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President should have known in advance of every act to be performed by every subordinate in the numerous agencies of a big Government, and that efforts to gather information abroad clandestinely should have been in effect suspended indefinitely to the advantage of a gangster regime in Moscow. Immediately, Moscow seizes on every such adverse comment, especially when it emanates from the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Was it too much to ask, as Senator WILEY, Republican, of Wisconsin, did, that a public investigation by any congressional committee on international matters during a crisis be suspended?

Maybe the urge to patriotism is less strong today than winning an election or carrying on a partisan crusade. Maybe we are witnessing the rise of new "liberals" who espouse the cause of nationalism in the various countries of Africa and Asia, but denounce any nationalism expressed in the United States in behalf of the interests of our own country.

But these misguided "intellectuals"—so many of whom, in the scientific world especially, believe in "world citizenship" as superseding American citizenship—will some day be proved completely wrong. Back in the 1920's, after World War I, there were demonstrations of students in the colleges against war. They held meetings or organizations calling for the soldiers' "bonus of future wars." It was a satirical effort to put the label of selfishness on the men who had to leave their families and jobs and go to war. But when the United States entered World War II in 1941 this same generation acquitted itself nobly. No better troops ever fought for America than those who battled in World War II.

Grassroots Americanism today resents bitterly the insults flung at the President of the United States. It resents attacks on Mr. Eisenhower in the American press which the next day are parroted and quoted with exultation in the Soviet press.

It so happens that Mr. Eisenhower was the supreme commander of allied forces in World War II. He helped to save the Soviet Union from the yoke of Hitler. The American people between 1941 and 1945 sent billions of dollars to help equip the Soviet armies. When the war was over General Eisenhower was received with acclaim in Moscow. But Nikita Khrushchev now says Mr. Eisenhower is fit only to manage a home for children. Recently he called the President a "thief."

It begins to look as if Nikita Khrushchev is resentful of all military men. But he has miscalculated public opinion everywhere if he thinks he can belittle not only the President of the United States, but the very general who helped Russia in the winning of World War II.

The Soviet Premier, to be sure, has lost whatever prestige he may have had in the West. He has forfeited an opportunity for effective leadership as a negotiator with the West. He has really betrayed his own country. For the people of the Soviet Union don't want war, and when they get all the facts they will not long support a man who acts more like an uncivilized boor than like the dignified premier of a government which professes to represent a great people.

The Bracelet That Saves Lives

EXTENSION OF REMARKS OF

HON. JOHN J. McFALL

OF CALIFORNIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Wednesday, June 8, 1960

Mr. McFALL, Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my remarks, I would like

to incorporate in the RECORD, an article from This Week magazine of June 5, 1960, concerning the lifesaving Medic-Alert Foundation conceived and developed by Dr. Marion C. Collins, of Turlock, Calif. At considerable personal sacrifice, Dr. Collins has developed this foundation to the point where more than 20,000 persons are wearing Medic-Alert amulets to protect themselves from tragedy. The article follows:

[From This Week magazine, June 5, 1960]

THE BRACELET THAT SAVES LIVES

(By Don Duffy)

(If you're one of the millions of Americans who would be seriously endangered by the wrong medicine treatment, you need to know about this ingenious safeguard.)

TURLOCK, CALIF.—Today there is a magic amulet saving lives because a smalltown doctor has decided to gamble his own life in a struggle against senseless deaths.

The amulet is the emblem of the Medic-Alert Foundation. The smalltown doctor is Dr. Marion C. Collins, 53, a physician and surgeon in this agricultural community of 7,000 people in the San Joaquin Valley. The story began here 7 years ago, the day his daughter Linda, then 14, cut a finger on a rifle trigger.

Frightened by the thought of infection, Linda fled from the rifle range to the small 40-bed Lillian Collins Clinic founded by her grandfather. Linda's uncle, Dr. James Collins, quickly decided to treat her with tetanus antitoxin. Carefully but calmly, he made a scratch test with one drop of serum. Seconds later, the teenager was sprawled on the floor, jerking convulsively and gasping for breath. The serum droplet had set off a violent allergic reaction called anaphylaxis.

For 3 days Linda fought against death inside an oxygen tent. She finally won the battle, but no drug could cure her allergy. Once inside her sensitive system, the serum would have a lethal effect because her body had been sensitized by the serum. The terrible danger is that if she ever is given the serum again by mistake the very same reaction will occur.

Most of Turlock learned of Linda's near tragedy so there were no problems until she was ready to leave for college. But nightmarish scenes of what might happen then began haunting the Collins family—an injured and unconscious Linda in a strange hospital, unsuspecting doctors with no way of knowing that any protein serum injected might spell death.

The normally healthy coed needed some sort of positive protection, some device that would flash a warning whenever any emergency struck and she was unconscious. Dr. Collins weighed three widely used warnings and then rejected them all as too undependable. A note pinned inside her clothing or a card in her purse could easily be lost or overlooked. A tattoo, which Linda pleaded against, would cover only one area where serum could be injected into her body. But what would prove better?

A FAMILY BRAINSTORMING SESSION

The answer came out of a family brainstorming session—a silver bracelet with the warning "Allergic to Tetanus Antitoxin" engraved on its back. To accent this vital message, Dr. Collins had the snake-encircled Staff of Aesculapius, symbol of the medical profession, and the words "Medic-Alert" engraved and emblazoned in bright red on the bracelet's face.

Linda's new piece of jewelry calmed his fears as a father, but fanned the humanitarian instincts that had driven him to choose his father's profession and become California's youngest practicing surgeon at the age of 24.

What if his next emergency patient had a hidden health problem like Linda's and had

no protective warning? The riddle prompted him to search out these frightening medical statistics:

Ten percent of all persons inoculated with tetanus antitoxin develop some type of allergy to the serum. In some cases, the reaction would be almost instant death.

Another 5 percent of us are allergic to penicillin, the antibiotic that causes our death every 5 days and half the nonfatal cases of all reported drug allergies.

HANDLE WITH CARE

More than 1 in every 10,000 Caucasian males is born an incurable hemophiliac who could bleed to death from a slight wound without special emergency care.

Some of our 11 million arthritics and rheumatics need cortisone, hydrocortisone or ACTH after shock or injury. Without one of these drugs, complications could be serious and painful.

Many of our 10 million cardiovascular patients take daily medications that must be counteracted by other drugs in certain emergencies.

Most of the 2 million diabetics and 1,500,000 epileptics face a different but equally dangerous threat. Anyone without medical training can easily mistake them for drunks when diabetics go into insulin shock and epileptics becomes ill. Police everywhere dread giving an unidentified diabetic or epileptic a night in jail to "sleep it off" instead of an ambulance trip to the nearest hospital.

MEDIC-ALERT IS LAUNCHED

"Millions of these people don't realize the tragedies that could happen when they're traveling alone," Dr. Collins told his wife, Christine. "And those who know the dangers, including some of my own diabetics, are depending on warnings we ruled out for Linda."

This realization was the beginning of the Medic-Alert Foundation. Dr. Collins canceled plans for a week-long vacation, started working on his new project. His heavy workload, averaging 40 office visits and at least 1 surgical case meant launching the foundation during evenings and over weekends.

He talked with doctors, police officials, nurses and health organizations who all agreed some standard, infallible method of identification was long overdue. But they also warned that the hurdles facing him seemed too high to clear. The bracelet would be too small to carry any detailed medical records so essential in many cases. Medical people and police would have to recognize the bracelet instantly. And finally, launching the project would take a large staff, months of work, and a considerable investment because costs to wearers would have to be nominal.

THE DOCTOR GOES INTO ACTION

Dr. Collins listened to these hard facts and moved ahead. He mapped out a system for filing complicated medical records at the hospital where nurses could answer emergency telephone calls and give out vital information at any hour. Bulletins describing the bracelet and its meaning would be sent to all hospitals in the United States and Canada, all State police forces, and municipal police departments in every city with more than 10,000 population, also all sheriffs and Canadian mounties.

He would finance the Foundation with his own funds. Christine, his wife, would do the clerical work and handle all correspondence. Tommy, their 12-year-old son and the last of four children still at home, would be bookkeeper and order filler. Dr. Collins sister would be traveling promotional representative. James, his brother, could handle his patients when foundation work and displays at medical conventions took him out of town. The Collins home would serve as headquarters.

For the next few nights he sat at a typewriter, pecking out copy for pamphlets and

bulletins. Then the whole family tackled the chore of addressing and stuffing envelopes so printed announcements would reach more than 8,500 hospitals and police departments.

Special dies for manufacturing bracelets and neck medallions cost \$3,000. A month later, armed with a few dozen silver amulets and stacks of literature, Dr. Collins set up a display booth at the 1956 American College of Surgeons convention in San Francisco to announce his project to the medical profession. Hundreds of delegates left the meeting armed with Medic-Alert literature to spread among colleagues and patients back home.

Exhausted but elated, Dr. Collins went home to Turlock. And 2 days later, tragedy struck. A sharp chest pain jolted him awake in the early morning hours. The pain shot down his back and left arm, undeniable symptoms of a coronary occlusion.

A clinic colleague gave him a choice he already knew. Slow down or risk death. "If I quit now," he told his wife, "Medic-Alert is dead."

His fateful decision was soon rewarded when letters from doctors, police chiefs and hospital administrators flooded the Turlock post office. Among them was a bracelet order for a Miami epileptic, sent by a patrolman who had mistakenly jailed the man as a drunk.

THE FIGHT PAYS OFF

Once this initial impact waned, the doctor discovered his Foundation had hundreds of professional enthusiasts but only a few members. He knew the lifetime membership fee and \$5 for a bracelet and complete medical history listing could not be lowered without completely draining his finances. The main problem was in reaching potential wearers.

Instead of becoming discouraged, he poured more time and money into promoting the Foundation among doctors and health organizations. Weary from maintaining his own practice at the same time, he gulped down daily doses of aminophylline to ease the strain on his damaged heart.

Orders for memberships began trickling in again and then letters of a different nature started arriving. The first was from a Portland, Oreg., epileptic telling how a passer-by stopped when he was stricken on a street corner, saw the bracelet, and summoned an ambulance that brought an emergency oxygen supply. A New York City woman allergic to penicillin wrote how her bracelet had stopped a doctor from giving her a shot of the antibiotic while she was delirious with pneumonia.

DRAMATIC EVIDENCE

And then came the experience (see p. 4) of an elderly diabetic in Modesto, Calif., who was driving alone when his illness struck. A passing highway patrolman boxed in the weaving car, scraped fenders, and forced it off the road. Then he recognized a Medic-Alert bracelet on the unconscious driver's wrist and read the warning "I am a diabetic." Seconds later, the trooper was radioing for an ambulance.

With this dramatic evidence of the amulet's magic, the doctor and his sister stepped up their promotion campaign. Editors of company bulletins, religious publications, labor, newspapers, and dozens of industrial news letters accepted stories on the Foundation. A national radio network broadcast an interview with Dr. Collins. Public libraries in key Western cities set up Medic-Alert exhibits. Nurses' organizations began selling memberships as their special project, with \$1 from each membership fee going into the Linda Collins Nurses' Scholarship Fund.

THE TURNING POINT

These developments provided the turning point. Today, more than 20,000 persons are wearing Medic-Alert amulets to protect

themselves from tragedy. Among them also are deep sea divers and sandhogs who know the "bends" can strike them hours after surfacing, and alcoholics whose daily doses of antabuse would turn one swallow of alcohol into a nauseating emetic.

The foundation's success has cost Dr. Collins nearly \$30,000. And now, he has removed any possible taint of commercialism by incorporating it as nonprofit with the legal name of the Medical Problem Welfare Association, Inc. Serving on its five-member advisory board are an internist, an industrial toxicologist, and a pediatrician from the University of California medical center; a Turlock deputy sheriff, and a San Francisco publicity expert. A pharmacist, a registered nurse, a jewelry manufacturer, and a Turlock business leader are among its consulting directors. All serve the foundation without salaries.

A SECOND HEART ATTACK

The first directors' meeting in San Francisco was a dream fulfilled for Dr. Collins. The new directors began planning State and national meetings, and discussed the possibility of interesting some national service organization in assisting them in all phases of foundation work. The doctor was unable to attend the second meeting 3 weeks later. His refusal to slow down had finally caused a second coronary occlusion.

A few days after the attack, propped up in bed with the crisis past, he again was planning the foundation's future. "We're gaining about 50 new members each day now," he told a visitor, pointing to a stack of mail on his bed stand. "It's getting too big for us to handle. That's why we hope some national organization will help."

And then maybe the doctor will give his twice-damaged heart an adequate rest. Until that day, though, the whole Collins family will continue devoting every available hour to the Medic-Alert Foundation and the magic amulet that could save your life.

Further information about the foundation may be obtained from Dr. Collins, 1030 Sierra Drive, Turlock, Calif.

The Story of Chief Joseph: From Where the Sun Now Stands—Part V

EXTENSION OF REMARKS

OF

HON. WALT HORAN

OF WASHINGTON

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, May 27, 1960

Mr. HORAN. Mr. Speaker, under leave to extend my own remarks in the Appendix of the RECORD, I am presenting the fifth article of the excellent story of Chief Joseph, one of America's most distinguished Indians. Tomorrow, I will present the concluding article.

The fifth article follows:

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, TO FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1877

"Left front into line," bellows an officer. Corporals pick up the shout. In perfect unison the blueclad 7th swings smartly to the north. Canterng horses are kicked into a dead gallop. Sabers glint dully in the cold morning light. The 7th's guidons stream behind their slender shafts. Above the thunder of hoofs, the short staccato notes of "charge" ring across the frozen land. It is a picturebook cavalry charge, dipping into hollows, sweeping over ridges, breaking into a ragged headlong rush for the enemy camp.

The flying troopers are hardly a hundred yards away when the final mound between them and the tepees crashes into smoke. Hats fly off; bodies careen to the ground. Wild-running horses with empty saddles appear everywhere as the magnificent charge begins to falter. Four of the 7th's five officers (and this was no accident) have been killed or wounded, leaving a single lieutenant in command.

The withering fire continues. Troopers mill about in deadly confusion. Hard-breathing infantrymen arrive, their ranks swiftly stained by casualties. A rider topples off a mule drawing a howitzer and two of the four mules go down. The gun lurches to a halt, its muzzle still pointing uselessly to the rear. In less than 5 minutes an earth-pounding cavalry sweep which had wrecked virtually every Indian position it was sent against has been turned into a blood-stained shambles by 60 or 70 leather-faced Nez Perces firing steadily from behind rocks and ridge crests. About 60 of 115 men in the charge have been killed or wounded. The 7th shudders and withdraws.

But the Nez Perces also have been hurt severely. They knew nothing of Miles' angling pursuit. With Howard still far behind, scouting was neglected. An hour before the attack two of the tribesmen rode in to report a buffalo stampede which might have been caused by whites. Looking Glass saw no need to worry. "Plenty, plenty time," he told the families at breakfast. Some were still eating and only a few loads had been packed when another Nez Perce was seen signaling with his blanket from a bluff to the south: "Enemy right on us. Soon the attack." Leisuredly packing collapsed into turmoil. Grabbing rifles and cartridge belts, some warriors raced to the southern bluff. "Horses, save the horses," Chief Joseph shouted, and others followed him toward the herd. A few Indians, their ponies at hand, struck out for Canada. Less than 10 minutes after the blanket signal, the 7th came sweeping over the low, naked ridges.

Now the frontal attack has been fended off but Cheyennes and the 2d Cavalry have exploded into the Nez Perce herd, which stampedes in every direction. Here many of the finest warriors still surviving are caught without cover. They wrestle with ponies or fire from shallow ravines. The Paloo chief Hahtalekin goes down. Olokot, Joseph's brother, is killed while shooting from behind a boulder. Another bullet ends the retreat for Toohoolhoolzote, the aging but sinewy chief who led savage counter-attacks at the Clearwater and Big Hole. Shouting and shooting, cavalrymen drive off several hundred ponies, the bulk of the Nez Perce herd.

Firing continues through the day as Miles, turning to seige tactics, extends his lines to encircle the village. A brief foray aimed at diverting Snake Creek from the Indian camp is driven off. A Hotchkiss gun is brought up but cannot be depressed sufficiently. Its shells burst above the camp, where women and children cower under buffalo robes.

Husishusis Kute, an excellent shot, picks off what he thought were three Cheyennes in a washout southeast of camp. But the victims were Lone Bird and two other Nez Perces. Later the hard-driving squawman trail leader, Poker Joe, meets the same fate, mistakenly killed by a Nez Perce across a small canyon.

The cold gloom of Sunday darkens into night. Joseph and others cut off with the ponies slip back into camp. Deep shelter pits are dug along the creek bottom for women and children. Rifle pits are carved in the bluffs above. But an icy wind springs up, driving gusts of snow through the camp. By morning 5 inches of snow cover the battlefield, and squaws no longer find buffalo chips for fuel. Wounded men lie in blan-

kets, silently waiting to die. Children cry with hunger and cold. In vales surrounding the camp, soldiers suffer from the same biting wind.

Sporadic sharpshooting greets the second day. One shelter pit caves in under fire from a howitzer, burying a woman and child. But of 25 Nez Perce casualties in this battle, 22 occurred the first day. Colonel Miles paces uneasily. He wants a surrender. But even a successful attack would be too costly. Miles has messaged Howard and Sturgis for reinforcements. But he knows some of the Nez Perces may have slipped through to Sitting Bull in Canada. Suppose the Sioux should arrive first to rescue the Nez Perces by tearing apart the siege?

The colonel sends out a white flag. Perhaps the hostiles, their herd largely captured, can be talked into quitting.

This overture calls for a council in the Nez Perce camp. Of the five chiefs whose bands have been fighting heroically for 3½ months, Toolhooloolote and Hahtalekin are dead, killed the previous day. Looking Glass again has been discredited, White Bird (over 70 years old) is almost worn out, and Joseph, for the first time, emerges alone as a leader. A man of effortless courage but lacking the warrior's lust for killing, Joseph had fought as a rifleman in at least two of the battles. The roles he fitted most naturally, though, were those of providing leadership and protection for the women and children and of safeguarding the herd, whose loss would end everything. In many ways it was easier, in an Indian culture where warfare was almost a sport, to race off with a rifle to the firing line than to make sense of frightened squaws, crying babies and milling ponies. To a large extent Joseph had held together the fabric of the Nez Perce society more surely than the guns which defended its long retreat.

Joseph knew too that his people had become involved with far more than a single army under Howard. Now that the end was in sight, the words of this man who had always spoken for a realistic conciliation suddenly make sense. To him, no military genius but the greatest of the Nez Perce chiefs, a majority of the chilled, war-weary tribesmen now turn.

Between lines, an impatient Miles and a stolid Joseph speak briefly through an interpreter. Miles insists that Joseph surrender all his arms. No; half must be kept for hunting. The talk gets nowhere. As Joseph turns to leave, Miles orders him seized. The chief is led into the white lines where his arms are bound and his ankles hobbled.

But the colonel's coup backfires. Lt. Lovell Jerome, apparently believing the war was ended, wanders into the Nez Perce camp. He is detained, though far more comfortably than Joseph. Next day the two are exchanged. Whites and Nez Perces resume their potshooting with a mutual lack of enthusiasm.

The night of October 4, Howard arrives with a small party. Miles greets him coldly: Will his one-armed superior now take over command to receive credit for the surrender? Surely Howard has earned it. Through 1,300 miles of wilderness, he has doggedly pursued the Nez Perces. But Miles is an old friend, deserving of becoming a general. Despite the indignant protests of one of his aides, Lieutenant Wood, Howard makes it clear Miles will remain in charge. Instantly the colonel's attitude changes (cordially and with great solicitude): "General, you must be very tired. Let's meet in the morning to arrange the details."

Next day, Friday, October 5, the Nez Perces learn of Howard's arrival. This has a profound effect. The hostiles mistakenly assume Howard's entire army is close behind. An attack by two enemy forces would swiftly overwhelm the weakened village. Further resistance seems out of the question.

"The women are suffering with cold, the children are crying," Joseph says. "For myself I do not care. It is for them I am going to surrender."

Looking Glass and White Bird begin planning to escape. But time has run out for Looking Glass. Moments after the final council he springs from a rifle pit to stare at a mounted horseman coming from the north. Could this be the first of the Sioux? A sharpshooter's bullet drills into Looking Glass' left forehead. He topples backward, the last casualty of the Nez Perce war.

Joseph and a few warriors emerge from their camp for a final parley with Miles and Howard. The Indians are promised food, shelter, and decent treatment as prisoners of war, without trials or executions. It is stated or clearly implied they will be returned to the Lapwai Reservation in Idaho. Certainly Howard's orders direct him to retain the hostiles in the Department of the Columbia, where Lapwai is the only available area. On the basis of these terms, Joseph returns to camp and prepares for a formal surrender.

It is late afternoon when he rides slowly to the crest of a slope where Miles and Howard are waiting. True to his promise, Howard directs Joseph to give his rifle to Miles. Then Joseph speaks, Chapman interpreting, Wood scribbling on a pad of paper.

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. The old men are all killed. It is the young men who say yes or no."

Nearly 700 Nez Perce had started from Idaho in June. Their warriors, perhaps 150, had fought 4 pitched battles and numerous skirmishes against several different commands totaling 1,400 troops and volunteers supplemented by Indian scouts from 10 different tribes. Of the whites, 109 had been killed and 115 wounded. Under generally able leadership, they had been outmarched and often outmaneuvered. The Government's direct expenses approached \$2 million.

"He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them, have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are, perhaps freezing to death. I want time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead."

Ninety-six Nez Perce had been killed, 36 of these women and children. Surrendering with Joseph were 418 made up of 87 men, 184 women, 147 children. That night 230 others, including White Bird and most of his band, would escape toward Canada. Once the most powerful Indian Nation in the American Northwest, the Nez Perces had now lost their horses, their land, and their freedom, and were helplessly reduced to the will of their conquerors.

"Hear me, my chiefs. I am tired; my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

Facts About the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy

EXTENSION OF REMARKS
OF
HON. CHARLES O. PORTER

OF OREGON
IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES
Friday, May 27, 1960

Mr. PORTER. Mr. Speaker, the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear

Policy is confronting and attempting to solve the problem of mankind's survival despite the tremendous weapons he has contrived.

It is such a group that must help educate the public so that the force of opinion will require our Government to do far more than it has been doing in the interest of survival.

Under unanimous consent previously granted I am including hereafter information about the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy, its purposes and related information:

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR A SANE NUCLEAR POLICY

WHO WE ARE

Steve Allen, "The Steve Allen Show," co-chairman, "Hollywood for SANE."

Prof. Gordon W. Allport, psychologist.

Harry Belafonte, singer, actor.

Ray Bradbury, science fiction writer.

Allan M. Butler, M.D., chief of pediatrics, Massachusetts General Hospital.

Henry S. Canby, writer.

Dr. William Davidson, physicist, Argonne National Laboratory.

Prof. L. Harold De Wolf, School of Theology, Boston University.

Helen Gahagan Douglas, former U.S. Congresswoman.

Clark M. Elchelberger, Director, American Association for the U.N.

Jules Feiffer, cartoonist, author.

Harold E. Fey, editor, the Christian Century.

Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, minister emeritus, the Riverside Church.

Dr. Erich Fromm, psychologist, author.

Patrick E. Gorman, international secretary-treasurer, Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, AFL-CIO.

Dr. Walter Gropius, architect, author.

Gen. Hugh B. Hester, brigadier general, U.S. Army (retired).

Ira Hirschmann, president, the Ira Hirschmann Co., Inc.

Hallock Hoffman, Fund for the Republic.

Prof. H. Stuart Hughes, historian, Harvard University.

Walt Kelly, cartoonist.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., minister, Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala.

Rabbi Edward E. Klein, Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, New York.

O. A. Knight, president, Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers, AFL-CIO.

Dr. M. Stanley Livingston, director, Cambridge Electron Accelerator, Harvard University.

Arnold H. Maremont, chairman of the board, Thor Corp.

Prof. A. H. Maslow, psychologist, author.

Dr. Seymour Melman, industrial management expert, author, "Inspection for Disarmament."

Dr. C. Wright Mills, sociologist, author.

Lewis Mumford, author.

Dr. William F. Neuman, professor of radiation biology.

Richard Neutra, architect, author.

Earl D. Osborn, Institute for International Order.

Dr. Linus Pauling, chairman, division of chemistry, Caltech.

Josephine W. Pomerance, U.N. Disarmament Observer for A.A.U.N.

Dr. Charles C. Price, director, laboratory of chemistry, University of Pennsylvania; president, United World Federalists.

Dr. David Riesman, professor of sociology, author, "The Lonely Crowd."

Robert Ryan, motion picture actor, co-chairman, "Hollywood for SANE."

Dr. Jack Schubert, physicist, Argonne National Laboratory.

Prof. J. David Singer, department of political science, University of Michigan.