

LIFE

IN THIS ISSUE
MARATHON GRAND JURY
A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY



SUMMER PARTY
IN CHARLOTTE, N.C.

20 CENTS

JULY 9, 1951

CIRCULATION OVER
5,200,000

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



For summer at its **HOTTEST**
here's foodkeeping at its **BEST**

The New Twin Control Kelvinator!



Big 12 cubic feet of cold space . . . in the floor space of old-style "6's." Cold-clear-to-the-floor . . . the design originated by Kelvinator!



When summer heat's on a rampage, it's then that this wonderful new Twin Control Kelvinator really proves its foodkeeping superiority! For with Twin Controls you can dial the right kind of cold for best preservation of fresh and frozen foods . . . regardless of heat and humidity.

Dial below-zero cold in the freezer! That big freezer is separately insulated, separately refrigerated, separately controlled . . . gives you the same dependable frozen food storage you'd get in a regular home freezer! And how wonderful—when summer's heat is bearing down—to be able to get intense sub-zero cold to meet your special freezing needs . . . simply by a turn of that separate dial.

Dial the right cold and moisture! In that huge lower compartment, Kelvinator gives you wonderful new control of both cold and moisture for better-than-ever protection of your fresh foods. With Kelvinator's amazing "Cold-Mix," foods stay miraculously fresh for days! And if frequent door openings let in too much warm, humid air, a separate control lets you dial more cold, less moisture, to maintain ideal foodkeeping conditions in spite of the weather! It's easy as that!

Defrosts automatically! Once you dial the right cold and moisture, there's no defrosting in the food compartment. A marvelous new device, the Kelvinator "Humidplate," does the defrosting automatically . . . quickly.

Don't Take Chances on Your Old Refrigerator! Summertime is breakdown time for old refrigerators. Replace yours with a handsome new Kelvinator now. See your Kelvinator Dealer . . . find his name in your Classified Phone Book.



Giant 70-lb. Freezer. A real freezer, refrigerated on all five sides! Powered by the famous Polarsphere, Kelvinator's super-dependable cold-maker, product of 37 years' experience!



Mammoth Cold Super Crisper! More than a bushel of extra space you get only from Kelvinator! Equivalent of two extra shelves! Keeps fruits, vegetables, beverages cold and convenient!



New Butter Chest! Different from all others . . . it's another Kelvinator exclusive! Adjustable . . . to keep a full pound of butter just right for easy spreading! Available as an accessory.



LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM. Awarded to "5-Star" salesmen of Kelvinator Dealers, it assures you the highest standard of courteous, helpful service.



FOR TV FUN! Tune in Paul Whiteman TV TEEN CLUB Show . . . presented by Nash-Kelvinator dealers . . . ABC coast-to-coast network. See your paper for local hour.

Get more . . . **Get Kelvinator** Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation Detroit 32, Michigan
OLDEST MAKER OF ELECTRIC REFRIGERATORS FOR THE HOME



"I saw stars on Monday!"
 "We both saw stars
 on Saturday!"

"BROTHER! She sure let me have it! And all because I tried for one little kiss on a night that was made for kissing.

"I figured that on such a night a gal should feel romantic about the man she is practically engaged to. "But a guy can be wrong. How wrong" she told me in no uncertain terms.

"Naturally, I did *something* about it. So, when next Saturday rolled around, we both saw stars . . . the big, romantic kind."

It Could Happen To You

Halitosis (unpleasant breath)*, the sin unpardonable, has a way of cropping up when you least expect it. You can be guilty without even realizing it. That's the insidious thing about halitosis. So, you appear at your worst the very night you want to be at your best. Don't take this chance!

Before any date, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It's the *extra-careful* precaution against offending that millions of popular people rely on. Easy . . . quick . . . delightful . . .

Sweetens for Hours

Listerine Antiseptic is the *extra-careful* precaution because it freshens and sweetens the breath . . . *not for mere seconds or minutes . . . but for hours, usually.*

When breath may be questionable how foolish to trust to makeshifts when Listerine Antiseptic gives lasting protection. Never omit it before any date, business or social, where you want to be at your best.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic lyses such fermentation and overcomes the odor it causes.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri



Before any date . . . LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC... *it's breath-taking!*

This One



LQHQ-KNO-92NL

There was a very special ending to

Miss Ames' Last Case

HARRIET AMES—tall and crisply white in her starched uniform—tucked the blankets snugly about the small girl lying in the hospital bed and said, "Go to sleep, now, Dorothy. The doctor says you'll be well enough to go home tomorrow."

The child looked up at her and said, "Will you be coming home with me, Miss Ames?"

Harriet Ames smiled and said, "No, Dorothy. Your mother will be here for you—and besides . . ."

"Besides what, Miss Ames?"

"Oh, nothing, Dorothy—except that starting tomorrow I'm not going to be a nurse any more."

"You're not?" Dorothy's eyes opened wide, as if trying to picture Miss Ames as anything but a nurse and not quite being able to do it. "Why?"

"Well, it's just that I've been a nurse for ever so long, Dorothy—and now I feel as if I need a nice, long rest." No need to tell the child she was over sixty now—no need to tell her it was time to slow down, time to start taking life easy . . .

"Are you going home, too, Miss Ames?"

"Home? Yes, I suppose you might call it that. I'm going back to the town where I lived when I was a little girl like you." Harriet Ames had had no actual home for many years. After her parents died, she had left the small mid-western town to follow her career in larger cities. But now she was ready to go back and settle down in the town she knew and remembered so well. She had a married sister who was still there, and there were old friends . . .

"That will be nice, won't it, Miss Ames?" Dorothy was silent for a moment and then said, "But if you aren't going to be a nurse any more, what are you going to be? Daddy says people have to work or else they won't have any money."

Harriet Ames laughed. "Don't you worry, Dorothy, I'll get along!" She thought, as she had many times before, of the insurance policies tucked away in the old manila envelope. She had developed a fondness for those pieces of paper over the years, because they represented all the things she had hoped for—independence, security, ease in her old age. She had paid for them out of her earnings year by year—and now they would start repaying her every month for as long as she lived.

Little Dorothy's eyes were closing now, heavy with sleep. Harriet turned out the bedside light. While she waited, she made a mental note to be sure to see John and Mary Bailey as soon as she got back home. It was John Bailey, the New York Life agent in her home town, who had first got her to do something about life insurance for her future security, and whose letters and recommendations about it had been so helpful during all the years since then. It would be fun to tell him how everything had worked out as he predicted it some day would.

Miss Ames smiled at the sleeping child, tiptoed to the door and started down the corridor toward her room. There was still some packing to be done before tomorrow.

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



"Home? Yes, I suppose you might call it that."

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

HERE COMES THE SHOW BOAT...
MIGHTY MUSICAL OF THE MISSISSIPPI...
BY JEROME KERN AND OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II!

The M-G-M SHOW BOAT

NEW AND TECHNICOLOR TOO!

STARRING
**KATHRYN
GRAYSON**
AS
"MAGNOLIA"
The singing sweetheart
of the south!

STARRING
**AVA
GARDNER**
AS
"JULIE"
She sets the
bayous aflame
with her torchy
blues!

STARRING
**HOWARD
KEEL**
AS
"RAVENAL"
The handsome gambling
man with the
golden voice!

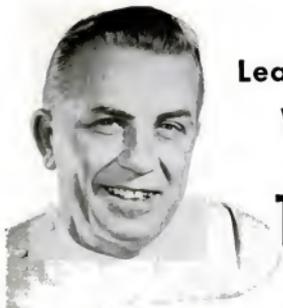
WITH
**MARGE and GOWER
CHAMPION**
AS
"FRANK and ELLIE"
Dancing darlings
of Dixieland!

WITH
**JOE
BROWN**
AS
"CAPN ANDY"
lovable, laughable
Skipper of the
Show Boat!

with ROBERT STERLING · AGNES MOOREHEAD · WILLIAM WARFIELD
From the Immortal Musical Play "Show Boat" by
JEROME KERN and OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, II

Based on EDNA FERBER'S Novel
Screen Play by JOHN LEE MAHIN · GEORGE SIDNEY · ARTHUR FREED
Directed by JOHN LEE MAHIN · GEORGE SIDNEY · ARTHUR FREED
An M-G-M Picture

Hear the famous songs! SUNG BY THE STARS ON M-G-M RECORDS!—"THE SHOW BOAT" ALBUM!



Leading foot specialists say:

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN ATHLETE TO GET *Athletes Foot*

IF YOU HAVE ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS...USE QUINSANA EVERY DAY!



CRACKS BETWEEN TOES are common signs of Athletes Foot. Never neglect a mild case—it can suddenly turn serious. Use fast-acting Quinsana. Fungicidal—wonderfully effective!



HOT, BURNING FEET. Without knowing it, you may have Athletes Foot. Be particularly careful this Summer! Play safe—use Quinsana daily. This excellent fungicide works fast, to soothe and heal.



ITCHY FEET, PEELING SKIN are Athletes Foot danger signals. At first signs, use Quinsana. Its fungicidal action fights infection. Clinical tests prove most people get quick relief with Quinsana treatment!



TIRED, ACHING FEET are no fun—don't let them ruin your day. Get blissful comfort with soothing, cooling Quinsana! Most chiropodists recommend Quinsana for daily foot care. You'll love it!



TENDER, TOUCHY FEET can be Nature's warning that you're an Athletes Foot victim. Don't take a chance, apply Quinsana to feet at once. It fights the infection so fast. It feels heavenly!

Easy to use . . . inexpensive.
Buy Quinsana for the
whole family—
today!



ONLY

49¢

Get quick relief with **MENNEN QUINSANA**

Use Mennen Quinsana every day—See your chiropodist-podiatrist regularly.

Easy 2-way
Daily
Treatment

1. Shake Quinsana on feet, especially between and under toes.

2. Shake Quinsana in shoes to help keep feet cool.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S. PATENT OFFICE, U.S. & CAN.

*QUINSANA is the Registered Trade-Mark of the Mennen Company.

Jimmy taught us all to spend our bottom dollars wisely!



Last year we bought our rough-and-tumble youngster a pair of shoes with NEOLITE Soles.

When we saw how much longer they wore than leather soles . . . how much better they were in so many other ways . . . it taught us to ask for NEOLITE Soles on our shoes, too!



New shoe smartness

lasts so long when soles are NEOLITE! For this miracle sole makes possible a new daintiness at the arch, a lasting beauty of finish! And NEOLITE is damp-proof—won't let wet weather twist dainty shoes out of shape, spoil their fine lines!



Best buy for comfort

I never knew how easy new-shoe walking could be till I tried NEOLITE Soles! They need no breaking-in . . . they're flexible from the start. And they outwear leather 2 to 1! Yes, NEOLITE is the perfect sole for every shoe, every member of the family!

INSIST ON
GENUINE NEOLITE

*The name is
always plainly marked
on the sole*

*Outwears leather 2 to 1.
Keeps shoes smart-looking.
Light . . . firm . . . flexible.
Damp-proof! Helps keep
feet dry, keep shoes in shape.*

NEOLITE
NEOLITE AN ELASTOMER-BLENDED RUBBER—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, JARVIS, OHIO
SOLES

Make any shoe a better shoe—any repair job a better job!

*As shown by actual walking tests, supervised by our own laboratory experts, comparing Neolite with leather of the same high quality specified for use by the Armed Forces.



UTTER DEVASTATION IS CAUGHT BY AN S-11 CAMERA LOOKING DOWN AT THE 1/2 MILLION-BARREL-A-YEAR OIL REFINERY AT WONSAN INSIDE NORTH KOREA.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

... A jet pilot merely flicks a switch to make aerial photos 200 feet long from a plane barreling through the sky at 600 mph

The two spectacular color photographs on these pages were taken over Northern Korea by an RF-80, a jet photo-reconnaissance plane traveling at something more than 600 mph. At those speeds or the greater ones of the future there is no chance for the pilot to set shutter speed, diaphragm opening or anything else. With the Air Force's S-11 camera (right) all he has to do is flip a switch.

The S-11 does not take a series of pictures but, as a roll of either color or black and white film unwinds past the lens, it makes one nestle-sharp photograph 9 1/2 inches wide and 200 feet long. The S-11 can automatically record such a picture from either treetop

height or medium altitude and at speeds five times faster than any jet can now fly.

To stop action photographically at very high speeds, even a 1/500-of-a-second shutter speed is not enough because in that time the jet camera plane moves almost two feet, producing a blurred picture. To avoid this, the S-11 camera has no shutter but instead has a narrow slit, adjustable to 1/1,000 of an inch. With the electronic equipment explained at right, the film moves past this slit in exact synchronization with the relative movement of the ground under the belly of the plane. The result is a sharp picture which is invaluable to the photo interpreter.



WELL-CRATERED RAILROAD YARDS AT WONSAN SHOW ROUNDHOUSE (LEFT, CENTER) STILL MORE OR LESS INTACT. COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY ENABLES PHOTO



ALTHOUGH THIS TARGET SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN COMPLETELY ERASED, ONLY EXPERT PHOTO ANALYSTS CAN TELL IF ANY FURTHER BOMBING IS NECESSARY



THE S-11 CAMERA with its electronic gear costs about \$7,500, weighs about 150 pounds. Heart of the suit is the Scanner which measures electronically the speed at which the ground passes under the belly of the plane. The Synchronizer is a computer which transforms information from the Scanner into usable signal for the Manual Automatic Control. When set on automatic, this control translates this information into altitude, air speed, slit width and exposure. The Servo Power unit takes this data, modifies it for focal length and depression angle of the camera. The camera itself, receiving all this information, drives the film at correct speed. This speed is accurately marked on the film by a Generator unit to aid the photo interpreter who works on the picture. Looking at camera are two of the men who helped develop it: Calvin Owen (left) and Colonel George Godkard.



INTERPRETERS MORE EASILY TO ASSESS BOMB DAMAGE, BUT THE AIR FORCE HAS NOT YET PERFECTED A SYSTEM OF MAKING QUICK AND EASY COLOR PRINTS

*A world of wonders
in ONE GREAT PICTURE*

Walt Disney's ALICE in WONDERLAND

The all-cartoon Musical Wonderfilm

ON THE other side of the Talking Door-knob you'll enter a new world—a world of wonders where hearts are filled with laughter and the air is filled with music.

In a realm of colorful radiance, you'll be bewitched, as is Alice herself, by the fantastic funnyfolk whose madcap merriment you'll remember as long as there's a laugh left in your heart. The Mad Hatter, the

March Hare, the Cheshire Cat, the White Rabbit, the Walrus and the Carpenter will make your Wonderland adventure an enduringly joyous experience.

For here, in all its brilliant enchantment, a masterpiece comes to life...told by America's master storyteller, Walt Disney.

You'll be forever happier for having seen it.

COLOR BY
TECHNICOLOR

Coming
your way—soon!

EVEN THE SONGS ARE FUN:
"I'M LATE" "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"
"THE UNBIRTHDAY SONG"
"VERY GOOD ADVICE" "T'WAS BRILLIG"

STARRING THE VOICES OF:
ED WYNN *The Mad Hatter*
RICHARD HAYDN *The Caterpillar*
STERLING HOLLOWAY *The Cheshire Cat*
JERRY COLONNA *The March Hare*
KATHRYN BEAUMONT ALICE

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures
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ADOLPHE MENJOU... *Star of Radio's*
MEET THE MIXEDS™



*I Liked 'em
at a dime
I Love 'em
at a nickel!*

PERSONNA BLADES

REDUCED from
10¢ to 5¢ ea.



WORLD'S FINEST BLADES
NOW **5 FOR 25¢**
10 for 49¢ — 20 for 89¢
(net 98¢)

No Change in Quality!
Certified by N. Y. Testing Laboratories
Yes, Personnas are now half their former price — but still the world's finest blades. Prove it to yourself — at no risk — by getting a pack of Personnas. Use as many blades as you wish... and if they do not give you incomparably smooth shaves, return dispenser to us for full refund! Personna, Inc., 43 W. 57th Street, N. Y.

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injector blades

NEW! Metal injectors
fit perfectly.

NEW!
Built-in
razor for
used blades.

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The toaster that never talks back!



See the General Electric Automatic Toaster at your dealer's.

General Electric Automatic Toaster keeps your toast down
till you want it, or pops it up!



When you want it!

This new General Electric Automatic Toaster will pop toast up when you're ready for it. But then, if you prefer to wait, just set the control knob and a special built-in device will keep that wonderful, golden-brown toast down until you want it.



How you want it!

G.E. leaves all this up to you. Whether you like light, medium or dark... you can have it your way! Just set the control knob and let this G.E. beauty toast every piece... uniformly... from the first slice to the last, whether it's two or twenty. Every slice so crisp and munchy, too!



So quick to clean!

It's so easy! All you do is snap out the Crumb Tray... clean it in 10 speedy seconds... snap it back in again! No more turning upside down to empty crumbs! General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Specifications subject to change without notice.

"Toast To Your Taste—Every Time"

GENERAL ELECTRIC

The Fluffy Fluffy Fluffy RICE



*** Uncle Ben's**
CONVERTED
LONG GRAIN RICE

"Uncle Ben's" and "Converted" are trade-marks of Converted Rice, Inc.
Now available in Canada, too!

**Its sunny color—
like magic—cooks up
white and fluffy**

*Uncle Ben's Rice, before milling, is put through an exclusive patented process. This assures retention of natural B vitamins and flavor, and at the same time makes this rice the easiest to cook. It's always Fluffy.

CONVERTED RICE, INC., Houston, Texas

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

NEXT-TO-LAST RITES

Sirs:
People do many funny things in their lifetime which have as their sole function an attempt to attract attention to themselves. LIFE, in publishing such an absurd article as "Next-to-last Rites for Jim" (LIFE, June 18), should be ashamed of itself.

RAY PHILLIPS
Williamsport, Pa.

Sirs:
May I, as a member of the new generation, ask "what is the old generation going to?"

JEANNE E. NICHOLS
Dallas, Texas

FIRES OF IRAN

Sirs:
"The Fires of Iran" (LIFE, June 18) is one of the finest stories that could be put before the reading eyes of all Americans. The many complex problems show us that much more is at issue in Iran than just oil. Justice Douglas' report is one of the fine things I like about your magazine.

NORTON L. CARSON
Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:
I was deeply perturbed by Justice Douglas' article. Having had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Douglas and accompanying him on one of his trips, I am shocked to see how a man of such wisdom and integrity can, by over-dramatization and presentation of one-sided facts, give such a completely distorted picture. . . .

Dr. A. TORAJ MEHRA
Washington, D.C.

MYSTERY OF JETS

Sirs:
Was the "Mystery of the Jets" (LIFE, June 18) ever solved?

ANITA KATZ
Long Meadow, Mass.
● The crash of the eight jets was caused by icing up of the engine inlet screens—ED.

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

Sirs:
Looking at the stunning animal distortions by Zoltan Glass (Speaking of Pictures, LIFE, June 18) I was reminded of this undistorted photo of my own (below).

Closed in behind the stable door, the horse could not reach a handful of hay that a timid little girl dared not hold nearer. Trying to get the food, it stretched its neck to giraffe-like length.

FAITZ NEUGASS
New York, N.Y.



DEAN ACHESON

Sirs:
After looking at 42 photographs (Picture of the Week, LIFE, June 18) of Secretary of State Dean Acheson I still think he acts, looks and dresses as befits a Secretary of State.

ARTHUR SANTILLO
East Providence, R.I.

Sirs:
The person responsible for printing 42 pictures of the Secretary of State should have his head examined.

ORSON KILBORN
Southport, Conn.

Sirs:
Is one to infer from LIFE's editorial that when a man makes out so good a case for himself that his accusers are left flat-footed, he has proven the need of retiring?

JOSEPH S. THOMPSON
San Francisco, Calif.

WITH THIS RING . . .

Sirs:
"With This Ring . . ." by Robert Wallace (LIFE, June 18) was one of the funniest articles I have ever read, also one of the most informative.

CHARLES McDANIEL
Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:
I was very much interested in your "tongue-in-cheek" story on wedding rings. There is no question that your writer made an error in overemphasizing the use of wedding rings for immoral purposes. Completely overlooked was the tremendous replacement market. Women are not neatly as sentimentally attached to their original wedding rings as is often supposed. . . .

SOI BLACKMAN
Rogers Jewelers
Indianapolis, Ind.

MARGARET TRUMAN

Sirs:
A lovely, personable young woman! Your photo coverage of Miss Truman ("Margaret's Marathon Beguiles Britain," LIFE, June 18) refutes the editing of those newspapers who seem to select only her poorest pictures for publication.

WILLIAM J. HALLAND
Washington, D.C.

● Miss Truman's photographs seldom do her justice. LIFE is glad these do, —ED.

COOKING ON ICE

Sirs:
To those of us deeply devoted to the widest application of the finest cuisine, it is good to see LIFE at last moving into the kitchen ("Cooking on Ice" [CONTINUED ON PAGE 11](#))



THE ONLY GIRDLE IN THE WORLD YOU CAN WEAR UNDER YOUR SWIMSUIT, PAT DRY AND WEAR AGAIN IMMEDIATELY UNDER SLENDER SUMMER CLOTHES

Take the Summer
out of Summer

Under
reveling
shorts



Under sleekest
evening dress



Under
swimsuits



Under shirts
and slacks

- To keep daisy-fresh all day long,
rinse Pink-Ice dainty in seconds,
pat dry with a towel before each change.

INVISIBLE PLAYTEX® PINK-ICE

It's light as a snowflake, fresh as a daisy, actually "breathes" with you! And, Playtex Pink-Ice not only takes the simmer out of summer, it gives you slimmest-in-action and complete freedom! Made by a new latex process, it actually dispels body heat. Without a single seam, stitch or bone, Playtex Pink-Ice fits invisibly under your sleekest summer clothes, and it washes and dries in seconds!

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Written by Billy Wilder, Lesser Samuels and Walter Newman

A Paramount Picture



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

CONTINUED

les," LIFE, June 18). Your color photography is magnificent—both on the soups and on the gelées. . . .

But the thought of making a green salad, designed to last in the refrigerator all the week, is nothing short of abominable! And as for slopping champagne over it . . . perhaps you enjoy salads which have the consistency of wet brown paper. . . .

BARON ANDREW DE CROOT
President

International Gourmet Society
New York, N.Y.

CHICAGO'S WHITE SOX

Sirs:

I enjoyed very much "Chicago's White Sox Are White Hot" (LIFE, June 18). Seeing Carrasquel sliding into third against Boston immediately reminded me of this photo of a similar play only a year ago. Take a look at the stands and compare attendance. I guess the Sox are "white hot."

JACK AYLMER

Osterville, Mass.



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Nancy Kelly

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"SEASON IN THE SUN"



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Drawn by Harvey Stein



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Home Permanent

Procter & Gamble's Cream-Oil Cold Wave



SUNDAY BEGINS in the chilly air of 5 a.m. Two di-heveled soldiers of the 5th Regiment, 1st Cavalry

Division, still heavy-eyed with sleep, stand by for reveille formation at their regimental headquarters.



DAWN BREAKS OVER CHAPLAIN'S TENT AND JEEP

SUNDAY IN KOREA

**TO SOLDIERS REVEILLE STILL
IS LOUDER THAN PEACE TALK**

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY JOE SCHERSCHEL

The Russian proposal for an armistice had come a day before. It had stirred talk among the U.N. troops, but no one allowed himself to believe that there was solid hope. So this day, Sunday, June 24, 1951, came like any other summer day in Korea. At dawn, where the 1st Cavalry's 5th Regiment lay on the front lines in the North Korean hills, dew glistened on the windshields of the jeeps. The men crawled from their pup tents or bunkers to look gloomily at the familiar, dismal scene, or to smoke an early cigaret. After breakfast and the inevitable "policing up," the varied activities of the regiment began much as they did on other days (pp. 18, 19). On the front line, observation posts were manned, weapons cleaned and patrols sent off to feel out the enemy positions. Only briefly, as the day went on, did the men of the 5th realize that it was, after all, Sunday. The chaplain, Major Richard Lipsey, held more services than usual, out in the open wherever soldiers were willing to gather, listen and pray. Then, at noon, the sergeants reminded them that Sunday was pill day, when every man in the chow line had to swallow a chloroquine tablet, the newest and bitterest preventive against malaria.

With dusk the day was forgotten. The next one would soon begin. And the talk of armistice was forgotten too, for the men who had come back unhurt from the patrols said that the Chinese Reds had not stopped fighting. It was still like that on the next Sunday, even though the enemy by radio indicated that he would talk about a cease-fire. Whatever the result, there would be many more such Sundays, many more pills of chloroquine and warming, soft-spoken words from Chaplain Lipsey.



FALLING IN AT REVEILLE, men of Headquarters Company, 5th Regiment, stand against

the cold morning sky waiting for a sergeant to call off their names and send them to breakfast.

IT IS DAY FOR PILLS



REGIMENTAL BARBERSHOP, two cans conveniently placed in company street, is busy Sundays.



SIGN OF SUNDAY is the sour expression of a soldier swallowing a bitter chloroquine tablet. Sergeant

at the head of noon chow line checks off soldiers' names, making sure they do not throw their pills out.



AT OBSERVATION POST officers study enemy, prepare to cover patrols with planes and artillery



PICKING UP A PILL, another soldier gets ready for the swallow. More bitter than atabrine of World War II, chloroquine is believed to be more effective against malaria and does not tinge the skin yellow.

...AND CHURCHGOING



CHAPLAIN LIPSEY TALKS TO TROOPS

Wherever the men gather, there is the church. In the fields, the woods, or by a Korean river, Chaplain Lipsy opens his portable altar and preaches a soldierly sermon . . .

"David was just 14 when he had the experience which brought about the 23rd Psalm. Armies in those days didn't have the supply system we have now. They had no quartermaster who doled out C rations and B rations and five-in-ones. In fact soldiers had nothing except what they could scrounge for themselves or what their families could send them. So David's father sent him to take a package of food to his brothers, who were in the army of King Saul. You can imagine what a boy of 14 thought as he came into camp. You know how most boys are when they see a soldier with brass buttons on his coat and cap. They want to grow up and be soldiers too so they can wear brass buttons. Well, David's brothers were completely covered by brass. They wore brass breastplates and brass coverings over their legs and arms. David was probably envious, but he was soon disillusioned. For one man came out of the camp of the enemy Philistines and shouted a challenge to fight any one man from the army of Israel. And the entire army of Israel ran and hid in what was the counterpart of our foxholes. David turned to his brothers and said 'Is there no one in the Army of God who will fight that man?' When no one volunteered David went to the king. I don't know whether he had to go through the first sergeant or not, but he got to King Saul and tried to volunteer. Saul was busy and he did what your company commander often does when he is busy. He told David to go away and come back some other time. But David insisted. He told how as a boy he had killed a lion and a bear which had attacked his sheep. 'The Lord is my shepherd,' he said, 'I shall not want.' Right there the psalm was born. You all know the story of David and Goliath.

In the last war, I was the chaplain for an armored outfit. When we landed at Omaha, the beach was raked by enemy fire and our own ack-ack fell back down on us and I was as frightened as anyone. I tried to think of something which would calm me, and the first thing that came to my mind was the 23rd Psalm. 'He leadeth me beside the still waters, he restoreth my soul.' I got no further than that and ever since when in a tight spot I turn to that Psalm. . . ."



HOLDING CHURCH SERVICE for a tank company of the 5th Cavalry, Chaplain Lipsy delivers

his sermon (see column at left) from an impromptu pulpit before a pair of Shermans in a sunny field.



CHAPLAIN'S CONGREGATION includes men from the front lines wearing cartridge belts. They

are of many faiths, but they sing the hymns and read the prayers in the books the chaplain distributes.



Sunday in Korea CONTINUED



BACK FROM PATROL, their faces smeared with dust, these men have spent 10 hours of this Sunday crawling and snaking along the fringe of the Communist lines. Now, as the routine of the day draws to a close, they wait patiently for a hot supper.



PILE DRIVER pounds the huge uprights that will support a bridge across the river. Daylight is fading, but the thumping of the driver will be heard late into the night.



TIRED CHAPLAIN leans on the pole of his tent. Lipsey has visited all the units of the regiment and has delivered his sermon about David and the 23rd Psalm a dozen times.



A BALL GAME that could be happening anywhere goes on in a Korean field near regimental headquarters. Motor Pool men are playing Security Guard who are now at bat.



BATHING in the river, other troops welcome the time to freshen up and to scrub off the grime from their trucks and jeeps in preparation for whatever may happen tomorrow.



WRITING HOME, this soldier hunches over a letter. He sits on a mound near his front line bunker. Far beyond him the enemy's hills gradually recede into the gathering dusk.



SPEAKING ON THE U.N. "PRICE OF PEACE" RADIO PROGRAM, MALIK ANGRILY SAYS THAT THE U.S. IS TRYING TO EXTEND THE WAR IN THE FAR EAST, GOES ON TO



ANNIVERSARY REMINDER exactly one year after start of Korean war was this funeral of Kenneth Shadrick of Skin Fork, Tenn., first U.S. soldier to

die in it. Shadrick was killed by a North Korean machine gunner near Sojong on July 5, 1950, when U.N. forces were falling back. He was not quite 18 years old.

A PEACE MOVE

MALIK SUGGESTS, RIDGWAY ACTS

While U.S. troops were spending their Sunday in Korea a hemisphere away, the first U.S. soldier to die in the Korean war was buried in West Virginia. At the moment it seemed that he had died to some avail—the whole world was buzzing with new talks of peace. There had been talk before, but none of it so hopeful. One after another, nations of the U.N.—the U.S., Canada, India and the Arab bloc—had come up with cease-fire proposals, but Russia, disclaiming a part in the war, had sat on the sidelines. It had dragged on a year when, on June 23, Russia's U.N. Delegate Yakov Malik (*above*) made the speech that started the new excitement. He suggested the opposing generals arrange a cease-fire in the field. This proved which shell the pea was under. The only thing about the speech that gave the world hope was that a Russian had made it. It was not the occasion, a short talk on a U.N. radio program, or the speech itself, a brief suggestion tacked on to a string of bitter words. It was not even the cease-fire proposal—a simple suggestion almost identical to the one partly responsible for General MacArthur's recall. It was the certainty that, although Russia might claim the U.S. had started the war, Russia herself was the only one who could stop it.

Malik's speech was the signal for a week of speculation, suspicion, and guarded comment. It could mean, thought optimists, that the U.N. policy of limiting the war to killing Chinese had paid off. It could be, thought pessimists, that the Russians were getting ready for action somewhere else. From General Ridgway's offices in Tokyo there somehow leaked a State Department memorandum which warned the truce might be a military move to let the Chinese regroup. In Korea General Van Fleet, hearing the news, said "I'll be damned." In Tullahoma, Tenn., President Truman made a few last changes in his prepared speech; the U.S. is always ready to join in a settlement, he said, "but it must be a real settlement which fully ends aggression." Diplomats scurried everywhere. Trygve Lie, vacationing in Norway, quickly



SAY THAT "THE SOVIET PEOPLES BELIEVE THAT . . . DISCUSSIONS SHOULD BE STARTED BETWEEN THE BELLIGERENTS FOR A CEASE-FIRE AND AN ARMISTICE"

GETS A REPLY

AND FOE AGREES TO NEGOTIATE

boarded a plane for New York. Nazroollah Entezam and Sir Benegal Rau, of the U.N. Good Offices Committee, rushed to find Malik and clarify the matter. Malik temporarily disappeared (next page). In Moscow, U.S. Ambassador Allen Kirk met with Russia's Gromyko who, though blandly insisting that the Russians themselves were not involved in the war, did hint that the cease-fire would work out for the best if it concerned only military matters. Radio Peking said the Chinese People's Republic endorsed the Russian proposal, adding that since Truman seemed willing to consider it, the U.S. obviously was licked.

In Korea the U.N. forces stood firmly astride the 38th Parallel. The U.N. goals a year ago had been both military and political; militarily they would settle for peace along the 38th, politically they were committed to build a free, unified Korea. In October, when U.N. forces held most of Korea, these goals had merged until, both politically and militarily, the U.N. planned to free the country as a whole. After the Chinese intervention the military and political separated again until, as Dean Acheson testified earlier in the month, the U.N. would regard it as a victory if there were a cease-fire at the 38th Parallel and the political problem could be handled later on its own. Meanwhile General Ridgway broadcast his proposal for meeting the "Commander in Chief, Communist Forces in Korea" aboard the Danish hospital ship *Jutlandia*. Two days later the general had an answer. The Peking radio broadcast a formal statement from Kim Il Sung, North Korean premier, and Peng Teh-huai, Chinese commander, agreeing to meet Ridgway's representative between July 10 and July 15, not aboard the ship but on the 38th Parallel near Kaesong, now a no man's land. The two commanders said that they were ready to talk about "cessation of military action and establishment of peace." There were still details to be worked out, but as this week began, it looked as if the belligerents would finally get together.



WAITING FOR MORE NEWS along with the rest of the world, Cpl. Randall Smith stands by at Defense Department's teletype receiving bank in the

Pentagon. It is over this circuit that official messages from General Ridgway's Supreme Headquarters reach Washington, relayed in code from Tokyo.

Malik CONTINUED

MALIK, AS HOST, HAS AN ENIGMATIC SMILE

After calling for a Korean peace, Yakov Malik disappeared. His office said that he was sick. His chauffeurs spent idle days polishing limousines. Reporters ran between his Long Island mansion and his quarters on Park Avenue. Then after five days Malik emerged (*below*) as host at the



DINNER TABLE is set with The Waldorf-Astoria's fanciest crystal and its 24-karat "gold service."



THE HOST AND HOSTESS leave the Soviet delegation's Park Avenue headquarters at 7:45 and enter

Malik's black limousine bound for The Waldorf-Astoria. She wore black evening gown, pearls, orchids.



BETWEEN COURSES the host chats with lady on his right (*out of picture*), wife of the Turkish delegate, while U.S. Delegate Ernest Cross (*center*) talks to

Mrs. Daniel von Balluseck, wife of the Netherlands delegate. At left: Representative Queveda of Ecuador listens to Lady Jebb, wife of Britain's representative.

monthly dinner given by the retiring president of the Security Council. It cost the U.S.S.R. \$50 a guest. The Waldorf-Astoria of course put its best red jackets on its waiters, red roses on the tables. But Yakov Malik just smiled through tight lips and said nothing worthy of mention.



THE BIG THREE, Britain's Jebb (at left), Malik and Gross, meet briefly in the corridor before dinner.



A QUIET ONE, Mme. Malik is seated beside Sir Gladwyn Jebb. They found very little to talk about.



A TALKATIVE PAIR are Yugoslavia's delegate, Dr. Ales Bektar, and Mme. Selim Sarper of Turkey.



THE AFFABLE MALIKS look like a pair of contented capitalists as they step from the elevator of

hotel. This was one of the few times that she has been seen in public during her stay in New York.



STANDEES IN THEATER watch the fight from the orchestra pit. In future Albany theater loudspeaker will carry broadcast to patrons who can't get seats.



CROWDS GATHER FOUR HOURS EARLY FOR THE TELECAST AT FABIAN PALACE

THE MOVIES MOVE

Home viewers are lured back to the box office

In the last few years, as television grew from nothing into a gigantic entertainment medium, older industries like the movies and sports have suffered increasingly acute attacks of box-office blues. Even the occasional good film failed to fill the theaters, and even the best fights and football games did not jam the stadiums when they could also be seen in bars or at home on TV. This alarming state of affairs recently inspired some major colleges and some fight managers to ban TV. Then a few weeks ago the movie industry, whose only previous answer had been to deride TV (while also attempting to buy into it), came up with what looked like the ideal solution: a process to fill both movie theaters and sports arenas.

The "cure" was wrought by Big Screen Television, a system of televising sports events directly into movie houses without permitting them to reach TV sets at home. Tried first with whopping success when Joe Louis knocked out Lee Savold in New York's Madison Square Garden four weeks ago, theater TV made its second bow on June 27 for the fight in New York's Yankee Stadium between Jake LaMotta and Irish Bob Murphy. Eleven theaters in eight cities received the telecasts, and all except

IN YANKEE STADIUM



AT 1:45 OF THIRD ROUND a fan of Bob Murphy works himself up to shout as his fighter scores with a right. Faces of other fans reflect worry, puzzlement and

apathy. Two thirds of the Yankee Stadium seats were vacant, which some blamed on a threat of rain. Others agreed more exciting fighters would draw larger crowds.



THEATER IN ALBANY, N.Y., WHICH SEATED 3,000 AND TURNED AWAY 3,000

IN ON TV'S FIGHTS

by an alliance of promoters and theater owners

one were filled to overflowing. More people (28,879) saw the fight in the movie houses than in the stadium (21,257). Both groups found it a bore. For seven rounds the awkward boxers floundered around the ring looking more like two drunks settling an argument than professional prizefighters. When the bout was stopped because LaMotta couldn't come out for the eighth round, it had inspired less reaction in the movie houses (below) than a good Mickey Mouse cartoon.

Some owners of TV sets were riled more at theater TV than at the dull bout. "I thought I was buying all the fights when I bought my set," said one at an Albany, N.Y. theater (above). What the FCC thought remained to be seen. But the movie industry was going full speed ahead, counting its TV chickens while it hatched additional schemes to televise Broadway shows into movie houses too. And, as Hollywood invaded TV's domain, TV began to return the compliment. Last week NBC was at work on a plan to make its own movies from television shows and to release them in movie houses. The battle of the two industries looked like a far better fight-in-the-making than anything the boxing business had to offer.



WHAT THEY SAW was a bloated LaMotta gasping after few rounds. Here he has just been hit. Said N. Y. *Mirror*, "Wanna Know What? LaMotta No Cotta."



AT THE SAME INSTANT in the Albany theater one bored fight fan scratches his head as others look amused at the fighters' clumsy antics. Some of the movie

patrons liked seeing the fight in the theater because "big screens made it seem just like being at the ringside." Two thirds of the audience left when fight ended.





DURING FRENCH JOUSTING MATCHES A PARTICIPANT STOPS FOR A HEARTY SWIG OF POP. CHEERING CROWD OVERLOOKED THIS CARBONATED ANACHRONISM

QUEEN FOR A DAY, POP FOR A KNIGHT

On opposite sides of the English Channel last month spectators were treated to some rare reenactments of historic equestrian events. At an outing of the Touring Club of France near Paris some 15,000 onlookers watched a few of the club's bolder members don 13th Century armor and mount steeds to revive the ancient sport of jousting. But wiling under a broiling sun, several knights and heralds soon stopped to revive

themselves with bottles of orange pop (*above*). Though it was cooler in Coventry, Ann Wrigg peeled off her clothes and mounted a spirited hunter named Willoughby Warrior (*left*) for a parade past half a million people attending a Lady Godiva pageant. So perfect was Actress Wrigg's performance, spectators were left wondering just what kind of flesh-colored costume she could have worn under her flaxen tresses.

NINETY BILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

ONLY AN HONEST, UNIVERSAL SALES TAX CAN PROVIDE THAT MUCH FEDERAL REVENUE

About all that most people in this country know about taxes is that they have to pay the infernal things. This is too bad, for at least two reasons. First, the U.S. tax system is in an unholly mess, and it will never be improved unless the people take an interest and force their politicians and officials to get at the necessary reforms. Second, the story of taxes in the past decade or so is one that all Americans ought to know, for it is also the story of an immense revolution in American life.

Anybody who wants the heart of the story will have to endure a few statistics. In 1939 just under four million Americans paid Federal income taxes. In 1950 just over 44 million Americans paid Federal income taxes—and there is your revolution. As of today it is not a complete revolution. Upwards of 19 million wage earners who might be subjected to Federal income taxes did not have to pay in the year just ended and probably won't have to pay in the one coming up. But, if taxes on the goods people buy are considered along with the taxes people pay on their incomes, it may be fairly held that in 1951 all Americans who take in and spend money are contributing personally to the cost of their national government. By the same token not only the cost of national government, but the ways in which the money to pay the cost is collected, are of the most personal interest to the whole American public.

How to botch a job

Probably never before has there been so much solid, pointed thinking on the subject of taxes. The White House, the U.S. Treasury and Congress have at hand an impressive body of studies and recommendations from such varied sources as the big labor organizations, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and a number of private and semiprivate groups whose memberships are such as to place them above the suspicion of self-interest. Two of the best of these are the Committee for Economic Development, usually identified with Economist Beardsley Ruml, and the plain-speaking Committee on Federal Tax Policy. Its chairman and spokesman is Roswell Magill, a former undersecretary of the Treasury who now teaches tax law at Columbia University. These groups differ on many points. But in the broadest sense all of them, including such opposed interests as the C.I.O. and the N.A.M., agree on a few fundamentals which go to the core of present tax needs and tax faults.

The first point of agreement is that the Federal Government must collect more taxes—a lot more—to pay for the defense of America. Not one of the groups mentioned above quarrels seriously with the amount of the huge tax increase (\$7.2 billion) voted two weeks ago by the House of Representatives; nor even, in principle, with the assertion of President Truman and Secretary of the Treasury Snyder that still more increases will have to be voted.

The second point of agreement is that the Administration and Congress between them are botching their budget job—the job of determining how much money the Federal Government really needs to run and defend the nation. The fact that nonmilitary expenditures are higher than they need to be is so clear that only the President and his political hacks and sycophants deny it. The Committee for Economic Development figures that merely rolling ordinary, domestic Federal services back to the level of 1948 would save more than \$3 billion. The Magill committee is convinced that \$10 billion could be taken from the President's current budget without harm. It makes a blockbuster of a proposal: all Federal appropriations should be stopped until the Bureau of the Budget does some patriotic arithmetic along these lines.

A third point of agreement is that the Administration and Congress between them are falling down on their present tax job—the job of determining how best to obtain the needed additional revenue. The Magill committee called the tax bill passed by the House "probably the most badly devised tax measure in our history." "All the faults of existing tax measures, already

notable for their discriminatory rates and makeshift devices, are compounded in the House bill. The way in which the Administration and Congress have gone about the job is lazy, inept, cowardly and positively harmful to America and the cause of free men everywhere.

The truth is that tax needs have outgrown the tax system. Among the various groups and authorities noted here, only the labor unions have refused to face this fact and adjust their policies accordingly. Only the unions, that is, and the Federal tax authorities who have a vested interest in national squandering. Secretary Snyder admitted rather wanly last week that future revenues on the \$80-\$90 billion-a-year scale he foresees will require "a new type of tax," and he said without enthusiasm that the Treasury was going to work on the matter. But if past performance means anything the nation will do better to look to such sources as the C.E.D. and the Magill committee for sensible guidance.

The C.E.D., the Magill committee and others are agreed on an important point—where *not* to look for substantial increases. According to these authorities the income tax has been milked for just about all it's worth. This opinion applies both to individual incomes, at all levels, and to that supposedly unlimited source of easy dough, corporation income. Even Secretary Snyder admitted in February that the corporate taxes he was proposing could do serious harm. But he held that the harm was unavoidable and the House jacked them still higher, to a level which the Magill committee called "confiscatory." And no wonder, considering that as the House bill now stands the Federal Government may take 82¢ from every dollar in the highest bracket of a corporation's profit and up to 70% of a corporation's earnings. Apart from the harm such rates do in discouraging incentive and investment, they have come to constitute a sort of immoral joke. A familiar wisecrack among businessmen nowadays is that any corporation which pays a penny in excess profits taxes ought to have its head examined. This is a pleasant way of saying that the destructive rates now prevailing invite evasion. They also encourage waste and among other things stimulate the very inflation which high taxes are in part intended to prevent.

Complete the revolution

How, then, is the needed money to be found? There is only one useful answer. The great revolution involved in the steady broadening of the Federal tax base must be carried to its logical conclusion—a truly universal tax. At a time when the total revenue demanded goes beyond \$60 billion, as it already has, and soars toward \$70, \$80 and even \$90 billion a year, some form of universal tax is absolutely necessary.

So far the experts have come up with only one form of tax which can meet the need and is immediately feasible—a general, uniform sales tax on practically all commodities except food and housing. It would supplement income taxes and largely replace the present hodgepodge of uneven excise taxes (which incidentally provide ample precedent for a uniform sales tax). The impact of taxes today is already universal—and at the same time uneven and dishonest, in that so many taxes are concealed. A uniform Federal sales tax would be universal, even and honestly in the open.

Among those who favor a Federal sales tax—the C.E.D., the Magill committee and the National Association of Manufacturers are on record for it—the only important difference of opinion is over where to collect it. Some want to collect it from the retailer, others from the last manufacturer who processes any given item. Wherever it may be collected, the arguments for making a general sales tax a part of the permanent revenue structure are now overwhelming. The Administration and Congress will almost certainly have to come to it. The sooner they do, the better off the country will be. Nothing but harm can result from the further abuse of taxes which have already passed the limits of safety and effectiveness.

This **Luxury Soup** you'll love... puts a welcome in **Budget Meals** *



Made of Cultivated Mushrooms and Extra-Heavy Whipping Cream

If you've never tried this soup, then prepare for a treat! You'll delight in the fine, delicate flavor of the mushrooms... revel in the whipping-cream smoothness... enjoy the tender mushroom pieces added so lavishly. Then—see for yourself how this luxury soup—Campbell's Cream of Mushroom—can lift and enliven the plainest meal. Try, for example, the budget menus, and the delicious sauce recipe, below.

Campbell's CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP



Co-hokey! Co-hokey!
Come give us rich cream
To make Cream of Mushroom
As smooth as a dream!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

A tempting supper with SOUP

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Cheese Noodle Ring
Buttered Beets—Cabbage Slow
Rhubarb Sauce

... so much for so little ... and
satisfies all the family.

Menu for lunch features SOUP

Cream of Mushroom Soup
Egg Salad Sandwich
Fresh Fruit Cup

... and you have a lunch that's both
tasty and nourishing.

Makes a rich smooth SAUCE

Heat together 1 can (1 1/4 cups)
Campbell's Cream of Mushroom
Soup and 1/2 cup of milk, stirring
constantly. Pour over asparagus,
broccoli, fried chicken, ham cro-
quettes, grilled hamburgers.



"TREASURES FROM THE AUCTION," by John Gannam. Number 57 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land
of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



*Beer and ale—
mealtime favorites*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1962





TWO PALLBEARERS DRESSED IN WHITE LEAD FUNERAL PROCESSION ALONG WINDING ROAD LEADING TO THE TAMA IMPERIAL MAUSOLEUM IN TOKYO SUBURBS

JAPANESE BURY THEIR DOWAGER EMPRESS

Since the death of her husband Emperor Taisho 25 years ago, Japan's frail little Dowager Empress Sadako had silently watched the rise and fall of his empire from the seclusion of the Omiya Palace in Tokyo. There on May 17 she died suddenly of a heart attack, leaving her son Emperor Hirohito and the government gravely puzzled as to just what kind of imperial funeral was proper under their new democracy. Traditionally the day should have been proclaimed a national holiday, with all gay entertainment banned for the next year while her subjects

remained in mourning. This was ruled out, but even so democracy did not deprive the 66-year-old dowager of adequate last rites (cost: \$133,889). On June 22, as half a million saddened ex-subjects lined Tokyo's streets to pay homage (*next page*), her white-draped coffin was carried to the imperial mausoleum in the western suburbs. Following solemnly along the winding, cedar-lined road (*above*) came Japan's leading dignitaries. As a final gesture of respect, the empress in death was given a new name: Teimei Kogo (Empress of Enlightened Chastity).



THE DOWAGER EMPRESS AT 61



Lovely hands! Lovely hair!

Lovely offer!



75¢ Value—both for only 49¢ plus tax

You already know how lovely your *hands* can be with Jergens Lotion — the world's favorite hand care.

Now, to let you learn how soft and gleaming your *hair* can be — we offer you this generous bottle of Woodbury Shampoo — absolutely free!*

WOODBURY SHAMPOO is pure coconut oil castile. Its rich, gentle lather thoroughly cleanses, removes loose dandruff—without drying the hair. Leaves your hair gleaming—yet so easy to manage!

OFFER FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY! Ask for this beauty bargain today — in the yellow and black combination package — now at stores everywhere.

*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 Woodbury Shampoo as your free gift.

Dowager Empress CONTINUED



SCRAMBLING CROWD jumps up from mats on which they had knelt for hours as water truck washes streets ahead of the oncoming funeral cortege.



DEVOTED DIGNITARIES watch horse-drawn carriage carrying empress dowager's body as it nears funeral pavilion in Tokyo where services were held.



SORROWING SON, the Emperor Hirohito, enters Toshimagaoka funeral pavilion in Tokyo, followed at an appropriate distance by his empress wife.



RESPECTFUL PEASANTS bow their heads as special train passes through the countryside, carrying body to the Tama Imperial Mausoleum for burial.

Most comfortable dressings ever - And they're flesh-colored!

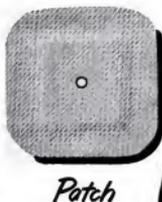
New BAND-AID* elastic dressings!

You hardly see 'em . . . and they fit like a second skin! New BAND-AID Elastic Dressings stretch as you bend or move. Stay put snugly, comfortably. And they're flesh-colored—so neat they scarcely show. Get all 3 shapes. They all bring you famous Johnson & Johnson quality.



1. Stretches as knees and elbows bend!

Now you can bandage injuries on active joints without spoiling freedom of motion. New BAND-AID Strip Dressing *s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s* as you move. Stays put on knuckles, knees, elbows without binding. It's the familiar oblong shape—with new elasticity.



2. Fits snugly, neatly on heels and palms!

At last! A dressing that shapes itself to curved surfaces—fits smoothly on heels, legs, arms. New BAND-AID Patch Dressing. Seals on all sides to keep out dirt and moisture. Gives new comfort, new protection to blisters, boils, many hard-to-bandage injuries.



3. Seals all around tiny injuries!

A convenient, inconspicuous circle. New BAND-AID Spot Dressing is made to order for tiny cuts and scratches, puncture wounds, moles, warts, and corns. Clings firmly yet comfortably to face, neck, fingers, toes. Hardly shows because it's flesh-colored.



**BAND-AID
ELASTIC
ADHESIVE BANDAGE**

**BAND-AID
PATCH
DRESSING**



**BAND-AID
SPOT
DRESSING**

Patch & Spot Dressings packed together in new, flat box

All 3 have these advantages . . .

- They fit better because they stretch
- More comfortable
- Stay put without binding
- Individually wrapped
- 100% sterile
- Waterproof
- Flesh-colored, inconspicuous

*BAND-AID means made by

Johnson & Johnson

REAL AIR CONDITIONING FOR BEDROOM OR OFFICE



New low-priced Feddern Room Air Conditioners

YOU can have sound, healthful sleep in hottest, steamiest weather...wake refreshed...with a Fedders unit in your bedroom or office. A real electrically refrigerated system! Cools and dehumidifies the air, filters out dust and pollen... a boon to hay fever sufferers... keeps rooms cleaner. This compact, handsome cabinet fits in your window sill, plugs in like a radio. No building alterations, no water connections. Exclusive finger-tip control sends cool air in any direction...never a draft. Mail the coupon today for full facts.



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FEDDERS-GEORGEAN CORPORATION,
Refrigeration Appliances Division,
Dept. L-4, Buffalo 7, New York.
Please send me your interesting 20-page illustrated booklet on Fedders Room Air Conditioners.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



SUGAR RAY AND SOUR KRAUTS

West Berlin apparently has not entirely abandoned the concept of the master race. A fortnight ago sports fans heaved pop bottles at a Turkish football team that had the audacity to win. Several days later they screamed "foul" and set off a riot when Sugar Ray Robinson, world's middleweight champion, felled Gerhart Hecht, a German, with a series of body blows (above). As bottles and stones descended on the ring, Sugar Ray sought refuge under it (below). When he protested that he had committed no foul, the referee who disqualified him for what he interpreted as illegal kidney punches glanced apprehensively at the mob (bottom) and said, "I want to leave the ring alive." The referee got his wish, and later Sugar Ray was escorted to safety by police. The next day the "defeat" was wiped from his record by the West German Boxing Commission which simply voted the fight "no decision."



Definitely
made different
Definitely
tastes better



Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits — 90 Proof
Mr. Boston Oullier Inc., Boston, Massachusetts

Brighter Shines
with
1/2 THE RUBBING
COVERS SCUFF MARKS!
GIVES SHOES RICHER COLOR!

- Black - Tan - Brown
- Blue - Dark Tan
- Mid-Tan - Oxblood
- Mahogany - and Neutral

Ask any G.I. about
KIWI
SEEK THE
SHOE POLISH

TEETHING PAINS RELIEVED QUICKLY



WHEN your baby suffers from teething pains, just rub a few drops of Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion on the sore, tender, little gums and the pain will be relieved promptly.

Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period. Buy it from your druggist today.

**DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION**
Just rub it on the gums

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really hits the bull's-eye!*



Longer mileage with the
HURRICANE Engine



Low weight gives
longer tire life



Lower-cost upkeep
and repairs

\$100
TO
\$400

... lower in price than
any other full-size
station wagon



WILLYS
makes sense

- IN ECONOMY

- IN EASE OF DRIVING

- IN COMFORT



KENTUCKY HOME OF CALVERT—occupying 65 acres of beautifully landscaped grounds on 7th Street Road, Louisville, Ky.

An invitation to visit the world's most modern distilleries



Won't you come see us . . . next time you're in Baltimore . . . or Louisville?

We promise that you . . . like the tour through a Calvert distillery . . . will be impressed by the advanced methods we use to make better-tasting whiskey and gin.

You'll be interested in the magic of vacuum distilling . . . in the mysteries of yeast culture . . . in the hospital-like cleanliness of our buildings. You'll learn about our scientific quality controls that protect Calvert quality every step of the way . . . from

grain to finished product. And you'll see how whiskey is kept under carefully controlled temperature and humidity in vast warehouses.

We'll show you, too, our taste-testing and research laboratories, our unequalled "library of whiskeys" . . . all the extra steps we take to make every Calvert product the finest money can buy . . . today and tomorrow.

You're welcome . . . at Calvert.

Wm. Calvert

President, Calvert Distillers Corporation



COME SEE how taste-testing determines the taste standards for all Calvert products. Last year alone, we recorded more than 180,000 individual taste tests, including thousands by a "Consumer Jury" of folks like you.



BE YOUR OWN WHISKEY EXPERT!

Write today for our booklet of popular summer drink recipes, mixology hints and facts about whiskey. Just send a

penny post card with your name and address to: Calvert Distillers Corporation, Room 1327, Chrysler Building, New York 17, New York.



MARYLAND HOME OF CALVERT—extending for half a mile along U. S. Highway No. 1, nine miles south of Baltimore, Md.



COME SEE spotlessly clean, fully enclosed cooking, fermenting and distilling facilities that prevent contamination. Throughout the process you'll find scientific precision instruments used to assure complete uniformity, matchless quality.



COME SEE Calvert's patented low temperature vacuum stills which prevent scorching and undesirable flavor reactions. Result: flavor that's never harsh, always smoother. Good reason why Calvert Challenges Comparison.



COME SEE the laboratories where scientists continuously analyze, check and develop new techniques. Calvert has spent millions of dollars in research to make Calvert whiskies and gin the finest money can buy.

Calvert Distillers Corporation

Chrysler Building, New York City

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof, Lord Calvert—65% Grain Neutral Spirits, Calvert Reserve—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert Distilled London Dry Gin—90 Proof—Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits





CEREMONY BEGINS AT GRAVEYARD, WHOSE STONES MARK WHERE BODIES FELL. AT EXTREME RIGHT ARE CROW INDIANS, DESCENDANTS OF CUSTER'S SCOUTS

IT WAS ONLY 75 YEARS AGO

Custer anniversary is observed

Incongruous though it seems in the Atomic Age, Custer's last stand, that bloody and conclusive engagement on Montana's Little Bighorn River, which marked the last great Indian victory, occurred only 75 years ago last week. On the battle's anniversary 7,000 people gathered on the sage-covered ridge (above) where George Custer and his officers went down under waves of yelping Sioux. Those present included the biggest delegation of military notables to visit Montana in half a century, as well as a representative of the U.S. 7th Cavalry. This was the outfit which Custer commanded when he met his end. It has since continued its record for gallantry in the Korean war, in which it has been a mainstay. Also on hand were two feeble Indian nonagenarians, who had actually taken part in the massacre of Custer's lines of blue-and-buckskin-clad cavalymen. Not only did they again don war bonnets and streak their faces with war paint, but—so brief is the span of modern U.S. history—one of them, High Eagle (below), still brandished a 7th Cavalry cartridge belt that he had taken from a trooper's body on that hot and fateful afternoon of June 25, 1876.



SURVIVORS at the ceremony included High Eagle (right) who fought in the battle of Little Bighorn.



GEORGE ARMSTRONG CUSTER (foreground) posed with a dead bear a few years before his death.

At left is Bloody Knife, his trusted scout, who warned him against the fatal advance and died in fighting.

BIG HIT-3 WAYS!



No Other Whiskey... **ONLY**
FLEISCHMANN'S
GIVES YOU THE



CHOICE QUALITY

Fleischmann's Superb Straight Whiskies Blended With Fine Grain Neutral Spirits

Every drop

90 PROOF

rich, robust, delicious!

WINNING PRICE

America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

BLENDING WHISKEY • 90 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
 THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEESKILL, N. Y.

Custer's Last Stand **CONTINUED**



"**YELLOW HAIR**," as the Indians called Custer, liked to wear his locks long, aroused talk when he entered West Point in self-designed uniform.



CURLEY was a Crow scout for Custer. He claimed that he survived the massacre by jumping on a riderless Sioux horse. This was never proved.



EXPEDITION OF 1874, which was led by Custer in search of military sites in Black Hills, was a contributing factor in his eventual death. It discovered



MINGLED BONES of horses and men, given a shallow burial, were found on the ridge where the last stand was made, when rain washed away the earth.



SITTING BULL was famous Sioux medicine man who led the concerted campaign against the white invasion and helped to plan attack on Custer.



RAIN-IN-THE-FACE, according to legend, killed both Custer and his brother Tom Custer in the massacre because Tom had arrested him.



gold, producing a gold rush which led the government to order the Indians out of an area granted them by an 1868 treaty. They decided to fight about it.



ONLY ARMY SURVIVOR of massacre was Captain Myles Keogh's horse, Comanche, who was wounded, recovered, thereafter was led riderless in parades.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

"Soaping" dulls hair— Halo glorifies it!



Not a soap,
not a cream—
Halo cannot leave
dulling, dirt-catching
soap film!



Gives fragrant
"soft-water" lather—
needs no
special rinse!

Removes
embarrassing
dandruff from both
hair and scalp!



Halo leaves hair
soft, manageable—
shining with colorful
natural highlights!



Yes, "soaping" your hair with even finest liquid or oily cream shampoos leaves dulling, dirt-catching film. Halo, made with a new patented ingredient, contains no soap, no sticky oils.

Thus Halo glorifies your hair the very first time you use it.

Ask for Halo—America's favorite shampoo—at any drug or cosmetic counter!



Halo reveals the hidden beauty of your hair!

Good Shave?

Good Day!



EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice

FOR MEN

for that Top-of-the-World feeling

while shaving



SHAVING CREAM
Lather and Brushless
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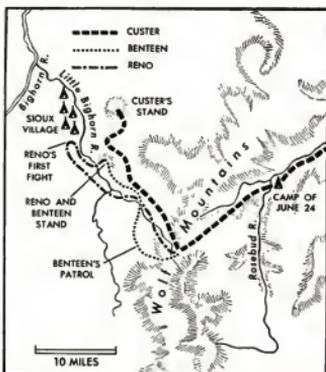
after shaving



AFTER SHAVE LOTION
1.00 plus tax
(large size 1.75)

SHULTON
New York Toronto

Custer's Last Stand CONTINUED



CUSTER'S TRAIL down the creeklike Rosebud shows how he split his command into three segments, with fatal results.

ALL HIS LIFE HE SOUGHT GLORY AND CUSTER FINALLY FOUND IT

His last stand has made the name of Custer a shining symbol of unflinching devotion to duty. Actually Brevet Major General George Armstrong Custer was devoted less to duty than to glorifying himself. During the Civil War and in cavalry service after, he had proved a nervy but insubordinate officer, and it ultimately led to his death. When the Sioux decided to make their own last stand against the white man, a major offensive was mounted against them, of which the 7th Cavalry, under Custer, was a part. To Custer, recently disciplined by President Grant for linking the Administration with graft in Army posts, the campaign represented a chance to retrieve lost glory.

The Sioux were gathering in the Wolf Mountain area, and a three-way pincer movement was mapped, with General John Gibbon advancing south down the Bighorn River, General George Crook north from Wyoming, and Custer from the northeast along the Rosebud. They were to rendezvous at the confluence of the Bighorn and Little Bighorn (map, *above*). But as Custer moved west, he found many circles of packed earth made recently by Indian lodges, and grass clipped short by grazing ponies. He pressed forward although his men were weary and his supply train far behind. Even when, on the morning of June 25, his force sighted a huge smoke haze on the other side of the Little Bighorn, indicating an enormous Indian camp, Custer disregarded warnings of his officers and scouts that a great mass of enemy was near. (It was, in fact, the biggest Indian mobilization in U.S. history.)

Inexplicably Custer divided his small force into three. He sent 120 men under Captain Frederick Benteen on patrol to the south. He then ordered Major Marcus Reno and 112 men to move toward what he still stubbornly believed was only 1,500 Sioux. Benteen encountered nothing. Reno ran into several thousand Sioux, made a desperate stand, then retreated with hideous losses to the other side of the river. There, joined by Benteen, he was able to re-form. Custer, to the perennial mystification of historians, never came to Reno's support but, after trying to cross the river, proceeded north. He sent back a last message: "Benteen: Come on. Big Village. Be Quick. Bring packs." Knowledge of what happened after that exists only in the misty minds of a few old Indians. Some 20 miles from where he separated his command, Custer and his 225 men were overwhelmed by almost 6,000vengeful Sioux. From battlefield evidence they attacked from the southwest, drove the cavalrymen up a little mound and then killed them, including Mark Kellogg, a Bismarck, N. Dak. *Tribune* correspondent whom Custer brought along (against orders) to chronicle his new triumph and whose dispatches were later found in his pouch. Some of the dead were horribly mutilated; most were stripped. But George Custer, shot through the temple, was found with a peaceful expression on his face. He looked like a man who, hungry for glory all his life, had finally found it.

Ever so NEW...
almost too good to be true!



LADY BORDEN Cherry Coconut ICE CREAM

Include your family among the lucky folks who are going to enjoy this heavenly ice cream tonight!

It's the creamiest of ice creams...and just filled with juicy red cherries and snow-white coconut aplenty. Wait till you taste it!

Get Lady Borden Cherry Coconut Ice Cream wherever you see the Borden Ice Cream sign. It comes in the round, Burgundy-colored package, just like vanilla, chocolate, strawberry—and other Lady Borden flavors!



If it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

P. S. for Canadians: Available in Canada in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec

©The Borden Co.

Time for Ideas—a timely service from the meat industry



Something in this for a Man

Red Devil Franks



Another fine example of how women with ideas are keeping really attractive meat meals on the table at modest cost.

Some men fail to realize how many, many ideas a woman has to have to run a house these days on the money she has to work with.

The main-meal frankfurter dish you see here was put on the table by a woman who found a way—a woman with an idea.

You'll find the recipe for this "something different" dish on the next page, along with a complete meat plan and other timely suggestions for making the most of meat.

This particular idea, contributed by Mrs. Ray E. Swanson of Galesburg, Illinois, has a way of glorifying the friendly frank so it's really worthy for a man to come home to—yet it's a solid answer to meat budget problems.

We in the meat industry are hopeful that we can continue to contribute ideas here and there, with pages like these, to help women along with the job of keeping meat on the table regularly, always in a form to please a man's (not a woman's club) ideas of something to eat—and yet with an eye peeled on the budget.

Why meat is called "Yardstick of Protein Foods"

Meat is our No. 1 source of complete protein—the kind needed regularly by everybody for feeling and looking his very best. This complete, high-quality kind of protein does many wonderful things: It is needed to build sound muscles, good red blood . . . It promotes more rapid convalescence after injury or surgery . . . It is needed to keep you going longer without fatigue . . . It is the key element of the modern reducing diet . . . Meat is also an abundant source of essential B vitamins and minerals.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE
Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.

Nourishing **Meat**—yardstick of
Protein foods



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.

Ideas for Franks -or putting the wiener to work for your budget

"I'm a Frank"



Look at my gentle curves—not a bone in my whole body. I'm part park and part beef—and all good. I'm a snap to prepare, and I carve with a fork. Kids love me—and I love kids because I'm so digestible and my skin's simply packed with nutrition. I team up with everything. I'm fun on a bun. I'm handy, dandy and no waste at all. I'm the Friendly Frank. Buy me by the pound and always keep me on hand!

You'll want to use this recipe



HOW TO PREPARE THE NEW RED DEVIL FRANKS

The new twist is the zippy, not-too-hot barbecue-mustard sauce, which may be prepared in advance, kept in the refrigerator until needed.

1 lb. frankfurters or wieners (8 to 10)
4 tablespoons butter
1 cup finely chopped onion
2 slices of garlic, minced

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon pepper
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons Worcestershire sauce
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons prepared mustard
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chili sauce

Cook onion and garlic in fat over low heat until onion is tender (about 10 minutes). Stir frequently so as not to burn.

Add all other ingredients. Continue heating till flavors are well blended (about 5 minutes).

Split frankfurters lengthwise, arrange them split side up in shallow pan. Spoon sauce over frankfurters and heat under broiler as illustration.

Serve piping hot on frankfurter bun, juling on extra sauce.



Red Devil sauce is also a natural for spareribs, hamburgers, leftover roast beef or pork. It keeps well in the refrigerator, so why not make up a double or triple recipe?

TWO OTHER GOOD WAYS TO MAKE THE FAMILY SAY "THANKS FOR FRANKS"

Slice 'em for hot potato salad

Cut six franks into crosswise slices. Dice six medium potatoes (4 cups) that have been boiled in their jackets and peeled. Heat together in dressing made by browning $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of chopped onion and green pepper in bacon drippings. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cider vinegar, sugar, salt and pepper to taste.

Stuff 'em for broiler meals

Have you tried splitting franks, inserting a stick of cheese, wrapping with bacon and then broiling? Try these tasty variations, too:

Stuff 8 to 10 franks with a mixture of 2 cups hot mashed potatoes well blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup each of grated American cheese and finely minced onion. Broil 10 to 15 minutes. Or, try a stuffing of sauerkraut moistened with catelup.

WIENERS AWAY!



If all the "friendly franks" produced each year by America's meat packers were stretched "link to link," they would reach to the moon and back—with enough left over to reach 6 times around the world—650,000 miles. Actually, in 1950 you and other Americans ate 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ billion frankfurters, which is a lot of fun on anyone's table (or at ball park or picnic).

Send 5¢ for this booklet

For more help in making the most of meat. Contains 32 tested recipes along with buying information and serving suggestions. Just send 5¢ in coin to American Meat Institute, Dept. L, Box 1133, Chicago 77, Illinois

P.S. Your own favorite ideas for making the most of meat may be helpful to other women in these times. If so, you send them along!



The Gentle Art of Heating a Wiener

They're already cooked when you buy them, so, when you're heating frankfurters in water, just let them simmer 8 to 10 minutes. Don't boil. You'll keep the good meat juices inside the franks instead of in the cooking water. *To pan-fry:* Fry wieners in a small amount of fat in heavy skillet until lightly browned. Use low heat; turn frequently. Be careful not to pierce the skins.

Bright idea for picnickers

Don't be fazed by "No Fires Allowed" signs at your favorite beach or park picnic spot. You can piping-hot frankfurter sandwiches and be the envy of the crowd. The trick: heat 'em at home, pack 'em in a vacuum bottle and take 'em with you.



AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE Headquarters, Chicago • Members throughout the U. S.



Are you always Lovely to Love?

At important moments like this . . . underarm protection must be complete.

Merely deodorizing is not enough. Underarm perspiration should be stopped and stay stopped.

Smart girls use FRESH Cream Deodorant because it really stops perspiration.

Furthermore, with FRESH you are assured of continuous protection. That's because FRESH contains amazing ingredients which become reactivated . . . and start to work all over again at those times when you need protection most. No other deodorant cream has ever made you this promise.



New... For head-to-toe protection, use new FRESH Deodorant Bath Soap . . . prevents body perspiration odor yet mild and gentle . . . contains amazing new soap ingredient Hexachlorophene, reported in Reader's Digest.



also in a new
handy tube



DANCING "GISELLE" IN MOSCOW, ULANOVA IS HOISTED ALOFT BY HER LOVER

GREATEST BALLERINA

Legend of Russia's Ulanova comes alive in Italy

Never before had Russia's greatest ballerina danced publicly outside the borders of the Soviet Union, but the legend was rich in superlatives. She was said to be so graceful and feathery that she "could have danced on a dinner plate," she was a "Pavlova in her prime," in short—"the world's greatest dancer." Last month, thanks to an invitation extended to Moscow by the Communist mayor of Florence, Italy, a Western European audience had a chance to see her dance at the Florence Music Festival. By the time she had sunk to the floor in the final throes of the *Dying Swan* (below), the roars of her audience confirmed all the legends. Critics from the U.S. and England agreed: sandy-haired, slender and still warmly girlish at 41, Galina Ulanova was easily the best of the world's ballerinas.

The daughter of ballet dancers, Ulanova began dancing as a small child, was a star of Moscow's Bolshoi Theater at 23, went on to become Stalin's favorite ballerina. She was accompanied to Florence by nine Russian performers who were deluged with invitations to appear in other cities. At first the delegation hesitated, but after the Western critics joined the audiences in their huzzahs, they were permitted to accept other concert dates.

Delighted Florentines, hailing Ulanova as "a flying statue" and "a dancing dream," reveled in the fact that they paid the Russians no fees (Moscow underwrote the expenses). But great as was the Russians' cultural triumph (p. 59), they suffered a political defeat. On the eve of Ulanova's performance the Communist mayor of Florence was voted out of office.



AFTER FINAL CURTAIN CALL IN FLORENCE SHE TENSELY RUSHES OFF STAGE

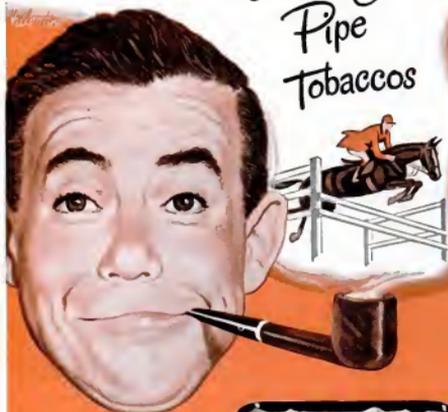


WITH A GENTLE THRUST OF HER LYRICAL LIMBS, ULANOVA FLUTTERS TO EARTH AT TRAGIC CONCLUSION OF HER FLORENCE PERFORMANCE OF "DYING SWAN"

For a **GOOD VACATION**

SWITCH TO
MILD
KENTUCKY CLUB

The Thoroughbred of
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Switch to Kentucky Club today. Try it for a week—and notice how much better your pipe tastes—how much fresher your mouth feels. Choice white Burley is the secret. That's why Kentucky Club is so smooth and mild. That's why it's the thoroughbred of pipe tobaccos. No, you don't have to pay fancy prices for Kentucky Club. Get a tin now.

Produced by the Makers
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MAIL POUCH TOBACCO
Wheeling, West Virginia



Best Ballerina CONTINUED



A GREAT PIANIST?

At the piano, Stalin Prizewinner Emil Ghilels won applause second only to that of Ulanova. Wearing his Stalin gold medal as he played, Ghilels refused to give any encores despite the cheers of the Florentine audience. Called a "machine, but a good machine" by one critic, Ghilels was hailed by N.Y. Times Music Editor Howard Taubman who said Ghilels is "an extraordinary pianist" who could "be a heaven-storming virtuoso if he chose but he chooses to play with coolness and restraint."



A GREAT CELLIST?

Playing a dance from Borodin's opera *Prince Igor*, 24-year-old Mstislav Rostropovich found only a partly filled house at his violoncello recital in the Pitti Palace. However, the young musician, who also is a Stalin prizewinner, stirred the audience to warm applause. The critics agreed that he is a first-rank performer, although not of the magnitude of either Ulanova or Ghilels, and praised his "big, clean tone," his "searching musicianship" and his "ardent and intense musical style."

tall tinkling answer

for people "under pressure"



Here you are drinking Iced Tea just for the fun of it . . . when the fact is that you are doing a very wise thing, too.

Wise, because Iced Tea is the summertime drink that helps you relax and cools you off, too. And isn't summer a time when you are "under pressure" and may need tea's comforting effect most?

So drink plenty of tea this summer (iced or hot) and see if it doesn't help relieve the pressure of your day and make you feel better.

Aside to budget-watchers: Tea costs much less than any other beverage you can serve.



Did you know that tea, iced or hot, can go a long way toward helping people who are

"under pressure"

To make 4 glasses of Iced Tea, pour 4 cups of boiling water over 6 teaspoons of tea, or 6 tea bags. Let stand 3 to 5 minutes. Stir, strain; pour into ice-filled glasses. Add sugar and lemon to taste.

WEATHER NOTE: Summer won't seem as hot between July 13th and 27th—National Iced Tea Time. You'll see Iced Tea featured everywhere. Enjoy plenty.

iced tea

IT'S FUN TO EAT OUT. When the waiter asks "What will you have to drink?" say "Iced Tea." More and more restaurants and hotels today pride themselves on the way they make Iced Tea with that "home-made" flavor.

tea council

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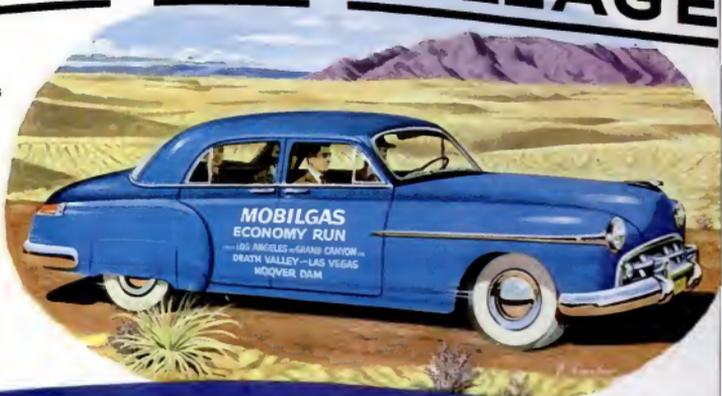
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... she swears by **TIDE!**

She has the cleanest wash in town—
Her linens are her pride.
So clean! So bright! So dazzling white!
Of course, she uses Tide! 🎵



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TWO CHARLOTTE DEBUTANTES, FAY MITCHELL, 19 (LEFT), AND CAROLYN LANDIS, 18, PUT SOME FINISHING TOUCHES ON THEIR HAIRDOS BEFORE THE PARTY

RALEIGH PAPERS PLEASE COPY

Charlotte, N.C. starts a Debutante Ball to prove that it, too, can introduce girls into society

For many a decade an old social tradition has plagued North Carolina's country belles: the only affair that would surely stamp them debutantes was Raleigh's big Terpsichorean Ball. Once every year young ladies all over the state would keep a wistful eye on the mails for Raleigh's cherished invitation. Then, hearts aflutter, a few of them would set out for the capital and twirl around for a while in white-gloved

elegance at the one dance that really counted.

But others thought it unfair that Raleigh should set itself up to be social arbiter of the state. So last year the ladies of Charlotte decided to throw off the yoke. Charlotte, they reasoned, was bigger, richer and nicer than Raleigh, and should have a say of its own. They seceded from Raleigh society and announced their plans for the Charlotte Debutante Ball.

This June the ball's second staging proved Charlotte was ready to give the Terpsichorean a real race for prestige. Charlotte's debutantes (see cover) were every bit as dainty and décolleté. Charlotte's young men were just as gracious (below). And what was more, when the dance was over, 27 new debutantes, like Fay Mitchell (above and pp. 56, 58), were loosed in the state to back up the new Charlotte claim.

AFTER THE BALL IS OVER, TWO GALLANTS GINGERLY GRASP THEIR LADIES' TRAINS. ALL OF THE DEBUTANTES CARRIED ORCHIDS AND DRESSED IN WHITE



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Kool-Aid

In the Ice Box
by the Pitcher Full-

Saves



Me \$2.00 a Week
On Beverages

A 5¢ pkg. Makes 2 Quarts

SAVE, save, save! Kool-Aid in your ice box by the pitcher full saves real money. A 5¢ package makes 2 full quarts. Saves work . . . just dissolve a package of Kool-Aid in 2 quarts water, sweeten to taste. Saves time . . . always chilled, fully blended for quick serving. Handy for children. Six delicious flavors. Keep refreshing Kool-Aid in the ice box by the pitcher full. It saves you time, work and money!



Makes
Frozen Desserts
8 SERVINGS



AT GROCERS

5¢

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Charlotte Debutantes CONTINUED



MORNING OF DANCE Debutante Fay Mitchell goes for a pre-breakfast swim with her beau, Bill Choate of Charlotte. They had a late breakfast at 11.



AFTERNOON OF DANCE Fay (right) goes for a spin in a jog cart behind her sister's horse. Beside her is friend, Fran Flintom, who is also a debutante.



NIGHT OF DANCE Fay and her father rehearse waltz they will have to do together at the party right after she has been formally presented to society.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 58

**BEYOND
CASABLANCA**

in Damascus...

Destiny,
in a low-cut
gown,
lies in wait
for
BOGART



COLUMBIA PICTURES presents

**HUMPHREY
BOGART**

in
Sirocco

co-starring

MARTA TOREN · LEE J. COBB

with
EVERETT SLOANE · GERALD MOHR · ZERO MOSTEL

Screen Play by A. I. BEZZERIDES and HANS JACOBY · Based upon the novel,
"Coup de Grace", by Joseph Kessel - A SANTANA PRODUCTION

Produced by ROBERT LORD · Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT

...Meet terrific new
star find...torrid
Marta Toren!





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WHOLESOME
MEATY AROMA



Ideal

DOG: Dogs and cats love I - DEAL.

CAT: I - DEAL gives us pets Ap - peal

WOMAN: If you love your dog as I love mine

Feed him I - DEAL and he'll be fine

FOR Ideal's clean wholesome, meaty aroma makes it so pleasant to feed. Ideal contains a full 7-course meal all in one can.



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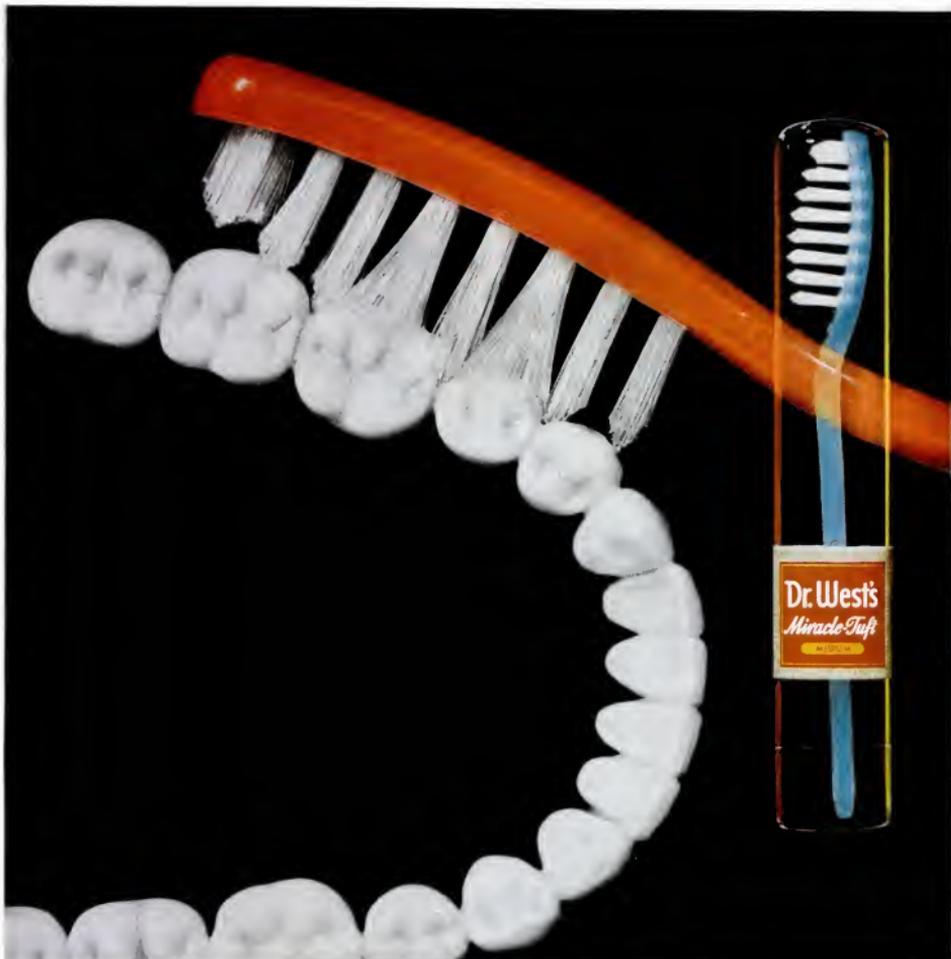
Another WILSON Quality Product



MAKING HER DEBUT, Fay steps off a dais decorated like a flower garden and takes her father's hand. He is president of an electric appliance company.



AFTER GRAND MARCH the new debutantes line up in front of escorts and wait for their fathers to parade up to them and claim the right to first dance.



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60c

NEW FACTS ON MIRACLE-TUFT

Reaches in where most decay hides out!



Ask your dentist where tooth decay usually sets in. He'll point to the hard-to-reach, between-teeth surfaces. The Dr. West's, as you can readily see from this illustration, effectively reaches and cleans inside, outside and in between because each tuft is tapered . . . designed to do just that. And the individual "Exton" bristles are water-

proofed. They won't go limp and soggy on you as you brush. Start your entire family on a really effective plan for fighting tooth decay. Start all of them brushing, today, with new Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes. Each one is sealed in glass for extra protection. Available in four brushhead designs. Each 60¢.



Pleasant Moments in sports

BY BOB CONSIDINE

WHEN THE CHIPS ARE DOWN, GENE SARAZEN is one of the coolest golfers who ever swung a club. I watched him that April afternoon in 1935, at the Masters Tournament in Augusta, Ga., and I know.

Three strokes behind, with only four holes to go in the final round, Gene was in an almost hopeless position. At least, everyone thought so but Gene.

On the 485-yard, par-5, 15th hole, he smashed out a sizzling 250-yard drive. Then, on his second shot, he made golfing history. The ball whizzed straight for the pin, landed on the green and rolled into the cup... for a 235-yard "double eagle" that tied up the tournament!

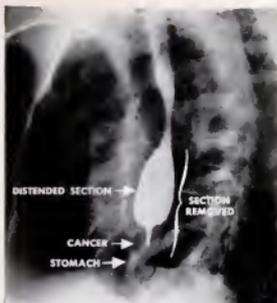
The next day, in the play-off, Gene won the championship!

for your **Pleasant Moments**

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tonight

Tonight, for your Pleasant Moments, treat yourself and your friends to the "champion of whiskies"—finer, milder PM! Today, tomorrow, every time you taste it, you can count on the uniform lightness and smoothness that have made PM Preferred by Millions.



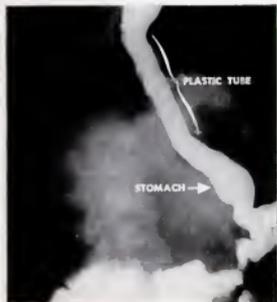


CANCEROUS GROWTH completely plugged up lower gullet, caused it to balloon before operation.

PLASTIC GULLET

An artificial esophagus permits a starving man to eat once more

Eleven months ago a terrible thing happened to a 45-year-old Maryland pipe fitter named Earl Crowe: he began to starve to death. Just above his stomach a lump of cancerous tissue was growing in his gullet, gradually closing it off (*above*). By last March Crowe was still alive but he had lost 45 pounds and faced one of three grim alternatives if he was to survive. He could be given liquid nourishment through his veins throughout the rest of his life; a permanent hole could be cut into his stomach so food could be funneled directly into it; or his stomach could be lifted into his chest between his lungs and reconnected just below his throat. Then Dr. Edgar Berman of Baltimore's Sinai Hospital decided to attempt a simple but still experimental procedure. He removed the diseased section of the gullet and installed in its place an eight-inch length of plastic tubing (*below*). Within three weeks Crowe was able to eat full-course, solid meals. Within two months he was back at work, his plastic gullet as comfortable and as useful as the old one ever had been.



ARTIFICIAL GULLET made from plastic tube is sewn in place between upper gullet and stomach.



STARVATION VICTIM was emaciated because no food could pass from throat to stomach, had to

be kept alive solely by intravenous injections. Three weeks after operation he was eating solid food (*below*).



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! Exactly the same food, flavored 3 ways—beef, fish, cheese. John Morrell & Co., Meat Packers, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Plastic Gullet CONTINUED



BUILDING A GULLET before the operation, Dr. Berman carefully wraps a four-foot length of plastic ribbon around a slim brass tube. The plastic is inert, will neither poison nor irritate tissues of the human body that touch it.



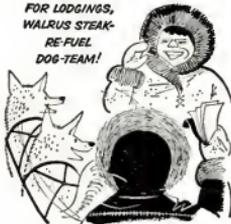
SEALING THE GULLET, Dr. Berman holds it over a flame until layers of plastic fuse together to form a germ-proof, food-tight tube that will last indefinitely. Thickened cuffs at ends help hold gullet in place inside patient.



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REXALL QUIK-BANDS
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29¢ Adhesive, ready-to-use, astringent bandages.

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19¢ Positively less irritating... sticks better, stays longer.

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Reg. \$1.25 7 basic needs and New **98¢** First Aid Manual in handy metal kit

Reg. Elastic Quik-Bands, flexible, 16's 29¢
Reg. Salvia, antiseptic burn salve, 1½ oz. 47¢
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Relieves acid-indigestion in 1 minute or less... soothes and protects stomach membranes.

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Soothes, cools, cleanses tired, burning eyes.

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No foam... no rub-in... stays moist longer. Smooth on and shave!

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Men's club or Ladies' professional styles... nylon bristles... assorted colors. **89¢**

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BLEACHES
REMOVES STAINS
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and
Disinfects

CLOROX-CLEAN means ADDED HEALTH PROTECTION!



FLEXING THE TUBE between thumb and finger illustrates its pliability which permits its use inside body. Dr. Berman proved plastic gullets would work by trying them in 20 dogs, has now put them in five human patients.



INSTALLING THE TUBE in Earl Crowe's towel-draped chest, the surgeon lowers it into position through a 12-inch incision (above), then anchors its ends with surgical thread to the upper esophagus and to the top of stomach.

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Get SOOTHING RELIEF with this MEDICATED Powder!

For sunburn discomfort, sprinkle on cooling Ammens Powder right away!

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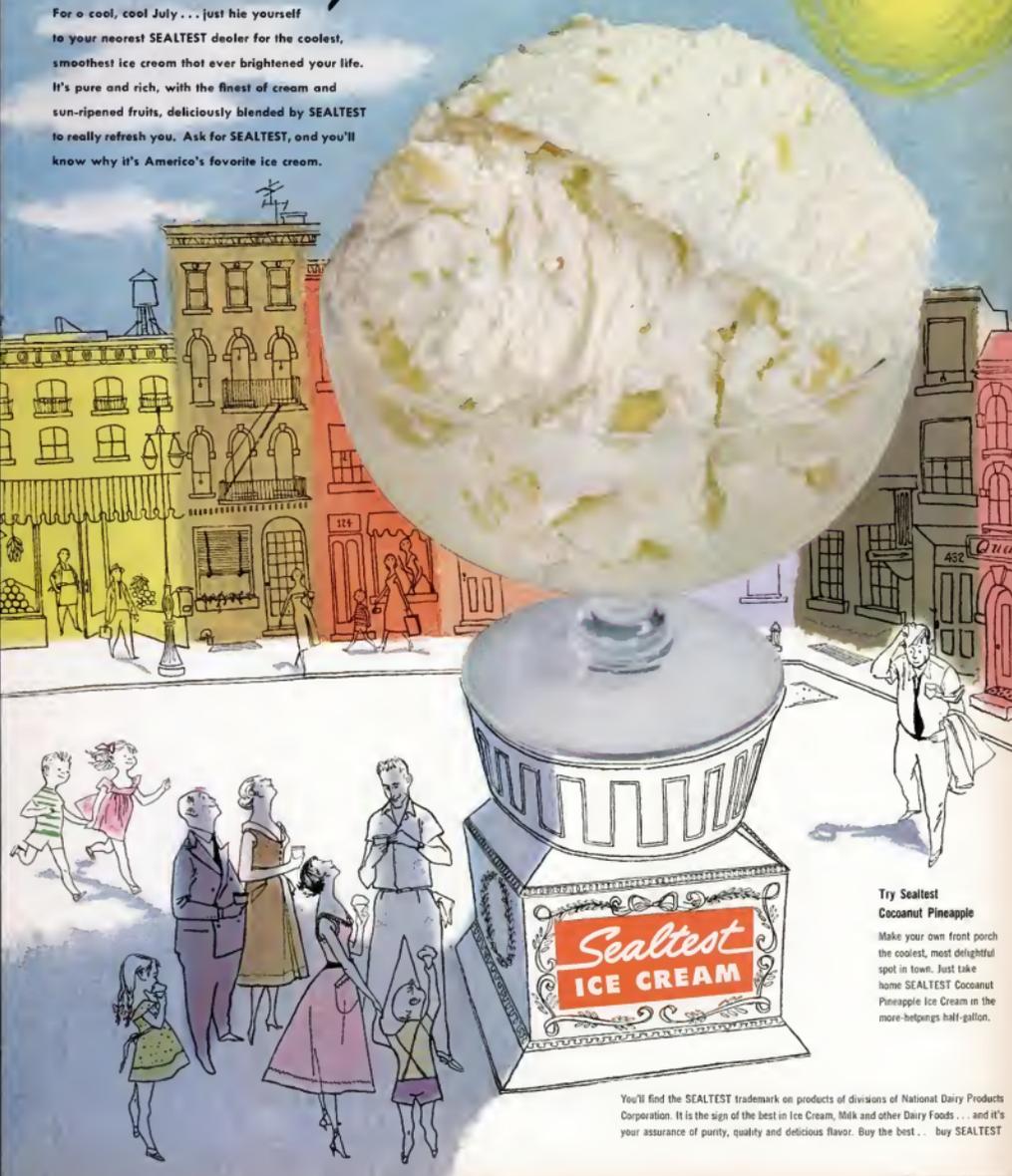


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Jumping Janet

AN ARTIST "HANDBLOCKS" FABRICS BY FOOT

Most block printing on fabric is done with a hand press or mallet. But Janet Daub, an artist in her 20s, believes that stamping out the pattern has an advantage: it causes variations in the prints, increasing their individuality. She and Paul Coombs, who went to art school at 50 on the GI bill, run the Blockhouse of Boston.

Coombs started the venture three years ago with 12 art students and a capital of \$60. Today it is a \$15,000-a-year business. Janet creates most designs and names them. Above is Quadrupedmania, 86 a yard. When printing on rough fabric such as this, Janet jumps to get weight on the block. Otherwise she takes tiptoe steps.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Big economy jar 89¢
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KILLER AND GIRL VICTIM APPEAR IN A SINISTER DISTORTION



MOVIES



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A cop's bullet, badly aimed, kills a carousel operator. The carousel, out of control, keeps on accelerating, the kids on it scream with pleasure and their mothers howl on the sidelines. On board, gripped in a deadly struggle, are the man the police want and the man he wants, the real murderer. "A Hitchcock movie," you would say, and you would be right. Taken from a detective novel by Patricia Highsmith, Warner Brothers' *Strangers on a Train* is an ingenious exercise in the tricks that have made Alfred Hitchcock the master of movie suspense for 25 years.

REFLECTED IN HER GLASSES WHICH HAVE FALLEN TO GROUND



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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*Dainty moistened pads you just apply and throw away!
Stops perspiration and odor quicker, easier, longer!*

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Nothing to smear on fingers or clothes with 5-DAY PADS. No dizziness! No clammy, sticky feeling! Not a spray. Not a cream. Not a liquid. No trickle down your sides. Complete penetration just where you want it.



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MURINE
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MERRY-GO-ROUND CONTINUED

SOME HITCHCOCK TRICKS

Strangers on a Train is an improbable yarn about a psychopath who meets an unhappily married tennis champ, murders his wife for him and then wants the champ to repay the favor more or less in kind. The thinner the plot gets, the more chance Hitchcock has to use his weird and lurid devices (carefully sketched out in advance, as in the examples below) to keep the action jumping from the unusual to the unexpected.



GUY AND BRUNO are the strangers on the train, appear in sketch and at beginning of the film only as shoes which are planted by chance across from each other in a club car.



YALE MAN who gives the murderer a scare by pointing a gun at him was changed to a hospital admirer between the sketching and the filming. The murderer gets revenge by jabbing his lighted cigarette into the boy's toy balloon.



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"M-m-m! Nothing Smells as Good as Coffee!"

Somehow, the fragrance of coffee is even more appealing than usual after a long cool swim. It's one of the richest, most tempting aromas in the world. Sort of sets you up just thinking about it!



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Joe's rich, full-strength coffee would gladden the heart of anybody. Iced or hot—at home, by the shore or in your favorite restaurant—no other beverage gives so much for so little.



HOT OR
ICED



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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 1/2 pounds of roasted coffee during a whole year.



About 3500 hand-picked coffee beans make 1 pound. Yes, that coffee, which means so much to you, represents years of effort.



SEALED DRUM holds names of citizens eligible for grand jury duty. The panel is picked by draw.



FOREMAN RAYMON CHADEAYNE EMERGES FROM ROOM WHERE HE AND COLLEAGUES HAVE MADE HISTORY

Brooklyn's Marathon Grand Jury

ITS GOOD CITIZENS HAVE UPSET BOTH UNDERWORLD AND POLICE DEPARTMENT

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR LIFE BY LISA LARSEN

At 10 o'clock last Friday morning the mottled glass doors of Room 405 in Brooklyn's county courts building swung shut on a secret meeting of 18 ordinary citizens with an extraordinary task. The 18, with four others absent that day, make up one of the most notable and longest-lived grand juries in New York history. When they were first summoned, on Dec. 5, 1949, the grand jurors swore to give their home town a civic housecleaning. So far they have kept their vow. In 183 meetings, over 572 days, the grand jurors have called and listened to 800 witnesses, from poolroom bums to Ambassador O'Dwyer; they have filed criminal charges against 115 persons, among them 21 cops; they have exposed widespread corruption of New York's police by the gambling underworld, and, as an

admiring courthouse attaché puts it, "They aren't through yet."

The function of the modern grand jury usually is simple and unspectacular: it examines, in secret, evidence against persons suspected of crimes and decides whether there are grounds for prosecution. The system is almost as old as Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, its roots reaching back 1,000 years to the England of Ethelred II, when 12 thanes of each county searched out and helped to prosecute local crimes against the king's justice. The colonists took their laws with them to America and confirmed this heritage in the Bill of Rights, whose fifth article proclaims, "No person shall be held to answer for a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless on presentment or indictment of a Grand Jury."

That winter morning in 1949 the group of Brooklyn citizens suddenly summoned to jury duty knew little or nothing of the history of the grand jury system. They knew only that they had been selected by lot from a list of Kings County citizens qualified to serve as grand jurors; *i.e.*, they were of above average intelligence, with no police records; owned at least \$250 in personal property; had served on at least one trial jury. In his courtroom, Judge Samuel Leibowitz had sworn them in, delivered (as he recalls it) routine instructions and had sent them filing down to Room 405. That morning they were "just another grand jury," destined only to serve the customary 30 days until another panel was sworn in. Then, within a few days, they got an unexpected challenge (*next page*).

OFFICIAL CORRUPTION HAS BEEN BIG TARGET OF THE GRAND JURORS

By ancient custom and modern statute a grand jury is charged not only with examining such evidence as the public prosecutor may present but also with the task of inquiring "into the willful and corrupt misconduct in office of public officers of every description in the county." The December 1949 grand jury was only a week old when the *Brooklyn Eagle* charged that gamblers were buying police protection to operate openly, even in the schools. As Jury Foreman Raymon Chadeayne recalls now, "Here was this thing, right in our laps. What were we going to do about it?" The jury ordered an investigation. It was obvious they faced a mess too deep and dirty to be cleaned up in 30 days. Judge Leibowitz extended their term. When a police captain blew his brains out, pressure groups assailed the investigation. From City Hall, Mayor O'Dwyer shouted "Witch hunt!"

In retrospect, District Attorney Miles McDonald feels that was the turning point. "In the beginning, being just another grand jury, maybe they would have ducked the issue. Most citizens don't stick their chins out too far if they can help it. But here they were aroused. You had ordinary people becoming citizens in the very real sense of the word." The ordinary citizens began to feel at home in Room 405 (right). Firm in a knowledge of their power and duty, they even investigated—and cleared—the very district attorney and his staff who came before them. As they turned up new leads, captains, inspectors, finally even the police commissioner resigned. The jurors could call on the district attorney for investigations and on Judge Leibowitz for counsel and direction under the law, but they themselves—they had come to know—must be the sole judges of the extent of their duty. Morris November summed it up: "Today we go in each morning knowing we are doing a job to protect our city. Every day we hope to do something that will make it a better city."



READY FOR WORK, 17 of the grand jurors get last-minute instructions from foreman (foreground).

The law specifies that no session can be valid unless at least 16 members—constituting a quorum—are



JURORS' DAY begins with early arrivals greeting Solomon Fuller (second from left) who had been temporarily excused from duty to look for a new job (he had quit his old one). Shortly before 10 o'clock the



grand jury warden, a court functionary who serves as messenger and guard to the jurors, brings in a packet of legal papers necessary to the pending day's work, and the members know that Foreman Chadeayne



must have counted a quorum. As the jurors settle down in their places, an assistant district attorney briefs the foreman on the general line of questioning to follow. The roll call complete, Chadeayne leans



present. The foreman, however, prefers to have at least one extra juror on hand in case of emergency.

Thus far only one member has a perfect attendance record. He is Morris November (center, back row).



forward on his desk and starts the proceedings with his customary and unvarying phrase, "We're in business." Once the grand jury is in formal session, exactly what takes place is by law a secret. At 12:30



the morning's last witness has been heard. The jurors pair off in informal discussion groups, and Chadeayne carefully wraps the secret records for safekeeping until the afternoon meeting is called to order.



A NOON-HOUR CONFERENCE beside a courthouse window gives six jurors a chance to exchange views. In the beginning jury sometimes worked until 10 p.m. Now sessions usually end by early afternoon.





LEGAL GODFATHER is how Judge Leibowitz (left) describes his relationship to the jury. When worried Raymon Chadeayne came to him for advice, the judge provided it along with a reassuring pat.

JUDGE SOLVES A JUROR'S EMPLOYMENT PROBLEM



WORRIED JUROR, Engineer Frederick J. Langner, fumbling in his pockets for a letter from his boss, comes into Judge Leibowitz' chambers with a problem. Bound by legal secrecy, Langner has been unable to explain enough about the grand jury's work to persuade his boss that he cannot be excused from jury duty.

JURORS EAT AND WORRY TOGETHER

In the course of their marathon career the grand jurors have become, as one of them puts it, "just like a big family." The social high point of their collective day is luncheon (allowance: \$1.50 each) at a nearby Schrafft's restaurant (opposite). From necessity and experience the jurors, in their discussions, have learned to trust each other's judgment. In doubt they turn to Judge Leibowitz, for whom they have developed a warm fondness. Mellowed since the years when he won fame as a defense counsel who never lost a client to the electric chair, the judge, not unnaturally, has developed a paternal attitude toward what he sometimes calls "my grand jury." Repeatedly he has given up his lunch hour (right) or stayed after court was adjourned for the day to help them with their personal problems.



HELPFUL JUDGE telephones Langner's boss and tries to explain the importance of the jury's investigation. When Leibowitz described Langner as "one of the soldiers on the battle line against the Costellos and the Adonises," the boss seemed only partly mollified. Suggested the judge, "Let's have lunch together."



LEGAL COUNSEL to the grand jury is District Attorney Miles F. McDonald (in dark suit) and his staff. Assistant District Attorney Julius Helfand (center) is in charge of the investigation. Although the assistant district attorneys usually handle all questioning, the jurors themselves can, and do, interrogate witnesses.



UNDERSTANDING BOSS is convinced of the importance of Langner's role on the grand jury during a sandwich and milk luncheon in the judge's chambers and promises there is no need for Langner to worry about his job. In 19 months only one of original group of 23 jurors has been forced to drop out. His reason: illness.



OPERATING ENGINEER William Wendland has been able to adjust his work schedule in the engine room of the Hotel New Yorker so that he can be free for jury duty, but he has been forced to curtail the two farming projects which are his chief hobby. "All I do now," he says, "is work, eat, sleep and go to the jury."



INSURANCE SALESMAN Frank Hill is one juror for whom the duty of citizenship has meant economic hardship. To make up for time in the jury room, Hill must seek out his clients at night and on the weekend. His business—and jury attendance—suffered further when he was hospitalized after a street accident.



ELECTRICAL ENGINEER James F. Hunt is undisturbed when fellow jurors rib him about his devotion to the Brooklyn Dodgers. Proud of the grand jury's achievements, Hunt says, "This is a good jury. We are not just tools of the district attorney but are conducting the investigation the way we want to."



"**GLAMOUR GIRL** of the jury" is title her male colleagues have bestowed on Ruth Spiegel. Even after 183 sessions she thinks jury duty "gets more exciting all along. I wouldn't miss it for anything." On days before the jury meets, Mrs. Spiegel prepares enough food to last her well-run household two days.



RETIRED BROKER Albert R. Leonard is jury's phrasemaker. As a result of the things he has seen and heard during the long investigation, Leonard has decided that "nothing short of a tidal wave of mass moral persuasion will rid us of the evils which are the product of the aberration that crime pays off."



EX-SUFFRAGE WORKER Kathryn Fendrich is a veteran of the fight for women's right to serve on grand juries. Although she enjoys joking with the other jurors, Miss Fendrich has an acknowledged ability to ask pertinent and penetrating questions of the witnesses. She lives alone on an income from real estate holdings.



RETIRED BANKER Francis C. Feger is a member of the grand jury's steering committee which prepares reports for the court after action has been approved by the full jury. The investigation has forced Feger to abandon temporarily his long-cherished plans for travel throughout the U.S. but he says he is willing to wait.



BANK CLERK Harry Williams is the affable victim of a standing gag among the jurymen. When they meet for coffee before each day's session the others try, with occasional success, to maneuver Williams into paying the entire check. He and the assistant foreman, Benjamin Nemsler, met on a previous jury.



HIS OWN BOSS, John M. MacKenzie is head of a firm of electrical and mechanical engineers. He was excused from the jury three times in one day, each time was recalled to make up a quorum. "But," he says, "that is all right. It will be over someday, and I am anxious to see something good come out of it."



HOUSEWIFE Bessie Brill "thinks she's the D.A.," her husband Julius jokingly tells their friends. Because she has begun to tire after 19 months of grand jury duty, the Brils have given up their accustomed Friday night theater party. On days the jury meets, Mrs. Brill is up by 6:30 to get her housework done.

WESTERN
UNION
Telegrams

TELEGRAMS

TELEGRAMS

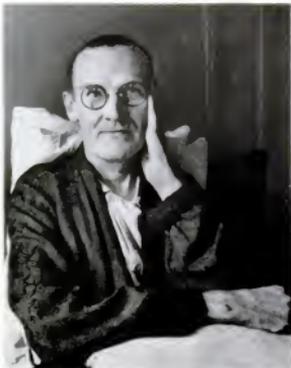


PENSIVE JUROR, Morris November, keeps abreast of his work as a Western Union branch manager by going to his office an hour early each day jury meets.



WEARY FOREMAN, still taut even after a night's sleep, waits for breakfast coffee before leaving for his job as a statistician at Cities Service Oil Company.

Grand Jury CONTINUED



ILL JUROR, Thomas M. Manning, has had two heart attacks since marathon began but now is back on duty.

SACRIFICES MADE JOB POSSIBLE

Despite illness, financial worries and the cumulative disruption of their entire personal lives, the grand jurors have somehow found time and energy to extend the scope of their housecleaning mission. With an admirable sense of fairness, they inquired into the rates of pay of the very policemen they were investigating. The shocked jurors found some cops' paychecks as low as \$65 a week before deductions for taxes, pensions, uniforms and gear. Their recommendation: pay increases would help to remove an obvious cause of susceptibility to corruption. While they were at it, the jurors put through a resolution urging the county to raise the daily fee for members of extended grand juries—such as their own—from \$3 to \$6 per day in order to mitigate the hardships worked on self-employed jurors by lengthy service. The increase was granted.

Over the months the jury has brought about a modest but long sought-after revolution in American jurisprudence. Despite the lack of a specific empowering law the jury has, in effect, maintained a day-in-day-out watch over the city's administration. This, Judge Leibowitz says, "is just the sort of big stick" necessary to honest government. "It doesn't matter whether the legislature gives us a new law for a watchdog grand jury," Leibowitz adds. "That's what we've got anyway. What needs to be done is to use the laws we have. And we've just got started here." He will not guess how long the jury's work will go on. Nor will the jurors who last week—once year, six months and three weeks from the day they were sworn in—were still at what had started out to be a routine 30-day job of civic duty.



HAPPY JUROR, Mrs. Fanny Strauss, devotes hours away from jury to her grandchildren but has been forced to give up her club activities for a civic duty.

AFTER COURT JUDGE AND MRS. LEIBOWITZ RELAX WITH GRANDSON RANDY →



TRIAL BY ICE



THE PAIR WHO REACHED THE SUMMIT STRUGGLE ACROSS THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN

TWO FRENCHMEN CONQUER THE STEEP, FROZEN CLIFFS OF A 26,496-FOOT-HIGH MOUNTAIN, HIGHEST ONE YET CLIMBED. BUT BLIZZARDS AND AVALANCHES EXACT A FEARFUL PRICE

by **JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN**

Famous mountain climber and author of "The White Tower"

TWO almost exhausted men crept up a steep, wind-scoured slope of snow and reached a small level space. There they saw that there was nowhere higher to go. They were standing on the summit of the highest mountain yet climbed by man.

When this happened a year ago, the American press noted briefly "French Climb New Himalayan Peak," and went on to weightier matters. But in France, when the news arrived, it was considered weighty enough to fill pages in the newspapers and magazines and to win the two climbers the Legion of Honor. By mountaineering standards, no less than by French, it was a remarkable achievement, and the price paid for victory was bitter. It is a story which should be known in America as well as in France.

The mountain was Annapurna, 26,496 feet high. The climbers, Maurice Herzog and Louis Lachenal, were members of the French Expedition of 1950 to the Himalayas. And before they so much as laid eyes on the great peak they, and the men behind them, had had to win formidable struggles against both physical and political obstacles.

Men have gone higher than Annapurna on other, loftier mountains. In 1924 and again in 1933, climbers, setting the still standing world's record, got to within 1,000 feet of Everest's 29,141. But until June 3, 1950 the highest peak yet climbed to the top was 25,710-foot Nanda Devi, in the Garhwal Himalayas, ascended by the Englishmen Tilman and Odell in 1936. During the war years, of course, there was no high mountaineering at all; and since war's end Asla has been in such turmoil that expeditions have been few in number and limited in scope. The Roof of the World—comprising some 14 known peaks of the Himalayas more than 8,000 meters (26,247 feet) in height—remained as inviolate as it had been through the ages since it rose out of the prehistoric sea.

An "8,000-er"—the first "8,000-er"—has been the goal of mountaineers the world over. And that was what the French

wanted: the first *huit mille*. But in the mid-20th Century mere access to the highest mountains is almost as difficult a matter as their ascent. The road to Everest lies through Tibet, and since the war Tibet has denied admission to all large expeditions. India and Pakistan have been in ferment, Kashmir virtually in a state of civil war.

Then came the great chance—and from the unlikelyst of sources. The tiny Kingdom of Nepal, on India's northern border, had long been the most implacably closed of all Asiatic states. But the French envoy to Katmandu had become a close friend of the maharajah. And when the request for permission was, none too hopefully, submitted, years of tradition were swept away by the nod of a jeweled turban.

This was in the fall of 1949. Back in France, as soon as the word arrived, the machinery was put in motion for launching a major expedition. The French government itself supplied a third of the necessary funds, and the rest was raised by the French Alpine Club and other mountaineering organizations, which together formed a central committee to launch the venture. Supplies and equipment were drawn from the French army, from scores of manufacturers and merchants, from specialists in every conceivable field which might contribute to the success of the enterprise.

Nine young men

MOST important of all, of course, was the selection of the climbers, and out of hundreds of aspirants a team of nine was finally selected by the committee of climbing clubs. As leader there was 31-year-old Maurice Herzog, by profession an engineer, by avocation a widely experienced Alpinist. The others chosen primarily as climbers were five men still in their 20s—Louis Lachenal, Lionel Terray, Gaston Rebuffat, Jean Couzy and Marcel Schatz—all outstanding among the postwar crop of French mountaineers. Rounding



TRYING TO SPOT COMRADES, men in Camp 2, far below summit, search mountainside after hearing calls of distress from the climbers who were frozen,

snow-blinded and lost in the wastes above. The cries carried 4,000 feet down the mountain; yet because of an ice cliff rescuers only 900 feet away heard nothing.

ATHLETE'S FOOT IS NO JOKE!



These cracks can often become serious without proper care at first

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HIMALAYAN CLIMB CONTINUED

out the party were three men for specialized jobs: Dr. Jacques Oudot as physician, Marcel Lhac as photographer and Francis de Noyelle as transport officer. It was to prove a strong, well-balanced team. If it had not been so, all nine would not be alive today.

On March 30 a DC-4 carried them off from Paris' Le Bourget Airport, and some two weeks later a mountain train set them down at a railhead on the frontier of Nepal. Ahead of them lay the highest mountains on earth and, guarding the mountains, a wilderness in which no white man had ever set foot.

No one has seen the Himalayas without being awe-struck. Explorer Hermann Keyserling wrote in 1914, "Never have I found myself in the presence of such immense power. . . . One would say that the frozen moon had transfixed itself onto the green earth, so supernatural is their impact, so out of proportion their grandeur to the usual aspects of this planet. They are a pyramid of formation upon formation, flora upon flora, fauna upon fauna. A tropical world transforms itself, little by little, into an arctic world; the kingdom of the elephant gives way to the kingdom of the bear, and that in turn to the kingdom of the snow leopard. It is not until one has reached the top of this world that the Himalaya proper begins."

For days the long caravan of the expedition crept through the jungle and up onto the higher open land beyond. Porters and pack animals carried their four tons of supplies. Back in France it had been decided that there would be two alternative objectives: first, Dhaulagiri, the huge 26,795-foot citadel of central Nepal; second, if that proved impossible, the neighboring and slightly lower snow peak of Annapurna. Now, as the great wall of the Himalayas rose up before them, the summits of the two "8,000-ers" appeared and disappeared in the distant mists.

But seeing the remote crevas was one thing, finding a way to their bases quite another. The few available maps were worse than useless. The valley-dwelling Nepalese knew virtually nothing about the uplands beyond, which they believed to be the home of gods and demons. The expedition climbed up, climbed down, zigzagged and backtracked through a wilderness of ridges, gorges, choked valleys and swollen torrents, searching out the route to their goal.

Speed was important, for the only time of year when the great peaks can even be attempted is the brief period between the melting of the winter snows and the coming of the summer monsoon. This year meteorologists predicted the monsoon for early June. And it was now the end of April.

Dhaulagiri was investigated thoroughly before the verdict was reached. An immense tapering pyramid, shaped like the Matterhorn but almost twice as high, it was, if not impossible, so formidable that there would be no margin of safety at all. Now it was Annapurna or nothing.

"The Goddess of the Harvests" the Nepalese call her, watching high in the sky above the fertile plateau of Pokhara. But there was nothing womanlike about the grim world of rock and ice through which the climbers struggled in their circuit around her. The southern side was impossible. East and west were impossible. All presented either unclimbable rock faces or cliffs of ice that daily crumbled down in gigantic avalanches. The only hope was on the northwest flank. Here, at last, a way was found. And no less important, there appeared to be a way still farther, still higher.

So climbers, porters and equipment were all assembled at the



WHOLE TEAM of expedition gathered for this portrait before starting climb. Standing, from left, are Climbers Lachenal, Cousy and Schatz, Doctor Oudot, Climbers Terray and Herzog and Transport Officer de Noyelle. Seated, from left, are Climber Rebuffat and Photographer Ichac. At right are the Himalayan natives who carried the expedition's supplies to the camps along the path of the climb.

foot of Annapurna's northwestern glacier. Above them still loomed two vertical miles of snow and ice, wind and cold, ridge and precipice. It was now mid-May, and the inevitable monsoon was a scant three weeks off.

Finally on the mountain itself, they began the backbreaking work of establishing the chain of higher camps. The expedition's food supply consisted largely of French army field rations, and enough of this had to be packed up not only to maintain them if all went well, but also to see them through if they should be pinned down in their bivouacs by storms. Day after day, therefore, the climbers and high-altitude porters moved up and down the mountainside in relays, under 40-pound loads, carrying their food, their tents, their sleeping bags, their extra clothing and spirit stoves and can openers and all the other impedimenta that was needed—not to conquer the heights, but simply to live on them.

Camp 1 was set up on the lower glacier, some 2,000 feet above the base, No. 2 near the head of the glacier, another 2,500 feet up. Then, while the others moved back and forth with their burdens, Herzog, alone, reached the snowfield above the glacier and picked the site for Camp 3, at a height of more than 21,000 feet.

"A terrible night"

THE weather held good. No serious climbing difficulties were encountered. The principal danger was from the avalanches that were forever rumbling and crashing down the mountainside; but the climbers chose their routes and camp sites carefully, and while there were several near misses, they succeeded in keeping out of the path of the great snowfalls.

Excerpts from Terray's report:

"Camp 1 to 2: Cross the level surface of the glacier. A few crevasses, but an hour of absolute calm during which one feels safe from snowslides and falling séracs (ice towers). A snow-covered spur rises up ahead, and we tackle it by skirting two overhanging walls of ice.

"Camp 2 to 3: The slope suddenly becomes very steep again. The route winds between walls of séracs and across two sharp ice-ridges, onto which we fix static ropes.

"At Camp 3: My two porters and I spent a terrible night, for I couldn't find the second tent that was supposed to have been left there in a bag. Even worse, avalanches were crashing down all night to the left and right of our single tent, in which we were huddled one on top of another."

Before the next camp could be established the weather took a turn for the worse. Fog sifted in over the mountainside and late each day it snowed. Even the indefatigable and optimistic Herzog admitted, "All our efforts will be wasted if the snow doesn't stop falling at least for two days."

Then providentially it did stop snowing. The wind fell, the sun blazed out and once again on the dazzling ice walls men moved up and down like columns of ants. At 22,700 feet, on a huge, curved arch of cliffs that supported the snow dome of the summit, they succeeded, on June 1, in establishing Camp 4. Meanwhile, on the radio in base camp far below, word came through from New Delhi that the monsoon, moving up from the Indian Ocean, had already reached Calcutta.

Throughout the ascent the climbers had for the most part worked in teams of two. Now, as the moment for the final thrust approached, Herzog and Lachenal moved up ahead as Team No. 1.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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HOW THEY DID IT is shown by route drawn on photograph of Annapurna. Climbers took same route up and down. Numbers 1 to 4 show where members set up camps along way; these are Camps 2 to 5 (Camp 1 was out of picture at bottom). Number 5 is the summit; 6 is where Lachenal slipped and fell almost 300 feet; 7 is where four of the climbers spent night in a crevasse; 8 is where avalanche almost swept them off the mountain; 9 is where they finally staggered to safety and where doctor started administering to Lachenal and Herzog.

HIMALAYAN CLIMB CONTINUED

On June 2 they were on their way again, to set up a final camp as near the summit as possible.

A great band of cliffs blocked direct access to the top; so they struck off to the left and, hour after hour, threaded their way upward. But the weather held, and toward midafternoon they set up Camp 5, at 24,300 feet. Here a single rib of rock lay like a dark wrinkle across the slope; here their hope was to find a flat ledge for their tent. But there was no flatness anywhere. They dug themselves in as best they could against a curve of the rock, and when the inevitable evening storm broke, the wind threatened to lift the tiny tent bodily from the mountainside.

The night dragged past—a night in which they thought only of the morning. The summit slope above them appeared of itself easy, a mere 2,200 feet of gently rising snow. The two great impediments were the weather and how they would react to the now tremendous altitude. They dozed. At first light they crept from their sleeping bags, pulled on their frost-stiffened boots and set off for the top. Simultaneously, below them, the two supporting teams moved upward, according to plan: Cozy and Schatz from Camp 3 to 4, Terray and Rebuffat from 4 to 5. For better or worse, the day to which all their months of preparation and struggle had been directed had come at last.

The day was sunny, but clouds of snow whipped into their faces. Step by step, hour after hour, Herzog and Lachenal plodded on, as if up the tilt of a blazing white roof. The tilt was not steep and they climbed unroped, but at every step their feet broke through the thin crust into deep, powdery snow, and soon their hearts were pounding and their lungs burning from the exertion. Every 50 paces they alternated leadership, so as to share equally the strain of opening up the track.

They felt themselves all but drowned in the glaring light of the tropical sun. Their heads seemed on fire, yet at the same time the cold stiffened their clothing and pinched their fingers beneath their gloves. Half-suffocated, they stopped again and again to suck the raw, thin air into their lungs, but it gave them only a fraction of the oxygen they needed. Minutes blurred into hours, and hours into eternity. Then at last a black patch danced before their eyes—a final band of rock directly beneath the summit dome. Was there a way up the rock? As they approached it, they saw a cleft splitting its center. . . . One foot forward, then the other. One foot. The other. . . . A blast of wind struck them. It came from the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

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For Cream Tonic Fans . . . lighter-bodied than ordinary cream oils. No heavy film, no sticky comb, no messy hands.



FLAG OF VICTORY is held on an ice ax by Herzog as Lachenal photographs the climactic moment on summit.

HIMALAYAN CLIMB CONTINUED

other side of the mountain, and even in their dazed and exhausted condition they knew what it meant. Another few gasping steps, and they stopped—for the last time. Maurice Herzog reached out and touched a delicate icy crest that changed shape before his eyes as the wind swirled over it. Annapurna was theirs: the first "8,000-er" ever climbed.

The day may come when men will climb a mountain and be lifted gently from its summit by a helicopter. But that day is not yet, and, until it arrives, getting down a mountain will remain almost as difficult—and invariably more dangerous—than getting up it. Herzog and Lachenal had won a great victory. Now they were to pay the great price.

Even while they stood on the summit, the sun receded and gray veils of mist streamed in on an icy wind. The world beneath them was blotted from sight. But there was one traditional act that had to be performed: removing his gloves, Herzog opened his pack and took out his camera and a small French flag. Handing the camera to Lachenal, he fastened the flag to his ice ax and then held the ax above his head while his companion snapped the shutter. In a few minutes the two men were inching down the snow slopes, bent almost double against the still rising wind. By now both their bodies and brains were sluggish from fatigue and lack of oxygen, so it was not until long afterward that Lachenal suddenly shouted, "Maurice! Maurice!" When Herzog turned, Lachenal pointed.

Herzog looked down in dull surprise and saw that his hands were bare. He had lost his gloves.

This was the first in a long chain of mishaps that was now to plunge the expedition into near tragedy and almost into total disaster. Herzog, now all too aware of his already numb hands, rushed on to Camp 5 ahead of his companion. Terray and Rebuffat were waiting there, according to plan, and had just begun to minister to Herzog when there was a sudden cry from outside the tent.

Within a few steps of the camp Lachenal had slipped and fallen, and now he lay among an outcropping of ice hummocks 300 feet below. Terray made his way to him and found that, while miraculously he had broken no bones, he was suffering from shock and scarcely knew where he was or what had happened. With the utmost difficulty Terray got him back up to the tent, and for the rest of that day and all night he and Rebuffat tended the two battered men. Not only Herzog's hands, but his and Lachenal's feet, were badly frozen, and for a time the two others almost despaired of restoring their circulation. In the end, however, they were successful; and during the night, happily, Lachenal's mind cleared. He and Herzog told of the day's great victory. Congratulations were passed around. The worst seemed over.

But the worst had not even begun. For no sooner had the four started their descent the next morning than the storm, which had threatened all the previous afternoon, burst in full fury. In clear weather the down trip from Camp 5 to 4 would have taken no more



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CONTINUED ON PAGE 51



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FROSTBITTEN FINGERS disintegrate within 48 hours after Climber Herzog lost his gloves while atop Annapurna's summit.

HIMALAYAN CLIMB CONTINUED

than three hours; but now all landmarks were effaced in a caldron of boiling snow, and for hours they groped and stumbled through white nothingness—numbed, blinded and lost. Once, they discovered later, they passed within 300 yards of Camp 4, but neither could they see it nor could Couzy and Schatz, who were awaiting them there, hear their desperate, snow-muffled shouts.

All day they wandered, and as darkness approached they knew that they would have to face that most dreadful, and usually lethal, Himalayan ordeal: spending a night in the open. While they were burrowing into the snow, Lachenal, standing a little apart from the others, vanished before their eyes. For a moment it seemed certain that tragedy had been added to catastrophe, but then they heard Lachenal's voice, telling them that the crevasse into which he had fallen was only a few yards deep. Investigation proved that its floor was solid and that its walls gave good protection from the wind; and, climbing down, the others settled themselves as best they could. What had seemed disaster was turned for a while into a stroke of luck.

But only for a very short while; for no sooner did they stop moving than the cold, even in their windless cavern, began gnawing through to their very bones. Taking off their boots (since keeping them on in such conditions would have meant certain frostbite), they put their feet into a bag and lay practically one on top of another to generate such warmth as they could. So the night passed, without sleep, without surcease from the cold. And shortly before dawn came the worst blow of all. A mass of snow, near the lip of the crevasse above, worked loose and plunged down, burying them in a white shroud.

The lost boots

STIFLED and stunned, they struggled and managed to fight free. But everything they had had with them—their packs, climbing equipment and, above all, their boots—remained buried under the white tons of snow. For more than an hour, in stockinged feet, the exhausted, half-frozen men dug and groped with the last frantic desperation of the will to live. And at last they uncovered the four pairs of boots. Almost simultaneously day broke above them—a day bright with sunlight, for the storm had passed.

It was nearly too late, however. Both Herzog and Lachenal had again lost all feeling in their feet, and Herzog's hands were as cold and hard as blocks of ice. By now Terray and Rebuffat too had begun to suffer from frostbite; and all four were partly snow-blind from the effect of invisible ultraviolet rays when they had removed their goggles the previous day to find their way through the blizzard.

They were lost. Their legs could scarcely support their weight. They could not open their eyes against the white stab of daylight. Creeping to the rim of the crevasse, Lachenal and Rebuffat stood up where they might be seen and shouted for help. Ironically, they were seen and heard by Ichac, the photographer, almost 4,000 feet

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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down the mountainside at Camp 2, but from Camp 4, only a few hundred yards away, both their figures and voices were blocked off by an intervening ice cliff. Herzog and Terray struggled up from the crevasse beside them. They all shouted. No answer. Half limping and half crawling, they began working their way down the snow slopes. If they were going to die, they were going to die trying.

Then at last, after all their bad fortune, came the one great stroke of good. At 8 o'clock that morning Marcel Schatz began to climb upward from Camp 4. Having seen no sign of the higher men the previous evening, he assumed that they had decided not to make the descent during the storm, but would be coming down that day; and now he was making a track to guide them on the last stage of their journey. Not more than a few minutes above camp he stopped and stared at the four apparitions who stood swaying, blind and crippled, on the white slope above him. Then he went up to them and led them down.

That was the end of the ordeal of climbing, but not of that of the climbers. Led by Schatz and Couzy, with Sherpa porters assisting, the descent from Camp 4 to 2 was made all in that same day. Just above Camp 3 the mountain struck its final blow at them, hurling above an avalanche that almost swept Herzog, Rebuffat and two Sherpas to destruction. Rebuffat, however, managed at the last moment to leap from its path, and Herzog, though swept from his feet, was providentially wedged against the side of a small crevasse, from which point he was able to hold the porters on the rope. They were still alive—though not much more—and toward evening the whole straggling, exhausted caravan limped into Camp 2.

"We did Annapurna . . ."

GIAC and Oudot had gone part way up to meet them. "The first to come toward us," reported Lhazé, "was Maurice [Herzog]. He walked straight, his legs stiff, his face worn with fatigue and covered with bruises, his hands wrapped in rags. With difficulty he recognized me. 'It was terrible, old man,' he said. 'My feet and hands are frozen. I can't see properly. But we've scored a fine victory for you. We did Annapurna day before yesterday, Lachenal and I. . .'"

Now the climbers had had their day, and it was the doctor, Oudot, who became the key man of the expedition. Of the four men who had spent the night out, Terray was all right, and Rebuffat, though suffering from frostbite and the pain in his eyes, would recover. But with Herzog and Lachenal it was another matter. The toes of both had turned blue-black, and on Herzog's feet the leaden color extended to the middle of the soles. His hands, from which shreds of rotted skin were hanging, were numb as far as the wrists. In a cramped, dimly lit tent, Oudot worked through the night and all the next day over the two men, administering novocaine to relieve their suffering and injecting them repeatedly with acetylcholine to stimulate the circulation of their blood.

One day, however, was all that could be spared at Camp 2, for the monsoon was now due, and at any moment torrential rains would begin turning the mountainside into a death trap of melting snow. Sledges were improvised out of skis and stretched canvas,



and the crippled men were roped onto them for the descent. Inching down the white slopes, their eyes blindfolded, their arms and legs swathed in bandages, they seemed less living men than mummies.

Almost miraculously, the operation was accomplished without mishap, and a few days later, on June 10, the whole party was assembled at the base camp, at the foot of the mountain. A single bottle of champagne had been brought from France to celebrate victory—when and if; and now Herzog, lying in his tent, called everyone in to drink it. When his own turn came, his companions had to hold the bottle to his lips.

The next morning they awoke to the unfamiliar sound of beating rain. The monsoon had come, and above them the white walls of Annapurna had started to peel off in roaring avalanches.

Later that same day they broke camp and set off—the mountain behind them, a month's nightmare ahead. Herzog and Lachenal had to be carried every step of the way; over steep ridges, swollen rivers, and finally through the underbrush of the lowland jungles. Instead of bitter cold there was now cloying, sweltering heat. The two crippled men stank of putrefying flesh, and their pain became so great that Oudot kept them almost constantly under morphine. Herzog, with septicemia, was often delirious; one day his fever reached 105.6° and it was touch and go whether he would live or die. Massive doses of penicillin pulled him through, however, and the weary caravan struggled on.

Rain beat down incessantly. The wet earth smoked. And almost every day, amid swarms of flies and crowds of curious villagers, Oudot did the grim work that had to be done on Herzog and Lachenal. For by now it had become obvious that the toes of both men—and Herzog's fingers as well—would have to go; and one by one the doctor amputated them, before the deadly infection could spread further into their bodies. By the time the journey was over Lachenal had lost all his toes and Herzog all his toes and fingers.

In the second week of July they reached railroad and civilization. But, characteristically, Herzog refused to leave Nepal until he had paid a long-arranged visit to the maharajah, who had made the whole venture possible by granting his permission. So there followed still another journey, through mountains and valleys, to Katmandu, the capital, where, amid oriental pomp, he was carried on a chair into the Durbar Palace to discharge his last duties as expedition leader. Then Maurice Herzog and his companions flew back home: to their rewards—and their memories.

The two conquerors of Annapurna are still conversing. On the day I visited Herzog in Chamonix, in the French Alps, there were other guests in his room. Presently, of course, someone asked the inevitable question: "Was it worth it?"

Herzog's only answer was a smile. It was a needless question. To him and to his companions of course it was worth it. This is the story of brave men. Some may think it also a story of foolhardy men. But if nothing else, it demonstrates that there are still among us those who are willing to struggle greatly and suffer greatly for wholly ideal ends; for whom security is not the be-all and end-all of living; for whom there are conquests to be won in the world other than over their fellow men.



THE PRICE PAID for conquest of Annapurna is dramatically visible after climbers' return. At left: Lachenal, his 10 toes amputated, is carried from the plane at Paris by companion Terray. At right: Herzog gives a lecture after recuperating. His shoes were made for his toeless feet. With pencil clutched in his fingerless hand he taps microphone to have lecture slides changed. At the time a pencil was the heaviest thing he could hold.

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The Rid-Iron Adjustable all-steel ironing table easily adjusts to any comfortable height from "high" to "sit-down" ironing position.

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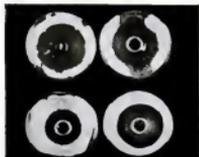
Rid-Iron
A FAMOUS NAME IN AMERICAN HOUSEWARES
THE J. R. CLARK COMPANY
SPRING PARK, MINNESOTA



NEW RELIEF FOR 70 MILLION SUFFERERS FROM #1 SKIN DISEASE

Believe it or not, 3 out of every 4 Americans now suffer from Athlete's Foot at some time during each year. That's the statement of an important medical journal. Other authorities have reached similar conclusions. Especially in critical times like today, this is a condition which demands attention from the nation and from YOU.

A new remedy is now available for the treatment and prevention of Athlete's Foot. Proofs of its superiority are becoming overwhelming. Athletic coaches endorse it. So do chiropodists (foot specialists). Laboratory tests explain why it is so effective. Read the facts below.



SCIENTIFIC TESTS, illustrated above, show that NP-27 is effective against many different organisms which may cause Athlete's Foot. No wonder it works better than remedies effective against only one or two organisms.



CHIROPODISTS SEE MORE foot troubles than anyone else. They know what's best for Athlete's Foot. Many leaders in chiropody report that NP-27 has become their profession's favorite preparation for prevention and treatment of Athlete's Foot.



CHECK YOUR FEET. Many people have Athlete's Foot *without knowing it.* Check your feet for peeling, itching, cracks between and under toes . . . and for itching callouses on soles. These are *not* normal. Act before they develop into blisters, open breaks, raw spots. The disease is caused by fungi, sometimes complicated by bacteria. Use something that kills both fungi and bacteria. That's NP-27.



WES FESLER, coach of champion football teams recommends NP-27. Read below what he says about new Athlete's Foot remedy.

ATHLETIC COACHES ENDORSE NP-27. Wesley Fesler, coach of Rose Bowl champions says: "I find that the use of NP-27 has brought unusually prompt relief to members of my squad suffering from fungus infections of the feet." Other noted coaches and trainers have made similar statements, including Carl Snavely, of North Carolina; Henry Frnka, of Tulane; "Rollie" Bevan, of Army; Jack Rourke, of Colgate; Hing Burns, of Notre Dame. Take their advice; use NP-27 yourself.



WHAT TO DO. NP-27 is nice to use; no unpleasant odor, no mess, no staining; dries almost instantly. For prevention, use it every other day; takes only a second; it's a habit that pays. If symptoms have appeared, use it *daily*. NP-27 is guaranteed to give complete satisfaction or your druggist will refund full purchase price. The Norwich Pharmaceutical Company, Norwich, N.Y. (NP-27 is also available in Canada.)

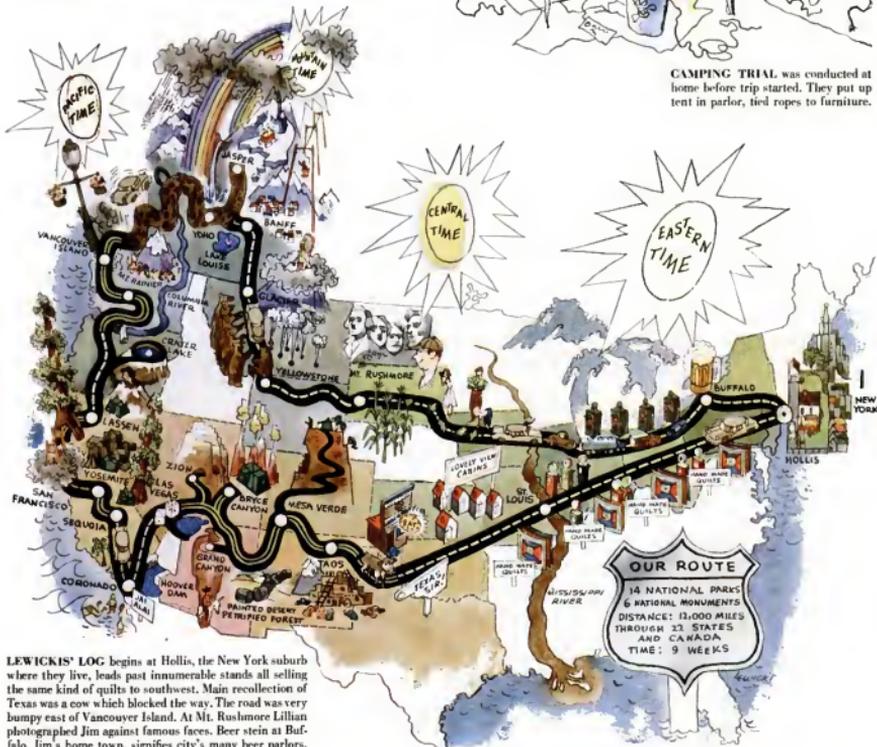
Life Camps Out with the Lewickis

ARTIST FINDS BIG OUTDOORS
HAS ALL COMFORTS OF HOME

Most tourists who have the energy to make a coast-to-coast camping trip come back laden with out-of-focus snapshots of lakes, mountains and famous monuments before which they have posed members of the family. But the Lewickis—New York artist James Lewicki, his wife Lillian and their 8-year-old son Roy—have a more unusual record in these engaging, fanciful drawings with which Jim chronicled their tour across the U.S. last summer. The Lewickis were especially fascinated by the national parks where they camped, and Jim has captured not only the woody luxuriousness of the parks—each one had a post office, curio shop and first-aid station—but also the carefree, sometimes eccentric people who inhabit them. After a few weeks the Lewickis lost all their fears for bears, bugs and the outdoor life, and Jim discovered that Scotch goes very well with cold mountain water.



CAMPING TRIAL was conducted at home before trip started. They put up tent in parlor, tied ropes to furniture.



LEWICKIS' LOG begins at Hollis, the New York suburb where they live, leads past innumerable stands all selling the same kind of quilts to southwest. Main recollection of Texas was a cow which blocked the way. The road was very bumpy east of Vancouver Island. At Mt. Rushmore Lillian photographed Jim against famous faces. Beer stein at Buffalo, Jim a home town, signifies city's many beer parlors.

Camping Trip CONTINUED



FAMILY DINES on cliff at Mesa Verde in Colorado. Despite precarious position, they felt "exhilarated," not scared.



ROY DANCES with Indians at Glacier National Park after wigwam show. Many parks had similar entertainment.



CARING FOR BABY preoccupies parents of three kids, the father heating bottles while diapers dry on the line.



JIM CONCENTRATES at the wheel while Lillian drinks in beauties of Bryce Canyon, Roy attends to his comic book.



LAZY MAN'S FIRE was built by Jim, who pushed logs into fireplace as they burned. He never used ax during trip.



MODERN INDIANS at Taos, New Mex. lived in pueblos, had screens, bicycles and wore Sears, Roebuck blankets.



NOSEY BEARS at Yosemite roamed into camp and licked bacon grease off sleepers who hadn't washed their faces.



A BURNED-OUT TREE at Sequoia provided haven for Roy to peruse one of 100-odd comic books he read on trip.



DWARFED CAMPSITE at Sequoia was next to huge trees. At most parks someone is always photographing deer.

Camping Trip

CONTINUED



DELUXE SETUP appeared in California where it never rained. Couple sat all day playing cards, drinking coffee.



FANCY ROBES made early-morning sideshow. Some women wore pajamas with a fur coat thrown over shoulders.



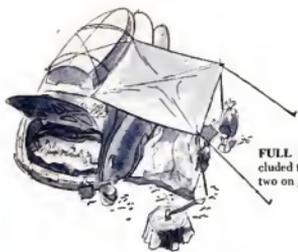
BIG LETDOWNS came in several parks. Lewickis would drive hours to see famous view, then find it fog-bound.



DUDE FISHERMEN at Banff flailed about with enormous casting plugs bigger than any fish in that part of the lake.



RECURRING RAINBOWS were a specialty at Banff, thanks to frequent showers. Lewickis caught one fish there.



FULL HOUSE at Bryce Canyon included three people sleeping inside car, two on ground under makeshift porch.



SWAMPY SHELTER. Army surplus hammock collects water on roof which spills onto the ground as occupant exits.

TENTING TENEMENT at Yosemite was achieved by campers crowding campsite for bathing, open-air shows.





Actors' faces are extra-sensitive

But Eddie Dowling finds this remarkable new shaving cream helps keep his face youthfully soft and good-looking!

Actors, more than any other group of men, must look their young, healthy best at all times. But wearing and removing heavy stage make-up leaves actors' faces extra-sensitive. This means painful discomfort during shaving and can even lead to wrinkled, old-looking skin.

To help actors—and other men with sensitive skin—maintain a young and healthy appearance, The J. B. Williams Company has added an amazing new substance to Williams Shaving Cream. This new ingredient, Extract of Lanolin, helps protect the

face against excessive dryness and daily blade scrape.

Now—every time you shave with the New Williams Shaving Cream—you give your face the benefit of Extract of Lanolin, which helps preserve the youthful qualities of the skin. If your position calls for a well-groomed look from morning till night, or if your face is sensitive to the sharp cutting edge of your razor, you'll want to start using the New Williams Shaving Cream right away. *Some tube—same carton—but now containing wonderful new "Extract of Lanolin!"*



'THE COWBOY' IS ROPED

"If it weren't for a good horse," Clarence Hailey ("C.H.") Long once said, "a woman would be the sweetest thing in the world." That was in 1949 when LIFE did a story on him as a typical cowboy, and a full year before he met Ellen Rogers. Ellen is a young (age 26) nurse who came to the JA ranch in Texas, where C.H. is employed as range boss, to take care of the owner's new baby. C.H., 41, took one look at her



LOAFERS, his first "store" shoes in years, replace C.H.'s handmade boots for honeymoon.



BOUTONNIERE is put in the help of bridegroom's

DOES MORE THAN
**LAZY
LAXATIVES**

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA

not only relieves constipation, but accompanying acid indigestion, too!

Three tablespoonfuls for constipation and accompanying acid indigestion! If you're troubled by irregularity, what you need is Phillips' Milk of Magnesia. You need Phillips' because it gives more complete relief than lazy laxatives which relieve only constipation. The reason for this is that Phillips' also relieves the acid indigestion which often accompanies constipation!

One tablespoonful for stomach upset alone! Phillips' contains one of the fastest, most effective neutralizers of excess stomach acids known. Phillips' brings amazingly fast relief from gas, heartburn and other distressing symptoms of acid indigestion.

LIQUID PHILLIPS' AVAILABLE IN 75c, 50¢ and 25¢ BOTTLES
PHILLIPS' TABLETS IN \$1.00, 50¢ and 25¢ SIZES





HIS LAST CIGARET as bachelor is smoked by Cowboy Long (left) outside the church. His facial expression is somewhat the same (although he is better barbered) as when Ellen first saw him on LIFE's cover (above). Said she, "I thought then, 'What a face.' I had no idea I would ever meet him." Hearing this, C. H. grinned, blushed and rubbed his boot.

AND BRANDED AT LAST

and began revising his listing of the sweetest things in the world. Ellen was attracted by the man she first saw two years ago on a magazine cover (above). Last month all this came to its natural conclusion in the Sunnyside Baptist Church in Los Angeles, where Ellen's family lives. After a round of relative-meeting, sights-seeing and shopping ("All that stuff is shore high") C.H. and Ellen Rogers became man and wife.



newly bought blue suit by Best Man Toivo Erkkila.



WITH HIS BRIDE C.H. leaves church. He violated movie cowboy code by kissing the girl.

Blend-ability*

MAKES YOUR DRINK TASTE BETTER



Ordinary soda water won't give you blendability. Neither will plain water. But Sparkling Canada Dry Water has blendability—the ability to point up the flavor of any drink... to make all drinks taste better.

Here's why:



Exclusive "FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA"

Canada Dry takes several important mineral salts, refines them, compounds them with mastery skill. Result: a club soda with all elements perfectly balanced... ready to make every kind of drink taste better.



Exclusive "PIN-POINT CARBONATION"

Ordinary carbonation has big bubbles which escape faster. "Pin-Point Carbonation" creates millions of tinier, longer-lasting bubbles that keep your drink tasting fresh no matter how long you nurse it.

*The ability to point up the flavor of any drink



Always ask for it at your favorite bar



WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CLUB SODA



from LIFE, March 19, 1951, by Wayne Miller

WHAT'S

IN A

PICTURE . . .

Impression by impression, a narrative unfolds—the story of a few minutes in the life of a girl meeting her fiancé as he returns from Korea. The pictures are simple, and self-explanatory: a girl waits on a dock; she is anxious, tense, tearful. Then she sees him, joins him, holds him.

This is not quite like a motion picture, for you can stay as long as you want with each moment of the scene; you can choose your own reading pace. No words are really necessary. The narrative camera is at its best in this sequence of images.

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

LIFE

Air Raid

on Canada's
game poacher

1 "Now's your chance," my pilot yelled as he hunked expertly out of the dive. There, below us, was a big timber wolf—right out in the open. The roaring motor had stopped the brute in his tracks, but from that angle he was no easy shot," writes an American friend of Canadian Club. "The bitter blast of Ontario wind nearly ripped the rifle out of my hands. I had only seconds to aim and fire . . .



2 "How it happened I'll never know, but when we landed, there was my wolf—deader than the stillness that lay all about us. It's a wonder my shot even came close. Throttled way down and headed into the wind, the plane had bucked like a surfboard.



3 "Lark or not, I'd hit paydirt—that wolf pelt would fetch a good \$25 in bounty money. That's the jackpot the Ontario government puts up to make wolf-hunting worth a man's while. There's no record of wolves attacking men, but they're a menace to livestock and kill hundreds of deer and moose each year.



4 "Dodging treetops to track down wolves takes a pilot who knows his stuff. Mine knew his whisky, too. In his home at nearby New Liskeard, we enjoyed Canadian Club!

5 "Here in the wintry wastes of Northern Ontario, as in even the most distant corner of the world, nothing is warmer than the familiar sight of Canadian Club."

Why this whisky's worldwide popularity? Canadian Club is light as scotch, rich as rye, satisfying as bourbon—

yet there is no other whisky in all the world that tastes quite like Canadian Club. You can stay with it all evening long . . . in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

IN 87 LANDS . . . THE BEST IN THE HOUSE

"Canadian Club"

6 YEARS OLD

90.4 PROOF

Imported in bottle from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky.



A time-out with a cooling drink,
A shady place to rest,
At times like these a smoke goes good—
And Luckies taste the best!
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

Be Happy— Go Lucky!

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE !

Fine tobacco—and only fine tobacco—can give you a better-tasting cigarette. And L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike *means* fine tobacco. That's why you'll find that Luckies taste better than any other cigarette. So, Be Happy—Go Lucky! Get a carton today.

Now here's a tip from me to you,
It's one you ought to try—
Support our boys, buy U.S. Bonds;
Like Luckies, they're a buy!
(Luckies taste better than any other cigarette!)

A LUCKY STRIKE
FOR ALL AMERICA!

BUY
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LUCKIES TASTE BETTER THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE because...

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