

FIFTEEN CENTS

APRIL 21, 1941

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



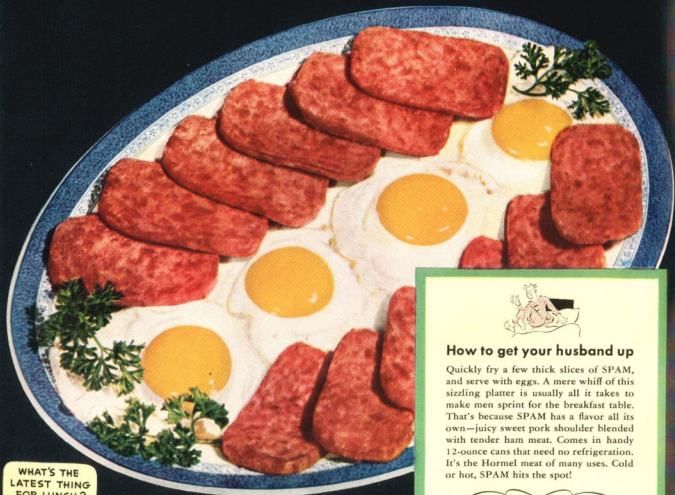
SIMOVITCH OF YUGOSLAVIA

Men die in fighting, but nations die only in yielding.
(*World War*)

Ernest Hamlin Baker

SPAM AND EGGS

...a new kind of breakfast by **HORMEL**



How to get your husband up

Quickly fry a few thick slices of SPAM, and serve with eggs. A mere whiff of this sizzling platter is usually all it takes to make men sprint for the breakfast table. That's because SPAM has a flavor all its own—juicy sweet pork shoulder blended with tender ham meat. Comes in handy 12-ounce cans that need no refrigeration. It's the Hormel meat of many uses. Cold or hot, SPAM hits the spot!

HORMEL
GOOD FOODS

CHILI CON CARNE • HAM • CHICKEN • SOUPS

SPAM is a registered trade mark Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

WHAT'S THE
LATEST THING
FOR LUNCH?



HOT
SPAM WICH

ANYTHING
DIFFERENT
FOR
DINNER?



BAKED
SPAM



— LONGEST WHEELBASE OF "ALL 3" — First in Comfort



See the Quality Chart. It compares "All 3"...shows that Plymouth is the one low-priced car most like high-priced cars.



New Safety Rim Wheels—a new invention to prevent a flat tire from rolling off the wheel—to protect you in case of blowout!

EASIER: You enjoy new power... less shifting.
SAFER: Plymouth brings you new Safety Rim Wheels. **ROOMIER:** Plymouth's 117-inch wheelbase gives you a softer ride... greater room.



CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR

IT'S A NEW HIGH in comfort at low price—the way this Plymouth rides! You enjoy the smoothness of coil springs, Floating Power engine mountings, airplane-type shock absorbers.

And the beautiful new Plymouth gives you the greatest power per pound of car weight of "All 3" low-priced cars. You feel a thrilling new mastery of hills, distance, traffic. You shift gears less!

You get a luxurious Safety-Styled Interior. You get an Oil Bath Air Cleaner, new High-Duty Engine Bearings and a wide choice of colors on even the lowest-priced Plymouth models. *Ride* Plymouth, and you'll buy it! Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.



See the low-priced 1941 Plymouth Commercial Pick-Up and Panel Delivery... rugged, smart, economical to operate!

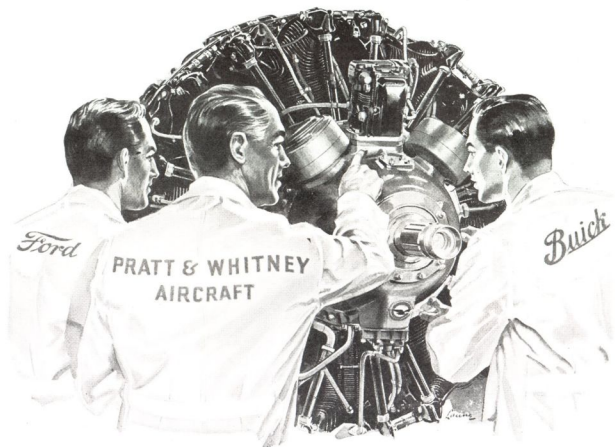
BIG 1941 PLYMOUTH—ONLY

\$685

—Delivered at Detroit, Mich., including standard equipment and all federal taxes. Transportation, state and local taxes, if any, not included. Plymouth is easy to buy. Prices subject to change without notice.

MAJOR BOWES, C.R.S. THURSDAYS

— Lowest-Priced of "All Three" on Many Models — PLYMOUTH



TEAMING UP *for Aircraft Engine Production*

WITH its own production of Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines already increased tenfold, United Aircraft is cooperating with two great automobile manufacturers to increase production still further. Ford and Buick have volunteered to manufacture these engines during the emergency; United Aircraft has volunteered to show them how.

Ford and Buick have been furnished engine designs and specifications, and also complete details of Pratt & Whitney manufacturing processes. These proven processes have been adopted by Ford and Buick for their new engine factories.

United Aircraft salutes these two great companies and is proud to play its part in the typically American teamwork that is helping to make the nation invincible—on land, on sea, and in the air.

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
EAST HARTFORD • CONNECTICUT



PRATT & WHITNEY
ENGINES



VOUGHT-SIKORSKY
AIRPLANES



HAMILTON STANDARD
PROPELLERS

Truck Owners: You Get 25% More Mileage

*It's First
in Value!*



in this year's new
B.F. Goodrich
Truck Tire!

Save with this New Mileage Leader!

SWITCH TO B. F. GOODRICH—and save! America's oldest tire manufacturer brings you in the new Speedliner Silvertown a regular-priced truck tire that is setting mileage records everywhere.

Users said the Silvertown was a winner last year. But right now—on one operation after another—this revolutionary new Speedliner is delivering a full 25% more mileage than even that great B. F. Goodrich Silvertown of 1940!

Four basic improvements make the difference . . .

1. New Type Load-Shield construction which eliminates floating breakers . . . puts breakers between plies in a reinforced tread foundation.
2. A special outer ply of B. F. Goodrich-discovered Tyton Rubber . . . a protective ply that distributes stresses and strains, reduces heat, provides firm anchorage for the tread.
3. A real truck tire tread—thicker, heavier, deeper-cut, flatter, with

a wealth of extra rubber scientifically placed to give you the most in extra wear.

4. Compounds in tread and body fortified with Duramin, the amazing B. F. Goodrich chemical discovery which fights wear, prolongs tire life.

Four proven mileage-boosters . . . Now yours at no extra cost in a truck tire that is "First in Value" on its record of proved performance. See this longer-wearing Speedliner Silvertown before you buy. Visit your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store.



REGULAR
TRUCK
TIRE

NEW
B.F. GOODRICH
TRUCK
TIRE

**Here's Proof of
EXTRA MILEAGE**

Let this tread comparison be your guide to truck tire savings. See the extra volume of rubber in the tread of the new Speedliner Silvertown? It will give safe mileage long after an ordinary tread has worn to the cords! And you get three other proven mileage-boosters when you buy Speedliner Silvertowns.

When you buy new trucks ask for B. F. Goodrich Silvertowns

B.F. Goodrich *Speedliner* **Silvertowns**
FOR TRUCKS AND BUSES

SHIP BY AIR EXPRESS

—And Save Important Time!

Whether your shipment is rivets or roses—if you want it to get there *fast*, specify "by Air Express." It flies to its destination at 3-mile-a-minute speed—which means same-day delivery in most cases; overnight even to points 2500 miles away! Saves weeks to scores of foreign points.

Look How Little It Costs—

(Minimum Charge \$1.00. Rates by Air Miles):

Miles	2 lbs.	3 lbs.	5 lbs.	10 lbs.	25 lbs.
200	\$1.00	\$1.04	\$1.12	\$1.32	\$2.00
500	1.12	1.28	1.60	2.40	5.00
1000	1.32	1.68	2.40	4.20	10.00
3000	1.92	2.88	4.80	9.60	24.00

Proportionately low rates for off-airline points, reached by combined air-rail service.

Every Shipment gets SPECIAL Handling, at No Extra Charge

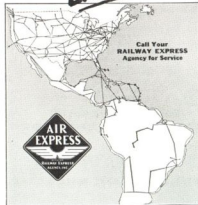
Air Express delivers directly, day and night, between more than 250 U. S. key airport cities—and by fast, co-ordinated air-rail service to practically all points. Special pick-up and special delivery, within regular Railway Express vehicle limits in all U. S. cities and principal towns.

Air Express is EASY to Use

Just phone Railway Express Agency, AIR EXPRESS DIVISION, for details and service. Ask now for time-table giving domestic and foreign rates, time, etc.

"FASTEST WAY" MEANS

AIR EXPRESS



LETTERS

Impatience

Sirs: Every drop of Irish blood in my veins makes me proud of Yugoslavia and Greece.

With damned little patience I am awaiting the day when Ireland and the United States begin to do their duty to themselves; when the Irish grant naval bases to England and when we realize that we must deliver the weapons to those who are fighting our battles. . . .

EDWARD CAFFERY

New York City

Sirs:

It's an economic war and I don't see why it should concern us.

Furthermore, all the mayors in the country should order their police to let holdups, kidnapping and plundering go unmolested. It's all economics, I tell you, and we are paying taxes to protect only the rich.

All we need to do is build a strong protective wall all around this hemisphere and let the rest of the economic world go to pot. I repeat, it's an economic war and. . . . Aw! You know what I mean.

JOHN P. NIELSEN

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

In the American way of life, one citizen doesn't try to force his personal way of life down another citizen's throat. I hope that this nation will not try to force its way of life on other nations under pretext of defending it, instead of letting other nations come around to it if they will.

R. H. GRAFTON

New York City

Sirs:

Please discontinue my subscription. . . . Any editorial policy that opposes naval rearmament does not merit my support.

MRS. H. H. SANGER

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

► Where Reader Sanger got the idea that TIME opposes full and fast naval rearmament, is a riddle.—Ed.

Sirs:

. . . I would like to ask what the big-mouthed Johnny Bulls ever did. Long ago they let one of their colonies, U.S.A., take them into camp. They [Johnny Bulls] moan at the Germans for taking land and yet they stole half of the world. Oh, that was splendid! The Germans at least proved they were men enough to take something. They don't sneak around with their sly tongues and steal something by the use of big mouths. They and their big mouths and umbrellas. . . .

As for the Lend-Lease Bill, why not just invite the Johnny Bulls to take over our country? . . .

JOHN BELLITT

Niles, Ohio

Scotty's Palace

Sirs:

TIME is still "curt, clear," but in reference to Death Valley Scotty (March 24) by no means "complete." Banker Gerard has no reason to hope for "a cut on the \$1.10 Scotty



Associated Press

ALBERT M. JOHNSON
Scotty repays him in laughs.

took from tourists who came to gaze at his fancy desert residence."

Scotty does not own, never has owned, and never will own that residence. It has always been the plaything of Albert M. Johnson, and is still subject to purchase by the Government under the terms of the land patent granted to Johnson. . . .

C. B. GLASSCOCK

Laguna Beach, Calif.

► Tall, white-haired Albert M. Johnson, owner of Scotty's desert palace, is a codefendant in the suit which Banker Julian Gerard brought because he never got any returns from a \$10,000 grubstake which he handed to Scotty

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 _____

The beaded rim on your glass is part of impeccable *Service*



Feel it . . . The Genuine Libbey Safedge is rounded and velvety smooth, kind to your lips, resists chipping. Restaurateurs . . . hotelmen . . . bartenders . . . club managers . . . all hail it as the most significant development in glassware for more than a century.

Part of your pleasure in good living is due to a very little thing. It's that tiny bead of glass, rounded and velvety smooth, known as the famous Libbey Safedge. You can identify it with your finger tip and it tells you at once that your

host is eager to please you. Because it guarantees against all loss by chipping, it makes thin glass economical. That's why you find it at better places everywhere. Libbey Glass Company, Toledo.

Subsidiary, Owens-Illinois Glass Company.

libbey GLASSWARE with the Genuine *Safedge*



IDENTIFIED WITH GRACIOUS LIVING FOR 121 YEARS

Time, April 21, 1941

♪
**I got them
whisk-broom
blues...**
♪



No wonder porters are singing the Blues... no wonder so many men look neater, tidier... no wonder dark suits are more in evidence than they used to be—

More and more people are reporting that the infectious type of dandruff and its tell-tale flakes and scales are "on the defensive"—thanks to Listerine Antiseptic. They find Listerine such a real help! And thousands are talking about the way Listerine goes about the itching, inflammation, and other distress of this common diseased condition of the scalp.

Have You Tried Listerine?

If you have the slightest evidence of an infectious dandruff condition, don't delay treatment. Start now with Listerine Antiseptic and massage.

Give Listerine a chance to do for you what it has done for so many others.

Give it a chance to combat distressing flakes and scales... to clean and invigorate the scalp... to allay inflammation... to

attack millions of the germs that accompany infectious dandruff, including *Pityrosporum Ovale*, the strange "bottle bacillus" that leading authorities look upon as a real trouble-maker.

76% Improved in Clinical Test

The amazing 4-way action of this wonderful antiseptic explains, we believe, why 76% of the dandruff sufferers in one clinic

who used Listerine and massage twice a day obtained either marked improvement in, or complete disappearance of, the symptoms of dandruff within 30 days.

You'll actually enjoy using Listerine, even though its action is medicinal. It's so cooling... so refreshing... so stimulating. See panel below. Start using Listerine today if you have any evidence of infectious dandruff.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

The treatment is easy and delightful!

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.

LISTERINE for Infectious Dandruff

38 years ago. So Gerard's hope for a cut of the tourist fees is plausible. Albert Johnson—a wealthy, retired insurance man who made a stake in Missouri zinc before the turn of the century—says he has "lent" Scotty a great deal of money over the years since they met in 1904. "He repays me," Mr. Johnson explains, "in laughs." Mr. Johnson is reputed to be quite a kiddier himself.—Ed.

Instructive

Sirs:

I have already mailed my subscription to your new air-mail edition for Latin America, and wish both to thank you for and congratulate you on your splendid, and I fear, altruistic, initiative.

For many years *TIME* has been one of my most prized luxuries. Now you make it a necessity of life.

As a Britisher I have often had to undergo a deflation of inherited ego when reading in *TIME* about things we rather prefer not to know about, but I have to admit that the underlying friendliness of your criticisms of our failures and jibes at our weaknesses have rendered them instructive rather than hurtful...

E. J. CAMPBELL

Santiago, Chile

► *TIME*-by-air has been received with such cheers from subscribers and advertisers alike that what started out as

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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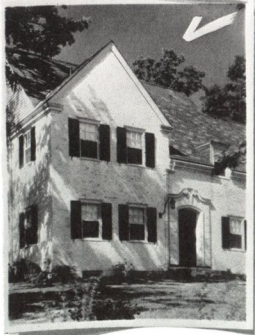
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TIME, April 21, 1941



These three homes have qualified
for savings on Fire Insurance
... Can Yours?



ALL over America the owners of fine homes like these have been saving money on fire insurance. If your home is of sound construction, with ample fire-fighting facilities nearby, you, too, are eligible to share in the savings available under the United Mutual plan.

Known as "The Company of Careful People," we select policyholders with unusual care. Thus we have fewer losses to pay. These and other savings are returned to policyholders in cash dividends which have amounted to 35% of premiums on this type of property for many years. Moreover, as a strictly mutual company, we are managed in the interests of policyholders. Thus if you suffer a fire loss, you can count on prompt, fair, courteous treatment.

Additional savings on other forms of insurance, including automobile, are available through Liberty Mutual, with whom we have been associated for many years. Thus you may receive a complete insurance service at substantially lower cost.

Before you buy or renew your insurance on your home, your furniture, your car, or your business, 'phone the nearest United Mutual office. Or write to the Home Office, 175 Berkeley Street, Boston, for a free booklet.

UNITED  MUTUAL
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

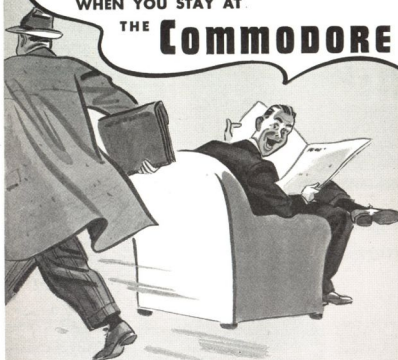
Home Office: Boston

The Company of Careful People

What's your hurry!

YOU'RE ONLY A STEP FROM ALL NEW YORK
WHEN YOU STAY AT

THE **Commodore**



That's one big reason why our new guests become old friends. They're pleased no end that they can be anywhere in New York in a few minutes from The Commodore. But this isn't the only reason which gives them that "good living" look . . . Spacious rooms and friendly service make them feel comfortably "at home" . . . economical rates enable them to do more and to add days to their visit in New York. And, by the way, Grand Central and the new Airlines Terminal are right by The Commodore, too.

2000 large comfortable outside rooms, all with private bath.

From **\$3**



"NEW YORK'S BEST LOCATED HOTEL"

THE **Commodore**

MARTIN SWEENEY, President

RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL AND AIRLINES TERMINALS

an altruistic venture now has a good chance of breaking even, perhaps making a small profit.—Ed.

"Internal Opposition"

Sirs: Just how much longer do you think that the American people and their Government are going to tolerate this strike situation and acts of violence? . . .

In fact it looks as if the fifth column is lying low to let the C.I.O. take over.

I suggest that the C.I.O. might better be renamed the Committee for Internal Opposition.

M. E. FANSLER

Catonsville, Md.

Sirs:

In reference to your article, "Food: A Weapon," TIME, March 31. Leaving Hitler out of this, if possible—what if the farmers of the U.S. should go on a strike for higher wages, shorter working hours, two weeks vacation with pay? Oh! My goodness! What am I saying!

JAMES E. ALLISON

Asheville, N.C.

Sirs:

"America is a great nation, and Americans are a great people"—we hear this often from our leaders and from other countries. But sometimes it is hard to back this proud statement with conviction based on performance.

Today, reading of the strikes at Allis-Chalmers, Aluminum Co. of America, and others, one wonders where are those evidences of greatness? . . .

We all know that Government control must come—we can earn our reputation of greatness all over again by admitting it now. . . . Let the educated and dignified doubter apply the rules he learned as a child playing the most elementary team game: for any progress peacetime or otherwise, confidence must be with the captain. . . .

For obvious reasons, please withhold my name if this letter is printed.

PRIVATE

Fort Buchanan, Puerto Rico

"Oh, To Be in England"

Sirs:

I wonder if you have yet heard the story about the English schoolteacher who was testing the children on English poetry.

One of the questions was: Who was it who said, "Oh, to be in England"? A small cockney voice piped up: "tiller said it."

Of course TIME knows but possibly some of its readers may not recognize the quotation as the first line of Robert Browning's poem, *Home-Thoughts From Abroad*. . . .

JENNIE COE MOORE

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Honorific Tea

Sirs:

TIME, March 24: the article on Japan, "Pain in the Nekku," errs in saying *Chae* is Japanese for tea. It is *Cha*. Always preceded by the honorific "O". . . .

JACK FRERET

Chief Photographer, U.S. Navy
Lakehurst, N.J.

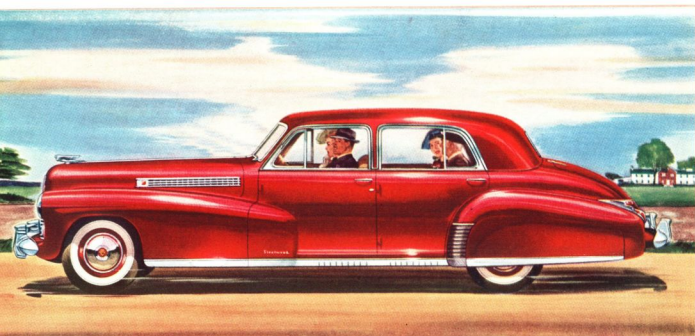
► Right is Reader Freret; *Cha* is the word for tea. The honorific "O" (used in talking but not in writing) is applied to almost everything in "good society," but seemly Japanese learn not to overdo it to the point of comedy.—Ed.

Rockers in Turkey

Sirs:

In your issue of March 24 regarding Istanbul

TIME, April 21, 1941



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Naturally....AMERICA'S MOST IMITATED MOTOR CAR



Daringly different in length and design, the seven-foot front fender is, deservedly, one of the most admired new style notes introduced on the new Sixty Special.

YOU'LL FIND IT worthwhile to study this page carefully, even if you have no present intention of buying a Sixty Special. For here is the motor car of the future.

Here is the styling that others will eventually copy. Here are the comfort, handling ease and luxury that will serve as models for the industry for years to come. You can count on that—because each Sixty Special has been America's most imitated motor car since the first appeared, and changed the course of motor car design.

This year, however, you can get its smart distinction nowhere else. Cadillac and Fleetwood leadership in styling and performance is amply evident in such striking departures as the ultra-long front fender . . . the adroit fusion of fine leather and rich fabrics in the wide interior . . . and the matchless combination of Cadillac-engineered Hydra-Matic Drive—now optional on all Cadillacs—with the most powerful Cadillac V-8 engine ever built.

But words and pictures can't tell the story. This car, above all others, must be seen to be appreciated. Why not visit your Cadillac dealer and view tomorrow's motor car?

CADILLAC-FLEETWOOD *Sixty Special*

Four years ago, the Sixty Special introduced the wide-vision windows, low horizontal lines, and broad seats so much copied today. Here is the next step in motor car design—the new ultra-streamlined Cadillac-Fleetwood Sixty Special.





Hydrogen is *unstable* ... Helium is *stable*

The explosion of the great transatlantic dirigible, Hindenburg, May 6, 1937, at Lakehurst, N. J., illustrates dramatically the chemical principle behind a sensational achievement in oil refining.

HYDROGEN is an outstanding example of chemical instability. One spark, and it combines with the oxygen of the air. Helium has largely taken its place, because helium, while much more expensive, is chemically stable. Most motor oils are chemically unstable, too. Not as unstable as hydrogen. But under the extreme heat and pressure developed in modern motors, these oils have a marked tendency to oxidize... to form sludge and varnish, which gum up your motor, stick valves and piston rings, and thicken the oil excessively.

Now Quaker State has solved these lubricating difficulties with a sensational new oil... *Stabilized Quaker State*. Here is an oil that does everything the finest oil ever could do... plus protection against new hazards that have come with improvements in automobile engines. And the retail price is still 35¢ per quart.

Give your motor this protection now. Go to any dealer who displays the familiar green-and-white Quaker State sign... Ask him to drain, cleanse and refill the crankcase with Stabilized Quaker State Motor Oil. Quaker State Oil Refining Corp., Oil City, Pennsylvania.

STABILIZED
QUAKER STATE
MOTOR OIL

THE OIL OF CHARACTER



sued in mimeograph form the next day to the 55 officers and 645 men of the British cruiser *Orion*, informing them just what happened while they were at action stations and unable to see. The *Orion* is commanded by Captain Geoffrey Robert Bensly Back, who issued the account, and is the flagship of Acting Vice Admiral Henry Daniel Pridham-Wippell, second in command of the Mediterranean fleet. This ship has been many times in U.S. waters. . . . In the battle . . . it was one of four cruisers which . . . exposed themselves to the fire of an Italian battleship in order that the British heavy forces might make contact. After the account was issued, it was verified that three Italian cruisers had been certainly sunk. . . .

J. S. MARTIN

Alexandria, Egypt

"There was a new moon on Thursday, and although it was close to the end of the month, someone on the ship must have had some money in his pocket to turn over. At any rate our luck held yesterday.

"It is some months now since the fleet air arm dealt the Italian Fleet such a useful blow at Taranto and sank one, damaged two battleships, and it has been in mind for some time that they might well venture forth once again, having had ample time to effect repairs.

"On Thursday some Italian cruisers were located at sea by our air reconnaissance, but we did not of course know precisely what game they were up to. It might have been an attack on Malta, an attack on our convoys, an attack on Crete, or one of several other possibilities. . . .

"At about eight o'clock smoke was sighted, and in due course three Italian cruisers and some destroyers were made out. Two, if not all three of these, were 8-in. gun cruisers, and our game was if possible to lure them, together with their supporting force, on to our battle fleet, then a considerable distance away. During this phase they were firing steadily but not at a high rate of fire, and at first they were getting a number of salvoes over as well as short. We made a few small turns towards and away to throw out their gunfire, and after a time held a position just out of their range, though they gained bearing on us slightly.

"Then they turned in succession right round on their tracks. We turned so as not to lose touch and worked round to a position astern of them, following them up.

"After some time of this their support in the form of a *Littorio* Class battleship appeared to starboard, steaming at high speed toward us. We turned away and increased speed, and she opened fire at a range of about 30,000 yards before we had completed our turn. We were left in no doubt as to which ship was their target. . . .

"One or two salvoes were uncommonly close, as you may have noticed, though I am told that some of those between decks mistook them for our own guns firing, a good example of the proverb 'When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' . . .

"When the smoke from the rest of the squadron covered us, the enemy shifted his fire to the *Gloucester* which was the weather ship, and she had an uncomfortable time but was not hit. The destroyers tried to get across to cover her with smoke, but at the speed we were going (31 knots) had a job to get there, and before they did a torpedo striking force from the *Fornio*, which we had seen before we sighted the battleship, attacked the enemy and his attention was well and truly distracted. He ceased fire and turned to avoid the torpedoes, and we drew out of range. . . .

"As dusk fell we were for a time just able to make out what appeared to be three enemy cruisers, but they faded out again as it grew darker. Then a Brock's benefit (Brock is the biggest British fireworks maker) broke out ahead as the torpedo bombers' attack devel-

Meet F.D.R.'s BEST FRIEND

How one man made a career of understanding, sensing, divining, often guessing—and usually guessing right—what is in the President's mind is told in this week's Saturday Evening Post... The story of an Iowa harness-maker's son, Harry Hopkins, whose latest assignment was a trip abroad to act as Franklin Roosevelt's alter ego. First of two articles by Marquis W. Childs on one of the most unusual relationships in American political history.

READ IT IN THE SATURDAY EVENING

POST

APRIL 19TH ISSUE NOW ON SALE

R. A. F. hero—by mistake

Too bad the clerk put down "bullet maker" instead of "billiard marker" on the papers of Albert Horace Nettlebed. But then, billiard skill comes in handy, too, when a Stuka decides to come screaming at you... A humorous yarn of the Cockney who had to be a hero. A Medal for Albert, by Arch Whitehouse.

What you don't know about diamonds

Did you know diamonds were "defense" material? And why factories need them? What's happened to the world's diamond supply? And how England is "starving out" the Nazis? Here's a picture of a business that gives a good many people nervous breakdowns. Read *Nervous Ice*, by Jack Alexander. Post page 16.



Jobs for young Americans

No. 1: Transport Pilot

What is the truth about a job in aviation? What are the working conditions and the pay, what training is needed and what future possible? Here, with facts, figures and color photographs, is the first of a series on typical young Americans.



"The jungle plays tricks on a man"

A steamboat pants upriver, picking its way toward the Matto Grosso, when an unexpected smoke signal is observed inland. A drama of the rubber jungle, *Prestige*, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark, author of *The Ox-Bow Incident*. On page 14 of the new Saturday Evening Post—now on sale.

"A hick kid on a defense job?"

"You've been working on these Army trucks for days, and haven't learned a thing"... The story of a Hoosier who "grew up" in three weeks. Read *South Toward Home*.

I fight sharks

How does a man get to be a shark ripper-upper anyway? How does he "practice"? Wallace Caswell, Jr., describes his spine-chilling hand-and-fn battles with big fish off Florida.

17 recipes for hungry he-men

When men cook for themselves, what do they eat? Step aboard a freight caboose and taste everything from a peddler sandwich to draw-bar scrapple. Read *Caboose Cuisine*.

Yes, the Japanese can fly

What's Japan's real air strength? How about their new planes built from Junkers plans? Hallett Abend cables facts that will upset theorists who pooh-pooh the Nipponese.

"Isn't that just like a man?"

A man is stubborn enough when he's right—but he's twice as stubborn when he's wrong. Read Dorothy Thomas' story of a feud that should have been a romance. *Two Little Guinea Hens*.

He shot 18 holes in 12 under par

Hot Hoafner—Firecracker of the Fairways—even climbs trees to play a shot! When he's good, this prodigious hitter from North Carolina is terrific. See if you don't agree.



Treasure in the Sky

Today more than ever, you treasure your time. And TWA Boeing Stratoliners can save more of it than any other ships in the sky.

Cruising the calm upper levels, above all others, these great 4-engine ships combine new smoothness with unequalled schedules from city to city and coast to coast. And in a cabin as spacious and luxuriously appointed as a fine yacht, you enjoy every mile and every minute. Your travel agent will tell you, "Fly the Route of the Stratoliners."

TRANSCONTINENTAL & WESTERN AIR, INC.



bul's Hotel Pera Palace, you say it was full of "Victorian rocking chairs." Your picture shows no rocking chairs. Is it not correct that rocking chairs are an American institution only?

MRS. G. ROSS REDE

Lake Luzerne, N.Y.

► Most of the Hotel Pera Palace's rocking chairs are upstairs in the rooms. One TIME editor on a visit to Istanbul counted no less than 14 rockers in the sitting room of his two-room suite. Though they cannot show documentary proof, furniture historians confidently believe that rockers originated in North America, since they were common there in the 18th Century but unknown in Europe before the 19th.—Ed.

Positively

Sirs:

It was interesting enough to me, to see one of the most patriotic piece of the Political Brazilian's history "Eighteen of the Fort," published in TIME, Jan. 27.

The tale of these 18 heroes of whom Brasil is proud, was told in TIME with great perfection, without mistakes.

Positively, Siqueira Campos, Otavio Corrêa and the rest of their comrades, became Avenida Atlantica in Copacabana, famous in Brazilian people's heart.

Mr. Ed. anything else than that, proud me to know Colonel Eduardo Gomes (one of the 18, still alive) was chosen by Getulio Vargas, our great President, in order to be one of the chiefs of the Brazilian's aviation.

I know Brasil has thousand of men like them.

We, Brazilian, see the same heroes' genius in President Vargas, our great conductor, who will get Brasil shortly to the top of the Political world's history.

LUIZ AUGUSTO MONTEIRO

Aracaju, Brasil

Taxes

Sirs:

In the March 24 issue of TIME is listed the old comparison of U.S. income taxes with those of England.

Instead of doing that each time, why not go into the matter further and show that in many U.S. States the income-tax payers dish out as much as the English do. You don't seem to recall that Iowa and some other States have an income tax. In Iowa the Federal income tax is just chicken feed compared to the State tax, at least in the lower brackets.

I don't believe that the various shires in England have an income tax to pile on top of the Government tax. Do you?

J. H. BELL

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

► TIME did not print the figures for the sake of comparing tax burdens, but to show what all-out production for war may mean to future U.S. income taxes, as judged by the present British scale. Britain has many luxury taxes similar to those in the U.S. but fewer "hidden" taxes, and no local income taxes. In fact, in 1938, the last full year of peace, a smaller part of the British national income went for all taxes (21.7%) than in the U.S. (22.4%). —Ed.

The Battle of the Ionian Sea

Sirs:

I am sending you the account of the Battle of Cape Matapan, March 28, which was is-

TIME, April 21, 1941

A Difference you'll like

REGENT is a new kind of cigarette... with many superior features designed to give you better smoking at no extra cost



KING SIZE...Regents are over 20% longer, allowing the smoke more time to cool...giving you refreshing, natural coolness



MULTIPLE-BLEND...Regent's exclusive Multiple-Blend combines an unusual number of choice tobaccos in entirely new proportions...giving you exceptional mildness, finer flavor



OVAL SHAPE...Regent's oval shape lends distinction to this fine cigarette...makes it easier to hold, more comfortable to smoke



CRUSH-PROOF BOX...Regent's crush-proof box keeps each cigarette really fresh, fully protected...in perfect smoking condition



BOX OF TWENTY

15¢ (Except in certain States)

*REGENT.... a new standard
of smoking enjoyment!*

NEW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" FOR SPARK PLUGS GIVES VITAL FACTS OF MOTOR PERFORMANCE!



**HOW AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" WORKS TO PEP UP
SLUGGISH MOTORS, SAVE YOU MONEY ON GAS!**

**Thousands Have Replaced With Wrong
Type Spark Plugs—And Don't Know It!**

HERE'S a new service for motorists. A scientific device called a "Plug-Check Indicator," helps every Auto-Lite dealer to spot, more easily than ever before, plugs that are functioning improperly, or have burned or fouled because of engine irregularities. If your motor is sluggish, or lacks pep on the hills, fails to get away fast, ask your Auto-Lite dealer for a "Plug-Check." He compares the "business end" of your spark plug with the "Plug-Check Indicator." This reading enables him to plug with the "Plug-Check Indicator," helps him restore top engine performance, and costs less gas waste. And be sure to ask about the new Auto-Lite Spark Plug that's "Ignition Engineered." Have — helps give spark-weary engines new pep and power. Have your Auto-Lite dealer give your car a "Plug-Check" today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
TOLEDO, OHIO • Merchandising Division • SARNIA, ONTARIO
Ignition Engineered by Ignition Engineers

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS



oped. The Italians were using colored tracers and plenty of them. It went on for quite a long time and eventually died out and we could see no more. . . .

"In case any of you may wonder why we did not on that occasion go in ourselves, I should perhaps mention that it is no part of a cruiser's job deliberately to seek action with a battleship at night. Incidentally, the reason was demonstrated in our favor a little later when our own battle fleet bumped into two enemy 8-inch gun cruisers and promptly crippled both. This provided another display of fireworks astern. At this time the events of the night after this are not yet wholly clear, but it is clear that both these cruisers were finished off by our destroyers. . . ."

Human Fortunes

Sirs:

About 50 years ago Sir "Jack" Broughton [TIME, March 24] and I were boys together. Though not wholly together since he was the son of a baronet and I only the son of his father's gamekeeper. Many times subsequently I might have wanted to exchange places with Jack. But now he is charged with murder and I do not even want to kill any one, except, of course, the mad dogs of Berlin.

All of which goes to show that time has a way of equalizing human fortunes, though those obsessed with the urge to be always trying to right wrongs seem to overlook the fact. . . .

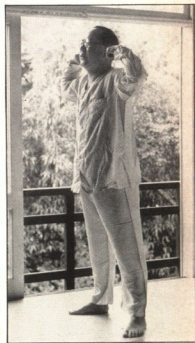
FRED W. BIRKS

Huron, S. Dak.

Tops & Bottoms

Sirs:

The cut of the Japanese Minister to Australia [TIME, March 31] clearly shows the extent to which the Japanese have aped American customs. Minister Kawai's rumpled pajama "tops" and neatly pressed "bottoms"



Keystone

TATSUO KAWAI

. . . in case of fire or photographers.

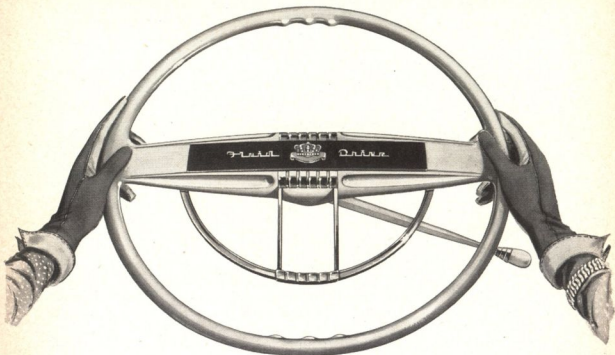
[see cut] show him in accord with the countless Americans who believe pajama trousers were intended for use only in case of fire or photographers. . . .

ROBERT L. HILL

Cincinnati, Ohio

TIME, April 21, 1941

Nobody Working Here!



You steer... *Fluid Drive* does the work!

YOU'RE not at work, when you're *Fluid Driving*. You're steering today's most ingenious and obedient car . . . and you'll get a big kick out of it!

Fluid Drive is the first new motor car feature in years that does something really big for the driver!

You never quite get over the wonder of gears that are shifted for you . . . of power applied through oil, so smoothly that you can't make it jerk or buck!

WHY SHIFT GEARS?

You put on the brakes for a traffic light . . . but you stay in high gear position! You glide away again when the light changes . . . but all you've done is to step on the gas!

In all your normal driving, you drive this way . . . and you realize what a lot of tiresome work there is in ordinary driving . . . and what a relief *Fluid Driving* brings.

Try *Fluid Drive* with Vacumatic transmission at your Chrysler dealer's. It's standard equipment on most Chrysler models this year and only a few dollars extra on the lowest-price Chryslers. So it's quite inexpensive . . . and so delightful you'll never want to go back to the old-fashioned way of driving.

Your nearest Chrysler dealer is waiting for you to know all about *Fluid Driving*. A phone call from you will bring a Chrysler to your door!

\$945*

FOR THE
3-PASSENGER
ROYAL COUPE!



FOR SAFETY!

Chrysler's Safety Clutch is like a lifeboat on a ship. You will use it very seldom, but you're mighty glad to have it when you need it. A very valuable safeguard for parking . . . for maneuvering your car in close quarters or dangerous places!

*Tune in on Major Bowes, Columbia Network, Every Thursday, 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.



**BE MODERN—with *Fluid Drive*
and Vacumatic Transmission—**

Buy Chrysler!

FIRST IN QUALITY • FIRST IN REPUTATION • FIRST IN POPULARITY • FIRST AMONG BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD GRAND-DAD
Head of the Bourbon Family

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES

One taste will tell you why!

100 PROOF

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

MISCELLANY

Creditor. In Brownsville, Ore., grizzled Farmer Matud Odehnal, who used to be a stonemason in Moravia, declared: "Hitler still owes me 20¢." Years ago, he said, a



FARMER ODEHNAL
 20¢ is due him.

ne'er-do-well Adolf Hitler borrowed a krone from him in the Pohlitz courthouse, never repaid it.

Ally. In Marshall, Tex., a Mrs. Hitler sewed clothing for "Bundles for Britain."

Face. In Peking, a tram conductor taxed a woman with trying to avoid paying her fare. In mortification she dismounted, stretched across the tracks, stopped all traffic for half an hour until she was called away.

Records. In Nashville, Tenn., the Rev. E. L. Crump did a roaring marriage business by recording the ceremonies and giving free discs to the newlyweds.

Boy. In Bisbee, Ariz., Officer A. S. Orton caught a small boy making off with assorted loot from a store. "Just what," asked he, "did you intend to do with this brassière?" Said the boy: "Make a blindfold for my burro."

Effect. In Brooklyn, Greek-born Alex Themalis hiccupped for a week. Doctors blamed it on worry over the Balkans.

Casualty. In East Africa, a land mine laid by British forces felled an elephant.

Alien. In Trenton, N. J., FBI took charge of one Olaf Jehovah, who refused to register for military service, gave his age as "eternal," his address as "the kingdom of heaven."

The Love Life of Gorillas —and the Lives of some People

Meet M'Toto, bride-to-be of Ringling Bros.
J. Barrum & Bailey's Gargantua, the air
conditioned gorilla. To make the lovers feel
at home, they'll have the climate of their
native Congo, reproduced by Carrier in dupli-
cate \$20,000 glass-and-steel cages. Nothing
but comfort to aid romance . . . !



Whistle While You Work . . . enjoy cool relief from
summer's muggy heat. For your home or office there's the Carrier
Window Weathermaker—at the lowest price ever for Carrier Air
Conditioning—to help you feel better, think better, work better
and lead a happier life!

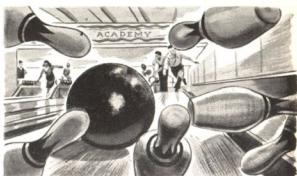


Out Of The Air come Uncle Sam's new kind of fighting men.
Out of air—and coal and water—comes nylon for experimental
parachutes. Making nylon is another first for Carrier, air condi-
tioning's first name . . . for Carrier's accurate control of air makes
it possible. In other industries too, Carrier helps meet pro-
tection schedules for National Defense.

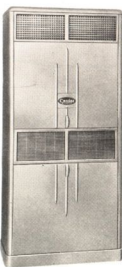
Air Conditioning's First Name—

Willis H. Carrier "invented" air condition-
ing. Thanks to controls and techniques developed
by him and his associates, air conditioning has
opened a new world for you in the comforts
of the things you eat and wear, the
way you live and work.

Carrier



Right Down The Alley! It used to be a winter sport, but
these days bowling scores high in summer too—with more people
than ever! Gone are the smoke, the heat, the odors . . . Instead,
Carrier provides fresh, clean, cool air to make the game more
enjoyable even on the hottest day.



**. . . and a more
comfortable *You!***

More comfort for the shopper . . .
for the salesperson . . . for the store-
owner—is what the Carrier Self-
Contained Weathermaker provides.
You like this store; you feel like
buying because the air is fresh and
cool and clean . . . the service
prompt and pleasant . . . the mer-
chandise crisp and better value.
Yes, Carrier Air Conditioning pays
everyone concerned!



See your Classified Phone Book for the
Carrier Representative or mail this coupon

Carrier Corporation, Syracuse, N. Y. Desk 47
"Weather Makers to the World!"
(In Canada: 30 Bloor St. West, Toronto, Ont.)

Send me literature on Carrier Equipment for:

☐ Office ☐ Store ☐ Factory ☐ Home

Name.....

Address.....

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



Travel the Trails They Blazed

FOR those who hold its future in their hands, the story of their country's past should live and breathe. History is what real people did, in real places, to make possible the freedom, the happiness and prosperity which we enjoy today. The places are still there, and many of them are not far away. You and your children can visit them. Not "some day" but now—this summer.

Just a few delightful hours on a swift, comfortable, safe train and

you too can be standing where the great of history stood before. In the very rooms where they lived. On fields where they died to give us the freedom we have never cherished more highly than we do today.

Now is the time to visit the places you've always wanted to see. And you can cover so much more ground, see so much more, save time and energy for sightseeing, if you go by rail.



"See America" for '90

Start from any place in the United States. Circle from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from North to South—with liberal stopovers for sightseeing—and back to where you started. All for \$90 railroad fare in coaches, \$135 if you go Pullman (plus \$45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth).

SEE YOUR LOCAL TICKET AGENT

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS WASHINGTON, D. C.



"How old should they be before they take the car?"

\$500.00

U. S. SAVINGS BOND
FOR THE BEST ANSWER
TO THIS VITAL QUESTION

Lumbermens offers 101 prizes in this big contest—

FIRST PRIZE

\$500.00 U. S. Savings Bond

NEXT 10 PRIZES each

\$50.00 U. S. Savings Bond

NEXT 20 PRIZES each

\$25.00 U. S. Savings Bond

NEXT 70 PRIZES each

cash \$5.00

You may win one of these grand prizes just by writing a short, simple letter of your opinion of when a boy or girl is old enough to take the family car out alone.



In thousands of homes all over the country this question of boys and girls and cars is one of the most important family decisions ever to be made. How would you answer it? Send your opinion to Lumbermens. You may win one of the 101 prizes for it.

"When are they old enough to drive?"

This is one of the most important issues in American life today. It's talked about on the radio . . . written about in newspapers and magazines . . . discussed by every family where there are young people and cars.

In some states, the law permits a boy or girl of 14 to drive alone. In other states, a youngster must be 15, 16, or 18 before he or she can qualify for a driver's license.

Not Just Birthdays

But you parents know it's not just the number of birthdays that determines whether or not Betty or Joe is old enough to drive.

And it isn't parents alone who have opinions about this problem. Nearly every motorist has had enough personal experience with young drivers to know how important it is.

You young people yourselves know how much it means to you.

READ THESE POINTERS

When are young people mature enough . . . physically, mentally, socially, to take on the responsibilities of driving?
How can you best handle the problems of social pressure—"the girl" and "the bunch"?

What's the best way to train a young driver? How can you best teach him the rules of good driving, the sportsmanship of the road, the traffic regulations of your community, the financial responsibilities imposed on you under the law?

As the leading company in automobile casualty insurance, Lumbermens wants

to know what you parents, motorists, and young people think. The reason is: statistics show that drivers under 20 years of age have by far the highest accident rate of any age group. We feel a direct responsibility to our policyholders, the motorists of America, to make every effort to help solve the young driver problem. Less accidents mean greater savings. Greater savings mean bigger dividends to policyholders.

Let's Have Your Ideas

Tell us what you think about the problem of youth at the wheel, in your own words. That's all you do. It may bring you a U. S. Savings Bond for \$500.00 or one of 100 other prizes. The major prize winners will have the satisfaction of helping our National Defense while bonds are maturing.

You may approach the problem from any angle you wish—at any length you wish. Sit down right now and write your answer, based on your own experience.

CONTEST RULES

1. Contest closes June 1, 1941. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of that date. Mail your letter to Lumbermens Contest Editors, 215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
2. Your entry may be as long or as short as you care to make it, but all entries must be written plainly on one side of the paper only. Be sure to sign your entry with your title (Mr., Mrs., or Miss), your given name, middle initial and last name.
3. All entries and ideas therein become the property of Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company. No entries will be returned.
4. All entries will be judged on originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. Fancy or decorated entries will not count extra. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of a tie. The decision of our judges is final.
5. This contest is open to any resident of the continental United States and Canada except employees of Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company, its affiliated Companies, its advertising agency, and their families. This contest is subject to all Federal, Dominion, state and local regulations.
6. If you want more information about the qualifications of a good driver, the rules of good driving, and the sportsmanship of the road, call the Lumbermens agent in your community. He will be glad to furnish you a copy of our new booklet, "Why Ask for an Accident?", giving complete information on good driving practices. You may use this material and other information obtainable from your local police and traffic safety officials in gathering background information for your entry. But in the end, make your entry *very* own in opinion and in expression. It will be judged on that basis and on no other.

Lumbermens

MUTUAL CASUALTY COMPANY

JAMES S. KEMPER, President Home Office: Mutual Insurance Bldg., Chicago
Operating in New York State as (American) Lumbermens Mutual Casualty Company of Illinois





BUSIER THAN EVER

THIS country has the best telephone equipment in the world and this equipment has extra margins for growth and emergency. Both the growth and the emergency are here. The margins are being used.

The Bell System has two things that help a lot these days. It has experienced manufacturing facilities and a depend-

able, nation-wide distributing organization.

Both are handled within this System by Western Electric, makers of your Bell telephone and its related apparatus. This has been a good policy for a generation. Never have its benefits been so clear as right now when the country is under pressure.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

THE BELL SYSTEM IS DOING ITS PART IN THE
COUNTRY'S PROGRAM OF NATIONAL DEFENSE



NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

War Without Fighting

Never before in World War II had Franklin Roosevelt acted so vigorously as last week, when the earth moved and the shock was felt in the White House.

In the Balkans, after a week of war, Yugoslavia, whose determination to fight had been applauded by the President, was already cut off from her allies. In Africa the British lost the whole of Libya except for the encircled port of Tobruk. In the Atlantic the British still continued slowly to lose the battle of shipping.

To a President whose Lend-Lease Act had financially underwritten the war of all democracies against the Axis, these things were serious news, but possibly not so serious as the fact that in Moscow a non-aggression pact was signed which freed Japan of Russian fears, freed her to sail against the East Indies (see p. 34). If Japan chooses to move, the President can hardly escape an ugly choice: to abandon the cause of the democracies in half the world, or take the U.S. to war.

In Washington, Franklin Roosevelt sat at his desk while the earth moved. But the U.S. was not so weak that it could not act. Franklin Roosevelt exercised his will against the fulcrum of a nation which, although still only half armed, had immense latent power. Although the U.S. could not move the earth, at least the U.S. could and did perceptibly shake it in reply to the Axis.

To strengthen the British in the Battle of the Atlantic, the President gave ten 250-ft. Coast Guard cutters of the *Chelan* Class, 1,970-tonners, built between 1928-32 to chase rum-runners—a small gift but, short of convoying, as big a shipping present as he evidently felt that the U.S. could afford.

Far more important to that battle was an agreement made with Danish Minister Henrik de Kauffmann allowing the U.S. to build bases in Greenland (see p. 22) whence planes can spot German submarines and surface raiders, to protect U.S. lent or leased war materials bound for Britain. If Minister de Kauffmann had a questionable legal right to sign such a paper, at least the moral justification of it was sound. The President was getting tough; and everyone, even Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, liked it.

He moved again. To help the British defense of Egypt he declared the Red Sea—previously out of bounds by proclamation under the Neutrality Act—open



Pictures Inc.

ADEN, GATEWAY TO THE RED SEA
The American Export Lines—and perhaps the Germans—prepared.

to U.S. shipping so that arms could be taken to ports of technically neutral Egypt. The American Export Lines prepared to move some of its 21 India freighters at once into the new route—and perhaps the Germans prepared to sink them en route.

The President moved again: he asked Congress for a seize-and-pay authority over all foreign shipping in U.S. harbors. The President could thus add 39 Danish ships to the U.S.-British merchant marine; later he could commandeer some 20 or 30 Belgian, Netherlands, Rumanian and French ships, including the 83,423-ton *Normandie*, now quietly rusting at her 48th Street pier in Manhattan.

At the pace with which Franklin Roosevelt moved in 1940, each of these decisions would have taken a month to develop. But in 1941 they all took place in one week. How deeply he was stirred by the need for action was perhaps even better gauged by the action he took in domestic affairs.

For ten months, while the President maintained his optimism, the wheels of the defense program had ground and groaned. The National Defense Advisory Commission had been succeeded by the

Office of Production Management, and shortages of materials grew more serious, prices began to mount and priorities multiplied. Last week the President finally took drastic action, facing the fact that shortages and prices might otherwise soon get out of hand, set up an Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply (OPACS) under Leon Henderson to tackle, not little bottlenecks, but the whole problem of giving the U.S. a working war economy (see p. 81).

Last week there was no doubt that in Franklin Roosevelt's hands the U.S. had seriously got down to the business of making-war-short-of-fighting. Moreover, there was another step that everyone, in the Administration and out, was waiting hopefully or angrily for the U.S. to take, a step that would almost inevitably involve some fighting: to send U.S. convoys to take U.S. materials to those who are supposed to get them. Last week there was good ground for believing, despite denial, that on the President's desk were drafts of a plan for convoying war materials to Halifax, N.S., thereby cutting off 599 miles of the 3,084-mile haul to British ports.

The President's Week

Last week the President:

- Signed the \$4,393,221,154 Fifth Supplemental Defense Appropriation Bill, providing equipment funds for an Army of 4,000,000 men; signed the \$1,414,626,838 Independent Offices Appropriation Bill.
- Announced the streamlining of national private welfare groups (Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Jewish Welfare Board,

INDEX

Art ----- 71	Music ----- 92
Books ----- 102	People ---- 67
Business -- 81	Press ----- 62
Cinema -- 98	Radio ----- 54
Letters -- 4	Religion -- 77
Medicine - 75	Science --- 57
Milestones- 90	Sport ----- 69
Miscellany- 16	Theater --- 61

Salvation Army, Travelers Aid, etc.) into the United Service Organization for National Defense. USO will supply the recreational, welfare and spiritual needs of soldiers, sailors, defense workers; will ask Congress soon for funds to set up 300 USO centers.

► Sent King Peter II of Yugoslavia "earnest hopes for a successful resistance to the criminal assault!" upon his country.

► Nominated Robert A. Lovett, New York businessman, as Assistant Secretary of War for Air (TIME, March 10); and New York Lawyer John J. McCloy as Assistant Secretary of War (see p. 27).

► Signed a bill extending the 1937 Bituminous Coal (Guifey Coal) Act two more years.

This week the President:

► Approved a War Department press release defending Major William Bentley of Richmond, Va., who was named by Italy as *persona non grata* as Assistant Military Attaché in the Rome Embassy. Major Bentley had been promoted from a captaincy only fortnight before.

► Threw his usual eccentric sinker in tossing out the first ball of the new baseball season (Yanks beat the Nats, 3-0), leaving Woodrow Wilson's clear supremacy as a pitching pitcher still unchallenged.

► Greeted 53,258 Washingtonians, including some damp, tear-streaked children, at the annual Easter egg-rolling lawn party, where the usual percentage still held: 1 to 1.3 mothers to each child.

► Attended with Mrs. Roosevelt Easter church services day after her trip to Dedham, Mass. to see her niece-namesake, Eleanor Roosevelt, married to a young British architect, Edward P. Elliott. Sunday evening, Mrs. Roosevelt boarded a plane for Los Angeles to see her eldest son, Captain James Roosevelt, marry Miss Romelle Schneider, Mayo Clinic nurse (see p. 90).

THE CABINET

The Vice President Speaks

For the first time since he became Vice President, Henry Agard Wallace last week put on the toga of statesmanship to speak. His audience—the Foreign Policy Association and worldwide radio listeners—gave attentive heed. For his speech was the best statement yet made, in other than Rooseveltian idiom, of the official U.S. position on World War II, and it came from the man who might some day have to take the reins of U.S. policy. Excerpts:

"The responsibility which was offered to us following World War No. 1 we declined. We didn't realize . . . the time would inevitably come when our power and position in the world would force us to accept the responsibility of such power and position. . . . We of the United States can no more evade shouldering our responsibility than a boy of 18 can avoid becoming a man by wearing short pants. The word 'isolation' means

short pants for a grown-up United States.

"The United States now has her second opportunity to make the world safe for democracy. . . ."

The New Danger. ". . . The greatest likelihood of remaining at peace is to make these ruthless . . . nations understand that the American people are ready to go to war if their rights are transgressed at any vital point. . . ."

"It is my belief and hope that the United States will not be forced into this war in a military sense. But in a psychological and economic sense, we would be foolish not to realize that we have been the object of fierce German attacks for several years. . . ."

U.S. Counter-Attack. "In strengthening our youth against the Nazi lie, we must make their faith glow in the truth which is that the essence of democracy is belief in the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and the dignity of the individual soul. . . . This we can do if, in addition to holding firmly to our Bill of Rights . . . we formulate a Bill of Duties. . . ."

"Without such a Bill of Duties, I fear peace will mean world chaos. With such a bill we can help build a Pax Democratica which will bless us and the whole world. . . ."

The Next Peace. "The battle of the peace will be more difficult to win than the battle of the war. All Europe will be a mad swirl of chaotic forces. . . . Our help must be of such a nature that neither a mad man nor a mad nation will ever again have the opportunity to kill millions of people and destroy tens of billions of dollars of property. . . ."

"We must not let the next peace be such as to force the defeated nations to engage in economic warfare by the use of controlled currency, impossibly high tariffs and bilateral trade agreements. The victor nations must also refrain from economic warfare. . . ."

"Here in the United States we have tremendous reserves of unused capital, technical understanding and trained labor eager to cooperate with our brothers to the south in the development of a hemisphere. . . . I am sure that a real peace will unleash such an expansion as the world has never seen. . . ."

War Before Peace. "Before we have the right to talk . . . about the foundations of a just and democratic peace, we must put our backs under the job of defeating the forces of evil. These forces are immensely stronger than most of us realize. Jesus, recognizing the devilish efficiency of the dark forces, said: 'The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.' At the moment, most of us in the United States are overconfident. We are not working hard enough. . . . I myself am confident of the final outcome because I know in the long run that that which is good will triumph over that which is evil. . . ."

HOUSING

The Smiths Go to Washington

Washington, D.C. telephone operators last week had grown so used to chanting, "The line is busy," that they frequently sang it out before callers got a chance to say a word. The capital's swamped switchboards were an indication of what was inundating Washington: a flood of people and business. Last week, with Easter holidays, the Cherry Blossom Festival, and the Daughters of the American Revolution rustling into Washington for their annual counter-revolution, the flood burst all bounds.

Without previous reservation, not a room was to be had in any of the city's 28 first-class hotels. In all the District of Columbia, there was scarcely an untenanted room or bed. Many a bed was rented to two people, à la Cox & Box. Estimates were that 200,000 visitors jammed into the city, already stuffed to the scuppers.

New Deal agencies had swelled the capital's population to 663,091 by the spring of 1940—an increase of 36.2% in ten years. In the last year 70,000 more have moved into the District.

To realtors, banks, restaurants, hotels, bars, prostitutes, it was boom-town prosperity. Per capita earning in the city was the world's highest: \$23 a week. On the first and 15th of every month, \$20,000,000 in Federal wages spout out of the Treasury into workers' pockets. Postage receipts were up \$100,000,000 in February 1941 over February 1940. In the past five years, department-store sales jumped from an annual \$57,000,000 to \$85,000,000. In a year, one drugstore chain sold 40,000 alarm clocks.

Capital Transit Co. hauled 108% more passengers in its busses and trolleys than in 1933, did not begin to carry all the traffic. Private autos jammed parking places, brushed fenders with 4,000 taxis, crawling at horse-&-buggy speed during the rush hours.

Meantime new apartment houses, new hotels, new private houses were raising their skeletons into the soft spring air; the Government hired new workers at the rate of 4,000 a month; sites were being hunted for six new Government buildings. Bail as it might, Washington was being swamped by a war-swollen tide of business and people.

WAR & PEACE

Greenland's Icy Mountains

The chain of Atlantic defense sites on which the U.S. is to build bases now reaches from Greenland to British Guiana. In a sweeping agreement with the Danish Minister in Washington last week, the U.S. took over protection of the world's biggest island, moved the U.S.'s outermost line of potential defenses 900 miles nearer Europe, only three miles from the Nazi war

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

zone. Yet in a week of staggering reverses and calamities, the U.S. could draw one lesson clearly: the new base sites should have been secured long ago, so that instead of sites we would have bases.

Envoy. The man who made the Greenland deal possible was Henrik de Kauffmann, 52. When the Nazis seized Denmark last year, Minister de Kauffmann sat tight in the modest little Danish Legation on Washington's Massachusetts Avenue. Slight, dapper, greying and grave-faced, he let his staff know that he intended to

dominated Government at home. Pale and unsmiling, he signed; "Judge" Hull, scowling, affixed his nose glasses and signed after him. By the agreement's terms:

► The U.S. reiterated its recognition of the sovereignty of Denmark over Greenland;

► The U.S. received the right to build and maintain landing fields, seaplane bases, radio stations, weather stations, roads and fortifications and "do any and all things necessary" to maintain defense facilities;

► The U.S. agreed that the deal should

Godthaab, capital of South Greenland (population: 700), Penfield and West made their way to the U.S.'s most northerly consulate. They were astonished to find that Greenlanders, with almost 24 hours of sunlight a day during the summer, have daylight saving time.

Consul Penfield had a busy year. U.S. Coast Guard units prowled along the indented coast. Three German ships from Norway (some 1,000 miles away) hovered near by. One landed parties on the east coast for meteorological observations



represent his country's interests, regardless of Nazi-inspired orders from Copenhagen or Berlin. He was ordered to cooperate with the German chargé d'affaires. He did not. When the U.S. seized 39 Danish ships, he did not protest, arranged their transfer to the U.S. A firm anti-Nazi, married to the daughter of a U.S. admiral, he had one trump card to play when the Germans brought pressure on the Danes to force his recall: the U.S. would not recognize any other Danish envoy.

At 4 o'clock one afternoon last week, Minister de Kauffmann, dapper as usual in his grey suit and roll-brim black hat, hurried into the State Department. Cordell Hull was waiting for him. Waiting also was the agreement that Minister de Kauffmann had negotiated, without the knowledge and against the will of his Nazi-

remain in force "until the present dangers to the peace and security of the American continent have passed."

Thus the U.S. assumed a virtual protectorate over Greenland. It acted under the Monroe Doctrine, which forbids the transfer of territory in the Americas from one non-American power to another. In Berlin, Nazi spokesmen muttered about taking appropriate action. In Copenhagen the Danish Government, under Nazi pressure, disavowed the agreement, protested, ordered Minister de Kauffmann's recall. Minister de Kauffmann paid no attention.

Uses. Last year the State Department dispatched young James Penfield and George West Jr. on the Coast Guard cutter *Comanche* to establish the first U.S. consulate in Greenland. Through fog to Arsuk Fjord, to Ivigtut and beyond, to

—the weather of Britain can be forecast from the winds and temperature of Greenland.* Last fall, Consul Penfield had more sensational news to report: German planes were making reconnaissance flights over east Greenland. Last month, he flashed a bigger warning: a huge Nazi bomber had been spotted on the east coast, next day another German warplane.

The potential usefulness of Greenland to Germany was obvious. German planes could fly south over British convoy routes, flash positions to submarines or surface raiders waiting in the lonely Northern seas. How much use was Greenland to the U.S.? Last week it appeared that Greenland's value depended on the weather, on

* Last week the State Department revealed that these parties had been "cleared out," did not say how.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

U.S. ingenuity, and on the policy the U.S. wanted to follow.

► Greenland bases would make possible a steady bomber patrol from Greenland to Scotland. Airmen believe a bomber patrol would be the most effective kind of convoy—but point out that the plan would require stepping up U.S. bomber production beyond present plans.

► Most frequently mentioned possibility was that the U.S. might convoy ships to Greenland, British convoys taking them on to Iceland and home, thus halving the distance of hard-pressed British convoys.

► U.S. bombers fly to Britain, but other warplanes are shipped. With landing fields in Greenland, light bombers and pursuit planes could hop, skip and jump from the U.S. to Newfoundland to Greenland to Iceland to the British Isles.

Greenland. And, if Britain fell, Nazi planes could hop the other way. In 1916 Explorer Robert Peary pointed out: "Greenland in our hands may be a valuable piece of our defensive armor. In the hands of a hostile interest it could be a serious menace."

But to the U.S. last week, Greenland's icy mountains still seemed as silent, remote and cold as a lunar landscape. So little is known about the ice cap itself (almost two miles deep, spreading over more than 80% of the island, the birthplace of storms and icebergs) that scientists cannot agree whether it is a vanishing segment of the last Ice Age, or a forerunner of the next.

The need for U.S. base sites in Greenland, almost undreamed of even a year ago, showed how rapidly Nazi conquests

had changed the U.S. outlook. Last week Walter Lippmann suggested that future Nazi conquests might alter it still more. If the Nazis, after conquering Libya, should take over western Africa from the French, Germany would get a foothold at Dakar or Casablanca, where she would be nearer Brazil than is the U.S. It was elementary naval strategy that the U.S. would then need bases in the Azores or in Brazil as plainly as it now needs bases in Greenland.

LABOR

Prayer Answered

Peace, as it must eventually to all disputants, came last week to Henry Ford and his striking workers. The U.S. breathed a justified sigh of relief because the great Ford plants, with their \$150,000,000 in defense orders, were not going to be idle indefinitely.

For the first time in his long career, Henry Ford had agreed to negotiate with a labor union. The settlement, fruit of Governor Murray D. Van Wagoner's and U.S. Conciliator James Dewey's tireless efforts, set up a board on which top-ranking Ford men will confer with union men and public officials to adjust grievances that cannot be settled by plant committees. Ford agreed to reinstate five of the men whose dismissals precipitated a walkout at the huge Rouge plant. The union agreed to leave the cases of three others in arbitration. Both sides agreed to cooperate in an NLRB election to determine finally whether C.I.O. or A.F. of L. had a majority in the plant and was entitled to be certified as exclusive bargaining agent.

Except for a day of rioting which resulted in a few minor injuries, some destruction of instruments and machinery, one of industry's most threatening volcanoes had subsided with little damage done. Breathed Michigan's Governor Van Wagoner: "Our prayers for peace have been answered."

Other good news came from Pittsburgh. A strike threat in U.S. Steel was removed at last when the company signed a new contract giving C.I.O. workers a 10¢-an-hour increase, following announcement of a 10¢ wage rise at both National Steel Corp. and Bethlehem Steel (see p. 82).

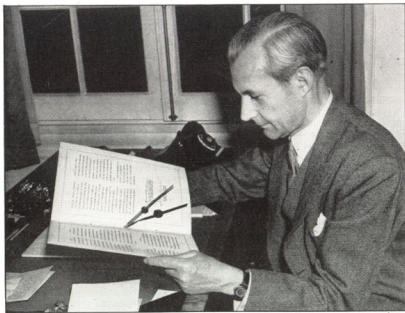
But there were still some subterranean blurps and rumbles. The soft-coal squabble smoldered into its fifth week and Southern operators split from the Appalachian wage conference. United Mine Workers President John L. Lewis and the Northerners had reportedly agreed on a new wage rate of \$7 a day, but Southern operators refused to budge from their offer of \$6.21. Reopening of Northern mines, strike-shut for two weeks, would return two-thirds of the nation's soft-coal fields to production. A few steel plants, which use soft coal converted into coke, had already had to shut down some of their blast furnaces. There were still prayers to be answered before peace in the whole defense industry prevailed.

One Calm Voice

A New York draft board last week protested "against Government officials allowing continuation of strikes and sabotage in industry while we induct men into service to give their all, perhaps their lives, at Army pay." A Georgia draft board had had the same indignation. Although there was a period of halfway quiet on the labor front, the public's wrath over labor disputes did not abate. How could people know that there might not be more of the same still coming? When was the Government going to do something about it?

Through the babel of indignation, of cries for laws to outlaw strikes, came one calm voice. The owner of the voice was William Hammatt Davis, vice chairman of the National Defense Mediation Board. He spoke to the House Military Affairs Committee, but his words were for the whole U.S. Said he: "When you pass compulsory legislation you make the workman a slave, and there is no use producing defense materials for a nation of slaves, because if there is anything certain in history, it is that a national establishment which has to depend on slaves to produce its materials is inevitably destroyed."

This is not the maxim with which Nazism attains its great production for war, but perhaps in the long run it is wiser. Mr. Davis called upon U.S. industrialists to "do what most of them have done; accept and recognize without reservation the spirit of the National Labor Relations Act and of collective bargaining." To labor he



EX-DENMARK'S MINISTER
His agreement put the U.S. three miles from war.

Acme

said: "Labor organizations owe an equally great respect to the opinion of the citizens. They ought to use their legal remedy and not the remedy of force."

A squat, sloppily dressed man with a mop of uncombed hair and the face of a kindly bulldog, William Hammatt Davis, 61, is a successful Manhattan patent attorney who has long made labor relations his avocation. He has served in many a Government agency, State and national, was chairman of the New York State Board of Mediation. To him belongs credit for settlement of the Allis-Chalmers strike, which Labor Department conciliators had given up. OPM's Hillman had fumbled and OPM's Knudsen and Navy's Knox had thrown into confusion that seemed, after two days of rioting, irreparable.

Davis' astute handling of the Allis-Chalmers strike was a model for mediators. With fellow members of the Mediation Board, he called management and labor into conference, calmed them by being calm, let each side give its account of the 75-day-old fight. Then he began to ask questions, avoiding questions which could be answered No. He covered the main point of the controversy by writing an agreement which gave the union security against attempts to organize another union within the plant, and reassured the company that no man's job depended on union membership.

After packing both sides off to think it over alone, he reassembled them next morning, convinced them that the agreement said exactly what they both wanted to say, in different words. They capitulated, unanimously adopted a resolution thanking Davis for his "able, patient and impartial work." Day after that exhausting weekend, indefatigable Mr. Davis appeared before the U.S. Supreme Court and masterfully argued a patent-infringement case.

Davis' brother, Owen, writes plays (*The Nervous Wreck*). He himself makes sermons, quotes platitudes and verse: "The most convincing evidence that the Creator is a Divine Being is that no one except a Divine Being would have known that He would need an eternity to correct the mistakes of human beings."

Last week Mediator Davis' calm and reasonable philosophy appeared to be prevailing on the labor front. The Ford strike had ended and a strike threat in steel had been removed (see p. 82). What might well be a model for future labor-management relations was announced by OPM—an agreement between Pacific Coast shipbuilders and workers (see p. 88).

The jittery country had only to look back four years to realize that what had happened had not been the worst that could have happened, by a long shot. Strikes then had the nation in convulsions: strikes in "Little Steel," a massacre of workers in Chicago, sit-down strikes in the motor industry, textile strikes, transportation tie-ups. From Columnist Dor-



MEDIATOR DAVIS
He parodied Plato.

Wide World

othy Thompson then came the irritated cry: "How long, O Catilines, Catilines of the right and Catilines of the left, will you abuse our patience?"

The patience of the U.S. has not been so long in the momentous year of 1941 as it was in 1937. Luckily William Hammatt Davis could parody Plato, a wiser man than Cicero, on the labor situation: "Creation is the product of persuasion, except in case of rape."

TERRITORIES

Return

It was getting cold in Little America. Thirty-three members of the Byrd Expedition, 15 months away from home, piled aboard the supply ships *Bear* and *North Star* and sailed toward East Base on Marguerite Bay to pick up the 26 men there.

Ice was filling Marguerite Bay. The ships put into Melchior Harbor, 200 miles away, waited a month. Supplies dwindled. The 26 at East Base radioed that their meat was gone, they were eating penguin eggs. The *Bear* slogged through the ice to a point 112 miles from the base. The weather grew worse; the men had to be taken off at once or they would be locked in for another winter.

Back at East Base, Navy Pilot Ashley Snow fitted a damaged transport plane with skis and a new propeller, found a landing place on a high plateau near the *Bear*. Books, papers, personal belongings, scientific instruments were left behind; the men took out only what they could carry in their pockets. The dogs had to be killed. The loaded plane could not clear the peaks; Pilot Snow flew it through passes in the range. Two trips were made

in fog. Then the *Bear* cut its way through the ice to the sea.

At Punta Arenas, world's southernmost city (pop. 24,307), a sheep ranchers' center, the Antarctic exiles re-entered the green world of vegetables, trees, rocks, beer, money, steaks, French fried potatoes, lettuce—and women. Shaved, dressed in khaki shirts and trousers, with money to spend, the men piled ashore, pushed aside photographers and interviewers as they set out to fulfill long-considered plans. One man had sworn he would get the autograph of the first woman he saw. But she sailed past the wharf in an automobile, would not stop. Their plans were not all alike. One sedate group, under onetime Boy Scout Paul Siple, trudged dutifully into the countryside to examine rock formations.

The men ate steak for breakfast, lunch, dinner. Popular, well-behaved, hungry, they made friends with the police, made friends with the señoritas, made friends with the barmaids, all in no time. By the time the *Bear* sailed for Boston and the *North Star* for Seattle, the excitement of returning was over; the women no longer seemed like sloe-eyed goddesses, and for breakfast bacon & eggs tasted better than steak.

CRIME

Sing Sing Break

Convict McGovern Miller, abed in Sing Sing prison hospital, woke one murky morning this week to a nightmare sight. Out of their beds leaped three fellow felons, fully clothed and armed with guns. Quick as murder they shot and killed the guard in the hospital ward, vanished through the door. That was the last Convict Miller saw of them.

Outside the ward, the fugitives jumped a second guard and a trusty, hustled them into a sub-basement and locked them up. Through a tunnel used for steam pipes and electric cables they fled, unlocking two doors with keys which they had long since prepared. The tunnel opened on the side of a railroad embankment, down which they slid and ran along the tracks. In Water Street they were spotted by two cops. They fired, killing Patrolman James Fagan. Patrolman William Nelson fired back, drilling Convict James Waters through the heart. The other two, Joseph Riordan and Charles McGale, pelted riverwards. On the bank they found a shad fisherman, forced him to row them across the Hudson.

Shrieking prison sirens roused the countryside. A State police plane roared overhead. Coast Guard cutters put-putted up & down river. Bloodhounds sniffed along the western shore. It was still only 9 a.m. when William Mullen, veteran woodsman and member of the Palisades Interstate Park Police, leading a posse along the side of Hook Mountain, heard a noise in the brush and saw a flash of white shirt. "You're surrounded," a posseman hollered. "Put up your hands." All

fight gone out of them, Riordan and McGale stumbled out, gave up.

It had been a lethal morning. Dead lay four men: Prison Guard John Hartye, Patrolman Fagan, Convict Waters, and Convict Miller, who had died of excitement in his hospital bed.

Sinner Emeritus

Stephen Dutton was always considered a very fast man with a dollar—preferably someone else's dollar. But in his prime, in the dim, gold-brick, O. Henry era of gentle grafters, patent-medicine fakery, con men and bunco artists, Steve the Swindler was regarded as especially expert in talking himself into funds and out of trouble. He ranked with Grand Central Pete and Paper Collar Joe, who were tops in bilking the rubes; for a time Steve Dutton was partner of the old master, Perrin Sumner, who was known in the Gay '90s as The Great American Identifier, for reasons lost to history.

In those days the old New York Herald made line drawings of Stephen Dutton's sharp-featured face, his sleek mustache. Three times he was put away in Sing Sing, to the widespread dismay of widows & orphans. But the clippings faded yellow and crumbly in newspaper morgues; the detectives who arrested him and the judges who sentenced him faded and crumbled too. In Brooklyn's once-tough, now tame Red Hook district, Steve Dutton has recently lived in a frame house with his two dogs, three cats (two of them 22 years old), and a 21-ft. snake, preserved in formaldehyde, which he said he caught in Florida in 1908.

Three weeks ago Stephen Dutton, 97 years old, was arrested again. The charge: stealing a three-ton paper-cutting machine. New York City's police crowded the lineup last fortnight to get a look at the oldest criminal on their books.

If they expected to see a doddering oldster, they were surprised. Old Steve Dutton is built like the village smith, bull-necked, his nearly-six-foot frame wrapped with 180 lb. of muscle as tough as a lion-tamer's boot. He has never worn glasses. His hearing is acute. Near in a black suit and powder-blue topcoat, clean-shaven and impatient, he stomped out under the bright lights, roaring in a deep black bass. He raged at being held without bail, bawled out a strapping cop who dared touch his shoulder.

Under New York's Baumes (four-times-out) law, conviction would automatically jail him for life. Steve Dutton didn't give it a thought. Before the judge he pleaded not guilty: seems he was passing a building in his neighborhood when he remembered that the paper cutter inside was his own property years ago. He broke in, dismantled the 6,000-lb. machine, horse-carted it to a junkman to be sold. Magistrate Nicholas Pinto just looked at him.

Steve rambled on: he was born near

Ithaca, N.Y., when John Tyler was President; as a boy he saw Iroquois Indians roaming the woods. His grandparents gave their land to Cornell University—so he said. In 1861 he enlisted in Pennsylvania's 71st Infantry. "I fit in the Battle of Gettysburg. A Minié-ball took the tip of my finger off. Shell creased my scalp. When the battle was over I rode a horse to the White House to tell the President. . . . I left Gettysburg at 3:30 p.m. and arrived at Lincoln's place at 9:15 that evening. Lincoln greeted me and took me into the White House kitchen. I don't remember how much I ate. . . . Mr. Lincoln keeps talking, asking me about the battle. I sleep all night there on the kitchen floor. The next morning Mr. Lincoln made me a captain and sent me back. . . . He shook my hand before I left and said: 'If we had more men of the same stuff, we'd get the job done.'"

Steve Dutton helped build the New York Central Railroad; he knew John L. Sullivan and sparred with him. He belovied at the court: "I'm as good a man as I was 50 years ago. Hit me on the chest! . . . I can hold two men so they can't move. I ain't started yet."

Magistrate Pinto ventured to mention his record: three times in Sing Sing. "What was that 1896 charge?" Dutton thumped his cavernous chest. "Jealousy," he rumbled. One thing always caused his downfall, said he: women. He bristled. Magistrate Pinto, sighing, last week dismissed the charge, shoed out the massive Methuselah. "Go along now. Try to behave from now on." The iron man breathed heavily, took a reef in his galuses, clumped home to his dogs and cats and the 21-ft. snake in the dusty jar.



THE LATE SENATOR SHEPPARD
Eight more years would have done it.
(See Column 3)

THE CONGRESS

Back to Texarkana

When Morris Sheppard was a schoolboy in Wheatville, Tex., he studied physiology. One illustration in the class textbook was a study of a drunkard's stomach, done in passionate colors. He never got over it, and last week he died a teetotaler.

As the climax of a life devoted to battling Demon Rum, he introduced the law that became the 18th Amendment, helped the tall, droop-mustached Minnesota zealot, Andrew J. Volstead, write the Prohibition enforcement law. But as saloons became speakeasies and gangsters turned to bootleggers, Volstead got all the knocks. Almost nobody had it in for genial, kindly Morris Sheppard. He was no fanatic, and everyone knew it. He simply thought liquor was poison. Texas went right on drinking and re-electing Morris Sheppard.

Sheppard didn't try to be a great statesman, but he knew a lot about the fine art of being a little Senator. He kept a little black book of his daily attendance record in Congress. The average was less than a day's absence per year, for 38 years. Any Texan could ask him to do anything and be sure he would try. He was a "type-writer Senator," answering every scrap of mail faithfully, always regarding himself as the errand boy of a great State.

Almost every year, on Jan. 16, anniversary of Prohibition, he delivered a long address on the glories of abstinence, the vileness of John Barleycorn. As chairman of the Senate Military Affairs Committee he was regarded by the War Department as invaluable, since he was that rare person, a civilian expert on military matters.

Last week Morris Sheppard died from overwork, eight years short of his goal. His consuming ambition was to serve in Congress longer than anyone else.

His death left the Administration up a pair of trees. By seniority, North Carolina's bumptious isolationist, "Roaring Robert" Reynolds, is entitled to become chairman of the Military Affairs Committee. Elegant Mr. Reynolds is known to the public as a legislator who fought to delay conscription, to kill the Lend-Lease Bill, and against repeal of the arms embargo.

And Morris Sheppard's death stamped Texas' political cattle. As Senator Sheppard's casket went quietly down Texarkana's State Line Avenue to the little cemetery last week, Red-Hunter Martin Dies, Attorney General Gerald C. Mann, a horde of shortworts were hot after the seat. Texas' House of Representatives petitioned Governor W. Lee ("Pass-The-Biscuits-Pappy") O'Daniel to appoint himself for the 90-day interim before an election must be held. Pappy held his peace, and pondered. Morris Sheppard was buried. The little people of Texas, the Anti-Saloon League of America, the high command of the Army mourned him most. They knew him best.

TIME, April 21, 1941

NATIONAL DEFENSE

ARMY

News from the Armored Force

Good armies are never too good to learn from each other. At Fort Benning, Ga. and Fort Knox, Ky. in 1936, Germany's Major General (then Colonel) Adolf von Schell was an honored guest of the U.S. Army. He saw its small, experimental mechanized units at work, took back many a valuable lesson for Hitler's *Panzer* divisions. Last month Chief of Staff George C. Marshall told a Congressional subcommittee: "In the last two weeks we have gotten more exact data than we have previously had as to the employment of German armored and motorized forces. . . ." When this information had been digested, said the General, the U.S. Army might have to make some changes in its new, belatedly organized Armored Force.

Last week some changes were announced. Most important change had to do with the use and tactics of the two armored divisions now in being, two more to be organized this month. When the Armored Force was founded last summer, its commanders were left to evolve their own doctrines. Trouble with this situation was that the Armored Force is only part of a modern army. Last week the General Staff recognized this fact, ordered the Infantry and the Armored Force hereafter to cooperate in joint studies of combat principles, joint application of their theories in the field. Reason: the Army knew that Germany's famed, headlined *Panzer* divisions had had motorized infantry (transported in trucks but fighting afoot) to back up the tanks, hold ground after mechanized units had broken through enemy lines. Far-sighted officers then began to hope that the General Staff would carry this principle a step further, make joint study and practice a three-way affair between infantry, armored forces and the Air Corps.

Armored School. Like the rest of the expanding Army, the Armored Force last week was more like a school than a combat force. The First Armored Division at Fort Knox (Ky.), the Second at Fort Benning, had about 75% of their required equipment in service. They had begun to receive a few 22-ton medium tanks, would have to wait two or three months for the newest, 25-ton model which the Army demonstrated last fortnight (*TIME*, April 14).

Both divisions were much better off in man power. In eight months of active training, the handful of veteran tankers in the Army had done a stupendous job of schooling raw men, turning them into instructors for still greener recruits. Result: considering the equipment at hand, the commanders of the First and Second Divisions last week could say that they could "function in any emergency." But not for long: as with all the U.S. Army of 1941, an armored division is no sooner



STONEWALL'S GRANDSON, GRANT'S GRANDSON
And the next generation is in the Army.

Acme, International

trained than it must be broken up to form and school fresh outfits.

This week the Armored Force is to establish two new divisions: the Third at Camp Polk, La., the Fourth at Pine Camp, N.Y. Selected to command the Third was an alert, progressive officer with an old Army name: Brigadier General Alvan Cullom Gillem Jr. His Union grandfather was in command of the outfit that pursued and killed Confederate General John Hunt Morgan in 1864; his father was a cavalry colonel. His son, Alvan C. Gillem 2nd, West Point basketball, is now an Air Corps lieutenant. Commander of the Fourth will be Brigadier General Henry W. Baird, who, like General Gillem, began his army career as a private. Generals Baird and Gillem will be lucky to have a fifth of a division's complete equipment at the start.

Confirmed in command of the First Armored Corps last week was Major General Charles L. Scott, who until lately was also acting commander of the entire force. Out of hospital, back on duty as commander of the Armored Force last week went Major General Adna Romanza Chaffee, a pioneer tanker who fought for recognition of armored units long before Hitler sold the idea of a separate Armored Force to the U.S. General Staff. Wan, ready-thin in multi, General Chaffee for his homecoming to Fort Knox had a review of the First Division. His men were happy to have him back, happy that last week's orders left him in command of the new Armored Force Headquarters at Fort Knox. For the word had gone down through the ranks that ailing Adna Chaffee wanted to stay in a tanker's harness as long as his health allowed.

Measure of Growth

To the Senate for confirmation last week Franklin Roosevelt sent two sets of nominations to increase the fighting and administrative heft of the U.S. Army. They contained only 51 names, yet they made a good measure of the recent growth of the U.S.'s land fighting force, and one that was simpler to comprehend than numbers of men in the field or of weapons coming off production lines.

To take the place left empty by Robert Porter Patterson when he became Under Secretary of War, the President appointed Manhattan Lawyer John Jay McCloy (*see p. 62*) as Assistant Secretary of War. Onetime A.E.F. artillery captain, Jack McCloy has been in Washington since September as special assistant to War Secretary Stimson. Manhattan Private Banker Robert Abercrombie Lovett was appointed Assistant Secretary of War for Air, a spot that has been vacant since Herbert Hoover's time. As a special assistant, thin-cheeked Bob Lovett, wartime naval aviator and wearer of the Navy Cross, has been hard at work since December on Air Corps problems, carries the hope of Army airmen that he will give them the kind of representation they need in high Army councils.

After thus tripling the size of his Army sub-cabinet, Franklin Roosevelt went to work on his top-rank fighting men, sent over a list of ten new major generals, 39 new brigadiers. Once confirmed, the list will give the Army a total of 363 general officers on the active list. When World War I began, the Army had only 35 active-list generals. When World War II began, the Army had 67.

Of Franklin Roosevelt's new major generals, six are now Corps Area commanders, four division commanders. Brigadiers represent all the fighting branches (including four from the Air Corps) and most of the back-of-the-lines services.

In the Army's new brigadiers' list were two names that caught the eye of Army men with a thought for tradition. Uppe to general officer's rank was Field Artillery Colonel Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, grandson of famed "Stonewall" Jackson. Promoted to Brigadier General was Ulysses S. Grant III, West Pointer grandson of the Civil War general and son of the late Major General Frederick Dent Grant. General Christian has a West Pointer son in the Army. General Grant's three daughters are married to Army officers.

AIR

The U. S. v. Bombs

To most U.S. citizens, still not fully awake to the threat of Europe's war, the possibility of a bombing attack is as remote and unreal as an invasion from Mars. Yet military men know that such an attack might become real. They also know that even a minor raid might cause catastrophic mass hysteria. Sixty minutes of hokum in an Orson Welles broadcast three years ago gave them a rough idea of what could happen.

The job of defense against such a bombardment is a function of the U.S. Army Air Corps. Last week, having completed its organization plan, the Air Corps began a careful process of informing the public what it was all about. The object was,

without frightening anybody, to teach citizens that if raids should come they must stay where they are, each man going about his own duties while the Air Corps, with organized civilian aid, does its job of repelling attack.

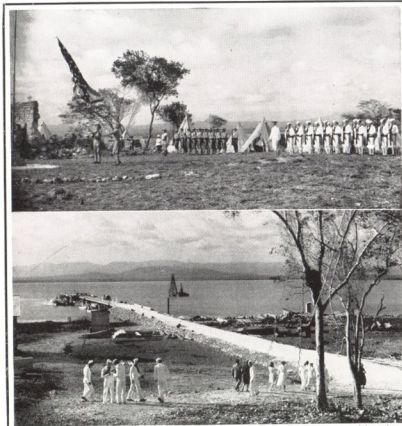
First step of the Army was to reorganize the GHQ Air Force, fighting arm of the Air Corps, into four air districts called Air Forces. The First Air Force covers the Northeast, most vulnerable quarter of the country, the Second the Northwest. The Third has the Southeast, the Fourth the Southwest.

Each Air Force is divided into a bomber command and an interceptor command. Mission of the bombers is to seek out the air invader at sea or in bases he may have seized, near the Western Hemisphere. The interceptor's job is like that of Britain's Fighter Command: to take the air when raids threaten, knock the enemy's bombers out of the skies. Last week, having assigned four flying major generals to command the Air Forces (Northeast, James E. Chaney; Northwest, John F. Curry; Southeast, Barton K. Yount; Southwest, Jacob E. Fickel), the Army announced its interceptor commanders: four brigadier generals—all slim and wiry, as pursuit pilots should be.

To Long Island's Mitchel Field, to the First Interceptor Command, went big-game-hunting John C. McDonnell. To Fort George Wright, near Spokane, Wash., went the Second Air Force's interceptor commander, long-faced, leathery Carlyle H. Wash, just returned from a month's study of Britain's air defenses. Thin-haired, scholarly Walter H. Frank took charge of the Third Command at Tampa, Fla. The Fourth went to bald, affable Millard F. Harmon, an Army pilot since 1916.

A big part of the job of air defense is organizing the civilian population to warn of the approach of enemy aircraft. Pattern for what civilians could do was set last winter when General Chaney of the First Air Force tested a vast civilian warning net. Few weeks ago the four Air Force commanders got together with Major General Delos C. Emmons, commander of the GHQ Air Force, to study General Chaney's experiment. This week the Army announced that civilian warning systems would be set up in all the Air Force districts.

Meanwhile, in each of the Army's nine Corps Areas, an officer in charge of civil defense has been quietly getting the co-operation of State and city officials in setting up machinery to soothe and control the civilian population if air raids come. They have furnished patterns for orderly traffic, shelter, thwarting of sabotage, emergency fire fighting, policing during and after bombardment. Britain showed that it is better to prepare early than to meet the awful fact of bombardment with no preparation, and the War Department proposes to profit by British mistakes.



THE NAVY GETS A BIT OF JAMAICA

These pictures reached the U.S. last week of a ceremony that took place in Jamaica, B.W.I. While a survey crew planned a dredging job to make Portland Bight a fleet anchorage, and technicians laid plans for installations on the 55½ square miles of land reserved for the naval base, helmeted U.S. Marines and white-clad sailors took over Little Goat Island in Portland Bight, 14 miles west of Kingston as the crow flies. Drawn up near water's edge, Marines and blue-jackets stood at present while the colors were hoisted over British soil (above). Later sailormen & friends went walking by the temporary jetty, first photographed sign that the U.S.'s base project on the flank of the Windward Passage is getting under way.

WORLD WAR

BATTLE OF BRITAIN

"This Turning Point"

An intensely symbolic scene was laid in a great hall of Bristol University one day last week. It was the day after a dreadful raid. Not many yards from the hall, high walls were still tottering and crumbling. The faces of the assembled doctors, bachelors and fellows were pale: many had been up all night fighting fires. But on their backs the tired men wore medieval robes of blue and green, and hoods and scarfs of red and ermine—badges of centuries of tradition.

The gaudiest robe of the lot—a dark gown almost armored with gold braid—draped awkwardly on the huge round shoulders of the Chancellor of Bristol University, Winston Churchill. Near him, in the scarlet and salmon pink gowns of doctors of law, stood Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies of Australia and U.S. Ambassador John Gilbert Winant. Winston Churchill had just conferred honorary degrees on these two men: personifications of Dominion support and of U.S. aid.

Winston Churchill was certainly conscious of the scene's aptness. This was a

ister Menzies had just spoken in simple, moving terms. John Winant: "I will always think first of the patience, character and courage of the people of Bristol." Robert Menzies: "This is humanity's war." Winston Churchill grimly declared: "The traditions which have come down to us throughout the centuries . . . will enable us most surely at this moment, this turning point in the history of the world, to bear our part. . . ."

Where the next hard blow would fall—perhaps on Eire, where preparations were considered for the evacuation of Dublin, perhaps on Greenland, which the U.S. had just taken over—Winnie Churchill might guess but only his hated foe could know.

BALKAN THEATER

Weakness Defies Strength

(See Cover)

Through the slow winter months Britain and her friends had nursed their little hope, and watched it grow. They had made much of Adolf Hitler's big mistake—not invading Britain straightway after Dunkirk. They had seen the R.A.F. stand up to the *Luftwaffe*. They had relished the Greeks' brave stand against bad Italian

months were suddenly—incredibly suddenly—threatened.

More than ever, Nazi speed was the shocking thing. This time it was more shocking than in previous campaigns because the terrain had been advertised as more or less Blitzproof. And despite this supposed handicap, the Nazis went breath-takingly fast.

In 1939 the Germans cleaned up Poland in 27 days. Last year Denmark and Central Norway fell in 23 days, the Low Countries and France in 38 days. When this spring's battle was joined, everyone thought that Belgrade, lying in an open plain, would fall. But not even the gloomiest super-realists believed that Nish and Skopje and the whole strategic Vardar Valley—places protected by formidable hills—would lie under Nazi treads in two days; or that the fall of Salonika would be accomplished in three; or that the Serbian hills could be traversed and Albania reached in six. The speed of the Nazi recapture of eastern Libya was even more terrifying (see p. 32).

Divisions to Divide. The fundamental rule of German strategy, whether in war, politics, mass psychology or terrorization, is to break the opposition into weak fragments. In war especially, the Nazi technique is to divide and then subdivide, to cut and recut, until the enemy's communications, leadership, force and plan are hopelessly decimated and disorganized. This rule rigidly defined the Nazis' plan of action in the Balkans: cut Yugoslavia from Greece, pro-Nazi Croatia from anti-Nazi Serbia, pregnable Thrace from defensible central Greece, the tough Greeks from the tough British.

In drawing up their plans, the Germans had first to compute the odds. In Yugoslavia they saw facing them some 16 fairly well trained infantry divisions, three mountain divisions, two cavalry divisions, 16 frontier battalions, plus a few thousand relatively green reservists; an Air Force of perhaps 900 planes, but without reserve strength; an aggressive leader in the person of General Dusan Simovitch, who had built the best air force in the Balkans virtually singlehanded—altogether a potentially formidable but completely untiered force of about 650,000 men. They counted a Greek force of at most 15 divisions totaling at most 300,000. Of these, over half had their hands full in Albania; a division or two manned the defenses of Thrace and perhaps three were available to help the British; the rest were reserves. They reckoned that the British had been able to land at most four divisions, at most 100,000 men—tough, tan, eager, happy, seasoned Australians, New Zealanders and Britons, spoiling to avenge Dunkirk.

If all these enemies could get together, they would constitute an army of about 1,300,000: an army greater in numbers although weaker in air strength, training and mechanization than the German force in



PRIME MINISTERS MENZIES & CHURCHILL, AMBASSADOR WINANT
Bristol's traditions were still standing.

week in which all Britain was holding its breath. It was a week in which, to assuage the public thirst for revenge, the Government and R.A.F. had sanctioned a furious incendiary raid on Berlin, along whose Unter den Linden proud establishments like the State Opera and Prussian State Library were fired. It was a week in which the Germans began to talk again, loudly and confidently, of invading the British Isles. It was also a week in which Coventry had been blasted "worse than Coventry," and now Bristol too.

Ambassador Winant and Prime Min-

istering. They had let themselves enjoy, and enjoy again, like lingering bouquets of taste, triumphs in Libya and on the Mediterranean. They had heard noises of the U.S. stirring in its sleep. They even began to talk of a turning point.

Last week, in a matter of days, not months, in a campaign of hours, not weeks, they saw their hope badly shaken. A few days of war in the Balkans and in Libya, though they were days in which small forces forged huge swords out of nothing but courage, were nevertheless days in which the gains of long, hard

WORLD WAR

the Balkans. Therefore the strategy of division was especially imperative. First and most urgent division: Yugoslavs from Greeks and British.

Yugoslavia: First Phase. As the battle opened, by far the heaviest German onslaughts came from Bulgaria, into southeastern Yugoslavia, through four passes (see map, p. 31). These spearheads were assigned to push across Yugoslavia and meet the Italians erupting from Albania. Ironically, the Yugoslavs, who had not had staff talks with the British and had not even had time to dispose their troops, had stationed just one division of supposedly pro-German Croat reservists in the mountains facing Bulgaria.

The Croats did the best they could, but all kinds of terror came out to meet them. Men on motorcycles bumped along the donkey paths beside each boulder-strewn rivulet bed, and from the sidecars bullets streamed mechanically. Behind them came curious little tanks which could climb any of the treeless slopes: tiny affairs, looking like hybrids between U.S. Army "Blitzbuggies" and Bren-gun carriers, clanking along on their treads at 25 m.p.h. (but able to let down rubber-tired wheels and do 50 on roads), belching fire from both their 47-mm. cannon and 20-mm. machine guns.

Behind them came heavier tanks and trucks full of shock troops and buses full of engineers and men with artillery on muleback and just plain infantry. Wherever the Croats knotted together, men dressed in asbestos floated by parachute from the sky, and held nozzles which threw terrifying flames.

The Croats fell back; the Nazis poured through into the Vardar Valley. One spearhead turned down the Vardar towards Salonika, while others pressed on toward Albania.

Dusan Simovitch knew that his battle—as long as it was organized warfare, not just guerrilla fighting—would be won or lost by aircraft. As far back as 1937 he wrote: "If we wish to preserve the political independence of our dear Fatherland, which was created with the blood of the best and most worthy sons of our nation . . . it is essential that we should have a strong and powerful and independently organized modern aviation." He was not always popular with the politicians but being tall, handsome, grey-haired, brown-eyed, particularly gallant and unusually slim for a middle-aged Serb, was always popular with the ladies. But he made himself indulge in politics for the sake of building an adequate Air Force. He was just beginning to get results when war came to his land.

Last week, in a few hours, he saw the bloom blown off his creation by the *Luftwaffe's* evil heat. In the first day of fighting the Germans claimed 89 enemy planes; 54 ruined on the ground, 35 shot down. Each day thereafter they claimed bags of over 15. General Simovitch's 21 airfields

were pocked, his hangars burned, his fuel dumps blasted.

According to New York Times Correspondent Cyrus L. Sulzberger, German bombing did just what it was intended to do: snarl communications and service. Wrote Sulzberger, after a spectacular three-day flight from Belgrade to Greece, of the scene after the first raid on Skopje:

"Their bombing had been exceedingly accurate, although most of the bombs were of small caliber. Therefore, the damage was not permanently serious, but of a



"JUMBO" WILSON
He avoided the error of Flanders.

nature to disrupt all regular services. The power station was out of order. There was neither electric light nor telephone. The radio station had ceased functioning. Army headquarters was knocked about and had been transferred. Telephone cables lay twisted in the road. Glass was piled everywhere and occasional craters testified to the effect of the bombing."

With such damage from the air, and without any properly organized resistance in all of southern Yugoslavia, there was little that could be done to stop the incredibly daring German cross-country dash. Certainly the Yugoslav attack on northern Albania, capturing 100 men in about the time that the Nazis were taking 100,000 in Thrace and Yugoslavia was not the answer. At noon on the sixth day, German motorcycle patrols met the vanguard of a pompous Italian parade (the Arezzo and Florence Divisions of regulars, a regiment of Bersaglieri, a legion of Blackshirts) which had succeeded in pushing about six miles out of Albania against little resistance except an unseasonal snowstorm.

Greece: First Phase. Before they manned their guns on the Thracian front,

the devout Greek soldiers asked for the last sacrament. They were not only resigned to death; many expected it. Then they went into the forts which, arranged in depth, were called the Metaxas Line. The late, tough-minded General John Metaxas would have been proud of the use they made of his bastions.

The first Nazi blow was struck at about the same time as the main attacks were biting into southeastern Yugoslavia, in Rupel Pass. There the Greeks fought hard, using the same tactics of cross fire as had proved so deadly against the Italians in the Pindus Mountains. But the fight was vain: the Nazi break-through in the Vardar Valley, and the prong which had then turned eastward towards Salonika, threatened the troops' rear. It became necessary to abandon Salonika.

Nevertheless the Greeks in Thrace, who had death on their minds, fought on, both in Rupel Pass and farther east. In many forts they fought until every man was wiped out. In Fort Perithori, they abandoned the upper works, retired underground, and conked Nazis one by one as they tried to enter. Altogether the Nazis claimed 80,000 Greeks in Thrace; possibly there were not more than 30,000. As they were gradually cleaned out, the Metaxas Line took its place in the rank of sad, futile names: Maginot Line, Mannerheim Line, Albert Canal, Carol's Line.

The British tried to rationalize the loss of Salonika, calling the town a military nonentity, pointing to the fact that its fall had been so certainly expected that for three whole weeks tankers had hauled gasoline away, and since then sailing vessels and steamers had taken out all kinds of stores, and the wounded and helpless had been evacuated. This was true, for the British who until three weeks ago had little hope of Yugoslavia's fighting had disposed their limited forces further west in the obvious expectation that it would be foolish to try to hold Salonika. Yet the British themselves once called the town, not carelessly, "the gateway of two continents." Possession of the port gave the Nazis their first outlet on the Mediterranean. They could use it to grim effect as a base for planes and submarines.

In these early stages of fighting the British were not engaged at all. *Dienst aus Deutschland* sneered: "German quarters consider the supposition not unfounded that the English leadership at the present initiatory stages . . . is taking the precaution of not losing contact with a suitable harbor for retreat." The supposition was correct. In the face of German superiority in strength, the British leadership—in the person of Lieut. General Sir Henry Maitland ("Jumbo") Wilson, General Wavell's right-hand man in the winter campaign in Africa—was not so foolish as to be inveigled into the error of Flanders: being drawn into hostile territory only to have communications cut to the rear.

WORLD WAR

Yugoslavia: Second Phase. "Germany's early successes cannot discourage me. Though the present situation is difficult, I believe the justice of our cause, the loyalty of our Army, and the help of our powerful allies will assure us victory. . . . Thus spoke General Dusan Simovitch—man not given to loud and hollow talk over the Yugoslav radio in the evening of the sixth day of fighting. Germany's early successes had been undeniably brilliant.

Before the Yugoslavs had even been able to take battle stations, the Nazis had virtually completed the first phase of Blitzkrieg—the wild, daring dash for centers of communication and command. And they had done this just as fast as if the terrain were flat as Denmark. But Dusan Simovitch had been in tight spots before. An extraordinary tradition in the Serb Army is for cadets to shut themselves in their messroom, turn out the lights, draw revolvers, and shoot it out. Dusan Simovitch, who passed this test of courage with

flying colors, must have felt in much the same position last week. Now he hoped—as did the Greeks and British to the east—to prove that the point at which Blitzkrieg can fail in mountainous country is the second phase: consolidation.

In their second try, the Yugoslavs wrote off the northern provinces, including the capital. There they met the several advancing columns, including Italian and Hungarian drives, with nothing more than rear-guard actions. They were not impressed when the Germans, having bombed



TIME Map by R.M. Chapin, Jr.

Belgrade to ashes and dust, occupied the capital with ceremony.

The Yugoslav Army, though cut in places, was still in being. German claims that it was annihilated were not supported by German claims of prisoners: only 40,000. And so the Yugoslavs, in divided units operating as colossal guerrilla parties, using the French tactics of artillery preparation and assault which Dusan Simovitch learned at St. Cyr, the elite French war college, began to counter-attack in exactly the opposite direction from their pre-battle expectation. Their major effort was southward, into the Serbian hills. They counter-attacked near Kragujevac, General Simovitch's birthplace—traditional home of the Obrenovitch dynasty. Their strongest push was into a rugged defile known as Kachanik Pass. There they claimed to have destroyed 90 German tanks, to have taken great toll of man power, to have checked the German drive. In the hills Serbia's famous *Komitaji* (guerrillas) went into action.

Greece: Second Phase. In Blitzkrieg, columns which meet resistance turn aside, seeking weakness. More or less stopped at Kachanik Pass, some Germans turned southward to join others who were already assaulting the junction of Albania, Yugoslavia and Greece. Here they looked for an opportunity to drive a wedge between the main Greek force in Albania and the main British force, established in a circling line from Mount Olympus to Florina and Lake Ochrida.

The Nazis took Monastir Gap from its few Yugoslav defenders and drove about 25 miles into Greece. In the opening engagements that then occurred the Greeks and British came back at them with fury, and with daring to match daring. In the flat plains between Monastir (Bitolj) and Florina, British engaged Germans in the first mechanized encounter since Dunkirk. The Germans withdrew, at least temporarily. One British advance patrol behind the German spearhead caught a Nazi infantry unit in busses, and annihilated it.

The Germans soon pulled in their horns while their patrols prodded for vulnerable spots, and the *Luftwaffe* went to work on the Allies' communications. The chief British-Greek ports of supply were Peiraeus, the port of Athens, and Volos, the port for Larissa. Both are inadequate. In the basin of Peiraeus, ships have to be parked by hawser, like so many cars in a tiny square. And these inadequate roadsteads were connected with the front by just one single-track railroad, by just one good road.

In wave after wave—sometimes 16 waves in quick succession—the Nazis went for the ports. This week they claimed that dive-bombers had sunk 30,000 tons of British transports in Peiraeus. They went for freight trains hauling heavy tanks, heavy trucks with enormous anti-aircraft trailers, radio cars, searchlight trailers, troop-carrying busses. They went, care-

lessly, for hospital units. They went, in blissful ignorance, for lorries carrying the harmless stuff which could only be going to a British force in the midst of a desperate stand: tins of Australian beef, cases of toothpicks, cartons of boot polish.

The Outlook. These efforts showed that the Germans were preparing for an attack on the line from the coast of Albania to Florina, to the Aegean near Mount Olympus—the line on which the Greeks and British had prepared to make their major stand. The Greeks surged down from Salonika on the eastern end of the line, and this week the British announced that they had been obliged to retreat—but not without inflicting heavy casualties. The Greeks, observing that the enemy was concentrating supplies in the Monastir sector, announced that their troops were "impatiently awaiting the first opportunity of getting at the Germans."

Grimly the Yugoslavs pointed out: "It is one thing to conquer the *Komitaji*'s territory; it is another thing to conquer the *Komitaji*." This week was Orthodox Holy Week, and devout men like General Simovitch (who was not too devout, however, to divorce his first wife and marry one of the handsomest women in Yugoslavia) threw a religious fervor into their fighting.

Yet fervor is not a substitute for strength. Cut off from reinforcement from their allies, cut off from any supplies—ammunition, guns and tanks—cut off in fact from any aid except such little air support as the British could send from Greece's

small waterlogged airfields, General Simovitch might well have regarded his military position as nearly hopeless. But it is a Serbian feeling that men die in fighting, but nations die only in yielding.

SOUTHERN THEATER

The Other Way in Libya

Under a brilliant moon the desert looked like a plain of salt. Across it three British staff cars sped. At a fork in the road a sentry stopped them and signaled the drivers to turn off onto a small side road. The drivers told the sentry who were in the cars—two generals and their staffs. The sentry said he was sorry, but the main road ahead was being prepared for demolition in connection with withdrawal operations.

The cars turned off. Soon they overtook a lorry convoy, which had halted to remove some anti-tank blocks. The staff cars made their way to the convoy head to investigate.

At this point a lone Nazi on a motorcycle appeared at the convoy's rear. An armed guard stuck his head out from the rear lorry's tarpaulin and said: "What in hell do you want?" The Nazi tommy-gunned him. Another guard shot the Nazi. A few more Germans came up on motorcycles, proceeded to the convoy head, covered the staff cars with half a dozen tommy-guns before the officers realized anything was happening.

Thus were captured last week Lieut.



FRONTIER REARRANGED

Boundaries, as this picture shows, are not always adjusted along conference tables. The technique of these black troops of the Royal West African Frontier Force is to pick up boundary stones and carry them right along. The frontier which they are rearranging is the one between Kenya and Italian Somaliland.

General Sir Richard Nugent O'Connor, who was knighted only last month for his brilliance as field commander of the Imperial Army of the Nile in its winter campaign against the Italians; and Lieut. General Philip Neame, an engineering expert famous for a day at Neuve Chapelle in 1914 when he stood bolt upright on a parapet for 20 minutes, lighting the fuses of improvised jam-tin bombs with a cigarette and lobbing the bombs at the Germans. Also captured last week after a tank fight at the outpost of el-Mechili was Major General Michael Denham Gambier-Parry, tank strategist, and 2,000 men. Also captured in Libya, apparently while flying out to Egypt from Britain via Gibraltar and Malta, was Major General Adrian Carton de Wiart, who unhappily commanded British troops in central Norway last year.

Serious Business. The loss of four top-flight generals was almost as bad news as the misfortune in which they were lost—a six-day Nazi advance from Bengasi right into Egypt. Their loss underlined an interesting feature of General Sir Archibald Wavell's technique of generalship. Unlike the Ludendorff-Haig-Pershing-Joffre practice of letting brass hats with the aid of technicians work things out at desks far behind the lines and then turn execution over to subordinates, the Wavell usage is to train civil-servant-like underlings to do the paper work, while the generals, viewing the field in person, make decisions on the spot and virtually in action.

General Wavell did not invent this technique. Field Marshal The Viscount Allenby, his preceptor, used it. The fiery Confederate cavalry general, James Ewell Brown ("Jeb") Stuart, lost his life using it in the skirmish at Yellow Tavern on May 11, 1864. The Germans use it in Blitzkrieg. But so far as the British are concerned, General Wavell has infused new life into the practice. He captured Cheren after a seven-week siege by flying to the spot, seeing for himself a valley which threatened the Italian rear, and ordering it occupied. Last week's grave losses suggested that the practice is more fortunate in advance than in withdrawal.

The capture of these generals—known to be the top men in the field—made the Germans even bolder than they had already been. With complete recklessness as to lines of communication, they charged past the British forces left in Tobrukh, straight on to Bardia, only eight miles from the Egyptian border, and took it forthwith. This had been the most important British supply port in Libya. Without stopping, the Germans pushed on, claiming early this week to have captured Salûm, Egypt. In ten days the Germans recovered ground which the British had taken eight weeks to cover. They did not and could not recover the great Army Italy had lost to the British, but once again the Suez Canal—keystone of all Brit-



ASSOCIATED PRESS
GENERALS O'CONNOR & WAVELL
Dirty luck at the side road.

ish operations in the eastern Mediterranean—was in grave danger.

The withdrawal had at first been minimized by the British (TIME, April 14). But last week, as the Nazi drive took on such dazzling speed, the British began to get panicky. Troops were rushed to northern Egypt from East Africa. Prime Minister Churchill publicly admitted that the loss of Cyrenaican airfields, within easy range of Crete and Alexandria, would be felt. The British could not spare the full force of their Mediterranean Fleet now to cooperate in a Libyan action; they might have a quasi-Dunkirk to pull up north. And North Africa's worst hot weather was still five or six weeks away.

But the big reason the affair had now become serious was that it threatened, along with the loss of Salonika, to shake the British from their firm control of the eastern Mediterranean. They had not made the middle Mediterranean secure, for parts of three divisions of heavily mechanized Nazis in Libya had been shipped across the narrow Sicilian channel where the *Luftwaffe* based on Sicily discouraged British patrols.

Now there was a threat in the eastern Mediterranean. Ships need bases, and the Germans have shown how bases can be bombed. Without naval freedom of action, the British position in the whole area would be dangerously weak.

Juju For Wind Socks

A Fleet Air Arm squadron temporarily established ashore in Africa recently had a strange embarrassment: no sooner had wind socks been hoisted over their flying field to show wind direction than they mysteriously disappeared. Watchers never succeeded in catching the thieves, who

were black as the nights in which they operated. Finally the squadron commanding officer thought up a remedy, but the remedy cost money. Last week the following explanation, pinned to the squadron's expense account, had found its way to the Admiralty in London:

"The attached correspondence concerning the purchase of a juju from a native witch doctor is submitted for information. This claim has been met out of the Medical Comforts' Fund, as the juju was supplied by a member of the medical profession. It is not, however, considered that the qualifications of any of the R.N. or R.A.M.C. doctors serving in the district would have enabled them to produce the desired effect. The retention of a local practitioner is therefore considered justified.

"The juju consisted of a bunch of chicken feathers well soaked in chicken blood and held together by strips of snake-skin. The witch doctor buried the juju in the earth at the foot of the wind sock . . . to enable the curse of the juju—a black snake—to emerge and attack any prospective thief. The commanding officer of the flight speaks very highly of the efficiency of the juju, and I concur with him, observing that before the installation of the juju no wind sock ever remained *in situ* for more than 48 hours, while after its application the wind sock was untouched.

"The cost—four shillings [80¢] and two empty lemonade bottles—is not therefore considered excessive."

AT SEA

Junket

When World War II caught the German liner *Orinoco* at sea, she headed for the tropical port of Tampico. She has been laid up there ever since, while her officers and men took their ease in Tampico's hotels, fished in the tropical waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

One day last fortnight, following the example of the U.S., Mexican officials boarded twelve Axis ships in Vera Cruz and Tampico, took possession of them to forestall sabotage. On board the *Orinoco* they found navigation instruments missing, learned that six Nazi sailors had disappeared.

Questioned, the sailors' grinning comrades told a fantastic story. In a 30-ft. lifeboat, equipped with sails and an auxiliary motor, the missing men had stowed sextant and compass, fuel, a month's supply of food and water. Night before the *Orinoco* was seized, they slipped away, sailed quietly out of Tampico harbor, headed east across the Gulf. Presumably they hoped to clear the Florida Keys, make their way through the British blockade across 4,000 miles of open sea to an Atlantic port on the Nazi-occupied coast of France—a cruise some 800 miles longer than Captain Bligh's epic voyage with the loyal crew of the *Bounty*.

INTERNATIONAL

Toward the Sad Extremity

Outsweeping journalistic rumor and far faster than truth, but not so fast as to outpace the bitterness and gloom which fanned out over the whole tired earth, Adolf Hitler's legions advanced last week on all fronts. They crushed Yugoslavia (see p. 29). They rushed upon the Greeks and British in Macedonia. They regained all of Cyrenaica in Libya (see p. 32). On the high seas they continued to sink British supply ships at a rate which the British officially admitted now bordered upon 400,000 tons a month—a rate at which the British Isles could hold out not years, but months.

This was a bad week, a very bad week. Winston Churchill, who often gives himself over to exultation but seldom to optimism, saw this grim week for what it was: one of Britain's last chances to roll the dice. But the quality which makes Britain's Prime Minister a hardy, resilient gambler, which made him take the chance in Greece after having taken the chance in Norway, was his ability to diagnose far ahead of time the enemy's next moves.

Last week, in the midst of the worst days Britain had sustained since September, Winston Churchill rose before Parliament and warned of yet worse explosions to come. It was a prognosis which the U.S., having opened the Red Sea (about a two-month voyage from New York) to its shipping, having committed itself a step further in the Battle of the Atlantic by turning over ten anti-rum-running cutters, having attached Greenland to its sphere of defense (see p. 23), might digest well:

"It is," said the Prime Minister, "of course very hazardous to try to forecast in what direction or directions Hitler will employ his military machine in the present year. . . ."

Winston Churchill paused. He was pale and tired-looking, and his delivery this day was strangely halting; but his words were measured as he held his head up and said to his British colleagues: "He may at any time attempt the invasion of this island. That is an ordeal from which we shall not shrink."

He paused again. Then, for ears not in London but in Ankara, which last week suddenly became capital of the realm of anxiety, he said: "At the present moment he is driving fast through the Balkans and at any moment he may turn upon Turkey."

Looking up into the distinguished visitors' gallery at the face of Soviet Ambassador Ivan Mikhailovich Maisky, he said grimly: "There are many signs which point to an attempt to secure the granary of the Ukraine and the oil fields of the Caucasus [both in Russia] as a German means of gaining the resources wherewith to wear down the English-speaking world."

To another face in the gallery—the gaunt face of U.S. Ambassador John Gilbert Winant—the Prime Minister addressed his most urgent words: "But, after all, everything turns on the Battle of the Atlantic, which is proceeding with growing intensity . . . the Battle . . . must be won not only in the factories and shipyards but upon the blue water. . . . It will indeed be disastrous if the great masses of weapons, munitions and instruments of war of all kinds made with the toil and skill of American hands at the cost of the United States and loans to us under the Aid-to-Britain Bill were to sink into the depths of the ocean and never reach the hard-pressed fighting line. That would be lamentable to us, and I cannot believe it would be found acceptable to the proud and resolute people of the United States."

Winston Churchill's words added up to a desperate warning: unless there is a turn for the better or unless aid from friendly nations comes soon and hugely, Britain cannot survive.

RUSSIA-JAPAN

Matsuoka, Molotov Sign

Six days last week little Japanese Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka padded down the corridors of the Kremlin into the office of Soviet Foreign Commissar Vyacheslav Molotov. Hours passed behind the closed doors. Great issues, exciting cables telling of Hitler's Yugoslav victories occupied the voluble Japanese and his bluff Soviet host. On the fifth day Comrade Joseph Stalin joined the pair. And on the sixth day an exceedingly happy Yosuke Matsuoka padded out of the office with the kind of document Japan has been

seeking for months—a five-year non-aggression pact between the inveterate enemies, Russia and Japan. In stilted diplomatic language it said in effect: "We will not fight each other, and if anyone attacks either of us, the other will remain neutral."

For the next three hours at the Japanese Embassy the grinning Matsuoka received newspapermen and the congratulations of Axis diplomats. Then herode to the Moscow station to start his return trip to Tokyo. At the station he received by far the greatest honor of his entire diplomatic career. For Joseph Stalin, in a grey overcoat, his khaki trousers shoved into his boots, came down to see him off. It was the first time in history that Stalin and Molotov had gone together to the train for a diplomat.

The world began to wonder. And shortly the world began to realize that, at least so far as Russia was concerned, it could not decide. Obviously the pact protected Russia's rear against Japan, just as it did Japan's against Russia—provided both kept their pledge. But for Russia the pact might mean several different things. It might mean that Stalin was frightened by Germany's blasting southeastern push into country dangerously near the Ukraine, that he wanted to be free to oppose Hitler without risk from Japan. Within six weeks Russia had given four hints of growing anti-Axis sentiment (see p. 40). On the other hand, Russia's signing might mean just the opposite—even further cooperation with the Axis expressed in peaceful friendship with Axis Partner Japan. What, the world asked, would be the pact's effect on the Soviet support of China? Was there, by chance, as some suggested, a secret clause calling for the withdrawal of that support, an action which would seriously endanger, if not ruin, Chiang Kai-shek's cause? None but the signers knew. The strokes of Foreign Commissar Molotov's pen had done little or nothing toward tipping Joseph Stalin's hand.

The world, however, had no difficulty at all in seeing one great pact possibility for Japan. With its Russian rear protected, Japan was now free to launch its long-anticipated attack on the East Indies.

Already the Chinese Central News Agency reported a Japanese force of 70,000 on mountainous Hainan Island off the French Indo-China coast. Civilian Japanese were reported scurrying away from the East Indies by the thousands. Possibly the grim Pacific event which the London-Washington Axis fears and the Rome-Berlin Axis has hopefully worked for would soon take place—possibly the Japanese Navy would put to sea, bound south toward Singapore—possibly the U.S. might soon find itself at war, not with Hitler but with the Son of Heaven.

Nothing Remarkable. In Tokyo last week Premier Prince Fumimaro Konoye gave the contrary impression. In press con-



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For him, steam is up.

CREAM of TOMATO.*

Luscious tomatoes, skillfully cooked, enriched with butter and seasoned just so. The world's most popular soup—and becoming more popular every day!

*For cream of tomato, add milk to Campbell's Tomato Soup.

CHICKEN SOUP... It is chicken through and through! Its broth is pure chicken stock. Fluffy rice is in it, and tender pieces of chicken. Yes, "just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's Chicken Soup". Have some soon!

Grocers are hearing it often these days— "Campbell's Soups are Better Than Ever!"

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and finer. Besides, every day, we are searching for ways, however small, to improve their flavor.

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"Campbell's Soups? Why, my family go for them more than ever . . . They're so much more delicious!"

"That's what a lot of women tell me. They say Campbell's Soups are even better than ever nowadays!"

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Are even better!

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"You girls know the importance of design,— modern design!"



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Because it travels the smoke further—the smoke reaches you cooler. Because it filters the smoke through more tobacco—the smoke is definitely milder.

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Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically.

"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"

FOREIGN NEWS

NEAR EAST

Trouble in Paradise

With trouble in Libya, trouble at home, and big trouble in the Balkans, Great Britain last week was afraid that she had trouble in Paradise as well. By week's end this month's uprising in Iraq, traditional site of the Garden of Eden, seemed no signs of normal simmering down, showed instead a nasty threat to the carotid artery of the British Empire, the Mosul-Haifa oil pipeline.

Like Syria, Palestine and Trans-Jordan, Iraq, watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, was carved from the Arabic-speaking provinces of pre-war Turkey. It owes its existence to Great Britain, which helped create it after World War I, then surrendered its mandate in 1932, leaving Iraq autonomous but allied to the Empire by a treaty which gives Britain important air bases.

Coups d'état are familiar features of the Iraqi political landscape. Sportive, fast-driving, ham Radioperator King Ghazi I survived three. Since 1939 when Ghazi wrapped roadster and self around an electric-light pole, Iraq's ruler has been his son, King Feisal II, a sloe-eyed moppet of five. Regent has been Feisal's Anglo-philic uncle, weak-chinned Prince Abdul Illah. In 1940, Prince Abdul Illah quashed one would-be Army coup by seizing the Iraqi telephone service and rustivating two uppy generals.

Premier until last February was Ultra-Nationalist Seyid Rashid Ali El-Gailani. Because he refused to break off relations with Italy (which Iraq was bound by treaty to do when Italy declared war on

ference he made the most pacific statements yet heard from the hypochondriac Japanese leader. They seemed to bear out recent reports that the new one-party Konoye Government is by no means of one mind, that it is torn between following its burning Fascist-imperialist advisers, and Japanese financiers who have had more success than usual in calling attention to the sorry economic graph of the Empire under Army domination.

"For the present," said Premier Konoye in a manner mild as April, "I cannot imagine new developments of any remarkable character. There are problems enough, I admit, with the United States and the Soviet Union in particular, but I do not think any . . . are such that they cannot be solved or so difficult that they must clog up Japanese activities. . . . One of the true aims of the Tripartite Alliance is to prevent the United States from participating in the European War. If it doesn't understand this point, well. . . . But we must induce the United States to understand it."

"But aren't American-Japanese relations steadily growing worse?" asked a reporter.

"I don't think they are necessarily so bad," said the Premier. "As a matter of practical diplomacy, what has the United States done since Japan concluded the Tripartite Alliance? Nothing very different from what it has always been doing."

"What about the southern problem?"

"What Japan aims at in the South Seas is its economic development. Japan at present has no intention whatever to use armed force against the southern countries."

"**Most Dangerous Man.**" If the Konoye Government still doubts the feasibility of fighting in the South Pacific, one potent but widely unrecognized Government figure has no such doubts. "Most Dangerous Man In Japan," his mind has been made up for years. Statements such as Premier Konoye's last week must have enraged him. He is blunt-faced, harsh-mannered Toshio Shiratori, 53, whose great influence in Japanese affairs is camouflaged under his bland title of Diplomatic Adviser to the Foreign Office. He is perhaps the angriest and certainly one of the most effective enemies of the U.S. in Japan. If he has his way in the future as he has in the past, Japan's course will not be one of peace.

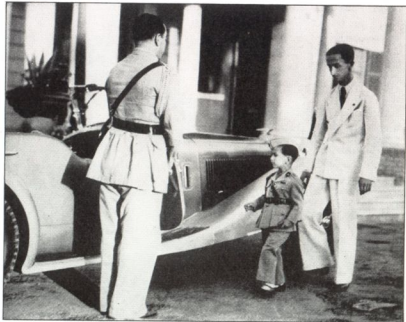
Toshio Shiratori was born to a middle-class village family in testy, independent Chiba Province, famed for annoying the Shoguns in feudal times. At Tokyo Imperial University he was brilliant in languages, admired as a tough "son of nature," became friends with many prominent families. He has since been Japan's Minister to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Ambassador to Italy (1938-39). But his real career has been as an increasingly contagious Fascist in the Foreign Office.

For years he has cultivated the Army,

talked imperialism, condemned liberalism and political parties. He is widely read in world politics and history and takes an angry delight in cracking at the democracies. Just after Japan marched into Manchuria, a U.S. reporter asked Shiratori, then Foreign Office spokesman, when Japan would recognize Manchukuo. "We're in no hurry," snapped the spokesman, "because we have no canal to dig there." From Italy, he flooded Japan with Fascist propaganda. Today he leads the Foreign Office Fascists (of whom Foreign Minister Matsuoka is locally regarded as a pawn), is credited with driving out the pro-Anglo-American bloc, sponsoring the Japanese end of the Anti-Comintern Pact of 1936. It was he who worked with German Ambassador Eugen Ott in concluding the Tripartite Alliance.

It is said that "Shiratori gets behind Matsuoka and pushes"—and implied that if Shiratori didn't push, Matsuoka would not know where to move. Shiratori lusts for a showdown with the U.S. He speaks little in public, but when he does, it is no such jabberwocky as often comes from Matsuoka. Typical Shiratori statement: "The construction of the East Asia common-prosperity sphere may give rise to war between Nippon and the United States. Such a war will probably be a 100-year conflict. Racial inconsistency of the United States, involved in her organization, in the meantime will assume serious proportions."

Virtually everything Toshio Shiratori has worked for in Japan has come to pass. So far as he is concerned, the Japanese Navy's steam is already up.



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Associated Press



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Britain), had allowed many an Italian troublemaker to slip from Iraq into Syria, El-Gailani was finally ousted by the Iraqi Parliament. When his Cabinet fell, Rome newspapers freely predicted trouble for the British in Iraq. Into the Premiership went Lieut. General Taha El-Hashimi, in as Foreign Minister was Britain's great & good friend General Seyid Nuri Es-Said.

This month Regent Prince Abdul Illah went on vacation to Basra after the Parliament recessed. Hardly had he left Bagdad when things began to pop.

First came the resignation of Premier El-Hashimi. He charged that the Regent was fostering "indiscriminate favoritism and pompousness" at the Iraqi court. Before the ink was dry on the resignation, into the Government offices at Bagdad strutted the *deus ex machina*, El-Gailani, declaiming "I am Premier. I will save the beloved country from the poison of favoritism." Just to make sure, civil servants called the Army, had the coup okayed.

Fulminating in Basra, Prince Abdul Illah's first thought was to appeal to the benevolently watchful British Government. To all Iraq, and most particularly London and Cairo, the Regent broadcast word that El-Gailani and a small group of Army officers had been seduced by Axis fifth columnists,* were trying to separate Britain from 4,000,000 tons of oil per annum and the all-important friendship of the Arab world.

Prompt was Couper El-Gailani's reply. Without forming a Cabinet, he hastily reconvened Parliament, which agreed to everything, promised that the new Iraq Government would respect all treaties, most especially those with Britain. Also rubber-stamped was the appointment of a new Regent, an aging, holy-minded relative of King Feisal named Sherif Sharaf.

In despair, Prince Abdul Illah tried the last shot in his locker, a counter-coup which was promptly squelched by the Basra garrison, then lit out for the sanctuary of Trans-Jordan in an R.A.F. plane.

At week's end all was desperately tense along the Tigris and Euphrates. In Trans-Jordan's capital city of Amman, Prince Abdul Illah sulked, conferred with General Nuri Es-Said. In Bagdad, El-Gailani played a close-to-the-chest hand of international poker, King Feisal played in the palace gardens beside the Tigris, Sherif Sharaf read the Koran. In London a weary Foreign Office profanely hoped that, since Britain could spare none of her armed forces to police Iraq, a diplomatic miracle might come to pass in the able brain of Sir Kinahan Cornwallis, the new Ambassador to Iraq and a longtime inner-circle political adviser to the Iraq Government.

GERMANY

All Quiet on the Home Front

Great Britain's general fear and distress last week could be accurately gauged from Winston Churchill's words (*see p. 34*). In Germany, where dancing in the streets

* Coincidentally or otherwise, 800 miles away in Ankara was Germany's oldest fifth columnist of them all, stumble-plotting Ambassador to Turkey Franz von Papen.

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might have been expected, there was none—Nazi Police Chief Heinrich Himmler forbade any dancing anywhere, as is usual when the Nazi armies march. Despite blasting visits from the R.A.F., Germany was a quiet nation among the painful clamors that filled most of Europe. The German populace is a rigidly disciplined civilian army and its officers intend to keep it so until their country's final triumph is assured.

On the Sunday when Field Marshal Siegmund Wilhelm Walther List's troops rolled into Greece and Yugoslavia, Berliners spent a normal wartime Sabbath. They strolled the streets, attended the cinema, watched Germany defeat Hungary at soccer, went to the races at Karlsruher. They bought extras, read the headlines, glanced at the official Nazi pronouncements, threw the papers away.

Monday they rose and went to work again, wondering whether the campaign would be Blitz or a steady advance. But the Nazi censorship had decided that the people should have no news. The radio trumpets blasted patriotic airs, but the newscasts, like the newspaper columns, were trivial. For three days the German people were ignorant. Then they learned that it had been Blitz. The troops were in Salonika. In the newsreels the people saw not only practice maneuvers in Bulgaria, but Stukas screaming down on the Greeks, dusty Nazi soldiers napping in the grass beside Yugoslav roads.

That night some Berliners gave parties. But most of them stayed home quietly until the R.A.F. arrived, then went to the cellars.

"Thin and pale people walking listlessly in the streets... absolute lack of vitamins in the diet of the masses of the people." These words describing the German populace were spoken last week by thin-lipped Dr. Herbert Alonzo Spencer, Senior Surgeon of the U.S. Public Health Service, just returned from Germany. The German civilian army has paid and is paying for the military might of the Reich. Last week German Sculptor Jean Sauer of Mainz announced that he had invented an ersatz coffin made of resin, which the Nazi authorities "will permit to be used instead of wood coffins."

THE BALKANS

Grabs and Runs

Behind Adolf Hitler's rolling armies last week Little Men began grabbing what the Big Man of Berchtesgaden had pried off for them—unquestionably at his instigation. Again he was using Little Men to consolidate his New Order.

Croatia. No sooner had the Hitler juggernaut rumbled across the northern Croatian plains of Yugoslavia than the formation of an "independent" Croatia was announced, its capital at Zagreb, second to Belgrade among Yugoslav cities. The announcer was a Quisling worthy of the name. He was dark, treacherous Ante Pavelitch, leader of the terroristist *Ustashi*, a band of rapacious Croat schemers who for years have hated the Serbs, Jews and Croatia's own peasants and plotted

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IN THE WEST**

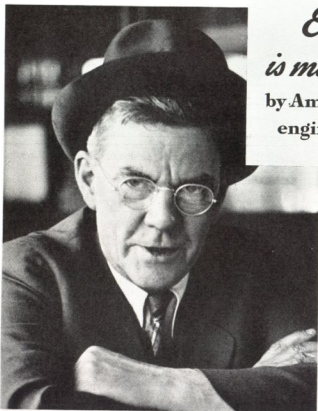
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—Ralph A. Vail, vice president in charge of all Studebaker manufacturing, is one of the country's top authorities on production. The Government has assigned Studebaker to the job of building airplane engines on a large scale, because of the recognized ability of Studebaker production executives and engineers to get things done with dispatch and efficiency.

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You are missing modern motoring at its best, if you haven't yet driven a 1941 Studebaker.



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This big, roomy, stunningly styled, new Studebaker Champion is now two full years on the market. It has won greater public acceptance in that time than any other lowest price car introduced in the past ten years. The Champion Custom Club Sedan, illustrated, delivers completely equipped at factory for \$740—contrasting-color bolt extra. See your local Studebaker dealer. C.I.T. payment terms.

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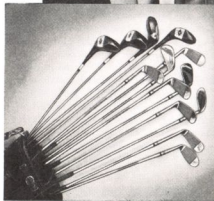
Champion . \$695 and up
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HAVE you an eye for beauty? Are you susceptible to a well-shaped head... an exquisitely turned shaft? In short, do you thrill to perfection in golf clubs? Then you should see the new 1941 Kroydons. These precision-built woods and irons are *jewels*. They boast such beauty of line, balance and finish that they will bring joy to the heart of every player who prides himself on owning "the finest." » » » Whether you pay \$5 or \$25, these superb clubs incorporate basic improve-

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Kroydon
CLUBS FOR BETTER GOLF

with Italian, Hungarian and German money to split Yugoslavia and bring the *Ustashi* to power.

It was sinister Ante Pavelitch, a peasant himself by birth, who engineered the assassination of King Alexander I of Yugoslavia in Marseille in 1934 (last week Alexander's son, 17-year-old King Peter of Yugoslavia was variously reported with his troops, flying to Cyprus, to Turkey). After this deed Ante Pavelitch took refuge in Italy, which refused to expel him for French trial. He was sentenced to death *in absentia*. Last week he proclaimed himself first President of the new Croatia, including Bosnia, Herzegovina, Dalmatia and the old Croat Province. He named as his Premier his fellow Terrorist Slavko Kvaternik. Balkan experts tended to discount as propaganda rumors that the venerable Croat Peasant Leader Vladimir Mathek had sided with the peasant-haters.

Hungary's Little Men also promptly joined the grab. Anti-Axis Premier Count Paul Teleki had died by suicide or murder a fortnight before (TIME, April 14) and Hungary lost no time turning its four-months-old non-aggression pact with Yugoslavia into a scrap of paper. Grim, square-jawed Regent Admiral Nicholas Horthy sent troops into Yugoslavia to seize 8,000 square miles of rich cornfields and dairy lands, watered by the Danube and Tisza Rivers, which the treaty makers took from Austria-Hungary after World War I.

Rumanian forces were reported moving into the corner where Yugoslavia meets Rumania and Hungary.

In Italy one of Europe's currently claiming districts, north and northeast of Albania, which would almost double Albania's size.

Meanwhile, the Big Man's march and the Little Men's grab raised grave alarm among the two great neutrals bordering on those events.

Turkey, moved to evacuate civilians from European Turkey including Istanbul, offered free transportation to those who would go eastward across the Sea of Marmara or the Bosphorus into vast, hilly Anatolia. But at week's end only a few thousands had applied. The only inference from such an attempt at evacuation was that Turkey feared invasion and if invaded intended to fight.

Russia, vast opportunist and peace advocate, worried and warned. Hitler was nearer the richly agricultural and mineral Ukraine than ever before, but Russia signed a treaty to sell Germany 1,000,000 tons of mineral oil. On the other hand, Russia's trade-union paper *Trud* lauded the Greek-Yugoslav resistance. Vice Commissar for Foreign Affairs Andrei Vishinsky scolded Hungary severely for its Yugoslav grab, saying that it created "a particularly bad impression."

In the Baltic States, from which Adolf Hitler's eyes would seem to be at least temporarily averted, Russia last week began evacuating modern industrial machinery and skilled workers by hundreds of carloads, moving them into the Russian interior. Russia did the same thing in 1914.



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The mammoth Dodge factories are busy turning out more and more Dodge cars with Fluid Drive—as nation-wide enthusiasm mounts higher and higher.

Fluid Drive lifts Dodge far above the ordinary run of things and makes it the wide-margin performance leader in its field.

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[†]This is Detroit delivered price and includes all Federal taxes and all standard equipment. Transportation, state and local taxes (if any), extra. Front directional signals, bumper guards and white wall tires at slight extra cost. Fluid Drive \$25 extra. See your Dodge dealer for easy budget terms. Prices subject to change without notice.

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And smoke from the exhaust of your car can mean plenty of trouble, too. For smoke usually comes from excessive engine wear—wear that wastes gas and oil—wear that only costly repairs can correct.

So every time you see smoke from the exhaust of a car, let it remind you of this:

Don't wait till it's too late! Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil NOW—and prevent needless wear that can make your car a "smoker."

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FRANCE

Sweet Haven

Last week Marshal Henri Philippe Pétain, France's earnest Catholic Chief of State, drafted a decree which he hopes will keep French home fires banked if not burning.

There will be no more quick divorce in the France that Vichy rules. Instead of allowing couples 20 days to think things over before divorce, the new law will require two years for an attempted reconciliation.

A Ministry of Justice spokesman denied that Marshal Pétain's new decree was dictated by religious considerations, insisted it was one more effort to halt the downward spiral of France's birth rate.

While Vichy was encouraging human procreation in Unoccupied France, German-occupied Paris cracked down on animal increase. The Society for Protection of Animals asked owners to prevent their cats and dogs from mating. Reason: food is so scarce that Paris pets are already starving.

Exonerated Corap

One year ago next month the Nazi Army on the Western Front broke through at Sedan, crossed the Meuse River, and started the drive that ended in the defeat of France. In command of the Ninth French Army, protecting the Meuse, was General André Georges Corap. Six days after the break-through Premier Paul Reynaud took to the air, told the French Senate of the Meuse disaster, which he blamed on "the total disorganization of the Corap Army." Said he: "As a result of unbelievable faults, which will be punished, bridges on the Meuse were not destroyed."

General Corap was relieved of his command. Paris newsmen thought that General Corap had been made a scapegoat by the Reynaud Government in an effort to restore its own prestige. His Army might have been full of slackers and saboteurs (TIME, Jan. 8, 1940), but his previous record was superb. A graduate of St. Cyr, French equivalent of West Point, he had served on Marshal Foch's staff in World War I, was twice cited for bravery. He served in 1926 under Marshal Pétain against famed Rebel Abd el-Krim in French Morocco. He was for a while Chief of Staff under General Maxime Weygand, was Vice President of the Supreme War Council, a Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor.

That the bridges over the Meuse were left standing was denied by Army men. They claimed instead that German columns had found some shallow fords in the river, had driven scores of obsolete tanks, useless for combat, into the water, and sent their big 30-ton monsters crunching over these improvised bridges. But in the magnitude of France's fall their words went unheeded.

Last week, from Vichy, capital of Unoccupied France, came the first news of General Corap since the French collapse. One day last month, said a Government spokesman, General Corap turned up un-

expectedly in Vichy, paid a surprise call on General Charles Huntziger, Minister of War. To General Huntziger he told his story, presented proofs. General Huntziger investigated, learned that Premier Reynaud's accusation was based on an unconfirmed report which he heard just half an hour before he went on the air last May. General Corap had repeatedly complained to General Maurice Gamelin, then in command of the French Army, that he lacked matériel and men to meet a Ger-



British Combine
GENERAL CORAP
Honored in defeat.

man advance. The bridges over the Meuse were indeed blown up.

To 63-year-old General Corap, still in retirement, exoneration by the Vichy Government was small consolation last week. But to the French people, smarting under charges of treason and sabotage, it was a comforting sign that there can be honor in defeat.

GREAT BRITAIN

1941 Committee

No one, least of all the average Briton, questions that a British victory in World War II would mean a very "new order" in the British Empire and quite possibly in the world. Herbert George Wells & Co., Clarence ("Union Now") Streit, Winston Churchill, Lord Halifax and the Anglican Church have all had their say about Britain's war and peace aims. Last week in London, when Britain's most apparent war aim was to keep from getting licked, another group spoke up.

In a press-released "commentary" a self-appointed brain trust of liberal intellectuals, calling themselves the 1941 Committee, handed out stinging criticism to the British Government, suggested a broad program of war and peace aims. Signed by Julian Huxley, H. G. Wells, Kingsley Martin, veteran editor of the liberal *New Statesman*, and J. B. Priestley, the "commentary" suggested that Britain

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must "win the peace" as well as the war, should start right away. Excerpts:

"The recently announced Government scheme for the concentration of industry is an example of a now-familiar process. . . . A scheme is improvised which drives out the small men, secures the position of the big monopolists and temporarily at least of the large trade unions, while providing no safeguards for the mass workers. . . . No attempt has been made to link this scheme . . . with any national wage system or to fit it into a general economic plan for the community.

"When big industrial magnates are drawn from their private firms to take over departments of State, the interests of these firms are not necessarily subordinated to the interests of the nation.

"The press is largely in the hands of a few monopolists and tends to go with the Government and with the big advertisers.

"In the absence of an organized opposition, in the conditions of the party truce and with no real elections taking place, the danger is that Parliament ceases to be representative . . . and democratic life dies. It is perhaps worth remembering that such developments were among the main causes of the fall of France.

"[Mr. Churchill's] leadership must now be backed up by adequate policies. Comprehensive, coherent, imaginative measures are needed."

As a starter toward "winning the war and winning the peace" the Committee suggested a sweeping but somewhat vague program: 1) organizing all opposition to the Nazis and Fascists; 2) open declaration of Britain's war and peace aims; 3) giving a concrete demonstration of what Britain is fighting for by starting to rebuild her social system at once.

No cluster of gentle and disregardable nuts is the 1941 committee. Chairman Priestley, before the war a writer of folksy reveries like *The Good Companions*, has turned into a national oracle. No less than 40% of Britain's 14,000,000 radio listeners give him ear when he discusses each Sunday night the problems before the Empire.

The Committee first got together last year as a dinner-discussion group in a Soho restaurant. Last December rich Publisher Edward George Warris Hulton (*Picture Post*, *Lilliput*, *Housewife*) became interested, invited the same group and others to do their talking in his ritzy dining room. Present headquarters is a house on a Blitzed Mayfair street, whose chief furnishing is a round table on which Author Priestley likes to squat, puff his cornob pipe, pontificate.

Byword of the 1941 Committee: "The people must be worthy of victory; the peace must be worthy of the people."

EIRE

Easter Medals

The most neutral people in Europe today are the fighting Irish. Last week as two hemispheres held their breath watching the racing brush fire of World War II

TIME, April 21, 1941



How to remember YOUR FAMILY without forgetting YOURSELF

LOOK after your family, of course, but don't forget yourself either.

You can, with one stroke of the pen, adopt a plan which does both of these things at the same time with the same dollars—the Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan. Under this plan you remember yourself with sure provision for a Retirement Income—or your wife and children with a Family Income every month in case you don't live to enjoy retirement years.

No matter what happens, both you and your family are taken care of. Modest premiums safeguard your family as long as they need your earnings, and yourself when that need has passed.

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2. Some of Doubler's Innovations: a special, long-point collar . . . a simplified neckband to keep the folded-down collar smooth . . . the second button set low to permit a wide flare . . . a disappearing top button . . . no seam down the front.



3. Doubler is made in oxford-cloth (Sanforized-Shrunk, less than 1% shrinkage) and other summer fabrics. Whites, colors, and patterns. It has Arrow's famed "Mitoga" figure-fit . . . two buttonable pockets. Get Doubler at your Arrow dealer's. \$2, up.

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

Sanforized-Shrunk—a new shirt free if one ever shrinks out of fit

sweep across the Balkans and Africa, tradition-steeped Irish were very busy honoring the heroes of a strictly private fight of 25 years ago.

To Catholic Eire, Easter time is a historical as well as a religious holiday. On Good Friday, 1014, King Brian Boru lost his life smashing the Vikings, who for two centuries had raided Ireland. On Easter Monday, 1916 (one day behind schedule) began the brief, bitter, bloody rising that was the first skirmish in the rebellion that led to the Irish Free State.

Traditional Easter celebrations in Eire this year saw the end of another tradition: that Eire awards no medals, that her soldiers wear no foreign decorations. As processions ranked themselves around the graves of men and women who died in the 1916-21 struggle, many an Irish soldier wore, and many an Irish civilian prized, the first medal that Eire has ever issued: for service in the 1916 Rising. A second medal was to go to veterans of the years of guerrilla war that followed—which the Irish call "The Trouble."

Of the 2,000-odd fighters in the Rising, many are dead, others have disappeared. Among the survivors to whom the medal went were Prime Minister Eamon de Valera, three of his Ministers, Opposition Leader William T. Cosgrave, Minister to the U.S. Robert Brennan, Protestant Labor Leader Archie Heron, Actor Arthur Shields.

CANADA

Umeelak Goes North

Somewhere on southeastern Hudson Bay fortnight ago solid ice or snow-drifted muskeg echoed back the hammering exhaust of a ski-shod plane flying north. Aboard were an inspector and a corporal of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, a doctor, a radioman, a pilot. They were headed for a barren mass of stone low on the surface of the Bay, the Belcher Islands. The reason for their flight was murder.

Into a Hudson's Bay Co. Post where Great Whale River empties into the eastern waters of the Bay had trekked Trapper Ernest Riddell, the only white man on the Belcher Islands. To get there he had walked 60 miles over the ice to the mainland.

The first radio message from the lonely post gave only the fact of murder, enough to start the Mounties on their 800-mile flight from Ottawa. But last week's messages brought a fuller story.

Murder among the Eskimos is fairly infrequent, always logical. Most usual causes are shortages of wives or food. But the 200 families on the Belcher Islands have a tradition of murder. Their forebears were banished there from the mainland 50 years ago for massacring the white men at Great Whale River. But this murder, according

* In Vichy the French Government was having medal trouble. Finding that it had given out more medals per day in disastrous World War II than in victorious World War I, France revoked all 1939-40 red & green-ribboned Croix de Guerre, promised a special new green & black-ribboned Croix de Guerre to holders of the old medals who had proved on investigation really to have earned them.

TIME, April 21, 1941



Here's What More Power Per Pound Means !

THE PICTURE at the left helps you understand what Mercury's *more power per pound* really means. One watch, you'll notice, is a bit on the weighty side. The other is trim, modern and efficient—streamlined from core to case. Mercury is a lot like that second watch. It's built an entirely new way... to principles of aircraft engineering that provide greater strength without excess weight, and give

Mercury *more horsepower per pound*. Modern in conception... different in design and basic construction... Mercury fits today's driving needs *exactly!* It's the *aviation idea* in an automobile! That's why Mercury has more *live, responsive* power and spirited get-up-and-go. That's why it sweeps down the highway and needles through traffic with amazing pep and vitality for so big a car!



Meet A Real Flyer !

UNDER Mercury's hood there's a smooth, powerful V-8 engine that *wings* you across country with effortless ease. The first time you drive this really *modern* and different car you'll get a lot of new ideas about swift, luxurious travel. • Built to aircraft principles, Mercury is mighty fast and able. It's big in looks—big in performance—yet saves you money every mile of the way! New

center-poise seating, double-action shock absorbers and long, slow-motion springs give a smoother, softer ride. Mercury's interiors are he-man size—with room to spare in every direction! • New larger, wider-tread tires hold the road with a sure-footed grip for greater safety. And many owners report up to 20 miles per gallon of gas! • Make a date soon to *drive a big, thrifty Mercury!*



MORE ROOM ALL-ROUND. No cramped quarters here! Broad, deep seats... heaps of leg room and "top-bar" head space... all contribute to the *extra* comfort of Mercury's spacious interiors. It's a BIG car—with big-car luxury!

MERCURY, alone in its price class, offers V-8 performance and economy! This famous "Eight"... with its tremendous reserve of power... is thrifter in operation than many other engines of fewer cylinders!



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BETTER TRACTION. New larger, wider-tread tires grip the highway with sure-footed traction. You get finger-touch handling ease—greater safety on wet, slippery roads and sharp curves. And Mercury's bigger tires wear longer!



How to see twice as much of America on your train trip to California!

1 How much have you seen of your own America? Have you thrilled to mountains that are more than two miles high...a flaming sunset on the Arizona desert...San Francisco's mighty bridges...the virgin forests of Oregon and Washington? Do you know how blue the Pacific Ocean really is? Southern Pacific, the West's greatest railroad, offers you an easy way

to know your country better. This year go to California on one of our Four Scenic Routes (see map) and return on another S.P. route. Thus you see an entirely different part of the United States each way. You see *twice* as much of America as you would by going and returning on the same route...for not 1¢ extra rail fare (from most eastern and mid-western places). For example:



2 You can go on Southern Pacific's Golden State Route, through the Mexican Border country along the Rio Grande. Stop over at El Paso for thrilling one-day tour to the underground fairyland of Carlsbad Caverns National Park (\$9.75 all-expense).



Cowboys meet the train in New Mexico and Arizona! Your Golden State Route train will be the famous *Golden State Limited* (extra fine service for no extra fare) or the money-saving *Californian* (good meals for \$1.25 a day, stewardess-nurse service).



Next stop, Los Angeles! Enjoy Southern California's delightful beaches, Hollywood, movie stars, orange groves. Then speed up the California coast to San Francisco on Southern Pacific's famous streamlined *Daylight*, most beautiful train in the world.



3 This is the Tavern Car on Southern Pacific's streamlined *Daylight*. Through these enormous windows you see 113 miles of blue Pacific Ocean, oil wells in the surf, Mission San Miguel. Free side trip to Del Monte.



4 See San Francisco, then speed north on Southern Pacific's Shasta Route, past construction work on Shasta Dam, to the evergreen Pacific Northwest. Low cost side trips show you the giant trees of the Redwood Empire or Crater Lake National Park.



Your Shasta Route train will be the luxurious, all-Pullman *Cascade* or the money-saving *Beaver* (breakfast 35¢, luncheon 40¢, dinner 50¢). From the Pacific Northwest, you can return to your hometown on any northern railroad line you choose.

Note: If you live on the Pacific Coast, you can enjoy a "go one way, return another" trip East. See your nearest S.P. agent.

5 New Color Guidebook! We have just prepared an attractive new 32-page booklet, illustrated with 63 natural color photographs. We have tried to make this booklet honest and factual so it will be helpful in planning your western trip. Mail the coupon and we'll send this booklet to you free. This offer is restricted to grown-ups.

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S·P The Friendly
Southern Pacific

to Trapper Riddell, was a matter of theology.

Since the beginning of winter, two neighboring families had been wrangling over the second coming of Christ. One family firmly believed He would soon return to earth. All through the winter they kept their igloo ready for Him, kept their seal spears sharpened, their fishing nets mended. Their larder was always stocked with meat and skins.

To the neighbors this was nonsense. He would not come for "many-times-many-years." But meanwhile the food and skins were there and might as well be used. All winter long the neighbors did not bother to hunt; instead they cadged food from the believers, remarking: "If He is coming tomorrow, you surely have food for us too."

In the end this was too much even for simple, gracious Eskimo hospitality. There was a fight and two men and a woman of the unbelieving family were killed.

When the Mounties get to the Islands, they will have little detective work to do. Eskimos don't lie, and will probably tell *umecalik*, the boss man, all about it. If the inspector decides to bring the guilty family down to Moose Factory on James Bay for trial that will be fine, they will get a ride in an airplane and a chance to see a whole street of "igloo-pak," the white men's houses.

They might even be sentenced to be hanged, which would be too bad. But they are much more likely to go to jail, that Eskimo heaven where it is always nice and warm and there is nothing to do but eat and sleep.

SARAWAK

End of the Line

Jamie Brooke was a rich young Briton who bought a ship, stocked it with arms, and sailed for the East Indies as a privateer. One hundred years ago he set himself



THE RANEE OF SARAWAK
Peccadilloes played a part.

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5 YEARS

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*For Westinghouse bottle-type cooler, based on cooling water from 80° to 50° at a 3-cent electric rate. A complete line of other models available for every requirement, with cooling capacities from 4.6 gallons to 20 gallons per hour (based on cooling water 80° to 50°).

up as the white Raja of Sarawak, a wild, head-hunting State in northwest Borneo. A British court found evidence that Jamie Brooke had got his principality by violence and trickery, and that he thereafter practiced ruthless extortion on the natives. But he was acquitted, was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Sarawak's present Raja is 66-year-old Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, grandnephew of Sir James. A suave, hard, efficient potentate, he has ruled his 500,000 brown-skinned subjects with an iron hand for 24 years. But last week word reached Britain that on the centenary of Brooke rule in Sarawak last month Sir Charles had set up a constitutional monarchy.

Why Sir Charles chose to abandon some of his autocratic power might have remained a mystery if Sir Charles's family troubles were not so well known. It takes a strong hand to govern Sarawak's tough, native populace and, like many a European dynasty, the Brookes have waxed no stronger as their line grew old. Sir Charles sired three daughters, no son to follow him as Sarawak's *Tuan Muda* (Crown Prince).

One daughter, Leonora Margaret Brooke (known to the press as Princess Gold), made a noble alliance when she married the late Earl of Inchcape, a P. & O. shipping tycoon. But Elizabeth Brooke (Princess Pearl) married a jazz-band leader, Harry Roy. Nancy Valerie Brooke (Princess Baba) married and divorced a professional wrestler, Bob Gregory. To make matters worse, Sir Charles's wife, the Rane, a daughter of the late Viscount Escher, published her autobiography, *Relations and Complications*, indiscreetly revealing the details of Sir Charles's courtship, their marital relations. The Rane, now in Manhattan, cut off from her British income, works for a living at the Chateau Martin Winery (see *club*, p. 51), says she will rejoin the Raja "after the war."

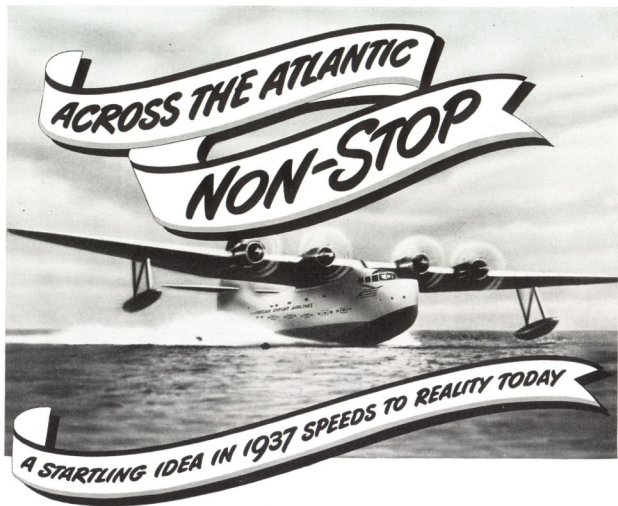
All these complications undermined the Raja's prestige in Sarawak. Two years ago Sir Charles, looking about for a suitable heir to the throne, decided his brother, Bertram Willes Dayrell Brooke (now 64), was too old. Besides, Bertram's wife had also got her name in the papers by embracing Mohammedanism after being successively a Protestant, Christian Scientist, Roman Catholic. So Sir Charles appointed Bertram's son, Antoni Walter Dayrell Brooke, to be Sarawak's *Tuan Muda*. Then he sailed for England.

Antoni Brooke promptly went to Ran-goon, married a pretty young commoner, Kathleen Hudden. Back in Sarawak, Sir Charles showed his displeasure by removing Antoni as *Tuan Muda*. Said he tersely: "It appears to us that our nephew is not yet fitted for the exercise of the responsibilities of this high office." Then Sir Charles retired into solitude to think things over.

Last week, as he issued his constitutional decree from the Raja's palace in Kuching, Sarawak's capital, Sir Charles made up his mind. Said he: "I hereby pronounce my brother, Bertram Brooke, at present the *Tuan Muda*, to be my heir."

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American Export Airlines in 1937 pioneered the then startling idea of flying the Atlantic non-stop. From the beginning, operating plans were based on this objective and for four strenuous years the company has been hard at work—conducting highly successful survey and experimental flights—training personnel—building necessary equipment.

Today American Export Airlines' fleet of giant long-range, high-speed flying boats for this service is being rushed to completion by Vought-Sikorsky at Stratford, Connecticut. American Export Airlines at the same time is fostering the development of greater, faster, longer range ships for the future.

The new non-stop transatlantic service will give

the United States and the embattled democracies of Europe a new fast, sure, urgently needed line of communication.

American Export's new air giants, by flying non-stop, will eliminate intermediate landings and the consequent delays and interruptions to schedules.

This vital service speeds toward realization at the very hour when time-saving means more to America than it has ever meant before!

This service will help America meet the increasing emergency of the war-torn world of today . . . and it will prepare for the peace-time commercial challenge of tomorrow, on the great trade routes between the United States and Europe.

American Export Airlines, Inc.

RADIO

Death of the Ranger

One dawning last week a tired, chubby suburbanite was driving home through the outskirts of Detroit. In front of the Methodist Church at Farmington his eyelids dropped, the front wheels fluttered, the car curved, careened, crashed into the back of a parked truck. So died a rootin', tootin', shootin', hell-for-leather buckaroo—radio's Lone Ranger. As founder of the five-year-old Lone Ranger Safety Club, he had broadcast many a strong appeal for careful driving.

All over the U.S. that night hundreds of thousands of children to whom the Ranger had sent toy lariats, six-shooters, ten-gallon hats and bristling wild west mustaches, whom he had commissioned Rangers and pledged to good conduct and fair play, mourned the most adored character ever to be created on the U.S. air. Many an older listener mourned too. The New York Times sounded the following editorial requiem:

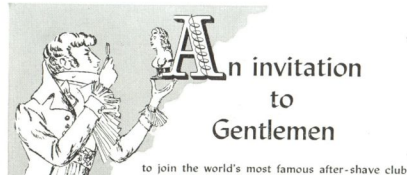
The Lone Ranger, under that name, came into being in this generation for a radio public, but under various names he has been alive for many centuries. He was Ulysses, William Tell and Robin Hood; he was Richard the Lionhearted, the Black Prince and Du Guesclin; he was Kit Carson, Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett; he was honest, truthful and brave—and so he remains.

In real life, the Ranger was Earle Graser, who liked to garden and play badminton and who didn't learn to ride a horse until a couple of years ago. He was 32 years old, a graduate of Wayne (Mich.) University who studied law two years, then took up acting in tent shows throughout Michigan. He got a job with Detroit's station WXYZ, which was losing money in those days.

Late in 1932 WXYZ's President George Washington Trendle got the idea that what he and radio needed was a William S. Hart of the air. Scripter Francis Striker, who had been grinding out a series called *Warner Lester, Manhunter*, concocted a story about a mysterious and gallant cowboy who fought against injustice of all sorts on the late 19th-Century western frontier. Earle Graser, one of half a dozen actors to be tried out, had just the right voice for the part—strong, romantic and confidence-winning.

Mr. Trendle never had to worry about money again. Last year the Ranger netted him a half-million dollars. The program, carried over some 80 MBS stations, and 75 independent stations spotted all over the U.S., accumulated 20,000,000 listeners, innumerable bread, candy and pop sponsors. It also goes on transcribed recordings in Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Canada. The Ranger galloped into the films, comic strips and novelty business. Mr. Striker got \$10,000 a year, Mr. Graser \$7,500.

To select Actor Graser's successor was no difficult business. On hand in WXYZ



An invitation to Gentlemen

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Sign your name and address below and mail this advertisement to us. We'll promptly send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva. It's the world's most popular after-shave.

You'll enjoy the refreshing, wake-up zest of Aqua Velva! And notice how it leaves your face feeling softer and smoother.

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Denis Conan Doyle
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Wherever working newspapermen gather today, INQUIRER men are recognized as leaders.

Whether it be in the tense atmosphere of the national capital, sobered by the harsh realities of the times, bristling with its horde of vital, difficult issues . . . or in the feverish hub-bub of State legislative halls—

Whether it be in the forefront of daily news routine, where leaping flames crimson the night and the photographer dares personal hazard for THE picture . . . or in quiet University halls where reporters and editors, chosen for their scholarship, equip themselves painstakingly for abler public service—

Whether it be in the world of sports, where keen intelligence, shrewd analysis and a sure instinct for implicit drama are required . . .

When newspapermen gather in those moments of grateful relaxation after hours when the desk lights are out . . . when the symphony of telegraph tickers has died . . . when the heavy rumble of the presses is stilled . . . when the talk is "shop"—of the whimsical and the daring and the brave—of yesterday's "beat" and tomorrow's challenge—

They choose their leaders for their leadership—for proven accomplishment—for maturity of experience—for loyalty—for initiative—for integrity—and in Nineteen Forty One they have chosen INQUIRER men.

The Philadelphia Inquirer

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

ARE EMPLOYEE LOANS A PROBLEM IN YOUR BUSINESS?

WHETHER or not to make employee loans is a problem which has puzzled many executives. Workers should have a place to borrow for emergencies, of course. But where? From the company? If your firm is not too large, you may be able to make the necessary loans from company funds. But in plants with scores of employees, some other solution is usually needed.

Loans for small borrowers

In some industries, employees successfully operate their own credit unions. But millions of workers must depend on some other loan source. To provide loans for these men and women is the job of the family finance company like Household Finance.

How borrower is protected

Household Finance has branches in most industrial states. These states have passed Small Loan Laws. These laws, written to make our industry possible, and to *serve and protect the borrower*, state how we shall operate our business—how we shall deal with our customers—how much we may charge.

Without sacrifice of privacy or privacy, the responsible worker can borrow up to \$300 at Household Finance largely on character and earning ability. No endorser or bankable security is required. No wage assignment is taken. A convenient installment plan helps the worker to repay out of income.

You will note, in the table of typical loans and payment plans below, that the borrower may choose the plan which best fits his own situation. Installments include charges at the rate of 2 1/2% per month (less in many territories). These charges are substantially below the maximum allowed by the Small Loan Laws of most states.

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WHAT BORROWER REPAYS MONTHLY

	2 payments	6 payments	12 payments	16 payments	20 payments
\$ 20	\$ 10.38	\$ 3.63	\$ 1.95		
50	25.94	9.08	4.87		
100	51.88	18.15	9.75	\$ 7.66	\$ 6.41
	77.82	27.23	14.62	11.49	9.62
200	103.77	36.31	19.50	15.32	12.83
250	129.71	45.39	24.37	19.15	16.04
300	155.65	54.46	29.25	22.98	19.25

Above payments include charges of 2 1/2% per month and based on prompt payment are in effect in seven states. Due to local conditions, rates elsewhere vary slightly.

Last year Household made helpful loans to over half a million families. To these families Household also gave guidance in buying and budgeting, helped to make them wiser managers and better buyers. Many schools and colleges use Household's booklets on money management and better buyismanship as study texts.

If you employ or supervise men, you are invited to send the coupon for further information. You will be under no obligation.

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Headquarters: 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago
One of America's leading family finance organizations, with 288 branches in 190 cities

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studios was Brace Beemer, who played the Ranger in the program's early days, was transformed into a narrator when Earle Graser took over. He will be the new Ranger.

Well fitted for his part is Brace Beemer. Thirty-eight, Beemer stands 6 ft. 3, weighs 200 lb., is an excellent horseman, a superb shot, a handy man with a 35-ft. bull whip. His voice is so much like Graser's that his substitute version of the Ranger's famed cry to his horse: "Hi-Yo, Silver, away!" will scarcely be noticed by the nation's moppets. All along, he has represented the Ranger in his few public appearances. In 1933 when Beemer as the Lone Ranger made a personal appearance at Detroit's Belle Isle on the occasion of an annual public-school field day, over 100,000 showed up to see him. When small fry got out of hand in an attempt to get close to him, Beemer the Ranger held them off by rising majestically in his stirrups, shouting "Back, Rangers! Back to your posts!"

Benny & Masterminds

With two months to go before their first year on the air is completed, NBC's *Quiz Kids* this week were hard on the heels of NBC's *Information Please*. The juniors' Crossley rating was 11.6 against 11.9 for the senior masterminds. Last week the Quiz Kids did their stuff for the largest audience in radio when they appeared as guests on Jack Benny's *Jell-O* show. And Jack Benny once again proved himself the most astute gentleman in radio by tying up with the infant marvels for four combined broadcasts.

Unlike regular Quiz Kid shows, their first question-and-answer act with Benny was carefully rehearsed and gags for the program were supplied by Benny's writers. Rated the drollest *Jell-O* show this year, the program involved a question bee between the Kids and the Benny cast. Typical question addressed to the Kids: Name the five orders of fishes in order of their development, and give examples of each. Typical question addressed to the cast: If you had 20 apples and your mother took away ten and gave back five, how many would you have?

Neatly rigged to permit Quiz & friends to triumph, the *Jell-O* quiz was repeated this week. Posing as a nine-year-old wizard on a quiz board composed of William Shakespeare, aged 6, Isaac Newton, 7, Lady Godiva, 6, and Fred Allen, 8, Benny made a great to-do about coaxing the Quiz Kids into telling him what sort of questions he will be asked when he shows up on their show later. As guest of the Quiz Kids, Benny will be primed on gags but not on questions.

Taking Hollywood by storm, the Quiz Kids were entertained with a party at Walt Disney's studios, kowtowed to by many a star. Special favorite of Benny is eight-year-old Gerard Darrow, who will make another appearance with his chums on the *Jell-O* show next week. Like all the Quiz Kids, Gerard was slightly miffed to find his autograph in such demand that he had a hard time expanding his own collection.

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Peace and beautifully illustrated booklet of scenic attractions and activities.

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SCIENCE

April Pilgrimages

Last week found the U.S. again in the season when scientists come out of their laboratories, blink, stretch and bustle off to share with the world their newest findings. Some of the more newsworthy disclosures at two noteworthy science meetings:

Chemists. Last week some 3,000 academic and industrial members of the American Chemical Society met in St. Louis. An unusual scientific group, since roughly three-fourths are engaged in business rather than in universities, it found its tongues partly tied this year because a number of new chemical developments are defense secrets.

► How chemical analysis, often a tedious process, can be greatly speeded and simplified by a new method developed in Europe was described by Czech Refugee Alois Langer. Every element and compound conducts electricity through a solution at a distinctive voltage. To find the amount of copper in a solution, the chemist tunes in an electric meter to the known voltage of copper, measures the proportionate amount of current passing through the solution. Complex organic molecules like vitamins and hormones can also be detected and measured.

► A plastic which softens and purifies water for home or industrial use far more efficiently than the silicates now commonly used was announced by Robert James Myers of Resinous Products & Chemical Co. of Philadelphia. Made of resin, this plastic is the first whose chemical, rather than physical, properties are employed.

► From dark, cheap, undesirable tobacco leaves William Turner and Gabriel Goldstein of Columbia University inexpensively removed the desirable tobacco fragrance. This can then be put into the mild, golden leaves with little fragrance now favored by tobacco buyers. Mild leaves now require a factory flavoring of coumarin (from sweet clover) and vanillin. The two chemists predict that cigarettes will soon have a genuine tobacco flavor—provided the public likes them that way.

► "Mule feed"—pressed cotton seeds eaten only by the hungriest mules—can be combined with carbolec-acid derivatives to form a new plastic, reported Fritz Rosenthal of the University of Tennessee. Notable use which he foresees: it may be molded into rifle stocks (now largely hand-turned), releasing machinists for other tasks in arms factories.

► Industrial chemists gasped as Edward Ray Weidlein, chemical priorities director for OPM, observed: "The entire military activities of Germany and Italy, plus the industrial and other activities of these countries and of the occupied areas of Western Europe, are being carried on with an amount of petroleum plus synthetic products which is only about 5% of our present domestic production."

► Several scientists protested that the



PICTURE OF A PEDIGREED DOG

The Cocker Spaniel—developed for hunting on marshy ground. Selection of the finest strains has resulted in this perfect pedigreed beauty.

PICTURE OF A PEDIGREED GIN

Fleischmann's—the first American gin—has been the first choice of millions for smooth mixing since 1870. Distilled from the finest ingredients, it well merits its reputation as a *pedigreed* gin. It stands unsurpassed at any price. Try it, as millions have... and see if you, too, don't agree it's better.

FLEISCHMANN'S GIN

A Pedigreed Gin for Prize-Winning Drinks
Distilled from American grain—90 proof

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEESKILL, NEW YORK

P R E F O R M E D



TO AMERICA'S ADVANTAGE IN PEACE OR WAR—

● Whatever its part in world conflict America has the supreme and deciding advantage. Men, management and machines have been tempered in years of tremendous industrial advancement for the stern necessities of preparedness for war ★ Through prosperous years and years of trial, such products as **PREFORMED** wire rope and strand have proved their true worth ★ **PREFORMED** resists bending fatigue. **PREFORMED** reduces wire rope costs. **PREFORMED** is safer and easier and faster to handle. It lasts longer and saves replacement time.

ASK YOUR OWN WIRE ROPE MANUFACTURER

U.S. people are now becoming foolish vitamin cranks, said Conrad Arnold Elvehjem of the University of Wisconsin: "The safest program . . . is to rely upon the common foods we have been . . . eating rather than attempting the production of cheap, synthetic substitutes."⁶

► The American Chemical Society's highest honor, the Priestley Medal, awarded triennially, was given to Thomas Midgley Jr. of Worthington, Ohio. After testing 15,000 compounds, Midgley discovered in 1922 that tetraethyl lead in gasoline permits higher compression, higher speed engines. Now vice president of Ethyl Gasoline Corp., he is credited with over 100 patents, including many for air-conditioning refrigerants. In wheel chair and stretcher, Midgley attended last week's meeting, for in September he was stricken with infantile paralysis. But like his close friend, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, he is conquering his handicap, still works hard as ever.

Anthropologists. Less peaceful, though less in the shadow of war and industry, was last week's meeting of some 200 members of the American Association of Physical Anthropologists in Chicago, where they belabored each other in academic rivalry. ► Montague Francis Ashley-Montagu, of Hahnemann Medical College, who looks like Harold Lloyd and has nuisance value among anthropologists because of his irritating lectures, was in fine, irritating fettle. He shocked his colleagues by declaring the whole concept of race to be "utterly erroneous and meaningless." He declared that early naturalists like Linnaeus and Buffon first tried to squeeze mankind into races according to complexion and other superficial traits, but anthropologists must now open their minds to the later discovery of genetic laws: Then the many differences among human groups will appear only as mutations within a single species. "Race" might perhaps have been redefined, he conceded, but Nazis and others have abused the term until it can only be chucked out for good. Snorted the Smithsonian Institution's famed Aleš Hrdlička: "If all the anthropologists agreed with Montagu and dropped the word race from their vocabulary today, he would be back tomorrow with a claim that it was a good word and try to get it reinstated."

► On another point Ashley-Montagu and Hrdlička presented divergent evidence to reach an important agreement: Hrdlička declared the evidence from old bones and pots is now conclusive that the long-disputed theory that the American Indians came from Asia via Bering Strait is indeed correct. Ashley-Montagu added evidence of a new sort: analysis of blood types. Comparing blood types of American aborigines 1) with each other, 2) with contemporary and theoretical ancient Asiatics, he decided that Tierra del Fuegos came from Asia earliest, Eskimos last, that all the Indians in the Americas can roughly be dated by their distribution from south to north, that is, by their distance from Bering Strait, where they crossed.

⁶ For two important medical discoveries reported at the meeting, see p. 75.

*There's
Something
in the air!*



CADILLAC FOR 1941 with Body by Fisher, interior by Fleetwood, makes fine-car luxuries more widely available. For instance, the moderately-priced Cadillac Series Sixty-one sedan has a front seat five feet wide; the finest Bedford cord or Broadcloth upholstery; foam rubber seat pads; a dome light that flashes on automatically when you open any of the doors. And remember:

Only the New 1941 Body by Fisher Has All These Features: New "Flair-flow" streamlining with slanted windshield; double-curved back window. Doors hinged at front for greater safety. Crank-controlled Fisher No Draft Ventilation. Planned Vision with stronger, clearer Safety Plate Glass all around.

THESE bright spring days inspire many an invitation to go places. And what extra incentives there are, when you have a car with Body by Fisher! The extra comfort awaiting you in its wider, roomier interior! The extra smart impression its sleek new styling makes! The extra security you get from its newly reinforced Unisteel Turret Top construction! It's these "extras" motorists have in mind when they say, "Body by Fisher is '41's guide to better value"—which leads you, of course, to a General Motors car.



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ON GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY: CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC



Zorina, America's premiere ballerina, an original painting for Columbia Records by Carl Erickson

Zorina

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"When I hear the new Masterworks—

they are so thrilling, so gloriously lifelike! Only the other night I played Stravinsky's own recording of his 'Le Sacre du Printemps' with the New York Philharmonic, and then followed it with the Tannhäuser 'Bacchanale' by the great Fritz Reiner and the Pittsburgh Orchestra.

"They were so brilliant, so clear . . . that I could feel myself on the stage, actually dancing in those thrilling ballets.

"It is a pleasure to offer my cordial thanks and congratulations for all Columbia has done for me, and for so many other music lovers everywhere."

Superb New Additions to your Record Library

BRAHMS' THIRD SYMPHONY, Frederick Stock conducting the majestic Chicago Symphony Orchestra.

Last November New York concertgoers were electrified by the Chicago Symphony's matchless performance of this glorious masterpiece during its enormously successful Golden Jubilee programs in Carnegie Hall. Now Columbia gives you this performance just as it was played in New York.

A magnificent recording of one of the world's greatest classics.

Four 12-inch Records, Set 443 . . . \$4.50*

SIBELIUS' SECOND SYMPHONY, The Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, John Barbirolli, conductor.

The most popular of all seven Sibelius symphonies, the Second receives a dramatic performance in this remarkable new recording by the peerless Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York. Its many changing moods are brought to you with thrilling expressiveness.

A truly great recording that deserves an honored place in any record collection. Five 12-inch Records, Set 423 . . . \$5.50*

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Holland's incredibly talented pianist joins the renowned London Philharmonic Symphony to give you a supreme recording of what many consider the greatest piano concerto ever written.

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THE MUSIC OF STEPHEN FOSTER, Andre Kostelanetz and his Orchestra.

A treasury of America's best-loved melodies—nine sparkling new arrangements, played by the inimitable Kostelanetz, of Stephen Foster's lovely, lilting tunes that bring to life all the romance of the Old South. Included are such immortal Foster favorites as "Old Black Joe,"

"Oh, Susanna" and "Old Folks at Home."

A set you can count on for endless hours of pleasure. Be sure to hear it.

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THE THEATER



KING COLE & COURT IN RINGLINGS' NEW "SPEC"
Grown men started.

Menagerie in Blue

Grown men started last week when the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus opened in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden. The Circus had changed to look as fabulously beautiful as they had imagined it had looked when they were children. The Brothers John and Henry Ringling North, their imaginations inspired by Designer Norman Bel Geddes, had enchanted the traditional "Spec," the great opening parade.

No longer was there the usual procession of chipped wagons and shabby cavalry. Instead the arena was transformed into a nursery lotus land. Even the tanbark had changed color, to a bright blue. Over it, one after another, rolled glorious floats and glittering equipages of white and gold, bearing hundreds of characters from Mother Goose. Wheeling and cavorting came Old King Cole, in canopied splendor suspended between four elephants; ranks of pretty maids with cockleshells; a cow that literally leaped over the moon.

It was like the lovely dream circus in Billy Rose's *Jumbo*, only five times larger. On adults the effect was powerful; on the less mature it was staggering. Said one young spectator for publication: "It was all good. I can't remember."

Let the Big Show be beautified out of its hallowed form, in other acts Trainer Alfred Court presides over snarling pan-

thers and lions who pose, with noble indifference, among dogs and bears, including the bruin who apparently gets ecstatically drunk on a bottle of beer. Elly Ardely, netless, stands on her pretty blonde head on a trapeze at the very top of the circus heavens. Massimiliano Truzzi juggles knives, flaming torches and the spectators' nerves. Half a hundred elephants galumph around the ring and take a bow in unison. Hubert Castle staggers like a drunken clubman on his tightwire. And in his air-conditioned, chrome steel cage in the menagerie, Gargantua, the 550-lb. gorilla who at eleven years is probably not yet old enough to mate with M'Toto, his presumed gorillass (TIME, March 3), makes the angriest faces in the world and then wearily turns on his audience the silver-grey, pointed-fox smoothness of his huge back and buttocks.

In the adjoining cage M'Toto manages to look a lot like him and still be labeled "cute." Last week M'Toto's former owner, swank, socialite Mrs. E. Kenneth Hoyt, traveled from her Havana estate to see M'Toto and supervise a light lunch of eggs, salad, cup custard and a pound of filet mignon. Backing out of M'Toto's presence, Mrs. Hoyt brushed against the one side of Gargantua's cage that is not glass-enclosed. Gargantua thrust a huge hand between the bars and, with a single twitch of a clawed finger, tore Mrs. Hoyt's smart costume off her back.

New Play in Manhattan

The Night Before Christmas (by Sidney Joseph & Laura West Perelman, produced by Courtney Burr) is not a bedtime story. It is a mottled Sing Sing folk tale of a silver-haired confidence man past his prime and a slop-house plug ugly who pair up to crack a bank vault for Christmas. They buy a tired Manhattan luggage shop next door to the bank and start tunneling. Obstructed by unwanted customers, garrulous neighbors, former penmates, they dynamite, not the vault, but a near-by cafeteria, while Santa Claus stuffs their stocking with a cop.

The screwball wit of S. J. Perelman strangely enough fails to make this wacky plot rock his audience back on their seats with the clanky shock of his offstage writings. The play's isolated episodes, bald-faced gags, screwy curtains are sometimes hilarious, but they fail to bind together into effective farce.

Eight years ago, on their honeymoon, the Perelmans wrote another play, *All Good Americans*, which failed to come off. Later they collaborated on the script for *Ambush*, one of 1939's best pictures, and Mr. Perelman gagged the best of the Marx Brothers' films. His best book (of four) was his first, *Dawn Ginsburgh's Revenge* (1929). On its jacket was the blurb: "This book does not stop at Yonkers." *The Night Before Christmas* does.



On Guard

*"Keep thine home fair;
Let nothing mar
The sunshine and the air—
Where children are."*

This newspaper notably knows the whole civilized world almost as well as you know your own front yard.

And we say: *Nouhere on earth is there anything as fine, as hope-inspiring as the home of the average American.* And heaven knows how hard it is to have that kind of home in this kind of world.

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS isn't going to make the task any harder by violating the standards of the homes into which it enters.

News in the raw is notably loaded with impurities and poisons. By our lights, the first duty of a newspaper is to filter out these impurities, and make the news fit for the home.

If unwholesome news is the price of circulation; if unwholesome advertising is the price of lineage, then THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS will not pay the price!

To illustrate: Approximately one million dollars is spent annually in other Chicago newspapers for alcoholic beverage advertising and for unethical medical and miscellaneous advertising which THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS will not print.

Because they know and approve the Character of this newspaper, nearly half a million families, large and small, throw open their doors nightly to THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS and say: "Come in!" For they believe in what it says—and in what it advertises!

Advertisers know this, as proved by the fact that again in 1940, THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS carried more Total Display Advertising than any other newspaper in Chicago—morning, evening or Sunday![®]

(* Authority: Media Records, Inc.)

You are careful when you pick out a salesman to represent you—should you be less careful when you pick out a newspaper to represent you?

THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS

Chicago's HOME Newspaper

With the Most Valuable Circulation in the City

Daily News Plaza, 400 W. Madison St., Chicago • San Francisco: Hobart Bldg.
New York: 9 Rockefeller Plaza • Detroit: 4-119 General Motors Bldg.

THE PRESS

Navy, Army & News

After two months of confusion on the subject of Army and Navy censorship of military news, last week outlines of order emerged from chaos. Not only did the Navy reorganize its press bureau, but the Army enunciated a sensible policy on military news—a policy that stopped far short of real censorship.

Although the Navy Department is headed by a newsmen, Secretary Frank



ADMIRAL HEPBURN

No stranger to the press.

Knox, not until last week did it follow the lead of the Army in heading its press section with a ranking officer—able to make decisions on what is printable without consulting a host of superiors—and giving him experienced newsmen as aides.

For its new press head the Navy chose Rear Admiral Arthur Japy (rhymes with happy) Hepburn, onetime Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet (June 1936 to January 1938). A salt-water sailor who has had more sea service than any other officer in the service, Admiral Hepburn knows what it is to meet the press, from his experience as delegate to London and Geneva Conferences. Still less a stranger to press problems is the new aide wangled last week for Admiral Hepburn: Hal O'Flaherty, able, genial managing editor of Frank Knox's Chicago *Daily News*. O'Flaherty, now 50 (and a new lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve), has had a brawling, successful career as legman, foreign correspondent in World War I, crack editorial executive.

Meanwhile the Army's publicity machine—recently reorganized and topped by Major General Robert Charlton Richardson Jr. of the Cavalry—in place of its former small Washington staff now has

29 officers. Some are reserves, some are regulars, like Lieut. Colonel Stanley Grogan, who used to be a newspaperman. It also has more than 100 in the field. Last week newsmen learned that General Richardson will be responsible to John J. McCloy, bald, bulky Manhattan lawyer and new Assistant Secretary of War (*see p. 27*).

On top of this, Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson announced the Army's ruling about military news: henceforth Army officers will give out no news of the arrival, departure or presence of U.S. troops in stations outside the Continental limits of the U.S.

This ruling was notably moderate. It merely laid down subjects on which the



EDITOR O'FLAHERTY
New to the Navy.

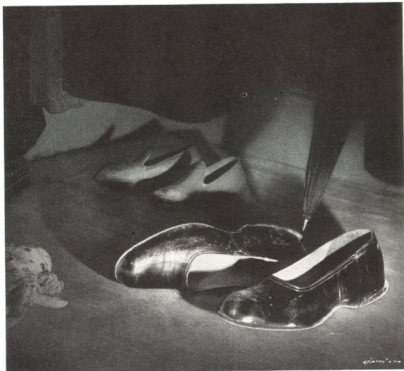
Army itself would not speak and did not impose any censorship of the press itself. Under Secretary Patterson made it clear that he was opposed by conviction to press censorship.

Too Many Schools

There are too many schools of journalism in the U.S. and most of them are far from good enough. This was the conclusion reached by a report issued last week by the National Council on Professional Education for Journalism—a council whose chief mover is the dean of one of the best schools, Kenneth Olson of Northwestern University.

The 32 schools which belong—by invitation only—to the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism consider themselves quite plausibly the Class A of their field. Their faculty members must have five years of practical journalistic experience. All have completely equipped city rooms, reporting and editing laboratories.

But the boom market for school training has created such a demand for it among college students that now more than 500 institutions, besides the 32 Class A schools, offer journalism courses of sort, ranging



A practical approach to a practical problem

It is just common sense to own a pair of rubbers. . . . And it is just common sense to own life insurance. . . . Both purchases are a sensible man's practical approach to a practical problem.

During fair weather your rubbers simply take up space in a closet. But when it rains they become important. They may merely save you the discomfort of wet feet—or they may prevent serious illness.

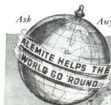
Your life insurance, too, is something you seldom think about when all is well. Yet it can become indispensable in a crisis. Whether your dependents encounter the shower of a temporary financial difficulty or the storm which follows the loss of your active support, it stands ready to keep them safe from worry or want.

Designed to see a family through the height of the storm following the death of husband and father is the John Hancock Readjustment Income Plan, which provides income in prearranged amounts to care for the extra needs of that critical period. It is a sensible and inexpensive provision against an unpredictable future. A booklet entitled, "A Talking Picture," describes the plan in detail. We should like to mail you a copy. Write for it to Department T-3, John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass.



Ask

Anyone in Industry!



**PORTABLE LUBRICATION
DOES 10-MINUTE JOB
IN FIVE MINUTES!**

**AT
GIANT
TVA
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ALEMITE PORTABLE SERVICE STATIONS

Bring Efficiency of Power Gun Lubrication to the Job

DOWN at Jefferson City, Tennessee, they're moving a lot of rock in the building of TVA's Cherokee Dam. Scores of dump trucks are working 24 hours a day on this project. Where minutes count, time out for lubrication means time lost from work.

With the Alemite Portable Service Station on this project, they can now completely and thoroughly lubricate a dump truck in five minutes—whereas, with manual methods, it took ten minutes. Each truck is lubricated every eight hours—that's a sav-

ing of 15 minutes per day per truck!

TVA's Alemite Portable Service Stations are equipped with two High Pressure Volume Guns, and three Motor Oil Dispensers, mounted as shown. Perhaps your particular requirements call for another set-up. We'll be delighted to make a specific recommendation if you'll write us about your equipment. We can show you records of Alemite Portable Service Stations which have paid for themselves many times over before the completion of the job for which they were purchased! Get the facts NOW!

ALEMITE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Industrial LUBRICATION

ANOTHER STEWART-WARNER PRODUCT

1835 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Illinois • Belleville, Ontario

from nearly Class A caliber down to bedraggled asides in English majors.

The report of the National Council estimates that in 1939 (the year covered by its survey) 2,600 graduates were sent out to look for jobs and only 1,385 found them. Of these, 816 were Class A fledglings. Plain implication: if colleges and universities would refrain from teaching journalism, without firstclass man power, organization and equipment, a higher proportion of graduates would find jobs and would fill them better.

S. E. P. on Democracy

"The [Lend-Lease] Bill is a charter of dictatorship and an assurance of war, and you shortly will have your wish. May you relish it in hindsight as much as you do in prospect. Hating fascism, you are embracing it by the back door. You are destroying the United States in the vain hope of mending a Europe about which you are as romantically deluded as were most of us in 1914-17."

So said the *Saturday Evening Post* in one of the extraordinarily bitter letters with which it answered some readers who protested the magazine's stand against the Lend-Lease Bill.

Last week in an editorial ridiculing the Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies ("The League of Many Names to Save America by Saving the World") for advocating that the democracies make plans for a workable, desirable peace, the *Post* reached a new high of bitterness:

"Democracy is the beautiful damsel to be saved—democracy in the whole world. Having girded ourselves for that heroic errand, shall we pause to ask if she will mend her morals? . . . Either she is worth saving as she is and was, or she is not worth saving at all. . . .

"How we got into the war we shall not know entirely until we read the history that is now hidden. We are in it. We are in it all together. . . . The one war aim is to destroy Hitler."

"I Resign"

Up to last week there were five Axis correspondents in Washington. Now there are four.

Still in Washington are Kurt Sell of Germany's D.N.B.; Masuo Kato and Clarke Kawakami of Japan's Domei; Kenji Kauno of the Tokyo and Osaka *Asahi Shimbun*. The little man who is no longer there is Count Leone Fumasoni-Biondi of Italy's Stefani Agency, stationed in Washington since 1932—a dark, soft-mannered gentleman whose ancestors have been Vatican officials for four centuries, whose uncle, Cardinal Fumasoni-Biondi, once Apostolic Delegate to the U.S., now holds the Vatican's Office for the Propagation of the Faith. The Count, in fact, is no Fascist at all. From Washington he filed few spot-news stories but sent accurate, prosy summaries of U.S. opinion which he knew would never be printed in Italy without drastic garbling. At the end of one of these last week he added: "I resign."

Then he went off to Florida for a "vacation," said he would return to live in Washington.

TIME, April 21, 1941

Your 256^{*} taste buds
will blossom and bloom



when you taste
America's Mildest

BOTTLED IN BOND

OLD SCHENLEY

STRAIGHT WHISKEY — 100 PROOF — AVAILABLE IN BOTH RYE AND BOURBON



*WHAT IS A TASTE BUD? It is a tiny palate nerve that permits you to savor flavors. As a normal adult you possess 256 such taste buds . . . each one of them alert to the delicate delights of America's mildest Bottled in Bond OLD SCHENLEY.



Set of six, full-color flower reprints, suitable for framing, Edition No. 1, without advertising, sent upon receipt of 25¢. Copr. 1941, Schenley Distillers Corp., New York City, Dept. V.

**Talk Lockheed with
a military pilot...**

or any pilot for that matter. Pilots know airplanes. They've got to, because that's their business. And they'll tell you Lockheeds have what it takes!

All over the world you'll find Lockheeds "doing a job" and doing it well. For peace or military use they're proving their stamina, their speed and their "pilot appeal." The Lockheed Hudson was originally designed as a peace-time transport,

but now, adapted as a bomber, it has distinguished itself for valor with the R.A.F. in England.

Down in the Tropics, another Lockheed serves in the colonial defense of the East Indies. The Tropics are tough on airplanes. Landing fields are often small and rough. Improved airdromes are few and far between—but there as well as here, Lockheeds have proved themselves staunch...sound...adaptable to every flying need. That's why we say—

**... for Protection today
and Progress tomorrow**



LOOK TO *Lockheed* FOR LEADERSHIP



LOCKHEED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION, BURBANK, CALIFORNIA • REPRESENTATIVES THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

On a zooming 15-minute visit to the Press Photographers' show in Manhattan, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt stopped to admire a large portrait. Asked a knowing guide: "Do you recognize him?" Surveying the picture of Wendell Willkie, she responded: "Oh yes, I remember him well."

Dark, dashing, Mayfair M.P. Alec Stratford Cunningham-Reid spent the first year of the war shepherding refugee British children between Doris Duke Cromwell's New Jersey, Rhode Island, North Carolina and Hawaiian estates. Last autumn, after criticism in his constituency got pretty hot, he went home. Last week, he filed suit in London High Court to have the \$20,000 a year he gets from the wife he divorced for adultery in 1939 upped to an annual \$32,000.

Doe-eyed Striptease Rosita Royce, who danced with seven doves and that's all, to the delectation of New York World's Fair visitors, once observed: "If I fluttered past Hitler with my doves it would take his mind off war." Last week Miss Royce volunteered to help train pigeons for national defense. With Re-



International

OFFICER, ROYCE, FEATHERED FRIENDS

cruting Officer Daniel Munster she flattered off to Philadelphia's Reyburn Plaza, where she provided ready proof that even strange pigeons are drawn to her. Lieut. Munster took note of everything.

Beauteous, auburn-haired Mrs. Randolph Churchill, the British premier's socialite daughter-in-law, took an eight-hour-a-day typing job at the Ministry of Supply.

Announced beefy Elder Brother Herman Frederick Willkie, Louisville distilleryman, of the **Leader of the Loyal Opposition**: "Wendell's been living 'off his

fat,' so to speak, and he thinks it's time he started earning some money. At the same time, he wants to be free to speak his mind. He plans to practice law again."

On a visit to the Government's research farm outside Washington, 18-year-old Ann Wickard, daughter of Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard, grabbed a jolly



International

ANN WICKARD & FRIEND

springling porker of the latest bacon-plus breed, thrust him squealing into the sunlight for all to see his streamlined hams.

Sealed in her Washington bedroom by a paint-stopped lock, while her politically prognosticative husband partied at the Greek legation, blonde, handsome Mrs. Emil Hurja shouted and pounded until "the handsomest policemen you ever saw" arrived and freed her.

With the explanation: "It entertains me. . . . That is not enough. . . . People must tell me." Playboy William Saroyan, last year's Pulitzer Prizewinner, advertised in the newspapers for 750 people "who have never seen a Broadway play" to view his *The Beautiful People*, now in rehearsal, on the cuff. By noon a household of beautiful non-paying customers had applied for tickets.

With his wife of five months, gusty, marcelled Kansan John Daniel Miller Hamilton, who campaignmanaged Landon to victory in Maine & Vermont in 1936, bought a \$100,000 Main Line estate, settled down to become a Philadelphia lawyer.

Back in London after barnstorming for a month across Australasia, Noel Coward told countrymen that his one-man war agency A.E.A. (An Englishman Abroad) had raised £10,000 for the Red Cross. Duty done, Patriot Coward, who reckoned

MINNEAPOLIS

going up

Hawk-eyed, TIME-worthy readers of these advertisements have spied at the base of this pillar, in the last 7 months, upward changes in the Sunday circulation figure of The Minneapolis Star Journal.

When these weekly ads about Minneapolis and Minnesota began in TIME last fall, that figure was 210,000. It was

MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL

240,000 SUNDAY

225,000 SUNDAY

210,000 SUNDAY



hoisted to 225,000; this week it becomes 240,000. For the 3 months ending March 31, The Sunday Star Journal's paid circulation average topped that figure.

No hare-and-tortoise sprint, but a smooth marathon lope, has made The Minneapolis Star Journal on Sundays, as on weekdays, the Northwest's largest newspaper.

Two facts make The Sunday Star Journal's climb the more remarkable:

- 1. NO predated, bulldog editions.
- 2. Concentrated home circulation: 87% of the readers of The Sunday Minneapolis Star Journal live in Minnesota, the bulk of them in the Minneapolis shopping area.

Only half the credit for this steady burgeoning is due to the decade-aided editing technique of The Sunday Minneapolis Star Journal. Other half belongs to an army of 5,078 carrier salesmen—12- to 16-year-old youngsters who, serving customers of The Minneapolis Star Journal, garner for themselves:

- More than \$600,000 a year in profits for pin money, clothes, college.
- Initiative, self-reliance, training in selling and accounting: each carrier boy is in business for himself under tutelage of supervisors who know and like boys.
- Regular outdoor exercise so beneficial that a Minneapolis high school grid coach says he spots Minneapolis Star Journal carrier boys by their husky legs.

The Minneapolis Star Journal is proud of its carrier salesmen. It accepts the responsibility for making their routework the best opportunity boys can have.

MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL

240,000 EVENING

240,000 SUNDAY



MINNEAPOLIS STAR JOURNAL—JOHN COWLES, PRESIDENT

VITAMINS

616 Babies

Perhaps the largest study of Vitamin D requirements ever conducted among infants was that of Drs. Earl W. May and Thelma M. Wygant. 616 babies from the Herman Kiefer Hospital, Detroit, were their subjects.

This three-year project showed: that sunshine and ordinary diet alone supply insufficient Vitamin D to avoid rickets; that adequate Vitamin D, working with the important mineral,



NO "D"-FICIENCY HERE

calcium, prevents rickets and fosters strong, sound tooth and bone growth; and, that rickets, once having developed, is cured by supplying enough Vitamin D daily.

Vitamin D Is Scarce

Vitamin D, vital to bones and teeth from infancy to maturity—and needed to help maintain and protect them throughout life—is the hardest of all vitamins to obtain adequately without special effort.

There is no Vitamin D in fruits, vegetables, or grain products, only small, variable and inadequate amounts in certain meats, fish, egg yolk and ordinary dairy products. Sunshine, as a source, is inconsistent and hampered by clouds, smoke, clothing, indoor living habits.

How to Get Vitamin D

Stable, reliable, and economical sources of Vitamin D are products enriched with Vitamin D by the famous Steenbock process. Included are Vitamin D Milk, Irradiated Evaporated Milk, and dry milk; breakfast cereals, flour and bread, graham crackers, supplemental foods; and pharmaceuticals. Each product licensed by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation is periodically tested for its stated Vitamin D content, whether or not the Seal illustrated below appears thereon. An interesting booklet explaining the importance of Vitamin D will be sent upon request. Address: Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, Madison, Wis.



he had wrung 1,400 hands a day during his concert tour, now hoped "my brains are of more service to my country than my body."

Members of Washington's Little Congress (secretaries of Senators and Representatives) assembled near the Capitol to watch curly-headed Senator Tom Connolly of Texas crown Bonnie Patton, 21-year-old daughter of Texas Congressman Nat Patton and receptionist at the Congressional ladies' cloakroom, as this year's "Miss Capitol Hill." Then, 150 strong, they sped to Manhattan on their eighth annual Easter outing, called duly



SENATOR & LITTLE CONGRESSWOMAN

upon Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia, whom they found in a reminiscent mood. Sighed he, harking back to his Congressional days: "I once had a good secretary down there, too. But I lost her—I married her."

Wishing Senators a Happy Easter and an ever-normal granary, Hybrid-Seed Grower Henry Wallace presented each of them with a nice box of sweet-corn seed—for planting April 15.

Years ago Les Wolfe of Little Rock used to promote a fight now & then for a skinny young puncher from Texas named Wildcat Jenkins. Last week, sauntering along Little Rock's main street, whom should he see but the Wildcat. "H'ya Wildcat old boy," drawled Les. "Haven't seen you in years. What you doing these days?" Said Boxer Jenkins, freckled and angular as ever: "Still fighting—or haven't you heard? They call me Lew now. I'm lightweight champion of the world."

When Winston Churchill, in company with U.S. Ambassador Winant, visited heavily bombed Swansea, a dockier chided him for not carrying his gas mask. Churchill replied that it was in the car. "That's not the point, sir," said the man. "You should be carrying it." Churchill sent for the mask, slung it over his shoulder, said: "I shall carry it from now on."



with **MIKADO**

Swift as thought, smooth as soaring, writing with MIKADO is truly effortless. By an exclusive new process, the selected graphite in MIKADO's lead is ground to amazing fineness, then impregnated with rare waxes until every particle glides on a film of lubricant.

So dense and durable is every MIKADO lead that it will make a firm, black line over 35 miles long. And Eagle's patented super bonding process makes the point so strong that it should never break in normal use.

SEE FOR YOURSELF the shiny film that exudes when you hold MIKADO's point in a flame...



...proof of the rare waxes that lubricate the lead.

FOR FREE SAMPLE write on business letterhead, naming your pencil dealer, this magazine and grade desired: 1, 2, 2½, 3 or 4.

5 cents each... less in quantities

EAGLE

"CHEMI-SEALED"
(SUPER BONDED)

MIKADO

MADE IN U.S.A.

EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY, NEW YORK
EAGLE PENCIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., TORONTO

SPORT

First Foursome

Last week golf's bigwigs announced the establishment of a Hall of Fame. Patterned after baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, N.Y., golf's shrine will stand on a hillock overlooking the Augusta National Golf course at Augusta, Ga. First foursome to be immortalized in bronze: Bobby Jones, Francis Ouimet (pronounced we met), Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen.

Unlike baseball's Immortals, golf's deities are all still hale & hearty. Last fortnight all four could be seen competing in the Masters Tournament at Augusta. Attorney Jones, 39 (winner of four U.S. Opens, five U.S. Amateurs, three British Opens, one British Amateur), finished 40th in a field of 47. Farmer Gene Sarazen, still going strong after 20 years of big-time golf, turned in 297 (for four rounds), ten strokes better than Jones's card but 17 behind Craig Wood's winning score. Walter Hagen and Francis Ouimet, both nearing 50 and too busy chasing business to bother chasing balls, withdrew after the first round. Ouimet had chalked up 82, Hagen 87, his highest score in nearly 30 years of professional play.

The entertainment to be provided all next summer at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, No. 1 U.S. indoor sport arena: public dancing (two big-name dance bands every night), and beer.

Baseball of 1941

Last week, as the 1941 baseball season was about to begin, baseball experts were perversely all agog about its far-off end. Some of the best dope available came from an exciting dress rehearsal at Brooklyn's Ebbets Field. There 48,000 jabbering fans turned out to watch the Dodgers and the New York Yankees, both returned from spring training in the South, play in a three-game exhibition series.

The Yankees, generally favored to win the American League pennant this year, have the infield help of Rookies Phil Rizuto and Gerry Priddy, the flashy Keystone Kids brought up from Kansas City (TIME, April 14). On the dope sheets their job is to nose out the Cleveland Indians, a team built around Super-Pitcher Bob Feller and the best infield in baseball.

The Dodgers are generally rated as having an excellent chance to win the National League pennant. In four previous exhibition games this year the Yankees had been licked by the Dodgers. "The Yanks may be the best team in the American League," chorused Brooklynites last week, "but if they played in our league we'd moider 'em."

Rival fans, accustomed to Brooklyn's bragging, usually laugh it off. But this year there is no laughing off the Dodgers. Even Bill Terry, manager of the Brooklyn-hating New York Giants, admitted last week that the Dodgers are the team to beat in the National League. Bolstered by

A great treat!



Blackie:

"Isn't it nice to be treated so well, Whitey?"

Whitey:

"Yes—and that's why we enjoy giving our best, Blackie."

• Fine quality is always the result of fine breeding. And Black & White's distinctive character reflects the great patience and care in the aging and blending of this famous Scotch. That's why you get such magnificent flavor and rare bouquet. If you want a great treat in Scotch...ask for Black & White!



EIGHT
YEARS OLD

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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TRY ARISTOCRATIC SMOKING

Spend a few extra pennies just to find out how much pleasure choicer, richer, milder tobaccos can bring you. Today — for a treat — try Marlboros!

Now only 20¢



IVORY TIPS
PROTECT THE LIPS

Also Plain Ends
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MARLBORO

*America's
Luxury Cigarette*

NEW ZEALAND AUSTRALIA

*Monthly Service to
Honolulu, Suva,
Auckland, Sydney
by the new liner
AWATEA
and the popular
AORANGI*

Connections at Honolulu from California ports. Your agent or Canadian Pacific; 41 offices in the U.S. and Canada.

*Canadian
Australasian*
TRAFFIC AGENTS—CANADIAN PACIFIC

1941 APRIL 1941

SUN MON TUE WED THU FRI SAT

If you haven't tried coffee PLUS chicory APRIL 1941 may well be the month of your quaternary life. It's delicious!

And it's SO simple to use! Just add one Franck Chicory tablet to ground coffee. Completely wholesome and caffeine free.

At your grocers — or send us 10¢ for store-size package — enough for 200 cups.

"Hearty and deeply satisfying"

HEINR. FRANCK SONS, INC.
PORT HURON • MICHIGAN
FRANCK Chicory is prepared from the cultivated and healthy root of the same vegetable which produces crisp, juicy French endives.

JOHN GUNTHER says:

"TIME IS UNIQUE"

GOLFERS

● Feel the thrill of getting your drives out there yards beyond any you've ever made. You'll do it every time with an LL-Penfold-75. By the makers of the deluxe Penfold Autograph, \$1; LT-Penfold-75, 75¢; Penfold-50, 50¢; Penfold-35 . . . 3 for \$1.00



PENFOLD

World's Premier Golf Balls

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY THROUGH PROFESSIONALS

nearly \$200,000 worth of new material, this year's team is rated 50% better than the team that finished second to the pennant-winning Cincinnati Reds last year.

Since last fall the Dodgers have acquired: 1) Fireball Pitcher Kirby Higbe, who won 14 games for the tail-end Phillies last year; 2) onetime Cardinal Mickey Owen, a Grade A catcher; 3) onetime Pirate Paul Waner, seasoned outfielder; 3) Second Baseman Alex Kampouris, who led the International League in home runs last year. Besides, they have mighty Joe Medwick, the slugger whom Boss Larry MacPhail bought for \$132,500 last summer, only to have him beamed and made ball-shy for the rest of the season. This spring, comforted by a bean-proof plastic headguard which all Dodgers are compelled to wear inside their caps, Muscle Man Medwick seems to be back in the groove: in eleven exhibition games he batted .395, hit nine home runs.

But the angels of whom Brooklynites dream are no veterans but two 22-year-olds: Harold ("Peewee") Reese and Harold ("Pete") Reiser. Reese, purchased from the Louisville Colonels last year (but benched with a chipped heel bone a good part of the season), is considered one of the smartest shortstops in the game. Reiser (rhymes with geezer), brought up from Brooklyn's Elmira farm last summer, can play infield or outfield, nor does his bat sleep in his hand.

Last week, this collection of oldtimers and newcomers had already won eleven consecutive games—a better spring showing than any other big-league team. But in their home park their winning streak ended. They lost all three games to the Yankees: 7-6, 3-2, 3-0. Undaunted, Dodger fans were convinced that they will turn the tables next October, when (as & if) the Dodgers meet the Yankees in the World Series.

Meanwhile, in Cincinnati, rarin'-to-go rooters were just as sure that it will be the Reds and not the Dodgers who will win the National League pennant. Practically the same team that beat the Detroit Tigers in last year's World Series, the Reds still have the best pitching staff in either league: Bucky Walters and Paul Derringer (expected to win 20 games apiece), Gene Thompson, Jim Turner, Whitey Moore, Johnny Vander Meer, Monte Pearson (good for ten each).

Pennant-winning odds quoted by Bookmakers James J. Carroll of St. Louis and Jack Doyle of Manhattan:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Carroll	Doyle
Cincinnati Reds	7-5	6-5
Brooklyn Dodgers	5-2	9-5
St. Louis Cardinals	4-1	4-1
Chicago Cubs	6-1	8-1
Pittsburgh Pirates	8-1	8-1
New York Giants	20-1	15-1
Boston Bees	50-1	40-1
Philadelphia Phillies	200-1	100-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Carroll	Doyle
New York Yankees	3-2	7-5
Cleveland Indians	8-5	3-2
Detroit Tigers	7-2	4-1
Boston Red Sox	6-1	7-1
Chicago White Sox	15-1	12-1
St. Louis Browns	15-1	30-1
Washington Senators	75-1	30-1
Philadelphia Athletics	100-1	60-1

TIME, April 21, 1941

ART

Money in Pictures

The largest commercial art gallery in the world put on a show last week. The show's opening reception, in a huge duplex suite on uptown Fifth Avenue, drew 5,800 art lovers. But bigger news than the show was the commercial success of the Associated American Artists' Galleries. The attraction at the opening was an exhibition of recent paintings by Thomas Hart Benton. The splash that it made was a demonstration of the fact that able mechanizing methods have, for one group of artists, made art for art's sake a paying business for the first time in U.S. history.

Tom Benton's pictures have been the A.A.A.'s mainstay ever since its humble opening, six and a half years ago. It was then that a perky ex-publicity agent named Reeves Lewenthal opened a small office on Manhattan's noisy 42nd Street, started selling prints to department stores at \$5 apiece. Most proudly pushed of his stock of prints was a figure of a Negro and a mule entitled *Plowing*, by Tom Benton, who, with 25 other U.S. artists, had agreed to use Lewenthal as an agent. The A.A.A.'s rise from a one-desk agency to a \$500,000-a-year business drove many a frock-coated Manhattan gallery director furiously to think. Behind that rocketing rise lay one of the ablest promotion and distribution jobs the U.S. art world has seen.

When stocky, baldescent Reeves Lewenthal went to Manhattan in 1932, he had been a newsboy, reporter, magazine publisher, hotel publicist and small businessman in Chicago and Detroit. The one job he hated was being a publicity man. In spite of himself, Reeves Lewenthal went on writing publicity. His clients: the late Cass Gilbert and other members of the National Academy of Design, plus some 35 organizations devoted to contemporary U.S. art.

But the more publicity Reeves Lewenthal wrote, the more he was convinced that what the art world needed was not publicity but modern business distribution. "The gallery system," he argued, "is doomed. The rich collector class is dying out. There is no use in the galleries just sitting around complaining and waiting for the few old collectors who are left to come in and buy an occasional picture. American art ought to be handled like any other American business."

So Reeves Lewenthal borrowed \$1,500, rounded up 26 U.S. artists, every one of whom was bounced from his former gallery for agreeing to cut the market price of prints to Lewenthal's figure: \$5. While competitors raged about print inflation (prints are usually run off in strictly limited editions of 100 or less), Lewenthal began making them in lots of 250. The prints sold at first like hot cakes, then slumped when the novelty wore off. Reeves Lewenthal thereupon took to the mails, and business began to boom. To his 26 artists Lewenthal paid a flat rate of \$200

Tailored the way you want it!



More protection in *one* policy than you had before in three or four! That's what the new Schedule Liability Policy, issued by Standard Accident of Detroit, provides against claims arising from bodily injury or property damage for which you may be liable.

And it is made-to-measure! For this policy lists the liability hazards which menace you or your business. From this schedule, the manufacturer, merchant, contractor, property owner or tenant *selects* the coverage desired — and gets it all in a *single* policy.

Your Standard agent or broker can give you the details on this modern protection. He can also provide reliable Standard coverage against the consequences of automobile and personal accidents, embezzlement, forgery, robbery, glass breakage and similar hazards.

STANDARD ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Standard Service Satisfies . . . Since 1884

for each print plate; those who sold more carried those who sold less. Since Lewenthal owned the plates outright, there was no limit to the number of prints he could make from each plate. When the issues from ten of an artist's plates sold out, his fee was raised to \$300; when he had doubled this output, it was raised to \$400. Meanwhile Impresario Lewenthal scouted around, getting his artists extra jobs in magazine, illustration and display work. His strangest piece of extracurricular job finding came last year, when Cinema Producer Walter Wanger hired nine of Lewenthal's best artists to go to Hollywood and paint scenes from the picture-in-progress, *The Long Voyage Home* (TIME, Aug. 26).

Today Reeves Lewenthal's Associated American Artists' Galleries has a roster of 43 U.S. artists, including such top-flighters as Thomas Benton, Grant Wood, John Steuart Curry, Georges Schreiber, Max Weber, Adolf Dehn, Ernest Fienne, Arnold Blanch, Raphael Soyer, sells everything from \$2 Christmas cards to \$12,000 paint-

Last week Fifth Avenue's windows put on their big Easter show. Window-shopping critics, looking for trends rather than Easter finery, found this year's windows generally conservative and simple. Gone were the surrealist limbs and torsos of the past few years. Scarcer than usual were Easter bunnies, dyed eggs, live chicks and other such *Pâque* animals. Most notable trend was toward trickier methods of lighting: display designers lit their mannikins and props with multicolored spots and footlights from all angles, avoiding distracting sun glare, getting increased illusions of depth.

Bonwit Teller's ace, Costa Rica-born designer Tom Lee, most respected of all Fifth Avenue window-display men, inspired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art's forthcoming China Trade show, filled his windows with elegant *Chinoiserie*, including two life-size rag-doll horses. Swank Jeweler Marcus' veteran designer, W. B. Okie Jr., surrounded a terra cotta madonna with Easter lilies and pearls. Macy's Irving Eldredge, who has

dye), a lawn with real grass. Through the church door paraded a dozen live models, women in spring street clothes, men in frock coats, military uniforms and mufti. Once a day six choristers from the Paulist choir stepped into the window and caroled Gregorian chants, their shrill-sweet descant relayed by amplifier to the street outside. The Franklin Simon window attracted almost too much attention. Army authorities straightaway protested against the unseemly display of the uniform, and Franklin Simon had to substitute a vaguely military garb. The New York Police Department served the store with a summons for broadcasting without a permit. After three days of it, Franklin Simon decided to call the whole thing off.

Little Ones Out of Big

In a little white-walled room overlooking Manhattan's Fifth Avenue a bespectacled, white-haired man last week undertook one of the toughest sawing jobs in the world. He was Adrian Grasselly, 58-year-old veteran diamond cutter, one



EASTER SHOP WINDOWS OF SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE, FRANKLIN SIMON, JAECKEL
To the church scene Army and police both objected.

Worsinger, Newspictures

ings. Its staff of 43 clerical workers sends out some 3,000,000 pieces of mail a year, helps handle the throng of artists (as many as 80 a week) who want a place on Lewenthal's roster.

In the past year the Associated American Artists' Galleries' business has nearly doubled. To its artists, accustomed to the hit-or-miss sales common in most of the art world, Reeves Lewenthal's regular, dependable fees seem like manna from heaven.

Along the Avenue

The shop windows of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue are the biggest art gallery in the world: the daily spectators run into the hundreds of thousands. The artists who put on this show, and who work in every medium from paint and cardboard to shoes and underwear, are paid as high as \$10,000 a year. Their technique, which keeps abreast of every newfangled idea, has become so tricky that window shoppers have to be smart to tell the merchandise from the scenery.

41 windows to fill, paraded his dummies before backdrops of Manhattan landmarks and the Central Park Zoo. Designer Walter Smith, who works for both I. Miller (shoes) and Jaekel (furs), got Cellophane Easter bunnies into the windows of both. At Bergdorf-Goodman's, Designers Robert Riley and Mab Wilson used as backgrounds crowd scenes painted by famed Lithographer and Water Colorist Adolf Dehn. Saks-Fifth Avenue's Sidney Ring, with the help of a free-lance designer named Helen Watkins, found a new use for spaghetti. Designers Ring and Watkins got a huge assortment of spaghetti, farfalle, gnocchetti, scungilli and other uncooked Italian pasta, dyed it all colors of the rainbow and pasted it on the background of their windows in flower-like and treelike festoons.

But the window that tied up traffic last week was at Franklin Simon's. Designers Claire Lang, James Gosling and George Perkins reproduced the whole door of a church and an adjoining stained-glass window (made out of Cellophane and shoe

of the few living men who could be entrusted with the job of cutting the famed Vargas Diamond, largest (726.60 carats) known uncut diamond in the world. The diamond, discovered by a farmer in Brazil three years ago, is named for Brazil's President Getulio Vargas. Because there is no market for diamonds that big, Owner Harry Winston, Manhattan jewel merchant, decided to have it cut into 23 smaller diamonds, ranging from five to 50 carats each.

If there are no mishaps, the delicate operation will turn one \$700,000 stone into an estimated \$2,000,000 worth of smaller ones. The cutting, which follows more than a year of study and experimentation by experts, will take 15 months of sawing, cleaving (splitting) and polishing, will turn nearly 50% of the diamond's weight to dust. With a whirling, .0035-of-an-inch-thick, Phosphor Bronze cutting disk, swabbed with olive oil and diamond dust, Grasselly last week began cutting. It will take about three weeks to complete the first cut.



*Canada invites you to
New Realms
of Pleasure—*

JASPER
IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES
SHOWPLACE OF THE CONTINENT

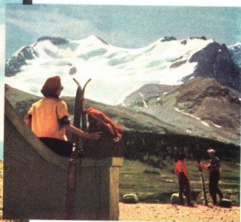
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SEE MIGHTY GLACIERS on Cavell Drive (above) and Columbia Icefield Drive, in Jasper National Park. Marvel at the biggest accessible flow of living ice south of the Arctic Circle, birthplace of three rivers... Enjoy the charming chalets, the informal hospitality and unexcelled food of Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge. Rates from \$8 per day including meals.



ADVENTURE CALLS you to romantic horseback rides over skyline trails and through the broad valley of the Athabasca, rimmed by friendly peaks. No guides are needed on the new J.P.L. Circle Trail. Hike over paths of early fur traders. See jeweled lakes, Amethyst, Maligane, Lac Beauvert—dozens of others. Fish in tumbling trout streams. Snap closeups of mountain goats, deer, playful bears. All this is yours at Jasper, biggest national park on the continent—1200 square miles of glittering grandeur. Plan this glorious Canadian vacation now!



GAY SUMMER ACTIVITIES in a glorious Alpine setting fill every exhilarating minute. Ski on glacial snow (above). Swim in a heated outdoor pool (left below) or at Miette natural hot springs. Golf on velvet fairways of one of the world's outstanding courses (below). Play tennis, canoe, or just relax in warm sunshine.



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A Little Test on Great Scots

1. Young inventor of the condensing steam engine. He prepared the plans for deepening the Clyde, which now bears many steamships to sea, laden with Johnnie Walker. (*Answer below.*)

2. A mellow fellow; older than he appears to be. Yet his familiar, straightforward stride hasn't missed a step in 121 years. Indeed, he is called "the smooth Walker." (*Answer below.*)



Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y., Sole Importer

MEDICINE

Killers of Poison

Two discoveries that may prove of prime medical importance were reported last week at the St. Louis meeting of the American Chemical Society (see p. 57). Both discoveries were made in the course of attempts to eliminate the dangerous reactions of drugs in the sulfanilamide family.

Magic Five. During the last three years in Manhattan, Pharmacologist Marvin Russell Thompson and Bio-chemist Gustav Julius Martin of the Warner Institute for Therapeutic Research have painstakingly poisoned 30,000 rats, mice and rabbits in their research work. When they gave the animals huge doses of sulfa drugs, or of common poisons, the scientists found that five basic substances present in normal blood promptly dwindled or disappeared. The vital chemicals: 1) ascorbic acid (vitamin C); 2) choline, a nitrogen compound, a constituent of nerve tissue; 3) cystine, a sulfur-containing compound found in hair and finger nails; 4) glycine, a protein derivative found in bile; 5) glucuronic acid, an organic acid found in urine.

Drs. Martin & Thompson, guessing that these substances were the body's natural antidotes to poison, made a mixture of all five, gave it to their animals along with doses of various harmful drugs. When they matched the "detoxicants" with poisons, grain for grain, the death rate of their animals was sliced to a fraction, in some cases disappeared. For example, arsenic, which killed 65% of the rats, killed only 15% when it was given with the detoxicants; a dose of sulfathiazole that would ordinarily have killed 40% of a large group of mice killed none. At the same time, the mixture seemed to strengthen the curative powers of sulfa drugs.

If the Warner experiments are borne out, the detoxicant mixture may be of great help in industrial poisonings, for it works effectively on lead, benzol (a solvent) and carbon tetrachloride (used in the cleaning industry). For human consumption, the detoxicants are made up in small white pills, which taste like strong, sour orange juice. Physicians are trying them on patients at several large medical schools, for alcoholism, toxemias of pregnancy, arthritis.

Dr. Martin's suggestion: that the pills be given "in wartime" to help neutralize the poisons produced by wounds and burns.

Yellow Marrow. Often large doses of sulfa drugs drain the body's reserves of white blood cells. (So does arsenamine, the syphilis specific, and certain sedatives and painkillers.) A deficiency of white blood cells may also be caused by disease of the bone marrow, where most of them are produced. This form of blood disease, known as agranulocytosis or leukopenia, leaves the body at the mercy of any bacteria which may enter the bloodstream. For the white cells, which move about like



Meet Hollywood's Number 1 creative man—KING VIDOR—Director-Producer for MGM . . . We found Mr. Vidor discussing—with a script girl—"rushes" from "COMRADE X," MGM's spy-thriller starring CLARK GABLE and HEDY LAMARR.



The projection room—where waste footage is cut, each scene edited, action speeded. Many Academy awards are actually won here. Mr. Vidor dictates every direction, note, detail to his Ediphone. They're recorded quickly, accurately, even with inflections.



Here's King Vidor recording scenes and dialogue from J. P. Marquand's best-seller, "H. M. Pulham, Esquire"—his next picture for MGM. Here again, Ediphone saves valuable time, steps up efficiency.

Why don't you discover how much more you can do in a working day with the Edison Voicewriter? No "overtime," either, when you keep an Ediphone at home (as Mr. Vidor does). And your secretary will thank you when you phone "Ediphone," your city, or write Dept. T4, (address below) for a demonstration.

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Continental
Motors Corporation
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN U.S.A.

amebae, are the body's shock troops; they gobble up invading bacteria, produce antibodies which neutralize their toxins.

Last week Dr. Harry Nicholls Holmes, head of the chemistry department at Oberlin College and president-elect of the Chemical Society, told how he had found a remedy for this fatal disease. With a group of colleagues, he had tried to find the exact chemicals in bone marrow which stimulate the production of white blood cells. After three years of tedious labor, in which they used over 200 lb. of yellow marrow from cattle bones, the scientists extracted about one ounce of alcohol. This they separated into two component parts: batyl alcohol and chimyl alcohol. When they examined the chemical structure, the scientists found that these alcohols were the same as those found in shark-liver oil over 15 years ago by two Japanese scientists.

"These substances," said Dr. Holmes last week, "can be made available in quantity for the use of the medical profession. Already a dozen top-flight workers in medical research are cooperating in tests with mice, rabbits, cats, dogs and people. Preliminary work with rabbits showed a definite influence on formation of white cells."

Collapsible Hospital

Something new in medicine, a 350-bed aluminum traveling hospital that can move to the scene of a battle, catastrophe or epidemic, was shown last month to correspondents by the ingenious and industrious Germans. The place of the demonstration was in Ebenrode, East Prussia, but the hospital was already well traveled, had done duty in Occupied France and Poland. Last week descriptions of the hospital reached the U.S.

The hospital, which consists of 32 small collapsible buildings, can be unpacked and set up in 24 hours. The buildings are jointed and grooved; once they are unfolded and set up require only tightening of a few stout bolts. Each unit is raised about a foot and a half off the ground on four zigzag iron legs which stretch like automobile jacks. Windows made of Plexiglas, run head-high around each building, are hinged so they can be pushed out from the bottom. Floors are made of composition rubber, and through the center of the peaked ceilings run electric tubes for illumination.

When it settles down, the hospital can hook up with a local electric system but it carries its own generating plant. It also carries a reservoir of 1,000 quarts of water. All the buildings contain portable hot-water radiators run by electricity, as well as small electric stoves. When time comes to move, everything folds up: the 350 iron cots with rope bottoms, the well-equipped doctors' offices, the dentist's office, the operating room, with its sterilization units, operating tables, instrument cases. Like a circus on the march, the hospital rolls off down the highway with its staff of 60 nurses, eleven doctors, one dentist, two druggists, 95 general workers.

So far the traveling hospital has treated over 2,000 patients.

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be Cleaned
under the
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RELIGION

Peace Talk with Japan

Japan is sending its No. 1 churchman, Bishop Yoshimune Abe, and its No. 1 Christian, trachoma-cured Toyohiko Kagawa, to a peace parley with U.S. church leaders at Riverside, Calif. next week. Its purpose as stated by the Japanese: "Prayer and to explore ways to preserve peace between Japan and the United States."

U.S. churchmen seem somewhat mystified, but agree that there is much to discuss. Possible added subjects include the treatment of U.S. missionaries in Occupied China; the Japanese decrees replacing foreign-mission executives in Japan with natives; and the severing of U.S. financial ties with the Japanese missions, to which churches here have sent thousands of workers and \$100,000,000 in the past 70 years.

Two subjects not likely to be aired are Bishop Abe's practice of worshipping at the Shinto Shrine at Ise and the decision of the Government-inspired church union to modify the Apostles' Creed as suggested by the Ministry of Education. Some of the deletions: the Virgin Birth because it was "immoral," the Resurrection because it was "unscientific and superstitious," the Last Judgment because it implied that the Emperor could be judged.

Success Story

The biggest Easter turnout of any U.S. Protestant parish flocked more than 7,000 strong to eight Easter services at the North Austin Lutheran Church on Chicago's West Side.

Better than words the attendance told a success story as suggestive as any in this generation's church history: the success story of a mission chapel that grew almost overnight to be the largest Lutheran church in the country; the success story of an ex-Ford-salesman whom everyone came to like and admire as truly a "man of God."

There were four other churches within two miles when Frederick William Otterbein went to North Austin as a seminary student to round up a congregation for the \$13,000 bungalow chapel the synod had built on the outskirts. That was in 1920, and in September he had rounded up 31 members. Today the church has 5,577 on its rolls, the free-will offerings have passed \$68,000 a year, mission contributions for 1941 will run close to \$25,000, the plant is worth \$300,000, the debt has been cut to \$30,000, and every Sunday three services are needed to get the congregation into the big brick and stone church built in 1925. There is no such thing as a membership committee, but every year 300 to 600 new members are received.

Pastor Otterbein credits this success largely to making the church "a place of worship, not a club with religion for an excuse." More than 72% of the congregation use the Lutherans' often-neglected Family Altar Service in their homes every day. The same personal and spiritual



This Small Republic

- A family is a nation in miniature, sharing many of the same privileges and problems. One problem that is vital to every family—and every nation—is the problem of *preparedness*.

History shows that a nation can continue to enjoy those things it holds dear *only* if that nation takes measures to protect them. Independence, national integrity, the democratic way of life . . . for these privileges our Republic is now building a great national defense.

Similarly, a family will have only those privileges in the future for which provision is made in advance. Security, educational opportunities, the personal independence that comes with a

guaranteed income . . . these are the blessings that millions of American men assure to their families and themselves through mutual life insurance.

Are these advantages to be part of the future that *you* foresee? They lie within your reach. You can provide them *immediately*; for a family's defense, unlike a nation's, does not require time to build. Through life insurance, a family's defense program begins with the first premium deposit.

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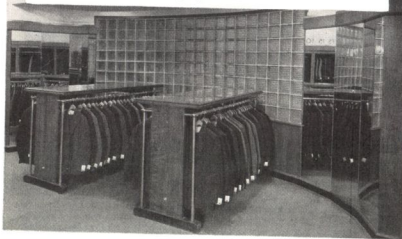
FOR a quick clean-up, special "features" are fine. But what should you do to make business better day after day? Here's one thing that will help: a smart, attractive interior, made inviting with glass. Such an interior tells the public that your establishment is progressive and up-to-date. It promises full value for money spent. It attracts the eye and opens the purse. Store . . . hotel . . . theatre . . . restaurant . . . they're alike in this respect: that dressing them up with sparkling Pittsburgh Mirrors, PC Glass Blocks, and colorful

Plate Glass, will make a worthwhile addition to their volume of business!

There are many ways in which you can use Pittsburgh Glass to improve the appearance of your place of business. We suggest that you call in a design expert and ask him to show you the possibilities. If you need help in getting in touch with a professional designer or architect, we'll be glad to assist you. Pittsburgh Glass Products are available through leading glass jobbers and mirror manufacturers, as well as our own branches.

Look what Glass can do

to give a store the glamorous good looks that attract customers! In this Bond Store in Providence, R. I., architect Elias Ruthschild has used PC Glass Blocks and Pittsburgh Mirrors very effectively. In dressing up an interior, remember, it's not how much you spend that counts . . . it's how you spend it. Send the coupon for more suggestions on how to use Pittsburgh Glass to attract customers and improve your business.



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touch is preserved in the services in church, where the sermon is always a message from the Bible, never a topical discussion.

Perhaps more important to the success of the church is the good-neighbor policy Dr. Otterbein has fostered from the beginning. As neat brick bungalows mushroomed up in North Austin, he and his flock kept up steady personal evangelism on their own blocks. Their slogan was, "When you see a moving van, spend a nickel," referring to their pastor's request that any member who saw a moving van in his neighborhood call Dr. Otterbein so that he could go right over.

Dr. Otterbein believes a church should make its good-neighbor policy practical as well as friendly, so all through Depression his parish took care of every member family which would otherwise have had to go on relief. To prevent embarrassment, he was go-between for gifts from the better-off members, distributed them where needed, established a successful employment agency on the side.

Like the National Christian Mission (TIME, April 14), Dr. Otterbein went after the unchurched. He got them by: 1) tireless pastoral work, 2) worship, not revivals, 3) never pressing membership on any of the thousands he invited to attend a service. Says ex-Salesman Otterbein: "When a man is ready to join the church, he will make the move himself. Sure you can push a man into joining, but when you do, that is the last time you will see him." His congregation, which includes 19 nationalities, also has a high percentage of onetime lapsed members of other denominations, including 400 ex-Catholics.

When Dr. Otterbein and his congregation of 51 drew up their plans for organization, they agreed that the church would be run entirely on the basis of a free-will offering. No sales, bazaars, tickets for entertainments, would be sold. The parish has adhered to this rule 100% ever since. They do occasionally have church suppers for "fellowship," but there is no price of admission.

Dr. Otterbein never says "I" in telling of his work. He always says "we." Through the years he has made his members feel that the church is theirs and it is up to them to make sure their neighbors are welcome. "We simply started them thinking," he says. "They did the rest." That he has lost none of this power to get his friends to bring their friends he proved again at Tucson last fall when the local pastor doubted whether anyone would come to a Thanksgiving service. Dr. Otterbein telephoned a few key people, and the church was filled to overflowing.

One member of North Austin Lutheran Church who could not attend the Easter services was Pastor Otterbein himself. He had a stroke in February 1940, is still unable to resume his work. His one object in life is to return, and doctors say some day he can. Only parish activity they now allow him is two pastoral visits a week. A sick man, he makes these to the sick because he can share their suffering. But though he has not conducted a service there for over a year, North Austin Lu-

theran's attendance has continued to grow under a succession of supply preachers and the Rev. William Carl Satre's acting pastorate since November. And from his comfortable brick bungalow Pastor Otterbein can look across to the church, watch the crowds which line up for half a block waiting to get into the services, and realize he built not just a personal following but a church.

Perhaps he also knows that in a city where revivalism signally failed this winter his work is cited more and more frequently to show how a local church can meet the challenge of "reaching the unreached" and making a religion a living thing throughout its community.

Protestant Persecution

With Roman Catholics and Protestants the world over working together in a more friendly spirit than ever before, Spain has reversed the worldwide trend and resumed its ancient place as the world's most devout persecutor of heretics. Facts about Spain's 25,000 Protestants (Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Episcopal) vouched for by Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, American secretary of the World Council of Churches:

► Practically all Protestant church services have been forbidden and nearly every Protestant school in the country has been closed, including the interdenominational seminary in Madrid and *El Porvenir* ("The Future"), the Protestant college.

► Some 30 Protestant pastors had to flee into exile at the end of the Civil War and would probably face a firing squad if they returned. Catholic prelates in Spain have backed Franco's policy of executing his political opponents.

► The British and Foreign Bible Society's Madrid depository has been raided by the police, who trucked off 110,000 Spanish-language Bibles stored there and have refused to return them.

"More than two-thirds of our Spanish workers have either been executed, exiled, or imprisoned," Missionary Percy J. Luffard reported to Britain's Spanish Gospel Mission. "Four-fifths of the Evangelical places of worship have been closed or confiscated. . . . There is a great deal of persecution almost everywhere, and in some cases whole churches have been dispersed. In the majority of instances, however, a few members remain and, in spite of all the difficulties, most of our believers are keeping true and are giving a good testimony. In quite a number of instances there has even been remarkable progress."

U.S. Catholics say there has been no such persecution of Roman Catholics under Franco. Catholicism is once more an established church, with clerical salaries paid by the Government, and religious orders including the Jesuits have had their expropriated property restored. But the relationship is not wholly happy, for Franco and the Vatican are deadlocked over his demand for the same veto power on the investiture of bishops that the monarchy exercised under the 1851 Concordat. As a result, nearly half the sees are vacant, and Spain has had no primate since Isidoro Goma y Tomás, Archbishop of Toledo, died last year.



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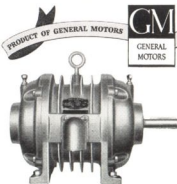
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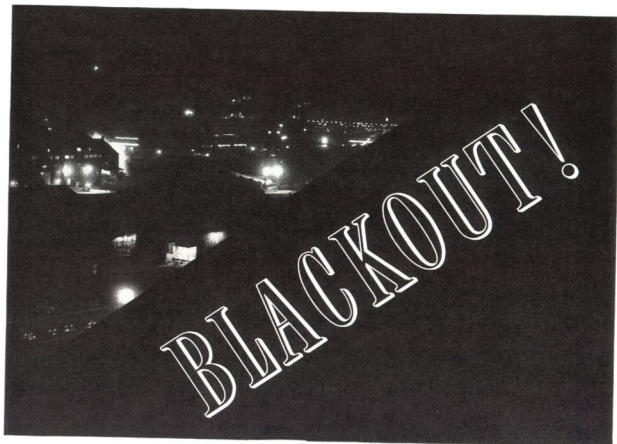
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York experience dates from the first windowless building in America, the office building of the Hershey Chocolate Company, includes the spec-

tacular S. C. Johnson Plant at Racine, Wisconsin, five of the nine huge blackout buildings of the new Douglas Aircraft Plant at Long Beach, California, and reaches its ultimate expression in the new Ford aircraft engine plant at Dearborn, Michigan, with a 4,400 h.p. air conditioning system.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

PRICES

Big Stick

If we are to keep this a New Deal war, we have got to keep prices from skyrocketing the way they did in the last war.

Well over a year has passed since the President laid down that basic principle to the inner circle of his advisers. Those months have seen the birth and death of the National Defense Advisory Commission, set up in May 1940 with an eye as much to keeping prices down as to getting armament up. They have seen the rise and eclipse of OPM, set up to still public clamor when NDAC did not seem to be delivering fast enough.

Last week, price-conscious Franklin Delano Roosevelt finally got back to his first principles and created a new defense agency to control prices with more potential power than NDAC or OPM had ever held. He called it the Office of Price Administration and Civilian Supply: OPACS. He established it parallel to and not under OPM, with its chief equal to Knudsen-hillman.

At the head of it he placed burly Leon Henderson, most dynamic and executive of the New Deal coterie. Into Henderson's hands he placed powers which include authority to fix priorities on all civilian supplies, to withhold supplies from offending industries, to use priorities on transportation, to fix and publish maximum price schedules—and to advise the President to commandeer plants which fail to cooperate.

To Henderson the most important single sentence in the executive order creating his new job is the authority to "stimulate provision of the necessary supply of materials and commodities required for civilian use." Said he to his press conference: "The essence of control does not lie essentially in price-fixing administration, but resides largely in the question of supply and capacity." He considers himself a



LEON HENDERSON



Carl M. Mydans, Otto Hoger
BERNARD M. BARUCH

These two went way up.

supply commissioner as well as a price czar; he plans to use all his power to put pressure on business to drop opposition to plant expansion. Major examples of such opposition: the Gano Dunn report (declaring steel capacity adequate); frequent assurances from the railroads that they can handle all the country's transportation needs without additional facilities. In this respect, Henderson's new commission represents a major setback for Director of Priorities E. R. Stettinius Jr., who never publicly questioned the Gano Dunn report, and Transportation Commissioner Ralph Budd, who has consistently soft-pedaled agitation for increased railroad capacity.

The position of Stettinius and Budd is still further impaired by Henderson's power over priorities for the production and the transportation of civilian supplies. A further indication of their waning influence was given when the President mentioned Budd in press conference as one of the only two members of the original NDAC he had not taken care of in the new de-

fense setup (the other: Chester Davis, who has just been given a Reserve Bank job in St. Louis).

Henderson laid hands on his new job with the gusto of a man who has starved for months for just such power to put over his ideas. "You can name anything and I would say that prices are already too high," he told his first press conference. "All of our prices must not go higher. All prices ought to come down." To keep them down he promised to use "economic sanctions." Specific industries he said he planned to go into are textiles, coal, steel, drugs, chemicals, non-ferrous metals, building supplies, machinery, hides and leather.

Creation of OPACS marks a sea change in both the President's recent views and the new commissioner's standing. Only seven weeks ago Mr. Roosevelt put himself on record with an all-out acceptance of the Gano Dunn report (which is the No. 1 red rag to New Dealers). And in January Henderson believed his "too little too late" views on the need of expansion were getting so poor a hearing at the White House that he went off on a long vacation to the Virgin Islands. About that time rumors spread that he was through with Washington, and he began getting offers of private jobs (including a feeler asking if he would like the \$48,000-a-year post William McChesney Martin was vacating as head of the Stock Exchange). Since then four things have happened to change this picture:

1) Henderson got hold of Harry Hopkins for a two-hour talk at San Juan, P.R., and got Hopkins really alarmed about the defense situation. Hopkins is living in the White House and is closer to the President's ear than anybody else.

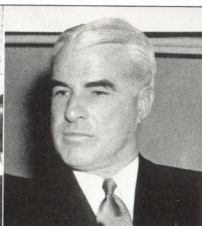
2) Commodity prices began rising.

3) The wage and strike situation grew increasingly acute, threatening to start an inflationary wage and price spiral.

4) Shortages developed in many indus-



RAILROADER BUDD



Associated Press, Wide World
STEELMAN STETTINIUS

These two went down and almost out.

Advertisement
WALL STREET

Custodian Service

Many an investor in recent times has seen the value of his securities adversely affected by unpredictable events like the outbreak of war, the collapse of France, the stepped-up tempo of the U. S. defense boom, the passage of the Lend-Lease Bill. Obviously, such changes in the outline of history require compensating changes in investment portfolios if severe loss is to be avoided. All too often such shifts are not made quickly enough; sometimes because the investor is away, sometimes because his securities are not readily available, sometimes through sheer inertia.

Ideal answer to this problem is the Custodian Account, a service which some banks and many member firms of the New York Stock Exchange offer. But purpose of this column is to extol the particular merits of the Custodian Service provided by Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt, eminent brokerage and investment house. Under the Merrill Lynch Custodian plan, a customer's securities are placed in a special envelope, kept in a special place, checked regularly by independent auditors, are available for inspection by the owner at any time. While the securities are in its custody, Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt executes such chores as collecting interest and dividends, crediting them to the customer's account or remitting them if requested, sending notices of called bonds, reorganizations and other pertinent developments. Advantage of all this to the investor: he retains full control of his securities, yet they are available for sale at a moment's notice no matter where the investor himself may be.

Best and most gratifying feature of Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt's Custodian-Account service from customers' point of view is that there is no charge for it.* Before cynical readers cock a skeptical eye, let them consider the firm's frank statement on the subject: experience has proved that customers whose securities are in a Custodian Account are more alert to opportunities for advantageous changes, with resulting commissions for Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt. As simple and guileless as that is the explanation of the firm's free Custodian Service.

TIME readers who would like an interesting booklet giving complete details of Custodian Service are invited to write to or visit any one of Merrill Lynch, E. A. Pierce & Cassatt's branches in 40 cities or its main office at 70 Pine Street, New York. Welcome also are inquiries from TIME readers who feel the need for experienced help on their general investment programs, no matter how small or how large.

* But principal worth of securities in a Custodian Account must be \$10,000 or more.

tries, necessitating priority rulings in some of them.

All this, and fears of more to come, convinced the President that he could no longer afford to leave Henderson off in the sticks wallowing individual price raisers. He decided that the time had come to take the advice Elder Statesman Bernard Mammes Baruch has been giving him for months on end: create an overall-price authority.

The Henderson appointment represents a major triumph for Baruch. For months the man who armed America in 1918 has boiled because nobody in OPM bothered to read the record of his War Industries Board. Baruch considers Henderson almost the only competent student of World War I in the defense setup. Also, Henderson has asked Baruch's advice, used the businessmen Baruch put him in touch with to handle individual prices, particularly copper (TIME, Dec. 9). For weeks Baruch has been a regular White House caller, and his influence with the President was the subject of many skits at this spring's Gridiron dinner.

Last month, in a *Harvard Business Review* article, Baruch called the turn. He said flatly: "The priorities system cannot work alone." Advocating a price authority, he argued that as soon as industry reaches capacity, a ceiling should be placed over all prices, leaving them free only to fall. His reason for urging overall price regulation: attempts to fix individual prices while the price structure as a whole was running away would be unfair to the regulatees, would swamp the regulators. The Henderson appointment is therefore a victory for Baruch even though the new appointee is much more of a free-price man. To prevent inflation, Henderson has less faith in freezing prices à la Baruch than in dynamiting bottlenecks as they

arise and in stimulating increases in capacity to prevent bottlenecks before they arise.

Henderson's panacea for prices is more capacity and more production. To this one school argues (as Baruch does in the case of steel) that the need for immediate armaments is so pressing that existing capacity must be used sparingly for the creation of additional capacity because priorities and full-time operation of existing facilities are both far more important than plant expansion. And furthermore, the time is so short that it might not be possible to bring added capacity into operation soon enough to be of any value.

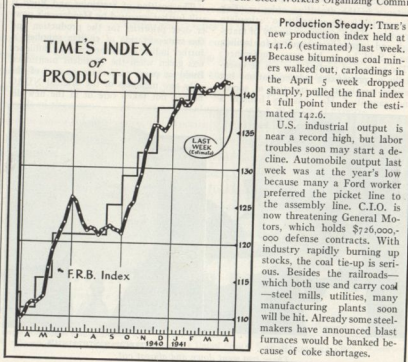
Henderson's appointment and the creation of OPACS was not the only major price decision reached in Washington last week. Rising industrial prices have always been political dynamite, but rising farm prices have almost always been politically beneficial. This gave added significance to Agriculture Secretary Claude Wickard's decision to slap the farm organizations in the teeth and veto their demand for restriction on the new corn crop, in order to prevent a price rise. Low prices induce farmers to turn their corn into a strategic non-surplus crop—meat. Expansion is the new order of the day for agriculture as well as industry.

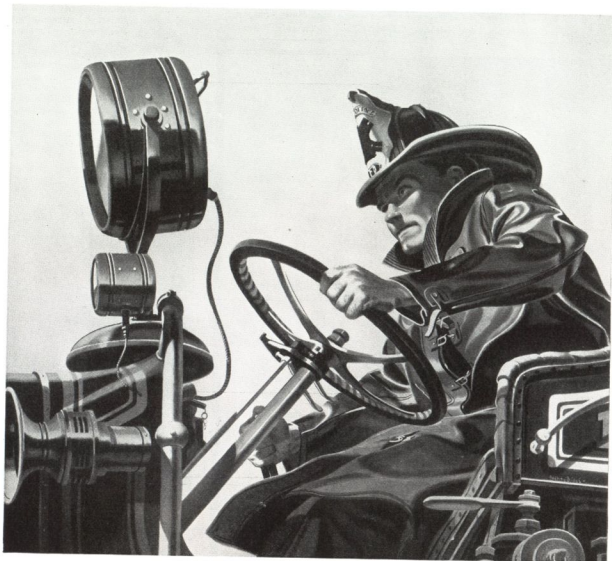
STEEL

How Much a Ton?

First major product whose price was dumped in Leon Henderson's lap was steel, industry's biggest raw material and key to the whole U.S. price structure (see above). Last week C.I.O. and C.I.O.'s arch-enemy, Ernest Tener Weir, combined to make many a steel producer talk about upping his price tags.

The Steel Workers Organizing Commit-





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ping lines, large operators of trucks and buses, and various branches of the Army and Navy—all know from long experience that they can entrust essential services to Exide Batteries. And millions of car owners put car-starting up to Exide, in all seasons of the year.

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of important facts, bearing on the problems of each industry, is available to executives on request.

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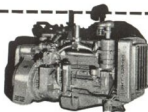
- A Chicago cooperative plant is saving an estimated \$2800 a year over former power used.
- An East Boston, Mass., service station lops \$75 a month off its electricity cost—and heats building besides.
- A hatchery in South Dakota increased its capacity one-third, yet lowered power cost two-thirds.
- A whole community in Oregon (21 residences, 4 stores, 1 hotel, and an auto camp) makes its own electricity on less than a gallon of 10c fuel an hour.

If your electric bills run \$50 or over per month and you are paying 2c or more per kilowatt-hour, you can slash the cost in similar decisive fashion. Let your "Caterpillar" dealer give you actual figures based on your particular requirements and conditions in your locality. Meantime—MAIL THE COUPON.

*Slightly more or slightly less, depending on average load and local price of fuel.

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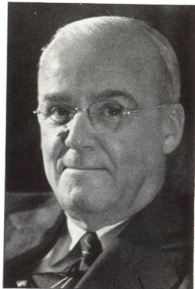
Address _____

My present power is costing about \$_____ a month.

I require about _____ kw. per hour for _____
(State kind of business)

tee, which has gained no pay rises since 1937, began negotiating last month with U.S. Steel for a new contract. Its asking price: 10¢ an hour more pay (current rate: 62½¢). The company's bid: 2½¢ an hour. There was plenty of room for compromise. Big Steel said the industry could absorb a 5¢ increase, would find 7½¢ on the borderline, would have to up its prices if the 10¢ demand went through. When a threatened strike was postponed for more negotiations, everybody expected management and labor to meet halfway. They reckoned without Mr. Weir.

Of all steel companies, Weir's National (now No. 5 U.S. producer) could best afford a pay rise. A low-cost producer



Margaret Bourke-White

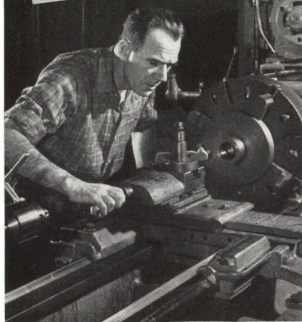
STEELMAN WEIR
He pulled a fast one.

with a steady market in the auto and canning industries, National made a profit even in 1932, when the four biggest companies lost \$109,800,000. Since National has a low exemption under the excess-profits tax, most of what it pays out in higher wages can be saved in lower taxes. And Weir, who has no contract with C.I.O. and wants none, knows well that high wages keep union organizers away. So Weir pulled a fast one: he announced a 10¢ wage rise, retroactive to April 1. This week the consequences were felt.

To save face (by proving it could do as much for its members as anti-union Weir had done against his employees), C.I.O. had to insist on the full 10¢ rise which it had proposed originally as a bargaining point. Other steelmakers had no way out of following Weir's lead. This week not only did Bethlehem, Republic, Otis, Youngstown Sheet & Tube all grant a 10¢ wage increase, but U.S. Steel ended the fear of a Big Steel strike by settling with C.I.O. on the same basis. This will raise their labor costs around 16%. Their estimates on how much production costs would be raised: \$1.60 to \$5.20 a ton.

With operations now at 100% of capacity, big steel companies could absorb the

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IN 2 YEARS**



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IS A PLANT WASHROOM an expense or investment? "Investment!" say thousands of progressive firms today.

Obsolete washrooms, lacking hot water, soap or towels, can be costly in many ways. Colds and other diseases are spread, increasing absenteeism. "Traffic jams" may occur at peak hours and waste time. Loitering may be encouraged. Most important is the loss in workers' morale. And these hidden costs continue day after day!



**This modern washroom
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OVERNIGHT**

The **Scott Washroom Advisory Service** has helped industrial leaders to modernize their washrooms for greater comfort, hygiene and economy. Write for details.

Hundreds of great companies are adopting the new "Soft-Tuff" ScotTissue Towels. Even softer than before, these amazing towels have 10 times more rub strength! They go farther, cut costs.

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NEW Soft-Tuff ScotTissue TOWELS

"CLEAN HANDS FOR BETTER HEALTH . . . BETTER WORK"

"The loan helped me
to increase sales"



To capitalize your greatest asset—yourself

This country was built up by the initiative and ability of the people. But these qualities—great though they are—could not have accomplished so much without the aid of bank resources.

Growth in manufacturing

A manufacturer builds up his business until orders are coming in faster than he can fill them. He brings his problem to the Bank of the Manhattan Company. A loan is arranged to increase plant facilities or buy more raw materials.

Growth in retailing

A retailer finds his own capital insufficient to permit him to stock his shelves with the variety and quantity of merchandise his growing trade requires. A bank loan enables him to round out his stock.

Growth for your business

Perhaps this Bank can help your business. Why not write us or come in and talk over your problems?

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increase and still make money at the prices the Government is trying to maintain. Once the industry's break-even point (now estimated at 60% of capacity) is passed, profits jump dizzily; last year, when U.S. Steel's operations rose to 80.2% from 60.7% in 1939, profits rose 150%. But the small, unintegrated companies that have to buy all raw materials lagged far behind Big Steel's record last year. These companies maintain that a 10¢ wage rise means higher steel prices or red ink.

Leon Henderson, pointing out that steel prices were already 5% above 1929, showed little sympathy last week with the idea that prices must permit marginal producers to make money. Reason: low-cost producers would then clean up and even at peak prices, marginal producers would not contribute much capacity. But whether or not steel can pay higher wages on present prices at present production rates, both industry and Government were already giving thought to what would happen after the rearmament boom. Before Weir came through with his outright wage boost, pro-labor New Dealers were suggesting a bonus plan which would cut workers in temporarily on the temporarily high profits of full production. Their suggestion: a sliding scale of wages based on the operations rate.

Clean Air for More Pig Iron

No one paid much attention two years ago when Carrier air-conditioned a blast furnace for Woodward Iron Co., subsequently claimed an increased output and a 200-lb.-per-ton saving in coke. Woodward followed up with two more furnaces, Jones & Laughlin with two. But to most ironmongers air conditioning furnaces at \$75,000 looked too expensive so long as 35% of their plant was idle.

Today, with pig iron a potential defense bottleneck, the air-conditioning boys expect a better hearing. Air-conditioning a furnace takes only three to four months. If air blasted into all 231 U.S. furnaces were cleaned and dehumidified, production might be boosted 10%. Estimated cost: \$16,000,000.

To boost pig-iron capacity 10% by building new furnaces would take at least a year, cost an estimated \$115,000,000.

GOVERNMENT

SEC Seat Warming

Iowa's ex-Congressman Edward Clayton Eicher got a new job last week. Its imposing title: chairman of SEC. Its actual duties: to keep the chair just vacated by Jerome Frank warm for Brain-truster Ben Cohen, who is now in England assisting with Lend-Lease Act administration.

Chairman Eicher, a mild man with a Santa Claus smile, wants to be a U.S. circuit judge in Iowa. The New Deal wants to give him the judgeship, now vacant. Indeed, Eicher would have been a judge two years ago except for the

★ Last week production at Woodward Iron stopped when a mixture of steam and air in a cold blast main exploded.

Rum's the word to use when ordering cocktails

... and when ordering a Daiquiri or other rum cocktail, be specific ... order Don Q (White Label).

For Cuba Libre and other tall drinks, specify Don Q Gold Label.

These light-bodied nectar-like rums come from the famous Serralles estates in Puerto Rico. Be sure to try Don Q.



WHITE LABEL for cocktails
GOLD LABEL for tall drinks

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CHARLES LAUGHTON

has recently said about TIME: "I think TIME has been doing a most magnificent job. Ever since the war started I've had my copies bound as the finest sort of historical record."



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ALL ROOMS WITH BATH RADIO TELEVISION



BEN COHEN

His seat will be kept warm.

wrath of Iowa's Senator Guy Gillette—who still resents Eicher's part in the New Deal's unsuccessful attempt to purge him in 1938.

As the New Deal timetable shaped up last week, ex-Chairman Jerome Frank will hold his seat on the Commission a few more weeks until Cohen gets back from England. Thereupon Cohen will be named a commissioner and Eicher will be nominated for his judgeship. The New Dealers hope that Gillette's isolationism has him in so much trouble already that he will let the appointment go through. If & when Eicher gets up from the SEC chair, Ben Cohen will sit right down. Cohen will be too busy braintrusting and planning the defense program to run the SEC routine, so a plan is afoot to create a new post of vice chairman and give it to Republican Commissioner Sumner T. Pike.

PERSONNEL

New Face in Cosmetics

Orchidaceous Grover Aloysius Whalen, impresario of New York World's Fair, got a new job last week as chairman of Coty, Inc. and Coty International Corp. (cosmetics and perfumes). Broadway's verdict: perfect casting.

RAILROADS

Too Much Prosperity

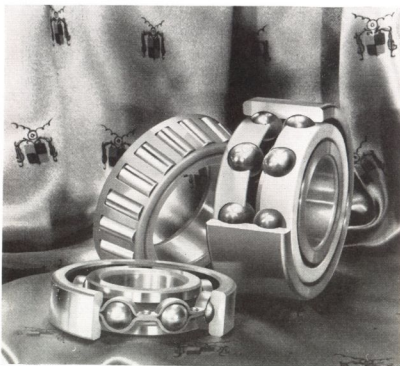
Because the Government is considering a plan to draft seaworthy vessels out of intercoastal trade to meet the growing shortage in ocean shipping, the railroads last week were in a fair way to get back most of the freight they lost to the Panama Canal. But the carriers—already pressed for freight cars by the defense boom—had good cause to be frightened as well as pleased.

The Association of American Railroads claims that all the intercoastal Canal freight (around 7,700,000 tons) would not



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HOOVER

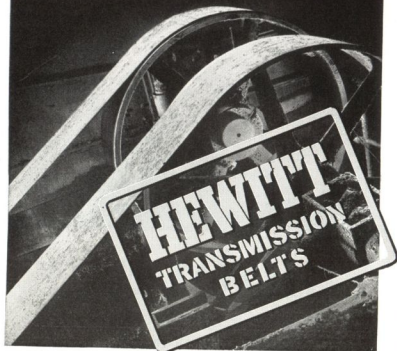
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"Toll bridge" transmission belts exact a double tax. By stretching, they waste power. By slipping and requiring "take-ups", they steal production time. For 82 years HEWITT has devoted its resources to the saving of this toll by developing belts possessing the strength, flexibility and gripping characteristics that assure the longest service with the fewest interruptions. Records of service in every type of industrial plant reveal the results—in lowered costs of maintenance, replacement and power. For illustrations from your industry, look up your HEWITT distributor in the Classified Telephone Directory under "Rubber Goods" or "Belting". Hewitt Rubber Corporation, Buffalo, N. Y.



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Industry has made HEWITT its largest exclusive producer of industrial rubber goods

give the transcontinental lines as much as a 1% increase in carloadings. Yet it might be the camel's last straw. Already carloadings on these lines are up some 20% over last year and some of them have scarcely enough surplus cars for comfort. In mid-March, Burlington (weekly carloadings about 28,000) had 1,680; Great Northern (carloadings 13,000) had only 369. Two sectional roads had no surplus cars at all—Missouri Pacific and Cotton Belt.

In June the winter wheat crops will begin moving over the Western and Southwestern roads. If the crop movement and diversion of shipping coincide, U. S. railroads will meet their first big test of ability to handle enlarged defense needs with present equipment (see p. 81). In the meantime, most of the carriers are rushing belatedly to buy more rolling stock. Since Jan. 1, Atchison has ordered 1,700 freight cars; Burlington, 2,175; Southern Pacific, 2,500.

Appeasement

At the Pennsylvania's annual meeting Stockholder J. E. Geary (200 shares) rose to complain about train service in Perryman, Md. (pop.: 260). That afternoon, for the first and only time, the railroad stopped its crack streamliner *Potomac* at Perryman to take Geary home in style.

SHIPBUILDING

Pegging the Labor Market

First big management-union agreement to end labor pirating, labor shifting and strikes in defense industries hard-pressed for skilled workers was being put through last week under OPM auspices. The industry: West Coast shipbuilding, where eleven mushrooming private yards are busy on \$667,000,000 in contracts.

With a production boom reminiscent of World War I's Hog Island days (TIME, March 31), shipbuilding has looked like a sure bet for strikes. Even without strikes the industry has had enough trouble. Workmen had a way of disappearing suddenly, gone to seek (or lured to) greener fields. Precious man-hours were wasted traveling from yard to yard on West Coast highways. If shipbuilding's West Coast labor market was near chaos with 20,000 workers employed now, what would it be by late 1942, when the industry expects to have 70,000 employees?

What OPM wanted to do was avert an explosion, not try to pick up the pieces afterward. Out to the West Coast went bald, spectacled Isador Lubin, Commissioner of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, now on leave as deputy to Sidney Hillman in defense. Last fortnight Lubin returned with a plan that pleased everybody—shipbuilders, union men, OPM, the Navy, the Maritime Commission. In the first overall, zone-wide agreement of its kind, labor gained a \$1.12 wage scale (compared to \$1 in most yards before), a premium of 10% for the first night shift and 15% for the second night shift. Management got help toward putting production on a continuous basis by a uniform settlement on



Associated Press

PEACEMAKER LUBIN
Closed a big deal on piracy.

Saturday rates (time-and-a-half). With all yards offering the same terms (even those now paying more than \$1.12 will adopt that rate for future employees), workmen will have nothing to gain by moving, nor will one company be inclined to raid another's personnel.

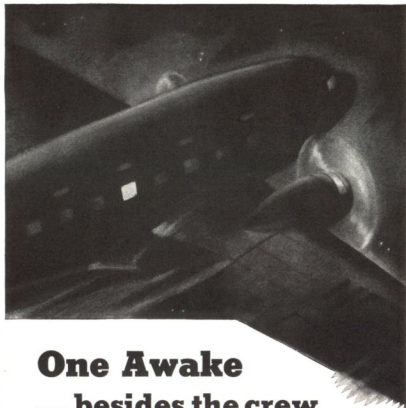
Finally, the agreement contained this key provision: no strikes or lockouts for the next two years. OPM, getting ready to urge the plan on management and labor in other great shipbuilding districts, was sure Lubin had an effective scheme to keep the yards launching ships instead of trouble. Once shipbuilding's labor market is pegged, OPM will use the Lubin plan as a model for agreements to stabilize labor conditions in other fields.

STATE OF BUSINESS

Shift to High Gear

The automobile industry broke all production records during the first quarter of this year. It turned out 1,573,000 cars and trucks—20% over 1940. Last week these production figures were translated into record-breaking sales reports: General Motors' first-quarter retail sales (608,702) were the highest ever, up 45% over 1940. Other record breakers: Chrysler Corp. (up an estimated 40% over 1940), Studebaker (30,298, up 35%), Nash (26,195, up 100%).

Today Detroit is working hard against the day when a tight labor market and priorities will cut its output. Substitute materials are already under study. Next year zinc die castings (for radiator grilles, spotlight rims, carburetors, etc.) will give way to substitutes, plastics will come in for still greater use. Most model changes will be superficial. As if to beat the gun, Packard (whose production has lagged 34% below 1940) already has added a new model to its line, so streamlined that the long-famous Packard lines are almost unrecognizable.



One Awake ...besides the crew

ALL the other passengers are asleep, as the great airliner skims through the night. But the Bundy sales engineer still works over a set of specifications he must present next morning.

How Bundyweld tubing combines strength with workable ductility; how Bundy Triple-Purpose Monel meets varied corrosion problems; how Bundy Electric Weld may often be used in place of pipe—these things are just the beginning of the Bundy sales engineer's story.

For most Bundy tubing is sold as completely fabricated parts—with all forming and shaping operations finished, and fittings included—

ready to assemble into the customer's product. And the Bundy sales engineer is frequently asked for plans to take over *completely* the tubing part of the customer's product design.

Many manufacturers have learned that they can safely forget tubing problems—or the tubing design involved in a change of model or in a new product—by laying the whole job right in Bundy's lap. If you use tubing in your finished product—in sizes within Bundy's range—Bundy's research and engineering department may have some helpful suggestions for you.—Bundy Tubing Company, Detroit.

BUNDY TUBING



BUNDYWELD double-walled steel tubing, hydrogen-brazed, copper-coated inside and outside. From Capillary sizes up to and including 1/4" O.D. This double-walled type also available in steel, tin-coated outside, and in Monel.

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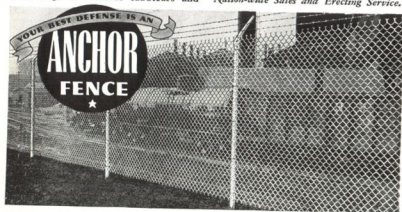
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MILESTONES

Married. Forest Evashevski, 22, captain of the University of Michigan's football team, president of his class, football coach-elect at Hamilton College; and Ruth Margaret Brown, 22, daughter of Michigan's Senator Prentiss Marsh Brown; in St. Ignace, Mich.

Married. Ethel Woodward, socialite daughter of Banker-Sportsman William Woodward, owner of three Kentucky Derby winners (Gallant Fox, Omaha, Johnstown); and Philippe de Croisset, veteran of Dunkirk, son of the late Parisian Playwright François de Croisset; in Manhattan.

Married. Lincoln Edward Kirstein, 33, tall, tense esthete, director of Manhattan's School of the American Ballet; and Fidelma Cadmus, 33, sister of Sailor-Fluozy Painter Paul Cadmus; in Manhattan.

Married. James Roosevelt, 33, U.S. Marine captain on leave from his job as motion-picture producer; and Nurse Romelle Theresa Schneider, 25, who attended him after his ulcers operation at Rochester, Minn., in 1938; one month after the divorce of Betsy Cushing Roosevelt, surgeon's daughter, became final, and two days after Catholic Nurse Schneider had finished observing Lent; in Los Angeles. Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt flew from Boston, where she had seen her niece married, to attend the ceremony. Sister and Brother-in-law Ann and John Boettiger came down from Seattle. The five Roosevelt siblings have now been married a total of eight times.

Died. Loring C. Christie, 56, Canadian civil servant, Harvard Law School graduate, since 1939 Canadian Minister to the U.S.; after a long illness; in Manhattan.

Died. Urbain J. Ledoux, 56, onetime U.S. consular servant and peace crusader; in Manhattan. Preferring to live with, minister to Manhattan's Bowery bums, he hid his identity, said: "I am nothing to you but bread and water." Cackled one: "I've got your number. You're zero. That's nothing." So he became their Mr. Zero.

Died. The Marquis de Rochambeau, 75, a vice president of the Sons of the American Revolution, direct descendant of the general whom Louis XVI dispatched in 1780 to command the French armies supporting the American Revolution; in his family château near Saint-Gaultier, France.

Died. Dr. Annie Jump Cannon, 77, world's leading woman astronomer, called the "Census Taker of the Sky" because during her lifelong researches at Harvard observatory she methodically counted up, according to their spectra, almost 400,000 stellar bodies; in Cambridge, Mass.

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MUSIC

Escape Music

The driver of a wartime ambulance in England was pleased to hear last week that one of his musical compositions had been loudly applauded. He had never heard the piece himself. The ambulance driver was William Walton, a tall, long-faced, 39-year-old Englishman who seems not to mind the gruesome sights of air-raid victims, but says he hates the sweat and agony of musical composition. Nevertheless, William Walton has sweated out some of England's finest contemporary scores.

Composer Walton has lived with the celebrated, long-faced Sitwell family; to Sister Edith's verses he wrote *Façade*, his best-known, though least profound, orchestral work. Driving an ambulance, which William Walton has been doing for more than a year, kept him from hearing the world première of his violin concerto, written for Jascha Heifetz and played in Cleveland in December 1939. Fortnight ago, his job kept him from another first performance: his *Scapino*, a *Comedy Overture*, commissioned by the Chicago Symphony as part of its 50th-anniversary celebration.

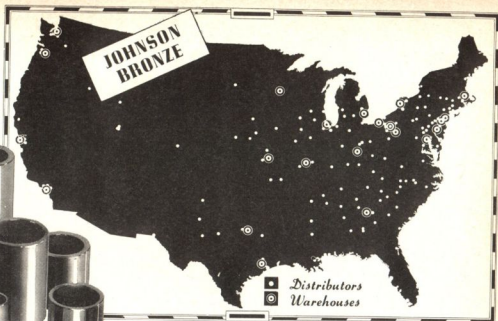
Composer Walton's score arrived in Chicago late, only three weeks before it was to be played; it posed a problem for Chicago's Conductor Frederick Stock. Musicians' holographs are hen-tracky at best; this one was in pencil, was almost undecipherable. Conductor Stock and his assistant Hans Lange set to work to ink in the 500,000 notations, were soon floundering. They called in seven orchestra players, finally got the job done in ten days. At the first rehearsal, said Conductor Stock, the overture "sounded like Hali-



Wide World

COMPOSER WALTON
He made work for nine men.

TIME, April 21, 1941



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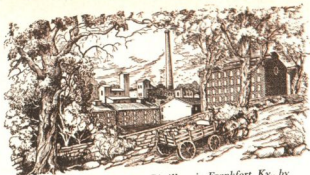
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is complete without mention of Old Crow;
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BOTTLED IN BOND



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fax." But its first playing proved it something else: a fine piece of musical escapism, which took its title *Scapino* from a character in the Italian *Commedia dell'Arte*. Said *Journal of Commerce Critic* Claudia Cassidy: "A blithe, scapegrace, carefree sort of score, it makes you think Walton must have whistled it when he drove his ambulance through the London streets, spiritually thumbing his nose at Hitler."

Last week England's No. 1 conductor, peppery, opinionated Sir Thomas Beecham, led the New York City Symphony (WPA orchestra which gives cheap, workmanlike weekly concerts) in the first of two engagements. In less than a year, Sir Thomas has traveled 60,000 miles, from England via the U.S. to Australia and back, stepping from toe to toe along the way. (California is still atremble over his insular low-rating of the movies and of U.S. musical taste.) Sir Thomas hopes to return to England this summer, "to be in it with them over there." He still talks of "my orchestra"—the London Philharmonic, which he founded with socialite backing in 1932. But today the London Philharmonic is mostly its own orchestra. Since last autumn, English music has been backed by the masses.

The Philharmonic has been playing one-night stands, has missed only two dates: one when its busses got bogged in Lancashire snowdrifts, the other when Liverpool was heavily bombed. Without rich backers, orchestra members earn less than they did before the war; principals average \$28 a week, "rank" players \$16. But the men say their spines feel better. The Philharmonic now has a democratic constitution, is run by a committee composed of the Sub-Leader, First French Horn, Third Horn, Principal Trombone, Rank Viola. The Rank Viola—Thomas Russell—is secretary, too busy today to play in the orchestra. He used to carry the Philharmonic cash in a little black bag, now has a bank account. Since the barnstorming began, the orchestra has played music like Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* (most popular) to 150,000 people, most of whom never heard a symphony before.

Negro Conductor

A broad-faced, close-cropped, 26-year-old Harlem musician named Dean Dixon was well on his way last week to doing what no Negro has ever done—conduct a first-rank symphony orchestra. Musician Dixon had already waved a crisp, confident baton over the New York City Symphony (see above), the National Youth Administration radio orchestra, and an amateur symphony of his own in Harlem. At a Town Hall recital, Conductor Dixon made more news. He directed a 38-piece white outfit which he had founded—the New York Chamber Orchestra—in concertos with a debutante pianist, Vivian Rivkin. Critics gave them all a hand, agreed that Dean Dixon had scored a point. For Town Hall debuts, ordinarily a dime a dozen, sound like bigtime with an orchestra on the stage. Dean Dixon's can be hired for \$400 to \$1,000, depending on the number

of players required—union scale for one rehearsal and the performance.

Dean Dixon read music when he was three and a half, gave concerts to imaginary audiences (his mother's idea) when he was five. The Juilliard Institute took him in as a violinist, later spotted conducting possibilities in him. Musician Dixon took a master's degree at the Juilliard Graduate School, is now working at Columbia on a Ph.D. thesis: "The Justi-



Wide World

CONDUCTOR DIXON

He made a debut sound bigtime.

fication for Editing Classical Scores." In Harlem, between times, he founded Dean Dixon's Symphony Orchestra, which now has amateur but well-drilled players of every race, aged 12 to 72. The orchestra rehearses weekly, gives one concert a year; next month there will be a special request performance for Mrs. Roosevelt. Conductor Dixon got up his chamber orchestra three years ago. Its expert players—from the Philharmonic, NBC and other symphonies—are his friends, play together for fun, get union wages for playing in public. Busy Dean Dixon also works with a choral group, gives three free weekly music appreciation courses to both Negro and white children. These he teaches by inventing melodramatic stories, substituting musical notes for letters and words. "I try to use as much Superman stuff as possible," says Dean Dixon.

Square Dances for White Collars

Thanks to city slickers, there was a boom last week in country dances. Victor's square-dance album, *Swing Your Partner* (\$3.25), had sold nearly 2,000 sets fortnight after publication. Columbia had followed with *Square Dances* (\$2.50). Decca, which had already issued single square-dance discs, humped itself to get out albums. The strains of *Hull's Victory*, *Portland Fancy*, *Buffalo Girl*, *Arkansas Traveler* were loud in the land.

Loosely, country dances include quadrilles, "running sets," reels or contra

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Especially soft where
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Put too much pressure on the Popliteal and your leg goes to sleep.

But there'll be no pressure on your Popliteal if you're seated in a new American Seating Company seat with *Feather Foam Front*. No sir! It's the softest seat front on any theatre chair today. Your legs (at the Popliteal) sink in—are rested, made completely comfortable. So you enjoy the show a great deal more!

Feather Foam Front is one of the many advantages you get in American Seating Company theatre chairs. They're beautiful . . . streamlined . . . and luxuriously comfortable. That's why wise theatre owners everywhere are installing American seats. Making you comfortable makes money for them!

The American Seating Company builds all types of public seating . . . for churches, schools, theatres, buses, stadia. Every seat merits the name "American."

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GRAND RAPIDS,
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(contry, hence country) dances, and even polkas and schottisches (including the five-step schottische, for virtuosos only). Strictly, a square dance is a quadrille, descended by way of England from the early French court ballet. The quadrille, with its basic pattern of four couples forming a hollow square, spread from the original colonies throughout the land, acquired many a variant in technique and nomenclature. But everywhere the dance has a caller, an inventive, leather-lunged, cool-headed master of ceremonies who calls out the figures—*swing your partner, do-se-do (dos-a-dos or back to back), allemande, chassee (sashay), promenade*, etc. As anyone knows who has ever tried it without prior training, a “set” of three different uninterrupted squares can be a confusing experience.

In New England, skiers from the city discovered square dancing, in many another locality, square dances spread from town halls and country fairs to roadside juke joints. Today there are organized square-dance groups in many a city, including New York, El Paso, Chicago and



SQUARE DANCERS' ROBISON
He made city fiddlers scratch.

Colorado Springs, where Lloyd Shaw is a particularly zealous propagandist of the *sashay*. In Massachusetts, an Extension Specialist in Community Organization and Recreation has trained 2,000 young people to call figures, spread their knowledge to some 150,000 others who never *do-se-doe*d in their lives.

The Specialist is young, handsome Lawrence Loy, a Kansan who has called dances since he was a boy, did the calls for Columbia's square-dance album. To back up Caller Loy, Columbia hired rangy, twinkling Carson Robison, a harmonica-burbling Kansas balladeer, no stranger to records and radio. Carson Robison's chief problem in making square-dance discs in the East was to find city fiddlers who could saw scratchy enough. He finally found them in Manhattan.



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the "33 to 1"
**GOOD NEIGHBOR
POLICY...**

MOVING'S A NIGHTMARE! I'M SO TIRED I'D TRADE EVERYTHING FOR A GLASS OF BEER!

EASY THERE, NEIGHBOR! WE WERE JUST HOPING YOU'D JOIN US IN A SANDWICH AND A GLASS OF "33 TO 1"!

THIS IS MIGHTY FRIENDLY OF YOU, JONES! BUT WHAT'S THE "33 TO 1" ABOUT?

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THAT NIGHT

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THAT JONES IS A GRAND FELLOW. HE CERTAINLY DESERVES A BLUE RIBBON FOR HIS HOSPITALITY!



IT PAYS TO FOLLOW THE "33 TO 1" GOOD NEIGHBOR POLICY. YOU WIN A BLUE RIBBON FOR FRIENDLINESS EVERY TIME!



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Enjoy it in full or club size bottles, handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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TIME, April 21, 1941

Relax to Music



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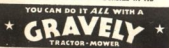
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CINEMA

The New Pictures

The Devil and Miss Jones (RKO Radio). It is a jolt for any old-style tycoon with a jumpy stomach and a cracker-&-milk diet to pick up the morning paper and see that he has been hanged in effigy outside a big department store he can't recall owning. It is particularly hard for old John P. Merrick (Charles Coburn), a bachelor so rich and powerful that his picture hasn't appeared in the newspapers for 20 years.

Moved to investigate his new-found property and ferret out the union leaders who hanged him, dyspeptic J. P. disguises himself as a clerk in his shoe department. He finds out a lot he never knew about people who have to work for a living. A pompous section manager (Edmund Gwenn) rules him with acidulous tyranny. A comely young clerk, Mary Jones (Jean Arthur), tries to teach him the tricks of the trade, lends him 50¢ when she interprets his remark about never eating lunch to mean that he is broke.

At a union meeting where his employees are secretly organizing against him, J. P. suffers the indignity of being hauled to the speakers' platform by Mary, held up to his employees as an example of the insecure old age they face. Won over to their cause, he incites them to strike against him.

Half the fun of *The Devil and Miss Jones* is in sharing Charles Coburn's secret while unknowing shoe clerks push him around. The other half comes from the lightsome little comedy itself, which bubbles along without a hitch under the knowing hand of Director Sam Wood (*Goodbye, Mr. Chips*; *Our Town*; *Kitty Foyle*). Comedienne Arthur plays second

fiddle to the enameled professional finish of oldtime Actor Coburn.

Good shots: Robert Cummings spiking Coburn's precious Romanée-Conti 1903 (only twelve bottles vintaged, six of them for the King of England) with soda pop to make it potable.

The Great Lie (Warner Bros.). For three years and three pictures Bette Davis and George Brent have tried to get together. In *Jessie* Brent died dueling. In *Dark Victory* a brain tumor dispatched Miss Davis. Then it was Brent's turn again: he failed to live through *The Old Maid*. In *The Great Lie* they finally make it. The end leaves them in each other's arms, lark-happy.

The Brothers Warner have made other concessions: Miss Davis' perpetual, migrainy suffering has been cut to a minimum. This was a bold move, for Hollywood's bug-eyed Bernhardt has won two Oscars and numerous legs on the cup for the U.S. cinema's ablest actress by her portrayals of suffering women. In *The Great Lie* she is cast as a lively, homespun, slacks-wearing American girl free from her favorite neuroses. Although the picture has her living on a Maryland plantation, it is far enough north to let her waive the absurdities of a Southern accent.

Another surprise of *The Great Lie* is Mary Astor, in another comeback. This time, in a tight shingle bob, she is back with a bang as Sandra Kovac, a temperamental concert pianist* with a touch of

* Music-minded quibblers may note that Miss Astor does not possess the heavy-duty frame customarily required of successful female classical pianists.



COBURN, ARTHUR & LEG
One is a horrible example.

"A battleship's biggest battle..."

"...is fought before she's launched, lad. It's fought at the drawing boards of engineers, in the test-tubes of laboratories, at the lathes and forges of industry.

"And the Navy counts on the brains and brawn of the thousands of men who make the ship just as much as it counts on the valor and fitness of the men who man it in battle."

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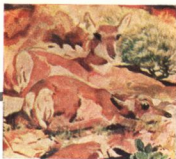


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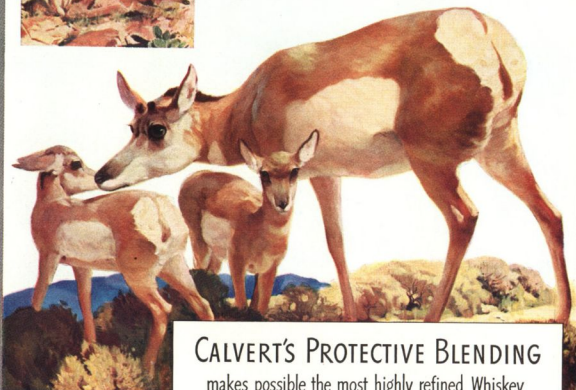
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LEFT: Mother Antelope takes advantage of Nature's Protective Blending. Here, among sagebrush and cactus, her fawns find sanctuary. She hides them here when danger is near.

BELOW: Not often would Mother Antelope expose her young in the open like this. Away from Nature's Protective Blending they would be at the mercy of wolf, coyote and eagle.



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BEN: Sa-a-ay! Is *that* Calvert? Awfully good — isn't it! Listen, Len! Is it *always* that good?

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siren. The overtones of her villainous role begin to sound, sometimes a little nasally, from the time she snatches Maggie's (Bette Davis) rollicking, playboy sweet-heart, Pete (George Brent), and marries him in an alcoholic spree. When it is discovered that they have to do it again because Sandra got her divorce decree dates



DAVIS & McDANIEL

They are above the Mason Diction line.

mixed, Maggie snatches Pete back, this time salting him legally away.

Best sequence occurs in an isolated Arizona ranch house. There Maggie has taken Sandra to have Pete's baby after he is believed dead in an airplane crash in Brazil. The women have made a deal: Maggie to get Sandra's baby, Sandra to get a trust fund. It takes all Maggie's bullying, pampering, coercion to get the spoiled pianist to produce the baby. When the baby is finally born, Maggie subsides on the moonlit porch outside the house with all the apparent relief of an anguished father.

In her unaccustomed wifely role, Miss Davis is believable and moving. Slick, wide-eyed George Brent seems handicapped by his part—little more than a foil for the two women. Men may think that *The Great Lie* drags somewhat in spots, may get more than enough of Hattie McDaniel's (Maggie's mammy) sunstruck volubility, but female cinemagoers should be able to settle back and view Miss Davis' wifely triumph with thoroughgoing satisfaction.

Pot o' Gold (United Artists). When Sam Goldwyn hired the President's oldest son two years ago, Hollywood sat back with a small smile and twiddled its thumbs. Next thing Hollywood knew, Jimmy was on his own. With a franchise to distribute pictures through United Artists, he had formed his own company, Globe Productions, Inc. Jimmy's first regular film release was *Pastor Hall*, an English-made film of the trials of a Nazi-baited German cleric. His second was to be his own product, *Pot o' Gold*. Three weeks ago Captain James Roosevelt drew

a brief furlough from his duties with the Marine Corps at San Diego, Calif., flew East for the *Pot o' Gold* opening.

A musicomedie right down the Hollywood groove, *Pot o' Gold* teams up America's favorite doughboy, James Stewart, with prancing Paulette Goddard, Comic Charles Winninger, adds Horace Heidt's muscular orchestra for a bracer, binds them together with the radio program, *Pot o' Gold* (\$1,000 to the lucky person who answers the telephone when Bandmaster Heidt calls from the studio).

But the sum of this whole is less than its parts. Jimmy Stewart tries to keep busy by playing the harmonica. Flashing Paulette Goddard, who has seldom looked prettier, sings and dances in old-style nightclub fashion. White-haired Charles Winninger booms through his routine with astounding energy for a 56-year-old. As the last of six tuneful but undistinguished tunes fades away, many a moviegoer might be excused for murmuring: "Jimmy hasn't got it."

The Lady From Cheyenne (Universal) is Producer Frank Lloyd's conception of how women got the vote in Wyoming in 1860. According to this version, all but one of the women who did it were no ladies.

The one who was a lady is prim, pretty Annie Morgan (Loretta Young). Quaker schoolma'am, who manages to ogle a choice lot out of Steve Lewis (Robert Preston), a lazy lawyer auctioning off land for Jim Cork (Edward Arnold), local tyrant, political boss, saloon keeper in the frontier town of Laraville.

Annie takes up the torch of Mrs. Emeline Pankhurst after Cork burns down her schoolhouse. Eager to bring Cork to trial, she discovers that women can't serve on the jury because they haven't the right to vote. Annie heads for Cheyenne and the legislature to change all that. Her fervor kindles the latent womanhood of a jaded cabaret queen, Elsie (Gladys George). It is no trick for Elsie and her chorus of fancy dummies, who are on kissing-cousin terms with the legislature, to get Annie's bill for woman suffrage introduced. Annie does the rest—with the aid of some sage political advice from a statehouse porter and a spangled hip-tight dress, borrowed from Elsie. An all-woman jury sends Cork to jail and Annie out of political life into the arms of Steve, now a reformed legislator.

If Producer Lloyd had been able to make up his mind whether he had satire or drama on his hands, *The Lady From Cheyenne* might have come off quite well. As it is, the picture adds up to a series of uninspiring maneuvers by an expensive, experienced cast—or lollypop-eyed Loretta Young in a Western.

CURRENT & CHOICE

Road to Zanzibar (Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel; TIME, April 7).

The Lady Eve (Henry Fonda, Barbara Stanwyck, Charles Coburn, William Demarest; TIME, March 10).

Meet John Doe (Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Brennan, Edward Arnold; TIME, March 3).

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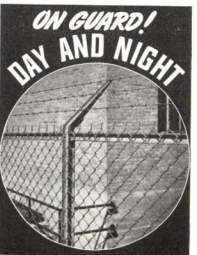
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Refugee Makes Good

Much U.S. book publishing is conducted with all the good fellowship, petty rivalry and corporate inefficiency of a college literary club. To many a youth, publishing offers the pleasantest excuse for smoking a bulldog pipe, wearing tweeds, meeting authors, reading books. Result is an amount



Eric School-Pix

HENRY GUNTHER KOPPELL
His specialty: Kombinationsfähigkeit.

of dilettantism that would soon bankrupt any less leisurely form of U.S. business. When from time to time a professional turns up with a lively interest in books as business, publishers uncross their legs and stare in bewilderment.

Last week many a Manhattan publisher, sucking at his pipe, pondered just such a professional. One of Manhattan's youngest publishing houses continued to tick off sales of America's No. 1 non-fiction best seller. That publishing house is Alliance Book Corp. Its best seller is Jan Valtin's *Out of the Night*, which has already pushed beyond the 400,000 mark. The man who could tell them how it was done is Alliance's President Henry Gunther Koppell, 46, who in two years has steered Alliance from a resounding flop with its first novel (Hermann Kesten's *The Children of Guernica*) to a resounding success with *Out of the Night*. His formula: 1) "I don't believe in top-heavy lists just for the turnover"; 2) (wiggling his digits) "I have a finger feeling for the trends." The rest is promotion, publicity, hard work. *Kombinationsfähigkeit* (a head for angles), plus the assistance of tall, gracious Mrs. Koppell, who runs Alliance when her husband is elsewhere.

Henry Koppell, who was born in Berlin, is a businessman whose business happens to be publishing. At 16 he had to make mon-

ey. With characteristic literalness he got himself a job in the place where he saw the most money being handled—a bank. In 1914 he went to war, got the Iron Cross and malaria, never was wounded. Back in Berlin, Koppell was hired by a kinsman who owned a printing establishment, A. Seydel & Co., Ltd., which published twelve magazines and trade papers.

When the inflation hit Berlin, it seemed perfectly obvious to Koppell that the way to make money in an inflation is to print it. So he called on the Government, landed a contract to print paper marks. "We got through the inflation by paying ourselves," says Koppell. Often the printer's bill was more than the value of the printed marks.

Besides money, Koppell was also interested in books—not only their contents but why they cost so much. "Sometimes I have ideas," says Koppell. Seydel set up a firm for him to handle his idea—the *Deutsche Buch Gemeinschaft*, German Book Club. Soon the German Book Club had almost 500,000 permanent subscribers, became the largest book club in the world. It published handsomely made, handsomely printed books at about half the regular price. Among the authors: Thomas Mann, John Galsworthy, Theodore Dreiser, Homer, Shakespeare. It was the prototype of the Book-of-the-Month Club here.

By one of his lucky breaks, a belated wanderlust overcame him in 1932 and he traveled in Europe, Asia, Africa. He never went back to Germany. When the Nazis took over, Koppell settled in Palestine, became business manager of the *Palestine Post* for one and a half years. In 1936 he got into the U.S. on the quota, took out citizenship papers at once. Then he traveled for two years to get to know his new homeland at firsthand.

Alliance (the name is supposed to symbolize a tie between the Old World and the New) began in 1938 as a representative for various German publishing houses in exile. Next year Koppell decided to concentrate on books in English. His fifth book (first was Norbert Mühlen's life of Schacht) was Hermann Rauschning's best-selling *Revolution of Nihilism*. He also published Boris Souvarine's *Stalin*, began Alliance's *Face of America* books about the U.S. Among his latest are Rauschning's *The Redemption of Democracy* (TIME, March 3), Patten's *Mr. Frank Merriwell* (see col. 3), Wells's *All Aboard for Ararat* (see p. 108). Koppell also has high hopes for Dorsha Hayes's *The American Primer*, a 152-page, vernacular introduction of the U.S. to U.S. citizens, somewhat along the lines of Ilin's *New Russia's Primer*.

Unlike many refugees, Henry Koppell found the U.S. a land of opportunity; he simply changed the venue of an already successful operation. He has a three-month-old son, Oliver Koppell, U.S. citizen. Says proud Father Koppell: "We named him Oliver for two reasons: 1) Oliver means 'peace after the storm'; 2) Oliver Koppell can sign all his letters O. K."

Return of a Hero

MR. FRANK MERRIWELL—Gilbert Patten—Alliance [52].

There has probably never been a literary reincarnation like this. To U.S. men of draft age, Frank Merriwell is a vague synonym for a ninth-inning home run or a last-minute touchdown. But to an older generation, he was as vividly real a person as Superman or Tarzan is to youngsters today. Gilbert Patten, under the pseudonym of "Burt L. Standish," wrote the first Merriwell book in 1896, kept on writing at the rate of 20,000 or more words a week for nearly 20 years. Insatiably, week after week, legions of boys gobbled him up between paper covers, page 5f. Their parents approved, for Frank was incarnate perfection ("frank and merry in nature, well in body and mind"). He was not only a superb athlete with no vices, but a protector of the bullied, a friend to the friendless. As a pitcher he could make his curve ball break either in or out.

After the Merriwell vein petered out, Gilbert Patten wrote pulp fiction, cinema scenarios, even tried publishing magazines of his own. He now lives in California, a hale, upstanding man of 74. He smokes cigarettes (something Frank never did), reads Proust and Zola (of whom Frank never heard). Recently a publisher asked Author Patten to write a novel about



Associated Press

GILBERT PATTEN
Frank is very well preserved.

Frank as a man of vigorous middle age, coping with the world of 1940. Result: *Mr. Frank Merriwell*, out this week.

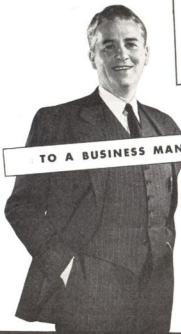
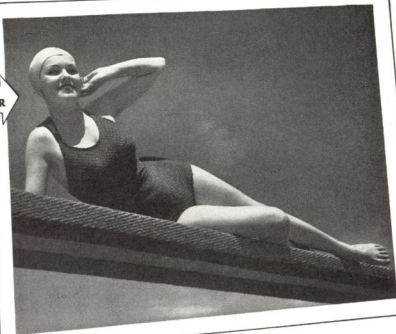
The Frank Merriwell of 1940 is very well preserved. He is light on his feet, a fast man with his fists. He is afraid of nothing. As president of the Town Im-



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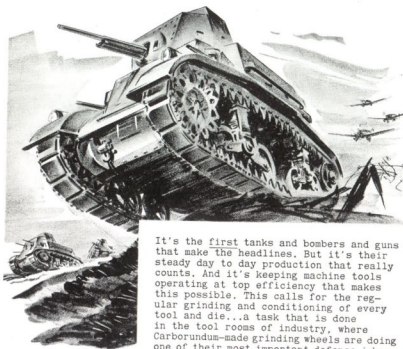
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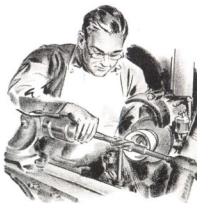
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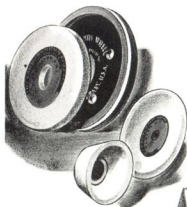


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provement Society, he cleans up the face of Elmsport. As a citizen of the world, he tries to rouse the U.S. from blind isolationism ("if England falls now, the raging monster, the murderous vampire beast of destruction won't stop there"); he founds a national organization called The Young Defenders of Liberty. He has been married for a long time now to Inza Burrage, the brunette for whom, in the old days, he once fought a mad dog. He has a nubile daughter who calls him "Daddy Frank"; his son is a war correspondent in Amsterdam. He is a liberal and a friend of labor, but no dastardly Red. He smokes now, but his smoke is the manly pipe. He keeps up with the Brooklyn Dodgers in the sports pages.

First complication is the effort of a rapacious mill-owner to prevent Frank from establishing a manual arts school, for fear of rousing the underpaid workers from their torpor. From there on, the complications fly thick & fast. They include the unwedded pregnancy of Frank's daughter—but the boy is such a fine, manly boy, and they are going to get married anyway. The style of *Mr. Frank Merriwell* is fruity with all the old clichés—"Riches alone never bring happiness" . . . "Neither browbeating nor cheap mockery will get you very far, Judge Grimshaw" . . . "Deeply and long, they gazed into each other's eyes, a man and his wife who had found in wedded love a unity stronger than the finest steel." These venerable phrases are nostalgic rather than repulsive. Unfortunately, in *Mr. Frank Merriwell* they stand cheek by jowl with such items of the current vernacular as "scram," "screwball," "heel," "gaga," "nuts," "lousy," "dishing the dirt." That is disconcerting. It is rather like encountering your grandmother wearing lipstick, sucking a highball and smelling of *Ce Soir ou Jamais*.

Crisis Dodged

THIS ABOVE ALL—Eric Knight—Harper [\$2.50].

This is the first novel of any real stature to come out of World War II. Under the steely immediacies of England's sky, it should make sensational reading. Even at a relatively comfortable distance, it has points that break the skin.

Main part of the narrative is the classical setup for all war fiction from worst to best: a soldier, a girl, the soldier's friend. The girl, Prudence, is upper-class, serving in the W.A.A.F. Clive, on leave after Dunkirk, is an intelligent, self-educated Yorkshireman of the working class. They meet, spar, land in a haystack, carry their uneasy affair to a vacant hotel in a south-coast resort. There, in a much more profuse and coarse-grained way, they settle down to the business of *A Farewell to Arms*: bedding, drinking, eating, quarreling, comedy, conversation. Prudence has a good head and heart but is soaked to the scalp in the reflexes of her class; Clive is sore, experienced, articulate, disconcerting. It makes for a lively debate and, with the friend's arrival, for some harsh and vivid reminiscences of World Wars I and II.

Height of the debate is a furious 39-page chapter in which Clive explains at biographical length just why he no longer proposes to risk his life for the upper classes. His arguments, neither politically rigid nor in any sense pacifist, are extraordinarily hot stuff to serve up in wartime. He does not persist in his desertion; but his change of heart is not so solidly developed as his anger. Hence *This Above All*, though full of provocative data, is in the long run a disappointment. For Eric Knight merely mutters some phrases about the wisdom of the heart and a need for faith, dodges the whole crisis by bumping off his hero, gives his pregnant heroine a tag line about fighting it her way (unquestioning patriotism) now, and changing to Clive's way (Leftward) when war is done.

Poetry

AND WHAT'S MORE—David McCord
—Coward-McCann (\$1.75).
THE FACE IS FAMILIAR—Ogden Nash—
Little, Brown (\$2.75).

Beneath the surface jitterbugging of the American way of life, destiny seems to be



OGDEN NASH
His hero, a goofus.

working to establish a relaxed civilization. If ever and whenever democracy really goes to town, laughter that betrays nobody and expresses all will be a commonplace accomplishment. Fore-echoes of such laughter can occasionally be heard in the light verse of Thomas Temple Hoynes (TIME, Jan. 1, 1940), David McCord and Ogden Nash.

Of the latter two McCord is the more substantially humorous, because he does not, so much as Nash does, get funny with his own first-person. McCord is a Harvard man, a scout for a Manhattan publisher, a quadruple club man—and he writes as such. His social prerogatives as a gentleman and scholar are great. In much of his verse he is not above writing like a dandy in a Conning Tower. At his plenary best



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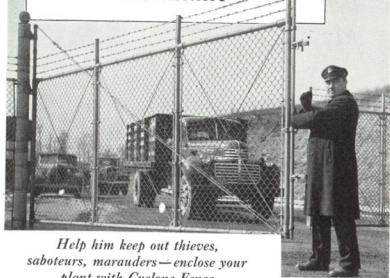
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—in *Mother Liquor* and *Yellow Chaireuse*, for instance—he can speak of life as a bee might speak of its hive. He can also give masterly expression to his generally impeccable distastes, as in his *Lines on Anyone's Lines* about Certain Lines:

Is this the shape

Of the sour grape?

Perhaps the most uncommonly good poems in *And What's More* are a half-dozen among a group about a baby.

In the mornings I peruse

my orange juice;

I did not choose

this juice,

nor yet excuse

its clinical

continual

use.

Do I refuse,

however,

or become obtuse

with mattered phews!

or by some simple

rust

upset the

crust,

in the end

I lose.

More juice,

by my porring,

and orange!

There are few creatures on earth more manly than the diapered hero of McCord's *Pembulator Poems*.

Ogden Nash writes:

The interest I take in my neighbor's

nursery

Would have to grow, to be even cursory,

And I would that performing sons and

nephews

Were carted away with the daily refuse.

Yet he can write as tenderly about his own children (see his *Rainy Day*) as any other man living. Nash does most of his writing, however, in the guise of a sensitive prune. He speaks for the cartoon 20th-Century American male—the subway-ridden goofus whose personality is deeply engraved on his cigaret lighter, and whose most ambitious ethical concept is "if it's trite, it's right."

Nash knows his American civilization, and he can write about it like an efficiency expert in baggy pants. His light verse is a remarkable rhetorical invention. Where McCord, a traditionalist, makes his words walk a tightrope of perfect succinctness, Nash makes his walk a slack rope of complete low-windedness.

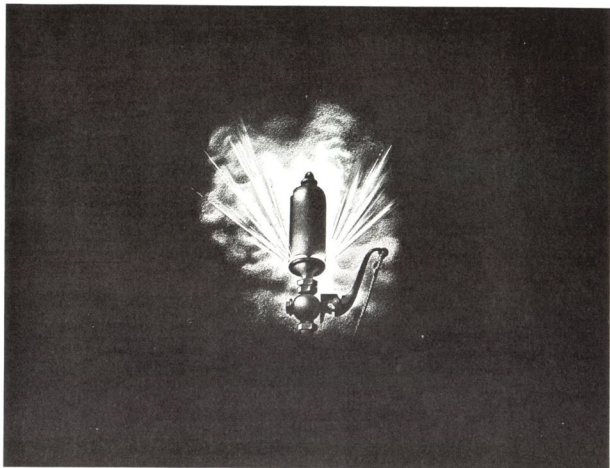
*Oft when I'm sitting without anything
to read waiting for a train in a depot,
I torment myself with the poet's dictum
that to make a house a home, livin'
is what it takes a heap o'.*

*Now, I myself should very much enjoy
makin' my house a home, but my
brain keeps on a-goin' clickety-click.*

*If Peter Piper picked a peck o' heap o'
livin', what kind of a peck o' heap o'
livin' would Peter Piper pick?*

Nash is able to make sharp practical recoveries from such nonsense.

... it takes a heap of other things be-



BOOTS AND SADDLES!

Every morning a hundred thousand factory whistles send a long-drawn call to arms echoing across the country.

They are the same whistles we heard last year and in the years before, when there was peace. They make the same lonely, seven-o'clock-in-the-morning, far-off sound. But the ears we hear them with have changed.

To a free people who have heard the shells go screaming through their neighbors' complacency . . . who have heard, clearly, that a nation is secure only in proportion to the number of its military planes . . . who see people in slavery today because they did not arm yesterday . . . every factory whistle blowing is a bugle call to work. Every tick of the clock says "produce!"

"Work" is the cry as the spring of 1941 crashes over the world. *Work, arms, production* is the theme of FORTUNE articles as the U. S. Defense Program moves into second.

Production of tanks, ships, guns, submarines, trucks. This spells *steel*. Can we produce enough fast enough? . . . What would 10% steel expansion mean? And will you have that 1942 model or not? . . . See *Bethlehem Steel*, the house that incentive built. See *Our Steel Capacity*.

And *after* production — where does it all go? How does it go? What are the chances — against submarines, bombs and surface raiders — of a safe arrival somewhere in Britain? . . . See *Atlantic Convoy*.

In the answer to questions such as these, lie answers to larger issues — recently examined, and fully reported on, by the Eighth FORTUNE Round Table: What kind of a world is in the making? . . . What should be our part in that world? . . . What should we be doing, now?

To American Industry falls a big share of the responsibility for making such decisions. And FORTUNE, month in month out, is helping Industry to decide, to plan, and to *produce!*

Fortune

"Air Raid Warning!"

Near a great seaport, an Army sound locator picks up the whirr of "enemy" bombers. From miles away, it calculates their direction, distance, height, speed. And long before the raiders roar overhead, the city is blacked out, ready for attack.

It is through such realistic mock raids that the Army is perfecting the nation's defenses. Men, maneuvers, equipment—all must be tested time and time again.

In business, too, testing is vital. But it's slow, costly. And today the call is for speed... for accuracy... for tools that are pre-tested, proved *before* you use them.

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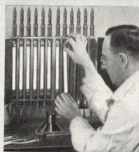
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sides a heap o' livin' to make a home out of a house.
To begin with, it takes a heap o' payin', And you don't pay just the once, but agayin and agayin and agayin.

The Face Is Familiar is the definitive omnibus of Nash's best work. In that part of it which isn't coy or silly the book pioneers a yawping American humor homely enough to make the Statue of Liberty grin on her pedestal.

Leaky Ark

ALL ABOARD FOR ARARAT—H. G. Wells—*Alliance* (\$1.75).

The first chapter in Mr. Wells's new fable is 40 pages long; the last is five; and the whole is one quick petering-out. It is all rather as if, with boundless *elan*, a man started telling a dirty story to a nice old lady, realized his error in midstream, and tried in the same breath to finish it and to back out of it, winding up in a hopeless cackinnation of "uhs," "I-mean-to-says," and tongue-swallowings.

In Chapter I, at the moment that Mr. Noah Lammock (H. G. Wells) recognizes that mankind is on the ragged edge of annihilation, a puzzled, powerful old liberal turns up who says he is God Almighty. He is. He and Noah proceed to an entertaining exegesis of the Old Testament, the problem of evil, the possibilities of redemption, all of which is as fresh and stimulating as *Captain Stormfield's Visit to Heaven*. Together they begin to plan an Ark in which all that is propitious for a new world may be saved. God will be allowed aboard, but there is no guarantee that He will last out the voyage.

In Chapter II, Mr. Lammock begins to blueprint the Ark and the New World. So long as he is merely critical of the old, he rips along as delightfully as in Chapter I. But the planning itself begins dubiously and ends with the grim words, "a diversity about fundamentals is intolerable." With this destruction of individualism, Noah Wells makes clear the fact that Noah Lammock has become "an overwhelming menace."

The rest is almost unmitigated breakdown. God plays the harmonium, Lammock preaches, underfed rhinoceroses lie about "like huge unpacked leather bags," the whole voyage undisintegrates into weak comic strip. At length God identifies the Jonah, the unstrainable fly in the human ointment. He is "the essential treacherous cunning in man, the 'save a bit out of it' soul, the dodger of obligations, the profiteering partner, the underlying Ananias, the sweater of opportunity, the area sneak, the bounder on the make, the official who is *in* with powerful friends, the player who never plays the game but studies the rules to claim an advantage..." Space is left for the reader to fill with "names of local personages and special acquaintances." Noah and God are both baffled and discouraged.

The book puts on record the splendid launching and the final foundering of one of the most vigorous and admirable of living minds; and the discouragement of a man who can make such a record public must be profound indeed.

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