
LIFE
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1880-1964
APRIL 17 • 1964 • 25¢

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LIFE

EDITORS' NOTE

Most Adventurous Sea Painter of His Day

In the small German village of Lenggries, about 40 miles from Munich, lives a 78-year-old artist called Claus Bergen. Bergen is a marine painter. He has always loved the sea, and spent his lifetime painting it.

When we began searching for paintings to illustrate this week's instalment on World War I—the War at Sea—Bergen's name kept cropping up. But nobody in Germany knew where he lived, or even whether he was still alive.

Forty years ago Bergen was the most renowned and adventurous sea painter of his day. His specialty was scenes of warships in action. "I fell in love with those bulky gray shapes the first time I saw them," he says. For years he hung close to ships and seamen. When World War I began, he became obsessed with the drama of sea battles. Soon he became the unofficial painter laureate of the Imperial German Navy.


PAINTER CLAUS BERGEN

Bergen had a passion for detail. To get a precise description of bursting shells, he would talk to dozens of officers who survived battles. Some said the explosions were brown, others said yellow. Bergen had to know their exact height and arc. He questioned veterans about the terrifying look of shells hurtling head-on toward their ships.

No man ever took more pains to capture the truth of a battle at sea. And no man ever had more expert help. Word of his skill spread so rapidly that a U-boat commander was proud to take Bergen along on a combat patrol so he could sketch its kills through the periscope. After the battle of Jutland (*p. 66*), Admirals Hipper and Scheer, and all of the battleship commanders, wanted special Bergen paintings showing each of their ships in action. Scheer sent him out on a fleet maneuver and painstakingly arranged the ships in the exact position they held at Jutland—so Bergen could paint the historic scene.

Our European bureau finally tracked Bergen down in his Bavarian home and found him surrounded by his canvases, the most exciting and complete record of the sea war by anyone on either side. All of the paintings but one in this week's instalment are by his hand.

Last year, after President Kennedy visited Germany, Bergen read stories in the German press about the President's naval career, and his love of the sea. He was so moved by Kennedy's visit he asked the White House if he might send over one of his canvases as a gift. The President accepted. Bergen immediately shipped off a large painting entitled *The Atlantic*. It was sent only a few days before the President was assassinated.

Four days after the assassination a note arrived from the White House expressing deep regrets that a personal letter of thanks did not reach Bergen before the President's death. "If I only knew that the President had seen the painting before he died," Bergen says sadly, "it would make me very happy."

George P. Hunt
GEORGE P. HUNT
Managing Editor

This One
YQYT-20Q-P09X

Any Friend of Goulash Can't Be All Bad

Though he is one of their major deities, Joe Stalin used to disparage the Chinese Reds by calling them "cabbage," "radish" and "margarine" Communists (meaning that ideologically they were not the real thing). Now, successor Nikita Khrushchev wants the world to know that he doesn't use food as a term of disparagement. In particular, he has come out foursquare for goulash. Instead of more revolution, he wants "all the things that make life richer and finer." That includes houses, clothes, ballet, schools, hospitals and "good goulash."

Such talk, which he repeated with variations throughout his trip to Hungary last week, was aimed at two widely dissimilar audiences: the Eastern Europeans around him and the distant Chinese. To the Eastern Europeans, it was the friendly lingo of a stumping politico; to the Chinese, it was Khrushchev's latest manifesto in the bitter debate over the very nature of Communism.

Possibly even more than the Russians themselves, the peoples of the bloc nations have a strong appetite for the good life, and their Communist leaders are willing to violate a few dogmas, if necessary, to get it for them. The degree of liberalization varies widely but every satellite is buzzing with cultural and economic ferment, often in impudent opposition to Mother Russia.

The thaw has penetrated even Czechoslovakia, long one of the most politically repressed countries of all, where writer Franz Kafka has just been restored to respectability after years of disgrace. Hungary's intellectuals, many of whom were manning barricades against Soviet tanks only eight years ago, are now reported to be largely concerned with tourism to Western Europe.

Planners tend to be on the lookout for their own economies: Romania has had considerable success in openly defying the Soviet COMECON common market scheme and boasts the highest growth rate in Europe. Many kinds of economic experiment are evident. In Poland, 36 large enterprises have been ordered to use profit, rather than production alone, as an operating goal. And Hungary has just introduced a nationwide 5% interest charge on capital, which includes machinery, inventories, buildings and other items never before figured as cost in communist accounting. The move, intended to force state-owned enterprises to use capital more economically, represents a revolution in Communist practice. Marx would hardly approve, but it's sound business.

In the heat of political oratory, Khrushchev has been moved to some extraordinary declarations, including bits and pieces of praise for the "realism" of Kennedy, Johnson, Rusk and Fulbright. It would certainly be foolish to accept these at face value. At the same time, his theological argument with Mao Tse-tung has been growing into an irreparable split between Russia and China; the conflict itself is getting to look more and more like an old-fashioned great-power rivalry with strong racial overtones. As the gulf widens Khrushchev can move in only one direction: toward the West.

Two weeks ago Soviet Ideologist Mikhail Suslov weighed in with an anti-Chinese diatribe far more absolute and final than any to date. The opponents are already busy choosing up sides and scrounging for allies in the big showdown which may already be here. While Chinese mystagogues peddle the violent gospel of Stalinism, Khrushchev bends doctrine his own way. Instead of making war, he proposes to make friends and conquer the world with goulash. "The system that will give more material goods to man will win." These words may rightly give pause to the skinny hordes of China, but the Free World—proud in its possession of goulash and much more, both materially and otherwise—can greet the challenge with confidence.

Reverse Carpetbagging

Governor Wallace, the reverse carpetbagger from Alabama, brought his segregationist eloquence to Wisconsin and won a surprising 33% of the Democratic votes in the presidential primary there. In a state that used to call itself the most progressive in the Union, this was a marked setback for the civil rights movement. It was a setback, but it should not have been a surprise and need not be a portent.

A social change as "fundamental and astounding" as the Negro march to equality is not to be achieved without strife, straggling and reaction. As Theodore H. White pointed out in his articles on the Negro in the North (LIFE, Nov. 22, 29), the strife is worst exactly at the border the Negro is trying to cross in large numbers—in working-class communities, especially those of immigrant descent. Governor Wallace made a strong pitch to labor in Wisconsin, and got his heaviest Democratic vote among the Poles of Milwaukee.

Wisconsin is not a special case, either. An N.A.A.C.P. float in the St. Patrick's Day parade in South Boston, bearing the slogan, "From the fight for Irish freedom we must fight for American equality," was bombarded with rocks, refuse, beer bottles and cherry bombs. Seattle recently turned down a "fair housing" ordinance by a resounding 2 to 1 vote, despite its support by all respectable church and civic leaders. Kansas City was forced to a referendum on a public-accommodation ordinance which the city council had voted overwhelmingly but which the people endorsed by a bare whisker.

The violence and waste of pro-Negro demonstrations have offended well-disposed whites in all parts of the country and will continue, alas, to produce counterviolence. But is that any reason for second thoughts on the rights and wrongs of the race issue?

Most Americans have surely made up their minds on the basic issue by now, though men of good will can differ on many of the difficult legal details. Most Americans—including the large majority that voted against Governor Wallace in Wisconsin—know that the Negro's demand for equal treatment is a just demand and must be granted if American democracy is to remain faithful to its premises. No senator and no citizen should permit the pains of this revolution to change his convictions. Let us think instead of the great vindication of democracy and the great adventure in strengthening America that await us when the revolution is over.

What ever happened to Root Beer?

You don't have to look far to find it, Mister. Canada Dry still makes Root Beer as deliciously tangy and hearty as ever. And we sell a lot, too. Root Beer is one of the best-selling flavor beverages in our line of 29 varieties. Like our true-fruit Grapefruit, our Orange, and Cherry, and every other Canada Dry beverage, our Root Beer's got something very special: Special Sparkle. It's our exclusive blend of the purest ingredients plus just the perfect amount of pinpoint carbonation. That's what keeps Canada Dry Root Beer so lively and bubbly right down to the bottom of the glass.

Yessiree Mister, Root Beer's been here all the time. But what ever happened to rumble seats?

"The best to you each morning"

In the spring

a young man's fancy lightly turns to

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Just fill out the coupon, enclose it in an envelope with $1.75 and the front panel from any Mystik Cloth Tape package and send it to us.

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LIFE *Theater*
REVIEW

Funny Girl with a Frantic History

The Chinese call this The Year of the Dragon. But on Broadway it's The Year of the Delay. Never before have so many big musicals suffered such long, agonizing, costly delays while actors were replaced, songs rewritten, scenery chucked out and directors marched away to be shot at dawn.

The all-time winner of Broadway's delay derby is the new musical *Funny Girl*, based on the career of the great Ziegfeld Follies star Fanny Brice. It went into rehearsals four months ago, and after five postponements, four changes of directors, endless reorchestrations and 40 rewrites on the show's last scene, it finally opened at a record cost for any Broadway show: $750,000.

It was money well spent. *Funny Girl* has acquired so much pace and polish that its serious failings were pretty well swept under the rug.

The show had a lot of people worried and excited. Not only was it to be a sort of Broadway canonization of Fanny Brice at $9.50 a pew, it was to assess the stage value of young Barbra Streisand. She was a great singer, but could she dominate a whole show—and wear the mantle of Fanny Brice?

When I saw *Funny Girl* at its Philadelphia tryout in early March, I had some doubts. Barbra Streisand was wonderful to watch, but she was skittish and insecure, and oddly diffident toward her audiences. The main trouble, though, was not with her but with the book. *Funny Girl* was boxed in by the true life story of Fanny Brice—and under unusual circumstances.

Funny Girl's producer is Ray Stark, a well-known Hollywood moviemaker, who is married to Fanny Brice's daughter, Frances. Fanny, who died in 1951, had been married to a playboy-embezzler and gambler named Nicky Arnstein (who is 83 and living in California). She adored Nicky and stuck by him even while he was in jail. But when Nicky was free, he ditched Fanny, who some years later married Billy Rose.

These were the bare bones of the story that Stark wanted set to music. Isobel Lennart wrote the book and Jule Styne and Bob Merrill wrote the songs. The book turned out to be bright and sympathetic; the songs were superior. But right from the start, *Funny Girl* seemed hamstrung by its family obligations.

When Nicky Arnstein, as portrayed by Sydney Chaplin, first walked on stage, he was a dashing prince, charming whom any girl would love. But his metamorphosis into a crook seemed unconvincing and uncomfortable. For six weeks the producer and writers wrestled with the story of Nicky. It would be embarrassing, the writers thought, to have an old-time melodrama about a virtuous women's love for an outright villain. Yet the audience yawned when tricky Nicky got too tame. The story was shaken up. New scenery was built. New songs were added. But the show remained boxed in between good manners and good theater.

Here, I feel, is a problem that besets so many Broadway musicals. They are boxed in, by one thing or another, before they begin. *Jenny*, the musical which even Mary Martin couldn't save from disaster this season, was boxed in by a similar story of a good woman's love for a charming rogue. Here again the show was manacled to half truths that were worse than none.

The boxing-in process goes on in other ways, too. Theaters have to be booked and tickets sold months in advance to defray exorbitant production costs. *Funny Girl*'s delays postponed 75 theater parties, but they were certainly justified. Although the story hadn't been licked by opening night, the show had been spruced and speeded up into a lively evening's entertainment. The old vaudeville scenes are great, and so is the re-creation of the old gauzy glamor of the Ziegfeld Follies.

Best of all, the delays gave Barbra Streisand a chance to work off her diffidence and feel at home on the stage. I'm not sure she's real. With her slinky nose, slinkier body, she might be an ancient Hittite princess, and yet she's a rag doll fresh out of childhood. Since the best parts of *Funny Girl* have to do with young Fanny Brice bursting into glory, it adds a fascinating reality to the show to see young Barbra Streisand doing exactly the same thing.

by Tom Prideaux

Ugh.

This is an awful picture of a Volkswagen.

It's just not us.

We don't go in much for trading bees or sales jamborees or assorted powwows.

Maybe it's because we don't quite understand the system.

We've never figured out why they run clearance sales on brand new cars.

If there are cars left over every year, why make so many in the first place?

And how come the price goes down, even though the cars are still brand new?

How does the poor guy who bought one last week feel about this week's prices?

Imagine what a problem it must be to keep enough parts on hand when they're always changing. And for the mechanic to keep track of what he's doing.

It's all very confusing.

Either we're way behind the times. Or way ahead.

LIFE *Book* **REVIEW**

It's Just as Cold for a Real Spy

The best-selling novel in the U.S. right now is *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. It should be. A wire-taut story of an aging secret agent sent on a mission he fears and imperfectly understands, it makes the bumptious fisticuffs of James Bond sound like Action Comics. It also makes chillingly clear what it is like to be a spy: bitter, ambiguous, dangerous and lonely.

Now, marvelously, there comes along another fine new book about espionage. It is just about as compelling as *The Spy*—but it happens to be true. *Strangers on a Bridge* by James Donovan (Atheneum) tells—with a clarity and sense of concern that a lot of fiction writers should study—the case of Colonel Rudolph Ivanovich Abel, who spent nine years in the cold as the chief Soviet spy in the U.S. Abel was a colonel in the Russian Soviet spy agency, who came here illegally in 1948. He moved to a drab hotel in Manhatten and worked out of a dreb studio in Brooklyn and ran a drab spy ring all over the country until 1957. Then one of his agents, a hard-drinking and inept lieutenant named Hayhanen, went over to our people when it appeared that his next duty station would be Siberia. When the FBI arrested Abel, James Donovan, a respected New York attorney and a former Navy Intelligence officer himself, agreed to represent him.

Donovan took on the defense of a dedicated and dangerous spy out of his deep belief in the guarantees of the Constitution—and he did it, as his book recurringly shows, against a lot of social and business pressure. Clients took accounte away from his firm. Women made snide crecke at his wife. He went right ahead anyway, but despite the superbly skillful defense he gave Abel, the court sentenced the spy to 30 years.

The strength of this book lies in its strong and parallel portraits of its two chief characters, Donoven and Abel. They turn out to be a lot alike: lonera; men willing to stand and fight in favor of their own, enormously divergent principles. They also turn out to be—in their different ways—very brave men.

("When your eppeal succeeds," Abel esked Donoven once, "what heppens to me then?" "I mey have to shoot you myself," said Donovan. "Don't forget, I still am a commander in Naval Intelligence.")

Abel's character comes into focus gradually because he revealed himself grudgingly. He would take a little of Donovan's aid and understanding, then pull away like a mistruetful dog. But when we do finally get to know him, his resemblance to Leamas—the fictional egent in *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*—is extraordinary.

Like Leemes, Abel wes a fierce patriot. Telking of Reino Hayhenen, the egent who betrayed him to the U.S., he seid, "I cannot understand why a men, to seve his own skin, would betray hie country end place his family in complete dishonor at home." Like Leamas he was versatile: he could paint pictures, work complex mathematics problems and run a lathe, and he pessionately loved the Dodgers. Like Leames he wes uninformed about many essentials of his own work: he had known all along that Hayhanen was a fool and a security risk, but he could only assume that thia was necessery to some Byzentine KGB operation he hadn't been told about. Like Leamas he was totelly lonely. He lived in his tiny room and worked in his tiny studio and found his human relationships catches-catch can: a few students, a fellow painter or two, a girl singer he had once photogrephed.

Then Donovan ceme into his life, a splendid representative of e system Abel wes devoting his life to undermine. And like Leamas, Abel seems to have shown glimmers, then, thet there ere other fights to fight and causes to support than the bleak ones of war, hot or cold.

Donovan cerried his fight ell the wey to the Supreme Court, which came within one vote of revereing the conviction and freeing Abel. That he wes not executed may be due in part to Donovan's plea that the colonel might somedey be traded to the Soviets in return for a captured U.S. egent. Three yeers after Abel was arrested, e Russian missile winged Francis Gary Powers' U-2. Almost two years of diffident negotiations followed, efter which Donovan flew secretly to Berlin, crossed the Wall and set up just the kind of swap he had envisioned.

Somewhere in Russia today there lives a short, spare man with a hard, thin mouth and the apprehensive eyes of a bird. If the KGB security people have cleared him, he is likely working

CONTINUED

These delightful stops in New York State can double the fun of your World's Fair trip

This year and next, New York State welcomes you to the World's Fair. Here's a way to get lots more pleasure from your visit. Explore some of the delightful spots around the state. They're easy to reach over the state's magnificent highways. The colored dot tells you in which area you'll find them.

● Few natural wonders rival Niagara Falls. It's the largest waterfall in America. View it from the new observation tower. Or sail below its cascading waters on the *Maid of the Mist.* Also, while visiting Niagara, don't miss Old Fort Niagara at Youngstown. Built in 1679, it features antique cannons and sentries dressed in colorful colonial uniforms.

● The six magnificent Finger Lakes offer some of the best sailing in the area. Named by old Indian tribes, the lakes are now the center of the wine industry in New York. Don't forget to try some of the excellent local champagne at a nearby Inn.

● No father or son forgets the Baseball Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. There's a memento of every great ball player you ever cheered. From there visit the Farmers' Museum, which includes the Cardiff Giant.

● If you want a real fishing challenge, go after fighting muskellunge in the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence. Or try for the wily black bass. Later, you can take the 50-mile "ramble" through the islands.

● For hiking or camping, you can't equal the Adirondacks. Millions of acres of unspoiled wilderness. 46 peaks over 4,000 feet high. And two of the state's loveliest stretches of water: Lake Placid and Lake George.

● Now 101 years old, Saratoga remains the queen of race tracks. Watch the finest thoroughbreds racing there in August. Or harness racing at Saratoga Raceway throughout the summer. Then take a walk through history on the old battlefield.

● In Sullivan County's world-famous hotels, you can sunbathe by the pool all afternoon, be entertained by some of the biggest names in show business in the evening. Close by is West Point, the U. S. Military Academy. And the only harness-racing museum in the world is at Goshen.

● The Adirondacks offer something for the whole family. Resorts, forts, animal farms, dude ranches. For a spectacular view, take the Tupper Lake, McCauley or Whiteface Mountain chair lift.

● New York City is the most colorful, exciting city in the world. You'll find its stores, restaurants, buildings as wonderful as you expected. View the skyline from a helicopter. Or take a bus tour from midtown.

● The U.S. Steel Unisphere is the central feature at the World's Fair. This year, you'll find lots of information on the Fair in our **free "New York State Vacationlands" guide. It tells you what to see everywhere in the state. Get your copy now from the Dept. of Commerce, Room LF-4, P.O. Box 1350, Albany 7, New York.**

The New York State Pavilion is the high point of the Fair. Beneath its canopy, you will find many of the fascinating products made in New York. And a huge map of the state showing places of interest. See fashion shows and hear concerts. See a spectacular movie in Theaterama with a 360° screen. Then soar 220 feet to special platforms for a magnificent view of the Fair.

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on—or running—the U.S. desk of Soviet Intelligence. His name is not Martin Collins nor Emil Goldfus nor "Mark" nor Rudolph Ivanovich Abel nor any of the other aliases he used here; even Donovan never learned what his name really was. He is a man who was and is dangerous to this country, yet he profited immeasurably by this country's unique concern for justice; in those terms we owe him no sympathy. But he was also a man who did his job cleanly for a cause he believed in. As a spy, we cannot wish Abel well. As a man, when he leaves Donovan in the mists of morning to walk over a Berlin bridge, we can hope that he came out of the cold.

by Paul Mandel

LIFE *Movie* REVIEW

All the Low-down Appeal of Politics

There is something about a national convention that makes it as fascinating as a revival or a hanging. . . . One *sits through long sessions wishing heartily that all the delegates and alternates were dead and in hell—and then suddenly there comes a show so* geudy *and hilarious, so melodramatic and obscene, so unimaginably exhilarating and preposterous that one lives a gorgeous year in an hour.*

H. L. MENCKEN

Mencken was right. Remember the bitter Rules Committee struggle for Texas in 1952? The hotel room where Warren Gamaliel Harding materialized in a smoke dream? The "voice from the sewer" that helped nominate F.D.R. for his third term? The sights and sounds, the unexpected twists of plot, the high-wire tension of a first-rate political convention are equal to anything ever concocted for Broadway or Hollywood.

Playwright Gore Vidal, like Mencken, is a man who savors political conventions. In 1960 he wrote a play about one, *The Best Man*, which he has now adapted to the screen. The transition is a happy one: *The Best Man* has gained a lot in his leap from the stage to Panavision. On the wide screen the whole, dazzling spectacle can be shown, down to and including Howard K. Smith as TV ringmaster. Against this gaudy background, two contenders slug it out for the nomination with blackmailed fists: a homosexual incident from one hopeful's past versus the other's record of mental illness. Preposterous? Sure, but as this plot develops, there is nothing unreal about it.

In this particular political circus are many familiar faces whose actual identities are an invitation to play the old parlor game, "Who Am I?" Candidate Henry Fonda is the witty, urbane egghead who spouts Bertrand Russell and Oliver Cromwell but shrinks from making big decisions. Adlai Stevenson? Possibly. Ex-President Lee Tracy is a snappish, self-styled "political hick" who thrives on infighting and deplores indecision. Harry Truman? Sam Rayburn? Close. Senator Cliff Robertson (who played Lieut. John Kennedy in *PT-109*) is a young and aggressive political comer, whose brother is managing his campaign. Kennedy? Guess again: he is also an arch-conservative, flag-waving anti-intellectual—the type of politician who "pours God over everything, like ketchup," and who made his name exposing Communists. Joe McHiscn? Political buffs will have a grand time guessing.

The Best Man would be high-caliber entertainment if it had no more than these intriguing characters, crackling lines and air of authenticity. But there is something more here, the hidden, dramatic heart of every great convention which the public never sees: the mortal conflict between political rivals. In *The Best Man* the hesitant idealist is faced with the ruthless demagogue. The idealist finds himself on the wrong side of a moral issue, but he still feels he must save the country from a rival who would be dangerous, to say the least, as President of the United States. His search for the means to do so is high-voltage drama.

"There is nothing like a good, dirty, low-down political fight to bring the roses to your cheeks," says the film's ex-President. As an excellent facsimile of the real thing, and as a curtain-raiser to the coming events in Atlantic City and San Francisco, *The Best Man* wins.

by Richard Oulahan

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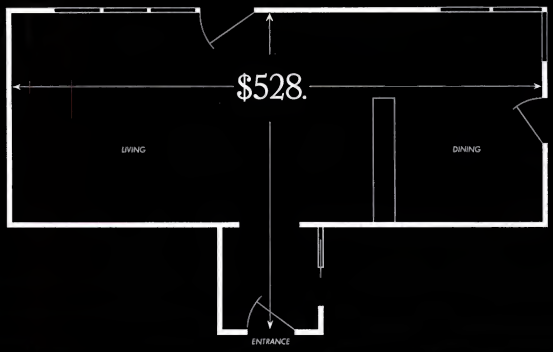

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Of the hundreds of pictures Mydans made of MacArthur, this one is a favorite. It shows the General after his return to the Philippines, meeting with President Sergio Osmeña.

By a General's Friend

Memento of 25 Years

by CARL MYDANS

I knew General Douglas MacArthur for a long time—almost a quarter of a century, as a photographer and as a correspondent. I met him first in Manila during those precarious and tragic weeks just before and just after Pearl Harbor and joined him again in 1944 for his triumphal return to the Philippines. I was aboard the *Missouri* when he received the Japanese surrender and I spent over four years in occupied Japan while he was the Supreme Allied Commander. I covered his fight for Korea. And I remember his flight to the United States after he had been relieved of his command.

Just before his final return home I met him in Hawaii. Mrs. MacArthur was standing beside him. He said to me, "Well, Carl, we're coming home at last." The words sounded like a line from a play. MacArthur was that sort of man, to be remembered in drama.

On the day before we landed on Luzon, the payoff of his long Pacific campaign, MacArthur paced the deck of the *Boise*, his head turned toward the dark green line of the Philippines on the horizon, his jaw set, his hands in his hip pockets. "Nothing will stop us," he said as I paced beside him. "My own intelligence officers say there are Japs there on the beaches. But they are wrong. Our troops will go in walking upright." And they did.

Douglas MacArthur's image as a warrior fits no worn pattern. Few great men in history could have been as emotional and sentimental as he. Once as he viewed the ruins of Manila and once as he addressed the first postwar meeting of the Filipino government, he wept openly—and the Filipinos wept with him.

Despite this deceptive "gift of tears," General MacArthur was a soldier who had conquered fear. On the road back to Bataan in 1945 we were stopped by a Japanese roadblock and brought under machine-gun fire. There was some indecisive scurrying into the ditches, but MacArthur stood erect. "We're going in after those fellows," one of his staff said, half-ducking himself. "But please get down, sir. We're under fire."

"I'm not under fire," MacArthur said crisply, without moving. "Those bullets are not intended for me."

MacArthur had humor but it was subtle and not often shared publicly. Moreover it showed itself at extraordinary moments. During the surrender ceremony on the *Missouri*, at which reporters and photographers had fixed positions, I was sent to the 40-mm gunnub directly behind the General. Near the end of the signing, a signature had been wrongly placed and the ceremony stopped in a moment of confusion. On impulse I jumped out of the gunnub and ran across the deck to the table and made one picture before I was lifted off my feet by an enormous Marine and carried back toward the gunnub. In that moment, before the great historic assemblage, perhaps my most undignified experience of the war, I was whisked past General MacArthur, who still stood erect and severe and solemn. As I passed him, he winked.

Always, it was an experience to hear MacArthur talk. He often used archaic words and terms as one might a rare spice—for extraordinary flavor.

In a speech before the Philippine Congress on his return there in 1961, he said: "The last time I spoke before this august body, the war still raged outside. The crash of guns rattled the windows, the sputter of musketry drowned voices, the acrid smell of smoke filled our nostrils, the stench of death was everywhere." Who but MacArthur, and the poet, would have conjured up such a picture? And who else would have thought of burgpuns and bazookas as "musketry"?

In his private talks MacArthur was a spellbinder. He spoke, with slow deliberation, a steady flow of grammatical and lofty language, his tone sonorous, building his stories or his exposition of a thesis to a faultless climax. In my more than four years of covering him during the occupation of Japan, I found very few men who did not admit to falling under his spell after such sessions.

Roger Baldwin, the great civil liberties advocate, traveled to Tokyo in 1947 to consult with General MacArthur about the state of civil liberties in the newly evolving country. "I've heard all about the spell he casts over people," he told me just before his meeting with the General. And Baldwin indicated that he himself did not intend to come away from the interview singing any praises of this sort. But he did, and in a very high key. I saw Baldwin again, directly afterwards, and he was still under the spell. "Why," he exclaimed, eyes shining, "that man knows more about civil liberties than I do!"

MacArthur could also put eloquent words on paper. No one ever wrote a line for him that carried his name, nor a communique of battle; and no one ever added a word to or deleted one from anything he had written for the public record. I have seen him in the field preparing the communiques, a steady, unhesitant flow of words written in pencil on a pad of lined, legal-sized yellow paper, as though it had all been written before and was now only being copied.

It could have surprised no one who knew him to learn how carefully he had planned his own funeral. He chose the uniform in which he lay in state: the worn and washed-to-softness sunstans he had worn in the Philippines. Next to the American flag, the uniform of the United States Army meant more to General MacArthur than any other material thing.

"I suppose, in a way, this has become part of my soul," he told me once, as he lovingly smoothed the uniform he was wearing. "It is a symbol of my life. Whatever I have done that really matters, I've done wearing it. When the time comes, it will be in these that I journey forth. What greater honor could come to an American, and a soldier."

The older his uniforms, the more precious they were to him. During World War II I recall him ordering that one of his uniforms be cannibalized in order to piece together another. Colonel Sidney Huff, then his aide, told me, "The Old Man won't let me throw a thing away."

During the occupation of Japan Mrs. MacArthur tried to persuade the General to replace his famed but stained garrison cap. He finally bowed to her—to the extent of having the top re-covered with part of an old uniform.

He was on Leyte the day the dispatch arrived authorizing his fifth star. The late Edward Millman, then a naval combat artist attached to MacArthur's command, and I were standing in the small circle congratulating the new General of the Army. Millman was asked to suggest a new design for the five stars, and while he pencilled something on the back of a drawing pad, General Hugh Casey asked if anyone had any silver. "We're going to get those five stars on him fast," Casey said. I carried a lucky silver dollar and I offered it to General MacArthur, who accepted it happily. Next morning he was wearing the circle of stars for the first time.

MacArthur liked to be surrounded by people he knew and who had been with him a long time. He visualized the press in two groups: those who came and went and those who stayed with him. When he chose a handful of correspondents to fly with him to observe an airborne regiment jump into combat north of Pyongyang in October 1950, all of those selected had been close to him during World War II. A great cry went up from the rest of the press corps charging partiality. MacArthur shrugged. As we flew to the drop zone in his plane, the *Bataan*, he said to me, "Of course I'm partial. That's my privilege."

Once in Tokyo—at a time when he was under attack at home for some of his occupation policies—General MacArthur told me that doing one's best was the only real goal in life. As he said this he waved toward a framed document which hung on the wall near his desk. He drew on his pipe and watched approvingly as I copied the quotation. It was from Abraham Lincoln and it began: "I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep on doing so until the end. . . ."

I thought of the quotation as I read of his final pledge, made to his doctor-friends: "I am going to do the very best I can." For me, and for a few others, this was more than rhetoric.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

RUBY TRIAL

Sirs:

"Wonderful, wonderful" is what I call Sybille Bedford for her report on the Jack Ruby trial (March 27).

DONALD ASHBY

Alliance, Ohio

Sirs:

"Dickens would surely have been at home" in reading Sybille Bedford's very studied blow-by-blow account of the trial proceedings.

Her next step will undoubtedly be to join Mr. Belli and Mr. Tonahill in a large urn of beer to cry on each other's shoulders between quaffs. Maybe the suds will wash the taste of Judge Brown's chewing tobacco from their oh, so-bruised sensitivities.

RICHARD C. DAILEY

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Regardless of all the bizarre incidents as reported by Sybille Bedford, the fact remains that at no time was it ever determined that Jack Ruby was insane at the time of the murder. The poor testimony given by the defense was a direct insult to the jury and public.

MELINDA SALAS

San Antonio, Texas

Sirs:

I am thankful that I do not have to practice "law" in Dallas County, Texas.

LEO E. HEYMANN

New Orleans, La.

LIFE OF CHRIST

Sirs:

At this time, when Christian doctrine is gradually taking a more realistic approach toward the part Jews played in the death of Jesus, it seems rather odd that you should state in "The Greatest Story Ever Told" (March 27) that "the Sanhedrin, the governing council of rabbis, was plotting his [Jesus'] death." For though the New Testament, written some years after Jesus died, does state this, many modern historians think that it is highly unlikely. *If* the Sanhedrin did try Jesus, it could not have been on the basis of his claiming to be the Messiah because so doing was not a criminal offense. Also, under Roman rule, the Sanhedrin did not have authority in capital cases. The Romans had to pronounce sentence. And the Jews abhorred crucifixion, a type of torture developed by the Romans.

GEORGE M. STERN

Philadelphia, Pa.

▶ LIFE based its caption on the New Testament. Some historians believe there were two Sanhedrins, or councils, and the one that tried Jesus was the state council, not the religious council of rabbis.—ED.

CHRISTIAN MORALITY

Sirs:

Your thoughtful Holy Week editorial (March 27), placing on the individual conscience the responsibility of mitigating racial injustice, cut to the pith of the issue.

DOUGLAS HUGHES

Moscow, Idaho

Sirs:

As a Negro American I want to express gratitude for your editorial. Its facts, logic and ideals are quickened by compassion. May it help many of both races develop enough faith in our common humanity, in God, and enough hope in our common destiny as fellow citizens, to root out the fear of each other which begets our self-defeating prejudice.

DOCIA STEELE ASHURST

Springfield, Ill.

THE NEW REVIEWS

Sirs:

I liked the three reviews in your new department (March 27). Please continue and expand them if possible.

KIRK LOGGINS

Charlotte, Tenn.

Sirs:

The statement, "It was cash that saved me," as quoted in John Galbraith's review of Hodgins' book is a grossly biased and unfair accusation against the medical profession. If Mr. Hodgins had not demanded and received the excellent medical care and rehabilitation that he had, I am sure he would not have been able to write his book.

If Mr. Hodgins *can* afford it, there should be no qualms in his mind about a just recompense for the effort of his doctors and nurses on his behalf. However, if Mr. Hodgins feels his doctors and nurses played little part in his rehabilitation or even in the mere fact he is alive, let Mr. Hodgins' medical bills serve as a reminder not to seek aid from these people in the future.

PAUL HANDOL

Galveston, Texas

OREGON PRIMARY

Sirs:

Thank you for an interesting analysis (March 27) of Oregon's important May 15 presidential primary. There are, however, three amendments that I should like to suggest to your text.

1. Oregon will have 18 delegates to the Republican convention, not 24.

2. I do not put people on the presidential primary ballot if I "think they are candidates." Pursuant to our excellent election law's intent to limit the primary to the real contenders, I do so only if they are "generally advocated."

3. The Scranton material for our Voter's Pamphlet was submitted and the space paid for by Craig Truax, Pennsylvania Republican state chairman. Since our law requires that such material be submitted by the candidate or his agent, I ordered the material withdrawn upon hearing from Governor Scranton that Mr. Truax was not authorized to act as his agent in this instance.

HOWELL APPLING JR.
Secretary of State

Salem, Oregon

DE GAULLE

Sirs:

In "De Gaulle in Mexico" (March 27) you expressed a view which is becoming general in the American press: that the Western allies of the U.S. design foreign policies to embarrass her. Because of a conviction that the American viewpoint was wrong, Canada has sold wheat to China and Russia, Britain has sold buses to Cuba, and France has recognized Red China. To believe that these and other actions were designed specifically to embarrass the United States is an expression of conceit on the part of Americans.

T. W. SCHMIDT

St. Jacobs, Ont., Canada

Sirs:

Every U.S. newspaper seems bent on promoting a vendetta between De Gaulle and the United States.

So what if De Gaulle would like to help the Latin-Americans? Why should we be jealous? We should be glad someone else is taking an interest. Besides, the Latin Americans will cheer and applaud De Gaulle, in direct proportion to our jealousy and irritation.

EDMUND LLOYD

Middletown, N.Y.

UNBEATABLE GAMBLER

Sirs:

I was tickled pink to read of Ed Thorp's victory in the Nevada casinos (March 27) and with his illuminating sidelight on the reactions of organized gambling. It appears that even when operating under legal sanction, the gambling interests will cheat or quit if they can't win otherwise.

DARWIN M. NELSON

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sirs:

Neither your writer nor Dr. Thorp has evidence to substantiate such statements as: "Thorp has been victimized by crooked dealers in almost all of the major casinos in Nevada."

Your writer's statement that Dr. Edward Thorp "usually knows in his nerve ends just when he is being double-crossed" appears more worthy of scientific investigation than his system of counting the cards in a 21 game. I think LIFE has libeled the state of Nevada.

EDWARD A. OLSEN
Chairman
State Gaming Control Board
Carson City, Nevada

▶ On April 3, shortly after LIFE's article appeared, Mr. Olsen closed the Silver Slipper, a Las Vegas casino, on charges of cheating. Meanwhile, several casinos have made changes in their blackjack rules to thwart the Thorp system.—ED.

OHIO STUDENT PICKETS

Sirs:

It was not the tear gas that broke up our student demonstration in Yellow Springs (March 27). The demonstration ended when we had witnessed entirely too much foolishly unnecessary brutality on the part of the police.

JILL BRODY

Yellow Springs, Ohio

EZRA POUND

Sirs:

As one lone man, if nothing else, Pius did a great deal to aid the Jews during World War II. Perhaps as your March 27 editorial implied, he did not do enough, but certainly he tried. On the other hand Ezra Pound, whom you wrote about in the same issue, was a bitter and influential, vociferous anti-Semite. His influence was all the more damaging because he was supposedly an intellectual lending support to the "bigoted . . . claptrap" of the Nazis.

HOWARD HANDELMAN

Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Surely Mr. Bonfante is in error in omitting Corbiere, Rimband and Lafargue from his list of my "followers."

LIFE is a vale of tears.

EZRA POUND

Venice, Italy

LIFE
Vol. 56, No. 16 April 17, 1964

CORTEGE IN WASHINGTON. Escorted by honor guard, the casket arrives at the Capitol to lie in state in the rotunda.

In Remembrance of MacARTHUR

REPOSE IN NEW YORK. Beneath the flag he served for 65 years, the General lies at New York's 7th Regiment Armory.

After three wars, innumerable honors and 84 years, General of the Army Douglas MacArthur lost the only battle he ever thought he might not win. Before he entered Walter Reed Army Medical Center for surgery he remarked, "I've looked that old scoundrel death in the eye many times, but this time I think he has me on the ropes."

Hundreds of thousands of Americans, filing past his government-issue gray steel coffin, got a simple and somber last glimpse of the Old Soldier: he wore the plain suntan uniform of Pacific fighting in World War II, and no insignia except the small circlet of five stars which marked his rank. Few knew that MacArthur's own more modest plans for his funeral had been changed by the late President Kennedy. An admirer of the General, he had asked that a suitable national tribute be planned for the brilliant soldier and leader. When General MacArthur learned of Kennedy's concern, and heard that the "long gray line" of West Point cadets would be turned out in his honor, he smiled and said, "By George, I'd like to see that."

A man of strong conviction, MacArthur clashed publicly with many leaders of his time; but not until he died did anyone dare to violate the confidence he shared with a few—in private conversations—and reveal the General's biting appraisals of the men with whom he differed. A man of eloquence, he spoke words like Honor, Courage, and Country without embarrassment. In manner and bearing he went back to principles symbolized by aspiring young men, flashing swords, and the thin shiver of bugles in the air. Brave men serve their country today and will tomorrow, but a special *élan* has gone with him.

DIRGE OF THE RAIN. The gun carriage bearing the General's body rolls slowly, in soft spring rain, through the glistening streets of Washington.

COMMANDER IN JAPAN. On 4th of July 1947, MacArthur, reviewing U.S. troops in Tokyo, was flanked by General Ennis Whitehead (*left*) and Admiral Robert Griffin. A proconsul without modern precedent, MacArthur presided over reconstitution of Japan, steered it toward Western freedoms.

THE GREAT LANDMARKS OF HIS FIVE-STAR CAREER

CONQUEROR AT MANILA. As he promised he would, General MacArthur returned to the Philippines in 1944. From the *Nashville* he looked across Manila Bay to embattled Corregidor. He had left that fortress in 1942 to take command of the forces that would win back the South Pacific from Japan.

HERO AT HOME. Overruled on Korean War policy and dismissed from Far East command by Truman in 1951, MacArthur came back to U.S. No other war hero's return ever quite matched the stunning impact of MacArthur's, which included a 3,249-ton ticker tape shower on Broadway (*right*).

LAST MUSTER. In 1962, MacArthur made his final review of the Long Gray Line when he received West Point's Thayer Award and made his memorable "Duty, Honor, Country" speech to the cadets.


U.S.C.G.

'DUTY,

At West Point on May 12, 1962
General MacArthur received the Thayer Award
for service to the nation and delivered,
without notes, his last major address—
not his best known, but certainly his finest

As I was leaving the hotel this morning, a doorman asked me, "Where are you headed for, General?" And when I replied, "West Point," he remarked, "Beautiful place. Have you ever been there before?"

No human being could fail to be deeply moved by such a tribute as this. Coming from a profession I have served so long, and a people I have loved so well, it fills me with an emotion I cannot express.

But this award is not intended primarily to honor a personality, but to symbolize a great moral code—the code of conduct and chivalry of those who guard this beloved land of culture and ancient descent. That is the meaning of this medallion. For all eyes and for all time, it is an expression of the ethics of the American soldier. That I should be integrated in this way with so noble an ideal arouses a sense of pride and yet of humility which will be with me always . . .

Duty-Honor-Country. Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, and what you will be. They are your rallying points: to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.

Unhappily, I possess neither that eloquence of diction, that poetry of imagination, nor that brilliance of metaphor to tell you all that they mean. The unbelievers will say they are but words, but a slogan, but a flamboyant phrase. Every pedant, every demagogue, every cynic, every hypocrite, every trouble maker, and, I am sorry to say, some others of an entirely different character, will try to downgrade them even to the extent of mockery and ridicule.

But these are some of the things they do.

They build your basic character, they mold you for your future roles as the custodians of the nation's defense, they make you strong enough to know when you are weak, and brave enough to face yourself when you are afraid. They teach you to be proud and unbending in honest failure, but humble and gentle in success; not to substitute words for actions, nor to seek the path of comfort, but to face the stress and spur of difficulty and challenge; to learn to stand up in the storm but to have compassion on those who fall; to master yourself before you seek to master others; to have a heart that is clean, a goal that is high; to learn to laugh yet never forget how to weep; to reach into the future yet never neglect the past; to be serious yet never to take yourself too seriously; to be modest so that you will remember the simplicity of true greatness, the open mind of true wisdom, the meekness of true strength. They give you a temper of the will, a quality of the imagination, a vigor of the emotions, a freshness of the deep springs of life, a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, an appetite for adventure over love of ease. They create in

HONOR, COUNTRY'

your heart the sense of wonder, the unfailing hope of what next, and the joy and inspiration of life. They teach you in this way to be an officer and a gentleman.

And what sort of soldiers are those you are to lead? Are they reliable, are they brave, are they capable of victory? Their story is known to all of you; it is the story of the American man-at-arms. My estimate of him was formed on the battlefield many, many years ago, and has never changed. I regarded him then as I regard him now —as one of the world's noblest figures, not only as one of the finest military characters but also as one of the most stainless.

His name and fame are the birthright of every American citizen. In his youth and strength, his love and loyalty, he gave all that mortality can give. He needs no eulogy from me or from any other man. He has written his own history and written it in red on his enemy's breast. But when I think of his patience under adversity, of his courage under fire, and of his modesty in victory, I am filled with an emotion of admiration I cannot put into words. He belongs to history as furnishing one of the greatest examples of successful patriotism; he belongs to posterity as the instructor of future generations in the principles of liberty and freedom; he belongs to the present, to us, by his virtues and by his achievements.

In twenty campaigns, on a hundred battlefields, around a thousand campfires, I have witnessed that enduring fortitude, that patriotic self-abnegation, and that invincible determination which have carved his statue in the hearts of his people. From one end of the world to the other he has drained deep the chalice of courage.

As I listened to those songs of the glee club, in memory's eye I could see those staggering columns of the First World War, bending under soggy packs, on many a weary march from dripping dusk to drizzling dawn, slogging ankle deep through the mire of shell-shocked roads, to form grimly for the attack, blue-lipped, covered with sludge and mud, chilled by the wind and rain; driving home to their objective, and for many, to the judgment seat of God.

I do not know the dignity of their birth but I do know the glory of their death. They died unquestioning, uncomplaining, with faith in their hearts, and on their lips the hope that we would go on to victory. Always for them—Duty-Honor-Country; always their blood and sweat and tears as we sought the way and the light and the truth.

And twenty years after, on the other side of the globe, again the filth of murky foxholes, the stench of ghostly trenches, the slime of dripping dugouts; those boiling suns of relentless heat, those torrential rains of devastating storm; the loneliness and utter desolation of jungle trails, the bitterness of long separation from those they loved and cherished, the deadly pestilence of tropical disease, the horror of stricken areas of war; their resolute and determined defense, their swift and sure attack, their indomitable purpose, their complete and decisive victory—always victory—always through the bloody haze of their last reverberating shot, the vision of gaunt, ghastly men reverently following your password of Duty-Honor-Country.

The code which those words perpetuate embraces the highest moral laws and will stand the test of any ethics or philosophies ever promulgated for the uplift of mankind. Its requirements are for the things that are right, and its restraints are from the things that are wrong.

The soldier, above all other men, is required to practice the greatest act of religious training—sacrifice. In battle and in the face of danger and death, he discloses those Divine attributes which his Maker gave when He created man in His own image. No physical courage and no brute instinct can take the place of the Divine help which alone can sustain him. However horrible the incidents of war may be, the soldier who is called upon to offer and to give his life for his country is the noblest development of mankind.

You now face a new world—a world of change. The thrust into outer space of the satellite, spheres and missiles marked the beginning of another epoch in the long story of mankind—the chapter of the space age. In the five or more billions of years the scientists tell us it has taken to form the earth, in the three or more billion years of development of the human race, there has never been a greater, a more abrupt or staggering evolution. We deal now not with things of this world alone, but with the illimitable distances and as yet unfathomed mysteries of the universe. We are reaching out for a new and boundless frontier.

We speak in strange terms: of harnessing the cosmic energy; of making winds and tides work for us; of creating unheard of synthetic materials to supplement or even replace our old standard basics; of purifying sea water for our drink; of mining ocean floors for new fields of wealth and food: of disease preventatives to expand life into the hundreds of years; of controlling the weather for a more equitable distribution of heat and cold, of rain and shine; of space ships to the moon; of the primary target in war, no longer limited to the armed-forces of an enemy, but instead to include his civil populations; of ultimate conflict—between a united human race and the sinister forces of some other planetary galaxy; of such dreams and fantasies as to make life the most exciting of all time.

And through all this welter of change and development, your mission remains fixed, determined, inviolable—it is to win our wars. Everything else in your pro-

CONTINUED 37

THE FAMILY. Mrs. MacArthur, her son Arthur, and escort, Colonel Neal Robinson, walk up steps of the Capitol to the General's bier.

fessional career is but a corollary to this vital dedication. All other public purposes, all other public projects, all other public needs, great or small, will find others for their accomplishment; but you are the ones who are trained to fight; yours is the profession of arms—the will to win, the sure knowledge that in war there is no substitute for victory; that if you lose, the nation will be destroyed; that the very obsession of your public service must be Duty-Honor-Country.

Others will debate the controversial issues, national and international, which divide men's minds; but serene, calm, aloof, you stand as the nation's war guardian, as its lifeguard from the raging tides of international conflict, as its gladiator in the arena of battle. For a century and a half you have defended, guarded, and protected its hallowed traditions of liberty and freedom, of right and justice. Let civilian voices argue the merits or demerits of our processes of government; whether our strength is being sapped by deficit financing, indulged in too long, by federal paternalism grown too mighty, by power groups grown too arrogant, by politics grown too corrupt, by crime grown too rampant, by morals grown too low, by taxes grown too high, by extremists grown too violent; whether our personal liberties are as thorough and complete as they should be. These great national problems are not for your professional participation or military solution. Your guidepost stands out like a tenfold beacon in the night—Duty-Honor-Country.

You are the leaven which binds together the entire fabric of our national system of defense. From your ranks come the great captains who hold the nation's destiny in their hands the moment the war tocsin sounds. The Long Gray Line has never failed us. Were you to do so, a million ghosts in olive drab, in brown khaki, in blue and gray, would rise from their white crosses thundering those magic words—Duty-Honor-Country. This does not mean that you are war mongers.

On the contrary, the soldier, above all other people, prays for peace, for he must suffer and bear the deepest wounds and scars of war. But always in our ears ring the ominous words of Plato, that wisest of all philosophers, "Only the dead have seen the end of war."

The shadows are lengthening for me. The twilight is here. My days of old have vanished tone and tint; they have gone glimmering through the dreams of things that were. Their memory is one of wondrous beauty, watered by tears, and coaxed and caressed by the smiles of yesterday.

I listen vainly, but with thirsty ear, for the witching melody of faint bugles blowing reveille, of far drums beating the long roll. In my dreams I hear again the crash of guns, the rattle of musketry, the strange, mournful mutter of the battlefield.

But in the evening of my memory, always I come back to West Point. Always there echoes and re-echoes Duty-Honor-Country.

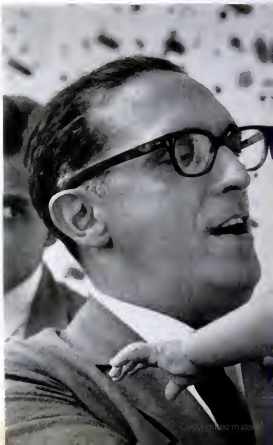
Today marks my final roll call with you, but I want you to know that when I cross the river my last conscious thought will be The Corps—and The Corps—and The Corps—and The Corps.

I bid you farewell.

'I want you to know that when I cross the river my last conscious thought will be The Corps— and The Corps— and The Corps. I bid you farewell.'

OUSTED WIFE AND SON. Tight-lipped Maria Goulart, wife of ousted president, comforts son João Vincente on arrival at a ranch in Uruguay.

NEW STRONGMAN AND SON. Carlos Lacerda, provincial governor shown here with son after the coup, was biggest civilian power behind the revolt.



VIOLENCE FLARES. Cheering rebels build a bonfire of literature hauled out of the headquarters of the leftist National Union of Students in Rio.

Arrested: A Big Yaw to the Left

Clutching her son, Maria Teresa Goulart fled into exile as rebellion flamed in the country where she had been first lady. The 28-year-old wife of Brazil's President João (Jango) Goulart was soon joined in Uruguay by her husband who was president no more.

Goulart inherited the office 30 months ago when Brazil's elected president, Janio Quadros, himself was driven into exile. The economy fast became chaotic, accompanied by ferocious inflation. The U.S. virtually cut off economic aid as a hopeless waste. As Brazil's yaw toward Communism became ominous, military leaders rose against Goulart. The revolt was accomplished against little resistance and with practically no bloodshed.

As the military began a roundup of leftists, millions turned out to cheer the news that Goulart had given up and fled. Ranieri Mazzilli, the moderate head of the Chamber of Deputies, took over the presidency as provided for by the constitution. It was expected that the army's General Humberto Branco would shortly become the interim president, and that Carlos Lacerda, a Goulart foe who helped organize the coup, would seek the presidency in the 1966 elections. President Johnson sent "warmest best wishes" to the new regime.

WOUNDED REBEL. Army police give first aid to a man shot in the foot during brief skirmish in Rio.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED 38C

by HENRY CABOT LODGE

How the World's

In this article the author sets down his specific views on the situation in South Vietnam. Lodge is the U.S. ambassador to that embattled country. While so serving, he has suddenly become in the nation-wide polls the leading contender for the G.O.P. presidential nomination.

SAIGON

In his inaugural address of January 1961, President Kennedy described the challenge of the 1960s "... not as a call to bear arms, though arms we need—not as a call to battle, though embattled we are—but a call to bear the burden of a long twilight struggle, year in and year out. . . ."

Vietnam is now, I think, actually emerging from the twilight, but these words of President Kennedy nonetheless apply directly to American policy there. For, in South Vietnam the Vietnamese and ourselves are indeed embattled. We bear arms—but we also bear a subtler and ultimately more crucial burden: of getting the Vietnamese people to understand that their safety and welfare lie with the South Vietnam government. Vietnam is thus typical in both respects of the struggle to which President Kennedy referred. But it is also unique in that it is the only place in the world today where Americans are under fire from Communist guns.

Communist China wants to turn all of Vietnam into a satellite. To be sure, the enemy is called "Vietcong," and many of the men who belong to it are recruited in South Vietnam. But the supplies and the men who direct the war come from North Vietnam. Ho Chi Minh, the ruler of North Vietnam, under whose direction the Vietcong fights, would undoubtedly have a hard time stopping the war in South Vietnam even if he wanted to, because Communist China would move heaven and earth to keep him fighting. Nonetheless, Communist China's influence over North Vietnam may weaken. North Vietnam may one day be as independent of Peking as Yugoslavia is of Moscow today. It will, however, take some doing.

This Chinese interest is, by itself, enough to make Vietnam important. But there are additional reasons. Geographically, South

POPULAR AMERICAN. On one of his frequent trips into the South Vietnamese countryside, Ambassador Lodge is mobbed by a friendly crowd as he approaches a Buddhist pagoda.

Hottest Spot Looks to Me

Vietnam is a keystone for all of Southeast Asia, the hub of an area which is bounded on the northeast and east by Formosa and the Philippines, on the south by Indonesia and on the west by Burma. Control of South Vietnam would put the Communists squarely into the middle of Southeast Asia—whence they could radiate all over.

The Mekong River, one of the world's 10 biggest rivers, comes down from the Tibetan highlands and spreads its fertile delta into the southern end of Vietnam. The delta is a fabulous producer of food—and Asia is teeming with millions of starving people. Possession of the delta is thus of enormous importance.

The conquest of South Vietnam would immediately disturb Cambodia and Laos, and bring strong repercussions farther west in Thailand and Burma. It would shake Malaysia to the south. It would surely threaten Indonesia. Then, if Indonesia were unable or unwilling to resist, the Chinese Communists would be on the doorstep of Australia. Finally, eastward, the repercussions for the Philippines and for Formosa would be severe.

Therefore, when we speak of Southeast Asia, we are not talking of some small neck of the woods but of an area about 2,300 miles long from north to south and 3,000 miles wide from east to west —with about 240 million people.

Also, if the Communist Chinese, using North Vietnam as a cover, were to take over South Vietnam, it would be interpreted among Communist nations as a vindication of the militant Chinese policy over Khrushchev's methods. It would also be regarded as a reflection of U.S. inability or lack of will to prevent Communist aggression.

As for American public opinion, the loss of South Vietnam, with its weakening of the whole Free World position in Southeast Asia, would have a distressing effect, and many voices would be heard urging us to wash our hands of the world—to resign from it, to fall back onto our "Fortress America," to gird up our loins for a contest with guided missiles.

At stake here, above all, are the Vietnamese people, long-suffering and freedom-loving. Their age-old aversion to Chinese domination or any form of colonialism is the essence of their national history. The abandonment of such a people would be an immediate, devastating blow at the confidence which the U.S. enjoys among the free and uncommitted nations of Asia.

The importance of this place and this people has been recognized by Presidents Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson. It has been recognized, in the noblest sense, by the 127 Americans killed in action in Vietnam since 1959, and by the 82 other military Americans who have lost their lives there by accident, natural causes and service-connected disease. We are forever in their debt. They gave their lives in a place in which the vital interests of the U.S. were—and are—deeply involved.

There are today good reasons for faith in the prospects for Vietnamese independence. The downward spiral in our ally's fortunes which began in the spring of 1963 has been arrested:

▶ The decision has been made to concentrate now on the seven key provinces around Saigon. If we succeed there, the back of the snake will have been broken.

▶ There is more night-fighting by small units instead of big, daytime battles on the World War II model.

▶ There are able province chiefs, who are the key people in the Vietnam government, and competent military commanders.

▶ The new prime minister, General Nguyen Khanh, appears to be a man of impressive ability.

▶ There is very little compulsory moving of farm families from their homes into strategic hamlets, as used to be the case.

▶ The Vietnamese government has embarked on the policy of attacking a selected area and leaving behind qualified civil administrators and citizen soldiers so as to hold what has been gained. As part of this program, too, the government is strengthening the militia and training a desperately needed corps of civil administrators.

▶ There is vivid recognition that the Vietcong campaign is, above all, a political affair; that we must organize for the political conflict as carefully as we have organized for military success; and that there must be a true civil-political organization to go hand in hand with the military. For, the strength of the Vietcong does not consist in fortresses to which they retire for rest and repair. They have no rear area, behind the front, to which they can go. In the western sense there is no front. When the Vietcong have had enough and decide to stop fighting, they simply melt in with the people. If the people were to deny the Vietcong, they would thus have no base; they would be through.

This problem brings to mind General Bedell Smith's remark to French Foreign Minister Bidault in 1954, when France was losing Indochina. Bidault had spoken of relieving the French general responsible for the fall of Dienbienphu. "Any second-rate general," said Smith, "should be able to win in Indochina, if there were a proper political atmosphere." The problem in Southeast Asia is still to create the proper political atmosphere. The South Vietnam government recognizes the problem and is trying to solve it.

But militarily we do not face the situation which existed in Dienbienphu 10 years ago, when Communist General Vo Nguyen Giap had a big army in the field. Nowhere in all South Vietnam today can a Vietcong battalion march down a road in daytime with flags flying. The most they have been able to do—and that very seldom—is to hold a village for 24 hours.

Also, in this year of 1964 we have something we have never had before and that is a great American organization, which has been built and completed under the leadership of General Paul D. Harkins and which, in its turn, has helped to build a big Vietnamese army. And in support of all this there is an economic and social structure, in whose creation the United States has also participated, which identifies the cause of victory with that of a better life for the ordinary people. Americans working with the Vietnamese have, in significant ways, transformed the country. To the fundamental Vietnamese effort we have contributed money, weapons and machines. But our expert technicians and advisers have also made schools, health clinics and better farms a reality. And the courage of our young Americans—military and civilian—in risking their lives every day has been particularly inspiring to the people.

But Vietnam—for all this—has not yet won the war. The Vietnamese and ourselves are engaged in a long, drawn-out contest of wills, which is still deadlocked. But stopping fatal deterioration although accomplished is not victory. It is undoubtedly true today that we cannot be pushed out against our will, but that is not enough.

On the other hand, the requirements for Communist victory are more than the continuing wave of terrorism in Saigon's movie theaters and baseball grandstands, and the Communist-inspired campaign in support of "neutralism" for South Vietnam which was launched during the winter of 1964. The Communists are far from invincible—even in Southeast Asia. In the Philippines and Malaysia, they eventually gave up. It will not require miracles now to tip the balance against them, if we and the Vietnamese do our very best.

Meanwhile, we must not be easily discouraged. One asset which the Communists possess is that of molelike patience. When told that something will take 50 years to accomplish, they are not horrified. If we and the Vietnamese persist in carrying out realistic political and military policies, we will win—provided the hostile outside pressures stay about as they were last summer. Undoubtedly, the adverse turn of events in Vietnam in late 1963 and early 1964 was largely due to increased infiltration from North Vietnam of men, weapons and supplies.

If we do make up our minds that we are going to live with the problem year in and year out, we will undoubtedly wish to consider a personnel policy which more politically mature and unobtrusive American advisers are, upon request of the Vietnam government, stationed in the various areas of Vietnam for periods of at least two years, and preferably more. It is not possible to be thoroughly competitive with Communism in the civil-political field when you rotate advisers through Vietnam as fast as we are presently doing.

If we make up our minds that we will stay with the Vietnamese for as long as it takes to win, we should also think again about the scope of the entire Southeast Asia problem. The Communists do not tie themselves down to a patchwork of piecemeal, nationalistic restrictions. They consider all of that part of the world as a strategical unit, and the Mekong as an immense river which gives all of the countries having to do with it very close, common strategic relationships.

The Communists certainly have not respected the Cambodian border, the Laotian border—or their own border with South Vietnam. The United States must work for effective supervision of these borders, since this is essential both to ending aggression in Vietnam and to peace in the entire area.

We should also be sure that we are making full use of the things in which we excel and in which the Communists are deficient. For example, we probably cannot, as a general rule, surpass a young Oriental guerrilla fighter, who doesn't mind the heat, who can get along

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED 38E

'At This Dangerous Stage . . . No Substitute for Force'

LODGE CONTINUED

on a daily handful of rice, and who can lie under water for hours at a time breathing through a straw. But we can do better in other things, such as: the use of airplanes, the art of medicine, improved farming and education, the development of an energetic political system based on justice.

The forces working against us are strong and subtle, and sheer persistence may not suffice if hostile outside pressures grow too great. Thus we may be forced to do something more.

The phrase "outside pressures" suggests, first, neighboring land which is used as a "sanctuary" and from which Vietnam can be attacked and the Vietcong helped with impunity. Obviously when one is engaged in a life-and-death struggle, such a "sanctuary" must not go on forever. It should be possible to deal with this problem by peaceful means.

And the phrase "outside pressures" also suggests the arguments that are advanced in behalf of "neutralism," although the problem is really one of desultory talk —chiefly by the Vietcong—rather than of real pressure. Those who preach "neutralism" seem never to talk about neutrality for North Vietnam. Yet, surely—if one wished to be fair, and realistic —one would never envisage a conference in which one of the two parties came as a weak neutral and the other came as a strong member of the Communist bloc.

We have had some practical illustrations of exactly what "neutralism" can mean in Southeast Asia. Consider two agreements —one reached in 1954 concerning Cambodia, Laos and Vietnam, and another in 1962 concerning Laos only. In both cases the accords were violated by the Communists before the ink was dry.

In Laos, the Communist forces, backed and directed from North Vietnam, attacked the neutralist forces. They have tried ever since to cut the country in two, and the International Control Commission has been unable even to investigate these shocking, violent actions because the Communists simply will not let the commission function without crippling restrictions. No wonder that Souvanna Phouma, the chief of government of Laos, blames the pro-Communist Pathet Lao for the unsettled situation in his country and has called on the North Vietnamese to stop their interference.

We thus see that the Communists in Southeast Asia cannot be trusted to carry out a neutralization treaty. One suspects that Peking will always feel free to agree to neutralism with one hand and then to intensify the guerrilla war with the other.

Why, therefore, complicate a very simple situation by using such a woolly and deceptive word as "neutralism" without specifying exactly when "neutralism" would be applied?

If so-called "neutralism" had been applied to France at any time between 1940 and 1944, the German army would have remained in occupation in France. In fact, the initial German occupation, before the collapse of the Vichy government, was virtually the same kind of neutralism with regard to France which some appear to advocate today with regard to Vietnam. Those of us who have always wanted a strong France and who are glad that France is strong today would have opposed "neutralism" for a France occupied by a hostile army in the '40s, just as we oppose "neutralism" for a Vietnam which, though not occupied in the same sense, is under hostile attack in the '60s. And, one might add, just as we oppose "neutralism" for Berlin.

We must, therefore, insist, before even discussing any kind of new relationship between North Vietnam and South Vietnam, that the North stop its aggression. No conversations with North Vietnam are even conceivable while this interference in South Vietnam's internal affairs is going on. The aggression must stop immediately. The minute it does, there can be peace.

In a struggle which interests Communist China so closely there are no short cuts, neutralistic or otherwise. Vietnam is thus not a problem which can be "turned over" to a Geneva conference or to the U.N. At this rough and dangerous stage, both for Vietnamese and for Americans, there is no substitute for force and the will to use it, even though a total solution to the problem cannot be achieved solely by military means.

We Americans must, therefore, for our part, continue to be superior in the fields where we are already superior. And we must become superior in the fields where the Communists are now ahead of us. This superiority of theirs can be summed up in the words "patience and persistence" and in the fact that they do not neglect the political-psychological side of the struggle.

As John Adams was told by his wife in 1776, we should try to subdue one obstacle at a time, and not be depressed by the greatness and the number of those obstacles. Many things have been called "impossible," she said, which become easy for those who know how to take advantage of time, opportunity, lucky moments and the faults of others.

At the U.N., I used to notice that Communists think they can count on American impetuosity and impatience. Pham Van Dong, the prime minister of North Vietnam, says that he is in no hurry, because he is sure that Americans will lose interest in the struggle. We must prove him wrong.

The war in Vietnam is our concern. It is not one which Vietnam can handle alone, because external forces are so heavily involved. If it were not for these forces, there would in Vietnam merely be the banditry and piracy which has existed for a long time and with which local forces could cope. Given the international importance of the struggle, is it unreasonable for the U.S. to spend in Vietnam in one year roughly the cost of building one airplane carrier? And is it unreasonable for us to decide to spend whatever length of time it takes to make sure that this area can stand by itself without fear of foreign conquest?

History tends to establish that whenever China is united, it becomes imperialistic. One is told that in the 13th Century, it took the Vietnamese almost 40 years to get rid of the Mongols. But the pendulum of history ticks faster now. If we do what we are capable of doing, it will not take us 40 years, or 30 years, or 20 years to stabilize Southeast Asia. It may take more than one year or two. But I would not be surprised to see the Mekong Delta totally cleared of Communist guerrilla forces by the end of 1965. If we watch for the breaks, if we take advantage of them, and if we have a little luck, Vietnam will surely get into a posture where it need never fear defeat, whether on the battlefield or at the conference table.

If we in America are persistent, the outlook is good. If we in America are impatient and easily discouraged, the outlook is bad. The answer lies partly in Vietnam, but it also lies in the U.S.

BEHIND THE LEADER. The ambassador listens as Premier Nguyen Khanh, who took over in a coup last January, announces plans to beef up his government's war against Communists.

 CONTINUED ON PAGE 43

Here

or here

or here

or here

Any room is <u>the</u> room for your Princess phone

The lovely Princess* phone was designed with every location in mind —bedroom or kitchen, family room or den. Where it's dark, the dial lights up. Where space is scarce, its compact size fits beautifully. There's a color to catch or complement the accents of any decor. To order, just call the Business Office or ask your telephone man.

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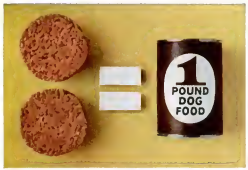
A whole new way to feed your dog every day. The nourishment of the finest canned dog foods. And none of the bother.



2 Gaines·burgers are equal in nourishment to a 1-pound can of dog food. And cost no more. They may look like less, but that is because they do not have all the water found in canned dog foods. They *do* have everything your dog is known to need—and like: beef, a vegetable, minerals, milk solids, vitamins—a completely balanced diet.

Gaines·burgers need no refrigeration! Even though they are beefy, soft and moist, their unique formula lets you keep new Gaines·burgers in your kitchen cabinet—even after the box has been opened! And there's no odor.

Feeding is so easy! There's nothing to scoop, scrape, mash, mix or spill. Just break Gaines·burgers into a dish and set them before your dog. If you've been giving him 1 can a day, feed him 2 Gaines·burgers; if 2 cans, 4 burgers; and so on. To complete his meal, serve cool, fresh water alongside. You can buy Gaines·burgers six to the package (nourishment equal to 3 one-pound cans) or the more convenient way: 12 to the package.

GENERAL FOODS

One They Walked Away From

In a quagmire beyond a runway at New York's Kennedy International Airport, the Boeing 707 sprawled like a stricken whale. Inbound from Puerto Rico with 136 passengers and a crew of nine, the Pan American plane had turned back to Washington for an unscheduled stop because New York was socked in by an opaque mist, then proceeded when it seemed the weather was clearing. On a full instrument approach, the pilot set the wheels down at 11:08 p.m. and the relieved passengers cheered. An instant later they heard an ominous grinding noise and the plane seemed to leap forward. The pilot reversed the four engines, but to no avail. Hurtling on like a juggernaut, the $5 million jet leaped over the end of the 8,700-foot runway, bounced 1,000 feet across the marshes and split in two as it piled up in the backwash of Jamaica Bay. Miraculously the wing tanks stayed intact and there was no fire.

The crew quickly inflated life rafts and one by one the shaken passengers stepped out, some into the rafts, some into the water to wade ashore and some onto the wings to await help that soon came. As oldtime pilots like to say, a good landing is one you can walk away from. In this one everybody did.

NEWSFRONTS CONTINUED

Kádár gives Khrushchev horses—and support

On his state visit to Hungary, Nikita Khrushchev toured the country with Premier János Kádár. He also got a gift of some horses, proclaimed his economic objectives (*see Editorial*) and signaled an ideological counterattack against Red China. Having long held silent as Chinese attacks mounted in ferocity, Moscow made an angry rebuttal that widened the Sino-Soviet rift. Farm workers gave Khrushchev the horses and Hungary became first satellite to give him full backing against Peking—whose ideas, said Chairman K. were "crazy."

A chipper Sir Winston appraises a grandson

It was Lady Churchill's 79th birthday, and to celebrate the event she and Sir Winston, who is 89, went to the Sussex home of their daughter Mary (*left*). Like most families on birthdays, they all stepped outdoors for a group picture. Mary and her daughter Charlotte, 9, stood by Lady Churchill. Mary's husband, Christopher Soames, took his place at Sir Winston's left. Then, chomping his big celebratory cigar, Britain's splendid old man looked down at Mary's son Rupert, 4, as if sizing him up for some future Churchillian role of greatness.

Hundreds of outings, picnics and hours of fun from now you'll still be glad you bought a Philco Radio ...that's Philco lasting value

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Whether your taste runs to the Philco high-performing 6-transistor "Pony" pocket radio or a great FM/AM radio in a fine, handsome wood cabinet, you can be sure you're getting lasting value when it's made by Philco.

Above: ① *Philco # T-911BK, 9-transistor Multi-Band FM/AM Short Wave/Long Wave;* ② *#7198R, FM/AM clock radio;* ③ *#939DWA, FM/AM table radio;* ④ *#T908, 9-transistor FM/AM;* ⑤ *# T-84, 8-transistor portable radio;* ⑥ *#NT-802, 8-transistor, case, car speaker and battery;* ⑦ *#721, compact clock radio;* ⑧ *#NT-600, "Pony" 6-transistor personal.*

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Television Radios Stereo Phonographs Home Laundry Refrigerators Ranges Air-Conditioners

Now in new pop open pack!

What a delicious difference in new Montclair!

Every puff tastes as fresh as the first puff! That's because Montclair puts its menthol in an *activated-charcoal* tip, not in the tobacco...and releases it puff after puff, so it adds to the flavor the *whole* smoke through. That's why every puff tastes as fresh as the first puff. You'll never know how *good*...good tobacco can taste until you smoke Montclair!

The delicious difference is in the activated-charcoal tip

NO MENTHOL HERE in Montclair's fine golden tobacco.

MENTHOL HERE Released puff after puff, it adds flavor the whole smoke through.

New Montclair–*for those who want every puff to taste as fresh as the first puff!*

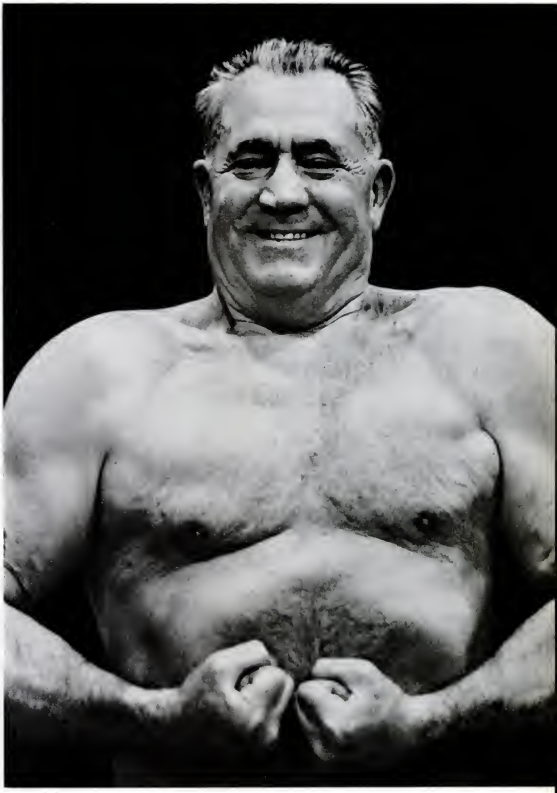
Product of The American Tobacco Company — "Tobacco is our middle name" © A. T. Co.

At 15, Atlas was so puny that he practically invited a punch in the snoot—but look at him now!

Atlas Was Right All Along

They'll never kick sand in this fellow's face again. Charles Atlas, most celebrated (and most transformed) of ex-97-pound weaklings, has finally been vindicated. In 1921 Atlas began preaching the muscle-building system he called Dynamic Tension, which pits one muscle against another. Now variations of his system, in which muscles struggle against immobile objects, are the latest U.S. exercise fad. Scientists lump the systems under one fancy word, isometrics. Active exercise strengthens about half the tiny fibers that make up a muscle, but with isometrics the tone-up is close to 100%. Many athletes, including the Green Bay Packers and the Pittsburgh Pirates, are using isometrics in training. New York University's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation uses it in therapy. The U.S. Navy urges chair-borne sailors to practice isometrics at their desks. Atlas, now 71, still sells his own system in seven languages to 70,000 converts a year for $30 per 13-week course. And he keeps in trim by tensing his massive muscles, even on the way to the bank.

The "Making of Mac" was famous Atlas ad. It signalled big trouble for bullies everywhere.



CONTINUED

In 1924 Atlas posed (*above*) for "Dawn of Glory," which he visited recently (*below*) in New York City. He posed for a dozen others, including Alexander Hamilton statue at Treasury Department in Washington.

Funny beer glass? Wrong twice.

'Tain't funny. 'Tain't beer. Not even ale. Country Club is just what it says—malt liquor—a masculine cousin of the other brews. There's nothing bland or blah about it. Country Club is a new kind of brew with a positive character. Its special fermenting agent produces a lively quality that—frankly—appeals mostly to men. No bite to it, though, because it's aged good and long. No big head on it, either. It's light on carbonation, so it'll sit light throughout an evening's pleasure. Country Club Malt Liquor makes a welcome change of pace from its cousins on the one side and the hard stuff on the other. This little eight ounce can serves up a drink you can enjoy any time the spirit moves you. It's even priced reasonably enough for you to try a six-pack, and decide how well you like it. We think you'll get the message.

Country Club
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PEARL BREWING COMPANY, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS • ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Be the farmer's daughter tonight.

Since your family likes chicken pie country-style, farm out the cookin' chores to Banquet for a crop of compliments. Tender chicken, peas and pimientos, creamy sauce, flaky crust. Expensive? No siree! Just *tastes* expensive!

thank goodness for

Banquet®

frozen foods

Mustang—emblem of Ford's new car—charges across the shining honeycomb of its wide grille.

Elegant high tuck of the rear wheel well shows off the Mustang's low-slung, sweeping lines.

Ford unveils its low-cost Mustang

SPORTS CAR FOR THE MASSES

The gleaming red hood stretching back to the distant windshield is the business end of a new U.S.-built sports car. But unlike most other sports cars, this one—a Ford subspecies called the Mustang, which goes on sale this week—is not offered as a rich man's toy. The manufacturers produced it on the theory that a lot of people who would like to own a sports car hold back because of the generally prohibitive cost of most models. In its basic model with stick shift and standard 6-cylinder engine—but without frills—the Mustang is made to sell for $2,368 (F.O.B. Detroit), which puts it in the price range of sporty compacts. There are, of course, lots of optional doodads that can run up the price. With the addition of a hotter engine and other equipment, the Mustang can be turned into a racer. And an electrical device can be installed to allow the optional girl, who fits naturally into a sports car, to put the top down with a languid finger.

CONTINUED

A true sports car, Mustang is long in front, short on the rear deck and clears the ground by only 5.2 inches.

LONG-NOSED AUTO AIMED AT WORLD WAR II BABIES

Ford's decision to make and sell the Mustang was arrived at by a hardheaded process. The birth took three painstaking years. Hard-driving Lee Iacocca (*below*), a Ford vice president, and Donald N. Frey (*left*) figured there was a gap in the market that Ford could fill by providing a bargain-basement model that somewhat resembles the company's Thunderbird. Statistics showed that the bumper crop of World War II babies was coming of car-buying age and that the population between the ages of 20 and 24—the prime sports-car bracket—would increase during the 1960s by a staggering 54%. Frey then turned Ford's designers loose on the idea, and after more than two and a half years they came up with the Mustang design. Armed with Frey's engineering, the statistics and his own intuition that this car would move in the showroom, Iacocca sold the rest of Ford's top brass on the project. Meanwhile, other manufacturers in Detroit are pushing plans for their own cars that will compete with the Mustang.

Donald N. Frey, 41, in charge of all Ford Division engineering, helped to supervise design process of new car.

Lee Iacocca, 39, Ford vice president and division general manager, had to sell the Mustang to Ford top brass.

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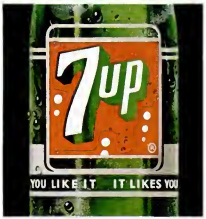

HERE'S HOW THE TREND SHAPES UP

The first rival of the Mustang to enter the market will go on sale next month. It is Chrysler's Barracuda (*left*), a sports car built to sell in the luxury compact price range and with somewhat the look of a compact. American Motors' Tarpon (*above*), according to Detroit scuttlebutt, will be introduced along with the company's other 1965 models in the fall. Like the Mustang, both cars had been kept secret. General Motors is still not disclosing its own plans, if any, for pursuing the newborn trend to low-cost sports cars. But there is a strong current of speculation that GM's Chevrolet and Pontiac divisions have something under wraps.

SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

SEE THE "JOEY BISHOP SHOW," STARRING JOEY BISHOP, CO-STARRING ABBY DALTON, ON RCA VICTOR "LIVING COLOR" TV

Now – a new and brighter Color TV–brighter than ever before! Unsurpassed Natural Color from RCA Victor!

The Performance-Proved Color TV for '64 is New Vista® by RCA Victor. It gives you clearer, sharper pictures than ever before in *unsurpassed natural color.* It is definitely the finest color television ever designed by RCA—pioneer and developer of color television.

In 1960, when RCA introduced the High-Fidelity Color Tube, it was up to 50% brighter than any previous color tube. Now New Vista for 1964—with improved electronic circuits—brings you an even better, even brighter color picture!

And RCA Victor has FM sound, plus dependable Space Age Sealed Circuitry.

VISIT THE RCA COLOR TV CENTER AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

See the wide choice of styles and models, starting at a new low price of $449.95—manufacturer's nationally advertised price, optional with dealer, for the Burbank, not shown. (The Sienna, shown.) UHF optional extra. Prices, specifications subject to change. Remember—more people own RCA Victor than any other television—black and white or color! Visit your RCA Victor dealer soon.

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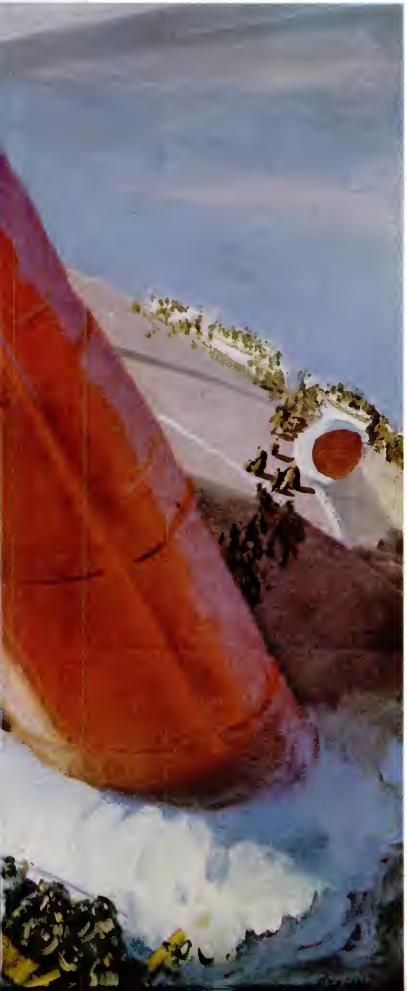
In a bitter double siege, U-boats sprang the big surprise



THE WAR AT SEA

A stately ship on an empty sea; suddenly out of nowhere, the thread of foam, the exploding torpedo, and then—panic, chaos and death. This was World War I at sea. Something new and sinister had come to tear up old doctrines and usher in a kind of sea war that no one had ever seen and few had imagined. The submarine, having evolved slowly and almost unnoticed, now stood poised for action.

Both sides had built surface fleets into prodigies of fire power; but, after the war started, both were wary of risking their precious battleships in combat. Germany held its weaker navy close to home as a constant menace to its rival. Britain's Grand Fleet became the pivot of a blockade against Germany. To break the stranglehold, Germany mounted a countersiege with its U-boats; and it was the U-boats that gave the sea war most of its action and its terror. Only once did the two armadas actually clash. But in that single encounter off the Jutland Bank the ancient glories of naval battle blazed again.

On May 7, 1915 the British luxury liner *Lusitania* was sunk off the coast of Ireland by a German U-boat. The ship, here shown stern-high before her final plunge, heeled over so sharply that the lifeboats dumped their occupants into the sea. Of the 1,959 passengers aboard 1,198 died, including 124 Americans. The disaster aroused violent American anger against Germany and, more than any other single event, prepared U.S. opinion for eventual entry into the war.

As day dawns over the North Sea, a German U-boat commander, outward-bound, hails a comrade returning from patrol to ask for news of the enemy.

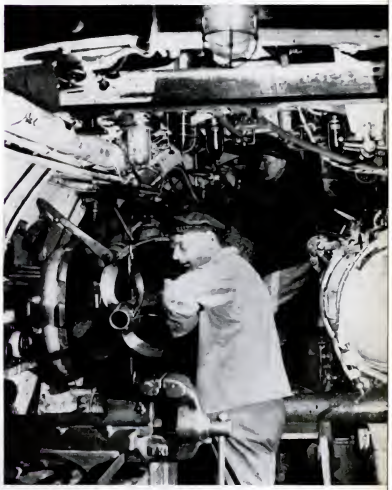
Subs almost starved Britain

DEADLY PROWLERS

The Germans started with only 25 ocean-going U-boats in service. They packed 35 men and 12 torpedoes in their 214-foot hulls. They could dive only 250-300 feet and could run submerged for only two and a half hours at eight knots. At first they attacked only warships, and in the war's opening weeks sank four British cruisers. But the British fleet developed protective measures that scared off the subs. In February 1915 the Germans proclaimed unrestricted U-boat warfare against Allied merchant shipping around the British Isles, and the lone gray sharks soon proved their deadly efficiency.

U-boat men became national heroes, but everyone else was outraged at attacks on unarmed ships without warning or rescue. Twice, U.S. protests forced Germany to restrain its U-boats briefly. In 1917, with the British blockade tightening daily, the Germans unleashed a final desperate drive with bigger, better, more numerous submarines. In April nearly a million tons went to the bottom and Britain had only enough food left for six weeks.

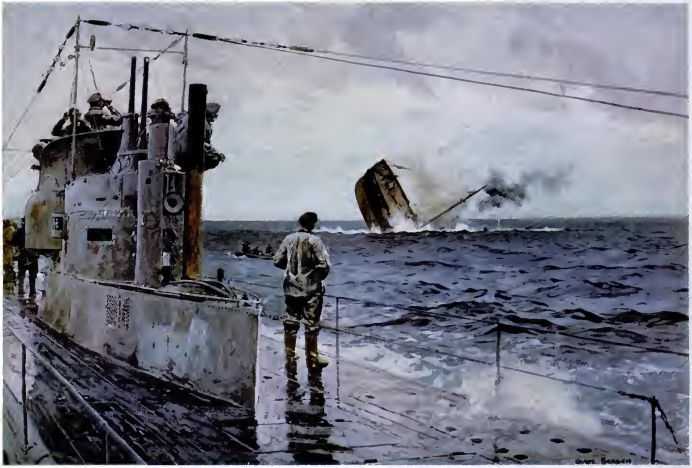
Then the Allies began to cut losses by sending ships in convoy. Stepped-up anti-sub measures turned the hunters into the hunted. U-boats became deathtraps, groping through minefields or cowering under hull-crushing depth charges. By Armistice Day 178 U-boats lay on the ocean floor, along with the 5,234 ships they had sunk —memorials to an effort that once seemed close to winning the war for Germany.



Interiors of submarines were cramped mazes of instruments. They reeked of diesel oil, food and human sweat. Officers were soaked by water that leaked through the casing and trickled down the periscope *(top)*. At the narrow bow and stern, crewmen maneuvered in the confined space to operate the torpedo tubes *(above)*. Every foot which was not occupied by men, machinery and food was crammed with torpedoes, shown here *(left)* being loaded at port.

U-boats preferred to sink victims by gunfire rather than expend precious torpedoes, but in rough weather this took some doing. Here a high sea bursts over the hull as the gun crew aims its 4.1-inch gun at a sailing ship. Shells were passed up the conning tower, placed in leather slings and pulled forward to the loader.

Another way for U-boats to dispose of their prize—provided the victim surrendered—was to blow it up with demolition charges after the crew had abandoned ship. Here a British fishing vessel sends up a dying puff of smoke as she slides into the North Atlantic. The demolition team rows back to the waiting U-boat.



With a flash of flame and a rending explosion a freighter blows up, struck dead amidships by a torpedo fired from the bow tubes of a submarine. Torpedoes traveled at about 40 knots, so they had to be aimed well ahead of a moving target. Here a narrow slick on the sea marks the weapon's fatal course. In the war's early days U-boat skippers first ordered victims to abandon ship. But when guns were placed on merchant ships, U-boats began to sink them without warning.

In a scene repeated time and again, in the war, passengers scramble to safety off a torpedoed ship. This U-boat victim was the French troop transport S.S. *Sontay*, sunk in April 1917 in the Mediterranean. The area was a favorite haunt of U-boats, which either slipped in past Gibraltar or were shipped in pieces overland and assembled at Pola, the Austrian base at the head of the Adriatic. In April 1917 the Allies were losing ships in the Mediterranean at the rate of three a day.

British fought monotony and held the line

KEEPING A BLOCKADE

The British Grand Fleet spent most of the war in Scapa Flow, periodically sweeping the North Sea to maintain the blockade. During long intervals of inaction the Royal Navy made life as pleasant as it could. In the wardroom of the submarine E.34 (*above*), a heater and a Morris chair strike a homey note in the midst of navigation charts, a small galley and bunks. Where there was more room, as on the battleship *Emperor of India* (*right*), officers kept fit playing hockey.

Every morning at 11, the crews on British warships lined up for their traditional round of grog (two parts water, one part rum). It was a welcome break; for even when it was not fighting, the fleet had plenty of work for all hands. At sea the hardest working were the stokers (*right*), who fed the furnaces to heat the boilers. At full speed a dreadnought consumed 500 tons of coal a day. There were also formalities—morning prayers—when all hands appeared freshscrubbed and in clean uniforms, and then, from time to time, a burial at sea (*far right*), in which the body, sewn up in its hammock, was eased over the side.

A German trap turned into a trap for Germans

THUNDER AT JUTLAND

Early in the afternoon of May 31, 1916, a pair of German destroyers halted a Danish freighter off Jutland Bank in the North Sea and were about to search it for contraband when a wisp of smoke appeared on the horizon. Moments later two British cruisers hove into view and the Germans dashed away in a sprinkle of falling shells. With this modest encounter began the Battle of Jutland, one of the epic battles of naval history.

In the two years since war began the two main fleets had studiously avoided each other. Britain's wiry, precise little admiral Sir John Jellicoe was eager for battle. But his chief mission was to keep the Germans penned up in the North Sea and thus protect the global shipping lanes on which Britain's survival depended. As his boss, First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill put it, Jellicoe was "the only man on either side who could lose the war in an afternoon." So the admiral kept the Grand Fleet, immobile but alert, in its remote northern base at Scapa Flow.

At Wilhelmshaven lay Germany's High Seas Fleet, commanded by stocky Vice Admiral Reinhard Scheer. A showdown with Jellicoe was the last thing Scheer wanted—he had only 21 capital ships (dreadnoughts and battle cruisers) against Britain's 37. His best hope was to decoy part of the British fleet into a trap. In the early hours of May 31 he launched a decoy. Vice Admiral Franz Hipper, with an imposing force of battle cruisers, steamed northward as if to attack Allied shipping off Norway. Scheer, with the rest of the High Seas Fleet, followed 50 miles astern.

From intercepted German radio messages Jellicoe knew that something big was afoot. The Grand Fleet steamed majestically to sea; and from Rosyth, farther south, Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty sallied out with an advance force of battle cruisers and dreadnoughts.

The two destroyers that had stopped the Danish freighter were part of the screen for Hipper's squadron. And it was over the hull of the freighter that the two scouting forces, Hipper's and Beatty's, finally found each other. The thunder of salvos shook the leaden sky as the ships ponderously closed. From the mastheads gun spotters could actually see the huge projectiles come on in their trajectories.

The moment he had caught sight of Beatty, Hipper swung south to decoy him toward Scheer. Beatty, his hat jauntily cocked over one eye, grabbed the bait and followed. Side by side the two columns raced southward, guns flashing. Though Beatty's guns started knocking out German turrets, the German fire was deadlier. Two salvos struck the battle cruiser *Indefatigable* and blew her up with 1,015 men. Moments later the *Queen Mary* suffered the same fate. "Chatfield," Beatty snapped to his flag captain, "there seems to be something wrong with our bloody ships today." He had hardly spoken when the electrifying news came that the entire German High Seas Fleet was directly ahead of him. Beatty immediately knew what was up. It was his turn now to be the decoy. The tattered column circled and tore off northward through the gathering mist. The entire German armada raced northward after him—all unsuspecting—toward the open jaws of Jellicoe.

Now Jellicoe learned that his dream of decisive battle might actually come true. As his dreadnoughts plunged onward, he worked out his plan. He would lead his ships directly across his enemy's course, where his devastating fire would shatter the German van and pile up the German fleet. It was the classic maneuver known as "crossing the T"; but it required perfect timing, and Jellicoe had no idea when and where Scheer would appear. The haze was thick; Beatty's messages were vague and garbled.

Shortly before 6, Beatty's battle cruisers, still firing furiously, appeared out of the south. Jellicoe passed the order. The dreadnoughts, with scarcely a ship's length of open water between them, steamed into the path of the oncoming Germans. The "T" was being crossed.

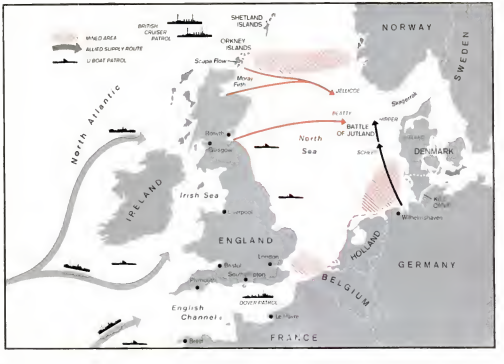
A tempest of fire and steel swept the decks of the leading German warships. Turrets were blasted open. Hulls shook under thundering concussions that reduced everything topside to a waste of torn metal. Some started to list heavily. But they fired back, aiming at the solid front of gun flashes, which was about all they could make out of the British. Then the German spearpoint buckled.

Admiral Scheer recognized the trap. He ordered a complete about-face for every ship—a difficult maneuver that his crews performed with masterful precision—and the entire High Seas Fleet disappeared southward into the gloom.

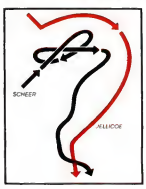
Jellicoe brought the Grand Fleet around in a wide arc until it was headed roughly south, squarely between the Germans and their escape route home. He had scarcely organized his new line when Scheer sprang another surprise. Out of the twilight the German fleet lunged forward in a second attack. But Jellicoe's iron wall held firm. The Germans reeled under the British barrage. Scheer, ordering another about-face, saved himself only by launching a torpedo attack and by sending Hipper's exhausted battle cruisers on an almost suicidal "death-ride."

It was Scheer's last effort to crack the British line. The ships staggered apart; darkness settled and the two fleets, now out of touch, lumbered southward side by side. Jellicoe, not wanting to risk a night battle, was content to remain between Scheer and his home base until morning. All Scheer wanted was to get through the British line. Shortly before midnight he found it—it was the tail of the line, guarded by smaller ships. He blasted through and the battered High Seas Fleet got safely home. Jellicoe, ignoring the midnight commotion, sailed serenely on.

Hours later Beatty sent a message to his men. "We hope today to cut off and annihilate the whole German fleet," it ran. But in the gray morning light the Germans were nowhere to be seen, and the Grand Fleet found itself alone on the empty sea.



The scene of battle



Map (*left*) shows main area of the sea war—the blockades, the approach of the two fleets to Jutland. Diagram of battle (*above*) shows how Jellicoe crossed the "T" and swept around to come between the Germans and their home base, and how Scheer attacked twice and escaped.

Through a watery no-man's-land of bursting shells and flying spray, German battleships at Jutland plunge toward Jellicoe's barrier of dreadnoughts.

Flying a blue and white flag, Scheer's signal to attack, battleships belching salvos advance to hurl themselves a second time against the British line.

These two photographs, taken from nearby British ships, record a dramatic event at Jutland—the sinking of the battle cruiser *Invincible*. On the left the *Invincible*, surrounded by escorting destroyers, is shown exploding. "There was just one great burst of flame," wrote an eyewitness. "When this cleared away, all that I could discern were her bow and stern sticking up out of the water. A few minutes later when we passed the spot there was nothing left of the ship." At far right a destroyer approaches to pick up survivors on a raft. There were six.

Scheer sank more ships,
but Britain held the sea

WHO WON IT?

Battles, once they are over, often seem as tidy as the diagrams that illustrate them. The paintings on these and previous pages give a better idea how the Battle of Jutland really was. They were done by German artist Claus Bergen, who became so famous as a marine painter that Admiral Scheer had some of his ships reenact the maneuvers at Jutland as a fleet exercise just so Bergen could go along and record it.

To judge from Bergen's paintings it is a wonder the admirals could reach any decisions at all in the murderous game of blindman's buff, in which a hundred thousand men and 252 ships circled and groped for each other through fog and shell fire. In battleship conning towers officers squinted through slits in the armor plating for glimpses of their targets amid the smoke and flash of their own guns, the jolting explosions and flying debris. In their sealed turrets the sweating gun crews could not see the enemy at all, as they rammed home ponderous projectiles, fired, loaded, and fired again, expecting annihilation any moment from the hail of plunging armor-piercing shells.

There were moments of high heroism. Major Harvey of the Marines, his legs torn off when his turret was hit on Admiral Beatty's flagship *Lion*, dragged himself to the voice tube and ordered the magazines flooded in time to save the ship. Commander Bingham, left behind on his sinking destroyer *Nestor* to face the onrushing High Seas Fleet, calmly readied and fired his last torpedo before the focused fire from a half-dozen battleships crushed his craft. The German battle cruiser captains, with ships half sunk, decks afire and flames flickering high from gutted turrets, drove their crippled titans on against the enemy once again in a desperate last attack.

After all the carnage, heroism and sacrifice, who actually won at Jutland? No naval battle has ever been more furiously debated. If dead men and sunken ships are the measure, then the Germans won. The British lost three battle cruisers, eleven lesser ships and 6,097 men; the Germans, one battleship, a battle cruiser, nine lesser ships and 2,551 men. The British had heavier guns—15-inch to the Germans' 12-inch. But the Germans' gunnery was better, their armor-piercing shells more deadly than those of the British which tended to explode prematurely on contact. German ships were in vital respects more soundly built than their enemy's and could take terrifying punishment without sinking. The British lost their battle cruisers through a single flaw: flames leaped down the turret ammunition hoists and touched off the magazines. German turrets had built-in baffles to halt flashbacks.

But in Jellicoe's tactics centuries of British tradition and experience at sea made up for German technology. The Germans had challenged Britain's naval supremacy and failed to shake it. The clash left Jellicoe's fleet battleworthy, the great blockade intact, and Britain in full command of the sea. After Jutland the German High Seas Fleet faced the British only one more time—in 1918—to surrender.

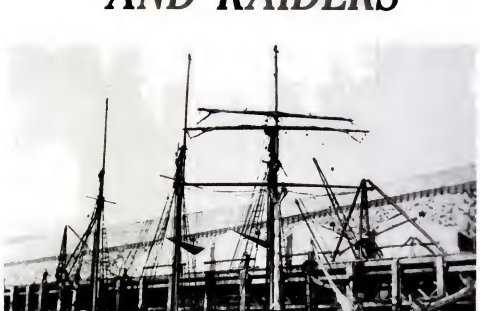
The German battle cruiser *Seydlitz*, with most of her guns out of action, fires with her remaining turrets while cartridge cases, ejected still smoking from the turrets, roll around the shell-torn deck. Later the *Seydlitz* was damaged so badly that her bow submerged and she had to crawl home stern-first.

Covering Scheer's retreat after his second attempt to break Jellicoe's line, destroyers dart between the German dreadnoughts to launch a torpedo attack. Jellicoe's ships dodged the torpedoes by turning sharply away and none was hit, but as a result of the maneuver he lost contact with the retreating Germans.

After the battle British crews grimly surveyed the destruction and searched through the still smoking debris. These photographs of the light cruiser *Chester* show the havoc wrought by a point-blank bombardment from four enemy cruisers. Shells fell so thick around her that two of the German cruisers had to hold their fire so that the others could see the target. The *Chester* had 76 casualties, its decks were a shambles and its hull was riddled with big shell holes.

Stealth and cunning sailed the seas

Q-SHIPS AND RAIDERS



Q-ship *Margaret Murray* looked like an innocent sailing ship. Light-colored screens masked her guns fore and aft.

by Edward Kern

Big naval battles were few and far between. What gave the fighting war at sea its continuity was the unrelenting, globe-girdling war on commerce. It was a war waged with stealth and deception on both sides—by the Germans trying to destroy allied shipping, by the Allies desperately trying to thwart the German U-boats and raiders. And the adventures of this war took the combatants from Greenland's ice floes to the coasts of the Antipodes.

One raw March morning in the middle of the war the German submarine U-68 was making its way down the west coast of Ireland when it sighted a dirty British tramp steamer coming the other way. A collier loaded with coal for Scapa Flow, the U-boat commander decided. The U-68 slid beneath the waves, fired a torpedo and—missed. Through his periscope the irritated submarine watched the torpedo's bubble trail streak harmlessly by. Nobody on the tramp seemed to have noticed it. The crew were still lounging at the railings, smoking their pipes and spitting over the side.

The U-68 surfaced, manned its deck gun and fired a warning shot across the tramp's bow. This woke the ship. Sailors rushed madly around the deck and fouled the ropes in their effort to lower the lifeboats and abandon ship. The submarine closed to 800 yards.

At that, with a sudden crash, the tramp steamer's sideports fell open on hinges, the walls of a wheelhouse on the stern clattered down, a hencoop behind the stack collapsed and the muzzles of three 12-pounders swung into view. As the White Ensign of the Royal Navy flew up the masthead, the guns opened up on the submarine with a rapid and accurate barrage.

Before the U-boat had slammed the conning-tower hatch behind the fleeing gun crew and submerged, it had taken several direct hits. The "collier" steamed over to the spot and dropped depth charges. A moment later a slick of oil and splintered wood spread over the sea, and another kill had been chalked up by the most daring antisubmarine weapon of the war—the British Q-ships.

Q-ships, so called because they were identified by secret Q numbers, started as a makeshift defense against German U-boats, which were running amok around the British Isles. A number of tramp steamers, fishing trawlers and sailing vessels were organized in 1915 into a special branch of the Royal Navy, fitted with hidden guns and torpedo tubes, staffed with regular navy officers and men disguised as merchant seamen, and sent forth to dangle themselves as U-boat bait.

The Germans quickly fell for the lure. But after a couple of nasty surprises they caught on, and the Q-ship–U-boat struggle turned into a fierce little war of wits. It was no longer enough for a Q-ship simply to loiter hopefully around the approaches to the Irish Sea. To allay a U-boat's suspicions it had to impersonate a particular ship—even to course and position as published in sailing schedules, which U-boats were presumed to possess. Almost every night after dark the Q-ship's crew readjusted the telescopic masts, shifted ventilator cowlings, derricks, booms and screens to alter the ship's profile, often repainted the funnel markings and on occasion even the ship's superstructure, so that the next day would dawn on an entirely different vessel, steaming on a different course to a different published destination.

If a U-boat failed to show, Q-ships sent out wireless messages—in plain language instead of code—"Am held up by bad weather; my position 50 miles west of Fastnet Rock." This sometimes backfired. Q-ships were so secret that few people, even in the Royal Navy, knew about them; and the message, like as not, would bring an angry British destroyer to dress

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YOU ALREADY . . . just wait till you get to paragraph 6*

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down the careless tramp and escort it forcibly to safety while the exasperated Q-ship skipper fumed on his bridge. But sooner or later a U-boat was sure to nibble. Then the Q-ship would launch into a carefully rehearsed routine to bring its prey closer, knowing that U-boats often wanted to send a boarding party to pick up supplies and up-to-date charts. While the U-boat, after a warning shot, warily kept its distance, the Q-ship gunners waited tensely at their hidden posts. A special "panic party" on the Q-ship's deck staged an abandon-ship pantomime before one of the most skeptical audiences that ever sat out a show.

Among the milling seamen dressed in seedy reefers there was usually one sailor disguised as the captain's wife—merchant skippers often took their wives to sea—who ran shrieking around the deck cradling something that looked like a baby. One Q-ship captain with a theatrical flair sent out a phony skipper clutching a stuffed parrot in a cage, the ship's mascot. But his master stroke was sprung after the lifeboats had already pulled away. A grimy stoker, supposedly forgotten in the panic, would pop up on deck and rush to the side, shouting and frantically waving his arms at the retreating boats, one of which would return to pick him up.

Now the Q-ship, to all appearances abandoned, drifted placidly upon the sea. But on the bridge, the captain lay flat on his stomach and watched through a concealed periscope as the U-boat cautiously circled trying to spot anything suspicious. Sometimes for safety's sake the U-boat would rake its victim fore and aft with gunfire. The men on the Q-ship would have to stick to their guns while shells burst around them, and stifle their cries if they were wounded. At last the Q-ship's whistle blew, the mask fell and the guns went into action.

But with every sinking the U-boats became warier. When they took to boarding ships from a safe distance, the Q-ships countered by shamming direct hits. They would release clouds of steam through "panic" steam pipes and set fires on board. When the U-boats became immune even to this ruse and resorted to torpedoing without warning, the Q-ships played their last card. They boldly let themselves be torpedoed, even steering deliberately into the path of destruction, hoping that enough of the crew would survive on their foundering gun platforms to blast the U-boat when it came up for its usual final inspection.

When the Allies at last adopted the convoy system in the spring of 1917, any solitary merchantman was rare enough to advertise itself as a Q-ship. So the Q-ships gradually vanished from the seas and into a secure niche in the annals of the Royal Navy.

Even more stirring than the stories of the Q-ships are the yarns of the German surface raiders, the solitary wanderers that swept the high seas like pirate ships, swooping down on enemy commerce and spreading consternation wherever they went, harried and hunted by half the allied navies of the world.

The first famous raider was the German light cruiser *Emden*. When the war broke out she was stationed at Tsingtao, Germany's naval base in north China, attached to a small cruiser squadron com-

CONTINUED

Her encounter with an Australian warship left the shattered *Emden* beached (*above*) on one of the Cocos-Keeling Islands. But an *Emden* landing party, put ashore before the battle, captured supplies (*below*) and escaped on a schooner.

WORLD WAR I

CONTINUED

manded by Vice Admiral Graf Spee. With Japan about to join the Allies, Spee took his cruisers across the Pacific, first to a victory over a British squadron near Chile, and then to their doom at the Falkland Islands off the tip of South America.

But the *Emden* had not accompanied Spee. She left the squadron in the Marianas and a few weeks later she showed up in the Indian Ocean flying a British flag and sporting an extra funnel that made her a perfect counterfeit of the British cruiser *Yarmouth*. With her false colors flying, the *Emden* would sneak up to an unsuspecting merchantman, order her to stop, take her passengers and crew prisoner, strip her of fuel and supplies, open the seacocks and scuttle her. On the crowded sea-lanes of the Indian Ocean, ships came by so fast that the *Emden* was sometimes surrounded by several victims in various stages of sinking. But whenever any of the many allied cruisers looking for her reached the spot, the *Emden* had vanished, only to pop up somewhere else a few days later. Before long all commerce in the Bay of Bengal was paralyzed and the British were half convinced that there must be several German ships at large named *Emden*.

When victims became scarce, the *Emden* shelled and blew up a British oil dump at Madras and later steamed brazenly into the allied base of Penang in Malaya, sent the Russian cruiser *Zhemchug* to the bottom and raced out again, sinking a French destroyer as she went.

It was a strain to live from hand to mouth in hostile seas without a friendly harbor within a thousand miles. But the *Emden*'s captain, Karl von Müller, kept his men happy and well fed on captured cargoes. There were band concerts, lectures on current events and afternoon coffee with bonbons. The *Emden*'s decks were like a floating barnyard with a cow, sheep, pigs, chickens, geese, and a pigeon coop tacked to a funnel. Von Müller was scrupulously correct to his prisoners, whom he lodged comfortably on one of the captured ships which attended the *Emden* like drones around a queen bee. When it was full he would release it to return to a neutral port, and the tales passengers told at home made Von Müller as much of a hero to the British as be was to the Germans.

Von Müller knew that the *Emden* could not keep it up forever. After his attack on Penang he steamed south to raid the allied wireless station in the lonely Cocos-Keeling Islands, 700 miles south of Sumatra. There, on Nov. 9, 1914, the Australian cruiser *Sydney* found the *Emden* and after a two-hour battle drove her onto a reef. A third of the crew were killed and Von Müller was taken prisoner. But an *Emden* landing party, previously sent ashore, escaped, fitted out a leaky little schooner and, in a voyage that rivaled Captain Bligh's odyssey after the *Bounty* mutiny, sailed across the Indian Ocean to the Arabian shore. After picking their way through hostile Arab tribes, they reached Turkey and got safely home to Germany.

None of the other early raiders equaled the *Emden*'s bag of 24 ships in 95 days, but the light cruiser *Karlsruhe* sank or captured 17 ships in the Atlantic before blowing up in mid-ocean. The converted luxury liner *Kronprinz Wilhelm* took 14 victims before interning herself in Newport News. The light cruiser *Köenigsberg* raised havoc off Africa's east coast until the British bottled her up in the Rufiji River—and even then it took eight more months to finish her off.

For a while the Allies had respite from the raiders. But the Germans, impressed with the early marauders' successes, revived the raiding business on a systematic basis. They sent out several more raiders to sneak past the blockade to the open sea.

The best known raider of this new breed was the full-rigged sailing ship, the *Seeadler* (Sea Eagle). Her commander was the dashing Count Felix von Luckner, nicknamed the "Sea Devil."

To slip out of his German home port past tbe blockade, Von Luckner disguised the *Seeadler* as a Norwegian. He had every machine and nautical instrument stamped with Norwegian trademarks; he hand-picked a Norwegian-speaking crew, equipped them with Norwegian passports and letters from imaginary families in Norway, scattered Norwegian books and records about the ship, and even presented the British boarding party which actually did stop the ship to his Norwegian "wife"

With pipe, sou'wester, Von Luckner posed convincingly as merchant skipper.

—an apple-cheeked young sailor in a blond wig. The British waved the *Seeadler* through the blockade.

From then on the career of the *Seeadler* was like a throwback to the happy days of the *Emden*. Von Luckner at times seemed more concerned about keeping his prisoners happy than catching ships. He gave them books in English and French from a library be had brought along. He entertained them at captain's table, serving an international cuisine prepared by captured chefs of several nations, whom he put to work in the galley.

The prisoners gaily entered the spirit of the chase. When Von Luckner offered £10 sterling and a bottle of champagne to the first man, crew or prisoner, who sighted the next ship, the spars of the *Seeadler* were crowded with amateur lookouts. For the rest of the time tbe prisoners lazed away

CONTINUED

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Home again, a national hero, Captain Nerger (*right*), on the deck of the *Wolf*, beams at praise from Admiral Scheer.

the velvet tropical nights under bellying sails and the Southern Cross, listening to concerts played on the captured Steinway grand and cradling goblets of frothing Veuve Cliquot from hundreds of cases Von Luckner had lifted from the British freighter *Horngarth* off Brazil. When accommodations became cramped with prisoners, Von Luckner sent them all ashore —after throwing a sentimental farewell party and paying them off with the same wages they would have earned on their own ships.

Then the *Seeadler* rollicked around the Horn and into the Pacific. There the voyage came to a sudden end. The ship was anchored at a coral island not far from Tahiti when a tidal wave swept her over the reef and ripped out her bottom. Von Luckner, after hopping from island to island looking for another ship to requisition, was arrested and spent the rest of the war in a New Zealand prison camp.

The last of the German raiders was also the greatest. It was the *Wolf*, which looked like a tramp steamer and was manned by a crew of 400 specialists gathered from all over the German navy. Everything was done to make the *Wolf* self-sufficient. She had divers to scrape the bottom, since the *Wolf* could not expect to reach a drydock during her cruise. She even had a little seaplane to scout the sea far ahead.

The very length of the *Wolf*'s voyage was epic. She left Germany on Nov. 30, 1916 and got home 15 months later, on Feb. 24, 1918—and in between she had steamed almost continuously for 64,000 miles. She sailed to the limits of the Atlantic and Indian oceans, visited the South Seas, lurched in the south polar blasts of the Tasman Sea and battled the ice off Greenland. For months she lived from prize to prize, obtaining just enough coal from one to carry her to the next.

When her presence was recognized she was in the Indian Ocean and the report caused a commercial panic in Indian ports. Every cruiser within reach was recruited to track her down. But *Wolf* went on with her chief job—sowing the 400 mines she carried in her hold. One merchant ship after another went mysteriously down, off Capetown, Ceylon and Bombay, even finally off Australia and New Zealand.

But by then the *Wolf*, with its hard-mouthed commander Karl Nerger, was getting ready for the long voyage home. Her hull battered and leaking, her holds crammed with scurvy-stricken prisoners, the *Wolf* plunged northward through the high winter seas, through a blizzard that almost sank her, on into the ice-choked Denmark Strait between Greenland and Iceland. Nerger had hoped to use the strait to steal around the blockade. But the ice was impassable. Daring not only the British blockade but also German U-boats, which sank ships without warning, he struck across the North Sea to Norway and swung south through allied minefields. Finally he reached the safety of the Baltic where the first ship he met was a German cruiser, which could scarcely believe that the vessel answering its signals was the long lost *Wolf*.

When *Wolf* came into Kiel a hero's welcome awaited. The little, weather-beaten tramp slowly steamed between a double line of battle cruisers, cruisers and destroyers while crews cheered and bands blared from every deck to honor a single ship which, with 120,000 tons of enemy shipping to her credit, had accomplished more in 15 months than the whole of the Kaiser's High Seas Fleet in all four years.

NEXT MONTH: PART IV

GLOBAL STRUGGLE

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ATLANTA–APRIL 5

FORD TOTAL PERFORMANCE WINS ATLANTA "500" FOR 3RD YEAR IN A ROW!

Latest win gives Ford 11 out of last 12 NASCAR "500" milers!

ATLANTA, April 5: In a blazing exhibition of *total performance*, ace driver Fred Lorenzen piloted his specially prepared '64 Ford to a stunning victory in the Atlanta "500" before a cheering crowd of 75,000 spectators. This victory marks the 11th time that Ford has captured a NASCAR stock car event of 500 miles or more, starting with the Charlotte "600" in May, 1962.

In the past two years, Ford-built cars have carved out an incredible history of victories in virtually every kind of automotive event—from stock car races to economy runs, from rallies to endurance tests.

Ford has chosen the most rugged testing program that cars have ever faced . . . full-scale open competition. This is the dramatic way to show that Fords have changed . . . and the sure way to be certain they keep on changing. Changed? Just look at the record!

• A dramatic maiden effort at Indianapolis, when two Ford-powered Lotuses came within seconds of taking the 500-mile classic.

• A team of specially equipped Falcons won 2 classes and took 2nd place overall in the 1964 Monte Carlo Rallye.

• The 1964 "Car of the Year" Award from *Motor Trend* magazine, presented for the concept of *total performance* and the open competition that proved it.

Ford is committed to racing for one simple reason: every time it goes to the races—win or lose—*you* always win. Ford engineers always learn something that helps them build a better car. That's why Ford is willing to lay its reputation on the line in almost any kind of open competition anywhere in the world. Ford's not after trophies, it's after knowledge—and it gets it!

All manufacturers have elaborate proving grounds and test facilities. But no proving ground can come within a country mile of the intense pressures and the immediate deadlines of racing.

The history of the automobile shows that open competition is the most severe of all testing procedures; it really does "improve the breed." It tests—but it also spurs ideas and brings them to the open market sooner.

No auto manufacturer in history has ever been in so many categories of competition. And Ford believes that no line of cars has ever benefited so much, so quickly—and that means the *owners* of Falcons, Fairlanes, Fords and Thunderbirds are the ones who really benefit.

TRY TOTAL PERFORMANCE
FOR A CHANGE!

FORD

Falcon • Fairlane • Ford • Thunderbird

RIDE WALT DISNEY'S MAGIC SKYWAY AT THE FORD MOTOR COMPANY'S WONDER ROTUNDA, NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Removed from its pedestal in the *Pietà* chapel (*above*) the statue is attached to vibration-proof packing base.

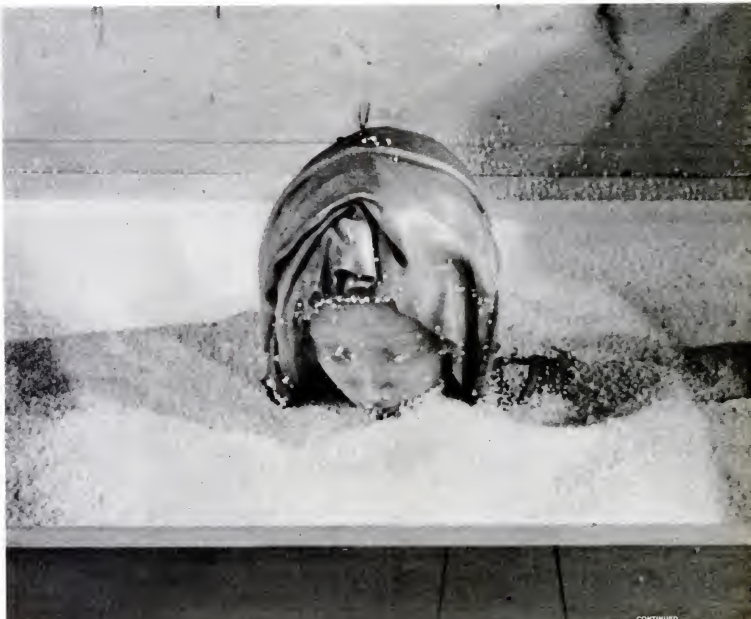
Practically submerged in tiny plastic beads, *Pietà* is almost ready to begin its first journey outside of the Vatican.

A Michelangelo heads for the Fair

Historic Journey of the Pieta

Seven years after Columbus discovered America, Michelangelo, then 24, completed his masterpiece, the *Pietà*, which shows the Virgin Mary cradling Christ. Ever since then, it has remained, in translucent serenity, in St. Peter's in Rome.

When the Vatican decided to transport the *Pietà* to New York to show at the World's Fair there were misgivings on both sides of the Atlantic, among Catholics and non-Catholics alike, and Italians went into a trauma over what would be an international tragedy if something went amiss. But the Vatican stuck to its plans, insuring the *Pietà* for $6 million against perils of the voyage and for another $20 million against any kind of damage during its 19-month stay in New York—although these sums would be meaningless for a treasure that is literally beyond pricing. Then the 6,700-pound sculpture was buried in tiny plastic beads (*below*) to cushion it from harm, and the suspenseful shipment to the fair began.



CONTINUED

The Madonna's hand, shattered in the 17th Century but later restored, is protected with bandages and adhesive.

Preparing the sculpture for crating, workmen go over the folds of the Madonna's veil with a vacuum cleaner.

Loving hands tuck the tiny plastic beads into every fold lest any surface of the sculpture be left unprotected.

CONTINUED

They're plug-ins!

New Admiral transistor portables play like table radios... even recharge batteries with the Admiral Charger-Converter.

Plug the amazing Charger - Converter (optional, extra) into any electric outlet and an Admiral portable plays on house current.

Turn the radio off and the Admiral Charger-Converter recharges batteries to last many times longer.

See the wide selection of new long-distance Admiral portables. They're all precision-crafted... with quality features like 3-gang tuning that pulls in more distant stations. There's nothing finer at any price.

Choose from these new quality radios by Admiral

A. V.I.P. Only long-distance shirt-pocket with 3-gang tuning, 8 transistors, custom gift pack. $24.95†

B. Starburst 8 transistor, slide-rule tuning dial, custom gift pack. $34.95†

C. All-American powerful 11 transistor FM/AM, Automatic Frequency Control, adjustable tone control. $99.95†

D. Crest 10 transistor FM/AM, drift-free AFC, slide-rule dial. $49.95†

E. Galaxy 10 transistor FM/AM, AFC, luggage-style carrying case. $59.95†

F. Aurora Tiny 10 transistor FM/AM, AFC, slide-rule dial, gift pack. $49.95†

G. Little Jewel 6 transistor, quality 3½" speaker. Teens' delight. $14.95†

H. Falcon 8 transistor, Alnico V 3½" speaker, leather-look case. $24.95†

I. Power Eight 8 transistor, slide-rule dial, luggage-style case. $39.95†

J. Marina 8 transistor, 3-band/Shortwave, leather-look case. $49.95†

K. Marksman 8 transistor, 2-band/Shortwave, slide-rule dial. $29.95†

L. Clipper 8 transistor, 3-bands Emergency navigation. $99.95†

M. All-World 750 milliwatts, 9-bands, World-wide reception. $199.95†

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It's the constant attention to quality details that makes every Bulova watch a *gift-quality* watch—one you can wear with pride because it's made with pride. Made by the same skilled craftsmen who created Accutron®, the only electronic wrist timepiece, the world's new standard of accuracy.

Isn't it time you had a new watch? You'll find Bulova gives you *more styles* to choose from, *more quality* for your money. Priced from $25 to $2500*, at your favorite fine jewelry store.

When you think of a watch—think of BULOVA
The Gift-Quality Watch

*All prices plus tax

Consult your jeweler — America's watch expert

Voyage in a crate that can send its own S O S

Before the *Pietà* was moved, X-ray and gamma ray studies were made to detect any hidden flaw. But the marble was the perfect piece Michelangelo had said it was. When insurers insisted on padding the statue with plastic beads, Italian packers—who preferred excelsior—were forced to leave the job to Americans. Addressed from Pope Paul VI to New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman, the case was lashed to the deck of the *Cristoforo Colombo* with bindings which would release if the ship sank. The package would then stay afloat, mark its position with a blinker light and send its own radio S O S.

A lot more gift for your money

–the Parker 45 Convertible with a solid 14K gold point

When you give the Parker 45 Convertible, you look even better than usual to whomever receives it.

For one thing, the 45 is the *only* $5 pen with a solid 14K gold point; makes it appear more like a $10 or $15 pen. There's a choice of seven point styles, one of which is sure to be just right for the person who receives the pen. Any undamaged point can be exchanged for another within 30 days of purchase.

Besides that, the 45 is the *only* pen that fills two ways. In the picture above you see a king-size cartridge. Two of them come with the pen; each holds about 10,000 words' worth of premium ink.

The other remarkable article in the picture is a converter,to be used instead of the cartridge. It costs only 95 cents. With the converter in, the 45 fills from an ink bottle.

Luxury models of the Parker 45 are also available $8.75 to $15.

The **45 and the 45 T-Ball Jotter, together, are a magnificent gift for $7.95.**

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The New Parker 45 Convertible...$5

loads with a cartridge
or fills from an ink bottle
(with optional converter, 95 cents)

Visit the Parker Pavilion at the New York World's Fair.

Newest circus hit

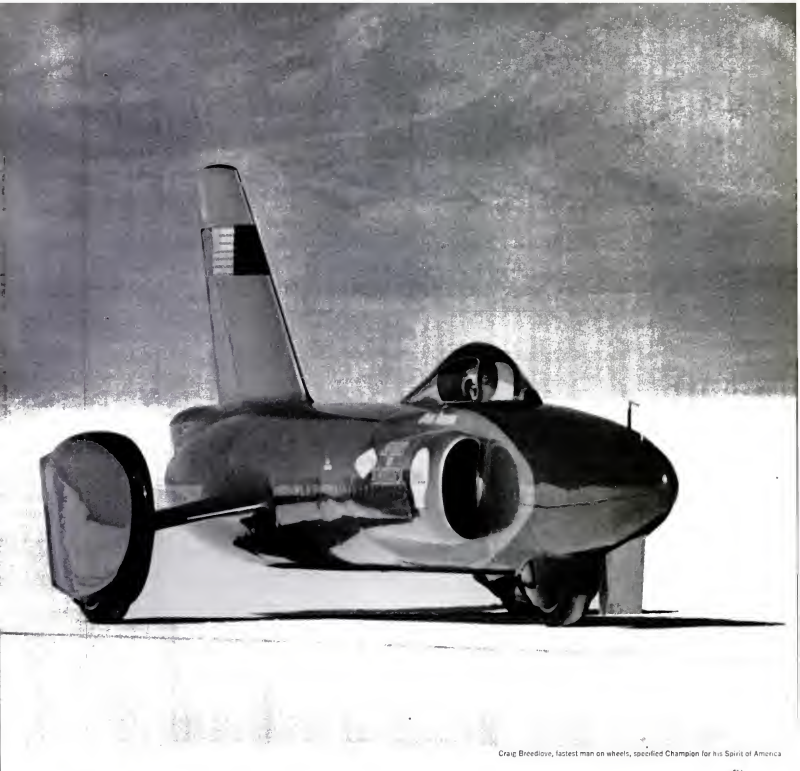
Up, Up, by the Hair She Goes

A pretty German girl is the gasping and scalp-tingling hit of this spring's Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. She is Chrys Holt, 21, who winds her waist-length brunet tresses into a bun and attaches it to a wire. Then, hanging by her hair on the wire, she is lifted to a height of 12 feet where she strips from white tie and tails to spangled tights and begins to juggle. With an ominous fanfare and for the first time in circus generations that anybody has achieved such a feat, she is pulled to the very top of the arena—73 feet up—juggling tenpins and smiling all the way. Circus oldtimers say, "An accidental jerk from the roustabouts pulling the wire could tear her scalp off."

CONTINUED

In Madison Square Garden, Chrys begins her juggling by spinning hoops. The daughter of an aerial juggler named Bert Holt, she perfected her act in secret, then went on in his place when he fell in Germany two years ago, dangling by his teeth. He now juggles while hanging by his jaw—in the next ring.

A nightly brushing and a weekly shampoo are the only care Chrys's hair gets. Her mother helps her tie it with a secret knot. "There are no tricks, nothing but hair," Chrys says. While she admits that there is pain, she says, "I'm too busy juggling and worrying about getting down to think about it."



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Peace Corps girls' own story of a rollicking adventure

Diary of a Hitchhike across the Sahara

It was just about the most energetic, ambitious and unpromising hitchhike ever started. The five Peace Corps girls stationed in Liberia undertook to beat their way across the Sahara, one of the last vast wildernesses left on earth, by whatever transportation came along. They took the ancient caravan way (*map below*) that led from Agades across 2,000 miles of desert to Algiers. In many places, the Sahara is still without through roads and even visible trails.

But the unlikely marathon turned into a success that was cheered around the world—and produced a rollicking diary of adventure that is published for the first time on the following pages. The girls had enterprise and a charming ability to get along in what had been exclusively a man's world. Barbara Kral, 24, from San Lorenzo, Calif., originated the idea and was joined by Barbara Doutrich, 26, a teacher from Kirkland, Wash.; Geraldine Markos, 23, from McKeesport, Pa., a graduate of Penn State; Barbara Prikkel, 22, a teacher from The Bronx, N.Y.; Evelyn Vough, 24, from Scottdale, Pa., a graduate of Allegheny College.

Their preparations were casual. Before they started out on Jan. 12, each girl packed a suitcase with three changes of clothes, a blanket and water bottle. They spent seven weeks traveling to and across the Sahara, leaving in their wake one oasis after another of goodwill—and a few aching hearts among lonely desert men.

Conquerors of the Sahara, in the wool desert robes they wore for protection against the cold, are from left, Barbara Doutrich, Geraldine Markos, Evelyn Vough, Barbara Kral and Barbara Prikkel.

On truck route across the Sahara in Niger, Peace Corps nomads (from left, above) Evelyn Vaugh, Barbara Doutrich, Barbara Kral ride atop load of peanut oil and beer from Zinder to Agades. Below, on stretch from Agades to Tamanrasset, Vaugh, Kral, Doutrich and Geraldine Markos, wearing djellabas, prepare meal.

We rattle off to Abidjan by 'money bus'

by BARBARA KRAL

When we started out from Monrovia, the Liberian capital on the west coast of Africa, we were still many days and a wild assortment of rides away from the Sahara. We crossed the border at Tappita into the Ivory Coast in a taxi that had so little horsepower it had to turn around and go up steep hills in reverse. At Touleplеu on the lower slopes of the Nimba Mountains, we decided to try the public transportation to reach Abidjan, the capital of the Ivory Coast. The vehicle, a rattling, open truck that provides irregular service between Ivory Coast towns, is called a "money bus" by the Africans.

The money bus facilities were primitive but the ride was delightful. We took turns holding a 3-month-old baby for one of the passengers. At stops we bought bread, beer and bananas and shared them with the others, just as if we were on a weekend picnic with friends.

Though Abidjan actually was some miles beyond his destination, the accommodating driver of the money bus took us on to the handsome, modern capital city. At 4:30 in the morning he let us off in front of a hotel, whose clean, modern appearance looked especially inviting at that hour. But there were no rooms available and so we sat up in the lobby—tired, sweaty and caked with a generous layer of red dust from the laterite roads we'd been traveling.

Later in the day we found some fellow Peace Corps volunteers who were able to put us up, and our overnight stay was so pleasant that it stretched into three days. We toured the city, one of the most modern in West Africa, looking at the smart French shops but not buying much. At Charlie Park, the market of curio peddlers who are called "Charlies," we bargained for the fun of it. When the Charlies spotted Barbara Doutrich's electric blue dress of Mandingo-tribe cloth, they wanted to buy it right off her back.

From Abidjan to Ouagadougou in Upper Volta, a distance of about 500 miles, the Abidjan Niger Railway runs a diesel-powered three-car train that makes the trip in three days. We had no idea of the challenge we faced just to get on board the train. Before the train comes to a full stop there is a rugged free-for-all for the wooden benches in the single third-class carriage. We squeezed into the car after all the seats were taken. But with the contest over, the seated passengers, smiling in self-satisfaction, squeezed together and offered us corners of the wooden benches. We were made to feel as welcome as we had been on the money bus.

For the first hundred miles or more, we passed through the thick woodland of the coastal rain forest, the dense pattern broken occasionally by banana and coffee plantations and straw hut villages. When the train stopped at the villages, it was besieged by peddlers, noisily hawking food: karité butter, a greasy vegetable condiment; kola nuts by the basket; live guinea fowl, which flapped and screeched from their extended arms; and bananas in great bunches.

Before the first full day's ride was over, the train came to a screeching stop in the middle of nowhere. Many of the passengers, apparently sensing trouble, grabbed their luggage, leaped off the train and hurried along a small footpath into the bush. Since no one who stayed behind could explain why the train had stopped or whether it would ever start again, we decided to follow. We tramped for what must have been well over five miles until we came to a clearing—where another train was waiting on the tracks. Much later we learned that there had been a derailment up the line, requiring our detour on foot. Long delays and derailments are so common on the Abidjan Niger Railway that the Africans expect them as part of train travel.

By the time we reached Bouaké, where we got off the train for an overnight rest at the surprisingly plush Terminus Hotel, the terrain had opened up into sweeping savannah country. After Bouaké the land became more arid, the farms and villages poorer. We disembarked again at Ferkésédougou to spend the second night, finding comfortable lodgings with American missionaries.

CONTINUED

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They color and flavor the ice cream around them with sweet strawberry juice.

Try some. It's delicious!

Come see Elsie at the World's Fair

Borden's just *has* to be good

Doing the 'High Life' in Ouagadougou

SAHARA
CONTINUED

The next day we found ourselves, dusty and tired, at the station at Ouagadougou. We didn't have to wait long for local hospitality. A Voltan boy in his early 20s came up to us, introduced himself in English and offered to show us around town. His name was Mustapha Tsiambiano and he had only recently learned that he had won a scholarship to study at San Jose State College in California.

Mustapha helped us find hotel rooms. Then he introduced us to three of his friends and with them we spent much of our four days in the capital. They guided our tours of Ouagadougou, a sort of bush country Washington, with white government buildings laid out in a circular pattern.

At night we went dancing with our new friends at an open-air nightclub, where we did the twist, the cha cha and even waltzed. The boys were the best dancers I've ever met and were familiar with American dance steps. The West African equivalent of the twist, called the "High Life," was our favorite. To dance it, you shuffle your feet, bend your knees, dip your shoulders and shake your arms like a limp puppet jerked by strings. It takes rubber legs to dance it well.

One day we visited a French country club outside the city where there were horses to ride. But we had trouble with the horses because they responded only to commands in French. During most of the trip it was all we could do to get by on our limited French; Jerrie spoke the best French in the group and even taught it at the high-school level in Liberia, but even she was not always successful in conversing with people.

In a gesture of friendship that really overwhelmed us, Mustapha and his friends offered to drive us 330 miles to Niamey, the next major city on our route. Eight of us, including Mustapha and two of his friends, squeezed into a Fiat 1500 and bounced over the dusty roads toward the Niger River. When we finally reached the river toward evening, we learned that the last ferry had gone and that we would have to wait until morning. We didn't really care. We spent the night on the bank, across from the glittering lights of the city. Mustapha and his friends bought some meat from Africans who were roasting it on spits near the road. We built a fire and dined on the delicious meat which no one could identify—and which we didn't worry about. Then we sang American folk songs and the one song we knew in French, "*Dites-moi, pourquoi, la vie est belle?* . . ." from *South Pacific*. We turned on the car radio and we danced to the pop songs and High Life music from the local stations in Niamey and Ouagadougou. Somehow we didn't mind the mosquitoes, though they were the biggest I've ever seen.

The next day, after riding the ferry to Niamey, we left our friends with the saddest and longest of farewells. The boys shuffled around the car with their hands in their pockets—or looked at us yearningly. We cried. They said they would try to drive all the way to Monrovia to see us after we returned. We all promised to exchange letters. Before the boys turned back, they introduced us to student friends of theirs in Niamey and so we were well set for escorts for our three-day stay.

The American Embassy in Niamey provided us with excellent accommodations. A trip to the local museum gave us a background on the culture of the Tuareg, Zerma and Beriberi people who inhabit the region. At night we went dancing with Mustapha's friends. Dancing was our major social outlet on the route south of the Sahara. It was a pleasant, easy way of getting to know people with whom it was not always easy to communicate in words. We danced so much, particularly in Ouagadougou and Niamey, that one might have taken us for a touring dancing group. During one party at the local police chief's house we got everyone to do the Madison. Police chiefs, incidentally, were vital social contacts for us. They are charged with the responsibility of handling what little traffic there is through towns, and we often depended upon them for rides. The police chief at Niamey gave us a letter of introduction that helped us with our transportation problems further along the route.

Before we left Niamey, our African friends took us to the nearby town of Kolo for our first attempt at camel-riding. All of us—except Barbara Prikkel—eagerly leaped on the camels and managed to stay on. Barbara said, "Okay, so I'm chicken." She remained on the ground and took pictures.

Zinder, which we reached from Niamey after a two-day, 570-mile

CONTINUED

A wild flight from a local custom

With a show of nonchalance, Jerrie Markas takes her first camel ride in village of Kolo. She managed to hang on.

SAHARA

CONTINUED

ride on the "Trans-African" bus, is on the southern edge of the Sahara. As we approached the city, the rolling brush country we had been crossing leveled out into sparse, arid land; it grew colder, too—and we knew we were nearing the desert. The harmattan, the 50-day wind that blows across the desert in the dry season, made it especially cold at night.

We spent three days and nights in Zinder. While we were there, we encountered an unusual African custom that turned one night into a bawdy slapstick comedy.

Two boy members of the British V.S.O. (Voluntary Service Overseas), equivalent to our Peace Corps, offered overnight lodging —three of us to a double bed in their own shelter, and the other two in a neighbor's house. The neighbors were a burly African schoolteacher and his wife. Jerrie and I agreed to stay at their house —completely ignorant of the regional custom that permits an African wife to present a girl to her husband as a gift for the night. And he had chosen me as the gift. I was getting ready to retire when the housewife pleasantly waved me toward her husband's bed. I declined politely, and then left just as fast as I decently could and returned to the V.S.O. shelter.

Soon after, Jerrie came back from a late stroll and innocently entered their house. She promptly became my substitute gift. Refusing even more vigorously than I had, Jerrie dashed out of the house so fast she nearly forgot her shoes. She burst into the V.S.O. shelter with a loud, "I swear," Jerrie and I slept on the floor that night, uncomfortable but wiser about local folkways.

In Zinder we made a good friend of a corpulent, jovial grocery store owner, known to us as Monsieur Joyce. We loaded up with provisions at his store: canned tuna, sardines, biscuits and oatmeal. Monsieur Joyce added a bottle of red wine—courtesy of the house—to our supplies. He also arranged for our ride out of town on an Arab truck loaded with peanut oil and beer.

On the way to Agades, 300 miles north of Zinder, two of us sat in the cab of the truck with the driver and three sat atop the cargo, exposed to the wind and sand. We learned how to prepare a roadside meal, Arab style, by watching the driver mix a salad of tuna, sardines, onion, pepper and greens in an enamel bowl he carried.

One bitterly cold night spent wrapped in clothes and blankets on hard wooden bunks at an abandoned military encampment convinced us we would have to do something about our Western-style

CONTINUED

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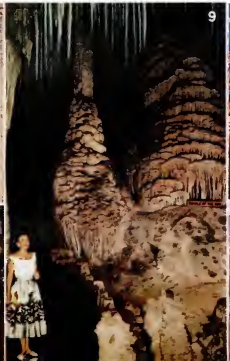


To men who have $15,000 worth of life insurance and think it's a big deal

Think how much it costs you to live today. Now, if you died, how far could your family stretch fifteen thousand dollars? (That's about $80 a week for 4 years.) And if you retired — how well would you live on that kind of money? The fact is, you need a more realistic program for protecting your family and for planning your retirement. The longer you put it off, the more it will cost you. We would like to show you a low net cost insurance program — with monthly payments — that you can easily afford. It's a big deal — and a good deal.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA

State Mutual Life Assurance **Company of America, Worcester,** Massachusetts, **was founded in 1844 . . . has over $3 billion of Life Insurance in force . . . invests $2 million a week in American enterprise . . . sells Life, Health and Group Insurance.**

SMA

Re/

JAMAICA

John Larsen, Jamaica's solitary Swede, doesn't like crowds. That's why he built a bar big enough to hold only four at a time. (He'll always make room for a pretty girl, though.)

John Larsen is not quite a hermit. It's just that he came to Jamaica for solitude. And he's not about to surround himself with throngs of people. (With John, even *two*'s a crowd—but he's got to make a living.)

John's bricked, timbered and fireplaced little bar on Orange Lane in Montego Bay is a good place to retreat to when you've had enough of the boom-boom tempo of Jamaica night life. Here, you can have your whisky in silence. Or, if you'd prefer, with some good conversation—in any of six languages. (John speaks Swedish, French, Norwegian, German, English and Dutch.)

At John Larsen's Little Inn there are no limbo dancers, calypso bands, fire breathers or jugglers. There's not even a big menu. John will feed you "yust enough to get you to the next place." But nothing costs you more than 6/6. (His ancient cash register won't ring any higher.)

Although John's place is called an Inn, there are no overnight accommodations. But if you'd like to sleep in a small hotel that will match it in intimacy, warmth and low cost, there's the Stony Hill Hotel, pinioned to a mountaintop overlooking Kingston. This small, beautifully wacky structure is all levels, angles and surprises. And the biggest surprise of all is Larry Wirth, the owner. He's an ex-choreographer from New York who also came here for solitude. During the summer, you can stay with Larry and his wife Yvonne, for $10 a day—including breakfast, dinner, ballet lessons and surprises.

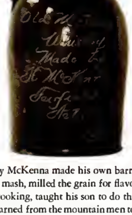
For more on Jamaican solitude and surprises, talk to your travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board, Dept. 4B, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C.

Even if you don't drink whiskey, here's some Americana.

The story of Henry McKenna and his hand made Kentucky whiskey.

Henry McKenna came from County Cork, crossed the mountains to Fairfield, Nelson County, Kentucky and started a small mill and pot still in 1855.

The Irish Harp is taken from his letterhead. Next to it were the words *old line and hand made*. "What this horny-handed son of Old Ireland doesn't know about making Kentucky whiskey," said the Nelson Journal years later, "no one knows."



Henry McKenna made his own barrels, mixed his own mash, milled the grain for flavor minutes before cooking, taught his son to do the same.

He learned from the mountain men to seed each batch of sour mash with yeast from the old. It kept the taste of his bourbon the same from batch to

batch. He got his corn from neighboring fields, late season corn picked after many hard frosts. The corn had to be dried on the ear; it then picked up flavor from the cob.

It was common practice in those days to distill "a bushel, a gallon." Henry McKenna used two and a half bushels per gallon.

"Let others see how much they can make, I will see how good."

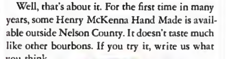
McKenna's output: one barrel a day.

Look closely at the jug on the left. The name Henry McKenna etched into it is identical with his handsome signature. He lettered his own jugs.

By 1870 there were 26 distilleries in Nelson County (some still famous), but McKenna ranked first. ("In Nelson," wrote one traveller, "there are 25 paths to pleasure, but only one to Paradise.")

In Fairfield, today, McKenna's distillery building still stands, the oldest in Kentucky. The town now numbers some 300 souls. Corn is still brought in from neighboring fields. The old cypress yeasting tubs and iron steam engine (71 years old) are still in use. When the engine breaks down, we make parts by hand.

And McKenna output is still measured in barrels. The stencil we stamp on them is there below. About all that's changed is the jug. The harp, too, is gone; we got afraid you'd think it was Irish whiskey. In 1855 there was only one way to distill great Kentucky whiskey: old line and by hand. And that's the only way to make it today.



Well, that's about it. For the first time in many years, some Henry McKenna Hand Made is available outside Nelson County. It doesn't taste much like other bourbons. If you try it, write us what you think.

H. McKENNA DISTILLERY, FAIRFIELD, KENTUCKY, 86 PROOF, KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, SIX YEARS OLD

Invading the desert in our djellabas

clothing if we were going to be reasonably comfortable crossing the desert. When we reached Agades, on the Sahara, we bought heavy black wool *djellaba* robes for $9 each. And for an additional $1.50 we got baggy pantaloons tailor-made in the open market. We also bought turbans of white, shocking pink and blue. This was to be our daily dress all the way across the Sahara.

With the turbans pulled across our faces, we might have passed for Arab women even among the Tuareg tribesmen—if it hadn't been for Evie's shining blue eyes and Barbara Doutrich's red sneakers.

We had heard that the Tuaregs could be fierce people but they couldn't have been nicer to us. Communicating with the Tuaregs was a matter of staring back and forth. They stared at us in amazement and we stared at them in admiration because they are tall, handsome and fine-featured.

There are so few vehicles out of Agades that we had to wait five days for a ride. A French priest, whom Monsieur Joyce had told us about, let us stay in a small room in the Catholic Mission House. It had only two beds and so some of us had to sleep on the floor.

Agades, a primitive town of orange-colored mud huts, offered few sightseeing attractions. We rested, replenished our food supplies, wrote letters (the last, we supposed, until we would reach Algiers) and waited for a ride.

Finally the Agades police chief told us there was a truck bound for Tamanrasset that could carry the five of us. It was an open Berliet stacked with fuel drums and other heavy cargo. There were four Arab passengers aboard—three men and a little girl about 5 years old—plus the driver and his helper.

We rumbled into the desert in a great cloud of dust. There was no visible road, no landmarks that we could see, nothing but rolling desert. Tamanrasset, the next sizable town, was 570 miles away. To the east were the jagged Azbine Mountains—wild and stark as a lunar landscape.

When we asked the young Algerian driver how he knew where he was going, he said, "I just look at the mountains." He seemed to navigate the truck like a ship, racing across vast stretches of sand and rock, and then turning or circling to avoid soft areas. But sometimes getting stuck on the trackless terrain was unavoidable. When this happened, the driver and his Arab helper freed the wheels and then went into an efficient routine to keep the truck moving: they literally built their own road beneath the truck. The helper planted heavy steel airstrip sections under the wheels and then he ran alongside the moving truck, picking up the sections and pitching them in front of the wheels again until we were on firm ground. Maybe it was because of the efficiency and enterprise of the driver and his assistant, but we never really worried that we would get impossibly stuck and not reach Tamanrasset.

You can see forever in the desert. I saw distinctly a camel in the far distance and yet it took a half hour's drive to reach it. I saw herds of gazelles skipping rapidly across our path miles away. All of us saw the classic mirage of a tempting, beautiful lake shimmering before us on the far horizon, but as we rode on, we realized we would never reach the lake. Once I saw what I was sure was the figure of a man running on the horizon—but a long time later it turned out to be a wooden pole.

Occasionally we came across tents of Tuareg nomads, and the driver always stopped to talk with them. They seldom have visitors of any kind and when they learned there were five American girls on board they stared at us in disbelief.

Our greetings with the Arabs fell into a regular routine. Jerrie was usually our spokesman, in French:

"We are Americans," she said.

"Ah, yes, that is wonderful."

"We are in the Peace Corps."

"The what?"

"*Le Corps de la Paix*," she repeated.

"What is that?"

"That's an organization that President Kennedy started. . . ."

"Ah, Kennedy . . ." our new acquaintance would say knowingly—and with an approving smile. Then the Arabs would pass around their big tin cups of goat's milk.

Each evening, around 6, the truck stopped and we prepared for the evening meal. We usually hurried to the water hole with our toothbrushes and gave our dusty mouths a refreshing cleansing. The Arabs thought this was a comical routine. We became experts at locating public toilets between Agades and Tamanrasset. As Evie put it, "Mostly there aren't any."

After the evening meal—our canned food, the mutton or gazelle meat that the Arabs insisted we share with them, and tea—we

CONTINUED

Broken hearts in Tamanrasset

Entertained at policeman's home in Tamanrasset, the girls sit on cushions for an Arab meal that lasted all afternoon.

SAHARA

CONTINUED

bedded down. At first we tried to sleep on the truck but we found it warmer and more comfortable to roll up in our blankets on the sand.

We were touched to discover that each night the eldest Arab stayed near us as a chaperone while the others slept on the opposite side of the truck. The Arabs made a fire at night and again in the morning to warm our hands and feet. Although it was the Fast of Ramadan for the Arabs and they could not eat between sunrise and sunset, they prepared food just for us to eat at midday. The Arabs had a tea-making ritual that fascinated us. The tea was made in small blue pots and was poured back and forth from the pots to the tiny glasses we drank from. It was syrupy and it foamed appealingly as it was poured. Each person was expected to drink three glasses of tea. To take less would have been insulting to the Arabs. It seemed exotic to sit by the fire, drinking out of the dainty glasses.

After four days of bouncing across the desert and huddling against the severe harmattan, we arrived at Tamanrasset, Algeria. Our black robes had turned yellow from the sand and we were a tired, wind-bitten group. Tamanrasset, a mile-long town surrounded by the towering Hoggar Mountains, is built entirely of red mud, like southwestern American adobe. The buildings are beautifully decorated with patterns made from different shades of clay and by hand sculpture—I never dreamed one could do so much with mud.

At the Amenokal Hotel, run by a Yugoslavian ex-Foreign Legionnaire and his French wife, we reveled in hot water baths and had our first sleep in comfortable beds in days. Our presence in town caused a major stir, since the men never see women traveling unescorted. In no time at all we were invited to dine with young Arabs. We were wined and dined by the French military stationed nearby. We were courted in flamboyant style by the young police chief, a handsome 28-year-old Arab with curly hair and a big moustache. It seemed that every man in Tamanrasset wanted to escort us. Some of them called us from across the street, asking for dates. I remember one especially who approached us and asked, "What are you?"

"We're teachers," we said.

"Well, I'm a student," he replied, grinning widely and spreading his arms.

On the first day of our visit the police chief showed Evie and me around town. He pointed out the public buildings and the church that had been used as a shelter during Algeria's war against France. He was particularly proud of the town's oasis surrounded by green gardens and a system of irrigation ditches. He drove us to the nearby mountains and we got out and took a hike over the barren ground. Evie and I weren't very anxious to go for a stroll so far afield, but we had learned that when Algerians get something in their mind it is difficult to talk them out of it. Near the top of the mountain Evie balked and said she would go no further. The police chief said, "That is fine. I will carry you," and he swept her up in his arms and carried her the rest of the way.

CONTINUED

Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price P.O.E. East Coast for Opel Kadett 2-door Sedan $1709.95. Slightly higher West Coast P.O.E. Prices include white sidewall tires, reimbursement for Federal Excise Tax and suggested dealer delivery and handling charge (transportation, accessories, optional equipment, state and local taxes additional).

Opel Kadett is no Ferrari

The Opel Kadett would baffle a pit crew. What is there to do?
The chassis doesn't require lubrication. There are no lube points.
They don't have to put in seat belts. We do it at the factory.
Whatever they *do* do is covered by the 24-month/24,000-mile GM warranty.*
Opel's silent little four-cylinder engine develops 46 h.p.
Which makes Opel a winner in its class. But not a racing machine.
Look at all the pit crews listed at left.
They're ready with all the parts and service you'll ever need.
Ask any of the quality Buick-Opel dealers in your area.

Opel Kadett: the new little German car with General Motors behind it.

In an oasis, a boost to our ego

SAHARA CONTINUED

One day we were all invited to dine at the home of a policeman. He and his Algerian friends went to great pains to make the meal a lavish presentation. On the table was fine dinnerware and silver and artificial flowers. A phonograph played Arab music. There were so many courses, from the traditional *couscous* to rounds of minted tea, that the meal took all afternoon.

Through the police chief we met five Syrian schoolteachers who had been hired by the Algerian government to teach Arabic in the local schools. We spent many hours with them, talking international politics, the race problem in the U.S. and the freedom enjoyed by American women.

Returning from one of our visits with the Syrians, we experienced the ultimate expression of ardor from our affectionate escort, the police chief. Suddenly on the street he turned to Barbara Doutrich and, with vigorous gesticulations, said, "I love you! I adore you!"

Barbara stood speechless as the police chief carried on. Then to emphasize his sincerity he pulled out his pistol and waved it wildly in the air. "*Non, non*," Barbara protested. In an effort to stop the demonstration she bit the police chief on his upraised arm. Startled by her reaction, he put away his gun and listened silently as Barbara put enough French words together to say, please, couldn't they just be friends? The police chief was crestfallen. We walked back to the hotel in silence.

Actually the scene was just an extravagant display of the affection we had learned to expect from the men of Tamanrasset. I was sit-

CONTINUED

At an isolated post in southern Algeria, the girls were treated as royal guests for two days by these French army engineers. The camp leader (standing, fifth from left) *reminded the girls of Actor William Holden.*

Does she...or doesn't she?®

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R9

EMPATHY

All his senses are completely attuned to the stimuli of his surroundings.

He is enveloped in that personal, indefinable intimacy he shares with the sounds of a city... the smell of spring... a distant star... a nearby human.

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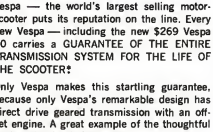
Only Vespa makes this startling guarantee, because only Vespa's remarkable design has direct drive geared transmission with an off-set engine. A great example of the thoughtful engineering behind a Vespa.



Constant mesh gears transmit power directly to the rear wheel. This means an absolute minimum of power loss. There are no chains, no drive shafts, every part pulls its own weight.

This is why we have a great transmission with a great guarantee.
We engineered it that way.

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Vespa engines have just three moving parts. We don't need valves . . . we don't need tappets. Our engineers have reduced RPMs to a maximum of 4600, while increasing power to 112.2 in. – lbs. torque. A Vespa engine lasts and lasts, even if you're unkind to it. We don't send our engines screaming to an early end.

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We engineered it that way.

A VESPA IS NOT

a **motorcycle:** you don't straddle the engine.
a **bicycle:** no large spoked wheels, no chain.
a **toy:** no plastic (except in the key chain).
a **copy:** we invented the styling.

A VESPA IS

an **engineered marvel:** from guaranteed transmission to tested grease.
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Sometimes people ask why a Vespa with its offset engine doesn't fall over. The answer is that it does — if you push it off its kickstand, as will every scooter. But start it up and you feel Vespa's unique dynamic balance at work. This means better handling at even the slowest speeds.

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QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

Sad songs and tears with the engineers

SAHARA

CONTINUED

ting with a young Arab, taking tea and chatting amiably, when he leaned across the table and said, "I love you more than my eyes." I tried to smile and said, "What do you think of the Palestine question?" But I will never forget his words as long as I live.

Despite their amorous exclamations those young men were perfect gentlemen about accepting the word "No." They seemed to become all the more considerate and respectful. If a girl's morale needs a boost, I would advocate a trip across the Sahara with a few days' stopover in Tamanrasset.

A chance acquaintance with three French army engineers led to an invitation to their small camp, located about 25 miles outside Tamanrasset at Tit. The detachment of 15 men lived in tents in utter isolation. We ended up staying two days at the camp and being treated as royal visitors. Soon after we arrived, one of the men gave a very emotional explanation of how he and Frenchmen everywhere felt about the death of President Kennedy. We were so moved we could hardly respond.

That first night we ate together in their mess tent. There was more talk and then we exchanged songs. The sergeant in command of the camp kept fussing over us and called us "*mes belles enfants.*" He looked just like William Holden and we all developed a terrible crush on him. At midnight he sent us to bed in a special tent the men had put up for us. He handed Jerrie a whistle and told her that she should use it in any sort of emergency. There was no end to his Gallic gallantry. When we woke up the next morning we saw him walking around the tent and realized that he had kept watch over us all night.

The following night we had a great celebration and songfest. We offered the bottle of red wine which Monsieur Joyce had given us in Zinder. The commander ceremoniously brought out a can of cherries he had been saving for a special occasion. Evie, our best singer, led us in our favorite folksongs, such as *The Cat Came Back* and *Five Hundred Miles*. Jerrie translated them verse by verse. The songs became sadder and sadder until the commander broke down and cried. The next morning there were tears in our eyes when we said goodby and boarded two army trucks to continue our journey.

We sped north toward In-Salah, 425 miles away over a comparatively good track. News of the five Americans hitchhiking across the desert had obviously preceded us. The gendarmes stationed at a checkpoint south of In-Salah were eager to have us as their guests too, but we declined because we were anxious to continue and running short of time.

A few miles before In-Salah there is an ancient landmark, the flat slabs of an Arab grave, around which the road track circles in a complete loop. Arab tradition says that travelers must circle the grave three times on their way or they will never make it across the desert. Our huge, rumbling army trucks dutifully observed the ritual, although it was about all they could do to squeeze around the circle.

After a brief stop at a French army engineers camp (where one soldier wanted to take Jerrie off to Paris with him), we reached the Arak oasis. Here a picturesque Foreign Legion fort sits at the base of a mountain cliff. We had lunch with the 30 Foreign Legionnaires and they offered us a special treat—showers. Once again we had to refuse an insistent invitation to stay over.

We arrived at In-Salah on Feb. 20 and stayed five days before we got a ride out. But our time was pleasantly occupied. We visited around the oasis, enjoying the classic upper desert scenery of undulating dunes and occasional palms. As usual, the police chief entertained us at a huge dinner with Arab friends. They gave us trinkets and Tuareg knives and small golden Agades crosses. Barbara Doutrich and I later got chains for the crosses and we haven't taken them off since.

Foreign Legionnaires stationed at the oasis gave us a party. Afterward Evie and Barbara Prikkel went for a walk over the dunes with two Legion doctors. They reached one of the highest dunes and sat and watched the desert panorama—that limitless expanse of soft shapes and colors—for nearly two hours. Evie had earlier asked one of the doctors why he chose to live in the desert and he had not replied. Now, looking out at the changing sunset colors of the sand and palms, he said, "And you ask why I love the desert."

Our ride out of In-Salah was in the back of a big truck loaded

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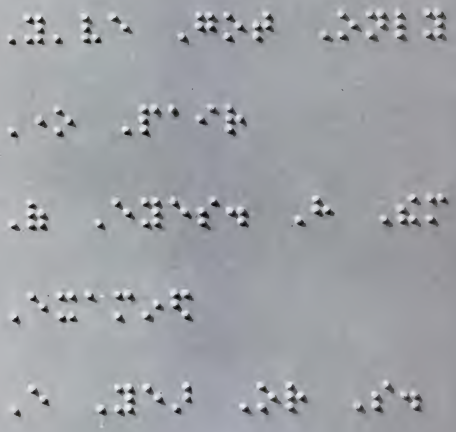

This is Braille. It says: "You've got only one pair of eyes. Have them examined every year or so." Better Vision Institute.

From the Sahara, a souvenir of sand

SAHARA CONTINUED

with 50 sheep. We had to sleep in the open that night after a bumpy, dirty—and smelly—ride. But the next day the driver announced, "*La piste est finie* (the trail is finished)." Before us stretched a long, straight, paved highway.

When we learned that our driver was not going directly to the city of Algiers but was planning a side trip, we decided to try our hitchhiking luck. At a small adobe hut that served as a rest stop we left the sheep and hailed three Shell Oil trucks. The drivers were glad to take us aboard.

At Ghardaia, about 400 miles from Algiers, we came to the reluctant decision that we must hire a cab for the last leg of the trip. We were already behind schedule for our return by air to Monrovia. We had hoped to cross the desert in 10 days but it had taken three weeks. So we piled into the cab and finished the journey in luxury. But before we got to Algiers we asked the driver to stop and let us get some sand. We couldn't leave the Sahara without taking part of it with us.

On return trip by air to Monrovia, girls dined at a Casablanca restaurant. From right: Evelyn Vough, Barbara Kral, Barbara Doutrich, Barbara Prikkel, Jerrie Markus and Mrs. Margaret Butcher of USIS.

LIFE visits a lovely star's home

Kim Novak in

Photographed by ELIOT ELISOFON

on the ocean cliffs of the Big Sur country

Her Hideaway by the Sea

The lady in the tub with the spectacular view behind her is a movie star, but she is not on a movie set. She is at home, and home for Kim Novak is a turreted house on jagged ocean cliffs of California's Big Sur country, 250 miles from Hollywood. Until two years ago, home was a showplace in Bel Air and life was a pressure cooker of work and having to behave like A Big Star. Weary and unsettled, Kim exiled herself to Big Sur. There she lives most of the year, leaving only reluctantly to do films—*Of Human Bondage* a few months ago and now Billy Wilder's *Kiss Me, Stupid*. But when work lets up, she drives up the coast to Carmel. She spends the time mostly alone, painting, walking along the rocks, eating TV dinners, watching seals and whales in her watery front yard. "Maybe I should be in Hollywood studying acting," she says, "but here I have my Utopia!" Kim bought the house after a huge tidal wave had swept through it, smashing windows and sweeping furniture out to sea. "I feel as if that wave was meant to clear the house for me. If another wave comes along and sweeps me out, I guess I'll know that it wasn't."

As she bathes with bottles of colored water all around, Kim can look out and see the Pacific.

Kim sketches on rocks by her house. She bought it on first look, without ever seeing the interior.

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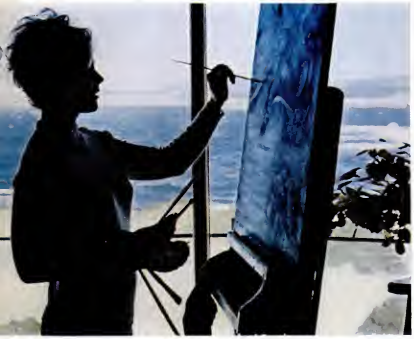
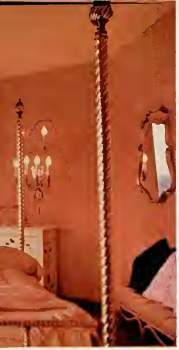
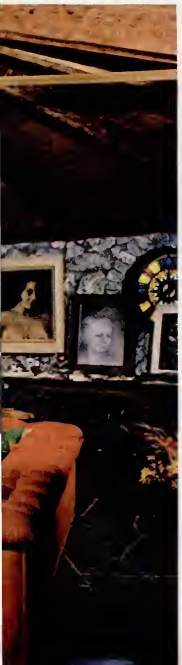


In her living room, Kim daubs at a seascape while the real thing pounds away outside the window.

Kim chose coral and red for her bedroom because they are colors "equally as strong as the sea."



She put her bed in the middle of the room. "I wanted it to be as free as the air is free."



With her great Dane Warlock dozing, Kim strums folk music. She painted all the pictures on the walls and did her own decorating. "I use bright colors in here because we have a lot of fog."

Thirty miles from her home is Limekiln Falls, where Kim goes to paint and dabble her feet.

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Smart coach makes protégés play chess

Brainy Plan for Tennis

Bill Hart labors over his next move on the chessboard as Skeen watches. Above left, Skeen shows one of his boys the right way to grip the racket.

Tennis today," says Dick Skeen (*above*), "has become a game of muscle men and jerks. The mental side of the game—that's the important part."

Dick Skeen is a distinguished old tennis pro, the coach in past days of such stars as Jack Kramer, Pauline Betz and Louise Brough. Now 58, he has just opened a tennis school at the Balboa Bay Tennis Club in Newport Beach, Calif., where 20 hand-picked youngsters learn, along with tennis strokes, how to play chess. "Chess teaches kids to lay traps, to tease the other fellow," he says. "Just as they would in a tennis match."

Ten boys and 10 girls, aged 12 to 15, attend Skeen's school. His program will last 50 weeks a year for the next five years, and through it he expects the U.S. to retrieve the dominance it held in tennis in the 1930s. He has bet his friends that at least 16 of his students will be top-ranked in their class when the program ends. To train them for stardom, he has launched a curriculum designed to make court strategists out of his neophytes (*next page*).

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'You can cut big guys down to size'

Knowing how to play chess is not an entrance requirement for admission to Dick Skeen's tennis school. But it soon became clear to his 20 students that they were in for large doses of it. Some of them already knew the rudiments of the game. The others went scurrying off to their fathers, mothers, brothers and schoolteachers to learn the basics.

Skeen's program includes a monthly classroom blackboard session at which he instructs the youngsters on strategy and tactics, drawing on the lore he learned in matches against Budge, Vines and Perry. He quizzes students on their required reading from his private tennis library—they have to read a book a month. He makes them start scrapbooks of clippings about themselves to develop their sense of pride. And they have to keep card files on the play of their own clubmates. The cards bring forth candid comments such as "he can't *stand* to run to the net" and "can't serve at all!"

"Grips, footwork and learning to deal with the ball," Skeen insists, "are mechanical. Almost anyone can do that. But knowing the wind, the weather, the altitude, the grade of the court, knowing as much about your opponent's play as you know about your own—these are the things that can cut the big guys down to size."

His students practice on the court at least four times a week, including one session with Skeen. "Four is minimum," he says. "Kids today are a little lazy. They want to do as much as they can as quickly as they can. So they ski a little, sail a little, play tennis a little. And consequently they are not worth a damn at anything."

The youngsters have to agree, insofar as they can, to stay in the area for five years, to maintain at least a B average in school (most come closer to an A) and to give up other seasonal sports.

Not the least of Skeen's lessons is proper court manners. "If I go to a tournament and see one of my kids tearing his hair or throwing a tennis racket at the net, I'm defaulting him. With these kids there won't be any international incidents." And, as an added incentive to learning the game, he keeps 15 young "alternates" waiting in the wings to take the place of anyone who flunks his course.

In court strategy session, Jo-Jo Knudson asks Skeen the best spot to return opponent's serve.

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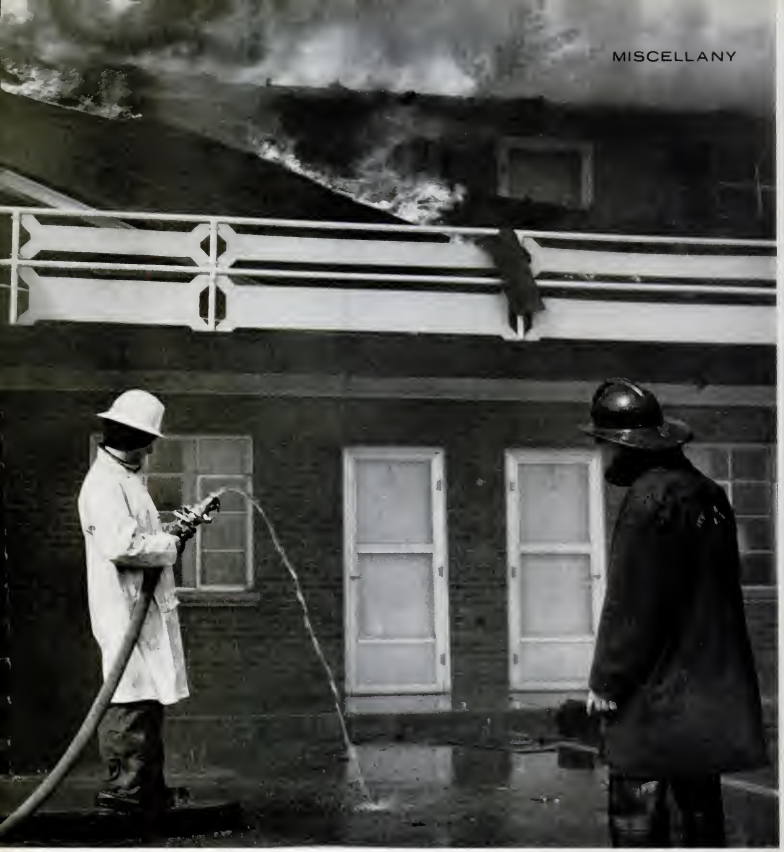

FINE TIME FOR A FIZZLE

When the alarm sounded and the trucks roared up to the motel in suburban Pittsburgh, the men of the Moon Township Volunteer Fire Department found themselves with a tough job on their hands. The whole second story was going up. Suddenly, a bystander dashed in. He had whipped on a raincoat, donned an iron worker's hat, and now he grabbed a hose. But his moment of glory fizzled. Something happened to the pressure and a futile stream of water dribbled out of the hose. Fire Chief Charles Belgi was too busy to get the fire buff's name, but later he did learn his line of work —he was, of all things, a fire extinguisher salesman.

A short people-story of how Ballantine's becomes the true and good-tasting Scotch.

Photographed at Elgin, Scotland

Willie Turner, maltman. He constantly turns and works the wetted barley during the malting process.

John Masson, peatcutter. He cuts the rich peat that is burned to dry Ballantine's malted barley.

Sandy Allen, kilnman. He tends the kiln fires which lend flavor and character to the final Scotch spirits.

Jack Grant, mashman. He adds the soft spring water to the malt, stirs the mash to the right consistency.

Alex Grant, stillman. He minds the old pot stills, brings off Ballantine's spirits at the proper moment.

Willie Watson, cooper. He mends and refurbishes the aging barrels with ancient tools handed down through the years.

M. T. Borrell, customs man. He represents the Crown, locking warehouses, keeping track of Scotch gallonage.

George Geddes, warehouseman. He barrels the new whisky for aging, rotates the older casks for smoother mellowing.

Ballantine's Scotch Whisky. Never heavy. Never limply-light. Always the true and good-tasting Scotch.


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