

FIFTEEN CENTS

OCTOBER 18, 1943

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



FRANCO OF IBERIA

An advance against him is an advance against Hitler.



"This is
Fighting Pay!"

LISTEN YOU! I'm putting this fist-full of money where it'll do the most good... for my boy and yours... and for millions like them out there somewhere trying to keep this a fit country to live and work in!

Sure, even during a war, a man, and his wife, and his kids hanker for things they've always wanted... and yes, many of us could afford them... but, until I hear my boy's footsteps on the front porch again, both my job and my pay are in the fight—because it's *my* fight!

Our one big chance right now, to help win this fight, is to play ball with the Government in its efforts to *hold down prices*.

That means: *Pay Taxes*... all we're asked! We've got to pay for this war somehow—and that's the quickest, cheapest way. *Buy War Bonds!*... all we can. These bonds keep our money safe, with interest, while it's in there pitching.

And we can cooperate with the government in other ways too! Never bid up a price!... Never buy rationed goods without stamps!... Buy nothing that you don't *really* need.

Folks, if we'll all stick to that simple loyalty code, we'll kill two birds with one stone—we'll lick Hitler and Hirohito—and we'll lick *inflation*.

Result: A saved and stabilized America.



FEDERATED HARDWARE MUTUALS

Hardware Dealers Mutual Fire Insurance Company, Home Office, Stevens Point, Wisconsin

Mutual Life Insurance Company, Home Office, Oshkosh, Wisconsin

Hardware Mutual Casualty Company

Home Office, Stevens Point, Wisconsin

LICENSED IN EVERY STATE

TIME
Oct. 18, 1943

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Volume XLIII
Number 16

Hardware Mutuals

Stevens Point, Wis. • Owatonna, Minn. • Offices Coast to Coast

Compensation, Automobile and other lines of

CASUALTY AND FIRE INSURANCE



UNTIL this war is won, saving minutes here may mean saving lives on distant battlefields — and the railroads are making minutes count.

For every minute of the day and night, they move a million and one-third tons of freight a distance of one mile — most of it military weapons and supplies and the raw materials, the food and fuel necessary to keep production going at top speed.

Every minute of the day and night, the railroads keep track of the movement of 2,000,000 freight cars — marshaling them where they're needed — keeping them moving.

Every minute, day and night, fifteen new freight trains are made up and started on

their runs somewhere in America.

Every minute of the day and night, railroad men — modern minutemen — are at work on the biggest job in transportation history — to meet the nation's need.

**BACK THE ATTACK
WITH WAR BONDS**

Railroad work is essential work — war work.

DECEMBER 10 "CLOSING DATE" FOR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES. This year — when war traffic has first call on all shipping services — it is more important than ever to send your Christmas packages early.

Pack them adequately, wrap and tie them securely, address them right and get them started (to points in the United States and Canada) by *December 10.*

AMERICAN  **RAILROADS**
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

Adventures of
LONGINES
THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH



*The watch of a first citizen**

When the old gentleman pictured above was a young man, he purchased this Longines hunting-case watch in Ottawa, in 1867, the year Canada became a Dominion. ¶ Recently, it came to our Canadian office with a routine request for cleaning. After seventy-five years of service with three members of the same family, it was in remarkably good condition. The grandson who sent it wrote, "He used to hold the watch to my ear so that I might hear it tick. It impressed me considerably as something human." ¶ It can be observed that we keep only friends we can trust. The experience of this "first citizen" of Canada is eloquent tribute to the faithful timekeeping of Longines watches over the years.

*Based on documents in our files

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., Inc., New York, Montreal, Geneva; also makers of the Wittnauer Watch, a companion product of unusual merit.

Longines

WINNER OF 10 WORLD'S FAIR GRAND PRIZES
AND 28 GOLD MEDAL AWARDS



The beating heart of every Longines Watch is the Longines "Observatory Movement," world honored for greater accuracy and long life. *Time U. S. Pat. Off.

LETTERS

Jefferis for President?

Sirs:

I hope the Republicans have enough political acumen . . . to overlook the name of Bill Jefferis when they consider suitable candidates for the Presidency.

Here is a man who did an outstanding job in the political maelstrom of Washington; a man who has worked up from the bottom to the successful head of one of our largest enterprises—the Union Pacific Railroad; a man who knows what it means to "make a dollar." . . . Surely such a one on the record of his past performances should appeal not only to Labor and Management, but to the great bulk of the American public. And as a fighting man he should have a great appeal to our armed forces. . . .

M. LOWRY ALLEN, M.D.

Salt Lake City

► Nominations, both Republican and Democratic, are still open.—Ed.

A Part of the Battle

Sirs:

I am writing in reference to . . . the opinions of TIME readers . . . concerning "Pin-Ups for Morale" [TIME, Sept. 27]. To my dismay and concern, I have heard too often echoed among my own acquaintances the opinions of [such] readers. . . .

To leave "planning of the future world in what we trust are capable civilians hands" is, for the serviceman, or anyone else, unjustified escapism. While reading a "nice comely article" on what we are fighting for may not be the favorite recreation of the war-weary soldier, thinking along such lines is just as much a part of the battle as taking "Hill X."

For a soldier to divorce himself from the ideals for which he is fighting and become simply a destructive machine may be a paragon of military discipline, but it is not the attitude which will help construct a world in which such conflicts as the present one may be avoided. . . .

(Pvt.) JOHN M. BAILEY JR.

Camp Fannin, Tex.

Ring Form in Washington

Sirs:

On the cover page of TIME, Sept. 27, above the very handsome picture of Speaker Sam Rayburn of the national House of Representatives, it would appear that the White House holds its guard with its left hand up while the nation's Capitol is guilty of unorthodox ring form. When the writer was receiving his primary ring instructions and being coached in the technique of ring strategy, it was a must always to lead with the left.

Is the public generally to understand that the Capitol is the less well coached in ring technique than the White House, or that either opponent is a less formidable adversary? . . .

CHARLES CLIFTON PETERS JR.

Washington

► Coaching aside, the Capitol is a good bet to follow with its right rather than its left.—Ed.

Best Beef Breeds

Sirs:

In the Oct. 4 issue, story of sale at Oldfields Farm, you say the Aberdeen-Angus is now the U.S.'s best beef breed. Black Angus breeders with about 40,000 registrations annually, who include some of the best promoters in captivity, are going to applaud you to the

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

By
Uncle Sam...



QUIET IS REQUESTED

About Military Information!

Hotel Lexington
HOME OF THE Hawaiian Room

Charles E. Rochester, V.P. & Mng. Dir.
LEXINGTON AVE. AT 48th ST., N. Y. C. 17

*Until
victory*

The House of Burberry is privileged to put its quality into the goods produced for arming the Allied Forces. Without relaxing our war effort, the manufacture of civilian goods will be continued, but necessarily on a limited scale.

To its American friends Burberry extends thanks and gratitude for their co-operation and patient understanding. Until victory quantity must suffer—quality never.



BURBERRYS
of London

Write us for the name of the nearest Burberry dealer. He will gladly show you the latest importations.
BURBERRYS LTD., 10 East 58th St., New York



Put yourself in his shoes tonight

Think how eager you'd be to talk to the folks at home if *you* were in the army and away at camp.

That's something to remember when you're thinking about making a Long Distance call between 7 and 10 o'clock at night.

You see, that's about the only time a soldier can get to the telephone. If the circuits are crowded, he may not be able to reach home before taps.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Essential

...FOR ACTIVE MEN

PROFESSIONAL MEN . . . doctors, lawyers, dentists . . . are "doubling up" on work these days. It's up to them to fill the shoes of their war-absent colleagues . . . and their own. That's tough on the feet. But many of these busy men have made Wright Arch Preserver Shoes part of their "regular equipment". Every active man who is working harder, walking more, should take advantage of the four exclusive features of these fine, durable shoes. You'll appreciate the energy-saving relief, the honest-to-goodness foot comfort.

A thousand fine dealers carry these top quality "essential" shoes. Below is a partial listing. If your city is not included, write to E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Dept. T-10, Rockland, Massachusetts.



4 PATENTED COMFORT FEATURES

1. Patented Shank
2. Metatarsal Raise
3. Flat Forepart
4. Correct Arch Fitting

WRIGHT Arch Preserver SHOES

Akron M. O'Neill Co.
Atlanta Geo. Mose Co. Co.
Baltimore N. Hess' Sons
Birmingham Strange's
Boston Filene's Men's Store
Chicago Wash Shoe Shop
Cincinnati Graham Shoe Co.
Cleveland Bridgeport Meigs & Co., Inc.
Dallas A. M. & A's
Dayton S. C. Condon's
Denver Gilmer-Moore
Detroit Marshall Field
Fresno Potter Shoe Co.
Hagerman Stone Shoe Co.
Hartford Volk Bros. Co.
Hennepin Hageman's
Hennepin Fentius Shoe Co.
Hennepin R. H. Fyle & Co.
Hennepin Fresno Reliable Shoe Store

Grand Rapids Steketee's
Harrisburg Grego's
Hollywood Childs
Indianapolis Marott's
Jackson Setby Shoes
Jersey City Wenton's
Joliet The Eagle
Kansas City Miller Shoe
Lancaster Shoup's
Lexington Phillips
Lima Crawford's
Long Beach, Cal. Doby's
Los Angeles Bullock's
Louisville Gude's Inc.
Lowell Rodas Rapier
Lawell and Lawrence
Dickerman-McQuade
Macon Macon Shoe Co.
Miami Burdine's
Minneapolis C. M. Standa
The Dayton Company
Nashville Meador's

New Orleans Pokorny's
New York City In Metropolitan New York
are many dealers. For
store most conveniently
located - telephone
Wisconsin 7-6540
Oakland Chas. Kushins
Oklahoma City Rothschild's
Pasadena Storchewer's
Paterson Jacob Reed's Sons
Philadelphia Cherry's
Pittsburgh Kaufmann's
Portland, Me. Boggs & Buhl
Portland, Me. Lamey-Wellehan
Portland, Ore. Meier-Frank
Richmond Miller, Rhoads
Roanoke Bush-Floira

Rochester Pidgeon's
St. Louis Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul Stutz, Baer & Fuller Co.
St. Petersburg X-Ray Shoes
Salt Lake Thompson Co.
San Antonio Frank Bros.
San Francisco Sommer & Kaufmann
Seattle Nordstrom's
Frederick & Nelson
Selly Shoes
So. Bend Luer's
Springfield, Ill. Park, Brannock
Tampa Weil-Meas
Toledo B. R. Baker Co.
Topeka Payne Shoes
Trenton Fischer's
Utica Hughes
Washington Boyce & Lewis
Wilkes-Barre Raleigh Haberzasher
Youngstown Walters
J. W. Smith

For Women—Selly Arch Preserver Shoes, Portsmouth, Ohio

skies. But the Hereford boys with over 200,000 new registrations are going to tear the Time & Life Building to pieces. The Short-horn breeders, 50,000 registrations, will start their own blitz to be joined by the Devon, Polled Hereford and Red Polled men.

Senior Animal Husbandryman Black of the U.S. Department of Agriculture would probably hold the finest breed to be Santa Gertrudis strain out of Afrikanders which he helped develop on the King Ranch in Texas. Some of us on the commercial side of cow business insist and prove by our records that a crossbred Shorthorn on Hereford from the western slope of the Rockies (area is important) feeds out better than any other animal. But the leading breed in numbers of breeders, numbers of head, range coverage, which tops the Chicago market about 85% of the time, is Hereford.

Suggestion: there is never a true positive superlative in farming; only negative superlatives. Almost nothing can be proved to be the "best" of anything. Controversy is the rule in all things farming-wise. All sweeping statements should be qualified or trouble will ensue, sure as shooting.

LADD HAYSTEAD

Walkill, N.Y.

► To the editor herewith exposed as a tool of the Angus interests, two beef-less weeks on fish and eggs.—Ed.

Albania for the Allies

Sirs:

When the Allies march in to help the Albanians rescue their nation from the Germans and Italians they will discover . . . a nation of liberty-loving individuals who have been schooled for generations in the art of battling for freedom. Our troops will find an Albania which idolizes Americans and Russians, hates . . . tyrants of any nationality. . . .

These are not well-educated people. They are still fighting disease, malnutrition and poverty. . . . Perhaps the Albanians are the poorest people in Europe and the Balkans, but they are rich in a primitive love and reverence for personal liberty. For hundreds of years they have fought and died for just that. They are ready again in 1943.

(Y2/c) W. I. WATTERS
U.S.N.R.

Los Angeles

► TIME reverently salutes the love of liberty, however primitive.—Ed.

Colman's Court-Martial

Sirs:

. . . The court-martial of William T. Colman [TIME, Sept. 27] . . . was an inexcusable travesty on justice and decency.

Instead of being dishonorably discharged as he deserves, his demotion from colonelcy to captaincy still places him in a responsible position commanding men. . . .

HENRY M. STERN

Rochester, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . As enlisted men, we shudder to think that we might sometime have a "Captain Colman" as our C.O. . . .

(SERVICEMEN'S NAMES WITHHELD)
Champaign, Ill.

Sirs:

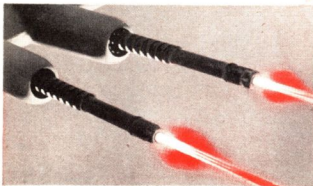
The farce . . . at Selfridge Field should direct public attention to a fundamental defect in the system whereby army "justice" is administered. . . . Aside from the other charges against Colonel Colman, it is difficult to suppose that, were the parties to the assault reversed, a court-martial would have punished an attack with a deadly weapon by

Shooting Stars



THE **MUSTANG**

Star of hedge-hopping raids over enemy-occupied Europe, the P-51 Mustang attack plane often is armed with a brace of hard-hitting 20 mm. automatic aerial cannon in each wing.



THE **COBRA**

Officially designated the P-39 Airacobra fighter, this star of the medium altitudes shoots high-explosive or armor-piercing shell from a 37 mm. aerial cannon in its nose.

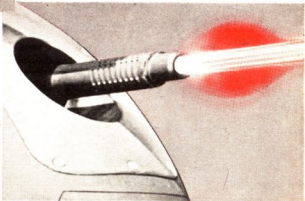
THEY PACK THE PLUS **FIRE-POWER** OF LONG-RANGE, HEAVY-HITTING AUTOMATIC CANNON

THEY'RE "shooting stars" all, these U. S. pursuit and attack ships. They're armed to shoot down any enemy that flies within their range. They can blast a truck or railway locomotive right off its wheels. They can pour panic into the enemy's communications, stop his tanks, even sink his smaller surface craft—with the power of their hard-hitting cannon. Good luck to the "shooting stars" and the brave men who fight with them!

FIRE-POWER IS OUR BUSINESS!



Aerial cannon for the "shooting stars" are an Oldsmobile wartime product. Oldsmobile also builds high-velocity cannon for tanks and tank destroyers, and large caliber shell for tank cannon, field artillery and Navy guns, in volume.



THE **LIGHTNING**

This star, high-altitude fighter, the Lightning P-38 Interceptor, has its automatic aerial cannon in the center nacelle, between the engines, right under the thumb of the pilot.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

KEEP 'EM FIRING
—WITH WAR BONDS!



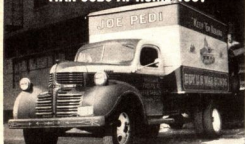
You can do your part to help that boy you know, who sits at the controls of a fighter plane. Back him up with your War Bond purchases. Buy at least one *extra* \$100 Bond this month!

Battle Wagons

Built By DODGE



DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS FIT THE WAR JOBS AT HOME TOO!



Built to fit the grim jobs of war, thousands of Dodge-built "Fighting Trucks" . . . including these powerful six-wheel-drive Cargo and Personnel Carriers . . . are dependably transporting troops, guns, ammunition and supplies on world-wide battle fronts.

On the home front, too, hundreds of thousands of blood brothers of these war-tested "Battle Wagons"—are transporting essential commodities of industry and agriculture. If you need trucks for essential hauling, see your Dodge dealer. See him, too, for dependable wartime service on cars and trucks.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWEN, CBS, THURSDAY, 8 P.M. E.W.T.

DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

1/2 TO 3-TON CAPACITIES

DODGE MEN BUILD WELL

War Products in which Dodge craftsmanship and precision have an important part include: Dodge Troop Transports . . . Dodge Weapons Carriers . . . Dodge Command Reconnaissance Cars . . . Dodge Army Ambulances . . . Many Vital Tank Parts . . . Gyro-compasses . . . A Wide Variety of Ammunition . . . Aluminum Forgings and Castings . . . and many others.

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS!

a colored soldier on a colonel with less than death or life imprisonment. . . .

(SERVICEMAN'S NAME WITHHELD)
Fort Ord, Calif.

Management, Not Money

Sirs:

Not having missed a copy of *TIME* since 1929 and hoping not to as long as it or I exist, I am taking this first time to write you a letter and let off a little personal steam about all the noise being made . . . regarding the production decline and manpower shortage.

I consider that my working here in one of the large war production centers gives opportunity to observe the matter at its source. I work for the Ford Motor Co., and have for the past 14 years, not as a brilliant and mighty production foreman, but just a humble inspector.

When we made Ford cars here at the rate of 350 per eight-hour shift, there was no loafing by anyone. But now things are different; we work for Ford still, but under the management of Washington and hypnopsists!

There are more people working or "putting time in" now than there were then, but the unit hourly production per person is but a fraction. . . .

When the WPB wakes up to the fact that it takes efficient management and not money in huge quantities, then we will attain maximum production. . . .

LEO H. TRAIL

Richmond, Calif.

Holy Man Remembered

Sirs:

In reference to an article under Religion in your Sept. 27 issue: if these times produce holy men in the best Christian sense of the term, then Bishop John Ward of Erie, Pa. is surely one of them.

It was my good fortune some years ago to pilot him and his brother . . . on a fishing trip in the Big Horn Mountains. You get to know people pretty well when you live out of the same pack bags with them for a month. Both of the Ward brothers . . . liked to fish about as well as any two men I ever knew. But along with that the Bishop never forgot his Christian practices, and every Sunday the entire party assembled along the banks of some stream or lake with the spruces and the snow-flecked peaks as a backdrop to hear the Bishop hold service. . . .

The Christian religion and the duties it implies have deep roots in John Ward and I for one can only wish him well on his Alaskan venture.

HANS KLEIBER

Dayton, Wyo.

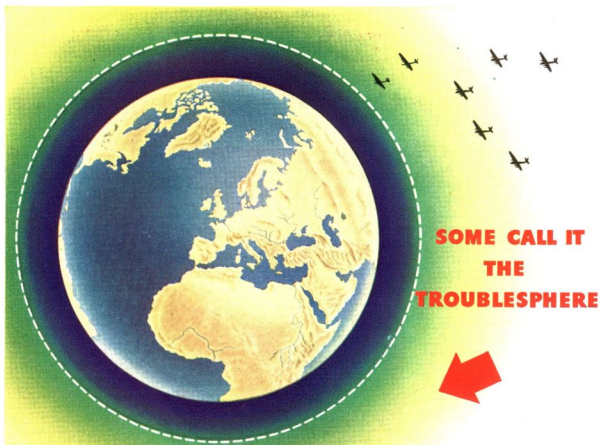
Experiment in Segregation

Sirs:

. . . I have been a constant reader of *TIME* for over ten years and during that period I have observed that *TIME* has done a fair job of honestly reporting the news. However (in the Sept. 20 issue), *TIME* made some definite statements about the 99th Fighter Squadron and unashamedly admitted these statements to be based on "unofficial reports." . . .

My husband, Lieut. Colonel Benjamin O. Davis Jr. . . . until recently commanded the 99th Fighter Squadron. . . . His views are undoubtedly not as objective as those of a disinterested onlooker. . . .

Are you justified in saying that the record of the 99th Fighter Squadron is only fair? My husband tells me that his judgment, based on comparison with the work done by six veteran P-40 squadrons in the same area on the same types of missions over the same



*But it's helping to make
your post-war car "trouble free"*

War in the air climbs higher and higher. Already bombers and fighters operate from 20,000 to 40,000 feet—in the stratosphere or *troposphere*.

But some call this region the "troublesphere". Here the air is so thin that gasoline bubbles and quickly evaporates and the temperature drops to 85° below zero, congealing ordinary lubricants to taffy.

To aid our pilots Texaco scientists developed a new high-altitude lubricant that even the stratosphere can't congeal. By defying the cold it blazes a path to even higher flight.

Such exciting assignments... the making of specialized war lubricants... vast quantities of 100-octane aviation gasoline... will mean much to your post-war car.

When the new cars are delivered, Texaco will be ready with the finer gasolines and oils they will need for longer life, quicker starting and better lubrication.



You're welcome at **TEXACO DEALERS**

A PRIME ESSENTIAL of your life!

Give real thought to its selection!

THE better the toothbrush, the better you clean your teeth—the better you protect your health and brighten your smile. As any dentist will tell you, a brush of the right size and shape is of paramount importance. Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft gives you a choice of such brushes—each properly designed, each offering the many exclusive advantages of "EXTON" brand bristling: longer life, more thorough tooth cleansing, high polishing power!



50¢



IN ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS REGULAR SHAPE, DR. WEST'S NOW OFFERS

Two Great 2-Row Brushes



"PROFESSIONAL" A smaller brushhead in the famous Dr. West's double-convex design—a brush that is preferred by many.



"ORO" Designed at the request of leading dental specialists. The shape many dentists recommend for cleaning and massage.

TEMPORARY WARTIME PACKAGE

Miracle-Tuft now also in cartons 50¢



No change in quality, only in package. Great numbers of our famous glass tubes have been enlisted to carry medicines and serums to our fighting men. That's why many Miracle-Tuft Toothbrushes are now packed in cartons.

period of time, is that the record of the 99th Fighter Squadron is at least worthy of favorable comment.

My indictment is that by publishing an article based on "unofficial reports" you have created unfavorable public opinion about an organization to which all Negroes point with pride. You should realize that these few printed words in *TIME*—words which may be creating a false impression—have struck at one of the strongest pillars upholding Negroes' morale in their effort to contribute to the winning of the war.

AGATHA SCOTT DAVIS

New York City

► *TIME*'s "unofficial reports" came from responsible sources which could not be quoted. Those reports—on operational results—raised no question about the Negro's fighting ability.

If the 99th's record has been only fair, the blame must at least be shared by the Army Command responsible for the squadron's segregated training and operation. Perhaps too much was expected of such an experiment—Ed.

Sirs:

You are undoubtedly correct in suggesting that Negro pilots are unlikely to develop their full potentialities in a segregated setup. A good analogy is the case of the Negro athlete. Jesse Owens, Brud Holland, etc. were products of unsegregated playing fields and more or less open competition. . . .

ANNE BONTEMPS

Nashville

Sirs:

. . . It is not disappointing to learn "that the top air command was not altogether satisfied with the 99th's performance." . . . All along the "findings" of the top air command have been the bases of Negroes' objection to the establishment of a segregated unit. . . .

While casting a severe eye upon the example, the command should likewise cast an eye of forbearance upon the squadron, for after all it has received second-class training to defend a first-class democracy. . . .

A. A. ABRAHAM

Alcorn, Miss.

Ar-can-saw

Sir: Upon my arrival back home . . . many of my friends called my attention to your article about the Miss America pageant, in which you told about me trying to get the people at the pageant to pronounce Arkansas correctly (*TIME*, Sept. 20). . . .

Since that time I have received numerous letters in regard to the *CRUSADE*. . . . One in particular impressed me, for it was from a Texan, and I quote: "While I am a Texan and six generations of my family have been so, I spent some 18 of the best years of my life in northwest Arkansas, and when it suits my purpose claim to be an Arkansawyer, and nothing so infuriates me as to have the accent misplaced. The worst offenders in my experience were, of all people, Kansans."

While in Atlantic City I made arrangements to have a plaque placed at the corner of Arkansas St. and the Boardwalk, right under the Arkansas sign, with the following on it: "You pronounce it: 'Ar-can-saw.'"

Incidentally, the story . . . about me meant SOME VOTES FOR CONGRESS NEXT YEAR.

JULIAN JAMES

Jonesboro, Ark.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

11

Out on a Limb

ABOUT WHAT BATTERY TO BUY ?



The "Million-Mile" Clipper uses AUTO-LITE Batteries for its ocean-spanning flights.



AUTO-LITE Batteries have been proved under fire on every fighting front.



Buy the battery that is the choice of experts

When you buy a battery you won't be out on a limb—if you are guided by the experts who choose batteries for the world's toughest transportation services. For example a million-mile trans-ocean flying record has just been established by a Pan-American Clipper equipped with Auto-Lite batteries.

Auto-Lites, too, are specified for service with our fighting forces in tanks, half-tracks, jeeps . . . wherever dependable power counts.

Get the longer life . . . the extra power you need. Buy an Auto-Lite battery—specified as original equipment by leading automotive engineers.

AUTO-LITE BATTERY CORPORATION
TOLEDO, OHIO

Manufacturing Plants at: Niagara Falls • Atlanta • Indianapolis
Oakland • Oklahoma City • Toronto

AUTO-LITE BATTERIES

FACTS FROM THE FILES IN AMERICA'S WAR ON SABOTAGE BY NOISE

Belleville, N.J.

The Case of the "Key-Men Jitters"

or
How a War Plant Guarded
its Most Vital Workers Against
an Enemy from Within!

THE COMPANY: Viking Tool & Machine Company, Belleville, N. J., manufacturing important machine tools for war work.

THE PROBLEM: A group of toolmakers, key men in the plant's production, were being robbed of efficiency by recurring noise of nerve-wracking intensity. The distraction of these men was affecting production throughout the entire plant.

THE SOLUTION: This case called for specialists in the science of noise abatement. The need was urgent and the company heads called in the nearby Acousti-Celotex distributor, a member of the world's most experienced organization in the field of sound conditioning. His survey soon uncovered the major offenders—tool steel cutting machines and a nearby production line.

THE TREATMENT: The entire ceiling of the tool making department was covered with Acousti-Celotex, the world-famous perforated fibre tile and most widely used of all sound conditioning materials.



THE RESULT: Sudden, shrill noise from tool steel cutting machines was confined to the source. The rumble of production machines was effectively damped. Quiet comparable to that found in many large offices was provided at tool makers' benches along one side of the room, and distraction of these men was eliminated.

• If you suspect noise of distracting key workers, reducing efficiency or lowering morale in your business, consider the case with your local Acousti-Celotex distributor. He is sound conditioning headquarters in your city.

His experience covers every type of noise problem—in factory, office, school, church, theater or hospital. His recommendations are yours without obligation. A note from you to us will bring him to your desk.



FREE! Write for the informative new booklet "25 Answers to Questions on Sound Conditioning." You can read it all in 8 minutes! Address The Celotex Corporation, Chicago.

Sound Conditioning

Sold by Acousti-Celotex Distributors Everywhere...In Canada: Dominion Sound Equipment, Ltd.

with **ACUSTI-CELOTEX**

PERFORATED FIBRE TILE—SINCE 1923

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Planes will be tailored to measure in the *Age of Flight*

In this war, there are scores of different types of planes, each designed for a particular kind of service. Among them are huge United transport planes, flying routes in this country and overseas on strictly military missions. . . . Other United planes, the famous Mainliners, are flying over the Main Line Airway, providing the fast, dependable passenger, mail and express service so vital to our fight for Victory.

How big will tomorrow's planes be? How many people will they carry? How fast will they travel? How far will they fly?

You will answer these questions. For planes will be built to suit your needs

and serve your purposes . . . practically "tailored to measure." Along the Main Line Airway, for example, there will probably be four basic types of service for passengers, mail and express.

There will be de luxe transcontinental flights between New York and the Pacific Coast, with huge airplanes making only one or two stops en route. Another type of coast-to-coast plane will serve major intermediate cities.

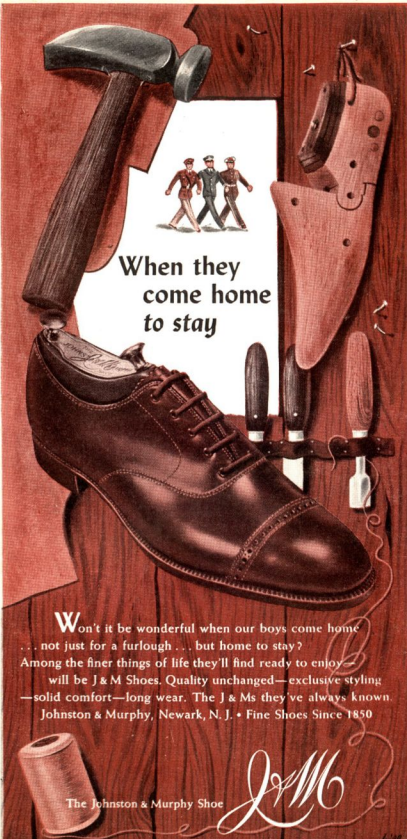
A third type will supply "feeder" service from nearby territory to division points along the Main Line Airway. Other planes will be especially designed to carry only cargo.

Present United Mainliners are, in a sense, tailored to measure for they rep-

resent the product of 17 years of airline experience. Their splendid wartime performance both at home and abroad attests the policy of building the plane to do the job at hand. And the steady advances in aircraft development which are taking place today will make transport planes even more efficient in the coming Age of Flight.

★ Buy War Bonds and Stamps for Victory

UNITED
AIR  **INES**
THE MAIN LINE AIRWAY



When they
come home
to stay

Won't it be wonderful when our boys come home
... not just for a furlough ... but home to stay?
Among the finer things of life they'll find ready to enjoy—
will be J & M Shoes. Quality unchanged—exclusive styling
—solid comfort—long wear. The J & Ms they've always known.
Johnston & Murphy, Newark, N. J. • Fine Shoes Since 1850

The Johnston & Murphy Shoe

MISCELLANY

The Current Scene. In San Francisco, Mrs. Lucille Riquard testified that her husband had punctured 55 cans of her rationed fruit and vegetables. She won a divorce. In Chicago, Mrs. Nellie Vileta, freshly divorced, told the judge that her husband had swiped her false teeth and used all the meat coupons for himself. She got the teeth as alimony. In Kansas City, Walter Solt, who had had trouble with the maid service at his hotel, was fined \$1 for taking his jam-packed wastebasket down to the lobby and dumping it out on the clerk's desk. In San Diego, OPA investigators found a landlord charging roomers \$2.50 a week for the privilege of using the front door. In Manhattan, department stores offered a new preparation for sale—a liquid to take the shine off the seat of the pants.

Coeurs de Marble. In Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Deputy Sheriff Cliff Johnson responded to a call at 6 a.m., hurried out to a narrow country road, broke it up between a couple of motorists who had been refusing for twelve hours to back up for each other.

Deduction. In Los Angeles, Arnulfo Perez reported that two men had hustled him into a black-paneled van, driven him several blocks, taken \$9 from him, and thrown him out. Perez added: "I knew then that it wasn't a genuine patrol wagon."

Nuisance. In St. Joseph, Mo., officers at the county jail were bothered by telephone calls from somebody who offered, for a suitable reward, to return their watchdog.

Loud and Base. In Berkeley, Calif., Mrs. Edith Bell went to court for an injunction restraining a couple of her neighbors from making faces at her dog and uttering "loud noises of a base character."

The Struggle for Survival. In Kimball, S.D., Clarence Bely was kicked out of a barn by a horse, presently tried to show friends how it happened, was promptly kicked by the horse again. In Clearfield, Utah, a farmer who tried to heat his bath water by building a fire under the tub was presently watching his house and barns burn to the ground. In Manhattan, the emergency ward of a local hospital treated the facial lacerations of a near-sighted youth who had caught one of his pet boa constrictors trying to escape. The boy had peered into the snake's eyes to see who it was.

The Answer. In St. Paul, Mrs. H. J. Buck finally got a letter from her onetime sweetheart who had vanished. It read: "I am still looking for a job," and was dated Sept. 21, 1911.



"COLOSSAL" IS A PUNY WORD

MEET TWO HARD,
TOUGH YOUNG AMERICANS
They're in a fox hole . . .
Taking it, yes;
But mostly, dishing it out.

Their particular fox hole
Is in New Guinea,
Located in a stinking, steam-hot jungle
Where they're "advancing the line".

But it might be
An Italian or Balkan fox hole—
Even a fox hole in Germany.

Or, who can say,
A fox hole in Japan,
Where the Nips,
Instead of practicing
"very honorable flower arrangements",
Will learn to drink
The bitter blood-brew of defeat.

Yes, indeed,
"Colossal" is a puny word
To describe the work
Our tough, young Americans
Are doing on a dozen global fronts.

In fact,
There's no word big enough
In the dictionary
To describe the job they're doing.

They'll smash the Axis
Lock, stock and barrel;
Grind it under their heels
Into dust and oblivion
Forever and forever . . .

God willing . . . and you helping!

★ ★ ★

BUY MORE WAR BONDS TODAY

Note of interest to post-war planners:

Revere manufactures a large share of the cartridge brass used in making ammunition for the various U. S. and United Nations forces. Revere supplies, too, huge quantities of copper and its alloys that go into other Victory-winning weapons for land, sea and sky. But though Revere is 100% committed to war production, our technical staff is now in a position to advise post-war planners interested in the applicability of copper and its versatile alloys to their future manufacturing needs. Write to our Executive Offices. *No obligation, of course, and we'll do our best to help.*

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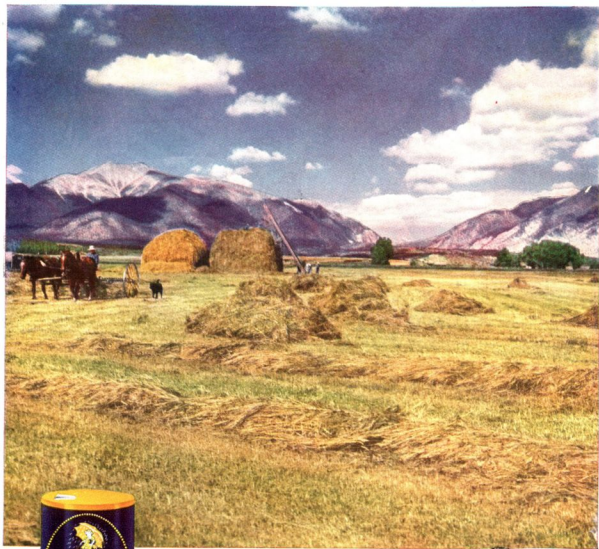
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On the farm, as in industry, medicine and the home, salt is of vital importance. Animals cannot live without salt. Salt is used in the production of fertilizer, as an insecticide, and even plays a part in the making of steel for agricultural implements.

Salt is indispensable to the preservation and palatability of most food. Indeed it has been called, with

accuracy, the world's most precious mineral. Morton, world's largest distributor of salt, is proud of its part in making available virtually unlimited supplies of fine quality salt at a negligible cost to the user. For flavor that makes food taste its best, all America asks for the famous round blue package of Morton's Salt. It costs the average family only about 2¢ a week to use.



MORTON'S SALT
WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS



TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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 TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

To answer some of the questions our subscribers have been asking
 about how TIME gathers, verifies, writes and distributes its news.

Dear Subscriber

In the past twelve months we have
 added more writers and editors to our
 staff than in any other year since
 TIME began—and perhaps it will add
 a little to the interest with which you
 read our stories if I tell you about
 some of the new names on the length-
 ening list over there at the left.

For example, one of the new writ-
 ers in Foreign News is a veteran cor-
 respondent whose



FOREIGN NEWS

overseas experience began when
 he ran away to sea
 at 16 and worked
 his way around the
 world as radio op-
 erator on a freight-
 er. After Harvard
 he worked for the
 United Press in
 London, for the New York Times in
 pre-Hitler Berlin. He spent one sum-
 mer traveling all over Russia with-
 out official guide and in "hard" class
 railway coaches—slept out-of-doors
 or in peasants' cottages—saw the So-
 viet Union almost with the eyes of a
 native—told the story of his trek in a
 book (*Black Bread and Samovars*)
 that won him a post as Moscow cor-
 respondent. Later he was State De-
 partment reporter for the Washing-
 ton Post, came to TIME from the
 Board of Economic Warfare where
 he was studying bombing objectives
 in Central Europe.

Another new Foreign News writ-
 er was two and a half years a cor-
 respondent in Berlin and Bern—and a
 third was largely responsible for the
 New York Times' News of the Week
 in Review. A new writer in Army &
 Navy was in Warsaw for the New
 York Herald Tribune when the Ger-
 mans blitzed into Poland—stuck it
 out there after the Government had
 fled—was one of the last four Ameri-
 can correspondents to escape. Still an-
 other new writer (World Battle-
 fronts) was sent to London by the
 A.P. just in time to cover the Blitz
 and the Battle of Britain, later trans-
 ferred to the New York Herald Trib-

une, reached Oran three days after
 the A.E.F. landed in North Africa.

He covered the
 Casablanca confer-
 ence, was with our
 troops when they
 went into action
 at Medjez-el-Bab,
 Gafsa, El Guettar
 and Fondouk, then
 marched into Tu-
 nis with the Brit-
 ish First Army.



BATTLEFRONTS

TIME's Education news is now writ-
 ten by an editor of the 15-volume
Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences,
 a man who spent three years as As-
 sistant to Director Alvin Johnson in
 his progressive New School of Social
 Research. Press is guided by a news-
 paperman of 13 years' experience—
 with the Detroit Mirror, as city edi-
 tor of the Oklahoma News, as tele-
 graph & cable editor of the Pittsburgh
 Press. One of our book reviewers was
 consultant on scientific manuscripts
 at MacMillan's and before that edi-
 tor-in-chief at



PRESS

Putnam's. And Art
 now draws on the
 wide knowledge
 and background of
 one of America's
 outstanding re-
 porter-photograp-
 hers, the only man
 ever to be hon-
 ored by a one-
 man photographic show at Manhat-
 tan's famed Museum of Modern Art.

I wish I had space to sketch the
 backgrounds of some of the other edi-
 tors and writers who have joined us
 in the year just past—to merge their
 fresh-to-TIME but long experience tal-
 ents with those of our 46 other edi-
 tors. But perhaps these examples will
 serve to show you the kind of news-
 men we are adding to TIME's staff in
 these days when the news is so hard
 to get and check and make clear.

Cordially,

P. I. Prentiss



You Can't Express all in Words Alone

COPY, 1945, STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, INC., PHILADELPHIA



Whitman's Sampler is laden with a rich assortment of chocolate coated fruits and creams, caramels and nuts and other rare good sweets.

Often the thoughtful little things
more surely signify unspoken
sentiments . . .

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES



BUY MORE UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS * * * A WOMAN NEVER FORGETS THE MAN WHO REMEMBERS

U. S. AT WAR



SENATORS CHANDLER, MEAD, RUSSELL, LODGE, BREWSTER
The U.S. is in the world to stay.

AP Wire

THE NATION

"Learn To Shoot Straight"

Nothing in 1943's news more clearly illustrated the vast change in the U.S. climate than the report made by the five globe-circling Senators in last week's secret session of the Senate. Their main point was that the British were outsmarting Americans all over the world.

But they were not bitter, angry or even notably anti-British. They seemed more to envy the smooth, experienced job the British are doing for Britain, and wondered why Americans, once famed as Yankee traders, could not do as well. They complained of American "stupidity" in dealings abroad.

Months and months ago observers had noted that American isolationism was dead as an important force; but still many intellectuals and interventionist worrywarts had gone on whacking away at the dead dog. For the five Senators were not complaining against U.S. participation abroad—they were complaining that such participation was not shrewd enough, or wise enough, or big enough.

Thus the glee with which the furious little fringe of isolationists seized on the Senatorial remarks as anti-Allied was as misplaced as was the Administration's feeble efforts to keep the lid on their criticisms, or as beside the point as the shock felt in London.

For what had long been inevitable, what had long been clear to some, was now clear to all: the question about U.S. participation in the world is not *if*, but *how*?

In To Stay. The Senators' other points, as gathered secondhand by the probing press:

- The U.S. must keep its foreign air bases after the war.
- The U.S. is putting up more than its share of oil to fight World War II.
- The U.S. should have Siberian air bases to attack Japan.

Each member of the Senatorial junket seemed to have one major concern. Massachusetts' Henry Cabot Lodge was most insistent on the subject of Siberian air bases, was acridly criticized by his fellow travelers. Said they: Lodge's statement that possession of Siberian air bases would save a million American lives was both inaccurate and unfortunate; Chief of Staff General George C. Marshall had requested that the question not be raised.

Maine's Ralph Owen Brewster was most concerned about Lend-Lease, charged that it was being mismanaged, cited as an example of mismanagement the fact that Australia got 30,000 new trucks for civilian use as compared to 15,000 for the U.S., said he would ask the Truman Committee to investigate.

Kentucky's Albert Benjamin ("Happy") Chandler reiterated his contention that the Jap was U.S. enemy No. 1, that a major offensive should be launched in the Pacific, that the Administration should give General Douglas MacArthur more support "or get rid of him."

Georgia's Richard Brevard Russell was most worried about the extensive promises being made by the U.S.

When the little group of professional

isolationists tried to capitalize on the ammunition passed them by the Senators, Maine's Brewster stepped in to do some scotching. Said he: "I can serve as Exhibit A for isolationists on our difficulties around the world. Yet I am convinced that we are in the game to stay, and rather than pull out our marbles we had better put more in and learn to shoot straight."

Pilgrims' Progress. Senator Brewster's point, that the U.S. was "in the game to stay," was backed up everywhere by evidence that the U.S. was already hip-deep in world affairs.

► James Landis, Middle East Economic Operations Director, turned up in Cairo (see p. 20).

► The U.S. Government began negotiations to go into the oil business in Saudi Arabia (see p. 21).

► Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery served notice to the world that the U.S. would henceforth be a maritime nation.

► The U.S. Treasury announced a tentative plan for a \$10 billion United Nations World Bank.

But overshadowing in importance any of these far-flung details was the long-awaited tripartite conference in Moscow between the diplomatic chiefs of Russia, Britain and the U.S. (see p. 26). Age-brittle, tough Cordell Hull, who will represent the U.S. at the meeting, will personalize the U.S. to Russians. And to Americans his long journey symbolizes the great lengths to which America has gone, is now going, and must yet go in the field of international relations—a long road whose end no man can see.

U.S. AT WAR

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Russian Dish

Last August Andrei A. Gromyko, 35, acting head of the Soviet Embassy, was named Soviet Ambassador to the U.S., succeeding Maxim Litvinoff (TIME, Aug. 30). Last week Andrei Gromyko, a modest, bookish comrade, finally got around to the formality of presenting his credentials to Franklin Roosevelt. For this occasion, Ambassador Gromyko, an able diplomatic chef, dished up some minute cuts of political meat, skillfully smothered in diplomatic parsley.

The Parsley. Said the new Soviet Ambassador: "The people of the Soviet Union feel 'friendship and deep respect' for the U.S. people, are grateful for 'receiving from the friendly American people not only moral, but substantial material support. . . .'" The U.S.-British campaigns in North Africa and Sicily were "remarkable successes."

The Meat. Most substantial chunk in the speech for U.S. citizens to chew on was Ambassador Gromyko's "belief" that the Soviet Union expects to cooperate with the U.S. after the war: "The present

joint struggle against our common foe—Hitlerite Germany and her allies in Europe—will bring about deeper collaboration of our countries in the postwar period, in the interests of general peace."

Discreetly tucked away behind the garnishing was a small tough bite. The Soviet still knows when the war really started and who stopped Hitler: "During the entire two years of this stubborn struggle . . . the heaviest burden of effort and sacrifices has fallen upon the Soviet Union."

Cairo Questionnaire

Egyptian newsmen wanted answers. What are America's intentions in the Middle East? They had watched staffs of British and American planners growing in their land, far beyond military needs; had seen British and Americans begin juggling for air transport supremacy. But while British intentions were clear, how about the U.S.? Was the U.S. preparing to remain in the Middle East—politically, economically, militarily—at war's end?

James M. Landis, new U.S. Economic Director for the Middle East, skittishly skirted these questions last week at his first Cairo press conference. Said he gravely: "U.S. policy is 'achievement of the objectives of the Atlantic Charter.'"

Egyptian newsmen fidgeted. To them, the Four Freedoms already sounded as stale as "Making the World Safe for Democracy" did after Versailles. Egypt was safe, so to them the war was over. Egyptians are fighting the peace. They wanted more specific, realistic answers to the suspicions of Syrians, Iraqis, Persians, Egyptians, Palestinians, on U.S. postwar motives. Then Minister Landis let slip:

"All policies must have long-range objectives, and these go beyond immediate war objectives into a period of peace."

Egyptians thought they understood: the answer was yes, the U.S. was in the Middle East to stay. And they were ready to give Landis all the rope he needs, either to help them, or to hang himself—and U.S. interests with him.

Señor & Señora

While Argentina's Ramirez Government went its lone unneighborly way, the Argentine's longtime Ambassador to the U.S., suave Don Felipe Alberto Espil, remained a Good Neighbor. He and his Chicago-raised Señora had made the red-carpeted Argentine Embassy a model of diplomacy. Last week Buenos Aires called them home.

Señor. Ambassador Espil, 56, is sometimes called the "Mona Lisa of the Pampas" for his thought-concealing smile. He first came to the U.S. in 1919 as first secretary to the Embassy, London-tailored, expert at the tango, an escort of Wallis Spencer years before she became the Duchess of Windsor. But Don Felipe was no mere tailor's dummy. He studied the U.S. and its economics. By 1931 he had



Harris & Ewing

DON FELIPE & AMBASSADRESS

She took an interest in his history.

become Ambassador, and in the next twelve years operated smoothly on friction-fraught issues.

Señora. Don Felipe also spent 14 of his years in the U.S. waiting for the hand of Courtney Letts, a tall, dark-haired, slender member of Chicago's onetime "Big Four" of socialite beauties. Don Felipe first courted her in the '20s, but she married two wealthy Americans first. Finally, three weeks after her second divorce, Courtney Letts Stillwell Borden became Señora de Espil, who in turn became one of the world's ten best-dressed women, and an able diplomat herself.

Her previous marriages handicapped her in the salons of Buenos Aires' Roman Catholic society. But she learned Spanish, became a Catholic, and took such an interest in Argentine history that she now writes articles on the subject.

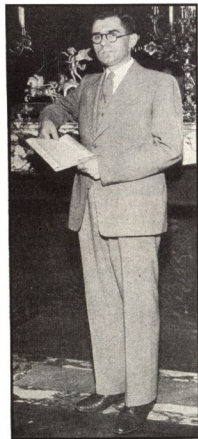
Substitute. The Ramirez Government will replace Señor Espil with Adrian Escobar, a stranger to the U.S., but well-known as an opportunist. Once considered pro-Franco, Escobar is at least certain to be safely pro-Ramirez.

Argentine Danzig?

To understand Argentina, the U.S. need only remember its own psychology before Pearl Harbor.

So advised Argentina's Novelist-Critic Max Dickmann last week after four months spent in the U.S. at the invitation of the State Department. Novelist Dickmann, 41, had earned the right to advise. Noted for his novels of Argentine life, he has long been a translator of American books, long a student of U.S. mores.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943



Harris & Ewing

RUSSIA'S GROMYKO
What's under the parsley?

U.S. AT WAR

Biggest stumbling block in the path of good neighborliness, he said, is the long "misunderstanding" between the U.S. and Argentina. "All you know of us," he says, "is what you read in the newspapers. . . . All we know about you is what we learn from those big businessmen who live and grow wealthy in Argentina for 30 years without ever learning the language. Or we see your terrible movies—sex, loose women, jazz, gangsters, stupid slapstick comedy. How can you understand us, or we understand you, without effort?"

Max Dickmann sternly disapproves his country's present foreign policy. He wishes Argentina would take her place alongside the United Nations. But he insisted that Argentines are nearly 100% pro-Ally. If they do not choose to fight it is for three reasons: "A wrong conception of international politics, a pacific viewpoint engendered by 82 years of peace, a spreading of propaganda by Argentine isolationists that the U.S. is taking advantage of World War II to make a colony of South America." Said he:

"Argentines are basically democratic. But they do not see this war as one of idealism—of Fascist totalitarianism v. the democratic way of life—but as a war of great interests. They see it in terms of Great Britain defending her empire against the challenge of a new German imperialism, of the U.S. seeking to throttle an expanding Japan. Argentines ask why should they go to war to protect England's empire. Altogether, our attitude is very much like that of the U.S. before Pearl Harbor."

Oil & the Rabbis

"Clear the way for those rabbis," the stationmaster shouted. The 500 orthodox Jewish leaders, most of them with shrub-shaped beards, many in silky cloaks with thick velvet collars, filed silently through the hurly-burly of Washington's Union Station. Marching off to the Capitol, they presented to Vice President Henry Wallace and a group of Congressional leaders a seven-point petition.

Out stuck request No. 6: "To open immediately . . . the doors of Palestine, the Holy Land of our forefathers which was given to Israel for eternal heritage by the Lord, blessed be His name, with oath and covenant." The Vice President, his voice low, squirmed through a diplomatically minimum answer and the rabbis took trolley cars to the Lincoln Memorial. Across the Mall rolled the *Star-Spangled Banner*, chanted in the strange, almost sobbing intonation of Hebrew. Then the rabbis faded out of sight and out of mind.

Princes and Palestine. Few days before, two main foes of the main Jewish idea had been feted, dined, greeted, and generally given the full red-carpet treatment. The foes: Prince Feisal, Foreign Minister to Saudi Arabia's wily Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud, and younger brother Prince Khalid. The grave, observant Arab Princes, ostensibly here to study "Southwest irrigation projects," thus far seemed to be spending a great deal more time with diplomatic big-wigs than in inspecting irrigation ditches.

Oil & Empire. Next coincidence of the week was the news leak that the U.S. was

dickering to buy a piece of Arabia's fabulous oil resources.

Since 1933 the California Arabian Standard Oil Co. (owned 50-50 by Standard Oil Co. of California and Texas Co.) has been leasing concessions from Ibn Saud until today it controls an area 66% larger than California (254,000 sq. mi.), including all the promising fields. Now the U.S. Government itself is negotiating with California Arabian Standard and presumably with Ibn Saud's representatives for direct participation in the oil exploitation. This, if it went through, would be historic—for the first time in its history the U.S. Government would embark upon a career as a speculative oil magnate on foreign soil. Nor could New Deal "anti-imperialists" readily complain, for this was a pet project of oilman Harold L. Ickes.

Whether the oil deal was imperialism or no, it would bring problems with it: when the U.S. grasps for Arabian oil it also grasps for the Palestine problem, Ibn Saud, Moslems, rabbis and all.

THE TREASURY

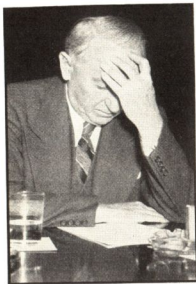
The High Cost of Morgenthau

Dour, diffident Henry Morgenthau Jr. sat in the House Ways & Means Committee room one morning last week munching raisins. Beside him also munching raisins sat his chief tax expert, small, dun-colored Randolph Paul. Now & then they both drank water from a cone of paper cups piled beside a big water jug, while a battery of grey young Treasury experts, without benefit of raisins and water, periodi-



RABBIS IN WASHINGTON; SAUDI ARABIA'S PRINCE FEISAL & SENATOR TOM CONNALLY
The U.S. would dig trouble with oil.

U.S. AT WAR



GEORGE
... hoped.

cally scrambled for documents in accordion-sized brief cases. Morgenthau & Co. needed their vitamins: they had been up most of the night before, putting the finishing touches on the Treasury's recommendations for the 1944 tax bill. They had missed their breakfasts, too.

Almost before the Secretary had finished reading his prepared statement, the U.S. Treasury's design for extracting another \$10,500,000,000.00 from the U.S. pocketbook was mackerel-dead. Cried Democrat Robert L. ("Ol' Muley") Doughton, head of the Ways & Means Committee: "Utterly indefensible." Cried Republican Harold Knutson: "How much of it is for revenue and how much is for politics?"

Henry Morgenthau's failure was that he did not clearly define the fiscal problem that the U.S. faces—or show how that problem forced any particular tax solution on the country.

Thus his answer to the unstated problem was too unpalatable for Congress to swallow. He did not demonstrate that this was the best possible solution—and not politics.

Simplification. Actually there were several good points in the Treasury proposal. One of the great burdens of the tax system is that most taxpayers now must calculate and pay three separate Federal income taxes—the Victory tax, the normal tax and the surtax, each of which has a different set of exemptions and deductions. The Treasury proposed one consolidated income tax, in effect, by eliminating the Victory tax and the earned-income credit.

Painful Money. What made the Morgenthau proposals unpalatable was that they called for raising the total tax take

on a married man's income from 13½% to 20% on a \$3,000 income, from 18% to 28% on a \$5,000 income, from 25% to 39% on a \$10,000 income and so on up. This would up personal income taxes by \$6.5 billion.

These drastic increases would have been hard for Congress to take at any time. But the Secretary then muddled up the case for them. He declared: 1) the "dangerous dollars" in the hands of U.S. consumers with too few goods to buy were one of the chief reasons for drastic taxes; 2) "four-fifths of all the income of the Nation is going to people earning less than \$5,000 a year" (and 65% of it to the \$3,000-and-under brackets). Yet he proposed to lower the Federal taxes now assessed against most of those "dangerous dollars" by eliminating the Victory tax and proposing postwar refunds chiefly applicable to the low-income groups. The

not to tax the income groups that hold most of the new inflationary money.*

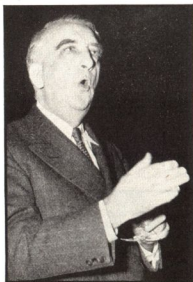
Dangerous Money. Even the Treasury's chief proposal for taking some of the "dangerous dollars"—higher excise taxes—raised a rumpus. The Treasury asked for \$2.5 billion from increased excises on liquor, tobacco, furs, candy, etc.

Just Money. For the rest of its hoped-for billions, the Treasury suggested: 1) \$400,000,000 more from estate and gift taxes; 2) \$1.1 billion from raising the normal tax and surtax rate for corporations from 40% to 50% for companies with net incomes of over \$50,000 a year. Nobody squawked much at this: neither corporations nor dead men vote. But these taxes are no solution of the inflation problem.

Of the Treasury's proposed \$10.5 billion in new taxes, only about one quarter (chiefly excise taxes) were aimed at the pocketbooks which hold most of the new inflationary money. Even for Henry Morgenthau, this was an extraordinary lack of political courage. And his proposal naturally gave fresh excuses to those who often accuse him of planning even wartime fiscal measures toward the redistribution of wealth rather than toward making economic sense.

Quick Money. At week's end the Congress' most important tax man stepped into the problem of trying to strike this delicate balance. This was Georgia's Senator Walter F. George (TIME, July 19), chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. As the man who will bear major re-

*The suggested maximum rates for the few U.S. citizens in the very high income brackets would mean that those who live in states with income taxes like New York's would end the year owing money for the privilege of living.



VINSON
... groped.

otherwise desirable elimination of the Victory tax would, under the Treasury's plan, give a tax-free ride to 9,000,000 taxpayers from these low-income groups. (Total taxpayers now: 44,000,000.) The new postwar credits would ease the load for another 14,000,000.

Later in the week, when ex-Congressional Tax Expert Fred Vinson, now stuck with the job of Economic Stabilizer, appeared to urge the same program, he submitted figures that dramatically underlined this Administration paradox:

Income Bracket	Share of total U.S. Income after Taxes	Share of tax bill for each Group
\$ 0-3,000	65.2%	26.0%
3,000-5,000	19.5%	26.4%
5,000-10,000	8.6%	20.5%
Over \$10,000	6.7%	27.1%

The Morgenthau answer to inflation was



MORGENTHAU
... moped.

U.S. AT WAR

sponsibility for the new bill—and as one who hopes to get a bill by Christmas—Senator George now spoke up for the sales tax, main quick source of revenue yet untapped. With the Administration so far violently opposed to the sales tax, which would clip every voter exactly when it hurt most, this now loomed as the tax issue of the year. The public got ready for a battle that might out-rumble the Rumel Plan fight of last session.

If the sales tax is political dynamite, then, like dynamite, its explosion may be along the line of least resistance. That this line may lead to a popular demand for the sales tax itself was the clear implication of a FORTUNE Survey finding released this week. Asked by FORTUNE: "If the Government needs to increase taxes, which would you personally prefer: to increase the withholding tax on your salary or to

("The Man to See") Compagna; Frank ("The Immune") Maritote, alias Frankie Diamond; 14-time indicted Ralph Pierce; John Rosselli and Newark's Louis Kaufman.

For three days Willie Bioff prattled away about the troubles and triumphs of the shakedown industry. His recital not only damaged the defendants, but scorched U.S. workers who tolerate criminal union leadership and Hollywood bigwigs who take orders from the underworld.

Open Hands, Cold Feet. Said Willie Bioff to the Court: Back in 1934 he was just a smalltime operator in Chicago labor circles, working with his pal, George E. Browne, ex-president of the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees. (Both are now serving time for extortion.) "The Syndicate" took Bioff and Browne over. Thereafter, Chicago movie exhibi-

Willie prattled on. He told the Court how he worked a big Hollywood deal: "I told Nicholas Schenck [president of Loew's, Inc.] to get together with other producers and get a couple of millions together. Schenck threw up his hands in the air and raved. I told him if he didn't get the others together we would close every theater in the country." The major studios eventually settled for \$50,000 a year, the minor studios for \$25,000 for the privilege of doing business.

Extortion or Bribery? As Willie's yarns went on, blackening reputations indiscriminately, the defense began to switch the blame. Shrewd James D. C. Murray, chief counsel for "The Syndicate," said: "These defendants are no angels . . . a man would be a jackass to say so. However, I intend to prove that the moviemen who made these deals with them are one step lower on the ladder. . .



DE LUCIA

PIERCE

COMPAGNA

BIOFF

KAUFMAN

GIOE

D'ANDREA

"Then Grandma must die."

put sales taxes on all things you buy?" 52.3% of the public plumped for a sales tax, only 33% for a greater withholding tax. The preference was maintained on all economic levels.

LABOR

How to Be a Racketeer

Eight stony-faced men sat in Manhattan's Federal Court last week and heard a veteran blackmailer call them blackmailers. The Government had charged that the eight men (seven ex-Capone hoodlums and one Newark labor official) had shaken down the movie industry for \$1 million. The Government's star witness: Shakedown Expert Willie Bioff, who was let out of jail to sing on his ex-chums. Dapper, wily Willie, nothing loath, sat calmly in a swivel-chair, hands clasped meditatively over his stomach—and sang.

Said Blackmailer Bioff: yes, he knew the defendants well. Seven of them were "The Syndicate" that had helped him fish at least \$1 million in union dues, and blackmail the czars of Hollywood on a Hollywood scale. Staring coldly back at Willie Bioff's fat, pointing finger was an all-star police line-up: Gunman Paul ("The Waiter") de Lucia; pistol-packing ex-Capone Muscleman Phil D'Andrea; Beer-war Veteran Charles ("Cherry-Nose Joy") Gioe; Machine-gun Expert Louis

tores—and finally even the big Hollywood studios—paid heavily and often for the usual "protection" from what was euphemistically called "labor trouble."

Under the bland, long-lashed stare of roly-poly Defendant Louis Compagna, wily Willie Bioff testified: "Compagna came to see me and said he heard what I said about resigning. 'Anybody resigns from us: resigns feet first, understand?' he tells me. So I didn't resign."

If Grandma Must Go. Then the Court got an eyewitness account of Willie's business with one Jack Miller, labor representative for a group of Chicago movie exhibitors:

Bioff: "I told Miller the exhibitors . . . would have to have two operators in each booth. Miller said, 'My God! That will close up all my shows.'"

Prosecutor: "And what did you say?" Bioff: "I said: 'If that will kill grandma—then grandma must die.' . . . Miller said that two men in each booth would cost about \$500,000 a year. So I said well, why don't you make a deal? And we finally agreed on \$60,000."

Judge John Bright: "What was this \$60,000 paid for?"

Bioff (beaming): "Why, Your Honor, to keep the booth costs down. . . . You see, Judge, if they wouldn't pay we'd give them lots of trouble. We put them out of business and I mean out."

Nick Schenck kept his mouth shut for six years about this alleged extortion, cheating the Government and the stockholders by deliberately falsifying the record. . . . The film companies paid money to these men, yes. But it was bribery and not extortion."

With a Capital "L"

At the end of last week the American Federation of Labor was the biggest labor empire in U.S. history. Comfortably atop 6,500,000 able leaders, fantastic phonies, criminal racketeers and hard-working dues payers sat apple-colored President William Green, bumbling master of all he surveyed and now indisputably the peer of C.I.O.'s Phil Murray. The newly prodigious membership gave the Federation vast political power and an annual income exceeding \$3,735,000. The record-breaking total was reached at the 63rd annual convention, in Boston, when the International Association of Machinists came back into the fold.

Soon another 600,000 members of John L. Lewis' United Mine Workers may be back too. Chief obstacle to the readmission of the Miners has been Lewis' grab-bag District 50, which has raided all kinds of A.F. of L. unions. But the Executive Council received a letter from John Lewis last week cooing his willingness to dissolve District 50 into the ap-

POLITICAL NOTES

propriate A.F. of L. unions. The Executive Councilmen, thinking of 600,000 dues-paying members, prepared to gulp down their old hatred. Labor Expert Louis Stark predicted flatly: the U.M.W. will be readmitted soon.

In Washington, John L. Lewis, who despises William Green almost as much as he hates Franklin Roosevelt, grinned sardonically as he followed the convention's dull familiar pomp. Said he: "Did you ever see me in a movement that stayed dead long?"

The Folklore of Unionism

Ex-Trust-Buster Thurman Arnold, now a not-too-august U.S. Court of Appeals Associate Justice, last week wiped off the dust that had gathered on his club since he left the Department of Justice, and whammed it down on the collective pate of organized labor. The blow, wrapped in the current issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine, was delivered with the same kind of gusto with which he had smashed so savagely at various A.F. of L. unions (building trades, teamsters, musicians) as harmful monopolies. His kick upstairs to the bench brought no heartier sighs of relief from any area than from labor's.

In his article ex-Buster Arnold judicially recorded his opinion that labor has become a national headache, that it is perhaps more unpopular in the slit trenches of World War II than in the pish clubs of professional New Deal haters, and that the great body of public approval essential for effective labor support is crumbling all along the line.

Indictment. Justice Arnold put his case against organized labor in one word—coercion. He wrote:

"Some of these labor organizations are beginning to take on the color of the old Anti-Saloon crowd in its palmy days before Repeal. They have the same kind of political and financial power to coerce government agencies, to threaten individual Congressmen and to frighten liberal critics by labeling them as opponents of a great moral cause. . . . Independent businessmen, consumers and farmers have had to sit back in enraged helplessness while labor used coercion for the following purposes: Price control, eliminating cheap methods of distribution, creating local trade barriers by restricting the use of materials made outside the state, preventing organization of new firms, eliminating small competitors and owner-operators, preventing the efficient use of machines and materials, retarding the efficient use of labor, limiting the work done, requiring that the employer pay for no work at all.

"Labor unions have exploited labor itself in the following ways: the refusal of one local to honor membership of another local of the same union, requiring workmen to pay dues to a large number of unions, compelling employers to break their contracts with the unions of their

choice, compelling employers to break off relations with unions certified by the National Labor Relations Board, failure to hold elections, intimidation, packing of membership to win elections, refusal to admit competent workmen to union membership . . . exorbitant charges for dues, fees, work permits, and denial of the right to membership because of race or because of personal prejudice of officials."

Question & Answer: Asking, "What is the reason for all this?" ex-Buster Arnold gives a trust-busting answer: Says he:

"A certain percentage is graft and corruption, but a larger percentage is the result of the age-old struggle for economic power by men who love power. . . . Labor acquired its present extensive power as a



JUSTICE ARNOLD
He likened Labor to Prohibitionists.

result of a series of Supreme Court decisions. These decisions fell like a bomb on the Department's policy of prosecuting indefensible labor restrictions.

"The obvious answer lies in directly prosecuting abuses of union power rather than in an alien program of government regulation of unions. If we protect the right of workers to join competing unions we will end the perpetual control by a few and restore democracy to unionism. . . . If we want to preserve strong unions, free to bargain collectively without government interference or control, we must re-establish the power in the Department of Justice to prosecute those who abuse the privileges of organized labor to gain ends which are not only against the public interest but against the interest of labor itself."

* (Mainly those by Justice Felix Frankfurter: *Hutchinson* case, 1941; *Chicago Milk Wagon Drivers*, A.F. of L. Teamsters Union Local 807, 1942.)

Early to Bet

Leon Henderson, chunky ex-price boss, got in his 1944 forecasting early. He guessed last week: Franklin Roosevelt back in the White House; the Senate Democratic by a small margin; a Republican House.

The Dreamer

The Emporia, Kans. *Gazette's* sage old William Allen White prognosticated for the North American Newspaper Alliance: "I am one of those rare birds who believes that Roosevelt will not run for a fourth term."

Editor White's picture of the Democratic convention if Roosevelt declines the nomination: "The greatest show that the party has put on since Madison Square Garden. A thousand men, suddenly free, with their shackles shaken off overnight, are going to put on such a ghost dance as will look like a custard-pie supper in a madhouse."

Slight Pause for Confusion

After buttonholing plain voters and political dopesters in the South, the Southwest and the Midwest, California's Kyle Palmer, veteran GOPster and political editor of the Republican *Los Angeles Times*, offered the G.O.P. high command a "simple, sure-fire formula to beat the New Deal." The formula: "Down with the Washington bureaucrats!"

Political Palmer advised: "No arguments about international relations or obligations, no black eyes and bloodied noses from arguments about isolation; not a single squawk about the dangers of Communism or the menace of the American Fascist. Just 'to hell with bureaucracy and the bureaucrats.'"

Now the G.O.P. did not know what to believe. Only a fortnight ago (*TIME*, Oct. 11) the Gallup poll had specifically reported bureaucracy as an ice-cold issue, interesting only a bare 3% of U.S. voters.

Flag Unfurled

Two months ago in the South Pacific, husky, khaki-clad Lieut. Commander Harold Stassen, 36, tieless and open-collared as flag secretary to informal Admiral "Bill" Halsey, said:

"When I resigned the Governorship [of Minnesota] I announced that politics . . . were out for the duration."

Last week in Minneapolis, his political retainers, bound by no such vows, looked at the calendar, saw Nebraska's Presidential primary had opened, promptly tossed into the ring the overseas khaki cap of Commander Stassen, thus making him the Republicans' first official Presidential candidate for 1944.

Would Stassen compete against Willkie? His friends said they were for Stassen period.

U. S. AT WAR

Enemy at Home

Warned Governor Herbert Romulus O'Connor last week in Frederick, Md.: "If government by Federal bureaucracy is to continue unchallenged, it will do more to destroy the America we love than all the outside enemies that could be ranged against us."

Upset in Detroit

Detroit's youthful, grumpy Mayor Edward Jeffries got through the nonpartisan primaries last week. But—as almost no one expected—he finished a poor second to up-&-coming John Francis James Fitzgerald. Reasons for the upset: 1) C.I.O. members voting for Fitzgerald; 2) Negroes voting against Jeffries.

In two previous campaigns, Mayor Jeffries won by a 2-to-1 majority, with the support of the C.I.O. as well as the white-collar and uppercrust vote. But this time the restive, powerful United Auto Workers (C.I.O.) wanted a man of their own. They picked Fitzgerald, a balding Irish attorney who showed surprising strength in 1940 as a Democratic opponent to veteran Senator Arthur Vandenberg. U.A.W. gathered a \$30,000 war chest, lavished most of it on last week's primaries, and got out the biggest local labor vote since 1937.

One vote C.I.O. did not have to encourage: the Negro. Rightly or wrongly, Negroes believe they received a bad deal from Jeffries in the June 20 race riot (TIME, June 28) and in the critical months since. And Detroit's politically conscious 150,000 Negroes constitute 9% of the city's population. In Negro precincts, Fitzgerald whipped Jeffries 20-to-1. (Examples: 112-1; 148-13; 189-12; 259-5).

Could Jeffries overtake Fitzgerald's 37,000 primary lead in the November finals? Political wisecracks hesitated to guess. Jeffries' backers believe their overconfident supporters didn't bother to vote in the primaries.

No Blind Date

This time there was a big if. Heretofore in annual conventions, the United Auto Workers, world's biggest union (membership: 1,077,899), had clamorously endorsed Franklin Roosevelt. Last week in Buffalo, 2,100 U.A.W. delegates soberly hedged on Term IV. The hedge: Franklin Roosevelt between now & then must prove he is still labor's man.

First Come. U.A.W.'s conditional pledge was no isolated action. It probably will be repeated at C.I.O.'s national convention, which meets Nov. 1. It came at the urging of C.I.O. President Philip Murray, who offered U.A.W. a seven-point program by which to judge their political friends.

How Served. Phil Murray's tests: ▶ Stabilization of prices and limitation of profits.

▶ Full manpower mobilization but no labor draft.

▶ Passage of the Wagner-Murray-Dingell bill to expand the social security program.

▶ Repeal of the Smith-Connally-Harnes Act.

▶ Assurance that the U.S. will not again "secede from the world."

▶ Enactment of anti-poll-tax legislation.

▶ Repeal of the freezing orders on farm labor.

U.A.W. mulled these, came up with their own five-point program, which made no mention of foreign policy. Added starters: repeal of the Little Steel (wage-stabilizing) formula; equal employment opportunity regardless of race or sex.



UNIVERSITY STADIUM, SEATTLE
Boeing tried Bob Hope.

The Seattle Times

But though Phil Murray and his largest member union differed in detail, they were agreed on the main point. Summed up slender, serious Victor Reuther, U.A.W. resolutions chairman: "I do not believe that labor should make a blind date for 1944."

Most important part of the Convention was not what it formally resolved but what it revealed of Labor's feuds and fears. The 2,100 delegates bet, finagled and politicked in smoke-filled hotel rooms like a typical U.S. political convention, and talked like Labor's Town Meeting. The delegates elected Walter Reuther first vice president over Communist-backed Dick Frankenstein by 345 votes, then turned round and elected Frankenstein second vice president over Reuther's nominee, Dick Leonard, by about 500 votes. Apparently the rank & file seemed to think they could best protect themselves by perpetuating the U.A.W.'s civil war, thus keeping the balance of power in their own hands. Actually the U.A.W. went home from Buffalo no solid bloc for any thing or anybody.

WARTIME LIVING

Landis' Promise

Baseball is carrying on—just barely. This week the New York Yankees won the 39th (and probably worst) World Series, 4-to-1. The St. Louis Cardinals made ten errors. Millions cheered anyway.

For even bad baseball is baseball. Attendance for the year was off only 6 to 8%; soldiers still get as excited by short wave as they did before most heavy hitters and crack fielders were drafted. Last spring the game's utmost umpire, Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis, promised that baseball will go on while 18 men are left to play. This week's World Series proved that the promise is being kept.

MANPOWER

Fortressmakers

The search for warworkers reached musicomedy proportions last week. In Seattle, where huge Boeing Aircraft is still starved for Flying Fortressmakers after months of ballyhoo, the Army filled the University of Washington Stadium with a real-life show complete with landing barges, machine guns, land mines, etc. Among the gold-braid dignitaries was the Army Air Forces' chief, General H. H. ("Hap") Arnold; among the gold-plated stars: Bob Hope. Then next day the soldier-performers began a house-to-house buttonholing, doorbell-ringing campaign to round up more Boeing recruits.

In Chicago, Marshall Field & Co. cooked up a new scheme to get workers in time for the Christmas crush. In a big "Job Trailer," Field's employment office began junketing around Chicago's suburbs, trying to trap no-experience, part-or-fulltime, now-or-later applicants for "425 different Christmas jobs."

FOREIGN NEWS

INTERNATIONAL

The Mold of History

This week the Secretary of State of the U.S. and the Foreign Minister of Great Britain are about to do business with Moscow. Cordell Hull, an honest, sincere and limited man from Tennessee, and Anthony Eden, a middle-class patrician from Britain, will go into conference with Viacheslav Molotov, a Russian revolutionary and politician who speaks for and only by permission of the toughest ruler in the modern world.

There are limits to what these men can actually accomplish. This conference is a preliminary: the positive accomplishments must be left to Franklin Roosevelt, Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin, when & if they meet. But there is no limit to what Hull, Eden and Molotov can fail to accomplish. If they do fail—and they may—their failure will be reflected in the fires of World War II, and in that war's aftermath. If they succeed, Messrs. Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin will then have their historic chance to make World War II a victory for all the Allies, a prelude to a livable world for all men.

Lines of Force. Probably no aspect of the war has been the subject of as much talk, gossip, punditry, newspaper footage and parlor statesmanship as "What Will Russia Do?" Actually, Russia's basic policy is not ambiguous or mysterious: it is merely alternative. Russia is in a position to choose: 1) full collaboration with the U.S. and Great Britain if they meet her demands; or 2) a lone-wolf course, excluding the U.S. and Britain, but including an arrangement for and with a pro-Russian Germany. The problems are not simple. Among the many specific lines of force swirling about the conference are these:

1) The U.S. and Britain apparently want Russia to share with them some sort of "joint responsibility for Europe," rather than divide Europe into exclusive "spheres of influence." The difficulty is that neither Roosevelt nor Churchill has enunciated concrete proposals for the reconstitution of Europe. Without such proposals, their Ministers will be unable to make much sense on "joint responsibility."

2) In contrast, Joseph Stalin has some extremely precise notions as to his need not only for "spheres of influence" but for actual domination of the Baltic States, much of prewar Poland and Rumania.

3) Russia is not at war with Japan. Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Jr. suggested last week that 1,000,000 American soldiers' lives would be saved if Russia let the U.S. into Siberia now. Militarily, the Senator may have been wrong, but his point cast a great shadow before it: will Russia be with or against the U.S. in the postwar Pacific? More particularly, will Russia want to come in against Japan and then seek to dominate northern Asia

in opposition to the U.S. and China? This probably was not an immediate question, but half the world could not be left wholly out of the equation this week.

4) Britons' concern with Europe and Soviet policy begins with the simple fact that their home is an island off the continent of Europe. But Britain also speaks for an Empire. There is, therefore, an historic, although not necessarily a dangerous, conflict between the land-mass empire of Russia and the globe-girdling, sea-&-air-knit Empire of Britain. In the Middle East the land-empire and the sea-empire meet—and where they meet, there may always be friction.

The U.S. interest in Europe is real—witness World War II. But, in any conference concerned concretely with boundaries and "spheres of influence," that interest is hard to translate into the tough realities of Moscow. One of Cordell Hull's difficulties is that, while the American people clearly recognize an actual interest in Europe, they do not recognize an immediate interest in such matters as the proper borders between, for example, Russia and Poland. Hull & Co. in Russia therefore must find some meaningful and forceful language with which to assert America's interest in a peaceful postwar Europe.

There is such a language. That language is, very simply, the language of power—the language that Joseph Stalin speaks and respects, the language in which Winston Churchill is at his best, a language which can be understood by the Americans at home who in the end must support or reject Mr. Hull.

The U.S. now has for the first time a military force in Europe which has political as well as military significance. (As events turned out, the U.S. forces in Europe in World War I had no real political significance.) The U.S. forces now in mainland Europe are not large, but they soon will be. They are advancing from the Mediterranean into Southern Europe and toward Middle Europe—the areas to which Joseph Stalin is most sensitive. The range of Anglo-U.S. air power covers all Europe. Cordell Hull, of course, cannot and will not assert that these forces are or ever may be forces opposed to the Red Army. But Joseph Stalin himself, by his intense interest in the inter-Allied Mediterranean Commission—to which he took care to appoint one of his most formidable men—has already testified to the potency of American presence in Europe.

Furthermore, the Pacific may also be a source of U.S. power. The U.S., Britain and China together may, if they will, confront Russia with the kind of war and postwar combination which Russians respect. Given the assurance that the anti-Japanese coalition intends to beat Japan to her knees, and then to consolidate that

victory, the Russians may well ponder the postwar position of the U.S. in the Pacific.

These are tangles of power politics. No matter how little taste the American people may have for power politics, their representatives must speak to the occupants of a stronghold of power politics, the Kremlin.

The Soviet interest in Europe is very real, very hard—the realistic one of self-protection. With some qualifications (see below), it is not the interest of a communist state in communicating the rest of Europe. The root fact of 1943 Soviet Russia is that in the late '20s, under Stalin, the U.S.S.R. turned from international Communism to an internal policy as nationalistic and almost as introverted as was that of the late America First Committee. Russia sees Europe on the west and Asia on the east as parts of a world totally surrounding the Soviet Union. Her first interest is to secure herself from any form of attack from that world, and even from the liabilities of any unnecessary friendship with or obligations in that world.

But the Russians, being realists of a particularly chilly kind, believe that the best insurance of national safety is: 1) effective understandings, coldly reached, with all the powers far or near which might imperil that safety; and 2) an army and an air force strong enough to repel any military threat.

In the west, the Soviet Union therefore is determined to have a territorial "security belt" (see map, p. 27). In all probability these areas—the Baltic States, old Poland's "White Russia," prewar Rumania's Bessarabia, the northern lands taken from Finland in 1940—will not be subject to discussion at the conferences.

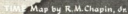
But beyond these areas are lands which may well be subject to discussion: Poland, the Balkan countries of Greece, Bulgaria, Albania, Yugoslavia; the remainder of Poland; Hungary; Czecho-Slovakia. It is there that Messrs. Eden and Hull may find both their greatest dangers and their greatest opportunities for immediate, concrete discussion with Molotov.

Friends in Waiting. In these countries and elsewhere the Soviet Government has no more interest in "democracy" as such than it has at home. But it does have—and will undoubtedly assert—an interest in the governments eventually set up in those countries.

It happens that the people and politicians most anxious for what ordinary Americans and Britons would call "democracy" are also Russia's friends in those countries. It also happens, on the public record to date, that people and politicians for centuries the Russians said, "Above Moscow there is nothing but the Kremlin; above the Kremlin, nothing but the sky." In the palaces hidden behind the 50-foot-high, 13-mile-long wall, the Czars played power politics. In 1918 the Kremlin became Bolshevism's heart & pulse, and in it Joseph Stalin weaves Russia's policy.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

Russia wants this "Security Belt"





THE KREMLIN

Wide World

Its occupants understand the language of power.

who do not represent what ordinary Americans and Britons would call "democracy" at home are precisely those toward whom the U.S. State Department and the British Foreign Office have shown the most warmth. Washington and London have been—to say the least—out of touch with the tremendous democratic resurgence which sprang from the pressures of war and oppression in German Europe. Perhaps Washington and London now recognize the facts of 1943 life in Occupied Europe.* But to satisfy the Russians, Messrs. Eden and Hull must submit believable evidence.

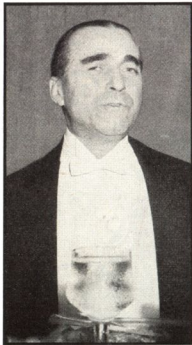
Question in the East. The most immediate, perhaps the most urgent question is: 1) Soviet Russia's military design for victory or peace on the Western Front; and 2) her postwar design for Germany. By a calculated series of statements from Moscow, the U.S.S.R. has cultivated what would once have been denounced as an "anti-Soviet" suspicion—the suspicion that the Red Army may halt its advance on or near Russia's borders and free the German *Wehrmacht* for the defense of western and southern Europe.

That the suspicion exists, there can be no doubt. That the danger to the U.S. and Britain is as actual as it seems, there may be a real doubt. Joseph Stalin may mean exactly what he has allowed the National Committee of Free Germany and the German Officers' Union to say repeatedly from Moscow—i.e., that Germany can find a quick and safe peace simply by overthrowing Hitler. Or he

* A typical fact about 1943 Europe was A.P. man Daniel De Luce's discovery in Yugoslavia that the only army visible on the Adriatic coast was an army of Partisan guerrillas. The Soviet hammer and sickle is a favorite emblem of that army (see p. 31).

may intend merely to hasten the disintegration of Nazi Germany and to provide himself with a strong bargaining point.

"Crisis Is Upon Us." A sense of history-in-being gripped the Allied world. Said the London *Economist*: "A few right or wrong decisions taken in these times can mould the history of a century. . . . Such a crisis is upon us now."



JIMMY DUNN
He understands Mr. Hull.

Associated Press

Dramatis Personae

The subordinate personnel of Cordell Hull's delegation was still secret early this week. In Washington, his principal advisers on Russian and Mid-Eastern affairs are relatively unknown, hard-working, well-informed, humanly prejudiced.

Hull's personal adviser is also his croquet partner, James Clement Dunn. Dapper, slick-haired, 53-year-old "Jimmy" Dunn married into the Armour packing family, gives lavish receptions, likes European nobility, wears the right clothes. In the past he supported the Franco regime, backed Marshal Henri Pétain, helped Vichyite Marcel Peyrouton. On his record, he has been anti-Soviet.

The Department's expert on Russia is bright and young Charles L. ("Chick") Bohlen. Tall, fair, long-faced, Bohlen descends from Prussia's aristocratic Bohlens, is related to the head of Germany's vast Krupp arms works. Bohlen speaks fluent Russian, is for Russians as Russians, on his record is against the Soviet Government as such.

Chick Bohlen's assistant on Russian affairs is dark-haired, handsome G. Frederick Reinhardt, who served in Moscow in 1941. Once known as the ranking "lady killer" of Vienna's salons, he has now settled to hard and conscientious work. Reinhardt knows Russia well, speaks fluent Russian, more than matches Bohlen's dislike for the Soviet Union.

Cavendish Welles Cannon is the State Department's middle-aged and ailing Balkan expert. Hard-working, tired-eyed Mr. Cannon knows Hungary, Bulgaria and Greece intimately, has only a secondhand knowledge of the pro-Russian Czechs and the Yugoslavs.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

FOREIGN NEWS

SPAIN

Man in a Sweat

(See Cover)

Like most of his countrymen, Generalissimo Francisco Franco, Caudillo of Spain, is fond of good food. Unlike most of them, he has been able to indulge the taste consistently for many years and possesses respectable *ebonpoint* to prove it. Yet if ever a man had cause to pick nervously at his victuals, that man is Francisco Franco. This week his well-padded posterior is planted on one of the hottest governmental hot seats in all the world. And the main question facing him is not whether he can ease the situation, but whether he can stay there at all, and how long.

Trial Balance. Four and one-half years after his victory in Spain's rebellion and civil war, Franco could see little enough to give him comfort or joy. After months of slow disintegration, Spanish affairs were brought into sharp focus. Out of Spain last week came the clearest picture yet of a tottering regime. Franco's country, unreconstructed, is hungry, sullen, restive. He has not a strong friend abroad, and precious few at home. Of the two powerful allies who forged his victory, Italy lies prostrate, the battleground of foreign armies; Germany, no longer able to do him any real good, still has the means to work him grievous harm. In an economic sense he is living on the measured bounty of the "Western Plutocracies," which he once scorned for their weakness.

On the credit side Franco could register only one fact that most Spaniards approved: despite his original involvement with the Axis, he had kept Spain out of World War II.

At Home & Abroad. Last week, at Franco's northern border, German troops were poised; German agents already had infiltrated his country thoroughly, with his own connivance. On his sea frontiers, in the air, in near-by Africa, the Allies he once mocked had grown terrifyingly powerful. Even his meekest & mildest neighbor, Portugal, nestling in Spain's Atlantic flank, was holding grim and elaborate civil-defense exercises, and rumor ran fast that she might be about to join the Allies. If, in the logic of events, Germany declared war on Portugal, the squeeze would fall on Franco. He knows, better than most, that the Allies owe him no gratitude, that any advance against him would be an advance against Hitler.

In Spain itself there was no true unity to meet such a crisis. Of the groups supporting his Government, none was entirely satisfied. Some were definitely dissatisfied. In shrill alarm the Madrid *El Español* denounced "conspiracies against the Caudillo which favor a regime of free-for-all shooting." The paper added: "At present the operations against the legitimate regime are being launched in the name of

nationalism, capitalism, monarchism, conservatism and Christian liberalism. All these groups, in league with the Reds in a half-baked alliance, fear the *Falange* and its unified leadership. . . ."

That covered plenty of ground. If even approximately true, it indicated that almost everyone in Spain was in a mood to gang up on the *Falange* and Francisco Franco. Observers recently returned from Madrid estimated that some 85% of all Spaniards now opposed the Government.

From London came detailed reports of a meeting held in Spain last fortnight by members of six opposition political groups. They were reported to have decided that

► Monarchists—a potent force although their top leaders are in exile.

► Traditionalists—also called Carlists, these are fanatical reactionaries who supplied the *Requetés*, toughest fighters in Franco's ranks during the civil war. Now they violently oppose the political program of the *Falange*, with which they are technically linked.

Cutting across direct political lines are the Army and the Church. Both are pro-monarchist; in the past the Army has been somewhat anticlerical. The Church is the most powerful traditional influence in Spain. The Army wields immediate physical power and could enforce any deci-



LATE KING ALFONSO . . .

. . . FUTURE KING JUAN? ^{Associated Press}

The dictator wanted a deal.

Franco must go, clear the way for restoration of the Spanish monarchy. Monarchist agitation already had gone so far that Franco last June offered the exiled Don Juan, son of the late Alfonso XIII, a half hearted proposition to return, under Franco domination. Don Juan cagily turned the offer down.

Still another British source reported that Franco had received an ultimatum: restore the monarchy within three months, or else. The Army was said to favor the plan as a hedge against loss of jobs and pensions.

Within the Gates. Boiling up at home were:

► The *Falange* (*Phalanx*—Spain's official Fascist party, modeled on *Fascismo* and National Socialism). Its violently pro-German extremists would be the country's Fifth Column if the Nazis pushed in. Franco himself is the Party's titular head.

► Catholic conservatives—who hate and fear the wild men of the *Falange*.

sion on which its top generals agreed.

Forgotten Men. Completely suppressed at the moment is at least half of Spain's political potential—the people who voted in the Popular Front Government of 1936, who fought for their Republic, and lost. They are dispersed and disfranchised; thousands of them are imprisoned and some Madrid reports insist that executions are still going on. Politically the group stretches all the way from Basque Catholics to Iberian Anarchists; the regime lumps them together as "reds." All of them hate Franco to death. Many, surprisingly, would play ball with the monarchists, on the theory that with Franco out of the way, it would be possible to send the King packing and restore the Republic.

See Change. Franco's foreign problems are simpler—and tougher. Gone are the winy, intoxicating days of glory directly

◄ At the Hurlingham polo matches, after Alfonso was deposed.

FOREIGN NEWS

after the fall of France. Hitler and Mussolini were then Franco's great and fairly good friends. No one could imagine German soldiers entering Spain as anything but welcome guests. (Many of them did, on shopping expeditions to strip food from a half-starved country.)

The *Falange* had set up its own form of *Auslandsdienst* to carry the gospel of *Hispanidad* to the New World and reestablish Spain as the dominant cultural, economic and political influence in Latin America. *El Caudillo* dreamed of empire. In this exuberant period, there must have been at least a half-dozen occasions when *Falange* extremists almost carried the day for war, for an imperialist adventure to unify and recreate Spain. But Franco always decided to wait a little longer.

Then a change came over the spirit of his dream, and made itself felt in his speeches. From confidently predicting Axis victory he fell to talking gloomily of a six- or seven-year war to the death, then (last May) to calling for peace. The invasion and cleanup of Africa gave Spain a close and eye-popping demonstration of Allied power. On Oct. 1, speaking before the *Falange*, he omitted the ringing Spanish phrase for "nonbelligerence," used in its place a calm, almost Swiss formula: "violent neutrality."

Poignant Pressure. Aside from military events, hard economic facts have left their imprint on Spanish policy. The civil war hurt Spain badly, cost her 1,300,000 lives, left her agriculture and industry crippled. Spain had desperate need of grain, petroleum and cotton. Germany could give her none of these, nor anything else of immediate value. Britain and the U.S. could arrange the matter. For a time the products were granted to Spain in a process which seemed to be appeasement at its unprofitable worst. But somewhere along the line British and U.S. negotiators seem to have learned the technique of horse trading. London sources last week guardedly admitted that the U.S. Oil Allocation Board and the British Ministry of Economic Warfare have finally maneuvered themselves into key positions in Spain's large-scale economic life.

Thus, for many months, inexorable economic pressure has been shifting Spain's alignment from the Axis to the Allies. There was no question of a choice for Franco, nor has he made any choice. But in the process: Spain has kept strictly hands-off the Allied invasion of Africa; the *Falange* press and radio have steadily toned down, and at times stifled their anti-Allied ravings; Franco's "Blue Division" has been gradually reduced and withdrawn from Russia; Spain has virtually halted all supply to Germany.

For "security reasons," other instances of Spanish courtesy to the Allies cannot be published. But Spanish newspapers now publish Allied war communiqués, Allied

war photographs; the radio carries advertisements of American goods. In a recent test of strength the Allies "persuaded" Franco to clear Axis shipping spies out of Tangier on the North African coast.

For better or worse, Spain has been forced to turn almost full-circle, from outright pro-Axis alignment, to neutrality,



SAIL-TRIMMER FRANCO
A hot breeze blew from Portugal.

to dependence on Allied good will. Franco is still a Fascist. But he is not the Franco of 16 months ago; he is a man on a spot, compelled to look at the growing certainty of Allied victory, compelled to find, if he can, a way to save his Fascist skin.

Dictator's Beginnings. The U.S. once had a remarkable effect upon the remarkable life of Francisco Franco. Born in El Ferrol, Spain's great naval base, in 1892, Franco was the son of a naval officer, destined for a naval career.

But when Francisco was six years old the Spanish Navy sailed out on its brave, hopeless campaign against the upstart *Vaqui* tinpots and presently ceased to be a going concern. Having no warships to speak of, the Spanish Government decided to shut the Naval Academy down; 14-year-old Francisco went instead to the military academy in the Alcázar of Toledo. If he had followed his planned career he might have been a captain or admiral by 1936, when rebel naval officers were heaved over the sides of their warships by Loyalist crews.

As it was, Cadet Franco got his Army commission at 17, served with distinction in the endless Rif campaigns, got to be a major at 23 and the youngest general in a standard European army at 32. His fortunes sagged for a time under the Spanish Republic, then brightened when a Rightist Government came into power in 1935 and his friend, War Minister José María Gil Robles (now exiled leader of the

Catholic CEDA) made him Chief of Staff.

Franco had been an expert in Moroccan warfare. He knew all the admirable qualities of the Moorish trooper, who requires only to be paid, fed and told to kill. In 1934 he gave Spain an innovation in the class struggle by importing Moors to put down an uprising by Socialist Asturian miners. Later he brought the Moors in again to fight the *milicianos* of the Republic. To this day Moors, picturesque in their white, blue and red burnouses, make up his personal bodyguard.

The Popular Front Government which came to power in February 1936 did not dare keep Franco in Madrid, but assigned him a responsible outpost command, the Canary Islands. He soon began plotting with other generals; as his part of the July revolt, flew to Morocco to take charge of the rebel troops there. Franco expected the whole show to be over in a week or ten days, scarcely dreamed of becoming the top leader.

Dilemma and End? One of Franco's several mistakes during his rebellion was not military but political. Franco apparently reasoned that one reason for the failure of Primo de Rivera's earlier military dictatorship was that the government lacked any real popular basis. To cure that, while the war was still in progress he adopted the *Falange* Party, approved by Hitler and Mussolini.

Since Franco's victory the *Falange* has become intensely unpopular with virtually all other Spanish groups. A favorite Madrid café joke runs that the *Falange* has unified all Spain—in hatred of the *Falange*.

Now the *Falange* is the only party on which Franco can depend. Yet it is exactly the party which will strive most vigorously to block any monarchist deal he might hope to offer the ascendant democracies. All this must be bitter drink for Franco, a proud man, who has himself assumed much of the panoply of royalty in Madrid. He appears at public functions surrounded by an entourage of aides and has a lordly way of refusing to see foreign ambassadors in person. Madrid gossips have long whispered that Franco dreams of founding a dynasty of his own. He might, they murmur, marry off his young daughter, Carmencita, to the Duke of Veragua, scion of a famous bull-raising family and descendant of Christopher Columbus.

Yet *El Caudillo* must have little time now for dreams, either of royalty or empire. At home he can hear the murmur of a discontented people. When the wind is right he may fancy that he hears the rumble of distant drums from Hendaye on the French frontier, from Allied North Africa, from Portugal.

Franisco Franco is a neat, spotlessly turned out little man (5 ft. 3 in.). He is fastidious about his person. One of his characteristic gestures is a dainty dabbing at his forehead with a handkerchief. When he dabs these days, it is no mere gesture.

FOREIGN NEWS

PORTUGAL

Excitement in Lisbon

► The new destination for war correspondents this week was Lisbon. Much evidence indicated that Portugal, one of the five remaining neutrals of Europe, was preparing to play an active part in the war, and that her move would be to the Allied cause: ► Lisbon began deadly serious civil-defense exercises, with blackouts and complete mobilization of defense, first aid and salvage forces. The city suddenly took on a military look, with windows criss-crossed with tape, air-raid wardens patrolling the roofs. Some families began moving to the country. ► Portugal's insignificant army suddenly put on elaborate military maneuvers. ► The Portuguese Legion issued a communiqué stating that the nation might abandon neutrality "if dignity and the national interest require it." ► Said the *Diário de Lisboa*: "The present moment is not for panic but for precau-

colony of Macao on the China coast. Either fact would be ample reason for war if Portugal feels the time has come to stand up, be counted and get a favorable position on the postwar docket.

A complete Portuguese swing to the Allies would: 1) clean out the Axis spies who have infested Lisbon since the war began, sometimes even getting in the way of United Nations spies; 2) further enclose the Nazis within Occupied Europe; 3) give the Allies, in the Azores, valuable ports and a stationary aircraft carrier in mid-Atlantic for anti-submarine patrol.

For the first three years of the war, Dr. Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, Portugal's scholarly dictator, had to maintain a correctly meek attitude in the presence of saber-rattling Germany, dagger-rattling Italy, jack-knife-rattling Spain. Now Italy is knocked out, Spain is trying to scramble out from under, Germany's saber is busy parrying the slashes of Portugal's potential allies.

in Jerusalem of Taxi Driver Abraham Rachlin and Labor Leader Leib Sirkin. The charge: illegal possession of 300 stolen rifles and 105,000 rounds of ammunition. The sentence: seven years' imprisonment for Rachlin, ten for Sirkin.*

Issues on Trial. Cabled TIME Correspondent Fillmore Calhoun, who attended the September trial:

"Men were on trial . . . but when the Government prosecutor asked for a verdict of guilty, his finger pointed to deeper issues. The ghost on the witness stand was Zionism with its Western dynamics, its strengths, its weaknesses, and its overtones of sorrow and terrorism. . . .

"For good or evil, to believe or not to believe, the charge in effect was that modern Jewry, or at least a powerful segment of it, was conspiring to arm an illegal army variously estimated to number from 30,000 to 80,000 or more trained fighting men. . . .

"This is a situation where emotions and beliefs are intense. Here is no neutral ground. The day of weeping and of bloodshed has not yet passed in this ancient land."

YUGOSLAVIA

Red Star and Clenched Fist

Rain and darkness made an ideal cloak. In the hour before dawn the little vessel from Italy ran in close to the rocky Dalmatian coast and dropped its solitary passenger. Daniel De Luce, Associated Press correspondent (see p 58), climbed into the wet woods without a sound, felt his way to the appointed rendezvous.

Two Partisans appeared: a hard-faced, unshaven man with a red star sewn to his cap and a 16-year-old, lugging an Italian bandoleer and carbine. Swiftly De Luce was passed from hand to hand, always upward, away from the sea, into the Dinaric Alps.

The Plans. He met officers whose red bars of rank were backed with green—the sign that they were political officers, charged with developing popular support. He saw black-robed Catholic priests raise clenched right fists beside their heads in greeting to the Partisans. He heard businessmen call the Partisans sincere fighters, worthy of support. He spent an afternoon with a Partisan brigade commander in a red-roofed, limestone house in a mountain town, going over maps, plans, requirements. The Partisans made full notes of all they told him—to forward to Drago (Comrade, pronounced "droog") Tito,†

* British reason for Sacharoff's severe sentence: his extra bullet was of a type similar to those allegedly possessed by Rachlin and Sirkin.

† Tito is Josip Broz, or Brozovich, 33, Croatian ex-metal worker, Communist-trained leader of the People's Liberation Army, rival organization to General Draža Mihailovich's *Chetniks*. Berlin has offered 100,000 gold marks for either man's head.



PORTUGAL'S SALAZAR⁹¹
The meek shall inherit the chance to get tough.

PALESTINE

Days of Weeping

To the British Military Court in Jerusalem last week came Eliahu Sacharoff. The charge: illegal possession of a bullet. Legally he was allowed twelve. Thirteen were found. The sentence: seven years' imprisonment.

To a British civilian magistrate in Jerusalem 48 hours later came an Arab. The charge: illegal possession of a rifle plus 86 bullets. The sentence: six months' imprisonment.

Jewish resentment soared. Every Jew in Palestine remembered last month's trial

* With a Mussolini portrait which presumably is not on his desk today.

tion against the repercussion of events."

► A Lisbon dispatch reported that military material was "constantly appearing on the wharves." As long ago as 1938, British weapons were being delivered to Portugal.

Old Allegiance, New Policy? Portugal's entire foreign policy is based on her traditional alliance with Britain. The oldest national friendship in Europe, it runs back in one form or another to 1294. Terms of the alliance bind Britain to aid Portugal, leave Portugal free to pursue benevolent neutrality and make her own decision whether or when she should become an active war ally in the Atlantic. Japan forcibly occupied Portuguese Timor in the Pacific, and is reported to be exercising illegal military control over the

FOREIGN NEWS

Marshal of the Partisans, at his Bosnian headquarters.

Wrote De Luce: "They urged quick dispatch of American and British troops across the Adriatic and promised the people would gladly tear out their vineyards to make landing strips. . . . They argued also for sending grain, beans, rice and medical . . . supplies to Partisan areas where the population is facing hunger and disease. . . . 'But arms are the most important of all. We can fight without food but we cannot fight without arms.'"

The Power. De Luce found the Partisan movement assuming the proportions of military big business. "Until now [they] have relied for success on their own guerrilla skill. . . . [But now] there are more new soldiers than rifles—even counting the long-barreled old squirrel shooters of Balkan War vintage—and there is a job to finish that only planes and armored vehicles can do."

The commander told De Luce: "There are no barriers of religion or politics. We embrace all patriots who love and fight for Yugoslavia." De Luce learned that 600 of 2,000 Jews released from an internment camp had joined the Partisans; that a considerable number of priests had become members.

The Faith. With the commander and a priest De Luce stood before the altar of a Twelfth-Century church. Fascinated, he watched the commander make the sign of the cross with one hand, while holding his grey cap with his red star in his other. Outside, looking over the roofs at a red, white and blue Croatian flag with a red star in the white stripe, the priest said: "Tired of the Fascist yoke, the priests and people of our community began cooperating a year ago with the Partisans, furnishing them money and food. We considered it the only thing to do for the liberation of Yugoslavia. . . . On Sept. 12 two Partisans appeared and the following night the Italians evacuated. . . . Later [the Partisans] issued instructions for a municipal election . . . all men and women over 18 would vote . . . We've had peace and order in our town since the first day it became Partisan."

In Italy, before he set out, De Luce was warned by "exiles who still are stoutly devoted to General Draja Mihailovich of the danger. . . . [but] I've found not one scrap of evidence of Partisan terror."

Drug Tito, De Luce found, "has welded his guerrillas into a tightly disciplined and hotly idealistic force that shows more enthusiastic determination than any outfit I've seen since I met Major General Vassili Novikov's Caucasus Army. . . . It's a people's army, and presumably susceptible to most of the mistakes . . . ex-civilians usually make. But its spirit is amazing and exhilarating. It knows how to shoot straight."

The Chefniks. The day De Luce visited the Partisans a Swedish journalist sta-

tioned in Zurich received a personal letter from General Mihailovich, saying his troops were taking no part in the battles being waged against the Axis. "I have told the British and Americans my army is ready and will begin to fight when the first Allied division lands in Yugoslavia," the War Minister of the Government in Exile added.



PARTISAN TITO
All patriots were embraced.

Last week in Cairo, King Peter and the rest of his Cabinet in Exile waited patiently. Over the radio the 20-year-old claimant to an overturned throne in Belgrade addressed his subjects, urged them to "obey Mihailovich and other national leaders of your resistance to the enemy and refrain from internal struggle." It was a long step for Peter to mention other leaders; he still could not bring himself to call the Partisans by name.

GREAT BRITAIN

Tempest

A hoarse, warning bellow tore through the fog of postwar shipping plans last week, set Britons tooting nervously. Back in Washington from a three-week visit to London, U.S. Maritime Commission's Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery announced that he had told the British the U.S. "had become a maritime nation and intended to remain one; that we would do it by cooperation if they wanted to but, if they didn't want to, we were going to do it anyway. . . . But . . . it is much better to do it in cooperation . . . than to start a wrangle."

Said Britain's General Council of Shipping, after the press had reacted sharply, suspiciously: "Shippers have sufficient faith in American realism to believe that it will be recognized that how-

ever important the possession of an adequate merchant marine may be to the U.S., to Britain it is a vital necessity."

Postwar air transport was also up for action and argument. Winston Churchill's new Lord Privy Seal, restless, tireless, Canadian-born Lord Beaverbrook, this week conducted an informal Empire Air Conference, to lay plans for later, more difficult talks with the U.S. and other rival nations.

INDIA

The Raj Has Failed

Smoke pillars writhed skyward last week from Calcutta's five burning ghats. Emaciated Indians shoveled at least 100 Hindu dead into the ancient fires each day. Possibly greater numbers of Moslem corpses were buried, fellow victims of a bitter, ten-month-old Indian food shortage now grown to famine proportions.

Through Calcutta's crowded streets a destitute army over 100,000 strong roamed foodless, homeless, hopeless. Families were jerked apart as mothers peddled daughters for a few rupees. Sons committed suicide to conserve scanty family stores. All around lay the hunger-shriveled dead awaiting, sometimes for hours, the arrival of corpse-removal squads.

In the famine provinces of Bombay, Madras, Bengal, similar scenes prevailed. At the height of India's planting season, hinterland peasantry left their fields.

Voices from India. Famine is no new tale in India. There were hunger plagues in 1867, 1878, 1897, 1900, costing a total of more than 8,000,000 lives. Despite nearly 200 years of British enlightenment, the causes of famine are what they always were: 1) medieval agricultural methods; 2) a population growing more rapidly than wealth and education; 3) Government failure to act.

To these causes can be added one more: Japanese capture of Burma's "rice bowl," from which came 1,500,000 tons of rice annually to supplement India's average yearly production of 27,000,000 tons.

A firm Viceroyal program of food control could ease the tragic shortage, feed all. On-the-scene observers believe that incoming Viceroy and Field Marshal Lord Wavell must, on his arrival, take drastic and energetic action. But the soldier-Viceroy long since confessed himself to be a tired old man.

Voices from England. In London, Food Secretary Lord Woolton said that ships were at sea bearing "thousands of tons of cereals" to India. But his words did not allay a nation's conscience. Said the liberal *New Statesman and Nation*: "The British Raj has failed in a major test. . . ." Observed the ultra-Tory *Sunday Observer*:

"[Linlithgow's] Viceroyalty, which was to have inaugurated a vast advance in India's agricultural wealth, unfortunately



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One sure thing—your family will call it “mighty good eating” when the meal is built round glistening platefuls of Campbell's Chicken Soup. The rich taste of tempting chicken makes a hit all around the table. And its delicious “look” lends an eye-appealing touch to even the simplest lunch or supper.

Campbell's Chicken Soup is made the good old-fashioned way, with plenty of chickens, plump and fine, slow-simmered to make

a broth that glistens with chicken richness. And for every plate of this good soup there are tender pieces of chicken, along with the nourishing rice. It's a dish to delight in, hard-working war days such as these.

Let this fine soup be the making of a meal at your house some day soon. Just as sure as you like chicken, you'll like Campbell's Chicken Soup. Ask your grocer for several cans tomorrow.



Good soup I serve
Most every day.
It suits them fine
The folks all say.

SALVAGE TIN TO WIN! It will mean more tin for canned foods and for war materials. Save every can you open. Remove label, then wash, fold in both ends and flatten. Turn over to your local Salvage Committee.

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Step from your office building terrace into your Helicopter and commute to your hunting lodge on a mountain lake 200 miles away! That's more than a commuter's dream, for the Helicopters already designed will make it possible for you *Tomorrow!* You can take off and land vertically... and fly so fast that your hide-out in the woods will be only minutes away!

* * *

SEAGRAM was planning for *Tomorrow* six long years ago, when Germany pledged the neutrality of Belgium... when "The Life of Louis Pasteur" won the Motion Picture Academy Award as America's outstanding movie. And when the rare, fine whiskies in Seagram's V.O. CANADIAN were carefully blended and stored away, to age and mellow through the seasons... so the V.O. of today would always give you graciously the WORLD'S LIGHTEST HIGHBALL.

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FOREIGN NEWS

closes in a clash between rural and urban economy. . . . Somewhere . . . we took a wrong turning, probably when we failed to realize that Indian political parties were more pro-Chinese and more anti-Japanese than we were, and had been anti-Nazi and anti-Fascist when we were appeasers. Their desire was to feel that the war was their war, but it still figures as a war to help Britain and save her Empire."

No other voice of influence, in the U.S. or elsewhere, was raised in behalf of famine relief in India until last week, when Australian Prime Minister Curtin said he was arranging to send wheat.

Bright Side

In Johannesburg last week men began to beat rejected armor plate into plowshares.

The Oubass Takes a Plunge

Fresh from a great election victory (TIME, July 19), 73-year-old Jan Christiaan Smuts arrived in London last week, the mud of his beloved South Africa still on his boots. As he stepped out of his four-engined plane, Field Marshal and Prime Minister Smuts was invited to join the War Cabinet during his London stay. Said he breezily: "I'll be there."

Jan Smuts has traveled 100,000 air miles since the war's outbreak. For this trip, he may have had several reasons:

Old Friend Winston Churchill wants Dominion leaders (as the London Times said) "to withdraw themselves temporarily from national administration and bring their contribution to the common pool." Included in the "common pool" of Empire are such matters as postwar air power (see p. 32), mid-war diplomacy (see p. 26), trade relations, soldiers' postwar employment, Lend-Lease settlement.

Field Marshal Smuts was apparently prepared to be away from home for several weeks. The *Oubass* ("Old Chief") brought some welcome gifts: a case of South Africa's finest export brandy for Friend Winston, another for Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he may visit. He left three cases in North Africa for Generals Eisenhower, Clark, and Teetotaler Montgomery.

CHINA

Double Ten

At 10 o'clock the little people of Chungking lit festooned firecrackers and cheered. It was 10/10 (Oct. 10), the Revolution was 32 years old, and in Government House Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek was taking the oath as President of the Republic of China. The people surged through the mud and drizzle to stare at the banners, the red posters, the lanterns, the brightly colored electric lights. In the gorge below the bleak, steeply terraced city, a gunboat barked 21 times.

Inside the flag-hung hall 400 high officials and one woman, Mme. Chiang, stood

as the Generalissimo recited the testament of Sun Yat-sen and reached for the single sheet of white paper inscribed with the oath of the Presidency. The Generalissimo, in full-dress uniform, was taut, expectant; his decorations gleamed and his immaculate white gloves moved restlessly. Kuomintang Elder Wu Chih-hui, scholar and veteran of 1911, solemnly handed the new President the great jade seal, wrapped in red silk, and Chiang was ready to deliver his Double Ten address, doing double duty as his inaugural.

Democracy was his theme, and he went back 3,000 years to root his faith in China's past, citing the *Kao Tao Mu*: "... the reward or punishment of Heaven is based upon the judgment of the people." Said Chiang:

"Sun Yat-sen's . . . revolution has as its . . . ultimate goal to make all the people take part in the administration of state affairs. . . . However . . . the democratic spirit lies in the observance of law and discipline. If I should ever transgress the limit of my power, it is the duty of every citizen to censure and correct me."

A New China. As he spoke, Chiang could look back on a year of compensations for hard going. Sinkiang, China's westernmost province, had crept back into

the fold after ten years' illicit living with its Russian neighbor. The war had gone well enough so that many could speak of an end before the next Double Ten. There had been no important clashes with the Chinese Communists, and there was a promise on the record to call a People's Congress and adopt a democratic constitution within a year after the war.

A New Japan? China's faith in democracy was not for herself alone but for all Asia, including her mortal foe. On this same, solemn day, Sun Fo, son of the 'sainted Sun Yat-sen, now President of the Legislative Yuan, called for a republic in postwar Japan:

"To fight this war to a decision means . . . Japan must be so beaten . . . that she will not dare to entertain an aggressive thought for 100 years. This can be done only if a fundamental revolution . . . sweeps away the military caste . . . the emperor and the cult of emperor worship.

"Only then will the grandeur-dazed Japanese . . . learn the intricacies of self-government without the hypnotic spells of a 'divine ruler.' The Japanese Empire must be overthrown and a Japanese republic set up in its place. . . . We will be ready and willing to establish normal relations with a new Japan."



SUN YAT-SEN (in portrait) & SON
Sun Fo maintained a noble tradition.

Carl Mydans

WORLD BATTLEFRONTS

BATTLE OF THE PACIFIC

World's Greatest

Westward across the Pacific from the U.S. flew tall, taut Admiral Ernest King, Commander in Chief of the U.S. Fleet. Up from a post in the South Seas flew stocky, pugnacious Admiral William Halsey, Allied Commander in the South Pacific. At Pearl Harbor, in the chart-cluttered headquarters of white-haired, unhurried Admiral Chester Nimitz, Commander of the U.S. Pacific Fleet, a conference took place.

Never had three sea dogs met with such consciousness of power. Here, across this sheltered, sun-warmed bay less than two years ago, the U.S. Navy lay writhing,

mons, where the admirals could hurl their giant weapon.

Another Admiral. Eastward above the sun-scorched plain of India flew the big transport *Marco Polo*. At New Delhi the plane circled down, taxied to a hangar's shade. The rear underhatch opened, a ladder thrust down. Out climbed an immaculately groomed Briton in the semitropical khaki of a Royal Navy Admiral. A welcoming line of high-ranking Allied officers, flecked with gold braid and turbans, snapped to salute. Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, cousin of the King-Emperor, ex-chief of the Commandos and now Allied Commander in Southeast Asia, briskly returned the salute. Down the line of officers he stepped gingerly, grasping

Knock at the Door

In the rough Tsushima Straits, where two-decker, train-carrying ferries ply between Japan and Korea, an Allied submarine up-periscope, unleashed a torpedo. The missile stabbed the flank of a Jap steamer. Said the Tokyo radio: the steamer went down in "seconds," with loss of 544 persons aboard.

Fifty miles across at their narrowest, the Tsushima Straits are Japan's historic doors to the Asiatic mainland. Over them centuries ago Regent Hideyoshi's armada sailed to battle the Koreans and send home 38,000 enemy ears pickled in wine. Upon them in 1905 crusty Admiral Togo smashed the Russian fleet. Presumably



PARABOMBS BLOSSOM IN NEW GUINEA*
14,072 ships, 18,000 planes.

International

its backbone splintered by savage, surprise attack. Now, after months of unparalleled building, the U.S. Navy had recovered, had grown to history's mightiest naval force, a sea-&-air colossus of 14,072 ships and 18,000 planes.

Before the three admirals lay the conquest of the world's greatest ocean. For almost two months Pacific Fleet units had been boldly poking into the "hornet's nest," the cluster of Jap bases in the Marshall and Gilbert Islands. Now, as the admirals planned, came word of a raid on the flank of the hornet's nest. A carrier task force, guided by Rear Admiral Alfred E. Montgomery, had shelled and bombed Wake Island, where the Japs finally overran a little band of Marines on Christmas Eve, 1941.

Wake was only one point in the long perimeter, from the Kuriles to the Solo-

each hand with a toothsome smile, letting each go with a look of tight-lipped determination.

Lord Louis had arrived to iron out the last organizational wrinkles in his new command, to get set for an expected push into Burma or Malaya. That day he talked with U.S., Chinese and British officers. Next day arrived Lieut. General Brehon Somervell, chief of the U.S. Army Service Forces, and Lieut. General Joseph Stilwell, U.S. commander in the China-Burma-India theater. From New Delhi Lord Louis planned a trip to Chungking to talk over with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek the big and vital job of reopening an overland path to China.

* In this Allied raid on a Jap airfield near Wewak, more than 30 enemy planes were destroyed. Parabombs burst above the ground, spray their fragments with telling effect.

the submarine knocking on the door last week was American. It had achieved one of World War II's most daring submarine penetrations of enemy waters, a feat ranking with German Günther Prien's entry at Scapa Flow, the Jap invasion of Pearl Harbor, the U.S. raid in Tokyo Bay.

To the question, *Where is the Jap fleet?*, Naval Expert Alexander Kiraity, writing in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs*, made an illuminating answer:

The Jap theory of sea power differs radically from the U.S. or British theory as classically defined by Admiral Mahan. The Japs have never believed in seeking out the enemy fleet for decisive battle. The mission of their navy has not been to gain "command of the seas" but to transport troops and protect the Imperial Army's supply lines. Mr. Kiraity suggests

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

It hasn't quite come to this yet, but...



No, it hasn't quite come to this at the Hotel Pennsylvania.

But, more and more, we are finding it difficult to accommodate guests who fail to make reservations in advance—*well in advance*.

And the war has brought other problems, too.

For example, the manpower shortage, and Uncle Sam's call to many of Hotel Pennsylvania's em-

ployees mean that you may sometimes wait a little longer for your dinner to be brought to your table.

Your laundry may take longer than usual.

The suit you sent to Valet Service may be a little slower in coming back.

But we are all doing our best to give you the finest service possible under difficult conditions. The newer members of our staff are being trained as quickly as possible—and they are doing a splendid job.

While certain inconveniences are unavoidable in wartime, the Hotel Pennsylvania will maintain the really important services—the comfortable rooms with their famous beds . . . delicious meals, just as fine as our skillful chefs can devise under food rationing . . . restful relaxation, needed even in wartime.



★ YOUR DOLLARS ARE URGENTLY
NEEDED FOR U. S. WAR BONDS ★



LADY JANE

Pett-London Daily Mirror

The pin-up girl who warms the hearts of British soldiers from Italy to India is Gloucestershire Artist W. Norman Pett's pert, blonde, leggy Jane (see above). Jane is British but she is not staid. Like U.S. comic-strip characters she is constantly in and out of love, in & out of trouble. Unlike her American cousins, she is also often out of her clothes. When Jane couldn't appear (because she'd lost her panties), admirers wrote complaining letters, sent real panties to London's *Daily Mirror* for

her. Thousands of letters, telegrams, radiograms (from H.M. ships at sea) protested loudly last week at her recent threat to marry. Since British servicemen's morale reportedly rises & falls in direct ratio to the number of times she undresses, Sir Walter Scott might have dedicated his "A weary lot is thine, fair maid" to Jane. Puzzled Creator Pett now asks, "If Jane has to be naked to insure a minor victory, what shall I have to do with her when we approach Berlin?"

that this goes back to Japan's origins, the Japs being a nation of "island-hoppers" who surged up from the south and established "beach-heads" on what is now called Japan. In 1592, Hideyoshi, founder of the navy, used his ships to land troops in Korea, to victual their beach-heads. In 1904-05, Togo aimed to reinforce the Jap beach-head in Manchuria; his brilliant destruction of the Russian fleet was incidental to the main strategy. Similarly, in 1941, the attack on Pearl Harbor by naval aircraft and a few midget submarines was incidental to the main blows in Southeast Asia. Since then, from Midway to the Coral Sea, Jap admirals have risked their craft only to protect or extend beach-heads.

Comments Mr. Kiralfy: "The main [Jap] battle force [is] to be withheld as a last reliance, and then to engage only under highly favorable circumstances."

BATTLE OF RUSSIA

A Bridgehead Is Taken

The men reached the Dnieper at night. They looked at its grey and hostile face, shivered in the chilly wind, tried to fight the weariness that comes to a soldier after days of fierce fighting.

But the daybreak was near, the time short. Pontoons, captured from the Germans in earlier campaigns, were quickly launched. Guns, ammunition, supplies were hastily loaded aboard. Then, guided by guerrillas, the men cautiously crossed the river. By daybreak the entire mechanized unit had landed. Immediately trenches were dug, guns emplaced.

The Red Army's heavy tanks remained on the east bank, and through the terrible day which followed their guns helped to

repel the German counterattacks. And all through that day, ignoring German shelling and air attacks, other men swarmed across the Dnieper on logs, empty gasoline drums, capes stuffed with hay. Behind them, on huge rafts, came tanks.

A bridgehead had been taken.

Along a 150-mile stretch of the river, similar engagements were being fought. Desperately, the German command was throwing fresh divisions into the battle: Hitler had ordered the Dnieper held at all costs. But the *verdamnte Bolschewisten*—the damned Bolsheviks—had attacked earlier than expected, pierced the yet unready German defenses, Moscow reports spoke of Nazi troopers streaming out of sacked, blazing Kiev.

These, and other battles fought along Russia's 1,500-mile front promised major victories, which may come during the Tripartite Conference (see p. 28). During the week Moscow announced:

► The capture of Novell, key stronghold on the important Kalinin front.

► The entry into Gomel's suburbs, the capture of villages within 62 miles of the Latvian border, 22 miles of Vitebsk, 30 miles of Mogilev.

► The clearing of the Caucasus by an army directed by square-jawed Marshal Semion Timoshenko. Stalin hinted the victory cleared the way for an attack on the Crimea, claimed the defeat cost the Germans 20,000 dead, 3,000 prisoners.

BATTLE OF EUROPE

There Is No Haven

From their sunny cabins in the sky, U.S. Eighth Air Force bombardiers last week pin-pointed targets in East Prussia, Pomerania, Occupied Poland. It meant:

1) there is no haven in any part of Germany for bomb-sick Nazis, either by day (U.S.) or by night (R.A.F.) and 2) the German fighter force has been pushed farther & farther inland, its elasticity about gone. Some American bombs fell on Danzig, already bombed by the Red Air Force. The cost: 29 U.S. bombers, 91 German fighters.

Day before, when the Eighth went to Bremen, Fortresses, Liberators and long-range Thunderbolt fighters shot down 142 Nazis, lost 30 bombers, three fighters. This week Fortresses set fire to Münster. The bombers shot down 81 Nazi fighters, escorting Thunderbolts 21 more. U.S. losses: 30 bombers, two fighters.

Had the Eighth's Lieut. General Ira C. Eaker not been certain the *Luftraffe* was being pushed inland, he never would have tried an eight- to ten-hour daylight raid over Germany.

Helping him for the past two and a half months has been little-known, hard-working Colonel Samuel Anderson of Greensboro, N.C., whose American (B-26) Marauder force has been lambasting Germany's major air bases in France and the Low Countries. Anderson told newsmen that the Nazis have already been forced to evacuate a large number of key fighter bases.

Assignment for Winter. The big-bomber forces in Britain, plunging ahead with their "strategic" offensive against Germany, did not forget their "tactical" role in Western Europe.

Last week General Eaker said that the tactical role will soon be paramount: "It is the task," said he, "of the Eighth Air Force and the R.A.F. to destroy the factories and transport and weapons of the Germans so

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943

ACHILLES IN SEARCH OF A HEEL



WHEN BETTER ^{war goods} ~~Automobiles~~ ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

This is a Liberator bomber.

It is a mighty warrior.

It ranges the Seven Fronts, searching out targets to smite with devastating effect.

Europe knows it. And Asia. The conquered Low Countries, the Pacific, the East — Near and Far — and the battered cities of Germany that never were to feel the impact of bombs.

It carries a husky load, does the Liberator.

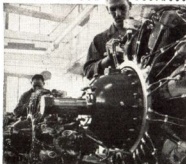
It has four big Buick-built Pratt & Whitney engines that get it in over the target fast and often.

It has an accuracy to make a Dan'l Boone chortle.

Why do we show it?

Well, because *any* American has a right to be proud of the name this truly American ship is making for itself.

VICTORY IS OUR BUSINESS



Keep America Strong

☆
Buy War Bonds

And particularly because it is our prideful assignment to build original-equipment engines for the Liberator — engines that give this ship its first start in a history-making life.

Can you blame us for feeling good every time the dispatches report the exploits of this mighty air-warrior?

The Army-Navy "E" proudly flies over Buick plants in both Flint, Mich., and Melrose Park, Ill., having been awarded to Buick people for outstanding performance in the production of war goods.



Buick powers the Liberator

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

EYESIGHT

Watch Our Smoke

In Africa, delighted British watched Stukas divebomb German tanks, realized the need for clearly marking Allied tanks to prevent similar mishaps. Painting identifying insignia on tank roofs, as on airplanes, was tried, discarded. It multiplied essential camouflage, was as easily spotted by enemy as by friendly fliers.



ALLIED TANKS FROM GROUND LEVEL
But at 10,000 feet, who can tell?

Wanted was a simple signal system that would (1) mark Allied tanks for Allied aircraft; (2) give no target to Axis planes; (3) be capable of change to prevent enemy use. The answer: rainbow hued smoke bombs used in predetermined color codes.

Set off in 3 seconds, vari-colored smoke streamers signal supporting planes, disappear within 3 minutes. Colors visible from the air up to 10,000 feet, aid busy-eyed pilots distinguish friend from foe.

Watch Your Eyes

In many war plants, similar color markings identify small parts, aid eyes, speed hands of busy workers. But success of any method of quick identification depends primarily on vision: hence emphasis on regular eye examination.

Regular examination often forestalls personal and production difficulties resulting from visual defects, gives first warning to many of changed eyes, outgrown glasses. Increased sensitivity to light also bothers many, brings eyestrain, fatigue, slowdown.

For relief from overbrilliance, glare-filtering Soft-Lite Lenses are often prescribed. Scientifically designed to absorb excess light, Soft-Lite Lenses are easier on glare strained eyes; are prescription ground in single vision or bifocal forms; are slightly flesh-toned, less conspicuous, better looking.

How are your eyes?

AMERICA NEEDS YOUR EYES
HAVE THEM EXAMINED REGULARLY

For Greater Comfort and Better Appearance in Your Glasses

Soft-Lite Lenses

Made by Hirsch & Lamb solely for the
Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc., 140 Fifth Avenue, New York 23

that our invasion casualties will be cut down. That is our stern assignment this winter. . . ."

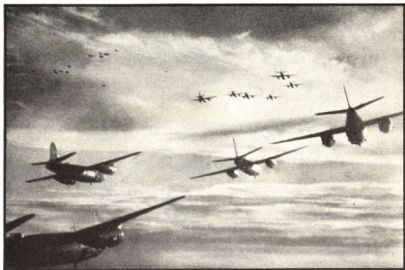
Second-guessers on the timing of the western invasion noted with interest that General Eaker allowed himself "this winter" for the preparatory job.

Other air-front news:

► Against the Fortress and Liberator formations, the Germans are trying new de-

last week sailed 800 miles into Arctic waters. The Home Fleet also made naval history: it served as an escort for an American aircraft carrier.

In the tiny Norwegian port of Bodø the carrier's planes, thus handsomely escorted, scored heavily: they put at least twelve direct hits on eight merchantmen (ranging in size from 3,000 to 10,000 tons). The planes also buffeted a landing barge, a 500-ton ship, a 1,200-ton ore



DAWN ATTACK BY MARAUDERS
. . . after them, invasion.

International

fensive tactics. Three planes abreast, coming head on, swing from left to right to avoid the frontal guns of the U.S. formations. It has not worked.

► The Germans revealed hitherto unpublished information on U.S. tactics: the bomber formations are protected by other Fortresses that carry no bombs (presumably fill their bays with extra tons of ammunition to fire at German fighters. A Nazi newscast drew an eloquent picture of battle over Germany: "Thus more than 1,000 U.S. airmen, covered by armored planes, are defending themselves with more than 3,000 machine guns and cannon."

► Bern heard the August bombing of Hamburg left 20,000 dead. Raging fires formed an "air chimney," sucked up the oxygen, suffocating and cremating those in shelters below.

► Reported Missing in Action over Münster: Lieut. John G. Winant, Jr., 21, son of the U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's (see p. 85).

BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC

A Ship Is Cheered

Oil for Germany's war machine in Norway has had to travel by sea since Sweden recently withdrew tank-car rights on her railroads. To interrupt the oil traffic, and to lure any near-by German naval units into a fight, the mighty British Home Fleet (battleships, cruisers, destroyers)

vessel. Lost: three U.S. planes, destroyed by anti-aircraft fire.

The U.S. Navy typically refused to name the U.S. carrier. Its crew and airmen had to be content with the rare international honor accorded them by the Home Fleet's Vice Admiral Sir Bruce Fraser. As the carrier passed through the lines of the Home Fleet into a British harbor, British flags broke out a cheer to the ship.

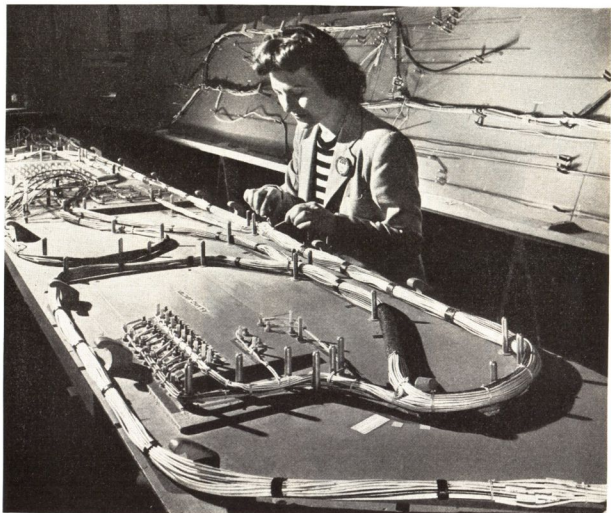
BATTLE OF ITALY

In Hannibal's Camp

General Mark Clark's British-American Fifth Army put on its raincoats. Day after day, as the Yanks and Tommies sloshed northward from Naples, the sky drenched the earth. The flat, brown Campania, hard and powder-dusty a fortnight ago, softened into a mire. Rivers swelled, spilled into the meadows along their banks.

Skillful German rearguards fitted the rains into the pattern of delaying action. Mines under the firm roads forced Allied columns to flounder in the gumbo beside the highways. Demolition charges toppled bridges into angry streams. Shielded by low clouds from strafing planes, the rearguards huddled in orchards and behind stone walls, sniped viciously with rifle, machine gun and mortar.

The muddy, determined Fifth inched forward, mopped up the hard knots of resistance. One day it trudged into steeped Capua, where Hannibal and his Cartha-



Buy War Bonds and Stamps

Nerve system

Dodging through flak, or slashing through vicious swarms of enemy fighters, the Boeing Flying Fortress* seems a *living thing* . . . its every movement controlled by a nerve system not unlike that of the human body.

This system is made up of more than 5000 separate electric wires, totaling in length more than six miles.

Formerly, these metal nerves—many of them strung in conduit—were installed wire by wire as the bomber neared completion. But with America's desperate need for more and still more Flying Fortresses, Boeing engineers sought a faster,

simpler method. First, they devised a way to eliminate the conduit. Then they divided the wiring system into simplified subassemblies, in each case mapping out the course of the wires on a template like the one pictured above.

Today these subassemblies—reduced to 26 in number—are wired quickly and accurately *in advance* of installation . . . largely by unskilled women who couldn't even fix a broken light switch in their own homes!

Each unit is pre-inspected, and then installed in its proper section. In final assembly, the Fortress sections are joined

together and the wiring subassemblies are connected quickly and accurately by numbered plugs.

So successful is this method that it has been adopted by other airplane companies, including Douglas and Vega who are also building Boeing Flying Fortresses under a whole-hearted co-operative program to help speed Victory!

Some day Boeing research, design, engineering and manufacturing skills will be turned once again to peacetime products for your use. And it will be notably true then, as today, of any product . . . if it's "Built by Boeing" it's bound to be good.



The War Is Fought In Hotels Too!

● Don't underestimate the value of hotels in wartime! It is here, frequently, that industry and government meet, get things *done*! It is here the soldier on furlough often visits with his family. It is here that an army of "do-ers" make their home: the vast number of specialists and technicians who travel constantly gearing the nation's resources to war.

Most of the Hotel New Yorker's guests today are either in the uniformed services or some line of war work. The same holds true for the hotel industry at large so America's hotelmen now have the satisfaction of knowing they are part and parcel of the nation's war efforts. And you can be certain that—with your help—they will continue to give their best.

Frank L. Andrews

Hotel NEW YORKER

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2500 ROOMS FROM \$3.85

Home of Protecto-Ray Bathrooms
...they're ultra-violet rayed!

ginians had wintered after slaughtering the Romans at Cannae. There Mark Clark's men stood in a strategic bend of the Volturno River. Across 200 yards of rushing water lay the German line. By week's end the Fifth had moved up to the Volturno on both sides of Capua, along a front stretching 40 miles inland from the Tyrrhenian Sea. Patrols nudged across the stream, engaged the enemy in sharp skirmishes.

The Germans might here be ready to make their first major stand since Salerno. They had now fallen back 20 miles north of Naples, 105 miles south of Rome.

Touch & Go. General Sir Bernard Montgomery's Eighth Army had leaptfrogged by sea up the Adriatic to Termoli. The amphibious landing in their rear had caught the Germans by surprise, so completely that a major had been captured in bed. The enemy's next reaction had been alarm, for the Eighth's rapid advance could develop into a flank attack against the Germans on the peninsula's other side. From the Volturno front Field Marshal Albert Kesselring rushed the 16th Armored Division, veteran of Stalingrad and Salerno, to counterattack at Termoli.

For two days it was touch & go. The Germans tried to drive the Eighth's amphibious column back into the sea. Their tanks crunched into Termoli, came within 200 yards of the railway station, where British headquarters and a field hospital were pitched. The show was at its stickiest when suddenly British tank reinforcements appeared, broke the German assault.

By week's end the Eighth had consolidated its hold on Termoli. One hundred and thirty miles across Italy's boot lay the hills of Rome.

Hit & Run. The Allied divisions in Italy had reached an estimated 20, numbering 300,000 troops. The Germans appeared to have 20 to 25 divisions, totaling 300,000 to 375,000 men, with the bulk posted above Rome. For both sides there were perils behind the lines.

► The Allies contended with delayed-action mines planted by the retreating enemy and set to explode any time within three weeks. In Naples these infernal contraptions blew up the post office and other buildings; hundreds of Italian civilians, dozens of Allied soldiers were killed or injured.

► The Germans contended with a slowly organizing Italian guerrilla force, most active in the woods and mountains of northern Italy. They might not yet be a major threat to Field Marshal Erwin Rommel's garrisons. But they diverted German troops badly needed elsewhere, and they were growing. They were led by Italian Army officers, stiffened by escaped British prisoners of war, aided by the countryside's peasantry. They controlled villages ungarrisoned by the enemy. They sabotaged rail and road communications vital to German transport. Against them the Nazis rallied the bedraggled remnant of Benito Mussolini's blackshirts, decreed the death penalty. In Italy, too, the Germans were fighting a two-front war.



Brailowsky ... "MERITED CHOPIN'S OWN PIANO"

In 1924, when Alexander Brailowsky first performed the full cycle of Chopin's 169 piano works, he used the composer's own piano, an honor accorded previously only to Franz Liszt.

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Chopin and other great masters in your own home on Victor Red Seal Records.

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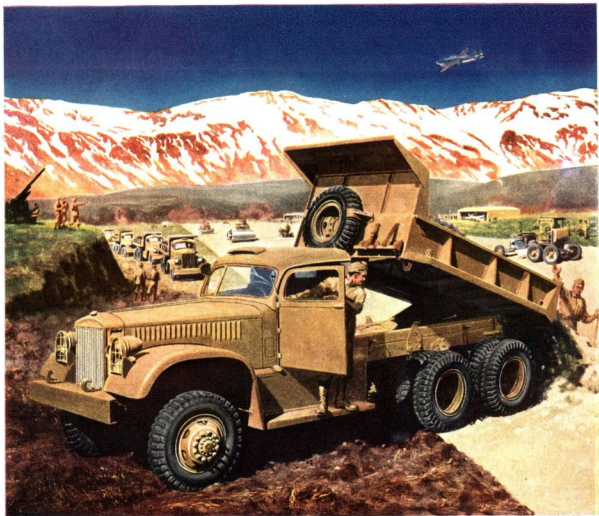
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New Nests for the Eagle's Brood!

A TINY new speck appears on the war-maps—a brief sentence in some cautiously worded communique—"From new bases our aircraft attacked enemy concentrations at _____." That's all, but it means that army engineers with American trucks have clawed another airfield out of the frozen tundra or steaming jungle. And what a difference each new nesting place can make to our gallant youngsters who wear the eagle's silver wings!

Thousands of trucks—unfailing, rugged Diamond T "prime-movers"—must lug countless loads of earth, rock and cement

to make these prayed-for landing fields. Built into these trucks—into every Super-Service Diamond T engine—every frame and drive member—sweated home with every rivet and bolt—is the spirit of Diamond T men, brothers-in-arms to the fighting men they serve.

Building war vehicles is our task today. Tomorrow,

when Victory is earned, Diamond T will present to business men the world over, new and finer versions of Diamond T Super-Service Trucks to serve the world they have helped to save.

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ART

Secrets of Seurat

The late great Georges Seurat is known in the U.S. very largely as the painter of one picture—his big Sunday afternoon scene showing some 40 figures taking their ease on the banks of the Seine, *La Grande Jatte*. In achieving this sun-struck masterpiece, which one critic declared was filled with "total aerial vibration," Seurat made innumerable sketches, spent two whole years (1884-86). Last week the life of the painter had its first full and fascinating exposition in English, at the hands of a 31-year-old German-born and Sorbonne-trained critic, John Rewald (*Georges Seurat*; Wittenborn; \$6).

Rewald had access to a vast amount of Seuratiana and to the painter's lifelong friend, the aged and acute French art critic, Félix Fénéon, from whom he has not heard since the fall of France. The result is an unexpectedly intimate portrait of an unusually reserved man, and a lucid exposition of his "scientific" methods of painting.

Born in 1859 in Paris, Seurat was the son of a one-armed bailiff who was a personality in his own right. Seurat père lived away from home wrapped in "strange religious practices," but consented to dine at his wife's table each Tuesday. On these occasions he screwed knives and forks into the stump of his artificial arm and carved "with speed and even transport, muttons, filets, small game and fowl."

Georges Seurat reacted from such peculiarities by being the most conservative of sons. He went to the reactionary Ecole des Beaux-Arts where he drew and painted in such traditional manners as those of Poussin, Ingres, etc. To the end of his short



SEURAT'S "LES POSEUSES"
Art was the achievement.

life, solemn, bearded Georges lived with utter circumspection, detested eccentricity of dress (the black suit and top hat best suited him) and was variously described by friends as resembling the St. George of Donatello, a young business executive, and a notary with the profile of an Assyrian king.

Even the great originality which was soon to characterize his painting proceeded not out of flamboyant inventiveness but from a love of method. He became convinced that painting could and should be based on science—the laws of optics, the precise study of color values, etc. A voracious reader and experimentalist in these fields, he devised what became known as "divisionism." This meant painting in countless little strokes of pure colors rather than mixing colors on the palette. (The better known term "pointillism" more clearly indicates the application of color by myriads of points.) Thus, in the later paintings of Seurat and his followers—dubbed the "neo-impressionists"—the colors are not blended on the canvas but, by illusion, in the retina of the observer.

For his exquisite pains in pure color dabbing, Seurat was at first subjected to insulting remarks concerning "little green chemists who pile up tiny dots." But art criticism gradually caught up with Seurat (U.S. reviewers of an 1886 New York show were among the first to get the point), and today it is generally recognized that Seurat's method made possible a unique and exciting luminosity.

It is also generally recognized that Seurat's genius was in small part attributable to his method, to the science of optics or of anything else. He was a "divisionist," to be sure, but he was first and foremost a great painter—a master of

complex composition (the receding planes in *La Grande Jatte* are extraordinary) and an inspired colorist. He produced only seven large, major canvases, but his hundreds of drawings and oil sketches are rarities in themselves, and his calm vacation seascapes painted at Honfleur and Grandcamp are among the finest chapters in the painted literature of the ocean.

In 1891, when he was only 31, Georges Seurat died of septic quinsy. It was only then that his closest friends in the Paris studios learned that this orderly gentleman, who had dined every day with his mother, had taken one of his models as a mistress and by her had a son (who died soon after his father, stricken by the same disease). One of Seurat's finest paintings, *Jeune femme se poudrant*, is of this woman, Madeleine Knobloch.

Echo

Dear to the hearts of advance-guard souls of the late 1920s was the newly discovered beauty of machinery. Last week, readers of the Chicago *Tribune* art page went their ways refreshed and expectant: *Tribune* Art Reviewer Eleanor Jewett had breathed deeply, pumped a powerful trumpet call at the corpse of machine esthetics. Bugled Miss Jewett: "Beyond the shadow of a doubt the most beautiful exhibit to be found in Chicago at present is the Sperry gyro-compass . . . the crowning achievement of the interesting navy show installed in the lobby of the Tribune Tower. . . . It is so shingly perfect in color and composition and line that as an *objet d'art* it far surpasses the things which we are often caused to inspect and comment upon in an exhibit. . . . It is an amazingly beautiful device and the adjective should be written in large letters: BEAUTIFUL."



GEORGES SEURAT
Science was the aim.

EMINENCE



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TIME



Zigzagging convoys find their port accurately — thanks in part to the Hamilton Chronometer and the Chronometer Watch (illustrated above). Their high precision will be reflected in your postwar Hamilton.

HAMILTON The Watch of Railroad Accuracy

RELIGION

Episcopalians

Last week Episcopalians were slightly torn by unity. Before the Episcopal Church's 54th Triennial General Convention, meeting in Cleveland's Euclid Avenue Baptist Church (no Episcopal church was large enough to hold the 750 Bishops, priests and laymen), were two reports from the Joint Commission on Approaches to Unity. For six years this Commission has pondered with unflagging leisureliness the question of uniting Episcopalians with the Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. The majority report (twelve signers) favored unity; the minority report (three signers) opposed it.

Most people expected 77-year-old Bishop William Thomas Manning to bounce

the loud slamming of a door. He hoped that Bishop Oldham's resolution meant that Episcopalians "feel there are some prospects of such unity." Bishop Manning agreed. When the votes were counted Bishop Manning had won. Unity was as far away as ever. Said one Bishop to another in a stage whisper: "I hope we don't look too much like the cat that swallowed the canary."

Very different was the mood of the predominantly Low-Church House of Deputies (clerical and lay delegates), which met separately. Said one delegate: "Manning has his dander up and he has the Bishops cowed." There was talk of sending the Oldham resolution back to the Bishops, telling them to face the unity problem. But nothing happened. Chief



Clayton Knipper-Cleveland Press

THE HOUSE OF BISHOPS*

Said one: "Manning has his dander up . . ."

up belligerently from his desk in the House of Bishops. For six years Bishop Manning has battled unity, recently dealt it a thudding blow in a sermon at New York's Cathedral of St. John the Divine (TIME, Sept. 20). Instead, Albany's Bishop G. Ashton Oldham rose to stroke the porcupine. Gravely he expressed his conviction that if either report were debated it would result in "an unpleasant and unedifying discussion." He suggested that the Bishops adopt neither report, but authorize the Commission to "continue its negotiations" with the Presbyterians. His resolution also stipulated that nothing definite could be done without "the counsel of the Lambeth Conference." This is a meeting of worldwide Anglican Bishops held every ten years. At his desk across the aisle, the Angliophile Manning nodded his grey head approvingly.

But Massachusetts' handsome Bishop Henry Knox Sherrill (just back from visiting U.S. military posts in the Aleutians) seemed a little worried. He feared that Presbyterians might think they heard

reason: no Episcopalian wants a knock-down fight between Low- and High-Churchmen which would give the Church a bad press.

Later scholarly, urbane Presbyterian Moderator Henry Sloane Coffin addressed the Episcopal Convention. Said he dryly: "Our Church is committed to the principle of visible Church unity and never has sought to be merely a sect of the Holy Catholic Church."

Lutherans

Last week the Rev. Walter Arthur Maier, the "Chrysostom of American Lutheranism," † inaugurated "the biggest religious event of the year." In Chicago's

* In foreground: Bishop Cameron Josiah Davis. First-row desks, left to right: Bishops William Hall Moreland, James De Wolf Perry, Frank Arthur McElwain, Paul Matthews. Second row: Clinton Simon Quin, Edward Lambie Parsons, Robert Carter Jett.

† St. John Chrysostom ("the golden-mouthed") was a Fourth-Century Patriarch of Constantinople, famed for his eloquence.

TIME OCTOBER 18, 1943



The war will never end...for American Industry

GERMANY and Japan tried to destroy this country and rule the world with tools of war—but American industry made more and better tools of war that are destroying the aggressors.

After we win the military war, Germany and Japan will try to destroy this country and rule the world by trade—by flooding us and all our markets with cheap goods that will put millions of Americans out of work. American industry has got to meet that challenge, too.

We can't compete by paying low Jap and Ger-

man wages. We *can* compete and win with high American wages if we produce enough more per man to bring the final cost below Jap and German prices. *That* is possible only with the most modern cost-reducing equipment—machine tools.

You may not be able to buy them now. But if you intend to stay in business through the trade war that's coming, plan now and set aside the dollars for the Warner & Swasey Turret Lathes that will keep your costs down and your men at work. But *plan now*. Let's not have a commercial Pearl Harbor.



YOU CAN TURN IT BETTER, FASTER, FOR LESS...WITH A WARNER & SWASEY



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Worth the Best of Care

The battery in your car is more than a matter of personal convenience. It is an essential part of the nation's essential transportation . . . the source of starting power that keeps you "mobile" in the home front offensive.

As such, your battery deserves the best of care. And that care is available to you through any of 34,000 Delco battery dealers, cooperating in a nationwide drive to conserve batteries now in use. See your Delco battery dealer at least once a month for a free check-up.

When you **MUST** replace . .

REPLACE DELCO BATTERY
WITH A **DELCO** BATTERY

Delco batteries are available for necessary replacements on cars of all makes and models—on trucks, buses and tractors.

BACK THE ATTACK * * * * *
*** * * * * WITH WAR BONDS**

Delco-Remy ★ Wherever Wheels Turn or Propellers Spin

Stadium the radio pulpiteer opened the eleventh season of the Lutheran Hour ("Bringing Christ to the Nations").

The stadium was jam-packed with 25,000 persons. Concessions were closed, so there were no cries of "Hot Dog!" or "Popcorn!" Neither did the milling crowds light cigarettes or cigars until the service was over. They heard sacred music on the stadium organ, listened to scripture reading, recited the Apostolic Creed, pledged allegiance to the flag, roared Luther's battle hymn, *A Mighty Fortress Is Our God*, put \$15,260 into the collection, heard Indiana's Lutheran Governor Henry F. Schricker talk about the church in the postwar world, and, best of all, saw and heard Dr. Maier's initial broadcast of the current Lutheran Hour.

On Your Knees! Gravely the minister summoned his listeners to repentance. Freedom from want and fear is "cruel delusion." What mankind needs is penitence. Cried he: "After a year and ten months of the deadliest war this country has ever fought, we in the United States still have had no day of national humiliation before the Almighty. We have observed days of prayer, but this country has not yet been on its knees before God, confessing our faults and faithlessness."

For dynamic, hearty Dr. Maier the Lutheran Hour is a personal triumph. He started on two stations, now has 224 over the Mutual network. In addition, transcripts swell the list to some 450 stations in 26 countries. The Lutheran Laymen's League sponsors the Hour, pays for the time. Last year's time cost \$254,638.15.

Make It a Habit. Almost all the Hour's 12,000,000 U.S. listeners take literally the League's injunction: "Make it a regular habit to send in a donation to the LUTHERAN HOUR! The need is great and the benefits are equally great. \$1 sends Christ's word to 1,500 persons." Some send coins, most send bills, and now & then someone sends a substantial check. Recently soldiers in the Aleutians took up two collections, sent \$275 "in appreciation" of the Hour. Last month a Michigan farmer wrote Dr. Maier ("Dear beloved servant of Christ"), praised the Hour in Biblical sentences, enclosed check for \$1,000 with the request "Please don't mention my name."

Letters flow in from all parts of the world. Last year Dr. Maier got 300,000. Sometimes they come in at the rate of 17,000 a week, 5,000 a day. At the Hour's St. Louis headquarters, 55 stenographers and clerks send out replies which Dr. Maier signs. Many a letter requests spiritual help. To such people Dr. Maier dictates a personal answer which is inserted in the form letter. Recent letter from the Dominican Republic: "I am Chinese by birth, I am Buddhist by religion, I want you to show me the way to Christ."

No Use For Sawdust. To Boston-born Dr. Maier, who was 50 last week, the way to Christ is through the Bible. He is a Fundamentalist and glories in the name: "I don't quote Scripture with my fingers

crossed." He has no use for "sawdust" sermons, bases his own on "the Word of God, the divinely and literally inspired record of our Heavenly Father for the guidance, instruction, and salvation of His children." Vast numbers of Bible-loving people, both Protestant and Catholic, write to thank him for stressing his Bible message.

With his mother, wife and two sons, Dr. Maier lives on the campus of St. Louis' Concordia Seminary, a Lutheran stronghold and one of the largest Protestant seminaries in the U.S. He teaches two courses in Old Testament at Concordia. He also edits the *Walther League Messenger* (circulation: over 50,000) for Lutheran young folk, signs his three monthly editorials "W.A.M." His students call him WAM.

Except when he is on tour, Maier broadcasts from a St. Louis studio. He



THE REV. WALTER ARTHUR MAIER
Associated Press
Last year, 300,000 letters.

perspires so profusely that he takes off his shirt. When he has to wear shirt and coat before an audience his collar is wilted and his clothes sopping. Even so, he stays to shake hands with his listeners, often standing three hours to do it. He says he likes it, that his hand never gets sore.

Maier talks for 19½ minutes. He literally shouts into the microphone at a machine-gun pace. Radio engineers have tried all sorts of tricks to modulate the tone. Once or twice they persuaded him to slow down, but it took the punch out of what he said, people wrote in to ask if he was sick and fan mail dropped off 1,000 letters a day. Now Dr. Maier just shouts and lets the engineers worry about it.

Last week Concordia's president, the Rev. Louis J. Sieck, announced that the radio professor is wearing himself out. Concordia has granted him a two-year leave of absence so he can spend all his time on the Hour. Since he never drew any salary for his radio work, Concordia will continue his professorial pay: about \$275 a month. The *Messenger* will continue his editor's pay: \$125 a month.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943



The Paint Industry

At War

POSSIBLY the least spectacular, least eye-catching and certainly the least publicized feature of the modern tank is its variety of protective finishes . . . Yet these finishes, while possibly lacking glamour, are important to the proper functioning of the tank as a unit and of most of its myriad parts . . . When the complete story of the formulation of these finishes, and of the many other finishes developed to meet specific war needs is known, it will be as important to a Nation at Peace as it now is to a Nation at War . . . And the value of the Paint Industry's contributions to winning the War and Peace will be fully recognized.

Glyptal

One in a series of advertisements by General Electric in recognition of the important . . . though as yet little known . . . war role of the Nation's Paint Industry.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



THE SMILE THAT STARTS WITH TICONDEROGA

Ever notice that the minute you relax your tension a job becomes easier, you do more accurate work?

Sure! *Ticonderoga!*

Working with a Ticonderoga pencil makes the hand easier and surer... Ticonderoga words and figures are more legible. Actual tests prove that Ticonderogas require 50% less writing energy! Always put it in writing with Ticonderoga.

A fine American Pencil with a fine American name...

TICONDEROGA

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THE THEATER

New Musical in Manhattan

One Touch of Venus (book by S. J. Perelman & Ogden Nash; music & lyrics by Kurt Weill & Ogden Nash; produced by Cheryl Crawford).

One touch of Venus does more for Broadway than the last two months of pushing and shoving did for it.

For though far from a magic touch, it is enough of a Midas touch to make most of Hollywood bid for it.

With wacky Mr. Perelman in on it, as well as Ogden Nash, whose rhymes are *outré* and even outrageous.

One Touch of Venus lets a lot of locked-up music-comedy ideas out of their cages. Like *Oklahoma!*, it spurns ready-made formulas, but where *Oklahoma!* took the smooth, pleasant lowroad

Of picturesque folklore, *Venus* takes the highroad of sophisticated fantasy, which is an unpaved, bumpy, not-often-in-the-dough road.

The fantasy is about an ancient statue of Venus that comes to life in the far-from-contemptible shape of Mary Martin.

And pursues a timid barber whose sexual career has been sparse if not Spartan. The cutter of hair, who has a girl already, tries like the devil to keep his Greek admirer at a distance.

But even when he gets safely by her lure, he is routed by her persistence. Then, after she lands him, she discovers it means a hideous humdrum life in a joint like Ypsilanti.

And scrams to her statue *quo ante*. A very gifted assortment of people have worked on this goddessy odyssey. Which merits a nice passing grade—nothing remotely resembling A plus, but at any rate not a C.

Best is Composer Kurt Weill (*Lady in the Dark*, *Knickerbocker Holiday*) Whose charming *I'm a Stranger Here Myself* does rate a solid A; Mr. Nash's rhymes are for a wonder not wild-eyed, merely trim and now & then tired, As if Nash had perspired.

Not too much can be said of the book, or at any rate certain parts of it. At times the boys have filled in their yarn with bright cracks, but at other times they merely make charts of it.

Thus a man neatly describes a hangover by saying: "All my teeth feel as if they had little sweaters on";

But a lot of the cracks seem to have fetters on. Agnes de Mille, who did the top-notch dances for *Oklahoma!* Proves in *One Touch of Venus* that de Mille can nod as well as Homah.

For though at times the dancing is fresh and lively, especially in the case of Sono Osato, one of the most seductive and beguiling of wenches,

At other times the dancing's pretentious. When Mary Martin—who, when last on Broadway, sang *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*—got the lead in *Venus*, a lot of people thought she was the wrong girl.

They dubbed her just a one-song girl. But she sings, dances and acts like one to the star's dressing room born, and (just between us)

As mortals go, she's a darn good stand-in for Venus.



ELISE DORBY-GRAPHIC HOUSE
SONO OSATO

In a goddessy odyssey, she's a siren.



MARY MARTIN

A darn good stand-in for Venus.

TIME, OCTOBER 18, 1943



Said one Squadron Leader to the Other:

"We got the steel mill
— you get the power plant!"

The Attack Your Extra Bonds Must Back



Every penny counts — At **FEDERAL**, where communications equipment is made for our armed forces, an idea is spreading. For every axis plane reported shot down, employees drop an extra coin in a box — for extra bonds for extra bombs and bombers.

Thundering out of the overcast
Like a midnight express
The first wave of bombers
Spots the twinkling steel mill . . .
Blasts it into a roaring volcano
As the hinges of hell open
And fill the sky with daggers of light
And streaking, shrieking meteors of ack ack

Silhouetted against this inferno
Another target looms
And the young voice of the squadron leader
Speaking over the interplane radiotelephone
Calmly directs the *next* wave of bombers
To the doomed power plant ahead . . .

Shuddering under the impact
Of flak and fighter fire
The rocketing war birds
Level off into their "run"
And the pale bombardier catches his breath
Like he used to when he called signals
In the games back at "State"
As he whispers . . . "Bombs . . . away!"

Did he say "bombs" . . . or "bonds"?

*Down they hurtle
The bonds
That have been converted into TNT . . .
Your milkman's bond
Your stenographer's bond
The bond of the woman who cleans your office
Of the neighbor whose boy was in today's battle
And YOUR bond . . .
Your EXTRA bond . . .
Is THAT there, too?*

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And its associate companies
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Are only part of the job . . .
Every man and woman here
Is buying war bonds
Extra war bonds
To back the attack
And bring our sons and brothers
Home

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MUSIC

Purged Philharmonic

The new boss of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony last week made a good start at his new job. This was a great relief to all concerned with the oldest U.S. orchestra. Arturo Toscanini's resignation, in 1936, had left the Philharmonic as limp as a discarded ventriloquist's dummy. His successors, British-born John Barbirolli and a string of guest conductors, had failed really to strike up the band. But when 49-year-old, grey-thatched Artur

What the 2,500-odd listeners heard in Carnegie Hall last week was, in effect, a new ensemble. Actually only a little over 10% of the personnel had been changed. But that 10% were mostly first-desk men, whose musical and psychological effect on an orchestra is crucial. The Philharmonic had a new concertmaster, a new solo viola, a new first oboe and bassoon, two new first horns, a new trombone, a new tuba. The orchestra played with a precision and energy that led many to hope that it might soon resume its historic



Associated Press
Mr. & Mrs. RODZINSKI
For him, a big repair job.



Otto Hagel
Mr. & Mrs. KOUSSEVITZKY ...
For her, a comely monument.

Rodzinski left the podium last week, the audience had heard some pretty musicianly music and even the skeptics were hopeful.

The hopes were based on several things. Boss Rodzinski had demanded, and got, absolute powers over the Philharmonic's artistic policies and personnel, free from all board-of-directors interference. Boss Rodzinski was also a conductor of long experience, particularly famed among musicians as an orchestra builder and repairer. He had, in 1933, developed the bush-league Cleveland Orchestra into one of the Middle West's two finest (the other: the Chicago Symphony). He had been picked by Arturo Toscanini in 1937 to organize and train the NBC Symphony. Last spring Rodzinski got ready for his New York job by suddenly firing or pensioning 17 of the Philharmonic's most important musicians (including Concertmaster Mischel Piastro and practically every soloist in the brass and reed sections). It was obvious that the orchestra was in for a complete overhaul.

place as a real rival of the Boston and Philadelphia orchestras.

Artur Rodzinski has had a sketchyly schooled career. The son of a Polish army surgeon, he was born in Spalato on the coast of Dalmatia. When he was still a child, his family moved to Lwów, Poland, where he took a few piano lessons and got a job as head of the claqué at the Opera House. But his father had cut out a soberer career than music for his son—Artur studied law at the University of Lwów.

World War I interrupted this by mustering him as an Austrian soldier. Severely wounded by shrapnel, he resumed his law studies in Vienna, took his doctor's degree by which he is sometimes addressed today but which has no connection with music. Then revolution blasted eastern Europe. Rodzinski went to the Ukraine as an Austrian agent in charge of food imports. Returning stability found him back in Lwów, as a price fixer on eggs, meat and vegetables. In the evenings he played the piano in a honky-tonk.

This led to more piano pounding as a



Local War II

Salamaua is off in the vague somewhere, but the boy who shot up the Japs there lives across from the movie house on Main Street.

His Dad has three flat tires on the delivery truck — needs replacements to keep his business going. A neighbor wants to know, can she get extra sugar for canning. A farmer four miles out says it's getting dark sooner, can he get

coal oil for two lamps. A laborer with a big family says they've used all the shoe coupons and he'll be working in his bare feet pretty soon.

The war is pressingly local to these people. A great deal of their war news is essential, vital local news. It is news that only the local newspaper has the knowledge and background and understanding to put in print for them.

So it is that the local newspaper — circulation a few hundred, a few thousand, or many thousand — disseminates informative news today that is so necessary to the morale of its community. Add the communities together that face and solve their local problems because they understand them and you have a fighting nation that is winning its fight.

In Philadelphia, The Evening Bulletin is the local newspaper of 4 out of 5 families. It has a circulation in excess of 600,000. It is the leading Philadelphia newspaper — has been the leading newspaper for 38 consecutive years.

★Buy more War Stamps from your newspaper boy

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

WHEN
ALL
IS SAID
AND DONE....



KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY

Famous **OLD FORESTER**
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC.
at LOUISVILLE in KENTUCKY

backstage accompanist to Lwów's opera singers. Rodzinski began taking avid notes on what opera conductors did in rehearsals. But when he was given chances to conduct *Ernani* and *Carmen* he produced terrific fiascos. For some reason Rodzinski has always shone to better advantage in unfamiliar music than in the classics. This trait appeared in Lwów when he was put in charge of the premiere of a Polish opera called *Eros and Psyche*. The result got him a job at the Warsaw Opera. There in 1925 Leopold Stokowski met him and offered him an assistant conductorship in Philadelphia.

Intelligence, audacity, a strong personality and a fine if not a surpassing conductorial talent have taken Artur Rodzinski the rest of the way. In Cleveland he made some of the biggest headlines in U.S. music. Using the splendid theatrical facilities of Severance Hall, he produced some of the finest opera the Middle West had ever heard. From Russia, in 1935, he imported Dmitri Shostakovich's celebrated *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk*, made a Cleveland and Manhattan sensation with it.

Today Rodzinski lives with his handsome, golden-haired Polish wife on a large estate near Stockbridge, Mass. He tackles vegetable gardening and beekeeping with a fanatic concentration which is already becoming familiar to the members of the Philharmonic. Says he: "I wouldn't give in to the extent of one inch in matters of musical perfection. The challenge of my life and the ambition of my life is to put the Philharmonic where it belongs—on top."

Some 200 other U.S. orchestras last week dug into their scores for the winter season. The widely acknowledged finest of them all, Sergei Koussevitzky's Boston Symphony, began the conductor's 20th year by playing a dignified *Ode* specially composed by his good friend Igor Stravinsky in memory of Madame Koussevitzky, who died nearly two years ago. Said visiting Music Critic Virgil Thomson, an all-out admirer of Stravinsky's recent neoclassicism: "The work as a whole is restrained, comely without ostentation and daintily noble, as befits the funeral monument of a lady who was not in her own right a public character."

Eugene Ormandy's Philadelphia Orchestra, runner-up to the Bostonians, began its concerts in the dowdy, acoustically perfect Academy of Music. In Manhattan's Radio City, the NBC Symphony (ranking as one of the four finest with the Boston, Philadelphia and Philharmonic) got ready to be shunted between Arturo Toscanini and Leopold Stokowski.

The most promising of the remaining U.S. orchestras as the season opened were: the Chicago (Belgian-born Désiré Defauw succeeded the late Frederick Stock); Cleveland (Austrian-born Erich Leinsdorf, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera House, succeeded the Philharmonic's Rodzinski); Minneapolis (Dimitri Mitropoulos); San Francisco (Pierre Monteux);

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NoDox Awakeners help you keep awake . . . keep alert . . . help you think better and work better. Handy, easy-to-take tablets, harmless as coffee.

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TIME • 320 E. 22 ST. • CHICAGO 16, ILL.

Cincinnati (Eugene Goossens); St. Louis (Vladimir Golschmann); Detroit (U.S.-born Karl Krueger had managed to pull things together again after the orchestra became the temporary charge of Sam's Cut-Rate, Inc.—*TIME*, Oct. 19); Los Angeles (U.S.-born Alfred Wallenstein succeeded a string of guests); National Symphony of Washington, D.C. (Hans Krieger); Pittsburgh (Fritz Reiner); Rochester (José Iturbi); Indianapolis (Fabien Sevitzky). Of the 18 major-league orchestras only one looked like a war casualty: the Kansas City Philharmonic had lost its conductor, Karl Krueger, to Detroit and had as yet no plans.

October Records

Beethoven: "Jena" Symphony (Janssen Symphony, Werner Janssen conducting; Victor; 6 sides). Experts agree that this work, unearthed in manuscript in 1909, may or may not be Beethoven. One has described it as $\frac{1}{2}$ Haydn, $\frac{1}{4}$ Mozart, $\frac{1}{4}$ late Beethoven and $\frac{1}{4}$ Schubert. It sounds like agreeable, lightweight early 19th Century music, is admirably performed and recorded.

Beethoven: "Archduke" Trio, Op. 97, No. 7 (Artur Rubinstein, pianist, Jascha Heifetz, violinist, Emanuel Feuermann, cellist; Victor; 10 sides). There is no doubt at all about this masterpiece's authorship. This great trio's performance of it was magnificently recorded before Cellist Feuermann's death a year ago.

THE PRESS

Whammed Again (Cont'd)

Franklin Roosevelt had had his licks at berating the Hearst-Patterson-McCormick newspapers (*TIME*, Oct. 11). Now came a shot from a second front.

An article in the new, fortnightly *War and the Working Class*, Soviet trade-union publication, named U.S. Publishers William R. Hearst, Joseph M. Patterson, Robert R. McCormick and Scripps-Howard's Roy W. Howard as "representing reactionary, defeatist, isolationist circles whose anti-Soviet campaign is designed to throw suspicion on Soviet foreign policy." Said *War and the Working Class*: "They circularize false, fabricated conflicts between the Soviet Union and its allies—a line which fully corresponds to the interests of Hitler's agents who are speculating on disruption. . . ."

War and the Working Class gave thoroughgoing approval to the New York *Herald Tribune* and *PM*.

Cook's Tour

The New York *Times's* scholarly Herbert L. Matthews (*TIME*, April 12) was with the Allied armies fighting on the plain of Naples. For a day Correspondent Matthews dropped his war reporting, hired a guide, went up Vesuvius in a jeep and afoot to sight-see. Then he wrote home: "We used the volcano . . . today as a

FALSE TEETH WEARERS

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Beware of DENTURE BREATH and LOOSENED PLATES

Brushing your plates with tooth pastes, tooth powders or soap, may scratch the denture material which is 60 times softer than natural teeth. These scratches cause odorous film, food particles, and stains to collect faster and cling tighter . . . resulting in Den-

ture Breath. Remember, you may not know you have it, but others do! Besides, brushing with makeshift cleaners often wears down the delicate fitting ridges designed to hold your plate in place. With worn-down ridges, of course, your plate loosens.

PLAY SAFE—SOAK YOUR PLATE CLEAN IN POLIDENT

Do This Every Day!

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No brushing



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Millions call Polident a blessing. No fear of Denture Breath—no risk of wearing down and loosening the plate due to brushing. Polident used daily helps maintain the original, natural appearance of your dental plate for less than a penny a day. Today

—get Polident at any drug, department or variety store. 3 oz. size—30¢; 7 oz. size—60¢. **FREE**—Booklet on Care of Dentures. Write: Hudson Products, Inc., Dept. D-10, 8 High St., Jersey City, N.J.

BACK THE ATTACK—
and that's how you know. Invest in one extra \$100 WAR BOND

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FABRIC OF AMERICAN LIFE



"A custom fit from where I sit!"



Not only babies, but even bachelors and spinsters, will tell you that Kendall's Curity Diapers measure up like the winners they are. With the U. S. birth rate where it is these war days, Curity Diapers certainly get around. So do hundreds of other essential Kendall textiles for equally good reasons.

Kendall's strategically placed mills are breaking all their previous production records. From them pour carloads of essential goods to do big jobs on home and fighting fronts all over the globe. Some of these products are

"all" Kendall — others are "part" Kendall. They cover a vast range, including insulating cloth, collar linings, oil filters, gunpowder bags, and nursery pads.

Kendall has always relied a great deal on scientific research. This has resulted in such revolutionary products as Curity Diapers — has enabled Kendall to achieve and maintain its present wartime production. No doubt you are specifically planning peacetime operations. Let Kendall's experience — and laboratories — help you. KENDALL MILLS, Division of The Kendall Company, Walpole, Mass.

KENDALL MILLS

CURITY Diapers, Nursery Pads, Bibs, Masks, and Cotton; Curity Cheesecloth and Bunting—all distributed by Kendall Mills. (At drug stores, Curity Surgical Dressings distributed by Bauer & Black.)



KENDALL Sabel Curtain Fabrics, Program Uniform Poplin, Clex Collar Linings and Lexon Interlinings, and a wide variety of Kendall fabrics and finishes for industrial and consumer use.

BACK THE ATTACK — WITH WAR BONDS

grandstand seat to watch the war spread out far below us. . . . It was a good lesson in humility, for who could hang on to the edge of the crater peering fearfully into the seething, glowing mass that every few seconds exploded molten lava into the air, and not think what puny forces 4,000-pound blockbusters unleash as compared to this monstrosity of nature? . . .

"Now it could never to any of us be just a post-card picture. . . . It was something alive that played an important part in our existence. . . . It is a superb observation point, of course, and the Germans had placed a sound detector and searchlight at one place, and four of them had used the Cook's Hotel halfway up for observation and radio transmission.

"Across the road from the hotel is a terraced café, whose owners greeted us like tourists, with post cards and souvenirs. A man raved angrily about the Germans, who had taken his donkeys, cows and pigs. 'Every man from whom the Germans have stolen anything should be given a rifle,' he said.

"Out over the plain twelve of our B-25s unloaded their bombs on a German concentration, and there, too, smoke billowed up, black and grey. That was our imitation of nature. Ten minutes later the bombers passed over our heads and two of the escorting fighters came down and 'buzzed' the crater of Vesuvius. We envied them that bird's-eye view. For us there was nothing but to toil up afoot.

"At last we reached the base of the cone and there we found bubbles in the lava underfoot that steamed and hissed like a witch's cauldron. Our own guide said nothing would induce him to go any farther, but another came along with an English officer who said he would take us on. First he wanted to make a volcano of his own. Taking an iron rod, he pierced the hot shell of a cauldron, showing us molten red inside with fiery stalactites dripping from the top. Here was Dante's Inferno in miniature. There was something demoniacal about it. Yet we were soon to see that magnified a thousand times.

"We were [close] to where showers of molten lava were falling. . . . As we scrambled up, one shower dropped a few pieces within a yard or two of us. . . . It seemed a little like walking between rain drops, but the top was too temptingly close and we scrambled ahead. . . . It took all our resolution not to run back. . . .

"And there we were looking at one of the most fearsome sights in the world. Clouds of steam obstructed our view, but now and then they thinned out to show us the red, seething mass of lava whose fierce heat came at us in gusts. The steepness of the sides, yellowed with sulfur, surprised me. They sheered off below us like a cliff. And every 30 seconds came that roar and explosion as the angry mass shot its lava into the air.

"The fearful sight was more than nerves could bear for long.

"So back we ran, thanking our stars for our steel helmets and casting contemptu-



Packing his bed roll, spare shirt and portable typewriter, George Peterson hitchhiked ten thousand miles by jeep, plane, truck, rail and shank's mare to bring Americans the first comprehensive story of the Alaska Military Highway.

WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT ?

"AH! MR. PETERSON,
I PRESUME."



"Military boondoggle". . . "lifeline that saved Alaska". . . "engineering miracle". . . "it'll be abandoned after the war". . . "can never be completed". . . "route to postwar riches". . .

Through clouds of dust and mosquitoes and half-drawn curtains of censorship, mixed stories about the new Alaska Military Highway sifted down across the border to Minnesota, gateway of the new frontier.

To explore the road, the rumors and the region, The Minneapolis Star-Journal and

Tribune sent George Peterson, editorial page columnist whose job is to acquaint the *largest audience of newspaper readers in the upper Mississippi Valley* with themselves and their environs.

"Pete" plodded, rode and flew from Minneapolis to Anchorage, lived in barracks and road camps, talked to laborers, generals, traders, Eskimos. His conclusions, told in some sixty reports to readers of The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune:

The Alaskan Military Highway, constructed by U. S. army engineers and civilian road-builders across the mountains, forests and muskeg swamps of a Canadian wilderness twice as large as Argentina, clinches the defense of Alaska. Some sections

may be abandoned when title passes to Canada at the war's end; but others open the rich veins of two million square miles of North America. The road is as significant a thrust into the future as the Wilderness Road of Daniel Boone, or the trail Lewis and Clark blazed in 1804-06.

The story of the highway, first told fully in The Minneapolis Star-Journal and

Tribune, exemplifies the news-gathering enterprise of these newspapers; helps explain why in Minnesota and the Upper Mississippi Valley more than 300,000 families every weekday, more than 350,000 every Sunday, look to The Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune as a complete news source, as wise counselor, good neighbor and dependable friend.

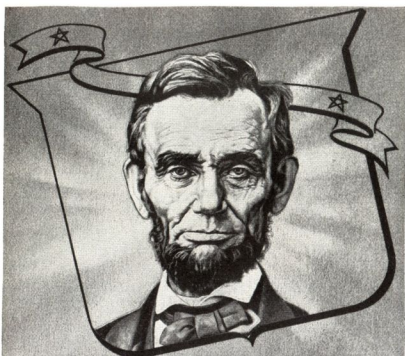


George Peterson

Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune

JOHN COWLES • President

STAR-JOURNAL (evening) + TRIBUNE (morning) Over 300,000 ★ SUNDAY TRIBUNE Over 350,000



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Age	Monthly Rate Per \$1,000
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2599
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50	2.43

NOW, even men of modest income can perform both these wartime duties: *Buy War Bonds and protect their families with life insurance.* At age 35 a \$10,000 policy costs you only \$12.80 per month and will, should you die during the expectancy period, pay your beneficiary \$10,000 or a monthly income for life. This low-cost policy cannot be issued in amounts less than \$2,500.

With this flexible policy you also *insure your insurability* . . . for you are guaranteed the right to change it to a retirement or savings plan in the future, if you desire, without medical examination. Write for full details, stating date of birth.

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Name

Street Address

City and State

Date of Birth

ous glances out toward the Neapolitan plain, where puny bombs and shells still were bursting. It seems we still have a lot to learn about destructive forces."

Inside Yugoslavia

Into the Manhattan headquarters of the Associated Press one evening last week came a flash from Bureau Chief Edward Kennedy at Algiers that made A.P. eyes pop: "DE LUCE MADE TRIP INTO BALKANS WHICH ARRANGED ITALY. WILL WRITE SERIES STORIES. DE LUCE DESERVES HIGHEST CREDIT." Then came the first De Luce dispatch. The astonishing dateline: "A Partisan Brigade Headquarters, in Yugoslavia."

At week's end the A.P. at home was still in the dark about how tall, blond,



REPORTER DE LUCE & WIFE
The dateline was astonishing.

able and amiable Daniel De Luce had got into Yugoslavia, how long he would be able to stay, how he was getting his dispatches out. Good guess was that he had gone in with some Allied officers who are known to have reached Partisan Army headquarters; that Allied torpedo boats probably tote his dispatches across the Adriatic Sea to Italy.

But clear was the fact that De Luce had scored a notable news beat.

Bombing Miracles. Pipe-smoking Arizona-born Dan De Luce, 32, worked a 48-hour week in A.P.'s Los Angeles bureau while attending University of California at Los Angeles. He graduated (Phi Beta Kappa) in 1934, soon set out on the kind of career newsmen dream about. He was in the Balkans with his handsome wife when Germany invaded Poland. From Lwów he sent one of the war's first air-raid eyewitness dispatches: "As I write . . . 21 German bombers are raining heavy bombs. . . . The table under my hand is shaking like something alive. If [the hotel] holds together until I can get this off to Rumania then I will believe in miracles."

Commented the Baltimore *Sun*'s Editorialist Henry L. Mencken after that: One De Luce "is worth all the gaudy journalistic wizards who sit in the safe hotels of unbombed capitals, and tell us, not what has happened, but what they think."

Bombing Missions. Chased out of Poland by the Nazis, De Luce was later chased from Greece. He was in Persia during the 1941 fighting, then went on to India, Burma. He rode on bombing missions against the Japs, sent grim stories about Allied inadequacies: "Boys with matchless courage are being slaughtered because they are in inadequate numbers, ill-trained, poorly equipped. . . . The last tired companies of what were proud battalions are . . . in a galling retreat."

After a rest in the U.S. (to recover from malaria and dysentery), De Luce covered the Tunisian campaign. In Italy two weeks ago he ran into British General Harold Alexander, whom he had "covered" in Burma's darkest days. Said the General with well-bred surprise: "You [newspaper] chaps get around extraordinarily well."

Decision in re A.P.

The Government's 14,000-word brief had charged that the Associated Press was a monopoly. A.P.'s 7,000-word answer had denied it. For more than a year a most eminent three-judge Federal Court in Manhattan had studied vast quantities of evidence. Last week it gave its Solomonian decision, in one of the most historic of lawsuits. A.P. had lost. But A.P. and democracy had also won.

Said Judge Learned Hand's majority opinion (Judge Augustus Hand—a cousin—concurring): "We conclude that the present bylaws of A.P. unlawfully restrict the admission of members; and that further enforcement of them should be enjoined." Judge Thomas Swan dissented.

Self-Interest v. Public Interest. Although several lesser points were decided (one in A.P.'s favor, two against), the heart of the Government's suit involved A.P.'s membership bylaws. Until last year an applicant for A.P. membership could be blackballed solely by the veto of a member paper in the city in which the applicant operated; only an 80% vote of all A.P. members could override that veto. Early in 1942 Colonel Robert R. McCormick's anti-New Deal Chicago *Tribune* successfully blocked Marshall Field's new pro-New Deal Chicago *Sun* out of A.P.

Last year, after the Government started to move against it, A.P. modified its bylaws by reducing to 51% the vote necessary to override a veto. But this change, said the Court, "by no means opened" A.P. membership privileges to all, human nature being what it is. The Court's shrug: A.P. members would be unlikely to vote for a fellow member's competitor because "each will know that the time may come when he will himself be faced with the application of a competitor."

But in a broader sense the Court ruled for the A.P. For the Court held that the A.P. not only may but must have the right

No. 4 in a series featuring Connecticut's many advantages as a place to live and work and prosper after victory.



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• Business executives are invited to write for the handsome booklet, "Connecticut...Center of Aviation." Other valuable informative literature for the asking. Address: Department 363, Connecticut Development Commission, State Office Building, Hartford, Connecticut.

Connecticut

"THE STATE OF TOMORROW"



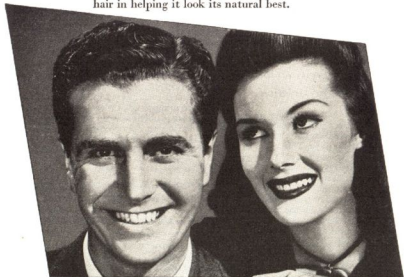
I CROSSED Wilbur off my list because his dry hair looked like hay from daily use of too much water as a dressing—and his coat collar was a mess of ugly dandruff scales. [Try Kreml, Wilbur, and better luck next time.]



I CROSSED off Rudolph, too. I don't like hair that's plastered down with greasy goo. Reminds me of a hep cat's patent-leather head. Besides, why doesn't he use a dressing that won't leave grease spots on upholstered chairs and sofas!



GIVE ME a man who uses Kreml—every time! Because Kreml is *right* for better-groomed hair! *Right* because it's never drying like the daily use of too much water. *Right* because it's never sticky or greasy. *Right* because it does so much for hair in helping it look its natural best.



KREML HAIR TONIC

Makes hair feel softer, more pliable, easier to comb. Removes ugly dandruff scales and relieves itching of scalp they cause. Kreml also relieves breaking and falling of hair that's dry and brittle due to excessive daily use of water as a dressing. Use Kreml daily as directed on the label. Try Kreml today!



to pass on the character of its membership. The Court took from the A.P. its possibilities of monopolistic profit. But the Court took from the A.P. none of its responsibility for maintaining the highest standards of integrity in news.

To be sure, not even the Justices Hand were prepared to enunciate a doctrine of *responsible* speech. But if the A.P. felt a sense of responsibility to the public, the Justices underscored their right to feel it.

Freedom of Speech is easier to talk about than responsibility of speech. As if to prove that they could sing as eloquently of freedom as any editorial writer, the Justices hymned:

"The newspaper industry . . . serves one of the most vital of all general interests: the dissemination of news from as many different sources, and with as many different facets and colors as is possible.

"The interest is closely akin to, if indeed it is not the same as, the interest protected by the First Amendment [freedom of speech, press, religion]; it presupposes that right conclusions are more likely to be gathered out of a multitude of tongues than through any kind of authoritative selection. To many this is, and always will be, folly; but we have staked upon it our all."

Freedom of speech, press and religion is no cut-&-dried, measurable entity. No jurist has been able to define it perfectly. In a civilization grown complicated beyond the dreams of the Founding Fathers, its definition has become more of a problem, rather than a simpler task. In two instances besides the A.P. case, the question has come sharply into focus this year:

Jehovah's Witnesses. In 1940 the U.S. Supreme Court ruled, 8-to-1, that the children of Jehovah's Witnesses, a Bible-dizzey band of religious zealots, could be forced by law to salute the U.S. flag even though the salute violated their religious freedom. The verdict seemed to outlaw the cherished Bill of Rights. Last June the Court reversed its 1940 stand, upheld religious freedom, 6-to-3. A month earlier it had upheld the right (free speech) of the Witnesses to pursue their campaign to convert Roman Catholics to their faith by uninvited residential visits.

Columbia Broadcasting System decided last month to blare forth its policy that its radio commentators should not express, over CBS facilities, their opinions on anything, unless they labeled those opinions as their own. Around its ears CBS at once heard angry buzzing. Many insisted CBS was stifling free speech. But was it?

Well did the Court know, as it reached its A.P. verdict, that the answers to such questions are both fundamental and difficult. Well did it know that no decision, no matter how ardently arrived at, is infallible. Said the Court:

"Because the interests involved are so important and so large; because the injury done may be so great, if we turn out to be wrong; and because we are not agreed," the judgment will be delayed for 60 days, pending any "appeal to the Supreme Court."



What makes you think of
a Gardenia when you
see the PM DE LUXE label ?



ANSWER: *The matchless perfection of*
pm DE LUXE *Blended Whiskey*
RYE OR BOURBON

For years past, the two have been woven together in the minds of the distinguished judges of whiskey quality who have made PM de Luxe a growing favorite in America's ultra clubs and restaurants.

"DEADLY!"

... "Deadly" is the performance accredited to the Multiple-Gun Motor Carriage, by the U. S. Army. "Deadly" is the fire power of the 37 mm anti-aircraft gun and the .50 caliber machine guns, blazing in chorus from Half-Tracks by Autocar. In Tunisia, within three months, it "downed 78 German planes for sure, and possibly more than 100." Then on to Sicily ... and on and on from there! ... As "deadly" performance is Autocar's responsibility today, so will *dependable* performance again be the responsibility of Autocar Trucks when war is won. Do *your* bit by keeping your pledge to the U. S. Truck Conservation Corps.

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SERVICED BY FACTORY BRANCHES FROM COAST TO COAST



Back the Attack
with War Bonds!



ARMY & NAVY

AIR

The Fourteenth

In battle, the Fourteenth Air Force is a handful of bold-eyed young men, haunted by the necessity of economy in the use of their too-few aircraft, inspired by the genius and unerring tactical wisdom of Major General Claire Lee Chennault. On the ground it is a strange compound of unselfish human labor: patient Chinese who work miracles by numbers and sweat where machines are inadequate or just not available; wind-burned Americans in dusty coveralls who whoop and holler as they work, spend their off hours talking about home.

By last week, as the Fourteenth announced a routine score—33 Jap planes destroyed, 14 probables, two U.S. fighters lost in eight days—visitors to the China theater saw impressive progress from this most unusual of the war's fighting forces. No war had been won. The Jap still bombed outlying fields. Occasionally he punched at main bases and pocketed his losses. The best the Fourteenth could still do was to contain him.

But the day was gone when the enemy, simply by flying over China's amazingly efficient warning net, could suck U.S. aircraft aloft and by that deed alone strike a heavy blow in the expenditure of precious U.S. fuel. On the P-40s, the Mitchell bombers and the handful of big Liberators, tiny Jap flags were growing in number. And the U.S. death list was not growing forbiddingly long.

The Tied Score. Yet it was only a beginning, a sort of tie-score game which China and her Allies could win only by fast inflows of men and machines. It was on the ground that visitors saw the most promise for the future that is still not too hopeful. There, on new fields and old ones under improvement, they saw thousands of Chinese men and women quietly, tirelessly working on the land.

Their pace seemed slow, the gait of the rumpy ponies between the shafts of their carts dispirited. But at day's end, when a runway had been completed, a building put up or a force-landed plane



CHENNAULT & FRIEND*

The gain is in socks, buildings, a few airfields.

International

fished bodily from a swamp. Americans saw the result and never lost the wonder of China's art in the use of sheer manpower.

American workers went at their jobs in their own ways. Their jeeps tipped brown plumes of dust as they whisked across flying fields and down dusty roads. They worked with their hands, too, and with what machines they had. Their pace was more muscular than the Chinese, and they laughed and kidded as they pounded nails, wore down hummocks with pick & shovel, swarmed over the planes on the flying lines.

The Long Wait. Now the Americans were getting a little equipment. They had got warm clothes for the winter, enough shoes, coveralls, gloves. Every man was above his last year's equipment of socks: one pair. But there was no time for uni-

form, few places to go if one had the time to polish his brass and set off to town.

So U.S. soldiers made no pretense of liking the war they were fighting. It was just a job to get done so a man could go home again. The example of the plodding Chinese, the bulk of work they turned out, was enough to spur Americans on when the thoughts of home grew dim and the dust and sweat became intolerable.

What workers had done all men could now see. On the American bases there were now respectable office buildings, warehouses, a few hostels. The shops were beginning to look like shops. The air-dromes were better than ever, and more were being built.

* Major General George E. Stratemeyer, new U.S. air commander in the Burma-China-India Theater, pins the D.F.C. on General Chennault.

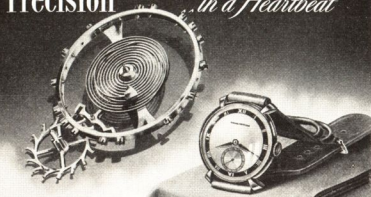


CHINESE AT WORK FOR U.S.A.A.F.

Americans worked with their hands, too, and thought of home.

U.S. Army Air Forces

Precision in a Heartbeat



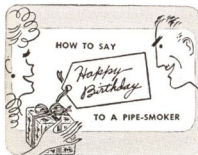
Your watch is virtually a living thing. Its heart is the balance wheel, which beats out a continuous rhythm . . . 5 ticks per second . . . 300 per minute . . . 432,000 per day . . . 157,680,000 in a year! At each tick, the hands advance exactly 1/16 thousandth of their hourly journey. In a Girard-Perregaux where all parts are machined and assembled with microscopic precision, this process continues with utmost accuracy, year after year . . . unaffected by heat or cold—keeping a tempo more regular than the human heart. Write for interesting brochure 434, "What's in a Fine Watch?"

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WALNUT
The Choice of Experience



JOHN MIDDLETON, Philadelphia 7, Pa.
Blender of Fine Tobaccos Since 1856

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I HAVE FOUND COOL-RAY
SWELL, THE WHOLE
YEAR ROUND!**



COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES actually give your eyes 3-Way Protection from irritating sunlight . . . they cut down over-brilliant glare . . . absorb sunburn (ultra-violet) rays . . . filter out excessive heat (infra-red) rays! When you wear Cool-Ray Sun Glasses your eyes get cool, restful vision, even in the brightest sun. Scarce because we are filling the needs of the Armed Forces, but you will still find them in some stores . . . \$1.95 up.

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES



American Optical
SOUTHBRIDGE COMPANY MARRACUSETTS

But the China theater was still 15,000 miles from home. Across the supply line that could make the air war big, muscular and effective, still lay the enemy in Burma, the Himalayas to the west. China would have to wait, but China could wait. No one knew that better than Claire Chennault and his dust-caked men.

The President Makes Good

For 40 minutes the *Goon* rocked and shook as the Zeros came in close. To Technical Sergeant Arthur P. Benko, turret gunner in the bomber over southern China, it seemed more like 40 seconds. Twice his twin .50s jammed, but he cleared them. By fight's end, he had knocked down seven Zeros.

Said quiet Sergeant Benko, grey-haired at 32: "I never worked that turret so fast before." His quick shooting brought his total score to 16 Jap planes, three more than Colonel Bruce Holloway's, ranking ace of the Fourteenth Air Force. It also made him top gun among all aerial gunners in the A.A.F.

Back in Bisbee, Ariz., Benko's marksmanship was no surprise. He had always been a "gun nut," owned eleven weapons, reloaded his own ammunition. Long before he thumbed a machine gun, he was a champion rifle shot. Home-towners recognized his virtuosity; when he enlisted he was president of the Bisbee Rifle Club.

Two on the Chin

The unique characteristic of U.S. heavy bombers that makes possible daylight raids on such far-flung objectives as Ploesti, Danzig and Gdynia is their tremendous fire power. Within practical range (1,000 yards) of their .50-caliber machine guns, enemy fighters must pay dearly to knock down bombers.

Last week the U.S. Army Air Forces approved announcement of an improvement: the separate hand-operated front guns of the Flying Fortress had been reset in a power-operated turret under the nose. Airmen's name for the addition: "chin turret."

Designed for more effective resistance to head-on enemy attacks, the chin turret is an opposite number to the power turret recently installed in Liberators (B-24). It is remote-controlled, allows the aimer to bring two guns instead of one to bear on any attacker.

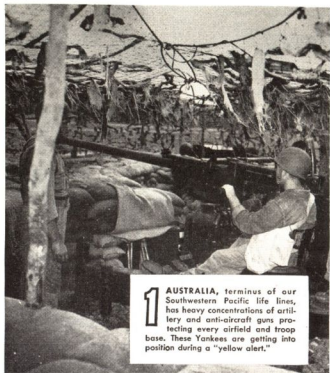
COMMAND

Selfridge Justice

As the courts-martial sitting on the Selfridge Field cases worked down the defendants in rank, sentences rose in severity. The commanding colonel, William T. Colman got off lightest: demotion to captain (TIME, Sept. 27) for drunkenness and careless use of firearms in shooting a Negro private. A lieutenant colonel found guilty of drunkenness and fraudulent transfer of soldiers was ordered dismissed from the service. A major and a warrant officer also were sentenced to dismissal.

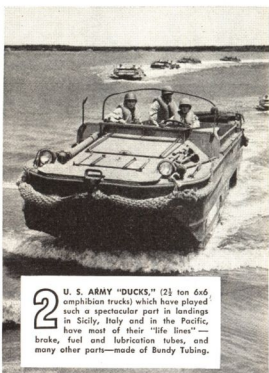
By last week the unsavory cases at the

FAMOUS LIFE LINES



1 AUSTRALIA, terminus of our Southwestern Pacific life lines, has heavy concentrations of artillery and anti-aircraft guns protecting every airfield and troop base. These Yankers are getting into position during a "yellow alert."

Official Signal Corps Photograph



2 U. S. ARMY "DUCKS," (2½ ton 6x6 amphibian trucks) which have played such a spectacular part in landings in Sicily, Italy and in the Pacific, have most of their "life lines"—broke, fuel and lubrication tubes, and many other parts—made of Bundy Tubing.

International News Photo

AS RINGS of men and steel tighten around the Axis, its leaders must realize the fatal mistake they made—a total failure to understand Allied ability to keep life lines of supply open, and to bring war to the enemy's doorstep.

When the noose has choked the last dictator, American factories will pour out a flood of new and better products—and in them "life lines" of Bundy Tubing will find thousands of uses for peacetime, as they now do for war.

Already, Bundy engineers see new

and practical applications for scores of industries—tubing to strengthen and improve structural parts, as well as to transmit power and pressure, and carry gas, oil and refrigerants.

Your post-war products may well benefit from all the "life line" engineering for tanks, trucks, ships and planes. Why not write us? Let's do some thinking and planning together.

When the time comes, we'll be ready to turn out miles of tubing to help you build better products at lower cost. Bundy Tubing Company, Detroit, Michigan.



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

U. S. NAVY MINESWEEPERS, like so many craft ranging in size from landing boats to battleships, have many "life lines" of Bundy Tubing. Wherever and for whatever purpose tubing is used, there you are apt to find Bundy.

Buy U. S. War Bonds
Get in Your Scrap

BUNDY TUBING



BUNDYWELD double-walled steel tubing, hydrogen-brazed, copper-coated inside and outside. From Capillary sizes up to and including 3" O. D. This double-walled type is also available in steel, tin-coated on the outside, and in Monel.



BUNDY ELECTRICWELD steel tubing. Single-walled—butt welded—annealed. Available in sizes up to and including 2" O. D. Can be furnished tin-coated outside in smaller sizes.



BUNDY "TRIPLE-PURPOSE" tubing. Double-walled, rolled, from two strips, joints opposite, welded into a solid wall. Available in all Monel; all steel. Monel inside—steel outside; Monel outside—steel inside. Sizes up to and including ½" O. D.



*"Gentle as
a Lamb"*

**OLD
ANGUS**

**A NOBLE
SCOTCH**



Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
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Michigan air base were concluded. The court ordered a dishonorable discharge for Master Sergeant Myron B. Collins. The charge: accepting bribes for his "influence and action" on improper enlistments and transfers. He also got prison time: 18 months' confinement at hard labor.

Collins, 37, eleven years an enlisted man, had testified against his superiors in the previous cases. Said he ruefully when he heard the sentence: "Wasn't that a dandy?"

Three Brothers, Three Stars

The Army's newest high-ranking brother act won its third star last week. At 33, Colonel Edward Julius ("Ted") Timberlake of the Air Forces was promoted to Brigadier General, thus became the youngest general officer since the Civil War.⁵⁰

Ted Timberlake is one of the Army's hardest-hitting bomber commanders, a crack pilot and specialist in B-24s. His brother, burly Brigadier General Patrick Timberlake, 43, formerly chief of the U.S. Ninth Air Force's Bomber Command in the Middle East, is now one of the Ninth's top planners. Their eldest brother, Brigadier General Edward Wrenne ("Ed") Timberlake, perversely became an expert in shooting planes down, and now commands the anti-aircraft defenses of Washington.

The Timberlake Cadets. From 1914, when Ed entered the U.S. Military Academy, until 1931, when Ted was graduated, West Point was never without a Timberlake cadet.

There were four brothers then, Army men by predestination. Their father, Colonel Edward J. Timberlake, was a ramrod-straight soldier, Class of '93, who played for West Point in the first Army-Navy football game in 1890. On duty at West Point from 1919 to 1929, he proudly watched an unbroken succession of his sons passing through.

Ted, the baby of the family, was also the poorest student, finished 393rd in a class of 403.

"Anyway," he cracked, "I beat ten men and was well ahead of the Class of 1932."

After graduation two brothers chose the Coast Artillery, two the Air Corps. J. Coleman Timberlake died in 1938. But his three brothers are carrying on the family tradition in notable style.

Pat's Example. As the 5-ft.-10-in. "runt" in a family of six-footers, Ted Timberlake took plenty of lumps growing up. Pat was his special idol in athletics. Because Pat had been a javelin thrower, Ted manfully tossed the steel-tipped spear around. Pat had been a star blocking back. Ted played one season, lost another with injuries, wound up warming the bench.

Not until after the war came along did Ted get a chance to outshine his older brothers. Then he blossomed as commander of "Ted's Traveling Circus," a hard-

riding Liberator bomber outfit that moves fast and far, taking on tough special jobs all the way from England to the Middle East.

Pot's Reward. The circus made one trip to Africa, later flew down again to join Pat's Ninth Air Force Bomber Command for the spectacular Ploesti oil refineries raid, the long-range thrust at Wiener-Neustadt. Ted personally led the Liberators on the Wiener-Neustadt show. When they returned to the African base, General Pat was there to greet him with a bottle of whisky for the victory toast.

Ted's Poop. Slangy and informal, Ted has a deceptively casual attitude toward



David E. Scherman
GENERAL "TED"
Well ahead of the Class of '32.

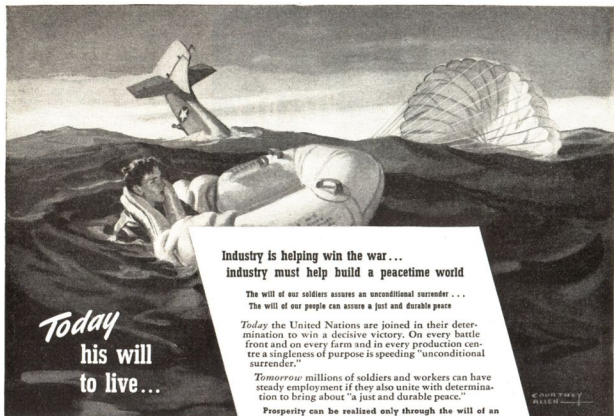
"poop" (planning and paper work). When training in the desert for the Ploesti raid Colonel Ted used old five-gallon oilcans for filing cabinets. One day he startled the office staff by striding in with three cans, dropping them on the floor with a vast clatter, and saying simply, "There's the poop."

Yet his operational planning is careful and accurate and he is in fact one of the Air Forces' great tacticians. When preparing for a raid or holding a planning conference he likes to spread maps on the floor and crawl over them to line up his objectives and make them clear to his crews. Last week when his promotion was announced, Ted was off in the blue somewhere. It seemed a reasonable, if unofficial, guess that the "poop" had been gathered together again, and the circus was again on its travels.

Marines' Loss

Outside the Marine Corps, beyond the small group of those who watch the careers of great soldiers, Major General Charles Dodson Barrett was little known. In Washington, where he served as head

⁵⁰ Among Civil War youngsters: Jackson, 37; Stuart, 28; Pickett, 37; Custer, 23; Forrest, 41; Sheridan, 31. At Appomattox, Grant was 42, Lee, 58.



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**Industry is helping win the war...
industry must help build a peacetime world**

The will of our soldiers assures an unconditional surrender...
The will of our people can assure a just and durable peace

Today the United Nations are joined in their determination to win a decisive victory. On every battle front and on every farm and in every production centre a singleness of purpose is speeding "unconditional surrender."

Tomorrow millions of soldiers and workers can have steady employment if they also unite with determination to bring about "a just and durable peace."

Prosperity can be realized only through the will of an informed and a united people. With their courage and their determination, the people's will to accomplish a righteous peace is irresistible.

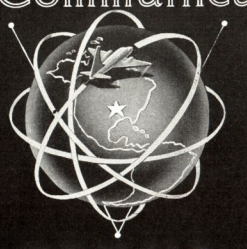
People here, in common with people of other lands, can prosper materially and spiritually after the war ends—but only if now the peoples of the United Nations make loud their demands for "a just and durable peace."

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of the Division of Plans & Policies, his name was seldom on the guest lists of the society pages. But within the Corps he was known as a brilliant staff officer and field commander. Many thought him the ablest officer in the Marines.

Last month, without headlines, General Barrett took over one of the Marines' biggest jobs in the Pacific. Last week he was dead at 58, circumstances unannounced, Said Lieut. General "Tommy" Holcomb, Marine Corps Commandant: "... the greatest individual loss the Marine Corps has suffered in my time."

HEROES

Address Unknown

From January 1919, when he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, Austrian-born Peter Tomich worked slowly up the promotion ladder. By Dec. 7, 1941 he wore the chevrons of a chief petty officer and the hash-marks of an oldtimer. That day, C.P.O. Tomich was below, where he belonged, when the Japs began their attack on the old battleship *Utah* in her berth at Pearl Harbor.

He stayed below, getting out his men and securing his boilers while the Jap airmen, apparently thinking the *Utah*, a target ship, was a carrier, gave the craft a savage working over. Tomich went down with her. For his devotion the President of the U.S. made the last entry in his personnel record: the posthumous award of the Medal of Honor.

Last week the Navy was still holding Peter Tomich's medal. Reason: it could find no relative of the *Utah's* hero to receive it.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE

Long Watch Ends

In tiny Warren, Conn. last week young Mrs. Kilmer, soldier's wife, bundled up her baby, prepared to stand her watch in the high tower on the hill behind the old church. Then George Keith, chief observer, telephoned: the long lookout of the Aircraft Warning Service was over.

To Keiths and Kilmers up & down the East and West Coasts, the end of their voluntary vigils came with a sense of loss. Some were still studying the aircraft recognition courses. All had taken high pride in being a part of the only civilian defense agency reporting to the military.

Suspension of round-the-clock watches in the network of observation posts and the metropolitan filter centers recognizes "the transition to the offensive," assumes "the calculated risk of a small-scale raid" to release manpower. The A.W.S. will not be disbanded, will be maintained as an organization which can be fully alerted if needed.

Last week another Army order marked war's turn: West Coast dimout regulations were relaxed. Window shades may stay up in most homes. Motorists may drive with full headlights in all but the areas facing the sea. Inland shopkeepers may light up signs and windows.

PEOPLE

Kings

Abdul Aziz Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia gave President Roosevelt (through visiting Princes Feisal and Khalid) a three-foot sword with a diamond-studded grip and curved blade of Damascus steel.

George VI of England gave "the steel-hearted citizens of Stalingrad" a four-foot, two-handed sword with a double-edged blade, a chased silver crosspiece, a grip wrapped in 18-carat gold wire, a pommel of rock crystal.

Blonde, Redheads, Brunette

Ginger Rogers was fashionable Sculptor Boris Lovet-Lorski's idea of the ideal model for a statue of the typical woman defense worker. He put her into plaster, standing on a pile of gears with a baby in



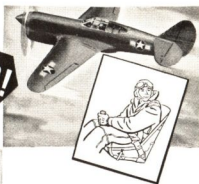
Associated Press
ACTRESS-STUDENT YUNG WANG
Half a wit was better . . .

one arm, a monkey wrench in the other. In her next movie, Lovet-Lorski's typical woman defense worker plays a typical woman defense worker.

Yung Wang, button-cute "Helen Hayes of China," was studying at Bryn Mawr. At 26, the prewar cinema star had an age of peril behind her. She had been caught by the Jap invasion of Hong Kong, slipped out disguised as a ragged half-wit, ultimately made a 40-day hairbreadth journey to the safety of Chungking. For two years she had entertained troops, lived in the front lines, traveled on foot with a force that moved so exclusively at night that it became known as "The Cat's Eye Army." But last week at Bryn Mawr she still looked like a child (*see cut*).

Veronica Lake and her three-year husband, Major John Dettie of the Army Engineers, decided to get divorced. The honey-haired refugee from the peck-a-boo

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Pilot seats, tank seats and maritime mess tables and chairs; airplane wings, spars and fuselage structures of plywood; canister bodies for the Chemical Warfare Department; cast iron assemblies for the Quartermaster Corps—these are our present assignments toward victory. We pledge to them, and to each new task, the energy and skill that has earned the

Army-Navy "E" for American Seating Company craftsmen.



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NORTH CAROLINA

explained: "We just don't think alike."

Gracie Fields, back from a road-show tour of the Mediterranean, reported that she had found a place where silk stockings are sold. The place: Catania. She said the Sicilian storekeepers have whipped the hose out of secret places after two years of hiding them from the Germans.

Local Lords

Governor Robert S. Kerr of Oklahoma got a letter from a New York City woman who said it had been 29 years since she tasted sorghum molasses. She now wanted the name of somebody who would sell her half a gallon. The Governor announced to the press that it so happened, by George, that he was going to New York this week and he would personally deliver an entire gallon.

Governor Dwight P. Griswold of Nebraska, who had bravely wagered a hog with each of 27 other governors that Nebraska would outdo their states in the war-bond drive, was finally snatched off his hotspot by thoughtful friends. They bought 26 hogs at a livestock show, gave them to him. He may be ahead of the game. After shipping twelve hogs, he decided to postpone the rest of his pay-offs until the Treasury issued its final figures.

Mayor Fiorello H. LaGuardia of New York City, driving along the water front to work, spied a crowd, characteristically jumped out and shouldered his way through to see what was up, found a couple of sailors slugging each other, promptly broke it up, went on to his office.

Plushy Set

Lieut. Colonel Serge Obolensky, top-ranking extra-man of Manhattan, parachuted into Sardinia a few days after he had been seen waltzing (in his paratroop boots) at the St. Regis. The 52-year-old ex-Russian Prince, ex-husband of Vincent Astor's sister Alice, dashing host at borscht-and-balalaika parties, was disclosed to have led four U.S. officers and men in a jump that established first contact between U.S. headquarters and Italian troops on the island.

The late Edward T. Statesbury's giant Philadelphia home, Whitemarsh Hall (145 rooms, 45 baths, 14 elevators), was sold for an undisclosed price to the Pennsylvania Salt Mfg. Co., which will use it as a research laboratory. The financier's widow closed the place up after his death in 1939, last year gave its two-mile fence to the war scrap collection—enough steel for some 18,000 machine guns.

Lela Daly Djamaroff Wells Ford, thrice-married widow of Copper Hero Marcus Daly Jr., was still the wife of Roe Wells so far as a Chicago judge was concerned. He canceled her July divorce from Wells, an ex-officer of the Doughnut Corp. of America, on the ground that it had been obtained by collusion when she failed to appear at a hearing. Thirteen days after she had thought she was divorced, she had married Standard Oilman Richard F. Ford. Last week she decided she had better appeal the cancellation fast.



1/16 inch
from a nest of Nazis!

A hundred yards ahead, a Nazi pillbox threatens to hold up the entire advance. Call the battery for supporting fire!

But, on a military map, those yards may shrink to 1/16 of an inch or less. No room here for even a whisker's width of error . . . else our own front wave of troops catch the red-hot steel we're sending over for the Jerries!

In a spot like this such a little thing as the quality of a piece of map paper can mean a lot. Thereby hangs the importance of Mersize, a new Monsanto chemical for paper sizing.

In making map paper, too little rosin in the sizing can cause fine ink lines to thicken and smudge during printing. Too much, and the paper may yel-

low and crack too soon with age.

With Mersize, however, map papers can be given more machine sizing with less rosin. That means they should be easier to print with precision . . . yet much less likely to yellow or embrittle with age. Laboratory tests also indicate they will resist moisture better . . . change less in dimensions with changes in humidity . . . and handle easier during production.

Today, those are all qualities of vital importance to vitally important military maps, navigation charts and blue prints for war industry. Tomorrow, they should make for better paper products of many kinds, from note paper to food cartons. MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, St. Louis.

TO THE PAPER INDUSTRY... Frankly, in peacetime you would not be reading this announcement of Mersize for perhaps another year. The first tangible result of a long-range, deep-diving study of the colloid chemistry of paper chemistry, Mersize is still only in pilot plant production for your most vital, important jobs. Because Mersize does promise to help significantly in certain phases of the paper industry's war effort, however, announcement has not been delayed. Full details are available in a report presented at the recent TAPPI meeting. Simply write: MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, Merrimac Division, Everett Station, Boston (49), Massachusetts.

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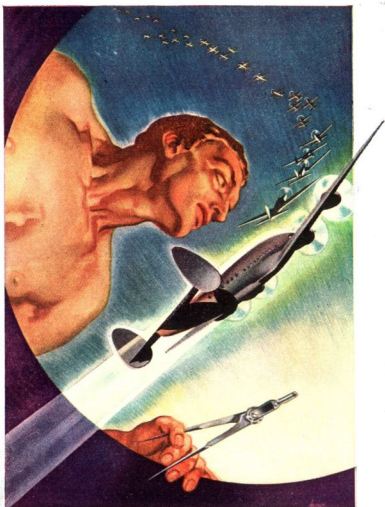


"E" FOR EXCELLENCE—The Army-Navy "E" burgee with two stars, representing recognition by the Army and the Navy of especially noteworthy production of war materials, was a two-year period, first over Monsanto's executive offices in St. Louis and over Monsanto plants at Anniston, Ala., and Monsanto, Tenn. The Army-Navy Production Award also has been won by five Monsanto plants at St. Louis, Mo., Monsanto, Ill., Karnack, Texas, and Springfield, Mass.

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Detailed information concerning the results achieved by our engineers is, of military necessity, restricted. We can, however, mention a few among many projects brought to completion.

Among these were: an *aerodynamic research* assignment on a well-known combat plane which has seen action in many engagements; a *flutter research* assignment on a giant plane being built by one of America's largest aircraft manufacturers; the *development* of strong, lightweight plastic ammunition boxes; and the *redesigning* of gun turret parts in weight-saving plastic.

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EDUCATION

The World and Stanford

The possibilities of a worldwide educational organization were last week absorbing the London meeting of the United Nations education committee (TIME, Oct. 11). A bureau was proposed in which Great Britain, Russia and the U.S. would have one representative each, while large regions such as eastern Europe would have group representatives. Even before peace came, this body would begin such jobs as supplying liberated lands with educational books, laboratory equipment and films. And it would work constantly toward postwar intellectual cooperation.

In Washington, meanwhile, it was apparent that one group of U.S. educators was likely to swing the most weight with the State Department where international questions were concerned. This was the liberal group centering in Stanford University, which dominated last month's international education conference at Harpers Ferry, W. Va. (TIME, Oct. 11) as against a rival committee led by New York University educators.

Stanford's lean, earnest Dean of Education Grayson Neikirk Kefauver was already established at Washington with 1) indefinite leave of absence from the university, 2) the backing of the rich Columbia Foundation of San Francisco, 3) the advice of No. 1 Stanfordinian Herbert Hoover, and 4) the conviction that big things can be done in international education. Dean Kefauver is the quarterback of a hard-driving Stanford educational backfield (Paul Hanna, Isaac James Quillen, Paul Leonard) whose energy is well known in professional pedagogical circles and seems bound to register soon on a much wider audience.

On With the Best

Some of Chicago's most prominent citizens will be unavailable for 18 Wednesday evenings beginning Oct. 27. For a fee of \$100 (\$150 for a married couple) they will pass those evenings at the University Club, talking with the University of Chicago's President Robert Maynard Hutchins about some of the books which are currently on his list of the world's most eligible literary productions.

Among those who will thus seek enlightenment from Plato to Marx are Packard Harold Higgins Swift, Department-Storkeeper Hughston Maynard McBain (Marshall Field & Co.), Publisher Marshall Field, Lawyer Clay Judson, Chicago *Daily Timesman* Richard James Finnegan. Theirs will not be so tough an assignment as President Hutchins' undergraduate students get; they will prepare for class not by reading whole books, but by biting off and chewing 50 classic pages a week.

Last week, too, the University of Chicago gave the best books notion its greatest merchandising improvement since the idea originally occurred around 1915

to Columbia's Musician-Novelist John ("Roaring Jack") Erskine. The *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, owned by the University of Chicago (TIME, Feb. 1), earmarked \$400,000 to prepare the Hutchins Edition of approximately 100 great books. The University's Vice President William Burnett Benton called this "the backfire approach in bringing educational ideas to the public against the invested interests of education." The backfire is scheduled to reach the public in 1946.

New Road to Mandalay

One quarter of the known Burmese population of the U.S. was at Yale last week. His name is Shwe Waing (rhymes with May Wime) and he was making noises with his brown face at U.S. soldier students. The noises were Burmese words. After twelve weeks of them at 15 hours weekly, the soldiers could make them too.

Maung (Mr.) Shwe Waing is a fine example of what may well prove to be a



George B. Keesley-New Haven Register
SHEWE WAING OF YALE
He prepped at Rangoon.

revolution in language teaching. What Yale is doing with Burmese, Malayan, Japanese, Chinese and—most popular of all—Russian, is being done in pretty much the same way with other tongues elsewhere: University of California (Thai, Annamese), Pennsylvania (Moroccan Arabic, Hausa, Fanti) Indiana (Turkish).

Noise Guide. Charming, handsome Shwe Waing was a sailor; his home port was Rangoon, where once a seafarer said he would become a teacher. Last spring Yale picked him off Ellis Island. Technically Shwe Waing is no teacher but a guide through the jungle of Burmese vocabularies. Every morning for an hour he produces them as ordered by Yale's Wil-



SOLUTION—

Acoustic Construction that "soaks up" noise

Telephoning from public telephones is often difficult because the standard telephone booth is a cramped, uncomfortable enclosure that keeps out fresh air but not noise. The common "pleated" door provides some privacy but makes getting in and out of the booth difficult.

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FORGETFUL?



ROBINSON REMINDERS
Westfield, Mass.

AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER EDITORS RECENTLY VOTED: "TIME is the most important magazine published in the U. S. today."

liam S. Cornyn, a linguist (not a linguist, or talker of particular languages, but a student of the universal nature of all languages). Cornyn explains to the soldiers how to use their speech organs to reproduce even the most baffling of the Shwe Waing sound effects. He gives his students the meanings of a few words, shows them how to get grammar piecemeal by building it up from the speech forms they are using.

Each afternoon the boys have two hours with Shwe Waing, who is forbidden to theorize or explain. He just makes noises along lines laid down by Cornyn. The students talk back. If the back talk rings false, Shwe Waing calls for repetition until it sounds right to a Burmese ear. He can explain new words in terms of those already learned. The boys make careful notes of all sound effects in a phonetic alphabet, study them aloud in barrack dormitories, on the street, at meals. Bit by bit, somewhat as Burmese children do, but with the best of technical help, these fighting men master spoken Burmese. Later they can study the alphabet, learn to read.

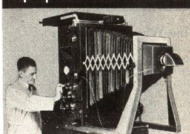
These soldiers also take a foreign-area course under experts who can give them an understanding of the geographical and cultural character of the area in which Burmese is spoken. Lecturers, seminars, discussion groups, movies are being combined to familiarize the boys with all major aspects of the natural and human scenery of the road to Mandalay. The aim is to equip them so that when they get on that road they will be able to talk sense with the local people in their own tongue.

Mimi-Memo Method. The linguists' way of teaching is based on the experiences of the Americanists, students of U. S. Indian tribes, who were forced to learn many a tongue which had no written literature. Ancestor of the group was Columbia's late, great ethnologist Franz ("Papa") Boas. He and his greatest linguistic follower, the late Edward Sapir of Yale, could rattle on in Indian tongues which they learned by listening to red men, making phonetic notes, mimicking, memorizing.

Chief current Yale expert is greying, tweedy Professor Leonard Bloomfield, who riles old-fashioned language teachers a good deal. Some think that if they could teach soldiers (who take their lessons seriously) 15 hours a week they could produce speakers as fast as do linguists. Some say that if the aim is to train men to handle literature, the old grammar-ridden methods are superior. Bloomfield answers with a sharp no. He puts all his chips on learning to speak first, even if the eventual aim is to read.

Chief organizer of current U. S. intensive language programs is the American Council of Learned Societies, which, with Rockefeller backing, has launched courses in almost 30 Oriental and African tongues. Even their hottest opponents cannot deny the production of fluent colloquial speakers of the most difficult tongues in six to nine intensive months.

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SCIENCE

Tire Trouble

The synthetic-rubber situation, which seemed well in hand when Rubber Czar William M. Jeffers resigned last month, was somewhat out of hand again last week. Five major tire makers warned of a possible breakdown in tire making, chiefly because of shortages in manpower and rayon cord. The total tire reserve was down to less than 3,000,000. The manufacturers doubted that they could meet the goal of 30,000,000 new tires next year. And some disappointed motorists began to raise doubts about the quality of synthetic-rubber tires.

Rubber Director Bradley Dewey, Jeffers' successor, promptly retorted that these were needless worries. He said steps were being taken to supply the needed manpower and cord, declared his tests showed the new tires would be good enough. Officials pooh-poohed an Associated Press report that Indiana highway police had found synthetic tires faulty and had to discard a third of them after 1,500 miles because they developed heat blisters. The Indiana tires, said the officials, were defective early products. Said Dewey: "We are now producing synthetic passenger-car tires which, if driven at legal speed, will stand up so well that the average driver won't be able to tell the difference from natural rubber. They ought to be good for 20,000 miles."^{*}

Nonetheless, tire makers admitted last week that they had not completely solved the problem of synthetic tire making. There was plenty of synthetic rubber. But converting it into usable tires was something else again. Rubber chemists of the American Chemical Society, convened in Manhattan, found several synthetic-tire woes to talk about:

► Less elastic and flexible than natural rubber, synthetic treads crack, chip and separate more quickly, have poor resistance to heat. In truck tires, even when mixed with 20-30% of natural rubber, synthetic rubber heats up badly, has a record of frequent blowouts.

► Tire makers have found, after much fumbling, that synthetic tire making requires an entirely new technique, new machines. Processing synthetic rubber to get it in proper condition for fabricating takes 25% longer than natural rubber.

► Tire quality is spotty, varies a good deal according to the skill of the maker.

U.S. motorists last week had better reason than ever to heed Rubberman Dewey's advice: "Conserve the tires you now have."

^{*} The Chicago *Tribune* has been conducting a cross-country test of synthetic "Tribuna" tires (made of butadiene derived from waste sulfite liquor from the *Tribune's* paper mills). Driven by a *Tribune* reporter, the tires survived 90-mile-an-hour driving in 150-degree heat in California's Death Valley, finally blew out the first shoe after 7,800 miles when the car hit a ditch across a mountain road.

WHERE WERE YOU
MAY FIRST 1940



THE witness had better tell the truth or some day an arrangement of electrical circuits like this may find him out. With all the wonders of modern electricity, it isn't hard to imagine such aids to justice.

One thing is certain. Whatever electrical helps we have tomorrow in the factory or the home, they will surely need safe, convenient and dependable connectors. Today, Cannon Connectors are in use throughout the world—on land and sea and in the air. Peacetime manufacturers will specify Cannon Connectors, built to meet their exacting requirements, for the civilian products they are now designing.

Type P Cannon Connectors are widely used in commercial and wartime radio, sound and television circuits. Other types of Cannon Plugs are used for all kinds of electrical applications in many industries including aircraft, radio, shipping, lumber, geophysical research... wherever dependable connections are needed.

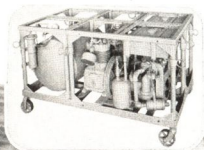


CANNON ELECTRIC

Cannon Electric Development Co., Los Angeles 31, Calif.

Canadian Factory and Engineering Office: Cannon Electric Co., Ltd., Toronto

Raiding Davey Jones' Locker for Axis Ships



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

Down in Davey Jones' Locker lie countless Axis ships—mute evidence of the unerring marksmanship of Allied aircraft, surface vessels and submarines.

Your Navy loses interest in most of them—once they're sunk. But when they clog captured harbors something must be done quickly. So Uncle Sam's deep-diving sailors "bring 'em up."

Dangerous work? You bet! If anything stops their supply of air, these Navy divers are really in a spot. To prevent such mishaps, Uncle Sam provides his salvage crews with the finest air compressing equipment available. At Oran, Casablanca and other captured ports DeVilbiss Air Compressing Outfits supply the air to "keep 'em diving" through vital salvage operations that not only clear these harbors but add valuable tonnage to our merchant fleet.

Everywhere on the production front, the home front, as well as the battle front, DeVilbiss Air Compressing Outfits are performing jobs essential to Victory. DeVilbiss Spray Systems, too, are in the fight, helping to paint all types of weapons and munitions *faster*—to get them where they're needed *sooner*.

And while we are devoting all our resources to speeding the day of Victory, we of DeVilbiss look forward to the time when we can apply the new-style equipment and methods developed for war to the improvement of peacetime industries.

THE DEVILBISS COMPANY • TOLEDO, OHIO

Canadian Plant: WINDSOR, ONTARIO



PROUD to have won the coveted Army-Navy "E" for excellence in war production, the men and women of DeVilbiss pledge to continue giving their all-out best—for Victory.

DEVILBISS SPRAY SYSTEMS



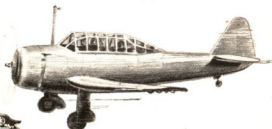
TAKE AWAY AIRPOWER!

TAKE away airpower, and the job of winning the war becomes terrifying in its immensity. Our strategy of fluidity, surprise, and preparatory softening would stagnate to one of position with military advances measured in feet instead of hundreds of miles. Everywhere on the globe, footholds in enemy territory would be gained only at calamitous loss of life.

Is it any wonder that America's eyes are turned skyward? Isn't it natural for us to depend on aviation to bring an earlier end to the war, and to assure the continuance of peace by making neighborliness the keynote of worldwide diplomacy? Airpower, a faint shadow over the world in 1918 has become the very substance of our

hope today. It is the part of Fleetwings to vitalize that hope with its contribution of planes and plane parts.

Fleetwings-made wings, fins, stabilizers, ailerons, flaps, and hydraulic valves for America's fastest and best aircraft flow from the production lines in a floodtide . . . every part a promise of a better future—each piece an omen of our nation's permanent airmindedness. Fleetwings, like all industry, is in it for victory, but Fleetwings is in it too—for a sound and continuing peace.



Plant No. 1

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pretty well succeeded in making his readers believe that human beings have potentialities for fair dealing that transcend any question of their economic or social status.

The Steppes of Oklahoma

In Ada, Okla. (pop.: 15,143) Paul Hughes, 26, was a young man to keep an eye on. He worked his way through teachers' college, later got a job with Ada's radio station KADA. He wanted to write, collected the young writer's usual swatch of rejection slips. He knocked around in minor radio jobs in Colorado Springs and Oklahoma City, married an Oklahoma girl named Marjorie Higbie. At last he got the night editor's desk on the Ada *News*.

Outside the *News* office in the long night, Paul would listen to the lonely wail of the locomotives that brought the world to Ada—the engines of Santa Fe; the



NOVELIST HUGHES

His Russian rodeo is uninhibited.

Frisco; the Oklahoma City, Ada & Atoka R.R. that took Ada to the State capital 85 miles away. Inside the *News* office Paul boiled down facts & figures about the teeming life of Oklahoma's oil wells, zinc and lead mines, cotton and alfalfa fields, stockyards and cement mills into daily news for Ada's readers.

Over Paul's desk also came the prodigious data of the outside world. One night he edited a story about Marshal Timoshenko's defense of Rostov. For the first time, Paul realized, the Nazi army had been held, wallowed, hurled back.

Says Paul: "Here was one of the most stirring events of the war—and a man sitting anywhere in the world could . . . write about it." Deep in the heart of Oklahoma, Paul Hughes decided that he was the man to do the writing.

There were difficulties. Paul had never seen a Russian, knew no Russian history. But Russians, he believed, were no dif-



Interstate



"UP FRONT"

IN FIVE SHORT YEARS Interstate has come "up front" as a major factor in military aviation. Starting as a relatively small producer of precision units, the growth of Interstate . . . in plants, personnel, products . . . makes a graphic story. The most interesting part of this story is the *advanced thinking* . . . the engineering and technical in-

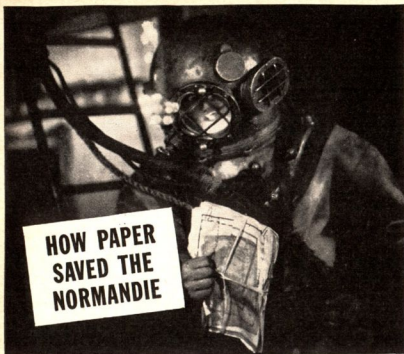
genuity . . . that has characterized Interstate's products from the start. A notable example is the complete plane Interstate now builds.

* * *

This twin-engine trainer sets a new pace in this type of aircraft. It is a *composite* plane. That means: plywood, metal, plastic are used in combination where each serves best.

Thus both critical materials and man hours are saved without the loss of air-efficiency.

It is this sort of production-performance that is helping America score in the air; that is keeping Interstate "up front" in Wartime Aviation; and that will keep Interstate "up front" when Aviation takes its place in America's Tomorrow!



READY TO RISK MILLIONS to raise the huge Normandy—renamed the U. S. S. Lafayette—the Navy needed the ship's "plans." Some of the important papers were locked in the Captain's cabin . . . under tons of Hudson River mud. Divers felt their way in total blackness through eerie corridors, forced the swollen cabin door, blasted open the safe, brought the water-soaked papers to the surface.



THEN ENGINEERS PLOTTED, on paper—the most gigantic ship salvage job ever attempted. They calculated the strain on every bulkhead and deck—on paper. They kept the intricate pumping schedule in balance—on paper. When the mighty ship once more floated upright, it was a triumph of planning—on paper.



WHEN THE JOB IS COMPLEX and exacting, let paper planning keep your office routine scheduled and "in balance." This little Hammerrill book, "3 Steps That Get Things Done," will help you. It's filled with simple, office-tested ideas on how to organize work, simplify routine, eliminate waste motion, plan and supervise jobs. Send for it today. It's free.

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When you rely on paper to lighten your load, have your printer use Hammerrill Bond. He knows that Hammerrill paper-makers, backed by 45 years' experience, have the "know how" to produce paper which meets the test of business use.

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T-10-18

ferent at heart from Oklahomans. So Paul read a lot of Tolstoy and every available news story on the Russian war. He studied standard works on Russia, combed encyclopedias. Since his book was to be a novel, Paul added to his research "some understanding of human nature and a little imagination." Then he set to work. In eight months he wrote 586 pages. Last fortnight, Paul Hughes's *Retreat from Rostov* (Random House, \$2.75) reached the public. A week later it had sold out its advance edition of 15,000 copies.

The Book. Readers of *Retreat from Rostov* found Novelist Hughes's mid-Oklahoma notion of Russia and the war a view of uninhibited proportions. The novel was a Russian rodeo of heroes, heroines, Nazi villains, Don Cossacks, foreign correspondents, soldiers, civilians, enough snow to bury an army, enough melodrama to burn out every fuse in Hollywood.

In Author Hughes's novel *Rostov* does not fall to Nazi might alone. In the beleaguered city sat the Russian traitor, Colonel Blazonny. Every night he slid through a secret panel into a secret room, radioed secret information to the Germans. But Boris was after him, Boris was 6½ ft. tall and hair grew in swirls all over his body, but he managed to steal unnoticed in & out of the German lines on NKVD (secret police) missions. Boris did his best, but though Traitor Blazonny fell at last (with five bullets through his body), so did Rostov.

The Red Army retreated. But Bess Elsenburg, lovely U.S. newspaper girl, who "experienced a glorious, cold twitching throughout her body" whenever she heard Stalin's voice on the radio, refused to retreat. She got herself a peasant smock, changed her name from Bess to Katski. Luckily, her redheaded lover, Roger Dameron of the International Press Association, entered Rostov with the German army. He saved Bess by telling the Nazis that she was his Russian prostitute.

Meanwhile the fight for Rostov continued. Temperamental Rostovian Josef Balenkov played the great organ in Rostov Cathedral: when he touched the top note, hidden machine guns began "electrically muttering." Their "nasty chatter of death" finished off 50 Nazis in the front pew. Larcenous Nazi Corporal Kette opened the cash register in a German brothel, innocently blew the whole place to hell.

When the Red Army counterattacked, Bess and Roger escaped to the Russian lines in a sledge. The Russians thought they were spies. But Bess sent her photograph to Marshal Timoshenko, who gallantly replied: "Please release Bess Elsenburg and her companion at once." "What could possibly stop us now?" cried Bess, as they took a plane to Iran. "Now I'll have something to tell my grandchildren!" answered Roger.

Said Novelist Hughes last fortnight: "I realize that the historical novel is my forte. My next book will be about the war in China."

Riveting Hammers are Drowning out the

Chant of the Aztecs



1 "In Mexico City today," writes a friend of Canadian Club, "Indians from the country complain they have to tread easy for fear of hot rivets—so many skyscrapers are going up. And Avenida Juarez at night reminds you of New York's Gay White Way at its brightest.



2 "Our pioneer international air service —Pan-American Airways—has put Mexico within a few hours and dollars of every U.S.A. city. Plan a visit!

3 "Mine began with a fiesta at a dude rancho built centuries ago by Cortes. Highspots: thrilling Aztec music and dances, marvelous food, grand hospitality.



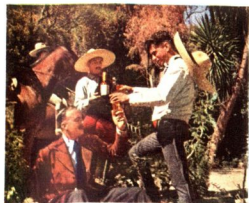
4 "You don't know how colorful an industry can be until you've seen a Mexican silver mine. Near town, I saw one of the world's oldest and most spectacular.



5 "The teeming markets sell everything from food to furniture. For a song, I bought wonderful hand-made blankets and pottery for the game-room back home.



6 "That was the day I sampled Mexico's fiery spirit, tequila (distilled from juice of maguey plants). My escort grinned at my expression.



7 "Come, amigo," he said, 'perhaps you'll prefer our favorite whisky!' I certainly did, for it was Canadian Club!

Once the war is over, it will be easy to visit Latin America. When that time comes, you will find Canadian Club again available there for toasting the "good neighbors" you'll meet.

Right now, the distillery is making war alcohol instead of whisky; so Canadian Club is scarce on occasion. Many fans are voluntarily "rationing themselves"—by making two bottles go the length of three.

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Distilled and bottled at Walkerville, Canada. Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof






by the Fighting Engineers

When there are tanks to be stopped—watch the Engineers! "Tank block—rush it!" is the order...and the photograph at the right (*an actual training test*) shows the result.

Stopping tanks is only a *part* of the job of the fighting U. S. Engineers. They build the bridges... blaze the trails through mine fields—yes, *all* the services depend on the Engineers. And, like men in all the other services, you're apt to find that when an Engineer lights up a cigarette—it's a Camel.



They've Got What it Takes



CAMELS SURE
STAND THE TEST OF
STEADY SMOKING!
THAT SWELL **FLAVOR**
ALWAYS HOLDS UP...
AND THEY'RE
EXTRA
MILD!



CAMELS
TASTE SO
MUCH MORE
FLAVORFUL...
AND THEY'RE
SO EASY
ON MY
THROAT!

● "Stopping tanks is my job, too," says Amelia Baines, who works on Western Electric signal devices. She has a brother in the Artillery, and smokes the service man's favorite cigarette — Camel. "Camels have always been my cigarette," she says. "They always have a fresh appeal."

