

LIFE

IN THIS ISSUE
**U.S. DEFENSE
AGAINST BOMBING**



**AIR WARNING
SUPERVISOR**

20 CENTS

JANUARY 22, 1951

**CIRCULATION OVER
5,200,000**

Spring-song in silver... **"DAFFODIL"**
 Lifting new design that has more brides agreeing, "It's the thing to own!"

SO NEW—so YOUNG, and joyous—that's "Daffodil"! And like all 1847 Rogers Bros. beloved designs, it has the heritage of generations of silver craftsmanship... deep, rich ornamentation, perfect balance and detail found only in finest silver.

Yet, it's easy to start right off with a complete service for 8 or 12 in your own favorite 1847 Rogers Bros. pattern.

Five beautiful patterns to choose from! *Daffodil*, new, graceful, light-hearted. *Remembrance*, for those who love

tradition and romance. *Eternally Yours*, unusual, exquisite openwork design. *First Love*, delicate flower-and-scroll motif. *Adoration*, elegantly simple, ideal for monogramming.

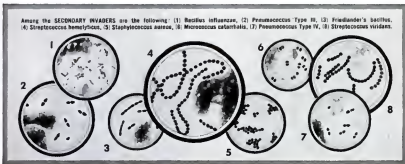
Combinations for every need! Starting as low as \$19.75 for a service for 8, 34 pieces. And ranging up to a complete service for 12, 139 pieces, \$177.75. Handsome, tarnish-resistant chest included. No Federal tax. See your silverware retailer for easy terms.

Four other designs created for years of loveliness



1847 ROGERS BROS.
 America's Finest Silverplate

How COLDS and SORE THROATS start



YOU'RE IN A DRAFT . . .
The uneven temperature may lower your resistance to germs so that . . .

THESE THROAT GERMS INVADE THE TISSUE . . . They are among the Secondary Invaders that cause so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the tissue. It's wise to attack them before they attack you . . . to help forestall such an invasion.

YOU START SNEEZING . . .
That may be a sign that germs are at work and that you'd better do something about it.

Fight them a
safe, direct way
with Listerine Antiseptic

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a "must" at the first sign of a cough, sneeze or sniffle.

Taken early and often, Listerine Antiseptic can help ward off colds and sore throats due to colds, or lessen their severity once started.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic treats the infection as an infection should be treated—with germ-killing action—directly and safely.

Kills Threatening Germs

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill germs called Secondary Invaders . . . often keeps them from getting into the tissue to produce the misery you associate with a cold.

Tests showed that a Listerine Antiseptic gargle reduced germs as much as 96.7% even fifteen minutes after use . . . up to 80% even one hour after.

Fewer Colds In Tests

Furthermore, research made over 12 years showed that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and generally milder ones than those who did not gargle.

So, at the first sign of a sniffle, use Listerine Antiseptic—Quick! It's safe . . . no drowsiness—none of the undesirable side-effects of some so-called miracle drugs.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.





"Now see me as I am..."

on a G-E Aluminized Tube"

Says JANE WILSON,
singing star of the Fred Waring TV show

Now you can enjoy more reality in television pictures than ever before. It's yours with the amazing G-E Aluminized Tube—available in popular sizes for all makes of receivers.


Radically different in principle, this G-E tube introduces an aluminized coating on the back surface of the picture screen. Unlike ordinary tubes which permit light to travel in all directions, the G-E tube aims its light right at the viewer.


The television picture is intensified—bright areas are brighter, dark areas darker. Result: startling sharpness and contrast. You enjoy reality no ordinary tube can match.

Look for the G-E Aluminized Picture Tube in the receiver you buy. Continued research helps to make G-E tubes for both television and radio "the finest any set can have." Always replace with G-E tubes for long life and superb satisfaction. Available everywhere through dependable servicemen. *General Electric Company, Tube Division, Schenectady 5, New York.*

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 **TUBES**
for Radio
and Television



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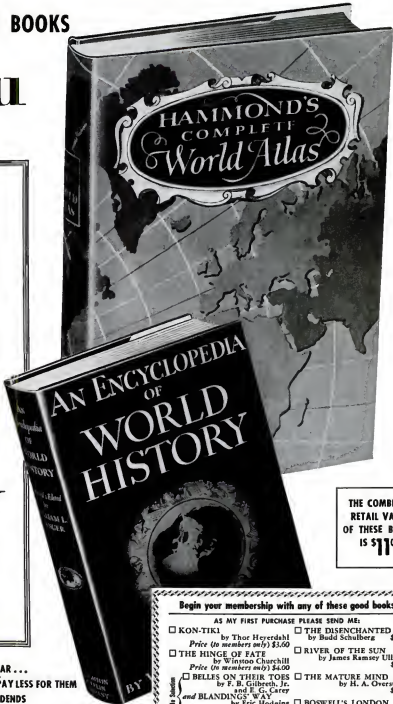
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This One



AGTY-TWU-JL6J



The past and the future were guests at...

Lunch for Miss Larkin

THE silver tea set that the girls at the bank had chipped in to buy Dora Larkin served a double purpose. It was her birthday, and Dora was retiring.

She had been with the bank for over thirty years, and for most of those years had managed the flow of office work with a calm efficiency that made her prized by her employers and loved by all the girls who worked with her.

But she was well on in years, now, and felt that she deserved a long-earned rest and a chance to spend more time at her hobbies. There was a little place in the country where she would go to live her years peacefully and quietly among old friends. Dora had never married, and her remaining family ties were few . . .

The long table in the restaurant was decorated gaily, and the girls from the bank were laughing and chatting gaily, too. Dora Larkin, their guest at this farewell luncheon, sat at the head of the table looking fondly at the tea set the girls had given her—happy over their kindness, sad at the thought of leaving them.

She glanced around the table—and thought

how much like these young women she herself was thirty years before. Some would marry. Some would change to other jobs. Some would stay on at the bank as she had done.

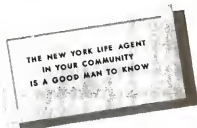
She remembered how, in those days, she had no idea which of the three courses she would follow. But Fred Waite, a friend of her family who was then just starting as New York Life agent, had pointed out to her that in any event she would do well to start her life insurance program early. "If you get married later on, Dora," he had said, "it will help you with your trousseau. If you keep on working, it'll build up into a nice nest egg as the years go on."

The "nest egg" had grown, and she had helped build it up with more retirement policies as the years passed. Now, with her insurance and pension, she would be financially secure for the rest of her life.

The girl at her left was saying something about how wonderful it must feel to be able to go up to the country this time of year, and so on. Dora Larkin smiled and said yes, it certainly was . . .

She felt, for a moment, like telling the girl why it seemed so wonderful to her. But then she decided that it would be better to call Fred Waite before she left and tell him how happy she was that she had been able to work out her own future and her own security in her own way. Yes, she would call him after lunch and tell him that things had worked out as planned, exactly to the day . . .

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.



Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

It's Time We Parents Realized Children want the *Right* Hot Drink at Breakfast!

**Hot Ovaltine Is a
Fortified Food
Drink for Children!**

*The RIGHT Kind of Hot
Drink at Breakfast!*

Think how much your hot coffee means to you in the morning.

Then remember this—your child also can benefit from a hot drink at breakfast. And Ovaltine is the right kind of hot drink for children. It is a fortified food drink that supplies them with important food essentials they should get to start the day right.

It is well recognized that from many standpoints breakfast is the most important meal of the day, and that children should get from one-fourth to one-third of their daily food requirements at breakfast time. What's more, it is known that children need in proportion to their size and weight two or three times as much of certain vital food elements as we adults do.

That's why highly nourishing Ovaltine is such a right hot food drink for your child at breakfast, and can do so much for him.



It Takes No Extra Time To Make Hot Ovaltine!

While your morning coffee is brewing, just heat some milk in a pan. Pour the hot milk into a cup. Stir in three teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine. Long before your coffee is ready the Hot Ovaltine will be ready to serve. Give your child a bracing cupful of hot Ovaltine every morning! Try it—see if he doesn't enjoy his whole breakfast better!

How Hot Ovaltine at Breakfast Can Help to Brighten a Child's Whole Day!

Ever notice how a good start sets the pace for your day? And what better way to start your child's day than with a bracing cupful of delicious, hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine to fortify his breakfast!

A cupful of hot Ovaltine warms, soothes and comforts a child—helps to put him in a happy frame of mind. Isn't it natural that things might go better for him after such a breakfast!

Quick Food Energy

Remember, too, that Ovaltine mixed with milk is a highly nourishing food drink. It furnishes quick food-energy, plus important vitamins, minerals and high-quality proteins that every child must have for robust health.

So start giving your child a better breakfast—tomorrow—with nourishing, delicious, hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine!

**A Nourishing Hot Drink Like
Ovaltine in the Morning Acts
As a "Spark Plug" for the Day!**

We parents enjoy our hot coffee at breakfast. It's time we realized that children, too, enjoy—and benefit from—the right hot drink in the morning.

Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine mixed with hot milk as directed is the right kind of hot drink for your child.

Authorities say that a good breakfast every morning can change a child's whole outlook on life. And something hot is almost a "must" in a really good breakfast.

Ovaltine is right three ways as a nourishing hot food drink to give your child at breakfast.

First, Ovaltine mixed with milk supplies essential vitamins, proteins and minerals that children must have for good growth and robust health. Thus it is a valuable addition to and not a substitute for the other foods they eat in the morning, to insure a more adequate breakfast.

Second, its soothing comforting warmth helps to put little folks at their ease to enjoy and digest their breakfasts.

Third, Ovaltine itself is quickly and easily digested, starts giving out its bracing food-energy by the time children reach the schoolroom.

So why not serve a cup of hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine with your child's breakfast tomorrow morning!

HOW OVALTINE SUPPLEMENTS MILK



Chart shows proportions of total food essentials furnished by the Ovaltine and by the plain milk in a serving of Ovaltine beverage. Notice how Ovaltine is richest in the essentials in which milk is low and which children need in liberal amounts.



IS MID-MORNING LET-DOWN AFFECTING YOUR CHILD'S SCHOOL WORK?

If your child becomes dull, tired and listless in the middle of the morning, look to his breakfast first! Nutritional authorities say a large number of children fail to eat enough in the morning—and that they cannot make it up at other meals without over-eating.

They say, too, an inadequate breakfast can cause poor concentration, lack of alertness, consequently lower grades. A cup of hot Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine with your child's breakfast gives him valuable extra nourishment, helps him enjoy a better breakfast and avoid mid-morning let-down in the schoolroom.

OVALTINE

THE HOT FOOD DRINK FOR CHILDREN
THAT'S RIGHT FOR
BETTER BREAKFASTS!

Ovaltine costs so little compared to the good it can do, you'll want to serve hot Ovaltine with your child's breakfast every morning! Use just three teaspoonfuls to a cup of hot milk.



TWO KINDS: CHOCOLATE FLAVORED AND PLAIN

In **FATIMA** the Difference *is* **QUALITY**

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finest Turkish and Domestic
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...gives you a much
different, much better flavor
and aroma than any
other long cigarette.



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Everywhere
Agree—*

FATIMA—BEST OF ALL
LONG CIGARETTES

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

AMERICA'S ASSETS

Sirs:

Your 1951 Lickoff issue is definitely a confidence builder, pictorially and verbally. The issue sums up America's assets so overwhelmingly that it almost entirely slings the liabilities. You have given millions of dejected people an uplift of inestimable value.

PAUL F. PLATZER

Shaker Heights, Ohio

WAR POTENTIAL

Sirs:

Congratulations on America's assets issue. The chart of industrial growth since 1940 ("A Look at Our War Potential," LIFE, Jan. 1) should be 24-sheeted through Europe. Let's educate Stalin and save the world. It's the cheapest way.

WALTER WANGER

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

You must hope to receive a medal from Stalin for "A Look at our War Potential," with map offering location of plants, oil fields, refineries, atomic energy plants, etc. Some of these important places might have been overlooked by Russia.

The Russians have more sense than to tell us their weak or strong points.

Dr. C. THOMSON-SON COLBERT
Lieut. Colonel Ret., U.S.A.

Merritt Island, Fla.

● The information on LIFE's map was gathered from many printed sources, and the facts are all available to anyone who wishes to dig for them.—ED.

Sirs:

I note from the war potential map that I am living in South Carolina. I have been a resident of Atlanta, Ga. for a number of years but had not heard that we had moved to the Carolinas.

BETTY BOV

Atlanta, Ga.

Sirs:

General Sherman did not do as much damage to Atlanta as LIFE... .

ALEC EARLE

Charleston, W.Va.

● At last report Atlanta was stubbornly resisting LIFE's attempt to move it, was still in Georgia.—ED.

GM

Sirs:

Your story on General Motors ("Biggest Producer," LIFE, Jan. 1) was an outstanding job from every standpoint. To tell an interesting story about anything so vast as General Motors in 13 picture pages is something I still say can never be done, and yet there it is. You have done it... .

PAUL GARRETT
Vice President

General Motors Corporation
Detroit, Mich.

Sirs:

Automobile enthusiasts and engineers must have laughed when they saw the layout and specifications of Le Sabre, "the car of the 1950's"... .

Le Sabre's alleged performance (150 mph) is already matched by the 1951 Italian Ferrari Tipo "America." The 1950 Italian Lancia "Aurelia" and the 1951 Renault "Frigate" both

have Le Sabre's stationary drive shaft and combine the transmission and differential unit at the rear... .

The 1951 English Jaguar Mark VII sedan houses a fuel tank in each rear fender. Le Sabre's overall height of 50 inches does not impress me as I have just put a tape measure to my 1950 French Simca convertible and find it stands 51 inches with top up.

ROGER BARLOW
Hollywood, Calif.

● GM's experimental design for Le Sabre admittedly includes many features of foreign cars, put in so that GM division stylists can see them, test them and perhaps be inspired by them.—ED.

Sirs:

I hope GM will place Le Sabre on the market. America then could have another car like the old loves—American Understudy, Columbia, Cadabour, Mercer roaster and Stutz Bearcat. America should be able to manufacture a sport car in competition with Alfa-Romeo, Jaguars, Rileys... .

DIRK GARRETTSON
Santa Fe, N. Mex.



1916 STUTZ BEARCAT

Sirs:

... The Association of American Railroads should subsidize this "killer car" for it would scare lots of sane highway travelers back to the railroads after a few Sabres have whooshed and snot past them.

JOHN E. WHITESIDE
Syracuse, N.Y.

Sirs:

The picture of June Buchanan, the GM factory worker, should have appeared in your layout of apprentice movie goddesses.

BOYD TAVERN, Va.



"GODDESS" JUNE

WEST COAST YOUTH

Sirs:

As one professionally concerned with the feminine brain, I can assure you that the poet's assertion in "West Coast Youth" (LIFE, Jan. 1) that California women have "nothing, nothing behind their eyes" overstates alleged imbecility of Western girls. Perhaps

CONTINUED ON PAGE 1

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New "Poured-In" Silhouette Gives Designers 5 New Reasons to Recommend

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX PINK-ICE

It's one smooth line from waist to hips to thighs in newest fashions. Waistlines are slenderer. Hips are narrower. Skirts are smoothly straight—and they're really figure-moulding. The look is definitely "Poured-in!" And—as top designers will tell you—the way to achieve the new "Poured-in" Silhouette is with a Playtex Girdle.

All one smooth piece of pure latex, without a seam, stitch or bone, Playtex Pink-Ice has an all-way action stretch that makes your clothes look as though you were poured into them—gives you new slimmest-in-action plus complete freedom of action. And it's invisible under your slenderest sheath! At department stores and better specialty shops everywhere.



MADE BY A REVOLUTIONARY new Latex process, Playtex Pink-Ice is light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you—dispels body-heat. This sensational girdle fits and feels like a second skin, takes just ten seconds to suid, ten seconds to pat dry with a towel.

Take a Fashion Tip from Top Designers



ANTHONY BLOTTA, great New York suit designer: "PLAYTEX works such wonders with the figure that it might well be called a Designer's Girdle! It slims and trims away inches—gives you a lithe, supple silhouette."



TONI OWEN, famous for her sports clothes separates: "The basic lines are slim, trim and moulded. It takes a wonderful girdle to give you this kind of a silhouette in comfort, but a PLAYTEX Girdle does it!"



CAPTAIN MOLYNEUX, designer to Royalty: "The woman who wants to wear the newest clothes successfully must have this lithe PLAYTEX figure. And PLAYTEX fits invisibly even under the most revealing dress."



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Top afternoon entertainment on CBS-TV Network
(see local paper for time and channel)

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- In SLIM, golden tubes, PLAYTEX FAB-LINED GIRDLES —FABRIC MADE IN THE U.S.A.— \$5.95 to \$6.95

All prices slightly higher in Canada and Foreign Countries.
Sizes: extra-small, small, medium, large.
Extra-large size slightly higher.

INTERNATIONAL LATEX CORPORATION
Playtex Park 61021 Dover Del.
PLAYTEX LTD. Montreal, Canada

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS CONTINUED

when he looked into their eyes he detected negative reaction, but there might be several explanations.

LYNN WHITE JR.,
President

Mills College
Oakland, Calif.

Sirs:

I do not know where you found that "fact that California girls are stronger than Chicago boys." The West Coast boys have failed five years in succession to beat the Big Ten representative in the Rose Bowl, every year the victor having several "weak Chicago boys" on the squad.

If the West Coast wants to win a Bowl game why doesn't it send a California all-star grid football team against the Big Ten?

MONTE ROSS
Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

... I was utterly disgusted at the picture of five young men in a vulgar display of brawn. Places such as this "muscle beach" should be banned and censured. . . .

LUDE IRENE LINDSEY
Fort Worth, Texas

Sirs:

... I fail to understand why body-builders are maligned as "absurd" by the uninformed like yourselves. These same persons will enter a museum and praise to the skies a statue of Hercules, Agrippa, Samson, etc. However let a modern man endeavor to gain strength and health by progressive exercise, and he is derided as Freud's fanatic phenomenon and a candidate for psychoanalysis.

DAVID M. DANIELS
Rutherford, N.J.

Sirs:

I go to the beach every year and am enclosing a photo showing the West Coasters how the east coast youth enjoy themselves at the beach.

CHARLES L. FLYNN
Pawtucket, R.I.

ATOMIC PROGRESS

Sirs:

The concluding article ("Atomic Progress," LIFE, Jan. 1) of your enlightening series on the atom certainly ended on a sour note when the very last sentence mistaked that "oil-burning steam-turbine power plants now furnish most U.S. power." Bituminous coal and anthracite in 1949 furnished 67.3% of the fuels consumed by electric utilities.

T. A. DAY
Bituminous Coal Institute
Washington, D.C.

● LIFE was wide of the mark. Public utilities use both more coal and gas than oil.—ED.

ATHENS vs. SPARTA

Sirs:

You have done a service of incalculable value in presenting the article "How a Democracy Died" (LIFE, Jan. 1). Every member of our society should read it.

ROGER ALAN PICKERING
Flint, Mich.

Sirs:

"How a Democracy Died" deserves heartfelt commendation from a classicist who well knows that "history, at times, does repeat itself." Courses in ancient history are fast disappearing from our secondary schools. The past does have much in content which illumines the present.

PAULINE EMERSON BURTON
American Classical League
Miami University
Oxford, Ohio

Sirs:

... Our country could make progress if our Nicias from Missouri could make the momentous decision to sail without being led by the nose by his friend Alcibiades from Achenesville.

GEORGE JENSEN
Van Nuys, Calif.

COLORFUL COOKERY

Sirs:

Lead (Pb) has a melting point of 327.5° C, or 621.5° F, or 600.6° Fahrenheit, not 557° as you put it in "Colorful Cookery," LIFE, Jan. 1).

HENRY G. NOWAK
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

● Correct.—ED.

EAST COAST YOUTH

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*Feeling frisky as a kitten, Mom? That's a sure sign you're getting plenty of food energy. No wonder...with Puss 'N Boots on your menu, every feeding supplies the carbohydrates and fats you need for added playful pep.

*Isn't this world full of wonders! But you're so alert, you'll "know it all" in no time! Thank thiamin-rich Puss 'N Boots for that! While anyone knows cats are born curious, Puss 'N Boots adds the plus—makes you extra keen!

See what it means...
to be a Puss 'N Boots Cat?

Though you're a mere puff of fluff... you'll soon be more than a match for that stranger. Why you'll grow faster than a chased wood chipmunk! The wealth of body-building protein in your Puss 'N Boots does it. You'll see!

Of course you all love Puss 'N Boots. Tastes so good! And it adds important health plusses because it's a properly balanced diet—fresh-caught whole fish with selected cereals. No by-products or "fillers" ever! Yes, each feeding of Puss 'N Boots nourishes you more completely than even fresh meat, liver, fish or milk... and costs far less!

Puss 'N Boots
adds the Plus!



©1951, Coast Fishing Company, Wilmington, Calif.
QUALITY MAKES IT... AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING CAT FOOD

IMITATIONS CAN'T FOOL YOUR FEET!



Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. And today, there are many *imitations* of NEOLITE Soles.

Some of these *imitations* are fair. Many are poor. But there can be no true copy! Your own feet will tell you the difference—in damp-proof comfort . . . lasting style . . . long wear. For NEOLITE stands alone as the first truly perfect sole for all types of shoes.

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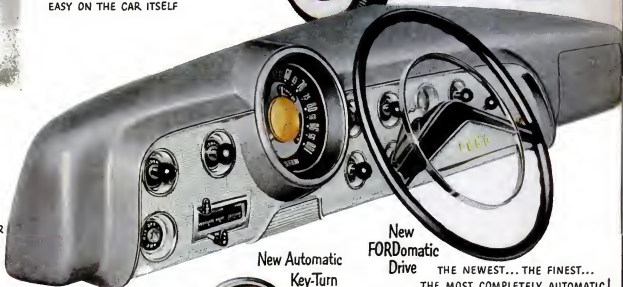
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SPEAKING OF PICTURES...

...This night exposure shows the way a bloodhound tracks down his quarry



The patterns of light above show how a bloodhound follows a scent. Working at night on a La Crosse, Wis. golf course, LIFE Photographer Bernard Hoffman sent a boy carrying a light around a half-mile horseshoe trail. The camera shutter was kept open and at intervals along the

way a floodlight was turned on the boy, bringing his image into the picture several times. His 40-minute circuit left a wavy trail of light on the camera film. Then a bloodhound with a light strapped firmly on his back took a sniff of the boy's jackknife and started off. Because a

breeze was blowing he ran slightly to the right of the trail on the outgoing leg (as his light path shows), crossed it at the turn, again paralleled it at the start of the incoming leg and, when the wind died, cut straight across it to his goal. The bloodhound's time over the course: 7 minutes.

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Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

BLOODHOUNDS CONTINUED



OWNER GEORGE BROOKS (RIGHT) STRAPS LIGHT ON ROUND

THE WORLD'S BEST NOSES

Although there has been a long-time misconception—shared by Eliza of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*—that the bloodhound is a ferocious beast who tears his quarry to ribbons, this sad-eyed, dewlapped canine is by nature an affectionate dog. The ancestors of the modern bloodhound, known as St. Hubert's Hounds, were brought into England by William the Conqueror's Normans. Bred with English hunting dogs, they developed such talent for tracking criminals that they were called "leuth hounds." Anyone who refused to let a crime-detecting bloodhound into his house was liable to prosecution as a party to the crime. The dog's ability as a tracker has been enhanced by centuries of careful breeding which have given him an extremely sensitive olfactory membrane. Some bloodhounds have been known to follow a trail four days old. In a long and successful career as a police assistant, a Kentucky bloodhound named Nick Carter sent 600 fragrant fugitives to jail.



HOT ON A TRAIL, three Brooks bloodhounds strain at their leashes. Brooks uses his dogs in police work; one recently trapped a gunman in Minneapolis.



eric fraser

FESTIVAL OF BRITAIN

MAY 3—SEPTEMBER 30, 1951

ONE hundred years ago Queen Victoria and her Prince Consort drove to Hyde Park to open 'The Great Exhibition'. It was a memorable day, not only for London but for the world. For this was the first of the many 'great exhibitions' the past hundred years have witnessed. It was notable in other respects too. The vast hall of glass in which it was housed revolutionized constructional engineering—and incidentally confounded the experts of the day who predicted that the entire 'Crystal Palace' would collapse at the first salvo of the Royal Salute!

This year, to mark the centenary of that historic event, there is to be something as completely new in conception as was the Great Exhibition in its day. The Festival of Britain will be the first great *nation-wide* festival; an all-embracing national gesture of a diversity and magnitude never before made.

The single London Exhibition of Queen Victoria's day was confined to a display of objects, and extolled the material and commercial prowess of that age. This year's Festival, spread over the entire country, will demonstrate, side by side with the products of native skill and inventiveness, some of the ideas and traditions which have inspired their production

and which form the distinctive pattern of British democracy. This difference is an important one; today the accent is not only on the nation's industrial power, but also on the British way of life. The Festival of 1951 will highlight more than the merely material ingredients of Britain's contributions to civilization. The story of those contributions, measured in terms of Science, Technology, Industry and the Arts, will be unfolded in four exhibitions in London, two more main exhibitions in Glasgow and Belfast, and Arts Festivals in twenty-three famous towns in England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. Other events demonstrating local traditions, ceremonies, pageantry and sport will be staged in hundreds of towns and villages throughout the land.

So, at a time when the peoples of many nations are living behind a veil of secrecy and fear, Britain will open her doorways wide. For five packed months Britain will beat home to the world. Visitors will have an opportunity as never before to get to know the work of her technicians, scientists, architects, craftsmen, painters, composers and dramatists; to see how her people live and work and use their leisure, and to enjoy the experience with them.



Turn over for more details →

BRITAIN'S FESTIVAL

AN OCCASION WHICH COMES ONLY ONCE IN A CENTURY

WHEN King George VI declares the Festival open on the morning of May 3 he will start a chain of activities extending through the country from the heart of London to the remotest village green.

In London the focal point will be the South Bank Exhibition. Here, exciting new buildings and broad terraces have replaced the rubble and squalor left by 19th Century slums and the bombs of World War II. Two of these works will remain as permanent features: one is the fine new embankment terrace, reclaiming five acres of Thames mudflats in a part of the city where land is valued by the square inch; the other is the Royal Festival Hall, embodying in its design the latest results of acoustical research. Here, world-famous orchestras and conductors will give concerts throughout the five months of the Festival. The South Bank Exhibition, dominated by the giant Dome of Discovery, reveals the story of the land and people of Britain from the earliest times. Here you will see a concise picture of the British people at work and at play—in factory and laboratory, at sea and in the air, in all those fields of exploration and research in which Britons are helping to build the world of tomorrow.



WHERE PRESENT AND FUTURE MEET: the Tesla million volt lightning machine which will be seen in the final section of the Exhibition of Industrial Power, at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, Scotland. This Exhibition tells the story of the development of power from coal and water with many examples of past and present achievement in heavy engineering.



AN ATOM ENLARGED 10,000,000,000 TIMES is one of the first things you will see on entering this novel Exhibition of Science in South Kensington, London. It is part of many special displays showing what we know nowadays of the ways in which matter, the substance of the world about us, is built up, and what use we are making of this knowledge.



In a separate Exhibition in London's South Kensington the latest advances in scientific discovery will be revealed. At Poplar, in the East End, the 'Live' Exhibition of Architecture, embodying the latest town-planning notions and building techniques, will show a new neighborhood unit to be called Lansbury after the famous Parliamentarian. In Glasgow, Scotland, an Exhibition of Industrial Power will show British achievements in heavy engineering from the earliest steam engine to the harnessing of atomic energy. Northern Ireland will stage the Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition showing the hand-in-hand development of flax growing and the linen industry. All of these will be selective exhibitions, telling a continuous story demonstrated by hand-picked examples of the best industrial products and latest manufacturing techniques.

But this is by no means a complete list. There will be Book Exhibitions at Edinburgh and Glasgow and at the Victoria & Albert Museum, London. Norwich will put on an Exhibition of Painting of the characteristically British 'Norwich School' and Cardiff, Wales, an Exhibition of Contemporary Art. For lighter relief London has laid out the Festival



NOT THE WHOLE FESTIVAL BUT ONLY ITS CENTERPIECE, THE SOUTH BANK EXHIBITION, BUILT WHERE BOMB-SCARRED SLUMS ONCE MARRIED THE HEART OF LONDON: Britain's contribution to civilization forms the theme of the South Bank Exhibition where the Thames makes a great sweep through Central London. The story of geographical and scientific exploration is told in the Dome of Discovery (biggest dome in the world with a span of 365 feet) seen in the foreground. On the far side of the river is St. Paul's Cathedral and in the distance the Festival's 'live' Architectural Exhibition, showing how a new 'town within a town' is rising from the Victorian jumble of London's dockland.

Pleasure Gardens at Battersea Park, reached direct by river launches from the South Bank Exhibition. Here there will be relaxation for all the young in heart: open-air cafés and restaurants under centuries-old elms by the river — a fun fair and a children's zoo — dancing, illuminations and fireworks. Throughout the countryside hundreds of villages will be staging their own characteristic entertainments: country fairs, floral fêtes, sports and gymkhanas, agricultural shows, historical pageants, medieval plays and masques, water carnivals and regattas . . .

In the Arts a concourse of talent is assembled at no less than twenty-three famous towns. Some of these Arts Festivals, like the International Festival of Music and Drama at Edinburgh, the Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-upon-Avon and the National Eisteddfod of Wales, are landmarks

in any calendar. To these established events will be added new Festivals staged this year for the first time. The Festivals in this great program, all distinct from each other and calling upon the varying resources of their different settings, will cover a range which includes opera and ballet, ceremonies, processions and pageantry, medieval and Elizabethan as well as modern plays, and fine music of all kinds. London's high place in the Arts will be greatly enhanced in the May-June Festival Season, during which drama, film, opera, ballet, painting and sculpture will be presented in a glittering array catering for every taste.

On the next page is an abridged program, but here is one final thought concerning time and space . . . All this takes place during 150 days and in an area covered by a circle with a radius of little more than 200 miles!

P R O G R A M

Opening Ceremony

H. M. The King will declare the Festival of Britain open after a State service in St. Paul's Cathedral on May 3.

EXHIBITIONS

LONDON

May 4—September 30

South Bank Exhibition

May 3—October 31

Festival Pleasure Gardens, Battersea Park

May 3—September 30

Exhibition of Science, South Kensington

Exhibition of Architecture, Lansbury, Poplar

Exhibition of Books, Victoria and Albert Museum

GLASGOW

May 28—August

Exhibition of Industrial Power, Kelvin Hall

BELFAST

June 1—August 31

Ulster Farm and Factory Exhibition

ARTS FESTIVALS

There will be a Special Festival Season of the Arts in LONDON May 3—June 30

Aberdeen Festival • July 30—August 13

Aldeburgh Festival of Music and the Arts

June 8—17

Bath Assembly • May 20—June 2

Belfast Festival of the Arts, May 7—June 30

Bournemouth and Wessex Festival

June 3—17

Brighton Regency Festival

July 16—August 25

Cambridge Festival • July 30—August 18

Canterbury Festival • July 18—August 10

Cheltenham Festival of British

Contemporary Music • July 2—14

Dumfries Festival of the Arts, June 24—30

Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama August 19—September 8

Inverness 1951 Highland Festival

June 17—30

Liverpool Festival • July 22—August 12

Llangollen (International Musical

Eisteddfod) • July 3—8

Llanwrst (Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales) • August 6—11

Norwich Festival • June 18—30

Oxford Festival • July 2—16

Perth Arts Festival • May 27—June 16

St. David's Festival (Music and Worship)

July 10—13

Stratford-upon-Avon (Shakespeare Festival)

April—October

Swansea Festival of Music

September 16—29

Worcester (Three Choirs Festival)

September 2—7

York Festival • June 3—17

Included in the program are special events in:

SCOTLAND

Edinburgh: Gathering of the Clans

August 16—19

Exhibition of 18th Century Books

August 3—September 15

Exhibition of Scottish Architecture and

Traditional Crafts July—September

Glasgow: Exhibition of Contemporary Books

June 1—July 28

WALES

Cardiff: Pageant of Wales July 25—August 6

Exhibition of Contemporary Painting

St. Fagan's Folk Festival • July 16—28

Dolhendre, Merioneth: Welsh Hillside Farm

Scheme • May—September

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast: Royal Ulster Agricultural Show

May 23—26

Combined Services Tattoo August 29—September 1

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General enquiries about the Festival to:

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

INDO-CHINA GETS A NEW BROOM	23
GLASGOW RECTOR UNDERGOES LIVELY INSTALLATION	30
WE WISKEY OUR ALLIES	32
EISENHOWER RETURNS TO EUROPE	34
EDITORIAL: THIS WAY TO SUICIDE	35
BREKIDT TAKES EIGHT YEARS BUT GETS HIS MAN	41
THE PRESIDENT PRESENTS HIS BIGGEST BUDGET	44
SIX PONIES RESIDE IN AN OLD FAIRY TALE	47

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

AIR DEFENSE OF THE U.S.	77
-------------------------	----

ARTICLE

MY SIX CONVICTS. BY DONALD POWELL WILSON	90
--	----

SPORTS

THE BOSTON INFLUENCE ON HOCKEY	90
--------------------------------	----

THEATER

"BLESS YOU ALL"	98
-----------------	----

ART

RAOUL DUFIY IN AMERICA	92
------------------------	----

BOOKS

SINCLAIR LEWIS DIES IN ITALY	89
------------------------------	----

MUSIC

THE STARS COME DOWN	75
---------------------	----

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS	6
BLOODHOUND TRACKS DOWN QUARRY	14
LIFE GOES TO A COTILLION FOR DR. BUNCHE	108

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LIFE'S COVER

Thirty-year-old Mrs. James A. Walsh Jr., civilian administrative supervisor for the Air Force's New Haven Filter Center, is one of 250 civilian volunteers who man this vital link in Aircraft Warning System and the nation's air defense (pp. 77-89). As supervisor Mary Walsh recruits volunteers, gets them to classes, assigns them to jobs. When an Air Force test is on, she dons her striped-apron uniform and works backbreaking hours. Her husband, who is factory manager for the Army-Rubber Company, recently signed up as a member of the auxiliary police, found himself learning to the bandages.

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Up
and
down
the
hit
street

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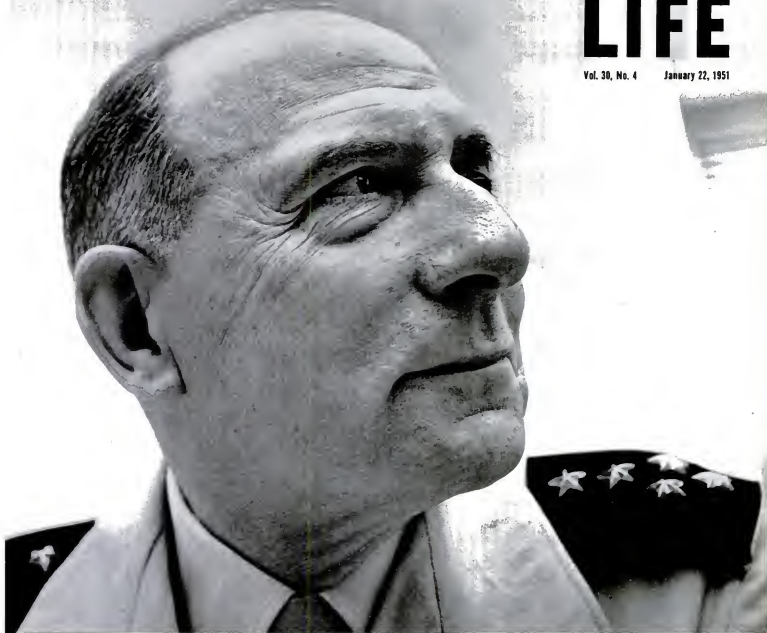
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GENERAL JEAN DE LATTRE DE TASSIGNY, 61, IS PHOTOGRAPHED AT HIS HEADQUARTERS IN HANOI. HE RESISTED NAZIS EVEN AFTER FRANCE'S OCCUPATION

NEW BROOM IN INDO-CHINA

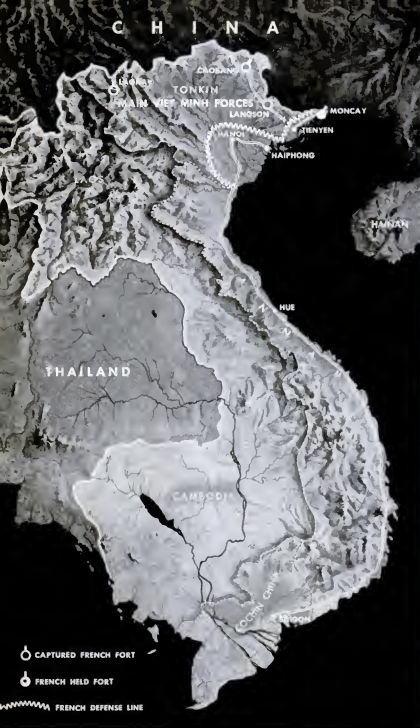
DE LATTRE STRIKES BLOW AT REDS—AND DEFEATISM

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY HOWARD SOCHUREK

Last week the news from Korea, from Europe and even from Washington ranged from uncertain to grim. But from an arena perhaps already selected by the Kremlin for its next offensive came brighter news. In Indo-China, where France has committed half of all her armed strength in a hitherto untidy and ineffectual effort to halt the advancing forces of Communist leader Ho Chi Minh, a new broom suddenly began to sweep. An aggressive, five-star French general named Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, a complete stranger to Indo-China, had just been made the country's commander in chief after a succession of incompetents. When he took over in mid-December Jean de Lattre acted like a stranger—unaware of the desperate military

problem confronting him. Decades of French provincial rule, aggrandizement and broken promises had reduced the illiterate and impoverished people of Indo-China to a thrall of hopelessness. Recent months of defeat before Ho Chi Minh's China-backed Communist legions had made Ho look good to a people that does not relish Communism but hates French colonialism. Down the 1,000-mile long kidney-shaped peninsula went the word: Ho planned to capture vital Hanoi by the lunar calendar's New Year, which falls in February. From there Ho could move steadily down to Cochinchina (map, next page) and Communism would have a springboard from which to dive west to Thailand, south to Singapore or even east to Manila.

Then De Lattre arrived, pulled idle companies of French Legionnaires up from the south to the northern theater, got more equipment and men, counterattacked and generally began acting like a man who likes to fight. These tactics not only regained land and forts lost in the vital north sector around Hanoi but imparted some of De Lattre's brimming confidence to the Indo-Chinese. The real Red push was still coming. If Communist strategy calls for it, "volunteers" from China could move in to support Ho. The French and Indo-Chinese could not stop such reinforcements if they come in large numbers, but there now were indications that De Lattre might make the Red's timetable for conquest of Asia subject to change without notice.



FRENCH OPERATE FROM FORTS



IN THE NORTH COUNTRY three Legionnaires man a thatched radio shack as lookouts for any guerrilla movements. The post makes regular contact with Tienyen, the jumping-off-place for De Lattre's recent French counteroffensive.

REFUGEES HAVE BEEN BIG PROBLEM



RED CHINESE BABY, brought across the border by its mother so the child could receive French medical care, is treated in the hospital at Monray. Many Red Chinese are doing this, and are welcomed by the French for goodwill purposes.

THE MILITARY OBSTACLES ARE MANY



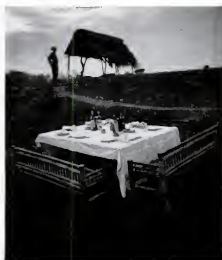
PADDIES stretch endlessly across the delta country, can be crossed only by pathlike roads. This makes mechanized operations slow and uncertain since vehicles frequently get bogged down. Above are outdated U.S. half-tracks, tank.

WAR IS WAGED IN RICH RICE LAND

French Indo-China contains 287,000 square miles, which makes it slightly larger than Texas, and has a varied terrain suggesting southern California crossed with Louisiana swamp. It is divided into three semi-independent states—Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia—which are part of the French Union. Viet Nam, the scene of the fighting, is composed of the three eastern provinces of Tonkin, Annam and Cochinchina. Out of Indo-China's fever-ridden jungles, warm plateaus and tall, oddly wooded mountains have come fortunes in rubber, coal, tungsten and spices. Its paddies in the river deltas of the extreme north and south make it one of Asia's three main rice exporters. This is a valuable harvest anytime and, with production disrupted by war, is of incalculable value today to the Viet Nam, the people loyal to the French, and the Viet Minh, the people supporting Communist Ho Chi Minh. The Communists are fighting mostly in the rice-growing areas. The Reds' regular army force of 100,000 is in the northern delta while the actions in the south are mainly conducted by untold numbers of guerrillas. Generally speaking, by day the French control the country, working out of the Beau-Geste-like forts that dot the difficult land. But by night Ho's troops steal from cover to fight patrol battles, make frequent bloody attacks on lonely outposts and demand tribute from the small farmers who chiefly comprise Indo-China's population of 25 million.



OUTPOST manned by a young Viet Name guard mans the vital railroad that links the cities of Hanoi and Haiphong. Similar outposts line the 65 miles of track.



OFFICERS' DINNER awaits them at the post of Phulo in Red River Delta area. After it was eaten, the post suffered a nightlong attack by the Viet Minhs.



BLOCKHOUSES like this at Moncay, on Chinese border, stud countryside. Made of old brick and barely cemented over, they are highly vulnerable to shellfire.



INDO-CHINESE REFUGEES flee from Moncay on a Kalong River junk. Flight from Moncay began before De Lattre's arrival, when the townspeople did

not think the French could hold the town, last outpost on the vital road along the Chinese border. However the French reinforced Moncay, last week still held it.



LITTLE FRENCH GIRL waits to fly out of Hanoi in general evacuation of French wives and children. De Lattre brought his wife in, asked others not to leave.



STREAMS and flooded areas in delta hamper patrols, which frequently must improvise rafts to cross them—sometimes at night when rafting is doubly difficult.



NARROW GATES, built long before jeeps, also hampered movements of De Lattre's vehicles. Many of the brick-walled villages can be entered only by such gates.



LOW RAMPARTS of forts are easily scaled by Viet Minhs during attack on night before this picture was made.



↑ **SENEGALESE LEGIONNAIRE** originally came from Africa's Gold Coast, wears a naval cap, has scarred his face for religious reasons.

↓ **MOROCCAN LEGIONNAIRE** wears his native turban, is in a mule artillery unit. Enlisted man's pay in Indo-China is \$30 a month.



GERMAN LEGIONNAIRES, AMONG 700 WHO ESCAPED THE FATE

FAMED FOREIGN LEGION

More than half of the regular troops at De Lattre's disposal are Foreign Legionnaires, the daredevil mercenaries whose nationalities are as various as their uniforms, and who, with North Africa now quiet, find Indo-China a fine place to ply their trade. To make this force as effective as possible and to eliminate, insofar as he can, massacres such as occurred late last year at Cao bang, where 3,000 French troops were butchered by Ho's creeping attackers, De



NOT ENOUGH GUNS are available for native recruits. These few French and U.S. rifles are all the entire line above will get.



OF 3,000 SLAUGHTERED AT CAO BANG, TOAST THEIR COLONEL

IS FIGHTING THE WAR

Latte utilizes a system of alert mobile reserves, who race to the scene of an attack in tanks and armored vehicles. These emergency forces have proved their effectiveness in a war which for many months has consisted of scores of sudden unrelated nocturnal raids and rushes on lonely outposts. Meanwhile, against the bigger actions that are certain to come, De Latte is accelerating the recruiting and training of cadres of eager young Viet Namee (below).



NOT ENOUGH TIME is available to train young Viet Namee properly, but homemade obstacle course helps condition them.



▲ **CZECH LEGIONNAIRE**, fighting around Monezy, wears the wide-brimmed campaign hat and full beard of the Legion infantryman.

▼ **VIET NAMEE**, 21-year-old recruit, signed up with the French forces although, like most of the natives, he cannot speak their language.





↑ **REINFORCEMENTS** ordered up from Saigon by De Lattre to strengthen the French northern perimeter arrive in rocky Dalong Bay on an LCT.

↓ **ADVANCING** in planned "phases", the French accompanied by prisoners carrying supplies (foreground) move through land recently held by Ho.



New Broom **CONTINUED**



U.S. M-24 TANKS ARE UNLOADED AT HAIPHONG

NEW STRATEGY: HIT 'EM WHERE THEY ARE

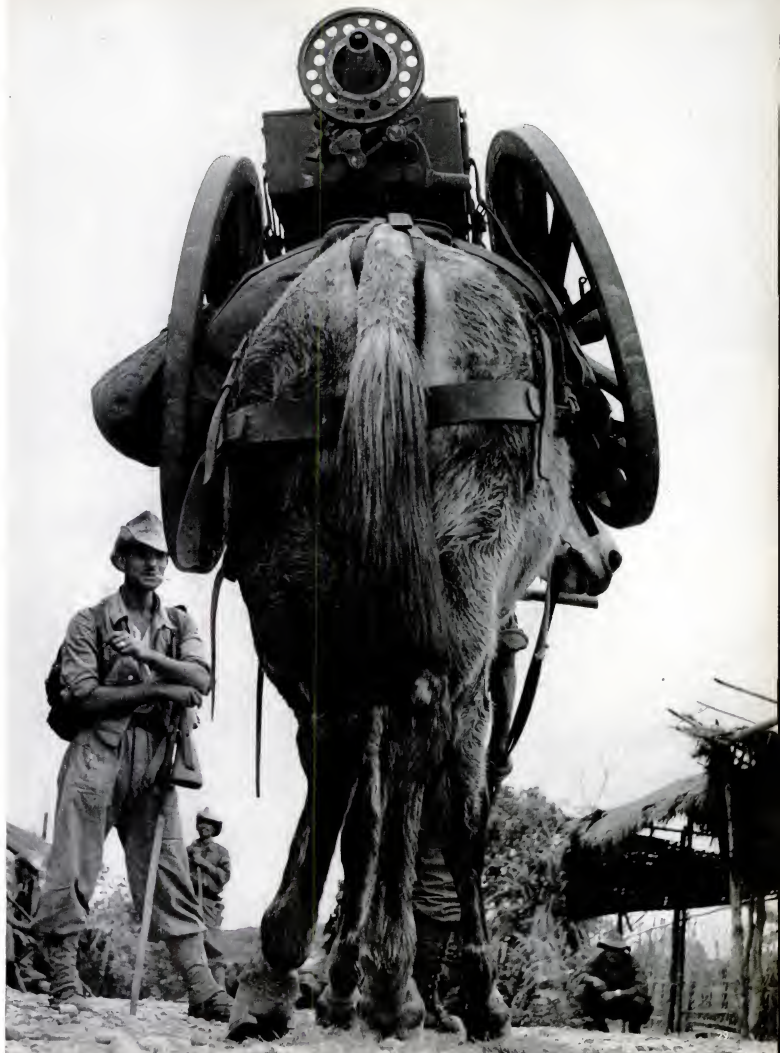
When LIFE Correspondent Dean Brelis toured the northern front during the dark days of last December, a French commandant showed Brelis his situation map. "Fifty miles of front to protect," he said, "and I have but two battalions." De Lattre has reversed the policy of watchfully waiting for the enemy to attack. As shown by these pictures, which are part of the first complete picture story to come out of Indo-China's current campaign, the De Lattre strategy is to hit them where they are. He has set bigger patrols to probing the hills, seeking out the Viet Minh, burning their rice and killing or capturing small groups of them.

Even though he is fighting the campaign with a motley collection of secondhand tanks, jeeps and trucks mostly purchased from U.S. war surplus, a miscogated air corps of German, French and U.S. planes and an international variety of small arms that would interest a gun collector, De Lattre has recaptured Chuochai-san and Tammai and greatly strengthened the whole French position. "This month," wrote Brelis, "30 Sherman tanks, Hellcats and newly arrived B-26s were supporting the French counteroffensive. Standing as they were in the face of extreme chaos, the French had for the moment more than balanced the situation in their favor. For the time, De Lattre's gamble had paid off."



HELLCATS, supplied by U.S. which used them on carriers, arrive at Saigon. There were 40 in shipment.

PACK ARTILLERY GOES FORWARD ON MULE →





MACCORMICK TALKS FROM PLATFORM DRAPED WITH STUDENTS' STREAMERS



AT HEIGHT OF CEREMONY STUDENT CRAWLS ACROSS HALL ALONG ROPE. HIS

THE RECTOR'S ORDEAL

Glasgow University students install new official with boisterous barrage of eggs and toilet paper

The rector of Scotland's Glasgow University holds a purely honorary position. All he has to do in his three-year term is make a speech after his election. But this in itself is enough of a job to make any Scot think twice before running for the office. Last month, on the university's 500th anniversary, the new rector, a politician named John MacCormick, gave a rectorial address on freedom, including a discussion of the controversial home-rule-for-Scotland movement which he heads. But nobody heard a word he said because the students of Glasgow put him through their traditional and terrifying heckling procedure—the fiercest in decades.



TORCH OF LEARNING is carried 100 miles from Bedrule, university founder's home, to Glasgow. Runners took turns, made the trip in less than two days.



SPOOFER'S TORCH is carried into installation hall by student dressed in long underwear. As he interrupts ceremony, other students laugh and blow whistles.



FRIENDS IGNORE SPEAKER TO APPLAUD STUNT AND WAVE ENCOURAGEMENT

To drown out MacCormick's speech, the heckling students set off firecrackers and blew on police whistles. To distract him, they pelted him with rotten eggs. So that the distinguished guests would not feel left out, the students tossed up rolls of toilet tissue and dozens of ripe tomatoes. Rector MacCormick, who knew beforehand what was coming, became annoyed only when a student threw a live duck under the rostrum. "I do not mind fun," scolded MacCormick, "but I cannot condone it at the expense of a frightened living thing." Later, wiping the egg off his gown, he smiled and said, "It was one of the liveliest installations I've ever seen."



HURLING EGGS at the speaker, students shout insults. One former rector, a Frenchman, called Glasgow students "greatest bunch of savages in all Europe."



BAG OF FLOUR BREAKS ON ROSTRUM AS STUDENT LEADER PLEADS FOR ORDER



CLEANING UP, university officials seem unamused as they use toilet paper thrown by students to wipe egg stains and tomatoes from their academic gowns.

ALLIES IN GERMANY
QUESTION U. S. LEAD

Can We Save America from Herself?

London Parley
Cool to U.S. Call
To Act on China

BIGGEST BRITISH PAPER
HITS MacA 'FAIRY TALES'

ARAB VIEW OF U. S.
HELD AT LOW POINT

WE WORRY OUR ALLIES

It could well be called the Greater Debate because it was going on nearly everywhere in the free world. It was the vastly confused but earnest argument about America.

Short of both confusions and complexities, the question being debated came down to this: "In the world's present crisis does U.S. leadership any longer merit the trust placed in it by America's allies?" The question might seem absurd or impudent to most Americans, who sometimes feel sadly disgusted when they think how relatively little others have helped the common cause in Korea. But in various forms the question is echoing across Europe and Asia, and the answers are to be seen in such headlines as those above from American, British and French newspapers. Many friendly Europeans are willing now to think the U.S. is blundering badly these days. Many non-Communist Asians have become our angry, seething critics.

The criticism never seems to make any clear, sound case against the American (and U.N.) decision of last June on Korea. Everybody had gone along together on that, full of noble purpose and determined to establish the high moral issue that the free world will oppose aggression. Some criticism of American bombing in Korea, mainly by Indians who overlooked the fact that modern warfare is always hard, was heard by midsummer. But the real argument veiled up only when General MacArthur suddenly ran into the overwhelming forces of the second aggressor, Red China. Everybody got frightened. Almost nobody made a case against what the U.S. did well at first, but only against what we finally could not handle. Then began "re-examination limited."

In Australia the Sydney *Morning Herald* listened with alarm to the global growling and wrote, "There are discernible beginnings of a fear that whereas America abandoned the world after the First World War, this time the world is in the process of abandoning America. . . ."

Americans could sense the feeling in the news from Lake Success. At the United Nations, the U.S. found few supporters when it tried to bring the U.N. to a quick condemnation of Communist Chinese aggression in Korea. Instead, Warren Austin patiently agreed to go along with a third attempt to arrange a cease-fire in Korea—a cease-fire which could bring the victoriously arrogant Chinese rich rewards, including membership in the U.N., rather than the outlaw status which most Americans feel they have earned. Only if the Reds rejected this third offer could the U.S. hope to win most of its U.N. allies at last to the American viewpoint.

BENEATH all the questioning of America's leadership and counsel are three attitudes that go deeper than the blow to military prestige in Korea? Indeed there are, and LIFE's foreign correspondents in a dozen world capitals reported on some of them last week. The most alarming of several disturbing reports came, not surprisingly, from New Delhi. LIFE's correspondent there cabled:

"This is a very unpleasant report to write. In India and Pakistan, which account for a third of Asia's people, respect for America's political sagacity and military prowess never has been lower than it is today. . . ."

"Leading Indian and Pakistani newspapers subscribe to British press

syndicates for Korean war coverage. These reports paint very grotesque pictures: The U.S. is depicted as conducting a savage war against an Asian nation. In order to cover up the cowardice of their roadblock, luxury-loving troops, American commanders order indiscriminate air strikes to 'obliterate' Korean towns . . . it all arouses virtuous Indian indignation.

"There was a great deal of truth in General MacArthur's dictum on the subject of the Orientals' respect for power. The spectacle of Chinese infantry trouncing a sizable U.S. army equipped with all that's latest in armaments has almost completely destroyed the great reputation built up by the U.S. during World War II. Furthermore the defeat of a white army pleases the racial streak in the inhabitants of this subcontinent who still nurture feelings of humiliation over sufferings at the hands of former white rulers. The Karachi newspaper *Dawn*, an anti-Communist as any Pakistani paper, this week commented, 'The Chinese are Asians who were . . . treated like coolies in their own land by many arrogant Western races. . . . [They] have now turned the tables. . . . We as Asians cannot but feel some satisfaction at this and we would be fowls to conceal the fact.'"

The New Delhi correspondent added that Indian conservatives who wanted to side with the West against Russia, and therefore previously criticized Nehru's "third force" philosophy, were "totally unnerved" by the recent speeches of Herbert Hoover and Senator Taft: "Many of them now seriously doubt the wisdom of alienating powerful Communist neighbors and relying on the unpredictable, faraway United States."

In Germany, Taft's speech made some wonder "why we should arm ourselves in defense against the Russians, and thereby possibly incite them to attack, when there's a 50-50 chance the Americans may someday withdraw from this European affair." In England the *Manchester Guardian* felt that many "have been thrown into sad depression by the tepid douches of Mr. Hoover and Senator Taft," but that President Truman's State of the Union speech gave them fresh heart. And from Rome a correspondent reported, "Most anti-Communists now seem to guess—or strongly hope—that Taft and Hoover are running against the main line of American thinking." But he added that Italy has a counterbalancing worry: "An average, informed Italian might say, 'We are with you, but we don't understand your foreign policy. We wish you showed more leadership.'"

This was the crux of the debate in all Western Europe—American leadership and the quality of American political judgment and decision.

By and large Europe, which retains little confidence in its own capacities for world leadership, now distrusts American leadership as impulsive and immature. "Everywhere," cabled a Paris correspondent, "there is a strong sense of uneasiness and a feeling that America may be pulling some boners for which Europe is going to pay. . . . The most frequent charge is that American leadership is boastful in repose and hysterical in action. . . ." A left-wing laborite in Britain's parliament recently decried American politicians "who are adolescents and refuse to work their apprenticeship." And more conservatively the *Manchester Guardian* discussed the present "curious position" of European and Commonwealth peoples in a U.S.-dominated West: "With the one hand they must always



SWEDISH CARTOON SHOWS A NEUTRAL'S VIEW

Gen. Ike's Name
Shouted Down
In Italy Senate

Anti-Americanism in India

ISOLATIONNISME
AMERICAIN ?

Anti-U.S. Talk Persists in Britain;
Washington Policy Is Challenged

THOSE WHO JOINED IN CONDEMNING AGGRESSION LAST JUNE
NOW LOUDLY SPEAK OF THEIR DOUBTS ABOUT U.S. LEADERSHIP

beckon the Americans on to full action in world affairs; with the other they must try to check them from impulsiveness." A *Guardian* reader contributor expressed his earnest fears that America's "inept handling of delicate situations holds out no end of calamitous possibilities for us all."

What sort of American "ineptness" frightens the Europeans most?

One plain German echoed an American thought: "If American intelligence in Russia is as bad as it was in Korea, then God help us all."

But our critical allies also fear America's increasingly blunt attitude toward Russia. Many Europeans feel the U.S. may be risking their necks by talking of war while Europe is still unarmed.

THESE is one basic difference between American and European attitudes toward the possibility of war," cabled a Frankfurt correspondent. "Americans see war as a dangerous, unpleasant but perhaps unavoidable thing which, if it comes, they can hope to win. To the European, however, war means almost certain destruction."

The Paris correspondent added, "The average Western European thinks the U.S. is overvaluing Russian aggressiveness. Even the Gaullists in France seem to think this. . . . And many Europeans conclude that if Russia has been aggressive, America's 'get tough' policy has not been aggressive. . . ."

"So now some of us have had the experience of sitting in Champ-Elysees district movies—where the proletariat does not go—and listening to the crowd hiss and shout obscene oaths at *les Americains*' during newsreels that show U.S. jets firing rockets at Korean villages. In both right- and left-wing newspapers editors have pointed out that the bombings and scorched-earth tactics in Korea, the chasing back and forth of civilians in front of armies, could be a preview of what might happen in Europe soon."

It is this Korean war and its Chinese complication that gives Europe its most pressing worry over American decision in great affairs. London's leftist weekly, *The New Statesman and Nation*, concluded early in January that it was "time for plain speech": "America's allies . . . have suppressed their doubts or made but feeble protests, because they have not dared to run the risk that to incur American displeasure—and the possible loss of American support—would be to leave them naked and shivering in the cold wind from the East. Yet such insincere reticence leads to disaster. . . . A war against China, provoked by America's Eastern policy . . . would divide Britain, morally and politically, as it has not been divided since the French Revolution. . . ."

"The Europeans are just plain scared," said a Parisian journalist, "that if the U.S. sent Chiang Kai-shek into the fight, Russia would introduce its air force and we would have world war." Right up to Winston Churchill, Europe's people are far more negotiation-minded toward Red China than the U.S. is. That attitude intensifies the big debate.

"Surely," said Churchill in the House of Commons on Nov. 30, "the United Nations should avoid by every means in their power becoming entangled inextricably in a war with China." And two weeks later he spoke again: ". . . The only prudent course open to the United States and ourselves is to stabilize the local military position and, if the opportunity then occurs, to negotiate with the aggressors and at least make sure that we negotiate from strength and not from weakness. . . . Appeasement in itself may be good or bad according to the circumstances. Appeasement from weakness and fear is alike futile and fatal. Appeasement from strength is magnanimous and noble and might be the surest and perhaps the only path to world peace."

Churchill's view differs from his average fellow European's in one principal respect: moving from an idea that is bolder than any of Washington's, he would dangle the only strong element of Western superiority—the atom bomb—over the head of Russia as a bargaining device. He considers the A-bomb our weapon for immediate appeasement from strength, but it frightens most other Europeans out of their wits. Their distrust of U.S. leadership has its deepest roots in the knowledge that we control the A-bomb and their fear that it might be used impulsively and even against their occupied cities if Russia took Western Europe.

In the Greater Debate the U.S. does not lack some strong foreign defenders. The conservative Dutch newspaper *Trouw* reminded its readers last week, "We should not overestimate the factor of America's lessened prestige. America's prestige did not decrease in the eyes of the Russians. They know with whom they have to deal. And they will not let themselves be misled as to America's power as a result of Chinese successes in Korea. . . . But it cannot be denied that such a defeat has a psychologically damaging effect on America's allies. . . . This is what the Russians are hoping for. They are stirring up the resulting disillusion and fears. We must not yield to that. . . ."

The Sydney *Morning Herald* suggested that the allies had an obligation to America right now. "If doubts dangerous to the whole democratic cause are not to be fostered in [American minds], then America's allies . . . must give greater practical evidence of their determination to play a full part. They must be ready to match every sacrifice by America."

And other defenders sprang up as the debate went on. The London *Economist* observed the unusual nature of the leadership to which the U.S. has succeeded: "not that of a gloriously expanding world economy but of a half-world on the defensive and, therefore, imposing more in responsibilities than it provides in privileges. Those responsibilities the American people have accepted . . . on the whole with remarkable foresight, courage and energy."



BRITAIN'S FAMED CARTOONIST LOW DEPICTS THE ENGLISHMAN'S DILEMMA



PARIS

EXTENDED HAND is proffered to Jules Moch (back to camera), France's Defense Minister, as Ike climbs past fancy uniformed men of Garde Républicaine.



PARIS

IGNORED HAND is offered former subordinate, Field Marshal Montgomery, who, surprised, quickly rallied and consummated handshake for photographers.



EISENHOWER (CENTER ROW, LEFT) AND HIS STAFF FORM A MINIATURE PARADE PASSING PARIS' ARC DE TRIOMPHE ON WAY TO EARLY MORNING CONFERENCE



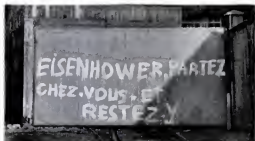
BRUSSELS

GLENCHED HAND seals a serious greeting to Belgian Army Chief of Staff Etienne Baels as Ike arrives at Melsbroek Field at start of one-day visit to Belgium.



THE HAGUE

MISSED HAND slides past the outstretched right arm of Netherlands Army Commander General H. J. Krul as Ike does a quick and fancy step out of his plane.



COMMUNIST SIGN TELLS IKE TO GO HOME, STAY THERE

EISENHOWER RETURNS

He tries hard to shake Europe out of doldrums

To a worried Europe (*previous page*) the U.S. sent its most glittering ambassador, General of the Army Dwight Eisenhower, once again Supreme Commander in Western Europe. His first assignment was to size up the military strengths and weaknesses of the 12 Atlantic Pact countries. In his first six days he visited six capitals on a tight schedule of brief secret conferences with the key political and military men in each country. Though he firmly refused to get taken up with banquets and public appearances, he made up for lack of sociability by flashing the famed Eisenhower grin and giving firm handshakes, which by now he used with the practiced assurance of a college president greeting the alumni. On his return to the U.S. this month he would bring a report to the President and to the nation. He would tell how good and how far along are Western Europe's own plans for self-defense and, in his judgment, how much in men and military equipment the U.S. should send to the defense of the Continent.



REDS' RIOT near Eisenhower's Paris hotel is easily controlled by gendarmes. But big anti-Eisenhower strikes called by the Communists failed to materialize.

THIS WAY TO SUICIDE

If we build our strength—and we are building it—the Soviet rulers may face the facts and lay aside their plans to take over the world. That is what we hope will happen, and that is what we are trying to bring about. That is the only realistic road to peace.

The foregoing words should be read and reread by every American. They were spoken last week by President Truman in his sixth message to the State of the Union.

On their face they are attractive and reasonable words. They reflect a hope of peace and a dread of war which endure in millions of human hearts.

These words of the President occur in a message which, but for them, would deserve to be applauded as a fine and forceful speech.

It may very well be argued that the President's words are a useful concession to the universal desire for peace, a necessary recognition of the European and Asiatic state of mind reported on pages 32 and 33.

But these words of the President cannot be dismissed in so easy a fashion. They cannot be dismissed on any ground.

The President has shown too many times that he believes in the capacity of the Soviet rulers to "face the facts and lay aside their plans to take over the world."

Mr. Truman's principal adviser on world affairs, Secretary of State Dean Acheson, has shown too many times that he believes in what he has chosen to call the possibility of "coexistence," a "cooperative peace," a "cooperative relationship" with the rulers of Soviet Communism.

On the record the passage quoted here from the President's message must be taken for what it unquestionably is—a considered restatement, made in all good faith and with full conviction, of the major conception and major purpose underlying American policy.

The fatal fallacy

Taken for what they are, these words of the President are mistaken and dangerous.

Taken for what they are, these words demand the attention and the talents of all the participants in "the Great Debate" over U.S. policy, a debate which has explored almost every aspect of the subject except the erroneous and fatal fallacy which the President preserved and restated.

The nature of the fallacy is clear. The fallacy is that those whom Mr. Truman calls "the Soviet rulers" are capable of arriving, by their own decision, at a state of peace with the non-Communist world. There is no prospect whatever that they are capable of doing so. Not so long as they are "the Soviet rulers." Not so long as the system which drives them in their conquests, feeds their purposes and gives them their power is in

being. Not so long as the vast complex of doctrine, nations, governments, parties and men called "Soviet Communism" is intact, undefeated and undestroyed. Not until its power—its inherent compulsion—to harass, assault and engulf the non-Communist world is effectively eliminated can there be any chance of peace in the world.

The defeat and abolition of Soviet Communist purpose and power are not enough; the forces of anti-Communism must always have other and more positive objectives. But, to repeat, there can be no peace worth the name and no secure progress toward a better life and a better society everywhere so long as Soviet Communism retains its power to obstruct all progress and to assault all non-Communist societies.

The false concept

Make no mistake: the President does not assume and require the defeat and dismemberment of the Soviet system. The official author of this fatal fallacy, Mr. Acheson, has recently said in so many words that "to subvert the Soviet Union"—that is, to bring about the downfall of Soviet Communism—is neither required for peace nor a proper purpose of American policy. When Mr. Truman speaks of enforcing peace through strength, he must, on the record of what he and his Secretary of State have said, be supposed to mean peace with the present rulers of the present Soviet system.

Many Americans do not need to be told that this concept is false. With their minds, in their hearts and in their bones they know that it is false.

Many others would like to believe in the possibility that Mr. Truman says he believes in. Many Americans do believe in it still. But their number lessens. Events visible to all, and the actual behavior of "the Soviet rulers," make any belief in the possibility of peace with the present rulers of the present Soviet system more unreal with every day that passes.

There is something nightmarish in the spectacle of a President of the U.S. who at this late and awful hour refuses to perceive that the concept which he restated last week is false. There is something nightmarish, too, in the continued presence at the President's right hand of a Secretary of State who has so long cultivated this pernicious fallacy. It is terrifying, it is wrong, that this proud priest of "coexistence" with Soviet Communism, Dean Acheson, should still be in a position to shape the President's most vital conceptions and statements of American policy.

Here, LIFE once more submits, is a real and present danger to this republic.

So long as the nature, the purposes and the capacities of our enemy are misunderstood and underestimated at the very pinnacle of

American policy, what hope is there that our policy will make sufficient sense? What hope is there that American power will be fully and effectively mobilized? What hope is there that, once mobilized, it will be used to maximum effect and with adequate awareness of the tasks before it? What price "the Great Debate" over policy when the declared objective of our policy is founded upon so glaring a fallacy?

This fallacy is a source of weakness—a cancer—which only the President can eradicate. He can eradicate it. He can at long last drive from his councils all who have sold and fed him on the pap of "coexistence" with Soviet Communism.

He can drive from his own mind, and drop from his utterances, the paralyzing illusion that the rulers of Soviet Communism as it now exists can be persuaded to peace or forced to peace.

He can perceive that the "situations of strength" on which he relies can be effective only if they are used to bring about the dismemberment of the Soviet Communist system as it now exists and to remove from the world the threat of Soviet power as it is now exercised.

He can perceive that peaceful, stable "coexistence" with Soviet Communism is utterly impossible. To hold that it is possible, as the President holds when he talks of forcing or persuading "the Soviet rulers" to "lay aside their plans," is to perpetrate a pietistic fraud.

This prodigious evil

If "coexistence" with the present Soviet Communist system is impossible, is total war "inevitable"?

Maybe so. Maybe not. Given the pressures resulting from a full recognition on our part of what must be accomplished and a full determination to accomplish it, the Soviet empire may start to change within and to crumble. No man can say just how the pure wickedness of Soviet Communism will ultimately be banished from the earth, as some day it will be banished. But what no man has a right to say is that we can live peaceably and happily with this prodigious evil.

Meanwhile what must be said is that the Soviet empire, far from retreating, will continue to expand unless it is opposed with all our strength and all our mind and all our will. That includes the steady, calm and constant acceptance of the risk of all-out war.

The President said last week that his chosen road—the road to a contrived peace with the present rulers of the present Communist system—is "the only realistic road to peace."

It is not a realistic road to peace.

It is not a realistic road to anything.

It is the road our enemy wants us to take.

It is the road to our defeat.

It is the way to suicide.



Here's a dish for a **MAN!**

(and his wife)

(and his children)

Old-fashioned bean soup made
extra-savory with smoky bacon!
Thick... hearty... delicious!

What a combination! It was "love at first sight" when Campbell's brought together those two grand American favorites... real, old-fashioned bean soup and the taste of good lean bacon. Seems like they were just made for each other! Here's a hearty soup of plump, tender beans, enlivened with the fine, smoky flavor of choice bacon. Good eating, this soup... thick, zestful and nourishing! Try it now, today! Your whole family will bless you!



Campbell's BEAN WITH BACON SOUP

FIREBALL POWERED

All-Star Line-up for



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

'51

Your first eye-smacking look at the line of lovelies pictured here tells you that they've got what it takes in visual charm.

But the fellow who said a picture speaks louder than a thousand words wasn't talking about these superbly able 1951 Buicks.

Sure, they're smart to look at—smart in style and smart in dress.

But they're also smartly powered—smartly engineered—smartly priced. And it would take a book to describe in full their deep-down goodness.



What's been done for '51 is to take the best automobiles that ever bore the Buick name—and top them.

Come, look them over, and you'll see what we mean.

There's the SPECIAL which can accurately be titled "the newest car in the world"—new in structure, new in power, new in dimensions, new in thrift—and potent in price appeal.

There's the CUSTOM SPECIAL that brings new luxury to the low-price field.

There's the SUPER—that looks and is a smart new edition of its "best seller" forbear.

Then there's the ROADMASTER—that coddles your anatomy on luxurious new fabrics and cloud-soft cushions—pampers your pride with its lordly bearing—shoots a delicious tingle right up your spine by the exuberance of its power and action.

We could go on and on. This is the car that "breathes through its nose." This is the car that sports a brand-new front-end styling. This is the car with new high-visibility instrument dials, more easily read at night. This is the car with glare-and-heat-reducing glass* and a host of other news-making features you can't afford to miss.

So your No. 1 date this week end is with your Buick dealer. It won't take you long to conclude that he's offering the smartest buys of the year.

*Optional on extra cost on all models. (Not previously available in California, Montana and Missouri.)

Standard equipment, accessories and trim. Illustrations subject to change without notice due to manufacturing restrictions.

"Smart Buy's Buick"

See them first tomorrow...
at your **BUICK DEALERS**



Everybody knows the sign of good coffee

ALL CLEAR FOR COFFEE TIME—Maxwell House Coffee Time. This famous coffee has just what it takes to make a hit with the man of the house these winter days . . . the vigor, the richness, the hearty goodness. No other coffee has that completely satisfying "Good to the Last Drop" flavor, because no other coffee is made like Maxwell House. The one-and-only Maxwell House recipe demands certain fine coffees, blended a special way to bring you coffee at its fragrant, flavorful best. That's why more people buy and enjoy Maxwell House than any other brand of coffee!



WONDERFUL IN
INSTANT FORM
TOO!



Products of General Foods

TUNE IN. Two award-winning hits—*"Father Knows Best,"* starring Robert Young, NBC, Thursday nights and *"Mama,"* starring Peggy Wood, CBS TV, Friday nights.

Maxwell House . . . the one coffee with that "Good to the Last Drop" flavor!

HE TOOK 8 YEARS BUT GOT HIS MAN

Sheriff pins old murder on cop

One Sunday morning eight years ago, after a 24-hour search, the battered body of Margaret Senteney was found on a hillside near Carpinteria, Calif., strangled and with a huge wound in her head. Undersheriff John Ross and Highway Patrolman Leonard Kirkes hurried to the scene in separate police cars. The two men were fast friends and experienced workers—steadily-going Ross, the sheriff's son, had served in his father's office for 16 years; Kirkes, bright and ambitious, had scored top man in police tests. Together they examined the corpse.



PATROLMAN KIRKES

There seemed to be little evidence but tire marks and footprints. Telling Kirkes to guard the body, Ross went to his car to radio for help. He returned to find that Kirkes, pacing nervously, had scuffed the footprints. And only a hearty shove by Ross stopped him from clumsily stepping on the tire tracks as well. An autopsy produced only one other clue, some marks on the woman's right leg. There were no other leads.

Ross was still stymied a week later, when he got a frightened phone call from Harry Lichler, a local liquor dealer. The man who had done the job, said Lichler, was Patrolman Kirkes himself. He had been in Lichler's store trying to fix an alibi. Ross started some careful checking and found some suspicious things. After the murder Kirkes had bought a new tire—and had tried to get the garageman to say he had bought it before the murder. After the murder Kirkes had ordered his car cleaned and repainted—even inside the trunk compartment which he first cleaned carefully. Ross called Kirkes in for questioning. But Kirkes denied everything and, for want of sufficient evidence, was returned to his police job. He stayed there until he went up to Alaska to work for the Red Cross.

In 1945, highly commended for his wartime work in Alaska, Kirkes came back to his old job but soon quit to become a salesman. All this time Ross kept thinking of the Senteney case. Last September, Kirkes was held on a morals complaint, and Ross, now sheriff, seized the opportunity to reopen the murder case. With Kirkes safely in jail, some long-silent witnesses decided that they would talk and knitted a case (next page) strong enough to convict Kirkes of second-degree murder. Last week, with his friend Ross close behind him, Ex-Officer Kirkes entered San Quentin jail to start serving his sentence—five years to life.



SHERIFF ROSS



ENTERING SAN QUENTIN after his sentence, Kirkes is followed closely by his friend Ross. The

sheriff was a frequent visitor in Kirkes's cell during the trial, liked to sit with him and trade old jokes.



Fingertip Dispenser Free with \$1.00 Jergens Lotion

Tap... tap... and out comes just the right amount of Jergens Lotion... giving your hands instant beauty moisture to keep them wonderfully soft.

Jergens, you know, is the lotion whose rich skin-softening ingredients are quickly absorbed by the upper layers of your skin. That's why it's preferred by more women than all other leading lotions combined!

This new Free* Fingertip Dispenser makes Jergens so easy and convenient to use—in kitchen, bedroom, nursery or bath. No top to unscrew... no spilling! Use it over and over, with each new \$1.00 bottle of Jergens Lotion.

This special Jergens offer is for a limited time only—ask for yours today!

***Money-back guarantee!** Buy this offer. Use Jergens Lotion for two weeks. If not delighted, mail lotion back to The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati 14, Ohio. They'll return your money. Keep Fingertip Dispenser as your free gift.

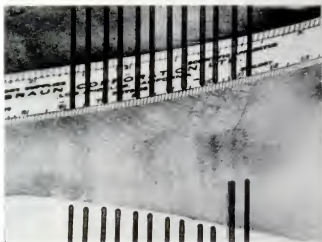
both for
only **89¢**
plus tax



Murder CONTINUED



KIRKES'S CAR, a 1939 Ford, was big link in the evidence. At a filling station shortly after crime he was seen to clean out trunk compartment (above) with an air hose. Not satisfied with this, he then had inside of compartment painted. And the compartment's rubber floor mat was nowhere to be found.



VICTIM'S LEG, shown in this piece of photographic evidence, was dimly crossed with lines impressed in the flesh. This pattern, the technicians from the police laboratory testified, was identical with the pattern that would be made if the body lay on compartment floor mat of a 1939, 1940 or 1941 Ford.



EARLY WITNESS Charles Boverton, now deputy, testified that he painted car only after trying to convince Kirkes it did not need it.



NEW WITNESS, Amleandro Fogliadini, truck farmer, told court he saw Kirkes driving his car near place of crime morning after the murder.



KEY WITNESS, who really broke the case, testified after eight years that she had seen murdered girl get into Kirkes's car on murder night.

Pillsbury GRAND NATIONAL CAKE

The New \$25,000 Flavor!

*The Flavor "Scoop" of a Lifetime. Simple, Quick-Mix Cake.
Low in Cost. No Frosting Needed.*

The Pillsbury \$100,000 Grand National Contest has again turned up hundreds of wonderful new things to eat made with Pillsbury's Best, "The Grand National Flour." Among them is the Orange Kiss-Me Cake.

You start out with a single orange, using the inside and the rind, ground up with raisins and walnuts, and blended with other good things. When you end up, you put the juice of that same orange on top of the cake, with sugar and chopped nuts. No frosting needed. This cake stays moist for days. It calls for Pillsbury's Best, of course. In fact, perfect results cannot be guaranteed with any other flour.



ORANGE KISS-ME CAKE 1st Prize Winner in Pillsbury's 2nd GRAND NATIONAL Recipe and Baking Contest

MADE BY QUICK-MIX METHOD

No creaming shortening.
Submitted by Mrs. Peter Wuebel, Redwood City, California

Adapted for your use by Ann Pillsbury

BAKE at 350° F. for 40 to 50 minutes.

MAKES 12x2½ or 11x9x2-inch cake.*

All ingredients should be at room temperature.

Grind together: 1 large orange, pulp and rind (reserve

juice for topping);

1 cup raisins;

½ cup walnuts;

Sift together: 2 cups sifted Pillsbury's Best Enriched

Flour**

1 teaspoon soda

1 teaspoon salt

1 cup sugar

Md. ¼ cup shortening

¾ cup milk

Beat. for 2 minutes, 300 strokes, until batter is

well blended. (With electric mixer,

blend at low speed, then beat at medium

speed for 2 minutes.)

Md. 2 eggs, unbeaten

¾ cup milk

for 2 minutes.

Fold. orange-raisin mixture into batter.

Put. into well-greased and lightly floured

12x2½ or 11x9x2-inch pan.*

Bake. in moderate oven (350° F.) 40 to 50

minutes.

Orange-Nut Topping

½ cup orange juice over warm cake.

1 cup sugar

1 teaspoon cinnamon

¾ cup chopped walnuts; sprinkle over

cake. Decorate with orange slices.

*Cake may be baked in two 8 or 9-inch round layer pans

at 350° F. for 35 to 45 minutes.

**If you use Pillsbury's Best Enriched Self-Rising Flour, omit salt and decrease soda to ¼ teaspoon.

FREE at your grocer's. This and 5 other Prize Winners

\$10,000 Peanut Crust Pie • \$4,000 Half-Time Spoon Rolls

Festive Prune Cakes • Chocolate Brownie Pie • Cameo Tea Cookies



Pillsbury's BEST

The GRAND NATIONAL Flour



WITH TREASURY SECRETARY SNYDER BESIDE HIM AND GRAPHS BEHIND HIM, THE PRESIDENT EXPLAINS THE BUDGET HE HOLDS IN HIS HAND

THE PRESIDENT PRESENTS HIS BIGGEST BUDGET

This one weighs 28 ounces less than the last one, but it is going to cost \$24,384,000,000 more

Last Saturday morning, in the softly lighted auditorium of the elegant State Department building, President Harry Truman held a special seminar on a touchy subject. His audience was the press. His topic was the new 1952 U.S. budget, the third hard bit of news he had broken in a single week. On Monday, in his address on the State of the Union, he had stated the nation's foreign policy more aggressively than ever before. On Friday, in his message to Congress, he had assayed its economic needs and asked for drastic taxes to meet them. Now he had come to the kicker, which would go to Congress on Monday: just how much the nation's mobilization was going to cost.

From the towering charts and graphs on the platform, it was evident that it was going to cost a lot. Before the charts, flanked by his Secretary of Treasury Snyder and budget experts, stood the President, dressed soberly for the occasion in a gray suit and dark tie. Facing him, in a back row, were his daughter Margaret and Mrs. Truman—they wanted, the President

explained, to learn where all the money was going to go. And on a table in front of him lay the U.S. budget for the fiscal year of 1952, which starts next July. The budget weighed 28 ounces less than it did last year because defense expenditures were not itemized. But it called for a 78% increase in expenditures over 1950, and it was the most expensive peacetime budget the world had ever seen.

This huge budget for 1952 calls for \$71.6 billion, compared to this year's \$47.2 billion. The whole increase is accounted for by funds for national defense and foreign aid. In a year this figure has climbed from \$27 billion to \$52 billion. The President made the most of his point. Earlier in the week he had written Byrd of Virginia that he would reduce nondefense spending. At his seminar he said he had done this to the tune of \$1.08 billion. But even with this reduction the country would have to raise between \$16 to \$20 billion in new taxes if the budget was to balance. In the face of this staggering tax bill, it was doubtful if these savings would silence critics in Congress.

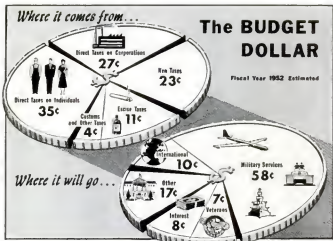


CHART SHOWN AT THE SEMINAR EXPLAINS WHERE TAX DOLLARS ARE GOING

You just can't
buy a better drink
anywhere!



For 85 years, Paul Jones has held an honored place among America's proudest whiskies.

Today, try the smooth, rich flavor that has made Paul Jones so famous through the years. You just can't buy a better drink—anywhere!



Paul Jones
FIRST OF ALL... FOR FLAVOR!

Frankfort Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.
Blended whiskey, 86 proof.
72½% grain neutral spirits.



LOW-COST STEW with a High Hat Flavor



THANKS TO—



The
KETTLE-SIMMERED
Cooking Sauce



BEEF STEW—Hunt Style

Hunt's Tomato Sauce makes a stew more delicious than any other tomato product you can imagine.

Because this cooking sauce is different, Hunt's *also* gives your recipes this Kettle-simmered blend of sun-ripened tomatoes and fine spices.

Best of all, a can of Hunt's costs you only a few cents. Get some and make this delicious stew!...

2 lbs. lean beef
2 tbs. flour **2 tbs. fat**

Cut meat in pieces, roll in flour, brown in fat in heavy skillet or saucepan. Then add the following (and here's where Hunt's rich, all-tomato flavor really goes to work):

1 can Hunt's Tomato Sauce

2 tsp. salt **1/2 tsp. thyme** **1/2 a bay leaf**
2 cups water **1/2 tsp. pepper**

Cover tightly and cook over low flame until almost tender—about 1 1/2 hours. Then prepare and add:

6 onions **6 carrots** **6 potatoes**

Cook about 30 to 45 minutes longer, till vegetables are tender. If desired, add a cup of green peas just before vegetables are tender, and now—

Get 6 lucky people together for generous servings of the best stew they've ever tasted—thanks to Hunt's rich flavor.

And forever after—give your everyday recipes a *flavor boost* with Hunt's Tomato Sauce. Meat loaf, casseroles, spaghetti, vegetables, gravies. *Get Hunt's for a few cents a can!*



Hunt Foods, Inc., Fullerton, California

Hunt-for the best



For Breakfast or Dessert...

HUNT'S HEAVENLY PEACHES



TRUE TO CINDERELLA TRADITION, SALLY ANN HOWES SMILES BRAVELY FROM CHILLY OPEN-AIR COACH

CINDERELLA NEVER HAD IT SO BAD

6 ponies revise an old fairy tale

With admirable patience the Cinderella of children's storybooks endured countless indignities before she was transported to the ball where she met Prince Charming. But even the long-suffering Cinderella would have been shaken by what happened to British Actress Sally Ann Howes while playing the fairy-tale heroine for a recent BBC television production.

The program directors arranged to photograph Cinderella's ride in advance at a snow-covered estate outside London. A coach was prepared, brilliant with mirrored glass and shaped very much like a pumpkin. On the appointed day half a dozen Shetland ponies were hitched up to the coach. The coachman, the footman and the groom took their places. Miss Howes, radiant in her crinoline gown, stepped in. A small crowd that had gathered nearby to watch the filming were so pleased they set up a spontaneous cheer. Frightened, the ponies reared up, and in a twinkling the coach-and-six, Cinderella and all were bouncing across the snow at a furious clip. The 71-year-old groom was trampled underfoot, the footman and coachman were tumbled off their perches and Cinderella was shaken up. But press photographers took these pictures, which record the unhappiest ending the Cinderella story ever has had.



BEWITCHED PONIES, not at all as well disciplined as the transformed white mice that pulled the original Cinderella's coach, gallop off in several directions,

trampling the groom who lies under coach. The footman already has been tossed off, driver grimly holds on to reins, and Miss Howes tries to keep from falling out.

I love undies of **Spun-Lo**
RAYON FABRIC

long-distance wear
 down-to-earth prices

You'll love their sleek, smooth fit
 choose from many styles ...
 demand one label... **Spun-Lo**

Manufactured by
 Guaranteed by
 Good Housekeeping

INDUSTRIAL RAYON CORPORATION • Cleveland, Ohio
 Producers of continuous process rayon yarns and ®Tyron cord for tires

Cinderella CONTINUED



DRAGGING DIGNITY through snow, coachman and footman of ill-fated coach crawl toward open door of gatehouse on estate where mishap occurred.



GROGGY GROOM, his face bleeding, is helped into ambulance by solicitous bystanders. Thrown under the ponies and the carriage, he suffered concussion.



PERPLEXED PONY, only one of the animals that did not break free of its traces during excitement, is unhitched from righted carriage by an attendant.



UNHAPPY HEROINE, wig askew, leaves the scene, revealing that she had worn flannel trousers under her fancy gown and galoshes over her glass slippers.



"Boy, that's the answer...
Coffee!"



"M-m-m! Nothing Smells as Good as Coffee!"
What a break for Jim! A delicious cup or two of fragrant, steaming coffee and he'll tackle mid-year cramming like nobody's business. Ah, that aroma... filling the room and making Jim's mouth water!

"M-m-m! Nothing Tastes as Good as Coffee!"
Highest marks for flavor go to coffee! Rich, mellow, relaxing. Freshly-brewed coffee is a pleasure anywhere - at home or in your favorite restaurant. So much enjoyment for so little money!



"M-M-M...
Nothing Satisfies Like Coffee!"

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It takes an average of 5 long years before a coffee tree fully matures and reaches the point of normal production.



The average tree, when it is fully developed, yields the equivalent of only 1/4 pounds of roasted coffee during a whole year.



About 3500 hand-picked coffee beans make 1 pound. Surprising that rich, home-brewed coffee costs just a few pennies a cup!





GARRITY GESTURES FROM BENCH AS ONE OF HIS MATES SCORES AGAINST MICHIGAN

THE BOSTON INFLUENCE

Its players dominate meeting of four best college teams

When the four best college hockey teams in the U.S. clashed in Boston it was a regular holiday homecoming. Boston University and Boston College were naturally stacked with home-grown talent. But in addition one visiting team, Colorado College, had five Boston boys on its squad, and Michigan, the other, had three—all of them graduates of Boston's extensive schoolboy hockey system (p. 57) which, along with Canada, is the top recruiting ground for college talent. The local boy everyone expected the most of was Jack Garrity (above), B.U.'s star center. A 24-year-old Air Force veteran, who is married and has a 5-year-old son, Garrity was the leading scorer in U.S. college hockey last year with 51 goals and 33 assists. Against Colorado he scored two goals, one after a spectacular sortie (right) that split the defense. After beating Colorado, B.U. took on Michigan, which had walloped B.C. Having had a good look at B.U. and its scoring ace in action, Michigan ganged up on Garrity, effectively harrying him and keeping him from scoring. In the last minutes with the score 2-2, Michigan managed to score a third goal, kept its lead to the end of the game, after which a free-for-all broke out on the ice (next page).



GARRITY GETS THROUGH three Colorado College defenders and gets ready to fake goalie out of position for score as by-passed Colorado players look on in various attitudes of anxiety and chagrin.

← PUCK FIRED BY B.U. FORWARD MISSES COLORADO CAGE BY INCHES

Mother's helper



thrives on PEP



the "BUILD UP" wheat cereal

Kellogg's PEP has more "builder-upper" vitamins than any other wheat flakes cereal! Helps build muscles, bones, and teeth.

Of all wheat flakes, only PEP is richer in Vitamin B₁ than whole wheat itself. A full day's needs of "Sunshine" Vita-

min! Dine every one-ounce bowlful! Food experts call it "the mighty ounce"! **NOW BETTER IN NEW, EXCLUSIVE WAY!** Kellogg's "Protec" process brings you crisp freshness never before possible in wheat flakes. You've never tasted such fresh-flavored wheat flakes—no other keeps so crisp!

No wonder Kellogg's PEP is the fastest growing wheat cereal! Try it!



WE'VE TRIED 'EM ALL!
NO OTHER WHEAT
FLAKES TASTE SO
CRISP 'N FRESH!



Freshness Insured by Kellogg's exclusive "PROTEC" process!

Hockey CONTINUED

THE GAME WAS FAST AND ROUGH



QUICK STOP by Michigan's Bob Heathcott (left) sends up spray of ice as he goes after a loose puck. By stopping faster than Boston U.'s Jerry Denning (right), he got possession and cleared it from danger zone near Michigan goal.



HOT ARGUMENT is given referee by B.U.'s Joe Folino (second from left), who was penalized for throwing a hockey stick to a mate who had broken his. With B.U. one man short because of this, Michigan scored the deciding goal.



GANG FIGHT broke loose on the ice the moment the game ended. It was the upshot of a tense last period in which both teams mauled each other and Boston disputed Michigan's third goal. A few minutes later everybody shook hands.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

You haven't seen television at its best until you've seen... **AIR KING**

HUGE, LIFE-LIKE 20" SCREEN...

...with the sharpest, clearest picture ever...

thanks to Air King's advanced design.

HIGH FIDELITY FM SOUND...

...to bring studio realism into your home.

CABINET CRAFTSMANSHIP...

...that rivals the artistry of
finest decorator furniture.



Model 20 CS-20" Rectangular Screen, Mahogany Console with doors. Also available without doors.

Here is television as you had hoped same day to have it...

thrilling, flawless performance in both picture and sound...
exquisite cabinets... masterpieces by Air King, one of America's oldest
and most experienced television manufacturers
with thirty years of know-how in radio and electronic development.

Before you buy any television set be sure to see and hear Air King...
the set that gives you all of the most advanced features!



Model 17 T1-17" Rectangular Screen, Mahogany Table Model.



Model 17 CS-17" Rectangular Screen, Modern Blondie Console. Also in Mahogany.



Model 17 K1-3-way Combination in Mahogany. 17" Rectangular TV Screen, AM-FM Radio, 3-Speed Phonograph.

AIR KING



...has everything!

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BROOKLYN 32, NEW YORK

Once again we say:

America,



On every street
You'll find this TREAT
... **OLD GOLDS**



we love you...

for the largest sales
in **Old Gold's** history





Schlitz

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous



"All settled at last!"

A new house starts to feel like home when a man settles down with a glass of Schlitz Beer.

Schlitz has a friendly, inviting taste. It's brimful of pleasure that never disappoints you. That's why we're sure you'll like Schlitz best, too. As a matter of fact... so many people like Schlitz so well that it's

The Largest-selling Beer in America

See Television's Biggest Hit! Schlitz presents "The Pulitzer Prize Playhouse," Stars of stage and screen direct from New York. Over ABC every Friday.

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BLACKBOARD TELLS SCHOOL TEAMS WHERE THEIR DRESSING ROOMS ARE

HOW BOSTON TURNS OUT PLAYERS

Boston produces hockey players with the oldest and by far the largest schoolboy hockey setup in the U.S. No fewer than 72 high school teams play in the Greater Boston area, 54 of them at one rink, the Boston Arena. The ice there is kept so busy that teams which have to commute from the suburbs get out of bed at 3 a.m. in order to be on hand for a 5 a.m. game. On a recent weekend 25 schoolboy games were played in one stretch of 44 hours, from Friday afternoon to Sunday morning, and at rush hours every space was used for dressing rooms. The arena's owner, Walter Brown, says he loses money on schoolboy clients but figures he gets it back by creating fans for his professional Boston Bruins.



IN THE ENGINE ROOM, which has been assigned to them, the Arlington players put on gear. At rush times some teams have to dress in ladies' rooms.

PEPSODENT

does *far more* than
reduce tooth decay



Pepsodent not only
reduces decay the sure
way, but gets your teeth
BRIGHTER
than the average
of all other
leading tooth pastes
combined!

Yes, PEPSODENT's exclusive polishing agent—effective yet so gentle—gets your teeth *brighter by far*... makes your smile more beautiful. Authoritative scientific tests prove conclusively that even a *single brushing* with PEPSODENT removes acid-film that causes decay. Only PEPSODENT with Irium* has this *film-removing* formula!



*Irium is Pepsodent's Registered Trade-Mark for Purified Alox Solution.

For that Pepsodent Smile—
Use Pepsodent every day
—see your dentist twice a year.



AS A CAFE DANCER, VALERIE BETTIS MAKES EVERY MUSCLE RIPPLE AND BOUNCE

Bless You All

THE LADIES COP THE HONORS IN A NEW REVUE

The one unqualified blessing in a spotty new Broadway revue, *Bless You All*, is the varied talents of its lady members. Along with a covey of highly ornamental showgirls, it includes a brace of all-purpose female troupers. One is Dancer Valerie Bettis, whose satiric but sexy kooch number called *The Desert Flame* (above) gives ample reason why the desert sands never grow cold. Miss Bettis has also blossomed into a formidable torch singer (right) who can give the impression of patching a husky blue note over the chandeliers with one twist of her hip. The other trouper is Singer Mary McCarty (p. 61) who, with barely a twitch of her pretty plump cheeks, can transform her ditties from lewd to ladylike, from raucous to romantic.



"VOTING BLUES" is comic torch song in which Valerie Bettis howls her heart out because she lost vote by forgetting to register at the polls.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 81



Sign of a good time to fly

When ground travel is slowed to a snail's pace or bogged down altogether, when the somber voice of winter is whispering, "Put off your trip"—don't listen. Because there's one clear road that never needs a snowplow. It's that wide, smooth path *above* surface storms and clouds where luxury TWA Skyliners fly—the high way thousands of passengers take daily right through the winter.

This year, try the swift, comfortable TWA way and

discover for yourself how relaxed and really easy winter travel can be. Settle down in a roomy Skyliner seat, enjoy warm, friendly TWA service. Yes, and marvel as you will at the amazing smoothness of five-mile-a-minute Skyliner flight.

Whether your goal is across the U.S. or across the Atlantic, remember this: it's a *pleasant* crossing by world-proved, winter-proved TWA. See your travel agent or call TWA for information and reservations.

ACROSS THE U.S. AND OVERSEAS... YOU CAN DEPEND ON

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TRANS WORLD AIRLINES

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MORE ROOM
for frozen foods!



MORE ROOM
for meats!



MORE ROOM
for fruits and vegetables!



MORE ROOM
for general storage!

25% to 50% more food space

... and so many convenience features in the new, dependable
General Electric Refrigerator!

G-E Refrigerators give you much more storage space than most refrigerators now in use—yet they occupy no larger floor area!

WHEN YOU INVEST in a refrigerator, you want space for *all* your foods. You want the *finest* convenience features. You want the refrigerator that has proved, over the years, to be the most *dependable*.

Remember that the G-E gives you more of all *three* . . .

1. SPACE. 25% to 50% more space for foods than most oldest refrigerators now in use. Yet, no larger floor area is required. Model shown has 18 square feet of shelf space.

2. CONVENIENCES. G-E Refrigerators have so many special convenience features that you won't find in any other refrigerator. Some of these are shown below.

3. DEPENDABILITY. No other refrigerator can surpass General Electric's enviable record for dependability. *More than 2,700,000 G-E Refrigerators with sealed refrigerating systems are still in service after 10 years. Many as long as 15 and 20 years!*

Your G-E dealer will be very proud to show you General Electric Refrigerators. You'll find him listed in your classified telephone directory under General Electric Refrigerators. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.

Only General Electric Refrigerators give you all these wonderful features . . .



Model LF-10. Most G-E Refrigerators are available with left-hinged doors.



NEW! RECI-CUBE ICE TRAYS!

You can pick out cubes singly, and return the rest—all in the dividers—to the refrigerator. Cubes will not drop out! It's another General Electric first!



NEW! VEGETABLE ROLLA-DRAWERS!

New Roll-a-Drawers, on rubber-tired wheels, roll in and out quietly. So easy to keep clean. High humidity cold keeps vegetables garden-fresh.



SPECIAL BUTTER CONDITIONER!

No more hard butter! This special conditioner, built into the door of the G-E Refrigerator, keeps a pound of butter at best spreading temperature!



NEW! BALANCED DESIGN!

New G-E principle assures uniform cabinet temperature over a wide range of room temperatures. Troublesome drip problem is eliminated.



NEW! IMPROVED MOTOR AND INSULATION!

New G-E motor and new spring mounting assure more quiet operation than ever. New Fiberglas insulation in cabinet further reduces low operating cost!



No other refrigerator can surpass General Electric's record for year-after-year dependability and service. Why not sing in at your G-E dealer's today!

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



TRIUMPHANT LADY is portrayed by Mary McCarty singing *Little Things Mean So Much to Me* about a wife who walls up her husband because he had such irksome habits as whistling off key, smoking foul cigars, guzzling coffee.



EFFULGENT LADY is portrayed by Kris Nodland as Miss International Peace in a not-too-far-fetched skit showing how candidate for president, Comedian Jules Munshin, might use TV to win votes with girls, gags, corny songs.

LOVE that RED HEART



the only
3-flavor
dog food
U.S. Inspected

None finer! Complete, balanced diet to keep dogs healthy, plus variety to keep them happy! Same food, flavored 3 ways—**beef, fish, cheese** • John Morrell & Co., Meat Packers, Ottumwa, Iowa



RAOUL DUFY IN AMERICA



"LIFE'S" PICTURE of Dufy (Dec. 12, 1949) attracted Dr. Homburger's attention to artist's hands.



OLD CHURCH at Rockport, Mass. is example of Dufy's expert if apparently casual draftsmanship.

FRENCH ARTIST COMES FOR A CURE AND STAYS TO PAINT U.S. SCENES

Although for years they have deftly traced the brilliantly conceived lines and colors that make him one of the great French moderns, the hands of Artist Raoul Dufy are gnarled and knotted as twin briar roots. Since he contracted arthritis in Paris in 1937 Dufy, who is now 73, has used them stiffly and painfully. About a year ago a Boston physician, Dr. Fredy Homburger, whose interests are arthritis and art, saw a picture (top) of Dufy's hands in LIFE. He believed the hands were almost sure to get worse and that the world might soon lose the talents of a great artist. He wrote Dufy inviting him to come to the U.S. for treatment with ACTH and

cortisone. Dufy arrived last spring and is thriving under the doctor's care.

To U.S. art lovers Dufy's arrival is a real windfall. The aging masters of modern French painting have stuck close to Europe and it was beginning to look as if none would ever come to paint the American scene. But Dufy has been painting around Boston and, at LIFE's invitation, in New York City, dealing with subjects as familiar as baseball and the Brooklyn Bridge (following pages). His gay, sophisticated and remarkably lively watercolors will be shown this week at New York's Carré Gallery as benefit for Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation.

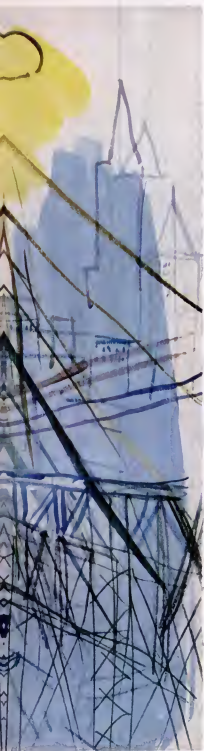


HIS HANDS TODAY are still twisted but much improved. Here he makes preliminary pencil sketch.



NEW YORK PARADE (right) was sketched from Bergdorf's window. Dufy loved its pageantry but was disgusted by the drum majorettes.





BROOKLYN BRIDGE was rapidly sketched from the front seat of a moving car in which Dufy made three slow trips across the bridge.

PAINTING NEW YORK from a window in LIFE's office, Dufy tackled subject of skyscrapers for the first time. For palette he uses newspaper.

BALL GAME in Boston's Fenway Park fascinated Dufy who understands nothing at all about the game itself but enjoyed the "spectacle."



CHARLES RIVER is shown with oarsmen, sunbathers and the Harvard buildings in the background. Dufy lives on the river's other bank.



TIMES SQUARE, thought Dufy, was "spectacular like a ballet."¹¹ "Ah, le Kleenex," he murmured, but on painting he mis-spelled Schraff's.



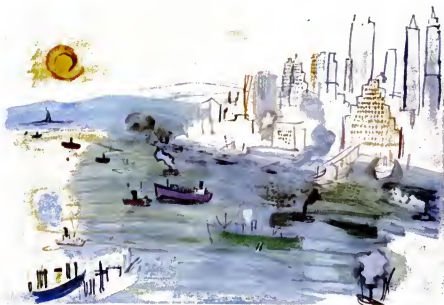


MANHATTAN, whose tall buildings are shown with a wealth of suggestion and detail, fascinated Dufy, who felt it was "a résumé of the universe."



DUFY TODAY must get around using wheelchair or crutches. Here, as usual, glasses have slipped far down his nose.

IN SCENERY STUDIO he inspects one of six curtains he has designed for the play, *Ring Round the Moon*. In foreground, on floor, lies another curtain.



NEW YORK HARBOR seen from Brooklyn made Dufy feel at home. Born in Le Havre, he has always loved to paint boats and water. This took 45 minutes.



Nourishing

Meat

YARDSTICK OF PROTEIN FOODS



Now is the time to plan more of your meat meals around pork because pork is more plentiful—because pork, like all meat, is an outstanding source of protein. The *complete*, high-quality kind that:

- builds sound muscles, good red blood
- promotes more rapid convalescence after injury or surgery
- keeps you going longer without fatigue
- is the key element of the modern reducing diet.

Is it any wonder meat has become the standard of measurement among protein foods; why it is always a good nutritional value for your family?

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Carve up the roast
... and pass the protein



This seal means that all nutritional statements made in this advertisement are acceptable to the Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association.



SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH LEWIS WAS LIVING IN A FLORENTINE VILLA AND WORKING ON THE LAST OF HIS NOVELS, "WORLD SO WIDE"

SINCLAIR LEWIS DIES IN ITALY

His biting, realistic novels were bombshells in the '20s, but in the end even *Main Street* was happy

As a man, Sinclair Lewis died in a clinic in Rome on Jan. 10, 1951, early in the morning. As a writer, he may have died 15 years ago—or he may live for another 200 years.

Lewis wrote more than 20 novels but was best known for four great ones—*Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Elmer Gantry* and *Dodsworth*—which appeared between 1920 and 1929 and earned him the first Nobel Prize for literature (1930) ever awarded to an American. They also won him the adulation or the hatred of millions of people, for whom the publication of each was not merely a literary but an earth-shaking event. They were extremely realistic books (critics called them "photographic") which assaulted Middle Western, middle-class American life by describing it in agonizing detail. The main character of one of them, Babbitt, passed quickly into dictionaries as a synonym for a stuffy, small-minded man, and the "Gopher Prairie" of *Main Street*, (which was really Lewis' home town of Sauk Centre, Minn.), soon became the symbol of every dismal small American town.

"Red" Lewis was least known as a human being. Because he was short-tempered (he broke up a long association with Theodore Dreiser by calling him, among other things, a liar and a cheat), because he was twice married and

twice divorced (Dorothy Thompson was his second wife) and because he looked like a walking cadaver (his face was pitifully scarred by skin cancer), most people considered him a hard man to get along with. Actually he was a warm soul with a honking laugh and a fondness for mimicry—he carried a supply of false mustaches in his pocket. He hugely enjoyed acting in his own plays (he was terrible) and gallivanting around in touring cars. He was impulsive and generous—he once walked unannounced into Yale University lugging his Nobel Prize medal and tried to give it to an employee, who failed to understand his gesture and referred him to six other people.

(He flew into a rage and later presented the medal to the Vermont State Museum.) In his last years Lewis had kept on writing steadily, but his books (*Gideon Planish*, *Cass Timberlane*, *Kingsblood Royal*) never created the uproar his "big four" had done in the '20s although they made plenty of money. In fact even the memory of the uproar had died away. In Sauk Centre, Minn., all was certainly forgiven. On Lewis' death Mayor Fred Walker, in words the creator of Babbitt might have relished, said, "We were a little put out when *Main Street* came out, but we soon forgot it. We soon saw the humor of his writings and were happy that we were a part of them."



MAIN STREET in Sauk Centre, Minn. looked like this when Sinclair Lewis wrote about it. Except for new automobiles and a movie house, it is still much the same.

Good Shave?

Good Day!



EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving



SHAVING CREAM

Lather and Brushless

NOW .50 (formerly .60)

Same Quantity! Same Quality!

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AFTER SHAVE LOTION

1.00 plus tax

(large size 1.75)

SHULTON

New York

Toronto

Sinclair Lewis CONTINUED



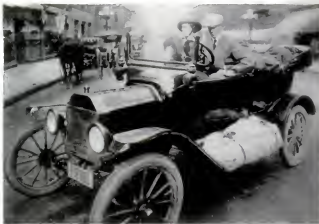
AS A CHILD in Sauk Centre, Lewis looked meek to citizens who did not foresee the turn his talent would take.



ON A PICNIC in his 20s, Lewis was snapped by some friend when he fell inadvertently into a pose of prayer.



HIS HOUSE in Sauk Centre, probably the original of the one in *Main Street*. Looked like this when Lewis lived in it as a youngster.



TOURING was work and relaxation. With first wife, Grace Hegger (above), he picked up material for one of his early books, *Free Air*.



FIRST SON, Wells Lewis, was named after H. G. Wells, accompanied parents to Europe in 1921. He was killed in World War II.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

AT LAST...

The Reflection-Proof TV Picture!

No reflections
from windows



No reflections
from room lights

No reflections
from bright objects



Zenith "Black Magic" Television has the Amazing Reflection-Proof Blaxide Tube



New Zenith® "Fielding" TV console. 165 sq. in. 2-in-1 Reflection-Proof screen. Modern blonde cabinet, full length doors. Gold Coast Ireme woods. \$449.95*

HERE is another example of the great improvements in television reception which you enjoy *first and foremost* in a Zenith.

Zenith was the first to bring you a picture with the clarity and detail of a fine photograph, yet free from eyestraining glare. And now Zenith has added to the famous Blaxide "black" tube this remarkable *Reflection-Proof* feature.

Gone from the Zenith Giant Circle screen are reflections in the television picture that have taxed the eyes and dispositions of viewers in the past, in so many sets. Now you can sit in any normal view-

ing position and see pictures utterly free of reflections from lamps, windows, overhead lighting, or bright objects in the room. No need—*ever*—to bother turning out lights, or changing seats, or drawing shades or curtains!

Your Zenith Radio and Television dealer invites you to come in and see what a spectacular difference this feature makes in your enjoyment of television. You will also have an opportunity to experience at first hand the Zenith superiority in every phase of television reception and cabinet beauty for your home.



Above, New Zenith "Byron" TV Console. 19 inch (238 sq. in.) 2-in-1 Reflection-Proof screen, wider than a newspaper page! New "Super-Range" chassis. Pre-tuned built-in antenna. 18th Century cabinet, rich Mahogany veneers. \$449.95*

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 29, Illinois
Over 30 Years of "Know-How" in Radios! Exclusively
Also Makers of Fine Hearing Aids

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Drink this NIGHTCAP...



Delicious nectar of sun-smacked Sunsweet Prunes! That's Sunsweet Prune Juice. Enjoy it tonight—for a sunnier tomorrow.

Start the day with a SNAP!



Sunsweet's just right for regularity. Unlike other prune juices, it never varies in laxative strength. An exclusive Duffy-Mott process keeps every glassful the same.

ONLY SUNSWEET HAS UNIFORM LAXATIVITY

Sunsweet PRUNE JUICE

As prepared and distributed by the makers of...

- MOTT'S APPLE JUICE
- MOTT'S APPLE SAUCE
- MOTT'S SWEET CIDER
- MOTT'S JELLIES
- MOTT'S VINEGARS



Sinclair Lewis CONTINUED



IN PARIS, 1923, according to an album caption, he "carried soft drinks to stimulate him on the last chapter of his new book."



IN VIENNA, after first divorce, he went out with John Gunther (left) and his next wife Dorothy Thompson (second from the right).



IN BOSTON about 1935 Lewis held still for a Babbitlike shipboard picture with Dorothy Thompson and son Michael. Michael, now 20, is a drama student.



IN STOCKHOLM in 1930 he got the Nobel Prize from King Gustav. He had refused the 1926 Pulitzer prize.



IN COHASSET in 1938 he played in the dramatization of *It Can't Happen Here*, his book about fascism in U.S.

McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR

Carduroy turns up with an Ice Tartan lining



SCOT CORD SPORT JACKET

How's this for carduroy mastery? Turn up your collar and you see a bright Ice Tartan under-collar—an exciting innovation in sport jacket styling. The carduroy has a magical softness that must be touched to be appreciated. \$22.95

Worn with it is Ice Tartan! Vest... 10.00
Available in Boys' Sizes * T.M. Made in U.S.A.

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The Name for Game

Marlin

Fine Guns Since 1870

THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO.
also makers of sensational
new magnum
RAZOR BLADES

T-N-T POPCORN

for cozy evenings

Coming this fall...

Worth its wait in wonders!

*Walt Disney's Alice in Wonderland
will be your happiest experience in years!*

To bring happiness is the greatest of all arts.

And in this, Walt Disney is the master—the painter of laughter on the lips of mankind.

Now he has lavished his talents on a masterpiece, selecting for it an immortal from among the world's most treasured favorites—Lewis Carroll's beloved Alice in Wonderland.

Walt Disney has created a new world of wonderment. So brilliant is its enchantment, so beguiling are its people, so fascinating is its beauty that it will take you beyond known horizons of entertainment.

Here are the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, the Cheshire Cat, the White Rabbit, the Walrus

and the Carpenter—all the fantastic funny-folk who make Wonderland an unforgettablely joyous experience for everyone.

Bewitched by it all, as is Alice herself, you'll enter a realm of colorful radiance, where hearts are filled with laughter and the air filled with music.

Even before you see Alice in Wonderland you'll be hearing—and humming "All in a Golden Afternoon," "Very Good Advice," "The Unbirthday Song," "I'm Late," and many other captivating melodies.

Alice in Wonderland is nearing completion, and you'll see it this Fall.

This is Walt Disney's triumph!

Walt Disney's ALICE in WONDERLAND

The All-Cartoon Musical Wonder-Film

Color by TECHNICOLOR

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STARRING THE VOICES OF
ED WYNN *The Mad Hatter*
RICHARD HAYDN *The Caterpillar*
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MR. WHEELER WILLIAMS — distinguished sculptor. Born in Chicago, Wheeler Williams was educated at two of America's great Universities, Yale and Harvard. He early recognized that sculpture would be "a hard way of life in this commercial age" — but his own work was so brilliantly conceived and masterfully executed, that it soon brought him fame. Today Mr. Williams' celebrated sculpture adorns parks and public buildings, and is prized in private collections and museums the country over, as well as in England, France, Canada, South Africa, Mexico and Switzerland.



THE STARS COME DOWN

Everybody liked the show when New York's Metropolitan Opera began its season last month under its new management. But of course the important thing, the thing people really come to opening nights for, was the chance of getting some sight like this: a great swish and sweep of satin and ermine, a delicate tinkle of

diamonds and pearls down the staircase from Sherry's bar to the Diamond Horseshoe. This particular group is being shepherded down by TV Queen Faye Emerson (second from left), and the extraordinary thing about it is that all this glamour is being provided by professional opera singers whose voices alone are enough

to bring them in a good million dollars a year. From left to right: blond Dorothy Kirsten in white satin and ermine, Marguerite Piazza in polychrome satin, Risé Stevens in green velvet and white organdy, Gladys Swarthout in yards and yards of white Valenciennes lace, Lawrence Tibbett in plain white tie and tails.

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER HERBERT TAREYTON



MRS. CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, III, lovely member of New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Hughes says: "I prefer Herbert Tareyton's because they're so delightfully mild!"

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THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

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SEATED IN THE COCKPIT OF THEIR F-94A INTERCEPTOR, PILOT (LEFT) AND HIS RADAR OPERATOR WAIT THROUGH TENSE MOMENTS OF ALERT ON STORMY NIGHT

AIR DEFENSE OF THE U.S.

VAST COMPLEX OF RADAR, PLANES, GUNS AND SPOTTERS FINALLY IS BEING BUILT

To defend the U.S. through the great mass of air and weather that hangs over it is a job as complicated and huge as it is urgent. It requires, first, a vast and expensive network of radar stations and lookout posts to spot approaching Russian bombers. Second, it requires a fleet of fast jet interceptor planes that can take off in any weather and engage the bombers before they reach their targets. Third, it requires an inner ring of anti-aircraft weapons to throw up a lid of flak over vital areas. And all these components must be interlocked in an intricate communications system along which warnings and commands must flash without interruption.

Six months ago the country's air defense, sapped for four years by the

Administration's economies, was in pitiful condition. With the beginning of the Korean war, however, and the subsequent increases in military appropriations, it was given a high priority in Washington. Now the Air Force, which has operational command of all air defense activity, is putting into it this year almost \$4 billion—25% of its annual appropriation. Fast progress has been made. But the years of economies cannot be caught up in a matter of months, and it will probably be another year before the air defenses of the country are in strong shape. On the following two pages are shown the reasons air defense is so desperately essential, and on pages 80 to 89 appear the component parts of the defenses that are being built.



AIR DEFENSE COMMAND is led by Lieut. General E. C. Whitehead (second from right). With him are his deputies (from left), Generals Thatcher, Myers and Army's Irvine.

HOW RUSSIA CAN STRIKE

AN ENEMY AIR FORCE HAS THE POWER TO HIT US IN THREE WAYS

What motivates every decision of the air defense top command is the attack capability of the Soviet air force. It is known that Russia has at least 450 four-engine bombers, TU-4s (below). It is also known that they have been building air bases near Murmansk and in eastern Siberia. They are believed to have about 3,000 transport planes for their airborne divisions. How they can use these forces against us is diagrammed in the map at right.

Because of the great distances they must fly to get to the U.S. and return, it is conceivable the Russians would resort to one-way bombing runs. After disgorging their bombs, the crews could try to fly their planes on to Mexico where they would be interned. Or they could abandon them and simply parachute into the U.S., where they would become prisoners of war. Or they could bail out over the ocean in a prearranged rendezvous with a submarine.

Against these and other attacks the Air Force

cannot locally and specifically defend every U.S. city. This would swallow up more dollars than exist. Nor can the Air Force allow air defense to cut into its funds and facilities for air offense. If the Russians invade Iceland or Alaska, where they would be vulnerable to our long- or even medium-range bombers, we must be ready to retaliate not only there but in Russia proper. Thus the defense that is being set up is a general over-all one and encompasses the country's most vital centers of industrial and military activity. The Air Force knows that this defense, or any other kind of a defense on land, sea or air, cannot be impenetrable. The tightest radar-fighter-AA defenses Germany could put up during the last war did not keep an aggressive bombing attack from getting most of its planes through to the target. At best the Air Force can expect to give the population fair warning of impending attack and take toll of a large part of the bomber force as it comes through.



RUSSIAN BOMBER, TU-4, was copied from B-29s which made forced landings in Russia during last war, were held by Reds. Propeller-driven, it has a range of about 4,500 miles carrying 5 tons of bombs.



RUSSIAN BUILDER of present air force is Marshal Konstantin Vershinin, who was in command from just after World War II until recently. Under him long-range bombing was given urgent priority.



ATTACK ON U.S. by air could come in three ways. From bases in Siberia and Murmansk (top of map), Russian TU-4s could make one-way runs that would bring most of the U.S. into bombing focus, as shown



by the two overlapping cones, each of which extends to the 4,500-mile range of the TU-16. Bombers could also refuel in the air en route (left), using several tanker planes (probably modified TU-16s loaded with

gasoline instead of bombs) which would rendezvous with the bombers, refuel them and then return. The third method of attack could be an airborne invasion of Alaska or Iceland or both, which would bring

all the U.S. within easy reach. The targets that the Russians would hit first are industrial centers, seaports, A-bomb plants and bases of U.S. long-range offensive power—the intercontinental B-36 bombers.



NEW RADAR has huge antennas which send out a 150-mile beam and have all-important capacity to

detect enemy raids coming in at once from different directions. To man stations like this one, whose

location is a military secret, requires 400 men. In five months the Air Force has doubled its radar personnel,



not only to man new stations being put up but to make maximum use of its old ones. The Air Force is

now working on radar with triple the present range to serve as an early warning system for the network.



PICKET SHIPS AND PLANES, the Navy's potential addition to radar net, could be used for air defense when not working as antisub killer teams.

RADAR NET

**ITS BEAMS SCAN THE SKIES
TO GIVE THE FIRST WARNING**

The first and outlying ring of air defense is the radar network stretched across the strategic approaches to the U.S. At present the network is a mixture of World War II radar equipment, hastily flung up in shacks and Quonset huts, and new half-built stations, some with their huge antennas already swirling. As more radar equipment is built and used, the effects will be felt in civilian life. Production of television sets will fall off and close control will be set over unscheduled airplane flights which keep radar stations in a perpetual state of alarm.

Tactically and geographically the radar network is organized into divisions. Along the perimeter of each division are radar stations, called Ground Control Intercept stations (GCI). Behind them is the division ADCCC (Air Defense Control Center) which controls the stations and synthesizes their reports. When GCI picks up a plane it checks Civil Aeronautics Authority's schedule of flights. If it cannot identify the plane, GCI calls up fighters from nearby air bases to intercept it. Formerly many stations merely warned ADCCC, which then called the interceptors. In a defensive system, where quick flow of information is vital, the new GCI setup saves the few minutes that might save a city.



OLD RADAR, now the mainstay of the warning net, will help fill gaps in new radar fence being built.



ON THE LOOKOUT during training exercise a Winsted, Conn. air spotter and his statuesque companion have a commanding view atop a Civil War monument.



AIR FORCE RADAR MEN THROUGHOUT WARNING NET ARE ON 24-HOUR ALERT

PLANE SPOTTERS

CIVILIAN VOLUNTEERS LEARN TO MAN OUTPOSTS;

Radar has limitations. Its beams can reach for many miles in straight lines, but they cannot follow the curve of the earth's surface. As the drawing at right shows, they leave dangerous passageways through the warning net. The job of filling these gaps rests largely on the volunteer civilians of the Aircraft Warning Service.

The volunteers are a hearty conglomeration of American life—forest rangers, gas-station attendants, Legionnaires, telephone operators, grizzled old farmers, clubwomen and fashionable young suburbanites like Mrs. James A. Walsh Jr. of West Haven, Conn. (see cover and below). They are not kept on constant alert, but are periodically put through training exercises. Organized under the Air Force in a system modeled after the one



OFF TO FILTER CENTER, Mrs. James A. Walsh Jr. leaves her West Haven home and walks to her Cadillac. She is supervisor of the New Haven Filter Center.



A TRAINEE PUZZLES OVER THE FILTER BOARD

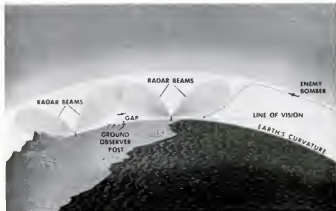


SPOTTER IN WAUSAU, WIS. OBSERVES FROM POSITION THAT GIVES HIM EXTRA ELEVATION OF 6 FEET

FILL RADAR GAPS

THE AIR FORCE NEEDS HALF MILLION OF THEM

used by the British in World War II, the volunteers fall into two groups. One group, the ground observers, man lookout posts which are placed eight miles apart. The other group staffs filter centers. There is one filter center for about every 300 outposts, and its main purpose is to evaluate the spotters' reports, weeding out the false ones. As each report is phoned in, it is marked on a filter board by "filterers." When three sightings of the same plane from three different outposts have been "tracked" on the board, the report is considered to be positive and is then rushed on to a GCI station. The Air Force began this Aircraft Warning Service program one year ago with the goal of recruiting 500,000 volunteers. So far it has recruited only 50,000 and is frankly alarmed at the slow turnout.



GAP IN RADAR NET, caused by failure of radar beams to curve with earth's surface, would permit fast-flying Russian bomber to drop to low level on nearing its target and fly in under the main radar beam. The gaps are to be filled in by small radar, by ground observer posts and possibly by new and still-secret devices.



AT THE FILTER CENTER Mrs. Walsh calls up her assistants in preparation for a training exercise.

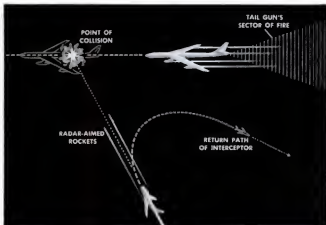


DURING DRILL Mrs. Walsh, working next to Andrew Harris, a post office employe, takes "flash"

call from outpost and marks plane's location with paper tab. Behind her is plane identification chart.



NEW PROBLEMS of interception arise from ability of jet bombers to fly at higher and higher altitudes. Above 45,000 feet an interception cannot be made efficiently by present fighters, which are sturdily built to buffet through heavy, stormy air of the troposphere (below 35,000 feet). A stratospheric interceptor operating in thinner air must be lighter and have greater wingspread. Eventually specialized fighters may have to be built for each extreme of the atmosphere.



NEW TACTICS of interception dictated by jet speeds are based on what airmen call "the Collision Course." Formerly fighters were so much faster than bombers that they could maneuver around them at will. Against a high-speed jet bomber the fighter can make only one all-out pass. Fighters like F-86D (above, right) will launch radar-aimed rockets from about 1,000 yards, coming in on bomber's side to avoid fire of bomber's tail gun. After firing, fighter dives to clear explosion.



ALL-WEATHER F-86D, BUILT BY NORTH AMERICAN, MAY START COMING OFF

THE KILLER JETS

WITH GUNS AND ROCKETS, THE INTERCEPTORS WILL ENGAGE THE BOMBERS WHEN THEY COME



AIR FORCE'S F-86A, the Sabre, is a clear-weather jet fighter now being used against Red jets in Korea. It is the fastest interceptor in the Air Force today.



PRODUCTION LINES BEFORE THE END OF THIS YEAR. IT FIRES A STREAM OF 24 AUTOMATICALLY AIMED 2.75-INCH AIRCRAFT ROCKETS IN ONE-PASS ATTACK

The jabbing, killing force within the air defense system is the interceptor. And the interceptor, in the day of rapidly advancing air science, is only a useless ornament unless it can outclimb, outgun and outfly any bomber in all weather conditions. It is highly probable that bombers attacking the U.S. will come in at night or when the soup is thick. If the Russians strike with their comparatively slow TU-1s, the U.S. has some planes, armed with .50-cal. machine guns or 20-mm cannon, that can shoot them down. These are radar-equipped jet interceptors that can operate in most forms of weather. But it is perfectly possible that the Russians have under wraps a fast, high-level jet bomber. To meet this threat, the Air Force and

the Navy are hurrying into production interceptors which can fly at near-sonic speeds and are equipped to hurl flights of rockets which are electronically aimed. The best weapons to shoot down jet bombers, these rockets will revolutionize the tactics of interception (*lower left*). In fact the day is not surprisingly far off when a pilot will have only a minor role in fighter flying. Once he takes off, his plane will maneuver at the bidding of some remote electronic force. A different force will discharge his rockets or guided missiles at the enemy bomber somewhere out in the murk in front of him. And when a red light flashes on his instrument panel, the pilot will know that his projectiles and radar mechanisms have scored a decisive hit.



BIGGEST INTERCEPTOR, Northrop F-99, went into production last summer. It carries more rockets than other interceptors, can fly long-range patrol.



NAVY'S ALL-WEATHER JET, Douglas F3D Skyknight, mounts four 20-mm cannon. By the end of this year the Navy hopes to have it operating off carriers.



TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

50 CAL MACHINE GUN MOUNTS

POWER PLANTS

RADAR

FIRE DIRECTOR

120 MM GUNS AND CREWS

HQ DETACHMENT

ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERY (D Battery, 709th AAA Gun Battalion, 108th AAA Brigade) has more than \$3.5 million worth of equipment. Its four 70-ton, 120-mm guns, aimed automatically by electronic fire computers, hurl 50-pound projectiles more than 40,000 feet up. To protect itself against low-level attacks, it

has 16 .50-cal. machine guns which are fired from four power-operated, rotating mounts. It also has radar to detect approach of enemy planes. Trucks and tractors give the battery mobility. Since the Army will need most of its manpower on the offense, it may eventually use civilian auxiliaries to help man the defensive guns.



120-MM GUN, MAINSTAY OF THE AA DEFENSES, BLASTS AWAY AT NIGHT

GUNS AND MISSILES

THEY FORM THE LAST LINE OF AIR DEFENSE

The Army's antiaircraft is the country's final line of defense against the bomber. But at present the only AA weapons the Army has in adequate numbers are World War II models of 90- and 120-mm guns. Against the Germans and Japanese these proved effective in keeping enemy planes high up at inaccurate bombing levels. But they were effective in scoring hits only when they massed hundreds of exploding shells in one small area.

Since 1945 the Army has put most of its AA money into experiments to improve the ammunition for World War II guns and to design weapons of greater accuracy. It has developed a secret weapon, the Skysweeper, which is the first with a radar-aiming device built into the gun mechanism. With the Air Force and the Navy it has made strides in perfecting guided missiles which can bore higher than any bomber can fly. What remains to be perfected is the guidance system for missiles at long ranges. If this is ever done, the guided missile, controlled by a computing board like the one below, may take complete command of the defense of the skies.



NAVY "BRAIN," latest of many mechanical "brains," holds greatest promise for remote-control air defense. Developed by RCA, it now computes formulas used in control and guiding of missiles. Its developers hold synthetic duels between opposing guided projectiles, whose flights are tracked on lighted board.



THE "NIKE," the Army's newest antiaircraft guided missile and one of the most advanced under development, roars upward out of a cloud of exhaust gases. Construction of such weapons is being speeded up under K. T. Keller, former president of Chrysler Corp. who was recently appointed Director of Guided Missiles.



F-86 PILOTS, DEFENDING HANFORD, WAIT IN THE READY ROOM FOR AN ALERT

AIR DEFENSE CONTINUED

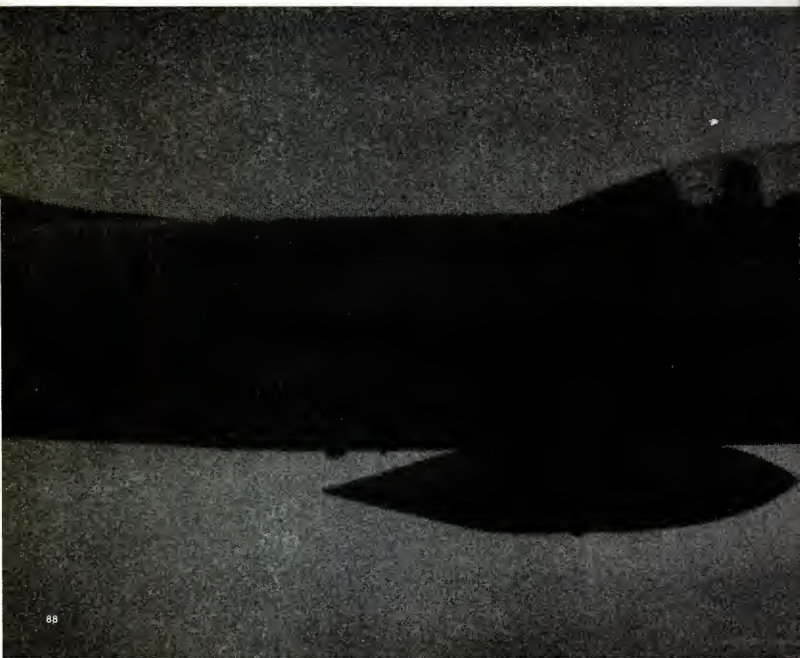
WILD BLACK YONDER

PRESENT ALL-WEATHER FORCE IS ON THE ALERT

The nearest thing to an all-weather interceptor defending the country today is the F-94A. There is only a handful of them—perhaps 50. But they are in full production and are in position at crucial areas. On the plains stretching east of the Cascade Mountains the 325th Fighter All-Weather Wing guards the Northwest and the atomic plant at Hanford. When the weather is clear the F-94A pilots make training flights, put away quantities of coffee, play endless games of ping-pong in the ready rooms or go off into the neighboring marshes for some duck-hunting.

But at night or whenever the bad weather settles over the flat country and the daylight fighters—the F-86s—do not get off the ground, the 325th is kept on a round-the-clock alert. The pilots put on their snugly laced "G suits," which protect them against the crushing gravitational pull of high-speed maneuvers. On the runways the F-94As are swung into position, their jet engines primed. When the report of an unidentified plane comes in from the warning net, the pilot on alert takes off, climbing the first mile in about a minute. Behind him sits his radar operator. Both are in touch with the ground radar station whose directions, rasping through the earphones, guide the pilot to the target. The pilot comes in behind the unknown plane. It will probably be a friendly one—a Navy flying boat, an unscheduled airliner or a B-29 on a training run. But then it may not.

LIKE A MONSTROUS SHARK, AN F-94A STALKS THROUGH THE DARKNESS. BUILT BY LOCKHEED, THE F-94A IS BASICALLY A LENGTHENED F-80 (SHOOTING





AN F-94 DEMONSTRATES ON B-29 HOW IT WOULD ATTACK RUSSIAN TU-4. IT COMES IN FROM BEHIND AND BENEATH THE BOMBER, HOPING TO SILHOUETTE IT
STARD WITH RADAR ADDED. THE PLANE MOUNTS FOUR .50-CAL. MACHINE GUNS IN NOSE, FLIES AT BETTER THAN 600 MPH AND COSTS NEARLY \$300,000 TO BUILD



MY SIX CONVICTS

Safecracking, jail-breaking assistants give psychologist a tough, lively time

by DONALD POWELL WILSON

One September morning in the early 1930s Psychologist Donald Powell Wilson embarked on an experience few men have had. At that time the Fort Leavenworth penitentiary at Leavenworth, Kan. was temporarily transferred from the U.S. Army to the Bureau of Prisons for civilian prisoners, and Dr. Wilson was assigned to administer psychological tests to convicts. He had full run of the prison and in order to gain the convicts' confidence he was forbidden to report anything he saw or heard to the warden. Dr. Wilson spent three years learning more about the convict mentality than many career penologists know. He has now written a book, *My Six Convicts*,

which Rinehart & Company will publish Feb. 1 (83.50) and which the Book-of-the-Month Club has picked as one of a dual selection for February. Besides being a lively account of adventures and misadventures in the penitentiary, *My Six Convicts*, is likely to make valuable reading for psychologists and penologists. For obvious reasons Dr. Wilson has used fictitious names and some literary license in the matter of the men and episodes involved, except for that he has simply—and with a psychologist's insight—reported what goes on in the minds of men behind bars when they are treated like human beings. The following excerpts are taken from Dr. Wilson's book.



"THE BOYS" on Dr. Wilson's staff were (left to right) Connie, Punch, Gibbs, King, Scott and Ross.

THE warden detailed a guard to escort me to the headquarters of the captain of the guards, where I was to be fingerprinted and photographed. I was led in a stall, 7 by 9 feet. Here, from the warped diaphragm of a convict-operated camera came a daily lode of opaque and lifeless photographs which served to identify—and intimidate—the subjects for the rest of their lives. They were enough to make one give up crime.

And here I met Connie, the man who was

to become the first member of my staff of convict assistants.

From the next room came a high tenor voice with more volume than resonance. "Set down on that there stool." I obeyed, and the room lights went out.

As I sat impaled by the ghoulish headlights that Connie turned on me, my eyes began to follow his long blue denim behind the camera, flailing about in an orgy of motions. I could see little of him except his eyes, which occasionally loomed out of the black at me, and his large and mobile Adam's apple.

There was much moving of camera, minute attention to the contour of my head, much pursing of lips over precise measurements on a color meter for a black-and-white print. Then he spoke into the darkness.

"You see Paducah, Ky. on any o' them Highway 50 signs? I got sent up from Paducah on't. Some jern't."

I started a bit. How did this convict know I had driven here, that I had taken Route 50? Even the warden had not known that.

"Hold it—"

He stepped out and dropped the plate into the camera. "Last psycho we had here stayed six months. You sure got yourself some job!"

A click of the shutter, he turned on the room lights, and I saw him for the first time. Connie turned an ambivalent look on me which I soon found to be his constant expression. Can a man look both innocent and guilty? Connie came close to it.

I was greeting the captain when Connie's long arm reached out from behind me. He was holding out my photograph still wet and

dripping. It looked like the caricature of a dead monk.

"It's wonderful!" I said.

The captain gave me a startled glance. Connie's chest swelled and an approving gleam came to his eye.

Seeing it, the captain sent Connie back to work and took me in to his office.

His first question was, did Connie know who I was yet? I replied by asking him what did he mean yet? What kind of scuttlebutt was this?

"The grapevine, Doctor, and you'll be hearing more of it." He sighed. "Well—at least Connie liked you. And that's a happy coincidence around here, especially if you find yourself working with him."

"Who's going to work with him?"

"Didn't you notice the look in his eye when you admired the photograph? He'll do something outrageous now, so that I'll be obliged to fire him."

The men, he explained, wouldn't think of asking outright for a new job. They did everything the hard way. They would first foul things up so that they would be discharged. Then they would ask for a transfer to a new spot that looked like "an easy go." But not until they had been fired. That was a mark of distinction to them.

Connie, the captain told me, was a small-time criminal, a sideshow barker, a second-story man and a safe-cracker. He was in Fort Leavenworth for robbery on a six-year sentence. He had served time in Sing Sing, Joliet, San Quentin and Atlanta. After several unsuccessful attempts to assimilate his exotic personality, the captain had given him



FIRST CONVICT Wilson met was Connie, who turned out to be the psychologist's best assistant.



Because identity of the convicts cannot be divulged, this drawing—done, like the other illustrations on

these pages, by William Sharp—is the artist's impression of the men gained from reading Dr. Wilson's

book. Author Wilson was astounded at how closely the drawings resembled the men as he recalled them.

the job of shooting and printing the new convicts as they arrived daily at the penitentiary. It took about five minutes for Connie to know who their bosses were, what their sentences were and whether they could be useful to him in his endless games in the penitentiary. He was always in and behind everything that happened, but he never knew "nothin' about nothin'."

"I will say, though, that when Connie likes a man there's nothing he won't do for him," said the captain.

"The bug"

IT was 4 o'clock that afternoon when I met the convict who—though I didn't realize it at the time—was to be my second assistant. As I crossed the yard a group of eight or ten convicts gathered around a handsome young Italian were watching me. I caught a verbal cadence that I could not make out. It sounded like a low mutter, in chorus, and it was directed at me. I was curious—but not so that I couldn't wait.

Suddenly one of them called out distinctly: "Hey, Pinero—ast him somethin'!"

I had heard of Pinero, Punch ("Baby Face") Pinero, waiter. Actually a gangster-racketeer, lady-killer. Also a man-killer—with something like 40 murders chalked up to him and his goons, as I remembered his case in the newspapers.

I turned back and joined them. Pinero was eying me coolly, and nobody spoke.

"You the boss around here?" I finally asked him.

He said nothing, just eyed me insolently.

"I'm curious," I said. "What are the men saying about me? I can't make it out."

"They're callin' you squirrel guy."

"Squirrel guy?"

"Yeah. You know—" He tapped his head.

"Nut specialist."

"I see," I said, "the bug. Well, thanks, men." I said "Be seeing you."

I had gone only about five paces when one of them said, "Hey, Pinero—ast him is he gonna bug us?" The question was taken up by others in the group.

I turned around. Pinero was watching me with a smile that displayed all his white teeth but little humor.

"You hear the boys?" He asked. "They want to know are you gonna bug 'em?"

"Well—not all of them," I said.

"Oh, I see! Just some of 'em, huh?" he mocked. "Well, would you mind tellin' us who's the lucky parties, Doc?"

"Well—just those who want to see me. I guess."

A roar of laughter went up from the crowd. "Shut up!" The look on Pinero's face extinguished the laughter. He looked at me speculatively.

"What's your racket, Doc?"

"Racket?"

"Yeah. What's your angle? They all got angles, these squirrel guys. Some of 'em ask us to fit square blocks in round holes, some of 'em want us to talk to 'em like we would to our old mother—what you figger on doin'?"

I reached for a copy of my credentials and held them out to Punch.

He hesitated before taking the papers. Then he accepted them, looking hard at

me, and the men crowded around while he scanned them in a thick mumble.

Suddenly a voice rumbled out of a week's whiskers peering over Punch's shoulder.

"Three thousand dollars a year! He's a sucker! The fist a sucker! Three thou—"

Punch's guy crashed into the speaker's face and the surprised man stood blinking at a broken denture plate. Pinero went calmly back to my papers, saying, "Who's a sucker? He's out, ain't he? An' you're in, ain't ya? Who's a sucker?"

Then Punch read: "There will be a probationary period— Hey, whatta ya know? Doc's on probation. Half hey, Doc—" and this time his smile warmed up, "how come you're on probation? What did ya do? Steal a apple outta some kid's lunch?"

He started to laugh. The men watched him until they were sure he was on the level. Then they joined in, until two guards strolled up, suspicious of the good humor.

When they had passed, Punch reached in his jacket and pulled out my papers, which I had not seen him stuff away.

He slipped them to me with a glance at the guards. "So long, Doc. See you at tea tomorrow."

"So long, Punch," I said. "See you then."

I was almost at the gate when I heard someone call out.

"Hey, Doc!"

I looked back. It was Punch, standing alone a half block away, his hands in his pockets, watching me.

"Don'tcha know you ain't supposed to cross the yard without a guard? Ya might get hurt!"



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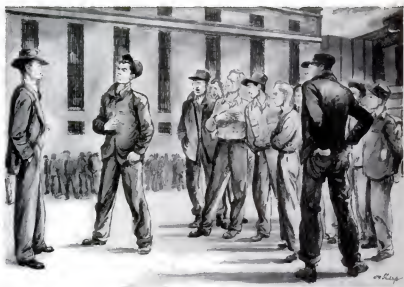
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Get Tums today. Still only 10¢ a roll, 3-roll box 25¢.



GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO SODA
 TRY ONE OR TWO TUMS AFTER BREAKFAST
 SEE IF YOU DON'T FEEL BETTER



ALONE IN YARD on his first day, Dr. Wilson was accosted by Punch and his hangers-on who gave him a hard time. Wilson handled situation well, earned Punch's friendship, which never wavered thereafter.

CONVICTS CONTINUED

Dr. Gordon, the assistant medical officer, was standing at the guard station just outside the gate.

"It's like the man said," he greeted me. "You really might get hurt."

The next morning I discovered just what Pinero—and Gordon—meant. The windows of my basement office were a foot above the level of the yard, and as Gordon and I stood looking out upon the yard I remarked on the small knots of men doing nothing, long files of men going nowhere. He assured me this illusion of apathy was sometimes misleading. We were about to turn away when one such file passed by and left behind it a huddled form. The file had gone several paces before anyone noticed the man. Then the yard was filled with guards and the air with screaming whistles.

I saw what he meant about illusion. This was violence right under our noses and in the presence of a dozen guards. Not a lost motion. The ranks just merged together, the poor devil was held up and passed down the line, and by the time he collapsed six men had stabbed him.

"A search is useless," Gordon said. "In the confusion that knife will just disappear. They'll herd the men into the cell block and take the place apart, but they won't find a thing."

He assured me that trying to patch up a victim was generally a losing game. The men had mastered their craft to the extent that by the time their victim reached the hospital he would be dead.

"Kind of a third degree"

MENTALLY filed Punch as an interesting specimen for study, but never thought of him as a potential assistant. Connie, however, showed possibilities. At first I had a little trouble talking him into taking the tests I needed to find out his qualifications, but once I had explained to him that he had to take the tests in order to give them later, he weakened. Then, when I explained that after a few weeks in the office he would be able to refer to the sideshow fat lady as a viscerotonic endomorph, I had him. "Doc," he said, "you don't know what you're sayin'. You just don't know. Well, what in hell are we waitin' for? Gimme a pencil."

He turned out to be perfect for the job, and he got right to work. I had begun to wonder how to go about getting some others when, one morning, I looked up and found Punch lounging against the door jamb.

"Hiya, Doc. I see you're hard at it."

"Hello there, Punch." I hoped I sounded cordial.

He walked over to Connie's desk, the only one so far in the large room outside my office where eventually all my staff would work. Connie looked up at Punch, and deliberately closed his book.

"What goes on here? Secrets? Is them the stoolie records?" Punch asked facetiously.

"How come you want a week after your transfer came, Pinero?" asked Connie. "You chicken?"

I looked at Connie in surprise. Yet why had I supposed he wouldn't know Punch had requested a transfer?

"You want to start work today?" I asked quickly.

"Work? I didn't aim to *work* in a place like this. I been workin' in the machine shop, threadin' pipe, gettin' m' pinkies all dirty."

He considered his hands thoughtfully. "Y'know, Doc, I used to have the prettiest hands. Like a pi-anna player. No, I aimed to just sit around like Connie here, with m'butt on the feathers, readin' ten-book books an' writin' notes to myself. Some go, eh, Connie?" He favored Connie with a flat, humorous show of teeth.

"Sure thing, Punch," drawled Connie. "Doc has some little tests here. Let's see, there's the Otis Classification Test, the Pressey X-O Test for Complexes—"

"Cut it!" Punch turned on me. "What's the matter with him?" he demanded.

"Well, y'see," Connie went on, "Doc's gotta get himself a mob here in the office, Punch. You oughta know how it is, when a guy moves in on a new racket. So he 'ke' get himself a kind of a third degree. Okay, you take Doc's gimmick, you're in. You don't take it, you're out."

Punch stomped over and stood in my doorway. "That how it is, Doc? That your pitch? Anything you want t'know about me, you ask me!"

"The thing is, Punch, everything I want to know is on those tests," I said. "Next month every new convict will come to this office after his physical examination. We'll give him the tests Connie's been talking about."

"You mean I'd be givin' those tests?"

"That's right, Punch."

"Jeez. . . . What kind you say they are, Doc?"

Connie answered for me. "Can't tell you before you take 'em, Pinero. It'd affect your answers."

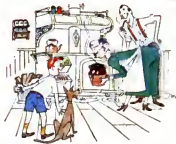
Punch exploded. "Look, lowlife, I'd sure affect my answers not to know what I was takin'!"

Connie tipped back in his chair away from the menacing face of Punch and spoke leisurely.

"Okay, you ast for it." And I listened with as much fascination as Punch. "Doc wants to know

CONTINUED ON PAGE 31

Say Heinz For The Beans That Taste Home-Baked!



Heinz Chefs Know The Secret Of
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CONVICTS CONTINUED

your intelligence quota, the ratio between your chronological age and your mental age, if ya got any. An' what 'th' hell the personality-indexes is of neurotics, extra- or intra-version, and—uh—complexions."

Punch stomped to my doorway.

"I still think the punk's blowed his wig!"

He sailed past Connie and out of the office.

Connie raised a rasp that could have been heard in the solarium on the roof.

"Just like I said, Doc. Big fat-mouth Dago—no guts."

That brought Punch back, looking like a hungry shark.

Connie jumped up. "Right this way, sir! Please remove your coat and leave your shoes at the door!"

"Not you!" roared Punch. "*Him!*" He jerked his thumb at me. "Well—what'n hell are we waitin' for?" he growled. "Gimme a goddam pent!"

Now that I had two assistants, the rest of the staff was selected with comparative ease. I enrolled four more: Gibbs, a clerical-looking "contractor" who had been sent up for smuggling cars across state lines, "interstate commerce," as he called it; Scott, a college man of good family, from the Blue Grass country, who was at Fort Leavenworth for possessing narcotics, though the grapevine maintained that in the best Southern tradition he was "covering for a dame"; King, a quiet, almost mysterious man who was an artist-counterfeiter and who, said the rest of the staff, lent "class" to the office; and Ross, an engineer and graduate of one of the finest universities in the Western Hemisphere, also a forger and drug addict.

I suppose that like any other professor I have remarked that a teacher learns almost as much as his students in the classroom. At Fort Leavenworth it was a far greater contrast than that. I don't know how much my six convicts learned from me during my three years with them, except maybe a hint that sometimes decency is its own reward. But I do know that what I learned in prison I could never have learned in any classroom. From the hundreds of prisoners who flowed through our office, and from my six assistants—Connie the safe-cracker, Punch the gangster, Gibbs the smuggler, King the counterfeiter, Ross the forger and Scott the "innocent"—I received an unforgettable, unconventional education in the rationale of human behavior and of the prisoner's mind.

"Here I was in the warden's car, see?"

AND I learned these things in strange and wonderful ways. Many people have read the old fictional plot of the safe-cracker who is released from prison for a day in order to open a jammed bank vault. How many of these people have seen it actually happen?

The warden's voice came over the phone at 8:30 one morning.

"Who's your best safe-cracker, Doctor?"

I automatically turned to my vocational index. Then I turned back to the phone.

"Best what, sir?"

"Safe-cracker."

I passed the question on to Connie. He beamed modestly at me.

"Besides Connie!" said the warden quickly.

I looked at Connie. "Connie doesn't know anybody else," I said.

Connie smiled. The warden groaned.

The warden reported that the vault was jammed at one of the banks in a nearby city, their safe expert was out of town and they couldn't get another man until the following day. It was payday for the local factories, and they had to have the vault open before banking hours that morning.

Connie's Adam's apple tobogganed wildly. Did I mean he'd get to open a safe with the lights on, that he could make noise? Yet he still knew how to drive a bargain. He'd do it, he said, providing he got a "deal": a day in Kansas City, under guard, \$10 cash folding money (usually given to a convict when he was released) and civilian clothes. Where, he added, could the warden get a man with his experience for the job?

"One more thing, Doc!" said Connie. "Tell the warden I get to sit in the front seat of his car today and operate the siren!"

"I think you better say yes, Warden, before he gets any more ideas," I suggested.

"Send him to the front office," growled the warden.

Connie's report of the affair, as I remember it, was delivered before a captivated if sometimes skeptical audience in our office when he returned a few hours later.

"Talk about big shots!" Connie crowed. "Here I was, in the front seat of the warden's own car, see? Workin' the siren for all it was worth. Always before I was in the paddy wagon with the siren going out front. The guards in the back seat was yellin' for me to lay off,

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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SAFECRACKING JOB was performed by Connie when a nearby bank vault got stuck. Connie put on a big show to impress bank's "legit" characters and a "well-stacked" girl.

CONVICTS CONTINUED

but I told 'em this was the warden's deal. I hadda get somethin' out of this job!

"The bank's crammed with legit characters, all these guys standin' around with vests on. So I go over to the safe an' I kinda line up and tinkle around for a while. Then I turn around and I say to the most important lookin' o' these guys, 'Okay, Jocko, hand me the tools.'"

"That takes the air out o' this substantial-lookin' citizen. He says, whiney-like, 'W-well, what do you mean, tools?' Banker's tools, for Crissake," I say. Imagine! Here's a bunch of punks runnin' a bank, and they don't have no banker's tools!

"So I kinda lay it on. 'I figured you wouldn't have none,' I say, 'so I had some ordered. They'll be here any minute. There'll be a little fee—taxi fare, rent, fines, stuff like that.'"

In a few minutes a Kansas City taxi drove up and out stepped Big Ben—all of 60 inches high—in a Western Union uniform, carrying a nice new canvas bag.

Ben took out a receipt book. "Dat'll be 25 bucks," he said like an uptown banker.

"So I go to work," said Connie. "An' boy, was Benny proud of them tools! I could see his hands twitchin' an' his bad eye waterin'. He came over to give me a lift one't, but I jumped him. 'You wanna give yourself away, you goon?' So I chased him out.

"Things didn't go so good for a while. Then I realized what it was. 'Look, screw,' I says to one of the guards. 'You make me nervous lookin' over my shoulder. You should go out an' make a fortune on my ability! Go 'way!'"

Connie even had time to notice a comely secretary with nice blond hair.

"Mm... Was she stacked! I watched her standin' there, her little face all pink an' her eyes bugged out like doorknobs. She was seein' a real honest to God criminal, a crook, a bank robber, right in front of her eyes. It was a big day for her. An' I thought to myself, why disappoint the gal? Why not give her a real thrill, somethin' she could tell her grand-children, y'know? So I said I needed some help. I went around an' looked at their fingernails. I needed some long ones, see?"

My men exchanged glances. Sure. Naturally.

"Well, all the men's nails is cut. But to my surprise this girl's nails is nice an' long an' pointed. So I asts her, would she come up? She was scared, an' tickled pink. I take her hands and say, 'Now, you listen careful when I turn the dial against your nails, an' when you feel a jolt or a click, like this... lemme know.'"

"She heard the tumblers click. I hollered, 'I think I got it!' Then I yelled, 'Pull away!' The door opens an' spins the girl around, an' she lands right in my lap!" Connie told the cashier to let the tellers get their money. Quickly the tellers filed in and each came out with his money tray.

"Well, we fixed it, an' I really mean 'fix.' That expert'll never untangle it in the mornin'. They're either gonna have to use soup on it, or else they're gonna have to take their torch an' cut her open. Jeez—ain't it a shame how a delicate mechanism can get all loused up?"

Then came the logical question. "How come you hear them tumblers if it was jammed?" Connie's face paled with a beatific smile.

"It's a kick," he said. "You know what was wrong all the time? The time lock was delayed just a couple of hours. While I was working on it I heard it go off and snap to. A baby could've pulled the bolt from then on."



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REWARD FOR THE JOB was day in Kansas City with a guard. Connie found a carnival and covered it completely until he found that a pickpocket had stolen his money.

Suddenly there was a howl from Gibbs. He was ogling something in Connie's hand. The men gathered around Connie, who was underplaying the whole thing.

"Spoils of war," he murmured. "Keepsake . . . memento of the Ball an' the Opera." It was a girl's yellow comb.

He took the rest of the day off, sitting with his feet up on his desk, fondling the comb and patting a cigar given him by one of the bankers.

The warden made good his promise to allow Connie the next day in Kansas City. Connie did not talk much about this trip. Some of the events meant too much to him. But from Higgins, the guard who went with him, and from remarks dropped by Connie himself during the next week, I pieced together the following story.

Connie, who had foresightedly prepared himself by lifting \$100 from the bank, treated Higgins to endless streetcar rides with endless transfers to nowhere. They went on endless elevators in tall buildings and wandered in and out of chain drugstores and dime stores. Then they boarded a bus and after several transfers found themselves alighting in an exclusive residential section. Looking down over the city from the hill, Connie suddenly grabbed Higgins convulsively. "Look, a Ferris wheel! A carnival!"

At last, by this devious route, Higgins understood the reason why Connie, the Barker, wanted to come to Kansas City.

By way of a taxi they ended up at the carnival, where Connie greeted an appalling array of old cronies. He barked for the freaks and the burlesque girls until he was hoarse, now using a vocabulary never before sounded on a midway. He rode every concession free, reclining from the Ferris wheel and the merry-go-round to play every dart game in the roulette concession, loading himself with hams, kewpie dolls, hula skirts and china bulls. Connie was delirious and hysterical. He consumed pink lemonade, hot dogs, popcorn and taffy.

His unconfined joy ended suddenly when he discovered his pockets had been picked. He was thunderstruck.

"Me! James Connel! For the first time in my life a dip got me! Fifty dollars—not even counterfeit!"

He replenished his coffers by "borrowing" from his carnival friends and started back downtown. It was near closing time when he and Higgins left the toy department of a store and went to the best hotel in the city for dinner, still loaded down with carnival trophies.

A reward for the guard

CONNIE stood looking around before he chose not his table but his waitress. She was young, pretty and wary of men. Then he called for the manager.

"I don't care what it costs," he told the manager, "just gimme the bill. I want a slice of rare prime rib of beef a inch thick, an' with it on a sizzlin' platter a planked porterhouse two inches thick, some French fries an' some black coffee. An' on four plates, four different kinds of cake. An' bring it all up together."

He leaned back in his chair with a happy smile. Then he noticed the manager's face.

"Oh, I ain't gonna eat the stuff," he said sweetly. "I just wanna look at it."

As it turned out, he ate the stuff.

When he finished he called the waitress, and from an inner pocket extracted a twenty-dollar bill over which Higgins shook his head sadly.

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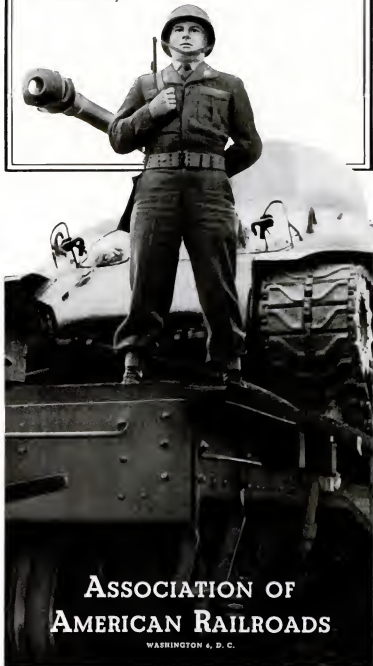
THE FIGHTING MAN—on land, on sea, in the air—is the first line of America's defense.

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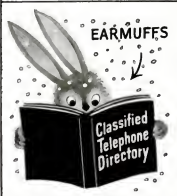
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"This is for you, Baby," said Connie to the girl. "An" will you please get me my hat?"

But he rose and followed her, with Higgins quickly trailing. Connie was never shy, but at this moment Higgins said Connie did not appear overbold. "Would you please do one more thing for me?" he asked.

"Well?"

"Well—right here, Baby, in the middle of my forehead, I would like a kiss."

"You crazy?" she snapped.

"Look, it's this way—" He pulled open Higgins' coat and pointed to the badge. "I'm a con, see? It's gonna go awful hard with me with the boys if I can't prove I been near a girl. I don't care about the kiss, Baby, all I want's the lipstick. Whatta you say?"

The girl looked at Higgins. "Is he kidding me?"

"No, he's a con all right, lady. It's like he says, all right."

"Well, if that's the way it is—" She sized Connie up briefly. "Sit down, Mister, I can't reach your forehead."

Connie sat and pointed. "Right exactly in the middle, please." An" make it good—you know?"

"Yeah, I know. Close your eyes," said the girl.

She kissed him full on the mouth.

After a while Connie reached out his hand. "Lead me out, Higgins. I don't wanna open my eyes."

Higgins said Connie was quiet all the way home. About 2 o'clock that morning he was carried to the hospital violently ill from acute indigestion, in an almost comatose state.

"Holy Mother of God!" marveled the interne. "All that in one stomach!"

It wasn't the taffy and popcorn and pink lemonade and peanuts and Crackerjack, Connie explained the next day; he was used to those things. It was the steak and prime rib and cake.

Two days later Higgins came in much perturbed. Large packages had been delivered to his children. They contained an erector set and a bicycle for his boy, and a life-size doll with buggy, clothes and all the trappings for his girl. The gift card read, "From Daddy." Higgins insisted Connie had never been out of his sight in the toy store.

Higgins wanted to get rid of them because they represented a possible bribe for which he would be liable to discharge by the warden. But how could he take them back now? The children had engulfed him with love and kisses when he returned home.

Why didn't Connie express his gratitude verbally, in view of the rules prohibiting the interchange of gifts between staff and prisoners? Such an expression would not only have moved Higgins, it would have astounded him. But a convict would never dream of doing things the simple, direct way. Although Connie liked the guard, Higgins was a member of society, for which Connie as a criminal had contempt. In the maneuver of the toys Connie accomplished two things at once. He penalized the guard for being a member of society by the same act in which he rewarded him for being his friend.

That was finesse in his eyes.

"It's an emergency"

I HAD scarcely recovered from Connie's joyous adventure when Punch involved me in a much grimmer one. He met me halfway between the hospital and the cell blocks one day as I was returning with another doctor, Jamison, from my daily rounds of the psychopathic ward. He asked to see me, and I excused myself to Dr. Jamison.

"I want you to see a pal of mine, he's in trouble," Punch said, as we started obliquely across the yard.

We were soon intercepted by four men whom I had never seen. One of them touched his cap and said, "We're going to the warehouse, and if a guard stops us, it's all right, sec? In fact, it's an emergency."

I looked for Punch, but he was gone.

We entered the warehouse and descended into the basement. Halfway down I heard distant sirens and alarms, then shots.

"Goodness gracious, such a noise!" said one of my companions. "This ain't Army Day, is it?"

"This must be somebody's birthday," said another. "It ain't your birthday, is it, Doc? Maybe da boys is celebratin' Doc's birthday, you suppose?"

"It's a break," I murmured.

"Well, whatta you know?" somebody chimed. "He is smart, just like the boys say!"

When the shooting stopped I was alone in the dark with the packing cases. I felt my way back up the stairs. When I got back to the office, my men were hopping with excitement, especially Punch.

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MODEL HA-92
Capacity 9.2 cubic feet



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From Space-Saver to Giant Size—There's an IH Model Just for You!

SHADOW-LINE STYLING—sleekly streamlined to shun dust and dirt—full length doors.

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SUPER FEATURES—So new, so convenient... *Butter Keeper* stores full pound of butter at creamy consistency, *Coldstream Crispers* keep as many as 23.3 quarts of fruits and vegetables dewy fresh, *Egg-O-Mat* stores 16 eggs out of sight, *Bottle Opener* built into every cabinet frame, always at your service.

TIGHT-WAD REFRIGERATING UNIT—Five-year warranty attached to cabinet. Runs smoothly, silently, economically.

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Capacity 8.7 cubic feet



MODEL HA-83
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MODEL HA-74
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MODEL HA-82
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At the turn of the century, the Arrow Collar Man was the national symbol of the well-dressed man. But, luckily for the present generation of well-dressed men, Arrow shirts are distinguished by their great *comfort*, as well.



NOW—as Arrow celebrates its 100th Anniversary—
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100 years ago you'd have given the shirt off your back for the comfort you take for granted in your Arrow shirts today! Arrow's exclusive Mitoga tailoring gives you roomy armholes, tapered-to-fit shoulders and a form-fitting waistline that eliminates uncomfortable and unsightly bunching.

"Sanforized"—labeled Arrows *never* shrink out of fit. After years of laundering, your Arrow collar fits like the day you bought it. And there's no better looking shirt in the world!

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Tied with Arrow Shirts for style leadership—Arrow Ties! Above: Arrow Mayfair foulard in tartan design, rayon, \$1.50. Modern silk print (right), \$2.50. Royalty Repp silk stripe, \$2.

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Starting our second 100 years
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New preparation with remarkable skin-soothing ingredient helps keep the face looking young and healthy!

Modern life now means daily shaving for millions of men. But frequent shaving often results in ugly, old-looking skin. To help men solve this problem, we developed Glider—a rich, soothing cream containing a special ingredient to help preserve the youthful qualities of the face.

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Charles C. Campbell
PRESIDENT



PRISON BREAK leads to shooting of their "shield," Dr. Jamison. A convict saved Wilson from being the shield.

CONVICTS CONTINUED

"Jeez, Doc—did ya hear about it? A bust-out! They take the deputy an' one of the doctors."

"Jamison!"

"Why, yeah, Doc, they have to have a patsy—the screws make it a turkey-shoot any other way," Gibbs said uncomfortably.

"What was the shooting?" I asked.

Gibbs said, "The cons got out and got the car started, but the guards let go at the tires. A houncey slug gets Jamison, Doc," he said quietly. "They throw him out on the road."

Punch kept exclaiming, "A real honest-to-God prison break! What a story to tell my grandchildren, huh, Doc? In my receding years, in Ilce. By the way, Doc, where was you? You missed all the fun."

I had been expecting the question. Punch wanted his due.

"Me an' the boys was havin' a game of craps in the basement," I said in poor humor. I was still thinking about Jamison.

But Punch beamed proudly at me. "Well! It's easy to see who won!"

Then he realized how angry I was.

"I don't get it!" Punch said peevishly. "I heard o' bum losers, but I ain't heard of a winner that don't wanna count his take. The hell with it! I oughta have my head examined for lunacy. I'm all the time puttin' myself out for some goddam—"

"Shut up, Pinerol!" It was Gibbs trying to apologize for Punch's bad manners.

"You know," Punch began ingratiatingly, addressing nobody and everybody. "I can't honestly remember when it was I saved a man's life before. That ain't exactly my line of business. When I do, I like it to be appreciated."

Connie threw down his pencil and peered at Punch. "Jesus God, what's eatin' you, Pinerol, wantin' all this gratitude? Feelin' insecure an' unwanted, like the boys say? You know dam well if you hadn't a did it, one of us woulda!"

"So long, Doc"

AS my last day approached I wondered in what characteristic way my six men would acknowledge the severing of the bond that had grown between us.

Scott was the first of the men to leave the office on that day. When things quieted down and I was alone with my men shortly before closing time, he came up and gave me his hand in a warm gesture, and was gone.

I say he was the first to go. Actually, it was when he left that I noticed the light was off at King's drawing board and his stool was slipped neatly out of the way under the worktable. It was easier that way for King.

Punch teetered self-consciously from one foot to the other in front of my desk. He tried to give me one of his easy smiles, but somehow it did not come off. It got mixed up with an unforeseen flurry of emotion, and he turned and stomped out of the office in a small rage at himself. But his dark face reappeared at the door after a moment, and he gave me the smile. "So long, Doc. If you ever wanna go to Ilce, you know where you can reach me—unfortunately!"

Gibbs was profuse in his goodbys, good wishes and good intentions. He was loud in his protestations that the "Brain Trust" would get together again. But he knew we would not. That's why he was so loud.

Ross, like Scott, shook my hand. We did not try to speak. Connie and I were alone then. He was getting nervous.



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CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



*Make getting there
as much fun
as being there...*



Go Pullman
COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE,
AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

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"I have to check out with the captain, Connie," I said, "I'll be back in 10 minutes."

"Sure, Doc," he said. He opened the door smartly for me. "See you in 10 minutes."

He had locked up and was gone when I returned from the captain's office. His keys were laid out on my desk. I left quickly. But when I reached the courtyard gate, and faced the impact of the fact that this weird and wonderful experience, which is not allowed many men in a generation, would close for me with the snap of the gate, I had to look back.

Connie was standing at the hospital doorway. He raised his arm. I raised mine. We waved like schoolboys.

For several years after I left the penitentiary I had occasional word of my men. It usually came through anonymous emissaries of the vast brotherhood who had been charged with news and messages to deliver when they passed through my city. They would be waiting for me in the foyer of my office building downtown when I alighted from the elevator, or at my car on campus. I have met them on the streets in Chicago and New York. They were different men who doffed their hats quickly at sight of me, and sidled up noiselessly.

"Hi, Doc—"

They did not want to embarrass me. They would wait for a sign of recognition, poised for flight if it was not forthcoming. They always got their sign; I was a sucker for news.

Gibbs, the car-smuggler, had gone into business with his son. He was reported as saying it wasn't any fun being crooked any more. He guessed he'd lost his touch. Every time he was tempted to take in a sucker, "he remembered what a sucker you was, Doc—beggin' yer pardon for callin' you names," said my emissary hurriedly.

King, the artist-counterfeiter, went to Paris after his release. I was told, and then moved to his home in Connecticut, where he was traveling with the best, "Nothin' but the best fer King." He was working at his drawing board, but not, as far as I could determine, at counterfeiting.

Punch, the gangster, had been deported to Italy. My informant said Punch during his last few months was still talking about retiring to a villa on the Mediterranean.

Scott, the "innocent," went home, I am sure. I did not inquire about him. I felt that was the way he would have wanted it.

I saw Connie in person three times. He had been having a wonderful time since his release. He'd worked his passage to the Orient on a cattle boat, but swore by his aching back he would return first class, in style. So he set up a concession of some kind in the American settlement of one of China's large cities and got himself a pile. Sure, he'd gone straight. He hadn't done anything that wasn't legal—in China.

He came back to the States and bought a penny arcade and an adjoining hotel with his China pile. Everything was on the up and up, sure. Of course, if the fire marshal says you gotta have three exits in a hotel, he—Connie—couldn't always tell who came in or went out, or what was in all them suitcases—he couldn't be three places at one's, could he?

When he got restless he would turn over his business to a confederate and bark with the circus for a season. He was calling the fat lady a viscerotonic endomorph, and the pinhead a microcephalic leptosoma these days. Even the freaks themselves were impressed.

No one had heard of Ross, the forger. He had dropped out of sight. Then one day I was thumping through an engineering journal at a university club, and I found him. He was in a photograph of a crew of engineers who had driven power lines across a pass in South America.

I stole the journal without a twinge of conscience.



GOODBY TO CONNIE is said as convict stands on doorstep in prison yard and waves his bony arm at "the Doc."

You need not inhale



FORREST TUCKER
Starring in "California Passage"
A Republic Picture

Taste that satisfying
fragrance... whiff that
soul-warming aroma...
and you'll know why you
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If you have "hunger pains," heartburn, frequent stomach
upsets or indigestion don't let excess stomach acid
by all means see your doctor—and start taking
Sedigel. For excess stomach acid is believed to be a
common cause of peptic ulcers. Ulcers say *Sedigel acts
faster—lasts longer* than anything else they've ever
tried. *Sedigel* "sponges up" biting, burning acid—
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wall that soothes and protects. Get *Sedigel* today!

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INSIST ON THE ORIGINAL**

Never "back away" from close contact again because you're not sure of your deodorant or your breath. Nullo not only stops underarm perspiration odor—it kills all body odors, including odors of the feet, scalp, and breath!

Take one or two Nullo tablets daily! Then no amount of rushing or nervous excitement can produce the slightest body odor. Women's special odor problems—during the "difficult" period, for instance—are stopped! Even your socks and underwear carry no odor. And your winter wools . . . dresses and sweaters . . . never pick up a trace of unpleasant perspiration odor. That's because you have no odors when you take Nullo regularly.

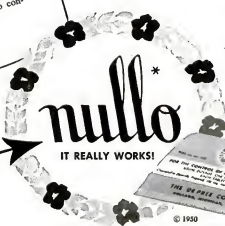
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Carry new Pocket-Size Nullo with you as a protection against emergencies. Garlic, alcohol, and tobacco are no match for Nullo. Just chew one Nullo tablet and your breath won't be the least bit offensive—even in contact as intimate as a kiss! Try Nullo today! If not delighted, your money back!

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NEW POCKET SIZE 3½¢
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Life Goes to a Party



A Cotillion for

PHILADELPHIANS HONOR HIM WITH



SCHOLARSHIP WINNER Hanna Dubsky, who won competition for society's new \$1,000 Ralph J. Bunche scholarship, meets Bunche at reception. She is white.

← SPOTLIGHT PICKS OUT SOLOIST EMBODYING "PROMISE"



COTILLION DANCERS bow toward far end of hall where Dr. Bunche and other guests of honor are

seated in first row. Rest of pageant cast are grouped around other end of hall in foreground and at right.

Dr. Bunche

DANCE AND DIAMONDS

The first part of this year's ball of the Philadelphia Cotillion Society, a charity organization run by prominent Negroes of the city, contained an ambitiously conceived two-hour-long ballet and pageant entitled *Frozen Fire*. This was a kind of "sleeping beauty" story in which a Snow Princess, cast into a spell by the Black King of the North, was rescued by the Glacier Prince who ambled in on a white horse, dismounted and kissed the princess, thus awakening her and signaling a hundred formal dancers to come out and perform an elaborate cotillion figure (*above*) which ended the pageant.

This over, the society got down to its main task of the evening: the awarding of its Cross of Malta to Dr. Ralph Bunche, former U.N. mediator in Palestine and now director of the U.N. trusteeship division. He had just returned from Norway where he had been presented with the Nobel Peace Prize, and the cotillion was being given in his honor. The society's cross was pinned around his neck by Marian Anderson, who had received the same award at the society's first ball a year ago. Her cross had been studded with amethysts, which are her birthstone. For Dr. Bunche the society had struck a new cross inlaid with diamonds set in platinum.



THE GLACIER PRINCE, Rion, played by Dancer Joseph Jackson, awaits his cue before going on

to rescue Snow Princess. Horse, rented from a riding academy, was shod with rubber shoes for evening

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with throat-soothing ingredients
of famous Vicks VapoRub... plus
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Keeps out
Of reach
Better practice
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Burma-Shave



Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH - NO LATHER

Frankly, we don't believe all the millions of Burma-Shave users buy it for the reason suggested above. We suspect most of 'em like it because it leaves their faces feeling so doggone good. That's why you'll like it, too!



IN TUBE OR JAR AT ALL DRUG COUNTERS



A COUPLE OF AURORA'S MAIDENS stand on tiptoe—in two different ways—to watch for their cue from passageway outside the hall. Ten maidens



of the Corps de l'Aurore, who guard the Northern Lights, come to the Snow Princess in a dream to announce they have found prince who will awaken her.

CAVALCADE OF SPORTS ...Pancho Segura



GIVEN A MAN-SIZED RACKET WHEN HE WAS JUST A KID IN ECUADOR, PANCHO WAS FORCED TO USE BOTH HANDS AND THUS DEVELOPED HIS NOW FAMOUS TWO-FISTED FOREHAND

MOST COLORFUL PLAYER ON THE COURTS TODAY, PANCHO SEGURA'S LIGHTNING REFLEXES AND ASTOUNDING STAMINA

HAVE CARRIED HIM TO THE NATIONAL PROFESSIONAL SINGLES CHAMPIONSHIP! HIS BLAZING GAME AND WONDERFUL SPORTSMANSHIP ASSURE HIM OF A PLACE AMONG THE ALL-TIME TENNIS GREATS

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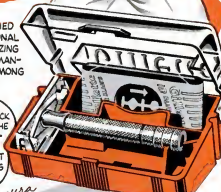


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from LIFE, Nov. 6, 1950, by Harry Bufus

WHAT'S IN A PICTURE . . .

Were you as mystified as the cop with the inquiring pencil in his hand when you first saw this tragic picture in LIFE? Did it take you a little time to read the epitaph which the picture wrote with a pair of disembodied rubbers? They were a dead man's shoes.

As you looked again and again at this photograph, you may have been moved by its poignancy, haunted by its utter sparseness of detail. You filled in the gaps with the aid of LIFE's caption, and then the whole sequence of tragedy unfolded in your

mind's eye. You saw an old man fumbling his way across a foggy street. In an instant he is lost in an eddy of sleet. A truck hurtles out of the darkness, suddenly strikes him. He vanishes into the shadows. All that's left is a pair of empty rubbers in the middle of the road.

Time and again your mind's eye returns to a picture like this which you saw in LIFE. It remains in your memory. And as you linger over a photograph in LIFE, it creates other pictures in your mind, rounding out the event.

. . . to see life . . . to see the world . . . to eyewitness great events

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WITH THIS
FAMOUS SIGNATURE



WITH A GOVERNMENT
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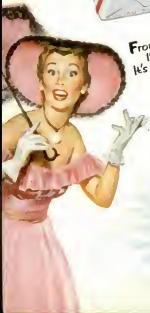
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From way down South in Dixieland
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They're easy on the draw!



At figure skating I'm a whiz,
Including Figure 8's.
But those that I like best to cut
Are L.S./M.F.T.'s!

At passing I am quite a star,
I'm captain of the team.
But when I pass a Lucky Strike,
I'm really on the beam!

