

"Just inside the doorway we were met by a shoemaker who had seen the suspect run into the theater without paying for a ticket and could identify him. This shoe salesman went to the stage with me, peeped through the curtain and identified the suspect as Lee Harvey Oswald. He was sitting in the back of the theater, alone. There were only about 10 or 15 people in the entire audience."

"The theater house lights were up at the time. I looked through the curtain, but the show was still on. Several policemen were searching the hall. As I stepped out through the curtain the lights became dim again, but the movie stopped."

"The two men closest to me were sitting in the center of the theater. I decided that I would search

his left fist. Oswald then smashed me right between the eyes as hard as he could, knocking my cap off. We both fell, fighting, into the seats, but I still had some portion of his gun in my hand, and so did he, only he had his hand on the trigger part. I remember thinking, 'He can't beat me to death with his left fist, but he sure can kill me if I let go of this gun.'

"I held on as we were wrestling for that gun. Once it came up and cut my face. When I tried to wrench it away from Oswald, he suddenly plunged it forward into my chest and pulled the trigger, but my hand over the gun slowed the action of the hammer and it only dented the primer. I could hear the snap, but no bullet was fired."

"When I heard that snap, I gave one final jerk with all the strength I had. My hand got down to the butt

on him. I was the only one who hit him at all, and that was in self-defense."

"At the time I captured Oswald, I had no idea he had killed the President of the United States. I'm fairly sure, however, that he was the man who killed Officer Tippit."

While all this was going on, officer Nick Bledsoe's wife Sally—they were married 14 years—was in the room. She was working as a receptionist at the 35th floor of the Southland Center building, a Dallas office building. She was working as a receptionist at the time of the assassination. There was no radio in the reception room where I worked, so what I picked up of the happenings was pieced together from people coming and going."

"Like everyone else," she told me, "I was amazed by the news of the President's assassination. There was no radio in the reception room where I worked, so what I picked up of the happenings was pieced together from people coming and going."

continued

MANN WHO CAPTURED OSWALD



Lee Harvey Oswald in police custody.

by LLOYD SHEARER

DALLAS, TEX.

It is an ironical fact of life that the death of President John F. Kennedy has brought fortune to many.

A few days after the President was assassinated, a 21-year-old Denver student ordered 5 million key chains stamped with the Kennedy impression. Today that student is worth \$250,000.

In New York a jeweler came out with Kennedy tie clips, a chair-maker with Kennedy beer mugs, a silversmith with Kennedy memorial platters.

Newstands are still cluttered with special Kennedy magazines. Music shops and supermarkets have sold Kennedy record albums and paperback books by the million, and at least half a dozen publishers are printing books this spring of the late President's speeches, most of which were largely written by Kennedy's speechwriter, Ted Sorensen.

The bonanza has also spread to persons connected with Lee Harvey Oswald, the suspected Kennedy assassin.

The family of the Dallas police officer allegedly gunned down by Oswald, J. D. Tippit, has to date received more than \$600,000 from 40,000 different people. The largest single donation was made by Abraham Zapuder, a Dallas garment manufacturer who contributed the \$25,000 paid him by *Life* for his motion pictures of the assassination. The second-largest donation, \$12,000, was made by Walter H. Annenberry, publisher of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. This paid off the mortgage on the Tippit home.

Oswald's mother, Marguerite, has sold interviews to foreign publications, has announced a lecture tour and is reportedly working on a book.

Oswald's 23-year-old widow, Marina, has already received more than \$35,000 from the public. She has hired as her business manager (for 10 per cent of the use) James Herbert Martin, formerly manager of the 6 Flags Inn at Arlington, Tex. He reports that Mrs. Oswald has been offered a \$50,000 advance to write a book of memoirs on a 50-50 royalty basis in collaboration with Isaac Don Levine or James Burke. The *Saturday Evening Post* has also offered a large

sum, provided Mrs. Oswald has information to divulge that she did not reveal to the Warren Commission in Washington. Hollywood is also interested in filming Marina's life story.

One of the few principals involved in the Presidential assassination overlooked both by fame and fortune is Maurice "Nick" McDonald, 36, the Dallas patrolman who captured Lee Harvey Oswald in the Oak Cliff movie theater 90 minutes after Oswald allegedly killed the President.

McDonald is the forgotten man of the assassination. No one has offered him anything for a magazine article, a lecture tour or even a TV appearance. All McDonald received was a \$10 donation, which he turned over to the Dallas police fund.

A native of Camden, Ark., happily married, father of two girls, McDonald is a big, broad (5-foot-11, 200 pounds), balding man with an almost perpetual smile.

"I'm just glad to be alive," he says. "If Oswald's gun hadn't misfired, I'd be a dead goner today. Maybe," he reflects, "Sally and the kids would have then gotten more money than I'll ever make—no doubt about that—but I'd be dead, and what good is a dead husband? Marie Tippit—the lives just a few houses from here—she'd gladly give up the \$600,000 if only she had her husband back.

"Money can buy almost anything, but it sure can't bring back the dead. And brother! Let me tell you, I came that close to getting it!"

NICK TELLS HIS STORY

A few weeks ago in Oak Cliff, sitting in the living room of McDonald's one-story, 3-bedroom brick home (cost \$12,850—mortgage \$11,900), I asked the police officer to tape-record exactly what had happened to him on November 22, 1963.

Here are the words he spoke:

"On the day President John F. Kennedy was assassinated I reported for duty at my normal hour of 7 a.m. During November I was assigned a trainee who had graduated from the previous recruit class.

"With this recruit beside me, I went on routine patrol of my district, which is the western part of

South Oak Cliff, approximately 3 miles west of the Texas Theatre, where Oswald was finally captured.

"That morning was a routine day until we heard on the police radio that the President of the United States had been shot. At that time we were patrolling on Westmoreland Avenue, which is approximately 8 miles from Elm and Houston in downtown Dallas, where the assassination occurred.

"The police dispatcher ordered all police units to report to the vicinity of Elm and Houston to cordon off the district and try to find the assassin.

"We proceeded on Code 3 [the emergency procedure—siren blaring, red lights flashing] on Elm and Houston. We got out of the car and ran over to a police sergeant, who told us to stand by. Meanwhile, the Texas Bank Depository Building from which the shots had been fired was cordoned off and completely surrounded, and the crowd was being controlled.

AN UNFAMILIAR VOICE

"At 1:15 we went back to the car, and suddenly I heard over the police radio an unfamiliar voice, a voice not acquainted with police procedure, obviously a civilian. 'A policeman has just been shot! He was announced.' 'A policeman has just been shot! He was driving police car No. 10 from where I am now talking.'

"When I heard that announcement," McDonald continued, "I knew at once that officer J. D. Tippit had been shot. I knew Tippit had been assigned Patrol Car No. 10 in District 78.

"The voice then continued: 'It looks as if the officer is dead.' When I heard that, I ordered my partner into the car. Let's get over to Oak Cliff, I said. 'We're standing around here doing nothing. Let's see if we can find the guy who shot Tippit.'

"We need to the 400 block of East Jefferson Blvd., where a sergeant and a few reporters and policemen were trying to shake a house down, to search it to see if they could find the suspect. It had been reported that a possible suspect had made his way into that house.

"I let my partner out at this location and drove my

Dallas garment manufacturer [redacted] \$25,000 paid him by *Life* for [redacted] of the assassination. The second [redacted] \$72,000, was made by Walter H. [redacted] of the Philadelphia Inquirer. This money [redacted] mortgage on the Tippitt home.

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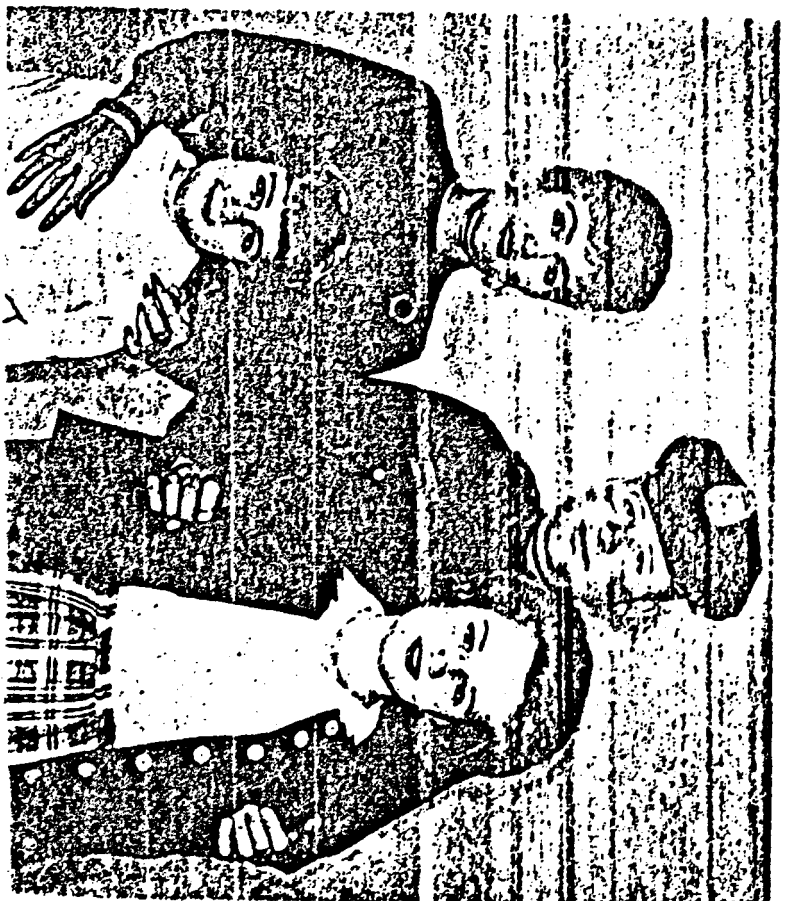
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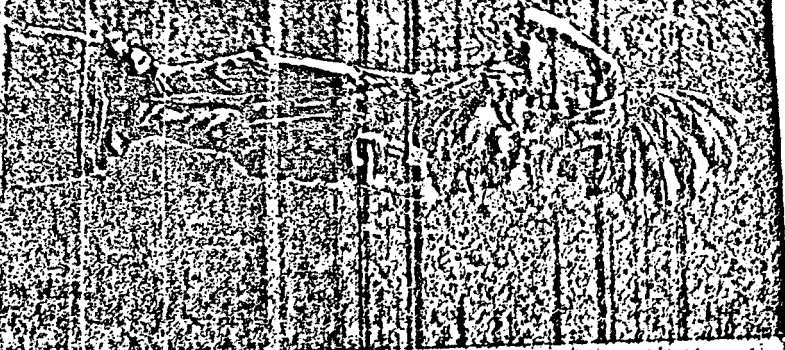
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THE LIFE

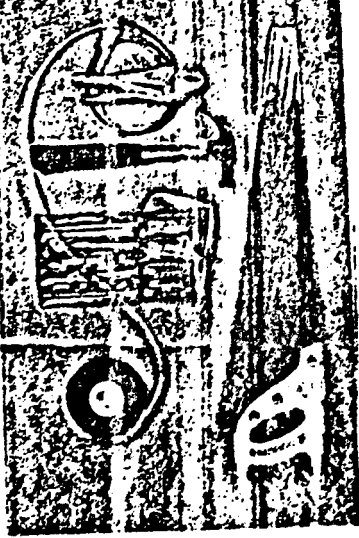
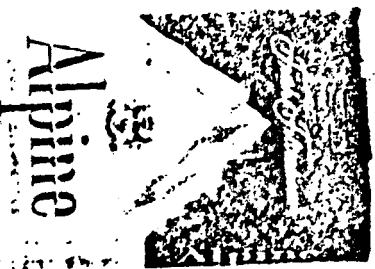
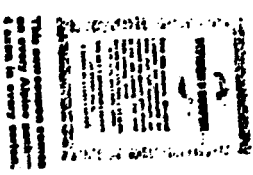
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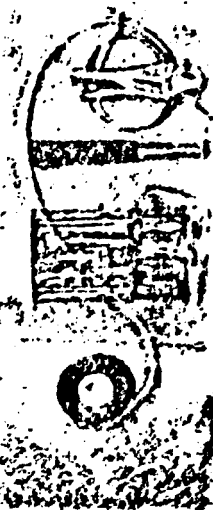
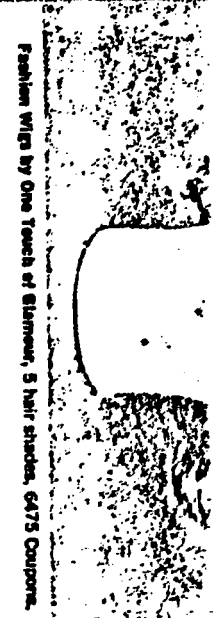
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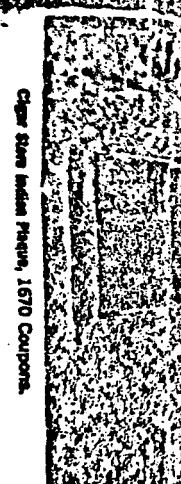




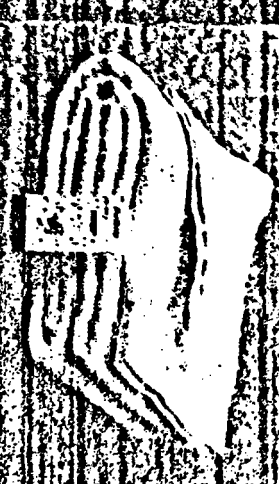
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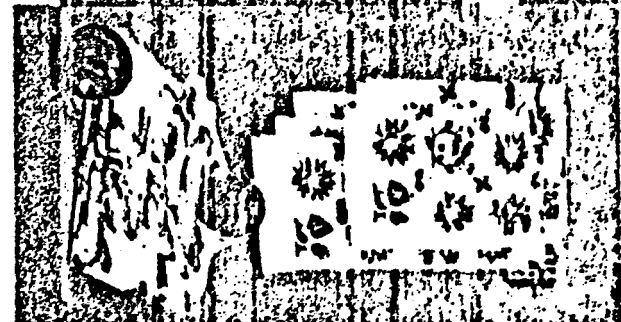
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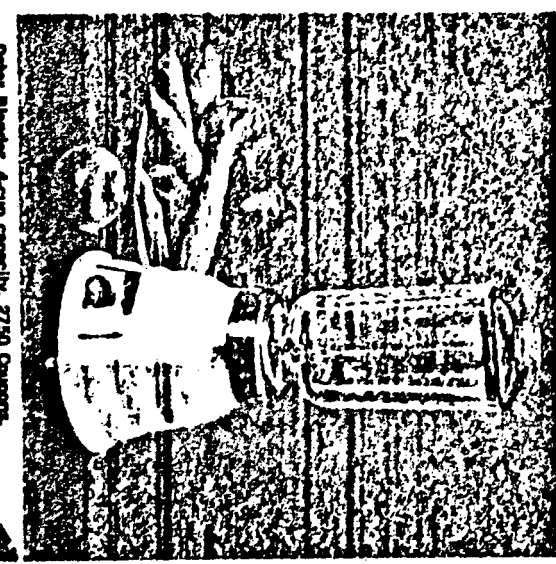
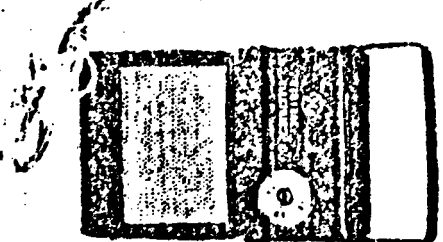
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On January 4 of this year Nick McDonald, along with other Dallas policemen and several Secret Service agents, was assigned to guard and protect Marina Oswald, widow of the man who had tried to murder him, in North Dallas.

"In the month that assignment lasted," McDonald says, "Marina Oswald didn't know who I was. She's a fine young woman who looks after two babies. She apparently will have nothing to do with her mother-in-law, probably for good reason, and I wish her only the best. In marrying Lee Harvey Oswald, I'm sure she didn't know what she was getting into. She's always been considerate, courteous and co-operative with all the authorities."

Nick McDonald—he dislikes his given name, Maurice, and adopted the name Nick from the word "nickname"—has been on the Dallas police force 9 years. He began on March 3, 1955, following his discharge from the Air Force, at a starting salary of \$285 a month. Currently he earns \$489 a month. Because he found it tough to support a wife and two daughters and make mortgage and other finance payments on that salary, his wife also works.

McDonald was raised by his grandparents. His parents were divorced when he was 5. He attended Arkansas State Teachers College and served hitchies in both the Navy and Air Force before he came to Dallas with his young bride, the former Sally Lou Plyler of Prescott, Ark.

"Police work," he says, "has become my life, and I love it more than anything else. My wife keeps nagging me to quit, but she knows I never will. She keeps thinking I'll come to some untimely end, and maybe I will. But after all, I tell her, 'Who wants to live forever?'"



Oswald after capture shows scars on head, inflicted when hero McDonald grappled with him for death pistol.

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An income she's sure of as long as she lives?

There's one way that guarantees it!

How can you best protect your wife against the unforeseen? By assuring her a lump sum of money? Or by guaranteeing her a steady income?

The answer depends on your individual circumstances. Fortunately, your life insurance offers both choices. If desired, any of your policies can be arranged to *guarantee* your wife an income that will last as long as she lives. Your life insurance may already be set up in just this way.

The best time to look into the various income plans and opportunities available in your policies is now. And the best person to help you is your life insurance agent. Let him show you how to make the most of the unique advantages your life insurance offers. He's trained to help you.

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McDonald after capture displays battered cheek. Police photo was taken to prove that Oswald resisted arrest.

OSWALD'S CAPTOR *continued*

The officer's wife's first thought: "My husband has been shot"

"I heard from someone that a policeman had been shot near Oak Cliff, and the first thought that came to my mind—I guess every policeman's wife thinks the same—was that it was Nick. I phoned the Oak Cliff station immediately, and they told me it was J. D. Tippit who'd been killed.

"Then a few minutes later," Mrs. McDonald recalled, "I got a phone call from Ann Williams. Her husband Frank is on the force with Nick. He's Nick's best friend. Ann said, 'Sally, hold on to yourself. Nick's been wounded.'"

"I tell you, I went numb. It was a few minutes before I could feel or think anything. I was sure my husband was dead. He'd come real close to death two times before. I'd wanted him to quit the police force. Now I cursed myself for not having insisted.

"I began to sob and cry. I guess I was nearly hysterical. People gathered around, trying to console me. And then the phone rang again. Someone grabbed it and yelled at me, 'It's your husband.' I lurched for the phone, and I heard Nick's voice. 'I'm okay,' he said calmly. 'Just got a few scratches.'"

"I couldn't believe it. I thought he was fibbing, just trying to make me feel good. 'Let me speak to some one else,' I said. He put Jerry Hill on the phone. Jerry assured me Nick was all right. But I still wasn't sure. I raced down to police headquarters, and when I saw Nick standing there, breathing, I said over and over, 'Thank God. Thank God.'"

Two days later Maurice and Sally McDonald were attending the Oak Woods Christian church with their two daughters, Vicki, 13, and Michelle, 10, when following the invocation, the minister announced to his congregation: "Lee Harvey Oswald has just been shot in the basement of City Hall."

McDonald leaped back in his pew and said softly to himself, "Oh, my God."

When Oswald died, McDonald was genuinely sorry. "I'm convinced," he says, "that Oswald was guilty. We have an eye-witness to his murder of J. D. Tippit, a woman who saw the whole thing. And I'm equally sure he assassinated the President, but certainly he was entitled to his day in court. Jack Ruby had no right to take the law into his own hands."

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squad car around the alley, then drove up and down nearby alleys. That's the last time I saw my partner that day.

"As I was patrolling the alley, another report came over the radio that a suspect with Oswald's general description had raced into the public library about a block away. I immediately drove to the public library on Jefferson. I got out in the alley and took my shotgun with me. I went through the side door of the library and ordered all persons out with hands up. Everybody inside the library came out with hands up. A teenager told me that he had just run in to tell the people of the assassination. He didn't match the police description of the unknown assassin at the time. No one else in the library did either.

"I ran back to my car. As I got in, there came another radio report. A suspect had just been seen running into the Texas Theatre in the 200 block of West Jefferson. I drove on Carle 3 to the theater. When I got to the front, there were 3 or 4 police cars already at that location, so I decided to go to the rear of the theater. I got out of the squad car and joined 3 other uniformed officers at the rear of the theater, and we went in through the rear exit door. I remember that one of the movies at the Texas was *Cry of Battle*.

A LOOK AT THE SUSPECT

"Just inside the theater we were met by a shoe store salesman who had seen the suspect run into the theater without paying for a ticket and could identify him. This shoe salesman went to the stage with me, peeped through the curtain and identified the suspect who, he said, was wearing a brown shirt. It was Oswald. He was sitting in the back of the theater, alone. There were only about 10 or 15 people in the entire downstairs section.

"The theater house lights were up at the time. I peeked through the curtain, but the show was still playing. Several policemen were searching the balcony. As I stepped out through the curtain the lights came dim again, but the movie stopped. The two men closest to me were sitting in the center of the theater. I decided that I would search

every single person in the orchestra so that I would miss no one. I walked first to these two men. I had them stand on their feet, and I searched them.

"While I was frisking them I kept glancing over their shoulders at Oswald, just in case he should make a break. These first two men were sitting about 15 rows from the screen, in the center.

"After I decided that these men were unarmed and not suspect, I walked out of the 15th row, up the aisle and entered the row where Lee Harvey Oswald was sitting. Oswald was slumped down in the second seat, third row from the rear, on the right side of the center section.

"As I got within one foot of the suspect, I saw he was sitting calmly with his hands on his lap. He was wearing a brown shirt, with a white T-shirt underneath, and dark trousers.

"All right," I said, "on your feet." Oswald stood up and slowly raised both his arms. As he did this, he said in a tone of resignation, "Now it's all over." My hands darted over his body as I searched for a weapon. Quickly they reached Oswald's waist. On his right side tucked beneath his belt was a .38 snub-nosed revolver, a Smith & Wesson—what they call a Smith & Wesson snubnose—blue steel.

"As I reached for the gun, Oswald also grabbed for it with his right hand. I shouted, "I've got him!" With his left fist Oswald then smashed me right between the eyes as hard as he could, knocking my cap off. We both fell, fighting, into the seats, but I still had some portion of his gun in my hand, and so did he, only he had his hand on the trigger part. I remember thinking, "He can't beat me to death with his left fist, but he sure can kill me if I let go of this gun."

"I held on as we were wrestling for that gun. Once it came up and cut my face. When I tried to wrench it away from Oswald, he suddenly plunged it forward into my chest and pulled the trigger, but my hand over the gun slowed the action of the hammer and it only dented the primer. I could hear the snapp, but no bullet was fired.

"When I heard that snapp, I gave one final jerk with all the strength I had. My hand got down to the butt

and I pulled the gun out of Oswald's hand. I handed it to another officer, Detective Bob Carroll, who was in plain clothes. Officer T. A. Hudson then came up from the row behind and threw his arm around Oswald's neck. Officer G. T. Walker, running from the left, grabbed Oswald's left arm. Officer Ray Hawkins ran to the row in front of us and grabbed Oswald from the front. I held on to the suspect with my left hand. The officers then took Oswald out of the theater and transported him to the City Jail. It was then 2 p.m., about 90 minutes after President Kennedy had been assassinated.

PHOTOS TO PROVE A POINT

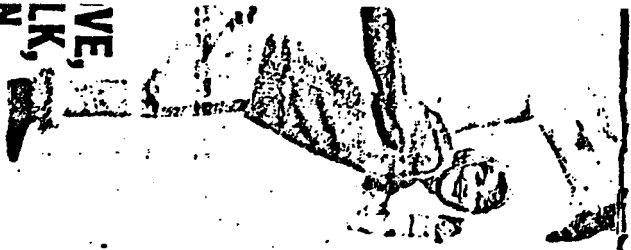
"When Oswald was taken from the Texas Theatre, I walked back in my squad car and drove downtown. There I reported to Captain Westbrook, and he escorted me to the crime lab, where pictures were taken of my face. The gun had cut it while Oswald and I had been fighting. My nose and lips were also a bit bloody from the fighting.

"The captain wanted photos taken because Lee Harvey Oswald was already hollering about police brutality. If Oswald had lived we would have presented evidence, photographic evidence, that he was resisting arrest and force had to be used to subdue him. After Oswald was arrested, no one laid a hand on him. I was the only one who hit him at any time, and that was in self-defense.

"At the time I captured Oswald, I had no idea that he had killed the President of the United States. I was fairly sure, however, that he was the man who had killed Officer Tippit."

"While all this was going on, officer Nick McDonald's wife Sally—they were married 14 years this past February 15—was working as a receptionist for an oil company, Producing, Properties, Inc., on the 35th floor of the Southland Center building in Dallas. "Like everyone else," she told me, "I was stunned by the news of the President's assassination. There was no radio in the reception room where I worked, so what I picked up of the happenings was pieced from people coming and going."

Continued



INDEE AMERICANS TELL WHY THEY HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO LIVE IN RUSSIA

SEE he world is made up of little average individuals. Working together, we can achieve world peace—if the people work for it and don't just leave it to the government."

With those words, 17-year-old Sharran Cowan, a high school senior of Okemah, Okla., explained her readiness to go to live in Russia as a "Peace Hostage."

Sharran is one of hundreds of citizens from every section of the country who have volunteered to take part in a New York advertising copywriter's ambitious plan to reduce the risk of all-annihilating nuclear war.

Energetic, red-haired Stephen (Dan) James, 39, wants up to a million Russians and Americans to change places for periods of 6 months to 2 years. He proposes they get to know and like the people of the host lands and exert their weighty influence against the amassing of nuclear armaments—and the ever-present fear that these weapons might be triggered, and countertriggered. As a further deterrent, James thinks relatives of some government officials should be included in the deal.

HOMEMADE PEACE PLAN

And it seems possible that the homemade peace plan which Dan James drafted on the kitchen table in his Bronx apartment may someday be put into effect. Already it has propelled him into conferences at the State Department and the White House in Washington and with leaders of Russian life in Moscow. And it has drawn to his special post-office box (Box 2737, Grand Central Sta., N.Y. 17, N.Y.) the pledges of more than a thousand Americans that they are prepared to set up housekeeping in the Soviet Union in the interests of peace.

What makes an American feel so

strongly about peace that he will pull up stakes and move thousands of miles to a strange land to help achieve it?

"I'm rather religious," Sharran Cowan relates. "Now that we've secured a Bomb that has the power to destroy mankind, we'll have to learn to use this power in God's way—to use the atom to do good, not evil; to save lives, not destroy them. I think this 'Peace Hostage' program fits into the idea of teaching all of us to understand and use this power wisely."

TYPICAL AMERICAN SCENES

Harry L. Allen, 49, a steelworker of Hayward, Calif., and his wife Billie, 48, hope to live in their trailer in Russia if Dan James' exchange plan can gain the endorsement of the two governments. Both Mr. and Mrs. Allen, who have no children, are veterans of U.S. Navy service. In preparation for their hoped-for sojourn in the Soviet Union, they have been taking "home" movies of typical scenes from American life, which they would like to show to some of the people there.

Says Harry Allen: "A person's life, in relation to time, is just a tiny flash. If you can do one good thing in that flash that can be remembered, you've accomplished something. My wife and I might not live so comfortably there as we do here. So what? I'd be useful. I'd work as a steelworker there, exchanging places with a Russian steelworker. We'd both benefit an awful lot."

Mrs. Allen expresses her feelings:

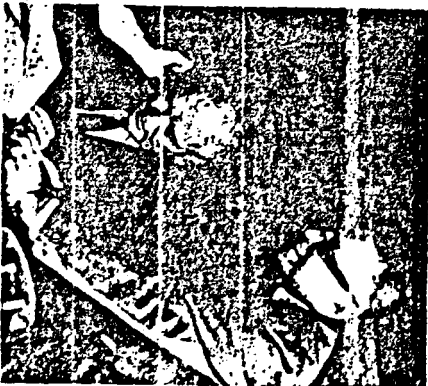
"If civilization isn't going to regress back to the animal stage, war just has to be stopped. War in this day and age is utter insanity. Average people have to do everything they can to stop it. That's why I'm for this 'Peace Hostage' plan. I'd even go to see Khrushchev myself, to try to stop a war from coming. The rea-

son we signed up is that this plan will give us a chance to show Russians what America really is."

To Mr. James Stark, 21, a partner in a Buffalo, N.Y., auto parts business, going to the Soviet Union would "shock" the Russians that Americans aren't afraid to go there because they might be killed in a nuclear attack on Russia. Our very presence would show them that the U.S. isn't going to shoot off any rockets."

Dan James recently met in New York with a group of visiting members of the Soviet Peace Committee. As he has before, he pressed them to join in working out arrangements for a formal conference between negotiators for the Committee and for James' Peace Hostages Exchange Foundation. The conference, proposed for next June in Geneva, would set up a pilot exchange of 50 citizens from each country and launch studies of all problems inherent in a vast expansion of the exchanges.

James B. Donovan, attorney who negotiated the release of rebel prisoners



'Peace Hostage' originator Stephen James (right) with negotiator James B. Donovan

WE,
LK,
N
TH COMFORT

Tampax® internal sanitary
lotion, you can be as active as
fish. No chafing, no irrita-
o odor—no feeling it's even
Tampax comes in your
of three absorbency-sizes:
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rich products are sold. Try
very month!



Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Allen, of Hayward, Calif. The couple has studied Russian.



Jane Robinson, of Miami, Fla., and her sons Scott, 8 (at left), and Freddie, 13.



Sharran Cowan, 17, of Okemah, Okla., high school senior is daughter of fam-



Peace Hostages

THESE AMERICANS TELL WHY THEY HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO LIVE IN RUSSIA

The world is made up of little, average individuals. Working together, we can achieve world peace—if the people work for it and don't just leave it to the government."

With those words, 17-year-old Sharran Cowan, a high school senior of Okemah, Okla., explained her readiness to go to live in Russia as a "Peace Hostage." Sharran is one of hundreds of citizens from every section of the country who have volunteered to take part in a New York advertising copywriter's ambitious plan to reduce the risk of all-annihilating nuclear war.

Energetic, red-haired Stephen (Dan) James, 39, wants up to a million Russians and Americans to chance places

strongly about peace that he will pull up stakes and move thousands of miles to a strange land to help achieve it?

"I'm rather religious," Sharran Cowan relates. "Now that we've secured a Bomb that has the power to destroy mankind, we'll have to learn to use this power in God's way—to use the atom to do good, not evil; to save lives, not destroy them. I think this 'Peace Hostage' program fits into the idea of teaching all of us to understand and use this power wisely."

TYPICAL AMERICAN SCENES

Harry L. Allen, 49, a steelworker of Hayward, Calif., and his wife Billie, 48, hope to live in their trailer in Russia if Dan James' exchange plan can gain the endorsement of the two governments.

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To M. James Stark, 21, a partner in a Buffalo, N.Y., auto parts business, going to the Soviet Union would "show the Russians that Americans aren't afraid to go there because they might be killed in a nuclear attack on Russia. Our very presence would show them that the U.S. isn't going to shoot off any rockets."

Dan James recently met in New York with a group of visiting members of the Soviet Peace Committee. As he has before, he pressed them to join in working out arrangements for a formal conference between negotiators for the Committee and for James' Peace Hostages

VY SID ROSS

the Cuban government and the exchange of U.S. U-2 pilot Gary Powers as a Russian master spy, has agreed to a chief negotiator for the Hostages Foundation. Other leading Foundation leaders include the Rev. Robert L. Pieran, son-in-law of New York Gov. Nelson Rockefeller; Professors J. D. Singer and Anatol Rapoport, of the University of Michigan.

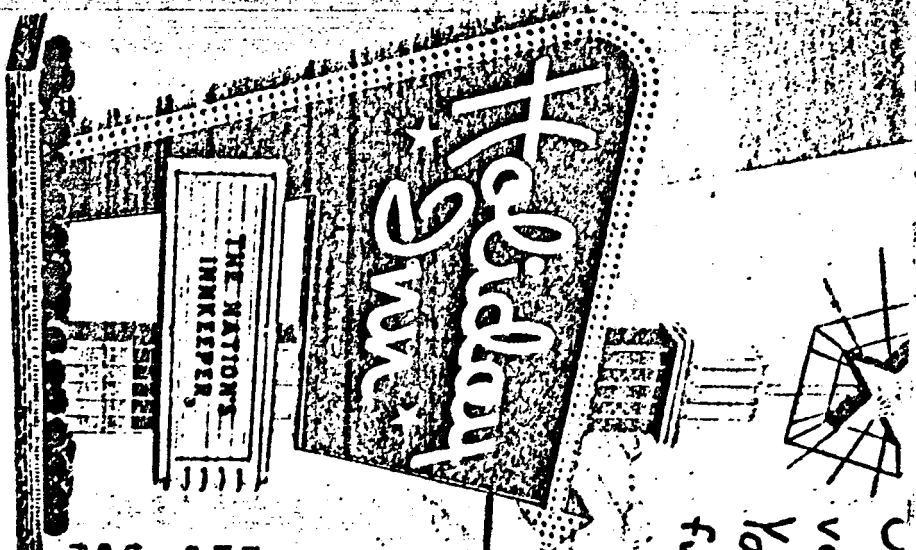
"As individuals, I think most of us are asleep," declares Jane Robinson, 35, of Miami, Fla., a divorcee, who will take along her two sons if she goes to Russia. "We let others do our thinking and acting for us. I feel we have to think and act for ourselves and in the process also set some kind of example for our children to really prove to them that we mean what we say we believe in." "Some people save their consciences by giving money. But here, by placing yourself on the line, you are contributing your life and your efforts, and not merely your checkbook."

FELLOWSHIP & HUMANITY

B. James Raz, 36, of Huntington, N.Y., is a physicist associated with the State University of New York at Stony Brook and the Brookhaven, N.Y., and Argonne, Ill., National Laboratories. His wife Maxine, 35, and their two young sons are ready to pull up stakes and go to Russia. Raz explains:

To me, this is an idea whereby we could extend our concept of love and fellowship and humanity to Russia.

The "hot line" between Moscow and Washington was an excellent idea for opening lines of communications open between the heads of state of both our nations. It seems to me the "Peace Stage" program is an excellent idea for opening lines of communication open between ordinary citizens."



Our Waitress was very nice to us. Your Motels are fun to stay in. Love Ann Tanner

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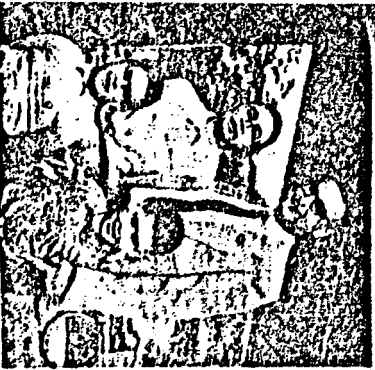
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James Raz, his wife Martha, their sons Jeffrey, 6 (at left), and Jonathan, 7.

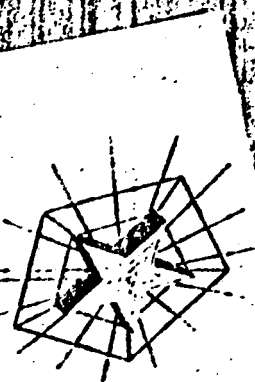
BY SID ROSS

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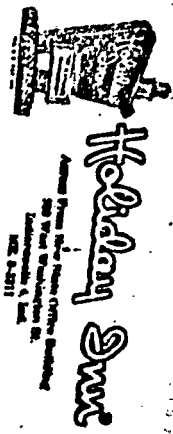
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17,000,000 TRAVELERS

Like this young lady will spend one or more days at a Holiday Inn this year



Dear Mr. Holiday,
I like your swimming pool. I like your bedrooms.
Our waitress was very nice to us.
Your Motels are fun to stay in.
Love



Angie Tanner
Wherever you travel there is a Holiday Inn close by

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... can rob you of happiness and put a burden on your loved ones. Don't suffer another day before trying DeWitt's Pills, world famous for analgesic relief. DeWitt's Pills ease those stabbing pains and help the body work naturally to clear up the cause.

DEWITT'S PILLS

Pep Up Your Car!



Tune-Up

SIZES AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

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FOR FREE BOOKLET on Psoriasis, written

transporting your groceries home from market—a rack you can set up in the car trunk or on the back seat. It holds three grocery bags in rigid, upright position, minimizes the risk of spilled and broken food items, folds flat when not in use. 31" x 17", made of zinc-plated steel rod. \$4.50. *Mallord, Dept. PP, 33 Grove Road, Lyman, S. C. 29365.*

A paint for porcelain: Want to refinish your refrigerator? A tough and durable new paint is designed to adhere to ordinarily tough-to-paint porcelain surfaces—and to ceramic tile. It's washable, resists scrub-

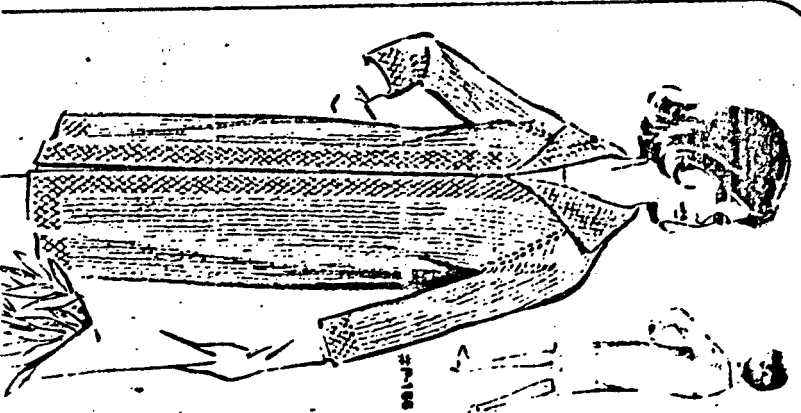
You can apply it with brush, roller or spray. In white, yellow, turquoise, pink. \$5.99 a quart (enough to cover 100 sq. ft.). *Zynolite, Dept. PP, 15700 S. Avalon Blvd., Compton, Calif.*

A grill for your toaster: With this aluminum device (*admirer*), you can use your pop-up electric toaster to grill cheese sandwiches, franks, hamburgers, cube steaks, and to produce other quick snacks. It's designed so you can look food in, and there's no dripping. You can also use it to toast muffins and half rolls. Complete with recipe and instruction booklet: \$2.23. *Rayways,*

N. I. 10012.

Portable power You can have electricity anywhere, any time—for camping, boating, yardwork, during power failures—with this new portable power unit (*ahover*). And it provides three different kinds of current—regular 115-volt AC, 115-volt DC and 12-volt DC—you can use it to start cars, recharge batteries, do many other jobs as well as with electrical appliances and lights. Unit with its gasoline motor weighs 12 pounds, has an output of 350 watts. Details: *Vamo, Inc., Dept. PP, 402 E. Galtier St., Santa Barbara, Calif.*

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Costume look for spring

This rayon coat, dress length, is easy to knit with Pattern #P-166. Sizes small (30-32), medium (34-36) and large (38-40), inclusive.

Smart sheath and bolero. Pattern #P-488, is in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, bust 31 to 40. Size 12, 32 bust, takes 3 1/4 yd. of 35-inch material for dress, 2 3/4 yd. for bolero.

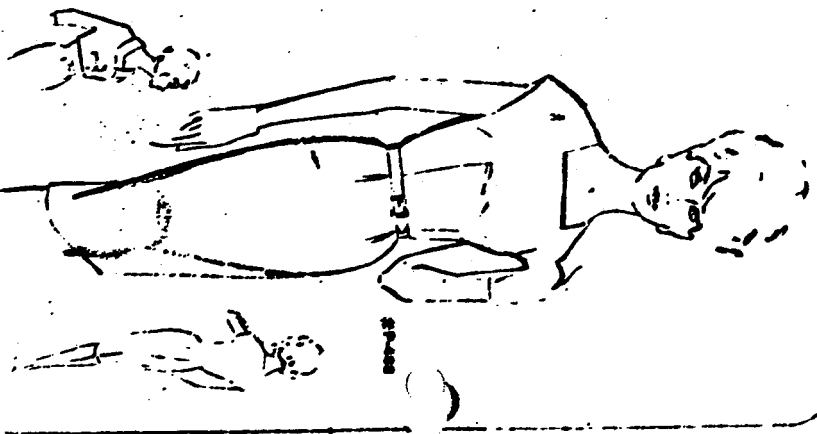
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 #P-166 @ 35¢ each
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Comfortable
All Day!**

Don't suffer from tired, tender, perspiring feet! Every morning apply Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder to feet, shake into shoes. Helps you the way sore shoes all day. Eases tight shoes. Dimples foot tender. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot. 19¢, 50¢. Economy size 90¢. At all stores.



Dr. Scholl's FOOT POWDER

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FALSE TEETH
More Firmly in Place**

Do your false teeth annoy and irritate by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just mix in a little **PASTESTH** in your plaster. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, sticky, messy taste or smell. Doesn't harm your teeth. Get **PASTESTH** (denture plaster) at your dentist or drug store.

**BACKACHE
MISERIES**

... can rob you of happiness and put a burden on your loved ones. Don't suffer another day before trying DeWitt's Pills, world famous for analgesic relief. DeWitt's Pills ease those stabbing pains and help the body work naturally to clear up the cause.

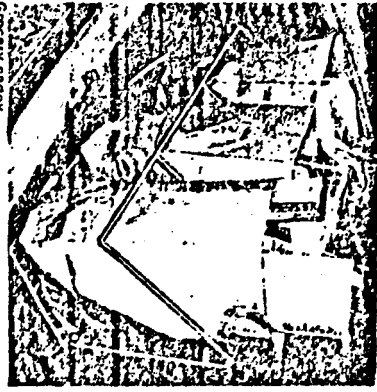
DeWitt's Pills

Pep Up Your Car!

Castrol Tune-Up

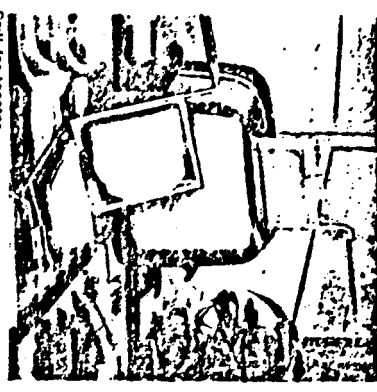
Parade of Progress

Make life easier—take a look at these new ideas for your home and family ■ **BY PETER DRYDEN**



Grocery caddy

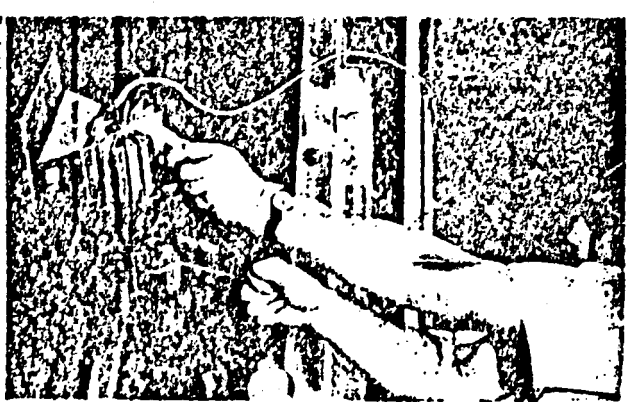
Grocery caddy: Here's a help (above) for transporting your groceries home from market—a rack you can set up in the car trunk or on the back seat. It holds three grocery bags in rigid, upright position, minimizes the risk of spilled and broken food items, folds flat when not in use. 31" x 17", made of zinc-plated steel rod. \$4.50. *Mallord, Dept. PP, 33 Grove Road, Lyman, S. C. 29365.*



Grill for toaster

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A grill for your toaster: With this aluminum device (above), you can use your pop-up electric toaster to grill cheese sandwiches, frank, hamburgers, cube steaks, and to produce other quick snacks. It's designed so you can lock food in, and there's no dripping. You can also use it to toast muffins and half rolls. Complete with recipe and instruction booklet: \$2.23. *Buyways.*



Portable power

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Portable power: You can have electricity anywhere, any time—for camping, baiting, yardwork, during power failure—with this new portable power unit (above). And it provides three different kinds of current—regular 115-volt AC, 115-volt DC and 12-volt DC—so you can use it to start cars, recharge batteries, do many other jobs as well as run electrical appliances and lights. Unit with its gasoline motor weighs 12 pounds, has an output of 350 watts. Details: *Vero, Inc., Dept. PP, 402 E. Gullerres St., Santa Barbara, Calif.*

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