

the University of Heidelberg for their joint study on the construction of the atomic nucleus). A 57-year-old mother of two, she is the first woman to win the physics prize since Madame Curie in 1903. Her comment when told the King of Sweden would award her the prize, worth about \$12,000: "Good. I've always wanted to meet a king."



MR. AND MRS. ANDREW FISCHER

Dr. James N. Berbos kept picking up several fetal heartbeats in his patient, Mrs. Andrew Fischer of Aberdeen S. D. "I suspected that she might have triplets," he recalls. So he ordered X-rays and discovered that he was treating a 54,000,000-to-1 patient. Mrs. Fischer was carrying quintuplets. Three days later, on Sept. 14, Dr. Berbos delivered four girls and a son to Mrs. Fischer, already the mother of five, within 72 minutes. "Nerve-racking," said the doctor. Mr. Fischer, a shipping clerk, and his wife seemed to agree—but mostly because of the dizzying surge of well-wishers, from President Kennedy to promoters wanting the quints to sell their products. Before the family could even name the fivesome, they had a popular label. They were "The Million-Dollar Babies," a conservative estimate on how much they will make as America's new darlings.



ANDRIAN AND VALENTINA

The bride wore white: ankle-length gown, double veil, gloves, roses. The groom was so calm he helped his tearful bride slip a plain gold band on his finger. The couple: Soviet cosmonette Valentina Tereshkova, 26, and cosmonaut Andrian Nikolayev, 34. Valentina had previously dodged reporters' questions about her rumored romance by saying, "Every

woman hopes to marry—someday." When that day came, it was a spectacular one covered by Moscow television. Acting as big daddy (fathers of the couple were killed in the war) was Nikita Khrushchev, who proposed 20 or 21 toasts (reporters lost count but noted that Nikita only sips these days) and quipped: "May the marriage be a long one. May you have radar to avoid all the obstacles of life."



SANDY KOUFAX

Interesting people are beset people. Sandy Koufax, lefty star of the Los Angeles Dodgers, wanted to be a basketball player; baseball scouts grabbed him because he could throw so hard (without any idea where the ball would go). When Sandy mastered control pitching, he incurred a finger injury, and doctors feared they might have to amputate. But in 1963 Sandy came back with strike-out records and a no-hit game. In September, the Dodgers-St. Louis series was the pennant-deciding one—but, alas, Sandy's turn on the mound fell on the Jewish New Year. Solomonlike manager Walt Alton pitched Sandy out of turn, and the fireballer sent the Dodgers toward a World Series sweep over the Yankees with a stunning shutout. Headlined a Los Angeles newspaper: "HAPPY NEW YEAR, SANDY!" At last it was.



SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME

He started the year as Lord Home, British foreign secretary, and ended it as Sir Alec Douglas-Home, prime minister, having given up his noble title for a seat in the House of Commons. By any name, he seemed a tepid cup of English tea to Americans, who

wondered mostly why he pronounced his name "Hume." The story goes that a battling Scottish ancestor (the Home family dates back to the 13th century) tried to rally his warriors with the cry, "For Home! For Home!" The followers misunderstood and ran home. Since then the Homes have preferred mispronunciation to dishonor. Beneath Sir Alec's bland exterior, however, courses that same fighting blood. Reluctant to take the job at first, Sir Alec, once committed, survived a bitter political struggle against far more ambitious leaders. When word of his victory leaked out from party headquarters, London crowds shouted: "It's Home! It's Home!" this time nobody misunderstood.



JESSICA MITFORD

Jessica Mitford comes from a noble English family noted for getting people's hackles up. Her father, for instance, stirred British tempers by sympathizing with Hitler. Jessica's contribution to family tradition is this year's best-selling book, "The American Way of Death," which studies alleged overcommercialization in the undertaking industry. (The cost of living, she says, rose 71 percent since World War II while the cost of dying rose 100 percent.) Clergymen largely praised the book for exposing "pagan customs and trappings," but undertakers mourned that Miss Mitford had castigated them with inaccurate statistics and unfair interpretations. Congressman James B. Utt (R-Calif.) went further. He accused Miss Mitford of "Communist-front activities" and striking "another blow at Christian religion." Her reply: "Red herring."



LUDWIG ERHARD

"Onkle Ludi" looks like a Dutch uncle—220 pounds of rosy-cheeked

Gemütlichkeit who smokes Brazilian cigars, works with Beethoven music in the background, and drinks champagne and beer. But West Germans wondered if an uncle figure like Ludwig Erhard, a fervent anti-Nazi handpicked by American occupation forces to revive his nation's economy, would make a firm chancellor. One who doubted it was Konrad Adenauer, who at 88 was reluctantly turning over the post to Erhard. "A rubbery lion," *Der Alte* used to call him—and Ludi took the abuse good-naturedly. Would this "rubbery lion" bend to the ambitions of Charles DeGaulle who wants to increase France's influence in western Europe at the expense of the U. S.? Erhard lost no time in knocking the "national egotism" typified by *Le Grand Charles*. It reminded NATO leaders of a previous observation by Herr Erhard: "I am an American invention."



POPE PAUL VI

Giovanni Cardinal Montini chose the name Paul when he succeeded the late Pope John XXIII as supreme pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church. It was a significant choice. The question had been whether the new pope would carry on John's dream of *aperturismo*—an "opening" of the church to new ideas of the modern world. The name Paul hinted of the new pope's direction—it was St. Paul who recognized the universality of the teachings of Jesus and carried Christianity beyond the confines of a Palestinian sect. John had dreamed that the Christianity spread by Paul could once more find a type of unity, and Pope Paul VI lost no time in assuring the world that he succeeded to this ideal as well as to the Chair of Peter. He said: "I long to make mine the wish that spontaneously and generously welled up in the hearts of my predecessors, especially John XXIII: come, let the barriers that separate us fall!"

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