TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



BRITAIN'S BEVIN Freedom did not need to whisper.

Artzybas



HANES HOSIERY MILLS, big name in "no-seam" hosiery, produces fine nylon and rayon stockings. A Shell Lubricant solved an important production problem.

Oil for "knitter's cramp

THE SYMPTOMS: Hosiery during knitting is subject to certain flaws. This means rejects.

THE CAUSE: Gummy deposits, formed by unsuitable lubricants, prevent knitting machines from working smoothly.

The Specific Case: Hanes Hosiery Mills—world's largest producers of ladies circular knit hosiery—operate several thousand modern knitting machines, each more complex than a fine watch. Moving parts in these machines must work with smooth precision.

"Knitter's cramp" occurs when lubricants become gummy, and uneven action follows. Machines may have to be cleaned by hand, costly in both manpower and production. A Shell Lubrication Engineer suggested Shell Textilis Oil as a cure, and a section of machinery was set aside for a test operation. After two months, examination of the knitting head lubricated with Shell Textilis found all vital parts exceptionally clean and bright . . . with a thin film of oil present.

Additional sections were lubricated with Shell Textilis. After a few weeks, the heads proved clean and bright with the needed film of oil. "Seconds" dropped to an amazing minimum. The drop was credited to smoother machine action with Shell Textilis.

Yesterday's answer to a lubrication problem is seldom good enough for today. Lubricants are constantly improved at Shell's Research Laboratories. Shell Lubrication Engineers apply these improvements in the field.

Are you absolutely sure that the machines in your plant get the benefit of all that's new and correct in lubrication? Call in the Shell Lubrication Engineer.

SHELL SHELL TN TS

SHELL INDUSTRY RELY ON



He's making it swallow its own tail

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich development in rubber

FOR years, belts were a terrible headache in paper mills.—as well as a lot of other places. Metal fasteners, laces and other devices were used to join the two ends of the belt and make it endless. Bur the belts otre loose at the joints, slipped on the drive, failed to transmit power. Then the machinery had to be stopped while a new joint was made.—sometimes as often as every 10 days.

Then B.F.Goodrich engineers developed a way to make each end of the helt a part of the other end. It's called the Phytock Bet Joint because the plies of rubber and fabric are actually locked together by overlapping, then vulcanized to make the joint permanent. The result is a joint that is 5 times stronger than metal fasteners; that will outlast them by as much as 10 times. Shutdown time for the machinery is sharply cut, production materially increased.

This is a typical result of the research and development that is always under way at B.F.Goodrich—on new products and old, for every industry. From thy grommers to huge oil hose, from vibration dampeners to coal conveyor belts, no product is ever considered "standard" at B.F. Goodrich. Your supplier will be glad to work with you on any problem involving the use of rubber products by B.F. Goodrich. The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER and SYNTHETIC products



Mr. Friendly cleans up a black future

It was Sunday night and Nelson Metcalf was winding the clock. Then it happened.

Mrs. Metcalf opened the door to put the cat out and a big, black shape walked in. The thing went right over to Nelson and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Mister," said the thing, "I'm here to make your future black! Look me over. I'm the accident you may have in your car next spring. I'm the fire that could start in your chimney this winter. I'm the burglar who's apt to steal your wife's fur coat a week from Thursday. I'm .

"Cooked," finished Mr. Friendly, the American Mutual man, coming in through the open door carrying a bucket of water. "Mr. Metcalf, I'm here to show you how to clean up this black future. My company, American Mutual, protects two million American families. I'm here to offer you complete coverage of health, property, and income. You get the opportunity of saving through dividends which have never been less than 20%."

Mr. Friendly continued to clean up the black thing as he handed Nelson Metcalf a copy of American Mutual's All American Plan. "Look it over," he said. "It's easy to read, completely illustrated. Make up your own mind what insurance you want

"Gosh," said Nelson Metcalf, "I want the whole works, where do I sign?"

When the black future heard those words he slunk out the door...soaped, watered, and completely whipped. And if you'd like to keep him from sneaking into your house, you'd better write for your free copy of American Mutual's All American Plan, Address: American Mutual Liability Insurance Company, Dept. D-68,

142 Berkeley Street, Boston 16. Massachusetts

Your helping hand when trouble comes.



AMERICAN MUTUAL... the first American liability insurance company



-WALTER J. BLACK, PRESIDENT OF THE CLASSICS CLUB,
INVITES YOU TO ACCEPT FREE

This Beautifully Bound, Lavishly Illustrated Edition of

FRASMUS The Praise of Folly

Di your favorite newspaper columnist write this book four centuries ago? You'll ask that question the moment you open this remarkable volume! For you'll ele that Erasms is your contemporary—so surely does he crack the whip of wit and humor at the follies of the world you live in today.

Hitler burned this book, smashed its author's statue—but the laughter and scorn that lashed out from *The Prasis* of *Folly* could never be stilled. Now you can join that laughter and share that scorn of violence, prejudice and greed. And you'll treasure this handsome De Luxe volume—now yours, free, as a gift—because its infinitable drawings by Hendrik Willem van Loon, who has also written the introduction, make it as delightful to look at as it is to read.



Why The Classics Club Offers You This Book Free

WILL you add this lovely volume to your home library now—as a membership gift from The CLAS-SICS CLUB? You are invited to join to-day...and to receive on approval beautifully bound editions of the world's greatest master

At the request of The Classics Club, four authorities formed themselves into a Selection Committee to choose the great books which offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today. And The Classics Club now presents these great books to you.

Wby Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Perhaps you have often wondered how these truly great books "got that way." First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unhave been read unless they were interesting and easy to understand. And those are the very qualifies which characterize these

selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs in these three ways: 1. Its sole purpose is to distribute to its own members the world's great classics at a low price. 2. Its members are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes are luxurious De Luxe Editions—beautifully bound infine puckram, the same material ordinarily found in St. 200, and \$10,000 line of collarsily found in St. 200, and \$10,000 lines.

found in \$5.00 and \$10.00 bindings. They are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre, and have tinted page tops—books which you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

A Trial Membership Invitation to You

You are invited to accept a Trial Membership in The Classics Club. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject anybook you do not wish too wn.

As a Trial Member, you need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money need be paid in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership at any time.

Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. Therefore, in order to assure yourself the present low price—as well as to receive your free copy of The Praise of Polly, by ERASMUS —we suggest that you mail this Invitation Form to us at once. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

	. Black, President	мм
THE CL	ASSICS CLUB	
Please en	k Avenue, New York 16 roll me as a Trial Member and set al De Luxe Classics Club Edition	ad me, FREE
of Polly, by I am not and I am to tions. Also, it, and I m: For each	ERASMOS, together with the curre- obligated to take any specific nu- o receive an advance description . I may reject any volume before or ay cancel my membership whenev volume I decide to keep I will se ents mailing charges. (Books ship)	mt selection. mber of books of future select after I receive ver I wish. and you \$1.89
Mr. Mrs.		



If your car feels like this ... it's time for



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Your car retains that wonderful 'cushiony' feeling not for just a couple of hundred miles but from one lubrication job to the next with Marfak Chassis Lubrication. That's because Marfak, unlike ordinary grease, has powerful adhesive and cohesive qualities that make it stick tenaciously to bearing surfaces. It won't squeeze out. Protection against wear is constant instead of diminishing. And that's the kind of protection every motorist wants, every car needs. Why not ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "Marjak" feeling" today!

You're welcome at











Tune in the TEXACO STAR THEATRE with JAMES MELTON Sunday nights * METROPOLITAN OPERA BROADCASTS Saturday afternoons

LETTERS

Craig Rice Shower

All of us in the mystery business thorough ly enjoyed your splurge on Craig Rice [Time, Jan. 28]. However, I would like to point out

to you one serious mistake. You state that Craig Rice never writes short stories for magazines and that no popular magazine would touch them if she did. because of the amount of liquor involved.

In our March 1943 issue we ran a story by
Craig Rice . . . which featured that harddrinking little criminal lawyer; John J. Malone, whom readers of Craig Rice's bools
will remember as Jake Justus' boon and bar
companion. In other words, he is no tectotaler at any time. . . .

MILDRED FALK Managing Editor

Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine

Miss Craig Rice (Mrs. Lawrence Lipton) has authorized me by long-distance telephone from her home in Santa Monica to deny the statement in your issue of Jan. 28 that 500,000 copies in a 25¢ reprint edition on

"I receive exactly half of that amount, \$3,375," Miss Rice informed me. "The other half goes to my publisher, who, like all firstedition publishers today, takes 50% of all authors' reprint royalties. And, of course, I autnors reprint royantes. And, or course, jay 10% to my agent, thereby netting 40% for myself." Miss Lee Wright, editor of Simon & Schuster's Inner Sanctum Mysteries, Miss Rice's first-edition publishers, confirmed this emphatically over the telephone tonight. "Craig has just the same sort of contract as any other writer," said Miss Wright. "We take 50% of her reprint royalties. . . ."

BAYNARD KENDRICK

Mystery Writers of America, Inc. New York City

Who is Craig Rice, and who cares who Craig Rice is? I have never read anything

Tour in published weekly by Tasta Ibe, at 300 US A. Raireet as record class at the Co. S. A. Faireet as record class matter Jassaw 21, 1978, at the Pool Office at Chaege, Illimot, second-class matter at the Part Office Department of the Conference of the Conferenc

Volume XLVII

TIME February 18, 1946





You'll travel in a private room at a bargain price!

New sleeping cars are coming!

And these new kinds of cars—of which the Duplex-Roomette car is one—will maintain the mastery of travel hospitality for which Pullman has been

hospitality for which Pullman has been known for more than 80 years. Here, for example, is the bargain-inluxury the Duplex-Roomette gives you:

Private Sitting Room!

Look at the picture at the left and see how you'll travel by day.

That room is all your own—a private room equipped with every comfort and convenience that you'd have at home; even some you may not have, like airconditioning.

Whether you want to work enroute

or just lounge in that soft-cushioned seat, you'll be snug and safe and comfortable. Plenty of lights! Heat that you regulate yourself! And service? Just buzz the bell and see how proud Pullman porters are of their art in serving you!

Private Bedroom!

Look at the room at the right and see what happens at night!

Just touch a lever and presto! there's your bed. It's big and soft and comfortable—with crisp, clean sheets all ready to dream away the miles in as you speed safely and dependably to your destination.

Next morning, the bed disappears

and you have lots of space for dressing. Your own washbowl and toilet facilities, too.

Yes, when you go Pullman—day or night, in any kind of weather—you'll enjoy comfort, service and safety that no other way of going places fast can match!

Bargain Price!

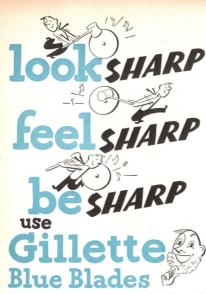
The new design of the Duplex-Roomette car (indicated by its staggered windows) brings the cost of private rooms year down.

Between St. Louis and Chicago, for instance, you could travel in a private room, at present rates, for only 30c more than the price of a lower berth!

GO PULLMAN

THE <u>SAFEST</u>, MOST <u>comfortable</u> way of going places fast— The <u>surest</u> way of getting there in time:





with the SHARPEST edges ever honed!



You look SHARP because you get the best-looking shaves any man ever had!

You feel SHARP because Gillette Blue Blades give you the quickest, most refreshing shaves of your life!

You are SHARP when you buy Gillette Blue Blades with the SHARPEST edges ever honed, because you get more shaves per blade and save money!

CADE OF SPORTS presents the major boxing event of the week every Friday night over American Broadcasting Company stations at 10 o'clock E.S.T. Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston 6, Mass. quite so boring, uninteresting, and so strictly beside the point in any copy of TIME. HAROLD G. LAMBERT

SEC's Role—a Clarification

Your Jan. 21 edition, under Business and Finance, discusses a case involving the regis-tration of securities with this Commission, and estimates what the company will receive for its securities "if SEC approves the new

It could reasonably be inferred from this that the Commission passes upon the investment merit of securities registered with itment ment of securities registered with it— that registration in itself may be taken as some assurance if not a guarantee against loss to those who purchase registered securi-ties. General acceptance of such a miscon-ception of the Commission's function under very purpose of the Act, to wit:

To provide investors with accurate and adequate information upon which they may judge of the merits of the securities regis-tered for sale to them. It cannot be over-emphasized that the Commission is not empowered to pass upon the merits of securities registered with it; its function (aside from enforcing sanctions against violators) is to assure, within the limits of its ability, that the investor is in possession of sufficient facts upon which to exercise an informed judgment whether to purchase the security being offered In fact, the Act contains a specific prohibition against any representation to the effect that the information disclosed in registration that the information disclosed in registration statements is true and accurate, or that the Commission "has in any way passed upon the merits of, or given approval to," securi-ties registered with it....

GANSON PURCELL SEC Chairman

Philadelphia

To Reader Purcell, thanks for 1) an able exposition of SEC's function; 2) a much needed warning to investors. Nevertheless, the fact remains that new shares may be put on public sale only "if SEC approves the new issue."-ED.

Hiccups

About your article on hiccups [Time, Jan. 28], the [remedy] is not so complex. Cracked ice eaten at intervals will stop the peristaltic CLARENCE E. EDSON

Lakewood, Ohio

... There is a simple remedy for the ordinary case of hiccups that will cause them to stop immediately!...

Place an index finger in one of your ears, at the same time sipping water. A couple of swallows is usually sufficient. . . . Mrs. William I. Lyman

Youngstown, Ohio

. . You fail to mention the most successful and pleasant home remedy-eat damson jam—prescribed by doctors too.

MARVYN WHARTON

Richmond, Va.

Sirs: . . You omitted . . . the only remedy that I know about which really works in ordinary cases . . . Here it is: Fill an ordinary glass with water to the top. Then place a handkerchief over the glass. Then drink the water in the usual manner

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1946





Correct Design. That's the reason it's America's favorite



Cleans better inside, outside, in between...makes teeth



Geaner, Brighter!

CORRECT DESIGN means everything in cleaning the teeth. You can see that by studying the photographs on this page. When the brush reaches all surfaces of the teeth to sweep them clean—inside, outside and between—cleaner, brighter teeth—a more attractive smile always result.

The Double Convex, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft Tooth-brush, does this job perfectly. In fact, it was designed by a famous dental authority for that very purpose. Curved two ways, it not only fits the teeth perfectly, but it gives

the correct tuft surface for sweeping all your teeth clean. But in addition to cleaning, Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft polishes, too! Its springy "Exton"

Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft polishes, too! Its springy "Exton" brand bristling—those miracle tufts—puts a high luster on teeth that can result only after teeth are perfectly cleansed.

So, why be satisfied with less? Get a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft today! Sealed in glass for extra protection. Guaranteed for a year. You'll be amazed how much better looking your teeth will be after just one thorough brushing—how much more attractively you'll smile! through the handkerchief, say about onequarter or one-third of the contents. Your hiccups are gone. . . . ALEY BATED

Dallas

Unitarian Goal

In Time, Jan. 21, you state that "Unitarians see man as innately good." This is not in their beliefs that it is almost impossible to set down any one thing upon which the group does agree. I think, however, that Robert Raible, Minister of the Dallas Unitarian Church, has come closest. He says: 'Most churches try to get men into heaven. We try to get heaven into men

D. M. ZINN

Lieutenant (j.g.), U.S.N.

Going Whose Way?

TIME [Jan. 21], in reprinting the Christian Register gripe regarding pictures with religious backgrounds and adding the "protesting Protestant" slant, added to the harm done. Herewith is the truth on the situation, as we wrote the Register editor:

"We agree with your suggestion for pictures embracing any creditable religious background. But you are wrong when you hint at conspiracy or suggest bigotry.

'It so happened the pictures to date were the first to prove merit in such backgrounds, and they have paved the way for such as you suggest. We hope they will be forthcoming-but if you stir things up by such editorials as the copy sent us, you may mess
up the possibilities by splitting reception. . ."
We are in receipt of thousands of letters

from clergymen of all denominations praisir the good-will effect of Going My Way and Bells of St. Mary's. As one rabbi wrote: "We note a different attitude from the public People now have friendly smiles as we pass on the street."

Those were not Catholic pictures. They did good for all religions—and religious morals are the only cure for the evils of today. LARRY CROSBY Hollywood

Future of Documentaries

If the future of documentary films has reverted to its prewar prospects [Time, Jan. 28]; Hollywood, an ordinarily shrewd programsticator, will be surprised to get the facts tardily. Not only the inception of television film-producing units here, with their immense potentialities for factual and inst tional production on film (much of which will become available for those 35,000 nontheatrical projectors which you mention), but the huge backlogs of orders on the books of the manufacturers of 16-millimeter projectors, indicate bigger and happier minnie-movie audiences in the home, church, club group, recreation hall and other 16-millimeter stands, not by any means overlooking the

classro The major producers have catalogued non-theatrical requirements and are organiz-

ing to meet them Look confidently for some beautiful docu-

mentaries, privately sponsored, during the next two years. They'll set pace and pattern for a new and active and interesting branch of the film family. BROOK HOLT

Cecil B. DeMille Pictures Corp. Hollywood

Denied

In your issue of Jan. 21 you attribute the following statement to me: "I would rather



"FIRST-try to guess! Is it Animal, Vegetable, or Mineral?"



"Lemme see the box, Mrs. Jones! I'd say . . . Vegetable!"

"Y-e-s, I guess so, hon. At least it's made of cotton-and cotton grows in the ground. Ask me another question."

"Well . . . would my Valentine present just possibly have a collar, too?"

"Why, darling-you're clairvoyant! It just so happens that it does have a collar. The best-looking collar I've ever seen! But go ahead, continue the crossquestioning."

'Let . . . me . . . see. It wouldn't be a sailor's uniform-I'm just out of that. Would my Valentine-this is sheer chance, of course-have a very special cut? One that flatters a feller's figger?"

"It has! It absolutely has! My goodness, I didn't know I'd married a Mind Reader. You may as well proceed."

"This is just a shot in the dark. But could it bear a marvelous Sanforized label-and never shrink even 1 %?

"My, but my husband is smart! And your Valentine's buttons are anchored, too. Honey, I scoured this town from end to end, and I finally found ONE of these stunning Arrow Shirts! Dealers say they're terribly scarce-and will be for some time yet. So treat this one with due respect-and Happy Valentine's

"WHAT a wife! WHAT a Valentine! WHAT a shirt!"

ARROW SHIRTS

Made by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.



USE LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

as a precaution against

Infectious Dandruff

THE INFECTIOUS TYPE of dandruff is The infectious type of dandrum is suppose . . . it may get a head start on you before you know it.

And, once started, it is nothing to laugh about; those ugly flakes and scales, that bothersome itching, may be symptoms of a troublesome condition that may persist a long time if neglected.

Be Constantly on Guard

As the name implies, infectious dan-druff is "catching." For the sake of your scalp and hair the wise thing is to be

always on guard against it. Why not take sensible precautions regularly and often? Why not use this delightful antiseptic every time you wash your hair? Thousands of men and women are doing just that and are simply delighted with results.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

If the infection has already started, Listerine Antiseptic goes after it in a hurry . . . kills millions of the germs on your scalp, including Pityrosporum ovale, the stubborn "bottle bacillus" which many authorities recognize as a causative agent in the infectious type of dandruff. Both scalp and hair are given an antiseptic bath-which your common sense tells you is a sensible thing to do when infection is present.

Excess flakes and scales begin to disappear, irritation is quickly relieved, the hair feels delightfully fresh. Your scalp glows and tingles.

If the infection is not present the scalp and hair have had the benefit of an exhilarating and refreshing treatment.

76% Improved in Tests

Remember, the Listerine Antiseptic treatment is a tested method . . . its merit revealed in clinical research. In a series of tests 76% of the patients showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms of dandruff at the end of four weeks of the twicea-day Listerine Antiseptic treatment.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night. WOMEN: Part the hair at various places and apply Listerine Antiseptic.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage. Listerine is the same than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

sever have an office than indulge in some of the place-seeking that is going on I wish to inform you that I have never

uttered either the words or the substance of this alleged quotation. I should be glad if, with your usual courtesy, you will print this

MAURICE EDELMAN, M.P.

¶ TIME sympathizes with Laborite Edelman's embarrassment.-ED.

Negro v. White Pav

. . . You assert [Time, Jan. 28]: "Boiling at the idea of giving a Negro a white man's wage, Southern Senators planned a filibuster. I respectfully point out that what you state as a fact is obviously a mere assumption on your part, since you have no evidence of the fact. You can find nothing in S. 101 that says anything about wage t wages. . . . W. H. MacKellar

Sewanee, Tenn. TIME respectfully points out S. 101,

Sec. 3 (a) (3).-ED.

Crime & Punishment

The Lichfield case [Time, Dec. 31] is only the beginning. Keep probing, Time. If the men accused are guilty let us look to the war crimes trial for our precedent. Who is the more guilty: the soldier who tortures his comrades or the soldier who starves his enemies?...
(Pvt.) Robert Sublette

Camp Lee, Va.

Batum Bounces

Time, Jan. 28, describes a "staggeringly omplex" and "technically audacious" scheme of the Russians, the Greater Volga Project, to raise the level of ancient seas and reverse

the flow of rivers. But not a part of the G.V.P. is TIME Mapmaker Chapin's technical audacity (same issue, same page) in moving the city of Batum (pop. 70,807) a full 600 miles across Soviet Georgia, Armenia and Azerbaijan from its customary place on the Black Sea, to the

low-level Caspian Sea. BERNARD S. REDMONT

Washington

Mapmaker Chapin has always had a hard time distinguishing between Batum and Baku.-ED.

Nelson & the Neckerchief

In your issue of Jan. 14 you state, con-cerning the dress reform in the U.S. Navy, that the black neckerchief is worn to mourn the death of Nelson

In his book, The Origins of Some Naval Terms and Customs, Lieut. Commander R. G. Lowry, R.N., writes as follows:-"A neckerchief usually of black silk

was worn around the neck, and was some-times used so as to protect the coat from the pigtail, but its real use was as a sweat the pigtan, but its real use was as a weat rag worn around the neck or forehead; it was generally black in colour because this showed the dirt least. The black silk was in general use some years before Nelson's death; it may have been worn as mourning for him following the precedent of the ship's company of the Bervick who, in 1794, went into mourning for their Captain by cutting the silk in half and wearing half round their hat and the other half on their

CHRISTOPHED FILIS Ex-Lieutenant Commander R.C.N.V.R. Westmount, Ouebec

CHRYSLER CON AIRTEMP

AIR CONDITIONING IN A PACKAGE



For Greater Human Comfort

Here's modern, easy-to-install, sales-building air conditioning. With it you can capture and hold the breath of spring indoors for the comfort and satisfaction of customers, clients, patients, or workers and, it will quickly pay for itself!

It's the "Packaged" Air Conditioner pioneered in 1937 by Chrysler Airtemp.

Mechanically, it's an engineering masterpiece. Once installed you can forget it. The precision-built Radial Compressor is dynamically balanced and sealed behind steel and iron for long, trouble-free life and quiet,

low-cost operation. For year 'round air conditioning, a heating coil can be added right in the "Packaged" Air Conditioner.

Proof of the time-tested dependability of these "Packaged" Air Conditioners can be found in every state in the Union—and in some of the

Union-and in some of the hottest spots in the world.

Investigate this simplified, modern form of air conditioning. You will find, singly or in multiple, it meets almost any air conditioning requirement. • Airtemp Division of Chrysler Corporation, Dayton 1, O.

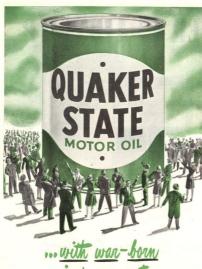
FOR YOUR HOME

There's a Chrysler Airtemp year 'round central automatic air conditioning system for your home. The 'Packaged' Air Conditioner works in combination with a warm air furnace. The ducts, filters and blower of the heating system are used for summer cooling.

Invest in Your Future—Buy U. S. Savings Bonds! "REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! The music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursday, CBS, 9:00 P.M., E.S.T."

A I R C O N D I T I O N I N G

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1946



improvements

T TERE it is—famous premium-quality Quaker State

HERE it is—famous premium-quality Quaker State Motor Oil
—back again in cans! The same outstanding oil you've
always known, product of almost half a century of Quaker State
pioneering—plus war-born improvements.

Today's fine Quaker State Motor Oil withstands higher engine temperatures . . . keeps your motor cleaner . . .

MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION

reinjeratures... **xeeps your motor treater :fights wear and corrosion better than ever!
First choice, naturally, for that shining 1946
automobile—or your faithful prewar model.
Quaker State Oil Refining Corporation, Oil
City, Pennsylvania.

For Almost Half a Century the World's Premium Quality Motor Oil



MISCELLANY

Submarine Raider. Off New Brunswick, a whale surfaced alongside the steamship Keith Cann, hosed openmouthed passengers, submerged.

The Women. In Camden, N.J., Mrs. Lillian Kerney went to court, got her divorce. Grounds: her husband made her duck under the dashboard when he drove past a girl friend.

Boner, In Salt Lake City, Utah University Student Donald Williams' pup followed him to school one day, was found by aghast professors asleep outside the geology department, blissfully nuzzling a rare, well-gnawed, prehistoric bone from the university's much-prized collection.

Parking Problem. In Anniston, Ala., J. E. Moose put together plastic, nonstick chewing gum.

P.U.ddinhead, Painter. In Fort Des Moines, Iowa, Father Urbanski spelled but did not think to pronounce—the words for the painter, got this sign: C. A. Tholic, Chaplain.

Lochinvar Foiled. Near Bogotá, Colombia, down came a young man's airplane, out ran the rancher's daughter. Up from a clump of bushes rose Rancher José Pastarana, lassoed his eloping daughter. Away flew the young man.

Peacemeal. In Yorkton, Sask., a restaurant proudly proclaimed peace & plenty: "We are now making 300 sandwiches from a pound of cheese instead of the former 500 per pound."

Stronge Fruit. In Lindsborg, Kansas, Anna Dahlsten's "geranium" plant bore two whopping tomatoes.

Happy Landing. In Los Angeles, 19month-old Wayne Polette fell from a second-story window, landed on his head, got slightly bruised.

Early Buzzards. In Norwood, Ohio, within 24 hours after Lee Dunn Jr. confessed to strangling his wife, police got five phone inquiries about renting the strangler's house.

H₂ Overpowered. In Kimama, Idaho, a tank containing 5,000 gallons of water burned down.

Wedding March. In St. Louis, Bridesmaid Josephine Bobak fainted, whereupon Groom Nicholas Bobak fainted, Bride Helen Wolken fainted, Father Wempe called a recess.

Good Ground. In Burlington, Iowa, a renovated bathroom's walls and ceiling luxuriantly sprouted wheat. The cause: wheat grain had got mixed up in the plaster.



deep-pocket clips contrast with colorful plastic barrels . . . in dubonnet, blue, brown, green, grey or black. Magic Feed prevents ink flooding or leaking high in a plane

... so of course at ground level too.

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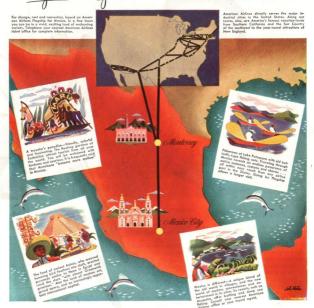
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Clear Time-Reader

After his monumental performance at the Security Council, Bevin showed up at Vishinsky's reception at the vast, crowded Soviet Embassy. . . . This re-ception for UNO bigwigs, British and American political, military, and diplomatic lights, and a very few newsmen. was rated as a successful two-hour

party. But food and drink ran short early. One embassy waiter guarded as with his life a bottle of Russian

"Jubilee Brandy," which was served only to favorites. When Vishinsky toasted "the British working classes, Bevin raised his right fist in a salute remarkably like a Communist grip. . . .

This sidelight on the UNO came to TIME last week from our London bureau. It is a run-of-the-cables sample of the 40,000 words which TIME's

Per welknam a overseas newsgathering organization sends in every week or the news around the world. In one sense this is a unique service: it is not for sale; it is for TIME Inc.'s use only. It has cost as high as \$200,000 a year in cable tolls alone,

and, supplemented by Time's Associated Press special membership (the only non-newspaper membership), it makes possible the definitive ac-

count of events you expect from

Since V-J Day we have been converting our overseas news coverage from the crisis-journalism of war to the even more difficult journalism of peace. To cover the greatest of wars, we had to create a large overseas staff. Like war itself, this operation was wasteful because it meant keeping large concentrations of often idle reporters and groups of report-

ers on hand waiting for an event to happen (e.g., D-day in Normandy). At war's end we had about 60 news-

men deployed over the news fronts of the world outside the U.S.

Now we have re-deployed them. They are the same reporters who metsuperbly, we think-the strains and pressures of six years of wartime journalism and fulfilled as best they could their obligation to get the facts and help us interpret them so you

could weigh and assess them. Some have come home to write and edit; others have gone to work in areas and on problems overseas for which they have shown special aptitude. For instance, here are some of the bureaus and headmen of Time's new worldwide news service:

To London, crossroads and capital of Europe's press, we have sent a new

bureau chief: John Osborne, TIME's sen-John Onkerne national and Foreign News, and, we think, one of America's real-

ly able political journalists.

His opposite number in Paris is Percy Knauth, who has reported European affairs from stem to stern since before Munich, and among whose recollections are two arrests by the now

defunct Gestapo for doing too well what good iournalists trained to do: get the news.

Multi-lingual John Scott, who spent most of the war in Europe, has our Berlin bureau going again under Spartan conditions. Harry Zinder, an au-thority on the Near East after ten years residence there, is back at his old post in Cairo, Until Russia changes its rules, Craig Thompson, veteran of the

London Blitz, will have to carry on there alone. And Robert Sherrod. the top reporter of the Pacific war, is back in his old stamping ground

on a roving assignment which leaves him free to go anywhere his news judgment dictates.

As for the common aim of Time's overseas news service, Time's Editor has this to say: "We are setting up a new world-wide news service-no mean event in the history of journalism.

We are not necessarily or innately the best journalists Robert Stenool in the world; we are certainly not the only ones who

combine professional competence with a sense of professional responsibility. We can help to raise the standards; we shall certainly be concerned not to lower them.'

James a. Line.















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THE PRESIDENCY

A Little More Hectic

"[You think] every week that next week will not be quite so hectic," said Harry Truman. "But the coming week is always just a little more hectic. This is one place where there is always a crisis just around the corner and I have to do something about it. . . . We must face those things."

those things."
The President had more than his routine assignment of crises last week. Across
and at long last he tackled the problem.
Once, when it seemed that the situation
Now is suddenly appeared that he had lifted
rationing and other food restrictions.
Now is suddenly appeared that Mr. Truman might have been badly advised. Only
by cutting its own wheat consumption
obligation to help feed the world's starvelines.

The President hopefully addressed the nation: "I know the conscience of the American people will not permit them to withhold or stint their cooperation while their fellow men in other lands suffer and dia."

Afraid that the President's words meant a shortage in flour, the nation's more excitable citizens rushed to the grocery stores. A Newark, N.J. storkeeper reported: "One man bought ten 10-1b, sacks," A Chicago chain-store manager frantically alled headquarters for more calling in for white flour—that they'd need 30 carloads to take care of the demand."

This was one of the things Mr. Truman had to face. The U.S. public was inclined to criticize him, but sometimes it might be the public that was to blame.

A Mon's Friends. The President had other troubles of his own stubborn making. Even after Honest Harold Ickes accused opportunist Oilman Ed Pauley of trying to bribe the Government with a \$500,000 donation to the party, Harry Truman said he still wanted Pauley as Under Secretary of the Navy.

Mr. Truman had nominated George Allen to RFC, and George weathered a Senate committee's scrutiny (see below). But Funnyman George hardly added luster to the Administration. And when bumbling Jake Vardaman, whom the President had named to the Federal Reserve Board, was called before the Senate, God only knew what would happen. A man any less stubbornly loyal to his cronies might have decided that some friends were more trouble than they were worth. This was one decision that Harry Truman seemed unwilling to face. A Touch of Inflotion? The President's

A Touch of Inflation? The President's aides and cronies spent another futile week of monkeying with the steel strike.



CHET BOWLES

Old Crony John W. Snyder, onetime St. Louis hanker and now director of OWMR, wanted to settle the strike with a little inflation. Price Boss Chester Bowles, no crony, wanted a line to hold. While they argued, the striking Steebworkers' Phil Murray and the struck Steel Corporation's Ben Fairless could do nothing but cool their heels. More than anyone else, they wanted to come to terms, but that was impossible until Mr. Truman's policy was stabilized.

Salouluz-Rowles, hoping to bring things to a hand, laid his resignation on the President's desk. Harry Truman had to face it. Reports were that he decided to cut Snyder down a little. Hit Bowles to a bigger better job, settle the steel strike with a price increase of around \$\xi\$ a ton, give Bowles full authority to hold the line in the future. Another report: Paul Porter, the towering (6 ft. 4 in.) and genial Kentuckian who is now chairman of the Pederal Communications Commission,

would succeed Chet Bowles as administrator of OPA.

But these rumors, in various forms, went flying about for days while the President scurried around. One of Mr. Truman's closest aides sighed: "I can't even keep up with the newspapers, much less with

what's actually going on."

Two Old Conferees. At week's end
Joseph Stalin took a cross-eyed, Redeyed look at Western democracy (see
FOREIGN NEWS), and thumbed his nose.

Mr. Truman, like his people, is not a belligerent man; like his people he wants nothing so much as to live in peace with all other people, including Marxists. But he is also the President of Western democracy's biggest and greatest nation. Stalin's challenge was something else he had to face.

When Winston Churchill arrived at the White House for a visit this week, Harry Truman greeted him in an atmosphere far different from the sunny Florida holiday they had planned together. There were too many crises, old, new, neglected or unyielding, or just around the corner.

Q. & A.

Alabama's Congressman Luther Patrick elbowed toward Mrs. Bess Truman through a teatime throng in the state dining room of the White House and asked, "Well. how do you like it around here?"

Well, how do you like it around here?" Replied Bess Truman: "Oh, so so."

THE NATION

The Bad News

The average U.S. citizen well knew that his nation's main job in the postwar world was to help feed it. It was all right with him that the nation had taken on the biggest part of the job, for the good old U.S.A. was still the land of plenty. And he thought that the nation was pretty well on its way with the job.

Last week the average citizen picked up his newspaper and got a breath-taking shock. His President told him that the U.S. no longer had plenty. The citizen and his wife read the sudden, almost incredible news:

White bread—the symbol of American plenty—would have to be displaced by a grey- or cream-colored bread*; the President decreed that wheat flour be made

* Attempting to describe its taste, the Agriculture Department's Bureau of Human Nutrition and Home Economics said it would have "a more wheaty flavor"; it would also be richer in pro-

from 80% instead of the normal 70% of the whole grain. Production of whiskey and of other grain alcohol beverages would have to be cut back to wartime levels. Beer brewing would have to be cut by 30% (back to the 104 parts). The wartime set-aside of pork for Government purchase was reinstated. The President warned the U.S. that it might even have to go back to meat rationing.

All this was necessary, said President Truman, if the U.S. was to keep its pledges to Europe and the rest of the world, Otherwise the world food crisis might turn into the worst famine of modern times—"More people face starvation and even actual death for want of food today than in any war year and perhaps more than in all the war years combined."

Foct & Foncy. The President's action—and warning—had been long delayed.
Even if the U.S. continued to keep its promises to the world, hunger would still gnaw at the bellies of millions, Great Britain, trying to help others while she herself still needed help, had cut some rations below their wartime level (see FOREIGN NEWS).

Over the next few months, said the Allied Emergency Economic Committee for Europe, 100,000,000 Europeans will be down to a daily average of 1,500 calories, and some 1,40000,000 will be down to 2,000 calories. (UNRRA considers the "safe minimum" to be about 2,500 calories a day; the U.S, average is about

3,300 a day.)
Europe's grain fields lacked tools and transport; drought and locusts have blighted crops in Argentina, Africa, India. Even Canada's great prairies—from which the U.S. had borrowed at times—harvested one-fourth less wheat last year.

Almost everywhere but in the U.S. there was serious shortage—and President Truman's aides had sadly overestimated the U.S. position. In the first postwar rush to bring food shopping back to nor-



FOOD FOR VIENNA
Outside the U.S. . . .



AGRICULTURE'S ANDERSON Action had been long delayed.

mal, Agriculture Secretary Clinton Anderson had decided that everything was so rosy that almost all restrictions could be removed. Now, in connection with the President's announcement, he was forced to concede that somehow the nation had 61,000,000 fewer bushels of wheat than he

With the truth finally out, the U.S. could now get on with its duty. It had promised to deliver 225,000,000 bushels of wheat abroad by July 1. Even this amount, in view of the worsening world food crisis, would only alleviate hunger, not cure it.

Where Is the Wheat?

Last year the U.S. had harvested a record-smashing 1,123,000,000 bushels of wheat, Where had it gone?

Some of it had gone into an unprecedented national consumption. Some had gone abroad—194,000,000 bushels in the last half of 1945.

But the nub of the present U.S. problem was the fact that canny U.S. farmers often hold grain off the market when they figure that trouble or higher prices are brewing. By the best guesstimate of the grain trade, about 175,000,000 bushels of wheat were held on farms last week.

The farmer holds back for a variety of reasons, all cosmonically sound from his point of view. When he saw last year's certific increases in consumption, he behigher prices so to ease the shortages. The higher prices to ease the shortages. The higher prices are still forestalled by cell-ings—but last week some Midwestern farmers were asking and getting such bonuses for a carload of grain as six pairs using the price of the price o

Another problem was the Government's attempt to turn farming, needle-sensitive to prices and demand, into a planned economy. Under present ceilings, the farmer can make more money by feeding grain to hogs and cattle than by selling it. The Government-fixed premium price for fat hogs, hirtoduced in 1944 to boost the courages the farmer to feed hogs to the burstine point.

What would bring out the grain? Govermment analysts and traders who know the farmer best believed that the quickest solution would be higher ceiling prices for grain and light- to medium-weight hogs. But the Government had pledged that there would be no such lifts at the expense of the U.S. public.

Shutdown

New Yorkers often suspect that their complex metropolis floats on quicksand. This week their suspicions were at least partially confirmed. In a move unprecedented in peacetime and more drastic than any ever taken in war, Mayor William D. O'Dwyer suddenly called a halt to all the city's activities except those absolutely estimated to the confirmed of the confirm

Reason for the order was the failure to stop a week-old strike of New York's tugboat men, who haul in a major share of New York's daily supply of food, coal and fuel oil. The workers had agreed to arbitrate their demand for higher pay and shorter hours; when the operators refused, Mayor O'Dwer pulled the switch.

The Mayor's order was issued at 9/40 PM. Within two hours all bars and night clubs began ushering their patrons out. Next day the city was a monument to confusion. Policemen stationed at all sub-way entrances told people to go back home. All bars, movies, theaters, museums and libraries were shut, Window shopping was the order of the day. Until the strike was settled, the city was dead.



FOOD FOR PARIS
... not enough calories anywhere.



U.S.'s Braden
He threw the book . . .

FOREIGN RELATIONS

Neighbor Accused

One evening this week, the chiefs of the South American missions in Washington stamped the snow from their feet and filed into Blair House, on Pennsylvania Avenue, Only one nation was absent —Argentina. A few minutes later that absent neighbor stood accused of virtually every crime in the book against democ-

The stern indictment was a 130-page booklet written in language no nation ordinarily uses unless it is prepared to go to war. The booklets were presented to the South American diplomats by the State Department's urbane Dean Acheson and burly Spruille Braden, onetime ambasses, and the state Department's urbane Dean Acheson and burly Spruille Braden, onetime ambasses, and the state Department's urbane Dean Acheson and burly Spruille Braden, onetime and the state of the s

Nations."

¶ Combined with Nazis to create a Nazi-

Fascist state.

¶ Conspired "to undermine . . . neighboring countries in order to destroy their collaboration with the Allies" and to bring

them into a pro-Axis bloc.

¶ Tried to preserve Axis industrial and commercial power in Argentina.

"Solemn pledges to cooperate with the other American republics were completely breached... The policies and actions of the present regime were aimed at undermining the inter-American system."

Nor was the U.S. deceived by the "strategy of camoulage" to which the regime had turned after the failure of Germany in the Ardennes. It was still the same old spotted cat. "By its brutal use of force and terrorist methods to strike down all opposition from the Argentine people" * The paper scrupulously differentiated between the Argentine people and Argentina regime. the military regime has made a mockery of its pledge to the United Nations 'to reaffirm faith in human rights' in the dignity and worth of the human person." A year and a half ago the U.S. State

A year and a half ago the U.S. State Department had angrily exposed the activities of Argentina-based Axis agents. Now it added a few more.

"So Seriously Compromised." The motorious Major Elias Belmonte Pabon, former Bolivian attaché at the legation in Berlin, was an intimate collaborator with the Sicherhetisdient (a combination intelligence, espionage and sabotage service) officials and received an annual greasing of 20,000 Reichsmarks from the

service) officials and received an annual greasing of 20,000 Reichsmarks from the German Foreign Office. The conspiracy, in which Peron & Co. took active parts, was aimed at the overthrow of the Bolivian government, where a pro-axis Putsch was indeed brought off in December 1943.

Peron & Co. had plotted in the same fashion against the government of Brazil.

Perón & Co. had plotted in the same fashion against the government of Brazil, working through Dr. Raimundo Padilha, Fascist leader in hiding there. The objects: to undermine Brazil's pro-Allied Vargas; gradually to build an anti-U.S. bloc which would include not just a few nations but a whole hemisphere.

These were some of the damming facts, long known, never before publicly set down. Said the State Department in conclusion: ". . . The present Argentine government were so seriously compromised in their relations with the enemy that trust and confidence could not be reposed in that government." In politer language, the State Department asked the oth-



King John & Subject An ex-paradise wanted protection.



Argentina's Perón
... at a collaborator.

er American republics for "their views," But it was the views of the Argentine people the U.S. was really interested in. The angry document was shrewdly timed. In Argentina Juan Perón was up to his belligerent chin in a wild political campaign to get himself legitimized as an elected President, His triumph was by no means as certain as he had thought when his regime rashly promised the people they could go to the polls on Feb. 24. His democratic rival Dr. José P. Tamborini had become threateningly strong. There was even a chance that the election might be fair (see LATIN AMERICA). It was into that situation that the State

Department dropped its charge. There was more than one way to make war.

King John Proposes

Of all the myriad islands in the mid-Pacific, few have had a more colorful history than little Kusaie, a six- by ninemile dot in the Carolines, Americans were the first white men there, in 1866. Brutal, roisterous, buccaneering crews of U.S. whaling ships turned the gentle natives into fierce killers, For years Kusaie was an island of savagery.

Then, about \$5 years ago, a few Americans set out to right the wrongs which a few Americans had done, Missionaries of a Boston society taught and toiled with the resentful, disease-ridden, impoversished Micronesians. Kussia became a tropic paradise. It had no poverty or crime, almost no disease. It was a communal design of the state village cheefs and the island the state of the

Water Attendance returned to KUSale last year they found the natives again impoverished and racked by disease. The Navy set up dispensaries, established markets for crops (taro, copra, sweet potatoes) and native handiwork. Last week King John of Kusaie solemnly inscribed in his native language a petition to the President of the U.S. It said: "We earn-

estly desire that Kusaie be made a permanent possession, and we request that our people shall be kept forever under the protection of the American flag."

Few Micronesians had ever heard of the United Nations Organization, let alone the plans for UNO trusteeships of Pacific islands. King John and his 1,557 neighbors simply knew what they wanted.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Everybody Loves a Fat Man Roly-poly (210 lbs.) George Allen is a

regular card. One of his favorite stories is about the time he was captain of a Cumberland University football team, beaten 222-to-o by Georgia Tech. George likes to say that he made Cumberland's best run—"I only got thrown for a five-yard loss."

George, who had been a lawyer in Otolona, Miss, landed in Washington in 1920, to handle the real-estate affairs of a Chicago banking firm. One day he laughingly suggested a personal publicity sag to Misssispipi's amilable Senator Pat Harrison: "Why not mention my name where it will be heard, as a dark-horse candidate for a District of Columbia commissionership?" Pat did. Somewhat to this horror, the dark

norse was cnosen.

That was the beginning of George's rise,
He made himself useful in small political
ways, He espoused the New Deal, helped
work out WPA with Harry Hopkins,
helped think up the Roosevelt Birthday
Balls, His circle of friends grew. The
Home Insurance Co. made him a vice
president in charge of public relations,
and corporations began putting him on

their boards.

In April 1945 he flew from California to Washington. Franklin Roosevelt had died, George walked into the presence of a stricken Harry Truman, bowed and said solemnly: "Mr. President." Since that moment, the lawyer of Okolona has sat at Harry Trumn's right hand.

Personality Kid. Such was the man who appeared last week before the Senate Banking & Currency Committee, holding hearings on his appointment by Harry Truman as a director in the powerful Reconstruction Finance Corp.

In double-breasted blue suit and zebratriped tie, George waved to those he knew, graciously passed around a typed list of all his business connections, and sat list of all his business connections, and sat Enamuel's Aviation Corp., Tom Girdler's Republic Steel, altogether more than a score of corporations. His annual income: 'Call it about \$5,00.00 a year.' He also belonged to the American Red Cross and the Boy Scouts of America and was an the Boy Scouts of America and was an incomplete the control of the control of the foot Michaut's Negro Church. Senators began to gin Was he a trustee

of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.?
"Oh, yes, sir," George drawled, "that's a
great company. I get very little from
them. I ought to get more. I get \$40 when



Even Taft smiled.

I attend a meeting and yet they have assets of over a billion." How come he was dropped from the General Chemical Co. of New York? "Hmm—" George's eyes searched the ceiling, "I wasn't exactly fired. How can I put it nicely? There wasn't any enthusiasm for me to stay."

Drowned in Giggles. Spectators were convulsed. George's own high-pitched chuckle frequently rang out. Even dour



He got space in a pigsty.

Senator Robert Taft occasionally rubbed his balding pate and smiled.

By a voie of 14-5, the committee decided that George was all right. Senator Taft and four other Republicans held out, but Administration aids expected the Senate to confirm George without much trouble. In the offing is the chairmanship of RFC—at least, George confided, Harry Truman had made a "thin hint" to that effect.

Drowned in the giggles was any thought of happy George Allen's qualifications for the RFC job. He had proved a great capacity to crack jokes about himself, a pleasant candor about his own ambitions and finances. He had demonstrated that a good many companies—most of whom find it convenient to be on good terms with Washington—considered him a userial man to have on the payroll. But there was no hint that any of his many previous him beard chairman of a corporation—much less of a \$[c.] billion empire such as RFC has become

RADICALS

Lonely Voice

Five nights a week at 7:45 E.S.T., approximately 75; of New York City's radio listeners dial station WHM for 15 minutes of liverish news analysis by a balding frenetic, German-born commentator named Johannes Steel. Fortnight ago he had a proud announcement: he would be the American Labor Party's candidate for Congressman from Manhattan's lower East Side.

Dark-horse Steel's most prominent backer turned out to be Commerce Secretary Henry A. Wallace, who had written him a letter of endorsement saying: "I wish you all success." Democrats and Republicans were astounded. But Manhattan's Communists, seeing a chance for "an important labor victory" (and incidentally a Concressional partner for their idol Vito Marcantonio), were not shaded their forces. Communists pleaded for 1,000 of the

The Duily Worker reported that teo.coo pieces of campaign literature had already been published, with another 200,000 in the works. PM, which occasionally (but not in this case) wanders from the party line, hopped in with a glowing story on Sergent Marion Hargieve agreed to head a veterans' committee already heavily loaded with other left-wingers.

Too Many Fingers. But the road to office was not all smooth for Candidate Steel. To the New York World-Telegram, he was "an all-out defender of Stalin's politics' with a special bent for Soviet worship. . . ." The New Leader, an anti-Communist labor paper, described him as "a servile propagandist . . a consistent

fabricator . . . of his personal life and history," recalled that he was once praised by the Soviet Izvestia as a "lonely voice" in America, The New Leader also pointed out that Steel had the classic commentator's background-in 1934 he had written: "Hitler's days are numbered. The reader can count them on his fingers,"s

His Democratic opponent, Arthur G. Klein, went to court in an unsuccessful attempt to show that Steel had no business in the election anyway, under his trade name of Johannes Steel. There was no such person, said Klein-Steel's name had been Herbert von Stahl, was anglicized to Herbert Johannes Steel when he was naturalized in 1938.

At week's end. Candidate Steel began

LABOR Afternoon in Gridley

George Plummer McNear Jr. does not believe in obeying a law that he hates.

His 239-mile Toledo, Peoria & Western Railroad was returned to him last October, after 42 months of Government operation under seizure. Immediately his union rail employes struck. The line has been strike-bound ever since, George Mc-Near refused to negotiate. He said he would see the railroad and himself go broke first.

No train ran until three weeks ago, Then a locomotive chuffed out with a few cars. There was a rock-throwing fracas; a picket was shot at and wounded. A a siding. Four guards got off and walked ahead of the caboose.

ahead of the capoose.

The pickets yelled: "You dirty . . . scabs." The four guards reached a hand switch. Some of the pickets moved toward them. One of the guards yelled, "And fixed him." "Don't come any closer," and fired his gun into the ground. Then there was a lot of shooting.

Five of the pickets fell. One was Arthur Browne, a striking engineer, He was dead, Another was Pants Paschon, He was dead, The others were seriously wounded. All but one had been hit in the back or side.

The Finish. State police found evidence that some pickets had brought guns to the scene, but no evidence that any had been used. Later that afternoon the



WIDOW PASCHON & CHILD



T.P. & W.'s GUARDS Bad blood boiled up to bloodshed. few days later, shotgun pellets ripped

STRIKE BOSS BROWN

to show the wear & tear of campaigning. Incensed at the hostile attitude of the avidly New-Dealish New York Post, he snorted: "What a pigsty the New York press is!"

Do svidaniva, Comrade

Ever since the wartime pinch, when Communist Earl Browder first put forth the heresy that capitalism and social gain might be compatible, his U.S. comrades have been sniping at him. In July 1945, on orders from abroad, they demoted him from boss. Last week, pondering his recent conversion into a little businessman (TIME, Jan. 28), they recommended his expulsion from the party. The charges: "[Browder] is an active opponent of the party representing an enemy-class ideology. . . . [He] supports the entire policy of the Truman Administration, including its imperialist course in foreign affairs,"

Earl Browder made no reply. But at week's end came news that he had applied to the State Department for a passport to Russia. No one knew for sure whether his purpose was to ask the Soviet Union for reinstatement as a Communist or to exploit it as a capitalist.

* Fingers needed by the reader: 3,953.

through a picket's shanty. Nobody was hit, One night last week, Irwin ("Pants") Paschon, the line's striking head timekeeper, got a telephone call at his Peoria home. An anonymous voice said: "You're going to get what the picket shanty got. Next day Pants Paschon and a score of

fellow pickets watched a strange-looking train pull out of the T.P. & W.'s East Peoria yards. Ahead of the locomotive was an armored gondola, Behind the engine were three freight cars and a steel caboose. The train carried six crewmen, 14 guards and some guns. The Chase. Led by their strike boss

G. F. Brown, the pickets ran to their automobiles, sped east on U.S. Route 24, which parallels the T.P. & W.'s tracks, and soon passed the rolling train. At Eureka the strikers parked near the tracks. As the caboose passed, they threw rocks and stones, Shotgun blasts roared from the train. No picket was hit,

The strikers drove on. At Gridley they deployed into three groups along the highway and in a small park beside the tracks, When the train came, one group cut loose with rocks again. The train went on to the edge of the town, started to back onto four guards-all discharged servicemen, said by the union to have been paid \$375 a month by George McNear-were charged with murder. The brotherhoods' leaders, offering to give evidence that McNear had transported the guns, demanded that he be arrested on the same charge,

McNear, who has been bitterly fighting the unions almost continuously since he bought the line in 1926, was at lunch in Peoria's Creve Coeur Club when the shooting broke out. Afterward he insisted that the strikers had fired first; the guards in self-defense. Next day he took to bed. Thus had come the first U.S. strike

killing in three years. George McNear's tracks were red now with more than rust.

Oh, Happy Day

Rough, jimber-jawed Joseph Curran, boss of the C.I.O. National Maritime Union, and slim Harry Bridges, boss of the West Coast's C.I.O. longshoremen and warehousemen, speak in the same Communist accents, out of different corners of the mouth. Both, for years, have sought, one big union of maritime and dockside workers, 200,000 strong on both coasts and the Great Lakes, In Washington last week, after three



Curran, Bridges & Friend*
They got what they were looking for.

days of wrangling with the Marine Engineers' Samuel J. Hogan and other leaders, Curran and Bridges happily announced their maritime amalgamation. Six C.I.O. unions and one independents' drew up a merger agreement, to be put into effect at a San Francisco convention next May.

Then Harry Bridges proudly rushed off to tell C.I.O. Boss Phil Murray the good news—if shipowners got stubbom about a new contract, the maritime unions could raise hob with all shipping from Boston to Miami and from Seattle to San Diego. In fact, shipping could be halted for almost any reason Bridges and Curran chose.

Man at Work

The customers at the Fort Shelby Hotel bar in Detroit recognized an old face, James Francis Dewey, looking like a billiken in a black Homburg hat, was back in town, this time to settle the General Motors fight.

For many years—ever since "Puddler Jim" Davis took Dewey into the Labor Department—he has been bouncing back & forth between Washington, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, spreading baim. A onetime railroad telegrapher, 59-year-old Jim Dewey has become the government's ace mediator. His methods are simple: get 'em together, keep 'em cool, let 'em tak.

Last week he got them together on the firth floor of the General Motors building. There the bosses of G.M. and the United Auto workers subbornly lought over the wage and contract issues which have kept of The C.10.5 American Communications Associated to the Contract of the Contract of

the company tied up twelve weeks, at a loss of more than \$100,000,000 in wages. Dewey sat in their midst, slouched in his chair, drumming the table and nodding his grey-thatched head.

Tempers flared. Dewey sat up and pulled from his pocket a pair of toy Scotty dogs, which he placed on the conference table. Magnetized, they sprang together. Everybody laughed and Dewey slouched back. When sparks began to fly again, he broke in with a dirty story.

Everybody Sing. When the union leaders looked mad enough to walk out, Dewey wondered out loud and apropos nothing: did hely know where one of the work of the work

The U.A.W. statesmen around the conference table burst into song: "Thomas is our leader, we shall not be moved. . . ." Patient, hard-working Jim Dewey hoped they could be moved just a little.

Mr. Thomas was moved at week's end when G.M. electrical workers abrupally needed their strike, affecting 25,600 employes at G.M. plants in 60. The C.I.O. electrical workers had secretly settled for an 18½-an-hour wage boost. (The auto workers are demanding 10½-7 The settlement left Thomas "terribly shocked." Said he: "It put us in an awful spot, since G.M. now will come to us instained that we settle on the same terms."

Hogan of the Marine Engineers.

CONNECTICUT

"Fabulous & Fantastic"

The loving-cup tempest over the world capital seethed and bubbled. One group of irate citizens banded together into a Committee for the Preservation of Greenwich—keep UNO out. Other citizens formed as smaller Greenwich Citizens Committee—bring UNO in. The Stamford Hills Association screamed like a other Stamford citizens signed petitions of delight.

Suggestions flew like criss-crossing rockets. Connecticut's Congresswoman Clare Boothe Luce said sadly: "It's unfortunate UNO couldn't have picked a place where it would be more welcome." The New York Times dug up the fact, and printed it as a broad hint, that "Mr. Roosevelt felt that the Azores would be an ideal place for a world capital."

The irreverent New York Daily News suggested: "Why not put the UNO world capital in the northwest corner of Mexico ... somewhere in the neighborhood of the famous Mexican towns of Tijuana, Agua Caliente, Mexicali (Mexicali Rose, Louis and the control of the Mexicali Hostonia Rose, Louis and the Month of the Mexicali Hostonia Rose, Louis and the Mexico Hostonia Hostonia

taining and being entertained....
"Santa Anita, California's famous race
track, would be near by; and who knows
but what, with all that UNO salary money
in circulation in the area, gambling at
Tijuana and Arua Caliente might stage a

glorious revival. . . ."

Cried East Chester's Councilman William C. Stohldrier: UNO would be a "world espionage center in the United States."



"THEY'LL NEVER TAKE US ALIVE'
Bomb bait? Spy ring?

The Legal Mind. Among the 5,000 New York-Connecticut residents who would be evicted from their pleasant properties by the world capital were numerous lawyers, most of whom seemed busy last week hunting for a loophole. The whole idea of giving up U.S. soil for an international zone, they said hopefully.

might be unconstitutional.

In Washington, where State Department lawyers were seratching their heads, it was conceded that UNO offered plenty of legal problems—but constitutionality was not one of them. The Government planned, by treaty, simply to "assign" the world capital area to UNO—without coding the territory or relinquishing soverdispecture of the control of the control

But there the problem only began. Who would furnish a police system, public utilities, schools and health departments? What kind of taxes, if any, would UNO have to pay on the land? What would happen if a UNO delegate wanted to get divorced, or take out a hunting license?

City or Compan? In London, U.S. Deleaste Arthur II. Vandenberry, who figured that the UNO committee had brought all its troubles on itself, rumbled: "Any suggestion that this organization needs anything like 45 square miles of high-priced area for its headquarters is fabulous and fantastic." Instead of spending up to most settle for something the size of "a comfortable college campus."

Another question had to be answered: where would UNO meet in the interim? The selection committee had blithely settled on New York as temporary headquarters, but there was no certainty that New York could accommodate UNO. Atlantic City and San Francisco were eager and able to furnish the space. So was Boston. But there UNO ran into another problem-Russia's Delegate Georgii F. Saksin had blackballed Massachusetts as no fit place for UNO after Superior Court Judge John Swift's recent blast: "Godless Russia has torn the Atlantic Charter to tatters and enslaved millions of our fellow Catholics

State Department officials began to wonder if turning a whole island over to UNO might not be a wonderful idea.

THE PHILIPPINES

Turnabout

In Manila this week, Japan's tall, suave Lieut. General Masaharu Homma, convicted of responsibility for the Bataan Death March, was given punishment to fit the crime. A U.S. military tribunal sentenced him to march to death—then decided, unlike the commission which decreed hanging for Yamashita, that death should be by firing squad.

HOUSING

Calling All Carpenters

It was a bad year to build houses. Inflationary clouds filled the sky; an old growth of building restrictions lay matted like vines all across the nation. There were shortages of skilled labor and materials. But thousands of veterans were roaming the streets looking for a place—any place—to live.

Quiet, jug-eared Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt surveyed the dismal prospects and the crying need. Then, in a breathtaking announcement that sounded like



WILSON WYATT

If the U.S. could build 50,000 planes . . .

the start of the greatest domestic crusade since NRA, he asked the nation to build more houses in the next 22 months than it had put up in the last six years—an unbelievable total of 2,700,000.

Wyatt's bold plan, which bore the President's enthusiatic approval, called for an enormous expansion of the nation's build-ing industry, for the recruiting and training the property of the proposed and training the property of the proposed and the proposed and

Problems. To clear the way for his enormous new crop of moderately priced houses—built to sell for a maximum of

\$6,000, rent for no more than \$50 a month—Wyatt called for a halt to virtually all other construction. He would need rigid price controls, priorities, ceilings. And he urged passage of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft Bill, which would authorize down payments of as little as \$5'\$, and allow a buyer up to 32 years to amortize his mortgage.

Wyatt accepted the inevitable fact that his program would have to start slowly. He proposed to begin by channeling labor and materials into temporary, makeshift housing—50,000 trailers, 200,000 living units in rebuilt war-housing. He scheduled early construction of 250,000 prefabricated

dwellings.

But his plan was basically concerned with permanent conventional building to assure first veterans, then non-veteran hardship cases, of real homes, Of the 1,200,000 houses planned for 1946, at least 700,000 would be permanent. No temporary dwellings of any kind were included in the 1,500,000 which he planned to build in 1947.

Applause. Energetic Wilson Wyatt, ao, had drawn his blueprint in five fast weeks. He had come to Washington virtually a stranger—a corporation lawyer whose only experience in public life had been gained as mayor of his home town, Louisville, Ky. But by virtue of driving himself all day and half the night he had managed to discuss and argue his theories with scores of Administration officials, men in labor and

At week's end he reaped the first fruits of his labor. Congress, in its first show of enthusiasm for a major Administration proposal, promised him wholehearted backing. Millions of home-hungry private

citizens applauded.

But the biggest part of Wilson Wyatt's markilling job Jay abead. He had to make his blueprint work, Thousands of cities and towns would have to be talked into waiving antiquated building codes, backing Wyatt's sarting theories. Congress, despite its initial enthusissm, might balk at cellings, might healtate at handing out the wast sums Wyatt wanted. The inertial both building labor and the building industry would have to be sold on all sorts of newfangled idea.

Wyatt's answer: a nation which can build 50,000 airplanes can do anything.

THE CONGRESS

Back to Work

The flow of Southern oratory which had stopped all Senate business since Jan. 17 ended by drowning all opposition. New Mexico's Senator Dennis Chavez, who had tried to force a vote on establishing a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission, finally gave up. The 24-day filbuster triumphantly ended, the highest legislative chamber in the land was free to function once again.

ARMY & NAVY

COMMAND

Peace Hath Its Victories War is . . . a continuation of political

relations, a carrying out of the same by other means .- von Clausewitz.

Of all the great powers, the U.S. had kept its generals and its admirals most effectively fenced off from the pastures of statecraft and diplomacy-and its diplomats farthest away from the maneuver grounds. The results, at Pearl Harbor, and in North Africa and Italy, had sometimes been disastrous, sometimes scandalous, Last week, the State, War and Navy Departments agreed at last to cuddle up a little closer.

A plan for closer cooperation was sponsored by Vice Admiral Harry Wilbur Hill, veteran of combined amphibious operations; Major General Alfred M. Gruenther, a top planner from SHAEF: Brigadier General Truman Hempel Landon, a bombing expert, and Donald S. Russell. Assistant Secretary of State,

Mutual understanding and unity of purpose were evident among these four as they outlined their proposal: a precedentshattering college for high-ranking officers of the Army, Air Forces and Navy, and the Foreign Service of the State Department, One point not yet settled was a name for the institution.

Tomorrow's Men. The course at their proposed school will last ten months, and will be about equally divided between military and political subjects. On the military side, the students will learn about the atomic bomb and other new weapons which are altering the methods of war, On the statecraft side will be intense study of the "home front," of the foreign policies of the U.S. and all major powers, and of the UNO and other means of preventing war.

The hundred students will be mostly

Army colonels or Navy captains (with 20 years of service) or Foreign Service officers of equivalent rank and with 15 vears of service, Said Harry Hill, commandant of the new school: "We'll take the cream of the crop from the existing war colleges. . . . We want them to get the future viewpoint not only in methods, weapons and strategy, but in the broad political applications, We're not going to be war planners. We are going to try for an understanding of war and how to maintain the peace.

Because of the level from which they are picked, the graduates of the school will be the generals, admirals and ministers of tomorrow-the Marshalls, Kings, Arnolds, Eisenhowers and ambassadors of decades to come. If the hopes of the founders are fulfilled, future U.S. leaders will understand the process of "political relations" from A to Z-instead of A to M for one group and N to Z for another,

WEAPONS

Paper Bags

The Japs' balloon-bombing campaign against the U.S. had always looked fantastic, but not until last week was it clear how much effort had been expended on it. The Army & Navy, after digging through enemy archives, summarized their findings.

After the Doolittle bombing of Tokyo, the Japs decided that they had to retaliate somehow. They spent years, and \$18,000,000, researching and manufacturing long-range gas bags, mostly of mulberry-bark paper. Some 9.000 were launched. Only 283 are known to have landed in the Eastern Pacific or North America, No military damage was done. A few grass fires were started and six

MORALE

Disorder in the Court

The dingy courtroom in London's Grosvenor Square was crowded with G.Ls. On its 48th day, the trial of a prison guard from the U.S. Army's 10th Reinforcement Depot at Lichfield was still a big attraction for men who remembered The planned brutalities, the beatings, the dosing with castor oil, which had made Lichfield infamous (TIME, Jan. 14).

Half an hour late, in strode imperious Colonel James Alphonse Kilian, former commandant of the depot. In barrel-organ tones he demanded to see the order convening the court. The president banged his gavel to silence the belligerent witness, Kilian called for a comfortable chair-"one with arms on it if I have to sit here all day."

Fourteen times during five hours, the cavel was slammed to bring the witness to order, Once Kilian stretched, looked at the prosecutor and stuck out his tongue, Said

a G.I. onlooker: "I'd like to see one of us act like that! Kilian indignantly denied knowledge of any beatings (except one) in the Lichfield stockade-where other witnesses had testified that the beatings were a regular, daily occurrence, carried out on Kilian's own orders. Once he flatly refused to answer a direct question, and the court

cited him for contempt. Meanwhile, in Washington, the War Department sent up, and the Senate confirmed, a list of 349 officers for promotion (based on seniority) to the permanent rank of colonel. Among the names: James Alphonse Kilian. Then the Washington Post drew attention to the goings-on at the Lichfield trial, Embarrassed, Utah's Elbert Thomas got the Senate to call the





LANDON



They planned to cuddle up a little closer.



RUSSELL



The job was to deflect and cushion irreconcilable forces.

UNO Great Commoner

(See Cover)

The soher, somber Council chamber was filled with the sounds of waiting: the hum-buzz of bored conversation in the gallery, the deep, snoosy breathing of weary spectators who had fallen asleep, nervous coughs, the rustling of papers. Only those with very sharp ears could hear, above these sounds in Westminster's Central Hall, the pacing footsteps of the future.

At any moment, UNO—mankind's fragile new device of peace—might fall apart beneath the weight of Russia's postwar drive to translate victory into ex-

pansion. It was almost two hours since the Security Council had adjourned for "five minutes," The five major members, still bickering over Greece, were having it out in a back room, guarded by red-and-blue Royal Marines. Those who were waiting knew that UNO was in crisis: few suspected how serious the crisis was, (Behind the closed doors Britain's bear-like [250 lbs.] Ernest Bevin threatened to leave the room and to make Britain leave the Council. They did not know that Russia's sharp, suave Andrei Yanuarevich Vishinsky retorted that he was all ready to withdraw from the Council if the Soviet Union's honor and dignity were further impugned.)

"Doy of Crisis. At the core of UNO's rist great test was, as many had predicted it would be, the Security Council's veto power. Russia's Vishinsky, in his best prosecutor's manner, had formally accused the British of endangering the peace by maintaining an army in Greece. Bevin the property of the pro

The sweating councilors had tortured their brains and their vocabularies to contrive a verdict that was no verdict at all. One suggestion: let the Council note the debate, along with a British promise to withdraw the troops. Cried Bevin: "Really, I am not so childish as to fall for that." Another suggestion: let the Council declare that Britain's troops in Greece were no danger to peace but would be withdrawn, anyway. Cried Vishinsky:

"I will vote against it!"

Next day, the nearly fatal deadlock
was not so much broken as spiked. The
U.S.'s placatory Edward R. Stettinius had
produced a compromise which both London and Moscow would accept. Vishinsky
was willing to drop his charges against
Britain—provided that this Russian retreat was not mentioned in the Council's
Official resolution. Be'ni took a long, hard
official resolution. Be'ni took a long, hard
withdrew his demand for an
explict "not guilty." The final statement,
accepted over much relieved smiling and
handshaking, merely informed the world

The Russians went to bat again the morning after—this time for Indonesia. The Ukraine's Dmitry Zakharovich Manuilsky started off mildly enough, charging on the basis of newspaper clip-

that a debate had taken place.



ERNEST BEVIN & MOPPET

Making friends came hard for him.

pings that Britain was "endangering genuine national aspirations." Quipped Bevin: a newspaper has three functions: to amuse, to entertain, to mislead. The joke was illtimed, and Vishinsky grimly pounced on it. The Briton had to listen while the totalitarian defended Britain's free press: "The fact that there is a free press in Britain entitles us to place some credence in [ii.]."

Then Vishinsky proposed that a UNO commission of inquiry be sent to Java. Blustered Bevin: "His Majesty's Government will not take that." The best hope of compromise seemed to be outside the Council; the Dutch Government offered Indonesians self-determination "in our time."

As in his rip-roaring collective-bargaining days, Labor Leader Ernie Bevin shouted and pounded the table—but he did not stop bargaining. He "gave it to 'em for fair" (a favorite bevin phrase), and the Russians were not happy. But they were still in UNO, and UNO was still in one piece. The piece was much more of a piece than it had been before.

Geme of Darts, UNO had shown the Russians that the Security Council could not be used for petty tractical maneuvers. It had not, of course, really reconciled the basic forces in conflict between Great Parishian and Russis; the forces were information to the council of the council of the properties of the council of the council and cushion such forces, prevent them from colliding and exploding into World War III. The London meeting made it plain that the nations, pressed from below by war-sick peoples, had accepted UNO by war-sick peoples, had accepted UNO the present.

Einest Bevin did more than any other man in London to lift UNO above its fears. Many an emissary from small or fears Many an emissary from small or nations had come to London with ideals as high as Bevin's, and higher eloquence. But Bidualt, for instance, dared not speak up; French Communists were too strong, powerful nation was represented in London first by U.S. Secretary of State James Byrnes, a habitual compromiser,



EMPRESS VICTORIA (1897)
* The power and the glory . . .

and then by Stettinius, a competent, sincere negotiator. But they expended their energies on conjuring up patchwork formulas.

Bevin rose above their level, tossed aside the numbing, ambiguous grandiloquence of traditional diplomacy which made international dialogue sound remote and unreal. He spoke as no statesman had ever spoken before in international councils. He spoke, and his example made others speak, as though UNO were not a precarious assembly of many nations, but a parliament of respectable and genuine power, He spoke up to the Russians as a great many plain people in pubs and corner drugstores had often wanted to speak. Gasped one European delegate: "My God! We are playing chess, and Bevin is playing Lessons of Life, Ernie Bevin is that

Lessons of Life. Blind Beef in State kind of a man—impatient with the chess-board's strategic subtleties. Life had used him roughly from the first, had given him callouses where other men would have had scars. Born 65 years ago to bitter poverty in Winsford, a Somerset village, Ernie Bevin got an early introduction to strife and independence.

He was orphaned at six, and one of his first memories is of trotting behind his mother's coffin to the village church, list-tening while Anglicans and Nonconformists argued whether Mrs. Bevin—a Methods—and whether Mrs. Bevin—a Methods—and whether Mrs. Bevin—a Methods—and work as a farm haborer, at sixpence a week. He struck for a raise, was promptly fixed, promptly went to work for a farmer who paid him a shilling. The farmer could not read, and Ermie read the evening—for which he got overtime may in the form of jam on his Sunday

pudding. His soft, slow, West Country voice carefully repeated the fiery imperialist speeches of Joseph Chamberlain at the apex of the Empire's glory in the last years of Queen Victoria's reign.

Decades later, when his own speeches appeared in Hansard, Bevin was considerably peeved at being edited by that venerable publication. Once, when he publicly urged the King of Greece to put "no more syrags in the wheel," Hansard changed it to "spokes." Better than Hansard's editor, Emils Bevin knew a sprag from a spoke for, as he pointed out, he had been a drayman's boy himself—after he left the

farm and went to the "big town" (Bristol). A drayman's boy was only one of Emic's many jobs: he was page boy, shop clerk, salesman and tram conductor. He took night courses at a Socialist free school, denounced the ills of the working-man over rum and coffee, got interested in Bristol's doctors and their struggling union, formally entered the labor movement on Christman by Bristol Cuthodral and badgering wealthy worshipers for pennies to feed the unemployed.

When his friendly enemy Winston Churchill made him Minister of Labor in 1940, Bevin was head of the Transport and General Workers' Union—one of the world's largest labor unions (over 1,000,000 members).

Years of Battle. Bevin owed his rise to a great many common man's qualities, which he has to an uncommon degree. He was uncommonly strong—once he threw an obnoxious opponent off the Bristol dock. He was uncommonly rude, at times —once, as a guest at a superb luncheon, he % Sprag: a "billet of wood or a rod used." for checking a whilet from running backward."



THE LATE GEORGE LANSBURY
A mocker gave him his wish.



ERNIE (1895) ... with jam on it.

expressed his appreciation to his banker hosts: "You chaps had better do your best now, because when we come to power we will smash you." He was uncommonly rathless—at the 1032 Farty Congress, Notation, he did not hesitate to crush Labor's beatified pacifist, George Lansbury, Bevin mocked, while tears were streaming down the old man's face: "George Lansbury has been dressed up in the robe of a martyr for years, waiting for somewhere the common man's similer faith

in giving the worker more to live for and more to live with, a common man's gruff self-consciousness before his social "bet-ters," and a common man's simple but ferocious hatred of dictatorship. Yet he is himself uncommonly inclined to be dictatorial, likes power, is sweepingly imparted. Through the year was more than a dockside agitator, and acquired with its some sense of being a man of destiny.

Bevin leads a rather lonely life with his placid, graysh wife Florence, usually stays at a small, homelike flat on the top floor of the Foreign Office. He is rabidly is alous of his privacy and coldly forbidding toward most reporters. Confided one London correspondent last week: "The only way to get him is to call the Foreign Office switchboard and say in a firm voice: The flat, please."

Union of Diplomats. After last year's smashing Labor victory, the victors got together to pick the portfolios for the new Cabinet. Clement Atlee, of course, would be Prime Minister, for only under his soothing leadership could country-bred Ernie Bevin work together with the "Cockney Sparrow" Herbert Morrison,

whose warmth has won him a far large personal following than Bevin's. Bevin himself wanted the power of the purse. Said he: "Give me five years as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and I will so alter it back." Reticent, scholarly Hugh Dalton, who considers himself insufficiently appreciated as a foreign-affiairs expert, wanted to go to Whitehall. Attlee agreed, but later, during a solitary lunch, he had the line-up backwards. Whitehal had the line-up backwards. Whitehal

Bevin turned out to be a much better boss than musty old Whitehall had hoped. He knew much more about Whitehall's business than it had expected. By & large, he left the coterie of career diplomats alone. Bevin is still short of topnotch diplomatic personnel. His star ambassador is Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, recently recalled from Mossow where, the Foreign

Office felt, he was being wasted. Bevin displays little humor and geniality around the office ("Life is Real, Life is Enset" soon became a common quip). He likes a drink and a chat, but is patheticalless he won underpoid Foreign Office hearts by going to bat for a general salary raise. When a friend suggested that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Hugh Dalion, might object, Bargainer Bevin which was the same and the sa

Decline of Empire. When Bevin sat down after his first foreign policy statement in the House of Commons, one of his colleagues on the Government bench dryly remarked: "He's picked up all of Eden's principles and dropped nothing but his aspirates." (Commoner Bevin still occasionally drops his aitches; during the war he whipped on his workers with "Give 'itler 'ell!") Different as Ernie Bevin is in manner and method from urbane Anthony Eden, and from all the kid-glove and silk-hat diplomats before him, he has not veered from Eden's course. He growled to a friend not long ago: "Everyone is expecting me to change our foreign policy. What these people forget is that facts never change.

But facts replace each other. The hardest fact was that the British Empire had indeed changed since the bright and brassy days when young Ernie started to read his Hansard. Old Ernie took over Britain's foreign affairs at a time when the country was facing a slow and perhaps agonizing battle for survival. The second Battle of Britain would not be as dramatic better than the second of the started of the would not be as black as in Churchill's finest, darkest hour; but they would be a lasting grey. The uniquely delicate bonds and balances of the Empire were being strained and uppet as never before.

The 65 years of Bevin's life have marked the decline of Britain from the world's



Bevin Campaigning
He could tell a spake from a sprag.

first industrial and naval power to a position of strategic dependence on the U.S. At the time Bevin was born, Britain was able to make more armaments than all of the rest of the world put together. When could not make a tenth of the world's output of weapons. Yet from her days of pre-eminent power Britain had inherited over 13 million square miles of empire with 450 million people—and with them laggard and defective, was nevertheless more genuine than that displayed by any



ATTLEE & MORRISON
There was only one possible boss.

other colonial nation. Socialist Bevin faces the rising tide of Asiatic nationalism; 1946 is likely to see another major crisis in India's ferment. Democrat Bevin faces a Russia which has become the strongest power on both the Asiatic and European continents and which, by pressing on Brita'n's lifeline in the Medierranean, artistic likely and the Medierranean continents and which, by pressing on Brita'n's lifeline in the Medierranean between the homeland and Britain's vital bases in the East.

The first of Feiro. The Balkans—except forece—are already in the widening Soviet orbit. The Russians all but have their hands on Iran's oil, and certainly have their eyes on the pipeline in the Levant states, which last week asked UNO for Russian diplomatic radar is feeling out the Arab League. Turkey is under pressure to let Russia dominate the Dardanelles. Russia's good friend Tito is still clamoring for Trieste on the Adriatic, and Russia hersibility in Tripolitania.

The price of victory had been high for Britain. The price of peace might be higher still. How much could Ernie Bevin afford to pay? How much could he afford not to pay? Those questions would define the hostory of the next quarter-century.

It was clear already that Emic Bevin plan of the Court be king's Foreign Secretary to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire, Socialist or no, Bevin meant to fight for the king's Empire, As always, he would drive a hard bargain. Above all, he would fight—as he had fought last week in UNO, for a way of dealing with Russia that did not involve giving into every Russian demany.

The things that divide Russia from Great Britain could not be expressed in

old terms of Empire alone. Bevin is not ridden by doctrines and dogmas, but he has a fierce hatred of Communism. He knows Communism inside out, for he has fought it and crushed it within Transport House, Last week, when Soviet President Kalinin denounced Europe's "reactionary Socialists" and their false devotion to democracy, Bevin knew that Kalinin put his name at the top of the list. Bevin understands that the gap between Russia and the West is really unbridgeable so long as Russia defines democracy in terms of a single party, a single list of candidates, a secret police and a controlled press. He knows that the West's brand of freedom is no longer welcome in a great many parts of the world today, but he still believes in it, and when he shouted in UNO he did ferocious pig in a poke, Bevin believes with his party that men can live freely within a controlled system. Should this proposition prove untenable, British Socialism will probably prove less durable than British freedom.

But in Ernie Bevin's philosophy, liberty and socialism do not contradict each other. His early poverty had led him to prize economic security above economic opportunity. Britain's waning power after two wars persuaded Bevin and his countrymen that sovereignty must be bent to fit a pattern of world order. They knew also that UNO could not be built on a foundation of immoral compromises with expediency, As Britain's ancient strength declined its ancient principles must take. at least in part, the place of power.

Sauce for the Gander?

A week in which Russian truculence reached new depths (see Foreign News) also heard Russia's Andrei Vishinsky make an unprecedented advance toward world cooperation, Prosecutor Vishinsky was denouncing Britain, but he is too shrewd a man to ignore the application of his words to the U.S.S.R. Said he to UNO's Security Council: "I would ask whether the United Nations can be an effective organ if national sovereignty is not limited. The nations must sacrifice a part of their sovereignty if the United Nations is to be a real and effective organ.

Heretofore Russia has avoided such a stand like the plague; now Russia was on the record with a statement that undercut her super-sovereign interpretation of her UNO Security Council veto power.

POLICIES & PRINCIPLES Yalta's Fruit

Last April Secretary of State Stettinius (presumably with the knowledge and consent of President Roosevelt), swore there were no more secret agreements at Yalta except military ones. This week, on Yalta's first anniversary, his successor released what he swore was Yalta's last secret agreement.

Its text had been kept secret even from Jimmy Byrnes until last week, six months after the time when military necessity might have excused a hush-hush policy. While it had a military consideration (Russia's joining in the Japanese war), the agreement itself was as political as a pork barrel. Stalin's help in the Far East was to be rewarded with the Kuril Islands, an "independent" Mongolia and all Tsarist Russia's Far East rights, Roosevelt promised to get China's concurrence. This Yalta deal was the basis of last year's Sino-Russian pact (Time, Aug. 27). Expediency and an extraordinary per-

sonalization of government had made possible this disposal of men and territories in private conversation. Just how binding the word of three men could be on the whole world was evident in their statement in the text: "The heads of the three great Powers have agreed that these claims of the Soviet Union shall be unquestionably fulfilled."

But expediency was not enough to cover the loss to the U.S. moral position from secret diplomacy. The U.S. had come so far from Wilson's "open covenants openly arrived at" that no one knew whether Byrnes himself knew that the latest Valta disclosure would be the last.

CONFERENCES

Ghost

A voice out of the past summoned delegates last week to a League of Nations Assembly meeting at Geneva on April 8. The agenda: dissolution.



RIOT IN BOMBAY

The Socialists were not out to liquidate the Empire, either.

so in the conviction that freedom need not whisper anywhere

Resurgence of Principle, Had the conflict been merely that of two empires, the methods of power politics might have sufficed, even though Britain was no longer the world's greatest power. But a conflict of principle called for a forum above the level of "absolute sovereignty." To him, that forum was UNO.

Bevin is no utopian internationalist. He is fighting for one world, but he is also fighting for king & country, With this sane and simple paradox—which is as sane and simple as Ernie Bevin-he had captured the imagination of millions who believe firmly in both nationalism and world government. Many saw him suddenly as the great defender of the West. To some extent he was-though capitalists who counted on Bevin to preserve the West of free enterprise were likely to find some day that they had bought a large and Britons had always fought best in adversity. In London in 1946 they had discovered a champion who fitted a rallying cry from the Lay of the Battle of Maldon:

Thought shall be the harder, Heart the keener.

Mood shall be the more, As our might lessens.

Two-Way Stretch

In last week's UNO Security Council wrangle over Greece, Polish Delegate Zygmunt Modzelewski fluttered his hearers by siding with Britain, Correspondents pricked up their ears. Was he really deviating from the Russian line?

Lesser Poles explained that Russia's understanding with the Polish Provisional Government featured a two-way stretch. Said one, with a laugh as hollow as proud Poland's claim of independence, "When Vishinsky wants to back up, he lets our man go forward."

FOREIGN NEWS

GREAT BRITAIN

Sir Ben's Battle

Britons thought things were getting a little better. Taxis stood on the streets waiting for customers. Bomb-damaged houses were being repaired. Only a month ago pudgy Food Minister Sir Ben Smith told housewives that this year food conditions would improve: Sir Ben even let them have little Christmas extras as an earnest of better days to come.

Then, out of London's grey February sky, the blows fell. Sir Ben did not "know where to lay my hands on" the \$100 million needed for dried-egg imports. Then publicity-shy Sir Ben, a former cabby, meeting the press for the first time in many months, said that the world food crisis (see National Affairs) had made still further cuts necessary. Because India was exporting fewer ground nuts and Antarctic whaling results were disappointing, the ration of cooking fat was to be reduced to seven ounces a week (former ration; eight ounces), Because imports of fodder were reduced, there would soon be less bacon, less poultry, fewer shell eggs (present average: 24 eggs per person a month). Bread might again be rationed too, "Not one grain more" of barley would go to the distillers; whiskey would be scarcer than ever, and Sir Ben was "sorry about that.'

Seven months after the end of the war, their new rations seemed, to many Britons, worse than war itself. Said one suburbanite, standing in the queue before the butcher's shop: "There's been more moaning over this than over the buzz

No More Dunkirks. Britain's Labor Government heard the moaning, promptly ordered up Churchillian propaganda guns to drown the noise, Prime Minister Attlee appointed a three-man Cabinet committee to plan the strategy for "the Battle of the Bread," Minister of Agriculture Tom Williams launched a new "Dig for Victory campaign. Lord Aberconway, president of the Royal Horticultural Society, announced that his members would continue to resist the temptation to reconvert to flowers, Pert Minister of Education Ellen Wilkinson appealed to Britons to carry on in "the Dunkirk spirit."

The slogans did not take, Britons have had Dunkirk. They were tired of battles, tired of digging for victory, tired of their drab, tasteless meals. They understood that Britain had to contribute food to the needy in Europe (11 million tons since the end of the war), money to UNRRA (\$320 millions already given, \$320 millions more promised). They did not understand why the Treasury could not have allotted to dried eggs the \$80 millions it allowed last year for purchase of Hollywood films. (Angry housewives cried: "We don't want Frank Sinatra, We want food,") Still less did they understand why their Labor Gov-



SIR BEN SMITH Housewives preferred food to Sinatra.

ernment had been less frank with them than Tory Churchill had been in wartime. Belatedly conscious of the need to take democracy into his confidence, Sir Ben Smith now warned: there was no guarantee that the situation would not get worse,

SPAIN

Looking Inward

Dictator Francisco Franco, like Dictator Stalin (see below), saw hostile foreigners around every corner. Last week he

felt a sudden surge of claustrophobia. At Segovia, the plump little Caudillo



U.S. Army Signal Co Re-elected by a landslide.

told 3,000 lean Spaniards that, just by looking at them, he could see they were "really short of nourishment." He blustered: "It is the fault of outside nations which deny us many things." Franco's solution: "If we can't progress looking outward, then we'll progress looking inward."

Certainly the outside world was none too friendly. Same day in London, the General Assembly condemned Franco's regime, barred Spain from UNO, 45-to-o.

RUSSIA

Looking Outward

It was the biggest, most meaningless election on earth, From Archangel to Erivan, from Königsberg to the Kurils, almost 100 million citizens of great Russia voted this week in their first national election in eight years.

For weeks past, with unaccustomed candor, party chiefs had been talking to the people. The campaign keynote was

fear of the world outside. The Enemy, Capitalism. Candidate Lazar M. Kaganovich asserted flatly: "We are still within the capitalist encirclement," Candidate Viacheslay Molotov warned: Russia is watchful of "possible hotbeds . . . intrigues against international security. . . . Everything must be done to make the Red Army as good as the armies of other countries.

In Moscow, the day before the election, Candidate Joseph Stalin, surrounded by flowers, droned through his first speech in six months. World War II, he said, was the "inevitable result of development of world economic and political forces on a basis of monopolistic capitalism. . . . The catastrophe of war might be avoided if it were possible to make periodic redistribution of raw materials and markets. . . . But this is impossible under present conditions of capitalistic development. . . . The Soviet social system is a better form of organization of society than any other non-Soviet social system.

Without mentioning the atomic bomb, Stalin promised that Soviet scientists would "not only catch up with but . . . surpass" those abroad. He stressed the role of industry in war, proclaimed that the new five-year plan must work toward production increases big enough "to guarantee our country against any eventuality."

Ultimately the nation would have to produce an annual 60 million tons of steel, 500 million tons of coal, 60 million tons of oil,* but these goals might require three more five-year plans.

Stalin's speech containe no threats, It was dry in tone, defensive in content. But its truculent exaggeration of the danger of attack from the capitalist world was the

* Estimated 1944 production: 16.5 million tons of steel, 170 million tons of coal, 38 million tons

FOREIGN NEWS



Berlin Styles, 1946
The Russians were going fancier, too.

most warlike pronouncement uttered by any top-rank statesman since V-J Day. The world Communist line, "soft" during the war, has been gradually hardening into a return to the tactics and slogans of world revolution. Contrades everywhere could be expected to take a lip from Unde Joe's speech and sharpen their opposition to non-Communist governments.

Yet Stalin may have had purely Russian reasons for pointing outward toward imagined enemies. Restless Russians have been asking for more food, clothes and "luxuries." Although Stalin in his speech announced that food rationing would soon end, the foreign menace is still his handiest excuse for low living standards.

The Choice. Candidate Stalin headed the slate of Communist Party and Communist picked nonparty men. Though the results are never in doubt, Soviet elections are taken most seriously. Communist party workers scurry about factories, farms and homes, going through a complicated "primary-election can be accomplished by the property of th

Recited Aaron Sharov glowingly to a Moscow meeting: "1... a toolmaker of the seventh category ... propose the acundidacy of our belowed Comrade Stalin." The chairman intoned a Soviet litation of the seventh category ... propose the compared to the Sov. "people, the creator of the might of our he land, the organizer and inspirer of the ... "toric victory over Fascist Germany and Imperial Japan. the brilliant Army leader, Joseph Visacriant Army leader, Joseph Visacriant of the ... "The seventh of the seventh stalin." In the production of the seventh stalin." In the provided would report that American women were being forced into prostitution by unemployment, the

next day it would prove authoritatively that the Soviet was "the only real people's government in the world."

In 1,287 districts, covering a sixth of the globe, voters registered unmarked papers to approve the official list, marked papers to disapprove. Only if half the electors scratched a candidate's name from the ballot paper could the Communist ticket lose. It did not lose. Stalin himself got a 100% vote in his own Moscow precinct.

Mode for the Masses

Drapes of eggshell rayon silk, fully a verst of it, hung from the ceiling to the floor. Behind the table stood a large portrait of Stalin, edged in red. There was no soft music, no suave couturiers. The mannequins (rather plump) sported no fancy make-up or nifty hairdos. Commissars, scholars, artists faced the circular platform, Paulina Semionovna Zhemchuzhina (Madame Molotov), head of the Soviet Cosmetics Trust, was there, chatting brightly with Textiles Vice Commissar Dora Moissevna Khazan. In Moscow's House of Fashions, tailors and dressmakers of the state were displaying what the well-dressed tovarish should wear in 1946.

Soviet styles had always leaned to the practical rather than the pretty. But now Premier Stalin himself wanted Russians to look' as smart as Westerners. The Red Army men who had seen the slinky silks and fancy figures abroad approved warmly.

The models stalked back & forth. Though many of the 274 designs still stressed utility, a distinct shift to the sophistication of New York and Paris was perceptible. One fetching outfit might have come straight off the floor of a Paris salon—a form-fitting dinner gown in cool

grey with an austere neckline and sweeping sleeves caught in narrow cuffs.

In honor of the Red Army, coats and suits struck a martial note with padded shoulders and belted backs, but (and this was new) dressy hats helped soften the severity of line. Skirts were slim, with kickpleats back and front.

Male styles stayed dourly conservative. In 1946, as in 1945 and before that, men will wear sack coats without vests, topped by cloth caps in unrelieved dark shades. Hats, when worn, will be high-crowned, narrow-brimmed.

The experts made their choices. In due course the favored designs will be produced for the millions by the Commissariat of Light Industry.

From the ruins of bombed Berlin Ia haute contine was peeping boldy too. In draughty salons along what was once the elegant Kurfursendamm, bright-eyed mannequins modeled the first designs after the defeat. They were almost as frothy as France's after victory. The shortage of materials was a handicap, but on for institution of the contract of the con

GERMANY

Favorite Games

Delighted German spectators watched a carck soccer team from Düsseldorf defeat the British 53rd Division's team. A German in the stands crowed triumphantly to a British soldier: "You don't know what this victory means to Düsseldorf. For the first time we have beater you at your national game."

The Tommy smiled back. "That's all

The Tommy smiled back. "That's all right. We've already beaten you at yours."

SWITZERLAND

Pennies from Heaven
Customs Inspector General Jules Schiffman Isat week stamped intely up & down
his spacious office in Bern's Bundeshaus.
Schiffman's Swiss sense of dignity was
offended by his fuderous position; but
his Swiss meticulousness could see no way
out. Somebody would have to pay the
import duties on U.S. bombers shot down
or crash-landed in neutral Switzerland

during the war.

"What could I do?" stormed Schiffman.
"Swiss customs regulations make no difference between aluminum imported through the usual channels or aluminum which falls from the skies. It is like making a woman pay duty on a present of a pair of stockings, but the law is the

U.S. officials at Bern had made it clear that Washington would not pay the 150,-000 Swiss francs (about \$35,000) in import duties. Schiffman turned to the Swiss

ROUND BOWLS ... and 3 square meals



... AND HEART-WARMING

Nourishing meat stock, brimming with garden vegetables, barley and tender pieces of mutton combine to make a soup to warm the cockles of your heart! Have you tried it? Here's good eating for a hungry family.

Campbells SCOTCH BROTH



Crisp garden spinach is made into a velvety smooth purée-with fine table butter added. Children love this delicious soupand so will you!

Eamblellin CREAM OF SPINACH SOUP







Luscious, ripe tomatoes are made into America's favorite soup-according to a time-tried recipe that blends them with golden table butter and just-right seasoning. You'll find it is specially delicious and extra-nourishing as cream of tomato, with milk added.

> Campbells. TOMATO SOUP





AS AN ARROW LEAVES THE BOW

Light as any feather, the great ship lifts, and in a twinkling the spreading airport is fading away beneath you. We try to see that your cares fade with it—for, to the arrow-directness of travel by air, it is TWA's aim to add the ease and repose that spell true release from earth-bound annoyances. Flying is the modern way to travel—we want you to find TWA the finest way to fly.



TRANS WORLD AIRLINE

FORFIGN NEWS

Army, which had taken the scrap aluminum from the planes, thereby became legally responsible as the "importer." The Army, with Swiss frugality, protested—but, with Swiss respect for the law's letter, paid.

ITALY

The Fine Hand

Rome quietly announced that the lira was now worth 225 to the dollar; a month ago the rate was 100 to the dollar. The reduction had been gradual. Not once during the 30-day process had the Finance Ministry used the painful word "devaluation." It merely reported "variations" of the lira's value.

PALESTINE

Homecoming

When Jamal al Husseini alighted at the Damascus Gate, cherring Arab crowds pelted him with flowers. A firebrand of Arab anti-Cloims had come home from eight years of exile. Whirling dervishes and fierce-looking Arabs on prancing and fierce-looking Arabs on prancing to have lost none of his flaming national-ism. The British had brought him back on the eve of the Arab-Jewish showdown. Gratefully, the Arabs welcomed Jamal Within a few hours of his homecoming to the house of the home of his flaming to the work of his homecoming of the still-exited Grand Mufti, was deep in eager political talky was deep in eager political talky.

The Jews were bitter. Publicly they protested the return of the "terrorist leader" who had instigated the bloody prewar riots of 1936-1939. That night Jews marked his homecoming with another of those terrorist gestures that punctuate Palestine's current history.

Near Tel-Aviv, Jews in battledress attacked an army camp with hand greandes, killed a British officer and a Negro sentry. The British had no time to call out their club-&-shield-toting police pickets (see cut). With a bellow of rage, African native soldiers burst out after the attackers. Storming into the nearly Jewish bullets, hit anything that moved. Before their officers could round up the benerik blacks, an old man had been riddled with bullets, a boy ripped with bayonets.

SARAWAK

The Raia Presents

The Raja had come up to London from is servantless Berkshire cottage, where he has to get on his knees to blow up the fire. The Rance was in London, celebrating at Ciro's with their three pretty daughters. In the House of Commons came an announcement. Alling, 71-year-old Sir Charles Vyner Brooke had decided to cede his Sarawak state to Great Britain for one million pounds.

Suspicious leaders rose to ask suspicious



The Brookes of Sarawak*

A son might have made all the difference.

questions, Labor's Herhert Morrison countered: "There is something curious about this indignation of the Conservative Party over a little bit of territory's being added to the British Empire." The storm extended to the Brooke household. The Raja's good-looking nephew and onetime her apparent, Anthony, wrote letters to the press denouncing his uncle's gift as an "anachronistic arrangement."

Gossips linked lean, nervous Gerard MacBryan, the Raja's private secretary, to the deal. MacBryan, who calls himself à Socialist, lives in a London flat decorated with cerise velvet curtains, hidden lighting and deep-cushioned upholstery. He was present at the Ranee's Ciro party. Later the Ranee, clad in a thick grey

Later the Kanee, cald in a tinck grey wool skirt and a sund-colored velout tunic, spped in from a Venetian goblet in Special Control of the Special Control of t

She scoffed at Tory demands in Parliament that the Sarawak State Council pass on her husband's proposal. "Poor darlings, don't they understand' The Saravants. It's just a case of a few leading ones squatting on the verandsh and saying. 'Yes, Raja' But they don't like Anthony Brook—he's got a power complec. It he wants a men read cleared for his car. If we want a game, we walk."

The Raja tried to close the issue raised by the Tories with a letter to the London Times. "All is peace in Sarawak," he pontificated. "The natives have confidence in myself and my private secretary."



Club-&-Shield Police
The blacks got ahead of them.

IRAN

Pillar of the Soviet

As a good Moslem, austere, 7,5 yearold Ahmad Gavam Saltaneh ("Pillar of the Kingdom") forever fingers his tatabi (beads) to accertain whether or not the fates will be kind to him. As a large landowner in Russian-occupied Azerbaijan, he knows one way they might not. Last week, as Iran's new Premier, he **Left to right: Princes Baba, Princes Pearl, Raja Charles, Ranee Syvia, Princes Godd.

FOREIGN NEWS

felt reasonably sure that kismet was on the side of his 22-51 Majlis majority. Gavam moved fast. He ordered Iran's UNO delegate to negotiate the Azerbaijan dispute with Russia, off the floor. In Teheran he announced: "I intend also to open direct negotiations with the Soviet Government."

Russia responded warmly. The Red Army returned Iranian railroads in the Russian-occupied north to Iranian control. Generalissimo Joseph Stalin himself telegraphed his gratitude for Gavam's "friendly attitude." Moscow agreed to receive an Irania delegation to talk things over. Teheran buzzed with talk that Russia would soon set the northern ail con-

over, Jeheran buzzed with talk that Russia would soon get the northern oil concession it has been seeking since 1944.

At week's end, with the political simoon subsiding swiftly, Landlord Gavam turned to choosing his Cabinet and preparing to

call on Neighbor Stalin.

CHINA

Stature

Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek opened his first press interview since last December by shaking hands with the foreign newsmen. Then he relaxed in an armchair. Madame Chiang, in black jacket and maroon skirt, sat on his right; occasionally she helped affable Information Minister K. C. Wu with the interpreting. While tea was served, questions & answers were

Were the Generalissimo and Madame planning to visit the U.S.? Yes, "as soon as the opportunity permits."

Would the Generalissimo be a candidate for President under the new constitution? "I have not thought of that as yet. When the power to govern is restored to the people, I will have completed my

Socolofion. This answer set newsmen's ears flapping, Was the Generalissimo hinting at retirement? No one thought it likely, but if he did not rum for President, who might? A list of the possibilities showed how the Generalissimo still stood head & shoulders above all his rivals and colleagues in political stature: rivals and colleagues in political stature: the great Sun Vat-sen and President of the Legislative Vance.

¶ Solid, sensible General Chang Chun, 58, Governor of Szechwan Province, Government representative in negotiations with the Communists over military unification, and a leader of the influential, progressive Political Science Groun.

¶ Able, Western-minded T. V. Soong, President of the Executive Yuan and the Generalissimo's brother-in-law. ¶ Conservative, bespectacled General Ho

Ying-chin, 57, Army commander in chief and dean of the powerful Whampoa Group, as the faculty and graduates of China's military academy are known.

Reclaimed

Mother Russia clucked to her long-out-cast brood in China. Thousands of White Russians, who have been stateless and scattered from Shanghai to Sinkiang since the Red Revolution, were suddenly offered Soviet citizenship. To return to the maternal wing, they had only to apply at the nearest Russian consulate, pay an 11-ruble fee, submit passport photos, and

swer a few routine questions.
After three decades, it was almost unbelievable. In Shanghai, haven of some
zooo White Russians, they queed up,
Consulate. The would-be comrades included carrist dukes, countesses, generals.
Half earnest, half jesting, they quavered:
Will they send us to concentration
campa? One woman asked another; she filled out her questionnaire.

The Dreomland. For Shanghai's emires, it was truly an era's end, Penniless and wretched, they had come down from Siberia and Manchuria. In what was then Siberia and Manchuria. In what was then Russia full of hate for the new Russia. Blue-blooded officers became janitors and doormen, ex-millionaires turned waiters, titled hadies opened delicatessens, hair-titled was the siberia of the siberia was the siberia was

Now the émigrés listened longingly to Mother Russis call. Somehow the gulf between Tsar and Commissar seemed not so vast any more. The years had made so vast any more. The years had made children more Red than White. The homeland had mellowed, too. To prove it, Shanghai's Soviet consul general, hulking Nicholas S. Anainev, gave a reception for émigré cleraymen, showed them pictures d'Acesi as Patriarch of all Russis.

Why did Mother Russia, who always knows best, want them back? Many of the reclaimed believed that they would be reclaimed believed that they would be missars now had a stake as big as that of the Tsars. Explaimed a Soviet newspaperwoman in Shaphai: "Manchuria is the deemland for every Russian who has been where the railways are there will always be work, hospitals and universities. I think many will go to Manchuria. That would go very well with our Sino-Russian cultural The Mortect. The exact shape of the

new Sino-Russian relations in Manchuria were still not clear. Generalissimo Chiang



One potential candidate stood head & shoulders above the rest.



He came home one day and saw his landlady climbing a ladder to do some painting. Big hearted Tony grabbed the brush, climbed the ladder, did the painting. He liked painting a lot.

"From then on I just painted my way," says Tony. He painted buggies and barns, houses and furniture, inside and out. Hired painters to help. Business boomed. Then IT happened.

IT happened when Tony bought a secondhand car, painted it up, sold it quick. Bought another, sold it. Still another and sold that, too. Tony was now painting his way like nobody's business.

Tony outgrew one sales lot after another. When the Dodge people talked to Tony about being their dealer, Tony said, "Sure, Dodge is the best car I ever painted." He acquired a building, equipment and an organization and sold a thousand cars the first year in business.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION PLYMOUTH * DODGE * DE SOTO CHRYSLER * DODGE Job-Rated TRUCKS

During the war Tony's shops were busy full time

taking care of people who wanted "Tony's touch"

on top of the ladder," says Tony. "I've got the best

new and used car business in the world. Those new

Tony is all set for the future. "I'm still sitting

for their aging war-time cars.

paint jobs I've ever seen."

Dodge and Plymouth cars are not only great cars-they're the best

MBER THURSDAY NIGHT! The Music of Andre Koste

VICTORY

raflsmanship STITCH



In the distinctive Wheary "Colonel" and "Little Colonel" - incomparably fashioned of rich leather painstakingly crafted to gleaming, lustrous beauty-you find personal travel equipment that goes naturally with fine clothes ... beautiful furnishings ... good living. Whether you choose one of the "Colonels" (available now in limited quantities) or wait for other Wheary models-to be available soonyou will be getting a true luggage masterpiece.

WHEARY INCORPORATED, RACINE, WISCONSIN



Kai-shek, at a notable press interview (see above), admitted that in "informal" talks the Russians had asked the Chinese Government for additional economic con-

cessions in Manchuria.

By last August's treaty between Chungking and Moscow, Russia acquired a 30year partnership in the main Manchurian railways, a joint naval base at Port Arthur and a free port at Dairen. Last week the Russians were said to be asking for a share in operating Manchurian mines, heavy industry and telephone lines. For the new Soviet citizens from Shanghai, the prospects indeed looked rosy.

INDO-CHINA

Sire

Austere Georges Thierry d'Argenlieu, vincial (on leave) of French Carmelites, sat stiffly under nine royal umbrellas of silver and white silk. Beside him lolled



FRANCE'S D'ARGENLIEU For a joyful word . . .

young (23), plump-cheeked Norodom Sianouk, king of sleepy Cambodia. As colored searchlights played over the Pnom-Penh palace grounds, monarch and monk watched ornately dressed, slanteyed dancing girls glide through the supple, serpentine movements of the Cambodian ballet.

It was a command performance honoring Admiral d'Argenlieu, French High Commissioner for Indo-China, who with a single word had brought joy to Cambodia. Resplendent in purple wrap-around sam-pots, beribboned white tunics and black silk stockings, the bun-haired mandarins of Cambodia's court had smiled when they heard d'Argenlieu address their monarch as "Sire." The courtiers knew this meant that France no longer considered Sianouk as a native chieftain but a real king, and Cambodia noi as a protectorate but as LUGGAGE" an almost-autonomous state within the framework of a projected French union.
In eturn the French would, expect continued Cambodian loyalty in an other-wise disaffected colony. France would still control Cambodian foreign affairs, and her prewar administrators would remain as "royal advisers." But Cambodia's new status, formalized by treaty, was France's way of rewarding Cambodia's good behavior.

INDONESIA

Little Brown Thamboe

Once upon a time there was a lean, dark-brown Malayan and his name was Charles Thamboe. When he was a little boy the British taught him to speak beautiful English and later gave him a lovely job as a radio broadcaster. And then wasn't he grand?

When Yamashita, the Tiger of Malaya, gobbled up his country, Thamboe and some of his British bosses escaped to



CAMBODIAN DANCING GIRLS
... a joyful occasion.

Java. By and by Java fell and he met the Japanese again. Little Brown Thamboe said, "Oh, please, Mr. Tiger, don't eat me up, and I'll speak my beautiful English for you." So Thamboe started writing Japanese propaganda, and the Japanese were very proud of his nice words.

But Thamboe hedged a little. He soon found that he could slip through bits of military information useful to the British, American and Dutch tigers. When he boasted of mighty naval installations at Semarang, the Japanese were pleased. So were the British; their bombers thoroughly blasted Semarang, Later Thamboe bragged about vast rice stores at Bang-koi; B-29a bew them up.

When the war was "over" in Java, Thamboe saw that some of the tigers were still fighting. This was meat to Charles Thamboe. He started a Dutchbaiting Indonesian newspaper, called the

Independent, which he distributes among British soldiers in Java, telling them what imperailst devils the Dutch are. At the same time he is careful to praise the British. He doesn't know how long his latest game of wits with the lords of the jungle can last, though the British so far have not suppressed his venture.

Little Brown Thamboe knows he fares best when the tigers are bitting each other's tails; if he has to leave Java, he wants to go back to Malaya and agitate for freedom there. It would be fine with him if nothing is left of the tigers but a great big pool of melted butter.

JAPAN

The New Thing

The New Timing state of the Time and Time an

The MPs were wrong about the meeting, right about Japan's Communists, whose leader, Sanzo Nosaka, recently returned to Japan after a 16-year exile in Russia and China. A shrewd, realistic politician, Nosaka immediately set about to reconcile Communists, Social Demo-rats, and other leitted groups in an instance of the control of the co

Anali, Mainichi and Yomiuri Hochi, the three big Tokyo daliles, all touted the leftward trend. Former militarist editors, now wearing pinkish hues, might private-ly admit they were hypocrites, but they made a great show of turning coats pubmade a great show of turning coats published summoned the editors last December, the day before the Communists announced their platform, and warned them that they must be fair to new parties. Some_editors said they took the warning as a plug for the Communists. And behind their undatable editor put it, "the new thing in Japan is the left."

Harshly repressed since the militarists clamped down during the "China Incident," labor unions and parties alike were flexing their muscles. Since the Americans landed there have been about 200 strikes in Japan. Most have been quiet affairs, without violence; all have been at least partly successful.

Japanes strike methods are sometimes unique. A favorite form of "strike" is to occupy the plant, continue work, and make the management lose face by increasing production. Strikers at a Missuit wound coal mine barred all management personnel from the pits and steeped additionable of the strikers are also strikers at a missuit production of the pits and steeped additionable of the strikers are strikers and steeped additionable of the strikers increased production, and doubled their own wages.

meet the watch that runs without winding!



This wonderful 17-jewel watch seems specially designed for busy people. You never have to wind a Croton Aquamatic. It keeps going just by the natural motions of your wrist. Revolutionary? Yes! And practical besides! Recently, in a 30-day wearing test, 3 Aquamatics proved to be 13.5% more accurate than the average of 9 other famous band-wound watches.

It's CERTIFIED Waterproof!

You can leave the Aquamatic on when you wath your hands, bathe or swim — even in hot, cold, fresh or sall water. This 17-jewel Croton is stardy and dusproof. It resists shocks, doesn't tarnish and the crystal can't break. Other features:—sweep-second hand, radium dial, waterproof strap. The ideal man's gift for only \$49.50!

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ACTORS' FACES



-that's why Boris Karloff shaves with soothing

If you could watch Boris Karloff removing his stage make-up-rubbing it off with heavy towels—you'd realize what a painful chore it is. And you'd understand why actors' faces get so sensitive to irritants in shaving cream.

Boris Karloff found the answer to smooth, easy shaves in Williams and so can you. Blended from mild, finest quality ingredients, Williams is gentle to the skin. It's the result of a skill that comes from over 100 years' experience.

Shave closely as you like

Williams rich, super-soaking lather wilts tough whiskers completely limp and easy to cut. It lets your razor work quickly and cleanly without pulling or irritation.

Treat yourself to a tube of Williams today.



LATIN AMERICA

ARGENTINA

"Operation Purity"

From Buenos Aires, a Time correspondent cabled a startling prediction: Argantia's forthcoming (Feb. 24) presidential elections, if actually held, might indeed be honest. Reason: the Army, which had publicly and repeatedly pledged itself, with whatever honor and reputation it had left, to guarantee free elections, stood bound to carry out that promise.

In the grey-stone mansion that houses Argentina's Foreign Ministry, Chief of Staff General Carlos von der Becke last week told assembled foreign ambassadors what the Army planned: an "operation purity," soldiered by a 25,000-man patrol, which would assure electoral honesty from the moment voters entered the polls until the last vote was impartially counted, a month or so later.

But if Buenos Aires rumor was right, the election might never come off, Strong Man Candidate Juan Domingo Perón might be planning a Patsch. The reasons: 1) bickering in his own camp (a fortnight before election his backers still could not agree on minor candidates); 2) the web-mobilized organization that currently and the state of the state

Still vocally confident at week's end, Perón set out from Buenos Aires for Rosario, Argentina's second largest city, got workers' cheers, was slightly jolted when his dining car jumped the tracks. He also appealed abroad for friendship. He conveniently forgot that his street fighters still shouted against "Yankee imperialism," that last fortnight he had himself made an unsupported charge that the U.S. Embassy was aiding arms shipments to his opponents. Now Perón called for "mutual comprehension" between Argentina and the U.S., said he hoped for U.S. capital because "it would bring the organizing, technical and progressive spirit distinctive of North American temperament." This week Washington answered-and the answer was like a blast from a siege-gun (see National Affairs).

CHILE

Rios Retires

Chile's ailing President Juan Antonio Rios had stepped down. Though he had asked for a sick leave of "not less than six months." Chileans felt sure last week that their President would never take office again. Already—in a tense atmosphere of inflation-fed unrest—there was jockeying for position in the elections that must follow should the President die or resign.

On the right was the Army, sensitive to events in neighboring Argentina, well aware of a conservative trend against the crumbling Popular Front.

On the left was the seasoned Chilean



BIGGEST BULL RING

Because they were afraid that Mexico City's new bull ring might not be as solid as it looked, Government officials insisted on testing the upper deck with tens of thousands of bags of cement before letting 48,699 enthusiastic aficienced swarm in for last week's inaugural corrida. Besides being the world's largest, the ring is the world's funciest, will have indirect hillminiation for the contract of the contrac

THE sewing machine has been humming busily at Rosita's home in San Juan. Now the seamstress is giving the last fitting . . .

Other hands than hers, however, have played a part in "making" Rosita's new dress . . . the hands of textile workers who wove the gay fabric in a far-away United States factory . . . the hands of skilled workmen who built the sewing machine!

In pre-war days textiles ranked high among our country's exports to Puerto Rico and the nearby Dominican Republic. In 1940 over \$7,000,000 of "piece" goods alone, as well as many million dollars worth of manufactured goods-such as sewing machines, cars, tractors, electrical apparatus, processed foods - were transported there by steamer.

The Porto Rico Line has served this valuable commerce for over half a century . . . and carried thousands of tourists on delightful cruises to these "Islands of Enchantment."

As soon as conditions permit, throngs of pleasure seekers will cruise again to these tropical playgrounds . . . and deep down in the holds of Porto Rico Line steamers, great cargoes will move between the islands and the United States.

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The picturesque sentry-box of the old Spanish fortress at San Juan, which invariably captures the imagination of cruise passengers





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You can't be too foresighted these busy days especially if your plans include a trip to New York. For right now The Commodore's hospitable facilities are more in demand than ever before. So many people appreciate its unequalled midtown convenience...enjoy its cheerful rooms ... grand food ... friendly, courteous service!

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COMMODORE

MARTIN SWEENY, President

RIGHT AT GRAND CENTRAL AND AIRLINES TERMINALS

Federation of Labor, 300,000 strong, bulwark alike of Communists and Socialists who had helped elect Rios in 1942.

In the middle were the political brokers, mostly Radical Party men like dynamic duelist-boxer Acting President Alfredo Dubalda.

Last month the Duhalde Government, seeking to appease rightist sentiment, cracked down on a strike of Communistled nitrate workers. Duhalde brought in tough, smooth Vice Admiral Vicente Merino Bielich, boss of the Navy, to serve as Minister of Interior and strong man. Trade unionists, dismayed at such developments, staged a general strike, demonstrated in the streets of Santiago, demanded a government of the left. But labor's solidarity now collapsed. Socialists, offered four portfolios, joined the new Government, denounced the Communists for brewing another general strike. That left the Popular Front in ruins, the Cabinet uneasily balanced with Socialists and militarists, the dominant question of electing a new President still unresolved.

The real problem: Chile's inflated (142% since 1939), low-wage, high-cost economy. Until Chileans met it, there would be more crises, more cabinets.

BRAZIL

Competitive Courtesy

The U.S. and Argentina vied to honor Brazil's new President Eurico Gaspar Dutra. Both sent distinguished representatives to his inaugural-the U.S., Fiorello H. LaGuardia; Argentina, Vice President Juan Pistarini. Both sent their best warships. On the sleek, British-built cruiser La Argentina (6,000 tons), President Dutra received the collar of San Martín. Aboard the mighty carrier Franklin D. Roosevelt (45,000 tons), he watched 75 warplanes roar into the air, but got no medal. Both the U.S. and Argentina scheduled-the same evening-lavish embassy receptions. President Dutra solved that problem by attending both, became the first Brazilian President to set foot in the

U.S. Embassy. The U.S. reception was a final triumph for Adolf A. Berle Jr., who resigned five days later as U.S. Ambassador. In his controversial year and eight days in Brazil, ex-Assistant Secretary of State Berle saw more of Brazil than had any U.S. Ambassador, worked energetically for planned Brazilian economic development, watched the critical transition from Vargasbossed to popularly elected government. His crucially timed speech at Petropolis last September, delivered on State Department instructions, helped hold the line for free presidential elections. But Sumner Welles in the U.S. and Vargas supporters in Brazil denounced the speech as intervention, loosed a fierce attack that probably made old New Dealer Berle look forward happily to resuming his Columbia University law professorship, Mentioned as his successor: Career Man R. Henry Norweb, present U.S. Ambassador to

TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1946

Young looking...

Young looking...

With lots of "hustle"

with lots of "hustle"

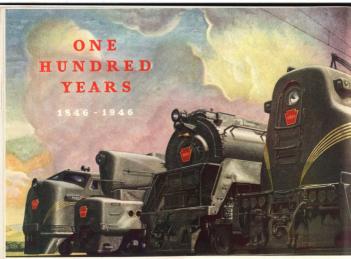
Any way you look at it-this new 1946 Ford has what it takes! New comfort. New economy. New beauty. And under the hood, new stepped-up power to match its eager, youthful look . . . Inside, you'll find the accent is on smartness. Colorful fabrics and trim in distinctive two-tone combinations. Seats that are wide and deep . . . For a smooth and level ride, this car has new multi-leaf springs-long and slow-acting. Extra-large hydraulic brakes of a new design assure quick, soft stops ... Two great engines to choose from: the V-8, now increased from 90 to 100 horsepower-the 90 horsepower Six... See this smartest, most powerful Ford ever built -at your Ford dealer's today.

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THIS YEAR-1946-marks a century of progress by the Pennsylvania Railroad in service to the American people. Reflecting the tremendous industrial growth of the Country itself, this service has steadily advanced from a few trains a day to 1,340 passenger trains and 3,170 freight trains daily, operating over 10,114 miles of line extending from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. Now, as we prepare to move into a second century, our combined research, engineering and shop facilities are producing new trains, new locomotives, new cars, new comforts and new technical achievements . . . to add still another chapter of transportation progress that has continued for one hundred years.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD



CANADA

THE DOMINION

Union Now?

Would Canadians like to see their country unite with the U.S.? In a poll of 17 prominent persons by Toronto's Financial Post, the answer was a decisive no.

Two men said they thought political union a fine idea, but 'not yet.' Ouebec's free-thinking Senator Telesphore Damien Bouchard believed in "Goser and closer relations." John L. McDougall, Queen's University economist, neatly sidestepped: "Weight of isolationist opinion in the United States is [such] that I think the question inopportune...." 'All others replied with a flat nearliev.

"The national sovereignty and independence of all must remain intact as it did even when men from all the British countries fought under Americans and Americans fought under British and Canadian commanders. It must be a spiritual union: nothine else is possible."

Just in Case

While Canada's UNO delegates planned for peace in London, Reconstruction Minister Clarence Decatur Howe made a cuttious hedge in Ottawa. Against the possibility that Canada might be caught short again as she was in 1939 (when thank regiments went overseas minus tanks), he added what he called "a fourth service" to the armed forces. Its title: Canadian Arsenals, Ltd.

The new crown company's job is to keep Canada's peacetime forces equipped, from key munitions plants, with the latest in arms—and to make sure that civilian plants (autos, refrigerators, etc.) are ready to convert to war production "within a matter of weeks instead of months or

QUEBEC

Biggest Since Mesabi?

For centuries the wind, sweeping down over vast, unknown Ungava* in northern Quebec, had covered nature's riches with a deep mantle of snow. Hungry caribou foraged for lichen. A few thousand Eskimos and Indians trapped beaver, hunted seals. The white man had crossed Ungava * Eskim for far away."

on foot only three times, had flown in briefly to prospect for minerals—and had not even scratched Ungava's bountiful surface.

Yet the prospect of opening up the north land had long been tempting. Twice in the 'zos and early 'zos get-rich-quick speculators started rushes to neighboring Labrador in a fools' search for gold. Then, along the border between Ungava and

I RON BONANZA

Labrador, more serious prospectors uncovered an iron belt which looked like one of the biggest in the world.

In 1938 the Labrador Mining & Exploration Co. got a concession to 18.000 square miles in the Labrador ore fields. Three years later big, rich Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd., of Ontario, took over and began exploring both sides of the border.

The company flew in diamond drills and other equipment at a cost of 7.5¢ a pound for shipping, spent 8;0 million just prospectine. Last May its chief geologist, Dr. J. A. Retty, cautiously reported progress: inne finds of hidp-grade iron ore bodies in Labrador, 15 in Ungava. Said the trade journal Northern Miner: "The most important iron ore discovery in America since the finding of the Mesali range."

\$300 Million Cosh. Last fortnight the Quebec Government gave Hollinger an exclusive 20-year concession to explore and develop 3,000 square miles of Ungava directly across the border from its Labrador concession (see map). Hollinger and a U.S. associate, the iron mining firm of M. A. Hanna, agreed to spend upward of \$x00 million.

Next spring the company will punch a 570 million milway line from Seven Islands on the St. Lawrence northward along the Moise River. This will provide a lifeline to Ungava, will cut shipping costs on materials to build a townsite and possibly an airfield. The company's chief handicap: Ungava's early freeze-up and late thaw limit mining operations to about three months a year.

NOVA SCOTIA

Lighthouse Saga

On bleak Nichol Island, off Nova Scotis's east coast, a lone white house stands above the rocky shoreline. One day last fornight Lighteeper James Richard Hutt, 33, picked up his shotgun, set off down the shore to add some ducks and rabbitsto the family larder. By dusk he had not returned. His slight, dark-harde wife, Pauline, climbed the steep steps of the large result.

As the evening wore on, Pauline Hutt grew frightened, Finally she bundled up grew frightened, Finally she bundled up her nine-year-old son and together they began a frantic search in the biting zero wind and darkness. When she found her husband, he was trailing blood as her husband, he was trailing blood as her had slipped on the ice, struck his gun against a rock and shot himself.

Young Donald ran home for a tobog-

gan. Mother & son strained and tugged to pull Hutt up the icy hill, gave up, exhausted. They carted down blankets, built a fire, betted rocks to keep the wounded man warm. Then, as the boy back to the lighthouse, desperately siznaled to the mainland by blacking out the light with a curtain. She sounded the fog alarm, built seven brush fires on the morning Hut Gue. At 10 o'dock next

Three times that day Pauline Hutt tried to launch a 12-ft, boat. Three times the lashing wind and waves smashed it back on shore. Finally, after dark, she and the boy got away. She pulled on the oars, lost one, somehow made the two miles through ice floes to the wharf near her parents' home. Neighbors brought lames Hutt's body ashore.

Last week, her brother and a cousin took Pauline Hutt back to the lighthouse, to carry on until a man could be found to take her husband's job. She hoped it would be soon—"I don't think I car: stand it out there very long now."

PEOPLE

Fathers & Sons

Will Rogers Jr., 55, set out to add to the U.S. scene a new kind of public character: a U.S. Senator who was also a Hollywood star. Ex-Congressman Rogers (who resigned to join the Army in 1944) prepared to: 1) run for Senator from California; 2) play the title role in a Warner Bros, movie about his late, gunchewing, rope-twirling father.

Elliott Roosevelt planned a U.S. lecture tour, and Winston Churchill's bumptious son Randolph reportedly had the same idea. (A possible brothers-under-theskin act nobody would talk about: a debate between the two.) But first Elliott had to finish writing a book. It was about his father's role in world affairs, and "the story of my father's thinking."

Away from It All

Karl Marx, whose Das Kapital is the Bible of Communism, had visitors, to his grave in London's jampacked Highgate Cemetery came Andrei Vishingto, at the head of Russia's UNO delegation, and deposited on the bearded prophet's plain stone slab a wreath of lilies and red carnations.

Abraham Lincoln (in bronze) had visitors in Manhattan's soapbox center, Union Square: a delegation from the National Republican Club, which deposited a wreath of ivy.

Henry L. Mencken appealed to a Baltimore court to restore to him his freside social life, nocturnal rest, capacity to concentrate on his work, and general peace of mind—all gone now,



Dr. Lise Meitner & Co-Winners*
For them, citations.

said he. The thief of his serenity, deposed the editor-critic-racentur-philogist's petition, was a dog next door who passed his life barking—a "large, powerful male dog of breed or breeds unknown to your orator." The barking, pursued Mencken, was "abnormally and extraordinarily loud, harsh, penetrating, violent, unpleasant, and distracting." He prayed that the court and hark awaye. The court gave Day Owner Charles Fortenbaugh 15 days for a neighborly answer.

Female Talent

Dr. Lise Meither, 67, refugee German physicist, pioner contributor to the atomic bomb, was the Women's National Press Club's choice for "woman of the year." Club's choice for "woman of the year." A steeve, 68, of Manhattan's Barnard Colee; All-Batt-Abbratet Painter Georgie O'Keeffe, 28; Chorcographer Agnes de Mille, 26; Novellis I. A. R. Wylle Tibe Psychiatrist Ether Loring Richards, 60; All Psychiatrist Children Charles Children Children

Dr. Meitner got a silver bowl; the others, engraved citations. Then nine of the eleven sat for a picture as notable for its variety of necklines as for its collection of female talent (see cut).

Helen Traubel, Wagnerian soprano of the Metropolitan Opera, got an operatic assist from Circusman Robert Ringling, who sent her a hand-picked horse to dress up horsy Götterdämmerung. Diva Traubel got the Wagnerian score and the horse together, but the horse just looked baffled (see cut); he didn't know the score.

Collectors' Luck

Franklin D. Roosswell's stamp collection, appraised at \$100,000, was up at auction in Manhattan. About half was sold; it brought \$134,550. Curiosas: \$2 *Brickhat & Bouquet' covers. Philatelist Roosevelt had happily kept envelopes ad-& Seated: Dr. Richard, be Mille, Dr. Meliner, Wylie, McCormick. Standing: Webster, O'Keeffe, Leach, Cutbbeta.



Helen Traubel & Horse For her, an assist.



The Widgeon at Work

The field superintendent in the oil industry who formerly needed 4½ hours to complete one operation can do the same job with a Grumman Widgeon Amphibian in 45 minutes.

The combined land and water operation of the amphibian plane was of great importance during war and is proving of equal utility to industry in peace.

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dressed to "Dishonorable Franklin Deficit Roosevelt," "Plutocrat F. D. Roosevelt, Owner of 4 Estates, Member of 13 Clubs, White House," "The Sit-Down Politician," "White Father of the Pretty Bubbles." A Manhattan department store bid in the lot for §225.

Sacred & Profane

Harry S. Truman, only recently elected to the Society for the Preservation and Encouragement of Barber Shop Quartet Singing in America, Inc., was made an honorary member of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York.

Sir Stofford Cripps, rigidly respectable president of Britain's Board of Trade, who looks like a cross between Woodrow Wilson and an old maid, plumped for more public aid to private romance. "Love in a cottage is all very well," he observed,



Sir Stafford Cripps
Why be half-ashamed?

"if the roof doesn't leak," Mere muddlingthrough in marriage, said he, is the result of unlettered prudery. "We have been half-ashamed of our divinely created animal instincts,"

man institutes. May first his Labor's internationarded Labid. British Labor's internaspithall, but went right on reciting. Conservative M.P., Cyril Osborne urued Parliament to send beefy Ernest Bevin to the U.S. to offset wapsh Labid's influence. Declared Osborne: let the Government 'Reep some of their wandering minstrels from the London School of Economics at home.' Minstrel Labid's proposal of at home.' Minstrel Labid's proposal of tension right now by destroying its atomic bomb stockpile.

William Scroyan, once U.S. letters' Public Show-off No. 1, had become a Garbo for privacy. Since release from the Army last September he had cut nary a public aper—not even last January 11, when Wife Carol bore him their unpublicized second child, first dauchter.



To help your doctor save life in appendicitis:

- 1. Suspect all stomach pain-No matter where the pain starts, or whether it is dull or sharp, call your physician at once. Early diagnosis in appendicitis not only prevents serious complications but saves lives.
- 2. Lie down and rest while waiting for the doctor. Do not rub the abdomen. Take nothing except water. Above all, use no laxatives, no enema, no home remedies.
- 3. Follow instructions faithfully-If the doctor says an operation is essential, take his advice. Delay may cause the appendix to rupture and cost a life.

There's a cheerful side to appendicitis

"You know about the side that hurts and causes alarm. But according to recent figures, of 279,000 persons with inflamed appendixes which might have ruptured, more than 97% recovered, thanks to prompt diagnosis and good surgery. Whenever a surgeon leaves the operating room and says, 'Everything is going to be all right,' you know that someone called him in time. This year it may be your turn to help save a life. Heed and report early

warnings of appendicitis."





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The high qualities in the latest of the "1400" series are the result of years of collaboration netween Pullman-Standard and the Chicago and North Western System—both pioneers in progressive passegner are development. Pullman-Standard built the first lightweight, streamlined cars for any railroad. The North Western, likewise, has a long record of successful operation of this new equipment. Since 1933 we have built 141 lightweight cars for this railroad, or for its joint operation with Union Pacific and Southern Pacific.

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THE THEATER

Old Play in Manhattan

Lute Song (adapted from the Chinese Pi-Pa-Chi Will Irwin & the late Sidney Howard; music by Raymond Scott; produced by Michael Myerberg) is the season's loveliest production and most charming failure. A retelling, with music, dances and pageantry, of a 500-year-old Chinese classic, it never quite catches the inner glow of art or the outward stir of theater. There should have been either less spectacion or less story. Als it, the but lose much of its flow and human feeling through gorgeous interruptions and sumptuous distractions. What's more, neither



The set designer starred.

the writing nor the acting has quite the stylized quality it reaches after. Lute Song tells of Tsai-Yong (Yul Brymer), a provincial young student who leaves his wife (Mary Martin) and year becomes a famous magistrate, is forced to marry an autocratic prince's daughter, is forbidden to communicate with his family. His parents die, cursing him, during a famine, but his wife remains staunchly Yong by the princess, and remains in the palace as No. t. wife.

Real hero of Lute Song is famed, allloo-dirfequently busy Scene Designer Robert Edmond Jones (Emperor Jones, Green Pattures), whose sets and costumes are often things of sphendor. They trementhe looks of the play—the wedding and burial scenes, the exotic dances, a captivating Imperial March. The best of Composer Scott's incidental music has color also, and one or two of the little songs he has written for Mary Martin have a reedy charm. Actress Martin, straying far from the My Heart Beiongs to Daddy sort of singing that made her famous, is attractive and scrupulously unself-indulgent in a role that leaves her, like Lute Song itself, a little lifeless.

New Plays in Manhattan

Born Yesterday (by Garson Kanin; produced by Max Gordon) turns what could have been an angry sermon into an amusing evening. It deals with an ugly customer—a big-time racketer. For rough-neck, up-from-knavery Harry Brock, who has got his paws on most of the nation's junk yards, nothing talks but money, and



Douglas & Holliday

The author saved his fists.

nothing whatever talks back. But in slugging Harry, Playwright Kanin has saved his fists and relied on his funnybone. His menacing robber baron is also a slob and eventually a sucker.

Born Yesterday brings Brock to Washington, where he has bought a Senator, to try to grab off junk yards all over the postwar world. He installs himself, his henchman and his dumb blonde mistress in a fantastic \$235-a-day hotel suite. Since there will be forays into official Washington society, he decides that the blonde had better get educated. His choice of a teacher is a crusading young writer on the New Republic. From there on everything in the play is predictable, but piquant. The young woman, who defines peninsula as "that new medicine, is soon taught words like antisocial and cartel. Her mind sharpens, her conscience stirs, and her amorous inclinations shift. She and her tutor get the goods on Brock, then march off to be married.

Born Yesterday is strictly a show, and

"Want the lowdown on my pin-up man?"



HE'S TOP MAN on my totem pole because he never looks over his shoulder when he's with me... because there's an air about him—a trace of beather and fern that's as subtle as the gleam in his eye!



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Here's the story. One day a wire came from my brother. He was ill, couldn't take care of mother-and I would have to give her a home. Mary never blinked an eye But she knew the big difference it would make in our lives-that there'd be days when mother would be hard to live with.

Besides, my income was just so-so. We paid our bills and were bringing up three children. But now, with mother on our hands, it wouldn't leave much for savings.

Yes, we scrimped plenty until I could increase my earnings. Then one night Mary said, "Jim, we've got some extra money now. You're almost 40 and you won't always work. And when I see how terribly unhappy people are when they're forced to live with kinfolks, I certainly don't want it to happen to us. It's not fair to the children.

"Of course it isn't," I agreed. "And it's been on my mind a lot.

"But you should do something," Mary replied, "There must be ways that people like us can have an income for later years. "Sure there are," I said. "Retirement income programs. But I'm afraid they're too expensive for us. "Afraid!" Mary exclaimed. "Look at Mr.

Jennings! I know he has a plan like that and he makes about what you do. Why not ask him how he does it?'

So next day I saw Jennings and he told me about his Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan. It was exactly what we eeded! It would guarantee an income of \$150 a month at 60 and take care of the family if I didn't reach that age. We started our plan at once and through the years hardly missed the money we put into it.

And here we are, secure for life, financially independent. Our children are married. We'll never burden them-we're always welcome in their homes. We travel when we like, do what we want - just two happy people without a care in the world. But all credit to Mary-she's the one

who actually made it possible.

Get the facts! Send today for the free booklet which tells you how the Bankers Life Double Duty Dollar Plan provides the income you select—\$100, \$150, \$200 or more a month and provides for your dependents in case you should not reach retirement age. This simple program enables you to retire at 55, 60, 65, or 70-to incorporate Social Security into the plan if you wish. Mail coupon today.

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Name	

ess Address_

one with more bounce than craftsmanship. The first act-with its picture of the home life of a baboon and his blondeis delightful. After that, plot starts muscling in on character, and the show has its ups & downs. But things are kept moving by enough good gags and two topnotch performances, Radio Sports Announcer Paul Douglas makes a solid character-tough, vicious, yet somehow comic-of Harry Brock, Judy Holliday (Kiss Them for Me), with her flat voice. slow takes and floozie walk, is often wonderful as the blonde. When she sorts her cards in a gin-rummy game, Broadway gets one of the great comedy moments of the season.

Apple of His Eve (by Kenyon Nicholson & Charles Robinson; produced by Jed Harris) tells of a prosperous Indiana farmer (Walter Huston) who falls in love with his hired girl (Mary James). Knowing that he is old enough to be her father, he is not bold enough to ask for her hand. While his neighbors' tongues wag and his family's hearts sink, he squires the unsuspecting young lady to carnivals and Chinese restaurants, strains his eyes going without glasses, sprains his back showing off as a wrestler. After much stewing, he sends the girl away. After much scenestretching, she comes back.

Walter Huston is always a likable and skillful actor, and Apple of His Eye is a harmless enough little play-as rural and homey, at its best, as an old, dented tin dipper. But its shy and anxious courtship makes a long and languid evening. Farmer Stover shows twice the indecision of Hamlet without any of the excitement. The apple of his eye is a decent, agreeable girl but singularly unobservant. And the worried relatives, gabby neighbors and drawling farm help that punctuate-and protract-the evening are all stock-comedy figures.

January Thaw (adapted by William Roos from Bellamy Partridge's novel; produced by Michael Todd) celebrates a small, farcical civil war inside a Connecticut farmhouse. It is, indeed, a House Divided-between a city family that had bought and remodeled it, and a country family that, by the terms of the sale, could always move back in, and did. The two clans squabble over everything from politics to plumbing, from who-owns-what to who-sleeps-where. The city slickers always get the worst of it: their living room is commandeered for funerals and littered with pigs; they freeze and starve while the country folks go warm and well-fed; they imagine that the yokels' attractive son has eloped with their daughter. Eventually, of course, peace is established, and one family moves into the barn.

January Thaw uses one of those broadcomedy situations that can be funny for an act but is almost always fatal for an evening. Here very little is funny, even at the start. Beyond grinding out increasingly frantic variations on a single theme, January Thaw is always corny and often cobwebby in its humor.

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RADIO

Whopper

The French National Radio had just completed a news broadcast. Without explanation, the announcer said: "Monsieur Helium, delegate of the World Institute of Atomic Research, will make an important announcement."

of Atomic Research, will make an important announcement."
Said "Monsieur Helium": "European scientists have been forced to halt their experiments because of the frightful dan-

ger of a chain of atomic explosions which may cause the world to fly apart." Quicker than he could say pardon!, another announcer broke in: "Atomic energy has turned [into a] Frankenstein

another announcer broke in: "Atomic energy has turned [into a] Frankenstein [monster and] mastered its inventors. Shattering explosions have rent the earth from Siberia to Ontario."
Then, to the accompaniment of eerie

Then, to the accompaniment of cerie music and the sound of loud explosions, a succession of breathless news announcers pleaded with Parisians not to panic. "You are helpless in any case," they added. They begged listeners to remain calm "even if you see sudden flashes in the sky, hear claps of thunder; if the earth quakes, lights fail, electric motors stop and you sense. . . loss of equilibrium."

The announcers kept it up: "bulletins" described cities disintegrating, ships disappearing at sea, the world splitting wide open, From the Paris boulevards, an announcer brought the sound of French thousands wailing, screaming, praying, From Notre Dame Cathedral came hymn singing, orean music.

By this time, frantic French listeners were flying to their windows, rushing into the street, gathering weeping children about them. Babies were born prematurely into a world their mothers thought was ending, Suicides were reported, Many listeners called the police or their parish priests, Few stayed near their radios long enough to bear the announcer say: "Wake up. 11's a joke."

Next day the French Government, not at all amused, dimissed Claude Bourdet, new director general of French broadcasting, Also suspended was moonfaced Scriptwriter Jean Nocher, who complained: 'I can't understand, it intentionally put all kinds of whoppers in it [30 listeners would know it was a joke]. For instance, I made Catholics sing a Protestant hymn, Newer, My God, to Thee."

One-Man Crowd

When radio needs a new voice—from a barrayard cackle to a French meastro—it is apt to call on Mel Blanc, the "one-man-rowd." Until this week, when radio's unusung bit players and stooges were finally honored by Hall of Fame (ABC, Sun, 6-6:30 p.m., E.S.T.), tew listeners knew Mel by name, but millions probably knew him as Jack Benny's English butler, train and news reporter; as Burns & Allen's melancholy postmar; as Judy Canova's Pedro, Salesman Roscoe Wortle and a

chronic hiccougher; as Bob Hope's "Private Snafu"; as Abbott & Costello's Scots-

Since radio's tonsils are frequently more highly prized than its brains, Me's flexible voice is often called in to save an otherwise disastrous show. He can portray 57 different characters, often does eight or ten on a single program. Once the record turntable for sound effects failed. Blanc stepped up to the mike and, using only his voice, squealed like a skitding auto bottle being opened and poured. For Warner Bros.'s cartoons, he is the voice of Porky Fig and Bugs Bunny.

At 37, mild-mannered, snood-eyed Melvin Jerome Blanc (pronounced blank)



MEL BLANC He makes big stars bigger.

has more job offers than he can fill. He has ducked proposals for a show of his own, prefers to pocket the \$2,000 a week he gets from making the big stars a little bigger. That way, he says, he can spend his free time fishing, eating éclairs and running a hardware store in Los Angeles County. Reading his fan mail over Jack Benny's shoulder doesn't bother him one bit.

Destiny

Norman Corwin, 35, ratio's wonder-boy writer-producer, this week took a vicious bite at the hand that feeds and pets him. In a new book, Wille Vou Were Gone (Simon & Schuster; \$3,50), Scripter Corwin charged ratio with "dreadful mediocrity... The average sponsor and agency... borrow, mintate, plagarize, and perpetuate formula... and the come fast control of the co



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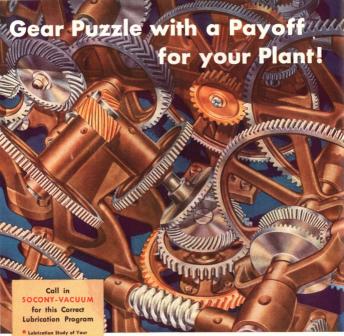
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SPORT

A Slow Swede Wins

Abe Gnippe (pronounced guh-nip), stocky, bespectacled cab driver and bowling fan, knocked off cruising in Chicago's Loop to watch the Petersen Bowling Tournament, Said he: "You have to throw 'em slow. You throw a fast ball and it goes bloop right through 'em."

The bowlers, most of them middle-aged and middle-thick, were leisurely, almost casual, seemingly unimpressed with their cons skill. Among the spectators behind the brilliantly lighted alleys there was no excitement. Once, when a ball hung on the alley's edge, then curved in for a strike, a woman shouted: "What if it does come out of the gutter?—it looks good on the score."

Day & night, the best bowlers in the land spun the big balls down the alleys in the musty-aired, Victorian recreation building at Archer Avenue and 35th (Mr. Dooley's "Archey Road"), Only experts (averaging a score of 180 a game) were eligible (2,080 of them anted \$55 each to build the prize total to \$5,2,000).

On the tenth day, a powerful Swede, Adolph ("The Machine") Cartison, strode in, bowled his eight consecutive games. He always took three small steps, kept his eye on the head pin (he claims watching a spot on the alley is manteur stuff), threw a slow, curving ball. The Swede's score mounted, took the lead, Then Carl-son sweated it out until the last ball trumbled down the alleys this week all

His total of 1,652 was good enough to earn the first cash prize (\$5,100) and a diamond medal (value \$600). It was something Swede Carlson had waited for since he was second-best in the Petersen Classic, 21 years ago.



McGill Man off Dartmouth's 40-Meter Hill All depended on the jump.

First-Fiddle McGill

Montreal's McGill University skiers had their dander up. For 20 years they had played second fiddle to Dartmouth. They practiced long and hard, sometimes at night, on Mount Royal's icy slopes. By last week, as one of eleven competing teams at Dartmouth's own Winter Carnival, they were ready to spank Dartmouth where it hurt most.

The first day, red-clad McGill skiers zoomed down Moose Mountain at a breakneck 50 m.p.h. in skiing's most treacherous event, the downhill. They trailed behind Malcolm McLane, Dartmouth's crosscountry and downhill specialist. But in the grueling eight-mile langlauf, McGill sprang a surprise: powerful Karre Olsen, late of the Canadian Navy.

Olsen, with his long stride, managed to shake off everyone but Dartmouth's Mc-Lane. The two raced neck & neck through the New Hampshire woodland, along a hillcrest, over rolling meadow. Then Olsen called on his last reserves, forged ahead, won by 14 seconds. But McGill still trailed Dartmouth by two points. All depended on the last event——the jump.

In two previous competitions this season, McGill's dark-horse jumpers had been badly beaten. But off Dartmouth's 40-meter hill, they outjumped everything in sight. Final Carnival score: McGill 568.7 points; Dartmouth 553.5-5

Racquets' Return

Racquets, fastest of all games played on foot, nearly twice as fast as squash racquets, is also one of the rarest. In the U.S., where a few hundred play it, only eleven racquets courts exist. Game requirements: a four-walled cement court about twice the length of a squash court; a hard bout twice the length of a squash court; a hard bout twice the size of a ping-poug ball, but the consistency of the size of a ping-poug ball, but the consistency of the size o

Eight war-rusty U.S. players and four Canadians paired off last week at Manhattan's swank Racquet & Tennis Glor for the first National Doubles Championships since 1941. Everybody's footwork and timing was off. But prewar champion Bobby Grant was still one of the most paralyzing hitters the game had ever have the control of the control of the war was still one of the most have the control of the most have the control of the control of the until too late, won easily from Richard Leonard and Joe Brooks (see cut) in the finals, 16-13, 15-4, 15-5.



RACQUETS CHAMPS (FINALS)

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RELIGION

On the Roads to Rome

Vatican workmen readied the ancient stage for the largest consistory in all the long centuries of the Church. Along the giant cornice high in St. Peter's nave, 100 of them walked sure-footed, hanging draperies that would backdrop the venerable rites. Below them wooden stands, redcloth covered, were going up so that the privileged public might witness the ceremonial high point. Carpet-layers were at work. The Pope's throne and the cardinals' chairs were put in place.

In the Hall of Benedictions, a long, corridor-like room with gold-ornamented walls and ceiling, the "imposition of the biretta" would mark a step in the elevation of some 30 prelates as princes of the Church. A throne would be set up for Pius XII and drapery-covered benches for the cardinals. Other Vatican rooms needed no attention: 1) Consistory Hall, where the secret consistories preceding the public ceremonies would be held; 2) the Sala del Paramenti with its splendid Gobelin tapestries, where the Pope would receive the cardinals in a private audience; 3) the huge, frescoed Sala Regia and 4) the Sala Ducale, with the Bernini marbles, through which the procession would

pass. Brothers to Christ's Vicar, This week the cardinals-designate, who in their persons bear witness to the imperial sweep of the Church of Rome, reached the Holy City for the ceremonies that would make them not only princes of the Church, but brothers and counsellors to the man they look upon as Christ's Vicar on Earth. They came as pilgrims, but for some the pilgrimage was at 20th-Century speed.

For the first time in history prelates flew to Rome to receive the red hat. The air travelers from the U.S.: New York's Francis J. Spellman, Detroit's Edward Mooney, Chicago's Samuel Stritch, 83-year-old John J. Glennon of St. Louis, Bishop Thomas Tien of Tsingtao, China. In a dither of pride, TWA officials billed the flight-three gleaming, four-motored planes, "the most distinguished massflight of passengers across the North Atlantic in aviation history.

The flight arrangements were made by Archbishops Spellman and Stritch. They insisted on full fares and routine treatment. But the aerial pilgrimage had its humble touch: the prelates' baggage.

All five cardinals-designate had been outfitted in hand-me-downs. Because Vatican tailors, faced with Italy's shortage of silks and gold braid, could outfit only twelve of the 32 new cardinals completely, the American archbishops and Bishop Tien drew on the wardrobes of the late Cardinals Mundelein, O'Connell and Haves, But the Pope would provide the red hats-a personal gift-as well as the topaz rings that are the badge of office.

In Ceteris Partibus, In London Archbishop Bernard Griffin, youngest cardinal-

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designate (46), retrieved the flowing cappa magna of the late Cardinal Hinsley from the Gainsborough Film Studios (to whom they had been lent for a Paganini movie), had it altered to fit, set out for Rome.

Archbishop Joseph Mindszenthy left behind him in Budapest mobs (probably Communist-led) which had demonstrated against him with placards reading: "Mindszenthy wants a kingdom. Hang him on a tree." The Archbishop, said Hungarian Minister of Justice Stefen Riesz, "will not be arrested, as the government refuses to make a martyr of him. as he strongly desires."

One cardinal-elect might not travel to Rome: Johannes de Jong of Utrecht, Holland's first cardinal since the Reformation, whose physician decided he had not yet recovered from a recent motor accident. His red hat would be brought to him by a papal legate.

Revision Blessed

Clergymen last week explored their fresh copies of the new Revised Standard Version of the New Testament (TIME, Feb. 11), in general like it.

¶ Said New York's Methodist Bishop G.

Bromley Oxnam: "It will be widely read and will re-emphasize the place of the

Bible in everyday life."

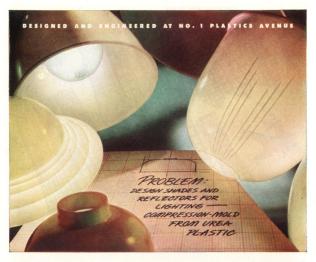
Episcopal Bishop William T. Manning agreed, with reservations, maintained that the Revised Standard will "not displace the King James Version . . . in churches."

¶ Dr. John S. Bonnell of Manhattan's Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church found "many helpful changes where the meaning of the text is ambiguous or obscure." but feared that the Revised Standard might "bring some of the atmosphere of the street into . . . the sanctuary."

Catholic scholars outlined last week another great project in religious translation: a 72-volume edition of the writings of the early Church Fathers-including a number of texts never available in English. The edition will include major works of such early molders of Christian doctrine as Tertullian, Origen, Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine and Chrysostom, down to Gregory the Great of the 6th Century. The seven-year task will be guided by Dr. Ludwig Schopp, editor and publisher of Traditio, an annual volume of learned essays, who has enlisted the aid of most U.S. Catholic authorities on the language, history and theology of the early Church.

End & Means

New York City's Youth Consultation Service (founder: Bishop William T. Manning) decided to go ahead with its benefit. The Service, dedicated to saving adolescents from waywardness and to caring for unwed mothers, had contracted for a benefit performance of a current Broadway hit. No one had read the script, none knew that the play dealt lightheartedly with adultery. The play: O Mistress Mine (Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne). Said a Youth Consultant: "The story isn't exactly what we might have chosen, but it's so beautifully done.'



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ART



Moholy-Nagy & Aluminum Sculpture
"I don't like the word beauty. It's a depressing word."

Directors' Choice

The Providence art museum's Director Gordon Washburn had saked colleagues in 17 eastern museums to send their favorite contemporary U.S. paintings to an exhibition entitled "Museums' Choice." Last week the results were on view. Artists best liked by the museum directors: the late great Marsden Hartley, Maine modern whose rough-cut, bright-colored canvases sooned by the mean value of the property of the property

Message in a Bottle

One day in 1920 a young Hungarian art student got mad at his work. He was sketching a routine, academic still life; it seemed to him "there were too many shapes pressed into a chaotic arrangement." So he took scissors, cut away some parts of the study, turned it to an angle of 90°. Friends scoffed at his mutilated picture, but it gave him "a feeling of indescribable happiness."

Thus toothy, chullient Lázió Moboly-Nagy took his first step on the straight & narrow path of "non-objective" art. If was not always so delightful as it seemed at first. He often had the feeling that he "was throwing a message, sealed in a bottle, into the sea." But gradually he decided that the prime tenets of abstract design—simplicity, harmony, contrast could be applied to almost anything.

He took a job in Germany's famed Bauhaus at Weimar, taught such subjects as "construction." 'texture," and photography (which included the technique of making "photograms" without benefit of camera). His book, The New Vision, is o Just reisued by Wittenborn & Co.; Si. a definitive work on the Bauhaus which, besides experimenting with geometric art, operated on the theory that artists should learn how to use 20th-Century machines and materials to design useful and beautiful things for mass production.

Moholy-Nagy went on to international fame as a typographer and set designer. He printed everything in lower case, because he thought capital letters wasted time and effort. In England he designed futuristic architectural sets for the movie of H. G. Wellis's The Shape of Things to Gome. In the machine-minded U.S., he burgeoned as an industrial designer. Among his designs: "air' curtains which send jets of air' curn the cellies to minimize raching for food; and a meaningless "machine of emotional discharge," which he designed for laughs.

Beyond Vanity, A drawing of this machine" was included in a show of Moholy's paintings and sculptures which opened in the Cincinnati Art Museum this week. Visitors smiled dutifully, but found the machine no more amusing and no less confusing than the rest of the show. Among Moholy's proudest creations are his "space modulators"—abstract, painted sculptures under the confusion of the confusion o

public as an anonymous agent."
As an anonymous agent, Moholy has plenty of theories about art. Says he: "I don't like the word beauty. It's a depressing word. Utility and emotion and satisfaction, those are more important words. Those are the things design should give. Decisions should be made on the

basis of refined, not brute, emotions. Art is the best education to refine emotions."

To attempt to refine the U.S. public's emotions. Moholy directs and spark-plugs Chicago's Institute of Design, a U.S. version of the now defunct Bauhaus, which was closed by Nazi pressure in 1932. Recently installed in spacious new quarters, the Institute now has some 300 students and for the first time in its eight-year history, a waiting list. And, to prove that it makes as much sense as nonsense, it has secured a long list of Chicago businessmen as backers, including top executives of United Air Lines, Container Corp. of America, Marshall Field & Co., Sears, Roebuck & Co. For the backers, the brave new Bauhaus is supposed to pay off in the form of broadly trained designers equipped to create new products for future markets.

Moholy and his young hopefuls have

Moholy and his young noperus navalerady designed a car that runs by sunlated the state of the

In Chicago, at least, Moholy's message in a bottle has washed up on a favorable shore.

"A Little Song"

A proud new purchase was unveiled last week by Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art. It was titled Benediction, stood seven feet high, was cast in bronze. From knob head to lion feet, Benedic-

From knob head to lon lete, Deneatotion's brutal, bulbous charms were probably lost on the average layman. Most frequent questions by museumgoers: "Is it harping or scratching?" "Why has it got three legs?" If its sculptor, 54-yearold Jacques Lipchitz, had been there to



"Benediction"

The sculptor was very mad, very anxious.



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explain, he would have told them that what looks like a third leg is really a simplified drapery.

A stocky, intense French citizen, Jacques Lipchitz has been turning out weird, passionate work for 33 years. He is one of the world's most highly praised and least understood sculptors. He made the sketches for Benediction along the road from fallen Paris, in the midst of a wild, tragic rout. His idea was to make a statue of the harpist when & if he succeeded in reaching the U.S.

He began to be an artist in Druskiensiki, Lithuania, when he was only eight. His earliest works were carefully painted white in imitation of the plaster casts he saw at school. At 18, Lipchitz hotfooted to Paris, became the youngest member of the Cubist group, quickly developed the muscular, semi-abstract style,

Every Sunday Lipchitz takes a walk round & about Manhattan ("It is when I get nature"). Weekdays he gets up at 6 a.m., works furiously in his Manhattan studio until dark. Says he: "I am only interested in sculpture." New York, he says, is the place for him. "It is so exciting. Everything is set up for work."

For those who see little connection between his Benediction and its title, Lipchitz simply recalls the day on the road south from Paris when he made his first sketch of the harpist: "I was very mad. very anxious. This [sculpture] was a little song for Paris what I had to sing. It is like somebody goes to sleep. But sleep would bring cauchemar [nightmare], so I sing him a song that everything will come out all right. Maybe it is something that will make me feel better too.'

Warning!

Everybody else was talking about the United Nations' new home in the U.S. (see National Affairs), so why not architects? Last week gallerygoers at Manhattan's up-to-the-minute Museum of Modern Art were confronted with outsize placards: MUST WE REPEAT THE GENEVA FIASCO? On the wall were architectural drawings that had been entered in the international competition in 1927 for a Geneva palace for the old League of Nations, Above them was an legend: "The Competition ominous Failed. The Building Failed. The League

Presumably this was meant to imply that if the building had been more modern the League might never have foundered. Four arch-conservative architects had won the Geneva competition, pooled their resources to design the cumbersomely classic stone pile which was finally finished in 1038-when there was no longer much use for it. But the "rightful winners," according to the Museum, were Frenchmen Le Corbusier and Pierre Jeanneret; who had proposed a terraced glass-and-concrete palace in the strictest "functional" tradition. This time, urged the Museum, the UNO planners should "learn from Geneva and select an international jury of honest men, sensitive to the modern spirit in architecture.'



Talk about flying, I was!

I had a new car and I was splitting the air so thoroughly, it just stayed apart permanently. I drove up and shook hands with Willie Penn atop of City Hall. He said, don't take any wooden nickels. That jarred me a bit and I woke up.

DREAMS of places and things are something 3,844,960* Philadelphians have in common. The places are to go to. The things are a new car to take them there and a thousand and one other items that money used to buy and will buy again.

Speaking of money, they've got it. So if you have something or expect to have something to sell, lay the groundwork in the nation's third largest city.

This is exceptionally easy, considering the scope of the market. For four-fifths of all Philadelphia families daily read one newspaper. That

newspaper is The Bulletin. It spends the evening with these home lovers. It helps them pick a myriad variety of essentials and non-essentials that make life worth living. It has a circulation exceeding 600,000—largest evening circulation in America.

*Philadelphia and insural rankag was.

In Philadelphia—nearly everybody reads

The Bulletin





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NAME

AMERICA'S SCENIC VACATION LAND

MEDICINE

Diabetes Up

Two statisticians of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., whose business it is to guess right about people's health, came to some discouraging conclusions about

diabetes:

¶ In the present decade (1940-1950), the rate of increase in U.S. diabetics will be double the rate of population growth. ¶ Of U.S. citizens under 50, over 4% of the women and 2% of the men can expect to become diabetics some time during their lives.

Vitamin K Gum

As most toothache victims know, cavities are generally caused by acid which forms in the mouth from fermenting food particles. Dentists can partly neutralize or slow down formation of this acid with several safe chemicals. The problem has not been what to give busy patients—but how to give it.

Northwestern University Dental Schools For Leonard S. Fosdick & co-workers may have found an answer. Reporting in the Journal of Dental Research, the experimenters released some long-awaited min K. (-sembely-is, experiment). The point of the sembely-is, and the sembel on chewing gum. For the experiment, 55 Northwestern students faithfully chompsed vitamia K-coated gum for ten minutes after each meal. Another 45 chewed unittreated gum. A third group chewed noth-

Result: after 18 months, the vitamin R chewers had 60% to 90% fewer new cavities than the others. The experimenters noted with interest that vitamin K gum seemed more effective than highly publicized fluorinated drinking water (TIME, April 24, 1944).

Until the happy day when vitamincated gum-or some other near-majer can stop tooth decay for good. Fitsburgh's Dr. I. Franklin Miller suggests that dentists apply a smooth brand of psychology along with the drill. Dr. Miller recommends: waiting rooms full of knickknacks to divert waiters; all the instrument of turture hidder; soft musis, colin in the grinding and probing.

Speaking of Operations

"Emotionally I was reduced to a most primitive level of hope-fear. My feeling of apprehension and insecurity during the first operation was relieved by two factors: the authoritative, cam voice of the surgeon and the comforting physical contacts of [two women] physicians (who stroked my brow, pressed my arm)..." Manhattan Psychiatris Trederic Werth

am had undergone, while conscious, two serious operations for dangerous blood vessel conditions in his legs. Due to the nature of his illness, scopolamine, the "truth drug." was given instead of an anesthetic. While the surgeon's knife cut into his flesh, Psychiatrist Wertham enthusiastically dictated to a hovering stenographer a stream-of-consciousness description of his mental processes,

Results of his study and others like it, he believes, will eventually furnish a psychological guide to both patients and doctors on how to cope with the psychopathological aspects of illness "which sometimes make the difference between life and death."

"My main concern was with pain....
During [parts of] the operation it filled
my whole mind. There was literally no
room for anything else... one's emotional



Psychiatrist Wertham
He expressed a general euphoria.

reaction to pain . . . is partly a fear of more pain to come, of its continuing or getting worse. . . ."

In a dream after the operation, "I was talking to President Roosevelt . . . I advised him to make the same speech he had made a year ago. . [That was] a grandiose idea . . . a compensatory mechanism at a time when my ego was cushed. It signified . . a healthy part of my personality immunizing me against anxious anticipation . . "

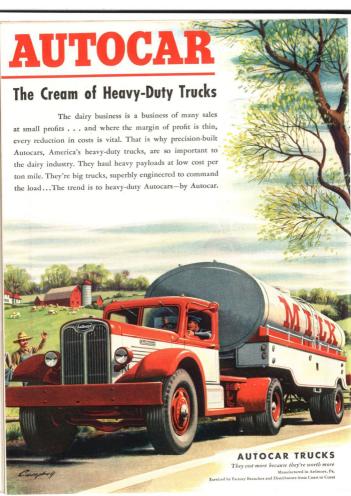
During one operation, "[I had] a feeling of insecurity, apprehension . . . great pain. I expressed a general euphoria [a sometimes-false sense of well-being]." He also professed frivolity, made such clinical jokes as "I'm against all isms; especially embolism."

On Freud's theory that the sick man withdraws his libido back upon his own ego, Dr. Wertham says: "My libido certainly was withdrawn . . . my interest decidedly restricted [to] my immediate situation."





Say Scagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality



EDUCATION

Lockout

One strike in the U.S. last week was hailed with cheers—and by those whom it locked out. In St. Louis some 70,000 school children found their schools closed on Monday morning. The school janitors, who had all but four master keys to the city's 137 schools, were out on strike. For the chays the happy holding bacter, time they have been supported by the school of the chay the school of the school of the chay the school of the chay the school of the chay the school of the sc

Gloomily the kids re-entered. And gloomily St. Louis' 2,800 teachers, whose minimum salaries (\$1,600) are already less than those of janitors, wondered whether they were to be paid for the holiday en-

U.B.C.—Sis-Boom-Ah

The University of British Columbia at Vancouver owe much of its existence to the sis-boom-ah of its galumphing student body. In 1922, fed up with government dealys in providing permanent the about the contract of the column of

Last week they were at it again. They plastered the campus with yellow labels bearing the slogan "It's Up To You." Their goal: a new \$500,000 gymnasium as a memorial to U.B.C.'s war dead.

There was good reason to believe they would succeed. Almost overnight, Canada's youngest university had become its second largest (7,000 students), outranked only by Toronto (11,000). In the past

year U.B.C. added law courses to its curriculum, won a pledge of \$5,000,000 for new buildings from Provincial Premier John Hart, announced that it would offer first-year courses in medicine and pharmacy in September. It was also making plans to teach dentistry, optometry, music, demantics, physical education, possibly searing, too, The Thunderbird baskethall team (sometimes called the "Blunderthirds") had surprised everybody by trouncing some crack U.S. college teams.

Up from Pupwah. To match its whoog-de-do student body, U.B.C. has a robust president. He is Dr. Norman Archibald MacRae MacKenzie, a bootstrap scholar, brilliant organizer and a man who gets what he wants. When Ottawa phoned one day last fall giving permission to use abandoned Army huts on the campus, "Larry" MacKenzie chuckled: he had come weeks befor put them on campus come weeks befor put them on campus

Born in Pugwash, Nova Scotia, 52 years ago, MacKenie quit his studies at Dalhousic University to go overseas, won a Military Medial and Bar. Back at college, he took 30 courses to the average student's control of the control of the

Today he drives to work at 8 a.m. in a rattletrap Chevvie, parks wherever he can find space, and pauses for a long look at the snow-capped Coast Range mountains across the sound before entering his office. His students worship him. So do war veterans, not one of whom he has turned away. Said Larry Mackenzie: "By hook or by crook we'll make room for them."

MUSIC

Stokie v. Cuba

Like most good conductors, Leopold Stokowski has a temper. Once he held up a Montevideo concert for half an hour while ushers gathered up programs which said his real name was Stokes,® Once the silver-haired maestro walked out on the Mexico Symphony Orchestra after a fuss-&-feathers over an incomplete orchestration, Last week in Cuba, Stokie was in nonther skirmish with Latin Americans.

Stokowski, pleading other engagements, had refused a March invitation to guest-conduct the Havana Philharmonic. But then a Chilean impressind, Jorge Estrade, the properties of the properties o

Then the trouble began, Philharmonic officials announced that their musicians would not be permitted to play for Sto-kowski. Scouting around for a pick-up orchestra, Stokie discovered that the first-rate musicians in Havana were in the Philharmonic.

Sublime Music. To the press Stokie muttered, "boycott." Then he scurried to Cuba's bewildered President Ramón Grau San Martín, who assigned his secretary to act as mediator. Barked Stokowski: "The man has not yet been born who can dictate to me."

To the Philharmonic's conductor, Aus-

A hard-dying rumor, but no fact, Stokowski was born in London, to a Polish father, Josef Boleslaw Kopernicus Stokowski, and an Irish mother.



PRESIDENT MACKENZIE



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KLEIBER There were two ways to save Beethoven.

Something about the tempo of a march

trian-born Erich Kleiber he sent a message in Spanish: "To save the sublime music of Beethoven, I request your cooperation as a colleague." Replied Kleiber: "In order to save the sublime music of Beethoven you need a good orchestra.

Good or bad, an orchestra was finally got together. By combing through Havana's military bands, Stokowski found 55 men who had been known to blow horns, To sing Schiller's Ode to Joy, which concludes the symphony, he hired a Cuban chorus of 150 who knew no German. Then 21 string players and a tenor who knew German were flown from New York by chartered plane. And Stokowski triumphantly assured Cubans that the sublime music of Beethoven would be conducted by the sublime Stokowski-three days late.

March Them In

At Margaret Truman's first White House dance last week, no rugs were cut. The President's daughter ordered the U.S. Marine Band's dance orchestra to open her party for bride-to-be Gloria Chavez (see MILESTONES) with a medley of Strauss waltzes. After that the 60 youthful guests fox-trotted sedately about the huge East Room, occasionally frisked a bit more gayly to rumbas and congas.

It was the first time the Marine dance band had played in the White House since 1941. But its 13 scarlet-jacketed musicians were no strangers to the executive mansion. As members of the 85-member Marine Band, and the 20-piece Marine symphony orchestra, they get to almost all presidential social functions. At receptions, they march guests in with tunes like Under the Starry Banner, march them out to Loyal Comrades. Says blueeyed, dimpled Captain William F. Santelmann, director of the three-in-one band: "The effect on the guests is psychological.

makes you feel . . . things have got to

Santelmann has been a member of the band through three White House occupancies, became its conductor in 1940. During the Hoover Administration, the band played barn dances in the East Room. In the days of Calvin Coolidge, the Marines never appeared at the White House without Lord Geoffrey Amherst. In Franklin Roosevelt's day they always carried Home on the Range. Now they are never caught without Missouri Walts. For the music-loving Harry Trumans they have lately been playing as often as five times a week, Said Santelmann happily: "White House entertaining is getting back to normal."

Paris Sparrow

Like everything else in Paris, the Club des Cinq, at the foot of Montmartre, was down at heel. The décor-very modernwas shabby; the champagne—very expen-sive—was poor. The worn-looking, faded singer who came on half an hour after midnight matched the setting well. She had frizzled brown hair, a little black dress and cork-soled shoes. She was called La Piaf (Parisian argot for sparrow).

The Sparrow's voice, low and husky, was in character too. After she had sung, with a weary little smile, Un monsieur me suit dans la rue ("A gentleman follows me down the street"), there was a long, silent pause, then a storm of applause. The Sparrow accepted the outburst as her rightful due. For had she not been, for ten years, one of Paris' most sought-out chanteuses? Now, with les saies boches gone and postwar visitors in Paris, her songs of sacred and profane love were making her an international favorite.

Victor Hugo or Maupassant might have written the life story of La Piaf. Two

Are Chicago and St. Louis Part of America — or Not?

Why should through rail travelers be held up at their frontiers? The cities aren't to blame. What can be done about it?

ALTHOUGH our 48 states are knit together by the greatest rail system in the world, we are still strangely backward on one score.

A passenger cannot go through Chicago or St. Louis, two of our biggest rail centers, without changing trains. He must break his trip.

It is almost as if he reached the frontier of some foreign state whose borders were closed to traffic. There is no customs barrier at Chicago or St. Louis, but the traveler must still pay an exasperating toll—in delay, inconvenience, and bother.

Half a Million Victims!

This is bad enough for the transcontinental traveler who would like to board a sleeper on one coast and ride through to the other—without the nuisance of packing and transferring baggage, making double Pullman reservations, waiting around for connections.

But it is worse for the passenger who starts his journey only a few miles either side of Chicago or St. Louis—and still must change trains. For example, trailers between Fort Wayne and Milwaukee, and between Cleveland and Des Moines, must also break their journeys.

More than half a million passengers a year—the vast majority on short midcontinent trips — are forced to make troublesome, time-wasting stopovers at Chicago or St. Louis.

Why should this be so?

The cities themselves are not responsible for setting up a barrier in the way of the through traveler. Such a barrier promotes neither good business nor good will for the community.

For, while travelers with business to transact would automatically stop over, those who are forced to stop resent the



inconvenience and delay—particularly in these days of overcrowded restaurants and cabs. It makes them down-right mad at Chicago and St. Louis!

And it is so unnecessary! In Canada, you can travel across continent from Montreal to Vancouver, by a choice of two routes without changing trains. Canada isn't split down the middle. Why should we be?

An Unsolved Mystery!

No one has ever given an adequate explanation as to WHY there is no connecting rail service through chicago and St. Louis (or through Memphis and New Orleans, for that matter)—as there is through New York, Washington, Kansas City, and other big rail centers.

It remains an unsolved mystery. But the plain fact is—the public is not getting through service!

How About Action NOW?

The Chesapeake & Ohio and the Nickel Plate Road are not the only railroads that, working with others, could provide such through service. But we are the only roads that have offered to take immediate action.

This is the proposal we have gone on record as making:

Chesapeake & Ohio, whose western passenger terminus is Chienimati, stands ready now to join with any combination of other railroads to set up connecting transcontinental and intermediate service through Chicago and St. Louis, on practical schedules and routes.

The Nickel Plate Road, which runs to Chicago and St. Louis, also stands ready now to join with any combination of roads to set up the same kind of connecting service through these two cities.

Through railroad service cannot be blocked indefinitely. The mysterious frontier must be abolished—in the interest of the traveling public and the railroads themselves.

We invite the support of the public, of railroad people and railroad investors everywhere—for this essential improvement in rail transportation.

Chesapeake & Ohio Railway · Nickel Plate Road

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More seats today when you fly PCA! Chicago, Washington and Norfolk now have 4-milea-minute Capitaliner service seating 56 passengers on each daily flight. During succeeding weeks, many more of these huge 4-engine ships will offer air-travelers in more key PCA cities more time-saving travel opportunities. Soon, PCA will triple its number of seats each day to help satisfy the great and growing demand for air travel!

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THE CAPITAL AIRLINE

policemen assisted at her birth in a Montmartre street 30 years ago. When she was two and a half, she was struck blind-according to her. She was cured, at seven, when she and her grandmother visited the Normandy shrine of Ste. Thérèse de l'Enfant Iésus. As a young girl she sang in the Paris streets, a tiny, birdlike creature who clasped her hands behind her and fixed her eves on the heavens. A friend gathered up the sous which she was too proud to pick up herself.

One day she caught the eye of a cabaret owner, who took her inside, made her sing in her threadbare skirt and sweater. After her first song there was a sepulchral silence. "A thousand thou hts went through my mind," she says, "Did my miserable appearance make them feel ashamed?' Then the hall broke into a long thunder of applause. Maurice Chevalier rose to his feet and cried: "Elle en a plein le ventre,



LA PIAF She matched the setting.

la môme" ("The kid's got plenty of stuff"). Today her most popular song is Bonjour Monsieur Saint-Pierre, about a young

Parisian girl who, having died, pleads at the gates of heaven: I might as well say I loved life well

And the handsome boys a little too much. And now I'm afraid because I get the

That they'll never permit me in Para-

dise. . . Look at my hands, the hands of the

Look at my sins and my misdeeds And my poor heart, so weary of cheats. It's not my fault-they all begged me. At the end of the song, of course, gallant St. Peter opens the gates.

Last week La Piaf left France to tour the cabarets of Belgium, Holland and Switzerland. Next autumn she hopes to come to the U.S.



Never before has home meant so much.

Never before have so many millions of people had to wait years to start their own homes.

What does that tell you about the entirely new force and importance of Better Homes & Gardens, the magazine that's written entirely to help people live better in their homes?



TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1946



The Wide World is Your Marketplace

As the world has grown smaller, in a figurative sense, the horizons of American business have expanded—the "Made in U.S.A." label is on the machines and materials which will rehabilitate the world.

In this global business activity, the Chase National Bank offers banking service of equivalent scope. A vast network of correspondent banks has been built up over the long period of years during which the Chase Foreign Department has served American business abroad.

Through these financial institutions and its

own overseas branches, the Chase can help you create new and expand existing relationships in any part of the world.

Further, the Chase Foreign Department can supply up-to-date information on foreign trade regulations—and when your transactions have been completed, it can collect the proceeds and deliver them to you promptly.

Why not investigate the ways in which the Chase Foreign Department can serve you? There is no obligation entailed in a conference with our officers.

You are invited to send for our Folder "Import and Exchange Regulations of the principal countries of the World."

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TIMES SOUARE AT RADIO CITY

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SCIENCE

Interplanetary Travel

An atom bomb rocketed to the moon ought to blast a magnificent crater there. Some of the fragments would almost certainly escape from the moon's weak gravitation and shower down on earth, as rather sluggish meteors. Scientists, analyzing them, could then prove beyond all doubt that they were not green cheese.

The proposal that the moon be bombed was made in dead earnest last week by Meteor-Expert H. H. Nininger.

The stunt might work. Even pre-atom explosives can toss fragments fast enough (1½ miles a second) to free them from the

ambitious space-voyage. Uranium 235 is not on the market, of course (or likely to be soon). Neither does anyone know how to harness it as a propellant. But such trifling obstacles do not discourage the space-voyagers. Their energy problem "solved" at last, they can henceforth revel in larger dreams.

The basic rules of interplanetary travel have been fairly well worked out. If a rocket or space-ship zooms off at slightly better than seven miles a second (twelve times as fast as an antiairraft shell) it will have the force to escape entirely from the earth's gravitational field. Best method is to shoot through the dense lower air





Jules Verne's Moon Train and Interior of Projectile

Astronauts were raring to go.

moon's puny pull. Some scientists believe, that meteors continually knock chips from the moon's jagged mountains; the chips then head for the center of the earth and fall near the equator as fused, glassy blobs called "tektites."

blobs called "textures."
But Nininger was a comparatively modest rocketeer. Those champion optimists of near-science, the astronauts, were also raring to go. They had been vastly encouraged by radar contact with the moon and by the military's super-stratosphere rockets.

rockets.

Shooting any sort of projectile beyond the earth's gravitational field would take enormous energy. Prewar energy sources could barely do it, even in theory. One calculation: a roo-ton space-ship would need nearly 8,000 tons of gasoline and liquid oxygen to toss it into space.

But atomic energy changed all that. One pound of fissioning urraium 235, which needs no oxygen, gives off as much energy as several thousand tons of the best non-atomic propellants. A very few pounds would be enough for the most

rather slowly, to reduce air friction; then shift into high above the atmosphere.

Nearest goal for space-ships is the boundary where the earth's gravitational pull and the moon's are equally strong. This "neutral point" comes closest to the earth (160,000 mit closes to the whole the thin the state of the space-voyage to the moon should be made when the moon is "new" and almost in line with the sun. Voyages to Venus, Mars and the paint of the sun to the s

more time, not much more energy.
Theoretically, space-ships could be steered (around the moon, for instance) by shooting out side-blasts of gas or radiation. When returning to earth, they could be slowed down gradually by costing in a lepsided spiral through the outer frinces of the atmosphere. If they should hit the denser air unbraked, they would turn as white-hot as a meteor.

In space itself, the space-ships (if ever constructed) may meet their worst



WHAT MAKES A NEWSPAPER GREAT?



What's this? Jobs OFF the farm for returning veterans and farm-raised youngsters whom modern agriculture can't employ?

It's the new answer to a postwar puzzle that's been worrying three of the best brains in America's farm-rich Upper Mississippi Valley.

Opper Mississippi valuely.

Brain No. 1 is Jay Hormel, Austin,
Minnesota meet packer (Spam, guaranteed annual wages) who posed the
problem. Wartime farm productivity
has been up 30% over the prewar
norm, despite loss of manpower. Result: through sheer efficiency of operation, farms now need fewer workers
than before. New jobs must be tailored
for veterans and rural youth who can't
THME_FERMARY 10, 1944

be absorbed by farming and the relatively few small town industrial plants.

Brain No. 2 is Dean A. M. Eberle of South Dakota State College who suggested a solution: development of goodmoney "service" jobs to handle specialized work farmers prefer to hire done when possible.

Brain No. 3, Arthur Upgren, Ph.D., economist of national repute, associate editorial editor of the Minneapolis Star-Journal, stepped in to apply these ideas for ready use by veterans and farm youth. Prizes were offered by the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune for best suggestions from agronomists on farm services young men could supply.

Harvest: 199 workable ideas—from feed mixing, insect control and well drilling to laboratory testing, machinery rentals and farm architecture. Organized in booklet form by Uppen and titled "Jobs OFF the Farm," this golden treasury of job ideas is now circulating widely among rural editors, county agents, chambers of commerce, CED and USES offices. TIME readers: mail postcard to Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune. Ask for your free copy of "Jobs OFF the Farm."

Key man in many an enterprise for business betterment in the prosperous Upper Mississippi Valley is erudite Arthur Upgren, able editor, brilliant teacher (U of M), amateur farmer (5 acres), tack-sharp diagnostician of economic ills.

Key newspapers in every enterprise benefiting the Upper Mississippi Valley are the Minneapolis Star-Journal and Tribune—able reporters of the news, inspiring leaders and dependable friends to a great region and its people.

Minneapolis Star-Journal

Minneapolis Tribune

MORNING & SUNDAY
Over 380,000 Daily — Over 425,000 Sunday

JOHN COWLES, President



Just an old Connecticut Custom

For generations, Connecticut's skilled workmen have been handing down from father to son, to grandson, to great grandson, an uncanny ability to make things outstandingly well... with their hands and with machines.

In war and peace, they have left their distinctive imprint of ingenuity, precision, perfection and reliability on Connecticut products—heliotopters, submarines, airplane engines, locks, clocks, hats, silverware, machine tools, typewriters, etc., for all the world to admire . . . and envy. These are the kind of skilled workmen you can use to advantage now on your post-war product.

Labor and management get along well together *here*. Most labor disputes are settled within the state by mediation or arbitration.

Connecticut gives you a head start in business—no state tax on individual incomes to cut down profits. The State of Connecticut operates on a balanced budget. Here are excellent transportation facilities. Here you will be close to America's greatest markets and sources of semi-finished materials.

Business executives are invited to write for the new booklet, "Connecticut, a State of Manufacturing Skills." Address Dept. A11, Connecticut Development Commission, State Office Building, Hartford, Connecticut.

CONNECTICUT

perils. The region outside the atmosphere is not mere emptiness. It is chock-full, among other things, of searing X rays from the sun, electron-streams hot out of sun-spots, powerful cosmic rays from the depths of space. These are checked by the atmosphere before they smack the earthis atmosphere before they smack the earthis of a comparatively thin-skinned space-ship is something to dampen the enthusiasm even of astronauts.

Still Cooking

Last week—more than six months after the first atomic bomb exploded—the New Mexican soil which melted to greated flass was still a-boil with radioactivity. Fragments weighing only a fraction of an ounce caused a continuous roar when held near a Geiger-Muller counter, a gadget which clicks once when an ionizing particle passes through it, Ionizing particles coomed out of the fragments so fast that comed out of the fragments of fast that when the counter could not be distinsuished individually.

Pieces of twisted steel from the wreckage were radioactive too. Some of their iron atoms must have been transmuted by the explosion into unstable isotopes.

Like radium, the glass fragments and the steel gave off alpha rays (onized helium atoms), beta rays (electrons) and gamma rays (natural X rays). The proportions of the rays varied with the material. The steel gave off the most gamma rays. Sometimes the radiation from a piece gave a sudden, brief spurt, much above its normal level.

Experts said that the atomic glass was not dangerous unless kept close to the skin for a considerable time—e.g., the movie stars who were photographed wearing "atomite" jewelry would do well not to wear it too often, or too long.

Pocket Edition

So far, no one had built a practical radio as small as a wristwatch. But last week, a National Bureau of Standards physicist announced that scientists had come close. A tiny new "skeleton" set, no bigger than a pack of cigarets, could be hidden in the pulse of come, burd, citil her.

palm of one hand, said he. The miniature set is a descendant of the famous proximity fuse-which was a complete transmitter-receiver in the nose of a 5-inch shell. Part of the secret is the dwarfish tubes, no bigger than lima beans. Part is the system of "wiring," Instead of the conventional radio's bulky tangle of wires, designers used lines of silver-bearing ink, printed accurately through a stencil on a small ceramic plate. The "resistors" are printed too, in carbon ink, The condensers are paper-thin discs of ceramics, silver-coated on both sides and stuck on the plate. Even the coils can be printed: they are nothing but spirals of delicate silver lines.

Problems that need some working on before the little wonder is manufactured in mass: a mobile source of power and an amplifier.

* But the Dick Tracy comic strip last week featured one.







Paper cups for ice cream......Caps that stay on tight





Cans that give variety.....to whet the appetite

ALL ARE MADE BY CONTINENTAL CAN COMPANY

When Sonny digs into that handsome paper cup you see above, he's sure to find grand-tasting, wholesome, pure ice cream. For Continental's Mono Cups are double-walled for extra protection.

are double-wated for extra protection.

Like other Continental products,
Mono Cups measure up to the peak of
performance and quality. They're
sturdy, germ-free, leak-proof, tightsealed to lock in flavor and goodness.
Scores of good things come in Mono
Cups . . . cottage cheese, ready-to-eat
delicatessen foods, just to name a few.

delicatesson foods, just to name a few.
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the Triple-C. Look for it on cans and
caps and fibre drums and even plastics
too. You'll be seeing it more and more
—for we're a big family and growing!



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MILESTONES

Born. To Deanna Durbin, 23, thrush from Winnipeg, Manitoba, who flew to Hollywood stardom on wings of song; and Felix Jackson, 43, producer who helped guide her flight: their first child, a daughter. Name: Jessica Louise. Weight: 6 lbs, 5 0z.

Born. To Ruby Keeler, 35, light-footed dancing star of cinemusicals in the heavy-footed '30s, onetime wife of pop-eyed Mammy-Crooner Al Jolson; and John Homer Lowe, 33, Pasadena broker and wartime navy lieutenant: their third child, first son. Name: John Lowe III, weight: 7 lbs. 15 oz. 7 lbs. 15 oz.

Morried, Gloria Chavez, 20, younger daughter of New Mexico's Democratic Senator Dennis Chavez, and a George Washington University undergraduate (fellow student Margaret Truman was a bridesmaid); and Navy Lieut. (j.g., J) orge Enrique Tristani, 26, U.S.-trained radar expert from Puetro Rico; in Washington.

Morried. Carl Joachim Hambro, 60, well-to-do, Conservative president of Norway's Odelsting (Lower House of Parliament), onetime president of the League Assembly, now a UNO delegate; and Gyda Christensen, 73, Norea ex

Died, Jesse ("Now Yon Can Be Taller Than She Is"), Adler, 60, the little man (§ ft., cin.), who took thought and added two inches to the stature of the little man (himself included) with Adler Elevator Shoes; of coronary thrombosis; in West Palm Beach, Fla. Famed for wit as well as product, Adler wrote a weekly chuckler ("Jesse Adler Looks at the News") for 106 newspapers.

Died. Dr. Julio Prestes de Albuquerque, 63, president-elect (in 1930) of Brazil who was driven into exile (in France and Portugal) by the Vargas revolution; in São Paulo, whither he had lately returned.

Died. George Arliss (real name: George Augustus Andrews), 77, actor and cinemactor who was responsible for the general misapprehension that Disraeli, Richelieu, Voltaire, Wellington and Hamilton bore an astonishing facial resemblance to one another; of a bronchial ailment; in London.

Died, Mauf Potter de Reuter Bennett, Se, Philadelphia-born arbitress of continental elegance; in Paris, She was hostess for and later wife of James Gordon Bennett Jr. in his Paris home, Versuilles lodge, Beaulieu villa and on his yacht Lysistrata, journalistic aide to the absolute monarch of the New York Har-Scanley's "discovery" of Livingstone) made journalistic history.

TIME FEBRUARY 18, 1946

MIRACLE HEAT LAMP

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SYLVANIA R-40 INFRA-RED LAMP!

NOT SINCE ALADDIN has there been a lamp quite as wonderful as this! Imagine—a simple lamp able to do so many useful things! Like warming a chilly room! Drying wet wash fast! Even de-fleaing a dog!

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Next to ease of control, the big features of the Heater are flexibility and time it saves per unit operation. Minutes are cut to seconda! Continuous production and uniform quality are assured!



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Today, with reconversion or modernization the No. 1 Industrial Topic, manufacturers in every field are calling on A-C products for help. Our accurate scale models of equipment save unit substation planners hours of paper work,

complex figuring . . . show just how new items will fit into modernized plants. Help with power problems! . . . new machines! . . . up-to-the-minute techniques! That's what A-C offers you. Call your nearby A-C office.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

HIGH FINANCE

A Personal Matter

When Joseph Washington Frazer became board chairman of Graham-Paige Motors Corp., he got 45,600 shares of Graham stock for himself as part of the deal. The stock was then selling at \$3,629 a share. Joe Frazer soon changed that. He teamed up with Henry J. Kaiser, leased Willow Run, talked glowingly of Graham-Paige's future with Joe and his Frazer car.

Investors scrambled to buy Graham stock, boosted it as high as \$16 a share. Last week, Joe Frazer reported to the Securities & Exchange Commission that he had sold 15,000 shares (or one-third of his holdings) of G-P stock on Jan. 16. His profit: \$215,575, less 25% capital-gains tax.

Lest investors think that this betokened a lack of faith in Graham-Paige's future, Joe Frazer explained: "A man sometimes needs money for personal matters."

More Trouble for Andy

Three months ago, Shipbuilder Andrew Jackson Higgins Sr. Joudly announced that he was going out of business because of union trouble. But he took a strange way of doing it. While he started to liquidate his Higgins Industries, Inc., owned chiefly by himself and family, he planned to form a new company, Higgins, Inc., financed by a public sale of stock.

Last week, the Securities & Exchange Commission dropped a wrench in Handy Andy's plans. It charged that Manhattan Drokers Van Abhyen, Noel & Co., specification of the Security of the Securit

But what caused Wall Streeters to raise their brows in the whole affair was the manner in which Andy Higgins was cashing in by going out of business. Never a big moneymaker in prewar years (Higgins Industries made a net profit of only \$3,17,48 in 1939). Higgins Industries had grown fat on war orders for ships. The stock plan would render this fat into cash.

Under the plan, Higgins, Inc. would raise \$9,000,000 by selling stock at \$11 a share. Of this, Andy Higgins, his family and his associates would be paid \$4,23\$, 000 for the assets of the old company, which are comprised chiefly of machinery, leases on Government plants, inventories, leases on Government plants, inventories,

Furthermore, the new company would be bound to hire Andy Higgins for the next five years at a salary of \$80,000 a year. His two sons would be given jobs

As a result of the charges, Van Alstyne, who had planned to run for governor of New Jersey on the Republican ticket, withdrew,



BOATBUILDER HIGGINS

It paid to go out of business.

also, at \$20,000 a year apiece. And through a block of 300,000 shares of stock which Higgins Industries would also receive, Andy Higgins would hold the largest single block of stock, probably enough for working control of the new company. Looking at all this, many a businessman wondered if he too should not "go out of business."

COMMODITIES

Sick King

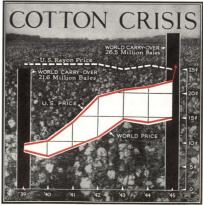
On the New York Cotton Exchange last week, the price of March futures soared to 25.87¢ a pound, highest in 21 years. But the price of cotton was like a fever chart; the higher it went, the sicker Old King Cotton got. His ills were those of ellutions.

U.S. warehouses bulged with a carryover of more than 11 million bales of cotton, at the end of July 1945. Despite bad weather and labor shortages, another 9,1 million bales have just been harvested. And, with soaring prices, U.S. planters are now getting ready to grow a whopping 11.6 million-bale crop in 1946.

whopping 11.6 million-bale crop in 1946, Although the U.S. has hardly a new shirt for its back, and other war-worn nations desperately need cotton goods of all kinds, much of this raw cotton is not going to market. Main reason: it costs too much.

In 1932, cotton cost only 5¢ a pound. But in 13 years the South's cotton patriots, like Alabama's Senator John H. Bankhead, have pumped up the price by loan, subsidy and parity program till it has no relation to demand. Now the South is belatedly discovering that high-priced cotton is something people can do without.

Not Wanted at Home. Domestic consumption of cotton has been dropping



THE Chart by R. M. Chanin I

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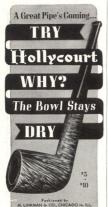
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Innuary 11, 1946





Greatly improved by years of rigorous fiscal conference of speed. Comfort and Economy. Gets you there quick and Easy—about 400 miles on all worth of gast about 400 miles on all worth of gast running errands, making trips, light hauling, Hees seed for passengers. Marvelous floating drive. New low and high example of the seed of t

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steadily for three years. Textile mills, short of manpower, have used less. And synthetics, which have been getting steadily chaeper and better, have taken over cotton markets. Example: in 1935, no rayou was used in U.S. tire fabrics; last year, tire makers used the equivalent of about half a million bales of cotton. And the state of the country of

Exports of U.S. cotton, which in 1932 supplied 58% of the world's needs, have been dropping even faster. In the six years before the war, foreign consumption of American cotton fell off considerably as cotton production rose in India, Egypt

and Brazil.

Unable to ship cotton during the war, these nations have piled up a carryover of 14.2 million bales, close to the greatest in their history. This will have to be sold in world markets in competition with U.S. cotton. Can the U.S. meet the competition?

Few Friends Abroad. Not if it practices the free trade it now piously preaches. Actually, as far as cotton is concerned, the U.S. gave up free trade long ago. In the last five years, the price of cotton in the U.S. and the world price (based on prices in São Paulo, Brazil) have gone their separate ways (see chart).

To sell cotton at all, the cotton block has legislated the U.S. into paying a subsidy of 4¢ a pound on all cotton sold in word markets, previously enough to allow the U.S. cotton to compete. (Shipping costs make the Brazil-U.S. price difference less than actual prices indicate.) But last market and the brazil-U.S. price difference mean problem; now the subsidy will have to be increased or the U.S. will not be able to compete any better than before.

Friendly Enemies. Furthermore, the war has eliminated many a prewar markett—e.g., Brazil, which once imported cotton, was forced to increase its planting till it is now an exporter. Other onetime customers of the U.S. may not buy either, because they: 1) cannot buy with-out U.S. loans; 2) would rather buy in out U.S. loans; 2) would rather buy in they have; 3) would rather use rayon made from their own forests.

The Commodity Credit Corp., which last year held more than half of the U.S. carryover by virtue of its loans to cotton farmers under the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the Bankhead Amendment (and which thus keeps cotton of the market the exporting for the U.S. since war's end. It has found cotton so hard to sell that it is now arranging to ship some 1,000,000 bales to Germany and Japan to get their spindles going again. But CCC kept mum or the price, game to the price of the price

As one way to save King Cotton from the grave politicians have dug, the U.S. is now trying to reach an agreement with other cotton-producing countries to set prices and production quotas. In this way



Far out on a heaving sea a fishing boat sails alone in the night. In the pilot house stands the skipper ... vigilant, alert. Veteran of many a battle with wind and wave, he has a deep respect for the sea's mighty power . . . leaves nothing to chance. He knows that everything about his craft is in order, including his equipment. He knows that his Exide Batteries are ready for any emergency and are standing by as steadfast as the Polar Star. On thousands of fishing vessels, Exide Batteries supply power for radio, radar, engine starting, running lights and flood lighting,

depth recorder and other important functions...and with power equal to every demand made upon them.

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For 57 years, the name Exide has stood for dependability, economy and long-life. Information regarding the application of storage batteries for any business is available upon request.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
Philadelphia 32

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HOUSEHOLD MAGIC

Household magic such as washing machines, dishwashers, automatic clothes washers, garbage disposal units for kitchen sinks, home deep freeze units, dust filters, portable air conditioners, new vacuum cleaners that will sweep rugs and "shampoo" them and upholstered furniture, pocket radios, new kitchen mixers and toasters, ranges and other domestic marvels of applied science, are possible in mass production only because of easilymachined, modern cold finished steels, rolled in bars and special shapes.



I&L Cold Finished St.

The Machine Age brought humanity untold comforts, conveniences, advances in metallurgy in the aviation, automotive and transportation industries. Many intricate, wonderful machines that turned out record production of war materials. now are turning out parts for adding machines, sewing machines, automobiles, private airplanes, typewriters, telephones, radios, and thousands of machines for greater convenience and better living.

A GREAT MANY PARTS of your automobile stem from cold finished steel bars and shapes. Cold finishing of steel was discovered and developed at I&I

Quiet refrigerators, washers and other appliances for the home, office and shop will be possible because to insure silent operation their parts will be made to precise measurements that were previously reserved for production of parts for fine instruments. New, better-working steels such as Jalcase and Jalloy and improved, accurate machine tools made of these new steels, make finest precision work possible on mass production basis.

MARK TWAIN WAS FIRST to type man script in the 80's, for submission to publishers. Other authors quickly abandoned pen for typewriter, made possible by special

Business machines, a new American industry, born in the astonishing decade from 1880 to 1890, when invention of the typewriter and a series of other machines began to speed business transactions, completely revolutionized American office procedure. Much of the credit for this development by American ingenuity is due to cold finished steel.

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LIGHTER, STRONGER, CONTROLLED QUALITY STEELS | neled into productive enterprise.



EXECUTIVE AIRLINE'S EVERSON & RAY Other foxhole dreams were hatching.

it hopes that the mountainous world carryover can be absorbed eventually and everybody, including the U.S., be guaranteed a share of the world market. If the international agreement is signed, the South will have to either: 1) mechanize cotton growing so that it can be done much cheaper, or 2) grow much less cotton. The simple way of legislative price fixing seems doomed by postwar cotton economics. As Secretary of Agriculture Clinton Anderson summed up: "If any farmer has the idea that cotton's problems can be solved merely by putting a floor

under the price of raw cotton, he is in WALL STREET

for a rude awakening. . . . Symptoms, Not Cause

New York Stock Exchange President Emil Schram, worried lest speculation in stocks bring down tighter federal regulation, last week spoke up in defense of Wall Street. In a speech to the Tampa, Fla. Rotary Club, Schram straightened out those who thought the booming bull market a cause of inflation. Said he: "A substantial amount of inflation has already taken place. . . . The advance in stock prices and the activity in the market are no more than symptoms of the disease,

When the Federal Reserve Board banned margin buying of securities, it knew that its action could not check inflation, said Schram. But many people 'mistakenly believed that the Government was taking vigorous steps to control inflation: that the stockmarket was an obstacle to such control."

If the Government meant business, what it should do, advised Schram, was to attack the basic causes of inflation. His cure: balance the federal budget, draft a program of debt retirement and change the tax laws so that capital will be chanAVIATION

Veterans Spread Their Wings

During the dull, dragging, off-duty hours in the South Pacific, pilots in the Marine "Red Devil" squadron killed time with long bull sessions. When they talked of postwar plans, Captain Kendall Everson always had the same answer: "I'm going to start an airline." His tent mate, Captain Gerard Ray, liked the idea, often argued its merits with Captain John Daugherty, who thought it over-ambitious.

In Cleveland last week, 24-year-old Ken Everson had his airline, Executive Airline Service, and one plane. Partner Gerry Ray was in Washington trying to buy more. The third partner: Scoffer Daugherty. They hoped to serve companies large enough to use air charter service often, but too small to maintain their own planes.

The Boom Is On, Similar foxhole dreams were hatching into fledgling airlines all over the nation, Many of the 350,000 pilots trained during the war wanted to stay in aviation. But most need additional training to step into commercial flying jobs, even if there were any open. (U.S. airlines now have only 5,000 pilot jobs.) Nor did they like what was left-\$30-a-week jobs at airline ticket counters.

So why not start an airline? Many of them have already found that this calls for more than a pilot's license, a surplus plane and free-enterprising spirit. Most decided to fly cargo. It looked easier than flying passengers. But plans to fly cargo were one thing. Getting contracts was another. Some were lucky.

In Texas, ex-Army Pilots William V. Wood and Bill Dobbins pooled their \$16,000 savings to buy two surplus planes. Last week their Fleetwood Airways started flying the San Antonio Evening News to subscribers in the Rio Grande Valley, 230 miles away. But that brought in only \$40

Hang onto that bath towel, Hubert!



We know something that will simply electrify you!

We know how much weight you carry in the brave, new Atomic

A hundred and sixty pounds? That's obsolete, old hat, out-dated. You're a bundle of potential energy in today's terms, Hubert. Can you guess how much potential energy you weigh on those scales?

Hang onto that towel, now—one trillion, eight hundred and twenty-four billion kilowatt hours, soaking wet!

While Hubert recovers his balance, we hasten to add that we have no intention of working out the potential energy of the entire population. Not because we're too lazy—we like soliing figure problems of all kinds. But it so happens we're more partial to the kind that concerns business and industry. Costs and payrolls for instance, rather than electrons or atoms.

Thus figure problems rarely ascend into the trillion bracket. But they must nonetheless be solved accurately, speedily and economically. That's why we turn out Comptometer adding-calculating machiness—and why alert business Management, more and more, turns to them for low-cost figures is heart intel.

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UNITED STATES

a day, hardly enough to cover expenses. Others were not even that lucky.

Frank Joseph Habig easily got 27 fellow marines at Cherry Point, N.C. to chip in \$40,000 to back his plan to fly fresh seafood from seaport towns to the Midwest. Last November his Airborne Seafoods, Inc. bought a DC-3. Last week, Airborne was still looking for its first pay load.

Nor was there any money to be made on hand-to-mouth freight flying, without ample capital and nationwide offices to line up business. Saunie Gravely, a 22year-old ex-gunnery instructor, had found that out. He and 40 other veterans in Newark had raised \$40,000, formed Veterans' Air Express Co., Inc. After two months of flying everything they could lay their hands on, lobsters, penicillin, flowers, turkey, etc., they decided to try flying passengers

Trouble, Trouble, Trouble. Those who were lucky enough to bag contracts had other troubles: maintenance costs were high, the best surplus planes were snapped up by the big companies; attempts to borrow money under the G.I. bill of rights were turned down because the Reconstruction Finance Corp. did not con-

sider such airlines a good risk. Many a freight and charter line hoped to grow into a full-fledged, regularly scheduled feeder line. But to get permission to fly a new route, airlines must prove to the Civil Aeronautics Board that the service is economically necessary, the company financially able to supply it. The process of proving it is long (a year or two) and expensive. Said one pilot: "I figure it will cost me \$75,000."

Nor does CAB favor applications from untried companies. Since its creation in 1938, CAB has granted only one short feeder route to a new line.

Actually the swarm of new airlines has dimmed the future of all unscheduled carriers. They can now fly without CAB permission. But so many have started up that CAB will probably bring them under strict regulation to prevent cutthroat competition and keep flying as safe as it is. If that happens, many a vet line will have to fold its wings,

PRICES

OPA Finds a Friend

Like a boy with a penny before a candy counter, the nation's grocers cannot make up their minds about OPA. In Atlantic City, John E. Jaeger, president of the National Association of Retail Grocers, stood up before the Wholesale Grocers Convention, Said he ringingly: OPA must go, and at once.

Hardly had he finished speaking when Francis L. Whitmarsh, president of the National-American Wholesale Grocers Association stood up, Said he, just as ringingly: OPA must stay, for at least another year. Both grocers and public will be hurt "if controls are discontinued before demand and supply are in balance.'

After listening to both sides, the Wholesale Grocers unanimously asked for another year of OPA.



At home, at work or on the street-anywhere, any time-Vicks Inhaler is always ready with a wonderful feeling of relief. It's packed with volatile medication that makes a cold-stuffed, ust-stuffed nose feel clearer in seconds . . . Easy to carry in pocket or purse.



CHILD'S To relieve misery-rub VapoRub on throat, COLDS chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work lideal for VICKS children. Good for adults.



Atlas Corporation Dividend No. 38

on 6% Preferred Stock Notice is hereby given that a divi-dend of 75¢ per share for the quarter dend of 75¢ per share for the quarter ending February 28, 1946, has been declared on the 65% Preferred Stock of Atlas Corpocation, payable March 1, 1946, to bolders of such stock of record at the close of business February 14, 1946.

WALTER A. PETERSON, Treasurer January 29, 1946,

RAILROADS

Napoleonic Plan No. 2

Edward Napoleon Claughton has another Napoleonic raffroad plan Claughton, holder of one of the largest single blocks of stock in the Missouri-Kansas-Texas Railroad Co. ("Katy"), came a cropper with his first plan to control Katy's board of directors (Thum, April 23). He lost out to Katy President Matthew Scott Sloan, "who died a month latch hew Scott Sloan, "who died a month land in big blow and a month and the control of the control of

With the stage all set, slick, quick Ed Claughton, who also deals in Miami real estate and runs seven Florida movie houses, last week announced that he is increasing his Katy holdings and buying



He wants three into one.

large blocks of stock in both the Chicago

& Eastern Illinois and the Chicago Great Western railroads, Claughton's plan: merge the three roads.

The C. & E.I. and the C.G.W. would strengthen the Katy, long financially weak. The combined roads would then have 5,500 miles of track, extending from the Gulf to the Great Lakes. Most important, Katy would get an entry into Chicago and Minneapolis. But even optimistic Ed Claughton knows that any such merger is one to three years away.

MANAGEMENT

Young Henry's Plan

Young Henry Ford II, who proved himself a labor statesman in settling his own labor troubles, last week suggested a statesmanlike solution for the nation's. Before San Francisco's famed Commonwealth Club, where the late President Roosevelt first raised the oriflamme of * No kin to GAI's Alfred P. Stoan.

4 ways to raise wages

There are only 4 places from which the money for increased wages can come:

- 1. Increased prices. The public wouldn't like that, and since it would raise the prices of what the workman buys as well as makes, the worker would not benefit either.
- 2. Reduced taxes.

WARNER

SWASEY

Machine Tool

- 3. From corporation profits. Experts say that if 100% of profits, after taxes, were used, wages could be increased only about 4%. And taking away profits would wreck enterprise without which there can be no jobs for free men.
- Increased production by workers and machines. That does not mean longer nor harder work—only more efficient work, a full day's work for a full day's pay. Out of his greater production, the workman could get increased pay and every-

one would benefit. It is the *only* one of the four ways by which increased wages *can* be paid safely—and the sooner everyone realizes it, the sooner this country will get to work—and get on with prosperity.



YOU CAN MACHINE IT BETTER, FASTER, FOR LESS WITH WARNER & SWASEY TURRET LATHES AND TAPPING MACHINES



When you first taste Van Merritt, you feel that some special genius must have gone into its creation. And there did. Choice barley malt, hops, grits and pure Wisconsin artesian water were blended by a secret, jealously guarded formula into a perfectivole. Then came longer aging than usual and bottling under rigid control. Yes, Van Merritt costs a little more—but you'r egladro pays it. You can Jate the difference.

Brewed and Bottled by BURLINGTON BREWING COMPANY Burlington, Wisconsin the New Deal, the Ford Co.'s 28-year-old president went back to old principles.

"The problem of labor and management getting along together can only be solved by labor and management working hard at the problem together. . . . We do not think that Government can provide the solution, because the principal thing which Government can bring to bear on the problem is the legislative club. And you cannot coerce great numbers of Americans into doing something that they think is unfair and against their best interests. We have tried that in the past and it doesn't work. It merely makes more troubles. There is a big field for sound labor legislation, but it will not be written to coerce any group.

Yet, said Vount Henry, labor is only a piece of the overall problems of production and inflation. Only by solving the problem of price ceilings and making enough of everything to meet the current overwhelming demand can inflation be licked. But making enough things right now is absurdly unprofitable because 1) material costs have soared and 2) labor productivity at Ford's has dropped 34% in four years. As proof, he gave the public more of a peek into Ford company books

than it has ever had before. "In 1941," said he, "the super deluxe Tudor [most popular Ford, which retailed at about \$750 F.O.B.] represented a total manufacturing cost of \$512. . . . Material costs were \$304, direct labor costs were \$76 and overhead amounted to \$132. . . . Looking at the November, 1045 cost records [of this model], when production was comparatively low, we find that total manufacturing costs added up to \$962 . . . or 87% more than in 1941 When allowances for sales and distribution, etc. were added, but with no allowance for profit, the manufacturing price reached \$1041.26. Yet, he said, OPA set a wholesale price on the car of \$728,

a net loss to Ford of \$313.26.
What was the solution? It did not lie
merely in the hands of OPA (although
he hoped that something would be done
about celling prices). The real solution,
said Young Henry, lay in the hands of
everyone. It was time for the U.S. to roll
up its sleeves, set aside all other considerations and "pitch in and work."

"We must use our greatest ingenuity and effort as manufacturers to manufacture in the face of very great obstacles . . . as labor leaders to meet the problem of a falling productivity rate among workers . . . as Government officials and legislators to get us clear of unnecessary entanglements. . . . We must popularize the notion of work, A recent opinion poll shows that less than 45% of factory workers belonging to unions think they should turn out as much work as they are able . among non-union workers 60% think [so]. . . . If this represents the attitude of union men . . . then I think the union leaders have a big educational job. . . . If only six men out of ten non-union men believe in doing their best, then I think we all have a job to do."



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HOISTS-HAND AND ELECTRIC . TRUCKS-HAND LIFT AND ELECTRIC . KRON INDUSTRIAL SCALES TIME, FEBRUARY 18, 1946



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Thould I say offer? proffer? tender? present?

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THE PRESS

New Window

To view the U.S.S.R.'s eight million square miles and 193 million people, the foreign press has had but one peephole. Confined to the Moscow area, correspondents have long complained that distance and bureaucracy have obscured their view. Last week the Soviet Ukraine prepared to open another window. A dozen foreign newsmen would soon be invited to take up residence in Kiev.

The decision was evidently in answer to

a U.S. request. Recently the State Department had asked eight Governments to allow full and impartial coverage of UNRRA's work. (UNRRA has just gone to work in the Ukraine.) Even if the Soviet censors open a branch office at Kiev. as they doubtless will, the press would welcome the Ukrainian move. A second window into Russia might not give sufficient cross-ventilation, but it would at least give a change of scenery.

Atomic Press Box

Whether World War II coverage was good or not, there was plenty of it: the Army & Navy accredited some 2,000 war correspondents. Last week the Navy had already heard from 3,500 press, radio and newsreel people who want to cover the atomic bomb tests in the Pacific (TIME, Feb. 11). Said the Navy sternly: there will be room for not more than 150 on the press ship. Safe guess: no women allowed.

Ep Hoyt & the Hussy

The rich and rowdy Denver Post is a lady with a shady past. For most of her 53 years she was the gaudy consort of a river gambler and a barkeep, helped make them both multimillionaires. But for the last 13 years, having outlived them and their time, she has found life dull. Last week the aging hussy of Champa Street took a tardy fling at respectability, snatched herself a new kind of man.

From the eminently respectable Portland Oregonian, the Post stole solid, affable, eminently respectable Publisher Edwin Palmer ("Ep") Hoyt, who at 48 is still the white-haired boy of Western journalism. The lure: around \$52,000 a year. Though friends of both asked what they saw in each other, Ep Hoyt and the Post were sure it was a fine match.

Don't Look Now. The Post's rambunctious history began one day in 1895 when blue-eyed, roly-poly Harry Tammen, bartender at Denver's Windsor Hotel, strolled into the littered city room of the old Evening Post. At his side was a new-found friend, swarthy, wax-mustached Frederick Gilmer Bonfils (pronounced bonn-fees), a dashing promoter who had just cleaned up \$800,000 in the notorious "Little Louisiana" lottery. To weary Postmen playing poker, Harry Tammen drawled: "Don't let us disturb you but we've just taken over this paper."

The take-over was breathless. For dec-



PUBLISHER BONFILS The tactics: hooraw and hush money.

ades Bonfils & Tammen stirred up a brand of journalistic dust in Denver's rarefied air which made Hearst look stuffy. They raked the town for every bit of scandal, labeled their sheet "Your Big Brother, champion of every good, pure, noble, holy and righteous cause." Sample causes: crusades against Governors, mudslinging matches with Senators, bullyragging attacks on advertisers, lavish parties for children, sick dogs and horses.

Between such spasms they ran the Sells-Floto Circus, beat the rival Scripps-Howard Rocky Mountain News into grog-



PUBLISHER HOYT The lure: \$52,000 and a lurid past.

price list 92

giness, forced Denver merchants to buy Bondis' coal. They kept a shotgum in their red-carpeted office (which the underpaid staff called the "bouket of blood"), once the staff called the "bouket of blood"), once beat them to the draw. Even that affray was grist for their newsmill. Blustered Bondis: "A dogright in Champa Street is better than a war abroad." He maxim better than a war abroad." He maxim ler, many another bright pupil in the Post's hell-for-leather journalism school.

It was charged—but never proved in court—that Bonfis took \$2,90,000 from Oilman Harry F. Sinclair to keep quiet about the Teapot Dome scandal, but such hush money would have been mere pin money to him. Before he died in 1933 (nine years after Tammen's death), he boasted that his enterprises, which ranged from mining schemes to a burlesque house,

had brought him \$60 million.
Financially the Post coasted along niceby after Bonths' death, making a million or
two a year, largely for his daubter, Helen
Sommes, the principal stockholder. Edisommes, the principal stockholder. Edimothing of Bonths' drives journalism except the garish typography. By last, Noember plodding Publisher William C.
Shepherd was aware that he and the paper were both burned out. Said he: "I've
want to loaf." Month of the principal stockholder
want to loaf." Month of the principal stockholder
offered the job of blowing new life into
offered the job of blowing new life into

the paper.

No Nowspaperman? He had revitallized
one paper before. A Baptist minister's son.
he spent 18 months in Prance with the
he spent 18 months in Prance with the
versity of Oregon's Journalism School
(whose dean told him he would never
make a newspaperman). Married while
still in college, Ep Hoyt did jaintor work
in churches, sports correspondence for the
berjacking in eastern Oregon.

In 1926, landing on the Oregonian for his second copy-desk stretch, he got \$45 a week, wrote Westerns for the pulp market on the side. After twelve years he was publisher, already deep in the job of restyling the stodgy Oregonian, pepping it up for a successful circulation battle with

the Oregon Journal.

He insisted on divorcing news from opinion, a major operation for a paper steeped in the personal-journalism tradition of the Oregonian's founder, Henry L. Pittock, a goal-bearded tyrant of pioner days. Under Hoyt the Republican Oregonian gave labor, Democrats, Japanese-Americans an even break—something the Denvey Post never did.

A tireless joiner, public speaker and partysper, Palmer Hoyt gets around like no other Oregonian. He drinks his whiskey and gobbles his vitamin pills with equal gusto. His appetite for civic wheelhorsing gusto. His appetite for civic wheelhorsing the result of the property of the prope







name PAGE. Since then the makers have pioneered in many developments to provide betterments in tense quality and service, including Page Chain Link Fence. And new you can again have this sturdy, long-lacting less can a close of flagr support mentils to bett metry unneeds. Alaminion at lower-than-ewer cost. Page Capper-Bearing Steel, heavily gatvanized. Stainless Steel and Page Armon laped Inos. Many sea chose Page Fence yas deal with a nearby firm which is technically trained, long experienced and railable. Write to any effice listed below for your copy of "Fence Fesci", Well Villastrated information you should have.

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GOOD NEWS vourself into a peacetime job - A SPECIAL TRANSITION RATE OF \$3.50 instead of \$5 for a year of TIME. Write, giving former military rank and unit, to TIME, 330 E, 22 St., Chicago 16, III. fought hard to keep war news flowing free from needless and petty censorship,

Last week in Denver, Postmen held their breaths. Their paper-with-a-past might have a future after all.

Painless Vivisection

In his new role as Hearst's "Cholly Knickerbocker," pompadoured Society Gossip Igor Loiewski-Cassini (TIME, Nov. 5) last week started a series of profiles on New York social registerites. To prepare himself, he boned up on the Astor clan by reading Dixon Wecter's scholarly Saga of American Society. When it came time to share his new-found knowledge with his readers, Gossip Cassini found himself full of his reading, Samples:

Wecter: "[William Waldorf Astor] on June 3, 1917 . . . became Viscount Astor, amid ieers from a large section of the British press which accused him of buying

the title outright."

Cassini: "... William Waldorf re-moved himself to England, became a British subject and amid jeers from a large section of the British press, which ac-cused him of buying the title outright,

became . . . Viscount Astor."

Wecter: "Vincent Astor, present head of the family and childless, was a phlegmatic youth . . . has become the most pro-gressive of all the Astors—founding model farms and building model tenements for the poor, as well as running de luxe apartments and the St. Regis for the rich.

Cassini: "The present head of the American Astor clan is Vincent, childless, twice-married, phlegmatic and seriousminded, He founded model farms and builds model tenements for the poor, and runs de luxe apartments and the St. Regis for the rich.

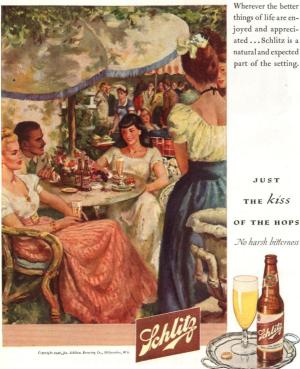
The Clapper Era

As childhood sweethearts, Olive Ewing and Raymond Clapper lived a block apart in Kansas City's (Kan.) packing-house district. The grocer's daughter and the laborer's son went to the same Sunday school, the same high school. One day when Olive had just turned 17, they kept a date on a streetcar. She told him her father's ultimatum: stop seeing that Clapper boy, or you'll be sent away to stay with relatives. Said Ray: "Let's get married."

Their partnership lasted 31 years, until Clapper's death in an airplane crash in the Pacific in February, 1944. They worked their way through the University of Kansas; even when they moved to Washington, and stooped, big-eyed Ray Clapper became first a crack U.P.man, then a Scripps-Howard columnist, they collaborated. Every morning, Olive sat on his bed while they criticized his efforts to "write it for the milkman in Omaha." After breakfast she would sit him down to make voluminous entries in his diary.

In a book just out, (Washington Tapestry, Whittlesey House; \$2.75), that drew on the diary and on her own wifely recollections, grey-haired, soft-spoken Olive Clapper set down some of the experiences and judgments the Clappers shared in the quarter century that began with Wilson,

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But aluminum didn't develop all

its versatility until a lot of things were found out about this almost invisible "skin".

Away back in 1920, some of the scientists at Alcoa's Aluminum Research Laboratories became aluminum "dermatologists". They have learned many things about aluminum's "skin"...but they're still

They have found ways to vary its formation . . . making it thicker to stand more punishment . . more porous to take colored dyes. They've learned how to give it a "hard" feel or a "velvety" feel. They've discovered ways to control its transparency so that aluminum can be either mirror-bright or softly lustrous.

Out of this Alcoa research on

the "skin" of aluminum have come many new things.

Imagine, for example, getting a set of colored aluminum keys with your new car . . red for ignition, blue for the trunk. The color will be dyed right into the "skin".

The aluminum pistons in the engine will have a still different kind of "skin", one that is porous to hold oil. For your home you will be getting beautiful aluminum trays with a lovely lustre that won't tarnish... ever.

These are but a few of the things that Alcoa research has made possible. This, we like to feel, is one of our chief contributions to the broad usefulness of aluminum. This, we believe, is why so many people specify Alcoa when they purchase aluminum for things they make.

THIS IS "IMAGINEERING"



searching.

ended with Roosevelt and overlapped two

She fet free to say many things that her husband did not. As New Dealers the Clappers often admired Roosevelt, often felt disappointed in him, supported him except in 1940, when Raymond—but not Olive—switched to Willike. Both of the Clappers felt closer to their fellow Kansan Alf Landon (whom Clapper opposed jin 1936) than to all the Roosevelts ptit together.

"As a matter of fact," she wrote, "we were never close to the White House. We were invited only to the regular large receptions, as we had been since President Harding's time, and to a couple of dinners when Ray was president of the Gridiron Club. . . . Other newspapermen—even Westbrook Pegler—were invited for a



THE CLAPPERS
The partnership lasted 31 years.

The partnership lasted 31 years.
weekend to Hyde Park, but never the

Clappers."

The Clappers felt attracted to Wilson's idealism, amused by Coolidge's shymess, repelled by Howover's icy remoteness, but Clapper did his dogged best to exclude the Clapper did his dogged best to exclude the Clapper never wrote, and his widow now tells, concerns a rumor that spread through Washington that Henry Morgenthau would become Ambassador to France. Franklin Roosevelt heard of it, jotted off a note to his Treaspers was repoint to Paris. . . As Al Smith is reported to have wired the Pope after the 1;98 election—'Ulpark!'

Olive Clapper, now planning a third book (the first was a collection of Clapper columns), still lives in Washington, keeps busy lecturing to women's clubs, serving on the editorial board of Look. Before he went on his last trip, Clapper told her: "When I come back I will be . . . a crusader for peace." That cause, she is sure, could use him now.

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CINEMA

New Era

On Okinawa, 50,000 G.I.s, somewhat softened by peace, voted pink-haired Van Johnson their favorite actor, a tortuous tearjerker called Love Letters their favorite movie.

The New Pictures

Vacation from Marriage (M-G-M) is a warm, gentle, wise little Britain-in-wartime comedy, excellently acted by a British cast, excellently directed by Sir Alexander Korda

The opening shot: a long, impersonal look across the slate roofs and smoking

later in a transformation which may not strike hardened cinemaddicts as particularly surprising. But the picture holds together nicely, and without the customary Hollywood glue, goo and garnish,

Charming Cinemactress Kerr (Major Barbara, Colonel Blimp) plays the early mousey Cathie as though she herself sniffled through breakfast every morning in bathrobe and muffler. She also looks miraculously fetching in the blue serge suit and black cotton stockings of a Wren. Versatile Cinemactor Donat (The 39 Steps, Goodbye, Mr. Chips) seems happy in what is probably the freest, freshest comedy role he has ever had, and grows



KERR & DONAT The hallmark: authenticity and apparent artlessness.

chimney pots of middle-class London. Barraze balloons ride high on their cables, and the sun is coming up over Europe and the Channel. Next comes a look through a grimy windowpane straight into the domestic life of Cathie and Robert Wilson.

Cathie (Deborah Kerr) represents wifely charm in a mousey woolen bathrobe, a muffler around her neck, sleep in her eyes, a cold in her nose. In an early-morning coma, Robert (Robert Donat) moves speechless and heavy-lidded about the drab little flat. First, the clean collar, the neat cravat. Then a cup of tea, a glance at the clock, a peek at the barometer, and down the stairs and off to his job as a bookkeeper, a symbol of hopeless, conventional timidity.

The war makes the Wilsons say a frightened goodbye to all that, taking Robert from his ledgers and stiff collars into the Royal Navy, leaving Cathie with nothing better to do than to close the flat and join the Women's Royal Naval Service (Wrens). Thus begins their vacation from marriage. It ends some three years

young even more gracefully than he grew old in the James Hilton heartwringer. Equal honors must go to Britain's Hun-

garian-born Producer-Director Alexander Korda (knighted by George VI in 1942), who gives to the story that air of authenticity and apparent artlessness which has become a sort of hallmark of the best British pictures.

Colonel Effingham's Raid (20th Century-Fox), from the novel by Berry Fleming, tells the story of W. Seaborn Effingham (Charles Coburn), a garrulous, fabulous old Southern colonel who descends on a small city in Georgia and, before he has finished, practically turns the place upside down. The picture depends mostly upon the colonel's warlike antics and vocabulary, and upon some mild byplay involving William Eythe and Joan Bennett as newspaper reporters. The local color possibilities were enormous, but the producer and director of this picture evidently didn't think them worth the trouble, Most of the characters talk and act like

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damyankees; the scenery is strictly studiolot Georgian; there are apparently notmore than a couple of bottles of Coca-Cola in the entire town. It is all so little like an actual Georgia locale that Rome, Athens, La Grange, and points south needn't give it a second thought.

Deadline at Dawn (RKO-Radio) pust the corpse right in the middle of the carpet. Badman Val Bartelli (Joseph Callel) stands over it, shaking with rage. Callel stands over it, shaking with rage. The carpet stands of the carpet stands with radio and the carpet stands of the carpet stands with the carpet stands with the carpet stands of the carpet



HAYWARD & LUKAS Odets helps.

dopey kid in a sailor suit (Bill Williams). As hardboiled Big City cops-&-killer dramas go, Deadline at Daun is one of the better ones. It is lifted out of the run-of-the-corps routine by earnest playing, good lighting and photography, drum-fire dialogue by Playwright Clifford Odets.

CURRENT & CHOICE Adventure, Gable & Garson, in a

The Spiral Staircase. Superior murder mystery, with Ethel Barrymore, Dorothy

McGuire.
The Harvey Girls. Loud Technicolored
Western, with music and Judy Garland.

A Walk in the Sun. Filming of Harry Brown's story of a U.S. platoon in action. They Were Expendable. PT boats off the Philippines, with Robert Mont-

The Lost Weekend. A dipsomaniac's progress, brilliantly-acted by Ray Milland. The Lost Chance. Swiss-made picture of escaped P.O.W.s and refugees in Switzerland.

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BOOKS



On the Fredericksburg Battlefield A man from Broadway showed grim-visaged war,



Mathew Brady (taken by assistant)
A spirit in his feet said go.

History on Plates

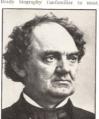
Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man — Roy Meredith—Scribner (\$7.50).

One blazing hot day in July 1861, a little bespectacled man with a Vandyke beard, a big nose, and wearing a white linen duster and a straw hat, hurried across the Long Bridge at Washington, D.C. on to the territory of a newly proclaimed nation, the Confederate States of America. He joined the crush of junketing Congressmen, society ladies in carriages and pleasure seekers who had jaunted out to see the Union Army trounce General Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard's Confederates at Bull Run. The little man in the linen duster was Mathew Brady, a popular portrait photographer of Washington and Manhattan.

In the wild rout that followed the battle, Brady reached Washington with his duster begrimed and his straw hat limp with sweat. But in his negative box were the first of his series of great war photographs. As soon as the plates were developed, he exhibited them in his Washington gallery, Their success was instantaneous, Wrote Humphrey's Journal: "The public is indebted to Brady of Broadway for his excellent views of grim-visaged war. . His are the only records of the fight at Bull Run. . . . Brady has shown more pluck than many of the officers and soldiers who were in the fight. He went . . . with his sleeves tucked up and his big camera directed upon every point of interest in the field. It is certain they [the soldiers] did not get away from Brady as easily as they did from the enemy.

Brady had found his war work. Soon President Lincoln gave him a nodded permission to accompany the Union armies even on the battlefields. Soon Brady and his 'Whatizzii', 'the wagon that carried his camera and supplies, were familiar features of the Civil War. Brady's equipment was heavy and he was usually forced to make his pictures after the fighting was over. But he was under fire at Buil Run cover. But he was under fire at Buil Run pictorial record of war (the first and perhaps the best ever made).

The 368 pages of this intelligently edited, handsomely bound book include a Brady biography (unfamiliar to most



P. T. Barnum Also Lincoln, Whitman, many another.

Americans) and over 400 superb Brady photographs, together with a number made by his assistants (at the height of his activities, he had 21). There are also some 200 Brady portrait photographs, some of them (notably Phines T. Barmum, side-showman extraordinary—see cut—and Walt Whitman never published before. Outstanding is the series of photographs of Lincoln taken by Brady in his studio.

Like his portrait sitters, the Civil War was more for Brady than a chance to practice his art. It was a calling, a dedication. Said he years later: "I felt I had to go. A spirit in my feet said go, and I went."

Grim Reminder

THE BELEAGUERED CITY: RICHMOND 1861-1865—Alfred Hoyt Bill—Knopf (\$3).

Another book on the War between the States has appeared, to remind Americans that their greatest war is still the one fought in America between Americans. The Beleaguered City is a sometimes lively, sometimes somber, always exciting description of the Confederate capital during its four-year ordeal as the symbol of victory to both North and South.

Virginia was reluctant secoder. The "Virginia was reluctant to the "Virginia was reluctant to the "Virginia was reluctant to the "Virginia was relucted to the "Virgi

Author Bill's Richmond swarms with



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society belles, refugees from the overrun plantations, speculators, spies, politicians, soldiers, officers, the dead, the dying. Here is the young Stonewall Jackson, speaking in a high, piping voice. Here is Cavalry General Stuart, mortally wounded at Yellow Tavern, brought to Richmond to die in a city too poor and gloomy to pay him the proper last respects. Here is Raphael Semmes, dashing captain of the Alabama (which was sunk by the Kearsarge in one of the war's great naval fights), who for a few days raised Richmond's flagging spirits, Here is General Robert E. Lee. besieged by Southern belles who had been criticized for going to dances in wartime. Said Lee: "Go, my dears, and look your prettiest.

The end of Richmond's ordeal came in siege, smoke and fire. But before fire came hunger. In the ever more crowded hospitals.
"a fat rat, planked and broiled, came to be recognized as a delicacy by the male nurses and orderlies." Before the end, even the rats had disappeared from Richmond's streets.

The Beleaguered City is a grim reminder to Americans of what can happen when even a peace-loving people finds its inner conflicts irrepressible.

Music on the Muscatatuck

THE FRIENDLY PERSUASION — Jessamyn West — Harcourt, Brace (\$2.50).

Somewhere on the banks of the Muscatatuck River, in the mid-19th Century, lived Jess Birdwell, Quaker and nurseryman. Jess thought he had everything life could give, except a chance to listen to music. His wife, Eliza, was a minister-"good-looking, as female preachers are apt to be." But like most of the local Quakers, Eliza believed that music was 'a popish dido, a sop to the senses, a hurdle waiting to trip man in his upward struggle." She had to give Jess a pretty stern nudge in the ribs every seventh month, fourth day (Fourth of July), when Amanda Prentis hurdled the high notes of The Star Spangled Banner,

Author Jessamyn West, who is of Indiana Quaker stock herself, has collected 14 of her pleasant, nostalgic short stories in one volume. All the yarms, based on material which echoed through the author's own childhood, are about the Birdwell family—who have the Devil's own time reconciling the ways of William Penn with the general custedness of human with the general custedness of human

One day, on his way to market, Joss Birdwell met a gentleman whose card was inscribed: "Professor Waldo Quigley. Travelling Representative, Psyson and Travelling Representative, Psyson and State of the Psyson and Clarke Grant and Psyson and Clarke Grant Clarket Grant Cla



meat, and all kinds of groceries - ride to the 38 Hinky-Dinky markets in Fruehauf

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ever lose a child, Brother Birdwell?" "No." said Jess. "(Then] you can hear the voice of your old mother calling to you from the further shore," said the professor. "Ma lives in Germantown," said Jess. "Wet your whistle," cried the professor taking a long swig from a flask, "and we'll sing it [The Old Musician and His Harp] through together..."

"Bring to me my harp again, Let me hear its gentle strain; Let me hear its chords once more Ere I pass to you bright shore."

Jess bought the organ. When Eliza saw him dragging it from the station on a sled, she said: "Thee can have thy wife or thee can have that instrument."

Soon local Quakers sensed something strange in the air-almost as if they heard an organ playing. They also felt somehow "that Friend Birdwell wasn't standing as squarely in the light as he'd done at one time." So one night the Ministry and Oversight Committee paid the Birdwells a friendly call, "But before they could even ease into their questions with some remark upon the weather or how the corn was shaping up-Jess heard it-the faint kind of leathery sigh the organ made when the foot first touched the bellows." Jess knew that his daughter Mattie was settling down to a musical session in the attic, Just as she launched into The Old Musician and His Harp, Jess cried aloud: "Friends, let us lift our hearts to God in

No one had ever heard Brother Birdwell pray so loudly. He prayed in the name of all the sinners in the Old Testament-in the name of Adam, of Moses, of David, of Solomon, of Abraham, of Jephthah, When Mattie struck up The Old Musician for the fifth time, Jess swept into the New Testament, When Mattie pulled out the fortissimo stop, Jess's resonant pleading fairly shook the studding, "Friend," said Amos Pease, when at last the agony was over, "thee's been an instrument of the Lord this night. . . . Thy prayer carried us so near to heaven's gates that now and again I thought I could hear . . . the sound of heavenly harps." "Amen, Brother, Amen to that!" cried the rest of the committee, tottering exhausted through the door.

All the stories in *The Friendly Persuasion* are written in much the same amiable, gently humorous vein. Give it to your Ma in Germantown, before she takes off for the further shore.

The Steps of Brooklyn

WASTELAND — Jo Sinclair — Harper (\$2.50).

Take it slowly, easily," said the bluegrey-eyed psychiatrist (who, as this book's laconic hero, has helped to win its author the \$10,000 Harper Prize Novel Contest). "Listen, don't you want me on the couch?" muttered John Brown, who had come to his session of psychoanalysis feeling as supine in body as in mind.

"Sit in the chair," insisted the psychiatrist, who guessed that it would do John a world of good to sit bolt upright for a change, "Here in this room," he



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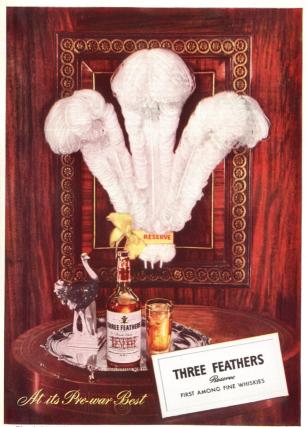
told John, "nothing is shameful. Even if you've believed it is all your life. When you talk about it, John, when you get it out into the open, you'll discover it's not shame." He unscrewed the top of his fountain pen, poised it expectantly over a writing pad. Then John knew that there was no escape, and he began to talk.

He was, he said, a photographer on the staff of a Manhattan newspaper. His original name was Jake Braunowitz, but he called himself John Brown so that his colleagues would not know that he was plevish. He still lived with his family in Brooklyn, but he never allowed any of Brooklyn, but he never allowed any of the was where the still rest that the was when the was when the was when the sister; Rosannah, worked, John pretended not to recomise her.

John told the psychiatrist all about "the wasteland" in which he and his family lived. Old Man Braunowitz, a Russian immigrant, was a grimy, scholarly, embittered man, who had nagged his simple wife into animal dullness and shirked his responsibilities as a father. Strongwilled daughter Deborah had backed up her mother and made herself the "father" of the family-and a Lesbian to boot. Daughter Rosannah had dutifully earned her living by serving in bars-which to John's tortured, hypersensitive imagination, meant that she dallied with the barflies. Daughter Sarah had fled into the arms of a man she did not love, and her children's doleful life exactly reflected her own despair. When the whole miserable family sat around the table at Passover and Father Braunowitz chanted: "And we cried unto the Eternal, the God of our fathers, and the Eternal heard our voice, saw our affliction, our sorrow, and our oppression," John ground his teeth with rage, and told himself that it was all a 'Jews were a lie.

Fodoway Fother. At first, the psychistis seemed to John to be just a pleasantly trist seemed to John to be five a pleasantly "anonymous" object. Later. he seemed like the real father John had always wanted. At last, he just seemed to fade away—and so did John Brown; he spineless mistit who drank too much, walked with a cring-gs stoop and wanted the girl he loved to be his mother rather than his wife. Into John Brown's shoes stepped self-confident Jake Braunowitz, who no longer hated experience of the spineless of the stoop of the spineless of the stoop of the spineless. The spineless of the spi

Watefand is a first novel, by a 32-years old woman writer who was born in Brook-brn. It has thrilled Novelist Richard Wright (Natives Son) more than anything be has read since James Joyce's stories and the state of the state o



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SPAM DUTCH OVEN DINNER

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