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Drive extra cautiously when you're upset. When you're worried or upset, you may not give the alert attention to driving that today's highway conditions require. This is the cause of many needless accidents. Emotional stability is as important as any single factor in maintaining traffic safety.

Be sure your eyes are all right. Have your eyes examined regularly. If you notice changes in vision between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test. To reduce eye strain, wear properly fitted sunglasses, but take them off after dark.

Never drive after drinking. No driver can take much alcohol without becoming a potential menace to himself and to others. Always remember that alcohol and gasoline are a dangerous combination!

Stop when you feel tired. Driver fatigue plays a part in many accidents, especially those that occur at night. With increasing fatigue, driver efficiency falls, until finally,

nodding at the wheel results. Accidents that occur when the driver is dozing are generally very serious ones.

Don't drive after taking certain medicines. Sedatives may dull your reflexes; tranquilizers can cloud your judgment. Ask your doctor about the side effects of drugs, including antihistamines and cold tablets.

On long drives, take turns at the wheel. Share the driving with others—or stop now and then for a rest or refreshment. Prolonged driving—and its attendant eye, muscular and nervous strain—can impair your effi-

ciency without your being aware of it. It's wise for drivers to rest every two hours on long trips.

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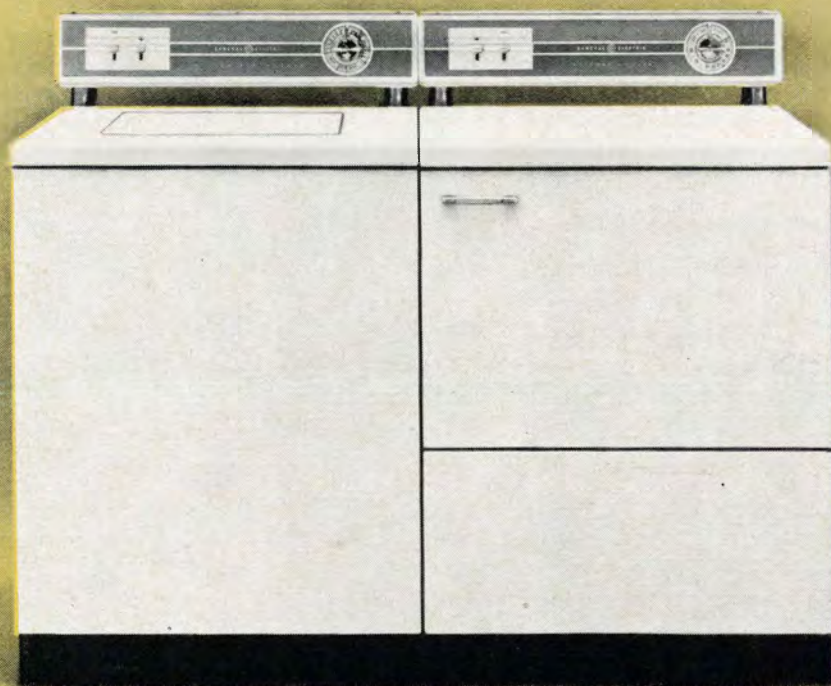
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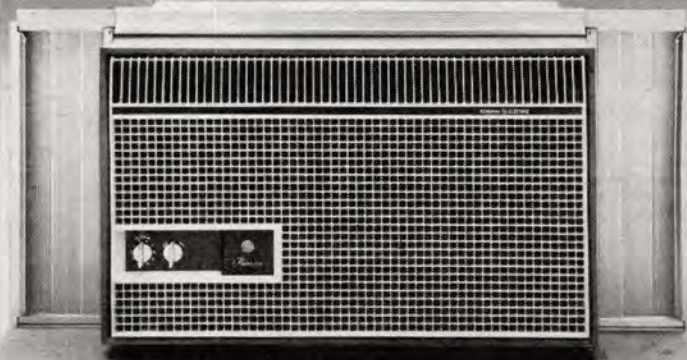
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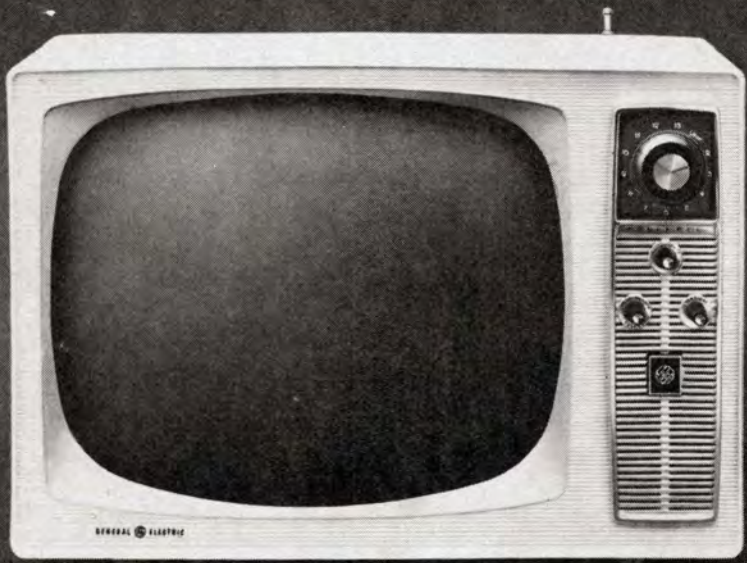
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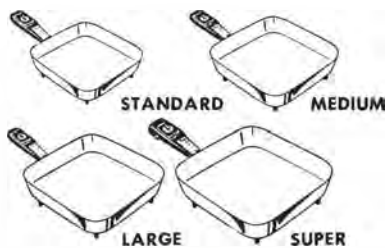
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She was 14. On that Monday morning, she was working with other children to create a firebreak across the city. She heard no sound; she just saw the white flash. She turned and ran. When she got home, she touched her face and the skin peeled off. That's how Yoshiko Murato of Hiroshima remembers the birth of atom warfare on August 6, 1945. In two memorable articles starting on page 25, LOOK reports the inside story of our decision to drop the first A-bomb and tells what Hiroshima thinks 15 years later.

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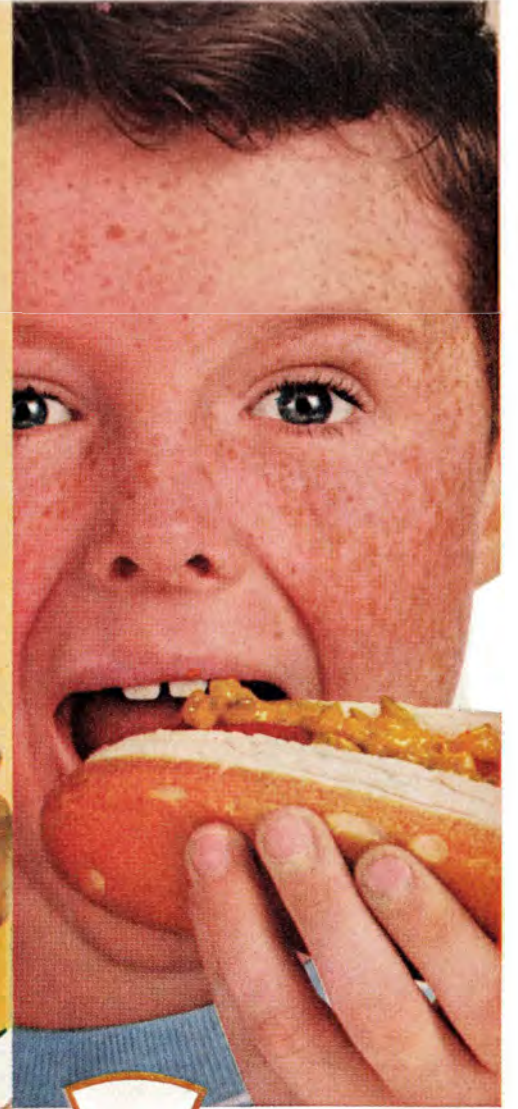
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Washington, D. C.

Along with the kiwi and the dodo, I fall into the almost extinct phylum of the native Washingtonian. Speaking from this position, may I congratulate you and your staff for attaining a level of intelligence and excellence in your Washington issue [LOOK, April 26].

MRS. MARY COLLINS WIDMAYER
Chevy Chase, Md.

I read LOOK from cover to cover last night, and want you to know how much I enjoyed [Fletcher Knebel's] piece on Washington, or, rather, the various "Washingtons."

It is both thoughtful and amusing, in his distinctive way. Thanks for brightening my day.

ABBOTT WASHBURN
Deputy Director
United States Information Agency
Washington, D. C.

The only reference to the civil servants who operate the most effective government in the world was a two-sentence sneer from Fletcher Knebel, who finds their conversation dull. I should like to introduce Mr. Knebel to a few of these "bureaucrats":

Physicians who have passed up lucrative practices because they find cancer research more exciting and satisfying.

Attorneys who battle legal talent making five times as much money in a struggle to keep the big defense contractors from milking excess millions out of the taxpayers' pockets.

Twenty-thousand-dollar-per-year administrators of \$300-million budgets for conservation or health or social security—jobs that the Federal Government does because no other institution in our society has been able to.

Atomic physicists and civil engi-

neers and economists and writers and laboratory technicians and hundreds of others whose office lights burn late at night.

They aren't here for the money. They are here because the Government of the United States is one of the few places where a man or woman can know that the work he does is important to his fellow citizens.

These are dedicated people. America is lucky to have them.

HORACE G. OGDEN
Bethesda, Md.

I feel your series mainly furthered the myth that life in Washington, D. C., is either a round of political gatherings for a select few or a monotonous marathon of monuments for the rest of us.

MRS. R. A. GEIL
Omaha, Neb.

I note with interest your comment pertaining to the social structure of suburban Maryland. The members of the Potomac Hunt Club may not chase the fox with their Jewish neighbors, as you mention, but they certainly look snappy in their gay hunting garb as they ride across their Jewish neighbors' rolling Maryland hillsides.

MARCIA GUREVICH SANDGROUND
College Park, Md.

In your article on Washington, you failed to mention that bigotry is a two-way street. While it is no doubt true that Jews are denied membership in the Chevy Chase Club, it is equally true that gentiles are not allowed membership in Jewish Woodmont Country Club, which is every bit as swank as its Chevy Chase counterpart.

HAROLD J. KERR
Washington, D. C.

No wonder Congress can't do an intelligent and honest job for our country—too much wine, women and song.

MRS. ELEANOR ERHARDT
Seekonk, Mass.

I cannot understand an edition on Washington without something devoted to one of that city's most outstanding men—Sam Rayburn. He was conspicuously absent.

REBECCA ZEPEDA
San Antonio, Texas

continued

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LETTERS continued

Big Wheels of Washington

Your Washington issue shows a picture of Secretary of the Treasury Robert Anderson [*Big Wheels of Washington*, LOOK, April 26] with \$1,800,000 worth of new currency. I have always understood that you could not photograph or publish any pictures of U. S. currency. Is this true or false?

RICHARD BECKER
Buena, N. J.

Current Treasury Department regulations permit the illustration of paper money for numismatic, educational, historical and newsworthy purposes, provided that the reproduction is in black and white and is of a size less than three-fourths or more than one-and-one-half times the actual size of the money.—Ed.

David Brinkley

I particularly enjoyed your article on Dave Brinkley [*The Wry World of David Brinkley*, LOOK, April 26], as his and Chet Huntley's broadcast is a must every day in our home. We never miss it. They truly deserve all the bouquets and awards possible in their field.

MRS. WILLIAM L. MANEY
Duluth, Minn.

Sequel to Atomic Tragedy

I read in your April 12 issue the interesting story *Sequel to Atomic Tragedy* and find myself wondering where Harold Northway's and Jackson McVey's difficulties occurred. Did these people work for Phillips Petroleum Company? I have some Phillips stock and have considered writing to them. Would you tell me how Phillips was involved?

F. PATRICK CHAMBERS
Bronxville, N. Y.

They did not work for Phillips, nor did LOOK say they did.—Ed.

Many letters which we have received from readers of the article *Sequel to Atomic Tragedy* indicate an erroneous impression as to the connection of Phillips Petroleum Company with the radiation accident involving Jackson McVey and Harold Northway.

Phillips at no time employed either

of these men. Both McVey and Northway, at the time of the accident, were working for the M. W. Kellogg Company laboratory at South Houston, Texas.

Several U. S. Atomic Energy Commission reactors located near Idaho Falls, Idaho, are operated for the commission by Phillips under contract. Under the commission's program, Phillips received, at Idaho Falls, pellets submitted by Kellogg, and in accordance with its instructions and with the approval of AEC, irradiated the pellets and shipped them to the Kellogg laboratory at South Houston, where McVey and Northway received some radiation while handling the pellets.

McVey and Northway settled workmen's compensation claims against their employer for the sum of \$5,250 each. Their suit against Phillips, which the court decided against them, was based on a claim that Phillips was negligent in irradiating, handling and shipping the radioactive material back to the laboratory where they were employed. The defense of the suits was taken over and conducted by the U. S. Government. McVey and Northway have appealed.

These facts are presented because of the unfortunate, though unintentional, reflection on Phillips resulting from the publicity given this case.

K. S. ADAMS
Chairman,
Phillips Petroleum Company
Bartlesville, Okla.

Integration Without Turmoil?

I hope and pray LOOK's story of successful desegregation in our nation's capital [*Integration Without Turmoil*, LOOK, April 26] will be widely read and discussed, especially by highly placed officials and civic leaders in both South and North who have tended to overemphasize the difficulties of school integration.

What is needed most is determination and common sense, and renewed dedication to American ideals and the spirit of Him who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyself."

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

continued on page 14

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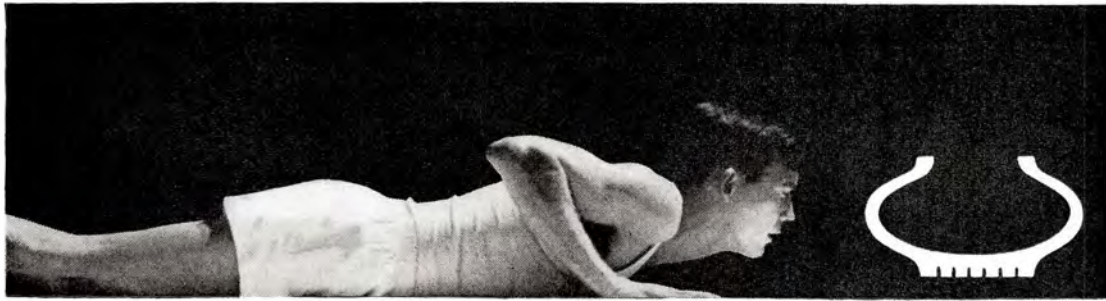


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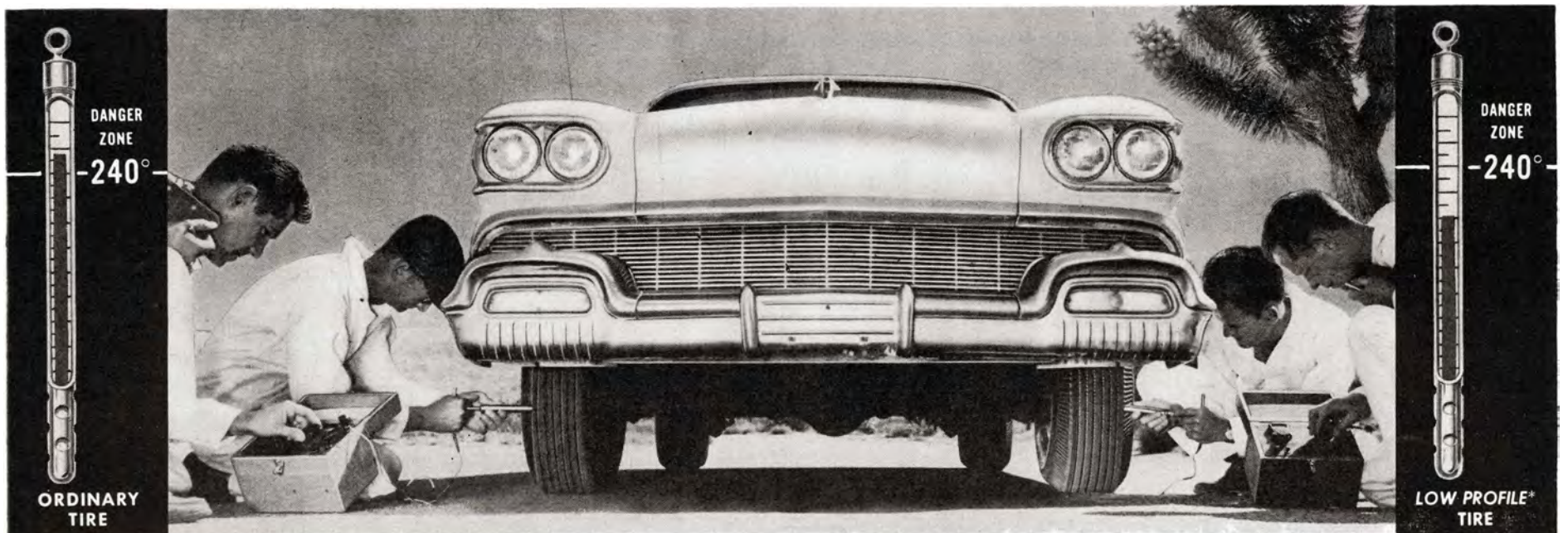
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safer even when roads are blazing hot! **THAT DOESN'T GET TIRED!**

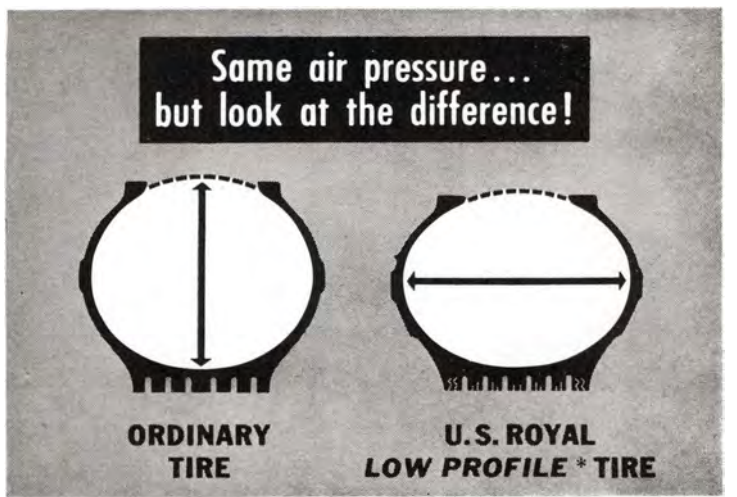
flexes less, runs cooler, keeps you safer, even in dangerous summer heat!



DESERT TEST AREA, Lancaster, Calif. — A simple but dramatic temperature test shows how rapidly ordinary tire (left) gets hot... while new "Low Profile" tire (right) runs cool. Both were mounted on the same car, both got their temperatures taken after running only 29 miles at turnpike speeds under the hot desert sun. Constant flexing pushed ordinary tire's temperature above the dangerous 240° F. mark. But the thermometer registered U. S. Royal's new "Low Profile" Safety Shape tire down below the danger zone. This consistently cooler ride makes "Low Profile" tires safer at high speeds. And, of course, they wear better and give greater mileage, too.

ORDINARY TIRE SHAPE FLEXES EXCESSIVELY, building up intense heat that murders tires, burns 'em out fast. Actual thermometer tests prove too much flexing pushes the temperature of ordinary tires well above the crucial 240° F. danger point.

"LOW PROFILE" TIRE SHAPE FLEXES LESS, keeps temperature below the destructive danger zone. Even at top highway speeds, U. S. Royal "Low Profile" tires flex less, stay cooler, last longer, keep you safer.



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OPEL CARAVAN STATION WAGON

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*Including delivery, handling, Fed. excise taxes.) Transportation charges, state and local taxes, accessories and optional equipment including whitewall tires additional.

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LETTERS continued

Evidently you never saw the report of the House Subcommittee to investigate Public School Standards and Conditions and Juvenile Delinquency in the District of Columbia, or you have no regard for the truth.

J. HADLEY HULING
Fortson, Ga.

Party Crasher

Your article on party crashing [*To Meet the Elite . . . All You Need Is Gall*, *Look*, April 26] was one of the most outrageous displays of bad taste that I have ever seen in a major magazine. It is the responsibility of large-circulation magazines like *Look* to help the American public become well informed on important public issues. When the author of the article on party crashing confines her analysis of important Presidential candidates to how they dress or comb their hair, one wonders how well your magazine is living up to its responsibility.

T. O. TREADWELL
Groton School
Groton, Mass.

I couldn't help but wonder where the Secret Service men were when a completely unknown woman got so close to President Eisenhower at Senator Dirksen's party.

MRS. P. SCHUYLER VAN BLOEM
Great Neck, N. Y.

Ignored and a wallflower, indeed! No reader paying attention would visualize a politician not recognizing a continually photographed woman as being of great import.

CLETE KELLER
Los Angeles, Calif.

The photographer of the story takes pictures at many Washington parties, and at the parties Sue Seay attended, he took pictures of others as well. Therefore, no one knew that she was receiving special attention.—Ed.

Ambassador's Wife

Says Nicole Alphanth [*Meet the French Ambassador's Wife*, *Look*, April 26], by Margaret L. Coit. As a teacher, not at all with the past and very little with the future." It struck me that this same philosophy has kept Mme. Alphanth's country in economic and political turmoil through much of its history.

DICK SHEPPARD
Detroit, Mich.

The Facts of Americanism

I have just finished reading *Every Man Can't Become President* [*Look*, April 26], by Margaret L. Coit. As a teacher, trying to impart to youth the ideals of Americanism and the democratic way of life, I found the [situation discussed in the] article shocking, disgusting and very un-American.

How unfortunate that it was so very true! If only teachers would be as frank about the facts of Americanism as this article was!

PAUL H. WIESE
Coopersville, Mich.
END

Address letters to Editor of *LOOK*, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. No anonymous letters will be considered for publication.



don't
just stand there
in your athlete's foot!

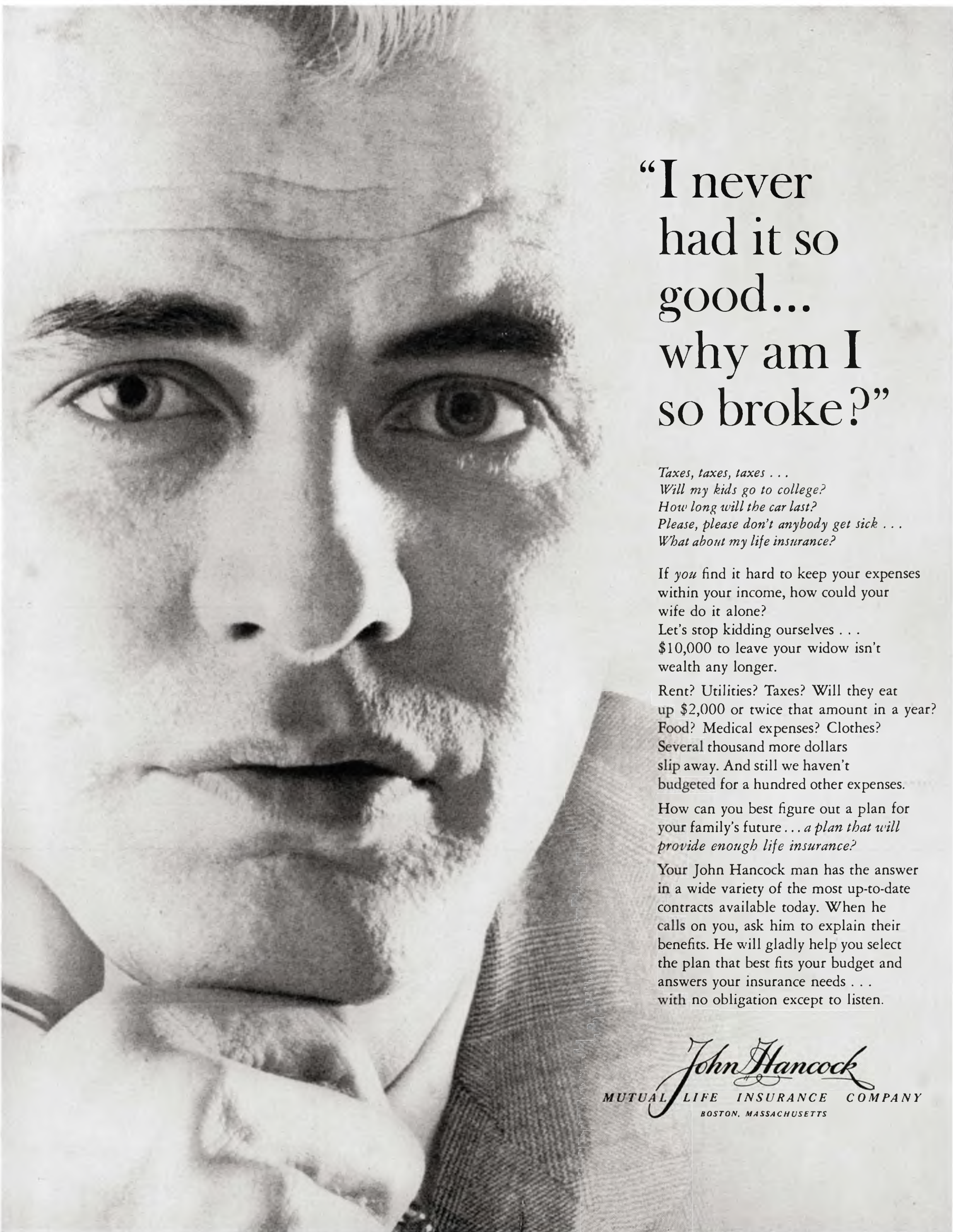
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Now you can do something about athlete's foot, without fuss or muss! Let TING show you how to get relief, simply, safely, quickly—because TING's three-way action is unique!

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“I never
had it so
good...
why am I
so broke?”

*Taxes, taxes, taxes . . .
Will my kids go to college?
How long will the car last?
Please, please don't anybody get sick . . .
What about my life insurance?*

If *you* find it hard to keep your expenses within your income, how could your wife do it alone?

Let's stop kidding ourselves . . .
\$10,000 to leave your widow isn't wealth any longer.

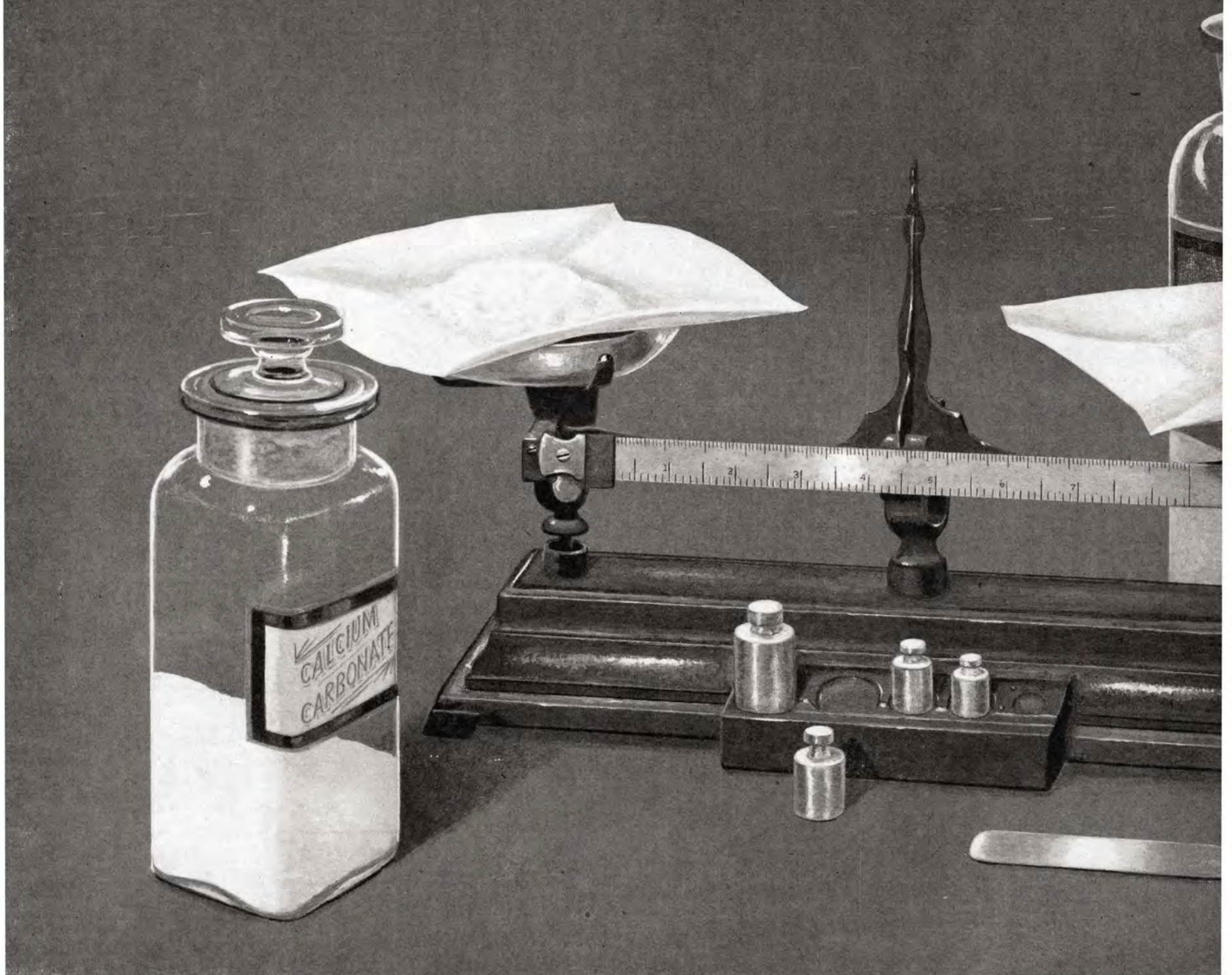
Rent? Utilities? Taxes? Will they eat up \$2,000 or twice that amount in a year? Food? Medical expenses? Clothes? Several thousand more dollars slip away. And still we haven't budgeted for a hundred other expenses.

How can you best figure out a plan for your family's future . . . *a plan that will provide enough life insurance?*

Your John Hancock man has the answer in a wide variety of the most up-to-date contracts available today. When he calls on you, ask him to explain their benefits. He will gladly help you select the plan that best fits your budget and answers your insurance needs . . . with no obligation except to listen.

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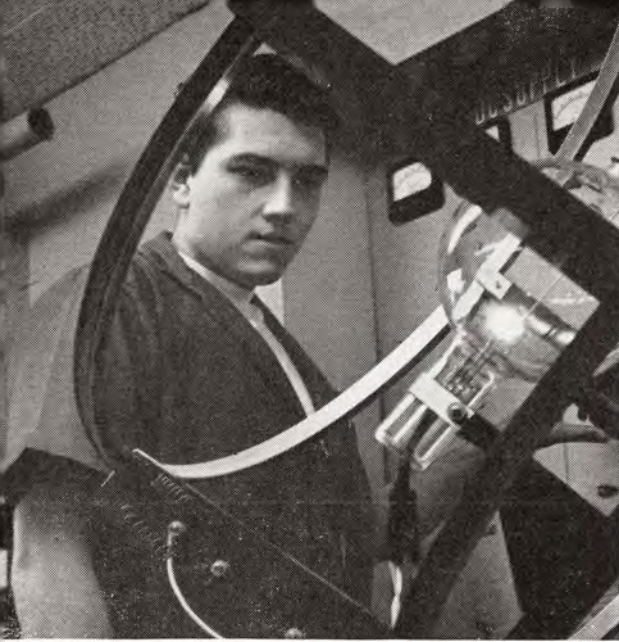


The fact that TUMS are sold almost everywhere, without prescription, keeps many people from realizing that they are one of the finest reliefs for acid indigestion known to medical science.

Medical researchers, who recently tested TUMS against other remedies, including prescription remedies, found TUMS to be actually more effective—both for fast relief and length of time relief lasts. TUMS are also safe . . . no side effects, no acid rebound, normal “balance” in stomach maintained. TUMS are a perfectly balanced formulation of pharmaceuticals that leading authorities state to be superior for combating acid indigestion.

Even though TUMS are made of the finest U.S.P. ingredients, and under the most modern, exacting conditions, they cost only a penny a tablet in the 12-cent roll...actually less in the 3-roll package for 30¢.

Millions of Americans have found TUMS to be the solution to annoying acid indigestion, heartburn, and gas. Try pleasant-tasting TUMS yourself . . . and see how much happier life can be!



FUTURE AIRMAN — TORRANCE, CALIF.

Besides playing varsity football, Eric L. Haase has always been interested in mechanics and "hot rods". Now that he's been accepted by the Air Force he'll be working with the real thing. A long range career consideration is to take college courses in off-duty time and seek an officer's commission.



NAVIGATOR — PORTLAND, OREGON

When Leslie G. Ebeling attended college in Portland, air science was his best subject. Now it helps him maintain top proficiency as a skilled Air Force Navigator. He is aware of the opportunities a career in astronautics offers. Lieutenant Ebeling also enjoys sports activities on the base where he is stationed.



NURSE — BILLINGS, MONTANA

After Joyce A. Topp graduated from nursing school at Montana State she applied for a commission in the Air Force Nurse Corps. Now as a 2nd Lieutenant, she has an important job on the Aerospace Team plus a full and varied social life. She also has the opportunity for world-wide travel.

Who measures up to

Throughout the United States there are thousands of bright young people who have found they can meet the qualifications of the Aerospace Team—the U.S. Air Force. These are the people who are being trained as specialists in the rapidly-unfolding age of air and space flight. This is the generation and these are the men and women who will play a part in the history to be written in tomorrow's headlines. Each one of them has a challenging future . . . because they are *part* of the future.

There is a vital need, which will grow, for exceptionally-trained, experienced personnel to

operate, service and control the intricate equipment of the Aerospace Age. This is one important reason why a career in the Air Force has so much to offer young Americans.

The Air Force offers incomparable training opportunities, steady advancement and solid security to those who can qualify. Because of the nature of its mission it requires intelligent young people of sound health and high moral character. They should be career-minded, ambitious and eager to learn new scientific concepts...to study the mechanics of aircraft, missiles and electronic equipment of design that stirs the imagination.

In short, the kind of person who "measures up" is one who merits respect and confidence wherever he or she goes. For this type of young man or woman the Air Force way of life can be filled with meaning, excitement and rewards.

Free Information

To find out about the many advantages of building a career with a bright future—in the U.S. Air Force—clip and mail the coupon on the right. Be sure to check the program in which you are most interested. You will be sent full details. Naturally, there is no obligation involved.

There's a place

for tomorrow's leaders on the Aerospace Team





TECHNICIAN — VANCOUVER, WASH.

Just 20, this Northwesterner has already learned a skill that assures his future in the Aerospace Age. He's Airman 1/C Walter C. Williams, a key specialist in the Radio-Radar Systems career field. Both Walt and his wife Frances have found the Air Force way of life to be rewarding and eventful.



EDUCATOR — SANTA MONICA, CALIF.

From such respected schools as Santa Monica City College come graduates seeking a career in Air Force blue. Dr. Wade Thomas, president of the college, often advises students to investigate the opportunities offered by the Air Force. These include a variety of technical and executive fields plus the chance for advanced study.

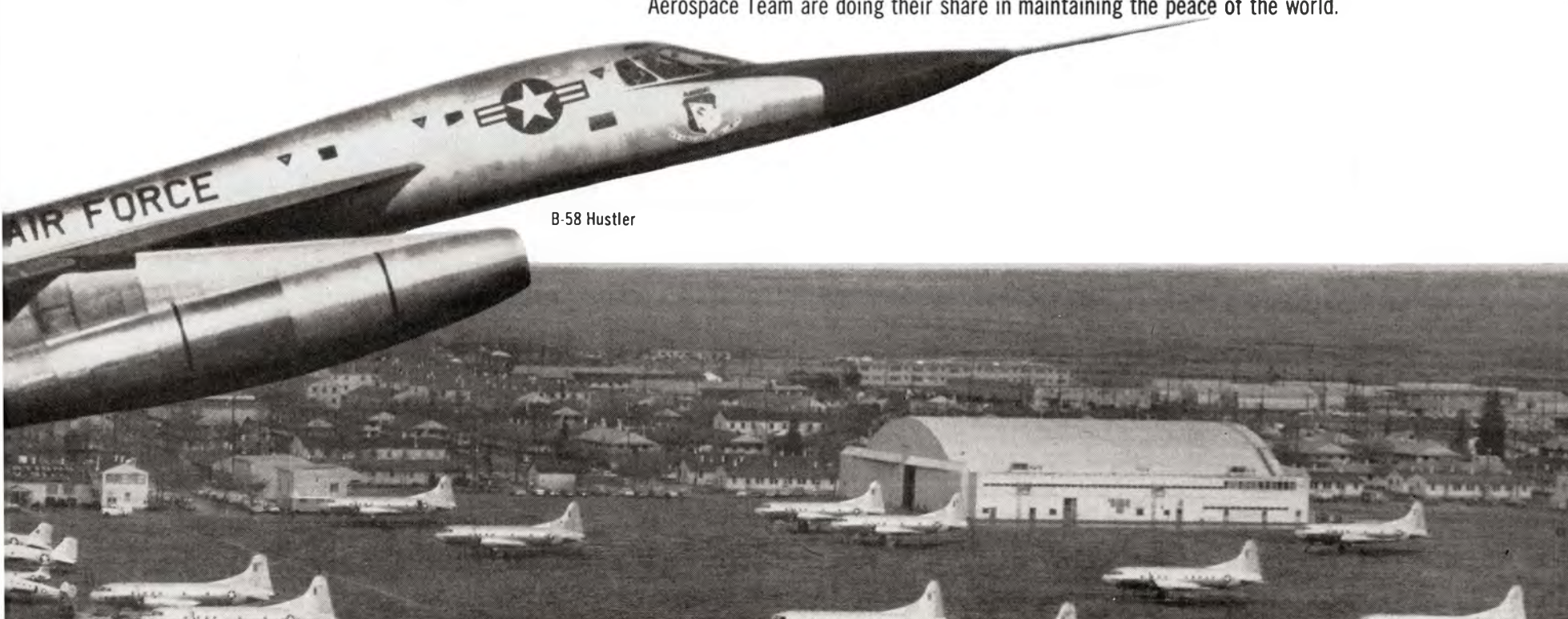


PILOT — PLEASANT GROVE, UTAH

Lieutenant Warren R. Hayden recently won his wings. He joined the Air Force ROTC unit at Brigham Young University. Upon graduation he proceeded to pilot training school. Pilot Hayden and wife Margene know that today's missiles are the fore-runners of manned space vehicles.

the Aerospace Team?

Mather Air Force Base, Sacramento, California. Here you will find the Advanced Training School that is turning out the skilled navigators required by the Air Force. At this large ATC (Air Training Command) base, members of the Aerospace Team are doing their share in maintaining the peace of the world.



B-58 Hustler

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Direct commissions for professional personnel | <input type="checkbox"/> Opportunities for an officer's commission as a medical specialist |
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the difference

between Hanes and just underwear



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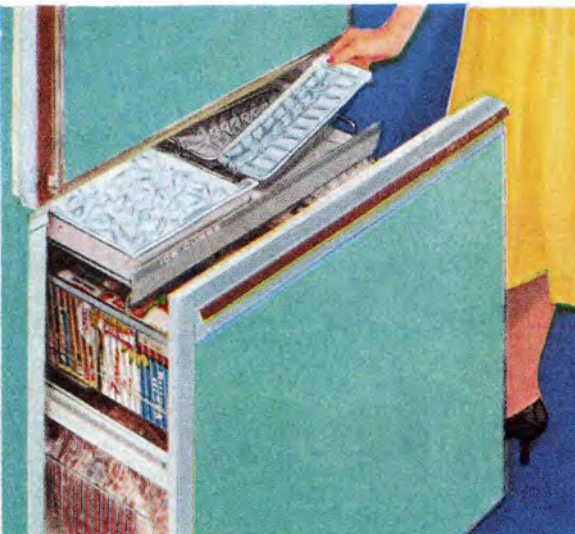


GENERAL  ELECTRIC

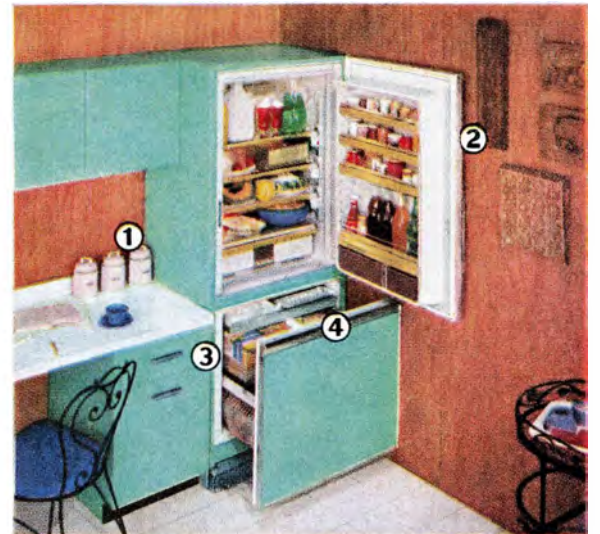
General Electric Company, Household Refrigerator Dept., Louisville 1, Ky.



Three Adjustable Swing-Out Shelves bring even the food in back right out front! You can adjust shelves up or down even when loaded with food—to fit in a large ham or a pie. Cleaning the refrigerator is so easy, too. The shelves lift out completely.



Handy Freeze-N-Store Ice Service. Simply flip trays over to eject cubes; refill with water right in the freezer! Container stores up to 6 trays of cubes. Freeze-N-Store Ice Service and Frost-Guard are available in both the 13 and 15-cubic-foot models.



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Hiroshima: the

DECISION

that changed the world

By FLETCHER KNEBEL and CHARLES W. BAILEY II

THE United States cruiser *Augusta* cut through the warm summer waters of the Atlantic. It was taking President Harry S. Truman home from the Potsdam Conference, where he and the British and Soviet leaders had discussed their plans to end World War II.

Two days out of Newport News, Va., on the evening of August 5, 1945, Truman joined the ship's officers for dinner. Over dessert and coffee, the ship's doctor asked a question that had been on the minds of many of the *Augusta's* officers: Had any commitments been made at Potsdam to bring Russia into the Pacific war and thus hasten the fall of Japan?

The President responded with a statement his listeners would never forget. No, he said, no such deal had been made. And if the Russians had been somewhat difficult at Potsdam, it did not matter as

far as the war against Japan was concerned. The United States had now developed an entirely new weapon and did not need Russia—or any other nation.

"It is equal to 20,000 tons of TNT exploded on a single target at one time," he said. The new weapon had been developed in total secrecy and financed entirely by a Presidential emergency fund, he added. Congress knew nothing about it. It had been tested, and reports indicated that it could end the war.

As he rose to leave, the President turned back for a moment.

"It is the biggest gamble in history," he said. "Two billion dollars have been spent on it. We will have the final answer on its effectiveness in a very short time."

For a moment, Harry S. Truman had given some relatively junior officers an awesome glimpse of the authority and

responsibility of their Commander in Chief. The authority, in many matters, was absolute; the responsibility was crushingly final.

The decision he had made a few weeks earlier was about to destroy the hearts of two cities, kill 152,000 people and change the history of the world.

Was it the right decision?

It had been a long time in the making. On September 18, 1944, President Franklin D. Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill had approved an *aide-memoire* about the still unperfected atomic bomb. It said: "When a bomb is finally available, it might, perhaps, after mature consideration, be used against the Japanese. . . ."

The two men apparently assumed that the bomb would be developed too late for use against Germany, which was al-

ready reeling under the blows of the Allied armies.

During the first years of the long and costly experiments that produced the bomb, there seemed to be general agreement that any weapon that might shorten the war should be employed as soon as it was available. But gradually in late 1944 and early 1945, many scientists and six important military leaders in the United States began to feel strong reservations about this particular weapon. The story of these doubts among military leaders—and the reasons behind them—has never been told before.

The first prominent military man to question whether the bomb should be used was Adm. William D. Leahy, chief of staff to the Commander in Chief. Gen. Leslie Groves, head of the Manhattan District project that produced the bomb,



Eisenhower did not want the U. S. to use the A-bomb first



Five other American military leaders had reservations about the bomb

briefed Leahy on the new weapon in October, 1944. From that moment on, Leahy had two strong reservations about atomic weapons. First, he doubted that they would work. Second, assuming that they were perfected, he was repelled by the prospect of employing them. He made no effort to mask his feelings as an individual, but never in his official capacity as the top military officer of his country did he argue against using the bomb. Perhaps this was because he believed his task was to deal with purely military—not ethical—problems.

THE DEBATE BEGINS

Harry Truman got his first inkling of the decision that would be his only an hour after becoming President of the United States on the night of April 12, 1945. He took the oath at 7:09 p.m. and held a brief Cabinet meeting to assume the responsibility of office. As the Roosevelt Cabinet members filed silently out, Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson remained behind. He told Truman that the government he now headed was developing a weapon of enormous power.

A few days later, scientist Vannevar Bush gave Truman an extensive explanation. On April 25, 1945, Stimson wrote a lengthy report in which he said: "Within four months, we shall in all probability have completed the most terrible weapon ever known to human history."

Stimson suggested that Truman appoint a committee to advise him on atomic policy. The group was called simply the Interim Committee. In addition to Stimson and Bush, the members were: Ralph A. Bard, Under Secretary of the Navy; William L. Clayton, Assistant Secretary of State; Karl T. Compton, chief of the Office of Scientific Research and Development field office; James B. Conant, chairman of the National Defense Research Committee and president of Harvard; George L. Harrison, special consultant to Stimson, and James F. Byrnes, later Secretary of State. Working with the group was an advisory panel made up of scientists Arthur Compton, Enrico Fermi, Ernest O. Lawrence and J. Robert Oppenheimer.

The Interim Committee had more to do with Truman's decision to use the bomb than any other group, although the final word was his alone.

Those attending a meeting of the Interim Committee on May 31, 1945, vigorously discussed the proposal to use the bomb against Japan. Gen. George C. Marshall, who was sitting in with the committee, asked whether the bomb could be kept a secret, thus concealing America's defense hand in the future. The scientists in the group said no. Too many men in other countries knew too

much about the prewar experiments with the atom. Sooner or later, the full secret would be discovered in other countries.

Arthur Compton asked about the possibility of a bomb demonstration before foreign observers. Would this convince the Japanese to surrender?

Other members of the committee debated this question. What if the demonstration bomb were a dud? What if the Japanese refused to send representatives to see the new weapon?

Another suggestion was offered. The Japanese could be warned explicitly of the murderous scope of the new bomb, and then he given a stated number of days to surrender. They could be told that the bomb would be used only if they refused to lay down their arms. But there were objections to this idea too. What if the Japanese reacted by moving Allied prisoners of war into key areas, and then dared the United States to go ahead? Or what if they concentrated fighters to intercept the atomic-bomb planes?

In the end, the committee decided that there was only one way to end the war quickly and save the lives of thousands of American fighting men. It recommended that the bomb be dropped on Japan as soon as possible, without specific warning. The target should include both a military installation and surrounding houses and buildings susceptible to maximum blast damage. The realization that many civilians would be killed was implicit in this last point.

TENTATIVE PEACE FEELERS

The recommendation was given to Truman on June 1. He said he had been thinking about the problem and had reached the same conclusion. Much as he regretted it, he said, he must order the bomb used. From that moment, Government machinery moved swiftly to assemble and deliver the weapon. Maj. Gen. Curtis LeMay, then commander of the 21st Bomber Command, was asked to suggest three relatively untouched cities as possible targets. This was considered essential if the atomic bomb was to make the maximum impression on the Japanese. LeMay radioed back: Kyoto, Hiroshima and Niigata, in that order.

But for a while, it seemed that Truman's decision might not have to be implemented. During that same month, two Japanese officials of the Bank for International Settlements in Basel, Switzerland, approached a Swedish economic adviser at the bank. They asked this adviser, Per Jacobsson, to talk to an American friend of his, Allen W. Dulles, European director of the Office of Strategic Services, the American intelligence agency. The Japanese wanted Jacobsson to find out from Dulles whether the

United States might be willing to offer conditions that would make a Japanese surrender possible.

The Japanese bank officials, Kojiro Kitamura and Tsuyoshi Yoshimura, had some influence among top diplomats and military leaders in Japan, and the Japanese minister to Switzerland, Shunichi Kase, had agreed to support and assist them. They had also enlisted Lt. Gen. Seigo Okamoto, former military attaché in Berlin, who thought he could convince the Army General Staff in Tokyo of the necessity of surrender.

Kitamura and Yoshimura proposed through Jacobsson that the "unconditional surrender" demand of the Allies be softened. Among the concessions they suggested were: retention of Hirohito as Emperor of Japan; no Allied insistence upon changes in the Japanese Constitution; continuation of Japanese control over Formosa and Korea; internationalization of Manchuria.

TOKYO HAD OTHER PLANS

Jacobsson went to Wiesbaden, Germany, on July 14 to discuss these proposals with Dulles. Dulles, aware that he had no formal authority to speak for the United States, was cautious and skeptical, but he worked out a suggested reply. The gist of it was that while there would undoubtedly be sympathy for the desire to retain the Emperor, there could be no advance commitment by the U.S. Government on this point. The best way Hirohito could insure his continuation as ruler was to take the lead in proclaiming and enforcing the surrender.

While Jacobsson returned to Switzerland to give the Japanese Dulles's reaction, Dulles himself decided to go to Potsdam, Germany, to tell Secretary of War Stimson of the Japanese overtures. Stimson noted the conversation in his diary, but did not indicate to whom, if anyone, he communicated the news.

The Japanese in Switzerland sent strongly worded telegrams to the Foreign Office and Army General Staff in Tokyo, but received no encouragement from their government.

The Japanese Cabinet was already exploring other means of ending the war. On July 11, 1945, a "very secret" cable was sent to the Japanese ambassador in Russia: "The foreign and domestic situation for the Empire is very serious, and even the termination of the war is now being discussed privately. Therefore . . . we are also sounding out the extent to which we might employ the U.S.S.R. in connection with the termination of the war. . . ."

The U. S. Government knew of this message almost as soon as the Japanese ambassador in Moscow. The cryptogra-

phers of the U. S. Navy had long before broken the Japanese codes. The message was forwarded to Truman, who was then en route to Potsdam. At the conference, Joseph Stalin reported the vague Japanese peace feelers to Truman.

The President, in turn, told Stalin of the atomic bomb with studied casualness. He was prepared to deflect the volley of questions he expected Stalin to ask, but the Russian dictator seemed unimpressed. He smiled and said he hoped good use would be made of it. "He never asked a question," Truman said later.

Back in the United States, the debate on the use of the bomb was widening during June and July. On June 11, seven scientists presented a report to the Secretary of War, opposing use of the bomb. "If the United States were to be the first to release this new means of indiscriminate destruction upon mankind, she would sacrifice public support throughout the world," they said.

The four-man science panel of the Interim Committee continued its discussion of whether a demonstration of the bomb was feasible. Lawrence pressed hardest for this. But in the end, all four agreed: "We can see no acceptable alternative to direct military use."

Two days after receiving that report, Truman summoned the chiefs of staff of the armed forces to the White House to work out final strategy against Japan. General Marshall described the plan to invade the Japanese home island of Kyushu on November 1, 1945, with a total force of 766,700 men. Adm. Ernest King said he thought U.S. casualties in the first month would be between 31,000 and 41,700. The Kyushu invasion would be followed in the spring of 1946 by a landing on the Tokyo plain.

NEW QUESTIONS ARE RAISED

Some officials lingered after the meeting. One of these was Assistant Secretary of War John J. McCloy. He said that the Japanese should be warned before the atomic bomb was used, but his suggestion found no support.

Under Secretary of the Navy Bard had been having second thoughts in the 26 days after he joined the other members of the Interim Committee in urging quick use of the bomb. In a memorandum, he wrote: "I have . . . a feeling that before the bomb is actually used . . . Japan should have some preliminary warning for, say, two or three days in advance. . . . The Japanese Government may be searching for some opportunity . . . for surrender. . . . It seems quite possible . . . that this presents the opportunity. . . ."

Rear Adm. Lewis L. Strauss, a consultant on atomic matters, argued that



*Gen. Carl Spaatz
demanded written orders
for the mission*

*But Truman had already
made up his mind—
and never wavered*

residents of an area near Nikko could be warned to evacuate and that a cryptomeria forest there could be used to demonstrate the effect of blast and heat.

Later, Gen. Harold (Hap) Arnold, commander of the Army Air Force, added a new argument. He said the bomb was not needed to win the war because conventional bombing, coupled with the blockade, had already brought the Japanese Empire to its knees.

While Truman and his top advisers were at Potsdam, the bomb was tested near Alamogordo, N. M. The flash lighted the skies 250 miles away. A false news report was released by Manhattan Project officers, indicating that "an ammunition-magazine explosion in a remote area of the Alamogordo Air Base reservation" had caused the blast.

The day after the test, 67 scientists petitioned Truman not to use the bomb against Japan without advance warning.

At Potsdam, Stimson argued for a change in the list of target cities. He felt that Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan, famous for its Buddhist monasteries, should be removed from the list. After some discussion, the final targets were named: Hiroshima, Kokura, Niigata.

Stimson briefed Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, the supreme European commander, on the new weapon. Eisenhower said frankly that he hoped the bomb would not have to be used on Japan, because he hated to see the United States become the first nation to employ a weapon with such incredible potential for death and destruction.

THE SIX WHO QUESTIONED

Thus, in the weeks in which the bomb was discussed by the few hundred people who knew of its existence, six U. S. war leaders had expressed reservations about it: Admiral Leahy, Generals Arnold and Eisenhower, Rear Admiral Strauss, Assistant Secretary of War McCloy and Under Secretary of the Navy Bard.

On the other side, a score of influential White House advisers supported the use of the bomb, including Secretary of War Stimson, Generals Marshall and Groves, seven of the eight members of the Interim Committee, the four scientists who advised the committee, and many other top scientists.

But whatever the ruling of history on its wisdom, Truman's decision was made. Now started the crucial chain of events to carry it out.

In Washington, Gen. Carl Spaatz received verbal orders to undertake the first atomic-bombing mission, but felt these were inadequate.

"Listen, Tom," Spaatz told Gen. Thomas T. Handy, acting chief of staff of the Army, "if I'm going to kill 100,000

people, I'm not going to do it on verbal orders. I want a piece of paper." Handy argued that as little was put in writing as possible on the Manhattan District project, to minimize the chances of breaking security. But finally he told Spaatz, "I guess I agree. If a fellow thinks he might blow up the whole end of Japan, he ought to have a piece of paper." Spaatz received his written orders.

A messenger arrived from Potsdam with the name of one more city to be added to the target list: Nagasaki. A general contended that Nagasaki's hilly terrain made it unsuitable for a demonstration of the atomic bomb's power. His objections were overruled.

A NEW DANGER

As Truman journeyed home from Potsdam, a flight surgeon on distant Tinian Island puzzled over the word "radiation." He was Lt. Col. Harold A. (Spike) Myers. He had three callers on the night of August 4—men attached to the recently arrived 509th Composite Group.

"We could have one hell of an explosion here in a couple of days," one of the men told Myers. "If that happens, don't send any first aid into the area before it's been tested for radiation. Otherwise, the people who go in may die too. We just don't know."

Two of the men pulled out a case of measuring instruments and explained them to Myers. If they indicated radiation above a specified level, they said, he was to keep everybody out of the crash area. All over Tinian Island, somewhat similar oblique conferences took place that week about the bomb, which was referred to as "Little Boy."

Little Boy didn't appear outwardly strange for a weapon that was about to revolutionize warfare and raise a question mark about civilization itself. It was in a familiar steel bomb casing about 14 feet long and about 5 feet in diameter. It weighed just under 10,000 pounds.

Inside, the bomb's proximity fuse was set to touch off an explosive charge in the tail when the bomb dropped to 1,850 feet above ground. This in turn would shoot a small chunk of U-235 forward at 5,000 feet per second. In the nose, surrounded by heavy metal, was a small cup of U-235. The hurtling chunk, shaped to fit the cup exactly, would strike the forward piece of U-235. At that instant, within a space of time too small to measure, the atomic explosion would occur.

The U-235 had been shipped to Tinian on a carefully worked out schedule that had gone into effect three weeks before—in the second week of July. Maj. Robert R. Furman had flown to Los Alamos to receive instructions from Oppenheimer about his most important assignment of

the war. He and Dr. James F. Nolan, who was then serving as hospital physician at the laboratory, were to take a top-priority shipment to Tinian. The mission was vital, because if anything happened to the piece of uranium they were carrying, the bombing would be delayed for weeks. No replacement was in sight. The orders were explicit: If the U.S.S. *Indianapolis*, the heavy cruiser that was taking them to Tinian, were to sink, the U-235 was to have the first motor launch or life raft. Under no circumstances were they to save a life before saving the U-235.

Furman and Nolan kept four-hour alternate watches beside their cargo, a heavy cylinder about 18 inches in diameter (which contained the U-235). On the deck of the ship, a long crate had been stowed. It held one of the three alternate cases for Little Boy.

On July 26, the *Indianapolis* dropped anchor at Tinian. The cylinder and the crate were safely lowered to an LST and a motor launch. Four days later, the ill-starred cruiser was torpedoed and sunk.

Later atomic-bomb shipments almost came to grief. One plane carrying fissionable material lost an engine, sprang a gas leak and flew through a tropical storm that forced rain between the fuselage joints. But no shipment was lost.

By the end of July, practice bomb runs were being carried out regularly. Since these consisted of a single plane dropping bombs on unexpected targets, the Japanese were confused. On July 20, Radio Tokyo complained:

"The tactics of the raiding enemy planes have become so complicated that they cannot be anticipated from experience or common sense. . . . The single B-29 that passed over the capital this morning dropped bombs on one section of the Tokyo metropolis, taking the peo-

ple of the city slightly unawares. . . . These are certainly so-called sneak tactics aimed at confusing the people."

While these practice runs continued, General Spaatz flew to the Philippines to brief Gen. Douglas MacArthur on the atomic bomb. It was not a pleasant mission for Spaatz. A weapon of epic proportions had already been sent to the Pacific—where MacArthur was commanding general of ground forces—and MacArthur was one of the last commanders to be informed about it. If his pride was hurt, he did not show it. He listened intently and said, "This will completely change all our ideas of warfare."

THE ORDERS ARE ISSUED

War Department representatives met with LeMay to make the final plans for the attack. Niigata was eliminated from the list of targets because it was too distant and too small. It was agreed that seven planes would be involved in the striking force. Three B-29's would leave early to take stations over Hiroshima, Kokura and Nagasaki. They would report weather conditions in the three cities to Col. Paul W. Tibbets, Jr., pilot of the plane destined to drop the first atomic bomb, and also to Guam and Tinian. Tibbets would have time while approaching Japan to select the city best suited for a visual drop.

Two B-29's would escort Tibbets to the target. One would carry scientists to measure the blast, and the other, photographers. A seventh plane would stand by on Iwo Jima, halfway between Tinian and Japan. If Tibbets's plane developed engine trouble, the stand-by plane could take over.

Top-secret field orders, issued August 2, spelled out the details for the flights. Planned for elimination in Hiroshima—

continued



*. . . and General MacArthur
was among the last to know*

the primary target—were the Ube Nitrogen Fertilizer Company, the Ube Soda Company, the Nippon Motor Oil Company, the Sumitoma Chemical Company and the Sumitoma Aluminum Company.

On August 4, Capt. William S. (Deac) Parsons, the Navy officer chosen to assemble the first atomic bomb used in war, showed the flight crews movies of the test atomic blast in Alamogordo. He said frankly that no one could be sure exactly what would happen at Hiroshima. Perhaps, he said, even exploding at 1,850 feet above ground, Little Boy might crack the crust of the earth. Pilots were warned not to fly through the cloud made by the explosion, because of the danger of radioactivity. Some of the men whispered of the possibility of sterility, the bugaboo of servicemen since the invention of radar.

Tibbets had a quiet sense of history. He realized that the plane he was about to fly might be remembered for generations. It had always been called simply by its serial number, but now he thought of a name both distinctive and with a special meaning to him: *Enola Gay*. This was his mother's name. His bombardier and his navigator had met his mother and agreed to his choice.

On the evening before the historic flight of the *Enola Gay*, Captain Parsons drew aside Brig. Gen. Thomas Farrell, a top assistant to General Groves. He mentioned several recent take-off crashes by B-29's. "If that happens tomorrow morning," he said, "it could cause a nuclear explosion and blow up half the island."

"I know," Farrell said. "But what can we do about it?"

"If I put off the final assembly until after the take-off, the island wouldn't be in any danger in case we crashed."

"You've never done such a job," Farrell said. "Do you know how?"

"No," said Parsons, "but I've got all day and night to learn."

"O.K., Deac. Go ahead and good luck."

EXPERIMENT IN DARKNESS

Two months earlier, Parsons had considered a proposal to arm the bomb in flight. Groves, Oppenheimer and Parsons himself had vetoed the idea, fearing it would be too easy for something to go wrong. But the man who made the proposal—Lt. Comdr. Francis Birch, who had helped design Little Boy—had developed a "double plug" system on his own. This permitted the conventional explosive to be inserted in the bomb while the plane carrying it was in flight. Without this explosive charge, the two pieces of U-235 could not be driven together. Separated, there was no danger of an atomic explosion, even under crash conditions.

Now, Parsons decided to experiment with the double plug. He worked in the stuffy heat of the *Enola Gay's* bomb bay all that afternoon and into the evening. There was just enough room for him to squeeze into a squatting position behind the bomb. He practiced working in the dark of the bomb bay with only a flashlight. That evening, when Farrell stopped by to check on the progress, Parsons's hands were black and bleeding from handling the sharp-edged parts.

"For God's sake," said Farrell, "let me loan you a pair of pigskin gloves."

"I wouldn't dare wear them," said Par-

sons. "I've got to feel the touch."

Parsons and Birch had developed a lubricant heavily loaded with graphite for the bomb's double plug. It blackened Parsons's hands, and he couldn't get them clean. As he joked about going over Japan with "dirty hands," Birch noticed that this bothered him more than any other phase of the task.

At last, Parsons announced himself satisfied and ready to do the job in flight the next day. It was agreed that Birch and other scientists would stand by in the communications center in case anything went wrong and Parsons had to question them by radio.

While Parsons worked in the bomb bay, First Lt. Morris R. Jeppson and three other young lieutenants spent the day installing an electronic console in the crew quarters just forward of the bomb bay. The black box was about 30 inches wide and contained meters, lights and switches, each to monitor a separate item in the bomb. If the console showed a defect anywhere, the bomb had to be repaired before it could be dropped.

THE MISSION BEGINS

At 11 p.m. on Sunday, August 5, about 100 men trooped into a Quonset hut for the final briefing.

"We are going on a mission," said Tibbets, "to drop a bomb different from any you have ever seen or heard about. This bomb contains a destructive force equivalent to 20,000 tons of TNT."

At 1:37 a.m., with no fanfare, the three B-29 weather scout planes took off on separate runways. Maj. Claude Eatherly's *Straight Flush* headed for Hiroshima; Maj. Ralph Taylor's *Full House*, for Nagasaki, and Maj. John Wilson's *Jabbit III*, for Kokura.

A half hour later, searchlights played on the *Enola Gay*. Some 50 men gathered under the wings as Army photographers took pictures of the fliers, ground crew, plane and crowd. In addition to the nine-man crew, the *Enola Gay* would carry three special passengers: Parsons for the bomb, Jeppson for the black box and Lt. Jacob Beser for the radar scanning device.

Members of the crew besides Tibbets were Maj. Tom Ferebee, bombardier; Capt. Robert A. Lewis, copilot; Capt. Theodore (Dutch) Van Kirk, the navigator; T/Sgt. Wyatt Duzenberry, flight engineer; Sgt. Robert H. Shumard, assistant engineer; Sgt. Joe A. Stiborik, radar operator; Cpl. Richard Nelson, radio operator; Sgt. George (Bob) Caron, tail gunner.

All hands were uneasy. The civilians had not the slightest fear of the bomb, but worried whether the plane could make the long flight to Japan and back. The airmen had no qualms about the plane, but had no confidence in the huge bomb.

Down the runway went the *Enola Gay*, heading for Japan, where it was then 1:45 a.m., Monday, August 6. A few moments later, Capt. Charles F. McKnight's *Top Secret* rumbled off for its stand-by chores at Iwo Jima. Special Bombing Mission No. 13 was on the way.

The dozen men in the control tower jumped into waiting jeeps and drove three miles to the range shack, where voice radio contact could be maintained

with the *Enola Gay* for the first 45 minutes of flight.

The group waited in vain for definite word from Tibbets. Static cut his voice into meaningless sounds. Then the plane faded out of range.

Out over the Pacific, the *Enola Gay* climbed to 4,000 feet. While Jeppson held a flashlight and passed him tools, Parsons carefully inserted the explosive detonating charge.

Again, Parsons's hands became black with the graphite lubricant, and he nicked his fingers on the sharply tooled steel edges. The entire job took only about 25 minutes.

"O.K.," Parsons told Jeppson. "That'll do it."

The bomb was now completely armed and ready to go. Parsons and Jeppson climbed out of the bomb bay into the forward crew compartment, and locked the door behind them.

Tibbets tried to nap in the after-compartment. He had been 24 hours without sleep. He kept his eyes shut for about fifteen minutes, hoping the vibration would lull him to sleep. It didn't. He returned to the cockpit.

Jeppson marked the strange beauty of the moon and stars as they flashed into view and then disappeared behind a cloud. Below, he could see the rippled ocean. All his life, he would remember the grandeur of the night as it stretched between Tinian and Iwo Jima.

Navigator Van Kirk estimated they would reach Iwo Jima and the rendezvous point with the other two planes at 4:55 a.m.

Lewis paused behind the black box. Tiny green lights glowed on the panel. "What the hell do those green lights mean?" he asked. They meant that all parts of the bomb were satisfactory, explained Parsons. When red showed on the console, it was time to worry.

A RECORD FOR HISTORY

McKnight landed his stand-by bomber on little pork-chop-shaped Iwo Jima and taxied to a point directly behind the specially prepared bomb pit. Now, if an emergency forced Tibbets to make for Iwo, the bomb could be unloaded and transferred to the *Top Secret* within a few minutes. A dozen M.P.s ringed the B-29. Curious G.I.s stood at a respectful distance and gawked.

As Tibbets set his compass course for the coast of Japan, two stripped B-29's flew the short hop from Guam to Tinian. In the briefing room at North Field, the pilots were given their instructions. They were to photograph an explosion of unprecedented size, but should not fly through the debris cloud. The secret weapon might be exploded over any of three cities, depending on the weather. They were to check by voice radio with the Iwo Jima control tower to see which city had suffered the blast. The camera-laden B-29's took off from Tinian four hours behind the *Enola Gay*.

Tibbets's formation headed for Japan on top of an undercast. Tibbets called all hands over the intercom. From here on in, he said, every man must be at his station. At the coast of Japan, Beser would begin recording the intercom conversation on green celluloid disks.

"This is for history," said Tibbets, "so

watch your language. We're carrying the first atomic bomb." It was the first time that most of the crew had heard the phrase.

At 6:40 a.m., the *Enola Gay* began her climb from 9,000 feet to the bombing altitude of 30,000 feet. Parsons had his oxygen mask ready, in case the console showed something wrong and he had to climb into the bomb bay to remedy it.

Up ahead of the *Enola Gay*, Major Eatherly's *Straight Flush* approached the outskirts of Hiroshima at 7:09 a.m. The *Straight Flush* flew the identical course to be followed later by Tibbets. A solid undercast covered Japan as far as the eye could see. Minutes later, however, First Lt. Ken Wey, the observer-bombardier, saw the entire city of Hiroshima open up through his bomb sight. At the point where the *Enola Gay* would release its cargo, the city was so clear below that the crew could see patches of green grass.

HIROSHIMA IS DOOMED

After flying west for about 10 miles, the *Straight Flush* made a full turn and came back across the city. The cloud bank rimmed Hiroshima, but a great hole with a diameter of more than 10 miles marked the city as though fate had driven a spike into its heart.

At the same time, Major Taylor's *Full House* was high over the city of Nagasaki to the southwest. Nagasaki was fairly clear too, with only about 30 per cent covered by drifting clouds at 20,000 feet.

The *Jabbit III*, meanwhile, flew over Kokura, at 33,000 feet. Only a few clouds hovered on the flanks of the city.

All three target cities lay open for the *Enola Gay* that morning.

It was 7:25 a.m. when the *Straight Flush* left Hiroshima and headed for Tinian. At that moment, the *Enola Gay* was flying northwest over the Pacific. Tibbets had left his pilot's seat and was bending over Dick Nelson's radio table. He decoded from the scramble sheet as Nelson jotted down the letters and numbers sent from Eatherly's plane.

"Advice: Bomb Primary." Tibbets turned to Dutch Van Kirk, standing at his elbow.

"It's Hiroshima," he said. Tibbets had been instructed to fly over Hiroshima, regardless of what the weather reports indicated, on the chance that the city might be clear by the time he arrived. Now, however, he could forget about Kokura and Nagasaki and concentrate on a single city. Nelson later announced the weather messages from *Jabbit III* and *Full House*, but they were of academic interest only.

At 7:50 a.m., the automatic pilot was turned off, and Tibbets took over the manual controls. "We're about to start the bomb run," he announced on the intercom at 8:09. "Put on your goggles and place them up on your forehead. When you hear the tone signal, pull the goggles over your eyes and leave them there until after the flash."

Each of the twelve men aboard had been supplied with goggles that resembled those worn by arc welders. They would admit only one color—purple—through the lenses. The goggles had been made under a Manhattan Project priority months before. This was one example of the countless items produced over the past three years for the single bomb.

Jeppson picked up his parachute and buckled it to his harness. Then he hooked his oxygen mask to the emergency oxygen bottle. Several members of the crew eyed him with dismay. Jeppson thought the blast might blow out the windows of the pressurized cabin. If that happened, he was determined not to be caught without oxygen. No one else followed his example. The time was short, and there was much to do.

At 8:11, the *Enola Gay* reached "I.P.," the initial point of the bomb run. The aiming point in Hiroshima was now about 17 miles ahead.

Tom Ferebee leaned forward on his little bombardier's chair and put his left eye fast to the Norden bombsight. Most bombardiers took over control of the plane at the start of the bomb run, but Ferebee and Tibbets had worked out their own system through long practice. Tibbets retained control until the last 90 seconds. Now, Ferebee gave a heading adjustment to Tibbets. "Roger," said the plane commander. At 8:13 plus 30 seconds, Tibbets gave the plane to Ferebee. "It's all yours," he said.

The plane's crew had seen no fighters in the sky. Japan, desperately short of war supplies, wasted no fuel or ammunition for attacks against high-flying observation planes.

Hiroshima lay open and bare beneath the plane. Only a few small clouds hung over the untouched Japanese city. Save for Tibbets, Lewis and Ferebee, who were too busy for vagrant thoughts, the men in the plane had a curious sense of unreality, as though they were floating idly on an aerial sight-seeing excursion.

THE LONG WAIT

Everything seemed familiar to Ferebee, who had seen target photographs—the three great oblongs of land pushing into the bay, the seven fingers of the Ota River, the main roads crisscrossing the city like veins in a leaf.

The aiming point, the center of a main bridge over the Ota's widest branch, moved to the cross hairs of Ferebee's bombsight. Forty-five seconds later, he turned on the bombing radio tone signal that meant: In 15 seconds, the bomb will drop from the plane.

The men of the *Enola Gay* heard the tone in their radio headsets, and each man pulled his goggles over his eyes.

The signal could be heard by radio in the *Straight Flush*, the *Full House* and *Jabbit III*, all flying home to Tinian. It was also heard in the stand-by *Top Secret* on Iwo Jima.

At 8:15 plus 17 seconds, the *Enola Gay's* bomb-bay doors sprang open automatically. The radio tone stopped as the departing bomb broke a circuit. Little Boy tumbled out broadside, then promptly righted itself, nose to the earth.

The plane lurched up, suddenly 10,000 pounds lighter. The head of every man in her snapped with the jolt.

Little Boy was calculated to explode 43 seconds after leaving the plane. Tibbets spoke fast on the intercom: "Make sure those goggles are on. Caron, keep watching and tell us what you see."

"See anything yet, Bob?" Tibbets asked Caron, after about half a minute. "No, sir."

Jeppson had started his own count

when the tone signal ceased. Now he was nearing the end: "39 . . . 40 . . . 41 . . . 42 . . . 43." Jeppson stopped the count. The thought flashed through his brain: "It's a dud."

At that instant, the world went purple in a flash before Caron's eyes. His eyelids shut involuntarily behind his goggles. "I must be blinded," he thought, remembering in a split second that the sun itself had appeared only faintly when he looked directly at it through the goggles a moment before. He was too stunned to report on the intercom.

Caron had been looking directly at an explosion that, in a slice of time too small to measure, had become a ball of fire 1,800 feet across, with a temperature at its center of 100 million degrees.

DEATH AND DESTRUCTION

A light of frightening intensity flashed through the bombers in an instant and vanished as suddenly as it came.

When the *Enola Gay* completed its turn, Tibbets pulled the nose up again to gain altitude and slow the plane down. Scientists had warned that a shock wave probably would hit the plane about a minute after the bomb exploded. If the plane were climbing at a slower speed, the aerodynamics experts had calculated, the impact would be less.

Caron saw a shimmering line rushing toward the plane. It had the appearance of a heat wave as seen far down an asphalt highway, but it extended in a long curve like a ripple from a rock tossed in a pond. Caron was seeing the first rarefaction wave from an atomic bomb, caused by heavy compression of air followed by a vacuum in which vapor condensed instantaneously, forming a belt of speeding mist. The shock wave rushed at the plane at a speed of 12 miles a minute. Although its probable force had been stressed in briefings, the violence of the wave amazed the men in the three planes.

"Flak!" yelled Tibbets involuntarily. Parsons, who had been through air combat also, had a similar reaction. He felt as though a large antiaircraft shell had hurt 20 feet from the plane. But Parsons knew what it was. "No, no," he yelled at Tibbets. "That's not flak. That's it—the shock. We're in the clear now."

Moments later, a second shock wave struck the bombers, this one a reflection of the blast from the ground.

Once the peril had passed, the planes flew south along the outskirts of Hiroshima. Now, for the first time, the bomber crews were able to see what they had wrought.

Dust boiled up from the entire city, and long shafts of swirling gray matter rushed toward the center. A column of white smoke, incredibly tidy in form, stood straight up. At the base, it was flecked with red and orange, and at the top, it formed an almost perfect mushroom. The stem of the strange cloud reminded one man of an enormous grave marker. Within minutes, the cloud mushroom pushed upward almost four miles. Then the mushroom split off from the column and began rising swiftly, finally reaching an altitude of 40,000 feet.

Most of the men in the *Enola Gay* looked down in silence. Lewis uttered just six words:

"My God, what have we done?"



*...now, 15 years later,
the faces
of Hiroshima
still wear the scars.
For the survivors' story,
see the next four pages.*

These Hiroshima survivors bear the brutal birthmarks of the atomic age

To Americans, the bombing of Hiroshima brought swift victory—in a war with Japan that cost 278,000 U. S. casualties—and a gnawing sense of guilt that their country was the first to use this monstrous weapon. To the Japanese, the bomb brought the end of the dream of empire and a vehement hope that such a weapon will never be used again. Today, after nearly 15 years, the bombing is still a living horror in Hiroshima. The city's buildings have been rebuilt: its population is actually larger than before the war. But it remains a city of death, disfigurement and unbearable pain. The residue of sorrow and terror has not been wiped away. Communists and others manipulate the people's resignation and hatred. They seize control of survivor groups, stage demonstrations in the Peace Memorial Park and stir up teen-agers over the genetic effects of radiation. No one can tabulate all of the bomb's consequences. No one can even accurately count the dead. Still living in Japan are 219,000 people who were exposed to atomic attack. The books are not closed.



"IT SEEMS A LONG TIME AGO," says Yoshiko Murato, who was a 14-year-old schoolgirl when the bomb exploded over Hiroshima. "But I still feel the disaster when I meet other victims." That Monday morning, Yoshiko was working with other children, removing lumber to create a firebreak across the city. She heard no sound, saw only a white flash.



Many children with Yoshiko were killed. Not knowing she was badly burned, she ran home. When she touched her face, the skin peeled off. Since then, she has had 20 operations and skin grafts.





Today, Yoshiko works in a doctor's office. She has never married. Of her radiation sickness, she says with feeling, "I don't know when the worst day will come. But my greatest desire is that there be no more disasters like this for the world."



WHEN THE BOMB FELL (as people in Hiroshima say), Kyoshi Kikawa threw himself into a ditch and clasped his hands above his head, as though to avoid a blow. His hands were severely burned by the bomb's heat rays. Now 40 years old, Kikawa runs a tiny souvenir stand next to the shell of the Industrial Exhibition Hall, virtually under the spot where the bomb exploded. There, he sells post cards and bits of bomb-

blackened roof tiles and melted glass. The ruined hall has been left as a memorial; tiny birds now live among its shattered walls and the steel frame of its dome. School children, brought to the A-bomb city from all over Japan, stop at Kikawa's stand. Occasionally, an American comes, looks at the gutted hall in silence and perhaps purchases from Kikawa a booklet that begins: "Oh, the atrocity of the A-bomb!"

FIVE OF THE "HIROSHIMA MAIDENS," who were brought to New York for plastic surgery, pause in front of Hiroshima's new Peace Museum. Among them, these five girls have had 55 operations. Left to right: Michyo Zomen, then 19, was walking to her job as a railroad clerk when the bomb fell. Today, she works at a vocational school. Emiko Takemoto, then 13, was clearing a firebreak with other children. She now teaches

dressmaking. Michiko Yamaoka, then 14, was walking to a wartime job in the telephone office. Today, she teaches in a sewing school. Yoshida Enokawa, then 13, was working outdoors on a firebreak too. Now, she knits sweaters and sells them to a store. Chieko Kimura also knits sweaters at home. Youngest of the five, she was only eight when the bomb caught her as she walked to school, carrying her books.

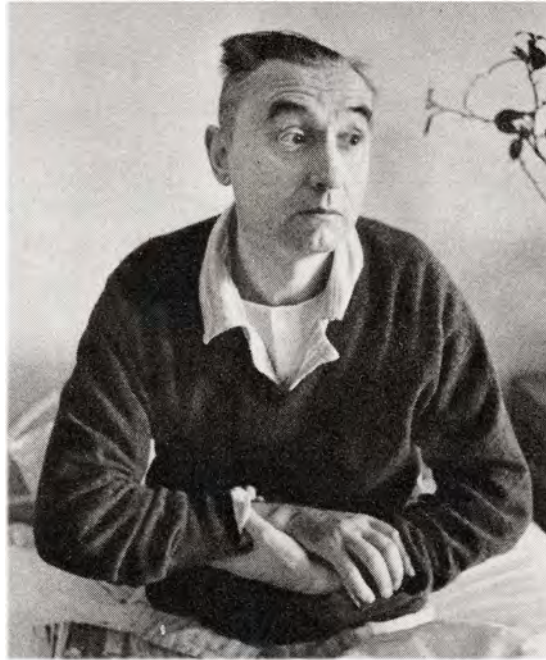
*“We have no right to blame America.
... We have no right to
demand repentance for this thing.”*



MRS. HATSUYO NAKAMURA, the war widow of a poor tailor, was one of the six survivors John Hersey immortalized in his book *Hiroshima*. Four of the six still live in Hiroshima and are pictured here. The fifth practices medicine in another town, and the sixth has become a Catholic nun. After Mrs. Nakamura's husband was killed at Singapore, she supported her three small children with his sewing machine—until it was destroyed in the panic following the A-bombing. Her mother, brother and sister were all killed by the bomb. Today, Mrs. Nakamura, a tiny, shy woman of 48, packages insecticides in a factory. Her three children, now grown, still live with her in a housing development built by a group of American college students.

DR. MASAKAZU FUJII had been sitting on the porch of his private hospital and reading the morning paper. The atomic explosion hurled the entire building into the river behind it. He was badly injured. In 1949, he returned to Hiroshima and opened a smaller hospital, where he can care for only 10 inpatients, as against 30 before the bomb. Recently, Dr. Fujii spent a year at Mount Sinai Hospital in New York, assisting the Hiroshima Maidens. He says that, since the war, Hiroshima has grown “like a mushroom.” Today, 100 patients seek his help daily, and he worries about how he can care for them.





FATHER WILHELM KLEINSORGE, German-born Jesuit priest who has served in Japan for 24 years, has been hospitalized for seven of the past 14 years, suffering from radiation sickness. His church, at which he still serves when he is able, has been restored as a striking building called the World Peace Memorial Cathedral. From his bed in the Atomic Bomb Hospital, built to care for the victims of the attack, he says of his own condition. "They do what they can, but there is no complete cure. More than 80 per cent of the people in our neighborhood died. It is like a miracle that we are alive."

THE REV. KIYOSHI TANIMOTO, pastor of the Protestant Nagarekawa Church, has recovered from his mild case of radiation sickness and rebuilt his church. The night after the bombing, he succored many of the survivors, and he still visits the patients in the Atomic Bomb Hospital (left). The original idea for the Hiroshima Maiden project was Tanimoto's. Today, he says of the bombing, "We have no right to blame America for dropping the bomb; it was part of the war. The Japanese started Pearl Harbor, and in a way, Hiroshima was an answer to that disaster. We have no right to demand repentance for this thing. But the ethical problem of the use of the bomb in the future is the Americans'—not ours. You have the bombs and the freedom to choose. If she will, America can prevent another war."

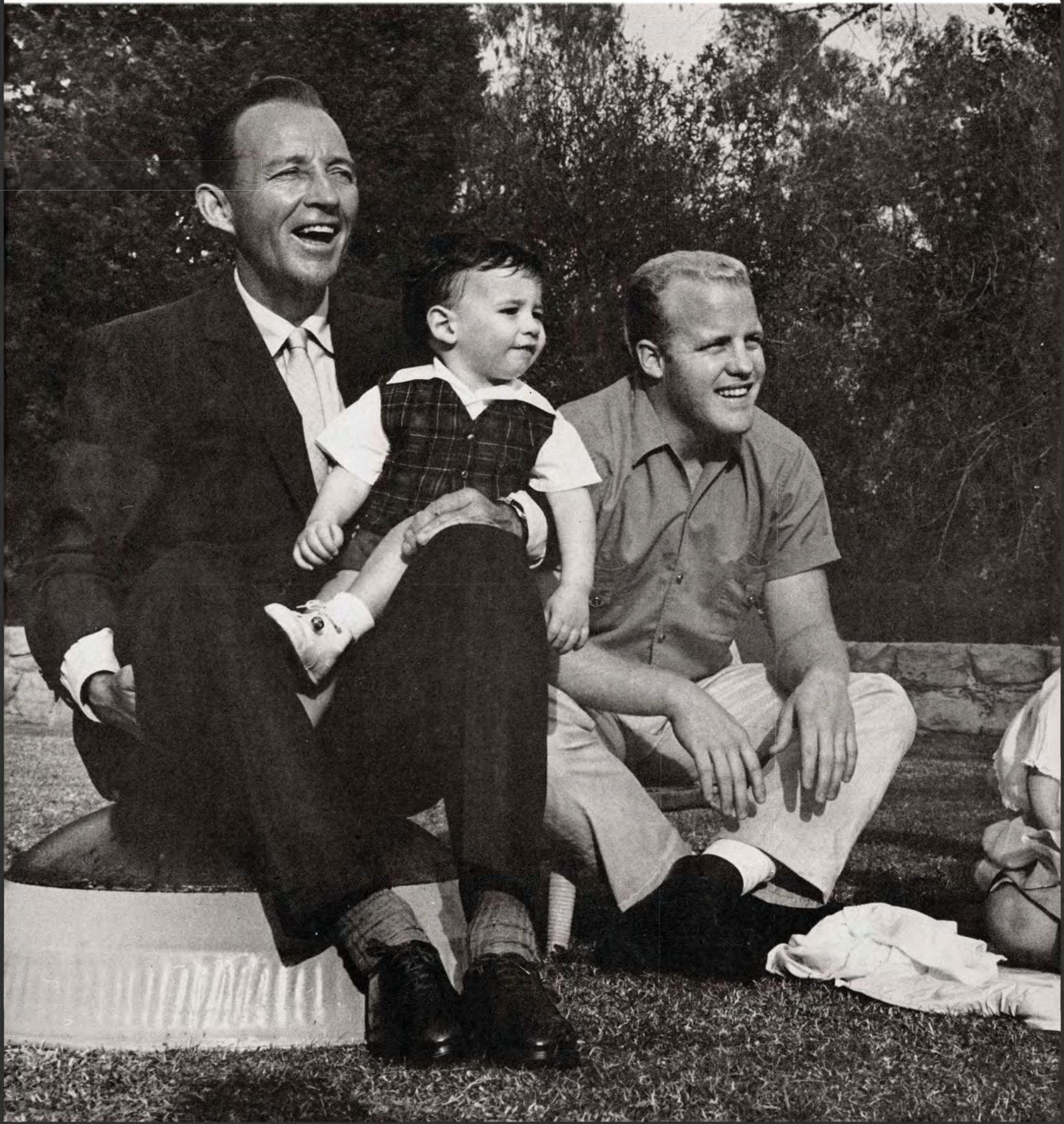
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Children ride home from the kindergarten at Tanimoto's church. With some of them rides the secret of the effects of atomic radiation on mankind.

Hiroshima Nagarekawa Kinder



THE CROSBYS of



Hollywood



Bing tries new songs on daughter Mary Frances. He calls her "Princess."

THE 20TH CENTURY has seen the rise of many dynasties of great wealth in the United States—among them the Rockefellers of New York (founded on oil), the Kennedys of Boston (founded on Wall Street) and the Kellys of Philadelphia (founded on the construction trades). To these now must be added the Crosbys of Hollywood—founded on an extraordinary set of mellifluous vocal chords. Bing Crosby's family is worth about \$50,000,000. The group in the photo at the left represents more than half of this wealth. Bing has investments in real estate, oil, agriculture, movies, record companies, radio and TV stations, a motor-boat firm and a major-league baseball club, the Pittsburgh Pirates. Son Philip, with money inherited from his mother, is part owner of a chain of prosperous Mexican-food stands in California. Bing's wife Kathryn earns what he calls "a tidy sum" as an actress. For more pictures of the Crosby dynasty, which allowed itself to be photographed together for the first time, turn the page.

After having five boys in a row, Bing, with sons Harry, 1½, and Philip, 25, is ecstatic over first girl in dynasty, Mary Frances, 8 months, here on her mother Kathryn's lap.

continued

The Crosbys, like other great dynasties, had humble beginnings. Bing's mother, nee Catherine Harrigan, migrated as a young girl from Minnesota to Tacoma, Wash., nearly three quarters of a century ago. She had seven children and 21 grandchildren. She refuses to tell her age or how many great-grandchildren she has, lest *that* give a hint as to her age.

One of her five sons was Harry, nicknamed Bing. Unlike his older brothers, all businessmen, Bing began a career as a singer in the 1920's. In 1931, he got his first movie job in a film called *Confessions of a Coed*. His fee was \$500. Today, at 55, Bing probably earns that much money every hour. "It's nice to have the money," he says, "but it's still nicer to be with Kathryn and little Harry and Mary Frances, and to have my whole family around me, and to see my four older boys all doing so well."



Young Harry and his mother spend hours playing together almost every afternoon.



Nearly a century spans these three generations of Crosbys. These are first published photographs of Bing's mother and his new daughter.

From humble beginnings came love, beauty, warmth—and family pride



Kathryn says, "Little Harry is just like Big Harry, except that he has my brown eyes. What energy! Bing says holding him is like trying to put an oyster in a slot machine."

"Besides that," says Kathryn, "my son is a great big ham. He's going to be either an actor or a politician. Maybe we'll have a senator in the family, like the Kennedys."

Produced by BILL DAVIDSON

Photographed by PHILIPPE HALSMAN

and BOB VOSE



continued

The clan
gathers regularly
for the
“Crosby Sunday
Afternoon”



Bing himself shot this photo of son Harry, left, and grandchildren Dennis, Jr., and Philip's Dixie Lee.

As in all families, there have been differences and blowups among the Crosbys; but the inherited affection and humor and clan spirit of the Irish always bring them together again. In the last few months, they have instituted what they call “Crosby Sunday Afternoons.”

Every Sunday after church (the Crosbys are Catholics), the clan gathers at Bing's stately mansion in the Holmby Hills section of Los Angeles. Kathryn is the hostess and spark plug of the gatherings. Sometimes, Bing is away (as he was recently while making his new 20th Century-Fox film *High Time*); sometimes, his twin sons Dennis and Philip, 25, and Lindsay, 22, are off in Las Vegas or elsewhere with their highly successful night-club act; sometimes, eldest son Gary, 26, is out of town with *his* new solo act. But on most Sundays, Kathryn is there to welcome those Crosbys who are in the Los Angeles area.

During the week, she pauses in her laboratory or classwork at Immaculate Heart College, where she is studying to be a nurse, and phones Dennis's wife Pat, Philip's wife Sandra and Lindsay's wife Barbara to make arrangements for the coming Sunday afternoon. Kathryn usually prepares a roast, and each of the girls brings a vegetable or salad or dessert for the family luncheon. The boys and their sub-clans arrive en masse. The children play, the men throw a football or baseball around, their wives discuss recipes and diets.

Bing's 25-room mansion, where he formerly lived alone, was once described by a famous comedian as a “mausoleum in Cinemascope.” It is a mausoleum no longer. Every Sunday afternoon, it is alive with the sounds of babies, show-business shop talk and reunion—the exciting sounds of a new dynasty in action.



Family pride extends to youngest generation. Above: Harry busses sister Mary Frances. Right: His nephew Duke assists Harry with refreshment.





Good things begin to happen . . .

when the lady of the house has soup for lunch

She's the star of the tricycle set—and anyone can see what good things are happening to her! A good healthy appetite. A nice, happy disposition. It's a sure bet *her* mother knows what good things soup can do for little girls (and boys, too).

For soup has proteins and vitamins and minerals to help boys and girls grow good and strong. And soup looks so good, smells so good, tastes so good—children just naturally clean the bowl.

That's Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup our little miss is wolfing down. Sunny, golden broth. Tender chicken meat. Fluffy, long-grain rice. No wonder she loves it so.

And it's only one of dozens of wonderful Campbell's Soups that make lunch nourishing for boys and girls. Vegetable Soups. Beef Soups. Chicken Soups. Soups that can give the whole family an extra measure of good nutrition every single day. Soups that make it easy to keep the healthy, happy habit: Once a day—every day—Soup!

Have you had your soup today? *Campbell's*, of course!



REVOLUTIONARY BREAK-

World's FIRST And ONLY Tire
Made With Action Traction
In The CENTER Of The Tread,
Where You Need It Most!

NEW

FIRESTONE

SPEEDWAY-PROVED
FOR YOUR
TURNPIKE SAFETY



THROUGH IN TIRE MANUFACTURE

Gives you Action Traction in the center of the tread... Puts up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times... Increases tire mileage up to 35%... Assures safer stops and faster starts... Provides an extra margin of safety at high speeds... Sets new standards of protection against blowouts, punctures and skidding.

NYLON "500"[®] WITH POWER TREAD

Now... for the FIRST time in tire history... comes a break-through in tire manufacture that gives you ACTION Traction in the center of the tread, where you need it most! *First* from Firestone, and *only* from Firestone, comes the amazing new POWER TREAD that gives you safety and performance advantages never before possible with conventional treads with non-action centers.

The new Firestone Nylon "500" combines this new Power Tread with Firestone Rubber-X-101, the squeal-less "hush-hush" rubber, and Firestone Safety-Fortified Nylon Cord, made in Firestone's own factories, to give you:

1. Action Traction in the center of the tread...

2. Up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times...
3. Increased tire mileage up to 35%...
4. Safer stops and faster starts...
5. An extra margin of safety at high speeds...
6. New standards of protection against blowouts, punctures and skidding.

Like all Firestone tires, the new Firestone Nylon "500" is speedway-proved for your turnpike safety... a true champion in EVERY test of tire safety. Isn't this the kind of tire you want and need to protect your life and the lives of your loved ones? You can buy it on convenient budget terms, if you desire, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



Here's how...for the **FIRST TIME** in tire history... Firestone gives you **ACTION Traction** in the **CENTER** of the tread and up to 83% more working elements on the road at all times.

Diagram at left shows how the new Power Tread of the new Firestone Nylon "500" tire is precision cast in a single-unit tread mold to give you ACTION Traction in the **CENTER** of the tread where you need it most, with 83% more working elements in contact with the road at all times. ■ Diagram at right shows conventional tread cast in two-piece mold with rigid, non-action riding rib in the center of the tread.



Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH / copyright 1960, The Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.



Bing's big house in Holmby Hills now bustles with activity after years of quiet. The girls—Pat, Barbara, Sandra and Kathryn—discuss babies. The boys talk show business and baseball.

Parents and babies have a good time

The four Crosby boys love to arrange themselves in old-fashioned family-tintype situations. Here, Lindsay holds brother Harry; Philip holds his daughter Dixie Lee, 12 months; Gary is with sister Mary Frances, and Dennis with his son Duke.



The "Crosby Sunday Afternoons" are do-it-yourself affairs, and servants like Louis Serpi, center, have little to do but play with the children. For this lunch, Kathryn made roast beef, Sandra, second from right, brought potatoes, Pat contributed dessert.

THE SOCIABLES prefer Pepsi



They make wedding bells ring . . . and share the happy moment with friends. Pepsi-Cola is part of the occasion. Pepsi refreshes without filling . . . is always on hand wherever The Sociables gather. You're one of them. Have a Pepsi. It's the light refreshment of today's young moderns.

"PEPSI-COLA" AND "PEPSI" ARE TRADEMARKS OF PEPSI-COLA COMPANY, REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

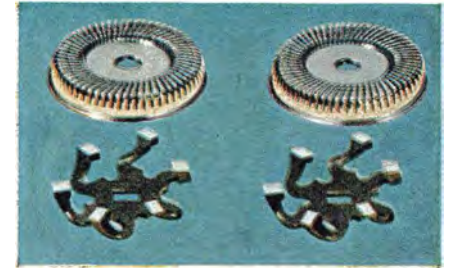




**Be Sociable,
Have a Pepsi**
Refresh without filling

FOR FATHER'S DAY AND GRADUATION

Give the new **Norelco**[®] Speedshaver...world's largest seller!

It strokes off whiskers with rotary blades...no pinch...no irritation!



1. How rotary blades stroke off whiskers. Norelco's rotary blades whirl round and round  continuously, beneath whisker combs—unlike the back-and-forth  clipping action of other shavers. You shave fast, smooth, close.



2. Flip-Top cleaning . . . and self adjusting. You just push the button and the Speedshaver[®] flip-top head springs open to empty out "whisker dust." Blades are self sharpening. Norelco adjusts automatically to shave any beard.



3. Try Norelco Speedshaver today. AC/DC \$24.95. Complete with travel case. For the ladies, new Lady Norelco with twin rotary heads in misty pink, gray and gold. AC/DC \$24.95 . . . or new Norelco Coquette. AC/DC \$17.50.

4. Famous "Sportsman" for Outdoorsmen, motorists. Runs on ordinary flashlight batteries or plugs into any car lighter. Complete with metal mirror, weather-proof travel case and battery holder. In gray and maroon. \$24.95.



Follow President Eisenhower's World Travels On "Journey To Understanding" Over NBC-TV Network
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100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Norelco is known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world.
Other products: Radios, Radio-Phonographs, Tape-Recorders, Dictating Machines, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



With great wealth, charm and ambition, there is no telling how far the new Crosby dynasty will go. Already, with her nursing career and charity work, Kathryn is becoming known as a "stateswoman" in Hollywood. If the Kennedys, Rockefellers and Kellys can produce Presidential candidates and a princess, maybe the Crosbys will too.

END

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO FREEDOM OF SPEECH?

By **DAVE GARROWAY**

as told to **PETER VAN SLINGERLAND**



IF SAMUEL ADAMS or Thomas Paine could revisit America today, he would be appalled to see that Americans have turned into a bunch of verbal Casper Milquetoasts.

Our friend from the past would notice that while we give lip service to freedom of speech, we have a mental reservation: "Just so long as you don't say it too loudly." He would wonder, when we berate the Russians for denying their captive peoples the freedom to speak up, why we ourselves have become a nation of Timid Souls, sensing danger in every unpopular idea.

Americans used to take pride in their rugged individualism. What has happened? Why, for instance, do we seem to have no great political leaders in the offing, nobody with the courage and ability to lead? The reason, I think, is that we don't really want them. Instead, we want walking tranquilizers, men who will feed us bland platitudes and happy assurances that all is well with the world.

We offer no challenge to political leaders. There was a time when a politician was required to stand up and defend his case if he expected to win votes. In so doing, of course, he placed himself in jeopardy; by saying something concrete, he was bound to displease some voters. But the way things are today, a candidate's best chance of victory lies in telling the people what they want to hear.

The modern politician is also careful to avoid the greatest sin of our times: being wrong. In our government, saying nothing has reached the status of a high art. No politician would be caught dead without first surrounding himself with a battery of press agents to filter out anything that might damage his "public image." Under the present Administration, the White House press secretary has reached a status second only to the Secretary of State. Apparently, we are happier being spoon-fed good news than we would be if we had to choose for ourselves from among conflicting independent reports coming from Pennsylvania Avenue.

Most newspapers, too, give us what we want. The old days of the page-one editorial, the crusading journalism of Lincoln Steffens and William Allen White, are no longer with us. Papers today are unwilling to support ideas that are not universally popular. Instead, with great show of daring, they attack crime, communism, corruption in government and every other evil the "right-thinking" person despises. They call it "crusading journalism" when the crusader crusades for something everybody is in favor of anyway.

Seemingly, our papers are afraid to take an unpopular stand. In days past, we read our papers even if we were angered by their content, and perhaps we were stimulated to do some original thinking.

What is the alternative? Today, to avoid going out on a limb, newspapers feed us a diet of news-agency dispatches. The papers print them because it's easier and cheaper to do so than to do original reporting. Furthermore, the dispatches are screened to insure impartiality. That makes them so inoffensive that the reader consumes news as he might eat popcorn.

To compensate, newspapers ignore continuity on any one story and, instead, give us a series of headline jabs—"shot-in-the-arm" journalism. On Monday, headlines will scream: "Arkansas Schools to Close." We get all excited about segregation. Then, on Tuesday, papers will feature: "Union Leader Takes Fifth." We forget all about segregation and turn our attention to labor racketeers.

Even if you read five papers a day (and I do), it is difficult to get different points of view on the same subject. We don't get the sustained interplay of ideas, the printed cross fire between papers that would give us all sides of an issue, plus enough information to make an

continued

For over eight years, Dave Garroway has been the major-domo of NBC-TV's Today show.

Magic ingredient?

In a way, yes. Dial with AT-7 performs a feat nothing else can do so well. Removes odor-causing bacteria from all over the body.

A Dial bath a day helps keep odor away (and friends near).

That's why people who like people like Dial.



Aren't you
glad you use
Dial Soap!



(don't you wish everybody did?)

The most faintly stirring telecast today is hailed as “dramatic frankness”

intelligent judgment for ourselves. We don't get it because we don't want it.

Television is as timid as the press. In contrast to radio, the medium that brought the impassioned ideas of Elmer Davis, Lowell Thomas, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and Drew Pearson to millions, we can watch television day in and day out with little risk of encountering a stimulating or irritating idea—one that might kick us into action. The most faintly stirring telecast is hailed as “dramatic frankness” by audiences accustomed to the vapid and the trivial.

When we in television do present a controversial idea, an interview with an advocate of preventive war, for example, we go to great lengths to protect the viewer from overexposure to upsetting thoughts. We “put the idea in context” by first presenting the uncontroversial, accepted view under the guise of background information. Thus we reassure the home audience that the opinions of the interviewee are really suspect.

To ourselves, we rationalize that we are afraid television viewers will accept at face value whatever they see on their home screens, unless we give them a clear definition of what is “true” and what is “false” (or “right” or “wrong”). Back in the days when literacy was not so widespread, people of limited education might have benefited by such guidance. But I cannot believe that today there are many people who would say, “I know what Nikita Khrushchev says is true because I saw it on television.” If the public is that gullible, our democracy is in a frightful fix. No, the real reason why too many of us equivocate is to make it perfectly clear to the viewers that we are on the right side of the fence, that we are not rocking the boat.

SPONSORS WANT KID-GLOVE TREATMENT

It's easy to justify this kind of timidity. We argue that television is a commercial medium and that, like it or not, we have a responsibility to our sponsors. We point out that sponsors are understandably reluctant to offend potential customers, so they demand that we keep viewers happy by giving them what they want.

Furthermore, we say that sponsors demand that we treat their own interests with kid gloves. This is just as true in dramatic and musical programs as in those of a general nature. Not long ago, for example, an aluminum company ordered an author to change the locale of his controversial play from a trailer park to a settlement of prefabricated huts because trailers are often made of aluminum.

I am at least able to report that my own show, *Today*, has never bowed to such coercion during the over eight years it has been on the air. By using the magazine concept of advertising (that is, many sponsors), we do not depend on any one sponsor, so none has control of the show. If any sponsors try to exercise control, we point out that commercial problems are not related to our editorial attitude. Now, they and we treat each other with mutual respect.

We in television also talk about our responsibility to our public. From any point of view, we seem to be all mixed up.

The National Association of Broadcasters' Television Code, our famous (or infamous) organ of self-censorship, says, “Television's relationship to the viewers is that between guest and host.” We take this to mean that under no circumstances should we say or do anything that might offend anybody. Like a good guest, we scrupulously avoid topics that might rub our hosts the wrong way. But the fallacy in the “guest-host” argument is obvious. Every home comes equipped with an electronic bouncer. If the guest becomes too obstreperous, the host can throw him out by turning off the set.

The code also says, “Attacks on religion and religious faiths are not allowed.” This gives most programs what they consider a “valid” reason for not asking British philosopher Bertrand Russell to explain

his agnosticism, even though what he said might be stimulating.

The code thus provides the broadcaster with an alibi for making no important contribution to human knowledge. But I believe that television does have a responsibility to the public. That responsibility is to open the world to the viewer, stimulate his mind, make him aware that there are views other than his and that they might even make sense. Some people in the television industry agree with me and make a conscientious (if uphill) effort to provide more stimulating and adult fare. Unfortunately, they are too few. The majority of broadcasters believe H. L. Mencken's famous dictum that no one ever lost money underestimating the taste of the American public.

Of course, there is one valid reason for this timidity. It is the fear that the public will demand governmental censorship. And the ruckus over the television-quiz scandals does little to allay such fear. As a result, television broadcasters are thinking not twice, but three or four times, before airing anything at all controversial.

The namby-pamby apologists for censorship, whether governmental or self-imposed, argue that the public has a right to be protected against disturbing ideas. An excellent example of this reasoning was the recent attempt to ban the unexpurgated *Lady Chatterley's Lover* from the mails. When Postmaster General Arthur Summerfield gave President Eisenhower a copy with all the four-letter words underlined, the President thought something should be done to protect the public's sensibilities. But no one ever suggested that *Lady Chatterley's Lover* be made required reading for all Americans. Those who wanted to protect themselves against its contents had only not to read it. Those who fear ideas generally need only keep their minds closed.

Isn't it obvious to anyone that the dangers in censorship far outweigh the dubious advantages? In the first place, who is to be the censor? And how is he to decide what ideas are harmful?

The wrong person could suppress the political views of a particular party or the religious views of a certain church. It has happened before. Yet, despite censorship's clear evils, small but vocal groups continually demand more and stricter censorship.

To find out why, I think we have to go back to the last century. We pushed our frontiers as far as they would go, and began our great industrial growth. We ceased being a nation on the move and settled

continued



LOOK

“Don't blame the hard day at the office. You looked that way when you left this morning.”

Complete spaghetti dinner with the sauce all made:

1. Spaghetti Sauce

all made with the Chef's touch in it. 10 full ounces of complete sauce with lots of meat (or mushrooms). Nothing else to buy. Saves time — work — money!

2. Cheese — lots of it.

Aged and grated with the flavor of Italy in every sprinkle.

3. Spaghetti —

a full 8 ounces — cooks up quick and tender.



Everywhere
in U. S.
and Canada.

CHEF BOY-AR-DEE® Complete SPAGHETTI DINNERS — MEAT or MUSHROOM

A meal in a minute  with the Chef's touch in it.

The influence of special-interest groups has spread like a creeping paralysis

down. Social lines began to harden. The age of the individual passed, as the American people adapted a communal spirit to protect, not only life and property, but more subtle things like their future, their status and their reputation.

Our first labor unions were organized to protect workers against exploitation by management. Fraternal orders sprang up. Religious denominations formed lay auxiliaries. People of the same national extraction banded together. Business and professional societies sprang up everywhere. Naturally, each of these groups had its own special ax to grind.

Soon, their force was felt in the halls of government. As our communications media grew, the groups brought pressure to bear on them. Today, there are tens of thousands of pressure groups, and none is so small that it can be easily overlooked. Not only do they lobby for their own special aims, but they work against anyone who opposes or denigrates their cause, even indirectly or by oversight. The weapons they use often include charges of bias, bigotry and un-Americanism.

The influence of special-interest groups has spread like a creeping paralysis. I do not question the motives of these groups. From their point of view, their aims are sensible, and they benefit their members. But their means are valid only when these are seen isolated from the whole picture.

SECURITY IS THE WATCHWORD TODAY

Such minorities' forcing their will upon the majority is only half of the story. Without the complicity of the majority, the imposition of these minority views would be given short shrift. Why, then, do we put up with it? The answer is that, not too long ago, some of us made a pact with the devil. "I'll keep quiet and mind my business," we said, "if you'll just leave me alone."

Let's go back once more to the last century. With the growth of industry, little by little we came to have more material wealth to protect. But prior to World War I, we had little to protect it against. Of course, we could lose money through unwise investments, and we could lose our jobs through incompetence. There were few circumstances beyond our control, however, working to deprive us of our property and happiness. Even when we entered the war, it remained a distant threat for most of us. And in the twenties, America was fairly bursting with exuberance.

Then came the depression. In a matter of days, our boundless prosperity collapsed. In time, of course, that unfortunate period in our economic history passed. But the memory did not fade. Together, we vowed to protect ourselves and our possessions more carefully in the future. The Government created elaborate safeguards against the recurrence of economic disaster. We would no longer gamble with our security.

Today, we're hanging on to it. We have a booming economy. Most of us have the things we want: a car or two or three and a television and a freezer and a washer-drier and a hi-fi set. And there is peace in the world. It may be shaky, but it's peace nonetheless. So the one thing none of us wants to do is rock the boat. The one great danger in being outspoken is the possibility of stirring up passions and exciting people to action. So, rather than speak out for what we believe to be right, we compromise. We keep quiet lest something upset the precarious balance we have created. But in our anxiety to protect what we have, the boat we avoid rocking is rotting instead.

The late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy seized his chance because too many people believed, "If I keep quiet and look the other way, maybe he'll evaporate." Eventually, the Senator did evaporate as a political force, but not before he had done irreparable harm. I doubt that a McCarthy could ever have attained such heights in the days of Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln or Franklin D. Roosevelt.



all the meat is **beef**
in new
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Our 105th year.*

... so when you buy beef for the family
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New, nourishing, ever so much more tasty dog food. Your dog will love it ... thrive on it—new lickin'-good Pard. All the meat is *beef* in Pard.

Today, rather than the vigilant and aggressive eagle, our national symbol should be the three little monkeys "See-No-Evil, Hear-No-Evil, Speak-No-Evil." We are the great *status quo* nation. Unless we want to lose our precious freedoms, we must start rocking the boat. We're letting freedom of speech go by default. The habit we have formed of not speaking up is becoming increasingly more difficult to break. Remember, it's the habit of not exercising freedom that makes a people easy prey for dictators.

We in communications have more than a responsibility, we have an obligation, to present unpopular ideas too. We must use our monumental capacity for self-censorship to censor out the meaningless, the overqualified and the trite. It is up to us not to leave people in peace, but to nudge them all the time with new ideas and old ideas freshly presented. I would like to hear a discussion of agnosticism on the air. I would like to hear the segregationist point of view as well as that of the integrationists. I would like to hear someone discuss whether democracy as we know it really is the best form of government. How about matriarchy? Maybe women should run the country. Or maybe someone should present the case for vivisection or polygamy. How about prostitution? Is state-controlled prostitution better than furtive and unsupervised prostitution? What are the facts about gambling? How about minority groups? Perhaps certain foreign ethnic groups do lower our over-all standard of living. And maybe some doctors are quacks, and some lawyers, shysters. To me, it is essential that such ideas be brought into the open.

But don't leave it up to us in communications to save freedom of speech. If you in the audience use restraint in imposing your particular views on others and demand stimulating ideas, you'll get them. You cannot imagine the power of mail, for good or ill. Too many of the letters written to legislators, to newspapers and magazines and to television stations are the work of cranks complaining that they have been abused. The people who want more adult fare sit on their hands.

In large part, it's up to you whether we let freedom of speech go by default. The price of liberty is more than eternal vigilance. Freedom, like a muscle, must be exercised, lest it atrophy. Perhaps, if we work together to encourage the free expression of all ideas, good and bad, irritating and tranquilizing, in time we will be able to mean something when we talk of freedom of speech. END

BUTCH



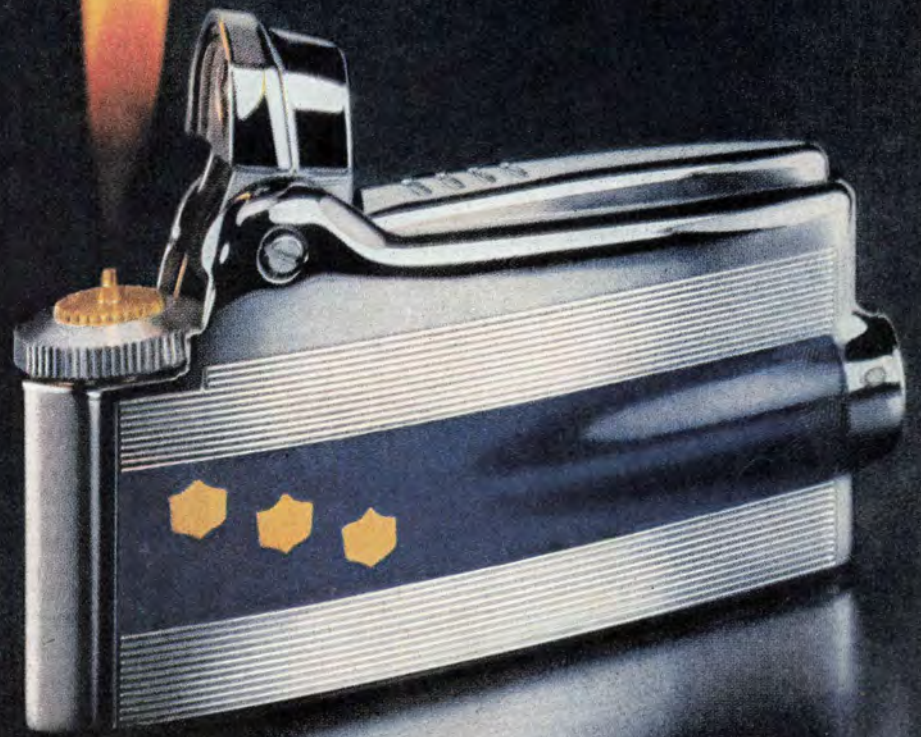
LOOK

LARRY REYNOLDS

"This is my last trip. If he wants any more, I've got a good mind to wake up his father."

new Ronson

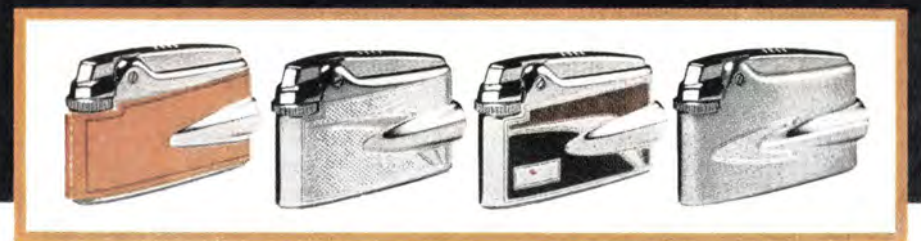
Varaflame!



new! Lights for months!

new! Adjustable flame!

new! Fuels in seconds!



new! Exciting styles!

Ronson's revolutionary Varaflame lights for months on a single butane fueling! Flame adjusts easily with fingertip control to any height desired for cigarettes, cigars or pipes. Ronson's economical new Multi-Fill contains enough Butron fuel for many refuelings. Fully guaranteed with a full year's free service policy. From \$14.95.

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FREE! Write to Ronson Corp., 1 Ronson Road, Woodbridge, N. J., for free illustrated folder on Ronson's new Butron Pocket and Table Lighters.

for best results use Ronson *Extra-Length* flints

ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

A new ball pen triumph featuring

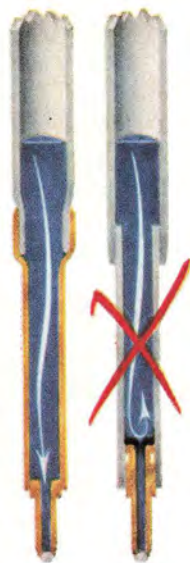
Three Scriptacular Discoveries

- ★ First ball pen with a Filter Tip! New long-bore tip filter flows the ink, keeps it coming fresh and clean to the last drop!
- ★ Pattern-grained, Perma-Textured ball, first to maintain true ball-bearing precision. So sure in its grip —so immune to wear, it adds years to trouble-free pen life!
- ★ New slim-wall transparent ink reservoir provides bonus capacity in a streamlined pen. Holds 50% more ink!



1 SCRIPTACULAR DISCOVERY

Probably the greatest advance since the ball pen itself. Built into the Scripto Escort is the world's first ball pen *Filter Tip*. And only Scripto has it. A long-bore brass tip that actually filters the ink all the way. Unlike ordinary short-bore tips that clog, you get a constant flow of fresh ink, clean down to the last drop.



2 SCRIPTACULAR DISCOVERY

Scripto's pioneering research has created the new Scripto Perma-Textured ball. This *pattern-grained* ball maintains true ball-bearing action. Practically immune to wear. Rolls *smooth*, grips *sure* for extra years of trouble-free efficient pen life.



3 SCRIPTACULAR DISCOVERY

A completely new kind of transparent ink reservoir that is a triumph of slim-wall design. It is no larger than ordinary cartridges on the *outside*. But Scripto's new Bonus Capacity construction creates a beautifully slender pen with more room *inside*. This transparent extra-capacity reservoir holds *50% more ink!* And you can always check your ink level at a glance.

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Scripto

Escort... \$1⁶⁹

EA5D05

There was a brief moment of shyness until the puppy extended a soft, white paw. Maria, six, was delighted. He was a perfect little gentleman, at first.



Girl meets dog

Maria Chandoha of Huntington, N. Y., had two brothers, one sister and four cats. Then a puppy came to visit. . . .



A puppy is wiggly and very affectionate, not at all like a cat, Maria discovers. She is suddenly unsure and shy again.

Too many moist, friendly kisses and small dog noises bring on a flood of bewildered tears. But no puppy wants to make a little girl cry.
continued





GIRL MEETS DOG *continued*

When a puppy sniffs around in a little girl's hair, it tickles. Now a white-tipped tail is wagging happily, and Maria's giggles fill the sunny garden.



Tears dissolve into wonderment as the puppy settles down to chew on Maria's shoe, being very careful not to hurt the toes inside.

A puppy can find ways to please a little girl

Who can tell when it is, exactly, that friendship turns to love? Maria now has two brothers, one sister, four cats and a dog.



END

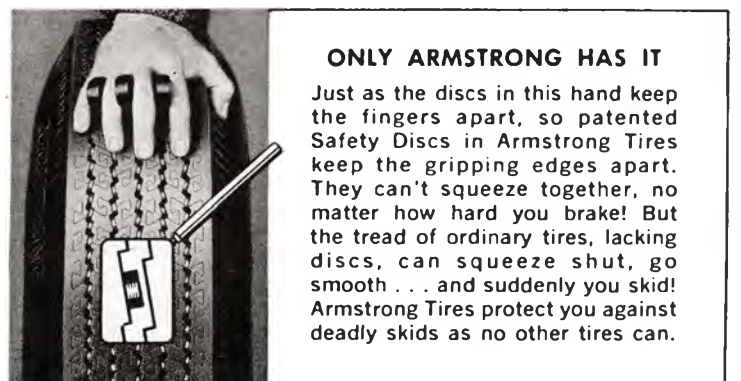
ARMSTRONG TIRES

“Ounce of Prevention” Safety Discs can save your life!



Grip the road to stop deadly skids as no other tires can!

Over 1,000 Safety Discs, built into each Armstrong Tire, keep the tread's gripping edges apart, *always* ready to grip. This gives you unmatched protection against skids, *today's commonest driving hazard* . . . keeps you safer on any road, in any weather. And compare the Guarantee! See your Armstrong dealer, listed in the Yellow Pages. **GET EXTRA SAFETY AT NO EXTRA COST.**



ONLY ARMSTRONG HAS IT

Just as the discs in this hand keep the fingers apart, so patented Safety Discs in Armstrong Tires keep the gripping edges apart. They can't squeeze together, no matter how hard you brake! But the tread of ordinary tires, lacking discs, can squeeze shut, go smooth . . . and suddenly you skid! Armstrong Tires protect you against deadly skids as no other tires can.



MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG *Pure-Foam* FOR FURNITURE AND BEDDING
HOME OFFICE - WEST HAVEN, CONNECTICUT



You can
light either end!

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

NO DRY
“SMOKED-OUT”
TASTE!

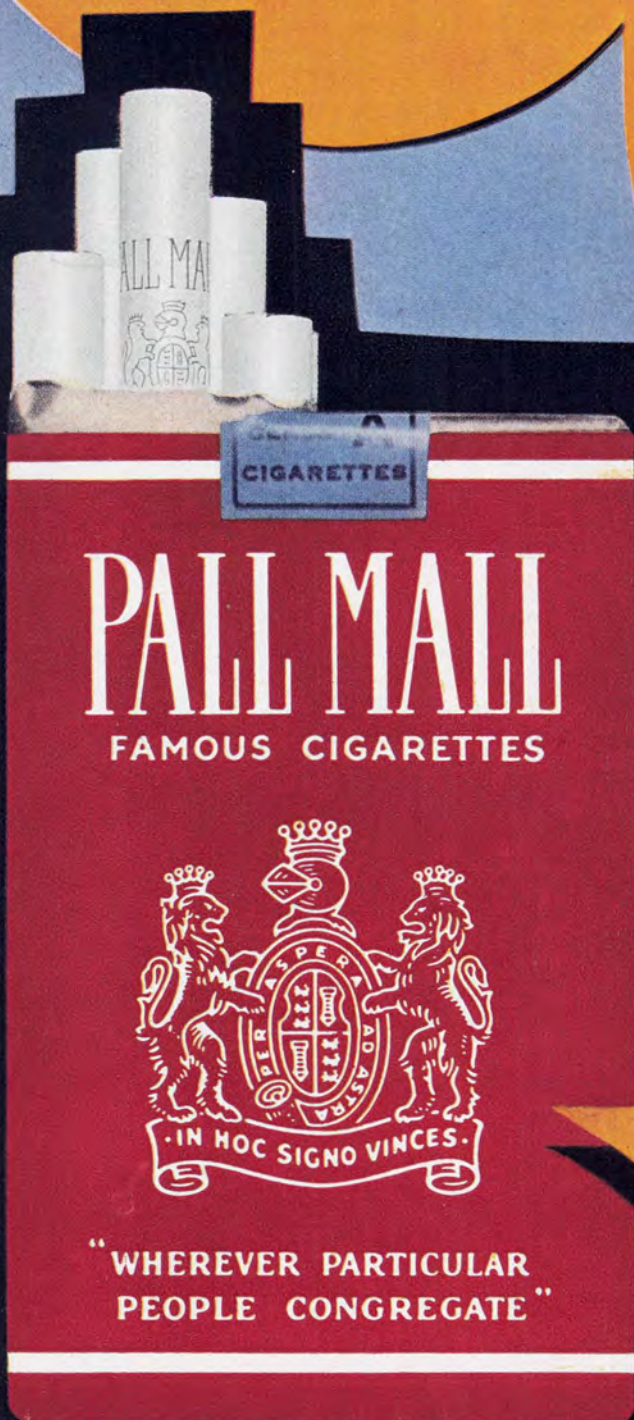
NO FLAT
“FILTERED-OUT”
FLAVOR!

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

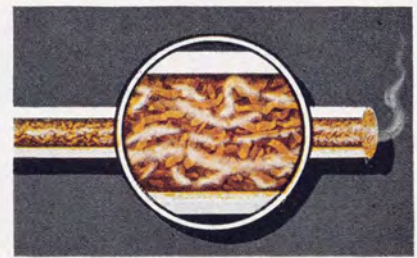


HERE'S WHY SMOKE

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



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



"TRAVELED" THROUGH FINE TOBACCO TASTES BEST

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

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

Outstanding
...and they are Mild!



“What a wonderful difference
freshness makes!”

Hey there, try today's RC! Sprightlier, fresher, with a delightfully less sweet taste all its own. Made the new-day, modern way—from fresh protected concentrate instead of perishable syrup. Have a fresh, frosty Royal Crown Cola. Have another!



the *fresher* refresher



BRIC- A- BRAC 1960

Artist Huldah and her "girls" pose in her white-and-gold Manhattan apartment. Painting in background typifies Huldah's romantic canvases.



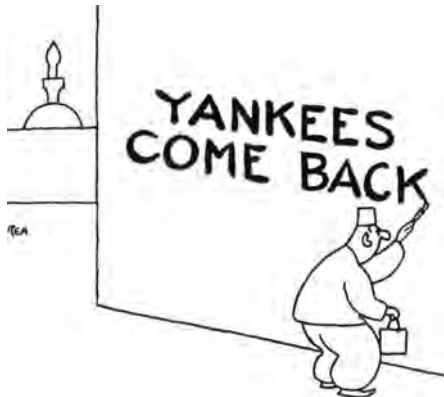
*New designs by Huldah
stimulate big interest in small, sentimental objects*

Bric-a-brac is big business. Just one New York bookstore has sold \$1,500,000 worth of museum sculpture reproductions since 1955. And in the past 10 years, Americans have bought over 20 million Hummel figurines of plump Bavarian children. Now the manufacturer of Hummels in West Germany has commissioned a new line from a popular U. S. artist who signs herself simply "Huldah." It includes ceramic figurines representing the four seasons, ash trays, candy, soap and powder dishes, lamp bases and dolls. All portray the "Huldah girl," the Degaslike creature familiar to millions of Americans, who have bought even more Huldah greeting cards than those designed by Grandma Moses and Winston Churchill.

Bric-a-brac best sellers, from top, left to right: museum reproduction of a T'ang Dynasty horse, Mayan museum copy, Scandinavian ceramic, miniature of Rodin's The Thinker, Staffordshire dog, Danish porcelain girl, 18th-century bisque busts, Meissen bird, Danish wooden monkey, Hummel boy, china horse and dog, Hummel girl, Arp torso, sculptured candle, "sick" Nebbish figurine, jade seals, Dresden porcelain group.

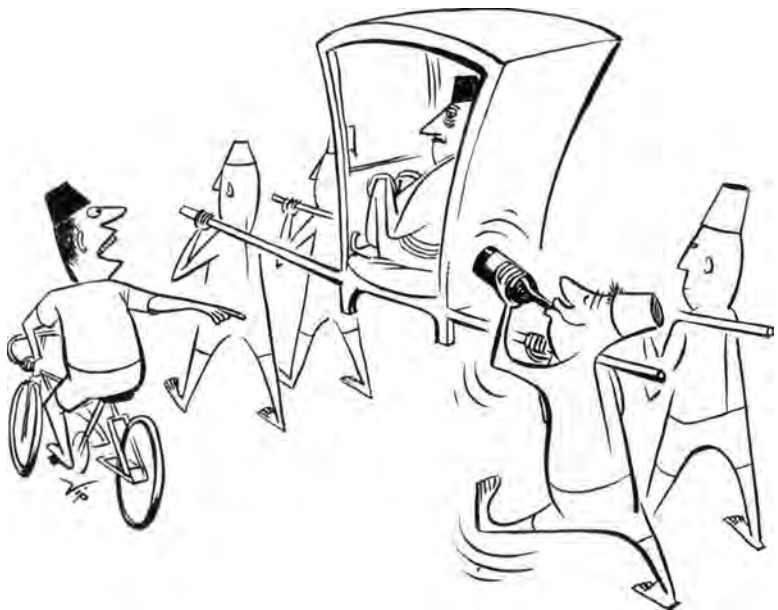
LOOK ON THE
Light Side

EDITED BY GURNEY WILLIAMS



LOOK

"So much for the primaries. Want to make another little bet on the election?"



LOOK

VIRGIL PARTCH

"You've got a wobbly left rear."

My Wife Doesn't Seem to Hear Me

"You should have heard me telling off the boss. 'J. R.,' I said, 'it's high time you gave me an assistant. It doesn't look right for one of your top executives to be running around like an errand boy—'"

"Did you remember to stop at the laundry?"

"Look at that crazy woman driver. Why doesn't she stop waving her arms and watch what she's doing?"

"Shut off your left-turn signal."

"My drive off the first tee was a beaut. I just missed par on that tough fifth hole, and the guys all remarked on my improved short game."

"How much money did you lose?"

"Sorry I'm late, dear, but you know how those conferences are—it's hard to get the fellows to break it up."

"Wipe that lipstick off your chin."

"I think we'd actually save money by getting a new car. This old jalopy needs a valve job, the rubber's down to the fabric, it would cost a fortune to fix the radiator and—"

"You need a haircut."

HAROLD COFFIN

Classified Skill

COUPLE—Woman to clean and cook handyman and driver. Good home. Pittsburgh (Pa.) Press

Why I Don't Tell Jokes Any More

This joke has to do with an arithmetic teacher who asked, "Willie, if I take three from seven, what's the difference?" To which Willie replied, "That's what I say. Who cares?"

The following people made these comments when I recounted the anecdote to them.

A fellow commuter: "Yeah. Did you read here about the dog in London that smokes cigarettes?"

My secretary: "Hah. There's a seedy character outside who looks as though he'd like to put the arm on you for a handout."

My barber: "The kid was stupid. He should have said four—right?"

My Aunt Daisy: "Children

don't show any respect for their elders these days. Now when I was—"

My wife: "Freddie's final report card came yesterday. He flunked geography."

Freddie: "Three what from seven what?"

FRED HOUSTON

Famous Lost Words

Coffee and cake will be served at the reception for Senator Humphrey. After the reception, he will make a public address in the main bathroom of the hotel.

Huntington (West Va.) Advertiser

In three days, Chilean-born ballerina Lupe Serrano learned a role that takes three weeks to learn and got the American Ballet theater out of a tight squeeze.

Dayton (Ohio) Daily News



LOOK

LEONARD DOVE

"It just shows you what having money can do."

WIN A FREE TRIP TO THE ALL-STAR GAME!!

2300 EXCITING PRIZES

GET A FREE BASEBALL TRADING COIN
ARMOUR
 STAR FRANKS

IN EVERY PACKAGE OF



20 FREE TRIPS FOR FIRST PLACE WINNERS -AND THEIR MOTHERS OR DADS- TO THE ALL-STAR GAME IN NEW YORK, JULY 13

You'll see many of New York's fabulous sights . . . have wonderful seats for the All-Star Game . . . meet famous Big Leaguers—IN PERSON—at the Armour Baseball Star Banquet.

IT'S SO EASY TO ENTER! Just complete the fourth line of this jingle, to rhyme with the third line:

FOR ARMOUR STAR FRANKS YOU'LL SAY HOORAY
 THEY BUILD UP ENERGY FOR WORK AND PLAY
 THEY'RE PROTEIN-RICH, SIZZLY-JUICY, TOO

 (Sample last line)
 THEIR OPEN FIRE FLAVOR'S JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!

Official entry blank and simple contest rules are on the Armour Star Franks package backboard. All entries must be postmarked no later than June 18—received no later than June 22.



actual size

SAVE 'EM TRADE 'EM 20 BASEBALL GREATS!

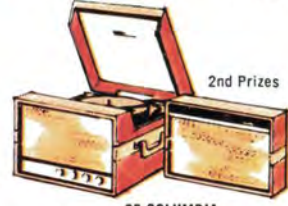
Famous Big Leaguers on handsome plastic coins. Their teams, their positions, their 1959 records.

AMERICAN LEAGUE		NATIONAL LEAGUE	
Nellie Fox	Chicago	Ernie Banks	Chicago
Al Kaline	Detroit	Ken Boyer	St. Louis
Bud Daley	Kansas City	Ed Mathews	Milwaukee
Mickey Mantle	New York	Don Drysdale	Los Angeles
Frank Malzone	Boston	Willie Mays	San Francisco
Bob Allison	Washington	Vada Pinson	Cincinnati
Gus Triandos	Baltimore	Gene Conley	Philadelphia
Rocky Colavito	Cleveland	Dick Stuart	Pittsburgh
Whitey Ford	New York	Del Crandall	Milwaukee
Early Wynn	Chicago	Hank Aaron	Milwaukee

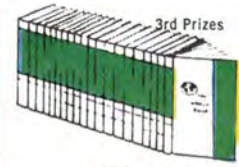


special FREE 10 coin offer for two backboards
 from Armour Star Franks packages—10 Free Assorted Baseball Star Coins. Details in package. This special offer expires July 2, 1960. Void where prohibited, restricted, or taxed.

2300 OTHER GREAT PRIZES!



2nd Prizes
 25 COLUMBIA Stereo Hi-Fi Portable Phonographs
 4-Speaker Stereo Sound System with remote speakers in "Swing-Out" section.



3rd Prizes
 25 Sets of THE WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA
 The 1960, 20 volume edition! Completely revised, up-to-date, authoritative!



4th Prizes
 50 fully-equipped Columbia "Thunderbolt" Bicycles
 Choice of Boys' or Girls' models. It's a dream of a bike in dazzling red enamel and chrome.



5th Prizes
 100 TYCO 8-Car Train Sets
 HO gauge, scale model. This 8-car beauty by TYCO features all the latest 1960 developments, including the "Bobbin' Brakeman."



6th Prizes
 100 SPALDING "Autograph Model" Baseball Gloves
 Right or left-hand model. Your choice of catchers' mitts, fielders' or first basemen's gloves.



7th Prizes
 1000 HANNA BATRITE Bats
 Baseball, Softball or Little League bats. Your choice of length and style.



8th Prizes
 1000 SPALDING Baseballs
 The only Official ball for all National League games!

Remember rhubarb?

*Cooks who
follow the seasons
can now enjoy
peak supplies of this
traditional
spring favorite*

It's no wonder that the word "rhubarb" has come to mean a heated disagreement in baseball. This colorful spring plant has a very contradictory personality. It is naturally tart, yet it is thought of primarily as a dessert. Historically, it has been used for medicinal purposes, yet its leaves are mildly toxic. And although most people look on this food as a fruit, it is really a vegetable related to buckwheat.

At the risk of further complicating its personality, LOOK suggests at right a new way to use rhubarb as an unusual chicken baste. For those who recall rhubarb with nostalgia, there are also three traditional recipes for this spring specialty, currently at its most abundant. Remember, rhubarb is also available frozen the year 'round.

Fresh now or frozen later, rhubarb has a tangy, different taste and refreshing color that will provide a nice change of pace in the routine of family meal planning.

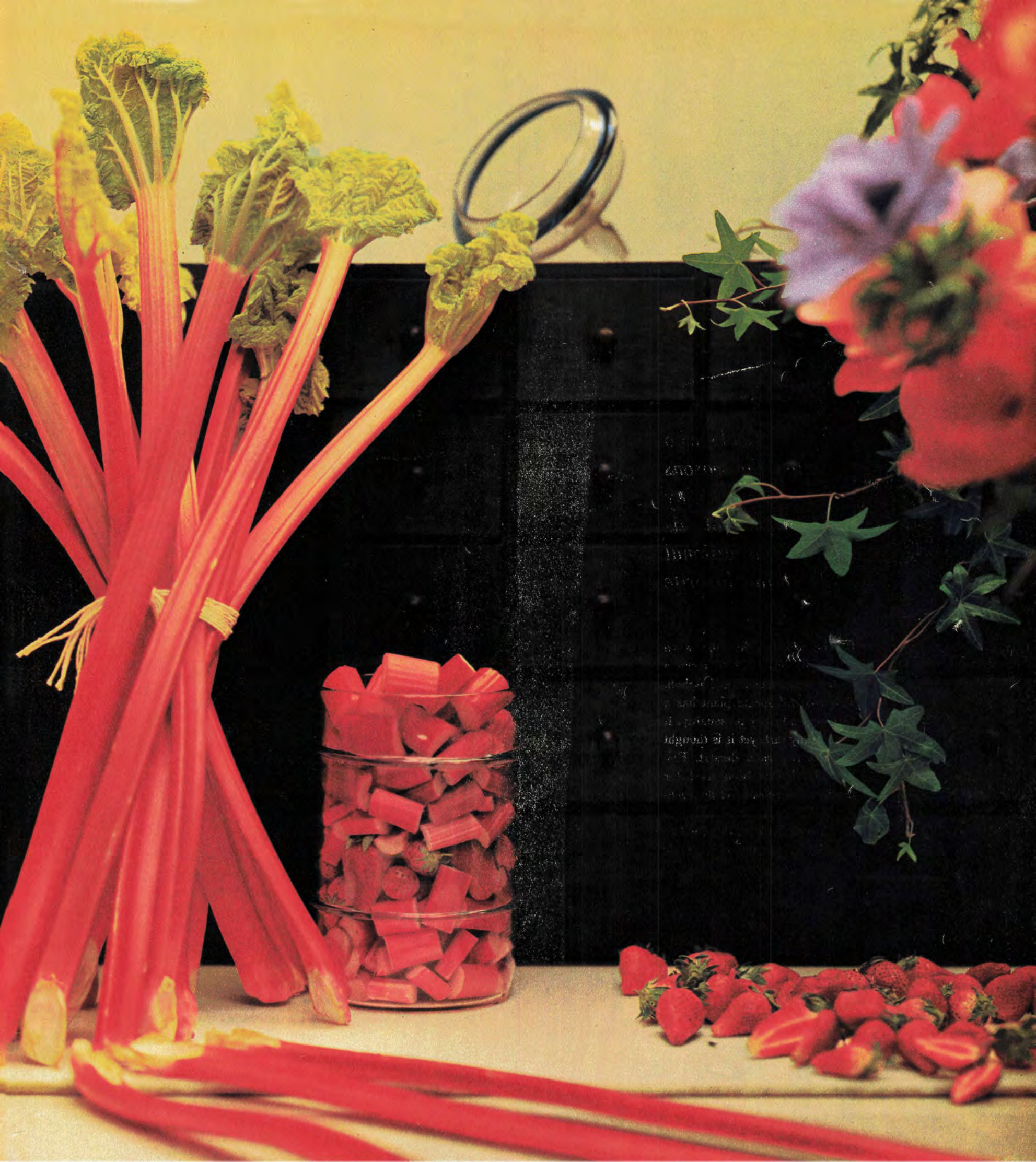
Chicken with Rhubarb: Brush 1 quartered broiling chicken well with melted butter or margarine; place in shallow pan, skin side down. Broil 15-20 minutes on each side, or until done, basting twice with melted butter, every 4-5 minutes with rhubarb baste and the pan drippings. Serves 2-4.

For rhubarb baste: Cut rhubarb stalks into 1-inch pieces to make 2 cups. Add 2 tsps. dry mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. each nutmeg, salt, 7 tbsps. brown sugar, 2 tbsps. each lemon juice, butter or margarine, 2 cups water. Cover; simmer 15 minutes.

Stewed Rhubarb: Cut rhubarb stalks into $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces to make 4 cups. Put in saucepan with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt; cover. Bring to boil; simmer 4 minutes. Add 10 tbsps. sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. ground cloves. Simmer, covered, 3-4 minutes, until just tender. Chill. Serves 4 as main-dish accompaniment or dessert.

Rhubarb-Strawberry Pie: Pre-heat oven to 425° F. Prepare 1 package piecrust mix (or use favorite recipe). Roll out half; line a 9-inch piepan. Fill with mixture of rhubarb stalks cut in 1-inch pieces to make $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups, 2 cups strawberries, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tbsps. minute tapioca, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. lemon juice, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. each nutmeg, cinnamon, salt. Roll out other half of dough; cut steam vents. Top pie; crimp edges. Bake 30 minutes, or until the crust is done.

Rhubarb Fool: Chop rhubarb stalks to make 4 cups. Add to $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water with $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. each salt, grated lemon rind. Cover; simmer 8-10 minutes. Purée mixture into saucepan. Add $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar; simmer 10 minutes more, or until thickened. Cool to lukewarm. Fold into 2 cups whipped cream. Chill. Serves 8.



A sure sign of spring: fresh, rosy rhubarb shown in the stalk and cut up, with strawberries, in a jar. Rhubarb, called pieplant because of its popularity as a pie filling, and strawberries are classic dessert mates.

PRODUCED BY MARILYN KAYTOR PHOTOGRAPHED BY STAN YOUNG

END



Slightly tapered Dacron-and-cotton pants, in a highly visible check pattern, team with polo shirt and sports jacket for country and resort wear.

Brilliant striped cotton "calfers" keep sun from overly sensitive knees. Loose fit and side slashes make for cool comfort.



Tattersall checks are a favorite with resorters. A dark shirt sets off light pants.



For spectator sports events at vacation spots bold overplaid Bermuda shorts.

The long and short of summer pants



There's no doubt about who will be wearing the pants in the family this summer: It's the man. As shown here, pants went to all lengths and patterns in Palm Beach during the height of the winter social season. Soon the same styles will become wardrobe mainstays of sophisticated resorters for summer week ends and vacations around the rest of the country.

The new pants come in short, long and calf lengths, in vigorous stripes, loud checks and oversized plaids. Correctly proportioned and carefully tailored, they have a look of well-bred informality. All are cool, comfortable and lightweight, of washable cotton and blends. Fabrics, which are made to hold a crease, yet resist wrinkles, will keep the pants crisp and clean-cut.

END

PRODUCED BY PERKINS H. BAILEY

Which FRIGIDAIRE



Check the model that's right for your family, your kitchen! Then tear out this advertisement and take it

Refrigerator is for your family?



HERE'S YOUR SHOPPING GUIDE from the most famous name in refrigeration! Choose your favorite right now during your Dealer's **FRIGIDAIRE EXTRA VALUE DAYS!** Sixteen different models and sizes, all with new Sculptured Sheer Look, new air-tight Magnetic Door Seal, famous Frigidaire Meter-Miser cold maker. You're bound to find one that's exactly right for your family, your budget!

Want extra value, top quality at a budget price?

Choose one of *six* stunning new Frigidaire DeLuxe and Super Refrigerator models with Dial Defrosting at a price your budget will cheer—as little as \$2.06 a week!*

- 1 DeLuxe Model DA-13-60. 3 full-width removable shelves. Twin Hydrators. 12.97 cu. ft. overall. 70-lb. top freezer chest. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 2 DeLuxe Model D-11-60. Big full-width Hydrator. Meat Tender holds nearly 10 lbs. 2 Quickube Ice Trays. 10.87 cu. ft. overall. 61-lb. top freezer chest. H-64"; W-28"; D-28³/₄".
- 3 DeLuxe Model DA-11-60. Sliding Chill Drawer and Meat Tender. 5 Lift-off aluminum Door Shelf fronts. 10.87 cu. ft. overall. 61-lb. top freezer chest. H-64"; W-28"; D-28³/₄".
- 4 Super Model S-9-60. Full-width Glide-Out Hydrator. Butter Compartment. 2 Quickube Ice Trays. 9.00 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H-57¹/₂"; W-24"; D-28³/₄".
- 5 Super Model SS-9-60. 4 Door Shelves with Lift-off aluminum fronts. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. Two 14-cube ice trays. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H-57¹/₂"; W-24"; D-28³/₄".
- 6 Super Model SA-9-60. New Magnetic Door Seal for better cold-keeping. Sliding Chill Drawer. 4 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 9.10 cu. ft. overall. 37-lb. top freezer chest. H-57¹/₂"; W-24"; D-28³/₄".

Want the most convenient automatic defrosting?

Make yours one of these *five* new Frigidaire Refrigerator-Freezer combinations. Each with separate zero zone freezer and Cyclo-matic, self-defrosting refrigerator section. New, advanced features everywhere. Prices as low as \$3.63 a week!*

- 7 Combination Model FI-13T-60 shown in Sunny Yellow. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 2 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 8 Combination Model FD-13T-60. 3 all-aluminum, removable shelves. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 2 removable Egg Servers. 12.60 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 86-lb. top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 9 Combination Model FDA-13T-60. Twin moist-cold Hydrators. 4 full-width removable shelves. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 12.51 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 88-lb. across-the-top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 10 Combination Model FD-13-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 5 full-width Door Shelves with Lift-off fronts. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. 12.68 cu. ft. overall. 60-lb. across-the-top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 11 Combination Model FD-11-60. Full-width moist-cold Hydrator. 5 Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. 10.50 cu. ft. overall. 44-lb. across-the-top freezer. H-64"; W-28"; D-28³/₄".

Want guaranteed† Foodkeeping without Frost?

No frost at all! No frost in the freezer! No frost in the refrigerator! *No messy defrosting ever!* Advanced features! Choose one of *five* sensational new **FROST-PROOF** models—with top or bottom freezer—and never defrost again! Many in 5 colors or white. Prices as low as \$5.10 a week.*

- 12 FROST-PROOF Model FPI-15B-60 shown in Mayfair Pink. 3 whisper-quiet Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 14.54 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H-69³/₄"; W-32"; D-29¹/₈".
- 13 FROST-PROOF Model FPI-13B-60 shown in Aztec Copper. Flip-Quick Ice Ejector. 2 all-usable Roll-to-You Shelves. Flowing Cold Meat Tender. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 150-lb. bottom freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-29¹/₈".
- 14 FROST-PROOF Model FPD-13B-60. Huge Roll-to-You Freezer Basket. Butter Compartment. 2 removable Egg Servers. Twin Hydrators. 13.20 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 149-lb. bottom freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-29¹/₈".
- 15 FROST-PROOF Model FPI-13T-60 shown in Turquoise. New Flowing Cold Meat Tender. Two all-aluminum Roll-to-You Shelves. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".
- 16 FROST-PROOF Model FPD-13T-60. Twin Glide-Out Hydrators. Lift-off Door Shelf fronts. Butter, Utility Compartments. 13.10 cu. ft. overall. 2 doors. 96-lb. top freezer. H-64"; W-32"; D-28³/₄".

†Only Frigidaire guarantees Foodkeeping without Frost! The exclusive FROST-PROOF system will prevent build-up of frost inside the Frigidaire FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer. Without any cost to owner or user, at any time within one year from date of delivery, Frigidaire will make all necessary adjustments to the FROST-PROOF Refrigerator-Freezer to prevent accumulation of frost.

* After small down payment. Ask your Frigidaire Dealer about prices and terms to suit your budget!



FRIGIDAIRE
PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

Advanced Appliances... Designed with You in Mind

with you to your nearest Frigidaire Dealer during **FRIGIDAIRE EXTRA VALUE DAYS!**

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. SIX YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM - DISTILLERS COMPANY, N. Y. C.



SINCE 1857



THROUGHOUT THE WORLD
*known by
the company
it keeps*

Seagram's

VO

*Imported
Canadian Whisky*



SEAGRAM'S V. O. IMPORTED IN THE BOTTLE FROM CANADA.

flee!



MEN'S COMPANION CASE, \$16.95 TWO-SUITER, \$24.95 BEAUTY CASE, \$14.95 LADIES' WARDROBE, \$24.95

Get away from it all—to Tahiti, Bali, or Napoli—with adventure-loving Streamlite Luggage. Triple-strength construction and scuff-resistant vinyl coverings make Streamlite good for thousands of miles. Streamlite saves you money, too: from \$14.95! Saddle Tan, Rawhide Finish, Colorado Brown, Ebony Grey, Hawaiian Blue. 7 spirited styles for women, 4 for men—in the classic design that never goes out of style.



Samsonite Streamlite NOW AT NEW LOW PRICES!

©1960 Shwayder Bros., Inc., Luggage Division, Denver, Colo. Makers of Samsonite Folding Furniture. Prices plus existing taxes. In Canada thru Samsonite of Canada, Ltd., Stratford, Ont. Prices slightly higher.



Fashions reflect modern art

Splashy panels of color will brighten the fashion picture this summer. Like the modern-art techniques that influenced their design, these clothes achieve shock effects with clean-cut lines and bold, mixed-up colors. Above, repeating the vivid multicolor theme of a free-form wooden cutout, is a two-piece pants-dress of Irish linen (Richard Cole, \$45). Simple accessories and artful make-up complement the stylized chic of this new look.



Look comments: Don't make an exhibition of yourself. Mix loud colors with quiet come-hither.

PRODUCED BY SUSANNE KIRTLAND
PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL A. VACCARO



Irish-linen blouson sheath (Estevez, \$55, above) merges three blues against an impressionist blur of mobile ribbons. At left, sports clothes echo the colors of a painted plaster abstraction. Multicolor Irish-linen shorts combine with a yellow top (Jamison Classics, \$26 complete); a harlequin cotton tunic tops yellow tapered pants (Robert Sloan, \$27 complete). Hats by Gobbi.

Three-dimensional collage of paper and glass (right) gains a fashionable fourth dimension by framing a concisely cut "tricolor" sheath of linen and silk (B. H. Wragge, \$65). Below, cool sea tones divide a silk-Shantung dress along flattering vertical lines (Jamison Classics, \$50). Ribbon serpentine evoke dribble-and-drip school of painting. The marble-sized beads by Cadore restate the dress colors.





Critics lament that more and more colleges are run by “men of management” rather than ideas. Here is a good, old-fashioned idea man.

By LAURA BERGQUIST
LOOK STAFF WRITER

What is a college president?

ICY WINDS of the North and South Poles have weathered the rugged, handsome face of Dr. Laurence M. Gould. The civilian chief of the U. S. expedition to the Antarctic in 1957-58 is, at 63, one of the world's legendary explorers. Fifteen years ago, he “reluctantly” gave up teaching geology to become president of Carleton College in Northfield, Minn. He misses teaching, but he has found that “discovering good teachers is a college president's reward. You do well to turn up three great ones in a lifetime.” He is now busy raising \$10 million by '62 to increase faculty salaries and expand the 1,000-student capacity to 1,300.

Dr. Gould dons his academic gown, symbol of the scholar, before entering chapel.

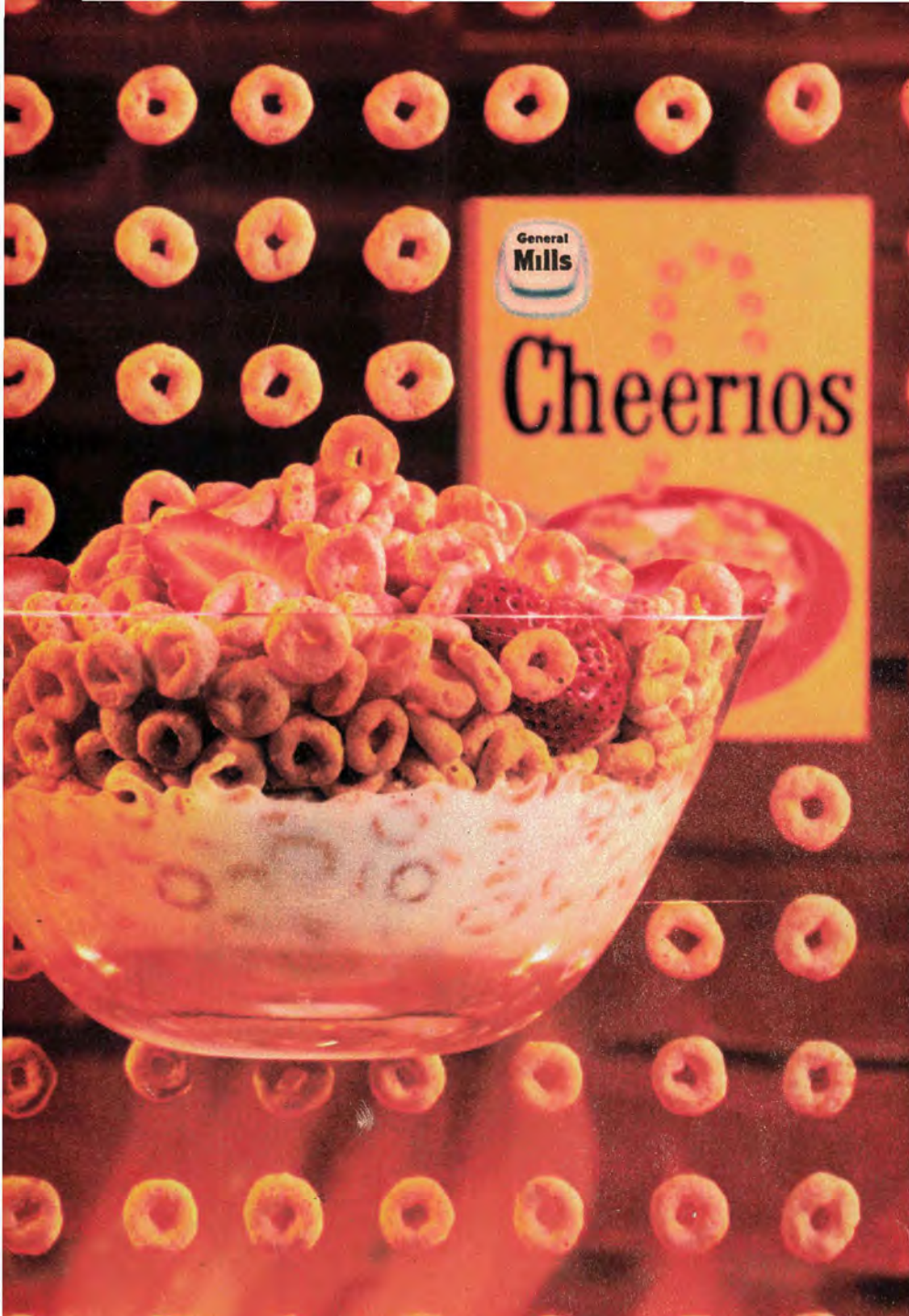


continued

New Kraft Barbecue Sauce simmers real cook-out flavor right into the meat!



When it starts to simmer, the flavors really speak up. This is the barbecue sauce that gives you the flavor you cook outdoors to get. The Kraft cooks made it that way—with nineteen herbs and spices. And once it's on the fire, those simmering spice flavors seep right in and keep the meat juicy. Try new Kraft Barbecue Sauce in your kitchen, too; cooks who do say that it brings its real cook-out flavor right indoors—and what could be better than that?



**TOASTING THE PROTEIN
OF OATS GIVES CHEERIOS
THE BEST FLAVOR!**

Foods rich in protein reach their fullest flavor only when that protein is heated just right. So Cheerios takes oats, the cereal grain with the most protein, shapes them all round for perfect toasting, and toasts them crisply all 'round. That's what brings out Cheerios' delicious toasted oat taste—*toasted protein flavor!* Know your oats—go for Cheerios!



The above spoof of undergraduate types now rife on Carleton's campus was staged by students themselves. Absent are such old-fashioned varieties as the social protesters of the 1930's, the earnest ex-GIs who flooded classes in

COLLEGE PRESIDENT continued

Isolated Carleton has been

The big, competitive race to get into college is on in full force at Carleton. During the past two springs, upwards of 1,300 high-school seniors have applied for entrance to the small (300) freshman class. This entails some personal ordeals for Laurence Gould, whose office phone shrills with calls from disturbed parents and alumni who beg, or demand, that he admit their children. ("People think every problem in a small college must be handled by the president," he says ruefully.)

A big Carleton attraction, apart from high academic standards, is a democratic, relaxed social life. Fraternities and sororities have been abolished. No student is permitted to drive a car. Northfield, nearby, is a sleepy Minnesota town that offers few gay diversions, and the big twin cities of Minneapolis and Saint Paul are 40 safe miles away. This isolation turns Carleton, to quote Dr. Gould himself, into something of a "coed monastery," where study is undistracted and fun must take place on campus. Topflight concert artists, lecturers and jazz musicians of Duke Ellington caliber come through with commuter-train regularity, but still some students grouse that life is "too monastic." Lamented one boy, "You take a girl out once, and you're going steady." A dean suggests, "Why not have a social revolution at dances and bring back the good old stag line? You



the '40's and delegates from the '50's "beat generation." "Our students tend to be very, very serious," says President Gould. "They are far more conformist than their predecessors. Not many stand up and shout for big causes."

called a "coed monastery"

have so much initiative in your studies. Why not in your social life?"

To lampoon student activities in Dr. Gould's college, a handful of young Carletonians set up the elaborate live comic strip above, with the new library as backdrop. At far left, the perennially egocentric BMOC, in a "C" sweater, suffers the attentions of pretty women. Perched in the tree in striped sweater is the Hi-Fi Addict, whose records, turned up loud, make dorm life hideous. The All American Coed, who rockets around the carless campus on a bicycle, wears her daytime uniform—sweat shirt and dirty tennis shoes. Next is the Male Fashion Plate, correctly Ivy League down to derby and umbrella; behind him, the frantic All-Around Athlete, driven to go out for football, hockey, tennis, EVERYTHING. On the topmost branch of the tree snoozes the Sackhound, for whom sleep is life's greatest joy. Below, three guitar players sing folk songs, flanked by a Nature Boy, left, and a studious Bookie, right. The Big Campus Politico wields his gavel, while the Bridge Hounds, just behind, silently play their ump-teenth rubber. Young Lovers (kneeling) find indispensable a blanket and beer-filled cooler, which they tote to the wooded privacy of the college arboretum. At right are two extreme female types—the Campus Belle, paroled and petticoated, and the grimly earnest Modern Dancers in leotards.

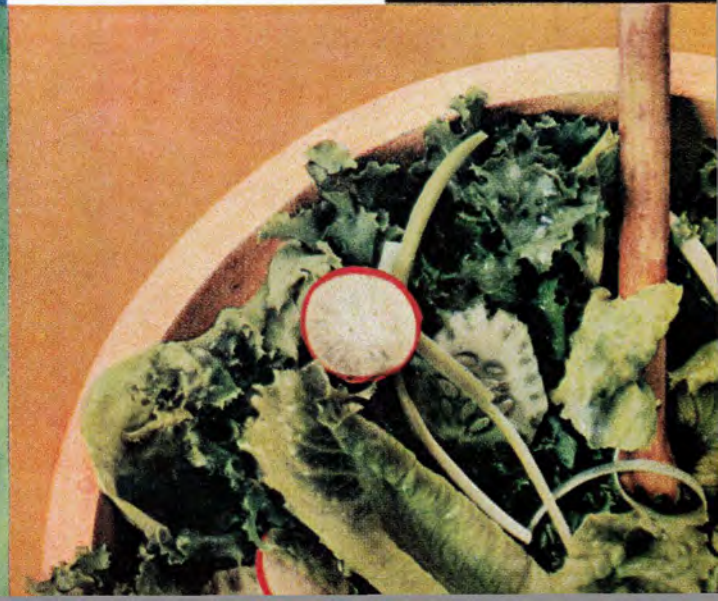
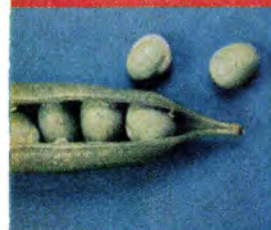
continued



Any
spring
vegetable
worth its
salt is worth



When it rains it pours



nobody's done so much to make — and keep — you happy

Chevrolet, for example, knows that people like lots of room and concentrated on seating space instead of outside bulk. And, of all the leading low-priced cars, Chevy's the only one that gives you the hushed comfort that comes from Full Coil springs at all four wheels and "tuned" butyl rubber body mounts. Little things, you may think, until you drive a Chevy and feel the velvety result. Your dealer's got all the details on the things that Chevy's done to make you happy (including budget-pleasing prices for '60):

Roomier Body by Fisher with a lower and narrower transmission tunnel that gives you more foot room.

Pride-pleasing style (you'll like the way it combines good looks with good sense—just look at that easier-to-load vacation-sized trunk, for instance).

New Economy Turbo-Fire V8 (makes friends fast by getting up to 10% more miles on a gallon of regular).

Widest choice of engines and transmissions (24 combinations in all—to satisfy the most finicky driver).

Hi-Thrift 6 (built, of course, with Chevy's ever-faithful dependability).

Coil springs at all 4 wheels (with the extra cushioning of newly designed body mounts, Chevrolet almost lets you forget there's a road under you).

Quicker stopping Safety-Master brakes (surer stops with less pedal pressure—another reason Chevy's the kind of friend you can count on).



*Chevrolet Division
of General Motors,
Detroit 2, Michigan*



there's nothing like a new car—and no new car like a '60 Chevrolet. The Bel Air 4-Door Sedan.

Air Conditioning—temperatures made to order—for all-weather comfort. Get a demonstration.



COLLEGE PRESIDENT
continued

He pauses, en route to a concert by the Carleton orchestra, to listen to last-minute practicing by earnest lady flautists.

Watching a freshman-sophomore tug of war, he wears red hat, given by admirers on "Larry Gould Day."

His is a warm, fatherly presence

A good small college, thinks Dr. Gould, offers a student "excellence plus intimacy." There can be free, friendly intellectual and social contact between faculty and students. "I went to a big state school," he says, "the University of Michigan, where I was a spectator of events. But smallness itself is no virtue — some of the worst education in America is being given in small colleges!"

His personal relations with Carletonians, past and present, are warm and paternal (he has no children of his own). An able young junior, worried about financial problems, found herself one day in the President's office, chatting about her troubles. "I don't know how Dr. Gould found out," she says, "but all my life I'll remember that this very busy, important man took time out to worry about me."

In the college paper, Dr. Gould is often cartooned affectionately as a penguin (a large stuffed emperor penguin adorns his living room). On "Larry Gould Day" each spring, faculty and students break out in red wearing apparel, honoring his remark that "I like any color as long as it's red." But study is the biggest campus preoccupation. Courses are stiff: the emphasis on the humanities is strong. More than half of the seniors go on for graduate work in universities. The class of '60 alone reaped eight Woodrow Wilson Fellowships, six National Science Foundation Scholarships and at least two Fulbright Scholarships. Dr. Gould's one concern about his hard-working scholars: "We've created a generation whose chief aim is security, in a world which is changing so rapidly that security is impossible."



This is not Golden Gate Bridge



Something is missing

no depth, no color, no feeling of being there. Only thru the magic of View-Master stereo color can you experience the breath-taking reality of seeing what you see!

Your View-Master dealer can show you the complete array of exciting and entertaining stereo color scenic pictures and children's picture stories that are now available. There's a wonderful experience in store for every age, every taste. Drop in today. Let your View-Master dealer show you "The world at your fingertip" in stereo color.

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View-Master Model "E" Viewer complete with seven free stereo color scenes \$1.75



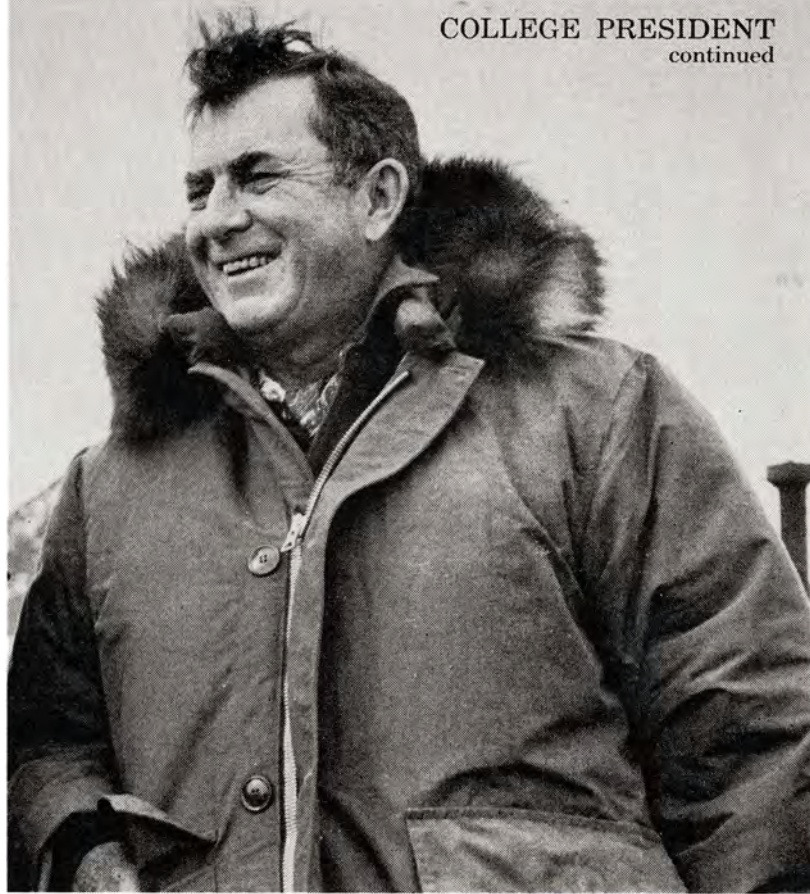
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COLLEGE PRESIDENT continued



Gould, here in polar uniform, was cited by Explorers Club as a scientist who excelled in the "era of dog-sled exploring—and that of electronics."

A scientist "by accident"

Men become presidents of the nation's 1,800 colleges and universities by curious routes. The guardians of the nation's young brains range from a theologian like Dr. Nathan Pusey of Harvard to a general named Eisenhower, who ran Columbia for a spell. Dr. Gould points out that both his own scientific and presidential careers were rather "accidental." He had set out to study law, at Michigan, when a topflight geology professor hired him part time to stoke his furnace. Thus was his interest in science whetted. By 1928, at 32, he went off to explore the Antarctic for two years, as second in command to Adm. Richard Byrd, who named an icy peak "Mt. Gould" for him. In 1957-58, he was the driving power behind U. S. Antarctic explorations during the International Geophysical Year.

"I feel best in weather that makes me shiver," Gould says, and those isolated months, he feels, "refreshed me both mentally and physically. A college administrator needs sabbatical leaves just as much as teachers do. It is easy to get so involved in the job that you lose proportion. As a teacher, you can absorb spiritual energy from your students. As president, you are constantly giving out."

Over and above his international reputation as a polar scientist, Gould is one of America's most influential academicians: national president of Phi Beta Kappa, a trustee of the Ford Foundation and of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, a member of the National Science Board. These posts take him away from campus for long stretches, as does fund raising. A consummate artist at extracting large sums of money from donors, he has almost singlehandedly raised half the \$10 million Carleton desperately needs for such physical improvements as new dormitories, physics and biology labs, a campus theater. Gould admirers often say he has the talent to be "anything," from a big industrial tycoon to a U. S. senator. But education is his overriding concern. "Our civilization will perish," he said recently, "unless the scholar replaces the salesman as its spokesman. We pay lip service to spiritual values in America—but we give top priority to mink coats and Cadillacs." And: "There is no excuse for a small private college any more, unless it specializes in excellence and sets standards. Free of political control, it can experiment with curriculum and ideas and be a bearer of values. If America's academic life accepts the mores of the market place, we are really sunk."

continued



LINDA COUCH, Freshman, Univ. of Tampa, Tampa, Fla. says:

"Just before a talent contest, blemishes broke out on my face. I was going to quit, but my dad brought home a tube of Clearasil. The next day, my skin looked better and by contest time it was completely clear."

Linda Couch

SCIENTIFIC CLEARASIL MEDICATION

'STARVES' PIMPLES

SKIN-COLORED, Hides pimples while it works

CLEARASIL is the new-type medication especially for pimples. It gives you the effective medications prescribed by leading Skin Specialists, and clinical tests prove it really works.

HOW CLEARASIL WORKS FAST



1. **Penetrates pimples.** Keratolytic action softens, dissolves affected skin tissue so medications can penetrate. Encourages quick growth of healthy, smooth skin!



2. **Stops bacteria.** Anti-septic action stops growth of the bacteria that can cause and spread pimples . . . helps prevent further pimple outbreaks!



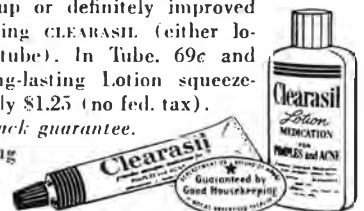
3. **'Starves' pimples.** Oil-absorbing action 'starves' pimples . . . dries up, helps remove excess oil that 'feeds' pimples . . . works fast to clear pimples!

'Floats' Out Blackheads. CLEARASIL softens and loosens blackheads so they float out with normal washing.

Proved by Skin Specialists! In tests on over 300 patients, 9 out of every 10 cases were cleared up or definitely improved while using CLEARASIL (either lotion or tube). In Tube, 69¢ and 98¢. Long-lasting Lotion squeeze-bottle only \$1.25 (no fed. tax).

Money-back guarantee.

At all drug counters.



LARGEST-SELLING BECAUSE IT REALLY WORKS

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch—Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain—without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in suppository or ointment form under the name Preparation H.* Ask for it at all drug counters—money back guarantee.*⁽⁹⁾

How to be smart when you buy an air conditioner

These RCA WHIRLPOOL dealers tell you what to look for and what to avoid if you plan to buy an air conditioner

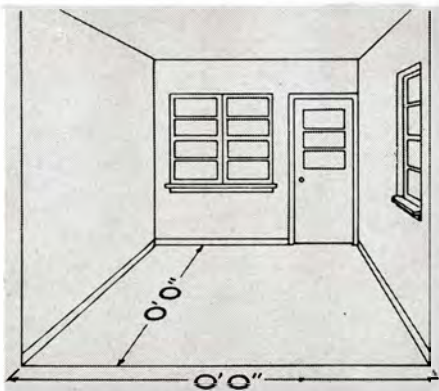
If you have already decided to buy an air conditioner, chances are the reason is simply that you want to be cooler in the hot, muggy days ahead.

But before you decide on *which* air conditioner to buy, there are several important things you should know—and think about.

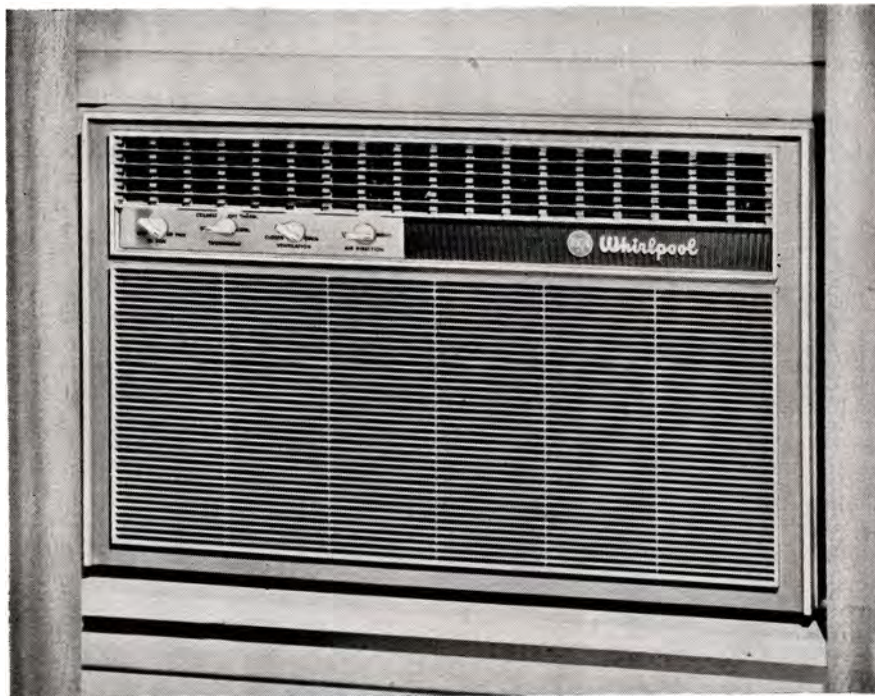
There's more to air conditioning than cooling

A truly modern air conditioner, like the RCA WHIRLPOOL shown here, not only cools—but also circulates and exhausts air, dehumidifies air and even helps heat your room in winter. Each of these functions is important to your comfort and well-being. You should make certain the air conditioner you select performs them all—effectively.

How to make sure you're buying the right size



Air conditioning talk is full of confusing phrases—BTU'S . . . coil area . . . ampere rating and on and on. To make certain you get the right size air conditioner, simply measure the length of your room and the width, then multiply one by the other. The result you get in square feet is the only figure you need. For example, the new RCA WHIRLPOOL air conditioners will effectively cool rooms ranging up to 1150 sq. ft. If your area is larger, two or more conditioners may be needed. *A word of caution:* room conditions often affect cooling requirements. Large glass areas, heavy sun exposures and the like may make a larger-capacity conditioner necessary. Your RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer can best advise you about all these factors.



Easy way to compare features

This easy-to-read chart covers the important features of an air conditioner—shows you exactly what every RCA WHIRLPOOL can and will do. Take it along when you shop. It will make your decision easier.

DESCRIPTION	CP-100B-2	C-100B-2	C-100B-3	C-120B-3	C-200B-3	C-230B-3
Compressor h.p.	1	1	1	1	2	2 1/4
BTU rating—cooling (NEMA)*	6,800	8,700	9,700	12,500	14,500	16,500
Moisture removal pts. per hour	2.4	2.8	3.1	3.9	4.5	5.3
Room air circulation c.f.m.	225	275	275	380	390	400
Exhaust c.f.m.	75	90	90	125	130	135
Fan speeds	2	2	2	2	2	2
Volts, 60-cycle	115	115	230	230	230	230
Amperes	7.5	12.0	7.0	8.9	12.0	12.0
Watts	900	1300	1500	1650	2200	2450

*NEMA standard CN-1 1958

Don't buy on price alone

Any appliance that affects your health and well-being is important. You should carefully balance price with other important factors like: Is it easy

to operate? How expensive is it to operate? How quiet? How trouble-free? Who makes it? All are important if you are to get real value for your dollar.

If you have any more questions about air conditioners, visit any nearby RCA WHIRLPOOL dealer. He'll give you the straight facts—without any obligation.

Your family will love our family of home appliances



Use of trademarks (RCA) and RCA by Whirlpool Corporation, manufacturer of RCA WHIRLPOOL appliances, authorized by Radio Corporation of America.



Here are the RCA WHIRLPOOL Air Conditioning dealers in your area:

CALIFORNIA

Burbank
Burbank Appliance
3110 N. San Fernando Rd. Thornwall 2-5266
Clovers Furniture
625 N. San Fernando Rd. Thornwall 5-2401

Chico
Omeara & Copelin
1360 E. First Avenue FI 3-1161

Covina
Builders Emporium
1010 San Bernardino Rd. Edgewood 1-7381

Fresno
Chelfs Builders Supply
2430 E. McKinley AM 6-9986
New England Sheet Metal
401 Fulton AM 8-7377
Sierra Supply
3244 E. Belmont CL 1-7174

Gridley
Cal. Central Liquid Gas Company Phone 5661
Coplin TV Phone 2493

Lodi
Reos Appliance
7 West Oak EN 8-2633

Los Angeles
California Appliance Mdse. Corp.
7007 Melrose Avenue Webster 8-2151
California Wholesale Electric
2548 Yates Avenue Raymond 3-6711
Eastside Sales
134 So. Atlantic Thornwall 5-2401
Great Western Television
3571 W. Third Street Dunkirk 5-2467
Lark Sales
312 W. 2nd Street Madison 6-4177
Tamura Company
3420 W. Jefferson Republic 1-7261
White Front Stores
7651 So. Central Avenue Ludlow 3-6011

Madison
Karlstad Supply MO 2-6804

Modesto
Phillips Electric LA 3-9116
116 W. Orangeburg

Montclair
Union Store
9135 Central Avenue

Oakdale
Utility Butane VI 7-3001
102 F. Street

Pasadena
Royal Television Sycamore 6-6175
1509 E. Colorado

Red Bluff
Red Bluff Gas Company LA 7-2275
406 Walnut Street

Riverside
Builders Emporium Overland 4-8484
3531 Plaza Mall

Sacramento
Quality Gas GA 1-0974
6042 Stockton Blvd.

Stockton
Appliance Center HO 6-4721
701 E. Weber Street
Dunlaps Hardware HO 5-5707
231 N. California Street
Valley Insulation HO 6-9703
561 E. Harding Way

Tarzana
Corbin Appliance Dickens 5-2192
19613 Ventura Blvd.

Van Nuys
A. T. A. Store State 6-2061
6261 Van Nuys Blvd.
Builders Emporium Triangle 3-1250
5960 Sepulveda
White Front Stores State 2-7000
16040 Sherman Way

Visalia
Cross-Horlock RE 4759
116 E. Main

Willows
Westside Tractor WE 4-3331
505 South Tehama Street

HAWAII

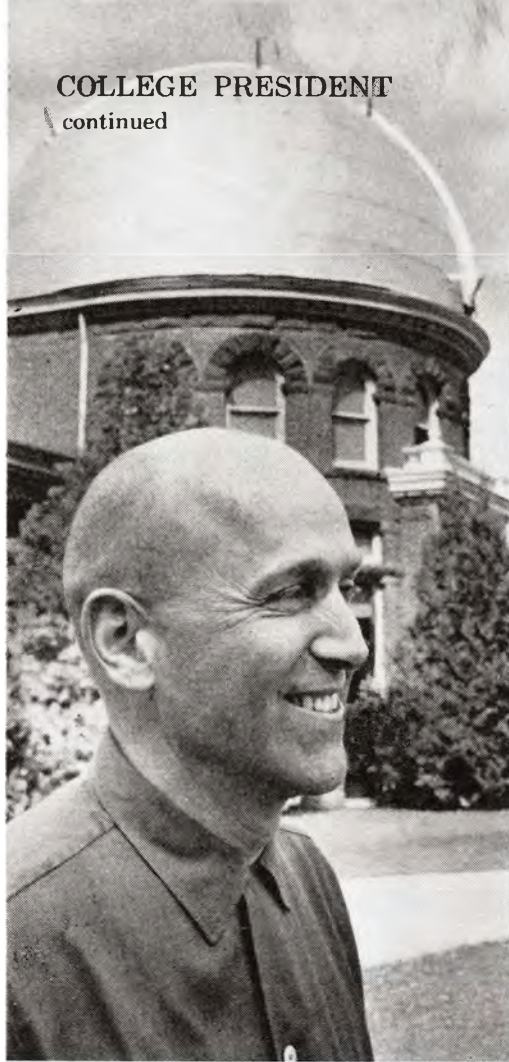
Honolulu . . . Kailua . . . Wahiawa
Kapiolani Furniture & Appliance
Moanalua Shopping Center

NEVADA

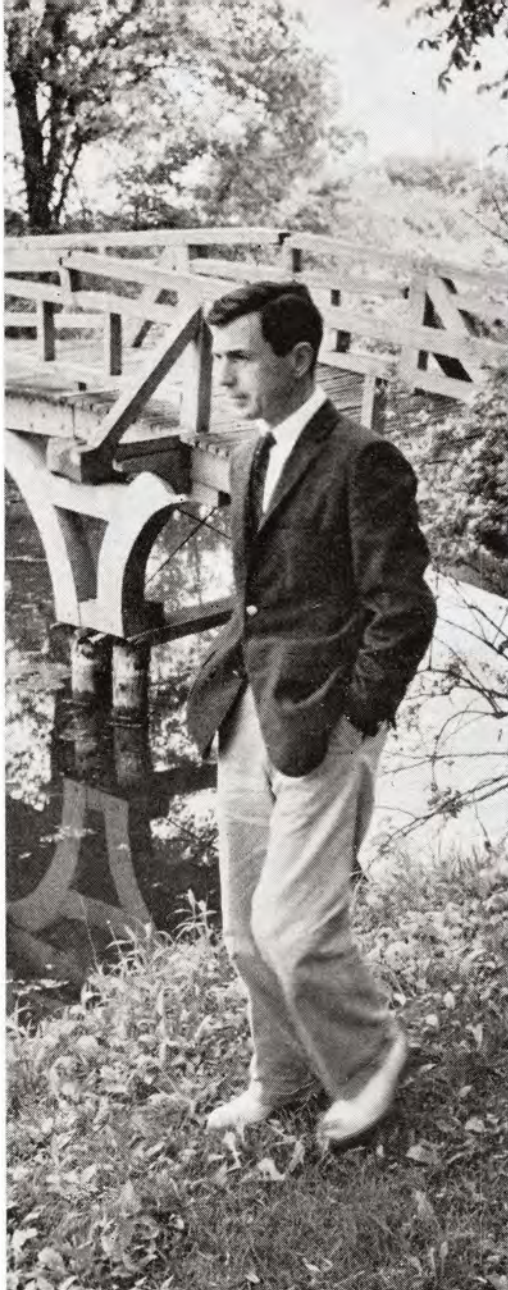
Las Vegas
Bonanza Appliance Center Dudley 2-4100
415 W. Bonanza Road

WASHINGTON

Kennewick
Krogh Furniture Justice 6-6134
302 Avenue C



Dr. Kenneth May, brilliant mathematician, yearly snubs juicy job offers, because "here I have plenty of time for my research. Gould encourages me to develop new courses."

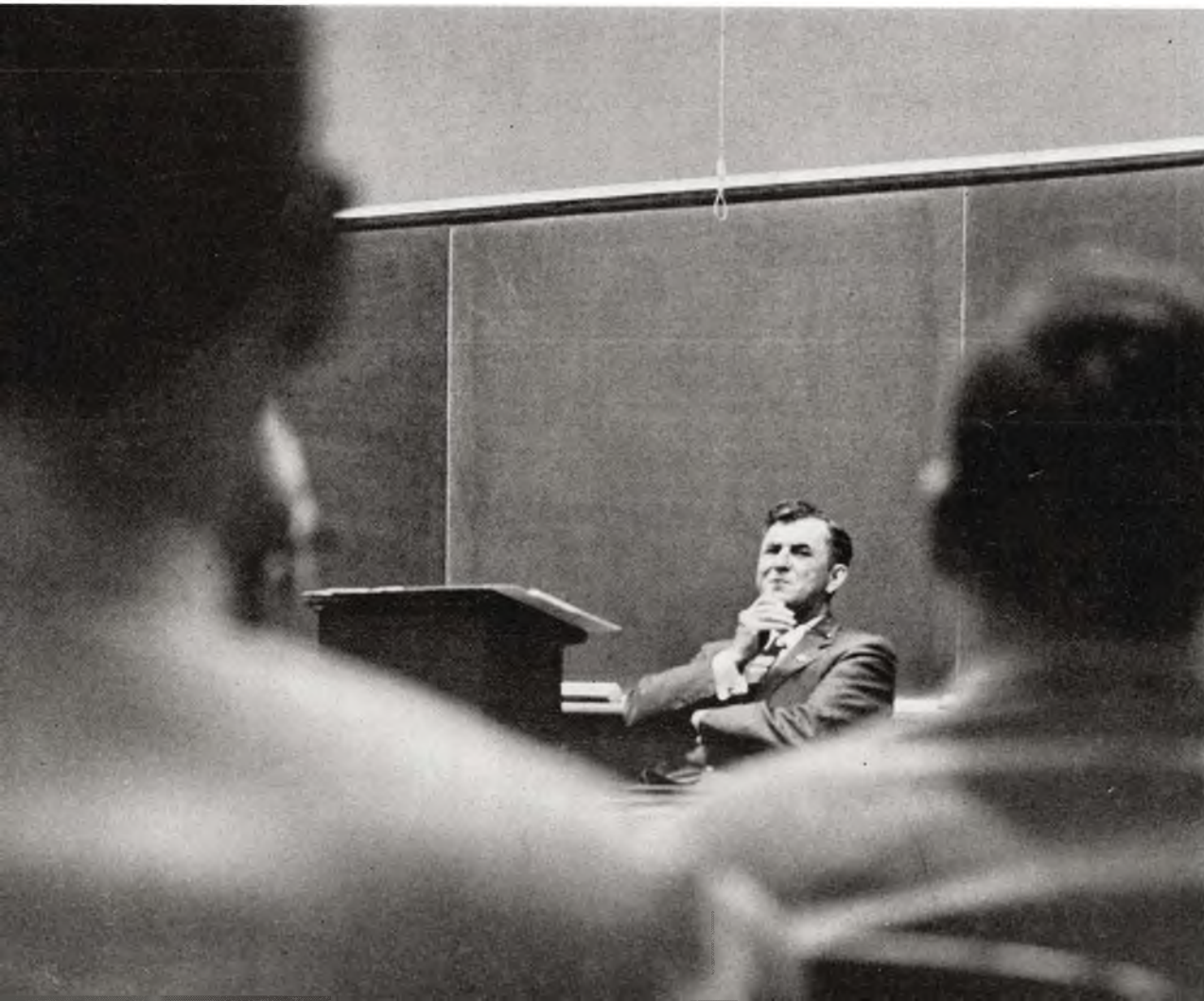


Reed Whittemore, English professor, poet and short-story writer of national luster, recently revived literary magazine with Gould's warm backing. He is one of staff's best teachers.



Psychologist Dr. John Bare, who heads his department, was lured from William and Mary College by Gould. He was attracted, he says, by Carleton's academic reputation.

His joy: "finding teachers"



"Most of my time (and my most important function)," says Gould, "is spent talent scouting for teachers. I look for lively young men who show promise of becoming great scholars. Even if they leave us eventually and go on to places like Harvard, we've had the best years of their lives." In his 15-year tenure, he has hired 90 per cent of Carleton's yeasty young faculty of 110 (average age 41), and \$3.7 million of his fund-raising campaign will go toward upping their salaries. Says mathematician Kenneth May, "Gould runs an administration free of red tape. This leaves you plenty of free time for research. The peaceful atmosphere is also ideal for a scholar's big job: just thinking."

Benevolent Gould hears out opinions at faculty meeting. His stimulating reaction to a good idea, they say, is: "It's great!"



Separates by Mr. Gee



Put the finest label ...on your table

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Brewed in the great tradition, ONLY by Miller, ONLY in Milwaukee.



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...and living the good rich life!

THE SMELL OF FRESH-TURNED EARTH

signals plowing and discing time. Tractors and implements roll out on their B. F. Goodrich tires. Those Power Grip tractor tires are a new kind that save farmers money . . . cost 20% less. Same earth-gripping, self-cleaning tread design that comes on new tractors. In the orchard, it's spraying time, and tough, chemical-resistant BFG hose goes to work. In the barn, long-lasting BFG conveyor belts carry out bags of seed, ready for planting in the fertile ground.

PLAY BALL!

This Little League team is a hustling club. They're all wearing B. F. Goodrich (or Hood-brand) "P-F" Flyers . . . the shoes that help 'em go full speed longer. In black or white, with tractor-tread outsole. And the convertible? It's wearing BFG "Silvertown" tires, the tires with the new Quiet Rubber tread that takes hum out of highways, squeals out of turns, and gives you the smoothest ride ever!

ALL of a sudden, the air is sweet . . . the breeze is gentle . . . and the outdoors beckons us with a wave of her green hand. The mittens go into the moth balls, and the baseball mitts come out. Stormy-weather boots march to the attic, and tennis shoes are trotted out. All the B.F. Goodrich products we've used all winter (snow tires, rainwear, doormats, hot-water bottles, boots) are happily put away and dozens of other B.F. Goodrich products take their place in your daily doings. Spring has sprung — and the new young season brightens your good rich life!



CONTACT LENSES: TO WEAR OR NOT TO WEAR



Agatha Schmidt holds one aspirin-size lens. The small, round lens case is marked L on one side, R on the other. Wearer should avoid putting R lens in L eye.

AGATHA SCHMIDT, 21, left her home in New Rochelle, N. Y., one morning wearing glasses. She had been wearing glasses since she was eight years old. Several hours later, she was crying and cheerfully blowing her nose in the Manhattan office of Dr. Frank Van Nierop, one of the growing number of optometrists who specialize in fitting only contact lenses. Agatha had been a contact-lens wearer for exactly 12 minutes. Within a month, she was wearing her lenses for 16 hours a day or longer. Agatha feels she has gained new self-confidence from wearing lenses. "I was convinced I would have to

spend the rest of my life looking at the world through glasses," she says. "Contact lenses have changed my thinking; but more important, they've changed me. I know I look better, and that's the important part." Agatha's determination was what helped her adjust to contacts so quickly, according to Dr. Van Nierop. "Too many people buy lenses the way a woman buys a hat: because the idea pleases them at the time," he says. "Ninety per cent of the problem is psychological. You must really want to wear lenses before you can successfully adjust to them. Once you lose interest, it's no use."

continued

Mary Schmidt, nine, looks for Agatha's "new pair of eyes." Her sister's old glasses didn't help at all.



In spring, a lady's fancy turns to

SPARKLING NEW SUN-STEPS[®]

New season—new *you*—a long-stemmed beauty
in Sun-steps casuals by BFG and Hood!

The styles? Reflecting the subtle skill of the world's top shoe designers. Fabrics? Crisp denim, sailcloth, hopsacking. Colors? Sunny or shadowy—your choice.

Best of all, Sun-steps have wonderful washable ways. Whisk them through a sudsing, and their looks and shape are right out of the hand-box. And you'll enjoy the *coolness* of these casuals, too. They're the closest thing to shoe air conditioning!

Slip into a pair of Sun-steps soon. Then swing into summer brightly, sprightly, *beautifully!*
At smart stores everywhere.

For information on where to buy BFG or Hood products, write: President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.



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"Basque"



"Calypso"



Shoes that feel as good as they look





LOOK OUT, TROUT
 . . . the season's open!
 Thousands of flies zing
 through the sparkling, early-
 morning air. Lines get their
 first wetting, but feet stay
 dry in BFG fishing boots.
 Fishermen like such BFG
 features as cushion insole for
 comfort . . . belt strap and
 inside knee harness for snug
 fit . . . cleated outsole for safety.



KITES FLY HIGH
 —and, today, toy missiles,
 too. For the real thing,
 B. F. Goodrich makes solid-
 propellant rocket engines,
 nose cones and many com-
 ponent parts . . . makes the
 full-pressure suits that will
 one day take the first
 American into space.

**SNOW TIRES
 TAKE A VACATION**
 and the regular tires
 get a checkup. Maybe our
 friend's due for a set of
 B. F. Goodrich "HT" tires
 —the new premium-quality
 kind that give 22 per cent
 more mileage for about
 \$3 more than regular,
 first-quality tires. That's
 because "HT" tires have an
 extra-wide, extra-deep tread,
 extra-strong Nylon-cord body.



BITTER WITH THE SWEET
 Yup, spring means
 house cleaning, too. But at least
 B. F. Goodrich makes
 it easier . . . with "Koroseal"
 Vinyl Asbestos floor tile,
 with washable "Koroseal"
 upholstery, with sponges
 —and with velvety gloves
 to keep your hands
 soft during the whole
 spring-cleaning job.

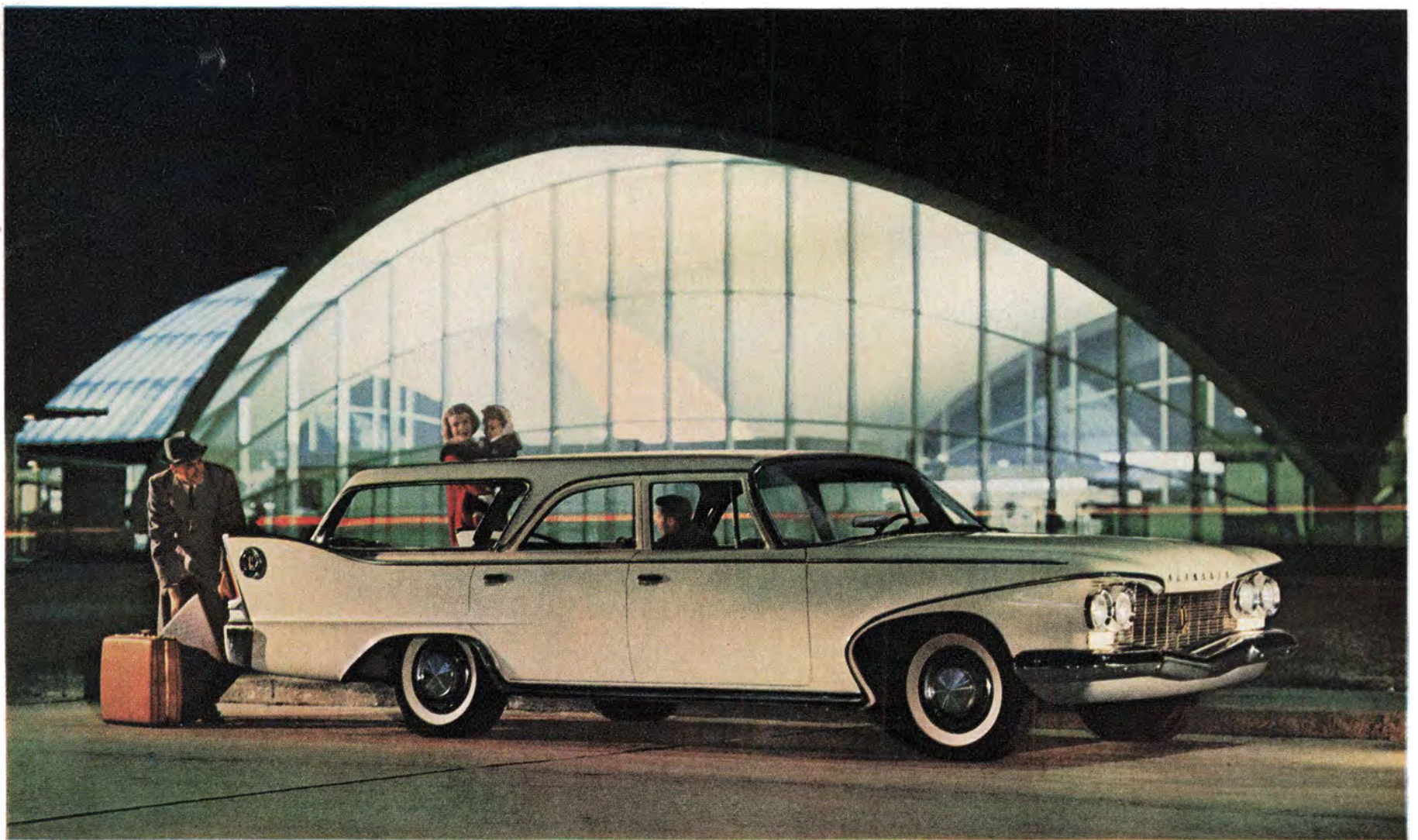


Spring, summer, fall, winter...in a hundred ways...every day
 ...B.F. Goodrich products help brighten your world, your play,
 your travels, your home...your good rich life.



For information on where to buy any B.F. Goodrich product, write President's Office, The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio

car'ness (kär'-ness), *n.* The sum of those properties of an automobile which gives you comfort, economy and performance; that quality of an automobile which makes it above all else a thoroughly dependable means of pleasurable transportation. *Synonym:* Plymouth. (*SEE* "solid"; *SEE* also your Plymouth dealer for a behind-the-wheel definition.)



Plymouth station wagons are solid examples of "carness." They're carefully engineered to give you plenty of room, to work hard and ride easy. Their tight, quiet one-piece welded Unibody is built a new solid way by Chrysler Corporation to give you solid satisfaction. And their sleek good looks are in modern good taste.

SOLID PLYMOUTH 1960

Dr. Van Nierop shows Agatha how lens is curved to fit cornea. At practice sessions, she learned the proper way to insert and remove the lenses.

Agatha sees herself with lenses on for the first time (below). She exclaimed, "Oh golly, I can see!"



It takes time and practice, but mostly patience, to be a wearer

"My only regret is that I waited so long to get contact lenses," Agatha Schmidt says. "I went groping around for years, too vain to wear glasses and too blind to see without them. At first, whenever my lenses became particularly irritating, I wondered if it was worth the effort. But all I had to do was remember how awful I looked in glasses, and I knew I could get used to wearing contact lenses." She is repaying her father the \$200 he advanced her to pay for the lenses. "They were a 21st birthday gift to myself," Agatha says. "You might call them a pay-as-you-wear gift."



"NICE GREEN EYES." Self-conscious at first, Agatha felt sure everyone could tell she was wearing lenses. She wasn't convinced until a new beau looked into her eyes (without seeing anything but her eyes) and told her she had nice green eyes. "That did it," she said. "It wasn't that I didn't want him to know. But there are some people you want to impress first."

THE SOCIAL EQUATION. Contact lenses can complicate life at times. One teen-age lad complained rather bitterly about his girl friend's parents because they had bought her contact lenses. The myopic girl had refused to wear glasses whenever she went out on a date with her young man, and so had eyes only for him. When she began wearing contact lenses, she salvaged both her vanity and her vision and became the biggest flirt in high school, or so the confused youth thought.

COLORED LENSES. Today, if a woman wants black eyes (and not the kind that result from her talking when she should be listening), all she has to do is see her optometrist. A contact-lens company in Chicago is manufacturing colored lenses in 15 standard eye shades and more than 100 other shades for special orders. Some half million American women are already changing the color of their eyes at will, from blue during the day to tiger-gold at night. Other tints for the eyes now available include emerald, olive, topaz, jet, pink, lavender or red (without a trace of a hang-over). Colored lenses are intended primarily to filter bright light and glare, but many women who need lenses are buying them in colors to match their favorite costume.

GLAMOROUS GLASSES. "Glasses are only glamorous when you don't have to wear them," Agatha says. At one time, Agatha (wearing glasses, right) owned three different pairs. Now she wears dark glasses only to shield her contacts on windy days.



A GROWING TREND. According to the Eye Research Foundation, over 280 new contact-lens laboratories have been opened in the United States since last August. By 1970, the foundation estimates, 30 million people in the U.S. will wear contact lenses.

LOST AND FOUND. The most frequent complaint of lens wearers is the loss of one, or both, of the tiny corneal lenses. They can be insured, but one woman had all her bathroom plumbing ripped up before reporting the loss of her lens to the insurance company. She was somewhat miffed when the company refused to pay to have the plumbing replaced. A pretty young thing finally found her missing lens in the breast pocket of her date's jacket. A less fortunate wearer never did recover hers. She put one lens in her mouth to clean it and promptly swallowed it.



Lenses make Agatha's eyes tear the first few days.

**Gamblers are using lenses
to cheat, and rabbits are wearing
them to help people**



Rachel Barbera, who works in the same building where Agatha is a junior account executive with a brokerage firm, was amazed at the change in her friend's appearance. Rachel kept saying, "I simply can't believe she has them on."

CONTACT LENSES continued

STEAMLESS BIFOCALS. More than 38 per cent of the 90 million Americans wearing glasses (two out of every three adults) need bifocals. There is good news for bifocal wearers who thought they couldn't wear contact lenses. They can. Lenses can be ground with two prescriptions on the surface of one lens to correct combined nearsighted and farsighted vision. Bifocal or not, contact lenses have the advantage that they will not steam up or cloud from changes in temperature or streak in rain. The lenses also eliminate astigmatism.

THE CLUB SET. Over six million pairs of contact lenses have been sold in this country. So enthusiastic are some wearers that they are joining together to form contact-lens wearers' clubs. San Diego, Calif., club members meet to help new wearers through the initial discomfort of adjustment. As one new wearer remarked, "Misery loves company." Lenses have also become the newest fad among high-school and college students. A coed wrote home begging her parents for contacts. "But you don't need glasses," her puzzled parents wrote back. The daughter was quick to reply, "Yes, but all the other girls have them, and I don't!"

BUNNY LENSES. The Eye Research Foundation has put contact lenses on 14 rabbits, as part of a research program to learn how eyes react to various types of lenses under certain pressures and stresses, when worn for a prolonged period of time. The rabbits came in all sizes, colors and temperaments, and were divided into two groups: those who wore contact lenses for an entire year without removal, and those who wore them only 14 hours a day. José Tortolero, M.D., ophthalmic surgeon, who headed the rabbit study, says the research indicated that correctly prescribed lenses, when worn all day, will not produce corneal changes or harmful effects in human beings. In addition, his study found that no changes had taken place when the lenses were worn for days, weeks or even months without removal.

CONTACT HISTORY. It was Leonardo da Vinci who first theorized about contact lenses in 1508. In the late 18th century, French women, not wanting anyone to know they wore glasses, had tiny telescopes concealed in their fans. The less frivolous English women hid theirs by combining the telescope with a bottle of smelling salts. Colored contact lenses were first used by the late Walter Hampden. Cast as an Indian in a Cecil B. De Mille epic, he nearly lost out because of his blue eyes. He had brown lenses made and kept the job.

RED-EYED GAMBLERS. Word has spread of a new cheating device used by gamblers—red contact lenses. The gamblers work with red-diamond-patterned decks of cards. A figure, formed by a series of red dots, is placed on the back of each card in the corner (A for ace, K for king, etc.). The letter, or number, cannot be distinguished by the unaided eye. A red filter is needed to bring out the difference in shades of red and to make the mark visible. The gamblers simply use ruby-red contact lenses for the filter. To get away with the trick, however, gamblers must have brown eyes. A blue-eyed gambler is out of luck, unless he feels his card-playing victims would not be likely to question a man with purple eyes. This is not just the clever idea of a single gambler. It is reported that red lenses are now a part of standard working equipment for members of a national gambling syndicate. Las Vegas dealers have taken to wearing them as protection against marked cards' being used in a game.

Produced by SUE SEAY



Delighted as a child with a new toy, Agatha spends hours in front of the mirror in a millinery shop trying on hats with deep, shadowy brims. Girls who wear glasses should never wear wide-brimmed hats, but a girl with contact lenses can.

END

NEW!

***Exclusive**

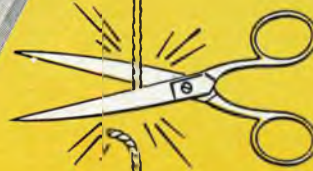
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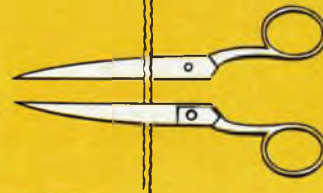
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Sunbeam Corporation, Dept. 239, Chicago 50, Ill.





Leslie Caron is a cucumber-cool beauty. Her face, once buried under pale, clownlike make-up, has taken on a womanly bloom.

The chic Caron

I THINK I have expressed all I can about adolescence," says actress Leslie Caron, who has won her greatest fame playing teen-agers, in *Lili* and *Gigi*. She is now a chic, poised, happily married woman of 28, who lives stylishly in London with her second husband and two children. In MGM's *The Subterraneans*, she launches a new adult image of herself as a rebellious "beatnik." The part she plays ironically reflects the kind of unhappy, hostile girl she used to be when she made her home in Hollywood. At that time, she was shaken by a divorce. ("Leslie lives by the old-fashioned French idea about marriage meaning spiritual security," says a close friend.) She also fought fierce battles with her Hollywood bosses, who kept offering her nothing but "strange little girl" roles.

"I got the feeling I was some sort of freak, because I wasn't pretty in the conventional sense," says Miss Caron. "The publicity written about me was filled with adjectives like 'gamin' and 'elfin'—another way of saying I was very plain. I got so used to being thought plain and somewhat dull that I came to believe it." All this is now behind her. She has won a place as an international stage and screen star who can choose her own scripts. She says, "I got what I have now through knowing the right time to tell terrible people to go to hell."



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WHATEVER KINDS OF COOKIES YOU LIKE... **NABISCO** BAKES THEM BETTER



Gay Leslie, with husband Peter Hall (left), takes delight in her private role as a London hostess. Her home is the equivalent of a fashionable French literary salon.

“Peter forced me to take a real look at myself.”

The chief thing that has changed Leslie Caron from a social rebel into a happy, creative woman is her life with her second husband, Peter Hall, whom she married four years ago. Hall is a brilliantly talented but well-balanced young man with a deceptively bland face. Only 29, he is director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon, a position in which he bosses stars like Sir Laurence Olivier and Charles Laughton. He is probably also the only man who can boss Miss Caron when he chooses. She says, “It was Peter who forced me to take a real look at myself in the mirror. ‘You are not plain, you are not plain,’ he

insisted. It worked, because he has the quality of radiating confidence to others.”

The Halls cut an elegant figure in London high society. They live in sedate Belgravia, in a tall, narrow Regency house filled with romantic period décor and antique furniture. Leslie Caron achieved her entry into this upper-class world, usually denied an actress, by concentrating on her cultural interests as an art patron. But no amount of “culture” could make her the popular young hostess that she has become. Miss Caron today is a witty, warm and open-minded woman who has cast suspicion and shyness to the winds.



At Berman’s, theatrical costumers, clothes-conscious Caron supervises the design of a gown she is to wear at a ball.



With a passion for antiques, she has decorated her house in a regal, romantic manner. Like all collectors, she gets a kick in finding bargains in out-of-way places.



Leaving her Montpelier Square home for an airing in Hyde Park, Leslie plays "nanny" to her children, Christopher, 3, and Jennifer, 1½.

She separates her family life from the pressures of her career

Leslie Caron finds that her marriage helps her follow the peculiarly British custom of keeping her private and public lives in separate compartments. Her home and her family stay sealed from the pressures of her career. Her strongest talent, as an actress and a woman, is her ability to immerse herself totally in whatever she does. In the nursery with her children, she will read nursery rhymes with all the fervor of a Bernhardt, or devote as much attention to a game of pat-a-cake as she used to give a ballet movement. In her career, the new Caron personality is aimed at the romantic, richly emotional class of Garbo and Bergman. It is a high aim. But she already has one personality factor that made these stars great: She is a dedicated individualist, with faith in herself.

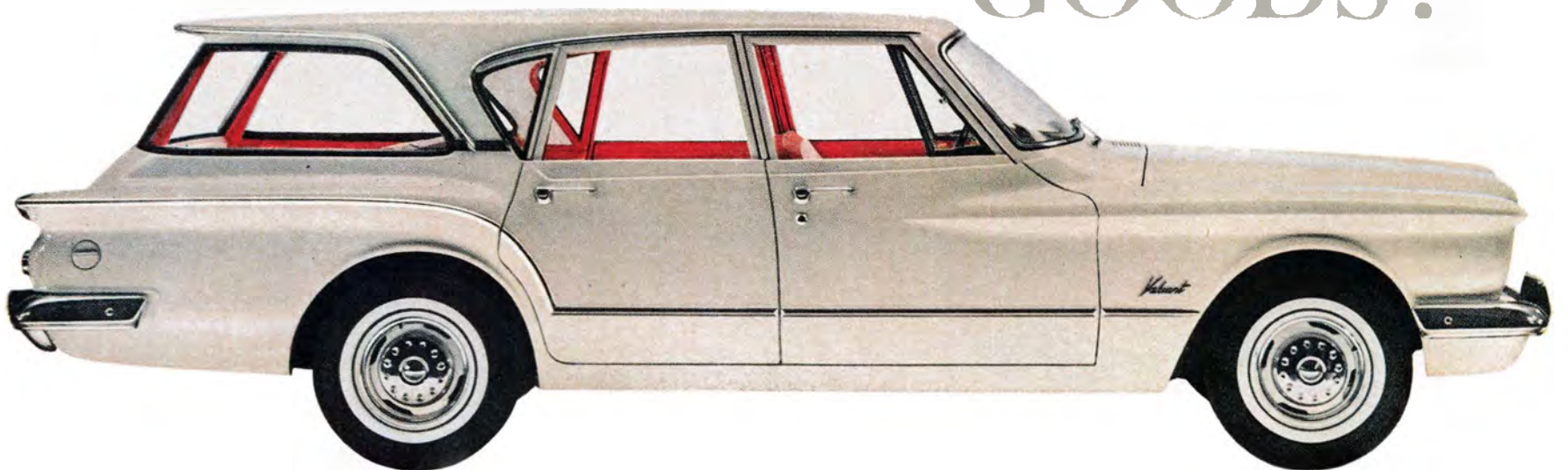
At a "beatnik" party in The Subterraneans, she fights a mock battle with Roddy McDowall.




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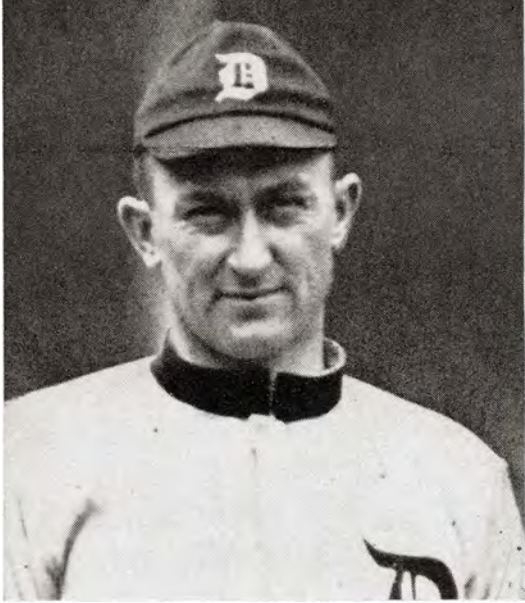
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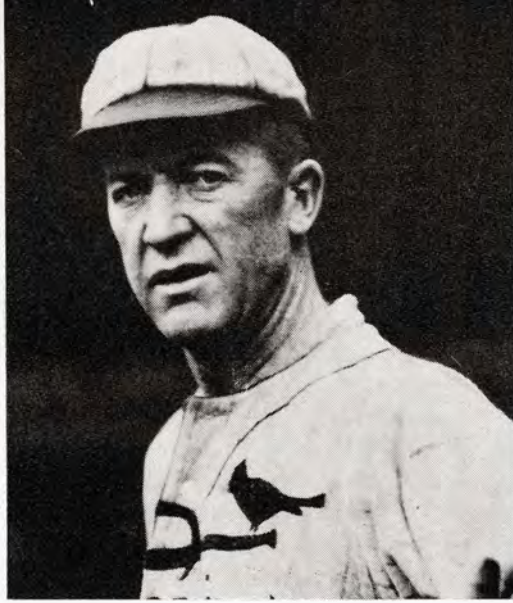


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2 Grover Alexander



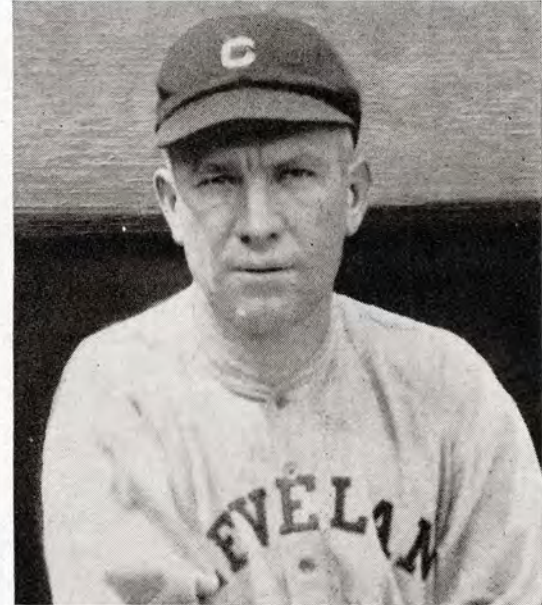
3 Honus Wagner



4 Walter Johnson



5 Cy Young



6 Tris Speaker

PHOTO QUIZ

In the U.S., the gentle winds of spring always carry the cry, "Play ball." As another season gets rolling, try to remember your baseball history. Here are 10 top players and a summary of what made each famous. Match each player with his biography. Score 10 for each correct pairing. A score of 50 is passing, 60 is fair, 70 is good, and 80 or more is excellent.

A He led the American League in batting 12 times, and made or matched more records than any other player in baseball history.

B During his career, "The Flying Dutchman" scored more runs, made more hits and stole more bases than any other N.L. player.

C He was only pitcher in first 100 years of baseball to win 500 games—among them three no-hit shutouts and one perfect game.

D In 1926, he won the world championship for the Cardinals by striking out Tony Lazzeri with the bases full at Yankee Stadium.

E Effective second baseman and great hitter, he managed Cleveland four years, was league batting champion in 1901, '03, '04.

F A famous catcher, he was even more famous as manager of the Philadelphia Athletics. He won nine pennants, five world titles.

G He hit a record total of 714 home runs and 15 more in World Series games. His home park was called "The House That --- Built."

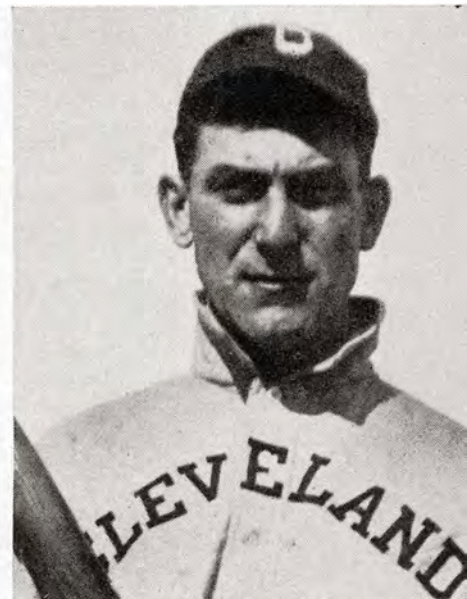
H Greatest center fielder of his day, he had a lifetime batting average of .344, managed Cleveland's first world champions in 1920.

I Fastest pitcher in history, he set strike-out and shutout records. He won 414 games with a losing team behind him for years.

J Under his direction, the Giants won 10 pennants and three world championships. He managed them for 30 years, beginning in 1902.



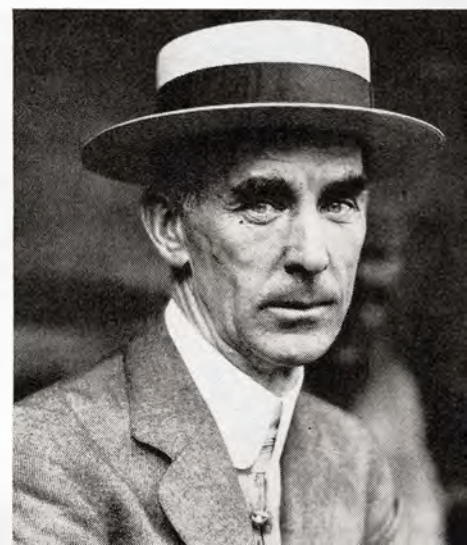
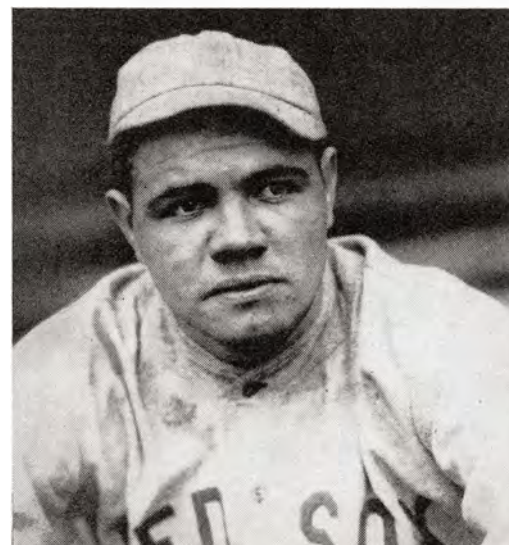
7 John J. McGraw



8 Napoleon Lajoie

9 Babe Ruth

10 Connie Mack



The OTHER John F. Kennedy



Massachusetts' Treasurer John F. Kennedy (above) lacks the boyish good looks of Senator Kennedy (left), but he wins elections.

AN AMAZING POLITICAL STORY

By DON MURRAY

THIS is the true story of the treasurer of Massachusetts, the man who appears to be the most powerful candidate for the office of governor of the Commonwealth. His name: John F. Kennedy.

He isn't the one who wants to be President, at least not yet. There are other differences between the two Boston Irishmen. United States Sen. John Fitzgerald Kennedy had a million dollars put in trust for him when he was 21. State Treasurer John Francis Kennedy was earning \$88.46 a week, with overtime, when, at 49, he was first elected.

Slim, collegiate Senator Kennedy has a shock of thick hair, which he is trying to have cut so it will make his Irish face and little boy's grin look more mature. Stocky, burly Treasurer Kennedy has thinning gray hair, which he is just trying to keep growing so it will cover his square Irish head. His face looks as if he

were 54, which he is, and that's plenty mature for anybody.

Senator Kennedy was a naval lieutenant in World War II; Treasurer Kennedy, a sergeant in the Air Force. Senator Kennedy was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard; Treasurer Kennedy finished seven grades of day school and two years at South Boston Evening High School. John Fitzgerald Kennedy won the Pulitzer Prize for his book *Profiles in Courage*; John Francis Kennedy has not been able to find a publisher for his book on bid whist.

But to politicians of either party in Massachusetts, John F. Kennedy, the treasurer and expert on bid whist, is no longer just a man whose name is the same as the Senator's. He has twice been re-elected state treasurer without the support of his own Democratic party, and he knocked off some of the state's most powerful Republicans in doing it. Now, Kennedy has announced that he will run for governor on the Democratic ticket, regardless of what the Massa-

chusetts Democratic party—or anyone else—says about it. His enemies—and they include just about everyone in Massachusetts who is running for office—bitterly admit that he has a good chance of winning. Politicians find it hard to criticize him to voters when he says, "The only way of life I know is that of a working man—and there are a lot of working people around."

Kennedy has been doing things the hard way since he was a boy. When he was eight years old, his father, a house painter, fell from a scaffolding and permanently crippled his painting hand. One of five children, Kennedy had to go to work full time when he was only 14.

At 19, he broke into factory work with a \$35-a-week job on the production line at the Gillette Safety Razor Co. He quit his job on a whim, but his timing was bad: it was 1929. "A week after I left," Kennedy says, "they started laying off heavily. It was hopeless to try to get back."

Kennedy, with little education and

no trade, was hit hard by the depression. "I was able and willing. I went from factory to factory," he remembers. "They all had 'No help wanted' signs on the gate. You gotta eat—so I applied for relief. My welfare jobs included sweeping the streets, and I even worked in Potter's Field, digging graves." He went from relief to the WPA, then from selling pots and pans to cooking on a yacht.

In 1936, he got a chance to go back to Gillette. He took it and continued to educate himself, studying history and mathematics and reading the biographies of men like Andrew Carnegie and F. W. Woolworth.

Later, he was transferred to the miscellaneous-small-parts storeroom. This looked like a step upward, but as soon as he was made supervisor, his number came up in the draft.

After the war, Kennedy married Dorothy Williams of Dorchester and went back to Gillette and the miscellaneous-small-parts stock room as supervisor. Then one day in 1952, in their four-room apartment in Can-

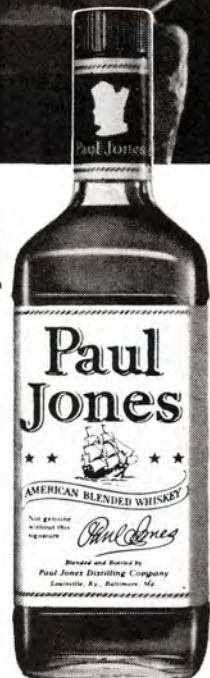
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Politicians thought they knew what he wanted, but they were surprised

ton, he had the inspiration that was to change his life. "My wife and I were sitting in the living room one Sunday," he remembers, "when she noticed in the papers that a Hurley was not going to run for state treasurer."

If this doesn't seem like news, then you don't know anything about Massachusetts politics. Charles F. Hurley was state treasurer from 1931 to 1937. When he left the post to run for governor, a man named William E. Hurley realized that people were used to voting for a Hurley. He ran for the state treasurer's job, won and held it from 1937 to 1943. When he stepped aside, another Hurley, Francis X., took over for two years. A John E. Hurley succeeded him from 1945 to 1947, when he lost to a Republican. He came back in 1949 for another three years.

When John F. Kennedy heard that John E. Hurley was quitting, he explains seriously, "I thought, 'There's been four Hurleys. I got a good name. I know a lot of people at Gillette to say hi to, and I want to make money and get ahead in life.'"

"At first, my wife didn't think it was right to go into politics with my name. I asked her, 'What's the matter with it? My name is Kennedy. I

haven't changed it.' Reluctantly, she went along with me."

John Francis Kennedy's first task was to get signatures on a petition so his name could be placed on the primary ballot. He had no organization to put to work, so after a full day at the stock room, he trudged (he owned no car) from tenement to tenement, a voting list in one hand and his petition in the other. Saturdays and Sundays, he continued his lonely rounds.

He ignored politicians

To run for state office in Massachusetts, you have to have your 2,500 names split among at least five counties. When Kennedy got only 190 signatures in ten hours on his best Saturday, he decided to take his three-week vacation and cover the counties outside the Boston area. He finally got the signatures he needed.

A few days before his petition to be placed on the primary ballot could be withdrawn, he received a visit from a representative of the Democratic party. "He asked me to withdraw in the interest of the party," Kennedy remembers. "Why should I?" I asked him, "I've worked hard."

The politician went back to the

late Gov. Paul A. Dever. Dever thought he understood what Kennedy wanted. It was decided to offer him "a good state job." But Kennedy turned the party men down. They asked him if he wanted money, and he said no. They tried to get at him through his political friends and advisers, but he didn't have any political friends and advisers. Despite the pressure, he got on the ballot officially. John F. Kennedy was a candidate for the Democratic nomination for state treasurer. But he didn't win.

"When I lost, all my work, all my vacation was gone," he remembers sadly. "I'd even lost ten pounds walking up one three-decker building after another."

The politicians thought that was the end of John Francis Kennedy. But he knew it wasn't. Although he didn't win, he came in a strong second in a field of six. For Kennedy, politics was his great opportunity.

In 1954, State Treasurer Foster Furcolo decided to run against Leverett Saltonstall for the U.S. Senate. Again, John F. Kennedy decided to seek the nomination for treasurer.

He knew, of course, that Massachusetts Democrats held a preprimary convention at which the party

chose the candidate it would support in the primary. But he paid no attention to this, for he knew the party leaders wouldn't pay any attention to him. He made his weary way up one street and down another, until he had enough signatures to get on the primary ballot.

The commissioner of motor vehicles was the choice of the party's preprimary convention, and a prominent Boston school committeeman was also in the race. They campaigned vigorously, while Kennedy commuted between Canton and the Gillette stock room. This time, Kennedy won overwhelmingly.

Now that he was the official Democratic candidate, professional politicians offered to help him, but he rebuffed them. Kennedy also refused to campaign, saying, "I can't see how it helps candidates to run around and speak to partisan groups."

On election day, Republican Senator Saltonstall beat Furcolo, and Republican Christian A. Herter, now U.S. Secretary of State, was re-elected governor. But Democrat Kennedy got more than a million votes and became state treasurer.

The next day, he went back to work at the Gillette stock room. The

continued

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He shuns campaigns, letting voters "have their illusions"

man who would soon handle more than half a billion dollars in state funds could not afford to give up his old job until he was sworn into his new one.

Statehouse insiders thought they knew what would happen. Kennedy would pick up his pay check, and civil-service employees would do the job. After all, it wouldn't be the first time a politician would depend on career men to run the shop while he spent his time playing politics.

Kennedy, however, intended to be treasurer in deed as well as title. One of his subordinates reported with astonishment: "He's strictly not a politician; he wants a good day's work for a good day's pay." And he himself worked as hard as anyone else. He was earning \$11,000 a year, more than twice as much as he had ever made before, and he didn't intend to lose the job.

His policies as treasurer have been simple. Anyone can come in to see him, every letter is answered within two days, and, "being a workingman all my life, I know how important it is to pay on time, to get pension checks on time." His job is not a policy-making one, but he has evidently handled the state's funds honestly, and in some cases shrewdly.

"He's on the job."

In a remarkably short time, Kennedy won the respect of the financial community. John W. Agnew, vice-president of the austere First National Bank of Boston and head of its municipal division for more than 25 years, says, "We are allergic at the bank to talking about politics, but we'll have to admit he's one of the best state treasurers. He's on the job and he knows what's going on."

John Francis Kennedy has committed one sin that is unforgivable to politicians of both parties: He won't accept any campaign contributions. He calls them bribes.

The politicians have also accused him of nepotism.

It is true, Kennedy will admit, that the state trooper outside his office is Sgt. John Francis Kennedy, the son of his cousin, and that for four years his brother-in-law, who had been a waiter, was the treasurer's aide. He does not apologize for either of them, and he positively bristles if you point out the fact that his brother Jim, who is chief administrative clerk of the treasury, had been a general helper at the Charlestown Navy Yard before his younger brother was elected treasurer.

But there is less talk about Kennedy's relatives these days. After Kennedy tried three times to make Jim his deputy and was blocked by the Governor's Council, he angrily challenged the council members to take an IQ test in competition with his brother

and brother-in-law, George A. Wells, a Democrat from Worcester, accepted the challenge. He said he'd "quit" if he couldn't beat Kennedy's relatives. The state treasurer took \$30 out of his own pocket and hired a Boston University testing service. When the 90-minute test was scored, brother Jim got 99, brother-in-law Joe got 99, and George Wells got 98. Wells didn't quit then, but he is no longer a member of the Governor's Council, an elective post.

Although Kennedy has gained in political confidence, he hasn't changed his way of life. He still lives in his old home in Canton, and he makes his own lunch every day. A can of tuna takes care of the Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday sandwiches; a can of sardines is split between Thursday and Friday.

But Kennedy is a man to keep his private life pretty much to himself. Only recently, Statehouse insiders learned that Kennedy's wife is severely crippled with arthritis. He has tried to avoid the subject, saying, "We do not want sympathy. I am public property. My wife is not." He is devoted to her and cares for her with uncomplaining tenderness.

Nor have Kennedy's political methods changed. When the time for re-election came in 1956, Kennedy was passed over by the Democratic preprimary convention. Once more, on his own time, he went out and got the 2,500 signatures that would place his name on the ballot. And once more, he refused to campaign. "I wasn't paid by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to run around the state, telling people how smart I am," he says vigorously. "Let the people have their illusions. You can't tell what picture people have of you in their minds; they might magnify you. No politician can come up to their standards."

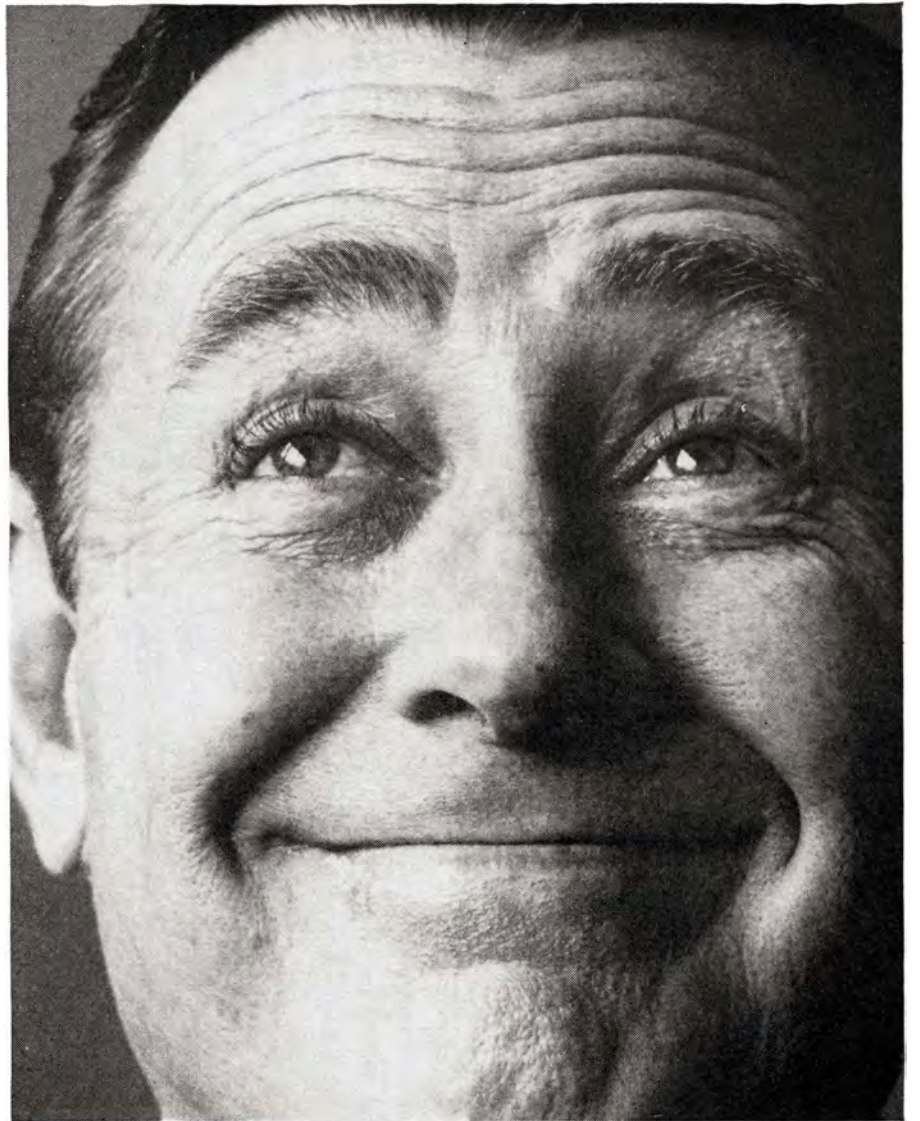
An effective silence

Kennedy stayed home and won the nomination. He stayed home, too, when Republican Richard I. Furbush, president of the Massachusetts Senate, campaigned against Kennedy after giving up his seat to knock him off. Furbush traveled all over the state, while Kennedy "let the people have their illusions" — he stayed home.

President Eisenhower carried the state with 1,393,197 votes. But Kennedy bucked the Republican trend and was re-elected with 1,196,626 votes. Treasurer Kennedy is convinced that few voters confused him with the Senator, whom he has met only once.

"This started off as a joke," says Eddie Devin, veteran Statehouse reporter for the Boston *Herald*, "but it has become the most serious joke in Massachusetts' history. Kennedy

continued



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A new family wardrobe for 98¢
Color clothes to fit the latest fashions. Tintex puts new life into blouses, lingerie, sweaters, skirts, and sport shirts. Remember, too, cleaning your washer is never a problem after you've used Tintex.*



Now it's fun to color!
Tintex takes the guesswork out of dyeing—that's why thousands of housewives are discovering the fun of creating with color. Live it up! Let Tintex bring out your hidden personality.



Look for the Tintex display!
All fine stores have this exciting display. Twelve washing machine colors... and a host of other fashion colors in the 25¢ size. Try Tintex Color Remover too (but, of course, not in your washer).

If you can wash it
...you can dye it with **TINTEX** The washing machine dye



485 5th AVE., N.Y., N.Y.

*Guaranteed—one rinse cycle removes all the dye from your automatic washer.

THE OTHER KENNEDY continued

His opponents threatened to run six John F. Kennedys against him

seems to be the man to beat, and his opponents are all frightened men."

In 1958, he again bypassed the preprimary convention and won the Democratic nomination. In this campaign, he made one speech. The League of Women Voters scheduled a television debate with his opponent. Since it didn't cost him anything, Kennedy agreed to appear. The gentleman he was running against, State Sen. John E. Yerxa, told the audience how, as a graduate of Harvard Business School and the youngest president of the Boston Stock Exchange in history, he was much better qualified to be state treasurer than an ex-stock-room clerk. Kennedy's reply was brief. He said that of course his opponent was well qualified, but that he, Kennedy, had simply done the best job he could. If his listeners thought Yerxa could do a better job, they should vote for him. They didn't. Kennedy won by almost half a million votes.

Under Massachusetts law, a state treasurer can succeed himself only twice. But politicians knew that Kennedy would not stay out of politics, and they tried to sidetrack him immediately. Shortly after his last election, the secretary of the commonwealth, Edward J. Cronin, died of cancer. The same evening, Furcolo, who had since become governor, called Kennedy into his office and

offered him Cronin's job. Kennedy bluntly told Furcolo, "You've got the job I want."

The politicians have tried to legislate Kennedy out of office. One of the bills proposed would require a candidate to get 25,000 signatures to have his name appear on the ballot. Another would make it necessary for the candidate to get a huge number of signatures if he was not chosen by the preprimary convention of his party. One Democrat even threatened to run the other six John F. Kennedys in the Boston phone book against him, no matter what office he ran for, and throw in a handful of the 64 John Kennedys, with varying middle initials, to boot.

So far, nothing has been accomplished that will seriously impede John Francis Kennedy's efforts to get on the Democratic primary ballot as a candidate for governor.

Kennedy is confident that he will ride victoriously into the governor's office. As usual, he does not intend to campaign. "I'll make no campaign promises," he vows.

"As governor," he adds, "I'll play it by ear. I'll live in the same house that I live in now. I don't intend to change one bit."

John F. Kennedy has come a long way since his days in the miscellaneous-small-parts stock room. He doesn't plan to go back. **END**



LOOK

"Take this load up, then run her down to the basement. We've got to repair the cable."

Dow announces a major  automotive development

USE OF WATER OR ANTIFREEZE CHALLENGED BY NEW PRODUCT

DOWGARD*



World's first year 'round cooling system fluid

New scientific formulation replaces water in summer, antifreeze in winter. Stops rust and corrosion damage, protects against freezing and overheating for 12 full months. Offers new concept of carefree motoring—summer and winter. Should be installed now for immediate benefits!

If you value performance and economy, you will want to have this new product from Dow installed in your cooling system immediately.

You see, ordinary water—even with the addition of antifreeze or a rust inhibitor—can cause rust and corrosion in your cooling system. This can lead to poor gas mileage, ping, knock, reduced heater-defroster efficiency. And, if left unchecked, burned valves, warped cylinders and heads can result.

New concept—Complete fill

However, now you can end worrisome cooling system problems by having DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car. It is a complete formulation, a new blend of protective chemicals

and specially treated de-ionized water. DOWGARD fills the cooling system completely from top to bottom. Nothing else is added—no water, antifreeze or rust inhibitors!

Lasts one full year

DOWGARD protects from 240°F. above zero to 40°F. below. It is the only year 'round coolant you can buy. It prevents overheating in summer, freezing in winter.

Why now? Stops summer rust

Rust and corrosion can form many times faster in summer than in winter. This is particularly true when old antifreeze is left in the cooling system. The only sure way to prevent this damage, and the trouble it brings, is to have DOWGARD cooling system fluid installed in your car *now*.

Sold only at service dealers

Get DOWGARD at your regular service dealer and enjoy the equivalent of a sealed cooling system for one full year. It's a premium product that gives your car the protection it deserves—one of the wisest investments you can make. *TRADEMARK



If left unchecked, rust coating on cylinder walls can clog water passages.

This blue cap is your symbol of complete 12-month protection with DOWGARD →



THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY • MIDLAND, MICHIGAN

If Drysdale switched from pitching to television gun slinging, he might not have to look farther for a leading lady than his wife Ginger, a part-time TV model. The Drysdales may well be sports' handsomest couple.



THE BLAZER





DON DRYSDALE

The brush-fire kid

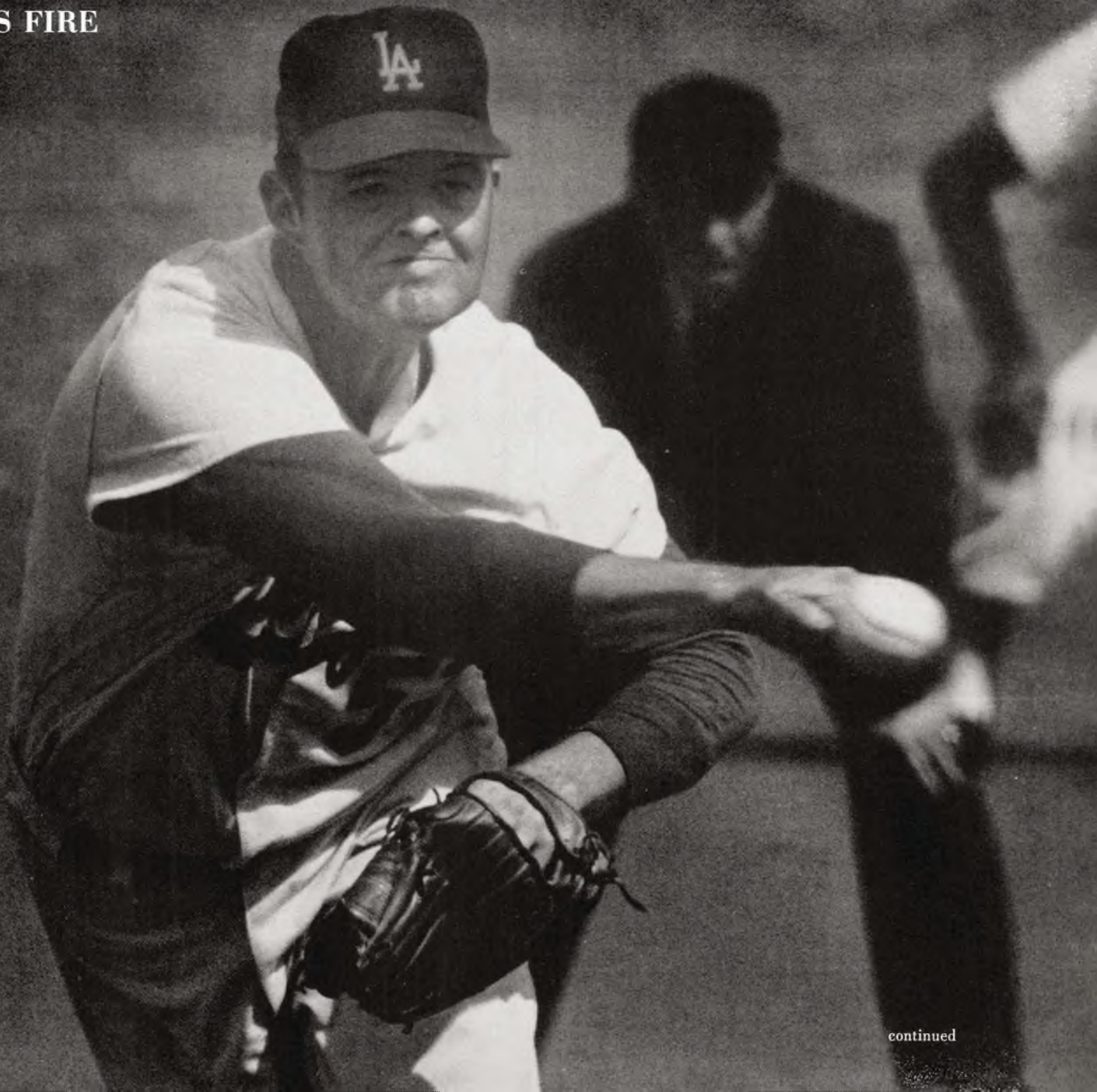
LOS ANGELES Dodgers' pitching ace Don Drysdale, who has played cowboy bits on TV, wouldn't mind being a full-time, gun-totin' video idol. He cites first baseman Chuck Connors, former Dodger and Chicago Cub, in *The Rifleman*. Drysdale isn't likely to turn to television right now. But hitters, especially right-handers, who must face his side-arm fireballs would enjoy him much more in a new career.

Although he is only 23, Drysdale won 17 games in 1957 and '59. His 242 strike-outs last season topped every National League performance since Dodger Dazzy Vance's 262 in 1924. Hitters say that with his rough fast ball and his even more menacing cross fire (below) as guns, Big Don, 6' 5" and 220, could face down Matt Dillon or Paladin. For a Drysdale TV-series title, they suggest *The Brush-Fire Kid*.



Don looks like gunman to hitters. His 1960 goal: 20 "notches."

THE CROSS FIRE



continued



DON DRYSDALE continued

“Brush-Fire Kid” is quick on the draw

“Tight” pitching has brought Drysdale a fist fight with Braves shortstop Johnny Logan, a near fight with Card manager Solly Hemus and \$50 fines for plunking Willie Mays in the shoulder and nicking Card outfielder Joe Cunningham in the elbow. “What are you supposed to do?” Drysdale asks. “Throw everything down the pike and let the hitters dig in? I’ve got one way to pitch, and that’s tight to right-

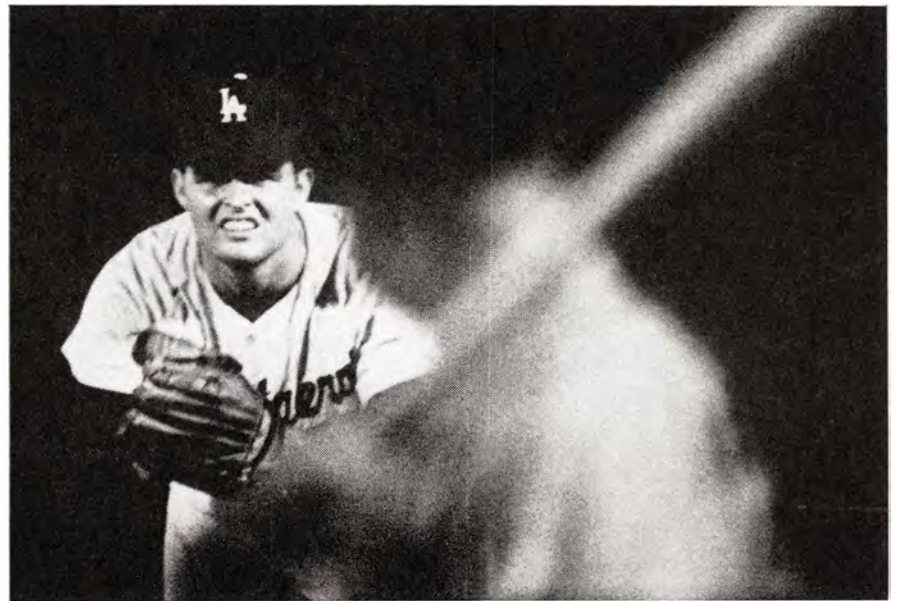
hand hitters. I brush them back and then move the ball around. There’s a big difference between brushing back a man and throwing at him.”

Whether he is brushing them back or not, bench jockeys ride Drysdale because they know his low boiling point. That and the tendency of his side-arm pitches to break in a lateral plane are about his only obstacles to winning 20 games.

As he gets set to fire one, “The Kid” looks like a “heavy.”

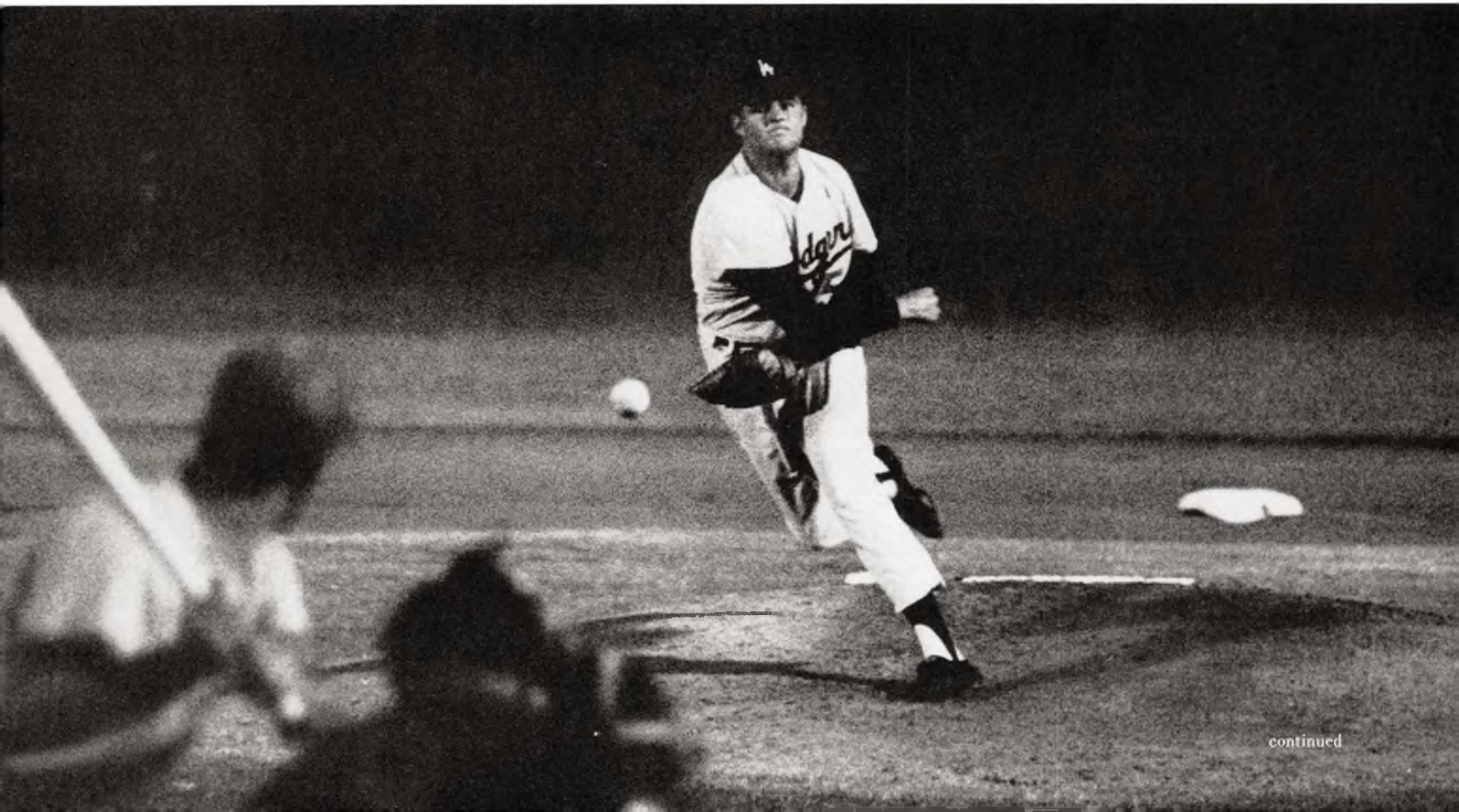


He draws a bead on his target, and a sneer comes over his face.

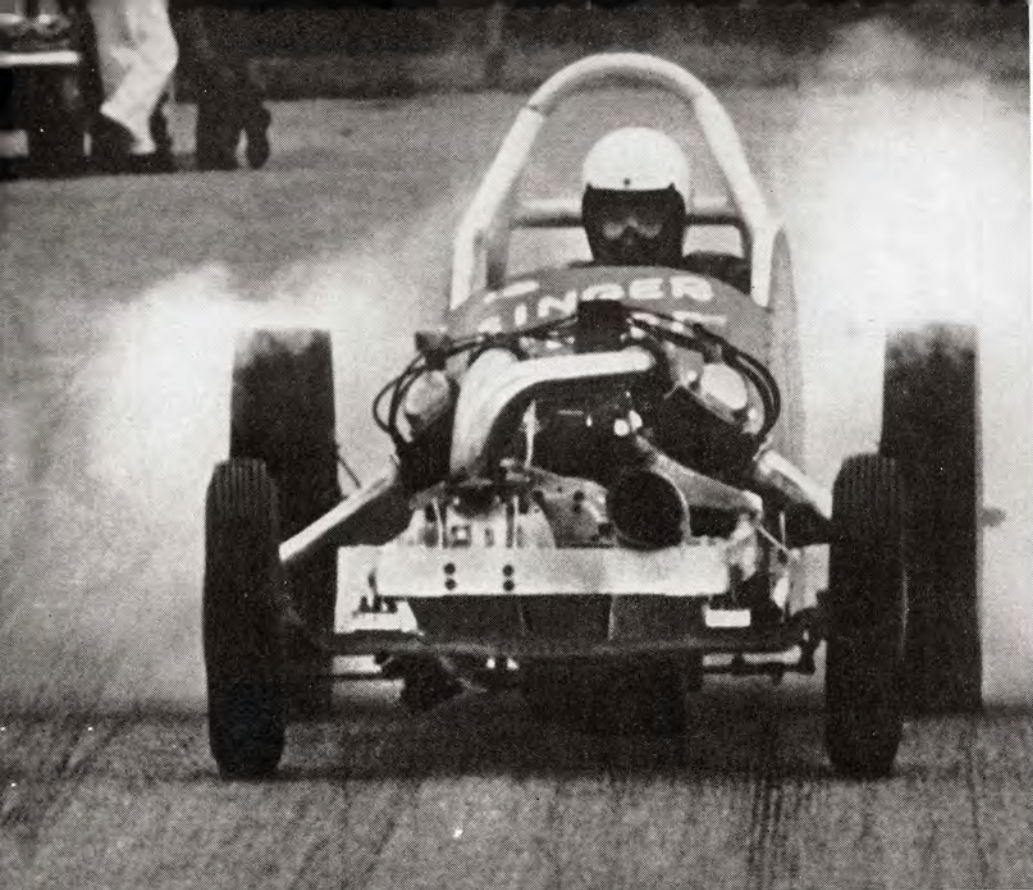


He begins his windup, narrowing his stare like an hombre about to find his mark.

Traveling like a bullet, the ball flashes to the plate. Don’s pitches are bad enough for a leftie. It’s even tougher for a rightie to face up to his side guns.



continued



All 5 top drag racers in '59 used Champions...



Every major U.S. outboard maker uses Champions...



All major power mower engine makers use Champions...



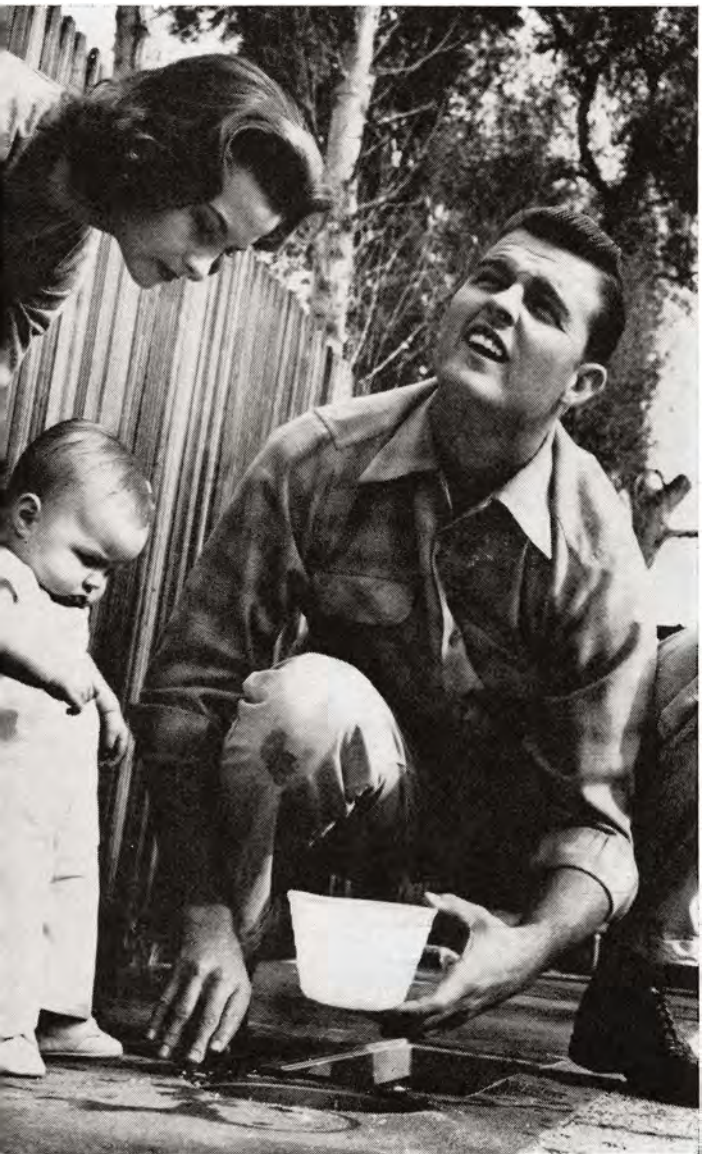
Over twice as many car makers use Champions.

Q. Why do the experts in field after field use Champion spark plugs?

A. Because they know they can depend on Champions to deliver every bit of performance out of every drop of gas. Your car—or any engine you own—will start quicker, perform better and save money on gasoline with new Champions. Be sure to put a new set in your car at least every 10,000 miles!

Worn spark plugs waste lots of gas—so check your plugs every 5,000 miles!





At home, Drysdale changes a filter in his new swimming pool. Ginger and baby Kelly Gean (short for Kelly Eugenia) pose as supervisors.

Kelly Gean inherits her parents' good looks, though she is on the chubby side right now. "Look at her muscles," says Don. "She's going to be a lady wrestler!"

END



Announcer Vince Scully, first baseman Gil Hodges share a victory laugh with Don after a game.

Drysdale is a changed man at home

Don Drysdale's reputation as the National League's "meanest" pitcher would be hard to sell to neighbors in his native Van Nuys, Calif. They know Don as a dutiful young husband, an All America type with a well-scrubbed look. He is the kind of man who works in his yard, mops the floor, carries in groceries and feeds the baby. Quiet and popular, Drysdale is in demand at civic functions as a speaker, and has become an impres-

sive good-will ambassador for baseball.

Don and his beautiful wife Ginger Dubberly, a former Pasadena Tournament of Roses Princess, met while she was posing for publicity pictures on Dodger Day at the Coliseum two summers ago. It was instant love, and they were married that September. Don's huge frame towers over Ginger's well-turned 5' 3".

"I'm wearing out lots of chairs," she quips, "standing on them to kiss him."

Produced by STANLEY GORDON • Photographed by MAURICE TERRELL



ONE OF THE REAL JOYS OF GOOD LIVING

Schlitz



"Keep blowing . . . I see smoke"

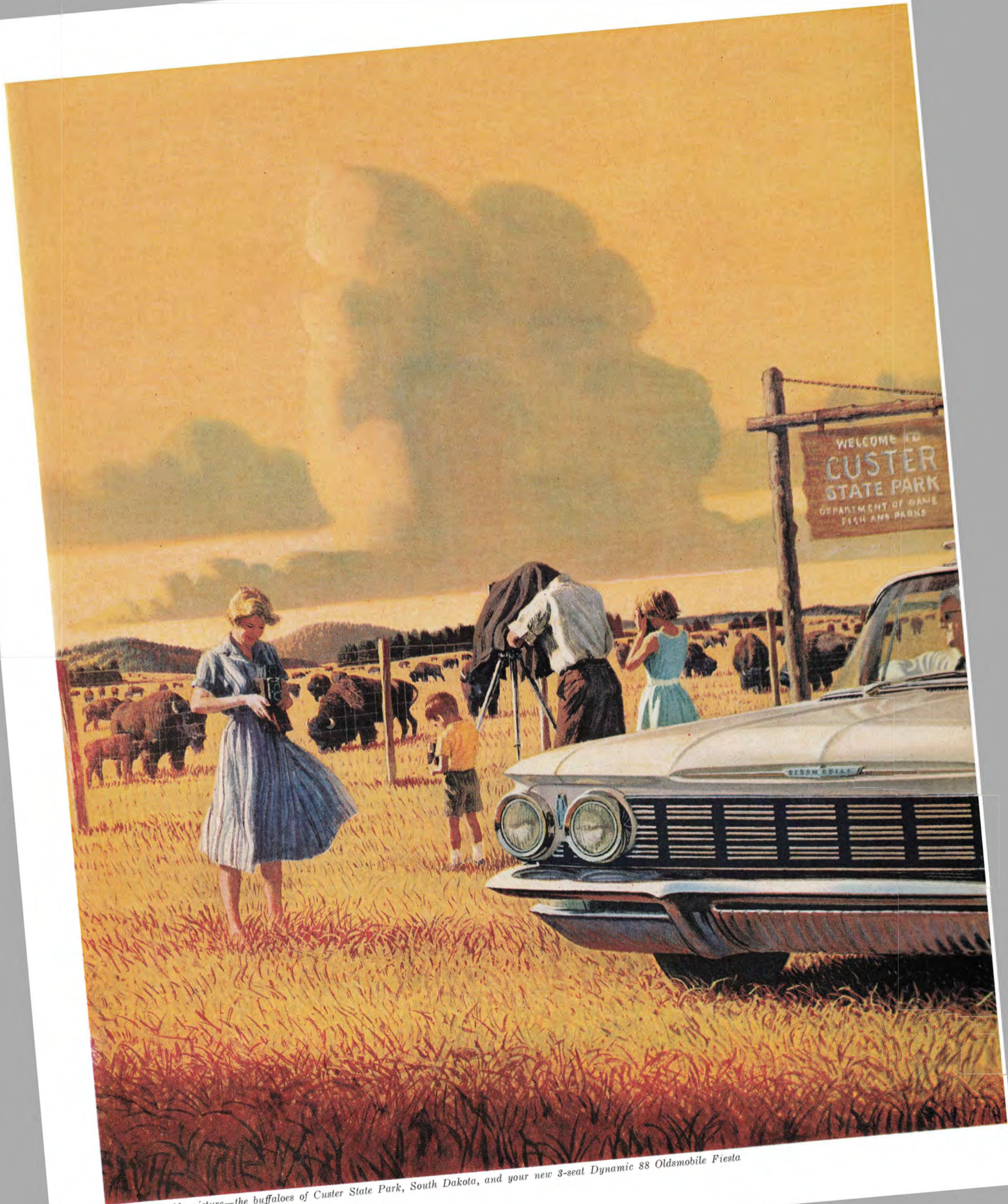
Clear sky, bright sun . . . the makings of a great day. So make the most of it. Like brewing beer. Fine ingredients are only the beginning. Important thing is *how* these ingredients are used. Take water. Here Schlitz goes Nature one better. Breaks water down, builds it up to special standards. Another reason why Schlitz is so refreshingly different. **THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS**

Move up to Schlitz

Watch Ray Milland as "Markham" each week, and the Belmont Stakes, June 11—CBS-TV.

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An unforgettable picture—the buffaloes of Custer State Park, South Dakota, and your new 3-seat Dynamic 88 Oldsmobile Fiesta



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What a wonderful day when a new car joins the family. Nothing smells so good, rides so softly, and drives so easily—though we think our own '60 General Motors cars have the edge. And we hope you'll agree.

Bringing home a new car is the easiest way ever to open up a new world of fun for the whole family.

And when you've begun to realize how many new things there are to see, the many new places to go, you'll wonder why in the world you waited so long for that new car to take you to them. This family pleasure should be reward enough . . . but there's more! Along with family fun, you'll find there's a big new interest in "how" and "why." Yes, education and new, wider interests are side benefits that go hand in hand with your new "magic carpet."

You'll get this lift from any new car, but we honestly believe you'll get far more of it from the fine General Motors line for 1960. Five excitingly different cars . . . models from sleek convertibles to work-and-play wagons . . . and all offer you Body by Fisher, advanced styling and engineering features, plus the top quality you expect from General Motors.

Nothing you can buy with the money offers so much for the whole family over so long a time as will your purchase of a new car. Drop in soon to see your GM dealer . . . and enrich your family's life.

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Now have your dream lawn... this easy way!



IT'S SO SIMPLE WITH



GARDEN PRODUCTS

There's a way to have the lawn you've always dreamed about — free from ugly weeds, crabgrass and destroying insects. Because now you have three wonder-working "Eveready" Garden Products to work for you. "Eveready"

Lawn Weed Killer . . . "Eveready" Crabgrass Killer . . . "Eveready" Lawn Insect Killer. Each one solves one of your most difficult lawn problems. They're all scientific advances — brought to you by Union Carbide.

And ask your dealer, who sells you these "Eveready" Garden Products, to help you select the best seeds, tools and fertilizers. He's the expert who can solve all your garden problems — supply all your garden needs!



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GARDEN GUN BOTH
DUSTS AND SPRAYS
BETTER, FASTER, EASIER**

\$12⁹⁸
including replaceable
Pressure Pack



WHEN TO APPLY

Apply "Eveready" Lawn Weed Killer as weeds appear.

Apply "Eveready" Crabgrass Killer as crabgrass appears.

Apply "Eveready" Lawn Insect Killer in June and September.

HOW IT PROTECTS

Contains 2 different liquid killers for both broadleaf weeds and woody plants such as dandelion, wild onion and plantain. Also kills poison ivy.

Kills both young and mature crabgrass, also chickweed. Dilute with water for economical application right on the crabgrass.

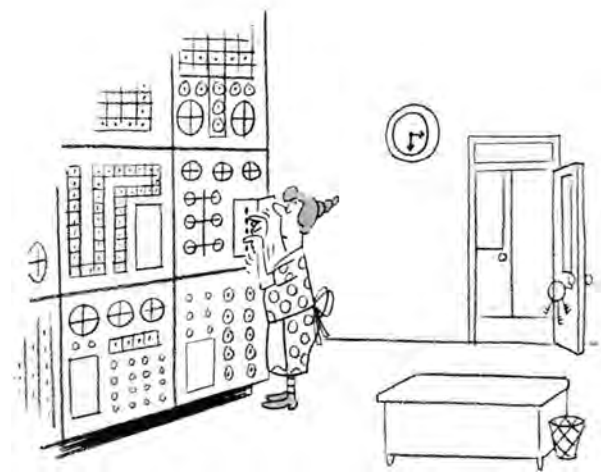
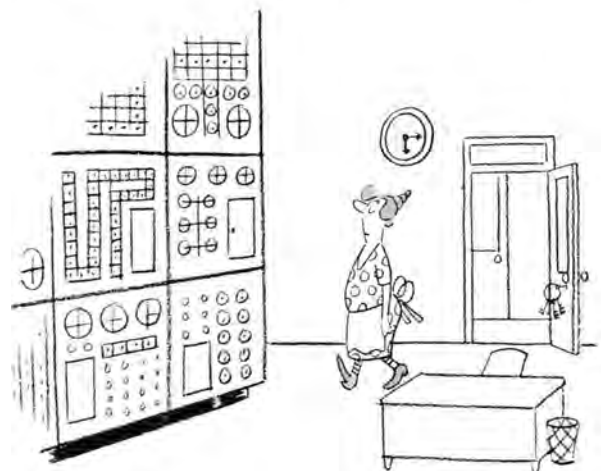
Prevents dead lawn patches which may be due to root feeding insects and grubs. These same insects are the food source for moles. 2 tablespoons protects 500 sq. ft.

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ELECTRONIC BRAIN



BOOK

VAHAN SHIRVANIAN

Exciting reading! in June Reader's Digest ...

Should you keep your fears a secret?

Confession, as a keen observer once said, can be "bad for the reputation" . . . And science confirms that it can be bad *for you* "if it weakens the resolve to *do something* about the problem!" In June Reader's Digest are new findings about when to speak, when to keep silent. Page 145.



\$4.95 Book Condensed: Born Free. This is the *true story* of what the Adamsons did with "Elsa"—a lovable, playful lioness cub who slept in their beds, rode in their car, rapidly grew to 300 pounds, and still today runs to greet them affectionately *in the wild!* Page 100.

Best Advice I Ever Had—Mary Martin. People are quick to offer criticism, and advice—which can be very unsettling. In June Reader's Digest, Mary Martin reveals what her Texas father told her *to do* about these unsolicited "helpers" . . . and how her own daughter is putting grandfather's advice to work this year! Page 49.



All That Love Could Do—the Inspiring Story of Kay Kendall. Rex Harrison knew when he married her what Kay was never told: *leukemia!* Here in June Reader's Digest is drama greater than Hollywood ever filmed—the true story of two people in love, giving everything they could to each other . . . *and time running out!* Page 79.



Is There Life in Outer Space? In one of the most adventurous quests ever undertaken by science, astronomers are trying to establish contact with "intelligent beings" on other planets. June Reader's Digest tells how the new West Virginia radio telescope "listens" and men "see" 70 trillion miles away. Pg. 160.

How to Stay Married. Much of what is now written about marriage, states Inez Robb, "is just so much malarkey." Speaking from 30 years' experience with spousery, she says "it is for adults" . . . and here sets forth with refreshing frankness some facts about "the only career essential for my sex." Page 169.

—and 33 other articles condensed to save you time—
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IT SAVES YOU TIME. You get the *cream* of leading magazines and best-selling books . . . skillfully condensed to bring you *more* information (and *more* sheer reading pleasure) in *less* time.

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HOW STEVENSON LET ME DOWN

BY HARRY S. TRUMAN

Truman discusses the qualities he felt might make Stevenson "ineffectual" as President

When I decided not to run for re-election to the Presidency, I sent for Gov. Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois. He had won the governorship by more than half a million votes and was making a fine record in office. I had great expectations for him, and during our meeting in Blair House, I offered to support him as a candidate for President in the 1952 elections.

Stevenson told me that he had an obligation to the people of Illinois to run again for governor so he could complete the program he had initiated. I thought it strange at the time that he would reject a call to party leadership and service to the nation at so critical a moment in our history.

I asked Stevenson to come to see me a month later, and again I asked him to become a candidate. Again, he refused. After another month, I tried once more. I sent Frank McKinney, the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, to see him and to urge him to reconsider. But Governor Stevenson told McKinney he would not run under any circumstances.

Stevenson was the best prospect in sight among the rising young Democrats, and I was hoping he would supply the new leadership the party needed. At that time, we had no idea that the Republicans would nominate a soldier who was a war hero. We thought they would choose Sen. Robert A. Taft or some other conservative, and that it would not

continued



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The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Haggar slacks. With Kodel they score on wash-and-wear...pick up extra points for neatness. That's why sports-caster Bud Palmer picks up compliments wherever he wears them. Kodel, liveliest polyester yet, is what does it. Ironing? Almost never! In a fine worsted blend by Pacific of Kodel polyester and wool.



Haggar "Tonga Weave" slacks in solid Spring tones. Pleats or Ivy tailoring... and they fit like a million. About \$12.95 at fine stores throughout the country. The worsted blend is by Pacific... 75% Kodel polyester, 25% wool. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or slacks shown here.

EASTMAN CHEMICAL PRODUCTS, INC., SUBSIDIARY OF EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, 260 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 16



“I was very disheartened by Stevenson’s reluctant attitude and called in Alben Barkley.”



Adlai Stevenson had just received enough votes to assure his second nomination for the Presidency when the picture above was taken. Truman, who predicted correctly that Stevenson would carry fewer states in 1956 than in 1952, backed Gov. Averell Harriman of New York for the nomination. However, he campaigned widely for Stevenson. Truman and Stevenson met occasionally to discuss party problems (left). At a meeting in 1956, Stevenson asked, “What is it I am doing wrong?” Truman says: “I tried to tell this man—so gifted in speech and intellect, and yet apparently so uncertain of himself and remote from people—that he had to learn to communicate with the man in the street.”

be difficult to elect a Democrat. Therefore, I was very disheartened by Stevenson’s reluctant attitude.

I called in Vice-President Alben W. Barkley to discuss the situation. The Vice-President had been with me the second time I had proposed to Stevenson that he run for the nomination. Barkley had also heard me instruct Chairman McKinney to make one final effort with the Illinois Governor. But now, after three refusals by Stevenson, and with time running short before the Democratic convention assembled in Chicago, it was essential to settle upon another prospective candidate. I turned to Barkley himself—the best-known and most beloved Democratic figure—and asked him if he would run. By right of his distinguished service, and because he was fully qualified, Barkley was deserving of consideration. He agreed to have his name submitted to the convention.

But Barkley’s candidacy ran into trouble right from the start. His personal advisers and representatives mishandled the situation in Chicago. Their negotiations with representatives of organized labor were conducted in a manner that led to misunderstanding. Barkley was a friend of labor, and his failure to get labor’s full endorsement hurt him deeply. It prompted him to announce his withdrawal from the race for the nomination on the day the convention opened.

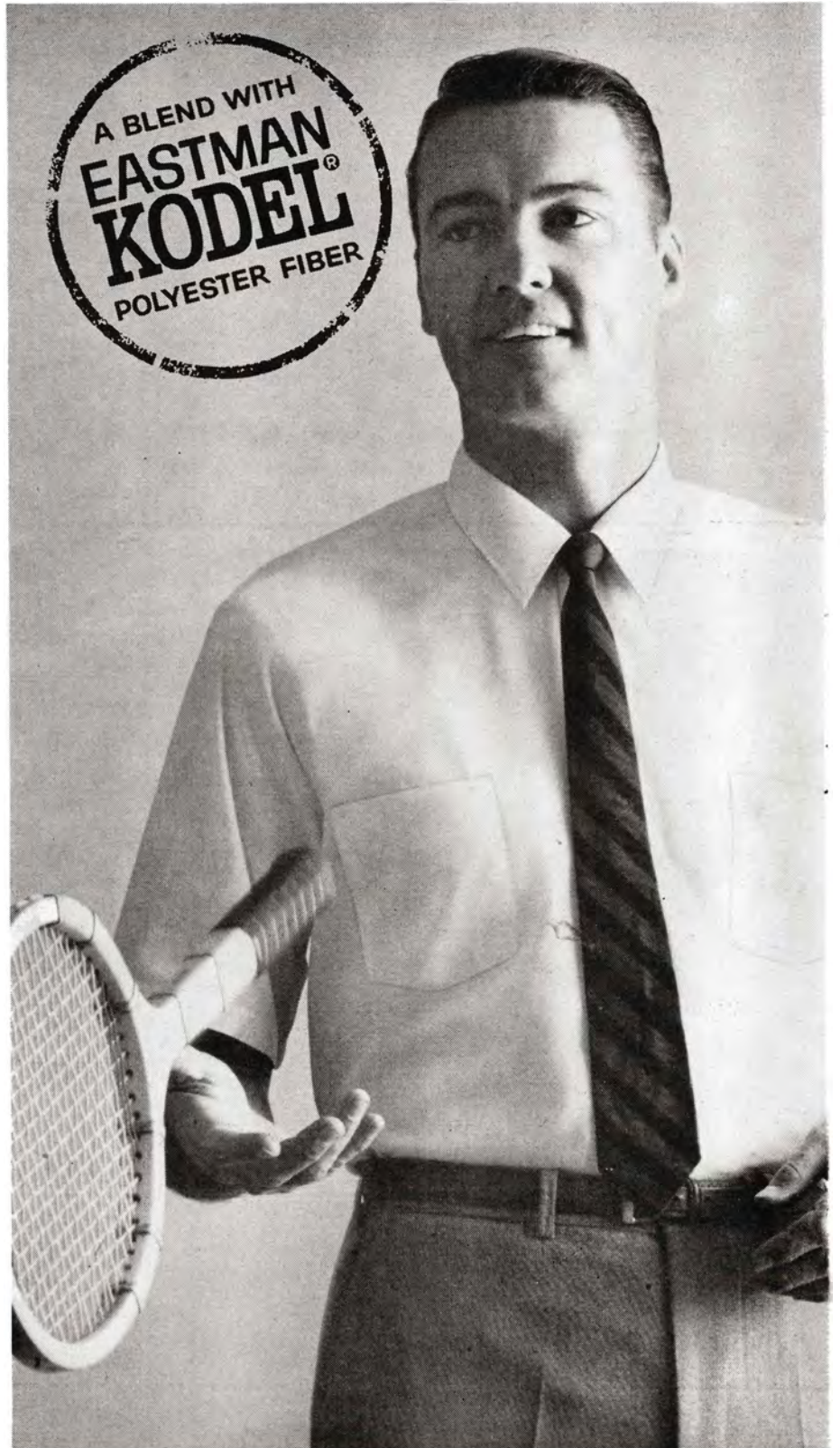
Then, out of the clear, on the day the Presidential candidate was to be chosen, Governor Stevenson telephoned me at the White House; he said that his friends wanted to nominate him for President.

“Would you object if I agreed to run?” Stevenson asked me.

Well, I blew up. I talked to him in language I think he had never heard before. I told him that for months I had been trying to get him

continued

The champion of stay-fresh fibers in Manhattan® shirts! Kodel bounces off wrinkles in the Delcot™ the way a racquet bounces out a serve. Makes it permanent wash-and-wear...with seldom any touch-up ironing! Sportscaster Bud Palmer gives match point to Kodel for its crisp, comfortable performance. Fabric of Kodel polyester and cotton.



Manhattan Delcot shirt with Reserve Neatness™ comes in a light and comfortable fabric of 50% Kodel polyester, 50% cotton. \$5.00 (slightly higher in the West). Dress 'N Play™ collar can be worn with or without tie. In white, blue, tan, grey. Kodel is the trademark for Eastman polyester fiber. Only the fiber is made by Eastman, not the fabric or shirt shown here.

“The 1952 Stevenson campaign cost the party 3,000,000 votes.”

to be the candidate. Now, at the last possible moment, he had changed his mind. But he was still the best prospect we had, and I said I would support him.

On Sunday, the day before the convention opened, the caucus of the Illinois delegation met. Stevenson was present. At this caucus, the Governor still withheld permission to allow the delegation to place his name in nomination. But the chairman of the caucus declared that if another state placed the name of Stevenson before the convention, Illinois would feel itself bound to second that nomination. I was informed that the Governor remained silent at this statement, but did not discourage the Illinois delegation by giving it instructions not to second his nomination. Thus, characteristically by indirection, Stevenson became an active candidate.

When the convention opened, a deadlock developed. If I had not flown to Chicago from Washington, Stevenson would not have been nominated. I got the leaders of the convention to confer with me immediately on my arrival, and told them that I regarded Stevenson as the logical candidate. As a result, he received the nomination.

Stevenson's difficulty in getting the nomination would not have developed if he had indicated long enough in advance that he would be willing to run. Some of Stevenson's supporters anticipated that he would be drafted, but a draft would not have materialized. A draft rarely can be worked on a convention. It required the intervention of the President to get Stevenson through.

Then Stevenson went out and conducted a campaign that was

not in support of the Democratic program of President Franklin D. Roosevelt and myself. You cannot successfully run as a Democrat, with a Democratic Administration in power, without running on the record of that Administration.

Soon after the election, I sailed for the last time on the Presidential yacht *Williamsburg* down the Potomac for a week end of reflection. I wanted to do some thinking about the future of the Democratic party and what I was going to do after January 20, 1953. I took with me a small group of trusted personal advisers and friends.

The *Williamsburg* had served occasionally as the floating White House, allowing me to get away from the routine of the Executive Office and enabling me to combine a certain amount of relaxation with work. Often, officials of the Administration and leaders of Congress accompanied me for consultations on these short trips. A President needs to get away from the confining environment of the White House from time to time to gain perspective. This last trip was in no way a political post-mortem. As the campaign of 1952 had developed, I had not been unprepared for the outcome. What concerned me was what kind of leadership the Democratic party would get from Adlai Stevenson, who, though defeated, was now the titular head of the party.

STEVENSON PREFERRED TO DETACH HIMSELF

I was ready to take my position in the ranks and to do all I could to help him in his future role, although Stevenson had made it clear, during the campaign, that he preferred to detach himself from the man in the White House and the party headquarters in Washington. Stevenson, of course, had the right to do what he did, but in my opinion, he only helped the opposition and hurt himself.

The way the campaign was conducted cost the party at least three to four million votes. The loss of these votes to the Republicans provided them with such a sweeping victory statistically that they misjudged the true temper of the country. As a result, the victorious

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Republicans undertook to make drastic revisions in domestic and foreign policy, which led to grave errors they have been trying to repair ever since.

In assessing the results of 1952, we have to take into account that Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower was a glamorous military hero, glorified by the press. And he was campaigning at a time when many people were perhaps tired of the strains of wartime and the sacrifices they had been making for so many years. They were susceptible to inducements to escape from the tensions and anxieties of responsibilities that were still a long way from being fulfilled. Dangerous and misleading hopes were aroused by Eisenhower's siren call over Korea—where, after seven long years, we still have no peace, but only a precarious truce with our forces pinned down and exposed to danger. Only a military man could have successfully exploited such a situation for partisan political advantage. However, it was an effective appeal for votes.

It was obvious that I was not going to fade completely from the political scene, even though I was no longer in the White House. I had made my decision not to be a candidate in 1952 because of many circumstances, but certainly I was not stepping out for reasons of physical disability. My doctors assured me that I was in excellent physical condition and could go on if I wanted to. They were right. This is proved by the fact that I have continued to maintain a vigorous schedule of work and travel since I left office.

But whatever I had in mind for myself, I thought it was time for the Democratic party to develop new leadership. This was one of the major topics during that last trip on the *Williamsburg*. I outlined to my associates my thinking on the succession to the leadership of the party. Then I decided to send a message to Stevenson pledging my full support of his leadership. I wanted to leave no doubt in his mind that I, as a former President, was available to him at all times in an advisory capacity.

I felt that the candidate for the Presidency chosen by the Democratic convention became the new leader of the party as a result of his nomination, and remained the leader until the next convention. Of course, I was disappointed that during the campaign, Stevenson, as the nominee of the party, had not understood the necessity of giving unqualified support to the policies of the incumbent Democratic President. Unless there is something basically wrong, the candidate in such

continued



LOOK

NED HILTON

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a situation should go along with the policies of the Administration. The question arises as to what happens if the candidate fails to do so. Well, there is not very much that the President can do about it. The President could only regret it; he could not even mention it during the campaign.

Notwithstanding this, I intended to recognize and support Stevenson as the party leader, and therefore lost no time in sending the message to him through a trusted friend. But as time went on, it was a difficult matter to get Stevenson to realize fully that, as the nominee of the Democratic party, he was its leader.

I have been asked whether Stevenson's reluctance to take over active direction could have been due to the circumstance that there was a living former President, whose opinions and advice were still being sought by many members of the party. I certainly tried to make Stevenson and everyone else in the party understand that the leadership was his. There should have been no hesitation on his part, because there was nothing to prevent consultation between him and the former President.

But Stevenson continued to remain aloof. His failure to pick up the reins of leadership brought about a period of confusion, drift and factionalism within our party. To fill the vacuum, there were two developments. The first was constructive. An advisory committee was set up in 1956 that could function as the public voice of the party and on which many of the top leaders served, including Stevenson and myself. The second development led to difficulties. The national chairman of the party and the national committee expanded their roles to include policy making, thus usurping authority that was not properly theirs, but belonged to the party convention or the party nominee. It is the party convention that lays down policy. The only functions of a national chairman are to carry out that policy and to make the necessary arrangements for the next convention.

THE ADVICE STEVENSON IGNORED

The situation did not improve as time went on. In July, 1955, Stevenson came to see me, at his request, at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago, to talk about the affairs of the party. I came directly to the point and said, "Why don't you announce yourself now as a Presidential candidate, so that we can get a head start? Now is the time to do the necessary advance work that we were prevented from doing in 1952, when you held off until the last moment."

Then I added, "If you decide to run, I will back you and do all I can to help you. I have no one else in mind. But you have got to make up your mind now. Delay will only hurt your candidacy, and may needlessly handicap that of any other aspirant."

Stevenson remained silent. Either he was not willing to declare himself to me, or he was still hesitating about making up his mind.

I continued talking and added, "If you decide to become a candidate, I suggest that you not allow your name to be entered in any of the state primaries. Don't waste your energies. We were able to nominate you in 1952, and we can do so again in 1956."

But Stevenson still gave me no indication of what he intended to do. Some months after our talk, he allowed his name to be entered in the state primaries, and he waged an exhausting campaign in many parts of the country.

When I returned from a trip to Europe in July, 1956, I saw Stevenson again. I was staying in Room 508 at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. This was the room I was staying in back in 1944, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt telephoned me from San Diego to tell me he had decided that I was to be his running mate in 1944. Since then, this room has been my headquarters whenever I visit Chicago.

On this July day, I had been telling Stevenson of my trip to Europe. After I related some of my talks with statesmen there, I advised him that his big task would be to concentrate on the peace issue in the 1956 campaign against President Eisenhower, if he were nominated again, and it appeared certain he would be.

As we talked about some of the major domestic issues, Steven-

continued

Truman discusses "the big obstacle to peace"



"This is no time for despair. In our lifetime, we may hope to see a significant change take place in Russia."

The big obstacle to peace today is the fact that the Communist rulers of Russia and China have been so concerned with keeping themselves in power and seeking to dominate the world. They have little concern with the peace of the world, or even with the survival of their own people.

The Russian people at no time had any reason to fear aggression from the Free World. I can state unequivocally that the people and government of the United States have never had any ulterior designs against the Russian people or their land. As a matter of fact, three Presidents of the United States have made five long journeys to meet with Russian leaders, at places of their own convenience, in an effort to get Russia to co-operate in the interests of world peace.

I would remind some of our neutralist friends, and those who are so easily impressed by Russian propaganda, of a very important fact: Soon after the establishment of the United Nations, the United States made the most challenging offer in history to bring about the reduction and control of armaments. We were prepared to enter into an agreement to place the control of atomic weapons in the United Nations under a system of international control. But Russia wrecked that plan. This action by the Kremlin paved the way for the atomic-and-nuclear-weapons and missiles race.

There is nothing more urgent than the banning of all nuclear weapons under a foolproof system of international control. But the biggest mistake we could make would be to delude ourselves into believing that the danger of war would be eliminated if we merely abolished nuclear weapons and reduced other armaments. War itself is the real scourge of mankind.

But this is no time for despair. In our lifetime, we may hope to see a significant change take place in Russia, if the Russian people can be made to understand that their leaders are misleading them. We must not panic in reaction to Russia's propaganda moves, and we must not falter. We must combine resoluteness with patience—maintain our strength and bide our time. We are the principal discouraging force to Communist imperialism—and to war.

“I felt that I had failed in my effort to help Stevenson.”

son's only comment to me was, “What is it I am doing wrong?”

I walked over to the window. Looking down, I saw a man standing at the hotel entrance. I beckoned to Stevenson and then, pointing down, said, “The thing you have got to do is to learn how to reach that man.”

I was trying, as gently as I could, to tell this man—so gifted in speech and intellect, and yet apparently so uncertain of himself and remote from people—that he had to learn how to communicate with the man in the street.

When we parted that day, I felt that I had failed in my effort to help him. I realized more than ever that Stevenson not only had a problem in making himself understood by the man in the street, but that his indecisiveness, unless overcome, would make him ineffectual as a President.

A SPEECH THAT AROUSED TRUMAN'S DOUBTS

Despite Stevenson's decision to run a second time, I would have wished that some other national figures might have come to the fore. Yet I was prepared to support him again. Some of his actions and statements later that year, however, aroused further doubts in my mind about his dimensions as a leader and as a potential President.

I did not like the hesitating and vacillating policy of the Eisenhower Administration, and the damage it was doing to the country. I thought the Democrats ought to give the nation a better choice by offering it a man of decision.

One speech by Stevenson in 1956 left me uneasy. In it, he recommended that the United States stop the testing of hydrogen explosions on a unilateral basis. Obviously, Stevenson meant well. But I thought he had got onto a subject with which he was not fully familiar, and that he did not grasp the implications and the danger of his proposal. He should have studied all the facts that were available to him before speaking. And he should have realized that the world did not know what the Russians were actually doing in developing nuclear weapons.

What is even more to the point, the hydrogen bomb itself is not a political issue. The dangers of fall-out are a problem for all people everywhere, and should not be made a subject of partisan politics in

continued



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TRUMAN continued

“Stevenson was embarrassed by this farmer from Missouri.”

the United States. On this subject, American national policy is the same under either Democratic or Republican Presidents. The United States wishes to put an immediate halt to the making and testing of all nuclear weapons *under an international system of control and inspection*. That is the way security and peace can be effectively maintained throughout the world. The Russians have persistently prevented any agreement by which the world might be guaranteed protection from nuclear explosions.

We know now that when some people were advocating in 1956 that the American Government stop its tests of the hydrogen bomb, the Russians were already in possession of a multimegaton stockpile of intermediate ballistic missiles with thermonuclear warheads. At that time, the United States had just started to build up its own stockpile.

I thought then that it would have been more prudent for Stevenson to ascertain other critical aspects of the nuclear problem outside the scope of science. His advocacy of unilateral cessation of nuclear testing was not only bad politics, but revealed Stevenson's lack of comprehension of all the implications of this critical issue. This distressed me.

But it was evident that Stevenson could carry the convention. I was prepared to contribute to the party unity, even though I did not approve of what some of the leaders of the national committee who supported Stevenson were trying to do. I like an open convention, and even encouraged an open convention in 1948, when I could, as President, have arranged for a closed convention.

WHY TRUMAN BACKED AVERELL HARRIMAN

Long before the 1956 Democratic convention opened, I began seeing signs that Stevenson was still embarrassed by this farmer from Missouri. Because of that, I gave some thought to the steps I could take to make it easier for Stevenson to disassociate himself from me politically.

I knew I would have to do something drastic. It did not matter whether people would get abusive about my move. I had never hesitated to do the things I thought necessary, regardless of whether they were popular or not. My reputation, whatever it was, was made or unmade long before that. If I ever was embarrassed, I embarrassed myself. And I did not mind it.

As a first move, I began to consider endorsing some other candidate. I decided on Gov. Averell Harriman of New York. His many years of service to the country in capacities ranging from ambassador to Cabinet officer, and his unflinching loyalty to the New Deal and Fair Deal, entitled him to be taken seriously as a Presidential candidate. I realized that, in all fairness to Harriman, I had to point out to him that he would have almost insurmountable difficulties in getting this convention to nominate him. The convention was pretty much a cut-and-dried affair for Stevenson. Harriman, deserving as he was, could only be a long shot, even if there were hope of making the convention an open one.

I called a press conference shortly after my arrival in Chicago. I announced that I would support Harriman and believed he would make a good President.

This came as a thunderbolt to the supporters of Stevenson. I had opened up a political hornet's nest. Emotions ran high, and many self-appointed liberal custodians of the party did not spare invective. Some questioned, at this late stage, the liberalism of the former President. There was even a suggestion that my days of usefulness in Democratic politics were over and that I would, henceforth, be consigned to permanent oblivion.

continued



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PHOTOQUIZ ANSWERS

(See page 97) 1-A (Ty Cobb—He led the American League . . .). 2-D (Grover Alexander—In 1926, he won . . .). 3-B (Honus Wagner—During his career . . .). 4-I (Walter Johnson—Fastest pitcher . . .). 5-C (Cy Young—He was only pitcher . . .). 6-H (Tris Speaker—Greatest center fielder . . .). 7-J (John J. McGraw—Under his direction . . .). 8-E (Napoleon Lajoie—Effective second baseman . . .). 9-G (Babe Ruth—He hit a record total . . .). 10-F (Connie Mack—A famous catcher, he was . . .).

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TRUMAN continued

Some critics charged that I had lost all my political judgment when I followed up my endorsement of Harriman with the prediction that Stevenson could not possibly be elected. I said that if Stevenson were nominated, he would carry fewer states than he did in 1952. I based my statements on two facts: that he lost by such a tremendous majority in the 1952 campaign and that he would not be undertaking the 1956 campaign with a complete endorsement by him of the Democratic party and its principles.

I could understand the abuse and the anger that were aimed at me, and I was not bothered. After all, I had been through similar periods before. But it was a little hard on some of my friends.

One thing was certain. Any ties that Stevenson thought he had with me, or thought it expedient to have with me, were now effectively severed. Any political liability he fancied I represented to his cause was now removed.

Of course, when the convention nominated Stevenson, I took the floor to announce that, as a loyal Democrat, I would do everything the party wanted me to do in the campaign on behalf of the candidate. And in the campaign that followed, I undertook one of the most exhausting schedules of personal appearances I had ever assumed. I was just as unsparing of myself as if I were campaigning for myself.

This is the way I think a man must act in politics. He must close ranks and forget personalities. This is the very heart of our republic—to debate the issues as vigorously as we can, and then, after the people have spoken, carry on and work together.

A lesson all candidates should remember from the 1952 and 1956 campaigns is that you cannot turn your back on your party's record. You can improve it, but you cannot deal with the future without tying into the past. The past of the Democratic party under the New Deal and the Fair Deal represented some of the most historic advances in the life of this republic. And the last man in the world to ignore it should be the nominee of that party.

"They'll Never Make an Elder Statesman Out of Me!" Truman says in the next issue.

He talks candidly about Ike, politics, himself.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF **LOOK**

**CHANGING
RUSSIA**

What will Eisenhower find when he visits the U.S.S.R.? A picture report on The Big Change in Russia offers a striking preview.



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FOR WOMEN ONLY

The Great American Party: What it is, why it is and how to give it

president of the Heart and Lung Foundation, runs its annual Hearts and Diamonds Ball much as she does her famous lawn-tent parties. "Just mix good food and music, 'fun' people and a dance floor that's not too chopped up," she advises. "And if you really want the charity

late Bernard De Voto, a Martini connoisseur, is "a fine and noble art . . . a perfect thing made of gin and vermouth. Dry vermouth." Martinis made of sweet vermouth De Voto considered a grievous betrayal of trust.

The representative of one hotel

earlier day had no such "in" and "out" problems. Their infallible guide was Emily Post, who firmly recommended: "Don't pretend to be other than what you are. . . . Don't dress the choreman as a butler or the grocery boy as a footman in the hope of impressing your

Parties provide what the English poet H. S. Leigh called "the rapturous, wild and ineffable pleasure of drinking at someone else's expense." Pleasure-loving Americans concur. Last year, we imbibed some 380 million gallons of wine and distilled spirits — much of it at that free-loading phenomenon known as the cocktail party. This mating ground of beauty, brawn and booze is visualized here by Olivia H. H. Cole, a precocious but teetotaling 15-year-old.

Today, party giving shows new evidences of American ingenuity. In North Carolina, a costumed Lost Identity Orgy featured roast suckling pig, 100-year-old Chinese eggs and "mass psychotherapy." At a Halloween party in Hollywood, to which actress Zsa Zsa Gabor and her daughter came dressed as Vampira and Baby Vampira, the menu included "arsenic" and other "poisonous" dishes.

Other trends in U. S. fetes: House-cooling parties for executives who must move frequently. Used furnishings are given away to lighten the moving load and to make room for house-warming gifts in the owner's new location. . . . Madison Avenue *luaus* provide gray-flanneled guests with ukuleles and "naked" Martinis (straight gin). . . . "Genuine beatniks, badly groomed but brilliant," are available on a party-rental basis. . . . And for the anxious party giver, new controlled lighting gives a low, friendly glow at the start of the evening, can be turned up to "time to go home" brightness when yawns set in.

The charity ball is fast becoming one of America's favorite parties. Mrs. Cortright (Tootie) Wetherill,

to make money, the most important ingredient is someone to pick up the tab."

Mrs. Wetherill's important ingredient is Harry Winston, well-known Manhattan jeweler.

An informal survey shows that shrimps are the most popular cocktail-party food, preferably washed down with Scotch or Martinis. The latter drink, in the opinion of the

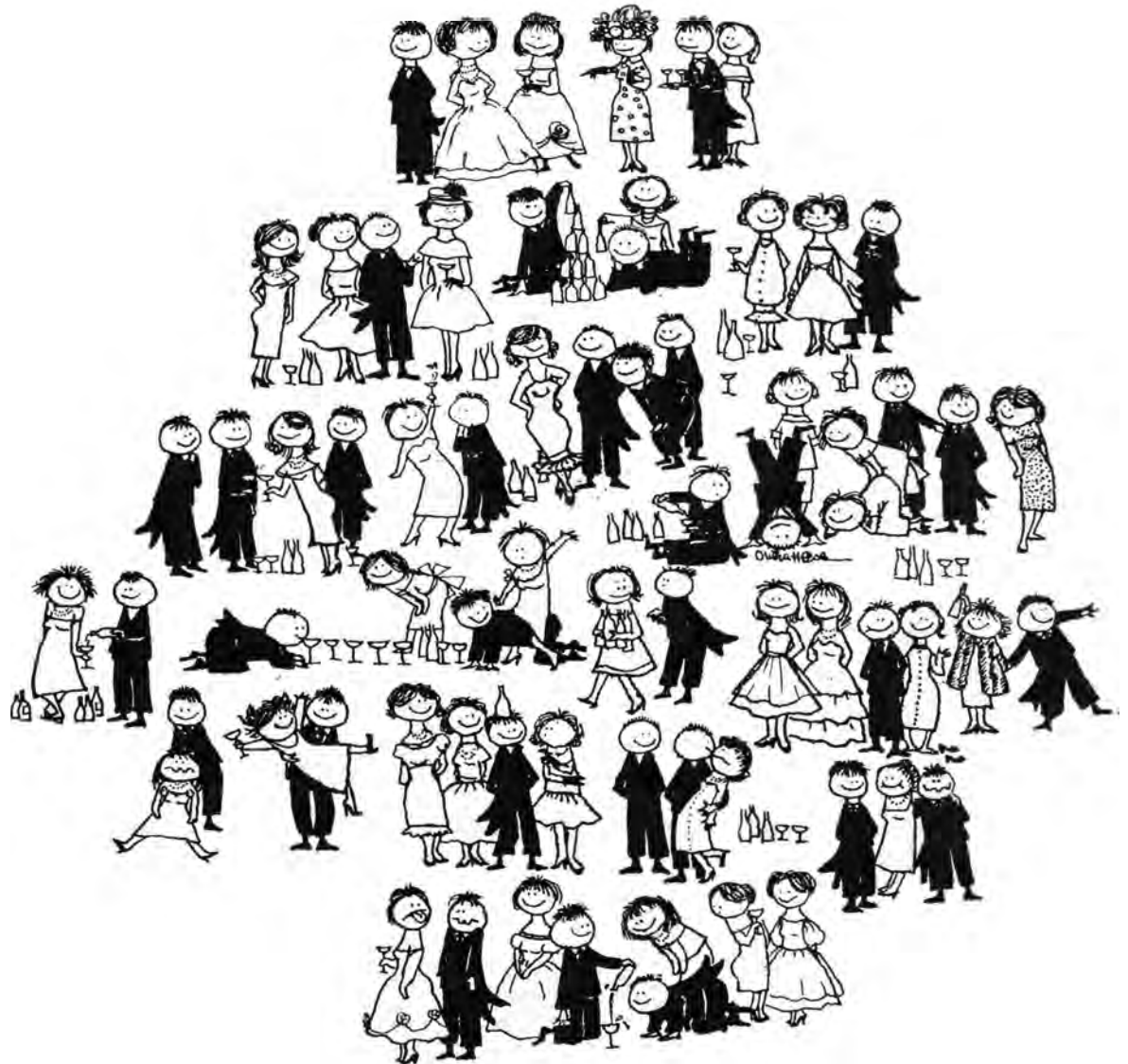
on New York's Park Avenue icily disagrees with this beverage index. "Martinis," she says emphatically, "are on their way out. Our clientele looks down on them as a peasant potion. You must remember, things are a little different here on Park Avenue." Currently in vogue with the Park Avenue crowd: "Gin and Cin" (Cinzano).

Patrician party planners of an

neighbors. To make too much effort is always a mistake."

Whatever the year and whatever the festivity, a hostess's finest hour is at her party's end. There, collapsed amid the debris, she can wearily contemplate the invitations that will soon pour in from those who now owe *her* the rapturous, wild and ineffable pleasure of drinking at *their* expense.

END



DRAWINGS BY OLIVIA H. H. COLE

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THE YEAR'S SPORTS PICTURES



Floyd Patterson is down in 3rd round of 1959 heavyweight-title bout. Moments later, Ingemar Johansson won by a TKO. AP photo was shot by Mathew Zimmerman, using Hasselblad camera, 60-mm lens at f:16.



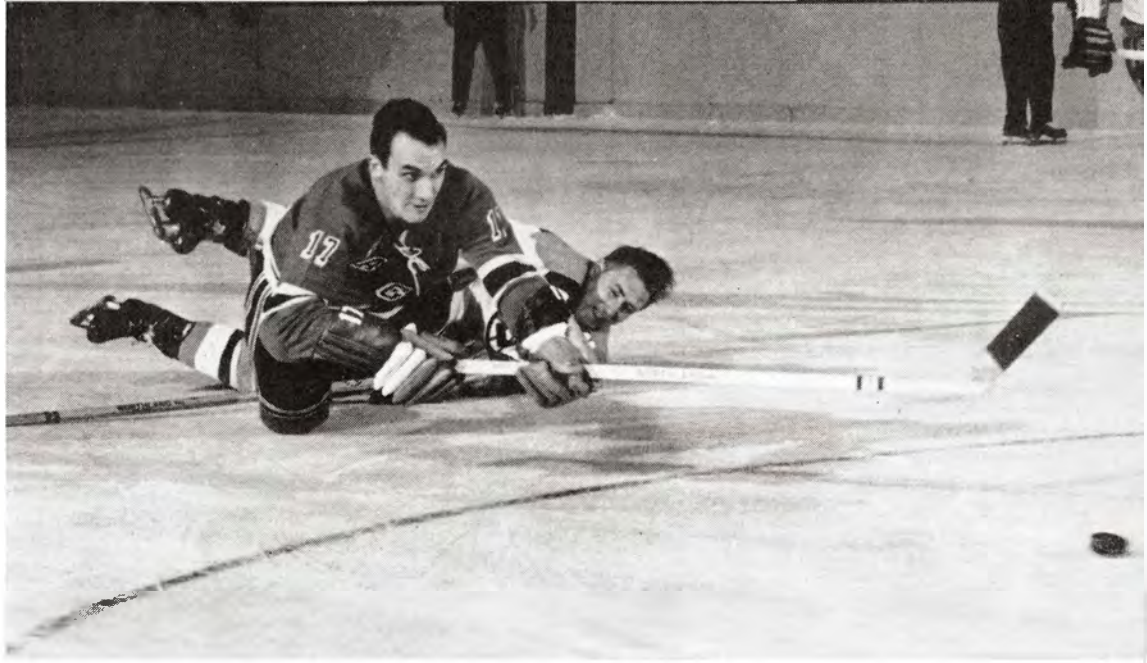
Yankee slugger Mickey Mantle flings his bat in disgust after striking out with two men on in New York-Baltimore contest. Orioles took game, 2 to 1. UPI's Anthony Sande made the shot.

"Crash Landing," this year's grand-prize winner, by Lee Hashbarger, UPI, shows racer Hans Hermann crouched dazedly on the track as his car bounces out of control during the German Grand Prix in Berlin. Miraculously, he escaped serious injury.



BEST

ON THESE PAGES, LOOK presents its choice of the 11 best sports pictures of 1959. They were picked from among 800 entries in the annual LOOK sports-photo contest. Each winner captures that moment of intensity when sport becomes a drama of human experience. Here is the resolute spirit of a young boxer struggling up from the canvas; the desperate strength of a quarterback blindly charging a wall of tacklers; a jockey in despair as his race ends in a sea of mud. Here is the fascinating, human world of sport.



Ranger Dean Prentice and Bruin Fern Flaman are caught in an icy spill by Charles Hoff, New York Daily News. He used a 4x5 Speed Graphic at f:16.

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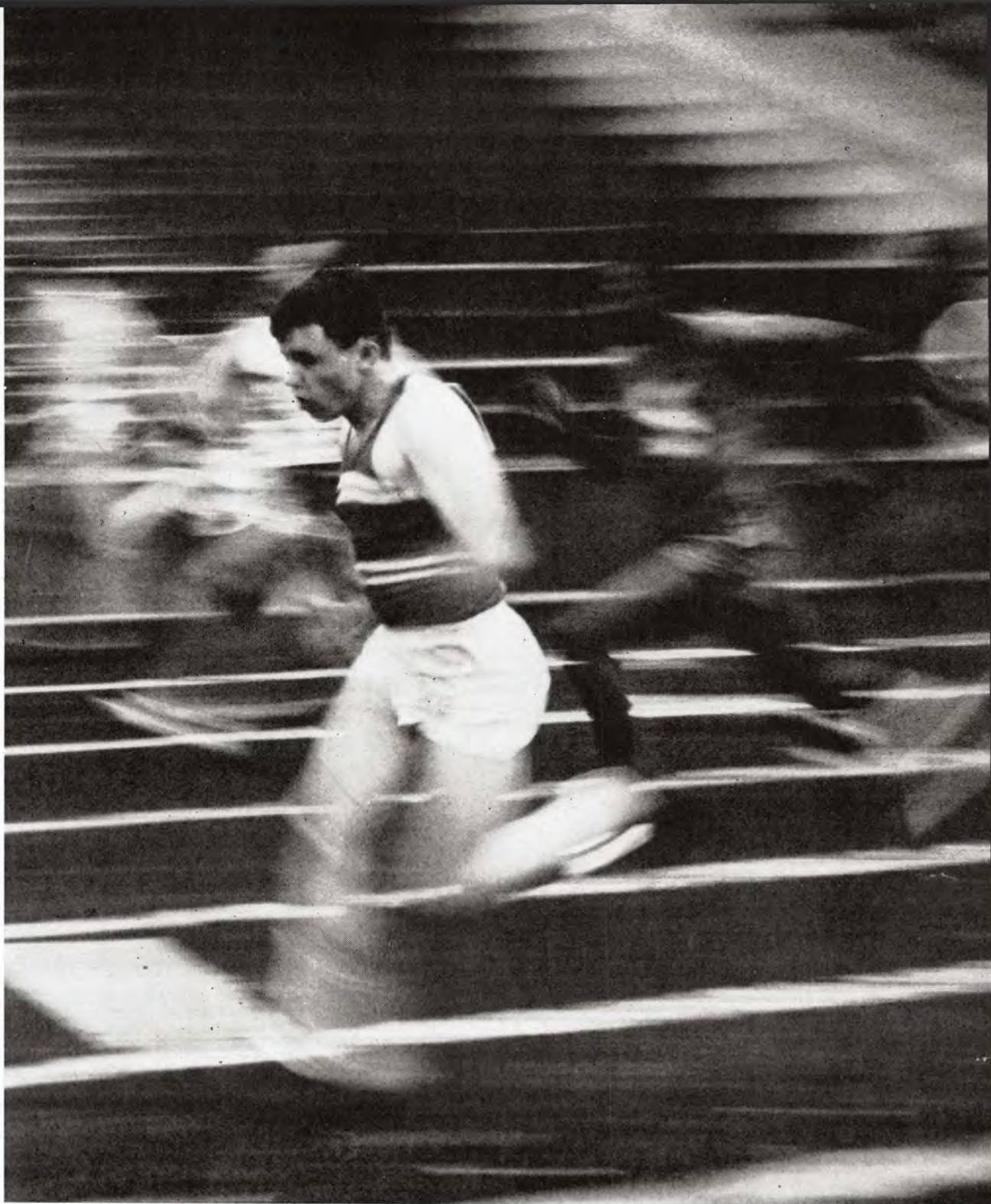


Colorado duck hunters are captured at dawn by Albert Moldvay, Denver Post staff photographer. He used a 35-mm Nikon camera with 2.5 lens set at f:8, and Plus X film. Shutter speed was 1/1,000th of a second.

Prizes go to dawn flight, homage at dusk

A record crowd of 93,103 fans light up the darkened Los Angeles Coliseum with matches in tribute to Roy Campanella. The solemn moment was recorded in a 4-second exposure at f:5.6 by Ernest Schworck of UPI.





Neil Goldstein, University of Maryland sprinter, heads for 100-yard-dash victory in District of Columbia track meet. Washington Post photo was taken by Wally McNamee with a 35-mm Nikon at $f:16$, $1/15$ th.



Herb Scharfman, New York free lance, used a 35-mm Praktina FX and Tri X film for this poignant study of Eddie Arcaro. The jockey was thrown from his injured mount, Black Hills, on muddy turn at Belmont.

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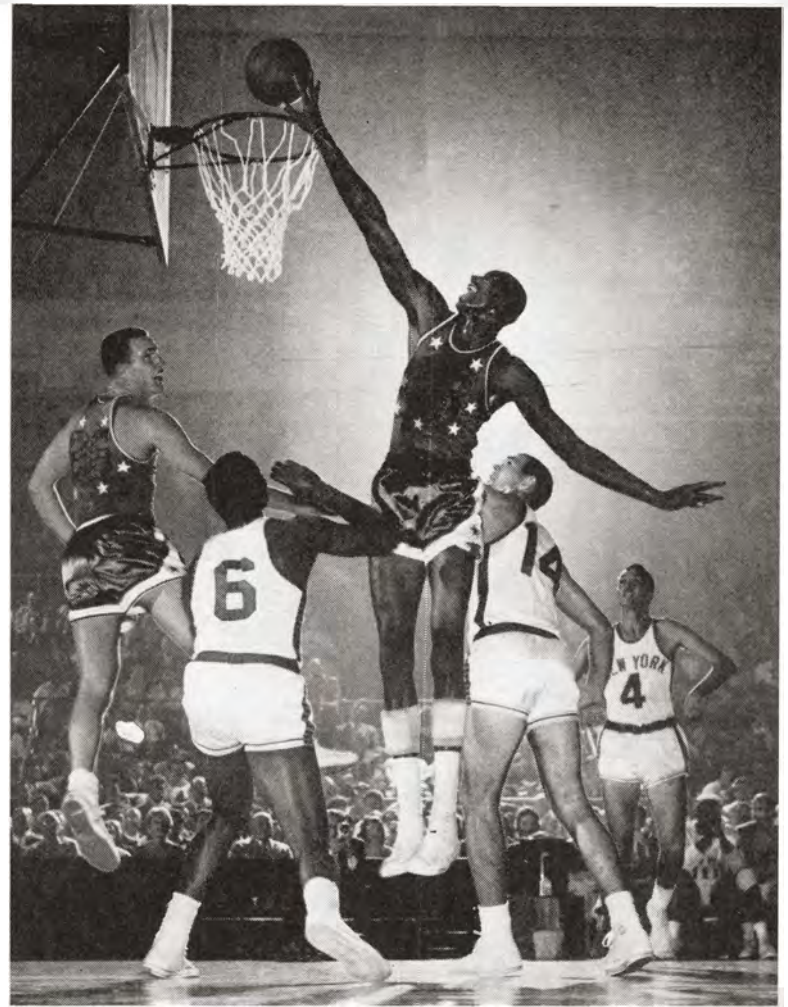
Entries are mounting each year

America's top news photographers submitted 800 pictures in 54 categories to the seventh annual LOOK sports-photo contest. This reflects a steady increase over the years. Award repeaters in 1959 include Charles Hoff, New York *Daily News*, who placed in 1955 and 1957, and free lance Herb Scharfman, who won in '57 and '58.



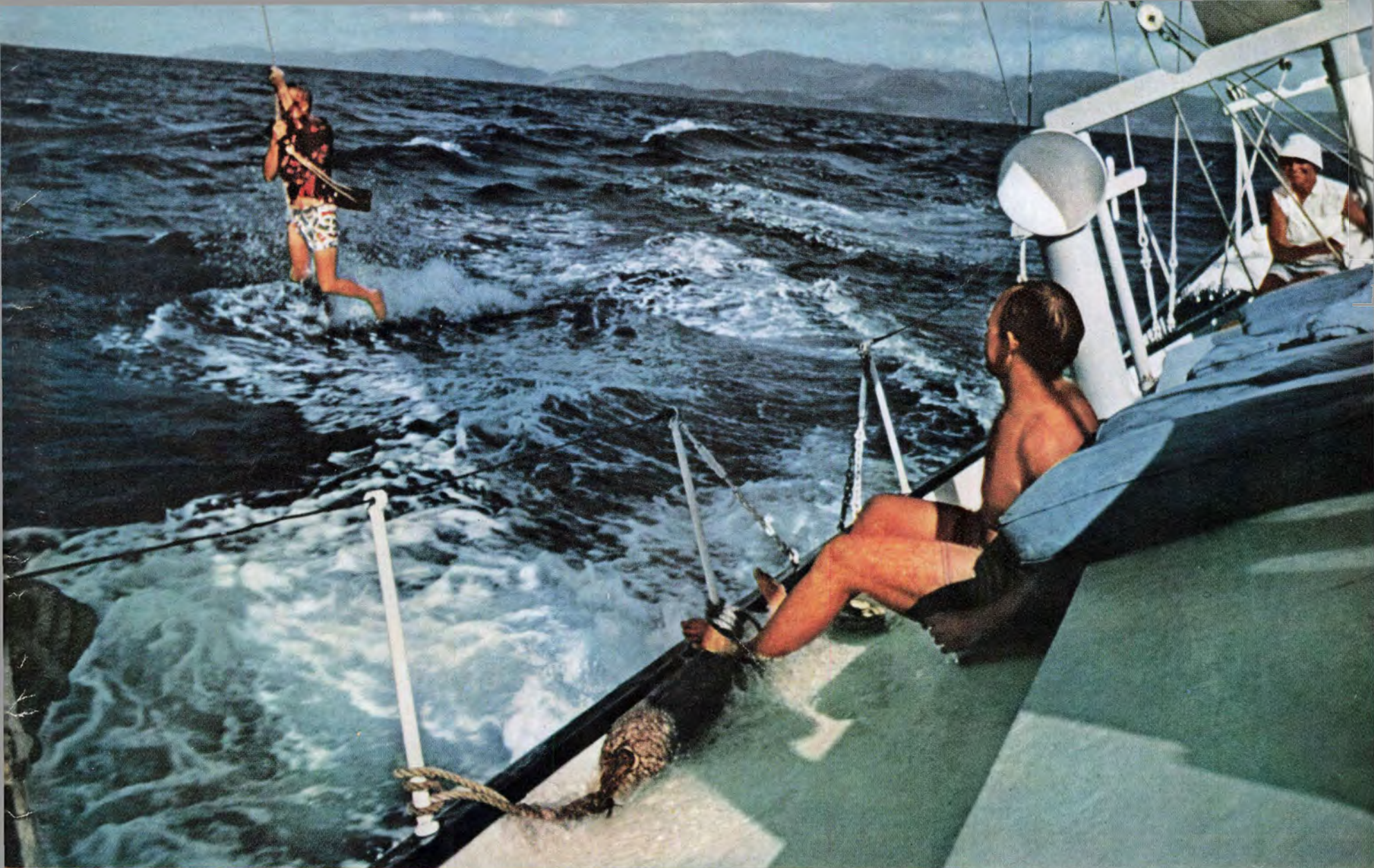
California quarterback Larry Parque drags Oregon State tacklers along in blind rush to pay dirt. Action was caught by Speed Graphic of San Francisco Chronicle's Ken McLaughlin.

British goalkeeper Eddie Hopkins makes a spectacular save against Italy in an international soccer match at Wembley Stadium. UPI's Herbert Ludford made shot.



Charles Hoff, New York Daily News, wins another prize this year with shot of Wilt Chamberlain rebounding in a New York charity game.





Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"

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2. "I took a header smack into the rolling waves. As the 'Tropic Queen' started to right herself, the rope in my hands grew tighter. I felt I'd never reach the surface and I wondered how long I could hold out."



3. "The boat suddenly heeled over, and I was catapulted the *other* way—speeding straight for the boat's side. I got set for the crash. Then I saw the skipper waiting to intercept me. That's when I realized that *he* was part of the game, too!"



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THAT COUNTS!



Sure, Winston has a pure white modern filter. But right from the start Winston recognized that flavor is the whole idea of smoking. That's why Winston developed **FILTER-BLEND**—rich, golden tobaccos not only *specially selected*, but also *specially*

processed for filter smoking. Winston's modern filter and **FILTER-BLEND** work together to make Winston the filter cigarette that really tastes like a cigarette! So try Winston—America's best-selling, best-tasting filter cigarette.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

WINSTON TASTES GOOD like a cigarette should!