

17th Anniversary Edition
316 Pages

17th ANNIVERSARY EDITION

STARS AND STRIPES

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STARS AND STRIPES



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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1962

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ONLY IN AMERICA

The 12-Month School Year

BY HARRY GOLDEN

THERE HAS BEEN A LOT OF TALK circulating lately that the colleges and the high schools are considering running on a year-round basis.

The argument runs something like this: Millions of dollars have been expended on plant and administrative facilities which lie fallow three months of the year. If nothing else, we Americans are economically efficient or thus pride ourselves and such a waste drains the blood from the faces of the corporate board of trustees.

In some places this proposal meets with enthusiasm, although I have noticed neither teachers nor students, the two types most directly affected, have responded with any degree of warmth.

There is a certain justice in the proposal. If you build something, you ought to get the maximum use of it. You'll notice that colleges that had not invested in a stadium were quick to stop fielding football teams when it became an expensive and non-academic activity.

However, the proposal to run a school on a 12-month year tells us more about the state of the society than it does about the prospects of education. Such a change was at one time unthinkable since the students were needed for the spring planting and the autumn harvesting.

Down in North Carolina I have seen schools closed in the past to allow the students to bring in the bean crop. But when agriculture became a subsidized activity, run by 90 per cent fewer people, the schools did not change their program year. It was thought that the colleges and high schools served an admirable purpose with their programs in keeping young people off the labor market.

Such is apparently no longer the case. Even during the recession of 1960, many of the students were still able to find seasonal and part-time work. Since most unions, moreover, have strict seniority rules, the young weren't easily admitted to industry and their unemployment posed no special drain on union resources. The unions simply didn't let them join up.

The reason the colleges and the high schools

will eventually adopt a year-round schedule is probably because the young get married so very early. They are "on their own" in their late teens, insofar as "on your own" can mean they are on their own emotionally. There is probably a large body of unarticulated pressure to get the young on their feet as soon as possible.

It comes none too soon either. Think of the fellow with three daughters who not only has to ante up their dowries, but has to pony up the tuition to keep three sons-in-law in school.

THE JEROMES OF BROOKLYN

THE REMARKABLE SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL has written millions of words. Like Julius Caesar, he made history and wrote it, too. And he wrote it brilliantly.

Among all his millions of words, however, Sir Winston never mentions anything about his mother's marriages subsequent to the death of his father, the great Lord Randolph. Nor does he go into any history of his mother's family, the Jeromes of Brooklyn.

Someone should one day put into literature that stormy moment when the Duke of Marlborough found his son Randolph wanted to marry Jenny Jerome of Brooklyn and that moment when Leonard Jerome of Brooklyn found his daughter wanted to marry a titled English dandy who never worked.

(McClure Newspaper Syndicate)



MARIE (THE BODY) McDONALD

BY GARY P. GATES

IT'S AN OLD GAG that behind every "dumb blonde" front, there exists a clever woman.

No one has ever taken it seriously, of course, but don't make the mistake of asking Marie (The Body) McDonald who does her thinking for her. This is one show biz gal who doesn't believe the best way to play it smart is to play it dumb.

Marie would be the first to admit her famous nickname is not exactly unflattering and that it has, in many ways, helped her

career. But she strongly objects to the inference that she is all body or, to put it another way, nothing but body.

"Believe it or not, I do have some talent that requires more than satisfying ogles," the actress-singer said during a recent interview.

She then revealed she is earnestly conducting a campaign "to live down 'the body' image."

For one thing, she no longer is a blonde. Actually, she never was a real blonde, but during "The Body" buildup phase of her career blonde seemed to be the most appropriate color. Now she has gone back to her roots, so to speak, and is convinced the darker, more demure natural shade is more becoming.

For seven years, while she was going through The Body bit in Hollywood, Marie neglected the singing career she pursued when she was unknown. But in 1957 she returned to night clubs and proved so successful that she began to concentrate more and more on her singing.

During an appearance at the Latin Quarter in New York City, you could sense there was a difference between Marie McDonald, the entertainer, and Marie (The Body) McDonald.

Instead of merely presenting herself as a sexy gal who dabbles in song, she came across as an accomplished singer who also happens to be sexy.

Marie came to the Latin Quarter directly from an engagement in Hong Kong where she broke all records by playing before sold-out audiences for nine successive nights.

"The response was unbelievable," she recalled vividly. "I had never been to the Orient before and I simply fell in love with it."

And as far as the people are concerned, meaning the Chinese, that is, they were just wonderful. And don't have any doubts about their attitude toward Americans. They love us. At least in Hong Kong they do."

It will be the pleasant privilege of future historians to record that Marie McDonald introduced The Twist into Hong Kong culture.

"It all happened very spontaneously one night," she said. "I called this guy up out of the audience and he picked up on the twist right away. Then together we gave a demonstration and the place went wild."

"By the time I left Hong Kong, it had become the rage."

But didn't this twist demonstration violate her anti-Body campaign?

"Please don't misunderstand me," she replied with a devastating smile. "I have no objection to using certain attributes when there's a reason for it. And I do know how to use them."

"They don't call me 'The Body' for nothing, you know."

(United Press International)

Next Week

Schoech Of the Seventh Fleet

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FEATURE EDITOR

Richard H. Larsh

DRAMATIST IN OILS



Artist's Paintings Put Politics in Perspective

By SAM SUMMERLIN

HIS LONG, SLENDER FINGERS curled over the top of a black cane, a dark-skinned Latin Indian stares out from the canvas and asks the civilized world:

"Que hay en comun entre Uds. y yo?"

This Indian, his mouth sad and silent, speaks with his slanted eyes:

"What is there in common between you and me?"

His question is a simple one. As simple as the gaunt Indian himself who hovers over a stoic-eyed peasant woman. Strands of coarse black hair fall over his sharp cheek bones.

Through his dark eyes, this Indian stares out from a world of misery unknown to us toward a world of the good life that lies beyond his native understanding. His bony fingers will never touch this outside world, nor will his bare feet ever reach its good earth.

This Indian, and his woman, are doomed. Born, reared and buried in poverty and ignorance. Prisoners of an existence bounded by hunger and disease. And yet they survive—resigned to their fate but nourished by a nobility of spirit.

This Indian, and his woman, are portrayed on canvas by a retiring, nonconformist painter named Bernard Bouts (pronounced Boo). A Frenchman by birth, Bouts stands in the forefront of artists who have brought Latin America to life with their talented brushes.

With masterful strokes, Bouts has painted what to my mind, as an amateur art lover, are the most eloquent expressions of our day of

the drama unfolding in troubled Latin America. The late Diego Rivera gained worldwide fame when he depicted the Mexican revolution across the walls of his country. Candido Portinari's recent death in Brazil deprived us of a talent seldom seen. But in his own, unobtrusive way, Bernard Bouts today portrays the land and the people of South America with a skill few can match.

While putting his work to canvas, Bouts has—quite unconsciously, of course—told precisely the story which so many others have sought to record. Why, of all the world's regions, is Latin America more plagued than any other by revolution? And all manner of political, economic and social disorders.

Why, of all the global challenges before him, has President John Kennedy singled out his Alliance for Progress in Latin America as perhaps the most crucial foreign policy program of his Administration? Why is the threat of communist encroachment so grave throughout the Americas?

STEP BACK and stare silently for a few moments at "La Riquesse." You will then understand. This is probably the greatest work of Bernard Bouts. "The Riches." As you study the dark Indian and his woman, repeat to yourself the question which Bouts, in his native tongue, scribbled behind the canvas:

"Ou'y a-t-il de commun entre vous et moi? What is there in common between you and me?"



The campesinos know only poverty and disease, but bear it out with a somber dignity. This is the way artist Bernard Bouts sees them. He has lived in Latin America for more than 20 years, intimately knows the ragged peasants he paints.

This Indian, of course, has no riches at all, except for the crooked wooden cane on which he leans, the ragged clothes and shawl that hang from his scrawny frame, and the hollow-cheeked Indian woman at his feet.

What, indeed, does this campesino, so typical of millions in Latin America, have in common with us?

Scholars, philosophers, politicians, diplomats and economists daily dissect this question. But the people, these kind of people, are impatient. That is where the danger of communism and Castroism lie.

BOUTS SAYS he was not born to preach any message. Now greying at the temples, the soft-spoken artist is as much an outsider as his Indian.

"Long ago," he told me, "I cut the umbilical cord that held me to your world. I now live with my wife, my son and my art."

Bouts eludes the 20th Century aboard his yacht, a former cargo schooner which he discovered in Bahia, Brazil, and converted into a floating home and studio. Christened the *Cisne*, or swan, the picturesque vessel now piles the coasts of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, dropping anchor whenever Bouts is inspired and wants to paint on the backwaters of lonely inlets.

Bouts was born in Versailles, France, in 1909. By the time he was 14, Bouts recalls, he told himself: "I want to paint as Cocteau writes," and his early work was devoted to abstracts. Still in his teens, Bouts put out to sea with the merchant

marine, but at 20 he abandoned this life and devoted himself exclusively to the arts.

Under the master Henri Cahillier, he became a painter and sculptor. As he developed, Bouts turned from abstracts to figurative painting, portraying a spirit inspired by the very ancient and the very modern, always with religious overtones.

More than two decades ago, Bouts came to Latin America. He has never gone home again, except for brief visits. For many years, he lived with an Indian tribe in northern Argentina. Then he moved on to the "altiplano" or high plains of Argentina, windswept Bolivia and Peru. His paintings reflect the colors, the gaiety and the stolid sadness of these Indian folk.

BOUTS' lone excursion into the whirl of artists and the public came in 1957, when he traveled to New York with 57 of his best paintings. He sold them all.

Bouts delights in his mastery of a style of painting long abandoned; seldom seen, in fact, since the Renaissance days of the old Italian masters. This technique involves the use of leaves of gold and copper, so delicate that a whisper of wind or breath can turn the leaves into gold dust. Bouts over the years has learned to paint with these leaves as a base, imbuing his finished works with a richness uncommon to modern art.

(The Associated Press)



Bernard Bouts, holding an Indian mask, is an artist afloat. He is on the deck of converted cargo schooner, which he sails along coasts of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, dropping anchor when he finds subjects to paint.



The Route to the 'Stars'

Army's Prep School for Generals



By BEM PRICE

THE ARMY EXAMINES ITS OFFICERS for brass content at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

If the assay level is high, they become qualified as staff officers, chiefs of staff and generals, the Army's top leaders.

Any man who fails the examination might as well plan on retiring to that world known to the Army as "the outside."

Fort Leavenworth is the home of the Army's Command and General Staff College, a remarkable school practically unknown to the civilian world.

A vast amount of basic military doctrine originates here, doctrine that ultimately finds distribution in the form of field manuals and instructional pamphlets.

It is here that national policy becomes converted in broad outline to strategy, tactics and techniques and is tested against the broad experience of the students, probably the most cosmopolitan and widely traveled student body to be found on any campus.

For example, there was a time when "massive retaliation" was national policy and the probability of the Army fighting a non-nuclear war was discounted heavily.

The Tables of Organization and Equipment for the so-called pentomic division, made up of five battlegroups armed with nuclear rockets, originated here.

In that nuclear-war-or-nothing period, the school devoted about 97 per cent of its instruction to the use of atomics on the battlefield, the need for mobility and dispersal.

But then policy changed and it

became the national assumption that "little" wars in less-developed nations were more likely to occur than all-out war. The pentomic division for this kind of combat was all wrong.

At the moment, the Army is in the long process of another reorganization of its divisions to give them a greater flexibility in meeting the problems of nuclear and non-nuclear war, regardless of size. Under this plan there will be no such thing in the future as a standard Army division—only a type of division.

THE IDEAS for this new division came out of brain-storming sessions of the faculty.

The new division has a central command and supply base as a foundation. By adding or subtracting battalions of armor, infantry or mechanized infantry, the division can be tailored to the mission.

In the past, generals have been specialists. They have been classed as armored division commanders, mechanized infantry commanders or infantry division commanders.

With the reorganized division, each general is supposed to be a man capable of maneuvering and fighting all three types of divisions equally well.

This concept of the all-purpose general is still being debated at the school even as it tries to produce the first examples.

The purpose of the school is simple:

To give officers an understanding of the means, military, moral and economic, by which to achieve victory wherever they are called upon to lead.

The Army wants no blunders such as those committed by the Germans when they invaded the Soviet Ukraine during World War II and with oppressive tactics converted a potentially friendly, anti-Russian people into deadly partisan warriors.

The college gives an intensive, 39-week cram course for regular officers in which the students receive what amounts to a four-year course in geopolitics.

Atop this is piled a series of subjects running the gamut of military operations from field army management through warfare of all types in all possible climates.

The school is open to officers with not less than eight years of commissioned service and not more than 15.

Here the students, senior captains through junior colonels, go to classes six hours daily, Monday through Friday.

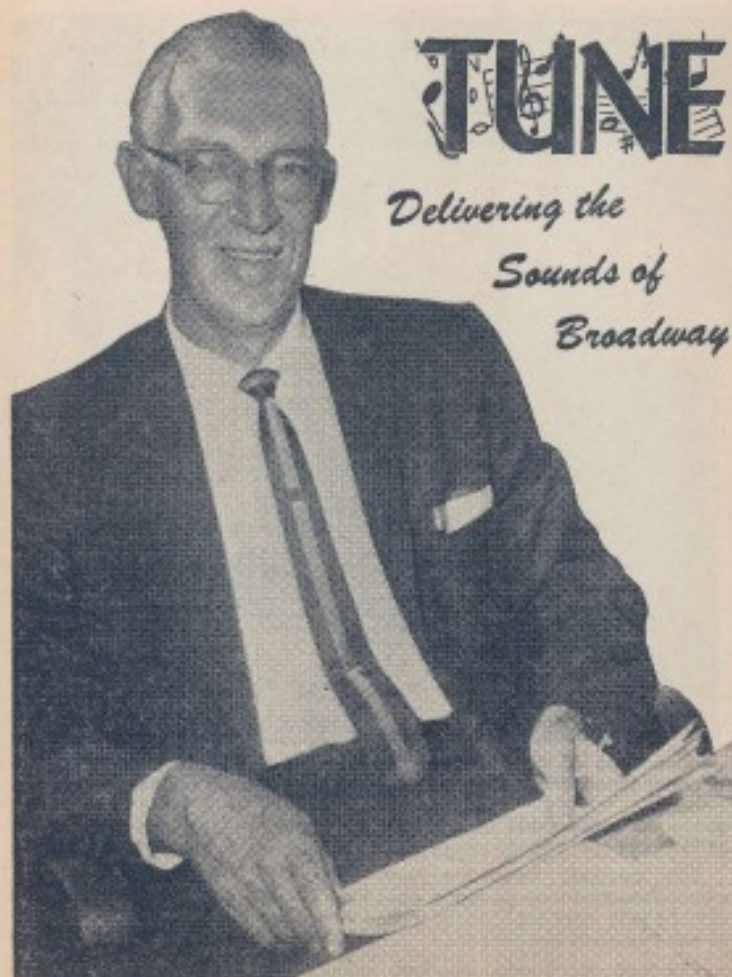
All in all, the officer going through the regular course (there



Col. Edward Chalgreen Jr., assistant commandant of the Command and General Staff College, points to chart as two students watch attentively. Students average 13 years in the Army. College means advancement in their career.



Foreign officers listen intently during a class in the college's audio lab, led by Maj. Robert B. Andreen, who is seated at left, and Capt. Robert L. Burke, standing. Officers from 56 allied or friendly powers are students.



Phil Lang, an experienced craftsman at musical arranging, smiles up from his latest effort for an upcoming musical. He tackles three or four shows a season.

TUNE SPECIALISTS

Delivering the
Sounds of
Broadway

By WILLIAM GLOVER
SOME PERFORMERS hate violins. Others are bugged by a bassoon. And that's not all.

New Haven is full of circles—that have nothing to do with traffic. Of all sins, the deadliest is a wrong name.

Such trifles, tidbits and taboos fill the lives and test the talents of that small, vital group of show world craftsmen known as Broadway's music arrangers.

They are the middle-men between composers and public, doomed to compulsive anonymity, catalytic exasperation and midnight panic.

"Our job," says Phil Lang, one of them, "is to deliver a sound," which offhand seems simple, but isn't.

"The requirements of the musical theater are murderous," Lang adds. "Sometimes I think they're impossible."

Stars who can't sing, producers who cringe at novelty, and clashing egos are among the factors the arranger must face as he decides what intricacies of scoring and instrumentation—big and brassy or sweet and low—will best establish some show's spirit and help toward boxoffice bonanza.

As a sample of the kind of thing that can stun an arranger, a famous director several seasons back asked for an eight-bar transition (which would take about 10 seconds to play) during a scene shift that would inform the audience of a critical change in the character of the leading lady.

"I want it to show she's gone from an innocent child to a bad girl—not a bad bad, but a good bad girl," he demanded.

"Players in lead roles aren't often cast for singing ability these days, but for name value or personality," notes Lang. "The arranger has to be aware of this, make sure what they say is audible—and at the same time give an impression of singing."

Lang, who during the past 17 years has handled tunes by every big Broadway composer, is one of six men who handle all of the orchestrations called for in the booming musical comedy business. Lang tackles three or four each season.

come general officers and even heads of government.

While not everyone can be a general, this is the route to the shoulder stars and every student knows that his future in the service depends in large measure on how well he performs here.

Col. Edward Chalgren Jr., assistant commandant, pointed out in an interview that "the college is a turning point in a man's career. The average age of the student is 35 and he has on the average 13 years' service. The competition is terrific for where a man finishes in his class has a bearing on his career."

Fort Leavenworth was founded in 1827 by Brig. Gen. Henry Leavenworth of New Haven, Conn., a veteran of the War of 1812. He set up the fort to provide a protected trade route with the Spanish settlers at the south end of the Santa Fe trail. (The Associated Press)

"We aren't necessarily the greatest arrangers in all the world, but we know our medium more astutely than anyone else," he explains.

The others are Don Walker, Robert Russell Bennett, Sld Ramin, Irv Kostel and Robert Ginzler. Lang broke into the specialized field when Morlon Gould, for whom he'd worked on radio, insisted Phil handle the score for "Billion Dollar Baby."

Since then his credits include "Can-Can," "Fanny," "My Fair Lady" and "Carnival." Of 30 shows in which he has been involved, "Carnival" rates as the most gratifying to date.

"I look for two things in picking a show to arrange," Lang says. "First that there is something off-beat or exciting to which I can make a creative contribution. The other is to be associated with what you feel is a prestige show."

Currently he has arranged Irving Berlin's "Mr. President," and "La Belle," a tongue-in-cheek adaptation of the Helen of Troy story, set to Offenbach music. In the latter, Lang is using an orchestra drastically altered from the standard ensemble of brasses, strings and percussion.

THE LAST WEEK before opening out of town is the arranger's hell week," says Lang. "You work around the clock, with at least four copyists. That's when you can go wrong—because with last-minute changes, a scene will become different than what you've written for."

By that point in preparations, the arranger has safely avoided numerous reefs of disaster. If he has a star who resents some particular instrument, he makes sure that it won't be in action when the vocalist is nearby on stage. (Performers can't hear as well as they can see, because theater acoustics direct the sound out into the auditorium).

The arranger also has avoided the basic indiscretion, during conference with the composer, of hinting any dulcet passage reminds him of another author's work. "You can be fired that same afternoon," smiles Lang.

If the show tries out in New Haven, the arranger knows he is in for stormy weather with the lyricist and maybe the director. The main theater has no pit for the musicians, so anything they play sounds twice as loud as it will later in Boston, another testing center, or New York.

"So you pencil a lot of circles around things to leave out. When the show moves on, you tell them, 'Okay, erase the circles and play.'"

Eventually comes the White Way opening and overtime time. Some show fans protest the crashing volume and fervor that has long been standard procedure.

"I don't think overtures are particularly objectionable," Lang says. "They are primarily calculated to quiet the audience before the show begins. But people chair-hop and talk anyway until the curtain goes up."

(The Associated Press)

The Route To the 'Stars'

are shorter, less-demanding associate courses) will spend 1,145 hours in classrooms. He will have 740 hours of homework at a minimum and he will spend 33 hours taking written examinations.

The school accepts about 1,500 students a year and about half go through the regular course.

Any given day and night finds the student engaged in a war game involving:

"Air landed infantry division in semi-independent operation; vertical envelopment, influence of cold, snow and ice; employment of chemical, bacterial and nuclear weapons. . ."

The playground: Red China. Again, he might find himself studying "the armored division in offensive and defensive operations in unfavorable terrain . . . command decisions required as a result of (nuclear) surface burst . . ." Locale: Poland.

There is no area of the world where the students do not maneuver imaginary troops in all sorts of warfare—Siberia, Syria, North Africa, Central Africa, Norway, Cuba, Afghanistan, Brazil . . . you name it, they study it.

Sample problem: "What does a commander do if he is fighting in Southeast Asia when a cholera epidemic breaks out among the civilian population with whom his troops are in daily,

routine contact? The immunity of his troops is borderline and the supply of vaccine is limited. These are a friendly people and he depends in large measure on them for support. The probability of contact with the enemy in the near future is high. Who gets the available vaccine?"

The object of the problem is to make the student think. There is no pat solution and the student must seek the variables and then offer and support an opinion in open argument.

The student must know the politics, customs, racial characteristics, religion, terrain and economy of each country in which he might be called upon to fight.

"School solutions" to the wide ranging problems are worked out well in advance of the school year by teams of instructors—the brightest majors and lieutenant colonels the Army can find.

Their job is to question everything. Further, the student is not bound to accept the school solution. So long as the student can support his position with logic, he is entitled to his opinion and is not penalized for it.

AT THE END of the course, students should know the mechanics of handling any size force from a two-regiment brigade through a 250,000-man field army.

The college trains not only U.S. officers, but officers from 26 friendly or allied nations. There are 80 foreign officers attending the school now.

Since 1903, when two Mexican officers became the first foreigners admitted to the school, about 2,400 alien officers have received their advanced military training here. Many have returned home to be-

Faded Lavender



The members of the short-lived "business." L-R: William J. Smith, Wayne Francon, Darrell Riddle, Ronald E. Robinson, Lloyd Cundiff and Michael Derham.

Crime Corporation 'Goes Into Receivership'

By ROBERT M. BURNETT

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA'S "LAVENDER HILL MOB" didn't quite follow the script of the British film farce, but the finale was about the same.

Just as in the movies, the law caught up with the bad guys.

Screen fans will remember the almost criminally misadventures of Alec Guinness as the bank swindler who smuggled his stolen gold out of England in the form of miniature Eiffel Towers.

The latter day Lavenders from Ventura weren't that subtle.

They specialized in armed robbery and backed up a string of 17 jobs while operating under cover of a respectable corporation. Water torture, beatings and death threats spiced the scenarios of the short-lived crime cartel.

Masterminding the bizarre organization was fast-talking Michael L. Derham, 32, a former office equipment salesman. Wayne E. Francon, 28, and Darrell T. Riddle, 28, soon joined him.

Their goal: A bar-and-tavern syndicate geared for growth and quick profits.

Casting about for a name, the partners whimsically called their new firm the "Lavender Hill Corp." and elected Derham president.

"It was just for a gag," Derham recounted later. "People were joking about our 'syndicate' so we named it after the movie."

Derham and Riddle had worked together before, in a manner of speaking.

One day during a ride they stopped in front of a liquor store in the San Fernando Valley.

"As we started into the store, Mike tossed me a toy cap pistol and told me to take it out and look at it when we got inside.

"I didn't know what kind of a gag Mike was up to, but I went along with it," Riddle said.

Inside the store, Riddle pulled the toy gun, Derham announced that it was a stickup, the clerk handed over the money and they were off.

"I WAS STUNNED," said Riddle. Derham later invited Riddle then a Ventura police officer, to go into the bar business with him.

"He said he could offer me a deal I couldn't turn down. And by the look in his eyes, I knew he wasn't going to let me forget that liquor store holdup he had socked me into."

It wasn't long before the Ventura bar venture began to founder.

To come up with the needed cash, the partners began making

gun-point withdrawals at Los Angeles banks and finance companies.

New members taken into the corporation said they promptly discovered they were expected to tend to other matters besides bars.

Richard H. Young, 33, had been in Ventura only a short time when Derham asked him to join the outfit.

Young said he declined.

"The next day five gang members came to my place and pistol-whipped me. They said they were going to drown me in the bathtub, but then they took a vote and decided not to," Young declared.

"That same day I went along on a job in Los Angeles where we robbed a drug store."

Another member, Larry Rasmussen, 31, confessed that he "didn't join the gang to become a crook or a robber," but because it looked like a good business opportunity.

Afterwards, the boys informed Rasmussen they had pulled "a few robberies."

Rasmussen and Riddle later were allowed to vote themselves out of the robbery end of the business.

"BUT Mike let me know he would get me if I ever squealed," Riddle said.

"One day my son didn't come home from school. The next day he was returned safe and sound. Mike just wanted me to know he could cause me no end of fear and pain."

Meanwhile, the gang inaugurated some quaintly original measures to maintain corporate discipline.

For offenses such as tardiness or missing stockholders' meetings, violators gulped down large quantities of water, had to burn themselves with cigarettes or were beaten with a heavy paddle.

Ronald E. Robinson, 24, admitted he was spanked three times for missing meetings. Francon, a graduate of Michigan State University, said he burned himself 10 times for breaking a rule.

Said Derham, with the air of a harassed executive:

"They needed discipline. When you let up on the reins, they went wild just like a bunch of kids."

The law and Derham's partners in crime make Derham out as a radical terrorist who ruled through fear and violence.

DERHAM characterizes himself as a loving father with a good war record and business history.

"The punishment had nothing to do with the robberies. We were all getting tired of some of the members goofing off. The whole group decided more discipline was needed so we tried the burning for a while. Then we used the fraternity paddle and the water treatment, but only for a few days.

"There was very little terror and actually quite a lot of humor in the outfit," Derham allowed.

"We dissolved the corporation in February when we decided it was insanity to carry on the way we were."

But, by then it was too late. An informant provided the clue that allowed the law to erase the gang's corporate image, permanently.

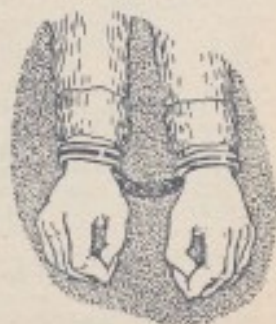
All of the major partners pleaded guilty to robbery charges and received prison terms. Billy Nichols, 38, got four years probation.

Police say the 17 robberies pulled by the Lavender Hill Corp. netted about \$5,000—not even enough to bail them out when the fear-ridden crime empire tumbled.

(The Associated Press)



Under arrest, Ronald Robinson (left) looks like a tough guy, but Michael Derham (right), organizer of the "Lavender Hill Mob," covers face when arrested.



TEACHING JOHNNY TO REED

NEW ALPHABET MAKES IT EASY AS ABC



Pupils of the Roxeth Primary School at Harrow, England, learn to read by the "Augmented Roman" alphabet. Teacher Valerie Kemp guides them along.

By MILTON MARMOR

A NEW 43-LETTER ALPHABET being tried out in some British schools is being hailed by its author and by teachers as an outstanding success. It was devised by Sir James Pitman, grandson of a pioneer in shorthand writing.

Of his new alphabet, Sir James said: "The teachers are getting results that are out of this world."

"Reading has lost its terror for the children," said Reginald Yeates, headmaster of the Roxeth Primary School at Harrow. This is one of the 24 schools in England where Pitman's "A.R." (Augmented Roman) alphabet is undergoing a trial run.

"The biggest experiment in education ever carried out in this

country . . . I think all teaching of reading will be by this method once the scientific findings are published after two years," Yeates added.

What is this enthusiasm about? What is the Augmented Roman alphabet?

It was introduced in Britain a year ago. Some 1,000 children ages 4, 5 and 6 are the guinea pigs.

The new alphabet contains 24 of the 26 traditional letters and 19 new ones. Missing are "Q" and "X" and included are new characters to provide for every sound in the English language.

The new alphabet doesn't remain with the children as they grow up. Its purpose is to teach Johnny how to read. Then, he

switches over to the old fashioned alphabet and reads along with confidence.

The transition from the new to the old way of spelling comes more quickly than anticipated, A.R. supporters say.

A visit to the Roxeth Primary School is a fascinating experience.

Tots read with glee and eagerness. They read in English from characters on the blackboard that look like archaic print.

The new alphabet contains no capitals. "Wuns upon a tiem" starts most fairy stories. There are "siks appls" to use in counting.

In the new alphabet, each letter represents one sound only. "TH" has two forms—a soft sound as in "think" and a hard one as in "the." The soft one has the tail of the "T" extended below the line. The hard "T" has its tail turned to the left. There are many new characters combining two of the old ones.

H EADMASTER Yeates looked proudly at the children as they read a blackboard lesson in the new alphabet.

"They are confident of their ability to read. They are no longer apprehensive," he said of the 36 toddlers in the class under the wing of Valerie Kemp. She was just as enthusiastic.

"I'm going to wind up with this class still in the infant department and yet able to read fluently," Yeates added. "They'll just have to be provided with more books to read."

He explained that those children who have changed over already to traditional spelling can be

handed a book—in the regular alphabet—and they read fluently.

"The children are able to read a year earlier than usual," he said. "They are far in advance of the standard expected of children using traditional spelling."

Yeates thinks the program is an "unqualified success . . . an outstanding improvement in education."

The children are ordinary ones from the neighborhood. They're not less naughty than other children, he said.

American educators, he said, are tremendously interested in the project. Many come to study the results in this 150-year-old school located a few hundred yards from the famous public school of Harrow.

Yeates is so enthusiastic that he goes further than Sir James Pitman in praising what A.R. can do for education.

"It's an admirable method of teaching an illiterate adult . . . if he's intelligent he can progress without any aid from the teacher," said Yeates.

Sir James said he has complete singleness of purpose—"to teach children to read."

Sir James, a member of Parliament, is the grandson of Sir Isaac Pitman (1813-1897), the shorthand pioneer.

The system was inaugurated in the British schools as a research program directed by the London University Institute of Education. John Downing of London University, who is in charge of the research, is going this fall to the U.S. to lecture.

(The Associated Press)

Quasquicentennial?

By TOM HENSHAW

FOR THE PAST YEAR, Frank Hatten, a retired electrical engineer from Delavan, Ill., has been conducting what may be a unique assault on the citadels of the English language.

He's trying to get the word "quasquicentennial" into the dictionary.

"I've never heard of such a campaign before," says Robert L. Chapman, managing editor of Funk & Wagnalls dictionaries, who is sympathetic to the cause since he coined the word in the first place.

Hatten's campaign began when the town of Delavan (pop. 1,500) started laying plans to celebrate its 125th anniversary.

The problem: If 100th anniversaries are called "centennials," and 150th anniversaries are called "sesquicentennials," what are 125th anniversaries called?

Hatten dashed off a query to Funk & Wagnalls. The dictionary men examined their dictionaries, found there was no such word. So, half humorously, Chapman suggested one.

"The best model," he wrote, "is 'sesquicentennial,' meaning 150th anniversary. We need a first element meaning 'plus a fourth,' analogous with 'sesqui' which means 'plus a half.'"

New Word Helps If You're 125

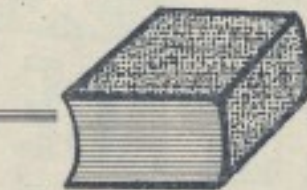
"'Sesqui' is apparently formed from 'semis que,' meaning 'and a half.' Now, both 'quarta' and 'quadrans' mean 'a fourth,' so we may begin with either 'quarta que' or 'quadrans que.'"

"The trick is to combine and shorten one of these as 'sesqui' was combined and shortened from 'semis que.' If we followed the model of 'sesqui' very closely . . . we get the word 'quasquicentennial.'"

Delavan gleefully leaped to the word and Hatten set out to preach the gospel of "quasquicentennial" in the Midwest, where 125th anniversaries are sprouting like Nebraska corn these days.

At last count, 13 towns, three colleges, two churches and a publishing company have adopted the word and the post office has approved the use of "quasquicentennial" in stamp cancellations out of Delavan.

All of which leaves Chapman slightly bewildered.



"It has amazed me," he says. "I'm impressed by the energy these people are showing. It's also a little touchy for me. I coined the word and now I'll have to decide whether it goes into the dictionary, too."

In order to make the Funk & Wagnalls dictionary, a word needs many printed examples of its use. The file on "quasquicentennial" in Chapman's office is now about a foot thick and growing.

Unfortunately, all but one or two of the citations have been the direct result of Hatten's campaign and, says Chapman, "A hundred campaign citations do not have the value of one natural citation."

"But," he adds, "it's off to a good start. It may make it in a year or so. And one thing you can be sure. We will apply our most austere principles."

(The Associated Press)



YOUR NEWSPAPER IS GROWING UP

17 YEARS



Pacific Stars and Stripes outgrows old quarters

STARS AND STRIPES EXTRA!

KOREA AT WAR
U.S. Government Declares State of Hostilities; 200-Mile Front

EXTRA
HAGERTY MOBBED,
BY COPTER

EXTRA
SPACE TRIUMPH!
GLENN SAFE

EXTRA
GLENN MAKES IT!
*Orbits Around Earth 3 Times,
 Picked Up Safe From Atlantic*

STARS AND STRIPES
 Wednesday, February 21, 1953

Pacific Stars and Stripes has published these four all-edition extras in 17 years.

17-Year



STARS AND STRIPES

Outgrows Old Plan

By HAL

Stars and Stripes

PACIFIC STARS AND STRIPES is moving into a new, four-story building in Tokyo. The newspaper marks its 17th anniversary during the month. During the month the staff are moving out of the rambling wooden building at Hardy Barracks, Tokyo, since the new quarters are ready. (Continued on page 10)



Home for your newspaper since 1953 has been this two-story building in Tokyo.



New home for the paper is this nearly completed four-story building near old home.



Pre-1953 city room in the Japan Times building in Tokyo.

WORLD WAR II CIVIL WAR



**77-Year-Old
The Stars and Stripes
Gets a New One**

DRAKE
Staff Writer
celebrates its 17th anniversary
r-story main plant in Tokyo.
birthday Wednesday, Oct. 3.
d its equipment will be moved
ngolow that has been its home
ce November, 1953. The new
n Page A-10]



And now your newspaper has outgrown its quarters again. This is the present newsroom.



YOUR NEWSPAPER IS GROWING UP

(Continued from Page A-9)

building is a short walk away.

Japan Broadcasting Corp. (NHK) will take over the old site, and plans to erect upon it a television center that will facilitate coverage of the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

Under the U.S.-Japan Administrative Agreement, NHK built and partially equipped the new plant at no cost to Stripes or the U.S. government.

On the ground floor is the press room; the newspaper's four daily editions will rush off a brand new press.

The second floor includes the composing room, where type is set and pages are assembled; a job printing shop, and a book warehouse.

The third floor is devoted to editorial and circulation departments.

The new club, replacing an aged quonset structure beside the old Stripes plant, will be on the fourth floor of the new building. There will also be a base exchange and a bookshop.

Administration, business, supply, auditing, accounting and personnel offices will be on the fourth floor.

The service newspaper's new home will be a self-contained, self-sufficient complex.

Pacific Stars and *Stripes* will remain the same—of the serviceman, by the serviceman and for the serviceman.

So it has always been. So it was on Oct. 3, 1945, when the first edition was printed not in Tokyo, but in Honolulu. It was run off on rented presses at the Honolulu Advertiser, and flown to news-hungry troops who had arrived one month before in Tokyo to begin the Allied Occupation.

IT WAS the descendant of the soldier newspaper born during the War Between the States, and another that had been launched in France in February, 1918, by such names as Alexander Woolcott, Grantland Rice, Franklin P. Adams, Harold Ross; soldiers then, luminaries of American journalism later.

During most of World War II, the *Stars* and *Stripes* gave a fox-hole's eye-view of violent history. Its headlines moved from England to Africa, across the Middle East to Italy, to the beaches of France, across the European continent into Fortress Germany.

To a soldier, reading it was like talking to a buddy; it spoke his tongue.

There was even for a time a short-lived forerunner of the Pacific edition, published unofficially in Shanghai.

But now in 1945, *Pacific Stars* and *Stripes* was officially born.

What was in that first edition, eagerly grasped up as quickly as it was distributed free?

It would have made a journalism professor gasp; it was only four pages, and was certainly no model

of artistic makeup. There was a lot of news, and most of it was jammed into seven crowded columns on page one.

Of course, printing the paper in Honolulu and flying it over the International Dateline to Tokyo was temporary, not workable. At first, *Stripes* had two homes in Tokyo. These included two newspaper plants, the *Nippon Times* and the *Asahi Shimbun*.

It was a time of experimental discoveries and one of these was that the *Times'* presses, creaking relics of the last century, were not up to printing a daily newspaper. But there was ample if not generous office space, and editorial offices were set up there.

NEWS was gathered, written, edited, set in type, pressed onto cardboard page mats at the *Times*. Jeep and bicycle-borne couriers rushed the mats several blocks down to the *Asahi*, where the paper was printed.

It could be done in Tokyo traffic then, but not today. And it meant a frenetic work pace and constantly hovering deadlines.

The newspaper was distributed to servicemen up and down Japan. It went to Korea, where an occupation garrison was disarming Ja-

panese soldiers and sending them home. It trickled to the Philippines, Okinawa, anywhere Americans were away from home and wanting for news.

The first *Stripes* crew was almost entirely military; then some civilians signed on; now there are more.

A fair amount was doing on Saturday, June 24, 1950. An Army Air Force B-29 was missing on a flight between Guam and Okinawa.

In the headline story, Defense Secretary Louis Johnson left Tokyo after a quick tour of understrength American military garrisons. He made a resolute and timely promise; that the U.S. "will do all that is necessary" to protect the peace and security of the Far East and the world.

Pvt. Hal Gamble, one of *Stripes'* soldier-newsmen, was covering the dramatic story of a mother who had been flown to the bedside of her son, dying of meningitis at an Army hospital in Sendai.

Cpl. Ernie Peeler, a former International News Service staffer, was pursuing special State Department consultant John Foster Dulles, in town to confer with MacArthur about a Japanese peace treaty.

Nowhere, in the smallest six point type, was there a mention of Korea. But the next morning, a

headline hit readers like a blow:

"KOREA AT WAR
80,000 Red Troops Attack Along 200-Mile Front."

In succeeding days, it was:
"MacArthur Files to Korea"
"WE GO!"

Peeler and Gamble were pulled off their stories, dispatched as a reporter team to the front. There was only one way to cover one of history's strangest wars: plod along with the infantry.

They did; their dispatches clattered back to Tokyo. Gamble and Peeler sent back several taut classics, the first quoting the Prussian tactician Clausewitz on the dirt, danger, discomfort and confusion of war.

"War is confusion; information of accuracy is hard to obtain."
But they got it, sent it back.

"War is dangerous; many serious accidents occur."

Clausewitz was perhaps being sardonic. But the dangers of this war, with a handful trying to hold off a mass, were obvious. Peeler and Gamble shared them.

"War is uncomfortable; walking up to one's knees in mud does not speed one on his way."

It did not speed soldiers and newsmen along; Gamble and Peeler were both. They had deadlines, and they met them.

War was confusion; it was confusion as pell-mell attacks by north Koreans hit the outnumbered American forces and the line, such as it was, shivered back. It was suddenly too vast and confused to cover, and the two men decided to split up and cover different parts of it.

Three days after he arrived, Peeler and a few other American newsmen were in a rear area. The others decided to file their stories, but Peeler and INS reporter Ray

M/Sgt. Fred "Pappy" Baars, *Stripes* correspondent with the 1st Cav. Div., was up front one day on a "routine" feature; he was interviewing PFC Irwin P. Matthews, a noted and accomplished mortar observer.

He found Matthews below Hill 578, which was in Red Chinese hands—then U.S. troops were assaulting it, as Matthews pummeled positions ahead of them with mortar fire.

There was a break in the battle; Baars talked to Matthews. He asked his name and hometown, scrawled it down. Matthews was unwrapping a candy bar.

Baars was never to forget that sound—the taut, whistling snap that sounded like a breaking strand on a wire fence.

MATTHEWS pitched forward, his helmet flew off. Life and breath rushed out of him in a hoarse gasp.

Baars ludicrously sought cover behind a field phone "about as big as a cigar box;" the sniper pulled his belt and sighted for a second shot that tore past Baars.

The sniper apparently decided not to venture a third shot. The attack rolled over Hill 578.

Stripes had necessarily expanded; a Korea edition had begun printing in Pusan on Sept. 29, 1950. In 1951, the Japan editions, also distributed in Okinawa, were priced at five cents. The newspaper was on its way to becoming self-supporting. (Before, it had been part of "occupation expenses.")

It was now a tabloid, 16 news- and feature-filled pages.

On Nov. 29, 1953, it moved into its own plant at Hardy Barracks, Tokyo.

On March 3, 1955, all editions printed in Tokyo were expanded



Richards decided to go back "up there" to get more. "Up there" was beyond the low knolls and twisting roadways. The crackle of M-1s and carbines, the iron-door slam of tank guns, the crunch of mortar rounds sounded "up there."

"Up there" was perhaps no place for anybody not involved in the shooting. But Peeler and Richards were newsmen, and they went.

War was confusion; it masked the fate of two men. Rumoredly, Peeler and Richards pulled their jeep around a curve, met a communist T-34 tank head on. The vehicle was demolished by an 85-mm shell—rumoredly, Peeler is listed as "missing and presumed dead."

NAME any battlefield. Name any battle. There was likely a *Pacific Stars* and *Stripes* man there.

Cpl. Ronnie Dare was the first newsmen to enter recaptured Seoul.

Dick Kemp got fed up with second hand briefings about battles, and decided to get the feel of one. He parachuted into combat with the 187th Regimental Combat Team.

T/Sgt. Corliss Miller, an Air Force artist with the paper, journeyed to the front to make sketches. He wandered ahead of the U.N. lines, was lost in hostile territory for days. A wounded South Korean guided him back to safety.

to 24 pages; the Korea edition, printed in Pusan and then Seoul, remained 16 pages. It was still free. The former changed on Sept. 2, 1956, when the Seoul plant shut down and a 24-page paper was printed in Tokyo for readers in the ROK. On Nov. 1, 1957, the Korea edition was priced.

An Okinawa edition had been inaugurated July 27.

There were other editions, other changes with time, necessity and expense.

It is now 10 cents everywhere, 15 cents with the Weekend Supplement.

Four daily editions—Japan, Air, Okinawa, Korea—reach out to the ROK, Okinawa, the Philippines, Guam, Taiwan, Thailand, the Republic of Vietnam. There are readers scattered in the Aleutians, Pakistan, Australia, Cambodia.

There are some 18,000 readers in the Tokyo-Yokohama area.

For a time, Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, was the smallest in the *Stripes* circulation area; one subscriber.

It goes by truck, train, aircraft.

It is your paper, run without use of your tax dollar. *Pacific Stars* and *Stripes* does job printing and sells books. But most of what it gets, on a barely-break-even proposition, comes from circulation—spread over an area slightly bigger than the 50 States.

EDITOR'S NOTE: As Pacific Stars and Stripes celebrates its 17th birthday, Al Ricketts, entertainment columnist, is celebrating his 10th.

Pat. Al Ricketts first joined the paper in September, 1952, as a proofreader. He was brand new in the Far East so how was he to know that the U.N. headquarters in Tokyo wasn't called "Perishing Heights"?

Shortly after that spelling, okayed by Ricketts, appeared in an S&S headline, Al became a movie reviewer. Movie reviewing proved even more hazardous than checking headlines and when Al branched out into the night club, restaurant and entertainment field things got even worse.

In the past 10 years he has interviewed actress Jayne Mansfield, 10,000 feet in the air ("I love to kiss dogs and pull beards," cooed Jayne, giving Al's goatee a playful tug).

He has been called un-American because he doesn't like rock 'n' roll, Elvis or hillbilly music. (A "Send-Al Ricketts-To-Mars-Club" once was formed.)

He has been challenged to a duel by an irate Englishman whose belly dancer wife he scullied in print.

"You stink!" wrote one enraged "fan." "When it comes to reviewing movies," penned another, "you couldn't smell your way out of a rice paddy!"

Ten years of such abuse have left their mark on Al. He is 30 pounds heavier, providing him with a thicker hide to repel barbs.

For years, Al has been regaling fellow staffers with stories about his days in the Stars & Stripes proofroom. Since this is his "birthday" we asked him to share some of them with our readers.

10 Years And How They Grew



Mansfield-mouled goatee.



Ricketts Recalls Some 'Oddities' of Past

By AL RICKETTS

Stars & Stripes Entertainment Editor

IT WAS 130 FEROCIOUS POUNDS OF HIGHLY TRAINED FIGHTING man on the hoof that was assigned to Stars & Stripes in September of '52. So I was quite naturally relegated to the proofroom, located on the fourth floor of the Japan Times building.

The proofroom, a small cubicle about the size of an orange crate, was a place of mystery in those days. The smell of burning cheese sandwiches—basted over a battered electric heater—floated into the City Room and kept nosy reporters at a respectful distance.



RICKETTS TODAY

There were rumors that anyone passing through the proofroom door never came out again.

Crushed-in among the tables, chairs and pin-ups was one of the strangest groups of characters ever assembled anywhere. Joe Tartaro, for example, was known as The Bat because he had a nasty habit of turning corners—a good ten feet before he reached them.

Bill Falk, who wore checkered sport coats and very loud ties, was called The Chintz for obvious reasons. One day, while attending a movie in downtown Tokyo, a fire broke out in the theater and we all ran for the nearest exit.

Not The Chintz, however. He was busy trying to find the manager's office so he could ask for his money back.

Possibly the weirdest member of the group was Jim Neal, called The Crow because he wanted to be one. Jim always felt that given half a chance he could perch on a telephone wire just like a bird. He also was adept at imitating a three-toed sloth.

This he accomplished by hanging—head down—from the proofroom doorway. A crisis arose one afternoon when the OIG (an Army major) passed by just as Neal was doing his sloth routine.

There was a crashing moment of silence as Jim, from his topsy-turvy position, calmly returned the officer's gaze. When all seemed lost he executed a smart salute, which sent the major, visibly shaken, walking down the hall in a daze.

AND THERE WERE OTHERS: HERB GUSSACK, DUBBED THE OWL because of the staring, pleading appearance given his face by a pair of extremely thick glasses. (Gussack never forgave the city of New York when subway fares were upped to a dime.)

Tom Probst, the proofroom politician, whose imitation of jungle noises was positively frightening. Feature Editor Dick Larsh, who sat right outside our door, was led away sobbing on more than one occasion after being scared out of his wits by Tom's screeching.

All the sane people weren't in the proofroom, however. The City Room boasted big Jim White, who kept a goldfish named after a Japanese prince. And Dick Brooks, who would lie on his bunk in the all-together, reading aloud from the New York Daily News.

And Bob Myers, known as Poorly because he was never "well," and hasn't been till this very day. The Sports Department contributed Mike Hickey, who chased fire engines at three in the morning, and the Art Department was represented by cartoonists Skip Troelstrup and Carl Methfessel.

Troelstrup drove the military crazy because he insisted on wearing rubber zori with his uniform, and Methfessel was the proud owner of a stray dog named Ralph, which thought S&S was his own private property.

More characters joined the paper later on, of course, but our first year in Tokyo goes down as The Time of the Punny Farm Crowd as Good Old S&S. And we loved every minute of it.

Meet You . . . On the Town



Carl Methfessel penned this sick Yule fantasy, featuring Ricketts and Ralph.



A young, comparatively lean Ricketts (left) slashes "copy" the way he was to slash movies and stageshows. He was a proofreader in young, lean days.



RICK JASON IN MAKEUP FOR "COMBAT."

COMBAT READY

Rick Jason -
Walking
Weapon



By BERNARD GAVZER
TO LOOK AT HIM, Rick Jason seems an ordinary man. Handsome, yes. A bit taller than most, also yes.

But a walking weapon?
Yes, indeed, that's what he is, he says.

Why?
"Because I am an expert in karate, the deadly art of man-to-man combat. If I were to hit a civilian I could be accused of using a deadly weapon."

With this beginning, it seemed

a sure bet that Jason would lead right into his role as Sgt. Gil Hanley in "Combat," an hour-long action series on ABC-TV.

"No, sir," he said. "I will not use karate or anything like it in 'Combat.'"

This seemed a waste of talent since it is clear that Sgt. Hanley will be a tough cookie no matter what else happens on the show. Why not be tough with this killer-technique?

"In 'Combat' I am a man with a great deal of quiet strength. The

character I play doesn't push people around, nor does he take any nonsense," says Jason.

In any event, he already has had his karate filing on television, using it as the gimmick in "Case of the Dangerous Robin" series which he syndicated and in which he starred as a free-lance insurance investigator.

With this background of real-life as well as make-believe power, it is to be expected that 6-foot-4, 195-pound Jason fears no foes, not even the deadly ones in op-

posite time slots during television prime hours.

His Tuesday night competitors are "Laramie" and "Gunsmoke." Says he:

"Laramie" is going into its fifth year and "Gunsmoke" is on reruns. That is very soft competition."

But even if it was "Dr. Kildare," Jason fears not.

"This is a very solid series. They are putting \$125,000 into every segment. You can see the money on the screen," he says.

The opening segment dramatized the D-Day landing in France.

Jason has been on the Broadway, Hollywood and television scene for 15 years but thinks that "Combat" may produce true stardom.

"Some actors have one big success after another," he says. "I've been working steadily and feeling all the while that one day I'd really take off. This might be it, but maybe it's being superstitious. I'd rather not talk about it."

While he probably won't use karate in "Combat," he still follows his training in case a situation arises similar to the one that made him study it in the first place.

"I was in a restaurant in Los Angeles with my wife when four punks accosted us and said some things to my wife," he says. "I managed to take care of that situation but it made me think about what could have happened."

He learned karate.
(The Associated Press)

Acting King and Queen Seek Ace Play

By WILLIAM GLOVER

JASON ROBARDS JR. and wife Lauren Bacall are resisting temptation. "We don't want to go out just to make some money," he says of spurred bids for a joint appearance on stage or screen.

That billing has been a prospect ever since the Broadway star and the Hollywood siren wed last year after an intercontinental courtship.

In the canon of show business, such real-life romance is fondly cherished as a sure source of box-office joy. But Robards has an even greater belief in the play being the thing.

"Oh, they'd like it," says the jut-jawed actor. "They send over scripts to read. And they're terrible. Nothing really good has come along."

"Sure, we've talked about doing something together—but first you've got to find it."

"Just to do something wouldn't work. It can't."

Until that right show comes along, the couple have plenty to keep them busy. Robards is regaling customers in "A Thousand Clowns," a comedy about nonconformity. Miss Bacall is supervising the bee-hive activities of a household that includes six children—three his and two hers by previous marriage, plus their infant son, Sam.

When asked for her views on the family's theatrical career, Miss Bacall waves inquiry aside with "He has the ideas." A gambit that brings a husbandly "I do?" from across the coffee table.

The sultry-voiced lady, who quit filmland after the death of Humphrey Bogart and who was last seen on stage here during the 1959-60 season in "Goodbye, Charlie," contributed one wifely nite to Robard's preparation for his present play.

The role requires a bit of care-

free hoofing. But serious drama was Jason's background. So from her own song-and-dance training she instructed him in the mystery of a time step.

Although "A Thousand Clowns" was greeted as giving the star his first exercise in comedy, he calls it "really a very sad play, in a way" which "a real comic could wreck."

"I had a period of two weeks when I got completely off the track, by getting too smart," he says. "The lines are there you see, to get laughs, and I was letting the audience take me. Doing something like that always catches up with you."

Another exhibition of Robards' acting is contained in the film version of "Long Day's Journey Into Night." The screen adaptation of a drama that won a posthumous Pulitzer Prize for Eugene O'Neill is to be released in December.

IT IS THE fourth movie in which Robards has appeared.

"I've done some pretty bad pictures," he observes, "and I've passed up doing quite a few."

"In movies, the material is all chopped up—the director has all the controls. On stage, the actor has control—he puts it up there for the audience to see."

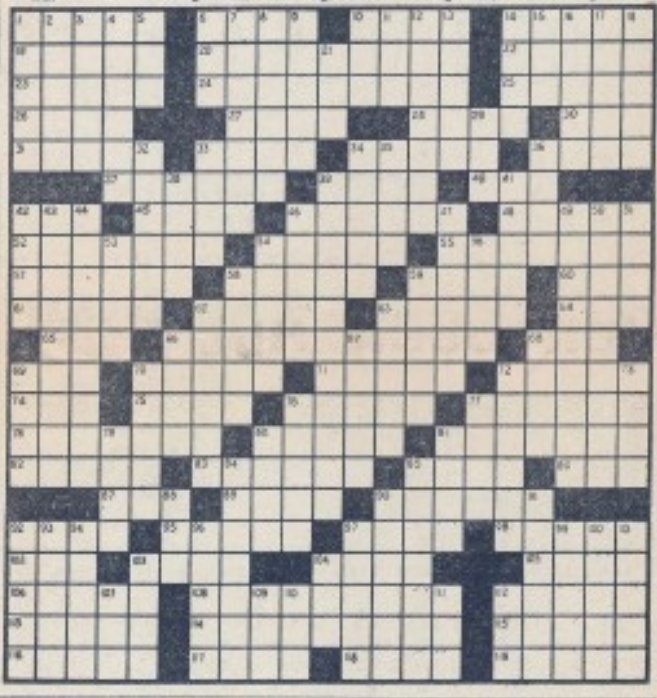
"In films you've got to go for one of two things. Either to do a good acting job or be a big movie name. There aren't many real picture stars any more who are both."
(The Associated Press)



Lauren Bacall shows husband Jason Robards Jr. how to do a top dance step.

Sunday Crossword Puzzle

- By H. L. Hanson
- ACROSS**
- 1 Young leaving.
 - 2 Mining rail.
 - 10 Steady.
 - 14 Yeast.
 - 15 Where Bevin fell.
 - 20 Big Tex school.
 - 21 Woods.
 - 22 Buzzard.
 - 23 Slovenia tribesman.
 - 24 Defuse transportation: 2 words.
 - 25 Worsen.
 - 26 Girl's name.
 - 27 Toast eggs.
 - 28 Sugar loaf.
 - 30 Lily: fr.
 - 31 Razor.
 - 32 Western Indian.
 - 34 South American capital.
 - 36 "Dead" ring eyes.
 - 37 Wic connector.
 - 39 Edible fish.
 - 40 "maison" — Babu.
 - 41 Ancient Babylon.
 - 42 Inevitable.
 - 46 Sackful.
 - 52 Sonachri's air.
 - 54 Tilt.
 - 55 Not friendly.
 - 57 Lamented.
 - 58 Cloning.
 - 59 Tennis attraction.
 - 60 Metal.
 - 61 Man from Monterey.
 - 62 Friction.
 - 63 Tibetan monks.
 - 64 W. German river.
 - 65 Japanese coin.
 - 66 Chank house.
 - 68 Hindu title.
 - 69 — Bescon.
 - 70 Pastoral boys.
 - 71 German aspect.
 - 72 Laughing.
 - 74 Cook letter.
 - 75 Shower stick.
 - 76 Scotch kiln.
 - 77 Usually see.
 - 78 Credit pit.
 - 80 Young fruit.
 - 81 Tuluvi town.
 - 82 Lie.
 - 83 Pipe.
 - 85 Paul — actor.
 - 86 Undersized.
 - 87 Locust.
 - 89 Hardwood tree.
 - 90 This web fabric.
 - 92 Young woman.
 - 93 Short.
 - 94 Stupid sea: slang.
 - 95 Sliding passage.
 - 100 Compass point.
 - 101 Debatable.
 - 102 Farrow-E.
 - 104 Fine lot.
 - 106 Cassin's capital.
 - 108 Popular relative: 2 words.
 - 112 Unspoiled brook.
 - 113 Hatching machine part.
 - 114 Inexplicable.
 - 115 Lethal coat.
 - 116 Hollywood noisiness.
 - 117 Dish fly.
 - 118 Pika's — Swami.
 - DOWN**
 - 1 Enough: Lat.
 - 2 Factory.
 - 3 Opposer.
 - 4 Mighty river.
 - 5 Back piazza.
 - 6 Ryle.
 - 7 More show.
 - 8 Mass delicate.
 - 9 Simpleton.
 - 10 Sinner: Akk.
 - 11 Vandal.
 - 12 Man from Mexico.
 - 13 Earn.
 - 14 College area.
 - 15 Stars — slang.
 - 16 Wreathy objects.
 - 17 Stragg.
 - 18 Look.
 - 21 Signal.
 - 23 Cabbage card.
 - 24 Hippocampic river: Soud.
 - 25 Where Cedar breaks in.
 - 26 Dash ferociously.
 - 27 Single thing.
 - 28 Descended.
 - 29 Eskimo asset.
 - 30 Fratricide: person.
 - 31 Church services.
 - 32 Fact collection.
 - 33 Beliver, e.g.
 - 34 Solid.
 - 35 Being erect.
 - 37 Medicine man.
 - 38 Estimated: person.
 - 39 Enclave.
 - 41 Residence: name.
 - 43 Heron's rival.
 - 44 Naval base of '78.
 - 45 Recreant.
 - 46 Old Testament book.
 - 49 Chastity.
 - 52 Caught cod.
 - 63 Metal deposits.
 - 65 Coinage.
 - 67 Moser priest.
 - 68 Accoster.
 - 69 Irish coin.
 - 70 Description.
 - 72 Blade.
 - 73 Grass.
 - 74 Wilton — English poet.
 - 77 Puagat odor.
 - 79 Wisconsin.
 - 80 Vegetable.
 - 81 Very poor: slang.
 - 84 Regular course.
 - 85 Cook region.
 - 86 Cheese leader.
 - 87 Sewal.
 - 90 Low effort.
 - 92 Machine part.
 - 93 Cast metal.
 - 94 Lariat.
 - 96 Cornucopia.
 - 97 Medicinal root.
 - 99 Liver salt.
 - 100 Colchicoid: cat.
 - 101 Mousing lizard.
 - 102 Heavenly body.
 - 104 Mark Twain love.
 - 107 Conjecture.
 - 108 Farm animal.
 - 110 Coccolit.
 - 111 John — Greek theologian.
 - 112 Great general.



Draw Fine-Finned Fellow in Three Steps

WHICH came first the fish or the egg? There can be only one answer when the question involves the drawing technique illustrated below. Here, the subject's basic form is that of an egg or oval-shaped figure.

You can have some fun duplicating the fine-finned fellow shown in three steps.

To begin, draw the egg, step 1. Then add more lines, as in step 2. Add finishing touches in step 3. Then add colors.

You may find it worthwhile to trace the figures several times at first and then attempt to draw them freehand.

Oval-shaped figures can be used as the basis of a great many subjects, of course.



Puzzles and Pastimes

Trio of Cock and Bull Sightseeing

IF SOMEONE were to say, "I tell you I saw it with my own eyes," about the points of interest pictured below, you'd have a right to call him a fibber. Just for fun, see if you can name the three places indicated. No. 2 is in England.



Answers: 1. The Washington Monument, D. C. 2. Big Ben, London, England. 3. The Washington Monument, D. C.

Are Newlyweds Out at Home?

"BEGINNING tomorrow night, I'm going on the night shift," said newlywed Mr. X. "I'll have a night off every sixth evening."

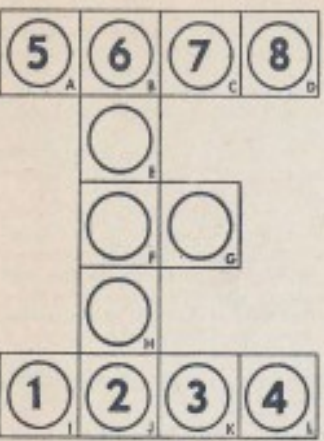
"I'm also starting a night job," said Mrs. X. "I start the night after tomorrow. I'll have every sixth night off."

"I don't think we'll be having many nights off together," said Mr. X. glumly. "One of us may have to give up his job."

Can you figure out when they'll have their first common holiday?

Answer: Their first night is always off the second, fifth and eighth days of each month.

Pull a Switch With Eight Coins



AN anonymous genius in puzzle competition dreamed up this classic example of the switch puzzle. Are you smart enough and patient enough to solve it?

Use either four pennies and four dimes or four black and four white counters as your "men." To start, place four black counters or coins in the circles at top and four white counters or coins of another denomination in the circles at bottom. Object is to switch, in the least possible moves, the positions of the two sets of coins or counters.

Only one counter may occupy any one space at a time.

For enjoyment of others, clip out the puzzle and mount it on heavy cardboard. Those who are handy with tools may wish to make up a marble or peg-board version of this pastime.

ODDBALL OUT

IN EACH of the following groups there is an oddball. That is to say, one of the things mentioned does not belong. How quickly can you pick out the intruders?

1. Earth, Mars, Sun, Venus.
2. Handel, Mozart, Marie, Minoso.
3. Gold, Brass, Copper, Iron.
4. Prep, Wig, Diesel, Altimeter.
5. Plato, Cole, Plato, Cicero.
6. Christmas, January, May, June.
7. Vienna, Napoleon, Hitler, French.
8. Hampshire, Percheen, Lincoln, Merlin.
9. Yanks, Dodgers, Twins, Browns.
10. Gouda, Edam, Cheddar, Cottage.

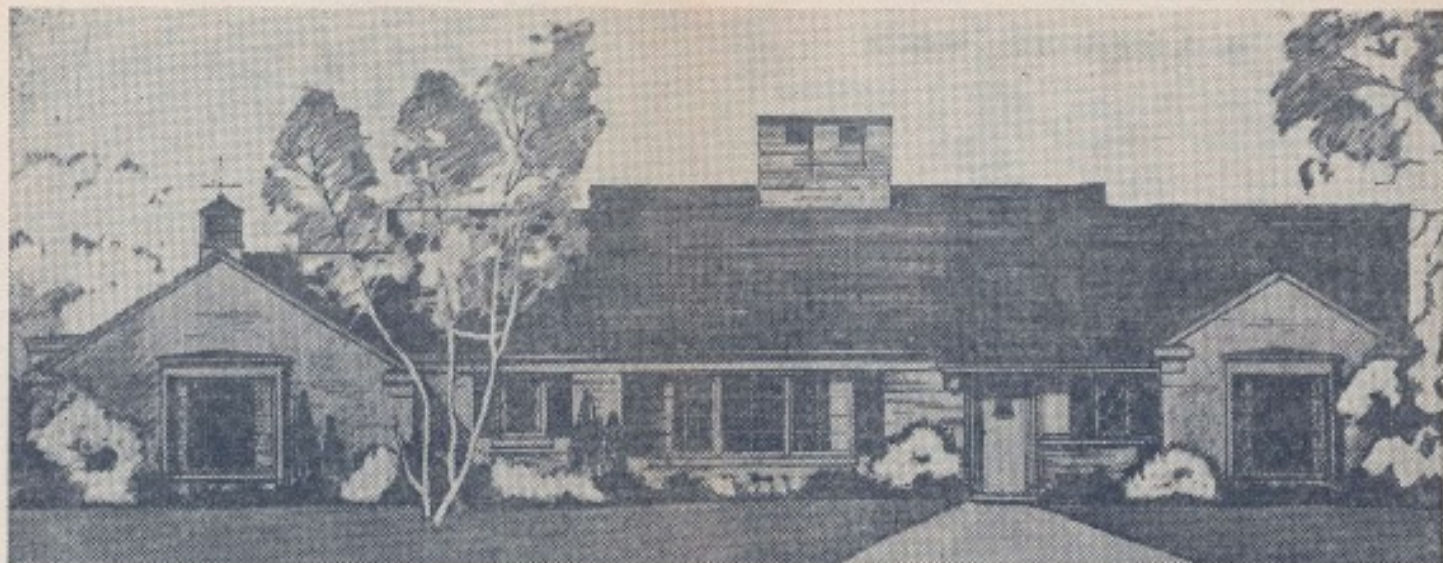
Answers: 1. Sun, 2. Minoso, 3. Brass, 4. Diesel, 5. Cole, 6. June, 7. Napoleon, 8. Percheen, 9. Browns, 10. Cottage.

Answers: 1. Sun, 2. Minoso, 3. Brass, 4. Diesel, 5. Cole, 6. June, 7. Napoleon, 8. Percheen, 9. Browns, 10. Cottage.

ANSWER TO TODAY'S PUZZLE



Answers: 1. San, 2. Big Ben, 3. Washington Monument.



More Than Meets the Eye

Half-Story Provides Extra Bedroom, Bath

By JOAN O'SULLIVAN

TODAY'S HOME, Design H-95-KF, is surprisingly larger than it looks. It appears to be an all-on-one-floor ranch home, but is actually a story-and-a-half design.

To the right of the entry hall is the bedroom wing, providing two bedrooms and a bath.

The back bedroom, which has a doorway leading out to the yard, devotes one entire wall to closets. The front bedroom has three closets. There's a linen closet in the hall just outside the bath.

The home has two living areas. At back, a formal living room combines with a dining area to make a wonderful spacious room that boasts a long window wall, a fireplace and a built-in china cabinet. From the dining section, a door leads out to the garden.

An informal living area, the activity room, is at front. It, too, has a fireplace and a huge picture win-

dow. It provides access to the utility room, which houses heating equipment, and it also has a built-in snack bar and a storage closet.

The kitchen-laundry is a work center the homemaker will love. The laundry section not only has a place for tubs, washer and dryer but also for a deep-freeze and an ironer as well. In addition, there's plenty of counter space for sorting clothes and cabinets for storage.

The kitchen is well-lighted by two walls of windows. It boasts a double sink, a snack bar and plenty of work room.

A lavatory serves both kitchen and laundry. Next to it, there's a storage room.

The garage is attached and has a doorway leading into the house.

From the entry hall, there's a stairway leading up to the half story, which is taken over by a bedroom (14'-11" x 11'-8") that has three mammoth closets.



Two bedrooms and bath share the main floor with living room, activities room, kitchen and laundry. There's also a small bar in activities room.

A full-size bath and two linen closets complete the upstairs plan. Design H-95-KF comprises 20,925 cubic feet; 1,823 square feet.

If you are interested in obtaining blueprints for Design H-95-KF,

send your inquiry and a self-addressed stamped envelope to me in care of King Features Syndicate, 235 E. 42d St., New York, N.Y., for the name and address of the company from which they are available.

Sam Makes Those Collars High, Wide and Handsome

By WALTER LOGAN

SAM BROOK is the man responsible for those high collars worn by rock 'n' roll and other entertainers of the Broadway variety who are afraid they will look like squares if they appear in anything else.

His shop is known as Brook's-Times Square and in the 30 years or so he has been there he has concentrated on making shirts that will either cover up scrawny necks or will give singing room.

He has a working arrangement with the staid Brooks Brothers—they forward each other's mail. If B.B. gets an order for shirts with collars four inches high they automatically send it to Sam.

For the non-Broadway types who are not sure what a high roll collar

is, you can watch such performers as Tony Orlando, the Vagabonds, Ford and Reynolds, Skip Cunningham, Marty Ingles and study their necklines.

First, the collar is at least three inches high, or double the ordinary shirt. Second, the collar spreads out



with a definite roll not seen in any other form of men's wear. And third, they have a five- to seven-inch taper from shoulder to waist. Usually they are broadcloth or Oxford.

Brook notes with satisfaction

that some "square" shirt manufacturers now are turning out collars up to three inches high. He counters this by going to four inches when pressed.

One of the four-inch collar customers is Florian Zabach, the violinist, who appears in evening clothes. Brook ripped off the old collar for Zabach and put in four-inches when he appeared at the Persian Room of the Hotel Plaza.

Brook, whose store is in a corner of a movie house, compresses into an incredibly small space such things as sports jackets, suits, top-coats and the various accessories necessary for a Broadway appearance.

The big seller in suits has been a light gray sharkskin, with more and more customers going for the one-button design. The suits are

snug, continental, no breast pocket, slashed side pockets, no trouser cuffs on the very narrow trousers. Buttons are set high.

Sports jackets are a bit on the colorful side in rusts, greens, browns and camel. There also is a very rich blue. The cut is somewhat conservative and there is a trend to rough-looking tweeds.

Outer wear tends toward a European look with leather buttons and toggles and emphasis on convoy coats in black and camel (it was blue last year).

As for ties to wear with those high roll collars the trend is extremely conservative. Black if you are wearing a lavender shirt. All ties slightly narrower with emphasis on simple repp stripe. Solid colors outsell everything else.

(United Press International)

Clubwoman Gives Tips To Madame President

By GAY PAULEY

IN THIS ORGANIZATION-HAPPY LAND, presidents are in profuse supply. A presidency of some club or other group eventually happens to almost every woman. Or else a chairmanship of a committee, where the same qualities of leadership are required.

If you're an incoming president facing the busy fall and winter season after the summer slump, don't panic. Remember you've won an "election" at the local, state or national level because the membership of the PTA, the ladies' auxiliary, the women's club had confidence in you. By electing you, they're also pledged to work with you.

So dig in early—it's one of the best methods for assuring a successful term, advises one woman president whose string of organization activities is staggering.

She is Mrs. Merion B. Tice, of Mitchell, S.D., new national president of the ladies auxiliary to the Veterans of Foreign Wars (VFW). The organization has some 526,000 members.

The new job doesn't frighten Edriada Tice. She has held practically every local, state and national office in the VFW since she joined in 1947.

A native of Norfolk, Va., she is married to a judge of the municipal court

Women's World

of Mitchell. The couple has three children: Charles, 21; Merion, 19, and Virginia, 16.

To incoming presidents, Mrs. Tice in an interview offered these additional suggestions.

Check your wardrobe NOW to make sure your "meeting" dresses, hats and shoes are in order. Lay in a supply of white gloves. Avoid freckles, wild hair, and brilliant jewelry for platform appearances.

Get that fall permanent early. Get a new grille for the first meeting of your organization—"a new grille does wonders for your confidence," said Mrs. Tice.

Call up your board members, or write notes telling them how glad you are the year is starting, how much you look forward to working with them, thank them for their suggestions.

Arrange for a star chamber session with other principal officers and your club program chairman.

Fill vacancies in committee appointments, sticking to club by-laws.

Figure out a way to put everyone to work to help make them "feel" a part of the organization.

Make a list of potential speakers. And if your club has no garden program don't invite the local authority on fungi just because he happens to be a personal friend. Read newspaper coverage of speeches by community or visiting speakers to get an idea to their potential.

Try out new ideas for tired spots in the program. Do your paperwork so that names of officers, chairman and others you will contact frequently are correct, handy, and with phone numbers listed.

Have a chat with the publicity chairman to make sure she knows to send club notes typed, with names correct, and whether they are Miss or Mrs.

Clean out your club notebook and update it for the year ahead—"any president who does this is a jewel and should be re-elected," said Mrs. Tice. "I'm afraid I'm not that methodical."

Update your biography and ask fellow officers to do the same—this again for benefit of the news media.

Ask opinions of the officers. They are part of your team.

Try to keep a varied membership. "There is a place in almost any organization for the young bride, the older bride, for the mother, for the older woman," said Mrs. Tice.

Don't gossip. Don't get involved in a clique. Be thoughtful, firm, considerate and "by all means sincere."

(United Press International)

Survey Finds

Some Packages Bilking Shoppers

TAKE FIVE REASONABLY WELL-EDUCATED HOUSEWIVES, give each \$10 and send them into a supermarket to spend it.

Will they get their money's worth?

"No," says California's consumer counsel, Mrs. Helen Nelson, who has been on the job a little more than two years and has made her presence known insistently.

How does she know? Because she tried it.

She picked five women, three of them college graduates and two with two years of college, and dispatched them into a Sacramento supermarket with a list of 14 items and \$10 each. The store offered 248 different packages of the 14 products.

"With only one of the 14 products, cheese, did all five shoppers succeed in comparing prices," said Mrs. Nelson, who claims to be the only consumer counsel on a state level in the U.S. "And with two of the 14 products—rice and tissue paper—every one of the five shoppers was baffled."

And they took their time, too. They averaged 43 minutes buying the 14 items—about twice the time an average shopper would take in a store, not including chit-chat with the neighbor woman.

"This is the marketing situation into which we are sending our young brides today with admonitions to shop thriftily, to budget expenditures and to follow a budget plan carefully as the family cash gets ahead," she said.

"How do you teach students to plan a household budget when even experienced shoppers find it difficult to determine and compare the price of rice, hot cereal or dishwashing detergent?"

After two years of looking out for the consumer, Mrs. Nelson has drawn some major conclusions, including one that "the average person in addition to being bilked by the sneaky shoe boys is being bilked by major companies."

She pointed out that the Federal Food and Drug Administration had found "widespread shortages" in common foods and that there are a number of such examples in California.

She said that the young housewife is confounded in a supermarket with such items as "jumbo size, family size and eight servings," and "she will find it difficult and time-taking to find legally required statements on net contents."

"If she persists until she finds it, very often she will discover the quantity to involve fractions," said Mrs. Nelson. "At that point her mind reels and she gives up trying with any accuracy to compute or compare the prices of any packaged products."

She said in one Sacramento supermarket the price of peanut butter varied from 48 to 77 cents a pound and the price of tuna fish from 63 cents to \$1.25 a pound.

"The sneaky shoe boys have put on a white collar," she remarked with an acid tone. "And they're making millions off the gullible consumer."

(United Press International)

Slim-Jims for Janes



SLACK STYLES—Hip-skimmers at left are in a stretch fabric of glen plaid. Leather-trimmed slacks at right team with a leather vest. These new slacks for fall and winter are both figure-molders but cut in different styles.

Paris 'Factory' Gilds the Lilies

By ALINE MOSEY

United Press International

YOU PUT YOUNG AMERICAN or other foreign girls into one end of this elegant Paris "factory" and \$4,200 later, out come worldly women with French culture and chic.

They know how to make sauce bernaise, discuss Balenciaga and Voltaire in fluent French and tell the difference between a truffle and a Tintoretto.

Maxim's "College of Savoir Faire," meaning French know-how, is one of several flourishing schools in Paris which claim to teach French elegance, mainly to its barbarians from other countries.

Maxim's school, run by Mme. Louis Vaudouin, wife of the owner of the famous Maxim's Restaurant, is the most exclusive and expensive of the charm schools. It accepts only 30 young girls for the October-June school year. Since

most French girls apparently learn all this at home from mother, the pupils registered for Maxim's third school year in October are from wealthy families in England, the U.S. and Norway.

The American contingent includes automobile heiress Anne Ford.

That \$4,200 tuition per year includes board and room. The school arranges for the pupils to live with French families, the better to polish the language.

Each morning the 30 fledglings will attend classes at the famed Sorbonne University in art, music, philosophy, history and literature of France. In the afternoon they will be herded to art museums or occasionally fashion shows.

In the evening there will be the French theater, ballet or opera. The girls also will be taken to cocktail parties organized by Maxim's. There they can practice on other guests, presumably understanding, on how to make small talk and balance a martini in one hand and handbag and cigaret in the other.

One morning a week they'll learn

from Maxim's chef how to impress the folks back home with coq au vin or a real French omelette. Classes in makeup, coiffures and how to walk also are included.

Designer Jacques Esterel opened another school of French chic a year ago. His "Glamour College" omits the culture and stresses training for models.

For approximately \$90 a month for three months, the students attend classes on charm, posing for photographs, hair-style and make-up, public manners, how to be a high-fashion model, health and physical culture, diet and how to be interviewed for a job.

Esterel hires many of the modeling students himself, and other pupils go on to be airline hostesses, photographic cover girls, publicists or just posed young ladies. One student in the photography class wound up marrying the teacher.

"And smile! Always smile!" the professor commanded.

Pacific Stars & Stripes

A-15

MIXING FUN WITH BUSINESS'S

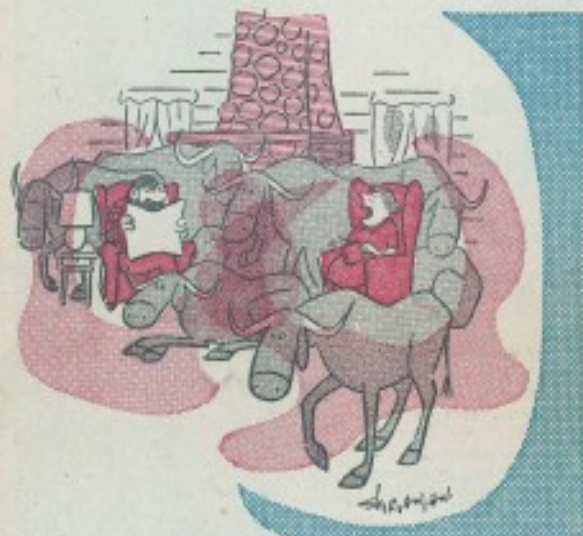
IT BEM



"There's always room at the top, Buswell, but I'm afraid we've run out of room at the bottom!"



"If your work doesn't improve, Finster, we're going to have to drop you."



"I don't mind your rustling them, but I wish you'd find someplace else to hide them."



"Oh, we'll be successful in business! I'll put in my personality and charm and you merely put in your money."



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"It'll do you good to forget business for a couple of hours!"