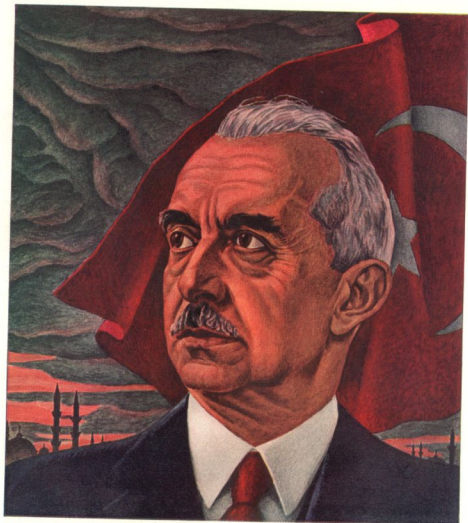


FIFTEEN CENTS

MAY 19, 1941

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Ernest Hamlin Baker

TURKEY'S İNÖNÜ

"Allah be praised. I am deaf."

(*Foreign News*)

VOLUME XXXVII

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

NUMBER 20

# America Never Dreamed of Economy Like This!



ACTUAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH OF BIG NASH AVAILABLE "1937" BOOK SEDAN

**This New Kind of Car—this Big Nash Sedan—costs only \$755\*  
—goes 25 to 30 miles per gallon of gasoline at highway speed.**

**WHAT** a kick you'll get out of choosing a new car this year!

Now there's a Nash to see in the lowest-price field—a new kind of car so far advanced, so excitingly different, it's almost unbelievable!

Could you possibly imagine this big, beautiful Nash going 25 to 30 miles a gallon at highway speed . . . 500 miles on a tankful?

It's true! Here's a sample of what hundreds of enthusiastic owners say:

*"May I state my gasoline average over approximately 6,600 miles has been from 28 to 32 miles per gallon."*

—F. L. S., PORTLAND, OREGON

*"With 28 and 29 miles a gallon, I'm saving enough to make my payments."*

—E. L. C., OAKLAND, CALIF.

But that doesn't begin to tell you the news! Here's the first and only low-price car with coil springing on all four wheels . . . Two-Way Roller Steering . . . a welded body-and-frame. And the result is the easiest car to handle and

park, the *grandest* car to drive, you've ever laid hands on. As A. J. C., New York City, says:

*"I've owned many more expensive cars, but never one that can match this Nash. It rides better—just breezes through traffic—and conditioned air, alone, is worth the price of car."*

You've got a surprise coming to you. Take a tip from the thousands who have changed to Nash—*drive* this new kind of car today.

**BIG BUSINESS COUPE ONLY \$720**

\*All prices delivered at Factory include standard equipment and Federal tax. Two-tone paint, Weather Eye Conditioned Air System, "Sedan Sleeper" Bed, White Side Wall Tires, Deluxe Bumper Guards or Wing Bumpers are Optional Extras. Prices subject to change without notice.

## Nash Gives You More

- ★ **More Mileage**...Up to 30 Miles a Gallon.
- ★ **Smoother Ride**... Only low-price car with Coil Springs on All Four Wheels.
- ★ **Easier to Steer and Park**... First low-price car with Two-way Roller Steering.
- ★ **Roomier**... Greater Seating Width. You can have a "Sedan Sleeper" Bed.
- ★ **Safer**... Welded Body-and-Frame Construction... made twist-proof.



This big deluxe Nash four-door, trunk model sedan—195 inches from bumper to bumper costs only \$870.\*

**Go NASH**  
AND SAVE MONEY EVERY MILE

# "I Work On All The Low-Priced Cars— I Know Plymouth is *Best-Engineered*"



## That's the Verdict of Independent Garage Men

*In Nation-wide Survey they  
Picked Plymouth as Best-Engineered  
of "All 3" Low-Priced Cars!*

ONE RIDE in this new Plymouth, and you'll know why independent garage men vote Plymouth first in engineering among "All 3"!

You'll find Plymouth faster on the getaway, a stronger climber...with the greatest power per pound of weight of "All 3"! You'll enjoy greater roominess, made possible by Plymouth's big 117-inch wheelbase...and you have the extra protection of new Safety Rim Wheels.

Plymouth is lowest-priced of "All 3" on many models! *Prices subject to change without notice.* Plymouth Division of Chrysler Corporation.

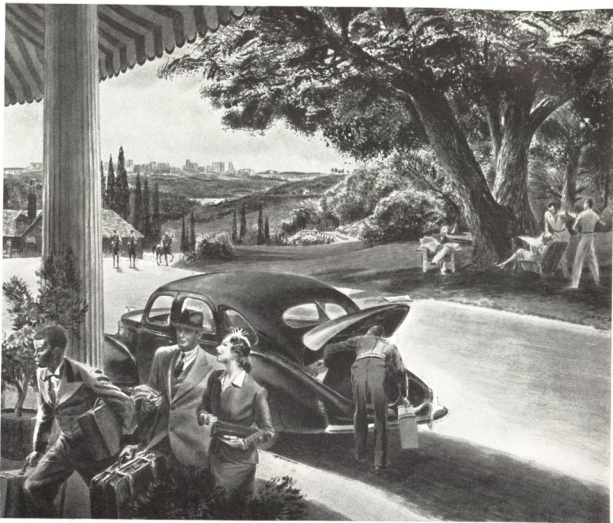
TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C.B.S., THURS., 9 TO 10 P.M., E.D.S.T.  
SEE THE NEW 1941 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS!

# Plymouth

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S NO. 1 CAR

Longest Wheelbase of "All 3"  
Widest Rear Seat of "All 3"  
Greatest Power Per Pound of "All 3"  
Biggest Safety Advance of "All 3"  
Widest Color Choice of "All 3"  
Most High-Priced Car Features of "All 3"  
Lowest Prices of "All 3" on Many Models





## Vacations Are More Fun in "The Protected City"

Fewer vacation worries for those who live in "The Protected City" . . . whose homes are more free from the threat of burglary, and whose burglary insurance protects against financial loss where thieves *do* break in.

This is "The Protected City"—a community composed of responsible people who safeguard their property with the insurance and loss-prevention services that American Mutual offers.

### A Good Man for Home-Owners to Know

Such people have turned their property-protection problem over to the American Mutual representative, a "career" man in insurance whose concern is not how *much* insurance you buy, but how *appropriate* it is to your needs.

Through this man, American Mutual policyholders receive not only proper security from financial loss, but also aids in forestalling burglary. Thus they avoid inconveniences and loss of property with sentimental value — that no insurance can repay.

For example, the picture magazine "WATCH" which all policyholders receive, contains valuable suggestions for making your home unattractive to burglars — as well as ideas for avoiding personal injuries and auto accidents.\*

### Cash Savings Have Always Been Made

It may surprise you to learn that this combination of financial protection and accident-prevention service has always cost our policyholders much less than they might otherwise be paying. Cash

dividends to policyholders have been at least 20% since 1887 and even greater on other lines written by our affiliates.

Protect your possessions with American Mutual burglary insurance — investigate this *first* American liability insurance company for other coverages, such as auto, personal accident, and various forms for business firms.

\*A free copy will be sent upon request to Dept. D-6, 142 Berkeley Street, Boston, Massachusetts.



**American Mutual**  
*Works to make America Safe*

AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY, Home Office: BOSTON, MASS. Branches in 62 of the Country's Principal Cities



GENERAL ELECTRIC X-RAY OF  
TIRE AND TUBE that lost no  
air when punctured clear  
through by (1) nail, (2)  
thrust spike, (3) large  
screw, (4) nail. Note that  
(3) and (4) seem well inside  
tire—simply because they  
penetrated at side of tread.



**NO AIR LOST...because**  
**this B. F. Goodrich Inner Tube heals itself!**



**THAT ACTUAL RADIOGRAPH,**  
above, is dramatic evidence of  
Seal-o-matic protection. But  
even more amazing are the ac-  
tual road experiences of Seal-o-  
matic users. *One man reports*  
*years without a flat. Another says he pulled*  
*out many nails—but never a flat in 100,000 miles!*  
*They send photos, too—of tires so badly slashed*  
*that they feel sure they would have blown out, with*  
*ordinary tubes—though they kept right on rolling,*  
*with B. F. Goodrich Seal-o-matic Inner Tubes.*

**DRIVERS CLAIM BIG SAVINGS!**

You'd hardly believe the reports  
they write in. *One taxi fleet op-*  
*erator figures that Seal-o-matics*  
*increased his tire mileage by*  
*5%—plus savings in repairs*  
*delays "impossible to esti-*  
*mate." A private owner calculates that one set of*



*Seal-o-matics, used for three years in three cars,*  
*has saved him the cost of at least six tires.* Names  
and addresses of these Seal-o-matic enthusiasts  
gladly furnished on request . . . and for many  
other amazing true experiences, get your copy of  
the interesting new Seal-o-matic booklet. Write  
The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O., Dept. T1.

**IT'S 2-WAY SAFETY...MAXIMUM PROTECTION  
AGAINST BLOW-OUTS AND FLATS BOTH!**

Besides the "Self-Healing" lining, Seal-o-matics are  
60% stronger than ordinary tubes . . . toughened  
and made extra heat-resistant with *Duramin*, like  
Goodrich Silvertown Tires . . . and built like tires  
—not sold flat to be blown up and weakened by  
stretching. Make this long-time safety investment  
*now* . . . confidential credit plan available at B. F.  
Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich  
Dealers. Trade in your present tubes today—new  
or old— and take advantage of our economical  
deals. You need Seal-o-matic 2-Way Safety *now!*

**MAXIMUM PROTECTION  
against  
BLOW-OUTS AND FLATS**



Switch to  
**Goodrich**  
FIRST IN RUBBER

**Seal-o-matic Inner Tubes**

FOR PASSENGER CARS — FOR LIGHT AND HEAVY TRUCKS



Why does  
**MERCURY**  
save money  
every mile  
you drive  
?



**M**ERCURY stands out among big cars for the amazing economy of its smooth V-8 engine. Owners report up to 20 miles per gallon. You enjoy big-car luxury without paying a premium in operating cost! ● Mercury embodies the aviation idea in an automobile. A stronger car without excess weight, it has more power per pound than most other cars. That's the reason for Mercury's money-saving use of fuel—its flashing action on the road. ● Mercury is big and then some—with more head room and leg room than any other car in its class. What a ride you get! Slow-motion springs and double-acting shock absorbers ease every kind of "going." Perfected ride stabilizer and larger, wider tires give this beauty sure-footedness. ● Drive Mercury. Let your dealer show you—with facts and figures—how easy it is to own.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY



## LETTERS

### Predatory Animal

Sirs:

Let me congratulate you on TIME's handling of news every week, but especially on your article, "A Dictator's Hour." It is difficult to discuss Hitler in a calm voice, but your story is a big help to those that remember he is a human and that it took a world of human folly to make his present position possible. . . .

LEWIS W. MILLER

Dickinson, Tex.

Sirs:

Herewith phiz of the predatory animal (slightly doctored) shown on the *Saturday Evening Post* cover April 19, superimposed



ADOLF HITLER (SLIGHTLY DOCTORED)  
It is difficult to discuss him calmly.

on shoulders of predatory animal shown on TIME cover April 14 [see cut]. . . .

EL. L. KAY

Hamilton, Ohio

Sirs:

I'm in favor of returning Adolf Hitler to his proper handle, Adolf Schickelgruber. I think it would do a great deal, psychologically, to promote his bursting a blood vessel. Mr. Schickelgruber, reputedly a man whose inspirations are born of his emotions, might even be prodded to stick his neck out prematurely and thereby advance the conclusion of the current world inferno. "Heil Schickelgruber" certainly has a more deflating, if venturesome, sound than "Heil Hitler," and I venture it would mess up the little man's digestive processes no little. . . .

HARRY DUTTON

Los Angeles, Calif.

► Alois Schickelgruber, Adolf's father, changed his name to Hitler eleven years before Adolf was born.—Ed.

### Skiping Pulse

Sirs:

Congratulations on publishing Mr. Lippmann's and Mr. Kent's comments on our present need for leadership in TIME, April 28. By so doing TIME has again noticed a vital skip in the pulse of the general welfare of our nation.

In the opinion of this reader our President has proved his capacity in getting a job. If he now is only half so capable in doing the work he will be a truly remarkable President.

G. E. WILLIAMS JR.

New Orleans, La.

Sirs:

You ought to be ashamed of the article entitled "War and Peace" in TIME, April 28, belittling as it does the honest and growing conviction of the majority of the country that "Aid short of war" is becoming "War short of men" and will end up with "Men short of legs, arms, and lives" and the U.S. "short of Democracy."

BRADLEY E. STAFFORD

Springfield, Mass.

Sirs:

. . . F.D.R. ran on a help-Britain, anti-war platform. Since the election he has pushed the help-Britain part of the program to the limit. One more step and we will tumble by sheer weight of gravity into the war. But if we don't take that step—convoing—the war is certain to be lost. . . .

DAN ROSS

Clarksville, Tenn.

Sirs:

Here is a vote in approval of the foreign policy of President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull. . . .

VIRGINIA P. PEERY

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

I reckon I'm about as close to cracker-barrel talk as the next one. I run a service station on Los Angeles' industrial southeast side. Washington is about half right when they say the talk is all isolation, defeatism and apathy. It's mainly apathy to Washington's foreign policy. . . .

JOHN ANDERSON

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Much of the issue of TIME for April 28 is devoted to questions of national morale. Is there any way to make our political leaders

## CURT, CLEAR, COMPLETE —and the Subscription price is \$5 yearly

TIME, The Weekly News magazine  
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 \_\_\_\_\_



## To the man who wonders **HOW FAST CAN WE ARM?**

► The man who has been rattled or confused by what has appeared in the press . . . the man who is impatient that America didn't start rearming ten years ago—or twenty—will get a new vision of America in this week's Post. Garett Garrett, who has a gift for peering into obscure corners and coming up with vital information, has discovered the real dynamo of American power quietly at work, unsung by newspapers, overlooked by politicians. We urge you to read

OUT TO SHAPE THE WORLD,

by **GARETT GARRETT**

### **"The RAF needs a blind man"**

He wasn't an RAF flyer any more. Just a blind man, a trapped, mutilated creature. "Send for Miss Bronska; she'll know what I can do." . . . Miss Bronska returns in a second story by Gene Henry, on page 16 of the Post.

### **10 ways to torture a ballplayer**

Do you know what baseball jockeys are? They're *Rough Riders of the Dugouts* (see this week's Post)—expert screamers whose career is to drive opponents crazy. Stanley Frank records some of their best insults.

### **"Babes in a machine-tool shop"**

"All I got is green kids trying to work to a four-tenths tolerance! And Washington yelling for us to double production!" What does Blue Chip Haggerty do? Read the short story, *Tolerance*, by Ray Millholland.

### **Mail-Order Mother**

"I came to marry Mr. Morden. I've never met him. I only know him through the letters he sent me, and the pictures." . . . David Lamson writes a poignant story of an Alberta romance that took an unexpected turn.

### **America's Most Exclusive College**

(And advertised as such!) You've not only got to be poor to get in. You must be poor and bright. Here's the story of a haughty little school in Illinois where 300 boys and girls put one another through college.

### **Agatha Christie's new mystery**

The blonde found strangled on the library floor last week is identified, and the mystery gets mysteriouser . . . ALSO two duels in *The Captain From Connecticut*, C. S. Forester's new serial; editorials; cartoons, poems.



### **You can't bribe a horse**

Jonesy the Heel, they called him. A 36-year-old, ugly little jockey. He'd be killed if he didn't throw the race. And he'd be deadlier if he *did*. A story of a heel's choice, by Eddy Orcutt.

### **Color photos of Dutch town in U. S.**

Ivan Dmitri's color camera shows you what draws half a million people each May to Holland, Michigan (pop. 15,000), and leaves them tulip-struck for life! See *Dutch Treat*. Post, page 14.

### **Col. Flack, C. M. (Confidence Man)**

Colonel Flack *always* hooked some sucker into paying his traveling expenses. If the sucker was another C. M., that just changed the bait on the hook. Read *Why Trim a Christmas Tree?*, by Everett Rhodes Castle.

### **Adventures of a County Nurse**

How can a public-health nurse enter a quarantined house, care for the patient, and go on to the next one without spreading the disease? On page 36 of The Saturday Evening Post a county nurse in Oregon tells you about some of her more unusual cases.

READ IT IN THE SATURDAY EVENING

# POST

MAY 17TH ISSUE . . . NOW ON SALE



When a man's hooked a fighting giant, and the line screams through the reel, and his arms begin to pull away from their sockets, then's the time the quality of his equipment counts. For it takes more than muscle to bring in the big ones. If any part of his tackle is weak or flawed, the battle may be lost. One thing he must be sure of is the grip on his rod. It must not slip or twist when the pressure's on. That's why makers of heavy-duty fishing rods wind them with the Industrial Tape Corporation's Double-Face Tape before applying the felt grip. This tape carries, on both sides, a powerful adhesive that sticks at a touch, without moistening or heat: there's no chance for slip either on rod or grip.

That's just another of the myriads of our unusual tapes to serve everyday business uses—paint-masking, packaging, sealing, weather-proofing, patching, identification, paper-splicing. Maybe your business operations would be simplified by an Industrial Tape applied in the right place. We'd welcome a chance to study your problem. Address:

**THE INDUSTRIAL TAPE CORPORATION**  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.  
**Headquarters for Every Type of Tape**

(so far so deficient in the real qualities of leadership) realize that the morale of the people always has been and always will be a function of the morale of their leaders? . . .

The people of this country say this to the President, "Give us a logical, coherent, consistent and courageous course to follow—be it 'interventionist' or be it 'isolationist' and we'll follow you through hell and high water, but the present vacillating and unreasoning policies and practices engender in us nothing but the 'defeatist' and 'apathetic' attitudes which your followers in Washington publicly deplore. We'll follow—will you lead?"

ROBERT LEIGHTON, M.D.  
Evansville, Minn.

Sirs:  
Time, in the issue of April 28, says: "Last week St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington's famed insane asylum, was officially made a defense agency."

And why not? It is a fine idea if you will only use it.

I cannot think of any better place for the defense enthusiasts who are clamoring to defend everything and everybody in the wide, wide world, excepting the U.S.

GEORGE T. FRY

New York City

Sirs:  
An American entry now into the war against Germany would win the fight Britain

**TIME**  
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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MANAGING EDITORS Manfred Gottfried, Frank Norris, T. S. Matthews.

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Address all correspondence regarding subscription, index, binders, bound volumes, to the *Circulation Manager*, 330 East 22nd Street, Chicago, Illinois. Editorial and advertising offices: *Time & Life Building*, Rockefeller Center, New York.  
Subscription Rates: One Year in the Continental U. S., Hawaii, Alaska, Philippines, Canada, \$5. Elsewhere in Western Hemisphere (Via Air Express only) \$10. Elsewhere \$7.

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

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Time, May 19, 1941





## THE BLOW THAT ALMOST BROKE A SMALL BOY'S HEART

HE came out of the store just in time to see the awful thing happen. A car was backing over the front wheel of his bicycle. The bicycle had saved his pennies to buy! The biggest thing in his young life!

He was only ten, you see, so you can't blame him for his tears. The driver of the car seemed kindly enough when he wrote down his name and address, but the boy began to wonder if he had done anything wrong, parking his bicycle at the curb that way. The world was a sadder and dismal place as he trudged the long mile home.

But two days later, his world suddenly brightened. A man from Liberty Mutual called on his mother, and before the man left, the youngster knew his bicycle was to be repaired at no cost to him.

A file in the Cincinnati office of Liberty Mutual contains a report from our policyholder, admitting he had been at fault. The file is marked, "Liability claim; loss \$2.00 for repairing bicycle."

Hundreds of small claims like this—bent fenders, twisted bumpers, broken taillights—are constantly passing through the hands of Liberty Mutual.

Every just claim, however small, is settled quickly, fairly, and pleasantly.

But a *serious* accident . . . that's the danger which worries you most. That's when your Liberty Mutual protection will be of *lifelong* value to you, safeguarding your home and savings, working to keep you out of court and out of trouble. Liberty Mutual's skilled investigators and adjusters are carefully trained to protect your interest. They are available to act as "Your Friend on the Highway," wherever and whenever you need their help.

This preferred protection costs surprisingly little under the Liberty Mutual plan. In most states, automobile insur-

ance rates are generally lower and you may secure discounts, depending on your driving record and the use made of your car. In addition, every year Liberty Mutual has paid cash dividends of 20% to policyholders, a further saving of one-fifth of initial premiums.

**FREE BOOKLET.** Don't buy or renew your car insurance until you read the free booklet offered below. It tells how careful drivers are securing full protection at lower cost, explains how you can qualify, describes our convenient deferred payment plan. In addition, without cost or obligation, we will send an estimate of the money you may save. Tear out and mail the coupon today!

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.  
175 Berkeley Street, Boston T 5-19-41

Without obligation, please send me your free illustrated booklet showing how careful drivers get car insurance at lower cost.

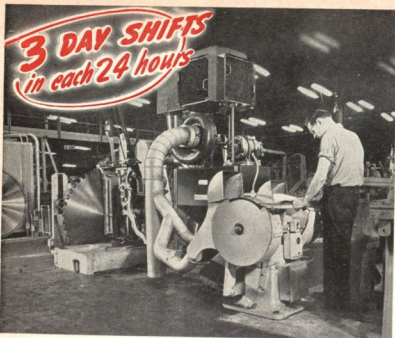
Name

Address

City and State

Make of car  Year





## in America's **BLACKED OUT** factories

Before World War II began—American industry was already moving into **blacked-out** factories. As early as 1930, the Simonds Saw Company built the first windowless peace-time factory, wherein American Air Filter and Dust Control equipment was used to make working conditions ideal every minute of every day.

Smog or clouds never dim the controlled "daylight" in the Simonds plant; no wide variations of temperature are ever known; the air within the building is cleaner than

out of doors. Thus, every shift of workers every 24 hours is a "day shift"—that leaves capricious nature outside, and enters a new world of comfort and high production efficiency.

AAF products—Air Filters and Roto-Clones—proved in the original windowless factory, are now serving an ever increasing number of similar plants—protecting workers and processes from the sabotage of destructive abrasive dust, soot and even oil vapors and welding fumes.

**AMERICAN AIR FILTER CO., INC., 219 CENTRAL AVE., LOUISVILLE, KY.**  
IN CANADA: DARLING BROS., LTD., MONTREAL, P. Q.

*If you have a troublesome dust condition there is an AAF Engineer close enough to discuss your problem first hand and recommend a solution.*

*Cleaned Air* **AAF** *makes it possible*



is losing. Britain is fighting the Nazis for the freedom and dignity of man. . . .

Under the democracy that a British and American victory would establish, individuals and States of individuals could strive of their own will toward the highest good, the betterment of mankind, the ideal of brotherly love which is democratic as much as Christian. . . .

MARY T. LITTLEJOHN  
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sirs:

I am becoming increasingly vexed at some of the letters that you publish every week which refer to World War II and the United States' part in it. For they would imply that the United States, by stopping some of its worldwide commerce, protecting its own boundaries, and, becoming, in a word, isolationist, can preserve Democracy. Bunk! Who wants "preserved" Democracy? The United States cannot become a museum for Democracy! . . .

JAMES O. LIDE

Camden, Ark.

### Diagnosis

Sirs:

The American people, according to Gallup, believe that the country should risk waging war but that it should not actually wage it.

We are not at war with Germany but Germany is our enemy.

We will use the Navy for "patrolling" but not for "convoying."

We whoop it up to the tune of 20 or 30 billions of dollars for the good-neighbor policy and hemisphere defense, but refuse to buy a little beef from the Argentine. . . .

There is terrible danger of the Germans winning but Lindbergh is a traitor for saying so.

The President murmurs, "Let's do it and say we didn't."

In other words, the country is again in the throes of that easily recognizable mass schizophrenia or infantilism or call it what psychosis you will, which always takes possession of us when we find ourselves all alone in the great big, terrifying, dangerous, adult world. Remember last time, when we passed the strictest prohibition laws we could think up, put poison in the liquor, and then drank ourselves blind for 14 years?

What this country needs is a good five-cent psychiatrist.

THOMAS H. JOYCE

Los Angeles, Calif.

### Both Sides

Sirs:

Even the reporting of my very favorite newspaper . . . did not cover the labor situation as impartially as you have done. . . . Congratulations for being able to see both sides at the same time.

GAIL MUDGETT

Concord, Calif.

### Still More Galling

Sirs:

"Proletarians, you have nothing to lose but your chains." This battle cry of Red leaders can now be amended, and made to conform with Soviet developments in the last 20 years, with the following supplement: "And nothing to gain but a still more galling chain." . . .

OSCAR ÖSTLUND

Clearfield, Pa.

Sirs:

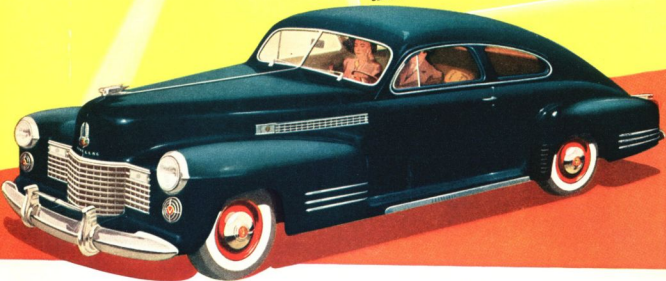
I have watched with apprehension the rapidly developing movement in the nation, if not to destroy the Communist Party of America, then to open it for effective action by putting Mr. Earl Browder in durance ville. . . .

If the Communist Party is destroyed we thereby rid ourselves of the one real society in restraint of revolution just as surely as removing toxins from the body would wipe out antitoxins. I know of nothing that pro-



AUTOMATIC  
GEARSHIFTING

CADILLAC-ENGINEERED  
**HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE**  
\*OPTIONAL ON ALL MODELS AT EXTRA COST



**Cadillac** \$1345  
A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

**YOU CAN HAVE EVERYTHING...  
INCLUDING AUTOMATIC GEARSHIFTING!**

HOW TO SQUARE our incomes with our natural desires for all that's new and best—that's a problem confronting most of us. But it needn't—*not when it comes to motor cars*—because the new, low-priced Cadillac solves this question *completely!*

Powered by the *mightiest and thriftiest* Cadillac V-8 engine ever built . . . appointed by Fleetwood's matchless artisans . . . equipped, at your option, with Hydra-Matic Drive® . . . and adorned with motoring's finest name, this splendid car sums up all automotive progress to date.

Prove it! Try a Cadillac with Hydra-Matic—the *one* system that dispenses with the clutch pedal. If you do, you'll *buy* it—and ride happily ever after!

*For the Cadillac Sixty-One FIVE-PASSENGER Coupe delivered at Detroit. State tax, optional equipment and accessories—extra. White sidewall tires, as shown, optional at extra cost. Prices and specifications subject to change without notice.*

ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF WHAT A BETTER TRUCK CAN DO



## First Choice of the "PROs"

● People look to the "pro"—the man who makes his living in any line—for the soundest advice. In the truck field, the "pro" is the transport operator. Every penny of his profit comes directly from the operation of his trucks as they roll mile after mile on the road!

That's why White developed *Super Power* for the transport operator first . . . knowing that if it could meet this Number One Challenge to trucks, it would be a better, bigger money earning truck for every business. Today, Super Power Whites are known as "the first

choice of the pros." The leading operators in the business (names on request) have found they earn \$1200 and more per truck per year!

There is a complete line of Super Power Whites, for every business, in all capacities from 1½ to 10 tons.

**THE WHITE MOTOR COMPANY, Cleveland**  
Builders of the complete line of White Super Power Trucks, City and Inter-city Coaches, Safety School Buses and the famous White Horse.



**MORE PAYLOAD.** "The 1,000-lb. weight saving in the Super Power chassis enables us to carry \$4.00 more in payload per one-way trip . . . extra earnings of \$896 per truck per year."—C. Fair Brooks, Brooks Transportation Co., Richmond, Virginia.



**\$1200 MORE PER YEAR.** "White Super Power *is* and *does* all you claim for it . . . including earn an extra \$1200 per year in my operation."—H. B. Horton, Horton Motor Lines, Charlotte, North Carolina.

**FUEL ECONOMY.** "On one of our eastern round-trips of 300 miles, Super Power saves \$4.25 in gasoline alone over the equipment replaced. This amounts to \$1275 worth per truck over the annual mileage."—J. L. Keeshin, Keeshin Freight Lines, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.



**LOWER MAINTENANCE.** "Our Super Power fleet at 2,325,298 miles showed a maintenance saving, over the trucks replaced, of \$16,742.15—within a five-dollar bill of \$1400 per truck."—E. J. Buhner, The Silver Fleet System, Louisville, Kentucky.



**FOR 40 YEARS THE GREATEST NAME IN TRUCKS**



motes a greater satisfaction with the U.S. Constitution and its guarantees than listening to the long-range dialecticians of the Kremlin, whose thinking is usually conditioned by the amount of static on their short-wave receiving sets. . . .

LOUIS WEITZENKORN

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Smack, Pat

Sirs:

I think TIME is completely detestable because it is vulgar, puritan, provincial, snobbish, middle-class, self-righteous, dictatorial and phony. . . .

THOMAS JAMES MERTON

St. Bonaventure, N.Y.

Sirs:

As a consistent reader of TIME who firmly believes and adheres to democratic principles, I wish to commend your magazine for its impartial point of view in discussing controversial issues involving social, political, and economic questions. . . .

WILLIAM McNULTY

Balboa, C.Z.

Have Roosevelt

Sirs:

Regarding Captain James Roosevelt being called to active duty: My impression was that physical requirements were strict. Surely an officer with a peptic ulcer so severe it required surgery (gastroenterostomy, I believe) at Mayo's could not pass a physical? . . .

Perhaps it is just sour grapes on my part, but I was rejected for active duty when my National Guard unit was inducted, because I had pleural effusion back in 1927.

I was just wondering why some people get all the breaks.

MAJOR C. A. PREUSS, M.C.

Santa Barbara, Calif.

► Captain Roosevelt's stomach ulcer operation was completely successful, and he is quite up to physical par for Navy duty. A Mayo physician who checked up in June 1939—nine months after the operation—found he had gained 12½ lb., pronounced him in excellent health, said: "The results of the operation have exceeded our most optimistic expectations."—En.

How to Do It

Sirs:

In your editorial comment concerning Count Luckner in TIME, April 28, you stated: "The Count likes to tell people he is 72, then show he is still in the prime by tearing telephone books in two." This is just another example of German boasting based upon bluff. Anyone can tear a telephone book in two if he knows the trick, which is as follows: Crease the book in the center with the thumbs until a triangle is formed. Then pull directly backward.

BERNARD N. E. COHN, M.D.

Denver, Colo.

Fellows v. "Fellowes"

Sirs:

In TIME, April 28, you liken the appearance, sartorially speaking, of Admiral Sir Percy Noble to "a Lawrence Fellowes." . . .

If the "Lawrence Fellowes" should by chance be the originator of the sartorially resplendent gentlemen frequently appearing in *Esquire*, you have misspelled the name. Our family eliminated the "e" long, long ago.

J. H. FELLOWS

Washington, D.C.

► Lawrence Fellows is indeed *Esquire's* creator of sartorially resplendent gentlemen. TIME put an "e" where none belonged, apologizes to all Fellowes—

TIME, May 19, 1941

I had  
what it takes...  
but couldn't find  
a taker!



Want others to like you?

Whether we're sixteen or sixty, we don't want to lose out on life's pleasures because of halitosis (bad breath) . . . not when, for most of us, there is such a pleasant, refreshing way to keep breath sweeter, purer—the Listerine Antiseptic way!

For, while some cases of bad breath are caused by systemic conditions, usually, say some authorities, it is due to the fermentation of tiny food particles on mouth, teeth and gums. Wearers of dentures and plates are particularly susceptible because food is apt to cling to them and ferment. Listerine Antiseptic balt such fermentation and overcomes the odors it causes. That's why, when you rinse

I GOT THE JOB, THANKS TO YOUR TIP, MISS WHITE. LET'S CELEBRATE AT LUNCH!



your mouth morning and night with full strength Listerine, your breath is fresher, sweeter, less likely to offend.

If you want others to like you, if you want to put your best foot forward, use Listerine Antiseptic—it pays!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE look after your breath!



**PICTURE YOURSELF** in this world of Alpine beauty! Enjoying the hospitality of Canadian National's Jasper Park Lodge and such memorable motor tours as the Columbia Icefield Drive (left). Drinking in the spectacle of serried peaks sparkling in the tangy air, of mighty glaciers and leaping mountain torrents. You can't imagine it. You have to *see* Jasper, for only seeing is believing.

THIS TRAIL TO

# High Adventure

IS JUST OVER YOUR HORIZON!



**SEE WILD LIFE** "Close Up!" Sprightly deer, nimble mountain goats and playful bears obligingly pose for you. Discover jeweled lakes — Maligne, Amethyst, Beauvert. Fish in tumbling trout streams. Thrill to surging cataracts — Sunwapta, Athabasca, Punch Bowl Falls. A plunge in the heated outdoor pool. Horseback rides along trails offering vistas of incredible Alpine beauty.

**ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW** attracts you at Jasper. Golf on the rolling 18-hole championship course where each velvety fairway is diagrammed on a contour map (above). Tennis, fishing, canoeing, dancing, or just lounging in warm sunshine—whichever you choose, you'll be happy.

**COME IN LUXURY**—via air-conditioned *Continental Limited*. Through sleeping cars from Montreal, Toronto, St. Paul, Minn., to Jasper and Pacific Coast. Or travel across the Dominion by Trans-Canada Air Lines. Plan this glorious Canadian vacation now!

**NO PASSPORT NEEDED!** Your United States dollar has extra value in Canada. This year more than ever, a friendly welcome awaits you throughout the Dominion.



## LOW SUMMER FARES — LIBERAL STOP-OVERS

Rates at Jasper Park Lodge from \$8.00 a day including meals. Call or write any Canadian National office for illustrated booklets of Jasper, Canada and Alaska tours.

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Cincinnati...100 Teira Tron.	New York...473 Fifth Ave.	St. Louis...314 N. Broadway
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The man in the 10-gallon hat will greet you at Jasper Station.

# Canadian National TO EVERYWHERE IN CANADA

Jasper and other principal Canadian Rockies resorts easily reached via Canadian National from all U.S. points. Also fast modern services to Pacific Coast, Ontario, Quebec and Maritime Vacation Lands.



especially to Reader J. H., who has dropped an "s" from "mis spelled."—Ed.

"Etc."

Sirs:

Your partial listing of national private-welfare groups (*TIME*, April 21) is not up to your usual concise and explicit reporting or up to your usual extreme fairness to all religious groups.

"Etc." is not recognition to any group—and in this news item it covers the sixth and only one omitted which is the National Catholic Community Service. Having worked... locally (with two agencies listed) on this "streamlined U.S.O." I find the National Catholic Community Service leading several others in its interest.

LOLA McCOLLOCH

St. Joseph, Mich.

Paradox

Sirs:

It is quite surprising to this reader that Germany has a contraceptive factory at all, let alone Fromm's big one mentioned in your "Capitalism in Germany" (*TIME*, April 7).

Could you give me additional information about this paradox of a big contraceptive plant in a country whose leaders preach fertility?...

PRIVATE WILLIAM HEIMER

Mitchell Field,  
Long Island, N.Y.

► Inquiry by *TIME* through a maze of German Government bureaus, divisions and departments has failed to disclose any Nazi decree against sale of contraceptives. However, contraceptive equipment used by women is not manufactured and has vanished from drug-stores and doctors' cabinets. Fromm's product, a common article used by men, although doubtless much employed as a contraceptive, is considered primarily an anti-venereal prophylactic, and so is heartily approved of by the health-conscious Nazis. This product is on sale in every drugstore, in many hotel washrooms and nightclubs. Great quantities have been shipped to France for occupation troops, among whom the demand is so heavy that French supplies have also been drawn on.

Though birth control for sound German women with sound German mates is strongly discouraged, the Reich approves of contraceptive measures for German soldiers mating with women of "inferior" (i.e., other) races.—Ed.

Law in Italy

Sirs:

Reviewing some of last year's copies of *TIME*, I noted the following in the issue for Feb. 12, 1940: "But before he [Mussolini] embarked on all this, he gave an early morning order: the task of reeducating Italian law, which he began 17 years ago... must be completed without fail by the end of 1940."

I haven't seen anything about the completed reeducation of Italian law either last year, or thus far this year and have just been wondering...

WM. N. JOHNSON

Detroit, Mich.

► Some code books have been issued or rewritten, but the job of reeducating Italian law is still unfinished. Mussolini has lately had more pressing problems.—Ed.

# It's Something Bigger Than Size



THE United States was once much bigger than it is now—so incomprehensibly vast that only a few hardy adventurers had crossed it. It took railroads to pull this continental wilderness together, to enable it to become the nation we know. No other form of transport is big enough and flexible enough to meet the needs of that nation's present commerce and the demands of defense.

But strength doesn't lie in bigness alone. You can't measure the might of the railroads in the increased horsepower of their locomotives, the length of their track or the number of their cars. For their strength today lies also in organized cooperation—not just

cooperation with each other, but with shippers and the various government departments.

Thirteen regional Shippers Advisory Boards, in close touch with agricultural and business conditions all over the country, let the railroads know in advance when, where and how many freight cars will be needed.

Machinery for effective cooperation among shippers, railroads, steamships and port authorities prevents congestion of export traffic at the ports.

The defense agencies of the government and the railroads working together map the movement of materials and supplies needed for

use by military and naval forces.

Through these cooperative arrangements, cars are used for transportation and not for storage. Freight is not loaded in cars unless it is known that they can be unloaded promptly upon arrival.

This cooperation means better use of our better railroads of today. It multiplies the capacity of the nation's major carriers—for commerce or for defense.

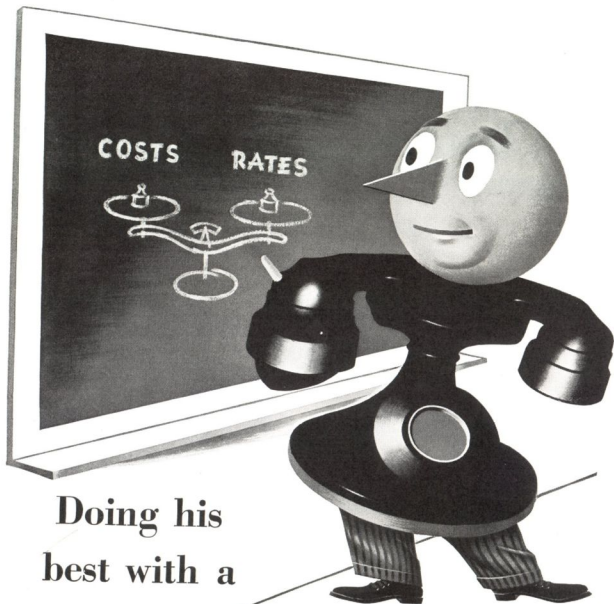
## GRAND CIRCLE TOUR—\$90

See America from Atlantic to Pacific—from north to south—and back to your starting point. \$90 railroad fare in coaches, \$135 if you go Pullman (plus \$45 for one or two passengers in a lower berth). Liberal stopovers for sightseeing.

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But there is no end to trying. There is never any letting up in the search for a better, more economical way. All along the line, the Bell System believes in economy in business housekeeping. That is part of its obligation to the public.

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## NATIONAL AFFAIRS



THE PRESIDENT'S WAR CABINET  
Washington talked of a June explosion.

Acme, Harris & Ewing, Thomas D. McAvoy

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### A Week in Bed

Last week, for the third time since he entered the White House eight years ago, illness kept Franklin Roosevelt away from his desk for seven days. Top boss of the White House was Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy who kept the President of the U.S. in bed most of the week.

The news of the President's illness was made public on Tuesday when his regular press conference was canceled. Presidential Secretary Stephen Early announced that he went to bed that afternoon with a "gastro-intestinal disorder" and a degree and a half of fever.

Actually the President during the previous week had looked as bad as a man can look and still be about. When he visited Staunton, Va., to dedicate Woodrow Wilson's restored birthplace (TIME, May 12), he managed to get through his brief address but accompanying pleasantries—lunches and visits—were canceled and he went immediately back to Washington.

According to Washington rumor he was suffering from diarrhea; his condition was not so much serious as fretful. But his Friday press conference was also canceled. At week's end, although it was officially announced that his temperature was back to normal, he remained in bed and put off receiving Australian Prime Minister Menzies (see p. 16) as well as a group of high-ranking Latin-American naval chiefs who are visiting the U.S. by invitation. By that time his illness appeared to be under control.

The most thrilling account of it appeared in Italy. All Rome papers announced that he was seriously ill, that doctors had been summoned to the White House, that the

entire nation was disturbed. Finally the Italian papers had the President confined to a *casa di salute*—roughly, a place where people go to get over a nervous breakdown.

#### New Managers?

Franklin Roosevelt would have been more fretful than he was last week, if he had heard what some of his friends and lieutenants were saying. They said that his Administration had badly managed the defense effort, that soon there would have to be an internal explosion.

As reason for their belief they had the manifold evidence of how far short was the production of many needed arms (see p. 21), of the whole civilian defense machinery running without any responsible head, of uncertain policies, of fresh confusions piled on stale confusions.

"Plus-Four." If bad management was again carving over Democracy's door the bitter motto, "Too little & too late," immediate responsibility lay on the Roosevelt War Cabinet—the Secretaries of State, War, Navy and Treasury—and the President's manager of the Lend-Lease program, Harry Hopkins. For one reason or another each of them has drawbacks as a manager and administrator of a war effort.

With grave, careworn Cordell Hull the reason is partly age (69 years). Buried in the paper-shuffling details of his mountainous task, he very often does not realize what goes on in the intrigue-ridden old halls of the roccoco Department. This rough judgment, made solely in the blazing exigencies of wartime, and without regard to the saintly Tennessean's years of patient, farseeing service, is current in Washington.

With Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson the reason is both age and health. Now no cocktail party passes in the District without a new anecdote about the Secretary's dozing off in some important conference, of his inability to work more than a few hours a day, of his valiant but losing struggle to keep abreast of the demands of war in 1941. No reflections are made on his spirit, his mind, his will: the emphasis is on his years.

Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox is contrarily full of vigor; but ice-cold appraisers praise only his muscles. When he makes some such remark as "The U.S. will out-produce Hitler in 90 days" his whole Department groans; last week one Navy air-man fell back on flying jargon to grumble: "The Old Man is shooting the breeze again."

Yet these three, with cautious, slow, well-meaning Henry Morgenthau Jr., Treasury Secretary, make up the President's War Cabinet. In a vain try to develop some kind of dynamic organization, the President chose a fifth man to lean on, ailing Harry Hopkins, as executive secretary to the Secretaries. But Hopkins can work only six hours a day under as little strain as possible. So around him the President placed a small flying squadron of young Treasury-trained braintrusts, such as Philip Young and Oscar Cox—however,

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this was a compromise with a compromise.

**Bossman.** But if his managers were not the men to do the job, the worst executive management could be traced to Franklin Roosevelt. To solve his problem of management, the President had done little except to create new jobs and new agencies, overlapping and ineffectual.

This was typical, for although Franklin Roosevelt often creates new agencies to retrieve old failures, he rarely reorganizes those that fail. For two years he had the power for which many a President before him yearned—to reorganize the departments of the Government—but last January, when the Reorganization Act which gave him that power quietly expired at its two-year term, he had used it to shift only a few bureaus and make a few more jobs. Neither a key organization nor a key man had come out of the multiplication of agencies. No one had yet grown up out of the cutthroat tangle of confusion as had Bernard Baruch in World War I.

One apparent reason for the multiplication of jobs without the multiplication of results was that Franklin Roosevelt never fires anybody.

So last week when men in Washington talked of an explosion soon, they were hoping for something contrary to Franklin Roosevelt's habits. If Franklin Roosevelt soon has to find a man to run the war, likelihood was he would make more promotions instead of a shake-up.

**Benchfed?** For some months Washington has heard, without paying particular attention, that Supreme Court Associate Justice William Orville Douglas was the President's real defense choice; that he wanted to make Douglas Secretary of State, at the head of the War Cabinet—but feared public outcry. Last week the rumor was revived, and astute Sir Willmott Lewis, veteran correspondent of the *London Times*, reported that Mr. Hull might be made Chief Justice, for the retirement of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes in June has been rumored persistently.

One vacancy is already open on the Court—the seat of retired Justice James Clark McReynolds. This post is almost definitely promised to Senator James F. Byrnes of South Carolina. If Justice Douglas can be taken from the bench, if Chief Justice Hughes does retire, three vacancies would open in June, possible month of the "explosion," and three vacancies on the highest bench would make lots of room for promotion upstairs.

**New Faces.** Besides Justice Douglas, New York City's dynamic, hen-shaped Mayor Fiorello LaGuardia is one of the new managers whom the President may have in mind. Both are nail-hard temperamentally; are doers first and askers afterward. Both are believed to be holding off acceptances of key jobs until they get the power to fire. Both are men of action and of plain speech.

In the meantime two new faces have

risen to power in Washington: Budget Director Harold Dewey Smith, and Wayne Coy, an "anonymous" Presidential assistant, now executive secretary of the Office for Emergency Management.

Smith, a Michigander, was a career man recommended to the Treasury by Chicago's Public Administration Clearing House as an unusually able administrator. Pallid, with a pale mustache, short and chunky in build, he is talkative, friendly, and regards himself as a policy-carrier-out, rather than a policy-maker.

Coy, 37, a young Indian who worked under Harry Hopkins as a State WP Administrator, was a longtime protégé of Indian Paul McNutt, outgrew McNutt to become increasingly important to the President as a drafter of domestic and defense programs. He is spectacled, sallow, and extremely fast of mind.

The prominence of Coy and Smith underscores the fact that there is no longer such a thing as a little cohesive group of New Dealers who can be called Braintrusters, or the Janizariat. To tackle the great problem of his first term, Depression, the President had a powerful braintrust: Raymond Moley, Donald Richberg, General Hugh S. Johnson, George Peek, Rexford Tugwell—all now off the scene. The so-called Second New Deal—Robert Jackson, Harold Ickes, Leon Henderson, William Douglas, Corcoran, Cohen—are separately employed to the point of scatteration.

For the great problem of his third term, preparing for war, he has neither a manager nor any cohesive group to manage for him.

The President works like a newspaper copy-desk's man-in-the-slot, farming out assignments to his staff according to their abilities. Through Justice Felix Frankfurter he hears from England's Economist Harold Laski, about the international New Deal; and John G. Winant, Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and Ben Cohen work in London toward that dream.

In Washington the ex-Ambassador to France, William C. Bullitt, is advance man with trial-balloons speeches; and Assistant Secretary of State Adolf A. Berle Jr. has long been assigned the problem of the U.S. ultimate peace aims—which he has boiled down to three words, "Peace without empire." And the President is coming more & more to depend on two ex-bankers Under Secretary of the Navy James V. Forrestal, now on a mission to London, and Robert Abercrombie Lovett, ex-banker, now Assistant Secretary of War for Air.

But the striking fact about all these figures is that they work in almost separate compartments. And still more striking is the fact that those who are closest are more notable as advisers than as administrators. If the President is to see the nation's war effort well managed, he will have to find at least one expert executive to whom he can give power and his confidence.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Plain Talker from Down Under

Not since Lord Lothian's death have U.S. citizens heard such plain talk from a British official as they heard last week. The plain talker was big (196 lb.), Robert Gordon Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia. Homeward bound after a 30,000-mile tour of the British Empire, fresh from ten weeks with the War Cabinet in London, the Prime Minister stepped out of the Clipper to be greeted by Australian Minister Richard Casey (*see cut*). Then, with no kowtowing to supposed U.S. sensibilities, he let fly with a statement on war aims, flew in a camouflaged bomber to Ottawa, returned to Washington to talk with Secretary Hull, win over the correspondents, have an hour-long bedside conference with the President, in which they "circumnavigated the globe."

Robert Menzies is a conservative in a country that was New Dealish long before the New Deal, and where the labor movement is so tough that Australian-born Harry Bridges is just a pale expatriate compared to the sort they grow at home. Americans say that Menzies is like Wendell Willkie except that he won. A grocer's son and a prosperous lawyer before he went into politics, he was damned up & down under as the spokesman of the fiendish Interests, did not win labor's confidence until Australia's war production began to show results—and then only tentatively.

When he was in England he kept out of bomb shelters, watched rescue squads and fire fighters, aroused a popular enthusiasm second only to Churchill's. When he landed in Canada he turned on a tireless flow of effective speech that jarred lethargic Canadians:

"... This is the common man's war. It is he and his wife and his daughter who are fighting back. I have seen their homes shattered and burning, all their little possessions gone and they themselves being led away dazed and bewildered, but never once have I heard a single person say we must make peace. . . . I have found in them the spark of courage shining as brightly as it shines in the heart of any hero on the field of battle. . . ."

When he talked in the House of Commons in Ottawa, stuffed shirts lost their stuffing, an amateur piper broke out on his bagpipe, honorable members went cheering, tooling and parading in a grand march down the Chamber.

For the U.S., his first statement was strong. He said in effect:

"It is not for me to tell you what to do. That is your business. 'The first thing I want to say to you is—Britain can't lose. The second is that the speed with which she wins depends on you. . . . Australia has no more natural-born interests in the politics of Europe than you have. Like you, we are a long way off and we have and love a life of our own. But this war is not about the politics of Europe; it's about the

politics of the human race. . . . You are not being asked to make a donation to a deserving charity. . . . You are not being asked to fight for Britain with your factories and your skill just because you love the English. For all I know, you don't. You are really being asked to fight, as we are fighting in Australia, for the decent, suffering, ordinary people. . . . The cry going out for material is a tremendous

called the bill "an act of war," and for the third time the German Government sent a formal protest.

Most vehemently opposed to the bill were House Republicans.<sup>8</sup> Missouri's Dewey Short attacked the measure as "just another slap in the face and kick in the pants to the Axis," which was just as brash, said Short, as if he himself stepped into the ring with Joe Louis. Republicans

and March 31 had been sunk. Non-interventionists triumphantly pointed to the figures as proof that ship sinkings were much less alarming than the British and the Administration had painted.

The unhappy Rear Admiral Land, who had calculated as sinkings only those reported by the press, spluttered that "there is reason to believe that actual losses run substantially greater than reported losses." The British hastened to release their figure for April losses: 488,000 tons (see p. 36).

At week's end, as a report came that 27 U.S. merchant ships would steam to the Red Sea with supplies for the British troops in Africa and the Near East, Senate noninterventionists loaded their blunderbusses. They hoped to wing the ship bill when it reached the Senate floor and tie an anti-convoys amendment to its tail. But Administration forces were certain they had the votes to carry the measure through as the President had ordered it.

## The Power of Priorities

Last week a veil was suddenly clawed away, and the U.S. got a quick, bewildering look at a desperate moment in the struggle for the most important place of control of the national economy: the power of making and enforcing priorities which will inevitably mean life & death to whole industries.

Until last week, World War II's priorities operations had been divided and subdivided. In the Office of Production Management, priorities were theoretically managed by Edward P. Stettinius as priorities chief in charge of raw materials and commodity production; and certainly affected by Donald M. Nelson as procurement chief; Leon Henderson through price controls; John D. Biggers through processing; while the Interstate Commerce and Maritime Commissions supervised delivery priorities; the Bituminous Coal Division, Federal Trade and Federal Power Commissions all had dabbling hands.

Over all the Army and Navy Munitions Board stood, exercising military priority rights. And at the President's side Harry Hopkins worked as liaison man with the British, again affecting priorities. In the background stood Bernard M. Baruch, the single chief of priorities in World War I, warning with the voice of experience that single control was essential if the U.S. is to be successfully armed.

Into this tableau of confusion, uncertainty and division struck the House of Representatives last week. They saw the mess and, with unerring Congressional instinct, charged into it. They did so in an attempt to forestall a gradual liquidation of Washington's defense \$1-a-yearlings, and their replacement by New Dealers. They had already seen that at point after point power over priorities was going back to the New Dealers, and away from the businessmen and the conservative military high command.

The Congressional point of attack was



PRIME MINISTER MENZIES & MINISTER CASEY

*"You are not being asked to fight . . . because you love the English."*

challenge to the industrial genius of the United States. All the world knows you can do it if you put your mind to it. The question is, how quickly can you get going?"

New Dealers in Washington, suspicious of all conservatives, were hardly likely to approve of Robert Menzies' political ideas, however well he got along personally. But with long experience he seemed able to take care of himself. When he was elected Prime Minister a left-winger baited him in public:

"In your new office I take it that you will consult the powerful interests who control you before you choose your Cabinet."

"Yes," said Robert Menzies, "but, please, keep my wife's name out of this."

## THE CONGRESS

### "Overt Act"

The question of U.S. intervention in the war rode clamorously into Congress last week on the back of the Ship Seizure Bill. The bill gave the President authority to purchase or lease some 500,000 tons of Danish, Italian, French, German, Belgian, Rumanian, Estonian and Lithuanian vessels which lie idle in U.S. harbors and throw them into the Battle of the Atlantic. In the House the bill stirred up the whole argument over convoys, interventionists

trying to hobble the bill with an amendment which would prevent the President from transferring German and Italian ships to the British, cheered to the roof mention of Lindbergh.

Democrats, shouting that the non-interventionists were "appeasers and defeatists," beat four amendments down. A fifth which got through was a provision to pay for the seized vessels of debtor nations with credit on their debts. Majority Leader McCormack declared that this was "more of an overt act" than anything in the original measure, accused Republicans of talking one way and voting another.

As the bill finally passed the House with 100 Republicans (out of 151 who voted) and 19 Democrats voting against it, the scene shifted to the Senate. There too the convoy argument trailed it. Michigan's Vandenberg produced a letter from Maritime Commission Chairman Emory Land which reported that only eight out of 205 ships clearing from U.S. ports for the United Kingdom between Dec. 30

<sup>8</sup> In a poll of 9,000 party leaders *The Republican* (official publication of the Young Republicans) recorded that 60% voted against "steps toward war" and 40% favored withdrawing opposition to the Administration "in all matters of foreign policy"; 52% opposed and 48% favored sending the U.S. Army, Navy and air forces to Britain if it became apparent that otherwise she would go down; 65% favored U.S. participation in the peace conference; 69% opposed Union Now.

a measure sought by the Administration, to give the President statutory powers over many industrial fields in which he now has only the powers of persuasion, as exercised by the Priorities Director, now Stettinius. So far the Administration has only had legal powers in Army and Navy contracts, but lacked mandatory priority power over contracts of the British and other foreign governments under the Lend-Lease Act, over industrial contracts for the expansion of production of scarce but vital materials, over other Federal bureau contracts (Maritime Commission, Panama Canal, etc.).

Two men worked fast: industry's self-appointed House watchdog, bellicose Representative Eugene ("Goobor") Cox of Camilla, Ga.; and bumbling Representative Carl Vinson of Milledgeville, Ga., self-appointed watchdog of the interests of the Navy's high command. Together they suddenly proposed an amendment which was designed to freeze the old and new priorities powers under OPM's Stettinius; give official status to committees of industry, and make all priority rulings finally subject to approval by the Army and Navy Munitions Board. Further: to warn against the probable coming ouster of Stettinius, appointment of anyone as Priorities Director would be subject to confirmation by the Senate.

Working smoothly together, the two presented the amendment to the House as a way in which Congress could keep a checkrein of control over a legislatively established office wielding vast powers. Weary of government by executive order, the House adopted the amendment with a practically unanimous whoop, passed the bill, sent it to the Senate.

On the sidelines, wryly watching was Speaker Samuel T. Tamm. Under the rules of the House he could not preside during the debate (in committee of the whole) and the entire action was taken before loyal but fumbling Majority Leader John McCormack awoke. It was a sad jolt to the 59-year-old shrewd, bald Speaker, serving his 15th term in Congress, master of the House's countless rules and 11,000 precedents, who succeeded far better than his immediate predecessors in smoothing the path of legislation through Congress, had even got the President to consult Congress before, not after, proposing legislation. Last week he controlled his disgust and patiently noted: "It was put over while the House was asleep."

The situation was beyond Rayburn's own firm grasp. The bill had gone to the Senate, and the fight would have to come out in the open. The pot sizzled; the Administration rolled up its sleeves for a catch-as-catch-can tussle with a Senate which has long been itching to get its fingers into defense. Already the Senate was awakening to the beautiful possibilities of the Cox amendment. In Government offices downtown there was wrath



THE SPEAKER  
"The House was asleep."

and dismay; even earnest Mr. Stettinius came out against the amendment. The mess was in a fair way to get messier before it was cleaned up. A struggle for power was on.

## ALIENS

### Robert Jackson's Busy Week

It was the lunch hour in Manhattan and all over the city waiters with flawless manners were getting orders wrong and with many an expert flourish placing the scrambled eggs before the man who ordered stuffed veal. Suddenly 40 immigration officials, 40 Canadian border patrolmen and 100 city detectives sprang from nowhere, seized 70 Italian waiters, and spread consternation through the \$2-luncheon belt.

At the Ritz-Carlton five waiters took to their heels and got away. Only one, serving a group in the Oak Room, was caught—another waiter took over his customers and his tip. At the Ambassador, at the Caviar, at Joe's Restaurant, other rendezvous from Park Avenue to Sixth Avenue, the Government men struck so swiftly and quietly that customers just thought service was a little slower than usual. At the Pierre, necks were craned when a waiter, led off by two officers, let out a squawk: "They're taking us to jail!"

These waiters and eleven more gathered up by week's end had been brought over to work in the Italian Pavilion at New York's World's Fair. Having long overstayed the 30 days allotted them after the pavilion closed, they were legally deportable.

Like nearly 200 German seamen, seized in a dozen cities, including Miami, Kansas City, San Francisco, Chicago and Manhattan, two nights earlier, the Italian waiters were seized at Attorney General Jackson's orders. Most of those seized were not in hiding but it appeared that the Government meant to round up in advance transients from the Axis countries who might be potential enemy agents.

In speeches, conversation with individuals and in his first press conference in eight months, Attorney General Jackson undertook last week to tell about other of his department's activities against undercover foreign activities in the U.S.:

► The Government attacked funds of the giant I. G. Farbenindustrie, German dye trust. Indicted last winter with several U.S. companies for violating the anti-trust laws in the magnesium industry, officials refused to appear, contending they were not doing business as a U.S. corporation. The Attorney General claimed that the seizure (timed with expected receipt of \$250,000 due I. G. Farbenindustrie that same day for license fees from U.S. firms) would compel the dye trust to appear before a U.S. court if it wanted to protest, would thus automatically bring it under the jurisdiction of the courts.

► Of Princess Stephanie Hohenlohe-Waldenburg-Schillingfürst, confidante of Captain Fritz Wiedemann, Nazi consul general in San Francisco, who was ordered deported last March for overstaying her visitor's leave, Attorney General Jackson said, "We feel better-natured about her." Reason: she had given the Government "some very interesting information."

► In Wilson, N.C., ten Italian officers and seamen were found guilty of sabotage of the seized Italian freighter *Villarperosa*, received sentences up to three years. First of 397 Italians, ten Germans up for trial, they got off easier than Robert Jackson wanted—he asked uniform sentences of five years for seamen, seven for officers.

► Manfred Zapp and Günther Tonn, officials of the Nazi Transocean News Service (*TIME*, March 24), arrested on deportation charges because they entered the U.S. as "treaty merchants" and did not maintain that status, were held at Ellis Island. The Government argument against bail reviewed the case of Baron Franz von Werra, Nazi flier, who put up \$15,000 bail and ran away.

► Bail was not refused in the mysterious case of Gaik Badalovitch Ovakimian, Russian agent picked up by the FBI. This stocky, greying, powerful man has been in the U.S. since 1936. Last month, for the first time, he registered with the State Department as the agent of a foreign power. He had sent his wife, child, furniture and car back to Russia, was himself due to leave this month.

A great hush-hush attended the proceedings where Ovakimian was held for \$25,000 bail. When the U.S. attorney said that Ovakimian was a key figure in the



Government's spy investigations, an FBI man shushed him in alarm. Ovakimian growled at the Soviet consul general, who treated him with vast respect (and posted a \$25,000 bond with \$50 and \$100 bills), identified himself first as a buyer for Amtorg Trading Corp., next as representative of the "chemical trust," last as an agent of "the Commissariat." Around the Amtorg office he was always a feared and mysterious figure who came and went as he pleased, was reported to have studied in U.S. technical schools, and was believed by subordinates to be the GPU's industrial chief in the U.S. Whatever he had been, there was no doubt but that the FBI believed it had taken in someone very near the top.

## WAR & PEACE

### Statement of a Case

"For the last six months I have remained aside from the controversy on whether we should join in this war." So said Herbert Hoover last week breaking his silence on the great issue. Then, speaking on a nationwide broadcast, he told where he stood: against convoys and against going to war. Unlike Colonel Lindbergh his reasoning was not that the War was none of the U.S.'s business, nor that Britain was bound to lose. Said he:

"Let me state at the outset that I support provision of the maximum tools of war to Britain; that I am convinced we can give this maximum during her next critical months only if we keep out of this war; that putting our Navy into action is joining this war; that the whole European war situation is in transformation; that America is as yet unprepared even for adequate defense; that our people are not united. To go in now is neither wise nor for the interest of either Britain or ourselves. . . .

"If we join this war we must join in earnest. We shall lose it any other way. If we join we must at once increase our Army to 3,000,000 or 5,000,000 men. We would have to use a larger part of our immediate manufactures to supply our own Army. We would have to use a larger part of our air production to defend our own coast cities. We would have to at once increase our protections for the Pacific Coast and our island possessions. . . . We would have to hold merchant ships in reserve to carry troops to protect them. . . . We would have to use our light naval craft to convoy and protect our own sea lanes, especially in the Pacific. . . .

"Is it not clear that we will give less tools to Britain if we join in the war? The solution is not for us to go to war but to give her every tool that will readily serve her regardless of our own preparedness. . . .

Only President Roosevelt, by position, experience, current information, could answer ex-President Hoover. The President was sick and silent.

### "What Are We Waiting For?"

Although Franklin Roosevelt had not come to the point of speaking out about using U.S. warships to insure safe delivery of U.S. supplies to Britain, last week others spoke for him and plainly.

► Florida's Senator Claude Pepper, who has been a stalking horse for the Administration before, was the most vociferous. He called for conveying "without another day's delay or dallying." Shouting down all attempts of other Senators to interrupt him, he cried: "Do we want to let millions be crucified later because there is a jeopardy that a few might die an honorable death now?" The U.S., Pepper stormed, should get tough, "occupy the points of vantage from which these monsters are preparing to strike at us . . . Greenland, Iceland, the Azores, the Cape Verde Islands, the Canary Islands, Dakar. . . ." He saw Japan as "ready to assassinate us," suggested that U.S. aviators be permitted to fight with the Chinese Army. ". . . At the controls of some first-class American bombing planes, 50 of them . . . can make a shambles out of Tokyo." Even sympathetic colleagues were abashed at his belligerency. Unsympathetic colleagues saw red. (Isolationist Senator Tobey, pick-

instrument prepared and ready. . . . Right now at this crossroads of history it is within our power, if we choose to use that instrument, to turn the tide. . . . If today that Navy should make secure the seas for the delivery of our munitions to Great Britain, it will render as great a service to our country and to the preservation of American freedom as it has ever rendered in all its glorious history."

► Said Navy Secretary Knox to an American Booksellers' Association dinner in Washington: "We are living in fearful danger and the only safety for us is to supplement the forces of Great Britain. . . . Stop and think what it would mean if the bridge of ships were not maintained. . . ."

► Said Agriculture Secretary Wickard to a gathering of North Carolina farmers: "It is a cruel and bitter mockery to let the English people believe we are going to make our help effective if we have only halfway measures in mind."

► Said the pro-convoys Los Angeles Times: "The policy outlined is the one which the American people have come to recognize as logically necessary. . . . What are we waiting for?"

► Speaking at a "Freedom Rally" in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden,



FLORIDA'S PEPPER  
Some were abashed, some saw red.

ing up a story written by Scripps-Howard Staff Writer Thomas L. Stokes, suggested that Senator Pepper had used his office to get part of a defense contract for a Florida asphalt company, thereby precipitating such a rancorous side battle that the Senate finally expunged the debate from the record.)

If the President could disown Senator Pepper's belligerent cries, he could hardly disown the remarks of three members of his own Cabinet.

► Said War Secretary Stimson in a radio speech: "We have at our hands a naval

Wendell Willkie cried: "I care not whether you call safe delivery conveying, patrolling, airplane accompaniment or what not. We want those cargoes protected . . . at once and with less talk and more action."

"More action" could come only from Franklin Roosevelt. Apologists saw the President waiting in the wings for the orchestra to finish its prelude before he stepped out with the Big Act. Critics saw him tiptoeing around, listening at keyholes of public opinion, studying polls, while national support slipped through his fingers.

## TAXATION

### Guns v. Automobiles?

To Congress, staggered by Secretary Morgenthau's demand for a \$12,600,000,000 tax bill, last week went two Government officials proposing not only different taxes than the Treasury suggested, but a whole new theory of taxation. The men who made these new proposals were two of the Administration's fiscal bigshots: the Federal Reserve System's Chairman Marriner Eccles and Price Administrator Henderson.

The Treasury had recommended new and higher surtaxes on personal and corporate incomes (TIME, May 5), higher gift and estate taxes, increased excises on many such commodities as cigars, liquor, gasoline. On the last point Messrs. Eccles and Henderson plainly told openmouthed Congressmen on the Ways and Means Committee that they differed.

Objecting to general boosts in excise taxes as much as to a general sales tax, they recommended whopping "selective" sales taxes on such commodities as automobiles (up to 20%), refrigerators, washing machines, which compete with defense industries for materials and workmen and machine tools. This would tend to build up a backlog of consumer needs for the years after the war. Meantime they proposed to let the lower-income group—its wages raised by the defense boom—have its fill of food and other goods which do not compete with defense products.

Eccles also proposed broadening the individual income-tax base, lowering the married persons' exemption to \$1,500 and credit for dependents to \$300. But he would tax middle-income groups, "living on relatively fixed incomes," less drastically than Morgenthau advised. Henderson and Eccles both proposed to plug loopholes and boost gift and inheritance taxes. The probable net yield for their plan: well over the \$12,600,000,000.

In effect, they denied that the choice before the U.S. was between guns and butter. All that was needed, they insisted, was a choice between guns and automobiles.

Dazed by the Eccles-Henderson thesis, the Ways and Means Committee extended hearings, settled down to figuring out not only what taxes would hurt the least, but what would do the most good.

## LABOR

### "Fullest Cooperation"

A.F. of L. President William Green last week lambasted C.I.O.'s John Lewis for croaking: "If labor isn't given a greater voice in . . . [labor] matters, those who direct them should not expect too much cooperation from labor." Promised Mr. Green brightly: "I assure the Government of the United States that it can expect the fullest cooperation from all of the members and officers of the American

Federation of Labor. . . ." Before the week was out, there was a new and bigger A.F. of L. strike on a front where everybody believed that all strikes had been outlawed for the duration of the defense program.

The strikers were machinists in San Francisco shipyards. Month ago, West Coast shipbuilders and union officials had signed a master agreement for the entire West Coast industry pledging no strikes, no lockouts. The striking machinists' local protested that they had not been let into the negotiations for the agreement, therefore were not bound by it. Their demands: \$1.15 an hour. (The master agreement provides: \$1.12 an hour.) Out with the 1,200 A.F. of L. machinists obligingly went 700 steelworkers belonging to C.I.O. Tied up were \$500,000,000 of Navy and Maritime Commission contracts.

Local and national A.F. of L. officers deplored and denounced the walkout. C.I.O. officials looked around for a formula to get their men back to work. As depressed as anyone were officials of OPM, who had proudly fathered the shipbuilding pact on the West Coast, considered it ideal, were in the midst of trying to father others like it in the Great Lakes, the Gulf and the East.

## Urgent laos

OPM's Sidney Hillman announced last week a plan to end weekend "blackouts" in the defense industry, which President Roosevelt recently deplored. The Hillman plan was to put some industries on a four-shift, 160-hour week, rotating shifts and letting all share Saturday and Sunday overtime pay. The remaining eight hours of the week would be used for overhauling and repairing machines.

"Some industries" were those making machine tools, explosives, electrical equipment, engines, aircraft, ships. Other industries would be included as the need arose. One immediate question was, where would industry get the extra men that this plan would require? One source was an estimated 3,000,000 still unemployed. But it was doubtful whether that source was good for much of the skilled labor required.

Mr. Hillman's office admitted that it did not yet know the answer to that question or a lot of others involved, declared that it was in the midst of a survey. With urgency for more production some such measure was badly needed, but it appeared that distracted Mr. Hillman had let out his bright idea before he had figured out how it could be made to work.



Acme

## TO THE DEATH HOUSE

Here in the hands of the law are the brothers Anthony and William Esposito, bandits and cold-blooded killers who four months ago shot down a linen-firm office manager, slung through the crowded ground floor of Manhattan's big Altman store, and killed a policeman before they were caught near Fifth Avenue (TIME, Jan. 27). At their trial they played mad, one never speaking nor noticing, the other screaming and recklessly banging his head against a table, but a jury swiftly found them guilty of first-degree murder. Still their exhibition was not over. On the way to Sing Sing last week one of them attacked the driver of their car with his unmanicured fist, and at the door of the prison they put on this show. They were locked up in the empty women's wing of the death house so that they could not disturb other men about to die.

# NATIONAL DEFENSE

## THE U.S. EFFORT

### Preparedness 1941

*This emergency is so dire, so immediate and so pressing that no effort we could conceivably make would be more than just enough. The very best we can possibly do . . . will be just good enough, with nothing to spare. . . .* Such was the judgment passed on the U.S. defense problem last week by OPM's Director Donald M. Nelson.

It was a judgment not only of the magnitude of the emergency but of the insufficiency of present preparations. The President, William S. Knudsen, John D. Biggers, Donald Nelson of OPM all cried that not enough was being done, that more and more and more had to be done if the U.S. was to win.

Black Jack Pershing in France with the A.E.F. 24 years ago would have been pleased to have many of the resources which are today available to Chief of Staff George Catlett Marshall. Even General William Crozier, boss of the Army's Ordnance in 1917, would have jumped at the chance of obtaining as much or as good equipment as the U.S. Army's Ordnance chief, General Charles M. Wesson, is able to provide today.

For in its basic, national readiness for war, in the energy and quality and amount of its pre-war planning and production, the U.S. of last week was incomparably ahead of the U.S. of pre-war 1917. It was even ahead of the U.S. of mid-war 1918. By the dollar measure alone the U.S. in that war spent a total of \$22,000,000,000; last week, the U.S. had already spent or committed itself to spend \$51,800,000,000.

The U.S. during World War I manufactured 64 tanks; last week it was producing 13 per day. It produced 1,642 light and heavy artillery pieces during World War I; its planned (but by no means attained) production of a single type of anti-tank gun for World War II is almost four times that total. The U.S. last week had an Army of 1,300,000 poorly equipped, as yet half-trained men; not until nine months after World War I was declared did the U.S. of 1917 have that many poorly equipped, skimpily trained men.

But all these pleasant comparisons are no guide to the adequacy of present U.S. preparedness. The number and quality of tools adequate to win World War I are utterly inadequate to make even a creditable showing this time.

And in some respects the U.S. is no better off than in the last war. Washington last week was phenomenally like the Washington of January 1918. Then, as last week, there was a central agency (the early War Industries Board in 1918; the Office of Production Management last week), without a head empowered to decide, to act, to compel obedience. Then, as last week, there was a President pas-

sionately dedicated to the purposes of production, yet unready and unwilling to delegate final power to get that production done.

Then, as last week, there was one bottleneck that really counted: the bottleneck at the White House. There was confusion, despair, individual convictions that less than enough had been planned or done. And there were men who looked at the facts, cried that those facts were all—that the war was already lost.

Then, as last week, such men overlooked a larger fact; that with all the hobbling and mistakes, the nation was learning how to produce for war, in spite of everything was building the wherewithal to produce. And then, as last week, there was a cumulative set of circumstances which required the event which finally came (in March 1918): the naming of one able administrator with power to direct the whole effort. In 1918, that man was Bernard Mannes Baruch. Up to last week, that requirement was still to be met.

The fact that the U.S. has always muddled its preparations for war does not condone another such muddle. But if all these facts loom large and dark, their ultimate sum is smaller than the ultimate sum of U.S. vigor and resource.

*In the light of the emergency with which the world is desperately confronted, we are doing a terribly inadequate job. We should be producing twice the 1,400 airplanes that were produced in April. So said Industrialist William L. Batt, now one of William S. Knudsen's deputies in OPM.*

OPM's aircraft schedule now calls for the production of between 75,000 and 80,000 planes in two and a half years. That is a hope and it may be fulfilled, but OPM officials do not forget that since last fall they have revised the schedules of monthly deliveries three times, and every revision has been downward—from hopes toward realities. Early last October they anticipated an April 1941 production of 2,068 planes (450 combat aircraft and 1,159 non-combat planes for the U.S. Army and Navy; 429 for the British) and June 1941 production of 2,466.

That list went into the wastebasket months ago. So had an even more optimistic one which preceded it. So did a third which followed it. OPM's fourth schedule called for 1,268 planes in April, 1,575 in June, and so on up to 3,300 in September 1942—the equivalent of present German capacity. April production beat the new schedule's quota—so far so good.

Better sounding is the fact that plane production has actually doubled since last November. From last October till last week contracts had been placed for 44,836 combat and non-combat planes (16,000 of them for Britain and Canada). In addition plans have been made for 2,400 medium bombers and 1,200 heavy bombers, whose parts are to be manufactured

by automakers and assembled in Government plants.

Last week the President demanded a huge increase in this bomber program. He gave no precise figures—talk in Washington was of 500 a month—for the Government had just waked up to the fact that it had not planned for enough big bombers.

The U.S. had (and missed) a chance to begin amassing a fleet of long-range, high-load bombers in 1938. Boeing's famous four-engined Flying Fortress had been tested and proved, the company was anxious to go into real production. Louis A. Johnson, then Assistant Secretary of War, and General Malin Craig, then Chief of Staff, decided instead to concentrate on cheaper, lighter, shorter-range bombers and pursuit ships. Their reasons seemed good at the time: limited funds then available would obviously buy more of the cheaper planes; the British had advised against long-range aircraft.

In violent disagreement with this decision was Major General Frank Maxwell Andrews, who then commanded the Army Air Corps's chief combat branch (the General Headquarters Air Force). General Andrews pleaded in vain for immediate, maximum orders for Boeings and any other long-range ships to be had. Overruled, he reverted temporarily to the shelf and the rank of colonel, was later put on the General Staff, is now air commander in the Panama Canal Zone.

World War II meantime wrote the lesson of the bomber plain in the skies of conquered Europe. The British were slow to read: as late as last year, their representatives in the U.S. boggled at buying any large number of big bombers. Some officers in the U.S. naval air service, the Army Air Corps, had waked up. But not all. As late as last February the Chief of the Army Air Corps (Major General George H. Brett) assured a Congressional committee that the chief value of the bomber orders then considered was to prove the capacity of new plants to produce the planes. For the bombers themselves, said he, the Air Corps had no absolute need. Big Bill Knudsen vigorously dissented. He told the same committee: "If we had 2,000 of that type now we could fix things up over there."

Last month the wall of official blindness cracked. The War Department's two new Assistant Secretaries, Robert A. Lovett (for Air) and John J. McCloy, saw the need for more bomber orders. They finally succeeded in convincing Army, Navy and OPM (the British by then needed no further convincing). Finally they convinced the President. But months and years had been wasted. To impose a new long-range bomber program on top of the huge aircraft program already stretching the industry will now be very difficult.

If this picture seemed dark, it was not all dark. Tremendous aircraft orders had been placed, production was rising, lessons

# NATIONAL DEFENSE

had been learned from the inevitable mistakes.

*In one breath I say we are not producing much, but in the next breath I tell you that an outstanding job of production preparation is being done.* So said last week Alfred Robinson Glancy, chief of the OPM section in charge of getting ordnance, the stuff to fight with: guns, shells, tanks, etc.

Navy, Army and OPM ordnance officials no longer think solely in terms of so many thousand guns, millions of shells to be produced. The limit of U.S. effort is their limit. Nearest they could come to a statement of their goal last week was: full equipment for a U.S. Army of 2,000,000; partial equipment for 800,000 more; facilities for the rapid equipment of a 4,000,000-man Army, when & if it is called; armament for the two-ocean U.S. Navy; supplies for Great Britain; supplies for the rest of the democratic world.

At one stage they had plans for 24 plants to make shells, powder, the chemical components of munitions. Now there are to be several more. By June, OPM expects to have 50% of its originally planned capacity in this type of munitions—and that 50% will be double the total capacity developed during World War I. Planned also was capacity to manufacture 20,000,000 rounds of .30-caliber (rifle and machine-gun) ammunition, 4,000,000 rounds of .50-caliber machine-gun ammunition every 24 hours. Now the goal is as much more as can be produced. Tough-talking Mr. Glancy is fond of somewhat fanciful translations of this vast economic effort into human effort:

"These 3-in. (anti-aircraft) guns shoot 25 rounds per minute, or 100 per battery. One round costs \$22.37, or \$134.220 per hour, or at \$1 per hour the productive labor of 134,000 men. Mr. Ford, at Detroit, has about 100,000 men on his payroll. If he should increase that force by 34%, Mr. Ford could just keep one battery of 3-in. guns going."

Mr. Glancy, an ex-Du Pont Republican with patriotic urge to lick his terrific job, has an act for people who ask: "How are we doing?" In the top right-hand drawer of his desk is a tight roll of paper six inches wide. To explain this gadget he huddles with visitors and unrolls the end of the paper. There are the years and opposite them black bars representing the money that Army Ordnance has had to spend. The black bars through the '20s and '30s are about as long as a finger-nail and represent about \$12,000,000 each year. To see the whole black bar for '41 he gives you the roll and you walk backward unrolling a six-foot strip (\$5,000,000,000).

"Ordnance inefficiencies? Hell, yes," says Mr. Glancy, "but it's a marvel to me how they held together at all under that kind of expansion. For 20 years Ordnance officers have been begging this manufacturer to develop a sight, that

manufacturer to redesign a breech block, another for a recoil mechanism, with never enough money to back it up, and now all of a sudden ordnance is expected to have mass production. It just isn't in the wood."

Others are not so charitable toward the Army Ordnance Department headed by Major General Charles M. ("Bull") Wesson. From war-tired London have come British criticisms: that U.S. Ordnance does not have enough punch; that the Ordnance Department's ideas of tank

sary range for fighting modern bombers.

In anti-aircraft as well as other items, Ordnance is shooting for the moon and setting tentative (if always out-of-date) goals. It wants, for example, 6,000-plus 37-mm. anti-aircraft guns—apparently a good weapon against low flying planes (present production, 30 per month; desired production, 300 per month); 6,500-plus 37-mm. anti-tank guns—probably not heavy enough against modern tanks (current output: twelve per month); 400 or more 155-mm. field guns (current pro-



Dimitri Kessel

90-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN  
The British think it's at least 6,000 ft. short.

armament in even its latest medium tank are already obsolescent; that the Department has refused to go into immediate production of tried foreign models, instead has gone through the tortuous process of originating designs and building and testing models, before tooling for production. This last charge, at least, is no longer wholly true. On order in U.S. plants are Swiss automatic cannon (for the Navy), Bofors (Swedish) 40-mm. anti-aircraft guns, several other foreign designs.

The Department can show progress in the agonizingly slow business of starting ordnance production. Turned out of a Milwaukee plant last week was the first model of a new 105-mm. howitzer (which will replace the famous French 75s). Forty more are expected this month, 220 per month by early 1942. The first models turned out by an industrial plant of a new, 37-mm. automatic anti-aircraft gun appeared recently. The Department's goal (now outmoded) was for 1,250-plus 90-mm. anti-aircraft guns. Aside from four test models, none had been produced last week and quantity production won't occur till 1942. And the British think the 90-mm. gun will fall 6,000 feet short of the neces-

sary range for fighting modern bombers. production now a promising 13 a day, being pushed toward 100; 1,800 medium tanks.

Said General Wesson last week: "About two months ago . . . I expressed some concern about our ability to meet completion dates for these new (ordnance) plants. . . . I would be most happy . . . if it were possible for me to say that this outlook has brightened. . . . If anything, it has grown darker, due to large increases in naval and aircraft programs [which have] higher priorities. . . . I am not deprecating our priorities system. It is essential that we have such a system."

The master priorities put aircraft first, shipping second, followed by machine guns and ammunition, anti-aircraft artillery and its fire-control devices. Tanks come last, probably because the British need other things more and the U.S. Army does not expect immediate action against mechanized ground forces.

*At least a year will pass before we can have an Army and an air force adequate to meet the air and ground forces which could be brought against us. . . . We have . . . a naval instrument prepared and ready. . . .* So said Secretary of War Stimson last week. Army and Navy officers



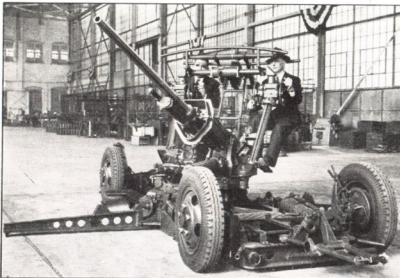
# NATIONAL DEFENSE

add some important qualifications to this estimate, but in general they agree with Mr. Stimson.

The Marines are expanding from a force of 35,000 to 80,000 men. They are well fixed for seasoned, ranking officers, will soon be short of qualified junior officers. Rated first though they are for fighting now, they need more automatic and semi-automatic weapons, pack artillery, transport vessels. Said a ranking Marine last week: "We are going to have an amphibious war, and damn soon. I wish we had

ways are 661 seagoing commercial vessels. The machine-tool bottleneck caused by aircraft and ordnance speed-up is beginning to tighten on the Navy. Naval shipbuilders are expanding 50%, 100%, 200%. Said a worried admiral last week: "It won't be enough, I'm afraid."

In morale, in guts and ability to fight with what they have, the Navy's officers and men cannot be excelled. The quality of its command, the planning and execution of the construction program are all high—by the Navy's accepted standards.



37-MM. ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN  
*If planes fly low, this one makes good medicine.*

Acme

another year to train our people. I don't think we'll get it."

The Navy is indeed ready, within the limits of Mr. Stimson's meaning. He meant Atlantic convoy, and the Navy has the ships for that duty in itself. But he did not mean that the U.S. Navy was ready to take on all the Axis powers in two oceans. If it were, the U.S. would not now be desperately building a second-ocean Navy which is four to six years from completion.

"Under construction" in the Navy's program—biggest, costliest (\$4,000,000,000) ever undertaken—are 17 battleships, 54 cruisers, 201 destroyers, 78 submarines, 12 aircraft carriers, 175 auxiliaries. Two of the battleships (*Washington*, *North Carolina*, both ordered in 1937) will go into service this year; the last, not until 1945 or 1946 at best. Actually under construction in shipyards are 60 of the 362 naval vessels on order. Technically under construction (i.e., plans are being drawn, parts manufactured) are 260 more of the 362.

The Navy's program is going fairly well because it got started in peacetime, but naval constructors now see harder days ahead. Competing for limited U.S. ship-

Whether those standards have been high enough for modern war, only such a war can tell.

The Navy's one big admitted blunder has been its longtime failure to provide protection for anti-aircraft gun crews on the decks of its vessels. The Navy's Secretary Frank Knox<sup>9</sup> said last month: "Our officers appreciated the possibility of air attack, but their failure to translate the appreciation into protection for the ships is the one real miscalculation they made during the 20 years of peace."

This miscalculation of the effectiveness of aircraft also was mirrored in the failure of the High Command to provide as much aircraft equipment as a modern navy should have.

The Army's prodigious expansion since last fall speaks for itself: 1,300,000 men put into uniform, 45 new cantonments completed or nearly so, a new Armored Force (two divisions) now doubling, and soon to triple, many & many another ex-

<sup>9</sup> In a fortnight notable for its realistic official statements, Secretary Knox perpetrated a notably unrealistic one when he said: "In another 90 days the nation will be producing more war equipment than any other country in the world—including Germany."

ample of conquered difficulties, great accomplishment. Against the physical, visible facts of that record, the sum total of delays and mistakes seems picayune. Army men need not blame themselves when they accept Secretary Stimson's estimate that they are at least a year from readiness for modern war.

The U.S., and its Army will be doing very well if that estimate is made good. If General Wesson's fears for delayed ordnance production are fulfilled, it will take more than a year to equip the Army. At super-human best, peak production on most of the schedules already drawn will not be reached before 1942. Since aircraft production has first place on these schedules, the rest of the Army can hardly expect to fare faster or better than the Air Corps.

Last Feb. 25, Secretary Stimson said that the Air Corps had nearly 4,000 planes. Mr. Stimson had rated only 650 as "first-line" planes, and conceded that the Air Corps had none up to the battle standards of World War II. About seven in every ten of the military planes now coming from U.S. factories are being exported, mostly to Great Britain. At this rate, the Air Corps will be fortunate indeed if it is anywhere near equipped for war on its own by late 1942.

If Britain should fall, and all plane exports stop, the Air Corps probably would get about two-thirds of the total U.S. production (the Navy would get the rest). Piling up aircraft on that basis from next June on, the Air Corps could expect to have about 8,000 new planes by 1941's end. Of these, a large proportion would be trainers; an unhappily large proportion also would be fighters whose prototypes are already obsolescent in horsepower and firepower. By September 1942 (on present production schedules) the Air Corps would have perhaps 20,000 new planes—in numbers at least, a very respectable war force—plus the production necessary to replace battle losses and maintain an adequate reserve.

The Army has a vast problem in training men and officers as well as producing machines. Not till 1942 will most members of the draft Army have a year's training as soldiers. With shortages of equipment and of trained field officers the training of the men will probably be none too far advanced by then.

Among field officers a thorough widening will have to be carried out. A similar process has already begun in the high command. Of the officers who headed General Staff sections in Washington early last year, only one remained last week: Brigadier General Sherman Miles, in charge of Army Intelligence.

Today the Army in the field is a great school force, whose officer-teachers themselves have to be taught. Given equipment, given time, given competent command, the job ahead can be done, but so far it has only been begun.

# FOREIGN NEWS

## GERMANY

### Hess Goes over the Hill

The No. 3 Nazi and Adolf Hitler's best friend was the first man in Europe to revolt successfully against Adolf Hitler.

This most extraordinary story of the world's most extraordinary war began last week this way:

On Monday night the Nazi Party headquarters in Berlin announced that Rudolf Walther Richard Hess was missing on a plane flight. Against Adolf Hitler's orders—for Hess was suffering from a "progressive disease"—Hess had boarded a plane in Augsburg, Bavaria on Saturday. Since then he was presumed to have disappeared and died. He had left behind a letter which "showed clearly traces of mental disorder which led to fears that Party Comrade Hess was a victim of hallucinations." Hess's adjutants, it was also reported from Germany, had been arrested. That was for letting the 47-year-old leader (after Hitler) of the Nazi Party, and the designated heir (after Hitler and Göring) of the Nazi State, fly a ship in his "unhealthy" condition.

Then suddenly it all became most embarrassing for the Germans.

For 48 hours the man to whom the German people 20 months ago had been pledged by Hitler to "be in duty bound . . . equally as you have been to me," had been a fugitive from the sprawling Nazi domain.

Fortnight before, Hitler's "shadow"—the young World War I infantryman and Air Force pilot who had got caught in the 1923 Munich beer-hall *Putsch* and had gone to jail with Hitler and had helped him write *Mein Kampf* in prison—had traveled to Augsburg and decorated Willy Messerschmitt at the Messerschmitt aircraft factory for services to the Fatherland. Three days later Hess had sat on the dais of Berlin's Kroll Opera House, arms folded and beetle-brows lowered, while his frenzied colleague of 21 hard years of struggle had crowed over the victory in the Balkans. Six days after that Hess had returned to Augsburg and, somehow securing a twin-engined Messerschmitt 110, had roared off to Scotland.

The first citizen of Britain to know about Hess's flight was David McLean, a tenant on the estate of the Duke of Hamilton, near Glasgow. David was in the house Saturday night and everyone else was in bed when he heard a plane overhead. He ran out back of the farm, heard a crash and saw a plane burst into flame in his field. A man was coming down in a parachute, so David got out his pitchfork. The man fell to earth, wrapped in silk, and groaning. David took him prisoner.

The German was very agreeable. David's family gave him tea, which he refused in favor of water, and some soldiers came up and took him off to a Glasgow hospital to mend his broken ankle. He was



RUDOLF HESS

How about Ilse and Adolf?

removed to "an unspecified destination."

The British Ministry of Information identified the airman prisoner. Then it bided its time, waited for the Germans to break its story. When the hallucination-disappearance yarn came from Berlin, Minister Alfred Duff Cooper and his men called in the London newspapermen on Monday night and, dancing with excitement, broke this war's, or any other war's, most incredible tale of desertion. It was as if Harry Hopkins or Anthony Eden had suddenly flown to Germany, but the incredible arrival was augustly confirmed from Prime Minister Churchill's office at No. 10 Downing Street. No. 3 Nazi Hess had indeed spectacularly gone over the hill.

Why? Rudolf Hess was never rated by anyone as one of the Beasts of Berlin. Fellow South Germans, no matter what they thought of other Nazi bigwigs, thought of him as a good fellow. After the war he studied "geopolitics," and introduced Hitler to his old professor, Karl Haushofer, the subsequent Nazi super-geopolitician. As Adolf Hitler went up, Hess the Party leader more & more controlled German political patronage. Last week his Party and country were winning their great, long-plotted struggle. He and his wife Ilse and their three-year-old boy were supposed to be the representative "Aryan" family of the triumphant Aryan race. Everything seemed to be going right for Rudolf Hess. Why did he quit?

Since his sanity has been attested by the most reliable and most recent diplomatic visitors to Germany, there were few reasons available, except that: (1) Hess, a patriotic but sensitive, educated man, was insufferably disillusioned by the world-squashing Nazi march, or (2) he feared for

his safety to the extent that he could not only quit his Fatherland but his family.

As a personal shock to neurotic Adolf Hitler, the desertion of Best Friend Hess was likely to be potent. To the Nazi Party and the German people it could also be a hard blow. To the British, with whom he had sought sanctuary, Hess's potential revelations of Nazi secrets and strategy could be equal to a tremendous victory.

Finally admitting that Hess was in Scotland the Nazis began talking about an "hallucination that he was still able to bring about an understanding between Germany and England. . . ."

Official London sources claimed Hess was "sane and healthy," had not brought any peace message.

## Autos for the World

Berlin officials last week announced the latest of Adolf Hitler's grandiose industrial plans for the New World Order—the complete cartelization of the European automobile industry. It was said that on June 5 German, Italian and French automobile builders would meet in Paris to fix standard models and production quotas. U.S. automotive exporters, whose production is curtailed 20% for 1942 models in favor of defense (see p. 21), were free to draw their own conclusions.

## RUSSIA

### The Boss Gets Promoted

Unlike Europe's other dictators, big-nosed, mammoth-mustached Joseph Vissarionovich Stalin looks man enough for the part. Unlike the others, he has never been Premier. He has bossed the Soviet Union for 19 years as General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party.

The fiction of Stalin's position, convenient in the days when Russia was railing against dictatorship, makes little difference now that Stalin is worshipped as a god.<sup>\*</sup> Joseph Stalin must therefore have felt justified last week in giving himself the dual job that only sainted Nikolai Lenin has held. He suddenly promoted himself to the Premiership, the Presidency of the Council of Commissars, leaving the former Premier, glum, encyclopedic Vyacheslav Mikhailovich Molotov, with the titles of Vice Premier and Foreign Minister.

Two days after Stalin's hoist by his own bootstraps, the Soviet press announced that Russia was concentrating no troops in the Ukraine, no naval forces in the Black Sea. The day after that Russia recognized Nazi control of Norway, Belgium, Yugoslavia. This week the U.S.S.R. announced recognition of the Naziphile Government of Iraq.

<sup>\*</sup> The New York Times last week quoted a Soviet poet:

Should he say that coal turn white,  
It will be as Stalin wills.

## FOREIGN NEWS

The peace pact with Yugoslavia, the day before German troops moved in, and Soviet petulance at the occupation of Bulgaria had shown Russia's attitude toward Hitler's drive into the Balkans. Last week, with the Germans pressing in on the Dardanelles and the Middle East in a ferment, Stalin seemed preparing to make the best deal he could to get something out of the grab bag for Russia. If this scheme succeeds, his will be the glory. If it fails, Molotov will be the goat.

### SPAIN

#### Corridor or Living Room?

In the long, silent struggle between Spain's soldiers and Spain's politicians to see who is going to run the country and whither, the soldiers had their inning last week.

Last autumn it was the Falangists going into the big jobs, the military going out (*TIME*, Oct. 28). This trend was reversed last week when Caudillo Francisco Franco appointed Colonel Valentín Galarza Morante Minister of Government. The nearest thing to a confidant that General Franco has, Galarza will be in charge of local and provincial governments, propaganda, health, relief, national reconstruction, the national police. Since Boss

intimates, General José Fidel Davila. Out went the Falangist head of the national police, many lesser fry and five provincial governors, including Miguel Primo de Rivera, brother of the Falange's founder. When the Falangist paper *Arriba* attacked him, Galarza promptly rescinded a five-day-old order exempting it from Government censorship.

Since the end of the Spanish Civil War, Franco has been uncomfortably conscious of the uncollected due bill he gave Hitler for services rendered in the Civil War. With a western Mediterranean campaign looming, it now seems that Hitler will take the due bill out in passage for Nazi troops through Spain, bases in Spanish Africa.

Though he has gobbled up Tangier (under German auspices), Franco is presumably less land-hungry today than he is worried about hunger, poverty and disease in Spain itself. At the same time, if German troops should march through Spain, it would be preferable to have his old Army friends on the reception committee instead of his brother-in-law's pro-Nazi Falange.

In this light, last week's appointments made much sense. Franco had done his best to make Spain a corridor for Germany rather than a living room.

doggedly trying to pick up the French pieces, his aged fingers were now only fumbling.

Back & forth between Vichy and Paris shuttled Marshal Pétain's dapper, middle-aged Vice Premier, Admiral Jean François Darlan. At length Vichy announced that "certain easements" would presently take place between the Occupied and Unoccupied Zones. Hereafter Germany would charge France less for the support of the Nazi Army of Occupation, beginning with a reduction of from 400,000,000 to 300,000,000 francs a day. Generally speaking, the demarcation line would be opened for goods, cash, securities, and for people who wished to attend the sickness or burial of near relatives. Post-card correspondence would be permitted between the Zones. Meanwhile discussions continued between Admiral Darlan and Nazi Envoy Otto Abetz.

Vichy did not say what Germany would get in return—which made the "easements" seem ominous. The *London Times* guessed that Vichy would let Germany use railways leading to Spain and airports in French-mandated Syria, next door to Axis-desired Iraq and a handy jumping-off place for attacks on the Suez Canal.

Any newspaper-reading Frenchman could guess that the Abetz discussions were aimed at nothing less than total French "collaboration" in Germany's building of the "Eurafica" of the future—possibly including the assistance of the French Navy and General Maxime Weygand's North African Army, now said to number as many as 300,000 men. Furthermore, a certain sympathy in Vichy for Germany's grandiose future schemes seemed far from unlikely. Said the Vichy-inspired *Temps* last week:

"When one probes to the bottom of things it is evident that the present crisis reduces itself to the opposition of two systems, one based on the principle of liberty, of which America proclaims herself the champion; the other guided by an authoritarian doctrine, of which Germany is the protagonist. Today the latter wins the day in Europe, since the armies of the Reich occupy the greater part of the continent.

"This is a fact against which the customary arguments of political controversy are of no avail. . . .

"We are very grateful for the generous efforts of America, which we appreciate at their full value; but we do not have the right to forget that in the present circumstances our European duty is a duty to ourselves also. . . ."

Last week Vichy also issued a warning against a U.S. attempt to seize Dakar on the West African coast. Dakar in the hands of the London-Washington Axis would facilitate defense of Britain's embattled maritime lifeline around Africa. Nazi agents were reported swarming in French Morocco. And the Nazis were quietly but speedily building railroad links across



LENIN & STALIN IN MARBLE  
Heads Stalin wins, tails Molotov loses?  
(See above)

Sovfoto

Franco's brother-in-law and the Falangists' boss, Ramón Serrano Suñer, gave up this portfolio last autumn to concentrate on the Foreign Ministry, the Ministry of Government has been run by José Lorente, one of Serrano's disciples.

Uppeo to Galarza's post of sub-secretary to the Caudillo was Luis Carrero Blanco, who was Chief of Naval Operations throughout the Civil War. In as Chief of Staff of the Army was another of Franco's

### FRANCE

#### "Easements"

To many loyal but tired Frenchmen last week the springs and parks and ornamental villas of Vichy seemed more forlorn than ever. For out of Vichy, after weeks of rumor, came the most striking signs yet of French "collaboration" with Adolf Hitler, and suspicion sped through France that if Marshal Pétain was still

## PARIS-SOIR QUI NAZI PENSE

One day last month the Nazi-controlled *Paris-soir* printed a poem, by an anonymous contributor, extolling Adolf Hitler. It read:

*Aimons et admirons le Chancelier Hitler  
L'éternelle Angleterre est indigne de vivre  
Maudissons et écrasons le peuple d'outre-mer  
Le Nazi sur la terre sera seul à survivre.  
Soyons donc le soutien du Führer allemand  
Des boys navigateurs finira l'odyssée  
A eux seuls appartient un juste châtiment  
La Palme du vainqueur attend la Croix gammée.*

By last week *Paris-soir* knew that it had been thoroughly hoaxed. Cut in half, from top to bottom, the poem became two poems, expressing very different sentiments:

*Let us love and admire  
Eternal England  
Curse and eliminate  
Nazidom on earth  
Let us therefore support  
The seafaring boys  
To them alone  
The Palm of victory*

*Chancellor Hitler  
Is not worthy to live  
The people across the sea  
Will be the sole survivor  
The German Führer  
Will finish the odyssey  
A fitting punishment  
Awaits the swastika.*

northwest Africa which will connect Oran, on the Mediterranean, with Dakar.

This week Admiral Darlan was received by the Führer himself. And from Zurich it was reported that Adolf Hitler had bestowed on Darlan and his predecessor Pierre Laval the *Kriegsverdienstkreuz*, second class—a Nazi military decoration for war services rendered outside of military action.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Confidence Reigns Supreme

Three days before bombs fell on the House of Commons last week (see p. 42) Winston Churchill there faced the critics of his recent conduct of the war. Besides the action in Greece and Libya, the Battle of the Atlantic and the Battle of Britain, many Britons have recently worried about the nation's war production. The Prime Minister had seen fit the week before to shift his ministerial backfield to spur production and transport (TIME, May 12), and now the British public hoped that these matters would have an airing.

Instead they heard criticism which was generally vague, sometimes piddling. It was the kind of criticism which the Prime Minister could, and did, overwhelm with one of his resonant emotional appeals. Sometimes he was almost as gay as the blue-flowered hat worn by Mrs. Churchill in the gallery. There was constant laughter and tittering at the Prime Minister's sallies. When it was all over, the House of Commons approved his policy by a vote of 447-10-3 (the House of Lords had given him a unanimous vote of confidence), and in quitting the chamber he had to run a gauntlet of cheering M.P.s.

The fact is that Winston Churchill's loyal opposition is not very large, not very vocal, and last week it was not very cogent even when it was vocal. Winston Churchill enjoys the confidence of the British people, in Government and out, in almost the

ratio suggested by Parliament's vote. Aging, white-maned David Lloyd George tried to suggest the dangers of that idolatry during the debate. "I regret," he said, "that this discussion should take place on a question of confidence. . . . The House should have occasional opportunities of making its criticisms and suggestions without being fettered by considerations which are involved in a vote of confidence."

But instead of pressing this point, Lloyd George spent much of his time charging that the U.S. has been a laggard in helping Britain—a criticism scarcely to be laid in toto at Winston Churchill's door.

In rebuttal Churchill observed: "It was the sort of speech with which I imagine the illustrious and venerable Marshal Pétain might well have enlivened the closing days of the Reynaud Cabinet. . . ." There was loud laughter at this jibe.

Onetime Secretary for War Leslie Hore-Belisha had tried to start an argument by insisting that Britain's war effort was far from maximum, that its intelligence service was inept. The Prime Minister scornfully said of Hore-Belisha: "With all good wishes, I think he sometimes stands in need of some humility in regard to the past." Mortified, Hore-Belisha rose to defend himself but was drowned out by guffaws. Churchill went on to say that Britain now produces more tanks every month than the nation owned when Hore-Belisha left the War Office. "Our intelligence service," he added, "was thought to be the best in the world in the last war and it certainly is not the worst in the world today."

Speaking of Libya, the Prime Minister candidly admitted that "technical mistakes and mischances occurred. . . . Our armored forces became disorganized. . . . But anyone who supposes there will not be mistakes in war is very unreal and foolish." Referring to Greece, he said: "Hitler has told us that it was a crime. . . . on our part to go to the aid of the Greeks.

. . . Looking back upon the course of events, I can only feel . . . if we had again to tread that stony path, even with the knowledge we possess today, I for one would do the same thing again. . . ." He promised to defend "to the death" Malta, Crete, Tobruk, the Suez and the Nile Valley.

Considering the Battle of the Atlantic, the Prime Minister declared: "The United States patrol . . . takes a considerable part of the Atlantic in a certain degree off our hands, but we need a good deal more help. I expect we shall get a good deal more help in many ways. . . . We can probably maintain our minimum essential traffic during 1941. . . . As for 1942, we must look to an immense construction of merchant ships in the United States. . . . It may be that 1943, if we have to endure it as a year of war, will present easier problems."

Winston Churchill ended with high fervor: "Little did Hitler know when in June 1940 he received the total capitulation of France and expected to be master of Europe in a few weeks and of the world in a few years, that ten months later, in May 1941, he would be appealing to the much-tried German people to prepare themselves for war in 1942. When I look back on the perils which have been overcome, upon the great, mountainous waves through which our gallant ship has been driven, when I remember all that has gone wrong and also all that has gone right, I feel sure we have no need to fear the tempest. Let it roar, let it rage! We shall come through it!"

At the end, even Leslie Hore-Belisha gave him his vote while David Lloyd George abstained. Afterward the Prime Minister laughed heartily at a hoary story told by Independent M.P. Vernon Bartlett. It concerned two rabbits who were chased into their warren by two foxes.

"What do we do now?" asked one rabbit. Said the other: "I suppose we just stay here until we outnumber them."

But after last week's debate many Britons still wanted to know a lot more about the wartime economy of the rabbit warren.

## TURKEY

### Door to Dreamland

(See Cover)

As the late afternoon sun fell gleaming on the domes and minarets of Istanbul one day this week, a bird of ill omen winged in from the west. It hovered above the city for a moment, then settled down at the airport. From the plane stepped dapper old Franz von Papen, German Ambassador to Turkey and the man whom Adolf Hitler expects to open for him the door to the rich Middle East, Germany's dreamland for half a century.

Franz von Papen did not tarry in Istanbul, but took off forty minutes later for Ankara, where Turkey's President Ismet İnönü awaited him anxiously. Turkey is





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Listen to what women are saying these days—listen especially to the comments of experienced home cooks—and you'll hear the same thing on every side: "Yes, Campbell's Soups are even better now than they used to be!"

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Why certainly, sir;  
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*"Yes, Colonel—Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation!"*



• Modern design has made a vast difference in coast defense—has given these streamlined railway guns a new kind of performance. That's important—for lives may depend on their range and accuracy—their modern design.

Listen to the men who direct these guns. They'll tell you that in cigarettes, too, it's modern design that makes the big difference.

Pall Mall's modern design brings you a new kind of smoking pleasure. For this streamlined cigarette is deliberately designed to give you a much smoother, less irritating smoke. You see, tobacco is its own natural filter. In Pall Mall the smoke is measurably filtered...

filtered over a 20% longer route of Pall Mall's traditionally fine tobaccos.

Pall Mall's modern design also means a definitely cooler smoke. That's because the additional length travels the smoke further—gets rid of heat and bite on the way.

Now, at last—thanks to modern design—a truly fine cigarette provides in fact what other cigarettes claim in theory—a smoother, less irritating smoke—Pall Mall.

Prove it! Yourself, try Pall Mall critically. See if you, too, don't agree that—

"Pall Mall's modern design filters the smoke—lessens throat irritation."

**"WHEREVER PARTICULAR PEOPLE CONGREGATE"**

*Of traditionally fine tobaccos*

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## FOREIGN NEWS

the door that the old conspirator must open, and Turkey was about to learn whether he meant to burst it, pry it, or slip in the back way and unlock it.

Throughout the Middle East, where other Moslems awaited a hint of Hitler's intentions as anxiously, rumor flew, conspiracy grew.

► The British were beating the Iraqi. With reinforcements newly arrived at Basra they were breaking up troop concentrations, destroying the Iraq Air Force. But the British had not yet pacified the country—and Iraq's Defense Minister Naci Cevket was in Ankara, waiting to have a word with Franz von Papen.

► In Trans-Jordan pro-British Emir Abdullah was reported shot and badly wounded by his son just as he was about to march into Iraq to help the British.

► In Syria pro-Vichy and pro-De Gaulle forces jockeyed for position in the face of repeated reports that Germany had demanded the right to land troops for passage to Iraq.

► Iran expected to see the Red Army before the German Army could march that far.

► In Saudi Arabia that wily chieftain, Ibn Saud, lay low, waiting to see which way the cat jumped.

Sooner or later Germany would try to consummate the *Drang nach Osten* begun by the Balkan campaign. Turkey stands in the way. If Germany could get around to the back door via Syria or Iraq, Turkey, encircled, would have to talk Turkey. But if Hitler's Moslem friends could not do any better than Iraq's Rashid Ali El-Gailani was doing last week, if the British Navy kept Nazi troops from reaching Syria, if the drive on Egypt stalled, then Ambassador von Papen would have to try to get the Turkish front door open. Whether to burst or to pry would be decided by his boss, and would depend on Hitler's timetable.

**Blitz Without Roads?** If the decision is to burst, Russia must be reckoned with, and Russia has promised Turkey not to join in any attack on her. Against Germany alone Turkey could put up a respectable, though probably not a winning, fight. Chief of Staff Marshal Fevzi Cakmak (pronounced Chockmock) says that Turkey is an infantryman's paradise, with hills, valleys and passes that crack rifles and machine-guns could hold. Infantry is the Army's pride, as it has been since the days of the Janizaries. The infantry is rendered stronger by the fact that the great Kamal Atatürk modernized his country with a railway program and built scarcely a single good road.

Russian promises, of course, are often superseded by subsequent arrangements, and in Moscow last week another German Ambassador, Count Friedrich Werner von der Schulenburg, may have been discussing an arrangement about Turkey with Russia's new Premier. Access to the Mediterranean Sea is still a preoccupation

with all Russian statesmen, and an offer of joint control of the Dardanelles might cause Premier Stalin to forget his promise to Turkey. In the meantime, in Ankara, Franz von Papen already had a jimmy in the doorjamb.

Before he left for his holiday in Germany, Ambassador von Papen laid plans for the "commercial encirclement" of Turkey, persuading such satrap States as Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria to make economic agreements with Turkey. Cut off from her best markets for tobacco and grains, Turkey had to accept the best arrangements she could get, and for the past month negotiations have been proceeding for a barter agreement with Germany. Such Nazi agreements have a way of corrupting by persuasion and bribery a



AMBASSADOR VON PAPEN  
*The bird of ill omen was overdue.*

nation's business element: they preceded German occupation of most of the Balkan countries. But in Ankara Franz von Papen is dealing with a tougher character than any other statesman in the Balkans. Furthermore, he is dealing with one who has his country solidly behind him.

**Inönü of İnönü.** Turks have recently added still another prayer to their long nightly list: a prayer for the health of President İnönü. İsmet İnönü is highly susceptible to attacks of malaria, which he first contracted when he was eight years old and which began his deafness. Cholera, which he caught during the 1912 uprising in Yemen, made him deaf, but that deafness has often been, and is today, his greatest asset as a statesman. He hears what he wants to hear. After failing to

hear something he does not want to hear he has been known to remark: "Allah be praised, I am deaf."

If he is not in perfect health otherwise, there is no sign of it in his daily routine. Each morning at 8 he leaves his house in Cankaya, an Ankara suburb, after being blessed by his wife and mother, and walks two miles to his office, striding so fast that his aide-de-camp has to scamper to keep up. Before lunch the President goes for an hour's gallop through Kamal Atatürk's farm zoo at Çiftlik. He loves horse racing as well as riding, becomes boyishly animated at meetings. In the evening his recreation is quieter: he likes to have three musicians come to his house and play quartets with him, taking the cello himself. In spite of such relaxation, his countrymen are afraid he will die of overwork, as Kamal Atatürk died of over-indulgence. This fear is a tribute, a sign of Turkey's trust in him.

Although he lacks the fire of his predecessor Kamal Atatürk, he has captured the loyalty and devotion of all Turks. They know him, first, as a great soldier who fought in the Balkan and First World Wars, then helped Kamal Atatürk to drive the Greeks out of Turkey in 1922. At the village of İnönü, near Eskisehir, İsmet Pasha broke the Greeks' resistance. When Kamal Atatürk ordered all Turks to take family names he asked his great friend to call himself İnönü. İsmet means Chastity.

The Turks know İsmet İnönü, secondly, as the man who was Kamal Atatürk's trusted lieutenant in civil life. Kamal Atatürk was a man of great ideas, but of little method. İnönü was his administrator. Whether it was separating Church and State, freeing women from the veil, changing the alphabet from Arabic to Latin, building a railroad system without foreign capital, deodorizing all public buildings, or raising a new capital at Ankara, İnönü set up the machinery to do it.

Yet İnönü was an independent thinker, did not hesitate to break with Kamal Atatürk in 1937 over some question of policy which remains obscure to this day. İnönü resigned as Premier and the two men did not speak again until Kamal Atatürk lay on his deathbed. Nevertheless, Kamal Atatürk's will provided for the education of İnönü's two sons and daughter and the Grand National Assembly believed it was carrying out Kamal Atatürk's desire when it chose İnönü as his successor.

Turks know their President, thirdly, as a tough, able statesman who once outmaneuvered Lord Curzon at Lausanne in 1923 and who (they hope) may yet outmaneuver Adolf Hitler. Joseph Stalin is reported to have said: "The only man outside Russia whose advice I respect is İnönü." With the arrival of Franz von Papen this week İnönü comes up against the toughest assignment of his career. Turkey almost vanished from history after

World War I. Kamāl Atatürk saved her. In the 21st month of World War II she is threatened with that fate again. This time Kamāl's successor must save her or go down with her.

**Osman's Legacy.** Turkey's amazing history began in 1227, when a tribe which had been driven out of Central Asia by the Mongols settled in Asia Minor near Angora (Ankara). Osman, the son of the tribal leader, organized scattered groups in Asia Minor into a fighting unit, laid the foundations of the Empire which was called Ottoman after him. The hoofs of the fast-moving Osmanli cavalry first sounded on the European shores of the Dardanelles in 1354. In 1453, under Mohammed the Conqueror, the Osmanli took Constantinople and overran the Balkans. Selim the Grim (1512-20) took Syria and Egypt. Suleiman the Magnificent (1520-66) conquered Persia and Hungary, got as far as the gates of Vienna before retiring to consolidate his conquests.

Suleiman was not unlike Adolf Hitler in some ways. He made his Janizaries (storm troopers) the best infantry in Europe. He liquidated the native aristocracy in countries he conquered. But he granted religious liberty, even to the Jews.

Like the Nazis, the Turks bred hatred and fear far & wide. As the Empire sank into political corruption, economic destitution and cultural desolation, its enemies leaped upon it. After the 16th Century the Turks were under repeated attacks; parts of the Empire were chopped off after nearly every war, until, with the end of World War I, it seemed that the time had come to dismember the nation itself. The Greeks were hell-bent on doing just that when Mustafa Kamāl and his Young Turks saved it.

**Man of Seven Names.** This blond, blue-eyed, Bacchic roughneck had seven names before he died as Kamāl Atatürk. In the four years 1919-23 he accomplished seven tasks that were far harder than changing names: 1) he drove out the Sultan and 2) ended the power of the Caliphate; 3) fought and won a war with the Greeks; 4) bluffed Great Britain to a standstill when a British Army tried to keep him from crossing the Dardanelles after the Greek collapse; 5) wrote a republican constitution and created a parliament; then 6) became Turkey's dictator; 7) ended foreign judicial rights and established frontiers that gave Turkey control of the Dardanelles.

These accomplishments were sealed by the Treaty of Lausanne in 1923, when Ismet İnönü made his name as a statesman.

The little Turkish general in the black lamb's fur cap of the Kamālists went to Lausanne to discuss permanent peace terms with the Allies. The British condescendingly had the conference postponed for ten days because of a general election at home, and Ismet used this time to

visit Raymond Poincaré and sow a little discord between the Allies.

When the conference opened, Britain's Foreign Secretary, towering Lord Curzon, tried by browbeating and flattery to persuade İnönü to accept something less than full sovereign rights for his country. The issue was foreign judicial rights in Turkey, which had existed since the Sultanate.

Ismet would wait until Curzon had exhausted himself in an eloquent tirade, then apologize for his deafness and ask Lord Curzon to repeat the argument.

After nearly three months of this Curzon lost his patience and delivered an ultimatum. Ismet refused to be bluffed and left for Ankara.

A few months later the British reconsidered and the conference was resumed. Ismet got nearly everything he



KAMAL ATATÜRK & ISMET IN 1921  
... beat the Greeks, bluffed the British.

wanted. He returned to Ankara in triumph, but with his hair turned grey and his face deeply lined. He was then only 38.

**"We fought too long. . ."** At 56, Ismet İnönü still looks old for his age. It is a Turkish saying that Turks age quickly. But in the two and a half years that he has been President he has had problems to solve that would have given Kamāl Atatürk pause.

Kamāl Atatürk's great accomplishment, like Peter the Great's, was in breaking with his country's past. İnönü, coming from truly Oriental forebears, is satisfied to let the Westernization jell. He will never be dignified by such a statue as the one of Kamāl Atatürk which dominates the Golden Horn, showing the great Kamāl in a dinner jacket with cuffs

on the trousers. Yet when İnönü, soon after taking office, had to decide whether to ally Turkey with Britain and France or whether to attempt Oriental isolation, he chose the European alliance.

As a Moslem Asiatic, he has a deep interest in Pan-Arabia, would prefer tranquillity there and non-interference by the British. This was behind Turkey's offer last fortnight to mediate the Iraq Affair. But if forced to choose between the British and the Germans in the Middle East, there is little doubt which İnönü will choose—if there is any chance of Britain's winning through. For the Middle East under Germany would be like Eastern Europe under the Ottoman Empire.

Waiting to learn what demands Paven would bring, President İnönü knew they would be unpleasant, feared they would include even the demand for passage of troops through Turkey. To such a demand Turkish officials were satisfied he would answer with a flat No. Said one:

"We fought too hard and long to gain our liberty to give it up lightly by the so-called innocent passage of troops. . . . You must realize that the same men who actually fought Turkey's independence wars are now running the country. They know what the country suffered then. So we are making all preparations for war. But preparations for war do not mean wanting war."

## FAR EAST

### Japan Admits It

Until last week the ancient axiom that China is too big to be conquered had never been admitted by Japan. Last week the world was astounded to hear Japan admit it. With perhaps the greatest loss of face in modern Japanese history, the *Japan Times and Advertiser*, English-language mouthpiece of the Japanese Foreign Office, permitted itself to say that "ideas of overcoming this mastodon of nations must have little more appeal even to the most sanguine of soldierly minds."

The *Advertiser's* extraordinary editorial also advocated a radical change of Japanese conduct in China: "The maintenance of peace by armed garrisons would always involve considerable expense. Chinese co-operation, on the other hand, will not be forthcoming unless there is good reason for it. Coercion would be useless."

When the Japanese Army spokesman in China, Lieut. Colonel Kunio Akiyama, was asked about the *Advertiser's* statement he blandly remarked that the Japanese Army "can't catch the Chinese. This continental area is too large. It is difficult for us to run about it."

These remarks were as dumfounding as if a Japanese poet had suddenly expressed a profound loathing for the sight of moonrise over the Inland Sea. Some Far Eastern experts at once suspected all manner of guile behind the Japanese



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craftsmen give it more value

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There's nothing theoretical about Studebaker gas  
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siveness of Studebaker engineering account for this.

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gasoline. You steer pleasantly clear of frequent and  
heavy mechanical upkeep expense—you command  
an unusually good allowance when you trade in  
your Studebaker—because it stays in remarkably  
sound running condition, mile after mile, thanks to  
the painstaking workmanship of the greatest group  
of master craftsmen in the automotive industry.



**Studebaker craftsmen are conscientious, responsible citizens**—men  
whose attitude toward their work is evidenced in the superior quality of  
every Studebaker car's performance. Friendly neighbors who work in a  
happy environment, many are fathers and sons with generations of  
Studebaker tradition behind them. Pictured is one of these craftsmen—  
pattern-maker Charles C. La Rowe, a veteran of 18 Studebaker years.



Studebaker engineering brilliantly solves  
tough automotive problems—Out of the  
fertile brains of able Studebaker engineers  
such as George Matthews and E. J. Hardig,  
pictured, have come many of the automotive  
industry's most worth-while advancements.



**Pictured: Studebaker Champion Club Sedan, \$740  
delivered at factory—contracting-color belt at  
slight added cost**

Most spectacular success in its first two years of any  
lowest price car introduced in the past 10 years,  
this big, roomy, stunningly styled Studebaker  
Champion is a completely equipped car with many  
exclusive features. See your local Studebaker dealer  
and go for a trial drive. Easy C. I. T. terms.

PRICES BEGIN AT  
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for a Champion  
Business Coupe

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These are delivered prices at  
factory, South Bend, Indiana,  
as of April 29, 1941—subject  
to change without notice—  
Federal tax included.

words. It was suggested that Japan was jockeying for a peace with Chiang Kai-shek, preferably for one which would bind him to join Japan in war on the Chinese Communists.

There was much more evidence to suggest that Japan really had learned the near impossibility of conquering China and had decided to consolidate its Chinese gains and increase as much as possible its economic benefits. For once it seemed likely that the Japanese Government had decided that a loss of face—even so staggering a loss—was worth the cost. The Chinese "Incident" has cost Japan at least \$4,000,000,000.

Resistance is the one language in peace or war that the Japanese can be counted on to understand, and General Chiang's resistance to Japan has presumably been stiffened by the U.S. loan of \$50,000,000 to Chungking, which has drawn many Chinese bankers to that city from Shanghai. Last week as Chungking got its 114th bombing—as usual a poor exchange of Japanese steel and high explosives for Chinese brick and rubble—Far Easterners began referring to Chungking as the economic center of China. A popular Chinese witticism about U.S. aid—"Loud noise on staircase but nobody comes down steps"—is still funny but perhaps less pertinent than it used to be.

Last week Chiang Kai-shek vented strong pro-American sentiments, declaring that "any country in the world matching itself against American democracy would meet with certain destruction." He added that with material and economic aid China would undertake to defeat Japan without the help of a foreign expeditionary force or naval action.

### New Bet South

There was more evidence than newspaper talk and statesmen's declarations last week that Japan was taking some of its military blue chips out of China and staking them against the game farther south. Shanghai reported that Japan was already withdrawing troops from inner China toward the seacoast, Shanghai prophets predicted that Japan would concentrate its forces in North China and along a southward line following the railway from Nanking to Shanghai. Hangchow and Canton—thus controlling China's great seaport sources of trade and revenue.

Such a policy would allow Japan to pull many troops out of China altogether and push them toward the coveted Indies. Japan's southward push continued hard on the economic front, with the signing in Tokyo of a trade treaty with French Indo-China. It clearly suggested Japan's idea of a New Order in Asia.

On a most-favored-nation basis, the treaty called for reciprocal tariff reductions and shipping concessions. It gave Japan the right to join Indo-China in exploiting her undeveloped resources

(formerly a French monopoly), provided for the building of Japanese schools in Indo-China.

Recently Indo-China has had an export balance in trade with Japan of as high as 13-to-1. The new treaty seemed likely to increase Japan's annual imports from 26,000,000 yen (1939) to 70,000,000 yen (including coal, corn, iron ore, zinc, tin ore, in return for which Japan would sell textiles, porcelain, manufactured goods). In addition, Japan will be allowed to defer payments for one year on the large supplies of rice she expects to buy. Rubber, which Japan sorely needs, was not specifically mentioned—neither was it specifically excluded.

In Tokyo three days later a Thailand-French Indo-China peace treaty was signed, setting a new boundary between the two, providing that Thailand pay Indo-China 6,000,000 piasters (about \$1,395,000) for 25,000 square miles of ceded territory, naming Japan as mediator in further disputes.

From the nervous Netherlands East Indies last week it was rumored that trade negotiations with Japan were near break-up. Thin, chilly Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs Elco Nicolaas van Kleffens pointedly warned by radio that The Netherlands East Indies would fight whoever attacked them. "We wish to live in peace," he said, "but not at any price." With enthusiasm he quoted Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, Britain's Far Eastern Commander in Chief, to the effect that any attack across a line drawn from Singapore through the East Indies to Australia should be regarded as an attack against the entire line.

The British-American companies who refine Government-owned Netherlands East Indies oil finally renewed their contracts with Japan, following a November agreement which raised Japanese purchases from a basis of 494,000 to 1,800,000 tons a year. In case of war the East Indies has the right to allocate such oil. Last week it was still fueling the Japanese Army and Navy.

## MEXICO

### New Army

Last week the most experienced army in the Western World held its most extensive maneuvers and brought to light some impressive intentions, though less impressive facts. The Mexican Army, various factions and counter-factions of which have taken the field in a score of revolutionary outbreaks in this century alone, has now become a unified weapon dedicated to, if not ready for, the defense of Mexico from any invader.

The plan and nature of the maneuvers, which employed 11,000 troops for a fortnight, was a key to the new destiny of the *Ejército Mexicano*. The imagined danger was not an uprising, not a local revolt: a foreign power was supposed to be at-

tempting to invade Mexico. Significantly the invasion was supposed to come from Mexico's east coast, facing the stormy Caribbean and stormier Europe, rather than the west coast, which is said to have been thoroughly explored by swarms of Japanese "fishermen."

A "Red" Army was detailed to defend the 6,000-foot great central plateau surrounding Mexico City from a "Blue" Army supposedly advancing from Veracruz. The Red Army, which was supposed to win and was therefore given a slight edge in numbers and equipment, also outwitted the Blues. First Red move was to slam partly motorized infantry and cavalry into the only two eastward passes—over the massif formed by the famous volcano Popocatepetl and by Ixtacihuatl, "the Sleeping Woman"—through almost roadless, thoroughly inaccessible country. Then, with masterful use of cavalry, the Reds outflanked the Blues, who were concentrated at the town of Puebla. The Reds feigned an attack from the south, enveloped from the north. The maneuvers ended with a tactically foolish but visually exciting sham battle on San Juan Hill, north of Puebla. As planned, the Red Army won.

In almost every town in Mexico there is a *Calle de Cinco de Mayo*—Street of the Fifth of May—commemorating the Battle of Puebla, May 5, 1862. In that battle a Coxe's Army of Mexican irregulars defeated well-organized French forces of Napoleon III and postponed for a year the imposition of rocco Maximilian I as Emperor of Mexico. Last week a Fifth of May parade through the streets of Puebla capped the exercises. Almost 10,000 marched before Mexico's military-minded President General Manuel Avila Camacho, and the parade marked the first public appearance of some new U.S.-made, truck-drawn 75-mm. anti-tank guns.

**Men and Materiel.** Those guns stuck out like sore thumbs—for the maneuvers had brought out not only the Army's spectacular new function as an instrument of defense, but also Mexico's spectacular weaknesses. Mexico has only 42,000 first-line combat troops. There are some 60,000 additional *Agraristas*, country volunteers, armed with rifles by the Government. Yearly conscript classes may soon be added to the regular reserve.

Mexico has no planes which are less than five years old, altogether only 30 which can be sure of taking off. Only half a dozen were visible in the maneuvers. The total number of her anti-aircraft guns is one. She has six tiny (four-ton) tanks, whose armor plates could not withstand blasts from a .50-caliber gun. There is still, furthermore, a certain informality about the Mexican Army. In last fortnight's maneuvers, some of the *Agraristas* were barefoot. The traditional commissariat of the Mexican Army, consisting of wives, who go along to cook supper in earthen pots, fed even the regulars when

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## AGAIN CHEVROLET'S THE LEADER!

## FOREIGN NEWS



MEXICAN AGRARISTAS AND LADIES OF THE COMMISSARY  
*More men will be added soon.*

Francis Miller

they stopped to clean their shiny new Mendoza machine guns and Mauser-type *mosquetones*.

But though the Mexican Army is short on metal, it has plenty of mettle. Compact as wrapped wire, its men have phenomenal endurance. Its cavalry, mounted on fine-looking little sorrels, is its strongest branch. These excellent troopers, who can disappear into the mesquite like antelope and filter through the exploded terrain like goats, comprise 30% of the Mexican Army's personnel. Infantry accounts for 50%, artillery a paltry 12%.

The Army, thanks mainly to Manuel Avila Camacho when he was Minister of National Defense under President Cárdenas, now has excellent *esprit*. The men are proud of their Army-built roads, irrigation projects, schools, hospitals, telephone lines, airports, Army posts. They have the respect of the people, and if local *caciques* cut up too roughly, the Army simply moves in and starts things running right again. Neat Army blockhouses

(*cuarteles*) dot the entire countryside.

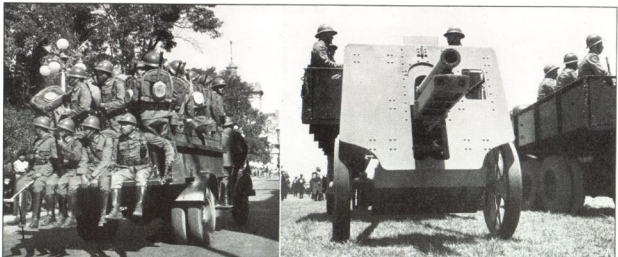
**Planes, Plans and Personnel.** The Army is divided into 33 zones of command, each under a general, and the older and less able among Mexico's other 300 generals are now on their way out.

Titular top man is Minister of National Defense General Pablo Macías, a tall, alert, coppery soldier who at 50 can still suck in his gut like a 20-year-old. Operations chief is 48-year-old General Salvador Sánchez, who is sharp of face and perceptions, and who clearly perceives that Mexico's greatest need is mechanization. Although the Air Force picture is not bright, the Air Force chief, General Roberto Fierro, is. One of Mexico's earliest pilots, he has more than 7,000 hours of flying time on his log, but he spends most of his time on the ground these days figuring out how to obtain planes.

In the past three years he has been licked by a strange situation. Canadian Car & Foundry Co. of Montreal undertook to manufacture under license some

Grummans. Months rolled out, but no airplanes did. Then the company promised to build Gregors. Months passed. Then the company said it would build primary trainers. Months passed. Still no planes have been built. Aviation training, meanwhile, has gone ahead fairly well, thanks mainly to Colonel Luis Farrell, director of the Army flying school. With nothing but some ancient Fleet biplanes, which have peeled off 10,000 hours, and some Ryans, most of which have lately been washed out, Colonel Farrell has turned out over 150 adequately trained pilots.

The best hope of Mexico's Army is President Avila Camacho, who is first, last and meanwhile a soldier's soldier with a long record of persuading bandits and revolutionists to behave. After the maneuvers last week he said, with confidence which not even his Army's shortages could dampen: "There will never be any danger of an attack on the United States by any other nation through Mexico—or by Mexico."



MEXICAN MOTORIZED INFANTRY AND FIELD GUNS  
*More matériel will be added some day.*

Francis Miller



4 Hours and Not a Strike...then

# A Big Muskie!

Lucky that Ed Remembered "33 to 1"



I'M SO HOT AND TIRED, I COULD CALL THE WHOLE THING OFF.

WAIT, JACK--I BROUGHT ALONG THIS "33 TO 1" BET FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "33 TO 1"? THIS IS PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER.

SURE--33 FINE BREWS BLENDED TO MAKE ONE GREAT BEER--GET IT?



SO THAT'S WHY BLUE RIBBON TASTES SO GOOD. BOY, OH BOY! I COULD TACKLE A WHOLE NEW!

LOOK! JACK! YOU'VE GOT A WHOPPER ON THE LINE! WOW, WHAT A FIGHT! HE'LL GIVE YOU!



25 MINUTES LATER

CONGRATULATIONS! YOU SURE PLAYED THAT MUSKIE LIKE A MASTER.

IT'S "33 TO 1" THAT COOL TREAT OF YOURS HELPED. HOW ABOUT ANOTHER ONE TO CELEBRATE?

Gosh! Blending **33** Brews sure makes this **ONE** delicious beer!

Man, what flavor—what smoothness—what sparkle! How does Pabst do it? By blending 33 fine brews to make one single glass! As in the finest coffee and champagne, it's this expert blending that gives Blue Ribbon Beer a goodness that never varies. Costly to do? Sure. But that's what makes it "33 to 1"—your lucky catch—your smartest bet in beer. Today—enjoy a glass, and prove it!

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**ONE** GREAT BEER!

IT'S SMOOTHER... IT'S TASTIER... IT NEVER VARIES

Enjoy it in full or club size bottles,  
handy cans, and on draft at better places everywhere.



...with a  
Blue  
Ribbon  
on it



## Air Transport in the Western Hemisphere

FROM TIP of land to tip of land, the Western Hemisphere stretches North to South 9,600 miles. Except in the United States, transportation is far behind the needs and possibilities of this vast region.

Already there are clear signs, however, of the changes to be made by aviation. Without benefit of the railroad-highway phases of civilization, Alaska has gone from dog team to airplane; transport throughout huge territories of Latin America has leapt from mule and river barge into the air. One line—Pan American—already operates over more than 70,000 route miles, of which 40,000 are in the Western Hemisphere.

Air transport ignores national boundaries, opens up North to South channels of trade and communication. It brings all parts of the productive Antilles within a few hours of mainland, and gathers the republics of this hemisphere into closer community of interests and ideas. Sea and mountain barriers vanish as freight, mail and cargo fly the vast distances of the new world.

The inevitable great further development of air transport in this hemisphere presents an historic challenge to American genius in engineering and organization. We shall be called upon for continuous pioneering, planes — and trained men.

*C. S. Jones*  
President

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## WORLD WAR

### AT SEA

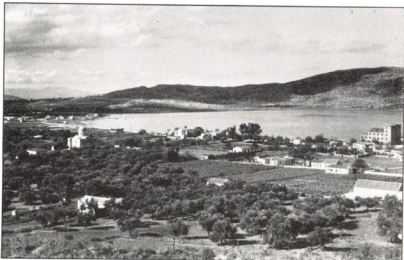
#### Fateful Figures

In April Britain and her Allies lost 488,124 tons of merchant shipping.

This announcement last week provided more talk for the U.S. Senate (*see p. 19*), confirmed most observers in the opinion that the Battle of the Atlantic was Britain's most crucial struggle. It also shed some interesting new light on the trend of that battle. This loss of almost half a million tons was terrific. The month was the third worst after June 1940, the month of Dunkirk (533,902 tons) and March 1941 (489,229 tons). Later revisions would probably put April above March and into second place.

But April was the month of the evacuation from Greece. The British admitted

way to Britain. William Goodfellow, who is managing director of Amalgamated Dairies, Ltd., of Auckland, stated that "about" 24 out of a fleet of 60 refrigerator ships which had plied from New Zealand to Britain via the Panama Canal had been sunk. Said Dairyman Goodfellow: "There are several million carcasses of mutton and lamb [in New Zealand warehouses] awaiting shipment. We also have an excess of 20,000 tons of butter—with a new season's make coming on." The immediate need: 20 refrigerator ships. If Dairyman Goodfellow's case was typical of all of Britain's food-suppliers, then sinkings were taking on a new and more dangerous threat. How could Britain build and maintain her war machine if ships to carry munitions material had to be used to keep her from starving?



British Combine

SUDA BAY

The Nazis began to blast and blitz.

that 187,054 tons had been sunk in recent "intensive operations" in the Mediterranean—i.e., the Balkan campaign. Losses elsewhere, therefore, were only 301,070 tons—lower than total losses for any of the past twelve months except May 1940. And included in this figure were losses in the South Atlantic, off Africa, in the Indian Ocean, in the Far East. Apparently the convoy system was beginning to tell; perhaps the urgency for U.S. assistance in protecting shipping might be elsewhere than in the narrow northern lanes between America and Britain.

But even so, the total loss for April was grim in its implications. It was so grim, said the Admiralty in its comments on the figure, that ships might soon have to be diverted from carrying American war supplies to carrying food.

The full meaning of this statement was made explicit last week by a New Zealand butter-&-egg man named William Goodfellow, who passed across the U.S. on his

### MEDITERRANEAN THEATER Courage and the Weather

"There is an officer who was the first of our Army to land at Gallipoli. He was dropped overboard to light decoys on the shore, so as to deceive the Turks as to where the landing was to be. He pushed a raft containing these in front of him. It was a frosty night, and he was naked and painted black. Firing from the ships was going on all around. It was a two hours' swim in pitch darkness. He did it, crawled through the scrub to listen to the talk of the enemy, who were so near that he could have shaken hands with them, lit his decoys and swam back. . . ."

This episode was chosen by the late Sir James Matthew Barrie as the last of a series of heroic examples for his essay, *Courage*. Last week the British Army in the Mediterranean Theater was engaged in matters far more crucial than the Gallipoli campaign. This sort of courage was the

TIME, May 19, 1941

# Take Command of a "CUSTOM 8 CRUISER"!



## AND TAKE COMMAND OF THE ROAD!



Miles flow by as if by magic, steep hills level out to gentle grades, city traffic seems to melt away before you when you're at the helm of a swift-stepping, easy-handling Olds Custom Cruiser. "It's a grand car to drive!" (Prices and Specifications Subject to Change Without Notice)

WHEN the owner of an Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser takes the wheel, he's *entitled* to be proud. He commands the flagship of Oldsmobile's entire fleet—drives the finest Cruiser on American highways today.

### A MAGNIFICENT GENERAL MOTORS EIGHT THE FINEST OLDSMOBILE IN 43 YEARS!

Styling that's modernly streamlined from stem to stern—Body by Fisher that's luxuriously roomy, fore and aft—upholstery and appointments that are truly de luxe—all these are yours in Olds' greatest Oldsmobile. Plus performance that only Olds' 110 H. P. Straight-Eight Engine can give you—performance that's super-smooth and ultra-quiet—performance that's matchlessly brilliant in pick-up and go! Why not *try* the car that's the *finest* product of the *oldest* builder in the industry! It's the Oldsmobile Custom 8 Cruiser—at its *lower-medium* price, a top General Motors value!

### WITH OLDS' HYDRA-MATIC DRIVE\*—A PERFORMING MARVEL!

Try driving the Hydra-Matic way, when you pilot the Custom 8 Cruiser. ~~Gears shift themselves~~—and there's ~~no clutch pedal~~ in the car. You get quicker getaway, snappier response and smoother open road cruising—all at definite savings in gas!

\*Hydra-Matic Drive Optional at Extra Cost on all Olds Models



THE CAR  
*Ahead!*



# OLDSMOBILE

STYLED TO LEAD  
BUILT TO LAST



# Something **NEW\*** has been added!

Some familiar pack,  
but new Old Golds  
inside. The Old  
Gold's your  
dealer has now  
a new  
Old Golds.



*It's what it means and not the size, that puts a sparkle  
in your eyes! Something new has been added that spells  
Happiness ahead! And that's what something new can mean to you  
—when you enjoy this fragrant, pleasant-tasting cigarette!*

SEE FOR YOURSELF! Light up a new Old Gold—and taste the  
flavor of that rare, imported tobacco that's been added. Several  
years ago, the makers of Old Gold secured a good supply of  
this tobacco . . . put it aside to age and mellow—until now  
it's ready for you! A new touch of pleasure in a smooth and  
friendly cigarette! Get a pack of new Old Golds soon!

**\*NEW**—A prized imported tobacco, from the  
eastern Mediterranean—a tobacco whose small  
heart-shaped leaves impart new zest to the famous  
Old Gold blend! So every moment you spend  
with Old Gold will be even more pleasant.

*A. Lorillard Company* America's oldest tobacco merchants—Established 1760



one weapon with which they were adequately stocked—and the man who courageously swam ashore that dark night 26 years ago was last week appointed Commander in Chief of the hottest British spot in the whole area: Crete.

He is a New Zealander named Bernard Cyril Freyberg; he is now 51 and a major general. At 16 he had already made some New Zealand records as a swimmer. Before World War I he was a restless young dentist in San Francisco, called "Tiny" because he was so huge. The Mexican Revolution in 1914 lured him across the Rio Grande on Pancho Villa's side; but he heard of the war in Europe, walked 300 miles to the west coast, earned his way to Britain by winning a swimming meet in Los Angeles and later a boxing match in Harlem. He became the youngest brigadier in the British Army at 27, and during the war performed several exploits almost as fantastically courageous as the Gallipoli swim. Between wars he stayed in the Army, and in 1939 was given command of the second New Zealand Expeditionary Force. In Greece he and his men piled up a composite record of courage in successive rear-guard actions.

Tiny Freyberg and his tiny force will have need of all the courage they can muster in Crete. The Germans seem to be committed to blasting and Blitzing the island. Suda Bay, a magnificent natural harbor, is the last important British operating base among the islands of the eastern Mediterranean, and the long island lies across the mouth of the Aegean. Last week, as expected, the Axis continued its process of occupying Aegean islands, definitely closed the Aegean to the British.

If Crete should fall, either by storming or by incapacitation due to bombing, the British position in the eastern Mediterranean would be pretty nearly untenable. The British would then have no practicable advance naval bases, and German bombers would have almost a semicircle of air bases within easy striking distance of the Suez Canal and of Alexandria, the last intact fleet base. General Sir Archibald Wavell's lines of communication from Egypt down to the Red Sea and westward along the Mediterranean would be subject to merciless attack from only 500 miles away.

Last week, even while Crete still functioned for the British, the Nazi noose seemed to be tightening: twice German bombers visited the Suez Canal area, damaging the railways by which both U.S. and British war materials had been moving up to Egypt. Nevertheless the British, with not much but courage of the Freyberg kind to go on, were still doing a valorous defensive job throughout the theater.

**Siege of Tobrukh** was a month old when the Axis attackers tried again to take the place by an assault on the southwestern rim of the defense perimeter. Nazi tanks accomplished a small break-through. To the desert's awful heat German shock troops added that of flame-throwers, but the answering heat of British artillery exploded the flame-throwing apparatus, stopped the tanks, and squeezed the break-through into a small sac. The difference

between the futile Italian and the furious British defense of Tobrukh was not just a matter of command of the sea. The Italians used fixed artillery, which could fire outwards only, so that after a break-through the whole ring of emplacements was useless; the British, with movable guns, stayed at their posts after the break-through and trained cross fire inwards on the attackers.

German dive bombers pounded Tobrukh day after day—even on days when the sudden heat made tanks so hot that they blistered skin at the touch, and when the southerly wind blasted men and machines with grating dust. German spying was particularly daring. Several Nazis were found in Tobrukh in British military-police uniform, and two spies were said



CRETE'S "TINY" FREYBERG  
*The two-hour swim was relatively easy.*

to have visited Tobrukh's Army and Navy and Air Force Institute (canteen) unspotted.

**Convoy Through.** Having lost all of their heavy equipment in Greece and much in Libya, the Middle Eastern British were last week mechanically almost naked. Apparently it was decided in Britain to send out new tanks and guns, and that the matter was so urgent that the supplies should not go around Africa but should risk the Mediterranean. The last time the British tried that, the aircraft carrier *Illustrious* was knocked out and the light cruiser *Southampton* sunk.

One day last week spotters at Algeciras, Spain, near Gibraltar, saw two big British transports go through the straits eastward, escorted by two cruisers and a destroyer. The next day they saw the battle cruiser *Repulse*, the aircraft carrier *Argus* and five destroyers set out to catch up with these ships and others which had apparently steamed ahead. There was no question but that the British were determined to get this convoy through. The weather was stormy and dark, and therefore favorable.

South of Sardinia, Axis warplanes came



TALK ABOUT A DIVE  
BOMBER BEING  
STREAMLINED—TAKE A  
LOOK AT THIS  
ASTOUNDING NEW PEN.

RIGHT! AND I HEAR  
THAT ITS SPECIAL INK  
DRIES AS FAST AS YOU  
WRITE. I MUST SEE IT  
AT MY RETAILER'S.



I SAY, OLD BOY, IT  
HAS A NOSE LIKE A  
BULLET—EASY TO HOLD  
IN THE FINGER TIPS;  
AND YET IT'S A REAL  
FOUNTAIN PEN.



YES, THE GOLD POINT  
IS LIKE A TORPEDO  
TUBE ENCLOSED IN A  
GUARD—THAT PROTECTS  
IT, AND SHIELDS THE  
FINGERS FROM INK.



## ★ Business takes wings! ★

Do you remember when a New York business man, going to the Pacific Coast and back, counted nearly two weeks' time lost in traveling?

Today, swift United Mainliners soaring through starlit skies bring Pacific to the Atlantic overnight!

Straight across the heart of the nation cruise these giant planes, along the Main Line Airway. This is the strategic route selected by the United States Government for the country's first coast-to-coast airway. On it are some of the nation's greatest industries,

largest markets, chief population centers, main defense plants.

Because United flies this business artery, 80% of United passengers are business men! They cut days to hours, multiply their abilities, and travel in luxury and ease—via United.

Look to the Main Line skies—for business! Your travel agent, hotel, or United office will handle reservations.



**UNITED**  
**Air Lines**

THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY FOR PASSENGERS, MAIL AND EXPRESS

out to meet this formidable group. Next day's Italian papers ran ecstatic accounts of the engagement. *Lavoro Fascista* called it "A Black Day for the British Navy." The High Command claimed hits on two battleships, an aircraft carrier, two cruisers, a destroyer and three merchantmen. Next day German bombers attacked again south of Malta and claimed hits. When the convoy had had time to get out of danger, the British denied that a single vessel had been hit. Rome admitted that British warships (possibly going out from Alexandria to meet the convoy) had treated the Axis Libyan supply port at Bengasi to a thorough shelling.

The new British supplies might help the defense of the Suez Canal. But quite possibly the Axis, though sorry not to have sent the convoy and its shield to the bottom, was not sorry to see this matériel arrive in the Mediterranean Theater. Just as much strength as it added to the defenses of Egypt had been subtracted from the defenses of the British Isles.

## BATTLE OF BRITAIN

### Under the Full May Moon

At a night-fighter station somewhere in England one evening last week King George VI walked down a line of stalwart young pilots, standing at attention with glasses of sherry in their hands. After felicitations and a fighter's simple supper, the King was taken out on the field, where he examined Britain's best night-fighting planes, the Bristol Beau and the Douglas DB-7 Havoc—bigger ships than the day fighters. They are two-seaters so that the pilot can concentrate on navigation, the gunner on spotting and shooting; twin-engine so that they would not be blinded by propeller reflection or by fiery exhausts right in front of their eyes; and with capacious fuel tanks so that the planes can stay up until dawn and not have to land in the risky light of sputtering flares.

Then His Majesty was accorded a privilege open to very few people besides Kings and Commanders: he saw the Air Force's hypersensitive spotting apparatus laid out before him. A large force of German planes was over England. The main attack, as it had been for six previous successive nights, seemed to be developing over Liverpool, one of the few British ports to be operating at nearly full capacity. Experts explained to the King how the night fighters operated. The Beaus went to the scene of action to try to get the planes coming in. In this Operations Room, wireless finders with vastly improved machinery and technique "vectored" the Beaus close enough to enemy planes to see them and attack. The Havocs shot out across the Channel and hovered over German airfields; then when the Jerries came home and dropped flares for a landing the Havocs leaped in to wreak their name, catching their opponents at stalling speed and in ticklish confinement. While the King was watching, the reports began to come in. One shot down, one probably shot down, another certain. . . .

In that night 24 German planes were destroyed. That was a night record—but

TIME, May 19, 1941

# MR. FACTORY EXECUTIVE: HOW MUCH PENALTY ARE *You* PAYING?

Let this QUICK QUIZ show you what amazing savings others have realized through modern lubrication equipment!



How much penalty are YOU paying—in needless "time out?"—in avoidable "man-hours"—in avoidable product spoilage?—in sacrificed safety?—in unnecessary repairs and maintenance? Let Alemite show you how modern lubrication equipment can speed production and cut expense wherever wheels turn! Write on your letterhead!



Ask Anyone in Industry!

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

### Industrial LUBRICATION

ANOTHER STEWART-WARNER PRODUCT  
1835 Diversey Parkway • Chicago, Illinois  
Belleville, Ontario

#### HERE ARE TYPICAL ANSWERS:

1. "Alemite adds 12 machine-hours per week," says *Pepperell*. "Assembly lubrication done in 1-10 former time," *Warner & Swasey*. "Two-day job now done in 3 hours," *Northern Paper Mills*. "Alemite saves 50% in lubrication time," writes *big steel mill*.
2. "Three man-hours saved on every shift," says *big glass company*. "Does 10-minute job in 5 minutes," on *giant TVA project*. "We save 10 hours per week on each punch press," *American Metal Products*. "Saves us 5 hours daily," *Linton-Summit Coal Company*.
3. "Alemite System keeps lubricant out of food," *Beechnut Packing Company*. "30,000 pounds of beef daily, and no grease contamination," says *packing house*. "Ends contamination of product and machines," writes *textile mill*.
4. "Looms never catch fire any more," says *great cotton mill*. "Ends danger of acid burns," *Thompson Wire Company*. "Hands are kept away from moving parts," states *leading metal works*. "No more slippery oil spots on floor," writes *southern factory head*.
5. "Not a bearing failure in 9 years with Alemite," *Allied Mills*. "No failures in over eight years," *Narragansett Brewing Company*. "11 years and no bearing failures," *R. Wallace & Sons, silver-smiths*. "480,000 tons of coal mined without bearing failures," *Kelly's Creek Colliery Co.*

"I'd better switch to Blackstone!"

Right! Because now, from coast to coast, Blackstone is the choice of successful men. They like its mildness. They like the full-bodied flavor that only the finest long-leaf Havana filler can give.



## Blackstone Cigar New Leader!

Wins first place as fastest-growing national-selling ALL-HAVANA filled cigar... Try one... See why!



### 17% EXTRA SMOKING

To share the national success of this cigar with smokers, Blackstone offers an extra new value in a new, longer-size cigar. It's the Blackstone Londres-Extra. And it gives you 17% extra smoking! Compared to regular Londres, that's just like getting a ten-cent cigar free with every six you buy! Same costly, long-leaf Havana filler... yet the price is still only ten cents.



### Size and Shape for Every Taste!

Step up and take your choice, men. Blackstone Perfecto, 2 for 25¢. Blackstone Londres-Extra, 10¢. Blackstone Cabinet, 10¢. Blackstone Panetela, 2 for 15¢. Blackstone Junior, 5¢. All filled with the finest and costliest Havana tobacco grown in all Cuba. Treat yourself to a Blackstone Cigar today! Enjoy the peak of smoking luxury!

SWITCH TO BLACKSTONE CIGARS...the choice of successful men

it stood only two nights. During the terrible raid on London (see below) 33 were shot down. It was not merely the full moon which made these high scores possible. There is a full moon every month, and ever since the first of the year the bag had increased: In January, 15, in February, 15, in March, 47, in April, 90, and 124 in the first ten nights of May.

Meanwhile George VI's Bomber Command, under aggressive Air Marshal Sir Richard Peirse, has been expanding its program all along, until one night last week it was reported that over 300 planes had been sent out to enemy territory—almost as many as the Germans were using over Britain. But it still remained to be seen whether the R.A.F. would be able to make night mass raids almost as expensive as day raids, and perhaps too expensive. If they did, it was likely that the Germans might perfect a similar technique, and the war in the air might become a stalemate.

The London *Daily Telegraph's* air correspondent made a significant observation last week: "In daylight enemy activity has consisted almost entirely of reconnaissance, which would seem to indicate that a resumption of large-scale day raiding may be expected shortly." Or invasion.

### The Landmarks Fall

History received its most mortal wounds in London last week. The Mother of Parliaments, Westminster Abbey, the British Museum were all hit in one night of explosion even more desecrating than the City bombing of last December.

The House of Commons Chamber, where Disraeli argued with Gladstone in the days when the Empire was being completed, where Prime Minister Herbert Asquith told the members of Parliament that World War I had begun, was gutted by seven high-explosive bombs just 72 hours after Winston Churchill had there spun one of his finest fabrics of oratory. Big Ben, whose broadcast chimes had become a symbol of empire, had his face blackened and cut, but in a few hours the huge clock was running again. The exquisite timber roof of 900-year-old Westminster Hall, under which Charles I, Guy Fawkes and Warren Hastings were tried, saved in.

Westminster Abbey, Britain's foremost receptacle of memories, had its lantern roof, the central part of the Abbey directly over the crossing of the nave and transept, burned out. Tons of debris fell on the spot where King George VI and Queen Elizabeth—many monarchs before them—were crowned. The Henry VII Chapel was damaged, but the Unknown Warrior in his tomb and the poets in their Corner were not disturbed.

Most of the richest treasures had been removed from the British Museum, but incendiaries hit and gutted its library, one of the world's greatest. Ironically, while Egypt lay under the Nazi threat, the museum's Egyptian section was almost demolished. But if sentiments were wrung by these noble ruins, far more hearts were broken and lives were taken in less historic spots.

TIME, May 19, 1941



**THE SMARTNESS  
OF A COUPE !**



The Chrysler six-passenger Convertible Club Coupe

**THE ROOMINESS  
OF A SEDAN !**



New...exclusive...is the extra side window in the Chrysler Convertibles. Increases vision. A perfect windscreen.



Also new and exclusive is Chrysler's electro-hydraulic automatic top. Operates independently of the engine.



Plenty of room for six grown people!

CHRYSLER Convertibles have always been noted for advanced ideas. For 1941, they bring several new "firsts"...

With their clever new extra window on each side, they give you true vision all around, and a windscreen that protects all the passengers when the top is down.

The automatic top is electro-hydraulic—instead of vacuum operated. It's as sure and positive as Chrysler's hydraulic brakes. The feminine driver can raise or lower the top as easily as turning the ignition switch.

The rear seat is a real 3-passenger divan... deep, soft and wide... providing a true 6-passenger Convertible Club Coupe.

You can tailor your Chrysler Convertible to your own individual taste. The interior can be leather and

Bedford cord in a number of delightful color combinations... or leather and Highlander plaid.

#### WHY SHIFT GEARS?

On top of everything else is Chrysler's famous *Fluid Drive*... the drive of tomorrow here today... to enjoy now and protect your investment for tomorrow. Why shift gears when you can *Fluid Drive* in a Chrysler? Once you see how much easier *Fluid Drive* is... how much smoother, simpler and safer it is than the car you now drive, you'll never want to go back to the old way. Phone your Chrysler dealer now. Ask him to show you the miracle of *Fluid Drive*.

See the last word in Station Wagons... **Chrysler Town & Country Car**

\*Tune in Major Bowes, C. B. S., Thursdays, 9 to 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

**BE MODERN**—WITH FLUID DRIVE AND  
VACAMATIC TRANSMISSION

*Buy Chrysler!*

# Jarman Sets the Style Stage for *Sports*



There's a good reason for you to go into that Jarman dealer's store around the corner when you shop for your new sport shoes:

He has *more* new styles to show you.

For example, there are 32 Jarman styles in tan-and-white combinations alone! Others in two-tones, all-whites, new tans, black-and-whites, all in a variety of patterns.

When you buy your sports, you may as well look over a lot of styles—which is what your Jarman dealer has! See them now, while the Jarman Style Stage is set for Sports!

*Fine shoes, at America's best price for fine shoes!*

THE PICCADILLY  
Pointer Brown and  
White Stag Buck.  
No. 1327.

THE MESA—Ven-  
tilated, in Reynard  
Brown and Bahama  
Tan. . . . No. 1347.

THE BELVEDERE  
Reynard Brown and  
Genuine White Buck.  
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SEE THE "STYLE  
STAGE" AT



YOUR JARMAN  
DEALER'S



# Jarman

SHOES FOR MEN

\$5 TO \$6.85

SOME STYLES  
HIGHER

AMERICA'S BEST PRICE FOR FINE SHOES

Jarman Shoe Company, Division of General Shoe Corporation, Nashville, Tennessee

## SPORT

### Iroquois Memorial

Nashville last week made its comeback as a city of fleet horses. On the broad hillside of Percy Warner Park, ten miles outside the city, 30,000 Tennesseans and their guests gathered to watch a steeplechase run over its brand-new course in the natural amphitheater below. Visitors said it was the most beautiful steeplechase course in the world. Natives were far more excited over the race itself: the inaugural of the Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase, with big-name jumpers competing on Tennessee's own blue grass to revive the Volunteer State's great racing tradition.

For most of the 19th Century—from the early 1800s, when Dr. Redmond Dillon Barry of near-by Gallatin first imported an evergreen grass known as blue from his native Ireland, to 1882, when the great Iroquois (only U.S.-bred horse ever to win the English Derby) was retired to stud at near-by Belle Meade—Nashville was famed as "the cradle of the thoroughbred."

It was there in 1805 that Andrew Jackson sponsored one of the greatest match races of all time: his Truxton v. Lazarus Cotton's Greyhound, with cane-shaking partisans wagering their tobacco crops, stables and plantations on the outcome. It was there in 1843 that Nashville's gentry staged the \$35,000 Peyton Produce Stakes, up to that time the world's richest horse race and the forerunner of America's "Futurities" (race in which competitors, now usually two-year-olds, are nominated at birth or before).

Natives claim that the Yankees stole their best thoroughbreds after the Battle of Nashville. In the late '20s, however,

when the paper profits of the Rogers Caldwell-Luke Lea "Shares In The South" bubble began to pour into Nashville, its upper crust started ambitious plans to revive Nashville's prestige as a horse-racing center. They formed the elegant Grasslands Hunt Club, invited the East's best jumpers to take part in the "International Steeplechase." After two Internationals, Depression hit Nashville, Caldwell's banking empire came a cropper and Grasslands grew weeds.

But since then Nashville got WPA to build a jumping course in Percy Warner Park (given to the city by Luke Lea as a memorial to his father-in-law). Last week Nashville's steeplechase races were free to anyone who wanted to see them. Only spectators who paid admission were the 150 boxholders whose \$30 checks made up the purses for the Iroquois and four lesser events on the program.

Though shorter and less dangerous than the famed Maryland Hunt Cup race, the Iroquois (three miles, 18 jumps) turned out to be tough. Galsac, the favorite, bowed a tendon on the next-to-last jump. Another horse broke a leg, was destroyed. Winner was Rockmayne, a bay gelding racing in the colors of Louisville's Barbara Bullitt, cousin of Ambassador William Bullitt. His time: 5 min., 41½ sec. Her prize: \$1,000 and a leg on an old silver cup made in 1820 for the Earl of Coventry.

### Greenberg Trades Uniforms

Last week, in his 1,049th game with the Detroit Tigers, 30-year-old Hank Greenberg smashed out two home runs, drove in a third run to lick the New York Yankees 7-to-4, then turned in his uniform. Next morning, in an old corset factory in down-

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TO SEE MORE OF  
NEW YORK"



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THE COMMODORE

Over the long "Memorial Day" week end, you'll have extra days to get about New York while you are living at The Commodore. You'll enjoy, all the more The Commodore's convenience to New York's important activities and sights...its big, comfortable rooms...its cordial service...and its four restaurants famous in New York for serving the best in food.

2000 large comfortable outside rooms, all with private bath, from \$3

THE  
**COMMODORE**

"NEW YORK'S  
BEST LOCATED  
HOTEL"

MARTIN SWEENEY,  
President

RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL  
AND AIRLINES TERMINALS

YOUR COTTAGE  
*Small on Large*



... Available by Day or  
Season At This Resort In The Alleghenies  
A private summer place—swimming pool and other resort privileges—can be yours to spend your vacation. Here, just across from The Greenbrier, relax on your own porch—loll about the lawns—enjoy your favorite sport at America's most beautiful resort. All cottages at White Sulphur Springs offer complete hotel service. Write for details.



The Greenbrier and Cottages  
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**White Sulphur Springs**  
*west va.*



STEEPLECHASE AT NASHVILLE'S PERCY WARNER PARK  
The stakes are not up to Andrew Jackson's.

Ed Clark

*Refreshing is the word!*



*Blackie:*

"Nothing like a bit of refreshment eh, Whitey?"

*Whitey:*

"You bet, Blackie — and we're famous for it!"

● And deservedly famous! For Black & White has a most refreshing character. That's what makes this great Scotch so satisfying — so completely enjoyable. If you want flavor of true magnificence and bouquet of rare excellence — ask for Black & White!



**"BLACK & WHITE"**

*The Scotch with Character*

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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town Detroit, Henry Greenberg, baseball's highest-paid player (\$55,000 a year), was inducted into the U.S. Army along with 300 other Detroit draftees.

Not since ailing Lou Gehrig bowed out of the New York Yankees two years ago had baseball lost such an outstanding player. In eight years with the Tigers, Greenberg was twice (1935 and 1940) voted the American League's Most Valuable Player, led the league in runs-batted-in four times, and once, in 1938, came within two runs of tying Babe Ruth's alltime home-run record of 60.

Like Lou Gehrig, Hank Greenberg learned his baseball on the sidewalks of New York, first attracted big-league scouts



PRIVATE GREENBERG  
The U.S. got his contract.

while fence-busting for a New York high-school team. Big and gawky (6 ft. 4 in.), he was turned down by the late, great John McGraw because he was "too awkward." But, like Gehrig, Greenberg was industrious, persevering, went on to become one of the best first basemen in the game. After seven years at first base, Greenberg ungrudgingly agreed to shift to the outfield last year "for the good of the team"—to make room in the daily lineup for alternate Catcher Rudy York, a mighty batter. Greenberg's metamorphosis from star first baseman to star outfielder within six months was one of the outstanding baseball feats of 1940.

Last week, at a farewell banquet for Detroit's Big Guy, Manager Del Baker moaned: "Nobody can take his place."

#### Who Won

Billy Soose, 23, of Farrell, Pa.: the world's middleweight boxing champion-ship; from Ken Overlin; by a decision after 15 rounds; in Manhattan.

TIME, May 19, 1941



For the FIRST TIME! New NATION-WIDE method

# PUTS NEW TREADS ON WORN TRUCK TIRES

*The same way the tire factories do it!*

*Guarantees Dependable*  
**EXTRA MILEAGE!**



## SCIENTIFIC INSPECTION WITH EXCLUSIVE KRAFT INSPECT-O-SCOPE

It's dangerous and wastes money to put new treads on tires weakened by abuse, accidents, faulty construction. Before tires can be *Kraft Renewed*, they must pass rigid inspection by the most modern methods. Replacing former haphazard inspection, The Kraft System includes the use of the exclusive Kraft Inspect-o-scope. This new, scientific laboratory instrument detects casing defects which would escape ordinary methods—cause early tire failure. *This is only one of 10 Kraft factory-controls.*



••FOR MORE ORIGINAL MILES  
••FOR MORE RECAP MILES

*The* **GENERAL C-D**  
*Dean of all Truck Tires*

THOUSANDS of truck operators everywhere today are enjoying a kind of *mileage* they never thought possible from renewed tires. Establishing a new nation-wide standard of *quality*—The Kraft System is the *proved* means of reducing truck tire costs materially.

Equipment and methods are factory approved, specified. Men are factory trained. Sample tires are Akron laboratory checked. *Every step of the way*, rigid controls are established and maintained. This result is *assured* performance—exactly as if your tires had been renewed at the factory.

Your General Tire man *alone* has this revolutionary renewing process. He invites you to learn how he can save you money by renewing your tires this factory-way. Call him or visit him today.

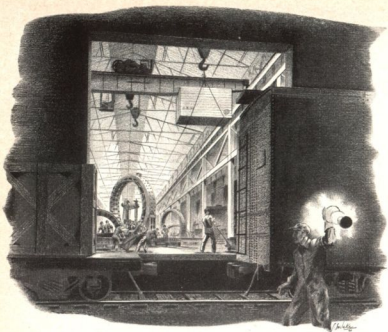
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*The* **GENERAL**  
**TIRE**



## Out of the Night

**I**N LOS ANGELES it is eleven o'clock; in Detroit, one; in Schenectady it is two o'clock in the morning.

In Los Angeles a young riveter moves a little faster down the row of rivets that stitches a gleaming airfoil. In Detroit a helmeted welder concentrates on the harsh arc that knits two pieces of armor plate. In Schenectady a veteran machinist watches a little more intently the lathe tool that pares a precise 1/1000 inch from a 20-inch steel shaft.

Listen! You will hear them: staccato beat of rivet guns . . . crackle of welding torches . . . harsh whisper of turning lathes. The sounds of America working!

Look! You will see them: factory windows ablaze at night . . . long freights rolling by in the twilight . . . somewhere in Newfoundland six bombers, motors idling, poised eastward on a runway in the gray dawn. The signs of America producing!

Many men, many places, three shifts. But *one* job—to make America secure.

Different machines, making different things—bombers in Los Angeles, tanks in Detroit, generators in Schenectady. But behind them all *one* universal force: electric power—turning lathes, joining metals, providing a changeless, universal light.

For more than 60 years electricity has been the power that makes all work kin. In itself one of the major industries that have contributed so much to American life—contributing now in its own right to national defense—electricity is today vital to all the others as they labor "all-out" in America's defense. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

MB-113M

## MISCELLANY



HAYNES & HELPER

**Super.** In Kansas City, Grainman W. J. Haynes, who had always had trouble with his soup, invented an automatic soup bowl that took care of everything. A thermometer on pulley and chain dipped in & out to register temperature, and turned on a bulb cooler when the soup piped too hot. Other gadgets dunked crackers, sprinkled salt, swabbed the last drop.

**Scope.** In Seymour, Tex., Mayor C. M. Randall decreed that the opening day of Texas' fishing season was a holiday. Every school, bank, business house put up shutters, and the 3,500 souls of Seymour went fishing.

**Outsider.** In Baton Rouge, junketing Congressman Charles A. Wolverton, Rep., N.J., stopped to visit Louisiana's House of Representatives. On which side of the House, inquired polite Representative Wolverton, did the Republicans sit? "Outside," chorused his hosts.

**Free.** In Little Rock, a cop brought in a vagrant. "Who are you?" asked the desk sergeant. "I am a Free Frenchman," said the man. "You were a free Frenchman," corrected the sergeant.

**Tenth.** In Sapulpa, Okla., Aunt Lizzie Deevers, 110, got set to marry Neighbor John Knight, 77. Cackled bird-eyed, bird-sized Aunt Lizzie: "I'm tough. Man, I've been snake-bit six times, been bit by a mad dog once, had nine husbands and I'm still here."

**Rented.** In Los Angeles, Insurance Salesman Samuel Brummel, 56, sued his wife for half of the \$10,000 fee he says she got by renting him for a year to another woman.

TIME, May 19, 1941

# ALL THIS...and compactness too!



**PLACE:** Front seat of a brand-new 1941 Buick SPECIAL Sedanet. **TIME:** Two minutes after the owner has taken delivery. **THE CHARACTER:** The new owner, whose smile shows the direction his thoughts take as he drives home...

"OUT there, under that bonnet, I've got power. Straight-eight power. Buick valve-in-head power. A hundred and then some horses, all balanced to the weight of one thin dime..."

"Boy, is that going to mean fun from now on!"

"And under me—feel it?—good, solid, road-holding *bulk!* Steady as a rock—that big, husky, stout-braced

frame I saw on that stripped-down chassis in the showroom.

"Going to mean plenty, too, when the miles start to pile up!"

"And springs—coil springs—all around. Wearproof, free of upkeep. No reason why they shouldn't keep on swallowing up road bumps like this forever.

"And all around me here—room. Five-feet-plus across this front seat. And a full size seat in the back there—full depth and full width!"

"When we take out the family, won't that be grand—room for the whole blessed gang!"

"Mileage? Haven't proved up that yet, of course. But anything that can step up economy as much as 10% to 15%, as they say Compound Carburetion† does under test, is certainly my dish!"

"And that's not all—no sir. Look at the way this baby handles. Watch it slip through this traffic—all the nimbleness of a motorbike *plus* power and room and steadiness! Parking'll be a cinch, too.

"Yes, sir, a swell idea—all this and compactness too! All this and tidy size—and right down my alley on price.

"Wonder how those Buick boys do it? So what—they've *done* it.

"And am I tickled? Sa-a-ay!"

## MORAL:

*If you haven't yet seen, haven't yet priced, haven't yet driven the latest Buick SPECIAL model—better correct that right NOW by seeing your nearest Buick dealer soon as you can!*

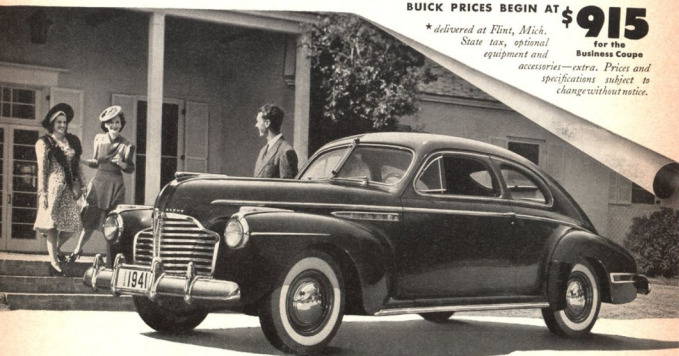
†Compound Carburetion costs a few dollars extra on Buick SPECIAL models, is standard equipment on all other Series.

BUICK PRICES BEGIN AT **\$915**

\*delivered at Flint, Mich.  
State tax, optional  
equipment and

for the  
Business Coupe

accessories—extra. Prices and  
specifications subject to  
change without notice.



# "Best Buick Yet"

EXEMPLAR OF GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

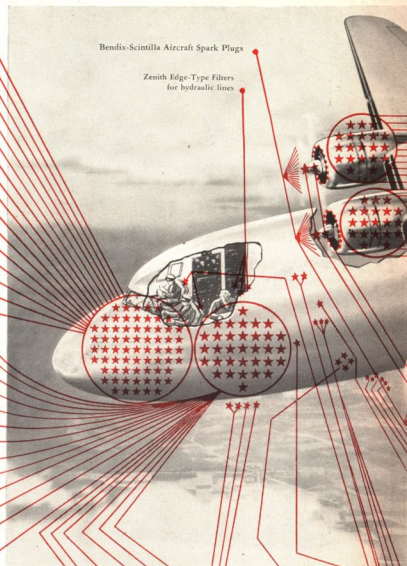
Buick SPECIAL 6-passenger Sedanet, \$1006. White sidewall tires extra.\*

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 Pioneer Autosyn Dual Indicators  
 Pioneer Venturi Tube  
 Pioneer Autosyn Dual Landing Gear Indicator  
 Pioneer Rate-of-Climb Indicator  
 Pioneer Aviation Clocks  
 Pioneer Aperiodic Compasses  
 Eclipse Ammunition Rounds Counter  
 Pioneer Drift Indicators  
 Pioneer Fuel-Level Gauges  
 Pioneer Manifold Pressure Gauges  
 Pioneer Sensitive Electric Tachometers  
 Pioneer Turn-and-Bank Indicators  
 Pioneer Accelerometers  
 Pioneer Air-Speed Indicators  
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 Eclipse 4-Way Control Valve and Switch  
 Eclipse Pressure Type Oil Separator  
 Eclipse De-Icer Distributing Valve  
 Eclipse Vacuum Relief Valves  
 Eclipse Suction Regulating Valves  
 Eclipse Propeller Anti-Icer Pump Rheostat  
 Eclipse Gear-Type Propeller Anti-Icer Pump  
 Eclipse Hydraulic Remote Control Transmitting Units

Bendix-Scintilla Aircraft Spark Plugs

Zenith Edge-Type Filters  
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 Pioneer Pilot Static Tubes  
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 Eclipse Flexible Metallic Tubing (quantity)  
 Bendix Aircraft Radio Directional Loop Antenna  
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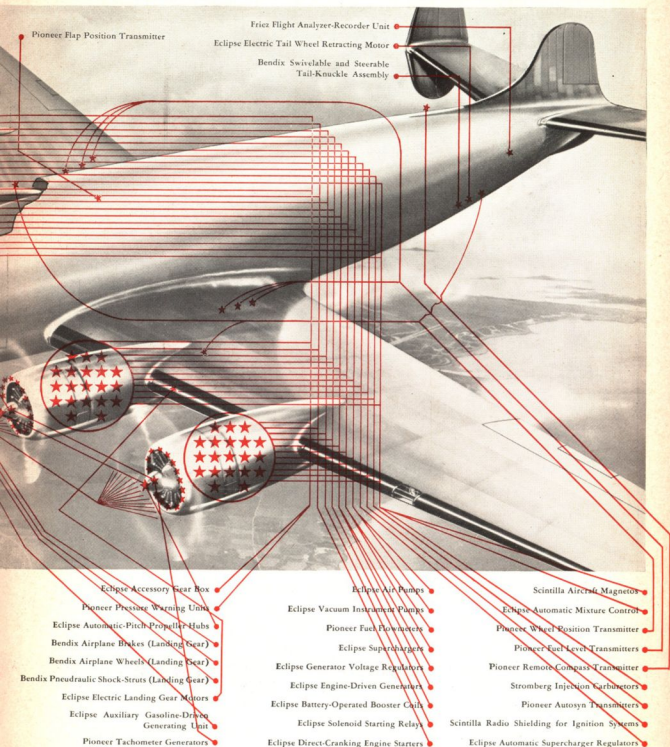
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 Eclipse Electric Motor Driven Hydraulic Pump for Landing Gear Operation  
 Bendix Aircraft Radio Transmitter  
 Bendix Aircraft Radio Receiver  
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 Eclipse Reservoir and Priming Units

*This phantom-diagram of a 4-motored airplane indicates the approximate location of the various Bendix-built components. Naturally, not all of these units are used in any one aircraft.*

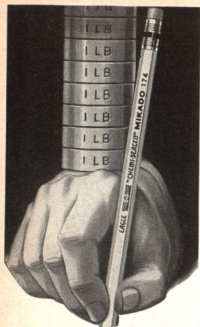
## Bendix AVIATION CORPORATION



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*Paging all pencil punishers!  
Calling all point breakers!*

You can't change your writing pressure, but you can easily change your pencil... Switch to Eagle "Chemi-Sealed" MIKADO. Its point stands up when you *bear down* because Eagle's patented super bonding process welds lead to wood—so inseparably that they combine their strength against breakage.

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## CINEMA

### Cinemores

For the edification of Easterners who may turn up at Hollywood parties during their summer vacations, the racing and theatrical New York *Morning Telegraph* Emily Posted Hollywood mores. Excerpts:

► Greet your hostess and say: "How do you do, oh, isn't that cute?"—thus calling attention to some bit of novelty jewelry she is certain to be wearing. If she is clad in a bathing suit, say: "How do you do, aren't you lovely?" Plain "How do you do?" won't do. It's considered rude.

► Never call a man Mister or a young lady Miss when you meet them. It's stuffy. Use their first names.

► Don't thank your hostess next day for the good time you had at her party. That's an Eastern custom. She'll think you're angling for another invitation. Next time you see her just say: "That was sort of a pretty thing you cooked up at your house the other night. Thanks."

### The New Pictures

**The Great American Broadcast** (20th Century-Fox) is Darryl Zanuck's conception of how radio broadcasting was born. According to his version, it was sired by Jack Oakie in a thunderstorm on the roof of an abandoned sausage factory on the Jersey flats, with an assist from a barnstorming aviator (John Payne) and a nightclub singer (Alice Faye).

This unhistorical observation serves well enough for a peg on which to hang another musical from the Zanuck cradle

of history. Its pattern is familiar; the three principals rehearsed it almost to the letter in *Tin Pan Alley* (TIME, Dec. 9). But this time it curdles.

Best sequence in *Broadcast* is almost straight history. Yellowed newsreel shots of the Dempsey-Willard prize fight are used for the apocryphal ringside broadcast that brings fame and riches to Oakie's cat-whisker station. They are a jolting reminder of the scorching Fourth of July in 1919 when the crop-haired Manassa Mauler, then 24, carved a world's heavy-weight championship out of mountainous Jess Willard in just three bitter rounds. They are the best refashioning of history ever contrived by Producer Zanuck.

Never averse to stealing a scene (or a hot stove, some say), Comic Oakie, who is beginning to look more and more like an American Indian, easily walks off with *The Great American Broadcast*. That is no feat. One tuneful ditty, *I Take to You*, some tasty hoofing by the Nicholas Brothers (colored), adequate vocalizing from blonde, lymphatic Alice Faye, are no match for the rustic mugging of an Oakie. Adept at using his nimble hands to take the action away from another cinemactor, he has a field day fiddling with the radio dials that clutter up *The G.A.B.*

About five years ago Jack Oakie's gusty, ebullient capacity for drinking with the boys at local bars got him into trouble at the Paramount lot. Studio executives hit on a scheme for bringing him to work bright and shining. They hired men to



OAKIE MUGGING

*Other actors are just careless.*



"Pouring Aluminum Ingots"—painted for *The Oregonian* by Douglas Lynch

## SWIFT FLOWS THE STREAM OF COLUMBIA BASIN WAR MATERIALS

Much-needed aluminum for planes and other essential war equipment is already flowing from Columbia River electric furnaces in an ever-increasing stream.

Aluminum plants now in operation or under construction in this area will have an annual capacity of 210,000,000 pounds—adding nearly 33% to previous American production of this important metal.

Experts predict that shortages of metals will bring the electro-chemical industry to the fore, with its plastics and synthetics. There will also be an intensified demand for sodium compounds, calcium-carbide, ferro-alloys, nitrates and other chemicals.

All of these things the Columbia basin can supply. Of the nation's potential hydro-electric power, 30% is found in the swift-flowing, never-failing streams of Oregon and Wash-

ington. Bonneville and Grand Coulee and existing private generating and distributing facilities have made available an abundance of low-cost electric power.

The deep, wide channels of the Columbia River and its largest tributary, the Willamette, furnish virtually unlimited fresh water harbor sites for the unloading of sea-going ships carrying raw materials. Rail facilities are more than adequate and this region is interlaced with a vast network of broad, paved highways.

Within the area are found seven of the eight critical war minerals—most of them within a 300 mile radius of Portland and of the 34 mineral substances vital to the field of industrial chemistry, the Pacific Northwest can provide 31.

With such a combination of natural resources it is no wonder that

the Pacific Northwest regards present industrial development as but the forerunner of far greater things to come. This is no mushroom growth dependent on the stimulus of war contracts for its continued existence, but, for *The Oregonian* Country, the beginning of an era of almost limitless industrial expansion.

This year *The Oregonian* has taken the initiative in telling the rest of the country about this favored region which is destined to make an increasingly important contribution, not only to our national security, but to our peacetime prosperity.

**The  
Oregonian**  
PORTLAND, OREGON

The Great Newspaper of the West  
"MORE THAN A NEWSPAPER—  
A PART OF THE LIFE OF THE REGION"



## Even fighting men must sit down



And America's armed forces sit comfortably  
in American Seating chairs



Uncle Sam is buying hundreds of thousands of these "Folding Forty" chairs. They're comfortable, sturdy, handsome—fold easily, quietly—just right for home, office, auditoriums, hotels.

UNCLE SAM is doing his level best to make his fighting sons comfortable. He's feeding them good food, giving them good beds and seeing they have comfortable chairs everywhere.

We know a lot about the chairs Uncle Sam is buying because we've made hundreds of thousands of them . . . theatre chairs for army and navy auditoriums . . . folding chairs for general all around camp use . . . as well as church pews for service chapels . . . and school desks and seats for training schools.

Making people comfortable in public places is American Seating's business (and frankly, we're good at it!). We've met Uncle Sam's high standards. We'll meet yours, too—with seating for schools, churches, theatres, stadia, buses—or camps. Try us!

# American Seating Company

GRAND RAPIDS,  
MICHIGAN

World's leader in public seating. Manufacturers of theatre, auditorium, school, church, stadium and transportation seating—Branch Offices and Distributors in 73 Principal Cities

tail him nightly, bet him \$100 he wouldn't be in shape to work the next day. Never a loose man with a dollar, the comedian couldn't refuse the tempting increment. For a while the ruse worked. But when he returned from a European trip with his wife a few years later, there was no work for him in Hollywood. That was old stuff to Trooper Oakie.

Once long before, he lived on dog biscuits rather than quit vaudeville. A raw bumptin out of Sedalia, Mo., where he was born in 1903 and christened Lewis Delaney Offield, he went to Manhattan and got his first job—phone clerk in the New York Stock Exchange. It still gives him a solid pleasure to revisit the Exchange from time to time and gaze upon his former employment from the dignified visitors' gallery.

A small part in an amateur theatrical separated the phone clerk from commerce. Told he ought to be on Broadway, he proved it by becoming a chorus boy in George M. Cohan's *Little Nellie Kelly* in 1922. He changed his name to Oakie\* and tacked on the Jack because it seemed to fit. A meeting with Director Wesley Ruggles in 1927 led straight to his first picture, *Finders Keepers*.

When Charlie Chaplin signed the chastened comic for the part of "Il Duce" in *The Great Dictator*, he had gone almost two years without making a picture. He had also become mayor of West Van Nuys, Calif., a teetotaler, and a fancier of rare Afghan hounds. His crackerjack performance for Chaplin brought him so many offers from producers who had forgotten about him that he can now, he figures, "ask for money when I fall off a chair." Says he, of his lengthy banishment: "Hell, I'm not bitter, but I'm a lot more cunning."

Corny as a back-country bumptin, Oakie has deftly turned his corniness into a salable commodity. Good comics with a style of their own have always been scarce. Oakie's knavish mugging and air of robust well-being have carried him through more than 60 pictures (*Fast Company*, *Once in a Lifetime*, *If I Had a Million*, etc.), some of which he alone saved at the box office.

Reference to his reputed propensity for snatching scenes (mainly by ogling, leering, picking lint from someone's coat, etc.) is likely to bring a look of pained surprise to the sun-kissed Oakie visage. Says he, weighing his words: "There's no such thing as scene-stealing. It's just that the other actors get careless."

### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Citizen Kane** (Orson Welles, Dorothy Comington, Joseph Cotten, Everett Sloane; TIME, March 17).

**Road to Zanzibar** (Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel; TIME, April 7).

**Meet John Doe** (Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Walter Brennan, Edward Arnold; TIME, March 3).

\* It meant the same thing to the comic, who had attended school in Muskogee, Okla., that it meant to Author John Steinbeck: an itinerant Oklahoman.

TIME, May 19, 1941



## PEOPLE

Abed last week were not only **Franklin D. Roosevelt** (see p. 15), but Salvation Army General **Evangeline Booth**, after a brief collapse from the heat; Democratic National Committee Boss **Ed Flynn**, with bronchitis, after measles; ex-New Jersey Governor **Harold G. Hoffman**, following a hernia operation. Ill again of dysentery was **Kermit Roosevelt** in London, where failing health forced him to resign his commission as major in the British Army.

Back home after five years, **Haile Selassie** found the interim occupants of the palace had left a stone Roman eagle on the lintel over the front door. He had it beheaded.

Attending his first baseball game, towering, cadaverous **Lord Halifax**, British Ambassador, saw the White Sox beat the Tigers, in Chicago, asked, "Do they throw the ball to hit the runner?"; asked of a hot dog, "What's inside it?"; posed poking at Sox Owner Charles Albert Comiskey II's baseball with a fountain pen.

To a thousand-throated freshman yell of "Take them off," **Sally Rand**, at a Harvard smoker, thoughtlessly retorted, "I will if you will," danced in a blizzard of cast-off gents' furnishings.

In Cairo, lank, balding metaphorist Captain **James Roosevelt** described the situation in Iraq as "well in hand, but rather deep-seated."

Same day Bethlehem Steel's President **Eugene Gifford Grace** was publicized as second-highest-paid U.S. executive, fiery septuagenarian Spinster **Zara du Pont**, munitions family maverick and Bethlehem stockholder, sued him, the corporation and



ZARA DU PONT

Acme

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See *Filmos* at better photographic dealers' now, before your vacation, or mail the coupon. Bell & Howell Company, Chicago; New York; Hollywood; Washington, D. C.; London. Est. 1907.

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Use 8 mm. film, full color or monochrome, on which *real movies* are made for a few cents a scene. "Drop-in" loading—no sprockets to thread. Provisions for slow-motion and animated-cartoon movies. Sealed-in lubrication—no oiling. *Lifetime guarantee!* Priced from \$49.50. Or with three-lens turret head, from \$109.50. Filmo 8 mm. Projectors now as low as \$99.50.

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Loads in three seconds flat  
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In addition to Explosion-proof models, Westinghouse offers other water coolers in all types and capacities; for bottle and bubbler service; for factories, offices and stores.

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**Westinghouse**  
WATER COOLERS

17 other Bethlehem officers and directors for \$1,000,000, charging wasteful expenditures of that amount for labor-baiting.

Safeish in the Western Hemisphere on Rumania's Independence day, dandified, puff-eyed Carol wireless back to son King Mihai I in Rumania "thoughts and love," assured the press later in his \$100-a-day Bermuda hotel suite: "I am very glad to be on this side of the Atlantic; that I can tell you." Consort **Magda Lupescu**, whose given name the curious had discovered was Elena, whose body was taller and thinner than rumor, whose hair was blonder than red and had never had a permanent, dazzled the populace with a chiffon blouse, outsize earrings, an anklet, white powder, orange lipstick, blue eyeshadow.

Named their favorite poet by Princeton University seniors was **William Shakespeare**, who nosed out **Rudyard Kipling**, former winner, author of *If*. Their favorite poem: *If*.

Oldtime Song & Dance Man **Harry Jolson** (Hirsch Yoelson) sued his brother **Al Jolson** (Asa Yoelson) for \$25,000 in back pay, earned at \$150 a week, said Harry, by not using the name Jolson in the theater.

Rough, tough-talking, convivial, mustachioed Painter **Thomas Hart Benton** gave way to rough, mustachioed Painter **Fletcher Martin**, ex-lumberjack-boxer-football player, as the Kansas City Art Institute's head of painting and drawing.

Of New York City's Park Commissioner **Robert Moses** said Queens Borough President George Harvey: "He's an appointed public official who couldn't be elected dog catcher." Said Robert Moses to George Harvey, through the mail: "I have no thought of running against you for dog catcher. The job is right up your alley."

Plump **Mrs. Dona Shelby Diehl**, American Mother of 1941, had a chat with plump **Mrs. Sara Delano Roosevelt**, First U.S. Mother, came out against spanking.

In Jersey City, well-fed Mayor **Frank Hague**, notorious Democratic State boss, wound up his campaign for re-election by crying to voters: "Do you want graft and corruption? . . . I want to serve, irrespective of the sacrifice."

Lean, long-nosed, liberal **Rt. Rev. Ernest William Barnes**, Church of England's outspoken Bishop of Birmingham, drew a damage payment of £1,600 for slandering 13 cement companies. He had hinted the British cement makers were profitably taking it easy instead of patriotically expanding. Said the High Court of Justice judge, Sir Frederic John Wrotlesley, on learning no apology was forthcoming: "I have always understood that humility is a Christian virtue. It seems not inconsistent with highest ecclesiastical position."



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It's refreshing when young folks  
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refreshing? Ice-cold Coca-Cola,  
of course. What else so fittingly  
adds welcome refreshment to  
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Experience proves that nothing takes the place of  
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And smoke from the exhaust of your car can mean bad news for your pocket-book—it's a common sign that something is wrong.

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Change to Insulated Havoline Motor Oil *now* at Texaco and other good dealers everywhere.



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# THE PRESS



BATCHELOR IN THE NEW YORK "NEWS"



KIRBY IN THE NEW YORK "POST"

The isolationists grew savage but more Uncle Sams grew tough.

## Toward a Decision

So far as the U.S. press was concerned it looked last week as if the issue of War & Peace was as near settled as it was likely to be short of war's declaration. The two biggest U.S. papers, Chicago's *Tribune* and New York's *Daily News*, still led the isolationist press and *News* Cartoonist Batchelor pulled out a more macabre anti-war cartoon than usual (see cut). But the great majority of cartoonists pictured Uncle Sam or Average Citizen reproving isolationists and defeatists. And outside of the widely scattered minority of isolationist papers nearly all the press had reached unity—in a demand for decisive action.

Typical isolationist editorials:

The *Topeka Capital*: "Public apathy toward the convoy business is readily understandable."

Hearst: "The American people want peace. . . . Better get busy American citizens before your blood is so casually and indifferently spilled."

Typical of the rest of the press:

Louisville *Courier-Journal*: "Why do we wait? What are we waiting for?"

Atlanta *Constitution*: "This country is in the war till the end, regardless of what may come."

Milwaukee *Journal*: "At some time we take our place and fight or we accept a world in which Americans do not care to live."

Kansas City *Times*: "The risk and sacrifice of staying out are not so apparent, but they are real. . . . They might prove even greater than those of war."

Cleveland *Plain Dealer*: "To make no effort to insure the safe delivery of material [to Britain] by using the Navy and also the Air Force would obviously be folly."

Nashville *Tennessean*: "Our moment in

history is at hand. A crisis now exists, one in which the free way of life is at stake—but the greatest array of warships in the world is not being used as an instrument for national safety."

Charleston *News & Courier*: "The singular fact of the present day is that Americans, most of them, do not recognize that their country is at war."

Providence *Bulletin*: "The American people . . . are ready and anxious to do whatever these tortured times require."

Philadelphia *Record*: "If we are going to send aid to Britain—and that has been decided—let's see that it gets to Britain."

The Paul Block papers (*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, *Toledo Blade*, *Toledo Times*): "Whatever the risk of war, the risk of England's defeat is more serious."

Chicago *News*: "We are not weak. We are strong, and ready."

## Nazis Object

Two Nazi diplomatic protests were made to the Argentine Foreign Office last week. The first, coldly furious, objected to an exposé of Nazi fifth columners in Argentina, published in the well-edited, pro-British picture magazine *Defile*. The second objected to the same magazine's reprinting from *LIFE* (Dec. 9) the speech allegedly made to a secret Nazi council by Nazi Minister of Agriculture Richard Walther Darré ("We will introduce . . . a new aristocracy of German masters. . . . We actually have in mind a modern form of medieval slavery which we must and will introduce because we urgently need it in order to fulfill our great tasks").

Before the Argentine Foreign Office made any reply, *La Prensa*, great Argentine daily, declared: "If the Argentine Government heeds this German protest, we'd be accountable for printing such news as Secretary of War Stimson's [Navy convoy] speech."



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100% FINE MELLOW JAMAICA—97 PROOF

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Jules of a Lime or Lemon—One teaspoon Syrup or Sugar—Quarter cocktail glass Gin—Half cocktail glass MYERS'S FINE MELLOW JAMAICA RUM—Add dash of Angostura Bitters if desired—Plenty of ice, and shake well.

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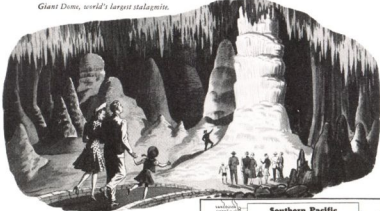


**1** Start your trip to California on Southern Pacific's fine *Argonaut* from New Orleans or *Californian* from Chicago. (California is economy train for chair car and tourist passengers exclusively, with good meals for \$1.25 a day.) Arrive El Paso in the morning.



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**3** See Giant Dome (a stalagmite 62 feet high and sixty million years old), Rock of Ages and other awe-inspiring formations of the greatest caverns ever discovered. Then return to El Paso by streamlined motor coach. You arrive in the evening, continue your trip to California on Southern Pacific's famous *Golden State Limited* (extra fine service for no extra fare) or *Sunset Limited*. If you can, stopover longer at El Paso. Explore this fascinating border city and Juarez, just across the Rio Grande in Old Mexico.



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## MEDICINE

### Whiskey for Pain

"Whiskey is one of the cheapest and best painkillers known to man." So reported Dr. Harold George Wolff of Cornell last week to the Association of American Physicians meeting at Atlantic City. Earlier doctors, he said, prescribed whiskey freely but were finally forced to discard it for "moral and ethical considerations."

In their experiments, Drs. Wolff, James D. Hardy and Helen Goodell tried a mixture of two ounces of 95% grain alcohol in a glass of ginger ale on themselves, found that it raises the "threshold" of pain 45% for two hours. Two ounces of 90-proof whiskey will turn the same trick. If a five-grain tablet of aspirin is added, any pain can be dulled for four hours. Dr. Wolff urged his colleagues to return to the use of whiskey for "persons suffering continuously," especially cancer victims. Said he: "It is cheaper than morphine. . . . Of course alcohol is habit-forming but an alcohol habit is less difficult to deal with than a morphine habit."

### Justified Deception

One January day last year, a woman visited Gynecologist Joseph Steven Deane in Queens County, New York City, and said she had syphilis. Several doctors had told her she was mistaken but she thought they were "in league" against her. Dr. Deane had a Wassermann test made by the Board of Health. When the test came out negative, he suspected his patient was suffering from syphilophobia—a symptom often caused by fear of sex. Thinking he could cure the woman more easily if he humored her, Dr. Deane changed the Board of Health report to "positive." Then he prescribed a red tonic, gave her some harmless injections for her nerves.

One day the patient's sister, who came with her, took the report from Dr. Deane's desk. Last week he was haled to court on charges of forgery.

After hearing the testimony of several doctors, a jury in the County Court acquitted Dr. Deane. Their decision: a physician is entitled to give false information for a patient's own good.

### Hospital Strike

In Pittsburgh last week doctors, nurses and dietitians were busy washing dishes and scrubbing floors of 600-bed Western Pennsylvania Hospital, second largest in the city. The hospital attendants were on strike. For 14 months Hospital Superintendent Mark Henry Eichenlaub refused to enter negotiations with the C.I.O. hospital employees' union (a branch of the State, County & Municipal Workers Union). Last month, practically all 378 laundry workers, orderlies and kitchen help walked out.

The union asked that monthly wages be increased from \$38 to \$45, a sum still below the minimum of the Fair Labor Standards Act. But Mr. Eichenlaub re-

plied that the hospital was short of funds. Climax of the strike came when he tried to obtain an injunction against picketing. The municipal judge to whom the case was referred lay sick in bed in the struck hospital. Judge Frank Plunkett Patterson substituted for him, issued an order which Pittsburgh papers called "the most drastic picketing injunction of modern times."

Although West Penn is a voluntary (private) hospital, it receives about \$75,000 a year (8% of its income) from the State. Judge Patterson ruled that the hospital was part of the State Government, restrained the union from picketing.



Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

#### WEST PENN DOCTORS

One doctor took home the diapers.

writing letters, distributing pamphlets, publishing advertisements, uttering "epithets, jeers . . . taunts."

A few days later Judge Patterson relented a little, allowed the pickets to march up & down within certain limits. Meanwhile, dietitians, doctors and nurses did the hospital's dirty work. Since unionized commercial laundries refused to do the hospital's wash, one doctor took home a heap of dirty diapers for his wife to do. Since she was out playing bridge, he did them himself.

#### Shocks for Sanity

Two startling methods of shocking lunatics back to sanity were discussed by doctors at the American Psychiatric Association meeting in Richmond, Va. last week. Both types of treatment are mechanical, differ from chemical injections of insulin or metrazol, which are widely used in hospitals throughout the U.S.

**Electric Current.** Four years ago, two doctors in Rome named Ugo Cerletti and L. Bini passed an electric current through a dog's brain, gave him a mild convulsion without doing him any harm. They next attempted to faradize psychiatric patients back to normality. Dr. Lothar Kalinowsky of Berlin introduced the new technique to Paris and London, is now working in

Time, May 19, 1941



## Not "HOW MANY HORSES?" but "HOW MANY YEARS?"



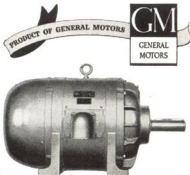
*A glance at the rating on the outside of a motor will tell you whether it is the right horsepower for an application. But there is nothing about the external appearance to tell you how long that motor will continue to give satisfactory service. Your only assurance on this all-important factor lies in the manufacturing methods of the motor builder.*

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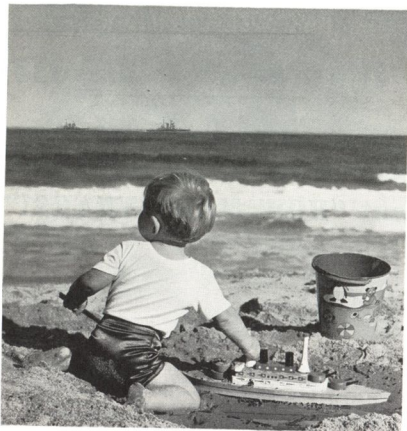
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Division of General Motors Corporation



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STEADFAST PROTECTION THROUGHOUT THE WARS AND DEPRESSIONS OF A CENTURY

Manhattan's New York State Psychiatric Institute.

A patient with schizophrenia or manic-depressive psychosis (alternating fits of madness and despair) is placed on his back on a table. Two electrodes on a forceps-like spring are set firmly on his temples. The electrodes are pads of soft rubber sponge covered with interlacing bands of thin copper strip, and are attached to a small electric transformer and timing device. A current of 70 to 100 volts is passed from one side of the patient's head to the other for about one-tenth of a second.

As soon as the electric circuit is closed, the patient becomes unconscious. Then his limbs begin to twitch and he falls into a fit closely resembling epilepsy. In a few minutes he awakens, with no recollection of the convulsion. Treatments are given about three times a week, for several weeks.

So far, over 10,000 convulsions have been given to patients abroad and in the U.S. The proportion of improvement depends upon the type and length of illness, is about the same as for insulin and metrazol—estimates range roughly from 15 to 50%. But of course psychiatrists do not yet know how permanent any shock treatment is over a period of years.

Although electric shock may not replace the standard insulin treatment, most psychiatrists think it far superior to metrazol. Its advantages: 1) the convulsions are not usually as violent as those produced by metrazol; 2) since patients lose consciousness immediately, they do not remember the frightening "aura" that precedes a metrazol convulsion; 3) electric treatment is much cheaper than insulin or metrazol—a machine costs less than \$300. But electric shock is safe only in the hands of a trained psychiatrist.

Famed Psychiatrist Abraham Myerson of Boston declared last week that he successfully used electric shocks for 40 cases of early depression. Dr. Lauren Howe Smith and colleagues of Philadelphia's Pennsylvania Hospital claimed that electric shock calmed noisy patients in the wards, cut their length of stay in half.

**Frozen Sleep.** Drs. John Harold Talbot and Kenneth James Tillotson of Harvard tried to cool the fevered minds of ten schizophrenics by refrigerating their bodies. They used the same method tried in many hospitals for relieving pain of cancer patients. The schizophrenics were wrapped in rubberized refrigerating blankets. When their temperature dropped a little below 90°, they began to talk "clearly, logically and with insight."

Prize patient was a 26-year-old woman medical-school student, who received three treatments several months apart. Her zone of cold reason, the doctors said, seemed to lie between 89 and 95°. Whenever she reached 96, she relapsed into insanity. After her third treatment, she "was again an intelligent, social person." At times she still reverts to her schizophrenic state, but her general condition is better.

Of the ten patients, four showed "striking and continuous improvement," three temporary improvement. Two remained the same. One died.



# Fairest of the Field!



You'll say, "Chevrolet's First Because It's Finest!"—and you'll agree one of the finest things about it is its brilliant new Body by Fisher, shown here on the 1941 Chevrolet Special De Luxe Sport Sedan. A bigger body inside and out—with full six-passenger comfort—on the new low-price leader by the builder of leaders—Chevrolet—holder of first place in motorcar sales for nine out of the last ten years. And remember:

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## Mrs. Taxi-Driver

( A story of day-to-day progress in automotive research )

THERE'S no meter on her "cab," but she has plenty of regular customers. She is on call for trips to school, store, station and a dozen other places. Her children and her neighbors and their children are her "fares." She drives more miles than her husband—for the "taxi service" of the American housewife is a large part of her life.

Since women spend so much of their time behind the wheels of automobiles, they exert a strong influence upon trends in automotive design. Engineers strive not only to make cars more powerful and reliable, but to make them more beautiful, more comfortable, easier to drive. One has only to compare the present-day automobile with the car of ten years ago to realize the amazing progress that has been made.

But what of the next ten years? The

engineers of the automotive and petroleum industries look forward to even greater progress than we have seen in the past decade. Progress will be accelerated because the technical men of both industries realize that the problems of engine, engine parts and fuel improvements are inseparable and that they must be solved by cooperative research effort.

To the solution of these problems Ethyl is providing both product and service. Our product, anti-knock fluid containing tetraethyl lead, is used by oil refiners to raise the anti-knock quality (octane number) of gasoline. Ethyl's research workers are cooperating with automotive engineers in steps to take advantage of better fuel. Our research labora-

tories in Detroit and San Bernardino are helping to coordinate lines of research engaged in by the technical men of both industries. And our field engineers are offering to commercial users of fuels and engines the practical application of the data we have developed.

The public benefits by every improvement in automobiles, trucks, buses, tractors and airplanes. Thus we believe that by making our service available to the executives and technologists of the automotive and petroleum industries we are serving "everybody."



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## Playing Fields of Eton

Britain's hallowed public (*i.e.*, private) schools last week ran into a fight that sounded for a while like the Battle of the Atlantic, but they finally limped into port, safe for the present. Up before Parliament was a proposal euphoniously titled the *Public and Other Schools Bill*, to let hard-pressed schools draw on the principal of their trust endowments to meet their operating deficits during the war emergency.

Some of the most aristocratic schools in Britain backed the bill: Eton, Harrow, Rugby, Winchester, Westminster, Shrewsbury, Charterhouse. Their existence depended on its passage. Financial troubles had already forced one public school, Weymouth, to close down (*TIME*, April 28.) The rest were in dire straits, attacked on one flank by fading revenues, on the other by reformers who think the public schools are undemocratic.

While members interrupted the debate with cries of "Snobbery!" the bill was brought out in the House of Commons for its third and final reading. It was defended by President of the Board of Education Herwald Ramsbotham, an old school tie from Uppingham. Said he: "There is no intention of bolstering up decaying institutions. . . . If this measure of self-help were refused, there would be a risk of losing . . . a great national inheritance."

Bitter was the opposition of Laborites, virtually all State-schooled. Argumentative Labor M.P. Aneurin Bevan\* told the House tartly: "There is a great body of opinion, which isn't sufficiently articulate, that public schools should be allowed to die a natural death. Some would like them to die a little more violently." Grumped acid Labor M.P. Charles Ammon: "While it is said the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, it can be answered now that the Battle of Britain was won on the playing fields of the [State] schools of England."

But when the smoke cleared, the bill was law. Meanwhile Ernest Bevin's Labor Ministry issued a series of decrees making it harder than ever for school ties to avoid military and defense service by going on to a university. Students from 19 up are now required to join student military-training units, report their progress in university to recruiting boards, and if they fall behind in their studies they may be called up at once. Only scientific, dental and medical students get this exemption. Students of arts and humanities can get just a one-year draft deferment to enter a university and then only if they show "promise of leadership."

In London, Winchester's headmaster, Canon Spencer Leeson, deplored the competition between schools that leads to undercutting of fees. Said Canon Leeson: "The school is not a shop. It is a spiritual community. . . . The State might select

\* No kin of Labor Minister Ernest Bevin.

schools to meet the needs and close the rest." Answered Eton's provost, dr. Lord Quickswood: "He talks just like Adolf Hitler."

## The Army Goes to School

When the first raw conscript soldiers drifted in last fall at Fort Jackson, S.C., Major General Henry D. Russell, in command of the post, was appalled at the number of them who could neither read nor write. Before long he had on his hands some 600 total illiterates. General Russell got in touch with WPA. Result: at Fort Jackson last week elementary classes, taught by WPA teachers, were going full blast, and an Army education program had spread from coast to coast.

In World War I, 25.3% of the first 1,500,000 U.S. citizens examined for the Army were illiterate. The average soldier had only half completed the seventh grade of grammar school. No figures were available last week on the number of illiterates in the draft, but the average soldier has finished his third year of high school.

But modern armies require a much better-educated personnel than was needed in 1917, and there are still too many ignoramuses in uniform to suit Army leaders. So WPA, which has taught some 2,000,000 illiterate civilians to read and write in the past six years, last week had

82 teachers on the rolls in 16 Army camps. Some of their activities:

► WPA has published an elementary textbook, *First Days in the Army*, for soldiers learning their ABCs. First lesson: "I ate in the mess hall. I ate and ate. I ate with the company. The company ate in the mess hall. We ate in the mess hall. . . ."

Other lessons stress the benefits of Army life—good food, clean barracks, etc.

► Candidates for appointment as flying cadets (who must have the equivalent of two years of college credits) learn algebra, trigonometry, history and other academic subjects at a number of Air Corps bases.

► At Fort Des Moines, Iowa, non-commissioned officers study shorthand.

► Ohio's National Guardsmen are taught to read maps.

► All commissioned officers in the Air Corps (about 10,000 men) have signed up to learn Spanish. This will put some 250 more jobless pedants to work.

► At four defense bases in Puerto Rico classes in English have been started for island recruits.

Classes are usually held in mess halls or recreation buildings. But at several Southern posts, including the Savannah, Ga. air base, soldiers assemble at night for instruction at local high schools which by day are filled with giggling girls in socks and sweaters.



Newspictures

## QUEEN OF THE SENIOR PROM

This is 20-year-old Hazel Scott, Negro singer and pianist, born in Trinidad, reared in Harlem since she was four. She studied piano under a teacher from Manhattan's famed Juilliard School, two years ago stopped a Broadway show, *Sing Out the News*, with her sultry rendition of *Franklin D. Roosevelt Jones*. Since then, in a Manhattan nightclub, Café Society, she has tickled boogie-woogie fans by playing Bach both straight and hot. Last week, at the Hotel Pennsylvania, students of New York University's School of Education gave pretty Hazel Scott a silver cup, crowned her Queen of their Senior Prom.



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## MILESTONES

**Celebrated.** By the Rt. Rev. William T. Manning, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York: his 20th anniversary as a Bishop; his 50th as a minister; his 75th as a person.

**Married.** Jane Priscilla Sousa, granddaughter of the late great military Bandmaster John Philip Sousa; and James G. Gillon, of Thompson Automatic Arms Corp.; in Manhattan.

**Married.** Richard D. Chapman (see below), and Eloise Geist Sheaffer, 34, Philadelphia sportswoman; in Montgomery, Ala., second day after Chapman's divorce; his third, her second.

**Divorced.** Richard D. Chapman, 30, national amateur golf champion, occasional crooner; by Marjorie Logan Chapman, nightclub-singing descendant of Arthur Middleton, Declaration of Independence signer; in Miami; grounds: desertion.

**Divorced.** Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney, horsey, twice-married board chairman of Pan American Airways, son of Sculptress Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney; by Gwladys Hopkins Whitney; in Fort Pierce, Fla.

**Died.** Mary Lawson, 30, British stage and cinemactress, onetime fiancée of Tennis Player Fred Perry; and her producer-husband, F. W. L. C. Beaumont; bombed; in Liverpool.

**Died.** James F. Waters, 46, supersalesman, who sold \$10,000,000 worth of streamlined cabs in New York City, \$70,000,000 worth of automobiles from coast to coast; of drowning; in his swimming pool in Woodside, Calif. Onetime Air Corps instructor, he became Plymouth-De Soto's greatest distributor, air-commuted between his East and West Coast businesses.

**Died.** Oliver Marsh, 49, veteran cameraman, brother of oldtime Cinemactress Mae Marsh; in Hollywood.

**Died.** Dr. Heinrich Simon, 60, musical ex-publisher of the once great liberal paper *Frankfurter Zeitung*; after being beaten and robbed; in Washington, D.C. Editor Simon in exile gave up politics, turned to music, supported himself by giving piano recitals in England, went to Palestine to become cofounder with Arturo Toscanini of the Palestine Symphony Orchestra, came in 1939 to the U.S. He never, from 1934 to the day of his death, uttered the word "Germany."

**Died.** John J. McNamara, dynamiter, tried with his brother, James B., for blasting the Los Angeles Times building in 1910; in Butte, Mont. Brother James, who confessed, got life in San Quentin, died there last March. John confessed to

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bombing Los Angeles' Llewellyn Iron Works, served part of a 15-year sentence.

**Died.** William Haskell Coffin, 63, artist, whose pretty-girl pastels appeared for years on national magazine covers; a suicide; at a hospital in St. Petersburg, Fla.

**Died.** Harry E. Thurston, 67, ex-vaudevillian, brother of the late, great Presidingitor Howard Thurston; in Miami, Fla.

**Died.** Dr. Octavio Zubizarreta, 68, who as Cuba's Secretary of the Interior under ill-famed President Machado ran the secret police, was blamed for numerous wholesale political assassinations; in bed; in a Havana suburb.

**Died.** Frank E. Crater, 79, father of famously missing New York Supreme Court Justice Joseph F. Crater; in Hershey, Pa.

**Died.** Ex-Queen Natalie of Serbia, 82; in the convent of Notre-Dame-de-Sion in Paris. Daughter of a Russian colonel and Rumanian princess, she married Prince Milan of Serbia at 16, bore Prince Alexander at 17, became Queen at 23. The dissipations and amours of her husband drove her to flee the country with Alexander, whom Milan soon kidnapped. Then Milan set Alexander on the throne at 13, retired to Paris, died in 1901. Natalie returned to Belgrade after her son married Draga Mashin, widow of an engineer, whom it was supposed Draga had poisoned. Officers led by Mashin's brother killed the royal couple in their bed June 10, 1903, hurled the bodies out the window. Legend had it Natalie watched from the garden. She fled to France, entered the convent where she died last week, an obese, forgotten woman who had spent her old age knitting for the poor. Of death she had once written: "It will be . . . the beginning of my happiness."



NATALIE OF SERBIA

Culver

Many Glacier Hotel on Swiftcurrent Lake



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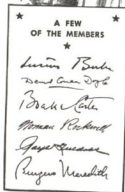
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"I'd LIKE Scotch if it didn't have that peat smoke taste!"

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**OLD BUSHMILLS** IRISH WHISKEY  
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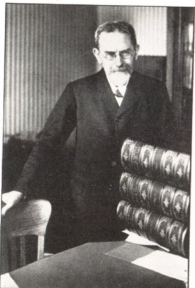


## SCIENCE

### Folklore Man

At the time of Imperial Rome, in a sacred grove by Lake Nemi in the green Alban hills was a hoary oak. Around it day & night prowled a grim, wary figure with sword in hand. He was Diana's priest and the King of the Wood. He was also a murderer. He had succeeded to the priesthood by first plucking from the sacred oak a branch of mistletoe, the golden bough, then by slaying his predecessor. And in turn he would grow weak or unwatchful and himself be slain.

In Cambridge, England, last week died an old, old man whose work had left a lasting mark on science, literature and the



THE LATE SIR JAMES FRAZER  
 For 60 years he wrote a footnote.

history of Western thought. Those who put on mourning for Sir James Frazer could well reflect that doing so was a reversion to primitive custom, when survivors dressed in black so that returning ghosts might not find them and do mischief. For it had been Frazer's lifelong task to collect the magic, myth and folklore of all peoples and times into a tumultuous, enthralling encyclopedia, *The Golden Bough*, one of the 20th Century's most influential books.

James George Frazer was born in Glasgow in 1854 on New Year's—the day when Bohemian rustics fire guns into the air to frighten witches away; the day when Scotsmen once ran clamorously sun-wise around their houses to assure a twelve-month's bounty. At Cambridge he became a scholar of classical literature, a fellow of Trinity College. In Virgil he first found mention of the golden bough. He spent his life writing an interminable footnote on the passage.

Why, asked Frazer, did this priesthood

Time, May 19, 1941

# An open letter from Mrs. Emmons Blaine to the Citizens and to the Congress of the United States on declaring war now.

## *My dear fellow citizens:*

I am wanting to share with you a letter which I have sent to each member of the Congress of the United States for such interest as it may have for you in our common great crisis.

## *"To the Congress of the United States:*

"On the question of the relation of the United States to the war now in the world I have been feeling the impact of opinions expressed in our country so variously from the extreme points of the isolationists to the recently formed Committee to Fight for Freedom. I feel thankful that each can freely express his thought with no let or hindrance.

"I have not seen clearly what our ultimate course should be. The all-aid to Britain has been so sure as to be almost satisfying.

"I feel horror in the facts of war. I feel greater horror that war can still be the process for decisions between men.

"Out of the welter of facts and of thoughts there now comes to me clearly the conviction that the United States should now declare war against what is being done and attempted by the forces of aggression in the world.

"This to array the United States in the struggle on the side where the United States belongs; and to add the full force of the United States to help those free peoples who are now holding the line of freedom.

"There are two fundamental principles at issue today. One is freedom; or prevention of the domination of men by men. The other is truth; or the prevention of the triumph of falsehood.

"These two principles constitute the foundation on which human society can be built. Their loss would undermine the possibility of the continuation and construction of the human society we have seen and worked for.

"In the efforts of the aggressors many units of free society have been undermined. They are proceeding to hurry on their process as far as possible on the earth.

"We are the heirs of these qualities: initiative, independence, determination, courage. Our institutions are the outgrowth of these qualities.

"We are the heirs of these objectives:

Freedom for all;  
Opportunity for all;  
Education for all;  
Protection for all.

These qualities and these objectives are being attacked.

"It is not the land we live on; it is the life we live on it that matters. This life and the similar life of others is being attacked. We are being attacked.

"We are an able people. We can accomplish great things. When we put our hands to a plow we do not turn back. We should now take our full responsibility.

"For the instantaneous, beneficial effect for the world, in this course, I would rather risk the present effects of our former delays than the future effect of longer waiting for our complete action.

"It has become clear to me that we should wait no longer but should declare war at once against those countries who have followed their rulers in the subjugation of free countries by force; and against those rulers who have betrayed the world by their falsehoods.

"And that it should be stated that it is against the extension of these practices that we are declaring war.

"And that it should be understood with the other democracies that in the arrangements after the war the United States has a part.

"I put this conviction which has come to me before everyone freely for whatever it may mean to each one and for such action in our nation for our nation and for the world as may be the judgment of the majority of our people.

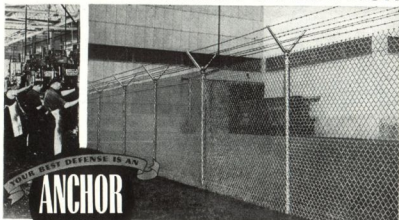
"In the high purpose of defending freedom and truth on this earth, and in the faith that light will be given for the steps to take, we should now declare war on those who are attacking our principles and let come what must.

"In the wealth of our heritage of principle may our contribution in this generation be worthy of our great past."

I am faithfully yours,

Anita McCormick Blaine

# PROTECTION means PRODUCTION



## On Government Defense Work

### Anchor Fence Provides Inside and Outside Plant Protection

With saboteurs and spies about, it's the duty of every plant executive to provide complete protection for Government work. There's one sure way to do it. Install an Anchor Fence around your plant to keep out outside saboteurs. Then erect Anchor Fence enclosures *inside* your plant, around power stations, transformer installations, fuel, chemical and raw material storage to prevent any except

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on 6% Preferred Stock

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WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer  
May 6, 1941.

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of the oak grove devolve by mortal combat? And why did the challenger first have to wrest a bough from the sacred oak?

Stepping into the sacred grove at Nemi, Frazer soon found himself lost in a vast, darkling forest of folk rites and superstitions which covered the whole planet. In time he dimly perceived that the oak was identified with the sky god, hurler of lightnings, and the golden mistletoe contained his soul. Further, the mistletoe contained the spark which yearly rekindled the sun, and it was the seat of the mystery of fire. As Frazer's eyes opened, he realized that the sacrificial succession of priest-kings represented the annual death and resurrection of the vegetable world, the prime phenomenon of nature. The mystery of the golden bough was at heart the mystery of all sacrificed gods—Adonis, Attis, Osiris, Odin, the Aztec Texcatlipoca —and the mystery too of still higher religions.

*The Golden Bough* first appeared in 1890 as one slim volume, waxed into a sturdy 12-volume series by 1915, proliferated riotously until at Frazer's death his work filled some 284 books. Husky and bearded, he worked ten or twelve hours a day for 60 years. He explored primitive magic, tree worship, the divinity of kings, taboo, human sacrifice, the scapegoat, fertility rites, myths, festivals of fire. Into his chapters he crowded allusions to the Sioux, Bushmen, Greeks, Eskimos, Samoans, Saxons, Babylonians and dozens of other peoples. Sometimes his details were off, his random comments awry. But Frazer's pioneering and his endless heaping up of source materials make *The Golden Bough* and its offshoots the world's greatest work of cultural anthropology.

Frazer demolished the Rousseauist notion that primitive man was blithe and free. Harassed by taboos at every hand, besieged by demons, snarled in ritual, the savage was far more vexed than civilized man with traffic lights, time clocks, income taxes. And Frazer revealed that the customs and rituals of civilization are forest-rooted, that vestiges of magic are everywhere.

Like Freud, he helped destroy the 18th- and 19th-Century illusion that man is a rational creature. Like William Graham Sumner (*Folkways*), he disturbed civilization by disclosing the relativity of morals.

In 1922 *The Golden Bough* was abridged to one inexpensive volume. Gilbert Murray, famed classical scholar at Oxford, "with a thrill of alarm" hailed it as "a dangerous book." Said he: "Frazer tends to destroy [Christianity] by merely showing how old it is. . . . The most mystical Christian doctrines . . . appear as commonplaces of savage superstition, sometimes revolting, sometimes in their way sublime. . . ." Others were less upset. Wrote John Peale Bishop of *The Golden Bough*: "By extending [Christianity's] existence into the dark backward and abyss of time, it has gained not only the respectability of age, but another authenticity."

Frazer himself thought that his books



# When are they old enough to drive?

by ANGELO PATRI



ANGELO PATRI, Nationally known authority and writer on the problems and welfare of childhood and youth.

How old must a junior be to drive a car on his own? If you can tell me how old he is mentally, how mature he is in character, I can tell you the answer because he must come of age in mind and character before he can drive. This sort of calendarity has not much to do with the calendar but it has all to do with experience.

Good drivers are not born on their eighteenth birthdays. They are developed under careful teaching through childhood and early adolescence. Given an intelligent child and a fine example set by the older drivers of the family, any adolescent boy or girl will be able to drive safely.

## Beware the Smart Aleck

Spoiled children are not to be allowed to drive cars. The "life of the party," the show-off who is making up for his failures in other directions by way of the family car, the smart aleck who drinks, smokes and totes a girl under his arm while driving, the physically or mentally unfit, these are not to be given their way with a car, though they are old enough to have whiskers.

Young people should learn early that cars are not toys. They are useful and beautiful machines that make life happier, easier and more flexible if used understandingly. They are dangerous, deadly things in the hands of the stupid and the unfit.

A machine is no wiser than its driver. Its brains are supplied by the man at the wheel. Seldom is a car at fault in an accident.

## Sense of Responsibility the Key

Parents know their children better than anybody else can possibly know them. When they are in doubt about turning a car over to them it is better that they say No. Better they wait until the young person prove by his responsibility in other directions that he is mature enough to bear the responsibility of driving.

## Does He Keep His Word?

Does the young person keep his word? Do other people, especially other fathers and mothers, trust him, or is he the kind that says that he will be back in time for



*They're asking for the car . . . They want to drive . . . "Gee, all the other kids do!" . . . Sooner or later, every parent has to face this problem . . . It can't be passed over, a decision must be made . . .*



dinner and then does not show up until midnight or after? Is he careful about the young people he carries in the car, who they are and what they are, and how many there are, or does he say, "I'll bring the car this afternoon and the whole gang can pile in and we'll go to the game," and piles in fourteen boys and girls until the running boards are full with S.R.O.?

It is not so important how old the driver is as it is how responsible he is. The heart of the matter lies in his maturity of mind and character.

## PLAY "EXPERTS"—Get This Fascinating New Game FREE!

"Experts" is the "Information Please" of good driving. It's the amusing, interesting, fascinating way to find out how much you, your family and your friends know about driving—in a brand new free game that's fun for everyone.

"Experts" brings out the facts about accidents—the sound, common sense basis for

good driving rules. Get a group together and play "Experts"—you'll get entertainment and vital information for the whole family. Write us for your free copy.

## Why is Lumbermens interested in safer driving—not only for youngsters but for adults as well?

The answer is—we want to help accidents not to happen.

There is a very sound business reason for this. By crusading for safety and reducing accidents, we can reduce our losses. Reducing losses has enabled us to return substantial dividends to our carefully-selected group of policyholders.

If you are a safe driver and can qualify as a Lumbermens policyholder, you can share in this safety program and receive its dollars-and-cents benefits. Find out about our "broad form" policies available at the lowest cost consistent with safety, from your Lumbermens agent. There are Lumbermens agents near you throughout the United States and Canada.

*James S. Kemper*  
PRESIDENT

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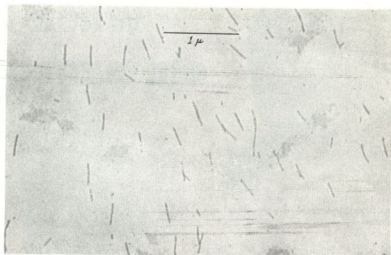
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Journal of Biological Chemistry

### MOLECULES

... made their first public appearance.

contained "a melancholy record of human error and folly." One thing he was sure of: "the permanent existence of . . . a solid layer of savagery beneath the surface of society. . . . We move on a thin crust which may at any moment be rent by the subterranean forces slumbering below. From time to time a hollow murmur underground or a sudden spurt of flame into the air tells of what is going on beneath our feet."

He wrote this about 1890, lived long enough to see spurts of flame, among hollow murmurs, crumble Cambridge and all of Britain. A few hours after Sir James's death, by some curious magic, died frail, humorous, French-born Lady Frazer.

### Historic Pictures

At top and bottom of this page are the first clear portrait ever made of individual molecules and the first detailed glimpse of a chemical reaction. Shown privately last fortnight before the American Philosophical Society (TIME, May 5), these pictures appear this week in public for the

first time—released in the *Journal of Biological Chemistry* by Wendell Meredith Stanley and Thomas F. Anderson of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research at Princeton. The huge, self-reproducing molecules here pictured are the cause of the mosaic disease of tobacco plants—viruses similar to those which cause such human ills as smallpox, influenza, infantile paralysis.

The pictures were taken with an electron microscope developed by R.C.A. (TIME, Oct. 28). The photographic plates were exposed by beams of electrons instead of beams of light. Practical limit of light magnification is about 2,000 diameters, of electron beams 100,000. These molecules are about ten-millionths of an inch long. In the picture above they are shown alone; in the picture below, they look fuzzy and out of focus because they are clustered over with antibodies, smaller molecules which produce immunity in organisms by reacting with the larger virulent ones. It is an action shot of a battle between the forces of disease and the forces of health.



Journal of Biological Chemistry

### MOLECULES IN BATTLE

... an action shot of a reaction.



## RECORDS

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# He's "TAKING CHEMISTRY" ...all the rest of his life!



When John collects his diploma, he may think he's through "taking chemistry."

Through? He'll *never* be through!

Every day of his life—as Baby John, as Young John, as Old John—he's "taking chemistry" for a sturdier body, sounder health, better things with which to work or play.

Consider how he is served by *just one small group* of chemical substances—the calcium phosphates.

The body needs relatively large amounts of calcium and phosphorus to join with the sunshine vitamin D in building sound bones and teeth. Here chemistry serves.

More and more, the food industry is turning to the phosphates of calcium, produced from elemental phosphorus, for the fortification of staple foods. These phosphates, added to prepared cereals, flour, salt, sugar, condiments and other foods, help restore calcium and phosphorus to the diet without changing food flavors.

Such is *one* service phosphorus can provide mankind. Others? Calcium phosphates are leavening agents for a multitude of baked food products. Other derivatives of phosphorus help make soaps and dentifrices more efficient. They go into yeast, soft drinks, jellies . . . soften water . . . aid in textile processing. And this is *just one group*—the phosphorus group—among hundreds of Monsanto Chemicals which serve industry in its service to all mankind. MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis.

#### HOW MONSANTO SERVES

Monsanto is America's largest producer of elemental phosphorus, essentially 100% pure as it leaves the world's largest battery of electric furnaces. Monsanto pioneered in production and perfection of calcium phosphates for food products...received the Chemical Engineering Achievement Award for design and construction of the plant at Monsanto, Tenn., which produces phosphorus from low grade ores, assuring a dependable domestic supply. Monsanto Phosphate products plants are situated at Monsanto, Tenn., Monsanto, Ill., Anniston, Ala., Carondelet, Mo., and a new plant under construction at Trenton, Michigan.



## MONSANTO CHEMICALS

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## RADIO

### ASCAP Returns

This week, after being barred from the networks since Jan. 1 when the big chains joined battle with the songwriters' society, ASCAP music returns to the air. Mutual Broadcasting System approved an agreement with the Society, and in a Garrison finish at St. Louis won ratification from a majority of its 169 member stations. By signing on the eve of the National Association of Broadcasters convention in the same city, at which the battle of music was to be a topic secondary only to the FCC anti-monopoly report (TIME, May 12), Mutual and ASCAP did the big broadcasters one in the eye.

By the new agreement the Mutual chain will pay 3% of its gross receipts on a blanket license agreement for the first four years, 3½% thereafter until January 1950. Payment on a pay-as-you-play basis was rejected by Mutual on grounds that the bookkeeping would be too complicated.

The new terms were a comedown for ASCAP, which before the music war collected at a blanket rate of 5% of gross from the stations, and was asking 7½% from the chains to renew contracts. ASCAP General Manager John Paine reckoned that if extended to the entire industry the new terms would yield some \$4,200,000 a year. ASCAP's 1940 revenue ran about \$550,000 higher. The contract applies only to network programs. Local affiliates still must sign contracts with ASCAP if they want to use its music on non-network broadcasts.

Ratification of the agreement was a surprise the N.A.B. will long remember. Anxious to go to the N.A.B. convention in a strong strategic position, Mutual chieftains had called an extraordinary meeting of Mutual affiliates to consider the agreement before the convention's start. Even before Mutual's members had assembled on the swank Starlight Roof of St. Louis' Hotel Chase, President Neville Miller of N.A.B., which is dominated by NBC and CBS, had already wired them asking postponement till he could explain matters at the forthcoming convention.

Mutual's General Manager Fred Weber denounced this as an attempt to "coerce, influence or restrain the free choice of action" of Mutual's affiliates. Mutual President Wilbert E. Macfarlane pled lengthily for ratification, while ASCAP officials lurked hopefully near by. Neville Miller's pleas and the opposition of John Shepard III, bulky, argumentative president of New England's Yankee and Colonial networks whose stations pipe in many a big-chain program, deadlocked the voters. It looked as though the Mutual-ASCAP squeeze—by which Mutual would have the advantage of immediate ASCAP music and ASCAP would have a bargaining stick over the rest of the broadcasters—was about to come unstuck.

But on Sunday morning Fred Weber got busy on the phone. Sitting in his



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hotel room, devouring one steak sandwich after another, he began calling Pittsburgh, Texas, Utah, Minnesota. He found one man playing golf, reached another fishing, called another on a yacht, but failed to locate Fort Worth's Captain Elliott Roosevelt. Mail, wire and phone votes rolled in. By late Sunday the balance shifted, and 86 had agreed to ratify (one more than the required majority). Mutual stockholders met again, and Yankee's Shepard withdrew his opposition to make the vote unanimous. Proclaimed the victors smoothly: "The opposition was well organized but theirs peak early in the deliberations."

Said a proud MBS communiqué: "The Mutual Broadcasting System led the way in breaking the log jam of music for the benefit of the American people." Chortled a Mutualite: "N.A.B. has the St. Louis blues."

## "All Hail to Jack Benny!"

With the U.S. spending billions for defense, radio last week dedicated a great deal of time and money for tribute. The occasion was the start of the tenth year of big-time broadcasting for silver-haired, jello-jowled Comedian Jack Benny, No. 1 U.S. radio entertainer. The tribute, carefully prepared by a hard-working phalanx of publicists, was about the biggest thing of its kind radio had ever seen.


To prepare U.S. radio listeners for a week during which it became difficult to tune in without hearing Benny hailed or Jell-O joshed, *Variety* had published a Benny issue, complete with impressive data on the rise and take of radio's richest earner. On one program Eddie Cantor recited: "You've come up the hard way, old fellow. I mean the hard way, not the soft way like Jell-O." On another, Punster Fred Allen spent 60 minutes abusing his friendly enemy while Wife Portland tried to finish a squeaky psalm beginning: "All hail to Jack Benny!"

Culmination came with the 800-place banquet, held like most Hollywood shindigs in the Biltmore Hotel Bowl. NBC played host. Master of Ceremonies Rudy Vallée presented Comedians Bob Hope, Burns & Allen, Fibber McGee & Molly (Jim and Marion Jordan), Bergen & McCarthy, George Jessel. He called upon NBC's President Niles Trammell, who ended by giving Benny two gold keys that would unlock any door in NBC's Manhattan or Hollywood headquarters.

At last they came to Benny. He read his speech, with a crack for all comedians present, and an introduction for each of his assistants (for his famed Negro valet: "Next week I start *Charley's Aunt*, and that's one picture Rochester won't steal; he won't be in it."). When the party finished, it was 4 a.m., everybody was tight, and they all went home. NBC was proud of its show for Showman Benny. It should have been: the blowout alone cost over \$10,000.

In a young industry that still possesses few big names of its own, Jack Benny is a valuable prestige property. With a superb \$9 Estimated at one half a million a year for total radio and cinema earnings.

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Central Park South, New York — OSCAR WINSTADT, Managing Director

## Dangers Are Lurking

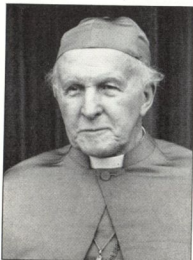
Let a friend protect your home and loved ones. The famous disc-lover, *Queerest Curmudgeon*, earned this rare and delightful breed. Mrs. George W. Jacobs, Jr., Sydney Farm, Norristown, Pa.

timing, and a disarming shuffling diffidence as his stock in trade, he has led the radio field for eight of his nine broadcasting years. But few days after his superfete, Crossley (Co-operative Analysis of Broadcasting) released its latest ratings. First on the list, instead of Benny, were the everlasting corn-belt comedy favorites, Fibber McGee & Molly. Benny stood second highest.

## RELIGION

### Unity in Britain

Today Christianity is implicated in history just as much as Israel was in the age of the prophets. . . . In the old days war could be regarded as Caesar's proper business, but today it is everybody's business and it touches the things of God as well as those of men. . . . Modern war is a . . . test of moral strength for the whole population; and hence in the last



Pictures Inc.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY  
... followed the Cardinal.

resort it is a conflict which calls for the intervention of spiritual powers and demands a spiritual decision.

For the first time since the Reformation, Britain's Catholics, Anglicans and dissenters got together in London last week for two church-sponsored, jam-packed, inter-faith mass meetings. The Catholic Primate of England presided at the first session, the Anglican Primate of all England at the second. The purpose was to dramatize the Church's determination to play a leading part in the post-war settlement. The justification is quoted in italics above.

Prime mover for this gesture was the Sword of the Spirit (S.O.S.). Heretofore this has been an entirely Catholic movement, but a significant development at the rallies was the suggestion that Sword of the Spirit groups be formed in Protestant parishes as well. S.O.S. is a loose-knit series of groups for waging anti-Nazi



"There's no holding him down when he thinks about our G-E Water Cooler costing only 2¢ a day to run."

**2¢...2¢...2¢...2¢**

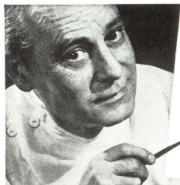
Get into the inner sanctums of business people (if you can) and you'll find that many of them share this enthusiasm for the G-E Water Cooler.

Why? Because of its stainless steel reservoir that's rust proof, leak proof, corrosion proof... its low electric current cost of 2¢ a day... the 5 year Service Protection Agreement covering each Service-Sealed Condensing Unit.

One out of every three electric water coolers sold\* is a G-E. Thirteen models... for city or bottle water... which you can buy for a few cents a day. See your G-E Dealer, or write General Electric Co., Div. 220, Bloomfield, N. J.

\* NEMA Recorded Sales

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TEETH  
WEARERS**  
often worst  
breath offenders

**Don't let Denture Breath and stains shout "False Teeth"  
KEEP PLATES LIKE NEW WITH POLIDENT**

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Almost always it results in "denture breath", one of the most offensive of breath odors. You won't know if you have it—but others will.

Yet there's a perfect way to clean and purify false teeth without brushing, acid

or danger. It is Polident, a powder that dissolves away all film, stains, tarnish and odor. Makes your breath sweeter—and your plates or removable bridges look better and feel better.

Tens of thousands call Polident a blessing for convenience and hygiene. Long-lasting can cost only 30¢ at any drug store, and your money back if not delighted. Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and thousands of leading dentists everywhere. Hudson Products Inc., New York, N. Y.

**POLIDENT**

**Cleans and Purifies Without Brushing**

Do this daily: Add a little Polident powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Then put in plate or bridge for 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse—and it's ready to use.



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333 INDIA

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Information on all New England.

spiritual war, draws its name from *Ephesians 6:17*: "And take unto you the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit (which is the word of God)."

Lean, square-chinned, purblind Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, and shrewd, courtly Cosmo Gordon Lang, Archbishop of Canterbury, each spoke briefly at the meetings over which they presided—in the Stoll Theater, garish London movie house, before and after a night of Blitz. But the principal fireworks were supplied by the Bishop of Chichester in a strong attack on the British Government for not giving the anti-Nazi world a post-war program to fight for.

"The Nazis have a weapon which they wield with tremendous effect," said the Bishop. "It is the weapon of the idea. They proclaim the New Order. . . . We



Archbishop of Westminster  
Not since the Reformation . . .

proclaim no order at all. . . . Our official spokesmen have never yet uttered any statement of British aims which envisages a situation after victory. . . . We stand for a Christian order—a better order than any of us have yet known. It is not the order which existed when the war began or . . . the order which was imposed when the World War ended. . . . But the winning of that order is the only thing which offers any hope or comfort or inspiration to the common man."

The churchmen approved a ten-point peace program based on the proposals of Pope Pius XII and the unprecedented joint letter which the Archbishops of Westminster, Canterbury and York, and Dr. Walter H. Armstrong, moderator of Britain's Free Church Federal Council sent last December (*TIME*, Dec. 30) to the *London Times*. This program quite clearly presupposes a new society. But Britain's Christians now realize what they did not at the start of World War II: that Hitler is fighting the war with an idea, and that unless Christianity can counter with a better idea it is done for. Britain's churches are also saying clearly that, necessary as it is to win the war, it is still more important to win the peace.





## Only America *has such an Airplane*

When the United States Navy ordered hundreds of these Vought shipboard fighters, American aviation took another great stride forward. For the first time on either side of the Atlantic, here is an airplane that meets the highly specialized requirements of shipboard use and still produces the blazing speed to match any airplane in the sky. *Only America has such an airplane.*

Until recently, no engine in the world could have supplied the power to make this airplane possible. Now, with the new 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp, Vought engineers have capitalized the opportunities offered by America's far-reaching development of the air-cooled engine.

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*Mister, you sure missed a sight! First one I ever see, it was up the holler a piece, near Glory Forks. I come out on a clearin' jest as them two bobcats lit into wunnauther. Wellsir, first one cat would jump atop the other critter's back, and then quick as scat t'other one'd jump on the first one's back, and vicersey, like stackin' stove wood, and it weren't more'n two minutes, they was jest a leetle speck in the sky.*

*Harkey Pillett, he lives right near by the Forks, he says for three days they was cat fur floatin' down out the clouds.*

*And Harkey's a deacon.*



The ghost of Paul Bunyan still stalks the backwoods and prairies of America . . . still inspires the boys gathered around the stove to swap "tall stories" their granddaddies told, and invent new ones on occasion. Exaggeration, so important in this country's humor and folk-lore, is definitely a part of "the American character."

Yet business men cannot afford to be other than precise—where business and industrial figures are concerned. For upon accurate figures, objectively interpreted, are

based many of Management's most vital decisions and policies.

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## COMPTOMETER

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TIME, May 19, 1941

# BUSINESS & FINANCE

## STATE OF BUSINESS

### Prices: Storm Warning?

Last week was only Leon Henderson's fourth as head of OPACS. Yet prices, Leon's prime concern, rose more ominously than in any other week in months. Signs:

► Imported commodities like rubber and tin rose because ships are scarce. Rubber reached a new high of 24½¢ a pound, nearly 30% over this year's low and almost 5¢ above the limit at which RFC can buy for stockpile. Straits tin sold at 52½¢ a pound, up 3¢ in a week. Tin prices are below the 1941 top, but they are still so high the Metals Reserve Co. has not bought a pound in three months.

► Agricultural commodities rose because of the Fulmer bill, which aims to carve out a bigger piece of the national income for farmers by increasing crop loans. Cotton rose \$3 a bale to four-year highs; wheat rose 3¢ a bushel. Buyers scrambled for fats and oils. At 36¢ a pound, butter was 20% over the January low. Lard fetched \$9.72½ per 100 pounds, almost double the 1941 low.

This week Secretary of Agriculture Claude Wickard, instead of attacking the Fulmer bill, deplored "speculation" and announced plans were being made to tighten Government control of the commodity markets. Cotton and wheat prices promptly lost part of their gains.

► Consumer goods rose because of general prosperity and the fear of shortages. Average used-car prices, according to *Automotive News*, have soared by \$50 in six months, are now \$486 for 1937-40 sedans (all makes). The National Industrial Conference Board's cost-of-living index for April reached 86.9 (1923=100), highest in three years.

All this meant that Henderson's price-controlling job was tough and getting tougher. Rising crop prices mean more money for farmers. On the industrial front many factory workers have had their pay upped 5% to 20% since New Year's. When this Niagara of dollars starts gushing from farmer-labor pockets, many a price cap is likely to blow off.

## WALL STREET

### The Farmer Comes to Town

Forty-nine men have headed the New York Stock Exchange since 1817; all were bankers, brokers or otherwise emblematic Wall Streeters. But last week a special Stock Exchange committee broke this 124-year tradition, named a farmer-politician to the presidency. The man: big, dimpled, platter-eared Emil Henry Schram, who never owned more than 100 shares of stock in his life.

If Wall Street's bankers & brokers were peeved at this invasion, they were too beaten to protest. The beating, now in its twelfth year, had pushed Stock Ex-



Associated Press  
STOCKMARKET'S SCHRAM  
Roosevelt's photo goes with him.

change trading volume (on an annual basis—see chart) to the lowest level since 1914, despite a 141% increase in the number of stocks listed since then. Stock Exchange seats sold for \$20,000, cheapest since 1898. The Exchange had three new presidents in ten years, greeted each one like a savior. But Richard Whitney wound up in Sing Sing, Charles Gay in a small brokerage office, Bill Martin in an Army camp. And business got worse than ever.

Two months ago, a special committee set out to try again. Its spark plug was Paul Vincent Shields, one of the few brokers who know their way around Washington. Broker Shields convinced his fellow committeemen that the biggest ob-

stacle to Wall Street's recovery was the eight-year squabble between the Exchange and the Government. Hence their best bet was a Washington man. So they checked over 50 prospects, finally lit on Emil Schram. He waited a week before saying yes, but he was tickled at getting the job. Reason: he was not too happy at RFC.

Emil Schram looks like a police lieutenant in a tough Chicago district. Until 1933, he was a successful dirt farmer. A native of Peru, Ind., he left a coal company bookkeeper's job at 21 to take charge of a 5,000-acre down-at-the-cribs farm in the Southern Illinois Valley. In three years he boosted corn production from 12,000 to 110,000 bushels. Now Schram owns a one-third interest in the farm; last year it produced 35,000 bushels of wheat, 105,000 bushels of corn, a \$9,000 AAA check. Public-spirited, Schram often visited the State Legislature to fight for farmers' rights, made a lobby-hobby of irrigation and flood control. That caught the eye of Jesse Jones, who hired him to take over RFC's Drainage, Levee and Irrigation Division.

Emil Schram took RFC-banking in his stride. His record of less than one-half of 1% defaults on irrigation loans made him a Jones favorite. A good administrator, he acquired titles on new Government boards and bureaus (mostly Jones-dominated) almost as fast as his boss. Besides his RFC chairmanship, he is an officer, director or member of the Electric Home & Farm Authority, Export-Import Bank, Defense Plant Corporation, Federal Prison Industries, Inc., Rubber Reserve Co., National Power Policy Committee, three others. Only a fortnight ago he was named to OPM's priorities division, got OPMites mad as hops by taking the Stock Exchange job.

A Jones friend and a Jones man, Schram was fast becoming also a Jones rival. At first, like other Jones men, he remained anonymous. He never held his own press conference, never sent out his own press releases. Even after the President gave him the RFC chairmanship (which Jesse wanted to keep in his own collection of titles), Jones was still his boss. Schram's thwarted feeling probably mounted during the Bolivian tin negotiations, which Jesse handled in such a way that Bolivian tin is still not being commercially smelted in the U.S.

Jesse himself, no lover of rivals, apparently saw it would not last. Early this year (*TIME*, March 17), he tried to make Schram \$35,000-a-year president of Chicago's Federal Reserve Bank, failed when local patriots revolted. At a press conference a few days later a reporter needed Jones about the Chicago fiasco. Waving at Schram, whose RFC salary is \$10,000, Jones cracked: "He's a farmer; when somebody dangled that big money in front of him, he jumped at it!"

The Stock Exchange's \$48,000 was likewise inviting, since Schram has a wife and



TIME chart by Elmer Smith

# VITAMINS

## Doctor Defines "Forgotten Years"

The child of five to twelve years is the "child of the forgotten years," in the dramatic nomenclature of a prominent Denver baby doctor. Past infancy and the extreme care of diet and routine that this implies, many parents relax their rigid control of health factors. Often the younger children demand the attention of parents to the unintended exclusion of "big brother."



FORGOTTEN?

## Dangerous To Forget

But permanent teeth are formed and erupt during these "forgotten years." Bone growth continues rapidly throughout that period. In short, these years are supremely important to your child. You can foster fine development and growth of bones and teeth, by making certain that your child receives ample quantities of Vitamin D daily from infancy to adulthood.

## Vitamin D Is Scarce

No ordinary food supplies adequate Vitamin D—most foods lack it entirely. Yet this vitamin is the "spark plug" upon which the body primarily depends for the proper use of calcium and phosphorus in forming, nourishing, and helping to protect the bones and teeth.

Vitamin D can now be obtained easily and economically, in products enriched by the famous Steenblock Process, under license from Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation. These include: fluid Vitamin D milk, bottled irradiated milk, irradiated evaporated milk, and dry milk; Vitamin D enriched breakfast cereals, flour, bread, graham crackers, and supplemental foods; and pharmaceuticals. Many such products bear the Foundation Seal shown below. All are tested periodically by the Foundation whether or not the Seal appears thereon. Interesting booklet sent on request. Address: Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, Madison, Wis.

LOOK FOR THE SEAL OF APPROVAL OR MENTION OF THE FOUNDATION'S NAME



three sons to plan for. But even more inviting was the prospect of being a real boss. He refused the offer until he was promised that the Exchange's creaky operating machinery would be overhauled to make important committees responsible only to him, not to the board of governors. So when Schram packs his autographed picture of Roosevelt, his grotesque wood carvings (he hails from a wood-carving family), and leaves his RFC office\* on or before July 1, he will take over a real job.

Late last week, after prying deep into Schram's wholesome background, beaten Wall Street almost felt confident again. Two Stock Exchange seats sold for \$27,000, up \$7,000 from the previous sale. With a farmer at the helm, anything could happen—and things could hardly get worse.

## THEORY

### The Return of Cassandra

Last week Britain's No. 1 economist arrived in the U.S. Off the Clipper stepped soft-spoken, twinkle-eyed, tall (6 ft. 1 in.) John Maynard Keynes, on an undisclosed mission under the Lend-Lease Act. He also expected to see the President, whom he last saw in 1934, when New Deal fiscal policies were in the blueprint stage. Keynes was the intellectual father of many of the New Deal's more radical fiscal policies, notably deficit spending and low interest rates. Since then he has become the father of a war-financing plan for Britain.

An Etton and Oxford man, Keynes represented the British Treasury at the Peace Conference in 1919. With prophetic foreboding he walked out on the Conference,

\* Among names talked of for his successor as RFC chairman: Cottonman Will Clayton, Under Secretary of Commerce Wayne Chatfield Taylor, Jesse Jones himself.

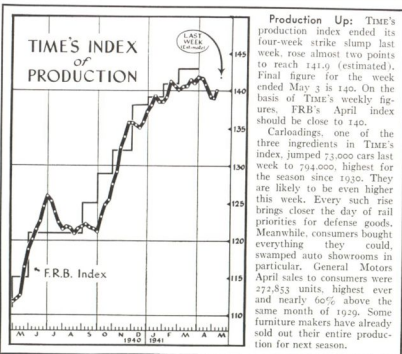
wrote his scathing *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, which made him famous overnight. He called Lloyd George a "Welsh witch," and Woodrow Wilson a "nonconformist minister . . . [whose] mind was slow and unadaptable." Most of what he predicted came true and people began calling him Cassandra.

Today at 58, he is still knife-witted, but illness and study have stooped his shoulders, given him the gentle manner of Mr. Chips. Off the job, his chief interest is the ballet. In 1925 he married a Russian ballerina, Lydia Lopokova. An art collector, a member of the potent Bloomsbury group, he is one of Britain's top-ranking intellectuals and business pundits (as chairman of a life insurance company, National Mutual). But to the Government he remained an outsider, like Churchill, until the failures of World War II forced Tories and Labor alike to adopt (in part) his Compulsory Savings Plan.

The Plan assumes that when the ceiling on Britain's capacity to produce consumer goods has been reached the people are left with excess purchasing power, which they will not voluntarily invest in Government bonds. Since only 200 people in England still have incomes (after taxes) exceeding \$20,000 a year, most of the excess purchasing power is in the hands of the working class.

Instead of taxing away all this excess, Keynes's plan would tax only part of it, impound the rest into savings accounts. After the war, these compulsory savings will be returned with interest, giving war workers a stake in the Peace and also providing a cushion of consumer spending for the post-war slump. Only alternative, besides runaway inflation, says Keynes, is to peg the price of everything as Germany has done.

All last year this plan was a storm cen-





# Disarming the power of Darkness



**I**N crowded places . . . schools, stores, theatres, public buildings . . . sudden darkness can cause a panic. In a hospital, failing lights might cause the failure of an operation. In industrial plants power interruption could interfere with vital defense production.

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ECONOMIST KEYNES

Associated Press

Last July was a long time ago.

ter in Parliament. Sir Robert Kindersley called it a barefaced bribe, said it smelled of totalitarianism. Laborites called it a disguised wage cut. Sir John Simon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that the patriotic motive was enough to make people save. But time proved him wrong. The Exchequer has partially adopted compulsory savings. Next autumn automatic wage deferments (on a complex sliding scale) will begin in Britain.

Mr. Keynes did not intend his plan for the U.S. Last July he wrote in the *New Republic* that since the U.S. had enormous untapped capacity for consumer-goods production, the defense program, far from causing consumer hardships, would stimulate "a higher standard of life." Those words, he said last week, were written "a long time ago."

The pinch is already on those durable consumer goods (like automobiles—see p. 89) that compete with arms for materials. But Mr. Keynes thinks the U.S. can still avoid both general price fixing and inflation, especially if Leon Henderson keeps a strong hand. "His is the most difficult job," said the mellowed Cassandra. "You must give him every support."

Although the U.S. defense boom had not yet reached the point of retail-price inflation, Keynes's New Deal disciples were already giving his basic idea a startling twist. A few Administration corners buzzed with it. Provoked by 1) the problem of U.S. morale, and 2) the perplexing question of what will happen to the economy when defense spending ends, the New Dealers thought about killing both birds with one stone by giving U.S. youth a Keynesian lien on the Peace.

Too extravagant to be mentioned out loud yet, the idea was a sort of prepaid Bonus: to issue bonds to the boys in the training camps. Trainees now receive \$30 a month after four months service. But the minimum-wage law puts a floor of

around \$50 a month under wages. If the trainees were put under the Wage-Hour Law (ignoring the cost of their room & board), all of them would qualify for a pay boost of \$20 a month.

Such a \$20 pay increase could not be paid in cash, since now is no time for more consumer spending. The boys would get bonds which could not be transferred, but which the Government would redeem—with interest—beginning in five years.

At \$20 a month, this would come to \$240 a year, or considerably more than most of the trainees (or their families) have been able to save in a year. At the rate of 1,000,000 trainees a year for five years, a cushion of \$1,200,000,000 of deferred purchasing power would have been stored up under the economy.

## AUTOS

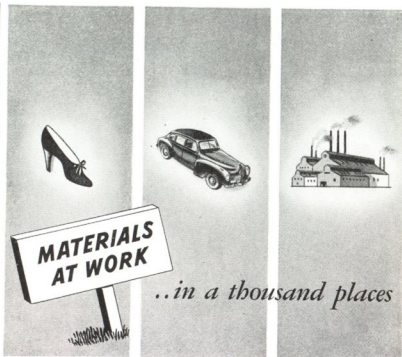
### Pincers on the Market

The OPM-automakers' agreement to curtail 1942 production (TIME, April 28) was last week worked out in detail. The over-all reduction was set at 20.15%, from 5,289,972 new cars this model year to 4,224,152 next. General Motors, Ford and Chrysler, which produce 90% of the nation's autos, agreed to cut their production 21.5% so that their medium-sized competitors would have to cut only 15%, their smallest competitors not at all; thus no company would be forced by quota below the break-even point. It was a good plan, with one failing: it was already obsolete.

Detroit itself felt so. Chrysler's President K. T. Keller said of the 20.15% cut in a letter to his stockholders: "Attainment of this volume of production . . . may prove to be difficult [because of materials shortages]. . . . It appears that the activities of your corporation are destined to become increasingly diverted to the needs of the defense program." In Washington, with President Roosevelt calling for production of 500 heavy bombers a month (see p. 21), defense officials took another look at the materials-consuming auto industry, began talking about a 40-50% reduction. Some of them thought the day was not far off when no new automobiles would be manufactured at all.

But cutting production was only half the battle. It dislocated the supply, but left demand untouched. How were even 4,224,152 new cars to be rationed to consumers, when increasing national income has sent guesstimates of next year's potential market for autos up 10% over this year? The gap—1,594,817 people who will want to buy nonexistent new cars—would normally be closed by higher prices. But the Administration is determined that in this war prices shall stay down. Its scheme: a stiff excise tax and a heavy brake on installment sales.

This pincer plan was outlined in a memorandum prepared for the War Department last summer by Rolf Nugent of the Russell Sage Foundation, who since has been doing further work on the problem for OPACS Chief Leon Henderson. Nugent suggested a 25% excise tax on automobiles, coupled with larger down payments and



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Flintkote products for industry bear many names. They are developed from asphalt, felt, rubber, minerals, new synthetic resins, and many another substance. Each day new ones are created to do important tasks, tasks that speed the output of mills, factories, railroads and ships working for defense.

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**BUNDYWELD** double-walled steel tubing, hydrogen-brazed, copper-coated inside and outside. From Capillary sizes up to and including  $\frac{1}{2}$ " O.D. This double-walled type also available in steel, tin-coated outside, and in Monel.

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**BUNDY "TRIPLE-PURPOSE" MONEL** tubing. Double-walled, rolled from two strips, joints opposite, welded into a solid wall. Available in all Monel, Monel inside—steel outside, and Monel outside—steel inside. Sizes up to and including  $\frac{1}{2}$ " O.D.

fewer months to pay the balance. His estimate: time purchases of automobiles (which now account for about two-thirds of all new car sales) could be cut in half by requiring a 50% down payment and the balance in ten months.

Last week the tax half of the pincer was laid before the House Ways and Means Committee by Leon Henderson. He urged a 20-25% excise tax on all sales of automobiles, old and new. The installment-sales half was still being studied by OPACS and Federal Reserve economists. Since so many finance companies, dealers and banks compete for the business, best guess was that some form of Federal regulation of installment sales was likely. Possible first move: limitation of installment contracts to 18 months. Consumption of other durable goods besides autos—refrigerators, stoves, furnaces, etc.—could be controlled by the same device.

Since the defense program began to boost national income, installment sales have risen spectacularly. The Commerce Department's March figure for new automobile financing was up 41.6% from 1940. Outstanding credit arising directly from retail installment sales of all kinds was estimated by the Russell Sage Foundation at year's end as \$4,036,000,000, up nearly 25% in twelve months to a new all-time high. By last week the figure was even higher and still rising.

In other boom periods, expansion of installment buying has helped push up the production curve. But following depressions have been deepened because consumers had past obligations to meet, thus had less current purchasing power. This time the Administration's goal is to suspend salary-hocking while the defense boom lasts, restore it to cushion the effect of the collapse which will follow.

## RETAILING

### Utah Rares Up

Since Wright Patman began his anti-chain-store crusade in 1935, the stores have read little good news. But last week Utah gave them some. The citizens rared up and threw an anti-chain tax for a loss. By Utah's constitution, a petition of 10% of the voters can set aside any law, make it subject to a Statewide referendum. To force suspension of their new chain-store tax, Utah voters used this right for the first time.

Credit for the *coup d'état* went to the Utah Chain Stores Association, whose members operate about 400 of the State's 6,400 stores. The tax was extreme, ranged from \$50 to \$5,000 a store, with the levy based on all stores owned by a chain, not just those in Utah. But the Legislature had passed it over farmer-labor protest, and the Governor signed it even after his own Attorney General had declared some parts unconstitutional. With these talking points and a sheaf of petition forms, notarized Association solicitors started a door-to-door trek April 1. Business houses, factories, even independent stores helped, and last week 67,507 voters (27% of the 246,940 who took part in the last election) had signed. The tax is

Time, May 19, 1941



# TOWERS OF STRENGTH

*Grow Mightier with Air Conditioning*

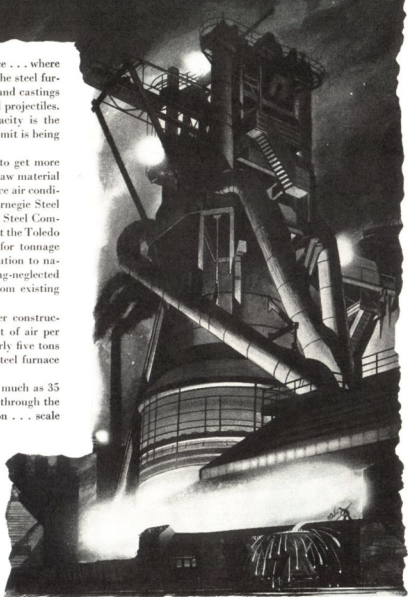
DEFENSE begins at the blast furnace . . . where ore is reduced to molten iron for the steel furnaces which in turn supply the billets and castings for guns and tanks and battleships and projectiles. Truly, the limit of blast furnace capacity is the limit of defense production. And that limit is being expanded thanks to air conditioning.

Engineers discovered long ago how to get more tonnage of higher grade iron from less raw material . . . and York demonstrated blast furnace air conditioning at the Isabella plant of the Carnegie Steel Co., in 1904, at the Warwick Iron and Steel Company's Pottstown furnace in 1907, and at the Toledo Furnace in 1908. Today, in the race for tonnage against time, York's mightiest contribution to national defense may prove to be this long-neglected discovery of how to get more steel from existing furnace capacity.

Newest York installation, now under construction, will dehumidify 55,000 cubic feet of air per minute, providing a "dry blast" of nearly five tons of air per ton of iron for a Republic Steel furnace at Birmingham, Alabama.

Here, York equipment will wring as much as 35 tons of water a day from the air blown through the furnace tuyeres . . . step up production . . . scale down coke consumption . . . insure more uniform high quality.

Truly, if York air conditioning can increase steel production as well as doing all the jobs you expect it to do . . . there must be a place for it in your establishment! York Ice Machinery Corporation, York, Pennsylvania.



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# How to Slice a Meteorite!



Ever see a shooting star? There are about 7,500,000 every night! Most of them burn up in the outer atmosphere, and the few that reach the earth are man's only material link with celestial space. For examination and study, these hard, dense meteorites are easily sliced with a special type of bandsaw using Carborundum Brand Abrasive Grain as cutting agent, then finished with finer grain and powders.

Interesting, too, are the many industrial uses for Carborundum-made abrasive grains. They help polish and finish countless products, from cutlery to plowshares, from the bevelling of glass to the lapping of transmission gears and the grinding of optical lenses.



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suspended until the November 1942 election.

With one more victory to their credit, U.S. chain-store owners this week were loading the cannon for a fresh barrage against the 19 other States having such taxes.

## PLASTICS

### Too Much Build-Up

Plastics men, meeting last week in Hot Springs to discuss the role of their industry in defense, had a strange problem: their reputation was too good. Wherever a shortage has arisen—in aluminum, zinc, nickel—someone has stepped up to say that the nation would use plastics instead. Many a citizen, after watching a series of plastic miracles in fountain pens, steering wheels, etc., has come to think of plastics as the national Handy Andy.

In 1929 the Census Bureau valued the industry's raw plastics production at \$29,212,212. Since then its size has almost tripled despite the depression; at least one major new plastic has been introduced every year. Hundreds of plastic articles, from shoelace tips to dining-room furniture, are now sold in U.S. stores.

But there are some things even plastics can't do. Some of the cellulose acetates (used in steering wheels, etc.) are easily molded and hold their shape well under ordinary circumstances, but soften at high temperatures. Cellulose nitrate is highly inflammable. Caseins absorb water; some other types are dissolved by acids or alcohol. None—even the phenols which show most promise for heavy industry duty—has more than 6% of the ultimate strength of the toughest steel or 20% of the strength of toughest brass.

When rushed into new uses without proper advance research, plastics sometimes have failed as spectacularly as they have succeeded elsewhere. The War Department tried using a plastic for cups screwed into the nose of loaded shells to keep the TNT in place during storage; expansion of the TNT under temperature change broke the cup bottoms so that all the ammunition had to be broken down, unpacked and the cups removed. This kind of thing is bad for both defense and the plastics industry. Manufacturers' chief fear: if plastics are hurried into uses for which they are as yet unfit, they will become known as ersatz materials used only as a last resort.

Another problem is plant capacity. The U.S. produced 91,303 tons of plastics in 1939, will produce more than 100,000 tons this year. But even though a ton of plastics is equal in size to about two tons of aluminum or five to seven tons of zinc, this is still tiny production by comparison to the metals.

Right now expansion of plastics capacity is hampered by shortages of metals required for molds, and of such plastics raw materials as formaldehyde and methanol. Since the industry's basic raw materials are found everywhere (air, wood, coal, petroleum, soybeans, milk), it can eventually overcome any shortages; but it needs time for the job.

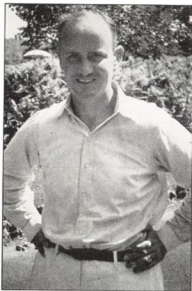
Already the industry is producing washing-machine parts and thermos-bottle caps which take the place of aluminum, refrigerator panels which take the place of steel. This week the Army tested a plastic fuse cap which may lead to other plastics ordnance items. But plastics men are wary of the too-enthusiastic demand. Said one manufacturer last week:

"We're like a zoo keeper with a lot of big and hungry animals to feed. Right now they're all asleep. If they wake up one at a time our job will be easy. If they all wake up at once we'll be in a hell of a fix."

## PERSONNEL

### New Picture at Kodak

Eastman Kodak Co. broke its tradition of technically trained presidents last week, switched instead to a lawyer: young (49), handsome, Nebraska-born Thomas Jean Hargrave. As vice president and general counsel, Lawyer Hargrave has been known



EASTMAN'S HARGRAVE  
*The times called for a lawyer.*

as a shrewd, steady, retiring executive who got along equally well with obscure employees and socialite friends. Rochester guessed two reasons for his promotion: 1) Eastman's new policy of pushing younger men to the top; 2) a decision by Eastman directors that—in times when war and Government were big factors in corporate affairs—a lawyer would do better than a technical or production man.

Hargrave's election was Eastman's second big personnel change in seven years. In 1934 Frank William Lovejoy (who started as superintendent of the film department in 1897) was elected president; William G. Stuber (hired as a film emulsion expert in 1894) shifted from presidency to chairmanship of the board. Last week Lovejoy, 69, moved on to the board chairmanship; for Stuber, 77, the directors created the new post of honorary chairman.

## Your trip can go on!



The reckless swerve of an oncoming car — a passenger hurt — and you, in a strange town, in the stern hands of the law. . . . Here, *again*, Standard Service Satisfies.

For throughout North America, helpful representatives are ready to assume responsibility — release your car if possible — defend you in court — adjust lawful claims — send you on your way!

Invest now in Standard automobile insurance. The Company's selective ratings and Safe Driver Reward provide security at low cost.

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*Standard Service Satisfies . . . Since 1884*



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there's the explanation for the superb and unvarying quality of Don Q Rum. Try this fine nectar-like rum in your next Daiquiri, Cuba Libre or other rum drink. You'll notice the flavourful difference.

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WHITE LABEL for cocktails  
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## MUSIC

### Paul Bunyan

Paul Bunyan, gigantic, legendary Northwest logger, might well make music surge in some great U.S. symphony. Last week he was the hero—although he never appeared onstage—of an anemic operetta put up by two British expatriates. The librettist of the operetta, corn-shocky Poet Wystan Hugh Auden, excused himself for muscling in on U.S. mythology by declaring that Bunyan is a universal figure.

Paul Bunyan, with music by willowy Composer Benjamin Britten, had its world première with a semi-amateur performance at Columbia University, under the auspices of the League of Composers. The League thus gave a poor start to a good project; development of a "Composers' Theater" to give contemporary English-language opera throughout the U.S. For Paul Bunyan was as bewildering and irritating a treatment of the outsize lumberman as any two Englishmen could have devised. Its protagonist was no more than a Bronx sounding voice in the flies, and Babe, the Blue Ox, was nowhere to be found at all. There was a variety of other characters, including a coloratura-soprano dog and three stuffed geese.

Paul Bunyan, full of unintelligible choristry, seemed to have as its thesis Poet Auden's words: *All but heroes are unnerved, when life and love must be deserved*. But there was a lot more, such as a mammy and four unclassifiable Civil War characters, billed as "The Defeated" and wheeled in on a float. Composer Britten's tunes ranged in inspiration from U.S. and British balladry to Social Satirist Marc Blitzstein (*The Cradle Will Rock*).

### South of the Bravo

An event of considerable importance to the juke boxes of the U.S. Southwest occurred last week when Decca recorded Ramón Armengod, Mexico's Bing Crosby, singing *Amor, Amor, Amor*, Mexico's "new song." It is a *canción bolero* with a lovely, lazy melody and a fetching Franz Lehár swipe at the end of the middle part, and Señor Armengod has the voice to sing it bravely. But *Amor, Amor, Amor* is not new. It has been played south of the Bravo (Rio Grande to *Yanquis*) for several years. It is called new by Mexicans because, with the fierce competition among composers for the few outlets Mexican music publishing offers, a song has to be very good to be heard at all, and Mexicans tend to prolong the youth of their limited number of songs almost indefinitely.

Polyglot Decca, which prides itself on being the Thomas Cook & Sons of popular music, takes especial pride in its Mexican list, and well it might. Mexican popular music is like Mexico itself: vivid, varied, unpredictable, exciting. It comes in many forms. There are many kinds of *canciones* (songs): *fox* (fox trot), *ranchero* (cowboy), *bolero* (slow rumba), *corrido* (fast one-step), etc. There are also polkas and a number of varieties of locality songs and dances. Their general characteristic is ingeniously broken time.

Mexican music can be rendered very well and very badly, but most of it has a seriousness and integrity that make a great deal of the U.S. radio's outpouring sound a little silly. And most Mexican music has that hallmark of all deeply traditional music: it sticks to the ears and can stand



COMPOSER BRITTEN & POET AUDEN  
"All but heroes are unnerved..."



## Thrilling Highlights from Columbia's Recent Releases

**BRUNO WALTER'S AMERICAN RECORD DEBUT**  
—a supreme interpretation of Beethoven's mighty "Eroica" with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York.

"The greatest triumph of Bruno Walter's career!" —such was the comment that



greeted his performance of the "Eroica" Symphony with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York this season.

Now Columbia gives you that same flawless performance. Don't fail to hear it.

Six 12-inch Records, Set 449.....\$6.50\*

**WAGNER'S FAMOUS BACCHANALE FROM TANNHAÜSER.** Fritz Reiner conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.

With this superb recording of the glorious "Venusberg" music, Columbia proudly adds another top-ranking American orchestra and conductor to its long list of eminent recording artists.



Fritz Reiner has won world renown for his Wagnerian interpretations... here Columbia brings you a really breathtaking Reiner performance.

A recording that deserves an honored place in any record collection.

Two 12-inch Records, Set X-193.....\$2.50

**RICHARD STRAUSS' TONE POEM "EIN HELDENLEBEN" (A Hero's Life).** Artur Rodzinski conducting The Cleveland Orchestra.

This fiery and dynamic recording of Richard Strauss' greatest tone poem adds further evidence that Dr. Rodzinski is one of the great living interpreters of modern music. Definitely a "must" for every record library.



Five 12-inch Records, Set 441.....\$5.50\*

**MOZART'S "AH! PIETÀ SIGNORI MIEI" AND "MADAMINA" from "Don Giovanni."** Salvatore Baccaloni with orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf.

Salvatore Baccaloni—hailed as the Metropolitan's happiest discovery in years—sings the two great buffo arias from Mozart's "Don Giovanni."



One of the season's most delightful vocal records... superbly recorded.

One 12-inch Record, 71048-D.....\$1.00

\*Available in Automatic Sequence.

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Ina Claire, lovely American actress—from an original painting for Columbia by Carl Erickson

## Ina Claire

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now have seven of the ten major symphony orchestras in America including the New York Philharmonic with Bruno Walter, Stravinsky and Barbirolli; The Cleveland Orchestra and Rodzinski, Minneapolis with Mitropoulos, Pittsburgh with Reiner, Chicago with Stock and the CBS Symphony with Howard Barlow. Among the soloists are Lotte Lehmann, Robert Casadesu, Joseph Szigeti, Nelson Eddy, Salvatore Baccaloni, Rise Stevens, and many, many more.

"And then—another exciting development was Columbia's introduction of new low prices... opening the doors of great recorded music to millions of people everywhere."

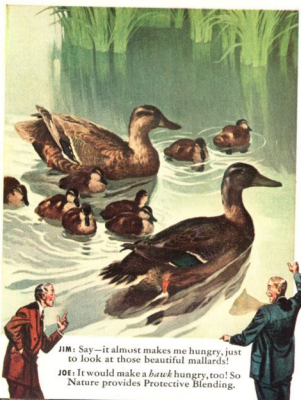
# Columbia

**MASTERWORKS RECORDS**

COLUMBIA RECORDING CORPORATION  A SUBSIDIARY OF COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM, INC.

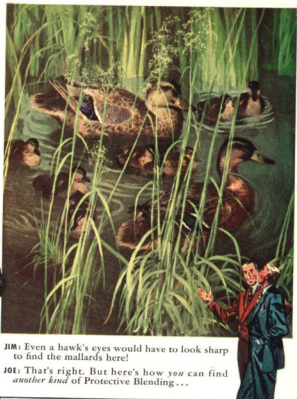


## NATURE'S PROTECTIVE BLENDING PROTECTS THE MALLARD



**JIM:** Say—it almost makes me hungry, just to look at those beautiful mallards!

**JOE:** It would make a *hawk* hungry, too! So Nature provides Protective Blending.



**JIM:** Even a hawk's eyes would have to look sharp to find the mallards here!

**JOE:** That's right. But here's how *you* can find another kind of Protective Blending...

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**JOE:** Right again! Almost everybody likes Calvert. It's the most popular whiskey in America.

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**BUY BETTER WHISKEY—BUY CALVERT**

"RESERVE": is reserved for those who like extra richness—at small extra cost.

"SPECIAL": is the choice of millions who like a lighter whiskey; costs a little less.

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BLENDING WHISKEY. Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...Calvert "Special": 90 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copyright 1940, Calvert Distillers Corporation, New York City.

infinite repetition. A small, sound library of Mexican records would include some or all of the following songs and artists: ► Los Rancheros are the outstanding trio of male singers and guitarists. These three small-town boys went to Mexico City to get in the movies, took to singing together in nightclubs in gold-braided black *charro* (cowboy) costumes. They have since broadcast for NBC, played at Manhattan's Radio City Music Hall, are now in Argentina. To delicate touching of the guitar and impeccable rhythm they add three fine voices in almost tangent harmony. When they are sweet they are very, very sweet, as in the sad, melodic *Hace Un Año* (A Year Ago), *Las Mañanitas* (Mornings), *Adiós Mariquita Linda*



LOS RANCHEROS

Paul D. Perez

*Delicate touch, impeccable rhythm.*

(Good-by, Beautiful Mariquita). Their liveliest number is a ranch song, *El Toro*, full of shouting, whistling, guitar-beating and mooing. They are Decca artists and they do not appear to be capable of doing any song badly.

► Mexico has also produced a pair of torchy ladies who vocalize in the best black-velvet-gown-and-chiffon-handkerchief manner. One is Adelina Garcia, happily represented by a sad ballad called *Desesperadamente* (Okeh). The other is glamorous Elvira Rios, familiar to Manhattan nightclubbers. Her cello-voice throbs best on *Incertidumbre* and *Vereda Tropical* (Decca).

► Sprightlier female vocalizing may be heard on *Que Puntadas* (What a Flirt), sung by Lucha Reyes, a personality girl who works for Victor.

► Traditional Mexican farewell song is the lament *La Borrachita* (The Little Drunkard), sung by Cuatitas Herrera on Decca.

► There are stacks of records by the omnipresent Mexican street bands, the *marichis*. Most of it sounds best on the streets, is crudely executed, poorly recorded. Recommendable is the great sectional song,

*Guadalajara*, by Mariachi Tapatio (Victor).

► For purists who want to hear how Mexicans play their guitars in the little *cantinas* beyond the railheads and up the barrancas, General Records has issued an album called *Indian*, recorded on location by John H. Green.

Other records of the month:

#### SYMPHONIC, ETC.

**Bruckner: Symphony No. 5 in B Flat Major** (Saxonian State Orchestra, conducted by Karl Böhm; Victor; 18 sides in two volumes; \$10). Devout, naive—he gratefully tipped Conductor Hans Richter one thaler (71¢) after the first performance of his fourth symphony—Composer Anton Bruckner wrote some of the most prolix symphonies in history. Dresden's orchestra, one of Europe's finest, gives Bruckner's long melodies a fine recording, the only one now available in the U.S.

**A Festival of Brazilian Music** (Victor; 10 sides; \$5.50). First big phonographic collection of works by Heitor Villa-Lobos, Brazil's No. 1 composer and one of the lustiest living. Beautifully recorded by Soprano Elsie Houston, the Schola Cantorum, conducted by Hugh Ross, a scratch orchestra under Burle Marx. Villa-Lobos tries, attempting to fuse the spirits of Bach and Brazil; a *Nonetto* for chorus and small orchestra, purporting to describe Brazil's geography.

**Tchaikovsky: Francesca da Rimini** (London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham; Columbia; 6 sides; \$3.50). The storms of Hell, swirling about Dante's damned lovers, Paolo and Francesca, were never driven more furiously.

**Prokofiev: String Quartet** (Stuyvesant Quartet; Columbia; 6 sides; \$3.50). The Soviet composer's only quartet, issued to celebrate his 50th birthday. Nourishing but mostly dry; Prokofiev adds little cream and sugar to the Wheaties.

**Bach: Toccata and Fugue in C** (Dimetri Mitropoulos and the Minneapolis Symphony; Columbia; 4 sides; \$2.50). Fine first recording in orchestral form of one of Bach's great organ works.

**Wagner: Tristan and Isolde Love Music** (All-American Youth Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Columbia; 6 sides; \$3.50). Dr. Stokowski, a great one for tinkering, first fixed up these surging passages for Victor, with the Philadelphia Orchestra. With his youths (Class of 1940) he produces a satisfactory, briefer job.

**Vaughan Williams: Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis** (Members of the BBC Symphony, conducted by Sir Adrian Boult; Victor; 4 sides; \$2.50). A contemporary Englishman weaves dark tracers on a churchly strain, by a 16th-Century court composer. Spaciously recorded by BBC's strings.

**Brahms: Serenade No. 2 in A Major** (Alumni Orchestra of the National Orchestral Association, conducted by Richard Korn; Victor; 7 sides; \$4). Genial, woodwindy Brahms, notable for having no fiddles. A top-notch first recording.

At Work on the Jobs  
America has to do



## Red Seal is on the march

The history of Continental "Red Seal" Engines is concerned with herculean tasks performed on behalf of industry and the nation's progress. It was Continental's reliable power that helped the auto industry attain its magnitude. More recently this same reliability has been powering the nation's light aircraft into maturity. As should be expected, Continental's famous "Red Seal" is part and parcel of the country's huge defense program. It is, however, but a phase in Continental's onward march. Today, more than ever before, Continental dependable power is reaching out into more and more fields, is being put to work on the many jobs America has to do — on the farms, on the roads, in the oil fields, and in industry at large. The finest of manufacturing facilities, manned by an expert and loyal personnel, directed by an alert management, and stimulated by mounting orders, are assurances that Continental is on the march as never before.

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## Man &amp; Managers

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION—James Burnham—John Day (\$2.50).

ADVENTURES OF A WHITE-COLLAR MAN—Alfred P. Sloan Jr.—Doubleday, Doran (\$2).

Seldom do Americans eagerly read such a book as this—a modest, 285-page exposition of abstract political theory called *The Managerial Revolution*. But few books of political theory pack such a punch as this does. Even its slyly casual sub-title promises to tell them something they want desperately to know—*What Is Happening in the World*.

Its author is James Burnham, assistant professor of philosophy at New York University, onetime co-editor of *The New Internationalist*, theoretical magazine of U.S. Trotskyists. He writes deliberately unemotional English with primer simplicity. The tone of his book is amoral, non-partisan, scientific. The theory he expounds makes *The Managerial Revolution* as morbidly fascinating as a text book vivisection, possibly the most sensational book of political theory since *The Revolution of Nihilism*.

Author Burnham's theory: World War II is a social revolution, but not the kind of social revolution almost everybody thinks it is. When World War II is finished, capitalism and socialism will both be finished. After some 50 years of ruthless struggle, there will emerge a "domination and exploitation by a ruling class of an extremity and absoluteness never before known," Author Burnham calls his new class "The Managers"—the one class in society which is indispensable in making modern industry productive. Moreover, in two decisive sectors (Germany with most of Europe; Russia with half of Asia) the managerial revolution has already won. What remains is mopping up, division of the British spoils.

First test of any new theory is that it must explain more simply and completely than the old theories the greatest number of things that need explaining. First test for Author Burnham was to explain the stupendous paradoxes that baffle and confuse the observers of World War II:

► How did the Nazis in eight years turn bankrupt, impoverished, faction-torn, truncated, disarmed Germany into the greatest military power in history?

► How could the Nazis destroy all freedom, brutally persecute intelligent minorities, regiment the individual, half-starve the whole population, and yet retain the support of an overwhelming majority of Germans?

► Why was France, hitherto Europe's No. 1 military power, smashed to pieces by the Nazis in 60 days?

► Why is Britain, the world's No. 1 empire, fighting for its life with every chance of losing if unaided?

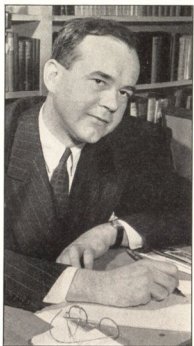
► How are dictatorships like Germany and Russia able to win the loyalty of some

citizens of democratic countries and turn them into fifth columnists?

► Why is Nazism, which seized power as the defender of capitalism, liquidating capitalism?

► What is the common basic factor which many people feel running through Bolshevism, Nazism, the New Deal?

► Why does the moral superiority which makes the people of the democracies think of themselves as the children of light,



JAMES BURNHAM

"Capitalism is not yet over. . ."

constantly result in doubt, skepticism, confusion, unsureness about objectives, diffusion of effort, widespread paralysis of the will to act, dread of defeat, while the children of totalitarian darkness constantly assert an immoral superiority which they translate into initiative, decision, unity of purpose, invincible organization, victory in diplomacy, espionage, war?

The answer, says Author Burnham softly, and the common factor in all these paradoxes, is to be found in the character of what he calls the managerial revolution. He says:

"We are now in a period of social transition . . . a period characterized . . . by an unusually rapid rate of change of the most important economic, social, political and cultural institutions of society. . . . What is occurring in this transition is a drive for social dominance, for power and privilege, for the position of ruling class, by the social group or class of the managers. . . ."

Their immediate drive, says Burnham, is to control the instruments of production. They do not want to own them. The

managers prefer to control them through their control of the state. "The state—that is, the institutions which comprise the state—will . . . be the 'property' of the managers. And that will be quite enough to place them in the position of ruling class."

By managers, Author Burnham means the men who organize and coordinate the various elements of production "so that the different materials, tools, machines, plants, workers are all available at the proper place and moment and in the proper numbers." In business, managers are sometimes called "production managers," operating executives, superintendents, administrative engineers, supervisory technicians." In government they are called administrators, commissioners, bureau heads. "I mean by managers, in short, those who . . . are actually managing, on its technical side, the actual process of production, no matter what the legal and financial form—individual, corporate, governmental. . . ."

The relative strength of the two groups in a period of social change, Burnham implies in two casually grim sentences: "The position, role and function of the managers are in no way dependent upon the maintenance of capitalist property and economic relations (even if many of the managers themselves think so); they depend upon the technical nature of . . . modern production." "The position, role and function of the most privileged of all groups, the finance-capitalists, are, however, entirely bound up with capitalist property and economic relations. . . ."

There are excellent chapters in *The Managerial Revolution* on Russia (the most developed managerial society); on Germany (a somewhat less developed managerial society). But U.S. readers will easily understand what Burnham is driving at from his account of the New Deal.

Says Burnham: "We must be careful not to identify the New Deal and New Dealism with Franklin Roosevelt and his acts. Roosevelt is a brilliant and demagogic popular politician, who did not in the least create, but merely rides when it fits his purposes, the New Deal. The New Deal sprang from the inner structural drives of modern society, the forces that are operating to end capitalism and begin a new type of social organization, the same forces which at later stages and under different local circumstances produced the revolution in Russia and Germany."

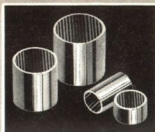
"The firmest representatives of the New Deal are not Roosevelt or the other conspicuous 'New Deal politicians,' but the younger group of administrators, experts, technicians, bureaucrats, who have been finding places throughout the state apparatus: not merely those who specialize in political technique, in writing up laws with concealed 'jokers,' in handing Roosevelt a dramatic new idea, but also those who are doing the actual running of the extending government enterprises: in





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This type of bearing fills important applications in practically every type of machinery. A precision bearing that combines long life and smooth operation with low cost and ease of replacement. Flanged or half bearings made to exact specifications. Plain bearings from stock in over 800 sizes.



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This is the most efficient type of bearing ever developed for internal-combustion engines. The dual construction provides considerable latitude in selecting the alloy of both the bronze and the babbitt in order to meet all operating conditions.



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### *Steel and Babbitt*

There are two distinct types under this classification . . . either babbitt bonded to strip steel to produce thin wall sheet metal bearings or centrifugally cast babbitt in steel shells. In either case you gain the bearing qualities of babbitt plus the strength of steel.

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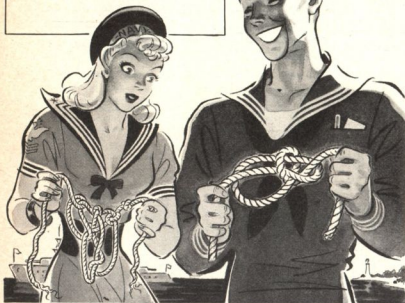
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## Girl meets Bowline



**GERTRUDE:** Gee, Clarence, I bet you can tie 50 knots an hour.

**GOB:** I guess that puts me in the new destroyer class. But hey, I was trying to teach you how to tie a bowline knot.

**GERTRUDE:** My, the things you know about rope and stuff. Let's begin.

**GOB:** First, you take a piece of rope, like this.

**GERTRUDE:** What kind of rope?

**GOB:** Well, if you were a real sailor you'd take Plymouth rope.

**GERTRUDE:** I thought Plymouth was the name of a rock.

**GOB:** Shucks, any sailor knows Plymouth is the best rope there is. Then you cross it, like this . . .

**GERTRUDE:** Silly boy, all rope is alike. It's nothing but strands and stuff.

**GOB:** That's what you think. Me, I studied rope at training school and

learned about Manila fibres, lubrication, flexibility, and uniformity of manufacture. So take my word for it, Plymouth's tops on every count.

**GERTRUDE:** Oh dear, I'm all snarled up again.

**GOB:** It can't be Plymouth's fault. I guess you just don't know the ropes.

**GERTRUDE:** That's what you think.

Rope may be "just rope" to an outsider, but to rope users, Plymouth is first choice. In industries where rope safety and rope economy are equally important informed buyers specify Plymouth.

Why we're the world's largest makers of cordage is an open secret: Plymouth research has developed special ropes for every industry, including yours. (Plymouth Cordage Company, North Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Welland, Ontario.)

**PLYMOUTH**  
ROPE FOR INDUSTRY  
BINDER TWINE • TYING TWINE



short, managers. These men include some of the clearest-headed of all managers to be found in any country. They are confident and aggressive. Though many of them have some background in Marxism, they have no faith in the masses of such a sort as to lead them to believe in the ideal of a free, classless society. At the same time, they are sometimes openly scornful of capitalists and capitalist ideas. They . . . are not so squeamish as to insist that their words should coincide with their actions and aims."

For some eight years these New Dealers have been trying to steer the U.S. from capitalism to a managerial society. Some of their methods: 1) doubling government



Associated Press  
**ALFRED P. SLOAN JR.**  
*His management is a democracy.*

expenditures in five years; 2) making agriculture wholly dependent on state subsidy and control; 3) moving toward state control of foreign trade; 4) shrinking private control over capital funds by acts governing the issuance of and trading in securities; 5) divorcing money from its metallic base, making it a currency managed by the state; 6) running up annual deficits of billions of dollars, while using the national debt as an instrument of managerial social policy; 7) imposing taxes to secure social and political ends rather than income; 8) weakening capital relative to themselves by curtailing private property rights in measure after measure; 9) the taking over by the executive bureaus of the attributes and functions of sovereignty: "the bureaus become the *de facto* law makers."

Burnham believes that the gradual reduction of parliaments (the congress of Soviets, the Reichstag) to a mere sounding board is an essential feature of the managerial revolution. "With occasional petty rebellions," Congress, he notes, has sunk "lower and lower as sovereignty shifted from the parliament toward the bureaus and agencies. . . . By 1940, it was plain that Congress no longer possessed even

the war-making power, the crux of sovereignty. The Constitutional provision could not stand against the structural changes in modern society and in the nature of modern war: the decisions about war and peace had left the control of the parliament."

As evidence of this shift he cites: 1) the *Bremen* affair; 2) freezing of foreign funds in line with policies never submitted to Congress; 3) sending abroad of confidential personal agents instead of regular diplomatic officials; 4) release of military supplies and secrets to warring powers; 5) the destroyer-base deal; 6) the lend-lease provisions. "The parliament has so far lost even its confidence that it did not dare protest."

But, cautions Author Burnham, "the New Deal is not Stalinism and not Nazism. It is . . . far more primitive with respect to managerial development, and capitalism is not yet over in the U.S. But no candid observer, friend or enemy of the New Deal, can deny that in terms of economic, social, political, ideological changes from traditional capitalism, the New Deal moves in the same direction as Stalinism and Nazism. The New Deal is a phase of the transition process from capitalism to managerial society."

Readers of *The Managerial Revolution* may wonder whether Author Burnham does not carry neutrality too far—not once in his brilliant exposition does he make a slip, write the word fascist instead of manager.

If a strong antidote is wanted after reading *The Managerial Revolution*, the book to read is *Adventures of a White-Collar Man*, the autobiography that General Motors' Chairman of the Board Alfred Pritchard Sloan Jr. wrote in collaboration with Boyden Sparkes. The book, which ran serially in the *Saturday Evening Post*, is: 1) a lively account of the pioneering days of the U.S. automobile industry; 2) an intimate synoptic history of General Motors; 3) the success story of Alfred P. Sloan Jr., who started as a \$12.50-a-week draftsman in the Hyatt Roller Bearing Co., about three years later was running the company.

But the book contains something more than a wealth of anecdotes about W. C. Durant, William Knudsen, Henry Ford, the Dodge Brothers, the Fisher Brothers, many another automotive bigshot—something not generally understood or valued in the U.S., something that must be read mostly between the lines: the story of what Grade A business management means and can achieve. It is the inadvertent self-revelation of a resourceful organizing genius who is a really great manager, but not in Mr. Burnham's sense. The greatness of Sloan's achievement is that he took the vast rambling collection of companies which Promoter Durant put together with all a promoter's nonchalance, and made it into a well-knit, well-run company.

If there are flaws in Mr. Burnham's theory that governmental managers will eventually take over the world's economy, the greatest one is that, so far, government managers have yet to prove—in



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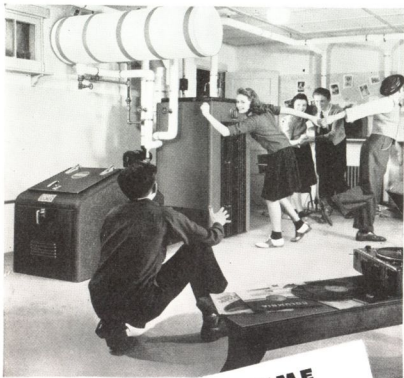
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Russia, Germany or the U.S.—that they can permanently run the economic machine with sufficiently satisfactory results to keep mankind in bondage to them, run it with an efficiency anywhere near equal to that with which Mr. Sloan runs General Motors.

The importance of the comparison is that Manager Sloan is a democrat. He is a democrat not only because he is a human, just and generous man, but because he could not operate in any other way. He did not learn democracy in books. His democracy is implicit in his life. It is realistic, practical, unsentimental. His success with General Motors was that he literally made his management a democracy of brains, for he knows that democracy is the vital fluid of great corporate organizations, holding their personnel from top to bottom in a creative balance to each other. When for any reason corporate democracy fails, so to that extent does the corporation.

"[My] conception of the management scheme of a great industrial organization," he says, "... is to divide it into as many parts as consistently can be done, place in charge of each part the most capable executive that can be found, develop a system of coordination ... welding all parts together in the common interests of a joint enterprise ... developing ability and initiative ... developing men and giving them an opportunity to exercise their talents, both in their own interests as well as in that of the business." The managerial revolutionists cannot practice this kind of democracy which might save their great centralizations: they cannot understand it.

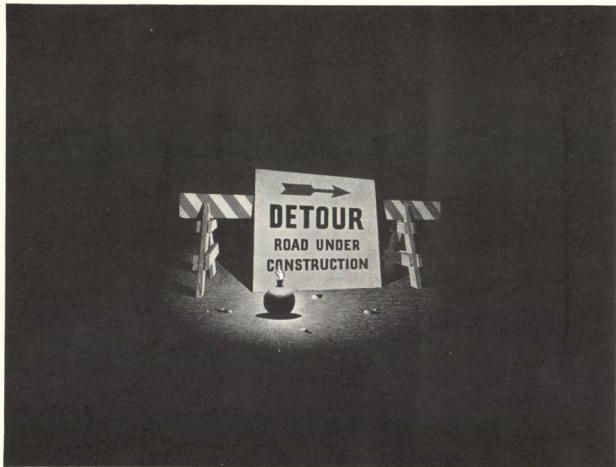
Only occasionally is Sloan baffled: "What the end is to be I do not know, but I do know that notwithstanding all the wonders we are accomplishing in technological progress, we just can't keep up with the politicians' ability to spend our money."

This mood does not make Manager Sloan call for a managerial revolution. He thinks he knows a better way. "A dynamic economy is essential to progress and the continuation of free enterprise. ... A static economy means decay and ultimate regimentation. ... Some see danger in bigness. They fear the concentration of economic power. ... That is in a degree true. It simply means, however, that industrial management must expand its horizon of responsibility. ... It must consider the impact of its operations on the economy as a whole in relation to the social and economic welfare of the entire community. ... Those charged with great industrial responsibility must become industrial statesmen."

## Spring Books

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER—Robert Nathan—Knopf (\$2). Through an internationalized and thereby rather vague countryside, a widow, her son, her daughter and an orphan girl flee before an invading army. Robert Nathan's sour-sweet poetic tone, his exquisite sense of timing, are as usual; as usual, too, there is the highly specialized sentimentality which





## TRAVEL AT YOUR OWN RISK

Most of the familiar roads these days are blocked. The detour signs are out. Shell and bomb and barricade have shunted history down the side roads, into unremembered country, and every government, every industry and every individual is traveling into a future that is not connected by a broad highway to the past.

For more than ten years FORTUNE has been making road maps for the use of Industry. Today, when Industry is face to face with the greatest challenge in its history, FORTUNE is supplying accurate, documental and indispensable information on which Industry can, and does, proceed with confidence.

One of Industry's most pressing problems is the whole matter of Labor

and National Defense. FORTUNE currently has in progress a series of articles (*The Teamsters' Union; Strike Doctors; British Labor*) which survey the subject from many angles. And the Ninth FORTUNE Round Table (in the July issue) brings together Labor leaders and company representatives in an attempt to stake out a productive area of agreement for the duration.

In time of war, ships, like strikes, change their point of destination, and keep on going. *Atlantic Convoy, Naval Strategy, U. S. Shipyards* (next month) tell you *how* and *why* and *where* they go.

FORTUNE's chosen role is that of a reporter to Industry about Industry.

And, like all good reporters, FORTUNE likes to take time out to fit small pieces of the present into the enormous jigsaw puzzle of tomorrow. *The China Trade* . . . story of the greatest potential market on earth . . . is one result of such an urge.

A FORTUNE report on *Highways* this month speaks of Americans as the greatest road builders in the world. Perhaps it is just as well. We will have our full share of roads to build, and roads to mend, for some time to come.

**Fortune**



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makes some of Nathan's readers dubious, others devoted.

**COUNTRY NOTES IN WARTIME—V. Sackville-West — Doubleday, Doran (\$1).** The title & author fully predict the content: meditations, deliberately minor and pacific, tenderly written. For those who want loud talk for loud times, she explains: "My only excuse can be that the determination to preserve such beauty as remains to us is also a form of courage."

**DO THESE BONES LIVE—Edward Dahlberg—Harcourt, Brace (\$3).** A violent blowtorch of poetic anarchy, turned on U.S. literature and such related subjects as the State, materialism, sex, war, tradition, human docility. At its worst it verges on literary hysteria; at its best it has rare eloquence, insight and daring. The book will either bore or infuriate any average law-abider.



**WHERE ANGELS DARED TO TREAD—V. F. Calverton—Bobbs-Merrill (\$3).** Essays on 20-odd (of some 200) North American tries at Utopia which the late V. F. Calverton regarded as most significant. His report is uneven, and his data sketchy but fascinating. His evidence shows that: 1) Many Utopias succeeded until they knuckled their ideals under. 2) The most successful were religious, not scientific, communisms. 3) The destiny of most was determined by the hypnotic influence of an inspired—or maniacal—leader, and changed with his death. 4) Not one dared to meet sexual problems point-blank; even bold Oneida's "complex marriage" outlasted pleasure. 5) With few, ephemeral exceptions, Utopians feared individualists as they feared sex.

**EPISODE ON WEST 8TH STREET—Jule Brousseau—Smith & Durrell (\$2.50).** A murky, painstaking story of a few New Yorkers: a distraught sweatshop Jew who kills his boss, an unemployed architect and his wife, a suicidal Polish girl from the Pennsylvania coal patches. Rather Greenwich-Villagesque, but definitely talented.

**THE HABIT OF EMPIRE—Paul Horgan—Harper (\$2).** An intense mural of hardship, Indian-fighting and Catholic-imperial psychology in colonial New Mexico before the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts. A little stiff, but exciting and superbly written. Its spare, leasured 114 pages should embarrass most space-wasting historical novelists.

**THOSE TORN FROM EARTH—Frederick Hollander—Liveright (\$2.50).** An exceedingly likable story about some comparatively lucky German émigrés, artists and entertainers in Paris, London, Tel-Aviv, Hollywood. Author Hollander does the unheard-of thing in a refugee story of making much of his action cheerful, even funny, and gets away with it.

**MISS GRABY'S SECRET OR THE BASTARD OF PINKS—Eleanor Farjeon—Simon & Schuster (\$2.50).** Period improvisations about An Old Lady's Past: notably her youthful diary and her wild, Daisy-Ashfordish first novel, which is printed entire. Bit by bit the whole thing is deft, neatly flavored, entertaining. In bulk it is more of one good thing than the average digestion can take.

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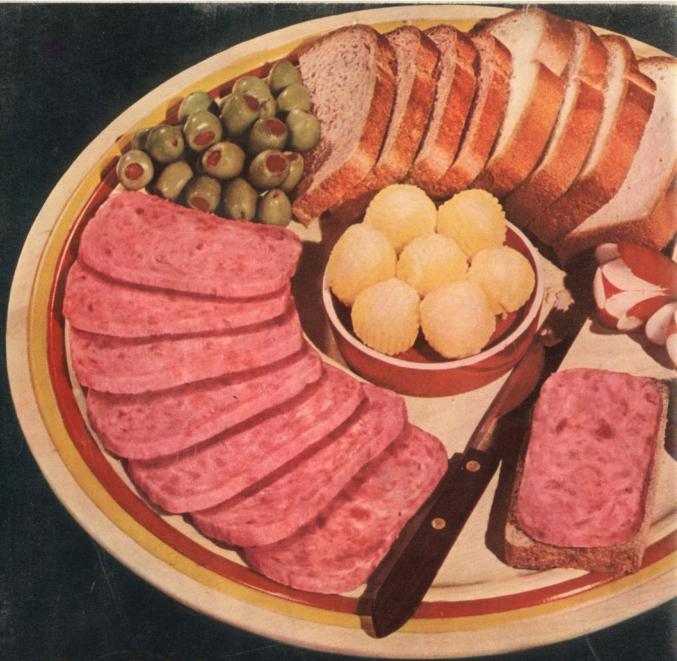
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