Upon straightening up, Judy found herself looking at a quizzical young man. "Oho!" he said.
Are We Stifling the Inventors?

By CAPT. GEORGE N. ROBILLARD, USN, Patent Counsel for the Navy; Ass't. Chief of Naval Research for Patents, with BEVERLY SMITH, Washington Editor of The Saturday Evening Post

A submarine? An atom bomb? Radar? Crackpot notions, we once sneered. We still brush off—and rarely reward—the lonely genius puttering in a cellar workshop. Now, says the Navy's patent shark, we must give inventors a fair chance—if we want to survive.

Americal must invent or die. It is as simple as that. We and our allies are engaged in a struggle, the end of which no man can foresee, against the communist powers dominated by the Soviet Union. To counterbalance their greater manpower we have, for the time being, technical superiority in land, sea, air and atomic weapons. So far, this has deterred the men in the Kremlin from attempting a world-wide war of conquest. If our technical superiority is ever lost or even seriously narrowed down, we may find ourselves in a conflict which will destroy civilization as we know it.

If, on the other hand, we can widen our technical margin in weapons, meanwhile maintaining adequate armed forces to handle the finished product, the prospects for peace will brighten. The Soviet leaders are not likely to start a world war unless they think they can win.

What then has America to fear? Aren't we renowned for our inventiveness? Don't we have the greatest research laboratories in the world, the largest number of trained scientists, engineers, technicians and production men? Undoubtedly so.

Yet there are flaws at the heart of our inventive system which, unless corrected, may prove fatal. The flaws have not attracted the attention of the President, or the Congress, or the general public, because they are obscure, insidious flaws, like a vitamin deficiency which covertly weakens an apparently well-nourished man. These flaws concern our system of stimulating, evaluating, testing and rewarding inventions primarily useful for military purposes.

My work as patent counsel for the Navy has given me an intimate view of the intricate channels through which military inventions flow—or are supposed to flow—from the mind of the inventor into eventual acceptance and use by the armed forces. This study has forced me to the following reluctant conclusions: (1) the stimulus, the incentive, to make such inventions is weak, especially as it affects the independent inventor or the inventor employed by the Government; (2) methods of evaluating and testing such inventions are inadequate; (3) the re-
we don't even know whether they have 
just copied it.

Chinese...

in the profits which their patents may later yield

Some...they have
results. In Government laboratories many gifted
inventors, a...the industrial world, would bring them big money.

military invention a talent which, if employed in

unhappy and discouraged under the new restric­
tors that he may well miss out

the majority of inventors who are

late, develop and reward valuable new ideas. But
than better in the last sixteen months.

My colleagues...inventions are all caught in a complex of

laws, regulations. But even with this trickle, we may be outinventing the Rus­
sians. I hope so, but we cannot be sure.

We like to think of the Russians as a technically
backward folk, baffled by the complexities of a
wheelbarrow. This snobbish view is not shared by the
seasoned American jet pilots who have been dueling
with Russian MIG-15 jet planes over the Yalu River.

So far, we have more than held our own with the
MIG's, but news reports from Korea indicate that
this is not because our jets are better, but be­
cause our superbly trained pilots are superior to the
anonymous airmen—we don't even know whether
they are Russians or Chinese—who fly the MIG's.

Some of our pilots assert that the MIG is actually a
better and faster plane than ours. Gen. Carl
Spaatz, USAF (Ret.), who knows his airplanes, says
the MIG-15 is "about as good as our own," and

further points out—in a recent issue of News­
week—that "any nation which can produce as
good a fighter as the MIG-15 also is capable of pro­
ducing a first-class bomber, and sooner or later

will do so."

The deliverability of atomic bombs depends
largely on airplane capabilities. Our margin here has
been a major deterrent to war. Now it appears that
this margin is more precarious than had been real­
ized.

It may be argued that the Russians did not invent
the jet engine—just copied it. It is true that in 1945
Russia captured many German jets, and later, in
the illu­city era of good feeling after the war, was
allowed to purchase some British Nene jet engines.

But the MIG-15 represents a swift advance over
these early models, and indicates extraordinary
achievement in invention, research, development
and production. This goes far beyond mere copying.

Incidentally, the Russians have been extremely
canny in Korea. The only important modern wea­
pon they have unveiled has been the MIG-15, and
they have cautiously flown it well back of the lines.

Consequently the MIG's which we have shot down
have crashed in communist territory. Meanwhile
some of our best jets, challenging near the Yalu,

have fallen into communist hands. In the ground
fighting the Russians have supplied their cannon­
fodder comrades—Chinese and Korean—with obso­
le­cent weapons. We, confronted with superior
numbers, have had to throw in many of our new
weapons, some of which have been captured by the
Reds and promptly rushed, no doubt, to the Soviet
research laboratories. The Russians have learned
more than we in the exchange—another dent in our
technical margin.

The Russians are producing atomic bombs. It is
true that they stole some of the planes from us, via
espionage and treason. But even with this help, as
any atomic expert will tell you, they showed a high
order of technical skill in getting the bomb into
production so quickly. America has an apparently
commanding lead in quantity of A-bombs. We
should be able to hold it for many years. But how
about deliverability? As we have noted, new tech­
niques and inventions could shift the balance there
rather quickly—in which case our big atomic stock­
pile would lose much of its deterrnent value.

How can backward Russia compete, inventively
and technically, with America, the world's greatest
industrial nation? On an all-around basis she can't.

But so long as the Soviet Union intensively cul­
tivates the field of military invention, and we neglect
it, we are in danger.

Stalin long ago recognized the technical back­
wardness of Russia and has worked feverishly to
repair it through an enormous system of technical
schools, research institutes and engineering labo­
ratories. Every year since (Continued on Page 111)
It was mass hysteria. The princess gave him her diamond collar, the countess a triple rope of pearls. Penhaligon accepted calmly.
Many G-E Freezer owners say they SAVE $120 each year!

(Continued from Page 56)

COMP bolts and lipstick from the stem seat. "You might use these, with improvement," he suggested, dropping them into her hand.

Brenda flung them into the sea.

"I'm sorry," she apologized. "I'll get you new ones. Have you a favorite brand in lipstick?"

"Raspberry," he answered. "And this season, a sun-tan type of powder."

Brenda tried not to see Mr. Bellamy's beautiful brown legs or the muscles in his brown arms. She had never, she thought, met a more obnoxious human being than Mr. Bellamy.

She jumped out when the boat was six feet from the beach. "Thank you," she said. She picked up her beach robe and walked to the car without looking back.

There was another note from Nancy on the table. "Gone to a picnic with Peggy at the beach. Please come." Brenda told the cook to put her supper on a tray and went to her room.

She used to be so pretty, she thought, looking at her reflection. Carter had said that she was the prettiest girl he had ever seen. It was seven o'clock. Carter and Lydia were having their first dinner together as man and wife.

At twelve-thirty Brenda telephoned Peggy's house.

"Nancy will be along soon," Peggy assured her. "Dave Bellamy said he'd drive her home. Is she the lucky girl?"

Mr. Bellamy apparently had the same light touch with a car that he had with a boat, because Brenda, waiting in the living room, heard no sound until Nancy opened the door. It was two o'clock.

"Oh, hello!" said Nancy brightly. "You still up?"

"No, I'm sound asleep in bed!" snapped Brenda. "Nancy, Cutting, what are you thinking of to stay out so late?"

"Oh, Brenda!" said Nancy. "Honest, it was all right. Dave and I got talking — Brenda, he is divine!"

"He's not divine!" said Brenda.

"He's an insolent, bad-mannered, self-centered —" She stopped.

"You're upset!" Nancy said. "Mr. Bellamy is really a very moral, idealistic person. The things he's been saying to me! I mean good advice, as bad as mother!"

"It's a good approach," Brenda said. "One of the oldest and best. Myself, I think your Mr. David Bellamy is a plain wolf. In sheep's — Her eyes flashed. "In no clothing," she amended, remembering the bronzed beautiful legs, the rippling muscles beneath the smooth brown shoulders.

"How do you know so much about him?" demanded Nancy.

Brenda flushed. "We'd better go to bed," she said.

The next morning, Brenda drove to the village and bought a raspberry-flavored lipstick and a compact of sun-tan powder. Then she drove out over the new road to the new beach.

Mr. Bellamy, in bathing trunks, was typewriting when she knocked at his door.

"I'm returning your cosmetics," said Brenda.

"Someone left them in my boat. I don't know who," he looked at her thoughtfully. "Won't you sit down, Mrs. Heath?"

Brenda sat down. There were a great many books in the room, piled on chairs and stacked in heaps. A phonograph with a case of record albums stood against a wall.

"I wanted to talk with you," said Brenda. "I was worried about Nancy last night. You know she is only seventeen?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Bellamy agreeably.

"Well!" said Brenda. "Don't you think that two o'clock is too late for a girl that age to be out?"

Mr. Bellamy smiled. "It never occurred to me that Nancy's bedtime was my responsibility," he answered.

"However — Brenda said, "Really, you are the most —" and bit her tongue. "My parents are in Europe and I am in charge of Nancy —"

"Did you bring your shotgun, Mrs. Heath?"

Brenda jumped up. Mr. Bellamy was leaning against the wall, looking more like a Greek statue than any living man should. She glared at him. "Why don't you put on some clothes?"

she demanded.

"In my opinion," he answered gently, "clothes are something to take off, not on." He moved so slowly that she stood incredulous. He kissed her, and it was like a slowed-up moving picture, except that this felt. It took her several seconds to bring up her hand and slap his face and run from the cottage. Nancy was in her bathing suit when Brenda reached home.

"Has mother seen that number?" Brenda demanded.

"It's a Bikini," said Nancy. "Sure, she's seen it."

Brenda felt old. She was shocked, and hers was off for the beach and her flagrant pursuit of Mr. Bellamy. It was obviously her duty to accompany her sister; in a costume like that, Nancy should be kept on a leash.

Mr. Bellamy was working on his tan. Brenda frowned at him. Nancy said, "Hi, David!"
In 15.3 Seconds A Steeplechase Racer Can Run 250 Yards... But In Only TWO SECONDS

Bayer Aspirin Is Ready To Go To Work!

Mr. Bellamy's eyes were amused. "Bet I can beat you to the raft," he addressed Nancy.

Brenda stood, feeling like a duenna, as the two brown frights raced to the water. She took off her beach coat and surveyed her white legs distastefully. Before she married Carter, she used to have the deepest tan of any girl on the cove. There were moth holes in the old wool suit. Suddenly she wanted to hide. Someone spoke to her, and she looked up at Grace Fairlee, latter than ever. Grace arranged her impudence and settled herself beside Brenda, her fingers busy with knitting.

"How these children grow up! Nancy's a little beauty, isn't she? Mr. Bellamy seems to find her attractive."

Brenda asked, "Just who is he?"

"Nobody seems to know. But I saw the senator talking with him once. Personally, I never trust a man as good looking as that.... Oh, I don't hear that your handsome ex has got married again."

"That's right," said Brenda. She blinked her eyes and the beach resolved slowly into focus. "Where's Nancy?"

"She said that Bellamy walked up the beach," said Grace. "'It's not any of my business, of course, but - - - "

Brenda's feet scattered sand on Grace's knitting as she got up. She said, "Sorry," curtly, and ran down to the water.

Lois and Freddy were on the raft. They greeted her warmly.

"Do you two know this Bellamy character?" asked Brenda.

"I rather like the guy," said Freddy.

Lois giggled. "And is he burning some people up? Poor Grace Fairlee... and Tom Lewis... you know what a busybody he is! He tried to pump him and got strictly nowhere. He offered Mr. Bellamy a guest card to the club, and Mr. B. said thanks, but he wasn't going to put on a pair of pants all summer if he could help it!"

Brenda did not smile. "He seems to fancy himself in shorts," she said. 

Brenda bought a new bathing suit and wore it first on Sunday morning. Everyone was on the beach.

"Good Lord, it's like running a gauntlet!" she muttered to Nancy. They had been stopped by group after group of brown people on the sand.

"Hi, David!" called Nancy.

"Good morning," David Bellamy responded. He added, formally, "Mrs. Heath," and collapsed on the sand, his face against his arm.

"Tom Lewis, wearing a hat like, dark sunglasses and a straw hat, exclaimed, "Dear Brenda! What a joy! Good day, Bellamy."

David Bellamy rolled over. "Come on, Nancy; let's walk."

Nancy seemed even more excited than usual when they finally returned. David Bellamy went into his cottage, and Nancy cried, "Brends! Guess what! David just told me that he saw you at a party in Washington before - - - I mean when you were a young girl!!"

"Really?" Brenda said. "How very interesting. I'm thrilled."

Nancy's face fell. "Why do you have to be like that??" she demanded. "What have you got against David?"

"Oh, honey ---" said Brenda, feeling helpless.

"You aren't really afraid that he's going to elope with me, are you?"

She giggled. "Brends, he's twenty-seven years old!"

"That's not exactly smiley," said Brenda. Three years ago Carter Heath had been twenty-nine. She frowned. Carter was thirty-two now. When she reached thirty, he would be forty! Ten years was quite a gulf. Too wide a gulf, she realized, for the first time. Five was plenty to be between husband and wife.

Nancy was still giggling. "I'm glad you're not interested," she said. "I'd hate to have to compete with you, if you were, Brenda."

On the beach the next day, she looked at David Bellamy curiously.

"Nancy says we've met before."

"Oh, did she tell you that?" he asked. "We didn't meet. I saw you."

"What?" Her eyes looked puzzled.

"You were wearing a pale gray dress," said Mr. Bellamy. "Misty and silvery, like fog in moonlight."

(Continued on Page 62)
Never Before a Toothbrush that Cleans So Thoroughly, Yet Is So Kind to Teeth and Gums: the New Squibb “1600” Angle Toothbrush

New Cleaning Principle. The cleaning power of the standard hard or medium toothbrush lies in a relatively few and relatively coarse individual bristles. The “1600” Angle Toothbrush, in contrast, puts together many hundreds of resilient, fine, flexible bristles which combine to sweep, rather than pick, food particles away.

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only the revolutionary
Van Heusen CENTURY Shirt
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won't wrinkle ever!

Father's Day is June 17th

(Continued from Page 60)
"I remember that dress," said Brenda. "It was chiffon, with silver ribbons. "So long ago," she added.

"October, 1948," he said. "Ten o'clock in the evening."

"And you actually remembered Brenda all that long time!" cried Nancy excitedly.

"I remembered her," said David Bellamy.

Brenda put her face on her arms. Was this why he had been so angry with her the day she had—well, swum too far? Her cheeks grew hot, remembering.

"I always have felt that I owed you a debt of gratitude, Mrs. Heath," he continued. "Four years ago I was cold and romantic. I thought you were the loveliest girl I had ever seen."

Brenda shivered. It was Carter who had said that! "Then, sometime afterward, I saw a photograph of you in a magazine. I did not cut it out, because the caption said that you were the charming young wife of Carter Heath."

It seemed to Brenda that his voice was ironic; she could not decide whether he was being flattering or insulting.

"I don't understand the gratitude part," she said.

"Oh, that," said Mr. Bellamy.

"Merely that I—a'll say, abhorred my regret at your unavailability in my work?"

"What is your work, Mr. Bellamy?"

He set up. "Ah!" he exclaimed.

"That's a question! . . . Nancy, want to take a turn up the beach? . . ."

It was a couple of weeks later, weeks in which they had seen each other daily, when Brenda said, "Why don't you come back and have dinner with us tonight?"

"Thank you, no," he said.

"Oh, please, David!" begged Nancy. He smiled. "I'd have to get dressed," he said.

Brenda was torn between amusement and irritation. "Is this a vow or an election bet or something?" she inquired.

"No," he answered. "I just don't like clothes."

"Clothes are something to take off . . . like lipstick."

Brenda was annoyed with herself for remembering that.

"Perhaps you have a Narcissus complex?" she suggested.

He continued to smile. "You should see me in a double-breasted blue flannel," he told her modestly.

"Oh, really!" said Brenda.

It was a new experience to Brenda to get nowhere with a young man. Carter, of course, had fallen in love with Lydia, but that was different. Carter had been crazy about her first. She realized, now, that she had been too young for marriage. . . .

August came in hot and breathless, and Brenda and Nancy took picnic lunches to the beach, lay all the long days on the sand, dipping in the cool water, coming out to hale again beneath the hot sun. Brenda was as brown as her sister; her hair was flecked with golden lights, sun-bleached and wind-blown.

"Squall coming up!" Nancy predicted one sultry afternoon.

They watched the storm clouds which scudded across the blue sky, blotting out the sun. People picked up their umbrellas and their children; the engines of cars roared in the parking lot. The air cooled and the first thin raindrops sprinkled down. Finally only David Bellamy and Brenda and Nancy were left on the beach.

"I'm going in the water!" said Nancy. "Sheerly adore swimming in the rain!"

"That's a sweet kid," said David Bellamy.

The rain was pelting now, hitting against their bodies.

"Why, it's hailling!" said Brenda. "What fun!"

Nancy was standing on the raft. The wind had built up waves; the float was whipping, straining at its mooring.

"I should have known you'd like a storm too," said David.

Brenda lifted her face to the hail. A jagged line of lightning ripped through a cloud; a roll of thunder echoed against the sand cliffs.

"Let's go out too," she said. "We couldn't be wet!" She seized both his hands and pulled him to his feet. For an instant, his cold wet chest touched her cold skin as he found his footing, and she felt the beating of his heart.

They ran hand in hand through the downpour, and flung themselves, still keeping their hold on each other, into the water. The emptied squall clouds collapsed and evaporated; the sun appeared, burning hot, in a burning blue sky.

Brenda said, "It's sheerly magic!"

David Bellamy repeated it, "Sheerly magic!"

She looked at him, her wet lips parted, her eyes wide with wonder. Then she dived into the water and swam to shore.

The telephone rang just as Brenda and Nancy were starting for the beach, two days before their parents were to return.

"It's for you, Brenda!" Nancy called.

Walking toward the hall, Brenda saw her reflection in a mirror. Her entire body, except for the two enormous eyes, was the largest.

"What is it, Brenda?"

She sat down on the stool, her legs turned to water.

"Is that you, Brenda?"

She said, "Yes," to the familiar voice.

"I'm here in town," said Carter Heath. "I want to see you."

"You're here?" she echoed. "You mean, you and Lydia?"

Nancy clapped her hand to her mouth, her eyes enormous.

"Just me," said Carter. "Lydia and I called it off. Didn't you know?"

"No," said Brenda. "No, I didn't know that, Carter."

"I'll be with you in five minutes," he said.

"Shouldn't you get dressed?" asked Nancy. "Do you want me to go away?"

"No," said Brenda. "Goodness, no!" She lighted a cigarette, although she had one burning in the ash tray before he came in.

Carter looked handsome and distinguished in white linen and a pale hat. He looked at Brenda without speaking. He smiled at Nancy, and said, "Hello, Nancy. Good-by, Nancy."

"No!" said Brenda.

Carter was smiling his old easy smile. "Don't be absurd, darling. I've just driven six hundred miles to talk to you."

He patted Nancy's head. "See you later, little sister." Brenda straightened her shoulders.

"Okay, Nancy. Take the car to the beach. Carter can drop me there before he goes."
Carter said, "Oh?" He looked at her intently. "You've never been so beautiful, Brenda."

"Thank you, Carter," she said. She met his eyes. "I've never been so happy," she added.

A muscle twinged beside his mouth. "So?" he said. "Lydia and I called the marriage off because we both came to realize that it takes more than a trip to Reno."

"What shall I say to consummate the divorce?"

"I'm sorry, Carter," said Brenda quietly.

"The muscle beside his mouth twitched again. "Who is he?" he asked.

"No one you know," she answered.

She did not want to hurt Carter any more than she had wanted to hurt Andy Wheeler.

"I've come a long way," said Carter. "I waited too long."

"No," said Brenda. "No, it isn't that, Carter."

"You're quite sure?"

"I'm quite sure, Carter," she answered steadily.

"What a pity," he murmured. He picked up his hat.

Brenda's face was gentle. "Don't you want to stay for lunch, Carter?"

"No, thanks," he said. "I'll drop you at the beach. That's where we were going, I believe?

"He looked at her hard. "Is he very attractive, Brenda?"

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Carter said, "But, Brenda ——"

"Please go," Brenda repeated.

By dinnertime she had pulled herself together. Six weeks before, when she stepped off the plane from Reno, she had thought that she was unhappy. Six weeks before, she had been a child. "Don't it I'd like to see mother and father?" she asked Nancy brightly.

"We must make the house pretty for them."

Nancy said, "Did you quarrel with David this morning?"

"Of course not," said Brenda. "What a silly idea!"

She had no time to go to the beach before the next day, and the day after that her parents returned.

"Guess what?" Brenda told them vivaciously. "I have a job! I phoned Charley Baxter, and he's making a 

The senator said, "Is that so?" Mrs. Cutting looked disappointed. "She said, "Oh, dear. Your letters have been so gay, and somehow I hoped —"

"I've had a wonderful six weeks," interrupted Brenda. "Now I have to be serious about life."

The senator and Nancy drove her to the airport.

"How did you like your young friend, Dave Bellamy?" asked the senator.

Nancy was looking intently at the landscape. "I didn't know he was a friend of yours," said Brenda.

"You didn't!" exclaimed her father. "Why, I'm devoted to him. Brilliant lad. Did he talk to you about his work?"

"Work?" echoed Brenda stupidly.

"Does he work?"

"He's one of the foremost scientists on atomic research," said the senator.

He had a near collapse last spring, "she answered. "He's been so gay, and somehow I hoped —"

"You made a strange sound, and her voice died. A tall figure in gray flannel and a Panama hat was standing beside the plane. "Why, there's Dave now!" said the senator innocently. "'Bellamy! What a coincidence!

David Bellamy's pewter-gray eyes swept Brenda's face.

"Fancy seeing you with clothes on!" she said. "And a necktie too!"

To me he smiled: he was looking at her tensely.

The senator was jovial, loquacious. Brenda kissed him good-bye and hugged Nancy. David followed her into the plane and sat down beside her.

"Brenda!" he said.

"Yes?" she answered politely.

His face was drawn. "I've gone through hell," he said. "I thought— didn't you know that I thought you were telling me you were going back to Heath?"

"What?" cried Brenda.

"Four years ago, when I hadn't even met you, it was had enough," he said. "But after this summer ——"

"David!" said Brenda. She looked suddenly as though someone had thrown a switch and turned on all the current. Her face, her eyes, her hair all sparkled. "David dear!" she said.

The fat man with gentle blue eyes who had the seat just behind them unfolded a newspaper to its broadest capacity, in the manner of one pulling down a window shade for privacy.
BUCCANEER
OF THE BARRENS
(Continued from Page 47)

Tanks, you know. It was my first view of that section of the mountains, so I flitted about among the peaks. A sort of tour. Then I saw this storm coming and rushed in like a frightened rabbit. He raised a questioning eyebrow. "Was someone alarmed?"

"Mr. Travis was a little concerned," said the Mountie gravely. "I'll note the cause of your delay in my report. . . Have you had breakfast, sir?"

"No, but I was about to go on the prowl. You'll join me?"

"I was about to ask you to join us," Mr. Ravenhill. Colonel Cookingham, Father Breban and I usually breakfast together over at the Myrtle Café, near my headquarters. This morning there's a fourth—Mr. Travis." There was cautious humor in McLean's eyes. "Colonel Cookingham, retired, is the new stipendiary magistrate here," he explained. "He asked me to present his compliments and invite you to sit in with us."

This was obviously an order. Ravenhill was inwardly delighted. He couldn't have arranged a more convenient meeting to test Travis' strength. He knew he must walk warily, however. This was Travis' ground.

"A pleasure of course, McLean. Let's proceed."

As they quartered across the wind, circling the Rock, Ravenhill plotted his play. First he must defy Travis, and dispose of him quickly. The next and perhaps more formidable hurdle was the priest, Father Breban. The most skilled maneuvering might be required there.

"How official is this invitation of the colonel's, McLean? Travis instigated it?"

"That's correct, sir. It's in the nature of an unofficial hearing. Travis is prepared to file an information against you."

"I'm completely unnerved!" Ravenhill asserted. "An information, did you say?"

"It's merely a statement, subject to proof, that Travis has known you in the Yukon and Alaskas, and that you are an unreliable person."

Ravenhill did not find this disturbing. It was helpful, in fact. Travis had exposed his own weakness—his uncertainty—by not filling the information forthwith.

"What sort of chap, personally, is this Father Breban?"

"Father Breban's tops," said McLean. "He deals equally well with natives, bush pilots and miners. He talks their language. He's a good poker player, incidentally."

"Excellent!" Ravenhill applauded. This, too, was encouraging. Ravenhill had long since observed that while many sterling citizens did not play poker, few good poker players were not also gentlemen of discernment.

At the Myrtle Café, McLean introduced Ravenhill to the three waiting there, and Ravenhill gave each a brief reception committee of this caliber. Travis was confident, but watchful. "It's great to have a reputation, Riv," he greeted. "Not many tourists rate a reception committee of this caliber."

Ravenhill gestured cheerfully. "I'm overwhelmed. Thoughtful of you to arrange it, Travis."

The colonel he could have identified in any gathering. He was typically British in the old-school tradition; stiffly erect, florid of face, his white hair and military mustache impeccable. The moment Ravenhill met his formidable blue eyes he knew some rough going lay ahead. Ravenhill hastily reared his armor against that savage glare. This was one

(Continued on Page 66)
IS LEADERSHIP IMPORTANT?

Today the free world cries out for leadership.

Our greatest need—and greatest lack—is the kind of leadership that can lift the minds and hearts of people, stirring them to effort above the mediocre and beyond the routine.

There is no better example of the importance of leadership than in America's businesses. The most successful are those that have had the best leaders—the best management.

Such leaders are always hard to find. They must have talent and devotion—with the vision to see a goal and the courage to reach it. Yet the American business environment has developed many of them.

That is why this country is up to and beyond schedule in producing the things we need to defend ourselves during the most perilous time America has ever known.

Business would be the last to claim that there is anything heroic in doing its assigned job. But progress has been historic. We are so far along that by the end of the year, in many vital areas, we will produce more than all the rest of the world put together.

These facts are on the record for everyone to see. They measure America's core of productive might. In days that are troubled and unsure, it would be heartening to have leadership of comparable caliber in other fields where it could mean so much.

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Hollywood, Boston, Honolulu
Storm clouds were gathering about the colonel, however. His florid hue deepened minute by minute. He was plainly irked by Ravenhill's ease of manner, his cool assumption that this was merely a pleasant interlude during which one ate, exchanged intellectual titbits, thanked his host and sauntered on, yawning.

Ravenhill played the role to the last. When the table was cleared and their coffee cups refilled, he glanced at his wrist watch with a touch of apology. "This has been most pleasant, sir," he told the colonel. "I must dash along now, I'm afraid." He turned to Father Breban. "I'm flying over to the Great Bear immediately—weather and Constable McLean permitting. I've a spot of business with the mission there, St. Cyr, I believe?"

The priest nodded, his pleasant manner becoming more formal. "May I assist you in any way?"

"You may indeed, sir. I was about to suggest a private word together, if you have the time. I'd appreciate your advice."

The colonel cleared his throat ominously. "We've a spot of business for you here, Ravenhill. Has Constable McLean informed you of the purpose of this meeting?"

"He has, sir. But Travis won't proceed, I'm quite sure. We'll achieve a meeting of minds the moment he learns why I'm here."

"Don't bet on it, Riv," Travis advised. "You're not in Nome now, you know. This is Northwest Territory."

Ravenhill gave him a cool glance. "I'm here on a benevolent mission, Travis. Your mercenary heart will be touched by it. You wondered, perhaps, why I was a little overdue on my flight from Henderson Falls?"

"You," Travis agreed. "I wondered about that."

"Listen closely, then. I detoured by a certain lake on the way over. It's called Chandalar's Lake. There I came upon a small half-breed girl—a charm—"
The founders: hated monopoly, but 11 million rubles, scientific research and invention. They gave the inventor a temporary monopoly—later set by Congress at seventeen years—to enable him to profit from his invention. He could either manufacture and sell the invention himself or he could shop around among competing manufacturers and sell or license his patent to the best bidder. The system is not always equitable and has its abuses, but it holds out glittering rewards which have enormously encouraged American ingenuity and brought to our shores countless valuable foreign inventions to enrich the general welfare.

ARE WE STIFLING THE INVENTORS?

(Continued from Page 23)

the 1920's, tens of thousands of the brightest Russian youngsters have been selected for technical training, and evidently the process is beginning to show results.

Stalin also recognized that science, research and engineering are not enough. They can go on so far unless they are fed and fertilized by new concepts, new ideas, new inventions. He reasoned that inventors invent better if they are stimulated by the prospect of large rewards—prizes which glimmer in the night, keeping the inventor awake to puzzle over his budding new ideas.

And so from time to time we read in the papers dispatches such as this one of a few weeks ago:

MOSCOW, Mar. 16 (A.P.)—Another list of 249 Stalin prizes, totaling 17 million rubles, for instrument manufacture, metallurgy and other achievements was announced today.

The list was on top of 141 prizes, totaling 11 million rubles, announced yesterday for scientific research and invention.

The lengthy new list covered five full pages in Moscow’s principal newspapers.

Such prizes run as high as 200,000 rubles a piece. However you value the ruble, that is a lot of money to a Russian. Note, too, that the successful inventors get a play in the newspapers comparable to that which we accord movie stars and World Series heroes.

The inventor also gets something perhaps more precious to the Russian than money or fame: his “certificate of invention” moves him into the privileged ranks of the technical fraternity, with all that this involves in the way of better housing, food, clothes and service. And the military inventor is the most privileged of all.

Thus Stalin, the realist, in the nationally vital matter of stimulating new inventions, does not hesitate to use the profit motive, with trimmings. He knows that the profit motive, operating through the American patent system, made the United States industrially great. Unfortunately, Uncle Sam, so far-sightedly generous toward commercial invention, has absurdly-mindedly shifted from a furnished, near-sighted, penny-wise-pound-foolish policy toward military invention.

America’s founding fathers fully understood the crucial importance of invention, and the need for stimulating and rewarding it. At least two of them, Franklin and Jefferson, were themselves men of inventive genius. And so, in the very first Article of the Constitution, Congress was empowered to give inventors “exclusive rights... for limited times” to their discoveries.

The fountainheads hated monopoly, but they considered invention so important that they gave the inventor a temporary monopoly—later set by Congress at seventeen years—to enable him to profit from his invention. He could either manufacture and sell the invention himself or he could shop around among competing manufacturers and sell or license his patent to the best bidder. The system is not always equitable and has its abuses, but it holds out glittering rewards which have enormously encouraged American ingenuity and brought to our shores countless valuable foreign inventions to enrich the general welfare.

“Application pending” also works wonders.
never before...

such dress shoe smartness
at dollars less than you'd expect to pay...

plus the comfort and stamina
of flexible Shell Horsehide Soles!

The reason why Town Shoe Shell Horsehide Soles
are still going strong, long after ordinary soles would
have worn through, is simple! Wolverine's secret tanning
process makes shell horsehide so amazingly flexible...

so amazingly tough! Shell horsehide, nature's only
three-ply leather, outlasts all other sole leathers known.
No other shoes give so much comfort, wear and
style at Town Shoe budget prices. Write for name
and address of your nearest dealer. See, and feel, the
outstanding new difference in shoes...
available in your favorite style!

Town SHOES
by Wolverine

Naturally it did not occur to the
authors of the Constitution, living in
the age of musketry and sail, that the
survival of this country might someday
depend on military invention. They
provided no special incentives or protec­
tions for the military inventor. Con­
sequently he has been, from the first,
under certain inherent disadvantages
as compared with the commercial in­
ventor.

In the first place, the inventor of a
purely military device has very little
bargaining power. His only ultimate
customer is the Government. He can
take what the Government offers—
or nothing. Or he can peddle his inven­
tion to foreign nations, which many
Americans have been driven to do.
Suppose our Government does not pay
him for his invention, but uses it any­
way. Until Civil War days, the inven­
tor was not even allowed to sue the
Government. Thereafter he had, under
certain conditions, a right to sue in the
Court of Claims. This used to be an
almost interminable procedure. In re­
cent years the court has speeded up its
cases, but it still takes a hardy inventor
to venture a patent suit there because
of (a) the expense, (b) the battery of
legal talent and expert testimony which
the Government has at its disposal and
(c) the difficulty of digging the neces­
sary information out of the Govern­
ment departments.

Often the military inventor cannot
even find out whether the Government
is using or infringing his patent. Why
can't we bureaucrats get off our pedes­
tals and tell him? Because there is a
law (18 USC 198) which makes it a
crime for a Government employee to
assist anyone in prosecuting a claim
against the U. S. A. This law was well
intended. It was aimed at a real evil:
in the past there were instances where
Government employees used their in­
side information to stir up claims
against the Government in order to
share in the fees or proceeds. But one
curious result is this: even if we in the
Government know that an inventor is
being cheated of his just patent rights,
we can't legally tell him so.

If the invention is so valuable that
it is placed under military secrecy, the
inventor's position is even tougher.
Unless he is specially employed on fur­
ther development, he can't find out
anything. But he can hope. If he lives
long enough the secrecy may be lifted.

The problem of rewarding inventions'
on the secrecy list and at the same
time protecting military security is
admittedly a puzzle. But there are
ways in which it could be done.

The military inventor has, besides
his inferior bargaining power and shaky
legal position, another disadvantage as
compared with the commercial inventor.
He has—at least in peacetime—a
harder selling job. The manufacturer
who is shown a new idea smells prof­
te. The peacetime military officer who is
shown a new idea smells trouble. He
knows that even the most promising
military invention is a long-shot gam­
ble. It will cost a lot of money and
many headaches to carry it through
the stages of research, development
and manufacture. Even then it may
prove a flop in practice, thus casting a
shadow on the officer's career. The
temptation is to play it safe; to give
the inventor the brush-off; to say, in
the classic phrase of one officer, "Your
idea is very interesting, but we are
not interested."

An officer assigned to pass on new
inventions has a trying job. Inventors
are often cantankerous and trouble­
some. And the pseudo, or crackpot, in­
ventors, who are the most persistent
and numerous, are hard to distinguish
from the genuine article. After a dozen
phony geniuses in succession have
twisted your arm and bent your ears,
you are apt to forget that the next in­
ventor who comes in the door may
have real magic up his rumpled sleeve.

If the invention gets past these first
hurdles and surmounts possible road­
blocks among the higher echelons, it
may eventually come under considera­
tion by the men in the research labs
and proving grounds. Here it encoun­
ters a new psychological hazard, some­
times called the "N.I.H. factor"—or
"Not Invented Here."

Since the men in the labs and testing
grounds are themselves working on
weapon improvement and have ideas of
their own on the fire, they are inclined to take a dim
view of some outsider who thinks he is
smarter than they are.

Some armored-force officers believe
this N.I.H. factor kept the Army
from making full use of the inventive
talent of the late Walter Christie, an
American tank pioneer. I cannot pass
(Continued on Page 144)
**Owners of REMINGTON Contour Electric Shavers wrote this ad**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>State</th>
<th>Occupation</th>
<th>Comment</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Kansas Medical Technician</td>
<td>&quot;For a shave that is clean, quick, and painless, it can't be beat.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>California Army Employee</td>
<td>&quot;Excellent, has corrected neck abrasions which accompanied wet shaves.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New York Soldier</td>
<td>&quot;I wouldn't exchange it for a thousand safety razors.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>W. Virginia VA Employee</td>
<td>&quot;I get a cleaner and closer shave, and my face does not get sore.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Maryland Bus Driver</td>
<td>&quot;A very excellent shaver and curved to fit face perfectly.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Idaho Forest Ranger</td>
<td>&quot;It gives my face comfort in all kinds of weather.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pennsylvania Physician</td>
<td>&quot;Would not part with it for $1000 if I could not replace it.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Air Force Medical Officer</td>
<td>&quot;Most useful gift—No hot water on this island—beards grow twice as fast and thick.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon Cattle Rancher</td>
<td>&quot;Very good. My beard is tough as wire, but I get a clean shave with it.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colorado Printer</td>
<td>&quot;It shaves whiskers as close as any safety razor and is so fast.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iowa Laborer</td>
<td>&quot;Perfect. Shaved perfectly from the first time used.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nebraska Clerk</td>
<td>&quot;The quickest and best way to shave—Use Remington.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington, D.C. Marine</td>
<td>&quot;There is nothing to equal it for shaving comfort, efficiency, speed and cost.”</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indiana Farmer</td>
<td>&quot;...easy on my tough beard, tender skin, and prevents ingrown hairs.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Washington School Worker</td>
<td>&quot;...everything one could wish for—fast, smooth, close, easy to clean, safe.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mississippi Boat Captain</td>
<td>&quot;I've never had a smoother shave.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Virginia Mechanic</td>
<td>&quot;Wouldn't trade it for a private barber.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tennessee Shipping Clerk</td>
<td>&quot;I went in the store and asked for the best and I got a Remington.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wyoming Salesman</td>
<td>&quot;Best shave in 33 years.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oregon Electrician</td>
<td>&quot;No finer gift ever came my way.&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>Missouri Accountant</td>
<td>&quot;Makes shaving a pleasure.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>New Jersey Mechanic</td>
<td>&quot;Excellent service—no comparison with non-electric razors.&quot;</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ohio Welder</td>
<td>&quot;Can't be beat for speed and close shaving.&quot;</td>
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Thousands of these voluntary words of praise pour into Remington Shaver Headquarters every month. From old and young, from every corner of the nation, enthusiastic owners from all walks of life write their praise on Remington Warranty Cards. There is no finer, more useful or more acceptable gift for men, young or old. For Father's Day, Graduation, Anniversaries, and Wedding Gifts — no other gift quite equals a Remington Contour Shaver. Try it, at all fine stores, or any of our 112 shaver headquarters.

*Warranty with each new Remington guaranteed shaver for full year.*

A PRODUCT OF Remington Rand
Imagine ME on this glamorous Isle!

In a romantic "South Seas" setting only 50 minutes from the U.S.A.

Yes, that's YOU this summer—enjoying the kind of vacation you've always dreamed about. Lolling under a palm on one of the world's finest beaches. Dancing on a garden terrace "air-conditioned" by gentle Trade Winds. Riding a bike or a horse, playing golf, sailing, fishing, water skiing. Living a lazy, luxurious dream, lolling under a palm on one of the world's finest beaches. Dancing at summer rates minutes from that's YOU.

BAHAMAS, DEVELOPMENT BOARD

Whether from lack of initiative, or wisely subsidized by air-mail connection, whether from lack of initiative, or wisely subsidized by air-mail connection, one of the world's finest beaches. Dancing at summer rates minutes from that's YOU.

"No Requirement." Hard-headed, practical, common-sense men say, "We don't need it, couldn't use it." It takes rare imagination to grasp the possibilities of a new invention. Early in World War II someone devised a method of attaching a bulldozer to a tank. It was rejected and forgotten. A tank can knock down or roll over obstacles. Why clutter it with a bulldozer? Perhaps the Pershing, a massive, 80-ton tank, could have traversed the hedgerows of Normandy. Within a week after the invasion our tanks were stopped cold by these primitive, mass-produced earthworks. An earth-cutting tank attachment had to be invented all over again. Precious time and lives were lost, but GI ingenuity saved the day. Sgt. Curtis Culkin, Lt. Steve Litton, Capt. James Depew and others improvised a 'dozer-cutter within a few weeks and the tanks sliced forward in the historic St. Lo breakthrough.

Late in World War II, Germany gave us a scare with her snorkel submarine, which was almost immune from radar detection. If she had developed it a bit sooner we would have been in a dangerous fix. Yet this "amazing device" was invented early in this century by Ben Lake, the American submarine genius, and described by him in his U. S. Patent No. 170, for an "air-supply apparatus for submarine vessels." Why didn't we snap up and develop Lake's invention? No requirement. In those preradar days a submarine surfaced at night for air and recharging. Years passed, radar came along, and Lake's ideas continued to sleep in the Patent Office. Then Dutch inventors hit upon the snorkel, the Germans stole or captured it from the Dutch, and soon the Atlantic teemed with tin fish where none had been before. Today we have, fortunately, a tin fish detector which saves countless allied lives.

The National Inventors Council still depends on the council's staff for expert advice, and includes many of America's top inventors. During the war the council and its staff examined 200,000 inventions, and found 80 of them worth passing along to various Army and Navy bureaus. Of the war's end 1000 of these were still under test and 150 had been accepted, including the land-mine detector which saved countless allied lives. The National Inventors Council still depends on the council's staff for expert advice, and includes many of America's top inventors. During the war the council and its staff examined 200,000 inventions, and found 80 of them worth passing along to various Army and Navy bureaus. Of the war's end 1000 of these were still under test and 150 had been accepted, including the land-mine detector which saved countless allied lives.

The military inventor coming forward in the historic St. Lo breakthrough.

The National Inventors Council still depends on the council's staff for expert advice, and includes many of America's top inventors. During the war the council and its staff examined 200,000 inventions, and found 80 of them worth passing along to various Army and Navy bureaus. Of the war's end 1000 of these were still under test and 150 had been accepted, including the land-mine detector which saved countless allied lives.
On a cost-per-mile basis, your Eclipse delivers penny pinching economy. Not one or two... but many years of trouble-free mileage are built into every Eclipse. Add unmatched performance, handling ease, and durability which only an Eclipse gives you... and you'll realize it's your best buy for '51 and years to come. Make a point by point comparison of the outstanding and exclusive features.

The driver who speeds past a school is often the same fellow who took so long going through one. - LEO J. BURKE.

Fortunately, America's leaders realized that the atomic bomb was too big to "go through channels." Rules, red tape and false economy were brushed aside. The pressure was on and the sky was the limit. The results were seen at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

There were other less spectacular effects. Military men who had formerly looked down their noses at the "long hairs" acquired a tremendous respect for scientists. Military budgets now provide generously for research projects. For the fiscal year beginning this July first, the huge sum of $2,000,000,000 is projected for military research. This is fine, but it overlooks one thing—the inventor. The most spectacular inventions are typically constructive and remunerative. The inventor never dreamed of the scope the invention to practice, if secrecy, is lifted. Get it?

Some say it’s Sex.

Some say it’s a telephone. The eminent scientist Sir James Maxwell referred contemptuously to Bell as an amateur electrician who had discovered nothing new—merely tinkered together some familiar objects into a device which could talk at a distance. Unfortunately, this disdain for the scientist who is sometimes a mechanic or tinkerer with only a haphazard scientific education—lingers on and colors our foreign policies. Actually each is essential to the other. Kettering compares scientists and inventors to the warp and woof. "And just try," he suggests, "sleeping in a hammock which is all warp and no woof."

Since Hiroshima the prestige of the scientist has risen from the murky depths. The inventor remains out in the cold. Indeed his position is even weaker, as I say, under the various restrictions, regulations and orders. He also suffers from the idea that invention has now zoomed so far off into the scientific stratosphere that no teams of scientists can do any good. Therefore, it is argued, the individual or independent inventor is not important any more. If so, the real inventor is a joke. This is another half-truth. The germinal idea still arises in the individual and the untutored genius can still sometimes hit the mark where the research teams fail.

Let me give you a few examples from my own recent experience. Since those inventions are within the secrecy zone, I shall have to disguise the circumstances, but I can give enough of the facts to illustrate the point.

One day a small-town auto mechanic came into the Office of Naval Research with a device about as big as your two fists. It is a cheap, simple little thing, made with ordinary tools. But as we examined it and our research people checked it over, we found that this device could do a little trick which nobody had ever thought of before. And this little trick, applied on a scale and scope the inventor never dreamed of, may save hundreds of thousands of American lives in case of global war.

It is projected for military research. I shall have to disguise the circumstances, but I can give enough of the facts to illustrate the point.

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A good point to remember is that an inventor is able to buy from the US Government more and better tools for his work than he could ever afford to buy himself.
leaving to the inventor his commercial rights, which are apparently nil. He himself has no facility for handling a research-and-development contract. Possibly a way can be found for compensating him indirectly, by putting him on the Government payroll or by some roundabout arrangement with the company which develops the new fuel. It is strange to see a venture reduced to such sphenagous in dealing with men on whom his survival may depend.

One morning not long ago the mail brought us in a complete set of drawings. They disclosed a weapon of such a revolutionary nature and with such accurate detail and execution that our experts were first startled, then alarmed. Our people had been warned of similar lines, and it seemed that this inventor must have got hold of our secret information and then gone on from there. We hastily tracked him down and checked him from A to Z. He turned out to be an obscure Government employee, on a salary of less than $1000 a year, located in a remote part of the United States. He had no special training in science or in administration. He had no access to secret military information. He just happened to have a strong and original mechanical gift.

His work opened great possibilities and we are spending a lot of money to develop it. But no money can go to the inventor. In the first place, he is employed by the Government, and admittedly conceived and drew his designs (2) during working hours, using (3) Government paper and pencils and paper. Therefore the Government takes all "right, title and interest" to his invention (see law). (1), (2), and (3). In the second place, he did not reduce his invention to "actual practice," which he might have done if he had had $1,000,000, private arsenals and proving grounds, and a few other things. But he can still draw his little salary and may someday receive a handsome engraved certificate of commendation from his grateful Government.

It is true that the Government has an "employee-suggestion" system providing modest rewards for bright ideas which save the Government money. Thus R. L. Grauman, an engineer in the Washington Navy Yard, suggested during the war an idea that saved the Government $230,000,000 in the manufacture of 40-mm. shells. He was awarded the munificent sum of $850.00. Dick Hoffman, who works for the Corps of Engineers, conceived a pump vent for Army dirigibles which saved $4,349,000 the first year. He was given $2300. But a new weapon does not ordinarily save money—only lives—so again the military inventor is out of luck.

How did America drift into this dangerous and self-destructing attitude toward military invention, and what can be done about it?

Mainly it is the result of accretion and direction rather than intention. Our patent system was designed for commercial rather than military invention. We have been fighting for two decades, created barriers which now protect us better against the ingenuity of inventors than they do against the ingenuity of congressmen. For the long years of our safe isolation behind the oceans, all military expenditure was regarded as wasteful, if not immoral. As for military invention: "A million farmers with shotguns will spring to arms overnight."

During the 1930's and continuing into the 1940's a new factor appeared. The heroicking men who swarmed to Washington thought well of Government ownership and were determined to monopolize "monopoly." The eager beavers of the Antitrust Division apparently reasoned as follows: invention means patent, patent means monopoly, monopoly means evil; therefore everything which protects the inventor is evil. They could not see that the patent right is a very special kind of temporary monopoly designed to benefit rather than injure the public, and for this reason expressly sanctioned by the Constitution. "Patents are bad. Government ownership is good." Therefore the Government is never going to approve once. This idea has been successfully preached to Congress, to Government employees and those having contractual relations with the Government.

In 1943 President Roosevelt asked Attorney General Francis Biddle to make a study of Government policy toward inventions made by employees. Naturally, Mr. Biddle could not make such a study himself. The task was passed down the line to the bright young engineers. They worked on it for years. In 1947 they finally came up with a monumental final report of 982 closely printed pages. By then the General was Tom Clark—now Mr. Justice Clark. He signed the report and forwarded it to the President. With all respect to Mr. Clark and the President, I do not believe their own lives permitted them fully to study, digest and ponder those 982 pages. They could not understand the hard work of the inventors been up against the same kind of temporary monopoly, designed to benefit rather than injure the public, and for this reason expressly sanctioned by the Constitution. "Patents are bad. Government ownership is good." Therefore the Government is never going to approve once. This idea has been successfully preached to Congress, to Government employees and those having contractual relations with the Government.

But their massive recommendations made no impression. The British royalty, too, finds smooth-running Jewel Brand Abra­sive Belts ideal for polishing hub caps, bumpers and other parts prior to plating.

Jewel Coated Abrasives

CUT COSTS

Saves time and steps... serves more customers... prevents losses. Decrease three 5¢ stamps for 10¢. Wire 10¢ stamps for 25¢ cheques. Dispense stamps to customers from government coils rolls, easily loaded. Has effective slug protection. Operates under any climatic condition. Write for facts.

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Brighter Shines

With 1/2 the Rubbing

SCUFF MARKS! GIVES SHOES
RICHER COLOR!

Ask any G.L. over.

KIWI SHOE POLISH
(Kee-nee)
Since I am not a legislator I would not venture to say just how such an American award board should be set up. But I suggest that the value of the board would depend on the character and brains of its members rather than on any rigid system of rules. For example, men of the caliber of Coolidge, Compton, Buckley, Kettering and Waterman could be relied on not to squander public money uselessly. They should be given a competent staff of young technicians, a free hand and a continuing fund of perhaps $5,000,000, subject perhaps to congressional approval of any award over $250,000.

The National Inventors Council has become deeply concerned about our lag in military invention, and at a recent meeting suggested an awards board somewhat similar to that outlined above. So much for stimulus and rewards. How about better evaluation of new military inventions? Here I think Congress should give the Secretary of Defense the funds and, if necessary, additional authority to set up special invention evaluation boards in the military services. Evaluation officers should be chosen with the utmost care for their technical brains, their creative imagination and that slant of mind which will enable them to understand that queer bird, the inventor.

If these evaluation boards come upon an invention which seems to have brilliant and useful possibilities, they should not be stopped cold when somebody along the line says, "No requirement." They should be given the funds and authority to look a little further, to help the inventor build a pilot model and to see that the model gets a fair test.

I have not written this article out of concern for inventors, but out of concern for the United States. The subject is an immensely intricate one, and in trying to simplify it I have made some statements which are open to exceptions, qualifications or argument. But there can be no argument on the main point—that America is not fully utilizing its immense inventive genius in the struggle for survival. I have suggested certain remedies, in the hope that better minds can improve upon them.

THE END

YOU BE THE JUDGE

By BRUCE JONES

DURING his lifetime, Mabel's wealthy father did his best to discourage her romance with young Lawyer Brown, whom he regarded as unpromising. He even drew up his will with a double-barreled clause aimed at making her marry someone else. It provided that she should receive her inheritance immediately upon her father's death if she was married to anyone other than Brown, but if unmarried or married to Brown, she was not to inherit until after Brown's death.

When her father passed away, Mabel, still unmarried, wanted both Brown and her inheritance right away. She asked him to sue to knock out the clause against their marriage.

"Not so," Brown contended wholeheartedly. "It's against public policy to restrain marriage or encourage murder. That clause tends to do both. It's like putting a price on my head, for Mabel to marry and murder me. The court should throw it out."

If you were the judge, would you agree with Mabel and her lawyer?

You Be the Judge is primarily for entertainment, not advice. As state laws vary, these decisions may not apply everywhere nor at all times. This department is well stocked. Further contributions are not wanted.

Any old fan will cool you—but G-E fans give you a double plus!

1. They're humming-bird quiet!
2. They last and last and last!

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Give the whole family a QUICK SAFE SUNTAN with

SUTRA PREVENTS SUNBURN SPEEDS SUNTAN

Proved by millions on the beaches of America... lets everyone stay in... from baby up... stay in the sun longer... get a glorious TAN quickly and safely! Actually blocks out the burn rays of the sun... lets the tan rays reach your skin.

CREAM is best if you burn easily 65¢ and $1.00 plus tax

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Let DAD Prove Gem Best...

BY HIS OWN
FINGER TIP TEST

HERE’S WHY DAD WILL LOVE HIS NEW FEATHER WEIGHT GEM:

He’ll enjoy the closest, most comfortable shave he’s ever known—because Gem’s built-in Barber’s Stroke gets whiskers right at the base.

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NEW Feather Weight Gem Razor

For Dad—a great buy for a great guy

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In permanent crystalline case.
(Continued from Page 150) with enough capital to put together a sixty-minute vaudeville unit entitled, prophetically enough, Bring on the Dames. This tabloid revue was such a success in the provinces that Todd, in 1936, figured he was ready for Broadway.

His first two shows, Call Me Zippy and The Man From Cairo, were quick flops and rocked him back on his heels, but he rebounded with a jazzed-up version of Gilbert and Sullivan, The Hot Mikado, starring Bill Robinson. The show got rave notices, but Todd petitioned Equity for the right to cut the salaries of his dancers. Equity refused.

An executive of the National Broadcasting Company may phone to say that the producer Bob Clark show on television was great, but it needs more girls. "Everybody expects a Mike Todd production to have girls, lots of girls," the executive says.

"I had lots of girls," Todd fires back. "I had thirty girls in that show."

"What do you guys want—the girls should walk out on their own terms into their living rooms?" Todd shouts.

There is the pressure from agents—

every producer who has a scene in which wine or whisky or champagne is used must have a prop of that brand every week as long as the same brand is used on stage.

The producer spoons up portions of breakfast food with one hand and holds a phone with the other. After breakfast he lies down on a green couch and continues transacting business from a horizontal position. The business ranges from such serious matters as hiring a director for Tevye's Daughters, a folk musical based on life in pre-war Poland on which Todd has taken an option, to giving his permission to the American Feline Society, which is sponsoring National Cat Week, to make a tie-up with Lily Christine. Perhaps 20 per cent of Todd's time is wasted in getting tickets for friends—sometimes he has to go out to a ticket speculator and buy seats to his own show—getting tickets to other producers' shows, and in soothing the sensitive egos of the talents with whom he works.

The big headache with actors is their almost childlike sensibility—they are hurt by even the vaguest criticism. Todd treats his actors with great respect and warmth and such morale-building rituals as repeating, "You were terrific last night. You were sensational. I'm not kidding you. Everybody is talking about it."

"We feel the next production should emphasize the girl theme more."

"What do you guys want—the girls should walk out on their own terms into their living rooms?", Todd replies, "is that each department is functioning perfectly?"

Todd lives by himself in a magnificent five-room duplex-penthouse terrace apartment on the nineteenth floor of a modernistic house at Park Avenue and 70th Street. From about 9:30 until 2 o'clock, he operates from his home base with the telephone as the nerve center. After his morning cigar and several calls, he makes himself breakfast, consisting of a bowl of breakfast food with one hand and coffee. He carries a tray of food upstairs to a glass-enclosed room on the terrace.

The room has a television set, coffee table and a portable table with bottles of soda and whisky. He receives a case of Scotch, gratis, every week. Any producer who has a scene in which wine or whisky or champagne is used can't afford to eat, either—but we do it!"

"It's an R&M fan!"

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Dog Food

Safe, fast-acting. All veterinarian-certified...
know when he is going to hire a direc-
tor. Todd says he has been negotiating for
several weeks with Daniel Mann, who
directed last season’s hit, Come
Back, Little Sheba. Mann likes the
script, he thinks, and he is going to have a conference with Mann one of
these days.

Todd calls Bill Liebling, Mann’s agent, and asks him when he can see
Mann. Liebling warns him to play it
cagey and implies that Mann has offers to do
different other plays.

“Anyway let’s get together,” Todd
insists. “Set up a date with him in my
office. Any afternoon.”

The office is a fairly modest room
with a large desk on which are
piled scripts and a phonograph. The
vermilion walls are covered with post-
cards and mementoes of old Todd
hits. Todd is wearing a brown sharkskin
suit, a solid brown tie and a brown
shirt. Like a reporter in a movie, he
keeps his hat on during office hours.

Mann turns out to be a stocky, self-
confident chap in a gray flannel suit
and blue sweater. He starts by utter-
ning the standard Broadway opinion of
a script, “It’s good, Mike, but it needs
work—too much work.”

“Well,” Todd inquires bluntly, “do
you want to work on it?”

“It’s too hard to say. I’ve sort of com-
mmitted myself to doing Sunday Break-
fast for Steven Scheuer, but I don’t
know when he wants to go into re-
hearsal. Do you want to go to bat on
Tevye right away?”

“I’m ready to start casting tomor-
row, if you want to do the show,” Todd
says. “Incidentally, what’s the matter
with the script?”

“It’s too episodic,” Mann replies.

“It needs a strong central conflict to
tie it all together. We don’t get to
know the main characters well enough.
In the last act, when the mood becomes
serious, we don’t really know the char-
acters deeply enough to worry about
them. In other words, we don’t par-
ticipate.” Mann looks wistfully through
his horn-rimmed glasses as he accen-
tuates the word—“in their emotions and
struggles. But it’s a good script; it’s
got a real folk quality.”

“Would you be willing to talk to the
author?” Todd says. “I’d be willing to talk to the
author.”

“All right. I’ll set up a date for Mon-
day morning.”

The Monday-morning session de-
v elops into a battle of wits and nerves
between the author and the potential
director. The author fights for his
script. The director fights for revisions.

Todd tries to keep both parties from
hitting each other’s brains. (The
author gets restless when-

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(Continued from Page 154)

Five girls step out. They are wearing bathing suits. They all look beautiful, with perfectly proportioned bodies. You wonder how Todd will ever manage to make a selection of one.

"Play a little music, professor," Todd commands. The pianist bungles out a chorus of a Pretty Girl is Like a Melody. As if they were jerked by strings, the five girls begin a haltingly rhythmic parade in a circle.

"Vanger whispers, "That last girl on the left was in the line at the Copa."

"She's too tall," Todd says. A loud, he cries, "Listen, you kids bring your dancing shoes?"

They go out and return wearing ballet slippers or tap shoes.

"You," Todd says, "the one in the center with the leaves on your bathing suit, can you do a time-step?"

She's Sonya Gamul. Typical was a conference with Tabby Clark, Frank Smith, Director Sammy Lambert, Scripter Vic McLeod and Songwriters Sammy Step and Ted Koehler—begin on October twenty-second. Although a major television production like the Bobby Clark show is done only once, it is produced almost as intensively as a Broadway musical that runs a whole year.

Todd tells Clark that he owns a sketch about a psychiatrist and a horse who comes to him for psychoanalysis because he can't win horse races due to the fact that he doesn't want to be a race horse, but wants to be ridden by Roy Rogers in cowboy pictures. A big argument ensues as to whether the horse should be operated on by one man or two men. Todd and McLeod are in favor of a two-man horse. Lambert and Clark favor a one-man horse. Step and Koehler don't care.

"You can do more with a one-man horse," Clark says, and seriously as an automobile executive might express an opinion concerning the fenders on a new model car. Because a one-man horse can be more natural. For instance, he can lie down on the couch and fold his hoofs under his head.

The conferences and the arguments go on day after day—arguments over the music, the sketches, the arrangements, the lyrics, the dance routines, the costumes.

Summing up the life of a Broadway producer, Todd recently said: "It's a hard way to make an easy living."

THE END