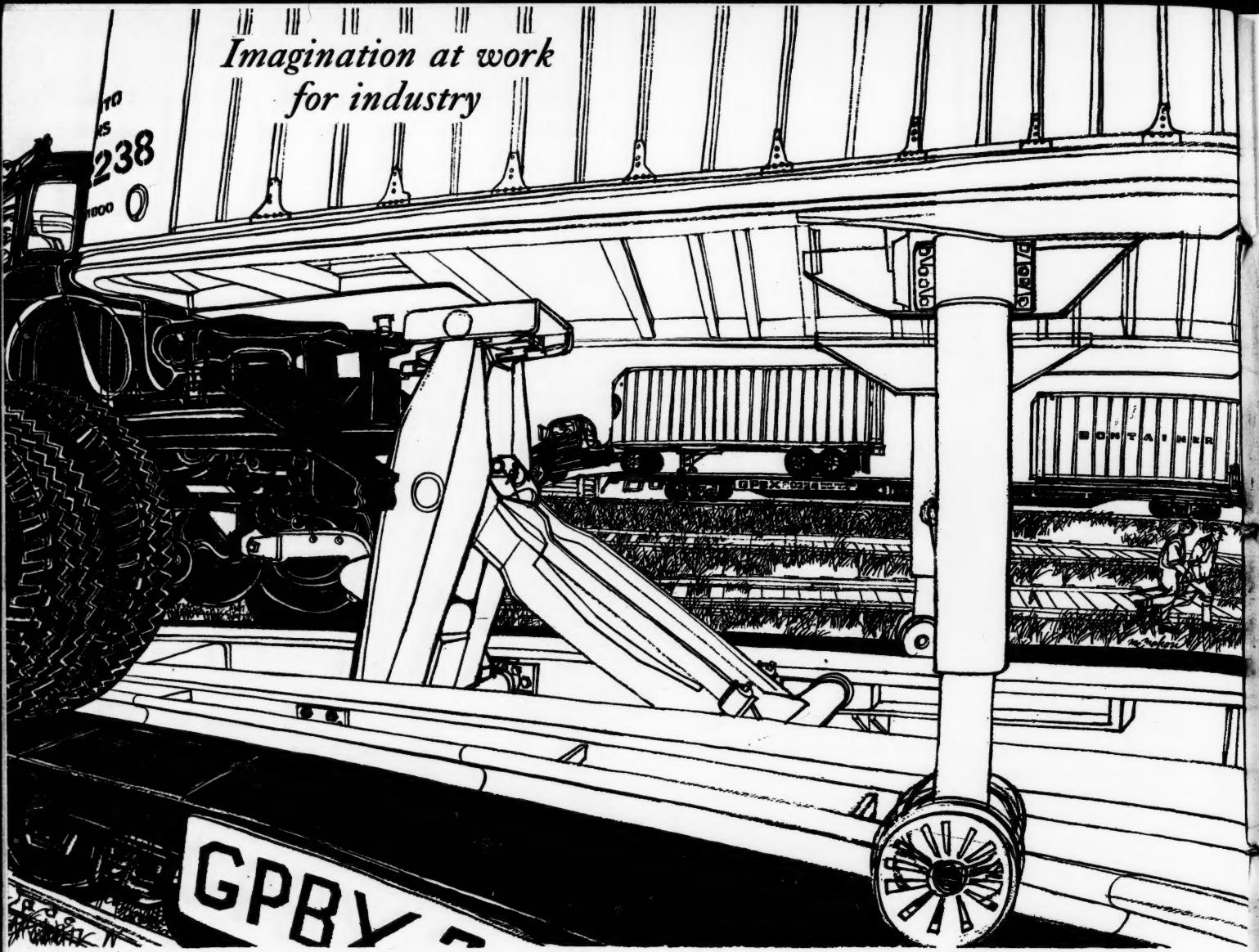
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The Periscope

Washington Trends

'Caretaker' Candidate?

Settlement of the steel strike—together with the prospect for continued peace and prosperity—has been a serious blow to Democratic hopes of winning the White House this year.

A few party leaders are so discouraged they are even talking about putting up a "caretaker" candidate—one who would simply hold the Democrats together in defeat.

Their choice for the best man to do this: Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

At the same time, Democratic pessimism seems to be boosting the stock of Jack Kennedy.

Reason: Many Democrats were reluctant to gamble with Kennedy as long as this looked like a promising Democratic year.

Now these Democrats are saying: Maybe we ought to let Kennedy see what he can do.

Note: Don't count on the Democrats staying "down" for long. Once the campaign really gets going, they'll no doubt turn optimistic again, with all candidates hell-bent on nomination.

Mitchell for Veep?

The steel settlement (see page 63) has Labor Secretary Mitchell riding high—for the moment at least—as top GOP Vice Presidential possibility.

Ike, long a Mitchell booster, is giving his Labor Secretary a large share of the credit for the steel settlement.

So, too, is Vice President Nixon.

But this doesn't mean Mitchell has the nomination wrapped up yet by any means.

Some Nixon aides still criticize his earlier, optimistic handling of the steel dispute, question whether he can really swing much of the organized labor vote.

Ike's Big Weapon

Although Congress is just under way, Ike already has leveled what he once called the "veto pistol" at a bill to control water pollution.

The bill, now in Senate-House conference, would double the \$50 million a year the U.S. now allots

municipalities to build sewage treatment plants.

The President actually wants to kill the whole program. Reason: He regards sewage as a local problem—to be solved locally.

Russia's Debt

Settlement of Russia's long-standing Lend-Lease debt to the U.S. is now considered likely—for about \$600 million.

But government officials warn against interpreting such an agreement as the acid test of Soviet intentions at the summit.

"A concession on Lend-Lease is a long way from a concession on Berlin," one expert says.

The total Lend-Lease bill was \$10.8 billion, but the U.S. asked only \$1.3 billion for civilian goods. The last U.S. demand: \$800 million. Russia's best offer so far: \$300 million.

Castro's Capers

U.S. relations with Castro's Cuba are likely to get worse before they get better.

Even so, Washington hopes to avoid a showdown by demonstrating that we are sympathetic and understanding.

One problem: Castro's abysmal ignorance of international life.

Recently he contacted capital-hungry African nations, seeking substitute funds for those drying up from U.S. sources.

Safety in the Air

The FAA's continuing drive for greater air safety means weather radar for all major passenger planes in the next two years.

Under a new FAA rule, DC-6, DC-7, and Constellation planes must have radar by 1961—all others by 1962. Jets already have it.

Note: In demanding this, the government overrode the objections of some airlines which had been balking because of the cost involved.

For Business Trends, see page 61.



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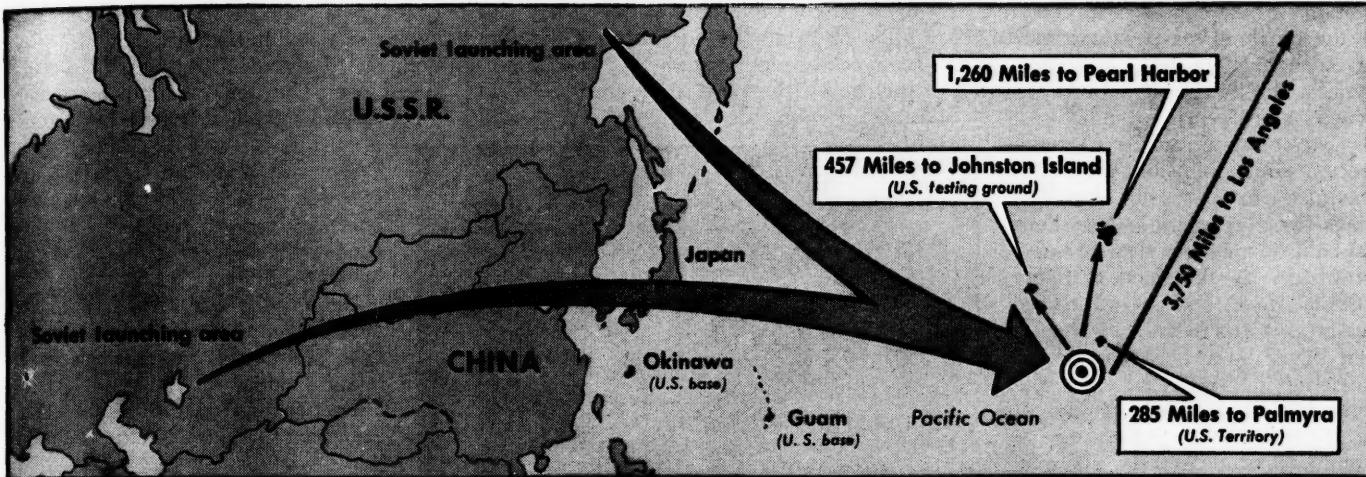
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Newsweek

THE MAGAZINE OF NEWS SIGNIFICANCE

January 18, 1960

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



Newsweek—Van Dyke

THE RED ROCKETS' GLARE

Across the United States last week, the latest Soviet rocket announcement caused about as much stir as a firecracker in a thunderstorm. In once jingoistic Chicago, it didn't even make the front pages. In Los Angeles, a businessman's shrugging comment was typical: "What are they going to hit? Just the ocean." In Detroit, a General Motors man said: "What difference does it make?" In Atlanta, a stockbroker said he had heard no talk about it and added: "We're all becoming pretty used to these announcements." In short, what most Americans had to say was: "So what?"

And yet the new Moscow statement hit closer to home for the United States than most previous Russian boasts on rocketry. What the Soviets proposed was to carry their tests into an area that many Americans have come to regard as *mare nostrum*: The Central Pacific.

Between Jan. 15 and Feb. 15, the statement said, new and "more powerful" rockets would be fired into a specifically delineated area of the Pacific Ocean, covering about 45,000 square miles of open water. Ships and aircraft of other nations were told to steer clear. But only the United States had territorial interests anywhere near the designated zone. The closest islands were both American-owned: Palmyra Island, 285 miles to the east, and Johnston Island, 457

miles northwest. And the target zone was only 1,260 miles from the heart of the nation's newest state, Hawaii.

But it was not only these geographical factors that made the Russian announcement important. There was also the clear implication that momentous developments in Soviet rocketry were at hand. The new rocket, Moscow said, would "undertake space flights to planets of the solar system." And American defense officials and scientists are convinced, on past performance, that when the Russians put out this kind of deadpan announcement—as distinct from rhetorical saber-rattling—they really have something. Like Sputnik.

Time Factor: On the other hand, the timing of such announcements has generally been governed by political or propagandistic motives. It could scarcely have been a coincidence that Moscow's statement came within five hours of President Eisenhower's State of the Union speech. Certainly it cast its shadow over the President's quietly proud reference

to fifteen successful firings of the Atlas ICBM right on target.

Another possible motive revolved around the race to be first to send a man into space. The American Project Mercury is expected to launch a manned rocket, on a limited scale, within a matter of months. Were the Russians preparing to beat us to it? Were they planning to send a Red astronaut on a rocket ride of 7,000 miles from their launching site at Tyura Tan or the 3,800 miles from Kamchatka? Might they even be planning to put him (conceivably her) into orbit before bringing him down in the designated area of the Pacific? Washington experts were divided. Some thought it likely. Some ruled it out.

But there was nothing speculative about the hard fact that the Russians were moving into the American "back yard." Certainly they had every right to fire rockets into that stretch of sea, as much as the Americans had to fire them from Cape Canaveral into the Atlantic and from Vandenberg Air Force Base

into the Pacific. Nevertheless, the Russians' presence—in spotting planes and tracking ships—so close to American territory, and American testing grounds, put a new perspective on physical relations between the two countries.

The Central Pacific has lain within the American sphere,

The Inside Story

PENTAGON—U.S. intelligence expects the Russians soon to test-fire their ICBM's a full 5,000 miles into the Pacific toward Hawaii.

From NEWSWEEK'S PERISCOPE November 9, 1959

however nebulous, ever since Dewey defeated the Spanish at Manila and the Philippines came into American possession. Bataan and Pearl Harbor are inscribed in the history of World War II; so are the islands—Iwo Jima, Leyte, Tarawa—where thousands died on the long road back through the Pacific. If Americans like to think of it as "our lake," who can blame them?

It could be for that very reason—and to challenge that concept—that the Russians have laid out their target area. If so, the proximity of the two tiny American islands might lead to trouble. Palmyra, which is almost entirely privately owned and nearly uninhabited, has no present military significance.* But Johnston Island is scheduled to be used for test firings of the Army's Nike-Zeus anti-ballistic-missile missile. Also noteworthy is the fact that the Russian target zone is close to the impact areas for Atlas ICBM tests from the Vandenberg base.

Friction is certainly possible, particularly with the tracking ships of the two countries operating in roughly the same waters. But one expert Washington observer could see a brighter side: "Who knows? This may promote cooperation on tracking between the Russians and us." From former President Harry S. Truman came a different view: "This action by the Russians is . . . brazen . . . An act of provocation."

THE PRESIDENT:

'Not by Neglect'

A dismal, drizzly rain was falling when the Imperial limousine rolled out of the southwest gate of the White House last week, and, picking up an escort of seven white-helmeted motorcycle police, sped toward Capitol Hill. Sunk in the back-seat cushions, President Eisenhower clutched under his arm the last influential State of the Union Message he will ever deliver to the United States Congress.

True, Mr. Eisenhower must make still another such address to the new 87th Congress next year. But by then he will be ending his eight years in office.

So, as he stepped to the rostrum of the House, it was a historic moment.

Reflecting his recent firsthand experience among the underdeveloped nations of Asia, the President spoke feelingly of the need to "lift the scourge of poverty" from less fortunate peoples.

"These people," Mr. Eisenhower said,

*In Honolulu, Leslie Fullard-Leo, whose wealthy family acquired 98 per cent of Palmyra in 1922, said glumly: "We're planning to develop it as a tourist and fishing resort. This action by the Russians is not too favorable."

"... must not, by our neglect, be forced to seek help from, and finally become virtual satellites of, those who proclaim their hostility to freedom."

At the same time, he said, the free world must never stop working for peace—"The United States is always ready to participate with the Soviet Union in serious discussion . . . that may lead to peace with justice."

He reassured Americans as well that, while the quest for peace goes on, the U.S. remains militarily strong. And for a fillip, he lifted the curtain on a dazzling new era of plenty in which "1960 promises to be the most prosperous year in



Mr. Eisenhower addressing Congress: A oneness

our history" (see next column).

Afterward there were the usual partisan statements from either side of the aisle ("A great message," enthused Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen; "A diet of homily grits," cracked a Southern Democrat).

Yet, privately, many of his listeners—of both parties—agreed that his last meaningful State of the Union speech was also his best. Moments after the President's voice died away, a Democrat, Sen. Bob Bartlett of Alaska, said:

"You know, you could feel his oneness with the American people. I felt his dedication to the great cause of peace."

Why Ike Smiled

There was a reason for the half-smile that touched President Eisenhower's face when he reached page 9 of his State of the Union Message. Inserted in his text at that point was a surprise package that had been typed up and handed to him by his secretary, Mrs. Ann Whitman, scarcely an hour before. Only a handful of Mr. Eisenhower's closest advisers knew anything about it.

"I repeat," the President read from the insert, scarcely hiding his delight, "this budget [for fiscal 1961] will be a balanced one. The amount of income over outgo, described in the budget as a surplus . . . is \$4.2 billion."

Not only that, said the President, but the current 1960 budget—the one expiring at the end of this June—will show a modest surplus of \$200 million.

Behind the President's dramatic announcement there was a bright new picture of the nation's economic health.

Rechecking his 1960 figures, for example, Budget Director Maurice Stans found that the steel strike had not cut as deeply into Federal revenues as expected. This, plus other factors (such as Britain's early repayment of a \$250 million loan from the Export-Import Bank), will replace an anticipated deficit of \$500 million for 1960 with a \$200 million surplus.

More Out, More In: For fiscal 1961, spending inevitably will go up. Defense costs may rise from \$40.9 billion to \$41.1 billion. The President wants nearly twice as much money for space development as the government is spending this year (\$295 million), and he wants more money for health, education, and welfare programs. In all, his \$79.8 billion estimate for fiscal 1961 compares with an estimated final spending figure this year of \$78.4 billion.

But, with the end of the steel strike and the prospect of booming prosperity in the months ahead, the government now calculates that revenues pouring into the Federal Treasury for fiscal 1961 will reach a whopping \$83 billion—enough to give the President his \$4.2 billion surplus.

Such a surplus would be the second largest in U.S. history (next to the \$8.4 billion built up by Harry Truman in 1948). It also would balance Mr. Eisenhower's spending record for his eight years in office—four deficit years, four surplus years (see chart, page 19).

The big question, at least as far as the people were concerned, was this: Does the surplus mean a tax cut?

In his message, the President strove

mightily to kill off any such notion. No surplus, he said, is a real surplus as long as the national debt is about \$290 billion. Rather, the 1961 surplus should be applied against the debt as a "reduction on our children's mortgage."

For their part, Democratic leaders on Capitol Hill said they were not yet disposed to press for a general tax cut. House Speaker Sam Rayburn, for instance, called tax relief now "unwise." The U.S. taxpayer would simply have to go on hoping.

CONGRESS:

Revolt of the Liberals

"It's the first licking Lyndon has taken since he became Majority Leader." These were the words of a close aide of Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson after the Democratic caucus that followed the opening session of Congress last week.

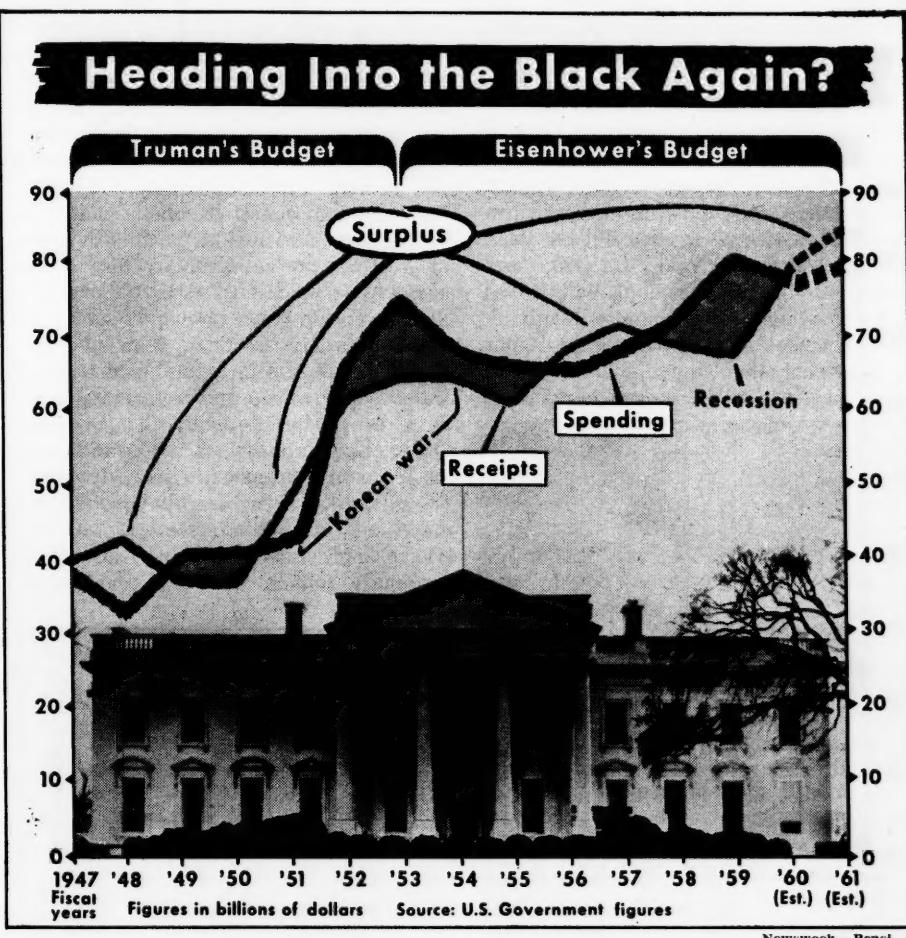
In that closed-door meeting, a band of liberal senators successfully challenged their leader's massive powers. It was the beginning of the end of Lyndon Johnson's seven-year one-man rule. It also put a crimp into his Presidential ambitions. To the nation, it meant stronger liberal legislation in the months ahead. What went on behind the closed doors was this:

The day before the new session opened, four Senate liberals met in the office of Illinois Sen. Paul Douglas in the Old Senate Office Building. In addition to Douglas, they were William Proxmire of Wisconsin, Joseph Clark of Pennsylvania, and Pat McNamara of Michigan. They agreed to offer a resolution at the next day's caucus demanding regular and frequent party conferences. In short, they proposed to put an end to Lyndon Johnson's custom of calling a perfunctory Democratic conference once a year.

Storm Signals: When the caucus opened on Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 in the New Senate Office Building, Johnson had been forewarned that trouble was coming. Gray-haired, stately Joe Clark rose and offered the group's motion. Rough and ruddy Pat McNamara rose to support him.

Johnson, in his soft drawl, pointed out that the more frequent conferences they were demanding usually accomplished little except to further party disunity. But then, to Johnson's surprise, a number of senators who had never been counted as dissidents, took to the floor in favor of more party conferences.

Stephen Young of Ohio said he did not wish to repudiate the party's leadership and hoped that Johnson would simply announce that he would hold such conferences. In that way, Joe Clark's resolution could be withdrawn. Supporting the Ohioan's position were Henry Jackson of Washington and Idaho's brisk young Frank Church. Hubert Humphrey



joined in: "I have never criticized Senator Johnson ... But I do think ... we should have conferences on such things as school aid and minimum wage."

Johnson had his defenders. But some of those on whom he counted—Clair Engle of California, for example—sat in a silence that must have hurt him. Finally he yielded; the conferences would be called whenever asked, and the Clark motion was withdrawn.

But the afternoon's drama was not yet over. Tennessee's Albert Gore—who had taken no part in any move against Johnson—rose with a motion aimed at the heart of the Majority Leader's strength. On the nine-man Policy Committee, said Gore, vacancies should be filled by Senatorial election and not by Johnsonian appointment. The committee, he added, should not be just "an instrument of the leadership."

But the Gore proposal contained such dynamite that all present were just as glad to put it off for a later meeting.

As soon as the caucus broke up, after a tense hour and fifteen minutes, the original liberal quartet repaired once more to Douglas's office. There they drew up a formal letter to Johnson asking for conferences on the following: School-construction legislation; the President's State of the Union and Budget messages; the Administration proposal to remove interest rate ceilings on long-

term borrowings—and the Gore proposal.

Meanwhile, a group of liberal representatives in the House had prepared a seven-point legislative program to be put to Speaker Sam Rayburn. It ranged from a "strong civil-rights bill" to amendment of the social-security laws to provide medical care and hospitalization for the aged. A delegation of three—Montana's Lee Metcalf, Chet Holifield of California, and Frank Thompson Jr. of New Jersey—presented the demands of some 100 Democratic liberals to Mister Sam.

Anti-Splinter: Holifield, as spokesman, told Rayburn: "We want school legislation, housing, civil rights ... and we don't care if it's vetoed or not."

Rayburn replied gently: "I don't like splinter groups very much."

Lee Metcalf chipped in: "When Howard Smith [the Virginian chairman of the Rules Committee] and his 99 Dixiecrats turn in their cards and close up shop, we'll close up ours."

An uneasy Johnson and Rayburn, fellow Texans, went into secret council in Rayburn's "back room" the night before Congress met. They sipped Scotch and branch water.* From time to time they were joined by House Floor Leader John McCormack of Massachusetts, chairman

*That's right, Scotch. The alliterative supposition that Bourbon and branch water is the favorite tipple of Texans like Johnson and Rayburn is far from 100 proof.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Wilbur Mills of the Ways and Means Committee, and Assistant Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana.

This meeting lasted from 6:55 to 8:30. Much of the discussion centered on how far the Democrats could go beyond Administration proposals. McCormack thought they could push more past President Eisenhower than they did last year. "This is an election year," he said, "and I don't think the President will be as ready to veto bills." All present agreed. The consensus was: Go farther, but not too far. That, they hoped, would satisfy the insurgents in their own party.

POLITICS:

Jack's Coup

In a third-floor room of Pittsburgh's airport hotel, two men came face to face for a nocturnal meeting not long ago. One of them was a roly-poly gentleman who had registered only a few minutes before as "Mr. Smith." The other was a tall, blue-eyed young man who had reserved a room in the name of "Mr. O'Donnell."

Actually, had anybody been looking closely, these aliases would not have fooled him for a minute. For the roly-poly "Mr. Smith" was Michael V. DiSalle, governor of the state of Ohio. And the rangy "Mr. O'Donnell" was none other than John F. Kennedy, U.S. senator from Massachusetts and a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination this year.

Why all the cloak-and-dagger secrecy? Last week the reason became obvious when Mike DiSalle announced that he will run in Ohio's May 3 primary as a favorite son, but will throw the state's potent 64 convention votes behind Kennedy. The coup (later confirmed by two telephone calls) was first put over

in that clandestine Pittsburgh meeting.

Coming only three days after Kennedy formally threw his hat in the Democratic Presidential ring, DiSalle's pledge of support undeniably stepped up the momentum for Kennedy's campaign. The trick was to maintain the momentum. To keep his campaign going, Kennedy plans to: ►Confer soon with Gov. J. Millard Tawes of Maryland who, Kennedy hopes, can also be persuaded to throw Maryland's 24 convention votes his way. ►Redouble his efforts in Illinois, where the decision of Chicago Mayor Richard Daley not to run for governor is regarded as a break for Kennedy. The reason: Daley, like Kennedy, is a Catholic, and his place on a ticket with Kennedy would (or so the Kennedy camp believed) have made one Catholic too many. ►Take another look at Wisconsin's April 5 primary, which, some of Kennedy's ad-



Associated Press

Jimmie Davis: It's his sunshine

The Music Man

Even for a state steeped in the lusty traditions of Huey and Earl Long, the Louisiana gubernatorial campaign had been rough. When neither deLesseps Morrison, the handsome four-time mayor of New Orleans, nor Jimmie Davis, former governor and guitar-twanging composer of "You Are My Sunshine," was able to score a majority in the December primary, they raced to the wire of last week's runoff to a crashing crescendo of charges and countercharges.

Seizing on the segregation issue, Davis accused Morrison of consorting with the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and piously promised that he, himself, would preserve the "Southern way of life."

For his part, Morrison called Davis a "liar" who was trying to win by "pitting race against race." Furthermore, said Morrison, Davis wrote "filthy" songs, like "Bearcat Mama From Horner's Corners."

Even before the Louisiana voters cast their ballots last weekend, however, it seemed probable that Morrison, who failed in his first bid for the governorship in 1956, was going to lose again. For one thing, he was a Catholic running in a state that has not elected a Catholic governor since 1884. And undeniably his moderate views on segregation hurt. As expected, Morrison carried New Orleans, but Davis swept the rural—and largely Protestant—parishes to win the Democratic nomination by 70,000 votes. In Democratic Louisiana, that was tantamount to election in April to succeed the retiring Gov. Earl Long.

Aside from the local interest, the runoff also had Presidential implications, for in Louisiana the governor traditionally controls the delegation to the Demo-



UPI
DiSalle: A boost from 'Mr. Smith'

visers are now arguing, may be the place to knock off Sen. Hubert Humphrey. ►Go all-out in New Hampshire's first-in-the-nation March 8 primary, where, last week, Kennedy was the first Democratic hopeful to file a slate of delegates. ►Cultivate newfound support in Kansas, where Richard Docking, the son of Gov. George Docking, last week launched a "Kansans for Kennedy" organization.

If Jack Kennedy seemed to be getting some early breaks, however, there could be pitfalls ahead. Grumbling that the DiSalle coup was "undemocratic," Ohio Sen. Frank Lausche, a five-time governor, threatened to show that Ohio is not all sewed up by running as a favorite son himself. (Aides doubted, however, that he would carry the threat through.) And at the weekend, the ever-ready Hubert Humphrey intimated he may just decide to try his luck in Ohio, too.



Associated Press

Daley: A break from 'Mr. Chicago'?

cratic National Convention. Although neither man has committed himself publicly, Morrison was known to favor fellow Catholic John Kennedy. Now Louisiana's 26 convention votes likely will go to the man Davis privately prefers: Fellow Southerner Lyndon Johnson.

Nixon and Steel

At his right hand and at his left hand, Vice President Richard Nixon could look about this week and find an angry political critic. The liberal Democrats were more furious than ever at him for poaching in their labor preserve, and some conservative industrialists were just as furious because they thought he had favored the Steelworkers union.

There wasn't the slightest question that Nixon had been instrumental in ending the nation's longest steel strike (see pages 63-69). But there was a good question about how much his role may have affected his chances for winning the Presidency next November.

Working in Nixon's political favor were these factors:

- He had made new friends among normally Democratic labor voters.
- He had demonstrated a capacity for leadership in a national crisis.
- He had helped secure the Republican slogan of "peace and prosperity."

On the debit side, he had enemies across the whole politico-economic spectrum, from the conservative industrialists who said he had sold out to labor, to the liberal Democrats who said he had made an underhanded deal with the country's steel industry.

A steel executive complained: "We got the shaft put to us so Dick Nixon could be shown as a friend of labor."

Democratic National Committee chairman Paul Butler charged that the Vice President got "agreement to hold off price boosts until after the election."

"It's a Lot of Boloney": David McDonald, triumphant president of the Steelworkers union, withdrew some of his initial praise of Nixon's part in the negotiations, and said Joseph P. Kennedy had pulled a lot of tape on Wall Street to bring steel to heel. (Financier Kennedy is the father of Sen. John Kennedy, the Democratic aspirant for President.)

To those who had really taken part in the steel negotiations, McDonald's unsolicited compliment to Joe Kennedy seemed mysterious, at best. "It's a lot of boloney," said one labor official who had been through the marathon sessions. "Sounds to me like McDonald is trying to do some political fence-sitting, and this is as good a way as any."

As for Democratic chairman Butler's talk of a Nixon-Big Steel deal to hold off price boosts, one industry vice president scoffed. "The wage increase won't begin until next December," he said.

"We wouldn't even have a reason to increase prices until after the election."

By and large, industry leaders who met with the Vice President during the negotiations thought he had won far more friends in business than he lost. There was indeed criticism about the high price steel had to pay for a settlement, but few blamed Nixon. "Dick Nixon," one of them summed up, "didn't do anything but tell us in very convincing terms what we faced if we didn't settle. If we're mad at anyone in the Administration, it's the President, for not taking action early in the strike to hold the line against inflation."

At the weekend, Nixon announced his candidacy for President in the most casual way anyone could remember. Agreeing to being entered in the New Hampshire, Ohio, and Oregon primaries, he said he was a "willing," not a "formal" contender.

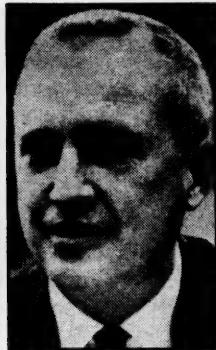
CALIFORNIA:

Just Like the Movies

For handsome, crew-cut Raymond Bernard Finch, southern California had been a 42-year-long, colorful pageant of sun-drenched prosperity and pretty women. His optometrist father, who made a killing by subdividing suburban Los Angeles, put him through medical school and saw him settled profitably into a surgical clinic. Young Dr. Finch lived in a \$65,000 house overlooking South Hills Country Club in wealthy West Covina. He had a swimming pool, of course, and a four-car garage. When he and his first wife tired of each other, they traded partners with equally attractive, comfortably fixed friends. When the doctor wearied of his new wife,

he had only to turn to the striking red-haired receptionist in his office, 23-year-old Carole Tregoff.

Last week, Dr. Finch and Carole went on trial for their lives, accused of plotting to kill Finch's second wife, 33-year-old Barbara Jean. A jury of six men and six women, sitting in a cramped Los Angeles courtroom, watched the start of testimony that was likely to run far into February. All in the cast, witnesses and principals, were as handsome as Hollywood might wish—but strangely unarmed without tennis rackets, overclad away from the pool-side, pallid out of



Accused: Carole and her lover Finch



Associated Press
Witnesses: Maid and stepdaughter



Exhibit A: The 'do-it-yourself' murder kit found near death scene

UPI

the rich southern California sunshine. Fred Whichello, assistant district attorney, who had said "I'd rather try this . . . than go to any play," outlined the prosecution's case for murder: That Finch and Carole on the night of July 18, 1959, drove together to the rambling Finch ranch house in the San Gabriel Valley, sat on the lawn on a leather case containing a do-it-yourself murder kit (see picture), and shot Barbara Jean to death when she came home in her red Chrysler convertible.

Whichello's first big witness was the Finch maid, blond and blue-eyed 19-year-old Marie Ann Lidholm. In a Swedish accent that charmed the listeners, she told of how she heard Mrs. Finch cry for help and ran to the garage where she saw Dr. Finch with gun in hand. Later, pretty Patti Dee Daugherty, the doctor's 12-year-old stepdaughter, told of hearing his voice, "mad and angry and loud."

That would do for openers, as Hollywood might say, but Carole and the doctor have top billing and their big scenes have yet to come. One breathlessly awaited moment: When tapes of Finch's trysts with Carole, recorded for a divorce suit by his slain wife, are played for the jury.

SPORTING LIFE:

'Come Into My Parlor'

Minna and Ada were gently bred, fair-haired young sisters who married brothers in the Virginia hamlet where they were born. The husbands were not gentlemen, the sisters later said, and so they ran away. Ultimately, on Chicago's roaring South Side levee, they opened

a business—"a resort for gentlemen."

In February 1900, they arrived there, with \$35,000 and plans for a more extravagant establishment than that gaudy, bawdy city had ever seen. Minna and Ada leased twin three-story mansions on South Dearborn Street, assumed the fanciful name Everleigh and established the Everleigh Club.

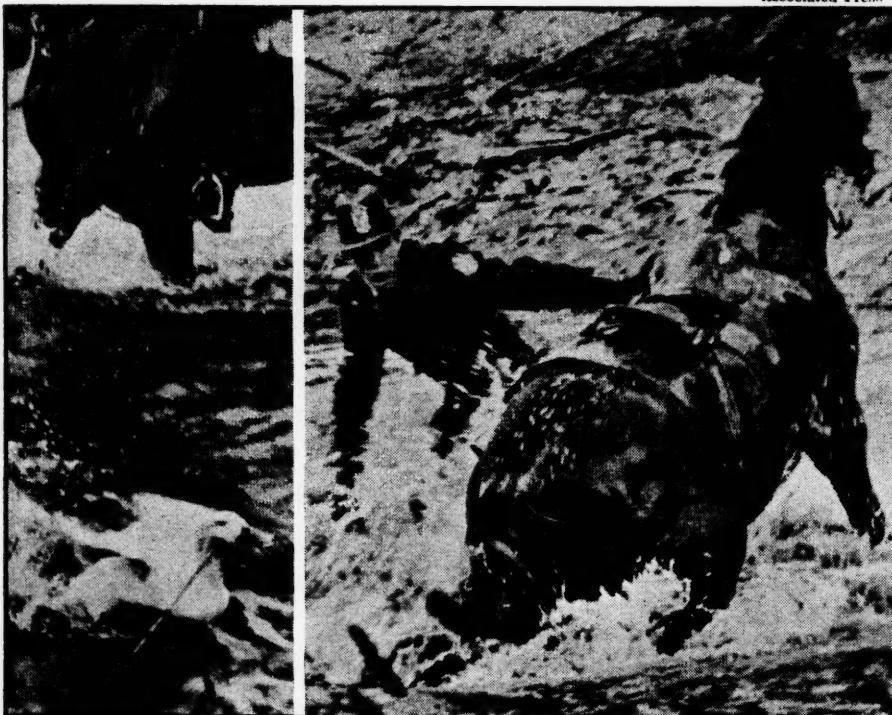
Railroad magnates and cattle barons, sporty senators and merchant princes lounged in the Everleigh Club's twelve glittering parlors, watching fountains spurt perfume, and drinking champagne at \$12 a bottle. In the 50 rooms above stairs, the price of champagne rose \$3; beer and hard liquor could not be had at any price. A client who spent less than \$100 was traveling tourist class.

Carriage Trade: Minna and Ada knew the value of publicity. They cultivated newspapermen, and rode out each afternoon in a showy carriage with one of their handsome protégés. It was publicity—a brochure boasting of the Everleigh Club's statuary and rich carpets, gold silk curtains and gilded bathtubs—that did them in. Mayor Carter Harrison, enraged at such boldness, shut down the place at 2:45 a.m. Oct. 25, 1911.

When Minna died in 1948, Ada returned to her old Virginia home. She lived quietly, her scarlet past known only to a few immediate relatives and her family name a secret to all the outside world. "What would the neighbors say if they knew?" she once asked her biographer, Charles Washburn ("Come Into My Parlor").

The neighbors never knew. Ada died last week, just short of her 94th birthday, and was buried alongside her sister and old colleague in the resort business.

Associated Press



VISITORS:

Lord High Traffic Cop

When England's new and rambunctious Minister of Transport, Ernest Marples, arrived in the United States last week to study traffic problems, he was in the position of a man who peers across the fence to see how his neighbor's garden is doing. He might learn some better way of doing things. Or he might simply be consoled by finding his neighbor's garden in even worse shape than his.

No sooner had he landed in New York than the 52-year-old Marples—who has pledged a drastic overhaul of Britain's largely antiquated roads—was off on a helicopter tour above the city's approaches. During his hour and a half flight, he said afterward, he did not see a single traffic jam. (Few New Yorkers could recall any such hour and a half.)

From New York, Marples promptly flew to Los Angeles, whose traffic headaches are as bad as any in the U.S.—and as different as could be imagined from London's. As Marples himself observed, 92 per cent of Angelenos travel by private cars whereas only 6 per cent do in London. As for Los Angeles, "two-thirds of the downtown area is parking lot and garage space. As time goes on, what the hell are you going to do?"

Asked to compare British and American drivers, Marples showed his tact: "I've met fellows who admit to being rotten golfers. Others quite frankly say they're shocking at business. But I would like to meet anyone who admits being a bad driver."

Had Marples done any driving himself in America? "Yes, by George, on one of your freeways. Left-handed steering was somewhat of a problem. Kept looking at the rear-view mirror. In the wrong place. But I didn't hit anything."

Was America's traffic garden doing better or worse than England's? Tactful to the end, Marples replied: "The graveyards of England are filled with people who have criticized other countries. Our problems are quite different."

Duck and Ducking

When an unknown archer twanged arrows into five sitting ducks in Washington's Rock Creek Park, killing two and leaving the others cruelly wounded, Park Police Pvt. Wilton King rode to the rescue of the survivors. After falling twice into the frigid waters of Rock Creek when his horse stumbled, King rounded up the injured birds. At the Animal Rescue League shelter, a veterinarian removed the arrows. His hopeful prognosis for all three: Ducky.

Now Hear This, You People: Knock It Off!

"My way of doing things," said 55-year-old Gen. David M. Shoup, a solemn, sawed-off (5-foot-7) fighting man, "is bound to be different." In 5,000 salty words, the new commandant of the U.S. Marine Corps then proceeded to tell his own top staff—and all the other Marines scattered around the world—just how different things would be.

In the first place, said Shoup, who won his Congressional Medal of Honor at Tarawa, a Marine can stand on his own feet. "Our most important job," he barked, "is always to think and work hard to get as much fight from our plight as we possibly can."

Marines got the message: Shoup is boss. To civilians, less inured to skin-scorching language, the Indiana-born general made it clearer by ignoring long-standing protocol and criticizing, even before it is announced, President Eisenhower's budget, which calls for a 175,000-man Marine Corps. A force of 235,000 "or even more," Shoup said, is needed.

The smaller force, he snapped, could do it, however, if Marines gave up the notion that they are junior partners of the Navy. "The Corps came of age many years ago," he said. "Let us unshackle our minds from the stifling psychology inherent



Shepherd: No more swagger

in the slogan: 'They're sniping at us'."

As for sniping, Shoup suggested, it wouldn't hurt if Marines quit sharp-shooting for cozy billets. "If you're scheming right now to get to Paris for your next tour," he said, "it's time to retire." From now on, the newest four-

star Marine growled, there would be no letters soliciting cushy transfers, no more conniving to get favored underlings, and no more of the headquarters hindquarters padding that had created seven personnel departments "and a few fuzzy ones."

"Soon," Shoup said of the personnel dodges, "I expect to have one."

No Gadgets: For Marines too thick above the leathery neck to get the idea, Shoup put it in terms of uniform. "I feel that a clean, neat, well-fitted uniform with the Marine Corps emblem is tops. There is no need for gimmicks and gadgets."

Shoup's pet-peave gadget: The swagger stick, a 22-inch symbol of authority known recently as the "shepherd's crook"—for Gen. Lemuel C. Shepherd, former Marine Corps commandant, who revived it in 1952.

"There is one item of equipment," said Shoup, in measured soldierly strides of speech, "about which I have a definite opinion. It is the swagger stick. It shall remain an optional item of interference. If you feel the need of it, carry it."

Somehow, no Marine seemed to feel the need of it any more. From the shores of Parris Island to the sands of Camp Le Jeune, the swagger stick would go into mothballs.

IOWA:

Spoops on the Prairie

Lonesome and stark, like a detail out of a Grant Wood painting, the two-story, six-room frame house stands between two great rock formations on a hard-scrabble 68-acre farm in northeast Iowa, 7 miles east of tiny (population: 326) Colesburg and 30 miles west of Dubuque. Whitemustached William Meyer helped his late father build it when a mere boy, brought his bride Annie there, heard it echo to childish din, and there last year celebrated his 82nd birthday.

But last week the house stood more lonely than ever, empty of all but a skinny gray kitten and occasional curiosity seekers. William's son Elmer stops by once a day from his home a quarter of a mile down Skip Level Road to do the chores. William and Annie, moved out Dec. 14 and are living with a sister-in-law in nearby Guttenberg.

What's more, William Meyer is determined not to return. "Too many goings-on have happened in that house," he said.

The goings-on, say the Meyers, started about the first of December. A refriger-

ator mysteriously tipped over one day. Another day, an egg flew against a door. A flowerpot pedestal leaped across the room and struck the stove. A window shattered and glass fell on both sides of the sill. The cellar door collapsed. A rocking chair gently rocked of its own volition one evening. A tumbler jumped off a shelf and struck Annie on the head.

Clayton County Sheriff Forrest Fischer, an avowed skeptic, came to investigate and reported that a bottle hopped out of a case and thudded on the floor. "I've never seen anything like this," he said. A photographer from The Dubuque Telegraph-Herald said that he saw a stone suddenly fall out of the basement wall and break a crock.

Many neighbors, inclined to seek some occult explanation, whispered that a poltergeist* was behind the happenings on the William Meyer farm. Elmer Meyer, who saw a heavy box of nails tumble off a staircase ledge, dowsed the area with a forked cedar branch and advanced the theory that underground water caused the weird events. "There's a spring on one side of the house and a

creek runs by the other," he explained.

Spook or spring water, old William Meyer wants no part of it. "I was born and raised on that farm," he said, "but I won't die there."

MISSISSIPPI:

Back to the Courts

In sunny, easygoing Biloxi, on Mississippi's Gulf Coast, the townspeople showed little interest in the proceedings that began last week in the shiny new glass-and-marble Federal Building. But in other parts of the South, in Washington, and in much of the world, people were watching to see what would happen in the case before the jury.

The case was one of a lynching, and the main facts were clear. On a moonlit night last April, a 23-year-old Negro named Mack Charles Parker, accused of raping a pregnant young white woman, was dragged from the jail in rural Poplarville. His body was found nine days later in the muddy shallows of the Pearl River, the boundary between Mississippi and Louisiana. The FBI moved in and pressed one of the most intensive in-

*Literally, in the German, a noisy ghost.

vestigations in its history. But when the case came before the Pearl River County grand jury, the rustic jury ignored the evidence gathered by the FBI and returned no indictments.

"A travesty of justice," U.S. Attorney General William P. Rogers called it and promptly moved for a reopening of the case by a Federal grand jury. These were the hearings that went on in Biloxi all last week. This time the FBI report would be a major factor. Although nominally secret, it is known to identify twenty-odd men as participants; it also includes testimony that keys to the jail were made available to the masked mob.

Vital Point: The latter evidence is important, because the government prosecutors hope to prove conspiracy between the lynchers and officers of the law, which would be a violation of the Civil Rights Act. There is also a question as to whether Parker was taken across the state line. If he was, the lynchers would be guilty of another Federal offense—kidnapping.

These points were made clear to the Federal jurors by 71-year-old Judge Sidney C. Mize, a small, gentle, and highly esteemed native Mississippian.

The Biloxi jurors are of a different cut from those in Poplarville, who were mostly farmers. These are predominantly businessmen and one is a Negro. The foreman, Charles Long, is a Gulfport insurance man and onetime district officer for the Office of Price Administration.

Evidence was scheduled to be heard all this week. Much of it, so far, has come from witnesses who are also suspects and who have repeatedly resorted to the Fifth Amendment. After several frustrating days, the jurors asked Judge Mize to establish ground rules as to what questions must be answered.

The upshot was still anybody's guess; but if indictments should be returned they would have this added significance: The resultant trial would provide a grim accompaniment to debate in the halls of Congress on civil rights.

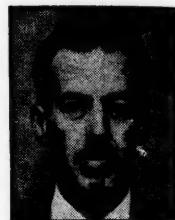
The Great Bank Robbery

For Americans wondering why the U.S. soil-bank program has not been more successful in holding down the staggering farm surpluses, U.S. Comptroller General Joseph Campbell had an answer last week: Of all the 23 million acres that have gone into the soil bank, nearly one-quarter (or 5.4 million acres) of the "idle" land had not been producing crops anyway.

In one of a series of reports on Federal spending, Campbell said owners of fallow acreage have been paid \$54 million a year for five years. Thus the government, now moving to halt the abuses, spent a total of \$270 million to reduce crops that never existed.

'Titanic' Challenges

by Ernest K. Lindley



THE President's program for his last year in the White House can be appraised better after more particulars have been supplied by the Budget Message, his special messages, and the reports of sundry official study groups. In his State of the Union Message, however, there seemed to me to be a significant difference in spirit or tone between his approach to global strategy and his approach to domestic problems.

The President's discussion of major world problems was both broad and realistic. He welcomed the signs of "the possible opening of a somewhat less strained period in the relationships between the Soviet Union and the rest of the world." But he was appropriately wary of Communist intentions and of the practical possibilities of "sudden and revolutionary results." He stressed the necessity for dependable inspection and verification in a ban on atomic tests and in important measures of disarmament. He reassured our allies that we will make no deals which jeopardize our commitments to them—a point he perhaps did not emphasize sufficiently in his speeches on his recent tour.

THE DIFFERENCE

The vital relationship between the progress of the underdeveloped nations and our own survival was set forth by the President with exceptional force. He has always been right about this. His recent journey appears to have reinforced his convictions. Whether the free industrialized nations meet the needs of the underdeveloped nations for capital as well as technical help may, as Mr. Eisenhower warned, "spell the difference between world disaster and world progress in freedom."

In calling on the other free industrial nations to shoulder more of the task of aiding the underdeveloped nations, he was on sound ground. But, although he said he would continue to urge that the U.S. "amply and cheerfully" support its part of "this great project," he may have left the impression that the amount of aid we provide can be safely reduced. Indeed, a few Democratic opponents of foreign aid have already chosen to draw that inference. But the central

fact is that the total capital requirements of the underdeveloped countries greatly exceed what they have been receiving. More capital from Western Europe and Japan is needed to augment what we have been supplying, not to replace it. And, even though private investment overseas grows, there will continue to be large requirements for public funds. The President did not exaggerate when he called this challenge "titanic."

COMPLEX QUESTION

As the President turned to the domestic front, his message slid to a lower key. It lost breadth and vigor. It did not sound like a response to a "titanic challenge" anywhere.

Whether his military budget, its total approximately unchanged from last year, is adequate is a complex question, which will be extensively debated after its details have been revealed. His space budget should, and will, receive close scrutiny. If it is not large enough to speed up our space program to the maximum degree practicable it is too small.

As to inflation he said some strong words: "We must fight inflation as we would a fire that imperils our home." The prospect of a balanced budget this year and next is reassuring. But the President conspicuously failed to come to grips with the wage-price spiral and the related problems arising from the failure of "collective bargaining" to protect the public interest. The steel settlement, imposed by political pressure and official intervention, did not reflect a burning zeal to curb inflation.

As to the farm problem, the President must be given credit for tenacious adherence to principle, even if little practical result. When he turned to education, urban renewal and expansion, and other urgent national needs, the President plainly was less interested in coping with them than in holding down Federal expenditures. The argument that we can't afford these outlays loses some of its force with the promise of a \$4 billion surplus. The challenge of these arrears in our national plant may not be quite "titanic" but it is too great to be brushed aside.



Presto change-o with a bang!

Now industry has a brand-new and inexpensive tool for forming even the toughest metals into intricate shapes. Using plastic dies, hard-to-handle metals are blasted into shape with explosives.

Developed as a low-cost way to form metals into shapes such as spheres, cones, cylinders, and corrugated panels, this technique is made even more practical by Shell Chemical's tough Epon® resin. The smooth, impact-resistant surface of Epon resin dies form such metals as titanium and stainless steel to extremely close tolerances . . . costly hand finishing of parts is eliminated.

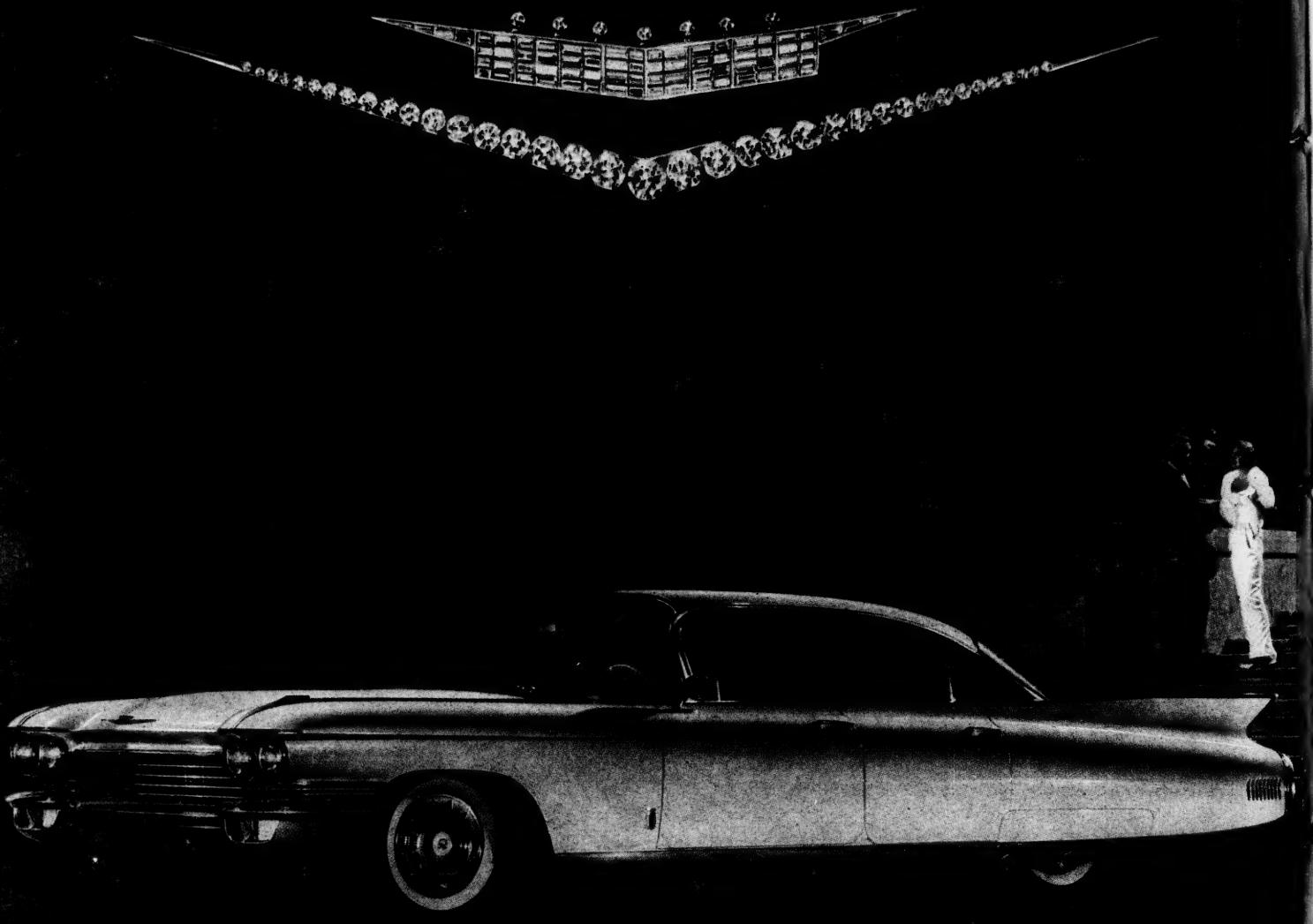
With Epon resins to shape metals into more useful forms for industry, Shell Chemical helps give shape to a world of things to come.

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NEW YORK



Cadillac



THE CADILLAC "V AND CREST" interpreted in Diamonds and Platinum BY CARTIER

*"Elegance" is the word
that expresses it!*

From the wonderful Cadillac vocabulary, we have selected "elegance" as the word that most fully characterizes the Cadillac of 1960. The car's new styling is certainly elegant beyond compare. Its new interior luxury provides a feeling of elegance that can be sensed nowhere else in the world of motor cars. And even its new performance—smooth, quiet and effortless—might be summarized as "elegance in motion". We suggest that you see and drive it for yourself. Once you have, we think you will agree that the word is "elegance"—and that the car is Cadillac!

Of Women and Taxes

The American male has long since lost his battle against the emancipated woman and the income tax, but in rock-ribbed Afghanistan, he remains unreconstructed. Last week, after months of angry feuding, the Afghans were congratulating themselves on (1) standing up to the tax collectors and (2) keeping their women's faces hidden behind the tent-like *burkas* prescribed by Moslem tradition (photo).

The first threats to male ascendancy arose last summer when progressive Prime Minister Sandor Mohammed Daud launched a campaign to do away with *purdah* (the Moslem method of keeping women in their place). The *mullahs* (holy men) began muttering in their beards.

Then came the new taxes—and that was too much. In the ancient city of Kandahar, 10,000 wrought-up males surged through the streets, overturning automobiles, burning stores, and storming the city jail. It took army



Black Star

tanks—and some 150 casualties—to restore order. Among those injured was Albert T. Wisner, a North Dakota-born aide at the U.S. mission, who had part of his left ear chopped away, when he got caught up in the crowd.

By last week, the men of Kandahar had more or less calmed down again. As for the ladies, they still were wearing their burkas, and only they (and presumably their Afghan husbands) knew what was behind them.

SPECTER OF THE SWASTIKA

On West Berlin's crowded Kurfürstendamm, a Jewish businessman named Atze Lichtmann was strolling with a pretty blonde when a husky, leather-coated man elbowed him into the gutter. The man spat on the pavement and snarled: "Saujude" (Jewish pig). Lichtmann was no weakling, however—a few quick punches left the attacker bleeding on the sidewalk. When the police came, they gave the goon a poke in the ribs and told him to move on. To Lichtmann, one of the policemen said: "We are most sorry that this has happened. You gave the swine just what he deserved."

The incident in many ways was a microcosm of the great political encounter taking place in Germany this week: On one side, the bullyboy tactics of synagogue smearers and petty neo-Nazis, haranguing their hate-filled followers in rented cellars; on the other, the swift reprisals of the freely elected German Government, backed up by thousands of youngsters parading through the streets of Berlin with placards that proclaim *Nazis Raus* (Nazis get out).

These clashes in Germany sent shock waves around the world. Some saw in the latest rash of swastika-painting and synagogue-desecration (see page 80) a worldwide assault on Jews; others ascribed them to a Communist attempt to discredit West Germany in advance of the summit conference; some saw only a mania of the world's delinquents. It was all these—and more. With West Germany already the strongest economic power on the Continent, a nation soon to have the biggest NATO army in Europe, the questions were inevitable: Are the Nazis coming back in Germany? How

strong is German democracy—and how deep does it go?

To find some of the answers, Newsweek's German bureau chief Peter Webb interviewed scores of Germans, in all walks of life. He and Associate Editor Otto Friedrich offer this report:

The Germans are the first to admit that a threat to their infant democracy exists. Not since the Berlin airlift have they reacted so vigorously to a public issue. The reason was stated by Berlin's fiery Mayor Willy Brandt: "Especially in Germany, anyone who beats the macabre

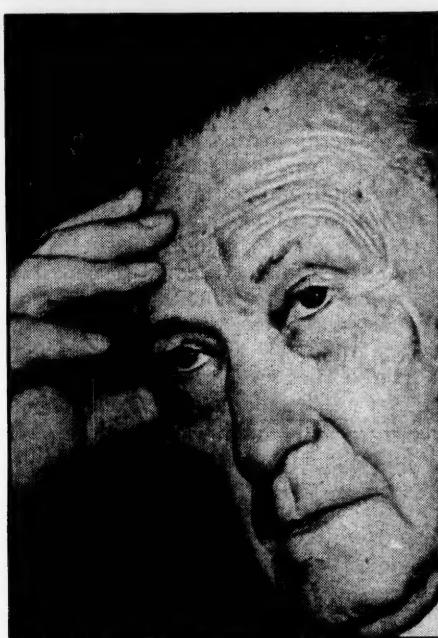
drum of racial hate is invoking the shadows of mass murderers, of gas chambers, and of concentration camps."

Just how large is the threat? This is the case for the "Prosecution," as made by the Germans themselves:

In government, many former Nazis have regained important posts. Chancellor Adenauer's own Interior Minister, Gerhard Schroeder, was a Nazi, and so was Refugee Minister Theodor Oberlaender. In the Foreign Ministry, one-third of the 500 top professionals served under Ribbentrop; police chiefs in eleven Ruhr cities are ex-SS men; hundreds of judges appointed by the Nazis again sit on the bench, some handing out verdicts like the one in Hamburg saying: "Concentration camps were a necessary institution."

Other, more rabid Nazis run numerous tiny splinter parties, whose noisiness hides the fact that they so far have never won more than a minute 2 per cent of West Germany's vote. And the original beer-hall days of Nazism live on in occasional parades by black-uniformed refugee groups and the ranting of former Nazi generals at veterans' meetings. Some of their leaders' faces (see photos, next page) speak volumes to Westerners remembering World War II.

Such folk are a tiny minority but they take on added importance because of many ordinary Germans' ready acceptance of authoritarian rule. Socialist leader Carlo Schmid says: "The German people are so accustomed to an efficient state administration that they tend to leave politics to the professionals ... They do not take Parliament seriously enough." One result of this is that Chancellor Adenauer, who says and means,



Adenauer: Fights for German honor

"I am seventy per cent of the Cabinet," is far more a father figure than he is democratic leader of a sovereign legislature. And at the lower level, German bureaucrats still tend to act more like masters than civil servants.

In business, many supporters of Adolf Hitler's regime are now back at their desks. Industrial barons like Alfred Krupp and Friedrich Flick, who were in jail ten years ago for wartime use of slave labor, have regained their millions, and more. These men, says Prof. Kurt Tauber of the University of Buffalo, were never profound Nazis. But their "business . . . is power, and they do not much care whether they hold it under a . . . dictatorship or . . . a republic."

In education, modern Germany has made only modest progress in developing a modern democracy. It isn't easy. As one teacher put it: "How can I talk about these things when a child at one

should have lived here before the war."

The most striking example of Bonn's concern for democracy is the new "citizen army." Instead of the iron discipline of the old Wehrmacht, the Bundeswehr's 244,000 men are repeatedly instructed that they *must* disobey any order that would involve a crime. Similar controls hedge the industries of the Ruhr. Krupp's coal-steel empire comes under the six-nation rule of the Schuman plan, and on the inside, German labor has won the right to name one-third of the directors of any heavy industry.

Atonement: As for the remaking of the German mind, many observers point to the Germans' numerous efforts to atone for Hitler's crimes. Chancellor Adenauer pushed through a measure to pay \$822 million in reparations to Israel, and both he and Mayor Brandt have assisted at the dedication of new synagogues for the 30,000 survivors of prewar Germany's



Hitler's heirs? Typical leaders of three West German neo-Nazi factions*

RUSSIA:

Who Goofed?

A command message from Moscow gave the countdown: "*Piat . . . cheteerye . . . tree . . . dva . . . odin!*"

From a rocket range station orbiting in weightless, airless space 10,000 miles above earth, the first Russian spaceship whooshed off on the first manned flight to the moon.

Power was supplied by nitric-acid propellant (estimated cost: \$300 million) and solar energy. Soon, against the blue vapors of the earth's atmosphere, the space station, reflecting the rays of the sun, grew smaller astern. As the ship hurtled on for more than four days and nights, the moon came into sharp focus.

"There it is, comrades," said the navigator, indicating a preselected landing site, 650 miles from the lunar north pole.

Deceleration procedure began. A shock-absorbing landing leg was put down. Safety belts were fastened. Then everybody goofed.

Bored: Such is the story of a new novel, "Last Stop," by V. Nemtsov, one of Russia's many highly paid, widely read "fantastiki" (science-fiction writers). What is unusual about it is that the Soviet outer-space crew didn't reach its objective. They didn't because author Nemtsov, who had lived with his fictional characters for months, decided that they would become bored with the sameness of space. They start longing for the sights of earth—city skylines at sunset, meandering rivers, the patchwork pattern of cultivated fields. And, after seeing at

close range the bleak, pockmarked surface of the moon, he has them say "to hell with it," turn around, and fly home.

"Incredible," snorted Literaturnaya Gazeta, official organ of the Union of Soviet Writers. In the light of Russia's recent achievements in space exploration, Nemtsov was found guilty of "defeatism" and a victim of "old, mistaken concepts."

For Nemtsov: The countdown?

SPAIN:

End of The Shoemaker

For years, the *Guardia Civil* had been chasing Spain's public enemy No. 1. Last week they thought they had him, cornered with his men in a farmhouse near Gerona. Submachine guns blazing, the guards moved in, mowing down four of the band and nicking their leader in the leg. Yet somehow, elusive as ever after

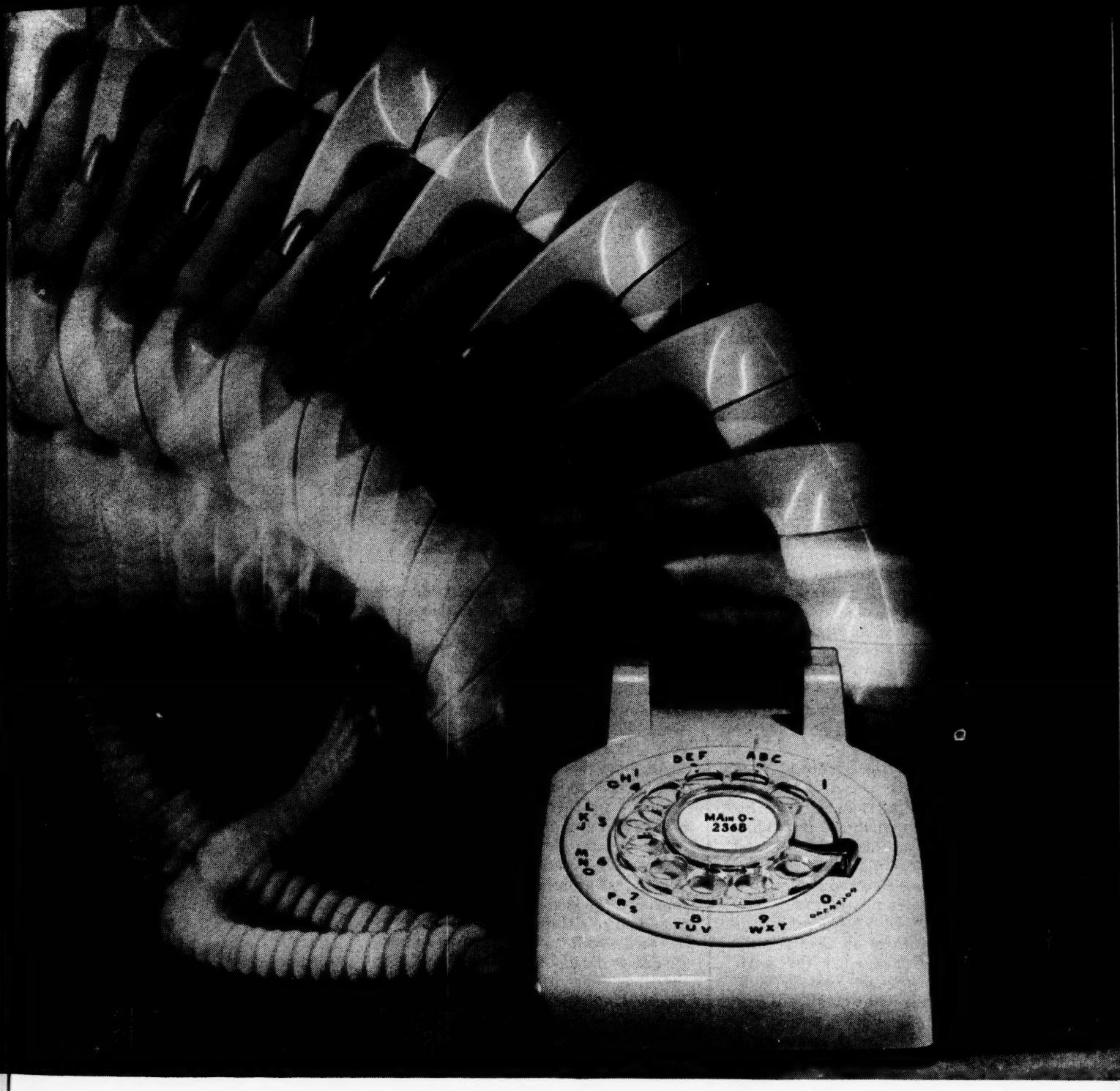
desk is the son of a top Nazi and a child at another had a father in a concentration camp?" As a result, history textbooks shy away from straight reporting of the Nazi regime. One, in use in many West German schools, gives only a few lines to Nazi persecution of the Jews, and concludes laconically: "Many died."

Taken together, these are serious indictments of German democracy. But the case for the defense is also very strong. The fact is that compared with most of the world's so-called democracies, West Germany has built a genuine parliamentary regime, freely elected, and watchful of individual liberties. "Democracy," declares Bundestag President Eugen Gerstenmaier, "is nowhere in the world less 'tired' than in Germany. If another Hitler came along today, we would kill him—yes, kill him." A Bonn workman adds this sharp reminder: "If people think this isn't a democracy, they

600,000 Jews. Adenauer, too, has every intention of defending democracy. Last week, Berlin authorities arrested 28 youths for Nazi acts, banned all neo-Nazi groups, and imposed a seventeen-month jail term on a minor official who walked into a bar and shouted "Heil Hitler." In Bonn, the Cabinet readied a new law to impose a three-month jail term on anyone who even "disparages" any minority group.

The verdict on German democracy is not yet in. "People do not become democrats overnight," says Carlo Schmid. Yet despite the lack of democratic traditions, despite the lapses and failures, despite the theory that the "German national character" is inherently racialist, the beginnings of democracy are there.

*Left to right: Erwin Schonborn, secretary of the Social People's party, Scharnhorst Youth Corps leader Helmut Peeck, and Karl Meissner, founder of the nationalist German Block.



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years of guerrilla fighting, 50-year-old anarchist Francisco Sabater, cop-killer, bank robber, yet still—to many Spaniards—a legendary hero of continuing resistance to Franco, escaped into the woods.

Behind him, on the walls of the farmhouse, he had scrawled the Kilroy-like sign that has kept his name before the public ever since the days of the Spanish Civil War: "El Sabater estuvo aquí"—"The Shoemaker was here."

As word of The Shoemaker's escape swept through northern Spain, Newsweek's Lionel Durand, vacationing on the Costa Brava, picked up his trail. His report:

Hobbling 12 miles through the night, Sabater reached a railway line. He was dressed as a Pyrenees villager but, as usual, had a pistol in his coat and a sack of hand grenades. He also carried a submachine gun. Painfully, he swung aboard an antiquated train with wooden cars purchased 50 years ago from the U.S. It looked like the kind that Jesse James used to rob in the days of the wild and woolly West, but Jesse seldom had a ride like this.

"I'll tell you where to stop," Sabater told the astonished engineer as he crawled into the cab and pointed a gun. "Go as fast as you can and don't bother with the schedule."

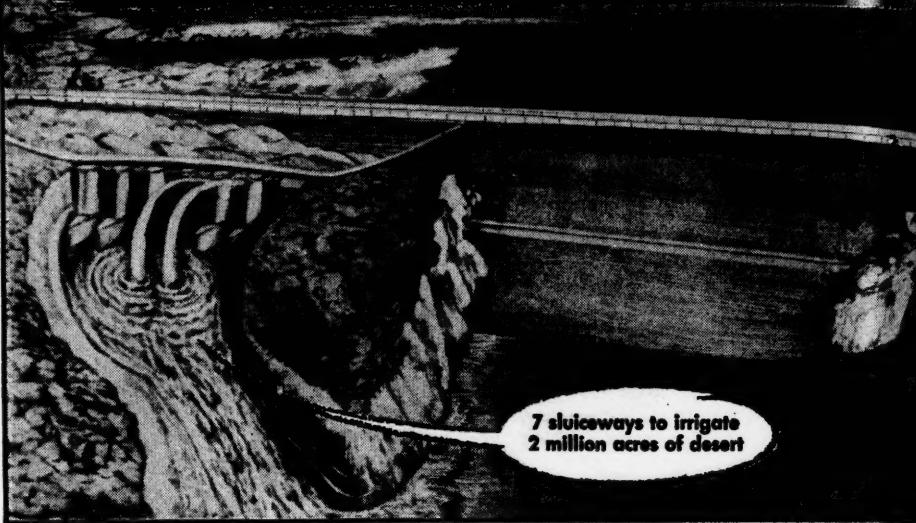
"Sí, señor," said the engineer, then thought of the trains ahead of him. He explained that if he didn't follow his schedule a crackup would be inevitable. Sabater looked at him closely, and agreed. Chuffing on to El Empalme the train made its usual starts and stops, and no one was the wiser.

Trap: But at El Empalme it was necessary to transfer to an electric locomotive. Sabater shepherded the engineer and firemen along before him, climbed in the cab with them, and they were off once more, unaware that the stationmaster had flashed a warning ahead. In San Celoni, police were waiting, but Sabater hopped off on the edge of the village.

Then, trying to force his way into a private house, The Shoemaker finally ran out of luck. The homeowner, young and athletic, grabbed Sabater's machine gun and wrestled him into the street. Sabater hit the man's hand, pulled out a pistol and whirled to face a Civil Guard who came running up. Sabater shot first, knocking the guard down, but the guard fired from the ground, and Sabater pitched forward.

The Shoemaker's body lay in the dust on the street called Calle de Los Hermanos (Street of the Brothers). Guardsmen congratulated each other, but a Catalan villager, passing the spot, mourned the man whose name had become a legend throughout Spain. "Muy hombre," he said. "A real man."

Aswan—Nasser's Super 'TVA'



We are building the High Dam! The moneylenders tried to stop us, but we're building it anyway.

—From a new Egyptian marching song

On a sandstone ledge overlooking the mud-stained Nile River one morning last week, President Gamal Abdel Nasser of the United Arab Republic strode forward and jabbed at a red push button. With a flash and a roar, 11.5 tons of TNT exploded on the bank of the river and a 20,000-ton granite cliff disintegrated. Moments later, through the drifting dust, came rows of steel-gray Russian bulldozers and an army of workers, rushing forward to begin clearing away the mountain of debris.

Thus, with a mighty bang, the Egyptians finally got down to work on the long-debated, often despaired of, Aswan High Dam.

NEWSWEEK Middle Eastern Correspondent Larry Collins, who watched the historic opening, cabled from Aswan:

The explosion that started construction on Nasser's super TVA will echo around the world. For the Aswan Dam, assuming it is completed on schedule by 1969, will not only convert 2 million acres of desert into a thriving land of farms and factories, it will confirm Nasser's U.A.R. as the uncontested economic and political leader of the Arab world. Aswan is the touchstone of President Nasser's prestige. Now that it's under way, his regime is doubly secure. Beyond that, the dam is the symbol of Arab nationalism, as well as being proof that the Soviet Union temporarily has outmaneuvered the West in its struggle to win a foothold in the Middle East lands.

The West had first crack at financing the Aswan High Dam (Nasser first applied to Washington for a loan more than

five years ago). But when the late John Foster Dulles saw that Nasser had mortgaged Egypt's cotton crop for Soviet-bloc arms, the Secretary of State insisted on cancellation of Western aid totaling \$270 million. Nasser turned to Moscow and got \$100 million at 2½ per cent interest (compared with the West's 5 per cent). Now, while Western diplomats watch dourly from the sidelines, Nasser and the Russians, each in their separate way, are making the most of their "hour of triumph."

Despite "threats and economic pressure" from other countries, cried Nasser last week, "our victory depended . . . on our determination to build the dam ourselves . . ." Then he led a motorcade of 2,000 VIP's—including Morocco's King Mohammed V, Russia's Minister of Electric Power Station Construction; and U.S. Embassy chargeé d'affaires Norbert Anschuetz—down to the damsite through flag-decked victory arches. From hordes of sweating, dusty-faced workers rose the martial chant: "Binebny el Sadd el Aali!" ("We are building the High Dam!"). By night, giant searchlights played over ancient temples of the Pharaohs. And throughout the U.A.R., millions of ordinary folk jumped for joy. They had something to jump about:

- When completed, the High Dam will be the largest in the world—3.1 miles wide, 365 feet high, and 3,960 feet thick.
- It will back up waters of the world's second longest river into the world's largest man-made lake—400 miles long and 16 miles wide at its head.
- Through a 4,263-foot-long diversion canal, blasted through a wall of sandstone and granite on the Nile's eastern bank, will roar 11,000 cubic meters of water per second.
- A giant hydroelectric plant, largest in the world, will produce more than 2 bil-



Newsweek—Magill

lion kilowatt-hours of electrical power a year. Aswan's electricity, Egyptians boast, will be cheaper to cook with than dried cow dung.

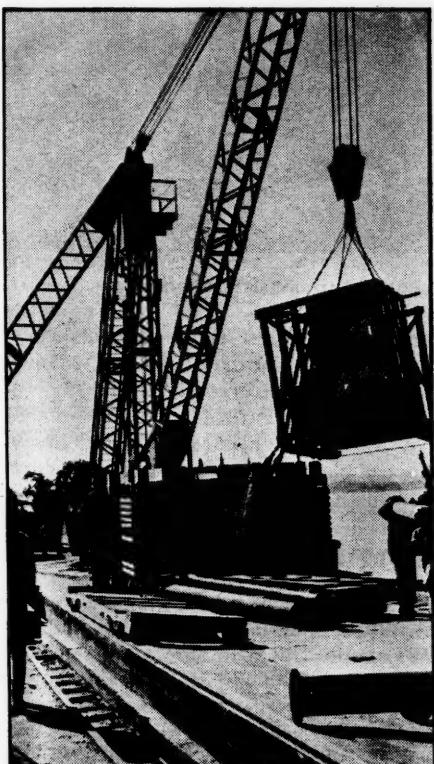
Already, the once empty desert around Aswan, more than 400 miles south of Cairo, hums with activity. Laboring feverishly over the past two years, the Egyptians have built a new river port, 25 miles of paved roads, an airport with a 3,000-yard runway for jets, a weather station, a \$40,000 water plant, an \$80,000 soil laboratory, 2,000 workers' homes, a 100-bed hospital, and power

lines to deliver 20,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity from the old Aswan Dam.

Nine thousand workers now are hammering down the last ties on a new 10-mile railway spur, churning up clouds of ocher dust as they dogtrot back and forth with sacks of fill in rubber buckets made from old truck tires. Soon to be started: An "educational city" for 20,000 college and high-school students, many of whom have volunteered to work on the dam during vacations.

Nasser likes to boast that Aswan is an all-U.A.R. show. Yet not only capital, but much engineering know-how has come at the courtesy of Moscow. For the past month, Soviet technicians have been supervising the unloading of \$2 million worth of heavy Soviet equipment, towed up the Nile on barges from Alexandria. Fifty 4-ton Soviet dump trucks, three steam shovels, and two olive-green cranes are being hammered together by Egyptians under the watchful eye of Russians in blue denim coveralls and white hats.

Playing Both Sides: Nasser is not blind to his nation's increasing reliance on the Soviets. He therefore hopes to win substantial Western help for Aswan's \$432 million second stage. The U.S., which cannot ignore Nasser's arbitrary behavior in closing Suez to Israeli vessels, remains dubious. But West German capitalists are now considering a \$48 million advance (Bonn's Economics Minister Ludwig Erhard is due in Cairo on Jan. 24). And other Western nations already are contributing heavily to an industrialization program designed to make the town of Aswan the "Pittsburgh" of the Middle East. Nearly complete is a huge \$60 million fertilizer factory, built with French and West German assistance. It will produce 800,000 tons of ammonium nitrate yearly—four times



Newsweek—Larry Collins

Machinery for progress

January 18, 1960

Egypt's present fertilizer output, and clustered around the factory are brightly hued, air-conditioned apartments for 1,000 workers, together with schools, shopping center, and swimming pool.

Thus, belatedly, the West is stirring to the challenge and opportunity of Nasser's "dream of tomorrow." Yet in the long run, neither the West nor Russia can ensure the better life that Nasser promises his 24 million impoverished people; this must depend largely on the Egyptians themselves.

BRITAIN:

Last 'Hello'

A bright-eyed English lad burst into the room where his paralytic father—unable to move about without aid—was resting on a cot. "Hello, Daddy," the boy chirped, then stumbled into his father's collapsible wheel chair. Like a giant mechanical spider, it folded around him and a crossbar fell across the child's throat, starting to choke him. Frantically the father beat on the walls with his hands until neighbors came. By then it was too late. Thomas Tyzack, 10, son of Mr. and Mrs. Tyzack of St. Anthony's Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, died last week en route to the hospital.

AFRICA:

'Omanyeh Aha Nye'

Old Etonian tie ever so slightly askew, Prime Minister Harold Macmillan rode the surf in a Ghanaian canoe last week to get a seaside view of the capital city of Accra. Emerging windswept and splashed, but with his celebrated aplomb totally unruffled, he moved on to the "Mammies' Market," where hundreds of women sell everything from beer mugs to crocodile teeth. "Akwaaba" (Welcome), shouted the women and crowded around enthusiastically. "I love you long time," bellowed one enormous woman, bravely doing her best in the English she knew. When Macmillan began to perspire, another woman offered him a handkerchief. Others showered him with gifts of flowerpots, beads, tomatoes. Finally, when it was time to go, the Prime Minister stepped up on a little stone, raised his shaggy eyebrows and cried out in his Oxford accent: "Omanyeh Aha Nye" ("Good luck to you all").

While Macmillan and his wife, Lady Dorothy, were seeing the sights during the first of the stops they will make on a month-long visit to Africa, their host, roly-poly Premier Kwame Nkrumah, was holding a press conference. Ushering correspondents (visitors only; the local press was excluded) past his large Labrador, "Black Caesar," Nkrumah announced that he had urged his distinguished guest

to set a "firm timetable" for the independence of British territories in East Africa. Nkrumah went on to criticize the Balkanization of Africa into tiny independent fragments, each led by local "tin gods" (one of the "tin gods" he found especially offensive: Sylvanus E. Olympio, Premier of neighboring Togoland, which Ghana wants to absorb). And he promised that Ghana would willingly submerge itself in such a union.

Polytely, Harold Macmillan made no comment on Nkrumah's suggestions. "I have come," he said modestly, "to see, to hear, to learn." Then, after a state dinner in his honor, the P.M. flew off in his silvery gray Britannia to see and learn in Nigeria (which will become independent next October), the Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland (where 300,000 white settlers are feuding with 7.5 million Africans over the future of Nyasaland), and thereafter, the Union of South Africa. His trip seemed a fitting beginning to what Britons are calling "1960—the African Year."

KOREA:

Midnight Haircut

It was midnight, and the gates of the U.S. Army's Camp Casey were well guarded. But the two Korean women were regular visitors who knew where there was a hole in the barbed-wire fence. They crawled through, then crept into the barracks of a Seventh Infantry Division tank company. They had come looking for friends, they claimed later—but they woke up the wrong GI's. The startled GI's grabbed them, and they were hauled off to the company orderly room. There, acting on standing orders of the company commander, Capt. John W. McEnery of Cheyenne, Wyo., two sergeants shaved the women's heads, then turned them over to Korean police.

Koreans were outraged when the story broke. Head-shaving, once the standard Korean punishment for unfaithful wives, still is considered one of the most shameful forms of punishment.

Embarrassed U.S. Army spokesmen admitted that Captain McEnery had been somewhat "overzealous" in taking the law into his own hands. But they pointed out that the women, Kim Soon-Ae, 30, and Kim Jong-Jon, 22, were both registered prostitutes—only two out of some 3,000 Korean women arrested for soliciting in Seventh Division camps in the last six months.

The Korean Government was not so understanding. A Foreign Ministry official called it a "disastrous incident." The press renewed demands for a status-of-forces agreement that would give Korean courts jurisdiction over off-duty offenses by U.S. troops. Members of Korea's Parliament called for retribution.

FRANCE:

The Door Shuts

Through all his writings, Nobel Prize winner Albert Camus, perhaps the greatest French writer since the war, affirmed his love of life. Yet in work after work, from "The Myth of Sisyphus" to "The Pest," he was preoccupied with "the conscious certitude of death."

The only true function of man, born into an "absurd" world, he wrote in his "Sisyphus," is "to live, to be aware of one's life, one's revolt, one's freedom." In "Just Assassins," Albert Camus added later: "If the only solution is death, then we are not on the right track. The right track is the one that leads to life, to the

World War II, when he became one of the editors of the Resistance paper *Le Combat*. The Gestapo came close to catching him, but Camus lived to write: "It is not the combat which makes artists out of us but art which compels us to be combatants."

Camus began to win international acclaim in 1947 with the publication of "The Pest"; by 1952, when he published "The Rebel," his fame was secure. His attacks against all totalitarian thinking led to a break with the existentialists, notably Jean-Paul Sartre.

Yet the "certitude of death" pursued Camus always, and he wrote in "Nuptials": "I do not like to believe that death opens upon another life. To me, it is a door that shuts." Last week the door shut.



Albert Camus and wreck: 'One cannot unceasingly suffer'

sunlight. One cannot unceasingly suffer from the cold."

It was out of the facts of his own life and the great upheaval of the war years that Camus came to have this preoccupation with the battle of life against death. Twice he had been face-to-face with almost certain death; and twice he had escaped it.

He was born, in 1913, at Mondovic in Algeria, the son of a humble farm laborer who was killed at the Marne early in World War I; while studying philosophy at the University of Algiers, he was stricken with tuberculosis. For months his life was despaired of, but he recovered and went on a tour of Europe—"to enjoy the feeling of life."

His second look at death was during



Associated Press

Camus had been staying at his country home at Lourmarin, in the Vaucluse region, to do some writing; he was being driven back to Paris. On Route Nationale No. 5, traveling at 90 mph, a rear tire on the car blew. The car went out of control and hit a tree. Camus died instantly.

Torture—And Progress

The colonel of gendarmes had no appearance of a cruel or brutal man; he was simply trying to offer an explanation for a fact that existed. He said slowly: "The fight against terrorism makes certain methods of interrogation indispensable ... to save human lives."

The colonel is commandant of a French camp for prisoners of war just outside



*Many hard maples have been taken from the Hollow in
the past century, but they left their descendants*

HEIRS TO A TENNESSEE TRADITION

These regal maples were only little shoots poking through the snow when Jack Daniel strode this hill, choosing the best trees for a traditional Tennessee process he employed to smooth out his sippin' whiskey.

We still gentle our whiskey in just the same way Jack Daniel did. Known as Charcoal Mellowing, the venerable process calls first for a very special tree—a *hard maple* growing on *high* ground. Always cut in the winter, when the sap is down, the tree is sawed up and artfully stacked in ricks which are burned to charcoal. Then the charcoal is tamped tightly into a vat ten feet high, and the whiskey is trickled down through it . . . drop by drop . . . for 8 to 12 unhurried days. The smooth, sippin' result is labeled JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY . . . a truly rare potable today.

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DROP
BY DROP

Algiers. The charge had been made that prisoners had been tortured to obtain information, and now investigators for the International Red Cross—with the permission of the French Government—had arrived to look into the situation."

What the investigators found—according to a secret 300-page report whose findings became public last week—was a story with two sides. There had indeed been cases of "inhuman treatment," but the French Army in Algeria has taken positive steps to improve conditions.

Excerpts from the report:

►Prisoners in the camps around Algiers complained of electric-shock and water-torture treatments; in one camp a prisoner who had undergone "interrogation" was discovered lying on the floor of his cell with several broken ribs.
 ►In a cell of the camp at Saint Palmiers, holding six internees—three of whom had recent bruises—a dead prisoner was found lying on the floor. He had been lying there some eight hours. At this same camp, over a period of six days, five men who had been captured with tear gas died of tear-gas poisoning, apparently for lack of medical treatment.
 ►The number of prisoners "shot while trying to escape" is suspiciously high.

On the other hand, the Red Cross went on to report, Gen. Maurice Challe, the French commander in chief, dealt promptly with the complaints as soon as he heard them. Returning to one of the camps it had criticized, the Red Cross team found that the prisoners had "no serious complaints."

The question of the mistreatment of terrorists captured in Algeria has been a burning political issue in France almost since the start of the Algerian war, five years ago; the new thing about the supposedly confidential Red Cross report was that it was leaked to *Le Monde* of Paris, a highly reputable paper with excellent news sources inside the French Government. *Le Monde* was confiscated in Algeria when it appeared. But the fact that the story appeared in Paris marked a whole new departure.

The Fifteen Old Men of The Hague

"It is my purpose," said President Eisenhower in his State of the Union Message, "to intensify our efforts to replace force with a rule of law among nations." He went on to propose that the U.S. subject itself to the International Court of Justice. This would mean repealing the Connally Amendment. What is the World Court? What is the Connally Amendment? In this special report from The Hague, Senior Editor Arnaud de Borchgrave examines these questions.

Limousine after limousine swung through the massive iron gates of the Peace Palace at The Hague and crunched briskly up the gravel drive. Out stepped fifteen elderly gentlemen from fifteen different countries. They were the Justices of the International Court of Justice, gathering to listen to hearings on a case known as "Right of Passage Over Indian Territory."

Inside the main courtroom a few moments later, pale sunlight filtered through stained-glass windows as the silver-chained usher announced "*La Cour!*" ("The Court"). Everyone present—diplomats, lawyers, students, a few tourists—stood up as the fifteen justices, dignified in their black robes and white lace bibs, took their seats, and sank deep into a posture of learned listening. The oldest justice is Jules Basdevant of France, now 82. Not much younger are Court President Helge Klaestad of Norway, 74, and the U.S. member, Green Hackworth, 77.

Decisions, Small and Slow: Portugal claimed the right of its citizens to travel between the tiny Portuguese territory of Damão (population: 64,000) on India's west coast, and its even smaller interior enclaves of Dadra and Nagar-Aveli. India had been blocking such passage since 1954.

The case had been on the court's docket since 1955 and already had droned through such procedural steps as India's "Six Preliminary Objections" and Portugal's "Observations and Submissions in Regard to the Objections." Now the court was convened and working solely

on this case. India's counsel spoke for a week; the Portuguese argued for more weeks. At last, the court withdrew to deliberate. A decision is expected any day.

Unfortunately, most of the cases brought before the court these days are of this trivial nature. Yet the World Court was established by the United Nations Charter in 1946 with far more urgent purpose. It was intended as a sister body to the Security Council and the General Assembly. Full of hope and promise, the new court moved into the magnificent Carnegie-endowed Peace Palace which had been occupied by the prewar Court of International Justice, a League of Nations offshoot. Most of the old court's procedures, rulings, and precedents—as well as its 350,000-volume law library—were absorbed.

Since then, however, the court, like its sister bodies, the Security Council and the General Assembly, has suffered heavily at the hands of the cold war. The Soviet Union, although sending a judge, has never shown the slightest intention of submitting itself to the court's jurisdiction. Meanwhile, the great political issues of the cold war—the Berlin blockade, Korea, Hungary—and even some semi-legal issues such as the nationalization of Suez, have passed the World Court by.

The Foot-Draggers: The court has also suffered from nationalist suspicions. France, Pakistan, and Britain had each reserved for themselves the decision as to what cases involving themselves the

(Continued on Page 38)



United Nations

The World Court: A good place to start the President's 'effort to replace force with a rule of law'



Today, food goes from packer to store to oven to the table in aluminum containers.

Dinners like grandma used to cook come in aluminum now

60 million frozen dinners, 400 million potpies, 75 million fruit and cream pies went to the table last year, most of them packaged in shining aluminum. But that's just part of the story about aluminum's growing role as a super salesman.

Marketing men say aluminum moves goods off the shelves *10 times faster* than other wraps. Result—production of foil containers alone pushed well past the billion mark in 1957 and the industry expects this annual volume to *triple* by 1960 . . . *quadruple* by 1965.

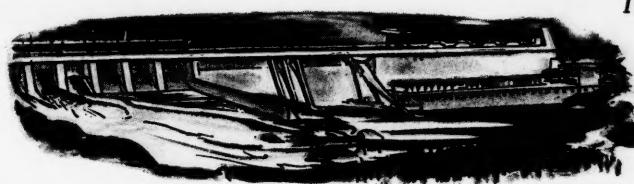
With packaging taking an ever-increasing share of the aluminum supply, America's need for basic alumini-

num will continue to rise steadily. Indeed—it is estimated that the demand for aluminum may well double in the next 10 years.

Fortunately—in neighboring Canada, Aluminium Limited has harnessed water power to create the vast amounts of electricity needed to make aluminum. As in the past, this dependable source will help U.S. businessmen meet their need for more aluminum.

Aluminium Limited sells no consumer products in the U.S. It specializes instead in supplying its customers with high-quality aluminum ingot and technical assistance to help them create new and better products.

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Ford brings you a glamorous new Thunderbird...

The sliding sun roof
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Now you can enjoy all the advantages of a weather-proof closed car—plus the open-air fun of a convertible!



You can have your cake and eat it, too!

When you drive the brilliant new 1960 Thunderbird with the sliding sun roof—you're wide open to the sky in June, completely weatherproof in January.

To open the roof, simply turn a handle and glide the roof back. You can do it with one hand, from the driver's seat, while your Thunderbird is in motion. It's that easy! And you can lock it in any position from closed tight to open wide.

The new sliding sun roof is an *all-steel* panel. The girl on the opposite page is taking advantage of it to photograph a recent ceremony at U.S. Marine Corps barracks in Washington, D. C.

In winter, driving with the roof open about a quarter of the way actually *improves* the efficiency of your heater. At the same time, you can enjoy fresh, constantly changing air. You've never known such pleasant winter driving.

In summer, just slip the sliding sun roof back all the way and you'll sing the song of the open road—and the open top! You'll

enjoy a *naturally* air-conditioned ride.

Winter or summer, you'll find that the new sliding sun roof Thunderbird brings you more style, more comfort and more fun than you've ever enjoyed before—even in a Thunderbird!

And the optional sliding sun roof can be yours with the new 1960 Thunderbird for *far less* than you'd pay for other luxury cars without this exciting innovation. See your Ford dealer. You'll find that the Thunderbird sun roof is one of the most wonderful things that's happened since the sun first came out!



Drive *any* Thunderbird—hardtop with sun roof, hardtop, or convertible—and you'll see at once why this unique car is already one of the great automotive classics of all time. It performs as only a Thunderbird can. It is distinctive and luxurious. It is comfortable as only a car with *individual* seats can be. In short, it is the world's most wanted car—the car *everyone* would love to own.

'60 THUNDERBIRD
THE WORLD'S MOST WANTED CAR

FORD DIVISION, *Ford Motor Company*,

(Continued from Page 34)

court may discuss, but the leading foot-dragger has been America. The U.S. Senate, fearing that the court's charter would empower it to overrule such domestic legislation as the tariff and immigration acts added a restriction before it would ratify the Charter. This restriction, principally sponsored by former Sen. Tom Connally of Texas, put this country on record as saying in effect: "We will go to the court only when we feel like it." And to date, the U.S. has gone before the World Court only ten times.

Crippled by this American reservation, the court has been forced to spend its time on picayune cases like that of the Portuguese enclaves.

Some typical examples:

► **Asylum (Colombia vs. Peru).** When Peruvian Socialist leader Haya de la Torre took refuge in the Colombian Embassy in Lima in January 1949, Peru asked the court for permission to extradite him. The case involving one man ultimately went before the court three times for interpretative decisions. Before any final ruling had been made, de la Torre had slipped away to Europe.

► **Minquiers and Ecrehos (Britain vs. France).** Two tiny groups of islets off the French coast, which had been disputed since 1066, were claimed by France. The court ruled that "direct evidence of possession" (held by Britain) outweighed "indirect presumptions based on matters in the Middle Ages."

► **The Temple (Cambodia vs. Thailand).** An obscure temple perched on the jungle border between those two Southeast Asian kingdoms is disputed. Cambodia's claim, now pending before the court, is that the temple clearly became Cambodian by the terms of an equally obscure Franco-Siamese treaty in 1907.

In the long run the court's thoroughness and objectivity in every case, however small, have made a strongly favorable impression in the U.S. Last year, Vice President Nixon suggested that the court might be made the arbiter of any disputes arising from future U.S.

Jackpot

At tuppence a try, butcher Charlie Lee of Birmingham, England, played the football pools for twenty years. Last week, he won—a staggering £ 250,738 (\$702,066). Charlie's plans: Free Sunday roasts for his 300 "dear old regular customers," a holiday in Paris, but no thought of leaving his butcher shop. "I'd be lost," he said.

agreements with the Soviets. The American Bar Association last August strongly urged wider use of the court, pointing out that with increasing American investment abroad—much of it in areas where arbitrary nationalization could happen—a court in which to sue for compensation is a must for American businessmen.

But it is humanity's overriding self-interest which dictates increased U.S. interest in the World Court. As Nixon put it: "If this sword of annihilation is ever to be removed from its precarious balance over the head of all mankind, some more positive courses of action than massive military deterrence somehow must be found."

Too Strong or Too Weak: Despite all this, repeal of the Connally Amendment faces tough sledding in the U.S. Senate. A resolution to repeal the amendment, offered last year by Sen. Hubert Humphrey, died ingloriously in committee. There is strong opposition from the Senate's conservative Southerners; some fear that under liberalized World Court jurisdiction, the U.S. racial question may one day turn up on the court's docket. One opponent, Sen. Karl Mundt of South Dakota, worries that the court will move into fields like America's restrictive immigration policies.

In answering these arguments no international lawyer maintains today that

the basic international differences between the West and Communism can be submitted to the World Court. Yet many hope that, in time, the Soviet Union will come to recognize law as the only real alternative to war. To these optimists, it now seems imperative that the U.S. demonstrate a similar trust.

All the drama and complexity of clashing ideologies and emerging peoples, all the potential excitement and danger of nations probing into space, may sound like too much for fifteen elderly gentlemen working serenely away in one of the quietest towns in Europe. Yet the court at least is a place to make a start along the road to the worldwide rule of law. It was this that Mr. Eisenhower had in mind when he spoke to Congress and asked that the U.S. now accept decisions of the World Court as the law of the land.

BRIEFLY NOTED:

Blooms and Booms

Elsewhere around the world last week, these events had this significance:

► **Red China:** Peking (1) bought its first color TV equipment from Britain; (2) reported new progress in producing a family car; (3) stopped ranting against Indonesia's "oppression" of Chinese minorities and offered to repatriate any or all of the 15 million Overseas Chinese in Southeast Asia, and (4) permitted publication of an article by Ma Yin-chu, 78, Yale-educated President of Peking University, criticizing the regime for rejecting birth control. **Significance:** In Mao Tse-tung's desert, a few, frail flowers are blooming.

► **Laos:** After ousting Premier Phoui Sananikone two weeks ago for allegedly "appeasing" Communists, the army itself was forced by King Savang Vathana to relinquish control. Disregarding new threats from Peking, the King appointed a compromise Premier: Kou Abhay, 70, a moderate. **Significance:** Stability is hard to find on the borders of Red China.

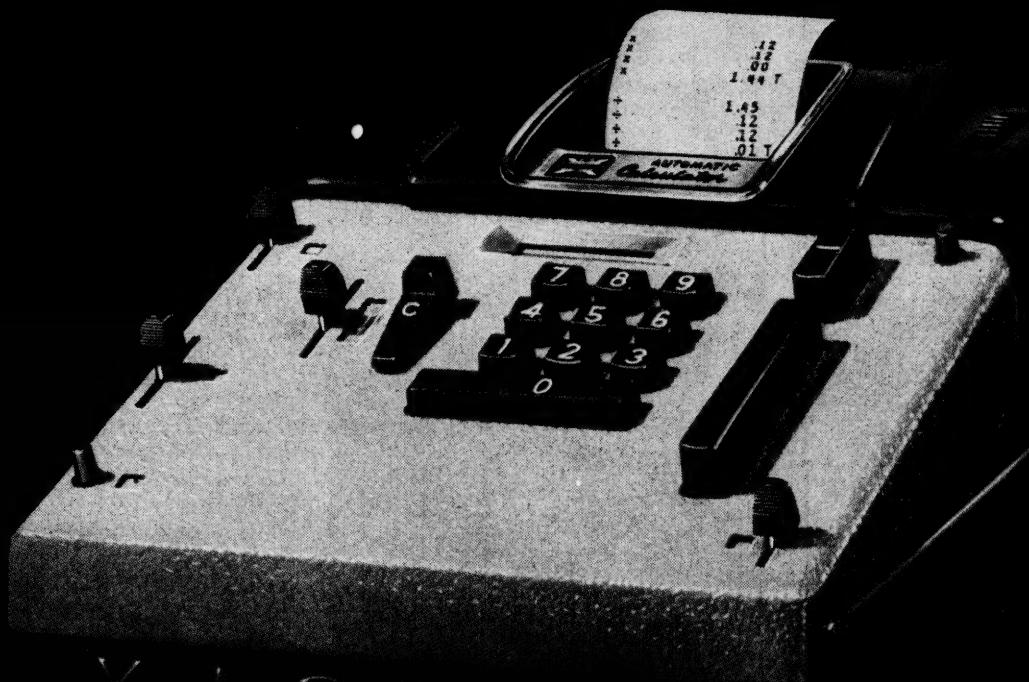
► **Iraq:** Premier Abdul Karim el-Kassem lifted a ban on political parties (provided they don't conflict with "national interests") and called on neighboring Syria to "free" itself from Gamal Abdel Nasser's "despotic oppression." **Significance:** El-Kassem is girding for a new showdown with Nasser.

► **Britain:** Sir Walter Fergusson Hannay, a prominent physician and chairman of the Noise Abatement Society, warned: "If the general noisy conditions of everyday life continue ... we shall become a race of shouting maniacs." **Significance:** Q-U-I-E-T, please!



ANNOUNCING

1960 VICTOR AUTOMATIC PRINTING CALCULATOR



Easy to use as an adding machine

- Simple!** Victor's exclusive *Magic Motor Bar* and Simpla-Key handle all calculations — division, multiplication, addition and subtraction.
- Simple!** Automatic Constant, Total Transfer and Credit Balance.
- Simple!** Prints the answers clearly, with true symbols, on tape.
- Simple!** Anyone can operate a Victor Calculator. No special training needed.



MADE IN AMERICA

VICTOR
ADDING MACHINE CO.
Chicago 18, Illinois

Victor Adding Machine Co., (Canada) Ltd., Galt, Ont.
Manufacturers of Business Machines, Cash Registers, Business
and Industrial Systems, Electronic Equipment, Electri-Cars.



See the Adding Machine section in the Yellow Pages for nearest Factory Branch or Dealer.
Or mail coupon today!

**Victor Adding Machine Co., Dept. N-1
Chicago 18, Illinois**

Please send new four-color brochure on your new 1960
Victor Calculator.

Name _____

Firm _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Love Letters to Rambler



Mr. Lorne B. Pratt
Busy executive
Lorne B. Pratt is Vice-President of the M. Penn Phillips Co., world's largest land development company; Vice-President of the Hesperia Inn (Hesperia, Calif.); formerly Secretary-Manager of the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

Mr. Pratt writes this about his new Rambler . . . the 3rd he has owned:

"6' 6" IN MY COWBOY BOOTS... RAMBLER EASY TO GET IN"

"I am a firm believer in the Rambler automobile for the service it gives. It has done an excellent job for me and I feel it will do the same for others. Incidentally, in my cowboy boots, which is the general attire in Hesperia, I stand 6' 6" (6' 4" normal height), but I still find it easy to get in and out of my Rambler."

Want big car room and comfort? Want small car economy and handling ease?

Get the best of both in the compact Rambler—new standard of basic excellence.

Seats six big adults, yet is easier to turn and park. Big car performance with top gas economy! Low first cost, highest resale value. Go Rambler 6 or V-8.



FORESIGHT

A week's rest here from the trials of winter may keep you on the job all season.



CHALFONTE HADDON HALL
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Owned & operated by Leeds & Lippincott Co. for 70 years

CANADA

QUEBEC:

Tough Moderate

The doors of the caucus room in Quebec's stately Legislative Building swung open and a courtly, silver-thatched man stepped out, flanked by colleagues and officers of the provincial police. In the corridors, a crowd of 500 curious Canadians burst into applause. Quebec had a new Premier last week, the second one since September.

Antonio Barrette, former Minister of Labor, was stepping into the shoes of Paul Sauvé who died two weeks ago after less than four months in office.

Barrette was an unexpected winner. Three other ambitious politicians, all with wider support than he, had their eyes on the job. But they proved hopelessly deadlocked as a caucus of the Union Nationale party met. Barrette was every-

optimists predict he will stay on Sauvé's moderate course. They remember that he favored drafting Canadians into the army in the first world war, a courageous stand in the face of French Canadian opposition. But perhaps not even Barrette knows the answer himself, as he tackles a job he never expected to get.

THE PRAIRIES:

Battle of the Stamps

The great battle of the trading stamps was raging across Canada this week. Defending the Gold Bonds, or Pinkies, or Lucky Green stamps, are the rival supermarket chains, which use them in their bitter cross-country rivalry. Opposed are small retail merchants, a few of the chains, and the potent Canadian Association of Consumers, whose 26,000 members are backed up by half a million shoppers in affiliated women's groups.

The main issue: Do trading stamps raise the cost of living? "It's a shell game, to distract customers from the fact that they're paying higher prices," declares an executive of Canada Safeway. "Stamps have lowered prices," the president of the giant Loblaw Grocereterias Co., Ltd., snaps back.

In 1908 an irate Canadian Government passed a law barring trading stamps. "Discount stamps," now in general use in Quebec and parts of other Eastern provinces, are not trading stamps in the meaning of the act, their proponents protest. They were able to avoid a showdown as long as they stuck to the East. When they recently moved into the Prairies, the battle was joined.

Western Invasion: Loblaw pushed into Winnipeg, prepared to do battle with Safeway and other entrenched Western chains. It clobbered them with the "S-weapon," hitherto unknown in Winnipeg, and Loblaw's sales skyrocketed. Anti-stamp forces, which had got nowhere in the East, rushed to the front.

Local governments joined them. Mayor Steven Juba of Winnipeg calls them a "cancer," says their "roots must be eradicated." Their future is now being fought out in the courts.

What does the public think about the controversy? It couldn't care less. A NEWSWEEK correspondent who made a survey of the crisis reports that there is no "aroused public" behind the anti-stamp pressure groups. On the other hand, Loblaw put display ads in Winnipeg papers calling on citizens to write to provincial Attorney General Sterling Lyon in favor of the stamps. How many letters did Lyon get? Not one, he says.

But the battle goes on. United States stamp interests are taking a hand. The reason: They're worried that if the anti-stamp forces are successful in Canada, the crusade might spill over the border.



Associated Press

Barrette: 'I was a real bronco'

body's choice as a compromise candidate.

Quebec's 60-year-old Premier is a union machinist who never went beyond the seventh grade in school. He started his business life as a railroad messenger at 5 cents an hour, made a moderate fortune as an insurance broker, and served in the Cabinets of the late Maurice Duplessis and Sauvé. Although organized labor bitterly scored Duplessis's government as anti-union, Barrette remained miraculously popular. A steelworker called him: "Tough but honest." He has a mind of his own. "I was a real bronco," he says of his youth. "I had no use for schooling . . . but soon the urge to learn overpowered me and I became as stubborn about education as about getting the nickel-an-hour job."

Will he follow Sauvé's policy of cooperating with English Canada or turn back to Duplessis's Quebec-first isolationism?

America's modern way of doing business



MODELED PHOTOGRAPH

Youngster is inoculated with vaccine from Chas. Pfizer & Co. Inc., world famous pharmaceutical manufacturer

Air Express speeds vaccine to Doctors . . . in just hours

A child comes down with flu. Then another. And another. The local Board of Health's supply of vaccine runs low. A wire is sent to Pfizer. A few hours later, all the children are inoculated. Only AIR EXPRESS delivers so fast, so dependably—anywhere in the U. S. This high-priority shipping service, the nation's most complete, is America's new way of doing business—even for day-to-day shipments. Kid-glove handling. Jet-age speed. Amazingly low cost.

And just a single phone call is necessary. Whatever your business—parts, perishables or new models—with AIR EXPRESS you're FIRST TO MARKET...FIRST TO SELL!





CALL AIR EXPRESS DIVISION OF RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY •

GETS THERE FIRST VIA U. S. SCHEDULED AIRLINES

NEWSMAKERS



Hall of Fame: Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, Jr.; Mrs. Henry Ford II; Mrs. Winston Guest; Countess Consuelo Crespi

Haute Monde: Who are the ten best-dressed women in the world, and in what order? The Couture Group of New York, an organization of fashion houses which has been calling 'em as it sees 'em for seventeen years, decided this year that foolhardiness is not courage. Instead of ten, it picked twelve; and instead of designating one winner and a bunch of also-rans, it simply listed them alphabetically. The Twelve Best: DONNA MARELLA AGNELLI, Turin, Italy; Princess ALEXANDRA of Kent, England; Mme. HERVE ALPHAND, wife of the French Ambassador to the U.S.; Mrs. THOMAS BANCROFT JR., New York; Mrs. WALTHER MOREIRA SALLES, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador to the U.S.; Vicomtesse JACQUELINE DE RIBES, Paris; Princess GRACE (Kelly) of Monaco; Mrs. LOEL GUINNESS, Paris; AUDREY HEPBURN, Paris; Mrs. BRUNO PAGLIAI (Merle Oberon), Paris; Mrs. JOHN RYAN III, New York; Mrs. NORMAN K. WINSTON, New York. In addition, four other high-fashion ladies were given the special honor of being named to the Fashion Hall of Fame (see photo).

That Winston: Unlike his colleagues who jammed the bookstalls with their memoirs following World War II, former Chief of the British Imperial General Staff Sir EDMUND IRONSIDE believed a soldier's tales were best kept to himself. Thus the crusty old field marshal, who died four months ago, stipulated in

his will: "I do not wish any of my diaries to be published nor any kind of biography issued." But he had reckoned without his wife, Lady IRONSIDE, who revealed that some extracts of his diaries would be published after all, and only wished that there could be more. "I always felt he wasn't very well treated," she said. "Winston was always getting him up in the middle of the night."

Misconduct: His shoulders squared, actor STERLING HAYDEN faced up to a new life. Accused by his ex-wife of spiriting their four children away to Tahiti on an old schooner against the court's order, Hayden pleaded guilty, told a Los Angeles judge that he did it because he was ashamed of his acting, and he wanted to start a new career away from Hollywood. "I felt that in order to stand on my own two feet and be a proper man, I had to do work other than I was doing," he said. An understanding judge told him to go to it, gave him a suspended sentence.

Surprise Party: Stricken with a throat ailment at the eleventh hour, Italy's President, GIOVANNI GRONCHI, had to postpone his trip to Russia, thereby providing a mouth-watering feast for traditionally hungry newsmen and diplomatic camp followers. The Italian Embassy in Moscow had flown in tons of provisions—pheasant, pâté de foie gras, cakes, champagne, and all the trappings

—for the expected round of parties in the President's honor, had wondered what to do with it all when an alert attaché came up with the solution—invite to lunch the 40 Italian journalists and all the personnel from the Foreign Ministry who had arrived in advance of the official party.

Friendly Enemy: Republican bigwigs, a few Democrats, and United Steelworkers president DAVID J. McDONALD, among others, celebrated Senate Minority Leader EVERETT M. DIRKSEN'S 64th birthday at a cocktail party in the Chinese Room of the Mayflower hotel. As the 250 guests—including President EISENHOWER—milled about, talk centered around the new session of Congress, the recently settled steel strike. Suddenly, McDonald ran smack into Arizona's GOP Sen. BARRY M. GOLDWATER, who is a strong advocate of labor curbs. The two shook hands. "Why," McDonald asked almost wistfully, "don't you become my friend, Senator?" Goldwater joined in the general laughter, but he didn't answer the question.

Uncle Stew: Was Uncle Ben really eaten by cannibals? To find out, retired Colonial Secretary LENNOX-BOYD and Lady PATRICIA took off from London for the Solomons. The Rt. Hon. Lennox-Boyd's great-uncle Ben was tall, red-haired, adventurous BENJAMIN BOYD, a wealthy London stockbroker who sailed

his yacht to the South Seas a century ago, disappeared into one of the Solomon Islands with a shotgun, and never returned. "One report said he was popped into a cooking pot by the cannibals," said Lennox-Boyd, "which was rather a sticky end." But that did not necessarily have to be the case, he added. About 1870, sailors reported they had seen some tall, red-haired members of a tribe of natives.

Friendship: Tall, slim, and cool as a peppermint stick, MARIE-LUCE JAMAGNE (the new wife of Group Capt. PETER TOWNSEND) took two days off from her honeymoon to appear in a movie for Paris producer Pierre Kast. Approaching her between scenes, a reporter asked: "Do you like the movies?" Marie-Luce: "Certainly not." Reporter: "Will you make another movie?" Marie-Luce: "Under no pretext." Reporter: "Then why did you agree to make this one?" Marie-Luce: "Out of friendship for Pierre Kast." When her acting stint was over, Marie-Luce hurried back to Belgium and her waiting husband.

Palace Purge: When dog bites man, no news; but when dog bites footman, that's a different story—particularly if the dog is Princess MARGARET's and the footman does his footwork in Sandringham Hall. Johnny, a small Sealyham, was the Princess's favorite lap dog. When she breakfasted in bed, he came in with the toast and tea, cadged many a tidbit from her tray. Two years ago, Princess Margaret even had his portrait painted. But last week, alas, Johnny was banished from the palace—for biting a royal footman. "Nothing serious," said a palace spokesman, though it was "a nasty gash above the eye." Back to the kennels went Johnny, a sadder but wiser pooch.



UPI

Johnny: Banished from the court

January 18, 1960

CASE. PAYS BIG PROFITS...

IN FOUNDATION WORK

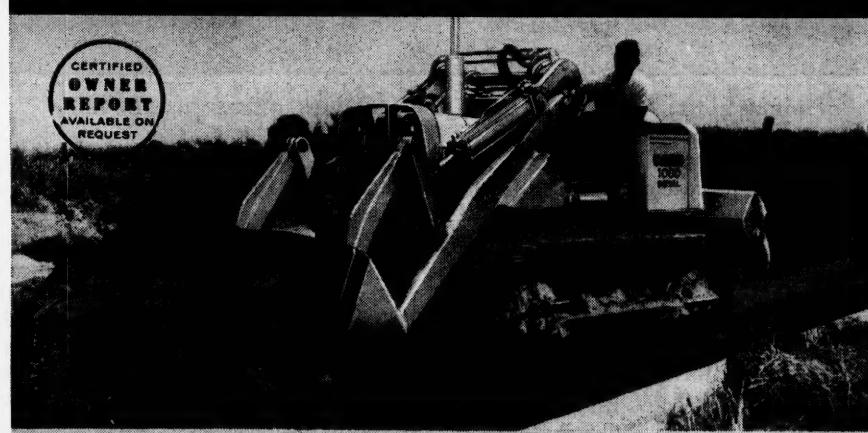


CERTIFIED
OWNER
REPORT
AVAILABLE ON
REQUEST

IN READY MIX CONCRETE



IN EXCAVATING & GRADING



Because of Product Leadership...

600%

Sales of Case industrial machines have increased over 500%
in 3 years—ahead of any other major company in the industry.

CASE

J. I. Case Company, Racine, Wis.
Worldwide Sales and Service

SPORTS

FOOTBALL:

The Scuffling Pros

Shortly after the proposed American Football League began organizing last July, George Preston Marshall, president of the Washington Redskins in the established National Football League, announced: "We welcome them."

"Yeah," said a reporter. "The way Atlanta welcomed Sherman."

But for the next few months, peace, or an illusion of peace, existed. The NFL, involved in its most profitable season (attendance more than 3 million) did not seem troubled by the rival outfit. The AFL, involved with plans for an opening in 1960, made no complaints.

By last week, peace had vanished,

spurned a bid from the NFL champion Baltimore Colts to accept a larger offer from Boston in the AFL.

►A plan to bring back the two-platoon system to college football was all but killed last week. By almost 2-1, delegates at the NCAA convention in New York adopted a surprise resolution recommending that the football rules committee retain the limited substitution rule.

TRACK AND FIELD:

Jumper on the Mend

When John Thomas, who has jumped higher than any other man in history, mangled his left foot in the gate of a moving elevator last March, he didn't notice the pain at first. "I was just mad," he

the first time since his accident, John Thomas started serious high-jumping again. "It feels just the same," he said, after a workout in the Tufts College gymnasium. "It feels good." It looked good, too. "I haven't been able to find out the exact height," said Ding Dussault, the Tufts coach, "but, estimating the best I can, Thomas has been around the 7-foot mark. Maybe he's even cleared 7-foot-2."

This week, as the 1960 indoor track season moves into high gear with the Knights of Columbus Meet in Boston, Thomas returns to competition. "Don't expect anything great," warned Ed Flanagan, Thomas's coach. "We want John to reach a peak in time for the Olympics. It's still early."

But Thomas himself, who jumped 6 feet 11 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches at the K of C meet last year, seemed anxious. Can he do that well again? "It's possible," Thomas said last week. "I'll sure be trying."

SQUASH RACQUETS:

Khan & Co., Ltd.

The smart players had a good thing going for them in the U.S. Open Squash Racquets championship last week. "Bet on Khan," they said. "A cinch." The only question: "Which Khan?"

To spectators at the Hartford (Conn.) Golf Club, the seventh annual U.S. open squash championships looked like a family reunion. Of the sixteen entrants, chosen from the world's best players, four were named Khan—all Pakistanis, all related, immensely talented, and incredibly durable. The Khan line-up:

►Hashim, 45: The Babe Ruth of squash, Hashim held the British Open championship from 1950 through 1955. In his first four years of international play, he never lost a match.

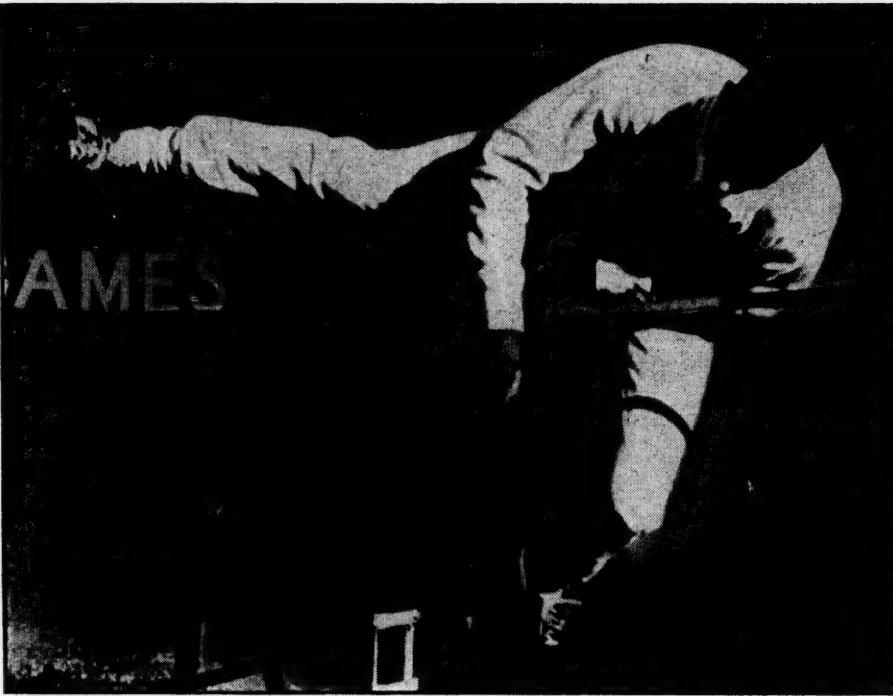
►Azam, 34 (Hashim's brother): A calculating player with sweeping strokes, Azam won the British Open last month after defeating Hashim for the first time in more than 30 matches.

►Roshan, 32 (a cousin): The most orthodox stylist among the Khans, Roshan won the U.S. Open in 1958.

►Mohibullah, 20 (Hashim's and Azam's nephew): An overpowering hitter, Mohibullah established himself as a top international player by winning the Scottish Open last year.

After Mohibullah was eliminated in the first round and Hashim in the second at Hartford, Azam and Roshan, playing brilliant semifinals, turned back top American amateurs Diehl Mateer and Henri Salaun and set up an all-Khan final.

The final was a tense marathon, lasting one hour and 55 minutes. (One rally produced 88 shots.) In the end, the Khan to bet was Roshan, winner over Azam, 15-7, 11-15, 15-11, 11-15, 15-7.



Thomas aloft: After a skin graft and crutches, 'it feels just the same'

the NFL was troubled, and officials of the new AFL were complaining to Congress. "We are victims of a monopoly," Joe Foss, the World War II fighter ace who is commissioner of the new league, told the Senate antitrust subcommittee, "and we may need help."

Triggering the battle was competition for territory. After an AFL entry was organized in Dallas, the NFL announced that it, too, was establishing a franchise there. A Minneapolis-St. Paul group pulled out of the AFL when the NFL promised them a berth.

A long war is in prospect with the odds favoring the NFL. The immediate winners: Pro players. Already, halfback Billy Cannon, who had signed with Los Angeles of the NFL, has accepted a better contract with Houston in the new league. Syracuse captain Gerhard Schwedes

says. "Mad at myself. I didn't pay any attention to the way it hurt."

Later, when examinations revealed deep lacerations exposing nerves and tendons, Thomas was frightened. So were American track and field officials. They were afraid that Thomas, who leaped 7 feet 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches last winter as a 17-year-old Boston University freshman, might never jump again. But Dr. Chester Howe of Massachusetts Memorial Hospital performed a skin graft that took perfectly. After six weeks in bed and two weeks on crutches, Thomas was able to walk again.

Slowly, he began working back into shape. In August, he did a bit of running. The foot felt fine, but Thomas didn't want to take chances. He stopped training until November, then resumed running and lifting weights. Last week, for



Rhodes scholar and Air Force Academy graduate, 2nd Lt. Bradley C. Hosmer sails abroad to study, as do Miss Judith D. Rush and Mr. Charles Steedman.

Take time out for the time of your life — on the s.s. United States, world's fastest ship!

To Europe in 5 days! From the moment that deep ship's whistle fills the air, your trip on the s.s. United States is an unforgettable experience.

You enjoy Meyer Davis dance music . . . 100 gourmet specialties for dinner . . . pre-release movies . . . Cinema horse racing. Your room has its own air conditioning. There are 800 stewards—nearly one for every couple. You can exercise in the gymnasium . . . play deck golf . . . swim in a heated salt water pool . . . or just relax with the world's most interesting people, while your children have fun in a professionally supervised playroom.

The shops on board have imports at European prices! You have acres of deck space to relax in—and virtually unlimited luggage space. The beds feel as if they were designed for royalty. You'll arrive feeling like a million

dollars after taxes. In short, you pay for just your ticket—and you get 5 days of the world's most palatial resort life thrown in!

Ask your travel agent today to plan your crossing via United States Lines. He can save you time and money, make yours the trip of a lifetime. It's a magnificent travel bargain!

s.s. United States, world's fastest ship. First class \$396.50 up, Cabin \$250.50 up, Tourist \$195.50 up.*

s.s. America, for the friendliness and luxury of a private yacht in a modern superliner, with extra hours at sea. First class \$337 up, Cabin \$229 up, Tourist \$188 up.*

*10% round-trip reduction on all rates during Thrift Season

UNITED STATES LINES
One Broadway, New York 4, N. Y. Tel.: Digby 4-5800



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

Bread now goes to market the modern way...wrapped in film of **TENITE POLYETHYLENE**

Pollock Paper Company, division of St. Regis Paper Co., using medium-density Tenite Polyethylene, supplies bread wrappers offering many advantages to both bakers and housewives

When bread is wrapped in film of Tenite Polyethylene, housewives are getting maximum freshness protection...grocers, a package with super sales appeal...and bakers, two-way economy: reduced wrapping costs, with fewer stale returns.

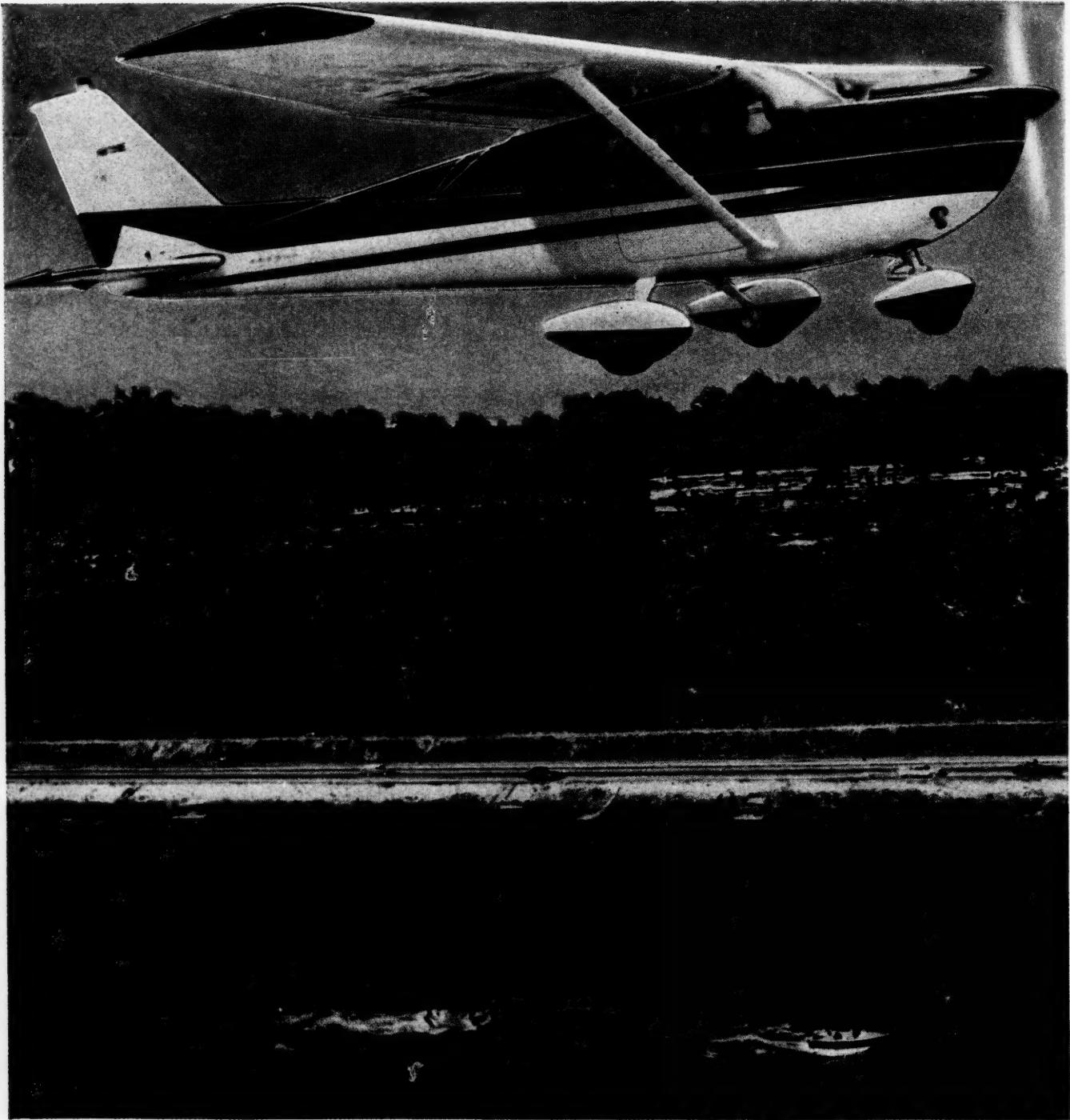
Film extruded from medium-density Tenite Polyethylene offers an ideal combination of properties: resistance to moisture transmission prolongs freshness; sparkling finish and outstanding clarity add sales appeal; softness of feel emphasizes the bread's freshness. This film also possesses just the right stiffness and slip for efficient use on high-speed packaging machines. Its wide heat tolerance means efficient operations on wrapping machines, and minimizes waste. And, in use, film of Tenite Polyethylene retains its strength even at low temperatures. From wrapping room to kitchen it offers maximum resistance to impact and tearing.

For all these reasons, Pollock Paper

Company, the nation's leading supplier of bread wrappers, has selected Tenite Polyethylene as its standard of quality. Extruded on special equipment to assure utmost clarity and sparkle, Pollock's "POLY-SEAL" film is used by bakers from coast to coast.

For more information about this film...for guidance in adapting existing wrapping equipment and developing suitable wrapping techniques...write Pollock, or **EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC.**, subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company, KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE.

TENITE®
POLYETHYLENE
an Eastman plastic



A CESSNA HELPS YOU DO MORE—AND ENJOY IT



"My Cessna saves me so much traveltime, I'm able to put in an additional business day per week —besides spending a lot more time at home." —Nelson Miner, Consulting Engineer, San Antonio, Texas.

"DRIVING" A CESSNA MAKES BUSINESS TRIPS FUN. Leave your office at 9 a. m. . . spend 3 hours wi'n a prospect 400 miles away . . . and enj' y a pleasant "drive" back that will get you home for dinner with your family. Plenty of time to relax and be fresh for the next day.

9 FLIGHT SWEEP CESSNA AIRPLANES—ONE FOR EVERY BUSINESS NEED

WHY DO WE SAY "DRIVE"?



Simply because a Cessna has so many features to simplify flying . . . such as Para-Lift flaps, Land-O-Matic, and High-Stability Wing. Makes flying almost as easy as driving up and down hills.

LEVELAIR AUTOMATIC FLIGHT

 designed for Cessna by Tactair makes flying almost as easy as dialing your radio. Optional equipment.

HOW MUCH WILL A CESSNA SAVE YOU? Call your Cessna dealer for a Value Per Mile analysis. And take a

demonstration ride in any of the nine new flight-sweep models . . . starting at \$7,250.* (The 4-place, all-metal Skylark shown above: \$13,050.* *Also ask about finance or lease plans.*

Or write:  Aircraft Co., Dept. NW-3, Wichita, Kan. At the airport: look for the red and blue Cessna pennants.

*With std. equip., f. a. f. Wichita.



Eardrums for Hire

"For FAST! FAST! FAST! relief, try . . ."

On the top floor of a two-story red brick building in Darby, Pa., this nagging commercial—and hundreds like it—bangs through the earphones of 22 professional listeners, from 9 a.m. until 5:30 p.m., five days a week. These iron-nerved 22 work for Broadcast Advertisers Reports (BAR), the only firm engaged in the large-scale monitoring of TV for ad agencies, sponsors, networks, and the National Association of Broadcasters.

Last year, laboring for modest clerical salaries (trainees start at \$40 a week), BAR's 22 subjected their tympanic membranes to 100,000 hours of TV—all of it recorded on audio tape by fellow workers in the field. This year, that figure will jump to 150,000 hours.

Types: Since 1953, when BAR was set up, all types of potential listeners—all ages, both sexes, all temperaments—have been lashed to its auditory slave galley. However, it has been found that housewives in their 30s bear up best. One who has borne up well is Mrs. Evelyn McDowell, who started as a listener five years ago. Now she's in charge of trainees. Like most of her co-workers, Mrs. McDowell finds listening to commercials strangely appealing.

"You become very commercial-conscious," she says without batting an eye. "The other night, I was in the kitchen and I could tell a new commercial had come on and I just had to turn off the water for a minute and listen to it."

Mrs. McDowell is not alone. Turnover at BAR is very low and the listeners all agree their jobs are "interesting," "different." Arranged along a series of five tables, they sit, taking notes, unjoking, intent on the cascade of talk washing over them. By speeding up the tape, a good auditor can plow through eighteen to twenty hours of broadcasting in four hours. Most of the listeners can reel off the contents of a TV spiel

Periscoping TV-Radio

A Communist equivalent of Western Europe's "Eurovision" is being built up by Russia with East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria—the network may be completed by 1961 . . . NBC is interested in a 1960-61 Western series that would be based on the memorable 1953 Alan Ladd movie, "Shane" . . . CBS, in cooperation with Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will produce six high-budget science specials starting next October.

after hearing only the first few words.

Launched in Philadelphia and run by three young men—Phil Edwards, 41, Robert Morris, 36, and David Allen, 31—BAR regularly covers 240 of the 518 commercial TV outlets in the nation, plus the networks. Its jobs fall into three categories: For the NAB, BAR makes sure stations are conforming to broadcast rules about over-commercialization (it also scouts offensive ads for the Board—funeral-parlor ads, for example—to make sure they don't become too exuberant); for ad agencies and sponsors, BAR checks on such things as length and placement of plugs, and for the networks, BAR keeps an eye on affiliates to see they're not cutting corners—chopping into a national commercial, for instance, to get in a more lucrative local ad.

Field Workers: "In the early days," recalls BAR's board chairman Phil Edwards, "we had four people listening with headphones, sitting near a window. People thought we were operating a bookie joint." Nowadays, BAR's 140 field workers keep their tape machines and TV sets (set up in living rooms, garages, and basements) hooked to local stations from coast to coast. The tapes are shipped off to Darby, where the listeners listen and then pass their notes on to the

editing department, which whips them into shape for clients.

The listener's job may be one of the most maddening in history, but man has vast capacities for adjustment. One listener, Mrs. Dorothy Seigfried, thinks TV programing itself is poor, but her job engrossing. "It's always different," she says gamely. "I was editing for a while and it was the same, day in and day out. I found it monotonous."

Eyeballs Wanted

The inviting offer flashed on the screen 35 times during one week: "Win \$100? Right! With a call to WICC-TV. WICC will pay \$100 to the first person calling Amherst 8-6591. It's that easy." But station WICC in Bridgeport, Conn., failed to receive a single call.

Evidence like this supports the suspicion that WICC-TV is the least-listened-to video outlet in the country. It broadcasts only 28% to 32 hours a week, slightly more than the 28-hour minimum permitted by the Federal Communications Commission. Affiliated with ABC, its programing is made up of ABC shows plus canned features. It has only one employee—Russell Adams, who is its general manager, engineer, and announcer. Adams describes the station as the "poorest in the United States."

Last year was a banner one for TV generally, but WICC-TV lost \$25,000. It didn't have a single local commercial on its air all year. "Let's face it, we don't have any viewers," is the sunless explanation of Kenneth Cooper, president and part owner of the station.

The crux of WICC-TV's problem lies in its channel allocation. It is an ultra-high-frequency station in an area surrounded by stations in the standard band (seven in New York, one in New Haven). Only sets with a special adapter can tune it in, and the last survey showed only 32 such sets in the area.

Money-man Cooper, who bought the outlet in April, hangs on—hoping the FCC will grant him a standard channel.



Newsweek—Jules Schick

The professional listeners of BAR at work: In the early days, it looked like a bookie joint

MEDICINE

PEOPLE:

'The Sage of Sex'

His life story reads like a history from one of his own files: He was inhibited sexually; and his wife was driven to Lesbianism by his impotency. Yet he was among the first to remove the false and often unhealthy modesty that shrouded sex in the Victorian era, and his books were read by thousands seeking a more harmonious sex life.

This was Havelock Ellis, the English author, teacher, and sexologist, as seen in a new biography, "The Sage of Sex,"* by Arthur Calder-Marshall, an Oxford-educated British writer who received critical plaudits when the book was published in England recently.

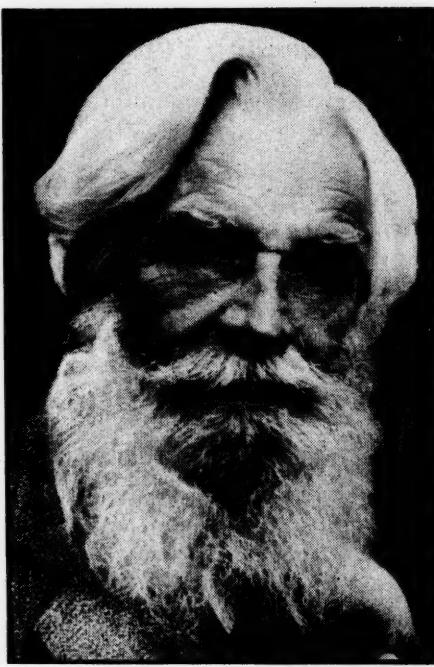
It is now more than 60 years since Havelock Ellis—who died in 1939 at the age of 80—first published "Sexual Inversion," a study of homosexuality, as the first volume in his classic "Studies in the Psychology of Sex." (Here, he stated one of his major themes: "I have always sought to show that no sharp boundary exists between normal and abnormal.") Other volumes contain medical, historical, and anthropological lore on sex interest in children, the problems of marriage, and the art of love.

Because of them, Ellis, a tall, handsome man with a magnificent beard, became the Kinsey of his day. He also became a symbol of masculine virility—though actually quite the opposite.

Miracle of Faith: According to Calder-Marshall, Ellis's sexual inadequacies could be traced to the influence of his mother, a tautly religious woman unable to show her love for her only son. He delved into sex psychology while a medical student at St. Thomas Hospital in London. He read voraciously; most of his research seems to be secondhand, gleaned from the works of others.

Ellis's relationships with the women in his life were mostly on the intellectual level. Although his wife, Edith, turned to other women, they remained married until her death in 1916. During that time and afterward, Ellis poured forth a stream of more than 50 works.

When he was past 60, Ellis met Françoise Cyon, a young Frenchwoman, who, as Calder-Marshall puts it, "by the miracle of her faith in his virility, dispelled that specter of impotence that had haunted him" and who remained with him until he died at Hintlesham, England. At his death, much of his work was rendered obsolete by modern research (including that of the late Alfred Kinsey) but much



Bettmann Archive

Ellis: Story from his own files

more was still valid and provided a foundation upon which others could build.

In explaining the anomaly of Ellis's life and work, Calder-Marshall says: "Many men and women came to him in distress and went away able to cope with situations which had seemed intolerable. He may have appeared a wise and perfectly balanced man. But the basis of his wisdom was . . . knowing that he was not naturally perfectly balanced."

POLIO:

Better Than Salk?

Can more than 12 million Russians be wrong? In the past year, this many Soviet citizens have swallowed doses of vaccine containing live polio viruses without unfavorable results; and the Russian Government, encouraged by the vaccine's immunizing qualities (it seems to protect 95 per cent of the population,



Yummy: Vaccine in cherry syrup

compared with the Salk vaccine's 90 per cent), has decided to give it to all Russians under the age of 20.

Still unconvinced, the U.S. Public Health Service fears that a vaccine made with live virus instead of the killed Salk virus could cause polio in inoculated persons. Recently, a special USPHS committee posed three questions which, it said, must be answered before drug manufacturers will be licensed to sell live virus vaccine, including the one developed by Dr. Albert Sabin, University of Cincinnati virologist: Can the vaccine be given to newborn babies? Exactly how much of the vaccine confers immunity? And—most worrisome to the USPHS—can the virus, as it passes from the inoculated person to people around him, regain its dreadful virulence?

Last week, the National Foundation announced that to help settle these questions, the Sabin vaccine would get its first extensive tests in three U.S. cities:

►In Houston, Texas, Dr. Joseph L. Melnick of Baylor University started giving the vaccine, suspended in cherry syrup, to children between the ages of 6 months and a year. In the first day, fifteen children got the oral doses by medicine dropper; between now and Easter, Dr. Melnick expects to give the Sabin vaccine to 250. At the same time, he will test 900 brothers and sisters, 500 parents and 2,700 other Houston citizens to see if the vaccine's weakened virus spreads to other people and, if so, just how strong it tends to become.

►In Cleveland, Ohio, Nobel Prize-winning pediatrician Dr. Frederick Robbins of Western Reserve said he would start feeding Sabin vaccine to 300 newborn babies "within two or three weeks." As in Houston, the virus will be administered with medicine droppers "like we give vitamins." Robbins hopes to find out whether the polio antibodies inherited by a baby from its mother will prevent the protective vaccine from "taking."

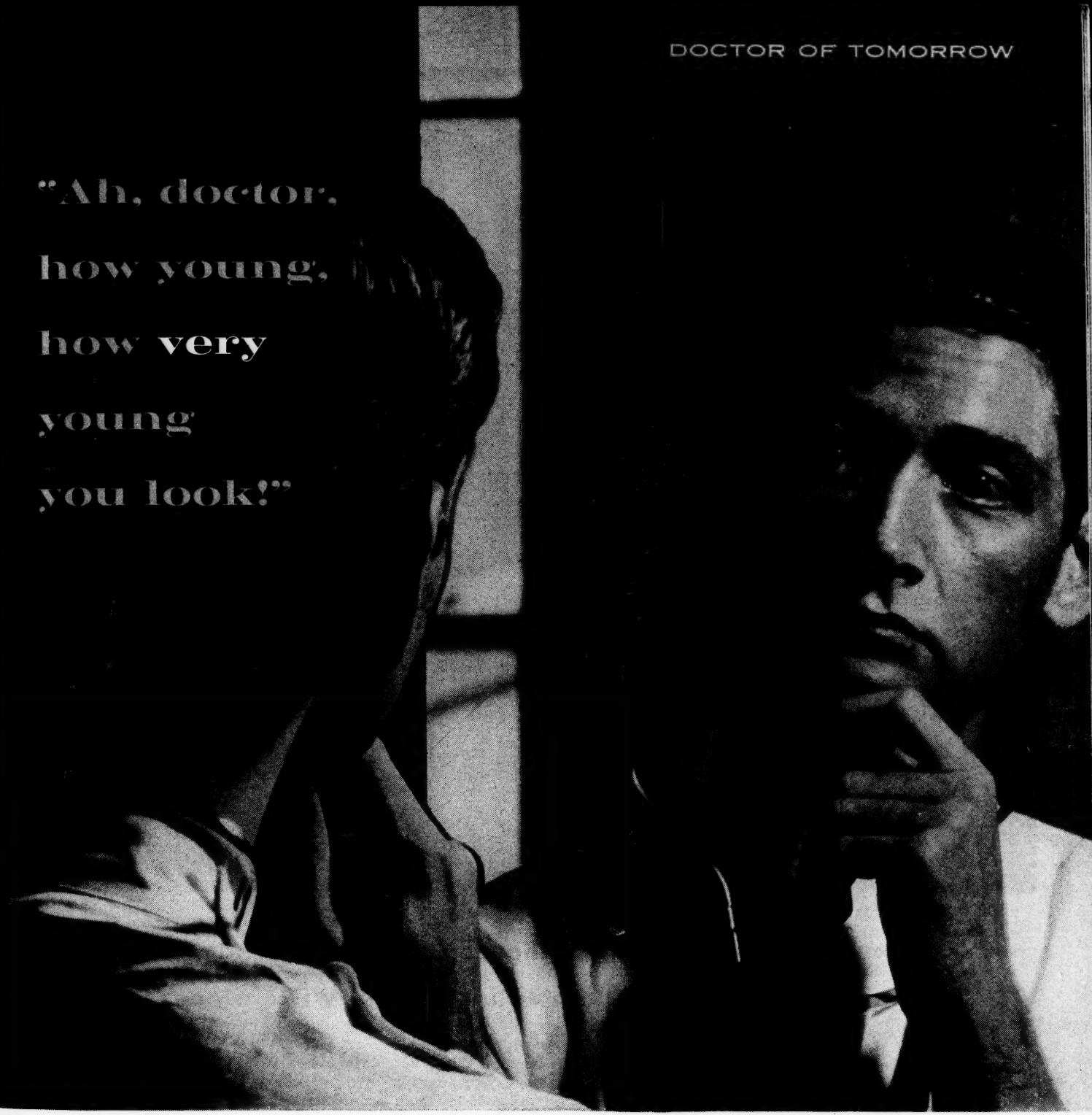
►In New Haven, Conn., Yale University's Dr. John R. Paul plans to start giving vaccine to 300 children under the age of 5 in a few weeks. "We will try to determine the best schedule of administration which will produce the maximum number of takes," an associate explained. "It will probably be at least six months before we can report anything."

Asked for his views on the tests, Dr. Sabin, the creator of the vaccine, was frankly impatient. "I am not awaiting the results eagerly," he told *Newsweek*. "As far as I'm concerned, the conclusive tests are the U.S.S.R. tests where millions of people not previously given the Salk vaccine were immunized."

*Putnam's Sons. 292 pages. \$5.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

"Ah, doctor,
how young,
how very
young
you look!"



Not that he is really so young. As an intern ready for private practice, chances are his thirtieth birthday is either near or past. Yet looking at himself in the glass he wishes those maturing medical beards of the nineteenth century were still in fashion!

Certainly he doesn't *feel* young after ten or more years of study, training, and hospital experience. Years that have won him his degree . . . seasoned his medical judgment . . . earned him the right to your confidence in his fitness to serve you.

It's a long, demanding, expensive job, this making

of a modern doctor. And you'll find its counterpart in the making of modern medicines.

At A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research laboratories, months and years go into experiment after experiment. Yet the end is worth all the cost and effort. For there's no short cut to better medicines for your doctors of today and of tomorrow.

A. H. ROBINS CO., INC.
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Robins



Making today's medicines with integrity . . . seeking tomorrow's with persistence.



How come one of the world's most important insurance companies is located in Wausau, Wisconsin?

The fishing's good near Wausau. It's only a stone's throw to where the deer run. Once in a while, they say, a lynx comes down from the north.

And it's the home of one of the world's most important insurance companies.

How come?

This was lumber country once. And lumbering was a hazardous business. 48 years ago a group of lumbermen joined together to pay the claims of injured sawmill workers under Wisconsin's new workmen's compensation law. The group came to be called The Employers Mutuals of Wausau.

Wausau is no longer lumber country. But Employers Mutuals has stayed. So have the men who guided the company from the very beginning.

How come?

Because they knew that something good had grown up there. A certain way of doing business that was good. An almost personal character. A fairness that bent over backward rather than forward. Policyholders and their employees kept saying that Employers Mutuals were "good people to do business with."

There was a "Wausau personality" about us that people seemed to like and we didn't

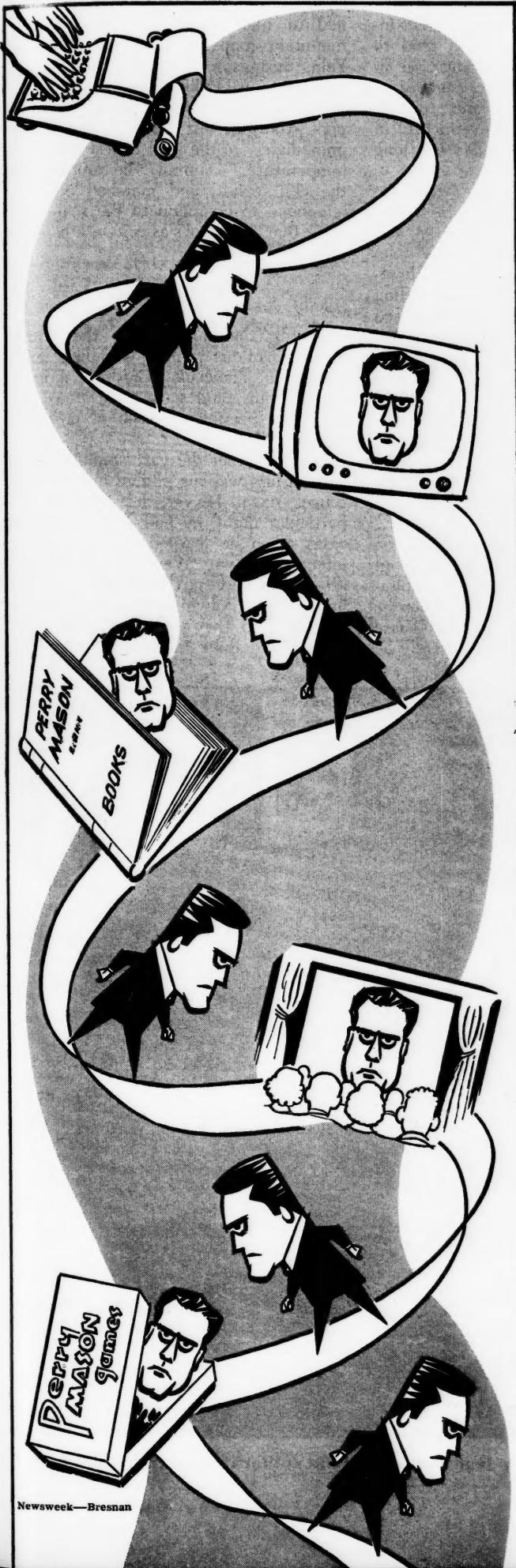
want to lose. We're a large company today. We write all types of casualty and fire insurance, and are one of the very largest in workmen's compensation. We have two reputations, born and raised in Wausau, that we aim to hold. One is unexcelled service on claims. The other is an accident prevention program that means lower costs to policyholders.

We're still "Wausau." But today there are offices of Employers Mutuals of Wausau in 110 cities. "A little bit of Wausau" is near you, wherever you live. And we're still good people to do business with.

Employers Mutuals of Wausau



*"Good people to do
business with"*



MAN OF MYSTERY

"Never tell the reader everything," is Erle Stanley Gardner's policy in writing a mystery. The dictum also applies to his private life. The public knows little about the author whose books endlessly feed the hoppers of the movies and television.

Yet if sales are the measure of a man, Gardner tops Shakespeare, dwarfs Homer—even surpasses Mickey Spillane. At last reckoning, Gardner's novels had sold 110,821,643 copies in the U.S. and Canada—not to mention the stupendous overseas sales which are impossible to estimate. A total of 51 Gardner books have gone over the million sales mark. Thirteen titles have sold more than 2 million copies each.

In this literary close-up, Associate Editor Leslie Hanscom hunts down the man behind the mysteries and spies upon the unique way of life which he has built upon a profession of bafflement.

Browbeating American writers for wearing their brows too low, the medium-high-brow literary critic Dwight Macdonald recently told a writers' conference that one way of teaching a hopeful author to write might be to expose him to some high-smelling specimen of how it shouldn't be done. The critic's own recommended reading for this purpose was the work of Erle Stanley Gardner. "The man is always saying that he can't write," Macdonald gibed, "and it's true. He can't."

Although both the critic and his target are united in this dim view of the Gardner art, it is an extremely lonely stand to take. By popular suffrage, Erle Stanley Gardner, at 70, is incomparably America's greatest living writer. The most popular fictioneer of this century, he is probably the most widely read novelist who ever lived. One reason is that there is so much Gardner to read. Next week, in "The Case of the Waylaid Wolf"—the newest adventure of Gardner's sleuthing lawyer, Perry Mason (see box, page 55)—the author will present his insatiable public with his 100th book.

Gardner's astounding way with the multitude places him almost in the smug position of Mrs. E.D.E.N. Southworth, the all-time female champion of American best-sellerdom, whose 50 moralizing romances ("Ishmael," "Self-Raised") seemed heady stuff in the nineteenth century. To a journalist who interviewed her in her old age, Mrs. Southworth remarked of her fellow humans: "I have never found one who has not read some of my books, and I have never heard of one." Similarly, there are few Americans acquainted with the alphabet or the TV set or the movie screen who have never encountered Perry Mason in one form or another.

SEARCH FOR COLOR

In the all but trackless interior of Mexico's Baja California peninsula one day last week, Gardner was garnering the one reward he demands for his prodigious toil as the world's most successful fiction foundry—he calls it "the opportunity to search for more color in life." Posing as Ernest Hemingway to dazzle the Mexican immigration authorities, Gardner—a small, burly man in glasses and a large cowboy hat—was leading his own expedition toward the breeding ground of the gray whale. His plan was to pitch camp on a tiny island

*Morrow, 247 pages, \$2.95. Perry Mason saves a damsel who didn't kill a slain playboy—but should have.

BOOKS

on the Pacific side and, reconnoitering with a pair of 18-foot motorboats, try to satisfy his curiosity about where little whales come from.

It was to free himself for such Huck Finnish enterprises as this that, in mid-career at the age of 35 or thereabouts, Gardner began to throw over a thriving small-town law practice in California to pour his high-voltage energy into pulp fiction. For Gardner, it was a literal baptism in gore: His ungentle touch at the typewriter made the tips of his fingers pull away from the nails and spatter blood on the keys. Gardner patched up the wounds with tape and persevered against the tide of rejection slips. Just as Horatio Alger (perhaps Gardner's closest rival as the most-read author of the ages) would have imagined it, fate was only testing his pluck. More and more of his pieces made the grade, and in a couple of years Gardner became the father of a profitable brain child named Speed Dash, a human-fly detective who assembled his clues by rubbernecking in upper-story windows.

In point of training, Gardner's qualification for letters was weak. Son of a restless mining engineer who towed the boy from Massachusetts to the Klondike, then finally to California before settling down, young Gardner got through high school largely thanks to his teachers' forbearance. Soon after, he began reading for the law with the local deputy district attorney. The deputy D.A., impressed with Gardner's avidity in hunting a loophole to justify an illegal prizefight, recruited him as a student.

PLOT MACHINE

In the middle '20s when Gardner was trying to keep up his trial practice and feed the pulps at the same time he developed a secret inner "machine"—so he has stated in an unpublished autobiography—which enabled him to invent a plot in 30 minutes. By 1932, the device was working smoothly enough to crank out a first full-length book, "The Case of the Velvet Claws."* Gardner dictated the whole horrendously complex plot aloud in three and a half days—a wild claim that is amply substantiated by the crude accent of the writing. It was a milestone—or something—in modern letters. In this book, Perry Mason, a lawyer who specializes in getting the endangered innocent out of hot fixes, was given to a gratified world.

The alarming voracity of public interest in Perry Mason and his redoubtable secretary, Della Street, has had a strange effect on Gardner's life. Originally, he had planned to write escape fiction in order to escape from fixed hours and

professional obligations. But the clamor for more Perry Masons has proved inescapable. Gardner's fans—who tend to toss off a new book in a reading time of something like 45 minutes—are impatient with him for turning out only four or five a year. Their insatiable appetite, in fact, has made the author's life one long professional obligation.

Packing up for his whale hunt recently, Gardner announced to his large, permanent retinue of secretaries and retainers (monthly payroll, more than \$5,000) that this would mean a three-week vacation for everybody—including himself. But, later, nobody was surprised to see a recording machine riding alongside the .22 rifle in Gardner's Jeep. Later still, at the first camp site, there was an exchange of knowing smiles when Gardner, brooding, suddenly jerked his head up to demand: "What do you mean, vacation? I'm starting a new book."

In other words, Opus 102 is already hatching. As for the intervening book ("The Case of the Duplicate Daughter," Opus 101), Gardner wrapped it up on New Year's Eve. He had begun it about three weeks before. The itch of inspiration came to him one afternoon when he was feeling restless on his 3,000-acre ranch in Temecula, Calif. Impulsively he

climbed into his 1959 Oldsmobile and fled at high speed over the winding mountain roads to his "hide-away" in Palm Springs, one of the three homes he maintains. Pulling up inside a compound of three cottages and a swimming pool, Gardner left the car and strode immediately to the pool to test the water temperature. "Dammit," he muttered at the chill result, and marched off to a telephone to complain to the real-estate office that "the pool's as cold as a banker's glass eye."

YAWN EXPERT

Dining that night with the female members of his retinue who had tailed him from Temecula, Gardner shunned the Martinis, and gave indications that he was expecting a spasm of creativity the next day.

One sign that the yarn-spinning mood was on him was his plunge into reminiscence. As a lawyer, he recalled this particular night, he had started winning cases when he learned that he had an infectious yawn. "When the prosecuting attorney would start summing up to the jury, I'd start yawning. The jurors would see me, and they'd start yawning. The D.A. would think they were yawning at



'Uncle' with secretary Jean Bethel, and the author in his own handwriting

*All Perry adventures are "The Case of . . ." Seldom so the books written under Gardner's pseudonym, A.A. Fair.

his summation, and this would break him up."

At 2 a.m., Gardner noted that his guests were flagging, graciously interrupted himself, and remarked that he ought to save his voice anyway. After bidding everybody good night, he went to his own cottage and workroom. Four hours later, he was up, dressed, and seated in front of two dictating machines. He brought the mike up close to him and cleared his throat: "All right, gal, hold onto your seat. Here it comes." And so on for Opus 101.

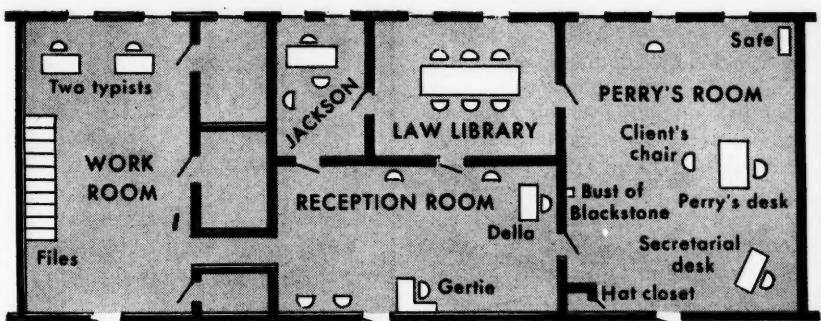
Though coldly matter-of-fact about writing ("I like to translate any particular problem of human beings into terms of sales"), he acts out his characters as he dictates, and sometimes the show is good enough to hypnotize the stenographer. Solemn queries to Gardner about the creative process usually provoke an impatient, "Oh, hell . . .".

CRANK INSURANCE

Wherever he is, the whole atmosphere of the Gardner camp—which is ordinarily relaxed to the limit—changes tone the day he begins a new novel. Typewriters are stripped for action, files are opened, secretaries stand at the ready. At his Temecula ranch—which sprawls across two counties and two mountains—his workroom is an elaborate, shapeless cottage inside a cluster of 22 buildings, which looks like a wealthy, dude-ranch country club. Attached to the work cottage, which few are permitted to enter, is Gardner's law library, the vital arsenal of his craft. (The secret of the enormous appeal of Perry Mason, who is less a character than a gimmick, seems to lie in his mastery of a crafty profession. The courtroom trial is an archetypal situation of drama, and everybody, it can be reasoned, is a would-be lawyer.)

Notable amid the clutter of memephones, tape recorders, and cameras in Gardner's workroom is his wicked-looking collection of firearms. "Every time I write a book," says the world's ranking Mr. Mystery, "I have to buy a gun." He explains: "You know, a gun nut is the worst nut in the world. When the prosecuting attorney introduces the murder weapon into evidence, he's got to give the serial number. If I give a phony one, people write in and say there isn't any such serial number. If I give a real serial number, I face a lawsuit. So every time I commit a murder, I have to buy the gun."

Apart from Sam Hicks, the lanky Montana cowpuncher who is his ranch manager and factotum, Gardner's key employees are all women. "I've never had a woman give me a double cross yet," he says. "I tell 'em everything. They have the run of the business. I've never had



Perry Mason—Faceless Hero

What kind of man is Perry Mason? A great one, sure. But what, for example, does he really look like? In the movies, when played by Warren William, he was suave, sleek-haired, and thinly mustached. Seen in his present television image, he is hefty, jowly, and slightly pop-eyed.

In 61 novels, Erle Stanley Gardner never has gotten around to telling the readers which image to believe. Even Perry's law offices have fared better than their tenant. Although his headquarters are skimpily described, it is possible, by close research, to extract enough detail from the books to make a floor plan (see above). But to make a face plan for Perry is something else again.

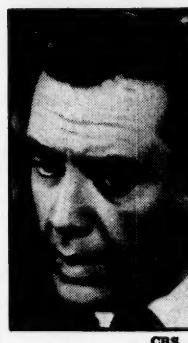
Befuddling: Gardner has stated that he left Perry featureless for a reason: The he-reader is supposed to graft his own face onto the blank; the she-reader, the face of her ideal. (Another reason could be that it seldom enters Gardner's head to describe anything.) To further befuddle the fan, Gardner has quarreled with the Perry portrait offered by the movies. He still speaks with anger of the first, in "The Case of the Howling Dog" (1934), which outraged the author by showing his hero as a drunk. (Gardner drinks lightly, smokes never.) Soured on Hollywood, Gardner turned his back at first when television came along and offered him a round \$1 million for video rights. Now he says he finds the current Perry show (produced by his old friends, ex-actress Gail Patrick and Cornwell Jackson, her husband) thoroughly to his taste. Of Raymond Burr, he says: "On TV, he is Perry Mason."

Perry as a character—what there is of him—is clearly based on Gardner; even the dim physical im-

pression supports this. Almost nobody recognizes the world's favorite author when he goes out. "I'm a nondescript son-of-a-gun," he says. "If I saw myself coming down the street, I'd say 'there's a nondescript character.'" Perry's creed as a professional man sounds much like the one that governed Gardner, the lawyer, some 45 years ago when he was successfully defending virtually the whole Chinese tenderloin district of Oxnard, Calif. Perry said in "The Case of the Velvet Claws": "I'm a lawyer. I take people who are in trouble, and I try to get them out of trouble. I'm only presenting the defendant's side . . . It's sort of an obsession with me to do the best I can for a client. My clients aren't blameless. Many of them are crooks. Probably a lot of them are guilty. That's not for me to determine. That's for the jury to determine."

No Woo: Perry will not take a case, however, that does not stir his sympathy. And, above all, he shuns cases which are dull. His personal life is decidedly tame, and his relations with his secretary, Della Street, the only woman in his life, are decorous to a degree which irks some of his fans. During the war, servicemen kept writing Gardner's publisher demanding that Perry wake up and pitch some really adequate woo at Della. Gardner,

although he wrote during the war years in a way that should have won him a Navy "E" for production, never did comply with this demand. The best they got, says Mrs. Helen B. King, Gardner's editor at William Morrow—and one of the few readers who know the complete works—was an embrace for Della "every ten books or so and some such endearment as, 'Good work, old girl.'"



Burr

one betray me yet. The only thing they've ever done is commit matrimony."

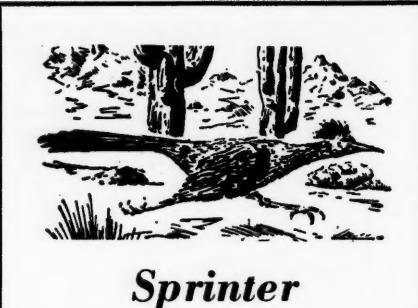
Talking with mock intensity, he takes obvious relish in telling of his constant fight to protect his secretaries from the dread pitfalls of marriage. "I keep a shotgun handy here at the ranch," he says. "When a good-looking bachelor comes on the property, I drop my work, pick up the shotgun, and meet him at the gate. I ask him what his intentions are, honorable or dishonorable. If he says dishonorable, I welcome him as a friend. If he says honorable, I raise the shotgun and give him five seconds to start running."

Gardner rebels against certain patterns of normal family life, and his professional family is his true family. He has a wife—his first—who lives in Oakland on highly amicable terms of separation, and he has a married daughter near Los Angeles whose two children are inundated with gifts from their grandfather. But his closest attachments are to the functionaries of the little empire that he has founded upon Perry Mason. His seven secretaries, who call him "Uncle Erle," have a tendency to say, "When we wrote . . ." Gardner, who loves lording it among his womenfolk as a combination of terrible tiger and lovable Teddy bear, says he based his admiring portrait of Della Street on Mrs. Jean Bethell, his oldest employee in point of service, and her two married sisters, the three women who are the nucleus of his entourage.

At one time there were rumors that Uncle Erle was on good terms with Marlene Dietrich, but Marlene is merely one of his illustrious fans. Once she wrote an article naming the world's ten most interesting men and Gardner made the list. Flattered, he wrote her a note of thanks. Marlene called him up several days later. "I don't talk her language and she doesn't talk mine," is all Gardner says of the exchange.

LAST RESORT

Gardner likes to talk about people imposing on his time and how he gives them short shrift. All talk. He founded the Court of Last Resort in 1948 because a Saturday Evening Post series reviewed his early record as a legal defender of the underdog and started a flow of letters into his mailbox from every mother with a son in death row. "A mother always thinks her son is innocent," says Gardner. Occasionally Gardner thinks so too. His Court of Last Resort (meaning, to him, the court of public opinion) exists to publicize in Argosy Magazine the cases of men who are believed to have been unjustly convicted of crime and who have exhausted every other appeal. (Once the outfit went to bat for a man convicted of murdering a woman found with ten fingerprints on her throat. The



Sprinter

This sketch of the road runner, a cactus-country cuckoo which sprints at enormous speed, appears at the top of all Erle Stanley Gardner's letters and serves the author as a self-symbol. Gardner's road-running pace as a writer makes his time, by his own estimate, worth a dollar a minute during his waking hours. Since Gardner claims that he averages twelve hours of work a day, seven days a week, this adds up to an income of some \$260,000 a year.

law had overlooked that the suspect had only nine fingers at the time of the crime.) Gardner's current interest, a Federal rape rap against Texan Marion Bowling in Oklahoma City, has already cost him \$15,000.

Bushwhacking in the Mexican wilds last week, Gardner was mildly upset by the possibility that he might have to fly out temporarily for consultation on a script for the Perry Mason TV show. (The Saturday night series, written by a team upon which Gardner keeps rein, has a viewer rating which chased Perry Como out of a competing spot.)

Why, Gardner has asked himself in his yet to be published memoirs (still in draft state), does a man become a slave to the very thing he hoped would set him free? Gardner's answer: "Not for the money involved, certainly. It starts out as a part of the writing problem, the necessity of making a living, and then, as the job becomes more and more intense, it is a matter of loyalty; loyalty to the characters one has created, loyalty to one's associates."

Leading his safari over twisting trails and desert wastelands, however, Gardner last week looked fit for another 100 books. Uncle Erle's vigor once more gave the lie to the old suspicion that his fiction factory is part Gardner and part ghost. Once, when a reviewer on The Atlanta Journal and Constitution made this suggestion in print, Gardner's publisher, William Morrow and Co., offered a \$100,000 reward to anybody who could furnish proof. It would be worth \$100,000 and then some, said Thayer Hobson, Morrow's board chairman, to find another Erle Stanley Gardner.

TRANSITION

Married: Princess FRANÇOISE DE BOURBON DE PARME, 31, whose family descended from Louis XIV of France, and Prince EDWARD DE LOBKOWICZ, 33, New York-born descendant of a noble family of Bohemia, and associate in a brokerage firm; in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, Paris, Jan. 7.

Birthday: Vice President RICHARD NIXON, his 47th, in Washington, D.C., Jan. 9, at home with his family.

►GALINA ULANOVA, first lady of Soviet ballet, her 50th, in Moscow, Jan. 8.

Born: To French movie actress and sex symbol, BRIGITTE Bardot, and her film-star husband, JACQUES CHARRIER, a 7-pound boy; first child; in Paris, Jan. 11.

Died: LANSING P. SHIELD, 63, president (since 1947) of the 451-store Grand Union food chain, which he built up from an \$83 million annual gross to \$600 million; of a heart attack in a New York City hospital, Jan. 6.

►WILLIAM P. WITHEROW, 71, former president of the National Association of Manufacturers (1942), and industrialist (president of Witherow Steel, 1914-29; board chairman, Donner Steel, 1929-30; president and director of Blaw-Knox Co., 1937-52); of a heart attack in his Pittsburgh office, Jan. 7.

►SUSAN CLAYTON, 87, wife of millionaire cotton-broker William L. Clayton, an active suffragette during the '20s, president (1944-48) of the Women's National Democratic Party, and once a noted Washington hostess (Clayton was an Under Secretary of State, 1944-47); in Houston, Texas, Jan. 8.

►NORRIS BROWN, 96, onetime Republican senator from Nebraska (1907-13) and father of the Sixteenth Amendment (1913) that created the Federal income tax; legal counsel to the Omaha stockyards after leaving the Senate; at a rest home in Seattle, Wash., Jan. 5.

►MRS. JEAN THURMOND, 33, wife of Sen. Strom Thurmond, 1948 Dixiecrat Presidential nominee, and his secretary when he was governor of South Carolina (1947-51); after a second operation for removal of a brain tumor, in Bethesda, Md., Jan. 6.

►RICHARD M. SIMPSON, 59, conservative Republican congressman from Pennsylvania (since 1937), ranking minority member of the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee, and chairman of the GOP Congressional Campaign Committee; Jan. 7, in Bethesda (Md.) Naval Hospital, where he had undergone brain surgery last month. Sometimes disagreeing with President Eisenhower's "modern" Republicanism, Simpson urged GOP Congressional candidates to quit riding the President's "coattails," after the party's 1958 defeat, accused him of failing to provide party leadership.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY TOM HOLLYMAN ON A LOVELY HILLSIDE NEAR SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO.

How we discovered the perfect rum for our Aunt Agatha

by Jerry and Anne Chase (*who learned Aunty's secret in Puerto Rico*)

AN AUNT AGATHA is the sunniest of all the rum drinks we discovered in Puerto Rico. The secret is that surprisingly *different* Puerto Rican rum. So dry and light some call it "liquid sunlight." The other ingredient is good old orange juice.

"But why do you call it Aunt Agatha?" we asked the bartender who introduced it to us. "Because it's a no-fuss, no-nonsense drink," he replied. "Stands on its own two feet. Like my own Aunt Agatha." He pulled out a snapshot of his aunt and we saw his point.

No fuss. No nonsense. That's just what makes Aunt Agatha perfect for a picnic. Just mix a jigger of that wonderful Puerto Rican rum with a jigger and a half of orange juice. Pour over ice cubes and you're in business.

Be sure the bottle you pour from says "Puerto Rican Rum." Without its sunshine dryness, your dear Aunt Agatha is apt to go to pieces. You can't blame her.

Note from Aunt Agatha: Write for free booklet of Puerto Rican rum recipes to Rums of Puerto Rico, Dept. F-5, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.





... thanks to the packaging economy of **CELLOPHANE**

Yes, the cellophane used to wrap all these cigarettes costs *less than one cent*. But equally as important to cigarette manufacturers is the superb freshness, flavor and aroma retention of cellophane—its sparkling transparency—and its efficiency on the fastest packaging machines in the world. For cellophane has a potential speed of 300 wraps a minute on such machines. What does it all mean? Total packaging economy! That's why you see

cigarettes in cellophane *only*. Regardless of your product, you'll do well to choose it, too. We offer a complete packaging service to assist you and demonstrate how Avisco cellophane, plain or printed, will answer your requirements better and more economically than any other packaging material. Phone or write us for an appointment with our representative in your area or a selected cellophane converter specializing in your field.



AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, FILM DIVISION, 1617 PENNSYLVANIA BLVD., PHILADELPHIA 3, PA.

On the Beach

When lanky Bob White, the 44-year-old president and editor of The New York Herald Tribune, assembled the staff around the copy-cluttered city desk one day last week, the lowliest copy boy could have guessed what was coming. The rumors had been circulating for weeks; and in his slight Missouri drawl, White confirmed them: The new managing editor of the embattled Trib will be Fendall W. Yerxa, 46, who had quit as city editor of the paper in 1955, when its fortunes under former publisher Ogden R. (Brownie) Reid were ebbing.

Now, Yerxa, a 6-foot 4-inch former Marine captain who for the past five years has been executive editor of The Wilmington (Del.) Morning News and Journal-Ever Evening, was coming back to replace George Cornish as White's editorial right hand. Cornish, who held the title of executive editor, made a quietly emotional farewell speech after White had finished his announcement. After 36 years with the paper, he said, he was leaving Feb. 1 for an undisclosed job in "quieter pastures."

Shuffle: The city-room ceremony marked the completion of a masthead shuffle (one of the fastest New York newspapering had seen in years) which began a year after U.S. Ambassador to Britain John Hay (Jock) Whitney bought the sagging paper in August 1958. Whitney's first personnel move was to hire White, who had been running his family's Mexico (Mo.) Ledger (circulation: 8,800). In quick succession, The Trib has hired Dwight E. Sargent, 42, from the Portland (Maine) newspapers as editorial page editor, and Richard C. Steel of Worcester, Mass., as vice president in charge of finance.

Unlike the other acquisitions, Yerxa is a big-city veteran. He first came to The Trib in 1946 as a reporter. Later, as a rewrite man, he exhibited the unorthodox habit of legging it out to the scene of a story to see what it looked like for himself. In four years as city editor at The Trib, the easy-spoken Yerxa also evinced a keen eye for the bright feature story; and it seemed a safe bet more of this sort of thing would show up in The Trib starting Feb. 1.

From Wilmington, ex-Marine Yerxa said: "I'm excited. I'm scared. I feel like I did on the beach at invasion time. Now I've got to get across the beach."

Stalemate in Portland

It was the little news that people really missed. News about fishing, for instance. At peak of the season, hardly anybody in Portland, Ore., last week knew precisely where the steelheads were biting. Jim Wieden, 33, co-owner

of a sporting-goods store, posed that very question to an unhappy customer, Dick Steino, a post-office mail handler. "How should I know," Steino replied. "I haven't seen any fishing reports since the newspaper strike started."

Portland's newspaper strike was entering its third month, but except for some local items, and some regular features, readers were getting their basic diet of news. For ever since the stereotypers walked out last November* and were joined by other union employees, the city's separately owned newspapers—The Oregonian and The Oregon Journal—now publish a single, combined paper (called The Oregonian-Oregon Journal and Oregon Journal-Oregonian on alternate days) from The Oregonian's picket-surrounded plant.

By last week, both management and

no strike," Notson wrote recently in The Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, "or a short show of strength. Someone would back down."

No one did. Nonunion truckers were hired to move the papers through the line of pickets, many of them clad in fur-lined parkas and hunting boots for protection against the chill Oregon wind.

The combined Oregonian-Journal last week claimed a circulation of 400,000 (only 27,772 short of the estimated total before the strike). But union sympathizers were conducting house-to-house campaigns asking readers to cancel their subscriptions permanently. And heads of the unions met to draw up plans for a third paper, The Daily News, planned as a tabloid with more than \$1 million pledged for backing.

Meanwhile, hostility was growing and



Bronx cheer in the Northwest: A nonstriker crosses the picket line

the unions were resigned to a long—and increasingly bitter—stalemate. What added to the bitterness was the fact that management, determined to continue publishing, was hiring permanent replacements for the strikers. Some 350 of these replacements had been hired already, most of them in the mechanical departments, but a dozen on the editorial side. Will any of them be dismissed to make room for returning strikers when a settlement is reached? "We have no such intention," flatly declared Oregonian managing editor Robert C. Notson, who has been the spokesman for the combined management.

Ironically, when the walkout began both sides foresaw a short strike. "The common idea was that there would be

Federal mediator Elmer Williams was dismayed. "Based on the negotiations I've conducted," he said, "I've learned nothing to indicate there will be an early settlement."

Is Winter Necessary?

As predictably as lemmings plunging seaward, New York's barroom cognoscenti come back to a favorite indoor sport each winter: Thinking up funny titles for The Reader's Digest's "articles of lasting interest." Latest samples:

How Billy Graham Conquered His Crab-Grass Problem.

Our No. 1 Killer: Old Age.

Bauxite: Friend or Foe?

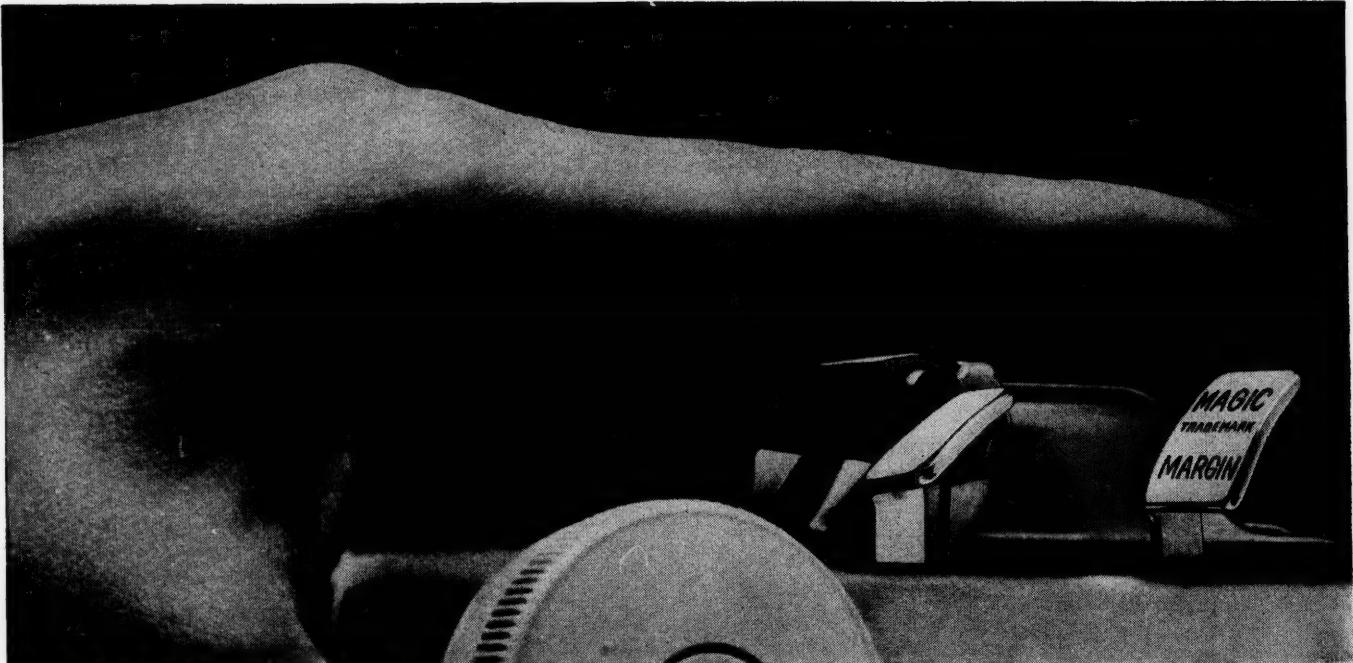
Ten Steps to Better Foot Hygiene.

April, the Most American Month.

New Hope for the Dead.

*The key issue: Installation of an automatic plate-casting machine which required fewer operators.

FLICK.



A flick of the finger is all it takes to set the margin on a Royal Standard Typewriter. Does any other typewriter make it that easy? No. Because **ONLY ROYAL HAS MAGIC® MARGIN**, the *pushbutton* margin-set. Magic Margin is just one of the exclusive, secretary-pleasing features you get on the Royal Standard—and one of the reasons why there are more Royal Standards in use today than any other typewriter. It is also a reason why Royal Standards bring more in at trade-in than any other typewriter. Here's how Magic Margin works to increase typing volume: it positively eliminates time-consuming fiddling, fussing, and fumbling around with those sliding gadgets behind the machine. The secretary simply positions the carriage where she wants it and flicks once for each margin. Presto. She's all set. And so are you with Royal Standards.

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World's Largest Manufacturer of Typewriters.

Business Trends

Record Profits Ahead

The President's prediction of a \$4 billion surplus in fiscal 1961 (which starts July 1) is based in part on this important estimate: Corporate profits before taxes will hit a record \$55 billion this year vs. \$48 billion in 1959.

Ike's advisers also tell him that personal income should grow 6% to about \$403 billion.

"If business investment plans [see below] scoot up," says one government man, "these figures might even look conservative."

More Plant Expansion

Other government experts are confident that with steel supplies assured, industry will indeed move faster on expansion plans that were in the doubtful category before.

Unofficially, some Washington economists think that actual outlays for plant and equipment in 1960 might rise 20%, to \$38-to-\$39 billion, instead of the 10% gain now forecast officially.

A Boost for Spenders

The bigger-than-expected Federal surplus will make it difficult to hold a tight checkrein on costly Congressional schemes.

One proposal that may have a good chance: The Simpson-Keogh bill allowing self-employed persons to deduct up to \$2,500 a year from their taxable income when the money is invested in retirement programs or trusts.

Democrats might also be more successful in pushing through expanded social security and unemployment compensation.

Housing Remedies

The Administration will put up a stiff fight against a proposal to pump \$1 billion in Federal money into the home-mortgage market.

But in his Budget and Economic messages, the President will urge that the ceiling on Veterans Administration mortgages (now 5 1/4%) be allowed to match the going FHA rate (now 5 3/4%).

And since the FHA already is permitted to go as high as 6% if it wants to, the Administration

can help perk up interest in government-backed mortgages, which is flagging.

The housing industry, however, thinks something more concrete is needed to alleviate the tight-money pinch.

It backs the plan of Rep. Albert Rains, the Alabama Democrat, for a new omnibus bill, including the \$1 billion for Federal mortgage buying.

If a real downturn in construction threatens, housing lobbyists hope to enlist Vice President Nixon in rallying Republican aid.

They will point out that a housing collapse could hurt Republican chances in November.

Off the Ticker

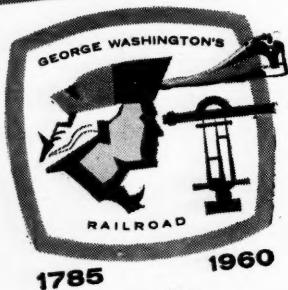
Commuters on the Chicago and North Western Railway will ride in style. The line will spend \$21 million on 116 double-deck, air-conditioned coaches in the next eighteen months "to create an entirely new suburban service." But New Haven riders have been warned that service may be scrapped if the line doesn't get higher fares, subsidies, and tax relief. "The countdown has begun," the New Haven says . . . *Stock splits* of 2-for-1 or better by companies listed on the New York Stock Exchange jumped to a record 94 last year vs. twelve in 1958 . . . *Early-bird earnings*: International Harvester, a record \$76.4 million in 1959 vs. \$42.9 million in 1958; Chase Manhattan Bank, \$64.6 million vs. \$55.6 million; Chesapeake & Ohio Railroad, \$46 million vs. \$52 million.

Second big merger of British aircraft companies is being worked out by Vickers, English Electric, and Bristol in line with the government's drive to strengthen the country's aviation industry (*Newsweek*, Dec. 21, 1959). It would create an airliner, fighter, helicopter, engine, and missile-making enterprise as large as the proposed Hawker Siddely-de Havilland combination . . . *Bonus* of \$100,000 was refused by American Motors president George Romney—though he did accept another \$75,000 he was entitled to in addition to his salary—because he feels no AMC executive should be paid more than \$225,000 a year . . . *No show?* Mohawk Airlines reports that in 1959 its planes made 55,990 take-offs, 55,989 landings. One landed in 1960.

January 4, 1960

Flash Annual Report to Shareowners

CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY



On its way . . . the first business day of '60

Again Chessie starts the New Year by sending to its 90,000 shareowners on the first working day of 1960 the results of the previous year's operations, shown in the highlights below.

Chesapeake and Ohio, on the threshold of its 175th anniversary, ended the year stronger, financially and physically, than at any time in its long history. Working capital rose above \$60 million, highest level ever.

Freight revenues produced an excellent first half-year and held up well despite the steel strike. Revenues from merchandise freight increased \$10 million and non-export coal traffic showed a similar \$10 million increase. C&O progress also was marked by eighty new industrial plants locating along its 5,100-mile system.

With the favorable general business predictions for '60, a year of uninterrupted industrial activity would mean C&O revenues and earnings greater than 1959.



1959 HIGHLIGHTS

For a copy of Chessie's 1959 Flash Annual Report, write
**Chesapeake and Ohio
Railway**

3800 Terminal Tower, Cleveland 1, Ohio

	1959	1958
Dividend Paid per Common Share	\$4.00	\$4.00
Earned per Common Share	5.60	6.36
Operating Revenues	(millions)	
Coal and Coke	\$162	\$177
Merchandise	161	151
Other	25	28
Total Operating Revenues	348	356
Expenses, Taxes, etc. — Net	302	304
NET INCOME	\$46	\$52
Working Capital at Year End	\$61	\$55

NEWSWEEK SPOTLIGHT ON BUSINESS

DOES THE STEEL SETTLEMENT MEAN THAT STEEL PRICES WILL GO UP?

Not immediately. But some boosts probably will be made after the bulk of the contract costs hit the industry in December.

DOES THE STEEL CONTRACT SET A NEW PATTERN FOR WAGE AGREEMENTS?

No. It is well within the range of recent contracts signed by other industries.

WHAT DID THE UNION WIN?

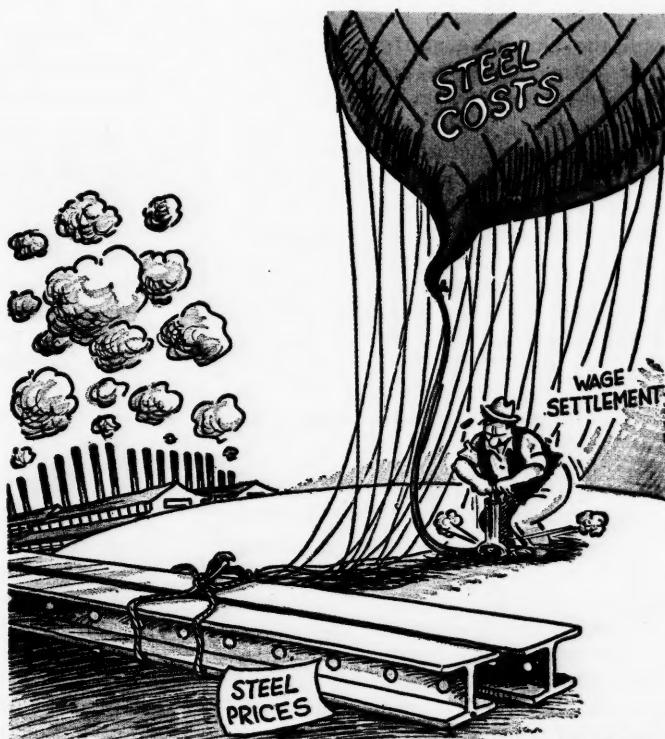
It won wage increases a third again as large as the last management offer, and completely rebuffed management on work rules and prerogatives.

DID MANAGEMENT WIN ANY GAINS?

Yes. It got a thirteen-month freeze on wages, a contract ten months longer than the one the union wanted, and eliminated the "total escalation" clause that hitched wages to the cost-of-living index.

WHAT SHOULD THE SETTLEMENT MEAN TO THE ECONOMY?

The biggest year ever. Business should boom, and some Wall Streeters foresee the Dow-Jones industrials nearing 800 before the year is out.



Alexander—Philadelphia Bulletin

STEEL SHOCK WAVES

"The most welcome news we could hear," said Chrysler Corp. president L.L. (Tex) Colbert. And businessmen all over the U.S. shared Colbert's feeling that last week's settlement in steel removed the only real barrier to the biggest year in economic history. The auto industry, its steel supplies now assured, planned to build almost 2.3 million new cars in the first quarter, topping even record 1955. "I certainly do see a continuation of the boom," said president-elect John Volpe of the Associated General Contractors of America. "This takes a great deal of uncertainty out of planning."

Yet even as it dispelled one uncertainty, the new steel contract, with its tangled complexities of staggered wage boosts and assorted fringe benefits, raised a new question for the U.S. economy. Would price boosts in steel set off a new and destructive round of inflation?

Almost everyone who relished the prospects of a steel-fed boom seemed to feel, too, that prosperity would have its price. To the National Association of Manufacturers, "the wage-price inflation problem now looms larger than ever." Some economists saw the steel settlement as at least "moderately" inflationary (see box, page 64). And most of steel's customers were resigned to steel

price boosts that Steel magazine saw as "the inevitable result of a wage settlement pressured by the Administration."

Adding a little more than \$1 billion to the cost of making steel over the next two and a half years, as U.S. Steel chairman Roger Blough said, the new contract in steel "could hardly be described as non-inflationary." Yet in all the hullabaloo about union victories and wage-price spirals last week, one fact got considerably less attention than it deserved: While the industry agreed to pay more than it thought it could, the new contract in terms of dollars and cents was one of the least "inflationary" that the steel industry has ever signed.

No Comparison: As Blough and fellow steelmen were quick to agree, there was simply no comparing it with the 1956 contract, which added 81 cents to steel labor costs in three years, including 17 cents in cost-of-living raises. The new deal will add 39 cents* to the in-

dustry's employment costs in two and a half years, with cost-of-living increases limited to 6 cents, abolishing the "total escalation" idea; and even these raises will be canceled out if the cost of company-financed insurance benefits rises above a fixed level.

Only 13.5 cents will be added to steel's costs immediately. Another 13 to 14 cents will be added after Dec. 1, and the final chunk of the package will add 13.5 cents after Oct. 1, 1961. The net result of these boosts will be to push up the industry's total employment costs by about 3½ per cent to 3¾ per cent a year vs. an average annual increase of 7.5 per cent over the last twenty years.

To Administration officials, understandably anxious to avoid blame for pushing through an inflationary deal, the important point about these figures is that they set no new pattern. The real danger, Economic Council chairman Raymond Saulnier told NEWSWEEK last week, would have been a contract that forced steel wages well above the pattern of wage settlements made in other industries in recent months. The other settlements boosted employment costs on an average of 3½ per cent to 4 per cent. Steel's actual cost boost is not only well within the current pattern, but may

*While the settlement was widely reported as a 41-cent package, this figure includes 2 cents in supplementary unemployment benefits which the companies already owed to the SUB fund. In fact, the new money actually won by the workers (as distinct from the cost to the industry) amounts to only 32.8 cents, including two 7-cent wage boosts due Dec. 1, 1960, and Oct. 1, 1961. The difference between the 32.8-cent and 39-cent figure represents the cost to management of "installing" all these boosts—extra bookkeeping expenses, social-security payments, and changes in incentive rates.

well be considerably better. Steelmakers estimate, for example, that if they had been forced to accept the contracts that the union signed with Kaiser Steel and with the aluminum and can industries, their costs would, in fact, have been jacked between 4.5 per cent and 5 per cent a year.

Can the steel industry "swallow" the new costs without passing them on in the form of price boosts?

Growing Burden: The Administration hopes it can—and the chances are that it will, at least for a time. For one thing, only about \$170 million will be added to the industry's costs in the first year. Steelmakers should have no trouble absorbing this as long as sales run strong and production runs close to capacity. Moreover, there is little doubt, as one steelman was quick to note last week, that "steel is going to have one hell of a big year."

What happens when the rest of the package begins to fall on the industry's balance sheets is another matter. It may well depend on whether the new labor-management "study committees" succeed in streamlining plant rules to speed the gain in productivity, which now averages about 2.6 per cent a year.

No one can predict how effective the study committees will be, and the consensus now is that the new contract will produce some price boosts. There may be no across-the-board hike. Some price increases may be worked in gradually by changes in discounts allowed big customers or in the schedule of "extra" charges. There probably will be staggered price boosts in different kinds of steel. Best guess on the total effect: An average price increase of not more than \$5 a ton.

One More Straw: This, too, is a far cry from the spiral that hiked steel prices some \$19 a ton in the wake of the 1956 contract—although it might be enough, of course, to cause trouble. More than a few manufacturers have held their own price line in the face of tight profit margins and recent boosts in the prices they pay for aluminum, copper, and other supplies. For them even a small increase in steel prices could be the final straw. The steel industry's own costs, for that matter, will be under more pressure if the economy booms. Example: Last week's settlement touched off a buying spree in zinc that boosted the price of this key item (it's used for galvanizing) for steelmen. On the other hand, competition from foreign steelmakers, aluminum, concrete, and other materials will work to hold down steel prices.

For all their disappointment last week, most steelmen felt that their long struggle with Dave McDonald had not been entirely wasted. The struggle had dramatized the wage-price inflation danger

Yes, But . . .

Will the steel settlement cause another wage-price spiral and more inflation? Here is how three top economists feel:

William F. Butler, vice president, Chase Manhattan Bank: The settlement "will add moderately to the problem of containing inflation. The economy's efficiency advances at an average rate of no more than 3 per cent a year, so that wage increases above that figure push up labor costs. The settlement, nevertheless, represents progress on the wage-price front.

It is about half the average annual increase in steel wages during the postwar period."

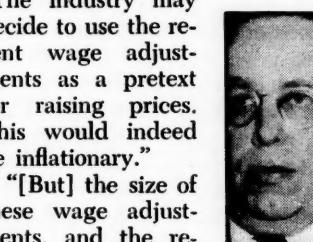


George P. Hitchings, Ford Motor Co.: "Modestly inflationary. It's at least coming part-way down from the kind of settlements we've had. It's not as inflationary from the wage side as that settlement in 1956, but it is above what the economy as a whole has demonstrated it could absorb . . . Exactly how

much you could expect the economy as a whole to absorb is difficult to say, but judging from past experience, 3½ to 4 per cent is above what could be reasonably expected."

Leon Keyserling, chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers under President Truman: "The industry may decide to use the recent wage adjustments as a pretext for raising prices. This would indeed be inflationary."

"[But] the size of these wage adjustments, and the recent and current break-even point for the steel industry, seems to me to make it manifestly clear that the wage increases are not inflationary, that is, they neither justify nor necessitate price increases."



and stirred public opinion on the issue as nothing else could have. It had resulted in a contract that, for all its disadvantages, was far better than any other in the last twenty years. And it showed, above all, that if the steel industry raised its prices, many would have to share the blame.

In the Mills . . .

It started as a management crusade and a battle for principles. It ended in retreat, the banners of principle in complete disarray.

From the very start of the steel industry's longest and bitterest labor dispute, management had affirmed that its main goal was to get back the prerogatives it had bargained away to labor in years past. More than dollars and cents, steelmen said, it was "management's right to manage"—that was the real issue—the right to make work rules and work schedules, to set incentives, schedule vacations, and otherwise run the business without union interference.

Steel's stand helped give companies in other industries—railroads, for instance—added moral support in their own drive for more efficient working conditions. "Management's right to manage" was the issue that cemented the steel companies' alliance. But it was also the issue that solidified the Steelworkers in their long and costly strike.

Last week steel management abandoned its fight, accepting a setback that far overshadowed its relative defeat on issues of dollars and cents.

Lost Demands: Some of the management demands were dribbled away gradually over the months of negotiations. Example: Its demand for the right to change pay incentives and set up sound working standards without union approval. The most important points seem to have been surrendered all at once in the final pressurized hours of negotiations. Only a week before the settlement, Inland Steel chairman Joseph Block declared that management was particularly anxious to get more protection against wildcat strikes, which cost the industry lost production of 729,200 tons of metal during the three years of the 1956 contract. But this demand, along with freedom to schedule vacations and working hours to promote maximum efficiency, went down the drain in the last days of negotiations.

The hard core of management's position centered in contract section 2-B, covering local plant working rules. The industry asked for special labor-management study committees, at individual plants, each under a neutral chairman, to recommend changes in work rules to boost productivity. Deadlocks were to be subject to compulsory arbitration. The industry got its committees, but the new

contract makes no mention of compulsory arbitration.

Businessmen outside the industry seemed to feel that steel had plainly lost a big battle. "This was a very real setback in terms of an industrywide approach to resolve the nature of work practices," said industrial-relations vice president Edward Cushman of American Motors Corp.

Some steelmen were themselves bitter, although others hoped that an advantage could still be salvaged. One top official maintained that the industry in fact "could gain a great deal" from the study committees, which are due to make their recommendations by Nov. 30.

"If you get a first-class neutral in there," he said, "you can get a lot done."

The best hope for the steel industry was that the committees might gradually and quietly correct many of the inefficiencies that hold down productivity. To many businessmen outside the industry, who felt that steelmen had made a tactical blunder in trying to accomplish too much too quickly, this is the only practical way. As a Detroit auto executive put it: "Nobody in one gulp takes care of all the working condition abuses they've let grow up. The only way you recover a loss of efficiency is a little bit at a time, and you should do it on the plant floor, not in bargaining."

...In Union Halls...

While the settlement in steel eliminated far and away the most serious threat to labor peace and the U.S. economy, other showdowns at the bargaining table are coming thick and fast. About half of all major collective-bargaining agreements expire in 1960, and still others will be reopened on wages. From management's point of view, the victory won by the United Steelworkers will make the bargaining even rougher.

The biggest struggle immediately ahead, and the only one involving the possibility of an industrywide strike, is

Newsweek—Bresnan

'The Right to Manage'—How the Companies Made Out



Management wanted greater freedom in penalizing union's wildcat strikers.



Management wanted freedom to spread vacations throughout the year rather than schedule them only in the months of May through October.



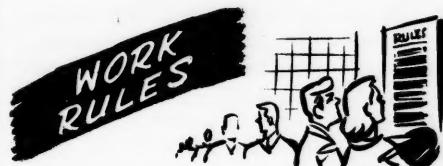
Management wanted freedom in adjusting work schedules to eliminate unnecessary overtime.



Management wanted to establish simpler procedures for determining workers' seniority.



Management wanted the exclusive right to set up pay incentives and work standards. The union now shares this important right.

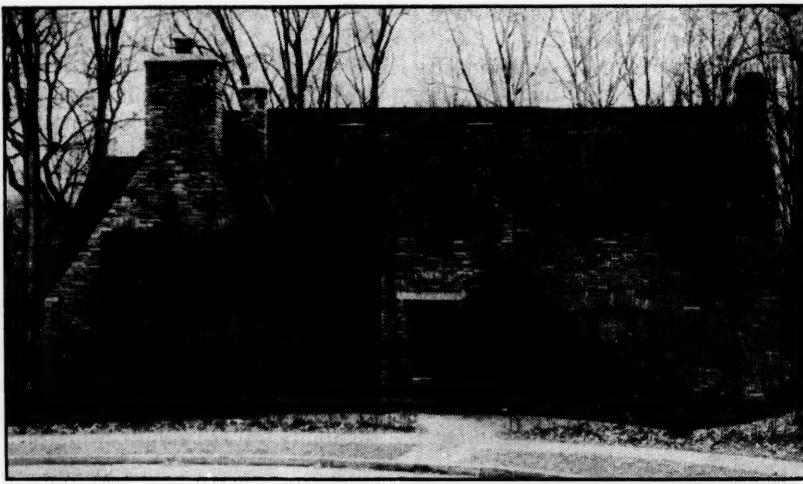


Management wanted deadlocked disputes over work rules sent to compulsory arbitration.



WHAT MANAGEMENT DID GET

Work rules disputes will go to joint labor-management committees for study. Labor members can veto any recommendations.



Associated Press

The Facts of Life by R. Nixon

The Vice President of the United States stood up before the eleven top leaders of the nation's steel industry, the Steel Companies Coordinating Committee. His tone was quiet and friendly, but firm as a girder. "I just want to tell you gentlemen some of the facts of life," he said.

It was a clandestine meeting in a lavish suite of New York City's Waldorf Towers on Dec. 30—the night the steel strike really ended.

The facts of life which Richard Nixon recited:

►His talks with Steelworkers president David McDonald had convinced him that McDonald would accept nothing less than the settlement proposed by Secretary of Labor James Mitchell. McDonald had solid union backing, plus settlements with Kaiser Steel, can companies, and the aluminum industry.

►If the strike resumed, Congress surely would step in. And in an election year the congressmen, who laid down the law to unions with the Landrum-Griffin Act in the last session, would favor labor. The industry might face compulsory arbitration, Federal wage and price fixing, even plant seizure. "You are running the risk of destroying the free competitive system," Nixon warned.

There was a silence, and then someone asked: "Do you recommend this [Mitchell] program?"

"Yes," said Nixon. "The government recommends it."

That was it. The steelmakers knew that Nixon was acting for President Eisenhower; that he might well be the next President; that what he told them made sense.

Vice President Nixon and Secre-

tary Mitchell had long been active on the fringes of the steel negotiations. But only in December, at President Eisenhower's express request, did they intervene directly. And the President had cautioned complete secrecy, lest the word of government intervention cause quakes in the stock market. Often traveling incognito, Nixon and Mitchell and the union and company heads met like conspirators—in the study of the Vice President's home on secluded Forest Lane in Wesley Heights (see picture); in three Washington hotels. In New York, while the steelmen considered Nixon's words, the Vice President and the Labor Secretary strolled unnoticed through the streets.

Four-Way Phone: By the next morning, steel had agreed in principle with the Administration proposal. Nixon left Mitchell in charge of technicalities and flew to the West Coast to act as grand marshal of the Tournament of Roses at Pasadena. That was New Year's Eve, and that night Mitchell and Arthur Goldberg, the union's chief counsel, met at Goldberg's home and hammered out conflicts to the rhythm of rock 'n' roll, as the Goldberg children gave a dance in the living room.

The Vice President was on the telephone to Mitchell all New Year's Day. Next morning, a weary Nixon held a four-way phone conference with President Eisenhower, Presidential Assistant Wilton Persons, and Mitchell. Then, for the first time during his visit, Nixon doffed his nagging preoccupation and inspected a Pasadena rose. There were, he observed, beautiful petals as well as thorns.

the contract talks between the railroads and the brotherhoods, which are now in progress. The issues: Wages (the roads want to cut wages, the unions to boost them 12 to 14 per cent) and management's demand for changes in work rules to reduce featherbedding.

Railroad Reaction: Railroad union men could hardly contain their elation over the news from steel. "It should hasten our own settlement as far as the wage question is concerned," said Guy Brown, grand chief engineer of the 47,000-member Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Brown said that negotiations on work rules were not "far enough along" for the steel settlement to have much effect on them. The Association of American Railroads, for its part (and management's), felt that it never would have an effect because practices in the two industries are so different. But many observers disagreed. "I don't expect the railroads to throw in the towel on featherbedding," said one labor-relations expert. "But their position in demanding changes just won't be as strong as it would have been if the steel industry had succeeded."

Other labor struggles this year involve mainly individual companies or segments of industries. General Electric and Westinghouse begin negotiations with some 140,000 electrical workers in the fall. Aircraft workers sit down with management of Chance Vought, Boeing, Republic Aviation, and United Aircraft in the spring. Telephone workers reopen wage agreements with Bell System companies throughout the summer.

In some of these battles, the steel settlement may set a direct precedent. A. King McCord, president of Westinghouse Air Brake Co., which begins wage negotiations with its workers this June, says flatly: "I can't expect that our unions would do anything but want to maintain their position relative to the Steelworkers." And steel is a "factor to be considered" in the auto industry's contract talks with the United Auto Workers next year, says American Motors vice president Edward Cushman. "For one thing," he says, "the fact that steel has made its insurance program completely non-contributory will certainly be cited by the union in automotive bargaining."

A New Era? The psychological impact is harder to gauge. The fact that the Steelworkers won a bigger package than the industry felt it could pay may encourage labor in general to take a stronger stand and may weaken resolve among other industrialists who had been taking heart from the steelmen. On the other hand, some observers think that the long steel strike may have thrown a fright into labor that no contract gains can erase. Many businessmen still seem convinced that steel's stand signaled the start of a new era of tougher manage-



Burroughs Data Processing Input Equipment lowers accounts payable costs 40% for COLUMBIA RECORDS

 Just eleven years ago, Columbia Records, a division of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Inc., pressed the original LP and triggered a sales curve that climbs higher and higher every year.

While the continuing upswing was sweet music to Columbia's ears, it struck a dissonant note in Accounts Payable. Namely: how to retain rigorous control over payments with an ever-increasing workload. Solution? Burroughs Accounting Machine to Punched Card equipment, a system

that produces hard copy records and punched cards simultaneously. And the change paid off immediately.

As Controller W. G. Wilkins puts it, "Our Burroughs Data Processing Equipment turns out checks, vouchers and corresponding punched cards with great speed and accuracy. As a result, we have vital records and reports at our fingertips when we need them. Although our workload increased, Burroughs decreased our operating costs 40% on the Accounts Payable operation."

Astute management control hinges on split-second decisions—decisions that demand the most current figure-facts. Burroughs delivers them as they happen with equipment that ranges from modern accounting machines through advanced electronic computer systems.

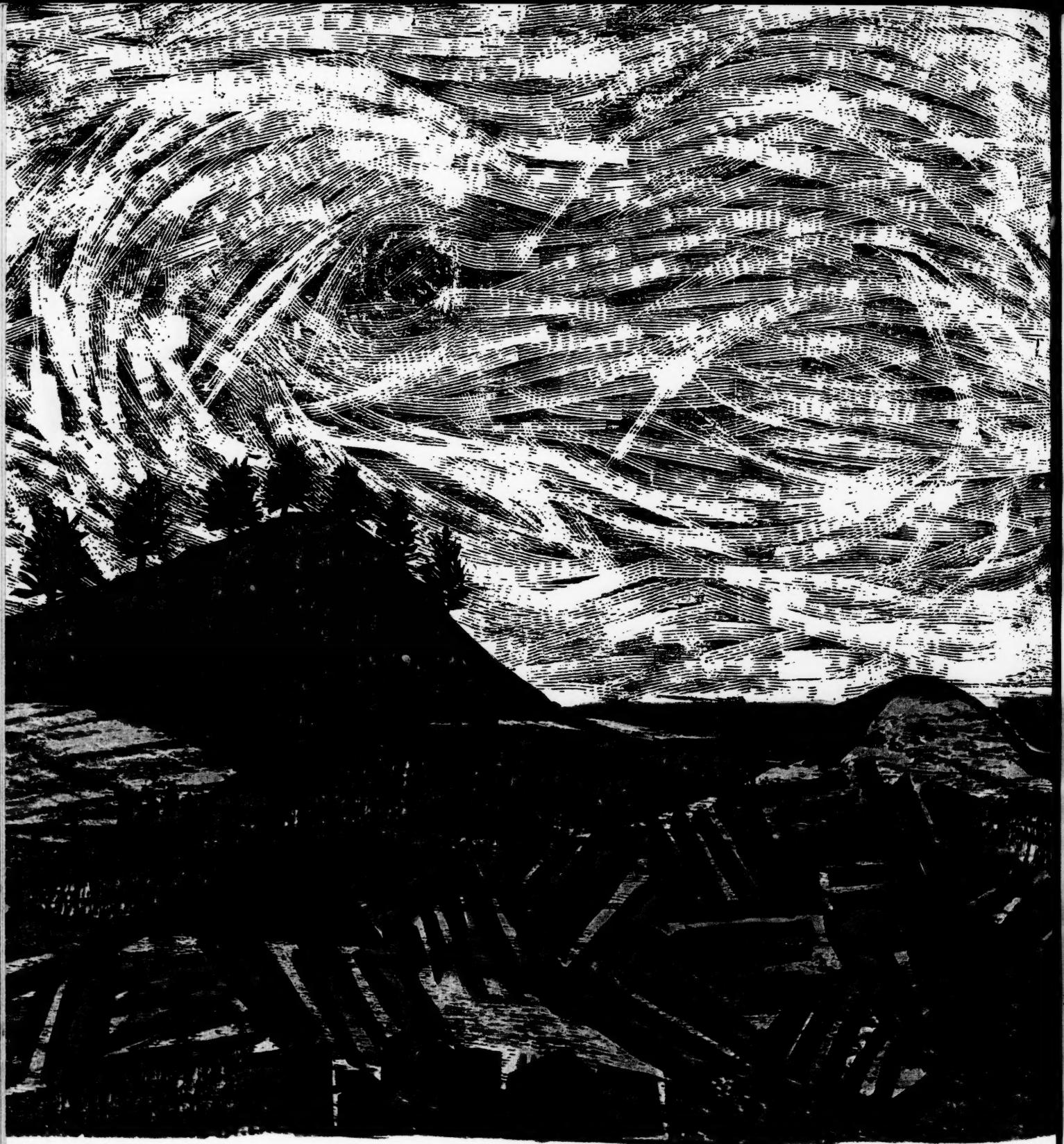
Get the facts firsthand. Call our nearby branch for a demonstration by a Burroughs Systems Counselor. Or write to Burroughs Corporation, Burroughs Division, Detroit 32, Mich.

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Great Ideas of Western Man... one of a series / artist: Antonio Frasconi

VICTOR

HUGO on a measure of greatness

There is no such thing as a little country. The greatness of a people is no more determined by their number than the greatness of a man is determined by his height.

(Speech, November 17, 1862)

CONTAINER CORPORATION OF AMERICA



ment bargaining, writing off the result as a defeat forced by political pressure.

One effect of the steel settlement was evident however: The sigh of relief in Congress. A resumption of the strike would have created heavy pressure for new, stringent labor-management laws. Last week, with both Democrats and Republicans happily abandoning any idea of basic new reforms, Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson summed it up this way in a conversation with Speaker Sam Rayburn: "Whoever settled that steel strike did us all a favor."

...And in Wall Street

The sighs of relief set off by the steel settlement blew the stock market to another historic high last week. Investors seemed to regard the contract as inflationary, and inflation usually means higher stock prices. But some of the wind later went out of the high-flying averages, especially after President Eisenhower made his surprise forecast of an anti-inflationary \$4.2 billion Federal surplus in the fiscal year starting July 1. Despite this and the tight money markets, investor enthusiasm was not dampened. Though the Dow-Jones industrials sank to 675.73 after hitting a record 685.47, Wall Street talked of breaking through the 700 mark before long. That would add \$13 billion to the market value of Big Board stocks.

The bulls were in command, but the experts still called their shots with care. "Guarded optimism" was the way analyst Kenneth Ward of Hayden, Stone described the market's mood. Harris, Upham's Ralph Rotnem talked of "savage selectivity." The caution lights stayed on because the economic signals, bright as they were, still weren't all green. The 15 per cent drop in farm income, the slide in housing starts, the oil glut would keep an enthusiastic investor from getting feverish.

Money Muddle: Wall Street's basic raw material, money, also was anything but plentiful. Demand for credit was so high that the commercial banks' prime rate (now 5 per cent) and the Federal Reserve's discount rate (now 4 per cent) were expected to go up any day. Intensified demand for loans to rebuild steel inventories 10 million to 12 million tons at the beginning of the year vs. the normal 20 million—could turn the trick.

For all these reservations, the surging economy will probably keep the market on the same upward course it followed in 1959. The averages don't tell the whole story, brokers keep repeating. The old blue chips were back in style, and this "old-fashioned" trading, E.F. Hutton's Gerald M. Loeb said, would mean a market of "much greater realism." As another broker put it: "Stocks that make sense will start to make money."

CORPORATIONS:

Off the Deep End

How can a company double its sales every year for three years and still wind up in bankruptcy court?

For the International Swimming Pool Corp., which finds itself in exactly that position, it wasn't easy. A leader in the pioneering of home swimming pools with its Esther Williams (she's president) pools, International saw its volume of sales zoom upward from about \$2.5 million in 1957 to more than \$10 million last year. But promotion costs soared just as rapidly (\$1 million in 1959 alone). Result: International's latest balance sheet showed tentative liabilities of \$1.7 million and total assets of a little less than \$1.3 million.

"It was just a case of trying to do too much too fast. We simply overextended ourselves," explained Don Pruess, International's chairman and chief stockholder. He noted that International had geared up for a 300 per cent sales increase last year. To back up its sales

staff, it boosted its advertising, promotion, and production spending accordingly. But the company soon discovered that it had overestimated its share of the hotly competitive \$1 billion swimming-pool market.

One step ahead of some of its creditors, International last week filed a voluntary petition in a New York Federal bankruptcy court, so that it can stay in business while it sets its house in order. If the court grants the firm's petition, International thinks that its chances to survive would be pretty good. Company officials believe a court-inspired reorganization would make the company "more stable than ever." International already has some 750 franchised dealers, more than ample production capacity, and a well-advertised product.

And president Williams, who spends most of her time doing promotional chores for International, thinks that "there is no reason to go out of business." No matter what happens, she says, there will continue to be an Esther Williams pool. "I'm convinced from my travels," she says, "that everybody wants a swimming pool." In fact, Pruess is convinced that the company could show a "small" profit this year. "All we would have to have to straighten things out," Pruess said hopefully, "is a little warm weather."

TAXES:

It Worked

America advanced to the threshold of a half-trillion-dollar economy in large part because of the more than \$290 billion industry invested in new plant and equipment during the past decade. And a good chunk of that construction—nearly \$40 billion worth—was made easier by the government's special fast tax write-off program for defense projects. It enabled corporations to amortize part of the cost (more than \$23 billion worth) of their plants in just five years, instead of the normal twenty years or more. Among the facilities built with such aid: U.S. Steel's \$400 million Fairless Works in Bucks County, Pa.; Tidewater Oil Co.'s \$100 million refinery at Delaware City, Del.; and Kaiser Aluminum's \$150 million plant at Chalmette, La.

Last week, after approving some 22,300 defense projects in a decade, and denying another 8,891 applications cov-



President Williams: The profits went kersplash

ering an estimated \$16 billion worth of construction, the Office of Civil and Defense Mobilization called a halt to the fast tax write-off.

Had the program fulfilled its purpose? OCDM's answer was a resounding "yes"—the program had "brought into being privately owned facilities which in many instances never would have been built and which have immeasurably strengthened our national defense." It also immeasurably strengthened the economy which, in the final analysis, may be the nation's greatest defense.

POWER:

Shades of Dixon-Yates

The controversial Dixon-Yates private power plan was still sending rumblings up the Tennessee Valley to Washington and back across the land last week.

Designed originally to satisfy the expanding power needs of the Tennessee Valley Authority, the Dixon-Yates project (sponsored by two Southern utility firms headed by Edgar Dixon and Eugene Yates) lost its contract with the government in 1955 after a bitter public vs. private power battle on Capitol Hill, ostensibly because of conflict of interest. Adolph H. Wenzell, government consultant on the contract, was also a vice president of the First Boston Corp., a Dixon-Yates financing agent. But the U.S. Court of Claims ruled last July that the government really broke the contract because it no longer needed private power. The city of Memphis had decided in 1955 to build its own power plant, thus

easing the TVA burden. Dixon-Yates was awarded \$1.9 million.

That might have ended the controversy for good, but it didn't. Even as government attorneys last week filed an eleventh-hour notice of appeal of the Court of Claims verdict, the public vs. private power battle was brewing once again in Memphis.

Rate Bait: With the city's new electrical power plant in operation only since last summer, Memphis had found its TVA-scaled rates too low to meet costs. Accordingly, it ordered a general 18.5 per cent rate increase—for most residential users, an extra 72 cents on the average \$4.50 monthly electric bill. At that, Bozell & Jacobs, a New York public-relations firm representing about 80 per cent of the nation's private utilities, got into the act. "The implications of this action," said B&J, "affect every public power project . . . The perennial questions of favored tax positions, interest rates, fiscal policy, and TVA's methods of allocating funds for power are bound to be re-examined in the light of the Memphis electric rate hike."

Memphis officials retorted that their rates are still lower than those in cities of comparable size served by private utilities. Residents in nearby Birmingham, for example, pay an average \$5.78 monthly electric bill. Bozell & Jacobs noted, however, that Memphis "has placed itself in a goldfish bowl where its operating methods will be scrutinized by advocates of public power and by those who unalterably oppose it [public power] as benefiting the few at the cost of the many."

PRODUCTS:

What's Newest

Cool Performer: A year-round cooling fluid for automotive engines, said to be the world's first, has been developed by Dow Chemical Co. of Midland, Mich. Called Dowgard, it eliminates the need for seasonal draining by doing the work of antifreeze (\$300 million worth of it is sold annually), water, and rust inhibitors. Dow says the fluid will protect automotive cooling systems against rust, corrosion, freezing, and overheating at temperatures ranging from minus 40 degrees to plus 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Price: \$8 to \$12 for most cars, about a third more than antifreeze.

Micro Mite: A midget microscope about the size of a pack of cigarettes is being marketed by Cooke, Troughton & Simms of Malden, Mass. Designed for research work in the field as well as in the laboratory, the 24-ounce, British-made instrument "yields an image identical in magnification and detail to that obtained with the largest conventional microscope," the company says. It focuses automatically and has built-in illumination, with power supplied by battery or an electric outlet. In addition, the manufacturer claims, the scope can be used to project images. Price: About \$500.

No Weeds Allowed: A new crabgrass killer is being marketed by Swift & Co., the Chicago meatpacker. The chemical, called Rid, is applied to lawns in March and April and "kills 90 to 100 per cent of the crab grass" and many other varieties of weeds by poisoning seedlings

Station-Wagon Set

For drivers who prefer their cars compact but still like plenty of space inside, Ford last week added a station wagon to its Falcon line—catching up with Chrysler's Valiant, which produced about 500 Valiant wagons before the steel strike stalled operations last fall. (Studebaker's Lark and American Motors' Rambler, of course, have had station wagons all along.)

Ford, which started mass-producing station wagons in 1929, expects the Falcon version of the suburban carryall to be in production by March. The public gets its first peek at the six-cylinder, 189-inch-long wagon this week at the Chicago auto show. So far, Ford has not announced a price. (Valiant's station wagons have been selling at \$2,437 for the two-seat version, \$2,550 for the three-bench design.)

Still to be heard from: General Motors' Corvair, whose engineers are tussling with the problem of designing a station-wagon model with the engine in the rear.



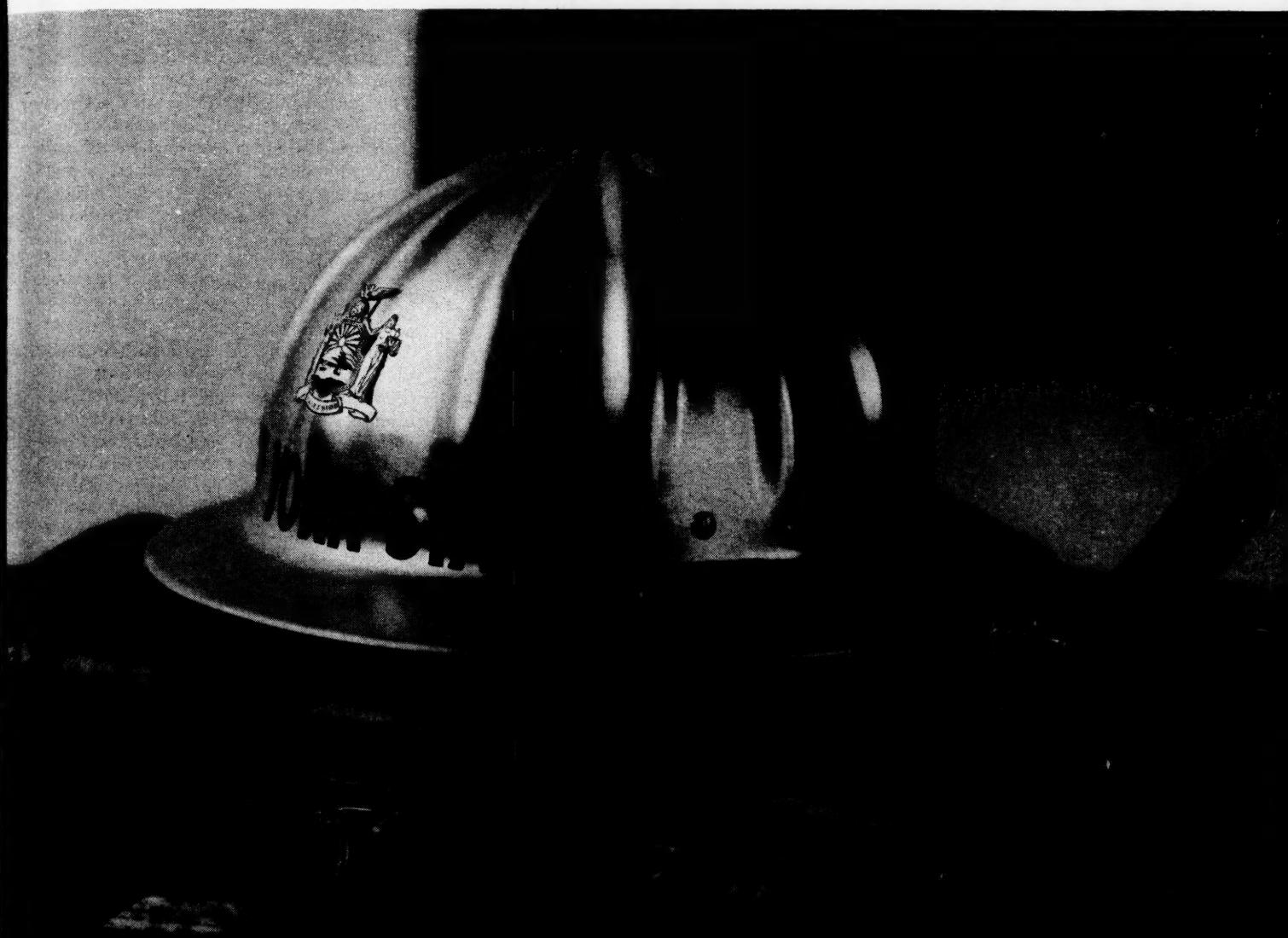
The snap-brim stays home

HARD HATS are turning up in a lot of unexpected places in New York State these days. They're being worn by men who get things done: the experienced business and professional men who now occupy key positions in Governor Nelson Rockefeller's new cabinet.

To create more and better job opportunities throughout the state, these hard-hat "doers" have launched dozens of new programs for industry. State programs are under way to improve the administration of laws affecting business. Still other programs are helping to upgrade public facilities and services offered by local communities...cement the already favorable relationships between business and labor...streamline

state and regional tax policy...and weld urban and suburban areas into economically sound units. In fact, 73 New York State communities have already entered the Federal-State Urban Planning Assistance Program.

If you agree that your company could grow in this hard-hat businessman's climate, why not get in touch with Commissioner of Commerce Keith S. McHugh? He will provide you with free, up-to-date reports on sites, labor, transportation, markets, raw materials, water. The reports are comprehensive, confidential, and tailored to your needs. Write Keith S. McHugh, New York State Department of Commerce, Room 258, 112 State St., Albany, N.Y., or phone ALBany 5-7521.



GET UP TO DATE ON NEW YORK STATE
where they're talking the businessman's language

Kiplinger Tells How to Make Your Money Grow with the Boom

How to live better and make more money in these exciting boom years is explained in detail in a special study by W. M. Kiplinger, famous business analyst and Washington authority.

This timely volume is called, "How to Make More Money in the Boom Years Ahead." It shows you scores of ways you can capitalize on money-making opportunities arising from expanding population, new products, new leisure, new methods of doing business.

You get specific directions showing smart ways to handle details of your income, savings, job, business, investments, retirement... to make your money grow, protect your capital, your savings, from inflation.

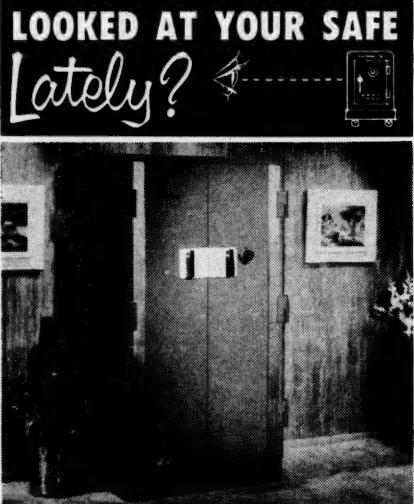
For example: How to safeguard the buying power of your dollars. Which businesses will gain—which lose in years ahead. Where the boom towns of tomorrow will be. New ways to raise capital for a business. High pay jobs of the future in business, government, overseas. How to get more out of your mortgage, real estate, insurance. Planning now to get your children into over-crowded colleges. What securities will benefit by the boom. Franchise businesses worth

going into. How to set up an inflation-proof retirement program. Smart money-making, money-saving plans for people on fixed incomes, small businessmen, investors, young couples, heads of families... everything you need to know to come out of the boom with your future secure.

A copy is being made available to you FREE with a 13-week trial subscription to The Kiplinger Letter—both together for only \$4 (Full value \$7.95. You save \$3.95 by acting now).

The Kiplinger Letter every Monday morning supplies key information you need— inflationary signals to watch for, business activity and trends, new legislation, labor, taxes, prices, new products—any significant development. Keeps you posted on how to ride safely and profitably through today's exciting times... protect your business and personal interests.

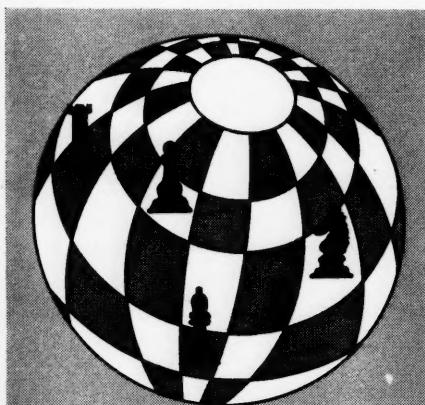
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BUSINESS

as they germinate. Swift says the preparation is harmless to humans, animals, and existing lawns, requires no special precautions in handling, and can be applied at the same time as lawn fertilizer. Price: \$5.95 per 25 pound bag) enough to cover 2,500 square feet).

ADVERTISING:

The Good—And the Awful

"They said it couldn't be done," cried L&M cigarettes in ads last year—and last week a group of advertising men said it shouldn't be done.

The conclusion came to light in a Printers' Ink survey of some 300 top advertising executives to determine the year's best liked (and least liked) ads. The critics called L&M's ads "not believable, exaggerated, and desperate," then turned their guns elsewhere. Barbash's printed ads, which carried a pun on the word "can" were labeled "crude, offensive, and in poor taste." Headache remedy Anacin's television commercials drew comments like "unbelievable" and "moronic." About two-thirds of the 300 admen picked drug or personal product ads as "liked least."

But when the advertising men liked the 1959 ads, they were generous with their praise. Bert and Harry Piel, for example, were rated as television's favorite pitchmen for "originality and humor" in selling New York's Piel's beer. The experts liked Dinah Shore's "charm" selling for Chevrolet, and Ford Motor Co.'s humorous shaggy dog, which plugged the Ford line by answering technical questions. In printed media, the experts had special praise for foreign-car ads such as Renault's "Le car hot: Renault Dauphine" and the Volkswagen series, which currently urges car buyers to "Think small."

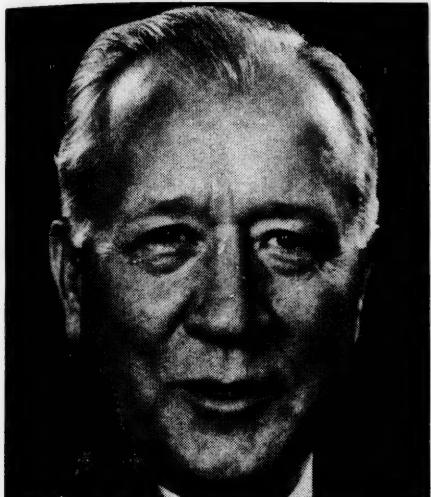
PRICE FIXING:

Crackdown at GE

People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment or diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices.

—Adam Smith in "Wealth of Nations"

Free competitive economic systems have been fighting this temptation ever since Smith published his classic in 1776. And last week, the General Electric Co., one of the largest and most competitive of enterprises, sadly announced that a small number of its officers and employees had succumbed to the temptation. Following initial revelations before a Philadelphia Federal grand jury trying to find out why the Tennessee Valley Authority had received identical bids on equipment it wanted to buy, the GE



Cordiner: Thou shalt not scheme

men admitted they had held price talks with competitors for "several years" and as recently as 1959.

GE board chairman Ralph J. Cordiner personally broke the news at a GE management conference. He also announced the drastic disciplinary penalties which had been taken against the offenders—loss of titles, demotions, pay cuts, and reassignments. Chairman Cordiner went on to reiterate that there must be no "compromise or qualification" of the company's General Policy directive 20.5 (which was first issued in 1946). Directive 20.5 reads: "No employee shall enter into any understanding, agreement, plan, or scheme, expressed or implied, formal or informal, with any competitor, in regard to prices, terms, or conditions of sale, production, distribution, territories, or customers . . .".

Fear of an antitrust crackdown was only part of the reason for GE's action. Cordiner noted that GE had spent more than \$1.5 billion for new facilities, equipment, and laboratories in the last thirteen years. "There is nothing less intelligent than an attempt to have price restrictions with your competitors who do not have these modern facilities," he said. "Every company and every industry—yes, and every country—that is operated on a basis of cartel systems is liquidating its present strength and future opportunities."

IMPORTS:

No Mickey Mouse?

Back in 1945, thousands of Russian soldiers, their pockets bulging with occupation marks, swarmed into Berlin's Potsdamer Platz to trade with American GI's. Top item on the Reds' shopping lists: Watches. They bid fabulously (a Mickey Mouse watch brought \$700).

Last week, in another Russian reversal, Amtorg Trading Corp., the official

Wire Cloth Company increases efficiency and morale with COTTON*



*Fairfax toweling used by Ludlow-Saylor Wire Cloth Co. is supplied by Selmier Peerless Towel & Linen Service Co., St. Louis, Mo.

● Ludlow-Saylor, one of the largest wire cloth manufacturers in the country, has been serving the wire screening needs of industry for over 100 years. They find, as so many other companies have learned, that untidy surroundings can affect employee attitude and output. Management reports that when cotton toweling was installed in their three St. Louis buildings, morale and efficiency increased greatly.

Cotton toweling means cleaner, safer washrooms. There's no litter, no plumbing stoppage, less chance of fire. And, in the bargain, cotton saves on maintenance costs.

Why not look into the advantages of cotton towels and toweling for your operation. For further facts, write for free booklet to Fairfax, Dept. O-1, 111 West 40th St., New York 18, N.Y.

Here's How Linen Supply Works...

You buy nothing! Your linen supply dealer furnishes everything at low service cost—cabinets, pickup and delivery, automatic supply of freshly laundered towels and uniforms. Quantities can be increased or decreased on short notice. Just look up LINEN SUPPLY or TOWEL SUPPLY in your classified telephone book.



Clean Cotton Towels . . .
Sure Sign of Good Management

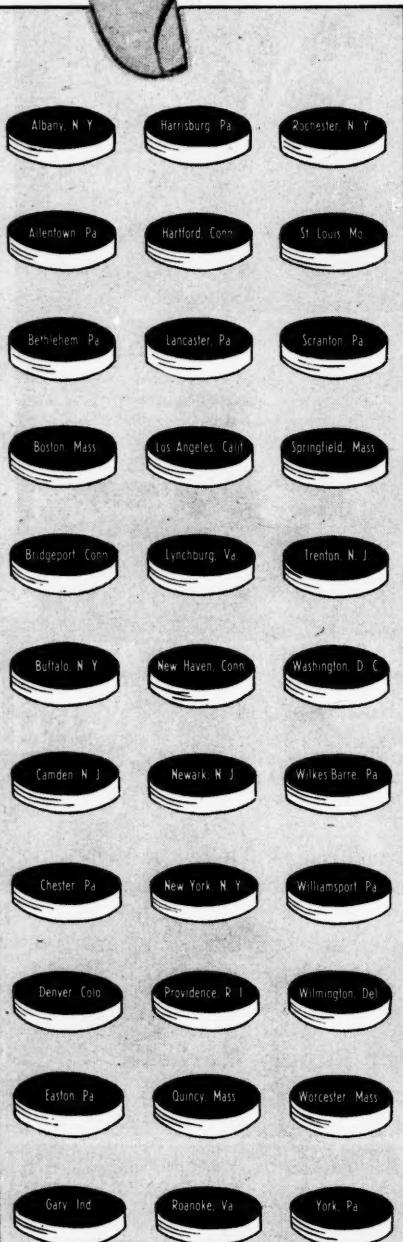
Fairfax-Towels



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BUSINESS

Soviet trading organization in the U.S. ran advertisements headlined: FIRST TIME IN THIS COUNTRY! WATCHES FROM THE U.S.S.R. Amtorg wanted to line up "reputable" distributors.

Showing his sample case of about fifteen men's and women's watches to a visitor at Amtorg's modern new offices on New York's Lexington Avenue, N. Kuznetsov, a timber expert also assigned to handle watches, was optimistic. "We know ourselves that these are good watches," he said pointing to the "Sport" he was wearing. The "Sport" and the others looked a bit old-fashioned. None were in the thin style popular here. But the construction appeared solid and comparable to medium-priced Swiss imports.

Kuznetsov was somewhat vague about how he would market his watches:

►Prices? "We don't know. We are investigating and will look at what the distributors propose."

►Guarantees? "Yes, of course, fully guaranteed." How? "Well, we will see what distributors suggest."

Actually, Kuznetsov will have some experience to go by. Linmart Co., an importer and mail-order wholesaler, bought 50 sixteen-jewel "Pobeda" (Victory) watches late last year before Russia got its drive under way, wholesaled them for about \$15 each; they retailed for about \$25. Linmart president Jack Miller estimates that most of the new crop of watches will sell for about \$18, and range as high as \$60 for the "Rodina," a 21-jewel, self-winding watch.

Do American watchmakers fear a new import threat? "You can say the trade is not only quite calm, it is indifferent," summed up one industry executive.

Junk Business

In Hong Kong shipyards, the junk business hadn't been so good in years. Hordes of Chinese workmen swarmed around newly laid ship's timbers this week on Duck's Tongue Island while master builders issued orders without referring to blueprints, plans, or models. Like their grandfathers and their grandfathers' grandfathers before them, they build by eye. Workmen use tools little different from those employed 1,000 years ago—drills for instance, which resemble tops, powered by leather thongs.

The ancient tools and methods are turning out junks for modern Americans with a taste for the bizarre. While junks are only a part

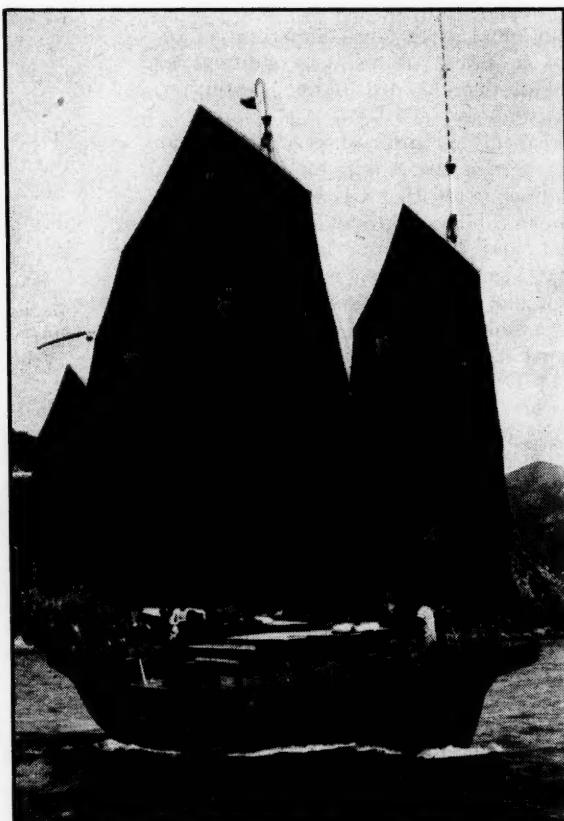
of Hong Kong's booming pleasure-boat business—a total of 600 craft worth \$2 million were shipped to the U.S. last year vs. nine worth \$10,000 in 1956—they are sailing along handsomely. Some 75 were shipped to the U.S. last year. And junk buffs say there are many reasons sales should go up. Among them:

►Low Price: A 33-foot, teak-planked boat, for instance, costs about \$1,000 in Hong Kong (or about \$3,500 landed in the U.S.), complete with a full set of three sails and a small auxiliary engine.

►Handling: The junkman claims his boat sails more efficiently and trims more delicately. The difference lies in the balanced lug rig with one-sixth to one-third of each sail ahead of the mast. Full-width battens keep thin sails flat for close-haul tacks, simplify reefing and dousing and can be used as ratlines.

►Thrill: While admittedly not a racing boat, a sporting junk drawing as little as 6 inches, says one enthusiast, "will sail handily on a heavy dew propelled by a pixie's breath."

One thing troubling junk fanciers: Some buyers order modifications which produce a hybrid combining bad points of Western and Eastern naval architecture. "If you put a keel on a junk, you destroy her best points," says Robert Drummond, an American manufacturer who runs cruises on a 40-footer. "She's supposed to float on rough waters like a walnut shell, not plow through them like the Queen Mary."



Newsweek—Bob Elegant

Pride of Hong Kong: Not a queen but a walnut



He conquered the Rockies for an Empire Builder

Seventy years ago a 36-year-old civil engineer battled a roaring blizzard in 40 below zero weather to explore an elusive pass in the Rocky Mountains of northern Montana. This epic of human courage proved the passage existed and opened the way for Great Northern's low-level route between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean.

John F. Stevens was determined to fulfill successfully an assignment from a man he never had seen—James J. Hill, the budding empire builder, who was confident that a low pass suitable for his Great Northern tracks across the formidable Rockies existed along the Continental Divide less than 100 miles south of Canada. Maps showed a Marias Pass in this region, but there were no records that white men had explored it. Meriwether Lewis of the Lewis and Clark expedition vainly sought the pass and gave it its name in 1806.

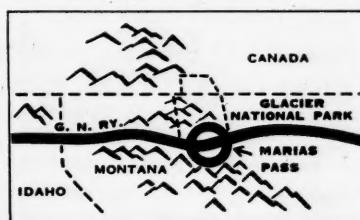
Snow was already deep in the Rockies when Engineer Stevens took the job of locating the fabled pass. Factual information on the mountainous region was slim, and illness of his Indian guide forced Col. Stevens

to alone make his successful reconnaissance of the Continental Divide on that bitterly cold and blizzardy winter day.

The doughty engineer's conquering of the Rockies gave Great Northern the lowest rail crossing of the Continental Divide in the United States north of New Mexico. Marias Pass is only 5,213 feet above sea level—an extremely low-altitude route through which Great Northern passenger and freight trains surmount the Montana Rockies with time-saving ease.



**GREAT NORTHERN
RAILWAY**





The Battle of the Brands is about to begin *Will you win?*

In advertising, it's not only how many people you reach—but how quickly you reach them that governs the movement of your goods.

■ Parade gives advertisers 10 million homes every Sunday and gives their retailers an army of customers all week long.

■ In 3000 thriving markets, no other magazine can stimulate next week's sales like Sunday's Parade.

Parade

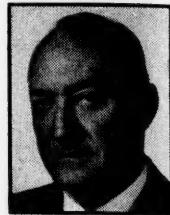
The Sunday Magazine section of strong newspapers coast to coast, reaching 10 million homes every week.



BUSINESS TIDES

Inflation Wins Again

by Henry Hazlitt



AS THIS department two weeks ago predicted, and as it took no great clairvoyance to predict, the steel strike has finally been settled by a grossly inflationary wage increase. Continuing its mood of crystal-gazing, this department predicts that the victory for the steel union will let loose a tremendous wave of demands for another round of wage increases throughout industry; that employers for the most part will be compelled to yield to these demands; that the Federal Reserve authorities will be pressured into further expansion of money and credit to make the wage increases supportable, and that neither the Administration nor Congress will do anything in the slightest degree effective to halt the consequent inflation.

Never has this department more ardently wished that its predictions would turn out to be laughably wrong. But let us look at the facts.

If there was any will to resist inflation, the steel strike was the ideal test case. Steel wages even before the strike averaged \$3.10 an hour. This was already 87 cents an hour higher than the average wage paid in manufacturing. It was already the highest wage paid to any major group in manufacturing. There was no question of "catching up with the procession." The steelworkers were already way ahead of the procession.

CARDS WERE STACKED

These were among the reasons, in addition to loss of markets to foreign competitors, that led the steel companies to resist a further substantial wage increase. In addition, they were under ostensible pressure from the Administration not to grant an "inflationary" wage increase.

But as the strike wore on, it became more and more evident that the companies were engaged in a losing battle. Ostensibly, the government was "neutral"; it refused to "interfere"; it kept "hands off"; it left everything to "free collective bargaining." But all the time, it was in fact interfering, through the operation of the Norris-La Guardia and Wagner-Taft-Hartley acts, on the side of the strikers. All the time the union maintained intimidatory picket lines, the constant threat

of violence, in case any company should try to resume production and to hire other workers. And all the time the Administration and Congress remained completely oblivious of this situation, and talked as if bargaining were really free on both sides.

It is true that Mr. Eisenhower finally resorted to the strike-injunction provisions of the Taft-Hartley Act, but both before and after he had done so he declared that he was losing patience, and rebuked *both* sides for not coming to an agreement. As he did this even after the companies had made an inflationary offer, they could only conclude that he expected them to make a still more inflationary offer to buy a settlement. Otherwise they faced a resumption of the strike, with threats in the background of compulsory arbitration or even seizure.

TOUGH NEXT TIME

The companies will now no doubt be roundly abused by some for having uselessly and expensively held out, and by others for finally yielding so much. And certainly the package increase of 39 cents an hour that they were forced to yield over a thirty-month period is far more costly than the settlement they might have obtained by offering more last June to avert a strike. But before we condemn the company managements we would do well to weigh the mounting pressures against them.

Only three nights before the steel settlement, New York City, already losing millions of dollars on its city-owned and -operated bus and subway lines, averted a strike only by offering an increase of 40 cents an hour over a two-year period. The private bus lines were forced to settle for an increase of 36 cents an hour. Immediately after the settlement Mayor Wagner announced that the people of the city were "sick and tired of ... this terrible ordeal every year or every second year ... I don't propose to let it happen again."

The politicians are always going to be terribly tough *next* time, but always capitulate, or force private industry to capitulate, *this* time. They have built up, by their own laws and appeasements, a Frankenstein monster they no longer dare to oppose.



Bostitch shows metal fabricator how to increase production 33%-cut costs 18%-with stapling

Weather Products Corporation of Warwick, R. I., used screws or rivets to join the top and side of its Ever Seal triple-track aluminum windows.

A Bostitch Economy Man suggested stapling. Results—production rate rose by a third and manufacturing cost fell 18%. Bostitch staplers eliminated the pre-drilling needed with former method. Stapling is a split-second, single-motion job. And the staples themselves cost less than the fasteners formerly used.

"Customer reaction has been excellent," reports

plant management, "and complaints of loosened and separated fasteners are completely ended."

Whatever your business, whatever you fasten—it's safe to say at least one combination of Bostitch staplers and Bostitch staples can give you better, faster fastening *and* an improved product. The 350 Bostitch Economy Men who work out of 123 U. S. and Canadian cities offer you a wealth of fastening experience. To talk with one, look under "Bostitch" in your phone book. Or mark and mail the coupon.

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'University Stakes'

It's enough, suh, to defrost a julep—the very thought of historic Churchill Downs being in the hands of anyone but a true-bluegrass Kentuckian! But it's possible; the home of the Kentucky Derby has had its ups and downs, and there has always been the threat that outsiders might buy up the stock. To guard against such a horrendous happening, Stanley Hugenberg, executive vice president of the track, last week tried to promote a silky scheme: He proposed that the city of Louisville take the management reins and, on a nonprofit basis, use annual proceeds (about \$1.1 million before taxes) for its local university.*

"The trustees have endorsed the general idea," cautiously noted Lee P. Miller, president of the University of Louisville board. "We all want the Derby perpetuated," added Mayor Bruce Hoblitzell. "I have an open mind on how it might be done."

But as all hands waited for the plan to be formally offered for legislative action, city churchmen cried foul. "The attempt to give the gambling industry a halo of sanctity is too much for me," said David Nelson, pastor of Highland Baptist Church. "There could be no end to this," railed John Carter, vice president of the Baptist Pastors Conference. "You could probably run houses of prostitution in the name of charity." Whatever happened, the University Stakes, as one wit tabbed the controversy, was clearly off and running.

Six Fateful Hours

The room was hushed. Eying his watch, the administrator lifted his hand, then called: "Begin!" With a sudden rustling of pages, students started to scratch feverishly on answer sheets, their faces showing fear, hope, and intense concentration. This was the scene in 1,385 such rooms or centers last week, scattered from Hong Kong to Plentywood, Mont., where 165,700 secondary-school students plowed into a six-hour examination that would have a major impact on their future. Name of the exam: The U.S. College Boards.

Nobody flunks the College Boards. However, unless the candidate does considerably better than the national mean score (500 on a 200-to-800 marking scale), he stands little

*Similarly, Clint Murchison, Texas oilman, bought California's Del Mar track, and uses profits to support a youth club.

chance of getting into a top university. Thus, in large measure, the fate of these aspiring students lay in the hands of the tests' administrators, a little-publicized body known as the College Entrance Examination Board.

Founded in 1900, the board each year gives entrance exams* on six separate dates in 80 countries to about 600,000 applicants, most of whom are trying to get into the 287 CEEB-member colleges and universities in the U.S. But the board, headquartered in New York, does much more than test. It brings college and high-school teachers together, annually prints 50 educational publications, shaped scholarship programs and curriculum. Its influence, which is vast, springs largely from its tall, gray-haired president, Frank H. Bowles, who took over the organization in 1948. "Our mission," he says simply, "is to try and be useful."

In the process, the 52-year-old educator has molded what threatened to become a moribund secretariat into a crack team of 48 staffers who help administer an annual \$7 million budget. (This month the main office will shift from the Columbia campus in New York City to a building on Riverside Drive.) During Bowles' tenure, 208 more colleges from all parts of the country have

*The Educational Testing Service of Princeton, N.J., handles the printing, scoring, and much of the technical research on the tests.

joined the board; admissions testing has increased sixfold. Among other important innovations:

►An advanced placement scheme by which high-school students may take tests allowing them to jump into sophomore subjects at member colleges.

►A scholarship clearinghouse. Aided by the Educational Testing Service, the CEEB collects financial data from parents, statistically processes it to see what a parent can reasonably afford to pay for his child's education, then forwards the information to colleges for decision on whether to award a scholarship.

In this sort of work, Frank Bowles' scholastic sense of direction is one of his main assets. As a colleague points out: "He puts things in broad perspective." He got that perspective early. He was Columbia's admissions director, in his words, "at the ridiculous age of 26." Bowles is a quiet talker, but his ideas are firm and outspoken.

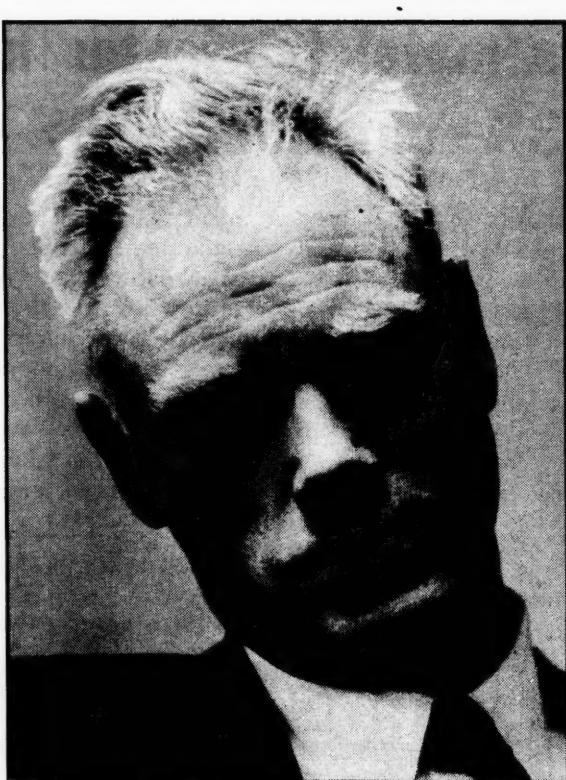
"One thing that parents must realize," he said in an interview last week, "is that they must begin to plan for their child's college education in the ninth grade. That is the time for a realistic appraisal. What courses should he take? What will he need to get into what kind of place?"

"As for financing and rising tuition costs, well, I think we're going to handle them like road and school financing. The student will take a mortgage on his education."

►In the National Merit Scholarship Corp.'s annual report last week, President John M. Stalnaker ticked off a notable academic achievement. Of approximately 3,000 students now in college on Merit Scholarships "about 82 per cent rank in the top quarter of their classes, even though many have selected colleges of very high academic standards." The two schools most chosen by Merit scholars: Harvard (260), and MIT (193).

Squaws on Campus

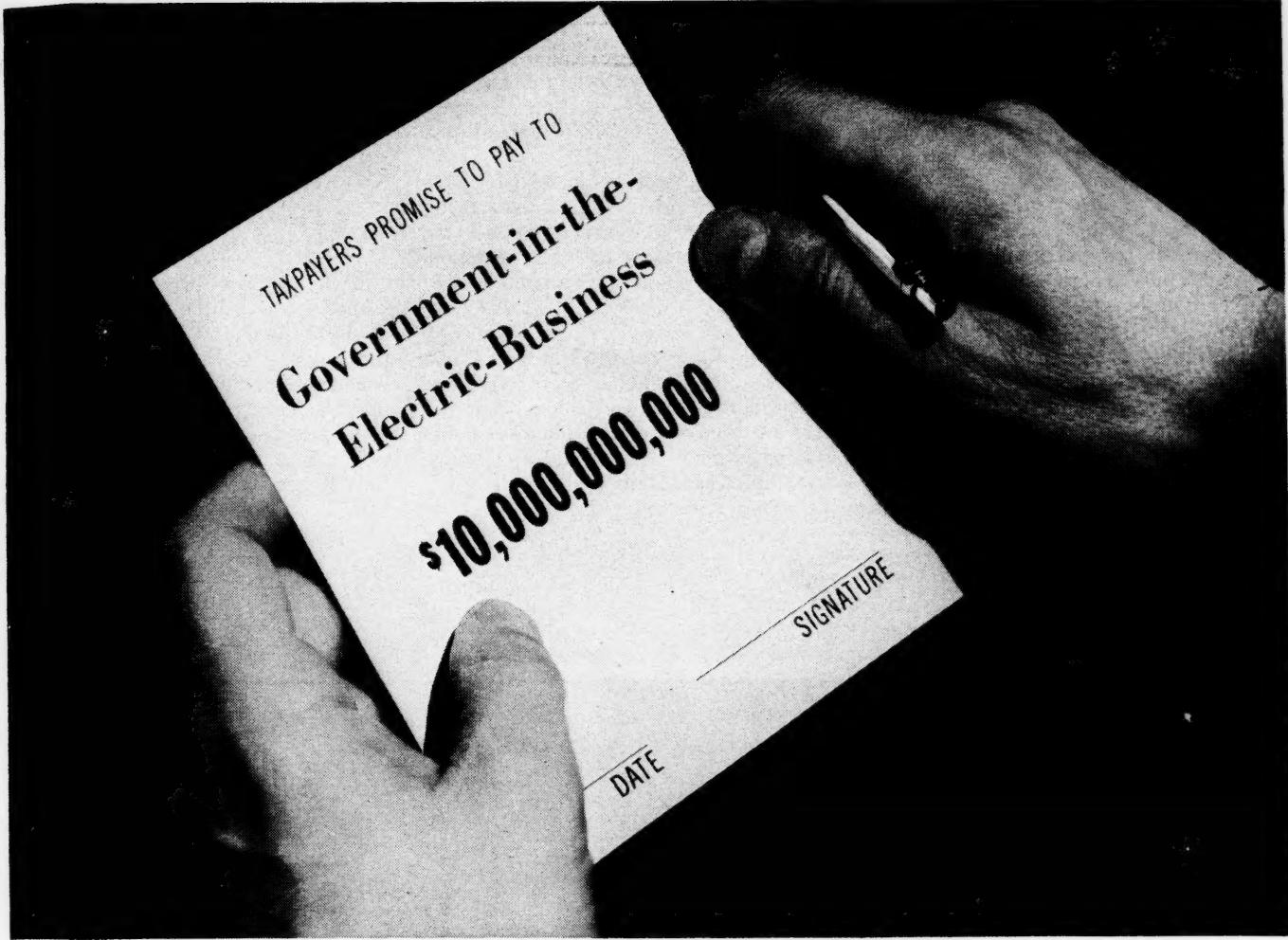
In the Ivy League, Dartmouth College and its Indians have long sported the most virile image. Dartmouth is the college of men, of the great outdoors (its famous Outing Club regularly sponsors mountain climbing and shooting the rapids). Last week this image was irrevocably softened. President John Sloan Dickey announced that for the first time in its 191-year history, Dartmouth would enroll women—but only in the summer session. Last remaining all-male strongholds among Ivy League undergraduate schools: Yale and Princeton.



Newsweek—Vytas Vaitaitis

THE build-up of people trying for an Ivy League college seems to have modified; more students are trickling into good, but less publicized schools.

—Frank Bowles (see story left)



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Methodist Dilemma

How should the Methodist Church integrate its races? For four years a high-level commission studied the denomination's controversial regional and jurisdictional setup: The Methodists, who number some 9.8 million, are divided into five geographic areas and one all-Negro group, called the Central Jurisdiction. Last week the 70-member commission advised that "no basic changes" be made. Although the system "has become for some a symbol of segregation . . . the immediate elimination of the Central Jurisdiction would be . . . disastrous to Negro Methodists"—i.e., if the white churches refused to merge with Negro churches, those Negroes would be left in no man's land. As a step toward eventual integration, the commission recommended a fuller program of interracial activities. Disappointed but philosophic, Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam commented: "I believe we move to the absolute by way of the relative."

'Jews Get Out!'

No one knew whether to blame psychopaths, "Nazi plotters," or kids looking for kicks. But it was all too clear that the old, ugly symbols of anti-Semitism and religious prejudice had broken out like a far-ranging plague.

The first sign of infection was discovered early Christmas morning in Cologne: A bright-red swastika smeared on the façade of a synagogue recently dedicated by Chancellor Konrad Adenauer. borne on the wings of modern communications, the sickness spread quickly around the earth. Within a dozen days it touched a dozen places from Scandinavia to Australia.

By this weekend, as the epidemic went into its third week apparently undiminished, news reports of the vandalism made up a gazetteer of shame. Swastikas or anti-Jewish slogans were painted on public buildings in Melbourne, on the iron gates of a synagogue in Athens, on a pillar of the opera house in Graz, Austria, on synagogues in Bogotá, in Buenos Aires, and in Bristol, England. Fifty swastikas were chalked on the walls of stores in a predominantly Jewish quarter of Paris. The Hague reported that an unidentified person shouted: "Heil Hitler! Juden Raus!" ("Jews get out!") over the emergency channel of the radio-telephone connection to ships at sea. In Oslo, an anti-Jewish epithet was smeared on the base

of a statue of Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Ironically, as all this was going on, the United Nations released a two-year study which reported a widespread drop in religious discrimination.

Against this worldwide rash of desecration, the U.S. had no immunity. Swastikas appeared on Jewish temples and community buildings in Miami, Jacksonville, Tampa, Detroit, Pontiac (Mich.), Philadelphia, Mamaroneck (N.Y.), and Marshalltown, Iowa.

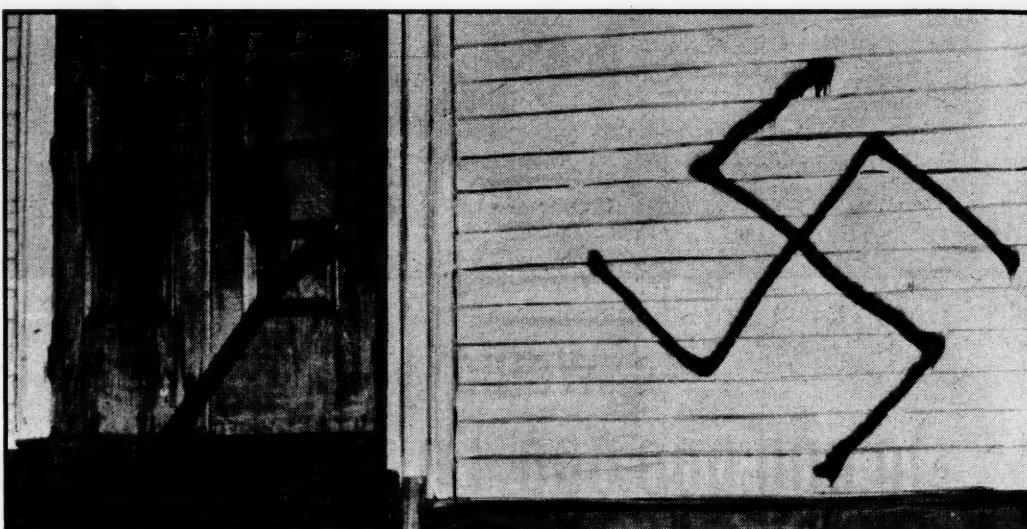
***A Shocking Thing:** Nor were Christian churches immune. Stars of David were painted on two famous churches in New York City, the interdenominational Riverside Church and the Protestant Episcopal Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Commenting on the action, the Rt. Rev. Horace W.B. Donegan, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, said, "if it proves to be a manifestation of religious prejudice and related to similar incidents in other parts

"shock and concern" to the governments of all countries where outbreaks have occurred. Israeli diplomats will advise these governments that they are expected to stamp out this show of anti-Semitism before it becomes disastrous.

'A Mission Territory'

Ever since Christopher Columbus placed a cross on the soil of San Salvador in 1492, Roman Catholicism has been the reigning Christian religion in Latin America. But this week a Belgian Jesuit said the church is losing its grip there, and "nobody knows it . . . nobody cares."

The emphatic warning came from the Rev. Roger E. Vekemans, director of the School of Sociology of the Pontifical Catholic University of Chile. Interviewed in the current issue of *The Ave Maria*, U.S. weekly magazine of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Father Vekemans puts much of the blame on Hispanic



Associated Press

Marshalltown, Iowa: The ugly symptom of a strange plague

of the world, then it is a shocking thing."

Men everywhere protested against the senseless, but sinister, vandalism. Twenty-one Protestant leaders issued a statement through the National Council of Churches denouncing the incidents and pledging "support and friendship to the Jewish communities of the world." In Italy, the Vatican radio deplored the reappearance of the swastika as "a dangerous sign."

Among Jews, reactions differed. Henry Edward Schultz, national chairman of the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, urged Americans to keep clear the distinction between the events in Germany and those elsewhere. "Malicious mischief," he said, characterizes the U.S. desecrations; they are "not symptomatic of growing, organized anti-Semitism."

A more determined response came from Tel Aviv, where the Israeli Foreign Ministry is preparing identical notes of

Catholicism and its lack of concern for "life in this world . . . Since we have a technical civilization," he explains, "it's not enough to have a highly devout, piously spiritual Catholicism." Coupled with this is a severe shortage of clergy in Latin America ("We have 30,000 priests . . . for some 180 million people").

The "vacuum" created by these factors, says Father Vekemans, is being filled not only by secularism, but by Communism, native religions, Freemasonry, and the Protestants—who, he reports, have sent 6,000 missionaries [to the continent] in "the last few years." As a result, while the church still can claim some 86 per cent of Latin Americans as at least nominal Catholics, "the percentage . . . is falling rapidly."

The sociologist-priest says Catholics should treat the area as a mission territory, for "it cannot save itself with only its own resources; it needs help."

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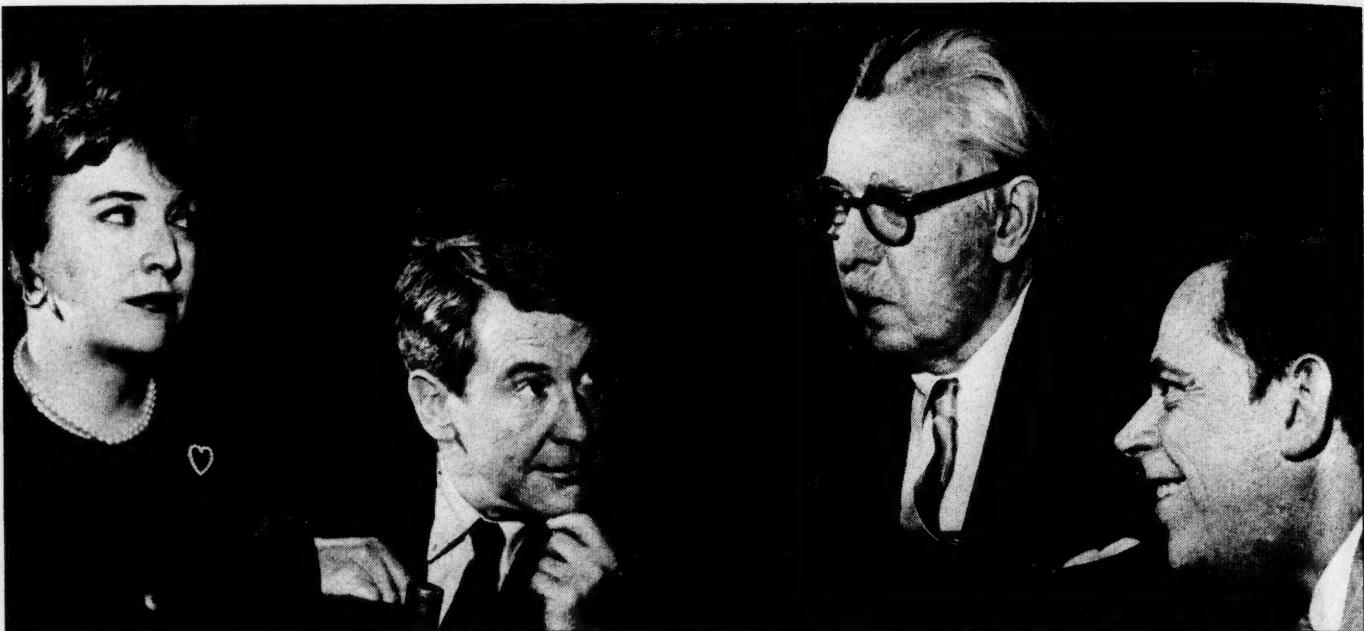
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Shakedown in Columbus: Cass, Meredith, Columbus's 'Distinguished Son,' and Ewell

FIRST NIGHTS:

Thurber on the Stage

What is humor?

James Thurber once explained it this way: "Humor is emotional chaos remembered in tranquillity." At the moment, tranquillity is weeks away for the 65-year-old ex-newspaperman who is one of the greatest humorists writing in the English language. But chaos is very clear and present.

Not satisfied with his formidable output of some twenty books, one hit play ("The Male Animal," with Elliott Nugent), and a psychiatric zoo-ful of cartooned hound dogs and hangdog humans, the blind, benevolent dean of The New Yorker magazine has unwittingly involved himself again in the theater with "A Thurber Carnival," a novel revue format that is part reading and part sketches to music. And where else would Thurber try the piece out but in his own home town of Columbus, Ohio?

When Thurber and company arrived there for a pre-Broadway shakedown, it was the return of Ulysses. First off, the shy, 6-foot gangling native son growled "over my dead body" on hearing that Gov. Mike DiSalle was all set to proclaim "James Thurber Week" in Ohio. The governor (who had also declared a sort of Jack Kennedy Week—see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) hesitated. "Ah, go ahead," said Thurber's handsome wife, Helen. "He's a great, tireless ham, he'll love it!"

Down to Business: Thurber did love it. He also loved a proclamation by Columbus's Mayor W. Ralston Westlake, who gave him that city's first citation in honor of a Distinguished Son. But playwright Thurber was primarily concerned

with the real business of show business.

In the beginning, when actress-producer Haila Stoddard acquired the dramatic rights to all his work, the man who has been called "James Joyce in False Face" was only moderately interested, but when the producer acquired gifted Burgess Meredith as director, along with owl-faced Tom Ewell and moon-faced Peggy Cass, among others, for his classic war of men against women, and progressive-jazz musician Don Elliott to write and play their music, Thurber gave up his other writing projects and decided to see "Carnival" through.

As of the moment, the show includes some fourteen sketches and eight fables dedicated to the proposition that the "writer of humor must try to come as close to the truth as he can." Typical is

Tom Ewell, the Thurber prototype, giving a monologue about "The Night the Bed Fell," or acting out with Peggy Cass and company "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," that magnificent daydream of a meek little man and his formidable wife on a shopping tour.

With the Thurber country mapped clearly in his mind's eye, the blind playwright spent most of his Columbus homecoming at rehearsals, making frequent asides on what was going on in the world.

Congress and Comedy: "We had better lay off these damn Congressional investigations of our own culture," he said during one time-out. "We used to make fun of our congressmen. Now we're scared of them. This session they're liable to be investigating the press, the pulpit, professors, doctors, everybody. I think comedy has declined in the whole world, become farcical. The damned television sponsors and producers are to blame. They haven't learned you do not have to play down to a mythical stupid American audience."

The final rehearsal began on stage. "It's the combined work of Edisons, Houdinis, Santa Clauses, and more Houdinis," Thurber said proudly. "My chances of throwing ash trays are greatly reduced." "Yes," Helen added fervently. "And salad plates, too."

A sleepy Thurber did not wait up for the reviews the next night. The Columbus press, after making the usual warning of work still to be done, expressed enthusiasm. Sam Wilson of The Dispatch: "The best items in the revue were received with something approaching acclaim . . ." Norman Nadel, Citizen-Journal: "From the way [it] looked in its world première, it could be a hit when it reaches [Broadway] in mid-February."

Slightly Sane

Don't sell young Arthur L. Kopit short as a playwright. His latest has the longest title in theatrical history: "Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Momma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' Sad." Last week, while the Harvard graduate was on safari in Kenya, a group of students staged "Oh Dad" at the Agassiz Theater in Cambridge, Mass. The play was described by The Boston Record's veteran drama critic Elliot Norton as "fresh and often hilariously funny . . . with a strain of sanity, and even a hint of wisdom in its lunacy."

SPACE AND ATOM—

RESEARCH:

Einstein Proves Out

In 1905, a 26-year-old patent examiner named Albert Einstein propounded the theory that the speed of light does not depend upon the speed and direction of its source. The concept defied classical physics, went against common sense (a forward-running ballplayer certainly adds his own velocity to that of a ball he throws), and gave physics a brand-new view of the universe.

Was Einstein right or wrong?

Although several experiments have confirmed Einstein's theory in a rough way, there has never been one so precise that it satisfied everyone. Last week, after sixteen months of exacting tests in the IBM Watson Scientific Research Laboratory on the Columbia University campus, it was announced that the long-sought precision had been achieved.

The tests were suggested to IBM by Columbia's Prof. Charles H. Townes. His idea: Measure two radio beams (the baseballs) traveling at the speed of light, which are pointed in opposite directions and watch for any difference in them as the earth (the moving ball-thrower) travels along its path around the sun at 18.6 miles a second. Classical physics suggests that the frequencies of the two beams should be different. If any difference showed up, the IBM engineers, headed by John P. Cedarholm, could convert the frequency shifts into changes in the speed of light. If no difference was recorded, Einstein would be right.

Bland's Beams: On the sixth floor of the Watson Lab, the equipment was set up—two stainless-steel tubes 2 feet long and 4 inches wide, with a quartz crystal, called masers. Engineer George Bland explained their workings: "A beam of ammonia is shot into each tube. The ammonia can be made to vibrate at a definite frequency. The two beams

Periscoping S & A

The X-15 rocket ship is now set for new flights at Edwards AFB, Calif. North American engineers have corrected the engine-vibration problem that caused a fire during the last flight . . . Discount reports of an imminent full-scale test of the Army's Nike-Zeus anti-missile missile high above Johnston Island in the Pacific. In the test, Nike-Zeus will try to stop an incoming Jupiter IRBM—but not until 1962 . . . HT-1, a fireproof fabric being developed by du Pont, may well be used in the Mercury Astronaut space suits.

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are tuned exactly, and the masers pick up the vibrations and amplify them. When the tubes are pointed in opposite directions, one with and one against the earth's spin around the sun, there should be a twenty-cycle difference of frequency between the two beams, according to pre-Einstein theory."

Between September of 1958 and last October, the experiment was run five times, just to be sure that the motion of the solar system might not be affecting the measurements. A frequency change as small as a fiftieth of a cycle—equivalent to a velocity change of a minuscule two-hundredths of a mile each second—would have been noted. This, stacked up against light's speed of 186,284 miles a second, was a tiny margin of error indeed. Each time the masers, or "atomic clocks," were started up and tuned and the frequencies were measured. The results: No shift in frequency (and therefore speed) was detected. Not only did the team think that Einstein was right, now they had proved it.

In addition, Townes commented, "this experiment, which has an accuracy of one part in a million millionth, may perhaps represent the most precise experiment ever conducted by anyone."

THE MOON:

A Solid Core?

During the moments before Russia's cosmic rocket hit the moon, the radio aboard sent back a burst of valuable information about the nature of the earth's natural satellite. The most important bit of data: No magnetic field had been detected in the vicinity of the moon's face, at least within the limits of the rocket's sensitivity.

This report (*Newsweek*, Oct. 5, 1959) confirmed the view held by most scientists that the moon has a solid core. A liquid core, such as the one at the center of the earth, tends to act like a dynamo and creates a magnetic field.

In the current issue of *Physical Review Letters*, however, a woman physicist offers a word of caution. Particle radiation thrown off by the sun, writes Marcia Neugebauer of Cal Tech's Jet Propulsion Lab, creates a "solar wind" as it drives at high energies down on the face of the moon. This wind of electrically charged particles would tend to create its own field, canceling out any magnetic field that might exist except for a very thin layer, too close to the moon's sunny side to be detected by a fast-moving impacting rocket.

According to Mrs. Neugebauer, no one should draw any conclusions about a lunar magnetic field until someone sends a rocket to the dark surface of the moon, where the sun's radiation would have no effect.



Ivanov from Moscow: 'Orchestras sound different,' and so did his

Tchaikovsky—Imported

With his right arm pumping up and down and his ear-length red hair flying wildly in all directions, the chunky figure up on the podium of Carnegie Hall might have been an old-fashioned Southern senator, orating in the halls of Congress. But if Konstantin Ivanov, chief conductor of the Moscow State Symphony, looked flamboyant, the performance of the Tchaikovsky Fifth Symphony which he was getting out of his orchestra was just the opposite. It was a purposeful, clean-cut, honest reading of Tchaikovsky, stripped of all the treacle and overblown trimmings usually associated with the Russian master.

The strings may have seemed a bit coarse to Western ears, the woodwinds reedy and thin, and the brass loud and rough. But when the trumpets blazed, and those same strings were played with split-second precision, the total effect of the first Soviet symphony ever heard in the U.S. was hard to resist. In all last week, five audiences heard the Russians perform four different all-Tchaikovsky programs, and each audience capitulated without a struggle.

No Tears: Ivanov himself was quick to understand why some Americans had been taken aback by the way his musicians played. "Orchestras from different countries sound different," he explained. "It would be dull if all orchestras in the world played in the same style." Ivanov also had something to say about his interpretation of Tchaikovsky. "He was not a man who was always complaining," Ivanov said with feeling. "He was an optimist. He should not be played with tears in the eyes."

The 52-year-old Ivanov is only one of the attractions which the Russian orches-

tra is offering on its North American tour which will stop at 22 cities in the U.S. and Canada. As an alternate conductor, it has Kiril Kondrashin, the friendly and energetic 45-year-old maestro who accompanied pianist Van Cliburn through his trying ordeal in Moscow and his triumphant return home. Far more modern in his podium technique than Ivanov, Kondrashin showed that he has become a formidable interpreter on his own, as well as a sympathetic accompanist.

The orchestra's soloists are of equal stature: 43-year-old pianist Emil Gilels, who has toured the U.S. twice before; 37-year-old Daniel Shafran, a cellist with exquisite style and tone; 28-year-old Valerii Klimov, who won the Tchaikovsky International Contest for violin the same year Van Cliburn won it for piano; and 33-year-old Galina Vishnevskaya, a slim, pretty Bolshoi Opera soprano who scored a big hit with her warm voice and stage magnetism. Apparently not one to avoid an issue, Miss Vishnevskaya came right out and said: "If there is one thing I would like to do, it would be to sing a role at the Metropolitan Opera."

Family Circle, U.S.A.

One wintry day 50 years ago this week, tenor Enrico Caruso stood on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House and opened up with an aria from "Pagliacci." Sixty-four miles away in Bridgeport, Conn., a pioneer radio ham pressed the earphone of his primitive radio set tightly to his head and with great difficulty made out the opening bars of "Vesti la giubba."

This was the first opera broadcast in history. In the half-century since, the Met's radio audience has grown from

a handful of wireless owners to a loyal band of more than 12 million. While other more popular shows have long since disappeared from the air waves, the opera, which became a permanent fixture in 1931, retains its faithful following.

In New York last week, commentator Milton Cross, whose round and resonant "Good afternoon, opera lovers across the nation" has introduced 564 opera programs, reminisced about some of the more curious devotees of the Saturday afternoon broadcasts, now heard on CBS.

"Take the horseman out West who strapped a portable radio to his saddle before riding out on the range each Saturday," said the burly, ruddy-faced veteran of 28 years of Met broadcasts. "He was one of the real zealots. But there are others. For instance, the gentleman in Lubbock, Texas, who after hearing that the Met was installing new seats had one of the old ones shipped to his house. And then there was that little old lady in the Middle West who had a special black velvet dress which she put on every Saturday. It made her feel as if she were sitting right there in the Diamond Horseshoe."

"Even though the people out there can't see what's going on, I'm sure that the power of the music enables them to feel the same things that I do sitting there in my little booth on the Grand Tier. I should be tired by now, but opera still affects me emotionally. For example, when I heard Birgit Nilsson in a 'Tristan' rehearsal, she was so magnificent that I broke down and wept. Opera has always affected me this way and I'm sure it always will."



CBS

Cross: A cowboy was happy

January 18, 1960

Periscoping Music

Because of the payola scandals, the annual disk-jockey convention, scheduled for Los Angeles next March, may be canceled. The record companies in the past have picked up most of the tabs ... Next summer's Newport Jazz Festival, with two extra days on its calendar, will be bigger than ever. Besides a projected "Tribute to Frank Sinatra," the festival plans to tape 40 hours of performance which it hopes will be converted into a TV package of two 90-minute shows ... Pianist Vladimir Horowitz plans to end his dramatic self-imposed silence by making his first phonograph records in three years. He has told RCA Victor he wants to record Beethoven, Chopin, and Rachmaninoff.

'Think Like a Trumpet'

In the dim haze of the Village Vanguard night club in downtown New York, bolts of blazing lyrics, which no one could catch, crackled and flashed as if they were vocal lightning. On the tiny stage, two men in tuxedos and a girl in a strapless dress bunched their heads tightly around a microphone as they belted out their swinging song. The girl's voice had the brassy, occasionally squeaky sound of the trumpet. Her partners used mellow, reedier tones resembling the trombone and saxophone. No one seemed to mind that the words were all but incomprehensible. The beat was hair-raising, the sound electrifying, and after the trio suddenly stopped on a final chord, the crew-cut collegians and their well-scrubbed dates in the audience erupted in a volley of applause.

Ever since Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross got together a year and a half ago to record vocal versions of old Count Basie standards, the trio has been winning acclaim in night clubs and concert halls across the country. Voted last month as the nation's top vocal group in the annual Downbeat Magazine readers poll, the group, which once worked for \$500 a week, now commands salaries as high as \$3,000 per week.

Unlikely Trio: The success of Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross is all the more amazing since individually they never amounted to much in show business. Until he joined with Jon Hendricks and Annie Ross on a recording date, soft-spoken Dave Lambert, 42, had been a struggling arranger, singer, tree surgeon, and member in good standing of the Manhattan Hod Carriers Union. Lyricist Jon Hendricks, 38, whose jutting chin, horn-rimmed glasses, and bouncy manner create an impression of Sammy Davis Jr., made his professional debut as a boy soprano on a radio station in his native Ohio. Two years ago he was a clerk for Westminster Records in New York. Of the three, only Annie Ross, born in Surrey, England, 29 years ago, achieved even a modicum of fame. Annie, niece of singer Ella Logan, was

in several of the later Our Gang comedies and had a three-year run in an off-beat British musical before linking up with Lambert and Hendricks.

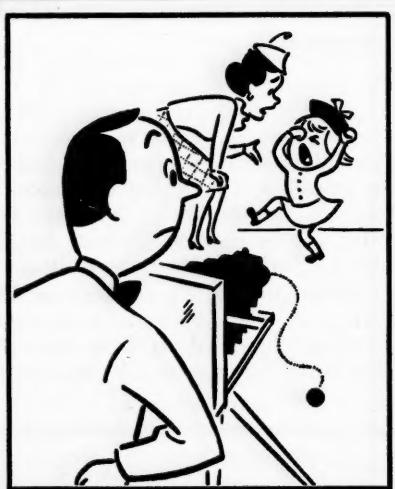
On the face of it, there would hardly seem to be three more unlikely candidates for a successful jazz group, but Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross produce a totally unique and exciting sound. "When I'm a trumpet, I think like a trumpet," explains the attractive Miss Ross. "That's right," seconds Hendricks. "We try to think in terms of instruments and not in terms of singing. Sometimes we make sounds we never thought we could make."

Lambert, who brought the group together, is confident that they can do anything and do it well. "We really don't know in which direction we're heading," he admits. "Annie has even suggested that we do an album based on some of the Guy Lombardo instrumentals. It's possible, but I think there are some other things we have to do first."



Columbia Records

Annie Ross: Vocal lightning



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LARDNER'S WEEK

How It Really Was

by John Lardner



ONE dozen years ago, give or take a few months, a thrill of pride ran through the boxing world at the news that the late Joe Jacobs (1896-1940), philosopher, pinochle player, and flesh peddler, had found his way into Bartlett's Familiar Quotations, along with Shakespeare, Voltaire, and *Anon*. The boys had been sure that Joe had got into heaven. Many other fight managers—say, 35 per cent—had done the same. But Joe, according to Prof. Billy McCarney, a fellow practitioner, was the first manager in history to make Bartlett.

It was Professor McCarney who spread the news around the profession. Not that Billy owned a copy of the new Bartlett (the 1948 edition). If he'd had the price, he'd have bet it on the fifth at Jamaica. But he had access to the book because, being an old college man himself, he knew a college man.

"Joe was bound to make it. They couldn't keep him out. He belonged on two different counts," said Professor McCarney, with affectionate tears. Once, when he and Joe had been partners, the Professor had broken a plaster statuette of Max Schmeling over Mr. Jacobs' head. The gesture had wrecked the partnership. But the two men had remained good friends.

FAME ON CREDIT

It's a curious fact that from 1948 to the present day, few members of the boxing world had bothered to look Joe Jacobs up in Bartlett. They've taken his presence in the book for granted, as one of the cultural glories of the game. But they haven't checked. And, come to think of it, it's not so curious. The book costs money, and the public library, even if you know where it is, is a long walk from Madison Square Garden. To tell the truth, I had never checked myself. I'd heard the news, and printed it, and hoped—half-doubtfully—that it was so, because I had a stake in Joe's fame. But I had never checked.

The other day, as a Christmas gift, I received a copy of the centennial edition of Bartlett's Familiar Quotations. My fingers shook a little as I leafed through the index. But there was Joe, all right—between T.J. (Stonewall) Jackson ("Let us cross

the river and rest in the shade") and G.P.R. James ("A single word has sometimes lost or won an empire"), with Henry James just beyond. There was Joe's first deathless saying—"We was robbed!"—and there was the second—"I should of stood in bed"—which was uttered within 6 feet of my ear. I quote Bartlett's note on "I should of stood in bed" because there is a great deal wrong with it:

"Jacobs left a sickbed to go to Detroit in October 1935 to attend the World's Series [sic]. He bet on Chicago, which lost to Detroit. When he returned to New York he made this comment to the sportswriters who came to interview him."

THE FACTS

Why quibble, you ask? Well, friends, a man has got to quibble in defense of the facts of the only Familiar Quotation that was ever coined in his presence.

The year 1935 was the year I met Joe Jacobs—Yussel the Muscle to his friends. I listened with reverence to his conversation at Max Baer's training camp for Joe Louis, as Baer trembled in private in the evenings and Jacobs played pinochle. About a week after the fight, in which Max's worst fears were realized, we all moved on to the World Series in Detroit, Joe Jacobs coming along to combine boxing business with sight-seeing. He had seldom seen baseball before. He loathed this glimpse of it, with reason. He had no bet on Chicago, that I know of. If he had, he would have been happy on the day he made his famous observation—Warneke of the Cubs shut out Detroit that day.

It was the first game of the Series, and the coldest day of sport that I can remember. The wind knifing through the press box—where Joe sat in the row behind me—flew one's skin and bruised one's bones. Strong men without flasks were dying. In the third or fourth inning, I can't pretend to remember which, Joe Jacobs arose and pointed his nose toward his hotel. "I should of stood in bed," he said to all within earshot. He said it then, not back in New York in an interview.

I hope that Bartlett will get this right in the next edition, for Joe's sake and mine.

400 Square Feet to Go

Striding through the main entrance of the Truman Library in Independence, Mo., former President Harry S. Truman went to work as usual on a chilly morning last week. Breaking his brisk pace, he paused, and gazed at the top of a 14-foot scaffold. There, a short, stocky man with unruly iron-gray hair was brushing red onto a Pawnee brave in an enormous mural. Mr. Truman smiled in approval then moved on to his private office without commenting—something rare for the former President.

The man on the scaffold was Thomas Hart Benton, 70, the Missouri-born painter, who has long been celebrated for his vigorous pictures of American life. Clad in corduroy pants and a plaid shirt, Tom Benton worked carefully, frequently wiping away the sweat brought on by the heat close to the ceiling. He was happily engaged in the biggest, and what he thinks is the most important, work in his life: A mural whose theme is the town of Independence and the opening of the West from 1830 to 1847—when Independence was a jumping-off point for the Santa Fe and Oregon trails. The mural will cover one wall, 32 feet long by 20 feet high, broken only by large double doors, and it will be filled with scores of figures symbolizing the conquering of the West.

Barren Wall: "I'm working hard and fast," Benton told a visitor last week. "I stick to what I'm doing and push myself to accomplish as much as possible while I'm on the scaffold. There's over 400 square feet of mural ahead of me so you can see I don't have any time to waste." The work is expected to take at least a year.

The idea for the mural came at a dinner when President Truman casually mentioned to Benton that the large wall in his memorial library was barren. The two old friends talked the matter over and agreed on the subject. Mr. Truman gave Benton the \$60,000 commission (funds for which came from the Harry S. Truman Library, Inc., and the Edwin Austin Abbey Memorial Trust Fund for Mural Painting).

A stickler for detail, Benton spent sixteen months in research. He read history and traveled through the area visiting local museums, taking notes, and making sketches of pioneer types, Indians, oxen, wagons, rifles, moccasins, fox furs, and landscapes. Of his method, Benton explains: "I can't make things up in my head. I have to see them. But it's difficult to go into an unfamiliar area, find the right types to draw, and then talk the subjects into posing."

After completing his research, Benton painted a 3- by 5-foot model of the mural and later made a scaled-down



Newsweek

Benton paints a mural for the Truman Library: No time to waste

relief sculpture of the scene. Last winter, painting over the scale drawing on the wall began.

Visitors are not allowed to bother the artist at work, though there are occasional exceptions. "Last week," Benton recalled, "a fellow came climbing up the scaffolding while the lobby guard was away. I thought he was a writer. But he only said: 'Mr. Benton, I just wanted to shake your hand.'" Mr. Truman stops by at least once a day, but never kibitzes. Several times a day, Benton clammers down to inspect the clay model, to take a coffee break, or for lunch.

Mellowed Blaster: When he finishes work for the day, Benton drives to his home in Kansas City, 14 miles away. There, bourbon highball in hand and his big German shepherd dog, Joto, at his feet, Benton relaxes before the fireplace chatting with friends. He has mellowed considerably from the days when he delighted in blasting modern art, critics, and museum directors. (He once said he preferred to have his pictures hung in saloons where they would be seen.)

But Benton at 70 still remains a cock-

sure individualist. Not long ago his friend Sidney Larson, the artist-draftsman who did the scale drawing on the mural, remarked: "There is no one living who knows as much about the craft of painting as Mr. Benton." Tom Benton nodded thoughtfully, pulled at his pipe, and said: "I believe that is pretty near true."

Boys Will Be Boys

The pink velvet ceiling cloth "breathes" up and down. A hidden tape recorder emits female sighs, gasps, and cries of "Oh, cheri, je t'aime." Erotic devices compete with pictures on the walls, and, at the end of a red velvet-lined chamber dedicated to the Marquis de Sade, the wax figures of two men in evening clothes sit behind prison bars feasting on lobsters, grapes, and other comestibles heaped atop the prostrate waxen image of a naked woman.

Parisians flocked to see these delights last week at the Eighth International Exposition of Surrealism, whose theme is "Eroticism." But as they emerged from the Daniel Cordier Gallery in Paris, their

shoes covered with thick white dust from the floors inside, no one seemed particularly surprised. For the truth is that in 36 years, surrealism's erotic symbols and visual jokes (e.g., the fur-lined teacup at New York's Museum of Modern Art show in 1936) have ceased to shock or enrage the bourgeois.

Fed by the mood of disillusionment that swept Europe after the first world war, surrealism grew out of the earlier efforts of the Dada movement to destroy and mock all traditional standards, including art itself. The world had gone mad, the Dadaists believed; what it needed was an art of deliberate, comic, and biting irrationality. The surrealists moved a step farther. Led by André Breton, doctor, poet, publicist, they sought a new basis for art in man's subconscious dream world.

'Docile Copies': One of the major forces shaping modern art, surrealism attracted or influenced most of the important artists of this century. Seventy-five of them (from nineteen countries) are represented in the current show, including such pioneers as Salvador Dalí, Alberto Giacometti, Max Ernst, Marcel Duchamp, and Yves Tanguy. Of the younger painters shown, one critic remarked: "Docile copies of the dreams of their legendary elders."

Like the visitors, most critics seemed to feel that surrealism was somewhat out of date. Commenting on the catalogue note that "everything comes under the heading of a dirty joke," art critic Jean-Jacques Léveque sniffed contemptuously at this "entirely outmoded and schoolboyish perversion and the diletantism that refuses to face today's problems." As André Bellechasse of the weekly *Carrefour* summed it up: "About 35 years ago such an exhibition would have caused a scandal. Today it's lost among the other outcries tormenting us."

Rose and Rodins

"I'm not interested in seeing my works of art placed after I'm very dead," said Billy Rose. "And when I think of it realistically, I'm in the going-away time. I'm 60 years of age."

Thus, the old showman explained last week the gift of his sculpture collection to the National Museum of Israel. Valued as high as a million dollars, the collection contains more than 50 pieces, many of them of heroic size. There are works by Rodin, Daumier, Epstein, Lipchitz, and Bourdelle.

To provide a setting for the sculptures, Rose is taking Isamu Noguchi, the Japanese-American sculptor, to Jerusalem next month to design a garden which will adjoin the National Museum. "Noguchi tells me he sees a great maze of walls which climbs up the hill, with lots of azaleas and bougainvillea."

PSYCHOLOGY:

Mold of a Genius

How do you raise your boy to be a genius? By making him your companion, isolating him from other children, and lavishing love on him. As a reaction, the child will have a rich fantasy life in which genius can flower.

These, at any rate, are the conclusions of a Smithsonian Institution report issued last week by psychologist Harold G. McCurdy of the University of North Carolina, who studied the childhood of twenty geniuses including John Stuart Mill, Voltaire, and John Quincy Adams (the only American on the list). But McCurdy emphasized that genius "exacts tribute from the possessor," who seldom had a normal family life.

EXPLORERS:

The Great White Way

The sign over the door reads: "Please wipe your feet on the welcome mat." Never has this advice been more aptly given, for "summer" has come to Antarctica. The thaw is on, and, at the headquarters of the U.S. Antarctic Research Program (USARP) at McMurdo Sound on the continent's south coast, rivers of mud flow down Honeybucket Lane (so named because it leads to the sewage pit). Sailors and scientists are out in shirt sleeves enjoying the balmy 36-degree temperature. But more important, the travel season is in full swing again.

Only when the antarctic region enjoys

its brief season in the sun (the South Pole is bathed in pale sunlight for 24 hours a day from mid-September to mid-March) do researchers dare venture far from their home bases to study the frozen continent. This week three parties were lumbering over the ice and snow, seeking more information about the enigmatic land (see map, opposite page).

While the one Russian and two American teams were roaming the gleaming wastes, a three-man crew, headed by the University of Wisconsin's Dr. Edward Thiel, was hopscotching by air through Ellsworth Highland, sounding the ice at each landing to outline the deep channel that runs far beneath. At the four permanent U.S. bases, scientists were out in the ice and clinging mud, continuing studies started with the International Geophysical Year in mid-1957.

In the original IGY program, the study of the upper atmosphere and cosmic rays predominated. Now, greater emphasis is being placed on geology, cartography, and biology.

Thus, Stanford University biologist John H. Dearborn spent last winter poised over holes in the bay ice at McMurdo Sound, snaring any fish that wandered by. He is still at it and will compare marine life that appears during the two seasons. At Wilkes Station, Richard L. Penny of the University of Wisconsin is studying the sex life of the Adelie penguin. These fun-loving animals frequently provide diversion: Recently a group of penguins broke up a McMurdo football game by skidding onto the icy field to join the fun.

The mapping and geologic programs

For Monsters

Complete with foot fins and air tanks, this seventeenth-century design for a frogman was conceived by the Italian mathematician Giovanni Borelli. It appears in the book "Out of Noah's Ark" by the German naturalist Herbert Wendt. Based on "perfectly sound principles," the apparatus employed a gas bag to regulate depth and a cylinder of fresh air controlled by turning the crank in the diver's right hand. Borelli's diagram came with a complete set of instructions, and all parts were carefully lettered. But, despite the theoretical elegance of the device, it never worked.

In his book, Wendt, who also wrote "In Search of Adam," chronicles the extraordinary adventures that men have had in their search for knowledge about the animals and monsters (real and imagined) that inhabit the world. Borelli's diving machine is only one of the strange contraptions designed to help the hunt.



*Houghton Mifflin Co. 464 pages. \$6.50.

going on in Antarctica are not confined to the surface topography of the White Continent. Unlike the Arctic, which is simply a giant mass of floating ice, most of Antarctica is solid land, covered by a thick glacial mantle. From studies of its long-buried mountain ranges, valleys, and channels will come hints about the earth's long history, pinpointing past ice ages.

Together with the U.S. and Russia, which are conducting broad, intensive research programs, ten other nations are participating in the Antarctic program: Australia, Belgium, Poland, the United Kingdom, and New Zealand are carrying out polar programs at bases spotted around the continent's rim. With less manpower than the U.S. or Russia, they are making local studies in geology, meteorology, and surveying.

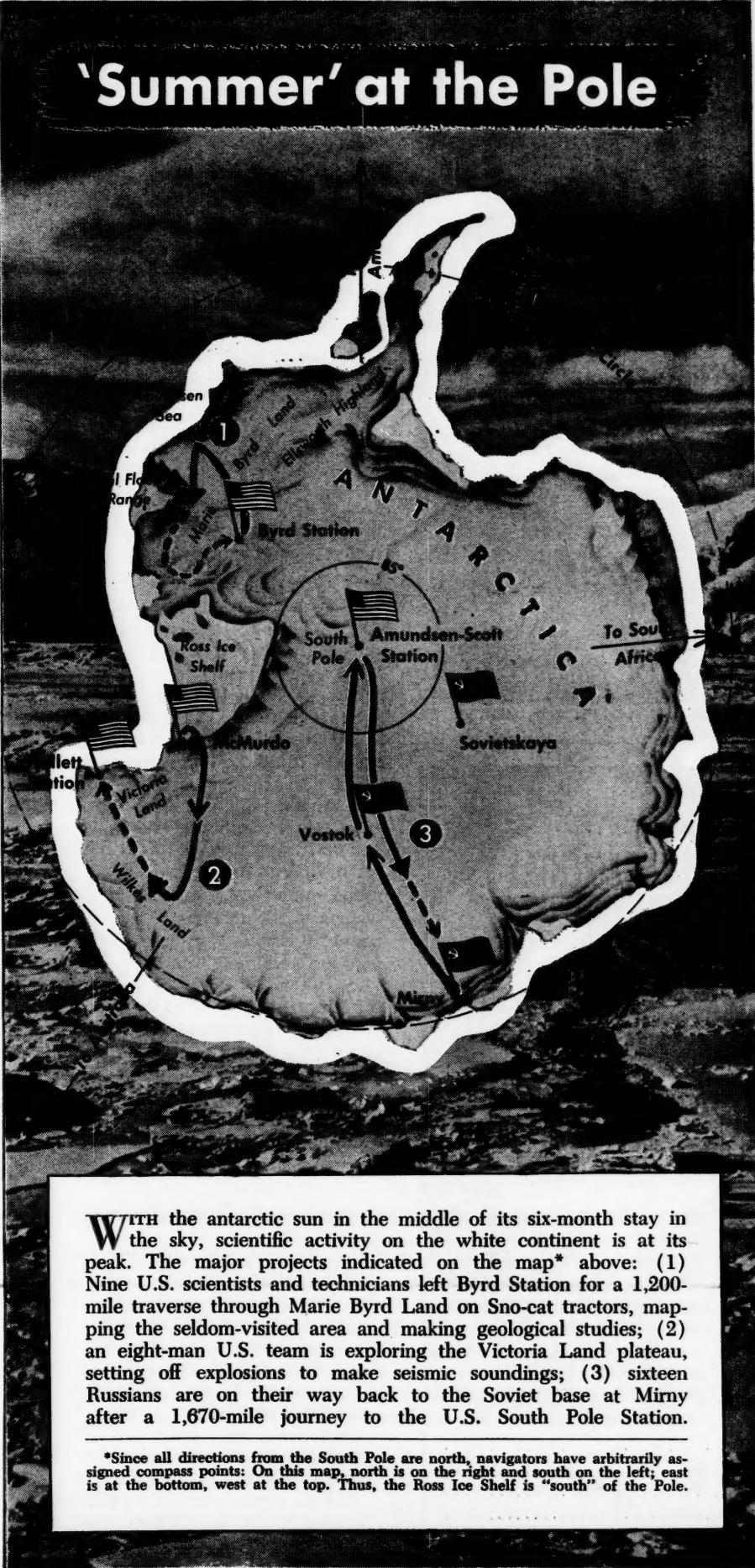
►Argentina, Chile, France, Japan, and Norway have even smaller programs. In fact, the two South American nations are reportedly doing little more than manning their stations with their eyes on future territorial claims. But after last month's twelve-nation scientific treaty in Washington which froze all claims and prohibited new ones, the two are expected either to withdraw from the continent or begin productive research. Japan, France, and Norway, on the other hand, have been cutting down their operations and Norway appears ready to pull out altogether.

Far away from the seasonal activity in Antarctica, the chief scientist of USARP sat at his desk in Washington last week discussing polar research. Dr. Albert P. Crary speaks with the authority of personal experience, since he is no armchair explorer. A thoughtful, soft-voiced seismologist, he has spent six years, on and off, in both north and south polar lands. He returned last March after two years in the Antarctic.

Polar Colonizing? The continent's great value is as a scientific laboratory, Dr. Crary said. "The bits of data we are gaining will, when analyzed and synthesized, tell us a great deal more about the earth's past, and its future."

As for colonizing and exploiting the 5 million-square-mile continent, Dr. Crary stressed its impracticality. "Even if we found another Mesabi Range," the burly explorer-scientist explained, "the costs of putting men down there to dig it up would be prohibitively high."

"For what we are doing now," he continued, "we are getting all the funds we need. The limiting factor in our research programs is not money, but the number of capable scientists. For example, one field we must improve in is oceanography. The U.S. has been way behind Russia for many years. What we need is a good polar ship. In a few years we'll get one that will be able to go anywhere. Then maybe we can catch up."



WITH the antarctic sun in the middle of its six-month stay in the sky, scientific activity on the white continent is at its peak. The major projects indicated on the map* above: (1) Nine U.S. scientists and technicians left Byrd Station for a 1,200-mile traverse through Marie Byrd Land on Sno-cat tractors, mapping the seldom-visited area and making geological studies; (2) an eight-man U.S. team is exploring the Victoria Land plateau, setting off explosions to make seismic soundings; (3) sixteen Russians are on their way back to the Soviet base at Mirny after a 1,670-mile journey to the U.S. South Pole Station.

*Since all directions from the South Pole are north, navigators have arbitrarily assigned compass points: On this map, north is on the right and south on the left; east is at the bottom, west at the top. Thus, the Ross Ice Shelf is "south" of the Pole.

MOVIES

NEW FILMS:

Animal Crackajack

MASTERS OF THE CONGO JUNGLE.
Twentieth Century-Fox. Produced by Henri Storck. Directed by Heinz Sielmann and Henry Brandt.

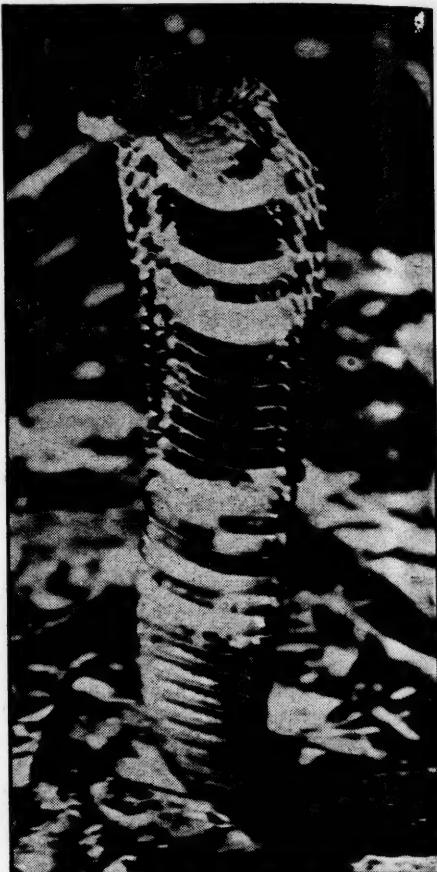
Even people with a low tolerance for documentary and nature films should have a good time watching this one. A movie made under the auspices of the King of Belgium and narrated alternately by Orson Welles and baritone William Warfield, it has as its express purpose a demonstration of what the Congo hinterlands are like now, before somebody cuts them into building lots and expressways.

After a somewhat worshipful beginning, in which there is a lot of somber talk about the wisdom of ancient peoples (a native chief is introduced with the remark, "To him is known the long history of mankind," an introduction even George Jessel might have a hard time living up to), the movie buckles down to showing the wildlife of the Congo plains. The second section takes the audience deep into the jungle and shows what sort of life the animals live in there, nicely weaving in an expedition of Pygmy hunters.

Mood: The photography of "Jungle" is stunning. The commentary provides just the amount of information and observation that seems needed. For most of the picture the makers have turned off the background music and let the natural sounds of Africa set the mood, and they do it to the nines.

Best of all, the movie has caught the beautiful rhythms of creatures in natural motion: A sea eagle in a long, swooping glide intended only to demonstrate its superiority to the lesser birds around it; hippopotamuses opening their cavernous mouths in a truly awe-inspiring yawn; assorted lions, snakes, and gorillas gracefully moving through the bush in the animal equivalent of a Sunday stroll.

►**Summing Up:** A rare and beautiful record of animal life.



'Jungle': The Congo beat is best

War Is Hell—The Proof

NEVER SO FEW. *M-G-M. Produced by Edmund Grainger. Directed by John Sturges.*

In the beginning of "Never So Few," Winston Churchill's remark that "Never . . . was so much owed by so many to so few" is paraphrased, credited to an anonymous source, and quoted as though it had been applied not to the RAF but to the small band of guerrillas in Burma with whom the movie is concerned. This sets the stage for a production which remains shabby, highhanded, and repellent right down to the end. Capt. Tom

Ten to See

- **The Story on Page One**—A splendidly cast murder trial, with Rita Hayworth accused, Anthony Franciosa defending (reviewed *NEWSWEEK*, Jan. 11).
- **Suddenly, Last Summer**—An original and moving study, from the Tennessee Williams play, of a dead poet and the people who loved him. Elizabeth Taylor is fine, Katharine Hepburn well-nigh miraculous (Dec. 28, 1959).
- **On the Beach**—The last days of Homo sapiens, played out amid global atomic destruction as though tomorrow would still creep in. Gregory Peck, Ava

- Gardner, and Fred Astaire are all low-keyed and moving (Dec. 21).
- **Ivan the Terrible, Part II**—The unvaryingly intense last film of the Russian director Sergei Eisenstein, set in the sixteenth century (Dec. 7).
- **The Cranes Are Flying**—Love is lost and hope is found in a magically simple Russian story of the early days of World War II (Dec. 7).
- **Ben-Hur**—The pace is pretty slow and the acting uneven in this three-and-a-half-hour spectacular, but the climactic chariot race would raise the hack-

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Reynolds (Frank Sinatra) leads a small group of native, American, and British guerrillas in the Burma jungle. One of his men is wounded and suffering painfully; so Reynolds shoots him, because he "knows" (Reynolds knows a great many things) that the man will die by morning, anyway. Then, with a slight shake of his head to show that war is hell, Sinatra-Reynolds is off on liberty to Calcutta, where he falls in love with a kept woman (Gina Lollobrigida).

Finally he invades China, captures a town that has been traitorously ambushing Allied convoys in Burma, and orders a mass execution of the prisoners—mainly because a friend of his has been killed in the raid. By this time the Army has begun to look askance at some of his actions. But in the end Sinatra is given a pat on the back on all counts. At the fade-out, he and Miss Lollobrigida are talking about raising a family in the Bronx.

►Summing Up: Seamy side up.

Mr. In-the-Chips

CASH McCALL. Warner Bros. Produced by Henry Blanke. Directed by Joseph Pevney.

"I'm playin' big games," Cash McCall drawls in this movie version of the best-selling Cameron Hawley novel, and one sees at once that Cash is a man who wields understatement like a bludgeon. Cash's game is buying and selling companies, and he has a bad name for being ruthless, but, underneath it all, he's just a simple lad who really wants only to settle down in the plastics business and work steady. But before that happens Cash (James Garner) has carelessly driven one man to suicide, spirited his girl friend (Natalie Wood) off in his private plane for a look at some mountains he owns, and fallen victim to the smears by his rascally rivals, who spend most of their time picking up and slamming down telephones. It sometimes seems as though even Nikita Khrushchev has a clearer picture of American capitalism than Hollywood does.

►Summing Up: Profit without honor.

les on a basset hound (Nov. 30). ►Brink of Life—Ingmar Bergman's finely drawn portrait of three expectant mothers (Nov. 23). ►The Wreck of the Mary Deare—A nifty seagoing mystery, with Gary Cooper as a dubious skipper awash in the gale-swept English Channel (Nov. 16). ►The Mouse That Roared—A flea-size country declares war on the U.S.—and wins (Nov. 9). ►The 400 Blows—A sensitive French movie about a young runaway-thief and what he is running from (Oct. 26).



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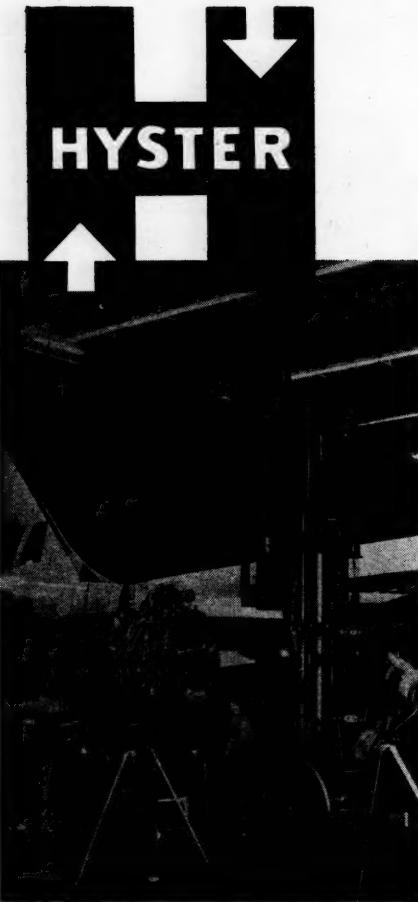
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The Kishi Mission

by Raymond Moley



YEARS from now, men may look back and say of the 1960s: "There was a decade!" It can bring abundant hope, immense challenges, and fine fulfillment. Or it can be darkened by wistful regret. In foreign affairs it will be inaugurated this coming week when Japan's Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi visits Washington to consummate a new security treaty. Our interest will swing for the time to the far reaches of the Pacific.

This treaty, bringing Japan ever more firmly into the defense cordon facing Communism, is not a stricture imposed by an occupation. It is the result of mutual effort and agreement by Japan and the United States. To a degree, the free world's position in Asia depends upon it.

Standing above others in bringing about the creation of the treaty is Kishi. During the past nine months he has managed to make himself the master of the situation within his own Liberal Democratic Party, to rally public opinion behind him, and thereby to make ineffective Socialist-Communist efforts to make the security treaty a divisive issue.

Kishi has survived heavy cross fire from the Socialist opposition. The decisive victory by the Liberal Democrats in the elections in April and June widened a serious political rift in the Socialist Party itself. And as the violence of the extreme left has grown, the effectiveness of the Socialists has lessened.

PRACTICAL COOPERATION

My editorial assistant, Raymond Moley Jr., who spent two years in Japan and Korea and who recently has had the benefit of the views of responsible Japanese leaders, summarizes their views in this way:

"Until recently the Japanese people regarded Kishi's opinions on defense with deep trepidation, wary of any national military force to the extreme point of allowing the home islands to become defenseless. They now share his views. Responsible Japanese realize that across the Yellow Sea, the narrow waters of La Perouse Strait, and the Sea of Japan crouches a virulent Communism. Japan has feared Chinese imperialism ever since Genghis Khan's attempted invasion in

the thirteenth century, but now they realize that this is compounded with Communism which they despise. Thus Red China is the mortal enemy of the concepts which Japan has embraced fervently—constitutional democracy, economic liberty, and close relations with the United States.

"Beyond the treaty, Kishi maintains that there must be practical cooperation with the United States in Southeast Asia, arrangements which will make the security pact secure. Unquestionably Kishi will advocate in Washington his conviction that there should be Japanese-American economic development in non-Communist Asia."

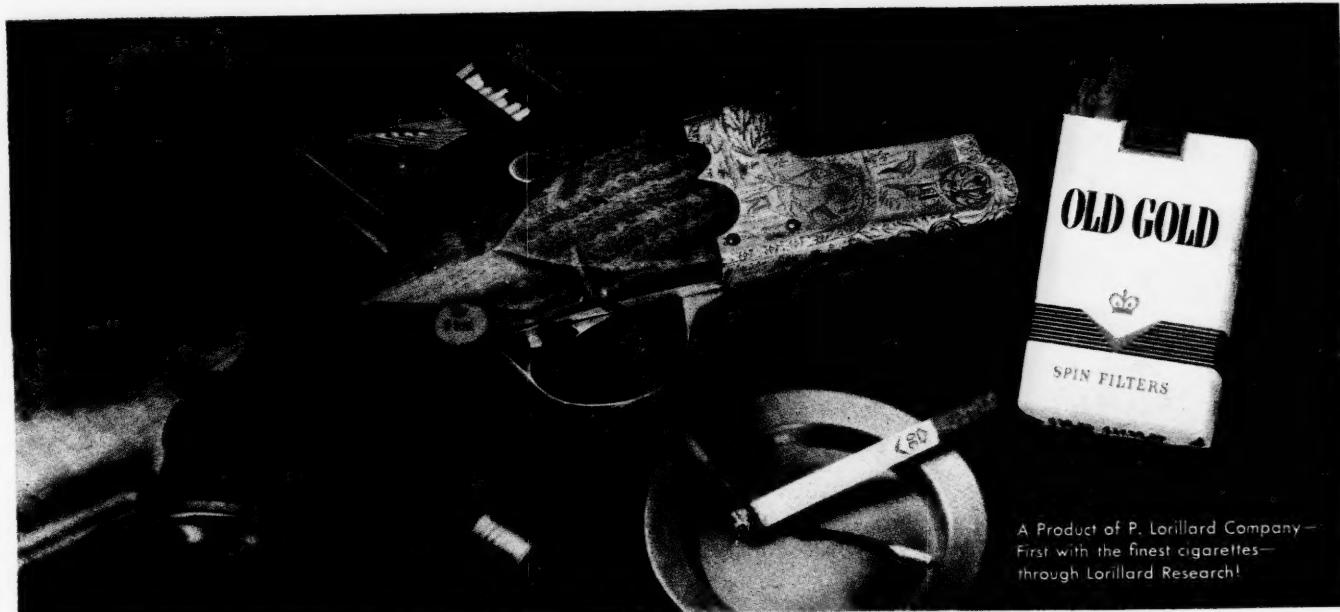
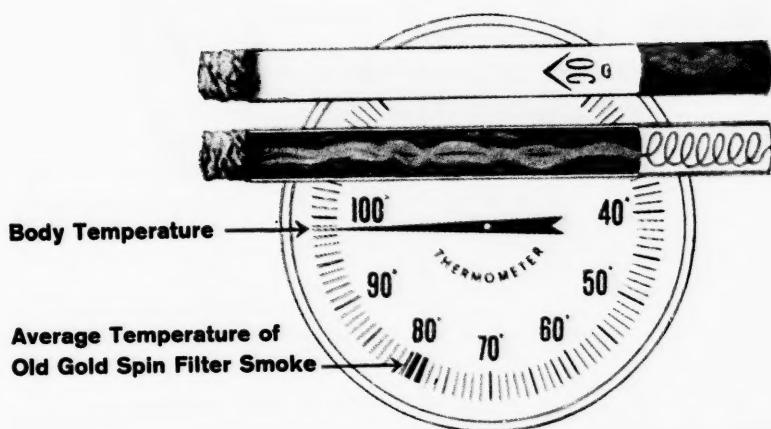
A LONG-RANGE POLICY

Since the rise of Red China, many Americans feared that the mainland offered the only great natural market for Japan and that inevitably relations with Peking would permit the virus of Communism to creep into the vitals of Japanese life. A thriving and healthy Japan has resisted this peril. Today the United States is Japan's best customer. Japan is our third best buyer, after Britain and Canada. Japan has achieved the miracle of realizing a favorable balance of trade with us in recent months.

Kishi's long-range policy focuses on Southeast Asia, especially Indonesia. Already Japan has done a great deal there, where they must discharge from \$2 billion to \$3 billion over twenty years in war reparations. President Sukarno and Kishi are good personal friends and share the wish to bring together Japan's industrial capability and the archipelago's fabulous resources, third only to those of the United States and Soviet Russia. Indonesians have set a first priority for such development. The Japanese believe that the best course for Indonesians is to emulate the Japanese during their Meiji era, to accept foreign technicians, with advice from abroad in building their economy.

Kishi feels that participation in such economic development is imperative. And he will stress this in his visit to Washington. He will speak with authority, for he has a support at home as great as that of any Japanese administration since the Pacific war.

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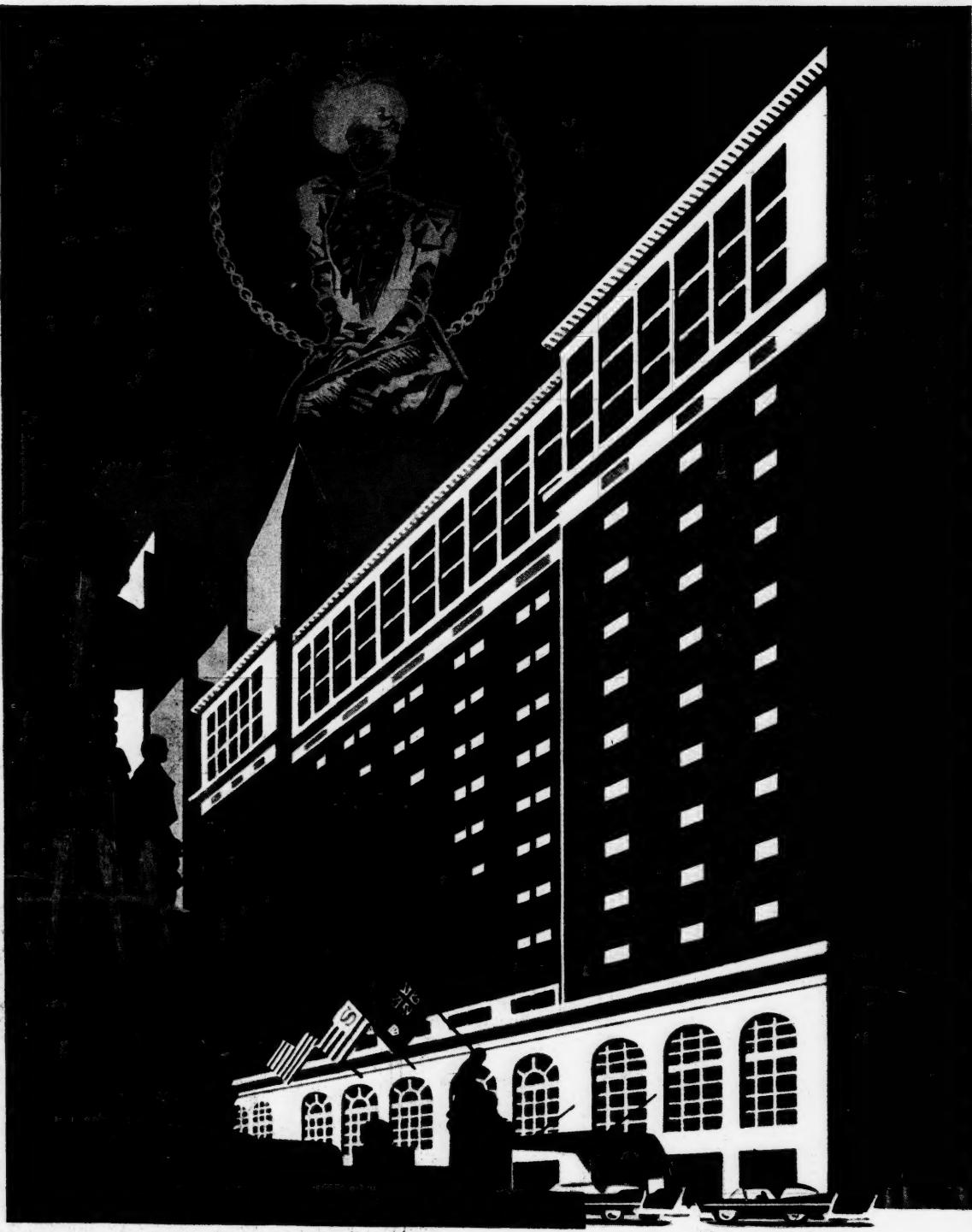
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