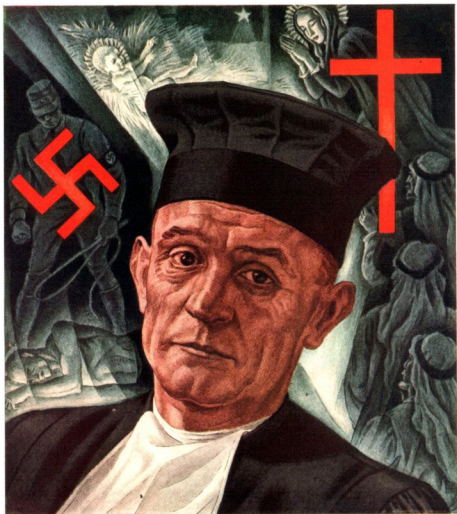


# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Ernest Hamlin Baker

## MARTYR OF 1940

In Germany only the cross has not bowed to the swastika.  
*(Religion)*



It wouldn't be  
**Christmas**  
without  
*Whitman's*

—for the GIFT  
—for the HOME  
—for the CHILDREN



**THE FAIRHILL, 25c to \$5**

Outstanding box of fine candy at \$1 lb.  
Choice chocolate-coated centers. In  
¼, ½, 1, 2, 3 and 5-lb. packages.



**THE SAMPLER,  
\$1.50 to \$7.50**

"The world's finest box  
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35 different, best-liked  
kinds... 100 pieces...  
each a selected, first-  
favorite confection... in  
the 17-oz. Sampler, \$1.50.

The new \$5 Sampler is  
the most welcome gift box  
of the season!

2-lb. Sampler... \$5.00  
5-lb. Sampler... \$7.50



**SHOW BOX, \$5**

A useful metal box, containing 3½ lbs.  
of Whitman's delightful confections.



**FRUITS and NUTS, \$1 and \$2**

Favorite fruit, nut and other centers with  
Whitman's chocolate coatings—1 lb.



**MINIATURES, \$1 and \$2**

Bite-size pieces, including nut, fruit and  
many other best-liked centers—1 lb.



**PENN WYNN, \$1 and \$2**

Favorite assortment of centers, with  
milk-chocolate coatings—1 lb.



**CHOCOLATES and BON BONS,  
\$1 and \$2**

Luscious bon bons, with chocolate-  
coated creams and other centers—1 lb.

**FOR TREE AND STOCKING!**



Wonders — Children's  
favorite candies... 25c  
Chocolate Cigarettes... 5c  
Chocolate Nibbles... 5c

Chocolate Stars... 10c  
Wonders — in assorted  
flavors, 6 for... 5c  
Gift Box... 25c

Hard Candy—fruit drops,  
and others... 25c, 35c, 50c  
Candy-loaded Toys—  
Truck, 30c—Airplane, 25c

**MAKE YOUR  
SELECTION  
TODAY!**

Your Whitman's  
dealer is ready to  
serve you now, or  
deliver anywhere...  
with richly decorated  
packages... fresh  
from the makers.

GIVE *Whitman's* CHOCOLATES... IT'S THE THOUGHTFUL THING TO DO!



**"Best Wishes for  
Your Happiness"**

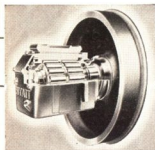
*from your friends and neighbors in the  
telephone company. May the friendly spirit  
of the holidays carry through all of 1941.*

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**





HERE'S WHAT MAKES  
THESE NEW TRAINS  
RIDE SO EASY!



### Road Beds become Feather Beds on Hyatt Quiet Roller Bearings

Most modern streamlined trains ... as they flash across the American scene swiftly, safely, silently, smoothly... employ Hyatt Roller Bearing Journal Boxes to insulate against sudden jerks, rail shocks, and vibration. So smooth are the starts that you are under way before you realize it. So comfortable is the ride that road beds seem like feather beds. Hyatts, you know, are the bearings that bring smoothness and quiet to millions of automobiles; strength and long life to all kinds of agricultural and industrial equipment. Hyatt Bearings Division, General Motors Sales Corporation, Harrison, New Jersey; Chicago, Detroit, Pittsburgh and San Francisco.

**HYATT**  
ROLLER BEARINGS  
**QUIET**

## LETTERS

### Wrong Way?

Sirs:

Well, here they go again!  
Now they'll be called cowards and clowns, washouts and wops, and a people who love everybody will wind up with the hate and disgust of everyone.

But before this universal razzberry is delivered, may I have my say?

An Italian will fight just as bravely and as honorably as any man who fights for justice. I know this to be true because I am of that blood. I am 22 and await eagerly my draft call to help defend America.

So, for a people who are basically warm, friendly and happy, the philosophy of coldness, hate and destruction is illogical, no matter how good the salesmen of Fascism may be.

If they quit completely in this war, I can congratulate them for their intelligence.

The English are cheerful in their fight.

The French are bitter because they're unable to fight.

But those poor Italian dopes are forced to fight and to fight the wrong way.

They are fighting for Hitler and their own enslavement.

They know it, and maybe they're not running the wrong way after all.

JON CANTELLI

Norristown, Pa.

### Shattered Peaces

Sirs:

In your issue of Dec. 2, you state that the town of Peaceburg, Ala., founded by Samuel T. Peace, had been purchased for use [as an] army artillery range and that "last week no one by the name of Peace was left in Peaceburg."

Samuel T. Peace, one of Jeb Stuart's cavalry men, was the oldest of six brothers in the Civil War. His next brother, A. D. Peace, was shot in the shoulder and head. His next brother, A. S. Peace, was shot through the stomach. His next brother, Ira J. Peace, was killed at Gettysburg. His next brother, George K. Peace, had his leg shot off. His next brother, J. Wesley Peace, had his little toe shot off. All in war. Do you blame the Peaces for moving out of Peaceburg when the Army moved in?

I am a nephew and the namesake of Samuel T. Peace of Peaceburg. . . .

SAMUEL T. PEACE

Henderson, N. C.

### Rio's Papers

Sirs:

Regarding the letter about "Rubber Rebound" in TIME, Nov. 25, the writer is highly misinformed in inferring that the Brazilian newspaper *O Globo* is Nazi-controlled. Of Rio's 22 newspapers, not more than three are controlled by the Germans; the rest are

either neutral or pro-Ally. Herbert Moses, the highly respected president of the Brazilian Press Association, and treasurer-director of *O Globo*, is the son of an American mother and is a staunch friend of England and the U. S. His newspaper reflects this attitude. . . .

HART PRESTON

Rio de Janeiro

### Typical American

Sirs:

In the Dec. 2 issue of TIME you have a very fine article about Jimmy Marshall of Rio, who is founder and general manager of the Lo-



THE REAL JIMMY MARSHALL

... fair, plump.

jas Americanas of Brazil. However, the picture with Mr. Marshall's name beneath it is most assuredly not a photo of Jimmy. . . . Jimmy is a typical American, quite fair and plump.

HELEN TAULBEE

Clearwater, Fla.

► TIME fumbled its pictures. The one printed with the Dec. 2 story was a photograph of Dr. Francisco Luiz da Silva Campos, Minister of Interior and Justice of Brazil. Herewith, a photograph of the real Jimmy Marshall.—Ed.

### Men of the Year

Sirs:

... I [nominate] Baron Mannerheim. . . . Do you remember his defense of Finland? Do

## 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 \_\_\_\_\_

# DON'T GET WRONG IDEAS

## ABOUT THE **R.A.F.**

► Which side has the bomber that dives so fast antiaircraft predictors are useless? How can true reports of plane losses be misleading? Are Spitfires and Hurricanes superior to Messerschmitts and Heinkels? Is the youth of R.A.F. pilots a liability or an asset? A famous reporter lived at British flying fields collecting the important information in this week's Post.

by

**VINCENT SHEAN**

Author of  
"PERSONAL HISTORY"

### "I want to see Jeff Davis!"

"We air Texans an' no War Department's going to treat us like conscripts!" Reverend Praxiteles Swan fights a President for A Name and a Flag. A short story in this week's Post.

by JOHN W. THOMASON, Jr.



### Meet millionaire **BILLY ROSE**

What secret about the Great American Yokel cleaned up for Billy Rose at the World's Fair? For the private life of a practical dreamer and his equally practical Aquawife, Eleanor Holm, read *Million-Dollar-A-Year Ego*, by Jack Alexander.

### Babe spies a ghost at work

To Uncle Pete the good wheat crop meant "store liquor." To Little Joe it meant a new car. Then a ghost arrived to cut himself in on the harvest their hearts were set on. Another story by R. Ross Annett: *Especially Babe*.

### EXTRA! California has a "NO" man!

Yessir, a member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce who actually warns people to stay away from California! Read Dr. George P. Clements' topsy-turvy ideas on "rain crops," and how to farm successfully (which aren't proving so wrong after all). See page 27.

### Christmas Eve for a Coal Digger

The sweet-sourish smell of rusty coal was dragging John back to the Pennsylvania hills and his people once more. For an uncommon story of a prodigal's disillusion, read *I'm Going Home*, by a new Post author, Alfred M. Swift. ... ALSO more short stories, editorials, poems, cartoons, serials—all in this week's Saturday Evening Post.

### One lesson—then **FLY IT YOURSELF!**

They say this new plane is fool-proof—no spins, no bad landings, and if you can drive a car you can fly it! Richard Thruelsen, a skeptic pilot, takes a ride and reports on page 20.



THE SATURDAY EVENING

# POST

*America between two covers*

## HOW TO SOLVE YOUR CHRISTMAS GIFT PROBLEM:



# GIVE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS



SPECIALY PACKAGED gift sets of Champion Spark Plugs are certain to make a hit with all of your car owning friends. For these Champions—the choice of racing champions everywhere—not only ideally express the good wishes of the Yuletide season, but in addition continue to be a source of pleasure and satisfaction to the recipient throughout the year to come.

Check your shopping list now. Since Champions are the choice of most motorists, you will be pleased to discover how many of those "hard-to-buy-for" friends—particularly men—will welcome this ideal gift.

Champion Spark Plugs, in the sparkling and colorful gift package shown below, are now available in sizes and types for practically all passenger cars at Champion dealers everywhere. Each of these gift sets contains a courtesy installation card. Solve your Christmas gift problem—give Champion Spark Plugs and you may be certain that your gift will be greatly appreciated and long remembered by any of your motoring friends.



THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS GIFT FOR YOUR MOTORING FRIENDS

you recall his inspired address at the close of hostilities? . . .

WINFIELD SCOTT

Atherton, Calif.

Sirs:

For Man of the Year, I nominate . . . the Greek Evzone. . . .

R. T. MCINTYRE

Clarksdale, Miss.

Sirs:

. . . I nominate General Charles de Gaulle.

ELIZABETH C. NORRIS

Hague, Va.

Sirs:

. . . Let's be honest and elect none other than A. Hitler of Germany.

JEAN BOOTH

Little Rock, Ark.

Sirs:

Man of the Year for 1940 is obvious . . . that part son of the new world, that John Bull incarnated, Winston Churchill.

ERNEST G. CRAWFORD

Maryville, Tenn.

Sirs:

I may be mobbed for making this suggestion. . . . But I still maintain that America has no better, no more intelligent friend than Charles A. Lindbergh. . . . I want to nominate him as the Man of the Year. . . .

JOHN J. MULLOWNEY, M.D.

Tarpon Springs, Fla.

Sirs:

. . . I nominate Earl Browder, who was

## TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the Circulation Manager, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Editorial and advertising offices, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York.

Subscription Rates: One Year in the U. S. and Canada, \$5.00; Foreign, \$7.00.

Change of Address: Two weeks' notice required for change of address. When ordering a change please give both the new and the old address.

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TIME, December 23, 1940



For Christmas Gifts  
...REMEMBER  
The Perfect-taste Cigar

"Thanks...  
for introducing me to the  
*Perfect-taste cigar*"



"Thank your father—Betty—for the two best pals the boy friend ever had.  
The other is this perfect-taste ROBT. BURNS."

Where smart men gather you'll find Robt. Burns  
... Here are cigars that are made for discriminating  
men ... 100% choice Havana filler ... perfect and  
painstaking craftsmanship ... and modern shapes  
that make them perfect to look at, perfect to smoke.



10¢  
Corona

10¢  
Perfecto  
Grande

10¢  
Panatela  
de Luxe

**Robt. BURNS**

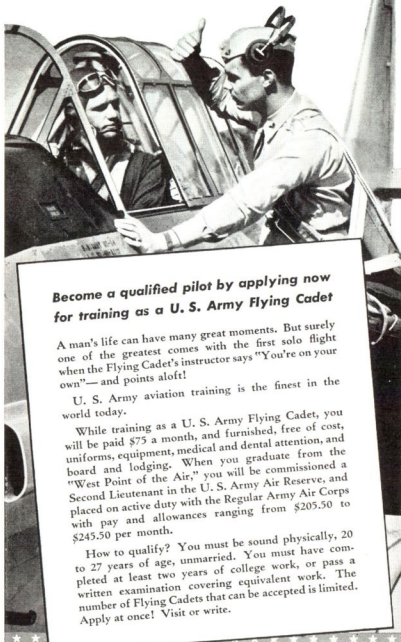
*Cigars*

*Also Queens 2<sup>nd</sup> 25¢*

ALWAYS 100% CHOICE HAVANA FILLER

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## "You're on Your Own"



### Become a qualified pilot by applying now for training as a U. S. Army Flying Cadet

A man's life can have many great moments. But surely one of the greatest comes with the first solo flight when the Flying Cadet's instructor says "You're on your own"—and points aloft!

U. S. Army aviation training is the finest in the world today.

While training as a U. S. Army Flying Cadet, you will be paid \$75 a month, and furnished, free of cost, uniforms, equipment, medical and dental attention, and board and lodging. When you graduate from the "West Point of the Air," you will be commissioned a "West Point of the Air," you will be commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the U. S. Army Air Reserve, and placed on active duty with the Regular Army Air Corps with pay and allowances ranging from \$205.50 to \$245.50 per month.

How to qualify? You must be sound physically, 20 to 27 years of age, unmarried. You must have completed at least two years of college work, or pass a written examination covering equivalent work. The number of Flying Cadets that can be accepted is limited. Apply at once! Visit or write.

## U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE

Visit or write the nearest U. S. Army Recruiting Station or write to: "The Commanding General," at the Corps Area nearest you:

First Corps Area ..... Boston, Mass.  
Second Corps Area ..... Governors Island, N. Y.  
Third Corps Area ..... Baltimore, Md.  
Fourth Corps Area ..... Atlanta, Ga.  
Fifth Corps Area ..... Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio

Sixth Corps Area ..... Chicago, Ill.  
Seventh Corps Area ..... Omaha, Nebr.  
Eighth Corps Area ..... Fort Sam Houston, Texas  
Ninth Corps Area ..... Presidio of San Francisco, Calif.

Or apply to your local Junior Chamber of Commerce

not saying anything after the election, or should I say he wasn't in the position to...

STANLEY MOSS

Cleveland Heights, Ohio

Sirs:

Napoleon, I believe, was the originator of decorations for conspicuous bravery in battle—the medal being the most popular form of recognition. An A. E. F. General... received a D. S. M. because his battalion of stevedores unloaded a cargo of hay in record time.

Now it stands to reason that some men in this world would scorn such baubles as medals for deeds heroic or otherwise, and would look for greater recognition, such as the place in history. This TIME has furnished with its Man of the Year contest each December, and the scramble for this honor is what has made the present large crop of dictators and brought the world to its present sorry plight.

I ask—does not TIME feel guilty of, indirectly, being the cause of the world's present woes?

J. J. MCGOEY

Miami, Ariz.

► TIME does not designate the Man of the Year to do him honor. It designates him for accomplishments—whether for good or evil—that make outstanding differences in the world in which mankind lives.

Nominations for Man of the Year are hereby closed.—Ed.

V. C.s

Sirs:

In your issue of Nov. 25, I noticed an inaccuracy in your usually precise magazine. You said Flight Lieut. James Brindley Nicolson was the first airman to win the V. C. in this war. Actually he is at least the fifth.

S. M. JOHNSON

London, Ont.

► TIME erred. Lieut. Nicolson was the first fighter pilot, but not the first airman, to get a Victoria Cross in World War II. The first four British airmen who won V. C.s were bomber crewmen: Acting Flight Lieut. Rodrick A. Learoyd (attacking a special objective on the Dortmund-Ems canal in the face of heavy point-blank fire); Sergeant Thomas Gray and Flying Officer Donald Edward Garland ("most conspicuous bravery" in wrecking the Albert Canal bridge); Sergeant John Hannah (extinguishing a roaring blaze in a bomber instead of bailing out).—Ed.

Hatless

Sirs:

Time, Dec. 2: "... Slump brought on primarily by feminine hatlessness."

Understatement!

Rather: "Slump brought on primarily by feminine hat designers."

A woman, I, hatless, prefer not to be caught alive in many of the hats offered now. They don't fit. They are unbearing. They poke our escorts in the chin or eyes, depending on their, or our, height. They tilt and titter; you have to be super to carry them off—or be carried off.

A \$6,000,000 slump seems to indicate they CANT sell us anything!

A. B. MCINTYRE

San Francisco, Calif.

✧ Not true. Decorations for military prowess and valor go back to history's dawn.—Ed.



The Gulf South



Invites Industry

## ... to Winter in the Sun

● Among Gulf South industrial advantages is a climate conducive to the year-round processing and manufacturing of products by American industry.

Inland as well as coastal areas enjoy mild winters without serious heating problems, a fact which favorably affects the cost of plant construction and year-round op-

eration. Frequent warm, sunny days, even in mid-winter, adequate rainfall and matchless recreational and housing advantages for employes all help to make the Gulf South a "comfort zone" for American industry.

Add to this the advantages of abundant Natural Gas, the nation's No. 1 industrial fuel—plentiful land—swiftly growing local and Pan-American markets—quick, con-

venient transport by land, air and sea—native, white, reliable, intelligent labor—good schools.

Industry is decentralizing southward to a friendlier atmosphere. Move to the Gulf South where you are wanted and appreciated by your neighbors.

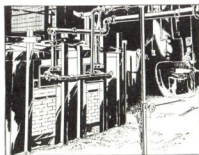
Without obligation, let us make a confidential survey for you to meet the requirements of your industry.

For information on GULF SOUTH opportunities write to  
MANAGER OF INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

## UNITED GAS PIPE LINE COMPANY

FOR TEXAS, Mail received at: Beaumont, Beeville, Dallas, Fort Worth, Houston, Longview, San Antonio and Wichita Falls. FOR LOUISIANA, Mail received at: Baton Rouge, Lake Charles, Monroe and Shreveport. FOR MISSISSIPPI, FLORIDA and ALABAMA, Mail received at: Jackson, Mississippi.

ALL INQUIRIES CONSIDERED CONFIDENTIAL



Industry in the Gulf South finds Natural Gas indispensable for a thousand and one heating applications. Here, in a Gulf South foundry, is a forge furnace fired by Natural Gas.

CGPR, 1940 UNITED GAS PIPE LINE CO.

# THIS BOTTLE SAYS GOOD "EATING HERE"



**San Francisco, Cal.:** City within a city, San Francisco's Chinatown has been a fascinating magnet for generations of tourists. Visitors shop in the modern Oriental bazaars, and then, with appetites sharpened, repair to Cathay House, one of Chinatown's finest restaurants. Cathay House is popular for its choice American

dishes as well as Chinese cookery. And whether steaks or egg fooying are called for, famous Heinz Tomato Ketchup is close at hand to season the dish to perfection. Cathay chefs, too, know the magic of Heinz Ketchup and use it generously in the preparation of many mouth-watering dishes featured on their menu.



**Los Angeles, Cal.:** Particular folks who like good food and soft music find what they seek at Shaber's Cafeteria, on South Broadway. The management reports eager acceptance of tasty Heinz condiments — always served with the label on!



**YOU'LL** find the familiar scarlet bottle of Heinz Ketchup in good company always—an unfulfilling promise of delicious foods expertly prepared. Practically every good restaurant in America keeps this thick, luscious sauce on hand for people who appreciate the fine art of dining. It's old-fashioned ketchup at its best—the simmered-down goodness of Heinz pedigreed tomatoes, Heinz Vinegar and rare spices. Use this rich, racy condiment liberally to give tempting touches to *your* cooking!



**New Orleans, La.:** There's more "good eating" in the Vieux Carre, old French quarter of New Orleans, than in many a bustling metropolis. New Orleans gourmets point to Gluck's on Rue Royale as one of the de luxe places to dine. Proprietor Sam Gluck sees it that the piquant "fresh tomato" tang of Heinz Ketchup is always available to accompany his delicious sea foods.



**New York City:** Dining at Aviation Terrace overlooking La Guardia Field has an international flavor, with guests arriving by clipper ship and transcontinental airliners. Naturally, that other "international flavor"—Heinz Ketchup—is on every table. Hotel New Yorker chefs, to whom Heinz has been a "buy" word for years, are responsible for the fine food and service.



**Whitford, Pa.:** Dick Thomas' Brick Oven restaurant stands on land granted to his family in 1668. Now, facing the Lincoln Highway, five miles east of Downingtown, the Brick Oven features foot-long hot dogs in a 12-inch roll, garnished with a sauce made of Heinz Ketchup, Chili Sauce and Sweet Relish. In summer, more than 700 pleased guests are served per day.

## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### What of the Night?

Time was running fast last week. The quick winter days flashed by, grey, chill and wet; the disappointment, gloom and confusion of leaderless, floundering Washington had spread over the U. S. The country stirred uneasily. Eminent men made angry speeches. Little men lined up outside reopening factories. The headlines' phantasmagoria whirled on: strikes, battles, production bottlenecks, taxes, airplanes, fleet bases. These were the table talk of the last days of 1940—and desk talk, factory and farm talk.

But the cloudy nationwide feeling built up into one need; as threatening and insistent as an August thunderhead: leadership. All talk, all possible hope of leadership came down to one man: Franklin Roosevelt. In and around and of him, were all the problems. The country wanted to be told, it wanted to be shown, it wanted to know, it wanted to be led. Most U. S. citizens conceded that aid to England, all aid short of a declaration of war, was of primary importance. All U. S. citizens agreed that the Defense Commission was primary above all things. And no one denied that the Defense Commission needed, and badly needed, a fast, tough, wise, sharpshooting chairman. In this particular case, the U. S. looked to the President not for an answer, but an appointment.

The people wanted facts—no matter how hard, cold, disillusioning. In every way they knew how, Americans asked last week—How grave the peril? How great the sacrifices? How heavy the burden? How huge the task? Franklin Roosevelt was the man they wanted the answer from.

As the boatswain piped the President ashore at Charleston, S. C., with four rifles from the cruiser *Tuscaloosa's* band and a 21-gun salute, he set foot on a land whose serious mood had deepened immeasurably since his departure a fortnight before. There was disappointment in that mood: the number of airplanes being shipped to England was not 700 a month, as predicted last spring, nor 600, nor 500, nor 400, nor 300. The total was 177 to England, 102 to Canada. The shock to the national pride, if to nothing else, was acute. Men might rage or despair or work furiously, but they couldn't seem to get planes to Britain. Even the 279 planes were 75 more than had been shipped in September. And the President had evidently altered his 50-50 rule-of-thumb policy of division of airplane production between Britain



THE PRESIDENT

*A lot of people wanted to see him.*

and the U. S. For all production of the best—in fact, the only—pursuit plane made in quantity in the U. S. was last week stopped for the Army, diverted wholly to Britain. Curtiss-Wright's seven P-40s per day now all go abroad until further orders.\* The U. S. was giving its all. Its all was little enough, but it was all there was.

What loans could do to shore up the Western Hemisphere's defenses, the U. S. was doing. The U. S. was becoming banker to the world. To Argentina went \$60,000,000, to Uruguay \$7,500,000. (Argentines and Uruguayans three days later forgot old enemies, got together on a joint defense program—see p. 30.) U. S. engineers swarmed over Bermuda, defense outpost, planning the 510-acre military base that will bring warplanes and battleships to the island of bicycles. The Maritime Commission, launching a merchant ship every

\* P-40s are 1,000-h.p., Allison-engined, 360-m.p.h., low-winged monoplanes, reputedly armed for the British with six machine guns.

seven days, prepared to sell the British 15 of its laid-up fleet of 64 for \$3,010,800; asked bids on 24 more. Means were ready for the seizure and sale of the 143 laid-up refugee ships of conquered European nations.

The President had himself toured the new American coastline, 3,850 miles at sea—from the Bahamas down to St. Lucia, inspecting base sites critically. On his desk were a thousand such concrete problems, a thousand less definite answers. Administration aides had not loafed: Treasury Secretary Morgenthau was readying proposals of financial aid to Britain for the asking day. Cabinet members had stacks of memos.

Diplomats, military men, economists, production bosses; capital, labor—all were ready for orders. The night was drawing on; the lights were out. The U. S. was asking Franklin Roosevelt: Watchman, what of the night? Politics was dead as ever politics can be. A dying Congress frittered and fidgeted, eagerly awaiting decent burial and January's rebirth. The U. S. promised Franklin Roosevelt the moon and sixpence, if only—

At Warm Springs on a gloomy, wet Sunday the President ate turkey, shook hands with discombobulated Helen Cothran, 4 (who shifted her sticky candy to her left hand just in time), with Wade Cothran, 3 (who had cake in both hands, put most of it in his mouth and said "Glimph!" to the President), and with 90 other polio patients. In a gay little speech he said deliberately: "I hope to be down here in March, without any question, if the world survives." (In April 1939, he had said deliberately: "I'll be back in the fall—if we don't have a war.")

He had talked nearly an hour with Secretary of State Hull by telephone during the morning. That night he headed north, reached Washington the next chill, drizzly afternoon, at the White House again talked with Mr. Hull. In the rain outside, men & women sloshed up & down Pennsylvania Avenue, now & then looking curiously at the White House. There rested their hopes, their problems, perhaps the shape of their fate. Unimportant, at the moment, were the Logan-Walter Bill that Mr. Roosevelt would veto, the St. Lawrence Seaway that he would promote, the controversies, vexations and misunderstandings of ordinary times. Mr. Roosevelt had asked for the job of dealing with just such a situation, and the U. S. had given him the job. Now the U. S. wanted to know what he was going to do about it.

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## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Death of Lothian

The ballroom of the Lord Baltimore Hotel was bright with patriotic bunting, with holly and mistletoe for the Christmas season. The Baltimore convention of the Farm Bureau Federation was coming to an end; 4,000 members crowded the ballroom floor and the balcony, stood against the wall in the back. To the silent crowd a small, intense counselor of the British Embassy in Washington, Neville Butler, read the speech of his chief, Lord Lothian, who was announced as too ill to deliver it himself. It was a powerful statement (see p. 19), ending with an expression of faith in a final democratic victory, and a projection of the stable democratic world that could come after the war. It was in some respects Lord Lothian's best speech.

Lord Lothian was indeed ill; he was dying. In the big, red-brick Embassy in Washington the Ambassador, a devout Christian Scientist, lay suffering the final ravages of uræmic poisoning that to his faith was real only to the material world, unreal to the world of the spirit. Since his return to the U. S. from London three weeks before, the hearty, ruddy-cheeked Ambassador had gone out little. But sometimes he would ask old friends in for brief, quiet talk, of no immediate relation to war and his work, as if wanting to reassure himself that they were still there.

Three days before his death he had summoned a Christian Science practitioner from Boston, who was with him when he died. Suffering great fatigue and sleepiness, sometimes regaining consciousness enough to confer with his staff in his bedroom, he was apparently improving, relapsed on the night of his Baltimore speech. After his death at 2 a.m., the practitioner called a physician. The coroner, summoned where death occurs in the absence of a physician, certified that he had died of uræmic poisoning and a heart and kidney condition.

The news was withheld for several hours. Then President Roosevelt, cruising on the *Tuscaloosa* in the Caribbean, sent a message to King George VI: "I am shocked beyond measure to hear of the sudden passing of my old friend and your Ambassador, the Marquess of Lothian. I am very certain that if he had been allowed by Providence to leave us a last message he would have told us that the greatest of all efforts to retain democracy in the world must and will succeed."

All day official Washington paid condolence calls at the Embassy. The news hit London like word of a defeat in battle. Londoners were alarmed at its unexpectedness, doubly alarmed because it was announced by a coroner (in Britain the word coroner suggests suspicious circumstances surrounding the death).

Only when speculation about his successor began was Lord Lothian's success



LORD LOTHIAN'S FUNERAL CORTEGE  
To London the word was like a defeat.

fully apparent.<sup>2</sup> He had arrived in the U. S. five days before the war began, at a moment when the U. S. was doubly suspicious of all foreign—especially all British—propaganda. At his death a major U. S. concern was how aid to Britain could be increased. Though no historian would credit that great shift wholly to the Ambassador, there was no doubt that he had been an integral part of it. He had been right in his analysis of U. S. opinion and of the course of U. S. foreign policy; he had answered by word and action much U. S. suspicion of British ways; he had presented his view of the meaning of the war in half a dozen speeches which undoubtedly influenced U. S. thinking.

Last week, as public men began to assess Lord Lothian's contribution, their tributes differed in degree but not in kind: few diplomats in U. S. history have accomplished so much in so brief and difficult a period. Yet their tributes gave no indication that before Lord Lothian's brief U. S. career there had been a long ordeal of frustrations and setbacks that nothing in his manner suggested.

As a thin-faced, bookish Oxford graduate of '23, working in South Africa under the great liberal imperialist Lord Milner, he had absorbed Milner's vision of the democratic Empire, steadily evolving toward the greater self-government of its various units, releasing the native genius of its different people, and yet unified under the structure of English constitutional law. He saw his years of work for a

peaceful, democratic Empire set back by the impact of World War I, in which his only brother was killed. As Lloyd George's secretary during the war, he had worked for the League of Nations, saw hope end in the Treaty of Versailles.

In 1930 a vast array of hereditary titles settled upon him, a bachelor, a democrat, and the last of his immediate line. His work for closer U. S.-British trade relations ended formally when he resigned from the Government over the Ottawa agreement. In the '30s, during the period of appeasement, he saw his last hope—that Adolf Hitler might still be brought into the fabric of European law and order by adjustments of the Versailles Treaty—end in the invasion of Czechoslovakia. And as he arrived in the U. S. as Ambassador, he saw the outbreak of the war which he believed Britain could not win unless she had U. S. help.

No sign of defeat marked Lord Lothian's manner, just as, a few days before his death, he gave no sign of his illness. As a Christian Scientist he believed that his real life lay in the world of thought, and that he could go through unpleasant material experiences by not making a reality of them. Last week those who heard his Baltimore speech, with its description of Londoners under fire—stubbornly denying the ultimate reality of the bombings—felt that it applied as keenly to his own denial of his last illness.

On a cold, dismal day the flag-draped coffin was carried from the Embassy to a caisson, escorted up Massachusetts Avenue by a squadron of cavalry. The city grew quiet as the mounted band played a funeral march. The muffled drums and the dull

<sup>2</sup> Mentioned more or less recklessly were: Harold Nicholson, Viscount Halifax, Lloyd George, Anthony Eden, Clement Attlee, Sir Ronald Campbell, Sir Robert Vansittart, the Duke of Windsor.

clap-clop of the cavalry troop thudded in the grey air. Troopers carried the coffin into the grey, unfinished Washington Cathedral. A dull light edged through the rose window, on the guard of honor, the Union Jack, the Ambassadors, the Supreme Court Justices, the generals, the Cabinet officers, the wreaths of chrysanthemums from President Roosevelt, of laurel and palm from King George VI. In the middle of the service there was a special prayer: "Most merciful and compassionate God and Father of all men, we commend to Thy loving care and protection the people of Great Britain. In this hour of their need do Thou strengthen and sustain them, Guard and save them from the violence of their enemies. . . ."

A squad of cavalymen carried the coffin from the Cathedral. There was a private service at Fort Lincoln, and the body was cremated. Then, with full military honors, the ashes of Philip Kerr, eleventh Marquess of Lothian, were placed in a vault in Arlington National Cemetery, beneath the mast of the U. S. S. *Maine*, until it would be seen fit to return them to his home.

## The Duchess' Tooth

Into Miami last week swooped the yacht *Southern Cross*, carrying the world's best-known divorcee to the dentist. It was the first time the Duchess (nee Bessie Wallis Warfield, of Baltimore) had been in her native U. S. since 1933. A lot of things had happened in that time, including her marriage to a third husband, who turned out to be the ex-King of England.

Her ex-countrymen were just as thrilled as she. Selected to lead a reception committee up the yacht's gangplank, Mrs. Jessie Byron, daughter of Florida's Governor Frederick Preston Cone, gasped: "No, I, dear me, I can't stand it." She faded back into second place and let Banker Percy Rivington Pyne II of New York lead the way. Between double lines of dark-spectacled police the Duke and Duchess stepped down the gangplank, rode off through the packed streets of Miami. The Duchess wore a two-piece ensemble of dull navy crepe, hip-length coat and cap with feathered mercury wings. She wore her jeweled flamingo on her shoulder, diamonds on her ears. She smiled at the cheering crowds from under a nose-length, peek-a-boo, white-dotted veil. Her husband gaily waved.

At week's end, the infected tooth which had been bothering the Duchess had been pulled, and she was reading her fan mail in a hospital, nursing a sore jaw.

The Duke, who had scarcely left her side, seized the opportunity to visit their three pet Cairns, Pookie, Detto and Preezie, quartered temporarily in an animal clinic. Pookie has been with the Duke since his abdication.

Two days later, the Duke left the Duchess' side again, this time to hop into a U. S. Navy plane and pay a call on

President Roosevelt, whom he had not seen since 1919. Returning from his visit aboard the *Tuscaloosa*, the Duke told reporters that he and the President had discussed naval bases and CCC camps, which he thought he might try in the Bahamas.

At week's end the Duchess suffered a slight setback, after she was moved from the hospital to the Miami-Biltmore Hotel. The *Southern Cross* had developed some bearing trouble in her port propeller shaft. Pookie had a touch of eczema. But the Windsors expected that everything would be all right for their return this week to Nassau. The happy, busy Duke promised to come back after the first of the year for another, longer visit.

## REPUBLICANS

### New Force?

Through 1940's Presidential campaign, one big question rode along with the question of who would win. It was this: What would happen to the political amateurs after the election was over? Last week the question was still unanswered, but signs were piling up that the Republican amateurs, sadder now but wiser too, would keep going:

► Professional Joe Martin, back in Washington, bronzed from the Nassau sun, repeated his determination to resign in the spring as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Said he of an amateur: "Mr. Willkie would make a splendid chairman and I think the Republican Party would be delighted to have him, but whether it would fit into his plans I do not know."

► In a five-hour session in Manhattan, 150 representatives of Willkie Clubs decided to keep their national organization, under another name. Suggested title: Independent Clubs. Purposes: 1) "To encourage the exercise of good citizenship by taking part in local political affairs." 2) "To promote a better understanding of current political questions. . . ." 3) "To encourage competent men and women . . . to seek public office through the machinery of our two-party system." Said Original Willkie Booster Oren Root: "Our position is the same [as before the election] in that there are certain fundamental principles of government and of life in which we believe just as much today as we did two months ago. . . ."

► Wendell Willkie flew from Hobe Sound, Fla. for a Manhattan conference, attended the Gridiron Club dinner in Washington, where he delivered the principal off-the-record address to an enthusiastic audience, returned to Manhattan to say his say to the ex-Willkie Club members: "I have a tremendous interest in principles and in that endeavor I hope to carry on. . . . One of the difficulties in American public life has been its failure to call its ablest and best men in public service. . . . I hope that as a result of the Willkie Club movement you will develop men and women to



Wide World-International  
THE WINDSORS

Pookie had a touch of eczema.

serve. . . I hope that in five or ten years or even in two years I will see many of you running for Congress, the Senate, Governorships and offices in your own communities. . . ."

## ELECTION

### Final Figures

Not until last week were the figures of November's Presidential election finally, officially all in and counted, to the last lorn vote. Swamped, and thoroughly swamped, were the minor parties. Of the record total of 49,818,095 votes cast, 27,215,422 went to Roosevelt, 22,323,801 to Wilkie, Norman Thomas' Socialist vote (116,796) was the lowest since 1900, when a Socialist candidate (Eugene Debs) first appeared on the ballot. Communist Earl Browder, barred from some State ballots, got only 49,028, ran behind Prohibitionist Roger Babson, who polled 58,674. Total for all minor-party candidates: 239,772, their worst showing since 1876. Scattered votes were cast but not counted for: Thomas E. Dewey, Bruce Barton, James A. Farley, Sally Rand, Mae West, Al Capone, a flock of others.

## FISCAL

### "An Awful Lot of Money"

A master inopportunist is Ohio's political Malaprop, Senator Robert A. Taft. Last week Mr. Taft came out flatly for the most politically unpalatable of tax bills.

Yet, actually, everybody was out of step but Mr. Taft. His basic point was perfectly true: that the only promising source of further tax revenue is a higher tax rate on lower-income groups. As for increased tax rates on business, said he: "We would only be fooling ourselves. Taxes on business are passed on to the people, but tend to discourage business activity."

Even without levelheaded Robert Taft's say-so, there was grim certainty in the U. S. last week that more people would pay more taxes in 1941 than ever before. The nation, with a sky-reaching public debt now past \$44,000,000,000, was faced with a probable \$50,000,000,000 defense bill in the next five years, over & above regular annual Government appropriations of some \$9,000,000,000.

Everybody would like a pay-as-you-go policy. The virtually insuperable problem: where to get the money. Only two major untapped revenue sources were open. One was the direct means of lowering exemptions and raising rates on lower-income groups, as per Mr. Taft's proposal. Another was the indirect means of ceasing to issue tax-exempt securities. Net total of tax-exempt securities (Federal, State, local) is now some \$55,000,000,000.

Treasury Secretary Henry Morgenthau sat in his taxworks fortnight ago, nervously smoking Camels. Suddenly he blurted to newsmen: "If we get out a five-year

defense note it will be taxable." A news-hawk snapped: "As to all taxes?" Mr. Morgenthau nodded.

Last week the Treasury offered \$500,000,000 in wholly taxable defense notes, first such issue in U. S. history—five years' maturity,  $\frac{1}{2}\%$  interest. The issue was promptly oversubscribed eight times—an average response.

Mr. Morgenthau's powers as Secretary of the Treasury include the right to issue wholly taxable notes; he may keep it up indefinitely. But by fiscal definition, a note must have a maturity of not more than five years.

To get tax results eventually in any appreciable volume, Mr. Morgenthau must be empowered to stop the granting of tax exemptions on long-term bonds. To make that step he must ask Congress for a new law. To tax State and municipal securities, that law must be broad enough to invade States' rights. Inevitably it will be contested in the courts. His other alternative: to get a new Constitutional amendment, which no one expected would ever be ratified by the States.

Last week he announced that he would ask Congress to remove tax-exemption

Treasury Secretaries Andrew Mellon and Ogden Mills all advocated abandonment of tax exemptions, were always defeated. Ignored were Franklin Roosevelt and Henry Morgenthau in 1937, and again last session. But now Messrs. Roosevelt & Morgenthau had a new argument: national defense. Of untaxable securities tabasco-tongued Mr. Morgenthau last week snorted "Slacker money!" and he complained because millionaires could loll in untaxable unholidays in Palm Beach this winter.

If Congress sees things Mr. Morgenthau's way, even interest on U. S. baby bonds (5% and up) will be as taxable as an unmarried billionaire. Said Mr. Morgenthau glumly: "We have got to raise an awful lot of money."

## RACES

### Indians Up

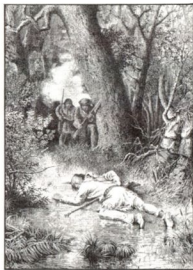
Ever since the Pilgrim Fathers fell first on their knees and then on the aborigines, the American Indian has been pictured not only as a shiftless ne'er-do-well but as a decadent, dying race. Many a generation of U. S. schoolboys has been taught a stern pride in the taking off of such die-hards as Rhode Island's King Philip (*see cut*). Last week Indian-loving Commissioner John Collier helped explode the myth that these first families of America are vanishing. Said he: Indians are increasing in North America more rapidly than whites; Indians of the Western Hemisphere number 10,000,000. There were never more than about 900,000 Indians in the U. S. Since 1900, they have increased from 237,000 to 361,000—up 52%.

## NEW YORK

### Uncle Alex

In 1917, when something happened to most Russians, something strange happened to Alexander Alexandroff. A reticent man, six feet tall, brown-haired, who had served in the Tsar's diplomatic corps, he had wound up with a job in the foreign department of a Manhattan bank. In Russia's great year, as Kerensky gave way to Lenin, Alexander Alexandroff quit his job, moved into a small store building on Manhattan's East Side, and painted a dingy sign, "Steamship Agent," on his window.

It was a good neighborhood for him. On East 4th Street, near the river, he was on the coast where the tides of Manhattan's racial mixtures endlessly swirl and boil. Around him were Italians, Poles, Russians, Rumanians, Germans, living in an area of employment agencies, meat markets, second-hand clothing and furniture stores. Around him too were hordes of immigrants who knew no English. Alexander Alexandroff spoke English, French, German, Polish, Italian, Hebrew, Russian, and understood several other languages besides. Soon his neighbors began to use his office as a place to receive mail. Soon they



DEATH OF KING PHILIP (1676)  
The first families are not vanishing.  
(See Column 3)

rights from all future bonds—Federal, State, local. There was no doubt that he would get authorization for issuing completely taxable Federal bonds, but passage of a law affecting State and local securities was another matter. Reason: opposition by municipalities and States-rights. Townsmen, villagers and politicians girded their lobbyists last week for a death-&-taxes struggle with their Congressmen. Victory has always been on their side: Presidents Harding, Coolidge, Hoover;

© No Government security is completely taxable. Some are partially, some totally exempt.

began to rely on him to write their letters, advise them about the strange ways of the U. S., or translate for them letters that they could not read. For each service Alexander Alexandroff exacted a fee—as little as 5¢, as much as \$1.50, sometimes a package of cigarettes, but always something, and always in proportion to a client's ability to pay.

The years passed. Dust venerated the walls that Alexander Alexandroff would not repaint. Dirt grimed the windows that he would not wash, settled thickly on the unswept floor. Deeds, bank books, letters and records of his clients were stacked on the floor, in chronological order, the oldest on the bottom, until they towered in huge, confused piles.

Clients never saw the back room where he slept, never heard him speak of his family, knew of no confidants. In a neighborhood where world politics is the breath of life, he said nothing of politics; in a period when Russians were Bolsheviks, Whites, or something in between, Alexander Alexandroff listened to arguments, rolling innumerable cigarettes, said nothing. Wearing the same clothes until they wore out, he imperceptibly became Uncle Alex, the most familiar figure of the neighborhood—a portly man now, kindly but frugal, helpful, but insisting on being paid for it, his brown hair reduced to a faint fringe, stumping along with his black-thorn cane to a near-by restaurant, observing Sunday by changing his tie and eating a better meal.

At 7 one morning last week, neighbors began to arrive as usual to get their mail at Uncle Alex's office, found his door locked. Soon a crowd filled the sidewalk—people who wanted Alexander Alexandroff to deposit their money, or register their deeds, or give them his advice for a fee. By midday the crowd was big, and Mike Sawicki, who repairs umbrellas in the same tenement, called the police. They found Alexander Alexandroff in bed in his back room, dead. One of his many cats was crouched at the window.

In the junklike jumble of records, the police found bank books showing that Alexander Alexandroff possessed a fortune of about \$20,000, also that he had become a U. S. citizen in 1937 under the name of Alexander Isaac Slowly, and owned more property under that name.

The Public Administrator carted off the 23-year accumulation of papers. No kinsman stepped forward to claim Uncle Alex's wealth. And throughout the East Side dazed citizens did not know what to do about their income-tax statements that Uncle Alex had kept, their deeds that he had filled out, their citizenship papers, their contacts with the old country.

Mike Sawicki remembered that Uncle Alex had said he was not feeling well, but Mike had been afraid to ask what was the matter. Said Mike: "He would have charged me for telling me."



Wide World  
MEMBERS ALICE LONGWORTH & KATHRYN LEWIS  
Sears, Roebuck and the Yale Law School also got together.

## WAR & PEACE

### "America First"

Last June, a Yale law student named Robert Douglas Stuart Jr. deplored Yale University President Charles Seymour's espousal of open aid to the Allies, believing it would lead the U. S. into war. Furthermore, he thought Seymour's views were not those of the student body and got up a poll showing 3-to-1 on his side. General Robert E. Wood (Sears, Roebuck) heard of the Yalermen's activities, asked Stuart to visit him. Out of their conversation grew the America First Committee.

Last week General Wood's committee—the antithesis of William Allen White's Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies—had 60,000 members, eleven local chapters and an organization drive that was going like a house afire. In Washington, national committee members included such strange company as socially conscientious Kathryn Lewis (daughter of John L.) and socially conspicuous Alice Roosevelt Longworth. Just what the organization was after remained obscure; it was easier to see what it was against than what it was for. And what the committee was against was getting the U. S. into the war. General Wood last week adduced some further arguments to the National Association of Manufacturers' meeting in Manhattan:

1) Germany cannot invade America even if Britain falls, 2) the U. S. can and will do business with the Nazis even if necessary to cartelize the trade, 3) If the U. S. conveys British shipping, that act "is sure to put us in the conflict."

If the U. S. stays out of the war, said General Wood, he saw the possibility of a negotiated peace between Britain and Germany in the spring. If the U. S. should go

in, he saw profound transformations in the political and economic system. Predicted General Wood:

"If the war is prolonged for two to four years more, Europe will be in ruins and victor and vanquished will end up in some form of communism or national socialism. It is probable that Great Britain will be ruined, and, even if a victor, left in such a state of weakness that her empire would possibly disintegrate."

At week's end the America First Committee was working overtime to prevent transfer of more destroyers and bombers to Britain, was girding its loins for the next session of Congress, to fight repeal of the Johnson Act (no loans to defaulters on World War I loans) and the Neutrality Act (cash & carry aid only).

### Shift of Opinion

Last week a Gallup poll pointed up a major shift in U. S. opinion. A 1937 poll had reported that 64% of U. S. citizens thought it had been a mistake for the U. S. to go into World War I; only 28% thought not. To the same question last week, 42% thought that U. S. entrance into World War I had not been a mistake, 39% still believed that it was.

With the beginning of the Blitzkrieg, U. S. opinion on its part in World War I began to change. Many a circumstance, many a circumstantial report did much to remind U. S. citizens that the cause fought for 23 years ago was strikingly similar to the cause being fought for in Europe today. Many have come to believe that the U. S. mistake was made, not in winning the war, but in losing the peace.

Commented Dr. George Gallup: "The shift that has taken place in American thinking may be an important factor in coming U. S. decisions regarding aid to Britain."

# NATIONAL DEFENSE

## DEFENSE WEEK

### Big Bill's Answer

Last week in Manhattan, the Army's No. 1 draftsman, studious, able Brigadier General Lewis Blaine Hershey, sat down with labor-union men at a conference sponsored by the left-wing National Lawyers Guild. Subject of discussion: "Labor's Rights and the Defense Program."

General Hershey heard National C. I. O. Secretary James Barron Carey and General Counsel Lee Pressman defend labor's right to strike in defense industries, heard them oppose any move to abridge the right to strike, for whatever reason. He heard other speakers cry for more representation of labor on draft boards. But diplomatic Lewis Hershey confined himself to a cogent generality that was buzzing that day, as it had for weeks past, in many a citizen's mind. The U. S. must have unity in national defense, said he significantly, "Lest we each hang separately." Evidence that that unity was lacking had cropped up with increasing frequency in recent weeks. It was plain in the strike at the Vultee plant, which for twelve days stopped delivery of badly needed basic trainers to the Army Air Corps. It was plain in the formal, written protest (later swallowed) of President John G. Pew of Sun Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. that his company could not answer charges of unfair labor practice, and at the same time go ahead with a \$69,000,000 Navy building program. It was plain in the demand of Defense Commissioner Sidney Hillman that Henry Ford settle his differences with labor (before a final decision by the Supreme Court) or go without a \$2,000,000 contract for Army automobiles.

**What's Wrong?** Who was holding up the defense program—capital or labor?—was a question many a citizen could not answer to his own satisfaction.

There was no unequivocal answer. But the U. S. public knew that something was slowing down defense. What that something was was answered in scores of ways by columnists, reporters, editorial writers. But, by & large, the nation's interest was in the forest, not the trees. The average citizen knew that because of shilly-shally, lack of compromise between capital & labor, failure to see what was ahead, France had ceased to exist, Poland was in chains, Britain had its back to the wall. What was wrong with U. S. defense?

Last week a big part of the answer came from the best possible and most unexpected source: hulking, close-mouthed William S. Knudsen, who gave up the \$300,000-a-year presidency of General Motors last summer to join the National Defense Advisory Commission (for nothing) as head of its production section. Big Bill Knudsen had kept his mouth shut while the press reported instances of slow delivery on airplanes, tanks & guns, of scrambled priorities for defense orders, of



DEFENSE MAN KNUDSEN  
Wanted: a war basis.

unexpected delays in such vital things as production of the Army Air Corps's Allison aircraft engine. But last week he sounded off. The occasion was the National Association of Manufacturers' annual convention; the place was the ballroom of Manhattan's swank Waldorf-Astoria. In Big Bill's audience sat the heads of U. S. industry.

"The defense job," said he bluntly, "... has not been sufficiently sold to Industry and Labor as yet. The public generally is sold on defense—letters that I get clearly indicate that the man in the street is for defense 100% and wants to see a lot of material turned out before he feels secure.

"But have the two most important elements, Industry and Labor, been fully sold on the serious side of the job? Conditions abroad change rapidly from day to day. The European war is gradually taking in more and more territory and most of us hope we will have the time necessary to get prepared for defense and thus avert attack. Well, that might be all right ... but after all a war depends just as much on what the other fellow thinks, as on what we think ourselves."

In U. S. plants, as Knudsen spoke, were U. S. orders of close to \$10,000,000,000, British orders of over \$2,500,000,000—for 50,000 airplanes, 130,000 engines, 42,000 large and small guns, 13,000 trench mortars, 33,000,000 loaded shells, 9,200 tanks, 700,000 machine guns and auto-

matic rifles, 1,300,000 Garand rifles, millions of rounds of ammunition, 380 Navy ships, 200 mercantile ships, 210 camps for soldiers, 40 Government factories, clothing and equipment for a U. S. Army of 1,200,000 men. It was the biggest production problem of any country in modern times, and that was what Bill Knudsen called it. But—

"Friday night," said he, "has become the big night in most of our industrial picture. It used to be Saturday night—we have cut 20% off our machine time. Can we afford to do this? Can't we stop this blackout, this lack of production from Friday to Monday. . . . Isn't it possible to put the defense job on a war basis even if we are at peace?"

Quick was the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce to deny that there was any general Friday-night blackout for the airplane industry. Bill Knudsen had said that the Commission's (and the air industry's) estimate of 1,000 planes a month by next Jan. 1 had had to be scaled down to 700. But he had added that the industry would be in the expanding stage until spring, that production troubles were to blame, And he named no other names. But the U. S. public knew that slow building of Army camps had forced the Army to postpone calling up 96,000 more National Guardsmen. It knew that the Army in the field was ill-equipped, ill-housed, short of clothing and equipment. Even conceding lackadaisical supervision by the Quartermaster Corps (see p. 16), these matters were the responsibilities of big, established industries. And some, perhaps all, had been going along with little urgency, no feeling for the obvious fact that U. S. capital and labor had better knuckle down and work by lamplight, while there was still time.

**Wanted: A Head Man.** Somehow both arms of the U. S. production machine had to get together, work without strikes and lockouts, work if necessary beyond the 40-hour week on some basis that would be a compromise for both sides.

It was plain for anyone to see that this situation could not be fixed up by the Defense Commission. It is an advisory body without executive power, with a chairman who is busy being President of the U. S. The defense program had two major defects plain to any member of the Defense Commission, and frankly discussed (off the record) by some, that a director with plenary powers could repair in five minutes.

One was the scramble in priorities. Set by a joint Army-Navy board, priority orders are rubber-stamped by Defense Purchase Coordinator Donald Marr Nelson, sent out to industry. Last week many an industry, hoping to get to work first on the orders needed most, found that A-1 priority was marked on the bulk of its orders. Tool plants in Ohio found A-1 priority marked on 90% of their

work, came to the rueful conclusion that such priority meant no priorities at all.

Another scrambled problem was procurement, now managed by the two services, which first select products and sellers, then hind their orders (over \$500,000) for material to the Commission to be approved. Plain and understandable to many an industrialist last week was the fact that the services, particularly the Army, do not know how to buy on 1940's national defense scale. Most egregious example was a recent \$300,000 Army order for underwear of a 1917 type, and not manufacturable on 1940 machines. Obvious remedy: organization of a procurement agency with power to receive Army-Navy specifications, lay down the orders out of industrial experience that no service officer can be expected to have.

These were but two of many holes in the U. S. defense program. But NDAC could not fill them. Without authority to enforce its will on industry and labor, without a boss on the job 24 hours a day with full power to cut red tape, simplify procedure, settle rows, it has done its first job as well as it could. The orders are let production has begun. Whether NDAC will get a boss, whether it gets the power it needs, only one man can decide: Franklin Roosevelt. This week, as the President got back from his Caribbean vacation, Bill Knudsen released the text of letters he had sent to machine-tool men—bosses and workers—pleading for more production. Most pregnant line: "... If you could see ... the terrible urgency of the situation you would understand why the Defense Commission is making this appeal. ..."

## ARMY

### Flowing Horses

A line of Army scout cars rolled out of Fort Bliss, down a rutty road, and out on the Texas plain. Beyond the stubby noses of the cars stretched wave on wave of "bondocks" (sand hummocks, topped by sage and greasewood) and deep arroyos. Behind the scout cars, a mile across the twisted land, stood file after file of horsemen, half-hidden in the brush. The U. S. Cavalry was about to have some fun.

An officer's voice crackled in the scout-car radios. The four-wheel drives bit into the sand, and the cars lunged side by side over the plain. Where the bondocks were low, the light-armored cars, carrying three-man crews and two machine guns, could do 10 m.p.h. Where the hummocks were four and five feet high, 4 m.p.h. was the top. The cars were slow, but the bondocks did not stop them.

Back where the cavalry waited, the right hand of an officer rose, swung forward. Horses and horsemen spurred from the brush. In the scout cars, above the pattering exhausts, the men heard the crying breath of horses on the run. Mounted riflemen, machine-gun squads, four-horse-drawn howitzers overtook, enveloped, rushed past the cars at 20 m.p.h. The horsemen vanished ahead into a shallow arroyo, arched over the far side, rode on. The artillerymen pulled up, dismounted, within a few minutes had their horses hidden, their guns barking blanks.

Where the desert abruptly broke and dropped down a pitted, 40-foot slope to a lower plain, the scout cars had to stop. But the horses did not. Over the brow of

the slope, down the sandy ridge they leaped and slid. All along the ridge poured a river of men & horses, breaking at the edge, spilling downward and riding on. Half a mile beyond, they clustered again. Riflemen dismounted, jerked guns from holsters. Machine-gunners ripped at their packs, vanished into the brush with the guns. Within five minutes the squadron was deployed for battle, the horses had disappeared among the sand hills.

"Now, gentlemen, you see what I meant," said horse-proud Major General Robert Charlwood Richardson Jr., commander of the First Cavalry Division at Fort Bliss. What he meant was that horses could "flow" over terrain where no truck, scout car or tank could go. He spent an evening last month expounding his doctrine of flowing horses and horsemen to visiting newspapermen, then put on his show next day. He had indeed demonstrated that modern cavalry could flow off roads, through brush and sand, over ridges and through gullies which would slow or balk any mechanized force. And horsed units, within the limits of a rough battlefield, could speedily transport an impressive array of fire power: a modern U. S. Cavalry division's 6,476 horses and 10,100 officers and men should carry, among other things, 9,764 pistols, 942 light & heavy machine guns, 117 artillery pieces, 4,863 Garand rifles.

Cavalry in movement is still the finest sight in an Army, even though horses nowadays are good only for transporting men and guns. Modern cavalrymen are more like the old mounted infantry than traditional lancers, seldom or never fire from horseback, carry not a single sabre. Gen-



HORSE ARTILLERY IN TEXAS  
Over the "bondocks" they made a fine show.

eral Richardson's demonstration was a fine sight. But in their mind's eye his visitors could see attack planes, spitting death at the horsemen on the crowded slope, or diving at them during their brief massing before they could dismount and take cover; or enemy scout cars and tanks, crawling across the bonedocks toward flowing (and temporarily defenseless) horsemen.

Last week General Richardson, his officers, his men, his horses toiled like mules, trying to wangle more than their allotted two divisions in the new Army. The Eighth Cavalry's Troop A night-marched into the desert, taught raw recruits to find their way by moon and stars across the trailless land. Commanding officers slaved at new-fangled exercises, learning to use radio and motorcycle communication, use also the squadron of reconnaissance tanks which will be part of each new cavalry division. On the chill, white expanse of the drill ground or in the dank corrals, recruits learned the manual of arms, the ways of horses, impressed their officers with their "remarkable intensity and enthusiasm." Machine-gunners and artillerymen practiced firing at wheeled targets, coveting down a winding, miniature railway.

Whatever the size of the flow cavalry might be allowed in the new Army, life at Fort Bliss (and at many another post) had changed. The lazy days were over. The Army was at work.

## All the Dead Generals

All the dead generals were not sleeping under statues last week. Suddenly, shockingly apparent was the fact that responsible officers of the U. S. Army had been dozing at their posts, or—what was worse—fumbling with deadly effect. The official who had most to say about this state of affairs was Henry L. Stimson, Mr. Roosevelt's Republican Secretary of War. Undertaking to explain why the draft and National Guard mobilization had fallen behind schedule (TIME, Nov. 25), he was as blackly frank as William S. Knudsen was on industrial defense (see p. 14). With other dark bits in the news, Mr. Stimson's statement made a sorry record, sinisterly reminding of the British in Norway, the French in lost France.

More or less under arms, when the Army last totted up (Nov. 21), were 106,833 mobilized National Guardsmen, 387,811 three-year Regulars, only 18,000 of an expected 90,000 one-year draftees and volunteers. Call of 66,000 additional Guardsmen must be delayed (anywhere from one week to two and a half months); so must further drafts, only hastening in this list was the rapid increase in Regulars (up from 247,000 since last June). Putting Regular enlistments ahead of Guard mobilization and the draft made sense, because the Regulars must bear the burden of training the new Army.

Of 40 camps for National Guardsmen, only 15 were on construction schedule. Two were two and a half months behind,

one was 60 days behind. Lags in 22 others ranged from one to five weeks. Even sadder than the delays were some of Mr. Stimson's excuses. The Quartermaster Corps (which handles most Army construction) located a big camp in southern Iowa. Building was under way before the corps discovered what the Department of Agriculture must have known all the time: that the arid area did not have enough water to supply the camp. So the bumbling quartermasters had to start all over at Rolla, Mo., while Guardsmen who should have been transferred to the new camp languished in temporary quarters at Fort Francis E. Warren, Wyo.

At Indiantown Gap, Pa., a camp for 20,000 men was pitched on rock and shale, where well-digging was slow and inordinately expensive. Result: a month's delay. In New England, where an abundance of lumber could be salvaged from hurricane-felled trees, camp constructions waited for lumber from the Pacific Coast (where lumbermen last week settled a ten-week strike, averting further delays). Contractors working for cost-plus-fixed-fee could afford to snatch labor from near-by rivals who had lump-sum contracts, thus delaying construction at other camps and highlighting the lack of a planned labor supply.

"Great Expectations." Secretary Stimson first quoted an official report (by the Bureau of Labor Statistics) that labor troubles had caused only 1% of the construction delays. Next day, after the War Department had had a night to ponder his aspersions on the Army, he issued a "transcript" which included some new observations. Chief change: less blame on military bumbling, more on labor.

Last week, in the thick of these revelations, the Quartermaster Corps's Brigadier General Charles D. Hartman was relieved from duty. He was no scapegoat, said the War Department, but a man who was sick from overwork. Assigned to plug the holes in Army construction was the Corps of Engineers' Lieut. Colonel Brehon B. Somervell, who had done a stand-out job as New York City's WPA Administrator. Air Corps construction was snatched bodily away from the dusty, tape-bound Quartermaster Corps and handed over to the Engineers.

The record spoke for itself, Mr. Stimson's explanation: that the Army, having in the first place overestimated its ability to absorb recruits, could be accused of nothing more than undue optimism. Many of those estimates were cooked up during debate on the conscription bill; many more during the Presidential campaign, when Wendell Willkie was huffing and puffing at unmade Army housing. Said Henry Stimson, with twinkling reassurance: "Estimates beforehand are only estimates. Anybody who has built a house knows that. I think that on the whole the defense work is coming along as well as could be expected."

## NAVY

### No. 7

Flat-topped, lopsided but swift as a cruiser, an aircraft carrier at work is an ugly, color-splashed, noisy inferno. Launching her planes from the crowded flight deck, she throbs with the rumble of warming airplane engines. Hooded men in brilliant yellow, red, blue and green uniforms (to denote their functions) swiftly work the planes forward to take-off position. Every few seconds the roar of an engine in full throttle thunders through the echoing ship as another plane takes off. Only when the last bomber is in the air and the formations shrink into the sky does she settle back to the quiet peace of a ship at sea.

She returns to character again when the planes come aboard. On a platform at her stern the signal officer brings them in. They plunk down with a bang into the arresting gear, while the parti-colored uniforms of her goblins appear and disappear from her mahogany-red deck. Compressed air sighs and hisses. Bells ring. Whistles blow as planes taxi forward and are whisked magically below to the hangar deck on high-speed elevators. Occasionally a siren wails like a seagoing banshee as a pilot overshoots and cracks up against the barrier (but seldom hurts himself or crew).

For all its madhouse sound and fury, a U. S. Navy carrier is an outstanding example of the smooth coordination of man and complicated machine. It is also a powerful weapon for long-range reconnaissance, for delivery of swift and crushing raids from the air, like the British attack on the Italian Navy at Taranto. Big trouble is that the U. S. Navy has not nearly enough carriers (Britain has seven, Japan eleven). Last week the Navy launched its seventh. Down a greasy way of the Newport News (Va.) Shipbuilding & Dry Dock Co. slid the 20,000-ton *Hornet*, to be tied up at the fitting-out dock. Typical of the leisurely pace of U. S. defense was the fact that she was launched only six days ahead of the promised date. A little more encouraging was the announcement that she would be all ready in November 1941, three months ahead of schedule.

Sister of the *Yorktown* and *Enterprise*, smaller than the 33,000-ton *Saratoga* and *Lexington*, bigger than the *Ranger* and *Wasp*, *Hornet* is one of five carriers ordered before the U. S. decided on a two-ocean Navy. The other four (*Kearsarge*, *Essex*, *Bon Homme Richard* and *Intrepid*) are on the way. After them will come seven more, all ordered (and all under construction). Barring a war, in 1945-46 the U. S. will have 18 carriers. If Britain should fall this spring and surrender its fleet intact to Germany, the U. S. Navy's carrier equipment would be superior to Adolf Hitler's by only 31,200 tons. But if this new German strength should be backed up by Japan's fleet (eleven carriers), U. S. carriers would be outnumbered nearly 20 to 1 in tonnage, 3 to 1 in numbers.

# GERMANY AGAINST THE WORLD

## WORLD REVOLUTION

Herewith TIME presents condensed versions of two extraordinary speeches made last week. Together they did much to clarify the overwhelming problem facing the U. S. One was a speech by Adolf Hitler to the workers and women of Germany, delivered beneath shiny new cannon in the Rheinmetall-Borsig munitions works. The other was dictated by the British Ambassador

ble of beating the world was something else. Every middle-aged citizen of Germany remembers the long grim war and final defeat which occurred the last time Germany took on the world.

Lord Lothian did not attempt to argue that the U. S. should altruistically go to Britain's aid. His argument was simply that Hitler is a threat to the U. S. and that U. S. self-interest should dictate aid to Britain. Twice repeating that the decision

ened to interfere with their relationship, for they knew that even bloody sacrifices are better than the gradual dying off of nations. National unity was our first demand. Piece by piece and move by move this was realized.

**Have's & Have-nots.** Whoever has not anything will not get anything either. All my life I have been a have-not. I count myself as one of their number and have fought for them. Now again, I enter the fight as the representative of the have-nots. I will never recognize the claims of others to that which they have gained by force and robbery. In no case will I permit this claim to apply to what has been taken from us.

It is interesting to observe the mode of living of the rich. They have so-called democracy in the Anglo-French world. In reality, capitalism reigns supreme, that is, there is a band of several hundred people who possess unmeasurable fortunes and who, because of the peculiar construction of the State, are more or less completely independent and free.

It is said this means rule by the people. But when you look closer, the people as such have not an opinion—it is placed before them. Now, who places this viewpoint before them? Why, it is capitalism!

**The slogan of liberty** really means freedom of economy—namely, for everybody to grab for himself without state control. Capital first makes the newspapers subservient. The lord of the so-called press is the man who supplies the capital, this press molds public opinion, the papers appear according to political parties, but in reality there is no difference between them.

Now, one might suppose that in lands of freedom and democracy everybody lived in plenty. The contrary is true. Nowhere is the standard of the masses lower. England for decades has had two-and-a-half million unemployed. Rich America has twelve to thirteen million unemployed annually.

These people, to give but one example, have the possibility of pocketing up to 160 percent dividends from the ammunition industry. They say that if these German methods gain ground and prove victorious all this will stop. They are right. I believe six per cent sufficient.

It's natural for the English leaders to say they do not want their world to go under because they fear Germany's new ideas may spring over to England.

They say, "We don't like these methods." What were those methods? I am proud that the revolution occurred in 1933 without a single window being smashed.

They claim in England that we have terrorized liberty. Yes, that is true, namely, when freedom was at the expense of the common weal. Certainly, we will not permit anybody freely to dispose of his earnings if thereby the common weal is interfered with.



THE LATE LORD LOTHIAN & HIS LATE KING  
"You decide."

Thomas D. McAvoy

to the U. S., the Marquess of Lothian, from his deathbed, and was read by Embassy Counselor Neville Butler to the convention of the American Farm Bureau Federation in Baltimore.

In philosophy the speeches were a world apart, but their likeness was striking. Neither was polished. Hitler used too many theses and thoses and Lord Lothian too many buts. Each tacitly admitted grave military weaknesses on his own side. Both agreed that the war is not war but a revolution; that it must be fought to the bitter end; that Germany is fighting not only Great Britain, but the world of capitalism and free enterprise as represented by Britain and the U. S.

Hitler, in a magnificent piece of propaganda, argued that the cause of Nazism was not only the cause of the have-not nations, but of the have-not classes against the oppression of the rich. He justified Nazi oppression as a method of combating that oppression. Apart from that attempted justification, it was a plausible argument—so plausible that the Roosevelt-hating Chicago Tribune equally plausibly editorialized that Hitler "revealed himself once again as a good New Dealer." But Hitler's declaration that Germany was capa-

ble of beating the U. S., he practically said that on the U. S. decision depends the fate of Britain, the outcome of the war, probably the future of the U. S. and all democracy.

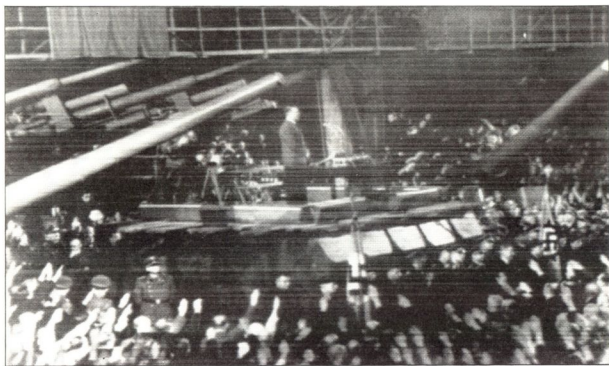
### Hitler to his People

We find ourselves amid a controversy which aims at more than victory of one or another country. In fact, it is a struggle of two worlds. Forty-six million English rule and govern a total territory of roughly 40,000,000 square kilometres in this world. Eighty-five million Germans have a living space of hardly 600,000 square kilometres and these only through their own initiative. This earth, however, was not distributed by Providence or by Almighty God.

This distribution is being taken care of by the peoples themselves and this distribution chiefly took place in the past 300 years at a time when our German people were domestically unconscious and torn apart.

**The right to live** constitutes a claim of fundamental nature. The right to live includes the right to the soil, which alone gives life. For this claim peoples have even fought when a lack of wisdom threat-

## GERMANY AGAINST THE WORLD



HITLER IN THE RHEINMETALL-BORSIG MUNITIONS WORKS  
*"All my life I have been a have-not."*

Wide World

**Two worlds are in conflict**, two philosophies of life. They say we should help to keep up the gold standard—of course, for they have the gold and we haven't it. In the course of fifteen years all our gold has been taken away from us.

If we already have no gold, then we have the power of work, and German power of work is our gold and our capital, and with this gold I can beat any other power in the world. I built up my entire economy on the conception of work. Our German mark without gold is worth more than gold.

**Opportunity for Man.** What we are reconstructing is a world of cooperative labor, but also a world of cooperative duties. For the first time in our own German history there exists a State which, in principle, has removed all social prejudices as regards appointment to positions. I myself am the best document to prove this. I am not even trained in the laws. Nevertheless I am your leader.

Our ideal is that every position in the country shall be filled by a true son of the people. We want a State in which birth matters nothing, achievement means everything. For this we are working with tremendous fanaticism. Contrasted with this is the idea of our enemies—a fight for egoism, for capital, for individual and family privileges.

One of these two worlds must break asunder. The traffic signals are now placed as follows: Gold versus labor. We know perfectly well that if we succumb in this

fight that is the end. That other world says, "If we lose then our world capitalistic structure will crumble." If the other world cracks, I am convinced that it will only then become free.

**War & Peace.** How often have I stretched out my hand! I was not in any mood to arm. That devours so much labor power. I wanted to use German labor power for other plans. My ambition is to make the German people rich and the German land beautiful. I would like us to have the most beautiful and best culture. I was determined to rear our structure in the world, to widen our position and, secondly, to arm at home so that the German soldier must no longer stand alone on a front, lonely and the victim of superior forces.

Then I did everything humanly possible to avoid a conflict. I made offer after offer to the English, but there wasn't anything to be done—they wanted war. For seven years Churchill said "I want war." Now he has it.

I did not want aerial warfare. We launched no night attacks. I wanted military objectives attacked only at the front; to fight against soldiers, not against women and children. That is why we did not do it.

We did not do it in France, either. When we attacked Paris, only Parisian armaments objectives were singled out. Then, however, it occurred to that great strategist Churchill to begin unlimited air warfare at night. But not a single munitions plant was put out of action,

Many unhappy families, however, were struck.

I could no longer take the responsibility before the German people of letting our own people perish while strangers were spared. Thereupon this warfare, too, had to be conducted.

And it will now be fought. It will be conducted with all the determination and courage at our disposal. We determine the hour of this conflict. I decide in such matters.

The world must take cognizance of one thing: there will be no defeat in Germany, either military or economic on the grounds of time. Whatever may happen, Germany will emerge victorious from this fight.

**This fight** not only is a struggle for the present but especially a fight for the future. We are decided more and more to tear down barriers restraining the individual from unfolding his possibilities, acquiring that place which he deserves.

The others fought their fight only for the damned plutocracy, those few dynasties which administer the capital market for those few hundred who, in the last analysis, direct these people. When this war is over the great work of creation is to begin in Germany. Then the German people will cease manufacturing cannon and will begin works of peace and reconstruction. This time will come again when we will struggle trustfully together for this great Reich of peace, work, prosperity and of the culture we desire to rear and shall rear.

# GERMANY AGAINST THE WORLD

## Lothian to the U. S.

It is now nearly five months since I made a public speech in the United States. Since then, I have been home to consult with my Government and to find out for myself how things were going in Britain. I want tonight to give you some of the conclusions I have formed.

In these last five months there have been tremendous changes. When last I spoke we had just experienced the terrific shock of the overthrow of France. Hitler seemed irresistible. First Poland had been overwhelmed, then Norway, then Holland, then Belgium. Finally came the destruction in less than a month's fighting of what had been rated as the finest army for its size in Europe, and the disarmament and division of France.

Further, Hitler had announced that he would dictate peace in London in August, or at the latest by the middle of September. And had not he always been right about his military dates? Was it not certain that England was going to be conquered and that with Hitler's crossing of the Channel the end of the British Commonwealth would come?

If these were the gloomy prophecies in circulation about us, there were hardly less gloomy speculations about the future of the United States. If Hitler conquered Britain, the British Fleet would be sunk or surrendered or scattered among the British nations overseas. Yet was it not clear that American security required two fleets, the British Fleet, based on British blocking the entry of hostile European

fleets into the eastern Atlantic, and the United States Fleet predominant in the Pacific? It was this dual system which protected the Monroe Doctrine and which alone could keep war distant from American shores.

That, too, was the time of the gloomy revelation in the press that the United States was as unprepared for modern war as all the other democracies had been. The prospect, therefore, before the United States, if the British Fleet was sunk or surrendered or sailed away to the outer parts of the British Empire, was not rosy. With Hitler and Mussolini's navies and the remains of the French Fleet based on the eastern rim of the Atlantic and on strategic islands well out in the Atlantic, would not the whole American Fleet have to come back to the Atlantic, leaving the Pacific, both north and south, at the mercy of Japan?

**Turn for the Better.** But that grim picture has been dispelled, at any rate for the present, by the action of the people of a small island in the North Sea, nobly and valiantly aided by the young nations of the British family across the seas. First, there was the retreat from Dunkirk. Then came Mr. Winston Churchill. Then came the brutal bombing of London, but there was no flinching.

And finally has come the gradual petering out of the much heralded invasion of Britain. That invasion was really broken in the great air battles, when Hitler tried to beat down our Air Force and open the way for his ships and his troops.

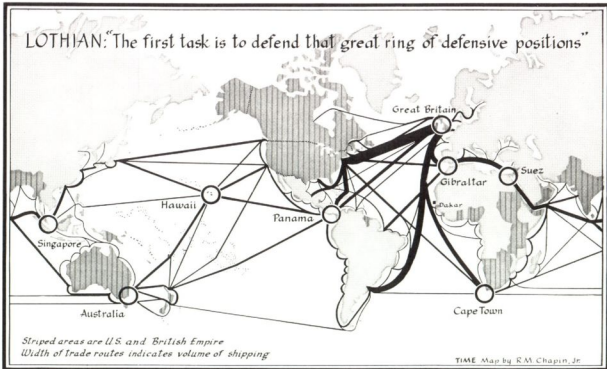
If Hitler won the first round of the

great battle which began in Norway in April, we have won the second. For without the conquest of Britain, Hitler cannot win the war.

**The Program of Nazism.** But the war is not yet won. Do not think that Hitler and Nazidom are going to be easily overthrown. Hitler is certainly going to make another attempt next year—and earlier rather than later—to beat down our resistance by new methods and still greater violence, and so open the way to world domination for the Nazis.

I do not think that even now we realize the true nature of National Socialism. The triumph of Hitler no doubt grew out of the despair which settled on Central Europe in the long years of war, defeat, inflation, revolutionary propaganda. That was what gave Hitler his chance. But modern National Socialism is the reassertion of the strongest tradition in German and Prussian history—the belief in the all-powerful military state, creating order and discipline at home by ruthless Gestapo methods and expanding its wealth and power by ruthless conquest abroad. We have almost lost the capacity to understand that war and conquest can be regarded and preached as heroic and legitimate ends in themselves.

Hitler and his Party are not concerned to bring about juster frontiers in Europe between free peoples or a fairer distribution of colonial territories between the leading nations of the world. Their object is to subjugate others so that they and their resources can be organized on totalitarian lines for the benefit of the



# GERMANY AGAINST THE WORLD

German military State. Hitlerism cannot stop and become peaceful. Nazi Germany is organized for war and totalitarian economics and for nothing else. Its economic system, like everything else, is built on fraud. War and preparation for war are its only real remedy for unemployment.

This war, therefore, is not a war between nations like the last war. It is more of a revolution than a war—a revolutionary war waged by Hitler and his military totalitarian machine against all other nations and the free world in which we have lived, so as to make them military, political and economic satellites of a totalitarian world empire. Then, Hitler will have given the world peace—the peace of death—and employment, the employment of a slave.

**The War Ahead.** It is quite obvious that the only way of stopping the expansion of the Hitler Europe is to confront it somewhere with a power possessed of superior armaments and an impregnable strategic position.

Hitler, as we have seen, has lost the second round of the war. But we think that he certainly is going to renew the attack on Britain with all his might this winter and spring. Everything else is for him a side show. But if he can destroy Britain, he and his friends will have won the basis of world domination. But this time he is going to concentrate on the sea. He has failed to overwhelm us in the air and we are sure that he will continue to fail, while with your help our power to hit back with our bombers will steadily increase. But he is building submarines and long-distance planes with all his might and main with which to bomb the convoys and to announce their location to the submarines. He will base them on all the ports and airdromes along that line which runs like a vast semicircle round Britain, from Narvik down the northern and western coasts of France to Spain. He will have two new 35,000-ton battleships, the *Tirpitz* and the *Bismarck*, and other vessels in the North Sea early next year. With these he will try to deliver a knockout blow at our communications so as to prevent us getting the food, the raw materials and airplanes necessary to enable us to continue the war at full strength.

The danger, of course, springs ultimately from the fact that in the last war we had the support of the Japanese, the Italian, the French, and, after April 1917, of your Navy, whereas today, since the disappearance of the powerful French Navy, we are fighting alone. Our Navy, therefore, with the tremendous tasks which rest upon it, no one of which has it shirked or evaded, is strung out terribly thin.

We think that this is a situation which concerns you almost as much as it concerns us. It has long been clear that your security no less than ours depends upon our holding the Atlantic impregnable and

you the Pacific. So long as this is so, the way of life to which we are attached can continue and our free economic system can resist totalitarian attack. But if one of those two navies fails, the unity of the British Commonwealth begins to disappear, control of the trade routes begins to pass to the Axis powers and those controlling bastions of sea power which now keep war away from America become the jumping-off point from which it can be menaced.

We have no illusions, therefore, about 1941. It is going to be a hard and a dangerous year. Our shipping losses have recently been formidable. In one week British Allied and neutral losses were nearly 200,000 tons. We are suffering, on the average of October, 200 civilian deaths and 300 civilians mutilated every night from enemy bombardment, and our food supplies are gradually being more strictly rationed.

**The Strategy of Democracy.** But we are not in the least dismayed. With help from you we are confident that we can win, and win decisively in 1942, if not before.

But on the side of armaments also, we have great and growing assets. The curve of our munition and airplane production is steadily rising—despite the bombing. The number of our divisions, of our airplanes, of our pilots is also steadily going up.

What is more important, the young nations of the Commonwealth, Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, are fast getting into their stride.

The whole of this growing aggregation of power is now being mobilized. Its first task is to defend that great ring of defensive positions which lie around you, Britain itself, Gibraltar, Cape Town, Egypt and the Suez Canal, Singapore, Australia and New Zealand. If Hitler and his friends could smash through these great positions his power could begin to spread over Africa and the Pacific; it would make the problem both of security and of bringing the war to a victorious end immeasurably more difficult. But as long as we can hold these positions, we and the democratic world beyond them are safe.

Our second task is to enable us to deliver increasingly formidable blows at Germany itself, at her allies, one of whom is already beginning to crack, and to bring assistance to the subjugated peoples now once more beginning to show signs of a resistance to Hitler's will.

But that result is not yet secure. It will be put to the test in 1941. If we can now stave off the attack on Britain, if we can last out next year still holding all the positions I have mentioned, Hitlerism in the end must go down unless Admiral Mahan is all wrong. By ourselves we cannot be sure of this result—though we will try our best.

**The U. S. Decision.** It is not for me to try to tell you what you ought to do. That is entirely for you to decide for your-

selves. But it is my business to see that you are informed of the essential facts because unless you are so informed you cannot form a judgment and I, and not you, would be responsible for the consequences. Hence this speech tonight. You have already declared your interest in the survival of Britain. It is for you to decide whether it is to your interest to give us whatever assistance may be necessary in order to make certain that Britain shall not fall.

Nobody who, like myself, has seen what the steady and constant bombardment of great cities from the air means, could wish any friendly country like the United States of America to undergo any similar experience. You and Canada and Australia and New Zealand and probably South Africa have the chance, if you take it, of saving yourselves from being the theatre of total war. You are the centre of that great ring of fortresses, Britain, Gibraltar, Cape Town, Suez, Singapore and Australia, I have mentioned, to which I should add Hawaii and Panama.

So long as these fortresses stand, the war, with its aerial bombardment, cannot in any real sense of the word roll up to your shores or devastate your towns and cities.

But if ramparts fall the war will inevitably cross the oceans and roll up against your shores. If Britain and the eastern shores of the Atlantic and the islands which lie off its shores fall into the dictators' hands, or if you are unable to defend the island fortresses in the Pacific, then the jumping-off grounds go against you, the oceans become a passageway, and your power to strike back at an enemy disappears because you have no bases from which to do so.

The more people think about the future the more they are drawn to the conclusion that all real hope depends upon some form of cooperation between the United States and the British Commonwealth of Nations.

**The Future.** The plain truth is that peace and order always depend not upon disarming the police but upon there being overwhelming power behind just law. The only place where that power can be found behind the laws of a liberal and democratic world is in the United States and in Great Britain supported by the dominions and in some other free nations. The only nucleus round which a stable and peaceful and democratic world can be built after this war is if the United States and Great Britain possess between them more airplanes and ships of war and the key positions of world power, such as I have described, than any possible totalitarian rival. Then, and then only, will political and industrial freedom be secure, and will it be possible for a free economic system to prevail against the economics of totalitarianism.

The issue now depends largely on what you decide to do. Nobody can share that responsibility with you.

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POWERMATIC SHIFTING! Available on all models, slight extra cost. Vast reductions in driving effort!

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ONCE AGAIN . . . IT'S TIME TO MAKE A BOWL OF

## Merry Christmas!

**FOR A PERFECT EGG NOG**—Beat separately the yolks and whites of 6 fresh eggs. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of sugar to the yolks while beating, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup of sugar to the whites after they have been beaten very stiff. Mix the egg whites with the yolks. Stir in 1 pint of rich cream and 1 pint of milk. Then add 1 pint of Four Roses Whiskey and 1 ounce of Jamaica Rum. Stir thoroughly, and serve very cold with grated nutmeg on each cup. (Makes 5 pints of Egg-Nog.)

**JUST ONE THING**—be mighty sure that you make your Christmas Egg-Nog with Four Roses. For Four Roses . . . because of its matchless flavor, its mellow richness, and infinite smoothness . . . is *the* whiskey that makes an Egg-Nog a gloriously heart-warming Bowl of Merry Christmas! You'll find Four Roses, in its distinguished new bottle, at your nearest package store.

Every drop of Four Roses is whiskey—a blend of straight whiskeys and good. The straight whiskeys in Four Roses are 4 years or more old. Blended by Distillers, Incorporated, Louisville & Baltimore.



# WORLD WAR

## STRATEGY

### Britain's Best Week

All roads led to Rome last week, and the Romans used them, lickety-split. Along a rock-&-gravel supply highway which Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had just completed from Sidi Barrani back to bases in Libya, Italy's Army of the stagnant Egyptian invasion ran for its life (see col. 2). Along an Albanian road hugging the cliffs spectacularly from Porto Edda to Valona, built by the Italians during the last war and subject of great engineering pride with them, Italy's Army of the reversible Greek invasion made further headway backwards. The Italians were so completely on the run that Adolf Hitler and Joachim von Ribbentrop were also reported on the highroad toward Rome, to speak to their little brother of the Axis.

All this made the week the most important since the fall of France. It might prove to be a turning point in the war. But there were many ifs attached to that possibility.

The very best view Britons could take of last week's news was that Italy might fall out of the war, that internal dissatisfaction (see p. 29) might force a separate peace. What, militarily, would the collapse of Italy mean for the British cause? It would not keep German bombers from the Isles. It would not necessarily mean that Britain could remove its entire Mediterranean Fleet for duty elsewhere (uncertain is the disposition of the rest of France's Navy; of Spain's not negligible fleet). But collapse of Italy would certainly relieve pressure, freeing troops, planes and some ships.

But Italy's collapse had still to occur. Though the battle in Egypt was a major victory for Britain, her first in the war, even well-informed Londoners guessed it was not decisive. It was equally hard to see how the Greek invasion of Albania could be decisive. The best the Greeks could do would be to get all of Albania, and last week's lull suggested that this was pretty much to hope for.

Besides, Adolf Hitler might feel obliged to go to Italy's aid. If necessary, Germany might even occupy Italy. But Germany might bolster Italy by less drastic means, by lending planes to fight the Greeks, or attacking Gibraltar through Spain, Greece through Yugoslavia.

Last week was the best Britain had had in the war, but the best that it promised was to distract Hitler from his plans—from his big plan, whatever it may be, for destroying Britain in 1941.

## SOUTHERN THEATRE

### Battle of the Marmarica

The moon set soon after midnight in a swirl of blowing sand. Everything was ready. The main body had sneaked up in a remarkable rush, from Matruh the day and night before, 60 miles in one haul, and now they settled down on the cold sands for a valuable nap. Mechanized forces had deployed earlier in a sharp curve to the south and west, using the moonlight to dodge scrub and big desert boulders.

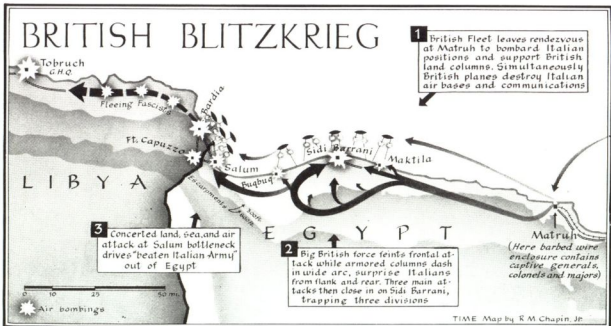
In the stinging blown sand they lay, a polyglot army: Britons, Anzacs, Indians, even some Poles and Free Frenchmen, 40,000 men at most. They manned little

tanks, big cruiser tanks, and cruel little balloon-tired armored cars capable of 40 m.p.h. and carrying six machine guns each for killing. Winston Churchill called them The British and Imperial Army of the Nile, but scattered on the dark desert, they looked insignificant. The well-armed Italians slept in their camps.

Head of the expedition was Major General Richard Nugent O'Connor, a Scot with an Irish name, who won a silver medal from the Italians for valor on the Piave Italian front in 1917. Sir Henry Maitland ("Jumbo") Wilson, Commander of the forces in Egypt, had planned this whole adventure on his flower-crowded island in the Nile at Cairo with General Sir Archibald Wavell, Commander in Chief of the Army of the Middle East, who blessed it with a ringing Order of the Day: "... In everything but numbers we are superior to the enemy. We are more highly trained. We shoot straighter. We have better equipment. Above all, we have stouter hearts and greater traditions. . . ."

**Surprise! Surprise!** Behind them in the East the first coldness of daylight spread. At the assigned hour, all units moved. Motors roared. The force facing Maktila and Sidi Barrani (see map) made a great noise of gunfire and show. More quietly, holding fire, the second force to the south of Sidi Barrani swung in to attack Italian camps on the desert flank. A third force farther west headed hard for the coast near Buqbuq.

The first blow of the attack was driven home by the R. A. F. under command of Air Commodore Raymond Collishaw, who got the second highest bag of any British flier in World War I (60 planes) and



about the most decorations. Everything the R. A. F. could get off the ground went out—from slick new Hurricanes recently brought East, to heavy old Glosters, vibrating like aerial pianos. Just as the Germans did on May 10 in the Low Countries, the R. A. F. and the Fleet Air Arm blinded the enemy. British squadrons bombed airfields from Sidi Barrani right to Tripoli. For hours the Italians could only guess what was happening. At the same time the British Fleet swung in to bombard Maktila. Sidi Barrani and the Italians' road to the rear. The Italians were attacked simultaneously from the right (land) flank by tanks, from the left (sea) flank by the fleet, from the top (air) flank by the R. A. F.

Some of the Italians were at breakfast when the first shells dropped in their camps, shells from the east making them think a frontal attack was coming. A few moments later the British tanks came thundering in from the rear. A camp called Nibeiva protected the desert flank of the main forward body of Italians at Sidi Barrani. The British tanks roaring in from the rear stampeded horses and mules through the camp. British fire was so severe that the Italians never even reached their own tanks. Said an Italian officer afterward: "It was the nearest thing to hell ever seen on earth." General Pietro Maletti, the Italian commander, died with a bullet through his chest. Two thousand prisoners were captured, and only one British tank was destroyed.

**The Clean-Up.** Sidi Barrani was outflanked. Soon whole camps of Libyans surrendered. The fleet at sea could hear the tank commanders talking to each other by radio. One called: "I am stopped

in the middle of 200—no, 500 men—their hands up. For heaven's sake, send up the bloody infantry."

Confusion, the condition attackers most desire, blossomed in unexpected dimensions. At sea the warships steamed leisurely along, pounding at the camps, chewing the supply road which Marshal Rodolfo Graziani had shored up with 150,000 lorries-full of Libyan stone. The Italians, completely fooled by the fake frontal attack, thought of home, and began to run. The British caught up to a colonel in his pajamas, his bag packed for a hasty trip.

The attacking force heading for the coast made excellent time. A tank commander radioed: "I have just reached the first Buq in Buqbuq." At the coast their force turned sharp right, and at the same time the frontal feint materialized into a real frontal attack and the inland force drove north. All three forces were thus converging on Sidi Barrani. Within their net lay three Italian divisions.

Soon prisoners became a problem because of their numbers. Units of the fleet moved in to ferry them to Alexandria. Near Matruh was a special barbed-wire pen for the elite. Here, only generals, colonels and majors were sent. Colonel Carmelo Guisfreda, General Maletti's second in command, was full of gallantry: "The action was brilliantly conceived and even more brilliantly executed."

Italian morale, what with Taranto and Greece to reflect on, was naturally not high. But as soon as they were captured the soldiers were cheerful enough. One of them said: "The British gave us a big shock attacking from the rear. Well, what we want right now is to get some place where we can write to our families."

By the end of the third day, Sidi Barrani had fallen. The British had taken at least 15,000 prisoners. The main battle was over. The next move, to be undertaken without a pause, was to chase the enemy to Libya.

**Route.** The fighting was taking place on the coastal plain, which the Italians call the Marmarica. Some 30 miles inland from Buqbuq an escarpment juts suddenly above the desert, 300-600 feet high (see cut p. 25 and map p. 21). This escarpment runs diagonally towards the coast and meets it at Salum, hard by the Libyan border. Were it a man-made barrier like China's Great Wall, the escarpment could be no more effective as a wall against land warfare. At Salum just two precipitous gullies run from the plain to the top of the plateau and Libya. Into those bottlenecks the British chased the remainder of what British communiqués calmly called "the beaten Italian Army." This week they captured Salum and Fort Capuzzo.

The rout was terrible. While British mechanized columns pruned and hacked, the R. A. F. poured bombs and machine-gun lead on motor transport, camps, supply depots, airdromes, and on the soldierly runners. The fleet moved along, throwing everything but the gun turrets at the coastal road. At Bardia some vessels edged in just a half mile from shore and pumped their biggest shells into the town. The fleeing Italians abandoned everything, leaving large supplies of tinned food, oil, water, Chianti, mules, lorries, truckloads of documents, new tanks, guns.

This week Italian communiqués admitted that the British had crossed the border, and that there was fierce fighting in the Salum-Bardia-Fort Capuzzo triangle. Italians tried to break up British naval bombardment of the area by sending in the submarine *Naiade*. Destroyers screening bigger vessels closed in on the *Naiade* and sank her at once. The R. A. F. carried on tirelessly, and the bag of Italian planes grew into the dozens.

Said the Italian radio last week: "We fail to see the reason for this hysterical condition into which the British press and the British radio have whipped themselves over a temporary advance of a few miles. The very fact that this zone has been crossed by the British in a very short time, and by the Italians, on the previous occasion, in a shorter time still, only goes to prove that the feat can be done."

The difference was that the British had lost nothing like 25,000 prisoners, as the Italians did last week, that the British retired in good order with their army intact. In the battle of the Marmarica the Italians lost all their advance forces. Probably nearly a quarter of their Army in Libya was destroyed as a fighting force. They had lost even more valuable supplies and equipment. It appeared that Egypt would be safe from Italian attack for at least months to come.



BRITISH ARMORED CARS IN THE DESERT  
At Nibeiva the Italians never started their own tanks.

(International)



BRITISH TROOPS ON THE PLAIN OF MARMARICA  
*Wavell: "In everything but numbers we are superior to the enemy."*

Wide World

## BATTLE OF BRITAIN

### Brains Utilized

The incredible stupidity and conservatism of Great Britain's Imperial General Staff very nearly lost World War II before it ever began. So says Captain B. H. Liddell Hart, military theorist whose misinterpreted belief in the virtue of defensive fighting has put him under a cloud, but whose military dope is still among the best in Britain. Last week a new Liddell Hart book<sup>9</sup> reached the U. S., and one of its chapters, called "Wasted Brains," exposes that stupidity in all its lurid details.

After the first World War, says Liddell Hart, the best younger brains of the Army saw that machines would dominate future wars. But tenaciously conservative elder officers held to antique ways of foot and horse. In 1934 Chief of Imperial General Staff General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd declared: "It is certain that if we do not go slowly with mechanization we shall land ourselves in difficulties."

So men who knew horseless were put in charge of tanks, and all the brilliant experimenters with mechanization were

put out of the way—one was retired, another sent to command a second-class district in India, where there were no mechanized troops, another given an anti-aircraft division.

By 1937, it was obvious that tank production was far behind necessities—and the Army looked around for a new Master General of Ordnance. "An obvious choice," says Liddell Hart, was Giffard Le Quesne Martel. This brilliant young man helped develop tanks in 1916. In November of that year he wrote a paper suggesting an entire Army of fighting vehicles. Later, he built the first one-man tank in his own garage. Known by his staff as Q, by his friends as "Slosher," he was, as all insiders knew, the man to produce tanks. But Martel was only a colonel, and when he was made a major general he was given charge not of tanks but of Territorials (militia).

Liddell Hart ends "Wasted Brains" with this terse thought: "It is not too late."

Last week—very late, but perhaps not too late—the War Office announced the creation of a new post: Commander of the Royal Armored Corps. Named to fill it was Major General Giffard Le Quesne Martel.

## SPIES

### Agents Without Honor

There were two hangings at Pentonville Prison last week, but the Pentonville bell did not toll, the chief warden did not hoist a black flag to the prison masthead. Just curt sheriff's and coroner's notes pinned on the prison door told of the death by hanging of José Waldberg, 25, and Karl Heinrich Meier, 24. Their only distinction: being the first enemy spies to be executed in Great Britain during the war.

They both had good English accents. They carried papers to prove that they were Dutch refugees from the Nazis, but they did not play the refugee game. They hid in a cave on a lonely stretch of coast, or slipped from dark barn to thick forest to empty warehouse, peeking, listening, taking notes. At night they crawled into lonely hedgerows, unpacked two small leather cases containing a wireless transmitter, and sent whatever they knew.

The two finally blundered into the Coast Guard's hands. At their trial one interesting fact came out: they had been told in the summer that they need only wait until Sept. 15, when German troops would have occupied Britain.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## FRANCE

### The Dead Eaglet

In 1832, after a short, pathetic life of exile among the conquerors of his nation, the son of Napoleon Bonaparte by Marie Louise of Austria died of tuberculosis in Vienna. Edmond Rostand wrote a moving play about *L'Aiglon*, as he was called, and great actresses played the part, but nobody ever thought the bones of the young Duke of Reichstadt important enough to be moved to Paris until Adolf Hitler conceived of the gesture as a "symbol of good will and hope for eternal peace."

Last week Nazi workmen removed the remains of *L'Aiglon* from the dingy cellar of Vienna's Capuchin Church, placed the plain lead casket aboard a Paris-bound express, Adolf Hitler and Foreign Minister Joachim von Ribbentrop left Berlin for a secret destination. Pierre Laval, Vice Premier of France, left Paris for Vichy. He arrived there late one afternoon.

That evening old Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain held a Cabinet meeting to consider the arrangements Pierre Laval had made. Laval appeared tired and anxious. Everything had been prepared, he explained. Hitler and Ribbentrop would be present at the ceremony in Les Invalides. Marshal Pétain, as Chief of State, would also attend, as of course would he, Laval, as Foreign Minister. There would be a French guard of honor, as well as a

make the trip. Minister of the Interior Marcel B. Peyrouton, who recently created a *Groupe de Protection* for the Marshal after the pattern of Hitler's Elite Guard, asked for a specific guarantee of Pétain's liberty after he arrived in occupied France.

Laval lost his temper. He upbraided the Marshal for his stubbornness and Peyrouton for his suspicion. He demanded that in the future his powers be precisely defined, that he be given executive authority, with Pétain as a figurehead. Then he stalked from the meeting.

Other members of the Cabinet remained. After a while they, too, departed. Members of Peyrouton's GP, wearing leather helmets and arm bands, appeared in the streets of Vichy. One hundred soldiers of the French Army surrounded the Hôtel du Parc, where Laval was staying. Then three officers of the *Sûreté Nationale* entered the hotel. When they emerged, Pierre Laval was with them. He was placed in Marcel Peyrouton's own automobile and driven nobody would say where.

Pétain sent a telegram to Adolf Hitler, who interrupted his trip. Then communications between Vichy and the outside world were severed for 24 hours.

When they were resumed, a wild story burned the wires. The *affaire de L'Aiglon* had been a plot to seize or assassinate Marshal Pétain while he was in occupied

ately became a pariah to the Government of France. Marshal Pétain broadcast a curt, messianic message to his people:

"I have taken a decision which I consider conforms to the interest of the country. Pierre Laval is no longer part of the Government. Pierre Etienne Flandin receives the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. Constitutional Act No. 4, which designated my successor, is annulled. It is for high reasons of interior policy that I resolved to take this action. It has no effect upon our relations with Germany. I remain at the helm. The national revolution continues."

When the Cabinet was re-formed, not only Pierre Laval, but also Minister of Public Instruction Georges Ripert was absent. Laval's powers over press, radio and cinema went by decree to Under Secretary Paul Baudouin. Minister of the Interior Marcel Peyrouton, who is also Chief of Police, emerged as the strong man of the weak men of France. Premier Pétain announced his intention of creating a Consultative Assembly to be composed of delegates from the provinces.

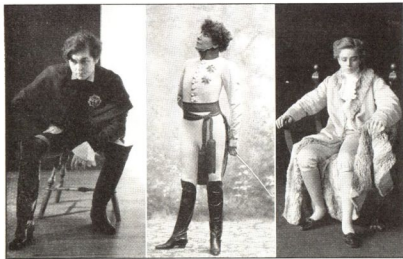
In a message to Adolf Hitler, the Government declared that hulking, slow-moving, English-speaking Pierre Etienne Flandin would be "more apt" than his predecessor at "collaboration." The new Foreign Minister, also a veteran politician, has always been pro-German. It was he who as Premier in 1934 prevented French action when the Nazis marched into the Rhineland, and he consistently advocated a free hand for Hitler in Eastern Europe, provided he left France alone. Following Munich, he telegraphed the Führer his congratulations on his bloodless victory.

Whether Pierre Etienne Flandin was acceptable to Adolf Hitler remained for the latter's Agent-Ambassador Otto Abetz to say. Accompanied by a formidable Nazi delegation, Abetz hurried to Vichy while spokesmen in Berlin recalled that Germany and France were "still at war," and grimly intimated that upon his report would depend whether "the present state of affairs shall continue."

The casket containing the Eaglet arrived in Paris and was placed in Les Invalides. But neither Hitler nor Pétain was present. Some French newspapers neglected even to record the fact.

### Weygand Speaks

"When," asked General Maxime Weygand once in a moment of deep exasperation, "will the old man [Pétain] stop sleeping with that charcoal dealer from Chateaudun [Laval]?" The distrust of the hard-bitten little soldier for the swarthy politician of the white tie was deep-seated and violent. It led many people in many capitals to speculate that Weygand might desert Vichy for Great Britain. Last week North American Newspaper Alliance's chubby, energetic Jay Allen flew to Marrakech, Morocco, scooped the world's press



L'AIGLON IN THREE INCARNATIONS\*  
His bones were hardly worth it.

German one. The ceremony would seal the *rapprochement* between France and Germany.

The old Marshal balked, demanded to know by what authority his Vice Premier had arranged for him to leave unoccupied France. Laval replied that his portfolio of Foreign Affairs gave him authority to deal with Germany, insisted that Pétain

France, whereupon Pierre Laval would have assumed the Office of Chief of State, set up a Fascist regime under the wing of Nazi Germany, and declared war on Great Britain.

Whether or not this story had any substance of truth, Pierre Laval immediately. By Eva Le Gallienne, Sarah Bernhardt, Maude Adams.

## FOREIGN NEWS

on Weygand's present political intentions:

"I cannot give you answers to questions like these," snapped the General, brushing Newsmen Allen's prepared list aside. "There is, however, something I want to say. . . . I am here to serve my country. That country is Marshal Pétain incarnated. There is not any second France. There is only one. I have been delegated to command all French Africa. My mission is to maintain the unity of French Africa in itself and the unity of French Africa with the metropolis of France. Africa is one with France and General Weygand is one with Marshal Pétain."

Then the General, who during the short minute of the interview had sat on his chair "as if on tiptoe," sprang to his feet and with the brief explanation, "The troops are waiting," strode off, leaving Newsmen Allen with his nugget.

### GREAT BRITAIN

#### War Babies

In the decade after World War I London's East Enders had a pat apology for any thin-cheeked, jittery, neurotic child: "You'll have to excuse her. She's a war baby—was born the night a bomb fell two streets away." Last week 120,000 young Londoners were growing up on the firing line of another and worse war.

For 80,000 of them, between the ages of 5 and 14, there were even worse dangers than falling bombs. London's compulsory education system had practically broken down. Though the London County Council sent truancy officers after parents and children alike, the average daily school attendance was only 26,000. Half of London's grade schools had been battered into rubble or commandeered for other uses. The 365 still open carried on with fewer hours of schooling, in crowded classrooms, their lessons punctuated by air-raid warnings.

Many parents kept their children away, some for safety's sake. But teachers told of young boys put to work hawking firewood to bolster family earnings, of girls taught to beg money on street corners. Some children simply ran wild.

Most common parental excuse for hokey-playing was the need to secure shelter space. By 9 every morning swarms of ferret-eyed, wax-skinned youngsters lined up with piles of bedding outside the tube shelters, waiting to go underground to hold the family "pitch" till nightfall. Inside they played on the long platforms of the subway stations, kept an eye open for the chance to steal a better sleeping space. Said one experienced moppet: "School? I got to get the seats ain't I? . . . Ma goes home to do her work and sends me back to keep her place. Sometimes the women try to rush you. But they can't put it across me. I've got 'em beat."

Problems of health mounted with the hours spent in the rank, fetid air underground. Few shelters had adequate heat,

light or latrines; most were dank and unventilated at best. Children slept with their parents under blankets left underground for weeks on end. Milk for babies could not be heated if it was brought in. Nightly inspection trips were made by doctors and Red Cross nurses, but medical attention was still makeshift. One shelter doctor,

#### Lethargy Damned

If the British had any feeling of complacency last week it was not because of Frank Owen, a tall, rangy, bushy-haired newspaperman, who was born on the border of Wales 35 years ago and calls himself Sudeten Welsh. Nine years ago, after



LONDON'S CHILDREN  
*They've got to get the seats, don't they?*

who worked at a children's hospital by day, was responsible for 5,000 men, women and children at night.

Efforts of Government and press had failed to speed the evacuation of London's remaining children. The mass transplantation reached a peak in October, when 10,000 women & children registered in a single day, but then it stalled. In a final attempt, London's big dailies wrote long, persuasive feature stories. The Ministry of Health fired a barrage of publicity. Leaflets explained "Why You Should Let Your School Children Go." Its advertisements asked: "Mothers, Are Your Children Still in the Danger Areas?" Six hundred door-to-door canvassers drank thousands of cups of tea in thousands of kitchens, patiently explained reasons for evacuation. All told, about 40,000 more children were sent away, but the rest would not go. President of the Board of Education Herwald Ramsbotham threw up his hands, admitted: "Compulsory evacuation of school children is politically and socially impossible."

To the children themselves none of this was as important as the prospect of a blacked-out Christmas. They planned to trim the bare steel girders of the big underground shelters and to set up Christmas trees, to have carols and mince pie. But the youngest moppets were afraid that London's anti-aircraft crews might shoot at Santa Claus.

building himself into a Laborite problem child in the House of Commons, he lost his seat in a Tory landslide, took a crack at foreign correspondency, wound up on the London *Evening Standard* of Lord Beaverbrook, whom he looks on as "a promising lad from the Dominions." This month the passion for work which keeps Editor Owen at his desk some 10 hours a day exploded in a series of blistering editorials, blasting the lethargy of Britain's war effort. Excerpts:

► "When did the Nazis perfect this remarkable striking force which gave them the victory in June? In the five months before January 30 'when Germany slept.' In the four months before May when Hitler 'was missing the bus.' As for Britain we had 900,000 unemployed and at Christmas some of the aircraft works shut for the week. Sundays and half Saturdays were sacrosanct. Last winter it was Britain who slept. Therefore we ask soberly now what is this year's winterset? . . . The Boche are working late this winter. In the shrouded factories in far Bohemia, the new centre of German arms production, there are being forged weapons of another spring's Blitzkrieg. . . . The entire economic effort of at least 120,000,000 in the heart of Europe is directed into the channels of the Nazi war industry. German loot has been on a gigantic scale. . . . The Nazis are exerting 30% more energy than Britain on their war output. . . . In the

war's second winter we still have three-quarters of a million workers we cannot find use for. . . . Let every man in Britain ask himself whenever he feels like taking life easy, 'What have I done this winter to win the war this spring?'

► "I calculate that Hitler has 30,000 aircraft of all types and a probable bomber strength of 7,000. . . . He has never yet directed against us anything like his total hitting power. . . . He had to train new personnel in long-distance night-bombing tactics. He is doing it. . . . The Nazis have 16,000 instructors now working on six-week courses in factories. We have got a couple of thousand. They have 200 training centres. We've got 40. . . . They have really mobilized the whole area they control. Conscription is the honest word for mobilization and let's stop being mealy-mouthed. . . . We must have guns, machine guns, airplanes, ships, or else we shall have neither food nor clothing. . . . If the whole nation must go on soldiers' wages as well as soldiers' rations, let's do it now. We have been told that this is a people's war, a total war. Make it so."

## "Speaking of Bombs . . ."

A talented private secretary who, at 37, after her employer's wife died, finally married her 70-year-old boss not long before his death is the Dowager Marchioness of Reading. Last week this indomitable peeress, who heads today the British Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defense, announced at Preston in Lancashire an idea as practical as the dictaphone.

The Dowager Marchioness revealed that she has organized squads of women to listen attentively, sympathetically and endlessly to the verbal outpourings of those war-shocked Britons who enjoy telling about how they were bombed. To most Britons, "Speaking of bombs . . ." has become as dull a phrase as "Speaking of operations . . ." and the press has made fun of "bomb botes."

But Lady Reading declared: "We must realize that people who have come from a bombed area are in a highly nervous state and that one of the things that helps them is to be allowed to talk about it. It is essential that a listener should give the whole of her attention to the person who is relating his or her experience. There must be no turning away for a second, no indication that one is not interested."

Meanwhile in Birmingham bomb botes formed a mutual-aid society, "The Birmingham District Bombes Association," to listen to one another's bomb stories.

## The Nation Foots the Bill

The greatest insurance blanket of all time was dramatically unrolled by Winston Churchill last week in the House of Commons. Titled as The War Damage Bill, this measure was estimated to blanket some \$30 billions worth of British buildings with insurance, for which the owners would pay compulsory premiums of \$800

millions in the next five years. The bill would authorize the Treasury in an emergency to pay another \$800 millions into the "premium pool" which the Government thus set last week provisionally at \$1,600 millions. If the grand total of war damage to British buildings turns out to be still greater than this, then under the War Damage Bill property owners will compulsorily make up half the outstanding sum and the Treasury will foot the other half of the bill.

The bill was based on property-damage statistics which Britain still had to keep secret last week, but Blitz death figures were available, significant. These add up to the fact that, taking the British life-insurance business as a whole, the extra

compulsory premium of 1½% of their value; 4) churches and chapels will be insured free, the Treasury paying all premiums. In addition, the War Damage Bill provides that any Briton may voluntarily insure under the scheme one motorcar worth up to \$2,000 and additional personal property worth up to \$6,000 upon payment of a premium of 1½%.

Of the entire British wartime insurance setup (which already includes Government participation in insurance of all shipping) as it stands today, *The Economist* of London commented with satisfaction: "As with all other problems of wartime finance, it is wrong to think of compensation for damaged property as a liability that 'the State' . . . can assume or not as it chooses. In wartime the State is the community and the community is the State. . . . The only question is whether [the loss] shall be shared equitably or inequitably. The decision has now been taken to share it equitably."

In short the Government—i.e., the people—will foot most of the bill for property damage done by Hitler. However, so far as possible, it will try to postpone payments till after the war, then settle up and start a building boom to relieve post-war unemployment.

## CANADA

### Montreal's Taste in Mayors

Bustling Montreal, biggest Canadian city (\$18,000) and No. 3 French-speaking metropolis of the world,\* has a Gallic taste in mayors, and last week she exercised it again. Her last mayor was flamboyant Camilien Houde, who distinguished himself in a number of ways. He got the city into so much financial hot water that a provincial commission had to be set up to manage the city's affairs. He got more hearty laughs out of Queen Elizabeth than any other Canadian official when Their Majesties visited the Dominion in 1939. And this year he issued a proclamation (later suppressed by the censor) advising his French-Canadian constituents not to register for the Canadian draft.

When that happened, the Dominion Government descended on downing Camilien in dead of night and bundled him off to a detention camp (detention for Canadians, internment for aliens). His fellow detainees promptly elected him chairman of the camp entertainment committee. Legally last week Houde was still Mayor of Montreal, and right up to election day his salary (\$10,000 a year) was paid to Mme. Houde while he earned in addition 20¢ daily for work in the camp. Even under this cloud, last week Camilien Houde saw his political henchman Léon Trépanier win 15,591 votes, just 974 votes short of victory in a listless election.

The winner by this tiny margin was another unusual figure, an insurance tycoon, J. Adhémar Raynauld, who once before



Associated Press

MAYOR RAYNAULD  
For him \$10,000, for Houde 20¢.  
(See Column 3)

risk which the Blitz has imposed on underwriting firms thus far is an additional burden of less than one quarter of one per cent. Of the 47,000,000 people in the United Kingdom, the Führer's assaults had killed up to Oct. 31 only 14,700. Accordingly, Winston Churchill last week proposed no immediate Government venture in blanket wartime life insurance, although it was rumored in Whitehall that Treasury civil servants are working up a draft of such a bill.

The chief provisions of the property-damage bill on which the House last week set to work: 1) coverage will be retroactive to the date Britain declared war on Germany, Sept. 3, 1939; 2) owners of dwellings will pay compulsory insurance premiums equal to 10% of the assessed rental\* value of the property; 3) business assets, plant and machinery will bear a 6 British rates (taxes) on such property are traditionally assessed on rental value.

## FOREIGN NEWS

left his business to serve briefly as Mayor of Montreal, gave the city an administration active in Red-baiting. No spendthrift, M. Raynault slashed civic expenses. In his Gallic thrift Mayor Raynault had the mayor's official \$1,400 fur robe stuffed away in a city vault to save the annual 3% furrier's storage charge. Moths ate all but the buttons.

Labor groaned at his election, called him a "tool of the power trust." More important, Montreal suspected that Mayor Raynault was a political stalking horse for Maurice Le Noblet Duplessis, Quebec boss of the conservatives. Duplessis, no friend of Great Britain, lost his provincial premiership and control of the Legislature in the first flush of Canada's war enthusiasm a year ago, but is struggling for a comeback. He represents a great body of French Canadians who are getting almost as wary of World War II as they were of World War I (when there were ugly anti-draft riots). If Mayor Raynault is a symptom of a resurgence of Duplessis sentiment, Canada may have to clap many more French Canadians into detention camps to keep French Canada in line.

### SOUTH AFRICA

#### Hertzog to Grass

Benign-looking old General James Barry Munnik Hertzog resigned as Prime Minister of South Africa at war's outbreak because Parliament rejected his proposal to keep the Union neutral. Last month he resigned as leader of the Reunited Nationalist Party because the party rejected his program of independence for the Union. Last week, no longer a voice but only a squeak in South African politics, 74-year-old General Hertzog resigned his seat in Parliament, retired from politics to devote the rest of his life to "loyal service to the people."

### ITALY

#### Most Solemn Moment

"This is the highest and most solemn moment of our war," Italy's chief labor newspaper, *Lavoro Fascista*, said last week. "The time has come to say to our open and hidden enemies that we have never been prouder of being Italians and Fascisti. . . . That goes also for those Italians who are false than Greek money and, doubly bastardized, who have not the heart to hold out to victory and who are not worthy of it. With them, fortunately, the accounting is near."

In such passages as this, rather than in the censored dispatches of foreign correspondents, could be read the true picture of Italy last week. Correspondents cabled that news of British victories in Egypt was withheld in Italy, that prices of necessities had almost doubled, that sometimes housewives "get impatient" waiting in queues for rations of charcoal and olive oil. But on the growing social

unrest in Italy they could only quote the papers.

This unrest, it seemed clear from the tone of the press, was displayed chiefly by the well-to-do and the fairly well-to-do, those elements which have always been, at best, lukewarm supporters of Fascism. They are the elements which have been most loyal to King Vittorio Emanuele, who at the time of the Ethiopian crisis was supposed to have said: "If Italy wins, I will be Emperor of Ethiopia but if Italy loses, I will be King of Italy." He may have been thinking along the same lines last week. There were rumors that Crown Prince Umberto had offered to resign the Army command he shared with Marshal

Badoglio, that Il Duce had refused his resignation.

Against this opposition zealous Fascists demanded violence. "This war has assumed all the characteristics of a political and social revolution," wrote *Popolo di Roma*, proposing "some beatings-up" for those who read the French-language Swiss press. "These are the prophets of disaster, the professional alarmists, the convinced pessimists, the empty brains and the sour stomachs who still exist among us here and there." Referring to Benito Mussolini's recent order to jettison "the remaining petty bourgeois ballast," *Popolo di Roma* suggested that nothing remained but to begin.



THEY LOOKED AT GIBRALTAR

"German censor-approved caption says this picture shows 'German Tourists Seeing Gibraltar.' Reports from Switzerland recently said that a five-car caravan of German Army official, photo and press experts had been installed at La Linea, a little Spanish town next to Gibraltar, British stronghold guarding the entrance to the Mediterranean."

So the Associated Press accurately, factually, reported in distributing the above photograph last week. The photograph itself has not been tampered with. The man in the foreground wearing a beret (whose head is partly hidden by another's straw hat) is Mr. Lawrence Stuckey, now proprietor of the North Stamford Pharmacy at Turn of River, Conn. In 1935 he was publicity man on the cruise staff of S.S. *Resolute* of the Hamburg-American Line when she made a summer cruise to the Mediterranean and Norway.

He remembers the picture quite well. It was taken at the stop at Gibraltar. A party of passengers had just been ashore and was returning to the ship. At the extreme right is one of the ship's photographers and the man in the white uniform cap outlined against the flag is Freddy, the *Resolute's* baggage-master. The swastika is not faked either—it has been flown by the Nazi merchant marine, with or without the old red, white & black ensign, since 1933.

During that voyage the *Resolute* was sold by the Germans to the Italians (reputedly in return for large quantities of horse chestnuts to be made into ersatz products). After the voyage she was turned over to the Italians, who rechristened her the *Lombardia*.

There is no direct lie in either the picture or the German censor-approved caption except the statement that the people in the boat are German tourists. Under the tourists' hats are the faces, if they could be seen, of good Americans having a summer vacation five years ago. In 1940 Germans don't show themselves so conspicuously within range of Gibraltar's guns.

## FOREIGN NEWS

To the fore again came that Fascist firebrand, Roberto Farinacci, onetime Secretary General of the Fascist Party and now editor of *Regime Fascista* and the monthly *La Vita d'Italia*. He accused Badoglio of "frequenting salons, hunting preserves and groups which received favors from him, saying he did not favor

Her fame spread throughout her country.

Two years ago she was transferred to the Federal Prison in Mexico City. Belonging to an order of nuns whose vows are not perpetual, she was presently released, married another prisoner who had been sentenced for a previous attempt on Obregón. A priest, Father José Jimenez,

though the English call it River Plate.

Since the U. S. became concerned with defense of the hemisphere, it has tried to promote the building of naval and air bases in Uruguay to protect the River Plate—and with it the whole rich east coast of South America. But Argentina's pride and the bugaboo of *Yanqui* Imperialism have operated against a U. S.-Uruguay deal.

When, after three days of hunting and talking, the Foreign Ministers of Argentina and Uruguay announced their deal last week, no mention was made of the U. S. Neighboring countries (presumably Brazil, Paraguay, probably Bolivia and Chile) will be invited to participate in the plans. The U. S. stayed out of the picture, but Ambassador Norman Armour and Foreign Minister Roca have recently had long heart-to-heart talks. Last week the U. S. lent Argentina \$60,000,000 (see p. 9). Before the bases are built, the U. S. will most probably lend technical assistance—as well as money.

### JAPAN

#### Structural Newness

This winter obedient Japanese millions, reading the Government's vague phrases in their newspapers, may not know exactly what Premier Fumimaro Konohe means by the New Structure he is building in Nippon, but they know something new is going on.

Every Japanese has been limited to one cotton towel a year. Foreign news films have disappeared from the theatres. There is strict rationing of gauze, absorbent cotton, condensed and powdered milk. Picture post cards or magazine pictures of Imperial and military buildings, factories, other landmarks, have been prohibited. Geisha girls cannot have permanent waves, fancy coiffures, heavy make-up, manicures, high heels or too bright kimonos. Tokyo Imperial University students must walk to school if they live within two kilometres, can go to the theatre only on weekends or holidays, can't go at all to mah-jongg parlors, billiard saloons, cafés, bars. Tokyo cafés can have only one waitress per six square metres of floor space, instead of one per four square metres as formerly. Gasoline is forbidden to the few thousands who own private cars.

Last week in Tokyo the Government went further. Laws were passed for total control of foreign trade, news reports, daily necessities, prices and uses of farmland.

Meanwhile the immediate cost of Structural Newness began to come clear. For fiscal 1941-42 Tokyo experts foresaw the greatest of Japan's many huge budgets, calling for more than ten billion yen—five billions for war purposes alone—and requiring more than six billions of new borrowing. Such a budget would be greater than Japan's entire funded debt in 1937 when the Sino-Japanese war started.



Associated Press

CONCEPCIÓN ACEVEDA DE LA LLATA (BEFORE & AFTER)  
She bloomed in prison.

the [Greek] undertaking." As to rising prices, Editor Farinacci demanded: "With things increasing at this rate, are wages and salaries to remain unaltered? . . . Is there anyone who imagines that profiteers have disappeared while the mass of the people are submitting to limitation in their standard of living?"

Italian anger at Italians had grown so violent that there was little vigor left to damn the British. Example (from an Italian broadcast): "The Italian is a light-hearted and easygoing fellow until he is aroused. . . . The British ought to remember this."

### MEXICO

#### Madre Conchita's Martyrdom

After a beautiful woman, Mexicans most love a martyr. Next best is a hero. For a dozen years comely, dark-eyed Concepción Aceveda de la Llata, Madre Conchita (a Capuchin nun), has been all three. She became a sort of Mexican Tom Mooney.

Twelve years ago Madre Conchita was arrested, charged with exerting an occult influence over the assassin who shot down Catholic-bounding President-elect General Don Alvaro Obregón. She was sentenced to 20 years' imprisonment in the grim penal colony on the Tres Marias Islands. With gentle, biblical good spirits she went to work as nurse, teacher and confidante,

also serving a term for complicity in the Obregón murder, performed the ceremony.

Fortnight ago, the pressure of popular opinion and the hard work of her previously released husband induced new President General Manuel Avila Camacho, who wants to be friends with the Church, to commute her term. As her fellow prisoners waved tearful farewells and the Mexican press broke into congratulatory headlines, Señora Castro Balda walked out through the prison gates. A vindicated martyr, at 40 more bloomingly plump than ever, she drove with her husband to the Villa Madero, placed a grateful bouquet at the foot of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

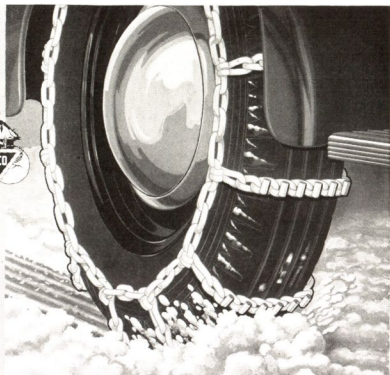
### SOUTH AMERICA

#### On the River of Silver

At his magnificent *estancia* on the Uruguayan side of the Rio de la Plata, across the river from Buenos Aires, Don Aaron de Anchorena held a hunting party last week. Don Aaron's father-in-law owns *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires, biggest newspaper in South America. His guests were two good friends, Foreign Minister Julio Argentino Roca of Argentina and Foreign Minister Alberto Guani of Uruguay. They went there, not so much to hunt as to discuss the defense of the Western Hemisphere's most strategic waterway south of the Panama Canal: the Rio de la Plata, which in English means River of Silver,

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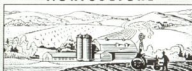
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### TRANSPORTATION



### The Last Time I Saw Paris

Tin Pan Alley always keeps only a jump behind the international situation. The preoccupation of songwriters with U. S. patriotism put three flag-waving songs on *Variety's* best-selling list.<sup>10</sup> The assault on England has boosted *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square* to No. 3 on the list. But the fall of France has inspired the best tune: *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, by Jerome Kern and Oscar Hammerstein II. Not yet a best-seller, this song was well on its way last week. Kate Smith had had exclusive radio rights to it for six weeks. There were half a dozen records of it, of which silky-voiced Hildegard's (Decca) best captured its nostalgia for the boulevards:

*The last time I saw Paris,  
Her trees were dressed for spring,  
And lovers walked beneath those trees,  
And birds found songs to sing. . . .  
The last time I saw Paris,  
Her heart was warm and gay,  
No matter how they change her  
I'll remember her that way.*

For years, Lyricist Hammerstein has written show songs with Composer Kern (*Show Boat*, *Sunny*, *Music in the Air*). *The Last Time I Saw Paris*, said he last week, is the only song he ever wrote that was not written to order. It is also the first Kern-Hammerstein piece whose words

<sup>10</sup> *God Bless America*; *Shout, I Am an American*; *He's My Uncle*.

† Copyright 1940 by Chappell & Co. Inc., New York City.

were written before the music. It is a hit, said Mr. Hammerstein, because "everyone feels that way about Paris, even the people who've never been there."

### Jazzmen off Beat

Edward Kennedy ("Duke") Ellington and Benjamin David ("Benny") Goodman are the ablest U. S. jazz band leaders now shaking a stick. Both are hard-working and musicianly; both are money-making veterans. Last week the Duke and Benny both made off-beat appearances.

► Duke Ellington, with his 15-piece orchestra and two singers (Ivie Anderson and Herbie Jeffrey), played for two and a half hours in Colgate University's Memorial Chapel at Hamilton, N. Y. It was the first time that a major U. S. college had ever put a jazz band on its official concert course. Colgate made some pretence that the Duke's performance was—ah—cultural. But to 1,450 students, faculty members and townspeople who crowded the chapel, no such excuse was necessary. The audience would have rocked the joint, had not the Colgate Maroon warned beforehand that stamping might jar loose the three-and-a-half-ton ceiling of the chapel.

► Benny Goodman made a long-heralded appearance in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall as clarinet soloist with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony in Mozart's rippling *Concerto in A Major*, Debussy's *First Rhapsody*. No one should have been surprised. Trained in his youth by a Chicago Symphony clarinetist, Franz Schoepf, Benny Goodman can tootle with the two

or three best in the world. Critics could find little fault with his playing of Mozart and Debussy—unless it was a slight excess of refinement and dignity.

Benny Goodman wants to commission clarinet works by such contemporaries as Prokofiev, William Walton, Aaron Copland. But last week he was busy with his new orchestra. When he was ill last summer with sciatica, for which he underwent an operation at the Mayo Clinic, Goodman disbanded his men, starting rumors that he was through. The new 15-man band, now to be heard on Columbia records, has a new, richer style, which Benny Goodman says is not swing. But it is still Goodman.

### Music in the White House

Virginia Lewis might well have showed stage fright, but she didn't. When she stepped on the stage at Philadelphia's Robin Hood Dell one night last summer, before the Philadelphia Orchestra and Conductor Alexander Smallens, she had never sung with an orchestra. She had not been rehearsed for this concert. She had just been handed an unfamiliar arrangement of two songs from George Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. Someone had stepped on her gown and ripped it. But the chunky, dignified, dark brown Negro soprano let loose a voice for which everyone, including Conductor Smallens, predicted a future. Last week, 26-year-old Soprano Lewis made her second big-time concert appearance. For a publicity sounding board, she had the best there is: the music room (East Room) of the White House, in Mrs. Roosevelt's first musicale of the season.

Virginia Lewis' start was much like another Philadelphia Negro's, Contralto Marian Anderson. Soprano Lewis, discovered six years ago by Contralto Anderson's accompanist, studied as best she could, earned her living as a housemaid, went on relief, finally got a WPA music-teaching job last February. One day her voice was exhibited to Samuel Rosenbaum, president of the Robin Hood Dell concerts. Mr. Rosenbaum, after launching Soprano Lewis in the Dell, vowed to get her what he called "visibility" at the White House. He got it through Pennsylvania's Senator Guffey's sister Emma. Soprano Lewis journeyed to Washington, sang songs and spirituals to Mrs. Roosevelt and 300 guests. Said she afterward: "Everybody was so nice to me, Mrs. Roosevelt thanked me and predicted a fine career for me."

For her White House musicales, Mrs. Roosevelt is partial to Americans, likes programs that interlard well-known artists with entertainers like Whistler Robert MacGimsey, Character Sketcher Mollie A. Best, Singing Satirist Vandy Cape. Encores are given only if Mrs. Roosevelt signals. Artists are asked not to brag much in the press about their White House dates, and few do.



Charles Peterson

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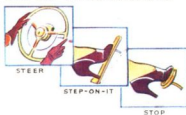
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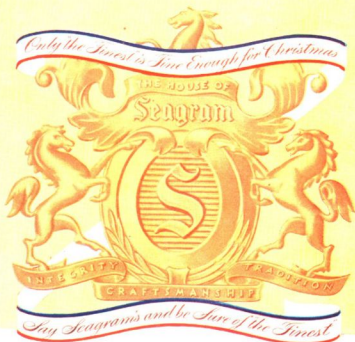
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Home for Christmas. Out from the clamor of tension and turmoil and fear... like entering a peaceful, softly lighted room. Christmas... time to give pause and reflect... to think of the many and wonderful things that do make life worth living. Time, too, to remember the basic, undying truths taught so many years ago — "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." And, thinking of this, we can have courage.

### SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

*Seagram's Finest American Whiskey.* In a handsome new bottle and encased in a stunning Christmas gift box. A distinctive whiskey, rich and full-flavored without a trace of heaviness — a gift of unquestioned good taste. Blended whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits, 86.8 proof.

### SEAGRAM'S KING ARTHUR GIN

*America's richest gin* — rich to the last sip. Not even melting ice can spoil that delicious flavor... because it's "sealed-in" by the exclusive "soft-stilled" process. Colorfully packaged for Christmas, Seagram's King Arthur Gin makes a truly thoughtful gift. Distilled from grain, 90 proof.

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*(Available in Rye or Bourbon)*

Famed for its liqueur quality, Seagram's Pedigree gains added importance with its gift package — a reproduction of an antique volume. This whiskey is 8 years old, bottled in bond under Canadian government supervision, 100 proof.



**EGG-NOG PUNCH BOWL**  
 10 servings. Take 6 fresh eggs. Beat yolks and whites separately, adding ½ lb. of sugar to whites and beat until stiff. Add well-beaten yolks to whites; beat both together thoroughly. Stir in 1½ oz. rum. Add ¼ quart Seagram's 7 Crown. 1 pint of cream, 1 pint of milk. Stir ingredients well. Serve cold with grated nutmeg on top.



**ORANGE BLOSSOM**  
 Into a cocktail shaker place ice cubes. Add 1 part orange juice, 2 parts Seagram's King Arthur Gin. Shake well and strain into cocktail glasses. This Orange Blossom is superbly rich, utterly smooth... for it glorifies all the qualities for which Seagram's King Arthur Gin is famous. It is marvellous for other gin drinks as well.



**CHRISTMAS LIQUEUR**  
 Pour this rich, robust whiskey into a brandy snifter for a first-hand introduction to its inviting growth. Slowly sip its full-bodied flavor. The pleasure is yours — at first acquaintance and forever after. Seagram's Pedigree will delight you new in mixed drinks, in an extra-rich Whiskey Sour, in a glorious Old Fashioned.

# Christmas

## THE House of Seagram

Likewise, in days gone by, did the master return from the sea. Home from months of headwinds and storms... of ice in the rigging and cold, long nights. At last, the anchor is down, the sails are furled, and twilight falls on the dying waves that lap at the weary hull. Home at last.

It is good to be home for Christmas... and at peace.



Home for Christmas—1857

**SEAGRAM'S ANCIENT BOTTLE GIN**  
The only gin of its kind ever made in America. Naturally golden and incredibly smooth... thanks to a secret, prolonged process—an exclusive Seagram process. It makes a magnificent gift, a special wrapper setting off the distinguishing bottle. Distilled from grain. 90 proof.

**SEAGRAM'S V.O. CANADIAN WHISKY**  
Here is the finest Canadian Whisky; now better than ever... now 7 years old (formerly 6 years old)... in its distinguished new bottle. The 4.5 quart size is presented in a gift box of unbelievable luxury, which will be treasured for cigarettes, gloves or jewelry for years. 86.8 proof.

**SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN**  
A bottle of this superb whisky, handsomely packaged, is a gift that is sure to be warmly received. Reflecting 83 years of expert distilling, Seagram's 5 Crown is a blend that combines lightness with full flavor and authority. 72½ neutral spirits distilled from grain. 90 proof.

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### THE GOLDEN MARTINI

Place ice cubes in mixing glass. Add 1 part dry Vermouth and 2 parts Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin. Stir well with ice—do not shake—and pour. If you will say it's olive or cocktail onion. You will say it's the most delightful Martini you ever tasted... for this naturally golden gin is the first gin improvement in 300 years.



### WORLD'S FINEST HIGHBALL

Treat yourself to the far-famed qualities of this finest of imported whiskies. Join of this finest of imported whiskies. Join of a highball glass pour Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky. Add ice and plain or sparkling water. Taste the delightful difference Seagram's V.O. achieves. It has fragrance, delicacy, and rare bouquet which delights the most fastidious palate.



### TOM & JERRY

Beat 15 egg whites separately. Add 6 eggs, sugar to whites while beating. Add well-beaten yolks and 1 1/2 teaspoons baking soda. Put 2 tablespoons of this batter into Tom & Jerry mug or receptacle. Add 1 1/2 oz. Seagram's 5 Crown—fill with boiling milk; add nutmeg on top.



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BY VINCENT PRICE



BY ANNA STEN

Alexander Paul

## Hollywood Art

Least arty of all arts is the Hollywood cinema. But many a famed movie star, toiling under the burden of Hollywood's glamor and high salaries, has cursed a secret craving for the higher things. How great this craving has grown was made evident last fortnight when Los Angeles Art Dealer Robert Gump put on an exhibition of paintings, sculpture, photographs and ceramics by celebrities of Southern California's social and cinema world—"important contributions to the Fine Arts by 30 outstanding personalities whose significance in their avocations is little known."

Most presentable piece was a craftsmanlike etching, *San Pedro*, by Cinemactor Lionel Barrymore. Other items:

► *Scorpio*, purple-shaded portrait of Cinemactress Hedy Lamarr (*Ecstasy*, *Algiers*), complete with a horseship, a rose and tinted toenails, by Comedian Reginald Gardiner, painted in the days when Artist Gardiner was her most devoted escort.

► A drawing of Cinemactress Maria Ouspenskaya by Ginger Rogers.

► The stream-of-consciousness street scene by Gracie Allen entitled *Dogs-Gather-on-Street-Corner-to-Watch-Man-Fight*, shown two years ago at Manhattan's Julien Levy Gallery (*TIME*, Oct. 3, 1938).

► Sculpture by Anna Sten (*Nana*) and Vincent Price (*Victoria Regina*).

Opening-day visitors found all this art pretty impressive. Critics were less polite. Growled the Los Angeles *Times*'s Arthur Millier: "Famous actors and actresses can be very bad artists."

## Republicans in San Francisco

San Francisco last week saw an exhibition of French painting never before equaled in the U. S. Before the show came to rest on the walls of the M. H. De Young Memorial Museum, it had had its ups & downs.

Just before World War II, René Huyghe, head of the Louvre's department of painting, gathered together a huge exhibition of the art of the French Republic, from David to Picasso. Director Huyghe sent his exhibition to South America. Bushy-eyebrowed, German-born Walter Heil of San Francisco's M. H. De Young Memorial Museum heard about it, decided to get it to the U. S.

Crusty Director Heil, who had already made himself famous by gathering the



BY REGINALD GARDINER



BY LIONEL BARRYMORE

Alexander Paul

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# REVELATION

**PIPE MIXTURE**

**The Peak of PIPE SMOKING Pleasure**

*A Product of PHILIP MORRIS*

bang-up art exhibitions of San Francisco's World's Fair, was noted in the U. S. art world for his determination. For a year he negotiated, first with Paris, then with the Vichy Government, guaranteed shipment costs, promised to keep the collection safe until the war was over. Last October he managed to get the pictures from Buenos Aires as far as New York, where they were promptly frozen as part of the assets of France. Stymied, Director Heil started sending letters to Congressmen, even to President Roosevelt. Last month a plea to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau finally turned the trick, and Walter Heil got the pictures to San Francisco.

Most spectacular period in the art of painting since the Italian Renaissance is probably that of Republican France. For



*Horace Bristol*

**DR. WALTER HEIL**  
*He exhibited a defrosted asset.*

nearly 150 years French painting made Paris the art capital of the world. Touched off by the Revolution of 1789, modern French painting flared into world leadership with the severe classical portraits of Jacques Louis David. Its light burned steadily through half a dozen political and esthetic revolutions, produced or attracted nearly all the world's great artists, gleamed through a variety of lenses and prisms (Classicists, Romantics, Realists, the Barbizon landscapers, Impressionists, Post-Impressionists). It was still sputtering lustily with the fireworks of surrealism and abstraction when, last June, Adolf Hitler marched on Paris and scattered its embers under the heels of Nazi boots.

San Franciscans, strolling through rooms of top-flight Delacroix, Corots, Daumiers, Gauguins, Cézannes, van Goghs, Matisse, Braques, Tanguys, recognized many famed pictures (Ingres' *Turkish Bath*, Millet's *Shepherdess Tending her Flock*, Gérard's *Madame Récamier*, Delacroix's *Greece Expiring on the Ruins of Missolonghi*). Meanwhile gallery directors all over the U. S. tumbled over themselves to negotiate with Director Heil for a loan of his big French show after San Francisco is through with it.

## SPORT

### Too Much to Bear

The Chicago Bears are probably the greatest collection of heavily falling stars ever assembled on a U. S. football field. Against Washington, in the play-off for the national professional championship last fortnight, they piled up the highest score (73-0) in the 20-year history of the National Professional Football League. "Break up the Bears," growled U. S. fans last week, as they cocked their ears to what was going on behind closed doors in Washington's Willard Hotel.

Inside those doors the ten club owners of the National League were meeting for their annual ritual known as the draft. The draft is something the league's bigwigs thought up to prevent the richer clubs from snatching the best college talent. Each club in turn picks, one at a time, 20 college footballers of the graduating class. The club that finished last in the league picks first, the club that finished first picks last. (Whether the club will get the player it picks is another matter; none of the players on the list can be invited to turn pro until "preferred negotiation rights" to him have thus been assigned to a particular club.)

But last week the star-stuffed Chicago Bears had already acquired a corner on this year's crop of All-Americans. By pre-arranged deals with the tail-end Philadelphia Eagles and Pittsburgh Steelers, the Bears got the dicker rights to Michigan's Tom Harmon (the Eagles' first choice) and Stanford's Norman Standlee (the Steelers' first choice), in addition to their own selections: Ohio State's Don Scott and Boston College's Charley O'Rourke.

Though only 50% of the draftees actually sign up, this potential line-up was too much for the other club owners to bear. Before adjourning, they voted to plug the loophole in their draft rule: next year no club can sell or trade its first- or second-choice draftees until one playing year has elapsed, except by consent of the other nine league members.

### After the Bell

There is no heaven for broken-down prize fighters. But after the last bell has clanged for his last fight, many a boxer has turned barkeep. Joe Madden, one-time lightweight, is probably the only ex-pug who can trace his clicking cash register to his ability to write rather than fight. One night last week 500 of Madden's loyal customers jammed his Manhattan café. Tennis Alice Marble sang, Sports-writer Richards Vidmer helped wait on table. They rang up \$1,500 in his cash register—not for Joe Madden but for New York City's needy kids.

Joe Madden's "poor party" is a New York institution. So is Joe Madden. Born Joseph Augustin Penzo, son of an Italian baker "who was O.K. except all his life he never possessed change of a quarter,"

Joe grew up on Manhattan's tough West Side. When he was in the fourth grade, he hit his teacher "on the francis" with an eraser because she laughed at the way he spelled Philadelphia. When the truant officers found him, ten days later, he was sent to reform school. There he met an Irish kid named Frankie Madden, leader of the Itch Mob. Madden wised him up to the prize ring, persuaded him to become a fighter, let him pose as his kid brother. In 1917, after 131 fights, Battling Joe Madden quit the ring.

Joe Madden might still have been a stumblebum had he not won 200 "clams" shooting craps one night in a waterfront dive. Determined "to quit being a uncouth bum," he bought a case of whiskey and a second-hand cash register, opened a speakeasy in Manhattan's famed Fifties. One night, after some of his customers had got into a skull-cracking brawl that brought the cops swarming in, Barkeep Madden, plenty irate, took his pencil from behind his ear, poured out a piece of his mind, pasted it on the mirror behind his bar: "Just for your information we run a respectful joint in here we dont allow no blows struck some people do not have the manners of a dog if you are a fighter go to the garden they are looking for you we aint if anything aint right dont throw things holler for the boss aek like you had some sense if possible."

Among his customers the following day were a couple of Yale students. Amused, they copied Madden's scrawly rebuke, showed it to their friends. Madden became a "character." His joint was on the map for Yalermen, Park Avenue debs, Long Island's polo crowd. Encouraged by his customers, Joe began to write weekly essays—hard-earned wisdom couched in his own lingo. He had his pieces punctuated by a race-track handicapper with a high-school education, mailed them to his clientele. In ivy-clad Eastern dormitories, Madden's essays had a wider circulation than those of Lamb, Addison or Steele.

Today Joe Madden sends his weekly bulletins to 3,000 customers, a select fraternity he fondly calls "the mob." He has published three books: *What'll You Have, Boys?*; *The Back Room*; *Set 'Em Up!* He does an \$85,000-a-year business, "is wined and dined in homes that some social climbers would give no less than their right arm to even get in the kitchen of." Yet he still tends bar, never takes a drink. "You represent a whole period of American history," a college professor recently told him. "Jeez," mused Madden, "maybe they'll stuff me and put me in a museum."

Madden's pet hate is Manhattan's café-society crowd. "The whole racket," he once wrote, "is nothing but a Show-Off Handicap. It's a good thing it aint a weight for age race or some of them fillies could never lift a foot. Everything, clothes and talk, is loud and cheap and I'm convinced that most of them, if they could get two more people to turn around and look at them, or could get their kisser in another toothpaste ad, a mention by a columnist or their picture in a tab, they'd do it naked."



## ... Sub-arctic Santa Claus

The dogs bark furiously at the high whine from the South . . . Suddenly, the ski-shod plane is circling down to a landing, skims up to the Hudson's Bay station, disgorges its parcels, is off again. Inside, the post manager checks his lists; mail, of course, medicines, ink, radio tubes, books, gift packages; the pink outfit for the new baby; and for the baby's father, a burlap bound case of gently gurgling bottles of BP . . . Christmas can come any time now.

For BP is the famous "Best Procurable" . . . originally the best of the whisky found in Scotland, and set aside by the Hudson's Bay Company for its own officers . . . today the privilege of sophisticated taste . . . A liqueur whisky of memorable flavour, rated among the three best Scotches in the world, "Best Procurable" is distilled, blended, and bottled in Scotland, shipped from Leith directly to the States...for the satisfaction of its old friends, and the delight of its new! . . . Order now from the better dealers.

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*"Best Procurable"*  
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## EDUCATION

### High I. Q.

The late Dr. Leta Stetter Hollingworth, a plump, motherly professor of education at Columbia University's Teachers College, all her life deplored mankind's inhumanity to geniuses. Eighteen years ago, as an experiment, she picked 50 of the brightest children (I. Q. 130 to 200)\* in New York City, started two special classes for them at Public School 165, near Columbia. Like Stanford University's Professor Lewis M. Terman (TIME, Oct. 14), who for 18 years has followed the careers of 1,300 gifted Californians, Dr. Hollingworth watched her "geniuses" as they grew.

Last week, as a memorial to Dr. Hollingworth, T. C. held a conference on Education for the Gifted. To it went 20

Eugene Lozner, 26, an authority on nutrition. None was unemployed. But they had many a complaint of social maladjustment.

Said Lawyer Sergei Shaskan Zlinskoff: "If [gifted students] try to pursue their interests, they are called grinds and apple polishers. They have to try for low grades if they want classmates to treat them as equals. I went to the University of Arizona, and I found out that there the thing to do was not to study but to go for moonlight rides on the desert."

Other complaints: older classmates in high school and college derided their short pants and childish treble voices; employers failed to recognize them as geniuses, turned them down as too young. The group divided 50-50 on whether segregation in special classes had made them intellectual



## IT'S A PART OF CHRISTMAS

Serve Jones Dairy Farm Sausage frequently during the Christmas Season—for breakfast, luncheon or dinner. In many homes this famous delicacy has been just as much a part of Christmas as sleigh bells and Santa Claus!

Be sure to have this Yuletide favorite of more than 50 years' standing—and be sure it's Jones! For Jones Sausage, as always, is still the same fine sausage. It's made by the Jones Dairy Farm, in Wisconsin—and shipped fresh daily.

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JONES SAUSAGE IS MADE  
ONLY ON THE JONES DAIRY FARM  
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THOMAS MCKAY (CENTRE) & FELLOW GENIUSES\*  
Professor Thorndike would put underprivileged geniuses in asylums.

of her protégés, now in their late 20s to tell how they had fared.

Chairman of their meeting was Thomas McKay, 27. Graduated from college at 20. Thomas chose an unpromising vocation—selling bonds in Wall Street in 1933. He made up to \$100 a week at it, soon got bored, went to sea as an ordinary seaman. By last week he was back at bond selling, had got an M.A. (in economics) and was studying nights for a Ph.D. Also present: Mrs. Helen Whitebook, radio writer, Jeanne Weiss, secretary.

Absent from the reunion was an anonymous genius with a more extraordinary career. Second brightest in the whole group, he graduated from high school at 15, became a professional bridge player—for stakes—was rated the world's No. 7 amateur chess player. At 19 he suddenly gave up gambling, went to University of Chicago, whizzed through a four-year course in a year. At 25, well launched toward a career as a lawyer, he died of cancer.

Most of the group had graduated from college in their teens, got modest jobs as teachers, writers, doctors, lawyers, secretaries, housewives. Most successful: Dr.

\* Before she died last year, Dr. Hollingworth decided that she had rated genius too cheaply, raised the passing mark from 130 to 160 I. Q.

snoobs, agreed that skipping grades had left them with poor study habits.

To the learned educators, industrialists and doctors who had gathered to ponder these problems, famed Psychologist Edward Lee Thorndike made a concrete proposal: let the U. S. establish State asylums for underprivileged geniuses to match its asylums for the feeble-minded.

### Subversive Almanac

In Rochester, N. Y. last week, while city health officers struggled with a polluted water system (see p. 46), School Superintendent James M. Spinning announced an answer to the problem of polluted textbooks. Goaded by Ruggbeaters (critics of widely used texts by Columbia Professor Harold Rugg—TIME, Sept. 9), Superintendent Spinning had polled the city's 17,000 high-school students, found that 99.22% approved the U. S. form of government. Less than 1% had read any schoolbooks which, they thought, "break down the loyalty of pupils to the United States." Sixteen of them said Professor Rugg's did so. Others denounced as subversive *The Man Without A Country*, the *World Almanac*.

\* Helen B. Whitebook (left), Jeanne Ann Weiss (right).

## SCIENCE

### Growth of a Tail

Last week a new comet hove into naked-eye view—that is, into the view of people with good eyes. Most observers found it better to look at through 8-power binoculars. A faint feather, the comet is crawling down the western sky, after dusk, toward the constellation of the Eagle (Aquila). It will get brighter this week and next. Toward the middle of January, if it develops as astronomers hope, Cunningham's comet should be the brightest since Halley's great comet of 1910.

Discovered on photographic plates last September by Leland Cunningham of Harvard Observatory, the comet last week was about 100,000,000 miles from earth, about the same distance from the sun. On Jan. 10 it comes closest to earth (54,000,000 miles), on Jan. 16 closest to the sun (33,000,000 miles). By then, on account of the sun's dazzling proximity, the show will be over.

Astronomers cannot say in advance just how bright a comet will be, because they do not know how much tail it will acquire when it approaches the sun—for the tail of a comet consists of very thin material driven away from the head by pressure of solar radiation. So far, according to Harvard, the Cunningham's tail is developing "very, very nicely." It was more than 1,600,000 miles long last week and still growing. It is possible that the earth will pass through the tail. If so, no harm will be done. The earth probably swept through the tail of Halley's comet in 1910 and no one but astronomers was the wiser.

### Tectyl

When the submarine *Squalus* was finally raised and beached, the U. S. Navy's salvage job was not finished. The salvagers wanted to save the hull and especially the Diesel engines from sea-water corrosion. To do so they tried a new liquid chemical called Tectyl. Last week at the National Chemical Exposition in Chicago, Tectyl was shown to the public for the first time.

Invented and manufactured by J. M. Cohen of Potomac Chemical Co., Tectyl does two things: 1) separates salt water from steel, 2) forms an oily, protective coating on the metal. It is electromagnetically attracted to steel and other electrically conducting metals, forms what are called polar films. There are four grades corresponding to film thicknesses ranging from .0002 to .0008 inch. The lightest Tectyl (thinnest film) can be used for cleaning machines of oil and dust, leaves a temporary lubricating and protective layer. The heaviest grade provides long-time protection for metals exposed to weathering.

Tectyl 511, which makes a film .0003 inch thick, is the kind that elbows aside sea water, was used to flush the *Squalus*. It worked so well that the Navy uses it now for a great variety of corrosion-fighting jobs.

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**A PAINTED DOLL?** She can't stand that plastered look. And those greasy preparations tend to clog scalp pores, encouraging blizzards of dandruff. Kreml is not greasy—removes dandruff scales.



**OLD IVORY?** Not at all rare. Graduate of the mop and painted doll schools. Comes under the heading of "too bad"—for it's too late to do anything but hoard the few remaining hairs.



**HER HEART'S DESIRE,** of course, is the man whose hair is kept naturally handsome with Kreml—the tried and trusted dressing- tonic. Kreml's beneficial oils groom the hair—give it luster.

**YOU** can use Kreml every day and your hair will not get greasy. And you can rest assured that Kreml is helping your hair instead of harming it!

For Kreml does much more than keep your hair looking naturally well-groomed and healthy. Kreml actually checks excessive falling hair, removes dandruff scales, relieves itching scalp.

Women say Kreml keeps coiffures far lovelier—more lustrous, particularly after permanents.

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Remember Kreml Shampoo, too—co-worker with Kreml Hair Tonic to give you handsomer hair. Made from an 80% olive oil base, it cleanses thoroughly, leaves hair easier to manage.

# KREML



**REMOVES DANDRUFF SCALES—CHECKS EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR**

**NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE**

# RELIGION

## German Martyrs

(See Cover)

*Not you, Herr Hitler, but God is my Führer.*

These defiant words of Pastor Martin Niemöller were echoed by millions of Germans. And Hitler raged: "It is Niemöller or I."

So this second Christmas of Hitler's war finds Niemöller and upwards of 200,000 other Christians (some estimates run as high as 800,000) behind the barbed wire of the frozen Nazi concentration camps. Here men bear mute witness that the Christ—whose birth the outside world celebrates unthinkingly at Christmas—

subtle and terrible persecutions in all history." But the blood of martyrs is the seed of faith. Though the Nazis have jailed over 10,000 pastors, priests and monks for long or short periods, an unknown number have been beaten to death, the churches stand far higher in German esteem today than they did in the easy-going '20s. Church congregations have grown remarkably. Sales of the Bible have shot up from 830,000 copies in 1933 to 1,225,000 in 1939, topping *Mein Kampf* by about 200,000.

From Hitler's viewpoint the most dangerous aspect of Christian resistance is the refusal of thousands of churches, both Protestant and Catholic, to pray for a

check to Hitler's power. Said a Catholic news dispatch from Geneva last month: "It is generally anticipated that in the case of a victorious war the Nazi regime would no longer hesitate to wipe out all vestiges of Christianity in Germany and try to establish a 'national church' under Nazi supervision which would be entirely based on the pagan conceptions of 'blood and soil.'"

Taking a leaf from the Nazi-*verboten* Old Testament, where King David got rid of Bathsheba's husband by having him set "in the forefront of the hottest battle . . . that he may be smitten and die," the Nazis mobilized over 55% of Germany's Protestant pastors for Army service, most



PASTOR HALL IN PRISON

*Dr. Leiper says the picture understates the religious terror.*



PASTOR HALL FLOGGED

Pictures 182.

can still inspire a living faith for which men and women even now endure imprisonment, torture and death as bravely as in centuries past.

More than 80% of the prisoners in the concentration camps are not Jews but Christians, and the best tribute to the spirit of Germany's Christians comes from a Jew and agnostic (TIME, Sept. 23)—the world's most famous scientist, Albert Einstein. Says he:

"Being a lover of freedom, when the revolution came in Germany, I looked to the universities to defend it, knowing that they had always boasted of their devotion to the cause of truth; but, no, the universities immediately were silenced. Then I looked to the great editors of the newspapers whose flaming editorials in days gone by had proclaimed their love of freedom; but they, like the universities, were silenced in a few short weeks. . . .

"Only the Church stood squarely across the path of Hitler's campaign for suppressing truth. I never had any special interest in the Church before, but now I feel a great affection and admiration because the Church alone has had the courage and persistence to stand for intellectual truth and moral freedom. I am forced thus to confess that what I once despised I now praise unreservedly."

**The Failures of Force.** Of the fate of German Christians Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, secretary of the World Council of Churches, says, "This is one of the most

Nazi victory. The Gestapo can silence all open attacks from the pulpit, can imprison all outspoken pastors and forbid bishops to write pastoral letters, but it cannot make them pray for Nazi success. That situation is unparalleled in a nation at war. Even the *Schwarze Korps*, organ of the Elite Guard, admits it: "The spiritual gentlemen . . . write as though they want to make our soldiers dislike the war. They do not find a single word to say about the purpose of the war. They do not pray for victory."

Pastors Schutte and Kramm of Aplerbeck are quoted as saying that "there are sufficient enemies all around us," and that "maybe the English and French are not the worst."

In Cologne the Nazis were able to get Catholic churches to pray not for victory but "for our soldiers." The prayer also included a pointed reference to Saint Conrad of Parzham, a Bavarian monk whom Pope Pius XI canonized in 1934 as an example of deep humility as opposed to Naziism's "racial pride which is neither Christian nor human." In Munster, the massive, adroit bishop, Count Clemens August von Galen, instead of telling his diocese to pray for victory, ordered daily recitation of the prayer: "Lord, grant us peace! Queen of Heaven, pray for us!"

**Prayers & Persecutions.** Actually, many a churchman inside Germany prays privately for the Nazi defeat or at least a

of them as privates. They singled out Confessional pastors especially. In some districts 75% of the recalcitrant Confessional pastors were drafted for front-line service.

Another favorite Nazi device is confiscating the salary of pastors and priests whom they suspect of opposing them. Practically all the 5,000 Confessional pastors have suffered from this. At one church in Prussia a Confessional pastor read an official announcement that the collection would be taken by the Government. He added, "If you can give with your conscience, do so." Then he announced the sale of pamphlets nominally priced 2¢ each. "You have read them already," he said, "but you can give them to your friends." The regular collection, sacked by the Nazis, netted less than \$2. The sale of 20 2¢ pamphlets netted \$20.

In 1939 the Nazis closed over 700 German monasteries and convents. Last month they expelled 60 Catholic priests from their parishes. The work of scores of other priests and pastors has been halted by confining them to their homes or forbidding them to preach.

Of the 1,000 young Protestant seminarians in 1939, only 100 were permitted ordination after their views had been examined by State officials. The other 900 refused to Nazify their faith, went into training in underground Confessional seminaries for certificates which Confessional congregations will accept in lieu of ordina-

tion. Cut off from any possibility of salaries from Nazi-levied church taxes, they must live on the scant \$45 a month which the Confessional Synod can allow them.

**Nazis v. Nazarenes.** As exiled Nobel Prizeman Thomas Mann said last week: "There can be no real peace between the cross and the swastika. National socialism is essentially unchristian and antichristian. . . ." Though the conflict between Christianity and Nazism seems inevitable now, it did not seem so when Hitler came into power. Catholics and Protestants alike helped his coup d'état. Martin Niemöller himself supported him. And one of Hitler's first acts as Chancellor was to declare: "In the two Christian creeds lie the most important factors for the preservation of the German people." Only in secret did he tell his confidant Hermann Rauschning: "The parsons will be made to dig their own graves. They will betray their God to us. They will betray anything for the sake of their miserable little jobs and incomes. . . . I can guarantee that they will replace the cross with our swastika."

Hitler won his religious Munich over Germany's 21,000,000 Catholics and 40,000,000 Protestants in the first six months of his power. The Vatican signed a Concordat (negotiated by Pope Pius XII, who was then Cardinal Pacelli, Papal Secretary of State) with him on July 20, 1933. By it Germany guaranteed the Church full freedom in its faith, property and organizations, in return for the Vatican's pledge that each bishop would "promise to honor the constitutional government and to cause the clergy of my diocese to honor it." With that escape clause, the Nazis have since torn all 33 articles of the Concordat into shreds, yelling "It's constitutional!" every time the Church objected.

Shortly after he got his Concordat, Hitler got the Protestant Reichsbishop he wanted. In the spring of 1933 Germany's Protestants (Lutheran, Reformed) voluntarily merged into the German Evangelical Church. To head it, the Nazis nominated Army Chaplain Ludwig Müller, a friend of Hitler and leader of the Nazified *Deutsche Christen* (the "German Christians").

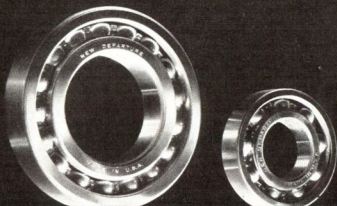
By November, the Evangelicals realized that Hitler's hand-picked candidate was out to Nazify their church, crucify Christian doctrine, apply the "Führer Principle" to church government and the "Aryan paragraph" to church personnel. Resistance flared up all over the Reich, and the newly united church split sharply into three groups:

1) The *Deutsche Christen*, who like Reichsbishop Müller wanted to make the Church the obedient instrument of the State, and who have never numbered more than 3,000 pastors.

2) The Lutheran Council, some 9,000 moderates led by Dr. August Marahrens, Bishop of Hanover, who did not want to be dominated by the State (i.e., the Nazis) but wanted some connection maintained between Church and State.

3) The Confessional Synod, whose 5,000 pastors were militantly opposed to Nazi domination, fought it by every means in their power.

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A month later Catholicism also began to strike back, led by rawboned, outspoken Michael, Cardinal von Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich. In a series of Advent sermons that packed St. Michael's Church he condemned the false choice that the Nazis had tried to place before Catholics—the choice between "Germanism" and disloyalty. His Eminence thundered: "Let us not forget that we were saved not by German blood but by the blood of Christ!" Cardinal von Faulhaber narrowly missed a Nazi bullet in 1934. In 1938 a Nazi mob smashed the windows of his palace. Now 71, he is in ill health, but he still leads Germany's Catholics in their resistance to Hitler.

So vigorous was Confessional and Lutheran Council opposition to Reichsbishop Müller that Hitler soon shelved him, presently gave his powers to Minister of Church Affairs Hanns Kerrl, Minister Kerrl's creed: "The primacy of the State over the Church must be recognized. . . . The question of the divinity of Christ is ridiculous and unessential. A new authority, Adolf Hitler, has arisen as to what Christ and Christianity really are." To Minister Kerrl, Adolf Hitler is "the Jesus Christ as well as the Holy Ghost of the Fatherland."

The *Deutsche Christen* element among Protestants, though in numerical minority, has flourished temporarily with Nazi backing. But its churches are three-fourths empty. Typical *Deutsche Christen* bishop is Dr. Martin Sasse of Thuringia, who declares: "We would still go on with the Führer even if he closed the church doors before us. In Germany, there is no life except with the Führer. . . . The present-day task of theological science is to provide a religious foundation for the new State ethics."

This neo-paganism the Confessionals have fought fervently, the Lutheran Council less uncompromisingly. A reef-dodging diplomat, Bishop Marahrens is one of the three pre-Hitler Protestant bishops who has held on to his post, typifies an attitude of something-less-than-martyrdom. Under him, middle-of-the-road Protestantism's steady declaration has been: "Our bishop and council remain the legal authority of our church. . . . The Lord of the Christian Church is Christ, not Hitler."

**One Man of Courage.** Living martyr and symbol of Christian resistance in Germany both to Germans and the whole world is Pastor Niemöller. A gaunt, blunt, unending hero of World War I, who won the Iron Cross for his exploits as a submarine commander (he sank 55,000 tons of Allied shipping), he was pastor of the swank Jesus Christus Kirche in Berlin's socialite suburb Dahlem and led the Confessional Synod's attack on Nazism until clapped into jail in July 1937 for "misuse of the pulpit." The court freed him when he came to trial in February 1938, but the Gestapo promptly hustled him off to concentration camp at Sachsenhausen. There he remains, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, having refused release offered to him on condition that he promise to cease preaching.

Halting last fortnight in Mexico City



Ullstein Black Star

CARDINAL FAULHABER  
Still leads the Catholic opposition.

after Germans threatened to bomb the theatre was the showing of the anti-Nazi film *Pastor Hall* (TIME, Aug. 12). It freely parallels Pastor Niemöller's career in opposition, shows a small town Lutheran parson learning what the new Nazi gospel means, suffering in a concentration camp, escaping for a final sermon to his flock before being shot. *Pastor Hall*, says Dr. Leiper, "understates, not overstates" the terror.

At Sachsenhausen Pastor Niemöller has been placed on a regime of half rations, double heavy labor, solitary confinement. Rock-breaking, road-building, ditch-dig-



Pictures Inc.

U-BOATSKOMMANDANT NIEMÖLLER  
A German hero in both wars.

ging, harsh treatment are fast wearing him out. He has not been beaten, but has told his wife on the rare visits she is permitted that he has seen others beaten unconscious. "When I write the address, 'Concentration Camp, Sachsenhausen,'" said one daughter, "then I am always very proud."

**Priest & Pastor.** The next-door cell to Niemöller's is occupied by Jesuit Rupert Mayer. Like Pastor Niemöller, Priest Mayer was a World War I hero, supported the Nazis in their early days, opposed them violently when they showed their anti-Christian colors.

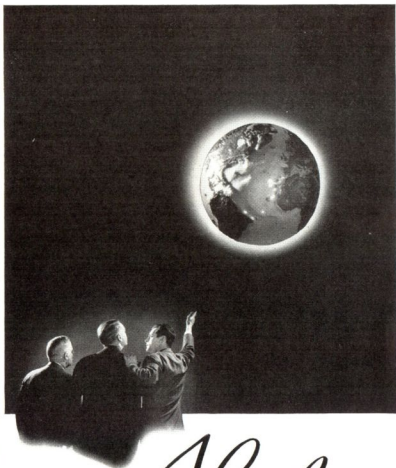
Said Jesuit Mayer in 1937: "It is better for a priest to be shot down in Spain than to see his faith being dragged into the dirt in Germany." The Gestapo promptly arrested him. He was given a suspended sentence by the court, re-arrested by the Gestapo. Like Niemöller he has refused release offered him on condition that he refrain from preaching.

Priest Mayer and Pastor Niemöller see each other occasionally in the courtyard, have become good friends. Their friendship is symbolic of a new bond which is growing between Protestants and Catholics throughout the Reich, where heretofore the two creeds have been divided as in few other lands by bloody memories of the Thirty Years' War. When 30 Confessional pastors were arrested in Prussia, slender, steel-nerved, aristocratic Count Konrad von Preysing, Roman Catholic Bishop of Berlin, directed that prayers for their safety be offered in every church of his diocese.

Flat as a pennig has fallen the neopagan celebration of the Nordic Yule at the winter solstice, sponsored by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg and other extremist Nazis as a substitute for Christmas. Not since the Reformation has Christian feeling in the Reich been more intense. This Christmastide will see millions of Germans quietly celebrating a Christian Christmas. Protestants and Catholics alike will sing that best-beloved of all carols, *Silent Night*, in the fervent hope that the silent night will be followed by the dawn.

**A Message from Prison.** It was in his fortress prison after his comic-opera Beer Hall Putsch misfired in 1923 that Adolf Hitler wrote *Mein Kampf* and planned the Nazi revolution. If Hitler falls after World War II his successor may even now be among the thousands who are passing this Christmas with Niemöller and Mayer in the concentration camps. And from his prison cell the Advent message that Martin Niemöller smuggled out last December reached the U. S. in time for another Christmas:

"There is one thing I want to ask of you all; that we give no place to weariness, to capitulation! There are those who would persuade us that the suffering of our Church is a sign that it follows a perverted way. To that we reply confidently that the Apostles have borne witness to the contrary. . . . In their strength let us go forward on the way—in His footsteps—unconcerned with the censure of men, but with the peace of Christ in our hearts and with praise of God on our lips. So help us God!"



## "ON Alert" IN A CHANGING WORLD

The news-tickers are pounding frantically. Things are happening all over the face of the earth! What next?

You can well imagine that the past year has been a hectic one for map-makers. Yet the task of keeping maps constantly up to date is no more difficult than keeping pace with dozens of swift-moving events that affect our everyday existence.

Most people think of Rand McNally in terms of maps. But that is only one of the many ways Rand McNally serves American business and family life. In the

fields of education, banking, transportation, retail trades, and publications for boys and girls, Rand McNally must be in step with the times—keeping vigilant watch—reflecting changes promptly and properly.

So changes are nothing new to Rand McNally. We have gone through more than 80 years of them, constantly "on alert" for every trend that may be important.

It is this forward-looking attitude that keeps Rand McNally young and vigorous, maintaining its leadership in many fields of creative printing and publishing.

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Maps • Atlases • Globes • Road Maps • Travel Folders • Tickets  
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*Established 1856*

## PEOPLE



Acme

LECTURER LONDOS  
*He grappled with an ancient.*

A boiled shirt swelling and falling over his Cyclopean chest, **Jim Londos** (real name: Christopher Theophilus), sometime airplane-spinning wrestling champ, made a debut at Philadelphia's swank Academy of Music with a lecture on wrestling as practiced by the ancients.

Gruff, creaking old (62) **Lionel Barrymore** heard the Los Angeles WPA Orchestra perform his symphony. *Tableau Russe*, was so amazed he decided to finish another symphony he started a few years back. Grunted Composer Barrymore, who practices many arts (see p. 33): "It is not only amusing but pleasing to have all this happen at my age."

For outstanding work for labor and national defense Pittsburgh's Junior Chamber of Commerce named C. I. O.'s tough, temperate **Philip Murray** as its first "Pittsburgh Man of the Year."

Declining the Vichy Government's proffered exemption from its rule that all Jews must surrender State positions, tiny, 81-year-old Philosopher **Henri Bergson**, member of the French Academy, Nobel Prize man, author of the theory of creative evolution, resigned from the faculty of the Collège de France, where he had lectured since 1900.

The 1941 edition of *Who's Who* (British) listed, among 40,000 "men and women most in the public eye today," **Adolf Hitler**. Censors permitting, Britons could still reach him by telephone at No. 11 6191; by mail at Wilhelmstrasse 77, Berlin W. 8., or at Ober-Salzberg, Berchtesgaden, Bavaria.

Rich, civic-minded President Judge **William Curtis Bok** of Philadelphia's Court of Common Pleas, who has broken

In 1906 Samuel Spencer, president of Southern Railway System, riding on his railway in Virginia, was killed in a rear-end collision. Last week **Ernest E. Norris**, president of Southern, was riding on his railroad in Georgia (aboard the Ponce de Leon) when the equalizer bar on a diner up ahead broke. The broken bar hit a frog switch, derailed four Pullmans, hurled the last two official cars off a 20-foot trestle, fractured President Norris' skull and left leg.



Wide World

JUROR BOK (REAR)  
*He always wanted to know.*

precedents by: 1) refusing to enter the family business (Curtis Publishing); 2) abandoning Main Line Republicanism for the New Deal; 3) hiring out as an Intourist chauffeur in Leningrad, shattered another by becoming the first judge to serve on a Federal jury. Explaining that his calendar was nearly cleared, earnest Judge Bok confided: "I've always wanted to know what went on in the mind of a juror and now is my chance to find out."

Foxy, balding Senator **Pat Harrison** lost \$14 at bridge to a Columbia Broadcasting System official, then bet him \$15 to \$10 that the Chicago Bears would trim the Washington Redskins footballers—and a further dollar-a-point on the score. Next day he took his cocky pal to the field, gloated as the Bears rioted to a 73-to-0 victory, earned him \$83 at the rate of \$1.38 for every minute of play.

Leaving Fort Dix N. J., where he commands the 113th Infantry, Colonel **Julius Ochs Adler**, who manages the *New York Times* when he is not managing draftees, headed south for a "refresher" course for National Guard officers at Fort Benning, Ga. Easing himself exhausted onto his cot after a day's refreshment, the Colonel proclaimed: "I wouldn't have missed it."



Associated Press

SOLDIER ADLER  
*He wouldn't have missed it.*

# GLENMORE'S KENTUCKY TAVERN

*The Aristocrat of Bonds*

Considerate men, applauding the full-bodied brilliance of KENTUCKY TAVERN turn again and again to this standard-bearer of the House of Glenmore . . . the distillery with more than a million barrels experience.



*Greetings!  
A background of  
hospitality helps  
do its genial part  
during holiday-times*



Other  
**GLENMORE**  
products

FREE—a recipe booklet  
of famous Kentucky  
drinks. Write Glenmore  
Distilleries Co., Inc.,  
Louisville, Ky.



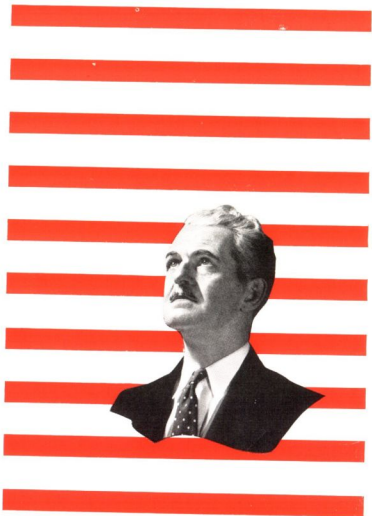
*Pour GLENMORE you get more*  
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
90 and 100 Proof



*You ought to know TOM HARDY*  
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskies  
90 Proof



*Change to MINT SPRINGS  
and keep the change*  
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey  
86.8 Proof



The only opinion that counts in a  
democracy is yours...and your opinion  
counts most when you know the facts

**The New York Times**

"ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT"



## The New Pictures

**Santa Fe Trail** [Warner] is one of those vast panoramas of an epoch on whose details Hollywood cameras love to dwell. It begins in 1854 with graduation ceremonies at West Point, shows Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis addressing the graduating class. Then it moves west, watches seven of the Class of 1854 patrolling the vast reaches of the frontier from their post at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. Among the seven are George Custer (Ronald Reagan), Phil

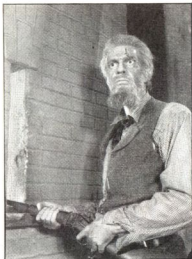
the job so well that Hollywood is now considered the third largest news source in the U. S. More than 400 reporters, from matter-of-fact A. P. to Paul-Prying fan magazines, now scavenge Hollywood for tidbits to feed millions of readers. To keep them happy, Hollywood studios maintain vast publicity departments filled with smooth-writing ex-reporters, quick-smiling "contact men," expert photographers, menial flunkies.

Lots of people can run a publicity department, but it takes a peculiar man to

cock by plane to lend glitter to the event; but luck turned on him when fog closed the airport and they failed to arrive.

Usually his tricks contain more splash. To advertise *Nothing Sacred*, he hired a young lady to ride horseback down Los Angeles' busiest street wearing only a flesh-colored G-string and a long yellow cellophane wig.

**Harry Brand**, whose province is 20th Century-Fox, takes things easier, but his results are as good. First he pampers the press into pliability with his genial hand-



RAYMOND MASSEY

Five future generals chased him.

Sheridan, James Longstreet, George Pickett and J. E. B. Stuart (Errol Flynn), a handsome lad from Virginia.

The dangerous duty of the septet is to mop up John Brown (Raymond Massey) and his followers, then engaged in smuggling slaves out of the South. On this peg is hung a moving and tragic theme: that these friends, fighting side by side, are innocently feeding a flame which will soon surround them, find them enemies in an irrepressible conflict. With the help of Director Michael Curtiz' well-tempered direction and Massey's passionate interpretation of Zealot Brown, *Santa Fe Trail*, in spite of its hackneyed romance, becomes a brilliant and grim account of the Civil War background.

When Charles Einfeld, Harry Brand and Russell Birdwell uttered their first infant cries, little did their mothers realize the distance those childish voices would one day reach. For Charlie, Harry and Russell have since grown into the foremost trumpeters of Hollywood's bizarre and boisterous activities. They are publicity men. It is their job to keep the world aware of movies, beglamed about movie stars, and thus herd in admissions to the box office.

Charlie, Harry, Russell & Co. have done



Wide World

Newsphotos

Eisenstadt/Rix

HARRY BRAND, CHARLES EINFELD, RUSSELL BIRDWELL

Charlie's junkets help sell Raymond's passion.

think up ideas, Charlie, Harry and Russell are primarily idea men—each with a different approach.

**Russell Birdwell**, most spectacular of the three, is a fox-faced, natty fellow with a thin mustache and a strange accent modeled after the English. Two years ago, Birdwell left his job as head of Selznick International's publicity department to set up shop for himself. Three pretty secretaries guard his locked inner office, where he works long & hard creating gas for Selznick (whose account he still handles) and a number of individual actors like Carole Lombard, who are willing to pay as much as \$25,000 a year to keep their names conspicuous.

A Texas boy who was graduated from the State University at 16, Birdwell has always had a feeling for the sensational. The great work of his life was keeping *Gone With the Wind* in print from the summer of 1936, when Selznick bought the book, until late 1939, when the film was released. Birdwell turned the trick largely by centering attention on the casting of Scarlett O'Hara. He still had *GW'W* in the news last week with an "anniversary premiere" in Atlanta celebrating its first year. He dispatched Vivien (Scarlett O'Hara) Leigh, Husband Laurence Olivier and Director Alfred Hitch-

pumping personality; then he showers them with copy and stills of the forthcoming production. Thanks to Brand—and to the Fox commissary press room, where the food is the best of any studio in town—Fox is the most popular studio in Hollywood with reporters. Harry's office is always open to them; his invariable procedure is to crack a few jokes, pat them on the back, roar: "You're my pal. Let me know if there's anything I can do for you." When the time arrives for the correspondents to do something for Harry, they find it easy to reciprocate.

**Charlie Einfeld** considers himself more a merchandiser of photoplays than a press agent. At Warner Brothers he is an executive—in charge of advertising and publicity. A good part of his time is spent supervising advertising in Manhattan, where he was born 39 years ago, went to school and college (Columbia). But Einfeld keeps his finger deep in the publicity pie, and it was he who originated Hollywood's favorite exploitation stunt: the out-of-town premiere.

Einfeld considers his greatest junket the one plugging *42nd Street*, a Warner's musical released in 1933. With the U. S. deep in depression, Einfeld loaded his 42nd-Street Special with a bevy of the prettiest girls he could find, swept them



## The always-refreshing **BACARDI COCKTAIL**

It's tart...it's smart...the incomparable Bacardi Cocktail...always correct...and always welcome...at every season...and for every occasion. Be sure to make it correctly:

### The Famous Recipe in Rhyme:

**A LITTLE SOUR,** (Juice of half a lime)

**A LITTLE SWEET,** (½ teaspoonful of sugar)

**THE TROPIC SUN,** (A jigger of BACARDI RUM)

(White or Silver Label)

**WITHOUT THE HEAT!** (Ice and shake well)

(When grenadine is used instead of sugar, it is a Bacardi Grenadine Cocktail, and it comes out pink!)

**CAUTION:** When you order a BACARDI Cocktail remember that it MUST be made with BACARDI RUM. (N. Y. Supreme Court, April 28, 1936)

Use BACARDI White Label, from Cuba, world's finest rum... or BACARDI Silver Label, Puerto Rico's finest, at a popular price.

**THERE'S A DIFFERENCE,  
WORTH KNOWING!**

RUM & PROOF—Schenck Import Corp., N. Y. Corp., 1940

across the country with 28 stops. Incidentally, the trip plugged Southern California's climate and General Electric's products (he fed his beauties from an electrically equipped kitchen, tanned them under a G. E. sun lamp set up in a Malibu Beach wagon).

Last week Charlie Einfeld set out on the "junkie to end junkets." He loaded 250 big stars, small stars and reporters on a "glamor train," toted them off on a four-day trip to Santa Fe, N. Mex. for the world premiere of *Santa Fe Trail*. Since the train arrived on Friday the 13th, he adopted a hard-luck motif. Invitations were attached to rabbits' feet, read: "The date is Friday, the 13th, and the place is Santa Fe. Here you'll find at the end of the trail the start of a perfect day." At Albuquerque it was planned to have a black cat appear on the train; an over-zealous assistant turned up with four. When the train pulled into Santa Fe a blizzard was in progress. The shivering crowd of 2,000 who met the train couldn't hear a word the stars said, as the sound system went haywire. The altitude speedily knocked out 75-year-old May Robson, who had to be removed to lower surroundings. And Olivia de Havilland, leading lady of the film, doubled up with appendicitis, had to be flown back to Hollywood. It all added up to 150,000 words of copy filed from his press car in 24 hours. Charlie was well satisfied.

**Go West** (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) shows the Marx Brothers bounding like bandersnatches through a Wild West background. The characters who are really native to this scene, make the foolhardy mistake of showing up from time to time, are quickly reduced to mincemeat by the ruthless trio. The Marx lunatics are only faintly marred by a barely perceptible thread of plot, involving young love and a deed to Dead Man's Gulch.

Like W. C. Fields, Groucho, Harpo and Chico Marx are screamingly funny to their admirers, idiotic to others. Groucho's fixed grin, knowing impudence and Chico's leering wop accent tickle many a funny bone, but, as usual, Harpo's mute pursuit of buxom beauties draws more yells than either. For orthodox Marxians it should prove the slap-happiest occasion since *A Night at the Opera*.

Typical crack: While the brothers are prowling in the villain's office one night, Chico mentions that they can phone the police for help if anyone appears. Turning to the audience, Groucho growls: "What do you mean, 'phone for help?' This is only 1870. Don Ameche hasn't invented the telephone yet."

### CURRENT & CHOICE

**The Letter** (Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Gale Sondergaard; TIME, Dec. 2).

**Escape** (Norma Shearer, Robert Taylor, Nazimova, Conrad Veidt, Blanche Yurka, Albert Bassermann; TIME, Nov. 18).

**Arise, My Love** (Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Walter Abel; TIME, Oct. 28).

**Christmas in July** (Dick Powell, Ellen Drew, Ernest Truex; TIME, Oct. 21).

## MEDICINE

### Mixed Drinks in Rochester

Through the main streets of Rochester, N. Y. flows the turbulent, muddy Genesee River, carrying drainage from barnyards and outhouses in western New York. In cases of great demand, the river water serves Rochester fire hydrants. Rochester's drinking water comes partly from Lake Ontario, mostly from pure, sparkling Hemlock Lake. Many years ago, the hydrant system was connected to the Hemlock Lake system by valves. But during the



Associated Press

FOREMAN JONES

Everybody forgot the connection.

past 20 years, most of the valves have been permanently sealed. Only a few remained, connecting the clean Hemlock water with the dirty water of the Genesee. Even the Superintendent of Waterworks, Lewis Kohl, believed that all the connections were closed.

One afternoon last week, Repair Foreman Ernest Jones noticed a leak in one of the river-water pipes. He sent a gang of workmen to repair it. They found a little water oozing out of an old valve, plugged the leak. Then, according to department custom, they opened the valve, to maintain even pressure with 15,000 other valves in the system. Without knowing it, they had opened an old valve connecting the river water with the drinking water.

Next morning, Mr. Jones checked the workmen's reports with a pipe map. Suddenly he saw what had happened. Off he dashed to close the valve. But it was too late. Some four million gallons of filthy water from the thaw-high Genesee had poured into Rochester drinking water. The city faced a typhoid epidemic.

Promptly the State Sanitation Department ordered 150 lb. of chlorine (ten times the normal amount) to be dumped

into the water pipes, the Department of Health set up vaccine clinics to help immunize 300,000 Rochesterians against typhoid. The Telephone Company called up its 95,000 subscribers, warned them to boil their water. The Rochester & Lake Ontario Water Service Corp. offered pure water to all who would fetch it.

Waterworks Superintendent Lewis Kohl was fired, Assistant Jones suspended. Within 72 hours, 5,000 persons had taken the first in a course of three typhoid vaccinations. From Albany the State Department of Health rushed 46,000 doses of vaccine. A thousand citizens fell ill with minor intestinal disturbances. Since the typhoid bacillus takes from seven to 42 days to incubate, the city remained in dreadful suspense.

## Baking-Soda Boys

For at least 2,500 years, man has tried to control the sex of his offspring. In 1032, Dr. Felix Unterberger of Königsberg, Germany pointed out that semen is normally slightly alkaline, and the female vaginal tract acid. In some marriages, he said, an unusually alkaline semen produces a preponderance of boys, a strongly acid vaginal tract a majority of girls. Sex of children should be controlled, then, by adjusting the acid balance of the vagina. After some animal experiments, Dr. Unterberger tried the method on humans, claimed to have "determined" the birth of 74 boys. His method: mild vaginal douches of alkaline baking soda and water before conception.

In 1938, Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, publisher of the Manhattan tabloid *Daily News*, got interested in sex determination. He hired a couple of scientists, set them to work in an old laboratory douching rats and rabbits. For two years the *News* has issued bulletins on the sex of its baby rats. Alleged rate of success: 75%.

Last month, Professor Elmer Roberts of the University of Illinois, working independently of the *News*, announced that he had predetermined the sex of 1,800 rats. At the same time, Dr. Leon Jacob Cole of the University of Wisconsin reported that, with his rats and rabbits, the system failed to work. Another independent worker, Dr. John Henry Quisenberry of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Texas, found that acid and alkali douches worked with rabbits, not with rats.

The *Daily News* has also followed carefully independent breeding experiments in the U. S. on cats, dogs, horses, cows, and even mink. But experiments on human beings have been few and far between, for most doctors find it hard to take the laking soda seriously. Fortnight ago, Captain Patterson hailed a young couple in The Bronx, Mr. & Mrs. Maurice Hamton, who tried lactic acid and baking soda douches, and got what they ordered: first a girl, then a boy. The *Daily News's* "Sex Control Editor" was forthwith deluged with letters and phone calls, answered cautiously that he could give no specific instructions for human beings. Captain Patterson couldn't be sure that the Hamtons hadn't been plain lucky.

Here's NEWS . . .

The famous MANHATTAN sails JAN. 10  
The superb new AMERICA sails JAN. 29

## to CALIFORNIA and MEXICO

Gala CRUISES by America's largest, fastest, finest ships . . . 3,500 Miles of the world's historic and scenic "Sunshine Route" . . . calls at Havana, the Panama Canal, and Acapulco, Mexico. First Class from \$250, Tourist Cabin from \$150.

Later Sailings: FEB. 21, MAR. 7, MAR. 28, APR. 18, MAY 2, (from California) Jan. 28, Feb. 18, Mar. 11, Mar. 25, Apr. 15)

Also 12-DAY WEST INDIES CRUISES—\$150 up.

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## FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES EVERY DAY

A Special Shave Cream—It  
Needs No Brush—Not Greasy!

Daily shaving leaves many men's faces raw, sensitive. This is especially true of the man who, because of his business and social status, must shave every day.

To meet this condition, Williams, for 100 years makers of fine shaving preparations, has now developed GLIDER—a special cream for daily shavers. Without the usual soap base, it's a complete departure from ordinary shave creams. No brush. No lather. Not sticky or greasy.

A superabundance of moisture in this rich cream softens each whisker, yet forms a protective layer over your face to keep blade from scraping. Swiftly, gently your razor glides over your skin. Like a cold cream, Glider helps smooth, softens your skin and prevent chapping and roughness.

Free—tube of Glider. Send name, address today. The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. BG-26, Glastonbury, Conn. Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

SEE THE MOST CHALLENGING  
MOVIE OF THE YEAR . . .

"THE RAMPARTS WE WATCH"

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE WILL SHOW IT

For the Greatest  
Taste  
Satisfaction

Choose your wines  
from the Widmer line

23 true New York State  
Wines—produced with  
all possible expertness  
and care to take every  
advantage of the  
state's extraordinary  
vicultural facilities.

WIDMER'S  
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WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC.  
NAPLES, N. Y.

ALCOHOL 20%  
BY VOLUME

WIDMER'S Wines

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

THE PRODUCERS OF



PRESENT  
TWO FINE AMERICAN

Vermouths



DRY AND  
SWEET  
\*18% Alc. by Vol.

Now more than ever the fine reputation of Great Western American Vermouth is increasing and its preference is due to its consistently superior quality. This Vermouth is a typical "American" achievement. Specify "Great Western" when ordering cocktails as well as when selecting Vermouth for home use.

SERVE IT with PRIDE

Available at hotels, restaurants, clubs, bars and retail stores. Ask for it by name.

Made in the 80-year-old cellars of The Pleasant Valley Wine Co., Rheims, N. Y.



RADIO

Jell-O's Dollface

Aside from Franklin Roosevelt—who is rated an amateur—smooth-tongued, silver-haired, 46-year-old Funnyman Jack Benny is the biggest voice in radio. With a Crossley (Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting) rating of 42.4, an estimated audience of 11,000,000 families, he is so important to General Foods, his sponsor, that the company devotes more than three-quarters of its advertising appropriation for Jell-O to his show. Just what it costs to hallyhoo Jell-O is something General Foods keeps under its hat. But no secret is the staggering gross that Benny will rake in this year for 35 half-hour appearances before an NBC mike. The take: \$630,000, out of which Benny pays for an orchestra, announcer, gagmen and his cast, leaving a gratifying net before taxes of some \$350,000.

Besides this radio salary, Benny this year will have a neat income from Paramount Pictures, which will pay him an estimated \$200,000 for making a couple of cinemas. Last week, under Paramount auspices, Benny & Co. were shipped to Manhattan for the opening of *Love Thy Neighbor*, in which Benny and his fellow zany Fred Allen continue the weary mock feud that Allen cooked up four years ago.

As a mopet in Waukegan, Ill., where his father ran a haberdashery shop, Benny fiddled with juvenile orchestras, played for dances and firemen's balls. Proud hope of his family in those early years was that Benny would develop into a concert violinist. Instead he teamed at 17 with a vaudeville pianist named Cora Salisbury in an act called "From Grand Opera to Ragtime." As part of his business in this turn (for which he got \$15 a week), Benny sawed away with the little finger of his bow hand elegantly extended, pretended to be mesmerized by its motion back & forth. On the vaudeville circuit around Waukegan this was uproarious, and Benny eventually became something of a local favorite, making \$75 a week.

Not until after he joined the Navy in 1917 did Benny realize that his forte was ingratiating patter. Then, while appearing in a revue designed to step up recruiting and make money for the Navy, he cut loose with a couple of gags, got such a hand that he resolved to become a monologist. During his hitch in the Navy, Benny went under his real name, Benjamin Kubelsky. After the war he changed to Ben K. Benny, adopted his present name when people began to confuse Ben K. Benny with a fiddler named Ben Bernie. During the '20s Benny went onward & upward without much fuss or muss. He drifted into radio in 1932.

The Jell-O script is turned out by a 33-year-old wag named Bill Morrow, whose salary is \$1,500 a week, and his assistant, Eddie Beloin, who makes \$500 less. Although the gags are theirs, Benny has a lot to do with shaping up the pro-

gram. Each Monday he gets together with his writers either in the bedroom of his 15-room French-Colonial mansion in Beverly Hills or in his Paramount dressing room to talk over his coming show. With Benny's secretary Harry Baldwin furiously taking notes, the show is roughed out on Monday, worked over for the next few days, put into rehearsal Friday night.

A highly vocal partner in Benny's shows is Mary Livingstone, his wife. A onetime stocking clerk in the May Co. in Los Angeles, Miss Livingstone, nee Sadie Marks, often depresses her fellow workers



JACK BENNY  
Even his valet gibes at him.

by the firmness she exhibits in advancing her convictions. So naturally, on the air, Benny plays a boastful but timorous character, who is a butt for everybody's gibes. He is badgered by Tenor Dennis Day, by Orchestra Leader Phil Harris, by Announcer Don Wilson, by Miss Livingstone—and by his valet Rochester. The Bennys have been married since 1927, have a six-year-old adopted daughter named Joan Naomi. Benny calls his wife "Doll"; she calls him "Dollface."

The bedroom where Benny works with his writers contains a four-poster bed, set in the midst of microphones, a recording machine, filing cabinets, a typewriter and a desk. Scattered about are innumerable pads and pencils. Like all the rooms in Benny's house, his bedroom is equipped with a radio and a public-address-system outlet.

Only fly in Benny's rich ointment last week was his difficulty in collaborating with Fred Allen in the radio promotion of *Love Thy Neighbor*. Allen is now a rival of Eddie Cantor, who is handled by the same agency that handles Benny. If Benny should team up with Allen on a show, it would obviously do Cantor no good. Consequently the agency would dearly love to squelch the feud it once promoted.

# GIVE

The fine  
Scotch Whisky  
from  
Scotland's  
Best  
Distilleries



# CUTTY SARK

86 PROOF—  
100% BLENDED  
SCOTCH  
WHISKIES

THE  
BUCKINGHAM  
CORP.  
NEW YORK, N.Y.



*"Just as good"*  
is half as good  
By those of taste  
'tis understood  
Demand the best,  
you always should  
Insist on...

## COOK'S Imperial

AMERICAN Champagnes and Wines

AMERICAN WINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.



**TRAIN SICKNESS**

speed in Comfort  
**Mothersills**  
REALISE REMEDY

## MILESTONES

**Birthday.** Britain's George VI, his 45th, observed "somewhere in the country" with his Queen and two daughters, but—because of rationing—without his usual plum cake at tea. Official celebration waits till June, when colors can be trooped with better prospect of sunshine. Last week the fourth anniversary of his accession to Edward VIII's throne occurred (see p. 11).

**Married.** Oetje (rhymes with peachy) John Rogge, 36, red-headed, Assistant Attorney General who ably hounded State and local grafters in New Orleans, Kansas City, Detroit; and Wanda Johnston, 34; he for the second time; at Des Moines, Iowa.

**Married.** Gerald P. Nye, 48 (this week), North Dakota's recently divorced isolationist junior Senator; and Marguerite Johnson, 32, Rock Island, Ill. high-school teacher; at Iowa Falls, Iowa. They first met in Estes Park, Colo., when the Senator climbed out of his car to help Miss Johnson repair a tire.

**Divorced.** Freeman F. Gosden, 41, Virginia-born tenor half of the radio team "Amos 'n' Andy"; by Leta S. Gosden, 40; after twelve years' marriage; because he had become "sullen and morose"; in Los Angeles.

**Died.** Mrs. Elizabeth Cromwell Bosley, 45, foremost U. S. woman horse trainer, breeder of unbeaten Chase Me, who this year took over the big racing string owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Graham Lewis (Elizabeth Arden); when her car left the road, crashed into a tree; near Baltimore.

**Died.** J. Harold Murray, 49, handsome hero of Ziegfeld's *Rio Rita*, many another Broadway musical of the '20s, who retired from the stage in 1935, bought himself an interest in a Hartford brewery; at Killingworth, Conn.

**Died.** Princess Maria of Greece, 64, aunt of Greece's King George II and of the Duchess of Kent, onetime mother-in-law of Tin-Plate Heir William B. Leeds Jr.; of heart disease; in Athens.

**Died.** Baron Bruno Schröder, 73, for 30 years senior partner in the potent, old (1804) London banking house of J. Henry Schröder & Co., in which he represented the third generation; at Englefield Green, Surrey, England.

**Left.** By the late Franklyn Laws Hutton (TIME, Dec. 16), Manhattan broker; to the Countess Barbara Haugwitz-Reventlow, "a loving father's blessing for her future happiness" (adding that what money he could leave her would be "quite inconsequential"); to his widow, Mrs. Irene C. Hutton, with whom he became reconciled after last year repudiating her debts, his entire estate.

Advertisement of The Minneapolis Star Journal

## MINNEAPOLIS

newscracker

**Volcanic, barrel-shaped Basil** ("Stuffy") Walters edits The Minneapolis Star Journal to give:

- Readers: the news more quickly, more completely, more readably.
- Advertisers: unflagging reader traffic through all the pages of the paper.
- The Minneapolis Star Journal: preponderant circulation, advertising leads.

**Professional amateurs** are Stuffy and staff, with news noses as sensitive as a safecracker's sandpapered fingertips. They modify from day to day the rules



Raymond Clapper, "Stuffy" Walters

of their decade-ahead editing technique, to apply facts sluiced from scientific checks of reader habits.

**They dummy every page** to give it Page 1 interest, balance. They use type and pictures as expressively as Muni uses his screen face. They round out news with terse, TIME-like background facts, maps.

**"Stuffy" edited**, with Adolphe Menjou and Chicago University President Robert M. Hutchins, an AEF newspaper in World-war Italy; worked for The Indianapolis Star, The Milwaukee Journal, and The Des Moines Register and Tribune, before moving to Minneapolis in 1937.

**Today, uncombed** and ash-strewn, he sits from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. among his Minneapolis Star Journal reporters and rewrite men, exercising news judgment quick and sure as a beartrap.

**A wealth of tools** is in his pudgy, gifted hands: all major news and picture services, The Minneapolis Star Journal's own Washington bureau, America's best commentators (such as Raymond Clapper, pictured above) . . . plus a huge new plant, crammed with modern gadgets, visited in its first four months by 35,000 Northwesterners.

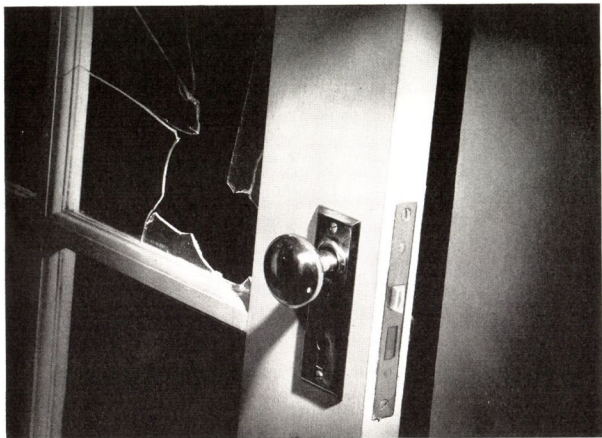
**More intense reader interest** in The Minneapolis Star Journal has enabled its bustling circulators to develop the Northwest's largest reader audience . . . its ad-sellers to harvest most Minneapolis retail advertising. The Minneapolis Star Journal is THE evening and Sunday newspaper of the whole Northwest.

## MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL

240,000 EVENING  
210,000 SUNDAY

MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL—JOHN COWLES, PRESIDENT

"Unforeseen events . . . need not change and shape the course of man's affairs"



## THE SMITHS ARE OUT . . . PLENTY!

The Smiths stepped out for an evening of excitement . . . and found it at home! A forced door, a buffet emptied of its silver, rifled wardrobes—all told the story. Another costly burglary.

A burglar's prospect list is as long as the city directory. *Your* address may be on one. Locks will not prevent the burglary, but insurance protects you against the resulting loss.

Right now is a particularly good time to invest in burglary insurance...for the protection which

The Maryland offers has been greatly broadened, without a corresponding increase in cost. The property of guests is now protected by your policy. And coverage has also been extended to garages, store rooms and outbuildings.

A few minutes' talk with a Maryland Casualty agent or broker will clearly demonstrate to you the completeness of the protection which is now available for *your* home, store, factory or office. Maryland Casualty Company, Baltimore.

## THE MARYLAND

*The Maryland writes more than 60 forms of Casualty Insurance and Surety Bonds. Over 10,000 Maryland Casualty agents and brokers can help you obtain protection against unforeseen events in business, industry and the home.*

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Elastic Stocking

This week, as U. S. retail sales reached their annual peak, U. S. corporate largess did the same. Directors shook the Christmas tree, brought down a shower of bonuses, raises, extra dividends.

Biggest downturn was in Detroit. Signing a new agreement with United Auto Workers, Chrysler Corp. granted bonuses of \$40 each to some 60,000 workmen (in lieu of vacations with pay), a 2¢ raise in hourly pay besides. To most observers, it looked as if smart Chrysler had made another smart move. The \$40 bonus, which will give employees about \$2,250,000, actually will cost Chrysler only about \$855,000 net (considering both normal and excess-profits tax savings).

A few hours after the Chrysler contract was signed, Hudson Motor also granted its 12,000 workers vacation bonuses. Two days later Briggs Manufacturing (automobile bodies) announced \$40 bonuses and 2¢ wage increases for 19,000 men. Other bonuses-of-the-fortnight: A & P stores, \$1,500,000; International Shoe, \$600,000; Glenn L. Martin aircraft, \$500,000; Procter & Gamble, \$500,000; Horn & Hardart (automats), \$340,000; Royal Metal Manufacturing Co. of Chicago, \$21,000.

To the country's \$,500,000 stockholders, extra and special dividends came almost too fast to count. Items: Allied Chemical, \$2; American-Hawaiian Steamship, \$1.75; Loew's Inc., \$1; J. C. Penney, \$2; U. S. Gypsum, \$1. The New York *Journal of Commerce* estimated that they would bring the year's total to \$3,565,000,000, up 13% from 1939, 27% from 1938.

### TYCOONS

#### Puzzled N. A. M.

Last week the National Association of Manufacturers, since 1895 the voice of U. S. big business, held its 45th Congress of American Industry. It was the best-attended Congress to date. Some 2,500 NAMembers jammed Manhattan's Waldorf-Astoria for the final dinner, which was the second biggest dinner<sup>9</sup> the Waldorf had ever served. Present were enough tycoons to float a national economy. Men like General Motors' Alfred P. Sloan, U. S. Steel's Irving Olds and Ben Fairless, Standard Oil's William Farish, Du Pont's Lamont du Pont, Swift's John Holmes, Bethlehem's Eugene Grace, General Electric's Philip Reed, Goodyear's Paul Litchfield were just white ties in a white-tied sea. It was probably the greatest galaxy of industrial power and talent ever gathered in one room.

The tycoons had gone to the dinner to hear William S. Knudsen tell them about the progress of defense (see p. 14). They \* Biggest: The Catholic Charities of the Archdiocese of New York in 1933—3,500.

had in fact been discussing defense for three days. The Congress' theme was "Total Preparedness for America's Future." Laying once and for all the ghostly fable that business is a united front on any subject, the subject of defense found the cream of American industry unable to make up its mind.

Pink-checked, scholarly, hard-working President Henning W. Prentiss Jr. (Armstrong Cork) expressed the uncertainty in his keynote speech. Pledging industry's

ovation. As though to duck the dilemma, most speakers belabored N. A. M.'s old, familiar devils: bureaucracy, U. S. fiscal policy, restrictive labor laws. At the session on "Production Aspects of Preparedness," four of the speeches were on labor problems, the fifth on the fifth column. In a round table that touched on plant capacity, Steelman Hook and Qilman Farish both said their industries had enough.

If the war gods found cold comfort at the Congress, the U. S. consumer fared



N. A. M.'s PRENTISS & FULLER  
Knudsen's words followed them home.

Associated Press

support to the defense program. He granted that industry could produce more than it has "if we are, in the opinion of Government, faced with emergency war production." Then, like a Labor M.P. confronting Churchill, he asked the Government to define its defense aims.

From what followed, two things were clear: 1) the U. S. manufacturer is anxious to do his duty, but 2) he has no stomach for war economics. Significant were the results of an Elmo Roper survey of public opinion for N. A. M.: only 10% of the U. S. believes that business is driving the country towards war (only 1% believes the President is doing so). Still fearful of future Nye investigations, still leery of munitions-making, many NAMembers took satisfaction in this low figure.

They did not agree on how much danger the U. S. faces. Lewis W. Douglas of Mutual Life Insurance Co. gave them the interventionist view ("no compromise with oppression, and no covenant with tyranny"), was politely applauded. Sears, Roebuck's General Robert E. Wood argued isolationism, received a spontaneous

better. Many a speaker insisted that defense needs should not interfere with the production of peacetime goods. General Electric's Reed called for more research, bigger volume, low prices. In its "Platform of American Industry," the Congress adopted the view that the U. S. people can achieve defense "without experiencing a reduction in their standard of living to the extent suffered abroad." Reassuring was the magic show of new products presented by M. I. T.'s Karl Compton: synthetic rubber, cold light, soybean suits, nylon velvet gowns. And Wesley M. Angle, president of Stromberg-Carlson, gave an almost New Dealish view of working hours: "Until we put back to work those of the millions of unemployed who are able to work. I can not see that we should worry or complain about a 40-hour week."

But as NAMembers left for home at week's end, the words that rang in their ears were Bill Knudsen's bleak call for production, production, production. This week, just before he handed the N. A. M. presidency on to Curtis Publishing Co.'s Walter D. Fuller, Henning Prentiss' key-



GEORGE CREEL  
As Good Neighbors . . .



JOHN HASTINGS  
. . . they would not . . .



GEORGE HOUSTON  
. . . go begging.

note uncertainty was gone. "Now that the manufacturers of the nation have been told the need," said he, their answer is "clear and uncompromising"—they will produce. First step: an inventory of men and machines, a survey of bottlenecks, in which all NAMembers will be asked to take part.

## FOREIGN TRADE

### Strange Bedfellows

Three weeks ago many a U. S. businessman and soldier of fortune donned boots and sombrero, took his place on the Mexican border, looked over the Rio Grande into a new land of free enterprise. To such as he, Manuel Avila Camacho looked like a relief from the New Deal. If the New Deal had stilled such men's pioneer spirit, a Mexican President might well bring it back. Scarcely had the inaugural words "private initiative" died on his lips when Avila Camacho went down under a deluge of U. S. pioneers. No frontiersman himself, Mexico's new President was bewildered but happy—he liked them.

By last week 20 of the pioneers had formed a syndicate, prepared to stake out their claims in Mexico City. Their proposal: if Avila Camacho would undo some liberal reforms of his great & good friend, ex-President Cárdenas, they would give chicle-growing Mexico \$100,000,000 to chew on. "Steps necessary to the economic rehabilitation of Mexico" included 1) lifting immigration bars to bring in skilled labor, 2) revision of expropriation laws to guarantee foreign investments, 3) reorganization of the nationalized railroads, 4) mechanization of farms, 5) a network of five U. S. highways converging on Mexico City (to be built largely with U. S. defense funds). With the \$100,000,000 (more than last year's Mexican budget) the syndicate made specific proposals to develop almost every phase of Mexican life: industry, agriculture, railroads, mining, natural gas, hydraulic power, tourist business, amusements, canning, fishing, manufacture of paper matches. In return

for this Good Neighborliness, they would not go begging. Taxes in Mexico are generally lower than in the U. S., return on investment generally higher.

Members:

► Stately, handsome John A. Hastings, promotive vanguard of the great bonanza. A onetime New York State Senator (at 22, the youngest in the Legislature's history), an oldtime crony of James J. Walker, unsuccessful candidate (although Father Coughlin backed him) for U. S. Representative in 1936. Hastings reportedly sought concessions for West Coast fishing, railroads, a trans-Isthmus pipeline. Mexican politicians thought him a U. S. Senator.

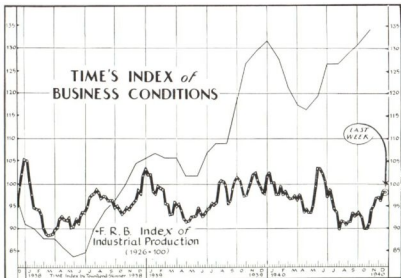
► Industrial Consultant George Harrison Houston, onetime president of Wright Aeronautical Corp. and Baldwin Locomotive Works, longtime crusader against the

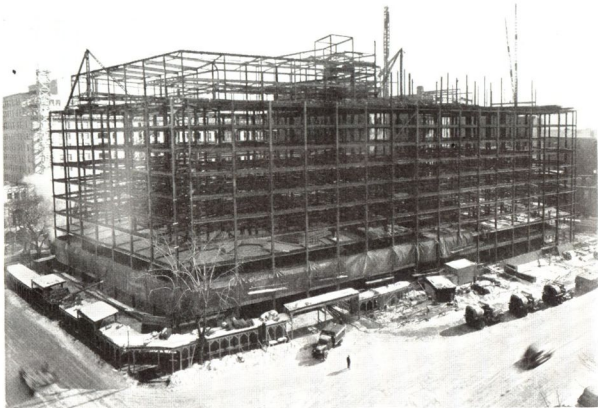
New Deal. The syndicate relied heavily on a three-year study of Mexican potentialities which his firm recently completed.

► Dapper, slick Lawrence Wood ("Chip") Robert Jr., former Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, cordially disliked by the New Deal. When Chip's prosperous Atlanta contracting firm, Robert & Co., grabbed off one juicy segment after another of the defense pie, enemies effected his ousting from the secretaryship of the National Democratic Party.

► Suave, powerful Emilio Portes Gil, Provisional President of Mexico after the assassination of Obregón. As No. 1 brawn-truster to Avila Camacho, Gil probably knows as much about Mexican politics as any other living man, will thus be indispensable to the syndicate.

► Sir Harry Oakes, Maine-born, Bowdoin-





**LAFAYETTE BLDG., 15 & 1 Sts., N.W., Washington, D. C.**  
**ARCHITECTS:** A. R. Clas & Associates, Washington, D. C. Holabird & Root, Chicago, Ill.  
**ENGINEER:** A. J. Scullen, Washington, D. C.  
**GENERAL CONTRACTORS:** Thompson-Starrett Co., N. Y.  
**CONCRETE CONTRACTORS:** Senn-Herrick Corp., N. Y.



## Taking the Quick Way Out

**Y**OU'D want your building in a hurry if you, or a tenant, were waiting to move in. Chances are you'd even pay extra for quicker completion. Where concrete is used in your construction, you can get extra speed—save time—and often reduce costs by making the concrete with Lehigh Early Strength Cement.

In the Lafayette Building, Washington, D. C., steel erection was finished and floors ready for concrete when the "speed-up" call came for early occupancy. By changing from concrete made with normal portland cement, as originally specified, to quick service concrete made with Lehigh Early Strength Cement, the Senn-Herrick Corporation completed the concrete basement, twelve floors, and roof slab in 8 weeks.

Instead of waiting 14 to 21 days on each floor to remove forms, as required with normal cement, the contractor took down the forms in 4 days. Instead of maintaining heat protection for extended periods because of sub-freezing weather, the concrete was cured in less than half the time—saving about \$200 per day curing costs. In 10 to 17 days faster time on each floor the concrete reached the required strength with the result that other trades were able to step up their work to expedite the whole job.

You get this same relative speed in obtaining service strength concrete for any purpose, by using Lehigh Early Strength Cement. Specify it for your work. Ask the architect, engineer or contractor, or the Lehigh Service Department about its advantages.

# LEHIGH PORTLAND CEMENT COMPANY

*Allentown, Pa., Chicago, Ill., Spokane, Wash.*

# Appalachian Electric Power Company

\$70,000,000

First Mortgage Bonds, 3 1/4% Series due 1970

Due December 1, 1970

Price 107%

Plus accrued interest from December 1, 1940

\*300,000 Shares

4 1/2% Cumulative Preferred Stock

Par Value \$100

\*Subject as to 163,389 shares to the prior right of the holders of the Company's Preferred Stocks outstanding in the hands of the public to exchange their shares under the Company's exchange offer described in the Prospectus.

Price \$106 a Share

Plus accrued dividends from December 1, 1940

*This advertisement is neither an offer to sell nor a solicitation of offers to buy these securities. The offering is made only by the Prospectus, copies of which may be obtained in each state from such of the undersigned as may legally offer these securities in compliance with the securities laws of such state.*

Bonbright & Company  
Incorporated

The First Boston Corporation

Tucker, Anthony & Co.

Coffin & Burr  
Incorporated

Harriman Ripley & Co.  
Incorporated

Smith, Barney & Co.

Shields & Company

Stone & Webster and Blodgett  
Incorporated

Blyth & Co., Inc.

W. C. Langley & Co.

Harris, Hall & Company  
(Incorporated)

Union Securities Corporation

Jackson & Curtis

December 13, 1940

bred mining tycoon (Canadian gold) now living in Nassau, where income taxes are 5%. Unlike his colleagues, most of whom are longer on bulliness than on bullion, Sir Harry is so fabulously wealthy that he might well finance the bulk of the bonanza. ► George Creel, California publicist and organizer of public opinion for the Wilson Administration during World War I. ► Others: Frank R. Fageol, president of Twin Coach Co., Crooner Morton Downey, Nassau Real Estate Man Harold Christie, Manhattan Architect John Sloan, Treasurer of the Banco Fiduciario de Mexico John R. O'Connor, Engineer Gustavo L. Trevino of Mexico City, President William O'Neil of General Tire & Rubber Co.

Of the mass of opportunists in Mexico City, these strange bedfellows probably knew best what they wanted and how to get it. Pooled, their special talents covered almost every angle of the syndicate's plan: finance, publicity, industrial planning, politics, engineering.

Question last week was whether they would be able to use them. The most important ingredient of all—a benevolent nod from Washington—was nowhere to be seen. If the New Deal has no use for Chip Robert, Avila Camacho has a lot of use for the friendship of the New Deal. It is a good customer for his useless silver. It may, if his negotiations are successful, even become a good customer for Mexico's expropriated oil. In such delicate times, Avila Camacho, for all his hospitality to pioneering principles, would not want to incur Washington's displeasure by letting his country be exploited too fast.

## MINING

### Bargain Day in Leadville

Leadville, Colo. (pop. 4,774), self-advertised world's highest incorporated city, has seen some fancy goings on from its perch two miles up in the Rocky Mountains. Since the discovery of silver touched off an avalanche of fortune seekers in 1878, its mines have yielded some \$600 million in silver, gold, lead, zinc, copper, manganese. Today it is still a rowdy, frontier mining town. Queen of its night life is the Pastime's Blonde Bobbie, who relaxes at the piano between rounds, amazes customers with a repertoire ranging from blues to classics (all played by ear). On West Second Street flourishes a row of oldtime cribs, whose occupants have nothing to fear except monthly medical examinations.

Last week Leadville was all keyed up. On a bright, brittle December morning, its townspeople gathered in their old two-story red courthouses to attend what was potentially one of the greatest bargain sales of all time. Climax Molybdenum Co.'s Bartlett Mountain mine, which contains about 90% of the world's known supply of molybdenum, was to be knocked down for its unpaid 1939 county taxes: \$294,938.75, including interest.

The sale did not mean that Climax was broke. Since steelmen recognized molybdenum's value in making tough, rugged alloys, Climax has become the biggest

GIVE TIME  
THIS CHRISTMAS

when the times  
make TIME so  
necessary.

ENJOY FLORIDA SUN and FUN  
at Arthur L. Roberts Hotels  
Near all Sports, Shops, Amusements

Reduced Rates till Jan. 20  
All Twin Beds and Bath—Selected Guests  
★ ROBERTS BEACH—MIAMI BEACH  
34th & Collins, \$30 wk. Single, \$35  
Double, up. European Plan, Cafe  
★ HOTEL EVERGLADES—PALM BEACH  
\$30 wk. Single, \$35 Double, up. E.P., Cafe  
★ VILLA ATLANTIQUE—PALM BEACH  
\$40 wk. Single, \$75 Double, up. A. P.  
Including Delicious Meals  
Children Welcome—Half Rates  
Special Hostesses

Good Golf Games Always Available  
Write for Booklet and Rates for YOUR Party  
FREE Private Ocean Beaches at Hotels

HITS THE  
SPOT  
ON  
HAMBURGER

A-1  
SAUCE

"ASK FOR IT IN EATING PLACES  
... AND AT HOME TOO"



thing in Leadville as well as in the "moly" business, has paid almost \$26 million in dividends in the last five years. The company had \$8,678,521 in the bank at the beginning of 1940. But Climax refused to pay what it considered an exorbitant tax.

In 1938, Lake County officials set Climax's taxes at \$101,250, had no trouble collecting. In 1939, they quadrupled the company's assessed valuation (from \$4 million to over \$16 million) and almost tripled Climax's bill, although the tax rate was lowered. When the county advertised the mine for sale to satisfy the tax claim, Climax advertised too, warned any bargain seekers that the company "wholly denied, challenged and controverted" the county's right to sell. Lest such legalistic language obscure the point, a Climax attorney explained: "We're telling anyone who might try to buy . . . that he would be buying himself a lawsuit."

The Climax ad did better than the county's. Only offer soft-voiced County Treasurer Frank Kendrick received when he opened his auction came by mail from George B. Malott, president of an Indianapolis machine works. The bid: \$10, promptly rejected. Malott, who makes a hobby of bidding at tax sales ("to help out local units of government, and, naturally, to make a little change for myself"), had not known that Colorado law demanded a bid equal at least to the amount of delinquent taxes.

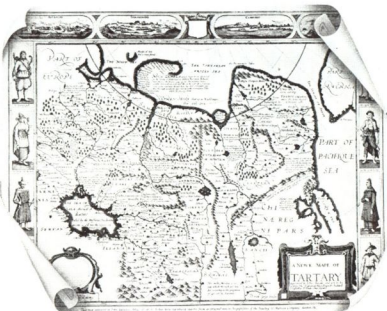
Treasurer Kendrick tried again on two more days, got nothing but a few more fry-sized nibbles. An inquiry came from a Texan who said, "I love lawsuits," admitted he knew nothing about molybdenum. From Grand Junction, Colo., came a telegram bidding \$75, from Manhattan one offering \$100. A post-card bid from Utica, N. Y., forgot to mention any figure at all. Kendrick gave up, turned the tax-sale certificate over to the county. The county-Climax tax squabble was back where it started.

## TRANSPORTATION

### Lebensraum for the Straphanger

Followed by tail-coated plenipotentiaries, duck-bottomed Fiorello H. LaGuardia last week borrowed a nickel, pressed through the turnstiles into the subterranean maze. Donning a conductor's cap, he posed at the controls of a shiny new train, then settled back with proud satisfaction as it slithered off through the spotless white tunnel which even smelled clean. Manhattan's Sixth Avenue Subway had been opened.

For years most New Yorkers have agreed on a program for bettering the lot of the subway sardine: 1) unification of the city's three systems (Interborough Rapid Transit, Brooklyn-Manhattan Transit, the city-owned Independent) under municipal ownership & operation; 2) maintenance of the 5¢ fare; 3) more subways to relieve congestion. But the history of Unification reads like a machine-age edition of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The city had to find ways & means of setting aside contracts with IRT and BMT (good until 1967, 1969), raising money enough to



If you would like to have a full-size (17" x 22") reproduction of this interesting antique map, in four colors, write Dept. 540, and a copy will be mailed promptly.

*"..having fine veines like grasse"*

WHEN famed Map-maker John Speede mapped Tartary (Asia) in 1626 he indicated the location of asbestos deposits—217 years before Kearsbey & Mattison pioneered the commercial use of this unique material in America. His picturesque map bears this legend:

*"In this country is a Hil out of which they dig earth called by pliny terra asbestus, having fine veines like grasse which being spun and weaved yeeld cloth that will not burn in the fire."*

Up to a few decades ago, however, asbestos was used only to mystify and amaze; its fire-resisting property made it only a curio. In 1873, its application to industry was begun by Kearsbey & Mattison. Since then scores of products have been developed, which are making their unique contribution to safety, comfort and economy in home and factory—asbestos-cement shingles, sheet building materials, insulation for boilers and furnaces, and corrosion-proof pipe for water mains to name but a few.

Nature made asbestos; Kearsbey & Mattison, America's asbestos pioneer, has made it serve mankind—since 1873.



**KEASBEY & MATTISON**  
COMPANY, AMBLER, PENNSYLVANIA

# FAMOUS PARKER GAMES



## CITADEL

### SMART NEW BOARD GAME

Attack and counter-attack with Barons, Herolds and Archers! You will enjoy the original moves in CITADEL—an artistic new game which is easy to learn and smart to play.

Price, \$2



## CIRCLE GAMMON

### For 2 to 4 Players

CIRCLE GAMMON is a new and remarkable adaptation of Backgammon—easier, faster and more fun than the older game! 3 or 4 can play. Whether you play lightly for fun and relaxation, or play the more skillful point-game, you'll find CIRCLE GAMMON a lasting new enjoyment! DE LUXE Edition, \$7.50. Other Editions, \$2 and \$5.



## MONOPOLY

**MOST POPULAR of the  
World's Great Standard Games**  
Sets, \$2 to \$15

**HI-RO**, Sensational New Game Hit, \$1 to \$3; **SORRY**, Fast Action Board Game, \$1 to \$3; **GONTSACK**, Fast, Lively Game played with Triangles, \$6 to \$1.50; **PING-PONG**, Complete New Sets and Equipment; **PANDA-BEAR**, Best Game for Little Folks, \$1; **SKY RIDERS**, Race Among the Planets, \$2; **PEACE**, New National Game, \$1; **PARLOR SKEET**, Realistic Trapshooting Game, \$5; **CROSSWORD LEXICON**, Great Crossword Card Game, 20c and \$1; **LOVE RANGER** Board Game, \$1; **ROOK**, **PI**, **FLINCH**, **TOURING**, Famous Card Games, 75c.

AT ALL DEALERS or by mail from Salem

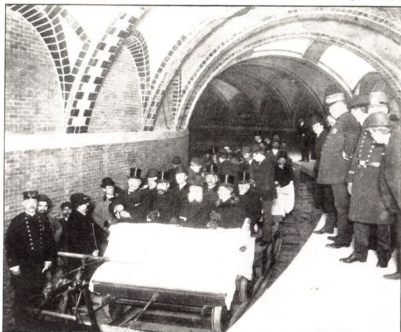
**PARKER BROTHERS INC.**  
SALEM, MASS. • NEW YORK • CHICAGO

buy out private interests. After nearly 20 years of litigation, haggling, interdepartmental strife, the city last year bought a weakened BMT, a bankrupt IRT. Last June—36 years after the opening of Manhattan's IRT subway (see cut)—she merged them with her own Independent.

This brought under city ownership the longest underground transit system in the world—130 miles of subway routes (London, 75 miles; Paris, 70). Together with an additional 120 miles of elevated lines, it carried 2,255,000,000 passengers during the last fiscal year, more than were carried by any other railroad. But the below-cost 5c fare—politically inexpedient to change—has piled deficit upon deficit on New

mains, gas pipes, pneumatic mail tubes, sewer pipes, steam mains, telegraph wires, police and fire alarm lines, conduits for refrigerator brine, burglar alarm wires, quotation ticker lines, traffic signal wires. Without suspending these services, the pipes and wires had to be slung from the flooring or rerouted on the surface. Where the cut & cover method was not adaptable, direct tunneling had to be done—sometimes with compressed air and a shield under sandhog conditions. Among other discomfures: cold (subways take several years to warm up).

Features of the new line include doorless telephone booths soundproofed to keep out the roar of trains, promenades in & out of the elaborate 34th Street



Brown Brothers

MANHATTAN SUBWAY OPENING (1904)  
Last week the maze grew 2.2 more miles.

York's subways. Not until 1982 will the last of the present transit debt be paid off. Fortnight ago, an apprehensive Citizens Budget Commission put the total ultimate cost to the city of existing lines at \$3,295,000,000, offset by estimated past and future revenues of \$1,105,000,000. But under Unification the Board of Transportation hopes to cut down expenses. Last week it was estimated that operating costs plus interest, before depreciation, had been reduced to 62¢ a passenger.

The new Sixth Avenue route, four and a half years a-building, cost \$60,000,000, is the world's most expensive subway mile for mile. As an engineering feat, it is probably the most complex in railroad history. Within its short 2.2 miles, contractors burrowed under or over six other rapid transit tunnels, had to hold up the heavy overhead Sixth Avenue El (since torn down) and most of the buildings along the route with piles driven down to bed rock. The cut & cover method (trenchlike excavation covered with wooden lining) necessitated digging through a tangle of telephone cables, power lines, water

station by which one can walk all the way to 42nd Street. Proud but not satisfied is the city's Board of Transportation. Included in plans for the far future: an East Side subway to replace the 2nd and 3rd Avenue elevateds, a subway under Central Park, four new tunnels under the East River and one to Staten Island.

## TRADE

### No. 1 Santa

Last week roly-poly (200 lb., 5 ft. 8 in.) Harry Gokey, 71, retired vaudeville trouper, made his bid for No. 1 U. S. professional Santa by booking a round of Clausing (at \$5 to \$25 an appearance) in Portland, Ore. private homes and clubs. It was his 51st consecutive season in the business. Since his first appearance in a window of The Fair (Chicago department store) in the bitter winter of 1890, Claus Gokey has earned \$15,000 at his jocular sideline. He has also acquired a high scorn for the thousands of street-corner and department-store Santas who have followed in his footsteps. Said he: "They scare children."

ONE THING THAT HASN'T CHANGED...  
How to say "Merry Christmas!"



For more years than the oldest one amongst us can recall, the really eloquent way of saying... Merry Christmas has been with good whiskey. And under many an oldtime tree was placed the best the day knew—though heavy as the roar of welcome it received! So this Christmas by all means cling to this grand tradition. But remember... *tastes* have changed though custom *hasn't*. And let the whiskey you give be a *modern* whiskey, a *light* whiskey. For those particular friends of yours, choose HIRAM WALKER'S Signet. This superb whiskey—distilled by modern methods for modern tastes—is delightfully light and easy to take. Aged in aged wood—casks pre-mellowed by prior use—  
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*Hiram Walker's*  
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*First Bonded Whiskey of its kind*



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## THE THEATRE

### Flanagan's Drama

The late Federal Theatre Project was the biggest State-subsidized theatre on record. In four years it spent almost enough money to build a battleship (\$46,000,000), employed 13,000 people at its peak, gave 53,600 performances of 1,200 major productions to audiences of 30,300,000, of whom some 65% had never before seen a living actor at work. This whopping project was run by tiny, greenish-eyed Hallie Flanagan, head of Vassar College's Experimental Theatre. Last week Hallie Flanagan published an ardent, lively history of Federal Theatre, *Arena* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce; \$3), winding up with a blast at the politicians who finally packed the whole huge show off to the storehouse.

Because it enabled an average of 10,000 people to support an average of four dependents apiece for four years, Federal Theatre fulfilled its purpose: relief. In the process it made many original contributions to theatre art. Among them were its productions of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* and T. S. Eliot's religious drama *Murder in the Cathedral*, the Negro Sings *Mikado*, etc. But Hallie Flanagan is especially proud of the socio-esthetic achievement as a whole, of the fact that millions were given a wide gamut of drama from Euripides to O'Neill, as well as musical comedies, pageants, ballets, puppet shows, children's plays, foreign-language productions, radio programs. She gets a lot of what she feels into a poem about the Theatre's Florida activities. Excerpt:

*Wauchula was the place where we played musical comedy*

*And no one laughed.*

*The director went out and said "What's the matter?"*

*Don't you like it? Why don't you laugh? Why don't you clap?"*

*An old lady said*

*"We'd like to laugh but we're afraid to interrupt the living actors"*

*It don't seem polite.*

*We'd like to clap, but we don't know when.*

*We don't at the pictures."*

Federal Theatre was allowed the widest latitude of any government theatre ever heard of. It got loud approval from most commercial theatre people (just as libraries are approved by booksellers). It grossed \$2,000,000 at the box office and at the end of the project its receipts were meeting all expenses—costumes, scenery, lighting, royalties, advertising—except labor. It was killed by Congress in June 1939. Like almost every enterprise, public or private, at the time, Federal Theatre had its radical elements. But an almost Neanderthal illiteracy played a part in Federal Theatre's murder. In the Dies Committee's hearings Representative Joe Starnes of Alabama said to Hallie Flanagan: "You are quoting from this Marlowe. Is he a Communist?" On the Senate floor, Senator Robert Reynolds of North Carolina

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**Refrigeration**

gave a list of plays presented by Federal Theatre that "definitely bear the trademark of 'red' Russia in their titles, plays spewed forth from the gutters of the Kremlin." Senator Reynolds included *Up in Mabel's Room*.

Hallie Flanagan, fiftyish, is the widow of Philip H. Davis, Vassar Greek professor. She was born in Redfield, S. Dak., went to Grinnell College, Iowa, and Radcliffe, assisted the late George Pierce Baker at his Harvard dramatic workshop. In 1926 she was the first woman to win a Guggenheim Fellowship, on which she studied the theatre in twelve European countries and wrote *Shifting Scenes of the Modern European Theater*. Her admiration for the early Soviet theatre of Meyerhold and others stood her in bad stead when she faced the brand of dramatic criticism offered by Representative Starnes and Senator Reynolds.

### Revival in Manhattan

**King Lear**, Erwin Piscator, 47, is the slight, grey son of a German Protestant family of Hessen-Nassau. He was drafted into the German Army during World War I, directed front-line theatricals. During the post-war social crisis he became a leading German radical impresario, a theatre figure almost as big as Max Reinhardt. He produced great plays frankly as propaganda, stressed all possible class-war angles, emphasized mass effects rather than individual actors. Determined to get his audiences "into" the plays, he abolished the curtain, had actors play in the aisles, loud-speakers sound from all parts of the house. His theatre became a versatile expressive "machine," blending plays, films, radio.

Six months before Hitler came to power, Piscator went to the U. S. S. R., to show his ideas, then to the "German University" (largely refugee) in Paris. Last spring he made his U. S. debut in Washington, D. C., with a conservative production of Shaw's *Saint Joan*, feebly played by Cinemactress Luise Rainer. Currently Piscator is director of the 400-seat Studio Theatre of Manhattan's New School for Social Research, many of whose brilliant staff are political refugees. There last week he gave *King Lear*, first of a subscription series of plays.

The net effect, anything but theatrically outlandish, was of a richly lighted *Lear* centring around a grey hill of steps that revolved for scene changes. The actors often pointed up the dialogue by posturing up and down the steps. They also made sallies into the aisles. If Piscator intended to de-emphasize the individual actors, his accomplishment was not noticeable. The veteran Sam Jaffe (of *The Jazz Singer*, *Grand Hotel* and Hollywood) was a subtle, moving *Lear* whose chief fault was that his appearance kept suggesting that ex-Supreme Court Justice Louis D. Brandeis was playing the part.

Piscator feels that *Lear's* picture of the ravages wrought by the power lust is especially relevant nowadays. It is. Whether or not Piscator's or others' stage inventions can add to *Lear's* bitter power, Piscator's *Lear* is a stimulating job.

TIME, December 23, 1940



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## BOOKS

### Foxes and Folios

"There is a natural affinity between sport and book collecting. . . . The joys of the chase and the exultation in achievement after an arduous hunt, whether of fox, pheasant or folio, have much in common." Thus graciously the Grolier Club last week mixed foxes and folios in an exhibit of members' sporting books and prints in its Manhattan clubhouse. Within its print-hung, paneled walls, smelling of old leather bindings and armchairs, the Grolier is a club of booklovers more interested in a richly tooled cover than in a succulent footnote or limpid trochee. It was founded in 1884 by craftsmen and wealthy collectors to improve the then wretched state of U. S. bookmaking. Its name commemorates a great 16th-Century connoisseur of covers & colophons, Jean Grolier de Servier, Viscount d'Aguisier.

To breed better books the club itself has whelped 97 masterfully made volumes on bookmaking and bibliography, has built the best reference collection on the subject in the U. S. Its dim library of some 27,000 books-about-books, guarded by busts of Ben Franklin and other great printers, is open to the public. At monthly meetings members shop-talk of first editions and Renaissance engravings, entertain each other with addresses on "Pope as a Letter Writer," "Benjamin Franklin, Traveller,"

Peters, who "works for a living" as a coal merchant, but whose real business is more varied. He is 1) co-Master of the Meadow Brook Hounds, one of the foremost U. S. hunt clubs; 2) leading U. S. authority on fox hunting, author of *Just Hunting* (1936); 3) inspirer of the national enthusiasm for Currier & Ives, owner of some 15,000 of their prints, author of four scholarly tomes on antique U. S. lithographs; 4) owner of perhaps the world's best private library of sporting books and prints; 5) promoter of a unique theory: art is more indebted to sport than to religion. Sportsman-Bibliophile Peters has lectured on his thesis at Manhattan's great Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The Grolier Club's new show, he thinks, bears him out too. He sweeps an arm about the array of sporting books, which date neatly from 1340 to 1940, points out that many a lustrous treatise on hawking, angling, hunting was written in the shadow of the Church. The first printed English sporting book, the *Book of St. Albans*, was written presumably by an abbot. "The greatest hunting manuscript in existence," the brilliantly illuminated 15th-Century *Le Livre de la Chasse* of Gaston Phebus, observes: "There is no man's life less displeasurable to God than the life of a perfect, skillful hunter. . . . Hunting causeth a man to eschew the seven deadly sins. . . ."

### Washington's Cabal

WASHINGTON AND THE REVOLUTION—Bernhard Knollenberg—Macmillan (\$3).

Last week the vast, dead peaceful world of the past faced the horrors of a historiographical schism. With his *Washington and the Revolution*, Historian Bernhard Knollenberg knocked the Father of his Country off the pedestal, and mumbling expressions of polite admiration, began to pound his head on the ground.

Bernhard Knollenberg is a former member of the venerable Manhattan law firm of Lord, Day & Lord, former member of the New York Child Labor Committee, former member of the Committee on Legislation of the Association of the Bar of New York City. Two years ago he went to Yale to become the university's librarian. As a private hobby, he had long worked on a detailed history of the American Revolution from the Tea Act to the French Alliance.

Knollenberg experienced no unusual difficulties until 1775. In that year Washington took the revolutionary limelight, began to write letters and make comments on which classic U. S. historians have relied for their record and interpretation of much Revolutionary history. To historians like John Fiske, George Bancroft, Worthington Chauncey Ford, Paul Leicester Ford, Washington's word was almost sacrosanct. Reluctantly, Historian Knollenberg concluded that it wasn't. Yet others went on believing Washington. To correct ("in some measure") this preju-

dice, Knollenberg wrote *Washington and the Revolution*.

Most Americans learned in school that during the dark winter at Valley Forge, Washington was the near-victim of a cabal cooked up by Irish Expatiate and French General Thomas Conway, by Dr. Benjamin Rush, by the Adams cousins, Sam & John. Purpose of the plot was to replace Washington by General Horatio Gates. Now Historian Knollenberg reviews the documents to conclude that no such cabal ever existed, that the long-lived rumor was due in part to Washington's touchiness, dictatorial arrogance, "disingenuousness," skill



BERNHARD KNOLLENBERG  
He undid an undoing.



HARRY TWYFORD PETERS, M.F.H.  
Sportsmen avoid the carnal sins.

"The Terrible Gustave Doré." Members include Moneybags J. Pierpont Morgan, Owen D. Young, Baron Victor Rothschild, Typographers Frederic Goudy, Bruce Rogers, Publishers Charles Scribner, Arthur Hays Sulzberger (New York Times), Physician Logan Clendening, Actor Robert Montgomery, President Franklin D. Roosevelt (honorary).

President of the Grolier Club is tall, forthright, weathered Harry Twyford

at passing the buck for his own mistakes. In part it was due to wild statements by ambitious young Marquis de Lafayette. If there was any Conway cabal, in short, it was a cabal against Conway. His enemies were Washington and his Army clique, and President of Congress, Henry Laurens.

To clinch his charge of Washington's shiftiness, Knollenberg digs out pre-revolutionary correspondence of Washington with Royal Lieut. Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, a letter to a contemporary historian in which Washington tries to shift the blame for the loss of Fort Washington to Congress and General Greene, letters showing that Washington engaged in shady land deals. Knollenberg also claims that Washington did not, as he implied, lose the Battle of Brandywine because General Gates refused to return a borrowed corps, Washington did not request Gates to return the corps until 13 days after the Brandywine defeat. There are also letters to prove that Conway and Gates were two of the most respected and able officers in the Continental Army. Cleared of the charge of cowardice after his defeat at Camden, S. C., Gates was second in command of the Army when the war ended. Washington had to exaggerate stray rumors of a cabal to cover up his inability to discipline his own troops, his inability to win battles.

If Historian Knollenberg's voice is not always dispassionate, this is due to the

fact that his book is less an onslaught on Washington than a book-bat heaved in a historians' squabble. Conspicuous on the receiving end is Historian John C. Fitzpatrick, editor of the Bicentennial edition of Washington's works.

Since the beginning of the present century, historians like Sydney George Fisher, Claude H. Van Tyne, Francis V. Greene, by a process known as making Washington less of a statue and more of a human being, have busily reduced the prodigious figure to something nearer their own size and understanding. They were doing quite nicely when along came Historian John C. Fitzpatrick, by whom, says Knollenberg testily, "their work has been largely undone." So exasperated does Historian Knollenberg become in undoing this undoing that he accuses Historian Fitzpatrick of taking literally a remark of Washington Irving's: "There is a certain meddlesome spirit which, in the garb of learned research, goes prying about the traces of history, casting down its monuments, and marring and mutilating its fairest trophies. Care should be taken to vindicate great names from such pernicious erudition."

#### "A Ass, A Idiot"

THE MYSTERY OF ELIZABETH CANNING—Barrett R. Wellington—J. Ray Peck (\$3).

THE STRANGEST CASES ON RECORD—John Allison Duncan—Reilly & Lee (\$3).

Elizabeth Canning, a virtuous serving wench, vanished into the labyrinthine London night on New Year's, 1753. Four



HENRY VIII

Historical

... convicted the dead of treason.

weeks later she reappeared, bloodstained, gaunt with hunger, clad in rags. Before Magistrate Henry Fielding she told a tale which might have been sliced from his own *Tom Jones*. She claimed that she was seized by two ruffians, robbed, dragged to a bawdyhouse where a gypsy hag with a nightmare face ripped her stays (value: 10/6) from her, locked her up in the loft. There Elizabeth languished until she escaped through a boarded window. The

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gypsy crone was tried before the Lord Mayor of London, condemned to the gallows.

But the gypsy was quickly pardoned by George II. Reason: a swarm of witnesses were uncovered to swear they had seen that unforgottably hideous face far from London at the time of the crime. Soon it was Elizabeth Canning who was being tried, for perjury. Found guilty, she was exiled to Connecticut. In the two trials, involving 134 witnesses, the hag was clearly proved to have been in a London suburb in January 1753, and at the same time to have been several counties away. This forms "the strangest enigma that ever faced a court of law," says Lawyer Barrett R. Wellington of Troy, N. Y., in *The Mystery of Elizabeth Canning*, a book which is both a mystery story and a case history in the perilous science of evidence. Wellington doubts that the crone had an enchanted broomstick. He thinks she was twins. The Lord Mayor and the twelve good men & true were "fuddled, deceived, duped, gulled, hoodwinked and lamentably humbugged by a pack of clever gypsies."

Readers who do not yet agree with Dickens' Mr. Bumble that "the law is a ass, a idiot" can turn to *The Strangest Cases on Record* by Lawyer John Allison Duncan of Cleveland. His book is a random docket of legal madness. Hear ye: ▶ Thomas à Becket died in 1170, was lengthily tried in 1538 under Henry VIII. Henry, wrote Lord Campbell, "when he wished to throw off the authority of the Pope, thinking that as long as the name of St. Thomas should remain in the calendar men would be stimulated by his example to brave the ecclesiastical authority of the Sovereign, instructed his Attorney General to file a quo warranto information against him [Thomas à Becket] for usurping the office of a Saint. . . . Verdict: guilty of rebellion and treason."

▶ "The statue of Venus de Milo was tried for nudity in Mannheim, Germany, and sentenced to prison in 1853."

▶ "During the reign of Henry III, 'to wound, maim or kill a fairy' was punishable by death."

▶ At a Boston trial Lawyer R. M. Morse asked a question 20,000 words long. The witness' answer: "I don't know."

▶ Verdict in *United States v. 350 Cans of Canned Sardines*: "The jury finds a verdict in favor of the United States and recommends the mercy of the Court."

▶ A corporation can be sued for alienation of affections (case of *Louis Gold v. Pocket Brasserie Co., Inc., et al.*).

▶ In 1922 a California court awarded a judgment of \$304,840.332.912.685.16. The defendant soon went through bankruptcy.

### Books of the Year

This week the 1940 publishing year draws to an end. It had not been a year replete with great books, but among 10,106 new titles published in the first eleven months was more than one of solid worth. There were 1,646 new novels, 603 new biographies and autobiographies, 284 geography and travel books, 1,434 books of poems, criticism or other belles-lettres.

There were 1,570 books on politics, economics or current affairs, 794 juveniles and 3,775 technical and text books. Most notable was the year's flock of topical books, inspired by the war. Led by Rauschning's *The Voice of Destruction*, they swarmed informatively into the void once filled by pamphleteers.

Lacking a *Gone With the Wind*, the book trade still had two notable best-sellers, Kenneth Roberts' *Oliver Wiswell* and Ernest Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls*. Besides, a Negro, Richard Wright, wrote a best-seller about a Negro, *Native Son*. Of first novels, the most



Keystone

POLITICAL WRITER RAUSCHNING  
He led a flock.

promising seemed to be Carson McCullers' *The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter*.

It was a year in which established writers like Lewis, Mann, Cather, Millay, Huxley, Caldwell, Faulkner, Werfel, Farrell, O'Hara continued to pour out their hearts and more especially their words. It was the year in which Thomas Wolfe's last work was published. His book seemed less like the new start he had hoped it was than an effort to clear his desk and brain for that new start.

The biographers and critics had a good year, led in interest by Van Wyck Brooks' *New England: Indian Summer* and in weight by Newman Ivey White's ten-pound, two-volume *Shelley*. It was the year of a posthumous volume by Mark Twain. The one volume of great poetry was not a new poet's, but the last work of W. B. Yeats.

Out of the year's heap of good books and bad, some 50 were outstanding. Some of these emerged because they were popular, some because they were soundly researched or written, a few because they may endure. The list.

### NOVELS

SAPPHIRA AND THE SLAVE GIRL—Willis Cather—Knopf (\$2.50).

MR. SKEFFINGTON—Elizabeth—Doubleday, Doran (\$2.50).

SERGEANT LAMB'S AMERICA—Robert Graves—Random House (\$2.50).

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS—"Ernest Hemingway—Scribner—(\$2.75).

THE BLAZE OF NOON—Rayner Heppenstall—Alliance (\$2.50).

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—Richard Llewellyn—Macmillan (\$2.75).

THE BELOVED RETURNS—Thomas Mann—Knopf (\$2.50).

THE HEART IS A LONELY HUNTER—Carson McCullers—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).

THE POOL OF VISHNU—L. H. Myers—Nelson (\$3).

VERDUN—Jules Romains—Knopf (\$3).

OLIVER WISWELL—Kenneth Roberts—Doubleday, Doran (\$3).

LANDFALL—Nevil Shute—Morrow (\$2.50).

WORLD'S END—Upton Sinclair—Viking (\$3).

RIVER OF EARTH—James Still—Viking (\$2.50).

EMBEZZLED HEAVEN—Franz Werfel—Viking (\$2.50).

THE PILGRIM HAWK—Glenway Wescott—Harper (\$1.50).

IN THE MONEY—William Carlos Williams—New Directions (\$2.50).

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN—Thomas Wolfe—Harper (\$3).

NATIVE SON—Richard Wright—Harper (\$2.50).

#### SHORT STORIES

DAGO RED—John Fante—Viking (\$2.50).

PAL JOEY—John O'Hara—Duell, Sloan & Pierce (\$2).

WHEN THE WHIPPOORWILL—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings—Scribner (\$2.50).

#### CURRENT AFFAIRS

WHY ENGLAND SLEPT—John F. Kennedy—Funk (\$2).

THE STRATEGY OF TERROR—Edmond Taylor—Houghton Mifflin (\$2.50).

THE VOICE OF DESTRUCTION—Hermann Rauschning—Putnam (\$2.75).

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—Harold J. Laski—Viking (\$1.75).

EUROPE IN THE SPRING—Clare Boothe—Knopf (\$2.50).

THE AMERICAN STAKES—John Chamberlain—Carrick & Evans (\$2.75).

#### BIOGRAPHY,

#### AUTOBIOGRAPHY & LETTERS

TRELAWNY—Margaret Armstrong—Macmillan (\$3).

RICHELIEU—Carl J. Burckhardt—Oxford (\$3.75).

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER—Allan Nevins—Scribner (2 vols.; \$7.30).

ROMANTIC REBEL, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF GEORGE SAND—Felizia Seyd—Viking (\$3).

SHELLEY—Newman Ivey White—Knopf (2 vols., \$12.50).

CAROLINE OF ENGLAND—Peter Quennell—Viking (\$3.75).

WINSTON CHURCHILL—René Kraus—Lippincott (\$3).

MARK TWAIN IN ERUPTION—Edited by Bernard DeVoto—Harper (\$3.75).

HAPPY DAYS (1880-1892)—H. L. Mencken—Knopf (\$2.75).

TIME, December 23, 1940



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TIME, December 23, 1940



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