

FIFTEEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 12, 1940

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Eric Schaal-Pix

EVE CURIE

"All the men and women of genius are with us."
(Foreign News)



LET IT FREEZE! Nash's exclusive Weather Eye gives you fresh June air, automatically maintained. Exclusive Manifold-Sealed engine gives you flash starting, flash pick-up of 15 to 50 MPH in 13 seconds (high gear) even on zero days. See your dealer—check its amazing economy in a ride!



SEE YOUR NATION in a Nash, at lowest cost. Convertible bed saves lodging costs; Fourth Speed Forward saves up to 30% on gas and oil. The restfulness of Nash's Arrow-Flight Ride will be a revelation to you. Try a Nash on the worst road you know!

We Won't Be Home *'til Morning!*

GET YOUR FEET out of the fireplace, and drop this magazine—that honking outside is meant for you!

Look out your window. A brand-new 1940 Nash is waiting! And you can tell by its eager racing lines—it's headed for fun tonight.

Take the wheel—it's rarin' to go!

There's a swish . . . a sweep . . . a roller-coaster swoop that sends you up to the leading car. Then—really nudge the throttle, and this sweetheart just picks up her skirts and starts to fly! (It's a new kind of Fourth Speed Forward.)

You may have traveled this fast before, but never so silently, softly, easily. No need to tell you this Nash Manifold-Sealed engine is protected by important patents! Your half-down throttle tells that!

Getting chilly? Just a turn of that Weather Eye dial—and presto! You can feel grim February change to a fresh and genial June.

You wonder—seeing those winter-frozen ruts ahead—why you don't feel them. That unwavering line of your Sealed Beam lights tells you—you've never had a ride as smooth as Nash's Arrow-Flight!

Stop and ski—or go light-hearted, long pennants of snow swirling behind you. You won't be home 'til the roosters crow!

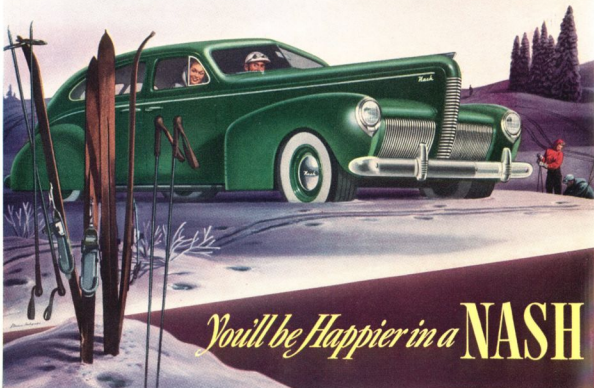
Give us this night—or tomorrow—or 15 idle minutes anytime. We guarantee to give you the most exciting demonstration you ever had of an automobile!

Our \$45,000,000 resources are concentrated on the building of one make of car . . . and because we put more into it—you get more fun and value out of it.

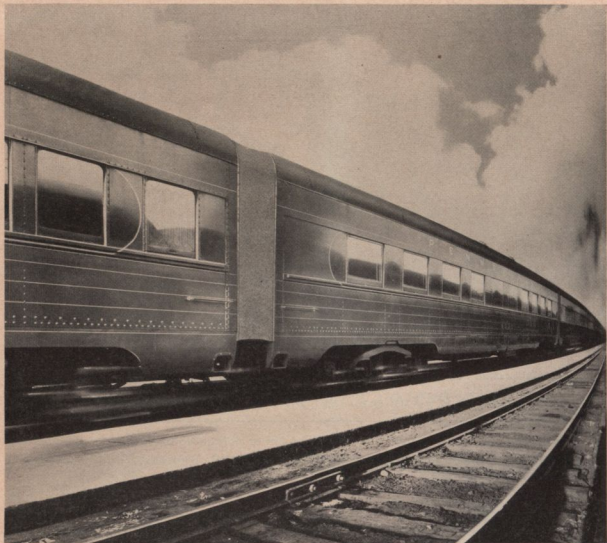
We're waiting, ready to go—come on!

LOWER PRICES: from \$795—delivered at Factory! 4-door Sedan (below) \$875, includes Standard Equipment, Federal Taxes • White Sidewall Tires, Weather Eye, Rear Wheel Shields, Fourth Speed are optional extras.

\$795



You'll be Happier in a **NASH**



Rubber "girdles" give trains their streamlined figures

A typical example of Goodrich development in rubber

HOW can a streamliner bend on a curve? It looks to be a rigid unit from headlight to tail-light—in fact that's what makes it streamlined. The answer is a rubber girdle between cars that gives the train flexibility, just as it gives it to the modern girl as compared to her whale-boned ancestor of the gay 90's.

But—the rubber compound which was used didn't last. Sun and air attacked it, and early streamliners were too often laid up for new rubber diaphragms. Train builders weren't

satisfied—they felt that something should be done to prevent these costly delays and replacements.

Then Goodrich engineers developed an entirely new diaphragm, made of cord-reinforced rubber covered with a synthetic which resists sun and air. And the Goodrich product can be made in any color, to match the silver, red or green of the train.

The diaphragms made by Goodrich have now been in use for months with no sign of deterioration, no cost for repair or replacement. They illustrate

the experience of Goodrich engineers with rubber and synthetic compounding—an experience which is always at your disposal to help you solve product or production problems and make sure you are getting maximum value from any rubber or synthetic product you buy. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Mechanical Rubber Goods Division, Akron, Ohio.

Goodrich
ALL product problems IN RUBBER



Jalopy owner, Mrs. O'Grady, needs more power today as does her richer sister driving a new, high-priced model.

MORE POWER FOR MRS. O'GRADY

The same remarkable basic material that doubles the life of storage batteries is cutting costs, adding new sales points in scores of industries . . . perhaps in yours.

WHETHER HE DRIVES a new or a used car, every motor car owner demands that his storage battery . . .

. . . start his car and keep it going. Blow the horn, play the radio, and light a cigarette. Keep track of the gas. Wipe and defrost the windshield. And most important of all, provide dependable light to guide him safely along the highway at night.

How battery manufacturers were able to offer automobile owners more power and longer life in their batteries, and yet constantly reduce the price, is a triumph of American business' persistent search for new methods and materials.

Most recent step has been the employment of a truly remarkable product—Fiberglas* basic material. In the form of battery retainer mats, this basic material helped double the usual life of high quality batteries. Through further co-operation with manufacturers, it is beginning to open up the low-priced battery market to double life!

As of today, the jalopy owner can demand and get the same 3-year life from his battery that yesterday was not available even to the owner of a Super-Splendix 12. (See technical explanation in illustration at right.)

And in batteries for such fields as submarines, telephones, mine locomotives,

*Based on Society of Automotive Engineers test procedure.

and trucks, these mats are helping make more power available at less cost, and for a longer time.

What is Fiberglas* basic material itself? Well, put it under a microscope, weigh it on a balance, dunk it in a test tube, and it displays the same molecular and atomic structure as plate glass.

In other words, it's glass, and withstands acid, fire, moisture, decay, and time. Like all glass, it does not conduct electricity. BUT . . .

. . . it's glass with this startling difference: instead of coming in solid, inflexible sheets, it comes in fibrous or filament form. Which means that for the first time in the world's history, man now has a usable form of glass for insulating against heat, cold, and electricity.

In filament form, it is woven into textiles and made up into fireproof draperies, airplane fabrics, or what-have-you. Spun into yarn, it insulates electric motors and makes these motors resistant to heat, dampness, and corrosive vapors.

As a fiber, Fiberglas* basic material comes in a white, springy mass that looks like wool from a newly shorn sheep; and in this form it goes between the ceilings and walls of houses, railway cars, stoves, refrigerators,

buses, trucks, and trailers—keeping heat or cold in or out, as the specific thermal insulation problem demands.

And now, maybe you begin to understand why Fiberglas* basic material, as electrical and thermal insulation, is already recognized by industry as new and strikingly superior.

We honestly believe you should look into Fiberglas* basic material. The air-conditioning industry did, and as a result brought the benefits of clean, filtered, forced warm-air heat into many homes, stores, and factories. Yes, you're right: the industry benefited, too, through a greatly broadened market.

Battery makers looked into it and are now able to offer the consumer more power and longer life for less money. And the tough jobs Fiberglas* insulated motors are licking in steel mills, mines, and chemical plants are the admiration of the engineering profession.

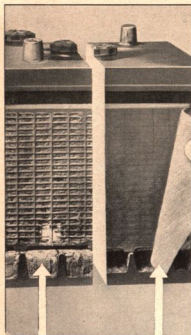
In fact, Fiberglas* basic material is cutting costs and adding new sales points in 49 different industries.

Perhaps it can do this for your company. Make a note to talk this over with your associates tomorrow. Investigate Fiberglas* basic material. Write Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corporation, Toledo, Ohio.

OWENS-CORNING

FIBERGLAS

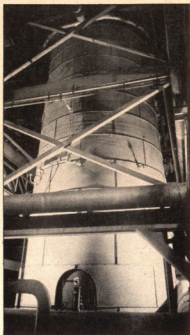
*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Left Arrow points to lead oxide on battery floor which causes most power failures. Right arrow shows Fiberglas* mat. It holds lead oxide on plate, is unharmed by acid-action, yet porous enough to allow free flow of battery fluid. This helps to double battery life.



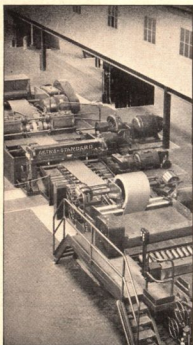
Homes All Over the country now enjoy the benefits of clean, filtered, forced warm-air heat—thanks to the enterprise of the air-conditioning industry and *replaceable Dust-Stop* Air Filters*, made of Fiberglas* basic material.



News of Today in the oil-refining business is the high-temperature, catalytic process of producing gasoline—invented by Eugene Houdry. Light weight, fire-safe, highly efficient, Fiberglas* basic material insulates piping and units of this new and important refining process.



You Never Can Tell where Fiberglas* insulation may be useful. Above, for example, it is now used around the bulb of a home-movie projector. New sales point? Yes! It makes the projector cooler to handle. Perhaps this points a useful moral for your business.



The President Knows only that production was held up. But the strip-mill superintendent knows exactly why—burnt out insulation in a coiler or roller motor. In a "hot spot" like this, where ordinary insulation may last 3 months, Fiberglas* insulation increases motor-life many times.



Sold as "Red Top" by U. S. Gypsum, Fiberglas* house insulation pleases contractors because it's easy to handle, cheap to install; and, since it never deteriorates, it gives lasting comfort and greater economy to the home-owner.

Copy, 1940, Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp.



According to a recent report by J. Edgar Hoover — there is a burglary in an American home every 3 minutes — a hold-up on an American street every 15 minutes.

Make sure that if you're the next victim, you don't lose. Cover your property with American Mutual insurance, which brings you the security of the oldest American liability insurance company. Then you will share in our profits—which since 1887 have saved all policyholders $\frac{1}{2}$ or more of insurance costs each year.

At the same time, get help in preventing accidents and losses from happening. All American Mutual policyholders receive this loss-prevention service, on nearly all lines of business or personal insurance except life.

Part of this service is a free subscription to "WATCH". Write for a free sample copy. American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, Dept. G3, 142 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass.



American Mutual
Works to make America Safe

LETTERS

Pot & Kick

Sirs:

TO TIME, FOR ADMITTING THAT MUCH OF THE ESSENTIAL WORK IN LOUISIANA WAS UNDONE BEFORE HUEY P. LONG BECAME GOVERNOR TWELVE YEARS AGO, A PAT ON THE HEAD.

TO TIME FOR IMPLYING THAT HIGH-HATTED SWEET-SMELLING CORPORATION LAWYER SAM JONES HAS A CHANCE TO WIN LOUISIANA'S DEMOCRATIC NOMINATION FOR GOVERNOR ON FEB. 20, A KICK IN THE PANTS.

IF TIME IS RIGHT AND I AM WRONG AND SAM JONES WINS, I WILL GO TO NEW YORK, CLIMB A FLAGPOLE ON TIME-LIFE BUILDING, AND AT HIGH NOON ON FEB. 29 I WILL CHEW UP AND EAT ONE COMPLETE ISSUE OF TIME.

BUT IF I AM RIGHT AND TIME IS WRONG AND EARL LONG WINS THEN TIME'S EDITOR... WILL COME TO NEW ORLEANS AND EAT ONE ISSUE OF THE "AMERICAN PROGRESS" WHICH WILL BE COOKED AND SEASONED FOR HIM BY THAT PEEPLESS NEW ORLEANS RESTAURATEUR, MONSIEUR ROY ALCAITORE OF ANTOINE'S. I ASSURE TIME THAT THE GREAT ALCAITORE CAN EVEN MAKE A SOUFFLÉ OUT OF AN EIGHT-PAGE NEWSPAPER.

JOHN D. KLOSER

American Progress

New Orleans, La.

▶ TIME makes no bets.—Ed.

Again, Viskniski

Sirs:

I have just read your reply, in your issue of Jan. 29, to my letter of Jan. 12. Thank you for letting me have back the first K in my name. Thank you for restoring at least a few hairs to my head. Thank you for adding a month to my stay in Philadelphia. And thank you for giving Stanley Walker more salary. But how self-revealing you are when, in an attempt to hold on to \$1,000 of TIME's money, you resort to the ancient device of calling names and take refuge behind a purported statement of an unnamed porter given you second hand. How far short you have fallen in the art of accurate reporting the following affidavits by two *Evening Public Ledger* executives will make all too plain:

I, the undersigned, Ellwood T. Maull, do hereby swear that early in November I instructed the porter supplying paper towels to the Editorial Men's wash room on the third floor of the *Ledger* building to discontinue the use of the middle of three paper dispensers installed in that room.

This was done without any report, suggestion or recommendation from Colonel Guy T. Viskniski or any of his associates.

(Signed) E. T. MAULL
Chief Engineer

Attest:

John C. A. Rigney
Notary Public

I, the undersigned, A. C. Hampson, do hereby swear that prior to any report, suggestion or recommendation from Colonel Guy T. Viskniski or any of his associates, I asked Mr. Maull to eliminate whatever actual waste of supplies he could, throughout the plant, specifically mentioning the seemingly excessive use of paper towels.

(Signed) A. C. HAMPSON
Business Manager

Attest:

John C. A. Rigney
Notary Public

... As for the check for \$5 you say you are sending me for "pointing out minor inaccuracies" in your story of Jan. 15, it will be returned to you by registered mail when received. I've never considered myself very bright, but I just cannot be so dumb as to accept this particular sum from TIME.

GUY T. VISKNISKI

Evening Public Ledger
Philadelphia, Pa.

▶ TIME makes no bets.—Ed.

Sirs:

I enjoy Letters and have often thought you editors a very fine crowd as you take bouquets and brickbats with equal good humor. But today (*TIME*, Jan. 29) I am flabbergasted. Ed. sends \$5.00 (out of his pocket or is it deducted from his salary?) to the fussy budget who picks out flyspecks. . . .

AGNES STUART

Washington, D. C.

▶ He says he will send it back (see above).—Ed.

Sisu

Sirs:

I am sending you a letter from a cousin of mine, who lived in Helsinki until the war began. Since my people in Finland are some of the average Finns, who have no means of sending their letters by radio, not even by airplane, and since in these uncertain times it takes about four or five weeks for a letter to get here, I am afraid that I shall never be able to send you one timely enough. This letter is the latest I have received. I pray that it will not be the last. It is so little I can do for Finland here. I have sent the clothes and money that I could spare. I shall try to send more and I shall try to keep others interested in Finland.

KAARINA BJAREBY

Boston, Mass.

Dear Kaarina:

We have had a very exciting time lately. I must be very careful in writing this to you, for most likely this letter will be inspected, before it gets out of this country. Mother, Liisa and I are evacuated here in

CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE

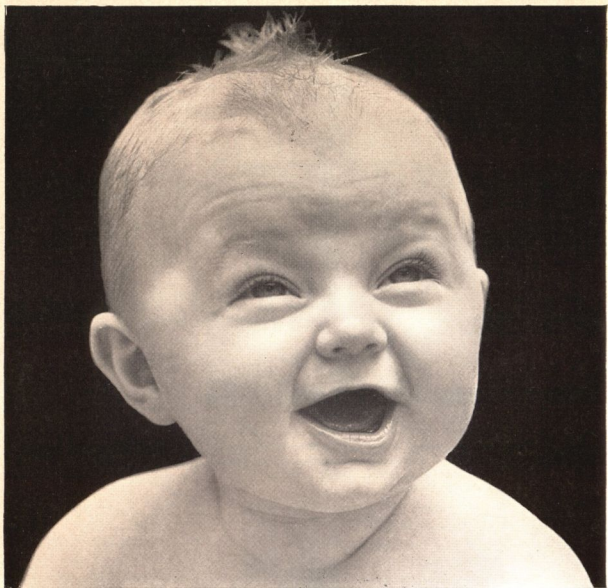
—and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

TIME, The Weekly Newsmagazine
330 E. 22nd Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

Please enter my subscription for TIME, for one year, and send me a bill (U.S. & Canada, \$5; Foreign, \$7).

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____



**"YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!"**

"That's a funny one. You're telling me what a great thing the telephone is. As if I didn't know!

"Why, I'm one of the main reasons there's a telephone in our house. For you can bet your life I keep the folks pretty busy around here.

"Just think! If we didn't have a telephone, we couldn't order things in a hurry from the stores. And Grandma couldn't call up to ask if I had a tooth. And Daddy couldn't

talk to us when he's out of town. And Mother would be tied down just something awful.

"And suppose one of us suddenly took sick? Or there was a fire? Or a robber, maybe? Well, I don't worry about those things when I see the telephone.

"Doesn't cost much either, my Daddy says. And Mother says, 'I don't know what I'd do without it.'"

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



A HUSBAND LEARNS ABOUT

Fine Cocktails

AND MARRIAGE!



HUSBAND: "Why are your Manhattans invariably so smooth and mellow?"

FRIEND: "I'll tell you. The Manhattans I serve are properly 'married.'"



HUSBAND: "What do you mean, 'married'? Explain yourself."

FRIEND: "Well, best cocktails, like rare champagnes, are blended and ingredients allowed to 'wed' thoroughly in the bottle."



HUSBAND: "Where do you get delicious cocktails ready-mixed that way?"

FRIEND: "Just ask for Heublein's Club Cocktails. These, as everyone knows, are the world's finest."

IF YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED to the enjoyment of the exquisite cocktails served regularly in society's smartest rendezvous, you will be equally delighted with the distinguished quality and flavor of Heublein's CLUB COCKTAILS.* Your

sophisticated taste will verify the fact that these ready-mixed cocktails do possess, in full, delicious measure, the same high excellence as those blended habitually by the world's ablest bartenders.

*What isn't used from an opened bottle keeps indefinitely



JUST STIR OR SHAKE
WITH ICE

DRY MARTINI (71 proof)
MARTINI (Medium Sweet 60 proof)
MANHATTAN (65 proof)
OLD FASHIONED (80 proof)
SIDE CAR (60 proof)
DAIQUIRI (70 proof)
BRONX (60 proof)



G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN of HARTFORD Since 1875

Pinjainen. Father had to stay in Helsinki, since he sells food; besides he is in the Civilian Safeguard Service.

Thursday, when the Russians came the first time, it was awful. I was in school when the alarm was sounded. We had to leave school and go to the cemetery, where we were supposed to be safe. It would have been terrible if the Russians would have started machine gun fire there. We were at least 400 schoolgirls, besides many other people there. I didn't want to stay there and began to run home. On the way I saw one Russian plane burn and fall down. Thursday evening was terrible. About half past three the Russians came again and threw bombs right into our section of the city. There was a terrible explosion. The bombs fell on the street where we are living. The windows broke and there was an awful mess. Mother and I were just going to eat when it happened. We didn't think of eating, but rushed down into the basement.

Here we are safer than in Helsinki. That Russia is an awful country, and I wonder where we would be if Finland had not received help from other countries. We are so very grateful for all the help we have got.

That I say too, that Russia won't take this country until I also have knocked the wind out of at least one Russian. It is too bad that I am not sixteen years old yet. Then I could have stayed in Helsinki to help father... and if a bomb would fall on my head, I would gladly die for dear Finland. But now I am too young. I can only do my duty for Finland by being a good girl and helping mother, and that's not so hot always.

There's lots of snow here and so thick blizzards that the Russians haven't been able to bomb anything, but now it seems to clear again. We have been coasting and sleigh-riding and I won't have to be alone, for I

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, February 12, 1940

LIGHT-WEIGHT TRAINS MAKE MONEY—AND

BUDD-BUILT TRAINS MAKE THE MOST!

AN impartial report* prepared by a well-known firm of consulting engineers shows that every light-weight train has proved to be a sound investment. But the best record was made by the *Denver Zephyrs*, stainless-steel streamliners of the Burlington Lines, which produced the greatest revenue of all of these trains during the year ended June, 1939. Gross revenue from the *Denver Zephyrs* was \$2,077,444. Net earned income was \$1,530,155, or 73.6 per cent of the gross. These trains, complete with sleeping equipment, were built by Budd in 1936.

This report also revealed that the light-weight, stainless-steel trains built by Budd produced the highest average ratio of earnings for the year—with a ratio of net earnings to gross revenue for all Budd trains of 61.3 per cent.

An outstanding success was the Sleeper-Coach train, created by Budd and introduced when the de luxe chair-car *El Capitans* went into service on the Santa Fe in February, 1938. Gross revenue

for the *El Capitans* for the year ended June, 1939, was \$907,423. Several trains of this same type are now running to full capacity in other parts of the country.

These records give further evidence of the long-term investment value of Budd-built trains. Budd light-weight stainless-steel streamliners were not designed and built to catch a passing fancy. They are built for the long pull—constructed throughout of stainless steel, the strongest structural material known, and fabricated by the exclusive SHOTWELD** process. They have proved conclusively that *they pay*, both by their successful performance under all operating conditions and by their ever-increasing popularity with the traveling public.

EDW. G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA DETROIT

*If you would like a copy of the Coverdale & Colpitts "Report on Streamline, Light-weight High-speed Passenger Trains," write us on your business stationery.

** Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

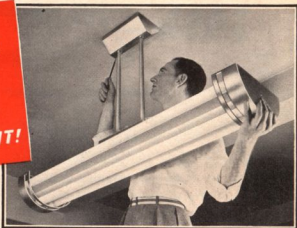
BUDD METHODS SAFELY ELIMINATE DEAD WEIGHT

TWO AMAZING FLUORESCENT LIGHT BUYS!

Ready right now—your best, quickest, most economical way to obtain the advantages of fluorescent at its finest—HYGRADE MIRALUMES: complete units, properly engineered, thoroughly efficient!

**JUST
INSTALL
AND
TURN
ON
DAYLIGHT!**

HYPGRADE MIRALUME
—HF-200—200-watt unit—
complete with four 40-
watt, 48" Hygrade Fluorescent lamps—approx.
length, 50"



ALSO FOR INDUSTRIAL USE: HYGRADE MIRALUME—HF-100—100-watt unit—complete with reflector and two 40-watt Hygrade Fluorescent lamps—approx. length, 57"

FLUORESCENT AT ITS FINEST

WITH amazing speed, Hygrade MIRALUMES give you the new magic of fluorescent light—at its best. High levels of illumination... without harsh glare or shadow... with only one-fourth the radiant heat... and several times the light per watt of current.

Cost is low—and there's no re-wiring needed.

Both units are corrected for power factor and stroboscopic effect (flickering). Starters easily accessible. Designed and engineered by Hygrade.

Thousands have already been

installed. Because there are astounding advantages for nearly every line of business and industry!

See your local Hygrade jobber—or write: HYGRADE, SYLVANIA CORP., Dept. 311, Salem, Mass.

NOTE! The ultra-efficient porous film which produces the light in every Hygrade Fluorescent lamp, was invented by Hygrade in 1933, and resulted in Hygrade patent No. 2096693.

**The Triangle of
Light
Efficiency**

LOW COST



FLUORESCENT AT ITS FINEST...

Hygrade *Fluorescent*

Copyright 1940 Hygrade Sylvania Corp.

have five cousins here and we have quite a gay time together. We hear the day's news on the radio, a very good radio it is too, and we keep each other glad, for "we are not to be fed on sadness" [part of a Finnish song]. First we listen to the evening prayers and later on we even dance.

I hope that you write to us soon, even a card. With best regards from Finland.

ANITA

Sirs:

My son (eight months old) of Finnish descent tore the cover of *TIME* [picturing Joseph Stalin] in half as soon as the mail was brought into the house. I am wondering if this is the so-called Finnish *sisu*.

JOHN SAARI

Willmar, Minn.

No Thanks

Sirs:

Suppose a reporter from here, assigned to cover *TIME*, should poke his nose into the composing and press rooms, take a gander around the circulation and advertising departments; should then knock out an article which magnified the mechanical side, said little about your main job—reporting and writing?

We don't believe you'd feel grateful for that kind of coverage, thankful that you had been treated fairly.

No thanks, then, for your handling of the Ohio State University (*TIME*, Jan. 22). Of course, we're proud of our "horse doctors," our "tooth doctors," proud, too, of our "service stations" activities on the side. But your choice of pictures and captions and your unfortunate selection of facts contrived, *TIME* style, to present the country's fifth largest university as a big, sprawling, ungainly institution—partly trade school, partly convention bureau, partly "service station," but a University, hardly.

Yet Ohio State is a member of the Association of American Universities, the nation's top-notch rating group whose select circle includes only thirty-odd universities and whose standards of admission and tenure are high and strict. Yet, during the recent holidays, Ohio State was head and manager, for the third time, of the annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Yet, just before your article was written, Ohio State professors were named to head three nationally distinguished groups: the American Botanical Society, the American Association for Applied Psychology and the American Chemical Society. This happens regularly—dozens of our professors have headed distinguished academic, professional, and scientific groups. The immediate past president of the American Medical Association is an Ohio State University professor (Dr. J. H. J. Upham)....

Shouldn't a fair write-up have included such noteworthy facts?

"Not rich in... great teachers?" Did you ever hear of the following, to name a few of our great ones: Bode (education); Goddard (psychology); Osburn (entomology); McPherson, Evans, and Henderson (chemistry); Hayes (economics); French (engineering drawing); Leighton (philosophy); Hagerty and Stillman (sociology); Transeau (botany); Spencer (political science); Hatcher and Graves (English); Alpheus Smith and Blake (physics); Ketcham (phonetics); Hockett (history); Hudson (bacteriology); Bolling (classical languages)? Don't believe us that they're great—consult *Who's Who* or some impartial educators who should know. We'll be glad to supply the names of others.

As for the student body, if, as you reported, half of our students work their way through, how much time and money do you suppose they have for dances, necking, and 3.2 beer, which anyway are old, but incidental pastimes on any college campus? How

AND THE PRICE IS ONLY \$1685*

NO SPECIAL FANFARE announced the introduction of the Cadillac Sixty-Two. It was presented simply as one of several splendid new Cadillac-built cars. Yet, among people who prize the new and smart, it is the most talked-about car in America. ¶ One look tells you why—it's the newest car in the world. Every inch of its impressive length reveals the most original and arresting beauty visible in a motor car today. The spacious expanse of its gracious interiors presents a picture of comfort and luxury hitherto unknown in its field. ¶ As for the Sixty-Two's performance—you'll search in vain for a parallel. Cadillac's powerful V-8 engine guarantees that. Yet the price is the lowest placed on a Cadillac car for 1940—only \$1685*. ¶ It's a great car and a great value—and there's nothing else like it! Why not see and drive the newest car in the world—today?

*\$1685 for the Cadillac Sixty-Two Coupe—\$1745 for the Touring Sedan—delivered at Detroit. Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories—extra. Prices subject to change without notice. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



The Cadillac Motor Car Division builds LaSalle, Cadillac and Cadillac-Fleetwood cars. Prices range from \$1250 to \$7175*

THE NEW **CADILLAC** SIXTY-TWO

While you're about it, see the Cadillac-Fleetwood Sixty Special —"America's most imitated car."

Our Watchdogs

wear White Coats



SINCE MEN are only men, and even instrument controlled machinery is fallible, it's a mighty big job to standardize the output of Inland's vast Production Department and turn out, each day, thousands of perfect product facsimiles.

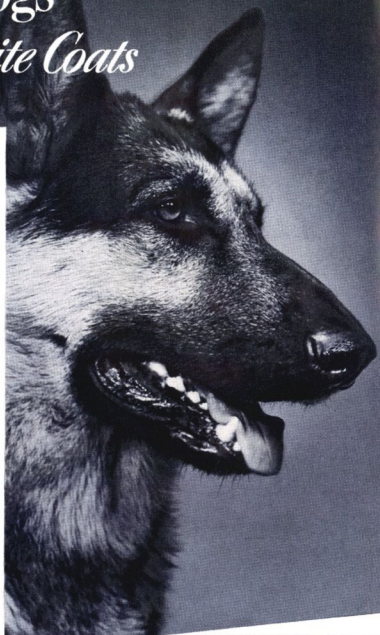
That's the vital job of the trained technicians in Inland's Control Laboratory. Literally, watchdogs in white coats, they enable our chemical and mechanical research engineers to standardize quantity production and assure you uniform product performance.

Step by step, from raw material to finished product, our white-coated watchdogs use scientific instrumentation to check every detail of manufacturing against rigid engineering specifications. These laboratory technicians have the responsibility and the authority to reject any material—shut down any equipment—or release approved operations for further production.

Ubiquitous are the inspection tickets of our Control Laboratory Technicians. They identify every manufacturing process. They ferret out any failure of men or machines. They are the tickets which give our Engineering Department (and yours) a visible record of qualitative control of quantity production.

Laboratory control of 425 separate rubber, metal, plastic and friction material products is a big and vital job at Inland. It's a job so well done that many of America's greatest industries depend upon Inland for products which serve better because their uniformity of production assures uniformity of performance. May we discuss the possibility of serving you?

INLAND Manufacturing Division,
GENERAL MOTORS CORP.
Dayton, Ohio Clark, N. J.



IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM  PRODUCT, REMEMBER

INLAND WILL MAKE IT **STYLED**
with Rubber, Metal and Plastics **QUIET, SAFE and SHOCK INSULATED**



much more constructive it might have been to mention that our Student Senate is a model which self-governing organizations all over the country have copied, ditto our fine and unusual fraternity system?

Granted, you're no house organ for any institutions or individuals which you may meet, and that you owe the citizens of Ohio and our far-flung graduate body (42,000, thousands of whom are your readers) no obligation to make them feel good by "constructive" writing. But it might be argued that you owe your subjects a fair break, and it certainly is argued that you owe your readers an honest and workmanlike job of reporting.

Our kick is that you withheld many significant facts from your readers and that you exaggerated out of all proportion the non-essentials here, overlooked or ignored the qualities that entitle Ohio State to respected membership in the American Association of Universities.

JOHN B. FULLEN
Alumni Secretary

The Ohio State University Association
Columbus, Ohio

► TIME had no intention of belittling Ohio State, was impressed by the many and varied services which Alumnus Fullen considers "non-essentials."—Ed.

Sirs:

The sons and daughters of the poor farmers, salesmen, teachers, storekeepers, railroaders and small town doctors, so painstakingly enumerated in your article on Service Stations, feel sort of grapes of wrath. The article reminded us of the report of some dowager (lorgnette and all) who had ventured across the tracks on a slumming expedition. . . .

You have so impressed me with my mediocrity that I am enclosing my renewal subscription. I, too, want to become omniscient.

STEWART A. HOOVER

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

During my five years at Ohio State Hennick's did not, as you state in your Jan. 22 issue, sell beer. Do they now? . . .

EDGAR LESHER

Ann Arbor, Mich.

► No. To Hennick's, TIME's apologies.—Ed.

Sirs:

TIME marches sideways.

CARMINE F. ORSINI

Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

TIME marches backwards.

AL TRIZZINO

Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

This letter comes to you in support of your excellent article under Education (TIME, Jan. 22) in which you give a typical Time description of an outstanding institution—namely, the Ohio State University.

I strongly suspect it was written, at least by an Ohio man, and perhaps a graduate, as it's quite exacting in all details as to O. S. U., and its activities.

Most O. S. U. graduates are proud of their Alma Mater even though it lacks some of the tradition connected with more famous institutions. We are just what we are and make no bones about it. Ohio State enjoys an enviable reputation in Columbus and that means a great deal. Quite a few schools do not enjoy a similar situation in their location due to superior attitudes.

R. O. LANE
Ohio State '30

Jackson, Mich.

TIME, February 12, 1940

For Clear Eyed Morning Freshness...



... TRY THIS before you go
to bed tonight

DO YOU wake up feeling really fresh in the morning—brimming with energy, sparkling and "alive"?

Or do you frequently sleep so poorly that you awaken feeling almost as tired as when you went to bed—with nerves on edge and your whole appearance reflecting the lack of sound, refreshing sleep?

Thousands who have had this trouble are now helping to solve it in a very simple way—without medicine or risky sleep drugs.

They do this with the aid of new, improved Ovaltine—the "protecting" food-drink you hear so much about these days. They say it helps them sleep soundly—helps build them up for clear-eyed freshness and heightened energy next day!

How It Acts

First: When taken just before bedtime, the new Ovaltine helps the body relax normally. Relieves that feeling of "inner tension."

Second: It provides certain food elements known to be needed to prevent muscular and nervous irritability, which may be a cause of night-time tossing and turning.

Third: The new Ovaltine has recently been enriched with still greater amounts of protective minerals—and greater amounts of Vitamins A, B, D and C. It also furnishes certain food elements to help replenish vitality while you sleep—helps rebuild

worn-out muscle, nerve and body cells.

In other words, the new Ovaltine is a scientific food-concentrate designed to accomplish specific nutritional results for those who sleep poorly—or who are rundown, nervous, or under par. Over 1,700 hospitals, in this country alone, serve it. Doctors approve its use.

Start Tonight

So for the sake of your health, your nerves, and particularly your appearance—try taking the new, improved Ovaltine regularly—begin tonight. See if it doesn't help you to wake up feeling far fresher in the mornings, clear-eyed, buoyant, and "alive"!

Phone your dealer for a can of Ovaltine. Or mail coupon for a free trial supply.

Send for Sample Can

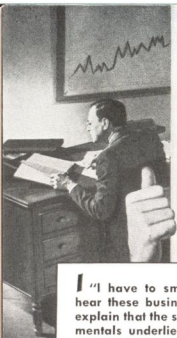
.....
OVALTINE, Dept. S40-T-2
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your generous free trial-size can of the new Ovaltine . . . (We send only 1 can to a person. Offer not good in Canada.)
.....

Name.....

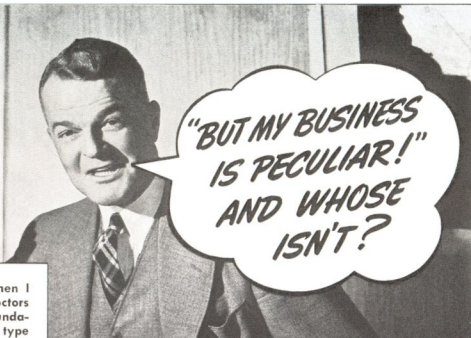
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City..... State.....

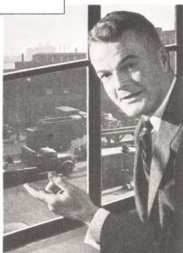
OVALTINE
The Protecting Food-Drink



1 "I have to smile when I hear these business doctors explain that the same fundamentals underlie every type of business."



2 "Sure they do! But on top of those fundamentals are a lot of peculiarities—and, believe you me, you can't ignore them."



3 "Take Distribution, for instance. Every business distributes its products, whether they are doughnuts or dresses, pencils or penguins, lotions or locomotives."



4 "But one manufacturer is strong in one section; one in another. Few companies blanket the whole country evenly."



5 "SPOT RADIO is as flexible as a telephone cord, obeys like a police dog and responds like a pipe-organ."



6 "How else can you broadcast where you like, when you like and how you like? The more peculiar your demands, the more you'll appreciate SPOT RADIO. It's peculiar, too—thank Goodness!"

BUT THERE'S NOTHING PECULIAR

—about your broadcasting when you buy:

Localized programs—announcements, strips, talent programs, music—anything you like. Keyed to sales requirements and merchandising in each territory. Best available periods for each time-zone. Strong stations, bought individually, anywhere—that's SPOT RADIO.



ANY TIME ANY LENGTH ANY WHERE

For any advertiser or agency executive who wants to see how SPOT RADIO can meet his individual situation, we shall be very glad to prepare a special outline.

**EDWARD PETRY
& COMPANY
INCORPORATED**



Representing leading Radio Stations throughout the United States—individually

Offices in: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO
DETROIT • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES

A brain, a girl
and a typewriter
and you're all set to



Make and/or Save Money with a Mimeograph duplicator



SAID THE BOSS TO THE SECRETARY—

"We've had these problems for years."

SAID THE SECRETARY TO THE BOSS—

"Why haven't we had the Mimeograph duplicator before?"

The Mimeograph duplicator is a great problem-answerer. That goes for problems of production, red-tape cutting and problems of telling customers, employees and friends what you want them to know. It answers those problems fast and economically.

The visibility of fine Mimeograph copies when properly made with Mimeograph brand stencil sheets and inks is equal to the standards set for schools. When you save eyes you save time; and when you save time you save money.

There are four new streamlined models at four prices, and there is probably a Mimeograph distributor in your city to tell you about them. He is listed in your Classified Telephone Directory.

Mimeograph

MIMEOGRAPH is the trade-mark of A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, registered in the U. S. Patent Office

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 14th — IS VALENTINE'S DAY!



Don't take a girl for granted

In fact as well as fiction, the man who wins a woman's regard is the man who is considerate, thoughtful, attentive.

Don't take a girl for granted. Show your appreciation now, and often. You will find it an investment in happiness.

Whitman's Chocolates have always been a happy expression of thoughtfulness from a man to a maid. Women know there are no finer confections, no better compliment to their good taste. Our original recipes, that call for cream-of-the-crop ingredients from the most famous sources in the world; our skill and care in making every delicious morsel; the pride we take in maintaining that incomparable Whitman's quality... all make sure of that!

Don't take her for granted — take her Whitman's!
A nearby dealer is ready to serve you now.

**A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS
THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS**

GIVE *Whitman's*

CHOCOLATES... IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!



Whitman's
HEARTS
— the only hearts that contain Whitman's Chocolates!

25c 50c
\$1.00 (above, left)
\$1.50 (above, right)
\$2.00 — \$2.25 — \$3.00



SAMPLER, \$1.50
World-famous box of favorite confections, Valentine decorated. 17-oz. Sampler (100 pieces, 35 kinds) . . . \$1.50. Also 2 1/2, 5 lbs.



FAIRHILL, \$1.00
Outstanding box of candy at \$1.00 lb. Decorated as shown. Also 3/4, 2, 3, 5 lbs.

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Color

Dr. Esteban Valderrama, 47, director of a Cuban art school, leading portrait painter of Havana, this winter was commissioned by the Cuban Senate to paint a portrait of President Roosevelt. A great admirer of President Roosevelt is thin, excitable Dr. Valderrama. He hopes that when his portrait is hung in the Cuban Senate it will be inscribed "President Franklin D. Roosevelt—Author of the Doctrine Good Neighbor." Painter of many a Cuban notable, Dr. Valderrama has developed a theory that every man has his special color, thinks the color of heavy-featured Cuban President Laredo Bru is *pálido* (pale), the color of swarthy, hard-hitting Colonel Batista is *blanco-rojo*, or white-red. Last week Dr. Valderrama got his first sitting at the White House. Working with a box of pastel crayons open before him while a Viennese etcher made pencil sketches and the President talked, smoked, worked over his papers, Artist Valderrama studied the President's special color for an hour and fifteen minutes. Then he beamed, nodded, found the President "very good—very natural." When reporters asked him the color of President Roosevelt: "Natural rose with a touch of fine grey," replied admiring Dr. Valderrama.

Fixer

Sondra ("Bunny") Glatt is a little girl with thick, blonde pigtails. Just before Christmas she spent an afternoon addressing Christmas cards, then naturally wanted to post them. Her parents wouldn't let her. Three busy streets had to be crossed to the nearest mailbox. Bunny was not allowed to go alone, and Father and Mother Glatt were too busy. Bunny sulked. "I guess you'll have to take it up with the President," said hard-hearted Mr. Glatt, "if you want to mail your own letters."

So as soon as she had time after the Christmas rush, Bunny sat down and wrote:

"Dear Mr. President—I know you are a good friend of the head postmaster, and I would like you to do me a favor and ask him to put a mailbox on my corner as it is too far for me to go to mail my letters, and it is very dangerous where I have to go. If he does this favor for you I would like to be the first one to send you a letter from this box to thank you.

Sondra Bunny Glatt

P.S.—I am only seven years old."

Last week, opposite the Glatt's house in



PRESIDENT'S PETITIONER
One letter led to another.

Newark, N. J., a bright new mailbox appeared on a telegraph pole. It was still across the street and much too high for Bunny, but for once proud Mrs. Glatt stretched a point. While she watched for cars, Bunny carrying an empty wooden box, darted across, stood tiptoe on the box, proudly posted another letter to the President.

Chicago-bound

San Francisco is the place where young Franklin Delano Roosevelt of New York State was wildly acclaimed as the Vice Presidential candidate just before the Democratic Party went down to ignominious defeat, in 1920. Chicago is the place on the shores of Lake Michigan that many a politico wishes he had been for Roosevelt before.

Last week the Democratic National Committee, facing a choice of San Francisco, Philadelphia, Houston or Chicago for its forthcoming National Convention, did not debate long before deciding on Chicago again. In the Willard Hotel the committee heard a great deal of Third Term talk in the lobby (but none on the floor); heard Chairman Farley say a pleasant word for Candidate Garner; talked, chatted, speculated, while members plumped for their cities and Chairman Farley blasted the no-program Republicans.

Small, vivacious, black-haired Mrs. Henry Grady, vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee, wife of the Assistant Secretary of State, spoke for San Francisco, gesticulated so excitedly when she cried, "I ask you to remember that it was in San Francisco the name of Franklin Roosevelt was first put on the national ballot!", that the feathers on her maroon hat quivered.

► High-minded was the appeal of curly-haired Mayor Kelly of Chicago, who spoke of the city's 27 railroads, its newspapers, the reasonableness of its hotel accommodation, and who said that, while Chicago would meet any reasonable figure, "we in Chicago are not here to be put on the auction block."

► Low, crass seduction distinguished Philadelphia's appeal, as five orators on-~~and~~ onned, pledged good weather (a perilous undertaking, even if the convention date had been set), displayed a certified check for \$125,000. Sneered Philadelphian Kelly of Chicagoan Kelly's righteous appeal, "I can't imagine Jim Farley thinking there is anything indecent about \$125,000," and promised that delegates would have a good time, said that "no place will be closed at four o'clock, not even Independence Hall."

Spurning this luscious prospect, spurning Jesse Jones's surprise offer of \$200,000 for Houston, members took Chicago, although Mayor Kelly had to stride up & down the aisle, acting as his own floor marshal; and the vote was close. In no time newspaper correspondents added it up as another sign of strength for the third-term drive, since Mayor Kelly had spoken for it, and even Chairman Farley had mentioned the 10,000,000 independent voters whose votes, third-termers believe, can be brought out only by glamorous, dramatic Franklin Roosevelt.

As the Democratic National Committee arrived in Washington, President Roosevelt quietly slipped away to Hyde Park for a rest.

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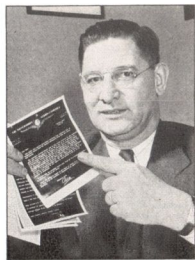
THE CONGRESS

Smoke

Like a slow ribbon of cigar smoke in a smoky room, a story curled around the House of Representatives last week. It got in Congressmen's eyes, made them cough and blink. The story was as hard to take as a Wheeling stogie, and like a stogie, it carried a kick.

Two weeks ago, Congressman Frank Hook of Michigan had risen in the House to protest the continuation of the Dies Committee. As evidence that the Dies Committee was unworthy of further existence, he produced a batch of letters which he entered in the *Congressional Record*. The letters were supposedly written by William Dudley Pelley, whereabouts now unknown, the leader of a Fascist organization, The Silvershirt Legion of America. The letters showed, said Hook, a friendship between Pelley and Chairman Martin Dies which insured the Silverhirts, the Christian Front and other Fascist groups against investigation by the Committee. David Mayne, Pelley's Washington representative, was allegedly the recipient of this correspondence.

Chairman Dies lay ill in Texas, but his Committee's answer was to subpoena Mayne. Shortly it announced that the letters were forgeries, that Mayne had admitted writing them himself. How did they come into the hands of Congressman Hook? Few days later up popped three



Acme

CONGRESSMAN HOOK AND EVIDENCE
He looked fiercely in all directions.

answers, ready & willing to explain: wealthy Gardner Jackson, well known in Washington as an incorrigible crusader for many a liberal cause, Harold Weisberg, his collaborator on a forthcoming book about the Dies Committee, and a newspaperman named John Henshaw. Henshaw had told Weisberg about the Mayne letters, Weisberg had told Jackson. Jackson, indig-

nantly believing they were the goods, put up the \$105 Mayne wanted for them. Thereupon Jackson had invited a number of Congressmen, including Hook, to his home in Chevy Chase, showed them the documents with a triumphant smile. Hook looked, saw his duty clear, declared he would do it.

But this was only the profile of the plot. Washington buzzed with blacker hints. The New York *Sun* said right out loud that the Dies Committee's counsel, ex-G-Man Rhea Whitley, knew about the letters in December, even knew about the plan to air them on the floor of the House. Mayne himself had told him, charged the *Sun*, and Mayne had also reported to the Dies Committee his negotiations with Jackson. Why had not Mr. Whitley spoken up? Said Congressman Marcantonio of New York: "If this statement is true, then the counsel of this committee engaged in this conspiracy just as much as Mr. Mayne."

At week's end, Mr. Whitley's resignation lay in the office of the Dies Committee. Mr. Whitley himself was in Florida. Congressman Hook, not quite sure whether he was a hero or a fall guy, looked fiercely in all directions. Congress cleared its throat and felt in its pockets for a fresh cigar.

Correction-of-the-Week

Tall, silver-maned James F. O'Connor of Livingston, Mont. is a great spender, a great friend of the farmer, a man who cares not a fig for a balanced budget. He is also an isolationist, fought the Neutrality Bill which was intended to benefit the British and French. One day last week Congressman O'Connor delivered himself of a long speech favoring big WPA appropriations, increased farm benefits. Next morning he was horrified to see himself quoted in the *Congressional Record* as saying: "Let us not forget that allies must be provided with beef."

When Congress met that day Mr. O'Connor jumped to his feet, said: "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that, on Page 1248 of the *Congressional Record* . . . the word 'allies' be stricken out and the word 'bellies' inserted in lieu thereof."

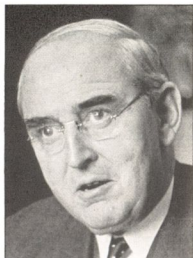
Catastrophic?

Last week, with the Japanese still stuttering in astonishment over the abrogation of the 1911 treaty (*TIME*, Feb. 5), Columnist Walter Lippmann took a good look at U. S. Far East policy. What he saw he viewed with alarm. A good part of the responsibility for what he saw he placed squarely on one man: Senator Arthur Vandenberg.

A strict isolationist, Senator Vandenberg helped lead the Senate opposition last October to repeal of the arms embargo. And yet, wrote Mr. Lippmann in his column, it was his resolution, introduced in July, which prepared the way for the abrogation of the 1911 treaty with Japan—"the longest step on the road to war that the

U. S. has taken since President Wilson announced in 1915 that he would hold the German Government to strict accountability for its acts."

The Vandenberg resolution, Lippmann pointed out: 1) imposed a serious threat (of embargo) on Japan; 2) proposed col-



Eisenstodt-Pix

SENATOR VANDENBERG
... handed over the credit.

lective action with Great Britain, France, Italy, China, The Netherlands, Belgium and Portugal against Japan in the Pacific. "at the very moment when Senator Vandenberg was telling the people here that it made no vital difference to them if the Allies were defeated in Europe"; 3) put the U. S. in the position of recklessly challenging a great power.

Senator Vandenberg politely demurred, handed over the entire credit for U. S. Far Eastern policy to the Administration. Said he: a Democratic President and his State Department were never controlled by his Republican initiative; his resolution was a "relatively pacific alternative" to the urging of Administration Senators*—that a one-sided embargo be clamped on Japan.

JUDICIARY

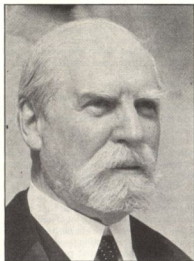
Birthday

For weeks the Neanderthal brow of Tammany Congressman Sol Bloom had been furrowed. Now he was beaming. Only yesterday he had discovered what he had been looking for: the grave of one Brockholst Livingston (1757-1823), in Manhattan's Trinity Churchyard. Sol Bloom stumped into the marble vastness of the U. S. Supreme Court brimming with his good news: that he had spotted the grave of every last Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court—70 in all.

Inside the monumental building, Sol Bloom put on an accustomed and respectable Nevada's Key Pittman.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

ful air; his manner signalized that Congressman Bloom was walking with history. For those to whom history is anniversaries it was indeed a historic occasion: and he had done it. If it had not been for him, the Court's 150th birthday might have been completely overlooked. With patri-



Carl M. Mydans

CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE U. S.

Future Sol Blooms should have no trouble.

otic satisfaction Congressman Bloom heard Attorney General Robert H. Jackson, Charles A. Beardsley of Oakland, Calif., president of the American Bar Association, and Chief Justice Charles Evans ("Zeus") Hughes extol the sesquicentennial Court. Said Chief Justice Hughes: "It is the unique function of this Court not to dictate policy, nor to promote or oppose crusades, but to maintain the balance between States and Nation through the maintenance of the rights and duties of individuals. . . . At the end of 150 years, this tribunal still stands as an embodiment of the ideal of the independence of the judicial function. . . ."

Inglorious Infancy. Although it would hurt Sol Bloom to admit it, the Supreme Court was not always the imposing body it is today. At its first meeting, in the 2½-story Royal Exchange, at the foot of Manhattan's Broad Street, Feb. 1, 1790, only Chief Justice John Jay and two Associates turned up. Next day two more of the six Justices arrived from Virginia, making a quorum. In its first two years only one case came before the Supreme Court, was quickly dismissed because of an error in the writ. John Jay found plenty of time to go to England, negotiate his ill-fated treaty. His brethren spent their days cursing because they had to ride circuit. Nobody dreamed of assuming that the Supreme Court had the power to declare unconstitutional an Act of the People, as represented by Congress. If such a power existed, declared Jefferson, "then indeed is our Constitution a complete *jelo-de-se*

[suicide]." It remained for the Virginia strong man, Chief Justice John Marshall, to show that the Constitution could take it.

Coming-of-Age. Other iron-handed Presidents saw red in the rising sun of the Court. Andrew Jackson was one. "John Marshall has made his decision," he belittled when the Court made Indians Government wards, "now let him enforce it!" Abraham Lincoln, whose election was due in no small part to Chief Justice Roger B. Taney's pro-slavery decision against old Dred Scott, ordered an Army fort commander to ignore a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by Chief Justice Taney. U. S. Grant packed the Court, got a 4-3 unfavorable decision reversed, 5-4.

After Reconstruction the Supreme Court waxed in authority and popularity with the ruling classes. With a long series of pro-Business, pro-Individualist decisions it paved the way for the westward expansion of the nation. Yet the best-loved Justice since the Civil War was no railroad lawyer, but brilliant, handle-bar-mustachioed Oliver Wendell Holmes, "The Great Dissenter."

In 1937 another strong-willed President grappled with the Supreme Court. Franklin D. Roosevelt, vexed that his New Deal should be hindered by judges who still lived in an expanding-continent era, proposed to pack the Court with six younger judges. He lost his battle.

But no unprejudiced observer at last week's ceremonies could deny that Franklin Roosevelt had won his war. Of the eight Justices solemnly observing their 150th birthday, four*—Black, Reed, Frankfurter, Douglas—were virile, young New Dealers of the Roosevelt stripes. Three others—Hughes, Roberts, Stone—were older but tinged with varying degrees of liberalism. Only one out-and-out reactionary was left—crabbed, 78-year-old James Clark McReynolds.

Future Sol Blooms should have no trouble finding the graves of Bill Douglas, Felix Frankfurter, et al. For, unlike those forgotten Justices of the Court's early days, the Olympians over whom Charles Evans Hughes presides have indeed made history.

HEROES

Rediscovery

The night before sighting land the Admiral knew it was near (as the best experienced seamen do) by the look of the sea, the gathering of clouds, and the flight of birds. He ordered sail to be shortened lest they overrun in the night. . . . It was a nervous night . . . with the dipsey lead hove every quarter-hour; . . . the young and inexperienced imagining that they saw lights and heard breakers, the officers testy and irritable, and the Admiral calmly keeping vigil. . . .

So wrote Samuel Eliot Morison, last

* Pious New-Dealing Frank Murphy did not take his seat until this week.

year, of the magnificent second voyage of Christopher Columbus. Of that passage from the shores of the old world to the shores of the new, there is not much known; it had little of the romance of the first, and not much of its terror and hardship. It came at a time when the Admiral was at the height of his fortunes: his fleet was big and well-equipped (although his flagship *La Capitana*, nicknamed *La Galante* by the sailors, was so slow that it held up the others) and the weather was fine, the northwest trades strong, and the reckonings true.

Samuel Eliot Morison, 52, is a Harvard professor of history, Boston-born, an authority on clipper ships and Yankee seamen, author of an eloquent tribute to seafarers in *The Maritime History of Massachusetts*, an amateur yachtsman who for 40 years has been sailing small boats along the New England coast.

No debunker of great men and great legends is Historian Morison. Nor does he believe that the sweep and play of economic forces determine the major course of history. He was profoundly skeptical of biographies that presented Columbus as a fraud, a promoter, an exploiter of the achievements of others—especially, when he learned that the authors of such books, no matter how skillfully they could find their way around the archives, had no knowledge of the sea. Last fall Professor Morison set out to test his own generous and idealistic picture of the great Discoverer, by sailing a 147-ft. barkentine, *La*



Wide World

HARVARD'S MORISON
Columbus convinced him.

Capitana, eastward over the route Columbus followed on his return voyages; by sailing westward from Palos, whence Columbus set out, to the Canary Islands, thence to Trinidad, Columbus' landfill on his third voyage.

Last week Professor Morison & party were safe in Manhattan after a five-month, 10,000-mile cruise that vindicated

the Admiral all the way, and delivered a hard blow at the debunkers' view of history. And at each point they found that Columbus' account rang true. Columbus had noted that as he approached the Azores the seaweed turned brown, disappeared a day before he reached port. So found Professor Morison & party 447 years later. They saw on Corvo Island in the Azores the fantastic rock formation that Columbus had seen through fog and mist and which seemed to him to point west. Twenty days from the Canaries to Trinidad—it had taken Columbus 26—convinced the seafaring Professor that Columbus was a very fine seaman, who "could get to a place and then come back and find it again when he wished," who was good at dead reckoning, and who, like the old Yankee skippers, "was good by guess and by God." Greatest triumph of the rediscoverers came when *Capitana* made the same landfall Columbus had made. After 26 days Columbus took his bearings, sighted three hills in the distance and called the place Trinidad (trinity). Thus had Professor Morison imagined the scene before he followed in the Admiral's wake: "About five on Sunday morning . . . when the faintest grey of dawn appears in the east, an ancient pilot stationed in the forechains of *La Galante* sees a black cone on the horizon pricking up into the dome of paling stars. He climbs cautiously to the fore-top to make certain, and sings out *Albricias! Que tenemos tierra!*"⁸

When *Capitana*, after 20 days, reached the approximate position where Columbus said he had seen Trinidad, Professor Morison sent young, square-jawed Seaman Malcolm Armstrong aloft. Seaman Armstrong climbed to the royal yard, called back laconically, "There's them three hills."

Last week in Manhattan Professor Morison, who is not given to understatement, exulted at the rediscovery of the great discoverer's honesty, rejoiced at his victory over those who had tried to prove that Columbus was a "louse, a liar, and good for nothing except getting money out of Ferdinand and Isabella." Vindicated was his theory of history. Vindicated also was his moving account, written before his cruise, of Columbus' triumph at his second voyage:

"Columbus must have derived great satisfaction from this voyage. . . . Over the biggest fleet that had yet crossed deep water, manned by twelve to fifteen hundred seamen . . . he had kept discipline during a voyage that lasted fourteen weeks . . . and lost but a single man."

"In the years to come, when suffering in mind and body from the evil nature of man, the ingratitude of princes, and the frowns of Providence, Columbus may have sought consolation in the memory of those bright November days of 1493, the fleet gaily coasting along the lofty verdure-clad Antilles with trade-wind clouds piling up over their summits and rainbows bridging

* Pay me! Here's land! *Albricias* means a tip given to the bearer of good tidings.

their deep-cleft valleys; of the nights when he lay quietly at anchor in the lee of the land with his gallant fleet all about, stars of incredible brightness overhead, and hearty voices joining in the evening hymn to the Blessed Mother of God."

CAMPAIGN

Speechmaking Candidate

To wise guys who have been whispering, "Wait and see—Taft will fade out, then throw his support to Bricker," Ohio's Senator Robert Alphonso Taft and Governor John William Bricker had an answer last week. In Washington, they threw their arms around each other. Governor Bricker, once called a dark horse, said he was a horse of another color, would support Taft to the "last ditch." He frowned officially on a Chicago "Bricker-for-President" headquarters. Still some of the wise guys merely winked.

Whether ponderous Bob Taft gets the Republican nomination or not, nobody winks at his energetic seriousness. He takes many a clip on the chin but keeps wading in. Still beaming from the Washington embrace, he showed up in Florida to do his stuff. There he added to the file of Calvinistic Taft pictures by letting himself be

be, a protection against fraud, and not a weapon [of] the Government"; the Wage-Hour Law ("Nothing [so] threatens to throttle small business today . . ."); Social Security's payroll tax ("particularly oppressive"); Bob Taft was well into his third century of speeches since he was elected to the U. S. Senate 15 months ago.*

Even the wise guys allowed there was nothing wrong with Candidate Taft's will to win. Of the 28 States he has visited lately, said Mr. Taft, "two or three" are doubtful. All the rest are Republican.

Thawing Out

Noting that "round-shouldered Raymond Clapper reported that the Midwest had only the 'mildest interest' in the Presidential race" (TIME, Jan. 29), General Hugh S. Johnson was ready for an argument last week. "Well," snorted he, "paunchy, red-faced Columnist Johnson doesn't agree with round-shouldered Ray."

Whatever the country's midwinter feeling was about the Presidential campaign, there was evidence last week that warmer weather would thaw out a lot of political ice. Floes from Presidential primaries quadrennially precede convention floods of politics.

No more complicated political system could be devised than U. S. Presidential



CANDIDATE TAFT
He added to the file.

Wide World

photographed fishing—coatless but in a store suit (see cut).

By the time he reached Miami's Bayfront Park, where 4,000 oldsters and youngsters heard him castigate NLRB ("a new one . . . on which employers and employees are represented rather than left-wing enthusiasts"); Trade Treaties ("The Republican Party believes in imposing and retaining a tariff equal to the difference in cost of production abroad . . ."); SEC ("amended to be what it was intended to

primaries, which are held in 15 or 16 of the 48 States. In these primaries the people ostensibly select delegates who go to the Party convention, there vote for the man they are "instructed" to nominate for President. These delegates are supposedly bound to keep on voting for The People's choice until he is nominated or hopelessly

* In the same period Franklin Roosevelt, most speechifying of Presidents, has delivered 40 public addresses.

† Fishing off St. Petersburg, Fla.

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out of the race.* In most States, both parties are content to leave political maneuvering up to State conventions, let them pick what delegates they please to send to the national convention.

Six States hold primaries in April, eight in May. First Presidential primary is **New Hampshire's**, March 12. Up to last week, no Democratic Presidential candidate had filed in New Hampshire. The State's favorite son, Senator H. Styles Bridges, expected no opposition in the Republican voting.

Georgia furnished last week's biggest Democratic primary news. At Senator Walter George's suggestion, John Garner avowed his willingness to enter the primary. New Deal Governor E. D. Rivers, counted to swing his hand-picked delegates for Roosevelt, stayed in his shell. If he did call a primary, results would furnish the best Southern test of New Deal v. Old Deal Democrats.

Illinois' Bosses Kelly & Nash filed Franklin D. Roosevelt as a candidate in the April primary. He has until Feb. 24 to disavow the filing. Thomas E. Dewey entered Illinois' Republican primary, where a sweeping victory would give any candidate top billing. Bob Taft was undecided. Arthur Vandenberg declined.

Oregon New Dealers last month quickly completed a 1,000-signature petition preliminary to putting Roosevelt on the ballot. May 17. Mr. Roosevelt's friends sent a furtive message last week asking that his name be withdrawn. The Oregon New Dealers told the messenger to go chase himself. Pitted against Roosevelt will be John N. Garner, who was filed by his Oregon manager, a crusty old purgée, ex-Governor Charles Henry Martin. Rather than go out and get the 1,000 signatures, he paid the \$100 filing fee.

New Jersey's Boss Frank Hague was circulating petitions which would put a Third Term list of delegates on the ballot, including James H. R. Cromwell, newly appointed Minister to Canada.

LABOR

Voices

Loud in the land last fortnight was the voice of John L. Lewis, telling off Franklin Roosevelt (TIME, Feb. 5). Last week it was John Lewis' turn to hear voices, welling up to him from the floor of the United Mine Workers of America convention in Columbus. Delegate Robert Gould of Fredericktown, Pa., had a telegram from home: "... Local Union 688, with a membership of 750, wish to protest the speech of John L. Lewis attacking the Honorable President Franklin Delano Roosevelt and the Democratic Party." Local Union 2399 in Richesville, Pa. simi-

* Of many flagrant violations of the spirit of the Presidential primary the case of North Carolina in 1926 is best known. The primary chose Hiram Johnson but only one delegate voted for him, even on the first ballot.

larly instructed its Delegate Elgie Crawford. Delegate E. D. Hosey of Minden, W. Va. announced that his home folks were baffled and "backing President Roosevelt 100% for a third term." Like-minded were 26 more locals, 27 delegates who dared dissent from disgruntled Mr. Lewis. His resolutions committee, framing a for-



LABOR'S MURRAY
From him, half an inkling.

mal expression for the convention, made nary a mention of Franklin Roosevelt, soothingly referred to Labor and the Democratic Party in the 1940 campaign as "we." ("It is necessary if the welfare of Labor and the people are to be considered . . . that we must have a united party in 1940 . . . in order that we may win the election this year.")

"The country has taken notice of this convention, and it is well that the country does so," rumbled John Lewis, sending his steamy delegates home. The U. S. also took notice that:

► President David Dubinsky of the independent International Ladies' Garment Workers said in Manhattan: "Mr. Lewis is counting his labor votes long before they are hatched. The wage earners of America . . . will line up solidly in support of President Roosevelt . . . should he choose to run."

► The American Federation of Labor's supposedly non-partisan, predominantly Republican executive council, meeting in Miami, sneered that Lewis support for any candidate would be "a kiss of death." Most of the councilmen distrust the President as much as Mr. Lewis does, but for different reasons.* As a matter of strategy

* Ten of them, led by Matthew Wall, vice president of the A. F. of L., and William L. Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, assailed the New Deal for "the destruction of confidence by incessant tinkering," called upon the U. S. "to halt the drift towards national insolvency."

last week they withheld support from any & all candidates, thus gently paddyywhacking their William Green for cuddling up to Montana's Democrat Burton Wheeler.

In his saluos at President Roosevelt John Lewis thundered loudly on unemployment and the New Deal's failure to cure it. But precisely what he thought Mr. Roosevelt ought to do, beyond calling a conference to discuss "America's No. 1 problem," Mr. Lewis did not say. For an inkling of what might be done, his delegates had to turn to a book published and distributed last week—*Organized Labor and Production* (Harper; \$2.50) by Morris Llewellyn Cooke and Philip Murray.

Author Cooke is a famed social engineer. He has done many a chore of planning for the New Deal, has also served Business as a consultant in Scientific Management (whose original high priest was the late Frederick W. Taylor). Co-Author Murray, whom many rate the ablest of U. S. Labor's leaders—and certainly one of its highest-paid (\$18,000 a year)—is vice president of United Mine Workers and of C. I. O., chairman of the thriving Steel Workers Organizing Committee.

WEATHER

Prophets to Sea

Ever since the beginning of World War II, the U. S. Weather Bureau's forecasts have been seriously handicapped. In pre-war days, the Bureau received constant reports from foreign merchant ships fanned out along the Atlantic lanes. Now, fearful of divulging their positions to enemy raiders, ships move secretly, radios mum. Stations in England, not anxious to give weather tips to Nazi bombers, keep their reports dark. Even Canadian weather reports have stopped.

This week, to get for themselves the most perennially interesting and important news in the world, meteorologists from the U. S. Weather Bureau got ready to sail on two 2,000-ton Coast Guard cutters, *Duane* and *Bibbo*, to permanent weather outposts on the Atlantic. At points one-third and two-thirds of the way between Bermuda and the Azores they will station, send up balloons with instruments to measure pressure, humidity and temperature, keep a constant, weather-wise eye on the sea, wireless their reports back to Washington. They will be relieved every two weeks. To transatlantic airlines, badly handicapped by weather ignorance, these seagoing weather stations will be of especial value.

IDAHO

Name

Ever since the Russian invasion of Finland began, citizens of Moscow, Idaho (pop. 5,500) have been restive about their town's name. When the Indians used to go to this fertile valley at the foot of the Thutana Hills to gather camas roots, they called the place Tat-Kin-Mah, which

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means the land of the spotted deer. First white settlers called it Paradise, and Paradise Valley it remained until 1876, when President Grant named the post office Moscow. Because there was a good deal of U. S. sympathy for Russia in the Crimean War, there were a good many Moscovs, Odessas, Petersburgs established throughout the country: a Delaware seaport changed its name to Odessa in the hope of bolstering its trade (and promptly became a ghost town). Last week in Moscow, Idaho, seat of the State University, proposals for a new name included: 1) Borah, 2) Tat-Kin-Mah, 3) Paradise, 4) Cow. Meantime Mayor Henry Hansen sent off \$76.46 for Finnish Relief, wrote that Moscow citizens wanted Finns to know that not all Muscovites were against them.

POLITICAL NOTES

Rich Widow

When Michigan's Senator James Couzens died in 1936, leaving \$34,000,000, the title "richest man in Congress" passed to Old-Guard Republican Congressman Chester Castle Bolton of Lyndhurst (suburban Cleveland), Ohio, son of the late, great Mark Hanna's business partner. Mr. Bolton's personal check for \$125,000 assured Cleveland the 1936 Republican convention; his champagne reassured 500 Party bigwigs at the convention's swank reception. Chester Bolton, popular though rich, died last October.

In this week's Republican primary to select a successor to Chester Bolton, his widow, Frances Payne Bingham Bolton, who campaigned for him since 1932, is unopposed. After the special election late this month observers expect the title "richest man in Congress" to pass to Frances Payne Bingham Bolton, 54, mother of three grown sons. Supposed to be even wealthier than her late husband, Mrs. Bolton is the rich and comely daughter of a pioneer Cleveland banker and industrialist, granddaughter of Senator Henry B. Payne. She gave \$2,250,000 for Frances Payne Bolton School of Nursing at Western Reserve University. Her philanthropy extends from backwoods Kentucky, where she financed a log-cabin nursery centre, to Palm Beach, Fla., where she contributes heavily to charity. She once took a flyer at improving the lot of church girls.

Pin money to Mrs. Bolton will be \$10,000 tendered her by an act of Congress, "to supply urgent deficiencies." Congress appropriated a like sum to each of six other widows of Congressmen, including Mrs. William E. Borah (see p. 38). The Act, passed by both Houses last week, awaited the signature of the President. Like her husband, whose 1938 campaign expenditures came to \$120,94, Mrs. Bolton refuses to spend any more to get elected than the price of an evening out.

Mrs. Bolton has gone about her political career as quietly as she would order a dinner for eight. Three years ago, Congress-

man George H. Bender blasted away at "royalists of the Republican Party," and "pocketbook domination of its councils." Replied Mrs. Bolton: "None of us has any rights except those we earn." To Boss Bender, Mrs. Bolton is now an "ideal candidate."

► Newspapermen are notoriously bad prophets.* But when the mood is on them, they cannot refrain from prophesying. Last week two veteran political reporters, Jim Hagerty of the New York Times and Edwin S. ("Ned") McIntosh of the New York Herald Tribune, thought they had found the dark horse of the Republican Convention in short, swart Joseph William Martin Jr., able minority leader of the House of Representatives. From Topeka, Kans., where Nominee Alf Landon performed the same function in 1936, Joe Martin keyed at the famed Republican Kansas Day rally. Messrs. Hagerty & McIntosh reported that Republican leaders from all over the country were much impressed by popular, modest Mr. Martin, who offered as a platform the same twelve-point, help-business program he gave Congressmen a year ago. Joe Martin himself still says he'd rather be Speaker—which

James took over the political mess known as Pennsylvania. This year Joe Guffey, to whom unkind fellows refer as "the greatest Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania in 60 years,"* is in an exceedingly tough spot. First, he must be nominated, and the machine leaders he defied two years ago will have none of him. Last week the Democratic State Committee met in Harrisburg to pick a candidate to succeed Joe. From Washington came hurried word that another wide-open Democratic split would be disastrous. So, after whooping through a Roosevelt-for-Third-Term resolution, the committee picked nobody, declared for an open primary for the first time in ten years. Under the circumstances, it was the best break Joe Guffey could have looked for, because: 1) Joe controls more patronage than any other Congressman in U. S. political history; 2) the Pennsylvania machine has no likely candidate to put up against him.

ORGANIZATIONS

Build-up

Listeners-in on the Rev. Charles Edward Coughlin's radio program last Sunday heard as pompous and ominous a whoope-do as ever came out of Royal Oak, Mich. The hour began, as usual, with soft religious music. Then, instead of the accustomed rabble-rousing baritone, came the voice of an announcer urging listeners to tell their friends to tune in. More music. Then the announcer, in almost a fall-of-Warsaw manner: "I am instructed to say: Father Coughlin will not address you today." Again music, followed by: "I am instructed to say: Pay no heed to idle rumors which will be circulated this week. . . . Probable events transpiring this week will enlighten you." Finally: "Ladies and gentlemen! Do not be alarmed. We confidently expect that Father Coughlin will return to the microphone next Sunday. By all means do your share to have his largest audience ready to hear his message."

What was cocky Charlie Coughlin up to now? Guarded statements to the press, by Detroit archdiocesan officials, revealed that Father Coughlin's speeches had long been passed upon by a special archdiocesan censorship committee. Possibly, said the Detroit archdiocesan chancellor, Father Coughlin had declined to alter last Sunday's speech in accordance with the censors' suggestions.

Since Catholic censors deal not with matters of fact but of faith and morals, the Detroit committee has had plenty of headaches over the slippery Coughlin discourses. Reputedly Father Coughlin several Sundays ago said something to which the censors had objected. Last Sunday's hocus-pocus suggested that the radio priest, expecting continued censor trouble, was building up a big issue to make the rabble roar again.

* Joe's predecessor: William A. Wallace, 1853-81.



CLEVELAND'S MRS. BOLTON
In Congress, the "richest man"?

he will be, if Republicans win a majority in the House—than President.

► Two years ago brisk, paunchy Senator Joseph F. Guffey lost his grip on the Pennsylvania Democratic machine, which he had carefully toolled along through long years jammed with hostile Republican traffic. Instead of climbing down with a grin, he cocked a snook at the machine's new leaders, put up a ticket of his own. Result: the Democrats, split, lost the State, and bumbling Republican Arthur

* Prime example: "Franklin D. Roosevelt is no crusader. He is no tribune of the people. He is no enemy of entrenched privilege"—Walter Lippmann, January 1932.

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BALKANS

Peace-Lovers' Powwow

Ever since the Ottoman Empire's European frontiers began to recede toward Asia, the Balkans have been more or less in an uproar. The Greeks, Serbs, Croats, Montenegrins, Macedonians, Bulgars, Al-

banians so that they would have an open war front for their Armies in south-eastern Europe.

Thus the four Balkan statesmen who sat down alone in the Council Chambers of Yugoslavia's Foreign Office and talked together without even a stenographer present to take down their thoughts (and pos-

Grigore Gafencu, Rumania's Foreign Minister, War I aviator, newspaper publisher, part Scottish descent, came by special train. Handsome, friendly, helpful, M. Gafencu acted as the Council's President, was busy spiking rumors that: 1) Rumania had decided to cast her lot with Germany; 2) an anti-Russian compact was about to



Associated Press



Wide World



Underwood & Underwood



Archie

FOREIGN MINISTERS GAFENCU, SARACOGU, METAXAS, CINCAR-MARKOVITCH

The acrobatics were continued.

banians, Rumanians all had their go at the Sultan and then fell to fighting among themselves. Half the time these little nations fought as the puppets of greater European Powers, and the Peninsula's reputation as the tinderbox of Europe was well-earned.

In time the more knowledgeable Balkanese got sick & tired of wars. It was largely as an expression of this feeling that in 1934 four Balkan nations—Turkey, Yugoslavia, Greece and Rumania—formed the Balkan Entente. The Entente's simple, appealing slogan: "The Balkans for the Balkanese." At first it attracted little attention. But as the Nazi shadow lengthened over Europe, as Hitler crushed the French-backed Little Entente (Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia), as the Great Powers began to bid more strongly for alliances, secret understandings, greater trade, the Balkan Entente became a matter of gravest international concern.

Last week the Entente's Council—composed of the Foreign Ministers of the four participating nations—held their annual meeting at Belgrade. The circumstances could not have been more different from the inconspicuousness with which the four nations first signed the Non-Aggression Balkan Pact at Athens in 1934. With World War II on, big Powers were pulling strings harder than ever.

Germany not only depends upon her Balkan supplies for the war, but must increase them. The Soviet Union still looks upon Rumania's Bessarabia as a part of Russia, feels a kinship toward the Balkans' huge Slavic population. Italy regards the Balkans as her natural *Lebensraum*. The Allies would like nothing better than to get Germany or the U. S. S. R. involved

sibly to let them leak out later) suddenly became Europe's biggest news.

Belgrade had never had such a weekend. Her hotels and restaurants swarmed with visitors. Unprecedentedly present were some 200 foreign newsmen. Spies, "observers," diplomats were also on hand in bulk to: 1) circulate rumors favorable to their countries; 2) pick up stray bits of information; 3) watch enemy spies, "observers," diplomats.

Shokru Saracoglu, Turkish Foreign Minister, arrived after a day's stop off at Sofia, where he tried to thaw out Bulgaria's lingering coldness to the other Balkan powers, most of whom have stolen territory from her. M. Saracoglu, veteran of a recent three-week diplomatic scuffle at Moscow and framer of the Turkish-Allied military alliance, was accused of unnecessary bluntness before he left Ankara. He publicly said what everybody knew privately anyway—that "our country is not neutral, but is merely out of the war." Rumor had it that the Foreign Minister was cooking up a deal between Bulgaria and Rumania whereby King Carol would appease King Boris by handing back a small strip of the Dobruja territory Bulgaria has long demanded. Thereafter Bulgaria would join the Entente.

John Metaxas, Premier, War Minister, Air Minister and Foreign Minister—i.e., Dictator—of Greece, arrived on the same train with M. Saracoglu. This short, stout, Potsdam-educated general, veteran of Turkish and Balkan wars, onetime admirer of Hitler, was unusually silent for him. During World War I he was a member of the Greek Court's pro-German Camarilla. Result was that he became a prisoner in French Corsica. Last week he seemed as pro-Allied as neutrals can these days.

be signed; 3) the Balkan Entente was breaking up; 4) anything important would occur at the conference. No secret was made, however, that Rumania's growing troubles with the Allies v. Germany over oil (see p. 31) was the most discussed topic.

Alexander Cincar-Markovitch, Yugoslavia's Foreign Minister, was host. Bald, imperturbable, M. Cincar-Markovitch is a professional diplomat formerly stationed at Berlin and Rome. He strives for "faithful collaboration with Germany" and for "greater friendship" with Italy, at the same time keeping his wires open to Paris and London. Of all the Balkans, his is the country most nearly neutral.

First day of the conference the Ministers met for three and a half hours; called on Yugoslav Prime Minister Dragisa Cvetkovitch; lunched with Prince Paul, Senior Regent, and Princess Olga at their white castle overlooking the Danube; left calling cards at the homes of Co-Regents Dr. Ivo Perovitch and Dr. Radenko Stankovitch and of Dr. Vladimir Matichuk, the Croat leader. Second day they talked again, dined at the Officer's Club, made pleasant, diplomatic speeches. Third day they conferred again, went back home.

There were rumors that a regional entente of the Danubian States would be formed. It was agreed that Italy's interest in keeping Balkan peace was praiseworthy. It would be nice, hinted the conferees, if Hungary and Bulgaria would drop their claims against Rumania, Greece, Yugoslavia until a general peace could be negotiated. But all knew that the Balkans, in order to keep the peace that in this generation they have come to hold so dear, would have to go on performing acrobatic tricks of neutrality. No concrete results

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were expected, none resulted. But it was all very cordial and pleasant, it left everybody feeling good, and at the end it was decided to renew the Balkan Pact for another seven years.

INTERNATIONAL

Wilhelm's Solution

When great men go into eclipse they usually become writers or schemers, or both. During the 21 years of his exile at Doorn, The Netherlands, Friedrich Wil-

helm's archist coup in Germany and a subsequent deal with the Allies certainly would. Gossip in The Hague has it that Princess Hermine's estate in Silesia is the centre of a monarchist movement.

Wilhelm has always hated & feared the Slavs,* who got him into World War I, and Russia's invasion of Finland and push to the west in general have cleared up any doubts he might have had as to who his enemies are in this war. There was no better person to whom to state his position than his old friend Poultny Bigelow

bitter about the "madmen who rule at Berlin." The German Chancellor was also given to personal insults and mockery. The British Prime Minister meandered among the non-belligerents. All in all, last week's speeches were mainly pep talks for the home folks. Certainly this round in the European war of words did not change many opinions.

Daladier opened for the affirmative in a radio speech from Paris. Rarely since the war started has M. Daladier publicly opened his mouth without vowing with alarm the Nazi dream of "world domination," and this was no exception. "Austria, Bohemia, Slovakia and Poland," he said, "are only lands of despair... subdued by treachery or brutal violence."

Hitler sneaked into Berlin's *Sportspalast* to make a speech before a selected Nazi audience—his first since the November Munich bombing. The Führer was tough, but repetitious. About all he did was to sneer at Bible-toting "old Chamberlain" and bitterly assail "M. Daladier." "They wanted war; they shall have war!" shouted the Führer, thus officially ending the distinction between Germany's hostility to Great Britain and her sympathy for Britain's "tool," France.

Chamberlain tried to comfort the home front, but his main theme was to reassure the neutrals suffering from the British blockade. "We do not for one moment question the rights of neutrals to decide whether they shall come into the conflict or stay out of it," he said. "But we do ask them, whether they be small or weak or whether they are great and powerful, to consider that though, in the exercise of our undisputed belligerent rights, we may have taken action which causes them inconvenience or even loss, at any rate we have never sunk a neutral ship and we have never willingly sacrificed a single neutral life...."

SOVIET UNION

Saga of the Sedov

One of the many little-known facts about the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is that some 25% of its territory lies north of the Arctic Circle. The Soviet Arctic (some of which is south of the Circle) is the Soviet Union's pioneerland, a vast (2,316,600 sq. mi.), cold, potentially rich region, bigger than the West that lay before the pioneering U. S. 100 years ago. Since 1932 the U. S. S. R. has systematically explored its northland, not only for its resources (nickel, copper, lumber, coal, reindeer, fish, fur), but in an ambitious effort eventually to open for year-round navigation the narrow passage of ice-choked water, now navigable only in summer, which fringes the tundras just south of the Arctic Pack. If that Northeast Passage were open, Russia would have an all-Russian sea route from its European frontier to the Pacific, 3,000 miles shorter than the 9,000-mile Odessa-Vladivostok route, and would fulfil a dream of Peter



THE BIGELOWs AND THE HOHENZOLLERNs
Finland set them thinking.

Wide World

helm Victor Albert von Hohenzollern, once by the Grace of God Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, has written millions of words in articles, memoirs (unfinished) and private correspondence. And he has never given up hope for a Hohenzollern restoration in Germany. As late as January 1930 he was quoted as saying: "The people will call back their Kaiser."

Although Wilhelm II has had to be careful to obey the no-politics order of the Dutch Government, his ambitious wife, Princess Hermine, has worked consistently for restoration. She has traveled, given parties and charity bazaars, founded a society to help German Imperial Army officers and officers' widows. She reportedly helped the Nazis financially, talked to Nazi bigwigs in Germany. But she never got in to see Chancellor Hitler. Since Hitler made it plain that he wanted no Emperor in Germany, Wilhelm and Hermine have pinned their hopes to the monarchist faction of the German Army. No longer do they hope to get the throne for themselves, but want it for Wilhelm's favorite grandson, Louis Ferdinand, the onetime Detroit Ford worker who married Grand Duchess Kyra of Russia.

Since World War II began the former Kaiser's position has been ticklish. He is a good German, gets his income from Germany and has four sons and eleven grandsons in the German Army. But an Allied victory might restore monarchy to what the peace treaty left of Germany. A mon-

arch of Malden-on-Hudson, N. Y., who used to romp with him in a German school when Poultny's father was U. S. Minister to France. No war could break their friendship, which has extended to their families (see cut), and every year Oldster Bigelow goes to visit Oldster Hohenzollern at Doorn. Last week, after having trouble getting a passport ("I told President Roosevelt I would ha'n't him"), Poultny Bigelow sailed from Manhattan. Before sailing he gave the press some quotes from a letter of the former Kaiser, explaining discreetly that he was not authorized to do so but was indiscreetly taking the chance. Wrote Wilhelm von Hohenzollern:

"The magnificent stand of the Finns has smashed the nimbus of Bolshevism and set people thinking, with the result that the wish for peace is gaining ground. The belligerents should stop fighting and join their forces to help the Finns. They should fight in one line to rid the world and civilization of Bolshevism."

Pep Talks

The debaters were the familiar trio of Edouard Daladier, Neville Chamberlain, Adolf Hitler. The subject was the well-worn proposition: "Resolved, that the Allied cause is just." As usual, the speakers roamed far & wide from their subjects. The French Premier, for instance, got very

* Granddaughter-in-law Kyra he regards not as a Russian, but as a member of a sort of super-national European royalty.

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the Great's to make a place for Russia on the seas. Last week Moscow hailed 15 heroes who had got into a lot of trouble helping to bring fulfillment of that dream nearer.

In the summer of 1937, the Soviet ice-breaker *Sedov* was doing exploration work in the Kara Sea and making a hydrological survey of the Laptev Sea, two links of the Northeast Passage (see map). In October, most of her work done, she was sent to the rescue of two other icebreakers, the *Sadko* and *Malygin*, icebound in the floes of the Laptev. Winter set in early that year, and on Oct. 23 the *Sedov* was fast in the ice too. Professor Rudolph Lazarevich Samoilovich, leader of the expedition, ordered the 217 men and women aboard the three ships to settle down to a winter of scientific observation.

By March 2, 1938, the *Sedov* had drifted 3° north, 21° east. On that day the drift of the ice floes shifted and the three ships began to move northward toward the North Pole. Meanwhile Joseph Stalin had sent an air expedition to rescue the crews. The fliers reached the ships on April 2, promptly arrested Professor Samoilovich for bungling, thereby giving him the distinction of being arrested closer to the North Pole than any other man in history.

On Aug. 28 the icebreaker *Yermak* reached the ships, towed the *Sadko* and *Malygin* to clear water. The *Sedov*, her screw damaged, was left in the ice. Aboard her were 14 men picked for stamina from the four ships, under Constantine Badigin, who had been elected captain of the *Sedov*. The new icebreaker *J. Stalin* tried to reach the *Sedov*, but another winter set in and

she had to give up. At this point Joseph Stalin decided to turn the Arctic fiasco into an asset. He purged the *Glavnoye Upravleniye, Severnogo Morskogo Puty* (Central Administration of the Northern Sea Route—*Glavsevmorput'* for short), kicked its chief, Professor Otto Schmidt, upstairs into a vice-presidency of the Academy of Sciences, named 46-year-old Ivan Papanin (who had made himself famous by drifting from the North Pole almost to central Greenland on an ice pan) to be head of *Glavsevmorput'*. Then the Soviet press started whooping up the drift of the *Sedov* as a national adventure story. Its goals: to drift closer to the North Pole than Nansen's celebrated *Fram* (1893-96); if possible, to reach the Pole (where Ivan Papanin planted the Red Flag in 1937).

Northward drifted the *Sedov*. On Oct. 23, 1938, the crew celebrated the ship's first year in the ice floe, received a radio message from Comrades Stalin and Molotov saying: "We are confident that with the Bolshevik firmness characteristic of Soviet people you will overcome all difficulties and return victorious. We warmly shake your hands." Answered the crew: "No hardships, danger or privation will daunt us."

Hardships, danger and privation there were plenty. Food was cached in tents across the ice, in case they had to abandon ship suddenly. One mild morning, when the temperature was only -15° F., the ice began grinding harder than usual. Men at the hydrographic tent fired a warning shot and the *Sedov*'s crew went scampering across the ice toward the tent. As they

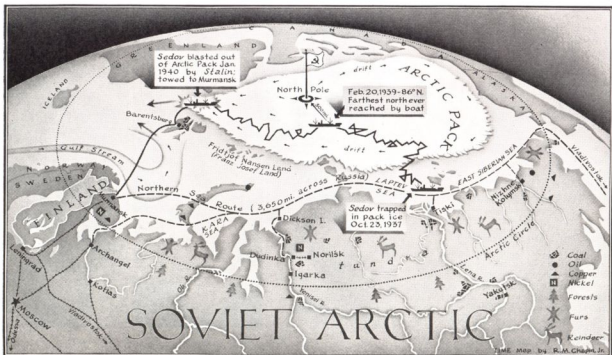
arrived an ice heap bore down on the tent, burying it. The men escaped, but they had to work five hours digging out food cases and barrels of fuel oil, sledging them to a new depot.

Through the long Arctic night the 15 men busied themselves testing the water beneath the ice cap (they found it rich in flora), measuring the speed of their drift against the wind velocity (they verified Nansen's conclusion that speed of drift depends on wind), charting the geography of the Arctic (they determined the northwestern shore of the Laptev Sea, exploded a 125-year-old myth about the existence of Sannikov Land). On Jan. 30, they saw the sun again, like a flame over the southern horizon.

On Feb. 17, 1939, the *Sedov* arrived at Lat. 85°, 56', 42" N.; Long. 120°, 13', 20" E.—just 1.2 miles closer to the North Pole than Nansen got. The crew lined up on the bridge and fired a salute. Wireessed Captain Badigin: "For several hours the crew looked out over a region never before visited by a ship in the history of humanity." Three days later the *Sedov* drifted across the 86th parallel, northernmost point of its journey.

All spring the crew worked to repair the steering gear and by June the *Sedov*'s movements could be partly controlled. July 11 was the first clear summer day, with the temperature 2°. That evening some of the men went canoeing.

By Aug. 23 summer was ending, the temperature was down to -6.5°. During June and July the *Sedov* had drifted slowly northward, averaging 1.6 miles a day because of the lack of wind. Many



FOREIGN NEWS

times it had crossed its own path. All summer the crew had seen only two white bears and some seagulls and finches. One of the bears they shot, roasted, ate.

In the fall its drift was west by south, carrying it away from the Pole. On Oct. 23 was celebrated the second anniversary of the drift, with 37 kinfolk of the crew sending them words of cheer over the radio. On Nov. 7, 22nd anniversary of the October Revolution, the 15 men, carrying red banners and rifles, marched by torchlight to a mound of ice, and before this makeshift tribune lustily cheered the Land of the Soviets, the Communist Party and Comrade Joseph Stalin.

On Dec. 3 a loud rattling noise was heard near the *Sedov*. A fissure appeared in the ice. The ice field was split and hummocks began to pile up. The *Sedov* was drifting southward now. In Moscow, Comrade Stalin thought it was high time to get the 15 heroes home and so he ordered *Glavsevmorput's* Papinin to go to their aid in the *J. Stalin*. The *J. Stalin* left Murmansk Dec. 15, fought gales and ice fields until Jan. 5, when it sighted the *Sedov*. It took ten days for the *J. Stalin* to buck her way through the ice to the *Sedov*. Then the two crews had to heat the *Sedov's* hull, dynamite the ice to break up an ice cup weighing several thousand tons. The last of the cup was finally torn off on the way to Barentsburg.

From Barentsburg to Murmansk the *J. Stalin* and her tow sailed a narrow corridor between two cyclones. On Jan. 29, just 959 days after she had set sail in 1937, the scarred and battered *Sedov* was eased to dockside in Murmansk. Four days later her 15 heroes climbed down from a train in the Moscow station, to be named "Heroes of the Soviet Union," given the Order of Lenin and 25,000 rubles. Secretary Alexander Scherbakoff of the Moscow Communist Party greeted them with these words:

"Your heroic achievement is worthy to be compared to the exploits of the glorious Red Army which has been victorious in the East and the West and is now defending Leningrad and our Soviet Fatherland."

Said Captain Badigin (who was just about to dine with Comrade Stalin): "We of the *Sedov* never lost heart, because we knew not only the U. S. S. R. but Stalin himself was watching and protecting us."

ITALY

Fascism's Understanding

Since the outbreak of war, Benito Mussolini has been like a busy housewife washing dishes while a flooding river threatens to wash away the foundations of her home. He has hustled from one strictly Italian, strictly constructive pastime to another. One morning last week, for instance, he made a speech boasting that Italy is not like the countries which "think of arming"; rushed out to review his newly con-

stituted Police Agents as they rolled past in armored cars and anti-tank cars, on motorcycles, bicycles and foot, carrying skis, leading dogs; scurried to the headquarters of the cultural Dante Alighieri Society and addressed them on Lexicographer Niccolo Tommaseo's pronouncement that a nation is the same thing as a language.

But before he embarked on all this, he gave an early morning order: the task of recodifying Italian law, which he began 17 years ago, has bobbled along long enough. It must be completed without fail by the end of 1940. Count Dino Grandi, who was recalled from the London Embassy last July to help wash this stack of dishes, told the Premier he could do it. At this the pleased Premier said that the Mussolinian Code would define "justice as Fascism understands it: severe but at the same time human."

FRANCE

Women at Work

(See Cover)

Only a fraction of British man power—less than 1,000,000 men—is in uniform. Full-time "war work" for British women therefore means little more than that if one cares to volunteer one can play at more or less romantic war activities in a jaunty uniform.

In France it has been a different story. Five million Frenchmen are now in uniform. Although Germany has some 6,000,000 men under arms, the Reich is almost twice as populous as France, has nothing like the same man power shortage on the

home front. Thus there has been for millions of Frenchwomen no question of seeking war work. It has been inescapably bequeathed them by their men.

The women of France have sweated before to save *la Patrie*. During War I Marshal Joffre declared he would be defeated "if all the women now at work in France were to stop for even 20 minutes." They are sweating again at three kinds of jobs: 1) in agriculture; 2) in industry, chiefly armaments; 3) with considerably less actual perspiration but with plenty of fatigue, in the social services that make life a little more worth living at home and at the front.

On the Farm. The French farm woman, with her tucked up black skirts, her sabots and her head cloth, has always worked hard at home and in her husband's fields. With husbands, sons, uncles, brothers called up, she now works ever harder. Paradoxically, the measure of her ardor has been the extent of her failure.

To get in the harvest last autumn uncounted thousands of women, children and old men marched into French fields. They worked as never before, but an early frost made speed imperative and lack of experienced man power was acutely felt. In many cases, partially gathered crops froze before they could be binned and much of the vintage was completely lost. Piles of rotted beets still lie along the roads of France. In Paris last week the cry "Man power on the farms in February and March for the spring sowing is as important as man power on the Maginot Line!" was raised by Parliamentary bigwigs including



Pictures Inc.
SOCIAL WAR-WORKERS FELLOWES, REYNAUD, LYAUTEY
Acme
Uniforms work in the factories.
Wide World

FOREIGN NEWS



WAR SWEETHEARTS TITAYNA AND MISTINGUETT
The individual is not to be publicized.

International

Senator Maurice Dormann, who demanded immediate granting of leaves to peasant soldiers "in order that they may save the French agricultural situation and our agricultural class."

In the Factory. Unlike the streets of London, the streets of Paris are not filled with women in war-workers' uniforms. Even the more chic French women's organizations wear no distinctive dress. But, unseen on the streets, thousands of Frenchwomen are in uniform.

There are those in navy blue with cowls on their heads. They hurry about in the dim blue light of great factories filled with the sickly smell of chemicals. They carry yard after yard of what looks like pastry. On the walls are signs: **ONE MISTAKE CAN BRING DISASTER.** The pastry is gunpowder in the making and if the women did not wear their cowls they would go home at night with inflammable hair. "I like the work," says one. "My husband is mobilized. I must do something to keep the family going. Oh no, we never think about the danger of it. I feel just as much at home here as in my own kitchen."

There are those in clean white coats with brightly stained nails and perfect manicures. These are the midnettes of Paris, whose nimble fingers no longer stitch gowns but assemble, in the largest plant of its kind on earth, the delicate wiring of radio sets for airplanes and ships.

There are the white jumpers of the airplane workers and the hodgepodge aprons of the fuse makers, who put together the intricate detonators of bombs and shells. "Of course there is eyestrain and fatigue," says one. "But after all, sitting here at work is not like being up at the Maginot Line in the snow."

There is *le cafard*, too, the blues that lonely, tired women get the world over after a long day's work. But the jobs begin again the next morning. How many women are engaged in the French armament industry is a military secret. In the last war there were 400,000. Twenty years of complication and perfection of the sinews of mechanical war cannot have reduced the number.

Spokeswoman. A helpful co-ordinator

of this immense war effort by the women of France, and the official spokesman for all French women in War II, was not in France last week. She was dined and bedded by Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt in the White House at Washington. D. C. Thence Eve Curie would start her two-month lecture tour of the U. S.—from Kalamazoo to Palo Alto, from Denver to Savannah—on *French Women and the War*.

The Nobel Prize has gone thrice to the Curies. Once to fragile, indomitable Mother Marie and her husband Pierre, the late great discoverers of radium. Once to Mother Marie alone. Once to her spitting image and scientific successor Daughter Irène, the violently athletic co-discoverer (with Husband Jean Frédéric Joliot) of synthetic radioactivity (see cut, p. 29). But never to elegant Daughter Eve whose brilliant biography *Madame Curie* was a smash seller all over the U. S. (*TIME*, Dec. 13, 1937). Eve is no more a scientific titan than Mrs. Roosevelt. She is, however, just about as articulate, effective, and well-acquainted all over the world as her White House hostess and considerably better dressed. On the day after break of war, that smart novelist & playwright Jean Giraudoux, now French Information Minister, with sure instinct chose smart Eve Curie to head the feminine section of his Commissariat of Information. To White House correspondents Miss Curie emphasized the point that French women are out to bring this war to a decisive finish. "Peace will not come soon," she said, "and it will not come at all while the Hitler regime remains in Germany—because the French are determined that when this war ends there will be no more fighting in Europe for a long time."

Highspots of her first week's pronouncements:

► "The French people do not expect you Americans to send troops to help us. The people feel that we have too many troops in the lines now!"

► "All the men and women of genius are with us."

► "This is an economic war as well as a military war. The country that works most will win! French women no longer

feel that the ideal of life is *not* to work, because the ideal now is to work—that is the way to win the war."

► "We produce a billion francs worth (\$22,500,000) of silk exports alone every year, four hundred millions in perfumes, four hundred and fifty millions in jewelry, and six hundred millions in exports of dresses and hats. Luxury trades are not luxuries but necessities in French commercial life. To eliminate our so-called luxury trades would be not only a temporary loss for France but a loss forever and for everyone [probably to the U. S.]."

An able display of luxury goods, in Paris, as she was planning her U. S. tour recently, Eve scandalized Designer Schiaparelli by assembling no special wardrobe. "It would be ridiculous for you to appear in pre-war costumes!" she was told. So publicity-wise Schiaparelli created for her, among other things, a black oilskin coat lined with fluffy lamb's wool and equipped with huge pockets—just the thing for a Paris air raid or Kalamazoo.

Names. "France is not a country where personal effort is advertised in bright colors or shouted from the house-ears," Spokeswoman Curie pointed out last week. "Just as one does not mention the name of an individual soldier, an individual bombing pilot in wartime, so in women's work the individual function is not to be publicized; there is publicity for the whole." Nevertheless, the unanimity with which the whole of French womanhood has joined up in War II is not best demonstrated by the anonymous millions of sweaters in industry and agriculture. It is best shown by the vast and varied array of non-sweating Big Names—including Curie—that, sharing or shunning the spotlight, are engaged in social war service.

Last week *Mme Albert Lebrun*, wife of the President of the Republic, refused—answering her own telephone, as she keeps no secretary—to give the press any details of her multifarious war work. But it includes nominal presidency of nearly every big French war charity, plus much personal effort in others such as *Les Déjeuners des Lettres et de la Musique* (*TIME*, Dec. 11), a group serving cheap meals to artistic folk made jobless by the war.

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Mme Yvès de Bourgoing Lyautey, 70, indomitable widow of the great French empire-building Marshal, completed with no publicity an arduous tour around North Africa in the interest of war charities and colonial morale. Back in Paris she rested only a few hours, pegged off to more war work in Bordeaux.

In Lyon, centre of the French silk trade, Mme Edouard Herriot, obscure, lean wife of the enormous and much publicized

daughter of onetime Premier Pierre Laval, was still more typical of the average French wartime wives, thousands of whom have taken over their husbands' businesses as well as their farms. She had taken over her husband's work of running the Paris Information Centre. Young Count René de Chambrun is a lieutenant on the Maginot Line. Like most wealthy Parisiennes, the Comtesse has also enrolled to drive her own sleek Hispano in emergency

in the corner "Chanel." Exactly opposite in type to Coco is that dignified great lady of the *haute couture*, Mme Jeanne Lanvin, first woman of her calling ever made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, famed creator in rich fabrics of the simple robes de style. Mme Lanvin says briefly, "Women should stick to what they do best." She was open for business last week, turning out mostly day dresses for women and special uniforms for French officers of the higher ranks.

Sweethearts. Everybody's *marraine* in this war as in the last is venerable, foghorn-voiced Mistinguett, 64, triumphant sexy grandma of the *Folies Bergère* and *Casino de Paris*. Her famed extremities are still as shapely as they were generations ago (see cut, p. 25). Nobody looks at her now-withered face, and since "Mees" no longer has the strength to do her Apache dances under her own power she is swung and flung about the stage by two virile youths. "Mees" last week came tottering from Bordeaux where she had been helping the Duchess of Windsor raise money for Finnish ambulances. "I may go to Holland and Belgium on tour," she croaked, "and I may go to America—there I think I might help!"

One class of extraversts as busy as ever in World War II are female French journalistic trained seals. Typical Titayna (Elisabeth Sauby), self-styled "Sweetheart of Danger" and a Floyd Gibbons in skirts, boasts that she has "covered eight wars" in hottest danger spots, with stopoffs at spots like Tahiti (see cut, p. 25). Last week Danger's Sweetheart was more safely employed reading German newspapers and preparing radio scripts refuting them to be broadcast by *Paris Mondial*.

Mistresses & Spinsters. Why in every part of the world is the French woman generally rated high, whatever at times be the world's rating of French men? She comes elegant and plain, extravagant and thrifty, faithless and devoted, wanton and maternal—yet so do women in plenty of other lands. A good reason for her rating is that the French woman is unique in her talent for creating, either as love-object or as mistress of the home, enduring human relations of exceptional harmony and interest. In the main she contrives to satisfy—her lover, her husband, her children, her parents, herself.

This is often made possible in France because there it is traditional to regard marriage and sexual love as either fusible or separate things. This does not mean that every French husband or bachelor has a mistress. What it does mean is that the French woman does not have to be enigmatic, isolated or incomprehensible. Like her husband she is gregarious, and hence wants a family more than she wants the vote. Like him, she is economical, often in the less advantaged classes to the point of unsanitation. A beaten rug loses part of its life, and no scraps of food of the slightest usefulness are to be thrown away.



COUTURIÈRE CHANEL
Her label went to the front.



COUTURIÈRE LANVIN
Her label stayed at home.

Chamber of Deputies Speaker Edouard Herriot, Mayor of Lyon, meanwhile continued quiet supervision of her 15 *ouvroirs* for 2,035 war-impooverished seamstresses. Most of these women have been so desperate that they even pawned their sewing machines. These Mme Herriot got out of hock with charitable funds, kept the women from drifting into Lyon sweatshops, set them to making soldiers' uniforms and clothes for évacués. They earn what is considered good pay in Lyon, about 50 francs (\$1.13) per day.

In Paris famed Mme Cécile Brunschvicg, No. 1 French feminist, only Jewish ever in the Cabinet (TIME, June 15, 1936) and Editor of *La Française* ("The Frenchwoman"), was keeping all her irons in the fire while nursing a sick child at home between intervals of work. She bounces out of bed early, attends to liaison between the Ministries of Health and Education, supervises social work among Paris slum children, edits her newspaper on busses or wherever she can open up her bulging portfolio, snorts cheerfully, "I have so much work to do there is no time to talk about it!"

Fashionably educated, air-minded Joanne Reynaud, wife of Finance Minister Reynaud, last week flew (see cut, p. 24) to North Africa for another womanly chore—to deliver a series of propaganda lectures.

Sparkling José Comtesse de Chambrun,

evacuation, succor wounded in case Paris is bombed.

Café Society & Couturières. Ladies of café society in France, as elsewhere, are gayly extravert in war work. Thus the Hon. Mrs. Reginald ("Daisy") Fellowes, daughter of a French duke, onetime Princess de Broglie and friend of the Duchess of Windsor, announced herself the *marraine* or "godmother" not of one French soldier—the usual thing—but of an entire battalion of *Chasseurs Alpins* (Blue Devils), traditionally agile and gallant French fighters: She sends them English blankets and every other sort of costly trench luxury, keeps her daughters madly knitting. Recently when "Daisy" visited her delighted *chasseurs* they did everything they could think of to show their gratitude, including a dash up among snow-crested crags to shoot chamois for her lunch. "The war has affected me in every way," gushed the Hon. Mrs. Fellowes last week. "I'm a European!"

Marraine to 200 French aviators is Mme Gabrielle ("Coco") Chanel, who now patriotically wears nothing but the French national colors—red, white & blue—but not patriotically has closed her famed Paris style shop. "I don't believe in sending just anything to my aviators!" cried Coco last week, explaining that she sends them only the finest English pullovers, stockings and gloves, each neatly stamped



Suppose

YOU'D NEVER TASTED CAMPBELL'S TOMATO SOUP

Suppose you'd never had a bright bowl of it beckon you with its tempting aroma. Suppose you'd never drawn your chair close, lifted your spoon, and learned with that first smooth sip how its lively flavor could wake up appetite and delight the taste. Suppose you had still to try the soup almost everyone likes best — had still to discover how it glorifies tomatoes in a way all its own. Certainly, then, you'd have a treat in store for you!

Likely you know Campbell's Tomato Soup —how it can put surprise and welcome in a simple lunch or supper, or pleasantly begin a dinner. You've probably discovered, happily, that its taste is one you always enjoy. Well, won't you have Campbell's Tomato Soup another time soon—perhaps for lunch tomorrow? *That* would be a treat in store for you!



A TREAT

Bright red tomatoes
And seasoning fine
Make this a soup
You'll never decline!



IN STORE FOR YOU!

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

The Waldorf-Astoria

suggests

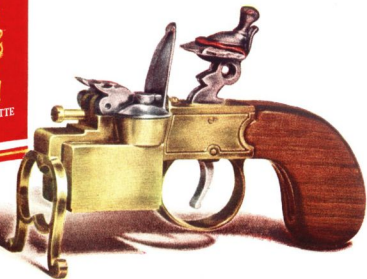
PALL MALL

FAMOUS CIGARETTES



● THE FIRST TIME you take a Pall Mall in your fingers, you will be impressed by the added distinction the longer size bestows upon this traditionally smart cigarette.

But this added distinction is not its only appealing advantage. For this additional length travels the smoke further, giving you a noticeably cooler and smoother cigarette—thus enhancing the rich flavor of the superb Pall Mall tobaccos.



FOREIGN NEWS

The French girl of the middle classes and up is on no Nordic romantic pedestal but serene in her father's provision of a suitable marriage portion practically guaranteed to attract an acceptable fiancé. Or if there is no money for a *dot* then she rationally faces the alternatives of spinsterhood in its more or less appetizing forms. These in France can be either. The French spinster escapes certain laws which her smugly married sisters take as a matter of course, laws which definitely make the French husband master in his home. For example, a wife cannot go on the stage, open a bank account or obtain a French passport without her husband's explicit consent.

Not unnaturally many brilliant French spinsters like 35-year-old Eve Curie are in no hurry to tie themselves down. She has had fun these many years globe-trotting, has parried with Playwright Henri Bernstein, Condé Nast, Lucius Beebe, French Ambassador Comte de Saint-Quentin, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt.

"She Has Everything!" Shelves recently in Hollywood was a scenario completed by Aldous Huxley to put Greta Garbo in the role of Marie Sklodowska, the sweetly wooden-looking Polish lass who saved the rubles she earned as a governess in Imperial Russia, came to Paris an eager student and married her distinguished Physics Professor Pierre Curie.

Daughter Irène was born in 1897. Next year her parents announced the discovery of radium and Mme Curie recorded that Irène was saying "Gogli, gogli, go." Daughter Eve came in 1904 and for her happiness at home that was several years too late. By the time Eve was a romping youngster who could and would bolt a whole box of chocolates at a sitting, Irène was already the brilliant but mechanical and efficient student who, when given chocolates, put the box away in a drawer, extracted and ate one piece a day, generally forgot chocolates altogether before the box was half empty.

It has been no wonder that the late Professor and Mme Curie, Daughter Irène and her scientist husband Professor Jean Frédéric Joliot, thought Eve something of a flibbertigibbet. Eve took to music and Bohemia. She became a concert pianist, escaped straightway into a Paris that her scientist family will never know. "I don't hate Science, it just terrifies me!" says Eve.

Terrified of trading on the family name, because unkind people always say that is what she does, Miss Curie got into writing music criticism for various Paris papers under a pen name. From this she drifted into adapting Broadway plays for the Paris stage. *Spread Eagle* she did over into a successful French production staged as *145 Wall Street* in Paris in 1932.

Marie Curie died two years later and after a decent interval U. S. publishers began badgering her daughter to do a

biography. Eve was willing, but both terrified and lazy. She had to be constantly jugged by her publishers, but finally turned out a smooth, satisfying and deeply human work which Vincent Sheean ably translated. Others of her writer friends like Louis Bromfield promptly boosted Miss Curie to the skies in U. S. Sunday



Kitrosser-Pictures Inc.

SISTER IRÈNE CURIE
Sparing with the chocolates.

supplements. Since then she has been a best-seller in her own right.

"When I think of her, she is somehow associated with softly falling snow, not because she is cold," wrote Louis of Eve in the conservative New York *Herald Tribune*. "It is something that has to do with the freshness and beauty and soft glittering quality of snow. . . . She is like Diana. . . . I realize that what I have written may sound rhapsodical, yet I only feel that my effort has been inadequate. She is a woman—in the common vivid speech of our times—who has everything."

GREAT BRITAIN

Unmentionable Weather

All leaves of the B. E. F. were canceled. The public was exhorted to "exercise every economy" in the use of fuel. The stores were shy of fresh meat. Water was cut off here & there. "Something" happened to the pipes at Buckingham Palace and it was said that for a whole day His Majesty King George VI had to forego a bath. London suburbanites took hours to get to & from work.

What happened to general transportation was far worse. The "Irish Mail" from Holyhead was announced as "still on its way" 24 hours after the train was due at Waterloo Station. LONDON TRAINS MISSING, SCOTTISH TRAINS LOST screamed newspaper headlines. At Euston Station three trains from the north failed

to turn up for more than a day. Two main lines to Scotland did not function for days. Viscount Horne, chairman of Great Western Railway, and 300 other passengers spent two days and a night in cold, bedless coaches. Up in Scotland 400 travelers were stranded at isolated Crawford, on Beattock Moor, in Lanarkshire. An inn proprietor put them up, rationed their small supply of food, then four days later frantically telephoned an S O S to Glasgow: "We are absolutely starving."

It was the sort of havoc that might well have been created by a first-class shower of Nazi bombs of the type Poland had last September. Actually, it was caused by a *Blitzkrieg* of the elements. What gave it additional martial atmosphere was that nowadays British weather is a military secret. The censor-fearing London newspapers carried no weather news at all in a spell of such weather as had not been seen in the Isles for 46 years. Hush-hush was the fact that the British capital was covered with snow, that snowdrifts twelve feet high were piled up on the Dover-Folkestone Road, that the Scottish lochs were frozen solid, that all of Britain shivered. The London *Daily Mail* gleefully published a cold-wave poem which, it said, had been held up for ten days, finally to be passed with "alterations":

*I'm told that the children were flinging
round lumps
Of a strange soft white stuff they
call. . . .
And folks were foreseeing
A prospect of . . . ;
What that is, of course, I don't know.*

GERMANY

Black Guard Isms

A sexy, Jew-hating, frankly brutal sheet is *Das Schwarze Korps* (the *Black Guard*), official organ of Nazi Germany's black-shirt, elite SS Guards. Publisher is Heinrich Himmler, *Gestapo* chief. Its editor is blond, cold, handsome Gunter d'Alquen, 29, a onetime newspaperman on Berlin's important *Völkischer Beobachter*.

Unlike Julius Streicher's thick-lipped *Der Stürmer*, *Das Schwarze Korps* is not out to drum up low-grade circulation. Rather, it teaches young Nazi troopers to believe in the destiny of a German master race. To give his theory a "scientific" background, Publisher Himmler maintains a large research staff which analyzes and breaks down into racial groups the gallons of human blood it has collected. The staff's novel "findings" are usually aired in *Das Schwarze Korps*.

Scarcely a week goes by without the newsgang advocating the favorite Himmler thesis of a free love that will promote the birth of more illegitimate "children of good blood." Last week, for instance, *Das Schwarze Korps* plugged for artificial insemination of childless women. Wrote Editor d'Alquen: "The problem is to find a helper toward procreation . . . who will

FOREIGN NEWS

place his hereditary substance at [their] disposal." The SS publication cribbed from the ancient Spartan Code of Lycurgus by recommending that impotent husbands choose their brothers to impregnate fertile brides.

But that was fairly old stuff. Later in the week *Das Schwarze Korps* clicked its heels again and did better with a brand-new patrioticism. Discarding the long-proclaimed Nazi thesis that the English were racially first cousins to the Germans, Himmler's theorists announced that actually the English were "white Jews" and that British "Protestantism" was after all only a modern version of the "old Jewish law book."

"This theory," conceded the paper, "is, of course, too novel to be immediately grasped by everyone. We have been far too accustomed to regard England as we would like it to be. Thus we honor Shakespeare as we would a German classical poet, overlooking the fact that the very qualities that we admire in him made him a poor example of Englishman. . . .

"Experience has taught us that Latin peoples, yes, even the peoples of distant Japan, are incomparably closer to us in their attitude toward life and philosophy than our 'Germanic cousins' on the British Isles."

But while Germany gained a theory it lost a favorite old slogan: "Gott strafe England!" The argument:

"If God, on whom the Germans called in vain 25 years ago was really capable of exercising such a measure of punitive power, He would not have waited till 1940 to punish the British," stated the paper. "In those days the Germans relied too much on the power of higher justice and too little on the holy wrath of the nation fighting for its existence."

"Slogans such as this derive from a mental attitude which is all too fatalistic and all too lazy. . . . If He were really a practical God who would see to it that law and order prevail, He would have said to Himself long since: I have made things hard for the Germans long enough—now they will finally have some good luck. And in a like vein: the British have irritated Me long enough—now they will learn what trouble is."

JAPAN

Hirohito v. Kipling

*As the New Year begins we pray
That the East and the West
Will live and prosper together.*

Last week these lines were announced as His Imperial Highness Emperor Hirohito's contribution (not eligible for a prize) to the annual Imperial Poetry Contest. Far more frankly propagandistic than Emperor Hirohito's efforts of past years, which always discreetly hid the Japanese Army under lotus leaves, branches of mimosa and the burgeoning cherry, this year's poem was released in an inopportune week

—a week singularly illustrative of the famous lines on the same subject by that other imperialist, Rudyard Kipling. Only way the twain were meeting last week was on the opposite sides of angry conference tables, or in overt diplomatic conflict:

► Japan's Foreign Office handed British Ambassador Sir Robert Leslie Craigie a flat note demanding that Britain hand over the 21 Germans taken three weeks ago from the Japanese liner *Asama Maru*. Britain sat tight on her rights. In Tientsin, U. S. citizens as well as Britons suffered from renewed tightening of the British Concession blockade, Japanese military planes roared angrily back and forth 500 feet above the Concession's buildings.

► In a speech opening the Diet, newly restored Foreign Minister Arita disclaimed



CHINA'S MA
Imperially extinct.
(See Column 3)

any intention of eliminating "legitimate rights and interests" of the U. S. in China. This unctuousness, coming just after U. S.-Japanese trade relations felt treacherous, was punctuated by a sentence which was a cactus of innuendo: International conflict, said Mr. Arita, is "largely due to the fact that some nations insist upon trying to maintain an irrational and unjust international status quo relative to race, religion, territory, resources, trade, immigration and other matters by adopting exclusionist policies or by abusing their superior positions."

► In Southern China the Japanese Army recklessly bombed the French-owned Yunnan-Indo-China railroad. French Ambassador to Tokyo Charles Arsène-Henri protested the loss of five French lives; and the U. S. Government made representations against this interference with the last railroad carrying American goods into China. Japan's answer was to bomb the line again. Japanese forces claimed great victories around Nanning. But meantime, for the first time since the war began, a Japanese had

courage enough to stand up on his feet and criticize the Army not on minor points of procedure, but on its whole program in China.

Takao Saito, a flamboyant orator, a clever politician and a Yale man, asked three unprecedented questions in the lower House of the Diet: 1) How long will the China Incident last? 2) Exactly what does the phrase "New Order in East Asia" mean? 3) What return had the Japanese people had for all their heavy sacrifices?

The Army seethed. Dietarian Saito had "belittled Japan's holy war and defiled the souls of hundreds of thousands of dead" (official Japanese figures on Japanese dead: 70,000). War Minister General Shunroku Hata appeared before the lower House to answer the Saito attack with a charming speech about "peace in East Asia," "universal brotherhood," "good neighborhood" and a still undefined "New Order."

Takao Saito had timed his attack to a T—so well that to save face he had to resign from his political party. The Army might get him expelled from the Imperial Diet, but they could not expel rice from the national diet; the grain was last week rare, its price high. An acute power shortage was causing a stringent curb on power consumption, slowing all industries except munitions. The Diet had just been asked to approve an all-time record military appropriation of \$1,025,800,000. More sacrifices.

WAR IN CHINA

General Giant Horse

One of the Chinese heroes whose exploits long ago became legend was General Ma Chan-shan ("Giant Horse"). General Ma was no giant (5 ft. 8 in.), but he was an expert horseman. Thin, nervous, explosive, scratching his chin or mustache as he talked, General Ma smoked a little opium for pleasant dreams, woke from them fresh for action at 5:30 every morning. Operating in the far north, he organized a fantastic-appearing but formidable cavalry force made up mostly of Mongols and Manchurians, whose feet almost dragged on the ground astride their tiny Mongolian ponies. They wore badges on their arms marked with the English letters K. D., which they proudly said stood for Cavalry Division.

During Japan's first invasion of Manchuria, the Japanese killed someone they thought was General Ma. They were so sure of themselves that they sent home to Emperor Hirohito what they believed to be General Ma's uniform and medals. When something is told to the Emperor, it automatically becomes irrevocable fact; it has happened. Unfortunately General Ma was still very much alive. Recently, the Japanese discovered this, and last week a confused force of little men surged out across the snow-swept, desolate plains of Ordos with orders to accomplish what every one of them knew—as a most Imperial fact—to have been accomplished long ago: kill Giant Horse.

WORLD WAR

ECONOMIC FRONT

Hot Spot

Rumania continued last week to occupy the hottest neutral spot in Europe as Germany and the Allies continued to high-pressure her over oil. A Rumanian statesman once said, "Better give them oil than blood." But by last week Rumanian statesmen almost wished Rumania had no oil. It was beginning to smell of blood.

In London, Rumania's Minister, Dr. Viorel Virgil Tilea, called on Lord Halifax at the Foreign Office to try to answer two searching British questions: 1) Was Rumania planning to increase the oil quota for Germany which Britain thought reasonable when, with France, she guaranteed Rumania's borders? 2) If so, was Rumania planning to force oil companies financed by Allied money to provide this added supply?

Evidently Minister Tilea's replies were reassuring, for presently it was reported that Lord Halifax's Government had lifted its ban, suddenly applied earlier in the week, upon shipments of war materials to Rumania. Such a ban, plus cash money, plus their promise to protect Rumania, are the Allies' most potent weapons against their Rumanian oil antagonist, Dr. Karl Claudius, economic field marshal for Adolf Hitler. Last week Dr. Claudius was coaxing Italy to give up part of her contracted share (hitherto 15%) in Rumania's oil output so that Germany might have it. At the same time Italy asked Rumania to increase her share 30%. Out of 130,000 tons Germany was supposed to get in January, she got only 30,000 tons. Full fury of the oil war is reflected in prices, which now stand around \$44 a ton as against \$18 for U. S. oil, \$17 for Rumanian before the war.

The position Rumania is trying to assume on oil is one of complete neutrality and self-interest. Professor Gheron Netta, the new oil "dictator," explains to both sides that, with Rumanian production falling off (from 8,700,000 tons in 1936 to 6,200,000 tons last year), his country needs more of her total output for her own army and industry. Since 90% of production is foreign-owned, obviously some of their output must be commandeered to supply the Rumanian state, and this was provided for legally in a statute of 1924 placing all oil at the Government's call in an emergency. Allied suspicion is that Professor Netta means to meet his German commitments out of the Government's reserves thus augmented.

Elsewhere on the economic front last week, other developments in the great war-behind-the-war were visible:

► Russian workmen were working fast to move one rail 3½ inches outward on each of nine roadbeds across the east of old Poland, to make them wide enough for Russian rolling stock bringing supplies to Germany. (Standard gauge was kept on

the line from Przemysl through Lwów down to Cernauti, Rumania, over which oil reaches Germany, now under German guard.)

► Prime Minister Chamberlain successfully resisted an effort in Parliament to set up a super-ministry of War Economics under a dictatorship like Hermann Göring's in Germany. Mr. Chamberlain said he would not like to subordinate his Chancellor of the Exchequer to any other official, and besides, such an economic dictatorship would leave the Prime Minister little to do. Instead of a Göring he named a consultative council of financial and industrial leaders under Sir Andrew Rae Duncan, new President of the Board of Trade. Prime object: to increase British



RUMANIA'S TILEA
The bans were unopposed.

exports to £600,000,000 a year (up 37% from 1939).

► Because their Government is now buying Turkish and Greek tobacco, instead of U. S., to increase its popularity in the Balkans, the British public is now urged to buy and like such cigaret brands as Balkan Soubrairie, Sunripe, Spinnet, Benson & Hedges. It is proposed that retail prices for Turkish cigarets be pushed down from \$2.50 per hundred to half that. In the last war, when the Eastern supply was cut off, everybody was supposed to switch to Virginia and Carolina tobacco.

NORTHERN THEATRE

"Condemned to Death"?

In Paris last week Finnish Minister Dr. Harri Holma told newspapermen that unless Finland gets more help quickly Field Marshal Carl Gustaf Emil Mannerheim's army is "condemned to death." In Helsinki sturdy old President Kyösti Kallio once more offered to negotiate "an honorable peace." This was no more than Fin-

land had been offering since the war began,* but it proved to the Finns who are getting hurt in this war that their Government is always willing to negotiate. And Minister Holma's scare talk was less a cry of desperation than a part of the Finnish campaign to speed up the flow of aid which is already more than a trickle.

Last week eleven U. S. planes were landed in Bergen and immediately transhipped to Finland, Italian fliers were raiding Soviet air bases (Moscow denied that Kronstadt was raided), thousands of Swedes were flying and fighting on skis for Finland; an American volunteer aviator, one William H. Wallace Jr., was reported killed and then not killed; a deepening stream of men, materials and money was flowing from England, France, Italy and Scandinavia, not to mention the relief funds collected by Herbert Hoover (see p. 38).

As if in anticipation of growing Finnish strength, Russia let loose a terrific attack. Soviet bombing planes in mass formation unloaded their bombs over seaports and rail centres, killed an estimated 150 civilians in three days, and reportedly bombed Viipuri's ancient cathedral. At the same time the Soviet Army tried to storm the Mannerheim Line by a direct frontal attack.

For eight hours one night shells rained on the Finnish defense works while the Finns burrowed into their underground shelters. As dawn broke the barrage stopped and silence hung over the isthmus. Then the Finns heard the drone of Russian bombers rising from their bases behind the Soviet lines. In close formation they flew high over the Finnish lines and dropped their loads. At the same time long rows of tanks moved forward.

Ahead of it each tank pushed a sledge, armored on the sides and top, filled with Russian soldiers. As the tanks reached the Finnish lines they halted and crawled around to the front of the sledges. The infantrymen got out and advanced behind the tanks.

Finnish machine guns and rifles picked the Russians off; the tanks could not get through the Finns' granite defense line. Back went the tanks for more infantry and all day the assault continued. When night fell the artillery took up the battle again and the Finns could not sleep in the din.

The Russians had another trick up their sleeves. One night high-flying planes dropped men by parachute behind the Finnish lines. The Russians had tried this on a small scale early in the war, but this time there were scores of men. They were armed with light machine guns, tools for

* A Finnish white paper, received in the U. S. last week, established: 1) that in the negotiations preceding the war Russia had let it be known that she suspected Finland of conspiring against her; 2) that Finland had been willing to accept; 3) that the Russian demands except the one for a naval base and garrison at Hanko.

WORLD WAR

cutting telegraph wires, portable radio sets. First the Finns heard of them was when they got nervous and began shooting. After that it was easy for the Finns, who knew the territory, to spy them out and pot them.

The Finns also discovered how to deal with the armored sledges. Well placed hand grenades split the armor; machine guns did the rest. The Russians soon abandoned this tactic, went back to sending infantry across behind the shelter of the tanks.

In five days of successive battering the Russians pushed a few miles nearer to Viipuri (a Swedish dispatch had them five miles nearer, within 20 miles of the city). But the Finns, with their defense-in-depth fortifications, were still holding a well-constructed line. Although the danger of a break-through was greater, Russia was thousands of men and many tanks away from taking Viipuri.

Worst feature of the attack for the Finns, aside from the men they lost, was the fact that they had to withdraw troops from north of Lake Laatokka, where they had trapped two Russian divisions, and throw them into action on the isthmus. Accomplishment of the "greatest victory" of the war which the Finns were anticipating last fortnight (TIME, Feb. 5) was prematurely reported to be near at hand despite this withdrawal; the report was denied by the Finnish high command; revived again, denied again. If the Russians had the man power and supplies to develop two heavy attacks at the same time, one on the isthmus and one north of the lake, the plight of the Finns might indeed be desperate and the costly, 60-day Russian fire-hose attack might come to something at last.

WESTERN FRONT

Dead

The British War Office last week gave out lethal statistics about the British Army after five months of World War II: five Tommies killed in action, one dead of wounds, eight went down with the liner *Yorkshire*, one missing, 24 wounded in battle. The balance of 719 dead were killed in blackout accidents or by disease (at about the British Army's normal rate).

IN THE AIR

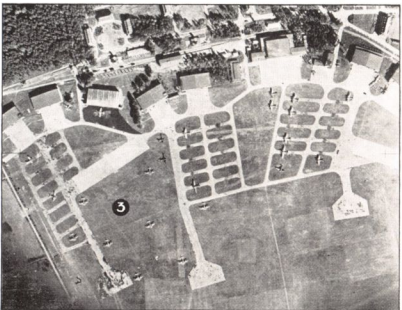
Claims and Glimpses

Knowing that the British Isles were smothered by heavy snow, with temperatures the lowest in 46 years (see p. 29), the German Air Force last week set out to plaster enemy shipping in the North Sea. Down on merchantmen, trawlers, fishermen, lightships they swooped. The British Isles were indeed snowbound—but the Royal Air Force wasn't. The German press claimed frightful tonnage sunk, admitted losing three bombers. The British ridiculed Berlin's claims and announced



BRITONS VIEW WILHELMSHAVEN, LANGENHAGEN (SEE BELOW)

Pictures Inc.



Pictures Inc.

a new pursuit plane called the *Defiant* with speed enough and ample fire-power to cut down Germany's new 315-m.p.h. Junkers bombers (*Ju88*). Berlin claimed the week's raids proved the British Isles "vulnerable." The British claimed their defense had proved itself ample to cope with a spring *Blitzkrieg*.

Meantime, the British censorship last week released for the first time (more than two months after they were taken) photographs made by Royal Air Force reconnaissance planes over Germany. For clarity and detail they suffered by comparison with what Germany has shown of its air views of Great Britain (TIME, Jan. 1). Included were views of Wilhelmshaven naval base and of Langenhagen airdrome ten miles north of Hanover (see cuts). Anti-aircraft fire kept the photographers of Wilhelmshaven (fast, long-nosed *Blen-*

heims) at least 12,000 ft. aloft but the picture reveals at (1) a capital ship, the *Gneisenau* or *Scharnhorst*, in Jade Bay; at (2) a set of new locks under construction to connect the inner ship basin with the outer harbor proper, formed by a long new mole (between 1 and 2). Locks are needed because, in the spring, tides here rise 11½ ft. A corner of Wilhelmshaven's great shipyards is just visible on the lower right.

In the Langenhagen picture, made at about 5,000 ft., several planes can be seen moving across the field around (3). There are apparently 23 Heinkel *He 111K* bombers, twin-motored with a 75-ft. wingspread, two Junkers transports and three others. Oil spurs on the runways show where planes are regularly parked. The hangars around the upper edge of the field are staggered in position so that they cannot be lined up for bombing.

Where do the New Styles come from?



SOME ONE, you say, must determine car styles, as Paris or Hollywood or New York determines fashions. Some one must decide the shape of a car's "nose," the length of the body, the slant of the rear deck. Who?

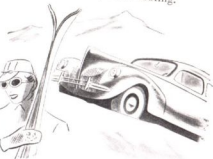
Designers of the Lincoln-Zephyr were not interested in creating new fashions. They sought a certain engineering end. But so beautiful was this car that it set a style pattern for the entire automotive industry!

The radiator grille, in the Lincoln-Zephyr, is placed low. This is "modern." But it is also sound engineering. It permits improved cooling.

There are no running boards on the Lincoln-Zephyr. This also is "modern"—and enhances the flow of graceful body lines. But it first enables you to step from curb to floor of car. And seats are wider.

Underlying the outward beauty of the Lincoln-Zephyr is the unique unit-body-and-frame. Engineers chose this truss-type structure for its light weight and great strength. The car's streamlines fit over it like flesh over bone. Here is beauty, yes—but first, advanced engineering!

But more than style sets the Lincoln-Zephyr apart. This is a "twelve," the only one in the medium-price field. Hydraulic brakes... Panorama



Windshield and windows... Finger-Tip Gearshift on the steering column... Chair-high seats... Curb-level entrance... Sedan luggage space 30% larger than before... all form a unique combination of features.

Where do the new styles come from? From skilful planning—from custom designer and engineer. And, so far as the automotive industry is concerned, from Lincoln-Zephyr. A beautiful car waits to speak to you now of value! Lincoln Motor Company, Division of Ford Motor Company.



LINCOLN-

ZEPHYR V-12

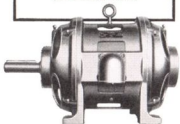




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MEDICINE

Cake to Bread

To celebrate President Roosevelt's 58th birthday last week, 25,000 parties were held throughout the U. S. Their collective gift: an estimated \$1,500,000 for the Roosevelt fund to aid victims of infantile paralysis. Biggest & brightest of all was the party at Washington's Hotel Mayflower, where beaming Eleanor Roosevelt plunged a knife into a big, red, white & blue cake. But just before Mrs. Roosevelt



U. S. SURGEON GENERAL
The President: "It is an experiment."

cut into the cake, the President cut into the Wagner health bill.

The bill introduced in Congress last winter called for an annual public-health expenditure of \$80,000,000; the substitute plan, which the President sent as a birthday message to Congress, slashed the total to \$10,000,000. This sum, said the President, would build 50 small hospitals for poor communities throughout the U. S. which need "the most elementary" health services. "Title to these institutions," he continued, "should be held by the Federal Government, but operation should be a local financial responsibility. It is an experiment."

No great surprise was this substitution of plain bread for the rich cake of the Wagner bill. Last December, when the President first mentioned a hospital-construction plan, he was vigorously supported by the American Medical Association, which had vigorously opposed the Wagner bill. And for many months, Surgeon General Thomas Parran has been conducting a painstaking county-by-county survey of hospital facilities in the 48 States. On his desk last week were blue-prints of neat little one-story hospitals, some of wood, others of brick and adobe, each planned to house 100 beds. Estimated cost: \$150,000 apiece, including X-ray equipment, surgical instruments, laboratory machinery, everything but bed linen.

According to the bill, each plea for a hospital made by "responsible public authorities" will be thoroughly investigated by the purse-string committee of Dr. Parran and six hand-picked hospital specialists. Most of the money will probably go to Southern villages for general hospitals.

"What Am I Doing?"

Fifty years ago, in gay Vienna, two bold young doctors set out to uncover Sex. Sigmund Freud tackled the tabooed problem like a scientific poet, using words to dig up the roots of personality and family ties. His young friend Eugen Steinach went at the job in more orthodox fashion, in a laboratory, cutting up white rats to discover the secret of sexuality in glands and juices. Steinach became professor of physiology at the University of Vienna. There he got interested in the idea of staving off old age, and, after many years of research, devised a sex-gland operation to "re-activate" failing men, thrice "reactivated" himself. Like Freud, he was denounced as a charlatan. Like Freud, he was chased from Vienna by the Nazis. But while Freud's notoriety slowly changed to fame, Steinach's fame has been tinged with notoriety.

After his friend Freud died last fall, 79-year-old Eugen Steinach puttered dismally about his Zürich refuge, giving hormone injections to barren cows. Deprived of his laboratory, he cried in despair: "What am I doing with my reactivated life?" Last week he tried to prove that in the past he had done great things. He published his first book addressed to laymen, an elegant volume called *Sex and Life*, garnished with pictures of dissected rats, rejuvenated dogs, and handsome Eugen Steinach.

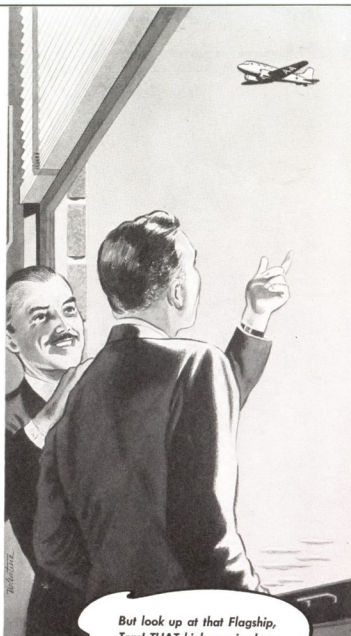
Testicles consist of two types of tissue, seminal tubules, which produce spermatozoa, and interstitial cells, lying between the tubules. The interstitial cells produce sex hormones which tone up the whole body, stimulate masculine characteristics. Both types of tissue, according to Steinach, flourish at the expense of the other. Hence he conceived the idea of stimulating hormone flow by damming up the "antagonistic" seminal canals. This he did by ligating (tying off) and severing the main duct of the canals, known as the *vas deferens*. This "Steinach vasoligature" is a simple operation, takes only 20 minutes.

In the book are glowing accounts of some of the thousands of men who were "Steinached" during the roaring '20s. They changed, says Steinach, from feeble, parched, dribbling drones to men of vigorous bloom who threw away their glasses, shaved twice a day, "dragged loads up to 220 lbs.," even indulged in such youthful follies as "buying land in Florida."

Although Dr. Steinach was violently attacked by medical authorities ten years ago, hormone specialists today smile indulgently at the mention of his operation. They doubt his claim that four-fifths of his patients regained their virility, think



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Ground all snow-bound for
my trip tomorrow!



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the Flagships travel is clear, sparkling sunshine which streams through your Flagship window and seems to wrap you around with summer-time warmth.

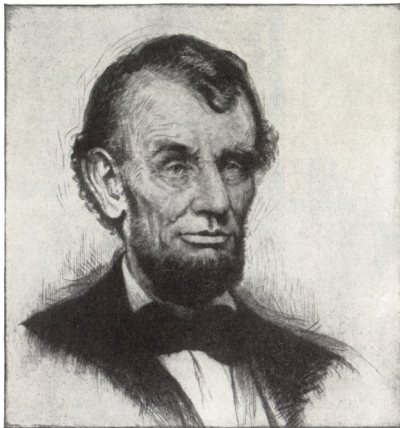
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suggestion was the more powerful factor. Certain it is that vasoligature does not relieve high blood pressure, angina pectoris (heart attack) or arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries). Although Steinach's critics admit a few outstanding cases where vitality was restored to younger men, the tissues of old men cannot be made to grow profusely, let alone pour forth hormones.

Most devastating argument against vasoligature is frankly presented in his book by Steinach himself. "Injections of synthetic male sex hormone," he admits, "produce results similar to those achieved . . . by means of vasoligature . . . the injection treatment offers the further advantage that it can be repeated whenever required." But, cries he: "[My work] is the foundation upon which the proud struc-



HELPER, PATIENT, DR. STEINACH
Instead of words, rats.

ture of present-day hormone research is reared."

Last week, in the *British Medical Journal*, Dr. Arthur Guiridham, superintendent of the Bailbrook House (for mental disorders) in Bath, England, described the remarkable results he obtained in treating four hopelessly insane men with male sex hormones. The patients ranged in age from 24 to 74, in symptoms from paranoia (madness) with delusions of persecution to melancholia. "With one partial exception . . . there was no physical indication such as hypogonadism [underdevelopment] for hormone treatment." They were given a series of injections of the synthetic hormones testosterone and androsterone.

Within a fortnight after the last injections, said Dr. Guiridham, the patients improved "far beyond my most sanguine expectations." After several more weeks of observation, they were all discharged from the hospital and went back to their work "self-confident," "cheerful," "intensely social."

Such glandular treatment, admitted Dr. Guiridham, was "on the shotgun basis, with a preliminary barrage of faith," but it probably had "a general dynamic action [in stabilizing] . . . the nervous system." He urged his colleagues to experiment further with "pure hormones."

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PEOPLE

Staid, stolid **Herbert Hoover**, national chairman of the Finnish Relief Fund, Inc., posed in Manhattan, gun in hand, with noted Finnish Runners **Paavo Nurmi** and



WIDE WORLD
HOOVER AND FRIENDS*
Tactless.

Taisto Maki, to symbolize the start of a new drive (*see cut*). The former President welcomed the athletes as "ambassadors of the greatest sporting nation in the world," alluded rhapsodically but tactlessly to Thermopylae (where Leonidas and his 300 Spartans put up a stout fight against the Persian hordes, were massacred to a man). "Flying Finn" Nurmi, once world's champion distance runner, and his protégé Maki, breaker of track records, including Nurmi's, expressed confidence in their country's ultimate victory. They are on leave from war service to raise money in the U. S.

Because the Honorable **Mrs. Geoffrey Bowley**, Woman of the Bedchamber to Queen Elizabeth, developed mumps, the staff of Buckingham Palace went under medical observation for two weeks.

When the late Senator William E. Borah of Idaho gave up riding seven years ago, Washingtonians remarked: "Poor Borah, he can't afford a horse any longer." When he got a whopping bill for a prostate-gland operation, fellow Senators went to the doctor and got the bill halved. Surprised was the capital to learn that the Lion of Idaho had left \$207,000 (\$50,000 of it in thousand-dollar bills, \$157,000 in bonds). Most surprised was Widow **Mamie McConnell** ("Little") Borah, who will not have to give up their Connecticut Avenue apartment.

Novelist **Adela Rogers St. Johns**, 45, hurrying from Manhattan to Manhasset, Long Island at 3 a. m., found herself halfway home in a parked cab, the driver having stepped out for a moment. Next to her cab was another, likewise chauffeur-
* Maki, Nurmi.

less. Impulsively Miss St. Johns switched cabs, taking the cabby's seat. From the lunchwagon emerged two cabbies, one minus fare, the other minus cab. Miss St. Johns presently faced charges of driving a cab without an operator's license, passing a red light, driving while intoxicated. Novelist St. Johns' latest book, to be published Feb. 15, is entitled *The Root of All Evil*.

Richard Jaeckel, millionaire head of H. Jaeckel & Sons, Manhattan furriers, lumped out of a Manhattan apartment-house window, landed on a canopy ten stories below, bulged the canvas, dented three iron bars, cut his head and was "perfectly okay" to doctors who examined him.

Twelve 1940 debutantes met at a swank Manhattan saloon. Sipping tea, they cast



HOOS-EOPEAN
GLAMOR BOY DONALD MUNROE
Designing.

votes for the season's "glamor boy," whose blond, rosy-cheeked **Donald Munroe** (*see cut*), who designs deb's clothes and is not in the *Social Register*.

Whether Hannibal, Mo., where **Mark Twain** (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) spent his boyhood, or Hartford, Conn., where he wrote his later works, should have the honor of first selling the Mark Twain commemorative stamp was under dispute in the House of Representatives. Zealous for Missouri's honor, Representative Joseph B. Shannon of Kansas City rose to remark that Connecticut could have the stamp all to itself, for Clemens was a disgrace to the Confederate colors. Of his brief military service—Shannon said it lasted four minutes after firing started in the border State—Mark Twain once wrote: "When I withdrew from those Missouri bumptkins and rustics, the Confederate fell."

Flustered were Nazi authorities in German-occupied Poland when a 70-year-old Jew sought an exit visa to return to his native Latvia. His name was **Adolf Hitler**.

Ex-Lieut. **Ivan Ivanovitch Poderzaj** of the Yugoslav Army reserve emerged from Auburn N. Y. prison, his hands manacled, but still dapper in a smart tweed coat. He had served five years for bigamy, was scheduled for deportation. Somewhere was a woman who had divorced him. Somewhere was his second wife. What Manhattan's Missing Persons Bureau wanted to know was: Where is plain-looking, efficient Corporation Lawyer **Agnes Tufverson**, who married Poderzaj in the Little Church Around the Corner on Dec. 4, 1933? On a blizzard night two weeks later, the Poderzajs drove to a pier, but returned to her Gramercy Park apartment, quarreling. Shortly after, Poderzaj sailed —alone—his baggage including his wife's trunks; never seen again was the third Mrs. Poderzaj. Brought back from Vienna, where he was found living with Wife No. 2, Poderzaj, suspected of worse things, was convicted of bigamy. In the Missing Persons Bureau Agnes Tufverson's case is still filed under "Unfound."

To the widow of Bruno Richard Hauptmann (*see p. 47*), **Mrs. Anna Hauptmann**, and six-year-old Son Manfred Hauptmann went an award of \$25,500 in Bronx Supreme Court for damages suffered by Manfred in an automobile accident last spring.

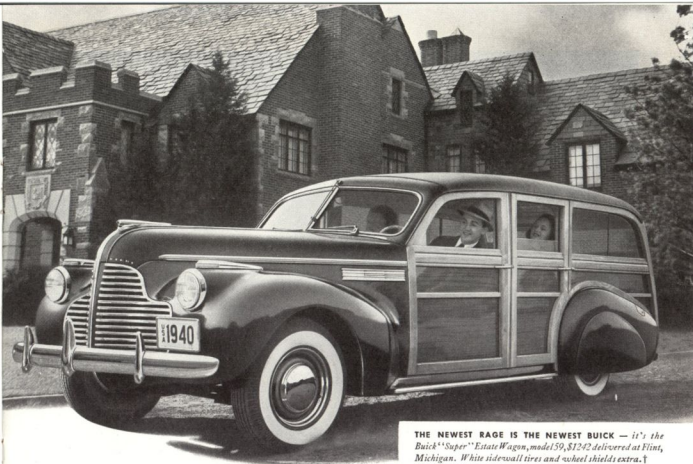
Earl Browder, whose four-year jail sentence* does not keep him from running for Congress, made a vigorous campaign for a House seat in the 14th (East Side) district of Manhattan. Running against M. Michael Edelstein, Democrat, and Louis J. Lefkowitz, Republican, Communist



ASSOCIATED PRESS
EDELSTEIN, LEFKOWITZ, BROWDER
Brave.

Browder sang *The Star Spangled Banner* as bravely as his opponents (*see cut*) when all three met at a political rally.

* He is out on \$7,500 bail, pending appeal.



THE NEWEST RAGE IS THE NEWEST BUICK — it's the Buick "Super" Estate Wagon, model 159, \$1242 delivered at Flint, Michigan. White sidewall tires and wheel shields extra.†

Want to join The Five Hundred?

A FISH and a tush for the late Ward McAllister and his Four Hundred of the gay 90's period.

They, you will recall, were merely the crème de la crème of a single city — when you pilot this richly finished Buick estate wagon around, you're riding with the crème de la crème of the entire country, coast-to-coast.

For our present production plans call for just five hundred of those luxurious handy wagons.

When that number's gone, we don't know, at the moment, where you're going to get a car of this type with a 107-horsepower Dynaflex valve-in-head straight-eight engine and all the

other stellar features of the Buick Super "Fifty" chassis.*

We don't know where you'll find such a car with room for six on Foamtex seat cushions — with ash framing and mahogany panels glued and doweled for rattle-free strength — with fully carpeted floors clear to the tailgate and Safety Plate Glass in windshield and door windows.

In short, we don't know where you're going to find an estate wagon. For while "station wagons" are plentiful, that richer term applies only to this beauty with Buick recoil-mounted

* * *

*Barring, of course, a public mandate demanding production increases.

Knee-Action, micropoise-balanced engine, BuicCoil Springing that never needs lubricating, and all the rest of the six-dozen new Buick features including the Fore-N-Aft Direction Signal with automatic cut-off!

The price? A trifle, really, when you see the comfort, beauty, utility and downright luxury of this super-de luxe automobile. Delivered at Flint, Mich., the figures read \$1242.†

At that price, places in the Five Hundred are going to go fast, so better see your Buick dealer in a hurry!

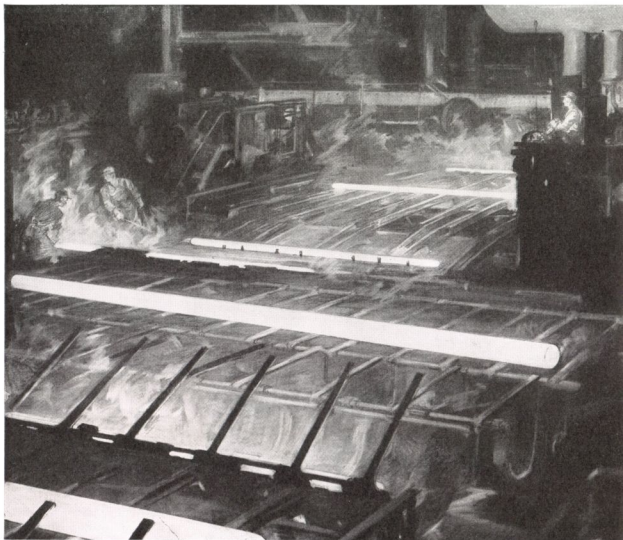
†Transportation based on rail rates, state and local taxes (if any), optional equipment and accessories — extra as usual. Price subject to change without notice.



Look at the luggage room—even without removing the removable back seat. Spare is carried in the double-locked compartment under the tailgate where you see the rear Flash-Way Direction Signal.

"Best buy's Buick!"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



Copyright 1940—Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation

THROUGH J & L PIPE FLOWS PETROLEUM, LIFE BLOOD OF INDUSTRY

Seamless pipe of Jones & Laughlin Controlled Quality Steel reaches deep into the earth for petroleum, the products of which serve you daily.



"The white-hot, solid 'rounds' of steel you see traveling rapidly from furnaces through the finishing processes in these J & L Pipe Mills will soon become part of a 'string of seamless,' reaching deep into the earth for oil. Before shipment it will be one hundred percent inspected to measure up

to our own high standards and to meet all specifications of the American Petroleum Institute.

"Most visitors watching that piercing mill assume the rounds are actually 'pierced' by an implement that

pushes a hole through them. But to understand how a round is 'pierced' to form a tube, take the eraser out of a lead pencil and roll it under firm pressure of a ruler, back and forth, on a solid surface. You will find a hole opens up through the length of the rubber. The same principle applies to piercing hot steel rounds.

"The tubes thus formed continue through other mills which give them proper length, accuracy of wall thickness and diameter, smooth surface, and form them into drill pipe, casing, tubing, and line pipe, without welds — the strongest kind of pipe — pipe that will stand the gaff of the tremendous strains created by working pres-

OIL

Petroleum brings world's news to us through newsprint ink, a mixture of petroleum oil with carbon black, by-product of natural gas.

Sea-going oil wells, two miles deep, are drilled from barges in 30 feet of water, in Texas and Louisiana. In California, Texas, and Venezuela, derricks are rigged over the ocean, the Gulf of Mexico, and many lakes. With the new practice of "directional drilling," operators set up derricks on land and reach out for oil beneath water or other natural barriers. Holes have been "directed" a lateral distance of 3,200 feet in 5,000 feet of drilling.

You walk on petroleum in the jute backing of carpeting and rugs treated with water-oil mixtures during processing.

Home-made earthquakes, created by deep shot-holes and dynamite, are a modern seismographic method of finding oil reserves by recording reflections of the shot vibrations from rock structures down 20,000 or 25,000 feet. The simple means used by the early oil pioneers to "locate" wells—by "doodle bugs" (valueless pseudo-scientific gadgets), or peach twig divining rods—have given way to modern science. Today geophysical prospecting is the greatest single factor in finding deep oil reserves. Petroleum geologists predict new advancements in prospecting methods will discover new supplies.

\$300,000 for three miles was the cost of the world's deepest well drilled in California. Average wells cost from \$40,000 to \$100,000—and many are "dry holes."

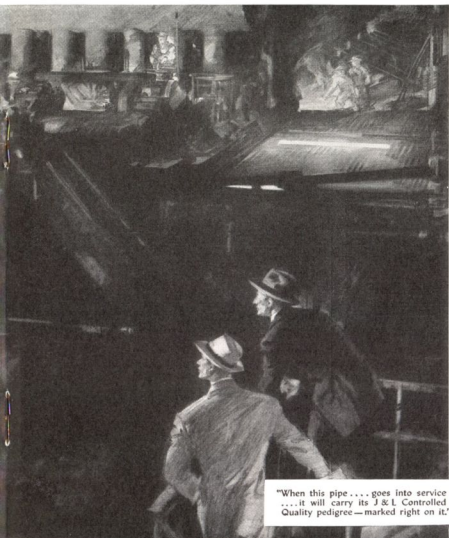
Tomorrow's Wildcat starts at today's depth record, oil men say. Four-mile depths await only location of sufficient reserves and demonstration such costly wells will pay.

Oil big steel user. More than 1,250,000 gross tons of steel products were bought by the oil industry in one year (1937)—which provided employment enough to keep about 40,000 steel workers on the job 52 full weeks. Other industries share in oil's \$1,600,000,000 a year purchases of equipment, supplies, services—tin cans to shovels, sulphuric acid to railroad cars, paper clips to ocean-going tankers.

By-products from petroleum include resins, solvents, and alcohols.

A million safe man-hours is no longer a rarity in operation of oil and gas leases. Safety has been improved 85% in 20 years.

How old is oil? Before the birth of Christ, townfolk of Agrigentum, Sicily, burned petroleum in make-shift lamps. Egyptian mummies were preserved in asphalt from a spring on the Island of Zante. Plutarch describes a lake of blazing petroleum near Ecbatana, in Persia. An oil fountain in the Ionian Islands, west of Greece, has been bubbling for 20 centuries.



"When this pipe . . . goes into service . . . it will carry its J & L Controlled Quality pedigree—marked right on it."

From an original drawing by Orison MacPherson

sure in addition to its own weight hanging in a well as deep as three miles.

"It is our responsibility to supply oil men with pipe that will enable them to carry on their amazing progress in petroleum production—pipe such as the A. P. I. grades, and J & L 'Blue Ribbon' Seamless. When this pipe you see here goes into service, each length of it will carry its J & L Controlled Quality pedigree marked right on it—even to the initials of the inspectors under whose vigilant, skilled eyes it must pass for final OK.

"Steel production at J & L is a partnership of science and skill, with research piloting the way to new steels—new ways by which this versatile metal may better serve mankind—at lower costs."

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION

AMERICAN IRON AND STEEL WORKS

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA



J&L—PARTNER IN PROGRESS TO AMERICAN INDUSTRY

ART

Sculptors

Frenchman Aristide Maillol (pronounced Ma-yoll) made a long false start. For ten years he tried to paint; for another six he designed tapestries. When he was nearly 40 he took a tree trunk, carved from it a nude figure that he liked very much. Thereupon Aristide Maillol became a sculptor. At 78 he is dean of them all. Last week a show of his work opened in Manhattan's Buchholz Gallery, demonstrated Oldster Maillol's extraordinary talent for imbuing sculpture with both vitality and repose.

A lover of classic art who calls Greece his second home, Maillol almost got into trouble on the Acropolis for trying to embrace a statue whose beauty intoxicated him. Like the Greeks, he is more interested in modeling the body than the face. His strapping, good-natured wife, who was formerly one of his tapestry weavers, posed for many of his statues. Now he uses younger, slenderer models.

To Maillol, size means little. So poised and serene are his figures that even his statuettes seem monumental. No large statue in the show surpasses the 11-inch *Leda*, of which Rodin said: "In all modern sculpture I do not know of a piece which is as absolutely beautiful, as absolutely pure, as absolutely a masterpiece."

Short, spare, blue-eyed, with a flowing white beard which he tucks into his vest



SCULPTOR MAILLOL and STUDIO
He invents like an apple tree.

at mealtimes, Sculptor Maillol comes of a line of smugglers, fishermen and vine-growers who lived in Banyuls, a Mediterranean village near the Spanish border. There he still lives in the pink house where he was born, filling endless notebooks with his sharp, detailed sketches, turning out his statues in a vast, litter-strewn studio. "I invent nothing," says tireless Sculptor Maillol, "no more than the apple tree can pretend to have invented its apples."

No dean but a debutante is Sculptor Dorothy Simmons, who last week had her first U. S. showing at a group exhibit in Manhattan's Bonestell Gallery. She is a tall, blonde, serious young Englishwoman who wants sculpture in every home, fears



DOROTHY SIMMONS' "IMMUNITY"
It puzzled the customs.

that most of it is fit only for museums and memorials. Lately, to fill the gap, she has done small, lively pieces in wood, each part carved separately and then fitted together. These she hopes to have copied in multiple, sold cheaply.

Sculptor Simmons' sculpture looks like surrealism, but she is no dilly-Dallier. Her pieces tell stories with such imagination that each tells something different to every onlooker. *Immunity* (see cut) shows a placid feminine face resting on a hand, amid the broken sections of a wheel. In *Waiting* an old woman looks down two flights of stairs, while a clock's hand nears 12 and a high-heeled slipper crosses from one flight to the next.

When Sculptor Simmons arrived in the U. S. last summer, she brought her work in its unassembled parts. Puzzled, the customs inspectors slapped a duty of \$60 on it; for days could not be convinced that it was art, hence duty-free.

Murder, Rape and Painting

For the last three years veteran Hearst-writer Copeland C. Burg has doubled on the Chicago *Herald-American* as art critic and rewrite man specializing in rape & murder. Versatile Newsmen Burg also paints, in 1939 had more canvases hung in out-of-town shows than any other Chicago artist. Uneasy has been his job as art critic since last August, when the whole choir of Hearstpapers began to laud Sanity in Art. Last month he stuck his burly neck out by panning Chicago art dealers and citizenry alike, calling a WPA art show the best in town. Last week, on orders from Hearst's California castle, San Simon, Burg was told to stick to his specialty: rape & murder.

As rewrite man, Copeland Burg will still get up every morning at 5, work till 2 p.m. In his spare time, which does not belong to Mr. Hearst, he will paint still life and landscapes in his flat, expressionist style.

Pineapple for Papaya

Least commercial artist in the U. S. is probably lean Georgia O'Keeffe, who paints in luminous colors skulls, flowers, feathers, barns and New Mexico. Last winter Hawaiian Pineapple Co. Ltd. (Dole pineapple) plucked up its courage, asked Artist O'Keeffe to go to Hawaii and paint two pictures for it. She agreed, on condition that she could paint whatever she pleased.

In Hawaii Artist O'Keeffe happily painted fishhooks, tropical flowers, lava bridges, waterfalls—but nary a pineapple. To Dole on her return she presented a vivid red canvas of crab's claw ginger, a lush green papaya tree (Dole's rival is papaya juice).

Tactful Art Director Charles Coier of N. W. Ayer (Dole advertising agency) took a hand, spouted to Painter O'Keeffe about the beauty of pineapples in bud, urged her to give the pineapple a break. He phoned Honolulu, had a budding plant put aboard the *Clipper*. Thirty-six hours later the plant was delivered to the O'Keeffe studio in Manhattan. "It's beautiful. I never knew that," exclaimed Artist O'Keeffe. "It's made up of long green blades and the pineapple grows in the centre of them." She promptly painted it, and Dole got a pineapple picture after all (see cut).

In Alfred Stieglitz' gallery, An American Place, last week opened the result of his wife's trip: 20 paintings, including the two for Dole. The other 18 were for sale, at prices ranging up to \$4,000. Best sequence:



GEORGIA O'KEEFFE and PINEAPPLE
She came back with a rival.

four glowing canvases of green mountains and black rocks, each held together by thin white wisps of waterfalls. Critics agreed that Georgia O'Keeffe was still tops among U. S. woman painters, mused over her Steinsesque catalogue note: "If my painting is what I have to give back to the world for what the world gives to me, I may say that these paintings are what I have to give at present for what three months in Hawaii gave to me."

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For Active Men

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Might-Have-Been

Last year Manhattan newspapers suddenly sprouted sensational stories about a gigantic explosion which, it seemed, had not happened simply because of good luck. Had it happened, every building in New York City and every ship at its docks—not to mention its people—would have vanished without a trace. A crater would have been blown in the earth 100 miles across, and the sea would have poured into this vast pit from southern Connecticut halfway to Philadelphia. Cause of this might-have-been catastrophe: some well-intentioned physicists at Columbia University who were cracking uranium atoms with neutrons as contentedly as small boys crack nuts.

Science popularizers like to point out with bated breath that there is enough atomic energy locked in a cupful of water to drive a big liner across the Atlantic. To hardheaded physicists, the idea of releasing and harnessing this energy was a wild dream. Then, early in 1939, Hahn and Strassmann of Germany, with help from France, Sweden and Denmark, used neutrons to break uranium atoms into two nearly equal fragments, with release of some 200,000,000 electron-volts of atomic energy per atom (TIME, Feb. 6; March 13). This was by far the most violent atomic explosion ever effected by human agency.

Heavy atoms like uranium had been chipped before, but not cracked in two. Moreover, the most effective agents for splitting or "fission" of uranium were "slow" neutrons with initial energies of only a fraction of one electron-volt, so that the energy profit from one fission was enormous.

Dozens of research teams thereupon started a mass attack on uranium. It was soon learned that the explosions produced two or more neutrons in addition to the uranium fragments. These two neutrons might possibly crack two more uranium atoms, producing more neutrons and more fissions, thus culminating in a continuous, self-propagating explosion. It was the prospect of this "chain reaction" that started the nightmare of the explosion that would have blown New York City to kingdom come.

Last week Science Service of Washington broadcast word from Paris that a chain reaction had been accomplished there. But Paris had not even quivered—for the reaction was not a multiplying one but a diminishing one, died out after a few stages.

The physicists who accomplished the feat were Nobel prizewinner Jean Frédéric Joliot, son-in-law of the late Marie Curie (see p. 24), L. Kowarski, H. von Halban Jr., E. Perrin. Details of the experiment were meagre: apparently they split uranium atoms in such a way that a lot of neutrons flew out—entirely too many to be accounted for as the result

of the first fissions. Some of the neutrons must have been products of secondary and tertiary fissions. After that the reaction was too weak to continue. But it was obvious that the release of atomic power is immensely nearer realization.

Least the news from Paris terrified him, people, Physicist John Ray Dunning of Columbia said that fission experimenters



Associated Press

JEAN FRÉDÉRIC JOLIOT
Paris did not quiver.

now believe there is an automatic check against a multiplying chain reaction getting out of control. The accelerating release of atomic energy would heat up the uranium specimen; this heat would speed up the neutrons beyond the point of maximum effectiveness for fissions, and the reaction would therefore slow down and stop.

At Westinghouse

Atom-smashing used to be one of the purest of pure sciences, but it is rapidly grossening toward practicality. Substances made artificially radioactive in atom-smashing machines are used for cancer research and other biological studies, so that atomic experimenters now turn out—though with their left hand—products of commercial value. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., which is interested in the practical business of making money but also has a reputation for farsightedness, has built a giant atom-smasher, the only one possessed by any industrial laboratory in the U. S.

Last week Westinghouse staged a special demonstration of recent and current research, with the atom-smasher as star performer. Spectators handed the operators silver coins which were put under the atom-smasher, made artificially radioactive, returned to the nervous owners—who were assured that their gingered-up coins were harmless, would cease to radiate in a few days.

King of the atomic world at Westinghouse is Dr. Edward Uhler Condon, Co-author of *Quantum Mechanics* and *The Theory of Atomic Spectra*, a distinguished theoretical physicist at Princeton before going to East Pittsburgh two years ago. Approachable, colloquial and jolly, Dr. Condon is that delight of newsmen—a scientist who used to be a newsmen himself. Born in New Mexico 37 years ago, son of a railroad civil engineer, he spent his childhood roving all over the West with his father. After a year at the University of California, he dropped out and went to work for an Oakland paper. But he soon decided that journalism was not his line, returned to the university and graduated with highest honors. He likes reading science books of all kinds, band music, complicated ice-cream sodas. His thick black hair stands almost straight up, as though he himself carried a constant electrical charge.

Other highlights of the Westinghouse show:

Hell's Bells. "K-42-B" is a new alloy of iron, nickel, cobalt, chromium, manganese, silicon, carbon and titanium which maintains extreme hardness at high temperatures. Two bell-shaped castings, one of ordinary steel, one of K-42-B, were heated red-hot in a furnace. When the red-hot steel bell was struck with a hammer, it was too soft to respond with anything but a thud. But the red-hot K-42-B bell, when struck, rang out clearly, like a church bell on a sparkling winter day. The Westinghouse people call this exhibit "Hell's Bells."

Carburization turns a soft iron wire into steel in one minute. The wire is



WESTINGHOUSE'S CONDON
Of Pittsburgh's atoms, king.

heated in a hydrogen atmosphere to prevent oxidation. The hydrogen, bubbling through alcohol, picks up alcohol vapor. This vapor contains carbon, which interacts with the hot iron to make it steel. The Westinghouse people devised this exhibit to show the new importance of controlled atmospheres in hardening commercial steel parts.

"PROTECTING THE AMERICAN HOME"



In the Isaac Bayley house in Newbury, Vermont, built in 1788, can be seen two deep alcoves framing the fireplace in the living room. The fact that the Bayleys had eight daughters may be the reason that the alcoves were called "courting alcoves."

"How much, in dollars, do you love her?"

This letter from a father to his newly married son contains so much common sense that we are glad of the opportunity to publish it.

Dear Son,

You've made your Mother and me very happy. You've got a fine girl in Doris; you love her and she loves you, which is the most important thing in the world.

But important as love is, don't think I'm a mercenary old fussbudget if I ask how much you love her expressed in dollars.

I've heard you say she's worth a million. I am sure she is. But is she worth fifty thousand, ten thousand, even one thousand dollars if you had to put up the cash?

You've made a wise beginning in my opinion to insure yourself in Doris' favor for five thousand dollars. As the years go by and your income improves, I know you're not going to stop with that valuation. One of these days I am sure you are going to be able to say, "I love Doris a hundred thousand dollars worth -- and here's my life insurance policy to prove it!"

Dad

One of the great advantages of life insurance is that it allows you to create an estate of any size you want *before you have actually saved it*. Furthermore, your savings in life insurance represent *cash on hand*—an emergency fund constantly increasing after the first year. And if you live to retirement age, you have the valuable privilege of an income from your insurance as long as you live.

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EDUCATION

Peculiarities

New York City has 38,000 school-teachers. Dr. Emil Altman is an excitable, potbellied little man who has charge of keeping tabs on their physical and mental condition. Few years ago he made national headlines when he charged that no fewer than 1,500 of the city's teachers were off their rockers, many of them "crackpots" (TIME, April 9, 1934). Ever since, Dr. Altman has tried with might & main to purge the crackpots.

He got the Board of Education to bring to trial and dismiss a teacher named Angela D'Auria, who had told her pupils that a janitor was sending up "fumes" through the classroom ventilators. But Mrs. D'Auria appealed her ouster, and State Education Commissioner Frank Pierrepont Graves found Mrs. D'Auria's dismissal too severe a punishment, ordered her reinstated. (Eventually, the School Board had her retired for disability.)

Last year Dr. Altman tried again. He called to his office for examination 250 teachers reported unfit by their principals. Only one who failed to appear was a 54-year-old high-school teacher named Mary B. C. Byrne, whose principal had accused her of "classroom peculiarities." Last fall the Board of Education found her guilty of insubordination, ordered her dismissed unless she submitted to examination or applied for retirement. She did neither, was dismissed. Thereupon Miss Byrne, like Mrs. D'Auria, filed an appeal. Last week Commissioner Graves ordered Miss Byrne reinstated. Furthermore, he ruled that the School Board had no legal right to examine a teacher unless she had a contagious disease.

Astounded, Superintendent of Schools Harold George Campbell exclaimed: "Most unfortunate! . . . Certainly the board by some means should be able to guarantee to the public that all of its teachers are mentally and physically fit."

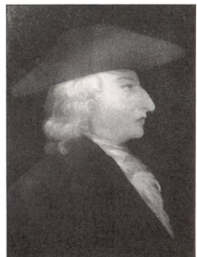
Next day, a substitute teacher named Ellen S. Matthews marched into the office of Associate School Superintendent Jacob Greenberg, Dr. Altman's boss. Miss Matthews demanded a permanent job. Superintendent Greenberg explained the procedure for getting one. Suddenly Teacher Matthews seized an inkwell on his desk, let fly. Mr. Greenberg ducked. Teacher Matthews screamed, seized more inkwells, a lamp, whatever else happened to be handy, chucked them at nimble Mr. Greenberg. Police carried Miss Matthews off to Bellevue Hospital's psychopathic ward. Dr. Altman was not surprised. Said he: "It's a lucky thing she didn't throw those things at her pupils instead of Dr. Greenberg."

"Sarcastic" Dove

Shrewd Ben Franklin was rarely outsmarted. One of the few men who did fool him was a caustic, trenchant schoolmaster named David James Dove, whom he

brought to the colonies from England in 1750 to teach at his Philadelphia Academy (later the University of Pennsylvania). Schoolmaster Dove quietly laid plans to found a rival school of his own, was fired when Ben Franklin discovered his plan. Thereupon, in 1761, Schoolmaster Dove helped start the Germantown Academy, today one of the oldest U. S. schools.

A political satirist and pamphleteer, Schoolmaster Dove had original ideas about running a school. When a pupil played truant, Schoolmaster Dove sent a committee to his house. The committee



E. C. Potter, Jr.
SCHOOLMASTER DOVE
No cooer, he.

went through the streets carrying lighted lanterns, loudly calling the boy's name—"a sad exposure for the juvenile culprit," said a chronicler. Said one of Dove's former pupils, Judge Richard Peters: "He was a sarcastic and ill-tempered doggerelizer, who was but ironically Dove. . . ." One of his fellow tutors was Charles Thomson, later secretary of the First Continental Congress. Lodging with Schoolmaster Dove and his wife, Tutor Thomson heard them gossip so maliciously about their acquaintances that it scared him. When he moved away he got them to sign a statement that his conduct had been above reproach.

Schoolmaster Dove stayed at Germantown Academy two years, then had a falling out with its trustees over the same trick he had tried on Franklin: planning a rival school. He started one, failed, started another, which died with him in 1769.

Still standing is David Dove's Germantown house. In the belfry of Germantown School's main building still hangs the original school bell; above it still swings a weather vane with three bullet marks from Hessian muskets. But 177 years have softened the memory of old Schoolmaster Dove, and last week Germantown Academy proudly unveiled a newly acquired portrait of its scheming, irascible, sarcastic founder.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Mrs. Alyce Correll and Charles (Andy) Correll of Amos 'n' Andy; their second child, a daughter; in Los Angeles' Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, where the radio team established script headquarters for the emergency.

Married. Theodore Roosevelt III, 25, grandson of the late President; and Anne Babcock, 21, Louisville Junior League; in Louisville, Ky. Pientiful were Republican Roosevelts at the wedding: the bridegroom's father, Colonel Theodore, whose plane was forced down en route; Aunt Alice Roosevelt Longworth; the groom's brothers Cornelius and Quentin; Uncle Archibald. Absent: Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, T. R.'s widow, shaken but unhurt in a four-car collision in Queens, N. Y.; Uncle Kermit, a machine gun officer in the British Army.

Divorced. Orson Welles, 24, "boy wonder" of stage and radio whose Martian invasion broadcast in October 1938 stamped listeners-in; by Actress Virginia Nicolson Welles, 23; in Reno, Nev. She thought her husband had received "almost too much publicity."

Died. Alexander Kelerbier, 36, concert pianist; of an overdose of sleeping tablets, while his wife's divorce suit was pending, after a concert characterized by a critic as showing "not lack of musicianship, so much as a psychic turmoil"; in Manhattan.

Died. Philip Francis Nowland, 52, creator of the newspaper cartoon strip "Buck Rogers"; of a stroke; in Philadelphia.

Died. Ellis Howard Parker, 68, ill-famed Lindbergh case detective, who went to jail for conspiring to kidnap Attorney Paul H. Wendel and extorting from him a subsequently repudiated confession which postponed the execution of Bruno Richard Hauptmann (see p. 38); of brain tumor; in the Federal penitentiary, Lewisburg, Pa.

Died. Richard Farman, oldest and least-known of the three Farman brothers, pioneer airplane designers and builders; in Paris.

Died. David Haines Ball, 70, president of P. Lorillard Co. (Old Gold cigarettes); of a heart attack; in Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Died. The Rev. Dr. Mark Allison Matthews, 72, famed, 6' 7" pastor of the world's largest Presbyterian church (Seattle's first; congregation: 7,886), known to friends as "Tall Cedar of the Sierras," once famed as Seattle vice-crusader in Klondike days; of pneumonia; in Seattle, Wash.

Died. Samuel Matthews Vauclain, 83, who rose Alger-fashion from a day laborer's rags to riches as board chairman of Baldwin Locomotive Works; of a heart attack; in Rosemont, Pa.



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This luxury smoke costs only a few cents more than ordinary cigarettes!

An infinitely finer cigarette for an infinitesimal price difference! A product of Philip Morris. For those who can afford 20¢ for the best

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You've read in *Time* of the many dramatic applications of Vitamin B-1 in human nutrition... but did you know that recent experiments at the California Institute of Technology show just as dramatic results in plant nutrition?

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"The USED key is always BRIGHT"

Nearly two centuries ago Benjamin Franklin phrased the truism: "The used key is always bright."

As a publisher, Franklin found out that a newspaper, like a key, takes on added brightness with added use—but that to merit use it must be grooved to unlock world-wide information.

"To publish a good newspaper," he said, "is not so easy an undertaking as many people imagine it to be. The author of a gazette (in the opinion of the learned) ought to be qualified with an extensive acquaintance with languages, a great easiness and command of writing and relating things clearly and intelligibly..."

Two years later, Franklin added: "that when men differ in opinions, both sides ought equally to have the advantage of being heard by the public; and that when truth and error have fair play, the former is always an overmatch for the latter."

...
The "used key" in metropolitan Chicago is The Chicago Daily News—the key used by READERS-FAMILIES... the key used by ADVERTISERS.

The key that minds reach for to unlock reliable information about the happenings of the world is the identical key minds reach for to unlock reliable information about the merchandise of the world.

The Chicago Daily News



CHICAGO'S HOME NEWSPAPER

THE PRESS

Sentinel

Along the whole line . . . the battle raged with a desperation and to an extent unknown in the previous history of the war. . . . Whole brigades charged repeatedly our batteries, only to be mown down, captured, or driven back in confusion . . . until 4 p. m., when the enemy withdrew and retired, weaker by 25,000 to 30,000 than when the battle began. . . .

We have captured about 15,000 to 20,000 prisoners. . . . Large supply and ammunition trains have also been captured, numbering in all several hundreds. Several guns have also fallen into our hands. . . .

This story of a battle fought 77 years ago was published in a Gettysburg, Pa. weekly, the *Adams Sentinel*, four days after the Battle of Gettysburg (July 1-3, 1863). The press on which this historic story was printed was an old Ramage hand press built before 1800.

Last week, in Philadelphia, Publisher John D. Keith of the *Gettysburg Star & Sentinel* (successor to the *Adams Sentinel*) turned the old press over to the Franklin Institute for a permanent exhibit. It was probably the oldest U. S.-made printing press in existence. After gathering dust for some 60 years, it still worked well enough to run off souvenir copies of the Institute's program for Printer M. J. Smith (*see cut*), who had operated the same press when he was a boy.

Adam Ramage was a handy Scots wood-jointer who emigrated to the U. S. around 1790 and went into the business of making printers' materials. He built his first presses out of Honduras mahogany, added iron to beds and platens to make them durable, finally abandoned wood for iron throughout. Ramage's presses helped to found many a great U. S. newspaper, stamped many a page of U. S. history on single sheets of dampened paper before Robert Hoe developed the revolving press.

When Robert Harper founded the weekly *Adams Centinel* (named for Adams County) in 1800, he bought the Ramage press that went to Franklin Institute last week, loaded it on a wagon, carted it up over the Baltimore Pike to Gettysburg. Sixteen years later Robert Harper was dead, his son, Robert Goodloe Harper, had succeeded him, and the *Centinel* had become the *Sentinel*. On June 30, 1863, when Confederate cavalry scouts made their first contact with the Union Army west of Gettysburg, the *Sentinel* suspended an issue for the only time in its life. Next day the Union forces attacked. After trying in vain to take Cemetery Ridge, on July 4, General Lee retired with the defeated remnants of his army.

Editor Harper himself reported the battle, wrote his own war story for the issue of July 7. He printed it as local news on p. 2 (on p. 1 were reprints of stories from other papers), with an apology for having skipped an issue.

Of Lee's men Correspondent Harper

wrote: "We have talked with multitudes of the rebel soldiers, and find very many heartily sick of the war. . . . They declare that General Lee deceived them. . . ."

Of Gettysburg's casualties: "We can do nothing less than gratefully and reverently acknowledge the Divine favor which has watched over our lives and our homes. . . . But withal, we have been called to



PRINTER SMITH AND PRESS
"Killed, by our own sharpshooters. . . ."

part with some. We have learned only of the following: Killed, Miss Virginia Wade, by our own sharpshooters; and Edward M. son of Alexander Wooders, shot accidentally by his brother, while playing with a gun picked off the battlefield."

Southeast Pine

Southern pine is a sticky, spindly tree that grows weed-like in every abandoned field, reproduces a stand of timber (unlike the North's mighty, slow-growing spruce and fir) in 15 or 20 years. It has long been used for kraft (boxes and wrapping) paper.

Savannah's late, great Chemist Charles Holmes Herty spent the last eight years of his life trying to make commercial newsprint out of Southern pines. In his laboratory he found a process that worked, but he died in 1938, before the South's lumbermen could build him a mill. What kept Dr. Herty at his labors (and excited many a Southern businessman) was the prospect of another rich, new industry to help along the South's industrial revival.

Three weeks ago, in Lufkin, Tex., the *Daily News* went on the street printed throughout on Southern-pine newsprint. It was the first newspaper ever to use a commercially made Southern-pine paper. Last week the *Dallas Morning News* followed suit, ran off an edition on 35 tons of Southern newsprint. By week's end, seven carloads of the paper Dr. Herty labored to perfect had been delivered to the *Morning News* press rooms.

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Said the late great

SENATOR BORAH

★ "I am profoundly impressed by *TIME*'s discerning choice of significant trends in world affairs and by its comprehensive treatment of them. At a time like this, it is important to have all the information possible on the issues at stake, because a well-informed people is a strong people, and these are days when our democracy needs all its strength."

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THE MODEL RAILROADER MAGAZINE, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

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Rates are Moderate

The Plaza
NEW YORK

HENRY A. ROSE, President and Managing Director

The seven carloads came (as did Lufkin's paper) from a new \$6,000,000 newsprint plant, built by Southland Paper Mills, Inc. outside of Lufkin. Southland Paper was financed by sale of \$1,742,000 worth of stock (of which Southern newspaper publishers took \$425,000) and a \$3,425,000 loan from RFC. His publisher-stockholders contracted with President Ernest Lynn Kurth, onetime lumberman, to take his entire output for five years.

Paradoxically, though Lufkin's newsprint sells for only \$40 to \$50 a ton,* it is harder to make from Southern pine than are more expensive papers. (Texas short-leaf pine yields a newsprint thicker, less pliable than standard newsprint.) Southland's 50,000 tons a year will be no more than a drop in the 3,000,000-ton bucket of the U. S. newsprint market. But if Southland's product becomes generally acceptable, the South's newsprint industry may be due for at least a boomlet.

Because there are not enough trees in the South to supply all, or anywhere near all, of the newsprint used by the U. S., and because foreign newsprint is duty-free and hence can go a long way to meet a domestic price, all this failed to alarm Canadian newsprint makers. Meanwhile, the South was already trying for its second newsprint plant. Tennessee Valley Paper Mills, Inc., promised a \$2,500,000 loan from RFC, was trying to raise an equal amount from private investors.

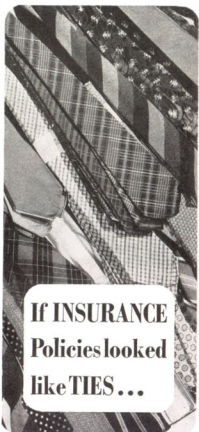
Face Lifted

When shrewd, alert little George Backer bought the *New York Post* last June, he knew that it was losing around \$500,000 a year, knew also that he would have to sink more money in it. A city councilman (representing the American Labor Party) and philanthropist, president of the Jewish Telegraph Agency, George Backer at 37 was rich from the proceeds of his Manhattan real-estate business. He thought he could spare the money.

First thing he did was to hire some of the liberal features that Roy Howard's *World-Telegram* had dropped, including Cartoonist Rollin Kirby, Columnist Heywood Broun, who died after writing one column for the *Post*. Advertisers, including R. H. Macy & Co., responded by giving George Backer their accounts, upping the *Post*'s lineage.

This week George Backer (assisted by Industrial Designer Norman Bel Geddes) gave the *Post* a thoroughgoing beauty treatment, spent something over \$60,000 to lift its typeface, departmentalize its news. In a 32-page edition (biggest since Publisher Backer acquired it), with a handsome new logotype atop p. 1, bolder headlines, no rules between columns, the *Post* made its bid to head off such newspaper innovations as Ralph McAllister Ingersoll's new evening tabloid, *P. M.*, announced for next June (*TIME*, Jan. 22). Stories inside were squared off, divided by rules (like boxes) with separate departmental heads. Up from 7 pt. to 8 pt. went the *Post*'s type throughout.

* Canadian newsprint, which supplies 75% of newsprint for U. S. papers, currently sells at \$50 a ton.



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your local agent or broker
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New "styles" are constantly being introduced in insurance as well as in neckwear. Today—in almost all lines of fire and casualty insurance—you can obtain far broader protection for your money than a few years ago.

One of the reasons it pays to buy your insurance from local agents or brokers (and one of the reasons the Aetna Fire Group sells only through such representatives) is that they can keep your insurance up-to-date at all times. In addition, such a representative can give you immediate assistance in event of loss.

It is also worth remembering that when your fire and casualty insurance is placed with capital stock companies, you are getting policies backed both by a paid-in capital and surplus.

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THEN & NOW

William Howard Taft and other bigwigs of his day were heard by thousands, beyond normal voice range, through the aid of Magnavox Speakers—even before today's radio became a well-founded dream.



When radio made its debut, "Magnavox" and "loud speaker" were synonymous—the pride of every fortunate owner and the cherished desire of every radio fan who wanted the best.

For years Magnavox was the indispensable adjunct to every fine set. For more than a decade, the vocal cords of millions of popular brand radios have been engineered and manufactured by Magnavox... then and now, the world's finest reproducer of voice and music.

The over-whelming new interest in records and nation-wide appreciation of fine music has again brought Magnavox into the limelight—the finest toned radio-phonograph that experience and engineering skill has been able to create.



The Hepplewhite, one of 12 authentic furniture models, combines a powerful high-fidelity radio for broadcasts and news direct from Europe... a precision automatic record changer for uninterrupted programs of selected phonograph music... and the most realistic tone ever heard outside of concert hall or studio. The price is only \$198.50... other furniture models \$89.50 to \$550.00 (slightly higher west of Rockies)... sold by America's fine stores. The Magnavox Company, Incorporated, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

MUSIC

Pianist's Return

In the winter of 1928 a tall, jittery, 23-year-old Russian pianist named Vladimir Horowitz made a sensational Manhattan debut at the Carnegie Hall concert under the baton of gouty Sir Thomas Beecham. So steely brilliant and ballistically precise was his performance of Tchaikowsky's *B Flat Minor Concerto* that Manhattan critics hailed him as "the most successful artist to appear before the American public in a decade." For Pianist Horowitz that success was the first swell of a long crescendo. He was soon one of the biggest box-office draws in U. S. music. Only three other pianists (all world-famed veterans) could top his earning power: Ignace Jan Paderewski, Josef Hofmann and Sergei Rachmaninoff. In 1933 he joined music's royal family by marrying Wanda Toscanini, daughter of the world's No. 1 Maestro. By 1935 he had sold out 350 U. S. concerts. At \$1,500 a performance, his concerts were grossing \$300,000 a year.

Then, at the height of his career, in 1935, Pianist Horowitz cracked up. Soon after leaving the U. S. for a year's European tour he was laid low by an appendectomy complicated by phlebitis. For months he was unable to touch the piano. For two years he convalesced at his home in Switzerland. Only in 1938 was he able to get back to a concert platform, and then only for a few scattered recitals in European capitals. But last week, on a new U. S. tour, Pianist Horowitz made a comeback at Carnegie Hall. Manhattan concertgoers proved they had not forgotten him. When he surged through Schumann's great *C Major Fantasy* the huge audience cheered. Critics found that his long vacation had not dulled his fiery fingers.

Said Pianist Horowitz of his hibernation: "I think I really began to live then. For years I had been playing constantly. I gave nearly a hundred recitals on my last tour. . . . I played certain works so often that I couldn't hear them any more, even while my fingers were performing them. [During my retirement] I had nothing to do except rest and concentrate on music—music itself. . . . I think I grew as an artist. At any rate I have found new things in my music."

Prodigy

Most infant prodigies are unusually terrible children who have an unusual faculty for aping their elders. Few ever graduate from the ape stage. Few ever hold the concert platform after their apishness has outgrown its disarming garb of knee britches and Dutch cuts. But once or twice in a generation appears a youngster who does his own musical thinking, can hold his own in the company of talented grownups. Such a precocity usually causes a sensation, even among hard-boiled critics.

A sensation there was last week at Man-

hattan's Town Hall. There, with practically no advance ballyhoo, a slight, dark-eyed, French-Canadian nine-year-old named André Mathieu hurried onto the stage, bowed stiffly, and pounced upon the keyboard of a huge concert grand. The audience applauded with delight at his precociously efficient playing of piano pieces by Chopin, Debussy and Ravel, but what left them wide-eyed with wonder was his musicianly performance of 14 of his own complicated and expert compositions, some of them written when he was only four. None of them was childish. Some, with descriptive titles like *Procession d'Éléphants*, *Les Abeilles Piquantes*, *Berceuse*, showed a style reminiscent of such advanced composers as Ravel and Stravinsky. All were as deftly and strongly constructed as by a master builder. When he had finished, Manhattan critics, groping for comparisons, could find only one similar instance in musical history: famed Infant Prodigy Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, who started composing at the age of five. Even then, they had to admit that Prodigy Mathieu had beaten Prodigy Mozart's trifling early tinklings by a year.

Solemn little André Mathieu, who speaks no English, started practicing the piano at the age of three, learned to write musical notes before he could write words. When he was seven the Quebec govern-



Associated Press

ANDRÉ MATHIEU
Critics mentioned Mozart.

ment sent him to study for a spell in Paris. In Montreal, where he lives with his father, mother and sister, he spends his spare time playing with tin soldiers and following the latest European war news. A bright student, specially interested in poetry and history, he has gotten all his general education from private tutors. Unlike many a composer three times his age, he has already had nearly all his compositions published (by Maurice Senart of Paris).

SPORT

McCoy to McGillicuddy

Three weeks ago, when Baseball Tsar Kenesaw Mountain Landis freed 91 players from Detroit (TIME, Jan. 29), rival major-league club owners let 90 of these uncaged Tiger cubs amble back to cover, but put out hell-for-leather after the 91st: 22-year-old Benny McCoy.

Benny was scarcely three months old in the major leagues, but his batting average



CONNIE MACK, BENNY MCCOY
Benny could count.

(.302) in the 55 games he had played with the Tigers convinced most observers that he was the McCoy himself. Within 24 hours of his freedom, Rookie McCoy had bids from ten major-league clubs. Washington offered him a bonus of \$20,000 to become a Senator. The Giants hiked it to \$25,000, the Dodgers to \$35,000, the Pirates and Reds to \$40,000.

Last week, much-sought-after Benny McCoy (who got \$15 for his first season in organized baseball and thought his \$5,000 last year was big money) proved he could count. He accepted the Philadelphia Athletics' offer: a \$45,000 bonus, a two-year contract at \$10,000 a year, an assured job at second base under the tutorial eye of old Cornelius McGillicuddy (Connie Mack). His was not only the biggest bonus in baseball history (\$20,000 more than the previous top, given Rick Ferrell by the Browns in 1929), but it made Rookie McCoy the highest-paid baseballer of the year. His 1940 income of \$55,000 will be more than the salary of Joe Di Maggio, Jimmy Foxx or Hank Greenberg.

Horse v. Man

Can a riderless horse jump higher than a man? To try to settle this footling argument, Manhattan's Metropolitan Equestrian Club last week invited five A. A. U. athletes to compete against 14 show-ring jumpers. With riders to "lift" them, horses

have been known to jump almost 9 ft. high. Bareback, few have ever equaled man's best high-jumping record: 6 ft. 9½ in. Last week's contest was a washout. Horse's highest jump: 6 ft. 2 in. Man's highest jump: 6 ft. 2 in.

Rumor No. 687

"This is only Rumor No. 687," pooh-poohed Sportswriter Harry Keck of Pittsburgh's *Sun Telegraph* last week. But the rumor he was talking about proved well founded. Dr. John Bain ("Jock") Sutherland, famed Pitt football coach, who was dumped into the open market a year ago after a row with Pitt educators, was thereafter rumored engaged almost as often as Brenda Frazier, had actually signed a contract: to coach the Brooklyn Dodgers, National League professional football club.

First top-rank college coach to be taken on by professional football, canny, 50-year-old Jock Sutherland is said to be getting: 1) \$12,000 a year (\$1,000 less than he received at Pitt); 2) promise of a herd of new players (the Dodgers finished third



ASSOCIATED PRESS
COACH SUTHERLAND, OWNER'S TOPPING
Almost as often as Brenda Frazier.

in the Eastern Division of the league last year). Among those he hopes to lure: Iowa's Ironhorse Nile Kinnick, No. 1 college footballer of 1939.

Who Won

► Bespectacled, 24-year-old Charles Fenske: the Wanamaker Mile; in 4 min., 7.4 sec., second fastest indoor mile on record; outrunning Old Iron Legs Glenn Cunningham by three yards; at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. Among the 16,000 onlookers was famed Finn Paavo Nurmi (see p. 38), whose 4:12 mile on the same Garden boards set a world's record in 1925. Present world's record: Cunningham's 4:04.4.

* Of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

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REALLY DRY—
WHAT'S THE
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Dividend No. 14
on 6% Preferred Stock

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of 75¢ per share for the quarter ending February 29, 1940, has been declared on the 6% Preferred Stock of Atlas Corporation, payable March 1, 1940, to holders of such stock of record at the close of business February 20, 1940.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer
January 29, 1940.

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RADIO

King Benny

In the spirited contest for most popular U. S. radio performer, Comedian Jack Benny has since October 1937 run a close second to a perverse but inanimate object—the saucy ventriloquist's dummy known as Charlie McCarthy. At the 1939 finish, Charlie (*Chase and Sanborn Hour*) had an estimated 27,000,000 Sunday-night listeners: Jell-O's Jack Benny, an hour earlier on the same NBC-Red network, 24,000,000. Beginning Jan. 7, Standard Brands pared the Chase and Sanborn program to a half-hour, saving some \$7,500 in air-time charges, plus salaries of Hollywood fixtures like Dorothy Lamour, Don Ameche.

Last week the first Cooperative Analysis of Broadcasting (Crossley) reports for 1940 showed a new king of radio. Jack Benny, a three-time front runner before Charlie came along, was in first place again. In his first month as a half-hour program, Charlie had lost over 1,000,000 listeners. In the same month Jack Benny's chuckly half-hour had picked up an estimated 3,000,000 listeners.

Sound-Effect Boos

One day last week German listeners, tuned to their home stations, caught the cultured enemy accents of First Lord of the Admiralty Winston Churchill himself, coming over the same Nazi radio that frequently refers to him as British First Lord of the Sea Bottom. Before he had talked for long, listeners got the idea, *Reichs-Rundfunk-Gesellschaft* was up to a slick trick in the European radio war of harsh words. As Mr. Churchill's voice purred on, it was suddenly interrupted by a tremendous clamor of sound-effect boos & catcalls. Then the Nazi announcer spoke up. "This," he explained, "is the record of how Mr. Churchill's recent speech at Manchester was received by his audience."

At Manchester (TIME, Feb. 5) Mr. Churchill was indeed interrupted, but only by three isolated and promptly shushed calls for British Fascist Sir Oswald Mosley.

Philco Seer

Ample, illustrious old War Correspondent Wythe Williams took over the country editorship of *Greenwich Time* in Connecticut in 1937. He announced then that he would let Europe have its next war "without assistance from me." But Wythe Williams still had his pipe lines to Europe, has run many an inside year from abroad. One that caught the public fancy, and hit U. S. front pages everywhere, was the racy tale in December 1938 of the supposed horsehopping of amorous little Nazi Paul Joseph Goebbels for love-poaching. Editor Williams missed the opening date of war by only three days, has enjoyed many an I-told-you-so on international developments.

Last week Editor Williams began airing his stuff Mondays, Wednesdays and Fri-

days over Manhattan's WOR for New York Philco dealers. First time up, Inside Stuffer Williams aired the "plan Gamelin," under which "the major amphitheatre of war is to be far removed from the Western Front." He masterminded a possible Italian tie-up with the Allies, with a thrust at the Russian oil fields at Baku by Weyand's French, British and possibly Turkish Army, from Syria. Quick action was being urged, said he, because "the present situation in the unpredictable Balkans, and particularly in



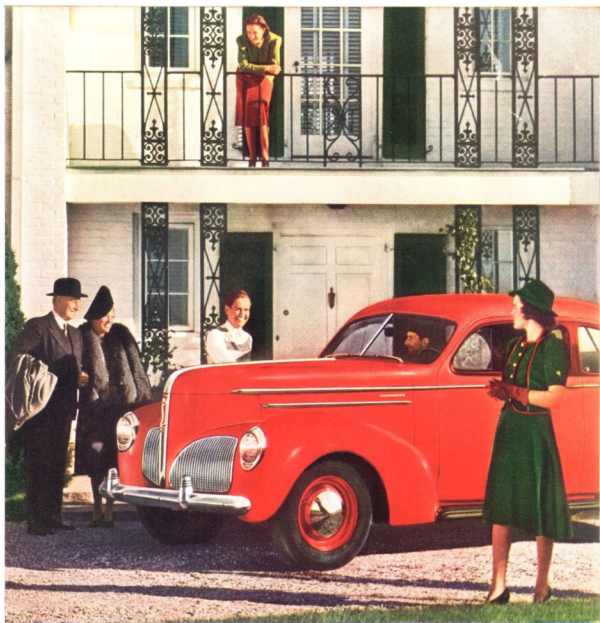
WYTHE WILLIAMS
Headlines pointed his pointers.

Rumania, will permit no delay." By Wednesday night, he could see this campaign advancing right to Rumania, "a natural battlefield for open warfare between the mechanized units of modern armies." By Friday, black Balkan headlines had given plenty of point to Editor Williams' Balkan pointers (see p. 21).

Last week, too, Editor Williams added a few new twists to the recurrent yarn from France of a plot to overthrow the Daladier Government and establish separate peace with Germany. Alleged ring-leaders: shelled Foreign Minister Georges Bonnet, now Minister of Justice; and ex-Premier Pierre-Etienne Flandin, Deputy, capitalist spokesman and appeasement cheerleader.

Editor Williams added to his bubbling French plot the accusation that Flandin has been in communication with Nazi Propaganda Minister Paul Joseph Goebbels, that their liaison man is one Fernand de Brinon, Nazi-favored French journalist, that de Brinon's contact man in Germany is Otto Abetz, pre-war chief of Nazi intelligence work in France.

With his Philco career thus launched with a splash, the rubicund seer of *Greenwich Time* rolled back to his placid office in the Connecticut hills, got out Saturday's paper (circulation: 3,297).



Illustrated: Studebaker Commander Club Sedan, \$925, delivered at factory.

Thrilling to look at...inexpensive to own

IT'S fun to hear your friends remarking about your newfound affluence, when you first step out in your Studebaker Commander. You know, of course, it's Raymond Loewy's flawless styling that makes your Commander look so impressive and expensive.

But your really important secret is that you're paying only a little more a month than for a lowest price car!

Like thousands of delighted Commander owners, you're

also saving loads of money on gas and upkeep, thanks to the advances of Studebaker engineering and the long-lasting quality of Studebaker craftsmanship.

And lo and behold, you're getting all this in your Commander, plus all the latest advancements, for little more than the cost of a Studebaker Champion—on which prices begin at \$660, delivered at the factory, South Bend, Ind. See your local Studebaker dealer now—easy C.I.T. terms.

NEW 1940

STUDEBAKER COMMANDER

It's the way you hold your glass



CONNOISSEUR!

His favorite whiskey tastes the same everywhere, for he mixes with White Rock, the water from one Spring only. Makes the best possible highball.



CAREFUL!

She absolutely refuses all those bottled, carbonated tap-waters. Always insists on White Rock, for its *mineral* tang makes her highballs taste better.



WISE!

He is one of those thrifty people, who know that 3 cents is all it costs to mix a drink with White Rock, when they use the Large Party Size.



GRACIOUS!

The perfect hostess! Always considerate! She makes sure her guests' highballs will be keen and bubbling and will stay that way to the very end!

GOING SOUTH? BE SURE TO VISIT:



THE MIAMI BILTMORE

Coral Gables, Fla.

THE RONEY PLAZA

Miami Beach, Fla.

THE WHITEHALL

Palm Beach, Fla.

THE PALM BEACH BILTMORE

Palm Beach, Fla.

WHERE THEY SERVE ALL TALL DRINKS WITH

WHITE ROCK AT **10¢ EXTRA CHARGE**

White Rock

Good whiskies deserve White Rock,
all other whiskies need it

THE THEATRE

Exploits of Elaine

One glittering night last week, Manhattan's theatregoers offered to pay up to \$50 a seat to get into the venerable Belasco Theatre. They went to sit through something Chicago had been howling over for 33 weeks: John Barrymore, the Waning Profile, making a travesty of a play that travestied his own career. In a sense they were disappointed. *My Dear Children* was definitely not up to the low standard it attained in Chicago (TIME, Nov. 6).



DUDLEY, BARRYMORE, BARRIE
Miss Dudley was in a peculiar position.

Barrymore's burlesque of himself proved more bumpy than bumptious, his ad libs flabbier than flip. But he did let go a few Royal Family burps, and enough offside lines to indicate that this Jerry Horwin-Catherine Turney farce might yet be "good theatre," with old John really strutting his stuff.

As Barrymore took his curtain call—his first in Manhattan after 17 prodigal years—an unemployed Hamlet from Brooklyn, in long Hamlet pants, leaped to the stage. After he was hustled off, Barrymore returned to report: "The gentleman who just jumped across the footlights is now being sat upon by the fattest electrician in New York."

Meanwhile a determined young woman hustled out of her third-row seat and trailing her foxy furs, headed backstage. She was, as most of the audience knowingly noted, darling Elaine Barrie, the lipstick, 25-year-old tyro-wife whom 57-year-old John had spanked out of *My Dear Children's* ingénue lead and into the divorce courts last April.

Backstage, Elaine breezed into John's dressing room. Barrymore's (and Poetess Michael Strange's) pretty young daughter, Diana, who had hoped to guard Papa from mischief this trip, was floored. "I can't stand any more . . ." she wailed. "This is the end."

But it was only Scene I. After 35 minutes with John, Elaine said she must be going. "John," purred she, "it might be embarrassing to you and to me, too, if we happened to meet in public. You tell me where you're going after the show, and I'll go somewhere else." John took the whole hook & line.

Sure enough, into Fefe's Monte Carlo, where John sat sipping with Daughter Diana and Stage Daughter Doris Dudley (who succeeded Elaine in the play), swept Elaine. She sat at a table close to John's.

Doris and Diana bristled. When Diana got up to dance, Elaine slipped into Diana's chair. The Monte Carlo crowd cocked eyes, cupped ears for Scene II. "All I want is 24 hours with you," Elaine implored. "I don't want you for keeps, John, but I must have you back for a little while. All I want is 24 hours of bliss. Look at me, John."

John looked. Elaine the Eyeful was wearing a slinky, low-cut gold mesh gown. John busied her zestfully. Diana scrambled. Shortly afterwards John and Elaine left. They went to the Hotel Navarro. Fifteen blissful hours later, John emerged. Cocking a baggy but eloquent eye, he confided: "I'm back with my sweetie now."

Next day Doris and Diana had an indignant luncheon. Elaine was slated to return to *My Dear Children* in Doris' place within a fortnight. "By God," Doris exploded, "you've got to hand it to her. She's got guts. She'll stop at nothing!" But Doris was able to philosophize about it. Said she, "I am in the peculiar position of trying to fight sex with talent. . . . I hope that Miss Barrie is not doing all this for publicity, because it will hurt John. He needs somebody so badly. He's a very lonely old—no, I won't say he's old—he's a very lonely man, and he has a spent mind."

"Whut I wish for ye, mon,
When things gae faragly,
Is money in yer puck-it
An' friends standin' by."



In the more than a century that Teacher's Scotch has been made in Scotland, there have been many changes, but not in Teacher's smooth, fine flavour. *That* has been too right to change. Once you try the distinctive taste of Teacher's you're sure to say, "Hold it—for another hundred years."

"It's the flavour"



Made since 1830 by
Wm. Teacher & Sons,
Ltd., Glasgow,
86 PROOF



TEACHER'S
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY

SOLE U.S. AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co.
NEW YORK CITY - IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

RELIGION

Pie Now

A. F. of L.'s William Green, a Baptist, has in his time spoken from Christian pulpits. C.I.O.'s John L. Lewis is less famed for personal piety. Last week the Ohio Pastors' Convention, meeting in Columbus, where the United Mine Workers were also gathered (see p. 19), sent Mr. Lewis its felicitations and an invitation to come talk. Mr. Lewis went. In no pie-in-the-sky mood, he voiced a layman's proposition which any theologian worth his salt could turn upside down: "Before men can worship, they must eat." Said Preacher Lewis: "I believe in God and the Christian church. I believe any country devoted solely to materialism lacks something. You can draw your object lesson from Germany. . . . The church in Germany has lost the confidence of young men and women."

Suppressed Spirits

Nowhere in the world is Spiritualism so respectable as in England. There it rates as a real religion, has attracted some great names (Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle). Although England's 2,500 Spiritualist societies do not keep membership rolls, at least 250,000 believers go to Sunday-night meetings and probably 1,000,000 altogether call themselves Spiritualists. The Confraternity of Clergy, Ministers and Spiritualists claims that no Christian divines belong to the cult. Alarmed by this trend, the Archbishop of Canterbury more than four years ago appointed a committee to investigate Spiritualism.

Headed by Dr. Francis Underhill, then Dean of Rochester, now Bishop of Bath & Wells, the committee took testimony from psychic researchers, both believers and skeptics. Some committeemen secretly attended séances. Nine months ago the committee had its report ready. To the great dismay not only of His Grace of Canterbury but of his colleague the Archbishop of York, the report was not unfavorable to Spiritualism. That, at least, was the conclusion Spiritualists drew when it became known last month that the report had been suppressed. Said Fred Hawken, secretary of the Marylebone Spiritualist Association: "I am confident that the report would have appeared if it had been adverse."

The Bishop of Bath & Wells, hardly a dealer in magic and spells,* was said by Spiritualists last week to be "sympathetic or at least fair" toward Spiritualism. Another committeeman, Very Rev. Walter Robert Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, hinted at the tone of the report when he told the Society for Psychical Research that, discounting fraud and illusion, there remained a residuum of fact suggesting the possibility of life after death.

Said Editor Maurice Barbanell of *Psy-*
* Like John Wellington Wells in Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Sorcerer*.



FRANCIS BATH & WELLS
Dismayed were Canterbury and York.

chic News: "This suppression is just the usual trouble the Church of England has with anything unorthodox. It once opposed umbrellas on the basis of the Bible citation, *He . . . sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust*. It is always 500 years behind the times, and this is the latest example."

Said a representative of the Archbishop of Canterbury: "Further investigation is required."

Christians on Christianity

Because Roman Catholics believe that theirs is the one and only True Church, they are discouraged from attending heretical or schismatic religious services—i.e., any but their own. Many Roman bishops restrain their priests, and refrain



FATHER ORCHARD
It was hard to detest his old faith.

themselves, from joining interfaith gatherings, where their presence might seem to condone the heresy that one religion is as good as another. In the U. S. last year, Archbishop John Gregory Murray of St. Paul made an exception to this rule, when he preached a sermon at a men's rally promoted by an Episcopalian. In New Haven, Conn. last Sunday night, a Catholic priest did likewise by appearing at Yale University on equal footing with a Protestant minister.

The Protestant was angular, deep-voiced, intense Dr. Richard Roberts, Presbyterian theologian and onetime moderator of the United Church of Canada. The Catholic was a famed convert, bespectacled, dynamic, firm-jawed Rev. William Edwin Orchard of London. To bring the two together for a series of four joint lectures, the sponsors of Yale's University Christian Conference had had to obtain the permission of Bishop Maurice Francis McAuliffe of Hartford (in whose diocese New Haven lies), and Arthur Cardinal Hinsley of London, Father Orchard's superior.

One of England's great preachers, William Orchard was trained as a Presbyterian but attained fame as a liberal in a Congregational pulpit—King's Weigh House Church in London's West End. He, who once used to keep away from church at Easter because he had his doubts about the Resurrection, became increasingly Catholic. He instituted Mass, the Reserved Sacrament, the Benediction, bells, candles and incense in his Nonconformist church. When a well-fed parishioner demanded to know why, in Mass, he had been asked to worship "a bit of bread," Dr. Orchard snapped: "Well, sir, we happen to agree with our Lord that it is His Body. But, judging by your looks, if I had elevated a five-shilling piece, you would have worshipped it fast enough." Dr. Orchard became associated with a Society of Free Catholics, obtained holy orders from an irregular but valid source, the Syro-Nestorian Church. He finally entered the Church of Rome in 1932. When he was ordained anew, in 1935, he had but one regret: he found it difficult to "detest" his former faith, as required in the oath of abjuration.

Father Orchard and Presbyterian Roberts (who was born in Wales) became friends in England 35 years ago. Last Sunday each knew well the other's mind when they mounted the platform of Yale's Sprague Hall. Their subjects for the first lecture—the Existence of God for Father Orchard, the Nature of God for Dr. Roberts—were typical of the series. The Yale Christian Conference is neither a debate nor a revival, but a sober discussion for a mature audience. Its recent course has been cheering to churchmen searching for signs of a U. S. religious revival. In the '20s, attendance dwindled: the conferences were abandoned when only 150 people turned out to hear Sherwood Eddy in 1926. When they were begun again last year, 800 went to hear Dr. George Arthur Buttrick. Last week's opener, despite the fact that it took place on a winter Sunday, drew 500.



Chosen by distinguished Men and Women

The list of owners of the *De Luxe* Capehart is a roll of many of the best known names in America and abroad . . . people who appreciate and demand the world's finest musical reproduction. It includes world-famous musicians, authors, statesmen, leaders in business and social life and hundreds of others who love good music superbly played.

The *De Luxe* Capehart Automatic Phonograph-Radio faithfully reproduces the full musical scale, both in fundamentals and harmonics.

And the Capehart is the *only* instrument which has a record-changer that *turns records over* . . . playing 20 records, both sides of each record in succession, bringing you complete symphonies and operas in their correct sequence. You can enjoy a program lasting more than

three hours . . . without the bother of going to the instrument. The Capehart, of course, also includes a superlative radio . . . equipped for television sound.



The Chippendale, in walnut or mahogany, \$1145. *De Luxe* Capeharts in other authentic period designs, \$595 to \$2500. *DE LUXE CAPEHARTS MAY BE PURCHASED WITH A MODEST INITIAL PAYMENT AND TERMS TO SUIT YOUR CONVENIENCE.*

For a new experience in musical pleasure, hear the Capehart. Visit your Capehart dealer or write for illustrated brochure. The Capehart Division, Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THE CAPEHART-PANAMUSE— IN THE CAPEHART TRADITION

To those who wish an instrument built to Capehart tone-traditions . . . at a lower price . . . Capehart offers the Capehart-Panamuse. Its automatic record-changer provides nearly an hour of the music of your own choice.

Prices of Capehart-Panamuse Phonograph-Radios range from \$159.50* to \$299.50. They may be purchased on a small down payment and convenient terms to suit you.

**Price slightly higher on the West Coast*

The **CAPEHART**
THE FINEST IN MUSICAL REPRODUCTION

新 社

FEBRUARY 8 IS JANUARY 1 *in China*

Now is the time when all good Chinese shoot off firecrackers, wish their friends prosperity, and sometimes (as in the Occident) indulge in a libation or two.

謝

New Year's is also the time when the Chinese strive to pay their debts. So our Mr. Lao Cheng, together with Mrs. Cheng and all the little Chengs, takes this occasion to pay a certain debt in behalf of The Saturday Evening Post. A debt of gratitude.

謝

Through Mr. Cheng we thank Adolf Hitler for banning the Post, along with its good friend Time, from newsstands in the Third Reich.

謝

We thank Charlie MacGregor, Jack Downs and their gangs for yanking out some old presses and putting in three of the fastest new magazine presses in the world on the eighth floor of the Curtis plant.

We thank grocers, druggists, dealers everywhere who said in many 1939 surveys that they'd rather see the products they sell advertised in the Post than in any other magazine.

謝

We thank the boys in the composing room for getting out 52 Posts last year without a broken letter, and for singing Silent Night just fine on Xmas Eve.

謝

We thank Dr. Lin of the China Institute for acquainting us (at a Chinese restaurant in Mott Street) with a lot of Chinese characters we never knew before, to say nothing of a very strange kind of soup.

謝

We thank the 106 writers and the 17 artists whose stuff appeared in the Post for the first time in 1939. And the more than 80,000 people who sent in manuscripts which didn't quite meet Post specifications (better luck next time).

We thank 596 advertisers for awarding more advertising revenue to The Saturday Evening Post than to any other magazine in the world.

謝

We thank Miss Edna Myers of our statistical division for pointing out one day that the Post's lead over the next magazine in 1939 was only 11 million dollars and not 110 millions as the typographer had set it.

謝

We thank Fred T. Kopke for making the Post better known in Boise, Idaho, by using our name to advertise his weekly meat specials under the caption: "The Saturday Evening Roast."

謝

We thank the forty-five Post advertising representatives for not swearing audibly when somebody asked them: "Why isn't my ad on page 2 instead of on page 162?"

We thank the teachers in 185 colleges for using the Post as a textbook in their classes in advertising, English, economics, and psychology.

謝

We thank the scores of people who tried to help their fellow readers with the problem of what to do with old Posts, including a man from Saskatchewan who pointed out that one month's issues are more protection than red flannels.

謝

We thank the 255 advertising agencies who recommended that their clients spend more than \$24,000,000 in the Post last year.

謝

And lastly, we thank President Roosevelt for letting Wednesday continue to come on Wednesday, because that's the day the Post comes out.

WE RESPECTFULLY WISH YOU
MOST PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR



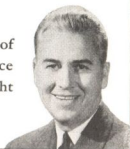
Which should you insure *first?*



1. *The answer is:* Your dog! Here's why. If the fur coat is stolen or destroyed before you insure it, your loss can't exceed the value of the coat. But if your dog bites someone, you may be faced with a damage suit running into thousands of dollars. By all means insure both—but guard against the possible *big* loss first!

**Dog Liability Insurance*

"The *NEW* way of buying insurance gives you the right answer!"



2. "*The NEW way* analyzes all your risks—stresses how much you might lose, rather than the probability of loss," says the representative of the Two Hartfords. "You can stand a small loss occasionally—but one really big one might wipe out your life's savings. The *NEW way* assures protection where you need it most."



3. *Are you "in a fog"* about your insurance? If you've just "taken out" policies, you may be exposed to large losses you've never considered. Let the *NEW way* of buying insurance give you a clear picture of your risks—and fullest protection against them!

Hartford Fire Insurance Company Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT



To learn more about the *NEW way* of buying insurance, just call Western Union (in Canada, call Canadian National Telegraphs) and ask for the name of the Hartford representative nearest you. Or get in touch with your own insurance broker.



THE TWO HARTFORDS WRITE PRACTICALLY EVERY FORM OF INSURANCE EXCEPT LIFE

BUSINESS & FINANCE

FOREIGN TRADE

Sassoon Again

City of unorthodox booms is Shanghai, a paradise of moneychangers and middlemen. Throughout Depression I Shanghai built itself the tallest buildings outside the Americas, tripled land values on its river-washed Bund (the International Settlement's downtown) in seven years. Last year, its suburbs full of Japanese soldiers, Shanghai started another and less healthy boom, still booming. Factories, upcountry traders, panicky Chinese moved into the International Settlement for safety. Since no passport control blocks entry to the Settlement, refugees from all the world's political hotspots fled there—Czechs, Poles, German and Austrian Jews. Country View Apartments, aptly named when built before the Japanese invasion, now look on rows of smoking chimneys. The Chinese dollar, worth 30 American cents in 1937, has declined to 7; rents and prices have correspondingly soared.

Beneficiaries of the boom are 1) the foreign sections' 62,000 foreigners in general, whose pounds, francs and dollars have gained purchasing power; 2) 4,000 Americans in particular, who are taking business from the dominant but war-hob-



Wide World

INTERNATIONALIST SASSOON
Japan's full house is second best.

bled British. When War began the big Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking Corp., British-controlled, stopped work on a new branch office building. But last week the National City Bank of New York, its one Shanghai branch overflowing with customers, was preparing to open another in the 14-story Cathay Mansions Building. At the Shanghai Club's enormous bar (Noel Coward, squinting down it, once said it showed the curvature of the earth) hard-drinking Shanghaianders tell each other that "This is an American year."

Their chief fear is that it may become a Japanese year. Leaving their rifles outside the International Settlement, the Japanese have long been seeking to control Shanghai's trade by votes. The Shanghai Municipal Council, a true plutocracy, is elected by qualified rate-payers to represent business interests; Japanese businessmen have therefore been moving in, already control more than a third of the rate-payers' votes, may control more by election time in April. Should they unseat the British-American bloc now in command, the wobbly Chinese dollar, hitherto bolstered by British (£5,000,000) and American (\$25,000,000) loans, might lose exchange value faster still.

Last week the richest man in Shanghai arrived in San Francisco. World-traveling Sir Ellice Victor Sassoon is the Naples-born great-grandson of a Bagdad Jew who moved to Bombay and got rich in the Chinese opium trade. Other famed Sassoons: the late Sir Philip of London, Britain's art-loving ex-Under Secretary of State for Air, and Siegfried of Wiltshire, foxhunting ex-poet. But Cousin Victor of Shanghai is the financial head of the family. Thirteen years ago, fleeing taxes, he transferred some \$85,000,000 (Mex.) from British India to free Shanghai, where there is still no income tax. He bought real estate, built the city's biggest buildings, lives in begaded Oriental splendor atop his own Cathay Hotel. Lame, cynical, monocled Sir Victor's parties are the gayest in gay Cathay society; his business interests as wide as Shanghai's own. Besides cotton mills, building supplies, tugboats, bus lines, a brewery, a laundry, he owns or manages Shanghai's best hotels, apartments and office buildings, including Cathay Mansions where the National City Bank has just taken new space. But above all Sir Victor is a banker himself. His E. D. Sassoon Banking Co., Ltd., buys and sells currencies on the old Rothschild basis of advance information, refuses to align itself with British, Chinese or American banks in support of the Chinese dollar, takes an impartial trading profit on either side. Money-wise Sir Victor spends about six months a year in Shanghai, three in India (horses, cotton mills), three in Europe and the rest of the world. For tax reasons, his visits to England are carefully spaced. Lately he has upped the frequency of his visits to the U. S., upped his investments here, notably in plastics. More than most Shanghaianders, liquid, diversified Sir Victor dares speak his mind. In San Francisco last week he spoke it on Japanese-American trade relations.

"Japan," said Sir Victor, who plays cards for high stakes, "finds herself in the position of trying to bluff in a poker game with a full house against a royal flush. . . . The U. S. has Japan absolutely cold in these negotiations, and Japanese businessmen know it."

SECURITIES

Buying at the Bottom?

By February 1930, one Wall Street broker had had enough of a good thing, was ready to get out while the getting was good. His name: Charles Edward Merrill. His firm: Merrill Lynch & Co. His fortune: a comfortable eight-digit one. Out of broking, Merrill Lynch continued as an



International Associated Press

BANKER MERRILL, BROKER PIERCE
... will tap the sticks for Wall Street.

underwriting and investment house, specializing in equity securities of growing chain-store systems. Its babies: Safeway Stores, First National Stores, McCrory Stores, Lerner, Kresge, Western Auto Supply.

Heir to Merrill Lynch's brokerage business was E. A. Pierce & Co., whose handsomely pompadoured, soft-spoken Edward Allen Pierce prides himself on operating the largest U. S. security & commodity brokerage chain: 40 offices in 38 cities, linked by 17,000 miles of private wires. To the rest of Wall Street, during the dead markets of recent years, Broker Pierce has been the No. 1 example of conspicuous luxury, operating on a nationwide overhead geared to forgotten two-and-three-million-share days. Ever since Depression II, Street sages have guessed at Pierce's losses, wondered when he would start dismantling offices or throw in the sponge. Last week, Ed Pierce fooled them, consolidated with Friend Merrill (and a Merrill Lynch subsidiary, Cassatt & Co., Inc.) to form a new firm of underwriter-brokers—Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt.

In the Street's Winchellian political terminology, Pierce has been called a New Dealer because of his backing of the 1938 Conway Committee revolt (TIME, Feb. 7, 1938) which purged the Old Guard from Stock Exchange leadership, installed



SEVEN DWARFS DO GIANT'S WORK

● Dwarfed by mainline steam locomotives are seven new type Diesel switch engines now at work at the Erie Jersey City Terminal. Small but powerful, these 660- and 1000-horsepower switchers represent the most modern and efficient equipment available.

Through the Jersey City gateway, the Erie handles a goodly portion of New York City's food supply—plus hundreds of other commodities. Car movements must click on clock-work schedules. And they do—thanks to Erie's modern methods and on-the-toes personnel.

Here is another reason why your shipment will arrive safely and promptly when you ship via Erie, the road that's "First in Freight."

Travel
the Scenic Erie
... between New York, Binghamton,
Elmira, Buffalo, Chautauque Lake,
Yongstown, Cleveland, Akron, Chicago
AIR-CONDITIONED TRAINS
EXCELLENT MEALS • FINEST
SERVICE • LOWEST RATES



young, earnest Bill McChesney Martin on Sing Sing First Baseman Dick Whitney's throne. But Broker Pierce's merger with an underwriter has little to do with the New Deal, more to do with his notorious optimism. Favorite Pierce dictum: "I'd rather be optimistic and wrong than pessimistic and half-right." But his latest move follows the classic pattern of the late financier E. H. Harriman, who always bought at the bottom. Wall Street, long in the dumps (a Stock Exchange seat last week sold at \$48,000—lowest since 1918), has to Optimist Pierce and Realist Merrill become a buy again.

One reason for their confidence is Pierce's little-reckoned-with commodity trading department. In 1939, E. A. Pierce grossed about \$9,000,000, of which commissions on commodity trading accounted for a little more than \$1,000,000, securities business the rest. Given offices and a wire service, which Pierce had anyway for his securities business, commodity brokerage involves no costly physical handling, no more plant than a set of books. Hence, this end of the business earned enough to keep the Pierce operating deficit at only about \$300,000 (after 6% interest on capital), less than the total salaries drawn by 19 Pierce partners.

Not only does the Pierce commodity business go far to offset the Pierce security department's losses, it can also be of special value to Underwriter Merrill. Most of it is anti-speculative, comes from industrial customers who carry big raw-material inventories (hides, wool, etc.) and have to hedge their commodity commitments. To shrewd Underwriter Merrill, this business offers a steady contact with industrialists who may be wanting some underwriting done. Merrill has put between one and two millions of fresh capital into the new firm, which (with total capital of around \$5,000,000) will start as one of the ten or so best-heeled in the Street.

But Merrill also knows that almost no

amount of capital can put an investment banker in the big league unless he has a nationwide security selling organization or a number of big and intimate institutional connections. Leading Street underwriters do not own the distributors through whom they sell, but they have built up an uncrackable circle of friends over the years. The Pierce brokerage chain offers Merrill a ready-made framework for a new distributing organization of his own. And if the same offices, through their Pierce commodity-trading connections, prove good developers of new underwriting business, Merrill and Pierce will have a complete two-way securities circuit. This will also provide the one thing Wall Street needs to make money again: a new way of bringing business out of the sticks.

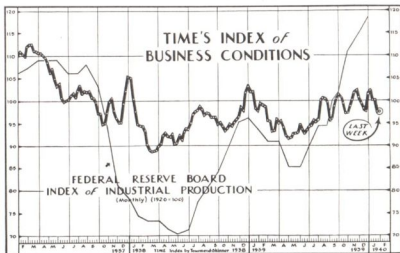
UTILITIES

Parceled Postal

Out of a four-and-a-half-year reorganization last week came what was left of the late Clarence Mackay's Postal Telegraph communications system.

The old Postal system had two main units: the "Land Line System," with a domestic telegraph business, and a cable and radio system to Europe and Latin America. In 1928, Clarence Mackay decided that music was a more interesting medium of communication, sold the system to International Telephone & Telegraph. By June 1935, I. T. & T. was fed up with advancing Postal cash to pay the \$2,500,000-a-year interest on its bonds, let it slip into 77-B. Largest independent bondholder, Lehman Bros. (and clients), whose Bondholders Committee finally represented some \$30,000,000 (about 60% of the bonds).

Uptshot of the reorganization is two new companies: Postal Telegraph, Inc., which gets the land lines, and American Cable & Radio Corp., a holding company, which gets the old radio and cable lines (includ-



Index Unchanged. TIME's Index of Business Conditions remained unchanged last week at 97.6 (99.2 year ago). Slightly increased trade-centre spending was offset by continued inactivity in financial centres. (TIME's Index, derived from money and banking figures, reports not on business volume but on changes in underlying conditions likely to affect the volume of U. S. business.)



He: *Miss Dale, you're a fast worker!*

She: *Thanks! But it's just that new*

MODEL M CUSHIONED-TOUCH COMPTOMETER

"Comptometer Economy" is a familiar (and pleasant) story to executives in almost every business and industrial field. It's a story that "boils down" to *more figure work handled in less time at lower cost*, through high speed, Controlled-Key accuracy, flexibility—and modern Comptometer methods.

And now, the handsome new Model M Cushioned-Touch Comptometer offers all the fundamental Comptometer advantages, together with many important *new* features and improvements which contribute to increased figure-work savings.

A demonstration of "Comptometer Economy," as it applies to your own figure-work problems, may be arranged by telephoning your local Comptometer office . . . or by writing direct to Felt & Tarrant Manufacturing Company, 1720 North Paulina Street, Chicago, Illinois.



LIGHTER key-stroke and remarkable new quietness of operation are among the host of improvements built into the new Model M Comptometer.

NEW FEATURES OF THE MODEL M CUSHIONED-TOUCH COMPTOMETER

For faster, easier operation:

- Lighter key-stroke
- Flexible keyboard
- One-hand subtraction
- Improved decimal pointers

For greater quiet:

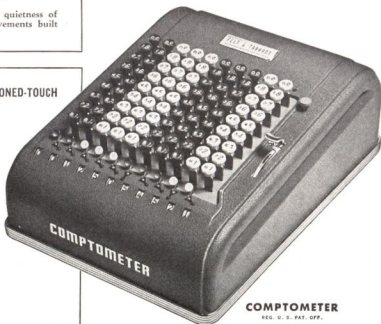
- Mechanism floated in rubber
- Scientific soundproofing

For improved appearance:

- Cancelling lever built inside case
- New color and modern, simplified lines to harmonize with modern office interiors

For minimized eye-strain:

- No-glare answer dials
- Larger, more legible answer numerals
- Restful gray-green color



COMPTOMETER
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



To serve you properly, your fire insurance should do more than provide protection against financial loss in case of damage to your property. It should also provide you with experienced fire prevention service, in order to minimize the danger of this menace which frequently devours values that can never be replaced.

When you insure your property in the Mill Owners Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Iowa you enjoy both protection and prevention. The loss protection of standard, nonassessable, participating* policies, backed by 65 years of prompt and fair payment of claims, and by a surplus sufficient to pay double the company's average annual losses. The priceless loss prevention service of an experienced Mill Owners Mutual fire prevention engineer, who makes your property safer by ferretting out and eliminating fire hazards, or minimizing their danger.

If you are a careful property owner, you deserve the benefits of Mill Owners Mutual insurance. For full details, call in your Mill Owners Mutual local agent.

*Present Dividend Rate Is 25%



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MILL OWNERS MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF IOWA
Home Office: Des Moines, Iowa
DIVIDENDS TO POLICYHOLDERS SINCE 1875

ing I. T. & T.'s South American radio properties). Two-thirds of A. C. & R. is to be owned by I. T. & T., one-third by bondholders in the old Postal. Traffic contracts will link Postal's land lines to the international network.

As for the new Postal, it is now free of I. T. & T. control, owned by its former bondholders. In exchange for ceding its cable and radio properties to A. C. & R. these former bondholders also acquired first call on A. C. & R.'s earnings in the form of \$9,210,632 of its subsidiaries' debentures. Another \$3,293,562 of debentures went to I. T. & T.

What old Postal bondholders (or I. T. & T.) will get out of the deal depends on A. C. & R.'s subsidiaries. At an earnings level before interest and taxes of around \$1,500,000 (about 30% above their combined earnings for 1939) I. T. & T.'s two-thirds stock interest in A. C. & R. gives it a better return than Postal bondholders, who have the larger bond interest. As for the Postal bondholders' interest in the new Postal, what they get will depend on whether the land lines can work a miracle, stay out of the red. Main obstacle: a big competitor, Western Union, has had lean years too, the amount of business (badly nicked by telephone and air-mail competition) probably cannot support two profitable systems.

President of the new Postal is a tall, smooth ex-accountant named Edwin F. Chinlund, who twice in his career has been a partner in Arthur Andersen & Co. (auditors), in between was vice president and comptroller of I. T. & T. Chinlund's immediate job will be to compete more aggressively with big, hungry Western Union. But the long and more complicated end of his assignment is negotiating with Western Union, investors, labor and Washington for a merger of the two sickish systems into one with a better chance of making money.

Hello?

Through most of the 3,070 U. S. counties swarm the 95,150,000 miles of wire of A. T. & T.'s mighty Bell Telephone System. Interlacing this giant nervous system are 6,600 independent companies (lineage: some 9,200,000 miles) serving 18% of the nation's 20,820,000 telephones.* They sprang up around the turn of the century after the basic Bell patents ran out, fought A. T. & T. for breathing space, by 1914 were at peace with their corpulent competitor. Clinging to their often profitable franchises like lichens to a rock, these little fellows annually turn in a \$130,000,000 gross.

Typical of these stubborn independents is the Moore Telephone System of Caro, Mich. (pop. 2,554). Its 1,500 subscribers, scattered through three farming counties of the sparse Thumb District, pay \$2.50 a month for a twelve-party country line, \$3.75 monthly for unlimited service in town. For a \$5 fee the company will call all of its subscribers, give them any merchant's sales talk. Its 15 "centrals" are pals with their customers, keep them in touch with local gossip. Subscribers grouse at the service and complain that the

* Of the rest, 79% are Bell, some 3% mutual.

system is so lackadaisical about repairs that they frequently have to make them themselves. No less archaic is the company's pole policy. When poles blow down or rot away, line men whack off the diseased portion, resink the stub into the ground. Result is that subscribers sometimes have to stoop to get under the wires.

Typical of nothing is the founder, president, general manager and mechanical genius of this 48-year-old system—leathery, quixotic, aging (65) William James Moore. By geography and heredity Phoneman Moore was addicted to telephones. He was born in Alexander Graham Bell's home town of Brantford, Ontario. His cousin was Elisha Gray, co-inventor of the telephone. Not long after leaving Oberlin



JOE KALEC
"No company for man or beast."

College in 1892 he patented an improved telephone transmitter, set about manufacturing it, built telephone lines, organized his own system. Today it grosses some \$5,000 a month.

Befitting the owner of a telephone system—and as an example to niggardly one-phone customers—Mr. Moore has 23 telephones, 17 direct lines (seven more phones, 14 more lines than A. T. & T. President Walter Gifford) in his ten-room rococo Caro house. All but one (a living-room extension) have individual listings and numbers in the phone books. Friends acquainted with the phoneman's habits can, by calling Caro, Mich., 583, catch him in Bathroom No. 3. A request for 584 will connect the caller with the Southwest Bedroom; 592 with the Furnace Room; 597 with the Maid's Quarters, and 590 with both ends of the Dining-Room Table. Despite this room-to-room hookup, there is a flaw in the service. If Mr. Moore were in his Den (589) and a friend called him in the Front Upper Hall (593), he would likely as not fail to hear the phone ring, miss the call. From this intense coverage the Moore system is an average \$13 a month richer by virtue of Michigan's law requiring utility officials to bill themselves for services received.

When Phoneman Moore married School-



SERVICE WITH A STYLE

FORD COMMERCIAL CAR FEATURES FOR 1940

Choice of two V-8 engines—85 and 60
hp ★ Five body types—Stake, Plat-
form, Pick-Up, Panel, Sedan Delivery
★ Semi-centrifugal clutch ★ Sealed-
Beam Headlamps ★ Full torque-tube
and radius-rod drive ★ $\frac{3}{4}$ -floating
rear axle ★ Straddle-mounted driv-
ing pinion ★ Worm and roller steering
★ Big, 12-inch hydraulic brakes ★
Four double-acting, hydraulic shock
absorbers ★ Ford Engine and Parts
Exchange Plan.

A TOUCH of elegance—properly applied to your delivery units—can do worlds toward building the prestige of your business. This is the kind of smart styling embodied in the Ford V-8 Commercial Car for 1940. A trimness of line that reflects the modern spirit of service.

Modern in appearance, *modern in economy!* Look at the outstanding advantages of the Ford V-8 Commercial Car. V-type, eight-cylinder engines, for example. Your choice of either 85 or 60 hp—“85” for unusual performance combined with economy, “60” for low gasoline consumption. No other commercial car on the market offers the smooth

and steady power of a V-8 engine.

There are a number of important improvements in the Ford V-8 Commercial Car this year, plus a host of time-tested, time-proved Ford features. Add them together and you have “the outstanding commercial car for the money.” See these units at your Ford dealer’s. Study them feature by feature. Compare them with any other commercial car on the market, regardless of its price. Arrange for an actual “on-the-job” test and *know the difference before you spend another commercial car dollar.*

★ Ford Motor Company, builders of Ford V-8 and Mercury Cars, Ford Trucks, Commercial Cars, Station Wagons and Transit Buses.

FORD V-8 TRUCKS AND COMMERCIAL CARS

TIME, February 12, 1940

PAINT

*Fame — An Ephemeral Quality That
Many Capture, Few Hold*



No fugitive from a fame gang is the Hoover Company, manufacturer of vacuum cleaners, whose home is located in the sunny city of Canton, Ohio. Year in and year out, from door-to-door, and from page-to-page, the name "Hoover" stands for an always up-and-coming, fine American company whose success is based on a good product and a good selling follow-through.

Many things has Hoover done to make its vacuum cleaners more easy to operate, more readily on dirt. One was to change the body of the machine to a magnesium alloy, thus making it lighter than it could be in any other way, eliminating excess weight and drudgery for Mrs. America. Hoover engineers found the surface of magnesium required different finishing treatment than did that of steel, aluminum and other metals.

So Sherwin-Williams product finishes division was asked to lend a hand. A wrinkle finish the sales department liked had been used on past models, attempted on this one.

This from their report: "The type of casting, the type of relief wanted, the severe tests the finish was subjected to, were difficult to meet. Speed was not a factor, but adhesion and hardness were.

"After considerable testing and constantly cooperating with Hoover engineers, we developed a wrinkle finish that met all requirements. Adhesion is better than ever, hardness also. Rejects have been cut to a new low, and the finish—Sherwin-Williams Kem Enamel—is standing up excellently in the field."

"Standing up excellently in the field" is the way we all like to see a report end. Let us work with you on your product finishing—our experience is vast. For in industrial finishes, as in house paint, Sherwin-Williams is a name that means first quality and long service. Write The Sherwin-Williams Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

**SHERWIN-
WILLIAMS**
INDUSTRIAL FINISHES



teacher Mabel B. T. Clark (his second wife) six months ago, her first task was to unravel the mysteries of a front-hall panel studded with 28 pushbuttons, representing the overflow of her husband's mechanical talents and his preoccupation with the front door. Push one button and the door opens long enough to admit one visitor, then slams shut. Push it twice and a party of six can slip in without getting nipped. For crowds, a second button holds the door open indefinitely. For salesmen, truculent folk and enemies, a special button flips the door impudently open, snaps it like a whip in their faces.

No less unorthodox is Phoneman Moore's midsummer method of taking a swim before breakfast. Stepping onto a balcony outside his second-floor bedroom window, he presses a button. From a swimming pool in the yard a model airplane climbs to him on cables. Sitting on a trapeze slung from the undercarriage, he

MANUFACTURING

Airacobra

Last spring many an American Airlines pilot, stopping for passengers at Buffalo, N. Y., sunburned the roof of his mouth watching the test flights of a new pursuit ship that the U. S. Army Air Corps called XP-39. Slim as a lance, it ripped across the field faster than anything they had ever seen, faded to a dot against the sky before the thunder of its exhaust had echoed off the hangar walls. And when it came home to roost, at the hangar of Bell Aircraft Corp., it waddled up to the apron on three wheels with its tail in the air, something no pursuit ship had ever done before. More mindful of its deadly speed, its paralyzing armament, than of its spraddle-legged look on the ground, proud Bell Aircraft called it "Airacobra."

Last week Bell made international aviation news by telling just how fast and how



BELL'S AIRACOBRA
In its warlike nose, a cannon.

presses another button, the plane heads for the pool. Mr. Moore lets go in time to drop into the water. On the journey back he just hangs on until the plane deposits him on the balcony again.

Confounded by gadgets, Mrs. Moore hopes some day to mistress her home. Until then she must put up with a radio loudspeaker in every room, lights flashing when the front door opens, burglar alarms going off when certain rugs are trod on. An 1899 De Dion Bouton, one of her husband's nine cars, is stored in an attic.

At present Phoneman Moore is heckling the Michigan Public Service Utilities Commission for a 10% rate rise to cover the cost of making his manual system automatic. Last week he was also planning the installation of telephones in Caro's Hotel Montague. Under the Moore plan each room will have a telephone number listed in the book. After calling the room clerk to discover what room his friend has, the subscriber must hang up and rephone the room direct. That makes the contact twice as expensive.

Phoneman Moore wears a red toupee, neither smokes nor drinks. Despite the fact that he has scores of friends and once belonged to every available lodge, club and fraternity in the Thumb District, he thinks he is antisocial. Says he: "I am no company for man or beast."

heavily Airacobra could strike. Out of the experimental stage and now plain P-39, it has a speed of 400 miles an hour with full military load. It is the fastest pursuit ship in the U. S. and probably in the world, can leg it a full 20 to 40 miles an hour faster on war missions than Germany's famed Messerschmitt 109 (which had to be stripped of its guns and precariously "souped up" to set the international speed record of 469 m.p.h.).

With a cruising range of more than 1,000 miles (at 325 m.p.h.) it can operate above 36,000 feet, hugs its pilot in comfort in a streamlined cabin with automobile-type doors. Strangest thing about it is that its engine, a 1,000 h. p., Prestone-cooled, inline Allison, is not in the nose, but behind the pilot. Built for sleek streamlining, the twelve-cylinder Allison (made by General Motors) drives the three-bladed prop through a shaft. Best thing about this is that it makes Airacobra's air-splitting nose thin and warless, still leaves room up front for Airacobra's most deadly fang: a 37-millimeter (1½-inch) cannon which fires through the propeller hub. Alongside its cannon, biggest carried by any single-engine pursuit ship, are two .30-calibre and two .50-calibre (½-inch) machine guns.

To square-chinned, 46-year-old Lawrence Doane Bell of Bell Aircraft, the Airacobra is a thesis in an aeronautics course which began 28 years ago. He left

high school in Santa Monica, Calif. to become a mechanic for famed Lincoln Beachey—the “greatest flier” in many a pilot’s lexicon—and for his own big brother, Grover Bell. Next year death came to Grover Bell in a crash, and discouraged Larry left the game. But by the time Beachey was killed in 1915 Larry Bell was back as a mechanic for Early-Bird Glenn L. Martin (whose firm was then listed in the Los Angeles telephone book under “Amusements”). By 1925 he was vice president and general manager of Martin, by 1929 had the same job with Major Reuben Fleet’s Consolidated Aircraft Corp. at Buffalo.

When “Rube” Fleet moved his company to San Diego in 1935, Larry Bell leased the old plant, raised \$400,000 by stock sales in Buffalo and became president of Bell Aircraft Corp., with Robert J. Woods as his boss designer. While Woods was turning out the two-engine Airacuda, Bell Aircraft was making ends meet by subcontracting for other manufacturers; but by the time the Air Corps had bought 13 Airacudas, Larry Bell could see the Airacuda and a real manufacturing future ahead. Last week on Bell’s books were Air Corps orders for 93 Airacobras, and its backlog stood at \$7,400,000. And if the P-39 should be released for export, Larry Bell could see more business ahead than he dreamed of a year ago. Last week the industry was abuzz with a report that a French mission was negotiating for as many Airacobras as Larry Bell could put out.

Low-Pressure Man

Six months ago few Detroit motormakers would have given a plugged nickel for Graham-Paige Motors Corp.’s chances of living out the year. The former style-setter had managed to build and sell just 6,000 1939-model cars for a \$1,241,046 loss. Its working capital was almost gone. Its plant on Detroit’s West Warren Avenue was shut.

At this black period of its 30-year existence Graham-Paige could have taken the easy way of bankruptcy. Instead, it: 1) got a \$2,000,000 RFC loan; 2) raised an additional \$300,000 from private sources; 3) made a deal with ailing Hupp Motor Car Corp. (1939 production: 1,000 cars).

With new machinery and the Hupp dies installed, the West Warren Avenue plant was expected to start manufacturing next week. Hupp will make its own motors. Graham will use Hupp dies for some of its own cars, make Hupp bodies and assemble Hupps. On hand were orders for 1,500 to 2,000 Hupps and Grahams. Top 1940 production was set at an optimistic 40,000 Grahams, 20,000 Hupps.

For this turn of affairs the two motormakers can mostly thank an aging (64), roly-poly, apple-cheeked Swedish immigrant named August Johnson. Hired six months ago to get Graham-Paige off the hook, Executive Vice President Johnson has done the job almost singlehanded. But in Detroit, where motor executives are as swank and streamlined as their product, he is definitely out of place. He works in a shabby office, wears unpressed clothes,

BEHIND HIM—SPECIALISTS!



Many a baseball pitcher becomes great largely by virtue of greatness in his team-mates. . . . Each is a specialist in his position. Together they form a mighty support.

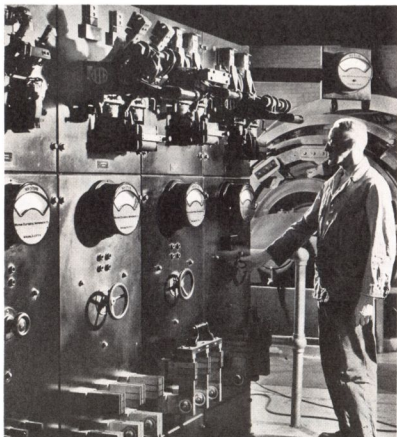
So it is with the Hartford inspectors who crawl into your boilers . . . “stethoscope” your engines, turbines and generators . . . search for disaster-threatening cracks, distortions and weaknesses. Behind them is a well-knit organization devoted solely to the task of insuring and safeguarding industrial power-plant equipment against disaster.

Each type of power equipment harbors its own peculiar charac-

teristics. Thus, with Hartford Steam Boiler, each receives the constant study of a group of engineering specialists engaged exclusively in power-plant accident prevention. *Specialization* — PLUS Hartford’s experience of 73 years—has resulted in exceptional ability in diagnosing symptoms of impending trouble.

More than 400 Hartford Steam Boiler inspectors and their field supervisors bring this specialized service to you in your own locality. There is no other organization quite like it; no other company in which you can feel more secure. See if your agent or broker doesn’t agree.

• *Hartford—specialist!—shop-inspects more than 90% of the nation’s industrial power boilers; and covers a preponderant portion of America’s insured power equipment.*



THE HARTFORD STEAM BOILER INSPECTION
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HARTFORD,
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7 words ... no more ... no less

*There is nothing
better in the
market*



Famous **OLD FORESTER**

America's "Guest Whisky" Since 1870

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INCORPORATED
At Louisville in Kentucky, Since 1870

speaks with a thick Swedish accent, puts on no more side than a country store-keeper.

Storekeeper he was back in 1911 when he tied up with the motor industry by adding a side line of Mitchell, Case and Flanders automobiles to the stock of his general store at Troy, Idaho. They sold so well that he got rid of everything but the side line, moved to Spokane and became a distributor for Velie, Oldsmobile, Willys-Overland. Last spring he sold his Hudson agency for the Northwest for "about a half-million—that is the closest I can seem to remember." Taking on Graham-Paige's Pacific Coast agency, he staggered President Joseph Bolden Graham by selling 600 cars (10% of Graham's 1939 output) in a few months. So Manufacturer Graham hired Salesman Johnson to run his company.

Already Salesman Johnson has devised an unconventional automobile sales policy. Instead of telling the public the retail price of his cars, he will let his distributors set their own (range \$895 to \$1,250). Now seeking (and getting) new distributors, of whom Graham-Paige had a mere 50 last year, he says: "We must have more workers in the vineyard." Informal, easygoing Salesman Johnson will upset tradition indeed if he makes good as a low-pressure man in a high-pressure industry.

EARNINGS

First Crop

Last week Manhattan's National City Bank predicted that 370 leading U. S. manufacturing corporations' combined net income for 1939 (after taxes and less deficits) would turn out to be around \$329,000,000 or twice 1938's \$159,000,000. Despite the last quarter steel boom, not everyone thought the two years were that far apart. But by week's end the first big crop of 1939 earnings statements were published, seemed to support National City's figure. Some of the increased profits:

	1938	1939	%
STEEL	\$	\$	Increase
U. S. Steel*	47,717,454	41,226,039	—
Republic Steel*	47,997,825	10,671,343	—
National Steel*	6,661,652	12,581,636	88.9
Inland Steel*	4,916,203	10,947,251	122.7
CHEMICALS			
Du Pont	50,190,827	93,218,664	85.7
Hercules Powder	3,089,017	5,324,992	72.4
ELEC. EQUIPMENT			
Westinghouse	9,052,773	13,854,360	53.0
MACHINERY			
Caterpillar	3,235,709	6,004,890	85.6
CONSUMER GOODS			
E. J. Reynolds	23,734,305	25,645,455	8.1
Endicott-Johnson	857,191	1,611,368	88.0
Bigelow-Sanford Carpet	41,491,033	2,180,344	—

Nor were manufacturing corporations the only ones to up their profits in 1939:

PUBLIC UTILITIES			
A. T. & T. (Consolidated)	153,385,512	188,905,562	23.2
Commonwealth & Southern	10,204,848	13,413,636	31.4
RAILROADS			
Norfolk & Western Southern Railway	20,013,687	30,001,238	50.0
	4,497,722	4,487,366	—
DISTRIBUTORS			
Buller Bros.	718,908	1,347,749	87.5
Safeway Stores	4,206,781	6,268,360	49.0

* U. S. Steel made 70% of its net profits in the last quarter, Republic 63%, National 42%, Inland 42%.



To Mark its Tenth Anniversary **FORTUNE Dedicates an Entire Issue to THE U. S. A.**

This is America's year—a year when the whole wide war-torn world has its eyes fixed on the U. S. A.!

And to help Americans see with a new insight the limitless industrial frontiers of America's future and the vastly stirring land of confusion and opportunity that is America today . . .

FORTUNE's staff of 63 editors, writers, researchers and experts have been working for months to make their February issue tell as one great coherent story the achievements and the promise of Business in

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

This issue marks FORTUNE's Tenth Anniversary as the historian of American Business. It rings down the curtain on all the doubts and uncertainties of the '30s and serves as a preface to the tremendous story of American progress and expansion FORTUNE will have to tell in the next decade.

In it FORTUNE's editors introduce an entirely new way of measuring industrial progress—to reveal that far from being a period of stagnation the last ten years have been a decade of accelerating progress, in which the power to consume has proceeded faster than ever before in U. S. history.

They present, in their now-famous Survey of Public Opinion, a portrait of the American people

as they see themselves in relation to this progress—to disclose the surprising fact that the people share none of the spirit of defeat expressed by so many of their leaders.

In this issue also FORTUNE studies and reports the achievements and the problems of

The 30,000 Managers	U. S. Culture
The 31,000,000 Workers	The U. S. Dollar
The 32,000,000 Farmers	U. S. Politics
The U. S. Frontier	The Dispossessed

—and others to a total of 200 pages, 100,000 words and 212 photographs, maps, paintings, drawings and diagrams—16 pages of them in full color.

Sold Out!

So great was the advance demand for full year FORTUNE subscriptions to start with this issue that the original print order of 150,000 copies was completely sold out the day after publication. FORTUNE is therefore going back to press for more copies with which to fill new subscription orders received within the next few days. To start your subscription with this Tenth Anniversary U.S.A. Issue, please rush your order with \$10 to 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois, today.



"Give us a break!"
said
Young America



and the
whole motor
industry answered
with
**HYDRAULIC
BRAKES!**

SURE, you enjoy modern, streamlined, safe, 1940 motoring . . . especially when the company beside you is very special, the road made to order, and the car has Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes! There you've really got happiness-insurance!

The builder of your 1940 car gave you Hydraulic Brakes because your buying preference showed that's what you wanted. You approved of the automatically equalized pressure of Hydraulic Brakes, their freedom from rattles and from all need of lubrication, their pleasant "pedal-feel" and smooth, effortless stopping ability. And, you liked the fact that your Lockheed Hydraulics so rarely require adjustment—and are adjusted so quickly.

Lockheed, pioneer of Hydraulic Braking, urges just one small bit of sound advice: *Take care of your Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes and they'll take care of you!*

HYDRAULIC BRAKE COMPANY
(Subsidiary of Bendix Aviation Corporation)
Detroit, Michigan

**LOCKHEED
HYDRAULIC
BRAKES**

Lockheed Hydraulic Brakes are serviced throughout the United States by Wagner Electric Corporation Service Stations

CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Grapes of Wrath (20th Century-Fox). It will be a red rag to bull-mad Californians who may or may not boycott it. Others, who were merely annoyed at the exaggerations, propaganda and phony pathos of John Steinbeck's best selling novel, may just stay away. Pinkos who did not bat an eye when the Soviet Government exterminated 3,000,000 peasants by famine, will go for a good cry over the hardships of the Okies. But people who go to pictures for the sake of seeing pictures will see a great one. For *The Grapes of Wrath* is possibly the best picture ever made from a so-so book. It is certainly the best picture Darryl F. Zanuck has produced or Nunnally John-

Zeffe Tilbury, John Qualen, Eddie Quilan. Frank Darien have played minor roles in pictures for years and played them well. Each was as essential to *The Grapes of Wrath* as its scores of Okies, filling station men, cops, deputies. And each is right.

The Americans of this second westward trek are still fighting the desert, the mountains, hunger, thirst, death. Tame Indians stand and wonder at them. The Indians these modern pioneers fight are California deputies who resent the invasion of their State as much as earlier red men resented earlier whites. These are in a better position to show resentment.

The old people die on the march. There are great simple moments like the burial of Grandpa (Charley Grapewin). Wisely Nunnally Johnson has retained only the



JANE DARWELL, HENRY FONDA, RUSSELL SIMPSON
Still fighting hunger, thirst, death.

son scripted. It would be the best John Ford had directed if he had not already made *The Informer*.

Part of the credit belongs accidentally to censorship and the camera. Censorship excised John Steinbeck's well-meant excesses. Camera-craft purged the picture of the editorial rash that blotted the Steinbeck book. Cleared of excrescences, the residue is the great human story which made thousands of people, who damned the novel's phony conclusions, read it. It is the saga of an authentic U. S. farming family who lose their land. They wander, they suffer, but they endure. They are never quite defeated, and their survival is itself a triumph.

Because the picture deals with everyday U. S. types, casting was all-important. Key character was Ma Joad (Jane Darwell). If she was wrong, the picture could never be in focus. She is magnificent. Russell Simpson is owlish Pa Joad. He is also a million men who plough, seed and harvest U. S. farms. Only star used was Henry Fonda (Tom Joad). For him the part was a throwback to one of his best roles, the young lineman in *Slim*. Others like John Carradine, Charley Grapewin,

have bones of dialogue from the novel. So the burial scene is terser, more moving in picture than in book. High point is still Tom Joad's quiet rebuke when the irreligious Preacher (John Carradine) does not want to speak at the grave: "Ain't none of our folks ever been buried without a few words." There is the note Tom Joad writes to bury with the body: "This here is William James Joad, dyed of a stroke, old, old man. His folks buried him becaws they got no money to pay for funerals. Nobody kilt him. Jus a stroke an he dyed."

John Ford's touch is everywhere. It is in Tom Joad's laboriously adding an *s* to funeral in the burial note. It is in the marvelous pantomime as Ma Joad burns her box of letters and keepsakes before starting west—a silent scene that is broken by two meaningful words: "I'm ready." It is in the three tense worried faces reflected in the windshield of the jalopy as the family crosses the weird desert at night. Above all, it is in the ironically recurring song of the mockingbird, heard in the distance as the family first sights California's orchards.

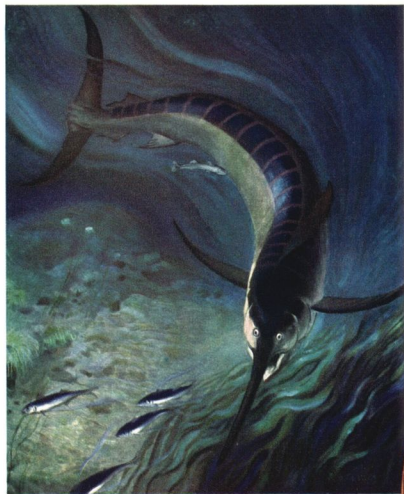
It is no more important that California

THE BLUE MARLIN - *what he owes to* PROTECTIVE BLENDING



LEFT: Without Protective Blending, the Blue Marlin, mightiest of game fish, would have difficulty getting his dinner. Small fish dart away when they see him.

BELOW: But see how perfectly the Blue Marlin's colors blend with the azure waters of the Gulf Stream. Protective Blending enables him to approach schools of small fish unseen.



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Blended Whiskey Calvert "Reserve": 90 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72.5% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1990, Calvert Distillers Corp., New York

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JUST as Nature helps her creatures by Protective Blending, so does Calvert employ Protective Blending to insure the mellowness, smoothness and flavor of its fine whiskeys. If you drink for pleasure, sociability and enjoyment—call for Calvert and see what goodness Protective Blending gives your drink.



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VICEROY CIGARETTES & BIG BEN SMOKING TOBACCO**

UNION MADE



TUNE IN—“Paul Sullivan
Reviews the News”—CBS
—every night except Sat.

deputies kill strikers than that Tom Joad is a killer before the picture begins, kills again before it ends. It is equally unimportant that the Preacher, who has never understood religion, becomes an agitator, or that Tom Joad becomes a fugitive from justice. Ma is the important thing in *The Grapes of Wrath*, for Ma begins as one thing, ends as another. A bewildered, homeless, heart-broken woman when the picture opens, at its close she is an immovable force, holding the crumbling family together against things she does not even understand, against agitators as well as deputies.

As played by Jane Darwell, Ma is a great tragic character of the screen, even her victory is tragic. She can win it only by losing everything. But faced with hunger, homelessness, death, she sees that none of these was important. Ma is the incarnation of the dignity of human being, and the courage to assert it against odds.

The Fighting 69th (Warner Bros.), a fictional account of the intimate life and exploits of Manhattan's famed World War regiment continues, in slightly modified form, Warner's long time efforts to refine through suffering the character of their ace triggerman, James Cagney. Sometimes the effort has resulted in Mr. Cagney's death (*The Roaring Twenties*). Sometimes he survives (*Here Comes the Navy*). In either case his reward has usually been the love of a pure, high minded girl. As Jerry Plunkett, a Brooklyn braggart, James Cagney is not only a disgrace to his semi-savage comrades, but he turns coward under fire. Reclaimed by a well-placed shot and the ministrations of Father Duffy (Pat O'Brien), Jerry dies in battle. But this time valor is its only reward. There is not a girl in *The Fighting 69th*, luscious Priscilla Lane having been withdrawn at zero hour from the stag cast by what seems a prudent studio decision.

Aficionados who know a first class carnage when they see and hear one ought to like this picture. There is seldom a dull moment.

Others will be willing to take James Cagney's word for it. Asked during a lull in shooting the picture what was going to happen next, Cinemascope Cagney eyed his questioner, demanded incredulously: "Are you really that interested?"

The Earl of Chicago (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). For years Robert Montgomery made out very handsomely as a Hollywood type. To cinemaddicts he was a slickly turned-out young man of the world whose scintillant wisecracks regularly wowed Joan Crawford. But all the while Robert Montgomery wanted to be a gangster. Much against its better judgment his studio at last let him play a sneering homicidal bellhop in *Night Must Fall*. Cinemascope Montgomery had a high old time murdering Dame Mary Whitely, and critics thought it was pretty good too. But the U. S. cinemasses, who can spot a phony on the screen as quickly as on the street, stayed away from the box office. They

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thought Robert Montgomery was not the type.

In *The Earl of Chicago*, persevering Robert Montgomery is at some pains to show them they were wrong. As Silky, a sly, post-Prohibition Chicago gangster, who inherits an ancient and honorable British earldom, young Mr. Montgomery proves that his criminal instincts are sound. His triumph is all the more thumping because, as a movie, *The Earl of Chicago* never quite knows where it is going. Starting as a comedy in Chicago, it turns into stark drama under the impact of British manners and manors. Silky, once a carefree, moronic young mobster, snapping rubber bands at a pair of shapely legs



ROBERT MONTGOMERY & LEGS
Their owner went no farther.

(their tantalizing owner never steps into the picture), goes to his death (by hanging) in the regalia and with the dignity of a peer of the realm.

Part of the credit for making this somersault admirably smooth instead of ridiculous belongs to Producer Victor Saville (*Good-bye, Mr. Chips*) and Director Richard Thorpe (*Night Must Fall*). Part belongs to British Actor Edmund Gwenn for a first-rate performance as the butler who is submissive, not subservient. But most of the entertainment in *The Earl of Chicago*, and that is plenty, is provided by Robert Montgomery's transformation of his playboy grin into a fixed moronic stare, his playboy titter into a loony hee-hee, his playboy aplomb into gangster arrogance.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Abe Lincoln in Illinois (Raymond Massey, Ruth Gordon, Gene Lockhart; TIME, Feb. 5).

Of Mice and Men (Lon Chaney Jr., Burgess Meredith, Betty Field; TIME, Jan. 15).

Gone With the Wind (Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, Olivia de Havilland, Hattie McDaniel, Leslie Howard; TIME, Dec. 25).

Ninotchka (Greta Garbo, Melvyn Douglas; TIME, Nov. 6).

TIME, February 12, 1940

1940 MARCHES ON!

This year, as never before, "the March of Time habit" is becoming contagious among U. S. movie-goers. They make it a point to see each new issue of The March of Time—because it is the only screen feature that gives them clear, understandable, sense-making news in pictures. Three exciting issues are now showing in U. S. theatres. And as world events move swiftly forward during this year, The March of Time will continue to bring to the screen vivid, dramatic, entertaining stories of the news-behind-the-news—every four weeks, as 1940 marches on!



THE REPUBLIC OF FINLAND

1919-1940

"It's an up-to-the-minute film story of Finland and her courageous people; to understand what is going on there you should see this dramatic and factual picture document . . . It is a most absorbing issue."—*Tacoma Times*.



CRISIS IN THE PACIFIC

"This fine piece of pictorial journalism tells a vivid and important story . . . it's one of the best in many a month."—*Washington Star*.



NEWSFRONTS OF WAR 1940

"Here you have vivid information, you see 1939, and into 1940 . . . it's pictured accurately, fairly, objectively."—*Buffalo News*.



YOUR THEATRE MANAGER CAN TELL YOU NOW WHEN HE WILL PLAY HIS NEXT ISSUE OF

THE MARCH OF TIME

PRODUCED BY THE EDITORS OF TIME

BOOKS

Scary and Screwy

SINCE YESTERDAY — Frederick Lewis Allen—Harper (\$3).

In Frederick Lewis Allen's best-selling story of the 1920s, *Only Yesterday* (1931), the nation's readers took much the same pseudo-rueful pleasure as a man might get out of being reminded how he cut up at the Country Club that night in 1924 ("I never did any such thing!" etc.). In *Sinse Yesterday*, which is Mr. Allen's record of the 1930s, readers will probably find a more genuine pain in the pleasures of recollection.

Only Yesterday was practically alone in its field at the time it appeared. (Not until 1935 did Mark Sullivan add his record of the '20s to the rich documentary fruitcake of *Our Times*.) *Sinse Yesterday*, however, is published after *America in Midpassage* by Charles and Mary Beard (*TIME*, May 22) and is in almost every way a slighter job. Yet Mr. Allen, although he has neither the historical grasp nor the mordant style of the Beards, has the advantage of doing his job in 346 pages to the Beards' 949. His story embraces neatly the scary and screwy decade from Sept. 3, 1929 to Sept. 3, 1939.

The latter readers still remember as the day England and France declared war on Germany. The first date Allen recalls with sketchy vividness. The day after Labor Day, 1929, when the Dow-Jones average

The average price of a radio set was \$135. Disney's first Silly Symphony was just out (Allen does not name it; it was *The Skeleton Dance*). President Herbert Clark Hoover returned from the weekend at his camp on the Rapidan. City people descending in the evening to the little, barred window of their favorite speakeasy were aware of the appointment of the Wickersham Commission to study how to enforce the unenforceable.

Of what trouble followed Sept. 1929 few U. S. citizens need to be told. Mr. Allen tells it with enough street-corner detail to suggest its charms. In 1930-31, for instance, steamship lines began running week-end cruises, or saturnalia, outside the Twelve Mile Limit. Apple salesmen shivered on wintry corners. Free wheeling was added to necking as a thing to do with cars. *Life Is Just a Bowl of Cherries* ("Don't take it serious, it's too mysterious") expressed the nonchalant response to Depression. Bobby Jones had a Manhattan triumph after winning the British Amateur and Open tournaments. Eugenie has appeared, and so did the beautiful body of Starr Faithfull on a Long Island beach. Richard Whitney spoke in Philadelphia on "Business Honesty," while "in many pretty houses, wives who had never before—in the revealing current phrase—'done their own work' were cooking and scrubbing."

To convey the gathering desperation of

master Charles M. Schwab: "I'm afraid, every man is afraid."

Of the seven years, enormously crammed with history, since the jittery camaraderie of the 1933 bank holiday ushered in the New Deal, Allen has many acute if not deeply penetrating things to say. As they follow his record of drought, floods, migrations, strikes, disasters and politics, readers may be impressed at what they have lived through, may even feel again the shock of such episodes as the Memorial Day, 1937, "riot" in South Chicago. Yet Allen's book would be better if it noted more local trivia like "Knock, knock. Who's there?" The tone is serious, though nowhere does it attain the solemnity of Mark Sullivan's immortal question: "Is *Gimme A Little Kiss, Will Ya, Huh?*" really any more elevated than the cry of the whip-poor-will to his mate?"*

Welsh Travail

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Richard Llewellyn—Macmillan (\$2.75).

When Huw Morgan begins his story he is close onto 60, slag heaps have crept close against the house his youth was spent in, and he is about to leave forever his native valley in Wales. Within a page he has sunk back more than 50 years deep into glassily clear reverie, into a time when the valley and life in it were beautiful.

"... In those days money was easily earned and plenty of it," and the Welsh coal miners lived a powerful, lyric, godly life without regard for English speech or English law; eating excellently, working



WELCOME TO BOBBY JONES (1930)
Of what trouble followed...



MEMORIAL DAY "RIOT" (1937)
... few citizens need to be told.

of stockmarket prices hit an all-time high, was a scorcher from Nebraska to Maine. On the streets you could see a few backless dresses and bare legs, practically no tinted nails. Bobs were shingled in back, banged on brows, swept on cheeks. A man named Garnet Carter of Lookout Mountain, Tenn., got on a train for Miami, where he was to install the first Miniature Golf Course in Florida. Liberal weeklies were referring to John L. Lewis as an autocratic reactionary of Labor.

Singin' in the Rain was a popular tune.

1932-33 is a job to which Frederick Lewis Allen's cool writing is inadequate. But each reader may remember it for himself, each reader off by such items in the story as the Lindbergh kidnapping and consequent hysteria (in which the nation saw its demoralization mirrored), antireforeclosure rebellions among Midwest farmers, a free-for-all fight for a full garbage can in Chicago, the pathetic Bonus Army and what happened to it, the confession of Steel.* Misquoted by Allen as "Don't make it serious. Life's too mysterious."

hard and steadily. The authority of God and of each family's father dwelt as organic in them as song, and song was as immediate to them "as sight is in the eye." Then paradise was lost: the iron works in the next valley shut down and flooded the collieries with cheap labor.

Huw's elder brother Davy got very busy forming a union more radical than his father would have to do with; later on a terrible five-month strike ended with many * Answer: Mr. Sullivan insulted the whip-poor-will.

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South Africa, 1846-7, 1851-2-3 Alma Balaklava
Sevastopol Lucknow South Africa, 1879 Modder River
Paardeberg South Africa, 1899-1902 Mons Le Cateau
Marne, 1914, '18 Ypres, 1913, '17, '18 Loos
Somme, 1916, '18 Arras, 1917, 1918
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"White Label"

The Medal SCOTCH of the World
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY



White Label
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children dead, its Pyrrhic victory a minimum wage below what had been paid before. And subtly, implacably, the slag heaps enlarged upon the valley, to that day when the tipping piers were set tall above the dwellings of the miners themselves, and the grim end was plain in sight.

Meanwhile the breeding and breathing and aging and division which make up all family chronicles was in steady process—a half-dozen well-told romances. Huw himself was bright enough for the best schooling in England, but after a few years of it he quit it for mining and mining for carpentry. As times got harder in the Valley, Huw's brothers and sisters scattered to the dominions, to the U. S., to Germany. Only the broken remnants of the family stayed on. It came to its worst when Huw was in his 20s, in an added, furious, revolutionary strike with which none of the Morgans could hold. The strikers threatened to flood the pits, Huw's father, instigating them, was crushed to death. There, Morgan breaks off and makes an end of it.

Richard Llewellyn is one more of those writers who love their common native speech and who use it with a sensuous efficiency which, in its verbal splendor, its folksy lilt and whine, approaches literary affectation. Yet in this, his first published novel (he has destroyed five), he has developed a hypnotic ability to do precisely what he pleases. His Morgans, those they live among, the country they inhabit, every incident, every reflection Huw Morgan ventures on the whole matter, have an even radiance and euphony plus a rock-bottom tangibility. If it be only would-be great *How Green Was My Valley* is still uncommonly rich, able, moving.

Welsh Rarebit

PAY THY PLEASURE—Elisabeth Inglis-Jones—Doubleday, Doran [\$2].

Esther Girling might have been as beautiful as her beautiful mother, but when she was five she was hideously disfigured in a fire in which her mother died. Her father could not bear her, nor could any other males; nor could Esther bear to confront men. When she was 14 she tried to seduce a boy; after that she kept her passion to herself. She had money, read romances ravenously, set desperate stock in a gypsy's prophecy of a house among trees in sunlight, a great love to come. In middle age she got the house, in the mountains of West Wales. Soon after came the great love, Lew Gower, too sea-bottom low a cad even to recognize his own evil. Lew flattered her and slept with her until he got all her money. But when his wife died he married not Esther, as he had promised, but Lettice, a kind and comely young woman. From then on *Pay Thy Pleasure* grows more and more terribly to its climax.

There is at least as much danger of ham in treating of a hideous woman as in treating of a beauty. Only supreme restraint or demonic force can make either right. Author Inglis-Jones, lacking grandeur in both, has yet enough force and craft to make a good romance. But it is by no means, as advertised, a "minor masterpiece."

Planet Seer

THE STAR-GAZER—Zsolt de Harsanyi
—Putnam (\$2.75).

The biographer of a man three centuries dead has his choice of producing a work of scholarship or of telling a story. If he tells a story he might as well call it fiction because that it will largely be. As such it may nevertheless be an illuminating piece of historical literature, as are Robert Graves's two stories of a Roman emperor (*I, Claudius* and *Claudius, the God*). Or it may reach the second-rate level of a plausible, readable and honest tale like *The Star-Gazer*, which is a freely fictional novel of the life of Galileo.

Hungarian Zsolt de Harsanyi begins his story in 1587, when Galileo Galilei was 23 and threadbare, harassed by a termagant mother, a frayed father, spiteful fellow students at the University of Pisa. The well-known Leaning Tower experiment is handled by Harsanyi with considerable irony. When Galileo, then a young professor at Pisa, proved before a great crowd that objects of different weights (even though of identical shape and size) had exactly the same rate of fall, almost everyone was disappointed. "Is this all?" said the boys. But Galileo became a famous nuisance.

From a Belgian experimenter Galileo got the idea that led him to construct his first telescope. With the new instrument, which he called *cannocchiale* ("tubespectacles"), he was the first human being to see the satellites of Jupiter, the spots on the sun, the mountains of the moon. In Venice the splendid Doge (Venetian dialect for Duce) puffed up the steps of the Campanile of St. Mark's to take a telescopic gander, immediately doubled Galileo's annual stipend of 500 florins (\$30,-800 at the 1940 gold price).

The Copernican theory that the earth is a planet and moves round the sun did not attract the serious concern of the Inquisition until it began to look as if Galileo was proving it. His first brush with the Holy Office resulted in nothing more than an eloquent, friendly warning from the great theologian, Cardinal Bellarmine. It is on this occasion that Harsanyi has him make (gaily) his famous—probably apocryphal—remark: "*Eppur si muove*" ("Nevertheless it moves"). The heat was not really turned on until Galileo was 69, when Pope Urban VIII in a personal pet had the sick old man scared into recantation.

Most of these facts might be got more handily (and possibly more accurately) from an encyclopedia, but Harsanyi's 572-page novel provides for leisured readers a better-than-hack picture of Italy's late Renaissance cities, courts and manners. As a novelist Harsanyi has at least one artistic moment that Flaubert would have appreciated: As Galileo kisses the yellow hand of his mistress's dead father he can only think how like it is to hers.

Recent & Readable

AN AMERICAN EXODUS — Dorothy Lange & Paul Schuster Taylor—Reynal & Hitchcock (\$2.75). Subtitled *A Record of Human Erosion*, this volume tells

LOOK



THIS SIGN on a gasoline pump means that lead (tetraethyl), a liquid, has been added to the gasoline to improve its anti-knock quality. More than three-fourths of all the motor fuel sold today in the United States and Canada is "leaded" gasoline. Lead tetraethyl is manufactured by the Ethyl Gasoline Corporation.



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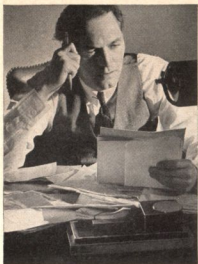
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LOOK FOR THE WATERMARK

IT IS HAMMERMILL'S WORD OF HONOR TO THE PUBLIC

in non-fiction, mainly in photographs, the grim story most famously told in John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. Some of the photographs are exceedingly good; some are merely "magnificent"—over-filtered, overdramatized. Even so, the whole selection considerably excels that in the Caldwell-Bourke-White collaboration, *You Have Seen Their Faces*, or in Archibald MacLeish's poem with photographs, *Land of the Free*. The text has dignity and is compactly informative. Many of the captions are direct quotations—their strong immediacy undermined by the tear-jerking inherent in dialect re-used by sophisticates.

THE SCRAPBOOK OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD—Edited by J. Middleton Murry—Knopf [\$2.50]. Of negligible appeal to readers-in-general, these last scraps from Katherine Mansfield's notebooks are of automatic importance to her cult of admirers, of genuine literary interest as well. A writer's scraps often reveal him better than his letters or his journals; and Mansfield is here revealed in her grievous living, in her streaks of curious repulsion, and in her unique, luminous perceptions. Since her perceptions often had the instantaneousness of magnesium-powder flashes, some of her brief entries contain some of her best work.

THE CRADLE BUILDER—Walter Schoensted—Farrar & Rinehart [\$2.50]. The man in this young German émigré's novel is a young German émigré, his wife, a Vermont girl, the setting, Manhattan's Yorkville (German district) and an upstate farm. Central theme is the couple's slow, half-reluctant maturing through marriage and child-beggetting. Complications are local Bud-boys, the young man's abortive infidelities, his gradual adjustment to a new country. Stringent in style, sensitive in its perceptions it is the work of a somewhat old-fashioned, gently talented German romantic poet, nicely translated.

THE DARK STAR—March Cost—Knopf [\$2.50]. March Cost manipulates her flashbacks gracefully to trace the 18-year relationship between Actor Eden Loring and Actress Fanny Wreath; it takes just a week's neatly woven action and reminiscence to bring their lives to a romantic head. Novels about theatre people, good or bad, have one thing in common: they delight those who are fascinated by the theatre; they bore those who are not. *The Dark Star* conducts itself more adroitly and with less "glamor" flapdoodle than most, yet not well enough to transcend the general rule.

ONE WAY TICKET—Eugene O'Brien—Doubleday, Doran [\$2]. Late of the U.S. Navy (machinist's mate), hard-muscled Author O'Brien wrote as honestly about sailors in his first novel (*He Swung and He Missed*) as Steinbeck does about farm hands. This time he adds considerable data not advertised on the recruiting posters—of life below deck, in port, under good captains and bad—but goes on a spree with his plot in which curly-headed Kelly falls for a sweet girl, his pal Mac is court-martialed for theft, another pal is taken off to the asylum, Kelly's wife goes to prison for killing another of the fraternity.

The Scotland I'll never forget...



Glasgow, seen from the liner's deck as we moved up the Clyde. My first real glimpse of the Scotland of Robbie Burns, Loch Lomond and treasured Johnnie Walker Black Label!



The birthplace of Scotland's greatest poet, Robbie Burns, at Alloway near Ayr. At an inn nearby, I enjoyed Scotland's greatest whisky—Johnnie Walker Black Label, with soda!



Loch Lomond is an unforgettable sight, the countryside being as typically Scotch as the unforgettable mellowness of the Johnnie Walker Black Label you've enjoyed back home!



Kilmarnock, from which Scotland sends to the world its rarest treasure, Johnnie Walker Black Label! There's no finer whisky than Scotch and here truly is Scotch at its rare best!

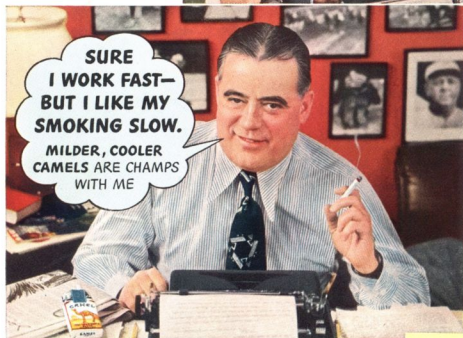
"I GET

EXTRA
MILDNESS

EXTRA
COOLNESS

EXTRA
FLAVOR

in slower-burning
Camels," says Bill Corum,
famed sports writer
and columnist



LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books...pictures...and Camels...slow-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thrifter," he says.

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BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed... it's *sprinted*... at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

The delightful mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor of Camels are explained by this important finding—Camels proved to be the *slowest*-burning cigarette of the sixteen largest-selling brands tested! (The panel at the right explains the test.)

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than any of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels—the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos