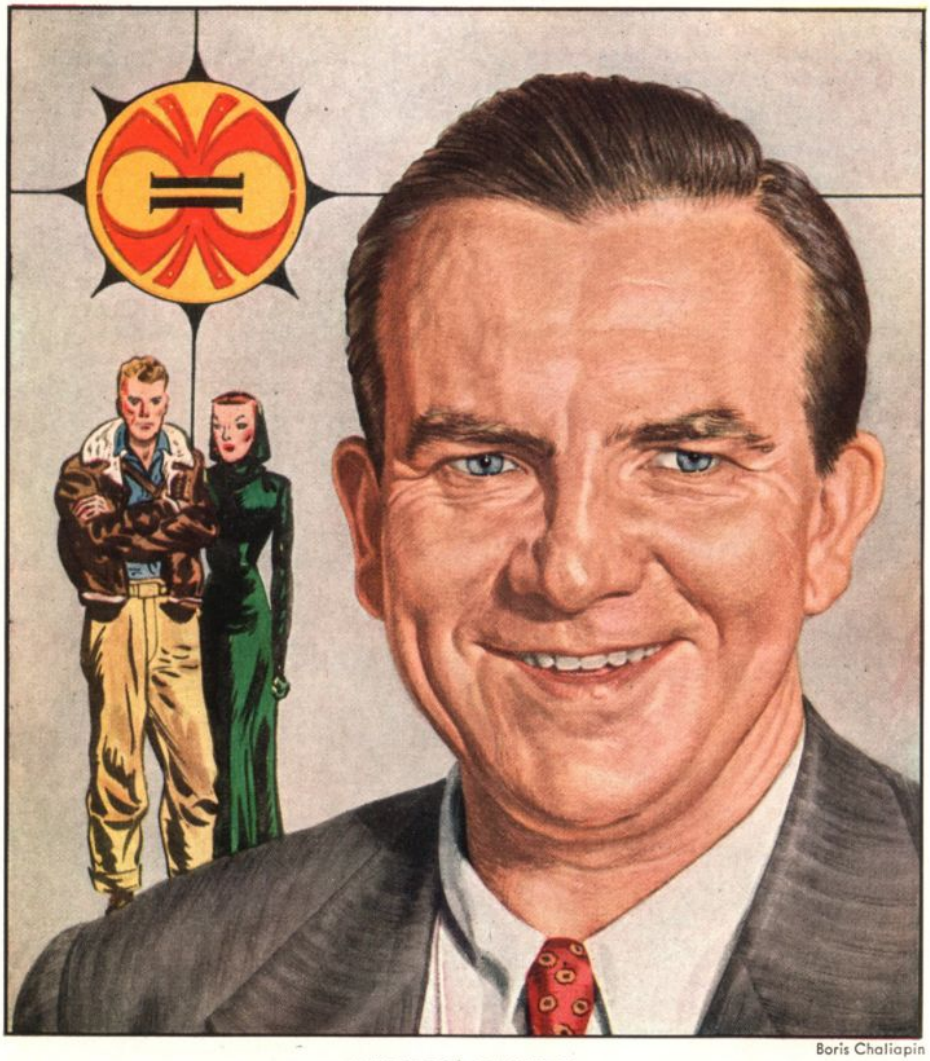
TWENTY CENTS JANUARY 13, 1947

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

MILTON CANIFF

For a new publisher, a touch of Lace and a guy named Steve.

(Press)

$6.50 A YEAR (REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.) VOL. XLIX NO. 2

Expect the Neighbors to Talk

If you see someone buzzing along without hat or coat—as if it were June instead of cold January—

You can bet it's a Nash he's driving! It has a complete, automatic "Conditioned Air System." Fresh air heated, filtered, circulated without drafts.

If you see heads turn when a car goes ghosting down the street—

You can bet it's a new Nash.

If you hear someone boast, "I haven't stopped in for gas for weeks"—

You know full well he's driving a Nash "600"!

The reason people talk about it is very simple. *There's so much to talk about.*

It's really an "eyeful," and with all the room inside six passengers can ask for. But—a Nash "600" turns in 25 to 30 miles a gallon at moderate highway speed. 500 to 600 miles on a tankful.

An added feature is a Convertible double Bed for touring—ready to sleep you in three minutes.

And volumes could be written about the unique *Unitized* frame-and-body—one super-strong welded unit that doesn't rattle or squeak.

But when you *drive* a Nash "600"—that's when *you* start taking over the conversation. It's smooth, it's quick, it's light, it's quiet as a mouse. You can park it on a dime, and U-turn it on a nickel. And with four deep, soft coil springs cushioning the wheels, you can't raise a bump even on a winter-rutted road.

See it today, at your Nash dealer's and take a look at the Nash Ambassador, too. And rest assured that on delivery we will do our level best. We are trying to catch up with the biggest demand in history, but there *will* be delay. So whether you are waiting, or ordering—please be patient. You'll be glad you waited.

Nash Motors

Division of Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

YOU'LL BE AHEAD WITH Nash

What's for dinner, Duchess?

Prediction: The wives of 1947 will have more fun in the kitchen.

Previous cooking experience is desirable, perhaps, but not essential. There are so many new easy-to-use foods, so many new ways to prepare foods, cooking will be a novel and exciting adventure.

Further prediction: Cheese dishes will be featured more often on their menus. They'll know that cheese gives tastiness and variety to meals. And cheese, like milk (nature's most nearly perfect food), is rich in protein, calcium, phosphorus, in vitamins A and G.

Yes, we have a personal interest in cheese. For Kraft, pioneer in cheese-making, is a unit of National Dairy. And what we've said about housewives using more cheese is entirely true.

It's also true that they're learning more about the whys and wherefores of food each year—just as the scientists in our laboratories are learning more about better ways to process, improve and supply it.

These men are backed by the resources of a great organization. They explore every field of dairy products, discover new ones. And the health of America benefits constantly by this National Dairy research.

Dedicated to the wider use and better understanding of dairy products as human food . . . as a base for the development of new products and materials . . . as a source of health and enduring progress on the farms and in the towns and cities of America.

Kraft · Sealtest · Breyers

NATIONAL DAIRY
PRODUCTS CORPORATION
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

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Volume XLIX Number 2

Your Heart

is a wonderfully dependable organ.  It beats about 100,000 times a day, yet rarely fails before old age  unless it has been abused, or weakened by disease. The commonest abuses which put extra strain on the heart are *overweight* and *excessive exertion,*  especially after age 40.

Fear of heart ailments is often groundless, so, if you are worried about your heart—*see a doctor!*  Remember, even with a weakened heart you can usually lead *a happy, useful life!*

Medical science is on the march against heart disease

Heart ailments account for almost one third of all deaths in this country. They are caused chiefly by rheumatic fever, high blood pressure, kidney diseases, syphilis, and hardening of the arteries—especially those supplying the heart itself. Early discovery and prompt treatment of these diseases are most important in reducing the danger of serious heart damage.

Medical science is giving increased attention to studies of the heart. Notable advances have already been scored. New drugs and new techniques are opening up more avenues of investigation. Many organizations encourage this great work. For example, the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in the U. S. and Canada, makes grants for special studies in heart disease.

What should you do for your heart?

Have a thorough physical examination every year. Take great care during convalescence from any infection. If you *should* develop heart disease, follow your physician's advice about proper rest, exercise, and diet, as well as about special drugs and medicines. To learn more about the heart, and the diseases that affect it, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 17-Q, "Your Heart."

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Frederick H. Ecker,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Leroy A. Lincoln,
PRESIDENT

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

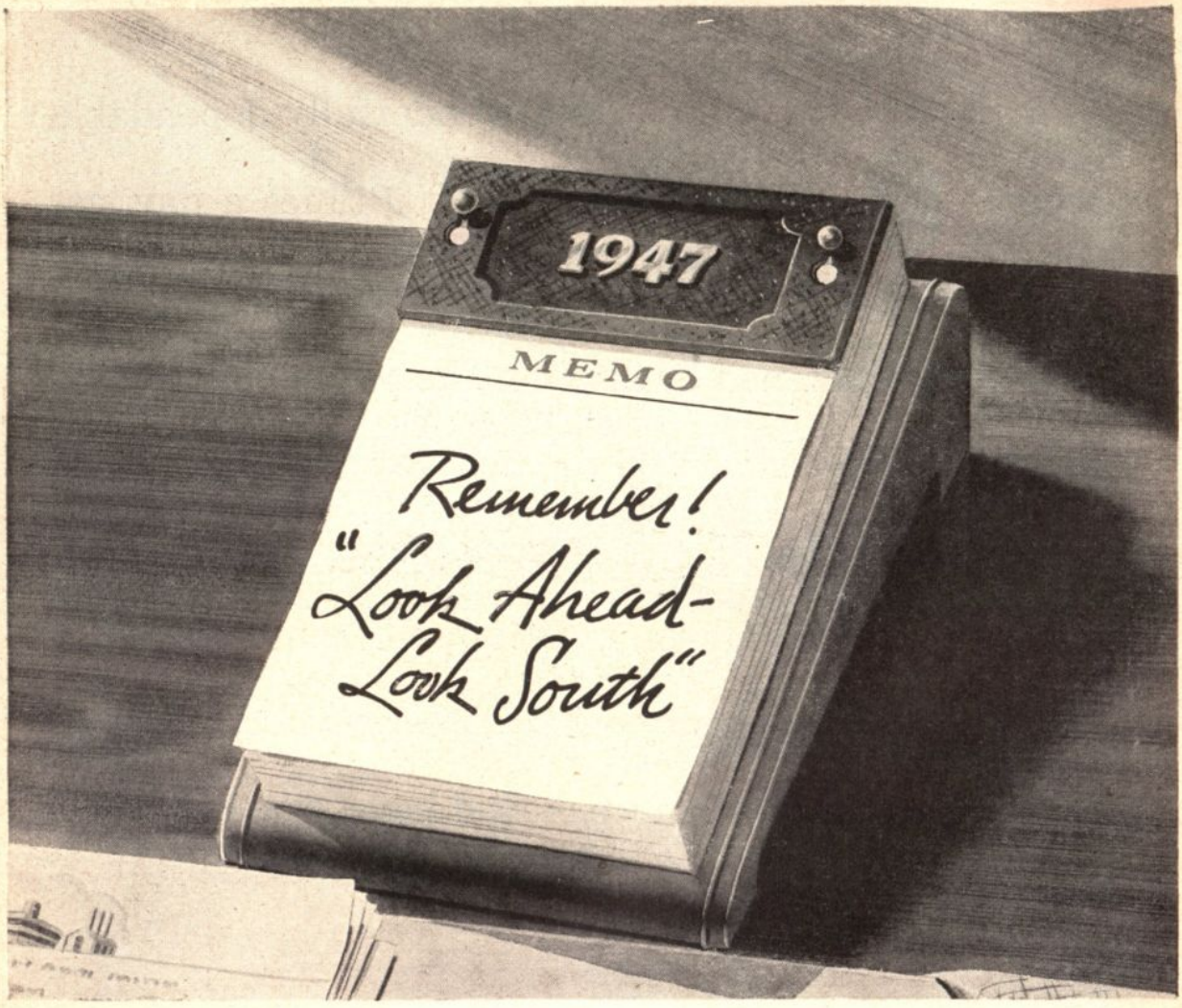
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 17-Q, entitled "Your Heart."

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!



A Good Resolution for Industrialists

One of the wisest things a business man can do is to promise himself to *"Look Ahead—Look South"* in 1947.

Here, in the South served by the 8,000-mile Southern Railway System, one industry after another is finding the answer to the all-important postwar problem of how to produce and distribute with economy and profit.

Forward-looking industrialists are quick to see the advantage of locating their plants where there's an endless variety of raw materials... a mild climate year 'round... a pool of skilled, cooperative workers... and a large and fast-growing consumer market.

Whatever the industry, there's a bright future for it in this thriving section of the country as you'll discover if you make *and keep* a resolution to *"Look Ahead—Look South"* in 1947.

Ernest E. Norris
President

LOOK SOUTH
LOOK AHEAD

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

The Southern Serves the South

● Any stretch is a safer one when you ride on new Kelly Tires. On the open road, in city traffic — they deliver long, safe miles of trouble-free driving. That's been true for 53 years, and today's Kellys are the best yet! Their strong rayon cord and sturdy, rim-hugging beads form a body that takes the severest punishment and bounces back for more. And for wear, even steel couldn't outlast that tough Armorubber tread. The Kelly Dealer's service is as dependable as the tires he sells.

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY
CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

PROVED AND IMPROVED FOR 53 YEARS—

KELLY *Springfield* TIRES

LETTERS

Christmas Story

Sirs:

THE [DEC. 30] ARTICLE ON MARIAN ANDERSON IS UNQUESTIONABLY THE FINEST WRITING EVER PRODUCED IN TIME.

EMILY BRENT RANDOLPH

Cincinnati

Sirs:

. . . You lifted religion so far above the realm of creed and sect one can feel its pull and power. . . .

(REV.) GEORGE W. GOODLEY

Salisbury, Md.

Sirs:

. . . You brought to your portrait of Miss Anderson an understanding and sympathy as rich as her voice.

ALVIN D. STURTS

Ambler, Pa.

Sirs:

. . . Rarely have I been so deeply moved by a magazine article. . . .

J. W. PUGSLEY

Berea, Ohio

Sirs:

. . . This tale will hearten all Americans who love justice. . . .

S. RALPH HARLOW

Northampton, Mass.

Sirs:

. . . A noble tribute to the deep reality of the "spiritual," and to the American Negro.

ROBERT N. STRETCH
Chaplain, U.S.N.

Camp Lejeune, N.C.

Sirs:

. . . We read TIME for its objective and comprehensive news coverage, and an occasional bonus of this sort is indeed a pleasure.

T. H. LONG

Elkhart, Ind.

Starkenborgh & the Truth

Sirs:

I READ WITH INTEREST ARTICLE IN TIME DEC. 23 ABOUT INDONESIA. WHILE APPRE-

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
January 13, 1947

Volume XLIX
Number 2

Disney, H*atmaker since* 1885

M r. Disney's custom is limited to those few men in each community who want a finer hat . . . and to whom price is secondary

CIATING ELABORATE INFORMATION IT GIVES I FEEL BOUND FOR SAKE OF FAIRNESS . . . TO POINT OUT [A STATEMENT] NOT IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE FACTS. YOU STATE THAT GOVERNOR GENERAL VAN STARKENBORGH STACHOUWER FLED TO AUSTRALIA WHEREAS UPON HIS PROPOSAL HE AND HIS FAMILY AS WELL AS 15,000 OTHER DUTCH OFFICIALS IN THE FACE OF CERTAIN JAPANESE INVASION REMAINED AT THEIR POSTS, WERE TAKEN PRISONERS BY THE JAPANESE AND SUFFERED ALL CRUELTIES AND INDIGNITIES OF JAPANESE INTERNMENT. GOVERNOR GENERAL STARKENBORGH HIMSELF SHARED CAPTIVITY AND HUMILIATION IN SAME CAMP WITH GENERAL WAINWRIGHT. . . .

A. LOUDON
Netherlands Ambassador
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

. . . Your gossipy footnote on Tjarda [van Starkenborgh] and his driver, on his visit to Queen Wilhelmina, which seemed to substantiate your error and TIME's implication—that because of Tjarda's "flight" he had incurred the wrath of the Queen—creates a further erroneous impression. Tjarda was rewarded for his war services with one of the most important appointments in The Netherlands Kingdom, the post of Ambassador to France.

ALBERT BALINK
West Englewood, N.J.

¶ TIME was wrong—incredibly, inexcusably wrong, since the true facts of Starkenborgh's war record had been reported in a previous issue [Oct. 29, 1945]. TIME's sincere apologies to gallant Ambassador Tjarda van Starkenborgh Stachouwer.—ED.

Be Ye Therefore Merciful

Sirs:

Once again Japan has felt the terror and death attendant on a great earthquake. In 1923 our country (through the Red Cross) sent Japan an enormous amount of aid, for which those people were profoundly grateful, even though 18 years later they were led into making war on us.

Once again the time has come for us to make the gesture of good will to them . . . for if we, professing to believe in the Golden Rule, do not respond to the situation, we cannot help but *lose* face in their eyes, in our own eyes, and in the eyes of the rest of the world. It is a gesture which will bring rich rewards—we must live peaceably with them, and with ourselves. . . .

MURRAY JONES
East Lansing, Mich.

Cat Curve

Sirs:

You have reported that Dana Perfumes, Inc. has spent several millions in publicizing their ad of Tabu, the "forbidden" perfume, and the picture of seduction at the piano [TIME, Nov. 25]. But what is going to happen now that Airwick, the total deodorant, is spending thousands too? . . . Will the moral turpitude curve show a downward trend when Airwick kills the high-priced and seductive smells distilled from the scent glands of the musk deer and the civet cat? Think on these things.

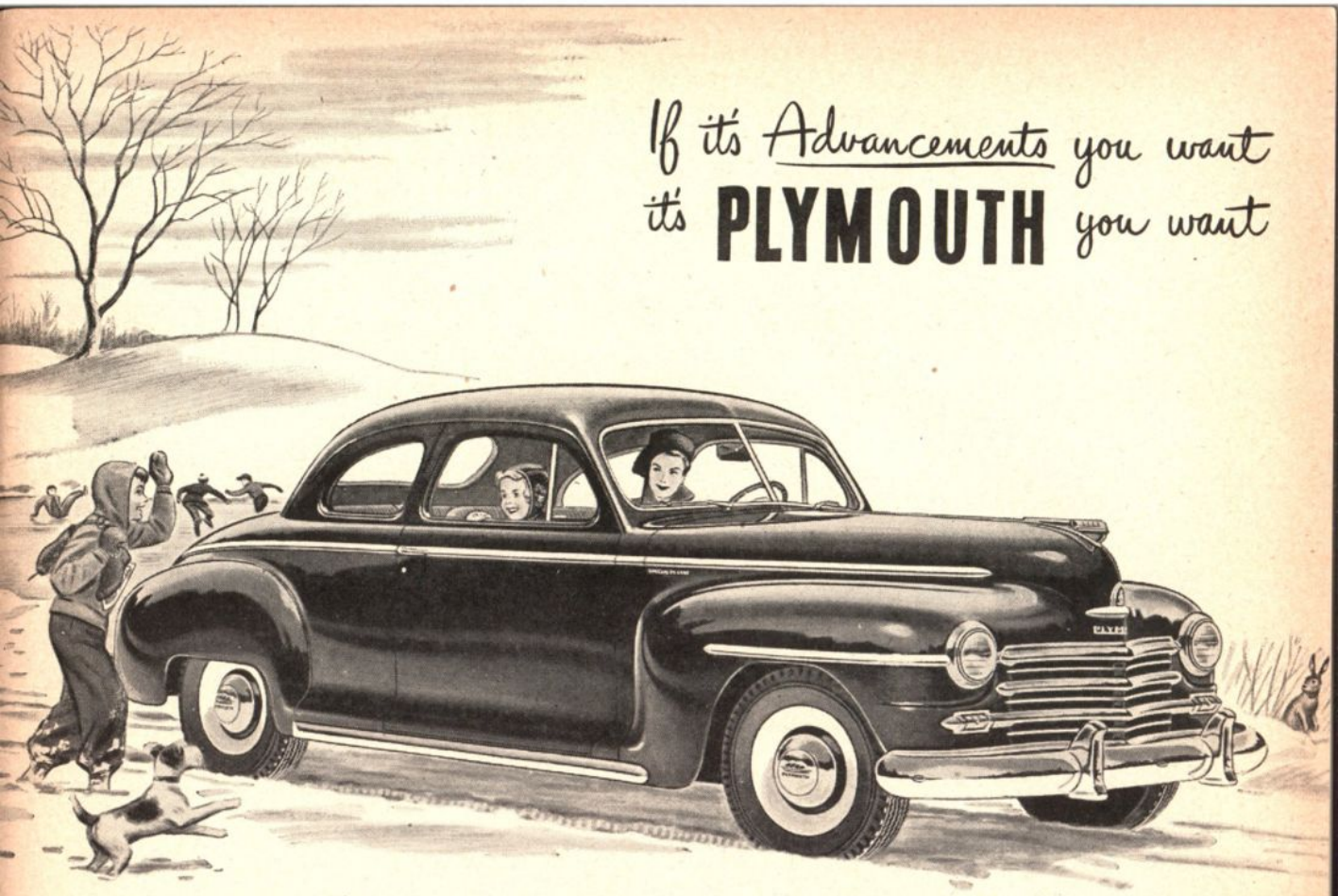
J. J. LIPSEY
Colorado Springs, Colo.

The Respect of Fear

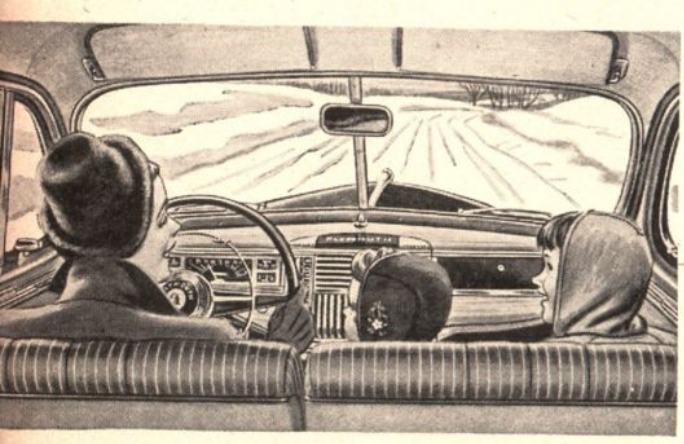
Sirs:

. . . "Bright and early one day last week a black Packard limousine with a U.S. crest on the door hummed through the maddening boulevard traffic of central Buenos Aires. As it passed, police snapped respectfully

If it's Advancements you want it's PLYMOUTH you want



FIFTY NEW IMPROVEMENTS put the thrifty Plymouth out ahead of the low-priced field. Some add to *your* safety — others to your *car's* beauty, performance, economy. Engineering refinements make each start so quiet, response so obedient, control so easy that hills are no hills, traffic is hardly traffic. We styled this Plymouth, designed it, built it to be in advance of any other car in its price class. Isn't a car like this the one you're looking for?



ADVANCED SAFETY? PLYMOUTH HAS IT! New Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes give you lightfoot operation, smoother, quicker stops, a *third more* braking power. In case of tire failure, Safety-Rim Wheels hold tire and tube in place for a safe, straight stop. Safety-Styled Concealed Running Boards do away with hazards of raised sills, snow and ice.

ADVANCED PERFORMANCE? PLYMOUTH HAS IT! *Every* new Plymouth has the same high powered, high compression engine. Plymouth engineering squeezes more power from *each drop* of gasoline. There's faster pick-up with new Lightweight Aluminum Pistons. New ignition system *automatically* adjusts spark for knock-free driving under all conditions.

• Every feature tells the Story →

ADVANCED STYLING? PLYMOUTH HAS IT! You can't mistake Plymouth's beauty of sweeping lines and brilliant color. And the "inside story" is one of easy-to-live-with luxury . . . restful chair-height seats . . . custom-tailored upholstery . . . attractive, harmonizing appointments . . . just about everything for your comfort and convenience. **PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION**

PLYMOUTH
BUILDS GREAT CARS

to attention" [TIME, Dec. 2]. . . . Now that's something I'd like to witness! I've often watched local policemen salute courteously, politely or sympathetically many cars official and otherwise, but I yet have to see a local cop or for that matter anyone in this country, in Latin American countries or any country in the world, who's had any contact with U.S.A. citizens (officials or not), take a respectful attitude towards the U.S. crest, flag or a representative American citizen.

You must know perfectly well that there is absolutely nothing in the U.S.A. to inspire respect. Some people and some poorer countries may envy the mighty U.S.A. dollar and the American standard of living. Others may admire the manufacturing capacity and all the wonderful technical, scientific, industrial, etc. discoveries and advances which have come from your country. . . . But no one in the world respects anything of your country, in the full and real sense of the word like one does an Einstein, British Justice, Sweden, Toscanini, Switzerland, the dignity and patriotism of the Germans hung in Nürnberg in a disgraceful parody of justice, a Nobel prize winner, etc., etc. The only respect a citizen of the U.S.A. may claim from the world would be the respect of fear, because of his country's might. . . .

C. LLAMBI-CAMPBELL

Galvez, Argentina

The Price of Oil

Sirs:

In re joint U.S.-British objectives in the Middle East [TIME, Dec. 16]: "One angry Briton said: [Truman] has sold *your* oil for a mess of New York votes."

One saddened Jew replies: the British have bought *their* oil with several million Jewish lives, and are for once keeping up their payments.

EDWIN SILVER

Los Angeles

Less Fun, More Bulldozers

Sirs:

Jo Ann Moore hit the nail on the head [TIME, Dec. 16]. There is too much ridicule of the U.N. and our good friend Russia. . . . The U.N. was to be a world governing body, but now it seems to be the butt of many jokes and much fun. We students in the high schools and colleges of the U.S. can begin . . . by educating our parents and friends in the hopes and aspirations of U.N. The more we learn, the less we will want to joke. . . .

LELAND MYERS

Springfield, Ill.

Sirs:

. . . Can it be that some of the fun-poking comes from a realization that the U.N. organization is not adequate for the problems which it has to handle?

The straightest faces in all the world would not assure respect for a hose and bucket solemnly set up as a protection against forest fires, even though these do constitute "a step in the right direction."

It is time to get out the bulldozers and dig down for a system of real firebreaks. Nothing short of a federal world government will do the trick.

LLOYD A. HALL

Stanford University, Calif.

Fifth Avenue Bussing

Sirs:

Fie on TIME's crusty, embittered obituary on Fifth Avenue's open buses [TIME, Dec. 30]. Thousands of New Yorkers, as well as visitors, will find their eyes glistening with nostalgia as these wonderful old carriers trundle off to the Old Bus Cemetery.

Where else could you have so many

"... HE ASKED ME WHAT OIL I USE"

There he goes... happy as a clam. I told him I use Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oil... just like 3 out of 5 of us independent dealers* throughout the country. "That's for me!" said Kilroy. "I'll take the oil you experts choose."

Everybody's getting in on the act! Seems like all my customers are going for the oil the experts use. No wonder! It's different... refined by an exclusive, patented process... guaranteed to *clean as it lubricates!* There's no other oil just like it.

Here's my shingle... and you'll find it on highways and side streets all over the country. Wherever you see the red Macmillan sign, you'll find an independent dealer... an oil expert. Drive in. Ask him. Follow his advice. Make yours Macmillan, too.

Throughout the nation *3 out of 5* **of these dealers* say:**

"I USE MACMILLAN IN MY CAR!"

**Thousands of independent dealers who sell Macmillan and more than 800 other brands of oil.*

breath-taking sights of New York unroll before your eyes. . . ? Oh TIME in thy flight, you don't know the score, or else your Fifth Avenue Bus editor never took a gal for a bus ride on a hot summer's night. . . .

MELVYN S. PENSON

New York City

A Declaration for Germany

Sirs:

. . . We would naturally be very grateful if you would publish this statement by former members of the German Reichstag. . . .

"Considering the impending negotiations on a peace treaty with Germany, the undersigned former members of the German Reichstag who have found refuge in this free country hereby declare:

"Even a conquered nation has the undeniable right to be represented at the peace table. The opportunity should be given to the German people without delay to establish a central body which shall be entitled to negotiate in the name of the German people. This body should also be entitled to negotiate with the governments of the neighboring countries on all matters commonly concerning these nations and Germany. . . .

"The problems of Europe cannot be solved by shifting frontiers hither and thither as has been done for many centuries, always resulting in new wars. The tendency to create closed national states by wholesale expulsions of entire populations surrounded by insurmountable walls, will inevitably lead to general impoverishment and disturbances of international relations. On the other hand, if the peace is to be a lasting one, frontiers must cease to be impediments to the free flow of men, merchandise, ideas and news.

"In order to rebuild the destroyed areas and to restore European as well as world economy, the German people must have the freedom to dispose of the treasures of their soil, and to manufacture goods for peaceful use to the full extent of their capabilities. . . . Only thus can Germany be economically reorganized and be enabled to contribute effectively to the reconstruction of the countries damaged by Nazi aggression. Dismantling of industries and disastrous export of vital raw materials should be stopped; the replacement of destroyed or confiscated machinery needed for peacetime production should be permitted.

"In order to restore the rights of all men, all prisoners of war should be released immediately, and slave labor of any kind must be abolished.

"No matter at what time the state of war will be formally ended, a real peace will not begin until the last soldier of every victorious nation has left the soil of his former enemy.

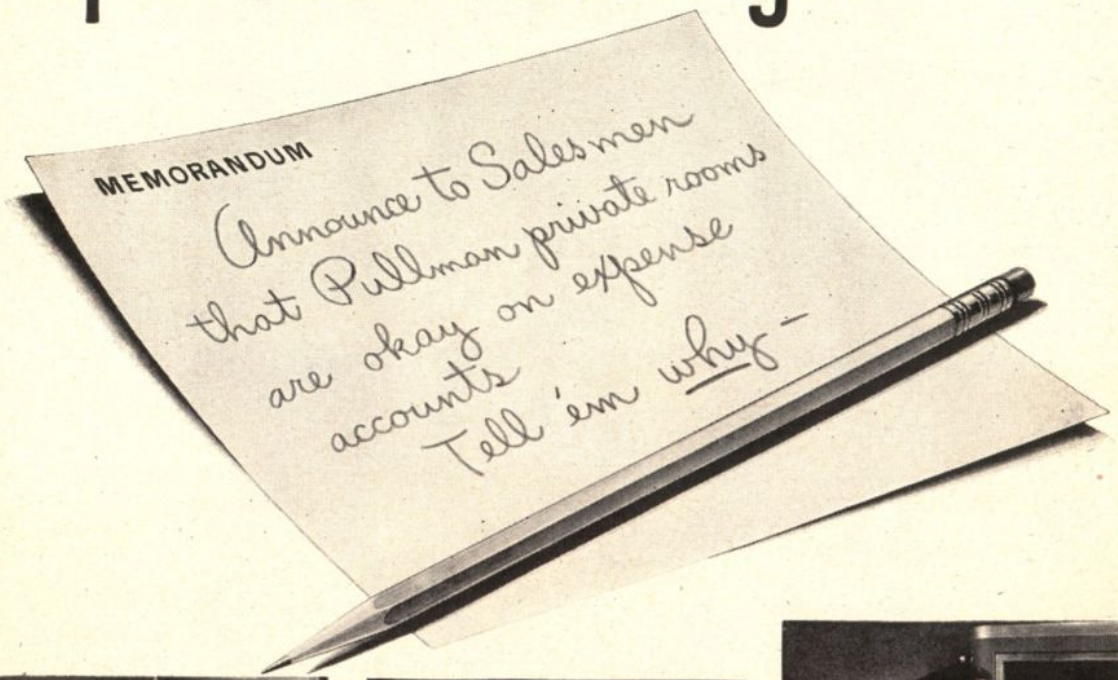
"Irrespective of the question to what extent Germany has been responsible for the Nazi tyranny with its devastating consequences for mankind, the German people have been punished already to a degree unparalleled in modern history. Now the time has come to give the democratic forces of the German people . . . a chance. The time has come to abandon vengeance and to turn to understanding and reconciliation, the only way to a durable peace."

S. AUFHAUSER
DR. F. BAADE
GUSTAV FERL
HUGO HEIMANN
MARIE JUCHACZ
EMIL KIRSCHMANN
GERHART H. SEGER
WILLIAM F. SOLLMANN
FRIEDRICH STAMPFER
DR. H. STAUDINGER

New York City

¶ Do TIME's readers agree?—ED.

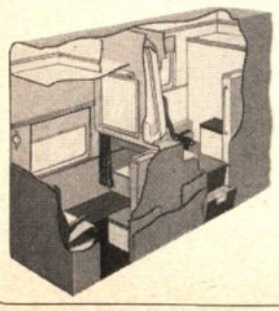
Tip To Sales-Managers



1 You start to relax the minute you settle down in the privacy and comfort of a Pullman room. Ring for the porter—get a table—and do your daily reports without distracting interruptions. Then *take it easy!*

2 By bedtime, you've thrown off the tension of the day and won't have to count any sheep before dropping off to sleep in that big, soft Pullman bed.

3 Next morning, you shave and dress without leaving your room. When you arrive—on dependable railroad schedules, right in town—you're rested, refreshed and rarin' to go. The *little* extra that you pay for a private room adds a *lot* to the way you tackle your job!



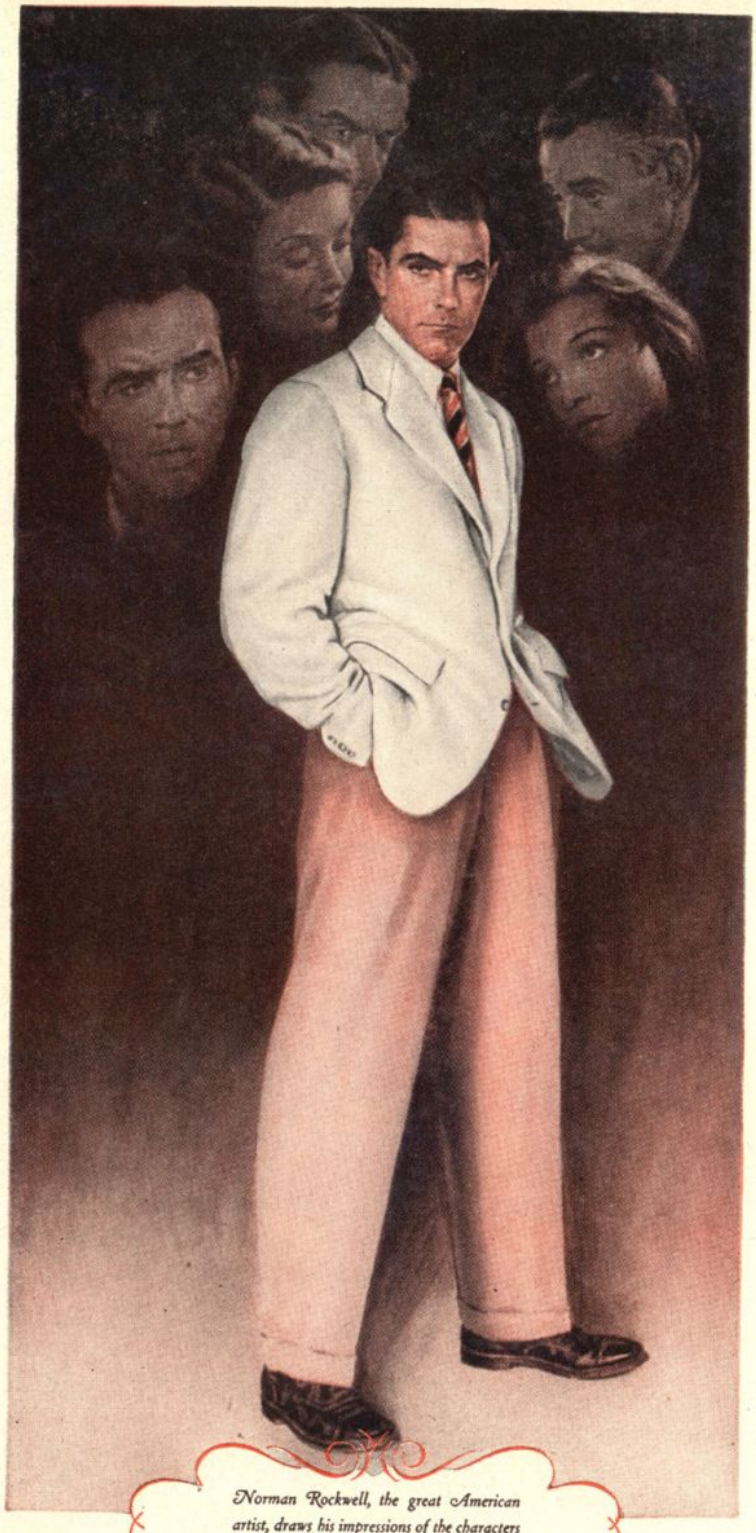
NEW LOW-COST PRIVATE ROOMS

Pullman-operated Duplex-Roomette cars are now in service on some lines . . . coming soon on others. The new design of these new cars adds *another* Pullman travel-value that no other way of going places fast can match!

Go Pullman

THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY OF GOING PLACES FAST!

BETWEEN LOVE AND HATRED THERE IS A LINE AS SHARP AS A RAZOR'S EDGE!



Norman Rockwell, the great American artist, draws his impressions of the characters in "The Razor's Edge."

20th Century-Fox presents

TYRONE POWER · GENE TIERNEY · JOHN PAYNE · ANNE BAXTER · CLIFTON WEBB · HERBERT MARSHALL

in Darryl F. Zanuck's production of W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S **"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"** Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING · Screen Play by LAMAR TROTTI

Here are 5 good reasons for choosing TWINDOW

1. Twindow is a product of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company. It is backed by the same research and manufacturing facilities that have created many other outstanding glass products. The name "Pittsburgh" assures satisfaction with this newest of insulating windows.

2. Twindow was designed to make rooms more comfortable in any climate . . . at any season. Two or more panes of "Pittsburgh" glass, separated by hermetically sealed air spaces, are enclosed in a stainless steel frame. These air spaces help keep rooms cooler in summer and warmer in winter . . . help maintain proper levels of temperature and humidity so that buildings will be more healthful throughout the year.

3. Twindow can be handled, installed and cleaned as simply as a single pane of glass . . . because it is a one-piece, completely prefabricated unit.

4. Twindow, made with two panes of glass, has nearly twice the insulating efficiency of ordinary windows. Since a large percentage of normal heat loss in buildings is through windows, Twindow's insulating efficiency greatly reduces the load on heating and air conditioning equipment. Savings up to 35% on heating costs are possible.

Twindow not only saves fuel and power, it also makes practical more and larger windows so that better use can be made of natural daylight . . . saving additional money on lighting costs.

5. Twindow is designed to prevent fogging or condensation on the glass. Except under extreme conditions, its sealed-in air space assures window transparency in any climate. This makes Twindow installations especially desirable wherever clear vision is important . . . picture windows for homes and hospitals; store front display windows; large windows in factories, offices, public buildings. For more complete information about Twindow, Pittsburgh's new window with built-in insulation, write us today. Address Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, 2014-7 Grant Building, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.

. . .

We regret that current production is not meeting demands. Deliveries must continue slow until new facilities are completed. When planning new construction or modernization, we suggest you get in touch with our nearest branch to determine if our delivery schedule will permit your use of this finest of insulated windows.

PPG "PITTSBURGH" *stands for Quality Glass and Paint*

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS COMPANY

MISCELLANY

Man of Distinction. In Lakeville, Conn., someone penciled in the Hotchkiss School lavatory: "Schuyler van Kilroy 3rd was here."

Down in the Mouth. In Burns Lake, B.C., Rancher Joe Corbett, out boating, lost his false teeth overboard, six years later had his second set stolen by a rat, got them back, two months later swallowed them.

Happy Ending. In Bethune, France, Henri Roy, 102, learned that he had at last been made a Knight of the Legion of Honor, murmured, "Now I can die . . . happy," died.

Pet Aversion. In Portland, Ore., William Mason, whose neighbor would not keep his yapping dog locked up at night, finally won his point after crawling around on all fours outside the neighbor's house and barking at the top of his lungs.

Lockout. In St. Clairsville, Ohio, the sheriff, sick & tired of locking up John Brehm, barred him from the Belmont County jail.

Filling Station. In Hamburg, Germany, police finally found the source of black-marketeers' alcohol when the Zoological Museum complained that over 300,000 of its pickled specimens were drying up.

Mother's Day. In Hollywood, Mrs. Ethel Wadler, 37, learned that she had become the grandmother of a 7-lb. girl, several hours later also became the mother of a 7-lb. girl.

Blowhards. In Salem, Ore., Robert Lantz, while tying his baby daughter's shoes, gave an all-out sneeze that dislocated his shoulder, bounced the baby into a corner, blackened her eye. In Wheeling, W. Va., Eddie Bowie, driving his car, sneezed, plunged into another car, which rammed a third. Estimated damages: $1,250.

Bedtime. In Paris, Jules Duval, haled into court for culpable negligence, readily admitted that he had let his son stay in bed for 18 years, explained: "He wanted to be alone and we didn't want to upset him."

Wage Dispute. In Noblesville, Ind., Mrs. W. L. Rigdon sued for a divorce, claimed that her husband asked her to pay him $1.50 an hour for "working around the house."

No Sooner Said . . . In Phoenix, Ariz., service station attendant Dwight Gressley was found shot to death, his dead body slumped over an unfinished letter: ". . . There is a wave of robberies out here and those guys shoot and ask questions afterwards."

Finest way to turn Your Young Man's Fancy

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RECIPE FOR SURPRISE STUFFING

2 cans Stokely's *Finest* Whole Grain Corn
3 cups soft bread crumbs
½ cup Stokely's *Finest* Tomato Juice
2 eggs, beaten
1½ cups minced onion
¼ cup butter or margarine
2¼ teasp. salt
1½ teasp. poultry seasoning
4-lb. roasting chicken

Combine drained corn, crumbs, juice and eggs; mix well. Let stand 10 min. Lightly brown onion in butter or margarine; add salt, seasoning; add to corn mixture. Stuff chicken with ½ stuffing; roast. Form remaining stuffing in heart-shaped patties; ½-hour before chicken is done, place patties on rack in roasting pan. The delightful surprise in every helping is those sunny corn kernels, brimful of newly-picked flavor. From all the rich corn harvests of the country, only the most perfect ears are selected for *nothing but the finest* . . . Stokely's *Finest*.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Henry R. Luce
PRESIDENT.....Roy E. Larsen
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR...John Shaw Billings

INDEX

A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 9

Dear Time-Reader

Twenty years ago the dateline above was also TIME's dateline, for TIME was then being published in Cleveland. Today, tomorrow, and Saturday, TIME returns to this nation's sixth city—as co-sponsor of the 21st annual Institute of the Cleveland Council on World Affairs.

Associated Press
NEWTON D. BAKER

As you know, from our special section on the Institute in last week's issue, the Council represents a long-established program for keeping Clevelanders informed on world affairs. As such, it is an extraordinary civic achievement. Its activity in helping the citizens of Cleveland make sense of world news parallels so closely TIME's own effort to bring world news to its readers that TIME gladly accepted an invitation to participate in this year's forum.

TIME and the Council have other common associations. Each of us, for instance, owes a debt to Cleveland's late Newton D. Baker, World War I Secretary of War and famed Wilsonian. Mr. Baker was the Council's mentor and prime mover, and nobody gave more encouragement to TIME's fledgling editors 20 years ago. Having him for an enthusiastic weekly reader bolstered the editors' belief that their new venture was a worth while one.

Clevelanders themselves were no less helpful when two-year-old TIME moved here (for business reasons) in 1925. It was a good move for TIME. During the interval of our stay here and our return to New York City in 1927, TIME "caught on" nationally, gained the initial momentum which now permits us to help build Cleveland's international forum.

TIME is confident that the Cleveland Council's 21st Institute will be a rewarding experience. Twenty-three U.S. and foreign leaders are on hand to discuss the forum's two questions: *What does the rest of the world expect of the U.S.?* and *What is the U.S. going to do about it?* Their discourse will be available to TIME's 188,000 readers in Ohio over their local radio, and to all of TIME's readers in next week's issue. The National Broadcasting Co. has built eight special programs* around the forum, will broadcast them on a national hookup; the U.S. State Department is broadcasting pertinent portions of the forum overseas. For these three days, certainly, Cleveland promises to be the rostrum of the world's international affairs.

Cordially,

James A. Linen

* The broadcast schedule, in Eastern Standard Time, over NBC's network: Thursday, 11:30-12 p.m.; Friday, 10:45-11 p.m.; 11:30-12 p.m.; Saturday, 12:30-1 p.m.; 2:15-2:30 p.m.; 2:45-3 p.m.; 7:00-7:30 p.m. Additional programs are planned. See your local newspapers for stations carrying these programs.


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Vol. XLIX No. 2

TIME
THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

January 13, 1947

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CONGRESS

That Man

He was a wretched, sick and snarling little man. But he had the voice of a brass trumpet blaring venom and racism. "I call upon every red-blooded white man to use any means to keep the nigger away from the polls," he had screamed.

DR. CARVER
His day contradicted . . .

He had a name that sounded like the chugging of a bullfrog: *Bilbo.*

Mississippi voters had chosen him as their U.S. Senator—three times in twelve years they had chosen him. Last week he arrived in Washington to claim the seat to which he was entitled by the vote of the sovereign state of Mississippi.

Such Vile Language. A crowd had gathered on Capitol Hill, in the raw rain. They had begun to arrive early in the morning. Many of them were Negroes, there to see what the U.S. Senate would do about Theodore Gilmore Bilbo. His Republican enemies had sworn they would bar him, figuratively speaking, at the door.

They had the minority report (signed by two of their members) of the Senate's Campaign Expenditures Committee on his 1946 election campaign: "Never to the knowledge of the undersigned has such vile, inflammatory and dangerous language been uttered . . . for the purpose of procuring nomination." The committee's majority report, signed by Democrats, was a whitewash.

They had another report, signed by four Republican members of the War Investigating Committee, which charged that Bilbo had accepted gratuities possibly amounting to as much as $88,000 from Mississippi contractors who obtained Government war work; that he had collected funds from war contractors for the Juniper Grove Baptist Church. The Senators also noted the charge that he had accepted $1,500 to help a drug addict get a narcotics permit.

Said Republicans: Bilbo has violated the Constitution, the Hatch Act, the Criminal Code.

The 550 seats in the galleries were filled. Sightseers sat on the steps, stood jammed along the back and milled around the corridors outside, trying to get in. On the floor below, Senators began to arrive, pumping each other's hands, looking for their desks and seats for their friends. At 18 minutes to noon, Bilbo stumped in—reddish brown suit, sagging paunch, sunken cheeks, hair slicked down on his round skull.

As he advanced, some men turned their backs. He managed to grab the hands of a few and ducked into the Democratic cloakroom. Then he reappeared in the rear of the Chamber, sucking on a cigar, and shook hands with Tennessee's old spoilsman, Kenneth McKellar. The arena was noisy with confusion. On the rostrum Senate Secretary Leslie Biffle banged the little ivory block on the desk of the presiding officer and convened the Senate of the 80th Congress.

Job for Mr. Biffle. Mr. Biffle was scared. He had been around the Senate for some 30 years, but he had the brief job of presiding now because no one else was formally available.

Mr. Biffle got things started all right with the chaplain's prayer. Sixty holdover Senators were in their seats; 36 newly elected Senators waited to be sworn. The reading clerk read the rules, reminding the Chamber that it was the custom to swear in new members alphabetically, in groups of four.

Michigan's Homer Ferguson objected. He moved that Arthur Vandenberg, who was scheduled to take over as president *pro tem*, be sworn in first. There was an instant flurry of argument. Mr. Biffle ruled that new members would be sworn in one at a time, alphabetically. Connecticut's Raymond Baldwin was sworn.

Bilbo straightened his necktie. He was next. He walked to the center aisle. Mississippi's junior Senator properly should have escorted him. But James O. Eastland, who has even out-shouted Bilbo on the subject of white supremacy from time to time, has nothing but hatred for

Walter B. Lane-LIFE
SENATOR BILBO
. . . the chug of the frogs.

Bilbo (because of patronage squabbles). Bilbo took the arm of a friend, Louisiana's John H. Overton.

"This Cowboy." In the Republicans' plan, Ferguson was now supposed to get the floor and offer a resolution that Bilbo be barred until the Senate was organized. Then they could debate Bilbo's qualifications. But the plan went awry. From a back row, Idaho's Glen Taylor, onetime tent-show player and singing cowboy, bellowed so loud that the flustered Biffle recognized him. Taylor was against seating Bilbo, he declaimed, but he wanted the Senate to go slow. Taylor talked for an hour while Republicans writhed and members wandered into the cloakroom. Bilbo followed, cackling: "The greatest joke is that this nincompoop, this cowboy named Taylor, stole the whole Republican show." Outside, he ran spang into a group of Negroes. He returned to the

floor to perch on a seat beside Taylor in silent mockery.

When Taylor finished, Overton took the floor. He moved that Bilbo be allowed to take the oath without prejudice. "What you are trying to do here today is take Bilbo by the heels and drag him out that door there and lynch him." The galleries, reflecting on the lynch record in Bilbo's Mississippi, roared.

Overton recalled acidly that Taft had voted to seat North Dakota's Republican "Wild Bill" Langer four years ago, when Langer was accused of "moral turpitude." Taft prodded Overton with an invitation to lay the Bilbo issue aside long enough to let the other Senators-elect take their seats. But Overton and the Southern Democrats aligned with him would not yield. They held the whip hand, they could delay organization indefinitely. They were going down the line for Bilbo.

Filibuster. Taft, to whom Bilbo was "a disgrace to the Senate," was as stubborn as the Southerners. He rejected any proposal to seat Bilbo now and settle the case later. Recalling the Langer case, he said: "I'd never again vote to seat a man until the issue is settled."

The battle wore on. On at least one skirmishing vote ten Democrats of the 30 seated lined up with Republicans. Bilbo, who once sneered that his enemy Taft was "like a young mocking bird—all mouth and no bird," shuffled into an anteroom, shoulders drooping. But the men who, for their various reasons, supported him, dug in. Oklahoma's white-haired Elmer Thomas, blandly suggesting the absence of a quorum, began a filibuster.

Ultimatum. Ferguson raged; Taft grew grim. At last, Taft made himself heard long enough to call first for a recess until noon of the next day (Saturday). Then, he said in cold anger, he would wait until Monday. And then, "if those who are now blocking the organization of the Senate have not changed their minds, I propose to keep the Senate in session to break this. Use of the filibuster on such an occasion for such an inconsequential purpose is so unjustifiable that if you do not change your minds you are going to face a complete change of the rules of this Senate, face a change that will bring about cloture on any subject. We cannot begin a session facing the threat of a filibuster on every measure we may bring up."

Overton growled: "The Senator from Ohio [Taft] is not yet the whole Senate, no matter what he may think about it." South Carolina's Burnet Maybank shouted hoarsely: "After all, Mississippi is a sovereign state." After all, Bilbo was Mississippi's choice. Bilbo slouched at his old desk, clutching his cigar.

Ellender Yields. Hour after hour, next day, the filibuster rolled on. Ellender and New Mexico's Carl Hatch, author of the act under which Bilbo stood accused, excoriated the Republicans. Taft and Ferguson waited. They had served notice that the Senate would be held in session Saturday night, Sunday, continuously thereafter until the filibuster collapsed.

Late in the afternoon there began an unusual scurrying around on the floor. Senators began to gather in huddles. Minority Leader Alben Barkley lumbered over to the Democratic cloakroom door and talked at length with the man who stood there, just inside, nervously flicking at his lips with a handkerchief—Bilbo.

Ellender had the floor. Barkley went and whispered in his ear. Bilbo opened his door a crack so that he could watch. He watched Ellender yield the floor to Barkley, who promised to give it back if Ellender still wanted it "after he has heard what I have to say."

"Until Such Time." Ponderously Barkley said what he had to say. He was sure the Senate wanted to "compose the situation." Bilbo had been a member for twelve years. Now "the Senator-elect from Mississippi is an ill man. He has an infection of the mouth. Physicians pronounced it cancer." Bilbo closed the door.

Harris & Ewing

SENATOR TAYLOR
A joke.

Barkley's voice rumbled on. Bilbo had already had one operation. He had told Barkley the night before that he had to have another.

For the first time in two days the Senate chamber and the crowded galleries were still. Bilbo's colleagues had long been aware of his illness.

Possibly he has "a malignant growth" in one cheek, Barkley continued to explain. At any rate, Mr. Bilbo must return to Mississippi. He might be there as long as two months. "I ask unanimous consent that his credentials lie on the table without prejudice and without action until such time as Mr. Bilbo may return."

Instantly Taft was on his feet to agree. The situation was "composed."

Bilbo shuffled down the corridors. Behind him the Senate, suddenly in jovial humor, began swearing in the rest of its new members. Up to the desk Taft escorted his colleague, John Bricker, who blushed like a June bride.

The Republicans had already selected their majorities for the Senate's reduced number of committees, settling chairmanship rows in the process. The Democrats would soon get around to it, and the Senate would be ready for business.

That evening Bilbo locked the door of his old Senate office and next day headed south for Mississippi, where even the frogs chug his name, and whence, some day, he may—or may not—return.

• • •

The day Senator Bilbo left Washington was, appropriately, a day dedicated to the memory of a great Negro. By act of the 79th Congress, January 5 (the day of his death) had been designated as George Washington Carver Day. The son of a slave, Carver became a world-famed scientist (researches on soil, dehydrated foods, peanuts, plastics, etc.) who had benefited the economy of the entire South. He was a man of whom the U.S. was proud; some day the South would be proud of him too.

Prayer Unanswered

The Senate's good humor (*see above*) did not last long.

As soon as the Chamber was organized, the Republicans began doling out the patronage jobs which fell to them. Out went Senate Secretary Leslie Biffle, to be replaced by sharp-faced Carl Loeffler, who started as a page boy 57 years ago; he had served the Republicans as minority secretary. Biffle will now serve the Democrats as minority secretary.

Then peppery Kenneth Wherry, majority whip, nominated the Rev. Peter Marshall, powerful-speaking Scotsman, pastor of the capital's New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, as the new Senate chaplain.

The Democrats' Barkley deplored such "partisan politics." The incumbent, Dr. Frederick Brown Harris, a Methodist, had served the Senate faithfully for four years. He had opened the session with prayers for harmony.

"I've enjoyed his prayers just as much as anybody," Wherry retorted.

Alabama's Lister Hill said indignantly that Harris had been tossed out without notice, a sorry piece of business.

The Republicans wanted Marshall, New Hampshire's Styles Bridges explained, because he represented the church which Abraham Lincoln had attended.

That got Lister Hill's Southern dander up. He shouted at Bridges: "What you are speaks so loudly I cannot hear what you say you are."

Then the Rev. Mr. Marshall was elected chaplain by the Republican majority.

Brisk Business

Compared with the Senate, the House was little more than a minor sideshow. Nobody bothered to watch it organize, except members' families and a few sightseers turned away from the big top at the other end of the Capitol. For the first time, the routine was televised (*see* RADIO); Harry Truman saw it on a ten-inch screen beside his desk.

There was a little clowning before the opening. Ohio's George H. Bender gave each of his G.O.P. colleagues a new broom tagged: "Here's yours—let's do the job." But when the gavel fell, the House put on its best party manners.

As planned long in advance, the House chose Massachusetts' Joseph William Martin Jr. as its 45th Speaker. It was a straight party vote (244 to 182). Retiring Speaker Sam Rayburn paid his successor a compliment: he is "a friend of mankind, a man of unquestioned character, of demonstrated ability, with a great, fine heart." Then Sam Rayburn broke precedent, swallowed his pride and reverted to the minority leadership.

To oppose him as majority leader the G.O.P. quickly put in Indiana's Charles Halleck, who was once a Willkieite but has steadily become more conservative. Halleck's designation was a clear snub to the Taft forces in Congress, but it was not the clean-cut Dewey victory which some observers seemed to think. Tom Dewey had merely jumped on the Halleck bandwagon after it was well ahead.

The good faith of the House was promptly tested and proved. Speaker Martin crushed an attempt by one of his own party, New York's professorial W. Sterling Cole, to upset the streamlined rules provided in the La Follette-Monroney Reorganization Act. It was a good omen. The new rules stand; House committees are cut from 48 to 19.

Minnesota's beefy Harold Knutson then introduced the first bill: his pet project to cut 20% off taxes on personal incomes up to $302,000, and 10½% above that. In quick succession came revised versions of the Case bill to clip the powers of labor, and a measure by Michigan's anti-labor Clare Hoffman to throw out portal-to-portal pay suits (*see* BUSINESS), even those already pending.

The House was ready for work.

Acme

INDIANA'S HALLECK
A snub.

THE PRESIDENCY

No Cheers, No Jeers

A President about to address a new Congress has a threefold problem: he must be firm but not insulting, must recommend without demanding, must be conciliatory but not abject—in short, he must present the best illustration possible of how the executive and legislative departments should work together in a democracy. When the President is of one party and the Congress of another, the problem is intensified.

As he prepared his State of the Union message, Harry Truman was well aware of this problem. For more than a month he had shunted aside most other business while he consulted secretaries, statisticians, counselors and Cabinet members about the speech. His amazing confidence was still unflagging;* White House aides predicted that it would turn out to be a good speech.

But this week, as, standing on the rostrum of the House, he delivered the fruit of all this husbandry to a joint session of Congress, it was clear that Harry Truman had been the victim of too much conferring, too much polishing, too much looking over his shoulder at his critics. By the time he was finished, it was apparent that he could have delivered his message in either the Union League Club or a union hall, without getting many cheers or jeers in either place.

Lick & Promise. To a nation which had demanded a change in policy he offered scarcely any policy at all. Instead of specific remedies for the nation's problems, he produced mainly a vaguely worded collection of generalities which implicitly invited Congress to do as it pleased.

Some major matters he avoided completely. There was no mention of portal-to-portal pay, of income-tax reductions, of such an old troublemaker as FEPC. Foreign policy and foreign trade he dismissed with a lick & a promise—and an aside on "the difficulty of reaching agreement with the Soviet Union on the terms of [peace] settlement." One of his few specific requests was for the continuation of war excise tax rates—which he himself had just lifted by abruptly announcing the termination of hostilities (*see below*).

* The Gallup poll reported this week that his popularity had risen three points from its pre-election low of 32%.

Associated Press

MINNESOTA'S KNUTSON
A cut.

Labor was the hottest issue, and Harry Truman handled it with gloves. He asked for legislation to outlaw jurisdictional strikes and their secondary boycotts. Since even most labor leaders want the same thing, that was like coming out against sin. He wanted better federal mediation machinery to stop strikes, and increased social legislation to "alleviate the causes of workers' insecurity."

Friends of labor could take comfort from some words: "We must not, in order to punish a few labor leaders, pass vindictive laws which will restrict the proper rights of the rank & file of labor." But his proposal that a joint congressional-presidential commission be set up to draft labor legislation was opening the door to another Case Bill—since that is exactly what G.O.P. congressional members would demand.

Words & Tools. Nowhere did the President seem more anxious to pass on the burden of decision than in his precipitous retreat from wartime controls. Said he of the economy in general: "Private enterprise must be given the greatest possible freedom to continue the expansion of our economy." Said he of housing: "The primary responsibility to deliver housing at reasonable prices that veterans can afford rests with private industry and labor."

Dutifully he ticked off the fields where Congress would be required to work. Rarely did he provide the tools. He promised to balance the budget, and hoped, with a smile, "that the Congress will cooperate in this program of economy." He said that

the nation's agricultural objective should be "a balanced pattern of peacetime production without either undue sacrifice by farm people or undue expense to the Government." He got some of his loudest applause of the day when he called for the maintenance of adequate defense, reminding Congress that he still wanted merger and universal military training.

He said, of course, that he wanted to cooperate with Congress and hoped that Congress would return the compliment. But by his lack of specifics and the dull roundness of his words, he had virtually abdicated in Congress' favor.

Roger Coster—Rapho-Guillumette

MODEL & LUXURIES
The top layer was peeled off.

Hostilities' End

G.O.P. Congressmen had vowed that one of their first acts would be to divest Harry Truman of many of his wartime powers. But on the last day of the old year Harry Truman did it himself. He declared "the cessation of hostilities."

His sudden action meant the end of 51 laws, although actually it was only a beginning in the process of dismantling the machinery of war. Selective Service still remained. Nearly 500 emergency control measures—covering everything from butter substitutes for patients at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., to death sentences for deserters—still stand. Before the U.S. has been restored to a full peacetime basis, the President (or Congress) must terminate the states of "limited emergency" and "unlimited emergency"; and Congress must terminate the "state of war."

For Luxury Lovers. Last week's action did peel off (as of July 1) the top layer of taxes on luxury goods, amusements, communications and railway berths —taxes which have cost U.S. citizens an annual $1.2 billion since they were slapped on by the 1943 wartime Revenue Act. Chiefly this was a New Year's present to luxury-loving Americans.

A natural wild mink coat, on sale after Christmas for $3,300 (with a 20% tax), would sell for $3,025 (with only a 10% tax). A half-ounce bottle of Chanel No. 5, now costing $12 with tax, would cost $11. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Monday nights at the Met would cost her $1,221 a season instead of $1,320. A bottle of bonded bourbon, now selling for $6.90, would cost 60¢ less.

For the housewife it didn't mean much. The tax on electric light bulbs was cut from 20% to 5%; on local telephone calls, from 15% to 10%; on railway and plane tickets, from 15% to 10%. But existing federal taxes, not touched by last week's action, would still add 7¢ to the cost of a pack of cigarets, 10% to the cost of radios, phonographs, electric appliances, etc.

And one of the things Harry Truman recommended in his State of the Union speech was that Congress put the excise tax right back.

For Farmers & Labor. To farmers, the "cessation of hostilities" meant the end, on Dec. 31, 1948, of certain farm subsidies. These subsidies, designed to protect farmers who expanded during the war from a postwar collapse, are based on the abracadabra of "parity." They have already cost the Government $80 million for potatoes, which were luxuriantly overproduced in the past year. A few more such bumper harvests in protected commodities might cost the Government $1.5 to $2 billion a year.

Most importantly, perhaps, the proclamation ended the President's power to seize private property under the Smith-Connally act. Termination of the act means that the Government can no longer take over a strike-bound plant as a means of settling a labor dispute. And six months hence, the Government must get out of any private industry it is now operating; *e.g.*, the soft coal mines and the Great Lakes tugs.

Having divested himself of this power, the President—as on the question of excise taxes—turned the matter over to Congress. He invited Republican legislators to find some other device for breaking industrial deadlocks.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Atomic Diplomacy

For more than nine months, Bernard Baruch, perennial adviser to Presidents, had devoted himself to synthesizing an atomic energy policy for the U.S. and getting it approved by the U.N. As always, he had flanked himself with able and distinguished aides who, like himself, took no pay. By & large, Baruch had been enormously effective. With only Russia and Poland abstaining, the U.N. Atomic Energy Commission had adopted the Baruch plan (TIME, Jan. 6), passed it up to the Security Council, where the veto question must finally be faced.

Though much had been done, there was much more still to do. But last week Baruch quit the team, turned in his suit and took his best men with him. He told Harry Truman that his task was fulfilled. From here on, he thought, it would be better for the U.S. to be represented by the same delegate on both the Security Council and the Atomic Energy Commission. That man would be Vermont's earnest ex-Senator Warren Austin.

Though good neighbors and better friends, Secretary of State Byrnes and Elder Statesman Baruch had differed over emphasis on abolition of the veto in atomic matters. Baruch had insisted that it must be abolished; Jimmy Byrnes did not think it was all-important. Now Warren Austin would execute the policy, taking his cue from Byrnes.

For those who must carry on where he

left off, and write a binding treaty, Baruch declared: "A way has been found and pointed out to control atomic energy for peace and prevent its use for war. The way is marked by buoys and lighthouses showing clearly the dangers and how to avoid them. . . . The treaty . . . must contain all, not parts of the program. Otherwise mankind will be deluded into a false sense of security. The dangers are great, but the way is clear if man but wills it so."

HISTORICAL NOTES

After Pepys

Some of the early New Dealers made names for themselves. Henry Morgenthau Jr. made notes. When at last he was eased out of the Treasury in July, 1945, he took his candid diary with him—all 250,000 pages of it.

Many another man in public life had saved scraps of paper as the basis for memoirs. But never had such a man squirreled away so great a hoard of data against the long, cold winter of private life. By last week, 872 black-bound volumes, averaging 300 pages apiece, lined three walls of Morgenthau's Manhattan office. A stack of material still unbound would run the collection to 900 volumes. Even a cipher-happy New Dealer could only guess at the word count—perhaps 60,000,000.

Henry the Morgue had started his journalizing in a small way. At first he just kept copies of important letters, memoranda of meetings with the President, texts of his speeches. The whole year of 1934 took up only two volumes.

Gradually Morgenthau made the record more complete. He included photostats of thousands of letters, transcripts of press conferences, speech drafts with changes in the President's hand, recorded conversations of every official phone call. (Of telephone talks with the President, the Secretary recorded only his own side.) He either dictated, or wrote in his own barely legible hand, an account of Cabinet meetings and all his dealings with Roosevelt. Each war year takes 100 volumes or more.

Alfred Eisenstaedt-Pix

HENRY MORGENTHAU JR.
Out of the past.

Enough for All. Now gaunt, grey and ailing, Morgenthau has hired researchers to sift and summarize his giant diary. Last week one of them, Jonathan Grossman, a young (31) history instructor at New York's City College, gave the American Historical Association some revelations from the early years:

¶ When the dollar price of gold was being forced up in 1933, the daily quotation was set by the President in a bedside conference with Morgenthau and RFChairman Jesse Jones; the figures were often arbitrary, and once the President agreed to a 21¢ boost because "it's a lucky number—it's three times seven."

¶ When F.D.R. got ready to fire Dean Acheson, then Under Secretary of the Treasury and now Under Secretary of State, he called him "a lightweight." He always referred to Montagu Norman, bearded, longtime Governor of the Bank of England, as "Old Pink-Whiskers."

"On the whole," says Grossman, Morgenthau "emerges from the record as an excellent Secretary of the Treasury and Mr. Roosevelt emerges as a great President. But there is sufficient in the diary to lessen the reputation of many important men and to provide a field day for Mr. Roosevelt's bitter opponents."

Associated Press

GENERAL EISENHOWER AT PRATT GENERAL HOSPITAL
Into the future.

POLITICAL NOTES

Artful Dodger

When White House jester George Allen saw an Eisenhower-for-President story in the papers, he lost no time writing his good friend Ike a little note: "How does it feel to be a presidential candidate?" Ike merely scrawled across the bottom of Allen's note: "Baloney! . . . I furiously object to the word 'candidate.' I ain't and won't be." That was in 1943, Ike was in England, and D-day was still eight months away.

But by last week the Eisenhower bandwagon, having been given a pull here and a push there, was beginning to roll. "Ike for President" buttons were sprouting in growing numbers. George Allen, whose first loyalty is to Harry Truman, was anxiously stamping out rumors that he had his shoulder to the wheel, that he was even starting to work on an Eisenhower campaign fund. Then, on the day before New Year's, while General Ike was vacationing in Florida with his wife, Cissie Patterson's Washington *Times Herald*—which likes a sensation—gave the wagon a hefty shove.

Under a splashing eight-column headline it reported that Ike had told fishing companions he was ready for a draft call. The *Times Herald* quoted Ike: "I will run for President if the people of the country want me to run."

Angrily Ike tried to slam on the brakes. Said he to a Florida newsman: "You know it's a lie. I never said anything of the kind." But then his foot slipped on the pedal. His next words sounded more like a dodge than an answer: "A man

Associated Press

F.D.R. JR., ELEANOR ROOSEVELT, LEON HENDERSON
One begged off.

with no party affiliation could not even discuss running for President."

Three days later, he sounded even less convincing. On an inspection trip to the Pratt General Hospital at Coral Gables, he said that talk of his political future "is not good for the great organization I command."

Neither were Ike's denials good enough to convince skeptical Democratic and Republican politicos. Until they got a more emphatic brushoff, the professionals would lump him in with such other artful dodgers as Bob Taft, Tom Dewey and Harry Truman.

"We Reject"

Not all members of the U.S. political Left were impressed by the gleaming pink façade of Henry Wallace's hybrid Progressive Citizens of America (TIME, Jan. 6). In Washington last week 150-odd intellectuals, labor leaders and New Deal disciples got together to form a new organization of their own. They had been called together by the Union for Democratic Action, a militant pressure group of ardent "liberals."

After an evening of warm-up speeches, they went into closed session in the Willard Hotel's Congressional Room. When they emerged they had a name (Americans for Democratic Action), a bankroll ($9,300), and a 25-man organizing committee, loaded with headline names: labor leaders Walter Reuther and Dave Dubinsky; A.V.C.'s chairman and Rhodes Scholar Charles Bolte; ex-OWI Boss Elmer Davis; U.D.A.'s Chairman Reinhold Niebuhr; Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr. (Eleanor Roosevelt was present, but she begged off serving on the committee). As co-chairmen, the committeemen picked old New Dealer Leon Henderson and ex-Housing Expediter Wilson Wyatt.

Then A.D.A. issued a manifesto which distinctly set it apart from the PCAsters and other left-wingers who fear the tag of Red-baiting more than they fear the Reds themselves. Said A.D.A., with a defiant glance at P.C.A.: "We reject any association with Communists or sympathizers with Communism in the U.S. as completely as we reject any association with Fascists or their sympathizers."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

End of a Mission

For more than a month George Catlett Marshall had stood by in China, awaiting release from his year-long mission: to mediate a compromise conclusion of China's civil war. This week President Truman recalled him to Washington. The official reason: "to report in person the situation in China." The real reason: to pave the way for resumption of normal diplomatic relations with Nanking.

General Marshall himself gave the signal for his return. His delicate tasks had won him respect and affection from both Communist and Kuomintang leaders, but his mission had been almost hopeless from the start. In recent months, it had been put beyond the pale of possibility by Nationalist military successes and the stubbornness of China's Communists. Still, George Marshall, the good soldier, wanted to see it through. When China's new constitution was signed and sealed a fortnight ago, his mission was over.

• • •

The U.S. made another move on the Far Eastern chessboard. In a quietly firm note to Moscow and Nanking, it asked for a speedy end to Soviet control of the Chinese port of Dairen and the Chinese Changchun Railway—and a speedy reopening of both to world traffic.

TRANSPORT

Fatal Statistics

In 1946, U.S. scheduled airlines carried 14,000,000 passengers a total of 7,000,000,000 miles—a record. They also killed more passengers than ever before: 75 in the U.S., 4 overseas,* in eight crashes. From these figures the air passenger of 1947 could take this small comfort: it worked out at one death for 60,000,000 passenger-miles. And this was much better than in previous years.

Even railroads, which once boasted of a year's operation with but a single passenger killed, found wartime wear & tear on equipment, compounded by employe negligence, showing in the fatal statistics: in seven accidents, 66 killed.

The airlines' heavier death toll had been caused by more traffic, and more congestion at airports (many of them inadequate). One hope of betterment lay in the fact that "ground-controlled approach," in which radar is used to guide a pilot on to a field he cannot see, was being installed at New York, Chicago and Washington airports. Pan American Airways had put it in at Gander, Newfoundland (after a Belgian airliner crashed there, killing 27). If used at all large airports, G.C.A. might cut airline fatalities in half.

Hit the Beach

With heavy weather across the land this week, airlines were in deep trouble.

American Airlines confidently thought that Pilot John E. Boothe could push his scheduled DC-3 flight through from New York to Los Angeles. He got in & out of Baltimore all right, but Washington was shrouded in swirling snow. Refused permission to land, Boothe took his 13 passengers in search of an open airfield. By the time he got back to Baltimore, that was closed. Philadelphia soon shut down. So did New York. Boothe thought of trying Westover, Mass.

But by then he was running out of gas. Droning low over the south shore of Long Island, fearful that he would have to ditch in the Atlantic, Boothe saw a white strip beneath him. He had only five minutes' gas supply left when he leveled off over the deserted sands of Jones Beach, made a belly landing. He and the copilot were cut and shaken up; no one else was hurt, but the ship was wrecked. G.C.A. (*see above*) might have saved that one.

Not so fortunate were the crew and passengers of a charter plane flying from Miami to Newark the same night. Trying for an emergency landing in southern New Jersey, Pilot Robert Sheker could not see the field, crashed in a patch of woods. Three were killed, 19 hurt.

* But there was no dearth of overseas voyagers. New York's LaGuardia Field in one day last week cleared a record 43 transatlantic flights with 1,143 passengers.

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

Notes on U.S. habits, customs, manners & morals, as reported in the U.S. press last week:

¶ In Louisville, a reformed gambler announced the organization of "Gamblers Anonymous," patterned on "Alcoholics Anonymous." He asked that his name be withheld.

¶ In New York, an official of a waiters' union complained that tips had shrunk sharply since OPA ended. Said he: "The customers are taking out their resentment against the higher price of food on the employes."

¶ The National Safety Council reported that the 1946 traffic toll would be about 34,000 killed—5,000 more than the year before but still less than the record 39,969 killed in 1941.

¶ To New York came a new vocation—dog sitting. When friends leave for country weekends, Musician Phil Davis and wife move in and take care of the dogs, meanwhile enjoying the change from their own cramped apartment. "Most of the dogs have their own little routines and you have to follow them just so," said Sitter Davis. "If you don't . . . you have a little mopping to do."

¶ To *Vogue's* readers, Martha Krock, onetime society reporter, now the wife of New York *Times* Columnist Arthur Krock, divulged the distilled wisdom of a veteran Washington hostess. The advice: "Don't give cocktail parties. . . . Of all things dedicated to spoil the evening to come, the cocktail party ranks first." But if you must, "don't serve those awful little monsters known as canapés," and avoid mobs.

CRIME

The Camera Eye

When this dark young guy gave her the long look in a New York subway car, something happened to blonde, empty-headed Pearl Lusk. Here was Mr. Excitement in person—sharp, smiling, hefty; a lonesome Latin with a George Raft face, and a slow burn in his eye. The minute 19-year-old Pearl saw him, she began to feel pleasantly jittery.

The dark man said his name was Allen La Rue. Over drinks, he told Pearl that he was an insurance detective. He was after one jewel thief in particular—a woman he said toted her loot in a hip-belt under her dress. Somehow, he had to catch her with the jewels on her.

A couple of weeks, and many dates later, La Rue told Pearl that if he could just get a picture of this loot with a powerful X-ray camera he had, he could run the dame in and collect a big bonus. By the time he dropped Pearl at her pink-curtained, $5-a-week room on Manhattan's grimy West Side, La Rue had asked how she would like to take the picture.

Jobless, not-too-bright Pearl Lusk was thrilled.

La Rue took Pearl to an office where the jewel woman worked as a secretary, and pointed her out. She was slim, dark and glamorous. Pearl studied her face, as the detectives do in the cheap detective-story magazines. Later she began to shadow the woman.

Snap that Shutter. When she had the route cold, La Rue gave her the X-ray camera: a contraption about as long as a shoebox and camouflaged in Christmas paper. Pearl tried it out on the woman as she left her office, pulling the wire that clicked the shutter. But La Rue said the picture was no good. He would improve the camera, he said, and make it "super-X-ray."

Pearl never bothered to ask La Rue who the jewel thief was. But La Rue could have told her. In the days when he used his real name, Al Rocco, he had married the pretty secretary, gone to live with her in her parents' home in Brooklyn. They had no trouble until his wife began to grill him about his past (he had served a year for car theft). Then she sent him packing.

Week after week, Rocco had called his wife's office to threaten her. He hung like a shadow around her home neighborhood. One day he poked a gun in her ribs, drove her to a mountain resort where he kept her stripped for three days. He pleaded to let him come back. She refused. One day, a shot ripped through the kitchen window of his wife's home and hit her in the thigh.

Follow that Woman. When he gave Pearl the new camera he had made, Rocco-La Rue told Pearl to go to Brooklyn and follow the jewel woman on her way to work. For Pearl the subway ride was more thrilling than anything she had ever read. She went over her instructions—wait until the train reaches Manhattan's Times Square Station, then shoot the picture at hip level, and beat it.

The new camera was longer and heavier than the first one. Under the Christmas wrapping, Pearl could feel that it had a trigger attachment instead of a string to click the shutter. She gripped the stock hard as the train clattered into the station.

When the jewel woman stepped out onto the jammed platform, Pearl was three steps behind her. She walked steadily, one, two, three, then dropped to one knee and pulled the camera trigger.

Instead of a click, there was a blast which echoed down the great tubes. While Pearl stood frozen, people began running, yelling, and pointing to her Christmas-wrapped camera (which police later found to be two long wooden boxes with a sawed-off shotgun wired between). Slowly, stupidly, Pearl walked up to the dark woman who lay in a widening pool of blood.

"I took a picture and a gun went off," she mumbled.

Mrs. Rocco did not answer her. She was muttering to herself: "He can have me now if he wants me."

But Mr. Rocco would not be wanting anyone. While his wife lay in a Manhattan hospital with her leg amputated, and Pearl remained in police custody, detectives combed the state for him. After five days they flushed him, crouching in a sleeping bag near a farmhouse in the Catskills. He opened fire with a German automatic. Moments later, Mr. Excitement was dead, with nine slugs in him.

International

THE ROCCOS — PEARL LUSK

One, two, three . . .

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

Painful Surprise

Every so often Americans become aware that much of the rest of the world intensely dislikes them. This surprises and sometimes pains them acutely, especially since they complacently believe that their unique record of staggering charities to the rest of the world should forever replenish that "reservoir of good will" which Wendell Willkie used to talk about.

For months the level of the reservoir has been slowly dropping. Last week's readings on the good-will gauge were disturbing.

Placards, Stickers, Speeches. The most conspicuous demonstrations of ill will came from China. At Shanghai, Peiping and Nanking, thousands of Chinese students marched with anti-U.S. placards, shouted anti-U.S. slogans, listened to get-out-of-China speeches, pasted U.S. automobiles (including TIME Correspondent Frederick Gruin's) with anti-U.S. stickers. At Shanghai Americans were attacked.

Undoubtedly later demonstrations were touched off by Communists, using as provocation the alleged rape (by two U.S. Marines) of a Chinese student in Peiping. This episode touched one important part of the problem.

Never before in history has the U.S. had so many thousands of ambassadors abroad—all of them in official uniform. Never before have Europeans, in particular, taken so close a look at the U.S. nation in arms.

Flowers & Prayers. The French looked first. A few months after they had showered their U.S. liberators with flowers, they were praying for them to go home. Germans had reason to be grateful for the simple, human, unofficial compassion of thousands of G.I.s; but there had been rape, widespread looting and disorderliness. What was worse, most Europeans got the impression from extensive U.S. Army black marketing that most Americans will do anything for money. Nor could the billeting of U.S. officers' families in comfortable houses amidst a ruined people (quite justified) fail to cause ill will. The stare with which the children of the conquerors confronted the children of the conquered (*see cut*) might be prolonged uncomfortably for generations.

Walter Sanders-LIFE

FACE TO FACE (IN BERLIN)
The stare might last for generations.

But no one knows better than experienced Europeans that all armies misbehave and profit where they can. There is nothing peculiarly American in that. Most nations dislike other nations. The recipients of charity forever dislike their benefactors.

Dislike of America ran much deeper than any of those things. It struck at that point where Americans were serenely sure of their power but pathetically unsure of their historic mission.

Americans were just beginning to realize that with the power came chastening responsibilities. They had inherited the stabilizing role—but not the territory—of the British Empire. Furthermore, the collapse of Europe's once great power made it no longer feasible to look to that continent as the guardian of a civilization called European, or Western; the U.S. had become the heir of Athens and Rome simply because it was the only nation able to carry out the function of a trustee. In a trustee, good will and generosity are not enough; he must also exercise with requisite vigor the authority of his office.

The world's fear of the future derived not from U.S. intervention but from the world's belief that the U.S. had not fully accepted the responsibilities of leadership. Out of this fear came the world's disdainful dislike of Americans, whom it regarded as too half-hearted and too frivolous for fiduciary duties. The world really did not want the U.S. to "get out." It wanted the U.S. to come in with a sober sense of national destiny.

ECONOMICS

The Age of the Cigaret

Wherever there were Americans, Europe had a new medium of exchange, subject to all the lamentable fluctuations that affect legal tender. The medium: cigarets.

In Italy the departure of U.S. troops had cut the supply of cigarets to the point where a cigaret currency crisis had set in. The value of a carton was as erratic as that of a lira. Enterprising Italians were doing their best to restabilize by "importing" cigarets by mass smuggling.

In France, where smuggling was somewhat less effective, cigarets (worth $15 U.S. a carton) were an international language. One Salazar Teofilo, a young Spaniard, was arrested last week while doing a land-office cigaret business in the semi-darkness of the Strasbourg-St. Denis métro station. Police soon discovered that Teofilo did not speak one word of French. Through an interpreter they learned that he had entered France clandestinely from Spain five months ago, had grossed 60,000 francs ($500) a week on the magic of the only three words he knew outside his native Spanish: "Camels, Luckies, Chesterfields."

In Austria, a year ago, a carton of cigarets had been worth $100, and comfortable Vienna apartments had rented for two packs a month. A carton was still worth $15. But last week the Austrian Government had the schilling so well under control that real money was driv-

ing out cigaret currency. Americans in Austria still use cigarets as their standard tips.

***Stummel* Snipers.** In Germany, the cigaret had opened new vistas of financiering for both victor and vanquished. For a few cartons Americans could furnish their apartments, buy exquisite furs and Leica cameras. German workers found it more profitable to take their daily pay in a handful of cigarets than a fistful of marks. But at $140 a carton, no German could afford to smoke his cigarets. Instead, he sniped *stummels* (butts), which were valued from 3¢ upwards, depending on length.

Last August, to curb blatant cigaret trading, Lieut. General Lucius D. Clay, then Deputy Military Governor, opened a legal barter center in Berlin's swank Dahlem district. Through one door, Americans swarmed with their cartons. Through another, Berliners brought their bric-a-brac, silver, china, cameras, radios, furs; the cigarets the Germans got in exchange bought food and clothing on Berlin's black market.

Fortnight ago Clay, heeding an investigating committee's advice that he was "encouraging the development of a secondary currency which threatens to become a primary currency," ordered an end to cigaret trading at the barter center by mid-January. Last week G.I.s and Berliners scurried to make their last legal trades before the deadline. But Clay had left one loophole; he had considered it impractical to ban importation of cigarets by mail. While that source remained open, cigarets would continue to be Germany's currency.

PERIPATETICS

The Soviet Phenomenon

One distinction cannot be denied the Soviet Union: it is the only country in the world whose civil servants keep darting out of the night, shouting that the Russian secret police are at their heels and that they are in danger of assassination. The latest escapist in this series* is Kirill M. Alexeev, for the last two years acting commercial attaché of the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City, before that an engineer who had constructed important war plants in Russia.

From an undisclosed address in the U.S., where he was hiding with his wife and two children, Alexeev last week issued a brief statement: "All my life I have . . . worked for the Russian people. . . . But

Keystone

JENFERKSEN & FRIEND
History is sunrise and sunset.

it has become clear to me that my work, like that of the whole Russian people, is beneficial to the Soviet regime and not to themselves. No nation is more exploited or rather enslaved. . . . Millions of guiltless men . . . have been put into concentration camps. . . . Actually, the entire Soviet Union is a concentration camp. . . . Even men belonging to the closest entourage of the dictator do not feel safe. . . . This is why the great majority of the Russian people hate the Soviet regime. . . . And this is the reason why I cannot return to my homeland and doom my family."

Leo Rosenthal-Pix

PROFESSOR S. P. ALEXANDROV
Free will?

Formerly, in such cases, Soviet officials abroad used to deny that they knew anything about the fugitive or declare that he was a person of no importance whatever. Meanwhile, the local Communist press reported that he was a thief, a blackmailer, a spy, etc. This time, the Russian Government charged Alexeev with embezzlement and treason, demanded that the U.S. Government turn him over for trial in Russia. This concern led observers to conclude that Fugitive Alexeev was a somewhat bigger bug than he himself had admitted, and that his comments on Soviet life and notables might prove interesting.

One of them was promptly forthcoming. It concerned Professor S. P. Alexandrov, Soviet adviser to the Soviet delegation to the Atomic Energy Commission. Said Alexeev: "It was hardly of his own free will that Professor Alexandrov, known in America, a prominent expert in metallurgy and former director of the Institute of Non-Ferrous Metals, accepted in 1936 the job of chief engineer of the GULAG (Department of Concentration Camps)."

Deer & Men

How could the mild-eyed creatures know, munching their hay in the ship's hold, that they were a token in a play of forces called history? History to a reindeer is the rising and the setting sun, begetting and dying, the north- and southward seasonal flight of birds. How could the two deer know that if a man named Hitler had never been born, if there had never occurred that crisis of European civilization one of whose phases is called Naziism, if the Germans had never invaded Norway, if the British had not come to help, they would still be nuzzlers of Lapland lichens in subarctic Norway, instead of the week's most curious travelers?

The two reindeer were a present from Major General Arne Dahl, commander of the Norwegian Army of the North, to the London Zoo. They had already traveled from Alta to Bergen, and had rocked along (their six stomachs somewhat queasy) from Bergen to Newcastle on the *S.S. Jupiter*, then by rail from Newcastle to London.

But the deer were not quite alone in the strange world of ships, railroads and medical inspection. Someone watched over them. Attending to their simple diet and deerish comfort was one Jenferksen, General Dahl's Lappish batman (*see cut*). He would stay with them until, after 28 days of quarantine, the deer were exposed to the stares of Zoo-goers—a token of Norway's gratitude for Britain's aid.

But almost as incomprehensible as history is the fact that nations are sometimes grateful, and that their gratitude takes (to deer) peculiar (and, as human beings say of themselves) all too human forms.

* Some others: Alexander Barmine (former Soviet chargé d'affaires in Athens, now a U.S. citizen); Victor Kravchenko (former member of the Soviet Purchasing Commission in Washington); Fedor F. Raskolnikov (former Soviet minister to Bulgaria, died in suspicious circumstances on the French Riviera); Walter G. Krivitsky (former chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in Western Europe, died in suspicious circumstances in Washington); Ignace Reiss (former assistant chief of Soviet Military Intelligence in Central Europe, murdered in Switzerland).

FOREIGN NEWS

EUROPE

Battle for France

The U.S. prepared to engage Russia in the Battle for Germany (at Moscow in March). But last week the Battle for France, also an important sector of the Battle for Europe, was well on the way to being lost. Arthur Koestler, brilliant novelist (*Darkness at Noon*) and acute observer of European affairs, reported (in the N.Y. *Times* Sunday magazine) what he had just seen in France. His report read like an obituary of Europe's hopes.

The most conspicuously shocking fact was that on the surface, French political life in the Third and Fourth Republics seemed so much the same. There was the same game of parliamentary puss-in-corner, the same Cabinet crises, elections, party coalitions.

But underneath, forces of seismic change gathered strength. They were all the more eerie because most Frenchmen, exhausted by two titanic struggles in one lifetime, simply refused to face a third.

But three facts were inescapable:

¶ France had lost her national sovereignty; she was unable to defend her frontiers.

¶ The strongest party in France, the Communist Party, asserted unabashed allegiance to a foreign power (Russia).

¶ The French Government had lost its internal sovereignty. No French Government could remain in power even for a few days against a strike by the C.G.T., the Communist-controlled, all-powerful central labor federation.

Said one Socialist Deputy: "If the Communist Party decides to take over France, they can do it by telephone." The Communists were not prepared to do so at once. They preferred to wait and undermine the last vestiges of sovereign government in France. France, said Koestler, "has become a Troy, with the wooden horse standing on a pedestal in the market place; the children pat it on the nose, and the grown-ups, who know better, do the same, with an embarrassed laugh, pretending not to hear the ominous noises in its belly."

European

COMMUNIST DUCLOS
Unmistakably the master.

International

SOCIALIST CABINET
Unmistakably the defeated.

Highlights of History. Two recent pictures, little highlights of history, illustrate Koestler's meaning. One shows Communist boss Jacques Duclos (*see cut*) bouncing out of his first conference with new Premier Léon Blum. Duclos is unmistakably the master, a rotund figure of smug and pregnant power. The other picture shows France's new Socialist Cabinet. On the eve of taking office, they are just as unmistakably the defeated—pathetic shadows, human ciphers called to the semblance of power, but denied even the illusion of political effectiveness. For, says Koestler, "the French Socialists have lost both their courage and their following. . . ."

A Gaullist coup might be one way out. But, like a Communist coup, that would mean civil war, and millions of leftist Frenchmen would refuse to fight for it.

Koestler's only hope, more a counsel of despair than a hope, is for a West European federation—including France, the Low Countries, a de-Francoed Spain, Italy, the Rhine province, the Saar (which France, without Big Three permission, in effect separated from Germany last fortnight with a customs cordon). "This," wrote Koestler, "is not the occasion to discuss the merits and demerits of such a plan; I mention it merely to avoid closing on a note of despair. For so desperate has the situation in Europe become that pessimism, like defeatism in times of war, is no longer permissible."

GREAT BRITAIN

Happy New Year

British law, in its impartial majesty, forbids members of Parliament to include on their franked mail indecent slogans as well as those exciting sumptuary or religious passions. Therefore, Labor members were indignant last week when they discovered that Conservative members were franking a slogan not clearly covered by law but clearly not cricket: "Happy New Year and a new government soon." The Laborites protested. The Tories promised to desist.

Splendid Revival

The 27th Chelsea Arts Ball (the first since 1938) was a blockbuster—Britain's noisiest, rowdiest and most splendidly raucous big binge since the war. For the evening, austere Britons removed the pipes from their mouths and dressed themselves as anything, from Roman invaders to the Marx brothers. The ladies favored near-nudity, though a handful of sartorial reactionaries came in 18th Century court dress. One man, recently returned from Washington war chores, just wore a seersucker suit with a red sash and a blinding orange tie he had been given by U.S. Steel President Ben Fairless.

Individual tickets sold for three guineas in early sales. But prices jumped to five guineas during the week. Boxes in the three tiers around the dance floor ranged from 15 to 40 guineas. For weeks in advance everyone talked about getting drunk, and by the time the three bands stopped playing at 5 a.m., most of the 5,000 revelers had succeeded. Twenty-two bars serviced the drinkers with bad champagne at top prices (three guineas), 1,500 chickens, thousands of *pâtés* and sausage rolls. A contingent of Burmese Territorials dressed as Tower of London beefeaters, aided by two complete Rugby teams disguised as guests, kept fairly

good order. Deftly they eased out over-obstreperous or overtly amorous celebrants of both sexes.

Phoenix to Floats. The principal decoration was a 15-foot phoenix in the middle of the dance floor, contrived out of wood and paper by Royal Academician Frank Dobson. Around it were parked half a dozen floats run up by various groups during the evening. At midnight the lights in the hall went out and blue spots played down dramatically from the four corners of the hall onto the phoenix, whose wings began flapping while its green eyes blazed. As the band played *Auld Lang Syne,* Big Ben's chimes were piped over the loudspeakers. Onto the crowded floor marched a file of Irish bagpipers, each playing a different tune, and followed cacophonously by a swaying, cheering chain of drunks. Several floats joined the procession, but only one created much impression. It carried, along with half a dozen sylphs in cheesecloth, two hefty, blowzy nudes, obviously an impromptu inspiration.

There were several versions of what happened next. According to one, the nudes simply giggled, waved to friends, acknowledged admiring whistles, and claimed that their drunken friends had forgotten to bring their costumes. In a gesture of respectability the police took their names, but did not bother to turn them in. At the end of the parade, the float was pulled over and the girls grabbed by gallant or lecherous onlookers in the mob.

According to another version, the nudes appeared on a float labeled "For Export Only"—a reference to the fact that Britain's consumer-goods factories produce chiefly for export. A guest, inflamed by politics or alcohol, attacked the float. The crowd surged in. The float was upset. The girls were heaped on the floor. The fights began.

Whatever actually happened, one Valentine Dyall, 38, next day was fined £3. 10s. for hitting a policeman.

Said Dyall, calling the magistrate's attention to his shiner: "I found myself with this. I asked a man if he had done it, and he replied: 'Probably,' with a rather happy look. Then the trouble started. . . ."

Everybody agreed that the Ball had been a splendid revival of a splendid institution.

GERMANY

Shifts

The man who has really been running the show in U.S.-occupied Germany is smooth, hard-working Lieut. General Lucius D. Clay, whose title has been Deputy Military Governor. This week he got the headman's title too. The U.S. War Department sent General Joseph T. McNarney to the U.N. Military Staff Committee and made Clay commanding general of U.S. troops in Europe and commander in chief of U.S. occupation forces in Germany.

At the same time General Mark W. Clark, who has carried out U.S. policy in Austria in fact as well as title, got a new assistant, Lieut. General Geoffrey Keyes. After the Austrian treaty discussions in Moscow next March, where Clark will act as deputy for Secretary of State Byrnes, Keyes will succeed Clark in Vienna.

FRANCE

Murder, My Pet?

In the Gare de Lyon flashbulbs flared. Newshawks elbowed each other to catch a glimpse of the glamorous prisoner. The door of a third-class compartment in the Riviera express swung open and out stepped three gendarmes. Between two of them, walking daintily in her high, furred boots, her shoulders draped with mink, and her charming features concealed behind a heavy black veil, stepped Marga, the Countess d'Andurain, 51, globe-trotter and alleged secret agent. She had come back to Paris, this time charged with murder.

Daughter of a notary in southern France, Marga escaped from the tiresome tranquillity of middle-class life by marrying (1911) a rich Basque count much older than herself. Patient Pierre d'Andurain paced her docilely as she darted through Spain, Morocco, Algeria and South America. In 1923, the pair settled in Palmyra, Syria, where Queen Zenobia once ruled the desert caravan routes. There the count owned the Hotel Queen Zenobia, a mud-walled but lavishly furnished caravansary, catering to visiting oilmen, desert chieftains and casual Syrian commercial travelers. Within a few years Marga had turned this oasis into a haven of intrigue and flirtation. Emir Fawaz el Sha'lan was said to have squandered his tribe's treasury on Marga. Even indefatigable King Ibn Saud was reported attentive. Marga soon amassed a personal fortune of some £20,000.

19 Knife Wounds. In 1932, Marga decided to visit forbidden Mecca. Without further ado, she divorced her count and married a devout Moslem. As the couple started on their pilgrimage to the Holy City, her husband's tribe—resentful of his marriage to an infidel—kidnaped them both. For weeks Marga was held captive in the mountains. Then one day her sheik was found poisoned. The Moslems promptly found Marga guilty and ordered her stoned to death. Only the intervention of Ibn Saud saved her life.

Then she remarried the count. Shortly afterward he, too, was found dead, stabbed in the back with 19 knife thrusts. Investigation failed to involve Marga (though two French officers who had cast doubt on her testimony charged that she later tried to run over them in her car). Just before the outbreak of World War II, Marga turned up in a French villa close to the Spanish border. Newspapers hinted that she was trafficking with the Nazis. But after the Nazi occupation, Marga went to North Africa. There rumors connected her with British and French secret operations.

In 1943, she was in Paris, comfortably

Tony Linck-LIFE

THE CHELSEA ARTS BALL
After the sylphs, the shiner.

European

COUNTESS D'ANDURAIN
Cramps from the candy.

settled in a small apartment, where her nephew, Raymond Clerisse, a young French lawyer, sometimes dropped in for an *apéritif*. One day Marga had an especially pleasant visit from Raymond. As he was going, she pressed a small piece of candy into his mouth. "*Merci*," said Raymond and departed. Later he was seized with fearful cramps. He had just enough strength to scribble on the back of a métro ticket: "The candy Marga gave me tasted strange." A few days later he was dead. Police called on Marga, but soon dropped the case.

Last fortnight, in the luxurious apartment in Nice which she shares with her son Jacques, a Communist editor, Marga and three friends were rudely interrupted at lunch by dead Raymond's ghost. Three gendarmes arrested Marga on suspicion of murder.

"She will be back," said one friend confidently, as they carted the countess off. "She is one of the most sensitively artistic persons I've ever met, incapable of hurting a fly." But Marga's florist shook her head. "A strange customer, that one," she said. "Always asked for flowers past the bloom."

RUSSIA

Poison in Jest

Russia's purges are traditionally grim affairs. The conspicuous difference between the current nationwide "housecleaning" and others is the sprightly (and skin-crawling) humor with which the tares of the malefactors have been exhibited in the Soviet press. Thus the toughest sentence is doubly justified, since the defendants have been proved not only criminal but ridiculous.

The latest case is the "Olkhovatka Hermes." Olkhovatka is a remote rural region of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic. Its Hermes is one Comrade Vakhlin, the "unrelenting" prosecutor of a local committee engaged in snooping into irregularities on collective farms. He was nicknamed for the mythological Hermes, who, according to the Soviet press, once stole a sheep, saying to the owner as he made off: "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you."

Prosecutor Vakhlin, according to the same source, stole a collective cow from the Red Partisan Collective Farm. He had it processed into bologna, and invited the members of his committee to eat it with him. In due time, the committee decided that the time had come for the prosecutor himself to be prosecuted. Charge: he had not only stolen the cow, but pocketed the proceeds.

Cried Vakhlin: If the cow was collective, so is the guilt. "Did you eat the cow? Yes. So all must answer for it."

Despite this irrefutable logic, said the Soviet press, Comrade Vakhlin was expelled from the party and fired from his job. Later, for unstated reasons, he was reinstated in the party and is now trying to practice law. But, runs the coy official moral, "the cow won't be reincarnated and the bologna has been eaten." Minimum meaning: Siberia is vast, and there is always room there for another Russian.

POLAND

Free Election

In a spirit of partisan exuberance tempered with terror, Poland approached its first nationwide popular election, ten days hence. By last week most of the combined opposition (Socialist and Polish Peasant Party) candidates had been jailed, and their supporters more or less completely cowed by the secret police, by striking their names from voting lists and by arrest. The Communist-dominated Government ventured to predict an "overwhelming" victory. According to the Potsdam Agreement, the Polish elections must be absolutely free and secret.

Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, Vice Premier and leader of the combined opposition, gave the number of imprisoned candidates as 104. The National Electoral Commission rejected appeals to free the candidates, "because it is a matter for the security authorities."

Mikolajczyk also cited the case of opposition candidate Jan Malejko, whose mutilated body was found in a field near his house after a nocturnal visit by three militiamen. The security police had previously ordered him to withdraw his candidacy. The bodies of 23 other murdered opposition candidates have been found. Eight murdered Communist workers were also recently discovered.

Government censorship does not permit the opposition to print any news about the murders of its candidates. Editors have sometimes been hard put to it to fill blank spaces, since the Government does not permit newspapers to show evidences of censorship.

Unfederated Republic. The activities of the security police in the election campaign suggest that Poland is almost as much an unfederated Soviet republic as Yugoslavia. The UB (security force) is modeled after (and trained by) Russia's MVD. The chief is Stanislaw Radkiewicz, former schoolteacher and longtime Communist. When his assistant, Stanislaw Vachowicz, a Socialist, complained of the UB's activities, he was forced to resign. When Premier Edward Osubka-Morawski, Socialist stooge of the Communists, protested about the UB in Cabinet meetings, he was told to mind his knitting.

The security police are believed to number some 170,000 full-time employes, some 20,000 more men than there are in the regular army. Between 50 and 60 thousand are engaged in routine snooping and spying. The rest are mobilized in flying squads for mass arrests or operations against the "underground." The underground, official label for practically any group that opposes the Government, is also the official excuse for UB activities. The secret police may arrest without warrant anyone in Poland except district secretaries and higher officials of the Communist Party.

Nominally the secret police are responsible to the Polish Parliament and Cabinet. Since the Parliament has proved a willing tool of the Communist ruling group, the UB is responsible to three Russian-trained Communist Cabinet members and Poland's No. 1 Communist: Jakub Berman, Under Secretary of State Without Portfolio and Secretary of the

Associated Press

UBOSS RADKIEWICZ
Exuberance tempered with terror.

Associated Press

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TERROR

These pictures show the lighter, between-raids side of Greek guerrilla activities. At the left are two Amazons with a Tommy gun with which they enliven the life of outlying Greek Army posts. At the right are male guerrillas, slightly encumbered by side arms, limbering up in a national round dance. Last week a British parliamentary delegation (four Laborites, two Conservatives, one Liberal), which toured Greece last August, finally released its report. Echoing the rank & file rebellion against Ernie Bevin's foreign policy (TIME, Dec. 9), the delegation recommended: 1) withdrawal of British troops and 2) formation of a Greek coalition government to include all parties "with the possible exception of the extreme left." Said the Foreign Office: the British Army would move when its mission in Greece was completed; when that might be, it would not say.

Cabinet, who has the last word on foreign affairs; Hilary Minc, Minister of Industry; Colonel Roman Zambrowski, vice director of the political department of the Foreign Ministry and a member of the six-man Presidium of the National Council; and Wladislaw Gomulka, Secretary General of the Polish Communist Party.

PALESTINE

Fire & Blood

Dov Gruner, 33, a Jew with a bullet-crushed jaw and the corundum-hard eyes of an *Irgun Zvai Leumi* trigger-man, stood before a Jerusalem Military Court. He was charged with taking part in a raid against a British police station last April. Asked to testify, he defiantly refused: "I am a soldier fighting for Zionism; I should be treated as a prisoner of war." Gruner was sentenced to death as a murderer. But what happened in Palestine last week looked more like war than common murder:

¶ In Jerusalem, *Irgun*ists attacked a British jeep with flamethrowers, tossed three hand grenades into the compound of the Syrian Orphanage, three others into the R.A.F. billet on the Street of the Prophets.

¶ In Tel-Aviv, underground terrorists, from a nearby rooftop, machine-gunned and grenaded Citrus House, British Military Headquarters. Casualties: one British soldier, one Arab, one Jewish girl canteen worker, and a Jewish passer-by, all injured.

¶ In Tiberias, terrorists attacked a British Army parking lot with homemade flamethrowers.

¶ At Hedera, terrorists bombed the British Army fire station. Casualties: one Arab constable, injured.

¶ Near Haifa, a British Bren gun carrier struck a road mine, turned over. Casualties: one British officer, three enlisted men, all killed.

¶ In Tel-Aviv, "Red Devils" of the British 6th Airborne Division rounded up 20,000 slum-dwelling Yemenite Jews, and hunted for members of the "Black Squad" which had kidnaped and whipped a British Army major and three sergeants (in retaliation for the caning of a convicted Jewish terrorist in Jerusalem's jail).

Two Conferences. Britain's dilemma was currently in the lap of Colonial Minister Arthur Creech Jones, who last week held two important conferences in London. The first was with David Ben-Gurion, chairman of the Jewish Agency Executive, who came to outline the grounds on which Jews would join the London Conference on Palestine Jan. 21. Ben-Gurion left the interview apparently well pleased with what he had been told.

Creech Jones's second talk was with Lieut. General Sir Alan Cunningham, Palestine High Commissioner, who came to obtain permission for Britain's Palestine garrison (reinforced last week by hundreds of tanned desert veterans from Egypt) to launch an all-out offensive against Jewish extremists.

In the U.S., Zionism was absorbed in its own internal conflict. Massive, 72-year-old Rabbi Stephen Samuel Wise, who founded the Zionist Organization of America in 1898, announced: "I do not, I cannot withdraw from Zionism, but I withdraw from . . . the Zionist Organization of America." Dr. Wise's grievances were threefold: last month's World Zionist Congress in Basel, Switzerland, had been a "collection of personal hatreds and rancors and private ambitions"; it had immoderately rebuked both Britain and the U.S.; it had ousted Dr. Wise's good friend Dr. Chaim Weizman from the presidency of the W.Z.O.

CHINA

Problems of Inflation

Shanghai's English-language *Evening Post and Mercury,* overtaken by Shanghai's galloping inflation, last week raised its price from 300 to 500 Chinese dollars a copy (15¢ U.S.). Explained Editor Randall Gould: "Newsboys were finding it difficult to dig up change for 500 dollar bills."

JAPAN

Love in the Diet

Delegate Kiyoko Miki, 27, the Japanese Diet's glamor girl, is somewhat buck-toothed, but Japanese connoisseurs say she has "something of the siren in her." Explaining her election in a hotly contested Osaka district, the Nippon *Times* said: "Whatever she lacked in political acumen she made up amply in sex appeal." Last week, Kiyoko was having Dietary

troubles: she had fallen in love with a dashing fellow delegate, Kiyoshi Kawanishi, 28 (heir to the Kawanishi Aircraft fortune). Kawanishi already has a wife, who refuses to divorce him. In the Diet, members proposed Kiyoko's removal on grounds that she is "utilizing the House for purposes not on the agenda."

INDIA

Reprieve from Disaster

Down a jungle walk on Bengal's marshy coast last week, two Indian political leaders stalked solemnly away from Mohandas K. Gandhi's tin-roofed hut, burned out in recent communal rioting. They were Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru and President Acharya Kripalani of the All-India Congress Party. Hindu women blew conch shells, and thousands of devotees showered the two leaders with flowers.

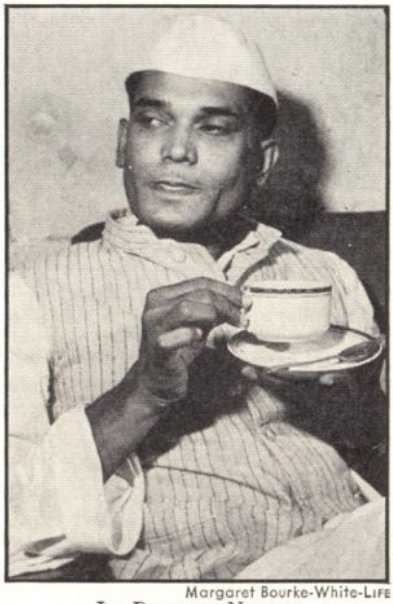
Well might Nehru and Kripalani look solemn. As India seemed to teeter on the brink of bloodshed, they were returning to New Delhi, to face the Congress organization's toughest problem: to accept or reject the British version of how the Constituent Assembly should be run (TIME, Dec. 16). With Nehru and Kripalani went Gandhi's blessing and advice. They would not say whether the Mahatma had recommended concessions that might win Mohamed Ali Jinnah's Moslem League to Assembly participation.

Next day, Gandhi renewed his spiritual campaign against India's bitter communal feuding. At 7:35 on the morning of Jan. 2, clasping a long bamboo pole in his right hand and flanked by four companions, Gandhi set out on a walking tour of Bengal's Noakhali district. On his "last and greatest" experiment, the Mahatma said he would visit 26 Moslem villages, would seek to rekindle the lamp of "neighborliness" quenched in that area (and in much of India) by blood.

Few dared hope that Gandhi's saintly pilgrimage would influence more than a handful of Moslems. But few doubted this week that it was his New Year's advice which Nehru and Kripalani expressed in a Congress resolution that gave a well-hedged "yes" to the British proposal, and opened the door to Jinnah for a face-saving entry into the Assembly.

Third Alternative. The British Cabinet Mission had divided India's eleven provinces into three groups for drafting provincial constitutions, and had made it clear last month that each group must vote as a whole on each draft. Group A was incontestably Hindu; Group B lumped Moslem-dominated Punjab and Sind together with the Congress-dominated North-West Frontier; Group C paired Bengal and Assam, where 36 million Moslems live with 34 million non-Moslems. Congress held out for a province-by-province vote within each group, which would assure it of a dominant voice in eight drafts instead of six. Mohamed Ali Jinnah sat tight with the British; under the group-voting plan, he had a slight edge over Congress in Groups B and C. The apparent Hindu choices: acceptance, or an immediate showdown with the British and the Moslem League.

The ameliorating resolution was in part political doubletalk. It accepted the group voting plan, but asserted: "In the event of any attempt at . . . compulsion, a province or a part of a province has the right to take such action necessary as to give effect to the wishes of the people concerned." Since the British plan was only for constitution-drafting, this represented little change except to give the Congress Party a future out if some Congress provinces or districts later proved recalcitrant.



Margaret Bourke-White-LIFE

JAI PRAKASH NARAIN
"When the revolution starts . . ."

Anti-British Revolution. Like most compromises, the resolution satisfied no one completely (it was passed 99-to-52—the narrowest victory the Congress High Command has won in the working committee). Least of all did it please Jai Prakash Narain, 44, head of the Congress Party Socialists, who favors an anti-British revolution, has called Jinnah a British stooge. Last week he told the students and faculty of the Hindu University of Benares: "In the coming fight, Congress will not have the same objects as in past struggles. Congress workers will not go to jail. Instead, they will have strength enough this time to do the arresting themselves. When the revolution starts, our strategy will be to capture all Government offices and institutions and establish a People's Raj. British governors and pro-British officials should be jailed. . . ."

A year ago this speech would have landed Narain himself in jail. Now the British are powerless to stop his rabble-rousing without the consent of the Congress Ministry of the United Provinces. The very fact that Narain remains free to speak as he does underscores the fact that the British are virtually throwing themselves out of India.

"Steel Frame." From New Delhi, TIME Correspondent Robert Neville reported: "The British position in India is weakening so fast that in a few months' time the British will be unable to impose their will here a day longer, leaving Congress sitting pretty. Eighty-five per cent of the British personnel of the Indian Civil Service have indicated their intention of leaving soon, and 80% of the British officers of the Indian Army are leaving.

"In the press, both League and Congress are very violent, and speeches of leaders on both sides are continually inciting bloodshed. At last week's Hindu Mahasabha* session at Gorakhpur, the mention of Nehru's name was greeted with shouts of 'Traitor!' At the conclusion of a violent speech, a member of the audience climbed on the platform, cut his hand, and offered blood then & there. The recent Sind election campaign generally consisted of speeches of vilification, one community *v.* another.

"In other words, there is little give-&-take these days in Indian public life. Instead of one Government, there are two. The Government's Moslem League members do not even answer the queries of Congress members, and refuse cooperation and coordination. The Government of India is simply running down. No decisions are being taken, no policies are being formulated, all actions are postponed. Unabashed communalism in the Government of India's secretariat has almost ruined that once efficient civil service. Permanent secretaries refusing to subscribe to the political and religious views of communal-minded Cabinet ministers are soon transferred or retired. The frank purpose of many Pakistan-minded Government servants is to undermine the central administration.

"Topping this, there is also an elaborate spy system throughout the secretariat, where the Government servants of one department report for the heads of other departments. There are Moslem League cells throughout the secretariat, and often the League's paper *Dawn* reprints secret letters and memoranda taken from Government files. The League's avowed purpose, to sabotage the Interim Government, is being rapidly achieved."

If Narain, Jinnah and their followers continued to pour oil on the troubled flames, even Mohandas K. Gandhi's genius for "neighborliness"—political and personal—might not be enough.

* The militant, Hindu communal organization, which considers the Congress Party too lenient toward the Moslem League.

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LATIN AMERICA

THE HEMISPHERE

Red Harvest

Rio's Communists blew their horns and the notes were echoed from the provinces. The Party had accomplishments to report and it seized an occasion—the 48th birthday of its magnetic leader, Luis Carlos Prestes—to tell the world. Throughout Brazil, at dozens of picnics and other celebrations, the comrades sang such ideological lyrics as "Take off your shirt, Joe, the time of Fascism has passed."* They also saluted the past year's items of progress: 1) emergence as the Hemisphere's largest Communist Party (120,000 militant members); 2) collection of $600,000 for bigger Party newspapers; 3) pro-labor provisions in Brazil's new Constitution; 4) U.S. withdrawal from outposts on the Brazilian "hump," which the Party naively claimed had been due to its "return the bases" campaign.

How far are the Communists getting in Latin America? Four months ago, the New York *Times* decided to find out. On a 16,000-mile tour of every capital south of the Rio Grande it sent burly William (Bill) Lawrence, onetime Moscow correspondent. Last week, Lawrence was back and the *Times* printed his colorless, cautious report. Highlights:

¶ Communists have made more progress in Latin America than did the prewar Fascists and Nazis loyal to Berlin, Rome and Madrid.

¶ Party members now number 300,000 to 400,000. In free elections, the Communists could get from a million to a million-and-a-half votes from among Latin America's 20,000,000 voters. (In the U.S., in their best year—1932—the Communists got 102,000 out of 40,000,000 votes.)

¶ The Communists are dangerous to the U.S. chiefly as anti-Yankee propagandists and cunning supporters of Soviet foreign policy.

¶ Although inflation and food shortages have recently played into Communist hands, Communism finds its greatest asset in Latin America's feudal, low-pay, high-profit economy which keeps the people in squalor and ignorance.

* Argentina's Juan Perón, no Communist, also idealizes his *descamisado* (shirtless) followers.

Thomas D. McAvoy-Life

COMMUNIST LEADER PRESTES
Songs and salutes.

Great Falls

The muddy, churning Uruguay River rises in Brazil's pine-covered Serra do Mar, drops south and west to become the twisting channel that separates Argentina and Uruguay; then it pushes out into the broad Rio de la Plata estuary north of Buenos Aires. Along its banks cattle graze, orange and tangerine groves blossom. For ten years Argentines and Uruguayans talked of using the river for cheap power and enriching the broad Uruguay basin. Last week, they got down to cases.

In the solid, somber Foreign Office in Montevideo, Uruguayan Foreign Minister Eduardo Rodríguez Larreta and Argentine Ambassador Gregorio Martínez signed the treaty which provided for a TVA-like project to benefit the two countries. Unlike frayed-at-the-cuff Chile, which last month signed a customs union with Argentina (TIME, Dec. 23), well-off Uruguay asked for no loans. She was fully prepared to pay her full share of the big 3½-billion kilowatt dam that the two-nation authority would build at Salto Grande (Great Falls).

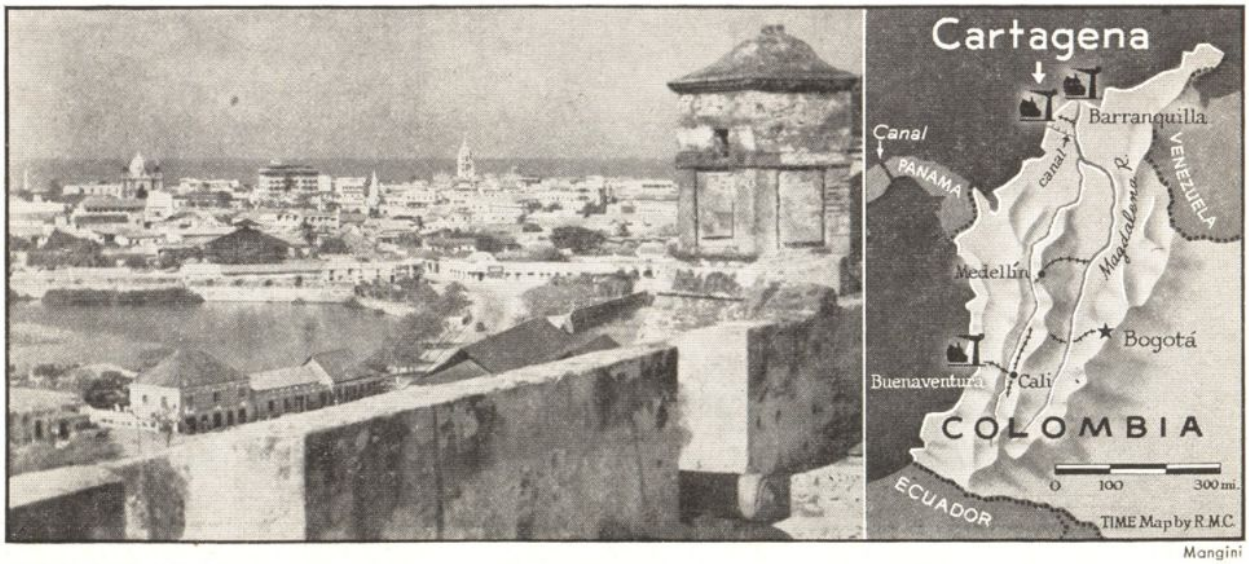
COLOMBIA

Old Port, New Day

The battle of the ports was being fought with fresh vigor. Cartagena, 414 years old and long a sleeper behind ancient, 50-foot-thick walls, had roused itself and gone after business. Its parvenu competitors: Barranquilla and Buenaventura. Stake: the trade between Colombia's rich, highland interior and lands across the sea.

A bright lawyer named Manuel Ramon Navarro Patrón had shown the way. Sent to Bogotá to lobby for Cartagena (pop. 100,000), he had campaigned so well that by last week the Government had agreed to channel to Cartagena a big chunk of the Magdalena River traffic that had lately overcrowded Barranquilla's docks. Lawyer Navarro also got Government backing for a modern $2,500,000 sewage system, plus promises of new Government buildings and a railroad to tap Cartagena's hinterland.

Pearls & Pirates. Once Cartagena, metropolis of the Spanish Main, was the great port where the gold of Peru, the



Mangini

silver of Bolivia and the pearls of Rio Hacha (in Colombia) had awaited shipment in the annual convoy to Spain. The treasures drew freebooters and pirates—English and French; even today the names of Hawkins and Drake and Morgan are as familiar to *Cartageneros* as the names of Dion O'Bannion and Al Capone are to Chicagoans.

The Spaniards spent hundreds of millions to fortify Cartagena. Miles of tunnels, ventilated by shafts driven 100 feet through solid rock, served Fort San Felipe's twelve gun emplacements (one named after each apostle). A stone barrier, thrust across one of the two harbor entrances, forced men-of-war into a narrow passage raked by Spanish guns. Cartagena knew what it was to be sacked (*e.g.*, by Drake in 1585, and the French in 1544 and 1697), but in 1741, the fortifications paid off: the Spanish routed a 28,000-man, 186-vessel British fleet thrown at them by Admiral Sir Edward Vernon.*

New Invasion. In the past century, Barranquilla gradually cut in on Cartagena. The upstart used U.S. loans to improve its harbor, then made the most of the fact that it was close to the mouth of the wide, serpentine Magdalena, chief communications line from coast to capital. (Cartagena's harbor is connected with the Magdalena by a canal.) Last year, Barranquilla handled 80% of the nation's exports of cotton, coffee and oil. On Colombia's Pacific side, filthy, swampy Buenaventura (literally, good luck) had made good its name: the outlet for the booming western industrial regions, Buenaventura accounted for almost half of Colombia's entire foreign trade.

Cartageneros knew that their battle with the other ports would be hard, that the job of moving into the mainstream of modern life would not be easy. But they had big plans. A fine new hotel set on a sand beach was already helping to establish Cartagena as a tourist center. The Great Colombian Fleet, established jointly by Venezuela, Colombia and Ecuador, had just gone into operation with eight newly purchased ships; soon the vessels would bring cargoes and tourists.

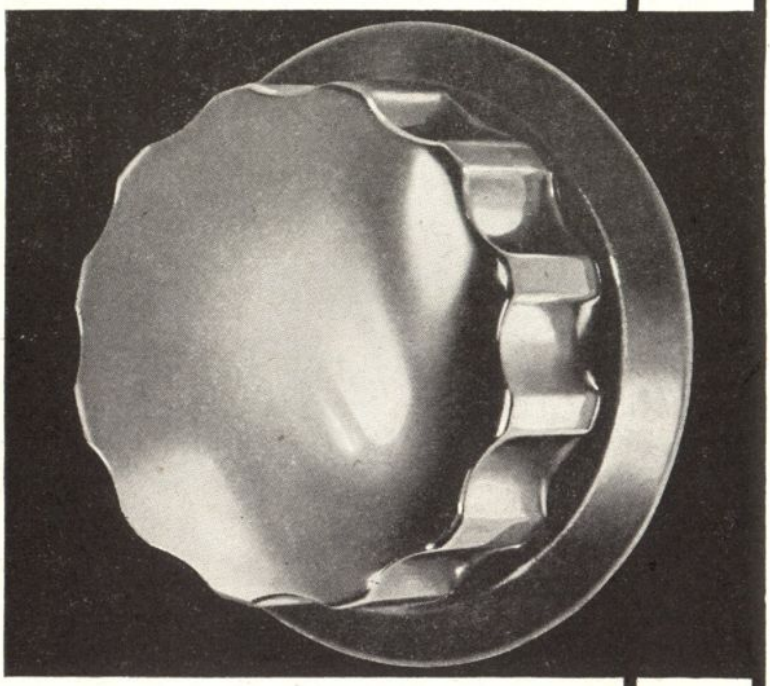
TRADE

Bottoms & Billions

One-third of what the U.S. buys from foreign countries now comes from Latin America. In the first ten months of 1946 alone the 20 republics sold the U.S. $1,411,900,000 worth of coffee, metals, sugar, textiles and other products. This was nearly three times as much as the U.S. bought from them in 1939.

The American Merchant Marine Institute, totting up the figures last week, proudly added that three-fourths of this booming trade rode in American bottoms: 300 U.S. ships now ply between hemisphere ports—five times more than the need indicated by the Institute's first postwar survey in 1945.

* Among the attackers: Captain Lawrence Washington, half-brother of George, who later named Mount Vernon for the Admiral.



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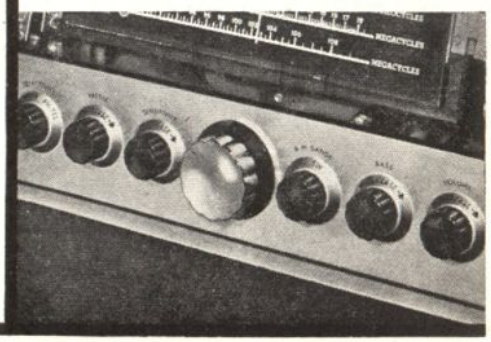
SCOTT



CANADA

THE DOMINION

In the Looking Glass

Canada looked in the mirror last week and liked the ruddy cheeks it saw. In Ottawa, Finance Minister Douglas Abbott announced that the fiscal year would certainly end (March 31) with the budget in balance. There was a $200,000,000 Government surplus at the end of eight months, instead of the $200,000,000 deficit expected. Better still, there might be cuts in taxes, although they probably would not be large.

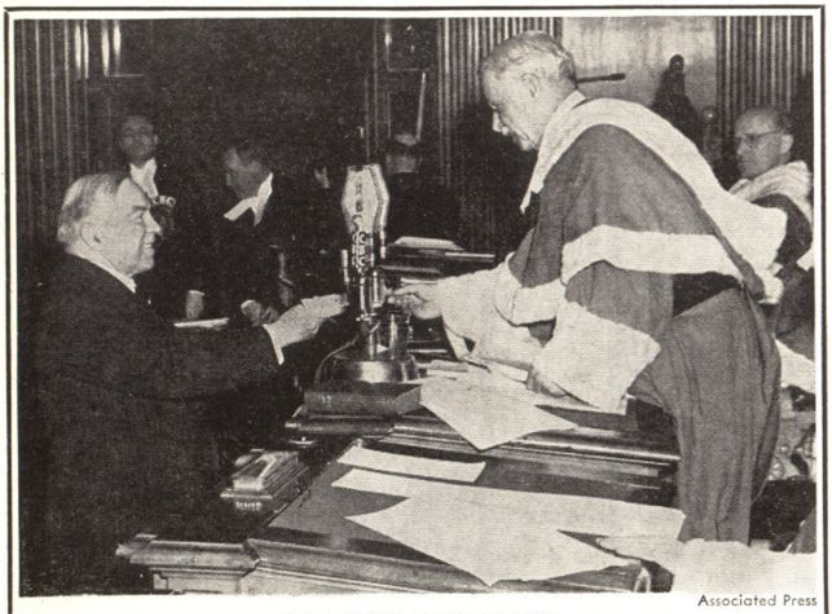
No matter how Canada turned before her mirror, she found most prospects pleasing. There were still some inconveniences and shortages: meat was still rationed, refrigerators and washing machines were still hard to get. And there were far from enough houses to go around. But there were good things aplenty.

The big strikes which had cost about 4,500,000 man-working-days in 1946 were well out of the way; as the year opened only 1,600 (*see below*) were on strike. Furthermore, the price line had been held. Looking at the U.S., Canadians could feel smug because their own prices, under orderly decontrol, had stayed fairly firm. They were up only 6½% in the last 18 months, and business was excellent.

Satisfaction. Retail sales in Canada in 1946, helped by a massive Christmas rush, passed the $5 billion mark for the first time in the Dominion's history. The national income was at an alltime high: $9,400,000,000. Canadian exports for the year, primed by nearly $2,000,000,000 worth of loans to foreign countries (much of it for purchases in Canada), hit a record peacetime high: $2,300,000,000. So did imports, at $1,900,000,000. The bulk of the trade was with the U.S. Canada entertained 20,000,000 U.S. tourists who spent $200,000,000 (up $40,000,000 from the year before). In 1946, some 418,000,000 bushels of grain from Canada's lush wheatland, some 1,250,000,000 lbs. of fish from her coasts, plus vast amounts of beef, pork, oats, barley, had helped feed Canada and the hungry world.

Anticipation. Best of all, the Dominion's markets for 1947 seemed likely to be as good as in 1946. Her 110 pulp and paper mills, the Dominion's largest industry, had turned out nearly 7,000,000 tons of paper products worth $700,000,000—and customers all over the world were clamoring for still higher production. Despite a lack of sheet steel (a shortage caused by U.S. and Canadian steel strikes), auto plants managed to build 178,000 cars and trucks, 3% above the average prewar production. And the pile of domestic and foreign orders was higher than ever.

Looking at the year ahead, Canadians could see humming production lines, jobs for almost everyone. They felt good.



Associated Press

THE FIRST CANADIANS

The beaming old gentleman before Chief Justice Thibaudeau Rinfret is Prime Minister Mackenzie King, receiving his Canadian Citizen No. 1 certificate at a ceremony in Ottawa. Some 12,000,000 other Canadians automatically became citizens also last week (while remaining British subjects). Proclaimed Canadian King proudly: "There are older countries, there are larger countries, but no country holds today a higher place in the esteem of other nations."

NOVA SCOTIA

Strikebound Fleet

No winter gale ever tied up Nova Scotia's deep-sea fishing fleet so completely as the strike that held it in port last week when the fishing weather was fine. While the fleet's 30 schooners, trawlers and draggers lay at the docks, the walkout had spread from deep-sea crewmen (500 strong) to hundreds of sympathizing inshore fishermen. Soon it would force the closing of processing plants and fish-box factories, thus shut down the province's entire fishing industry.

The strike had started over money. Fish prices had skyrocketed and so had profits. Some boat owners, by union reckoning, were making as much as $300 on a shareholding of $500. But deep-sea crewmen, who got only about $1,000,000 (some $2,000 apiece) of a 1946 gross running between $5,000,000 and $6,000,000, wanted a fatter slice.

Something for Fishermen. To get it, most of them had joined the fingerling Fishermen's and Fish Handlers' Union. Three months ago the union demanded that the "lay" (split) of each voyage's net profit (*i.e.* net after deductions for various operating costs) be changed from the traditional 50-50 lay to 60% for crewmen, 40 for owners. Also demanded: a redivision of operating costs.

Lunenburg Sea Products, Ltd., the biggest fleet owner, readily agreed to the idea of the 60-40 lay, which would boost a crewman's average earnings by roughly $400 a year. But Lunenburg balked at paying certain small operating expenses (*e.g.*, the maintenance of a medicine chest on each boat), and insisted that these come out of gross earnings before the lay.

Nothing for Reds. Actually, Lunenburg and the other owners were not much concerned with the relatively piddling sum involved. What concerned them was that a union run by a Red seemed to be getting too solid a footing in the industry. They had good reason to fear.

The boss of the Fishermen's Union, big, flabby, 265-lb. Harry C. Meade, is a Communist. A Canadian, "Bert" Meade ran away to sea at 16, turned up in the U.S. in 1937 as an organizer for the Red-hued National Maritime Union. He went back to Canada in 1944, soon became Atlantic vice president of the Canadian Seamen's Union. He also became executive board member in Nova Scotia of the Labor Progressive Party, Canada's Communist Party, of which his wife is provincial secretary. In due time, Bert Meade turned to organizing the fishermen, did a bang-up job.

Last week, apparently full of confidence in the discipline of his membership, Meade was in no mood to compromise on the minor points in dispute. Cried he: "[We] will fight to the bitter end."

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Movers & Shakers

For ups & downs, there seemed to be no rollercoaster like the literary life.

In Brooklyn, **John Roy Carlson,** best-selling I-spyer on suspected subverters (*Under Cover, The Plotters*), appeared at a police station with head and face bruised. Shortly after he had eyewitnessed a night meeting of the jingo Women for the United States of America, said he, three strangers (male) stopped him on the street, gave him a shellacking, ran away.

In Baltimore, **Henry L. Mencken,** whose beery *Christmas Story* had been yanked off sale in Canada, was feeling better. A Canadian cinema producer had the rights to Mencken's *A Neglected Anniversary* (deadpan history of the bathtub, written some 30 years ago), and Mencken had a gratifying contract: in exchange for rights to the old hoax, the old hoaxer (who is a connoisseur of brews) was guaranteed two cases of Canadian ale a month for the rest of his life. Further, he did not have to return "the bottles and containers or other cartons in which such ale is shipped. . . ."

On both sides of the Atlantic, thriller-dealers were set ashake by a rather small boo from **Msgr. Ronald Knox** (*The Body in the Silo*). "I say the detective story is in danger of getting played out," wrote Father Knox in the Roman Catholic weekly, the *Tablet*. ". . . . The stories get cleverer and cleverer, but the readers are getting cleverer and cleverer too. . . ."

Agatha Christie promptly begged to differ, reported that "we still have some tricks to play," cooed: "My own experience is that detective stories are being read more than ever." **Ellery Queen** held a contradictory mirror up to Father Knox's words, reassured himself: "Readers get more wary, but writers get more clever." People would always read mysteries, declared **Leslie Ford** and **David Frome** in unison. "Monsignor Knox is talking through his hat," cried **Rex Stout,** "—if he wears a hat."

The only amens Father Knox got were from **Colonel Van Wyck Mason** and **Dorothy Sayers** (both mystery alumni) —and Mason's was qualified. He had long ago decided, said he, that authors had "used just about every known device in mystery stories"; yet innocent new generations of readers were always coming up. "In common with the novel," generalized all-out Miss Sayers, "the detective story is likely to decline in the future. . . . I don't read fiction any more."

T. Chatham

HENRY L. MENCKEN
A foamy future.

European

LIDA BAAROVA
An angular past.

Prisoners

Paul de Lesseps, 63-year-old son of the famed Suez Canal builder, was down with heart trouble and a sense of persecution in Fresnes Prison. The French Government said that Prisoner de Lesseps, who owned land in Turkey, had offered to sell it to the Germans, for bases from which to bomb Suez. De Lesseps' reply: the Government owed him five billion francs for land confiscated in World War I, now condemned him "to avoid paying."

Cinemactress **Lida Baarova** walked out of a Czechoslovakian jail after a year's imprisonment, freed, for lack of evidence, of espionage and treason charges. In Europe she had been famed as one of the Continent's great beauties. Abroad she had been famed chiefly as the cute angle of a Nazi triangle. Friends of Lida's actor-husband, ran 1939's best gossip item, gave Paul Joseph Goebbels a bloody beating, in Lida's rooms. Husband Gustav Fröhlich has not been seen since.

Wide World

VINCENT SARDI
A friendly prospect.

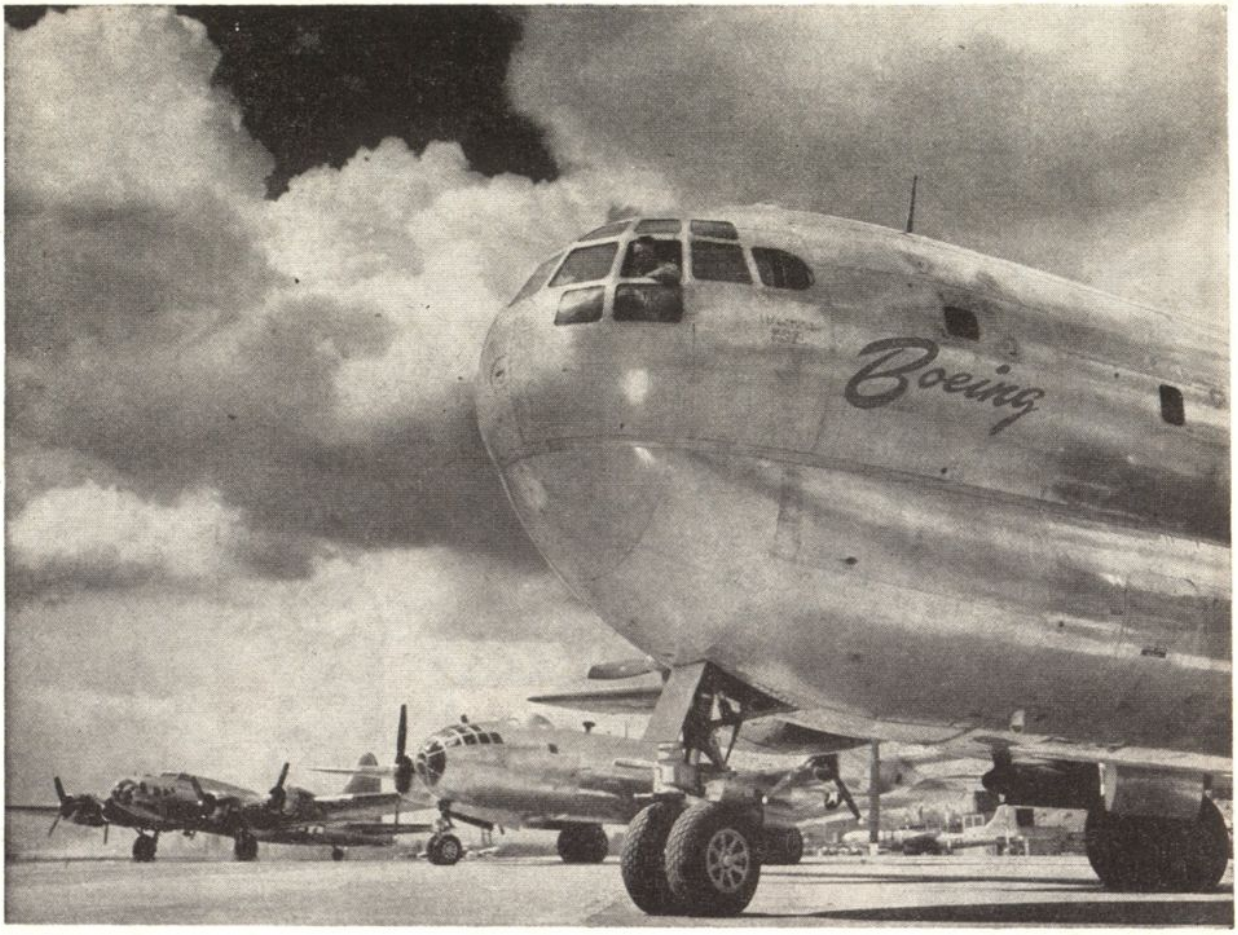
The Very Best

In Manhattan, a famed host & hostess began to say their goodbyes to Broadway; in Philadelphia, another famed couple brought prewar hospitality back with a loud bang.

After 20 years of feeding the theater's great, the **Vincent Sardis** prepared to get away from it all. Sardi's restaurant, the oldest (and most relaxed) of the still-famed old Broadway rendezvous, would be turned over to Vincent Jr. Father Sardi, 60, who had been at work since he was ten, would now learn about leisure. Instead of looking at Barrymores, Lunts and Shuberts, the Sardis meant to look at the U.S. Sardi wasn't completely sold on retirement. "But my wife and I are very good friends," said he. "We'll find something to do."

Philadelphia's host & hostess of the season were the **Peter A. B. Wideners,** whose coming-out party for daughter Ella (familiarly known as "Tootie") was probably the splashiest postwar launching to date. Into the solid old Bellevue-Stratford streamed some 2,000 guests. What they found, besides the multimillion-dollar Wideners: the customary Meyer Davis orchestra, an extra gypsy band, "northern lights" playing on a make-believe Arctic (complete with icebergs, igloos and snow mounds), some 3,000 yards of spun-glass drapes sparkling with silver snowflakes, Cellophane clouds scattered with stars, three bars (one a milk bar), and a sprinkling of detectives. Supper was from 1 a.m. to 2; breakfast, from 5 a.m. to 6. Down the hatch by night's end: 100-odd cases of vintage champagne.

In London, among the dancers at an R.A.F. ball was boyish-looking **Group Captain Douglas Bader,** 36, wartime air ace who was shot down over Europe and captured by the Germans, thrice escaped, was thrice recaptured. What helped make



FIRST FAMILY OF THE AIR

This casual portrait shows three generations of a world-famous family in aviation, standing at ease on Boeing Field.

At the left you recognize that durable old warrior, the Boeing B-17 Flying Fortress—in the thick of the fighting from start to finish, and a decisive factor in knocking out the German war machine.

Next comes the mighty Boeing B-29 Superfortress, first of the global bombers, "peacemaker" in the Pacific.

And looming at the right is the giant, double-decked Boeing Stratocruiser, soon to be as widely known as either of the others. Here, in the world's first true super-transport, is the spaciousness, the speed, the altitude-conditioned comfort and the safe, dependable performance that air travelers have waited for.

The Stratocruiser inherits all the aerodynamic advancements and world-famous structural stamina that result from Boeing research, design and engineering.

Boeing is building fleets of Stratocruisers for these forward-looking airlines:

PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES SYSTEM

NORTHWEST AIRLINES

AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES

UNITED AIR LINES

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION

BOEING

STRATOCRUISER

his fighting (and dancing) something special: he has worn a pair of artificial legs since a crackup back in the '30s.

Just Folks

Yachtsman **Errol Flynn** put into Kingston, Jamaica, gravely declared that he had retired from the cinema, and delivered a farewell address. "I am deeply grateful to Hollywood," said pleasure-loving Mr. Flynn, "not only for the material things it has given me, but also for the physical peace it has brought me."

Gene Tierney, against her better judgment, went out on a double date with: 1) her estranged husband, Dress Designer Oleg Cassini; 2) her sister, Pat; 3) Sister Pat's boy friend, Playboy Jimmy Costello. A differenee of opinion arose over the possession of a set of car keys, so Costello and Cassini gave each other what

Associated Press

THE DOUGLAS BADERS
Something special.

for. "I hate this!" screamed Gene, "I hate this!" Next night they all had dinner together.

But the star of the folkway-show of the week was the late **W. C. Fields.** The 67-year-old comedian had asked for cremation, and no funeral service. He got three services—one at a church and two at a mausoleum—and no cremation. Eulogist at one service: Comedian Edgar Bergen. Chief mourner at another service, conducted by a spiritualist: dark-haired young Actress Carlotta Monti, Fields's longtime good friend.* At the Fields family service Actress Monti was barred. She told the press that Fields had asked her to come, in a spirit message. "He wanted me to get a front seat at this three-ring circus," said she.

* He left her $25,000 plus a life income. Other bequests: $10,000 apiece (plus life incomes) to his widow and son; the bulk of his $800,000 estate to the establishment of a non-religious W. C. Fields College for Orphan White Boys & Girls. Comedian Fields pretended to hate children.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SQUEEGEE
Quiet Running of straight, free-rolling ribs
Quick-stopping safety of "action-traction"
Safer extra mileage of more natural rubber
Blowout protection of extra carcass strength
COSTS MORE . . . WORTH MORE
Action-Traction RUNS LIKE THIS
Straight, free-rolling ribs of more natural rubber run smoothly, quietly. No tread "knobs" to cause road pounding. No sway on sharp curves. Easy steering. Non-cupping. Slow, even wear . . . Longer mileage.
Action-Traction
STOPS LIKE THIS
Apply the brakes and—instantly—ACTION-TRACTION goes to work, gripping any road surface with a multi-squeegee effect. On wet roads, the Squeegee tread sweeps the water ahead . . . cleans a dry track for a quick, straight stop.
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It's Always Fair Weather for travel aboard New York Central's *Great Steel Fleet.* From the cozy vantage point of your Club Car easy chair, it matters neither to your plans nor your peace of mind when sleet glazes the highways or clouds blot out the winter sky.

NEW *Streamliners and Dreamliners*

This year, a vast new fleet of daylight streamliners and overnight, all-room Dreamliners will spotlight the NEW in New York Central.

Rest Assured! A deep-mattressed bed, cradled by the smooth Water Level Route, invites you to rest . . . and you rest assured that New York Central's dependable all-weather transportation will get you there tomorrow . . . refreshed and ready for the day ahead.

Deep Seated Comfort. The comfort of a thrifty reclining seat in one of Central's de luxe, air-conditioned coaches goes deeper than feather-soft cushions or stabilized car springs. For there's the deep down *mental* comfort of traveling in the world's safest way!

NEW

NEW YORK CENTRAL

The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep

NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM

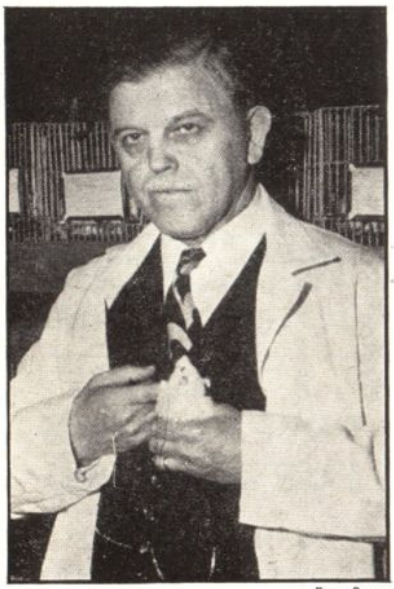
MEDICINE

Citizen Doctor

This week the conscience of U.S. science, in the person of a chunky Chicago physiologist named Andrew Conway Ivy, took off for Nürnberg. He is to represent U.S. scientists at the trial of 23 Nazi doctors for high crimes against Science—and against Humanity.

The U.S. could hardly have chosen better. From his scrubby grey mustache to his trotting gait, Dr. Ivy is as American as baseball.

He was born in Farmington, Mo., was educated at a Missouri normal school, the University of Chicago, Rush Medical College, made his college wrestling team and Phi Beta Kappa. Like many another



Fran Byrne

DR. ANDREW IVY
The cops have lost count.

successful medico, he is part researcher, part executive, part salesman.

At the University of Illinois, where he works, he supports the back-breaking title of Vice President in Charge of Chicago Professional Colleges and Distinguished Professor of Physiology. He has a homely, unpretentious philosophy: "To make a comfortable living [$18,000 a year] while making living comfortable for other people."

Fields for Research. Dr. Ivy's colleagues consider him one of the nation's top physiologists. He is an expert on stomach ulcers (TIME, April 28, 1941), aviation medicine (TIME, Oct. 6, 1941), cancer (TIME, Dec. 16, 1946), analgesia (pain killers), gall-bladder and liver complaints, diseases of old age. His proudest achievement: discovery of a hormone which he thinks shows promise as a stomach-ulcer cure (the hormone: enterogastrone, extracted from hog intestines).

When Ivy transferred to the University

of Illinois from Northwestern last fall, he insisted on freedom to putter in his laboratory. At Illinois, he is working (with 20 research assistants) on at least a dozen projects, including a "physical environment" laboratory to study effects of cold and high altitude, an institute on the diseases of old age, research on the kidney, on electrical treatment of infantile paralysis.

But to Andrew Ivy, medicine is partly "missionary" work. Much of this work is done in Washington, where he is almost as well known as in Chicago (he was a medical consultant to both the Army and Navy during the war). He has big plans for national cancer research, has pestered capital politicos for a good many months to put up the money. With his great & good friend, the University of Chicago's world-famed physiologist Anton J. ("Ajax") Carlson, he has for years fought a determined battle against anti-vivisectionists.

Man at Work. Though Ivy once announced, in a learned paper on *The Physiology of Work*, that "one day's rest in seven is essential," he himself works seven days a week, 12 to 16 hours a day. He rises at 6, is at work by 7:30 (he drives so fast that Chicago police have lost count of the number of times they have stopped him).

He sees all callers, takes all phone calls himself, pops in & out of his laboratories, serves as a one-man medical information bureau for newsmen, lectures to classes, women's clubs and anyone else who will hear him (once he even addressed an accountants' meeting). On occasion, he has trotted round to Chicago slaughterhouses to extract enterogastrone from hog intestines himself. He lunches and dines in his laboratory on homemade sandwiches and warmed-over coffee (which he says he prefers to fresh). In spare moments, he writes scientific papers; at 53, he has published more than 750.

Two evenings a week Dr. Ivy reserves for his family—his physiologist wife Emma and five boys. One is an Army doctor, three are in medical school, the fifth in high school.

Study in Horror. Last summer, kindly Dr. Ivy had the shock of his busy life. Given the job of investigating Nazi medical "science," he went to Germany, came back with a horrified report. Items:

¶ Human beings were killed to provide skeletons for the collection of an anthropological museum.

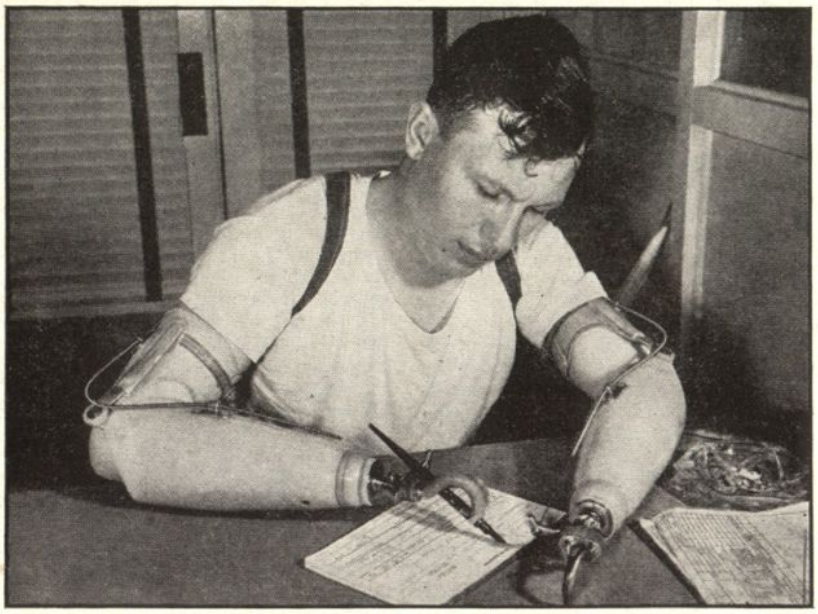
¶ Nazi doctors cut organs out of healthy prisoners to demonstrate surgery to students.

¶ They injected virulent typhus, tuberculosis and gas-gangrene germs to try various treatments.

¶ They tried (unsuccessfully) to transplant human legs and other human organs.

¶ They shortened legs and arms by cutting out sections of bone to see how much bone could be removed without crippling the subject.

To practical Dr. Ivy, these experiments were shocking not only because of



WAR VETERAN HAROLD RUSSELL*
An air-minded approach in a Model T era.

their inhumanity, but because they 1) undermined the prestige and dignity of science; 2) had diverted German scientists from useful work (virtually no knowledge of value was gained from their macabre studies).

As a medical missionary, and a humanitarian, he protested against what the Germans had done, and laid down a broad principle that might well apply to all scientific study. Said he: "The basic moral issue is . . . that the indirect effects [of research] on the public and the experimenters are not such as to promote a spirit of inhumanity or cruelty."

Better Arm

Artificial arms & legs are still in the Model T era; changes come slowly, are often mere tinkering. But last week the Veterans Administration had good news of a sort for the 17,000 World War II amputees. It had approved a new arm & leg which embodies some useful improvements. They were produced, oddly, not by limb experts but by an aviation company, Northrop Aircraft.

Northrop was persuaded to go out on the limb because of its experience in working with light materials. Designed by a crew of engineers, the Northrop arm is a plastic and aluminum affair weighing half a pound to a pound less than previous arms. Other advantages: a new wrist mechanism (for arms amputated below the elbow) which makes it possible to rotate the wrist in either direction; a steel cable, replacing smelly leather thongs; an improved elbow lock. The Northrop leg, similarly, is lighter, has a suction socket and locking knee.

The Northrop limbs, now ready for mass production (as soon as the company finds limb manufacturers willing to make and fit them), are the first products of artificial limb research launched by the Government 21 months ago. A civilian committee, now under the National Research Council, has spent $500,000 on research, has $1,200,000 more to spend. But Model A is not yet in sight.

Animalcule Life

Malaria's cause is known: a tiny animalcule injected by a mosquito's sting. But no one knows what makes the disease so hard to cure permanently. Parasitologists think it is because the malaria bug knows how to hide: even when the bloodstream has been cleared by an antimalarial drug, the organism may remain in body tissues, lying low for new attacks. If scientists could grow the parasite in a test tube and find out exactly what makes it tick, they would be well along toward wiping out malaria.

Last week a team of Harvard Medical School researchers reported that they were getting warm. In a paper so important that it got a prize from the American Association for the Advancement of Science, they announced that they had bred in a test tube two types of animalcules. One causes malaria in monkeys and the other (*Plasmodium vivax*) in man.

Harvard's Quentin M. Geiman and Ralph W. McKee said that they now know, pretty well, what foods the monkey parasite thrives on—para-aminobenzoic acid (a B complex vitamin), glycerol, sodium acetate, certain other vitamins and amino acids. They have also been able to test the effect of antimalarial drugs.

The Harvard men hopefully suggested that their discovery might pay dividends against other diseases; the same technique, they said, could be used to cage, breed and study the deadly trypanosomes that cause African sleeping sickness.

* One of the stars of Goldwyn's Current & Choice movie, "The Best Years of Our Lives"; here using the new Northrop arm.

ART

The New Picasso

Pablo Picasso was a changed man once again. A change of scene had done it. He had left Paris last summer to roam the warm Côte d'Azur. At Antibes the 17th Century Castle Grimaldi, which had been turned into a museum, caught his eye. The curator happened to be a friend of his and told 65-year-old Picasso to make himself at home.

In a holiday mood, Picasso swept his new quarters free of archaic coins and archeological treasures, painted the walls bright green to soften the Riviera sunlight, locked himself in with an armload of paints and brushes, and started to work. For eight hours a day, for almost four months, he worked.

Only the seagulls, swooping and screaming in the blue rectangles beyond Picasso's green studio, could glimpse what he was up to. When museum visitors paused to inquire why a first floor door was barred, the guide sympathetically explained: "There's a crazy artist inside; nobody can enter."

But one critic did finally manage to enter. What he found (and reported in last week's Parisian *Arts* magazine) was almost enough to ring the bells in art-conscious Paris. His discovery: the past-master of distortion and despair in oils had been painting like a happy man once more.

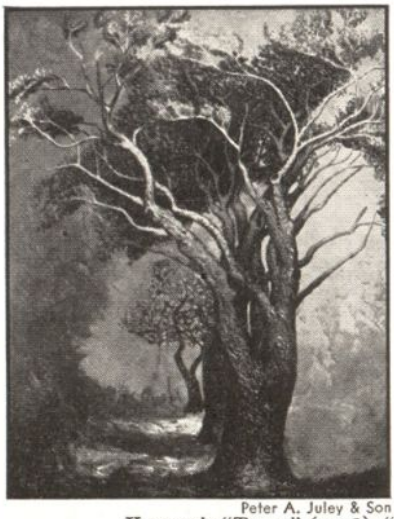
Infernal Cycle Closed. Picasso, said Art Critic René Rennes, is "working on some very large paintings . . . and it must be said that the spirit of these works constitutes a new phase in the history of Picasso. Ever since the disgust and indignation expressed in *Guernica*, his canvases have been more or less in the same idiom—the expression of murder and barbarism, [but] at Antibes Picasso has closed the infernal cycle of *Guernica*. Luminous Mediterranean skies replace the black sun of Spain at war. Centaurs play pipes and an inspired woman, a sort of Goddess of Joy, dances in the company of little goats. . . . The message he sends from Antibes is one of hope and grandeur."

Picasso himself was back in Paris last week, with nothing to say about his change of mood. He had locked up his Riviera labors—about 50 pieces, including gouaches and drawings—and left the key with his friend the curator, who hoped that Antibes would make the green museum room a "Picasso Hall." That was all right with Antibes' practical-minded Mayor Jean Pastour. "In my mind," said the Mayor, "Picasso's paintings are . . . monstrous things. . . . Yet the world is full of madmen who love Picasso, so if Picasso gives our museum some paintings, we will accept and exhibit. Perhaps some crazy fool would come to see them and the town would make money."

Three-Letter Man

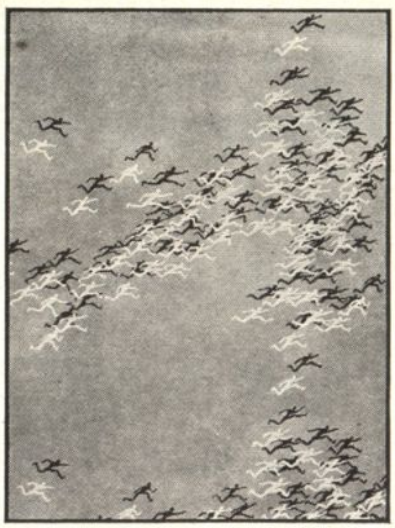
Morris Kantor is one of the select group of artists whose pictures hang in all three big Manhattan museums: the conservative Metropolitan, the middle-minded Whitney, and the free-wheeling, streamlined Museum of Modern Art. These diverse honors make Kantor a three-letter man in U.S. painting, but not necessarily an All-American; they are as much a tribute to the diversity as to the quality of his art.

Excepting Picasso, who is the end-all of most switches and surprises in modern art, few can touch Kantor for variety. A mild, quiet little man whose long face is made even longer by his swooping nose and luxuriantly sad mustache, Kantor changes his style with his subjects. Last week at a Manhattan gallery he seemed to be trying two at once. Half the paintings on show were piney, briny souvenirs of Kantor's summers at Monhegan, Me. They looked a little as though they had been pasted


Peter A. Juley & Son


Walfred Moore

KANTOR'S "TREES" (1938), "WOMEN AND CHILDREN" (1946)
From Minsk to Monhegan and mannequins.



Wide World

KARLBY'S PRIZEWINNING WALLPAPERS

From Copenhagen to chandeliers and cellars.

together with pine needles and pitch. The other half, not so successful, appeared to be woodenish mannequins with several heads, gilded and decorously draped with penciled nets.

Gallerygoers noted Kantor's never-failing subtlety of color and texture, his sculpturesque use of form, but most of them preferred the more simply enjoyable Cape Cod sand dunes, big trees and haunted houses of previous Kantor phases.

Kantor has had time for half a dozen such phases; he was born half a century ago, in Minsk, Russia. Young Kantor imagined the U.S. as a land of opportunity for his art, but when the hopeful 13-year-old stepped off the boat, Manhattan's teeming garment district swiftly swallowed him up. It took him seven years to get as far as art school. Since then he has gone all the way from pure abstractionism to meticulous realism (and most of the way back again). His theory: "Each painting should stand by itself, not only as to subject matter but also technically. Variety is the basis of all living force."

Today Kantor is one of the most popular teachers at Manhattan's Cooper Union and also the Art Students League. What baffles his students is that, unlike their own, Kantor's perennial experiments are usually successful. "It isn't easy, you know," explains Artist Kantor shyly. "Painting is rather like having a love affair."

Decorators' Choice

Interior decorators, both amateur and pro, have generally had to take what they could get from the designers of chairs, wallpaper and fabrics—and what they got was often unmistakably hideous. Last week the powerful American Institute of Decorators, out to put a little polite pressure on industry, awarded prizes to 1946's best designs, and hoped that industry would take the hint. The decorators' choices went on display in Chicago's Art Institute.

The prizewinning furniture, which would probably raise no cheers in Grand Rapids, was a plywood table and chair with rod-thin, chrome-plated legs. They were designed by California's solemn, earnest Charles Eames, 39, onetime pupil of famed Finnish modernist Eliel Saarinen. Eames, who designed molded plywood splints for the Navy during the war, is a man who believes that utility is beauty's only garment. He finds the kitchen and bathroom the most beautiful rooms in most U.S. homes. By the same token, Designer Eames explains, "when a chair is comfortable it becomes beautiful."

The man who made the year's prize wallpaper was from Copenhagen. His winning design was a hand-blocked strip of black & white leaves and flowers on a grey background. Judges also liked a busy strip of his, full of little men running like all get-out (*see cuts*). Bent Karlby also designs houses to paste his wallpaper up in. During the war he redecorated a Danish resort hotel, from chandeliers to ashtrays. When comfort-loving Nazis took it over, Karlby hurried home to print an underground newspaper in his cellar. The Nazis almost caught him, but he escaped to Sweden in a fishing smack. There his wallpaper designs made an immediate hit.

The winning fabric was a simple cross-bar pattern woven by San Francisco's Designer Dorothy Liebes. She wove her winner with cotton, mohair and rayon. In other designs, she sometimes blends silk, bamboo reeds, lucite and copper wire into her fabrics. Every summer Mrs. Liebes disconnects her phone for two months, returns to the trade in the fall with hundreds of sample designs for machine production by Goodall Fabrics. Among her present projects: designing stage curtains for prefab theaters that Henry Kaiser plans to ship abroad, working up fabrics to redecorate Matson luxury liners, for Consolidated Vultee's new 204-passenger airplanes, and for 1948 Ford and General Motors cars.

RADIO

Roving Eye

For television, it was a historic week. At the opening of the 80th Congress, the House of Representatives was televised for the first time. During interminable roll calls, television's great eye strayed about the House—catching children sitting still as Capitol mice on Representatives' laps, investigating the planetary glow of congressional baldpates.

In this one memorable broadcast, television proved that its window on history was almost as clear as the newsreel's, and far closer in time. Telecasters bragged that they would soon be opening their window on bigger & better sights; RCA President David Sarnoff announced that the 1948 presidential campaign would be televised. But unless television got a move on, few in the U.S. would see a political or any other kind of telecast by 1948.

Though there are nine television stations operating on regular schedules (in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Schenectady, Chicago, Los Angeles), they broadcast, on an average, only 20 hours a week, and only the telecasts of sporting events have attained passing skill. There are only 12,000 sets in U.S. homes, 13,000 fewer than in Britain. And the road to full set production has been blocked first by material shortages and of late by "the color controversy."

The gist of it: there are two systems of television—all electronic (RCA), which has yet to go beyond black & white, and will not have color before 1951; part-mechanical (CBS), which has already developed color telecasting. The 12,000 U.S. sets today are black & white electronic, and many experts contend that in the end some sort of electronic method will be universally adopted for colors. It is up to FCC to decide whether color shall be introduced now, with mechanical television, or whether it must wait on all electronic development. Until FCC makes up its mind, few want to buy a television set, quite apart from the cost—from $225 to $2,500, plus a minimum $45 installation fee.

But the screen of television's future is not wholly dark: 1) a new, supersensitive pickup tube, four to five times brighter than its predecessor, makes candlelight do the job of a battery of floodlights; 2) construction of 44 new stations is expected to begin after FCC gives its ruling; 3) the Radio Manufacturing Association says that the U.S. is ready to build from 330,000 to 360,000 television sets in 1947.

Extricating Dick

Even the strait-laced BBC has its wild & woolly moments. The woolliest: 6:45 every week night, when British youngsters gasp at the well-planned perils of *Dick Barton, Special Agent,* hero of BBC's only nonstop thriller.* Every night, just as

* U.S. networks offer 52 such serials, 30 hours a week.

EVER BEEN TO

Chaugogagogmanchaugagogchaubunagungamaug?

No, it's not a gag. That 40-letter word is the full name of a lovely lake at Webster, Mass. Local folks call it Lake Chaubunagungamaug for short.

It's an Indian word, of course. And it proves that Indians were wise in more ways than just pinning picturesque names on picturesque scenery. When translated, Chaugo . . . etc. means, "You fish on your side, I fish on my side, nobody fish in middle."

That, we think, is sound policy for American government and American business in this post-war period. If each will fish its own side of the lake, there'll be less friction and more fish for everybody.

Let government *regulate* and business *operate* the nation's industries. That helps keep both groups in balance. But when government tries to take over, as America has painfully learned, the result is confusion and conflict, with lower production and higher costs. Yet even this is not the greatest danger.

If government runs *both* the political and business machinery, then the people have no appeal against political or economic injustice. For government is both judge and jury. This combined control of politics *and* business is the basic feature of nazism, fascism, socialism and communism.

Again, when government goes into business, it does not pay the taxes that business pays. Who makes up those taxes? *You do.* You and every other taxpayer.

As a citizen, as a consumer, you have an interest in seeing that government and business fish on their own sides of the lake. *Then you won't get caught in the middle!*

America's *business*-managed, tax-paying

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

★*Names on request from this magazine.*

• *Listen to the* New Electric Hour — *the* HOUR OF CHARM. *Every Sunday afternoon, 4:30, EST, over CBS Network.*

death's door opens, time's up. "What will Dick do? Listen in tomorrow night. . . ."

It was all many an adult Briton could bear—and it was too much for one W. Wright-Newsome. He took his troubles, as Britons will, to the *Times* of London. Wrote he: "The BBC seems bent on turning the children into a new kind of drug addict. . . . The poor children grow more concerned from day to day about what Dick Barton . . . may do next than about their futures or the future of England. My neighbors confirm that when they turn [him] off . . . their children regard them as . . . tyrannic giants."

That brought a defense for Dick & friends from one Sheelagh Hardie: "Surely Dick, having emerged unscathed from fire and water, from the perilous lift-shaft and the homicidal ape, need fear little from this new assault. Surely, too, our children, having wrestled for one and a half hours with compound fractions or Latin verbs on top of a long day's schooling, are entitled to their 15 minutes' reward. Who grudges the bishop his detective novel or the businessman his nightly half-hour on the *Times* crossword? . . . Heaven postpone the day when our priggish offspring forsake such unsophisticated thrills for the sober contemplation of their own importance in the future of planned economy."

But ever-cautious BBC did not want to make an issue of it. Last week, in a move to appease parents and children alike, it offered a compromise: 1) Dick's adventures would continue to be broadcast nightly; 2) on Saturday mornings a brief resume of Dick's week would be aired for youngsters barred from listening on school nights. To many a parent it seemed that Dick had won again.

Program Preview

For the week beginning Sunday, Jan. 12. (All times are E.S.T., subject to change without notice.)

NBC Symphony (Sun. 5 p.m., NBC). Copland's *Outdoor Overture,* Tchaikovsky's *Fifth Symphony.* Conductor: Hungarian Eugen Szenkar, appearing in his U.S. debut.

Fred Allen (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). Guest: Britain's Gracie Fields.

The Pacific Story (Sun. 11:30 p.m., NBC). Radio's best political geography class. Topic: the Philippines.

Josef Marais & Miranda (Mon. 7:15 p.m., CBS). Songs of the South African veldt.

Boston Symphony (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Brahms's *Tragic Overture, Second Symphony.* Conductor: Bruno Walter.

Invitation to Music (Wed. 11:30 p.m., CBS). Igor Stravinsky conducts his *Persephone.* Soloist: Tenor William Hess.

Meet the Press (Fri. 10:30 p.m., Mutual). A deskful of newsmen pop political questions at James A. Farley.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2-5 p.m., ABC). Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio,* with Soprano Eleanor Steber, Tenor Charles Kullmann.

King Cole Trio (Sat. 5:45 p.m., NBC). Some of the best jazz players.

the *New* Empire Builder
— *a very nice way to travel*

You'll find many attractive features to enjoy on Great Northern's *New* EMPIRE BUILDERS—the *first* fleet of sleeping car-coach trains built since the war . . .

Charming, modern dining cars serving distinctive food. New style Day-Nite coaches. Colorful coffee shops. New design duplex roomettes. Improved bedrooms and drawing rooms. Pleasant observation lounges. More luxury and more comfort in every type of accommodation.

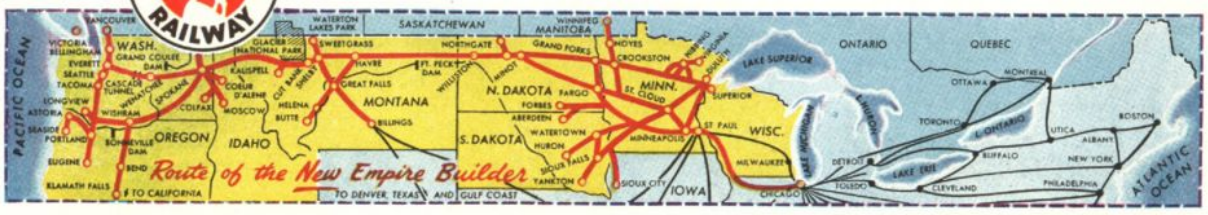
The *New* EMPIRE BUILDERS slash one whole night from the schedule of their famous predecessors between Chicago and Pacific Northwest.

New, improved bedrooms give you the finest accommodation for restful, refreshing travel.

Along Puget Sound. Dependable diesel power cuts travel time, increases travel comfort.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY

Serves the Best of the Great Northwest



PAINTED FOR JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION BY ORISON MAC PHERSON

YOU'D HAVE A HARD TIME GETTING ABOUT IN TOWN —WITHOUT STEEL

Without steel, you would still be riding in slow, horse-drawn omnibuses jolting over cobblestones. Or, you would poke along at five-miles-an-hour seated on hard benches in a wooden horsecar. You would stifle in summer and shiver in winter with only straw on the floor to keep your feet from freezing.

Today, all public transportation originates in steel. Buses, trolley cars and taxicabs; elevated, subway and suburban trains are made of steel—most versatile and available of all the metals.

Tomorrow, these facilities will be swifter, roomier, quieter, more comfortable—thanks to new, strong, tough steels, such as high-tensile Otiscoloy, perfected by Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation. The greater strength of Otiscoloy makes possible the construction of lighter-weight vehicles that will carry more people, yet serve them better. With Otiscoloy, and other new steels developed by research, the transportation industry will be enabled still further to aid the growth of communities everywhere through improved rapid transit.

JONES & LAUGHLIN STEEL CORPORATION
PITTSBURGH

SALES OFFICES: Atlanta · Baltimore · Boston · Buffalo Chicago · Cincinnati · Cleveland · Columbus · Dallas Denver · Detroit · Harrisburg · Houston · Indianapolis Los Angeles · Memphis · Milwaukee · Minneapolis · New Haven · New Orleans · New York · N. Kansas City Philadelphia · Pittsburgh · St. Louis · San Francisco · Seattle South Bend · Syracuse · Toledo · Tulsa · Washington

CONTROLLED QUALITY STEELS

J&L STEEL

RAPID TRANSIT

Better service to take you places is the aim of all builders of new buses. More powerful, quieter engines, will mean faster schedules. New, all-steel buses will have increased and better insulation, more comfort and quiet; with air conditioning both summer and winter. Automatic drives will eliminate gear shift "jerks," give driver chance to concentrate on safe operation.

Everyone walked to work as late as 1827, unless he owned private conveyances, for there was no local public transportation in America. But in New York that year Abraham Brower's "Accommodation," a horse-drawn, omnibus seating 12, appeared on unpaved Broadway, fare 1 shilling.

First horsecars to be operated anywhere in world made their appearance in New York City in 1832, carried only 10 passengers.

"Riding on the grip" became possible for first time in 1873 when first cable car in the world made its run in San Francisco.

An electric car at a fair in Toronto in 1885 as an amusement stunt was the forerunner of today's extensive electric transportation system. James A. Gaboury who owned controlling interest in horsecar system at Montgomery, Ala., saw it and worked out a plan for electrifying his railway. Thus Montgomery became first city in world to have trolley car system.

Today's new streamlined trolleys are development of the Electric Railways Presidents' Conference Committee. Try-out car was completed in 1934. The new cars are now operating in 60 cities.

Trackless trolley line in Merrill, Wis., 1913, was first use of this system.

Elevated railways are as American as cable car. C. T. Harvey devised plan in 1867 for elevated road in N. Y. City. Cars were pulled by rope attached to stationary engine. Steam locomotives came next, then electrification.

Boston opened first subway in U.S. in 1897 (fifth in world). It handled more than 50 million passengers during first year.

N. Y. City all-steel subways cost nearly $1½ billions, haul 2½ billions of passengers a year, 6 millions a day, operate 12,411 trains daily at average speed of 17 mi. per hr., employ 35,000 people and you can ride 22½ miles in 78 minutes for 5 cents.

1st common-carrier motor bus in America was put in service in 1905 by Fifth Avenue Motor Coach Company in New York.

Bus and car builders use J&L Otiscoloy high-tensile steel to reduce deadweight and increase carrying capacity. For booklet write nearest J&L office listed at left or Publicity Manager, Jones & Laughlin Steel Corporation, Pittsburgh 30, Pa.

BRIGHT RESOLVE—TRY ITS SUNNY MORNING FLAVOR

Start the New Year *right*—treat yourself to the Sunny Morning flavor of Schenley Reserve! Every pleasing sip gives a *plus* . . . an *extra* measure of enjoyment. Good reason why Schenley Reserve is America's favorite!

PRE-WAR QUALITY

SCHENLEY

RESERVE

THE PRESS

Escape Artist

(See Cover)

In the big white house on Tor Ridge, west of the Hudson, a light burned all through the winter night. Inside, in a cavernous studio, it glared down on a drawing board where a heavy-set, black-haired man put careful strokes on a paneled page. He ignored the accusing clock at his back, but sometimes paused for sips of coffee. Once he dozed off, and his pen scratched a crazy zigzag down the sheet. It was daylight when Milton Caniff took off his glasses, pushed his work away and stumbled off to bed.

Behind him, on the desk, he left his night's work: the last Sunday comic page of *Terry and the Pirates* he would ever draw. Its frames held deftly drawn figures, caught in the restrained gestures of a farewell. The fadeout was appropriately up-to-the-minute: a transport plane lifting into a sky that was streaked like the wan sunrise outside his studio.

Whether Terry Lee and Jane Allen would ever meet again, their creator did not know. He had surrendered his godlike right over them and their actions, which he had guided for eleven years past. Next week, in 220 newspapers including papers as far away as the *Times* of Seoul, Korea, Milton Caniff's byline will appear on a new comic strip, to be known as *Steve Canyon.*

In the never-never world of the funnies, this was the news of the year—comparable to Henry Ford quitting his motor company and setting up shop in competition across the street. It was a move involving three of the biggest U.S. press lords: the Chicago *Tribune's* Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick (who lost Caniff), and Marshall Field and William Randolph Hearst, who gained him. For Caniff himself, it meant a guarantee of $520,000 for his next five years' work, and a stiff challenge—to outdo the best of his past.

There may be professors of journalism who have never heard of Milton Caniff's *Terry and the Pirates,* but every U.S. newspaper publisher has. Many a publisher spends more effort shaping up his comic page than he does in seeing that Palestine or North China is properly covered. Highbrows had once dismissed the comics as the poor man's literature; now to read at least one of them (usually *Terry*) was proof of being a regular fellow. (After all, hadn't Dickens begun *Pickwick Papers* as a text for a cartoon series?) Only the New York *Times,* among major U.S. dailies, refuses to run comics.

©1947 Field Enterprises, Inc.
NEW HERO
One lord's loss . . .

©1946 by News Syndicate Co. Inc.
OLD FRIEND*
The equation remained.

Innocents & a Broad. Cartoonist Caniff's contribution to the industry was to throw in some curves and give it glamor. Long before he came along the "comics" had generally ceased to be funny. They had learned a thing or two about narrative from Sidney Smith's chinless *Gumps* and Frank King's morality play about the Wallets of *Gasoline Alley.* But mostly their idea of action was to have a character jump out of his shoes. Into *Terry* and the wartime *Male Call* (for the G.I. press) Caniff poured fast-breaking dialogue, credible adventure—and one touch of Venus. He knocked himself out to make his brain children (he has no others) seem real. His Dragon Lady, Burma and Miss Lace were fashioned after lush, living models. (*Steve Canyon's* mean and sexy villainess, Copper Calhoon, was drawn from a model, Carol Ohmart, "Miss Utah of 1946.")

Undergrads, Upper Classes. In the readership polls Caniff seldom beats out Ham Fisher's hammy *Joe Palooka* or Chic Young's just-folksy *Blondie.* But his comparatively small (31 million) audience is, comparatively speaking, a class audience. It includes collegians (from Harvard to Siwash) and their professors, the Duke of Windsor, Margaret Truman, John Steinbeck†—and, significantly, hundreds of newspaper executives. Two years ago, when a score of syndicate salesmen began to spread the word of a new, as yet unnamed and undrawn comic by Caniff, they had nothing to sell but Caniff's name. For U.S. publishers, that was enough.

Dig, Dig, Dig. In the last months of his '30s, Milton Arthur Caniff is a handsomely hefty (195 lbs.), blue-eyed, relaxed man with an indoor look and a sociable nature. He is almost never seen in the Stork Club or at El Morocco, although many a G.I. or plain reader might naturally assume that *Terry's* generally sophisticated dialogue was clutched from some such glamor-scented air.

Actually, it comes out of Caniff's head. Among cartoonists—fellow members of what he calls "the pariah profession"—he is well liked, but seldom seen. He lives and works (12 to 18 hours a day) on the outer suburban ring of New York City, in a town with the confusing name of New City, N.Y. (pop. 992). Neighbors in the New City intellectual colony include Playwright Maxwell Anderson, Artist Henry Varnum Poor and Author J. P. McEvoy.

A year ago, clearing his decks for the big change from *Terry* to *Steve Canyon,* Caniff swore off smoking and drinking. Though he hates to exercise, he even went for walks on brooding Tor Ridge (the locale of Anderson's 1936 play *High Tor*), to keep his weight down. Says he: "All I could think of was 'God, I wish I were inside!'" So he reminded himself that the ridge was full of copperhead snakes anyway, and gave it up.

No Idle Hands. A man who hates to know the time of day (it is always later than he thinks), Caniff gets to his studio late in the forenoon, spends his daylight hours writing with his right hand, drawing and drinking coffee with his left. "It's hell being your own master," he says. "You work a 40-hour day instead of a 40-hour week." His pretty blonde wife, Esther—he calls her Bunny—brings the coffee, gets the meals and keeps guests from gumming up the production line. Slim, slack-clad Bunny Caniff doesn't have much to say when her talkative husband has visitors. Says she: "I'm afraid people will miss something Milt is saying."

The production line cannot stop, but Caniff, a dreadful procrastinator, does his best to slow it to a calm, unhurried pace. He seizes on any excuse—like the postman's arrival with fan mail—to break

©1947 Field Enterprises, Inc.
NEW VILLAINESS
. . . was two lords' gain.

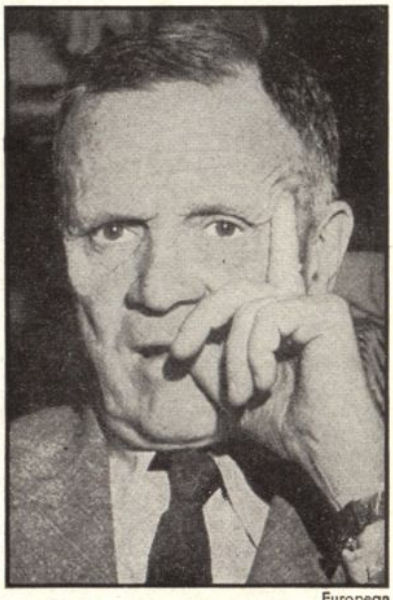
* Caniff's last Terry.

† Wrote Steinbeck: "When my grandchildren speak of their sugarplum eroticisms I can say, 'You see? This is how it was in my day. This Dragon Lady, with the figure of a debutante (if debutantes have figures) was one of your old man's girl friends.'"

off work. To his assistant, Frank Engli, he is a casual boss who slings the slang along with the strips they hand back & forth for inking, lettering and checking.

To keep his story as fresh as the news on Page One, Caniff shamelessly picks the brains of his pals, and even copies their faces. Colonel Phil Cochran, an old college chum, gave him a correspondence course in flying—and won more fame as Colonel Flip Corkin than for leading the glider invasion of Burma under his own name. Red Cross and Army nurses midwifed Caniff's yellow-tressed Nurse Taffy Tucker. Caniff had been to Britain, Europe and Africa, but never to the Orient, where all the action in *Terry* took place.

Keep 'Em Guessing. Caniff's house on Tor Ridge, a spectacular modern affair designed and owned by Neighbor Henry



European

PUBLISHER PATTERSON
A fraternal dig.

Varnum Poor, was a port of call for scores of flyers during the war. The table-talk kept Caniff abreast of servicemen's slang; the grateful flyers paid their bread-&-butter calls by buzzing the house. As a favor, the Army flew him across the U.S. in a jolting B-24, to give him the feel of it. He can "still hear the nyaaa-aaaa-aaaa of those motors—and feel the cold, going on hour after hour. Jeez, it was cold!"

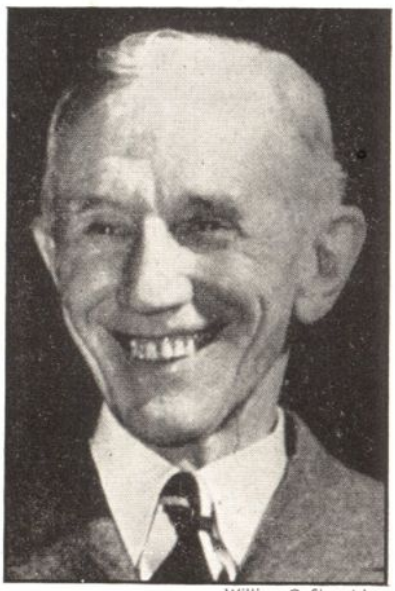
To keep his audience on the edge of their chairs, Caniff, a frustrated actor, has borrowed many a trick of stagecraft. He is a staunch Alfred Hitchcock fan, fond of the director's way of opening a suspenseful sequence with a silent sound track. He has aped the best Hollywood techniques (and some of the worst) by switches from closeups to long shots to trick camera angles—and fadeouts with profiles turned to a corn-tinted sunset. He depends on Leo Ardavany, a neighbor who manages the movie house at nearby Haverstraw, to tip him off when a useful picture comes along.

By building up to a lovemaking crisis

and not letting it come off—as Hitchcock did in *Notorious*—Caniff has become the best tantalizer in the profession. It is the same heartless treatment that keeps housewives suffering daily with radio's *Young Widder Brown*, and it has the same crass commercial purpose. "It forces 'em to buy the paper," says Caniff, "to find out what the hell is going on."

At night, alone in his studio or his bedroom, he wrestles with dialogue, penciling it into the blank strips he will sketch next day, and erasing it over & over until it rings true. Somehow he finds time to contrive bright new baubles of incident to hang on his thin thread of plot.

Ink & Grease Paint. Like millions of boys who wanted to be cartoonists when they grew up, Milt Caniff never missed a day of *Mutt & Jeff* or *Polly and Her Pals.*



William C. Shrout-LIFE

CARTOONIST MCCUTCHEON
A Significant Sig.

But the Chicago *Tribune's* prize old political crosshatcher, John T. McCutcheon, was his ideal. Milt's father took him west in 1916 and nine-year-old Milton worked for a short time as a child extra in two-reel movies. At twelve he created (for family circulation) his first cartoon, something known as *Si Plug.*

At Ohio State he saw Harold Lloyd in *The Freshman,* bought a yellow slicker and an open Ford, and was pledged by Sigma Chi, which never got over it. The fraternity has since elected him—like Cartoonist McCutcheon before him—to its select group of "Significant Sigs" (others: Booth Tarkington, Roy Chapman Andrews and George Ade).

While still an insignificant Sig, Caniff imitated John Held Jr., tried editorial cartoons for the Columbus *Dispatch.* He was jobless in 1932 when the Associated Press Feature Service beckoned him on to New York.

Caniff's dear, dead A.P. days will never be beyond recall. In the artists' bullpen on Madison Avenue, where Alfred Gerald

Caplin (now Al Capp, creator of *Li'l Abner*) was also fenced in, Caniff launched a "kid strip" called *Dickie Dare*. A.P. artists got $60 to $85 a week and the greenest hand had to block out "the damn crossword puzzles." "They wouldn't even tell us how many papers were using our stuff," Caniff complains. "They were afraid we'd get big ideas."

A Lady Pirate. One day in 1935 brown-haired Mollie Slott, mother-hen of the Chicago Tribune-New York Daily News Syndicate, marched in to the late Captain Joseph M. Patterson, the P. T. Barnum of the U.S. comic strip. "There's a young chap in my office," she told him, "with a letter from John McCutcheon." Patterson groaned: "What, another fraternity brother?" Said Mollie: "But this is the one who does *Dickie Dare*." Her sons had sold her on *Dickie*, and she had given the boss a batch of the strips to look at.

Patterson stalked out to her office, stared coldly at Caniff and asked: "Ever

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PAJAMA GIRL ('27) DRAGON LADY ('46)
Glamor for a grab-bag.

do anything on the Orient?" Caniff hadn't. "You know," Joe Patterson mused, "adventure can still happen out there. There could be a beautiful lady pirate, the kind men fall for. . . ." In a few days Caniff was back with samples and 50 proposed titles; Patterson circled "Terry" and scribbled beside it "and the Pirates."

Better than any other press lord, the moody genius of the *Daily News* knew how to make the modern mass-circulation daily an attractive grab-bag, with prizes to please either sex and every taste. Critics might object that newspapers should be *news*papers, and censure anything else in them as a regrettable defection from duty. But Patterson recognized that readers wanted something that was part almanac, shopping guide, magazine and variety show as well as news bulletin board. Like U.S. radio, the press dealt in news, entertainment and commercials; the amount of each might differ, but the ingredients were the same. Patterson's mixture called for health hints and horoscopes, patterns and etiquette, advice for the lovelorn and tips on the horses—and compelling, habit-forming comics. Most of the strips that helped his lusty tabloid grow were named

We're turning indoors out . . . for your greater comfort!

Do you remember how exhilarated you've felt, up high some place, with the air cool and clean and invigorating?

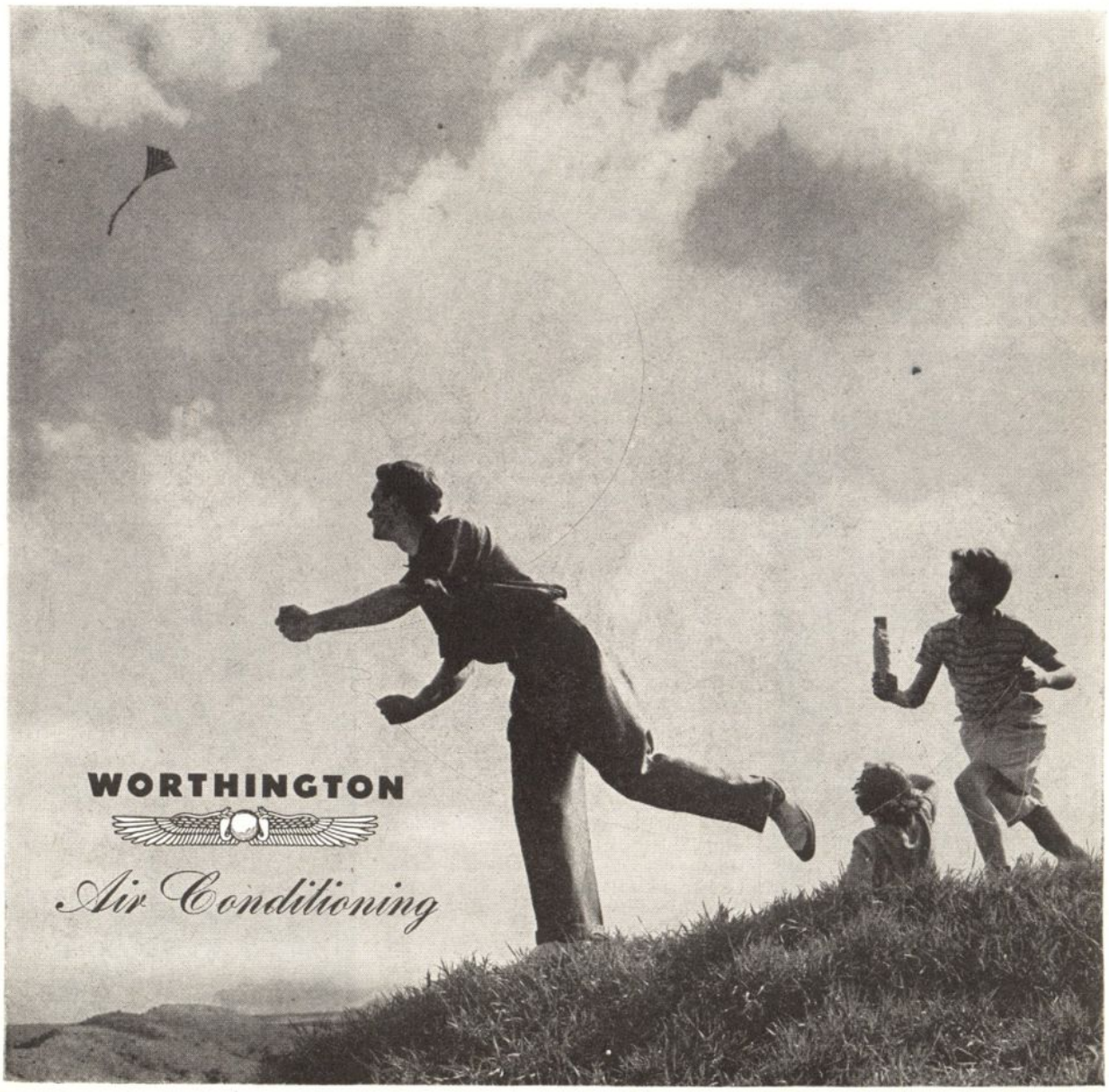
That's the kind of air we're promising you, wherever you go, inside stores, restaurants, offices, factories. No more muggy air that you could pick up in fistfuls . . . no more dust hanging in thick, gray clouds . . . no more "old-fashioned" air conditioning that gave you the chills.

Modern air conditioning — Worthington air conditioning — makes indoors like outdoors at its best. If you're the proprietor of any place where greater comfort for your visitors, customers or workers will help *business*, see a Worthington Air Conditioning distributor.

Making more of the vital "*innards*": compressors, engines, turbines, condensers, pumps, valves, fittings — Worthington is better able to give you *integrated* air conditioning. Unit conditioner or completely engineered system, *there's more worth in Worthington.*

Worthington Pump and Machinery Corporation, Air Conditioning and Refrigeration Division, Harrison, N. J. Specialists in air conditioning and refrigeration machinery for more than 50 years.

A6-2



by him (*Dick Tracy, Orphan Annie, Moon Mullins, etc.*), often after a thoughtful thumbing of the telephone book. All the artists felt his sensitive, shrewd touch. From Caniff he wanted adventure, suspense, and pretty women.

Keep It Crisp. "I didn't know how to draw women at first," Caniff, admittedly no anatomist, recalls. "Women are always harder to draw than men. And there's the nudity problem . . . you just have to know how much is in good taste. Once in a while, if I hadn't had a good-looking babe in the strip for a while, Patterson would send me a note saying how about bringing in the Dragon Lady or some other chick. And he used to hate it when the balloons were too long. . . . I didn't agree with many of the things he did in his last years. He seemed to feel that in wartime there's a place for a newspaper that is the voice of the disgruntled—and he became that voice. But he was a great guy."

One of the few times Caniff ever preached to his readers was when he had Terry Lee win his wings in China. Terry and the readers got a long, stern graduation speech from his commander Flip Corkin on courage, skill and honor among airmen. That Sunday page was read into the *Congressional Record*. An aide showed it to Patterson, who growled: "Who does Caniff think he is, Robert Emmet Sherwood?" ("He had to go and name a playwright I admire," says Caniff.) Once Caniff, excited by the morale value of his strip, suggested that the *Daily News* be sent free to remote post exchanges. He got a curt no from Captain Patterson.*

Caniff seldom heard more than querulous peeps out of Colonel Bertie McCormick's Chicago end of the *Tribune-Daily News* axis. Sample: early in 1941 he was informed that Colonel McCormick "objects to Defense Bond stamps being used in the comics, so will you please refrain from using them." And once McCormick and Patterson, reading *Terry* together, came to a sequence where the lissome Burma was carrying on with a German named Keel. "Why," said the Colonel, turning to his cousin in alarm: "Burma is *living* with that man!"

"I'm sure," says Caniff, "that Patterson had known it for a long time."

Chained Seal. At 37, Milton Caniff was a widely imitated, $70,000-a-year success. His *Terry* strip was on the radio; a Douglas Fairbanks Jr. movie was in the works. Why give it all up? For a reason of his own, Caniff wanted more. In Florida, when he was 18, he was bitten by a mosquito and got phlebitis, an inflammation of the veins that made the Army—and insurance doctors—turn him down. Because of his quick-clotting blood, says Caniff, "even a bad bump on the leg could bump me off."

It made him more aware than most men of the nearness of death. He owned not a hair on *Terry's* head, and if he died his wife would get not a cent of *Terry's* future income. Like nearly every trained seal in his line, he was held prisoner by the "shop rights" system. Its major premise: comic strips are owned, not by their creators, but by the syndicates that sell them.

In the fall of 1944 Millionaire Marshall Field, whose young Chicago *Sun* had not succeeded in rising above the commercial horizon, decided to grab the best talent his money could buy—preferably by taking it away from his rival, Colonel McCormick. Field invited Caniff to his apartment at 740 Park Avenue, blandly asked him: "What do you want?" Caniff hardly needed to answer: ownership of copyright. "I'm out to emancipate you," smiled Field. Then he added comfortably: "I imagine you're a well-paid slave."

* "We have had many requests to put the *News* on a free list," wrote J.M.P., "but . . . the Government has money enough to provide subscriptions if it wishes to do so." He later relented a little.

Joseph Costa

MAN & WIFE
Not much to say.

Joseph Costa

ARTIST & MODEL ("MISS UTAH")
Not much to wear.

Caniff was the first cartoonist who ever left Joe Patterson, though not the first to abandon his brain children.* Patterson and Caniff never spoke or met, after Caniff joined Field. (In Patterson's *Daily News,* and in most of the other 310 papers that print *Terry,* the strip was being drawn last week by George Wunder. Wunder, like Caniff—whom he has never met—is a left-handed graduate of the A.P. Judging by his first week, his drawing was a reasonable facsimile of Caniff's, but his dialogue was a long way below it.)

Caniff's new five-year contract with Marshall Field calls for a $2,000-a-week minimum. The Field organization was not equipped to sell the new strip nationally, so left-winger Field, who shudders at William Randolph Hearst on his editorial page, made a deal with the old lord of San Simeon. For selling *Steve Canyon,* Hearst's King Features Syndicate got first rights to run the new strip in all Hearst papers outside Chicago (including the tabloid *Mirror* in New York, instead of Field's small *PM*).

Retooling for Steve. In the airy, book-lined studio at New City, Milton Caniff cleared away the oriental props that had served *Terry.* The morgue was crammed with Americana, for a change of scene: state guides, the *Rivers* series, hundreds of photographs of city streets and airports. Marshall Field, no comics expert, had no advice to give, but Caniff knew what the publishers and readers wanted: a strip with all the thrills of *Terry* and nearly all the sexiness of Lace rolled into one.

His new hero, Steve Canyon, would be a lean and squinty, older version of Terry; a fellow with an easy, insolent, Gary Cooperish grace that marked a breed of plainsmen, and airplanesmen. Canyon knew the world and its airlanes—and its women—as his granddaddy would have known the way stations on the Overland Trail. So he went into business on a shoestring as Horizons, Unlimited, and took for his trademark an old Navajo double-eagle design (*see cover*). His first customer would be a tough one: a wolverine of Wall Street, slinky Copper Calhoon.

Caniff plotted his new characters as carefully as any fiction writer. "The guy, now, had to have a name that would stick," Caniff explained. "It had to be three syllables, Dead-eye-Dick, or John-Paul-Jones. . . . *Steve-Can-yon.* Not a real name, or one you could turn into a dirty word. But a guy who'd have a girl in every port, and could do all the things that a youngster like Terry couldn't. Why, Terry couldn't even smoke. And with people in the Orient we couldn't use those casual, normal insults that pass between Americans."

Beginning his new strip, Caniff was confident and cool: "It's almost a mathematical equation," he said. "If I don't know my trade by now, I'd better quit."

* Crockett Johnson abandoned *Barnaby* last year, and Roy Crane gave up *Wash Tubbs.* Major Hoople, star boarder of *Our Boarding House,* did better after his creator Gene Ahern was replaced by a group of N.E.A. artists and writers.

SCIENCE

Unpleasant Individuals

The human race has never been more vulnerable to high-flying generalities. At Princeton last week, J. B. S. Haldane, 54, Britain's grand not-very-old man of biology and vicinity, let loose some scary ones before a learned symposium on genetics, paleontology and evolution. Some of them:

The atomic bomb was genetically bad, said he: "The tremendous amount of radiation generated in the explosion of an atomic bomb produces mutations in the genes, carriers of heredity. These mutations in the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki will affect future generations (TIME, Nov. 11).

"The killing of 10% of humanity . . . with atomic bombs might not destroy civilization. But the production of abnormalities in 10% of the population by gene mutations induced by radioactivity may very easily destroy it." Destruction need not be immediate; mutated genes are insidious skulkers. They may lie in wait for centuries in the germ plasm, spreading by intermarriage through the population. Then, when they get their chance, they kill the child in the womb, or burden it with physical or mental defects.

Glimmers for Tomorrow. If the race dodges atomic hexing, said Haldane, it may proceed to higher things. In a thousand years or so, it might learn to control its own evolution. Future men would be better adapted to a civilized life.

"If I am right . . . [the man of the future] would probably have great muscular skill but little muscular strength, a large head, fewer teeth than ourselves, and so on. He would develop very slowly, perhaps not learning to speak till five years of age, but continuing to learn up to the age of 40, and then living several centuries. . . .

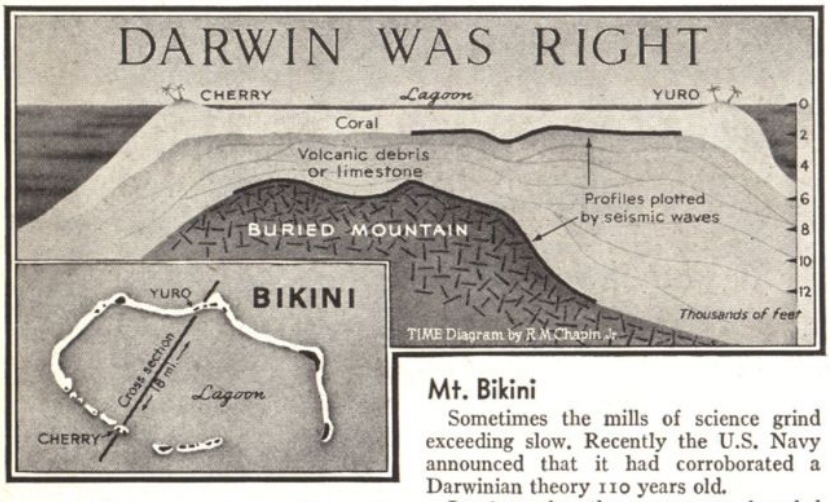
"He would be more rational and less instinctive, less subject to sexual and parental emotion, to rage on the one hand and to so-called herd instincts on the other. His motivation would depend far more than ours on education. . . . He would be of high general intelligence by our standards, and most individuals would have some special aptitude developed to the degree which we call genius. . . .

"From our point of view, he would be an unpleasant individual, just as we would be to the Peking man."

• • •

Professor Alfred S. Romer of Harvard was not so sure that Man would evolve so triumphantly. "If we were dinosaurs, back in the days of their greatness," he said, "we would probably have had similar thoughts (if we'd had brains to think them). The dinosaurs didn't go further, and became extinct."

What creature, then, might inherit the earth? "Rats," said Professor Romer.



Mt. Bikini

Sometimes the mills of science grind exceeding slow. Recently the U.S. Navy announced that it had corroborated a Darwinian theory 110 years old.

In 1831, when the great, grave, bearded Charles Darwin was a bubbling young naturalist, he began his famous voyage on the *Beagle*. While crossing the South Pacific, he was fascinated by the ring-shaped coral islands, which he decided to call "by their Indian name of atolls." He wondered about those saucers of coral standing on steep-sided platforms above the deep ocean floor. Why their ring shape? How had they been formed? It was known that reef-building corals did not thrive more than a few fathoms below the surface. Certainly the islands had not grown upward from the depths. The atolls, he concluded, must have been formed when islands sank, and the coral reefs fringing their shorelines continued to grow. "For as mountain after mountain, and island after island slowly sank beneath the water, fresh bases would be successively afforded for the growth of the corals."

Trial by Depth Charge. Darwin's atoll theory won fairly wide acceptance, but it was not checked conclusively until the Navy decided to explode two atomic bombs at Bikini Atoll last year. During the preliminary survey, scientists mapped the underground structure of the atoll by seismic methods: 126 depth charges exploded at various points on the bottom of the lagoon sent waves through the coral and underlying material. The denser the medium, the faster such waves travel. By measuring how long the waves took to reach listening instruments, the Navy's scientists could estimate the density of the rock at various depths (*see chart*).

For some 2,000 feet down they found that the atoll was made of coral and similar stuff, rather like what was found on the surface. Then began a zone of heavier rock, which might be ash thrown out by a volcano, or limestone formed by corals and other sea creatures and compacted by pressure. At about 5,000 feet, they found what they had hoped to find: a "buried mountain" of heavy rock.

It might be the hard core of a volcano or peak formed by above-sea erosion. Only deep drilling could give the details. But the mountain was there, far below the growing zone of coral. Darwin, from the deck of his windjammer, had guessed right.

Trivision

In the plushier Victorian parlors, the stereoscope had been a favorite gadget. Viewed through its wooden lorgnette-style holder, special, double photographs looked solidly three-dimensional, and entertained the young & old on dull Sunday afternoons. Last week the Navy announced that it was perfecting an improvement: a single photograph which appears three-dimensional without benefit of "viewer."

Objects looked at directly seem three-dimensional because each of the two human eyes sees a slightly different picture. The stereoscope, with its two pictures taken from different angles, copies this principle.

Six years ago the Navy picked up an idea which Inventor Douglas F. Winnek had been working on since 1932. Winnek uses a camera with a lens wider than the distance between the human eyes, and takes his pictures on a special film covered with tiny, transparent ridges. These act somewhat like lenses.

Light which reaches them through one edge of the camera lens makes a dot-&-dash picture on the sensitive emulsion behind the ridges. Light passing through the opposite edge of the lens makes a slightly different picture. When the negative is looked at with both human eyes, it seems to be three-dimensional. Each eye, being in a slightly different position in relation to the lenslike ridges, sees a different picture. The two pictures, combining, give the appearance of depth.

The "trivision" negatives (as the Navy calls them) are reversed, the foreground appearing to be the background. But printed on special "trivision paper" they are startlingly lifelike. The process is not yet ready for demonstration. But Inventor Winnek and the Navy hope to adapt it to colored lithography and to movies, so that human beings on paper or screen will be almost warm with life.

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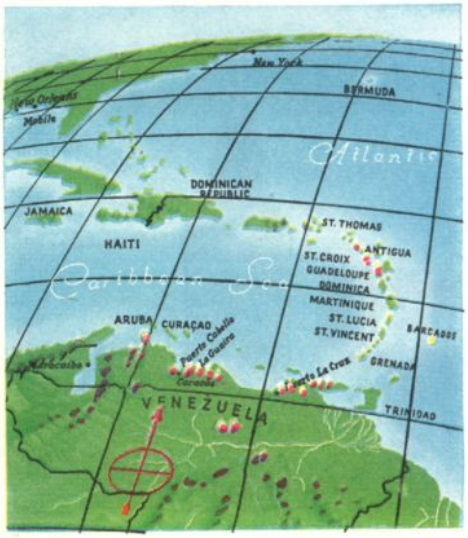

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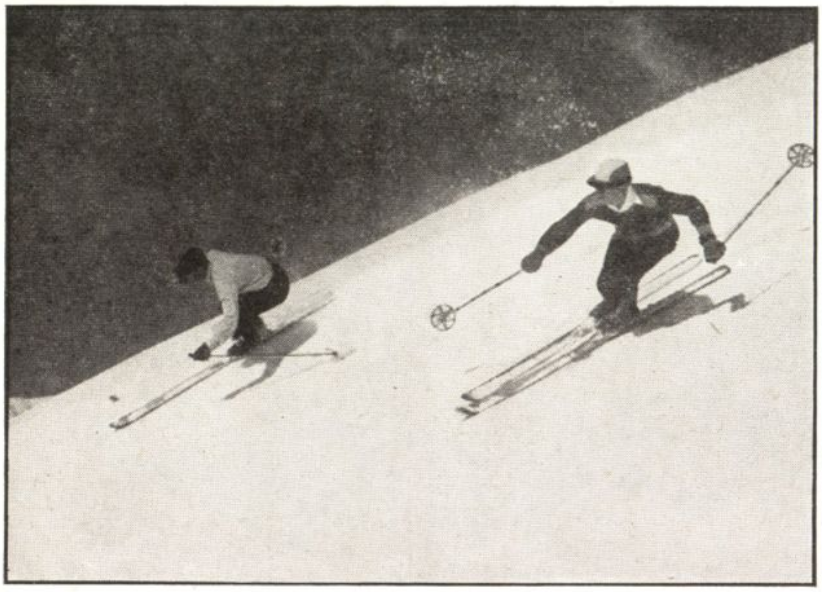
SPORT



SKIING AT SUN VALLEY
At Nose Dive, a full house.

Ski Fever

The snow at Lake Placid, N. Y. was deep and powdery last week, and the temperature was a shivery 3° above zero. At one-minute intervals, the 39 best college skiers in the East struck out cross-country on their narrow racing skis. Tiny, ski-minded St. Lawrence University won Lake Placid's *Langlauf* (its skiers finished first & second) and won the tournament as well.

Two thousand miles away, beneath Idaho's Sawtooth Mountains in glossy Sun Valley, Utah's team skied to victory last week in the West's intercollegiate championship meet against 125 entrants from 25 colleges. What looked to be the biggest & best U.S. ski season on record had begun.

The fever, which afflicted only a few thousand people 15 years ago and now strikes nearly 3,000,000, was still rising. In New Hampshire, where skiing is good business as well as good fun, there were 52 tows, 4 aerial tramways (and a skimobile) operating; the previous high: 35. Every inn and farmhouse near Vermont's famed runs (among them: Suicide Six, Nose Dive, John Doe's Misery) was heavily booked, at from $2 to $20 a day. This week, the season's first ski train chugged out of Boston's North Station.

The minority aboard it, as always, were the sober-sided, skilled skiers, usually in well-worn clothes. They did their best to ignore the "snow bunnies"—the partying, dressed-to-kill wing of the amateurs. Snow bunnies had a habit of weaving off the snow, and often went tumbling downhill like Jack & Jill.

Mecca, with Lift. Skidom's newest center is on the Rockies' western slope. Early in the war, the Army, looking for a place to train its 10th Mountain (ski) Division, picked Colorado for its crisp air, and powdery snow, and the Alpine grandeur of its slopes. As a result, a ski mecca with the world's longest ski lift (14,100 feet) will open this month at Aspen, formerly a quiet Colorado mining town. In Steamboat Springs, schools have begun ski-instruction courses, and three Big Seven Conference colleges (Colorado, Utah and Wyoming) have adopted skiing as a varsity sport. As far south as Albuquerque, ski tows and warming huts were dotting the Rockies.

Credit for selling the U.S. public on skiing in the early '30s belonged to no one man. Averell Harriman, as board chairman of the Union Pacific Railroad, had a hand in it. He persuaded his fellow directors that the U.P., hungry for prestige and passengers, should build a resort at Sun Valley. Hollywooders (including Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert and Darryl F. Zanuck) made it fashionable. Manhattan Banker Harvey Dow Gibson hired Austria's famed skier, Hannes Schneider, and spent $1,000,000 to build his home town, North Conway, N. H., into one of the East's major ski resorts (TIME, Jan. 21, 1946).

It was Hannes Schneider's Arlberg technique of controlled skiing (by which skiers learn to put on the brakes) which did most to tell U.S. beginners how to ski. Its basis, as with all controlled skiing, is the fundamental snow-plow (knees bent, body tilted forward, ski tips pointed inward like an inverted V). In about five weeks, the average student can learn to ride downhill without wrapping himself around a tree.

So far the U.S. has produced only one man, Dartmouth College's Dick Durrance, who could even stay close to the Swiss.

Austrians and French in a downhill and slalom. Nor has the U.S. anyone to match the Norwegians in jumping and cross-country. But the Europeans had been doing it for 400 years.

Sleeper Wakes

Only the law of averages was in his favor: old Texas Sandman had never won a major race. The one moment in his life was the time two years ago when he finished second in a big race. Last week his trainer bravely entered him in the $50,000 added San Carlos Handicap, at California's million-dollar Santa Anita track. Among the 17 other horses in the race were Elizabeth Arden's proud Knockdown, and a swift horse named Buzfuz, recently flown in from Miami.

Texas Sandman broke out of the starting gate like a hobby horse, next to last. Then, for reasons known only to himself, the Sandman awoke. First, he gained ground on the inside, then he tried the outside. Buzfuz was quitting, and the pace-setter, Fighting Frank, did not appear to have much fight left. In the stretch, Texas Sandman took the lead, wobbled a bit toward the rail, but brazened it out to win first place and $45,150. For a six-year-old, that was pretty good: almost 180 times his $250 purchase price as a yearling. A $2 win ticket on him was worth $111.90.

Golf Is Different

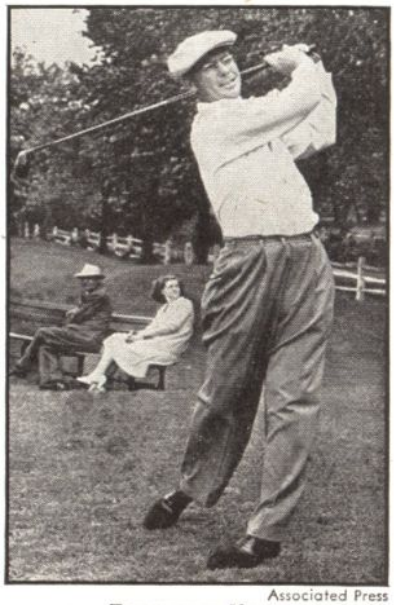
There was a gentle sea breeze off the ocean, the sun was warm, and 6,834 open-shirted fans had paid to see the first round of the $10,000 Los Angeles Open. Shortly after noon, Ellsworth Vines shambled to the tee and drove off. It was a 250-yd. drive—but out-of-bounds. He tried again; his second ball went out. He was hooking badly. He tipped his cap to Jim Turnesa, who with Sam Snead made up the threesome. Drawled Vines: "Try it, Jim. Think I'll rest a while." A few minutes later, Vines got off a third try; it hooked too, but took a lucky bounce off a tree onto the fairway.

The man who had once been the best tennis player in the world was not usually so inept at his new profession as he was last week. In the past year, he had driven his Mercury some 35,000 miles and slept in many a hotel bed too short for his 6 ft. 2 in. No tank-town tourney was too small for him; he played in 44 big & little ones, a grind that would wear out most pro golfers. By sheer persistence, he had earned $12,000 in prize money (compared to $50,000 his first season as a tennis pro). His score varied between seven under par and seven over par. Says Vines: "Tennis got too tough for me. I was beginning to age, and Don Budge helped me decide to get out of it. I can continue as a golfer for years—in tennis I was an old man."

Now 35, Vines has not touched a tennis racket for five years ("and I ain't about to"). He believes that each game has its particular swing, and one interferes with the other. Says Vines: "Golf takes less stamina, and less training. You get very tired playing tennis—but it is so fast that

you have little time to think about each shot. I can forget a tennis match the minute it's over . . . but I remember a missed putt or a bad drive for hours."

Forty Pounds On. In 1937, two years before he quit tennis, California-born Ellsworth Vines took his first golf lesson. He had two handicaps from tennis: a pair of glasses, the result of eye-strain in night matches; and an overdeveloped right wrist that once stroked the most devastating forehand in tennis. By 1942, he had chopped his game from the 90s to the 70s and become golf pro at the Southern California Golf & Country Club. When he became a fulltime playing pro last year, his tee shots were usually long & straight, his irons still wobbly. But on the greens, he had a master's putting touch. "The only bad habit I've picked up in golf,"



Associated Press

ELLSWORTH VINES
He picked up a bad habit.

says he, "is getting fat." He now weighs 195, about 40 pounds more than his tennis weight.

Several of golf's elder statesmen, including ex-Champion Gene Sarazen, have predicted that Ellsworth Vines will one day become U.S. golf champion.* In his shaky beginning last week, Vines looked as if he had some distance still to go. He finished 15 strokes behind the winner. Said he: "Somehow, there don't seem to be more than two or three good tennis players at one time . . . but golf is different. You must whip an awful lot of fellows to get on top." Some of the "awful lot" were among the 130 who teed off at Los Angeles' Riviera course. There was a top layer, of such men as icy cool Ben Hogan (TIME, Nov. 18), which would take some cracking. Last week Hogan shot four under par, won first place and $2,000.

* A tennis-playing woman once came close to it. Mary K. Browne, U.S. women's tennis champion 1912-14, reached the finals of the 1924 U.S. women's golf championship.

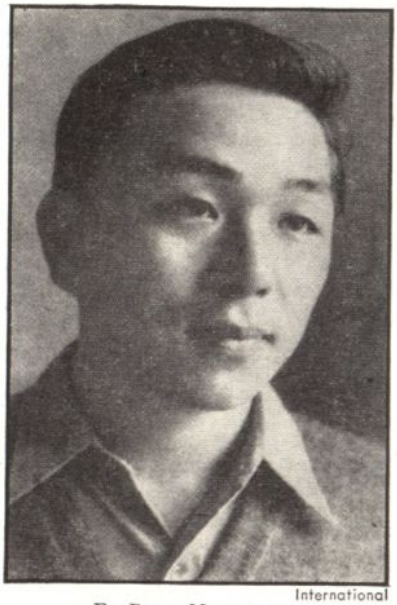
RELIGION

In Memoriam

But I say unto you, Love your enemies . . . do good to them that hate you. . . .
Matthew, 5:44

Before he sailed for the Philippines in 1945, Private Robert Johnstone, 18, knew that he might not come back. He was killed on Luzon. In the spirit which his parents believed was his, they set aside his $10,000 G.I. insurance policy for a scholarship at his college, Pennsylvania's Lafayette. Recipients were to be Orientals, Japanese if possible.

Last week this year's recipient was named: Robert Nishiyama, 22, of Tokyo, ex-pilot in the *Kamikaze* (suicide) corps. Said he: "I want to try my best to repay Mr. & Mrs. Johnstone for the loss of their son. I can do this only by giving my small bit toward establishing good will between our two countries."



International

EX-PILOT NISHIYAMA
Toward good will.

Ida Wyman

SOCIOLOGIST LEIFFER
Against untidiness.

Pointers for Pastors

What kind of man do Methodists want their minister to be? To find out, Dr. Murray H. Leiffer of Garrett Biblical Institute at Northwestern made a two-year survey. To all district lay leaders,* plus samplings of Methodist women and youth, Dr. Leiffer's Bureau of Social Research sent a formidable questionnaire. The result, published this week in book form and titled *The Layman Looks at the Minister* (Abingdon-Cokesbury; $1.50), makes 160 pages of required reading for theological students. Laymen will find it an absorbing composite of the country's largest Protestant church body (8,000,000).

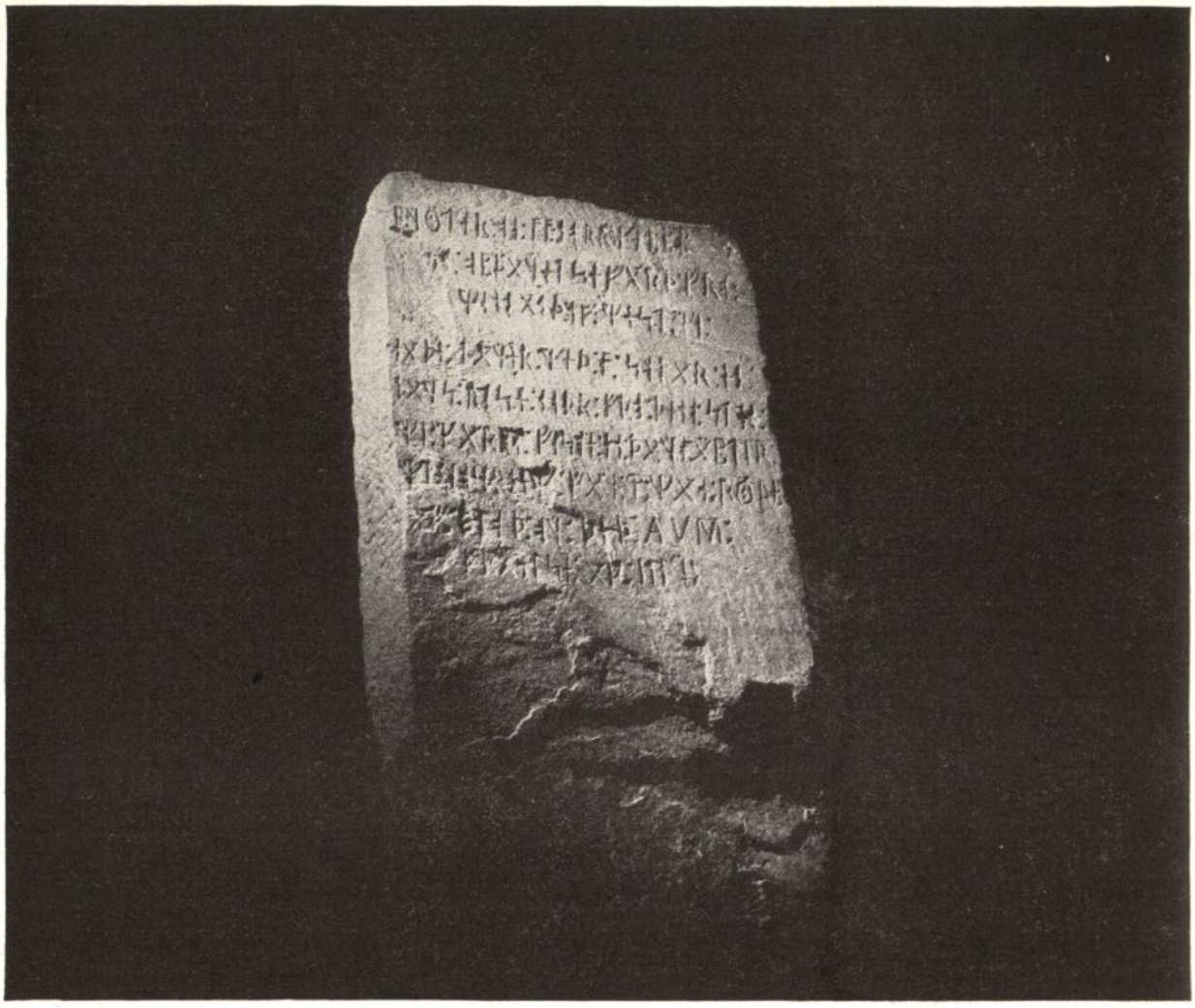
* Approximately 1,500 laymen, elected annually to direct lay activities in each of U.S. Methodism's 564 districts.

The Minister's Job. Methodist laymen reserve their highest disapproval (98%) for the minister who "seems pessimistic and defeatist concerning the achievement of the goals of the Christian Church." Explains Sociologist Leiffer: "This does not mean that Methodist men and women desire a Pollyanna religion or preacher. . . . But they expect their religious leader to have . . . a belief that good eventually will triumph, and a consequent assurance and patience even in the face of disappointing conditions."

A somewhat smaller percentage (88%) are critical of the minister who "is not effective in winning decisions for Christ" —though only 66.4% disapprove of the parson who "does not hold evangelistic meetings." The south registered the most interest in evangelism, the far west the least.

U.S. Methodists like sermons; they like them biblical and they like them preached, not read. Wrote an Oklahoma county clerk: "Most preachers . . . that I listen to talk too much about what they have done, or make too many personal references, follow notes too closely, giving the average thinking layman the impression of not enough time spent praying over the message to be delivered to *hungry people.*"

Likes & Dislikes. Theological differences between minister and congregation are considered undesirable (76.3%), but not so undesirable as too few pastoral calls (86.3%). A majority of Methodists (56.9%) react unfavorably to a minister who does not accompany his calls with prayer. As to a recreation program for youth, the prudent pastor will mind his Ps & Qs; 54.2% of laymen approve "folk



Mr. Ericson really started something

Leif was his name. Tradition says that some 900 years ago he was the first of those blond giants to leave the cool, clean forest-and-lake country of northern Europe in search of a like homeland in the New World.

In later years Olaf and Eric followed him, exploring the new land as far west as the great Upper Mississippi Valley.* Francois and Jean came, too. Then, Hans and Kurt . . . Patrick and Angus . . . and all the rest of the hardy strain of men who bred the character and initiative and intelligence of their native stock into the people of this new forest-and-lake country.

In what is now the state of Minnesota they founded a new *way of life* that thrives to this day. Here their descendants have built busy cities and lovely small towns hedged by a wilderness where fish and game abound. Here live a people of high literacy, stability and skill, devoted to this incomparable *way of life.*

What does this mean to you? Simply this. If you are a manufacturer of articles of high value and small bulk, like the electrical appliances of General Mills, or the outboard motors of the Champion Motors Company, these Minnesotans are *your* kind of workers. One of America's best known engineering firms has said, "The great asset of Minnesota is the unique skill and intelligence of its people."

More than a million of these people live in the metropolitan areas of the Twin Cities and Duluth, America's greatest inland port. Many more live and work in the attractive small towns around the state. If human skill and dependability are important in your business, you'll find them here.

Write us, if you'd like more information. Or better still, come and meet these Minnesotans in person. The St. Paul Winter Carnival opens this year on February 1.

Minneapolis Star
EVENING
Minneapolis Tribune
MORNING & SUNDAY
More than 500,000 Sunday, 400,000 Daily
JOHN COWLES, *President*

**The Kensington Rune Stone pictured above was found in Minnesota 50 years ago, and is accepted as authentic by many prominent historians. The inscription in ancient runic characters reports a visit to the district in 1362 by a group of 8 Swedes and 22 Norwegians. Stone is preserved at Alexandria, Minn.*

games"—in the church basement, but for "social dancing," 70.1% of Methodists consider church property forbidden ground.

Solid Methodists like their preacher to be a good mixer, but careful where he mixes. While 62.4% want him to be "a popular speaker at the Chamber of Commerce and service clubs, such as Rotary," only half as many approve his making "occasional addresses at labor union meetings," and 22.3% are flatly against it. On racial issues Methodists have few doubts: 95.7% condemn any minister who is anti-Semitic and 90.2% approve one who "proclaims equal opportunities and responsibilities for all racial and nationality groups."

Dr. Leiffer's survey probes a pastor's person and personality. Does corpulence make a difference? It does; 52.3% of laymen mark it down as unfavorable. Does untidiness matter? No less than 98% are dead against it. Should he smoke? At least 75% of Methodist laymen object. But more important to a congregation is a minister's home life. In reply to the question: "How acceptable will a minister be if he and his wife do not get along well," two out of three laymen listed continuing connubial tension as serious enough to disqualify a man for the ministry.

Fledgling divines might well pin to their mirrors the words of one wise layman who wrote on his questionnaire: "After all, being a preacher is about like being a member of a draft board. He can do his best and be nearly perfect, but he'll get criticized."

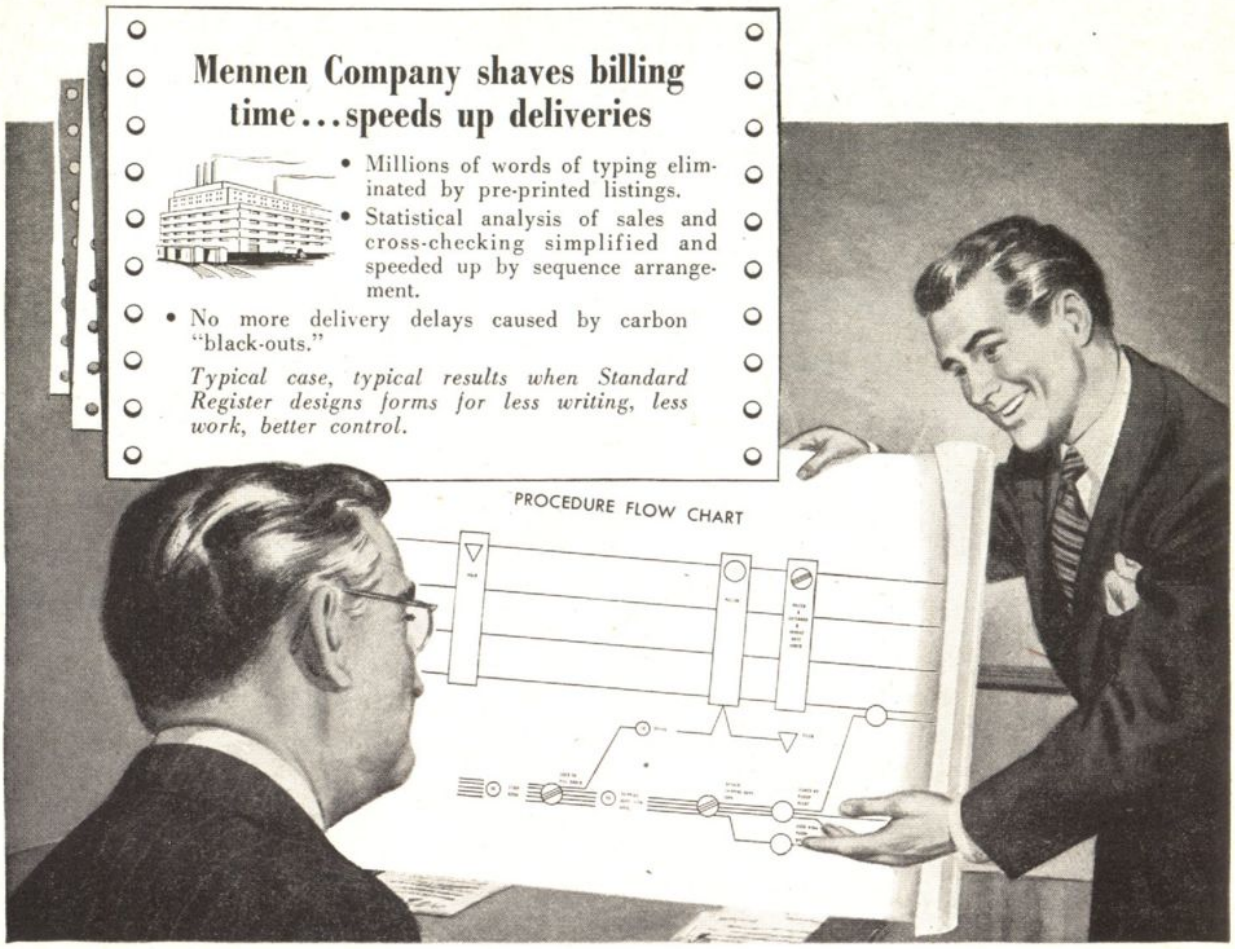
Christian Column

"My wife says I'm a fool—and she may be right. She often is. I don't even know what is wrong myself, only that something keeps gnawing away inside me, and life isn't as good as it looks. . . . My job at the factory is going nicely. We've got a nice little house and the kids are doing well. My wife is the best friend a man ever had. But all the time I've got the feeling that there is something missing. Like meat without salt. . . . Books don't seem to help. Science is more practical but it doesn't offer much hope. Politics are worse. Mr. Marx makes me sick. . . .

"You might say, 'Try religion.' Why should I? I don't feel a sinner, and, anyway, you haven't seen our parson. He isn't even a man. So far as I can see, the churches seem to have plenty of troubles of their own without bothering them with mine. Squabbling and preaching are all they're good for, and I can get along without either, thank you.

"Also, if you can tell me what the Virgin Birth has to do with 1946, I would like to know."

This letter, headed in big, boldface type and signed "J.W.," appeared on the editorial page of London's sensation-loving tabloid *Daily Mirror* one day last November. *Mirror* editors had heard a lot of talk about Britain's paganism, and thought it must be provoked by a genuine interest in religion. They proved to be



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Pacific Coast: Sunset McKee-Standard Register Sales Co., Oakland 6, California. Canada: R. L. Crain Limited, Ottawa. London: W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd.

right. So many readers wrote about "J.W." that the *Mirror* looked around for the right man to answer him and start a religious column. The choice: tall, gaunt, humorless Sir Richard Acland, 40.

Layman and Lay Reader. Britons knew Sir Richard as a Liberal M.P. who had founded, with J. B. Priestley, the short-lived, socialist Common Wealth Party, later resigned to join the Labor Party. Sir Richard, who describes himself as "a recent convert" to Anglicanism, now serves as lay reader* in his village church near Exeter. He believes that his *Mirror* column may enable him to cover the field of applied Christianity in "20 or 30 articles," happily anticipates some hot controversy over such questions as whether Jonah ever really lived in the whale. Says he: "I hope we shall be interrupted there for some time."

Last week, Sir Richard devoted his third column to an analysis of the mail he had received. Highlights:

Wide World

SIR RICHARD ACLAND
Jonah might interrupt.

"Nine out of ten writers either feel like J.W., or else they used to in former days. Only about one in 20 tells him to go chase himself up a tree. . . .

"Of those who write letters, nearly one-half say, in many different ways, 'I have been given the answer to life in and through Jesus Christ.' . . .

"Just about one-third of those who have found the answer in Jesus use some phrase which means, 'Don't look at the Church; that's not Christianity; look for Jesus.' . . .

"It is all wrong that today . . . no one writes of any thrill or satisfaction which he is getting from any form of common work undertaken in cooperation with his fellow Christians for the good of his fellow men."

* Lay readers conduct services (which Lay Reader Acland does thrice monthly), but may not administer the sacraments.

Let's talk turkey!

A good way to buy trucks is to deal with facts. Facts like these:

Fact 1—The best truck for your job is a truck that *fits* your job.

Fact 2—Every truck built by Dodge is designed and built to *fit* a specific hauling or delivery job. It's *"Job-Rated"* . . . and there's one to fit your job.

Fact 3—Your Dodge *"Job-Rated"* truck will be powered from engine to rear axle to move your loads. When power and weight are matched you get economy of operation . . . best performance.

Fact 4—Your Dodge truck will have *"Job-Rated"* brakes . . . sized for your maximum load . . . sized for safety and long service.

Fact 5—Your Dodge truck will have a *"Job-Rated"* frame, transmission and clutch. Axles, gear ratios, springs and tires will be *"Job-Rated."* No wonder your *"Job-Rated"* truck will *last longer!*

For the best truck investment you've ever made, see your Dodge dealer about the *"Job-Rated"* truck that fits *your* job . . . the most economical and dependable truck you've ever owned.

TRUCKS TO FIT 97% OF HAULING NEEDS

Dodge *"Job-Rated"* trucks include panels, pick-ups, canopies, stakes, tractors and many chassis and cab models (conventional and cab-over-engine design) . . . ranging from light delivery models up to 40,000-pound gross weight tractor-trailer units.

ONLY DODGE BUILDS *"Job-Rated"* TRUCKS

DODGE *"Job-Rated"* TRUCKS

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Lumarith* and other Celanese plastics in sheet form, are behind the high quality and long life of many famous products: shades that double the charm of lamplight . . . last for years . . . and can be cleaned with a damp cloth; indestructible playing cards; crystal-clear boxes; pearl finish veneering for bathroom accessories; electrical insulation; eyeglass frames. Celanese plastics add years of service to the things we use and wear. Their color, surface, and adaptability to mass production are a stimulus to product improvement. Plastics Division of Celanese Corporation of America, 180 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N. Y., producers of cellulosic plastics sold under the trade marks: *Lumarith** *Forticel** *Celluloid** *Vimlite** *and Celcon*†.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. †Trademark

Celanese* Synthetics

Chemicals . . . Textiles and Plastics

EDUCATION

No Contract, No Work

U.S. teachers, the poorest paid of all professional workers, were fed up with genteel poverty. Last week even the cautious, conservative 90-year-old National Education Association (775,000 members) began to make noises like a union.

In Washington, N.E.A.'s Executive Secretary Willard Givens called on teachers throughout the U.S. to organize "salary committees," and hit their school boards for general raises. It was a surprising change of front for N.E.A., which includes not only classroom teachers but school administrators.

Until present contracts run out, said Givens, teachers have no business striking. But nobody can force them to sign up again next fall unless the contracts look a lot better. If they don't, said Givens, teachers should take a lesson from John L. Lewis: "No contract, no work." N.E.A.'s estimate of proper salaries: $2,400 a year for qualified beginners, $4,000 to $6,000 for experienced teachers.

Warned N.E.A.: "Teachers are no longer willing to work for starvation wages. They refuse to stay in a profession with salaries less than those of the bartender and garbage collector."

Who Said Progress?

It was a tough week for those who believe that every day, in every way, things are getting better & better.

¶ People (at least in Britain) are becoming less intelligent, reported London Psychologist Sir Cyril Burt. It is an old story, said Sir Cyril, that the intelligent well-to-do have fewer children than the poor. The real hitch: "Among the far more numerous working classes it is still the most intelligent families who contribute fewest to the next generation."

At the present rate, he warned, "in a little over 50 years the number of pupils of 'scholarship' ability [will] be halved and the number of feeble-minded almost double, while the general average [will drop] by about five I.Q. points."

¶ People (at least in the U.S.) are getting less well-educated, reported Principal George H. Henry of a Dover, Del. high school in the January *Ladies' Home Journal*.

Wrote Henry: "High-school education in America is required to handle throngs of pupils for no other reason than to keep them from roaming the streets. . . . The atmosphere is tentative, hurried, crowded and decidedly anti-intellectual."

More Play, Less Reading. "By stuffing within school walls three times as many things for pupils 'to do' we do not necessarily enrich the life of the pupil three times. . . . The unfortunate outcome of this circus type of school is that pupils think of study as inconsequential to the educational process. . . .

"About a third of the high-school population is not at home with print, and is

unable to get the meaning from reasonably difficult books. . . . Youth feeds on the violence of the comics; idolizes speed, memorizes swing verses almost by osmosis, yet cannot quote a line of decent poetry. . . ."

Secret Ceremony

The lady had come from Europe, and was glad to be in the U.S. She had never seen a sorority initiation, and persuaded a teen-age friend to let her watch the secret ceremony of her high school sorority. What she saw horrified her; she could only hope it was not a fair sample of U.S. initiations. U.S. friends assured her that it was not typical of college sororities, but could not assure her that it was unique among younger girls. This was what she saw:

"The high-school girls — there were about 15 of them—were dressed for a tea party, but they carried long bundles containing paddles, and pails for vomiting. In the corner of the room one girl was mixing a drink out of castor oil, cold cooking grease, coffee grounds, raw oysters and mackerels' eyes.

"The first girl to be initiated was brought in, wearing a bathing suit and a blindfold. She was pale, trembling, and sweating. They made her lie on the floor, face up. Then one of the girls poured the concoction into her mouth.

"She choked and retched. Two girls held her shoulders. They told her that if she vomited, she would have to drink it back. Some of the castor oil started coming out of her nose. The girls told her: 'You goat, you have to drink it all.'

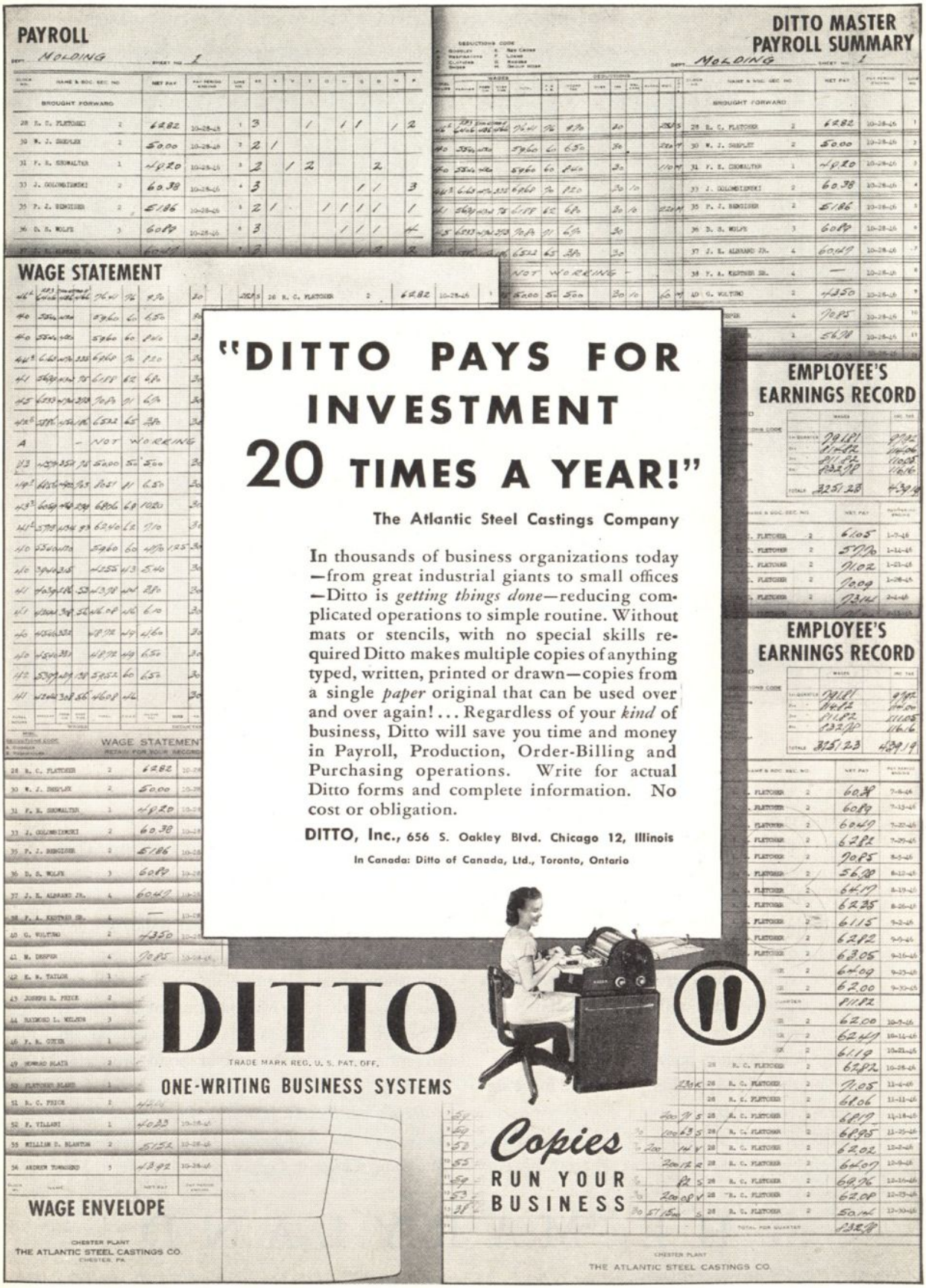
"Then they made her take a crawling position, and took turns burning her back with lighted cigarets—not deep, just enough to leave blisters. Meanwhile another girl was throwing an egg at her face. She started to cry and they kicked her. Then they spun her around until she was dizzy and started to vomit, but the girls grabbed hold of her nose and mouth so she couldn't."

Where It Would Hurt Most. "Next they told her to assume the angle—kneeling with her head down on her arms, which were flat on the floor. Her buttocks were up and her legs apart. Each girl walked behind her and hit her three times with a paddle, very hard. They seemed to know where it would hurt most. They didn't hit her horizontally, but between her legs, toward her sexual organs. With every hard blow she would fall down flat. She cried and screamed.

"After several beatings, she fainted. I thought the others would be frightened then, but they weren't — they seemed angry. They threw cold water in her face. After a few minutes she revived. They made her get into position again.

"Then I went away. I couldn't stand seeing any more.

"The next day I asked my young friend whether she had had any fun last night. 'Not exactly,' she said, 'but it was one of those things that has to be done. You have to, to join a sorority. Otherwise you can't go to dances and everything."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$60 A WEEK . . . $60,000 A YEAR!

HE'S ON THE PAYROLL for $60 a week . . . but he's *into* his company for $60,000 a year!

No, his employers don't know it—yet. But they will . . . when he makes the one careless move that betrays the embezzler—and reveals the staggering total of his thefts from company funds.

Records show that employees—many of them highly trusted—steal millions of dollars each year. Opportunities are many. Temptations are strong. And in most businesses, it is "too easy" to pilfer, to defraud, to alter papers and forge signatures . . . to embezzle.

Though there are scores of ways for an employee to steal money or property from his employer—there is only *one* sure way for an employer to protect himself against such loss. That is by covering his entire personnel, at very moderate cost, with a Fidelity Bond.

Guaranteed honesty is the best policy for any business. Losses from employee dishonesty are now showing an alarming increase. It will pay you to consult your Maryland agent or broker. Whether your business is large or small, he can prescribe precisely the sort of bond protection you need.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WAGES & SALARIES

Still Rolling

Onward rolled the portal-to-portal snowball. By last week labor unions had filed suits for retroactive pay under the portal principle (TIME, Dec. 16 *et seq.*) to the staggering total of $3 billion.

To stop the snowball, Michigan Republican Clare E. Hoffman rose up in the new Congress and introduced legislation which would: 1) define the work week as consisting only of time actually spent in productive work; and 2) through retroactive provisions, throw all portal suits out of court. Few experts thought it would be that easy, or that the retroactive provisions would be constitutional. But other bills were being readied for the congressional hopper, in a frantic attempt to slam the door on portal pay. One of them would levy a 100% windfall tax on retroactive portal payments.

SHOW BUSINESS

Big Frog

Universal-International Pictures was the first major Hollywood moviemaker to decide that the little 16- and 8-mm. movies shown in homes, schools and churches had big domestic moneymaking possibilities. Three months ago, Universal set up a subsidiary called United World Films Inc. and jumped into the little movie pond. Last week, after much splashing about, United World emerged as the pond's biggest frog.

For some $2,000,000, it bought Castle Films, top-ranking producer-distributor of 16- and 8-mm. "packages" (film sold outright for private use). In 1946, Castle sold about one million packages—seven times as many as any competitor—and made some $800,000 doing it. The deal gave United World not only 200 film subjects but 3,300 retail outlets, mostly camera shops and department stores. To keep Castle running under its own name as a division of United World, Founder-Owner Eugene W. Castle was signed up to a long-term contract at $40,000 a year.

Big Deals. The deal which automatically made United World the big frog was made by globular little Matthew Fox, 35, U-I's executive vice president and United World's board chairman. Matty Fox, who started his movie career at eight as an usher in Racine, Wis., made his first deal in little movies by buying up the 6,000-subject Filmosound Library of Chicago's Bell & Howell, one of the biggest U.S. makers of projection equipment. Built up to promote movie-projector sales, the library consisted mostly of non-entertainment films. But Bell & Howell also leased regular "feature" pictures from Universal and other Hollywood firms, reduced them to 16-mm. size and rented them out.

On these pictures, which accounted for a big chunk of the library's $600,000 annual business, Hollywood could easily pull the carpet out from under Bell & Howell any time it wanted to. When Matty Fox began dickering a month ago, it looked as if the time had come. Hence United World got the library almost for nothing: $600,000, to be paid over a ten-year period. Gloated Matty Fox: "We'll pay for this cow out of its milk."

Big Money? Along with the library, United World took over Bell & Howell's entire U.S. film distribution set-up. But that was not enough for Matty Fox, who wanted to work on a global scale.

F. Roy Kemp

MOVIEMAN FOX
"We'll pay for this cow out of its milk."

So he next made a family deal with famed British moviemaker J. Arthur Rank, owner of a big block of stock in U-I, which handles U.S. distribution of his standard films. The deal: Rank, who makes many 16- and 8-mm. films too, would distribute United World pictures in the British Empire, and United World would distribute Rank's in North and South America. Together, Rank and United World would sell little movies in continental Europe and the rest of the world.

Matty Fox has more deals in the works, but last week he was vague about details. Best guess was that they would involve adapting Hollywood techniques to educational and religious films, stepping up production of entertainment films in small sizes. Said Fox: "People are buying projectors so fast the manufacturers can't keep up with demand. This is going to be one hell of a big business."

PRICES

Pride Before a Fall?

The Dairymen's League Co-operative Association, representing some 50% of the 44,000 milk producers in the six-state New York milkshed, thought it had done such a smart piece of work that it bragged of it. The league proudly admitted that it had rigged New York's butter market (TIME, Jan. 6) in December to keep milk prices up. (Under a federal-state marketing formula, this milkshed's January prices would largely be determined by the prices of butter for the 30 days ending Dec. 24.)

But last week the league did not feel so smart. In Manhattan's Federal District Court, the U.S. Government filed a criminal information under the Commodities Exchange Act, charging the league and four of its topmost officers with illegally manipulating a commodity in interstate commerce. Maximum penalty: a $10,000 fine and one year in jail. To boot, the Department of Justice was making an antitrust investigation of the butter collapse, and the Department of Agriculture was considering a move to cut the January milk prices.

SURPLUS PROPERTY

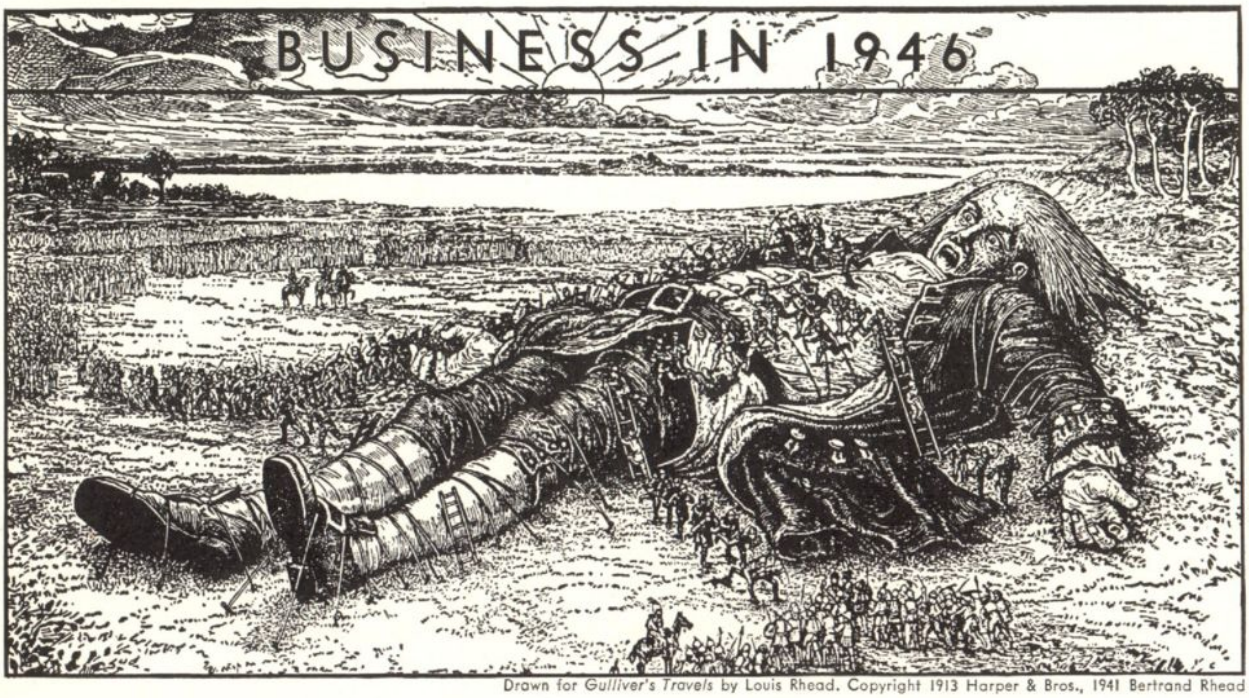
How Not to Run a Business

In its harried career, the War Assets Administration has come in for some businesslike spankings. Last week the brush was laid on for fair. A House committee, in its final report on surplus property disposal, charged WAA with everything from "sloppy business methods" to "catastrophic failure." It also charged "inconsistent pricing, unexplainable delays, unreliable, misleading and inadequate advertising." For hard-working WAA Boss Robert Littlejohn the committee had kind words. Nevertheless, the committee's conclusion read like a black book of business sins.

Some $22 billion has been declared surplus with another $7 billion to come, said the report. Property which cost $12.5 billion has been disposed of for about $2.2 billion, a gross yield of only 17.5 percent. But after charging off selling costs, and the bigger losses it will take on the less desirable surpluses left, WAA "may end up with a net loss."

WAA carelessness, charged the committee, had "contributed to the development of the veteran fronting practice." One example: a veteran got $769,950 worth of preference certificates, yet had no office, warehouse or bank account.

The committee closed its report with a warning to the new Congress to keep an alert eye on WAA. It also recommended 1) removal of all priorities, except those to the Government itself, 2) more authority for WAA's administrator to offset directives from other agencies.



Drawn for *Gulliver's Travels* by Louis Rhead. Copyright 1913 Harper & Bros., 1941 Bertrand Rhead

Gulliver Unbound

"The whole world is watching us, amazed at the exhibition of a giant who cannot pull himself together even to take care of his own needs." Like the pangs of conscience during a hangover, these words of wise old Bernard Baruch in mid-1946 were perhaps overfraught with a sense of guilt. But at the time they seemed fully warranted.

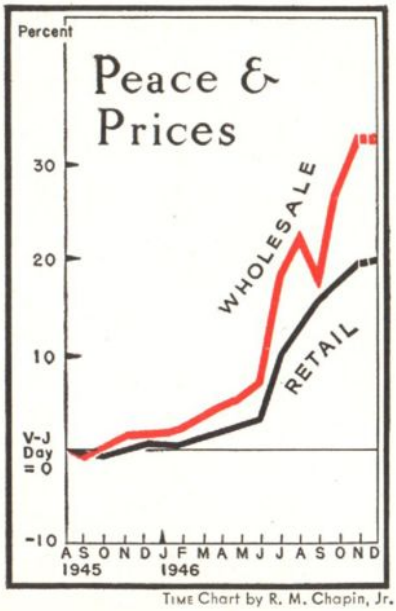
For the U.S. in 1946 rid itself of wartime controls as a giant might escape from a straitjacket—roaring, ripping and kicking, with little regard for himself or the bystanders. Nevertheless, Gulliver, freed, defeated most of the Blefuscudians—the shortages of foods & goods. And the great drop in Government spending ($45 billion less than in 1945) was made up by private spending. U.S. retail sales reached a record of $96 billion; $105 billion was poured out in wages & salaries, and net corporate profits totaled an estimated $12 billion, some 20% more than 1944's record high. Farmers raised the most profitable crop in history. And the nation's gross national product (goods, services, construction, etc.) soared up into the ionosphere. The total product—an estimated $195 billion—was some 61% more than in any other peacetime year.

Most of the worst shortages had ended by year's end. Once-bare shelves were heaped with white shirts; nylon and meat lines melted away; "sale" was reintroduced into the language. There was more than there had ever been—at a price. In turning it out, the U.S., by any temperate standard, had done a giant's job.

Great Expectations. Yet no one seemed satisfied. (Americans never are.) For the great expectations had been greater than even Gulliver unbound could fulfill.

The auto industry had dreamed of making 6,000,000 cars and trucks; it made only 3,000,000. Of the 1,200,000 houses blueprinted under Wilson Wyatt's program, the U.S. finished only about 700,000. And even the overall glitter of profits proved fool's gold in many an industry. Example: Westinghouse made more peacetime goods than ever—and had an operating loss of $50,000,000, twice as much as during the three worst years of the depression.

Nor did the first full postwar year see any realization of the bright, Cellophaned dreams that had been projected for it. Almost everything that was made had a prewar look. Even the Air Age, which alone got a wing through the door, failed to come through. U.S. planes circled the globe—and brought back red ink for most of the companies that flew them. Typical of the year's disappointment were the millions of ball-point pens, all of which looked like the very latest thing, but many of which would not write at all.



TIME Chart by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

Such fumbling on the part of the U.S. giant was vastly irritating to many a U.S. citizen. But to the citizens of the world it was worse than irritating; it seemed dangerous—as if the giant were actually in danger of toppling. For this reason, the question of why the U.S. had faltered—and how much—became of paramount importance to everyone.

Great Mistakes. The fault was due primarily to a grossly mistaken notion: that reconversion consisted chiefly of replacing the machines that made guns with the machines that made butter. This replacement had been done so fast that it made the beginning of 1946 look like the arbored entrance to a primrose path. But the U.S. forgot that reconversion was also a mental matter. The fruits of victory were impatiently thought of as higher wages, bigger profits, and a rich, ready flow of milk, honey and Cadillacs—that would begin to pour out immediately the right button was pressed. The U.S. forgot that only by working could it make good on the promises to pay with which the war had stuffed the nation's pockets.

Now that the war was over, everyone wanted to get his while the getting was good. As one Illinois farmer said while buying cattle in Kansas City: "All through the war, I hewed to the line. Did everything the Government told me. I even gave up my three boys, and they are back now and I'm grateful for that. But now that the war is over, I am going to take these cattle back to Illinois, feed them good corn, and then I am going to be one black-market son of a bitch."

This sad psychology put a crimp in everything. It struck at the efficiency of labor and management, made furtive bargainers of forthright men, turned market

places into dark holes, and dark holes into market places.

The Labor Gambit. The year had hardly begun before U.S. labor grabbed for its share of milk & honey—and thereby succumbed to the greatest epidemic of willful idleness in the annals of unionism.

In steel, the nation's second biggest industry, the tall stacks were cold and smokeless against the sky. In its biggest city, all but the most essential activities were paralyzed for 18 hours. Main Streets were darkened as in war; trains were stilled as if trackless. Hardly anywhere in the U.S. was there a man or a machine that did not feel the strikes in some way.

The strikes cost the U.S. nearly $1 billion in wages, some 16,000,000 tons of steel, 103,000,000 tons of coal, about 110,000,000 man-days of work. Even the fruits which labor plucked—a general, average rise of some 13¢ an hour—turned bitter as they were being swallowed.

Labor thought it could get its wage raises without raising prices because the Government had promised to keep the lid on prices. Perhaps prices might have stayed down—if productivity had increased enough to make up for the raises. Instead, productivity fell, prices rose, and labor found that economic laws were greater than even OPA. By year's end A.F.L.'s William Green was moaning: labor stands to lose as much as it gains by any more of the same sort of raises (*i.e.*, with consequent boosts in prices).

Management Moves. The readjustment of prices—management's grab for its share—was no less disorderly. Starting with the shutting of some two-thirds of its 5,500 local boards in January, OPA rapidly surrendered point by point either too soon or too late. But a pseudo-critical skirmish clouded each real issue, or lack of one. Never before had so many businessmen rushed to Washington with clenched fists, then rushed home either to 1) tear their hair, or 2) hold on to goods for a price rise, or OPA's death.

OPA, to a great extent, was the cause of its own fatal disease. Paradoxically, it controlled too much in some industries and not enough in others. By keeping controls on capital goods, *e.g.*, weaving machines, it discouraged industry from turning out the machines to make badly needed goods. By not controlling cotton (the greedy congressional cotton bloc made that impossible), OPA had no choice but to see textile prices rise steadily as cotton soared. And as the Administration let wages go, not even Gulliver could hold down prices.

So when, ripped and riddled, OPA fell, dying, in July, empty stockyards became the scene of stampedes; out came the held-back goods; up went prices.

In Chicago a confused grocer listened to price complaints, blurted: "For goodness sakes, ladies, I agree with you. Why don't you stop buying the stuff? It isn't worth it." In three weeks the Government's index of wholesale food prices jumped 29.1 points to 142.

OPA was revived next month, but the only thing proved was that no one believed in ghosts. Plenty changed into shortages again until the ghost was finally laid—along with most other wartime controls—in December.

One Game Ended. Finally on its own again after five long years, U.S. business seemed too nervous to give its markets stability or even rational consistency. Actually, decontrol was far less of a shock than OPAsters had direly predicted.

In the year, wholesale commodity prices moved up about 30%. It was uncontrolled cotton that made the headlines. Cotton, which sold for only 14¢ a pound in 1941, had climbed to 25¢ at the start of 1946. On Oct. 2 it hit 39.78¢—then collapsed when Speculator Tom Jordan had to sell out his enormous holdings.

Clearly out of relation with supply & demand, the prices of some other commodities also began to slide. There was not enough time left in 1946 for a general turn in the inflationary tide. But commodities—and retail prices—had leveled off (*see chart*). The Commerce Department's retail price index rose 28.9 points to above 170 (1935-39 average: 100). But except for rents (and there was little popular support of the effort to take the ceilings off them), the violent adjustments in prices had apparently been made.

The BLS cost-of-living index was still creeping up at year's end (at 153 it was 40% up from 1941). But few doubted that it too would soon start down.

No Heroes. As in every melee, few heroes stood out. G.E.'s Charles E. Wilson cried—and tried—to hold prices, but was swept upwards with the rest. Young Henry Ford II's determined effort to fix union responsibility fell short. Henry J. Kaiser might have turned out to be the hero of the year if he had turned out cars the way he had turned out his ships. But his car-making stuttered along like an 1896 horseless carriage. For great performance, U.S. business had no Man of the Year in 1946.

There was, nonetheless, an Event of the Year, possibly the event of many years. Early in 1946, long before anyone had expected or even hoped for it, the U.S. achieved the semi-utopian goal of full (*i.e.*, optimum) employment in peacetime. In September, the number of people at work reached a record peacetime high of nearly 58,000,000 (the unemployed numbered less than 2,000,000, of whom 700,000 were recently discharged veterans). The millions in the armed forces had been smoothly absorbed into civilian life—and jobs. And the fact that the Chicago *Tribune* at year's end was carrying some 70 columns of help-wanted ads daily gave proof that jobs were still going begging.

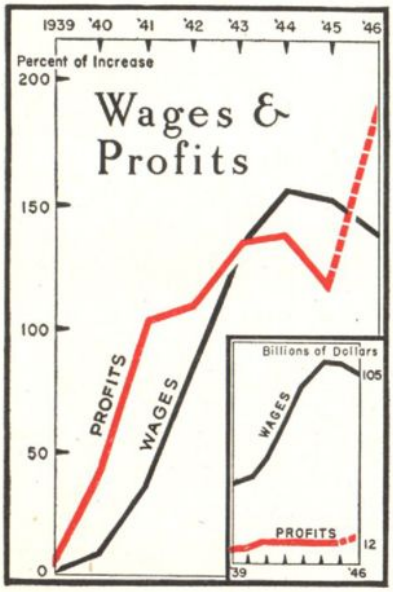
But where were all the glorious benefits that full employment was to bring? The answer was that full employment was only half the prize; the other half was full production. To full employment the U.S. reacted much like a man who suddenly finds himself astride a powerful, rip-snorting bronco, with no bridle to rein him in.

Allan Grant-Graphic House

STRIKEBOUND STEEL PLANT, JANUARY 1946
The expectations exceeded the giant's ability.

In their prospectuses, neither Sir William Beveridge (*Full Employment in a Free Society*) nor Henry Wallace (*Sixty Million Jobs*) had described how to fashion such a bridle. Beveridge merely outlined the problem: "So long as freedom of collective bargaining is maintained, the primary responsibility of preventing a full-employment policy from coming to grief in a vicious spiral of wages and prices will rest on those who conduct the bargaining on behalf of labor. . . . How real is this possibility [of inflation] cannot be decided on theoretical grounds. . . . But the fact remains that there is no inherent mechanism in our present system which can with certainty prevent competitive sectional [*i.e.*, industry-by-industry] bargaining for wages from setting up the spiral."

In 1946, the U.S. gave proof that the



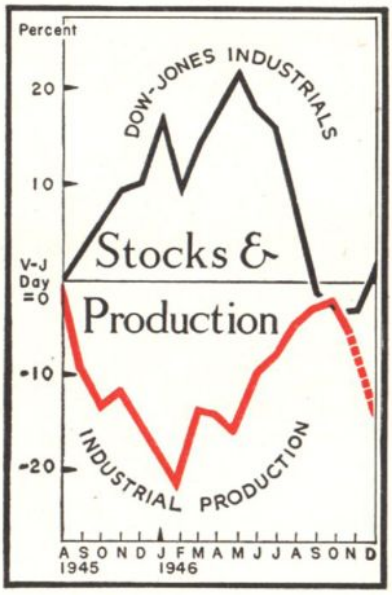
possibility was very real indeed. In a seller's market for labor, labor's leaders did exactly what they berated management for doing in a seller's market for products—they held out for high returns. The holdouts were one of the two big reasons (the other: shortages of materials, to which the holdouts contributed) why the U.S. fell so far short of maximum production. With some 4,000,000 more at work than ever before, the Federal Reserve Board index of industrial production never got above 185, falling far short of the peak war rate. In short, though the U.S. did pour out the greatest flood of products in peacetime history, it took far more than a proportionate increase of workers to do it.

The Goat. The paradox of the year was the stock market. The big bull market, which had been rampaging upwards for four years, showed no signs of tiring as the year opened. Through the steel, auto, coal and thousands of little strikes, the market went serenely onward & upward, in a sort of economic Indian rope trick, as profits—and production—went from bad to worse in the first half of the year (*see chart*). So many little people rushed in to buy that the Stock Exchange spent $750,000 in newspaper and magazine ads to warn the lambs away from the wolves. On May 29, the Dow-Jones industrial averages reached 212.5, then turned queasy. But it was not till Sept. 3 that the collapse came. In five hysterical hours, 2,900,000 shares were traded as the averages plummeted 10.51 points, biggest one-day drop since 1937. In the next few weeks, the average dropped to 165.17, and some $14 billion in paper values were wiped out, though production was then rising. It continued to rise till coal strike No. 2 caused it to slump temporarily at year's end. But as the market stayed down, everyone finally knew that the longest bull market in U.S. history was dead. What killed it?

It was not caused by sunspots, although *Dun's Review*, in all seriousness, devoted 13 columns to a discussion of sunspots and business activity in its first post-mortem issue. It was caused partly by 1) the old fact that stock prices had generally risen far out of line with actual and visible profits, and 2) the new fact that too many people expected a recession, as the bastard result of full employment, high wages and too-high prices. Never had a coming slump been given such loud and passionate advance advertising.

By year's end, everybody, from the President to pants-pressers, was talking about it. Most of the recession guesses, including President Truman's, were punctuated with big Ifs. Some were as specific as alarm clocks. One forecaster, whose formula is based on tides, picked July 22, 1947, as the day for "a very sharp markdown." Some said there would be no slump, just because it was being so widely heralded. All this smoke obscured the fire.

The Big Event. The fact was that as 1946 ended a recession in demand and prices had already begun. The break in stock and commodity markets could be



explained in no other way. Nor could there be any other reason last month for one of the year's characteristic paradoxes: thousands of cut-price sales at the height of the greatest Christmas shopping spree in history. The real question was: How long and how bad would the decline be?

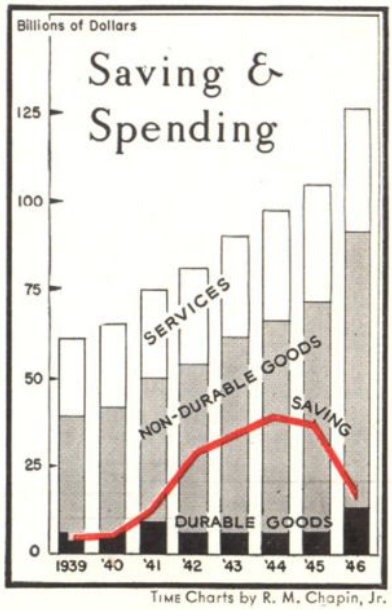
The answer was just as tangled as the mixture of inflationary and deflationary forces which were at work as 1947 began. Light industries (clothing, processed food, etc.) were already cutting production, but heavy industries (autos, houses, etc.), which give the U.S. its economic red meat, had hardly begun to satisfy demand. The fact was that no one could say, with certainty, just how long or deep the recession would be. But a balance sheet could be cast up of what could make it comparatively slight, or comparatively deep.

Black Ink. On the credit side was the enormous demand for autos, refrigerators, durable goods of all kinds. During the war years the normal split between spending for durable and non-durable goods got way out of whack (*see chart*). Consequently, much of the enormous savings of $137 billion piled up since 1941 will now be spent for durable goods. (How much was still an important question. One survey showed that only 30% of the population held 76% of the savings.) In 1946, big spending year though it was, the U.S. still went on saving, though down to a more normal rate of some $16.2 billion yearly. The U.S. had the money to buy its current "basic" needs: 11,000,000 autos, 3,000,000 houses, 450,000 railroad cars—billions of dollars' worth of goods. Even with 1946's high-geared economy, it would take years to satisfy those demands.

Red Ink. On the debit side were 1) high prices, and 2) organized labor's new wage demands. High prices had already choked off buying in many soft goods. They could do the same in 1947, in durable goods. Recessions, and even depressions, had always come despite great demand.

Labor demanded a bigger cut of the pie on the grounds that 1) wages & salaries had declined from 70 to 65% of total income payments while net profits had increased (*see chart*), and 2) in 1947 profits would increase still more. Labor forgot that 1) its cut of the pie had increased faster than management's during the war years, and 2) overall profits are often a deceptive and fallacious yardstick. Sample phony argument: the auto industry, which actually lost some $5,500,000 after tax credits in the first nine months of 1946, should be able to pay an increase because industry as a whole made money.

Labor could reasonably expect a bigger cut of the pie only if the present full employment brought maximum production in 1947. But few businessmen expected maximum production, simply because there were not enough materials for it; many a shortage, notably steel and tin, would probably last well into 1947. Industry had made a notable effort to step up production of basic materials. It had spent $13 billion in new plants and equipment, another $160,000,000 to buy up



TIME Charts by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

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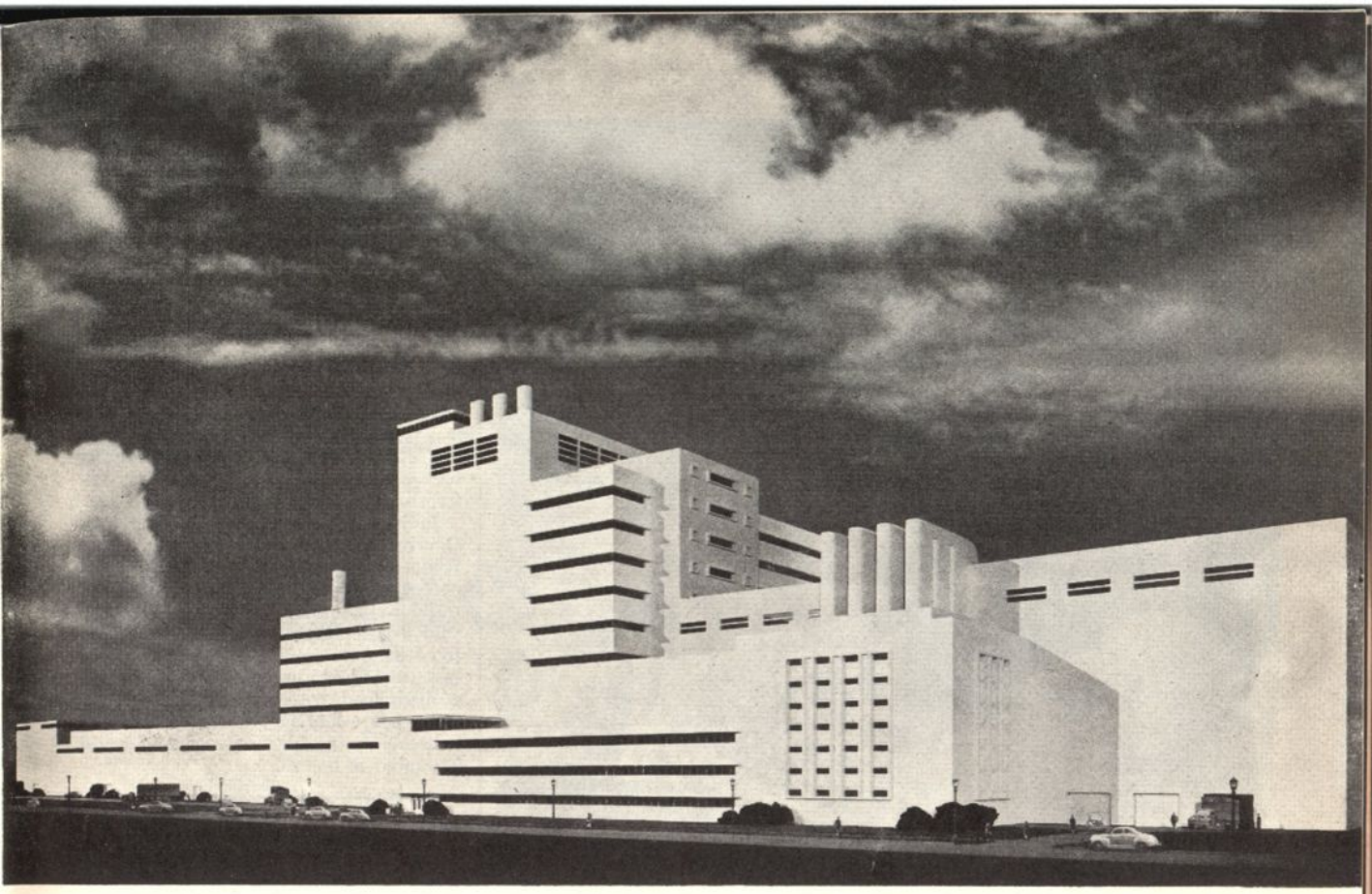
Government-owned steel plants. Many of the major Government war plants had been integrated into private industry. Still there was not enough to go around. So, until maximum production, with its lowering of costs, was reached, higher wages would mean higher prices.

In Balance. If prices of durable goods are forced too high—and consumers refuse to buy—then the recession could be fairly deep. But management—and unions—have shown a new awareness of price problems and dangers. The prime problem was to keep up buying power; the prime danger was that privileged labor unions would force the price of the products they made out of reach of the less-privileged mass market. Unions, remembering what happened to 1946's increases, have been conservative, by their lights, in their demands for 1947. And with the Administration, which won most of labor's increases in 1946, off labor's team, and a Republican Congress, labor will have its hands full keeping what it has.

In short, labor may bring a reasonableness, notably absent in 1946, to the bargaining table. And as most companies, even those in the red for most of the year, were finally making money at year's end, management too was ready to give a little. So the new round of demands might be resolved without 1) another round of strikes, and 2) price rises of durable goods. If that happened, then the recession might turn out to be no more than the reasonable downward adjustments in prices to be expected as supply met demand in a free economy. The consumers' turn would finally come. Said G. E.'s Wilson: "I don't believe it's fair to 140,000,000 Americans to ask them to accept higher price levels. It is time to apply ourselves diligently to getting prices down."

Object Lesson. What would happen to the U.S. economy in 1947 was inextricably tied up with a bigger long-run problem: What would happen to the world's economy? J. P. Morgan & Co., Inc.'s President George Whitney said: "If this country is to prosper we must try to help raise in some measure the standard of living in other countries and thereby bring about a wider market for our goods."

In 1946 the U.S. had the widest market for its goods in its history. Exports topped $10 billion. But the U.S. imported only $5 billion, and the unbalance between U.S. imports and exports sucked many a nation almost dry of cash with which to buy. Unless the U.S. was willing to start lending the enormous sums that other nations needed to buy U.S. products, then the U.S. would have to lower its tariffs so that foreign nations could sell more to the U.S. to get the cash to buy. To many incoming Republicans this had the sound of treason to U.S. industry. But the step could be urged on the U.S. for practical, if not idealistic reasons: drained by war, the U.S. for a long while would need far more lead, copper, tin, natural rubber, etc., than it could hope to produce or substitute synthetically. And in the long run, the U.S. would not



Now let's go after production costs which are taken for granted

In the total production picture, there are two areas where loss of efficiency is likely to be subtly camouflaged. It can lie hidden in the *links* between main production units, or stem from basic *conditions* under which the units operate. In either case, the causes of loss are inherent in the plant building. For that reason, such costs are often taken for granted when they need not be.

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be able to absorb all of the tremendous flow of goods which it is capable of producing, would need bigger outside markets to buy them.

And if the U.S. wanted to make its ideas of free trade work, it had to devise ways to make them work. In 1947, 17 members of the United Nations will try to lay down final rules for world trade, on a basis already proposed by the U.S. But all who approved U.S. free-trade ideas, in principle, kept their fingers crossed, in fact. They had been frightened by the gyrations of the U.S. economy in 1946. They agreed to go along only if the U.S. could prove, by stabilizing its own economy during 1947, that free enterprise was a going concern.

In its world-trade proposals, the U.S. Government had properly defined the fruits of victory as a "limited and temporary power to establish the kind of world we want to live in." In 1946, by wild exertions, the U.S. established and freed its own economy. In 1947, its big task would be to prove that it could drive a disciplined free economy in harness. Only then would the U.S. have a chance to establish the kind of economic world it wanted to live in.

MILESTONES

Died. Ernest Boyd, 59, Dublin-born, copper-bearded essayist and critic, famed for his caustic comments on modern manners & morals during the Greenwich Village literary renaissance of the 1920s, once known as the most striking-looking figure of Manhattan's writing set; of a heart attack; in Manhattan. With George Jean Nathan, James Branch Cabell, Eugene O'Neill, he founded in 1932 the "literary newspaper" *The American Spectator,* for three years published the works of the nation's best writers, suddenly quit when he and his fellow editors "tired of the job."

Died. Ogden Mills Reid, 64, editor-publisher of the Republican New York *Herald Tribune,* son of *Tribune* editor Whitelaw Reid, onetime U.S. Ambassador to the Court of St. James's; of pneumonia; in Manhattan. A year after his father's death in 1912, he became editor of the *Tribune,* eleven years later purchased the New York *Herald* (founded 1835) and its Paris edition. With his wife as partner, he directed a paper that gave Manhattan its best local news, that offered foreign coverage surpassed only by the rival New York *Times.*

Died. Admiral Osami ("The Elephant") Nagano, 66, who, as Japan's Chief of the Naval General Staff in 1941, issued the order for the attack on Pearl Harbor; of a heart attack; while on trial before the International War Crimes Tribunal; in Tokyo. Said he of the Pearl Harbor attack: It "achieved far greater success than I had expected. . . . I made no mistake. . . ."

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MUSIC

Lawrence in Berlin

For a year U.S. officers in Berlin had been waiting for an occasion to introduce an Allied musician to the Germans, to prove how cultured the conquerors were.

Last week the chance came. Wagnerian Soprano Marjorie Lawrence (Australian-born, but a U.S. star) turned up in Berlin to sing for U.S. troops. With her as the attraction, the U.S. Military Government hastily sponsored its first concert for a mixed Allied-German audience. She agreed to perform without pay; so did the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and a Rumanian conductor named Sergiu Celibidache. The audience was mostly U.S. brasshats and diplomatic high-hats, along with some carefully screened Germans.

Soprano Lawrence, a polio victim, appeared in her now familiar wheel chair to sing the immolation scene from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. Said one German afterwards: "Wagner has now been officially denazified."

Triumph for Thibaud

In Paris, about 20 years ago, three good friends recorded Schubert and Beethoven trios. Their performances are still definitive in chamber music. Pianist Alfred Cortot and Violinist Jacques Thibaud were France's two most distinguished instrumentalists. Spaniard Pablo Casals was the world's most famed cellist.

Before the war they split. Cortot, a collaborationist, became Vichy's secretary for music. Casals, a fiery Spanish Loyalist, hid out in France during the war, performed at Loyalist benefits. Now 70, he has announced that he will never play publicly again until Spain is liberated from Franco. Jacques Thibaud, less politically minded than either, gave concerts in Vichyfrance, but also performed clandestinely in Switzerland and Spain. In France, aging Jacques Thibaud is regarded with somewhat the same mixture of admiration and affection that U.S. audiences feel for Thibaud's close friend, Fritz Kreisler.

Last week, in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, slim, courtly Jacques Thibaud, looking much younger than his 66 years, made his first U.S. appearance in 15 years. In the audience were Violinists Fritz Kreisler, Mischa Elman and Nathan Milstein. Concertgoers used to the opulent Russian-style fiddling of Heifetz and Milstein had to pay sharp attention to Thibaud's delicate and smaller tone, but the effort was worth it. Thibaud played the violin solo in Lalo's melodious, tricky-rhythmed *Symphonie Espagnole* with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra. He had to come on stage six times to take bows.

After a two-month tour of the U.S., Thibaud will return to Paris and his U.S. protégé, 23-year-old Arnold Eidus of The Bronx. Eidus won the Thibaud International Competition for violinists last month. Says Thibaud proudly: "There were in this competition five Frenchmen, six Hungarians, three Hollanders—and one American. The American win. Such chic, such champagne in the tone. And technique! He never miss a note. It made me nervous. . . . You Americans, you don't know what talents you have."

Thibaud is gloomily sure that the great Cortot-Thibaud-Casals trio will never play together again. "I have not been very lucky with my fellows," says he. "They have become politician. Cortot very bad, Casals a little mad."

Ben Greenhaus

JACQUES THIBAUD
In Paris, chic and champagne.

Opera in Two Easy Steps

Grand opera, like port wine, is a commodity the English are in the habit of importing. No Englishman has ever written a successful opera, though young Benjamin Britten's may one day make the grade, (TIME, Aug. 19). Even good English opera singers are rare. London has long been without a topnotch opera company.

London's historic Covent Garden opera house, reopened last year, has been doing a big business with the famed Sadler's Wells ballet. The Garden managers, counting their profits, decided to take a flyer on a permanent opera company. To play it as safe as they could, they imported promising young Sopranos Audrey Bowman and Virginia MacWatters from the U.S. and hired as director an Austrian refugee named Karl Rankl, who had conducted opera in Vienna, Berlin and Prague.

The Covent Garden Opera Co. opened its first opera season shortly before Christmas—not with an opera but with a 255-year-old musical revue, *The Fairy Queen*. In 1692 Composer Henry Purcell and an

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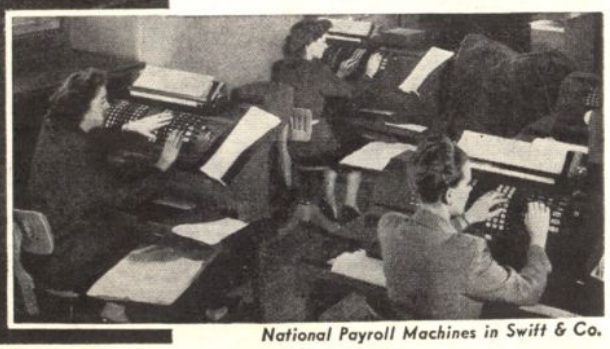

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anonymous playwright dashed off a travesty on Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Its original seven hours now whittled down to three, *The Fairy Queen* was a lavish, confusing show full of dancers, coloratura arias, drunken comics and a Chinese grand finale. To put it on, Covent Garden had to call in its Sadler's Wells Co. and eight professional actors.

By last week *The Fairy Queen* had established Covent Garden's opera as a business; now it had only to succeed as an opera company. Next week, as its first real opera, Covent Garden scheduled *Carmen*.

New Records

Prokofiev: Symphony No. 5 (Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York, Artur Rodzinski conducting; Columbia, 10 sides). This is the first U.S. recording of Prokofiev's thundering new symphony, one of the major works of recent years. It is a compelling performance. Record buyers, however, may want to wait to compare it with Serge Koussevitzky's soon-due Victor version, since it was Koussevitzky who introduced the *Fifth* to the U.S. (TIME, Nov. 19, 1945).

Debussy: Préludes, Book II (Robert Casadesus, pianist; Columbia, 12 sides); *Pour le Piano Suite* and *Danse* (Gaby Casadesus, pianist; Vox, 4 sides); **Milhaud:** *Le Bal Martiniquais* (Robert and Gaby Casadesus, duo-pianists; Columbia, 2 sides). Husband & wife take turns working over the iridescent music of a fellow Frenchman. Robert's album is deeper and moodier; Gaby plays more lightly-turned caprices. Their joint record is light, witty.

Mozart: Symphony No. 41 ("Jupiter") in C (NBC Symphony Orchestra, Arturo Toscanini conducting; Victor, 7 sides). The Maestro's "Jupiter" suffers from mushy recording, which makes Bruno Walter's 1945 version with the New York Philharmonic preferable.

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 in D (San Francisco Symphony Orchestra, Pierre Monteux conducting; Victor, 8 sides). A clear, unsentimentalized performance of Brahms's romantic "pastoral."

Jazz Concert at Eddie Condon's (Decca, 8 sides) *New 52nd Street Jazz* (Victor, 8 sides). Condon's old guard (Max Kaminsky, Billy Butterfield, Pee Wee Russell and others) doggedly play *The Sheik of Araby, Atlanta Blues*, etc., Chicago style, circa 1928. The initiated will prefer it to Dizzy Gillespie's "be-bopping" in the *52nd Street* album.

Stravinsky: Ebony Concerto (Woody Herman Orchestra, Igor Stravinsky conducting; Columbia, 2 sides). On first hearing, a hackle-raiser, whether the listener is a lover of classics or a lover of jazz; but after the third or fourth playing it becomes an engaging experiment in classical dissonances impeccably played on jazz instruments (TIME, April 8).

September Song; Just a Gigolo (Joe Mooney Quartet, Decca, 2 sides). The first record by the quietly unorthodox new jazz group which became an instant success in Manhattan (TIME, Oct. 28).

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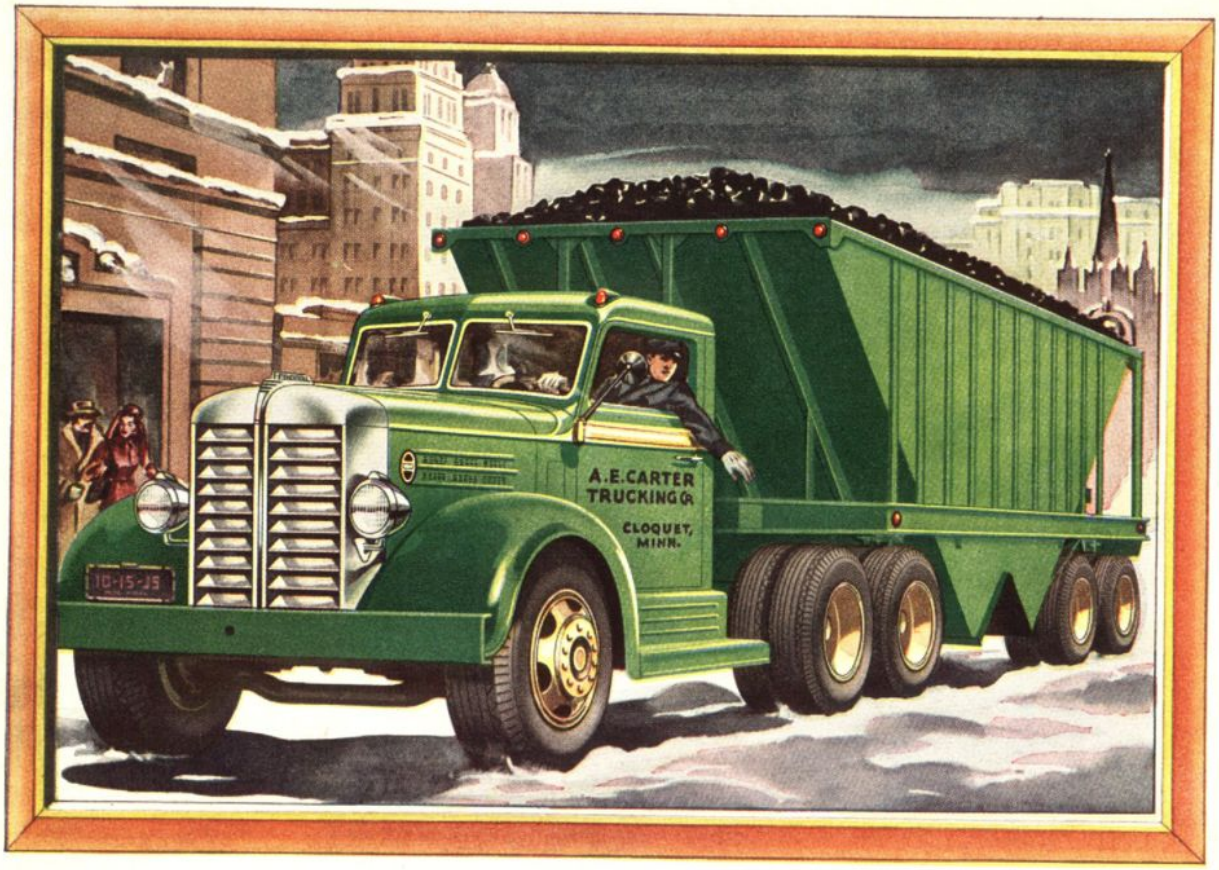

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CINEMA

New Picture

The Yearling (M-G-M), a dazzling Technicolored version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' 1939 Pulitzer Prizewinning novel, is one of the year's most ambitious films. It has been put together with great care, a shrewd eye for beauty and showmanship, impressive technical skill, and a staggering outlay of trouble and money. The result is not quite Art, but it is certainly fancy-quality movie.

Faithful to the novel, the film tells the simple story of a small boy named Jody Baxter and his pet fawn. After suffering a few heartaches, the boy grows older. The plot's minor themes examine the young'un's sweet-spirited, poverty-ridden parents, who scratch a hard living from the none-too-good earth of Florida's scrub country.

Somehow, something went slightly awry when the rich, omnipotent moviemakers moved millions of dollars' worth of Technicolor equipment into the simple lives of the simple Baxter family. The Florida sky is a shade too breathtakingly blue and the piercing green palm fronds are arranged into self-consciously composed landscapes; even the dusty good earth is downright gorgeous.

The same thick, brilliant gloss is spread over the characters and their emotions. The boy Jody is well played by a twelve-year-old Tennessee schoolboy named Claude Jarman Jr. His father, Penny Baxter (described by Novelist Rawlings as a scrawny, narrow-shouldered runt), is acted with clean competence—a mite too clean—by handsome Gregory Peck, 6 ft. 3 in. Glum, discouraged Ma Baxter is impersonated with affecting skill by Jane Wyman, whose talents have been wasted for years by Warner Bros. in pert ingénue roles. But even in scrubbed, unlipsticked make-up, Miss Wyman's trim face & figure are a glamorized caricature of the novel's bulky Ma Baxter.

The Yearling's dramatic scenes are cunningly, almost too-knowingly manipulated, but they are nonetheless effective: the bear hunt, the ruinous rainy spell, Pa's near-fatal snake bite, the deer killing, Jody's perpetual wonder at a wonderful world, Penny Baxter's deep and tender understanding of his wife's and son's troubles. Underscoring all these emotion-mauling theatrics is a musical background that sounds as if it might have been recorded by the Heavenly Choir itself.

Also Showing

Humoresque (Warner), a glossy melodrama, follows poor, slum-raised John Garfield's struggle to become a celebrated violinist under the patronage of wealthy, neurotic Joan Crawford. Joan is already married, a dipsomaniac and somewhat older than her protégé. When she finally admits to herself that she is not really the right woman for Garfield (whose only true love, after all, is his music), she takes one last stiff drink and walks straight into the ocean.

Its fashionable blend of tear-drenched love, elegantly recorded music and big-name stars should make this movie a profitable investment for its manufacturers. The dusty old Fannie Hurst yarn (a 1920 silent movie hit) has been refurbished with neat, up-to-date dialogue by Clifford Odets and Zachary Gold. Oscar

WYMAN & PECK

JARMAN & FAWN

For the dusty earth, a gorgeous gloss.

Levant, shuffling casually through the plot as Garfield's cynical friend and accompanist, plays the piano efficiently and gets off some fairly funny wisecracks. Garfield's make-believe fiddling of Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Bizet, etc. is brilliantly dubbed on the sound track by concert violinist Isaac Stern.

Moviegoers will note that Joan Crawford, once a mere M-G-M clotheshorse, has made great progress as an actress since her Charleston-dancing-daughter days. She

Lisa Larsen-Graphic House

JOAN CRAWFORD
For a violinist, the wrong woman.

remains a bit handsome and unmussed to be a convincing drunk, but her jittery, unhappy egocentric is just what the script calls for. What is more notable, she manages to look sexy in glasses. Garfield seems as intense and preoccupied as a great genius is commonly reputed to be, and his sullen-deadpan lovemaking might very well, as the plot contends, drive any high-strung lady to speedy self-destruction.

Wanted for Murder (Excelsior; 20th Century-Fox), an agreeable English chiller, follows a sleek bachelor (Eric Portman) on those unexplained evening strolls which so disturb his mother. She has good reason to brood. There is insanity in the family, and sonny is already several jumps ahead of mother's dire premonitions: *i.e.*, he has strangled his sixth girl on the evening the story opens, throttles his seventh virtually before your eyes, and is hard at work on No. 8 when interrupted by the biggest pack of policemen since the old Keystone chases.

Between murders, the fiend lavishly scatters clues that a child could decipher, but Roland Culver, as Scotland Yard, makes the hunt look intelligently difficult. Mr. Portman, who suggests a late Roman emperor fresh from a fitting with a good Bond Street tailor, not only stalks his quarry with treacherous gentility, but

Logging . . . Strenuous Service for Any Kind of Equipment . . . Uses FWD Trucks for the Tough Hauls

Lumber begins with logging — and logging involves "rugged" operations that test the sturdiest machines and equipment.

The tough hauls — the heavy loads, sometimes 50 tons or more of logs, are usually assigned to FWD four-wheel-drive trucks. The greater pulling power and sure-footed traction of drive on both front and rear axles of FWDs enable them to get through despite mud, sand, and on brush-tangled forest trail.

Hauling heavy loads at comparatively high speeds with greater surety and safety on the open road is an added FWD advantage. Ability to take the punishment of logging operations day after day with less "time out", marks the performance of FWDs, as well.

Here is another essential industry well served by FWD four-wheel-drive trucks.

America's Foremost **Heavy Duty Truck**

THE FOUR WHEEL DRIVE AUTO COMPANY, CLINTONVILLE, WISCONSIN

Canadian Factory: KITCHENER, ONTARIO

even invests his madman with terror and pathos. His performance, Mr. Culver's, and sensitive photography, combine to make an interesting though not irresistible little melodrama.

The Time, the Place and the Girl (Warner) is another backstage musical that explains the hazards of financing and producing a lavish Broadway show. On opening night, as usual (in the movies), the unknown ingénue becomes a star. As usual, the serious romance (Dennis Morgan and Martha Vickers) is skillfully balanced by a gag romance (Jack Carson and Janis Paige).

The familiar reworking of this familiar song & dance offers no surprises, but it has familiar virtues: Technicolor, pleasant tunes—of which at least two (*Oh, But I Do; A Gal in Calico*) are doubtless headed straight for the Hit Parade—and a cast of attractively energetic young people who appear to enjoy their simpleminded work.

Cross My Heart (Paramount) tries to harness the explosive personality of Betty Hutton to a little plot about a girl who is an incurable, congenital liar. She falsely confesses to murder in order to give her lawyer-boyfriend (Sonny Tufts) some courtroom publicity. A slow remake of a sprightly 1937 movie (*True Confession* with the late Carole Lombard), it might possibly have been saved if Miss Hutton had been allowed to tear a few more songs to shreds in her interestingly destructive style.

The Beast with Five Fingers (Warner) is for strong stomachs only. It is a minor horror movie with a truly horrible central idea: the severed hand of a dead pianist continues to live a life of its own. The hand scuttles crablike across the floor, throttles its enemies, strikes doleful chords on the piano, and generally makes a poking, clutching nuisance of itself. This unsavory notion all takes place in the crumbling mind of Peter Lorre, but the camera technicians' trick photography makes these hallucinations shockingly plausible.

Director Robert Florey, plainly untroubled by considerations of taste, concentrated on peddling gooseflesh to cinemagoers who dote on being frightened.

Current & Choice

Stairway to Heaven. An imaginative, handsomely Technicolored, overly pretentious, British-made fantasy, with David Niven, Raymond Massey and Roger Livesey (Time, Dec. 30).

It's a Wonderful Life. A sentimental fable with the force of a juggernaut, in which Producer-Director Frank Capra and Actor James Stewart stage a triumphant Hollywood homecoming (Time, Dec. 23).

The Best Years of Our Lives. Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright and Harold Russell in Director William Wyler's skillful and heart-catching movie about the postwar world (Time, Nov. 25).

YOU pick up the plug of a lamp, radio, heater or vacuum cleaner and slip it in the socket.

Instantly you get exactly what you pay for — complete — undiluted — 100% as wanted.

If you're after the homemaker, the same thing happens when your advertisement goes into Better Homes & Gardens. Here's why:

By its very nature, BH&G screens out all readers except those actively interested in better homes — and better living in them.

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But 3,000,000* homemaking families *do*.

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Service — and nothing but service — attracts BH&G readers. If it serves them, it can serve you.

And we mean right now — in 1947.

fresh facts on SERVICE THAT SELLS

Who knows — maybe these facts can show you the way to a more efficient, more up-to-date media list. If your product sells in the home market — and which one doesn't? — the BH&G representative has a lot of pertinent data to show.

THERE'S NO market PLACE LIKE HOME

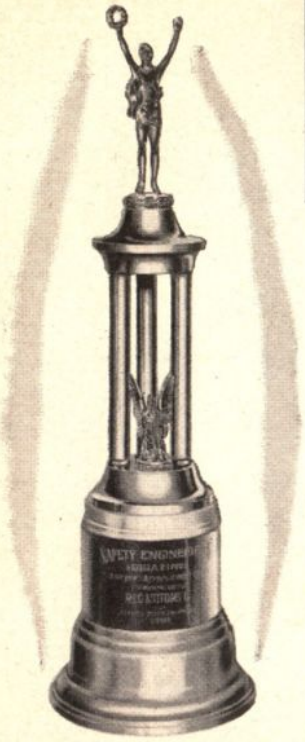
Better Homes and Gardens

America's First Service Magazine

* *1947 Circulation Over 3,000,000*

REO FIRSTS

Wins First Postwar Safety Award



SAFETY TROPHY

Reo Safety School Bus was 1946 winner of Safety Engineering Magazine's annual award for outstanding safety in motor vehicle design—the first since 1941. The presentation of the trophy to Reo Motors, Inc. was made at the annual session of Institute of Traffic Engineers and Greater New York Safety Council.

FIRST to produce school bus with chassis and body engineered as a single balanced unit. Equals or exceeds highest safety standards adopted by all the states and endorsed by National Education Association. Provides safer pupil transportation!

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Over the years, Reo pioneered these important and lasting features in the truck field:

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•
"INSIDE" GEAR SHIFT
•
PNEUMATIC TIRES
•
HYDRAULIC BRAKES

Look to

The impressive record of Reo during 42 years was highlighted by the awards of distinction in 1946. The Reo engineering skill and craftsmanship which made possible these outstand-

REO MOTORS, INC.

REO GAVE AMERICA THE SPEED WAGON, THE FLYING CLOUD, "MORE-LOAD" TRUCK DESIGN

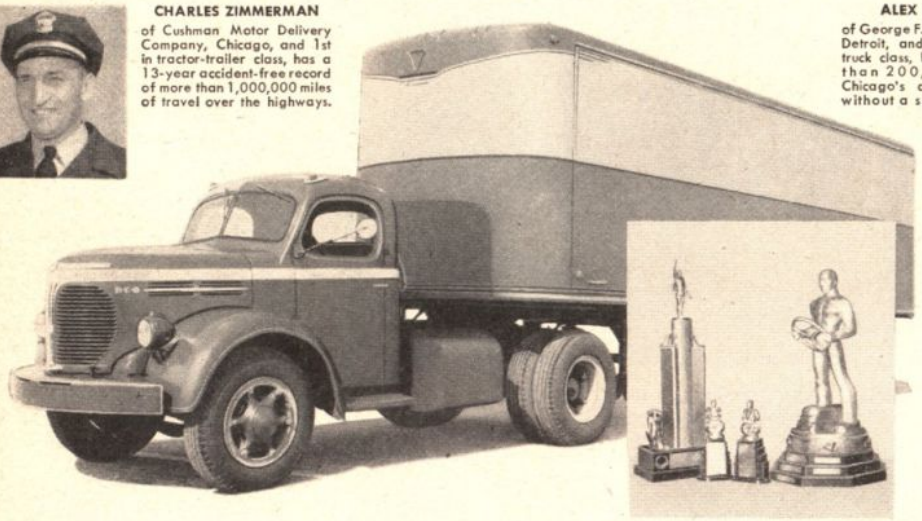
FOR 1946

Wins Both Firsts in National Truck Drivers' Roadeo

FIRST in the tractor-trailer event of the American Trucking Associations' Roadeo at Chicago, October 8, 1946. Champion driver, Charles Zimmerman, likes Reo's ease of handling.

FIRST in the straight truck event. Thus sweeping both ATA contests and winning nation's top honors. Champion Alex Adamski is happy he elected to drive a Reo in contest.

CHARLES ZIMMERMAN
of Cushman Motor Delivery Company, Chicago, and 1st in tractor-trailer class, has a 13-year accident-free record of more than 1,000,000 miles of travel over the highways.



ALEX ADAMSKI
of George F. Alger Company, Detroit, and 1st in straight truck class, has driven more than 200,000 miles in Chicago's crowded streets without a single accident.

ROADEO TROPHIES

Factors that helped the champion drivers win these coveted trophies were Reo's unfailing power which paid off in the pinches—and the famous Reo More-Load design which provides shorter turning radius, greater maneuverability and quicker response to the wheel.

Reo in '47

ing achievements will provide new and added features of design, construction and performance in 1947. They, too, will set new, high standards in the field of commercial transportation.

LANSING 20, MICH.

STANDARDIZE ON

REO

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AND SAFETY SCHOOL BUS. WATCH FOR IMPORTANT, NEW BASIC CONTRIBUTIONS.

BOOKS

Exasperation in Moscow

THE STRANGE ALLIANCE (344 pp.)—*John R. Deane—Viking* ($3.75).

The strangeness and the strain of the U.S. wartime alliance with Soviet Russia was guessed at by the U.S. public, but the public had only suspicions to go on. Now in a sober, fact-packed book, a man who knows a great deal about it, Major General John R. Deane, describes what was perhaps the most one-sided friendship in history.

Now retired to civilian life, General Deane was head of the U.S. Military Mission to Moscow, 1943-45. As such he was senior U.S. military officer in the Soviet Union, coordinating land, sea, air and Lend-Lease activities. In almost every respect, he reports, the Russians acted as friends and allies only when it suited their purpose. Most of the time they played hard-to-get, wore a surly, suspicious look, now & then did not even trouble to acknowledge official letters. Then suddenly they would be all smiles and dazzlingly amiable gestures, complete with vodka and caviar.

Sovfoto

MAJOR GENERAL DEANE, AMBASSADOR HARRIMAN & RUSSIAN ALLIES
Between suspicion and confusion, smiles and caviar.

Sweet & Sour. Readers who followed Molotov, Gromyko & Co. through recent international conferences will recognize the exasperating Soviet sweet-sour game, though in 1943-45 the exasperation was probably not all one-sided. The U.S. had reservations, too (*e.g.*, U.S. airmen were briefed to destroy certain devices and documents in the event of forced landings on Russian soil). But, as allies go, the U.S. was certainly openhanded—and in return, its chief representative was snubbed, given the run-around, even scolded. "I was in a high dudgeon much of the time," says General Deane.

Occasionally the alliance really worked. From time to time U.S. flyers bailed out or force-landed in Siberia after a bombing raid against Japan. According to international law, the flyers could have been interned, since the U.S.S.R. was not then at war with Japan. But the Russians transported them to a convenient frontier and allowed them to "escape" into U.S. hands. Another exception was a working arrangement between U.S. and Soviet intelligence agencies, which General Deane says was not only profitable but was carried out with "the utmost cordiality and good will."

Sabotage & Silly Reasons. The normal atmosphere, however, was grudging cooperation and hardly a trace of good will. U.S. planes which came down behind Soviet lines in Europe were in many cases simply taken over by the Red Air Force, without a by-your-leave. Permission to set up radar stations in Soviet territory to guide Allied bombers over Eastern Germany was curtly refused ("the silly reason . . . that they would have caused interference to Red Army radio communications"). U.S. shuttle-bombing bases in the Ukraine were established only after months of painful negotiation, and then, says General Deane, "the [Soviet] General Staff, the NKVD, the Foreign Office, and the party leaders" did their utmost to "sabotage the venture which they had reluctantly approved."

The troubles, suggests General Deane, were not only Soviet suspicion of "foreigners" and "capitalists," but Soviet bureaucratic confusion—or a blend of both in special wartime form. In July 1944, the Red Air Force asked for instruction in the use of the Norden bombsight. The U.S. promptly agreed, but it was September before the Soviet Foreign Office got around to granting entrance visas to U.S. instructors. Starting classwork in October, the instructors found that their students were allowed only 72 hours for the entire course. They thereupon asked Washington for a Liberator to speed up group training. The Liberator was dispatched. In November Soviet officials announced that it would not be allowed to enter the Soviet Union. The class disbanded, having had no practical training at all.

Tires & Atom Bombs. Again, there was the case of the tire factory. It had operated at 115% of designed capacity as part of the Ford Motor plant at River Rouge, Mich. But the Russians needed rubber tires, so the machines were dismantled, and the factory was lifted overseas, a $6,000,000 Lend-Lease item.

The Ford equipment was shipped in 1943, and extra equipment, including a power plant, was sent in 1944. But the Russians dallied, temporized, changed blueprints, left the machinery standing around in the snow and rain. Eventually a team of U.S. experts sent to help with the construction got tired of waiting, and all but one went home.

By October 1945, when the U.S. Military Mission itself left Russia, the plant had still not turned out a single tire, says General Deane. "Whenever I am asked," he concludes, "how long it will take the Russians to produce an atomic bomb, I think first of the vast American plants at Oak Ridge and elsewhere and then of the way the Russians set up a tire plant which was already designed, built and ready for installation."

Tought, Worden Deed

WHEN THE GOING WAS GOOD (314 pp.)—*Evelyn Waugh—Little, Brown* ($3).

Years ago, the brothers Waugh, Evelyn and Alec (*The Loom of Youth*), reportedly divided the world between them, agreed that neither should trespass on the other's travelogue territories. Now, on the profitable heels of *Brideshead Revisited* (TIME, Jan. 7, 1946), Brother Evelyn's combing of those days has been reissued, in one bumper hamper, by Little, Brown.

Travel-minded readers may find much to amuse them in these pages, but they are also likely to feel that Author Waugh is far from his best when he is obliged to keep his feet on the ground—*e.g.*, what he has to record about Ethiopia is not comparable to what his imagination built around it in his subtle, witty novel, *Black Mischief*. Traveler Waugh is most like his better self when he is most irritated ("the bathroom [of the Aden hotel] consists . . . of a nozzle . . . encrusted with stalactites of green slime . . . the hall porter has marked criminal tendencies. . . .") and when his sharp sense of the ridiculous breaks through his languor—as in the description of a dialogue between a dogged British scout master and one of his troop of Somali boy scouts:

"Abdul . . . tell me what does 'thrifty' mean?"

"Trifty min?"

"Yes, what do you mean, when you say a Scout is thrifty?"

"I min a Scoot hass no money."

"Well, that's more or less right. What does 'clean' mean?"

"Clin min?"

"You said just now a Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed. . . . What do you mean by that?"

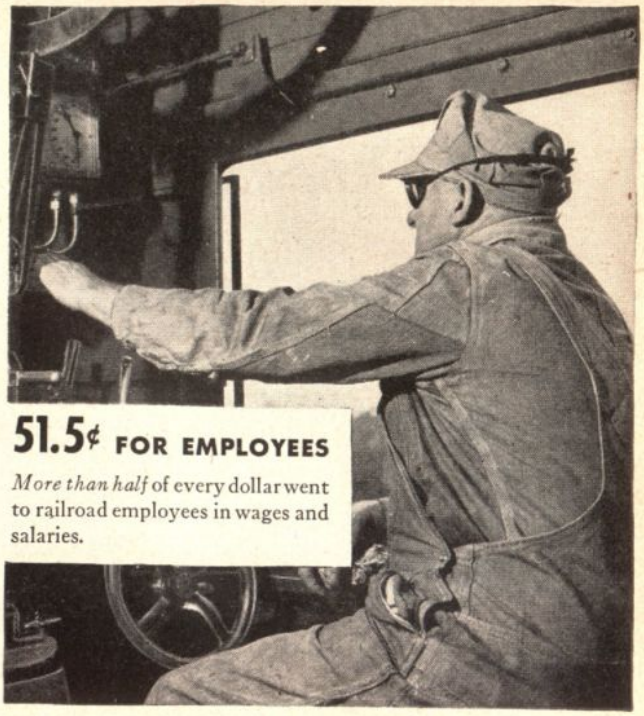
"I min tought, worden deed."

Some of Waugh's most interesting

WHO gets HOW MUCH of the RAILROAD DOLLAR?

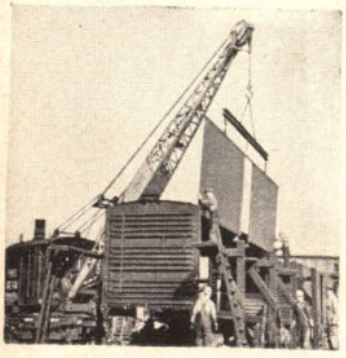
(A REPORT TO THE PEOPLE FOR 1946)

You, and all Americans, look to the railroads not only to take you places, but also to bring you things—food, clothing, fuel, and just about everything else for your home and your business. For this dependable service to 140 million people, and for hauling the heaviest peacetime traffic on record, the railroads received about 8 billion dollars in 1946. Let's see what became of this money.



51.5¢ FOR EMPLOYEES

More than half of every dollar went to railroad employees in wages and salaries.



33¢ FOR MATERIALS

Much of this 33¢ spent for materials, fuel, and other supplies was, in turn, paid by the railroad suppliers to *their* employees. So, directly or indirectly, by far the largest part of the railroad dollar goes to pay wages.

6.2¢ FOR TAXES

This part of the railroad dollar went to Federal, state, and local governments to be used—the same as your own taxes—to help maintain schools, courts, roads, police and fire protection, and for various other public services and institutions. None of this tax money is spent on railroad tracks or terminals.

FOR INSURANCE POLICY-HOLDERS, INVESTORS IN BONDS, AND FOR RENTS

6.6¢

Most of this 6.6¢ was paid out in the form of interest to those people who lend money to the railroads—including those millions of thrifty Americans who invest indirectly in the railroads through their insurance policies and savings accounts. The average rate of interest which railroads pay on their bonds and other obligations is less than 4 per cent.

2.7¢ FOR IMPROVEMENTS AND OWNERS

And so after paying for wages, materials, taxes and necessary charges upon their obligations, railroads in 1946 had only 2.7¢ left out of each dollar they took in. Out of this they must pay for the improvements to keep railroad property abreast of public needs, before anything is available for dividends to their owners.

ASSOCIATION OF **AMERICAN RAILROADS** WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

IN PARTNERSHIP WITH ALL AMERICA

words are in his nostalgic introduction to his past writings. "How much we left unvisited and untasted in splendid places!" Author Waugh exclaims. "[We said]: 'Europe could wait. . . .' Had we [only] known that all [the] seeming-solid, patiently built, gorgeously ornamented structure of Western life was to melt overnight like an ice-castle, leaving only a puddle of mud. . . .

"My own traveling days are over. . . . There is no room for tourists in a world of 'displaced persons.' Never again, I suppose, shall we land on foreign soil with letter of credit and passport (itself the first faint shadow of the great cloud that envelops us) and feel the world wide open before us. That is as remote today as 'Yorick's' visit to Paris [in Laurence Sterne's *A Sentimental Journey*], when he had to be reminded by the landlord that their countries were at war.* Some sort of reciprocal 'Strength-through-Joy' . . . system may arise. . . . The very young, perhaps, may set out like the *Wandervogels* of the Weimar period; lean, lawless, aimless couples with rucksacks, joining the great army of men and women without papers, without official existence, the refugees and deserters, who drift everywhere today between the barbed wire.

TRAVELER WAUGH
An ice-castle melted overnight.

"Perhaps it is a good thing for English literature. In two generations . . . we may again breed great travelers like Burton and Doughty. I never aspired to being a great traveler. I was simply a young man, typical of my age; we traveled as a matter of course. I rejoice that I went when the going was good."

* Perhaps not so remote. Three months ago, Britain and France agreed to abolish visas in cross-Channel visiting.

Parade of Power

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Hurry! A roadbed quick for the New York Central to serve a new, important manufacturing plant!

A fleet of six International Diesels, that lay their own ground-gripping tracks, answers the call with bulldozer blades and capacious scrapers. In ten roaring days they move 94,000 tons of earth... and the job is done!

That's the kind of performance that's needed these days on heavy construction jobs all over the land.

It's trouble-free, time-defeating performance when Internationals take over. It's economical performance, too, for these mighty Diesels operate on low cost fuel, converting every ounce of it into work well done.

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INTERNATIONAL **Industrial Power**

"Supreme Capacity"

SHELLEY: A LIFE STORY (388 pp.)—*Edmund Blunden—Viking* ($3.75).

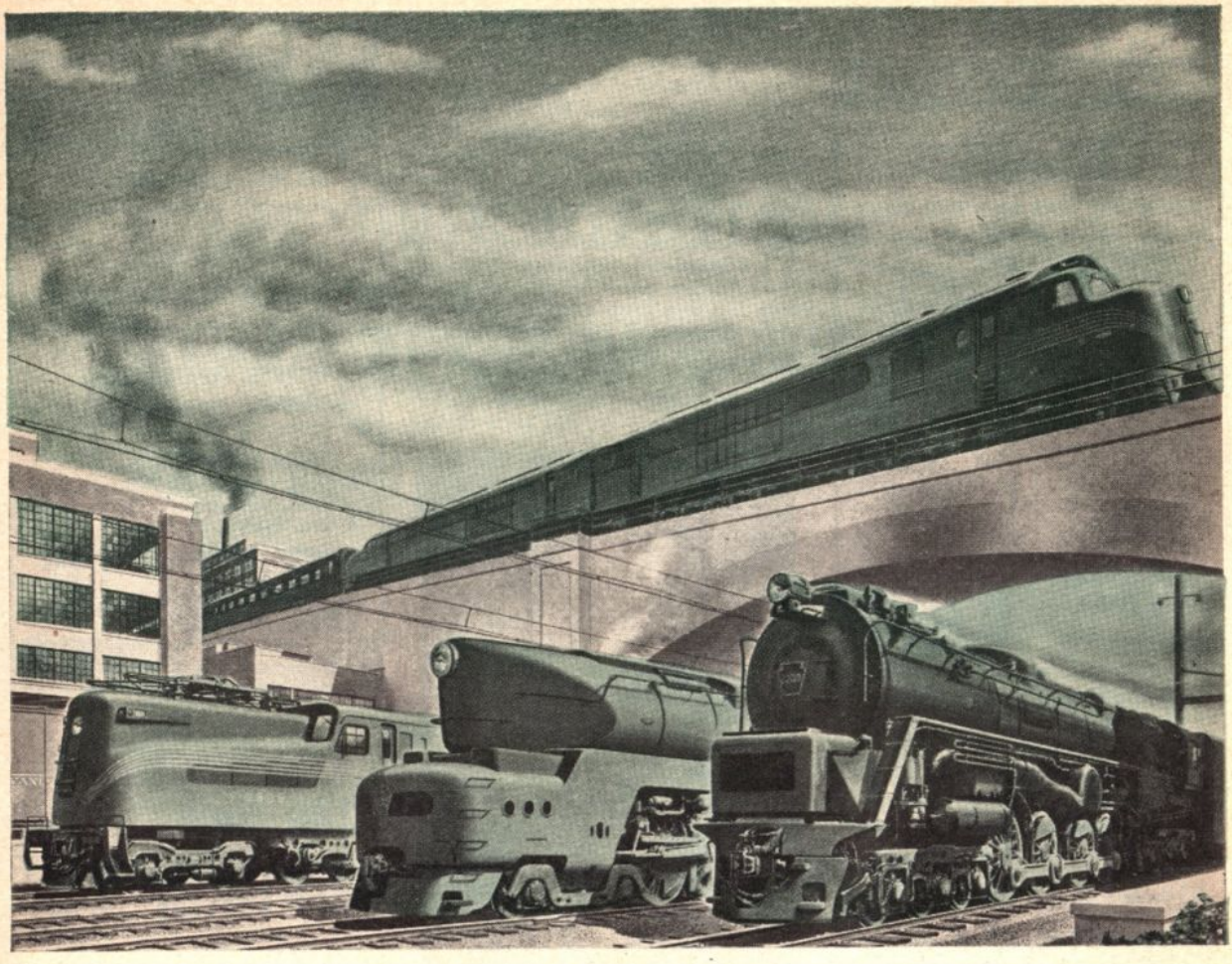
This new biography has been greeted in England as the first really satisfactory life of England's great romantic poet. U.S. critics should agree that, though Newman Ivey White's trenchant and scholarly two-volume *Shelley* (1940) has more information, Edmund Blunden's book has all that's necessary for a solid interpretation. A very fair poet himself, Blunden writes of Shelley devotedly, but with the ease and savor of long personal familiarity—not only with Shelley's works, but with his period (1792-1822), the scenes in which he lived and the mass of material about him.

"He thinks gigantically," said Lord Byron to Leigh Hunt. "If thought were light, and our planet visible by it, and space were time, the next ages would see us coming by a little ray, made up of such minds." A few days later their friend Percy Bysshe Shelley, aged 29, vanished with his fated little sailboat into a sultry Mediterranean storm. The next ages have been only fitfully aware of Shelley as a gigantic thinker. And Blunden's biography scarcely supports that description; but it shows the poetry maturing with the man: eloquent, fervorous, audacious, imaginative.

Child of England. Field Place, the Sussex manor house where Shelley was born and grew up, "has a mighty roof of Horsham stone, and a line of chimneys like towers." It also has a park, a brook and a lake satisfactory to a fanciful child. Shelley's father, the squire, was a progressive gentleman farmer and brought up his eldest son to know something about pig-raising and Swedish turnips. If Percy seemed literary in boyhood, his literariness was long confined to a large appetite for sixpenny thrillers about vampires, specters and enchantments—a set of motifs he never entirely got over.

Blunden defends Shelley's first efforts at "Gothic" romances (he wrote several at Eton and Oxford) as honest, would-be commercial work; Horrid Novels were popular. Shelley enjoyed Oxford, holding his own there with what Blunden calls his "wickedly perfect politeness." He was really surprised and hurt when his love of epistolary arguments and pamphleteering got him expelled for printing a reasonable discussion on *The Necessity of Atheism*.

Child of Liberty. Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart., had hoped that his son would get comfortably to Parliament and stand for Reform. Instead, Percy took direct action against what he conceived as oppression, social and personal, by marrying a pretty schoolgirl who didn't want to go back to school. Blunden supplies attractive pictures of this adventure—of Harriet "ready to die of laughter" as the 20-year-old Percy, slim and shrill-voiced, stood on a Dublin balcony hurling moral tracts at selected passers-by. A combatant for liberty, Shelley poetized in *Queen Mab* against kings, priests, commerce, wealth and war; he sought out the reformer,



"NEWNESS" IN LOCOMOTIVES

MUST BE MORE THAN SKIN DEEP

The new locomotives needed for tomorrow's advances in rail transportation can't be produced by draping a streamlined shell over an old model. *This* newness must be more than skin deep.

Here are some Baldwin-built examples of true newness . . . all for the century-old Pennsylvania Railroad. A diesel-electric that packs more power in a single cab than any previous design. A reciprocating steam locomotive that has broken half a dozen records on test and on the road. A modern electric locomotive, latest in a chain that Baldwin helped to pioneer. A steam turbine-driven unit, first of its type to be built in the United States.

The combination of old experience and young ideas that produced these new locomotives also produces Baldwin hydraulic presses and testing machines, Baldwin hydraulic turbines and diesel engines, Baldwin ship propellers and intricate forgings and castings.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia 42, Pa., U.S.A. Eddystone Division; Standard Steel Works Division; The Whitcomb Locomotive Co.; The Pelton Water Wheel Co.; Baldwin Locomotive Works of Canada, Ltd.; The Midvale Co.

BLW THE BALDWIN GROUP

BALDWIN

William Godwin, and in due course fell in love with his daughter, Mary.

As an enlightened Godwinian, Mary suggested that they all live together, she as Shelley's sister and Harriet, who had now borne Shelley two children, as his wife. Godwin himself, the author of many ennobling and free sentiments, took advantage of the situation to get money out of Shelley. Shelley left Harriet. In 1816 Harriet's body was recovered from a pond in a London park. Blunden only guesses at the circumstances of this painful episode. His book (published 14 months ago in England), was written before publication in the U.S. of *The Shelley Legend* (TIME, Nov. 19, 1945), which does a lot to set the record straight. Author Robert Metcalfe Smith proves that Mary Shelley

The Bettmann Archive

SHELLEY
"If thought were light . . ."

deliberately used forged letters to conceal Shelley's guilt in the suicide.

Child of Poetry. After Harriet's death, Shelley devoted himself to his poetry in Hampstead, in Leigh Hunt's cottage, where young Keats was a fellow visitor, and in Geneva, where the glamorous Lord Byron was a neighbor. The Napoleonic Wars were over; the long golden age of travel on the Continent had begun. Shelley's household abroad included not only Mary, whom he married, but her sister, Claire Claremont, one of Byron's cast-off mistresses. His scandalous behavior shocked London, and he never returned to the city after 1818, later writing stanzas beginning "Hell is a city much like London. . . ."

At Naples, Rome, Florence and Pisa, though ostracized by such respectable English tourists as Walter Savage Landor, Shelley wrote the poetry by which he is best remembered. He thought Keats "a rival who will surpass me" and invited the dying poet to join him; Keats was touched but had enough sense not to. After the "Peterloo massacre" of working

FOR 13 CONSECUTIVE YEARS MANUFACTURERS AND THEIR AGENCIES HAVE PLACED MORE SPACE AND MORE DOLLARS IN THE **FORUM** THAN IN ANY OTHER MAGAZINE SERVING THE BUILDING INDUSTRY

FORUM is read by the 20% who do the 80%
in every branch of building:
design, construction, realty ownership and
management, finance, distribution and government.

The Architectural FORUM
Division of Time Inc.
350 5th Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

people in Manchester, Shelley wrote his *Mask of Anarchy*, a revolutionary poem of memorable drive:

Rise like Lions after slumber
In unvanquishable number . . .

After an autumn walk along the Arno in Florence he wrote his *Ode to the West Wind*; in Pisa *The Cloud* and *To a Skylark*.

Of his longer work, in particular *Prometheus Unbound*, Blunden remarks that "it exacts from the reader a sustained and informed intentness failing which it becomes a luminous haze, and few people have the necessary time and period knowledge for elucidating its multitude of hints to the imagination." Shelley thought Dante's *Divine Comedy* superior "to all possible compositions." In *The Triumph of Life*, his last long poem, half finished before he was drowned, he wrote in the *terza rima* of Dante and with something like Dante's conciseness; Blunden suggests that it holds terrible irony as well as a power of imagery like Goya's. Perhaps the ethereal young lyricist had greater capacities still.

In spite of his way with women, Shelley is thought of—and was considered in his own day—as a somewhat effeminate character. But of his looks just before he died, Thornton Hunt gave this testimony: "The outline of the features and face possesses firmness and *hardness* entirely inconsistent with a feminine character. . . ." Biographer Blunden finds it regrettable that no portrait of Shelley except the very young and rather girlish one by Amelia Curran has survived. To Blunden, Shelley exemplifies "the supreme capacity called genius."

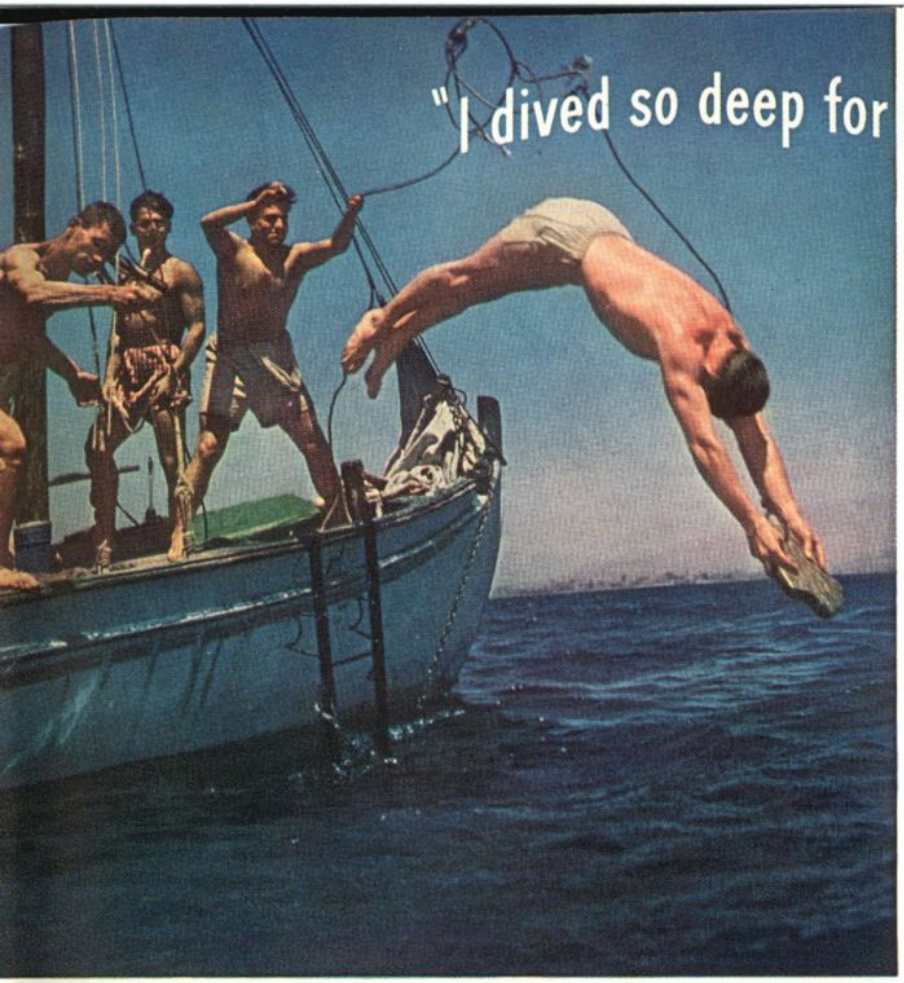
The Other Landscape

THE WANDERER (306 pp.)—*Henri Alain-Fournier, translated by Françoise Delisle—New Directions* ($1.50).

This minor masterpiece, by a young Frenchman killed in World War I, has gone into 80 editions in France (where it is called *Le Grand Meaulnes*). It is now, after 18 years, reprinted in the "New Classics Series" published by New Directions. It is the story of a 17-year-old schoolboy to whom strange coincidence and his own imagination bring an experience of what Alain-Fournier called "the other mysterious landscape."

The boy, Meaulnes, playing hooky from school, gets lost in the countryside and takes shelter in an old manor which is full of boys & girls having a masquerade party. Amid the strange fantasy of this midwinter festival he sees and falls in love with a young girl of great beauty. But the party ends abruptly; he falls asleep in a carriage; set down in his own neighborhood, he never finds the way back to the manor, which might have been a dream.

The distinction of the novel is in the delicacy, forlorn but hard, with which Meaulnes' further adventures make clear that he has seen the magic of reality—and that the vision is unrecoverable. As a study of adolescent enchantment and disenchantment, *The Wanderer* is unique in fiction.

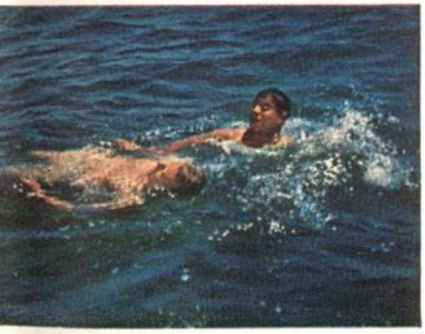


"I dived so deep for an Aegean sponge

THAT THE CHAMP HAD TO DIVE FOR ME"

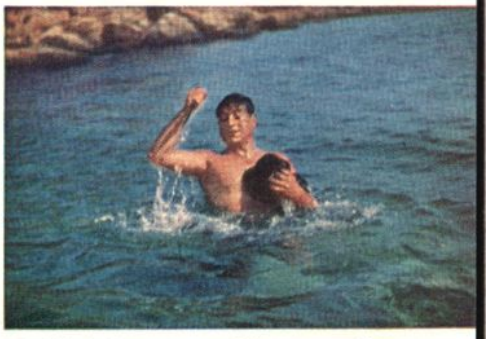
1 **"It looked easy...till I tried it,"** writes a Chicago friend of Canadian Club Whisky. "The champion sponge-diver of the Dodecanese Islands, Nick Scumpurdis showed me how. Holding a big rock firmly over my head as ballast, I dived, sank like an anchor and...passed out!

2 **"Nick plunged to the rescue...** He's barrel-chested from years of deep-water work. To become 1946 champ, he'd dived down *84 feet* and *stayed* down *1 minute 31 seconds!* Even unconscious, I was no problem for Nick.



3 **"He hauled me to the surface.** I coughed up half an ocean. He told me that sharks and carnivorous eels are all in the day's work. That cured *me!* I stayed on the surface and watched *him* get a sponge.

4 **"Through a 'magnifying glass,'** he selected a sponge. Then down he plunged. I didn't know the sponge is a live animal. It clings tightly to rocks. Divers must hack it loose with a long knife... often taking *three 40-foot dives* for *one* sponge.



5 **"Nick shot up out of the water** with a big sponge after *one* dive. He peeled off the black skin, and trampled it till flexible. Nick loves his work. But my one dive convinced me that I'd *die* before I made a cent at his job!

6 **"Nick knows his way around** on land too. He took us afterwards to an outdoor restaurant for Canadian Club highballs. We drank to deeper and richer dives for him. But for me...no thanks! As I left to make my TWA plane connection, I told Nick I'd never dive for a sponge again in anything deeper than a bathtub!"

7 **World-roving Americans** are again finding Canadian Club popular in *87 lands*. Why? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening, in cocktails before dinner, tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

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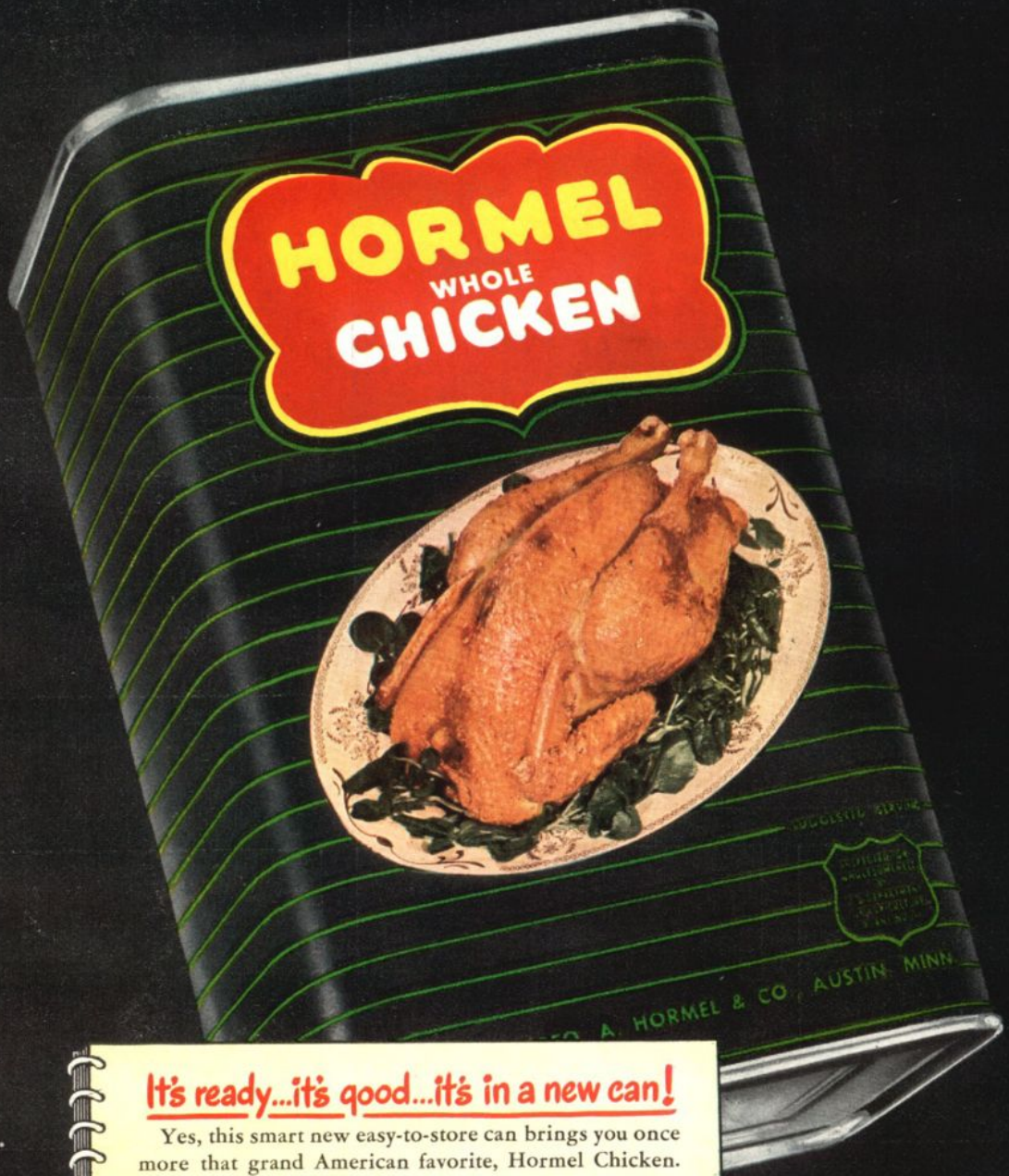

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