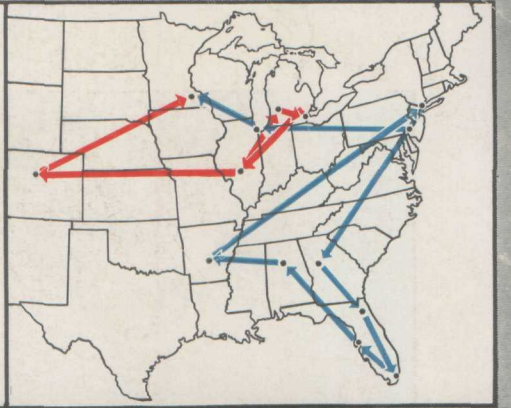


LIFE

CAMPAIGN'S HOTTEST WEEK

IKE — AND ADLAI —
MAKE 19 SPEECHES
IN SIX-DAY MARATHON



RITA GAM
SILENT AND SEXY

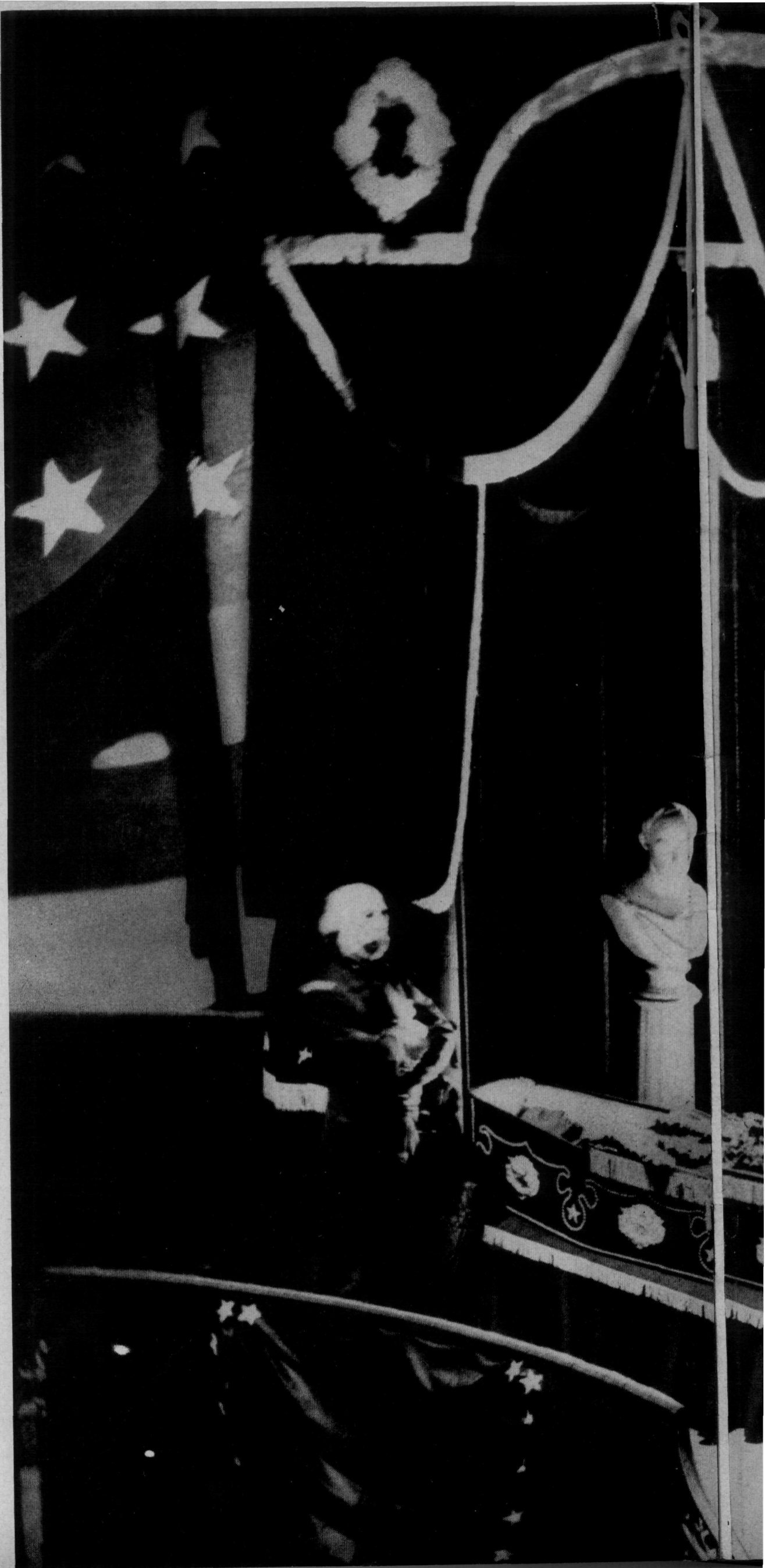
20 CENTS

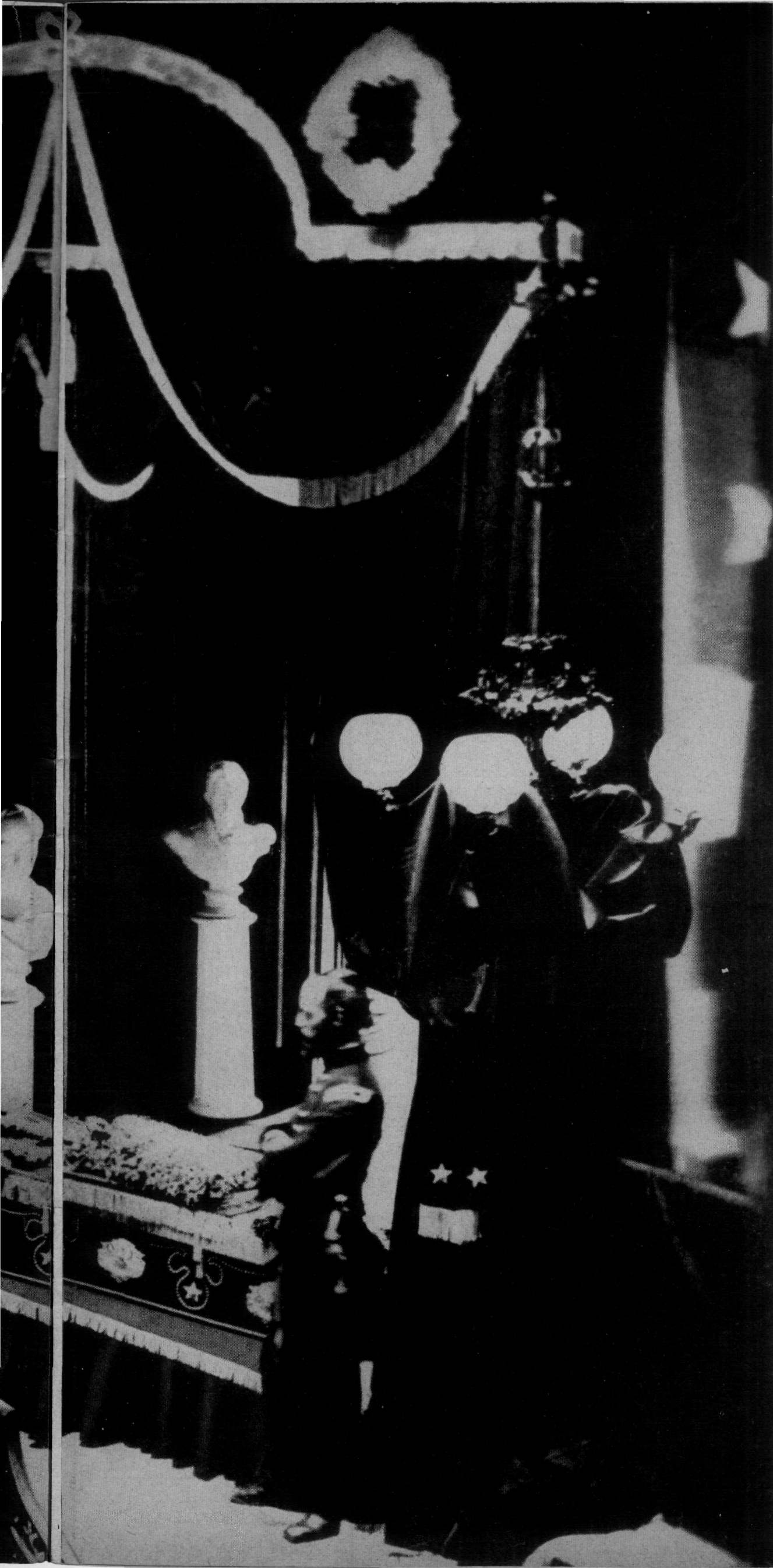
SEPTEMBER 15, 1952

PAGE 53

SPEAKING OF PICTURES

A long-lost photograph
of Lincoln in coffin is
published for first time





This is the only photograph of Abraham Lincoln taken after his death; it was made while he lay in state in New York City, April 24, 1865, and has never been published before. The picture will appear in Lincoln Historian Stefan Lorant's forthcoming book, *Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life* (Harper & Bros., \$6). Behind the coffin are busts of Daniel Webster (*left*) and Andrew Jackson. At the head of the coffin is Rear Admiral Charles H. Davis; at the foot, Brig. General E. D. Townsend. The picture itself is historic, but so is the account of how Townsend arranged it and the storm it caused. For that story, turn page.



SEEING IS BELIEVING!

See for yourself how SCUFFY makes the shabbiest scuffed shoes look like new — for less than a penny a treatment! SCUFFY covers and colors scuffs — *shines as it dries* — with no rubbing!

So amazingly different, you have to try SCUFFY to believe it! Used by millions. . . . All popular colors — only 25c!

***FULLY GUARANTEED!** If, after trying SCUFFY, you are not completely satisfied, return the empty carton to K. J. Quinn & Co., Inc., Malden, Mass., and your purchase price will be promptly refunded!

THE WONDER FORMULA



AT LEADING GROCERY & 10c STORES

25¢ pkg.

LINCOLN CONTINUED

The picture precipitated war by wire

by STEFAN LORANT

Author of forthcoming Lincoln: A Picture Story of His Life

IT was the morning of April 24, 1865 when the funeral procession with Abraham Lincoln's body reached New York City. The coffin was carried up the steps of City Hall and placed on the huge catafalque in the rotunda. Within 24 hours 120,000 people had filed past the catafalque to have their last look at their beloved President. Those who could not get to City Hall or force their way into the procession past the coffin had to be satisfied with newspaper accounts of the scene. This description of the President's appearance was given in the *New York Times*:

"The color is leaden, almost brown; the forehead recedes sharp and clearly marked; the eyes deep sunk and close held upon the socket; the cheek bones, always high, are unusually prominent; the cheeks hollowed and deep pitted; the unnaturally thin lips shut tight and firm as if glued together, and the small chin, covered with slight beard, seemed pointed and sharp. The body is dressed in black, the white turned-over collar and the clear white gloves making a strong contrast to the black neckcloth and the leaden-hued features."

Yet two photographs were taken. Just before the doors of City Hall were opened to the waiting thousands, a photographer and his assistants were setting up their equipment in the darkened hall. The photographer was Jeremiah Gurney Jr., owner of New York's most fashionable studio at 707 Broadway. He alone had been permitted to take pictures of the solemn scene. Whether it was Major General John A. Dix, Commander of the Department of the East, who had granted the privilege, or whether it was Brig. General Edward D. Townsend, Adjutant General of the Army, we do not know. The best guess is that the permission came from Townsend.

Townsend not only had been a confidant of Lincoln, but he also had a sense of history. Some years later he was responsible for founding a vast collection of official records on the



Be sure you're always NICE TO BE NEAR

Goodbye Body Odors for good! Now, one Nullo chlorophyll deodorant tablet a day will keep you safe from offending all day . . . all over!

Take it like a vitamin! Tests prove new Nullo so effective that, in most cases, one full-strength Nullo tablet equals the effect of two ordinary chlorophyll tablets. Take Nullo every morning! Be sure you're always nice to be near!

the nation's first chlorophyll deodorant tablet



49¢

©1952, The De Pree Co., Estab. 1906

NULLO

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE · NEURALGIA NEURITIS

FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend



Anacin® relieves headache, neuralgia, neuritis pain fast because Anacin is like a doctor's prescription—that is, Anacin contains not just one, but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients in easy-to-take tablet form. Thousands have been introduced to Anacin through their own dentist or physicians. If you have never used Anacin, try these tablets yourself for incredibly fast, long-lasting relief from pain. Don't wait Buy Anacin today.

INGROWN NAIL Hurting You? Immediate Relief!

A few drops of OUTGRO® bring blessed relief from tormenting pain of ingrown nail. OUTGRO toughens the skin underneath the nail, allows the nail to be cut and thus prevents further pain and discomfort. OUTGRO is available at all drug counters.

NOW

**YOU can Paint
Colorful
OIL PAINTINGS**

**the
first time
you try!**



**IT'S QUICK—
IT'S EASY—
IT'S FUN—**

with

Picture Craft
TRADE MARK REG. U.S.A.

**No Experience Necessary
No Lessons • No Color Mixing**

Men and women of all ages, even children are painting beautiful original oil paintings with Picture Craft's complete art kit. Numbered canvas guides your hand. Pre-mixed artist's colors are keyed to canvas.

Results Guaranteed

No mix, no mess, no error. You'll be amazed at the results—pleased with your new found ability. Picture Craft makes the perfect gift—decorates any home.

Choose from **ONLY \$2.95**
21 Beautiful Artist-Designed Subjects. per set



Includes

- Numbered Artist Canvas (16 x 12)
- Pre-mixed oil colors
- Special artist's brush
- Complete painting instructions

Picture Craft is sold at stationery, hobby, art, handicraft, drug and department stores . . . or write direct to



790 N. WATER ST. • DECATUR, ILL.

LINCOLN CONTINUED

Civil War, which ran to more than a hundred volumes when printed. Townsend knew the value of a photograph showing Lincoln in his coffin. And he was not averse to standing by the coffin and immortalizing himself with the President.

Gurney stationed his big camera on a gallery 20 feet higher than the body and at least 40 feet away from it. The casket was opened, the mourning drapery was arranged and the stage was carefully set for the exposure. General Townsend placed himself at the foot of the coffin; Admiral Charles H. Davis took his position at the head. There they stood, motionless, while the picture was made. The city hall rotunda was dark and the black drapes made it even darker. According to a contemporary account, it took 24 minutes to fix the picture on the plate, but this must be an exaggeration. It is more likely that the exposure did not last longer than a minute or two. Then the doors were opened for the waiting crowd.

As soon as the newspapers ran stories about Gurney's special privilege, New York's photographers and illustrators sent bitter wires to Secretary of War Edwin Stanton. So Stanton was hit from two sides. Hardly had the protests from the photographers reached him when Mrs. Lincoln, lying ill in the White House, read the newspaper stories and complained too. Stanton's perfumed beard bristled with indignation. He wired General Townsend, "I see by the New York papers this evening that a photograph of the corpse of President Lincoln was allowed to be taken yesterday in New York. I cannot sufficiently express my surprise and disapproval of such an act while the body was in your charge. You will report what officers of the funeral escort were, or ought to have been, on duty at the time this was done and immediately

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



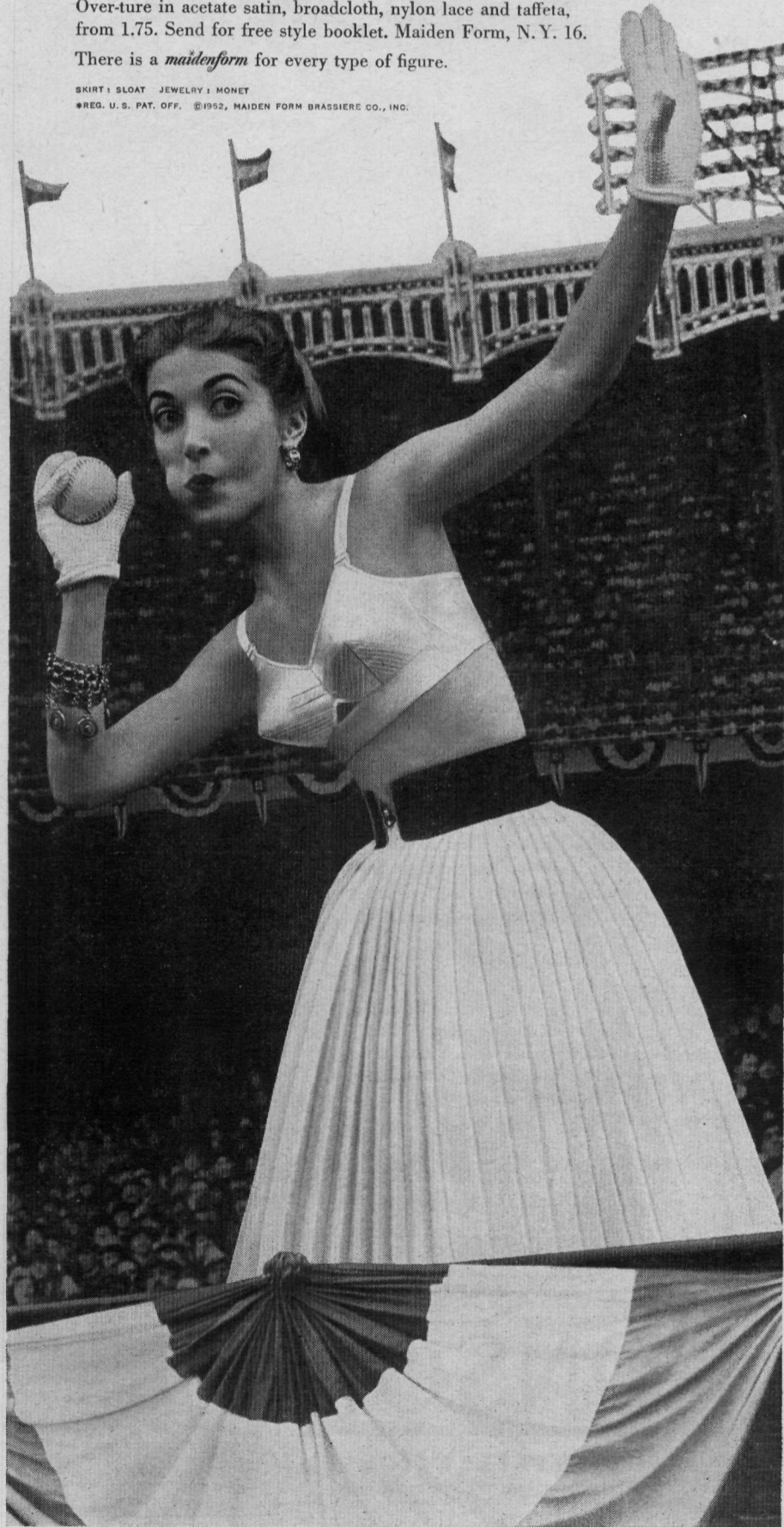
AUTHOR LORANT, shown with part of his picture collection, has written more than dozen books and articles on Lincoln's life and times.

*I dreamed I opened
the World Series in my
maidenform bra*

What marvelous control! I'll be winning every inning . . . so fittingly supported by my Maidenform Over-ture.* Undercup stitching gives me such a lilting lift! No wonder more women wear Maidenform than any other bra on earth!

Over-ture in acetate satin, broadcloth, nylon lace and taffeta, from 1.75. Send for free style booklet. Maiden Form, N.Y. 16. There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure.

SKIRT: SLOAT JEWELRY: MONET
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. ©1952, MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC.



Dramatic True Stories Explain Why Ronson is America's Favorite Lighter



TALE OF AN INDIAN, A NURSE AND A CROW!

At an Indian Reservation up in Alaska, Mrs. Marvin D. Williams, a Public Health Nurse...lost her Ronson. Three months later, lo...an Indian beheld a crow! It roosted on a roof, and in its beak... was the long lost Ronson lighter!

The Indian *retrieved* it. Nurse Williams scarcely *believed* it. And that Ronson *still* lights to this day! What lighter but a Ronson, made with jewelers' precision, could survive such an adventure!

INSIDE STORY

You don't *buy* a lighter to abuse it. But this and other true stories show how Ronsons survive gruelling tests...*prove* they're built to give years of dependable service. Other lighters may *look* like Ronsons, but only Ronsons *perform* like Ronsons! That's why a Ronson *costs less in the long run*.

To Give and to Get... It's
America's Favorite 4 to 1
Over All Other Lighters Combined

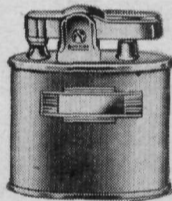
To avoid imitations...be sure to
look for this name on the lighter

RONSON

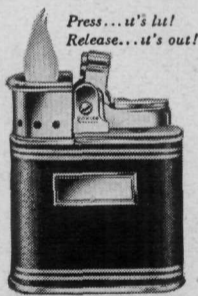
WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

P.S. All lighters work best with Ronsonol® Fuel and Ronson® Redskin® 'Flints'

RONSON • NEWARK, N. J. • TORONTO, ONT. • LONDON, ENG.



GIFT FOR ANY SMOKER—
RONSON STANDARD. Gleaming
chromium plate. Butler finish.
\$7.70. Others from \$6.95.



GIFT FOR A SPORTSMAN—
RONSON WHIRLWIND. Disap-
pearing windshield. Black sad-
dle leather, 24K Gold-Tooled.
\$10.75. Others from \$9.60.



GIFT FOR A HOSTESS—RONSON
QUEEN ANNE table lighter.
Heavy silver plate. \$12.25
plus tax. Others from \$9.50
plus tax.

LIGHTERS SHOWN IN REDUCED SIZE

LINCOLN CONTINUED

relieve them and order them to Washington. You will also direct the provost marshal to go to the photographer, seize and destroy the plates and any pictures or engravings that may have been made, and consider yourself responsible if the offense is repeated."

Stanton's dispatch left Washington 20 minutes before midnight on April 25. By then General Townsend and the funeral train had already reached Albany. It was there, on the morning of the 26th, that the telegram was handed to him. Townsend was perplexed; he did not feel guilty. "I regret your disapproval," he replied to his superior, "but it did not strike me as objectionable under the circumstances." He added that he had telegraphed General Dix in New York to seize the plates and asked Stanton, "To whom shall I turn over the special charge given me in order to execute your instructions to relieve the officer responsible, and shall Admiral Davis be relieved? He was not accountable."

Poor Townsend! He knew little about his chief's personality. By the time Stanton received Townsend's reply he was in a calmer mood. He ordered the general to continue with the funeral train.

No more photographs of the dead president were allowed. But Townsend pleaded, in a wire to Stanton, that Gurney's plates be preserved, arguing that "the picture would be... a grand view of what thousands saw and thousands could not see." General Dix was out of New York on official business, so in his absence Major General John J. Peck went after the plates. "A dispatch from General Townsend advises of your condemnation of the taking of a photograph of the President's remains," he wired Stanton, "and orders the destruction of the plates, pictures and engravings. The plates include the pictures of General Townsend and Admiral Davis. They are in my hands awaiting your pleasure."

Photographer Gurney also made every effort to save his plates. He besieged the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher and Henry J. Raymond, the publisher of the New York Times. Both asked Stanton to let Gurney keep the plates. Meanwhile the desperate photographer sent a veritable broadside of telegrams to the Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana. With all this influence brought to bear on him Stanton finally

J
U
Y
F
R
U
I
T
S

One Try
and
You'll
Always
Buy



So Many
FLAVORS
and
SO GOOD!

Heide
CANDIES

New York 13, N. Y.

Get aboard the Gravy Boat

GRAVY
MASTER  sign of
good
gravy

Whenever you write
to LIFE about
your subscription

Be sure
you've included
your postal
zone number!

FREE!
PINAUD
CREME
Eau De QUININE
HAIR TONIC
Famous Eau De Quinine Now
in Cream Form—Non-Alcoholic

with purchase of
**LILAC
VEGETAL**

Reg. 60¢ After Shave
After Shower

**\$1.60 VALUE
ONLY 97¢**

Reg. \$1.00

Preferred by Men Since 1810

CONTINUED ON PAGE 24



**You don't have
to change
your brand**

**TO ENJOY THE PROTECTION
OF FILTERED SMOKING**

Smoke any cigarette you like!

Your Denicotea Holder filters *any* cigarette—regular, long or filter tip.

And each Denicotea filter contains hundreds of thirsty *silica gel* crystals to trap and absorb nicotine and tars that would otherwise reach your nose, throat and lungs.

Nothing Filters Like Denicotea

About four times longer than a filter tip, twice as long as the extra length of a "long" cigarette—*no cigarette can contain a filter so good—so long—so thirsty for nicotine and tars!*

That's why so many physicians and dentists recommend the DENICOTEA Holder to their patients.

Start using DENICOTEA today!
At stores everywhere.

Standard model with
aluminum ejector \$2.50
Long model with
gold tone ejector \$3.50

SEE FOR YOURSELF

Before use:
Denicotea crystal filter is pure white.

After use:
Denicotea filter turns black as it absorbs tars and nicotine.



dunhill
DE-NICOTEA
FILTER HOLDER

LINCOLN CONTINUED

allowed Gurney to make a print from the negatives.

By this time General Dix had returned to his post in New York. On April 29 he informed Stanton that he had destroyed the larger plate and its print, but "the smaller plate I have under lock and key and I enclose herewith the proof taken from it." "Mr. Gurney," Dix wrote, "is very desirous that the plate should be preserved, and thinks Mr. Lincoln's family, when they see the proof, will be willing to have it returned to him."

The Secretary of War took the print to Robert Todd Lincoln, the eldest son of the President. Robert Lincoln was only 21 years old, but he already had decided views. He did not think it proper for his father to be shown in the coffin.

So Stanton wired General Dix on May 1 that the plate must be destroyed "and any copies that may be printed as heretofore ordered." The only print in existence, the only print to escape destruction, was the one Dix had sent to Stanton. The Secretary of War kept it; he did not have the heart to destroy it. After his death his son found it in the Secretary's files.

Twenty-two years after the picture was taken—in 1887—Lewis H. Stanton sent the print to John G. Nicolay, Lincoln's erstwhile private secretary. Nicolay too kept it under lock and key, showing it to no one. Then a young Lincoln student came upon it while he was browsing among Nicolay's papers in the Illinois State Historical Library in Springfield. He showed the faded picture to Dr. Harry E. Pratt, head of the library, who recognized at once what it was.



EDWIN STANTON, War Secretary for Lincoln, preserved the only print of controversial casket photograph hidden among his papers.

**SWEETEN
SOUR
STOMACH**

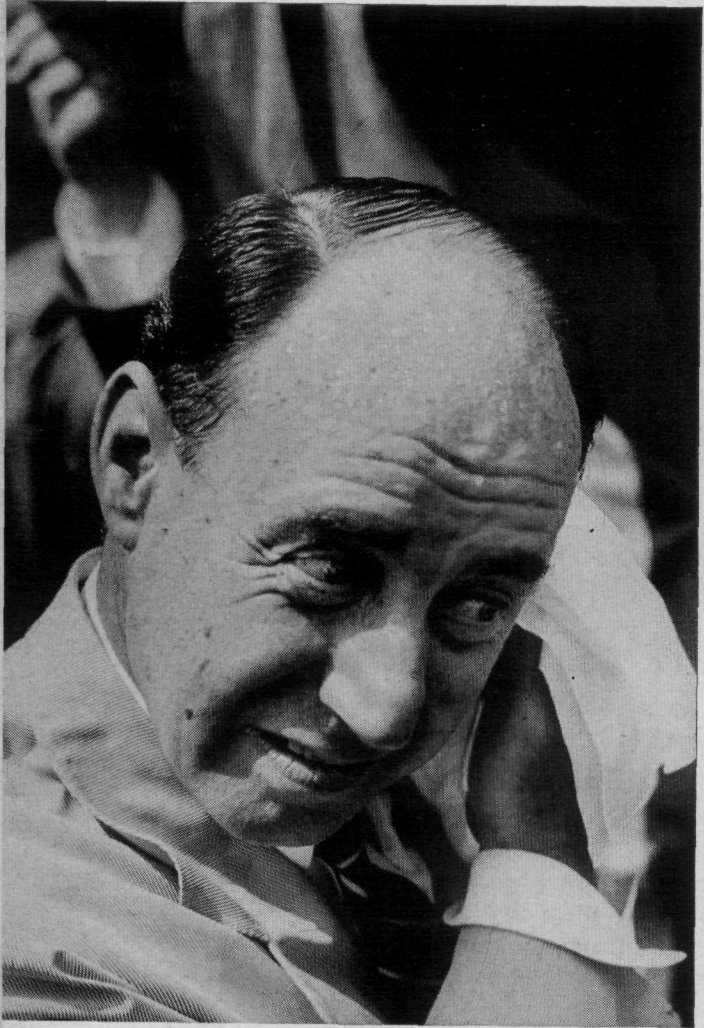
**PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA
TABLETS**

As delightful to take as after-dinner mints, peppermint-flavored Phillips' Tablets are made from one of the fastest, most effective stomach sweeteners known—and bring almost instant relief from acid indigestion with its accompanying upset stomach and heartburn. Carry the handy pocket tin with you at all times! 30 tablets—25¢

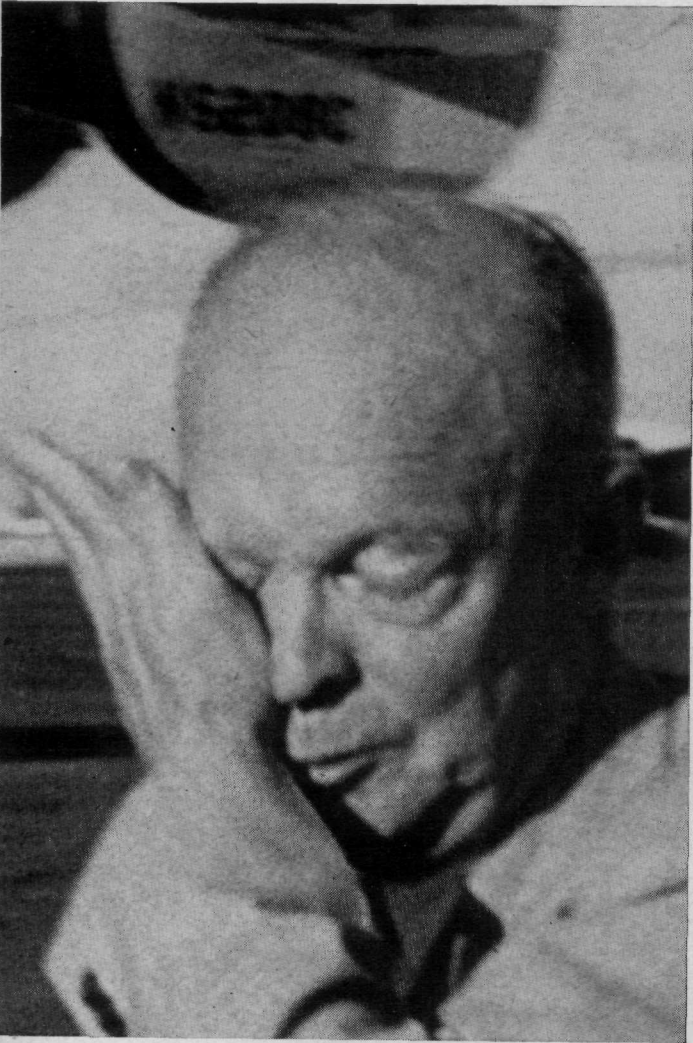
**Yorktown
Shoes for Men**

your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy
your smartest buy

Gardiner Shoe Co., Inc., Gardiner, Maine

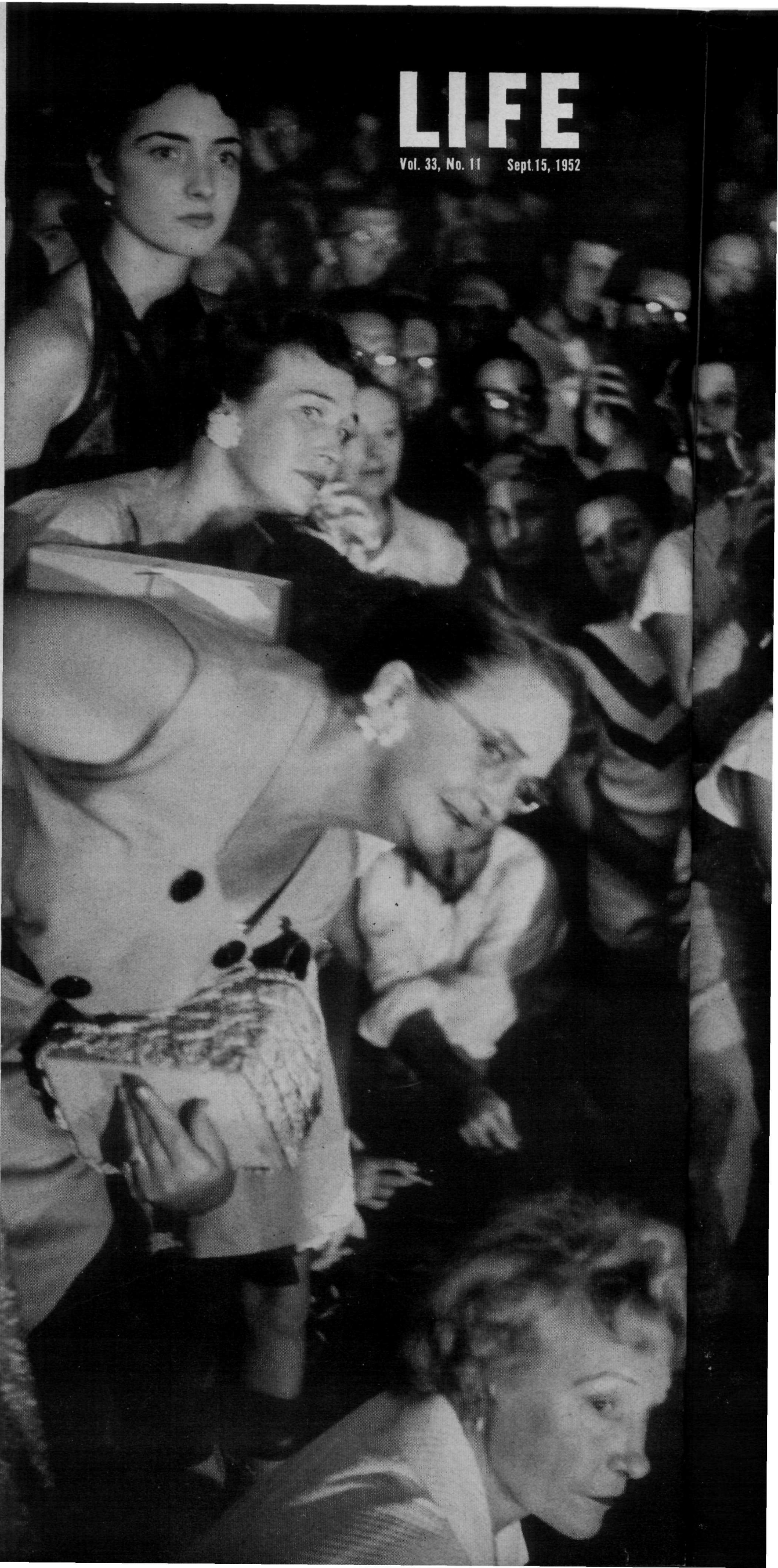


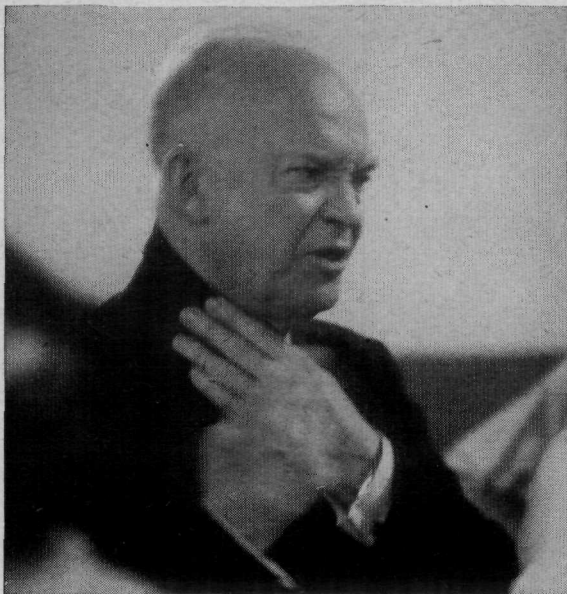
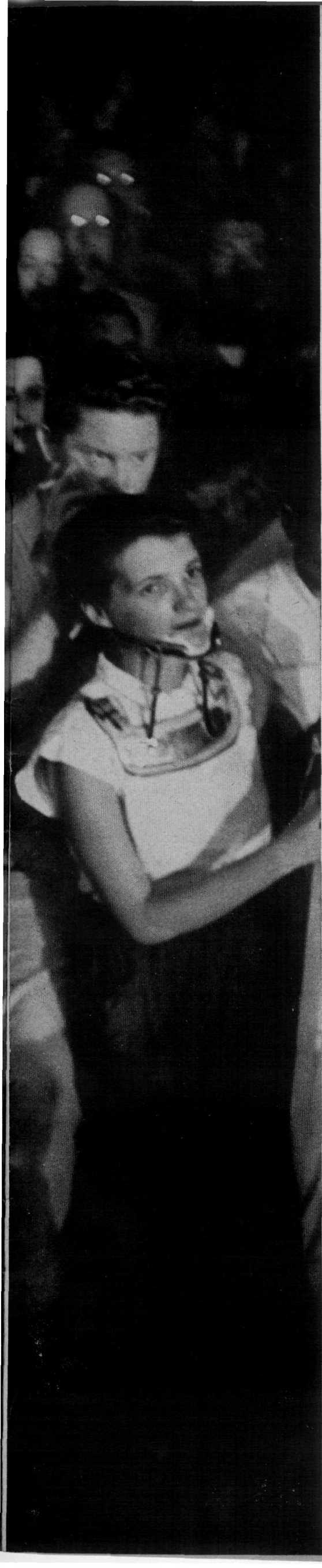
NORTHERN EXPOSURE to sun made Adlai's pate glisten, kept his handkerchief busy in Detroit.



SOUTHERN EXPOSURE made general blink in Florida. At 8 a.m. in Miami it was 80° in the shade.

EAGER FOR A LOOK at candidate, listeners to Ike's Miami speech surge forward into his spotlight. →





IN A DRAFT from air conditioning in Philadelphia Ike clutched collar high to protect his speech-weary throat.



IN A STORM at Pontiac, Mich. Adlai clutched coat and mike, called off talk because of "this damned rain."

GAME BUSTS WIDE OPEN IN THE OPENING QUARTER

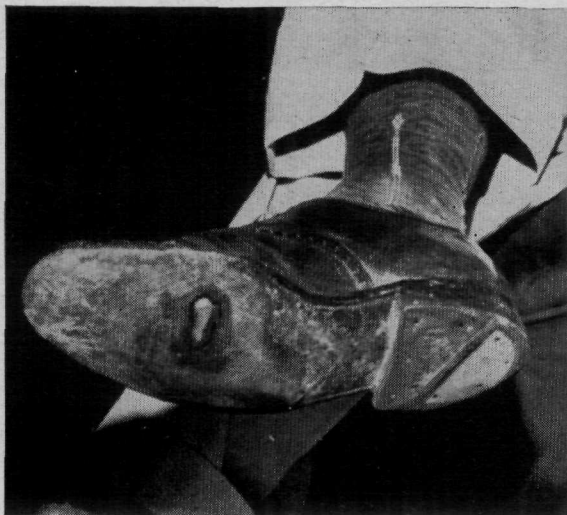
The pace and pulse of American politics never had been so quick—in six days last week millions more people in more places, even without benefit of TV, saw more of their presidential candidates than their grandfathers did in a whole campaign (see map on cover). On Tuesday night in Miami people peered expectantly into the tropical night for their first glimpse of Ike Eisenhower. By Saturday night he was 1,536 miles westward in Minnesota, having visited 11 cities, made 12 speeches and flown 4,547 miles. His opponent Adlai Stevenson matched him giant stride for giant stride. He started his week in Michigan, flew on to the Rockies to speak in Denver, next day spoke in both Kasson, Minn. and Cheyenne, Wyo. Mr. Truman chugged along still faithful to the whistle stop, but already his presidential special, like Mr. Truman himself, seemed superseded by the swoosh of the swift skyliners.

In his aerial reconnaissance of the Democratic South, Ike proved his strength as a campaigner. Everywhere the crowds were enormous, friendly, eager to return his famous grin with a neighborly smile. In Philadelphia, where 250,000 crowded the

streets, he was greeted with an enthusiasm that that great Republican stronghold had never given to Dewey or to Willkie. His speeches were blunt rather than eloquent. He was angry about corruption in Washington, he berated the Administration for frittering away the hard-won peace, he was anxious to reassure the farmers. His one weakness so far seemed to be his appearance on TV, a medium in which he had not yet found himself.

By contrast his opponent had become a TV personality—acclaimed as unique by its critics, his sophisticated wit rated far above that of TV's tarnished stars. But in his first personal appearances Stevenson's welcome reflected more curiosity than warmth. After his labor speech in Detroit his ally Walter Reuther of the U.A.W. commented that he was "in touch with his subject matter but not with the men." Some complained that his approach was too high-brow, others that he made too many wise-cracks, but he serenely ignored his critics.

Traditionally the game of presidential politics begins slowly and cautiously on Labor Day, but this year it had broken wide open in the first quarter.



WELL-WORN SOLE was displayed by Stevenson at Flint, Mich. When he saw picture he had shoe resoled.



WELL-INSULATED SOLES of Eisenhower were immortalized in concrete by fervent Floridians at Miami.





THE ENTHUSIASTS give proof of the candidates' appeal. Here are a latter-day Barbara Frietchie who leaned out a flag-decked Hamtramck, Mich. window to

cheer Stevenson, a Pontiac, Mich. girl who let herself get rain-soaked to see him, and a Philadelphia lady who twice fought off cops to press Ike's hand personally.

CANDIDATES ARE NOT TEAMS' ONLY STARS

While the two presidential candidates were busy gaining ground, a number of well-known blockers and unsung linemen were also busy. One of the latter was Interior Secretary Oscar Chapman who duplicated the yeoman service he performed for Harry Truman in 1948 by running interference for Adlai Stevenson in 1952. Chapman quietly visited (and refused to be photographed in) towns where the Democratic candidate was shortly to appear, in order to appraise local political sentiment and factionalism. This information he then promptly passed on to Stevenson. The Republicans matched Chapman with a group including enthusiastic citizens for Eisenhower who also traveled from city to city to make sure crowds turned out for their candidate. Relatives of both nominees also were pressed into many public appearances. Meanwhile, as the spectators strained toward their idols (*above*), the first-string substitutes and an old grad (*below*) strove mightily for their respective causes.



CANDIDATE'S SONS accompany Stevenson to Grand Rapids, Mich. Adlai III, a Marine, shakes

hands with Mayor Paul Goebel as brother, Borden (*left*), watches. Stevenson addressed 4,000 there.



THE AUXILIARIES in the campaigns included G.O.P. Veep Nominee Nixon, extricated from a lobster in Maine by his wife (*left*); whistle-stopping Harry Tru-

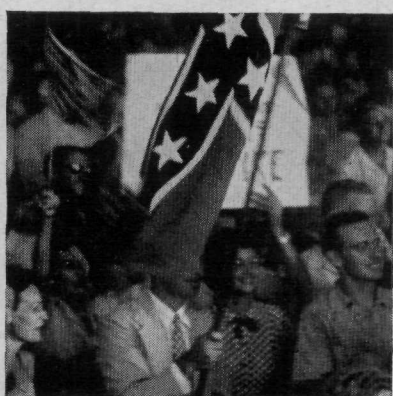
man, shown at Crestline, Ohio; and Democratic Veep Candidate Sparkman, who, on arrival at Long Beach, Calif., spontaneously autographed cast on boy's arm.



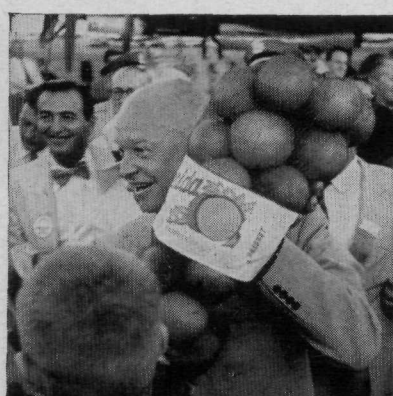
A SHOWER OF THEIR OWN CONFETTI HIDES IKE ADMIRERS WHO LOADED MARQUEE OF BIRMINGHAM'S DINKLER-TUTWILER HOTEL AS GENERAL PASSED BY



HE IS GIVEN GRITS AT BIRMINGHAM



CONFEDERATE FLAG WAVES AT MIAMI



IKE GETS SOME ORANGES AT MIAMI



GOV. TALMADGE GREETS HIM

CLUTCHING HANDS GRAB AT THE GENERAL AS HE GETS INTO A CAR AFTER HIS SPEECH AT ATLANTA. SHOUTING AND LAUGHING, HIS ADMIRERS MOBBED HIM



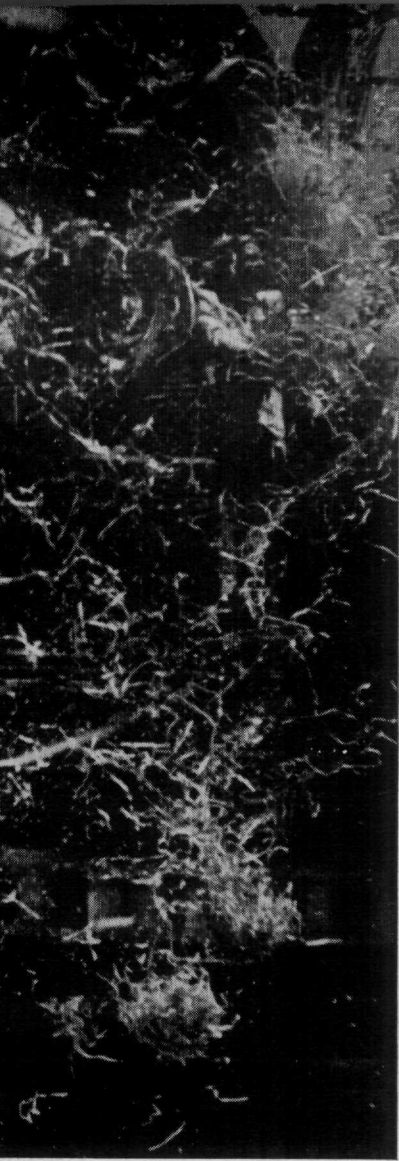
Campaign CONTINUED

THE SOUTH'S SOLIDITY IS PUT TO THE TEST

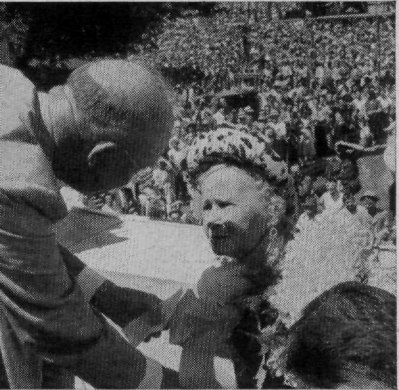
It was in Atlanta, Ga., just 88 years to the day after General Sherman entered the city on a different sort of mission, that General Eisenhower began his invasion of the Solid South. He had been warned not to expect too much success, but his strategists believed the tour would force Stevenson to divert his attention from the critical northern states long enough to keep his southern voters in line.

Surprisingly Ike's invasion of this tough Democrat country was a record-smashing success. He drove into Atlanta past crowds that set the politicians' eyes agog; 40,000 people filled the windows, lined the rooftops and stood a dozen deep in Peachtree Street. At Atlanta's Hurt Park, Ike addressed 40,000 more. Speaking briskly and confidently, he kept them in whoops and hollers. He, for one, did not regard them as "captive" voters for the Administration. Hitting harder than ever before, he called the Administration a "top-to-bottom mess," peopled by men "too small for their jobs, too big for their breeches and too long in power." In Jacksonville, Miami, Tampa, Birmingham and Little Rock he brought cheers with his new fighting phrases. He said the Administration was one of "stumble, fumble and fall" and called for "common woodshed honesty."

The general was back in New York by Wednesday night. His tour had lasted just 37 hours and 20 minutes but in that short time he had been seen or heard in person by 300,000 people. His success in no sense assured he would be able to crack the South. But at the week's end Governor Talmadge, who had introduced him enthusiastically to Georgia crowds, said his state's Democratic electors might switch over to Eisenhower. And in Louisiana Governor Kennon himself came out for the general.



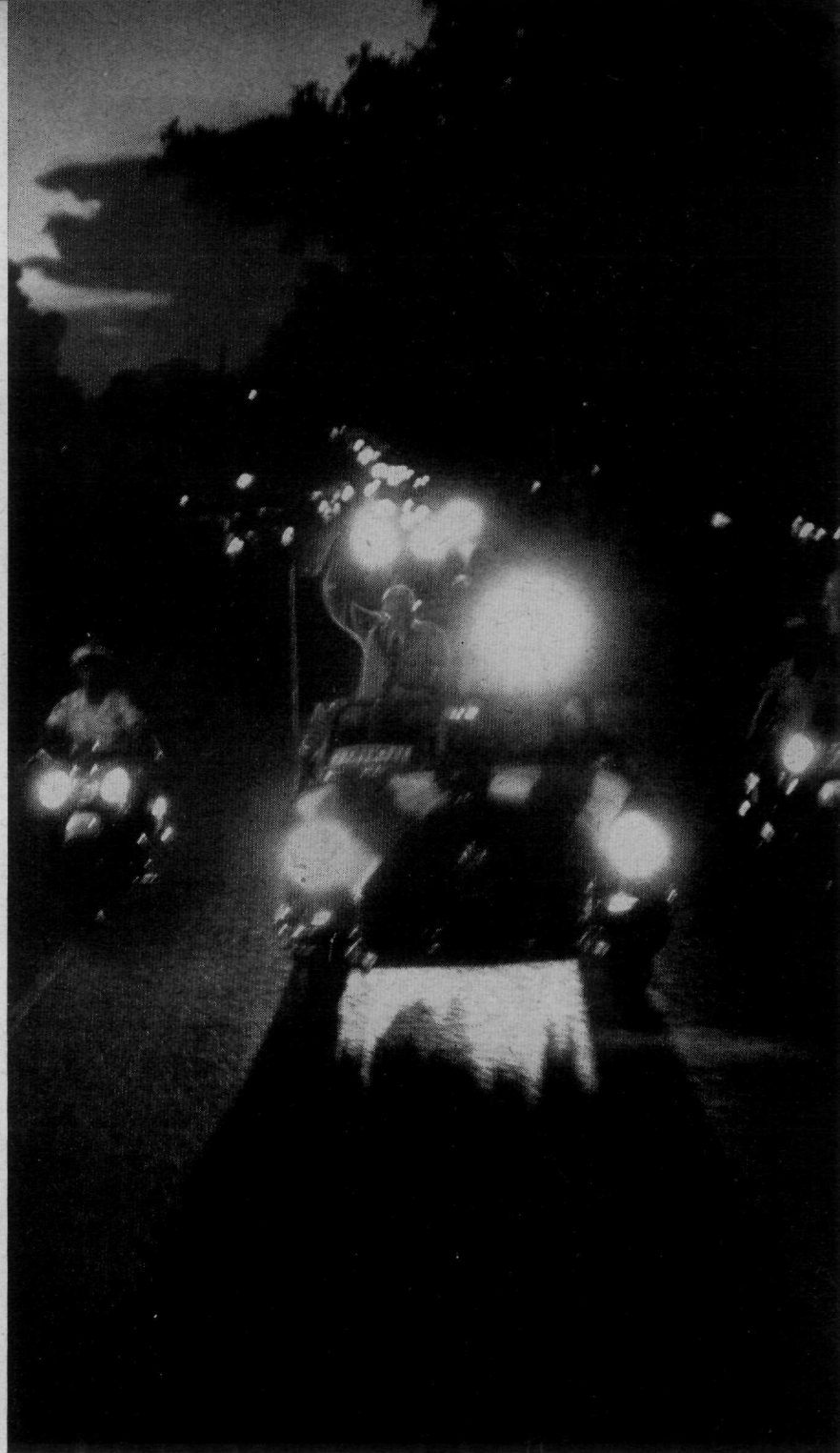
ON HIS WAY TO MAKE SPEECH



SOUTHERN LADY MEETS HIM



FOR MORE THAN FIVE MINUTES



IN MIAMI, IKE IS SILHOUETTED BY THE LIGHTS OF HIS CAVALCADE



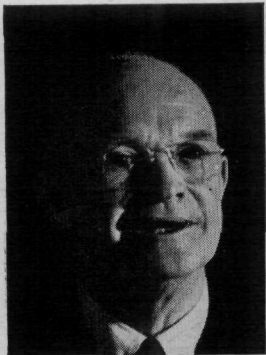
SMILING AT IKE, Atlantans respond warmly to warmth generated by the speaker. They interrupted his 25-minute

speech 27 times with applause or rebel yells. They cheered loudest when he attacked corruption in the Administration.

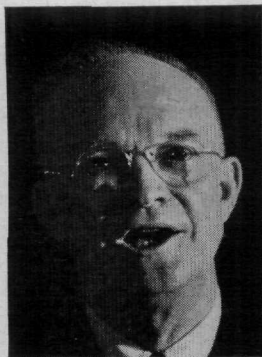
AS POINTS ARE MADE THE LISTENERS REACT

Down South, Candidate Eisenhower had spoken more or less off the cuff, but he came into Philadelphia with a carefully drawn indictment of the Administration's foreign policy. In the hall spectators were jammed so tightly that no one could move in the aisles—and a greater

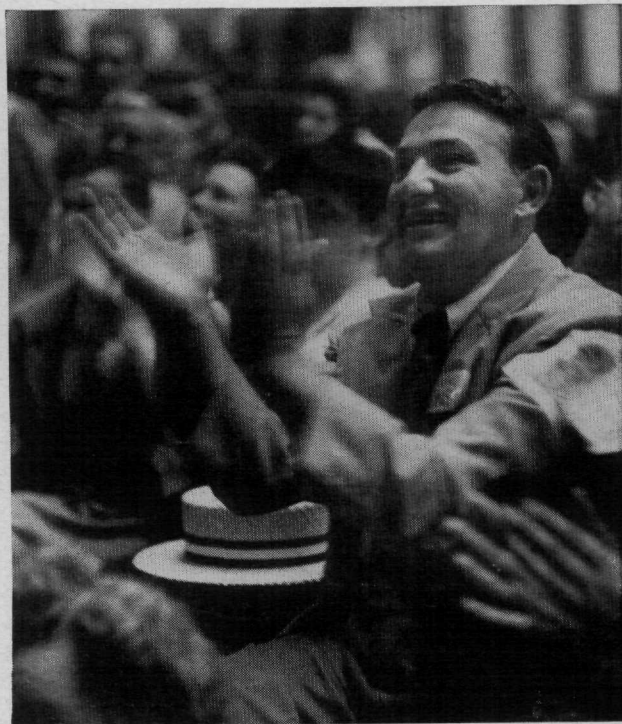
audience followed the coast-to-coast telecast. Ike's theme was summed up in two trenchant sentences: "Seven years ago freedom won its greatest crusade. Today freedom falters and Communism crusades." His remedy: nothing less than a wholesale clean-up in Washington.



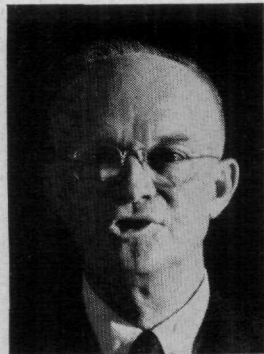
Listeners (left) are attentive as Ike says (above), "If today the driver of [your] school bus runs into a truck, and if tomorrow he hits a lamp-post . . . you get a new bus driver."



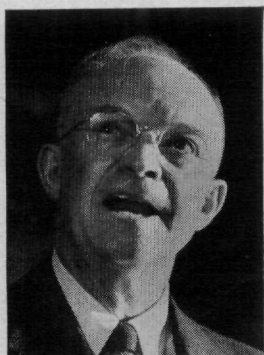
"There is also need," said the general, "to bring hope and every peaceful aid to the world's enslaved peoples. We shall never be truculent—but we shall never appease!"



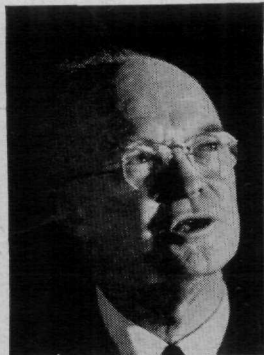
"The one way—the only way—to win World War III is to prevent it. . . . That is the cause to which I now call America's young people. It is a cause for every American."



"[We cannot seek to] 'make the going look easy when it is tough. There will be mistakes, but the mistakes we make will not be doctored up to look like triumphs. . . ."



"Don't say to me—don't let anybody tell you—that the winning of the peace is too big, too difficult for us. Since when has any job been too big for Americans?"



"But whom can we trust for a program [of peace]?" asked Ike. The audience thundered, "You, You." Then he asked, "Whom can we trust to win the peace?" They cried out, "Ike, Ike."



To the Republican battle cry of "It's time for a change," Stevenson made his answer the next night, employing the wisecracks that have become his stock in trade. He spoke in Denver but his words also were directed to the TV audience. With heavy sarcasm he spoke of "gen-

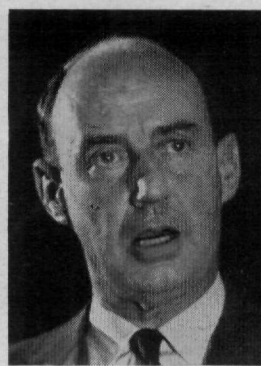
eralizations (and I don't mean a pun)," said the party demanded "a blank check made out to change." Change to what? he asked. Change to a party that "has resisted about every important change for the past 25 years?" Indignantly he said he resented the accusation that

he would tolerate wrong-doers in Washington.

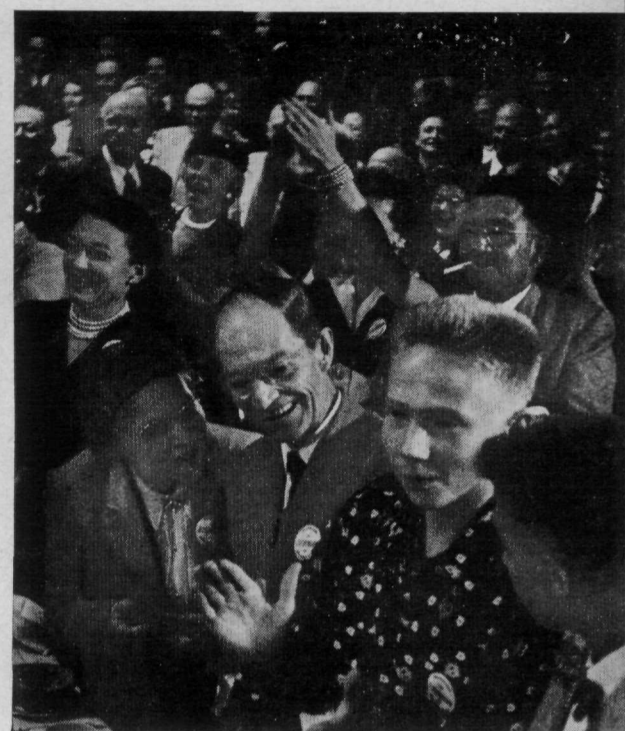
On these two pages LIFE records some pertinent quotes from these two major speeches—and with the candidate's own words his picture taken as he uttered them and, also in pictures, the reaction of the listeners as they heard him.



Stevenson gets laughs as he says it is not "necessarily fatal to change horses in midstream. But I doubt if it is wise to jump on a two-headed elephant trying to swim in both directions. . . ."



"I've read the Republican platform, which is pretty good as a 'whodunit,' but it doesn't tell us what kind of domestic or foreign policy they are going to change to."



". . . I believe this is the first time in history that it has been contended that now is the time for all good Democrats to come to the aid of the Republican party. . . ."



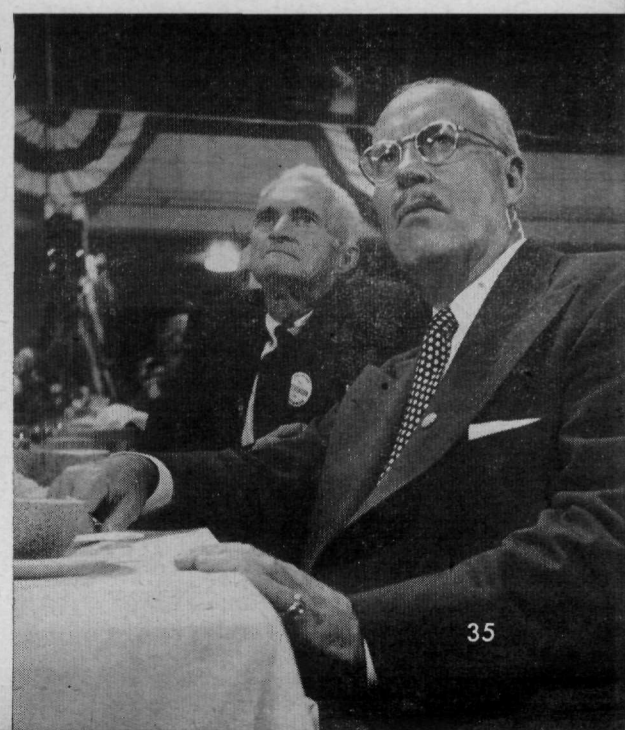
"I am a little cynical when I hear shouting the loudest for change the politicians who have consistently opposed change at every turn as far back as most of us can remember."



"It's time for a change in that old, tired, meaningless tune 'It's time for a change.' It has been used every four years and it hasn't started any dancing in the streets yet."



"We all believe it is always time for a change—a change to something better. 'The important thing,' as Justice Holmes once said, 'is not where we are but where we are going.'"



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



IN FARM AREA EACH IS GENEROUS FRIEND

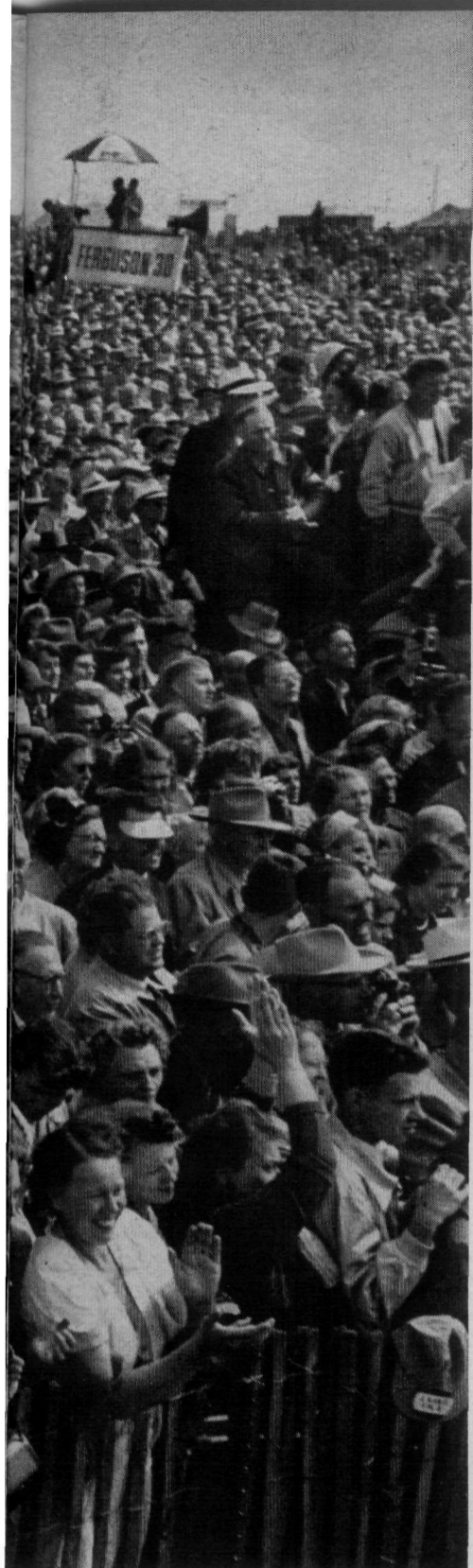
At Kasson, Minn., within the space of a few hours on Sept. 6, the general and the governor matched promises for the farmers' vote. In 1948, said Ike, the farmers had been panicked by a phony claim that a Republican Congress caused a shortage of storage space for grain. Then he got behind full price support up to parity. His opponent used Mr. Truman's tried and most trusted technique. The Republicans, he said, couldn't be trusted to deliver on their promises. In an area where the farmers are turning more and more to perishables, both gingerly agreed a way must be found to support these crops—a key tenet of the controversial Brannan plan. But Ike added, "We can and will find a sound way without [its] moral bankruptcy." The general personally got a warm, at times even emotional, welcome but the governor's speech got more and longer applause.



NOON DINNER GUEST, Ike ate country meal of fried chicken and fixings with Henry and Clara Snow.

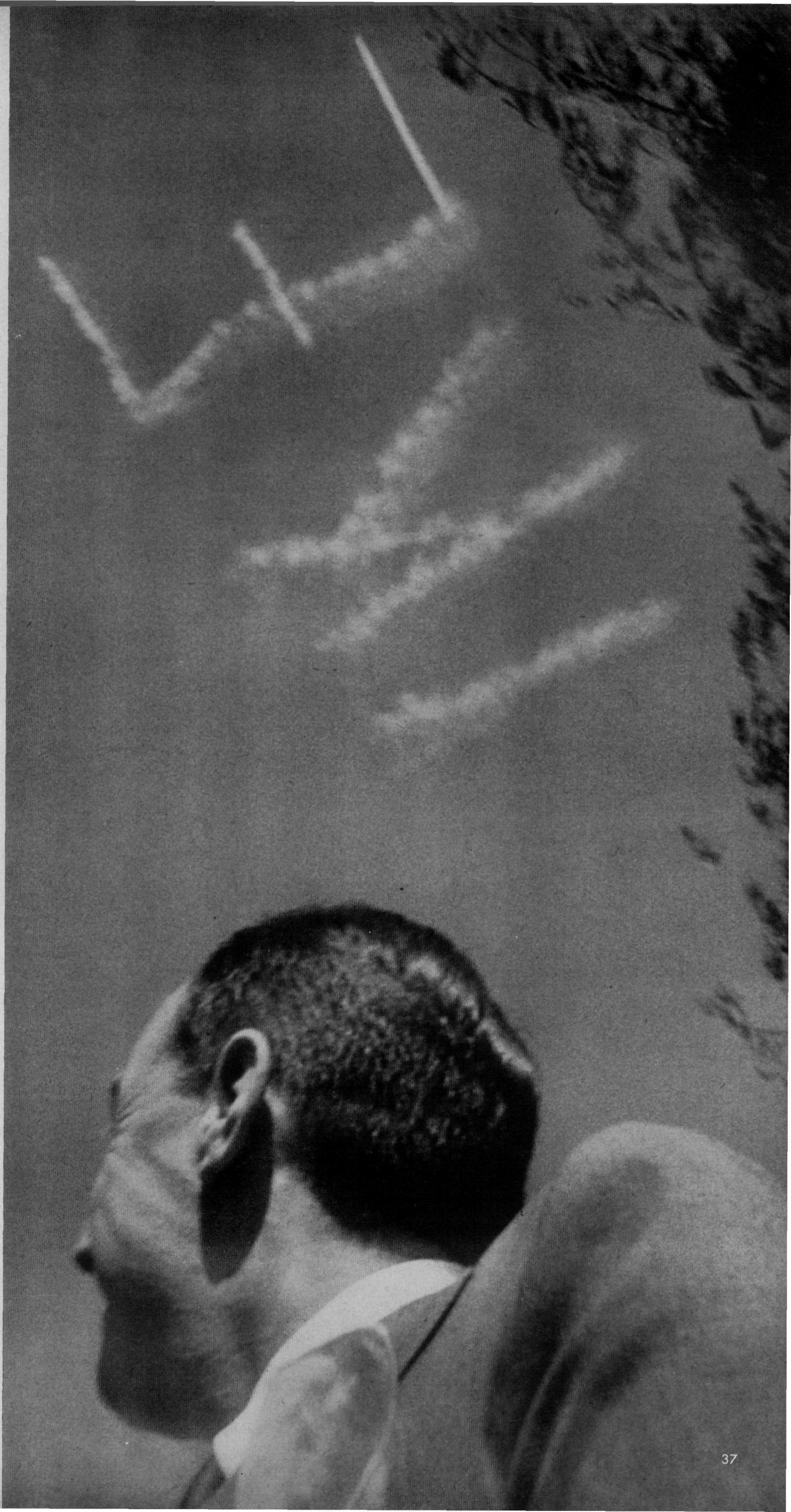


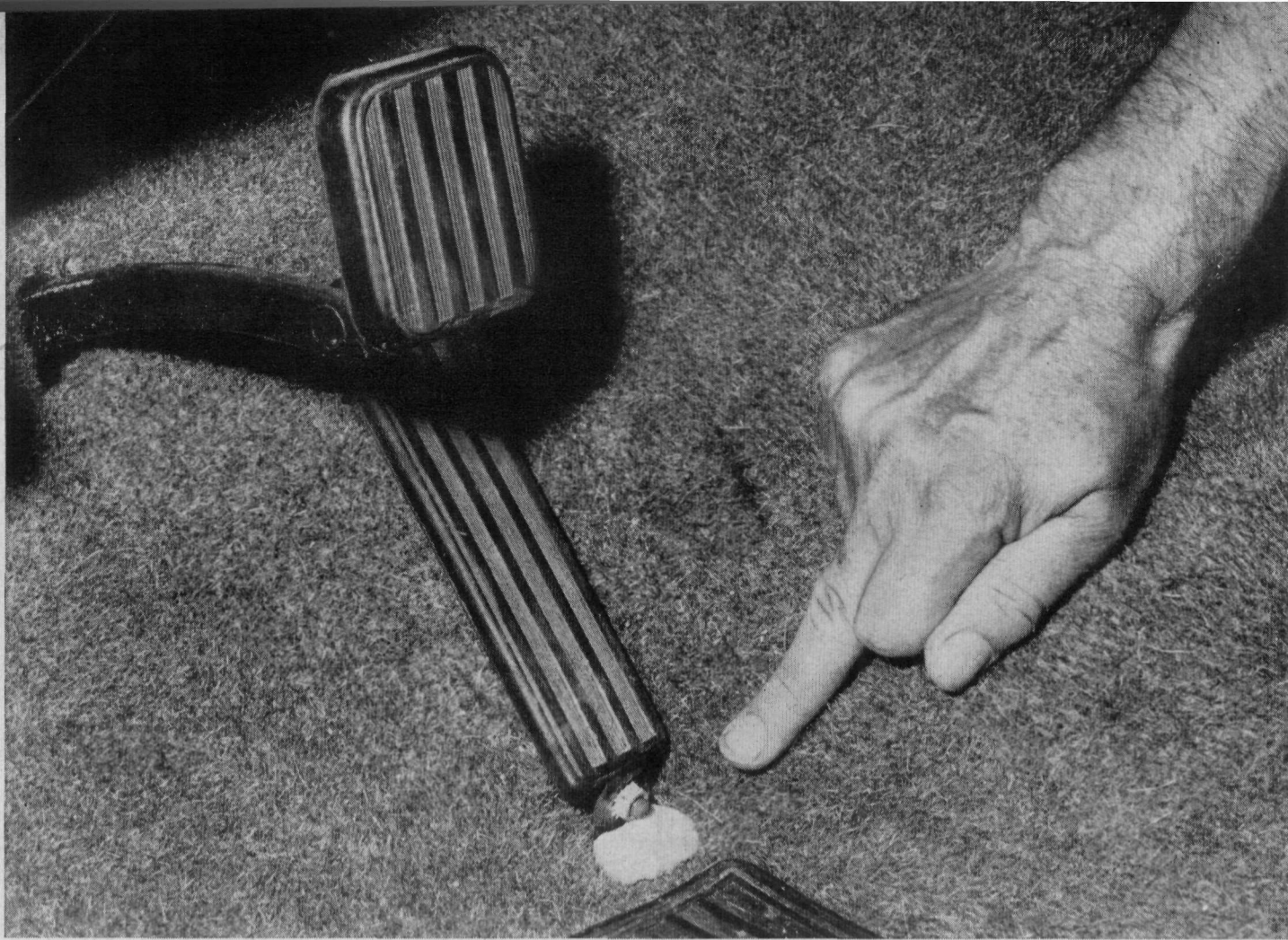
GUEST FOR SNACK, Adlai ate a chicken sandwich at Snow farm where plowing contest was held.



THE CROWD spread over acres of the Snow farm. Eisenhower spoke to 80,000 (*above*), some of whom had been there for over three hours. By afternoon, when Stevenson arrived, the number had increased to 100,000.

MEETING of sorts took place by courtesy of a skywriter. Stevenson did not seem to notice what was going on overhead as he drove to the Snow farm, missing a real meeting with Eisenhower by only two minutes.





WEDGED UNDER ACCELERATOR IS PEBBLE WHICH LITERALLY DROVE VICTIM DOWNHILL IN MURDERER'S ATTEMPT TO HIDE CRIME

THE NOT-QUITE-PERFECT CRIME

A broken dome light, a clot of blood and a pebble change a Baltimore auto accident into a murder case

by SCOT LEAVITT

WHEN a man, whether guilty or innocent, is accused of murder, there almost always comes a moment of supreme anguish in which a barrage of facts seems to overwhelm him and the very walls of the room seem to close in upon him. If the man is guilty, it is the final, tortured hour of reckoning. If he is innocent, it is a time of terrifying realization that a conspiracy of circumstances might actually destroy him. This was the hour that came on Aug. 31 to George Edward Grammer, suspected of the murder of his wife.

The room in the county courthouse outside Baltimore, Md. is much like police offices anywhere—a creaking swivel chair, a rattling fan on the floor and a map of Baltimore rustling in the breeze. Aug. 31 was a Sunday, so the office was deathly still. Three officials focused their attention on Grammer's disheveled figure. In the background stood three armed cops. Patiently, politely, in soft-spoken voices, the questioners went over the story Grammer had told them. Calmly, taking a few seconds before each answer, Grammer replied to their questions. So it went for nearly two hours. Then one of them asked: "What were the last words your wife said?" Grammer stared at the floor and asked for a cigaret. Then: "Give me a minute to think."



VICTIM, Mrs. Grammer, is shown in last picture, taken two weeks before her death.

Maybe they were being polite to him because he was supposedly just a bereaved husband; his wife had been killed 11 days before. They had been questioning him, however, all afternoon Saturday and now Sunday. He had told them his story: he had driven with his wife to the railroad station in Baltimore, had given her \$4 for gasoline and had taken the 11:28 to New York. It was, he had told them, the last time he had seen her alive. The question of what her last words were seemed a ridiculous one in view of the account he had given them. Her last words would naturally have been, simply, "goodby."

But there was more to it than that. Although it had looked at first like a routine automobile accident he knew by now that a case was building up against him. So far as he could tell, it was nothing more than circumstantial evidence. But there was an amazing amount of it. He had seen the papers during the past 11 days, and he had seen how solid evidence, when strung together with a lot of perfectly logical conjecture, could be made into a damning charge. If such a mixture of clues and hypothesis happened to be an accurate one, George Edward Grammer had tried to commit a very cleverly concealed crime. The silent questioners sitting there waiting for him to speak must be thinking of how bad things looked for him. He did indeed need time to think.

The case against him, if true, went like this: 35-year-old George Edward Grammer, his 33-year-old wife Dorothy Mae and their three daughters had lived in the Bronx, N.Y. A few months ago Mrs. Grammer's father had died of cancer, and Mrs. Grammer and the children had moved to Parkville, a suburb of Baltimore, to make things a little more comfortable for her mother. On weekends and an occasional night, Grammer went down to Baltimore. Then his wife usually drove him to the station to catch a train back to New York, where he worked as an office manager for the Climax Molybdenum Company, on Fifth Avenue. But there were also many evenings when he was alone in New York. In the city, however, there was other possible feminine companionship.

The next step is not always as long as it seems—bitterness, recriminations and strongly worded letters from Dorothy in Baltimore, arguments when he went down for a night or a weekend. All these sorry little scenes piled on each other until the night of Aug. 19. The Grammers went for a ride in the new Chrysler he had bought her as an anniversary present.



ACCUSED, G. E. Grammer, shows effects of ordeal just after making his statement.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

Now - **Throw
Away
Nicotine**

-with the new
strikingly beautiful

**MEDICO
Crest \$3**



**Filtered Smoking at its Finest!
Yours to enjoy in MEDICO CREST**

No matter what you're smoking now, you'll get more pleasure out of a Medico Crest Changeable Filter Pipe. Medico Crest is filtered smoking at its best! Choicest imported briar bowls, hand selected for beauty of grain. Finest workmanship - over 100 hand operations! New exquisite Burgundy finish! There's just nothing finer than a Medico Crest.

No matter which Medico Pipe you choose, you'll benefit from Medico Filtered Smoking. Its 66 baffle filter ends all your worries about harmful nicotine and tars; bitter juices and flakes; hot, throat-parching smoke.

When filter turns brown you throw it away. And with it you throw away all the nicotine and other irritants trapped inside. Insert fresh filter to enjoy anew the fragrant essence of clean tobacco smoke... cooler, dryer, sweeter.

"Br-r-r-!
I used to swallow
what's trapped
in there..."

...Time for a Fresh Filter."



Box of
10 filters 10¢

Men by the Millions - young and old, beginners and vets - have used Medico's filters by the Billions!

OTHER TOP VALUES in Medico Filtered Smoking

MEDICO V. F. Q. \$2.00

Exclusive new Nylon bit! Guaranteed bite-proof! Odorless! Tasteless! Cushion-Bite.

MEDICO MEDALIST \$1.50

MEDICO CIGARETTE & CIGAR HOLDERS . . . \$1

**CHOICEST IMPORTED BRIAR
NOTHING FINER!**

MEDICO

FILTER PIPES

Write for newest style catalog L
Medico Pipes, Inc., 18 E. 54 St., N. Y. 22



WITNESSES of wreck were these two policemen on patrol, Paul Hardesty (left) and John Eurice. Both were promoted last week for detecting suspicious circumstances.

BALTIMORE MURDER CONTINUED

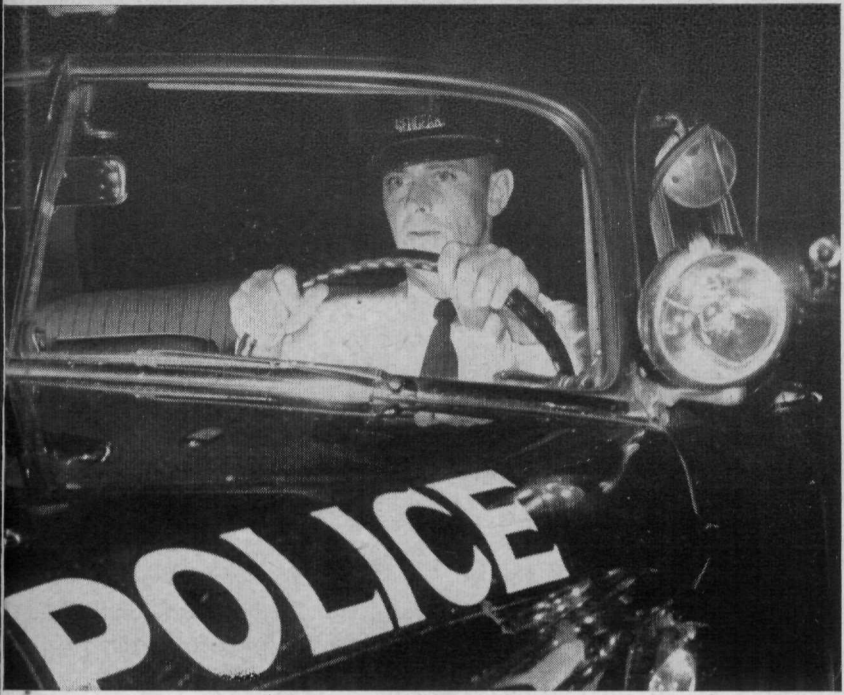
Grammer had told the police that. Yet within an hour from the time he had said he was in the Chrysler with his wife, she had been murdered. On a dark, lonely road near the outskirts of Baltimore, someone had taken a bludgeon and smashed it into Mrs. Grammer's head until she was dead. She was struck eight times, until the weapon cut through the thick, blood-matted hair and flesh and fractured her skull. This the police knew. But, Grammer must have wondered, did they think he was the man who struck these blows?

In the prosecutor's office, smoke eddied and curled about the rattling fan, then swept across the floor. Still softly, still politely, one of the officials repeated the question: "What were the last words your wife said?" Grammer repeated his answer. He had to have more time to think.

Yes, the case against him was based only on the circumstantial



HUSBAND is comforted after crime by Mrs. Grammer's mother. A Baltimore photographer got this photograph of Mrs. Martha Schmidt giving Grammer some sleeping pills.

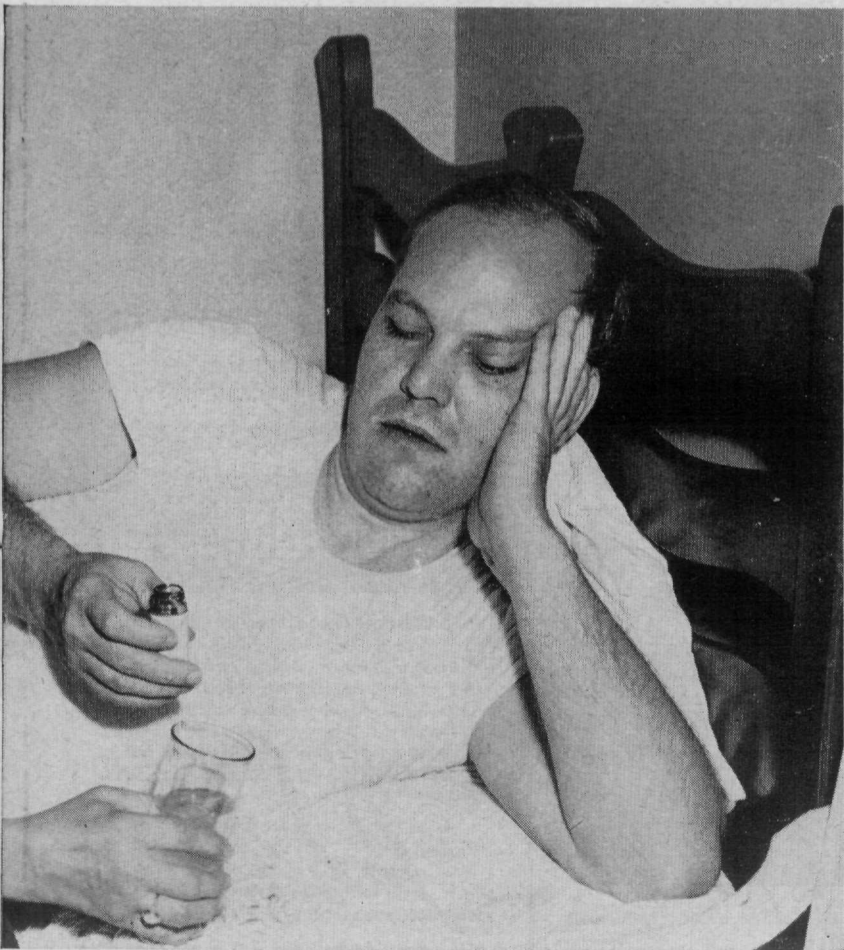


evidence. But this evidence was supposed to have been destroyed. Even the evidence itself showed that.

By one of those unaccountable coincidences that happen only in real life, two Baltimore County policemen were turning their patrol car onto Taylor Avenue at the very moment when a big blue Chrysler roared down the grade toward them. Screaming to one side, it sideswiped a telephone pole, crossed the road, ran up on an embankment and turned on its side. It stopped only 50 feet from the policemen. Inside was Mrs. Grammer. She was dead.

For the next five days Grammer, reading the newspapers, could only conclude that the police had treated it as an automobile accident. One of the papers, for example, said Mrs. Grammer "was injured fatally Wednesday when her car went out of control going down a hill on Taylor Avenue. . . Baltimore County Police reported." But despite that phrase, "Baltimore County Police reported," the police were not writing it off as an automobile accident. The evidence, the circumstantial evidence, indicated murder. The overturned car was full of clues, and these clues inevitably led to many others, and all of them seemed to fit into the pattern of the case against George Edward Grammer.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



* gyromatic

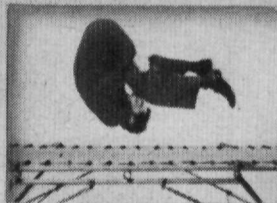
* SELF-WINDING



* WATER-PROTECTED



* SHOCK-RESISTANT



In engineering...in styling...
the world's finest automatic watch


GIRARD PERREGAUX

30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

Fine watches since 1791

Gold filled, 17 Jewels, \$71.50
Other models in stainless steel, \$65.
14K Gold from \$140. Fed. Tax Incl.
Write for name of your nearest jeweler

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

OFFICIAL WATCH OF CAPITAL AIRLINES 



HO-HUM! THIS PARTY CAN'T LAST FOREVER!

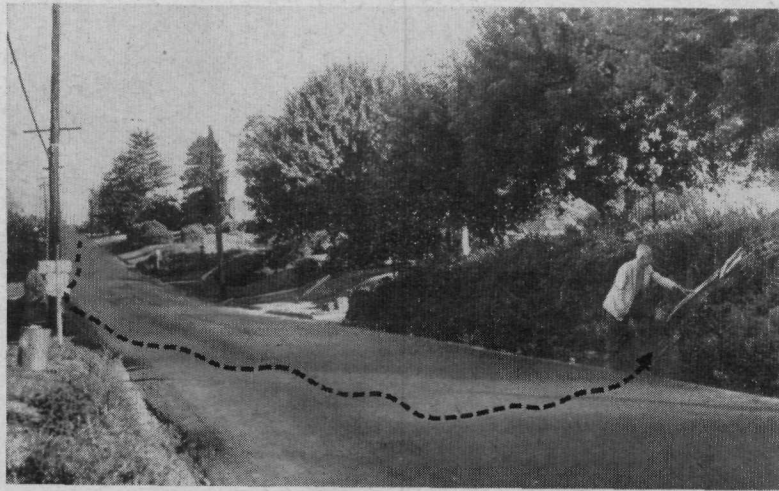


NEXT TIME SERVE KING —IT'S THE BLEND THAT TASTES THE BEST!



FOR SMOOTHER, MILDER, LIGHTER DRINKS STEP UP TO THE KING OF BLENDS!

BLENDED WHISKY. THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 37½% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86 PROOF. BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORP. AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY.



END OF THE PLUNGE came on this slope. Dotted line shows how car raced downhill, struck telephone pole, careened across road and overturned.

BALTIMORE MURDER CONTINUED

These were the clues:

The car, despite a speed the policemen estimated at 60 mph, was far from demolished. Not a window was smashed. And there were no visible sharp edges in the car's interior which could have made the deep wounds found in Mrs. Grammer's head.

In the driver's seat there was clotted blood. The car had turned over on its right side, and Mrs. Grammer's body had fallen against the right front door. Had she been killed in the crash, she might have spurted blood onto the driver's seat. But she would also have bloodied the right side of the seat. And more important, blood takes at least three minutes to clot. It could not have clotted behind the steering wheel if she died in the crack-up.

Anyone riding in that careening car and smashing into the telephone pole would have been badly bruised. But Mrs. Grammer's body bore only two small bruises. Conclusion: she must have been dead before the car started down the hill. Reason: live bodies bruise, but dead bodies do not.

The car's dome light was dented and cracked. There was nothing in the car that could have done that.

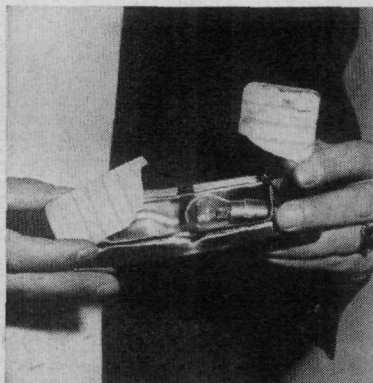
Taylor Avenue was not the regular route Mrs. Grammer took when returning from driving her husband to the station. Something—or someone—had led her off her usual course.

The police were told that Mrs. Grammer carried a blue purse and wore her pink-rimmed glasses when she left the house that night. Neither the purse nor the glasses were in the car or at the scene of the crash.

With Mrs. Grammer's body nowhere near the accelerator, the Chrysler's wheels still spun until one of the policemen flipped off the ignition. So the cops took a close look at the accelerator. There they found the most significant clue of all. Jammed under the accelerator pedal, keeping it pressed forward, was a pebble.

Which led to only one conclusion, as far as the police were concerned: the killer of Mrs. Grammer had jammed the accelerator, put the car in automatic drive and sent it racing down the hill. This is what set everyone to calling it the "almost perfect crime." For at the bottom of the hill was heavily traveled Route 1, and across the highway was a two-foot-high cement wall. If the car had kept going, if it had gained speed all the way down that hill and had then screamed into the cement wall, all or most of these clues would

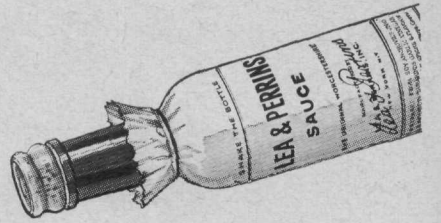
CONTINUED ON PAGE 58



DOME LIGHT broken by hard object was one of the death car clues.



BLOOD in car must have clotted on this side of the seat before wreck.



Wake up
TOMATO JUICE!

Just a little makes the big difference . . . gives that tangy, extra-good flavor. Lea & Perrins Worcestershire steps up the flavor of meat, cheese, fish dishes, too. Always keep a bottle on your table and handy in the kitchen.

salt and pepper are not enough . . . add



LEA & PERRINS
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

FREE Recipe Book with 196 easy ways to exciting flavor! Write Lea & Perrins, 241 West St., New York 13, Dept. L-9



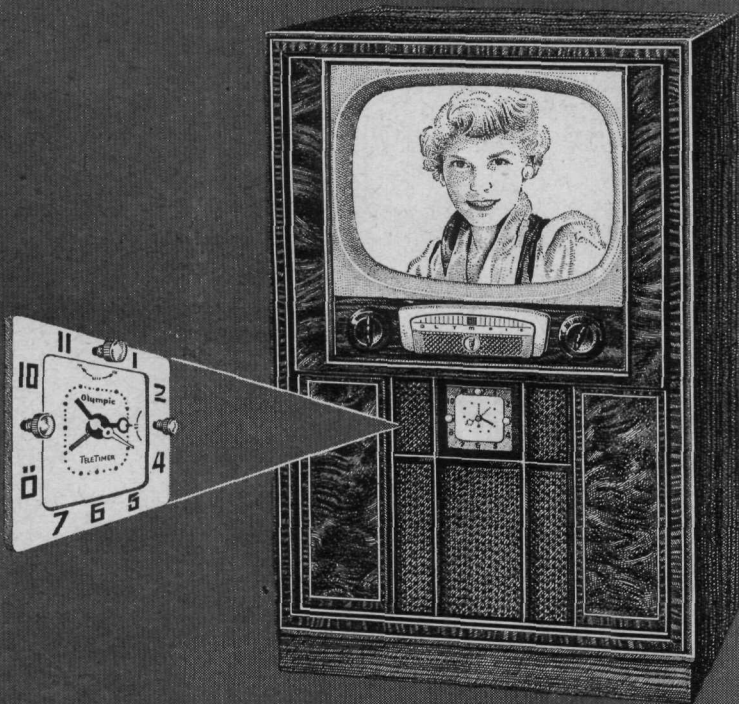
Season's newest and warmest—
"Baraboo Bill" Jacket

A handsome headliner in Lakeland's exclusive 100%-wool Baraboo Checks. Worsted knit collar, cuffs, bottom. Lustrous rayon lining. Men's—\$17.95. Also Baraboo Jac—same style but with self-collar for boys — \$15.95. See your Lakeland dealer or write for his name. Lakeland Mfg. Co., Sheboygan, Wis.

Lakeland
SPORTSWEAR
PROTECTS YOU HANDSOMELY

Olympic

NEVER LETS YOU FORGET YOUR FAVORITE PROGRAMS!



EXCLUSIVE OLYMPIC

TELE TIMER

URNS SET ON AND OFF automatically
(... a Beautiful Clock, too!)

You'll never miss your favorite program if you own an Olympic TeleTimer TV! Just set it and forget it...TeleTimer will remember for you. See amazing TeleTimer TV at your dealer today! Only Olympic has it!

Olympic offers a complete line of quality TV models in 17, 20 and

21-inch sizes starting at \$159.95.* Luxurious 5-way Combinations including TV, Radio and 3-speed Record Player sensationally priced as low as \$299.95!* Every Olympic is ready for UHF. Write today for a free illustrated booklet.

Olympic Radio & Television Inc. Dept. L, Long Island City 1, N.Y.

What TELETIMER TV means to you



Enjoying A Game? Let TeleTimer remind you of that special show.



Catch a Quick Nap. TeleTimer wakes you for that ball game...



Regulate Children's Hours. TeleTimer turns set off at bed time.



Do the Dishes... TeleTimer tells you when curtain's going up.

Olympic
America's Favorite
TELEVISION

*Including Warranty, Tax Extra
Prices slightly higher in South and West



"ANNIVERSARY CHRYSLER," the police pointed out, was not smashed badly enough to have given Mrs. Grammer the head wounds she suffered.

BALTIMORE MURDER CONTINUED

have vanished in the wreckage. Only the bumpy, macadam surface of Taylor Avenue prevented that.

The sounds of a late summer storm came through the windows. For a few minutes rain swept past the courthouse and the Sunday stillness outside was broken by thunder rolling in the distance, far away from the 10- by 20-foot room where the law seemed to be closing in on Grammer. In the room, no one spoke.

These were the clues, Grammer realized, that had set up the case against him. This was the evidence which led the medical examiner to turn the auto accident into a murder case by his startling statement: "Homicide, point blank, period, and with no ifs, ands or buts." And as soon as the newspapers had that, the rest of the pieces of the puzzle began to appear.

When Grammer's brother tried to reach him by phone in New York the night of the murder, he got no answer at the apartment. Finally Grammer was found at 8 a.m. If he had taken the 11:28 p.m. train to New York, the cops argued, he should have been near his apartment phone by at least 4:30 a.m.

Investigators went to New York, got into his apartment. After they returned, the story got around that there was another woman in the case.

Furthermore, a social worker, Mrs. Emma Minturm, who was staying at the Maryland School for the Blind, reported that she had heard "a high, agonizing scream" from a driveway near the school on the night of the murder. The driveway was near the top of the hill where the two policemen had seen the Chrysler come hurtling toward them. The time, as best Mrs. Minturm could recall it, was not long before the crack-up.

Near the driveway a piece of iron pipe was found. Rain had washed it, but it was sent to the lab to be tested for bloodstains.

Harold Schmidt, Mrs. Grammer's brother, came into the case. To the newspapers, and to the police as well, he told of a trip with Grammer to the Bronx apartment. There, he said, Grammer behaved queerly. He refused to open one of the closets. He was curt and abrupt. He would not let his brother-in-law even see his office. Then, Schmidt said, he happened to notice a blue purse; it had been thrown under a bed in the children's room. When he picked it up and remarked that it looked like his sister's purse, Grammer wheeled around, paled and dropped the laundry bundle he was carrying. The purse, Schmidt said, turned out to belong to Martha, his own wife. But Grammer's reaction aroused Schmidt's suspicions. Then Harold Schmidt's brother Robert offered some information. Not long ago he had overheard his sister talking to Grammer on the telephone. "Don't you love me any more?" she asked. When she hung up, her brother kidded her about what he assumed were fictitious girl friends of Grammer. Her answer, Schmidt said, was a determined "I'll never divorce him for another woman."

All this must have been whirling through Grammer's mind when one of the officials repeated the question. Grammer's brother had claimed that he had seen Grammer on the day of the murder. Grammer had told him that he had not planned to go to New York

TAPE MEASURE TEST PROVES IT!

Criss-Cross

Subtracts Inches... only \$5.95



BESTFORM

*no finer fit
at any price*

Try this simple fitting-room test! Just slip a tape measure around your waistline... your tummy... your hips. Now try it wearing "Criss-Cross", Bestform's ingenious nylon girdle. See for yourself how "Criss-Cross" subtracts inches; pares your figure to its slimmest, trimmest best.

✕ HERE'S WHY "CRISS-CROSS" GIVES YOU LIGHT-AS-AIR CONTROL:

- **CRISS-CROSS BELT**... Elastic inner belt banishes tummy bulge without bones.
- **LIGHT-AS-AIR NYLON**... Easy to wash—quick to dry.
- **WOVEN ELASTIC TOP**... scoops you in at the waist; really stays up!
- **SPECIAL FELT-LINED PANEL** at diaphragm insures comfortable control.

Sold at leading department stores and specialty shops throughout the country.



THE DAUGHTERS, left to right, Dorothy, 7, Patricia, 11, Georgia Lee, 4, were left alone when their mother did not return. Grandmother was away.

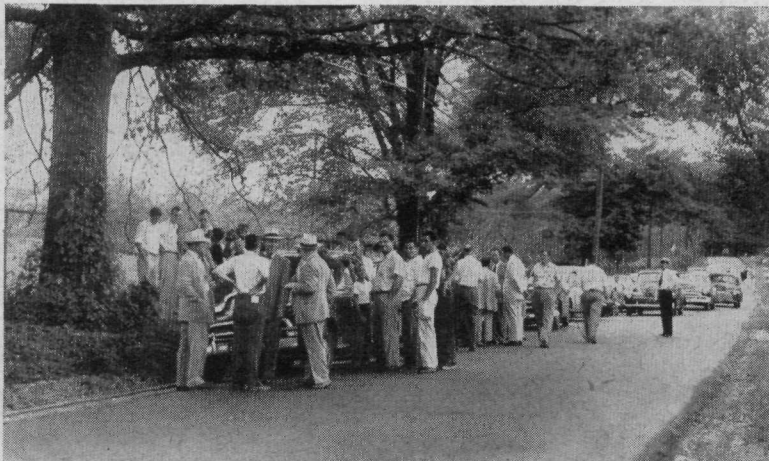
BALTIMORE MURDER CONTINUED

that night. What about this sudden change of plans? What did he and his wife say about it in the car on the way to the station? Then the question, repeated softly but firmly: "What were the last words your wife said?"

So there it all was, circumstantial evidence, aided by amazing coincidence. He had told them his side of the story; he had patiently gone over every detail of it with them, over and over again. They had listened quietly to his answers, then asked more questions. Each answer brought another soft-spoken but relentless question. And then, finally, the question about his wife's last words. What were they? He couldn't answer. That was when he had asked for time to think. Now, as he reviewed the impressive case against him and as God knows what scenes flashed across his mind, what could he say?

The fan on the floor droned on. The map on the wall still rattled in the breeze. One of the questioners looked at his watch. They had now waited an hour and 25 minutes for Grammer's answer. The question was put once more. "What were the last words your wife said? Why don't you make a clean breast of it?"

At last Grammer straightened up. Could he talk to the police guarding him, without the officials present? The questioners left the room. Within five minutes they went back in, to receive a "statement" from him (they have carefully avoided the word "confession"). Forty-three hours later Grammer was in court. He said nothing as the charge was read, but his lawyer pleaded "not guilty" for him. Then George Edward Grammer was led to the city jail. There, with no bail allowed, he awaits trial for what, except for a bumpy road and an amazing coincidence, might have been a perfect crime.



SCENE OF THE CRIME is visited by crowds of Baltimoreans. On Labor Day weekend sightseers drove by during almost all of the daylight hours.