

Conductor of the Death Train

Tough guy interviewer Mike Wallace has come up in the world during recent months. No longer does he earn his bread by asking awkward questions of the likes of hoodlum Mickey Cohen. No, indeed. These days, under the sponsorship of the Fund for the Republic, Mr. Wallace confronts issues and queries Thinkers.

Yet, reading the transcript of his recent session with civil libertarian Cyrus Eaton, we couldn't help wishing that Mr. Wallace still toiled as a glorified police reporter. For the "ideas" disseminated by Mr. Eaton, at Wallace's urging and through the facilities of the ABC-TV network, hold more harm for the Republic than the depredations of countless Mickey Cohens.

Generally described as an "industrialist," Mr. Eaton could perhaps be more accurately labeled the peerless American dupe of Soviet propaganda. For the last couple of years, you may recall, multimillionaire Eaton has held conclaves at Pughwash, Nova Scotia, which brought together certified American intellectuals and prominent Communist scientists and scholars. "Coexistence" couldn't be cozier.

Mr. Eaton sang his theme song under the baton of Mr. Wallace ("We are constantly baiting the Russian bear and I think we ought to give it up"), but, for the most part, the wealthy coal-monger and railroadier irresponsibly and viciously denounced United States' security measures. He reserved his most venomous remarks for the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

"There are no Communists in America to speak of," said Mr. Eaton, except in the minds of those on the payroll of the FBI. What's more, "the FBI is just one of the scores of agencies in the United States engaged in investigating, in snooping, in informing,

in creeping up on people." Indeed, said Mr. Eaton, "we have less confidence in our people maybe than any other nation that I know of on earth. We're certainly worse in that respect than the Russians."

A notion that permits a Judith Coplon and an Alger Hiss to move freely need not apologize for its security precautions and the temperance with which they have been administered. Actually, the free-wheeling, unsupported attack Mr. Eaton made against these precautions tells us more about the critic than about the objects of his criticism. He is as eloquent as the late, unlamented *Daily Worker*, and about as reliable. In fact, Cyrus Eaton, capitalist prophet of "coexistence," is almost a caricature of the bootless optimist and inverted idealist who would sell out the West on the strength of a Soviet smile.

This September, in Austria, another "Pughwash Conference" will be held. Again, Mr. Eaton will bankroll the tea party, as American "liberals" and well-disciplined Communists discuss "measures for promoting international trust." While the saucers clink and faithless smiles flash, the American "angel" no doubt will coo blissfully in the background, rubbing his hands over the "good will" he is generating.

Arthur Koestler, a man who knew communism intimately, and shrank from it in revulsion, might have been describing Cyrus Eaton several years ago, when he wrote of "a curious characteristic of our time; that the most dangerous propagators of villainy and mental corruption are neither cynics nor terrorists with bombs—but men of good will, with strong frustrations and feeble brains: the wishful thinkers and idealistic moral cowards, the fellow-travelers of the death train."

The Bully Takes a Thrashing

Once in a great while, the bully of Big Government gets his officious nose bloodied by an uncommonly determined ordinary citizen. And a wonderful, hopeful spectacle it is.

A persistent woman turned the trick the other day in Washington's Court of Claims. It was the worthy bureaucrats of the House Disbursing Office who had their shoulders pinned to the mat by one Mrs. Elizabeth Norcross, who had fought for six years to get what she said the Government owed her in back wages.

The sum involved, in terms of the Federal budget, was trifling—only \$130.02, for 12 days' work as a clerk for the late Representative Erland H. Hedrick (D-W.Va.) must in 1952. Mrs. Norcross, then an Austrian alien taking her first steps toward citizenship, worked for almost two weeks before the House Disbursing Office discovered that it shouldn't have put her on the payroll. It seems an appropriation bill "rider," passed in 1952, forbade Government hiring of non-citizens or those whose allegiance was not to the United States.

The long and short of it was that Mrs. Norcross was sacked, suddenly and unceremoniously, without compensation. Congressman Hedrick said he couldn't pay her out of his own

pocket; he was running hard for the governorship. The minions of the Disbursing Office said, No, it ain't legal. Mrs. Norcross saw red. Well, said the lady, we'll see!

Acting as her own attorney, Mrs. Norcross (an interpreter by training) doggedly stalked her bureaucratic prey through the legal jungle of briefs, motions, arguments, and counter-arguments, testing her wits against the nimble-tongued hirelings of the state. Once during the six-year battle, she spent a pleasant day in court, when she took the oath of citizenship. This new status merely intensified her thirst for justice.

Ten days ago, she won her case at last. In handing down its decision, the court took note of this persistent citizen's spunk, observing:

"Since the pioneer's ax first rang in the wilderness of America, the honoring of real obligations has been a tradition of her people. So long as we respect this tradition, the recognition of a just debt will be esteemed a privilege and its payment a matter of pride."

That is sound doctrine. And it is a pleasant irony that the lesson had to be taught the government of America, which has known its share of freedom, by a former citizen of Austria, which has known its share of tyranny.

The Future of the 'Feelies'

Some day, if the art of prose survives, a chronicler may turn to the Frantic Fifties and see in them, in retrospect, the era of the "hard sell."

Veteran television advertisers are painfully familiar with bullying, the most primitive "hard sell" technique, which is mainly a contest of wills. The breathless but steadfast hustler attempts to wear down the viewer's sales resistance with unrelenting, pile-driver repetition. ("Now, that's N-A-eight-four-oh-oh-oh. Once again, the number is . . .") The command to call, write or buy—now—is blared into the weekly viewer's ear, until nothing will do but that the beans burn and the baby wails as the intimidated viewer hastens to obey.

Bullying is passing, praise be, but more subtle means are being devised to put the Product Across. The latest "hard sell" technique, which we have noted in these columns previously, is subliminal advertising, in which the "pitch" is flashed on the screen (TV or movie) so quickly that the eye does not consciously see it. But the viewer's subconscious gets the message. Used experimentally in a few movie houses, the Message thus far has been confined to the exhortation, "buy popcorn."

More ominous, however, is Hollywood's decision to use the subliminal "hard sell"—not to tell the viewer what to buy, but rather what to feel and think. Subliminal perception (SP) is employed, "for dramatic effect," in a forthcoming production with what may be an oddly percipient title, "My World Dies Screaming."

In the movie, previewed recently,

symbols are superimposed on the faces of the principals. Thus, a snake, denoting evil, flashes across the villain's mug, while the heroine's fair features are fleetingly caressed by a heart. As suspense mounts, symbols multiply; the words "death" and "blood" impress on the duller viewer the fact that the villain, dagger in hand, is up to no good.

This first SP movie (dubbed a "feelie") may be the cure a sick industry will gulp in big doses. (A recently issued survey of the movie industry shows weekly theater attendance down 44.5 million from 1947, with income among the top 10 companies barely one-fourth what it was in 1946.) In view of this decline, what would prevent some hungry mogul, down to his last swimming pool and milk bet, from tossing a cunning little SP commercial into his next production, something like "This is the best movie you've ever seen"? Who would know?

And what of the political implications? Suppose, just suppose, a producer of stout-hearted Liberal persuasion dares to spice an election with the subliminal message, "Dulles Must Go"? And what of 1950? Could an activist of Americans for Democratic Action pass up the chance to flash to the masses "Back Jack Kennedy" or "Keep Kool With Kefauver"? Yet the "feelies" could backfire, for a wary citizen, conscious of the evil designs against its subconscious, might shut the big and little screens and take to reading books, with nothing but clean, white space between the lines. And wouldn't that be a pity!



Unique automobile packages passengers as well as science and design can do it. Padded bucket seat surrounds most of the body as a bar against sudden lurch. Nylon harness behind head protects against "whiplash" of crash from rear. Note the absence of projecting knobs.

Lifesaver: Egg Carton Auto Design Is Introduced

A SPECIAL one-of-its-kind automobile made its debut at New York's Waldorf-Astoria last fall. After viewing its unique safety and comfort features, a member of the press was heard to remark that up to now "Americans have been packaging eggs better than people."

The sponsors of the debut—scientists and savants of the Cornell University Aeronautical

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Laboratory, Ithaca, N. Y., and Liberty Mutual Insurance Co., Boston, Mass., could at least have taken over most of the actual operation of cars and traffic control. Rather it packages the driver and his passengers in such imaginative, yet entirely practical—ways that the laws of physics, which in some cases are working directly counter to passenger health and welfare, will be working for them.

The theory behind the Cornell-Liberty Mutual car is simple: there are certain predictable physical forces causing the deaths and injuries—and these forces are sometimes enormous. But they can be controlled, safety authorities believe.

An egg crate may not be the perfect analogy, but it does provide this parallel: the crated egg will stand a great deal more shock than eggs rolling around loose in a box.

Actually, four basic design principles, arrived at after years of painstaking research, governed construction of the car. As listed by Edward E. Dye, head of Cornell's Safety Design Research Department, the design requirements (as dictated by crash research), and their packaging parallels are:

Anchor passengers against crash contact with unpadding objects such as dashboard, windshield. Packaging parallel: Pack tightly.

Secure doors and maintain structural integrity of car side against lateral blows. Packaging rule: Fasten lid tightly.

Keep car interior clear of knobs, mirrors, sharp objects. Good packaging rule: Keep rocks out of padding.

Keep car body structurally non-collapsible, road packing: have a good, strong shipping case.

The car, with its all around bumper, energy absorbing surfaces, its fish bowl expanse of laminated safety glass, its unique placement of driver and passenger, will be touring the country during the year.

The researchers, designers, and 11 automotive industry suppliers are betting a quarter of a million dollars that the example, set by this clever sample of packaging will, eventually, save lives.

(N. Y. Herald Tribune News Service)



Rear seat belts reel up when released. Release button at end of arm rest trips belt fastening in case of fire or upset, frees passenger.

By ROWLAND EVANS JR.: Knowland Gives Views On California Primary

SENATOR William F. Knowland (R-Calif.) is of the opinion that the factional split between himself and Gov. Goodwin Knight, "undoubtedly played some part" in the surprising Republican weakness disclosed in the California primary early last week.

Interviewed in his handsome, Senate minority leader's chambers in the Capitol, Sen. Knowland also said that the intense voter-registration campaign of organized labor, followed up by a get-out-the-vote drive on Primary Day, had undoubtedly swelled the Democratic tide.

"The drive by organized labor in some areas played quite a part," Senator Knowland said. "The unions made a special extra drive for Democratic registrations and some locals required their people to show that they had registered before they could pay their dues and keep in good standing."

There is "nothing illegal" in such tactics, Senator Knowland quickly added, "but organization-wise, it did build up the registration and the additional Democratic workers from the unions helped produce a substantial vote."

The primary brought out proportionately more Democrats than Republicans. The Democrats have almost a million more registered voters than the Republicans anyway. Almost complete returns gave Edmund G. (Pat) Brown a plurality of 62,861 over Sen. Knowland. Both men filed in both party primaries and both, of course, won their own party's nomination.

Asked whether Vice President Richard M. Nixon's campaign in his behalf, Senator Knowland said: "Dick's been away so I have not had a chance to talk to him. But I

assume that he will make some talks in the campaign and I assume that on his campaign schedule he will include California, but I doubt if he will campaign exclusively there."

Mr. Brown has suggested that Mr. Nixon would, run the risk of earning an "anti-labor" tag if he campaigned for Senator Knowland, because of the Senator's espousal of a State right-to-work law and a "bill of rights" for the rank-and-file.

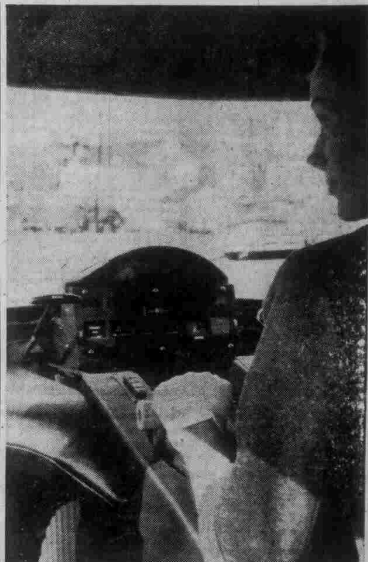
Senator Knowland's tenacity and his refusal to permit events to modify the pace he sets for himself are taken here as sound reasons why it is too early to count him out of the Nov. 4 race against Mr. Brown for California governor, despite the extraordinary strength of Mr. Brown. Sen. Knowland said today he would start his "personal campaign" the day after Congress adjourns, expected to be around Aug. 10.

"Obviously," he said, "a lot of preliminary work will have been done in the State. One result of the primary is that no Republican and no Democrat who believes in it, is under any illusion that it will be anything but a rugged hard fight. There is, you know, a certain amount of stimulation just in that."

The Senator emphasized his absence from California during the primary campaign, when his wife and daughters carried the heaviest Knowland load. From the day that Congress convened in early January until primary day last Tuesday, he said, he spent a total of only 14 days in California, almost all of them on weekends.

Which normally are not the days when large political gatherings are most successful," he added.

(N. Y. Herald Tribune News Service)



Padded instrument panel is directly under driver's eye as it swings across 180-degree safety glass windshield. Four inches of new plastic foams prevent skull fractures.

By GEORGE SOKOLSKY: Law Student Training Inadequate, Judges Feel

PHYSICIANS and surgeons learn their business not only at college but also in clinics and as assistants to older men.

It used to be that most journalists started as printers' devils or office boys or copy boys and then worked their way up through various grades and experiences until, in their middle years, when they knew something and could restrain their fingers, they got a responsible position. Lawyers used to read law in the offices of their elders and learned the law business by practice and experience as well as by reading the books. That is before the case system was discovered.

Along comes Judge Robert S. Maize, Professor of Law in the University of Cincinnati, and asks some questions about this training. He says:

"The practical aspect of the problem confronting the law student is that it will be several years after graduation before he will be called upon to argue cases in an appellate court. His first experiences will be in the trial court. Here the law is usually reasonably clear and well settled. On the other hand, the facts in the trial court are not agreed or assumed but are always in controversy. Hence, the success or failure of the young lawyer depends upon the care and diligence with which he has gathered and assembled the facts and the evidence and his skill in presenting these at the trial. Unfortunately, the majority of our law schools have done little to give a realistic education to the young lawyer in this important field of getting the facts, marshalling the evidence, and trying the case to a jury. Most law students graduate without having had any practical legal experience in the

laboratories of the law similar to the experience which medical students receive in medical laboratories and hospitals."

The middle of the 19th century was characterized by a compulsive search for facts. As a result there was a vast accumulation of detailed knowledge in every field, which scientists, particularly the Germans, classified and catalogued and indexed. The philosophers revolted against mere discovery and cataloguing and devoted themselves to systematizing knowledge into thought. This battle between the labelers and the thinkers has continued to this day in learned circles.

But by now, there are so many precise facts to know that college entrance examinations are given in the form of questions that can be answered by underlining words and filling in blanks, and the papers can be marked by an IBM machine.

Judge Samuel Leibowitz of Brooklyn said on this subject: "There are six famous law schools in New York City, all of them a short distance from the largest court system in the world, Federal, State and municipal. Do any of the Professors take their students to these courtrooms — laboratories where the abstract principles of law they teach . . . are applied in actual 'live' cases . . ."

Judge Marx defines his terms accurately and precisely:

"By a course on Facts I do not mean a course of evidence. Evidence deals with what is admissible or competent or relevant. A course on Facts deals with the truth regardless of the rules of evidence, and the truth does not vary, whether the case is civil or criminal or is based on law or equity . . ."

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