

straight. "I'm the only one allowed to touch this garden. Usually I'm up weeding at 6:30." An immense patio of weathered brick covers half the back yard. "The lawn was worn out, so we went down to the dump and fished out 4,000 old bricks and carted them up here in the family car."

Inside the LeMay home, you sense rather than see that they are a closely knit team. Paintings he has collected and others she has painted decorate the walls. You sense it in her golden bracelet with its bangles of airplane models and as you overhear her respond to endless phone calls about the Air Force charity group she directs.

The LeMays' immense living room has become the core of their home life. One wall is mostly a window looking over shrubbed slopes to a hazy District of Columbia. A taupe rug ties together chairs and a sofa drawn around a coffee table before a deep fireplace. Two consoles stand as high as a man's chest, embracing a meticulously engineered stereophonic system. Curt LeMay built it, cabined it, and laid on the glossy patina.

Other LeMay artifacts include two "tweeter" cabinets hung overhead behind the valance, still unpainted, and the modified breakfront in an adjacent study that Helen designed in a frenzy of determination to contain the sprawling empire of wires and record players, wires and hi-fi tuners, wires and tape recorders.

Hobbyists at Work

His workshop is in the basement. When time permits, he retires there to fashion some gadget. At the same hour, Helen is probably up under the eaves in a studio where she follows her great enthusiasm, painting. Many of her oils decorate the homes of friends, including that of Madame Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa.

This is their first home without a room for Janie, their only child. Two years ago, their daughter married a service physician, and they now live at the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs, Colo. But on a small table by the big chair in which the General sits you will find a well-thumbed album of family photographs.

"We are a close family," Mrs. LeMay reminds you.

Day begins in this home much as it does for any suburban husband. His bed is king-size, which is his idea. The bathroom is carpeted wall-to-wall, which is her idea. He takes 11 minutes to exercise, showers, and goes downstairs to his one-egg breakfast. "If I'm down first, I hand him the paper without a word," Mrs. LeMay says. "He's the kind of person who can't talk before 10 o'clock."

Breakfast over, the pattern changes when a military limousine picks him up and delivers him to the Pentagon. In the basement garage there, he uses a special key to a private elevator. Pressing the down button would take him to the bombproof command post, which is always in readiness. He presses the up button.

In his office, he swings from briefings to conferences to interviews. Hour after

hour, this caged man of action is required to make policy, set things right, answer inquiring Congressmen and newsmen.

Some time ago, a caller asked, "What about this balance of terror?"

He said, "I don't know of any balance of terror. I'm not terrified. My friends aren't terrified."

After the B-70 bomber was cancelled, a reporter asked, "Aren't you discouraged?"

He replied, "The B-17 was scrubbed three times before World War II. General Marshall got it fired up again. The B-52 was dead four times before we finally got it. I'm not discouraged."

After the Soviet rendezvous in space, an editor said, "They're doing better than we are, General. What have they got that we ought to worry about?"

LeMay answered, "I don't worry."

The Gathering in 'the Tank'

On Monday afternoon at 2:30, he attends a meeting of the Joint Chiefs in a second-floor chamber called "the Tank." Secretary McNamara sits on his right. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, top man among the chiefs, sits on his left. LeMay unbuttons his blouse and waits.

Theodore White writes, "If LeMay is Mr. Massive Retaliation, Taylor is Mr. Flexible Response. He and LeMay are rivals, as they have always been. Only respect for each other's achievements keeps them this side of outright clash."

These officers are the cream of our military leadership. A friend says, "I think Curt is still startled to be sitting there with the top dogs." Insiders are surprised, too. At appointment time last spring, President Kennedy backed General Taylor with a two-year appointment, replaced a recalcitrant admiral, and named LeMay for only one more year. Nobody is certain what it means.

Being human, Curtis LeMay must wonder, too. But the odds are 1,000 to 1 that he will continue to assert that a man is more important than a machine, that the United States will need manned bombers for a long time to come, and that the Air Force must soon carry defensive explorations into outer space or we will become a second-class power.

He runs his shop on a single, unforgiving principle. "I'll back you in your first mistake," he tells subordinates. "If you make it again, you're through."

Pentagon politicians ask if his first mistake was to fight Secretary McNamara and his famous computers over the B-70 manned-bomber system. Nobody knows. But this much is certain: the first line of America's defense is still securely in the hands of its most experienced, battle-tested, space-oriented general.

"I like computers. I use 'em," says Curt LeMay. "But we still don't have one that's dedicated to this country or that's willing to die for liberty."

To a good many Congressmen and other citizens who like the cut of his homely jib, "Old Iron Pants" LeMay is the kind of chief America still needs.

"Miraculous"

Nurse Finds Relief From Itching Agony of Eczema

"I suffered from the itching, burning agony of eczema without any improvement, although treated by the best consultants in skin diseases," writes a Registered Public Health Nurse. "Then I tried RESINOL Ointment—the results were miraculous! It gave me my first real relief." Remember this—quickly relieves itching and burning of pimples, piles or hemorrhoids, also promote healing of dry eczema, chafing, chapping, many other skin irritations with soothing

Super-Lamulated RESINOL Medicinal OINTMENT
And Forget Your Skin Distress!
FREE Sample. Write Resinol, Dept. FW3, Balto. 1, Md.

WILL POOR EDUCATION BE OUR DOWNFALL?

The future of any nation depends upon the education—and particularly the higher education—of its people. Yet right now many of our colleges are overcrowded and in ten years time we can face a major crisis. By then we will need thousands of additional top-quality college professors. We'll also need more classrooms, libraries, and well-equipped laboratories.

Let's help our country by helping our colleges. Give generously to the college of your choice.

To know more about the college crisis write to: Higher Education, Box 36, Times Square Station, New York 36, N. Y.

Published as a public service in cooperation with The Advertising Council.

Like Walking on Pillows!

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES
Give Luxurious Walking Ease



Air-Cushion your shoes for only...60¢
This modern miracle of walking ease gratefully pillows, ventilates your feet from toe to heel. Relieves painful callouses... gives mild support... eases pressure on nerves of feet... helps lessen strain of standing, walking. Insulates feet against heat, cold. Sizes for men, women. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores. Always in stock on Dr. Scholl's Insoles!

Dr. Scholl's AIR-PILLO Insoles

NEW! Cushion Insoles For Point Toe Shoes!

Now you can wear the newest shoe styles without suffering pain at every step! Dr. Scholl's Vi-Foam Insoles are especially designed for today's pointed toe shoes. Fit smoothly, comfortably. Have amazing shock-absorbing power. Absorb nerve-wracking jar of walking. Cushion callouses, tender joints on bottom of feet. Men's, women's sizes for point toe or regular shoes. Only \$1.00 a pair. If not available locally, send \$1.00 to Dr. Scholl's, Dept. 17V9 Chicago 10, Illinois. State shoe size, men's or women's.



Blissful comfort for today's point toe!
No Rubber, No Moisture! Help keep your feet dry. Thin edges for perfect fit. Perforated for proper ventilation. Only \$1.00

Dr. Scholl's Vi-Foam INSOLES

IS YOUR MARRIAGE IN TROUBLE...

maybe headed for the rocks?

Has your marriage lost its meaning? Are you bored... tense... each hurting the other—yet "staying together" because of youngsters or the pressures of society?

Certainly this is not the satisfying life you hoped you'd find. But you can find it. Millions of baffled partners have found a fresh start... found the kind of life you want... through the Christian approach to marriage.

How can this Christian viewpoint cause such a change? Does it really offer practical, everyday help? YES! Surely it's worth investigating. Find out by sending for this free booklet: **IS YOUR MARRIAGE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS?**

WHY NOT FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF?

LUTHERAN LAYMEN'S LEAGUE, Dept. 1
2185 Hampton Avenue, St. Louis 39, Missouri
Please send—in plain envelope, without cost or obligation—a copy of the 40-page booklet, **IS YOUR MARRIAGE HEADED FOR THE ROCKS?**

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

HEAR THE LUTHERAN HOUR • ON RADIO • EVERY SUNDAY