

TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 20, 1947

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Boris Chaliapin

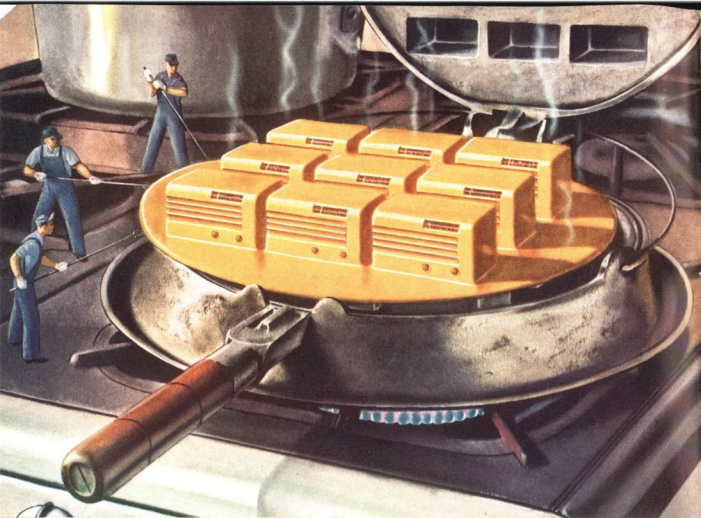
TAFT OF THE 80TH CONGRESS

For a Republican restoration, a senatorial steersman.

\$6.50 A YEAR

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

VOL. XLIX NO. 3



MONSANTO CHEMICAL COMPANY, big name in its field, produces a versatile line of plastics used by thousands of molders. The complex production of these materials employs a series of Shell Industrial Lubricants.

What's Cookin'?

YOU PLACE a machined steel die in a molding press—and add a Monsanto molding compound. Apply heat and high pressure. Presto! Out pop molded radio cabinets, novelties, machine parts—virtually any plastic products you may want . . .

It's just about as easy as baking waffles in a waffle iron—but first, Monsanto had to make the "mix." Each "mix" is prepared from resins, dyes, and fillers . . . to exacting standards.

And in machines at Monsanto's Plastics Division, Shell Industrial Lubricants must really work "under fire." Oils and greases are subjected to heat, pressure, and chemicals.

To meet these gruelling conditions, Shell Lubrication Engineers surveyed the operation—determined the right lubricant for each job . . . the proper quantity . . . the correct application. Equipment ranges from powerful crushers to small motors—and Shell Lubricants were prescribed "to order."

The results? Machines at the Plastics Division function smoothly. Maintenance problems are minor. Operating costs have dropped, and lubrication life is long. Monsanto—"Serving industry . . . which serves mankind"—expresses complete satisfaction with Shell Industrial Lubricants and the Shell Lubrication Plan.

As new machines and new methods come into use, the need for planned lubrication is even greater. Shell's complete and progressive lubrication plan includes: study and analysis of plant and machines; engineering counsel; advice on applying lubricants; schedules and controls for each machine; periodic reports on progress.

Are *you* absolutely sure the machines in *your* plant benefit by all that's new in lubrication? Call in the Shell Lubrication Engineer.

**LEADERS IN INDUSTRY RELY ON
SHELL INDUSTRIAL LUBRICANTS**





Where a rubber kiss makes a good impression

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

MOST things you buy come in cartons that have to be printed—by the millions. For years, metal printing plates were used. To get the ink onto boxboard, the metal had to crush into the soft board, and so weaken it and damage the printing plates—and use up a lot of ink.

Some printers had tried rubber printing plates. No good; the rubber was either too soft to print or hardened and cracked after contact with oils and driers in the ink. Rubber plates that were too hard broke or chipped while the press was running. B.F. Goodrich engineers went to work

on the problem and finally developed a rubber compound that wasn't harmed by ink and would retain just the right hardness and strength.

Printing plates of this B.F. Goodrich compound were made and tested. Necessary impression to print well is so light that printers call it a "kiss". With no need to bang into the boxboard, printing is 6 times faster, use of ink 25% less, plates last longer.

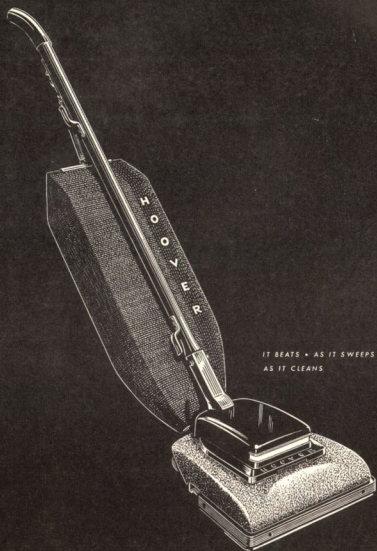
Rubber plates can be made in minutes instead of hours, and changes are easy; they are major problems with metal. And, finally, the rubber plate

is much lighter and easier to handle than metal.

Everybody benefits with these B.F. Goodrich rubber plates—manufacturer, customer, worker. That's typical of a thousand cases of B.F. Goodrich research which is constantly at work to improve products and processes—and it is typical, too, of American industry, constantly at work to improve values to everyone. *The B.F. Goodrich Company, Industrial Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich

RUBBER and SYNTHETIC products



IT BEATS • AS IT SWEEPS
AS IT CLEANS

*The finest
Hoover Cleaner ever built*

Your Hoover Dealer is now ready to show you the new De luxe Hoover Cleaner, Model 61, complete with cleaning tools (not illustrated).

THE HOOVER COMPANY, North Canton, Ohio; Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Last Night Henry V crushed the French at Agincourt...BEFORE MY VERY EYES!



A scene from the motion picture, "Henry V," starring Laurence Olivier. Presented by The Theatre Guild, and released through United Artists.

Free TO NEW MEMBERS

HENRY V and Nine Other Historical Plays of

Shakespeare

IN A NEW AND HANDSOME DE LUXE EDITION

I WAS ONE of nine thousand English soldiers massed behind our king, Henry the Fifth. Attacking us were thirty five thousand French troops, heavily horsed and armoured. We were lightly equipped, soaked by rain. They charged. We met them with a terrific hail of arrows. Their horses stampeded. They tried to retreat. The weight of their armour mired them in their tracks. We charged in for the kill. And to the last man the French were slaughtered or captured. Agincourt was won—the strategy of battle was revolutionized for all time!

... Through the magic of Shakespeare you will live the Battle of Agincourt as if you had been there in 1415. Accept now this De Luxe Edition of Shakespeare's Henry the Fifth and nine other historical plays—free to you, as a gift!

Why The Classics Club Offers You This Book Free

WHEN you add this lovely volume to your library—as a membership gift from The Classics Club! You are invited to join today... and to receive on approval beautiful editions of the world's masterpieces.

These books, selected unanimously by distinguished authorities, were chosen because they offer the greatest enjoyment and value to the "pressed for time" men and women of today.

Why Are Great Books Called "Classics"?

A true "classic" is a living book that will never grow old. For sheer fascination it can rival the most thrilling modern novel. Have you ever wondered how the truly great books have become "classics"? First, because they are so readable. They would not have lived unless they were interesting. To be interesting they had to be easy to understand. And those are the very qualities which characterize these selections: readability, interest, simplicity.

Only Book Club of Its Kind

The Classics Club is different from all other book clubs. 1. It distributes to its members the world's classics at a low price. 2. Its members

are not obligated to take any specific number of books. 3. Its volumes (which are being used today in many leading colleges and universities) are bound in the fine buckram ordinarily used for \$5 and \$10 bindings. They have tinted page tops; are richly stamped in genuine gold, which will retain its original lustre—books you and your children will read and cherish for many years.

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You are invited to accept a Trial Membership. With your first book will be sent an advance notice about future selections. You may reject any book you do not wish. You need not take any specific number of books—only the ones you want. No money in advance, no membership fees. You may cancel membership any time.

Mail this Invitation Form now. Paper, printing, binding costs are rising. This low price—and your FREE COPY OF HENRY V and NINE OTHER HISTORICAL PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE—cannot be assured unless you respond promptly. THE CLASSICS CLUB, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Walter J. Black, President
THE CLASSICS CLUB

BBBY

One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a Trial Member and send me, FREE, the beautiful De Luxe Edition of HENRY V and NINE OTHER HISTORICAL PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE, together with the current selection.

I am not obligated to take any specific number of books and I am to receive an advance description of future selections. Also I may reject any volume before or after I receive it, and I may cancel my membership whenever I wish.

For each volume I decide to keep I will send you \$2.99, plus a few cents mailing charges. (Books shipped in U.S.A. only.)

Mr. }
Mrs. }
Miss } (Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

City..... Zone No.
(if any)..... State.....



You are taking a dangerous risk if your baby has not been immunized against diphtheria. Nearly two-thirds of all diphtheria deaths are among little children—under 5!

PATIENT'S IMMUNIZATION REMINDER
has been vaccinated against

Your Baby

Disease	Date (month and year)	Result	Product Used	See Your Physician Again on
Smallpox			S+D*	March '47
Diphtheria Schick Test	Dec 4 '46		S+D*	Jan 20 '47
Whooping Cough Scarlet Fever Diph Test	Dec 9 '46		S+D*	Dec '47
Tetanus Typhoid	Dec 9 '46		S+D*	Dec '47

Immunized on *January 20, 1947* by *Dr. B. Dohme*

* Diphtheria-Tetanus-Antisepsis Antigens Combined.

This card may Save Your Baby's Life!

DIPHTHERIA...

Alarming increases show need for immunizing all children

● Recent diphtheria increases in many sections of the country have been so alarmingly high that health authorities have published urgent appeals to parents, asking that all children be immunized in infancy—and re-immunized before they enter school.

Don't think your baby is safe because your neighborhood has not been hit by diphtheria. Outbreaks of the disease have occurred recently in communities which had been practically free from diphtheria for years!

Unless your baby has been immunized against diphtheria, he is in constant danger. The disease can be brought right into your home by some perfectly well person who is a diphtheria "carrier" or by a visitor who has the

disease in so mild a form that it is not recognized, or even suspected.

Don't take this dangerous risk with your baby's safety. Little children—under five—are the ones who suffer the highest death rate from diphtheria!

If your baby is six months old or over—and has not been immunized against diphtheria—consult your doctor at once. He will see that your child is protected now. And, to make sure that the immunization is renewed before your child enters school, the doctor will give you the Immunization Record Card.

This card tells you when

With this card, you know just when to take your child to the doctor for his immunizations, not only against diphtheria, but against other preventable diseases.

Don't trust your memory. If you forget one single immunization, you may endanger your baby's safety—even his life!

Join the Mothers' Immunization Reminder Club, which now totals over 4,010,000 members. All you do is ask your doctor for the Immunization Record Card. Sharp & Dohme supplies these cards to physicians free upon request. They are in two parts—one for the doctor's records and one for you. Get this card from your doctor today!

FREE! New immunization booklet. Gives the facts about contagious diseases your child might get . . . their special danger for babies . . . their harmful after-effects. Find out how to prevent your children from catching these diseases.

Write today for your free copy of this immunization booklet to: Sharp & Dohme, Philadelphia 1, Pa., Dept. T-17.

Fight Infantile Paralysis—Give dimes January 15-30

SHARP & DOHME

MAJOR CONTRIBUTORS FOR OVER 100 YEARS TO THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF DISEASE THROUGH MEDICAL RESEARCH

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947

The Ad that came to Life!

ONE DAY I was in an American Mutual ad ...
I was standing on page 42 smiling away,
when suddenly this fellow lets out a roar!
"BAH!" he says, "Mr. Friendly saves the day in
ads okay, but I'd like to see him *save my factory!*"
Well that made me sore ... I stepped
right out of the page!



by MR. FRIENDLY

"Listen!" I said. "Your production is off ...
accidents are increasing ... I know
exactly what you need!"

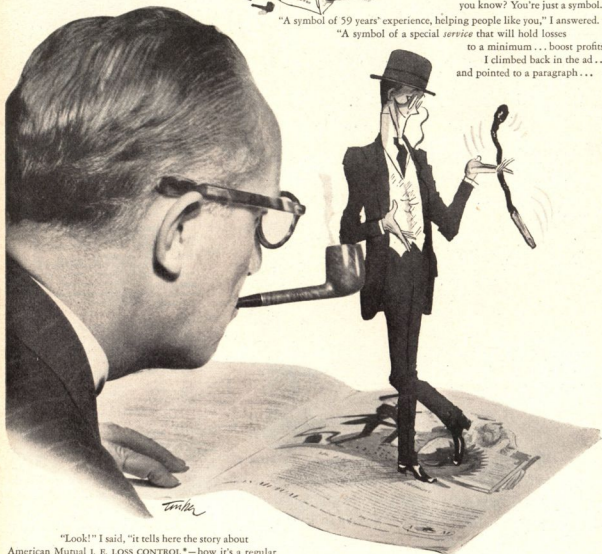
He pretty near fell over! "How...how do
you know? You're just a symbol."

"A symbol of 59 years' experience, helping people like you," I answered.

"A symbol of a special service that will hold losses

to a minimum ... boost profits!

I climbed back in the ad ...
and pointed to a paragraph ...



"Look!" I said, "it tells here the story about
American Mutual's **I. E. LOSS CONTROL***—how it's a regular
part of our service at no extra charge. It says it's helped
reduce accidents *more than 80% in some cases* ...

"It says *send right now for information about American
Mutual's new I. E. LOSS CONTROL (no obligation).*"

Well sir, this fellow whipped out a pen and started
writing then and there! "Just address it," I smiled,
"American Mutual Liability Insurance Company,
Dept. D-80, 142 Berkeley Street,
Boston 16, Mass."

* Accident prevention based on principles of
industrial engineering.

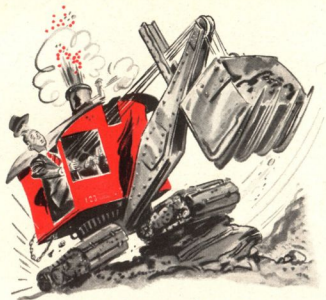


Your helping hand
when trouble comes!



AMERICAN MUTUAL
... the first American liability insurance company

GOPR. 15446, AMERICAN MUTUAL LIABILITY INSURANCE COMPANY



If your car feels like *this*... it's time for
MARFAK Chassis Lubrication



THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Marfak's no lick-and-a-promise grease, petering out after a couple of hundred miles. Tough, longer-lasting Marfak stays in there fighting wear for 1,000 miles or more. You can feel the difference! That "cushiony" feeling tells you long-lasting Marfak is on the job!

Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car that "Marfak feeling" today.



THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Tune in: TEXACO STAR THEATRE presents the Eddie Bracken show every Sunday night.
METROPOLITAN OPERA broadcasts every Saturday afternoon. See newspapers for time and stations.

LETTERS



Associated Press

The Blessed Fruits of Giving

Sirs:

The picture of the little Viennese boy with new shoes [TIME, Dec. 30] expresses more eloquently than anything I have ever seen, or read, or heard, the blessed fruits of giving. The response of sheer unrestrained joy by that little fellow cannot be measured in dollars of giving. To get such a return for his money has the giver getting all the better of the bargain.

To help keep this embodiment of Christmas "alive in hearts enough" (as TIME expressed the hope), I offer my small contribution toward seeing another little face raised in the same radiant joy. . . .

RAYMOND C. FALLER

Philadelphia

Other readers so moved should send their contributions direct to their local Red Cross (whither TIME has forwarded Reader Faller's check).—Ed.

Time Flies

Sirs:

I'M THE OLDEST LIVING 26-YEAR-OLD WOMAN. I'M 29. . . .

SLIM HAWKS

Los Angeles

Mrs. Howard Hawks, the very Best Dressed Woman [TIME, Jan. 6]—who did it on a mere \$10,000—certainly doesn't show her years.—Ed.

A Doff, a Kick

Sirs:

In reference to potential Presidents as reviewed in TIME, Dec. 30: I wish to take my hat off to Harold Stassen, who seemed to be not afraid of admitting his political aspirations nor the formulation of a policy to meet the problems confronting us today. A kick in the pants to those would-be leaders who . . . hide behind an open door until they have sensed public sentiment. . . .

RUSSELL E. CRANMER

Wichita

Mice & Men

Sirs:

Why can't Mr. Kirk of Brooklyn leave well enough alone?

On reading his formula for weighing mice

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947

RECORD NEWS!

Here are 10 wonderful interpretations of music you love faithfully recorded by the unique Columbia process! Because they want you to hear them at their best—more and more great artists are recording exclusively for Columbia Masterworks Records.

MORTON GOULD

Rendezvous
and his Orchestra
Columbia Masterworks Set M-645 \$4.85*

Isaac Stern

with Alexander
Zakin, piano

Beethoven: Sonata No. 7 in C Minor for Violin
and Piano, Op. 30, No. 2
Columbia Masterworks Set M-MM-604 \$4.85*

Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New York

Artur Rodzinski, conductor Prokofiev: Symphony
No. 5 Columbia Masterworks Set M-MM-661 \$5.85*

JENNIE TOUREL

with Erich Thor Kahn, piano Songs of Rachmaninoff
Columbia Masterworks Set M-625 \$3.85*

OSCAR LEVANT

Chopin: Etude No. 5 in G-Flat Major ("Black Key")
Lecuna: Malagueña (featured in the Warner Bros.
Production, "Huiswoude")
Columbia Masterworks Record T1890-D \$1.00*

Pittsburgh Symphony ORCHESTRA

Fritz Reiner, conductor
Moussorgsky: A Night on Bald Mountain
Columbia Masterworks Record T2470-D \$1.00*

Budapest String Quartet

Haydn: Quartet No. 30 in G Minor ("The Horse-
man") Columbia Masterworks Set X-MX-274 \$2.85*

GYORGY SANDOR

with the Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra of New
York, Artur Rodzinski, conductor Rachmaninoff:
Concerto No. 2 in C Minor for Piano and Orchestra
Columbia Masterworks Set M-MM-605 \$4.85*

The Cleveland Orchestra

conducted by Erich Leinsdorf Schumann:
Symphony No. 1 in B-Flat Major ("Spring")
Columbia Masterworks Set M-MM-617 \$4.85*

CAROL BRICE

with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner,
conductor Mahler: Songs of a Wayfarer
Columbia Masterworks Set M-MM-267 \$2.85*

Check the new Columbia Record
Catalog for the complete lists of recordings
by these and scores of other Columbia
artists! *All prices shown are exclusive of taxes

MORTON GOULD . . . conductor, composer, arranger—one of the
most interesting and significant men of music in the world today!

He wants you to hear his recorded performances with faithful reproduction . . . so **MORTON GOULD**

is recording exclusively for **Columbia Records**
MASTERWORKS



Trade-marks "Columbia," "Masterworks"
and  Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



COLDS develop in many ways...



Gargle Listerine Antiseptic Quick!

At this time of the year, when wet, cold weather is giving cold germs a helping hand, it's just sound common sense to make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a night and morning habit . . . and to increase the frequency of the gargle when a cold threatens.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of the "secondary invaders." These are the germs, according to some authorities, that cause much of the misery of a cold.

Guard against Germ Invasion

Used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour "incubation" period when a cold may be developing, the Listerine Antiseptic gargle can often help guard against the mass invasion of germs and nip the trouble in the bud.

Actual tests have shown germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour after.

Fewer Colds in Tests

This germ-killing action, we believe, helps to explain Listerine Antiseptic's impres-

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks



TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus betelodyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

sive test record in fighting colds. Tests made over a 12-year period showed this remarkable result:

That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

[Time, Dec. 30], I was piqued into trying it with mine. The experiment went well until the reading of Edmund Wilson's *Memoirs of Hecate County* (which county, incidentally, we Westerners seem unable to pronounce).⁹ At that point, the wildest of bacchanalian orgies ensued. At length, after recovering from shock, I relegated the mice to an unused bird cage and covered the whole disgraceful scene with one of my old sweatshirts.

And now, what's more, the mice lie immobile to any music except Debussy's *Danse Sacree* and *Danse Profane*, and then only come to life midway through the opus. . . .

HARRY H. ARNOLD

Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Woman of the Year

Sirs:

TIME WOMAN OF YEAR IDENTIFIED YESTERDAY . . . MRS. CORA D. O'CONNOR, ABOUT 42 . . . CLERK Y.W.C.A., MOTHER OF THREE, INCLUDING LOIS ANN, A CHAMPIONSHIP SPEED SKATER. . . .

MRS. O'CONNOR, ABOUT 5 FEET, MEDIUM BROWN HAIR, CRISP BLUE EYES, DEFINITE CONVICTIONS, SAID: "I'M THE ONE I'VE BEEN ASHAMED OF IT EVER SINCE."

LAST NOV. 25 ON MAIN STREET, UNABLE BOARD BUS, STOOD IN FRONT OVER 20 MINUTES CONTEST WITH DRIVER, STALLING TRAFFIC MAIN STREET MILE AND HALF, BOARDED NEXT BUS, DISAPPEARED.

SEARCH EVER SINCE BY WORCESTER TELEGRAM AND EVENING GAZETTE. [NEW] IMPETUS WITH TIME [JAN. 6] NOMINATION, DAY CITY EDITOR HENRY FORD TO STAFF: "FIND HER." BAIT: THREE DAYS OFF.

MRS. O'CONNOR FOUND HOUR LATER BY IVAN SANDROF, 35, TELEGRAM STAFF FEATURE WRITER, FORMER STARS AND STRIPES STAFFER GERMANY. . . .

WOMAN FLABBERGASTED . . . SAID: "HE OPENED BOOK. I STARTED TO GET IN AND HE SLAMMED DOOR IN MY FACE. I BARRED HIS DOOR—BUT HE JUST SAT THERE WITH HIS ARMS FOLDED, JUST AS IMPUDENT AS YOU PLEASE. THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT HIS ATTITUDE THAT JUST GOT ME. . . ."

"I WASN'T MAD, OR ANYTHING—JUST DEFIANT. I THOUGHT TO MYSELF—IF I'M NOT

* According to Wilson (and Shakespeare, sometimes) it's heck-it. According to others: heckity.—Ed.

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

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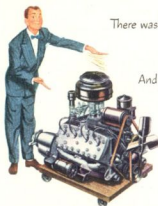
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TIME
January 20, 1947

Volume XLIX
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7% IN TESTS

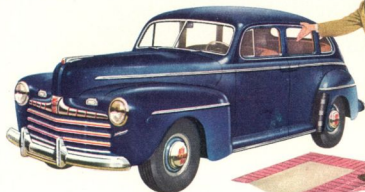


There was a young fellow named Tate
who said "I prefer a V-8
It's a wower for power
with a hundred horsepower
And brother, for hustlin'...that's great!"



And here is "Six Cylinder" McShield,
to whom the Ford Six has appealed.
he has tried all the rest,
and found Ford the best...
Now he knows Ford's ahead in the field.

Ford's out Front with a famous V-8 And a brilliant, new 6 Folks say is great!



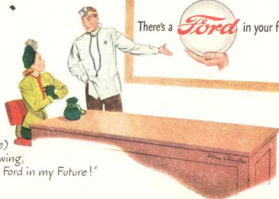
There was a technician named Boyce
who said in his technician's voice
Choose the Six or the Eight
They're both of 'em great
It's simply a matter of choice!"



Said a penny-wise man from East Liston,
"The 4-ring aluminum piston
saves oil and saves gas,
gives you power to pass,
So a Ford Eight or a Six
I'll insist on!"



Said a young doctor named Bloocher;
(a whizz with a needle and suture)
"I'm done with my sewing,
Away I am going to buy the new Ford in my Future!"





CHAIRS BY KENSINGTON

Right at home in the loveliest home

These lustrous new Kensington chairs will blend the beauty of their simple, classic lines into any type of room, period or modern. So versatile, comfortable, you'll use them at the dining table, for bridge, in bedrooms—as occasional chairs.

Moreover, you'll find these handsome chairs superbly practical. They'll be right at home with children—and pets. For they're made of Kensington metal . . . which keeps

its rich, silvery lustre year after year after year. They won't chip, peel or warp. Cold, heat, dryness, dampness can't affect these sturdy beauties.

Kensington chairs are upholstered in smart, washable, decorators' colors. Be sure to see these fascinating Kensington chairs at leading furniture and department stores—or, for literature, write Kensington Inc., New Kensington, Pa.

Kensington Chairs are made of the same beautiful, silvery metal as the famous Kensington Gift Ware.

Kensington

OF NEW KENSINGTON



GOING TO GET HOME, NO ONE ELSE IS, EITHER. . ."

ON THE SAME STALLED BUS, SITTING TOO FAR BACK TO SEE, WAS HUSBAND, HENRY P. O'CONNOR. HE GOT HOME FEW MINUTES BEFORE HER. SHE TOLD HIM STORY. "HE WASN'T AT ALL PLEASED ABOUT IT."

Worcester Telegram
Worcester, Mass.

In the Groove

Sirs:

. . . Being a radio man from beyond the banks of the Hudson, and therefore small-town and unaccomplished to such an accomplished metropolitan engineer as your recording-perfectionist Mary Howard (TIME, Dec. 30), I am somewhat abashed to take issue with the great woman. . .

Her recommendation—that radio stations should fit the grooves in her recordings by using needles set to corresponding angles and sizes to fit her day-by-day wishes in recording procedure—is just so much Miss Porter's School hogwash. The needles in these modern reproducers are set at the factory, and cannot be adjusted. The simplest method, I might add, would be to fit Miss Howard's recording to these needle adjustments, which, I might add also, have probably been made by engineers with perhaps more thoroughgoing engineering degrees than those passed out at Miss Porter's select school at Farmington. . .

Richmond, Va.
DICK VELZ

¶ In short, as many another radio man has urged, it is high time that record cutters and reproducers got together and standardized their grooves and style.—Ed.

Undermined

Sirs:

For nearly six years, oldtimers on the *News Leader* have been hammering it into me that a "burglary" is "the forcible breaking and entering of a dwelling house in the night time, with intent to commit a felony therein," and I in turn have been hammering it into the cubs. Now comes TIME and undoes a lot of hard work. Some of the newcomers have been waving the Dec. 30 Miscellany column under the copydesk's nose and pointing to the line about "burglars" tunneling into the Clayton (Okla.) State Bank. The persons who swiped those 33,000 pennies were thieves, yes; burglars, no. Tell 'em so, will you?

Richmond, Va.
JACK KILPATRICK

¶ Reader Kilpatrick is right according to common law, but not according to Chapter XV, Article 25, Oklahoma Statutes of 1942, Sect. 1931, which says: "Every person who breaks and enters any building or any part of a building, room, booth, tent, railroad car, automobile, truck, trailer, vessel, or other structure or erection in which any property is kept, with intent to steal therein or to commit any felony, is guilty of burglary in the second degree."—Ed.

Right or Wrong

Sirs:

After reading Henry Buhler's letter in your Letters column [Dec. 30], I felt I had more cause to cry in disgust than he did. Since when is it a disgrace to do your best for your country? Mr. Buhler spent his time in the service of his country; those German scientists invented their "fiendish

FASTEST BLADES ON EARTH by FRANK WILLIAMS

IRVING JAFFEE

...UNDEFEATED
WORLD'S SPEED
ICE-SKATING
CHAMPION.



... KNOWN AS THE "5 AND 10" CHAMPION FOR HIS PHENOMENAL VICTORIES IN THE 5,000 AND 10,000-METER RACES IN THE 1928 AND 1932 OLYMPICS...

HE LOOKS SHARP!

...AS HE SKIMS DOWN THE ICE... FLASHING FARTHER AHEAD OF THE PACK WITH EACH TIRE-LESS STROKE!

"BUT IT DOES GET LONESOME UP HERE ALL BY MYSELF!"

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weapons" (what about our atom bomb?)
in an honest effort for their country.

May I recommend that Henry Buhler
memorize the two following quotations (both
by Americans):

1) "Our country. In her intercourse with
foreign nations, may she always be in the
right, but our country, right or wrong."—
Stephen Decatur, one of our more famous
naval commanders.

2) "I hope to find my country in the
right; however, I will stand by her, right
or wrong."—John J. Crittenden. . .

All Germans weren't Nazis, just as all
Americans can't be said to be firm believers
in democracy . . . but they were Germans,
and as Germany went, so went they. Just
such shortsightedness and intolerance as Mr.
Buhler's letter shows is what we fought
against. . . .

KEITH CASTELLUCCIO

Richmond, Ind.

Sirs:

Please permit me to commend you for
publishing and to congratulate Mr. Henry
H. Buhler for writing his fine letter. As a
totally disabled veteran of World War I, I
heartily agree. . . .

NATHAN LEVY

Atlanta

Bulldogs on Blocks

Sirs:

One grim aftermath of war is the slow,
inevitable eruption of war memorials and
statues of illustrious warriors. If art-wise
people do not protect the public from its
own lack of discrimination, we will find
monumental atrocities going up that no one
will ever dare remove because of public
sentimentality. To the layman, any statue
is a miraculous product of genius, even
though it actually looks like a badly stuffed
doll and four toy bulldogs on a pile of
blocks—I can't go on. The thought that the
proposed effigy of Churchill [TIME, Dec. 30]
might somehow be erected throws me into
a state of morbid anxiety and depression.

PAUL ST.-GAUDENS

Keene, N.H.

¶ Let anxious Artist St.-Gaudens take
heart: the proposed statue of Churchill
has been turned down [TIME, Dec.
30]. For a better war memorial (by
Artist Paul's sculptor uncle, Augustus
St.-Gaudens), see below.—FD.



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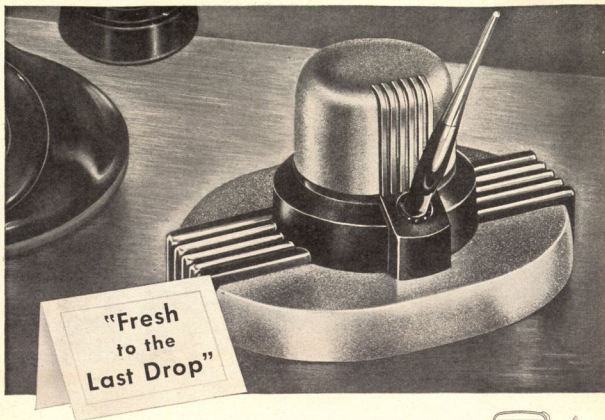
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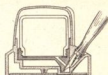
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HP-2

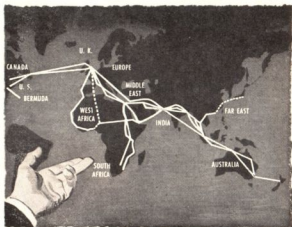
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TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947



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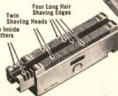
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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INDEX

Art.....63	Milestones.....81
Books.....102	Miscellany.....112
Business.....83	Music.....72
Canada.....40	National Affairs.....21
Cinema.....98	People.....42
Education.....79	Press.....70
Foreign News.....30	Radio.....92
International.....29	Religion.....75
Latin America.....37	Science.....48
Letters.....6	Sport.....47
Medicine.....65	Theater.....69
Report From The World.....53	

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

As a former country editor, may I suggest that city-slicker TIME editors remember most residents of small towns take city newspapers, listen to radio for general news, depend on their country weeklies primarily for hometown news. Country editors deliberately ignore events of great national importance, personalize reporting, concentrate on local happenings because that's what readers want.

This reminder from one of our domestic correspondents accompanied his résumé of what the country weeklies in his area were saying during election week last fall. Having several former country editors in our organization, and being acutely aware that all the bright trappings of big city journalism have failed to shake the hold of the 9,000 U.S. country weeklies on the 15,000,000 loyal families who read them, TIME's editors took their correspondent's advice in good part and went ahead with their nationwide survey.



The result (TIME, Nov. 11) was a pre-election impression of the small towns and rural areas of the U.S., as told by its country weeklies. It showed the people going matter-of-factly about their business, not seriously disturbed by any candidate's cries, and remarked that although the rural editors had made no attempt to feel the pulse of the nation, "this week, as every week, the nation's country weeklies held a feel and flavor of U.S. life which no big city daily captured. Their editors really knew the people who were voting."

Since then, in letters to us and to their trade paper, *The American Press*, the country editors have been having their say. Some protested that they had definitely done some pre-election pulse-feeling, especially Publisher J. O. Ferguson, of the Pawnee (Okla.) Chief, who claimed we overlooked a front-page story to that effect. Others minded our having the weeklies coming "smudgily from flatted presses." Wrote Editor George Schlueter, of the Hills (Minn.) Crescent: "I am willing to grant that there are many 'lousy'-

looking sheets put out, but the majority of the newspapers (weeklies) are the result of much hard work and ridicule is resented."

Our chief critic, however, was Henry Beetle Hough, of the Vineyard (Mass.) Gazette, who said: "It seemed to us that the facts were twisted to suit the point of view of the TIME editor, and the whole picture one would draw of the country press was narrow and distorted."

Editor Hough's view was not shared by most of his colleagues, many of whom thought that TIME's story was "a good picture of the small towns and rural areas as told by the country weeklies just prior to an election." Wrote William H. Hawthorne, editor of the Chenoa (Ill.) Clipper-Times: "This TIME squib about our paper brought comments to me personally as though it were something of real importance, the first to hail me on the street being the local veterinarian, who acted like a kid about it. Next, a local resident, just back from Iowa, who greeted me regarding the story before he said he was glad to be home."

"Then a Caterpillar office man, who married a Chenoa girl and lives in Peoria, who came here to attend a funeral, told me he saw the item, as he shook hands. Then there was the principal of the high school at Bellflower; a paper salesman from Bloomington; and several relatives and friends who dropped me notes. These are but a few of the comments I heard. . . .

"More power to TIME, or to any other publication that realizes the place of the small town and its people in the scheme of things."

To Editor Hawthorne and his colleagues, whose brand of journalism is a venerable U.S. institution and a valuable national asset, thanks for this evidence of TIME's readership in the Chenoas (pop. 1,401) of America.

Cordially,

James A. Linen

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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

FOREIGN RELATIONS

"We Will Keep the Covenant"

In the first month of 1947, the U.S. had two Secretaries of State at the same time. In Washington, Jimmy Byrnes had resigned, but he still carried on, in precarious health. In Honolulu, General George Catlett Marshall, his appointment already confirmed by the Senate, relaxed with his wife in an inconspicuous green cottage, awaiting orders to return for the oath of office.

In the lull between peace conferences the U.S. could look back with a sense of achievement to the mission accomplished by patiently firm Jimmy Byrnes; it looked ahead with confident hope to General Marshall in the even tougher job ahead.

The immense confidence which George Marshall inspired was the most important fact in U.S. relations with the world last week. President Truman had often called him "the greatest living American." Congress, having listened to his hours of patient testimony before wartime committees, respected him. The world at large, to which he was not as well known as Eisenhower, Patton or MacArthur, realized that he was the great architect of the military victory.

Since the war, seeking retirement but not shirking duty, General Marshall had shown that, at 66, he could still grow and learn, and willingly tackle a thorny new subject with determination and an open mind. In a practical and immediate sense, his mission to China (*see below*) had been a failure; but it had also been a demonstration of his capacity to understand and his willingness to lead. In history's longer-sighted eye, it might turn out to have been a success.

Charted Policy. The world would probably see few changes in U.S. foreign policy. The U.S. was committed to U.N. and to devoting all its powers to make it work. The line toward Russia would not waver; the atom secret would not be given away until the U.S. program for internationalization was accepted. The U.S. still stood for disarmament—when all other major powers are ready to do the same.

But some changes would certainly come. Last week in Cleveland, in his first policy speech as chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg pointed the way to some (*see REPORT FROM THE WORLD*). It was now time, he said, to consider a



THE MARSHALLS IN HONOLULU
After achievement, confidence.

Associated Press

change in China policy, toward more active support of Chiang's attempts to create a broadened, more democratic government. It was high time for the U.S. to urge the oft-deferred Pan-American conference. But major U.S. policy had now been charted.

On the same Cleveland platform, before 12,000 cheering spectators who rose in a standing ovation, Jimmy Byrnes declared in his swan song: "We were determined to do our part to bring peace to a war-weary world and we have not sought any excuse, however plausible, for shirking our responsibilities. . . . The U.S. will keep that covenant."

Relay Point

Jimmy Byrnes had wanted to quit a long time ago. For months he had been fighting off a jangling weariness. But there was never a time to rest in Moscow, London, Washington or New York. Last April, after a physical checkup, he got a stern warning: "Slow down—or else!" But asking a U.S. Secretary of State to slow down in 1946 was like asking a canoeist to pause amid rapids. He decided to make a clean break instead, and sent his resignation to the President.

He wanted to retire by last July 1. But it was not until last month that Harry Truman regretfully agreed. Doctors had

discovered that Byrnes had a heart murmur aggravated by incessant overwork. The President's mind had been made up long ago: if he ever needed a new Secretary of State, he would call on General George Marshall. He radioed Marshall in Nanking, and made his offer.

Two Happy Days. Marshall, concluding his difficult mission in China, thought it over. He could retire with honor. As Secretary of State he would risk his shining reputation in the treacherous currents of politics. After a week he answered: "Yes."

That was that, but the change was not to be announced for some days. In Nanking General Marshall had broken the news to Chiang (*see FOREIGN NEWS*). But only a very few in Washington had known that Jimmy Byrnes would quit; most assumed that he would go to Moscow in March. Then the New York Times's "Scotty" Reston got a hot tip and gave a strong hint (*see PRESS*). Soon a startled world learned that the U.S. had changed its Secretary of State for the fourth time in 26 months.

That night, at a glittering White House diplomatic reception, Jimmy Byrnes could savor freedom, a dramatic moment, and heartfelt expressions of regret. He beamed and said: "There are two happy days in the life of a man in public office—the

NATIONAL AFFAIRS



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CLAY

KIRK

Dominance accentuated a weakness.

day he is elected and the day he steps out."

The unexpectedly early news shocked General Marshall as his C-54 soared steadily eastward through the skies over Okinawa, bringing him home from China. At eleven o'clock at night, Shanghai time, the plane's pilot, Colonel H. C. Munson, came back to tell him of a news broadcast and offer congratulations.

The China Statement

Anyone who wanted to get a line on General Marshall as Secretary of State could profitably read his 1,800-word farewell statement on China. It reflected a man of patience, firmness and devotion to fact, a man who would try to be fair at all costs. It also reflected the temper of a man who could get indignant but still speak with determined moderation.

In a long year in China, General Marshall had plowed through the Chinese political jungle, filled with "almost insurmountable and maddening obstacles." He did not want to leave the U.S. with any illusions about what he had found on his journey.

The great block on the road to peace in China, said he, was the "complete, almost overwhelming suspicion with which the Chinese Communist party and the Kuomintang regard each other." Against it, all U.S. attempts at mediation had been stopped cold.

Close to Anger. Responsibility for the deadlock he placed squarely on the shoulders of extremists in both factions: "On the side of the National Government . . . there is a dominant group of reactionaries who have been opposed, in my opinion, to almost every effort I have made to influence the formation of a genuine coalition Government."

Even more to blame, he implied, were "the dyed-in-the-wool Communists." The General bluntly refuted the theory, often advanced by hopeful U.S. leftists, that China's Communists are simply agrarian reformists. Said he: "The Communists frankly state that they are Marxists and intend to work toward establishing a communist form of government in China, though first advancing through the medium of a democratic form of government of the American or British type."

To accomplish these traditional Communist ends, China's Reds are prepared to use traditional Communist means. Yen-an's ruthless strategy is as old as Lenin's: "The Communists, by their unwillingness to compromise in the national interest, are evidently counting on an economic collapse to bring about the fall of the Government, accelerated by extensive guerrilla action against the long lines of rail communications—regardless of the rail in suffering to the Chinese people."

On another Communist tactic General Marshall came close to open anger: "I wish to state to the American people that in the deliberate misrepresentation and abuse of the action, policies and purposes of our Government, [Communist] propaganda has been without regard for the truth, without any regard whatsoever for the facts, and has given plain evidence of a determined purpose to mislead the Chinese people and the world and to arouse a bitter hatred of Americans."

Hope for Unity. The only hope that General Marshall could see for China was the rise to power of what he called the liberals from the Kuomintang, from the minority parties, and from among those

Communists who had joined the party out of sheer disgust at governmental corruption. Said George Marshall: "Successful action on their part under the leadership of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek would, I believe, lead to unity through good government."

By thus drawing a clear distinction between Chiang himself and the reactionaries of his Kuomintang, General Marshall was challenging every U.S. party-liner and most U.S. "liberals." It was also a warning to Chiang to divorce himself from the die-hards of the Kuomintang. Above all, it meant that U.S. policy, unsuccessful as it had been so far, would still be geared to the legal Government of China.

Accent on Brass

With General Marshall's appointment as Secretary of State, the world noted with some concern the emergence of top U.S. military & naval officers as the top dispensers of U.S. foreign policy.

In the occupation hotspots the generals had a monopoly. In Japan it was General Douglas MacArthur; in Austria, the Fifth Army's old boss, General Mark Clark (soon to be replaced by Lieut. General Geoffrey Keyes); in Germany, Lieut. General Lucius D. Clay, now also commander of all U.S. troops in Europe. As contact man with the field, General Marshall had another Army ranker as Assistant Secretary of State for occupied areas: Major General John H. Hilldring, onetime Civil Affairs Division chief in the War Department.

The embassies were loaded, too. Ike Eisenhower's wartime right hand, General Walter Bedell Smith, was in Moscow. Vice Admiral Alan G. Kirk, who had a big part in the Navy show at Sicily and Normandy, was in Belgium. The Marines' onetime commandant, General Thomas Holcomb, was in South Africa.

There were scores of lesser fry in lesser posts and missions. Counting them up, the world could take note of a line in General Marshall's statement on China last week: "Though I speak as a soldier, I must here also deplore the influence of the military. Their dominance accentuates the weakness of civil government."



Jack Wilkes-Lite

GENERAL CHIANG
Devotion reflected a temper.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE PRESIDENCY

Micawber's Masquerade

What the U.S. Government could afford to spend would depend, finally, upon what the U.S. earned. If good times were ahead, taxes would roll in and even the present high cost of government would be bearable. Before his budget went to Congress, Harry Truman sent up his economic report (required by the Employment Act of 1946) as background material.

The President was emphatic on one point: allowing for "minor detours and bumps in the road ahead . . . economic collapse and stagnation such as started in 1929 . . . need not happen again, and must not happen again." The best way to avoid them, everybody agreed, is to keep purchasing power up. The President said, significantly, that this should be done only rarely by raising wages, mostly by cutting prices. He set no precise figure for maximum employment, hoped to maintain the current peak of 58 million. Then, with the nation's productive plant going full blast, the U.S. national output should top 1946's \$194 billion by 5%.

Billions on Parade. The President's budget was based on confidence that this goal could be attained. (All budgets are based on some such assumption; a skeptic last week defined a budget as "Mr. Micawber masquerading as a certified public accountant.") The budget was a whopper for peacetime, calling for the expenditure of \$37.5 billion.* But it had one great virtue: clarity. The President had broken the figures down into ten categories, clearly labeled according to where the money goes:

- ☐ Interest on national debt: \$5 billion.
- ☐ Tax refunds to individuals and corporations: \$2.1 billion.
- ☐ Army & Navy: \$11.2 billion (by far the largest single item).
- ☐ International affairs: \$3.5 billion—including \$1.2 billion for the loan to Britain and \$14.8 million for U.N.
- ☐ Veterans' services: \$7.3 billion.
- ☐ Transport, communications and natural resources: \$2.6 billion (including \$443 million for atomic energy).
- ☐ Agriculture: \$1.4 billion (one-fourth of it for support of crop prices).
- ☐ Social welfare, health and security: \$1.7 billion.
- ☐ Federal housing program: \$539 million.
- ☐ Miscellaneous: \$2.1 billion—almost a third of it for war liquidation.

Tears over Taxes. The President figured that he could count on Congress to raise postal rates so as to wipe out a \$352 million Post Office deficit. Then, he declared proudly, the budget would be balanced—for the first time since 1930 (see *Press*). It would also show a \$202 million surplus if revenues reached \$37.7 billion on the basis of present taxes.

* The budget for the current fiscal year (ending June 30) was only \$35.1 billion, but expenditures actually will top \$42 billion.

By Harry Truman's standards, he had been ruthless; this was a tight budget. (The Army & Navy had at first wanted \$22 billion, formally requested \$15.6 billion, lost a quarter of that under Truman's surgery.) But it was not tight enough for many Congressmen of both parties. The loudest outcry was over the fact that Truman wanted to go right on collecting taxes at present rates. Republicans were determined to cut them. But first they had to cut the budget. Ohio's Robert Taft thought between \$3 and \$4

THE CONGRESS

The Age of Taft

(See Cover)

The day began at seven. Senator Robert Alphonso Taft got up and faced the day. At breakfast he ate one egg, as usual. Then he picked up his large briefcase, climbed into his car and drove through Georgetown, over Rock Creek, through the nasty, wet snow to his office in the Senate building.

First things came first: he dictated



George Skodding-Lire

VANDENBERG & TAFT
Departmentalization, not austerity.

billion could be squeezed out, without touching Army & Navy. Ambitious Harold Stassen was sure he could get out \$5 billion.

Perhaps, as some critics suggested, the budget had been deliberately padded to let the Republicans make some cuts for the record and still let a Democratic administration operate comfortably. But there was a hard-rock basis to many items. Few thought that national defense could be had more cheaply, except by merging the armed forces. The \$5 billion for debt service was sacrosanct; so was the loan commitment to Britain; and so were nearly all veterans' benefits, tax refunds and pensions.

These added up to more than \$27 billion of hard rock. Thus most of the promised cuts would have to come out of the ordinary operations of government. Some could be made, thus justifying tax cuts. But many a citizen thought it might be better to leave taxes alone and reduce the debt—\$260 billion—instead.

letters. Then he was ready for the callers. That morning they were: a committee from a dental association, the president of a college, the representatives of a radio station, a delegation from an Ohio rural electrification cooperative and a newspaper man to talk about foreign policy. At noon, a luncheon. At 2 p.m., a meeting of the Senate Republican policy committee. At 4 p.m., he was available again to visitors. By now he looked a little austere. But his looks belied him. "Bob is not austere," his wife once explained. "He's just departmentalized."

At 7 p.m. he packed his briefcase again. In went: the draft of an article he had promised to write for the Encyclopedia Britannica, a report on RFC consolidation, a report by the monetary committee of the International Chamber of Commerce, an article on the Nürnberg trials, the Economic Report of the President. In a corner of his office he noticed one of the brooms which Ohio's Congressman George Bender, for a gag, had

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

distributed to his G.O.P. colleagues when the new-broom Republican Congress had convened. Senator Taft, recalling the nasty morning, took it along. His car would be covered with snow.

Hat on dead center, coattails flapping, briefcase in one hand, broom in the other, he marched down the corridor, heading for home, with the firm tread of a man who has thought of everything.

The Boss. It had been, altogether, a triumphant new year for Bob Taft. He had shouldered his way into the key senatorial jobs he wanted: chairman of the policy (steering) committee; chairman of the Labor and Public Welfare Committee; and senior member of the

be Vandenberg on foreign affairs; Taft on domestic matters.

And the dominant figure, most of the time, will be Taft—working overtime in his quiet office, slouching in his seat on the Senate floor, jumping to his feet to argue in his flat voice, grinning like a Cheshire cat even when he is wrathful, disgorging facts, facts and more facts from his fat briefcase.

Taft of Ohio is the biggest political figure in Washington, boss of probably the most efficiently organized G.O.P. Senate the nation has ever seen. It had disposed of Mississippi's Theodore G. Bilbo in the opening days (TIME, Jan. 13). Before the 80th opened, all Senate committee

last year, would set up a mediation board, make 60-day "cooling-off" periods mandatory, outlaw secondary boycotts and jurisdictional strikes.

Two other measures, on which Taft has not formally committed himself, were drafted by Minnesota's Joe Ball. One would outlaw the closed shop. The other would outlaw industry-wide bargaining. A fourth, which Ball was working on, would revise the Wagner Act. Ball was a stalking horse. The strategy was to write one bill, which Taft's Labor Committee would try to report out by March 1.

The Objectives. Taft has two main objectives. He means to restore Congress' prestige and authority. He means to get himself elected President of the U.S. in 1948. The suggestion that there are 50 other candidates for the Republican nomination sitting with him in the Senate does not discourage him. He does not advertise his ambition, but neither does he deny it. By every sign he considers himself the best man for the job.

The fact that some people laugh out loud at the thought of President Robert Taft is due, to a large degree, to Bob Taft himself. Heretofore, the nation has had only dim and somewhat prejudiced glimpses of him. In the days before Pearl Harbor he was an unpopular isolationist. He has certain rough edges, a twangy voice, and is impatient of nonsense. He is no orator. Generally he is regarded as a cold fish, a reactionary, an enemy of Henry Wallace's Common Man.

Actually he is an amiable, approachable man with a dry, friendly wit, who likes to talk and mix whiskey with his soda. He is not a cold fish; nor is he filled with feverish excitement. His temperature is normal. He is a self-disciplined man who is very sure of himself.

He is by all odds the best-informed man in the Senate. His easy digestion of facts sometimes annoys colleagues whose mental digestion is not so good.

The Businessman. Taft's staff work is a model for other Senators. His suite of offices in the Senate building runs with the hushed power of a dynamo. In his own high-ceilinged chamber, surrounded by pictures of his father, the President, son Bob bores away at his reports, listens to his callers (sometimes, as he listens, paring his nails with a pair of shears) and dictates his orders and his dry, logical thoughts.

From 600 to 700 letters are in his mail every day. He answers the most important. His secretary, Jack Martin, ex-assistant public prosecutor of Cincinnati, answers some 50 a day. The rest are answered by form letters which frankly state, "I hope you will excuse the use of this form letter."

He has seven stenographers, a research man, a legal clerk and (on his personal payroll) a publicity man—Bill McAdams, sometime sports editor of the Philadelphia Record. McAdams has taken upon him-



PRESIDENTIAL FAMILY* (1909)
An optimistic age.

Harris & Ewing

Finance Committee under Colorado's Eugene Millikin, his able right hand. No other Senator had so many major jobs. No other Senator had his capacity for work, either, or his efficiency.

Not all G.O.P. Senators had happily acquiesced in his leadership. Some of them had fought him, some had even resented the praise he had received. One boiling colleague heated up an old wheeze: "I don't mind one man calling the signals, taking the ball, throwing the forward pass, running around and catching it, making the touchdown and then marking up the score. But I'm goddamned if I like it when he rushes over after that and leads the cheers."

Nevertheless, last week Bob Taft could view with satisfaction the job he had done. With Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg, he was in command of all the legislation likely to come out of the first six months of the 80th Senate. It would

assignments had been made—largely by Taft.

The Program. That done, Taft was now concerned with the order of his legislative program. It did have order, which in itself was unique in a U.S. Senate. Taft's policy committee had laid out a careful agenda.

First: clear away "the rubble of the war and the New Deal"—which meant straightening out finances, putting government on a pay-as-you-go basis.

Second: Labor.

Other legislation would follow in this order: reduction of Government expenses and income tax; then important odds & ends like limiting the President to two terms and knocking off the poll tax; and last, unification of the services.

Last week three labor measures were formally announced. One, a revision of the Case bill vetoed by the President * Bob, Mother, Helen, Father, Charles.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

self the task of "humanizing" Taft. Last week, on a trip to Manhattan to make a speech, Taft turned up at Toots Shor's, hangout of gossip columnists, radio men, ball players and boxers. New York columns dutifully reported his presence.

Actually Taft is an easily recognizable American. At 57 he is the father of four sons (all of whom served in the war) and grandfather of four girls and two boys. Four-year-old Maria and 15-months-old William Howard Taft III were visiting him this week (*see cut*). He is a low-church Episcopalian and one of the respectable heirs of the respectable age of the first William Howard Taft—an age of confidence and optimism about the future.

The Heritage. He was born in a Victorian house in 1889, in Cincinnati, where his amiable father pushed him around in a baby carriage. His grandfather, Alphonso, the pioneer who had transplanted the Taft family from Vermont, had been Secretary of War under Grant, Attorney General of the U.S., Minister to Austria and to Russia.

Young Bob grew up in a day of anxious ferment. His father mourned: "The day of the demagogue, the liar and the silly is on." It was the day of Havelock Ellis, impressionist painting, Debussy, Eugene Debs, William Jennings Bryan and Freud. But it was doubtful if any of this ferment touched son Bob. He became a young and slightly obnoxious whiz at chess, spent a lot of time across the street at Engine Co. No. 10, and loved his oatmeal. He went to Uncle Horace's Taft School, then to Yale and Harvard Law School. At the White House, where his father was giving the nation an innocent, cautious administration, Bob met bouncing Martha Bowers, daughter of his father's Solicitor General. He married her and returned to Cincinnati—there, in his father's solemn words, "to work out his life."

Prosperity came easily in Cincinnati to young Lawyer Taft. He reorganized



THE TAFTS & GRANDCHILDREN*
A triumphant year.

Thomas D. McAvoy-Life

the abysmal financial set-up of the Cincinnati Street Railway, largely owned by Uncle Charles. Poor eyesight kept him out of World War I; instead he served on Hoover's Food Administration, returned home to form a law partnership with his younger brother Charles.

Charles threw himself into a reform movement which overturned the city's ancient and corrupt political machine. Robert, after a gentleman's administration of Cincinnati had been established, aligned himself with the regular G.O.P. He and Martha remodeled a rambling house on Indian Hill. He promoted the Cincinnati Symphony, founded by his mother, and planned and raised the funds to turn Uncle Charles' mansion into a museum housing Rembrandts, Van Dycks and other paintings of a more settled pre-impressionist age.

Because he had become something of a tax expert and the city's finances were in critical shape, the G.O.P. elected him to the state legislature, where he was able to win Cincinnati some financial aid. In 1938, though the party had picked another candidate, he ran for the Senate of the U.S. His wife lent him her hand. Breathlessly, she rushed around the state, bouncing into the wrong meetings, but confronting every situation with ruffled and exuberant aplomb. "Once they told me I could only talk on Abraham Lincoln. But when I got through you couldn't tell where Lincoln left off and Bob Taft began." Bob was elected and went to Washington.

Sociable Brother Charlie went one way, clung to his Republicanism but served in the New Deal, interested himself in philanthropies and social programs, recently became president of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America

(TIME, Dec. 16). Bob took a more orthodox political road.

In 1940, prematurely, Bob made his first bid for President. Martha watched her husband lose to Wendell Willkie. She remarked sadly to Pennsylvania Boss Joe Pew. "They say this is the first unbossed convention in the party's history; I hope it's the last."

The 1948 convention will not be unbossed if Bob Taft can help it. He is a wiser man today. But he will not run unless he is pretty sure he can win.

The Philosopher. As the 80th Congress begins its critical two years, one thing is certain: the popular estimation of Robert Alphonso Taft is in for a change. In the days of Democratic power, his objections were termed obstruction. His political philosophy was termed reaction. But in other lights than the New Deal's he is a man of unexpected hues.

He has great political courage; he is no respecter of sacred cows. In the middle of the campaign last fall, he attacked the legal and moral rightness of the Nürnberg trials—to the deep embarrassment of his party. A speech which he delivered at the Yale Engineering Club last spring was characteristic of him. In that brief address he attacked:

¶ The Association of University Women, the League of Women Voters and the Federated Women's Clubs for being "utterly intolerant of any point of view which criticizes the policies endorsed by their national officers."

¶ Communism, the N.Y. Council of C.I.O., the first NLRB, OPA, socialized medicine, universal military training.

¶ The Fair Employment Practice Commission. ("Racial discrimination is a * William Howard Taft III, Maria Taft.



Fitzpatrick-St. Louis Post-Dispatch
SHUFFLING ALONG
A busy season.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

serious problem . . . but force is not the answer.")

¶ The World State, ("If we lose our national freedom how could we retain our individual freedom?")

He calls himself a "conservative liberal," which means, he says thoughtfully, that "I believe in the greatest good for the greatest number." One of his more conservative Republican colleagues cracked: "We actually have a hard time keeping him out of the lap of guys like Claude Pepper." And John Bricker was heard to remark last summer: "I hear the Socialists have gotten to Taft." These hyperboles indicate, at least, that if Taft wears the party harness, he goes his own gait.

In his philosophy there is a Wonderful Valley which is very much like the Wonderful Valley of the New Deal. There the people are clothed, fed, sheltered and educated. But where some philosophers advocate jumping off the cliff (as Taft sees it) and trusting to wax-fastened wings to float them down into the valley, Taft would use the paths. He wants the American people to reach the Wonderful Valley with their bones intact.

On his futures list for the 80th Congress are these propositions:

¶ Legislation which will eliminate economic crises, but without socialistic controls which "deadend free enterprise."

¶ A housing bill. He is co-author with Democrats Wagner and Ellender of a bill to provide \$88 million in Federal funds for 500,000 units of low-rent public housing.

¶ An aid-to-education program. He is co-author with New Dealer Senator Lister Hill and Elbert Thomas of a bill to guarantee at least a \$40-per-annum expenditure per child in every state. (Some states now put out as little as \$7.)

¶ A voluntary health-insurance bill. He is dead set against compulsory insurance, which he considers socialized medicine.

His obvious interest in all the people, his careful preparation for every battle and his willingness to stick his neck out have finally won him the respect of some of his old enemies. Wrote the *New Republic's* Washington columnist, T.R.B.: "Tactless, humorless and almost incapable of dissimulation, Taft is, to our mind, also diligent and courageous. His willingness to assume responsibility is poles away from those former G.O.P. New Deal critics who were merely willing to attack."

There is a story told of a party at the fashionable Sulgrave Club in Washington, which the well-to-do, unfashionable Tafts attended. Taft always drives his own car. He had driven it that night. As the Tafts were getting ready to go, the doorman hopefully shouted: "Senator Taft's car." The Senator laughed. "It's a good car," he said, "but it won't come when it's called." Neither will the Republican Party, as Taft well knows. If he wants it to go his way, he will have to drive it.



KENNETH ROMNEY
Disengaged.

Congress' Week

It was a good week to sit in the galleries of the House and the Senate, simply to watch the Congressmen at work. On the floor of both houses the tempo was slow, and it was possible to study types. There was the Long Haired Southerner or Patronage Ouzel; the Snapping Southerner or Mississippi Valley Shrimp; the rare Old Shaggy or Great Trumpeting Republican and a few aging Bald New Dealers. And, of course, there were droves of newly elected Mute Republicans, all harrumphing softly and rattling paper with an anxious air of authority.

Debate and acrimony over labor problems, foreign affairs, taxes and the budget were yet to come. Last week little disturbed the characteristic habits of the

legislator: the slow consideration of a morning newspaper during speeches, the mid-afternoon conference, the group retreat to the cloakroom. And it was a wonderful time to watch him rise unabashed amid his fellows and gesture like Daniel Webster when introducing an insignificant bill.

Eulogies. Peace was the rule in both Houses. The new Republicans were still moving cautiously and quietly, like new boys in school. Old Republicans were happily important at being in the majority and the Democrats were almost as happy at the thought of the party sniping which was to be their pleasure & privilege. Neither party was ready to start the partisan fighting. The result was a ponderous and overwhelming spectacle. No man is ever as lofty, as noble, as pure of soul and mellifluous of voice as a Congressman being polite, and last week they were polite en masse. The bowing, beaming and yielding to interruption was worthy of a light quadrille.

It was also a great week for eulogies of all kinds. Michigan's Republican Senator Arthur Vandenberg sonorously praised the "relentless fidelity and constant success" of Texas' white-maned Tom Connally, his predecessor as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. Republicans praised Democrats, Democrats praised Republicans. Jimmy Byrnes was praised and so was General Marshall.

Sighs. Many a Senate Republican, moreover, seemed to be privately eulogizing himself and weighing a delicious suspicion that he might be the next President or Vice President. Wisconsin's Alexander Wiley, the new Republican chairman of the Judiciary Committee, was one who seemed thus slightly bemused. It did not affect his hardheadedness in promising to end the "grossly lopsided political character" which the federal bench had assumed under Democratic rule. But when a group of Wisconsin reporters asked his opinion of the coming presidential race he sighed and said: "As for me, my fate is in the lap of the gods."

Meanwhile the routine early work of both Houses went on. The organization of committees was only partly concluded, but it squeezed plaintive cries from Vito Marcantonio, the rabble-rousing Congressman from Manhattan's upper East Side. As the only minor party member (American Labor Party) left in the House, he seemed in danger of being stranded—each major party voiced deadpan assumptions that the other would take care of seating him on committees. Another left-winger, Florida's Ruskophile Claude Pepper, was also disenchanted at finding himself eased off the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee—the wages of singing his famous duet with Henry Wallace at Madison Square Garden (TIME, Sept. 23).

Discoveries. There are other minor grumbling. Congressmen couldn't get their checks cashed because the banking office of the House Sergeant at Arms was locked



CLAUDE PEPPER
Disenchanted.

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

up. Auditors were going over the accounts of the ex-Democratic appointee, Kenneth Romney—a process made weird and wonderful by the fact that he had allowed Congressmen to draw their paychecks months in advance and had indulged in other extremely amiable financial practices.

None of this interrupted the scurrying of pages and the flow of paper from Representatives' offices. By week's end 808 bills and 46 resolutions had been introduced in the House; and 125 bills, 51 resolutions in the Senate.

Much of the new legislation had an eternal air about it. In the Senate, Oregon's Wayne Morse, pleader of liberal causes, rose to introduce a bill for the surveying of a stream known as Two Mile Creek. In the House, Ohio's deadly serious Republican Homer A. Ramey voiced the need of correcting a shocking inequity: he had discovered that the nation was spending three dollars for cosmetics to every one for education.

This cheerful non-partisanship was even bulwarked by the Senate's Republican leader Robert Taft. He announced that a project for improving the acoustics of the Senate chamber would not be launched until summer. "There is," he added, "no way of improving the acoustics during this session—except by speaking louder."

HISTORICAL NOTES

Henry's Side

On Mutual's *Meet the Press* program last week, *New Republic* Editor Henry Wallace dropped a footnote to the story of his 1944 jilting by F.D.R. Said he: "When I left Mr. Roosevelt at the train [five nights before the Democratic convention in Chicago] he pulled me down and whispered in my ear—'Henry, I hope it's the same old ticket.'" Asked if he thought he had received a double cross, Henry burst out into loud laughter, but said nothing more.

POLITICAL NOTES

Harry's Stand

As expected, a sudden wind of Marshall-for-President gossip whistled through Washington. But a shrewd Democratic politician put his finger on one major fact of U.S. politics. Said he: -

"Whether it wants to or not, a party possessed of a President must stand or fall on his record. If it nominates another candidate, primarily to avoid the record of its incumbent, it is licked before it starts. The opposition won't forget the record; neither will the voters.

"Right now Harry Truman is a candidate whether he says so or not. Unless he can find a damned good reason for ducking, he will be a candidate in 1948. And I'll lay odds that the convention nominates him. If it doesn't, it won't make much difference who it nominates."

CALIFORNIA

Immortality

In the skeletal Dakotas and deep in brooding New England, death is still the dark boatman—mystic and dreadful. But in lively, bright Glendale, Calif., home of Forest Lawn Memorial Park (the "happy cemetery"), death is different. It occurs,—but it has given up its old funerary trappings. Forest Lawn is on the move.

Of all its progressive features, perhaps the most startling is Forest Lawn's dim, vaulted, colored marble Memorial Court of Honor—a New World Westminster Abbey with floor crypts "reserved as gifts of honored interment for Americans whose lives shall have been crowned with greatness." The court has richness, trick lighting and a famed stained-glass window

Vice President Charles G. Dawes) got busy with plans for the "Immortal Memorial Committal Service" to come. (Estimated cost: \$25,000.) But before the electricians had finished wiring a built-in microphone, fluorescent reading lamp and flashing light signal into the court's new carved oak lectern, Mrs. Bond died.

Dr. Eaton was not dismayed. He had built Forest Lawn from a purple-hilled wilderness into a super-cemetery with 106,259 graves (including a fairly complete who-was-who in the movies). He had ornamented its 303 acres of rolling green with happy-looking statuary, splashing fountains, the world's largest set of wrought-iron gates, and bronze memorial tablets laid flat in the grass (to do away with the headstone idea).

The preparations for the Bond funeral



CARRIE JACOBS-BOND'S FUNERAL
Forest Lawn is on the move.

Los Angeles Times

depicting the Last Supper. All it needs is age and tenants.

Last week, U.S. songwriter Carrie Jacobs-Bond (*End of a Perfect Day*, *I Love You Truly*, et al.) became the second American to get space in the court. (The first was Sculptor Gutzon Borglum.)

The Gates. Mrs. Bond died on December 28. On her 84th birthday last August, she was tactfully approached by Dr. Hubert ("The Builder") Eaton, Forest Lawn's chairman and founder, who offered her the Lawn's award for achievement in music. Among other things, the award assured Mrs. Bond of post-mortem consideration for a free crypt and lessened the possibility of her escaping to some Eastern burying ground—as had happened in the case of Will Rogers. Ailing Mrs. Bond accepted.

Promptly, Dr. Eaton and Forest Lawn's Council of Regents (including ex-U.S.

were in keeping. First the date was set and some 450 invitations mailed. Baritone John Charles Thomas was engaged to sing *I Love You Truly*. The cemetery's 500-man staff was handed thick pamphlets of mimeographed instructions and drilled like a squad of marines. Electric heaters were installed to take the chill off the marble; the white-supplied Pasadena Boys' Choir was rehearsed for piping rendition of *End of a Perfect Day*. Then Dr. Eaton called a rehearsal for all hands. It went off without a hitch.

The Crown. One morning last week, when the sun caught the Last Supper window just right, a trailer bus deposited 18 red-robed council regents outside the court. They formed up behind the boys' choir. Carrying burning tapers, the procession marched into the jammed court and up toward the velvet-draped bier. After a short scripture reading, the choir

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

began to sing Mrs. Bond's *The Hand of You*. Then white-maned Rufus B. von KleinSmid, Chancellor of the University of Southern California, began the "narration": "No vote of critics, no surge of publicity can elect a composer to the shrine reserved for those who write our folk music. Only the voices of the hearts of the people may choose the candidate for this honor. . . ."

When Dr. von KleinSmid had finished, Dr. Eaton arose, and taking a crown of laurel from a page boy, began to intone the "pronouncement" Said he:

"The laurel crown has long been recognized as the traditional symbol of immortality—therefore, by this token, and by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Council of Regents . . . I do herewith pronounce Carrie Jacobs-Bond an immortal of the Memorial Court of Honor." He placed the crown on the bier.

There was nothing more to be said. After Mr. Thomas sang *I Love You Truly* with only one mistake (inserting "cheer" for "tear" in the second line, first stanza), somebody read a poem contributed by tireless California Author Kathleen Norris ("Where have you flown to, bird, in the dawn's glory . . .").

Then the guests filed out into the warm Southern California sunshine, still gripped by Forest Lawn's newest achievement—immortality. It took some time for the feeling to pass away.

VITAL STATISTICS

Less & Less

In the first ten months of 1946, U.S. infant mortality reached an alltime low, down 3.2% from the 1945 infant death rate (38.3 deaths per 1,000 live births).



THE NAVY'S CALDWELL
In no man's land.

Associated Press

TRANSPORT

"Help, Help, Help"

As a passenger takes his seat in an airliner, he is not apt to feel that he is a specially marked person—usually quite the contrary. Young Bill Keyes, settling into his seat in an Eastern Airlines DC-3 in Detroit, felt as air passengers usually feel—partly like a piece of baggage, partly like a lonely soul. As the plane stopped at Cleveland and Akron, the seats filled up around him. Dozing, thinking of his vacation-to-come at home in Boynton, Fla., he scarcely watched as the plane lifted over the Alleghenies and dropped down toward the Carolinas.

But up in the pilot's seat, Capt. H. M. Haskew was getting reports of dirty weather ahead at Winston-Salem. At 1:10 a.m. he reported that he was over Greensboro at 7,000 feet; over Winston-Salem (17 miles west of Greensboro) at 1:15 a.m. Directed by air traffic control, he let down to 4,000 feet. At 1:33 a.m. he was cleared to the Winston-Salem tower for landing.

No one knows what happened next, or why. Haskew never called the tower. The CAA noticed later that the signal from the Winston-Salem radio range was weak and erratic. At 1:43 a.m. the plane smashed into the 2,000-ft. Blue Ridge foothills near Galax, Va., northwest of Winston-Salem and more than 50 miles from the field.

Ted Delp, a 33-year-old sawmill operator whose house was just a stone's throw away, was awakened by the crash and heard someone screaming for help. He jerked on his clothes and ran out. Gasoline was burning all around the gutted wreckage. His helper, Lawrence Mays, was already there. "The man was still hollering 'help, help, help,'" Delp said. "I saw he couldn't get out and I went under the fuselage and we pulled him out seat and all."

The man was young Bill Keyes. His 15 fellow passengers and the plane's three crew members were dead.

After twelve days in the vast loneliness of the world's last no man's land, six survivors of a crashed Navy flying boat, all members of the Byrd Expedition, were rescued on the edge of ice-clad Antarctica. Three of the crew had died.

Their twin-engined Mariner, out on a photographic mission, had crashed and exploded on a 1,000-ft. plateau of snow and ice. The six survivors had food, drink and fuel, a half-burned fuselage for shelter. When at last the rescue plane appeared, they got directions by signal light to walk to the nearest open water, eight miles away. A trail over the ice was blazed for them with flags and dye markers dropped from the plane. Five walked; the sixth, more badly hurt than the rest, was drawn on an improvised sled to the water's edge, where another flying boat picked them up



Jervas W. Baldwin

IOWA'S KUESTER In head-on fashion.

and flew them back to the tender *Pine Island*. Among them was the *Pine Island's* commanding officer, Captain Henry H. Caldwell, who had gone along for the ride.

Behind them on the icy waste they left the bodies of the first three known Americans to die on the Antarctic continent. Their memorial: their names painted in bright orange on the Mariner's wing.

IOWA

Speaker Gus

It was as cut & dried as a stalk in an old corn shock. Big, conservative, conscientious Gustav Theodore Kuester (*TIME*, April 29) had left his rich Cass County acres and 110 head of first-rate hogs in the care of a friend and moved into smoggy Des Moines to do his biennial bit of legislating. The 98 Republicans in the 108-member House promptly and unanimously elected him Speaker.

No one was surprised. Gus Kuester ran a hoe-hardened hand through his silvery hair, told his colleagues in his slow, casual way that the chief thing he has in mind is a successful session.

Gus Kuester's first problem was not political, but he met it with his customary forthrightness. He flatly refused to follow precedent by wearing a soup-&-fish to Governor Robert D. Blue's fancy inaugural ball. Said Speaker Gus: "I know some fellows wear them, but the only way they would ever get me into one of those things is when I'm dead."

Iowans knew that he would meet legislative puzzlers in the same head-on fashion. They also know that, come early April, he will head back to Cass County to do the job he loves best—help his fat brood sow farrow another crop of piglets.

INTERNATIONAL

THE NATIONS

49th State

Opening Parliament last week, Sweden's King Gustav, 88, was guilty of a slip of the tongue which caused the Soviet Minister's heart to miss a beat. Said the King (of Sweden's membership in the United Nations): "We have recently joined the United States. It is the fervent wish of our entire people that this new union will successfully complete its mission to affirm international collaboration and to assure peace."

In the diplomatic box, Russian Minister Ilya Chernichev's face registered surprise, then realization, then smiling relief.

Balcony Scene

Monty: *What light in yonder Kremlin window breaks?*

It is the east and Stalin is the sun! . . .

Stalin: *O, Monty, Monty, wherefore art thou Monty?*

Thou art thyself although Montgomery,

Wert thou but mine and not Montgomery!

But how can Monty be a Bolshevik?

Monty: *Call me but thine, and I'll be new baptized,*

Henceforth I shall be thy Montgomery.

Stalin: *Thou knowest the iron curtain masks my face*

Else might I blush, perchance belpaint my cheek,

For meeting thee half way. Dost love me, Monty?

Monty: *Now, by Britannia's word and bond I swear—*

Stalin: *O, swear not by perfidious Albion Who monthly visiteth America.*

Monty: *I swear by the Imperial General Staff—*

Stalin: *No, no, brave Monty, do not swear*

But by mine own Red Star, and I'll believe.

Inspiration for this *Romeo & Juliet* parody (by Sagittarius, Britain's shrewdest satirical versifier, in the *New Statesman and Nation*) was Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery's five-day visit to Moscow, where, as part of his lavish entertainment, he was taken to a gala performance of Prokofiev's *Romeo & Juliet*. The Chief of the Imperial General Staff was feted as few foreigners have been in Moscow. Well aware of the recent British drift, especially among left-wing Laborites, away from the U.S. and toward Russia, the Kremlin was trying its best to encourage the trend.

Monty had a long, warm talk with Stalin, was given a round of receptions and reviews. Out "to establish friendly contact with the Soviet Army," he invited its Chief of Staff, Marshal Alex-

ander M. Vasilevsky, and other ranking Russian officers to visit England next summer. The Russians promptly accepted.

The night before Field Marshal Montgomery left, the love feast was climaxed by a Kremlin banquet at which Stalin himself kept filling the teetotaling visitor's glass for repeated toasts. Just before the banquet, Monty had been given a caracul cap to replace his famed black beret, and a long grey dress overcoat of a Soviet marshal—reportedly lined with \$8,000 worth of sable—to replace the dramatic white sheepskin he had worn to Moscow.

At the airport, in the harsh light of

training in such departments as personnel and logistics.

A plan is also afoot to send key British and American officers of all services—army, navy and air—for courses at each other's "postgraduate" joint staff colleges.

STRATEGY

Brrrr!

The North Pole is a strategic hotspot. Over the ice-capped roof of the world run the shortest air routes from Russia to the U.S. Last week, the general public learned for the first time that Russia is interested



Sovfoto

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY & FRIEND
O, Monty, Monty, wherefore art thou Monty?

the morning after, the sable lining in Monty's new coat seemed to be merely "brown fur." Said the gallant Monty: "Anyhow, it's a beautiful coat." Wearing it and his caracul cap, taking his white coat with him, he boarded the plane. When he landed in England, he had on his beret.

Backstage Activity

There was one discordant note in the Soviet welcome for Field Marshal Montgomery: an editorial in *Pravda*, official organ of the Communist Party, on the "suspicions and apprehensions that the backstage military and political activity of London and Washington continue to cause in progressive circles. . . ."

Pravda meant that the U.S. and Britain have agreed to standardize "certain items of military equipment," including small arms. The R.A.F. and U.S. Army Air Forces planned to exchange 50 to 100 picked officers every six months for training in each other's staff, technical and engineering schools. There will be similar exchanges of junior officers for on-the-job

in Norway's bleak Spitsbergen archipelago, within the Arctic Circle (Spitsbergen to Pittsburgh: 3,500 miles).

In November 1944, Russia first asked Norway to share Spitsbergen with the Soviet Union, and to cede neighboring Bear Island outright. Trygve Lie, then Norway's Foreign Minister, refused. In April 1945, Russia tried again, suggested a joint regional defense system. Nothing came of that, either. At the U.N. Assembly last November, Foreign Minister Molotov reminded Norway's Foreign Minister Halvard M. Lange that Russia was still interested.

When the Spitsbergen story finally reached the press last week, it sent cold shivers down many a diplomatic spine. The State Department frigidly recalled that the 1920 treaty giving Spitsbergen and Bear Island to Norway had been signed by 30 nations, including the U.S. and U.S.S.R., and could not be amended (at least in theory) except by general consent. The treaty specifically prohibited military installations on the islands.

FOREIGN NEWS

EUROPE

Crisis of Socialism

Social Democracy, said Lenin, is a politically preposterous term; "under Socialism," he wrote, "all democracy withers away."

For the dynamic of Democracy is toward more & more safeguarding of the rights of individual men. The dynamic of Socialism leads inevitably toward arrogation of more & more power by the State, which must in the end assert its power by force against the mass of men who prefer to remain free. When he emphasized this simple fact (TIME, July 18, 1945), Conservative Leader Winston Churchill was simply a better Leninist than Socialist Leader Clement Attlee.

Last week, Europe's three biggest Socialist parties were emphasizing it all over again.

In France, the Socialists, unwilling to accept the dynamic of their historical position, had become merely a tail wagging futilely at the end of the Communist dog (TIME, Jan. 13).

In Italy, the Socialist Party split along the line of logical cleavage (see below).

In Britain, the Socialist Government

had published two bills which would give it powers over basic property (the land) unparalleled by those of any sovereign government outside of Russia. At the same time, the Labor Government faced its first important crisis as employer (instead of champion) of labor—a week-old truck strike wildcatted by 21,000 London truckmen against the wishes of the union leaders. As critical food distribution was paralyzed, the Government considered moving the trucks with troops, then rejected the idea. At week's end, it faced the facts, put 8,000 soldiers & sailors on the trucks or guarding them. Promptly thousands of workers in London's markets walked out in sympathy with the striking truckmen.

GREAT BRITAIN

Basic Revolution

Britain's Labor Government this week proposed a revolutionary act—in its implications the most sweeping act since the Soviet Government's decree of forced collectivization of the peasants (1929). It was the "Town & Country Planning Bill, 1947" drawn up by Lewis Silkin, Minister of Town & Country Planning.

Accompanying the bill was a White Paper.

Three weeks earlier the Government had published its sweeping, rigorous Farm Control Bill. With these measures—certain to be hotly debated and as certain to be passed—owners and users of Britain's land and everything "in, on, under or over the land" knew what they were up against, and it was plenty. Hereafter, a great saying fraught with the British instinct for freedom would read: "An Englishman's home is his Government's." Planners had captured the Englishman's castle.

These bills do not nationalize urban or rural land outright. But they finally and firmly assert prior Government interest in all land and its uses, and subordinate all private interest to the Government. Silkin's bill revolutionizes the whole basis of tenure and use of British land. Private individuals may continue to own property and use it for profit (unless and until the national or local Government chooses to take it from them, at a price set by the Government). But from the day when Silkin's bill takes effect, private owners may not alter its present use or sell it for any other use without Government permission. If permission is granted and property value is thereby increased, the Government (not the owner) gets the profit "in whole or in part."

If any Government planning measure—or simply a Government refusal to permit any change in the use or ownership of a given property—reduces the value of the land in question, the owner is not entitled to compensation by the Government. Any compensation he may get comes to him not as a vested right but as a favor from an indulgent government. Only if the Government takes land for planned use or compels a property owner to demolish buildings or otherwise alter the use of his property in ways which lessen its current value is compensation granted as a matter of right—and then only in amounts determined by the Government.

Planner's Bill. The Government's purpose is frankly stated in the White Paper: 1) to abolish at one stroke all "speculative increase" in private land values and to freeze all land values at those based on the present use of the land; 2) thereby to remove what the White Paper querulously calls "the main obstacle to good planning at present." Said the *Economist* this week: "It is a planner's bill." Everything in it has one aim—to facilitate national planning of all land use for national purposes.

The word "land," as used in the bill, really means "property," whether it be one of the Duke of Westminster's vast London holdings or some small farmer's plot in the path of a new satellite town. If the duke wants to turn one of his rented private houses into a more valuable lodging house, he can do so only with his Government's permission. If he gets it, he



Wide World

ORANGES & LEMONS

*Oranges and lemons, say the bells of Saint Clement's.
You owe me five farthings, say the bells of Saint Martin's.
When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey.
I'm sure I don't know, says the great bell at Bow.*

With this rhyme, children the world over play the old nursery game *Oranges and Lemons*. Shown here in London, within sound of Bow bells, is Prime Minister Clement Attlee, taking time out from Britain's coal crisis as he helps Lord Mayor Sir Bracewell Smith separate the "oranges" from the "lemons" at a children's costume party at the Lord Mayor's Mansion. To both factions the Prime Minister made the traditional, non-partisan promise:

*I'll give you a candle to light you to bed.
I'll give you a chopper to chop off your head.*

FOREIGN NEWS

must pay, or guarantee to pay, the Government a sum equal to the predetermined resultant increase in his property's value before he begins alterations. It will be the same if the owner is a cockney landlady in Wapping or a Welsh farmer. A similar bill for Scotland will be introduced separately.

In effect, the Silkin bill replaces a series of previous acts which progressively recognized national interest in planning, but, as a brake on Government centralization, largely left the responsibility to local authorities. Silkin's bill goes far (but not all the way) toward centralization by 1) giving the Minister final responsibility for, and (if he chooses to exercise it) specific authority and veto powers over, all local or regional planning; 2) making county planning authorities (rather than the present urban and rural district authorities) initially responsible for land planning. Silkin's bill also allows regional planning by two or more county authorities grouped as one. Local authorities may execute plans in detail, but they will no longer make the plans.

These provisions are intended to meet Labor's objections to the 1944 Churchill coalition measure which largely localized land planning. Under Silkin's bill all county authorities will be required to complete the initial inclusive county plan within three years. Then all county or regional plans will be reviewed by the National Ministry and, theoretically at least, will be integrated into one national plan. This vast plan and its county components will then be subject to review and revision every five years. At any stage the National Minister may intervene and take literally any step he pleases.

Staggering Cost. The cost of all this will be staggering, but the White Paper makes no overall estimate, and says that none is possible. Total compensation to be paid property owners, whose land value is decreased by Government planning or restrictions, is arbitrarily set at a measly £300,000,000. Silkin's planners expect revenue from land "betterment" charges (mandatorily paid the Government by owners) to total many times this sum.

The bill generously provides that private interests may finance and carry out developments planned by Government-owned lands, like the recently nationalized million acres of coal lands, are exempt. Furthermore, compensation will be paid to injured owners in Government bonds. Owners must pay the Government in cash. No coldhearted free enterpriser ever enforced a colder bargain.

Owners can still buy & sell without restriction provided no change of use or increase in the property's capital value is entailed and the property is not in a "planned" area. The Minister or subordinate authorities may "designate" areas due for development within the following



Associated Press

PLANNER SILKIN
Where was the Englishman's castle?

ten years. Any transactions in such areas are at the buyer's and seller's peril, and they are debarred from any compensation. One of the few breaks for owners is the provision that owners who can prove injury either by Government action or refusal of Government permission to use or dispose profitably of property can "require" Government authorities to purchase land—at a Government price.

Britons took the new bills with less surprise and more complacency than most Americans were likely to do. This was not entirely due to traditional British calm. More than half of Britain's electorate were getting what they wanted; they had voted for such acts when they voted the Labor Party into office in 1945. London's Tory *Daily Express*, which remained sensationally calm, summed up the Silkin Bill with a quote from *As You Like It*:

Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands.

Not Cricket!

Colonel Blimp nearly fainted in his bath: in Health Minister Aneurin Bevan's leftist *Tribune* had appeared a headline: "Nationalize the M.C.C." The M.C.C. is the Marylebone Cricket Club, blueblooded governing body of the national sport. Wrote poker-faced George Harrison in *London's News of the World*:

"Certain more or less influential supporters of the Government are backing the idea of Government ownership. The proposers of this delicious plan are basing their case on the poor showing of the M.C.C. team in Australia. They declare that our failure in the test matches will have grievous repercussions on our prestige throughout the world and particularly

with those cricket-playing races east of Suez, which already have suspicions that the Mother Country is decadent."

The Government, said the *Tribune*, should nationalize the M.C.C. for the same reason that it had nationalized the coal mines: efficiency. It foresaw the day when players' wages would rise, trade-union officials would sit on the selection committee and the flag of the National Cricket Corp. would fly over M.C.C. headquarters. "Then England's team would really be England's team, and every player could feel that he was representing the entire country, not just a few private individuals."

Officials of the M.C.C. refused to comment. But one member said: "If this is a joke, I consider it in very poor taste. It is nothing short of abominable and I refuse even to discuss it."

No doubt Columnist Harrison had missed a note tucked away in the *Tribune*: "Readers are advised not to take the article on cricket, which appears elsewhere in this issue, too much to heart."

FRANCE

No More Worries

If Serge Granier, 24, a sculptor, is elected first President of the French Fourth Republic this week, France will have no more worries. In fact, France will have no more of anything. Cried wild-eyed Sculptor Granier: "If I get elected, I abolish everything."

"So you are an anarchist?" he was asked.

"Certainly not," snapped Granier, "I abolish anarchy too."

More probable presidential choices: Socialist Vincent Auriol, Radical Edouard Herriot.

ITALY

Split

After months of crisis, Socialist delegates from all over Italy gathered last week at their 25th National Socialist Congress in Rome to choose between 1) Communism, which is Socialism's most extreme form, and 2) moderate Socialism, which is democracy's most extreme compromise. Communism won.

For nearly two years, Socialist Boss Pietro Nenni had carried on his policy of collaboration with the Communists. Eventually it must lead to complete fusion, but Nenni first needed a showdown with the anti-Communist elements in his party. As the Congress opened last week, Communist observer Umberto Terracini put it this way: "We have come here as to the house of a brother in need who is entering the crisis of a most grave sickness and who must make an irrevocable decision."

TIME Correspondent Emmet Hughes reported how that decision was reached:

In Rome University's august *Aula Magna* (Great Hall), eleven spotlights

FOREIGN NEWS



ANGELICA BALABANOV
In the crisis . . .

probed the platform where Socialist leaders fretfully shuffled back and forth under a huge wooden banner of a hammer and sickle and book (the Italian Socialist emblem). Delegates, observers and guests, filling the unheated auditorium to capacity, shivered in their overcoats. Pietro Nenni sat snugly at the rear of the platform, carefully concealed from view by a bowl of bright red carnations.

Fear & Terrorism. The first dramatic moment of the dramatic session came when Matteo Matteotti, 25, son of Italy's famous anti-Fascist martyr (TIME, Aug. 7, 1944), moved to the speaker's microphone. His wide mouth and slightly jutting jaw firmly set, his deep-set eyes solemn and stern, young Matteotti charged Nenni's party leadership with spreading "fear and terrorism," and denounced the Congress as illegal. The delegates rose and screamed: "Degenerate son!" But Matteotti doggedly finished his job, handed the presiding officer what he called documentation proving Nenni's terroristic methods, and calmly walked off the platform and out of the Congress. With him, the whole *Iniziativa Socialista* bloc of ardent young Trotskyites bolted the party.

A few minutes later, greeted by a standing ovation, Nenni's round, smiling face emerged from behind the carnations. In a grey chalk-stripe suit with a tan shirt and a red silk tie, carefully disarranged to avoid any appearance of bourgeois neatness, he spent two hours and twelve minutes in passionate exhortation. As Nenni's voice rose & fell in practiced intonation, while he raised a warning finger, clenched his right fist, grandly embraced Congress in widespread arms, or modestly spread his long, strong fingers against his chest in a self-effacing gesture, men & women

stared seriously and intensely, many with mouths agape as if to suck in the meaning of the precious words.

The words were eloquent, but studded with clichés about unity of the proletariat, relentless class struggle, economic as well as political liberty. Nenni carefully balanced a tribute to British Socialism with a salute to the Russian Revolution. The audience greeted the silent silently and the second with wild applause.

Figure from the Past. Into the second day's fray shuffled a bizarre figure out of Socialism's pre-Fascist past. She was tiny (5 ft.), pale Angelica Balabanov, leftist Socialist refugee from the Soviet Union, who in Italy had once been the friend and close associate of Benito Mussolini in his Socialist days. She has remained one of Italian Socialism's most legendary heroines. Said Balabanov: "I



David E. Scherman-Life
IGNAZIO SILONE
... of a grave illness ...

left Russia when I realized that the Revolution had been converted into a matter of political exploitation."⁸ The delegates reacted as if they had been lashed, and for 30 minutes shouts of "Viva la Russia!"

* A typical incident leading to that realization occurred in the early '20s in Kiev (where Comrade Balabanov, then a Secretary in the Communist International, was living). A mysterious Count Piro appeared as "Brazilian Ambassador," let it be known that he would hire only non-Bolsheviks for his consular staff, that he would grant Brazilian passports to anyone wanting to leave Russia for political reasons. Anti-Communists flocked to his office, and were promptly arrested by the Cheka. Piro himself was a Cheka agent. Outraged by such police methods, Balabanov went straight to Lenin to protest. She reports in her memoirs (*My Life as a Rebel*): "Lenin looked at me with an expression which was more sad than sardonic. 'Comrade Angelica,' he said, 'what use can life make of you?'"

rose to the roof. Then Balabanov continued: "You are wasting time trying to interrupt me. Communists and reactionaries have been trying to do that for 45 years, and haven't succeeded yet." Amidst a crescendo of cries of "Viva la Russia!" she concluded: "Viva il Socialismo Internazionale, viva il Socialismo Italiano!"

Then it was time for Giuseppe Saragat, sometimes called the Léon Blum of Italy, and Nenni's bitterest enemy. He had come to secede. In a strong, clear voice he deplored "this moment of grief." He said: "Our party has fallen into the hands of men who no longer believe in its historical function as an independent party. If we had one hope in a thousand that we could redirect the present Socialist Party towards its true role, we would remain. This hope we do not have. We must give the laboring masses a true Socialist Party which can be their faithful instrument. We are now prepared to create that instrument in a new party."

Later, Saragat's and Matteotti's rebels joined forces in an "Anti-Congress," held in the magnificent, 17th Century Palazzo Barberini (former residence of U.S. Ambassador Alexander C. Kirk). The most important catch of the Nenni Socialists was Novelist Ignazio Silone (*Bread and Wine*), who has long opposed fusion with the Communists, but apparently could not bring himself to split with his old party. Saragat succinctly summed up his own reasons for splitting: "I would infinitely prefer to side with our Socialist Comrade Attlee than with Comrade Tito." Said Nenni: "What has happened is an episode in the war of the classes, which is approaching a vaster battle, which will not only be Socialist, but of all laborers for the conquest of the earth."



International
GIUSEPPE SARAGAT
... an irrevocable decision.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Retort

After covering the U.N. General Assembly, *Izvestia* Correspondent Victor Poltoratsky wrote for his paper the kind of ill-natured piece about New York City that visitors have been writing ever since Dickens. From Moscow last week, New York *Times*man Drew Middleton cabled a retort:

"Moscow does not look like a big rolling mill, which is the way *Izvestia's* writer described New York. Once you get outside the center of the city, it looks like the biggest village in the world. . . . The truth is, the town is a little big for its britches. When the Bolsheviks made it the nation's capital, the population jumped by hundreds of thousands. . . . There just isn't any place to put most of them without doubling up, so the family that has a room of its own is well off.

"Unlike Paris, Moscow is noisy without being gay. Most Russian drivers operate with one hand on the horn, so the traffic makes up in sound what it lacks in numbers. On the streets the people march along with set faces, grimly determined to get where they are going. Thoughtful observers sometimes wonder why. There isn't any racial discrimination in Moscow, and the sexes are equal. This morning, women were out chipping ice off the streets just like men.

"New York is a rude city, but it isn't the only one. Moscow's subway, which compares favorably in service with Manhattan's Seventh Avenue line, is just about as crowded in rush hours as is that line's Times Square station. I've occasionally heard someone say 'Sorry' in New York, but not in Moscow. You do hear a lot of stuff, such as 'Citizens, stop shoving,' and 'Citizen, you're standing on my feet.' . . .

"I see that . . . some operators in a clothing store shook down our visitor for \$1.50 to get his new trousers fixed. When I asked a Russian friend about this, he said: 'It must have made him feel right at home.' The 'shake' is not unknown in Moscow, as most foreigners find out. I can compliment Mr. Poltoratsky's wisdom in buying a pair of trousers in New York. The Russians turn out millions of pairs a year, but their bottoms all have a tendency to bell out, like the ones Harold Teen used to wear, and still does, for all I know."

EGYPT

Triumph of Civilization

An Egyptian man may offer an Egyptian girl his arm, but can she take it and remain respectable? Among the Egyptian judiciary this question caused as much head-scratching last week as a recondite Koran text.

At the pilgrim port of Suez a shocked policeman had arrested a girl for walking arm in arm with a man not her husband.

She was served with a writ charging "indecent behavior in a public thoroughfare," was ordered by a district court to pay a £2 fine. Three dignified members of an appeal bench heard the outraged policeman give evidence: it was not in keeping with Egyptian tradition that a girl should "practically embrace a man in the street. In fact, husbands & wives, when in public view, always walked at a respectable distance of at least six feet."

Matters looked dark for the young woman until her counsel thought of a stunning defense. "Are we," he asked, "less civilized than Europeans? In all western countries it [arm linking] is the accepted custom." The case was quashed.

Thirteen years later, another British army, under General Horatio Herbert Kitchener (thenceforth known as K. of K. Kitchener of Khartoum), set out to avenge Gordon. As the dervishes tried to cut their way out in a ferocious surge known as the Battle of Omdurman, a young cavalry officer named Winston Churchill got in the way, nearly lost his life. Dervish power was smashed.

Last week the dervish spirit was astir again in Khartoum. So was the Mahdi's son. Sir Sayed Abdul Rahman Mohamed Ahmed El Mahdi Pasha lacked his father's messianic complex. But he rode the wave of nationalism that was surging from North Africa to Indonesia. Sir Sayed threatened



The Bettmann Archive

DERVISHES' LAST CHARGE (AT OMDURMAN)
Winston Churchill got in the way.

THE SUDAN

The Mahdi's Return

In 1884 a Sudanese boatman, turned religious seer, invoked the British Empire in a sticky little war. Mohamed Ahmed, who had declared himself the Mahdi, the long-awaited messiah of Islamic tradition, had whipped his dervish followers into a frenzied *jihad* (holy war) against the Sudan's Egyptian rulers. Since Egypt was under British occupation, Britain sent solemn, Bible-reading General Charles George ("Chinese") Gordon* to restore order. Instead, the fanatical dervishes bottled up the undermanned British garrison in Khartoum, hacked Gordon to death with their swords.

* Gordon had established his military reputation as a young colonel in command of the European-officered Chinese "Ever-Victorious Army" against the "Taiping" Rebellion. The rebel leader, Hung Hsiu-chuan, who declared himself brother of Christ, had revolted against the Manchu Dynasty to win Taiping—the Rule of Peace. Gordon, who characteristically went to battle armed only with a light cane, crushed the rebellion in two years of bloody fighting.

a second *jihad* if Egypt won its demand for outright annexation of the Sudan (now an Anglo-Egyptian condominium).

Square Meter in Heaven. This time the British sided not with the Egyptians, but with the Mahdi. The British knew how deeply the Sudanese hate the Egyptians, who still call them *Abed* (slaves) in memory of the times when Sudanese tribesmen were sold down the river to the slave marts of Alexandria and Cairo. The British also knew the value to Britain of the Sudan under sympathetic native rule.

Common gratitude would ensure Sir Sayed Abdul Rahman's sympathy. The British had rescued him from his father's disgrace, restored his family lands, given him a splendid palace. They had given him lucrative Army contracts for wood. When El Mahdi Pasha promised his followers a square meter in Heaven for every meter of lumber they felled, fanatic Sudanese woodsmen chopped trees with as much zeal as if they had been infidel heads.

Last month Sir Sayed flew to London

FOREIGN NEWS

to present his case to Prime Minister Clement Attlee. In the British capital he attracted attention by carrying a lady's umbrella, established a reputation for generosity by tossing around £100 tips. At No. 10 Downing Street, he talked loudly about Sudanese independence, but added that no one would mind if the British stayed for a while to teach the Sudanese how to run the country.

Last week the Mahdi sat quietly in his villa, watching his tame cranes and awaiting the results of his mission. In Cairo, diplomats, hard at work on an Anglo-Egyptian treaty of alliance, were deadlocked over the Sudan's future. Probable compromise: the Sudan would be formally placed under the Egyptian crown, but actual administration would remain in the hands of the British (who would lay the groundwork for eventual self-government).

MIDDLE EAST

Road Block

Flags fluttered from every eminence of Ankara's massive, marmoreal railroad station. Guards of honor lined the platforms as Turkey's President Ismet Inönü, in morning coat and striped trousers, stepped forward to greet a king, resplendent in his native garb.

His Majesty, Abdullah Ibn Hussein, British-crowned monarch of Trans-Jordan, his son, Emir Naif, and a suite of 16 ministers and notables, had traveled some 900 miles (via Turkish presidential yacht and train) to discuss the dream of an all-Moslem Orient. This would include Turkey, from which the Arabs broke away during World War I. One possible purpose: to serve as a road block to Soviet expansion in the Middle East.

No detail was spared to make the royal visit enjoyable. Official introductions over, Trans-Jordan's King and Turkey's President drove along Ankara's tree-lined main avenue, past granite Government buildings and cheering throngs to the presidential villa for a quiet evening of chess. Next day there were prayers at the Hadji Bayram Mosque and a state dinner at Premier Recep Peker's.

Said King Abdullah: "The Turks and the Arabs are neighbors and brothers who for centuries . . . shaped the history of the East. The day will come when they will unite again and serve the Orient to shine once more." But one chair was conspicuously empty at the feast. Syria's Minister, Ihsan Elsharif, had providentially absented himself. King Abdullah nimbly sidestepped the misunderstanding between Turkey and Arab Syria, which forms the chief bar to Arab-Turk unity. "Turkey and Syria are neighbors," he said, "much more qualified to understand the situation than myself."

By week's end King Abdullah and President Inönü had signed a formal pact of friendship.



Keystone

MAHDI No. 2
He lacked the proper complex.

CHINA

Goodbye

From Nanking, TIME Correspondent Fred Gruin reported:

Although he had a private understanding with President Truman that he would take up the portfolio of the Department of State when Byrnes put it down, General Marshall, too, was surprised at the sudden call from Washington informing him that the time had come. On Monday evening he drove to the Gimo's to break the news of his departure.



Associated Press

KING ABDULLAH
He discussed a Pan-Islamic dream.

Tuesday was crowded with a schedule of packing and farewells that never quite caught up with Marshall. Ambassador Stuart and Foreign Minister Wang Shih-chieh dropped in for lunch at the general's high-walled residence on Ning Hai Road. They were still talking over their coffee when the capital's foreign correspondents arrived for a few off-record remarks and an on-record goodbye.

The correspondents were still waiting for an appointment when most of the sub-teenagers of Nanking's foreign colony straggled in. The General had invited them some time ago for afternoon movies and ice cream; he would not break this date even for affairs of state. Between meetings with the press and a long list of callers, including T. V. Soong and Chou En-lai's secretary, Chang Wen-chin, the General looked in on the moppets as they disposed of a gallon or so of vanilla. That evening he drove to the Gimo's again for family dinner.

Casual & Informal. By 7:30 a.m. Wednesday, the huge, four-motored transport 49149, with five stars on its tailfin, was warmed up and waiting at Nanking Military Airport. It was the same plane which had brought Marshall to China more than a year ago.

General Marshall himself arrived at 10 minutes before 8. On a cold concrete apron, wet with melted snow, a cluster of photographers and dignitaries were waiting. Among the latter were Ambassador Stuart, Premier T. V. Soong, Chief of Staff Chen Cheng, Communications Minister Yu Ta-wei, Foreign Minister Wang Shih-chieh, General G. Q. Huang, Communist spokesman Wang Ping-nan. It was all very casual and informal—no ropes, no visible guards; everyone intermingled.

Marshall shook hands all around, chatted a bit, thanked T.V. for his basket of Formosan shaddock and pomelo (akin to grapefruit), urged everyone not to wait in the chill damp outdoors. For a few moments he stood alone by the ramp; he seemed a trifle impatient because the Gimo and Madame were late.

They arrived five minutes after the hour. As they stepped out, one on each side of the Cadillac limousine, Marshall moved up. He greeted Madame first. "Give my love to your madame," she said, "and come back, come back soon."

Then the Gimo, his nose red in the cold, saluted and *haaed*. They trailed Marshall up the ramp into the plane for final words. As they emerged the Gimo almost brushed off his military cap against the hatch top; he caught it in time and came down smiling. The hatch door slammed; 49149 rolled away. As it lifted into the air, with the snow-dusted purple mountain as a backdrop, the last one to wave adieu was Ambassador Stuart.

Only he knew what the others found out in the next hour—that the great man was flying off to a greater job.



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LATIN AMERICA

PERU

"Good Night, Sonny"

It was about 7 in the evening, Francisco ("Panchito") Graña Garland, 45, boss of Lima's ultraconservative *La Prensa*, manager of a big pharmaceutical business, had had a long day at the office. "Good night, sonny," he said to the porter, and headed toward his car. A moment later six shots crackled in the street. The porter got out in time to see a sedan turn the corner. Graña lay mortally wounded at the wheel of his car.

The murder of Editor Graña, scion of one of Lima's 60 reigning families and bitter editorial enemy of the dominant Apra Party, touched off the biggest political crisis since the Apristas came to power two years ago.

Since 1945 *La Prensa* had stood on the editorial opinion that fanatics who had spent 16 years in illegal activity would never be fit to govern Peru. When Apra Leader Victor Raúl Haya de la Torre put three Apristas in key Cabinet posts, *La Prensa* helped stall their projects for raising the social and economic level of Peru's 4,000,000 Indians. *La Prensa* also fought the Apra plan to get Standard Oil cash for these plans in return for oil concessions.

Hardly a man in Lima heard the news without thinking at once of another assassination. Eleven years earlier Antonio Miró Quesada, editor of the powerful, conservative *Comercio*, had been shot and killed in the Plaza San Martín. That time an Aprista had done it.

This time? Published comment was guarded. Now the Apristas were not only a lawful party but Peru's most powerful.



DELGADO MORALES & FAMILY
For frustration, made work.

Louis Hamborg



Associated Press

QUEEN FOR CENTRAL AMERICA

In this opera box, with attendants, are the winner and an unsuccessful entry in the "Miss Central America" show, held this year in San José, Costa Rica. Title winner in tiny, slightly Señorita María Torres (center), who went to San José as "Miss Nicaragua," there won the judges' nod over "Miss Panama" (at her left) and the comeliest candidates of Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras and Costa Rica.

And only recently, in deference to *La Prensa*-led opposition, they had put off the controversial oil deal till July. To place themselves beyond suspicion during the investigation, the three Apra Cabinet ministers resigned, thereby causing the Cabinet to fall. Apra's *La Tribuna* offered a \$3,000 reward for the murderer.

At week's end President Juan José Luis Bustamante Rivero appointed a military Cabinet to tide over the crisis.

CUBA

Dockside Dictator

On the far side of Havana's crowded harbor, the massive crane that unloads the Seatrain stood stark and still. The Seatrain itself, a seagoing ferry that brings 105 loaded U.S. freight cars to Cuba weekly and returns them packed with Cuban freight, languished at its home berth in New Orleans. Cuba's belligerent dock workers, backed by the compliant Grau San Martín Government, had decided that the Seatrain was cutting them out of jobs.

Since the Seatrain started operating in 1920 the dock workers had watched with anger and frustration as the great crane plucked loaded cars from its hold and set them on the railroad tracks bound for Cuba's warehouses. Their countermove was a demand on Seatrain Lines, Inc. to hire one-third more stevedores and let them load and unload each car at Havana ("for customs inspection"). Result: by last week the Seatrain had stopped running.

The Boss. There was not much doubt along the dockfront's rough-&-tumble Calle Desamparados about who called the play that shut down the Seatrain. Boss Arcelio Iglesias, Cuba's No. 4 Communist, had knitted 9,000 dock wallopers into a

powerful Maritime Federation that usually got what it wanted. With many more hands than jobs they contrived to shorten hours, specialize functions, make work. Their weapon: the slowdown.

In the war years, the dockers had run pay levels up 100% and employers charged their efficiency had dropped 70 to 80%. The workers took time off to parade past the presidential palace every time employers hesitated. Some Seatrain workers took home \$29 a day. Although they averaged only a few days' work a month, they got more than customs inspectors.

The Workers. But most stevedores, the *braceros* (day laborers) handling imports after they reached the docks, were not so lucky; Grau's Government has fixed a daily pay of \$6.38.

One such *bracero* is compact, mustachioed Catalino Delgado Morales, 26. A stevedore like his father, he usually works on the United Fruit pier. About three or four days of the week his name moves high enough on the union hiring hall's list for him to get taken on. Then, toggled like the rest of the gang (some 365) in old pants, shoes and T-shirt, he wallops sacks of sugar, coal, assorted cargo from 7 till 5. At week's end he may have earned \$25.

This, says Catalino, is just about enough to pay the bills. With his wife Violeta and their two-year-old son, he lives in two rooms (rent: \$18 a month) in the working-class *barrio* of Jesús del Monte. Most days Catalino comes home to a dinner of beans and rice, and Sundays, before going out to the ball game, he favors *arroz con pollo*. But rice is almost as scarce as meat these days, and lately Violeta has filled out the meal with vegetables.

Docker's Saturday Night. Some evenings Catalino likes to put on his suit,

this is FLORIDA



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... "hello" to sunshine

Say "goodbye" to snow and cold. Accept Florida's invitation to "come out in the sun!"

Plan sunshiny days of play—swimming, golfing, fishing, sun-bathing on warm sands. Plan days of sightseeing; enjoy thrilling spectator sports. Or just rest and relax in lazy comfort. Either way, you'll go home refreshed, with new energy. You'll know that Florida has been good for you.

Florida "grows" grand vacations. It grows choice vegetables and fruits, too. Right now, your grocer probably has Florida celery and other vitamin-packed products of Florida's farms and groves. For Florida's mild year 'round climate is good for many types of industry and agriculture. So, this winter see all of Florida. Check up on what The Sunshine State may have for you, in the way of opportunity and happier living.



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stop for a beer at the corner bodega, and then take a turn at the rumba at the neighborhood dance hall. More often lately he has hurried away to a union meeting.

But, though Catalino is a good unionist, forking up 30¢ a day for dues and the benefit fund, and never failing to consult his delegate on all important matters, he is no Communist. He voted for Grau and the Autentico Party at the last elections, and he goes to church, though not quite so often as Violeta. Although he reads the Communist *Hoy* for its detailed water-front news coverage, Catalino does not yet share with the Communist leaders of his union their hatred for the U.S. He thinks the U.S. is the greatest country in the world and wants to go there—when his union can get him more money, that is.

ECUADOR

A Bath a Day

Foreign Minister José Vincente Trujillo had a wonderful time in the U.S.A. First he took a wife: 33-year-old Mary Louise Wellensiek of Pomona, Calif., whom he had met about a year ago at a presidential reception in Quito. Then he had a friendly chat with Harry Truman, came away impressed by the President's "grasp of modern and ancient Ecuadorian history." Finally last week, as his North American honeymoon ended, Trujillo announced that he had wangled two \$4 million loans from the U.S. Export-Import Bank, to complete modernization of the water systems of Ecuador's capital and chief port.

Quito (pop. 160,000), wrinkled in a tight little Andean valley, gets its water from rivulets and springs in the mountains, has a fair supply only during the rainy season. But even when the clouds open, distribution pumps often break down. Hilltop houses generally have water only at night, if at all. On Quito streets Indian women carrying buckets in search of water are as familiar a sight as lottery-ticket vendors in Havana. Complain an indignant letter-writer in Quito's *El Comercio*: "In the morning the cook must take a streetcar to the hospital to see if she can get some water. She usually returns late and without any, so we have lunch at 4 p.m. without a drop to wash our hands. . . . Whenever I need a shave, I buy a bottle of beer."

Distribution is not the only problem. The reservoirs are supplied by open ditches in which Indians delight in bathing. Result: contamination that may have been worsened by leakage from the city's sewer system, which dates back to colonial times.

With the \$8 million, Ecuador plans to provide Quito with new pumps and water mains to every part of the city. Some of the money will be spent on the steaming port of Guayaquil (pop. 170,000), which shares most of the water troubles that plague the capital. Guayaquil will get a system of artesian wells to supplement the present source of supply, the stinking, putrid Guayas River. Eventual goal for capital and port: plenty of water to drink, a bath a day for everyone.



"Henry says that's the only good news on the radio these days."

CANADA

THE DOMINION

To Two Parties?

On his party's monthly free half-hour on CBC last week, Progressive-Conservative M.P. Arthur LeRoy Smith of Calgary issued an invitation: "I think the extreme left wing of the Liberals should join the socialists [CCF]. That is really where they belong. And I think the Liberals of the right should join with our party."

Art Smith, no leader in top Tory councils, was just shooting the political breeze. But his suggestion was not at all fantastic. No first-rate Liberal Party leader is in sight to take the place of 72-year-old Mackenzie King when he retires or dies, and many politicians see the prospect of a breakup when the party loses the man who has directed it since 1919.

To the Left. Like the Democrats in the U.S. under Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Liberals are made up of many conflicting groups. The farthest left wing is tinged with socialism; the farthest right is more conservative than many Tories. Only the political skill of Prime Minister King and the unifying influence of the war have kept groups from splintering off before this.

Moreover, the Liberal Government, which has only a slim majority in Parliament, has been forced to move steadily to the left to get the support of the CCF bloc (29 seats) in Parliament. Thus, many Canadians foresee an eventual return to the two-party system, with the radical Liberals joining the socialists, the conservative Liberals the Tories.

There have already been overtures. In 1945, King's mantle was offered unofficially by a high Liberal Party figure to CCF

Leader M. J. Coldwell. And in Mackenzie King's speech last November in Quebec, he made what was considered a left-handed bid to the socialist CCF to join the Liberals, in a pointed remark about the ineffectiveness of "a multiplicity of parties."

To Right & Left. Obviously, Mr. King, who in 1921 deftly maneuvered the old Progressive Party into the Liberal fold, would like nothing better than to bolster his party now by absorbing the socialists.

Could he do it? Like Art Smith, the Ottawa *Citizen* last week thought it would be the other way around. The anti-CCF *Citizen* noted the swing to socialism in Great Britain and elsewhere in the world, and candidly said: "Canada has already witnessed the birth and steady growth of its own social democratic party, the CCF." As the trend continues, the *Citizen* said, one or the other of the older parties will either disappear or will coalesce. Then the CCF "will assume . . . its position as the 'other' major political party in Canada."

NORTHWEST TERRITORIES Home of Devils?

It's a fancy place that oldtimers dream about. . . . Some said the valley was full of gold and some said it was hot as hell owing to the warm springs. . . . It had a wicked name too, for at least a dozen folks went in and never came out. . . . Indians said it was the home of devils. . . .

In these tantalizing words the late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan), novelist and onetime Governor General of Canada, pictured the "Headless Valley" on the remote North Nahanni River. Behind Buchan's lines lay 40 years of mystery, yet little has

been done to explore the fantastic legends that came from the 200-mile gorge in the limestone mountains, 300 miles east of Whitehorse, Yukon. Last week Nahanni was back in the news again. A group of amateur explorers was preparing to go over it from one end to the other.

Northern Eden? Nahanni is Indian for "people over there, far away." The Indians shun the place for its mammoth grizzlies and the evil spirits wailing in its deep canyons. Of the hunters and prospectors who have gone in, 13 have not returned. Around them most of the tall tales have sprung up.

The legend of Nahanni started with the two MacLeod brothers 40 years ago. Their bodies were found in the valley reportedly without heads. That was enough to start people calling it "Headless Valley."

The name stuck. Prospector Martin Jorgensen, who went in after gold in 1910, was also found dead. The bones of another prospector, Yukon Fisher, were discovered near a creek in 1928. Three trappers vanished in the valley. In 1945 Woodsman Walter J. Tully came on the body of an Ontario miner, Ernest Savard, in his sleeping bag, his head all but severed.

Prospectors told of a lush almost tropical country where the river never froze even when the temperature sank to 50 below in the surrounding mountains. Great herds of fat deer and caribou, they said, cropped the green pastures. Last week the tales had grown so fantastic that the Vancouver *Sun's* columnist, Jack Scott, burlesqued the Nahanni as a "bodyless valley where ripe bananas hang from the boughs of pine trees [and] dusky native girls swim about in the deep, warm pools."

Gold in Streaks. But not all Nahanni legend was nonsense. Even from the air, the valley seems a lonely and lovely place amid the jagged escarpments (*see cut*). The University of Alberta's exploring Professor Alan E. Cameron, who entered the valley in 1936, explained the mild climate; chinooks (warm winds) keep the air balmy and moist. The lush grass attracts game and hot springs help warm the air. Also gold had been found there.

Frank Henderson, a prospector who had arranged to meet his partner, John Patterson, in the valley last summer, never found him. But Henderson came out of the valley with 30 ounces of gold which he said he picked up "coarse and free on the bottom of a creek and strung out in quartz along the cliffs."

Last week in Toronto, ex-U.S. Marine W. E. Bateman was getting set to take a party up the Nahanni next summer to look for Patterson and gold. In Vancouver, Tom Carolan, Army veteran and film technician, planned to lead an expedition into the valley this spring to make a travel film. Perhaps Canadians would soon have another explanation of the wonders of the Headless Valley.



HEADLESS VALLEY

Royal Canadian Air Force

Fat deer, green pastures, evil spirits, ripe bananas.



No moisture can seep through the seams of these raincoats—thanks to the electronic sewing machine developed at RCA Laboratories.

A sewing machine...without a needle or thread!

Since mankind first began to sew, say 15,000 years ago, seams have always meant "needle and thread."

But when new thermoplastic materials came along—specially developed for waterproof coverings such as raincoats—ordinary "needle and thread" seams wouldn't do because of their tiny holes.

Now—thanks to research at RCA Laboratories—goods made of thermoplastics are "sewn" by electrons and the seams are as strong as the material itself!

This will make possible dozens of brand-new uses for these inexpensive and durable thermoplastic materials. Even today they provide perfect packages for foods, meats

and drugs because they are completely watertight, airtight and transparent. You've probably seen thermoplastic raincoats, tobacco pouches, shower curtains...

Research, such as resulted in the electronic sewing machine, is reflected in all RCA products. When you buy an RCA Victor radio or television receiver or anything bearing the name RCA, you enjoy a unique pride of ownership in knowing that you possess one of the finest instruments of its kind that science has yet achieved.

Radio Corporation of America, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20... Listen to The RCA Victor Show, Sundays, 2:00 P.M., Eastern Time, over the NBC Network.



The electronic sewing machine "welds" seams in thermoplastic materials. Anyone interested in manufacturing this instrument can obtain information by simply writing to RCA, RCA Building, Radio City, New York 20, N. Y.



RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

PEOPLE

Movers & Shakers

In the world of letters, **Harry S. Truman** and **Edmund Wilson** each had his hour of triumph, such as it was.

The President was informed by letter that he had been chosen an honorary editor of the Harvard *Crimson*, campus newspaper. When the *Crimson* got a formal acknowledgement from the White House, it had to respond with some sad news: somebody had just been hoaxing the President—*Crimson* rules forbade honorary editors.

To balding Scholar Wilson came one of those attentions he never got in the cloistered days before his *Memoirs of Hecate County* was banned. His fourth and current wife, Elena, was nominated by a group of magazine artists one of the Ten Most Glamorous Women of 1946.

Sinclair Lewis, whose last try at movie writing was an anti-fascist horse opera (junked as "bad box office"), was back for another try—this time a satire on Adam & Eve. Two days after he hit Hollywood, Babbitt's aging creator: 1) went to a big party at Gossipist Hedda Hopper's, 2) talked like a native. "The movies are no more commercial," declared Lewis, "than any other form of art. . . . There's no reason to suppose that a poor man starving in a garret writes better than a rich man living in a mansion. . . . Human beings are 100% commercial as hell. . . . Rembrandt was one of the most commercial bastards that ever lived."

In Manhattan, lean, bemonocled Visitor **Sax Rohmer**, who had been chiefly concerned with Fu Manchu for the past 30 years, listened with professional interest to Soprano Mimi Benzell. She would sing in a new operetta, *Chinese Nightingale*—new book & lyrics by Sax Rohmer. The show would open in London, but Briton



Associated Press

INGRID BERGMAN

Without understanding, provocation.

Rohmer would not stay there. "I shall spend most of my time in the south of France," said he. "It's much more pleasant there. Conditions in England are shocking, just shocking."

Bound home from France after an eight-month visit was best-seller **Richard Wright** (*Black Boy*, *Native Son*); but he was going back again in the spring. "America is not the New World," wrote the Negro novelist in a Parisian journal, "because the social elements in the States are among the oldest. . . . whereas Europe has abandoned the ancient structure. . . . Thus, France and Europe should be considered the New World."

George Bernard Shaw, for a change, was in print with an utterance that had nothing to do with mankind's folly. The *New Statesman* and *Nation* had got hold of an old note he had sent (apparently with a picture) to the late Actress Ellen Terry, with whom he carried on a safely pistolary "love-affair" for 30 years:

This scene which would a stone unhardened is but the view from Bernard's garden. Here, standing sideways to the dawn, And looking northwards up the lawn, You see the house that Bernard weeps in Because his Ellen never sleeps in.

Lookers

Hedy Lamarr, who wants to break a picture contract with Producer Arnold Pressburger because she expects a baby in March, lost a court fight to have her case heard before the baby arrives. "Miss Lamarr's condition," gravely deposed the producer, "came about not through any fault of my own, but due entirely to an act on the part of the plaintiff which was solely within the plaintiff's own control."

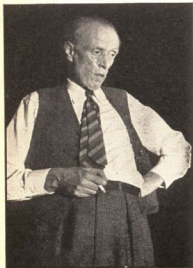
Ingrid Bergman, who has won several prizes herself, won one for Photographer Charles Wellbourn by managing to look like a woman who could never understand Ingrid Bergman (*see cut*). The International Society of Photographic Arts voted the print the Most Provocative Motion Picture Still of 1946.

Too late for this Christmas but worth saving for next was a news photo of Denmark's **Princesses Margrethe and Benedikte** in costume, prize-worthy in any man's Christmas card division (*see cut*).

Voices

Among the week's most confusing performers were Singers **Nelson Eddy** and **Lauritz Melchior**.

The ingenuities of recordmaking produced an album of *Hymns We Love*, sung by Daughters of Crown Prince Frederik, but under laws of the Danish Royal House they are barred from the throne.



SINCLAIR LEWIS

European

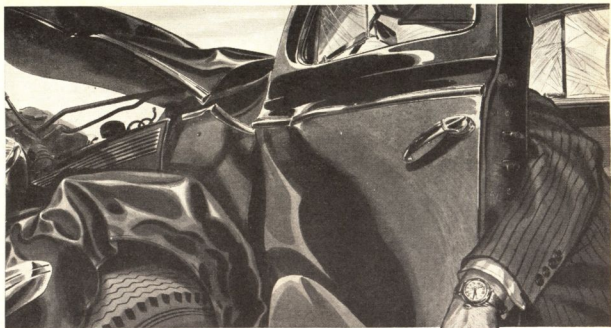


BENEDIKTE AND MARGRETHE

Between confusion and supposition, a keepsake.



NELSON EDDY



The day ended at 2:13 P.M.

Who's responsible for the gruesome upsurge in the auto accident rate? Madmen running amok? No—just average drivers like George, who make careless mistakes every day, and usually—but *not always*—get away with it. The day that George's luck—and George's life—ended was just another ordinary day . . . *up to a certain point!* For instance...



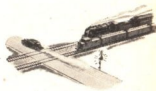
8:30 A.M.

... passed service station, remembered that brakes needed adjustment badly. "Can't stop now. It'll keep 'till tomorrow" . . . he hoped.



8:45 A.M.

... speeded up to beat changing traffic light. Slid by on red, but luckily cross-traffic started slowly . . . and George got a reprieve.



2:00 P.M.

... held up by freight train, George rushed across tracks the minute it passed. Fast express, coming the other way, nearly got him.



2:06 P.M.

... "got to make up for lost time" . . . so George gambled with children's lives and raced through a school zone.



2:13 P.M.

... took one more chance . . . pulled out on curve . . . met truck head-on! Too late now for regrets . . . too late to turn back . . . too late for everything! Death—his smashed watch testified—came violently at 2:13.

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Tomorrow's Cars Will Have **This**

Imagine touching a button to flash your car windows up or down! That's what the Trico Lift-O-Matic does. Best of all, this newest safety necessity imposes no drain on the car battery, for it operates on cost-free harnessed AIR power. Provision for optional installation may be looked for in the cars of tomorrow.



Lift-O-Matic

HARNESSED AIR POWER for car windows

Trico Products Corporation, Buffalo 3, N. Y.

That's putting it **MILDLY!**



Napoleon

Wouldn't have met my Waterloo if I'd thought it over with a pipeful of—

**Country Doctor
Pipe Mixture**

The Pipeline to Perfection!
The Emperor of Tobaccos. A triumph of blending, coolness and satisfaction.



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by a quartet—all the voices Singer Eddy's, which made those people who like him four times as happy.

Opera's Melchior said he would probably never sing opera in Boston again, "because . . . Boston would not allow German opera to be given here during the war." He said it was "nothing personal . . . simply a principle . . . I believe that art has nothing to do with politics." Three nights later Tenor Melchior sang in concert in Boston, where the Met had given three Wagnerian operas in 1945 and Melchior had sung two in 1942.

Inside Dopesters

It was no week for the fainthearted. Donald R. Richberg, onetime NRA brain-truster, rose in Philadelphia to warn the nation that unless labor was put in its place, the U.S. would be driven "deeper & deeper into a political war which may become a civil war." And Bandleader Art Mooney, pondering what he had seen from the bandstand, reported that wild dancing to hot music was ruining the shapes of American girls. He noted their "piano legs, wide bottoms, thick waists, and hefty bosoms," feared an even uglier future.

But American womanhood got a kind word from Visitor **Maria Romana de Gasperi**, 23-year-old daughter of Italy's visiting Premier. She had thought the girls who came to Italy—"so nice, so full of life"—were exceptions; now she found that "these qualities are peculiar to all American women." She also admired their clothes. "But I think," she added, "that American women look better when they wear sport clothes than when they try to look sophisticated."

To dress well the men had only to listen to Hollywood's **Adolphe Menjou**, fashion plate since the days of the silent cinema. He offered instructions. Among them: let the jacket sleeves be narrow, and the shirt cuff showing; never wear a striped shirt with a striped suit; wear suspenders instead of a belt; let the knot of the tie be loose instead of tight; let the trousers break just over the instep; stay away from jewelry. "The well-dressed man," certified the famously high-styled actor, "is never conspicuous."

Success formula of the week came from Georgia's umbrageous **Dan Duke**, outgoing Assistant Attorney General. Defeated by "white supremacy" champions, Duke let go from the bitter corner of his mouth with ten rules for success in Georgia politics:

- "Look out for your own interests.
- "Honor nobody but yourself.
- "Do evil, but pretend to do good.
- "Be miserly.
- "Covet and get what you can.
- "Be brutal.
- "Cheat whenever you get a chance.
- "Kill your enemies and, if necessary, your friends.
- "Utilize your spare time in devising ways to fool people.
- "Never agree to any clear statement of facts. Jumble them so you will have a hole to jump through."



● Top Speed, 161 mph; Cruising Speed, 172 mph; Landing Speed, 46 mph; Range, 750 miles

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with a Beechcraft

BONANZA

THE company truck and the company car are now joined by the Beechcraft Bonanza. For it hurdles long distances at 175 mph, speeding executives and personnel around the country with four times the efficiency of surface transportation—and at a cost as low as one cent per passenger mile!

No ordinary airplane is capable of the utility required of a business vehicle. But the Bonanza is an *extraordinary*

airplane. It was *built* for business use, business utility, business economy. It has a speed and a payload with its economical 165 hp which have never before been accomplished short of 330 hp!

Its cabin for four people provides limousine luxury and comfort—thoroughly soundproofed, as quiet as an open-window car traveling at 55 mph. It is fully equipped—heater, two-way radio, landing lights and instruments for

accurate and safe navigation; retractable tricycle landing gear, landing flaps and controllable prop for easy handling and added economy of operation.

The man-hours, money and travel fatigue which the Bonanza saves as a unit of your company transportation "system" repay many times its modest cost. The price complete is \$7,345 F.A.F. Wichita. Production for early 1947 is already sold. Orders for delivery will be filled in the sequence received. There is a nearby Beechcraft distributor with complete facts and figures ready to consult with you. Beech Aircraft Corporation, Wichita, Kansas.



BEECHCRAFT
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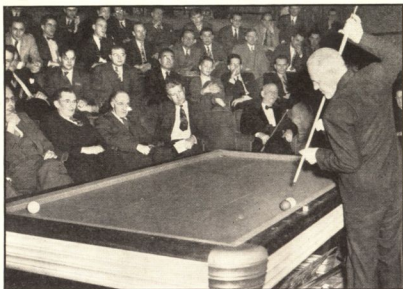
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SPORT



WILLIE HOPPE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Nine cushions and the coefficient of restitution.

Associated Press

Poolroom Science

In an amphitheater at the University of Michigan, the eyes of 200 scientists were focused on a billiard table. The greatest billiard player of them all, Willie Hoppe, dressed in a dinner jacket and cool as a master surgeon about to operate, stood ready. But first there was a lecture from Engineering Professor Arthur Moore, a billiard player for 30 years, on his six years' experiments to make a science out of a sport. Willie Hoppe's English on the ball was not less understandable than Professor Moore's English on the theory.

The professor, author of a 41-page thesis on the subject, defined bouncibility as the "coefficient of restitution," and divided all players into two groups: amateurs, who use a "ballistic" or shoving stroke, and professionals, who use a smooth, controlled stroke, with a follow-through.

High spot of the evening was Willie Hoppe's famed nine-cushion shot, in which the ball travels more than 40 feet. What baffled Professor Moore was that on the sixth and eighth cushions, the ball both lost and gained velocity. The fact is, Professor Moore discovered, that when Hoppe cued the ball with English—as any poolroom fan could have told him, though not in so many words—he gave the ball rotational energy as well as its usual translational or rolling energy. When the ball's spin slowed, the energy was turned into forward roll.

With facts & figures, Professor Moore demonstrated that the technique most good players use is scientifically superior: the pendulum stroke, with forearm swinging vertically from the elbow. Unfortunately for Professor Moore's thesis, Willie uses a side-arm stroke. It was a

habit he picked up lying belly-to-billiard-table as a boy of five. Said 59-year-old Willie Hoppe: "It's too complicated for me. I guess this analysis came too late to help my game."

Firehouse Frank and His Boys

Other coaches grumble about his firehouse brand of basketball. "I know they hate it," says cocky Coach Frank Keaney of Rhode Island State. Long ago he quit concentrating on defense and worked up an exaggerated fast-break style. Says he: "We will give anybody 100 points if we can get 101." Every man on his squad knows that he has to throw rather than dribble, outrun rather than outskill the opposition—and keep running. The fans love it.

Last week, with the basketball season nearly half gone, Keaney's firehouse gang was one of a dozen major U.S. college teams (out of more than 400) still unbeaten.* They ran past bewildered New Hampshire, 88-64. Then they went after Maine. Sixty-two-year-old Coach Keaney was as much a part of the show as his team.

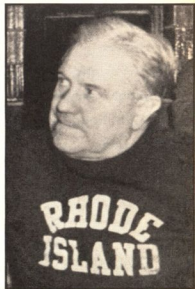
Before the game was two minutes old, he was on his feet, claiming that the opposition had fouled, bellowing to one of his own boys that he'd be "sold to Louisville" (banished to the bench). He kept repeating one word—"faster"—to a team that was already whizzing past Maine. Maine tumbled, 99-66, and Rhode Island's remarkable scoring record rose to a dizzy 96.4 per game. Before the week was out, Connecticut became victim No. 8, by a score of 74 to 57.

* The other eleven: Duquesne, Washington, Alabama, West Virginia, Washington & Jefferson, Washington & Lee, Army, Seton Hall, Bucknell, Lafayette, Eastern Kentucky.

Voice from the Widdy Bimps. When he isn't exploding all over the basketball court, Frank Keaney is a good-natured Irishman who saves old glassware as a hobby. In practice, one of his tricks is to bolt a steel rim inside the baskets, reducing their size from 18 to 15 inches; it made the basket-shooting in the actual game seem easier. While his players romp on the court, Keaney, a Phi Beta Kappa, calls to them in his own curious language, compounded of corny phrases he has coined himself, mixed with Latin or Latin-sounding words. Samples: "Little Ossie Fagus, non compos mentis, biblioclastic. . . . You're stale stew . . . go back to the widdy bimps [bench] . . . don't be a Fanny Willie [show-off] . . . dig up a new arm in some cemetery." Besides being athletic director and basketball coach, Keaney also brews his own medicines; the team swears by his skin-hardener and his cure for athlete's foot.

His current crop of basketballers are mostly freshmen, small and inexperienced. The star of the team is 5 ft. 11 in. Center Jack Allen, a superb dribbler and a deadly shot from just beyond the foul circle. In most of the other positions, Keaney keeps shuttling substitutes in & out with instructions to run until they tire, then signal for relief. By this simple method, which has proved effective in Keaney's 27 years at R.I. State, his fast little men recently trampled powerful St. John's in New York's Madison Square Garden.

Keaney disagrees with people who tell him he has a super-duper basketball squad. Says he solemnly: "They're going to get their ears knocked off." He doesn't think any of them compare with two of his former basketball All-Americans—Ernie Calverley and Stanley "Stutz" Modzelewski. But if Rhode Island gets past dangerous St. Joseph's in Philadelphia this week, they may be on the way to an undefeated season.



COACH KEANEY
Eight victims and a stale stew.



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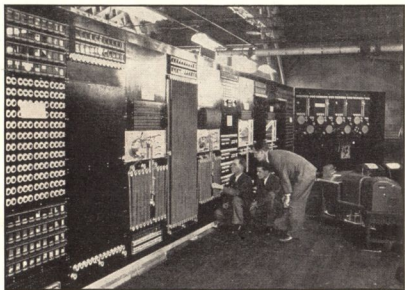
SCIENCE

A Robot's Job

Nearly every science nowadays, even fleshy anthropology, is bogged down in figures which mean little until digested mathematically. Sometimes this chore is simple, requiring only an adding machine, or a pencil, paper and persistence. More often, as science takes off into thinner & thinner abstractions, each calculation is a double-jointed equation. There may be thousands to solve, each a mind-racking job. Most established research centers have bales of figures lying around which no one has time or courage to analyze.

term: storage of numbers.") Then it combines them into conclusions, as human brains try and often fail to do. Unlike most human brains, it stops when it makes a mistake.

The machine's range of acceptance is strictly limited. It cannot examine a field and a pretty girl, and conclude from the data available which would be more worth cultivating. Such semi-tangibles are not for it. Figures alone it accepts, in floods and mazes. Quick as a midget's wink, it adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides, raises to powers, extracts roots (square or better). It blends the figures together, mixes



HARVARD'S MARK I CALCULATOR
No pretty girls.

James F. Coyne

To distill these bales into useful conclusions, scientists are turning to giant calculating machines which eat up equations as quickly as small boys gobble peanuts. Last week Harvard University dedicated its new Computation Laboratory, devoted solely to overgrown abaci, their design, construction, care & feeding. Two hundred scientists, engineers, mathematicians gathered to hear the latest plans, and to yearn for more calculators. Mark I, Harvard's first, was operating. The electronic entrails of Mark II, under construction for the Navy, were still in the semi-assembled stage.

Fast & Narrow. Dr. Howard H. Aiken, director of the laboratory, does not like to hear his machines called "mechanical brains." "These humanitarian terms are unfortunate," he says severely. But he does admit that they work more or less like fast, narrow-minded brains. Like the brain, the machine accepts information, generally in the form of figures represented by small holes punched in a paper tape. It salts them away in a kind of "memory." (Dr. Aiken prefers "the relatively modest

them with constants such as the speed of light. "It's a robot," says Dr. Aiken, "and does just what it's told.")

For Harvard & Navy. Mark I is working round the clock. All day & night a river of figures streams through its insides. Four hours it works for Harvard. The rest of the time it works for the Navy, on such problems as calculating the way of a rocket in the stratosphere, influenced by air resistance, wind pressure, gravity, and the earth's rotation, and other more subtle factors.

Military problems are not all it can do. Physicists, mathematicians, engineers drool with desire to punch their problems on its willing tape. Economist Wassily W. Leontief of Harvard wants the calculator to put its mechanical mind on the nation's economic planning.

It is almost impossible at present, he says, to calculate all the effects of a new tariff or tax. Too many factors have to be considered, combined, evaluated before we know how all the nation's industries will be damaged or benefited. The same is true of a public-works program, or a wage

change. The calculating machine would race through the interlaced figures, come up with conclusions much better than the primitive guesses of economists. But Economist Leontief admits that the robot's forecasts may be fallible. Says he: "No machine will tell if the miners are going to slow down."

Tempest in the Cells

The most sacrosanct doctrine in biology had been called in question. The two biological revolutionists who did it—Drs. Sol Spiegelman and Martin D. Kamen of Washington University, St. Louis—fled home from Manhattan this week, hotly pursued by biological Tories. They had attacked the Divine Right of Genes.

The doctors' subversive opinions were part of a general attack by radical biologists on conventional conceptions of growth: the basic life process. If the new theories hold, they will affect all biology, from animal breeding to the understanding of cancer.

"What we started to do," said Dr. Spiegelman, "was to find out how genes operate." Genes are infinitesimal bodies (perhaps single protein molecules) in the nucleus of every living cell, from bacteria to man. According to orthodox, "Mendelian" biology, they are the sole arbiters of heredity. When a cell divides, each gene divides too, and transmits a definite characteristic to the "daughter" cells.

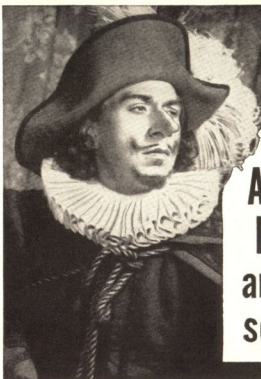
Genes Not All. This classical explanation of heredity, taught in every biology textbook, is not wholly satisfactory. Some cells, notably certain cancer cells in mice, seem to develop oddly, defying their hereditary genes. At Indiana University, Dr. Tracy M. Sonneborn found that the one-celled animal paramecium sometimes did this too.

Drs. Spiegelman and Kamen worked with yeast cells, proved that their chemical behavior could be changed, while the genes remained unchanged. This suggested strongly that something besides the genes affected cell characteristics.

To spot this "something," they used the ultramodern technique of radioactive tracers. First they grew yeast cells in a solution containing radioactive phosphorus-32, whose uneasy atoms the cells built into certain of their proteins. With a Geiger counter, the scientists could follow these radioactive protein molecules.

"Self-Duplicating Bodies." When the cells were allowed to multiply freely, some of the protein molecules characteristic of the nucleus (where the genes are) tended to flow into the "cytoplasm," the part of the cell outside the nucleus. This indicated (along with related biochemical data) that the genes were sending out "partial replicas" of themselves, which entered the cytoplasm and multiplied there independently.

These busy "self-duplicating" bodies the scientists called "plasmagones." There are probably thousands of them, competing actively for nourishment in the cell's body like cattle, prairie dogs and rabbits on an overstocked range. Anything which affects this competition may



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RALPH BELLAMY, star of the Pulitzer Prize-winning comedy, "State of the Union," says: "Taking off make-up leaves the face sensitive, but I can shave closely without soreness when I use Williams. It doesn't sting or irritate."



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SOL SPIEGELMAN

favor certain plasmagones above the others, allowing the favored ones to multiply abnormally, as rabbits once did in Australia. A change in the balance of plasmagones affects the cell's chemical behavior, as rabbits affected Australia by eating much of its rangeland bare of grass. The cell's genes take no part in the transformation.

New Control. What good was the discovery? The biological revolutionists were reluctant to say. But they admitted (with a gleam in their eyes) that it gave a new, promising method of controlling cell life and growth. They had already controlled yeast cells by regulating competition among plasmagones. Future biologists might do the same with bacteria cells or man cells.

One vital problem might be cleared up. Cancer is caused when a cell of the human body loses its normal function and starts multiplying lawlessly. This perversion cannot be blamed on true "mutation," which involves the genes themselves. It happens too often for that.

But plasmagones are much more numerous than genes. If something goes wrong with the division of one of them, a lawless plasmagone may be produced. It multiplies wildly at the expense of others. The corrupted cell turns into a deadly cancer.

Drs. Spiegelman and Kamen emphasized that they had no cure for cancer. But they may have charted a course for future cancer physiologists.

Ferrets in the Oilfields

Bacteria found in deep sea mud might soon make oil wells as buggy as vinegar works. Last week Dr. Claude E. ZoBell, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, La Jolla, Calif., announced that he was well along on a process to infect exhausted oilands with these bacteria. Snuffling underground like fierce micro-

scopic ferrets, they would chase residual oil toward waiting wells.

Dr. ZoBell has busied himself for years with the microflora of oil strata, including sea-bottom muds where oil is thought to be formed. His original idea was to study how bacteria modify crude oil (TIME, Dec. 17, 1945). But in 1943, he found in sea mud a comma-shaped bacterium which he named (he was only 38 at the time, and feeling in the pink) *desulphovibrio halohydrocarbonoclasticus*. He put it in a test tube filled with material to simulate a limestone oilsand. Four days later, oil bubbled out of the test tube's mouth. A little later, all the oil in the sand was gone.

By sheer multiplication, the bacteria push oil particles off the grains of oilsand. They dissolve limestone, making the formation more porous. They generate carbon dioxide, which pushes oil particles ahead of it by gas pressure. The bacteria also produce a "detergent" (soaplike substance) which makes clinging oil films gather into free globules.

To the Last Drop. At first Dr. ZoBell did not think much of his find, but oilmen heard about it and jumped at it eagerly. Their interest was based on a sad and simple fact: no known extraction process gets all the oil out of an oilfield. Much of it stays below ground, sticking to rock particles. But if the bacterial process works, this oil can be got at, and exhausted oil pools will yield a valuable "second crop."

For two years, the Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association has been experimenting (more or less in secret) with the practical application of Dr. ZoBell's discovery. At present many Pennsylvania oilmen glean their underground fields by forcing water through worked-out strata. They plan to introduce Dr. ZoBell's bacteria along with the water. The bacteria should hunt out and bring to the surface the last drops of oil.

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REPORT FROM THE WORLD

*When wilt Thou save the people?
O God of mercy, when?
The people, Lord, the people,
Not thrones and crowns, but men!
God save the people; Thine they are,
Thy children, as Thy angels fair;
From vice, oppression, and despair,
God save the people!*

Mexico's eloquent former Foreign Minister Ezequiel Padilla prefaced the Cleveland Council on World Affairs' 21st Annual Institute with the above verse, from (he said) a 17th Century English hymn.*

Through three days of meetings last week the Institute, of which TIME was a co-sponsor, did not depart far from Padilla's keynote. The 23 speakers were primarily concerned with plain people—what they would eat and wear, how they thought and

* It was written by "the Corn-Law rhymist" Ebenezer Elliott, in the 1840s. After he had lost his wife's money in business, Elliott sang wrathfully of unwise tax and trade laws.

felt and worshiped, and what would happen to them if war came again.

The Institute was not only about plain people, it was for plain people. Some 20,000 Clevelanders attended the Institute's five sessions. Newspapers and radio chains carried the speeches to millions throughout the country. Cleveland high-school students in forums of their own discussed the questions raised at the Institute. Said TIME's Editor Henry R. Luce: "A meeting like this is the commonest thing in the communal life of America—it is also the very core and pattern of our body politic, each of us, with due humility, a sacred individual, all of us, proudly, members one of another."

To talk to the Clevelanders and their fellow Americans came the Prime Minister of Italy, the Foreign Minister of Czechoslovakia, the Hungarian Minister to Paris, the head of France's second largest political party, the U.S. Secretary of the Navy. At the Cleveland Institute James F. Byrnes delivered an account of his successful stewardship as Secretary of State in a critical year of U.S. history. From the same platform Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg re-defined U.S. foreign policy for the first time



SENATOR ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG IN CLEVELAND'S PUBLIC AUDITORIUM

Herbert Gehr-Lips

REPORT FROM THE WORLD

since becoming head of the U.S. Senate's Foreign Relations Committee.

Brooks Emeny, president of the Cleveland Council who has helped carry out Newton D. Baker's dream of turning Cleveland's famed civic spirit to foreign affairs, presided at the Institute's sessions. The topic of the speeches was a twofold question:

What does the rest of the world expect of the U.S.?

What is the U.S. going to do about it?

THE FAR EAST AND THE PACIFIC

The U.S. relationship with China is, of course, the most important current problem in the Far East. The Institute at its first session heard a newsworthy restatement of that problem.

Koo, China's Ambassador to the U.S., Wellington Koo, was extraordinarily frank (for a diplomat) in explaining why the U.S. had a special responsibility for supporting Chinese sovereignty over Manchuria. He called attention to the new Russian position in Northeast Asia, which had been greatly strengthened by acquisition of the Kurile Islands, occupation of northern Korea and half-ownership and control of Manchuria's principal railroad. Said Koo:

"It is of course generally known that this [Manchurian] arrangement was conceived and agreed to by the participating nations at the Yalta Conference to which China was not invited. . . . It was evidently a price paid for Soviet cooperation in the achievement of victory over Japan. But it remained a curious and practically unique instance of one ally asking a price of another at the expense of a third for cooperation in what was morally and politically a common cause. . . .

"Having formalized that [the Manchurian] part of the Yalta arrangement, China is determined to respect what has become her own obligation, and it is reasonable to assume that the same scrupulous respect will be accorded to the obligations which accrue to the other contracting party [Russia]. . . . Prompt restoration of Dairen, for example, to Chinese control—a matter which has just aroused the interest of the United States Government—will be much appreciated by China."

Koo concluded that Yalta placed on the U.S. "a responsibility for stability and security" in the Far East.

Then Koo turned with even more frankness to the report of George C. Marshall (see NATIONAL AFFAIRS) on China's internal division. Marshall had apportioned the blame about equally between the Communists and the "dominant group of reactionaries" in the Kuomintang. After expressing gratitude for Marshall's efforts, Koo said:

"While the Chinese Government accepted practically all the earlier demands of the opposition parties, including the Communists . . . the Communists have not exhibited a like desire. . . . On the contrary, they preferred to take advantage of cease-fire orders to launch attacks. . . . Invited by the Government to nominate candidates to join the State Council last April, they demanded the right of veto on important decisions. . . . Invited to join the National Assembly to draft a democratic constitution, they insisted first on its further postponement and later on its dissolution altogether."

"During the past few months, they seemed to be more interested in launching invective against our American friends, accusing [them of] turning the country into an American colony. . . ." When the Communists, "true to their temporizing policy," demanded indefinite postponement of a constitutional convention, the Government went ahead without them, Koo recalled. The constitution drafted in the National Assembly "is, as General Marshall said in his recent statement, 'a democratic constitution.' . . . It is indeed unfortunate that the Communists should again refuse to join . . . in working this democratic instrument."

"For considerations of a national and international character, China cannot further delay her work of postwar reconstruction. The ideal plan would of course be to achieve national unity first and proceed to solve next a multitude of problems of rehabilitation and reconstruction. But with the recalcitrance of the



CHINA'S KOO

Edward Clark-Lee

Communists, no complete unity is attainable today. . . . What they desire most appears to be a continued deterioration and chaos, so that they could discredit the Government . . . and improve their own chance of . . . installing a Communist China. Owing allegiance to the Communist headquarters abroad, they are perhaps themselves not free agents. . . . The only alternative left open to the Government is to proceed with its plan of political unification and economic reconstruction . . . without perpetually waiting on the cooperation of the Communists."

Romulo. All Asiatic problems are pervaded by the question of how well the rising peoples of the East can govern themselves. General Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine delegate to U.N. and wartime aide to General Douglas MacArthur, related that question to one of U.S. responsibility and help. Said Romulo:

"If it is true that the Philippines is on trial before the world, testing whether it is equal to the responsibilities of independence, then it is no less true that the U.S. is on trial. . . ."

What can the U.S. do about the Philippines? Romulo had some specific answers:

"In the Philippines, the threat to peace and security for the present proceeds mainly from the survival of a feudal economic system which tends . . . to stultify the development of the country's productive capacity. The agrarian problem . . . has time and again exposed the country to the menace of violent remedies . . . to meet the demands of the peasants and at the same time enhance the country's capacity to produce the primary essentials of life. The Philippine Government requires the assistance of the U.S. and of the appropriate agencies of the United Nations. . . . A first essential [is] a system of adequate financing that will enable the Government to purchase the large landed estates for redistribution in parcels to the farmers. . . .

"Our agrarian problem is, in miniature, the problem of all agricultural Asia, and its solution is the key to the future of democracy and freedom there."

After a plea for better U.S. treatment of Filipino veterans of the U.S. Army, Romulo succinctly stated the present U.S. position in Asia:

"It cannot have escaped the notice of the American people that the prestige of America in Asia was never more in need of buttressing than it is today. In the eyes of the peoples of Asia, American prestige reached its apogee with the recognition of the independence of the Philippines. America must endeavor by every means to maintain its prestige at that high level."

REPORT FROM THE WORLD

Forrestal. The Cleveland audience found especially to its liking Navy Secretary James Forrestal's tone of sturdy Americanism combined with honest internationalism. Forrestal made no attempt to reduce the essential U.S. responsibilities which Koo and Romulo had stressed. He said that the U.S. "cannot be indifferent to political aggression, whether it occurs on the Ganges or on the Rhine."

However, he had an important word of warning that U.S. material aid could not be unlimited. "Our contributions to relief and to world economic strength . . . must be within the limits of our capabilities and of our own economic strength. . . . A strong and solvent and a busy America is one of the great, if not the greatest, influences to world peace."

"The U.S. proposes to remain militarily strong . . . until the United Nations is a going business. . . . The U.S. will not withdraw its interests or its influence from either Europe or Asia. It will do all it can . . . to keep the lamps of hope lighted."

LATIN AMERICA

Spokesmen for Latin American countries urged the U.S. to step forward and assume her full responsibilities in world affairs.

Aranha. The U.S. role was strikingly expressed by Brazil's wartime Foreign Minister Oswaldo Aranha: "The people that disintegrated the atom has now the mission of integrating humanity. . . ."

"We must realize that the United States has more than one-half of the world's income, to take care of only one-fifteenth of the world's population and one-nineteenth of the world area. This means that while your national income per capita is approximately \$1,117, the average income of almost two billion other people is only \$30 per capita. A steady yearly increase in the present world income, more equitably distributed and diffused, would . . . assist in the consolidation of democracy and the prosperity of all countries."

Padilla. At Cleveland, Mexico's former Foreign Minister, Ezequiel Padilla, noted as an orator in his native language, made his first try (successful) at extempore speaking in English.* He said:

"It is not enough to have wealth and comfort and money and credit. There is necessary something greater: spiritual wealth—freedom. . . . An America half slave and half free . . . cannot prosper."

Larreta. An interesting—and heartening—conflict of views on "sovereignty" v. "intervention" arose between Uruguay's Foreign Minister Eduardo Rodriguez Larreta and Sumner Welles, former U.S. Under Secretary of State. It was Larreta who urged that small nations, in the interests of a democratic Pan-American community, abandon their fears of U.S. intervention, and Welles who counseled restraint in interfering with the internal affairs of small nations, Said Larreta:

"National jurisdiction and 'internal affairs' are mentioned. In this world of constantly tightening interdependence, it is no longer a question of internal or external affairs. . . ."

"A country which exploits her workers, paying them penurious salaries, reduces the standard of living of a community or of a continent. Devaluing currency disturbs or destroys the bases for international commerce. The installation of a dictatorship perils neighboring states and checks the realization of their social aims."

"In San Francisco, in Lake Success, we protest, as one voice, the veto. Yet each country, in its turn, reserves it for its own

* All the speakers at the Institute spoke in English, although some of them (Uruguay's Larreta, Italy's De Gasperi and Turkey's Yalman) did so with difficulty. Padilla explained his linguistic temerity in a characteristic introduction: "Many years ago I arrived at Paris, and I met and had a very nice friendship with a girl from Hungary. She did not at that time speak a word of Spanish or French, and I did not speak a word of Hungarian or French. We improvised and we found very soon that we were very happy: nobody understood us and we could not make ourselves understood. I am now creating a special dialect of Spanish-English, and hold this out as the manner in which to speak both English and Spanish."

benefit, invoking intangible sovereignty. Are we going to build international democracy upon national dictatorship?"

Larreta concluded that the U.S., through Pan-American machinery, "can contribute to democracy in the Hemisphere with a disinterestedness difficult to imagine in other powers."

Welles. Before taking issue with Larreta, Welles made it plain that he had not lost any part of his faith in the Pan-American system he helped to build. "We would be unduly ingenuous," he said, "if we were overimpressed by the propaganda which is reaching our shores in ever-increasing volume, and which is designed to persuade us that our accomplishments are negligible, that our system is intended merely to benefit the strong at the expense of the weak, and that our form of Western democracy is an outmoded relic of a decadent past."

Welles refused to agree that "intervention" should be classified as a mere "fetish word." Referring to Larreta's attempt to force out Argentina's Peron by Pan-American action, Welles applauded the objective, but added:

"The nations of the Americas have . . . learned from the history of this Hemisphere that unless an insurmountable barrier is imposed to intervention by powerful states in the affairs of weaker states, the rights and liberties of independent and sovereign peoples may be violated. . . ."

"So long as the United States retains a preponderant influence in the Hemisphere, its participation in any form of intervention in the internal affairs of another American state, even if such action was supported by a considerable majority of the other American Republics, would only result in new suspicions of the ultimate ambitions of the United States, and provoke renewed antagonisms. . . ."

"For their own security, the American Republics cannot allow any American country to pursue domestic or foreign policies which endanger the legitimate rights of its neighbors or which threaten the peace of the Hemisphere. But . . . I do not believe that the decision upon the need for collective action in such cases should be made by the American Republics. This is the one contingency in inter-American affairs when I do not think the regional system of the Americas should exercise initial jurisdiction."

"Should any case of this kind arise—and I see no present reason to believe that it need arise—the charges should be brought in the first instance before the Security Council of the United Nations."



Peter Hastings-Black Star
BRAZIL'S ARANIA, SUMNER WELLES, URUGUAY'S LARRETA

REPORT FROM THE WORLD

WESTERN EUROPE

Anxiety was the dominant note in the speeches by Western Europeans.

Cruikshank. The wartime head of the U.S. section of Britain's Ministry of Information, Robin J. Cruikshank, who is now a director of the London *News Chronicle*, strung together four Dickens titles to express British doubts about future U.S. policy: "Do we merely move from *Bleak House* to *Hard Times*, or does *Our Mutual Friend* intend to lead us to *Great Expectations*?"

Cruikshank reported on two schools of British opinion: "One demon of doubt . . . whispers . . . : 'Are you sure that America won't do again what she did in the 1920s—build up high tariff walls and refuse to take the goods of other countries, so denying them the only means by which they can pay their debts. . . . Be careful of getting tied up too closely with the U.S., because the U.S. is going to run into a big slump in the next few years. . . .'"

The other school: "There are also a number of Britons who believe that through its recent financial and economic policies . . . the U.S. has offered Britain a working plan for joint prosperity. . . . They see in it the foundation of a peaceful and prosperous world. . . . They say that America's prime interest today must be a world of customers. . . ."

France Looks at Germany

Maurice Schumann, head of France's progressive Catholic M. R. P. (Mouvement Républicain Populaire) made an extraordinary impression at Cleveland—perhaps because he is so young (35) to be a serious contender for the French presidency, perhaps because his appearance and personality so well symbolized his nation's present position. A threadbare grey jacket covered his hunched shoulders; the crystal of his wrist watch was shattered, the frame of his hornrimmed glasses was broken; he looked 20 lbs. underweight. Yet he was vigorous, concise—and interesting. He said:

"It is probable that if I had been an American 15 or 20 years ago I would have been an isolationist, by instinct if not by conviction. Naturally, I would have been wrong. But I would have been one just the same. It would not have seemed normal to me to have to cross an ocean and leave an invulnerable country in order to save from disaster my defaulting debtors. Little by little I would doubtless have understood that if Europe and Africa were handed over to German militarism, Asia to Japanese militarism, America would inevitably become a battlefield and that, consequently, I would be saving my own home from destruction in defending London and in liberating Paris. . . ."

In—or Around? "What is your aim, what is ours? To prevent Europe again becoming a battlefield. . . . To reach this aim, it is necessary to build a Europe. Then—we are first to proclaim it—integrate Germany in this Europe. But, on the other hand, we must not try to build Europe around Germany. . . ."

"If you remain with us, and if you play



Peter Hastings-Black Star
FRANCE'S SCHUMANN

the role which we expect of you, a European community will be built in which there will be room for a German community. On the contrary, if you draw away from us . . . Britain will be (or will consider herself) obliged to rebuild Germany against Russia, while Russia will be (or will consider herself) forced to rebuild Germany against Britain. In either case, Europe, instead of becoming a virtual community, will become a virtual battlefield.

"We must . . . ask ourselves if [the] Germans themselves are any different from their predecessors. I have read . . . with the hope of not being disappointed, the most important statements of the chiefs of all political parties constituted or reconstituted on Germanic territory. I have not found in them a single word of individual or collective remorse. . . ."

One World—or Two? "[The] great sources of wealth on German soil should be exploited for the benefit of all the European community, including Germany, instead of being exploited by

"Will Uncle Sam decide to take the expansionist way in the world, or will he draw back into his own economic tent?" Cruikshank declared that nothing could be of more consequence to the world than America's decisions at the International Trade Conference in April: "The first speech of the American spokesman at this meeting of the 18 nations will have all the force of an act, a decisive act."

Cruikshank turned to politics: "You have heard a good deal lately of a group of Labor Members of Parliament who have not been happy about British foreign policy. They have felt uneasy because, so they say, Britain was being tied politically to the apron strings of the U.S. They don't like the idea of any military link with America, even the standardizing of arms. . . . I would say that the instinctive feeling of the average Briton is that his country has to take a course true to its own nature between these two great fields of power and activity—the U.S. and Russia."

Cruikshank moved the audience with his conclusion: "The blood of the British and American peoples will not let them forget that they are both pioneer peoples. To both of them there comes out of the darkness of bygone years the voice of one of our great common ancestors, saying: 'My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me,

Germany against the European community, as was the case until now. . . . Is it fair and reasonable that you should be obliged to send us coal . . . when the Ruhr is at our gates? . . . In order that a European community be constituted, it is necessary that . . . the Ruhr [be] placed under international authority. . . ."

"I believe that certain well-meaning people are opposed to the installation of an international authority in the Ruhr because they see therein a possibility of bringing Russia into the West. 'The Russians are already on the Oder and on the Spre', one of my British friends said to me the other day, 'Why do you need to bring them also on the Rhine?'"

"My reply is that without international control of the Ruhr there is no German disarmament. It is equally clear that everything which concerns German disarmament directly interests Russia. But if it is fair that the Russians should be with us in the Ruhr and on the Rhine, it is equally fair that we should be with them in Silesia and Saxony and on the Danube. I would even say that one of the essential merits of international control of the Ruhr is that it demands reciprocity. . . ."

"We have a choice between two great policies: to accept that the world be divided in two zones of influence (that is, in two camps) . . . or else to . . . organize inter-penetration."

"What we expect, above all, from America is that not only she choose the second of these two alternatives, but that she also be able to induce all to make the same choice. She can do so. For if America had the means for victory America has also the means for peace. As a matter of fact, the means are the same. It is better to employ them today for peace than tomorrow for victory."

REPORT FROM THE WORLD

to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder."⁷

Van Kleffens. A recent trip to California may have inspired a metaphor employed by Eelco van Kleffens, former Netherlands Foreign Minister and U.N. Security Council delegate. He said the U.S. was like a gigantic redwood tree, and: "It is clear that if ever evil befell that enormous tree, if it came crashing to the ground, either because it was hollowed out by insidious boring insects or struck down by outside force, the consequences to the smaller trees would be tremendous and disastrous."

He called for an immediate revision of British-U.S. occupation policies in Germany, to permit the resumption of trade between Germany and its Western neighbors. Said Van Kleffens: "We fully recognize that at present Germany is a burden to the American and British taxpayer, but we ask for recognition of the fact that we are no such burden, and also of the deplorable conditions of the Dutch, Belgian and Luxembourg taxpayer."

He hoped that in the writing of the German treaty the U.S. would help Holland obtain economic advantages and a rectification of the Dutch-German border (see map). Van Kleffens said that the 1,750 square kilometers claimed by the Dutch form "an infinitesimal part of German territory, but it would shorten our border by no less than one-third. . . . We do not want to drive out the German population [about 119,000]. They speak a dialect closely akin to that spoken in our frontier region."

De Gasperi. Italy's Premier Alcide de Gasperi recalled that his fellow native of Trento, the explorer-priest Eusebio Chini, had made a famous trip to California 300 years ago. "His trip was longer than mine. I took two days; he took two years." De Gasperi asked of the U.S.: 1) confidence in Italy's peaceful and democratic future; 2) support in future modification of harsh terms in the peace treaties; and 3) that the U.S. "show that nations financially sound should hold out a helping hand to those who are weaker; we expect the U.S. to lead the way to a reduction in tariffs" and to help relax immigration restrictions in sparsely settled countries.

Bradley. The man who may be the next U.S. Army Chief of Staff—General Omar N. Bradley, Veterans' Administrator—answered Western Europe's fear of a new U.S. isolationism: "Science has at last irrevocably stripped the American people of the treacherous notion that we can ever again find safety in the storm-cellar of isolationism. Our own atomic bombs have torn the roofs off those cellars. Long-range air weapons could turn them into graves. Out of the laboratories of science has come proof of this basic fact: there are no longer any safe hideouts from the world. Unless we walk this earth in company with other men from other nations, any refuge that we seek alone will become our tomb. . . . Non-involvement in peace means certain involvement in war."

Bradley did not believe that stockpiling of atomic bombs would insure U.S. security. On the other hand, unless the U.S. obtains international assurances of atomic inspection and control, "the U.S. has no choice but to keep its arms and to point its research toward the development of new weapons that may offer us at least a partial measure of armed security."

CENTRAL AND EASTERN EUROPE

The voices from Eastern Europe differed greatly in tone toward the terms of peace, and toward Russia.⁸ But the voices were in harmony on one chord: the hope that the U.S. would always be a member of the Big Four team—a hope born of fear of the consequences if that team ever fell apart.

* From *Pilgrim's Progress*, spoken by Vallant-for-Truth just before he goes into the river asking, "Death, where is thy sting?" and then, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

† The most important country of Eastern Europe is Russia, which was not represented at the Institute because Soviet officials ignored several invitations to send a representative. The Communist Party in Cleveland circulated a pamphlet calling the Institute part of a "Hitlerite dream of world conquest." The Chicago Tribune was also annoyed, although it seemed to have the opposite objection: "One Worldeers Stress U.S. as a Global Santa," said the Tribune; it also called the participants "lickspittle members."



Masaryk. Czechoslovakia's Foreign Minister Jan Masaryk quoted his own statement at the opening of the United Nations Conference in San Francisco: "If the Great Powers agree on fundamentals we shall manage somehow." There, he said, some thought that he was "selling out" the rights of small nations—"I did nothing of the sort." Now he felt exactly as he had then—"and, thank God, my conception has been justified to a noticeable extent." He pictured his country as the junction point between the East and West; it is "a grateful and loyal ally of the Soviet Union," with a "very deep friendship for the U.S." What then did Jan Masaryk expect of the U.S.? His reply: "to remain a lasting, indispensable member of the mighty team leading us, leading the world and its tired and worried inhabitants toward the green pastures of peace. Oh, let us have peace."⁹

Yalman. The editor of Istanbul's *Vatan* (Fatherland) had also been at San Francisco, but as an observer. It had seemed to Ahmed Emin Yalman then that "the oligarchy of big powers established there was a twin brother of the Axis order. . . ." Now he found "a sound awakening" to "the major threat of insecurity and instability in the world—the unaccountable ways of behavior of Russia." Turkey, he said, had received little credit for "manifesting before the eyes of a frightened and panicky world that one could dare to reject without the slightest concession unjust Russian demands and withstand their seemingly terrible pressure." That defiance, he said, had helped to "enable the world to wake up and reach a turning point."

Unfortunately, said Editor Yalman, there are still people in the U.S. "who believe that the alternatives in the case of Russia are confined to war or appeasement. . . . The truth is that war and appeasement are not two different alternatives . . . because appeasement is sure to lead to a conflict or to a long period of chronic instability."

His alternative: "to create such a sincere and firm moral * U.S.-educated Jan Masaryk spoke the word peace in several tongues: *paix* (French), *paz* (Spanish), *pace* (Italian), *béke* (Hungarian), *vrede* (Dutch), *barış* (Turkish), *mir* (Czech) and *ping* (Chinese).

REPORT FROM THE WORLD



A CLEVELAND JUNIOR FORUM*

Peter Hastings-Black Star

climate in the world, and such a complete and unselfish ethical system with one single scale of justice . . . that Russia cannot afford to keep aside for long without appearing as a hypocrite and losing its standing with all the well-meaning people of the world. The real problem is not to resist, antagonize or humiliate Russia. . . . The outside world may hope to have real peace with Russia only in case the united front does not take a military or political form, not a division into two camps, but represents a circle of ethical unity in which the Russians would always be welcomed to take an honorable place."

Auer, Hungary's Minister to Paris, Paul Auer, voiced a note of bitter disappointment not alone in the United Nations, but in the Big Powers' peace terms for Hungary. The United Nations, he said, was a misnomer—the nations "did not unite, did not form one great allied United Nations, but only an alliance of states, a league of members all jealous of their sovereign rights." He emphasized that Europe's small nations are hurt by the fact that when the fate of Europe is discussed in international gatherings they have little to say. Said Auer: "The small nations ask the great powers to give them a hearing. . . . They do not want simply to be pawns moved here and there. . . . All this is not in accordance with American traditions." His hope: that the United Nations General Assembly will give the small states a larger voice.

His expectation of the U.S.: that it will come to apply itself to "the adjustment of certain inequitable decisions of the peacemakers." His fear: that a division of Germany into two zones (economically or politically) would mean the division of Europe into two hostile camps. His recommendation: "What we need is a concert of powers and not a balance of power. Not two Europes under non-European guidance, but one Europe belonging to Europeans. . . ."

Scott, What about Germany itself, and how is U.S. policy working there? The Institute heard John Scott, TIME's bureau chief in Berlin. Among his answers: the people of Germany have "very definitely decided against the Communist ideology."

"Russian policy, like the policy of any country, stems from the internal situation in Russia. The dominant characteristic of postwar Russia is its terrible poverty. . . . As a result, when the Russian armies came into Germany . . . they took rolling stock, they took railroad rails, they took chickens and cows and pigs. They took doorknobs off the doors and hinges off the windows." The Russians have learned, said Scott, that "if they

* Week in & week out, world affairs are discussed by thousands of Clevelanders in neighborhood groups and in schools. Last week Cleveland high-school students held a Junior Institute which heard and questioned several Report from the World speakers.



CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S MASARYK & MILDRED McAFFEE HORTON

Peter Hastings-Black Star

are going to carry on this kind of a reparation policy they are going to be politically unpopular—and they are politically unpopular." Now, politically, "they have begun to retreat, to adopt a defensive attitude. They have got to this attitude . . . because of the pressure of internal economic forces in Russia and because of the pressure of a positive American and a positive British policy which have begun to make themselves felt in recent months."

Scott reported that to bring U.S. policy to fruition would cost the U.S. taxpayer at least a billion dollars. "We cannot stay in Germany," said Scott, "and continue to operate as a virtual relief agency. We are feeding Germans at the rate of \$200 million to \$300 million a year. This will continue indefinitely unless enough money is invested to make a going concern out of the country."

"We believe in democratic capitalism. Capitalism functions on capital. . . . It is going to take capital to make democratic capitalism work [in Europe], and we're the only people who can supply the capital."

In conclusion, Scott reported a novel idea which some Europeans, including Germans, are discussing: to make a beginning on worldwide limitation of national sovereignty, why not turn over some of the sovereign functions of the defeated countries to the United Nations instead of giving them back to the new governments? "People in Germany are saying to themselves: 'Can't we do something which will break this pattern of national sovereignty and national war? Can't we do something to establish a precedent for international government which will be able to eliminate war permanently?'"

Carey, Europe and the rest of the world should expect something more from the U.S. than relief passed out on a "paternalistic and charitable basis." Young (35) James B. Carey, secretary-treasurer of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, called such a policy "beneficent imperialism" and as false a doctrine as isolationism. He called for the export of U.S. skills and industrial know-how to raise the production capacities of other countries.

What could U.S. labor contribute to peace? Carey offered the C.I.O.'s formula "for improving the welfare of the American people": 1) full employment at a guaranteed annual wage; 2) industry councils in which management and labor share in responsibility for efficient production; 3) a just division of profits; 4) Government measures to insure justice between employee and employer. Labor is convinced, said Carey, "that in that formula lies not only the solution of difficulties between workers and employers in America, but in all other countries as well."

REPORT FROM THE WORLD



C.I.O.'s CAREY & CLEVELAND'S EMERY



CLEVELAND'S LEFFLER & HUNGARY'S AUER

EDUCATION AND RELIGION

Throughout the Institute, speaker after speaker, foreign and U.S., departed from material and political considerations to state the U.S. relationship to the world's cultural and spiritual needs. Three speeches in particular were almost exclusively devoted to non-material aspects of the world situation.

Horton. A credo for Americans was stated by Dr. Mildred McAfee Horton, President of Wellesley College:

"We believe in people; we believe in truth; we believe in justice; we believe in mercy; we believe in kindness; we believe in the power of love and the essential weakness of hate. We don't always practice what we believe. We vary widely in our reasons for believing it, but we believe that such belief is a contribution to a world, and in world in which we want to belong fully and freely and acceptably."

Dr. Horton, who commanded the WAVES in World War II, compared the U.S. today to an adolescent who has become aware of his relation to the rest of the world, but has not yet adjusted himself to it. Discussing the need for clear-cut American convictions, Dr. Horton said:

"American educators are loth to indoctrinate young Americans, but in our zeal to avoid indoctrination I sometimes think we have deprived young citizens of a foundation for the faith that is in them. They believe in democracy enough to die for it, but they don't always recognize it when they see it, nor distinguish it from its enemies when it is attacked."

"A great many American young people have had almost no experience in thinking out their personal or national philosophy. Meanwhile, our fellow citizens in the world community are very articulate, explicit, and definite in their plan of action. We don't like the way they have achieved that definiteness by indoctrination from the top of a totalitarian government, but we owe it to our fellow citizens and to our convictions to use our free method of education to accomplish a result which can match the well-thought-dictatorially-formulated opposition. If we really have the truth, we ought to be able to express it."

Van Dusen. A note that ran through many of the speeches was clearly struck by Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary: "The knowledge and skills of modern civilization have outrun the moral and spiritual resources for their direction and control." Speaking of world Protestantism, Van Dusen said: "Inevitably, global war put the World Christian Movement to its severest test. What possibility was there of maintaining a world program of expansion amidst world-severing conflict? . . . What reality could be preserved by a universal spiritual fellowship, by a World Community?"

"Here is the answer: under the impact of the most sanguinary and divisive conflict in history, the World Christian Movement not only stood, strained but unshattered; it has gone forward—slowly, painfully, but steadily, surely . . . and in its every aspect. All over the world, the Christian Church has been discovered in unexpected strength and significance. In Europe, the Church has been discovered as the one indomitable champion of justice and truth, defender of the persecuted and oppressed. . . . The quailing press of Norway paid its reluctant tribute when it declared: 'The Christian Front is the most difficult to conquer.'"

Spellman. Speaking for Roman Catholicism, His Eminence, Francis Cardinal Spellman, delivered a wholly nonpolitical address with the title, "In God Is Our Trust." The Cardinal said he had been asked to give the meeting an answer to these questions:

"What moral principles can and should guide governments and nations? What must morally responsible individuals and groups do to help guide the world to peace? Above all, what is the mission of the Church?"

"To all who will listen I answer: It is the mission of the Church to bring the light of God into man's life, to teach God's love, to serve and to save mankind; and today—in this age of demoralization and brutalization—the mission of the Church is exactly the same as it was two thousand years ago and ever shall be. To help bring peace . . . but to mankind. . . ."

"To a wavering, death-sick world, America can offer a path of hope, a road to sanity, a way to safety, prosperity and world peace. . . . Harassed as we are by domestic strife, some may be tempted to retort, 'physician, heal thyself.' It is true that the American way has at times failed lamentably, but when it has failed it has been because the moral and spiritual factors have been rejected or ignored. Denying God, rejecting God's way, pursuing power and abusing it . . . these are the dangers threatening the peace of America, the peace of the world."

THE U. S.

To hear the final session, about 12,000 Clevelanders and others filled the huge, hangar-shaped Public Auditorium. They heard and cheered the two men most responsible for the now bipartisan foreign policy of the U.S.—Michigan's Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg and retiring Secretary of State James F. Byrnes.

Vandenberg. The Senator's mellow voice carried the deep significance of his first policy pronouncement since he became the majority party's spokesman on international affairs. He was

* The Rev. Andor Leffler is pastor of Cleveland's First Hungarian Reformed Church.

REPORT FROM THE WORLD

foreshadowing his new role in the shaping of policy; in his lines could be read significant shifts of emphasis on some phases of existing policy, clarifications on other debated points. The Senator's speech made news—about U.N., trade policy, China, Latin America, The Bomb.

But first he made clear that there would be no change in his efforts to keep partisan politics out of what he believed should be called a "united American foreign policy." Said the Senator: "Partisan politics, for most of us, stopped at the water's edge. I hope they stay stopped—for the sake of America. . . . We should ever strive to hammer out a permanent American foreign policy, in basic essentials, which . . . deserves the support of all American-minded parties at all times."

The "heart and core" of U.S. policy would remain the United Nations, and the Senator believed that this would be true "no matter what Administration sits in Washington." But he was not unmindful of the weakness of U.N.: "The excessive use of the veto . . . can reduce the whole system to a mockery." He posed as a test of international good faith this proposition: let "all the Great Powers voluntarily join in a new procedural interpretation of the Charter, to exempt all phases of pacific settlements from [this] stultifying checkmate."

Senator Vandenberg firmly repeated his hope of disarmament as "our dearest dream." But: "We shall not disarm alone. . . . We shall take no 'sweetness and light' for granted in a world where there is still too much 'iron curtain.' We shall not trust alone to fickle words. Too many 'words' at Yalta and at Potsdam have been distorted out of all pretense of integrity." (Jimmy Byrnes, listening, frowned deeply.)

Vandenberg held up Bernard Baruch's atomic control plan as an example of U.S. willingness to disarm. Said the Senator: "The price [continuous international inspection and control] is simply continuous protection against treachery. But it is a fixed price . . . and the price must be paid."

He had a price tag also for multilateral trade agreements by the U.S. Whether these would continue would depend on "the type of competition we confront from foreign state monopolies and from a growing habit abroad of making bilateral agreements for political as well as economic purposes. These habits could force us into defensive tactics which we would not voluntarily embrace."

Senator Vandenberg was insistent that the long-deferred Pan American conference be called. He said: "There is too much evidence that we [Western Hemisphere nations] are drifting apart—and that a Communist upsurge is moving in. We face no greater need than to restore the warmth of New World unity. . . ."

Then he turned to the U.S. policy by which General George C. Marshall, the new Secretary of State, had vainly tried to unify China's Nationalists and Communists. The Senator expressed his hope that the new Nanking charter would weld China together. Said he: "It is my own view that our Far Eastern policy might well now shift its emphasis. While still recommending unity, it might well encourage those who have



VANDEMBERG

so heroically set their feet upon this road, and discourage those who make the road precarious."

Thus did Arthur Vandenberg give notice of possible changes in U.S. policy. But its tenets, he emphasized most strongly, would remain: the U.S., "in enlightened self-interest, will do everything in its power to sustain organized international defense against aggression, to promote democracy and human rights and fundamental freedoms. . . . We plot no conquests. We shall neither condone nor appease the conquests of others.

We ask nothing for ourselves except reciprocal fair play. . . . Our 'reply to the world' is a challenge to match us in good works."

The Senator paid a parting tribute to Jimmy Byrnes: "I salute him with affection and profound respect; [he] has been an able, efficient, courageous Secretary of State in the finest American tradition."

Byrnes. It was a sentimental moment for the retiring Secretary. He grasped Vandenberg's right hand with both of his own, and they talked earnestly for several minutes. Jimmy Byrnes received another tribute—his big audience rose to a thunderous ovation when he was introduced.* Smiling widely, he said: "I am glad I came to Cleveland."

Byrnes's valedictory was a sober factual review of the progress of U.S. foreign relations in a year when U.S. policy—and the hopes of lasting peace itself—emerged from the shadows of confusions and doubts. Grave difficulties, he said, had arisen at the very outset of efforts to make a peace, "but we refused to abandon the principles for which our country stands. And we served notice that we would not retreat to a policy of isolation."

But he had a note of caution against "excessive optimism and excessive pessimism . . . in the never-ending struggle for law and justice." There was another note of warning: "If we are going to build a regime of law among nations, we must struggle to create a world in which no nation can arbitrarily impose its will upon another nation. Neither the United States nor any other state should have the power to dominate the world. . . . As a great power . . . we have a responsibility, veto or no veto, to see that other states do not use force except in defense of law. The United States must discharge that responsibility."

"In the past, international law has concerned itself too much with the rules of war and too little with the rules of peace. I am more interested in ways and means to prevent war than in ways and means to conduct war."

He listed specific progress in setting up the rules of law: these, he said, "must carry clear and adequate safeguards to protect complying states from the hazards of violations and evasions. . . . If a nation by solemn treaty agrees to a plan for the control of atomic weapons, and agrees that a violation of that treaty shall be punished, it is difficult for me to understand why that nation cannot agree to waive the right to exercise the veto power should it be charged with violating its treaty obligation."

On one immediate point he was specific; he hoped, as did Vandenberg, "to proceed with a negotiation of a mutual assistance treaty in accordance with the Act of Chapultepec at the projected Rio Conference. But we do not wish to proceed without Argentina, and neither our Ambassador nor any official of the State Department is of the opinion that Argentina has yet complied with the commitments which she as well as the other American Republics at Chapultepec agreed to carry out."

Jimmy Byrnes admitted that there were times when "our repeated efforts to achieve cooperation in a peaceful world seemed to be meeting only with constant rebuff. But we persisted in our efforts with patience and with firmness. Today I am happy to say that I am more confident than at any time since V-J day that we can achieve a just peace by cooperative effort if we only persist 'with firmness in the right as God gives us the power to see the right.'"

* He also had a large radio audience (estimated at 15,000,000) on the National Broadcasting Co.'s network.

† A misquotation from Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. Lincoln, less conscious than Byrnes of "power," said: "With firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right."



BYRNES

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Painting by Franklin Boggs—"To Market"

Sheep Finance Uruguay's U.S. Imports

MILLING herds of some 20,000,000 sheep and 8,000,000 cattle comprise the backbone of Uruguay's economy. About the size of South Dakota, Uruguay consists for the most part of rolling, rich grasslands. It is an ideal pastoral country, and livestock-raising is by far the most important occupation. Attention is now being paid more to development of improved types than to increase in number of livestock.

Dairying has become a significant part of Uruguay's agricultural program. During the war the country became self-sufficient in certain dairy products and in breadstuffs.

Uruguayan exports to us expanded about sixfold during the war. In 1945 they reached \$56,000,000, which was nearly 60 per cent of the total Uruguayan exports in that year. In 1945 we supplied Uruguay with almost \$30,000,000 of machinery and other goods, or about 32 per cent of total imports, and in 1946 they reached a still higher total, probably above \$40,000,000.

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ART

Cold Disciples

Could Paris produce a new generation of painters comparable to its aging masters? Matisse, Bonnard and Rouault were all crowding 80, Picasso and Braque were close to 70. Utrillo, Vlaminck and Derain were old too, and out of the swim as well. Surrealism was all but dead. As of last week, only one "group" of painters in Paris had any recognizable form. They were "the twelve."⁶ Nine of the twelve have already had shows this season.

Like most of the group, Gustave Singier is a married man, spends his days painting in an ice-cold studio wearing two sweaters, two coats, a muffler and hat. He seldom sees his fellow painters. Asked what the twelve call themselves, he explained that movements don't give themselves names: like Quakers, they get names pinned on them by their detractors. He—if no one else—liked a name he had found in reading Delacroix's *Journal*: "Surnaturalists."

The twelve had almost everything in common except a name; they all worshiped Picasso's flat abstractions and muscular distortions of reality, and the clear, hot & cold colors of Matisse. Tracked down to their neat, freezing studios, they proved to share something more—a surprising lack of Left Bank bohemianism, and a fervor in the cause of modern art. Their fervor was that of disciples; Parisians, assessing their evident talent, anxiously waited for them to strike out on their own before handing over the keys of the city to them.

Among the youngest (the oldest is 48), 33-year-old André Fougeron is a dark, wiry ex-infantryman who escaped from a

* The twelve: Jean Le Moal, Alfred Manessier, Gustave Singier, André Fougeron, Edouard Pignon, Léon Gischia, Francis Tailleur, Pierre Tal Coat, Gabriel Robin, Jean Bazaine, Maurice Estève, Charles Lapique.



VERTÈS' "YOUNG GIRL"
To keep order, gendarmes.



FOUGERON'S "READING"
To start with, the armored spearhead.

Magazine of Art

German P.W. camp to help print the underground paper *Lettres Françaises* in a Montmartre cellar. He is the first non-academic artist ever to win the coveted *Prix National de Peinture*, and also one of the most articulate members of the twelve. Says he:

"We all started from the four cardinal points, which are Picasso, Matisse, Braque and Bonnard. They were the armored spearhead that broke through the enemy defenses. We have been the fighting infantry which poured through the gap they opened; we widened the breach and eventually we will rout the enemy. We may not be the creators they were—time alone will decide that. But we did achieve one thing: we have changed . . . that mass of more or less enlightened public for whom those four masters were undecipherable phenomena. It is a fact that now people make an effort to see without their former conventional blinkers. It is a fact too that [although] many academic 'realistic' painters dare to appear in their naked photographic vulgarity, they now make a timid try at what are for them daring color schemes. We may claim to have done the mopping up."

For all their brave words and eager hands, the twelve had a lot of "mopping up" to do. Paris still had intractable citizens who liked to look at more recognizable pictures. After 5½ years in Manhattan, Painter Marcel Vertès had just returned to Paris to open a show of the pastel, boyish maidens who have long decorated the covers of *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* and sold Schiaparelli perfume in the U.S. A dozen gendarmes were needed to keep order at Vertès' opening, and all 50 of his agelessly sweet and sexy pictures sold out in a few hours.

Golfer with a Brush

For almost 20 years, art critics have persistently called John Marin the best living U.S. watercolorist. Last week Marin's first retrospective show since 1936 showed why.

The exhibition, in Boston's Institute of Modern Art, included about a hundred water colors, oils, etchings from Marin's sizable output (he averages 30 or 40 water colors a year).⁷ Most were balanced skeins

⁶ About 500 Marin pictures are in museums or private collections. Another 150 are tied up in the estate of famed Photographer Alfred Stieglitz, who discovered Marin. Marin himself has between 500 and 1,000. His good oils bring \$4,000 or more; the best water colors, from \$2,500 up.



GISCHIA'S "WOMAN WITH WATERMELON"
To mop up, infantry.



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Collier & McCann
MARIN AT WORK
The paper likes it.

of color which caught, as if in shorthand, the feel of Marin's Maine and Manhattan. The best of them, which had the lift and sparkle of a sunny day at sea, looked as if they had taken a couple of minutes to paint. "It is like golf," Marin once explained. "The fewer strokes I can take, the better the picture."

In a revealing foreword to the show's catalogue, Critic MacKinley Helm described how he had watched Marin turn a sunset into a painting. Wrote Helm: "With his right hand [Marin] roughed in with black crayon the three elements of the picture—sky, headland and bay; and laid on the color with furious strokes of a half-inch brush in his left hand. His hands fought each other over the paper. . . . 'See that blue spot out there?' Marin said, dabbing impatiently. . . . 'You can't put it on paper—so you just put down a color that the paper will like, a color that looks all right in itself. If the paper likes it, it doesn't matter if it's not a transcript of nature.'"

For Marin, one of the few problems in painting is balance. "Think of the wonderful balance of squirrels," he told Helm. "They scratch themselves equally well with hind paws or fore paws without losing their balance. I like my pictures to have that kind of balance. . . . I stand them up on their end, turn them upside down, until I see that, like the squirrels, they have got balance in every direction."

At 76, Marin is a flowing-haired nature-lover who has no interest in transcribing nature, and a modern artist who finds himself "completely unsympathetic with cubism or other forms of abstraction, or with surrealism. I belong to no ism. I haven't the time. Shakespeare belonged to no ism." When a reporter cornered the old, thin man at the opening of his Boston show to ask who were his favorite painters, wry, shy John Marin had his answer ready: "Myself."

MEDICINE

Search for a Virus

Scientists are sure that infantile paralysis is caused by a virus. They have long known where to look for it—in the brain and spinal cord. But isolation of the elusive virus itself has led researchers on one of the most expensive searches in medical history. Last week two Stanford University scientists, backed by the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, thought they had finally come near the end of the trail.

Stanford Chemists Hubert S. Loring and C. E. Schwerdt had pondered a strange puzzle. Like other polio virus hunters, they had ground up and sifted the brains and spinal cords of nobody knows how many infected rats and monkeys. They had prepared virulent extracts, capable of transmitting the disease. But when they refined their material further, its virulence somehow disappeared.

Did the refining process kill the virus? Loring and Schwerdt thought lowering the temperature might keep the virus alive. As part of a long process, they made an extract from the brains and spinal cords of polio-infected cotton rats, froze it. Then, letting it start to thaw, they whirled their material in an ultra-high-speed centrifuge (60,000 revolutions per minute) to separate its protein, and with chemicals refined the protein further. Eventually they isolated a particle less than two-billionths of an inch in diameter. The protein particle proved to be 80 to 95% pure virus; a billionth of a gram of it, injected in a cotton rat, produced symptoms of polio.

Next step: to inactivate the virus (by ultra-violet radiation or chemicals) and produce a concentrated vaccine that might prevent polio.



DR. DEEVER & MAUREEN EAGAN
A girl's reserve to be tapped.

APR 1940

Take Up Thy Bed

In Manhattan's vast, grey Bellevue Hospital, doctors last week demonstrated the work of a new model institute, the first of its kind, for rehabilitation of the civilian disabled. A joint venture of the hospital and New York University's College of Medicine (which are raising \$2,500,000 to give the institute a building of its own), it is directed by Dr. Howard A. Rush, who ran the A.A.F.'s wartime convalescence program. The institute, Rush explained, hopes to spur a nationwide attack on a problem greater than that of disabled veterans: disabled civilians. During World War II, seven times as many civilians as G.I.s became amputees.

Jim, a grizzled Negro, was wheeled in on a mobile bed. Paralyzed by a stroke, he had not touched foot out of bed for a year and a half. He lay with both legs stiffly bent.

"Raise your leg, Jim," urged Dr. George Deaver, medical chief of the institute. A thin leg rose unsteadily, fell back. "Do you want to walk, Jim?" Dr. Deaver asked gently. The patient murmured: "I want to get back to work."

"If he can straighten his legs, he can walk," said Dr. Deaver. "One good muscle in his leg is all we need; we can work with that. The average person doesn't use more than 10% of his capacity. There's a great reserve to be tapped."

He faced the patient. "Get up and walk, Jim."

The old man slowly raised himself, eased his green-stockinged feet over the side of the bed until they touched the floor. With a nurse holding each arm, he stiffened up straight, and, with slow, tottering, stiff-knee steps, he walked. The

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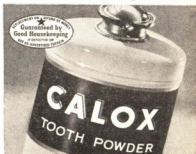
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room, jampacked with doctors, politicians, newsmen, broke into applause.

Dr. Deaver turned to a small figure with blue-ribboned braids in a small wheelchair. "Come on, honey," he said. Five-year-old Maureen Eagan (paralyzed by polio since the age of two) gravely slipped out of her chair, toddled shakily across the floor and fell into the doctor's arms. Said Deaver, as she buried a brown head in his shoulder: "She's going to walk as well as anyone."

A slim, dark-haired youth, minus a leg, wheeled himself in, then hopped nimbly up & down steps on crutches. "You probably read about Harold in the papers," said Deaver. "He's the boy who was smashed against a storefront by an automobile last fall, the day after he joined the Marines. When the surgeons amputated, I told them, 'Just give me six inches of stump below the knee; that's all I want.' When he gets his artificial leg, you won't know he has a disability."

One by one, a cross section of the city's crippled hobbled across Dr. Deaver's stage—sweater girls, old men, small boys. Said Dr. Deaver: "We're not interested in how it happened. All we're interested in is, what have we got left to work with? We take the patients in the third phase of medical care, after the surgeons and healers have done all they can for them, and try to bridge the gap from the bed to the job."

A massive Negro woman jumped up, marched up to the doctor. She was a rehabilitated Deaver alumna. She stood erect, held up her now unneeded cane. "Dr. Deaver," she shouted hoarsely, "I want to present you with this stick. Thank you, doctor, thank you."

No Place to Go

¶ At least 60% of doctors do not treat alcoholics in any shape or form.

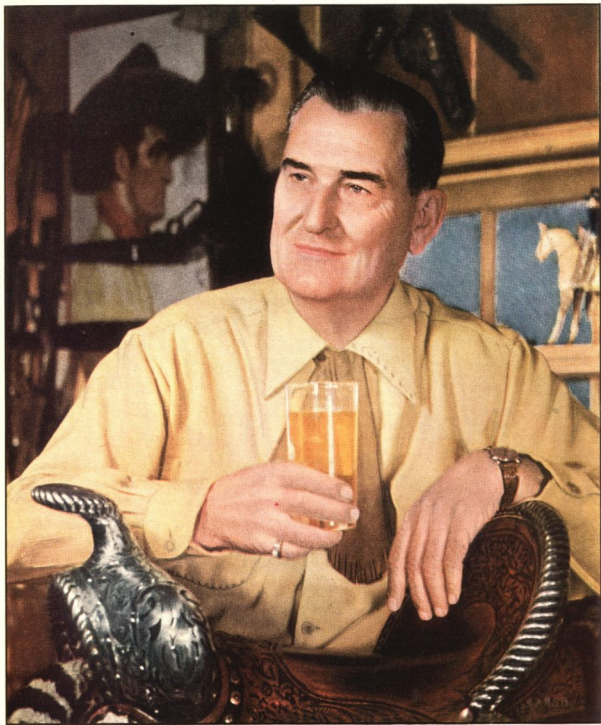
¶ Municipal hospitals, when they admit drunks, treat them with indifference, sober them up, try to get rid of them as quickly as possible (usually in less than 24 hours). Most private hospitals bar them.

This report, a stern rebuke to the medical profession, was delivered last week by a committee of the New York Academy of Medicine. The survey covered only New York City. But other cities are apt to be worse; most dump alcoholics in jail.

Some 60 doctors, judges and other experts, gathered at the Academy to consider the report, agreed that it was high time medicals recognized alcoholism as a disease. The conferees, headed by grizzled old Anton J. Carlson, famed University of Chicago physiologist, resolved that: 1) New York should create a state commission on alcoholism; 2) medical and hospital societies should back medical care for alcoholics; 3) New York City should set up experimental "colonies" for long-term rehabilitation of compulsive drinkers.

Snapped Dr. E. M. Bluestone of New York's Montefiore Hospital: "What many hospital trustees and . . . executives need is a stimulating drink. . . ."

* Five states have done so: Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Washington, Alabama.



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THE THEATER

New Musicals in Manhattan

Finian's Rainbow (book by E. Y. Harburg & Fred Saisy; music & lyrics by Burton Lane and Mr. Harburg; produced by Lee Sabinson & William R. Katzell) is an apt title for a show where frequently rain is falling and the sun is shining at the same time. It is decidedly brighter than most musicals, and it might have been one of the brightest of them all; but its virtues can never quite shake themselves free of its faults.

A formula plot is certainly not one of these faults; what goes on in *Finian's Rainbow* almost defies synopsis. A satirical and social-minded fantasy, *Finian* tells of an Irishman (Albert Sharpe) who borrows a pot of gold from a leprechaun, brings it to the U.S., and buries it somewhere in the southern state of "Missitucky." The gold's magic powers turn bellowing Senator Bill-board Rawkins first into a black man and then into a kindly one; take the kinks out of the romance between the Irishman's daughter (Ella Logan) and her Missitucky beau. And, bereft of his pot of gold, the leprechaun gradually—and gratefully—turns into a man.

The wacky freshness in the idea of *Finian* is by no means lost in the working out. The book has humor, gaiety, moments of charm, a few neat satiric flings. But it also has a good deal of fairly maddening cuteness that creeps into some of the lyrics as well; it chronically follows up good lines with bad ones; it blunts its satire with buffoonery; and from elfin antics it suddenly plummets down to outhouse humor.

Fortunately, there are some nice dances, pleasant tunes, and funny ditties to get it on the wing again. The best of the tunes,



Fred Fehl

ELLA LOGAN & ALBERT SHARPE
Father had a leprechaun.



Vandamm

MANHATTAN "STREET SCENE"
Mother had a lover.

How Are Things in Glocca Morra?, hit Manhattan before the show did. The brightest of the ditties, *When the Idle Poor Become the Idle Rich*, fills out a hilarious dream fashion-show in which the sharecroppers doll up in fantastic mail-order finery. Actor Sharpe, specially imported from Eire, makes a lively Finian, and David Wayne an immensely engaging leprechaun. *Finian's Rainbow* is not lacking in good things. What it really needed was an implacable blue pencil.

Street Scene (book by Elmer Rice; music & lyrics by Kurt Weill & Langston Hughes; produced by Dwight Deere Wiman & the Playwrights' Co.) is much more folk opera than musical—a re-handling of Elmer Rice's famous outside slice of life almost entirely in musical terms. There are arias as well as tunes; septets, choral passages, large-scale orchestral effects, recitatives. As music, some of this is fancy, facile, too high-pitched. But, thanks to the rest of the score and to the residual vitality in Elmer Rice's play, *Street Scene* is steadily interesting musical theater.

Spilling out of a Manhattan tenement onto a June-baked side street are all Mr. Rice's once-familiar exhibits—gossips, sluts, roughnecks, a dispossessed family, a jittery expectant father, the Negro janitor, the Italian music teacher, the Jewish law student, young Rose Maurrant whom he loves, and Rose's ill-mated parents—the mother who has taken a lover, the father who has taken to drink. Long brooding over the Maurrants, melodrama bursts upon them at last—with two quick revolver shots behind an open window.

Perhaps the melodrama muscles into the new *Street Scene* a bit too conspicuously; there is, at any rate, a good deal less of the old garish street life, the huddled, gabby tenement humanity. But, endangered by a lot of song-&-dance distractions, the story builds more strongly by leaning on

plot rather than people. And it finds time for enough that is human and humorous. Composer Weill (*Knickerbocker Holiday*, *Lady in the Dark*) scores with all his lighter songs and with some of his romantic ones. And there are good people to sing them—notably, opera singer Polyna Stoska, whose beautiful soprano voice is a treat for Broadway. What is more, most of the singers can act.

Now, as 17 years ago, one of the most fetching things about *Street Scene* is its street scenery: Jo Mielziner has once again designed an ingenious three-story tenement façade.

New Play in Manhattan

The Big Two (by L. Bush-Fekete & Mary Helen Fay; produced by Elliott Nugent & Robert Montgomery) has a well-intentioned topical slant, but is really old folderol under new flags. It is one more tale of a man and girl divided by everything but their love for each other; only here, instead of being Guelph & Ghibelline, or Roundhead & Cavalier, they are a Soviet officer and an American newspaper correspondent (Philip Dorn & Claire Trevor). They meet in Russian-occupied Austria—the girl is there on her own, looking for an American who did treasonable broadcasts for the Nazis; the Russian is on furlough. While fighting over ideologies, they fall in love; between kisses the girl confides that she is looking for the traitor, and the lover snaps back into the officer. But after some random melodrama, there is both a personal and an ideological get-together.

It will take a better play to better U.S.-Soviet relations through the theater. This one badly flops, less because it is built on a formula than because it is built so badly. What is finally thrown together is a hack job of comedy, corn, melodrama and sex that provides a few bright moments by way of some minor characters.

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THE PRESS

Headlines of the Week

From the New York *World-Telegram*:

TRUMAN BALANCES BUDGET

From the New York *Times*, next morn-
ing:

... BALANCED, HE SAYS

Smart Scot

As the headlines broke out on Marshall and Byrnes (*see NATIONAL AFFAIRS*), gossip columnists rushed forward and took hasty bows. Some of the gossips (who predict a hatful of things, on the chance that a few will come to pass) had predicted long ago that Jimmy Byrnes would quit. In their self-adulation they missed a more exciting item: how a smart reporter



REPORTER RESTON
... went fishing.

Associated Press

had smoked out the season's biggest diplomatic story three days before it was due.

The White House had prepared a timetable giving the sequence of four big pieces of news: General Marshall's recall, his China report, Jimmy Byrnes's resignation, and Marshall's appointment. The timetable was a secret, and none of the press was in on it. But as soon as James Barrett ("Scotty") Reston, 37, national reporter of the New York *Times*, heard the first piece of news—that General Marshall was coming home—he began fishing around.

From one high-echelon friend, who was himself stepping down from a Government job, Scotty Reston got a big tip. In an artful story in Tuesday's *Times*, Reston passed it along without confirmation: "... some observers ... believe [that] General Marshall may be asked to replace Mr. [Dean] Acheson with a view to succeeding Secretary Byrnes if, as has been reported, the latter also plans to retire."

Yes or No? Then he set out to confirm the tip. Nobody at the State Department would. Late in the afternoon, Reston got to Jimmy Byrnes himself by telephone, asked him point-blank if he was going to quit. Said Byrnes, sidestepping: "How many times do I have to deny this thing?" Reston kept after him: Did he deny the resignation or not? Byrnes didn't exactly deny it, but managed to sound as if he did.

When he hung up, Reston turned dejectedly to Arthur Krock, head of the *Times's* Washington bureau. "You'd better not speak to him," he said. "And I'd better kill my story." Both had been writing on the assumption that Reston was right, that Byrnes was out, and Marshall was in.

But Reston had put up a better bluff than he knew. When Pundit Krock called Byrnes to try his own luck, the Secretary would not speak to him. ("I just didn't want to lie to him," Byrnes said later.) At that point Jimmy Byrnes called the White House, told the President that, since the *Times* evidently had the story (and a few others were getting warm, too), it might as well be released. Less than an hour later the story was out.

On the *Times*, where some newsmen are inclined to sit back on their big, fat prestige (knowing that their paper is the best place for important people to plant important news), Reston remains an unusual reporter. A cocky, calculating Clydebank boy who came to the U.S. at ten, he went to the University of Illinois, was a pressagent for the Cincinnati Reds, joined A.P. as a sportswriter in 1934. The *Times* hired him in London seven years ago. His persistent legwork and savvy worked as well with the State Department as with the Foreign Office: two years ago they won him a Pulitzer Prize. Last weekend, on a plane to Cleveland, Reporter Reston chided fellow-passenger Jimmy Byrnes. "You talked me out of that story," he said. "Well," retorted Byrnes, grinning, "you talked me into releasing it."

New Face, New Home

In less than a year, "Ep" (Edwin Palmer) Hoyt had changed the raucous Denver *Post* from a brawling journalistic hussy to a newspaper (*TIME*, Feb. 18). Facing his staff the first day on the job, he looked at his watch, announced that, from that moment, the common scold of Champa Street "ain't mad at nobody." By last week, having cleaned house on Champa Street, he got set to move the *Post* from its squat, gaudy old building. The *Post* bought the Home Public Market and an adjoining five-story office building, ordered 24 new high-speed presses. Hoyt announced his goal: to make the *Post* "the best newspaper published any place by anybody in the whole world."

The mere idea of such a goal would never have occurred to underpaid *Post*-men during the rowdy half-century on



Floyd H. McCall
PUBLISHER HOYT
... adopted a voice.

Champa Street. For four decades, Publisher Frederick G. Bonfils and his crony H. H. Tammen, a onetime barkeep, had run the paper like a circus, built circulation with spectacular outdoor shows, cheap insurance tie-ins, prizes for every want ad. The *Post* earned a million dollars a year, and put little of it into improving its contents.

Calm & Clean. Ep Hoyt, who climbed from lowly copyreader to publisher of the conservative *Portland Oregonian* in twelve years, was changing the *Post's* ways slowly, but in one year he had done a lot. His single concession to the old gaudiness was the *Post's* pink-paper Page One; otherwise the sideshow days were over. By shaking down the crazy-quilt make-up and flam-



Walter B. Lane-Lire
CORRESPONDENT LEWIS
... cocked an eye.

boyant headlines, Hoyt saved 98 columns of space weekly, used part of them for better news coverage, loaded the rest with advertising. Even though Hoyt had increased its editorial staff from 55 to 80, the *Post* had the most profitable year in its history. The *Post* had an editorial page for the first time in its life, and it was more judicious than the news columns used to be.

Two of the new staffers are Nisei, the first to work for the *Post*, which early in the war had rabble-roused against all Japanese-Americans.

Legs for the Empire's Voice. Ep Hoyt had adopted Bonfils' proprietary feeling about the Rocky Mountain area (the *Post* calls itself "The Voice of the Rocky Mountain Empire"). Soon he will have legmen in all of the empire's 13 states. Come the days of unlimited paper, Hoyt expects to reach unimpeded as far as Canada to the north, Mexico to the south; east until he bumps the *Kansas City Star*, west until he shares newsstand space with the workmanlike *Salt Lake City Telegram*.

It will be summer before Ep Hoyt's new building is finished, and Hoyt abandons the "Bucket of Blood" office he inherited from Bonfils.* But Hoyt won't break completely with the past. He is going to take with him the Statue of Justice (which has surmounted the *Post* building since its late proprietors took it from the old Denver courthouse). And across the front of the new building he will paint the slogan that decorated the old: "O Justice, when expelled from other habitats, make this thy dwelling place."

Sir Bill

One day in 1924, Sir Willmott Harsant Lewis, the wise and witty U.S. correspondent of the *London Times*, was waiting for a spent and deadlocked Democratic convention to make up its mind between McAdoo and Smith. To a fellow newsman he remarked: "I've been around here so long I'm impinging on eternity." By last week his crack (like many he had minted) had become legendary among Washington correspondents, and Sir Bill, willing to impinge but not to intrude upon eternity, was getting ready to retire (at 69) from a career no living newsman could match.

It was a career well spent, not in search of scoops but in quest of understanding between peoples. In characteristic Lewis fashion, it would not end abruptly. First he would break in a successor. Then, some time in the spring, his spare, well-clad frame and his bass-drum voice would clear out of his small, wildly cluttered office in Washington's National Press Building. After that, he and the leisurely *Times* didn't quite know.

Sir, It's This Way. Bill Lewis made his living by interpreting the U.S. to Britons, but he won his knighthood for explaining Britain to Americans. He never took his official honor too seriously, or his titles of "unofficial ambassador" and "dean of correspondents." When a friend asked what it

* Scene of an unsuccessful shooting by an irate victim of Bonfils' journalism.

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meant to be a knight, he boomed: "Well, I'll tell you, old boy, Willmott Lewis used to fetch \$250 per lecture. Sir Willmott Lewis gets \$500."

In the beginning, he had fetched far less: as a tyro with a Welsh burr, he had covered smoke-hall concerts in Brighton for 25 shillings a week. He got his fill of spot news and close calls in the Boxer Rebellion and the Russo-Japanese war. In his day he had run the *Manila Times*, worked for Hearst and Pulitzer and—luckily—for George Creel at the World War I Peace Conference. Lord Northcliffe, then in control of the London *Times*, hired him at Versailles for the Washington job.

For many years, British journalists had considered an assignment to the U.S.—the "sphere of the fabulous"—as the uttermost exile. Willmott Lewis did more than any other man to make it a prize. Working a little above and behind the area of spot news, he aimed at "discovering American policy." To that kind of job he brought sound scholarship, a facile tongue, a pen that turned out discursive and thoughtful prose, ideal for London's "Thunderer." He became friendly, but never too friendly, with men who made U.S. history, a subject he knew well enough to assess them against.

Press Parasite. When he came to Washington, the British Embassy was impregnable to U.S. reporters. Today, six Ambassadors and 26 years later, its doors are open to them, and they know whom to thank for it. Lewis regarded himself as a guestly parasite on the American press, read it with a cocked and tireless eye, picked its best brains as charmingly as he captivated capital hostesses. He called Dorothy Thompson the discoverer of "perpetual emotion," once rebuffed a girl reporter from Manhattan's *PM*: "Don't tell me you print just facts. Nobody knows what a fact is." Since 1942 Frank Oliver, a restless redhead from Reuters, has been Bill Lewis' legs and has filed the bulk of the *Times*'s copy.

Sir Bill's job has been offered to an Englishman who has never worked for a newspaper, John Duncan Miller, 44-year-old Cambridge man, onetime book publisher and architect, was a wartime colonel, now works in Chicago for the British Information Service. His tough assignment: to explain Britain to a Midwest whose loudest citizen—Colonel Robert R. McCormick's Anglophobic *Chicago Tribune*—doesn't want to listen. Miller was offered the new job not on the strength of his only published writing, a book of *Clerihews*,* but because he is a friendly fellow with a considerable awareness of Anglo-American viewpoints and a wide acquaintance in Washington. He will have to live a long time, he figures, before it comes up to Sir Bill's.

* A four-line rhyme that has had a continuing vogue in England, named for its inventor, mystery writer E. C. (for Clerihew) Bentley (*Trent's Last Case*). Sample Clerihew by Miller:

*What keeps me in the dark
About Iraq
Is that I never can
Tell it from Iran.*

MUSIC

For F.D.R.

The new symphony was dedicated to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, a man of catholic tastes—though his musical likes ran to plainer fare like *Home on the Range*. The premiere last week in San Francisco of Roger Sessions' *Symphony No. 2* was hard work for musicians and audience alike.

Conductor Pierre Monteux, who had put the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra through seven rehearsals of it, scowled at the notes through his silver-rimmed glasses. After working their way through tricky phrases, the violinists looked as if they had been slapped in the face by the score. The audience, which took it tensely



ROGER SESSIONS
A complex of secrets.

but manfully, seemed grateful for Tchaikovsky's threadbare Piano Concerto No. 1, which followed.

Roger Sessions' music is for composers and critics, not for mere listeners. Next day the audience was told what it had heard. The San Francisco *Chronicle*'s able critic Alfred Frankenstein, called it "big . . . challenging . . . important . . . austere . . . fiendishly difficult . . . a complex of forceful and fruitful ideas which can be studied for a long time before they yield all their secrets."

A musician's musician, Roger Sessions looks like a swarthy, extremely precocious baby; he is probably the most difficult of U.S. composers. His 12-year-old violin concerto bogged down all but one of the many violinists who tackled it. His orchestral works are as elaborately scored as those of Hector Berlioz, but, unlike Berlioz, Sessions seldom repeats themes to give listeners something to cling to. The new symphony's unmutted brassy were as



dries a few things in back-yard

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noisy as Shostakovich's, and some passages reminded hearers of the atonalist music of Hindemith and Schönberg. Sessions, however, believes that he is closer to Hungary's late, great Béla Bartók. And he hates to be called atonal: "I hear my music with the same kind of ear I use to listen to Beethoven."

On Brooklyn's Washington Avenue, where Roger Sessions was born 50 years ago, Aaron Copland was born four years later. In 1928 the two composers sponsored a Copland-Sessions concert series for contemporary music. During the past two years, Sessions has taught composition at the University of California along with his onetime teacher, Composer Ernest Bloch, and often visits France's Darius Milhaud, who teaches at nearby Mills College. In this stimulating atmosphere he has half-finished a third symphony and has begun a four-act opera called *Montezuma*. He started the Roosevelt symphony in 1944 at Princeton, was on the third movement (adagio) when Roosevelt died. After listening to Montezuma play it, Sessions said: "It hit me with a bang. I think it the most important work I've done."

Poor Opera, Good Singer

Manhattan's hidebound Metropolitan Opera Company hadn't tackled a new opera for five years, when it wheezed through one performance of Gian-Carlo Menotti's *The Island God*. The Met had done nothing about England's brilliant, 33-year-old Benjamin Britten, whose *Peter Grimes* has been heard and praised in five European cities and whose latest opera, *The Rape of Lucretia*, had gotten even better notices in England. With a long look down their noses, Met officials still decided to take no chances.

What it considers a good risk the Met demonstrated last week. It put on a new one-act opera, *The Warrior*, judged the best of over 100 manuscripts in a contest which the Met jointly sponsored with Columbia University. Composer Bernard Rogers had written it to a Norman Corwin radio play, *Samson*, and slavishly shaped his music to fit Corwin's blank verse. The result is a recitative *parlando* style, hardly operatic, without a single aria or lyrical line. As an atmospheric but not particularly melodious score, *The Warrior* had its moments; generally, however, it sounded like background music to a movie. It was a second-rate, bargain-basement job, inferior in score, plot and setting to Britten's *Peter Grimes*. By putting it on, the Met had made an inexpensive gesture to appease its critics.

Shorn & Blinded. Like a radio play, *The Warrior* is compressed into four staccato scenes, all played on one barren set. Barely an hour long, it begins with Samson's haircut and climaxes when Samson's eyes are put out.

Composer Rogers, 53, a composition teacher in the Eastman School of Music at Rochester, wrote his first opera, *The Marriage of Aude*, in 1932. Both Rogers and Librettist Corwin think of *The Warrior* as an allegory of modern times. Says Rogers:



FERRUCCIO TAGLIAVINI (AS RODOLFO)
An open-throated pianissimo.

"Delilah is a kind of fascist symbol; she rationalizes everything she does, Samson is a kind of Maxie Baer, an unintelligent strong man."

The Metropolitan's other big news of the week was the noisy debut of Ferruccio Tagliavini, a 33-year-old tenor from Milan's La Scala. Even before he sang a note of *La Bohème*, Tagliavini got a boisterous ovation. When he sang the great first act aria, *Che gelide manina*, the din would have filled Madison Square Garden. The loudest cheers came from members of the clique, most of them scattered among the standees—but a good many people in the \$7.50 orchestra seats joined in.

The rest of the evening was spent in uneasy warfare between those who wanted to stop the show every time Tagliavini sang a note, and those who wanted to get on with the proceedings. Critics generally found Tagliavini a very good, if not yet great, tenor who used his lyric voice with natural grace and showed a warm feeling for character. Even the *Herald Tribune's* Virgil Thomson, usually the Met's sharpest critic, was impressed. He wrote: "He sings high and loud [and] does not gulp or gasp or gargle salt tears. . . . Not in a very long time have we heard tenor singing at once so easy and so adequate. . . . He even at one point sang a genuine open-throated pianissimo, the first I have heard in Thirty-Ninth Street since I started reviewing opera six years ago. . . . The wonderful thing took place. . . . Italian singing actors, working under an Italian conductor before an audience that was pretty largely Mediterranean, gave us real Italian opera."

Since the days of Gigli, Martinelli and Tito Schipa, the Met's Italian wing has been singing second place to the stronger-lunged Wagnerian team. Last week it appeared that the Italians might be on the way to a *bel canto* comeback.

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TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947

RELIGION

Senator's Sunday

It had got to be more or less of a habit. For ten years John J. Sparkman had taught Sunday school in his home town of Huntsville, Ala. Then he went to Congress, but it did not keep him from his old ways. Three years ago he became the regular Bible teacher for adults at the Hamline Methodist Episcopal Church, meeting his class in the chapel for an hour every Sunday morning. Last week, with Congress once more in session, Methodist Senator Sparkman was back in his Sunday-school job. The topic for study: the Gospel according to St. John.

Friendly Persuasion

The swarthy Mexican Indian sat dolefully on one of the clinic's bright, white beds and wrinkled his nose at the strange odor of Lysol. Suddenly his eyes widened slightly. Bearing down on him, with a hypodermic in one hand and an alcohol swab in the other, was a blonde American girl. "Caramba," he muttered, "*Me va a injectar la hueria!*" The girl smiled politely, swiftly completed her job, then turned to a sobbing little Indian boy. "No tengas miedo," she promised. Then she pulled down his pants, gave him an injection in the backside and hurried on to another patient.

To pretty, 19-year-old Nancy Wills of Bristol, Pa., this sort of routine has become almost second nature. So it has to the eleven other U.S. girls of the Friends Service Unit at Cuautla, Mexico. The unit is one of two such Quaker-run projects in Mexico; the other, for boys, is at Yauatepec. At its annual meeting in Philadelphia last week, the American Friends Service Committee, in response to invitations from local Mexican officials, approved plans to carry on its practice of augmenting year-round units with at least five summer groups.

Service Only. Such invitations from gringo-distrusting, Catholic Mexico are high testimony to the special approach of the Quakers. Good will, rather than relief, is the prime purpose. The committee furnishes personnel only; the units make a special point of handing out no supplies. And local Mexican authorities — not the *Norteamericanos* — decide what the volunteers will do and how they will do it. Their activities are bossed by Mexicans and carried out by Mexican methods, however old-fashioned they may seem by U.S. standards. As in all Friends Service Committee undertakings, religion is manifested in deed rather than word.

The Payoff. The twelve girls of the Cuautla Service Unit sign up for six to eight months, pay \$35 a month for their board. They live in an unused patio of a public school under the easygoing supervision of the project's Quaker directors, Dr. & Mrs. Raymond Binford. Each morning, after a 20-minute period of Quakerly meditation, the group separates for its

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WABASH



RAILROAD

various duties — helping the Mexican nurses at the clinic, accompanying them on their rounds, supervising playground activities in the school.

Though some of the girls at Cuautla admit that their chief motive for joining was the prospect of adventure, most of them have found real satisfaction in the Friends' experiment in grassroots international relations. Said 18-year-old Gay Bauman of New York last week: "So many tourists . . . have acted so badly here that it is almost automatic for the Mexicans to view you coldly. They are beginning to know that all Americans aren't bad."

Abbot from the Yards

It was a raw, grey morning on Chicago's southwest side. Sooty slush was ankle deep, the wind whined so bitterly through the littered alleys that the police outside grey brick St. Procopius' Church beat their arms against their sides. But from everywhere the people came.

From the Gold Coast came big names in wealth and society. They hurried into the church, holding their furs around their ears. Large-boned, narrow-eyed Slavs in Sunday-best waded through the slush from smoke-stained frame houses and brick tenements near the stockyards. Priests, bishops and archbishops occupied a solid 14 pews within St. Procopius'. The occasion: the four-hour investiture of Father Ambrose Ondrak as Abbot of the Benedictine Abbey of St. Procopius, one of 21 abbeys of the U.S. Benedictines. The investing prelate: Samuel Cardinal Stritch.

Said Chicago's Auxiliary Bishop Sheil: "Of all the priests I know, Abbot Ondrak has been most generous and most eager in his response to the Church's wish for priests who, in the words of Pope Pius XI, dedicate the better part of their endeavors and their zeal to winning back the laboring masses to Christ and to His Church. He has battled against economic injustices. . . . He has . . . battled . . . against unemployment, insecurity, disease and crime. . . . Because of him, and men like him, no one can say that the [Roman] Catholic Church is irrelevant today."

One of Them. Little (5 ft. 7 in.) Ambrose Ondrak is literally at home among the carcass-luggers and breast-splitters who sweat in the packing houses, among dirty-faced kids playing in vacant lots. He was born among them, of Czech immigrants, 54 years ago. As a boy he joined gangs, played sandlot football. On school holidays he weighed beef in the packing houses. In 1924, after he had been a priest for six years, he was sent to St. Michael's in the Back of the Yards district as assistant pastor. Since the pastor of St. Michael's must be a Slovak, Father Ambrose never got the top job.

It was natural that Father Ambrose should be interested in labor. "My people are all labor people," he says. "I know their problems and I know the conditions under which they work. . . . When my people go on a picket line in a strike, I go with them because I am one of them."



Chicago Sun
CARDINAL STRITCH & ABBOT ONDRAK
Through battles, relevancy.

"When the packing houses were being organized," he explains, "there was a great deal of talk about Communism within the C.I.O. I knew that the organization drive had to succeed. The workers were underpaid and working under bad conditions. Yet I certainly didn't want people under Communist leaders. And I knew that the Catholic workers in my parish wouldn't join the union unless we priests said it was all right. So we set out to provide leadership. We encouraged the workers to join the union. . . . Because we provided leadership in the Back of the Yards, there is little Communism there today. . . . As long as we can take care of our people and offer them a good life, there'll be no Communism."

Priest at Work. Though St. Procopius Abbey is in rural country outside the city, the new Abbot will not be wholly removed from the Studebaker district in which he grew up and has lived all his life. Under his supervision will be the priests of several Chicago parishes like his old one of St. Michael's, as well as priests scattered over several states. He will have charge also of Benedictine missions in China and Czechoslovakia.

As Abbot, Father Ambrose will be deeply concerned with the education of youth, always a chief objective of the Benedictines. But he is no blind supporter of traditional or classical training. His own background and experience are against that, and he believes that all Catholic education—for laity and clergy alike—should place more emphasis on social problems. Says he: "The big trouble in parochial schools is that the nuns never get out in the world, are unacquainted with social problems."

Last week, seated at a desk piled high with administrative work, he sighed. It had been simpler on the picket line. Besides, it was hard to take a healthy swig of water without losing the abbot's skullcap.

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EDUCATION

Boost

That mythical person, the average New York State teacher, makes more money than his mythical counterpart in any other state. It was New York City's relatively high-paid teachers who shot the average up: their average salary is \$4,100. Such statistics are little consolation to teachers in rural New York districts, some of whom make as low as \$1,200 a year.

To meet statewide protests, Governor Thomas E. Dewey picked a five-man committee to look into the matter, tell him what to do about it. The committee examined proposals of teachers' groups, decided that their minimums were too close to the maximums, remarked tartly, "It is questionable also whether they offer a sufficient reward for exceptional competence as contrasted with mere faithful time-serving." This week committee members brought in their own recommendations. They urged emergency raises of \$300 for any of the state's 72,000 teachers who have not had that much in pay raises in the past year and a half. They recommended new minimums of \$2,000, which for the state's lowliest paid meant a whopping 67% pay boost. Cost to New York: \$32,000,000.

Even so, New York's minimum will still be below that of California, which recently approved a \$2,400-a-year base.

Worried by the teacher shortage, Philadelphia's public schools were ready to accept teachers with only two (instead of four) years of training, also suspended the customary retirement age of 66. Maine scouted for over-age teachers retired by other states.

The Gospel of Work

When a British prison commissioner, Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, visited a model U.S. reformatory in 1902, he first became convinced that a bad apple can spoil a barrel. Back in England, he yanked some young offenders out of the regular prisons, moved them away from the older, rottener apples to a Kentish village called Borstal. There he began an experiment in straightening out youngsters gone wrong. Its basic idea: "the gospel of work."

This week the 21st branch "Borstal," on the Earl of Plymouth's Worcestershire estate, opened its doors. Working without supervision, an advance party of Borstal boys began to restore the Earl of Plymouth's formal gardens and help convert his 52-bedroom mansion into a home for 150 Borstal delinquents. In their spare time they studied engineering and carpentering. Before the Borstal boys arrived, the worried villagers had thrown up their hands at the prospect of such "rough, nasty" neighbors; now some of them had invited the boys into their homes.

There are Borstals of varying degrees, ranging from Sherwood Prison (a fairly rough place for chronic repeaters and the

toughest offenders) to North Sea Camp (more like a farm-school than a prison). English juvenile delinquents, after "weighing in" (sentencing), are sent to Wormwood Scrubs Boys' Prison for classifying. From Wormwood Scrubs they are shipped to the Borstal that best suits their record and personality. They do not always agree with the choice: a recurring Borstal headache is "scarpering" (running away).

Among the best of the "open" Borstals is Lowdham Grange, near Nottingham. Designed for backward delinquents of 18 and 19, Lowdham has no locks and bars (except for two small punishment rooms). In their blue shorts and jackets, with house neckties of red, blue or yellow, the Lowdham boys might almost be mistaken for public school products. Housemasters get to know the boys individually, appoint house leaders and captains to keep order. The boys learn such things as cooking, shoe-repairing, painting, reading.

After one or two years at a Borstal like Lowdham, ex-delinquents are discharged by the governor "on license" for another year. During this probation they must keep in touch with members of the Borstal Association—adults who volunteer to help them find jobs, a place to live and the right kind of recreation.

Although boys are from 16 to 23 when they get sent to Borstals, two out of three go straight after their discharge. The one in three who doesn't (to judge by the headlines in London tabloids) generally makes Dillinger look like a do-gooder. But despite music-hall jokes about the Borstal old school tie, for every noisy failure the system can point to a quiet,

honest accountant, truck-driver or farmer who learned his trade there. One of the Borstal prides & joys: an old boy who has now risen to become "director of three companies, with a 16-horsepower car."

Change at Annapolis

At christening ceremonies for a new warship, the admiral found himself standing next to a lieutenant commander. Just to make conversation, he asked the younger officer: "What class were you?" The commander grew flustered, stammered that he wasn't an Annapolis man at all. Then it was the admiral's turn to be flustered. He confessed last week: "I had no intention of embarrassing the man. I shouldn't have mentioned class."

Many an old-line Navy officer wouldn't have given it another thought. Rear Admiral James Lemuel Holloway Jr. did. Not long afterwards, Navy Secretary James V. Forrestal put Holloway at the head of a ten-man board (including two civilian educators) to revamp Navy education. The Navy had realized that it would desperately need officers for the postwar fleet—far more than the Naval Academy could turn out.

The resulting Holloway Plan was at least a step in breaking the Annapolis monopoly on production of career officers, though wartime reservists were ready to bet that the Navy's top commands would still go to "trade school" graduates for a long, long time. This week Admiral Holloway moved into Annapolis as its new (and 35th) superintendent, handpicked for the job by Secretary Forrestal.

At 48, rugged, crisp-voiced Jim Holloway is the Academy's youngest "supe" in 50 years. As a member of one of the speed-up classes at Annapolis during World War I, Holloway graduated in 1918, in time to



BORSTAL BOYS & GOVERNOR
Instead of rotten apples, old school ties.

Larry Burrows

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get in a few licks on a World War I destroyer. During World War II he commanded a destroyer squadron in the North African invasion, bossed the battleship U.S.S. *Iowa* in a hit-&-run strike on Japan. But Jim Holloway made even more of a mark as a desk admiral. Besides cooking up the postwar education scheme bearing his name, he helped direct demobilization of the swollen Navy, serving as assistant chief of BuPers (Bureau of Naval Personnel). If past averages hold, he'll spend about three years as superintendent.

This week 50,000 high-school seniors, graduates, marines and sailors will take exams for Holloway Plan scholarships. The 5,000 winners will get free educations at 52 civilian colleges and universities and a shot at regular, lifetime Navy



George Tames

ADMIRAL HOLLOWAY

Instead of a monopoly, a 50-50 split.

commissions. Admiral Holloway predicts that for the next few years regular commissions will be split roughly 50-50 between Academy and Holloway Plan graduates. But he still believes that the Annapolis way is a surer—if tougher—way of making a career out of the Navy.

The Holloway Plan also calls for: 1) equal opportunity for promotion between Annapolis graduates and other officers (on V-J day, there were only two rear admirals and eight commodores up from the reserves, although reserves represented 84.5% of the Navy); 2) a shake-up in Annapolis' way of teaching, "to give a stronger emphasis to basic and general education, rendering more fundamental and less detailed the instruction in strictly naval material and techniques."

A man whose principal recreation is before-breakfast golf, Admiral Holloway has lately developed another: reading books on education and teaching methods. Critics of the Academy hope that from his reading he will find some cure for Annapolis' antiquated system of rote recitation and continuous exams.

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MILESTONES

Born. To Charles John Robert Manners, tenth Duke of Rutland, 27, youngest of Britain's non-royal dukes, and the Duchess of Rutland, 22, ex-Mayfair model, once known as "the girl with the perfect figure": their first child, a daughter; in London. Name: undecided. Weight: 7 lbs.

Born. To Russel McKinley Crouse, 53, waggish perennial partner of Howard Lindsay in playwriting and producing (*Life with Father*, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, *State of the Union*), and Anna Erskine Crouse, 30, daughter of Novelist John Erskine: their first child, a son; in Manhattan. Name: Timothy. Weight: 6 lbs. 9½ ozs.

Married. Jascha Heifetz, 45, violin virtuoso turned popular tunesmith (*When You Make Love to Me—Don't Make Believe*), and Frances Spiegelberg, fortyish; both for the second time; in Beverly Hills, Calif.

Married. Ely Culbertson, 55, autobiographer (*The Strange Lives of One Man*), high priest of contract bridge turned World Federalist; and Dorothy Renata Baehne (rhymes with sane), 21; he for the second time, she for the first; in Chandler, Ariz.

Died. Eva Tanguay, 68, onetime bespangled, tousle-haired queen of vaudeville, whose raucous rendition of *I Don't Care* was top favorite with a whole generation of U.S. showgoers; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Hollywood. Nearly blind, crippled with arthritis, the remains of her fortune (\$2,000,000) lost in the crash of 1929, she lived out her last years alone, hoped always for a comeback: "Say that I will be back . . . if you will—back by Christmas."

Died. Anatole de Monzie, 70, onetime leader of France's Radical Socialist Party, jack-in-the-box member of many French Cabinets, one of the top appeasers around Premier Daladier at Munich-time; in Paris.

Died. Lynn Joseph Frazier, 72, onetime front man for North Dakota's Non-Partisan League of agrarian radicals, North Dakota governor (1916-21), three-time U.S. Senator (1922-40), co-author of the Frazier-Lemke Bills for farm relief; after long illness; in Maryland.

Died. Chee Dodge, 86, Chief of the Navajos, who for 62 years bossed and guided the nation's largest Indian tribe and the parched, poverty-stricken reservation (three times the size of Massachusetts) on which it lives; in Ganado, Ariz.

Died. Charles Sumner Woolworth, 90, who helped brother Frank found the fabulous red-front chain of 5-&-10¢ stores, onetime chairman of the board of the F. W. Woolworth Co. (1919-44); in Scranton, Pa.



Fretting over Competition?

Operating costs are as critical in the competitive struggle at sea as ashore. That is why so many deep water skippers eye their coils of "Slevelay"* so complacently these days. For Slevelay is something special—a Plymouth marine rope of unique design and superb performance.

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Thomas A. Edison

Centennial

1847 1947



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From his crowded workbench came the electric light, the phonograph, the motion picture camera and projector.

Always, his mind goaded him on to new inventions, new discoveries. Often, he left to others the translation of some of his basic ideas into practical and workable form.

To Marconi, Edison made available his discoveries that led to the development of radio.

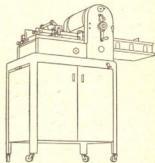
To Alexander Graham Bell, Edison licensed his carbon transmitter, which made the telephone and the radio microphone commercially practicable.

And to a struggling young Chicago inventor, A. B. Dick, Edison licensed his early work in the field of stencil duplication...the electric pen, experiments in "autographic" duplicating ink. So interested, in fact, did Edison become in young Mr. Dick's concepts of duplication of materials typewritten or drawn that he assisted with his own hands in the development of the duplicating process.

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the stencil sheets, inks, and supplies that go with it are many steps forward from the humble beginnings of seventy-odd years ago. But as the clear, crisp copies—in black-and-white or in color—roll out of the Mimeograph brand duplicator in your office, school or church, this Edison Centennial Year, remember, it was American genius, working in the American way, that created this low-cost means of rapid written communication. A. B. Dick Company, Chicago; The Mimeograph Company, Ltd., Toronto.

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BUSINESS & FINANCE

WALL STREET

Musn't Say the Naughty Word

In a Manhattan court last week Gambler Alvin Paris was on trial for attempting to fix a professional football game (he was later convicted). First prospective juror was William H. Haskell, a customers' broker for E. F. Hutton & Co. Haskell claimed he could not be impartial in a gambler's trial because: "I'm in the gambling business myself."

The crack was effective: it got Haskell out of jury duty. It also got him out of his job. The New York Stock Exchange, which spent \$750,000 last year on ads to keep callow lambs from gambling in the market, revoked Haskell's registration. Hutton, which also thinks "gambling" a naughty word, fired him. Said Exchange President Emil Schram: "He has a mistaken conception of the business in which he has been engaged."

Had he? Some financial writers did not think so. Said Manhattan's *World-Telegram*: "Everyone knows that a large percentage of the business . . . of the Exchange is gambling business. To call it speculation or any other term is but a mere play on words, Haskell's dismissal . . . was a mistake."

AUTOS

End of a Boom

The used-car market, a "get-rich-quick" bonanza for the past four years, was in trouble last week. Across the U.S., used-car prices were tumbling.

Along Detroit's "Sharps Row," used-car hub of the U.S., prices skidded as much as 40%. In Chicago, a 1941 Cadillac which would have sold for \$2,700 a few months ago was on sale for \$2,100. In Los Angeles, Kelley Kar Co., which boasts that it is the biggest used-car dealer in the world, cut prices \$200 to \$500 a car. In Cleveland, prices were off about 20% and dealers were referring to any 1942 model as "a white elephant." Hardest hit were 1946 models. A few weeks ago they were selling from \$500 to \$2,000 above new car prices. By last week the markups had dropped to \$100 to \$200—and the cars were moving off the lots slowly.

The drop in prices was more than the usual midwinter slump. It was dollars-&-cents evidence that the buyers' market in used cars—and eventually in new cars as well—was uncomfortably close for dealers. And car prices were still high by prewar standards. Production of "1947 models" by General Motors and Ford in the next months, even though model changes were hardly noticeable, would knock used-car prices down still more.

The Ford Motor Co.'s sales manager John R. Davis announced more bad news for the second-hand dealers: late this year Ford will start producing 1948 models

that will show "the greatest change since the introduction of the Model A twenty years ago." And, he added, they would be cheaper than present models.

Paradoxically, the prices of worn-out jalopies have stood up better than late models in some cities. Reason: buyers pick them up to get transportation while waiting for new cars.

HOUSING

Beginning of the End

Will the nation's house hunters find houses this year? If they do not, said ARCHITECTURAL FORUM in its January issue, it will not be for lack of materials or industry's willingness to put them together. In its yearly building forecast, the first since the war, the FORUM reported that only further rises in costs can prevent an "incredible" year of building.

The total amount spent on new buildings and houses, the survey predicted, will reach a whopping \$20.2 billion, some 26% more than last year's record high. Material shortages are easing so fast that "there may even be an oversupply of some materials and a switch of emphasis from production to selling." Some \$13 billion will be spent on new construction, 40% of it on homes and apartments. Altogether, barring work stoppages and a rise in costs to prohibitive levels, about 1,200,000 dwelling units will get under way this year. This should mean "the beginning of the end of the housing crisis."

THE WEST

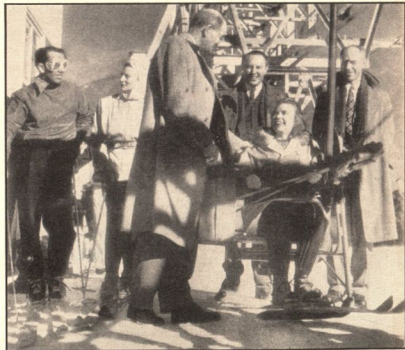
Ghost on Skis

Just before it became a ghost in 1894, the crowded, rough mining town of Aspen, Colo., had a last burst of excitement. From Smuggler Mine on a nearby slope, prospectors took out a nugget of almost pure silver weighing 2,060 pounds.

Last week, after years of deathlike quiet, the boarded-up ghost town had stirred in its creaking coffin—and emerged into a new life. In a three-day-long celebration, Aspen (pop. 1,500) marked its rebirth as a skiing center. Colorado's Governor Lee Knous gave Edith Robinson, daughter of Aspen's mayor, a push off to open the 15,000-ft. ski tow, longest in the world (see cut). With six 14,000-foot peaks near by, plenty of dry, powdery snow, and multi-million-dollar backing, Aspen was out to become the top winter-sport playground in the U.S.

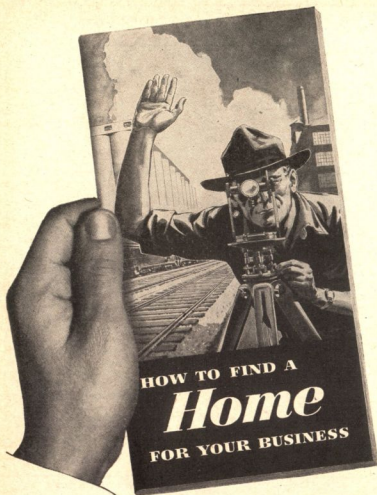
The prospector who mined this lode was euphetic Walter P. Paepcke (pronounced pepcke), founder and board chairman of Container Corp. of America. He first saw Aspen about a year and a half ago, on a skiing expedition from his Colorado dude ranch. The dilapidated houses, barns and chicken coops—remains of a town that once had 16 hotels, an opera house and three theaters—were depressing. But the breathtaking scenery made Mr. Paepcke, a deep-breathing man of many ideas, take a deep breath.

Before he went home to Chicago,



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Every executive contemplating a relocation should read this leaflet. It outlines a service that provides confidential, complete, current information on available industrial sites and plants.

For busy executives, finding a convenient source of full information about available buildings and plant sites is an important first step.

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Black area shows Milwaukee Road States

THE MILWAUKEE ROAD

The friendly Railroad of the friendly West

Paepcke bought one of the old houses, soon returned to buy or lease most of the other buildings. He thought of rebuilding the whole town. But the more he looked at the buildings, the more their quaint, ghostly flavor got him. Result: when he hired Designer Herbert Bayer as architect, Mr. Paepcke (who is the principal backer of Chicago's arty Institute of Design) gave orders that Aspen's once-Gay Nineties atmosphere was to be preserved to the last piece of gingerbread.

Bayer, who bought an Aspen house himself and promptly settled in it, followed orders. In refurbishing the Jerome Hotel, he kept the water-powered elevator, run by ropes pulled by the passengers. While blonde & beautiful Mrs. Paepcke hunted Victorian furniture in Chicago, dormitories, 20 guest houses and a sundeck were built, the ski slopes were cleared, a movie house, roller rink and art gallery were constructed. Paepcke imported a chef from Switzerland, a wine expert from Chicago. Ski instructors, plumbers and mechanics trooped in. Overnight, the moribund little town became the liveliest spot in Colorado.

Keep in Balance. Paepcke invited such friends as United Air Lines's William A. Patterson, Hilton Hotels' Connie Hilton, Palmer House Manager Joseph Binns to invest in the project, up to \$5,000. But most of the bills, more than \$1,000,000 so far, were paid by Paepcke. During the first week of business, the gross return on this investment was about \$2,500 a day (hotel rates ran from \$4 to \$14 without meals). With 25 lakes and 1,000 miles of trout streams within a 20-mile radius, Aspen should do equally well during the summer.

But Paepcke is not overly concerned about figures. He believes that Americans are too extreme both at work and at play. At Aspen he would like to create a symbol of balance. To do so he plans to promote industries in Aspen that will make woodwork out of native aspen, jewelry out of native silver, clothes out of mountain sheep's wool, cheese from the milk of local cattle. It will be no accident, however, if Paepcke, whose Container Corp. does some \$75,000,000 worth of business a year, also turns Aspen into a tidy profit.

RAILROADS

Young Buys into Central

Whenever railroadng needs improvement, Alleghany Corp.'s Robert R. Young is quick to volunteer for the job (TIME, Sept. 3, 1945). Last fall Bob Young, whose sprawling empire included no part of the New York Central Railroad Co., declared that "there is a great deal of room for improvement in [New York Central's] management." Last week Alleghany Corp. reported that it had spent some \$2,500,000 to buy 162,500 shares of Central stock, thus acquiring the largest single interest (about 2.5%) in Central's widely diffused ownership.

This was a fair-sized stack of chips. But the game was big. Among U.S. railroads New York Central is second in 1) investment, 2) miles of track, 3) number of



GUIDE LIGHTS ON THE STEEL HIGHWAYS

Lights, white and colored . . . in countless numbers . . . glow night and day along the steel highways of America's great railroads. They are the visible part of marvelous signal systems that make railway travel safer than walking along a city street. The power that assures these signal lights is supplied by electric storage batteries, a large percentage of which are Exides.

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Diesel engine cranking, fire alarm systems, emergency lighting. And in millions of cars, trucks and buses, they continue to prove that "When it's an Exide, you start."

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passengers carried, 4) operating revenues. And it is now spending \$150,000,000 to bring its equipment up to date.

When Bob Young starts his improvement, probably by trying to get his men elected to Central's board of directors, he will run smack up against Board Chairman Harold S. Vanderbilt and Union Pacific, which owns 160,000 shares of Central. A great-grandson of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt, Central's founder, Chairman Vanderbilt holds only some 65,000 shares. Young will be in for a scrap. But he is no man to dodge one. Wall Streeters watched with smiles of anticipation. It looked as if Central would soon be in the hottest fight since railroaders Jim Fisk and Jay Gould gave Commodore Vanderbilt his comeuppance back in 1873.

MANAGEMENT

"Money Isn't Everything"

The board of directors of Diana Stores Corp. last week got an unusual shock. Diana's president, Harry Greenburg, turned down a bonus of \$450,000. And he did not do it because of sky-high taxes.

The taxes, said Harry Greenburg, would be moderate: he would have to pay only capital gains. In 1944, when industrial bigwigs were setting up their own incentive plans through stock options, Harry Greenburg got warrants from Diana Stores to buy 20,000 shares of the company's stock at \$7 a share. As the stock has since been split, 4-for-1, Greenburg could buy 80,000 shares at \$1.75 a share. The market value of the stock last week was \$7.50. Harry Greenburg could simply sell the 80,000 shares for \$600,000 and take his profit.

The warrants were bought before the U.S. Supreme Court had ruled (in 1945) that the profits on such stock warrants or options were taxable as income, so Greenburg would have to pay only a 25% capital-gains tax. (He had a letter from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue affirming this.) That would net him a profit of \$450,000 after taxes.

Why had he turned it down? Said Greenburg: "I feel that the interests of both the corporation and the stockholders will best be served by... [eliminating] the possibility of earnings dilution."

Harry Greenburg, 50, had started Diana Stores, a chain of low-priced women's-wear shops, with two stores in 1938. Now his corporation owns 67 shops scattered throughout the South. Last year its sales were nearly \$13 million (net income: close to \$1 million).

Greenburg, who with his wife owns about 23% of Diana Stores stock, attributes much of the swift rise of the company to his shrewd "good will" campaign. This calls for local store managers to hire local help, join Chambers of Commerce, become minor pillars in their respective communities. Harry Greenburg thought the best way to show his stockholders that his good will was more than skin deep was to turn down his stock options. Said Greenburg: "Money isn't everything in the world. I won't eat any more than I'm eating now if I exercise my stock rights."



Martha Holmes-Live

T.W.A.'s FRYE
\$10,000,000? Yes.

AVIATION

Truce in T.W.A.

Like fighters after a 15-round draw, both sides thought that the battle for T.W.A. had gone far enough. Company President Jack Frye finally realized that T.W.A. could not get the money it needed without the cooperation of majority stockholder Howard Hughes. And headstrong Howard Hughes realized that he could not try CAB's patience much longer with his obstructionist tactics.

So Hughes sat down last week to discuss a compromise with his onetime friend Jack Frye. Present at some meetings of the three-day peace conference was CABoss James M. Landis. He pointedly



F. Roy Kemp

DIANA'S GREENBURG
\$450,000? No.

TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947



Ever see a three-eyed Lady?

"Heeyah! Step inside and see Rosita, the world's only three-eyed lady! Just one dime, the tenth-part of a dol-luh!"

Perhaps (at an earlier age, of course), even you were persuaded to walk up and plunk down your money. However phony the promised wonders, it didn't cost much to be fooled.

Unfortunately, the cost of gullibility goes up as we grow older. It's especially high when we get into the *business world*. For here, profits depend on sharp, impartial judgment — backed up by all the essential *facts and figures!*

These figures must be exact. They must be up-to-the-minute. And they must be money-saving. That's why

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40 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.



reminded Hughes and Frye that a major airline was something of a public utility which private individuals could not kick around with impunity. After a final six-hour session, Hughes agreed to lend T.W.A. \$10,000,000 (through his Hughes Tool Co.) and back Frye's plan to authorize a new issue of 2,000,000 shares of T.W.A. common stock.

But Hughes drove a hard bargain. His terms: the new loan was to be convertible into T.W.A. common stock at any time (thus enabling Hughes to preserve his control of T.W.A., even if the rest of the newly authorized stock is sold), and the Hughes Tool Co. was to name some new members to T.W.A.'s board of directors. After accepting the terms, Frye declared that Hughes was once more 1) his friend, 2) his boss.

On the surface, the settlement looked like a victory for Hughes. But most airmen considered the settlement little more than an armed truce. Reason: the \$10,000,000 loan could keep T.W.A. flying along for a few months, but it still needed at least another \$40,000,000 to pay for new equipment on order and get back into smooth air. (The price of T.W.A. stock, which held its own while Hughes and Frye were battling, fell $2\frac{1}{2}$ points the day after they came to an agreement.)

There was little chance that T.W.A. would try to market its newly authorized stock issue in the present market (even if the issue could be floated in the current bad market, it would probably bring in only half the money T.W.A. needed). T.W.A.'s best hope of getting \$40,000,000 seemed to be to get it from RFC. And RFC stuck to its previous decision (TIME, Jan. 6) not to lend T.W.A. a cent until Hughes agreed to put his stock into a voting trust. If Hughes balked at that the battle would be on again.

Big or Little Airports?

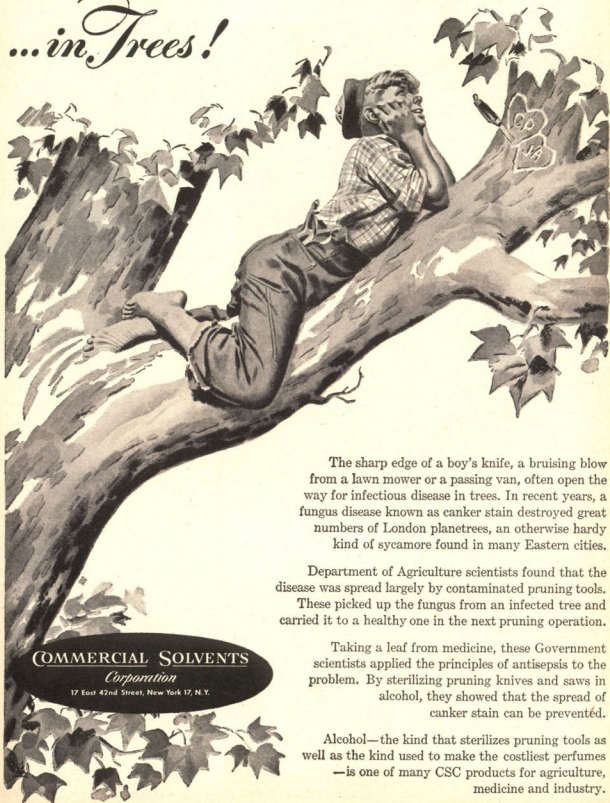
If the U.S. spends \$500,000,000 on airports, how should the money be spent? Last week the Civil Aeronautics Administration, which expects to spend that much on the seven-year Federal Aid Airport Program, told how it hoped to do the job.

CAA raised the hackles of big-city mayors two months ago by proposing to bear half the cost of all airport projects up to \$2,000,000. For bigger projects, CAA would scale down its help below the 50%. CAA thought that what the U.S. needed was more smaller airports to boost private flying. But big-city mayors, led by Chicago's Ed Kelly, argued with a great deal of truth that what the country needed was bigger & better airline terminals to relieve dangerous congestion at existing airports.

In its final regulations, announced last week, CAA gave way a little. It agreed to pay half the cost of projects up to \$5,000,000. The Federal share will then decrease 5% for each additional \$1,000,000, down to a minimum contribution of 20%. Despite this change, \$36,000,000 of the \$45,000,000 which CAA has to spend this fiscal year will be spent on 800 small airports. Reason: CAA's proposed expenditures on larger projects must be submitted

How "heart" disease begins

...in Trees!



The sharp edge of a boy's knife, a bruising blow from a lawn mower or a passing van, often open the way for infectious disease in trees. In recent years, a fungus disease known as canker stain destroyed great numbers of London planetrees, an otherwise hardy kind of sycamore found in many Eastern cities.

Department of Agriculture scientists found that the disease was spread largely by contaminated pruning tools. These picked up the fungus from an infected tree and carried it to a healthy one in the next pruning operation.

Taking a leaf from medicine, these Government scientists applied the principles of antiseptics to the problem. By sterilizing pruning knives and saws in alcohol, they showed that the spread of canker stain can be prevented.

Alcohol—the kind that sterilizes pruning tools as well as the kind used to make the costliest perfumes—is one of many CSC products for agriculture, medicine and industry.

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Discomfort from Loose

DENTAL PLATES?

If you can't wear your plates comfortably because of soreness, if plate looseness makes eating difficult—see your dentist, he alone is qualified to correct the condition which causes your trouble.

Until you do this you can get valuable temporary aid in holding plates more firmly and preventing sore spots, due to looseness or acid irritation, with **FASTEETH**.

● **FASTEETH** is a pleasant tasting alkaline powder that will give you added security and comfort by holding your plates tighter and more firmly in place. Get **FASTEETH** today at any drug store.

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Wide World

MOTOR BOAT SHOW

The market was not unsinkable.

to Congress two months before the beginning of the fiscal year—and the Federal Airport Act was passed too late for CAA to comply this year. It looked as if nothing much would be done about dangerously overcrowded commercial airports for another year.

CARRIAGE TRADE

What, No Dreamboats?

The 25,000 people who attended the opening of the first postwar National Motor Boat Show in Manhattan last week hoped to be dazzled by sleek new dreamboats. But what they saw amid the pillars of the Grand Central Palace looked very much like the models they had seen there in 1940, at the last show. Those who looked sharp, however, could find some improvements and a few new models.

One of the few oldtime boatbuilders with a completely new postwar line was the Richardson Boat Co., Inc. of Tonawanda, N.Y. Instead of the traditional frame-and-plank construction, Richardson was showing 25-ft. cabin cruisers of molded mahogany plywood (price: \$4,500 & up). Less conventional and less expensive (under \$4,000) was the 26-ft. Steelcraft, an all-steel, welded hull cabin cruiser made by West Haven, Conn.'s Churchward & Co.

The trend toward new materials and new construction methods was best shown in small boats. On hand were: unsinkable aluminum "Air Skiff" dinghies made by Douglas Aircraft Co., Inc. (price: \$250 & up); Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp.'s new aluminum dinghy, along with its older aluminum canoe; magnesium rowboats of the Dow Chemical Co.

Gar Wood Jr., son of famed Speedboatier Gar Wood, had plans for a one-piece, leakproof fiberglass boat. But he

does not expect to get into production till spring.

New Prices. Most breathtaking things in the show were the prices. A few hours before the show opened, many exhibitors were still waiting to see competitors' prices before announcing their own. The figures they finally set ran upwards of 50 to 60% above prewar. Example: the largest boat in the show, a 46-ft. Wheeler, had sold for \$15,000 in 1940. The "improved model" was quoted at "around \$30,000" last week.

Even at these prices, boatbuilders claimed that they had more orders than they could fill, despite expanded production (Chris-Craft was operating five factories v. three before the war). But most manufacturers, still plagued by critical shortages of mahogany and other woods, had not yet made enough boats to test the size of the market. Said the sales manager of one big company: "Costs are still going up and prices will probably go up some more. In a luxury business like this the whole market could be swamped in two minutes by a slight change in economic conditions."

AGRICULTURE

The Strickland Plan

On a country road outside Atlanta one day in 1945, a well-dressed man stopped his car to watch a farmer and his son laboriously grading a small field with the help of a decrepit old mule. The sight was a common one in the South, and it was not new to Robert Marion Strickland, 50, president of Atlanta's Trust Co. of Georgia (main Coca-Cola bank). But he had just been visiting a well-heeled farmer friend who had cleared and graded a 30,000-acre farm in a short time with heavy machinery. Bob Strickland decided on the

Announcement to American Business



THE MARCH OF TIME has just produced two commercial films: "Money at Work" (for the New York Stock Exchange) and "You and Your State" (for New York State).

During 1947, MOT will produce more advertising and public relations films like these for industry, business and financial institutions.

These films are being created by the same group of men who since 1934 have been successfully capturing public interest with factual motion pictures. Further information and estimates on request.

RICHARD DE ROCHEMONT, *Producer, THE MARCH OF TIME*
369 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

RADIO

Prisoners of WOW

"Hiya cat, wipe ya feet on the mat, let's slap on the fat and dish out some scat. You're a prisoner of wow, W-O-V, 1280 on the dial, New York, and you're picking up the hard spiel and good deal of Fred Robbins, dispensing seven score and ten ticks of ecstatic static and spectacular vernacular from 6:30 to 9 every black on the 1280 Club. . . . We got stacks of lacquer crackers on the fire, so hang out your hearing flap while His Majesty salivates a neat reed."

To the average English-speaking listener, the announcement sounded like just one more of New York's many foreign-language broadcasts. But to jazz cultists,



DISC JOCKEY ROBBINS
Ecstatic static every black.

the strange words signaled the best jazz-music program on the air: a thorough course in jazz literature from Bunk Johnson to Dizzy Gillespie.

For the last six months listeners had "knocked" 2,500 to 3,000 "hunks of linen" a week to the 1280 Club's M.C., young (28), vacant-faced Fred Robbins. Last week Robbins was sent by the cheers of his "dirty" public into a top job—the M.C. spot on the Columbia Record Shop. With 359 stations, he would be the most widely broadcast disc jockey, but would have to educate his audience gradually into the mysteries of his "spectacular vernacular." With his take from the 1280 Club, he would now be grossing some \$40,000 a year.

Talk for Hepcats. It was quite a "sack of jack," Robbins conceded, for the law graduate who seven years ago took an announcing job with Baltimore's WTH at \$17.50 a week. And every cent of it had been hard-earned. Like Walter Winchell

**KEEP WARM!
SAVE FUEL!**

Mortite

BETWEEN YOU AND THE COLD

A pliable, plastic weatherstripping—easily, quickly applied to windows, baseboards, doors. Stops expensive heat leaks. Keeps out dust and dirt. Just press into place. Use inside or outside. Can be painted. Mortite does not shrink or crack. Also plugs cracks around bathtubs, drainboards, etc.

Roll covers about 80 feet, enough for 5 windows.

\$125

Higher west of Rockies and Canada



**AT HARDWARE, PAINT, DEPT.
STORES AND LUMBERYARDS**

Ask for Mortite Booklet!

J. W. MORTITE CO.

540 Burch St.

Kankakee, Illinois



**Carry Handy
Inhaler For**

**COLD-STUFFED
NOSE**



**Gives Greater Breathing
Comfort . . . in Seconds!**

It's small . . . it's handy . . . so packed with medication that just one whiff makes nose feel clearer in seconds! Try it.



Use as
often as needed

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Statement of Condition, December 31, 1946

ASSETS

Cash and Due from Banks	\$ 376,100,382.50
U. S. Government Securities	799,449,405.75
State and Municipal Securities	27,769,037.41
Other Securities	9,962,413.62
Loans and Bills Purchased	400,985,707.19
Real Estate Mortgages	3,555,720.84
Banking Houses	12,900,009.00
Interest Accrued	2,649,167.75
Customers' Liability Account of Acceptances	6,393,479.92
Total	\$1,639,765,323.98

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$21,000,000.00
Surplus	80,000,000.00
Undivided Profits.	23,104,402.19
Reserves:	
Taxes, Interest, etc.	7,785,482.77
Dividend:	
Payable January 2, 1947	1,050,000.00
Acceptances	6,641,557.53
Deposits	1,500,183,881.49
Total	\$1,639,765,323.98

There are pledged to secure public monies and to qualify for fiduciary powers

U. S. Government Securities \$60,537,354.69

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and the late Damon Runyon, Robbins had almost singlehanded created his own "language," and built his audience by teaching it to them (see box). He started with a few scattered scat idioms picked up from jazzmen, rapidly invented new ones on principles of alliteration, assonance and (occasionally) metaphor.

Listeners who can bear with such brash trash are rewarded with a program as carefully arranged (generally by musician Mrs. Robbins) as a symphony orchestra's. During dinnertime, from 6:30 to 7, there is "gastric plastic"—soft, slow stuff; for the last hour the show gets hot with blues, boogie, chamber-music jazz, and jazz antiques. And at 9 p.m., when the last "fretching etching" has been sent, Robbins dreamily concludes: "This is your professor of thermodynamics taking a tacit for 24. We're clearing the joint of counterpoint, but we'll be back next black at 18:30. So have the body by the voice box, will ya? Keep ya chin up, good will toward men, and here's cookin' at ya."

Air Castle

Sick & tired of conventional radio, some 125 Washingtonians* put up \$100,000 for a "station for intelligent listeners," hired FCC analyst Edward Brecher (who helped put together the FCC's famed "Blue Book") to run the show. Last week station WQQW began broadcasting according to its owners' lights:

¶ No plug-uglies or singing commercials; only four one-minute commercials an hour (says Manager Brecher: "We believe that a listener is entitled to a program after every commercial").

¶ No patent-medicine ads unless approved by the station's medical advisory committee.

¶ No soap operas; instead, a weekday *Woman's Magazine of the Air*, containing news and features about women, shopping and housekeeping information.

¶ No children's blood-&-thunder hour.

Added attractions: good "music to listen to—not just to eat to, to talk to, or to shave to"; a chapter a day read from a current best-seller. A medical research program, written by a practicing bacteriologist, and a scientific review are scheduled for once a week. Every Sunday morning *The Meaning of Religion* will bring talks by Washington clergymen. The first: "Where Now Is Thy God?" by Unitarian A. Powell Davies (TIME, Oct. 7).

WQQW airs 75 minutes of news a day—and no editorializing. "We'll never call anybody an s.o.b., we'll just say his mother sat on her haunches and howled at the moon."

Would advertisers help foot the bills? Said Manager Brecher: "If we get the listenership we expect, they'll be glad to." And the audience was even greater than expectations: within two days, WQQW had some 350 letters, 150 postcards, countless phone calls. The most enthusiastic listener: a dentist. The music, said he, soothed his patients while he drilled into their molars.

* Including businessmen, physicians, editors, writers, economists, Government employees, housewives.

DICTY DICTIONARY

black—night.
bright—morning.
coty—to take a powder, scam.
crackers (also groovings, etchings, tallow, fat, etc.)—records.
credeneris—a doubletalk word, signifying nothing.
deal off the bicep—give the real McCoy.
dicty—solid, in the groove.
dim—evening.
doghouse—bass fiddle.
flat—the lowest kind of life.
gasser—very hot stuff.
gastric plastic—supper music.
gliss around—make conversation.
His Majesty—Benny Goodman.
knock—send, mail.
linen—letter or postcard.
loot—money.
porkchop—guitar.
pylons—legs, which need nylons.
salivate on a neat reed—play a clarinet well.
scat—hepat talk.
strop the insteps—dance.
take a tacit—shut up.
taste the vanilla—enjoy yourself.
threads—clothes.

Program Preview

For the week beginning Sunday, Jan. 19. (All times are E.S.T., subject to change without notice.)

Invitation to Learning (Sun. 12 noon, CBS). Topic: Karl Marx's *Communist Manifesto*. Guest speaker: Earl Browder.

Time for Reason (Sun. 1:30 p.m., CBS). Eighth in a series on radio's problems and policies.

Once Upon a Tune (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Something new and good, at least for small fry: a musically animated cartoon on the air.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS). Bach's *Ich Ruf zu Dir*, *Second Brandenburg Concerto*, *C Minor Passacaglia and Fugue*, *Come, Sweet Death*; Wagner's love music from *Tristan und Isolde*. Conductor: Leopold Stokowski.

Edgar Bergen & Friend (Sun. 8 p.m., NBC) celebrate their tenth anniversary on the air.

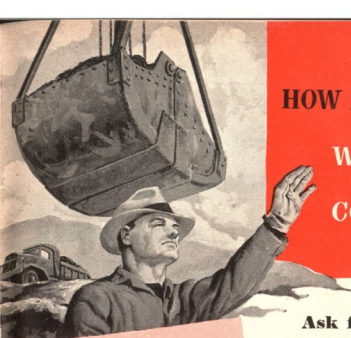
Theatre Guild on the Air (Sun. 10 p.m., ABC). Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, with Dorothy McGuire, Basil Rathbone.

National Potato Contest (Sun. 12:30 p.m., Mutual). Three governors compete in a potato peeling and baking contest. Judges: Mrs. Harry S. Truman, General George C. Marshall.

Boston Symphony (Tues. 8:30 p.m., ABC). Beethoven's *Prometheus* overture, Haydn's *Oxford Symphony*, Strauss's *Don Juan*. Conductor: Bruno Walter.

Amos 'n' Andy (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). make the old routines sound almost new.
This Is Your FBI (Fri. 8:30 p.m., ABC) is out to show that truth can be as blood-&-thunderous as fiction.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2-5:45 p.m., ABC). Wagner's *Lohengrin*, with Helen Traubel, Lauritz Melchior.



HOW A \$15 Premium WOULD HAVE SAVED THIS COMPANY \$20,000⁰⁰

The death of a workman recently cost a construction company \$20,000, even though the man was killed while working for another employer.

The cause of the accident was a defect in a special type of hook, made by the construction company as a sideline. When the hook broke, it released a load that crushed the man to death.

The construction company president thought he was amply covered by insurance. He carried workmen's compensation and public liability insurance, and insurance on his premises and equipment. Because he was in the construction business and had neglected to mention his small manufacturing sideline, his insurance did not include products liability coverage.

Had an Employers Mutuals representative been called in to make an insurance survey, in all probability he would have discovered the small manufacturing sideline. And for about \$15, the company would have been protected against this loss.

It was the unusual loss that was not covered.

Employers Mutuals write:

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Only after a survey of the hazards can the proper form of this comprehensive policy be recommended. Then, under their plan of optional coverage, Employers Mutuals tailor the policy to provide the specific coverage needed.

Through long years of experience as one of the largest carriers of workmen's compensation insurance, Employers Mutuals give you these advantages: outstanding ability in analyzing industrial and commercial insurance requirements; unusual care in writing policies to provide full protection; leadership in Safety Engineering services that reduce accident frequency.

Ask the Employers Mutuals man to make a Survey and Risk Analysis of

your public liability requirements. This analysis involves no obligation.

Write for Free Dictionary

Ask for complete information on Employers Mutuals Optional Comprehensive Liability Insurance, and "A Dictionary of Insurance Terms." Write on your business letterhead to: Insurance Information Bureau, Employers Mutuals of Wausau, Wausau, Wisconsin.



THIS *Personal Liability* POLICY FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY

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As low as \$10 in most states

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GIVE YOUR



PRODUCTION A **fast start**

It's only in fable that the tortoise wins! And you, as an experienced businessman, know the advantage of a *fast start* in today's race for tomorrow's markets.

If you are thinking of *expanding* your production, *modernizing* your facilities, *adding* a new process, *relocating* your business or starting a *new enterprise*—look to the War Assets Administration first for help in getting that vital headstart.

The War Assets Administration has hundreds of ready-built plants for sale or lease . . . Plants that ran magnificently to win a war, and are in prime condition for peacetime running . . . Plants large and small . . . Plants you may take over fully equipped—or without machinery . . . Plants you may buy or rent as a whole, or occupy in part under a multiple tenancy arrangement.

Right now, when restrictions and material shortages make it so hard for you to build the business home you need, one of these immediately available surplus plants will help you solve that problem.

If you can qualify as a "small business", you will find that a *high priority* is available for your purchase of a plant through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. Our regional offices will advise you how to obtain this priority certification. Get in touch with the nearest War Assets Administration office listed below.

Write, phone or call for the PLANT-FINDER, a fully indexed, descriptive catalog of Government-owned plants.



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181-6

CINEMA

Not Hollywood's Year

Come March, Hollywood will entertain itself at a sumptuous dinner, pass out statuettes and pat itself on the back for its achievements during 1946. But last week, the movie capital of the world was licking its wounds.

After glancing over the past year's crop of movies, most film critics had announced their lists of "ten best"—and, in view of its wealth and its energy, Hollywood had made a miserably poor showing.

High on almost everybody's list was one Hollywood film, Goldwyn's *The Best Years of Our Lives*, and its director, William Wyler. But, as the *New York Times*'s Bosley Crowther put it, Hollywood has apparently run "dry of ideas"; except for *The Best Years*, "the most distinguished pictures . . . came from abroad." The foreign films most generally admired: Britain's *Henry V* and *Brief Encounter*, France's *The Widdiger's Daughter*, Italy's *Open City*.

The National Board of Review snubbed Hollywood in picking the best movie (J. Arthur Rank's *Henry V**), the best actor (Laurence Olivier in *Henry V*), the best actress (Anna Magnani in *Open City*).

New York City's daily newspaper critics decided that Wyler was the best director and his *Best Years* the best movie. But they gave first acting honors to Britain's Olivier and Celia Johnson (*Brief Encounter*). *Open City*, announced the critics, was the best foreign-language movie. (The *New Republic*'s Manny Farber, admitting no language distinctions, called *Open City* the best movie—with

* Cinemagrate Rank's financial success in the U.S. is keeping pace with his kudos. In 1945, his pictures grossed a mere \$2.5 million at U.S. box offices, jumped to \$5.5 million in 1946, will this year take in an estimated \$20 million.



ANNA MAGNANI

Acme



LAURENCE OLIVIER

Wide World



CELIA JOHNSON



WILLIAM WYLER



"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"



"THE WIDDIGER'S DAUGHTER"

Wounds to be licked, and honesty sought.



Your New Bumper's "Showroom Shine" will Last...because of Nickel

Here's something you will be glad to know about your new car.

Its bumpers will not rust . . . will stay sparkling-bright for a long, long time. To lend lasting protection, there is a heavy coat of Nickel under their gleaming chromium finish.

The smooth-working team of Nickel and chromium gives the bumpers a finish that will last. For, while chromium adds to the surface brilliance, Nickel's job is to make that brilliance endure.

The heavy Nickel coating gives the chromium a smooth, white-metal foundation needed for a shining surface . . . a surface that will last be-

cause the Nickel plating prevents rust and withstands hard knocks. Thus, your bumper stays bright despite weather and wear.

Nickel, acting in many unseen ways, serves you every day. From the Nickel cast iron cylinder blocks in your car to the Nickel steel in its rear axle, this versatile metal is Your *Unseen Friend*. It's as much a part of your daily life as your telephone.

THE INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, INC.
New York 2, N.Y.



Nickel

...Your Unseen Friend

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

*- the finest-tasting
Whiskey of its
type in America!*



FOUNDED  IN 1840

"The Blend of Experience"
**- backed by
over 100 Years
of knowing how!**

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • 70% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86.8 PROOF

the best actress, the best director and the best cameraman.)

After their collective rebuke to Hollywood, the Manhattan critics retired to their own offices and administered individual spankings. The *Post's* Archer Winston, allowing only three Hollywood films among his "ten best," exhorted U.S. moviemakers to be "half as clever, twice as honest." Meanwhile, they had better ponder "how badly they have failed this year. . . ."

New Fiction

Swell Guy (Mark Hellinger; Universal-International) is a full-length portrait of a slob (Sonny Tufts). He is a famed, chaotically incompetent war correspondent who can fool practically everybody in the postwar world except his fellow reporters, his mother and, in rare, lucid moments, himself.

Stopping off to warm his ego in a hero-worshipping small town, he seduces the local belle (Ann Blyth), hornswoggles a keen judge of character, her father (John Litel), and cleans every small businessman along Main Street in a succession of crap games. In an expansive moment he also helps his slow-moving brother (William Gargan) to swing an important business deal; a little later he almost persuades his brother's wife (Ruth Warrick) to skip town with him. He has, it seems, just one good streak: his young nephew's fatuous, gee-whillikers devotion inspires in him a devotion equally infantile.

Such studies of just how low a louse can crawl, though stylish among amateurs of the psychopathic, are seldom more interesting, dramatically, than watching a real louse crawl from one point to another. Yet Producer Mark (*The Killers*) Hellinger and his colleagues have provided a good many compensations. The town's "class" bar and company picnic, and most of the supporting performances, are unusually shrewd keyhole glimpses of U.S. provincial life. Sonny Tufts's transformation from a big, pleasant male ingénue to a resourceful actor is as impressive as it is startling. With plenty of assistance from script and direction, Tufts gives a cruelly recognizable portrait of a neurotic extravert: a type all too common in real life and all too rarely seen-through on the screen.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Yearling. An expensive and elaborate version, in eye-popping Technicolor, of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' simple yarn about the Florida scrub country (*Time*, Jan. 13).

Stairway to Heaven. An imaginative, handsome, 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).

Brief Encounter. Excellent British-made tearjerker, from a Noel Coward playlet (*Time*, Sept. 9).



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BOOKS

High-Echelon Follies

COMMAND DECISION (258 pp.)—William Wister Haines—Little, Brown (\$2.50).

Heroes in war novels usually wear an enlisted man's stripes, sometimes bars, rarely anything as awesome as an oak leaf. But the hero of this fast-moving, funny, occasionally angry yarn wears a general's star. Earnest, hard-working Brigadier General K. C. Dennis, who commands the 5th U.S. Bombardment Division, is worried about a new super-secret jet plane which the Nazis are about to put into production. He knows where its factories are hidden, also that his B-17s could blast them sky-high were they given a chance. But the factories are deep inside Germany, far beyond fighter-escort range. To bomb them out will be near murder for the bombers, both going and coming.

"Casey" anxiously weighs the probable great losses against the potential great gains, then makes his command decision. Forty planes and 400 men are missing on the first raid. About the time he gets the bad news, along comes the Old Man himself, with a delegation of junketing Congressmen. The Old Man, famed Major General Kane, is so unnerved by circumstances that he almost forgets to put out his well-known jaw for photographers. A noisy Southern Congressman in yellow shoes, lavender shirt and white felt hat is highly indignant at the losses.

In the end Casey Dennis is made the goat, although he has done only what appeared to him to be his duty. Old A.A.F. hands may think they recognize certain incidents and characters in *Command Decision*, but Novelist William Wister Haines (*Slim*, *High Tension*) says in the customary solemn foreword that they are all dreamed up. An old A.A.F. hand him-

self, he was long enough (33 months) at Eighth Air Force and Strategic Air Forces headquarters to learn something of the woes of staff and command. His story is a little stagey here & there (the entrances & exits are particularly pat), but it is managed throughout with a nice mixture of sympathy and fury, and an expert's knowledge of high-echelon follies and low-echelon speech.

Jeremiah on H Street

HENRY ADAMS AND HIS FRIENDS (797 pp.)—edited by Harold Dean Cater—Houghton Mifflin (\$7.50).

In his declining years, looking dourly out on the world, Historian Henry Adams thought he was watching the simultaneous decline of civilization at large. A good deal of how he felt he managed to get into *The Education of Henry Adams*, and more is to be had in the two large volumes of his letters edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. It might seem like mere academic piety to add further evidence. But readers who miss *Henry Adams and His Friends* will miss: 1) a hitherto unpublished assortment of more than 600 Adams letters, many of them of first interest; 2) the shrill cackling of one of the most gifted and cantankerous of U.S. 19th Century minds.

Editor Harold Dean Cater's title is one way of saying that petulant, sardonic little (5 ft. 4 in.) Adams, for all his quirks and squints, had many friends. His red brick Richardsonian mansion on Washington's H Street, completed after his wife's death in 1885, was often full of guests (said he: "I run a hotel"). Childless himself, he took great interest in his nieces & nephews, and played "Uncle Henry" and year-round Santa Claus to other youngsters, especially those of his crony, Secretary of State John Hay.



"The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams" © 1936 (Little, Brown and Company) HENRY ADAMS & FRIEND Alarming guesses.

The Lunarium. Yet the older Adams grew, the more he soured and the louder became his mocking. "I bob like a buoy in a seasick ocean," he complained. "I flop and paddle about in my own hyper-spaces. . . . The whole thing here looks like a general Lunarium. . . . A queer Byzantine world, it is, and a pure waste of life to live in it."

Adams lived in it for 80 years, until he died in bed in 1918. Most of those years, after his marriage in 1872, were bitter ones. One point at last made clear in this volume is that Marian Hooper Adams, his ailing wife, did not die from natural causes; she killed herself, with potassium cyanide. Says Editor Cater: "From this calamity Henry Adams was never to recover. . . . He was, in spite of his reserved self-possession, an emotional man. . . . [Thereafter] he never mentioned Marian's name, except on extremely rare occasions." Sculptor Augustus Saint-Gaudens was asked to design a memorial for her grave.* Adams tried to lose himself in the writing of his monumental *History of the United States during the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*, and in a series of jaunts to the most outlandish parts of the world he could find.

The Parrots. One of these jaunts took him to Samoa in 1890. There he met Robert Louis Stevenson, already nearing the end of his short, tuberculous career. "Stevenson and his wife were perched—like queer birds—mighty queer ones too. Stevenson has cut some of his hair; if he had not, I think he would have been * The famous bronze in Washington's Rock Creek Cemetery, generally called *Grief*. Adams was buried next to his wife, at the foot of the statue. Characteristically, he was much annoyed when people asked what Saint-Gaudens' seated, hooded figure symbolized. "Every magazine writer wants to label it as some American patent medicine for popular consumption—*Grief*, *Despair*, *Pearl's Soap* or *Macy's Men's Suits Made to Measure*. [It is] meant to ask a question, not to give an answer; and the man who answers will be damned to eternity like the men who answered the Sphinx."



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positively alarming. He never seems to rest, but perches like a parrot on every available projection, jumping from one to another and talking incessantly. The parrot was very dirty and ill-clothed, being perhaps caught unawares, and the female was in rather worse trim than the male.

"[He] has bought, I am told, 400 acres of land, at \$10 an acre, and is about to begin building. . . . I think that 200 acres would have been enough, and the balance might have been profitably invested in soap. . . . I shall never forget the dirty cotton bag with its sense of skeleton



"The Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams"
© 1934 (Little, Brown and Company)
SAINT-GAUDENS' "CRUEL"
An unanswered question.

within, and the long, hectic face with its flashing dark eyes, flying about on its high verandah."

This, like many Adams letters, echoes some of the snobbery of one who never had to earn his own way. Editor Cater notes that Adams enjoyed an inherited income of not less than \$25,000 a year; and it is likely that much of his latter-day pessimism was simply that of a frightened rentier. Wagging his patrician white beard, Adams saw mankind marching straight for perdition, with revolution and ruin the only intermediate goal. Western civilization, he croaked in 1893, was "on the verge of a general collapse. . . . Am I scared? Well, I just am." In 1894 the U.S. struck him as "a grand opera bouffe of absolutely daft or imbecile human beings." In 1900 England looked "bankrupt," France seemed a "lunatic-asylum of gibbering idiocy. . . . Oh, cock-a-doodle-doo! If I were not a pessimist and a fatalist, a populist, a communist, a socialist and the friend of a humanist, where would I be at?"

The Law. He fretted about William Jennings Bryan and his free-silver notions, about rich Jews, about trade unions, about President Cleveland ("his Imp. Highness by God's Grace Grover the First"), about Teddy Roosevelt ("he has

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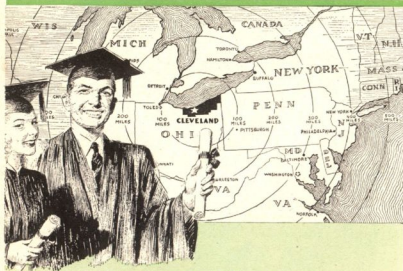
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no mind"). "Except the dear Kipling, literature is dead. . . I read nothing later than the 12th century"—but in fact he read widely, from Karl Marx to Henry James.

A confirmed skeptic, he wrote from Rome that he hoped to be made a cardinal, but feared the Church had not "energy enough" to accept his services. An agnostic pontiff on his own account, he promulgated a "great, final, universal, commercial law: that it is impossible to underrate human intelligence. . . All the same," he went on, "the world becomes more amusing every year. I am always in greater hopes of living to see it break its damn neck, which I calculate must happen by 1932."

Adams often guessed wrong, but in his sober, speculative moods, especially, his guesses were alarming. From a letter dated 1901: "Either our society must stop or bust. . . This is an arithmetical calculation from given data, as, for example, from explosives, or electric energy, or control of cosmic power. . ."

From another letter, dated 1902: "My belief is that science is to wreck us, and that we are like monkeys monkeying with a loaded shell; we don't in the least know or care where our practically infinite energies come from or will bring us to."

Nazis' Last Stand

MY PAST WAS AN EVIL RIVER (306 pp.) —George Millar—Doubleday (\$2.50).

The meeting, in defeated Germany, of bored G.I.s, wary D.P.s and diehard SS men supplies obvious possibilities for an adventure story, and this one makes the most of them. Author Millar, 35, fought with the British in Egypt, with the Maquis in France, and wrote two exciting autobiographical books about it (*Waiting in the Night*, *Horned Pigeon*). His first novel, and his third book to be published in the U.S. in the past year, packs all its action and reflection into one week in May 1945, in a secluded Austrian valley —less than a week after V-E day.

There, as refugees, come Willy Wiedemeyer, old friend of Adolf Hitler, and his wife and daughters. Fat Willy, a character who is in some ways a dead ringer for "Putzi" Hanfstaengl, plans to sell his inside story of the Hitler household to the U.S. occupation authorities. Price: immunity for himself and family. But Willy falls into the hands of a cynical U.S. war correspondent posing as a captain, who wants the story but has no power to save Willy. Worse, a gang of fanatical SS men, still at large, moves into the valley and goes gunning for Willy.

Gustave, the weary French narrator, had known the SS years before in Dachau, whence he escaped to become a laborer on Frau Rebbach's farm. Gustave can look beyond frightened Willy to enjoy the Alpine spring. "There was still snow upon the summit of the Lady in White, which rose over the dark lake, dwarfing it as the cathedral tower dwarfs the rain puddle. . . ." While a detachment of U.S. troops is making a bordello out of the village inn, the SS men descend from the



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Condensed Statement of Condition December 31, 1946

RESOURCES

Cash in Vault and in Federal Reserve Bank	\$ 719,881,949.43
Due from Banks	334,650,483.54
TOTAL CASH	\$1,054,532,432.97
United States Government Obligations, direct and fully guaranteed	2,394,164,646.68
State, County, and Municipal Bonds	363,908,909.90
Other Bonds and Securities	117,858,171.83
Stock in Federal Reserve Bank	6,219,650.00
Loans and Discounts	1,722,743,512.87
Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable	18,678,564.90
Bank Premises, Furniture, Fixtures, and Safe	
Deposit Vaults	30,286,288.10
Other Real Estate Owned	86,034.56
Customers' Liability on Account of Letters of Credit, Acceptances, and Endorsed Bills	56,627,025.23
Other Resources	419,958.58
TOTAL RESOURCES	\$5,765,525,192.62

LIABILITIES

Capital	\$ 106,646,375.00
Surplus	116,000,000.00
Undivided Profits	20,235,546.71
Reserves	4,414,785.01
TOTAL CAPITAL FUNDS	\$ 241,296,706.72
Reserve for Bad Debts	31,115,509.13
Demand	\$3,152,251,956.15
Deposits	5,415,849,714.72
Savings and Time	2,263,597,758.57
Liability for Letters of Credit and as Acceptor, Endorser, or Maker on Acceptances and Foreign Bills	57,926,262.57
Reserve for Interest Received in Advance	9,408,514.39
Reserve for Interest, Taxes, etc.	9,928,485.09
TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$5,765,525,192.62

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pine forests to seize Gustave and the Wiedemeyers.

Gustave describes how Kurt, the SS leader, "raised his gun and sighted it carefully at me. I tried not to look, but soon I had to raise my eyes. The tip of the foresight was a fraction below the level of his puckered eye, part of which showed in the aperture of the backsight. He was aiming at my throat. I had had them do that to me before in the camps. They aimed at you and stroked the trigger. For them it was like love making. They knew that you and they had the same



London Daily Express
GEORGE MILLAR
Suspense in seclusion.

thing in mind, the messiness and the pain of death and the amazing fragility of life. I dropped my eyes and shrugged my shoulders a little."

In its qualities of suspense and its Austrian atmosphere, Author Millar's story recalls Ethel Vance's best-selling novel *Escape* (TIME, Sept. 25, 1939). Not particularly profound, it is swift and very readable. As a novel it has a fault typical of most such efforts to recreate recent history: the writer has tried to include characters symbolic of everything, from France to the U.S. officer corps.

Cries of New London

DULCIMER STREET (637 pp.)—Norman Collins—Duell, Sloan & Pearce (\$3).

The blonde screamed: "Let me out... let me out!" "You shut your trap," said Percy Boon. The car sped over London's lonely, foggy Wimbledon Common, and Police Constable Lamb, leaping over the curb to safety, glimpsed the struggling couple in the front seat. A few hours later, detectives in raincoats were standing over the blonde's dead body—while Percy, hatless, bloody, hysterical, ran desperately for shelter in the myriad streets of London.

London is what Norman Collins' book is really about. Percy and his blonde are

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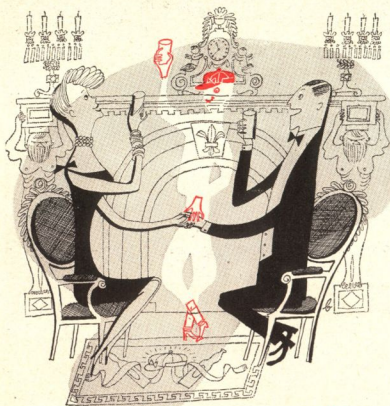
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Down with dullness,
Caps off to Carling's.



CARLING'S  ALE

BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, OHIO

simply two of the dozen-odd principal characters used by Author Collins as a means of mapping London—south from Camden Town, north from Wapping. Absent from his map is the London that is most familiar to most tourists—the picture-postcard world in the shadow of Big Ben. Omnipresent are the vast areas few tourists ever see, and ways of life that few would associate with England.

Broadway & Old Bailey. Few British authors since the days of Charles Dickens and his disciple George Gissing have tried to do for London what numerous U.S. writers have done for New York. As a result, *Dulcimer Street* is likely to be an eye opener for U.S. readers. Apart from the crime he commits, Author Collins' Percy Boon is a typical young Londoner of 1939—as dedicated to intricate machinery and peroxide beauty as Americans are supposed to be. Percy's natural habitats are not the fast-disappearing pubs and winding streets of old London, but new London's numerous glittering picture palaces, dance halls, road house-type restaurants. Percy's heart belongs to Broadway, his blonde's to cash-as-cash-can.

Stealing cars, in the hope of making big money fast, leads Percy to manslaughter and the Old Bailey. All of Author Collins' characters have enough vitality to create interest and amuse, but it is the vast, murmuring world in which they live that gives *Dulcimer Street* its strength and character.

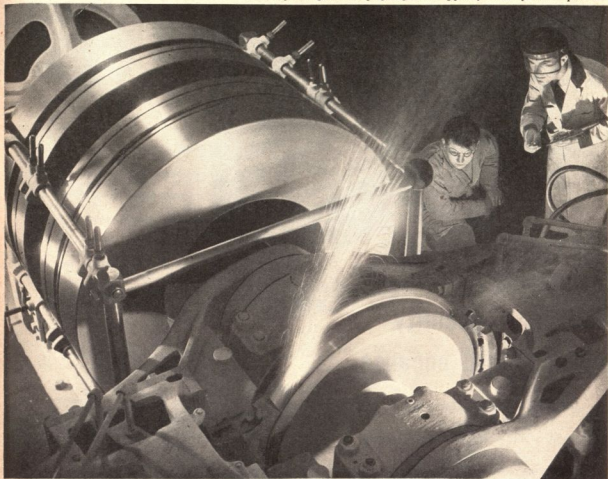
Explorers Hand in Hand

GREAT ADVENTURES AND EXPLORATIONS (788 pp.)—edited by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, maps designed by Richard Edes Harrison—*Dial* (\$5).

Fireside globe-trotters are likely to find boundless pleasure in this collection which Editor-Explorer Stefansson calls "an outline history of the world, told by its chief discoverers from Pytheas (Greek discoverer of Iceland and ancient Britain) to Peary (who discovered the North Pole)."

Readers who fear a mere hashing-over of the better-known voyages will be pleasantly surprised; in addition to giving these masterpieces their proud place ("the supreme discovery," says Stefansson, "... is the finding of a continent"), Stefansson has included such little-known explorations as those of the Chinese on the fringes of North America in the 5th Century A.D. and the roamings of Polynesian boatmen.

"In a sense," says Stefansson, "the very greatest stories of geographic discovery were never written. . . . The great tales which we are able to present are those of re-discovery." The Greeks who "discovered" Britain (about the 4th Century B.C.) found it already inhabited, and there were Indians to receive the first explorers on the American continent. Antarctica alone, says Stefansson, is "the one continent whose true human discoverers are known"—and at a period of civilization when such men as Scott, Shackleton, Amundsen could be aware of, and set down, the most vital details of their discoveries.



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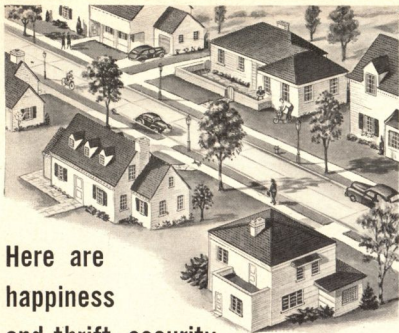
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and thrift, security
and comfort, because . . .

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PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

Dept. A1c-6, 33 W. Grand Ave., Chicago 10, Illinois

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete
... through scientific research and engineering field work

MISCELLANY

Frozen Assets. In Sewickley, Pa., ex-Sergeant Edward Wilson, badly in need of ready cash, finally got his terminal leave pay: \$475 in five-year bonds, a Government check for 2¢.

Out of the Blue. In Santa Cruz, Calif., T. H. Campbell returned home one evening to find that swamp gases, blowing over his house, had transformed its gleaming white paint to bright orange.

Woodlot. In Guisborough, England, Police Officer Joseph Wood arrested George Wood, haled him into court, got Robert Wood to testify against him. The charge: stealing wood.

Dogtag. In Chicago, Dolores McCrossen lost her dog, asked police to find it. Identifying marks: red nail polish on its toenails.

Dinner Dress. In London, a British officer, sick & tired of being told that fashionable Claridge's was all booked up for dinner reservations, made a turban out of a gaudy bedspread, phoned that the "Maharaja of Peshawar" was coming, swept into the dining room, got a table right away.

In His Steps. In Salisbury, Mass., William Murray tripped outside his house, broke his left leg, yelled for his wife, who rushed out to him, tripped, broke her left leg.

Body Blow. In Copenhagen, Johannes Madsen got hit by a train, was ordered to pay the state railway for damage to the engine.

Unmasked. In York, Pa., a lone masked thief waited impatiently for bar-owner Isaac Hulshart to hand over the contents of the cash register, suddenly whipped off his mask, dropped his gun and fled, crying: "You take these. I'm too nervous."

Alarmist. In Bloomfield, N.J., Charles Wilhoft, who had installed fireproof walls and floors in his house, hose and water outlets, coiled escape ropes, escape hatches and ladders, self-closing, anti-draft doors, fire alarms on the stairs, decided to install a sprinkler system, "just in case."

Point of View. In Harwich, Mass., a real-estate agent showed a prospect some seaside property, was asked whether the water had much undertow, quickly answered: "Yes, indeed. The finest on Cape Cod."

Armed Force. In Savannah, Mrs. Violet Mackey, animal-farm owner, tangled with a four-foot alligator that clamped onto her arm, vainly struggled to get free, finally dragged the reptile into the house, got a pistol, shot it.

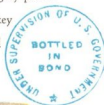
TIME, JANUARY 20, 1947



Over the years with Old Overholt

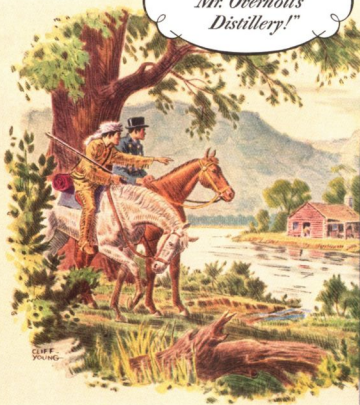
The neighbors around Broad Ford, Pennsylvania were mighty proud of Abraham Overholt as well as of the rich, robust, grainy whiskey he created to bear his name. Little did they dream that Old Overholt would still be made, on the same site, 137 years later—and that the good taste which always stood out would delight the hearts of generations yet unborn.

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suit your "T-Zone"
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